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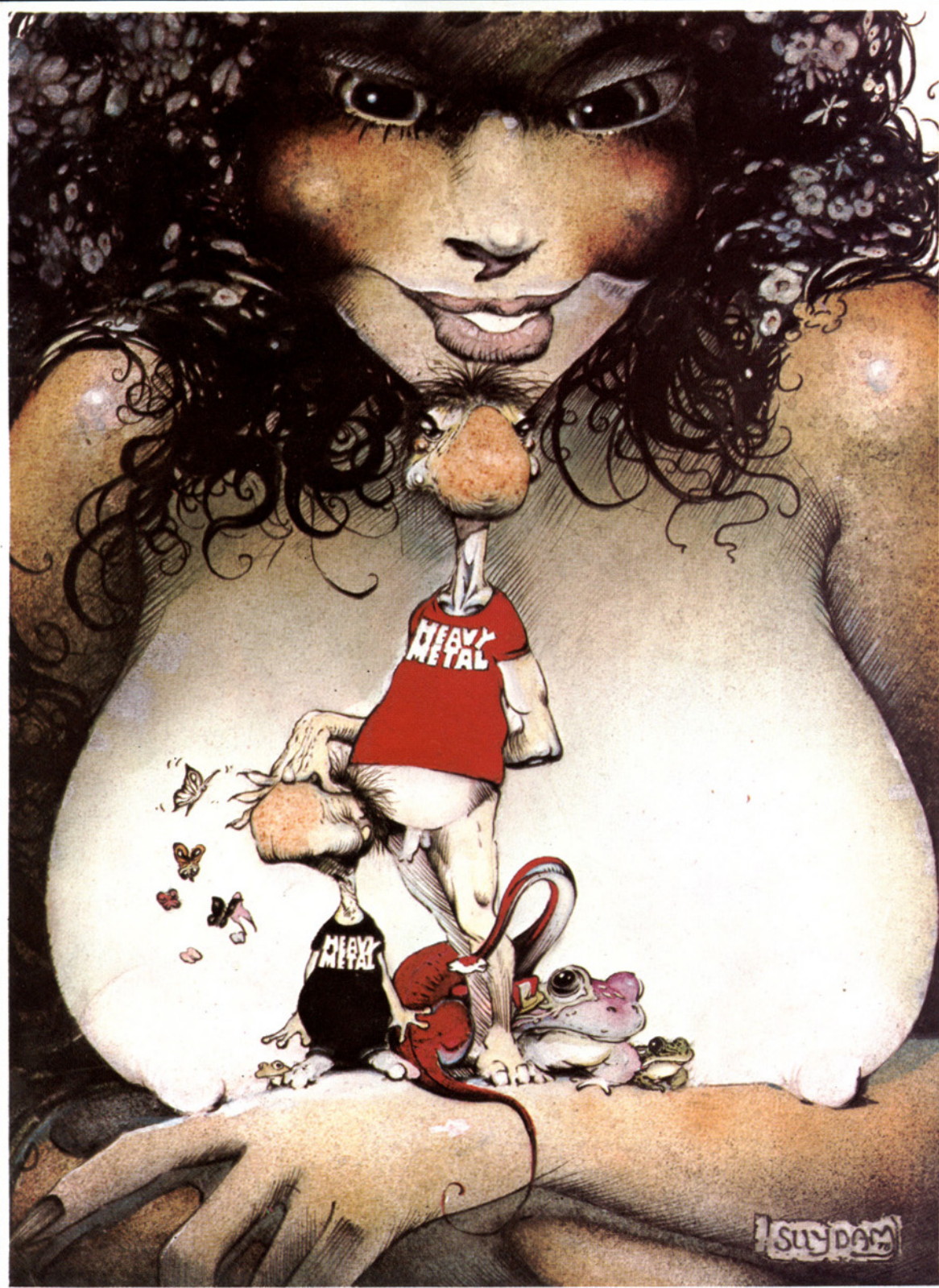


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Dear Heavy:

I'm a rocker—thirty-two years old, grown-up wrong with the Stones and always worked in the music industry. I loved your October rock issue. It makes me feel good to enjoy your usual excellent artwork with story lines that speak rock 'n' roll on my level.

But the killer—praise and thanks to Ted White and Ernie Colon for "Let It Be." I particularly like their optimism that Brian Wilson will collect all his marbles (Soon!

Please, Brian, soon!) and improve to the point of someday having an informal drink in the library with Paul McCartney. McCartney says *Sgt. Pepper* was influenced by and meant to outdo *Pet Sounds*. Back in '67, when Brian heard *Sgt. Pepper*, he freaked out and *Smile* disintegrated into *Smiley Smile*.

And since I'm one of those pretentious assholes who think *Pet Sounds* is even better than *Sgt. Pepper*, my sympathies are always for Brian. I appreciate Ernie's depicting Brian as having money and distinction. Brian probably will be fat as an older man, but at least there's no piano and sandbox in the corner. And I like Ted's perspective of late Beach Boys albums, which are uniformly excellent but don't sell for shit.

Thanks, guys. You hit me in my rock-and-roll heart.

A Womp-Bop-A-Lo-Bop-A-Wop-Bam-Boom

Tony Trauring
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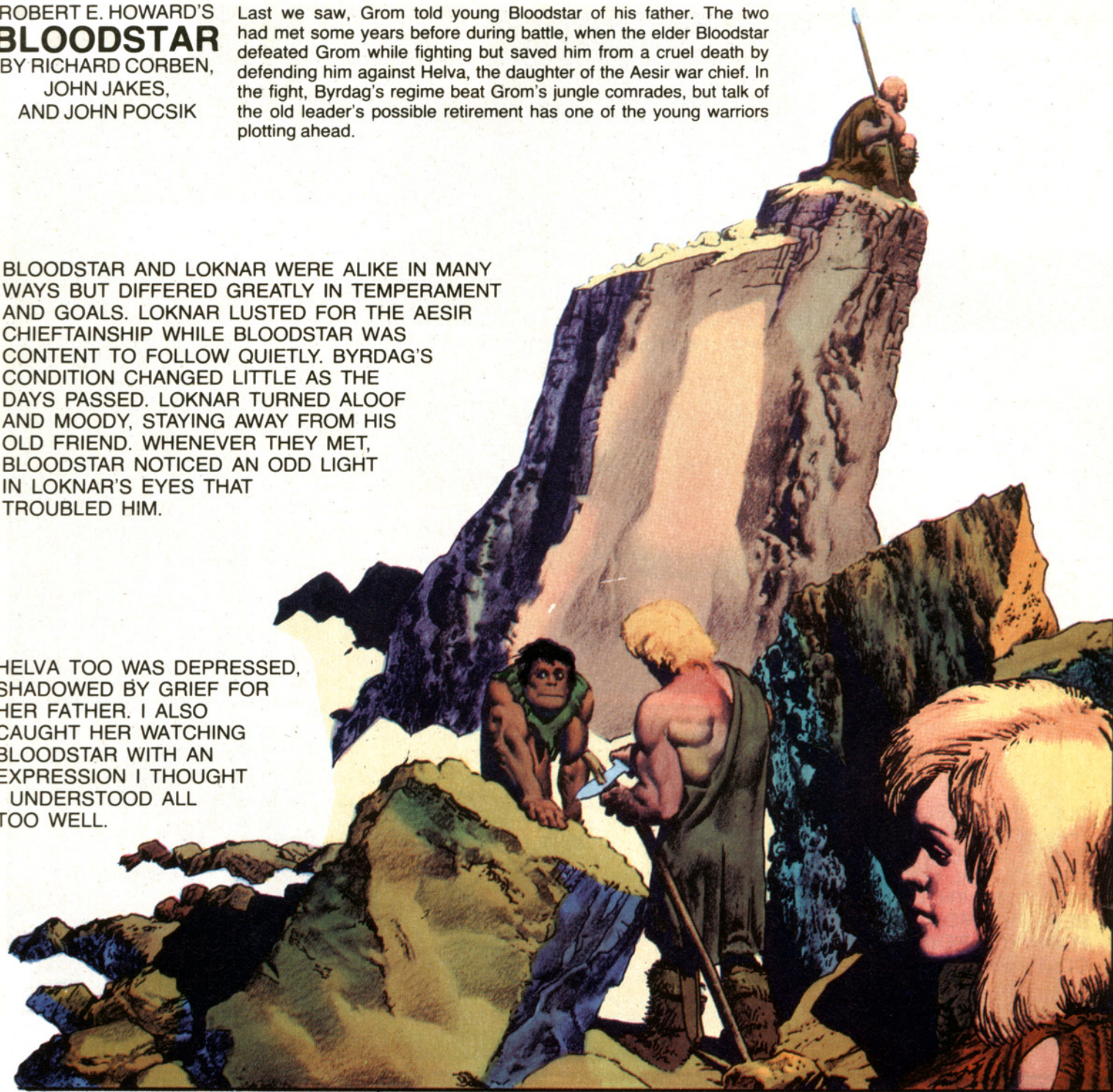
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ROBERT E. HOWARD'S
BLOODSTAR
BY RICHARD CORBEN,
JOHN JAKES,
AND JOHN POCSIK

Last we saw, Grom told young Bloodstar of his father. The two had met some years before during battle, when the elder Bloodstar defeated Grom while fighting but saved him from a cruel death by defending him against Helva, the daughter of the Aesir war chief. In the fight, Byrdag's regime beat Grom's jungle comrades, but talk of the old leader's possible retirement has one of the young warriors plotting ahead.

BLOODSTAR AND LOKNAR WERE ALIKE IN MANY WAYS BUT DIFFERED GREATLY IN TEMPERAMENT AND GOALS. LOKNAR LUSTED FOR THE AESIR CHIEFTAINSHIP WHILE BLOODSTAR WAS CONTENT TO FOLLOW QUIETLY. BYRDAG'S CONDITION CHANGED LITTLE AS THE DAYS PASSED. LOKNAR TURNED ALOOF AND MOODY, STAYING AWAY FROM HIS OLD FRIEND. WHENEVER THEY MET, BLOODSTAR NOTICED AN ODD LIGHT IN LOKNAR'S EYES THAT TROUBLED HIM.

HELVA TOO WAS DEPRESSED, SHADOWED BY GRIEF FOR HER FATHER. I ALSO CAUGHT HER WATCHING BLOODSTAR WITH AN EXPRESSION I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD ALL TOO WELL.



MY OWN WOUNDS MENDED QUICKLY. I SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME WITH MY SAVIOR, AND SOON BLOODSTAR MASTERED THE TONGUE OF THE JUNGLE FOLK. IT TOOK SOMEWHAT LONGER FOR ME TO LEARN HIS. WE BECAME HUNTING COMPANIONS — AND FRIENDS.



BLOODSTAR,
I'VE BEEN
THINKING —

WITH YOUR
CRACKED PATE?
A MIRACLE
INDEED, GROM!

NO — LISTEN!
THERE CAN BE
ADVANTAGES FOR BOTH
OUR PEOPLES IF THERE
IS PEACE BETWEEN US.
LET ME RETURN TO
MY TRIBE AND TELL
THEM OF THE WAYS
OF THE AESIR.



WELL, GO IF YOU WILL. I DON'T CARE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, BUT I'LL NOT HOLD YOU AS A SLAVE IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE. YOU'RE TOO GREAT A FIGHTER.

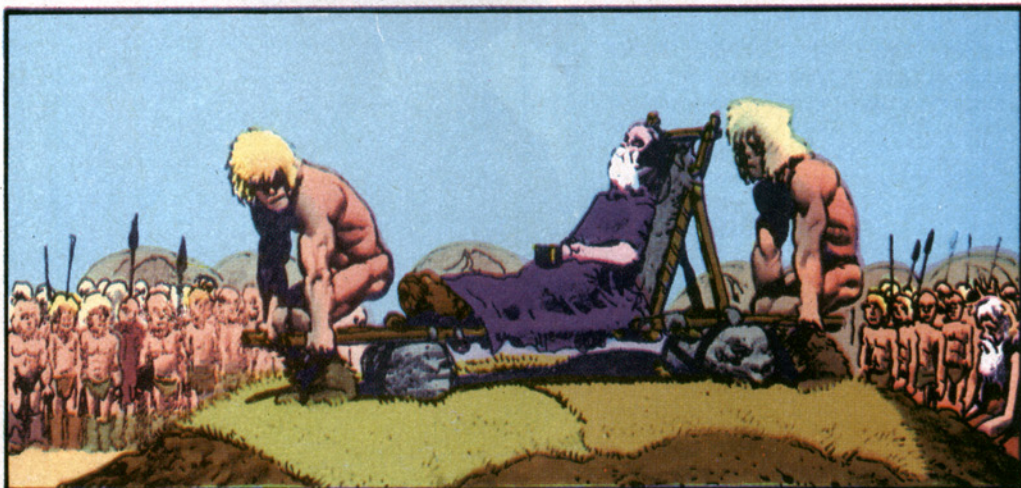
OH, I'LL BE BACK, MY FRIEND.

JUST TELL YOUR JUNGLE BROTHERS NOT TO PUT AN ARROW IN MY BACK!

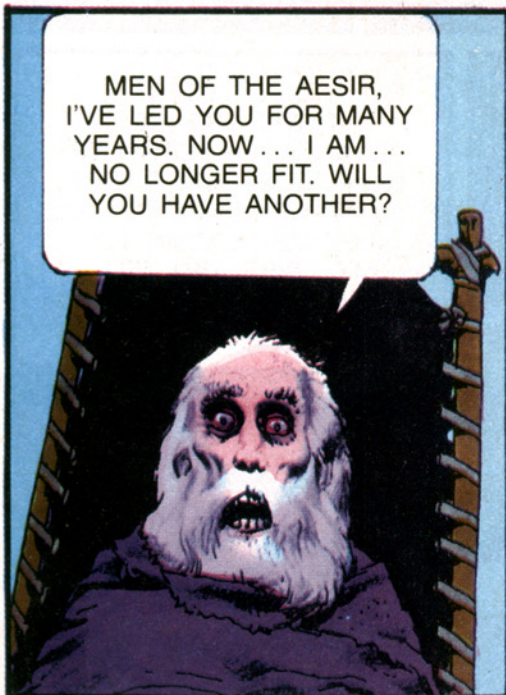
THOUGH BLOODSTAR HAD LITTLE FAITH IN MY PEACE-MAKING SKILLS, MY PEOPLE WERE IMPRESSED — BOTH BY THE FEROCITY OF THE YELLOWHAIR WARRIORS AND THEIR SPARING OF MY LIFE. WITHIN A WEEK, OUR CLAN CHIEFS EMERGED FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE RATTLE OF THE SACRED DRUMS.



OUR PEACE DELEGATION TOOK THE AESIR BY SURPRISE. THE ENTIRE TRIBE WAS CALLED TO THE COUNCIL MOUND. A HUSH FELL OVER THEM AS THEY BEHELD BYRDAG'S WASTED FORM AND FEVER-RIDDEN COUNTEenance.



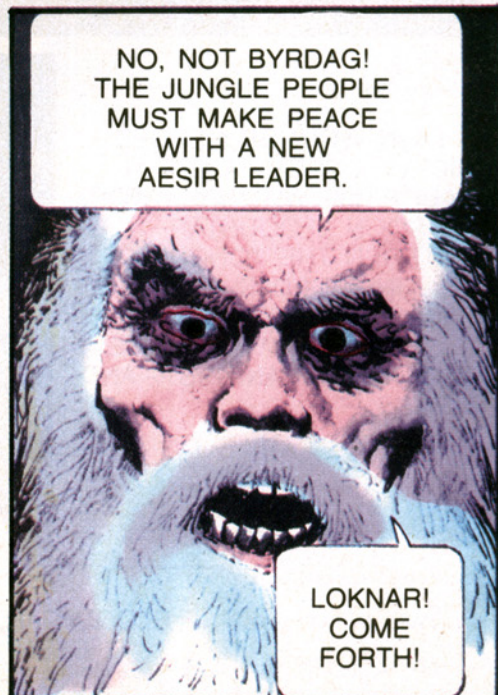
MEN OF THE AESIR, I'VE LED YOU FOR MANY YEARS. NOW... I AM... NO LONGER FIT. WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER?



NO! NO! BYRDAG! BYRDAG! BYRDAG!



NO, NOT BYRDAG! THE JUNGLE PEOPLE MUST MAKE PEACE WITH A NEW AESIR LEADER.



LOKNAR! COME FORTH!



BLOODSTAR CHEERED THE NEW LEADER LIKE THE REST, BUT HIS HEART WAS SAD AS HE WATCHED LOKNAR CARESS THE BAND OF LEADERSHIP. BLOODSTAR TURNED AND FOUND HELVA WATCHING HIM. THEIR EYES MET WITH AN INTENSE LONGING THAT COULD, IN A SINGLE INSTANT, UNITE THEM FOR ALL TIME.



HELVA TURNED AWAY, LOWERING HER HEAD AS A CRIMSON FLUSH OVERSPREAD HER FACE. SHE KNEW — AS DID HE — THEIR DESIRE WAS ALREADY DOOMED. BY CUSTOM AND LAW, SHE — THE DAUGHTER OF AN AESIR WAR CHIEF — MUST GO VIRGINAL TO THE BED OF THE MAN ACKNOWLEDGED AS BYRDAG'S SUCCESSOR.



AND THOUGH HE HAD NO DESIRE TO BECOME A LEADER, BLOODSTAR REGRETTED IT WAS NOT HIS MASSIVE ARM THAT THE BAND OF POWER ENCIRCLED. HIS LOVE FOR HELVA WOULD FOREVER SMOULDER, UNFED, IN THE HEARTH OF HIS HEART.

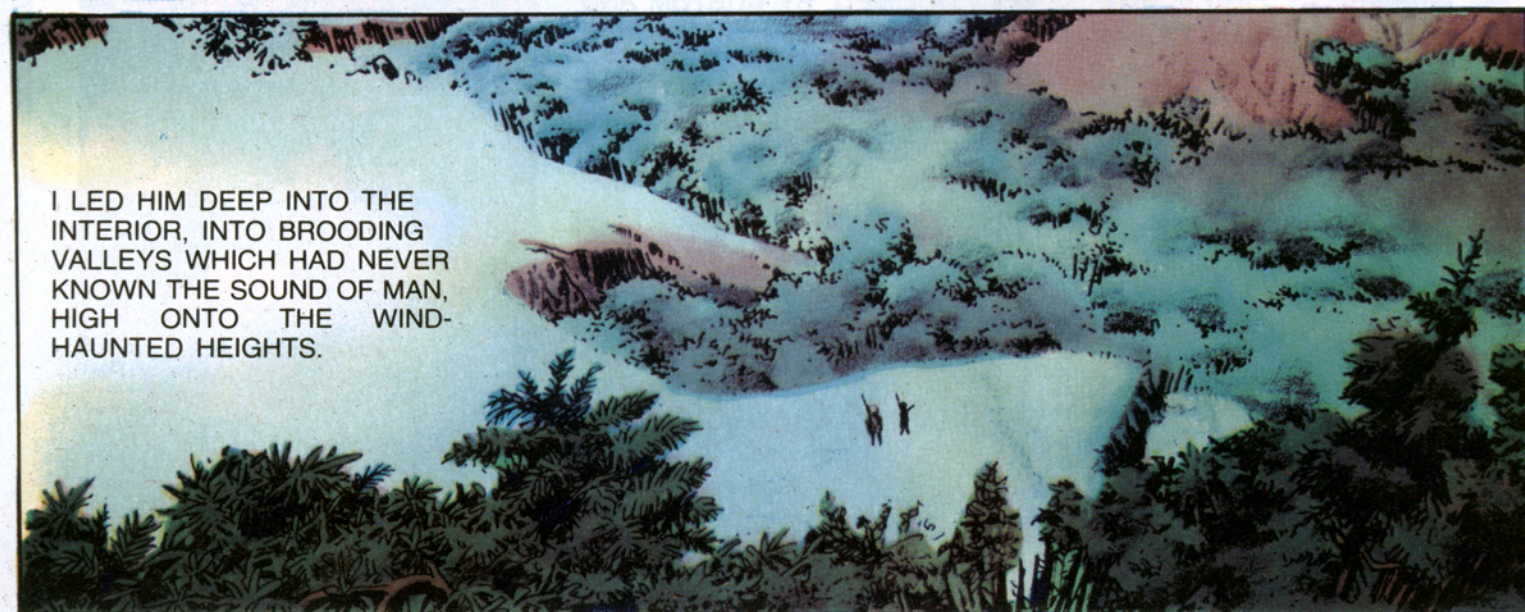


THAT NIGHT, AS LOKNAR SAT UPON BYRDAG'S THRONE, PEACE WAS MADE BETWEEN THE AESIR AND THE JUNGLE TRIBES. THE AESIR SWORE TO COLD YMIR WHILE MY PEOPLE MADE THEIR PACTS BY ZEG AND HIS NAMELESS CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT.

WE ALL SAT AROUND THE FIRES, FEASTING AND DRINKING THE POTENT LIQUOR OF FERMENTED FRUIT, WHICH MADE US ALL SICK. THEREAFTER WE LIVED PEACEFULLY WITH EACH OTHER.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING OF LOKNAR AND HELVA CAUSED MUCH EXCITEMENT AMONG THE AESIR. BLOODSTAR SHUNNED THESE FESTIVITIES, PREFERRING TO HUNT THE SILENT JUNGLES WITH ME. I COULD NOT BLAME HIM.



I LED HIM DEEP INTO THE INTERIOR, INTO BROODING VALLEYS WHICH HAD NEVER KNOWN THE SOUND OF MAN, HIGH ONTO THE WIND-HAUNTED HEIGHTS.

BUT THERE WAS ONE DARK VALLEY OF RUINS, TOWARD THE NORTH, INTO WHICH I WOULD ON NO ACCOUNT TAKE HIM. EVIL MAGIC STILL CLUNG TO THE STONEWORK AND SHATTERED RELICS NEARLY HIDDEN BY THE CREEPERS.

GROM,
I SHOULD LIKE
TO EXAMINE THOSE
RUINS MORE
CLOSELY.

NO!
A GREAT EVIL LIVES
DOWN THERE! AN
ENTIRE CLAN OF MY
PEOPLE PERISHED
THERE A LONG
TIME AGO.

NO!
ASK ME TO FACE
A WEREBEAR OR A
GHOSTIGER...OR
WRESTLE THE MONSTER
SATHA. I'D DO THAT TO
AVOID ENTERING THAT
VALLEY AGAIN!

FORTUNATELY I CON-
VINCED HIM TO ABANDON
HIS FOOLHARDY IDEA.
THE NEXT MORNING WE
STARTED BACK TOWARD
THE CAMP OF THE AESIR
WITH FOUR SMALL
LOPERS.

THESE PELTS
WILL MAKE SOME
FINE BOOTS AND
LEGGINGS, EH?

GROM!
AREN'T THOSE
GHOSTIGER
TRACKS?

LET'S FOLLOW THEM.

UH... THAT'S
A BRAVE IDEA,
BLOODSTAR. BUT
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE
TO DO WHEN WE
CATCH UP WITH IT?

OH, I'LL THINK OF
SOMETHING. NEVER
KILLED A GHOSTIGER
BEFORE. LET'S HANG
THESE IN THE TREE.

IF WE DON'T
FIND IT BY
NIGHTFALL, WE'LL
GO ON BACK.

ZEG
PROTECT
POOR OLD
GROM!



THERE IT IS!
I TOLD YOU
THE TRACKS WERE
FRESH.

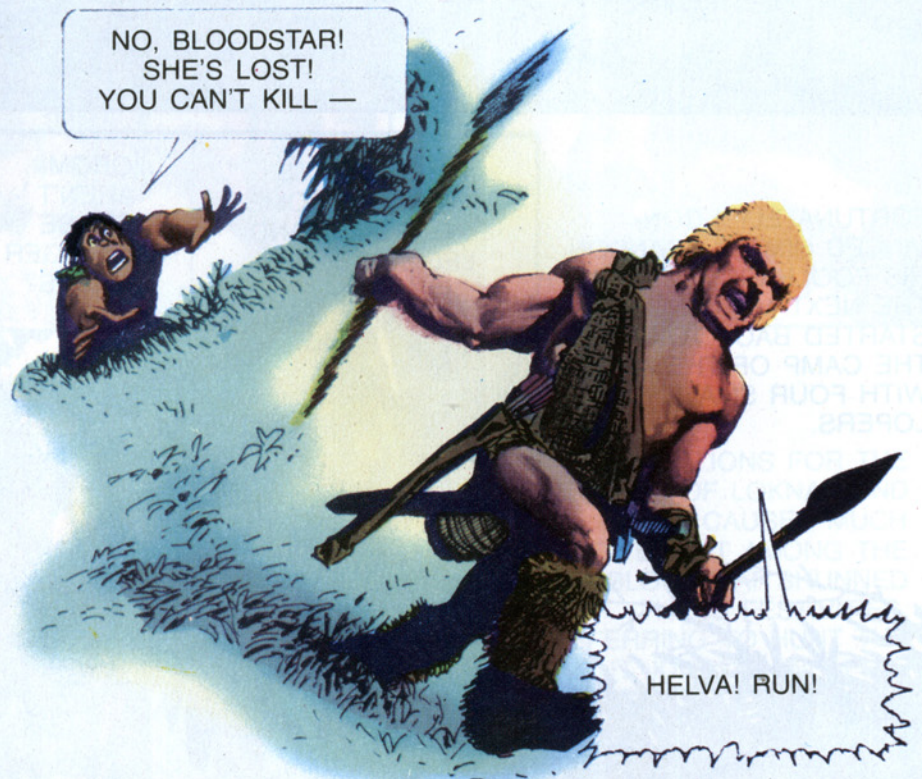
LOOK,
BLOODSTAR. IT'S
ABOUT TO ATTACK
SOMETHING
BY THE FALLS!



GREAT YMIR!
THAT'S
HELVA!

SHE'S
DOOMED!

GIVE ME
YOUR SPEAR!



NO, BLOODSTAR!
SHE'S LOST!
YOU CAN'T KILL —

HELVA! RUN!



GROO



OUCH!

THUNK



THE GHOSTIGER SCREAMED IN PAIN AS IT BOUNDED TOWARD ITS ATTACKER. I WATCHED WITH MY HEART IN MY MOUTH AS BLOODSTAR CLOSED THE GAP WITH GIGANTIC BOUNDS.

BLOODSTAR SPRANG AT THE FURRY TERROR.



THE TIGER'S JAWS OPENED WIDE. HIS SPEAR CLASHED OFF A FANG AND PLUNGED ON DEEP INTO THE CREATURE'S BRAIN. THE SWORDLIKE TEETH SWEEPED DOWNWARD, RIPPING INTO BLOODSTAR'S CHEST, CLOSING ROUND HIS ARM.



BLOODSTAR WENT DOWN BENEATH THE CREATURE'S MASSIVE WEIGHT.

AND STILL THE DYING BEAST TRIED TO REND ITS PREY, DRAWING UP ITS HIND LIMBS TO DISEMBOWEL... HIS BLADE ROSE...



A GOUT OF BLOOD SPURTED FORTH, DRENCHING THE MAN WITH ITS ACRID WARMTH.



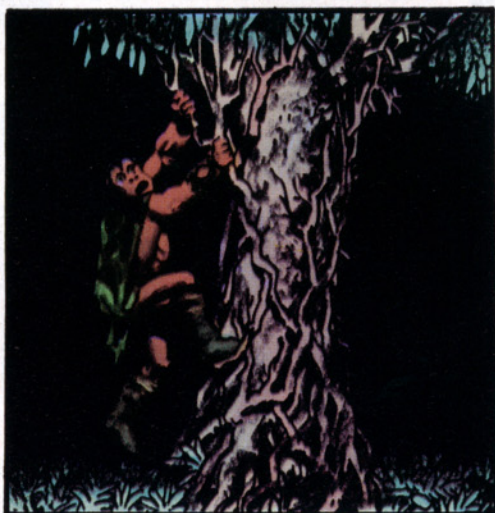
THE GHOSTIGER'S EYES GLAZED...MAN AND BEAST LAY STILL FOR A LONG MOMENT. THEN BLOODSTAR STIRRED. I GAVE A HUGE SHOUT OF JOY.

GROM! GET THIS THING OFF ME!

BLOODSTAR! ARE YOU HURT?



OH, HELVA! NO, I... UH! COME CLOSER. I LOVE YOU...



I CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE TREE WHERE I HAD SOUGHT A VANTAGE POINT — MERELY TO WATCH THE FIGHT, OF COURSE.



I NEED NOT HAVE WASTED MY ENERGY. HELVA WAS A STRONG WOMAN. SHE PRIED THE TIGER'S JAWS OPEN AND FREED HER RESCUER.

YOUR WORDS ECHO MY DESIRE, BLOODSTAR. NEVER MIND. GET SOME WATER, GROM! I'LL BATHE HIS WOUNDS.



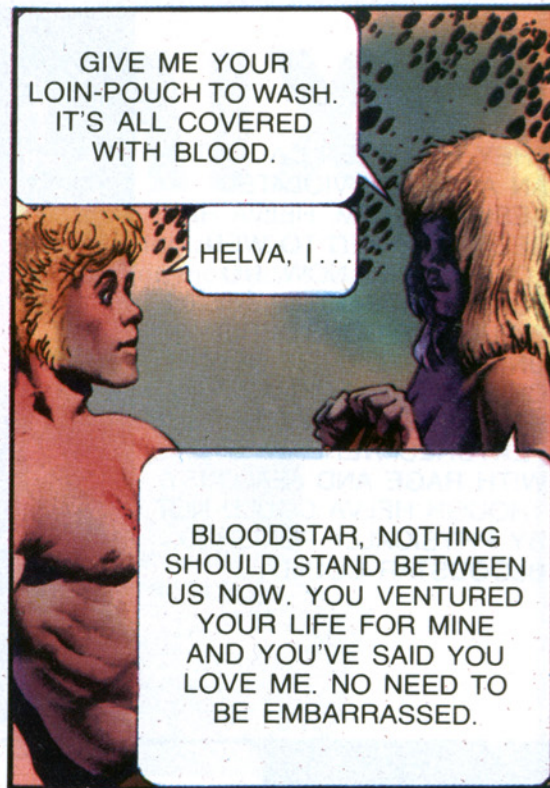
I... I DON'T KNOW WHY I SAID THAT. FORGIVE ME, HELVA.



THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL SPOT.

YES, I COME HERE OFTEN TO THINK AND DREAM... OF YOU. IT WILL BE OUR SECRET PLACE.

I WENT BACK TO RETRIEVE THE LOPERS. WHILE I WAS GONE, SOMETHING OF FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCE OCCURRED BETWEEN BLOODSTAR AND HELVA. THE NEARNESS OF THE GIRL'S LUSH FIGURE WAS HAVING DEVASTATING CONSEQUENCES UPON HIS BODY.



GIVE ME YOUR LOIN-POUCH TO WASH. IT'S ALL COVERED WITH BLOOD.

HELVA, I...

BLOODSTAR, NOTHING SHOULD STAND BETWEEN US NOW. YOU VENTURED YOUR LIFE FOR MINE AND YOU'VE SAID YOU LOVE ME. NO NEED TO BE EMBARRASSED.



SEE? JUST SKIN BETWEEN US. I WON'T EVEN... OH!



THE QUIET GLEN ECHOED TO THEIR CRIES OF PASSION.

THEIR LOVE-DANCE ENDED, THEY LAY INTERTWINED. SUDDENLY THEY WERE AWARE OF HOSTILE EYES.

THEY HAD BEEN CAUGHT IN AN ACT THAT VIOLATED AESIR CUSTOM. HELVA HAD BEEN PLEDGED TO WED LOKNAR. BUT NOW, NO LONGER A MAIDEN, SHE WOULD BE CONSIDERED UNCLEAN FOR THE NEW CHIEF'S BED. LOKNAR HAD SEEN EVERYTHING. HIS FEATURES WERE TWISTED WITH RAGE AND JEALOUSY. THOUGH HELVA COULD NOT BE PHYSICALLY PUNISHED, BLOODSTAR COULD...

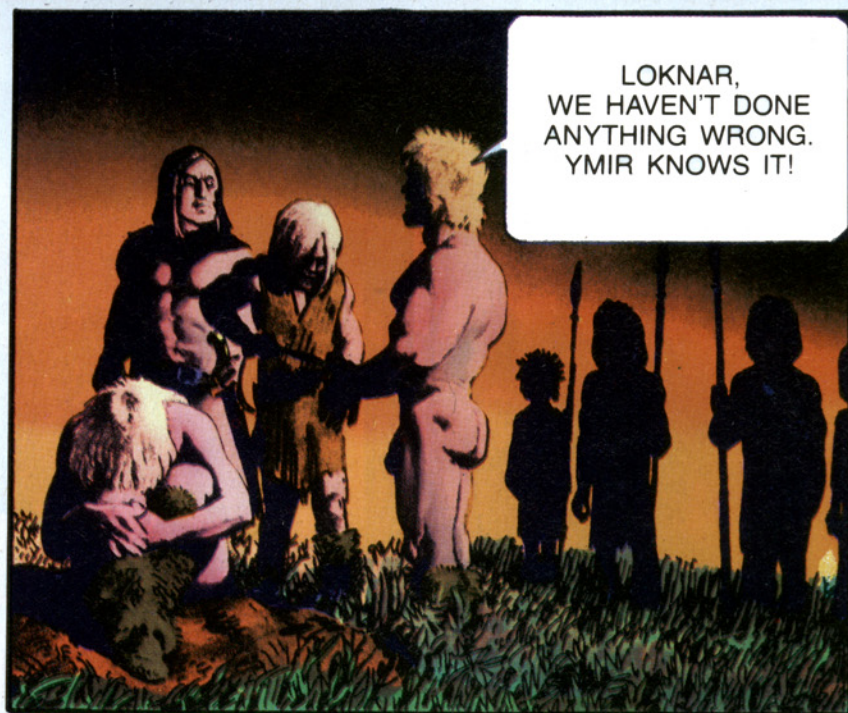


ON YOUR FEET, DEFILER! YOU HAVE SULLIED MY CHIEFTAINSHIP! I'LL UNMAN YOU WHERE YOU STAND!

HOLD, LOKNAR! THERE MUST BE A TRIAL.

OH YES... THERE WILL INDEED BE A TRIAL. THE TEETH OF YMIR!

LOOK NOT TO ME FOR MERCY, MY FORMER COMRADE. YOU'RE DEAD TO ME!



LOKNAR, WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG. YMIR KNOWS IT!

THE TEETH OF YMIR! ONLY THRICE BEFORE, IN BLOODSTAR'S LIFETIME, HAD THIS ORDEAL BEEN USED, AS HE WHISPERED TO ME. THOUGH NO ONE HAD EVER SURVIVED IT, HE VOWED HE WOULD. YMIR, HE SAID, KNEW THAT HIS LOVE FOR HELVA WAS GOOD. HE ASKED ME TO WATCH OVER HER AS THE GUARDS TOOK HIM OFF.

WHY DO THEY DO THIS, BLOODSTAR?



GET AWAY FROM THAT CAGE, YOU! NO ONE'S ALLOWED TO SPEAK TO THE PRISONER!

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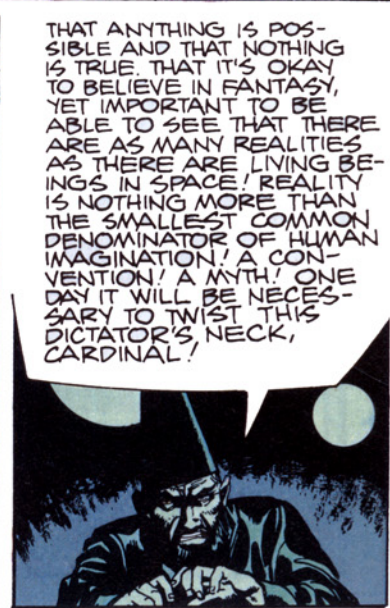
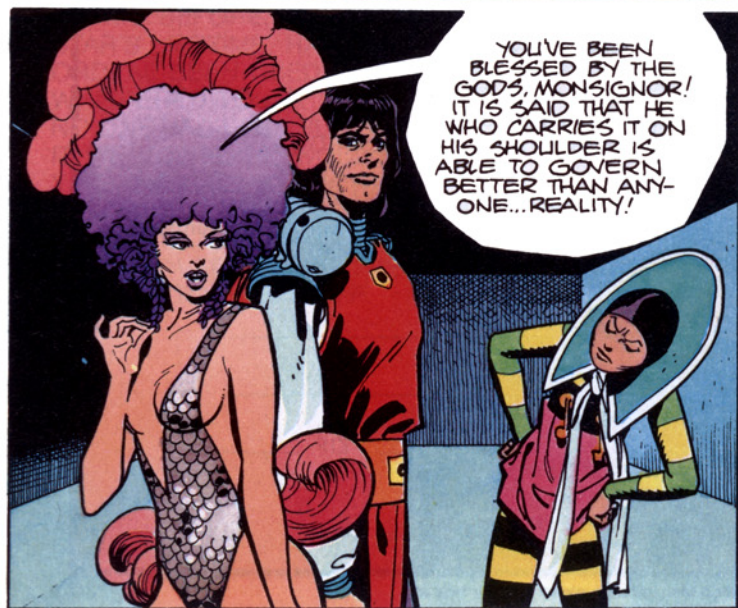
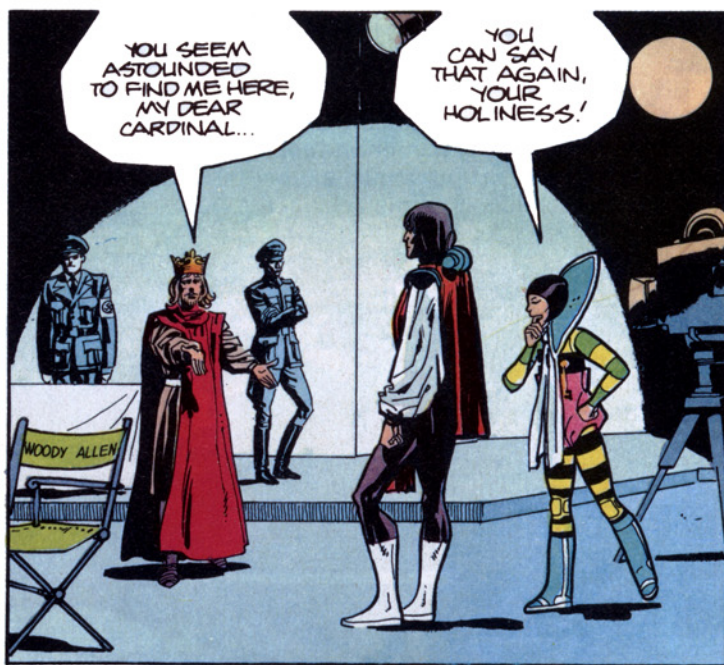
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Send to: **Heavy Metal Comix**
Dept. 381
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

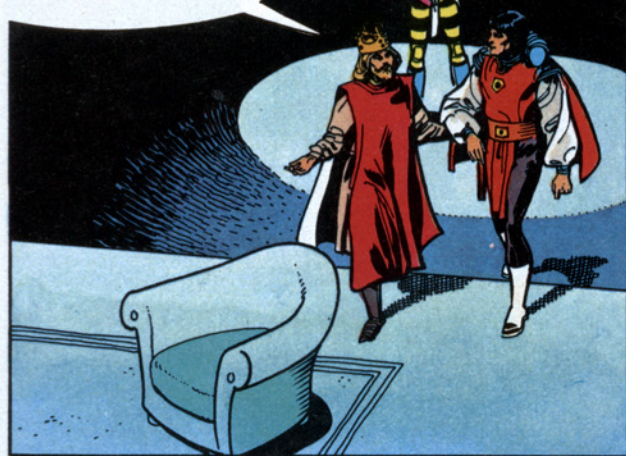
What Is Reality, Papa?

Hollywood was all aflutter, last we saw. The townspeople were panicked at the recent trend in which actors throughout Univers-all were taking their roles all too seriously. Stuart, the troubled studio head, was attacked and slain by a crazed "motorcycle clan"; Chimeer was kidnapped by two "SS men"; and Axle is believed to be the pope's envoy.



LET'S GO! LET'S FORGET PHILOSOPHY, FOR A MOMENT, HJALMAR. SHALL WE TACKLE THE PROBLEMS THAT ARE BOTHERING YOU, DEAR FRIEND?

POOR THING! IF ONLY HE KNEW!



FIRST OF ALL, YOU CAN REASSURE THE POPE! WE'VE DECIDED TO SETTLE THE QUESTION ONCE AND FOR ALL. WE SHALL EXTERMINATE EVERY LAST SARACEN!



THEY'VE ALREADY BEEN REGISTERED BY MY GESTAPO! MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN WERE TRACKED DOWN, STOPPED, AND IMPRISONED!



BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. IN ORDER FOR US TO WIPE THEM OFF THE MAP FOR GOOD, WE'VE PERFECTED AN INFALLIBLE STRATEGY: THE FINAL SOLUTION!

WHAT DOES IT CONSIST OF?



AS A MATTER OF FACT, LEONARDO DA VINCI IS BUSY DEVELOPING SOME BOLD SCHEME...AH, HERE HE IS NOW. TELL HIM, MY GOOD MASTER!



I AM A SCIENTIST! A MAN OF IDEAS! I HAVE INVENTED A WAR MACHINE - BECAUSE THIS IS CERTAINLY A QUESTION OF WAR (PERHAPS EVEN A HOLY WAR). A MACHINE THAT IS NEW TO OUR WORLD - THE GAS CHAMBER!

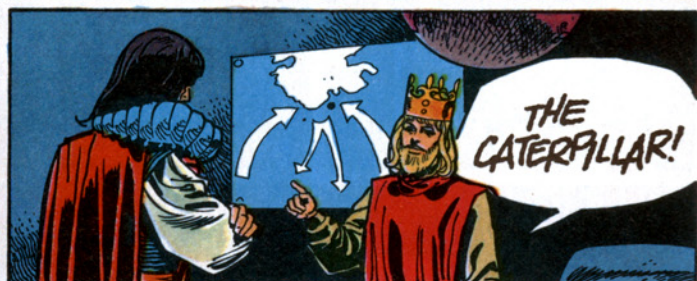
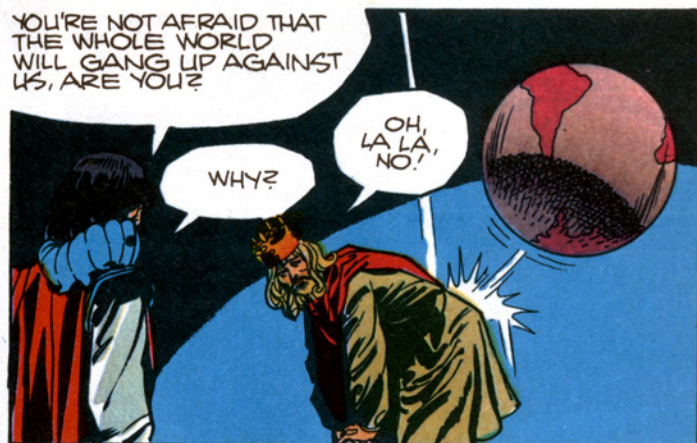
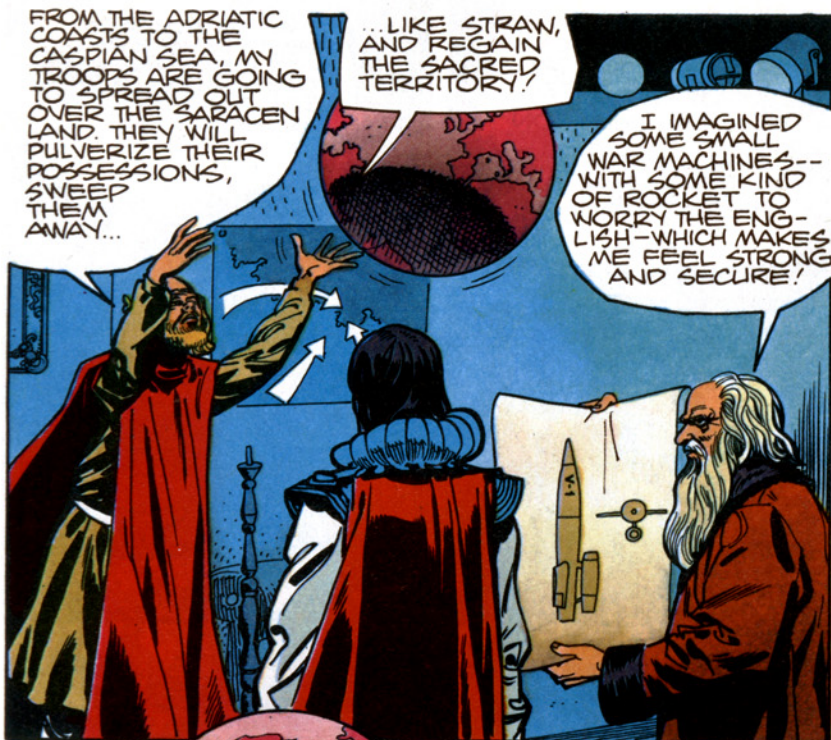


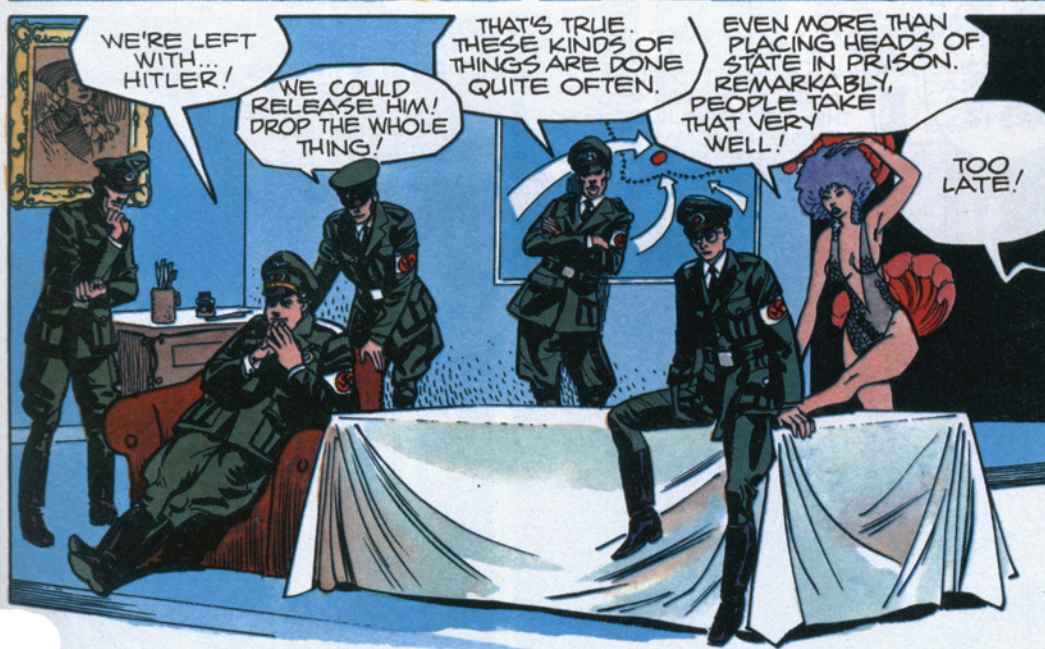
GOD ENTRUSTED ME WITH THIS DIVINE MISSION OF WIPING OUT SARACENS, AND HE CAN COUNT ON ME. WE'RE GOING TO WIPE OUT SARACENS.



HEIL, SAINT LOUIS!







I HAVE HEARD THAT HE HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO ORGANIZE THE RESISTANCE AND THAT MANY ARE GETTING READY TO JOIN WHAT THEY CALL "FREE FORCES." IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT HE WILL EVEN LAUNCH ONE SOLEMN CALL ON THE RADIO ON THE 18TH OF JUNE.



I HAVE THE FEELING THAT THEY'RE GOING TO REMEMBER THIS FOR A LONG TIME AT WHITEHALL! *

*DISTRICT OF THE MINISTRIES IN LONDON.

WHAT SHALL WE DO? GET THE SCOOTER BACK?

NO WAY! IT'S MUCH TOO DANGEROUS. I THINK I SEE A WAY TO ESCAPE OVER THERE... A BIT ANTIQUATED, PERHAPS, BUT AT LEAST IT WILL ALLOW US TO GO UNNOTICED!



BUT AXLE, YOU DAMNED DEMENTED KNUCKLEHEAD, WHERE SHALL WE GO?



LATELY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WHILE SLEEPING I'VE HAD THE SAME DREAM. CHIMEER WAS PRISONER, SOMEWHERE, BEHIND BARRIERS SPIKED WITH SHARP POINTS, CONSTRAINED IN A WORLD WHERE ALL TRUTHS WERE CONTRADICTED. SHE CRIED AND CALLED FOR ME AS SHE HELD OUT HER HANDS.

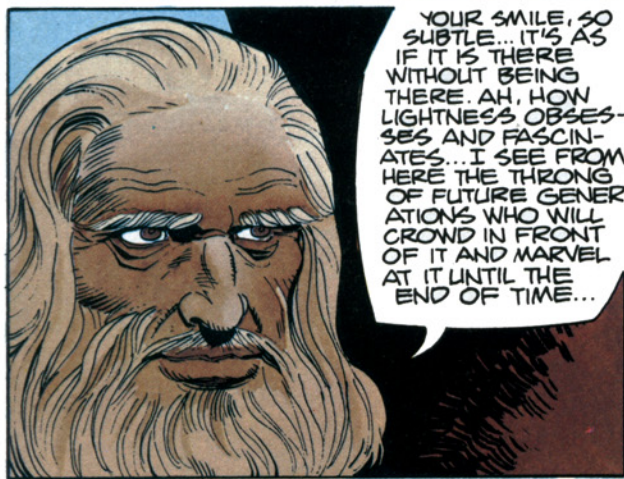
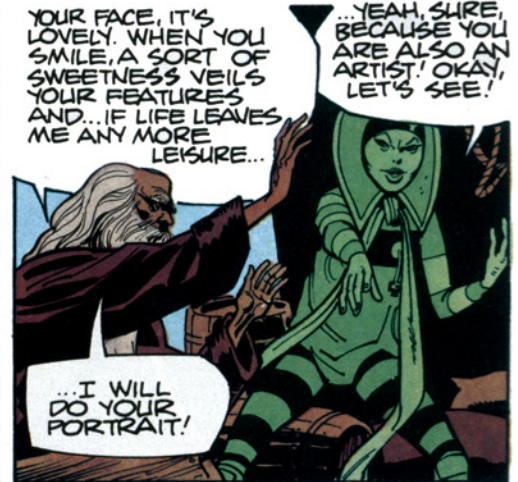
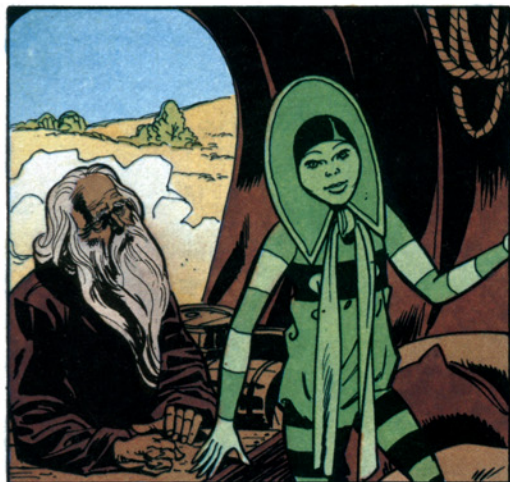
A CAMP, OLD MAN, IS THERE ONE NEARBY?

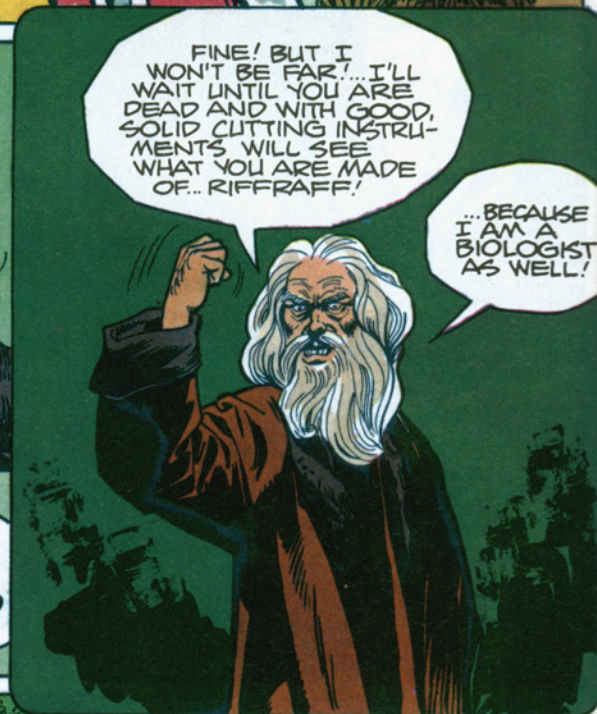
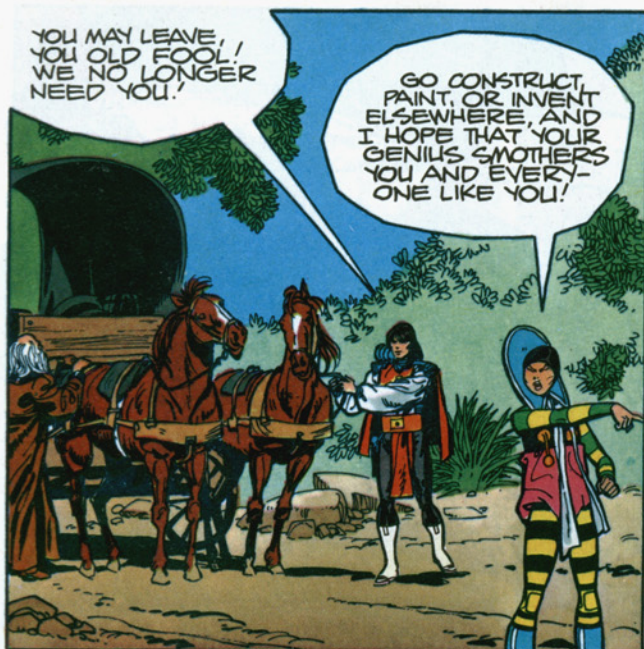
I DESIGNED THE PLANS UP TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL, AND I SURVEYED THE CONSTRUCTION MYSELF! I MUST SAY THAT I AM ALSO AN ARCHITECT.

ONLY RENAISSANCE MEN, UNIVERSAL SPIRITS, IF THERE ARE ANY OF US LEFT, COULD PRIDE THEMSELVES ON... WHOAAA!

LEAD US TO IT!









edward in love

D. HE



THE MORE I SHOW HER
I LOVE HER, THE LESS
SHE SEEMS TO WANT
ME.

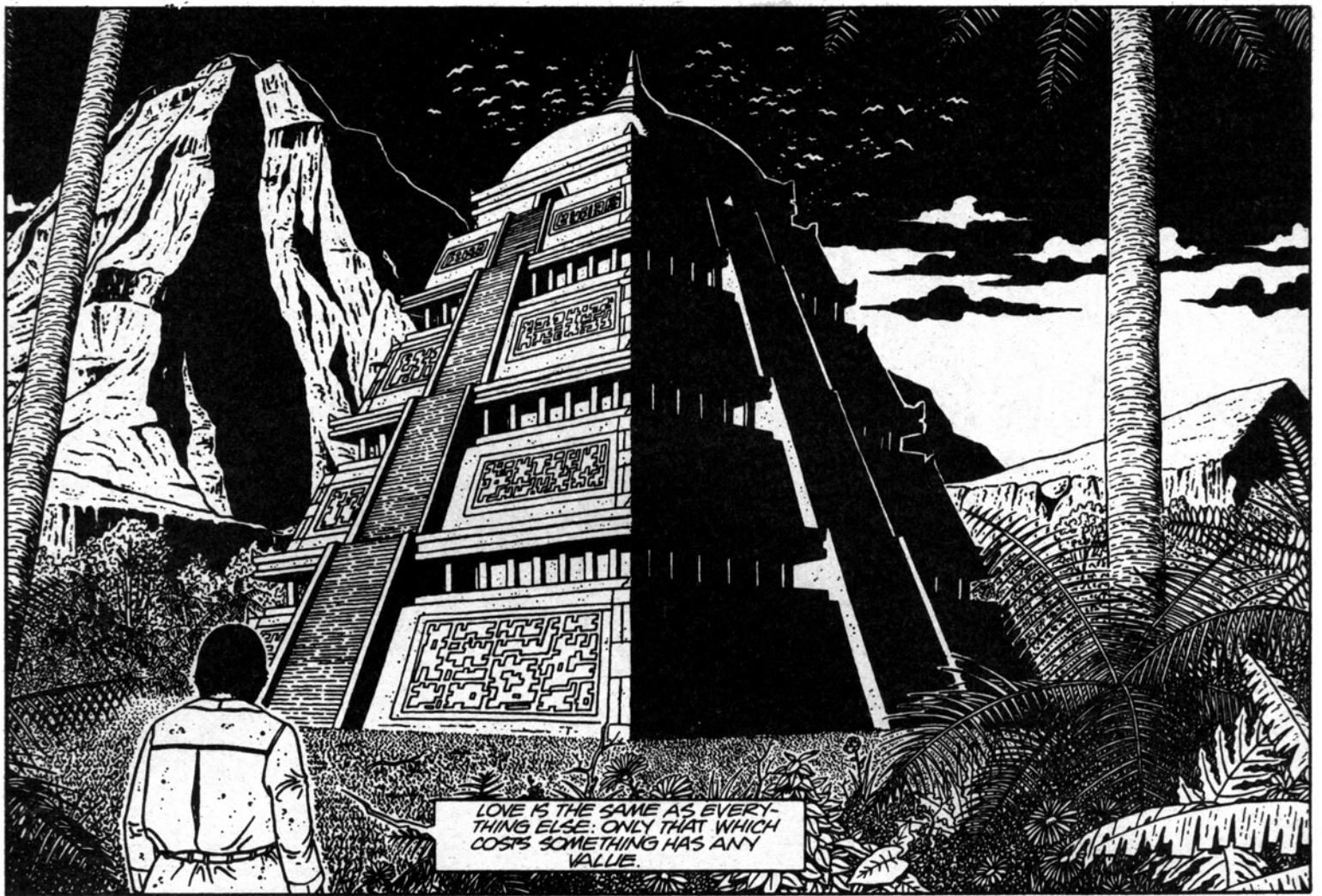


IT'S MY FAULT. I
WAS TOO TENDER.

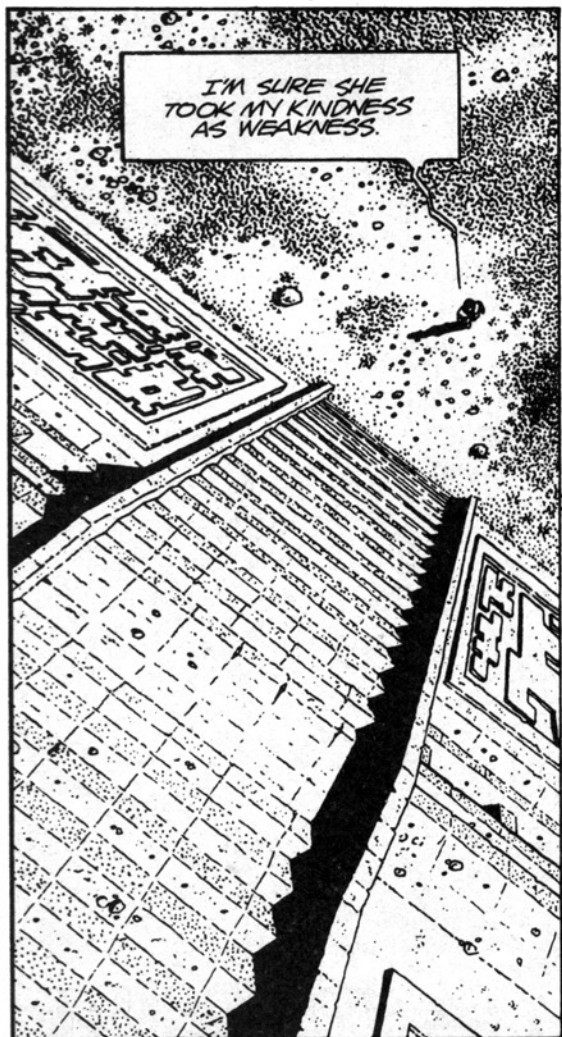


TO HAVE ME WAS
MUCH TOO EASY FOR
HER.





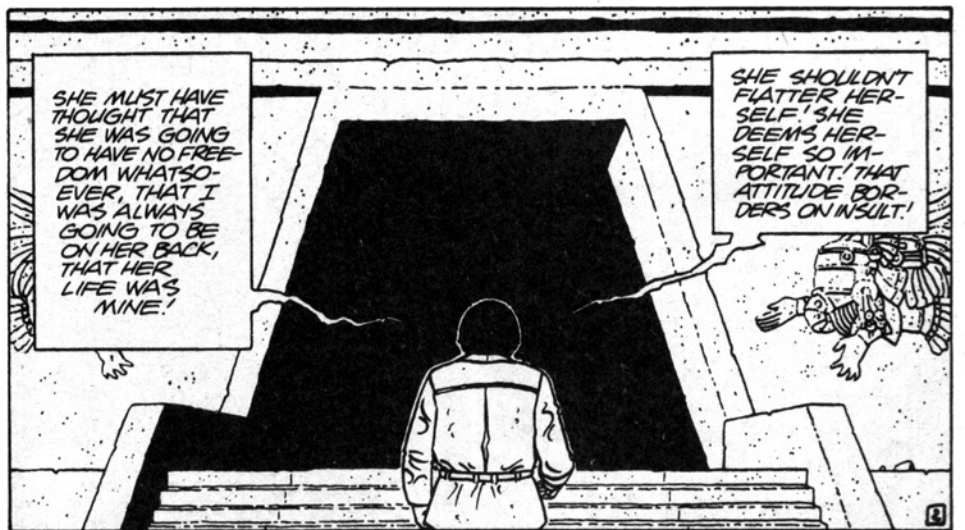
LOVE IS THE SAME AS EVERYTHING ELSE: ONLY THAT WHICH COSTS SOMETHING HAS ANY VALUE.



I'M SURE SHE TOOK MY KINDNESS AS WEAKNESS.



I MUST REALIZE, HOWEVER, THAT THE FACT THAT I WAS ALWAYS AVAILABLE TO HER COULD HAVE FRIGHTENED HER OFF.



SHE MUST HAVE THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS GOING TO HAVE NO FREEDOM WHATSOEVER, THAT I WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE ON HER BACK, THAT HER LIFE WAS MINE!

SHE SHOULDN'T FLATTER HERSELF! SHE DEEMS HERSELF SO IMPORTANT! THAT ATTITUDE BORDERS ON INSULT!

IF I DON'T WANT TO LOSE
HER TOTALLY, I'LL HAVE TO
ACT A BIT ALOOF.

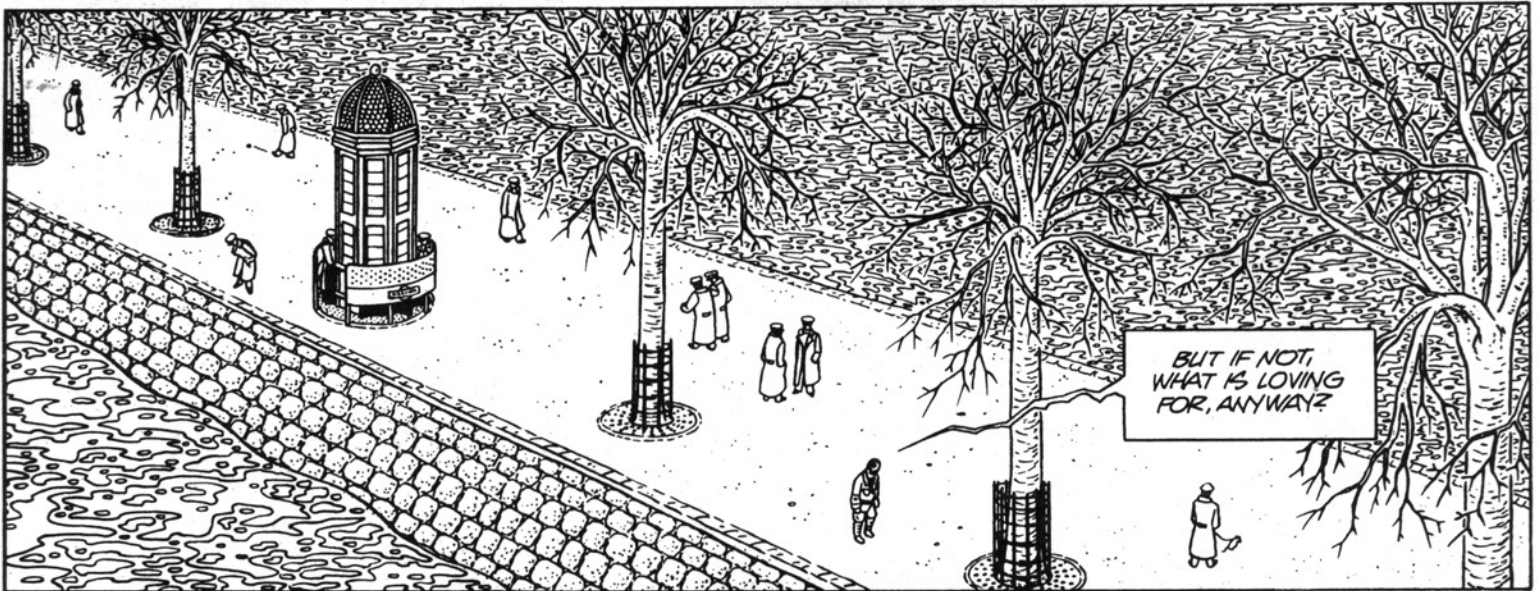
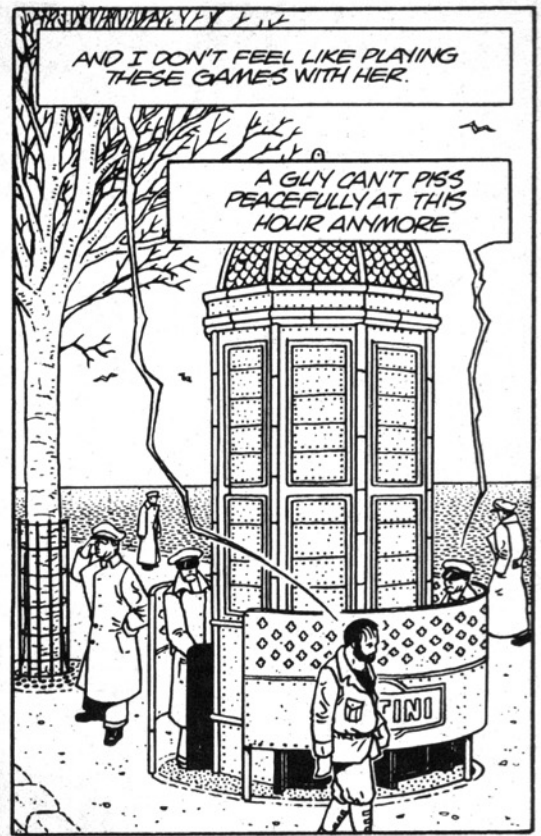
WHAT DO I RISK?

IF SHE LOVES ME,
SHE'LL TAKE ME BACK.

IF SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME
AND LEAVES AGAIN, WHAT
DOES IT MATTER? I'VE
GOT PLENTY OF NOTHING
NOW.

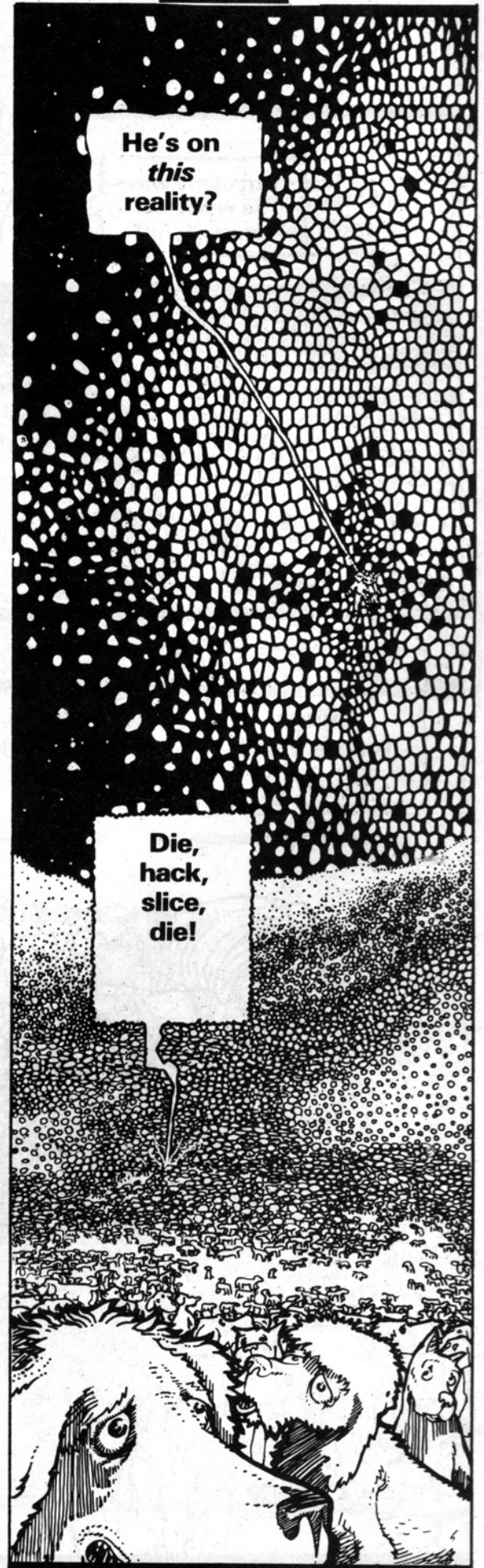
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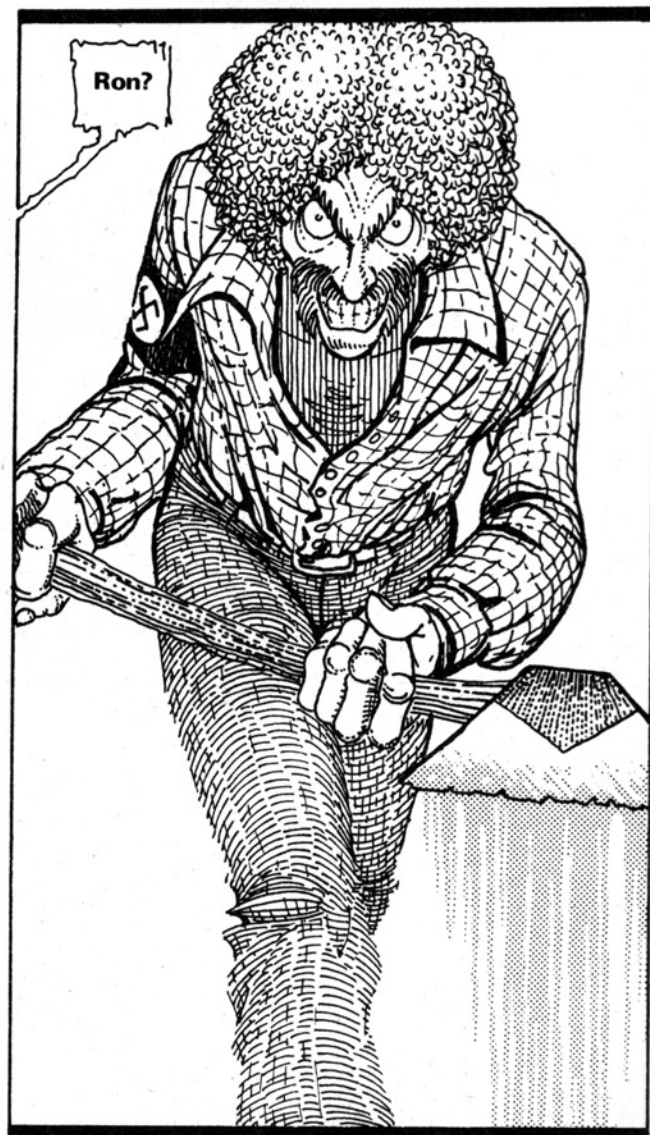


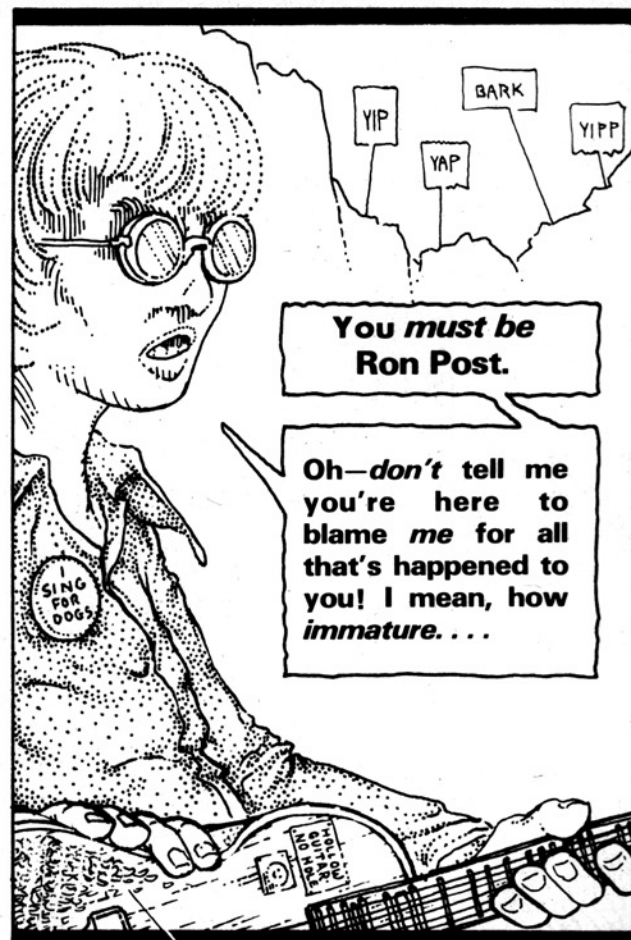
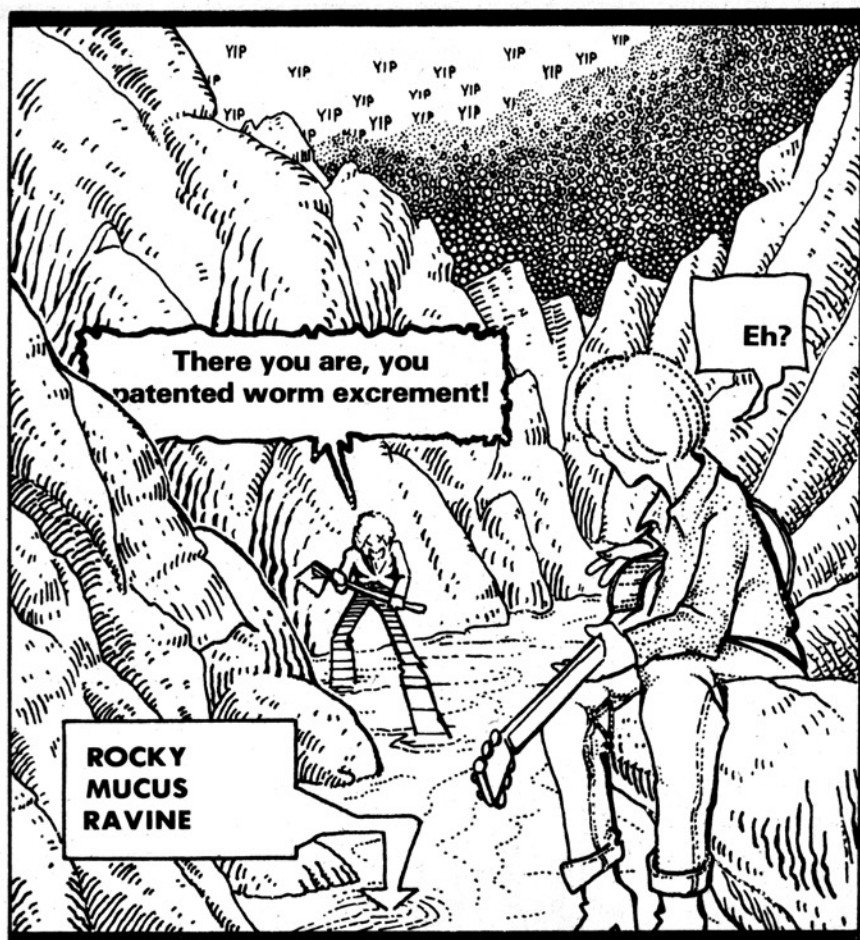


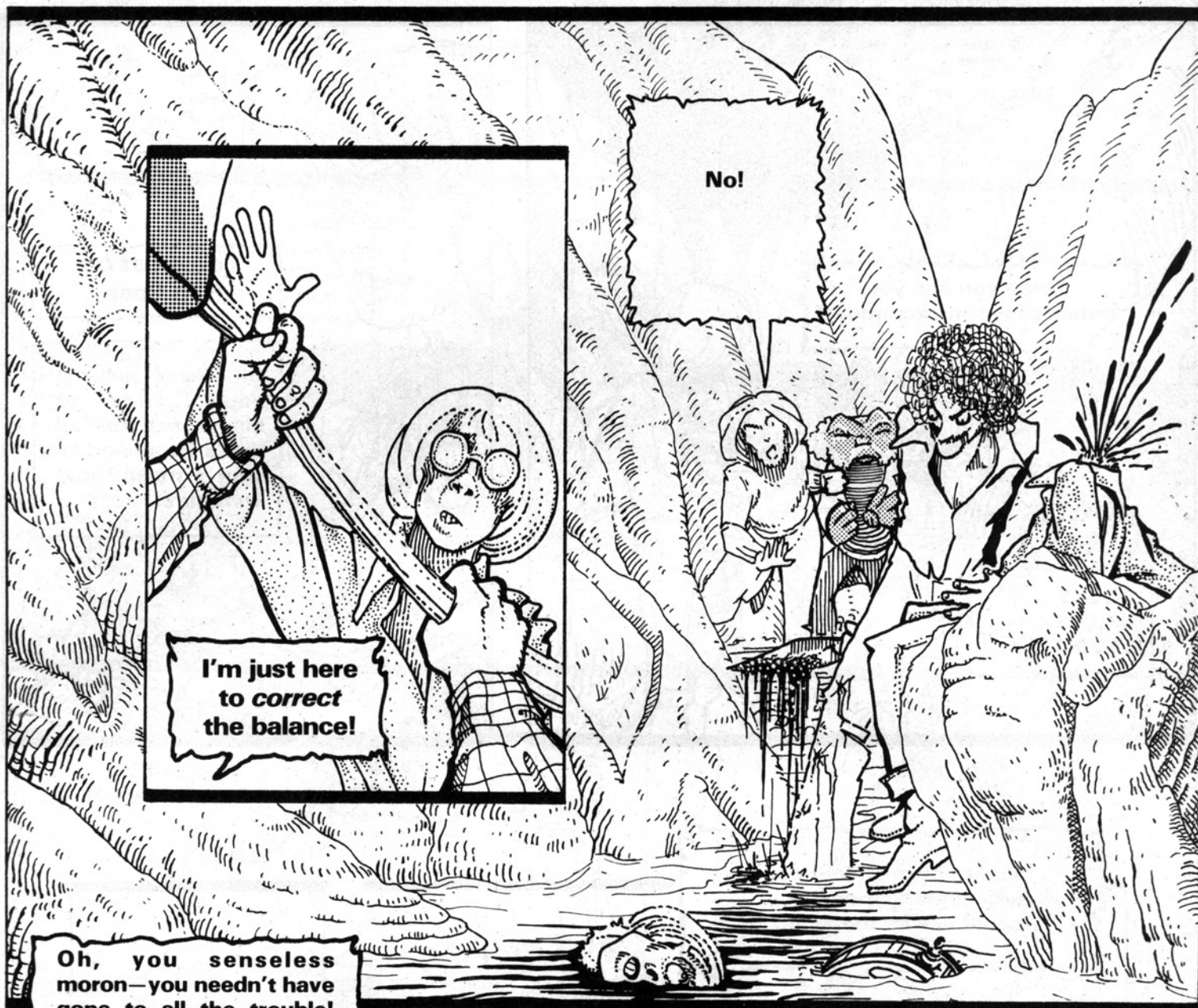
Changes

Matt Howarth









Oh, you senseless moron—you needn't have gone to all the trouble! He had a rare, unknown blood disease and would've died tomorrow anyway. You mango!

I told you he'd've looked better this way!

NEXT: paranoia grips the Bitch

Arsonic & Silken Kettle



Girl—you are *really* in trouble this time. . . .



Boche! I need your help!



Go 'way—



Go away? My life is in *danger*—Ron Post is out to kill me! And you tell me to go away? To die, Boche? Die?

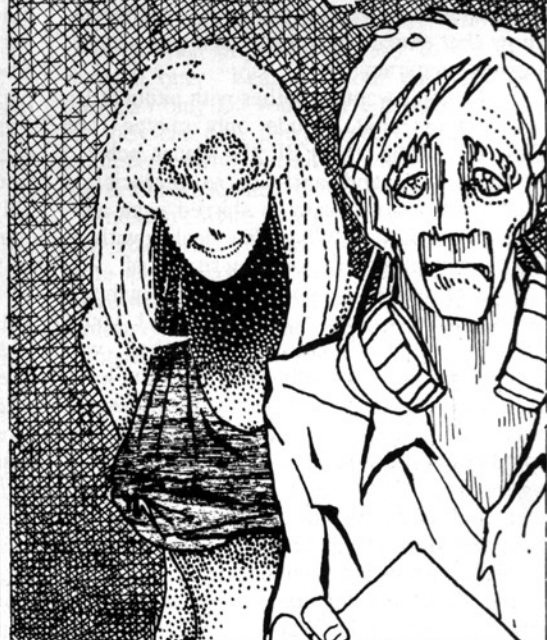


I came to you because I knew you'd be *strong* and kill him for *good* . . . for me . . . because you love me.



. . . because I'll *ball* you if you do it. . . .

I'm a very, very weak man. . . .



NEXT: the advent of the Mind Parasites



FEAR NOT YOUR ENEMIES

by Harlan Ellison

John Lennon's on the menu. The worms are having him for dinner.

It's a fucking banquet: Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy, Luke Easter, Sarai Ribicoff, Stella Walsh, Lyman Bostock, Michael Halberstam, and one hundred and fifty assorted nonentities slaughtered each week, every week, here in our macho democracy. Nonentities, that is, to all but the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives, children, lovers, and friends to whom each of those nonentities meant something.

I'd have included JFK in that list, but we all know *that* executive ticket punch was part of a giant conspiracy.

And I don't want to bother with pitiful little conspiracies that include only maybe the CIA, the Mafia, the FBI, the Dallas police, Communists, and anti-Castro terrorists. That kind of conspiracy is shirred eggs and squashed potatoes. What I like dealing with is the *big* conspiracy, the one *you're* part of.

Thought we didn't know you were high up in the order of the big cabal, didn't you? Thought we didn't notice, right? Well, we noticed, so don't go slobbering over the loss of John Lennon, you cowardly punk. Don't beat your breast as you stand out there in the cold behind the NYPD sawhorses across the street from the Dakota, kiddo. We're onto you, and as far as I'm concerned you're as guilty as Mark David Chapman is of pumping those four shots into Lennon's back.

You didn't cry for sixty-nine-year-old ex-Olympic star Stella Walsh on December 4 when some sonofabitch left her facedown in

the parking lot of a discount department store on Cleveland's near east side, wiping out the sixty-five track records she set in her extremely worthy lifetime. You didn't cry when Luke Easter was blown away on March 29, 1979, outside the Cleveland Trust, probably because you didn't give a shit that that old black man hit twenty-five home runs in two months in 1949 and played a lot of first base for the Indians. You didn't cry for twenty-three-year-old Sarai Ribicoff, senselessly shot to death in the course of a petty holdup outside Chez Helene in LA's Venice section, most likely because she was Senator Abe Ribicoff's niece *and* a Jew *and* a newspaper reporter, and hell, that's three strikes right there; no pity for the rich, the powerful, the vocal, and the members of the International Money Conspiracy. And you're probably wailing over Lennon only because it's in the air and gives you a chance to vent some of your fear and frustration. But you belong to the big cabal, chum, and we see through your disingenuous sorrow.

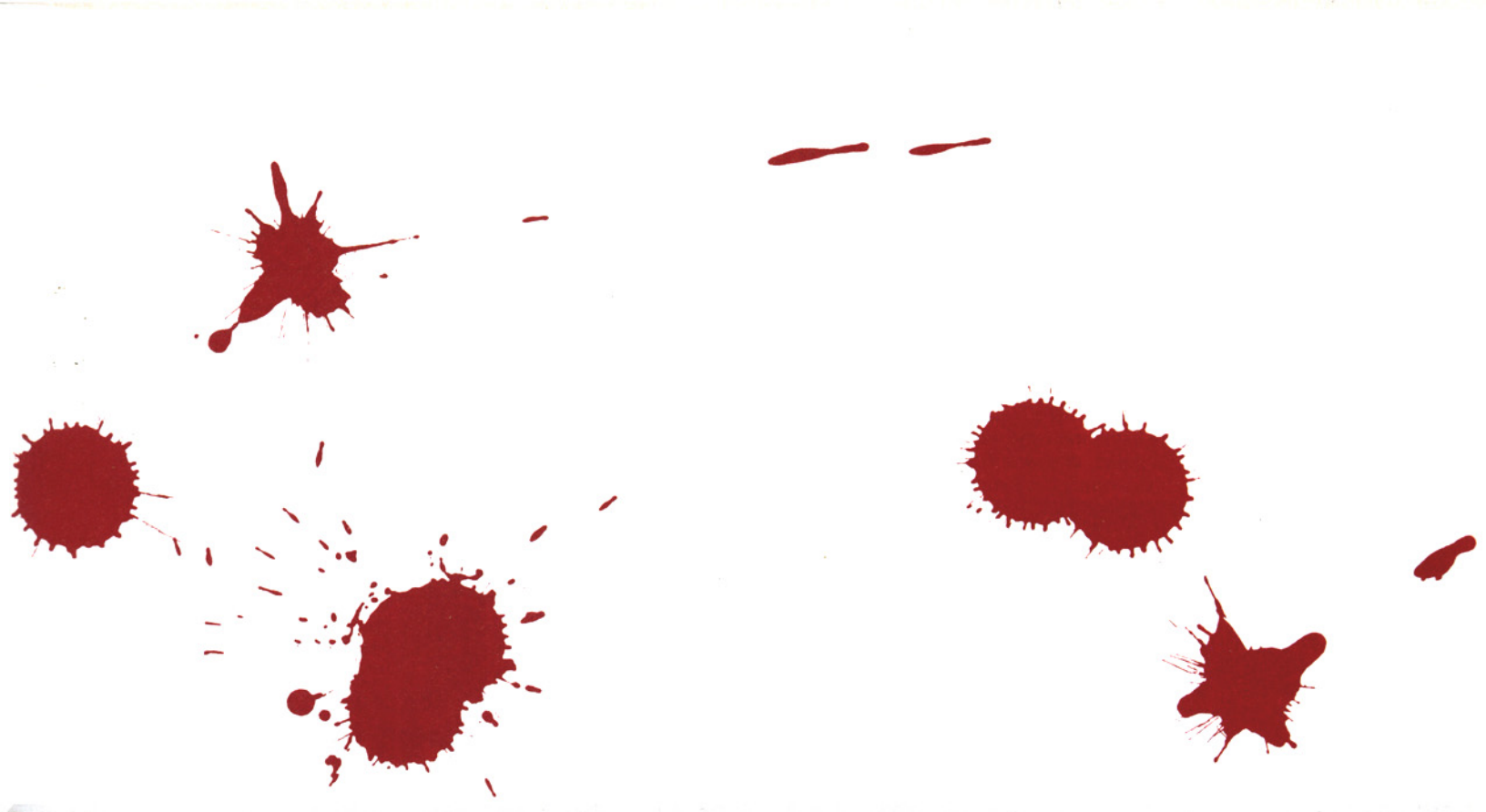
You started your membership sucking up the BB-gun ads in copies of *The Incredible Hulk* and *Batman* comics. You paid dues every time you sat in a movie theater and watched the fever-sick violence of *Dressed to Kill* and *The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre* and went down the line proclaiming twisted crap like that to be "high art," as do some of our more prominent brain-damaged film critics. You rose in the ranks every time you accepted the eloquent vocabulary of a bullet in the gut or a punch in the mouth as the final statement of any argument on "Starsky & Hutch" or "Charlie's Angels." So now you're

a fully paid-up, card-carrying psychotic doting on the wonderful full-color panels in *Heavy Metal* that show some poor slob with his head blown apart like a casaba melon.

And you're as much against gun control as our chief executive, Mr. Reagan. And you know what *he* said, mere hours after Chapman's Charter Arms .38 Special had *its* say? Well, Ronnie said: "I've never believed that gun-control laws would help reduce violence. I believe in the kind of legislation we had in California. If somebody commits a crime and carries a gun when doing it, add five to fifteen years to the prison sentence."

I'm glad so many of you voted for that kind of asshole thinking. Mr. Reagan's terrific use-a-gun-go-to-jail law is so effective that Los Angeles has become Murder City: homicides for the first ten months of 1980 were over 800 in the city proper and over 1,500 in the county.

Reagan, you crepuscular old fart, what the hell is wrong with you! Who gives a damn how long Chapman lies up in the slam? *Lennon is dead*, you pudding brain. *Dead*. Revenge don't beat the bulldog. Chapman wasn't some amoral mugger making his living in the streets ripping off wallets and TV sets. He was a nut, like all the other nuts who commit a murder every twenty-four minutes, night and day, every day of the year in this country. When the hell will you read the statistics, Reagan? When will you realize that over 50 percent of all the gun slayings every year are committed not by the dreaded composite darkie-mestizo-latino alley killer but by friends and relatives, by angry lovers and total strangers when you screwed them out of



a parking space or gave them the finger in a moving car? Fifty percent and more: stupid accidents where a ten-year-old kid sprays his brain matter across the bedroom wall playing with Daddy's surrogate penis, the bureau-drawer Luger; heat-of-passion arguments in which your girl friend opens up your stomach so your intestines start unwinding on the carpet like a Duneworld sandworm; deadly misunderstandings like the one that killed baseball star Lyman Bostock, a case of mistaken identity that didn't mean a damn because Bostock was on the menu.

How about that, gentle reader, out there crying because Lennon bit the dust, how about that you're a member of the big conspiracy headed by Uncle Ronnie? You like the tag?

Don't give me no shit about how *you* ain't in on it, Chuckles. You're *in* on it! Because if you weren't, you'd be doing something about it, instead of sitting there on your ass growing lesions on your brain watching television and putting all that good dope down your neck and reading half-witted sci-fi trash and eating junk food till you're too lazy to get out of the chair to take a dump. If you *weren't* part of the conspiracy to keep the National Rifle Association one of the biggest goddamn lobbies in Washington, you'd be sending all your spare cash to Handgun Control, a *citizens'* lobby in Washington. [Handgun Control, Incorporated's address is 810 18th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.]

And don't hide behind that God-fearing gobbledygook, either. I've had it up to here with Reverend Jerry Falwell and Ernest Angely and Billy Graham and all the rest of

those TV clowns perverting the tenets of the Judeo-Christian ethic with their nonspecific mumble about moral rectitude. They want to censor books and movies and TV and magazines to fit some ancient, worn-out idea of purity, but all those fundamentalist millions who'll deluge a sponsor with vengeful letters because some model exposed her thigh in an advertisement won't lift a finger or a buck to beat the NRA lobby at its own game. And *you* know why: because all those Christ shouters own guns...or if they don't, they actually believe that the Constitution gives any dip who can sign his or her name to a handgun application the right to own a .357 Magnum.

I do not think it coincidence that Mark David Chapman was into flying saucers, acid, Jesus worship, pistol-firing tests, and cultism. The moment the news flash broke in on the radio, the night Lennon was shot, I said to Jane, "You watch: he'll turn out to be a Christer." And sure enough.

Because that's all the same game.

It's removal from reality. And only a step or two from "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord" to seeing oneself as the instrument of that vengeance. Who knows what leper's soup steams in Chapman's cauldron of a brain? And who cares? If he hadn't been able to get a gun in Hawaii so easily, he might not have been able to get Lennon so simply. Yeah, I know: he could have knifed him, garroted him, hit him with a two-by-four. But not from five feet away. Yeah, people kill people...with guns.

I have no tears in me for John Lennon. I've used them all up on King and Kennedy and a woman I once loved who was raped and then

murdered—with a handgun—in the parking lot of a bowling alley in the San Fernando Valley.

So you can dry your public show of misery, li'l heavymetal babies. When it's fashion time for roller disco or cowboy boots or electronic war-gaming or free basing or whatever the panhandlers have in store to separate you from your bucks next season, you'll forget. And you'll renew membership in the big conspiracy.

Let me leave you with these words from the Polish poet Edward Yashinsky, who survived a Nazi prison camp only to die in a Russian one. "Fear not your enemies, for they can only kill you; fear not your friends, for they can only betray you. Fear only the indifferent, who permit the killers and betrayers to walk safely on the earth."

And don't write no shitty letters telling me how *concerned* you are and how dare I defame all the good li'l heavymetal babies out there with Teflon'd nostrils who simply *abhor* violence. Send some money to Handgun Control in Washington, punk.

Or cop to being one of the indifferent members of the big conspiracy that killed John Lennon. Goo goo goo joob.

Or, as John once wrote: *Happiness is a warm gun.* ●

SALAMMMBO

On the anniversary of the Eryx battle, the council held a huge banquet for the troops who had fought in that war. During the festivities, Salammmo, the daughter of Hamilcar, appeared. She was lovely; swirls of incense surrounded her as she spoke to the men and captivated each and every one of them—especially two. Of these, one was Narr'Havas, a Numidian prince; the other, a nameless yet legendary tribal leader.







MASTER!

GO FORTH...FIND
HER, AND RETURN
IMMEDIATELY!

I CALL MYSELF SPENDIUS,
MY LORD, AND I AM A
SLAVE. PLEASE LISTEN,
MASTER! DON'T DESPISE ME
FOR MY WEAKNESS! I LIVED
IN THE PALACE. I CAN CRAWL
LIKE A VIPER, FLOW BETWEEN
THE WALLS. COME! THERE IS
A GOLD INGOT UNDER EACH
FLAGSTONE IN THE ANCESTORS'
CHAMBER. AN UNDERGROUND
PATH LEADS TO THEIR TOMBS.

OH, WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BUT A LUMINOUS
BAR ASCENDED
IN THE EAST.
ON THE LEFT,
AT THE BOTTOM,
THE MEGARA
CANALS BEGAN
TO STRIKE WITH THEIR
PALE WINDINGS THE
LUSH GREENNESS
OF THE GARDENS.
THE SUN ROSE ON
THE CITY OF THE
WORLD OF THE
STAR.

SPENDIUS: -AH! YES..
MASTER! I UNDER-
STAND WHY YOU
SCORNE THE PIL-
LAGING OF THE
HOUSE! CARTHAGE!
WHAT WEALTH! YET,
THE MEN WHO POS-
SESS IT DON'T
EVEN HAVE THE
WEAPONS TO
DEFEND IT!

MATHO: WHERE IS SHE?

SPENDIUS: LISTEN! THE
REPUBLIC IS LIKE THESE
MISERABLE PEOPLE:
CURVED AT THE EDGE
OF THE OCEAN, IT
ENCOMPASSES ALL
SHORES IN ITS GREEDY
GRASP. THE SOUND
OF THE WAVES HAS
SO FILLED ITS EARS
THAT IT DIDN'T HEAR
THE FOOTSTEPS OF
ITS MASTER APPROACH
FROM BEHIND! BUT
THERE ARE STRONG
MEN HERE WHOSE
HATRED IS INFLAMED!
AND NOTHING BINDS
THEM TO CARTHAGE,
NOT THEIR FAMILIES,
NOR THEIR OATHS
NOR THEIR GODS!



THERE ARE
THOUSANDS OF US,
RED EYES, AND
FOR ONCE THEY
HAVE NO MORE
ARMY. THUS, WE
WILL PLUNGE OUR
HANDS DOWN TO
THE BOTTOM OF
THE COFFERS. WE HAVE
NOTHING TO EXPECT
FROM OUR MASTERS
OTHER THAN BLOWS, TEARS,
AND BLOOD, THE VERY
BLOOD THAT THEY RE-
FUSE TO PAY US FOR.
WHO PREVENTS YOU, MAS-
TER, FROM PLUCKING THIS
RIPE FRUIT? HAMILCAR IS
NOT HERE. THE MASSES
DETEST THE RICH. YOU ARE
BRAVE! THEY WILL OBEY
YOUR COMMAND! CARTHAGE
IS OURS! LEAD US THERE!

MATHO: NO! THE CURSE OF
MOLOCH WEIGHS ON ME! I
FELT IT IN HIS GAZE. AND
A MOMENT AGO IN A TEM-
PLE I SAW A BLACK SHEEP
THAT MOVED BACKWARD.
WHERE IS IT?

MATHO'S EYES SCANNED
THE HORIZON. CHURNING UP
A LUMINOUS GOLD CLOUD
OF DUST, A CHARIOT OF
SAND FLED AWAY IN THE
DISTANCE. TWO WOMEN
WERE SEATED. MATHO
RECOGNIZED THE ONE: A
LONG VEIL FLOATED BEHIND
HER IN THE WIND.

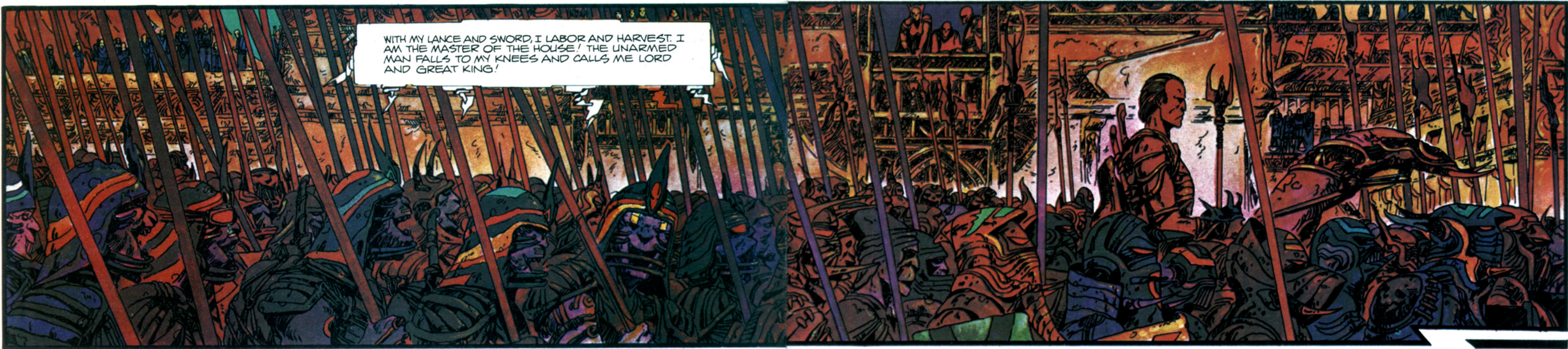


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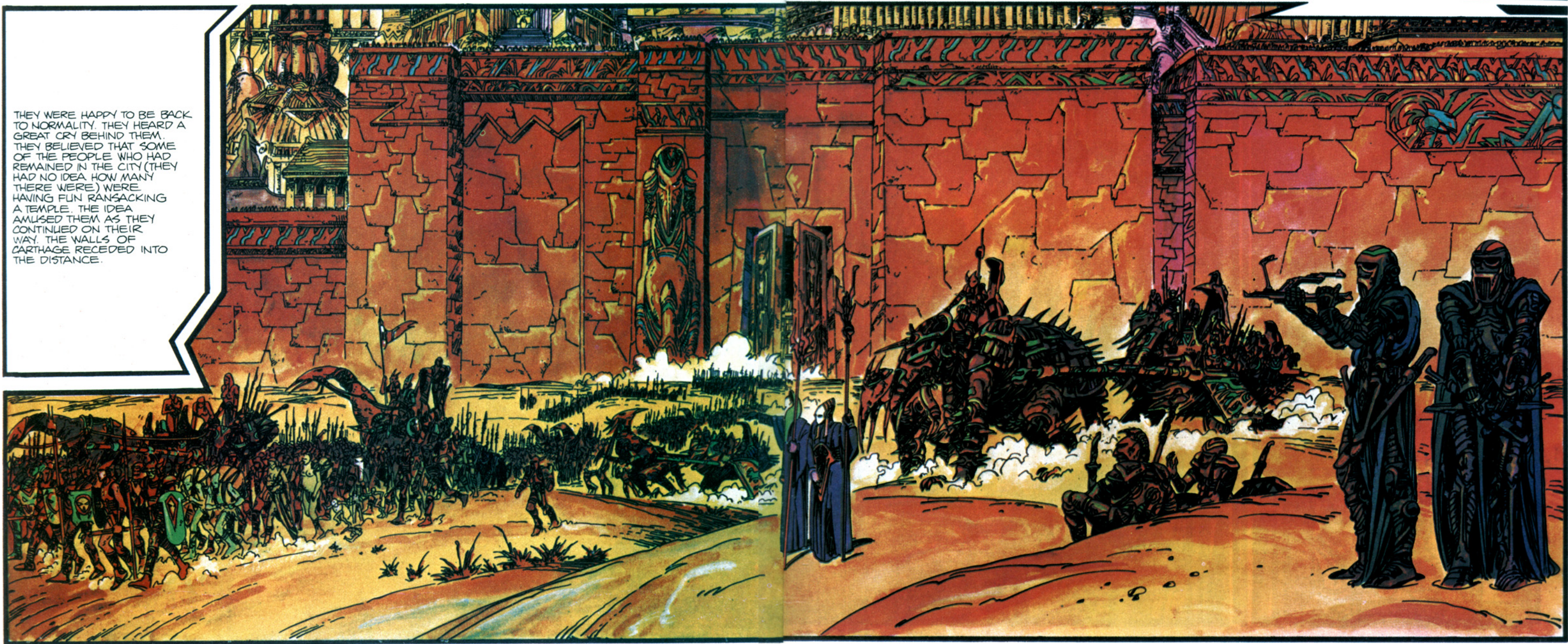
SICCA

TWO DAYS LATER, THE MERCENARIES LEFT CARTHAGE. EACH ONE HAD BEEN GIVEN A PIECE OF GOLD ON THE CONDITION THAT THEY WOULD GO TO CAMP AT SICCA. THEY HAD BEEN TEASED WITH ALL SORTS OF FLATTERY: "YOU ARE THE SAVIORS OF CARTHAGE," BUT YOU WILL STARVE IT BY STAYING THERE; IT WILL BECOME INSOLVENT. GET AWAY! LATER, THE REPUBLIC WILL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR COMPLIANCE. WE WILL COLLECT TAXES IMMEDIATELY. YOUR PAY WILL BE COMPLETED, AND THEY WILL FURNISH THE GALLEYS THAT WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR FATHERLAND." THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND TO SO MANY SPEECHES. THESE MEN, ACCUSTOMED TO WAR, WERE BORED DURING THEIR STAY IN THE CITY. THE GOVERNMENT HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN CONVINCING THEM, AND THE PEOPLE CLIMBED UP ON THE WALLS TO SEE THEM GO.

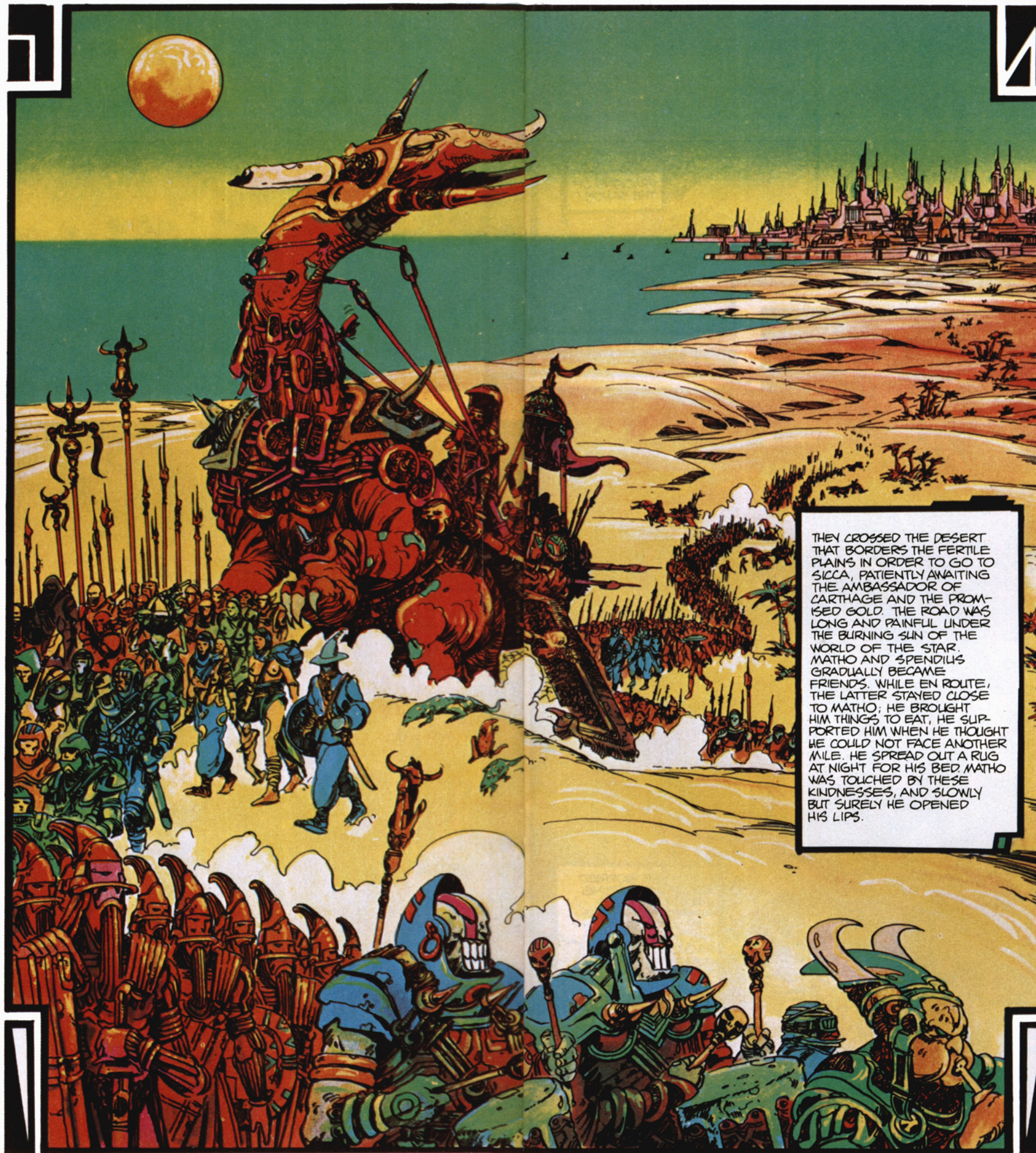




WITH MY LANCE AND SWORD, I LABOR AND HARVEST. I AM THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE! THE UNARMED MAN FALLS TO MY KNEES AND CALLS ME LORD AND GREAT KING!



THEY WERE HAPPY TO BE BACK TO NORMALITY. THEY HEARD A GREAT CRY BEHIND THEM. THEY BELIEVED THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAD REMAINED IN THE CITY (THEY HAD NO IDEA HOW MANY THERE WERE) WERE HAVING FUN RANSACKING A TEMPLE. THE IDEA AMUSED THEM AS THEY CONTINUED ON THEIR WAY. THE WALLS OF CARTHAGE RECEDED INTO THE DISTANCE.



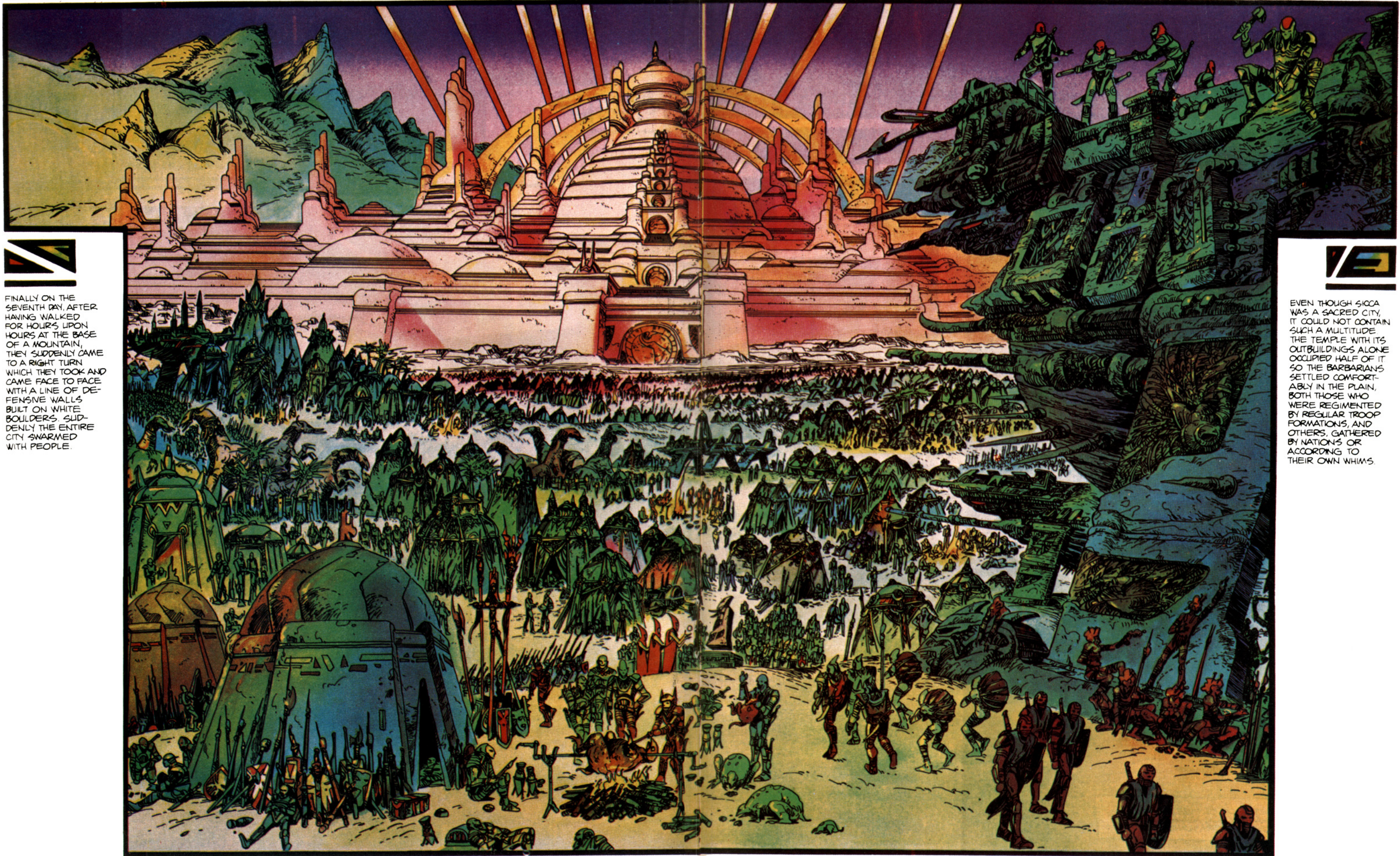
THEY CROSSED THE DESERT THAT BORDERS THE FERTILE PLAINS IN ORDER TO GO TO SICCA, PATIENTLY AWAITING THE AMBASSADOR OF CARTHAGE AND THE PROMISED GOLD. THE ROAD WAS LONG AND PAINFUL UNDER THE BURNING SUN OF THE WORLD OF THE STAR. MATHO AND SPENDIUS GRADUALLY BECAME FRIENDS. WHILE EN ROUTE, THE LATTER STAYED CLOSE TO MATHO; HE BROUGHT HIM THINGS TO EAT, HE SUPPORTED HIM WHEN HE THOUGHT HE COULD NOT FACE ANOTHER MILE. HE SPREAD OUT A RUG AT NIGHT FOR HIS BED. MATHO WAS TOUCHED BY THESE KINDNESSES, AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY HE OPENED HIS LIPS.

SPENDIUS SPOKE TO HIM OF HIS JOURNEYS, OF THE PEOPLE AND OF THE TEMPLES THAT HE HAD VISITED, AND HE KNEW A LOT OF THINGS. HE KNEW HOW TO MAKE SANDALS, BOAR SPEARS, NETS, HOW TO TAME FEROCIOUS BEASTS AND COOK FISH. THESE STORIES AMUSED RED EYES.



I EVEN SOLD WOMEN! AH, THE HAPPY TIMES OF MY WEALTH... WARRIOR, MERCHANT, SLAVE, I'VE KNOWN EVERYTHING, MATHO, EVERYTHING! YET I'M STILL HUNGRY!

SPENDIUS! RAGING BELLY!



FINALLY ON THE SEVENTH DAY, AFTER HAVING WALKED FOR HOURS UPON HOURS AT THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN, THEY SUDDENLY CAME TO A RIGHT TURN WHICH THEY TOOK AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A LINE OF DEFENSIVE WALLS BUILT ON WHITE BOULDERS. SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE CITY SWARMED WITH PEOPLE.

EVEN THOUGH SIOCA WAS A SACRED CITY, IT COULD NOT CONTAIN SUCH A MULTITUDE. THE TEMPLE WITH ITS OUTBUILDINGS ALONE OCCUPIED HALF OF IT SO THE BARBARIANS SETTLED COMFORTABLY IN THE PLAIN, BOTH THOSE WHO WERE REGIMENTED BY REGULAR TROOP FORMATIONS, AND OTHERS, GATHERED BY NATIONS OR ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN WHIMS.

ONE EVENING AS MATHO AND SPENDIUS CROSSED THE STREETS OF THE CAMP TOGETHER, THEY NOTICED MEN CLAD IN WHITE; AMONG THEM WAS NARR'HAVAS, THE PRINCE OF THE NUMIDIANS. MATHO TREMBLED.

YOUR SWORD! I WANT TO KILL HIM!

NOT YET! WAIT AND SEE WHAT HE WANTS!

FORGIVE MY GESTURE, MATHO. THE DRUNKENNESS OF THE FEAST MADE ME CRAZY. I HATE CARTHAGE DEEPLY, TOO, AND WANT PEACE BETWEEN US. FORGET ALL OF THE PAST AND LET'S HUNT TOGETHER LIKE TWO BROTHERS.

I ACCEPT THESE WORDS OF PEACE, NARR'HAVAS. WELCOME.

AND YOU COME TO BETRAY US, OR ELSE TO BETRAY THE REPUBLIC. WE SHALL CAUTION AGAINST YOUR PRESENT AND FUTURE TREACHERY, NUMIDIAN.

MATHO'S NIGHTS WERE TERRIBLE. HAUNTED BY THE IMAGE OF SALAMMBO, HE WANDERED.

ARE YOU SUFFERING? WHAT DO YOU NEED? ANSWER ME, MASTER!

MATHO: "LISTEN! THIS IS THE WRATH OF THE GODS! THE DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR IS PURSUING ME! I'M AFRAID, SPENDIUS! TALK TO ME! I AM SICK! I WANT TO BE CURED! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! BUT YOU, PERHAPS YOU KNOW STRONGER GODS OR SOME IRRESISTIBLE INVOCATION?"

SPENDIUS: "TO DO WHAT?"

MATHO: "TO GET RID OF HER FOR ME!"

SPENDIUS: "IF SHE WEREN'T THE DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR..."

MATHO: "NO! SHE IS NOTHING LIKE ANY OTHER MAN'S WOMAN. DID YOU SEE HER BIG EYES UNDER HER EYEBROWS, LIKE SUNS UNDER TRIUMPHAL ARCHES? REMEMBER, WHEN SHE APPEARED, HOW ALL THE TORCHES PALED. HER BREASTS GLITTERED BETWEEN THE DIAMONDS. THE ODOR OF THE TEMPLE TRAILED BEHIND HER AND SOMETHING EMANATED FROM HER, AN AURA THAT WAS SMOOTHER THAN WINE, YET MORE TERRIBLE THAN DEATH. SHE WALKED, HOWEVER, AND THEN SHE STOPPED."

VOODOO... MAGIC... GLOOM.

BUT I WANT HER! I NEED HER! I'M DYING FOR HER! AT THE IDEA OF EMBRACING HER IN MY ARMS, A FLUROR OF JOY CARRIES ME AWAY, YET I HATE HER, SPENDIUS! I'D LIKE TO BEAT HER! WHAT DO I DO? I WANT TO SELL MYSELF AND BECOME HER SLAVE. YOU WERE ONE! YOU SAW HER: TELL ME ABOUT HER! EVERY NIGHT, SHE GOES UP ON THE TERRACE OF HER HOME, DOESN'T SHE? AH! THE STONES MUST TREMBLE UNDER HER SANDALS AND THE STARS LEAN DOWN TO SEE HER! I WANT HER, SPENDIUS! I WANT HER!!!

THE END.

THEY LEFT AT DAWN. HOWEVER, THE ROAD WAS NEVER ENDING. AT THE EDGE OF EACH PLAIN, THEY CAME UPON A CIRCULAR PLATEAU WHICH LED THEM DOWN AGAIN INTO A VALLEY. THE MOUNTAINS THAT BLOCKED THE VIEW OF THE HORIZON SLID AWAY AS THEY APPROACHED.

A CRY SPRANG FORTH FROM THE THROAT OF A BLUE NOMAD.

DRAGONS OF THE SANDS!

DRAGONS OF THE SANDS. DEVASTATORS OF THE HARVESTS AND KILLERS OF CATTLE. THUS THE PEASANTS OF CARTHAGE OBTAINED REVENGE WHEN THEY HAD CAPTURED SOME FEROCIOUS BEAST FOR THEMSELVES. THEY HOPED TO TERRIFY THE OTHERS WITH THIS EXAMPLE. THE BARBARIANS WERE ASTOUNDED. "WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE ARE THESE," THEY THOUGHT, "WHO AMUSE THEMSELVES BY CRUCIFYING DRAGONS!" BESIDES, ALMOST ALL OF THE MEN FROM THE NORTH WERE ALREADY ANNOYED, TROUBLED, AND SICK, AS WERE A GROUP OF THE OTHERS. THEY TORE THEIR HANDS ON THE THORNS OF BUSHES. HUGE MOSQUITOES BUZZED AROUND THEIR EARS, AND DYSENTERY RAGED THROUGHOUT THE ARMY.

THEY WERE WORRIED ABOUT NOT SEEING SICCA. THEY WERE AFRAID OF GETTING LOST, AND OF REACHING THE DESERT, A REGION OF SAND AND FRIGHTENING THINGS. MANY DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO GO ON. OTHERS TOOK THE ROAD BACK TO CARTHAGE.





COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: *The Collector's Edition*, with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach," Corben's "Den," Bode's "Sunpot," and more. (\$5.00)

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts, "Roger" the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more. (\$4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more. (\$3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow"; also the final installment of "Sunpot." (\$3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue. (\$3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius." (\$3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more. (\$3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." (\$3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. (\$3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues. (\$3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. (\$3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow; and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more "Den." (\$3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9," and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up. (\$3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. (\$3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrzad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." (\$3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," and

yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." (\$3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's Major, "Heilman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. (\$3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. (\$3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman"'s final rebirth, more. (\$3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. (\$3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? (\$3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. (\$3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show. (\$3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust," the "Alien" portfolio, and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more. (\$3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin'") and a Proust joke: fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." (\$3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." (\$3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. (\$3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. (\$3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius. (\$3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others. (\$3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bode's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. (\$3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." (\$3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — a new decade — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! (\$3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue, Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. (\$3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." (\$3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more! (\$3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supremé Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell. (\$3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. the Earth! (\$3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky, Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." (\$3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of "Salamambo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!" (\$3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, He, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed! (\$3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal. (\$3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! (\$3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronaton returns with "Woman," Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixion!" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)



Art: Larry Lanoff

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while Rick Veitch shares with us his experiences at this year's Lucca fest. "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outta trouble, while "Bloodstar," "What Is Reality, Papa?," "Salammbô," and "Rock Opera" continue. Plus: Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's new book, *Yesterday's Lily*, and an interview with the man himself. Ah. Magic. (\$3.00)



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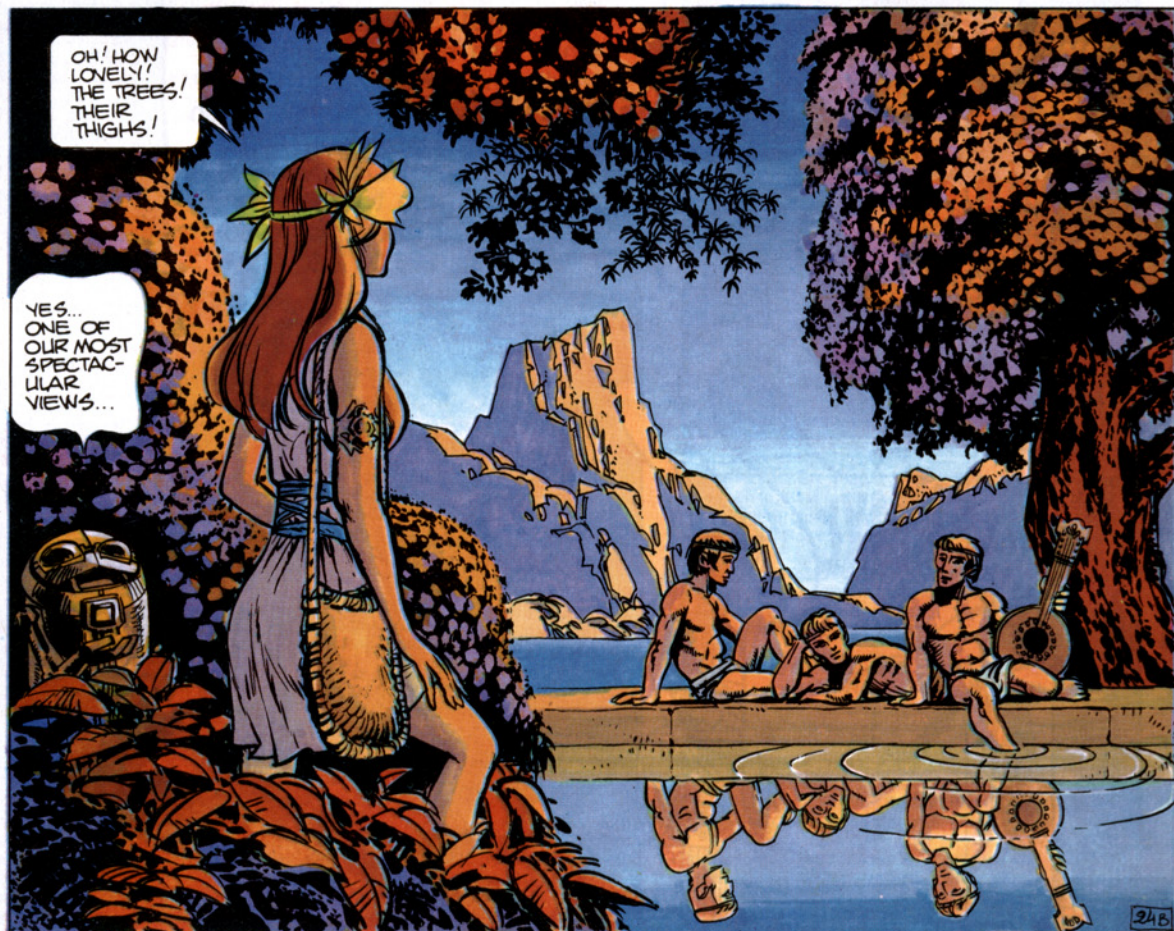
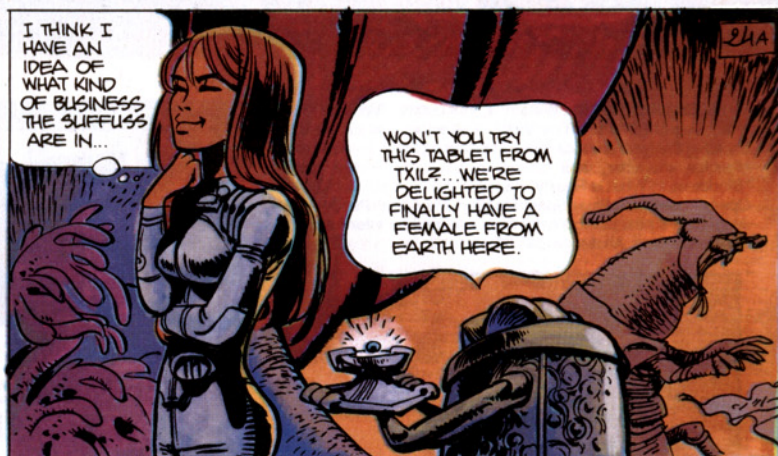
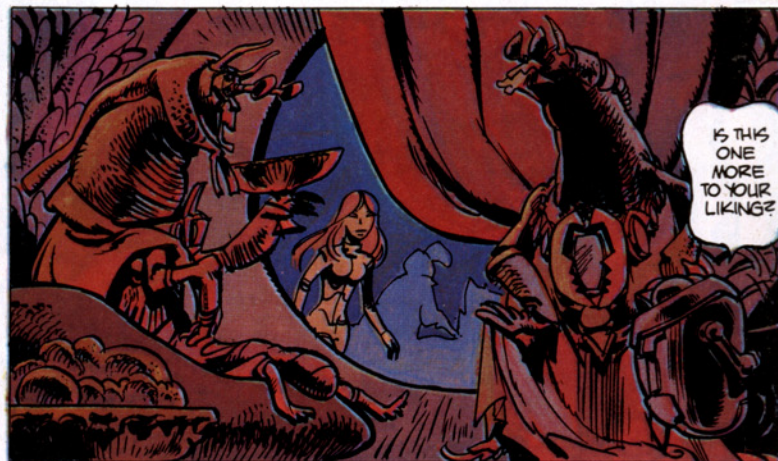
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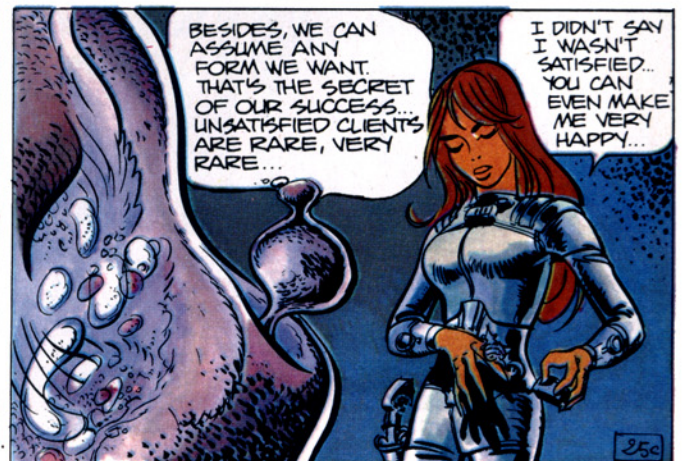
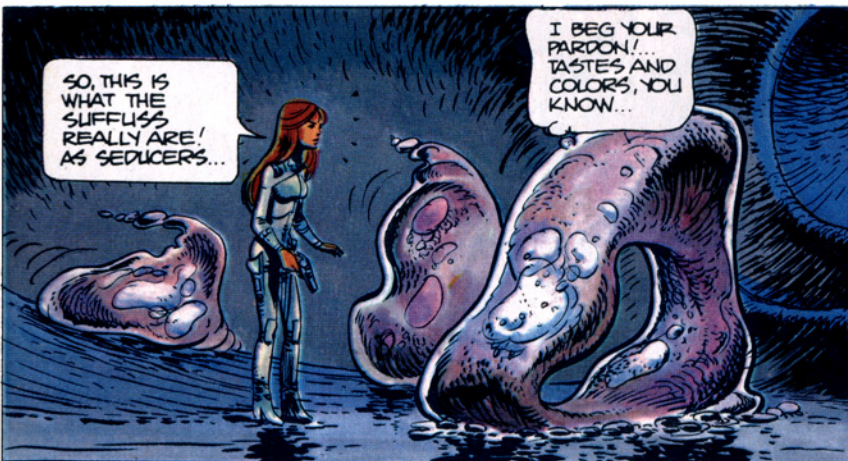
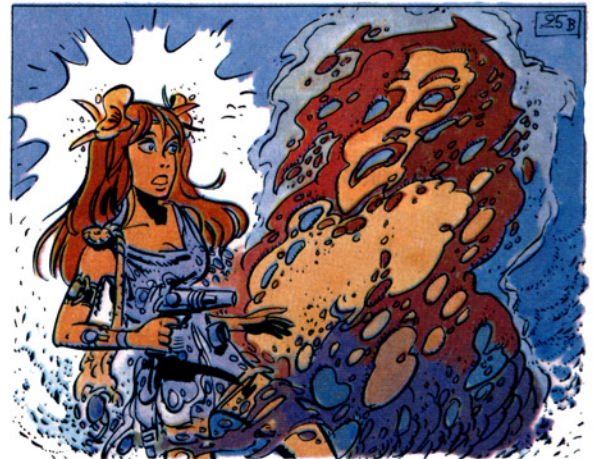
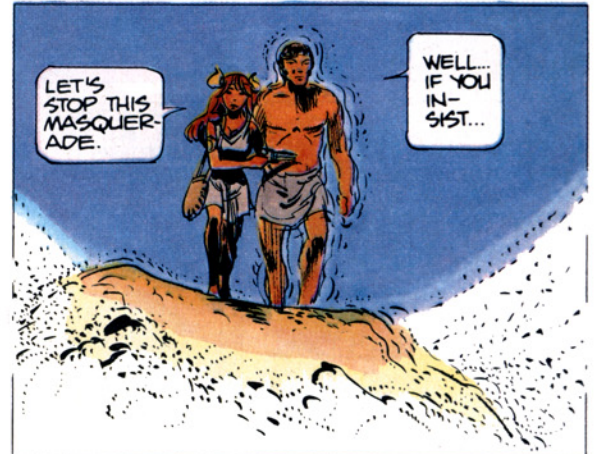
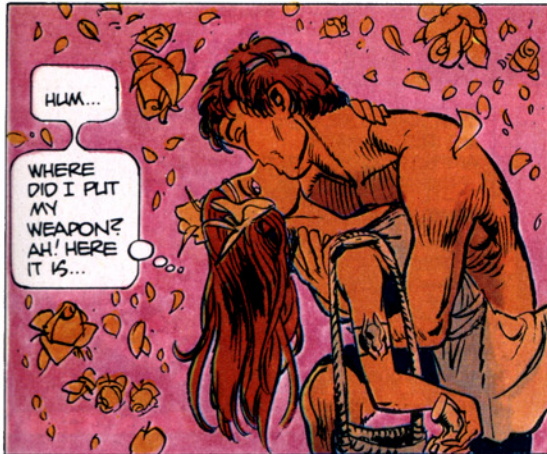
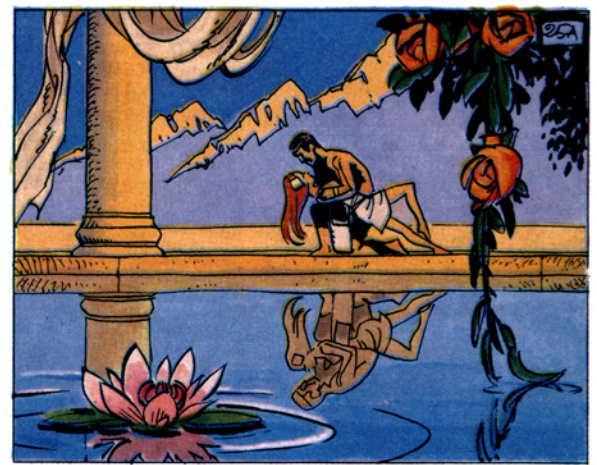
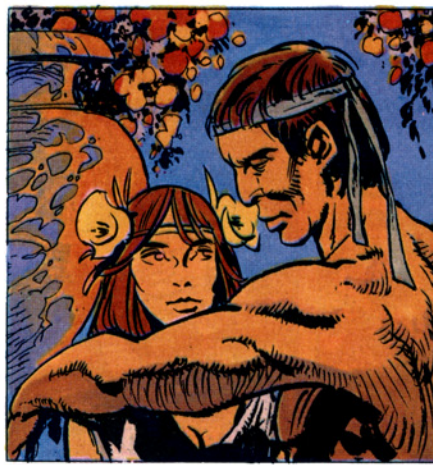
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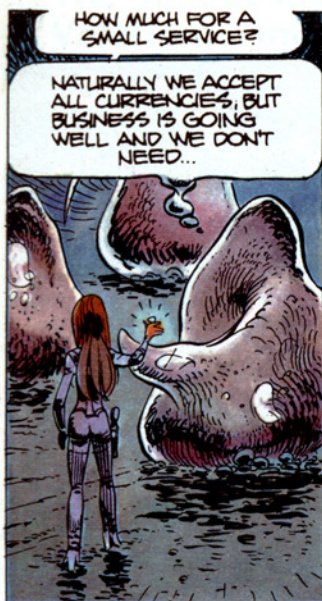
The Ambassador of the Shadows Valerian: Time-Space Agent

by J. C. Mezières and P. Christin

In search of Valerian and the ambassador, Laureline and Colonel Diol do a bit of high-price bargaining for a map (not a complete one, we may add) of Central Point. While on their quest, they meet up with the Kamuniks, a quasi-friendly tribe, who are willing to aid them in their search—for a price, that is.







HOW MUCH FOR A SMALL SERVICE?

NATURALLY WE ACCEPT ALL CURRENCIES, BUT BUSINESS IS GOING WELL AND WE DON'T NEED...



THIS LITTLE ANIMAL CAN GIVE YOU SOMETHING OTHER THAN MONEY...

I'M WELL AWARE... OF COURSE, APHRODISIAC TABLETS FROM TXIL ARE GETTING TO BE MORE AND MORE EXPENSIVE. IT'S A STRAIN ON OUR BUDGET AND...

HMM...



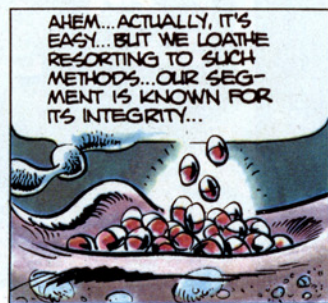
I WAS TOLD THE BAGOUILINS WERE CELEBRATING HERE IN YOUR SEGMENT. I WANT TO "SLIP INTO THEIR MIDST." LISTEN TO WHAT THEY SAY. IS THAT POSSIBLE?



MMM... VERY DIFFICULT... AS USUAL, THE ENTIRE GROUP IS HERE, AND DURING THEIR RITUAL FEASTS THEY TEND TO GET OVEREXCITED!



WELL... RATHER DIFFICULT... BUT POSSIBLY OF INTEREST TO YOU. IT SEEMED TO ME THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT TWO EARTHMEN...



AHEM... ACTUALLY, IT'S EASY... BUT WE LOATHE RESORTING TO SUCH METHODS... OUR SEGMENT IS KNOWN FOR ITS INTEGRITY...



ALL RIGHT!... AS YOU LIKE... IF YOU'VE GUTS ENOUGH, I'M READY TO OFFER YOU A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE. NOW, IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I'LL SEE TO IT...



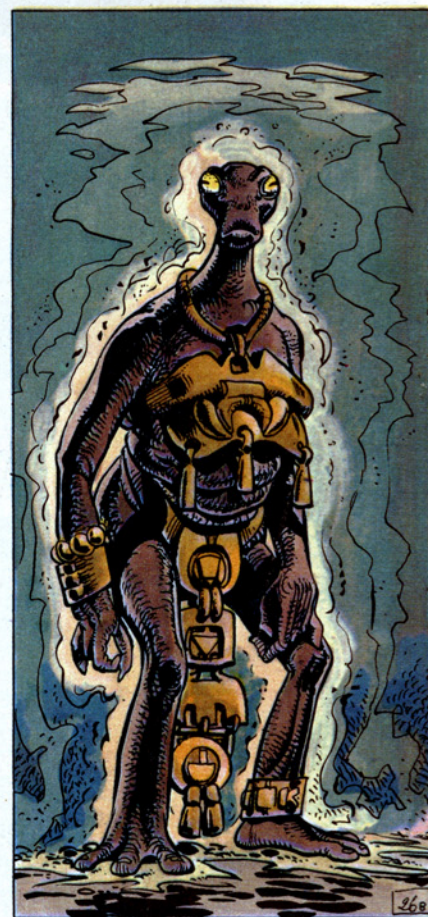
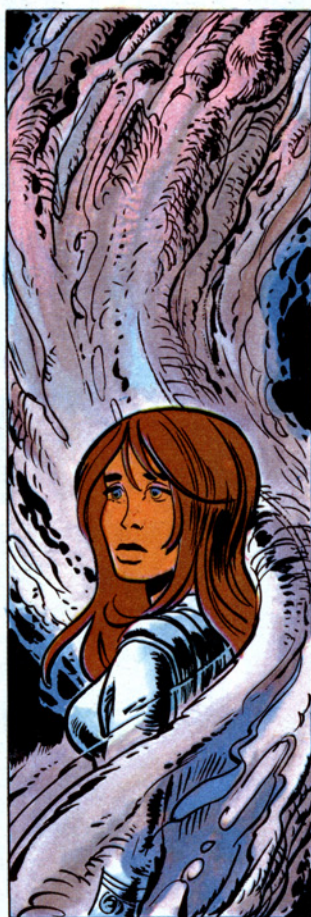
JUST A SECOND, LET ME PUT AWAY MY AFFECTIONATE LITTLE FRIEND...

OUAHA



I'M READY. BUT WATCH OUT, HEY? NO DIRTY TRICKS.

DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR. ONLY, YOU MAY BE IN FOR A SURPRISE...





WELLZ OF COURSE
THE FEMALE BAGOULIN
ISN'T KNOWN FOR
HER BEAUTY...
BUT... AT LEAST
YOU CAN
BREATHE...

YES... I'LL
MANAGE...
IT'S WEIRD...
COME ON,
LET'S NOT
WASTE ANY
TIME...



WE'RE
ALMOST
THERE!

I CAN
HEAR THAT!
LET'S HURRY...



BAH! THEY'LL
BE HERE FOR
DAYS ON END,
AS USUAL WHEN
THEY'RE UP TO
FOUL PLAY...



...AND DEAD-DRINK,
AS USUAL, LISTENING
TO THE RANTINGS
THEIR SHAMAN
SPEWS FORTH...

OH REALLY?...
I'M INTERESTED...
MOVE IN
CLOSER...

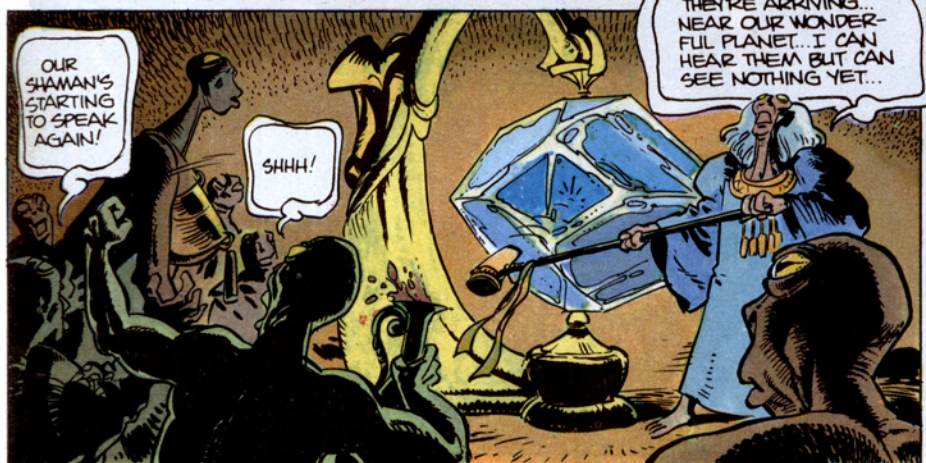


AS YOU LIKE.
YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO'S PAYING...
BUT WE'RE NOT
GOING UNNOTICED,
YOU KNOW...

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK! I'D
HAVE PREFERRED
A MORE DISCREET
ENTRANCE...

COME HERE,
BEAUTIFUL!

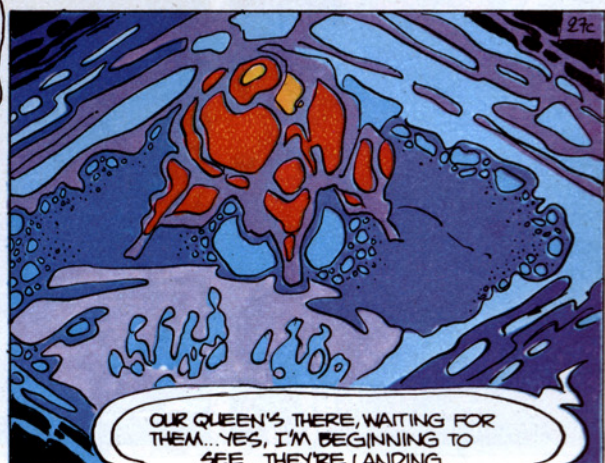
SAY
THERE,
HAVE A
DRINK...



THEY'RE ARRIVING...
NEAR OUR WONDER-
FUL PLANET... I CAN
HEAR THEM BUT CAN
SEE NOTHING YET...

OUR
SHAMAN'S
STARTING
TO SPEAK
AGAIN!

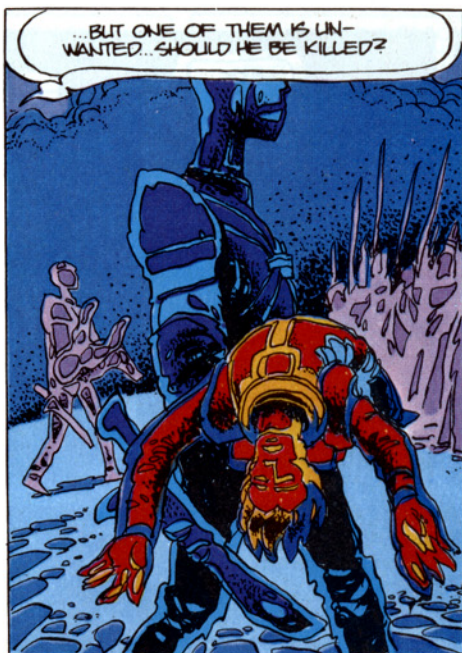
SHHH!



OUR QUEEN'S THERE, WAITING FOR
THEM... YES, I'M BEGINNING TO
SEE... THEY'RE LANDING...



THEY'RE COMING OUT AND
OUR QUEEN IS PLEASED...



...BUT ONE OF THEM IS UN-
WANTED... SHOULD HE BE KILLED?

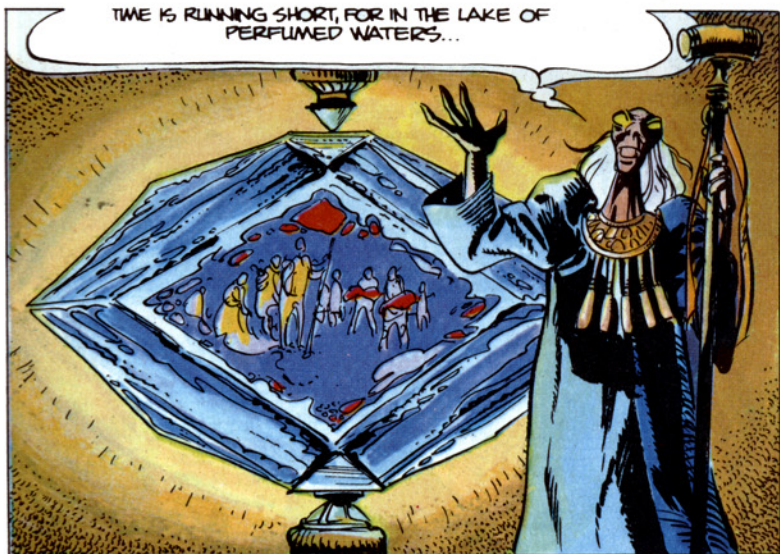


OUR QUEEN IS WEIGHING THE
MATTER WITH HER CUSTOMARY
MAGNANIMITY... SHE'S OBSERVING
THE EARTHMAN, WHO SEEMS TO
BE ASLEEP...

VALERIAN!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

BE
QUIET!

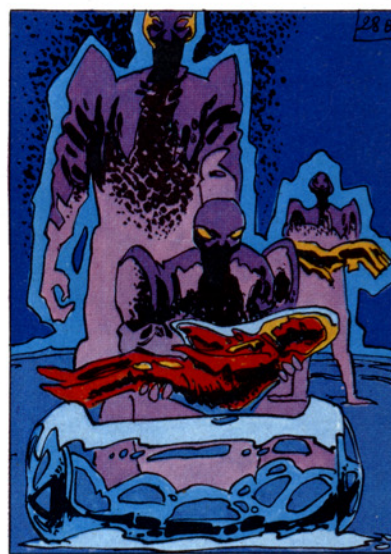
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28a



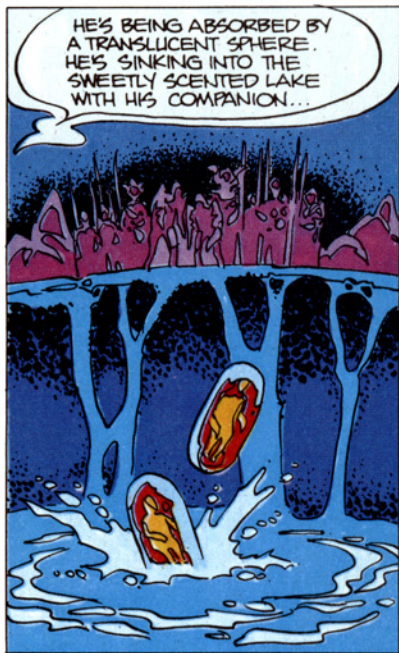
TIME IS RUNNING SHORT, FOR IN THE LAKE OF
PERFUMED WATERS...



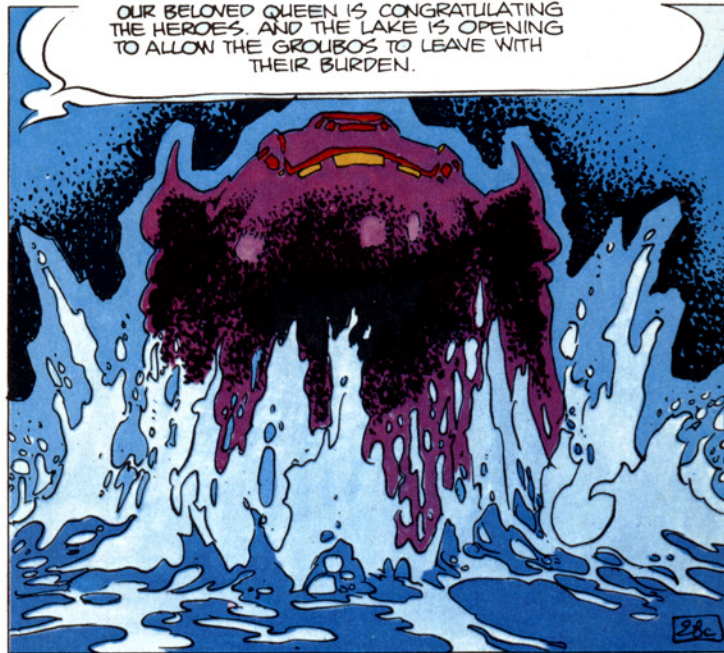
...THE GROUBOS ARE
WAITING TO GO WHERE
THEY MUST...



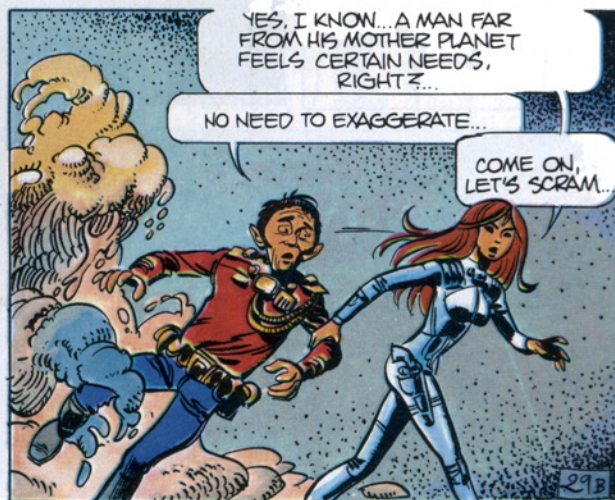
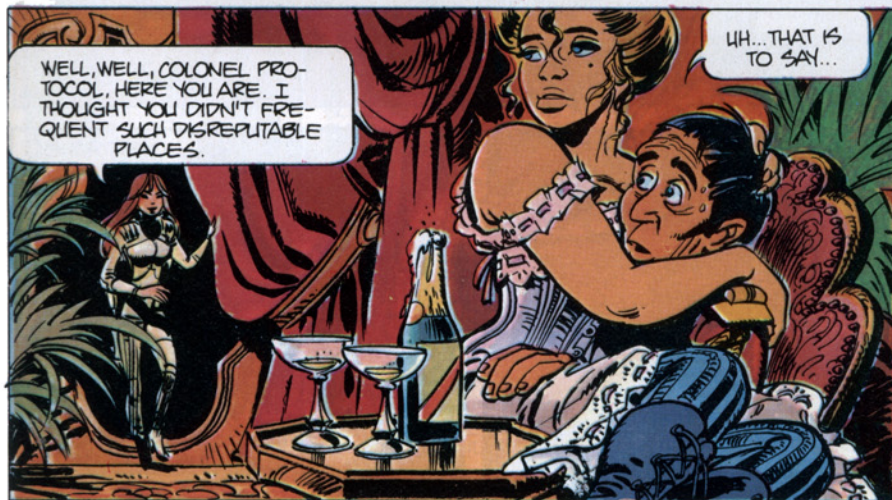
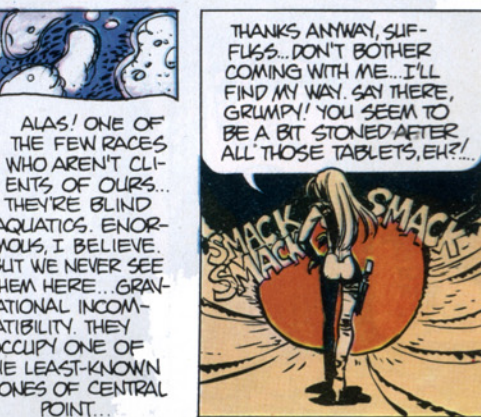
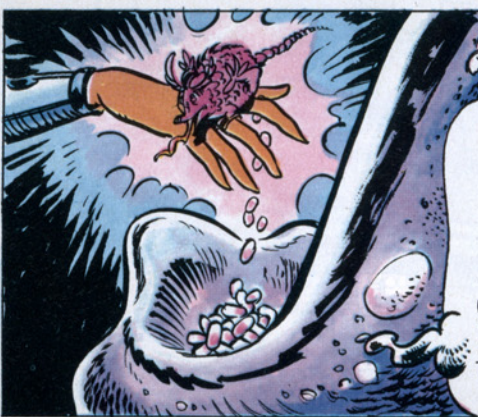
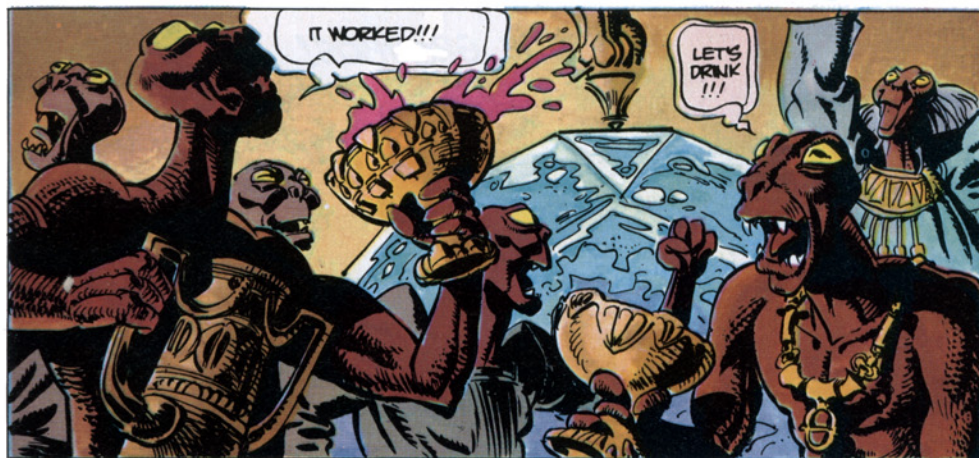
OUR QUEEN HAS DECIDED:
SHE WILL SPARE HIS LIFE...

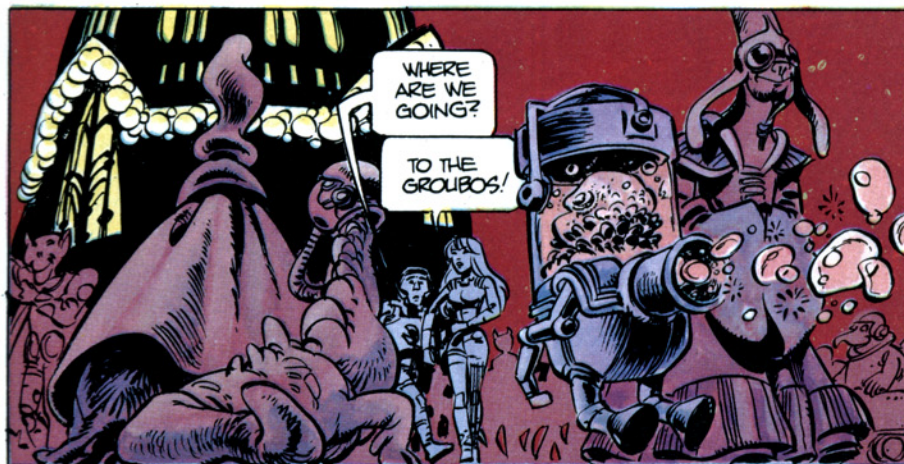


HE'S BEING ABSORBED BY
A TRANSLUCENT SPHERE.
HE'S SINKING INTO THE
SWEETLY SCENTED LAKE
WITH HIS COMPANION...



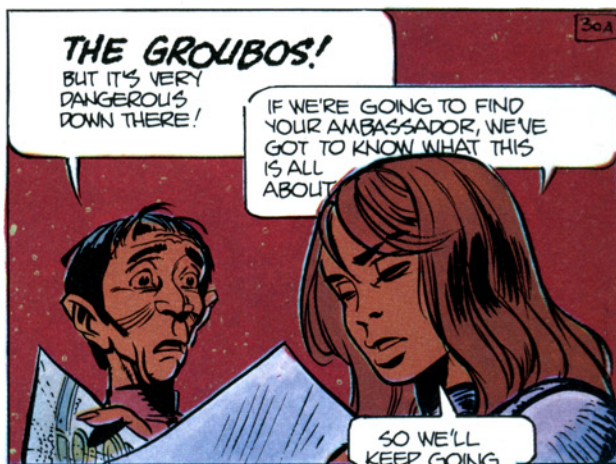
OUR BELOVED QUEEN IS CONGRATULATING
THE HEROES. AND THE LAKE IS OPENING
TO ALLOW THE GROUBOS TO LEAVE WITH
THEIR BURDEN.
28b





WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

TO THE
GROUBOS!

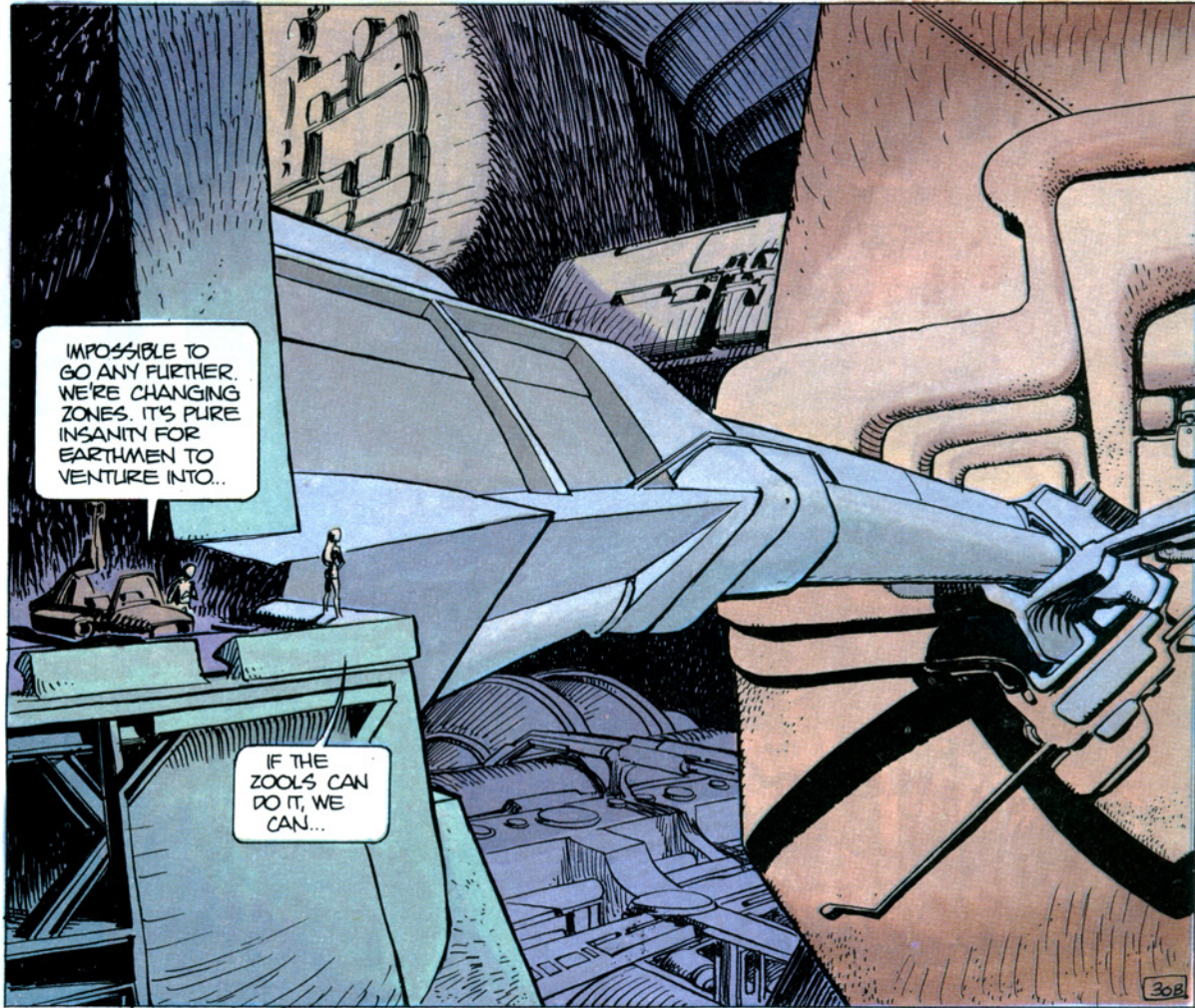


THE GROUBOS!

BUT IT'S VERY
DANGEROUS
DOWN THERE!

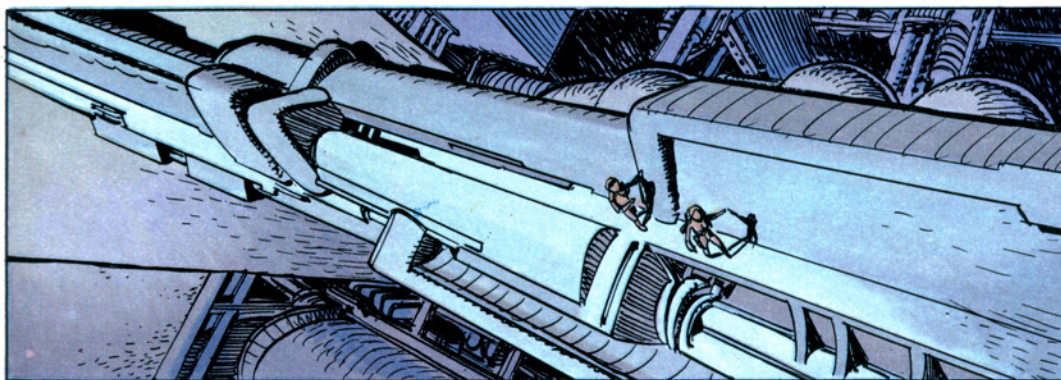
IF WE'RE GOING TO FIND
YOUR AMBASSADOR, WE'VE
GOT TO KNOW WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT.

SO WE'LL
KEEP GOING...

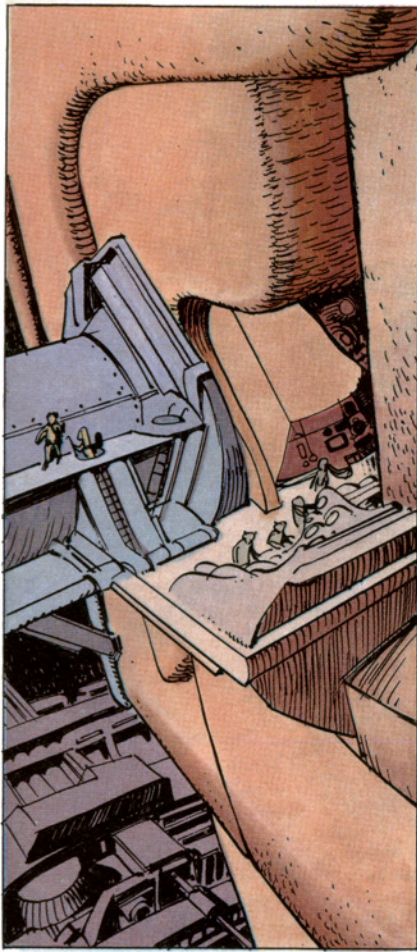


IMPOSSIBLE TO
GO ANY FURTHER.
WE'RE CHANGING
ZONES. IT'S PURE
INSANITY FOR
EARTHMEN TO
VENTURE INTO...

IF THE
ZOOLES CAN
DO IT, WE
CAN...



OVER THERE!
A GALLERY
WITH A VIEW OF
A CREW OF
ZOOLES AT
WORK! LET'S
GO...

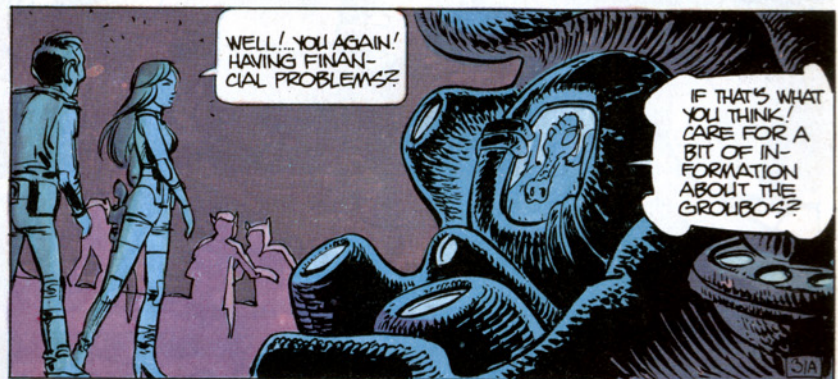


YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THEIR NOT BEING CURIOUS... HEY! DO YOU KNOW HOW WE CAN GET IN CONTACT WITH THE GROUBOS?

FORGET IT, HMMPF... THEY WON'T ANSWER!...



CLIC
EARTHMEN!

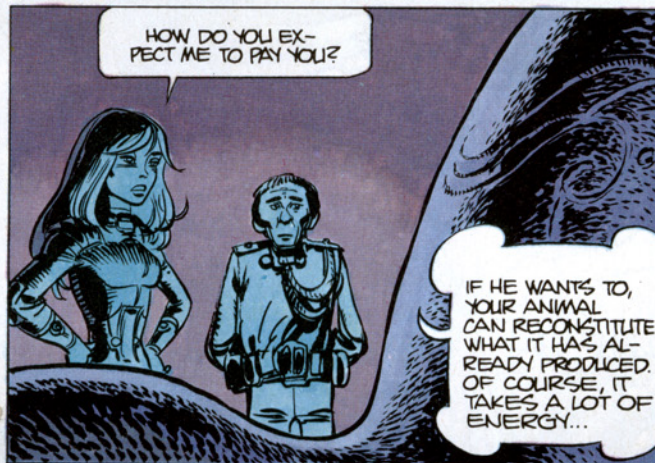


WELL!... YOU AGAIN! HAVING FINANCIAL PROBLEMS?

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CARE FOR A BIT OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE GROUBOS?

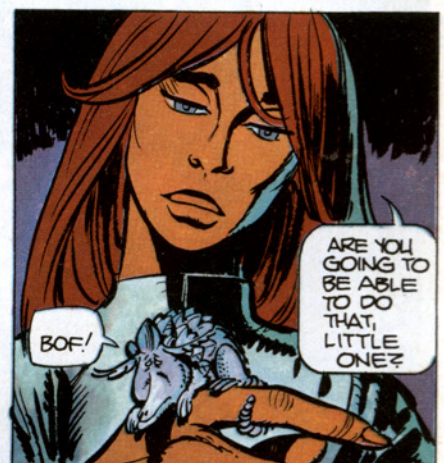


ONE THOUSAND PEARLS NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON IN THEIR MASTERMINDS.



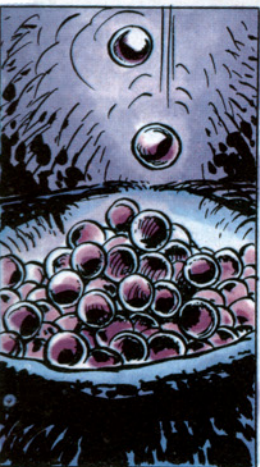
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PAY YOU?

IF HE WANTS TO, YOUR ANIMAL CAN RECONSTITUTE WHAT IT HAS ALREADY PRODUCED OF COURSE, IT TAKES A LOT OF ENERGY...

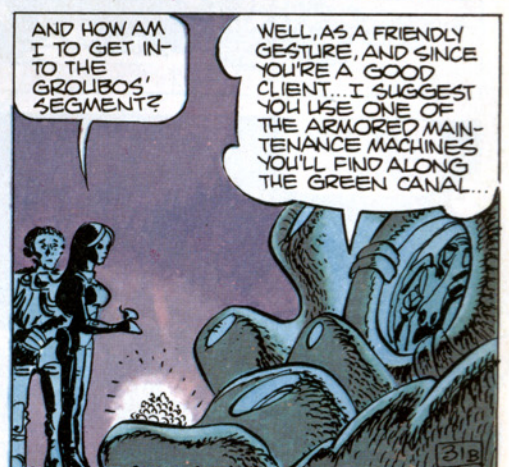


BOF!

ARE YOU GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT, LITTLE ONE?

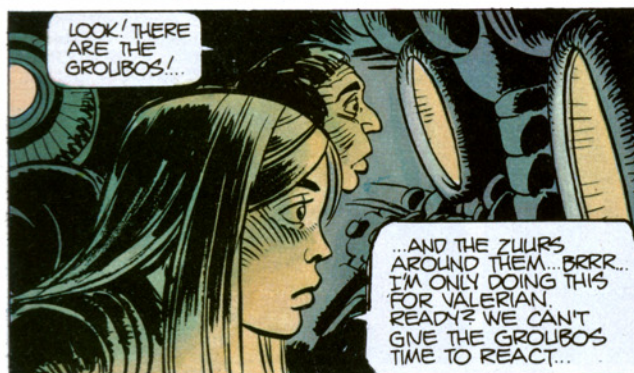
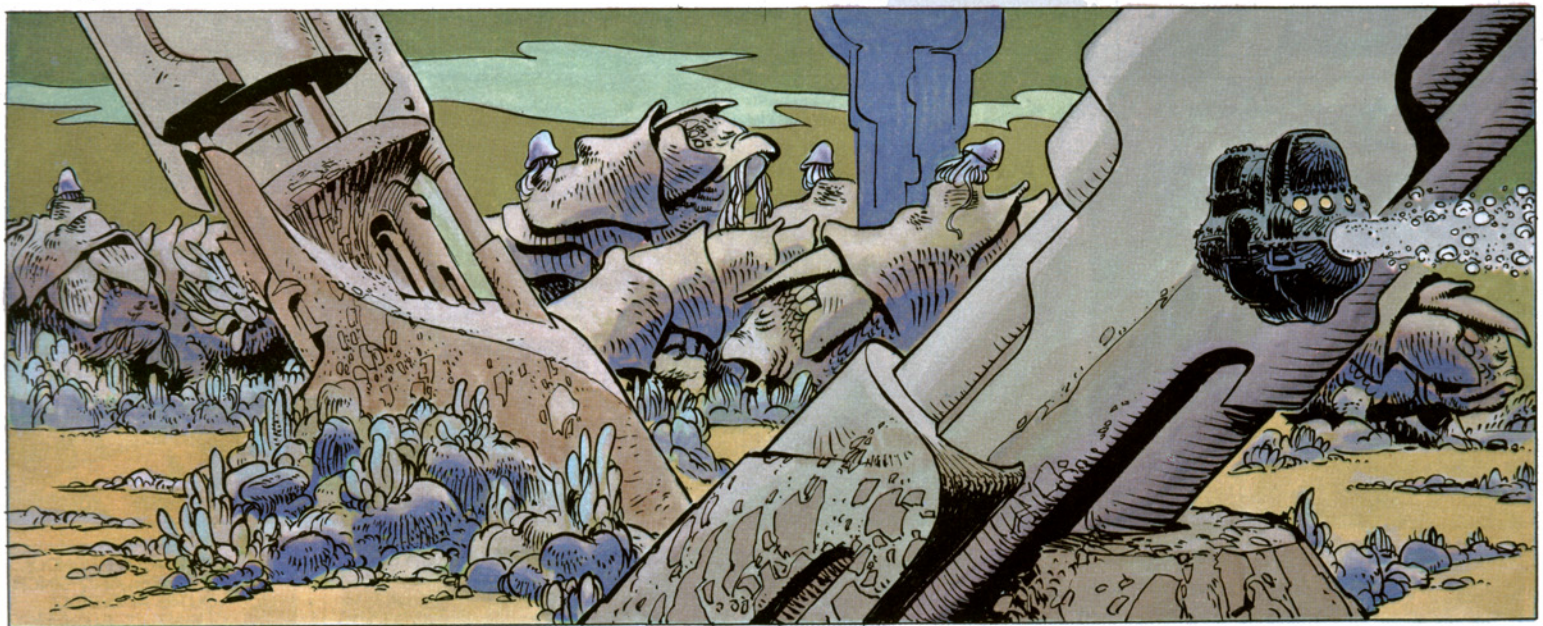
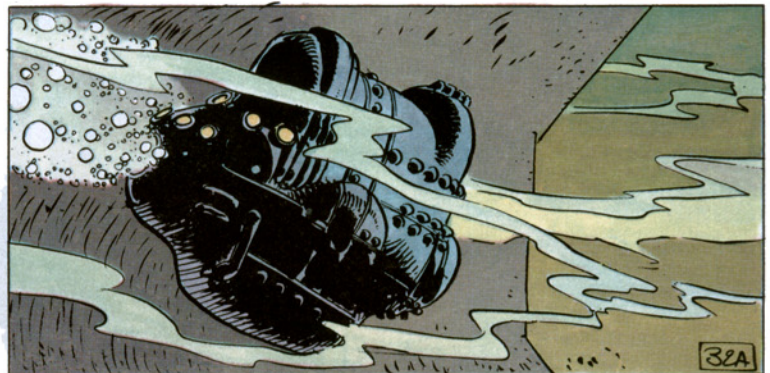
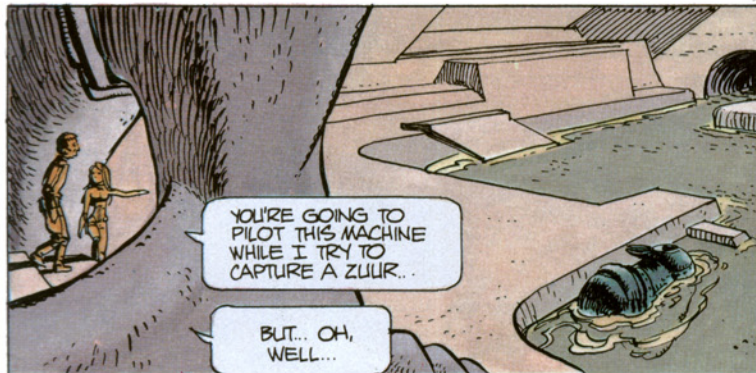
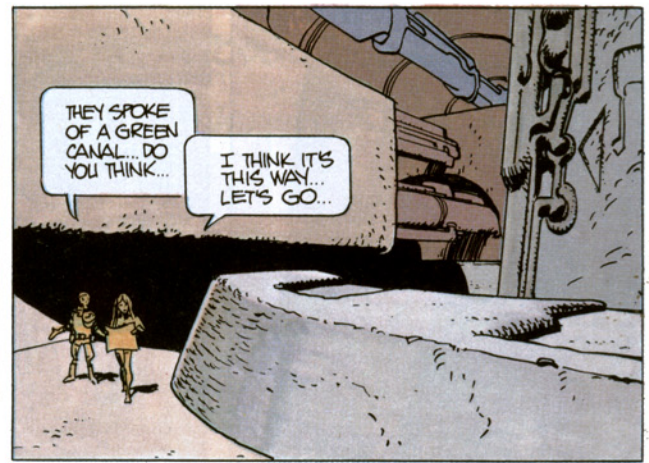
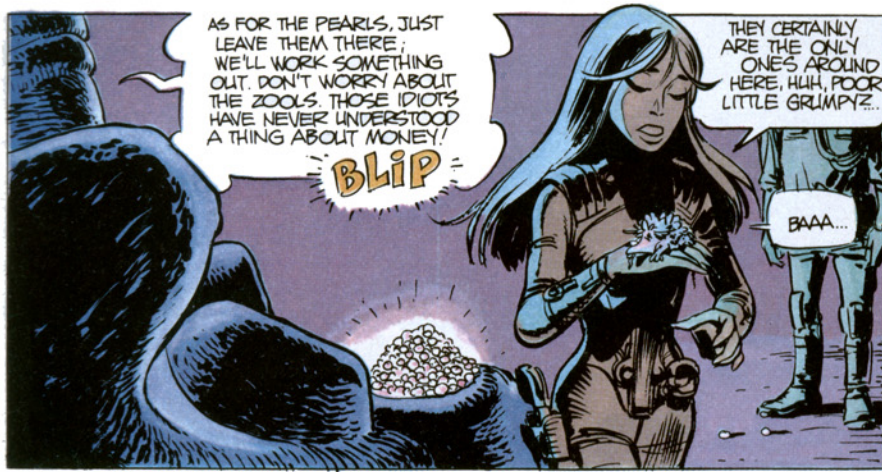


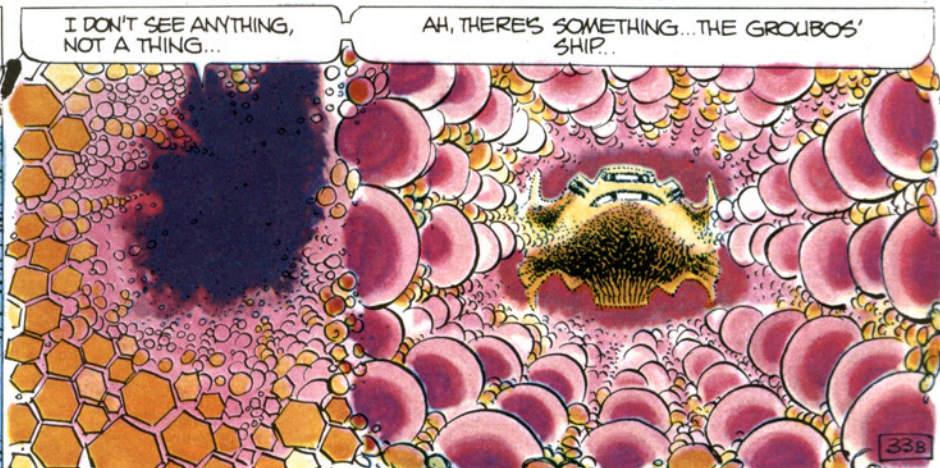
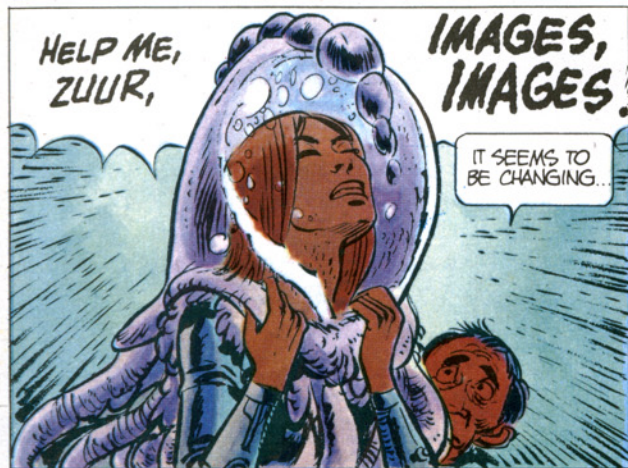
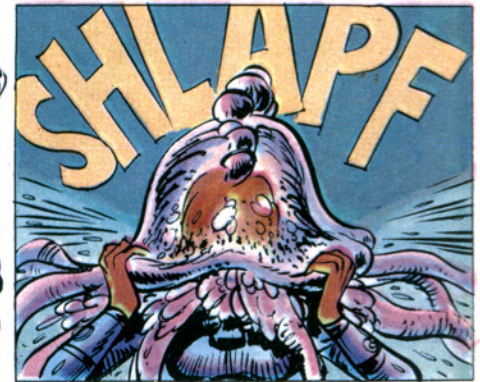
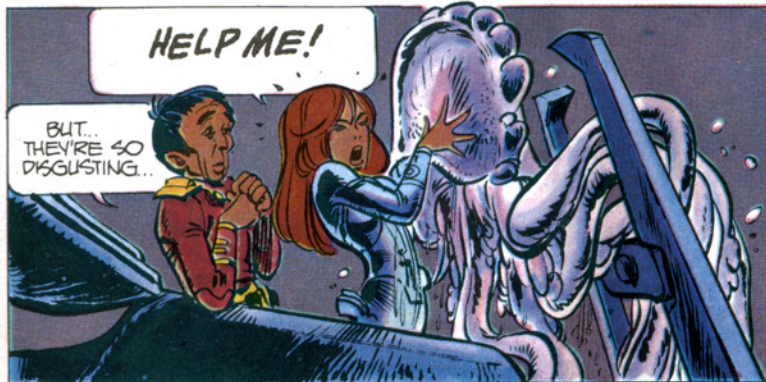
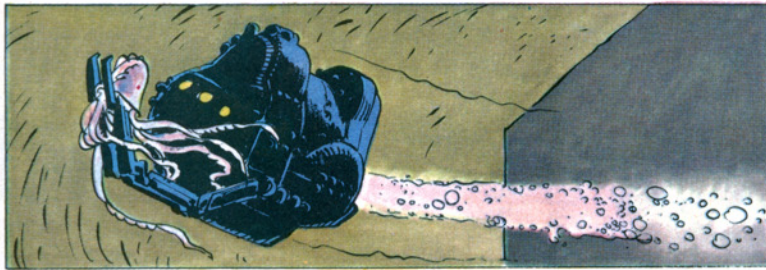
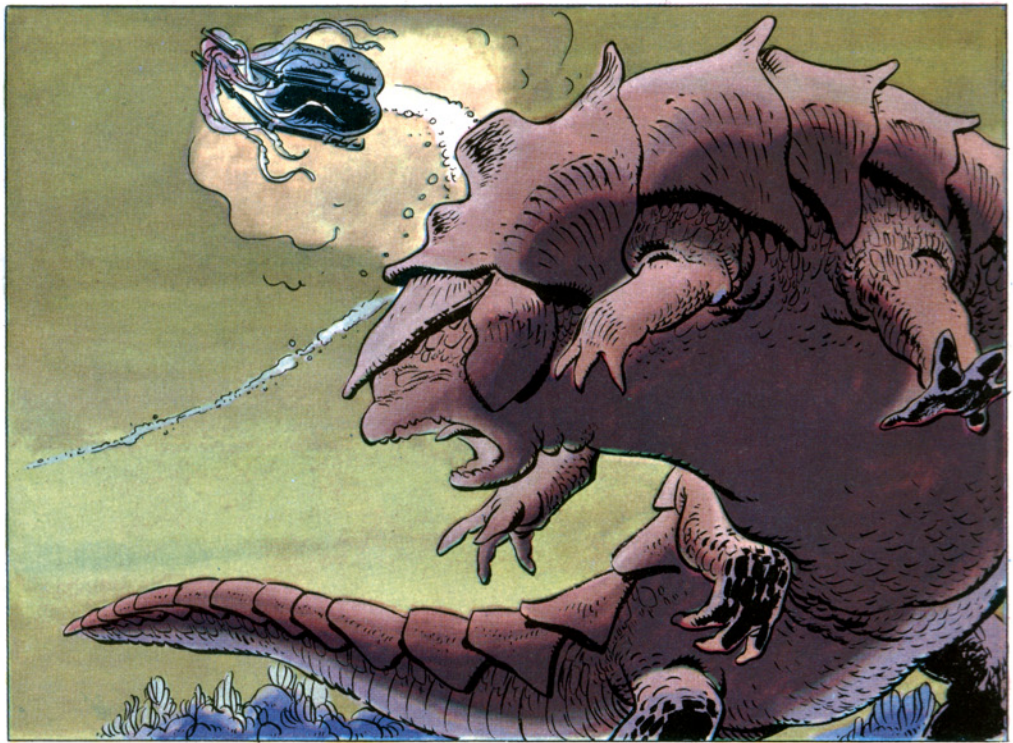
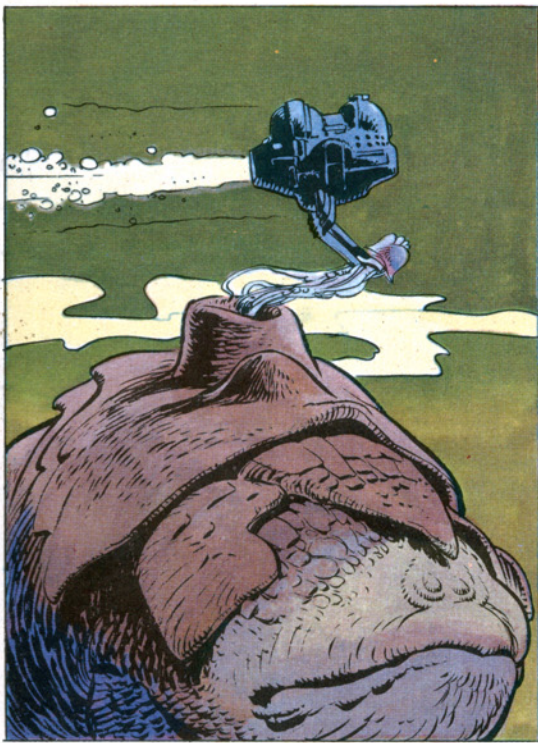
THE GROUBOS CONSTITUTE A SINGLE PSYCHIC ENTITY. BLIND, AND PERHAPS COMPLETE MORONS FOR ALL WE KNOW, IT'S THEIR ZLIURS PILOTS, SORT OF TENTACLED JELLYFISH, WHO KEEP THEM INFORMED OF EVERYTHING. THE ZLIURS FUNCTION BY TELEPATHY WHEN IN CONTACT WITH ANY KIND OF LIVING BEING. IF YOU CAPTURE A ZLIUR, AND WORK QUICKLY, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING WHEREVER THERE ARE GROUBOS. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE VERY QUICK ABOUT IT; THE ZLIURS CAN'T SURVIVE MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS IN OPEN AIR...



AND HOW AM I TO GET IN-TO THE GROUBOS' SEGMENT?

WELL, AS A FRIENDLY GESTURE, AND SINCE YOU'RE A GOOD CLIENT... I SUGGEST YOU USE ONE OF THE ARMORED MAINTENANCE MACHINES YOU'LL FIND ALONG THE GREEN CANAL...



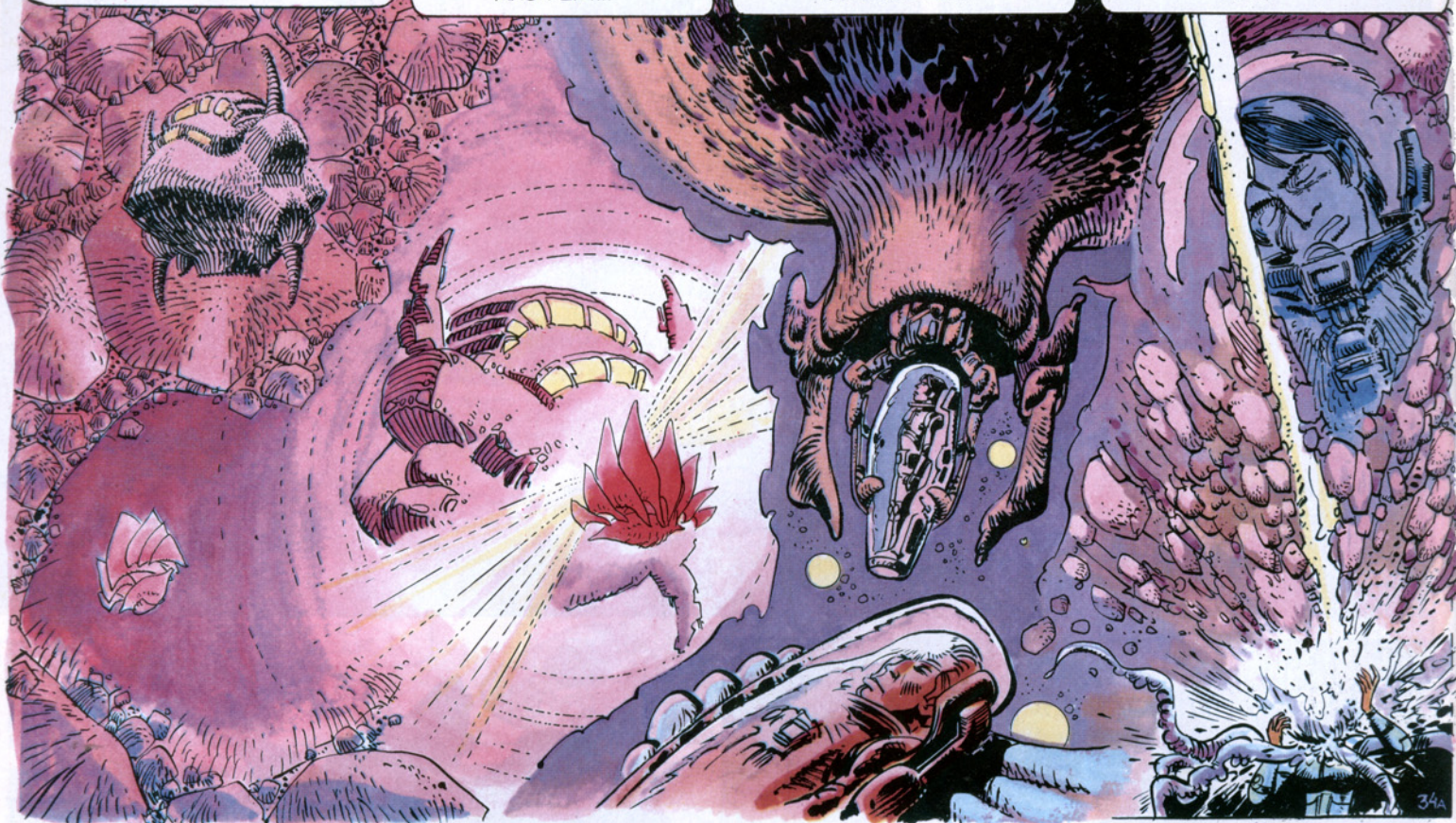


AND ANOTHER SHIP NEAR IT!

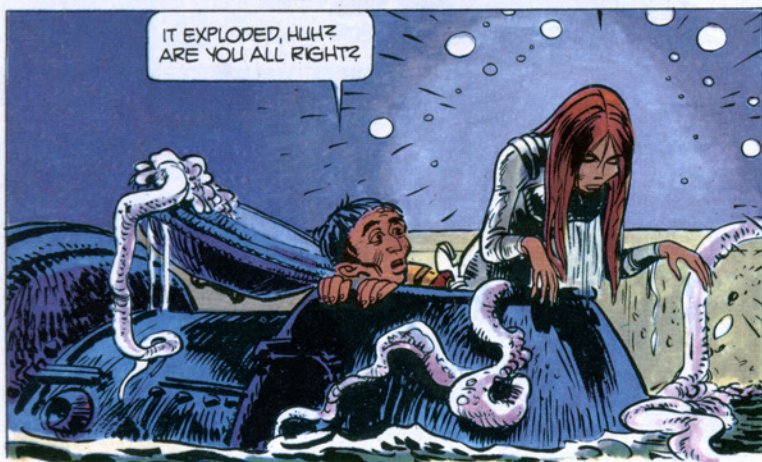
THEY'RE APPROACHING ONE ANOTHER!...

THE SPHERES ARE BEING TRANSFERRED...

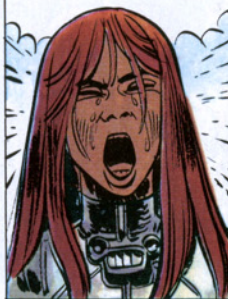
AH, I CAN SEE VALERIAN! BUT...



IT EXPLODED, HUH? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

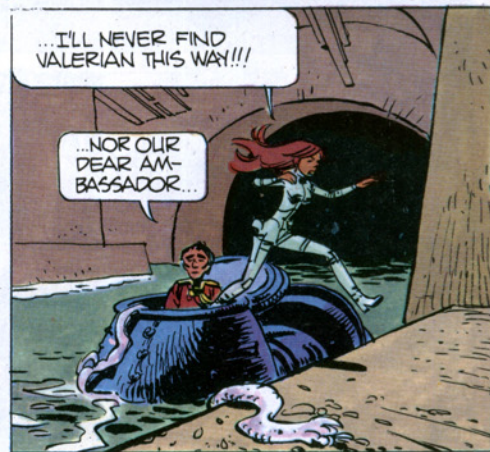


NO, I'M NOT!



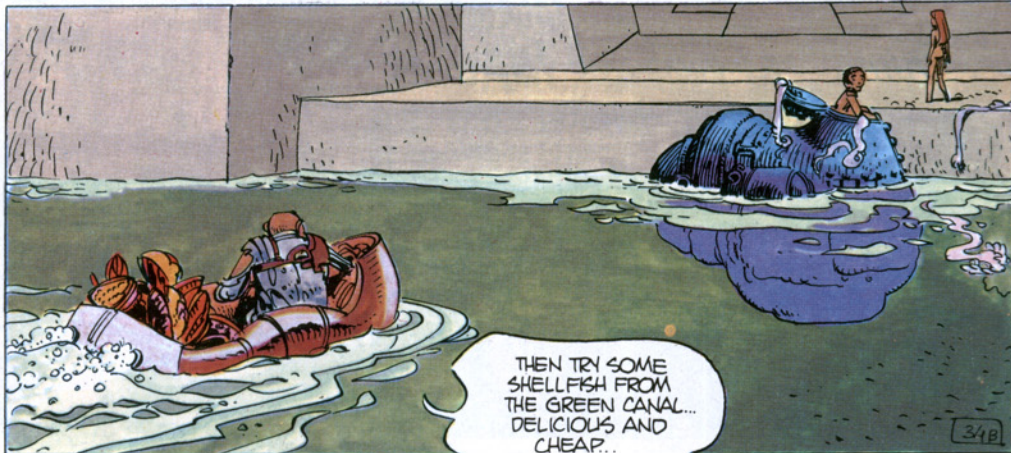
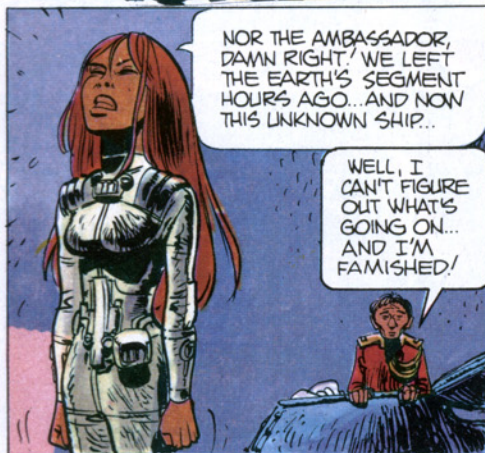
...I'LL NEVER FIND VALERIAN THIS WAY!!!

...NOR OUR DEAR AMBASSADOR...



NOR THE AMBASSADOR, DAMN RIGHT! WE LEFT THE EARTH'S SEGMENT HOURS AGO... AND NOW THIS UNKNOWN SHIP...

WELL, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON... AND I'M FAMISHED!



THEN TRY SOME SHELLFISH FROM THE GREEN CANAL... DELICIOUS AND CHEAP...



GREETINGS, DEAR READER... WELCOME TO THE **OLD WEST!**
RIDE WITH ME BACK TO "THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR," BUT THIS TIME LET'S LOOK DEEPER INTO THIS ROMANTIC PAGE OF OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY, DEEPER BENEATH THE SUGAR-COATED FACADE OF **LYNCHINGS**, **CHEAP DANCE-HALL DOXIES**, **SANGUINARY SHOOT-OUTS**, AND **INDIAN MASSACRES** ... DEEPER INTO THE OLD WEST THE HISTORIANS WON'T TELL YOU ABOUT... THE **WEIRD**, **HAUNTED**, **ELDRITCH**, **OCCULT** OLD WEST OF...

TEX ARCANNA



©1981 JOHN FINDLEY

JUST BEFORE DAWN, A SOLITARY TRAVELER PAUSES ON A BLUFF OVERLOOKING **HANGMAN'S CORNERS**, A SLEEPY COW-TOWN NESTLED ON THE FRONTIER...

PERFECT! NOW I'LL FIND MYSELF A CAVE AND REST UNTIL SUNSET.



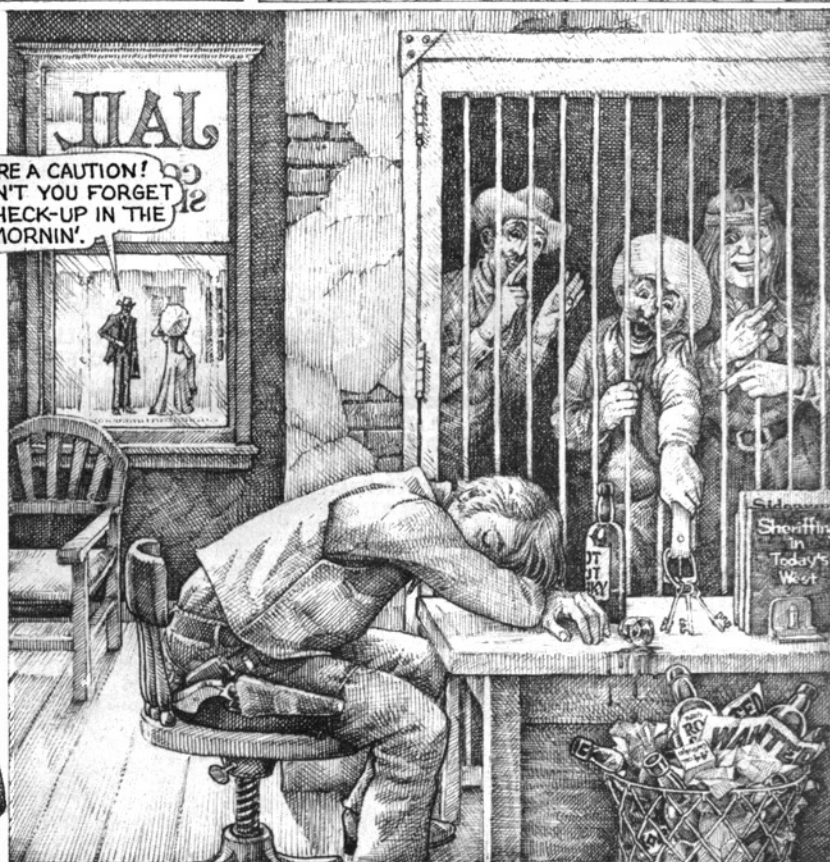
MEANWHILE, HANGMAN'S CORNERS DROWSES THROUGH THE SUN-BAKED DAY, WAITING FOR **NIGHTFALL**...

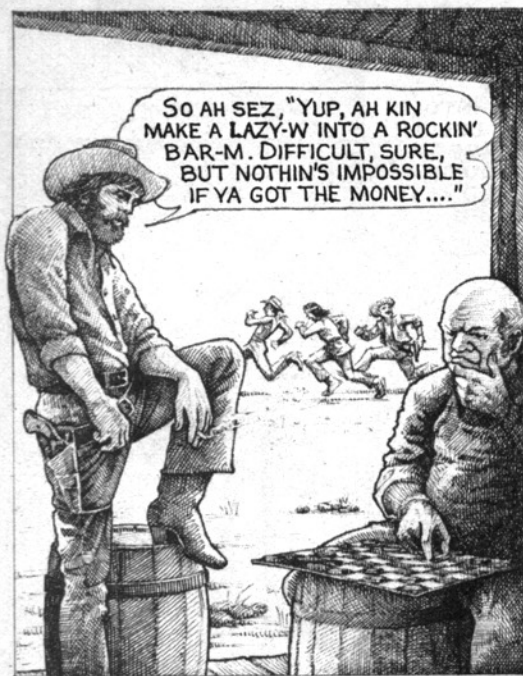


MORNIN', SADIE, YOU'RE UP EARLY.

GOT T'DO MY SHOPPIN', DOC. BESIDES, BED'S JUST FER WORKIN' IN AND DYIN' IN, AIN'T IT?

HO! Y'RE A CAUTION! NOW DON'T YOU FORGET YOUR CHECK-UP IN THE MORNIN'.





SO AH SEZ, "YUP, AH KIN MAKE A LAZY-W INTO A ROCKIN' BAR-M. DIFFICULT, SURE, BUT NOTHIN'S IMPOSSIBLE IF YA GOT THE MONEY..."



WE GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO HOLE UP FER A WHILE. THERE'S A CAVERN IN A CANYON WEST OF HERE. LE'S STILL SOME HOSSES AN' BLOW DEESS PUKE-HOLE TOWN!



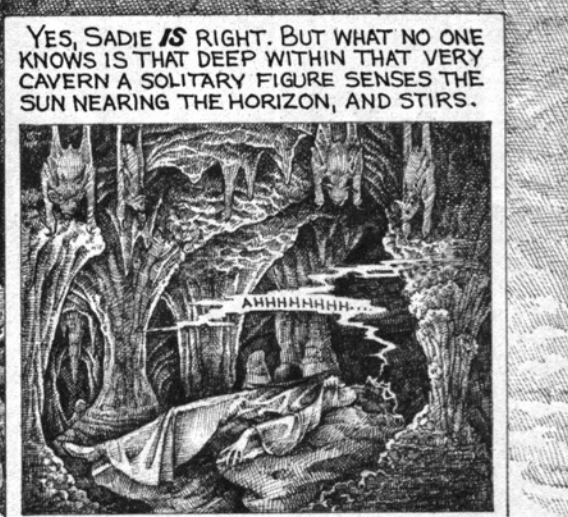
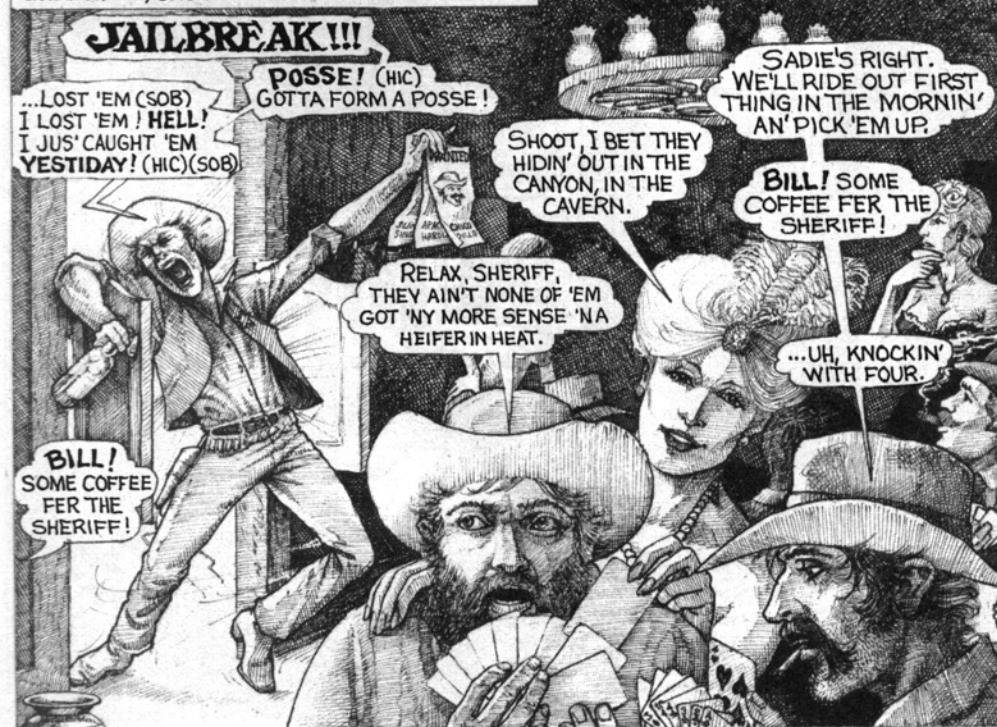
THIS-HERE'S GREAT! HOWDJA KNOW 'BOUT IT? IT JUST CAME TO ME IN A... A VISION!



DEES WAHN GOOD PLESS! DEY NAYVER LOOK HEER.

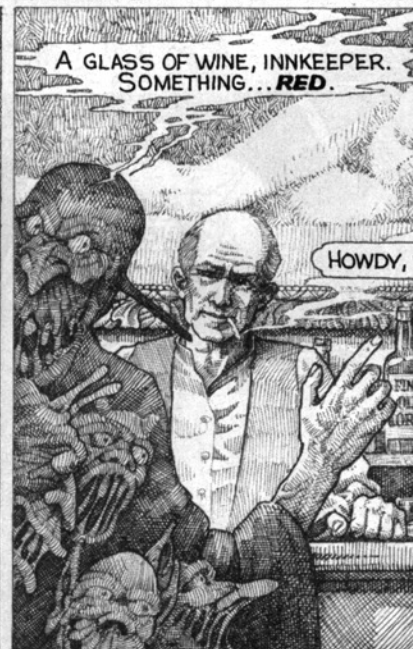
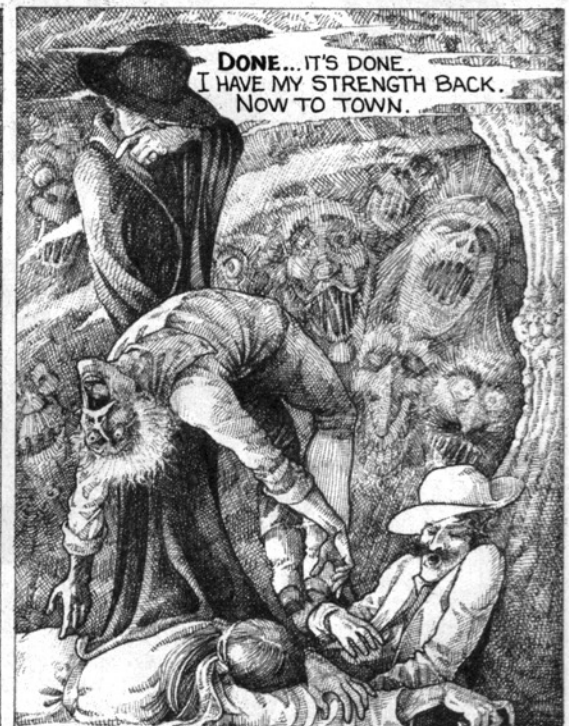
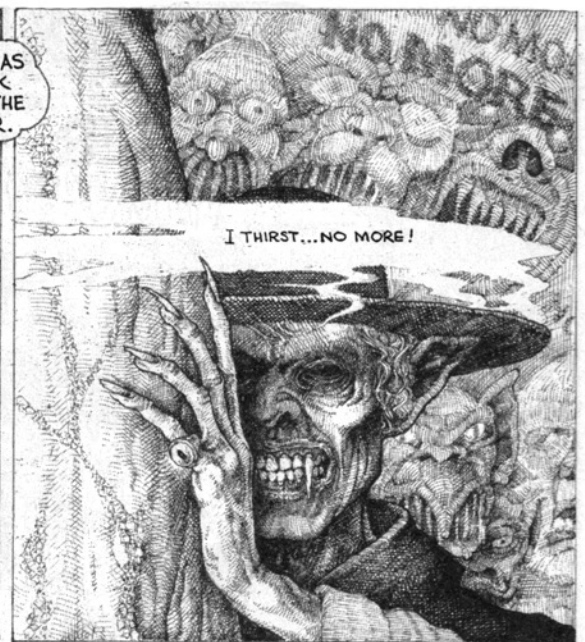
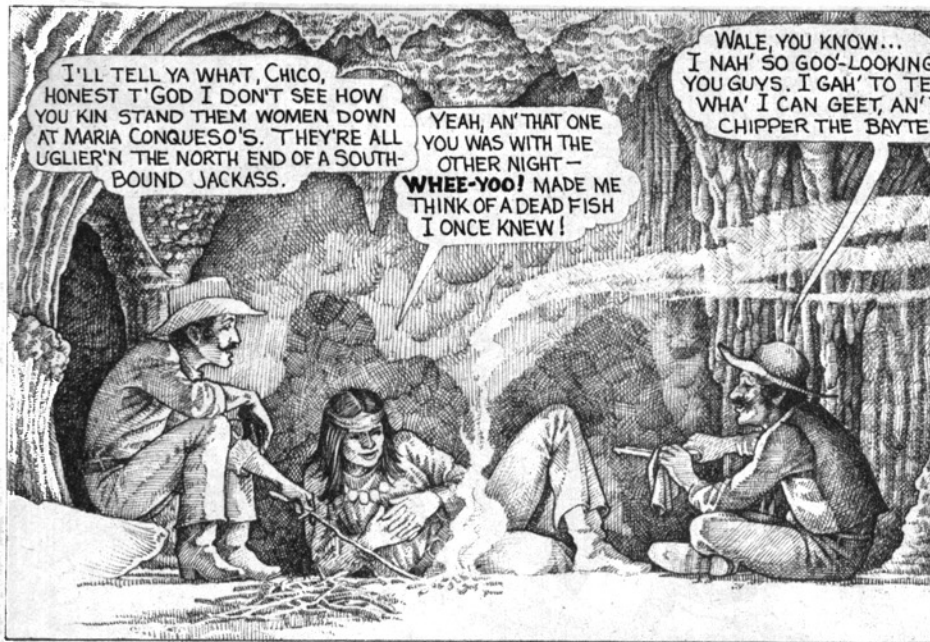
YEAH... BUT SOMETHIN' JUST DON'T FEEL RIGHT.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT HANGMAN'S CORNERS...



YES, SADIE *IS* RIGHT. BUT WHAT NO ONE KNOWS IS THAT DEEP WITHIN THAT VERY CAVERN A SOLITARY FIGURE SENSES THE SUN NEARING THE HORIZON, AND STIRS.







STRANGER THAN WHAT?!

I GOT SOME WINE, MISTER...

...UP IN MY ROOM...

AND SO WE LEAVE SADIE AS SHE IS ABOUT TO DISCOVER A BIZARRE NEW VARIATION ON "A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH."



THE NEXT MORNING FINDS THE SHERIFF AND HIS REDOUBTABLE POSSE JUST WEST OF TOWN...IN A CAVERN...IN A CANYON....

LLYYUCKK!!

JUS' LOOK AT 'EM, SHERIFF!

LOOKS LIKE THEY WAS FLAT SCAIRT 'T' DEATH DON'T IT?

WHY...THEY'S WHITER'N SHEETS. AN' LOOK AT THEM HOLES!

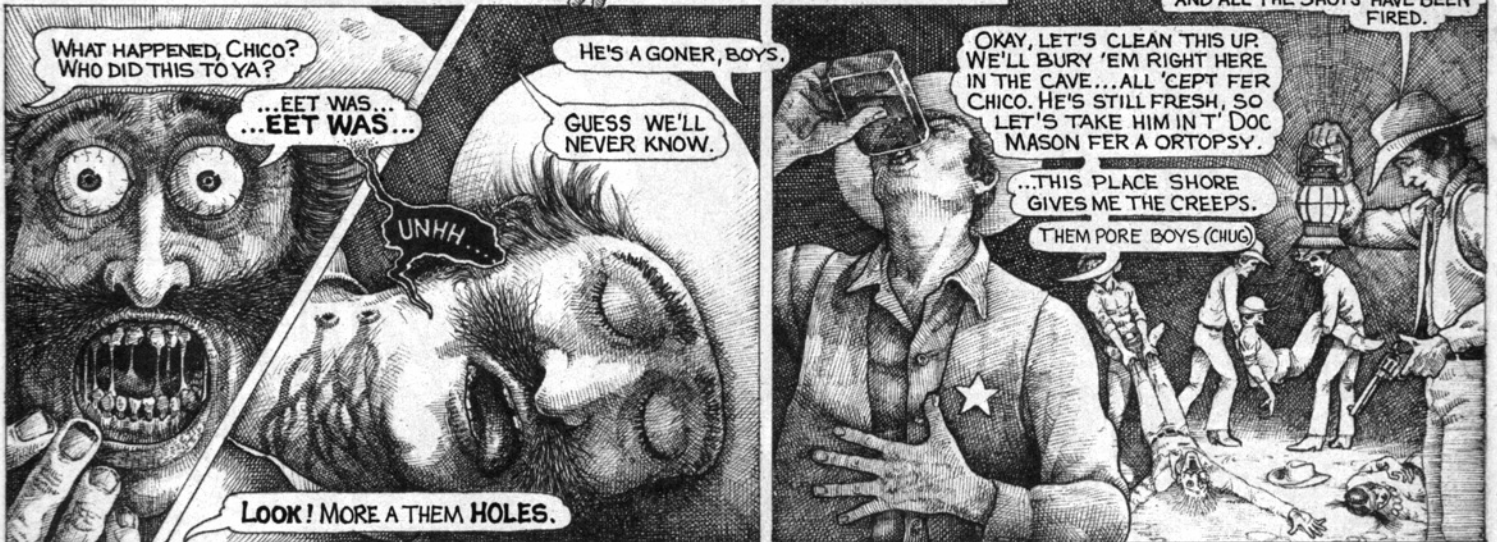
LORD HELP! I CAN'T LOOK! (DON'T TOUCH 'EM, JED) I NEED A DRINK!

THIS-HERE ONE'S STILL BREATHIN'!

IT'S THE ONE THEY CALL CHICO!

B-BULLETS DON'T STOP 'EEM

WHAT'S HE SAYIN'?



WHAT HAPPENED, CHICO? WHO DID THIS TO YA?

...EET WAS...
...EET WAS...

UNHH...

HE'S A GONER, BOYS.

GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW.

LOOK! MORE A THEM HOLES.

THIS LOOKS LIKE YOUR GUN, SHERIFF, AND ALL THE SHOTS HAVE BEEN FIRED.

OKAY, LET'S CLEAN THIS UP. WE'LL BURY 'EM RIGHT HERE IN THE CAVE...ALL 'CEPT FER CHICO. HE'S STILL FRESH, SO LET'S TAKE HIM IN T' DOC MASON FER A ORTOPSY.

...THIS PLACE SHORE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

THEM PORE BOYS (CHUG)

BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS, DOC MASON HAS COMPLETED SADIE'S REGULAR WEEKLY EXAMINATION...

YOU GOT **BAD BLOOD**, SADIE... I BELIEVE YOU NEED A SHOT...

YOU BEEN HANGIN' AROUND DOWN AT MARIA CONQUESSO'S?

OF COURSE NOT, DOC! IT...IT MUSTA BEEN THE **STRANGER**.

(SOB) I DON'T GET IT, DOC, HE WAS **DEAL NICE**. HECK, ALL

HE WANTED WAS TO KISS ME!
HE GAVE ME FORTY DOLLARS...

...AND THOSE ODD HICKIES...

...AND HIS RING!

HIS RING? MAY I SEE IT?

...AND HIS RING!

MY GOD...

YEAH. BEAUTIFUL, AIN'T IT?

YEAH. BEAUTIFUL. AIN'T IT?

HEY DOC!

BEAUTIFUL?!?
SADIE, THIS RING IS...

HEY DOC!
C'MON OUT HERE; WE GOT
SUMTHIN' FER YA!

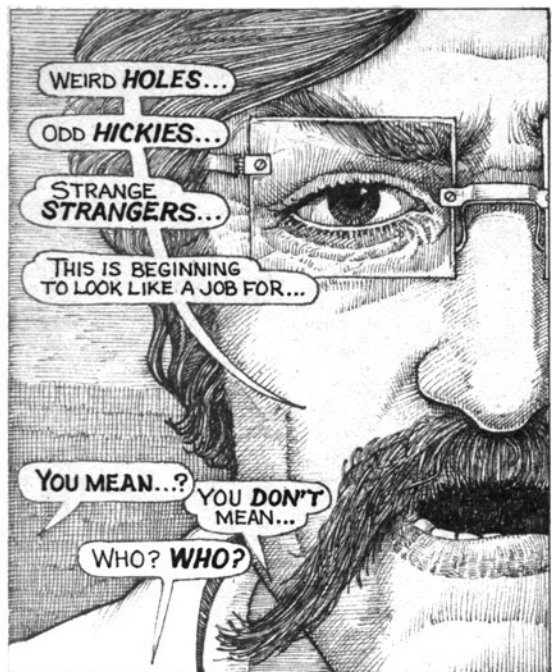
JEST LOOKIT THEM WEIRD HOLES.

DOC, I (GULP) NEVER
MEANT FER THIS TO...(SOB)

TAKE IT EASY,
SHERIFF.

DOC, I (GULP) NEVER
MEANT FER THIS TO...(SOB)

TAKE IT EAS
SHERIFF.



WEIRD HOLES...

ODD HICKIES...

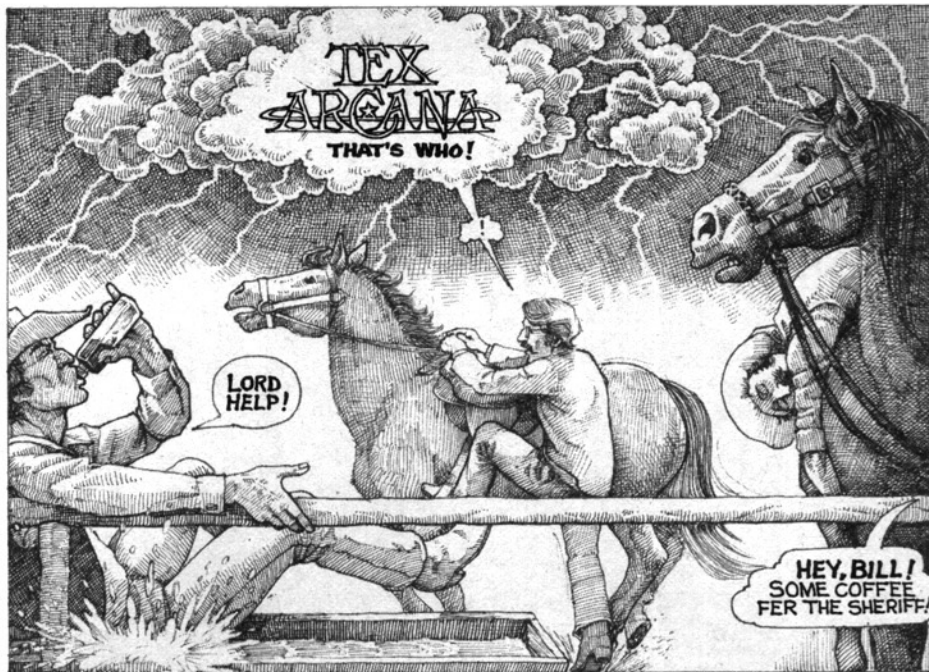
STRANGE STRANGERS...

THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A JOB FOR...

YOU MEAN...?

YOU DON'T MEAN...

WHO? WHO?



TEX ARCANNA
THAT'S WHO!

LORD HELP!

HEY, BILL!
SOME COFFEE
FER THE SHERIFF!



MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE ALL HELL'S
BUSTED LOOSE OVER AT
HANGMAN'S CORNERS



Gleawe lareow,
wyré þín anweald
on þæt mánfullan
bifmerunga!

AND SO, DEAR READER, WE HAVE REACHED THE END OF EPISODE ONE. PONDER, IF YOU WILL, THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS: WILL DOC REACH **TEX ARCANNA** IN TIME TO SAVE HANGMAN'S CORNERS? WILL SADIE'S HICKIES FADE AND WILL DOC REMEMBER TO GIVE HER A SHOT? AND WHAT WAS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHICO'S VISIT TO MARIA CONQUESO'S "ESTABLISHMENT" ON THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS ARREST?

MANY OF THESE QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED NEXT MONTH. TO WHET YOUR INTEREST, HERE ARE SOME WORD BALLOONS DRAWN FROM FUTURE EPISODES....

HERE LIES
THE OLD
CLAIM
JUMPER
? - 1850
HIS DYIN'
WERE HARD
AN' HE
DESERVED!



WHY...CH-CHICO!
I THOUGHT YOU WAS
DEAD!

OH, VAMPIRES CAN'T
GO NUMBER TWO,
THEY CAN TEE-TEE
AND OFTEN DO!

AGAIN, LAST NIGHT...THE FLAPPING
OF LEATHERN WINGS.

Qunias þú in þæm
smiltneys byrgenes.

WHAT! YOU?! HERE?!!

I AM THE ONE CALLED
TEX ARCANNA.

GOO-DEEV'NING....

AGHAST...YES, THAT'S THE WORD.
AGHAST!!

DOC...YA KNOW...THE DEVIL IS
ABROAD IN THE WORLD, WALKING
AMONG US, FOSTERING SIN AND
VIOLENCE, SULLYING CHASTITY,
POLLUTING OUR PURITY OF ESSENCE,
MOBILIZING THE FETID, FESTERING
FORCES OF DARKNESS; AND THOSE
WHO SAY HE'S NOT, WELL...THEY'RE
JUST FULL OF **BEANS!**

THE MAN WITH THE SUITCASE

Jean Teulé ?!

THE "GARE DU NORD," PARIS,
WHERE SOME PEOPLE SUFFER
AND SOME EVEN DIE!



Jean Teulé - 79

...A GIRL GOES BY...
...CRYING...



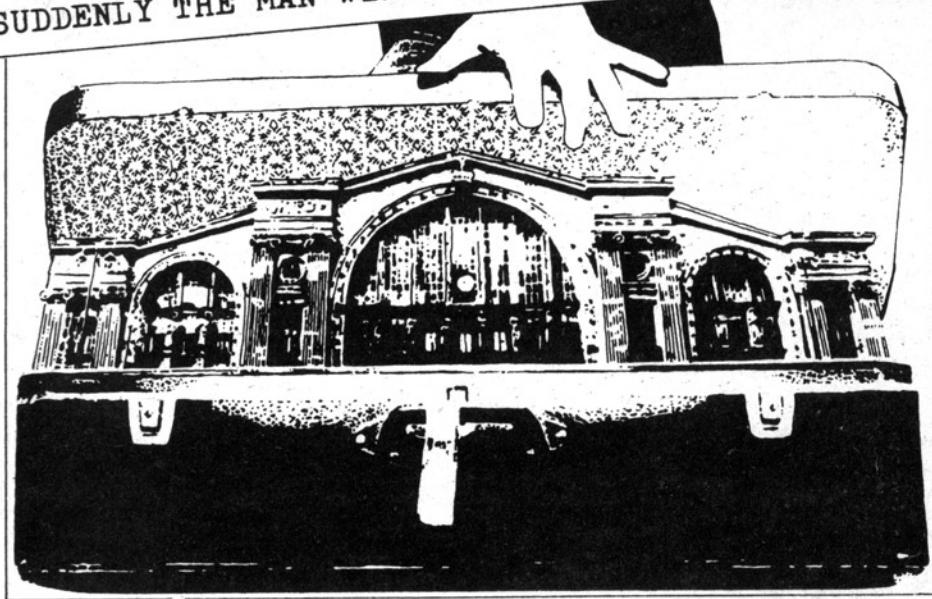
A MAD BLACK WITCH DOCTOR
SCREAMS DIVINE INCANTATIONS...
...DIVINE!



...TRANVESTITE COPS
WITH "SHORT CIRCUITS"
IN THEIR HEADS!

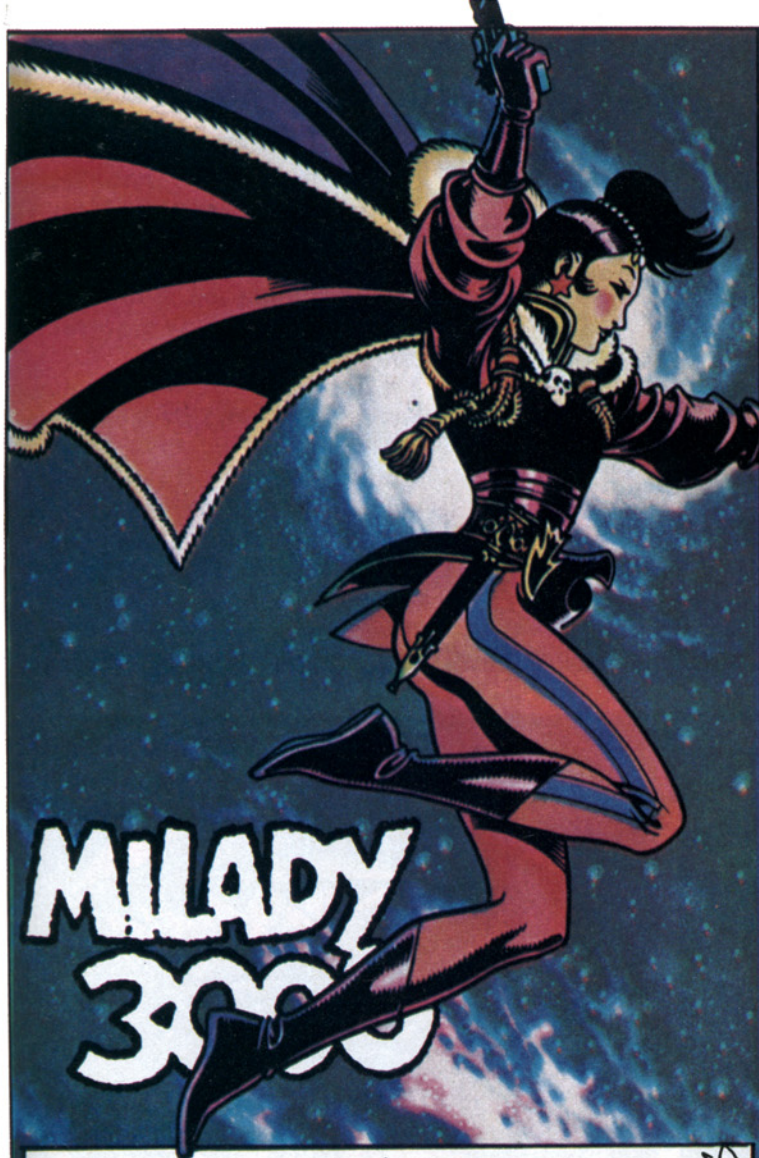


SUDDENLY THE MAN WITH THE SUITCASE...



...AND THE BIG, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL WORLD...





MILADY
3000

THE PRINCE OF
EQUILIBRIUM
AND A SERENE GALAXY

BY MAGNUS



THE INFALLIBLE IS
TIMING THE TRIP AROUND THE
ORBIT OF THE DUKE'S CITADEL,
MILADY...



BEGIN OUR RECON-
NAISSANCE PRO-
GRAM OF THE
CAPTORS,
UER!

THE SPACESHIP
SOLARIS SHRINKS IN
SIZE WHILE SURPASSING
THE SPEED OF LIGHT...

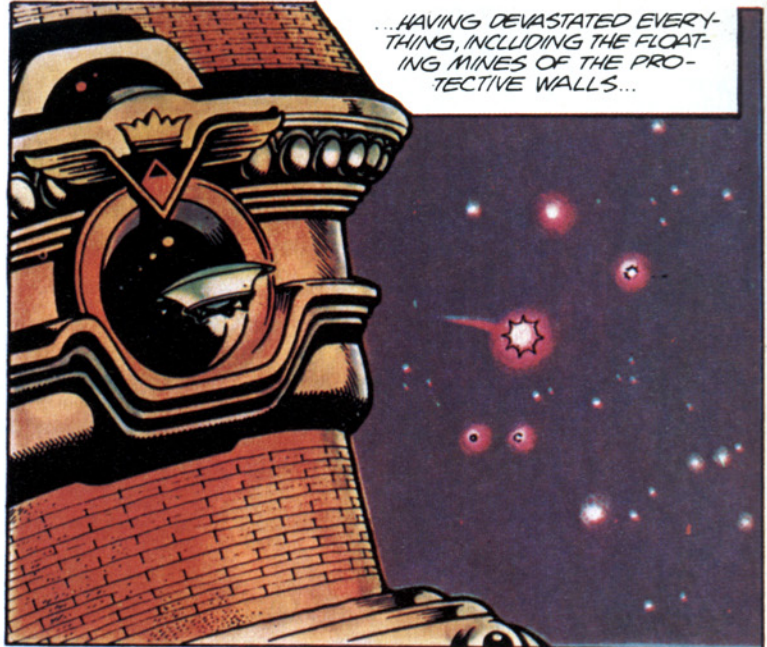


...AND RETURNS TO CONVENTIONAL SPACE.



OUR SPACE
HOUNDS SUCCEEDED IN
PARALYZING THEIR OVER-
WHELMING ARTILLERY!!

THE INFALLIBLE TRANS-
MITS THE SECRET ACCESS
CODE TO THE CAPTORS, WHO
HAVE RETURNED FROM THE
DUKE OF ASIA'S PLEASURE
FORTRESS...



...HAVING DEVASTATED EVERY-
THING, INCLUDING THE FLOAT-
ING MINES OF THE PRO-
TECTIVE WALLS...



...THE SOLARIS FITS EASILY
INTO ITS MOORING SPOT...



...WHILE IN THE GENERAL QUARTER OF THE CITADEL,
THE OPERATION IS IMMEDIATELY SIGNALLED...



IT IS NATASIA FELINA BOSMANOVA'S
SPACESHIP, ARGON. HER
IDENTIFICATION CODE IS ON
THE DUKE'S GUEST
LIST!



LORD DUKE, THE COURTESAN HAS JUST ARRIVED AT THE CITADEL!

RECEIVE HER AS HER RANK REQUIRES, ORSINI, AND ACCOMPANY HER TO MY QUARTERS. I WANT TO TALK TO HER IMMEDIATELY!

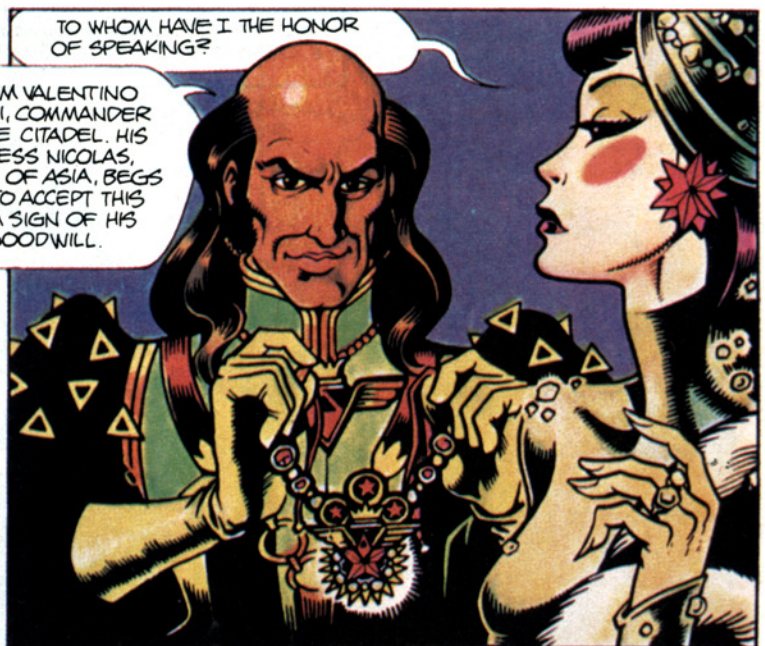


PRUDENCE, MILADY! THE DUKE'S CONSCIENCE NO LONGER BALKS AT CRIME!



DRAPED WITH A GLISTENING MAGNETIC ROBE OF PRECIOUS STONES, NATASIA FELINA BOSMANOVA, IMPERIAL COURTESAN AND PALACE DANCER, COMES DOWN FROM THE ANCHORED SHIP...

MADAME... YOU ARE MAGNIFICENT!



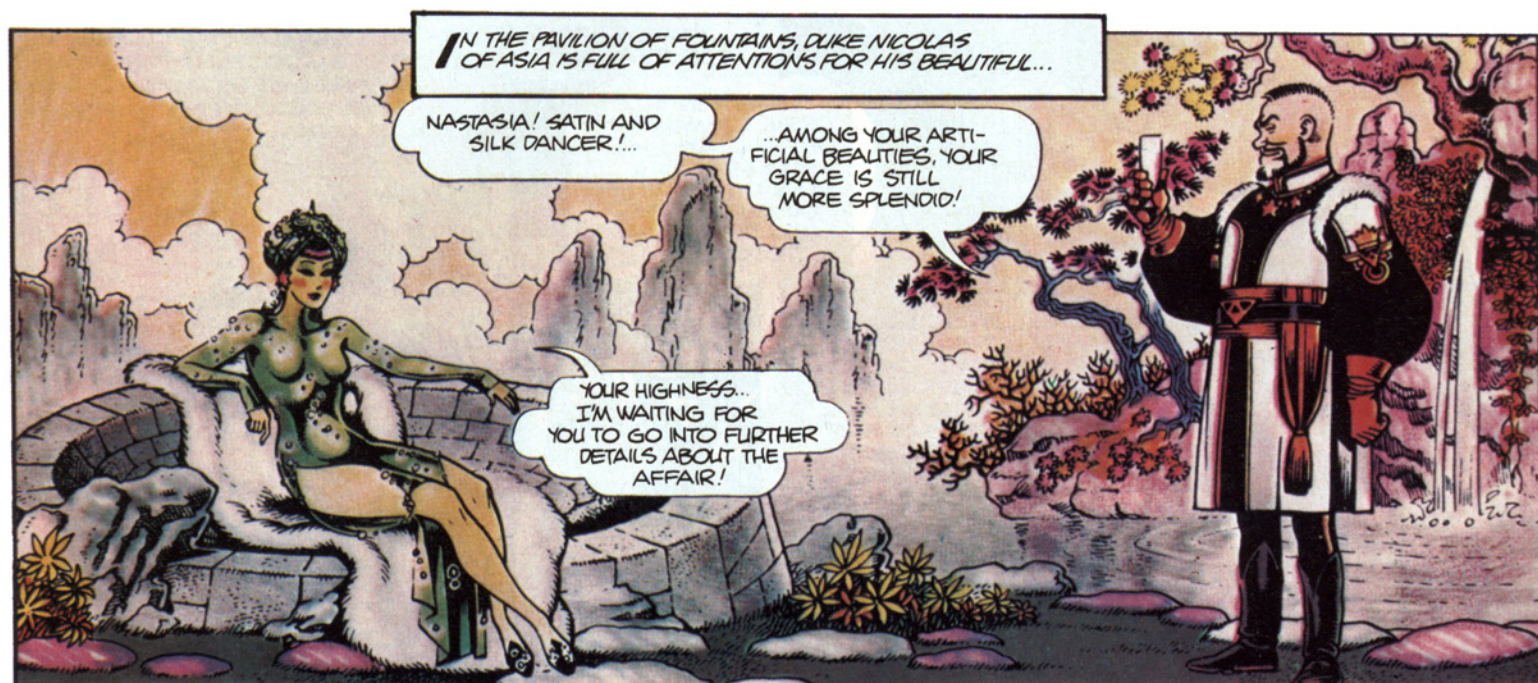
TO WHOM HAVE I THE HONOR OF SPEAKING?

I AM VALENTINO ORSINI, COMMANDER OF THE CITADEL. HIS HIGHNESS NICOLAS, DUKE OF ASIA, BEGS YOU TO ACCEPT THIS AS A SIGN OF HIS GOODWILL.

A VERY CLEAR TELEPATHIC WARNING COMES TO MILADY.

LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW THAT MICROSCOPIC AUDIOVISUAL INSTRUMENTS ARE CONCEALED IN THE STONES OF THIS NECKLACE AND THAT THEY CAN RELEASE A CORROSIVE GAS ON COMMAND.





VERY WELL, EXQUISITE ONE! WE'LL TALK HONESTLY! IT'S YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE SECRET SECT OF EXECUTIONERS THAT ATTRACTED ME TO YOU.

AH, OF COURSE!

YOU SURELY KNOW THE DESTINY OF MY FAMILY! THE ASIAs COULD HAVE ASPIRED TO THE IMPERIAL THRONE! BUT SIXTY YEARS AGO THE LINE OF THE NIKKAS PUT THEIR BASTARD THERE, A TIGER ON THE THRONE WHO WAS PURELY A VULGAR THIEF.

HIS ONLY ACHIEVEMENT WAS TO BEGIN THE EXTERMINATION OF THE MASS-ES!

BUT TODAY...MY MESSENGER MUST HAVE ALREADY GIVEN YOU AN IDEA OF THE BIG PLANS OF OUR PEOPLE: THE KIDNAPPING OF HIS HIGHNESS THE HEIR APPARENT...

...AND THE REVOLT OF THE SEVEN ANCIENT PROVINCES, WHICH WILL FOLLOW.

PRINCE EDO IS THE HOST OF THE CITADEL AND CERTAINLY SUSPECTS NOTHING! YOU WILL BE THE PRIME INSTRUMENT OF MY CONSPIRACY.

HIS HIGHNESS NEVER SEPARATES HIMSELF FROM HIS BODYGUARDS, BUT YOUR EXCEPTIONAL POWERS WILL MAKE HIM WANT YOU. YOU WILL PUT A SLEEPING TABLET IN HIS DRINK AND...

...BUT THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW FOR THE MOMENT! LOOK, INSTEAD! THIS IS QUITE AN EXCEPTIONAL PHENOMENON IN THIS CITADEL! OUR METEOROLOGICAL SYSTEM PRESENTS US WITH A LITTLE STORM!

LET'S FIND SOME SHELTER!

WAMP

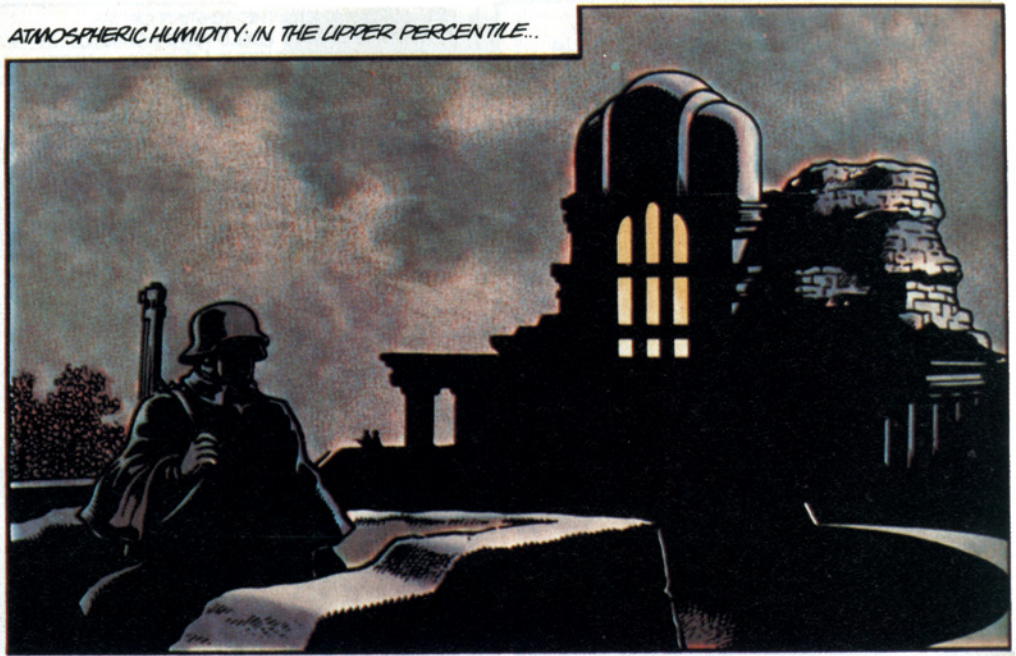
RRRRRUMBLE
FROSC

AFTER HER MEETING WITH THE DUKE, NASTASIA IS ESCORTED BY ORSINI TO THE APARTMENTS. HER STEWARD, LIER, CARRIES A LEATHER TRUNK AS BAGGAGE.

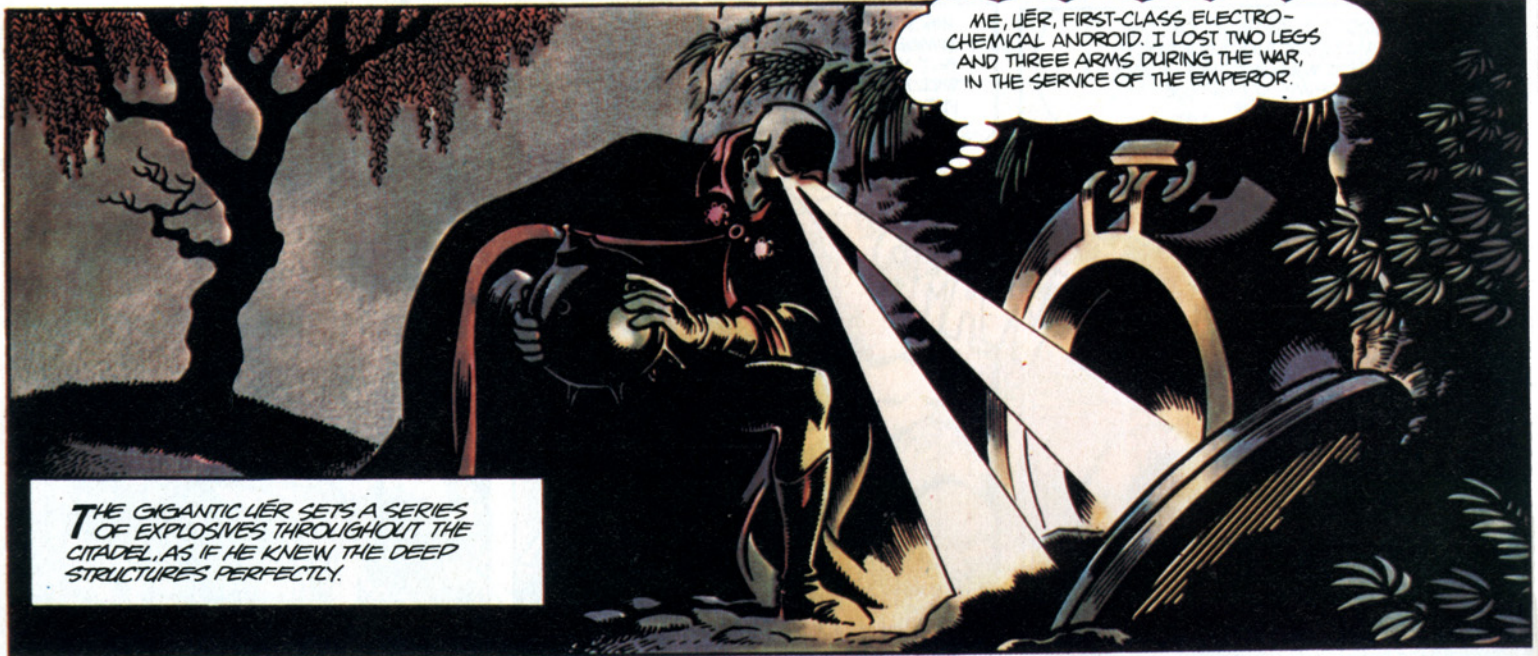
MAY I GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE? DON'T PROWL AROUND UNDER THE DOME WHEN OUR SOLAR SATELLITE PASSES JUST ABOVE THE HORIZON! IT'S EXTREMELY DANGEROUS! I BID YOU GOOD NIGHT!



OUR HOUR HAS ARRIVED, MILADY! BEFORE THE SATELLITE EMERGES ON THE HORIZON, I WILL HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THE FIRST PART OF THE PLAN!

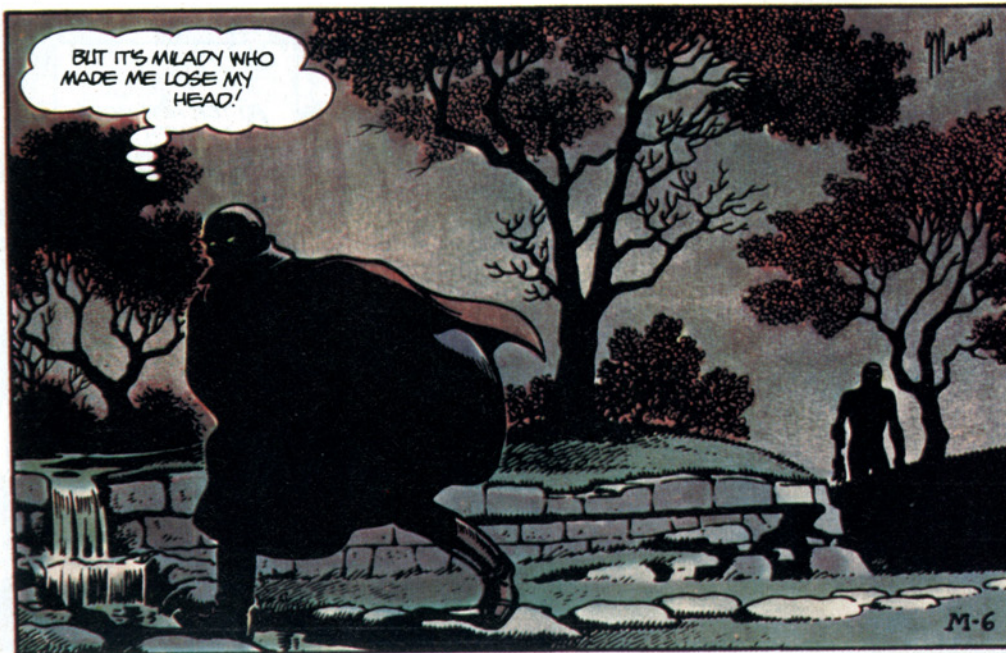


ATMOSPHERIC HUMIDITY: IN THE UPPER PERCENTILE...



ME, UËR, FIRST-CLASS ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ANDROID. I LOST TWO LEGS AND THREE ARMS DURING THE WAR, IN THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR.

THE GIGANTIC UËR SETS A SERIES OF EXPLOSIVES THROUGHOUT THE CITADEL, AS IF HE KNEW THE DEEP STRUCTURES PERFECTLY.



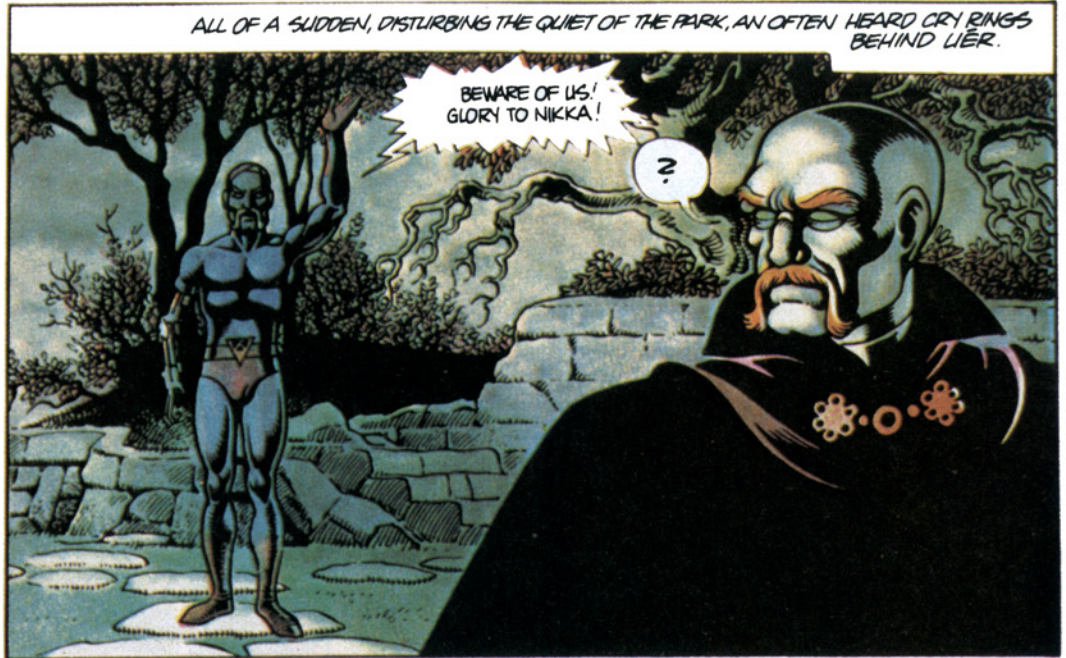
BUT IT'S MILADY WHO MADE ME LOSE MY HEAD!



M-6

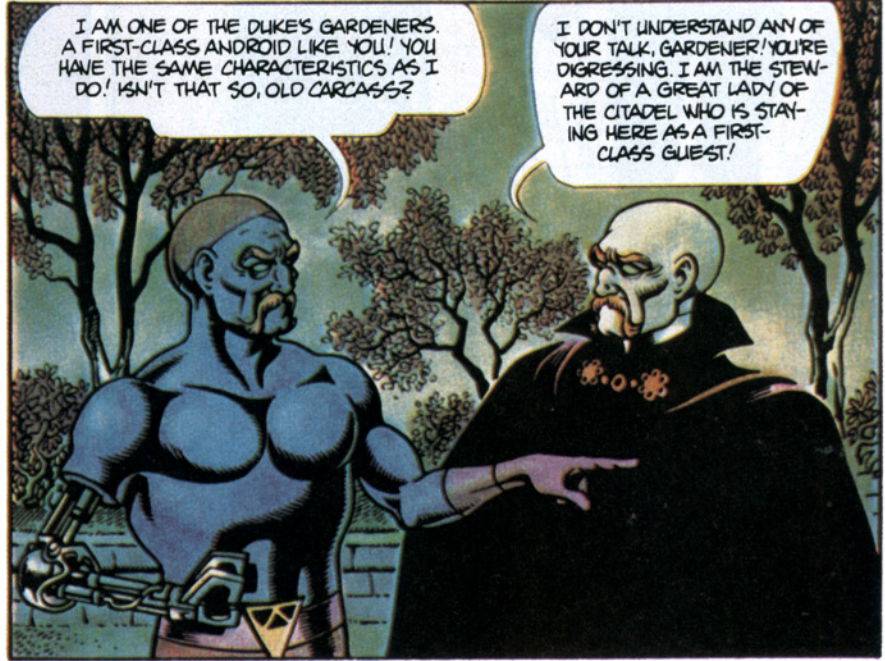


ALL OF A SUDDEN, DISTURBING THE QUIET OF THE PARK, AN OFTEN HEARD CRY RINGS BEHIND LIEB.



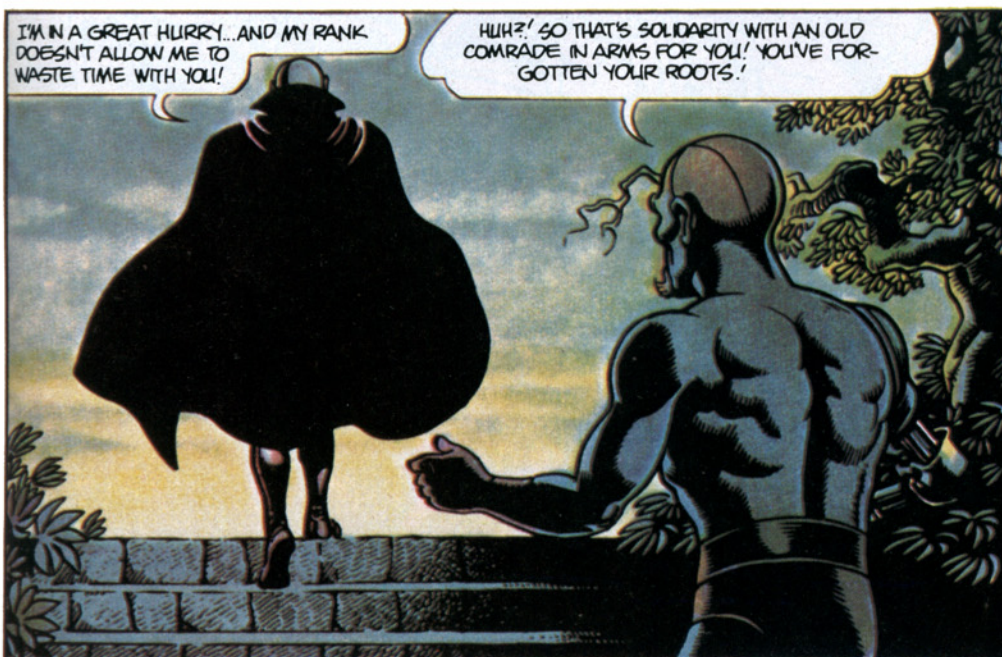
BY ASIMON! I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT ONE DAY I'D MEET ONE OF MY OWN KIND AGAIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT DID YOU SAY?



I AM ONE OF THE DUKE'S GARDENERS. A FIRST-CLASS ANDROID LIKE YOU! YOU HAVE THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS AS I DO! ISN'T THAT SO, OLD CARCASS?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF YOUR TALK, GARDENER! YOU'RE DIGRESSING. I AM THE STEWARD OF A GREAT LADY OF THE CITADEL WHO IS STAYING HERE AS A FIRST-CLASS GUEST!



I'M IN A GREAT HURRY... AND MY RANK DOESN'T ALLOW ME TO WASTE TIME WITH YOU!

HUH? SO THAT'S SOLIDARITY WITH AN OLD COMRADE IN ARMS FOR YOU! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR ROOTS!



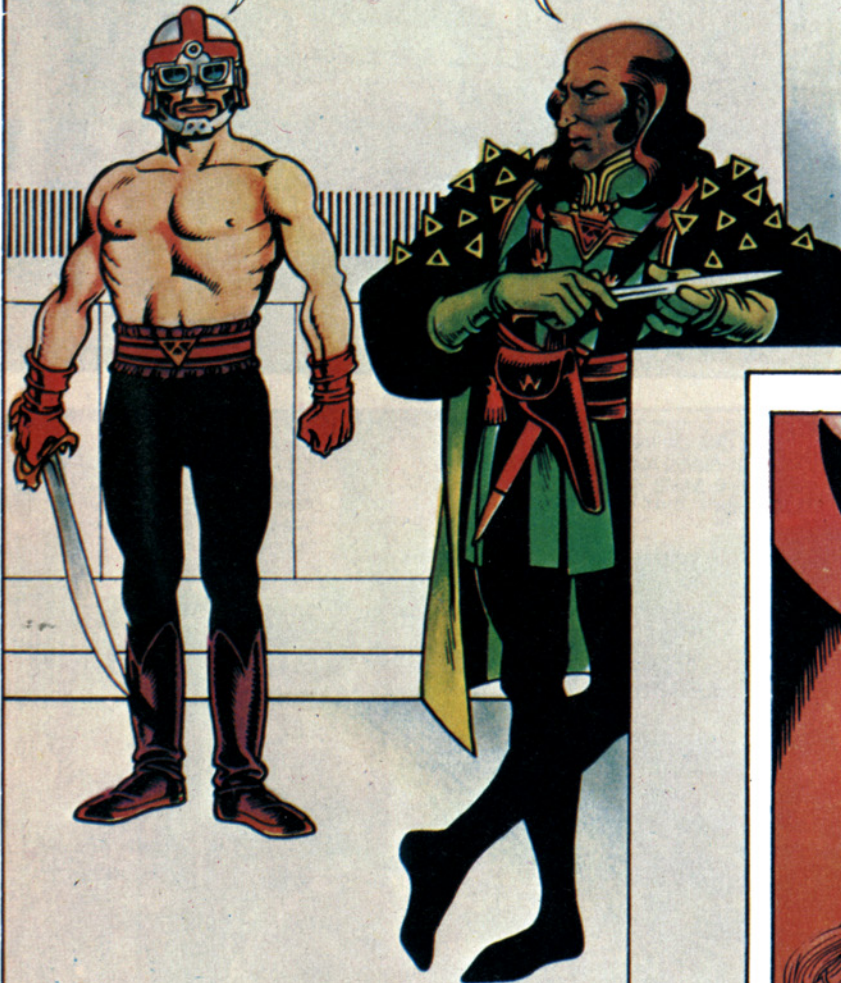
WHY LIE TO ME? WE CAN'T FOOL EACH OTHER AS MORTALS DO. LOYALTY TO OUR CREATORS HAS BEEN INSTILLED IN US... AND EVERYTHING MUST BE BROUGHT TO THEIR ATTENTION THROUGH THE OFFICIAL CHANNELS!

WHEN THE ARTIFICIAL DAY LIGHTS UP THE CITADEL AGAIN, NICOLAS AND ORSINI HOLD THEIR DAILY MEETING...

SO SHE REFUSED THE CONTROL NECKLACE! ACTUALLY, I'M GLAD OF IT... IT'S A SIGN OF HER EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY!...

HMM! I'D LIKE TO BE AS CHEERFUL AS HIS HIGHNESS!

YOU KNOW, I WAS AGAINST MIXING HER UP IN THIS PERILOUS ENTERPRISE FROM THE START! PERSONALLY, I DON'T HAVE THE LEAST BIT OF CONFIDENCE IN THE LOYALTY OR DEVOTION OF WOMEN!



HA, HA, HA, ORSINI! YOU NEVER CHANGE! AS FOR ME, I LOVE WOMEN... AND RISK!

OBSERVE!

HOWE!Z THE VOLLEB WARRIORS?!Z ...IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! YOU ARE MAKING VERY RASH USE OF THE CONJURER!

THE LASER CONJURER, OR INSTINCT-LIBERATING MACHINE, OF DUKE NICOLAS FLASHES INTO THE RED SCALE. WHAT APPEARS IS A VISION OF DENSITY COMPARABLE TO THE TELEKINETIC PROPERTIES OF OBJECT DISPLACEMENT.

APPRECIATE THIS!

SZAP

FROM NOW ON, I AM UN-BEATABLE AT THIS GAME!

TUNF

SWAZ

DIRECT THRUST!

DID THAT PLEASE YOU?...THREE BLOWS, THREE VICTIMS!

BRAVO! BRAVO! YOUR STYLE IS STILL AS RELENTLESS AS EVER!

THE EVOKER IS MY ONLY
OUTLET AND PERMITS ME TO
MAINTAIN MY PERSONAL COMBAT
POWER IN FULL FORM!

THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT YOUR COURAGE
OR YOUR MARTIAL QUALITIES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
HOWEVER, YOU SHOULDN'T EXPOSE YOUR-
SELF TO THESE VIOLENT REPRESENTATIONS
AT SUCH A HIGH CONCENTRATION.



VALENTINO ORSINI IS VERY CONCERNED!

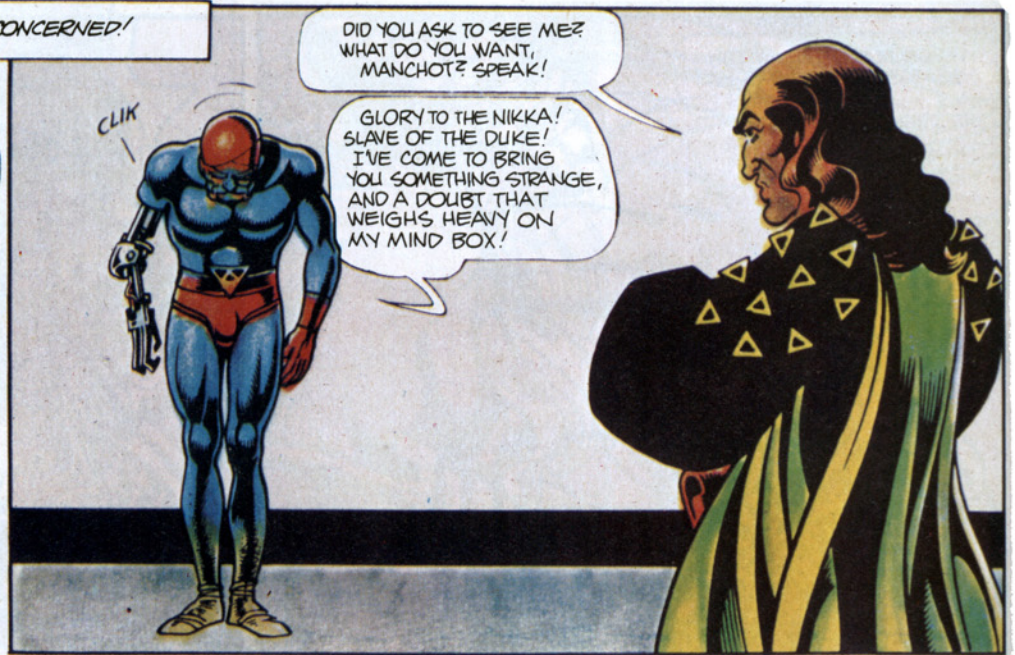
AS FOR ME, I HAVE MANY OTHER
PROBLEMS: THE PRINCE'S ESCORT,
FOR EXAMPLE...

HAVE THE SLAVE
COME IN!



DID YOU ASK TO SEE ME?
WHAT DO YOU WANT,
MANCHOT? SPEAK!

GLORY TO THE NIKKA!
SLAVE OF THE DUKE!
I'VE COME TO BRING
YOU SOMETHING STRANGE,
AND A DOUBT THAT
WEIGHS HEAVY ON
MY MIND BOX!



THIS GREAT LADY'S STEWARD CAN'T FOOL
ME! HE'S AN ELECTROCHEMICAL ANDROID
OF THE FIRST CLASS, LIKE ME, DRAFTED
TO THE GRENADIER CORPS OF THE
IMPERIAL GUARD...

...IN THE CAPRICORN WAR I FOUGHT
WITH MY KIND AND WE WERE ALL IN-
JURED DURING THE BATTLE!

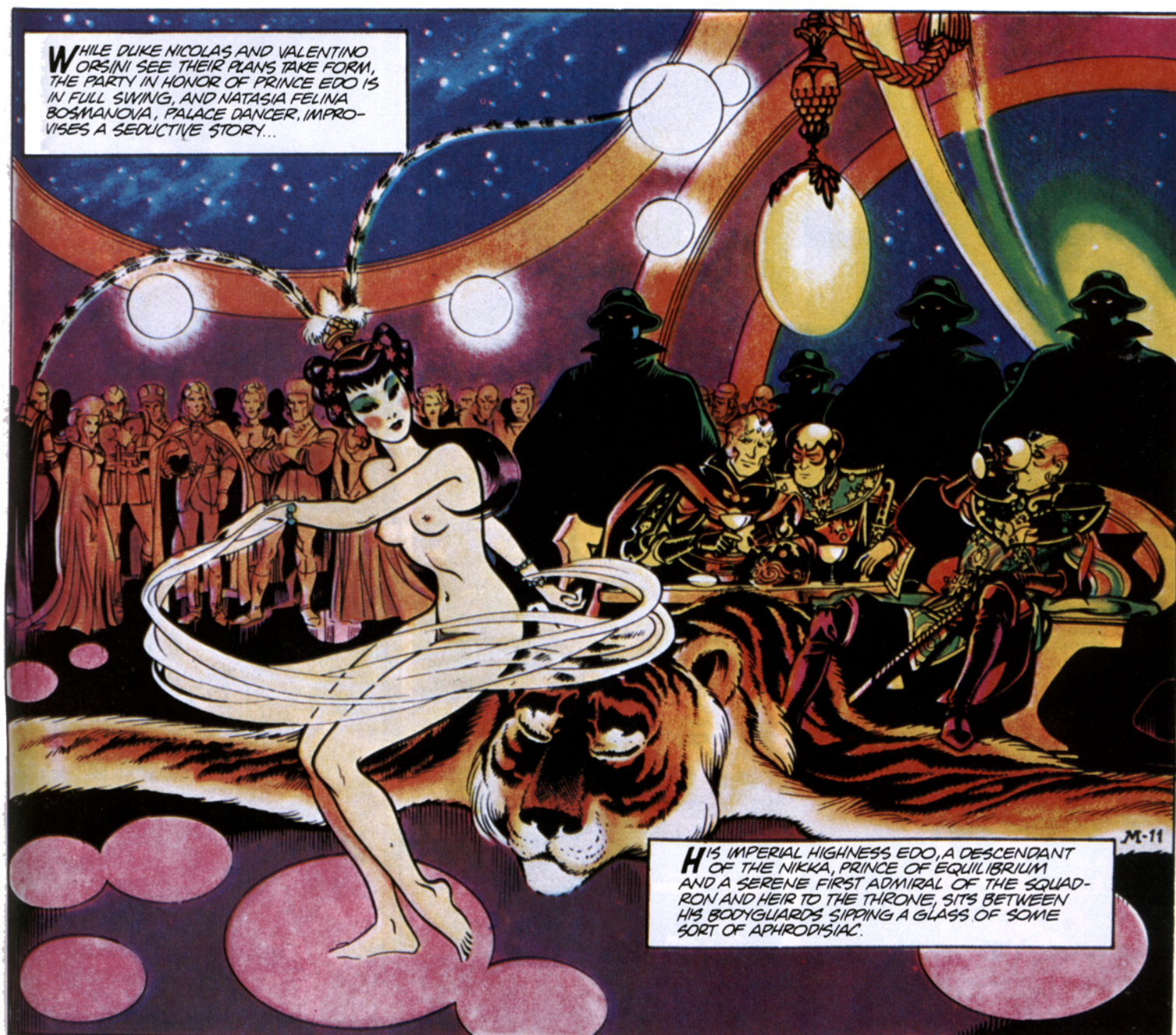
I LOST MY BIOLOGICAL ARM THERE...



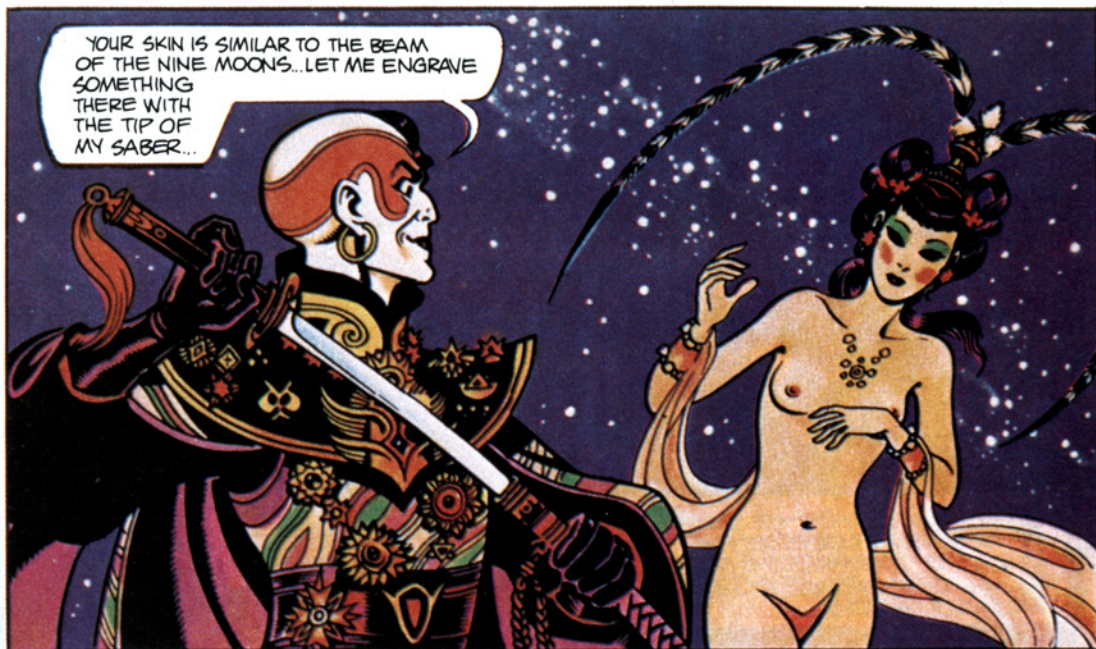
...WHICH THEY REPLACED WITH THIS
MECHANICAL THING...

...ENOUGH!
A GRENADIER
OF THE GUARD,
DID YOU
SAY?







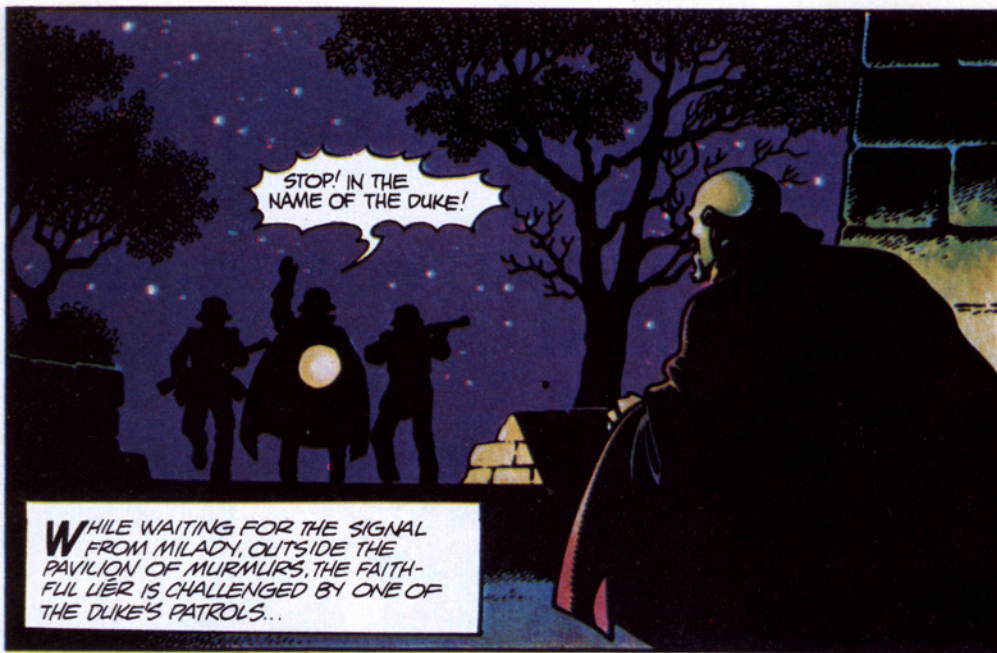


A AT THE SAME MOMENT THE ALARM SIGNAL SOUNDS IN THE FESTIVAL ROOM...



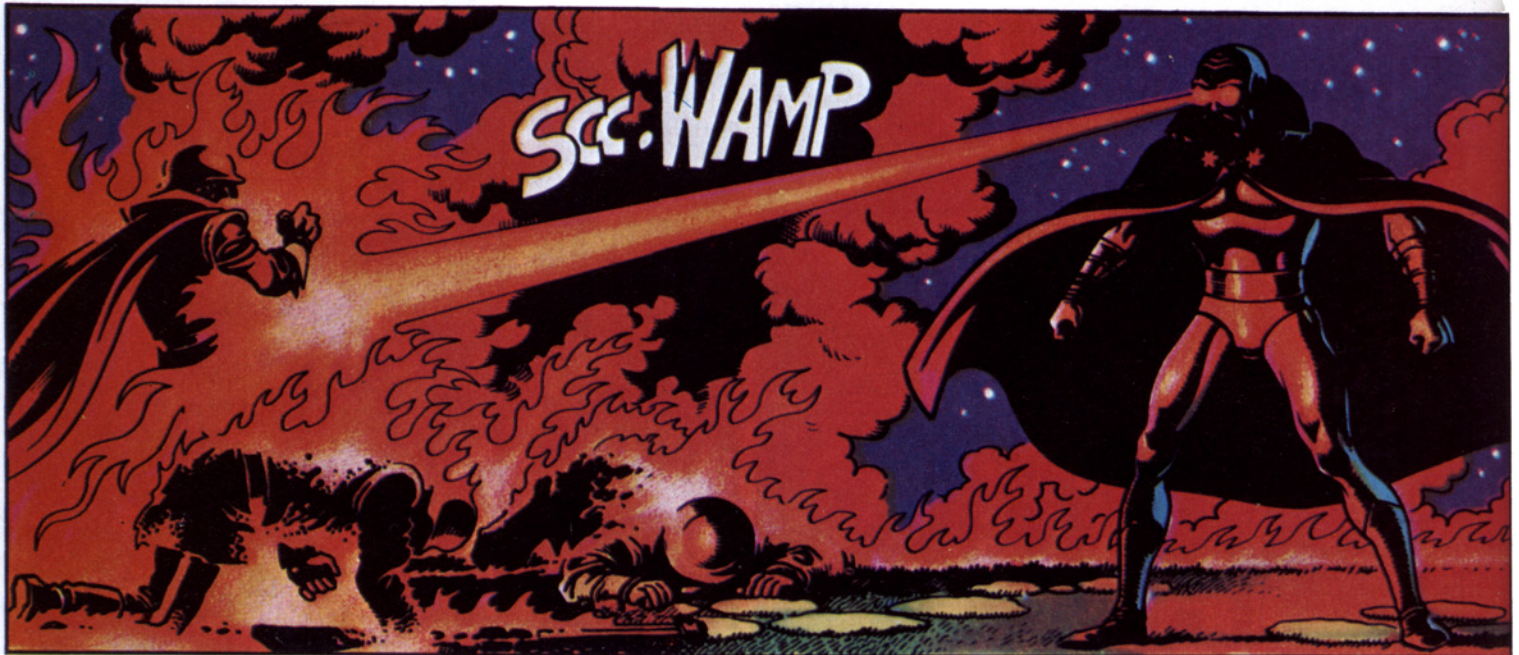
THE PRINCE BECOMES INTENSELY PARANOID!



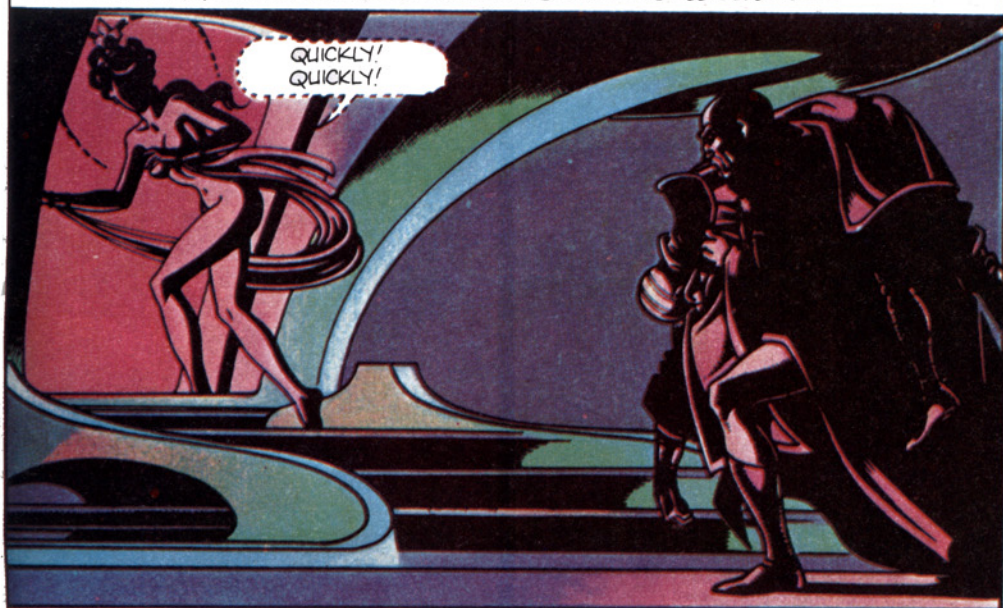


WHILE WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL FROM MILADY, OUTSIDE THE PAVILION OF MURMURS, THE FAITHFUL LIER IS CHALLENGED BY ONE OF THE DUKE'S PATROLS...

THE NATURE OF HIS EYES CHANGES AT ONCE AS HE THROWS OUT A TELEPATHIC CALL...



SEEN BY NO ONE, THEY GO ON BOARD CARRYING THE UNCONSCIOUS HEIR.



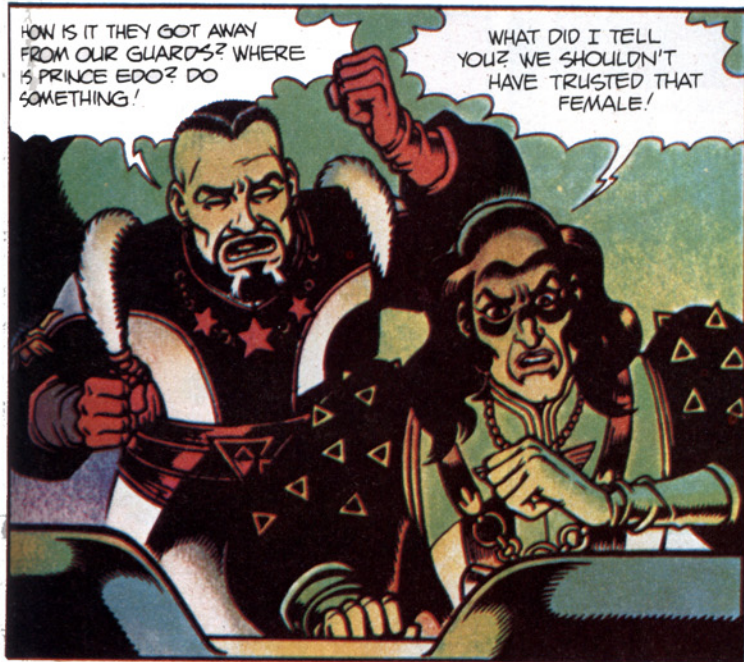
QUICKLY!
QUICKLY!

GO, UER!
THAT'S THE FINAL
PHASE! CONNECT
THE *INFALLIBLE* TO
THE FUNDAMENTAL
COMPONENTS OF
THE DUKE'S
EVOKER!

THEN THE SO-CALLED DANCER
TAKES ON HER TRUE IDENTITY...

HOW IS IT THEY GOT AWAY
FROM OUR GUARDS? WHERE
IS PRINCE EDO? DO
SOMETHING!

WHAT DID I TELL
YOU? WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE TRUSTED THAT
FEMALE!



UNDER THE POWER OF
THE *INFALLIBLE*, THE
EVOKER PROJECTS THE
IMAGE OF MILADY IN
THE ROOM WHERE THE
DUKE AND ORSINI ARE
FOLLOWING THE
EVENTS...

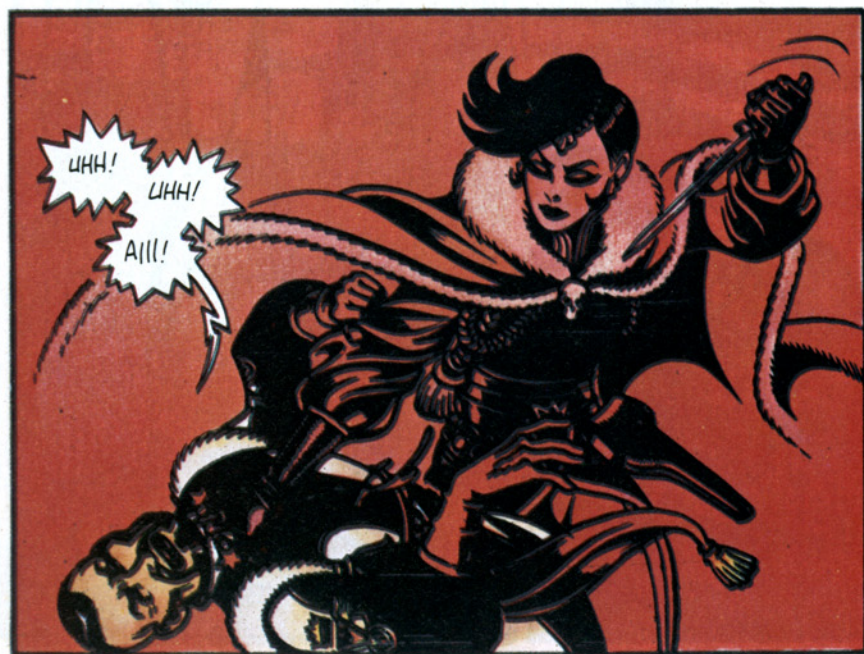
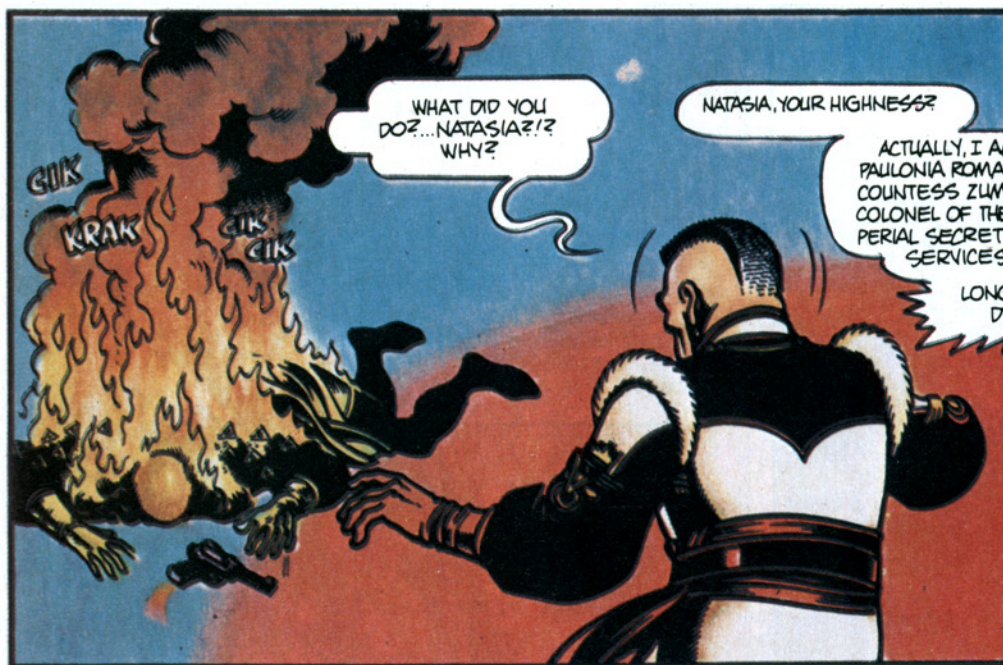
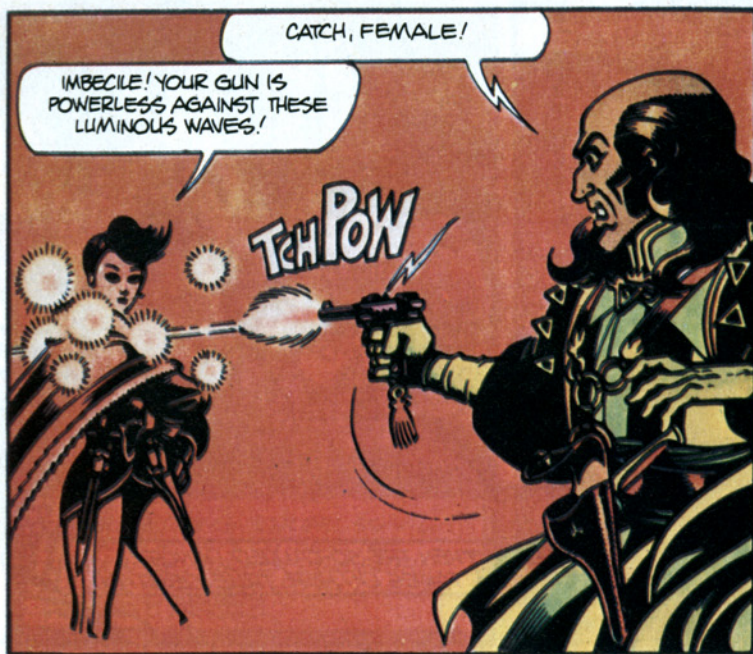


LOOK, ORSINI! THE
EVOKER HAS STARTED
BY ITSELF!

WE'RE THERE,
UER! SET THE
LASER CONJURER
ON POINT 4 OF
THE RED
SCALE!



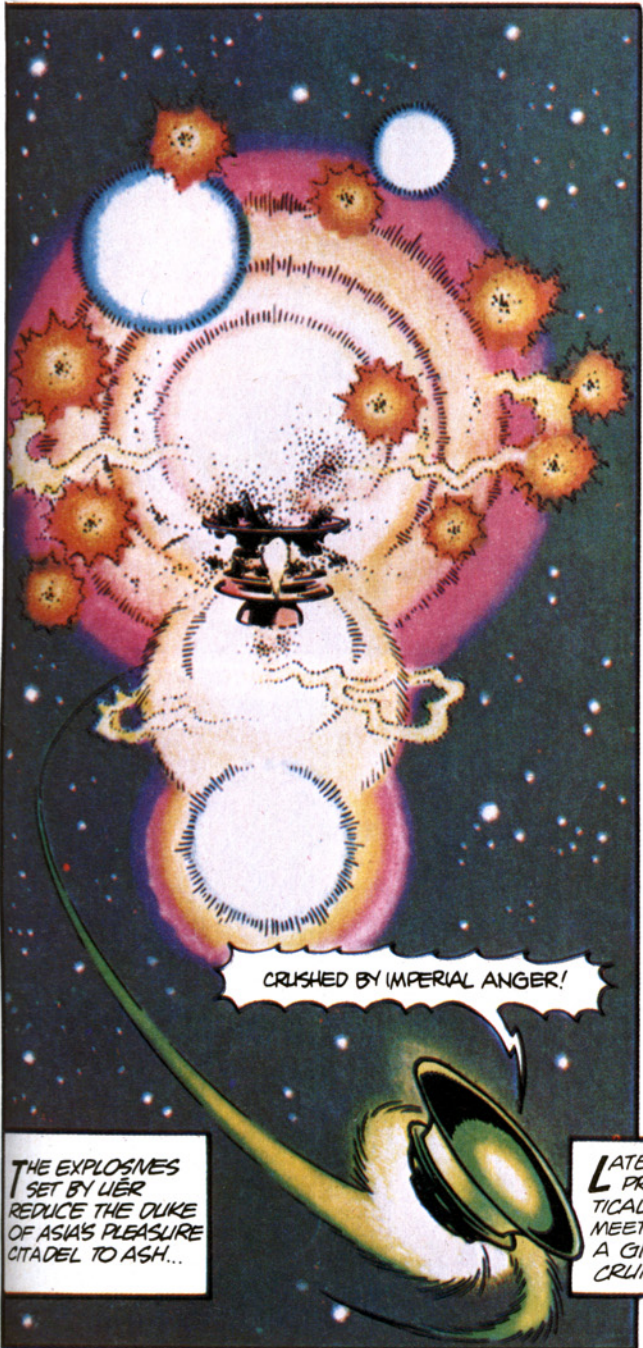
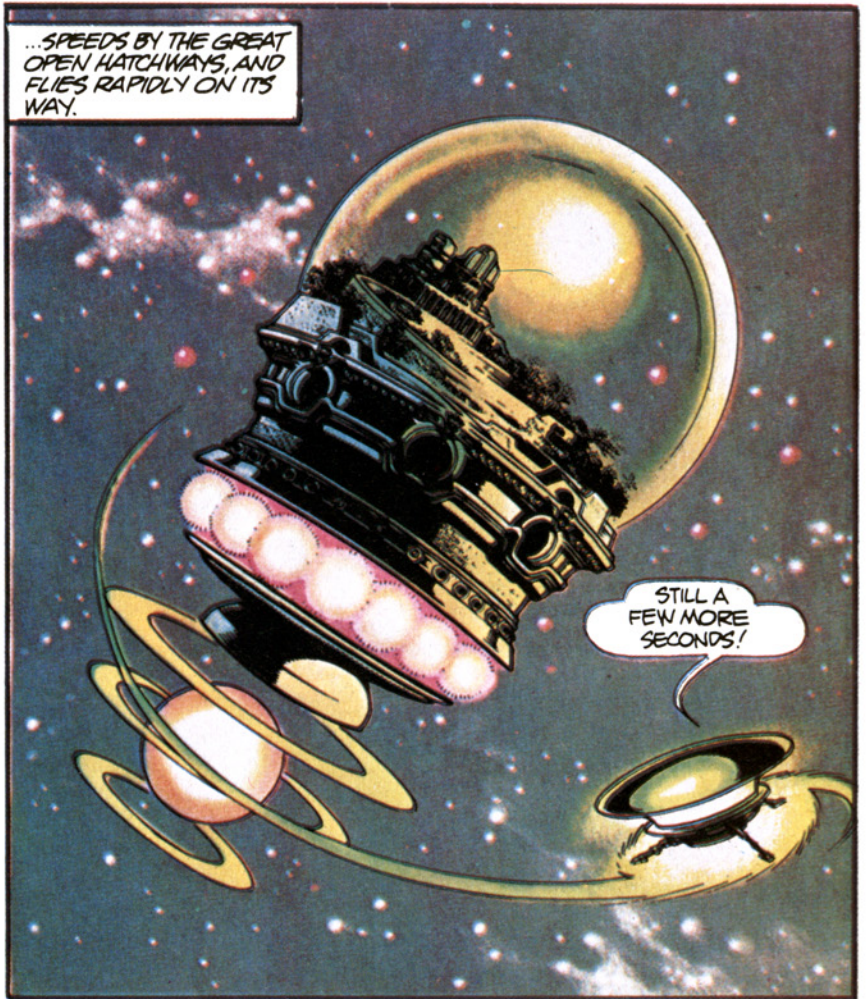
YOUR HIGHNESS! IT'S SHE!
SHE'S MORE DANGEROUS
THAN THE VOLLEB
WARRIORS!



THE SPACESHIP
SOLARIS RISES
ABOVE THE BREAK-
WATER MOORINGS
WITHOUT RESISTANCE...

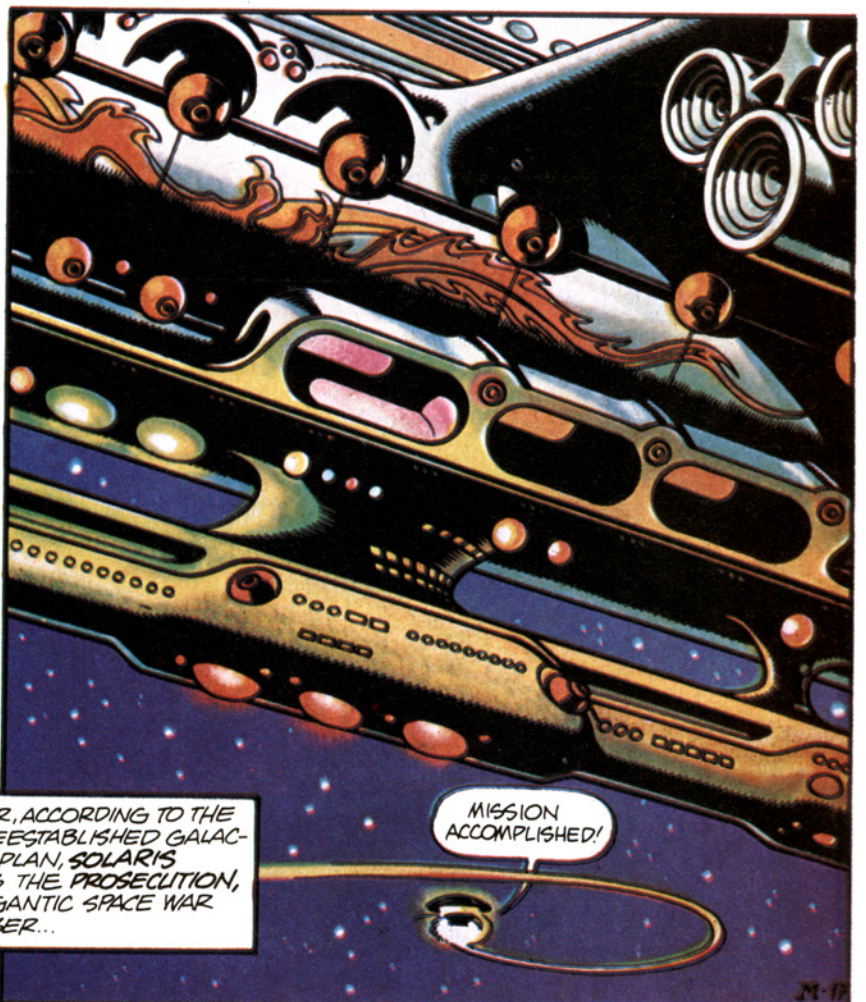


...SPEEDS BY THE GREAT
OPEN HATCHWAYS, AND
FLIES RAPIDLY ON ITS
WAY.

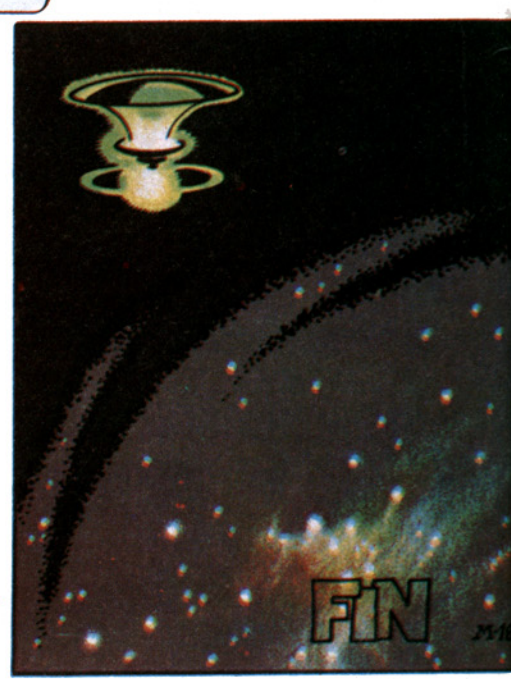
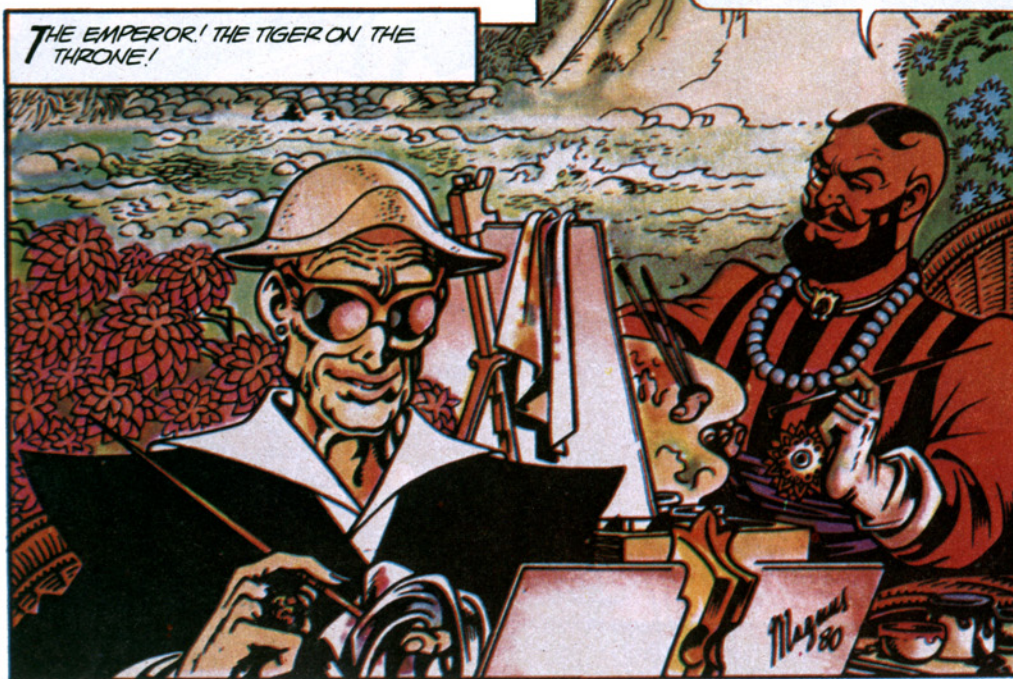
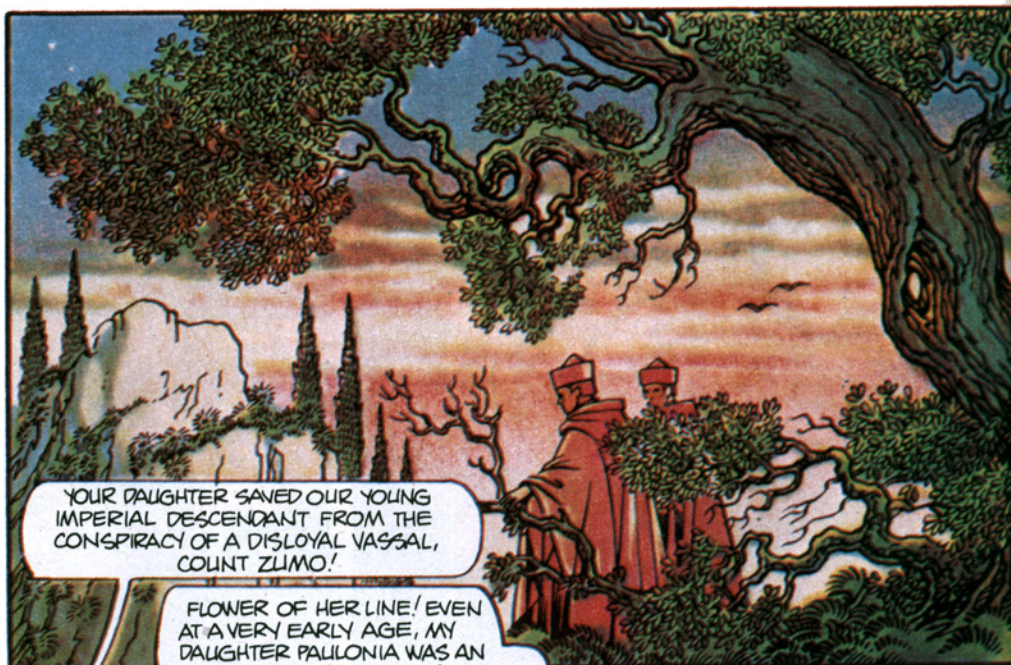
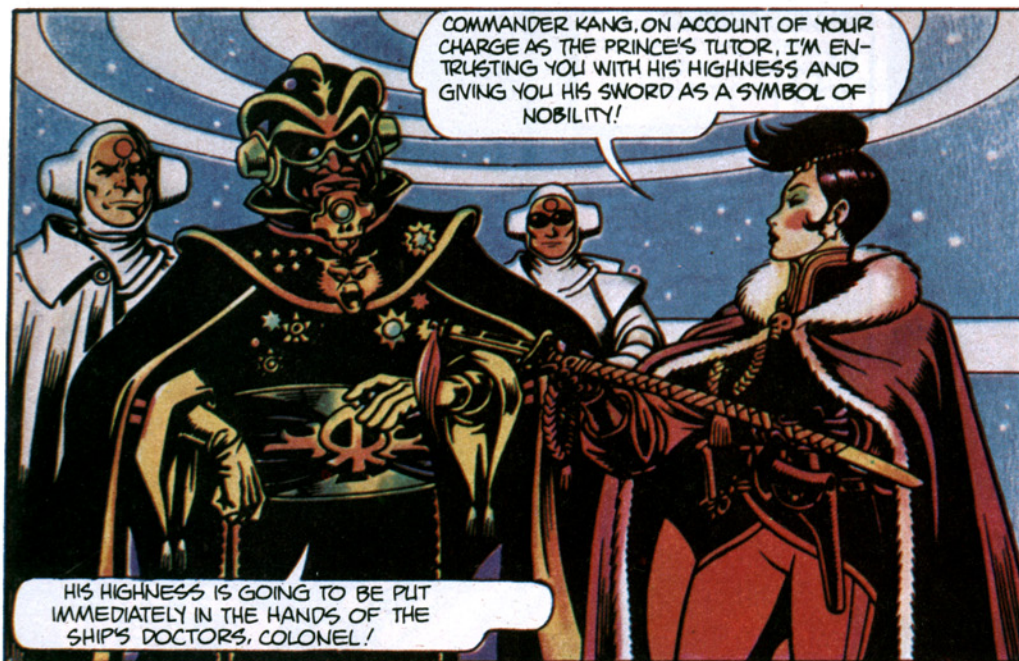


THE EXPLOSIVES
SET BY UER
REDUCE THE DUKE
OF ASIA'S PLEASURE
CITADEL TO ASH...

LATER, ACCORDING TO THE
PREESTABLISHED GALAC-
TICAL PLAN, SOLARIS
MEETS THE PROSECUTION,
A GIGANTIC SPACE WAR
CRUISER...

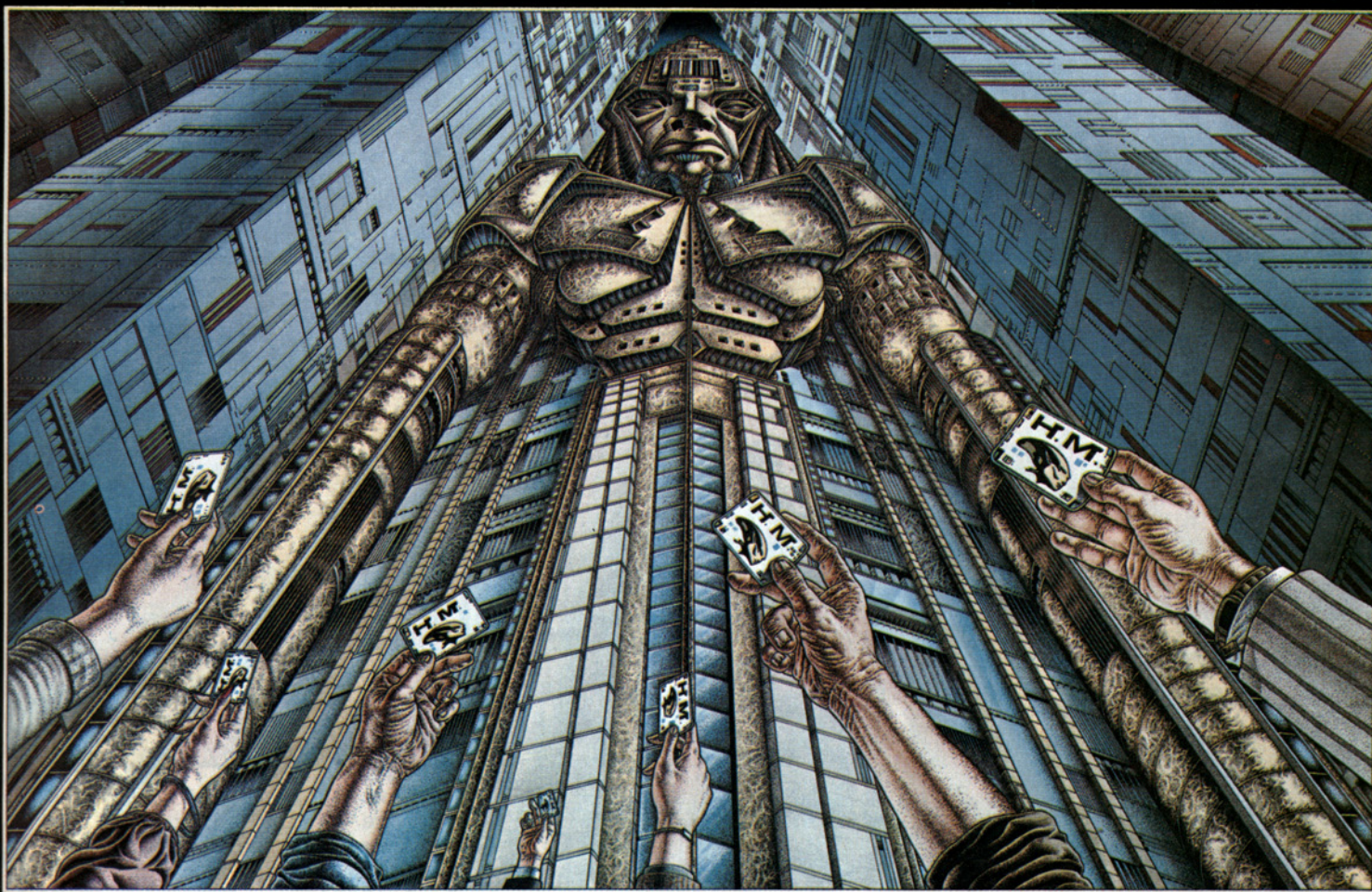


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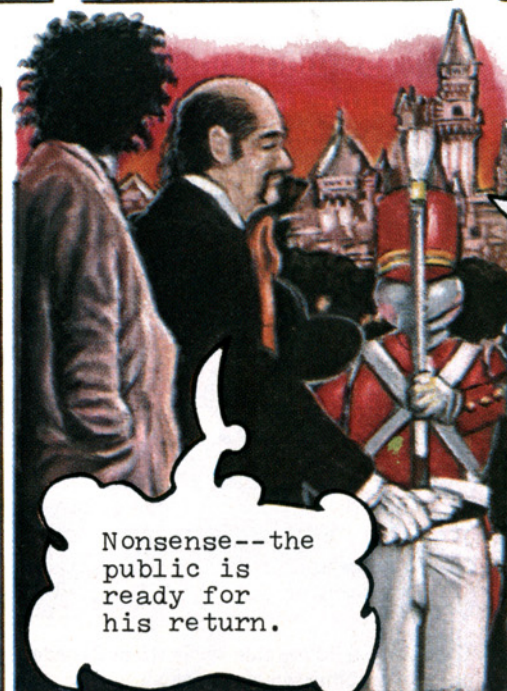
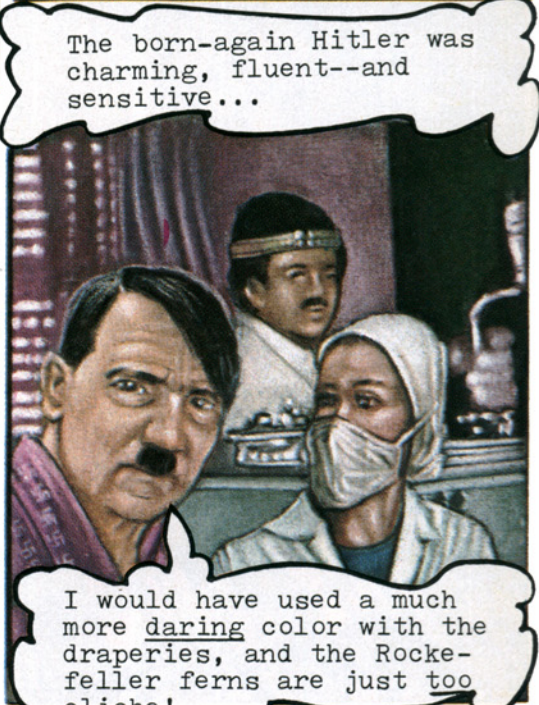
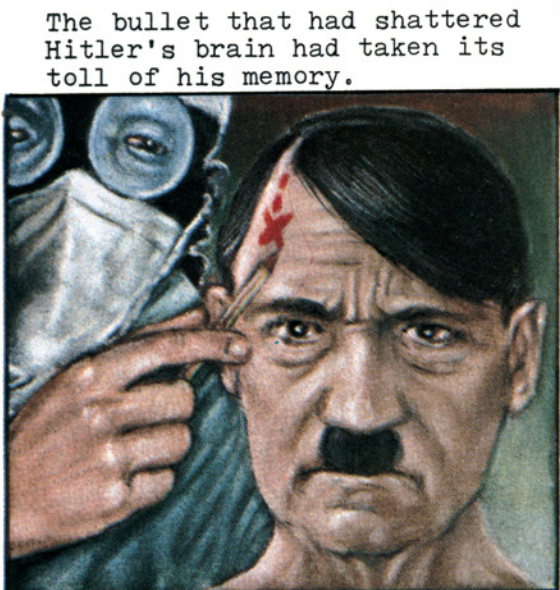
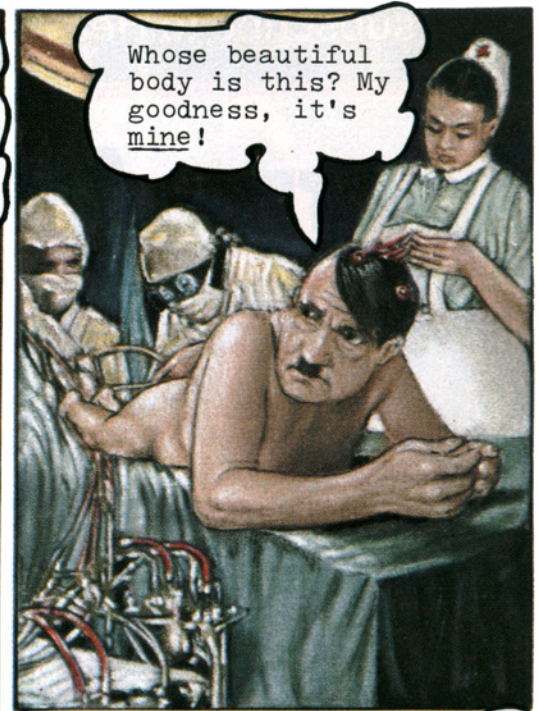
Signature _____

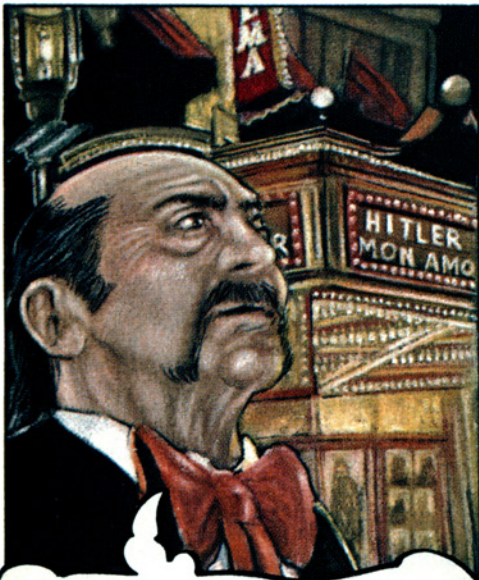
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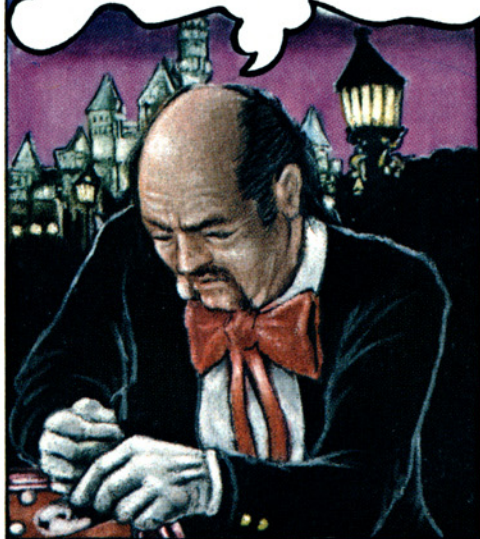
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...even a Hitler board game--"Hungry, Hungry Hitlers!"

I invented it myself. See, the Hitlers gobble up little marbles with the names of European countries on them.



But Armand, this Hitler is scared of guns--he's only interested in redecorating the Enchanted Castle.



Well--all great men have an artistic streak.

So Armand refused to listen to you.



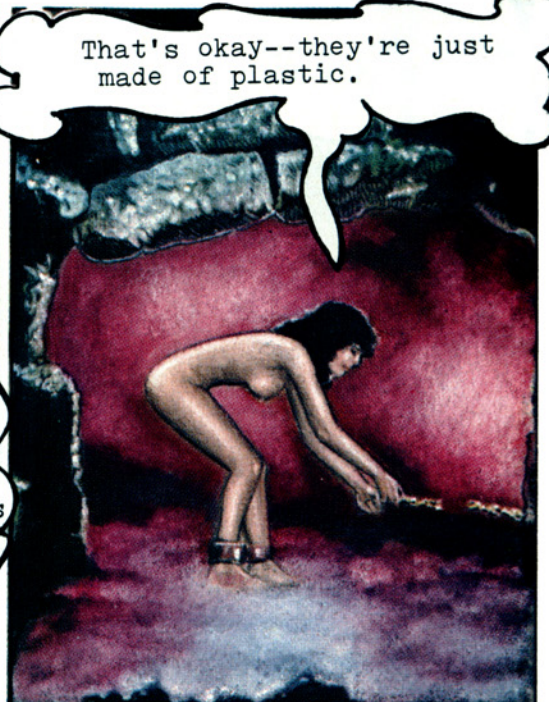
He wants to use Adolf for photo opportunities when the Dominoes attack the Black Pandas tomorrow.

We've got to escape and warn them.



I'll get something to smash your chains with.

That's okay--they're just made of plastic.





Then why did you keep them on all this time?



Because it's fun-- haven't you ever heard of the Story of O?"



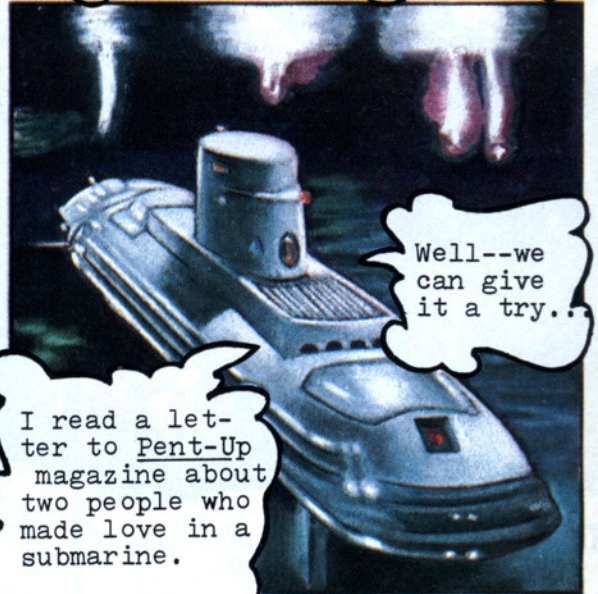
How are we going to get out of here?

Let's steal the submarine.

We crept aboard as quietly as mice--



--but once inside, we couldn't start the engine.



Well--we can give it a try..

I read a letter to Pent-Up magazine about two people who made love in a submarine.



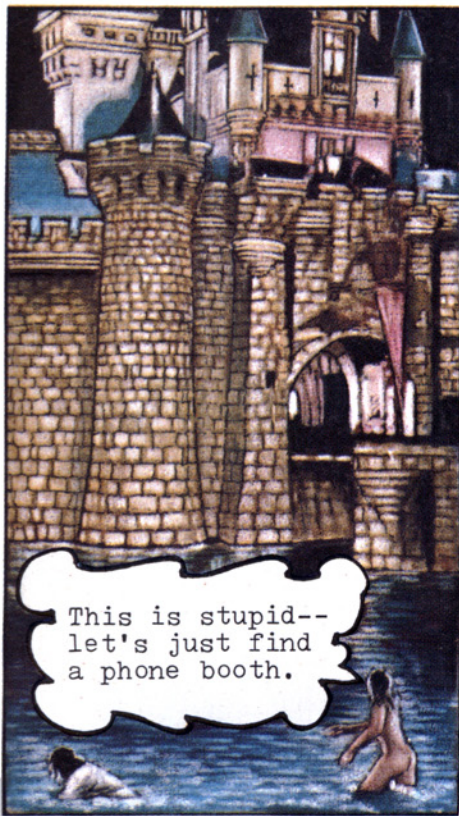
Hey, be careful! The boat's tilting!



We're going to sink!



Have you thought about cancelling your subscription?



This is stupid--
let's just find
a phone booth.

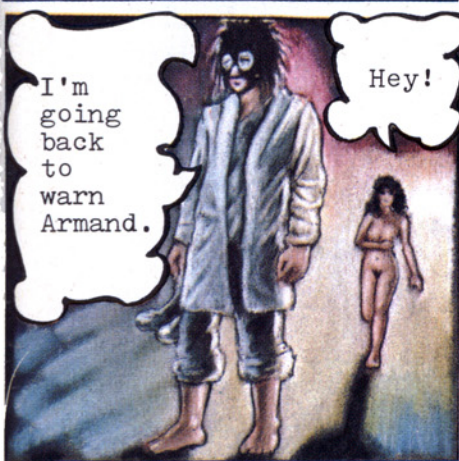


What did they
say?

To wait here.
They're planning
a dawn attack.



Now where are
you going?



I'm
going
back
to
warn
Armand.

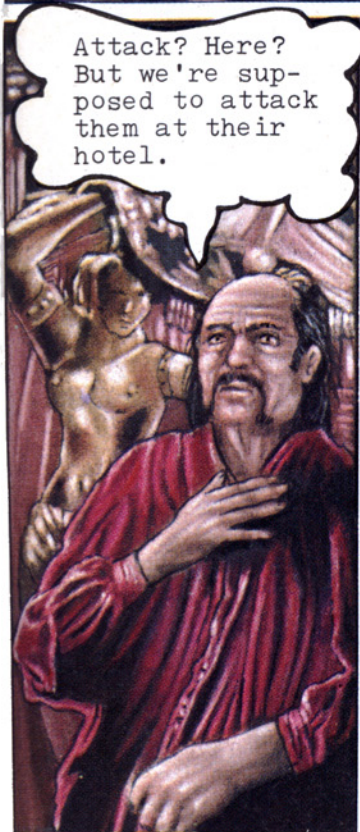
Hey!



Are you crazy? You're
going to screw up a
fantastic story!



Wake up, Armand!
The Black Pandas
are going to
attack!



Attack? Here?
But we're sup-
posed to attack
them at their
hotel.



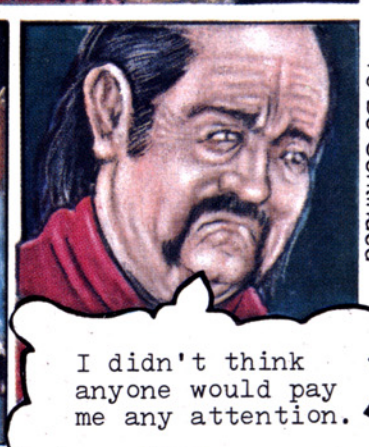
The Black
Pandas are
at the main
gate! Shall
I give the
order to fire?



We can't do that.
I--I hate violence.



Jesus Christ!
If you hate
violence,
why did you
start a
secret army
to take
over the
world?

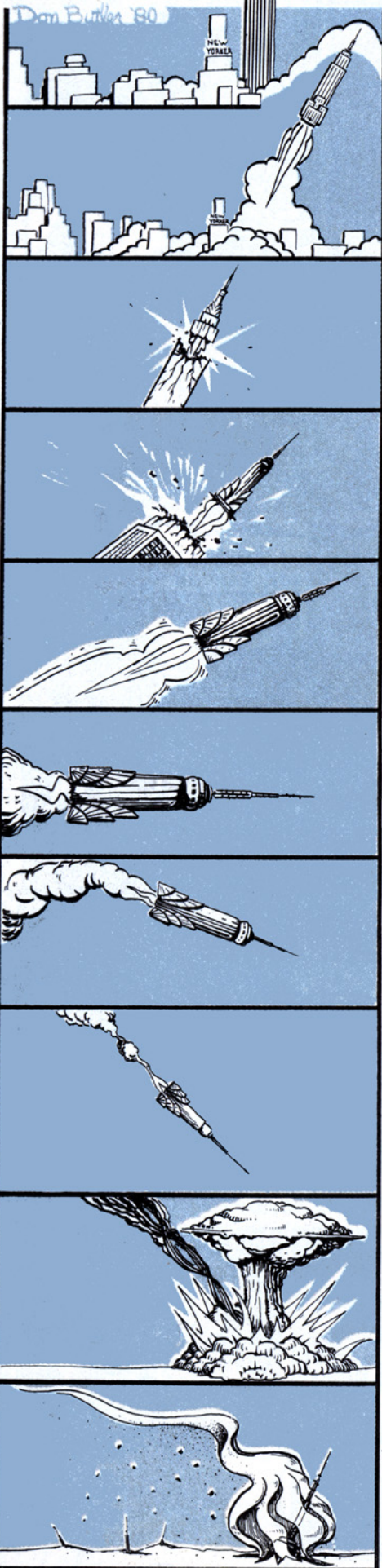


I didn't think
anyone would pay
me any attention.

To Be Continued

GROWS THE EMPIRE BACK

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Harry North's bird's-eye view of the streets of London: how true is it?

Juan Gimenez took time off from his stint on the *Heavy Metal* movie to grace these pages with a gutsy strip, **Goodbye Soldiers**.

For a bit of *reality*, Victor Bockris tangles with incubi and succubi, who stimulate not only sexually but also mentally.

Plus a new Caza wonder and Esteban Maroto on the cover.

Until then...

In the basement of a university medical school Dr. Jessup floats naked in total darkness. The most terrifying experiment in the history of science is out of control...and the subject is himself.



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