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Adapted from Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur* by Rospo Pallenberg

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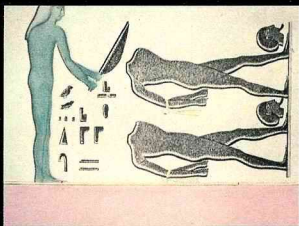
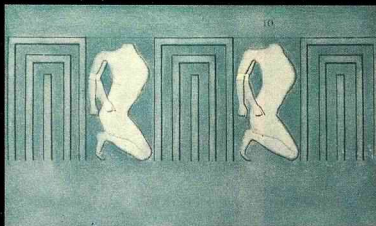
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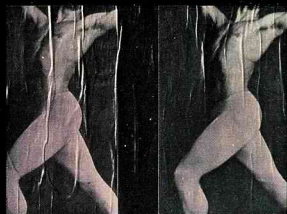
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IMMORTALITY



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ak the Chains! Break the Chains! Bre

"To me the only success, the only greatness, is immortality."

—James Dean, quoted in *James Dean: The Mutant King*, by David Dalton

The colonel beams at the crowd...pomaded, manicured, he wears the satisfied expression of one who has just sold the widow a fraudulent peach orchard. "Folks, we're here to sell the only thing worth selling or worth buying and that's immortality. Now here is the simplest solution and well on the way. Just replace the worn-out parts and keep the old heap on the road indefinitely."

As transplant techniques are perfected and refined, the age-old dream of immortality is now within the grasp of mankind. But who is to decide out of a million applicants for the same heart? There simply aren't enough parts to go around. You need the job lot once a year to save 20 percent, folks. Big executives use a heart a month just as regular as clockwork. Warlords, paying off their soldiers in livers and kidneys and genitals, depopulate whole areas. Vast hospital cities cover the land; the air-conditioned hospital palaces of the rich radiate out to field hospitals and open-air operating booths.

The poor are rising in huge mobs. They are attacking government warehouses where the precious parts are stored. Everyone who can afford it has dogs and guards to protect himself from roving bands of

parts hunters, like the dreaded Wild Doctors, who operate on each other after the battle, cutting the warm quivering parts from the dead and dying. Cut-and-grab men dart out of doorways and hack out a kidney with a few expert strokes of their four-inch scalpels. People have lost all shame. Here's a man who sold his daughter's last kidney to buy himself a new groin—appears on TV to appeal for funds to buy little Sally an artificial kidney and give her this last Christmas. On his arm is a curvaceous blond known apparently as Bubbles. She calls him Long John; now isn't that cute?

A flourishing black market in parts grows up in the gutted cities devastated by parts riots. In terrible slums, scenes from Brueghel and Bosch are reenacted; misshapen masses of rotten scar tissue crawling with maggots supported on crutches and canes, in wheel-chairs and carts. Brutal-as-butchers practitioners operate without anesthetic in open-air booths surrounded by their bloody knives and saws.

The poor wait in parts lines for diseased genitals, a cancerous lung, a cirrhotic liver. They crawl towards the operating booths holding forth nameless things in bottles that they think are usable parts. Shameless swindlers who buy up operating garbage in job lots prey on the unwary.

And here is Mr. Rich Parts. He is three hundred years old. He is still subject to accidental death, and the mere thought of it throws him into paroxysms of idiot terror. For days he cowers in his bunker, two hundred feet down in solid rock, food for fifty years. A trip from one city to another requires months of sifting and checking computerized plans and alternate routes to avoid the possibility of an

accident. His idiotic cowardice knows no bounds. There he sits, looking like a Chimu vase with a thick layer of smooth purple scar tissue. Encased as he is in this armor, his movements are slow and hydraulic. It takes him ten minutes to sit down. This layer gets thicker and thicker right down to the bone—the doctors have to operate with power tools. So we leave Mr. Rich Parts and the picturesque parts people their monument, a mountain of scar tissue.

As L. Ron Hubbard, founder of Scientology, said: "The rightest right a man could be would be to live infinitely wrong." I wrote "wrong" for "long" and the slip is significant—for the means by which immortality is realized in science fiction, which will soon be science fact, are indeed infinitely wrong, the wrongest wrong a man can be, vampiric or worse.

Improved transplant techniques open the question whether the ego itself could be transplanted from one body to another, and the further question as to exactly where this entity resides. Here is Mr. Hart, a trillionaire dedicated to his personal immortality. Where is this thing called Mr. Hart? Precisely where, in the human nervous system, does this ugly death-sucking, death-dealing, death-fearing thing reside? Science gives only a tentative answer: the "ego" seems to be located in the midbrain at the top of the head. "Well," he thinks, "couldn't we just scoop it out of a healthy youth, throw him in the garbage where it belongs, and slide in MEEEEEEEE?" So he starts looking for a brain surgeon, a "scrambled egg" man, and he wants the best. When it comes to a short-order job old Doc Zeit is tops. He can switch eggs in an alley.

Mr. Hart embodies the competitive, acquisitive, success-minded spirit that formulated American capitalism. The logical extension of this ugly spirit is criminal. Success is its own justification. He who succeeds deserves to succeed; he is RIGHT. The operation is a success. The doctors have discreetly withdrawn. When a man wakes up in a beautiful new bod, he can flip out. It wouldn't pay to be a witness. Mr. Hart stands up and stretches luxuriously in his new body. He runs his hands over the lean young muscle where his potbelly used to be. All that remains of the donor is a blob of gray matter in a dish. Mr. Hart puts his hands on his hips and leans over the blob.

"And how wrong can you be? DEAD."

He spits on it and he spits ugly.

The final convulsions of a universe based on quantitative factors, like money, junk, and time, would seem to be at hand. The time approaches when no amount of money will buy anything and time itself will run out.

This is a parable of vampirism gone berserk. But all vampiric blueprints for immortality are wrong not only from the ethical standpoint. They are ultimately unworkable. In *Space Vampires* Colin Wilson speaks of benign vampires. Take a little, leave a little. But they always take more than they leave by the basic nature of the vampire process of inconspicuous but inexorable consumption. The vampire converts quality—live blood, vitality, youth, talent—into quantity—food and time for himself. He perpetrates the most basic betrayal of the spirit, reducing all human dreams to his shit. And that's the wrongest wrong a man can be.

Personal immortality in a physical body is impossible, since a physical body exists in time and time is that which ends. When someone says he wants to live forever, he forgets that forever is a time word. All three-dimensional immortality projects, to say the least, are ill-advised, since they always immerse the aspirant deeper in time.

The tiresome concept of personal immortality is predicated on the illusion of some unchangeable precious essence: greedy old MEEEEEEEE forever. But as the Buddhists say, there is no MEEEEEEEE, no unchanging ego.

What we think of as our ego is defensive reaction, just as the symptoms of an illness—fever, swelling, sweating—are the body's reaction to an invading organism. Our beloved ego, arising from the rotten weeds of lust and fear and anger, has no more continuity than a fever sweat. There is no ego; only a shifting process as unreal as the Cities of the Odor Eaters that dissolve in rain. A moment's introspection demonstrates that we are not the same as we were a year ago or a week ago. "What ever possessed me to do that?"

A step toward rational immortality is to break down the concept of a separate personal, and therefore inexorably mortal, ego. This

opens many doors. Your spirit could reside in a number of bodies, not as some hideous parasite draining the host, but as helpful little visitor. "Roger the Lodger. . . don't take up much room. . . show you a trick or two. . . never overstay my welcome."

Take fifty photos of the same person over an hour. Some of them will look so unlike the subject as to be unrecognizable. And some of them will look like some other person. "Why, he looks just like Khrushchev with one gold tooth peeking out."

The illusion of a separate, inviolable identity limits your perceptions and confines you in time. You live in other people and other people live in you—"visiting," we call it—and of course it's ever so much easier with one's Clonies.

When I first heard about cloning I thought, what a *fruitful* concept: why, one could be in a hundred different places at once and *experience* everything the other clones did. I am amazed at the outcry against this good thing not only from men of the cloth but also from scientists, the very scientists whose patient research has brought cloning within our grasp. The very thought of a clone disturbs these learned gentlemen. Like cattle on the verge of stampede, they paw the ground moaning apprehensively. "Selfness is an essential fact of life. The thought of human nonselfness is terrifying."

Terrifying to *whom*? Speak for yourself, you timorous old beastie cowering in your eternal lavatory. Too many scientists seem to be ignorant of the most rudimentary spiritual concepts. They tend to be suspicious, bristly, paranoid-type people with huge egos they push around like some elephantiasis victim with his distended testicles in a wheelbarrow, terrified, no doubt, that some skulking ingrate-of-a-clone student will sneak into their very brains and steal their genius work. The unfairness of it brings tears to his eyes as he peers anxiously through his bifocals.

Cloning isn't ego gone berserk. On the contrary, cloning is the end of the ego. For the first time, the spirit of man will be able to separate itself from the human machine, to see it and use it as a machine. He is no longer identified with one special Me machine. The human organism has become an artifact he can use like a plane, a boat, or a space capsule.

The poet John Giorno wondered if maybe a clone of a clone of a clone would just phase out into white noise like copies of copies of tape. As Count Korzybski used to say: "I don't know, let's see."

But ultimately, I postulate, true immortality can be found only in space. Space exploration is the only goal worth striving for. Over the hills and far away. You will know your enemies by those who attempt to block your path. Vampiric monopolists would keep you in time like their cattle. "It's a good thing cows don't fly," they say with an evil chuckle. The evil, intelligent Slave Gods.

The glibble, confused, and stupid pose an equal threat owing to the obstructive potential of their vast numbers. I have an interesting slip in my scrapbook. News clipping from the *Boulder Camera*. Picture of an old woman with a death's-head, false-teeth smile. She is speaking for the Women's Christian Temperance Union. "WE OPPOSE CHILD ABUSE, INTEMPERANCE, AND IMMORTALITY."

The way to immortality is in space, and Christianity is buried under slag heaps of dead dogma, sniveling prayers; and empty prayers must oppose immortality in space as the counterfeit always fears and hates the real thing. Resurgent Islam. . . born-again Christians. . . creeds outworn. . . excess baggage. . . 'raus 'mit!

Immortality is prolonged future, and the future of any artifact lies in the direction of increased flexibility capacity for change and ultimately mutation. Immortality may be seen as a by-product of function: "to shine in use." Mutation involves changes that are literally unimaginable from the perspective of the future mutant. Cold-blooded, nondreaming creatures living in the comparatively weightless medium of water could not conceive of breathing air, dreaming, and experiencing the force of gravity as a basic fact of life. There will be new fears like the fear of falling, new pleasures, and new necessities. There are distinct advantages to living in a supportive medium like water. Mutation is not a matter of logical choices.

The human mutants must take a step into the unknown, a step that no human being has ever taken before.

"We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

EDITORIAL



Another balmy day after a night of heavy rain, shiny cold streets, and a moody cab ride home: right out of the pages of this very magazine. But, about the new year, and the growth of *Heavy Metal*: like the now divorced parents of it all, *Les Humanoides Associés* (i.e., *associés* — related to; *humanoides* — like-human-but-not-the-same-as), this is a magazine defined more readily by what it isn't than by what it is. Entering its fifth year of publication, *HM* always offers the unexpected, and we sorta like that. We can always experiment and never feel as if we've broken a promise.

Okay, so we've got the who of it down pat. Corben is still going strong, and there's more Drulllet to come, and Caza, Crepax, Bilal, Wrightson, and Chaykin, among others. And some who ain't here for the moment but will be back. Within the next few months, *Heavy Metal* will also publish some new European finds. Milo Manera, a young Italian artist, will make his American debut here. And Fernando Fernandez, the well-known Spanish fantasist, will adorn these pages. The European legacy remains. Fantasy. Science fiction. The absurd. The surreal. And a quality that descends from *bandes dessinées*, a French term that means maturity in a graphic, narrative form. *Heavy Metal*, in a sense, stands like a coin propped upright, precariously balanced.

And the coin could fall either way: toward being more of a magazine that in the coming months becomes an extension of the pop culture and acts with a sense of cultural significance. Or it could topple the other way. *HM* could remain a cult item, cherished by a few but smothered by the silence. We would prefer the former course, even if it does risk (as has happened in other magazines) popularization to the point of being pabulum. A fanzine this isn't: all it's predicated on refutes that. As an aesthetic replete with its own values, *bande dessinée* performs a neat sleight of hand with various McLuhanesque dicta about the postliterate culture and the message-izing of the medium. The brain tricks played here are of a certain kind: the immediacy of image and the deep mental action of print. Be ignited by it, or don't take it seriously at all, but it's no mere cultural juvenilia. And it takes a bunch of snail eaters like the French to figure it out. Howabout that?

We know how much our lives are shaped by the arts; after all, it was the American public that elected an actor as president. As we begin to consider every manner of guest essay, new concepts using print and paper, and a solid stand behind our new review section (premiering next month), we're talking *Heavy Metal* talk. We're speaking the language of this magazine, because we're talking about quality—an attitude. A tone like a clear note ringing in the head, banging against radiant, resonant heavy metal.

The Eds

CHAIN MAIL

The following are four letters commenting on Harlan Ellison's "Fear Not Your Enemies" (HM, March 1981). The letters are unanswered. We decided to run them as is, with no last word or rebuttal from Mr. Ellison or our staff. We had our say; now it's your turn.

Dear Heavy:

I have never read anything so pointed and direct as Harlan Ellison's "Fear Not Your Enemies" (*Heavy Metal*, March). Indeed, it was a shock; I was confronted with an illumination of my psyche of almost six years ago when at age twenty I helped murder a man with a handgun. Ellison's portrayal of unlikely murderers is quite true, and fittingly describes many men I have known during my imprisonment.

Edward Yashinsky aptly placed much of the burden of guilt on the evil of indifference, while Ellison, reflecting on President Reagan's comment, hits hard at the central core, and is a vivid picture of the state of the situation on violence in this country. Yes, I'm guilty, much more so than most. But here's one who will be contacting Handgun Control, Incorporated.

As Ellison says, don't cry and moan for John Lennon and the multitude of others slain. I won't say I never cried for my victim, but does it help? Of course not. Since I am fortunate to be alive I can help kill indifference rather than people. The availability and abundance of handguns and their easy access is staggering when realized. My realization of it led to the untimely and wanton death of a man I never knew, and my sobering is guaranteed to continue for several years as my stay in prison continues. But this is not my story. This is to further credit Harlan Ellison and his commentary. Perhaps my hindsight may shore up worthy credibility to Ellison's perception, but a message is essentially needed to be given to all you would-be killers: you are already guilty, and Ellison has given you prudent advice, so do something about it.

Your life may depend on it, so don't lower yourself as I did.

Dan L. Rea
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Heavy Metal,

Excuse me for living. Pardon my soul for buying my favorite magazine each month and reading it from cover to cover. I ask forgiveness from the Great White Harlan Ellison. His essay, in the March issue, confirms my belief that if you make something sound even remotely reasonable, use sensationalism to the max, and have a name that is already well known, you can get anything printed!

While it is regrettable that thousands of people die every day from the use of handguns, may I point out that people have been killing other people—innocent or otherwise—for thousands of years. Granted, a gun makes it a much easier and more impersonal death, but it is death just the same. Take away the guns and man will find other means

of killing his fellow man.

Does Mr. Ellison really believe that if we all get together and pool our hard-earned and much sweated over dollars in Washington, he, we, a group, or *anybody* is going to change human nature? Harlan, my boy, if you believe that, you are a bigger asshole than you believe us readers of *Heavy Metal* to be.

In case you haven't noticed, people of every size, shape, and social class commit these crimes: from the high-class asshole who watches "art films," to the stupid shit-head who watches the "Dudes of Hazzard," to the readers of *Heavy Metal*. Your wasting two pages of my favorite magazine to call me a "good li'l heavymetal baby with Teflon'd nostrils" and complain about a quirk of human nature that's been a part of man since man has been on earth is the biggest well-written line of shit that I've ever read.

Steve McCormick
Germantown, Ohio

Dear *Heavy Metal* Folk:

Harlan Ellison's piece in your March issue prompts me to leave the silent majority of your readers and ask a question. Why print Mr. Ellison's diatribe? It addresses only a small portion of an immensely complex social problem, and does so in a needlessly vulgar manner.

From a personal standpoint, I am unimpressed with both his arguments and his ranting prose. Having already been treated to an essay on why he doesn't like his readers, I'm not surprised by his latest article. Clearly he feels the readership of *Heavy Metal* is composed of people who communicate solely in four-letter words, if at all.

I hate to collapse your house of cards, Harlan, but there are people out here who consider themselves at least on your level of compassion and understanding; some of them own handguns.

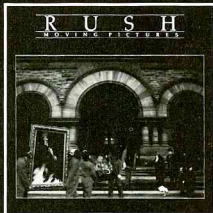
We do agree on one thing, though. John Lennon's death has no more value than do the hundreds of others that occur weekly in this country. We differ in our thoughts of what to do about it.

The Constitution of the United States grants the citizenry of this country the right to keep and bear arms. It makes no provision for the invasion of another person's life with those arms. President Reagan has a valid idea, perhaps the only one advanced so far: maximum, brutal sentences for those who commit crimes with weapons of any kind. This kind of deterrent will give the small-time professional criminal something to consider. You're right, Harlan, it won't do anything for the "crazy." But I think there are considerably fewer crazies than you'd like to believe.

The majority of handgun owners, myself included, are responsible citizens. We maintain our weapons, and our proficiency with them, as a sport and against the day when... God forbid... they represent the only practical way out of a life-threatening emergency.

Like it or not, Harlan, we live in a time when our societal structure fails to protect us. This is not the fault of the police, who can react only "after the fact." Much of the blame

Catch the mist. Catch the myth. Catch the mystery. Catch the drift.*



Catch "Moving Pictures." The new album from Rush.

Rush threw everything they had into their new rock 'n' roll masterpiece, "Moving Pictures." Can you catch it all?

RUSH APPEARS ON ANTHEM RECORDS IN CANADA.

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must be shared by a court system that places more value in the rights of the criminal than in those of the victim. It is the legacy of liberal government.

I have no intention of sending a donation to Handgun Control. Instead I'll spend more time perfecting my skills and passing them on to others, in the hopes of preventing a few of the accidental shootings that are bound to happen when the uninstructed handle firearms.

Mr. Ellison, I don't object that you have an opinion different from mine. I would defend your right to it, as the Constitution directs me to do. I do object to your self-righteous, vulgar airing of it in a magazine that I read with continued pleasure.

So, in closing ... in words I think you'll understand:

Listen up yourself, punk. Just 'cause you've discovered fuck... son of a bitch... and asshole, don't make you right. Just 'cause you've learned to make a loud noise in print don't make you even half-right.

Harly, baby... when you can guarantee me and mine the ability to walk unmolested through your new Utopia, you can have my guns. 'Til then, gasbag, you'll get 'em by prying them from my cold, dead hand.

Your spew of an article tells us you've had a tough time (I'm genuinely sorry for that); so have some of the rest of us. It ain't going to happen again, not without a fight. You can buck the odds if you want to... good luck. Go splash blood and words somewhere else, or maybe join the Moral Majority. They really

dig on stump thumping.

Sincerely,
M. C. Dixon

Dear Mr. Ellison,

First of all, this is *not* a shitty little letter telling you how concerned I am and bitching because you ragged all of the readers of *Heavy Metal* out. Your treatise was obnoxious, but very effective. It got me so pissed off at you that I wrote a check and mailed it that day. I had had the address on the wall for about two weeks, meaning to do it when I got some more money, but you know how that goes—there never seems to be enough. So I finally cleaned out my bank account, regardless of the consequences. But does the fact that I wrote the Handgun Control people a check automatically exclude me from the "big conspiracy" headed by our dear Uncle Ron? I will grant you that it is a start, but is that all it takes?

You might ask the Handgun Control people what kind of response they got after the March issue came out. I would be interested. But I wonder if it will be enough. I just don't know. All we can do is hope that the people of this country will come out from behind their TV sets long enough to see what we are becoming, and do something about it. But don't hold your breath.

Sincerely yours,
Laura S. Wamelink

ROBERT E. HOWARD'S

BLOODSTAR

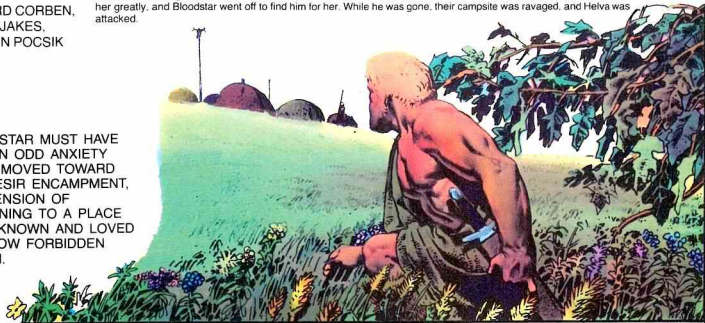
BY RICHARD CORBEN,

JOHN JAKES,

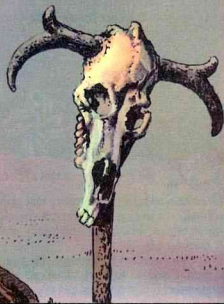
AND JOHN POCSIK

Brought before Byrdag, Bloodstar was forced to walk the Jaws of Ymir. Though he survived, he was banished from the encampment. On his journey to nowhere in particular, he met Grom and Helva, and together they set up camp. Soon afterward, Helva gave birth to their child, and the four of them lived in solitary bliss. The absence of Helva's father upset her greatly, and Bloodstar went off to find him for her. While he was gone, their campsite was ravaged, and Helva was attacked.

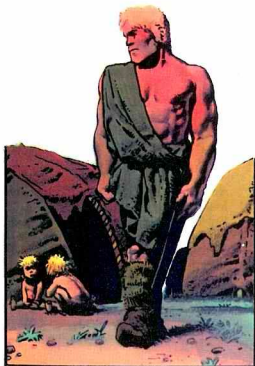
BLOODSTAR MUST HAVE FELT AN ODD ANXIETY AS HE MOVED TOWARD THE AESIR ENCAMPMENT, THE TENSION OF RETURNING TO A PLACE ONCE KNOWN AND LOVED AND NOW FORBIDDEN TO HIM.



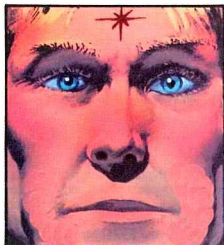
I WATCHED HIM WALK FORWARD, BOLDLY. ALL OF THE AESIR WARRIORS WERE OUT HUNTING. THE VILLAGE WAS QUIET.



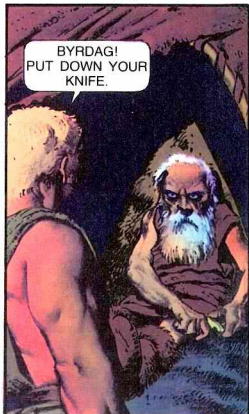
A FEW CHILDREN SAW HIM, BUT GAVE NO ALARM.



WHAT MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH HIS MIND? HAD THE OLD MAN DIED? OR HAD HE LOST HIS CHIEFTAINSHIP? HIS HEART POUNDING, BLOODSTAR APPROACHED THE WAR CHIEF'S TENT.—



BYRDAG!
PUT DOWN YOUR
KNIFE.





WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE,
DEFILER?
YOUR LIFE IS
FORFEIT.

BECAUSE OF HELVA,
OLD ONE. SHE
WISHES TO SEE YOU.



MY DAUGHTER?
WHERE IS SHE?

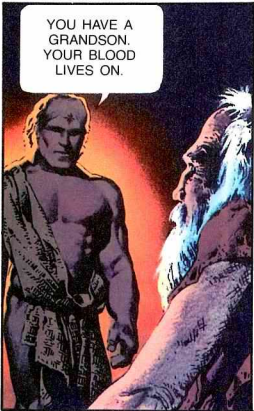
A PLACE NOT
FAR. WE CAN BE
THERE BY EVENTIDE.
I WILL
CARRY YOU.



FOOLISH GIRL
WHO THREW EVERYTHING
AWAY! WHY SHOULD
I WISH TO SEE
HER NOW?

I CAN THINK OF ONE
SMALL REASON, BYRDAG.

EH?



YOU HAVE A
GRANDSON.
YOUR BLOOD
LIVES ON.



GET YOUR HANDS
OFF ME! THE WAR CHIEF
OF THE AESIR CAN
STILL WALK!



I HEARD A LOW
RUMBLE JUST NOW.
WE'D BEST HASTEN
IF WE DON'T WANT
THE STORM
TO OVERTAKE US.

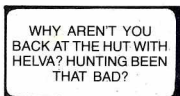
THE QUIET WAS
OPPRESSIVE. I FELT THE
WEIGHT OF THE HEAVENS
NEARLY BURST OPEN
WITH THE DELUGE.



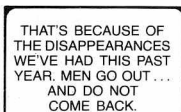


I SEE SOMETHING
MOVING IN THE SHADOWS.
'WARE PHANTOMS!

HOLD!
IT'S ONLY POOR
GROM!



WHY AREN'T YOU
BACK AT THE HUT WITH
HELVA? HUNTING BEEN
THAT BAD?



THAT'S BECAUSE OF
THE DISAPPEARANCES
WE'VE HAD THIS PAST
YEAR. MEN GO OUT...
AND DO NOT
COME BACK.

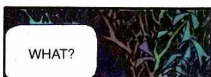


SOMETHING
STRANGE IS GOING
ON, BLOODSTAR.
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE
TO HIT A THING.
THE GAME IS
UNNATURALLY ALERT
AND FRIGHTENED...
AND I'VE HAD TO DUCK
AESIR HUNTERS, TOO!
THEY'RE TRAVELING
IN GROUPS OF FOUR
AND FIVE TO THE
EAST OF HERE.



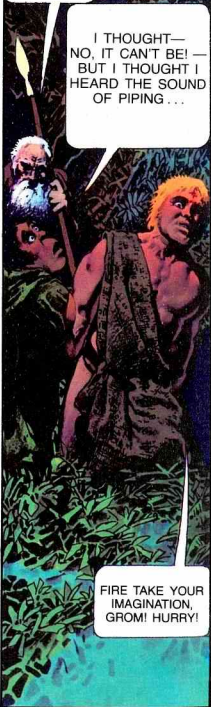
WE'D BETTER
HURRY BACK.
SHE SHOULDN'T
BE LEFT ALONE.

WAIT
A MOMENT.
LISTEN!



WHAT?

I THOUGHT—
NO, IT CAN'T BE! —
BUT I THOUGHT I
HEARD THE SOUND
OF PIPING...



FIRE TAKE YOUR
IMAGINATION,
GROM! HURRY!

BLOODSTAR, WIDE-EYED, DASHED INTO THE GATHERING DARKNESS WHILE I GUIDED BYRDAG.

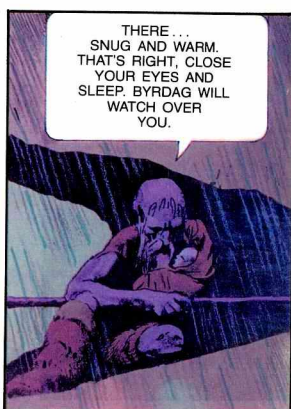
HELVA!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

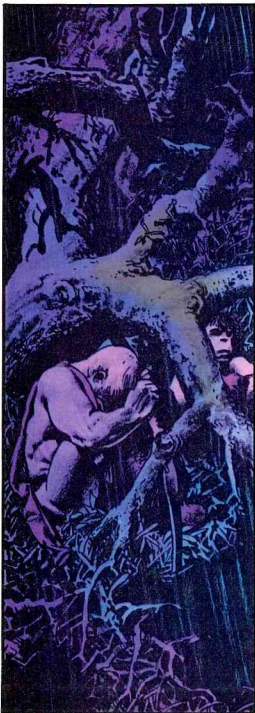
SSSSSS KRAKABOOM!

HELVA!

SHE'S GONE, GROM!
SHE'S BEEN TAKEN! AND
LITTLE BLOODSTAR
TOO!



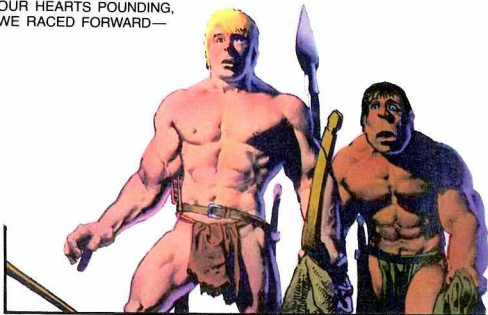
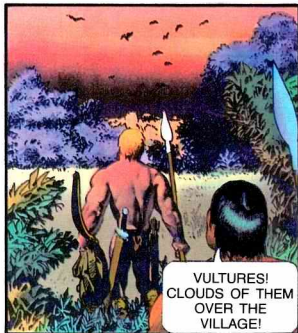




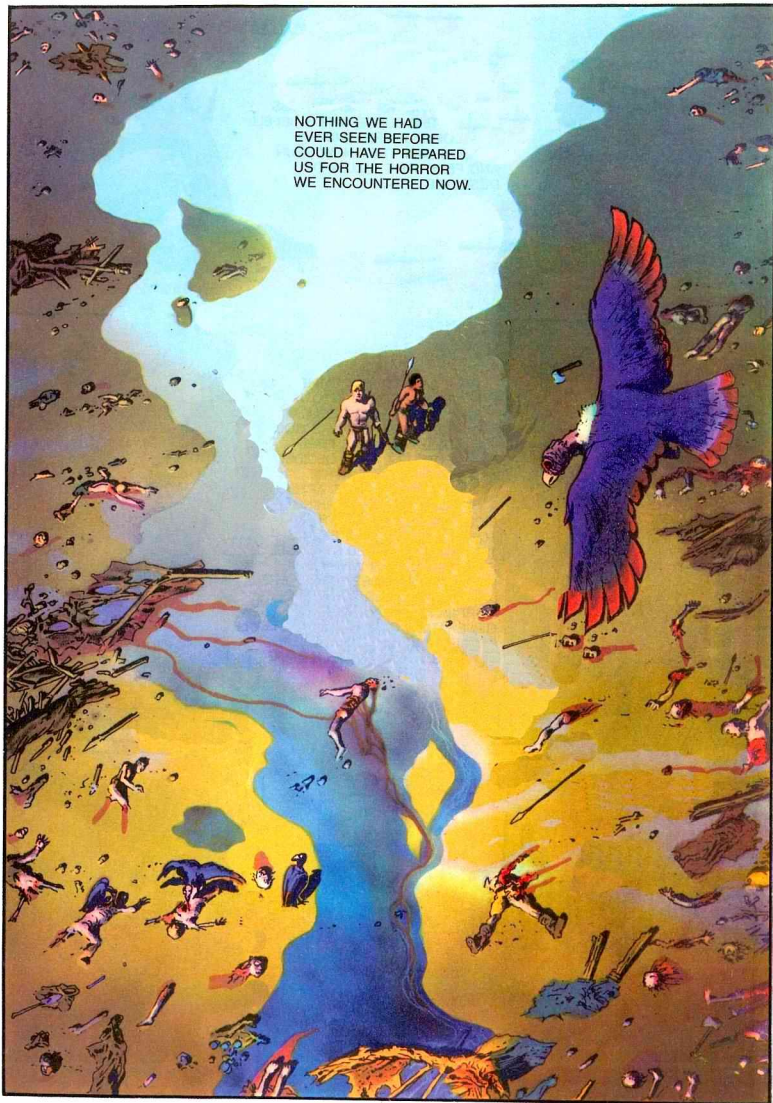
WE PASSED A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, COLD AND CRAMPED, AMID THE TANGLED ROOTS OF A FOREST GIANT. I HEARD MY FRIEND'S QUIET SOBS ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

AT FIRST LIGHT, WE EMERGED FROM THE DRIPPING TREES TO RENEW THE SEARCH. BUT WHATEVER TRAIL THERE WAS HAD BEEN WASHED AWAY. WE RANGED THE GRASSLANDS, LOOKING FOR SOME SIGN. AT LAST, WEARY AND DEPRESSED, BLOODSTAR DECIDED TO LOOK IN THE VICINITY OF THE AESIR ENCAMPMENT. IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW—

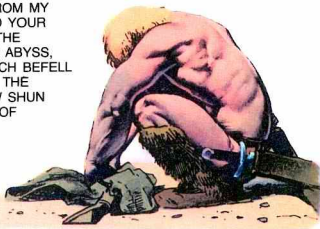
OUR HEARTS POUNDING, WE RACED FORWARD—



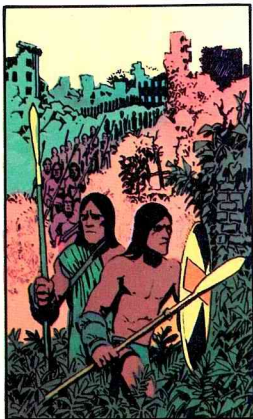
NOTHING WE HAD
EVER SEEN BEFORE
COULD HAVE PREPARED
US FOR THE HORROR
WE ENCOUNTERED NOW.



THE CARNAGE AROUND US CALLED TO MIND ANOTHER SCENE OF NIGHTMARE TRAGEDY FROM MY OWN YOUTH, AND I TOLD YOUR FATHER THE STORY OF THE KING OF THE NORTHERN ABYSS, AND OF THE CURSE WHICH BEFELL MY PEOPLE THERE, AND THE REASON WHY THEY NOW SHUN AND FEAR THAT VALLEY OF DESOLATE RUINS.



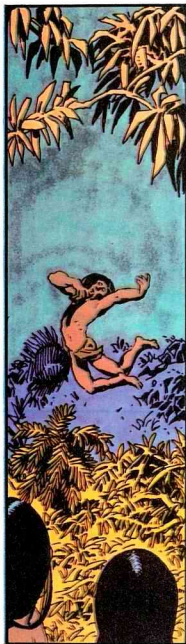
ONCE, I SAID TO HIM, FATHER'S FATHERS WANDERED INTO THAT VALLEY FROM THEIR REGULAR TERRITORY. HUNTING WAS GOOD, SINCE THE AREA WAS FREE OF PREDATORS. THEY DECIDED TO SETTLE THERE IN THAT PEACEFUL VALLEY. BUT AFTER A FEW WEEKS, A WITHERING SICKNESS CAME OVER THEM. SOME DIED, AND THE ENTIRE CLAN WAS AFFECTED STRANGELY. OFFSPRING BORN WITHIN THE SHADOWS OF THOSE WALLS WERE DELIVERED EITHER DEAD OR HORRIBLY DEFORMED. THE NEW GENERATION OF JUNGLE PEOPLE DIFFERED VASTLY FROM THEIR PARENTS. OF SUCH STOCK CAME I.



SUDDENLY SOMETHING
TOWERED BEHIND HIM—

ONE DAY, ONE OF THE
WARRIORS WHO HAD THE
SICKNESS, BUT LIVED,
WAS EXPLORING THE
CRUMBLING BUILDINGS,
WHERE HE DISCOVERED A
SEEMINGLY BOTTOMLESS
WELL.

SOMETHING OVERCAME
HIM THERE, SOMETHING
WHICH TOOK OVER HIS
MIND. HE RETURNED
TO OUR CAMP OUTSIDE
THE WALLS, LEAPING
HIGH INTO THE AIR IN
A DANCE OF MADNESS.
ALL THE WHILE HE
PLAYED A HYPNOTIC
MELODY ON HIS PIPES.



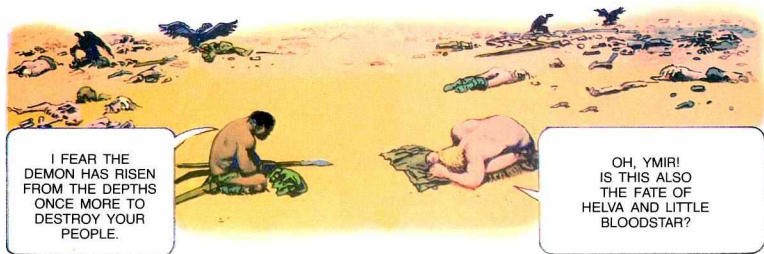
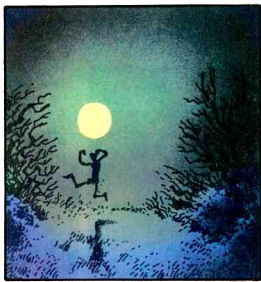
HIS COMRADES SHOUTED
IN FEAR. HE GIBBERED
AND DROOLED AND
CACKLED INSANELY AS
HE DANCED. HIS EYES
ROLLED UP IN THEIR
SOCKETS.



THE PULSING HORROR FLOWED INTO OUR MIDST, CRUSHING AND MANGLING. IT DEVoured WHOLE GROUPS. I REMEMBER MY MOTHER FLED OUT OF THE VALLEY WITH THE REST. BEHIND US, THE MONSTER FEASTED. I CAN STILL HEAR THE DARKNESS SHATTERED BY THE SCREAMS OF ITS VICTIMS.

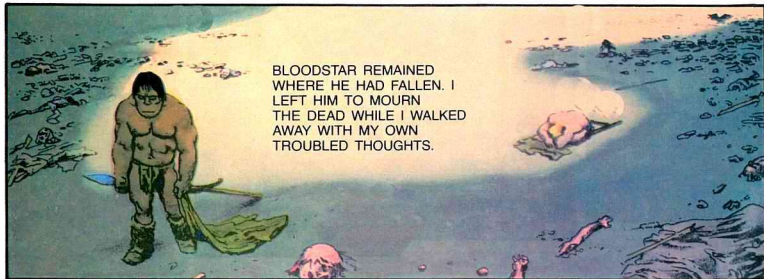


THE PITIFUL REMNANTS OF MY TRIBE AVOIDED THE PLACE AFTER THAT. BUT THEY WATCHED ITS BORDERS, LEST SOMETHING CREEP OUT OF THE NIGHT AFTER THEM. FOR MONTHS AFTERWARD THE MAD PIPER COULD BE SEEN DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT AS HE TRIED TO LURE US BACK.



I FEAR THE DEMON HAS RISEN FROM THE DEPTHS ONCE MORE TO DESTROY YOUR PEOPLE.

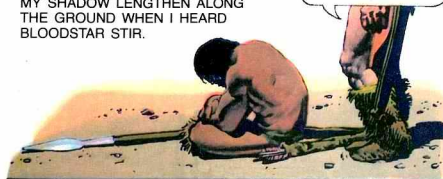
OH, YMIR! IS THIS ALSO THE FATE OF HELVA AND LITTLE BLOODSTAR?



BLOODSTAR REMAINED WHERE HE HAD FALLEN. I LEFT HIM TO MOURN THE DEAD WHILE I WALKED AWAY WITH MY OWN TROUBLED THOUGHTS.

AS THAT DREADFUL DAY PASSED, TOWARD RAVEN DUSK, I CROUCHED, HOPING FOR SOME SIGN OF LIFE. EVEN THE CARRION BIRDS WERE FRIGHTENED. I WAS WATCHING MY SHADOW LENGTHEN ALONG THE GROUND WHEN I HEARD BLOODSTAR STIR.

COME, MY FRIEND,
LET'S LEAVE.
I KNOW WHAT I
MUST DO NOW.



I CAN'T
LEAVE THEM LIKE
THIS. HELP ME
BUILD A FUNERAL
PYRE.



IT WAS HARD WORK TO FIND WOOD DRY ENOUGH TO BURN. I SHUDDERED AS WE GATHERED THOSE PITIFUL HUMAN REMAINS AND PLACED THEM ON THE PYRE.

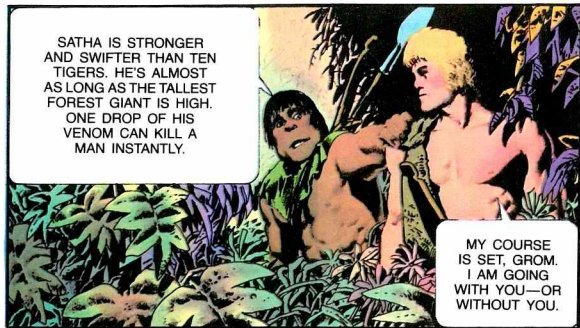


IT IS DONE!
NOW I MUST FIND
SATHA. I NEED
HIS POISON FOR THE
TASK I HAVE
IN MIND.

I SILENTLY FOLLOWED YOUR FATHER BACK INTO THE FOREST, CERTAIN HE HAD GONE MAD WITH GRIEF. BUT HE MUST HAVE SENSED MY THOUGHTS, FOR HE PLACED HIS HAND UPON MY SHOULDER AND ASSURED ME THAT HIS MIND WAS STILL HIS OWN. A DAY AND A NIGHT'S MARCH TOOK US DEEP INTO THE SEETHING, ROTTING SWAMP.



SATHA IS STRONGER
AND SWIFTER THAN TEN
TIGERS. HE'S ALMOST
AS LONG AS THE TALLEST
FOREST GIANT IS HIGH.
ONE DROP OF HIS
VENOM CAN KILL A
MAN INSTANTLY.



MY COURSE
IS SET, GROM.
I AM GOING
WITH YOU—OR
WITHOUT YOU.



THEN I THINK
IT TIME WE PAINT
OURSELVES AND SING
OUR DEATH SONGS
TO YOUR GOD AND
MINE.

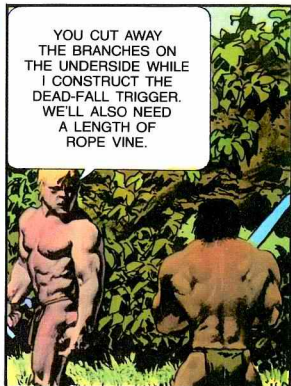


I DON'T
SING TO ZEG, AND
I'VE NO INTENTION
OF DYING—YET!

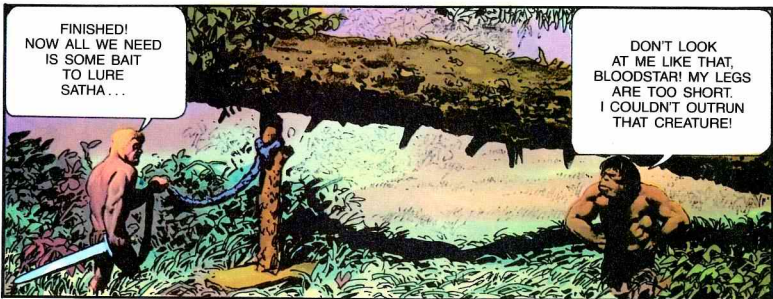


AH!
THIS IS WHAT
I WANT. LET'S
MAKE SOME AXES
AND WE'LL FELL
THAT TREE.



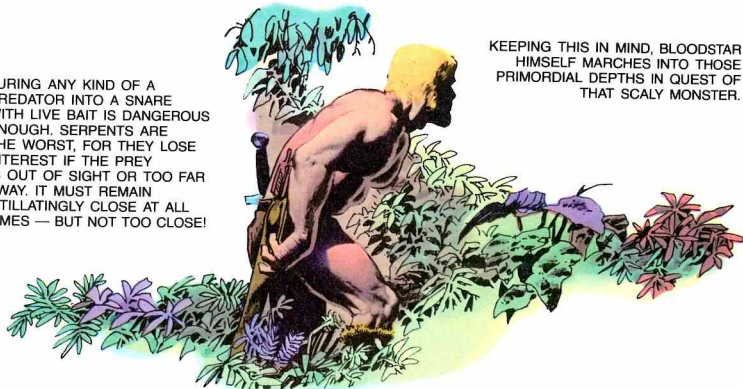


FINISHED!
NOW ALL WE NEED
IS SOME BAIT
TO LURE
SATHA...

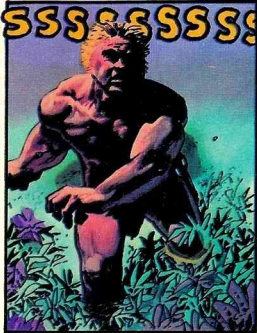
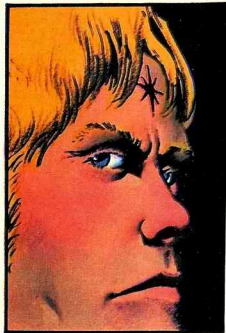


DON'T LOOK
AT ME LIKE THAT,
BLOODSTAR! MY LEGS
ARE TOO SHORT.
I COULDN'T OUTRUN
THAT CREATURE!

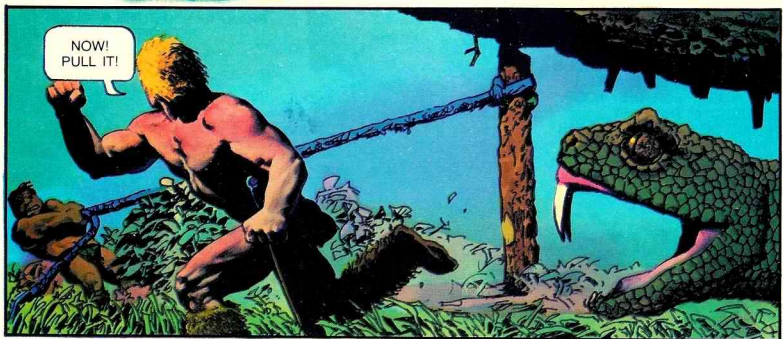
LURING ANY KIND OF A
PREDATOR INTO A SNARE
WITH LIVE BAIT IS DANGEROUS
ENOUGH. SERPENTS ARE
THE WORST, FOR THEY LOSE
INTEREST IF THE PREY
IS OUT OF SIGHT OR TOO FAR
AWAY. IT MUST REMAIN
TITILLATINGLY CLOSE AT ALL
TIMES — BUT NOT TOO CLOSE!

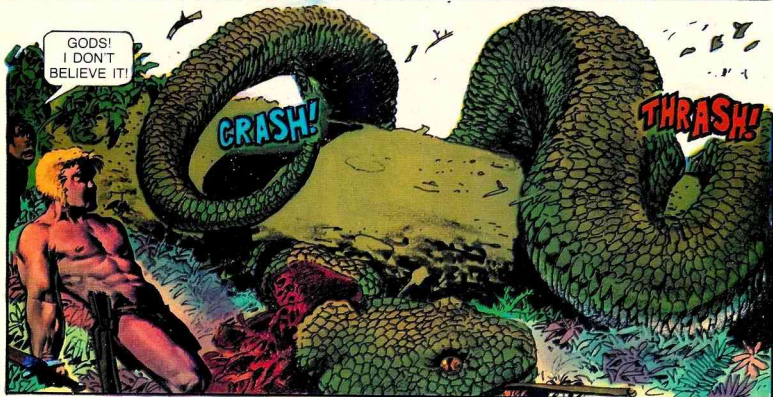
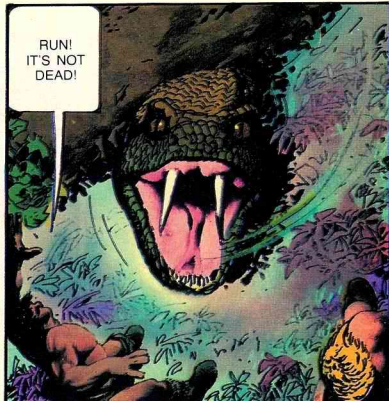


KEEPING THIS IN MIND, BLOODSTAR
HIMSELF MARCHES INTO THOSE
PRIMORDIAL DEPTHS IN QUEST OF
THAT SCALY MONSTER.



THE RUSH OF THE SERPENT'S SUPPLE
BODY BEHIND HIM WAS LIKE THE
SWEEP OF THE WIND THROUGH
TALL GRASS. HIS BREATH
BURNING IN HIS CHEST, HE
CAUGHT SIGHT OF ME...







GREETINGS. WELCOME AGAIN TO OUR SAGA OF THE OLD WEST. THE FAITHFUL READER WILL RECALL THAT THE TOWN OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS HAS BEEN BESET BY A SERIES OF UNTOWARD EVENTS FOLLOWING THE ARRIVAL OF A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, AND THAT OLD DOC NASON HAS GONE FOR HELP...

OH-H-H... WHERE AM I...?

OLD MAN, I'D SAY YOU FLAT WORKED OFF A HEAP O' KARMA TONIGHT. DRINK THIS.

WHO...?

I AM THE ONE THEY CALL **TEX ARCANIA**

TEX ARCANIA

PART THREE

TEX ARCANIA? THEN YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR.

AND YOU SAVED MY LIFE TONIGHT.

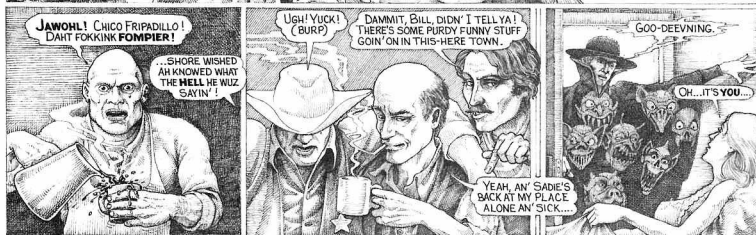
NO, **SHE** SAVED YOUR LIFE... UM...

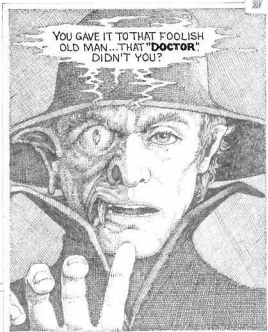
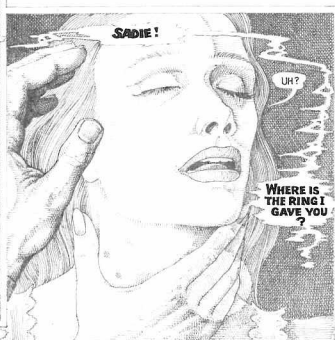
YOUR LIFE, AND A WHOLE HELLUVA LOT MORE.

BUT TELL ME, WHO ARE YOU? WHY WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?

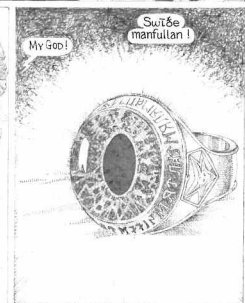
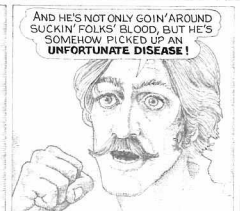
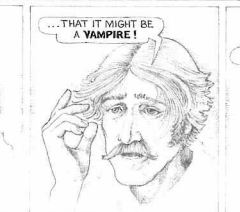
AND JUST WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON OVER AT HANGMAN'S CORNERS?

MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE 





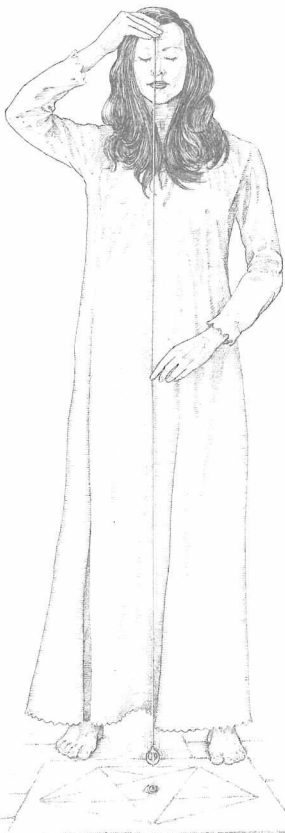
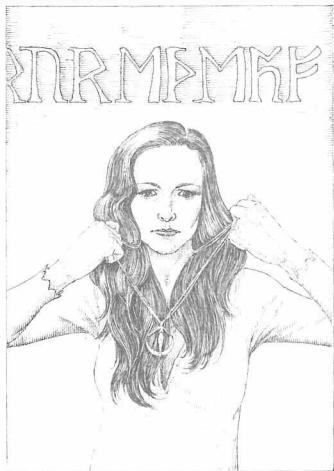
MEANWHILE, BACK AT TEX ARCANUM'S PLACE, DOC IS WINDING UP HIS BIZARRE TALE...AND FEELING A LITTLE MORE ON TOP OF THINGS....



NONI&XNNI&XTRMM&CDECM&R&MEM&F

HERE, TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT IT.
THERE'S SOMETHING WRITTEN ON IT
IN A LANGUAGE I NEVER SAW BEFORE.





WELL, FOLKS, HERE WE ARE AT THE END OF ANOTHER EPISODE AND STILL NO HELP FOR THE UNFORTUNATE RESIDENTS OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS. WILL **TEX** GET CRANKED UP AND COME TO THEIR RESCUE, OR WILL AID COME IN THE GUISE OF THE MYSTERIOUS **LADY IN WHITE**, WHO IS EVEN NOW PERFORMING SOME SORT OF WEIRD "ONE-RING CEREMONY"? FIND OUT IN OUR NEXT EPISODE OF **TEX ARCANA**!

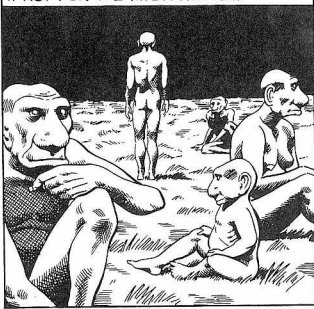
HELLO, THIS IS JERRY RIVERS BRINGING YOU ANOTHER EPISODE OF "OUR WEIRD UNIVERSE." TODAY'S BROADCAST COMES TO YOU LIVE FROM P-11507, A SMALL, INHABITED PLANET IN A BACK-WATER REGION OF THE CRAB NEBULA.



P-11507 IS IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, AND IS, IN A SENSE, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ITS SURROUNDINGS. THE CLIMATE IS DISMAL, THE GEOGRAPHY DULL, AND THE INHABITANTS, WELL...



...TO CALL THEM PRIMITIVE WOULD BE CHARITABLE. IN SHORT, P-11507 WOULD BE LITTLE MORE THAN AN AFTERTHOUGHT TO A CONSCIENTIOUS MAPMAKER WERE IT NOT FOR THE MYSTERIOUS...



"PILLARS OF P-11507"



THE PILLARS OF P-11507 FORM A PERFECT GRID OVER 14 HECTARES OF THE PLANET'S LANDMASS WITH EVERY COMPLETE ORBIT OF THIS PLANET, WHICH TAKES 97 EARTH YEARS, A NEW PILLAR IS ERECTED. BY STUDYING THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE GRID HAS BEEN EXTENDED, AND BY USING OUR KNOWLEDGE OF WHEN THE LAST PILLAR APPEARED, WE KNOW WHERE AND WHEN TO EXPECT THE NEXT ONE. THIS IS THE PLACE, FOLKS, AND THIS IS THE PAY!

SO PLEASE STAY WITH ME FOR TODAY'S PROGRAM, IN WHICH I WILL FIND OUT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE PILLARS AND HOW THEY ARE ERECTED.

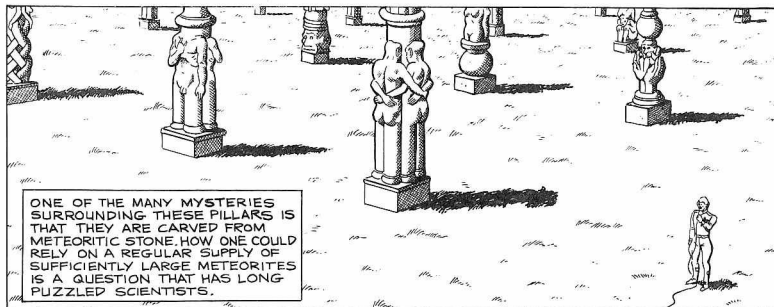
I WILL DO THIS BY STAKING OUT THE EXACT SPOT ON WHICH THE NEXT PILLAR IS DUE THIS VERY DAY!

I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY THIS UNIQUE ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY AS MUCH AS I WILL. HOW A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHOSE TECHNOLOGY HAS NOT YET ENCOMPASSED THE LOINCLOTH, MUCH LESS THE WHEEL, COULD CARVE AND TRANSPORT MASSIVE OBELISKS IS A FASCINATING QUESTION, I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE.

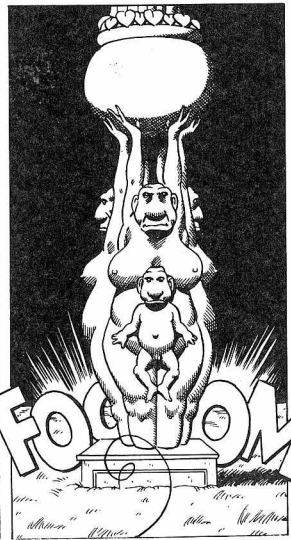
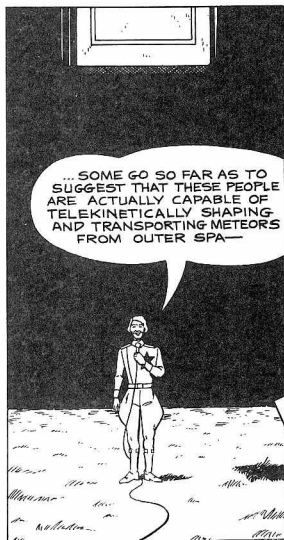
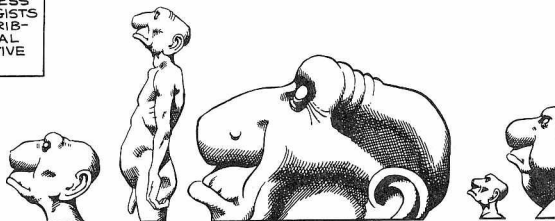
OUR LIVE CAMERAS WILL CLOSELY MONITOR THE NATIVES, TO SEE IF AND HOW THEY ACCOMPLISH THIS AMAZING FEAT.

HOW CAN WE ASCRIBE AUTHORSHIP OF THESE PILLARS TO PEOPLE WHO WOULD REGARD A PIT LATRINE AS AN ENGINEERING MARVEL? ON OUR LIVE CAMERA WE SEE THEM, SITTING OR STANDING, SILENT, BARELY MOVING, SHOWING RECOGNITION OF NEITHER OUR PRESENCE NOR THE MOMENTOUS OCCASION. MOST ANTHROPOLOGISTS HAVE LONG SINCE GIVEN UP ON THESE PEOPLE, UNABLE TO FIND EVIDENCE OF ANYTHING RESEMBLING A CULTURE IN ANY PROPER SENSE, NOT EVEN A SPOKEN LANGUAGE.

EARLY THEORIES WERE THAT THESE PILLARS WERE THE WORK OF A PREVIOUS, ADVANCED CULTURE THAT SOMEHOW DEGENERATED TO ITS PRESENT STATE, BUT, AS WE KNOW, NEW PILLARS APPEAR EVERY PLANETARY YEAR. AND SO, THE MYSTERY CONTINUES...



OF COURSE, SOME OF THE LESS RESPONSIBLE ANTHROPOLOGISTS EXPLAIN ALL THIS BY ATTRIBUTING UNHEARD-OF MENTAL POWERS TO THESE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE...



WE ARE
EXPERIENCING
TECHNICAL
DIFFICULTY

PLEASE
STAND
BY

END.

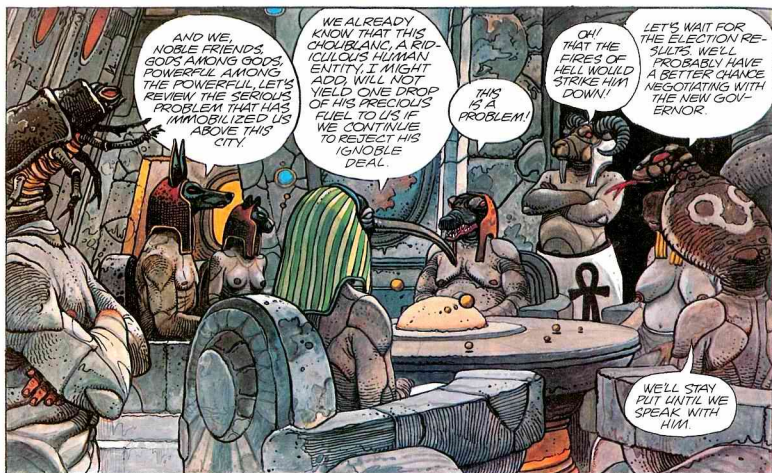
THE IMMORTALS' FETE

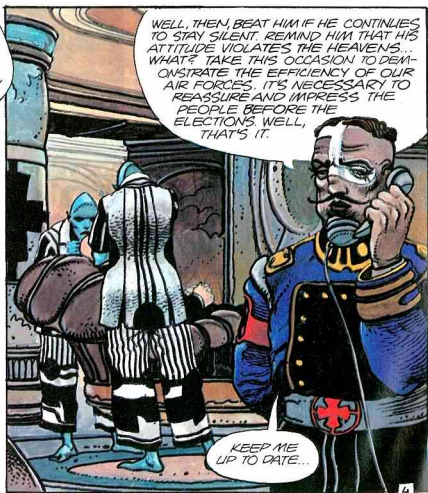
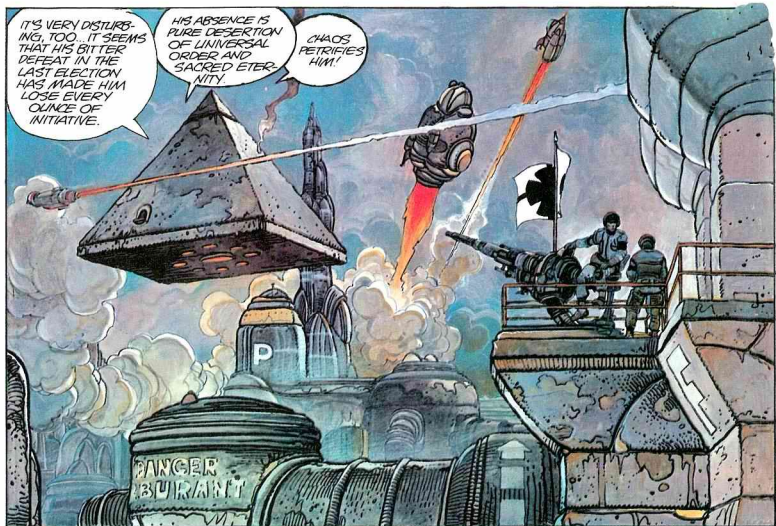


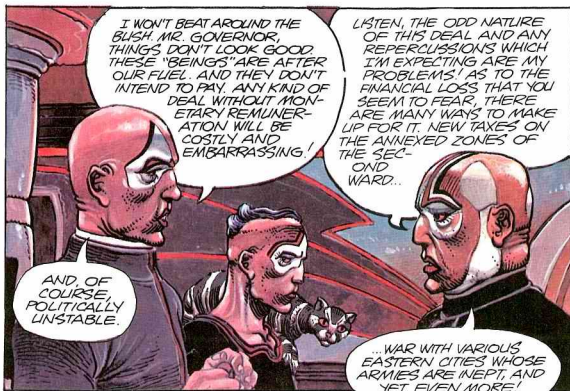
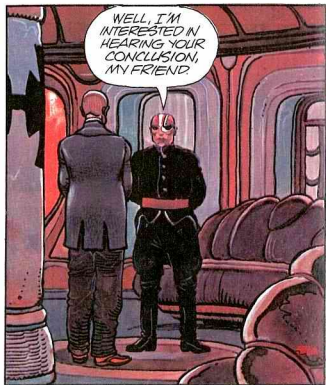
PARIS - THE BEGINNING OF MARCH, 2023. AN ELECTORAL MASQUERADE IS IN PROGRESS. NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE CHANGED IN THIS IMMENSE PARIGIAN CITY. IT IS POLITICALLY AS IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN, AUTONOMOUS, AND IRREPARABLY FASCIST. THE SEGREGATION OF THE CITY INTO TWO SECTS REVEALS A DEFINITELY SOCIALLY RETARDED STATE. THE FIRST GROUP, WHICH FORMS THE NUCLEUS, SHELTERS THE PREFERRED SOCIETY, A MILITIA AND THE RULING CLASS. THE SECOND SURROUNDS THE FIRST AND STRETCHES OUT UNTIL IT CAN'T BE SEEN. SINCE THE INSTALLATION OF AN ENORMOUS ASTROPORT, IT HAS BECOME THE CROSSROADS FOR ADVENTURERS AND EXTRATERRESTRIAL TYPES ALIKE. THE ARMY ASSURES CONTROL AND SECURITY FOR THIS TORN UNIVERSE. IN ADDITION TO THE FORCED EXCITEMENT GENERATED OVER THE NEXT ELECTORAL DATE, DISCONTENT HAS SPREAD OWING TO THE MYSTERIOUS APPARITION OF A PYRAMID-SHAPED SPACESHIP. GENERAL RESTLESSNESS GROWS. IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE OCCUPANTS OF THIS FLYING PYRAMID ARE TAKING ASTRONOMICAL QUANTITIES OF MOTOR FUEL FROM PARIS. THE PRUDENT SILENCE OF GOVERNOR JEAN-FERDINAND CHOUBLANC ISN'T REASSURING.

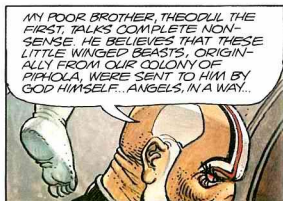
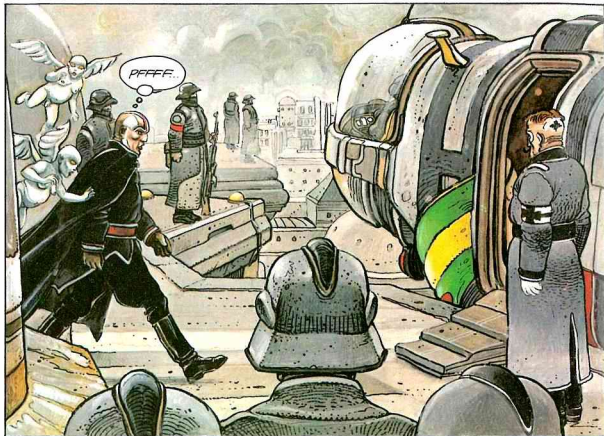


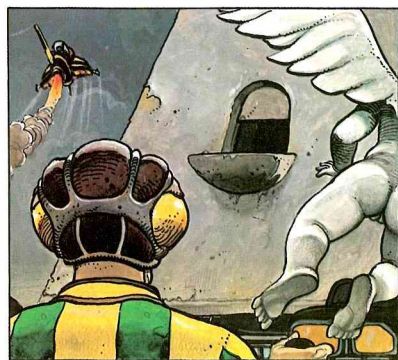
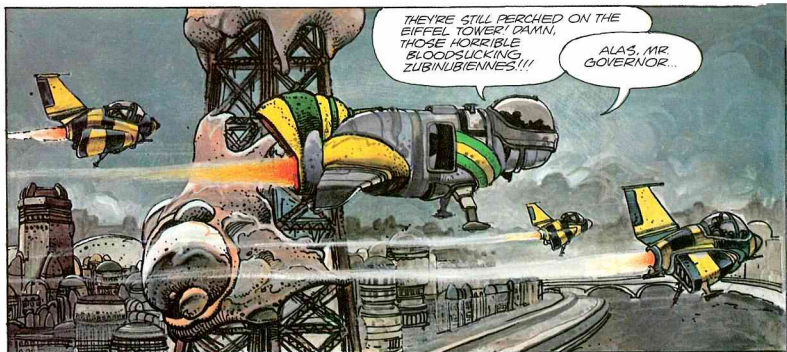












THREE OR
FOUR THOUSAND
METERS HIGH-
ER UP...

WHAT IS PRE-
THAT'S A PRE-
HISTORIC
SPACE
CAPSULE...

OBJECT
IN SIGHT
AT ONE
O'CLOCK...

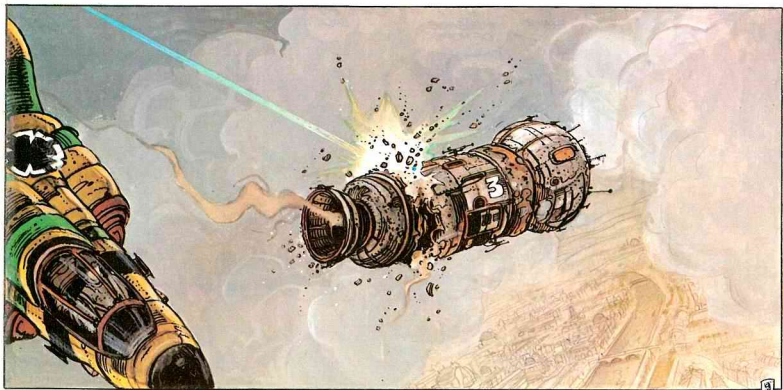


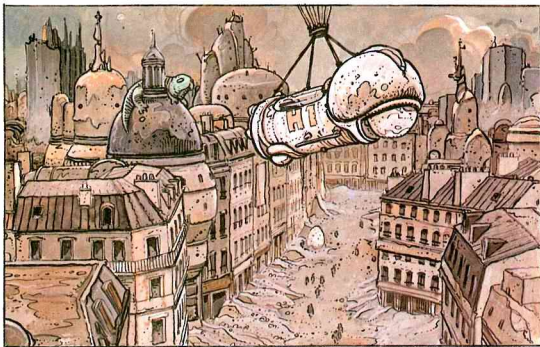
IT WAS
DAMAGED...
RECENTLY...

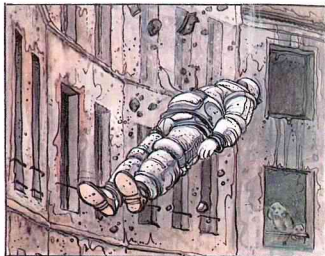
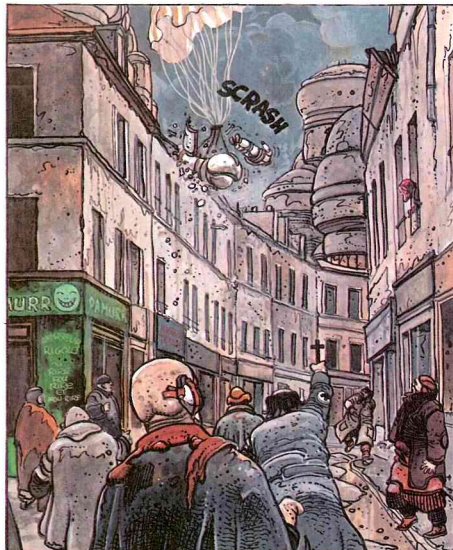


I DON'T
KNOW! CARE-
FUL, I'M
GOING TO
FIRE!

GO
AHEAD!











GET
OUTTA
HERE!

THE
COOPS ARE
HERE!

HEY,
YOU OVER
THERE!

HERE'S THE CONTAINER... A HIBERNATION CONTAINER DATING, IN MY OPINION, BACK TO AROUND 1990. BUT IT'S EMPTY! THE OCCUPANT HAS DISAPPEARED!... BY HEDGE-HOPPING THROUGH THE ALLEYS OF THIS PESTILENTIAL CESSPOOL, NO DOUBT IT'S INEXPLICABLE!

SOP?

...ON THE OTHER HAND, THE CONTAINER INDICATES A TEMPERATURE OF -18°C , WHICH PROVES THAT AT THE TIME OF HIS FALL OUR MAN WAS IN A STATE OF TOTAL HIBERNATION. CRYOGENICS, I BELIEVE, IS THE TERM!

CUT OFF FROM THE CAPSULE HE HAS NO CHANCE TO SURVIVE! MOREOVER, HE LOST A L...



BING



DOWN WITH THE CHOU-BLANCIST FASCIST GOVERNMENT!



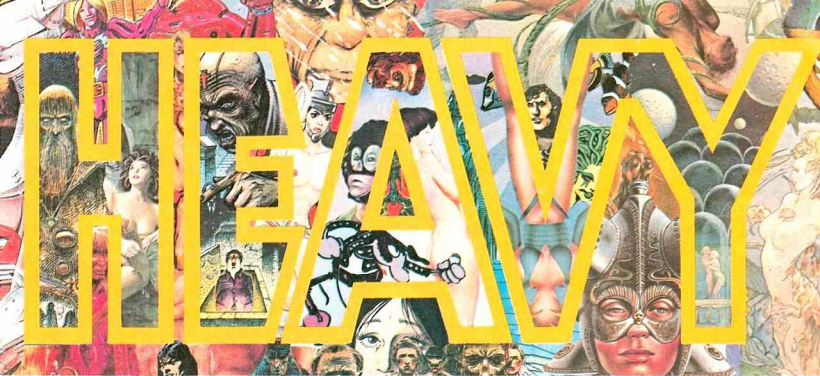
WHAT'S THAT?

HIS LEG!... IT MUST HAVE BROKEN OFF WHEN HE FELL! IT MUST BE MAINTAINED AT SUCH A LOW TEMPERATURE...

...IT CAN'T BE SPARED!

HIS SUIT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE BEEN EQUIPPED WITH ANY KIND OF COMPULSION SYSTEM...

TO BE CONTINUED...



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#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 "Jazz" by Drulillet, "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 "Bino," 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 Shahrazad, 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 Drulillet'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/Kirchner "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and 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: Trinna makes her debut here, and Drulillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? (\$3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starbrown," 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," "Starbrown" 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 Drulillet'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: "Elinc," "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 Halloween, Brekke, Drulillet, Suydam, others. (\$3.00)

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

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kolofod, Suydam, Stiles, Trinna, 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 Schuten Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs' "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 Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doli 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 Stern" 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: Drulillet 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, Drulillet, 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, Sprnggett, and Bilal. (\$3.00)

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

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronatan returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezieres, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Phoenix!" 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 God," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and out of trouble, while "Bloodstar," "What Is Reality, Papa?" "Salammo," 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)

#48/MARCH 1981: "Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western, begins "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue. And Drullit's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammo* comes to an end. Even with all of that going on, we still have room for Kierkegaard, Howarth, and Corben's "Bloodstar." Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. (\$3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar," Gimenez's "Good-bye, Soldier!", Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Di n't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? (\$3.00)



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If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Detweiler ... a small, insignificant world, orbiting its minor sun on a point between the rim and oblivion...

Detweiler ... a world of ... farmers. Not happy, kicking, ignorant brothers of the soil...

... but of **bitter, desperate men.**

Drought...

Drought. 184 days of unblinking, merciless sunshine. Her crops turning to ash on the vine, Detweiler's people no longer worry about profit from export...

they worry about **starvation.**

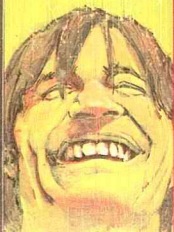
High noon... on the 185th day. In minutes the luminescent blue sky is **gutt**ed by **black, rolling clouds...**

... which burst, pouring forth the sweet, wet miracle of life.

As one, Detweiler's people moan in gratitude, giving thanks to an... ultimately... merciful God.

The rain fell for ten days, continuously, covering every parched inch of Detweiler's surface.

CODY STARBUCK



The
dying
started
on
the
fifth!

When the ten-day deluge
ended, fully one-third of
Detweiler's people were dead
...and the dying continued.

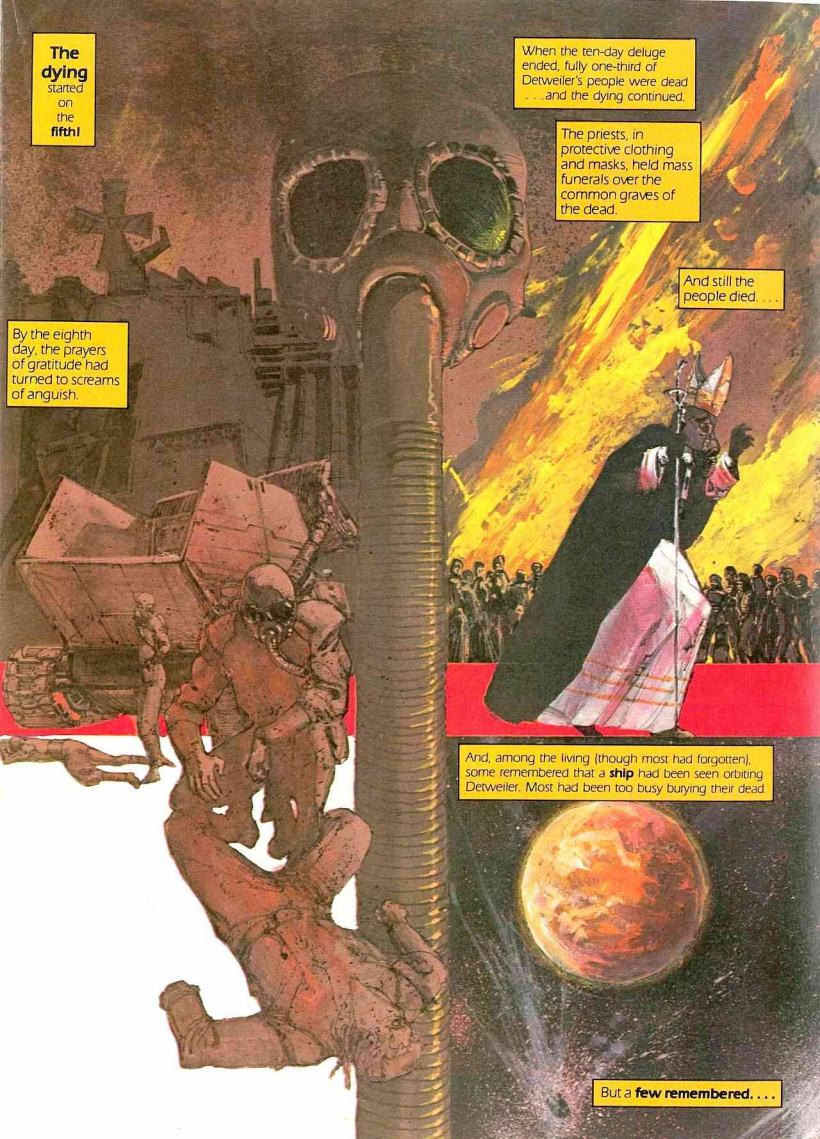
The priests, in
protective clothing
and masks, held mass
funerals over the
common graves of
the dead.

And still the
people died. ...

By the eighth
day, the prayers
of gratitude had
turned to screams
of anguish.

And, among the living (though most had forgotten),
some remembered that a **ship** had been seen orbiting
Detweiler. Most had been too busy burying their dead

But a **few** remembered. ...



As far as the universe of man in general was concerned, the days of frequent contact, violent or peaceful, among man's varied societies were long past.

The hundred-year holy war had shattered entire worlds, and now it was time for the long climb out of the ashes of war.

Interplanetary travel was limited... the war had simply drained sources of energy so completely as to make such intercourse outrageously expensive.

Therefore, the only common link between these splintered world nations were the profit-making star travelers, who possessed the very few existing hyperdrives.



the mime troupes...



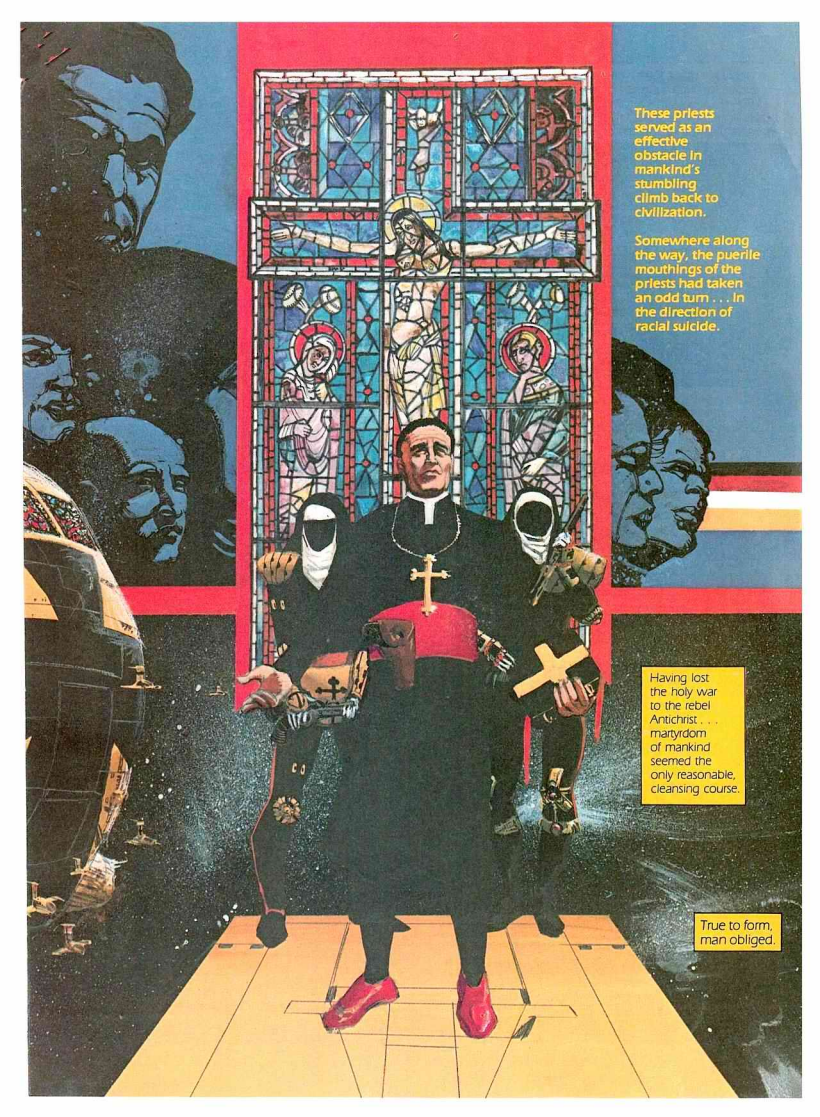
the spidery container ships, bearing imports and exports...



the marauders, raping and pillaging for profit...

and the cathedral ships of Mother Church, manned by the warrior priests of St. Beryl the leper.






These priests served as an effective obstacle in mankind's stumbling climb back to civilization.

Somewhere along the way, the puerile mouthings of the priests had taken an odd turn ... in the direction of racial suicide.

Having lost the holy war to the rebel Antichrist ... martyrdom of mankind seemed the only reasonable, cleansing course.

True to form, man obliged.




For, although space travel was impossibly expensive for most societies, planet-bound conflict—fought with everything from broadsword and dagger to turbine jets—seemed to spring up, overnight.

Hundreds of wretched worlds, barely able to feed their populations, found themselves locked in civil wars and insurrections.

And, of course, as in all times of war, there was **profit** to be made; these times, as well, proved to be no exception.

The principal profiteers of the conflicts were . . .

DAX



... manufacturers of organic starships. For decades, Dax has been trying to reinvent an affordable hyperdrive, with limited success.

PROMETHEUS

... Producers of clones, androids, and **clonedroid** labor ... **Prometheus** has spent billions to sabotage **Dax's** research into hyperspace.

Aside from the ancient family feud (a blood feud) between Dax and Prometheus, a feud dating back long before the jihad, both corporations have accepted a simple conclusion:

The ultimate success of one corporation's product will, in the long run, lead to the collapse of the other.

And so, commercial warfare! Some even suggest that these planetary conflicts have been created by these two cartels ... but this is merely idle speculation.

With apologies to our gentle reader we now go to
Ashmeade, a company world of the **Dax cartel**.

With nine-tenths of its surface covered by ice,
it turns a handsome profit selling water to
several desert planets in nearby systems.

Beneath its only
city, however,
Ashmeade keeps
several secrets.

The laborers, stevedores,
and prostitutes who live
on the surface are
unaware of plant 14 ...
shafts of crystal
where the **hulls of
organic starcraft** are
nurtured ...

WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT?

NOT MUCH...
ICE TUG...

DAMN IT. THEY KNOW
THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED
TO USE THIS LANE...

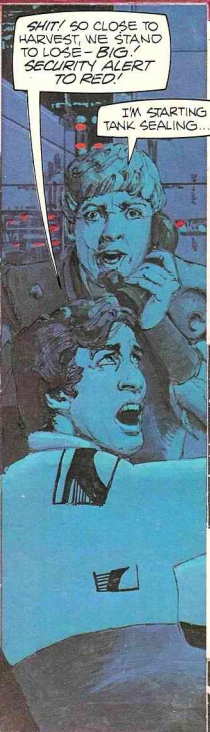
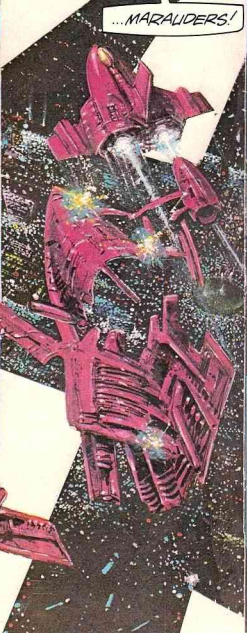
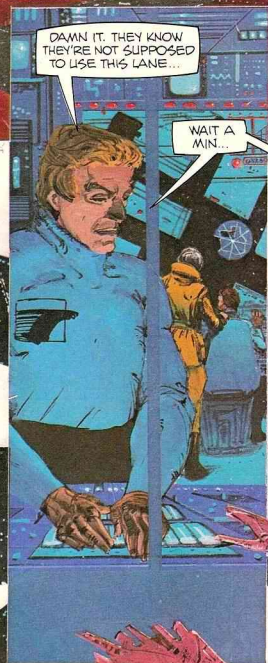
WAIT A
MIN...

SHE'S PICKING UP
SPEED! MATER CHRIST!!
HER SUPERSTRUCTURE'S
GIVING WAY...

...MARAUDERS!

SHIT! SO CLOSE TO
HARVEST, WE STAND
TO LOSE - BIG!
SECURITY ALERT
TO RED!

I'M STARTING
TANK SEALING...



Above, the surface
is gutted by a shaft
of pure energy ...

... the roar of which is
muffled by the burbling
of the tanks.

AREA OF ENTRY IS
POINT-O-SEVEN.
THAT'S NEAR US.

I'LL GET OVER
TO SECURITY AND
TRY TO CUT THEM
OFF.

REIVERS: ONE
SHIP THEY'VE PLASMA-
TORCHED THEIR WAY IN,
RIDING DOWN THE SHAFT.

HERE THEY
COME!...

TAKE
DEFEN...

CONCENTRATE
FIRE!

A microsecond of confusion
as the haze clears—

then, Cody Starbuck enters.

RIGHT,
CODY!

TAKE CHARGE,
CRISIS—I'LL TAKE
NUMBER SIX
WITH ME.

C'MON,
SIX.

MMMMMM...

Starbuck, legendary
reiver . . . hero of the
Crusades, savior of virgins,
keeps . . . Antichrist.

Cody Starbuck,
privateer, mercenary . . .
presently in service to
Prometheus Corporation.

To the casual observer,
it would seem that
Starbuck, mercenary
that he is, could serve
Dax as well as he
does Prometheus.

But, perhaps
deep down, Starbuck
realizes that should
Dax succeed with
its work of re-
inventing an
affordable
hyperdrive . . .

the demands for
his own highly
expensive services
might dwindle.

JUMP
NUMBER SIX...
I'LL COVER
YOU.

Starbuck and Dronedroid
Number Six leap down
to the tank-level ramp.

GO, SIX,
YOU KNOW
YOUR
JOB.

CHRIST, DOWN
BELOW, THAT DROID'S
GOT A GRENADE
...AND HE'S HEADING
FOR THE TANK
PORTAL.

SNLIEF
HIM
NOW!!

THESE DRONES ARE JUST
DIVERSIONARY. IF THAT DROID
GETS TO THE IRIS PORTAL
WITH THAT GRENADE...
GET HIM!!!

Dronedroid Number Six races the dilating portal of the crystal vats . . .

a race that Number Six loses not to the portal, but to a well-aimed energy blast.

A cheer rings out from the defenders, as the luckless drone falls through the rapidly closing portal . . . His useless body has won the race.



STOP HIM!
STOP HIM!
CUT HIM
DOWN...

HE'S GONNA
MAKE IT!...FIRE!
FIRE!

KEEP
THIS
AREA
CLEAR!



BEFORE HE
GOT HIM!




But his grenade
explodes harmlessly
above the shield.
The portal and tank
are safely sealed.



CRIS... PULL 'EM
BACK!... WE'RE SCRUBBING
THIS ONE!

AYE,
CAPTAIN!

YOU HEARD HIM,
BULLY BOYS, SHAKE-
A-LEG!



Starbuck pauses a short moment to fire some last shots as his remaining crew jump into the transport shaft...

FAREWELL, GENTS...
YOU'RE WELCOME TO
FOLLOW US UP...
IF YOU LIKE.

...and on board
the **Limerick Rake**.

CODY...THREE INTERCEPTORS COMING AT US
FROM THE POLE... TIVING'S TIGHT, VERY!

SHOULD WE
FOLLOW THEM,
CAPTAIN?

NO, SERGEANT. THEY'D
ONLY TURN OFF THE SHAFT
WHEN WE WERE HALF-
WAY UP!

THANK HEAVEN WE
SAVED THE TREES.

GOOD
SHOOTING.

THANK YOU,
SIR.

I SAW THEM COMING, ON
THE WAY UP, PORFIRIO...WE'RE
ALL IN... **SEAL UP..ORDERS...**

...PUSH DRIVE TO FULL...
HOLD AT ANCHOR... ON
VOICE COMMAND...

...GET
SET TO
MOVE!

TO BE CONTINUED...

GALLERY THE MAKER: DZINTARS MEZULIS

BY BRAD
BALFOUR

It comes from somewhere, that urge. The hands grasp the clay like those of a miner digging for the mother lode. They strain and probe, tendons taut, as the maker yearns to merge with his material, to mold, to shape form from nothingness.

With a name like Dzintars Mezulis, this thirty-one-year-old sculptor of Latvian extraction will forever be saddled with an exotic quality, and more so in light of his craft. But it's an awkward heritage and a complicated one. Born in England, Mezulis with his family emigrated to Toronto, Canada, where his dad, a steelworker, taught him as a child the use of tools. No surface rendering, no mere history really permits an understanding of Mezulis or what compels him to struggle with the delicacy that his clay constructions require.



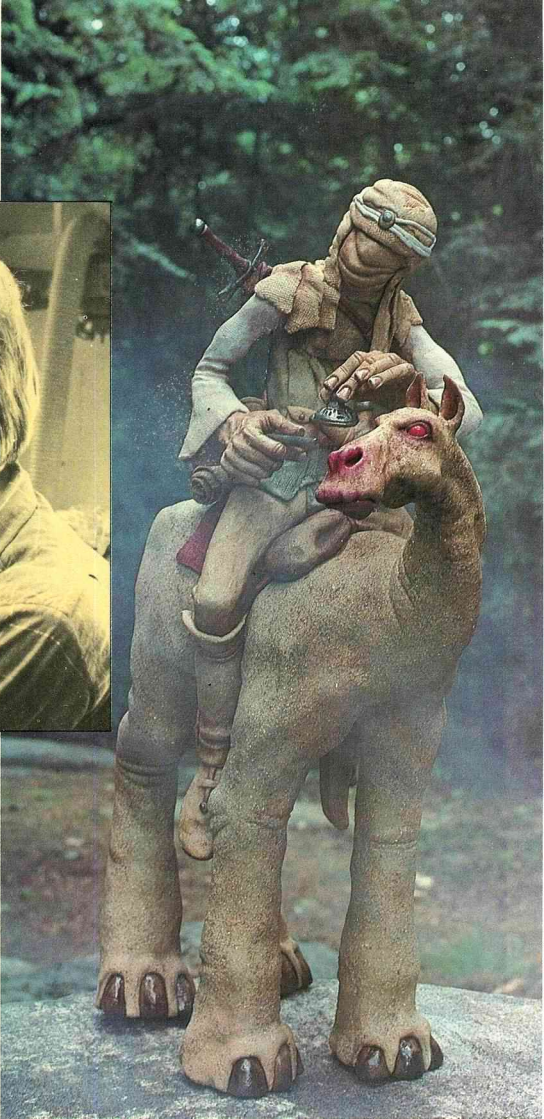
He sees his life transformed by a routine absorbed with clay and earthy mass. For him it is the translation of spirit into matter. "Truthfully, for me it's like a struggle with light and darkness." A magi, a wizard of soil, he's damn serious: "When I'm working with the stuff I step back in time. I'm forever aware of temporality."



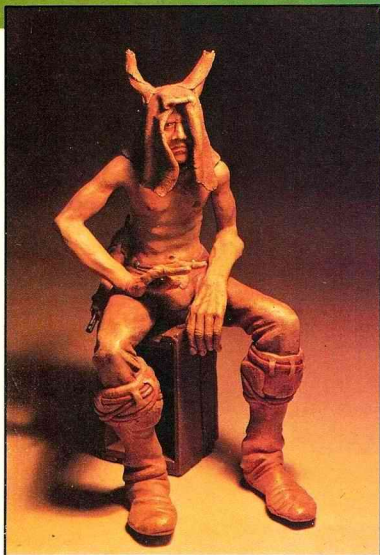
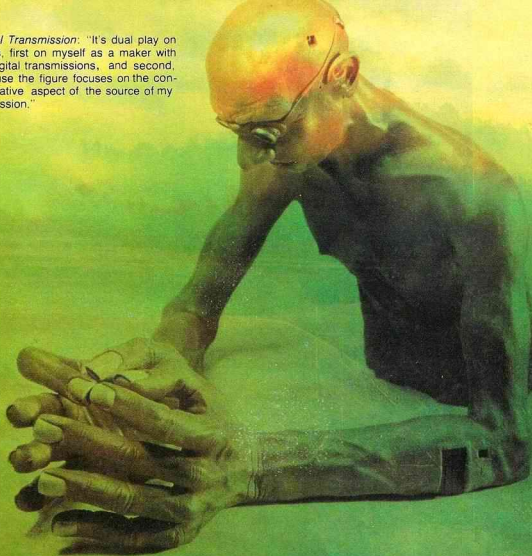
Not bullshit, not hippie jive: this guy's been there and back. Four times near death, trapped by collapsing kidneys, he spent six years, from 1969 to 1975, trekking around the world in a quest for a life while always facing likely death. No wonder he is fascinated with making—"It's central to my being."

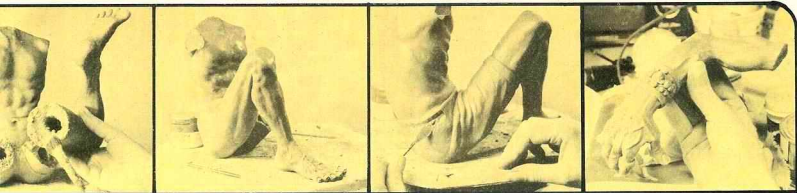
Transmutation: "In part it's a takeoff on Hermes, the god who guided souls to the underworld. There's a transmutation upwards from the stone monolith to a twelfth-century magus; this is a symbolic gesture toward matter becoming spirit."

Ring in the Sheep: "The animal is a combination grayhound and brontosaurus; there's a melding; the rider seems tough and ferocious yet he delicately tinkles a tiny bell."

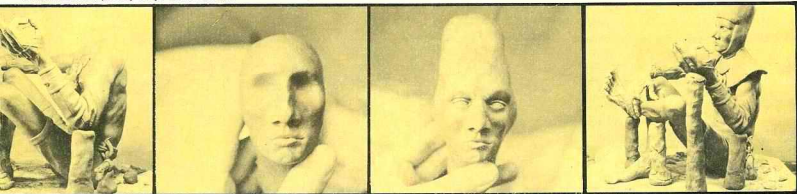


Digital Transmission: "It's dual play on words, first on myself as a maker with my digital transmissions, and second, because the figure focuses on the contemplative aspect of the source of my expression."





"A piece will usually take me eight to twelve weeks time, twelve hours a day, to finish! At first, I'm overwhelmed by the clay, by its very smell, its earthiness. With my energy concentrated, I determine what will evolve from the clay. I don't use any support struts, or armature. It's purely clay, of the earth."



He did psychoactive brews with Indians in Central America. He climbed Himalayan peaks in order to stop at Buddhist monasteries. The winds battered him in North African deserts while he was living with Bedouins. In the jungles of Guatemala, Mezulis visited ancient temples and slept in hammocks while scorpions crawled about and bats flew above silently. Through Europe, Asia, and Africa as well as both American continents, Mezulis saw eighty countries.

"I'm a sponge for experience, interested in all attitudes about being. Through my work I understand about being."



Darkness Draws Near: "He wears a bison worshiper's headdress, a sixteenth-century codpiece, a nineteenth-century revolver; and he sits on a twentieth-century Coke crate. He's the expression of timelessness, the savage whose veneer of civilization is thin."

The Royal Twins View the Games: "These figures are part of a larger structure—they're tomb guardians on the surface; but underneath, eternal, primal entities."

Harzak Centering: "With this figure its psychic dimension is several times the volume of physical space, so it's about space and timelessness."

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by Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin. Based on the Twentieth Century Fox hit, the crew of the *Nostromo* grapples with a terrifying life force they can't leash or comprehend—the Alien!



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Barbarella The Moon Child

The first feminine fantasy figure returns to challenge the universe. Drawn by originator Jean-Claude Forest, the book also includes action stills from the film *Barbarella* starring Jane Fonda.

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635 Madison Avenue
NY, NY 10022
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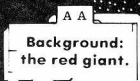
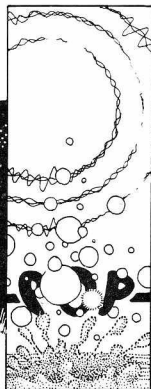
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City _____

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Changes

Matt Howarth



You.

No, no, it was *her*, she made me do it, *please*. . .

Yo' is *bile*, man! Settin' th' par'sites on any'n' is shit! Tha's unwritten *law*—whut yo' done *trans-gressed*! Ah's los' mah patience wit' yo', *cosmic doctor* 'r not!

Shut up, Boche, you dolt!

The little sandworld.

Audition

Please, it's all her fault—*her*, not me!

You rag—he really means you harm; you can't slither your way out of this one. I'm so glad I'm on *their* side!

SHOOT!
SHOOT!
SHOOT!

I'll tell you *everything*. And I'll—

GOLDEN
RECTANGLE
FUMIES

Where the hell 'd you get *that*, Ron?!

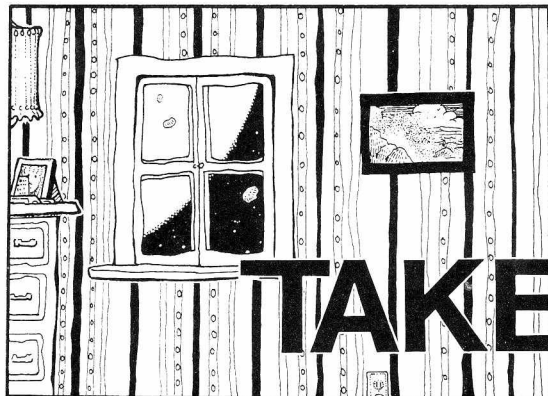
Die, die!

You killed Russ! No, no!

Sagh—look whu'fo' yo' done now....

Don't nobody move!

NEXT: debris



52

TAKE: 2

A whippet—
what
happened?

Yo' forms
here, Ah
believes,
are mo'
conductive
to a calm
discuss'n.

Sacre guerre!

Then,
missy,
Ah sug-
gests yo'
talk fas'.

Calm down, bro'. Things
was gettin' outta han'. Ah
pulled sum' celest'ul
strings 'n' ran Time back.
We gon' try this ag'in.

You old
cretin,
we're
falling in-
to the
sun!

Oh dear, my, oh—I'm
sorry, I'm truly sorry
for my actions—I re-
pent! I was a sinner!

You worm,
Boche...

What's
Ron doin'?

I see
the light!

PHISHH!

A gas
pocket 'n'
mo'
trigono-
metry'n
Ah thot
he
knew...

??

Die,
Boche,
coddler
of
pregnant
women!

No, no—
help!
Save me
from
him!!

Slut!

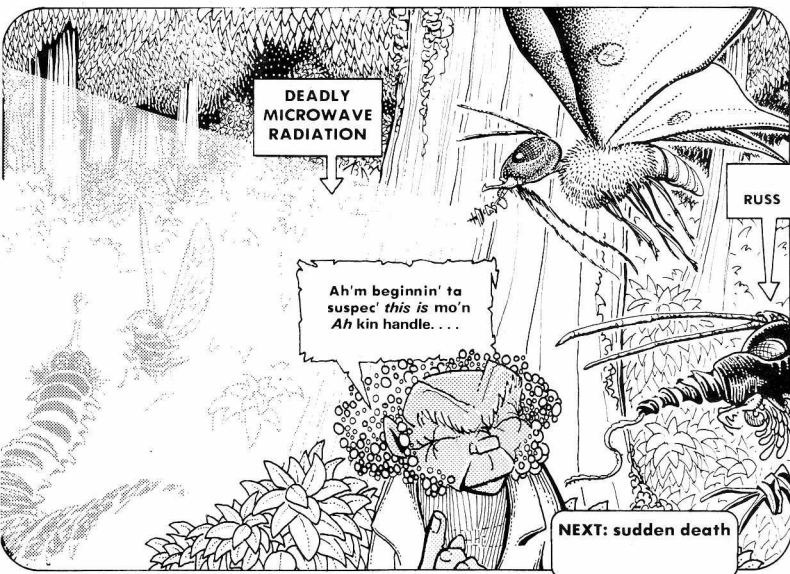
Die,
die,
die,
die!

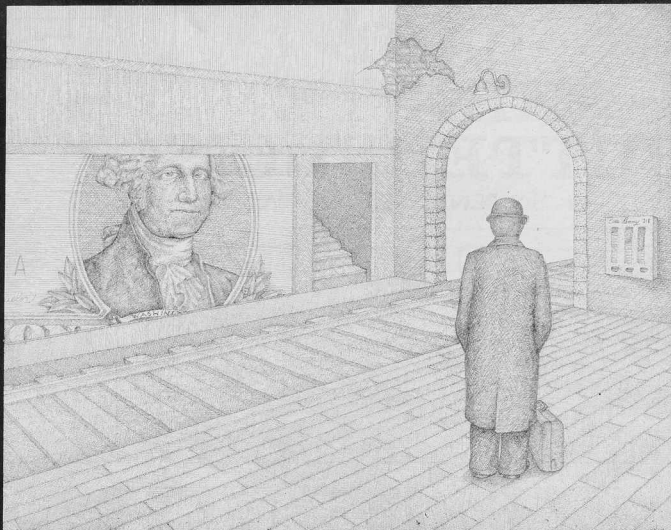
Aaaugh!

NEXT:
again

LAST-MINUTE BUTTERFLIES

or 'IN DEN GÄRTEN PHARAO'S'

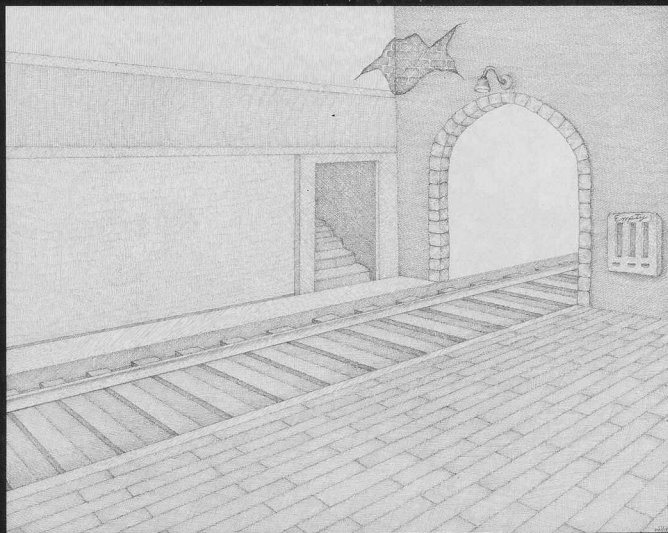
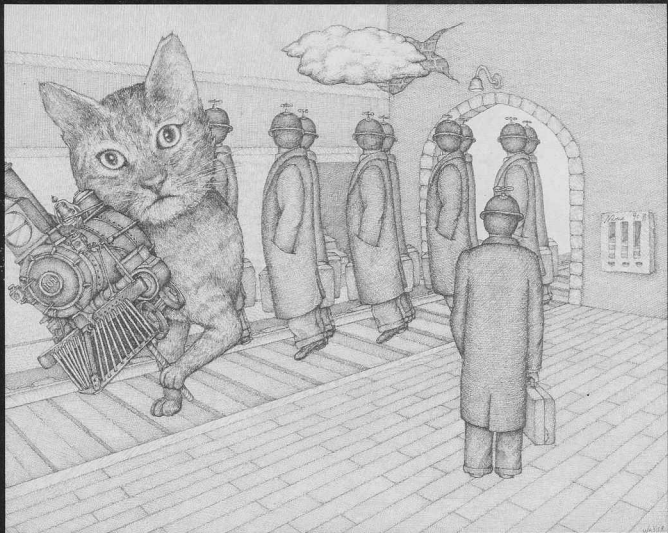








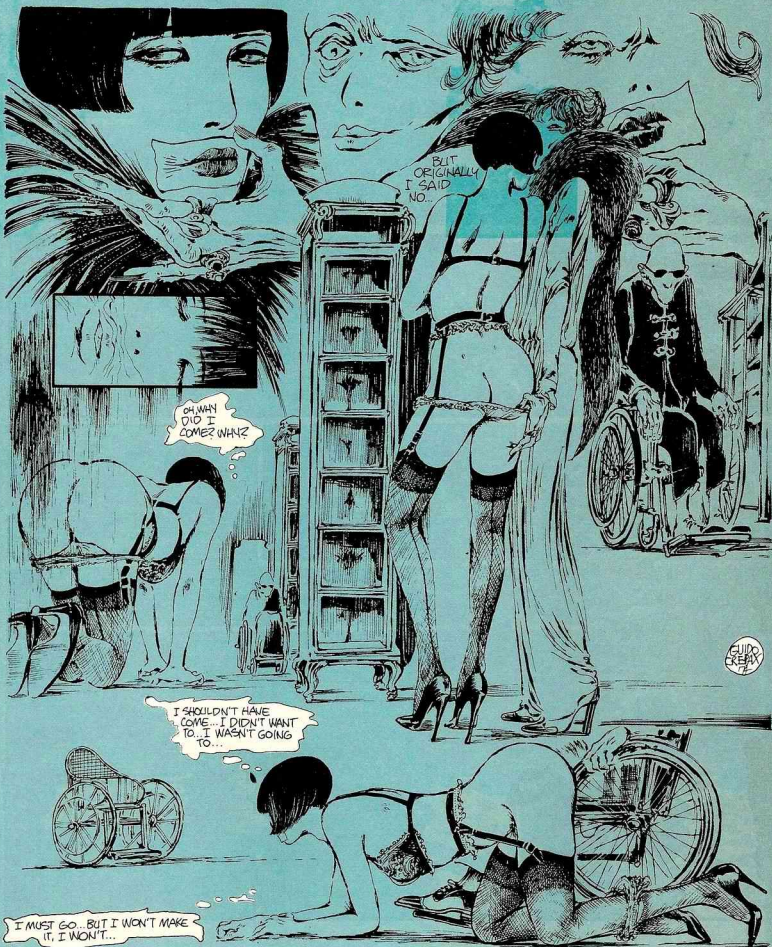




valentina in REFLECTION

When last we saw Valentina, she was in a constant state of euphoria, anxiously obsessed with her spaceman companion. He has yet to speak to her, and their relationship so far has consisted only of fabulous sex and day-old reveries. (Which is just fine, for some.)

J SO FE





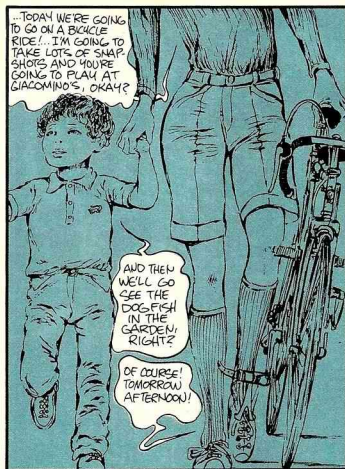
HE'S STILL
SLEEPING...
IT'S ALMOST
MORNING...

I WONDER
IF HE SLEPT THE
WHOLE TIME?

...ORE NO, I
WAS
DREAMING.

MAYBE
IT'S ME...

IN THE MORNING, HE DOES
SEEM YOUNGER...



...TODAY WE'RE GOING TO GO ON A BICYCLE RIDE! I'M GOING TO TAKE LOTS OF SNAP SHOTS AND YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY AT GIACOMINO'S, OKAY?

AND THEN WE'LL GO SEE THE DOG FISH IN THE GARDEN, RIGHT?

OF COURSE! TOMORROW AFTERNOON!



HOLD ON TIGHT!



...AND HIM... HE'S AT HOME... CAREFUL, MATTIA!

EVEN SO, HE'S NOT GOING TO STAY HERE FOREVER!

WE'RE SPEEDING NOW, HUH, MATTIA?

...A VERY PLEASANT GUEST IN ANY CASE... NO MEALS, NO SHIRTS TO IRON...



NO PROBLEM! THIS IS ALICE... I THINK SHE'S PERFECT FOR LEM. WHAT D'YA THINK?

HI!

OH... HELLO!

YES, YOU'RE FINE!

OKAY, LET'S START.



GOOD MORNING VALENTINA!

HI! IS THE NEW MODEL HERE? SHE HAS GOT TO BE JUST RIGHT! A TUBE!



THESE ARE LEM ICE CREAMS? GOD KNOWS WHAT THEY TASTE LIKE.

AND IF HE TOOK ME AWAY... ON THE SPACESHIP... BUT MAYBE...

...HE HAS ALREADY LEFT...



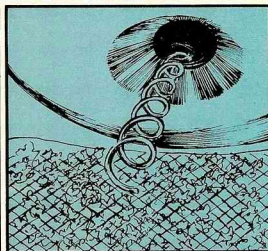
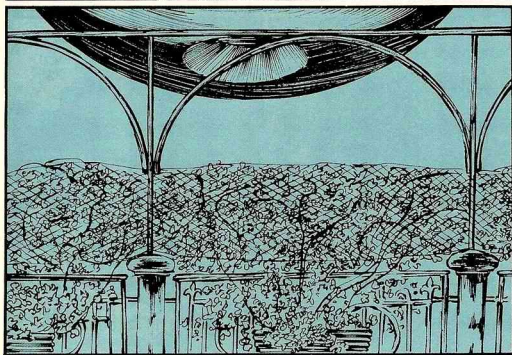
THERE... LIKE THAT, RIGHT?

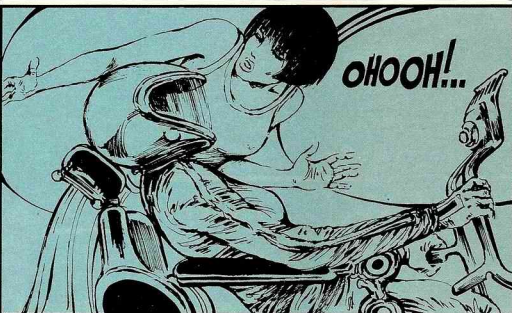
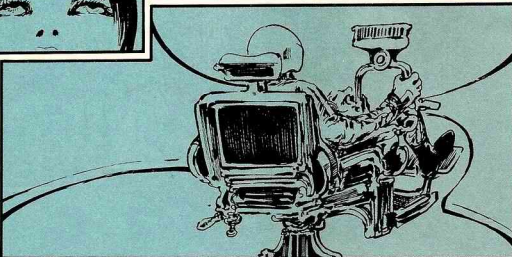
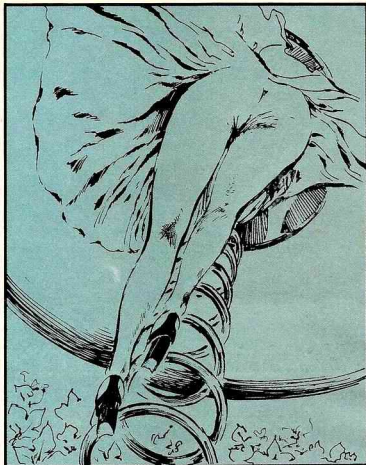
PRETEND IF YOU DON'T...

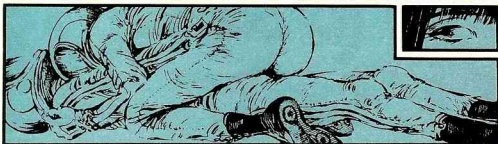
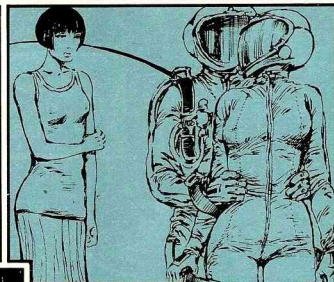
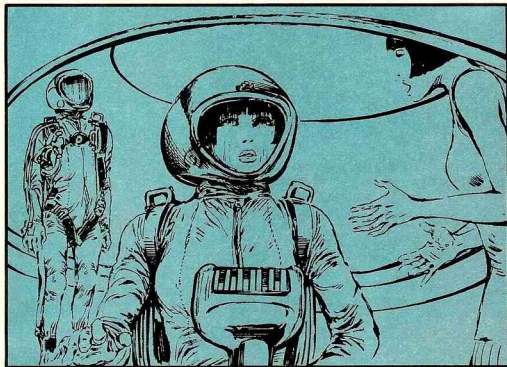
WHAT IF IT WAS ALL JUST A STUPID JOKER... A PRANK ON SOMEONE'S PART?... NO... NO... I WANT IT TO BE TRUE!...

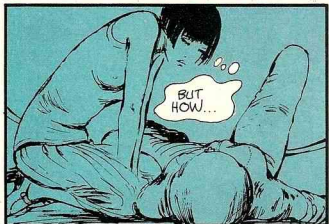
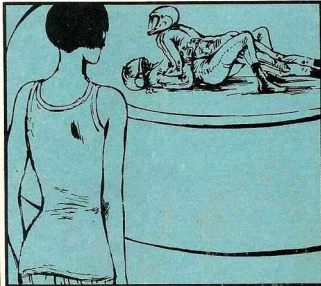
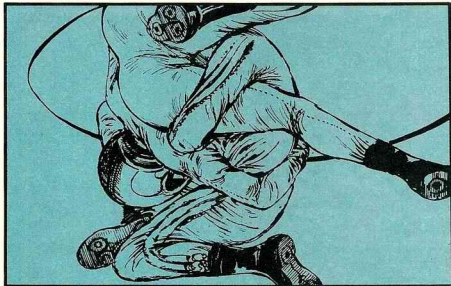


GO RIGHT AHEAD! YOU LIKE IT, DON'T YOU?





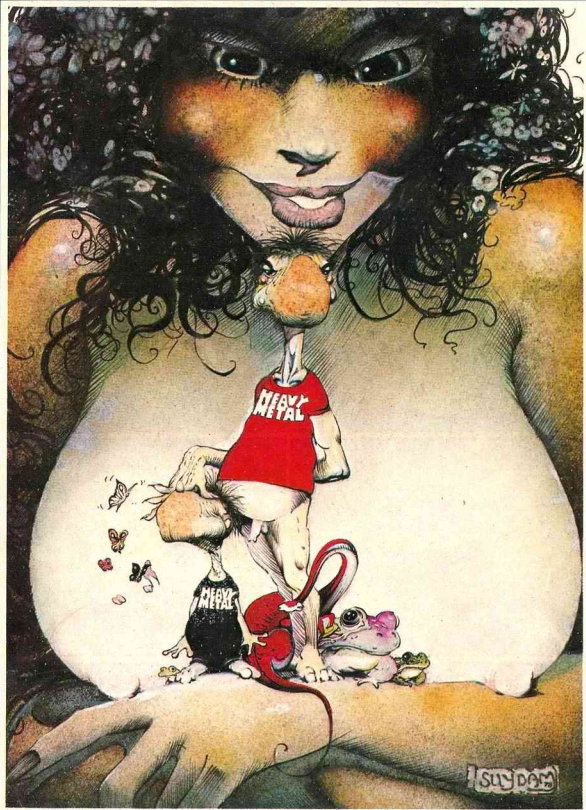




CONTINUED...

**“My
men
wear
HEAVY
METAL
t-shirts,
or they
wear
nothing
at all.”**

**“You’re not
whistling ‘Dixie,’
little lady! We
only wear the
finest form-fitting
material, which I
feel accentuates
my manly
physique. Ray
here likes the way
the colors blend
with his ruddy
complexion. No
matter what you
look like, the
HEAVY METAL
t-shirt (available
in red or black)
is the message
for summer.”**



HEAVY METAL
Dept. HM 581
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Black Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐
Red Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me _____ HEAVY METAL t-shirt(s) at \$6.00 (plus 60¢ per shirt for postage and handling).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do wish to order, but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print or type all the necessary info, and enclose it with a check or money order.

Please note: t-shirt depicts only Heavy Metal logo. The illustration above is not used on the actual shirt. Too many curves.

THE TOWER



WRITTEN BY ART
SUNDAM AND JOE
KOCH
ILLUSTRATED BY
ART SUNDAM

DEDICATED TO
VAUGHN BODÉ

IT HAD BEEN
A LONG TIME
SINCE LURLEI
HAD SET FOOT
ON GARDYLOO.
ITS FORESTS,
FOREBODING TO
HER AS A YOUNG
GIRL, NOW
SEEMED TO
WELCOME HER
MOST SINCERELY.
HER WEARINESS
GAVE WAY TO A
SPIRIT THAT FOUND
ITSELF IN SYM-
PATHETIC KINSHIP
WITH THE MISTS THAT
SHIFTED HIGH ABOVE
THE TOWERING TREES.
IT WOULD NOT BE LONG
BEFORE SHE CAME TO
THE OUTER EDGE OF
THE MEADOW, MARK-
ING THE END OF HER
JOURNEY HOME. BUT
SHE WAS NO LONGER
IN A HURRY. SHE EN-
JOYED BEING SUR-
PRISED BY THE SUDDEN
FAMILIARITY AND DE-
LIGHTED IN RECOGNIZING
THE FORGOTTEN.
LURLEI HAD REMEM-
BERED THE TREES AS
TALL AND MAGNIFICENT,
BUT NOW, AS SHE SAW
THEM AGAIN,

...THEY SEEMED MUCH
TALLER AND MORE NOBLE
THAN EVER BEFORE.

IT WAS A PLACE WHERE NATURE'S MANY VOICES SPOKE IN WHISPERS, RESPECTING THE SILENCE OF ITS GIANTS. WHEN SHE SANG, HER VOICE PERMEATED THE FOREST AND IT ANSWERED HER WITH AN INDULGING ECHO. IT WAS AS IF SHE HAD HER PLACE IN AN ANCIENT CHOIR, HER VOICE AN INSTRUMENT OF THE AGES.

♪ ROXANNE... YEE ♪
DON'T HAVE TO TURN
ON THE RED LIGHT.. ♪

ZZZZZZZZ...



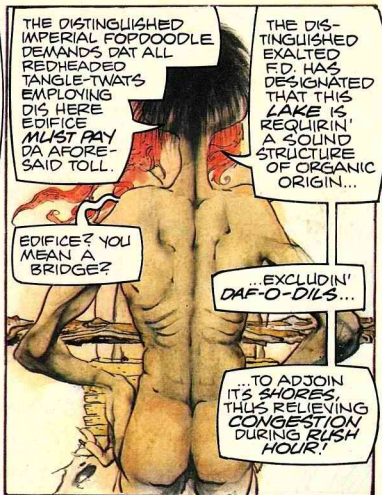
WHEN LURLEI CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE MEADOW, SHE PAUSED TO TAKE A LAST GLANCE AT THE FOREST, BUT THEN...



SOMETHING UNFAMILIAR WAS OBSTRUCTING THE ROAD AHEAD...

?!!!





THIS? BUT
IT'S JUST A
PUDDLE!

WHADDAYA
EXPECT? ME
SITTIN' AROUND
WAITIN' ON
GEEKS WIT'
NOTHIN' TA
DRINK!

BUT YOUR BRIDGE IS SO
SMALL. IT COULD NEVER
SUPPORT ME! BESIDES,
I DON'T HAVE FIVE
CENTS!

TOUGH
TITS, KID!

BUT I WANT
TO GO HOME!
AND ANYWAY, I
DON'T HAVE TO
CROSS YOUR
BRIDGE...

...I CAN JUST
GO AROUND
THE PUDDLE.
VERY SIMPLE...

IF YOUSE CAN LET
YER SPUNK-IN-
FESTED EARS
JUGGLE DIS...
'ANYAQUEOLIS
BODY MAY BE
DULY LEASED FROM
DA GLORIOUS IM-
PERIAL FOPDOODLE
FOR MONETARY
GAINS PROVIDED
DAT...

...DA...UH...
PARTY OF DA
SECOND PART...
=MUMBLEE...

...OF DA PARTY OF
DA FIRST PART..."UM...
=HARLUMPF!=

ER...
DAT'LL
BE FIVE
CENTS,
PLEASE...

WHOOOA! DRAG YOUR
DOOKYBLUTT BACK OVER
HERE UNTIL YOU HUSTLES
UP MY NICKEL!

BUT I DON'T
HAVE ANY
MONEY!

YOU GOT'S
NO MONEY,
YOUSE
GOTTA
SCRAM!

BUT I
HAVE
TO GO
HOME!

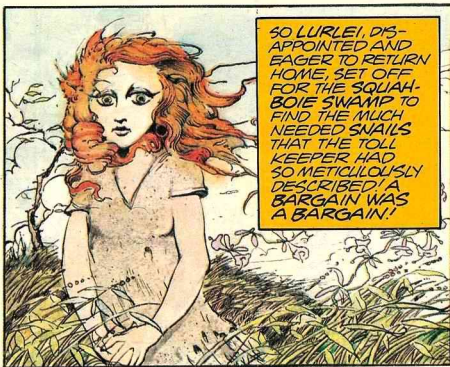
WELLLL...NO NEED TO AD-
HERE TO DA STRICT ALPH-
ABET OF DA LAW! MONEY
ISN'T EVRYTHIN' AND
NICKEL'S AIN'T HARDLY
NOTHIN'...SOME
PEOPLES PUT
A PREMIUM
ON CERTAIN
KINDSA
SNAILS!

SNAILS?

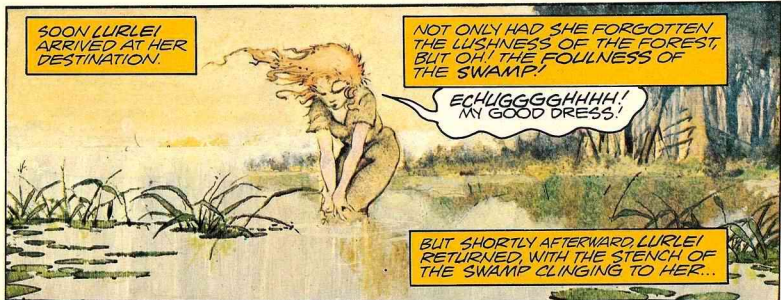


YEAH! SNAILS!... I TELL YOU WHAT DEY LOOKS LIKE... BIG FAT ONES...
=SLURP!= YELLOW WIT' WHITE BELLIES FULL OF LOTSA GLITS!

DA SMELL HAS GOTTA BE RIGHT...
ROTTEN TO DA CORE! AHH...
=SLURP!= YUP, YUP!



SO LURLEI, DIS-APPOINTED AND EAGER TO RETURN HOME, SET OFF FOR THE SQUAH-BOIE SWAMP TO FIND THE MUCH NEEDED SNAILS THAT THE TOLL KEEPER HAD SO METICULOUSLY DESCRIBED! A BARGAIN WAS A BARGAIN!

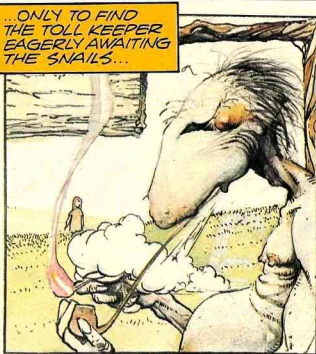


SOON LURLEI ARRIVED AT HER DESTINATION.

NOT ONLY HAD SHE FORGOTTEN THE LUSHNESS OF THE FOREST, BUT OH! THE FOULNESS OF THE SWAMP!

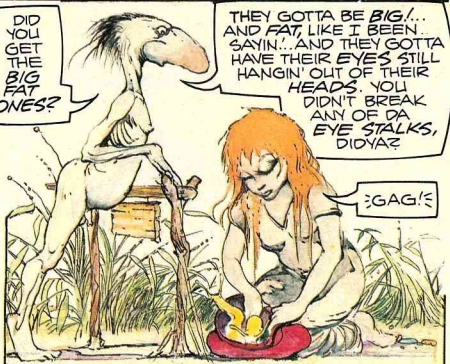
ECHUGGGGGHHH!
MY GOOD DRESS!

BUT SHORTLY AFTERWARD, LURLEI RETURNED, WITH THE STENCH OF THE SWAMP CLINGING TO HER...



...ONLY TO FIND THE TOLL KEEPER EAGERLY AWAITING THE SNAILS...

DID YOU GET THE BIG FAT ONES?



THEY GOTTA BE BIG!... AND FAT, LIKE I BEEN SAYIN'... AND THEY GOTTA HAVE THEIR EYES STILL HANGIN' OUT OF THEIR HEADS. YOU DIDN'T BREAK ANY OF DA EYE STALKS, DIDYAZ?

=GAG=

THEY LOOK GOOD!
JUST WHAT
THE OL'
DOCTOR
ORDERED.

SLURP!

YES...UH,
WELL, IT'S
BEEN NICE
MEETING YOU,
BUT NOW I
HAVE TO
GO...

CHOMP, CHOMP'E OHH...
NO...NO...NO...NO...
GALOBS LIKE THEM
IS MAYBE WORTH A
NICKEL, BUT HOW'S
ABOUT THE OTHER
FIVE BIG ONES YA
OWE ME?

WHAT!?! WHAT
DO YOU MEAN?
I RUINED MY
BEST DRESS
TO GET THOSE
SNAILS FOR
YOU. YOU
PROMISED...

HUSH, HUSH,
MY DEAR LITTLE
MUFFINPUFFIN.
A BIT OF STUFF
UP THE EARS AND
ADDLED BRAINS
ON YOUR PART,
AND YOUR MISSION
WILL BE COM-
PLETE!

MY FEET'S HAVE
BEEN A SUFFERIN'
FROM TOO MUCH
WEIGHT, AN' DEY
COULD USE SOME
PADDING...

...IN DA LIP AN' IN
BETWEENS. A
PAIR OF SLIPPERS
WOULD DO DA
TRICK. BUT MY
FEET'S NEED A
CERTAIN KINDA
SLIPPERS...

LIRLEI COULD NOT HELP SYMPATHIZING
WITH THE TOLL KEEPER'S PLIGHT, HAV-
ING JUST MADE A LONG JOURNEY HER-
SELF. SO, AFTER SOME FURTHER IN-
STRUCTIONS, AND WITH THE PROMISE
THAT THIS WOULD COMPLETE HER END
OF THE BARGAIN, SHE WAS UNDERWAY.

HEEEHOOHAAAA!



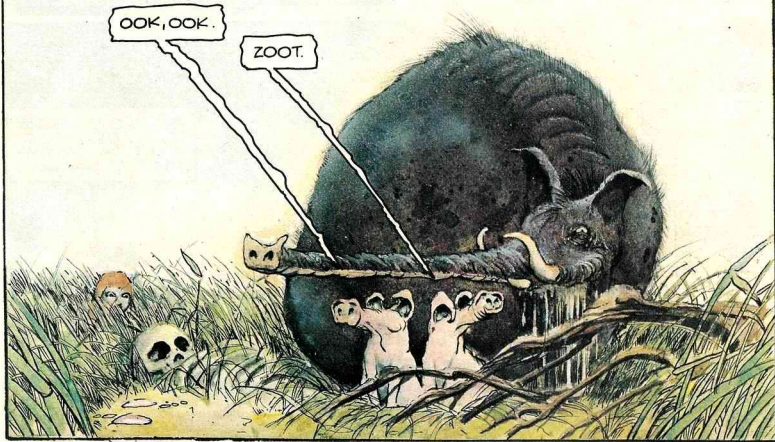
NOT ALL CREATURES
OF THE MEADOW
WERE HARMLESS.

THE TOLL KEEPER WANTED SLIP-
PERS MADE OUT OF THE SOFT
HIDE OF BABY MEADOW BOARS.
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE LLIRLEI
FOUND HER QUARRY-A MOTHER
AND TWO CUBS...

LLIRLEI'S HEART SANK. MEADOW BOARS WERE LEGENDARY FOR THEIR
FEROCITY. SMACKING-CLEAN BONES LITTERED THE AREA AROUND THE
NEST. LLIRLEI DECIDED TO POSTPONE HER EFFORTS UNTIL NIGHTFALL,
WHEN SHE HOPED TO CATCH THEM SNOOZING...

OOK, OOK.

ZOOT.



TREMBLING AS IF EXPERIENCING
A NIGHTMARE, LLIRLEI SNATCHED
THE BABIES AND RAN. BUT AN
UNSEEN TWIG BETRAYED HER.
THE FEROCIOUS YOWL OF
THE MOTHER BLARED
ACROSS THE DARK
MEADOW...

ZOOT, ZOOT!

OOK!

ROOOOWWK!



LURLIE! REALIZED THAT THE MEADOW BOAR'S SIZE BELIED ITS SPEED. AS SHE DASHED MADLY INTO THE FOREST, SHE HEARD THE WILD THRASHING BEHIND HER. SHE COULD FEEL THE HOT BREATH ON HER NECK.

PUFF,
PUFF!

RROOOWWKK!

DESPERATELY,
SHE DOVE
UNDER AN
EXPOSED
ROOT...

W
H
A
M

IT WAS A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE LURLIE! CAUGHT HER BREATH AND A FEW MORE BEFORE SHE MUSTERED THE COURAGE TO LOOK UP FROM HER REFUGE. THE CREATURE HAD BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!

WASTING NO MORE
TIME, LURLIE! GOT
TO WORK ON THE
TASK AT HAND.

SEWING HAD NOT BEEN ONE OF HER SKILLS, BUT USING THE NEEDLE AND THREAD WITH WHICH THE TOLL KEEPER HAD PROVIDED HER...

LET'S
SEE,
NOW...

FINISHED WITH
HER APPOINTED
TASK, SHE ONCE
AGAIN RETURNED
TO THE SITE OF
THE TOLL
BRIDGE...

...WHERE SHE FOUND
THE TOLL KEEPER
WAITING...

OOOWHEEE!
NICE SHOES!
MY FEET DON'T
COME IN TWO
SIZES, SINCE I
AM THE
SYM-
MET-
RICAL
TYPE.

BUT...

OOOOO/EE! IT AIN'T AS
GOOD AS STEPPIN' INTO
A WARM PILE, BUT
THEY OTTA HOLD TO-
GETHER LOTS BETTER.

SO NOW,
SIR, I'LL
BE ON
MY WAY...

NOW
HOLD ON
JUST A
MINUTE!

OH, NO! I
CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! NOT AGAIN!
WHAT DO I
HAVE TO DO
THIS TIME?

HHMMM...
SMACK, SMACK!

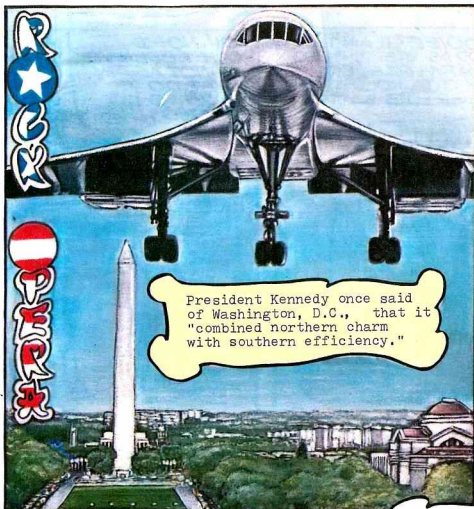
BEND
OVER AND
I'LL SHOW
YOU!

WHOP!
BAM!
CRUNCH!

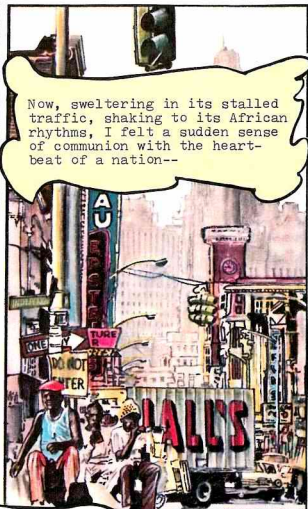
AND SO, AFTER ALL TOO
MANY DELAYS, THE
PRINCESS CONTINUED
ON HER WAY...

SOME
PEOPLE GOT
NO SENSE
OF HUMOR
WHATSOEVER.

THE END



President Kennedy once said of Washington, D.C., that it "combined northern charm with southern efficiency."



Now, sweltering in its stalled traffic, shaking to its African rhythms, I felt a sudden sense of communion with the heart-beat of a nation--



O Washington! dusky jewel set in the opulent navel of the industrial East; jaded, exotic seat of empire...



Is this your first visit to our city?



I used to come here for the protest marches.

What were you protesting?



Good God, who can remember that far back?

Well, we don't believe in that sort of thing now...

Dr. Guhlman was waiting
in the Rose Garden.

Listen, I'm going to
have to "leak" some
top-secret information
to you...

Ah, here we
are at the
White House.

The president of
the United States,
J. Ronald Nexxon, is
not a human being--
he's a robot!

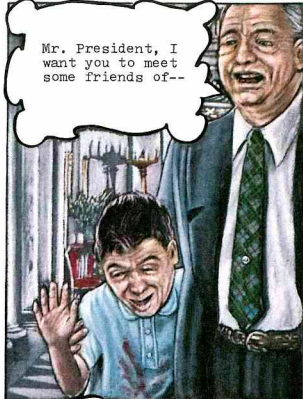
I'll let Mr.
Mouse from
the "Moral
Mafiosi"
explain the
details.

Thanks, Doc. We got
the idea from our mar-
ket research--which
showed that most Amer-
icans believed that
their microwave ovens
were smarter than they
were.

Our computers
then designed a
Composite Pres-
idential Figure, and
he was built in
a Korean trans-
istor factory. Un-
fortunately they
made a boo-boo on
the specs, and--
well, maybe you'd
better see the
rest for your-
selves...

No, we couldn't afford two,
so we had to settle for the
next-best thing--a native
Californian.

What about the
First Lady--
is she a robot,
too?



Mr. President, I want you to meet some friends of--

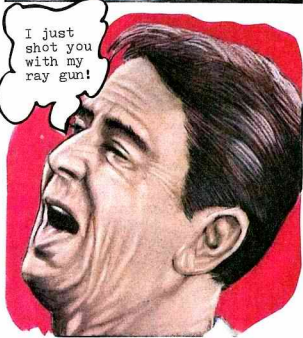


Bang! Bang!
You're dead!



This is an honor,
Mr. Pres--

You can't
talk--



I just
shot you
with my
ray gun!



You see--he
can hardly
hold a press
conference in
this condition.



Why don't you examine
him, while I take a
look at the blue-
prints?



Mr. President!
Come back!



Maybe he's
under the
desk.



Go away! This
is our fort!



Are you a Russian?

Um,
no...



Mr. President! It's bedtime for you and Banzai.

Awww... shoot!



So this is where you're going to be working...



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

No way! You'll just have to wait until we get back to the hotel--



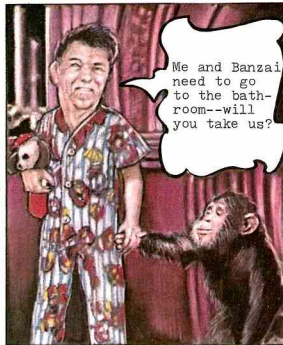
They did it right here on the desk...



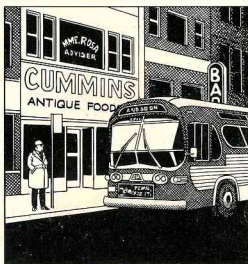
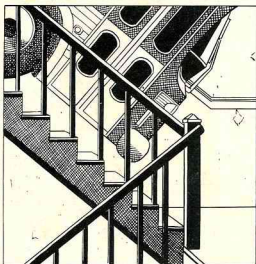
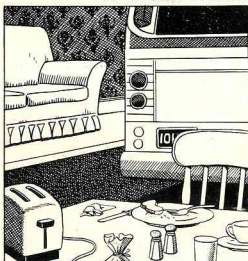
Well, maybe if we're quick...



A moment later, I looked up to find the president of the United States gravely watching me.



We and Banzai need to go to the bathroom--will you take us?



The untruths spun in last issue's Coming Next Month column have led to great confusion. "So what the hell ever happened to the Gimenez interview? or the Hagen feature?" queried letters from around the world. Kings and queens alike wrote with great concern. "You fibbed to us!" they steamed.

Well, we do apologize. Various scheduling problems couldn't be avoided. The following should give you a good idea of what's coming up in the June issue of *Heavy Metal*. Along with the illustrated works of Lucrezia Borgia we offer:

Caza's **The March Hair**, in which our narrator experiences a metamorphosis all his own.

Druillet and Picotto's **Firax**, a strangely beautiful story bringing back for an encore the character of the same name.

COMING NEXT MONTH



The first part of a two-part interview with Richard Corben. With Brad Balfour, he discusses the *whys*, *whens*, *whos*, and *whats* behind his art.

Plus: the continuations of Corben's **Bloodstar**, Chaykin's **Cody Starbuck**, and Enki Bilal's **The Immortals' Fete**. Promise! Honest Injun!



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as do Suydam's mud wogs.
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Plus some pretty weird
worldwide goings-on!**

