

From the World's Premier Illustrated Fantasy Magazine

**THE BEST OF
HEAVY**

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JNX_SCANZ

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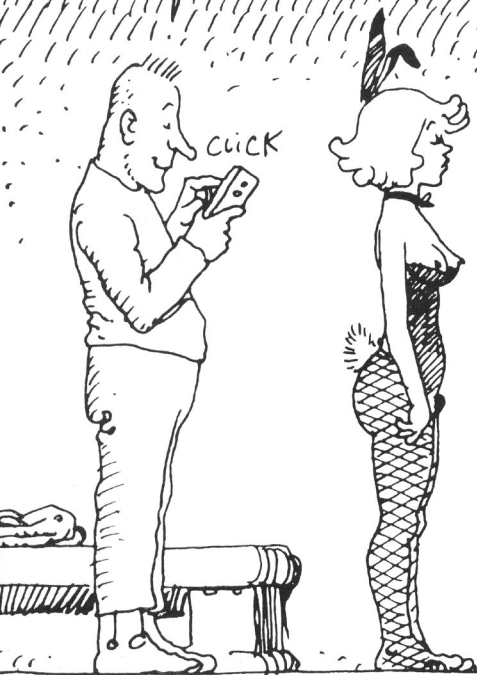


JNX SCANZ

5

HMM...UH...
HEH! HEH! HEH!
UM...HEH!

click





THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL

1977-1979

Compiled by the staff of
Heavy Metal Magazine

THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL

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"Virgo," by Caza, "Ballade," by Moebius, "Approaching Centauri," by Druillet and Moebius, "White Night," by Claveloux, "Master," by Nicollet, "Going to Pieces," by Schuiten, "Free Fall," by Moebius, and the front cover, by Moebius, are © 1977, 1978, *Metal Hurlant*, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

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"Den's Farewell," ©1978, by Richard Corben.

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IT GAINED SOMETHING IN THE TRANSLATION



Comics was *our* idea. They did things to 'em. So, our *next* idea was to do things to the things they did to comics. You still with me? It's like this. It seemed to Len, & me, & Valerie, & Julie (to begin with) that (in the mid-70s) the French were doing to/for/with comics roughly what (in the early 60s) the English were doing to/for/with that *other* idea of ours, Rock.

'Cause in '62, nothing was happening over here in music (unless you think Lesley Gore was something happening) but a bunch of... *foreigners* called Stones, Beatles, & Animals, & stuff had rediscovered the TNT stash in rock music, and were lighting matches. Ditto in the mid-70s, with the "Underground" driven back underground, nothing much was happening in comics (unless you think Broom Hilda was something happening), but a bunch of... *foreigners* called Moebius, & Druillet, & Voss, & Caza, & stuff had assembled under the banner of Humanoids, and were publishing *Metal Hurlant*, this *amazing*... well, it looked *sort of* like a comic book... and we made a deal with them, and the rest is history. Or Home Ec. Whatever.

Translating *MH/HM* has always been weird. Take the very title of the Froggy book, *Metal Hurlant*. Means howling metal, screaming metal... but what does *that* mean? Hurlant is the noise a high wind makes, wolves make, hysterics make... possibly means the sound metal makes screaming through the air, trans: *Schrapnel*? But also *personifies* metal, gives it a voice, a voice of pain, connotes stress, the trapped slave-soul of a robot. Metal is also a rock term, of course, in which case, trans: *Feedback*? A future (metal) metropolis, in which quivering guy wires and parabolic girders, terror-tense cables and gleaming consols *scream*, *whine* with tension, ready to implode, explode, crash, short-out, break-down, blow-up, *climax*?

So we called it *Heavy Metal*, which kept, at least, the futuristic-rock-nuclear science vibrations. First two damn words took a month. To no one's great

satisfaction...

&, being comics, the stuff inside was written (mostly) in slang. French hipster, street-smut, local-joke or literary slang. About half the time we were guessing. Probably Moebius & Co. got some hearty giggles out of what they thought we thought they meant.

Take "Ballade," herein presented. Damn thing starts with a passage from Rimbaud, the boy-poet symbolist loonbar. Thanks, Moebius. That's an easy one...

Which may be why, in the early days, we much preferred to reprint pieces like "Virgo" and "Free Fall" (likewise reprinted within). Pure instrumentals, see?

No, we weren't surprised you took to Druillet and Claveloux, Schuiten, Bilal, Caza, & the rest. From European countries other than France, & from publishers other than the Humanoids as well, we knew we'd hit a mother lode of very *Heavy Metal*.

But as *HM* came out, each month, we were (happily) surprised at the quantity and quality of English language stuff that started to come in. First, 'natch, Corben, honcho of the ex-underground "Slow Death," etc., fantasy strip. We weren't so much surprised to land him, as proud to offer him space. Then McKie, from Britain... & then a mob of young Yanks, led (whether he knew it or not) by the very *strange* Suydam. Included in this collection are vintage beauties from them all.

Doubtless, the, you-shld-pardon-the-expression, new wave of local talent which now contributes about half the mag will be represented in the next anthology; because right now *they're* starting to appear in French, and Spanish, and German versions... and if you think they're good in the original, you oughta see 'em in translation!

Sean Kelly
Editor of
Heavy Metal
(1977-1979)



BALLADE

MCBIBBS
12

"FROM A GOLDEN
PLAIN AMIDST SILK
RIBBONS, GRAY GAUZE,
GREEN VELVETS, AND THE
CRYSTAL DISKS WHICH BLACKEN
LIKE BRONZE IN THE SUN" --
GIDDYUP, KOLOKO!
LET'S GO!
YUK! YUK!

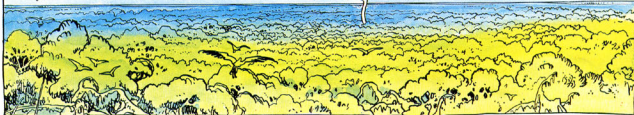
"I SEE THE
FOXGLOVE OPEN ON
A CARPET FILIGREED
WITH SILVER EYES AND
TRESSES..."

AAH...

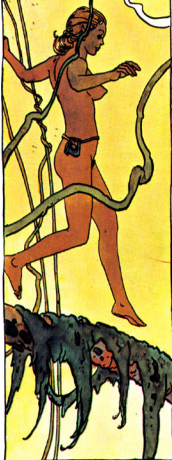
WHAT A
WONDERFUL
DAY!



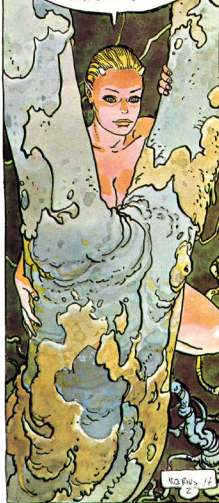
"PIECES OF GOLD,
YELLOW, STREWN ON AGATE,
MAHOOGANY PILLARS SUPPORTING AN
EMERALD DOME; BOUQUETS OF WHITE SATIN
AND SLENDER WANDS OF RUBIES CLUSTER..."



"AS IF A GOD WITH
VAST BLUE EYES, IN
THE FORMS OF SNOW,
SEA, AND SKY HAD
SUMMONED TO HIS
MARBLE TERRACES A
CROWD OF MIGHTY,
YELLOW ROSES."



JUST LOOK AT THIS LITTLE
MOUNTAIN FELLOW, THIS YOUNG
RASCAL OFF ALL ALONE ON
AN ADVENTURE, CROSSING
MY BIO-FOREST WHILE
QUOTING
RIMBAUD!

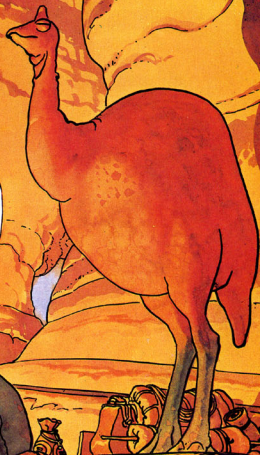


YOK!
YOK!

SOON,
NIGHT
FALLS...



WHAT DO
THE **FLAMES**
SAY TONIGHT?
WILL **TOMORROW**
BE A GOOD
DAY, GOOD OLD
KOLOKO?



SUDDENLY: A HORRIBLE PIEDSHELL SCORPION!

UUUUUUU!
ANOTHER ONE
OF THOSE
STUPID
MONSTERS!





THE FAWN DANCES,
TRACING IN THE AIR
THE SECRET AND
MAGICAL GESTURES
WHICH HAVE ALWAYS
PACIFIED THE
PIEDSHELL.

THIS GIRL IS BUT
TWENTY YEARS
OF AGE. SHE IS
EXPERT AT RUNNING
ALONG MOSSY
BOUGHS. SHE
EATS THE FRUITS
WHICH GROW HERE
FREELY IN
PROFUSION.

AND ALL WHO DWELL
IN THE BIO-FOREST
KNOW HER
LANGUAGE.



GOOD EVENING,
LITTLE FELLOW FROM
THE HIGHLANDS... IT
WAS YOUR FINE THAT
ATTRACTED THE PIEDSHELL
HERE... THEY HAVE THE
BRAINS OF
BUTTERFLIES...

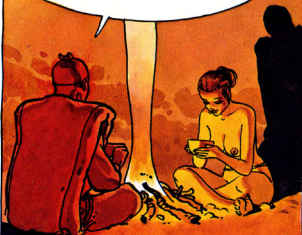
AND IT'S ME
THAT HE WANTED AS
PLUNDER!...YUK...
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
TO A NICE HOT CLIP
OF BANG,
LITTLE FAWN?



DON'T LAUGH, LOONA...
UP IN THE HILLS, THE WHOLE
BEAR-FLY TRIBE LAUGHED AT ME
JUST THAT WAY WHEN I TOLD THEM
I WAS GOING AROUND THE WORLD,
THROUGH THE BIO-FOREST, ACROSS
THE SAVANNAH, TO THE OCEAN SHORE...
COME, LOONA!...

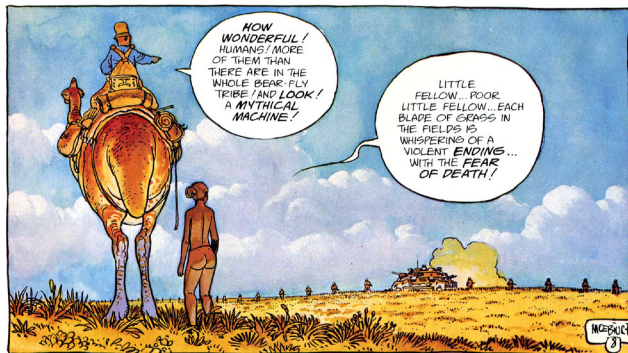
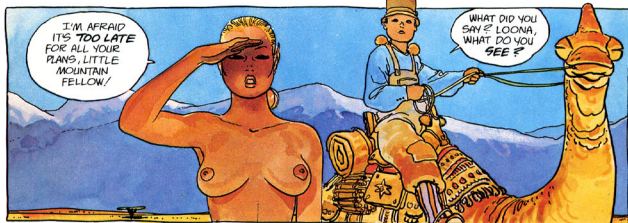
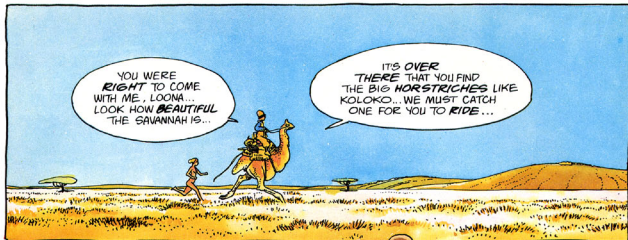
STOP LAUGHING AND THINK OF THE
WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

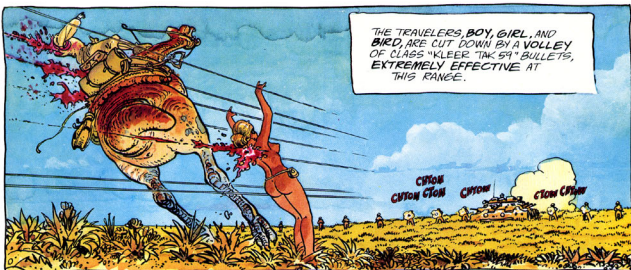
I'VE HEARD OF GIANT SHIPS THAT
FLOAT AND FLY... I'VE HEARD OF
CITIES, LOONA, HUMAN CITIES!



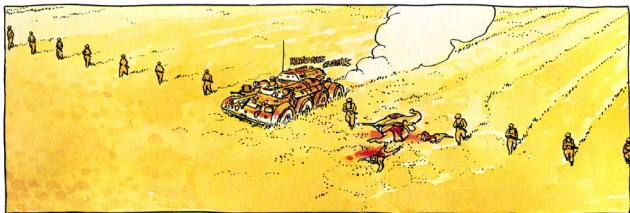
YOU FELLOWS
FROM THE MOUNTAINTOPS,
RIDING YOUR BIG BIRDS,
WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND
HATS, AND SHOES ON YOUR FEET,
YOU NO LONGER KNOW WHERE
GOD IS...

WHY SHOULD I GO ANYWHERE
WITH A HOPELESS IDIOT
LIKE YOU...



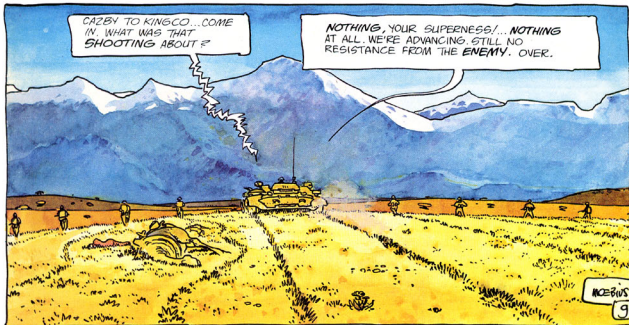


THE TRAVELERS, BOY, GIRL, AND BIRD, ARE CUT DOWN BY A VOLLEY OF CLASS "KLEER TAK 59" BULLETS, EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE AT THIS RANGE.



CAZBY TO KINGCO...COME IN. WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTING ABOUT?

NOTHING, YOUR SUPERNESS!...NOTHING AT ALL. WE'RE ADVANCING. STILL NO RESISTANCE FROM THE ENEMY. OVER.

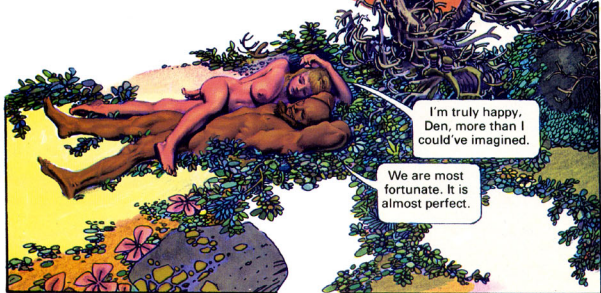


FIN.



DEN'S FAREWELL

©1978 RICHARD CORBEN



I'm truly happy,
Den, more than I
could've imagined.

We are most
fortunate. It is
almost perfect.

Almost perfect?! How could it possibly be better? Is there some position we haven't tried?

It's just that . . . I know how we came to NeverWhere, but . . . my uncle's fate is still a mystery.

Uncle Dan's spirit is not at rest. I think he was murdered.

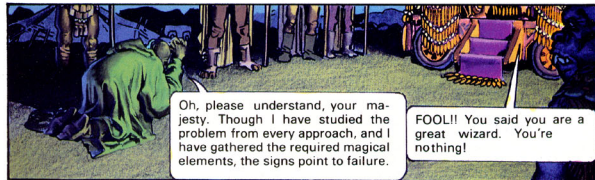
Look!

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Not that. You're wonderful.

Will we ever discover the truth?



An encampment . . . What? I believe that is the very spot where I arrived in this world. Let's get closer.



Oh, please understand, your majesty. Though I have studied the problem from every approach, and I have gathered the required magical elements, the signs point to failure.

FOOL!! You said you are a great wizard. You're nothing!

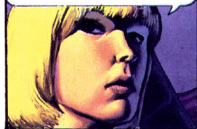


Did you think I was too simple to separate the half-truths from your transparent fabrications? I am more versed in the dark arts than you.

You sniveling twit! At least you collected the rare stones and gases. But I realize the missing element is TIME! The cataclysmic destruction of the Locnar set back more than my promotion to power...



... It reset the geologic-cosmic relationship. Thanks to interfering upstarts, I must wait four seasonal cycles for the forces to come into precise alignment. Then I will create Locnar's brother.



ZEG, you FOOL!!! I know you were going to sabotage my plans!

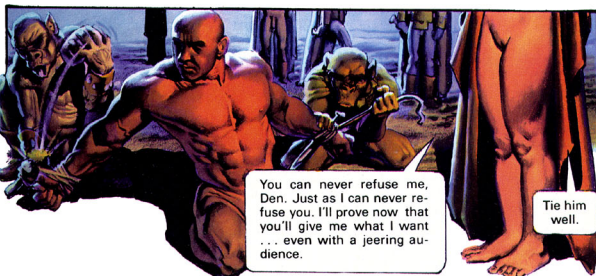


Feed him to the Gulper.



NOOOO!
No, please!

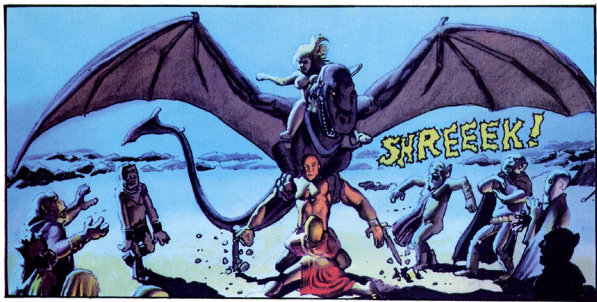


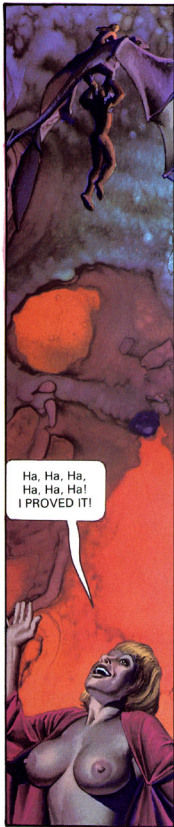


You can never refuse me, Den. Just as I can never refuse you. I'll prove now that you'll give me what I want ... even with a jeering audience.

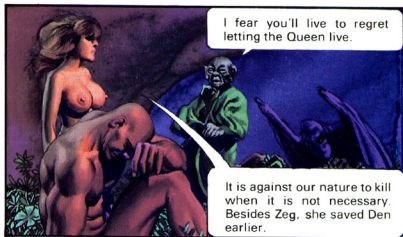
Tie him well.







Ha, Ha, Ha,
Ha, Ha, Ha!
I PROVED IT!



I fear you'll live to regret
letting the Queen live.

It is against our nature to kill
when it is not necessary.
Besides Zeg, she saved Den
earlier.



Nevertheless, I suggest you
leave this land far behind.

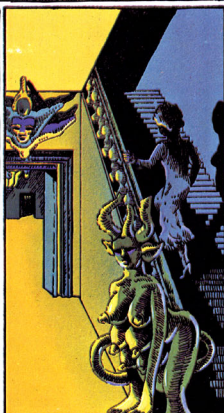
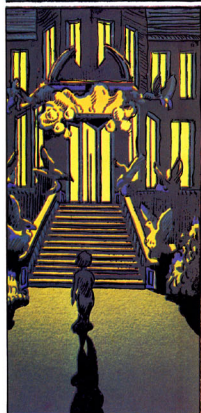
Because in four years, Nev-
erWhere will be her's com-
pletely. Then she'll come
after you again.

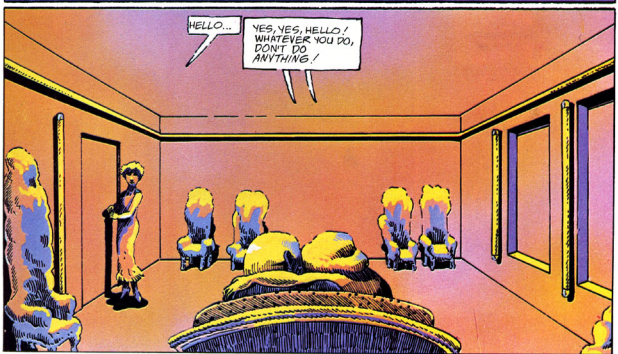
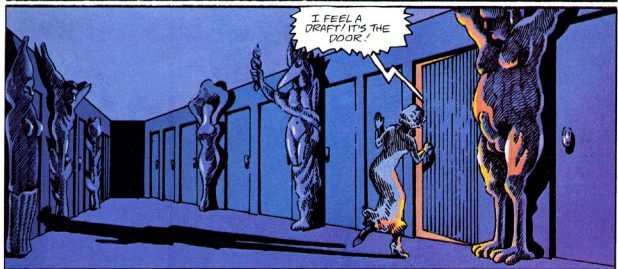
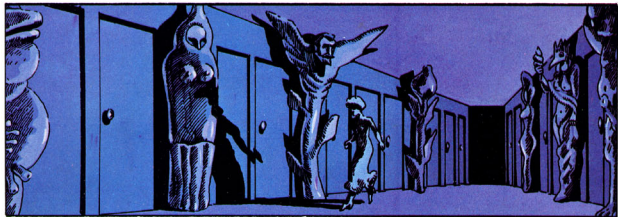


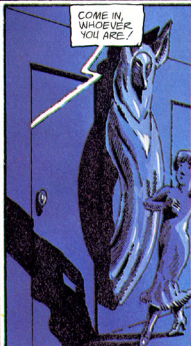
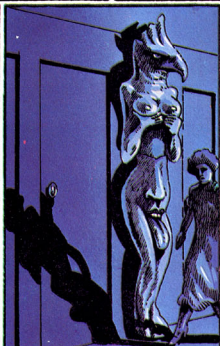
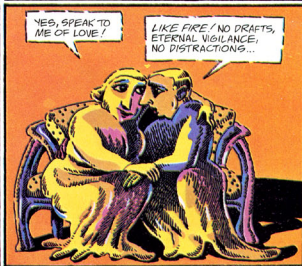
We've got four years ...
then perhaps another ad-
venture.

White Night

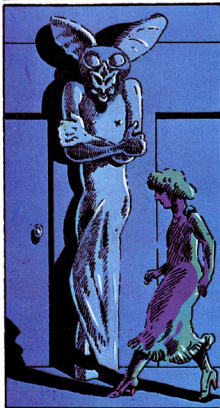
STORY BY ZHA ART BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX

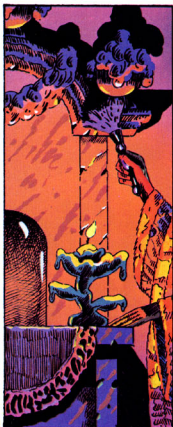


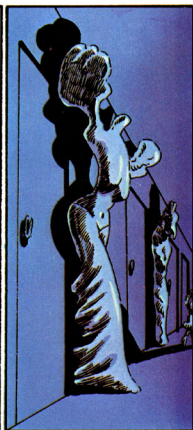
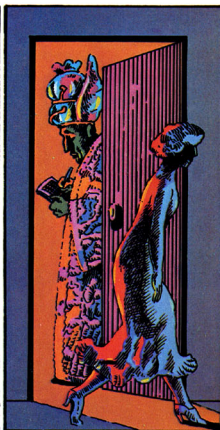


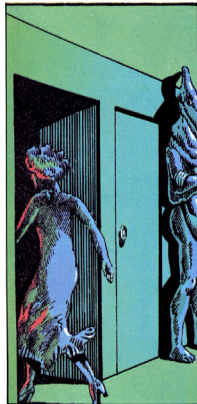
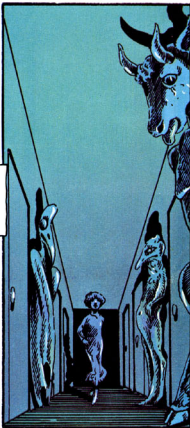


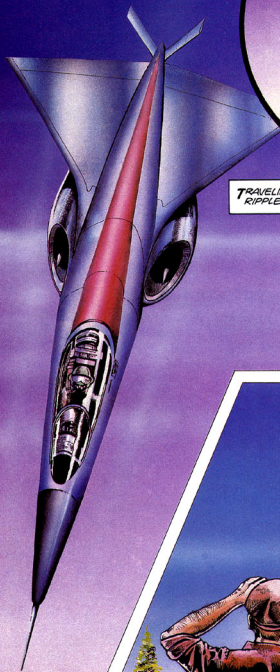








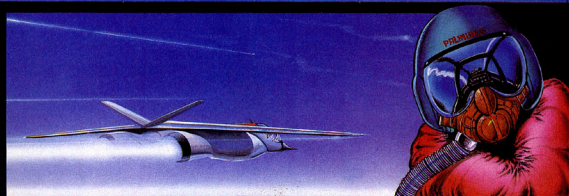
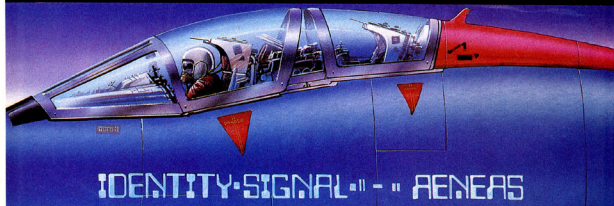
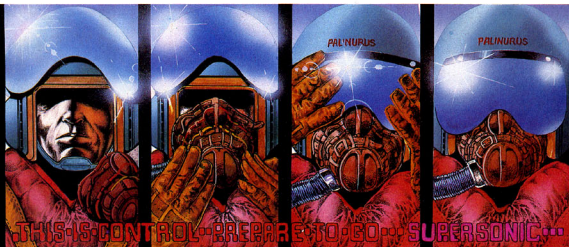


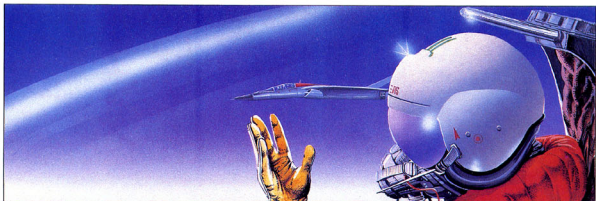


*TRAVELING FASTER THAN SOUND, ONLY AN IMPERCEPTIBLE
RIPPLE IN THE ETHER HERALDS THE COMING OF...*

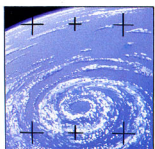
JET MAN







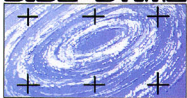
COPY: YOUR BEARING..... SO: 67: ANEAS



**GROUND CONTROL: ANEAS: PALINURUS
HURRICANE: D: DO: AREA: ALERT: ACKNLG:**



D: DO: DYING

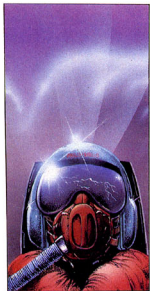


JET: STREAM



ANOMALY:

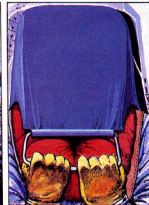
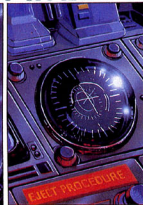


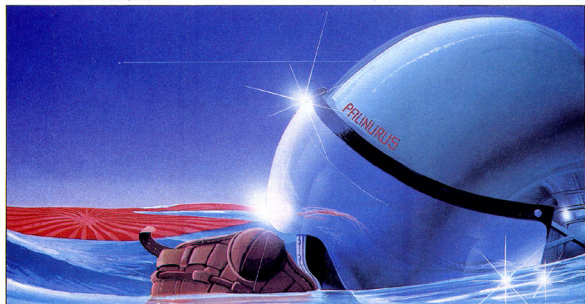
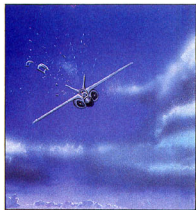


•PALINURUS! CORRECT YOUR COURSE!...



.....WHAT PRICE THE EMPIRE?.....





JET-MAN 7/73 © ANGUS WHEE

CITY OF FLOWERS

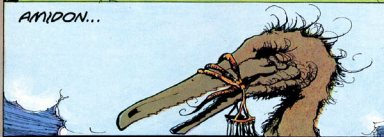
The sky...



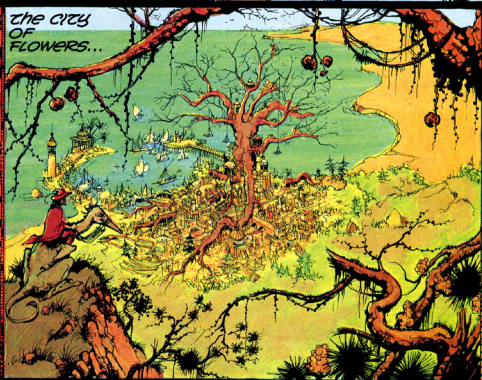
FIRAZ...



AMIDON...

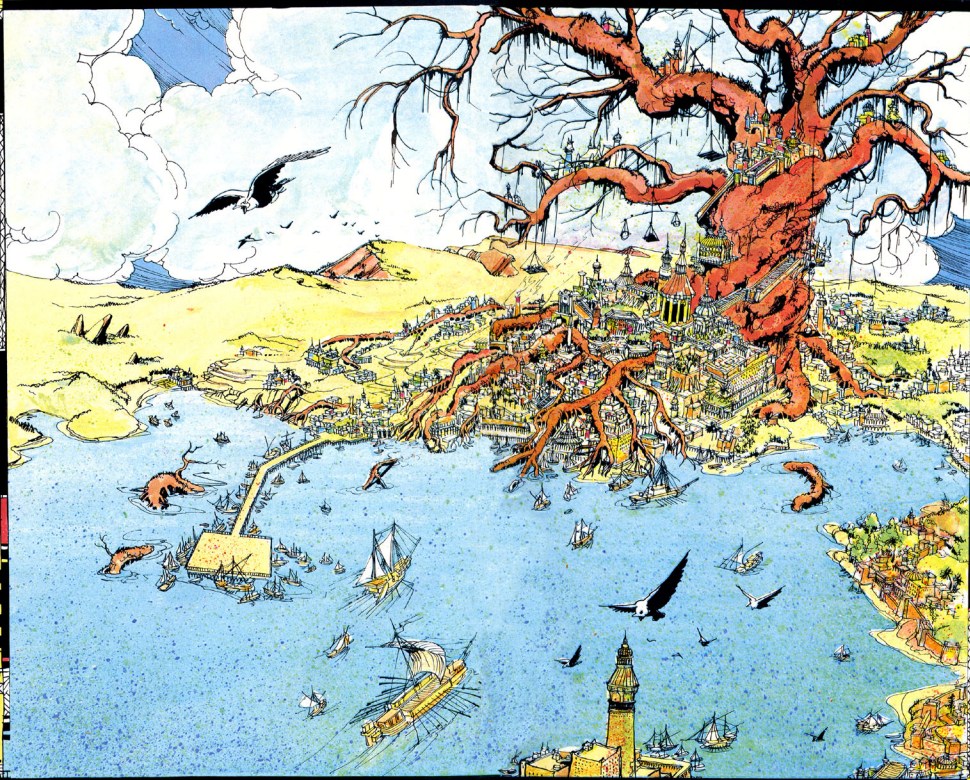


The city
OF
FLOWERS...





A PORT...A
FLOWER
CITY, BOR-
DERING A
GREAT IN-
LAND SEA,
THE
CITY OF
THE TREE,
A CITY OF
FLOWERS
AND
GARDENS,
A CITY OF
THE SUN,
OF MULTI-
COLORED
TERRACES
AND
MINARETS



THE ROOTS
OF THE
TREE RUN
INTER-
TWINED
DOWN TO
THE SEA,
THE
SOURCE
OF LIFE...

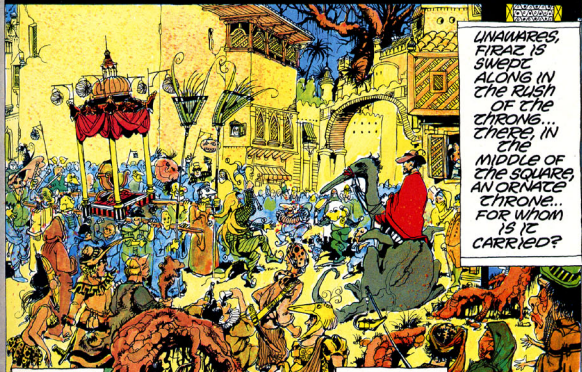
A
THOUSAND
RICH MERCHANTS
HAVE
SHIPS
TRAVEL
ACROSS
THE
WORLD,
FISHER-
MEN WITH
SILVER
NETS AND
...THE
INHABITANTS...

CARNIVAL IS IN FULL
SWING, FIRAZ, AND
YOU WILL JOIN
THE FESTIVITIES...
AND KNOW THEIR
PURPOSE...





There's
FUN TO be
HAD HERE!
...BY SAROT,
I ARRIVED
JUST IN
TIME...



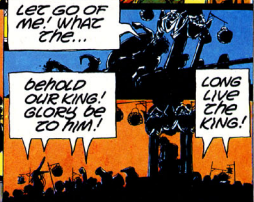
LINAMARES,
FIRAZ IS
SWEEP
ALONG IN
THE RUSH
OF THE
THRONG...
THERE, IN
THE
MIDDLE OF
THE SQUARE,
AN ORNATE
THRONE...
FOR WHOM
IS IT
CARRIED?

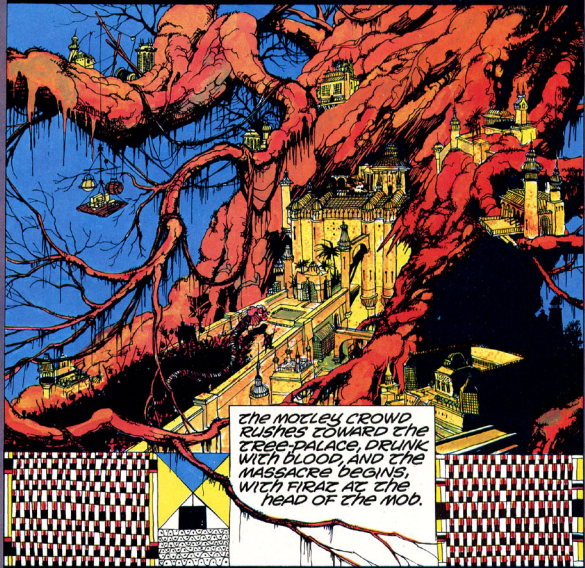
ANOTHER
CITY OF
LUNAZICS!

LET GO OF
ME! WHAT
THE...

BEHOLD
OUR KING!
GLORY BE
TO HIM!

LONG
LIVE
THE
KING!







THE PERSONAL
GUARD OF THE
KING IS RIPPED
TO PIECES IN
THE TWINKLING
OF AN EYE...
FASTER EVEN
THAN THE
TWINKLING OF
AN EYE...

TO DEATH!
TO DEATH!

TO DEATH!
TO DEATH!

MISERABLE
SCUM! I'LL WIPE
OUT THE LOT
OF YOU...

DEATH!
DEATH!

AGAIN!
AGAIN!

his highness
LIFTED THE
REGAL SKIRTS
AND RAN AWAY IN
A MOST
LINDIGNIFIED
MANNER.

DAMN YOU ALL AND
DAMN YOUR GODS!
...KAFF! KAFF!

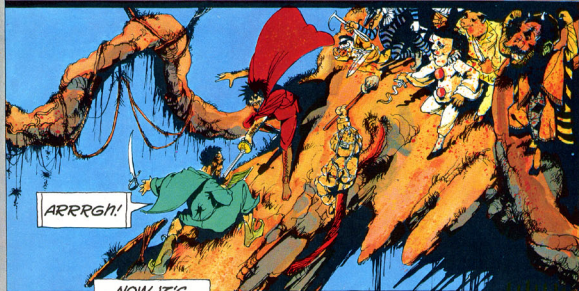


KILL!
KILL!



GANG OF
RAZZ!
FILTHY
SWINE...





ARRRGH!

NOW IT'S
YOUR TURN,
YOUR
HIGHNESS!

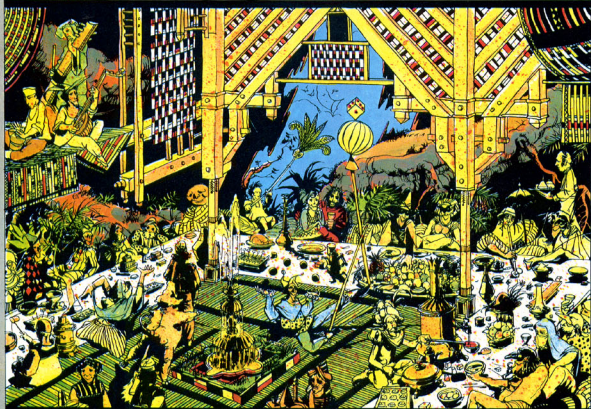


THE KING
IS DEAD!



LONG LIVE
THE KING!

LONG LIVE
THE KING!



FIRAZ IS QUICKLY CRAMMED WITH FOOD AND DRINK...



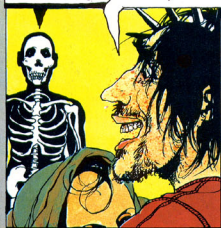
YOUR MAJESTY!

Yah, sure, creepo!

YOUR MAJESTY, I MUST WARN YOU THAT THE NEXT CARNIVAL WILL BE HELD IN THREE MONTHS.

EXACTLY!

Hic

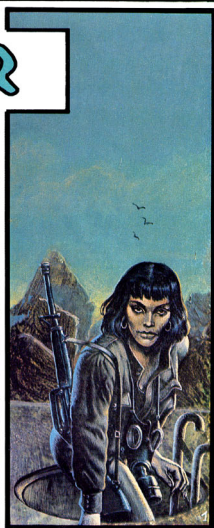


IN THESE DESOLATE TIMES, THE HEAVENS THROW UP STRANGE THINGS.



NICOLLET

MASTER





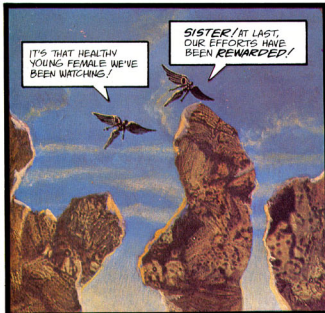
I HAVE NO INTENTION
OF LETTING ANYONE
SHIT ON ME! NO
ONE! EVER!!



psst...



MY GOD, THAT'S REALLY DISGUSTING!

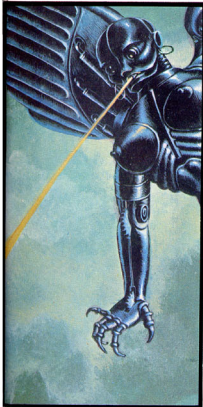
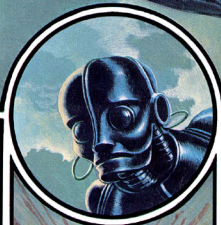
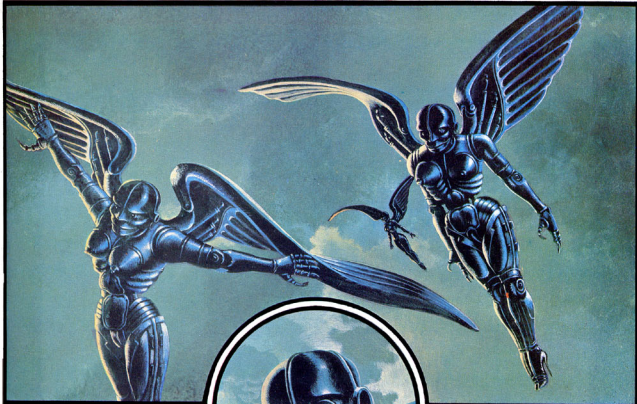


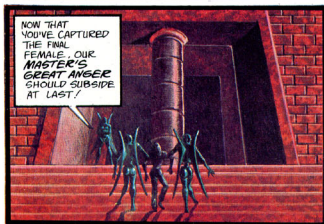
IT'S THAT HEALTHY
YOUNG FEMALE
WE'VE
BEEN WATCHING!

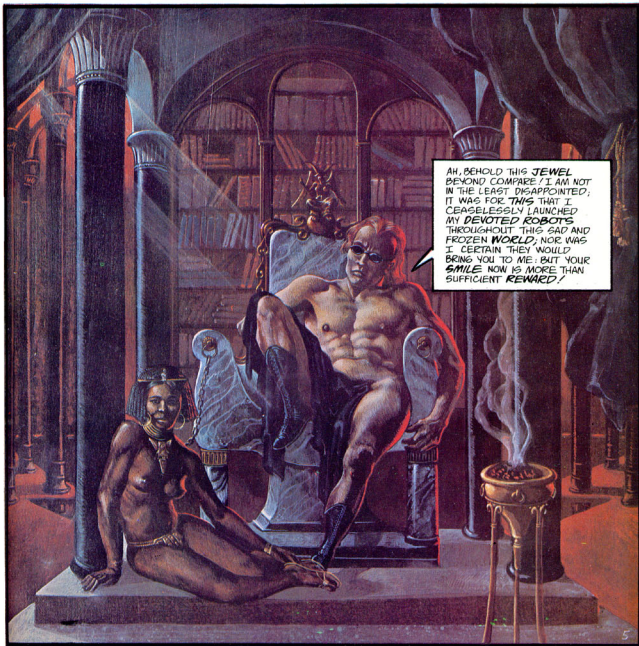
SISTER! AT LAST,
OUR EFFORTS HAVE
BEEN REWARDED!



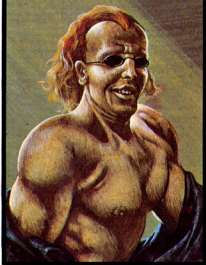
SWIFTLY OVERPOWERED, THE
POOR GIRL SUBMITTED TO
THE VIOLENT ASSAULTS OF
THE FILTHY CREATURE ...
BUT ...



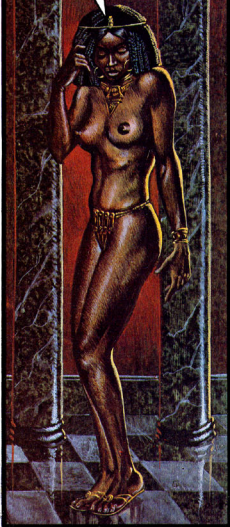




AND WITH YOUR WHOLE-SOME BEAUTY, YOU AND I WILL PRODUCE A **NEW RACE**, ALONE AS WE ARE UPON THIS **DESOLATE WORLD**.



AND SO, MY MASTER, YOU ARE DRIVING ME AWAY? YOU HAVE GROWN WEARY OF MY **STERILE WOMB** AND ARE NOW INFLAMED BY SUCH **VULGAR CHARMS** AS THESE?



WELL, MY MASTER, TO PLEASE YOU THE MORE, I SHALL PUT AN **END** WITH THIS **KNIFE** DIPPED IN **POISON**, TO THIS LIFE WHICH ONCE QUIVERED **COMPLETELY** IN YOUR **HANDS**!...FAREWELL, **TRAITOR!** MAY YOU BE **DAMNED!**



SIR, HAVE YOU **DECIDED**?

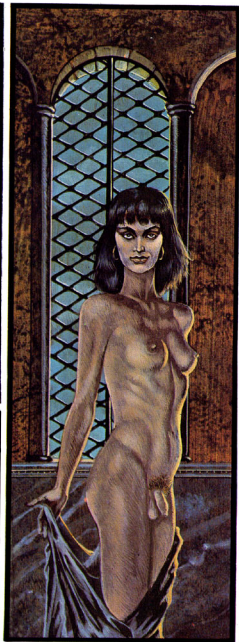
I'M TIRED OF HER **STERILITY**. SHE MUST CERTAINLY BE **CAST OUT!**



SO LET HER BEGIN
HER JOURNEY TO
THE SHADOWY
KINGDOM. AND IN
THE MOMENT OF
OUR UNION'S
CONSUMMATION,
MAY WE BEGIN TO
REPEOPLE THE
WORLD WITH
HUNDREDS OF
CHILDREN.



WHAT IS WITH THIS GUY?
HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!



With her gentle gaze,
she won my heart,
With her regal bearing
she charmed me,
But she, too, has been
contaminated by
That goddamn radiation!



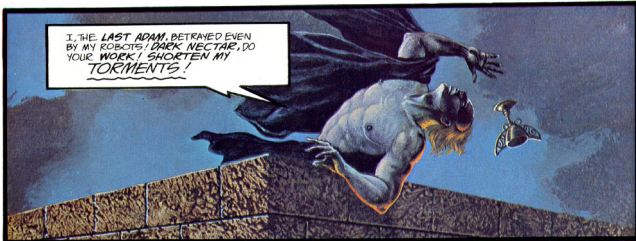
A LIFE WITHOUT PURPOSE,
A DEATH WITHOUT PROGENY!
ALL MY MASTERY HAS LED ME
TO THIS, JUST TO THIS ...



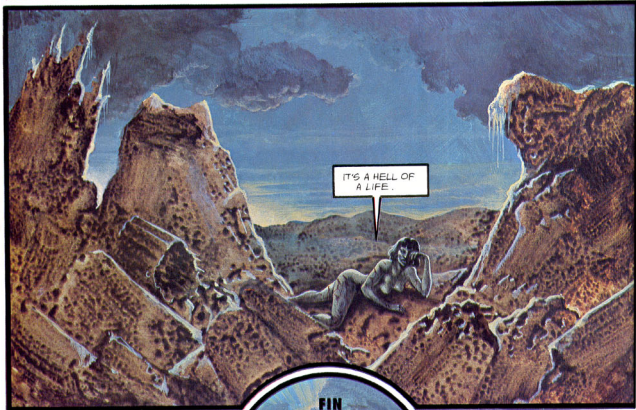
AS FOR YOU, DEMON, BACK TO HELL WITH YOU !!!!



I, THE LAST ADAM, BETRAYED EVEN
BY MY ROBOTS! DARK NECTAR, DO
YOUR WORK! SHORTEN MY
TORMENTS!



IT'S A HELL OF
A LIFE.



FIN



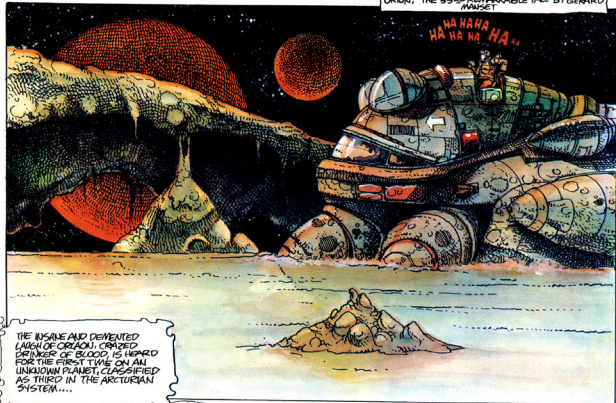
THE DEATH OF ORLAON

OR LEGENDARY IMMORTALITY

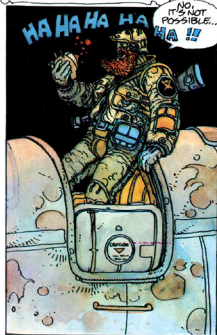
(2)

INK
BILAN

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "THE DEATH OF ORION," THE 33RD REMARKABLE TALE BY GERARD MANET



THE INSANE AND DEMENTED LAUGH OF ORLAON, CRAZED DRINKER OF BLOOD, IS HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME ON AN UNKNOWN PLANET, CLASSIFIED AS THIRD IN THE ARCTURIAN SYSTEM....

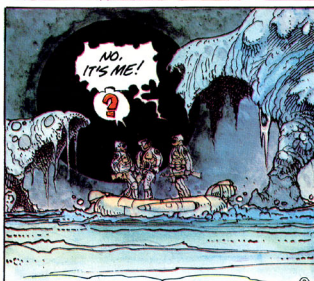
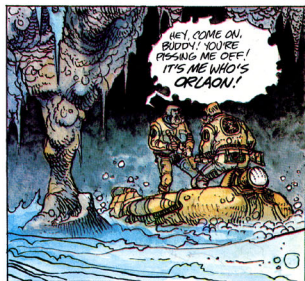
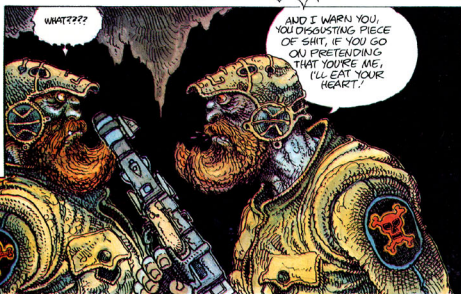


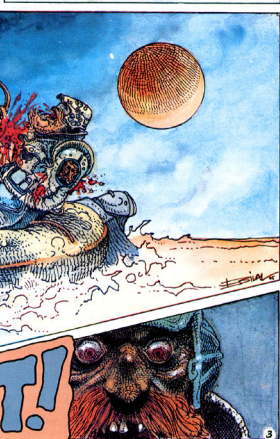
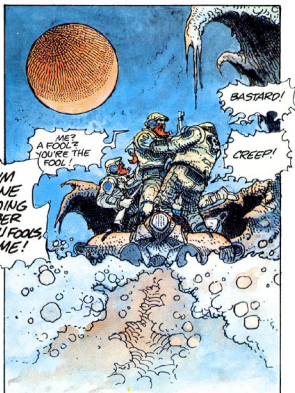
NOT EVEN A CAT FOR A HUNDRED MILES AROUND ACCORDING TO THIS DUMB RADAR! EVEN UNKNOWN PLANETS ARE AFRAID WHEN I ARRIVE... HA HA HA HA HA!



PITY! PITY! I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO MAKE A LITTLE ARCTURIAN BLOOD FLOW JUST TO SEE THE COLOR AND TASTE...

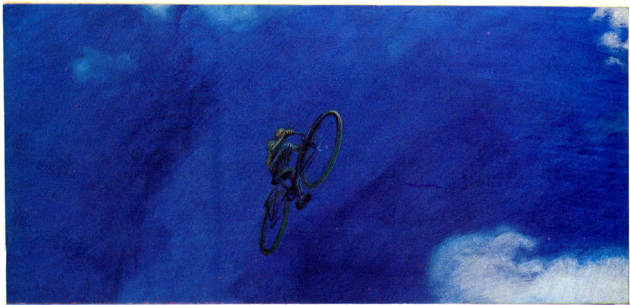








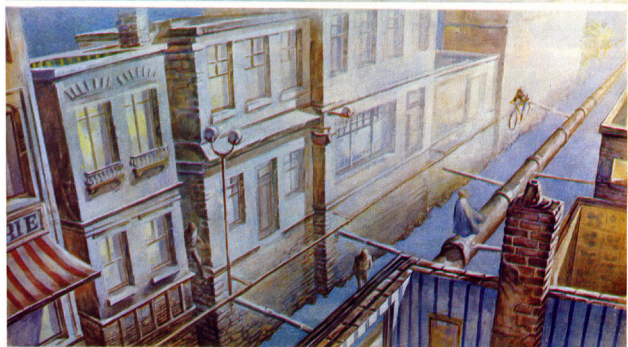
THE QUARREL NEVER ENDED ON THE STRANGE ARCTURIAN PLANET... LEGEND SAYS THAT ORLAON, THE CRAZED DRINKER OF BLOOD, MANAGED TO BEAT ALMOST 300 VERSIONS OF HIMSELF BEFORE SUCCEEDING, SHAMEFULLY ASSASSINATED BY ANOTHER HIM WHO



going to pieces











THAT KNOW... IT'S
SO ZAMPING...



yes... BUT IF YOU
TOUCH...



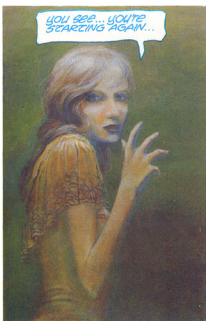
NO, I'VE GOT
A HOLE OF
MYSELF NOW...



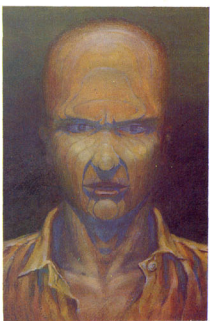
OH, COME ON! YOU'RE
ALWAYS GETTING YOUR-
SELF INTO IMPOSSIBLE
SITUATIONS...



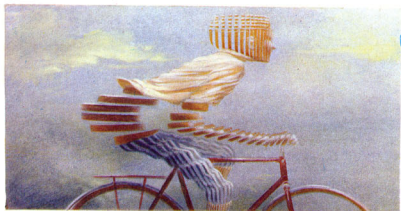
YOU SEE... YOU'RE
SEARING AGAIN...



YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT TO BE
THE STRONG ONE... YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO DOES EVERY-
THING TO GET ME FEELING
THIS WAY...





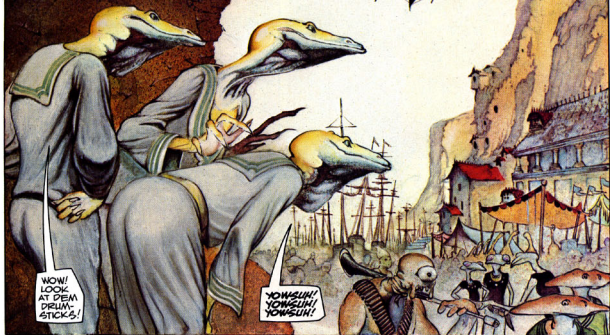




AT 0:00 HOURS ON OUR LAST NIGHT IN WERNSPORT, BUFO, DING-DONG, AND I SAT ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE JOINT THAT EVERY SAILOR IN THE UNIVERSE DREAMED ABOUT...

MAMA'S PLACE

BY ARTHUR SINDRIM



MAMA'S PLACE WAS A SOLDIER'S LAST CHANCE FOR LOVE BEFORE RETURNING TO THE LONELINESS OF DEEP SPACE...

MAN, I WISH I HAD ENOUGH DOUGH FOR DAT.

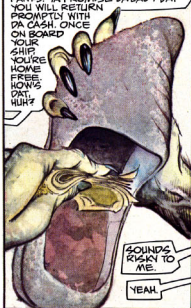
BE COOL, BOYS. I WON THAT DOUGH FAIR. BESIDES I'M STAYIN' AT MAMA'S PLACE TONIGHT AND IT AIN'T GONNA COST ME A DIME.

HUH? HOW YOU GONNA DO DAT?



SO I SHOWED THE GUYS A LITTLE TRICK I'D LEARNED.

YA TAKE YOUR DOUGH AN' PUT IT IN YOUR SHOE...AND WHEN IT COMES TIME TO PAY, YA DISCOVER, MUCH TO YOUR DISMAY, THAT YOU LEFT YOUR MONEY IN ANOTHER PAIR O' PANTS. YA PROMISE DA LADY DAT YOU WILL RETURN PROMPTLY WITH DA CASH. ONCE ON BOARD YOUR SHIP YOU'RE HOME FREE. HOW'S DAT, HUH?



SO I WAS OFF TO ADVENTURE AND INTRIGUE...

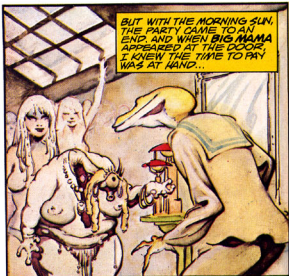
REMEMBER, BOF...THE FLEET LEAVES EARLY IN THE MORNING.



MAMA'S PLACE WAS EVERYTHING I'D IMAGINED--AND MORE. AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF THE GALAXY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ATTENDED TO MY EVERY WILD DESIRE.



BUT WITH THE MORNING SUN, THE PARTY CAME TO AN END. AND WHEN BIG MAMA APPEARED AT THE DOOR, I KNEW THE TIME TO PAY WAS AT HAND...



I REACHED INTO ONE OF MY POCKETS AND TURNED IT INSIDE OUT TO REVEAL ITS BARENESS.



WHEN I REACHED INTO MY OTHER POCKET AND FOUND THAT IT, TOO, WAS EMPTY, BIG MAMA NEARLY WENT INTO SHOCK.

I HASTILY APOLOGIZED FOR MY FORGETFULNESS AND PROMISED TO RETURN MOMENTARILY WITH THE MONEY.



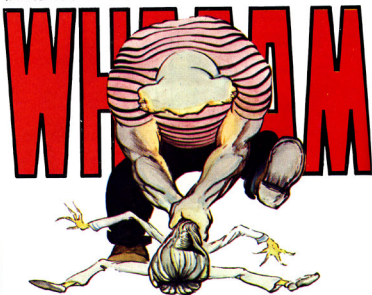
WITH CONFUSION AT ITS PEAK, I QUIETLY MADE MY EXIT.

WHAT A BUNCHA DOPES! 'NAR! 'NAR! HARRECCHHHH!



I WAS ABOUT TO DEVASTATE HIM WITH MY AMAZING TECHNIQUE WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT...

IT WAS THE BOUNCER! THE UGLY GOON HOVERED OVER ME LIKE A TREE. BUT OFFICERS OF THE FLEET ARE FULLY TRAINED IN THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE...



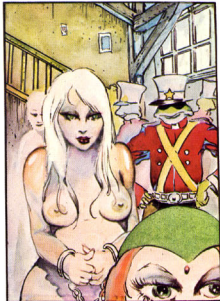


OBVIOUSLY A SNEAK ATTACK FROM BEHIND!

IT WAS DAYS BEFORE I GAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, AWAKENED BY LOUD CRASHING NOISES FROM UPSTAIRS.



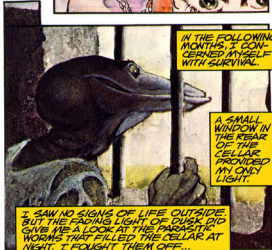
IT WAS A HORRIBLE BRAWL WITH GLASS AND FURNITURE SMASHING ABOUT. THEN, AFTER THE STORM, THERE CAME A TERRIBLE...



SILENCE...



I POUNDED ON THE DOOR FOR HOURS. I SCREAMED FOR DAYS. THERE WAS NO REPLY.



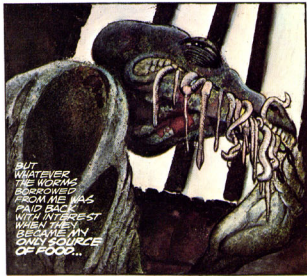
IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, I CONCERNED MYSELF WITH SURVIVAL.

A SMALL WINDOW IN THE REAR OF THE CELLAR PROVIDED MY ONLY LIGHT.

I SAW NO SIGNS OF LIFE OUTSIDE. BUT THE FADING LIGHT OF DUSK DID GIVE ME A LOOK AT THE PARASITIC WORMS THAT FILLED THE CELLAR AT NIGHT. I FOUGHT THEM OFF...



BUT AS SOON AS I FELL ASLEEP, I BECAME AN EASY MEAL.



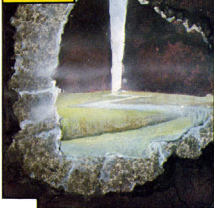
BUT WHATEVER THE WORMS BORROWED FROM ME WAS PAID BACK WITH INTEREST WHEN THEY BECAME MY ONLY SOURCE OF FOOD...

ONE DAY WHILE I WAS GROVELING FOR WORMS, I FOUND A TOOL! IT WAS ONLY A SMALL SPOON, BUT IT WOULD SERVE ME WELL IN THE MONTHS TO COME...



WITH EACH PASSING WEEK I CAME CLOSER TO FREEDOM UNTIL...

THE TWISTED BACK ALLEYS OF WERMSPORT WERE LIKE A MAZE. WITH EACH NEW DEAD-END I EXPLORED, I GREW MORE FEEBLE UNTIL, AT LAST, I COULD CRAWL NO MORE.



SUDDENLY I HEARD THE FAINT SOUND OF VOICES. IN THE DISTANCE, THERE WAS A BLINDING LIGHT, AND I COULD MAKE OUT THREE FIGURES. I HAD MADE IT!



GAKKKKK HELP... MEEE...

WHY? WHAT DA HELL IS DAT?



AAAAH! IT'S A FUCKIN' QUEER!

WATCH OUT! HE'S REACHIN' FOR YOUR GOODIES!



NO... WAIT! GAKKKE IT'S MYNE...

BLAST HIM!



IMAGINE! THE NERVE OF DAT GUY!

SAY... AIN'T DAT WHERE MAMA'S PLACE USED TO BE?

YEAH, AND DAT REMINDS ME...

...I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF OUR OLD PAL BOYZ



AW, HE'S PROBABLY ON SOME TROPICAL PLANET SOMEWHERE...

...SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!

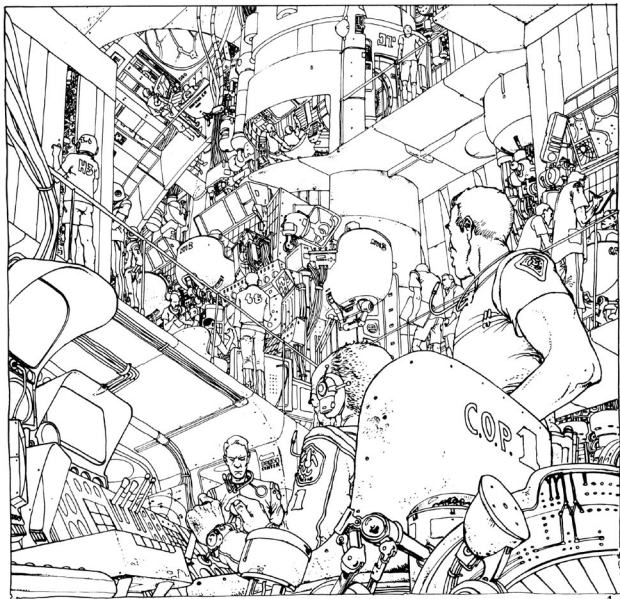


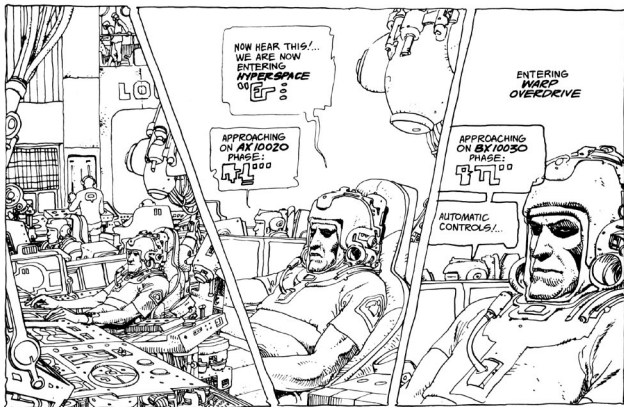
END

SCRIPT...PHILIPPE DRUILLET

APPROACHING CENTAURI

ART...MOEBIUS

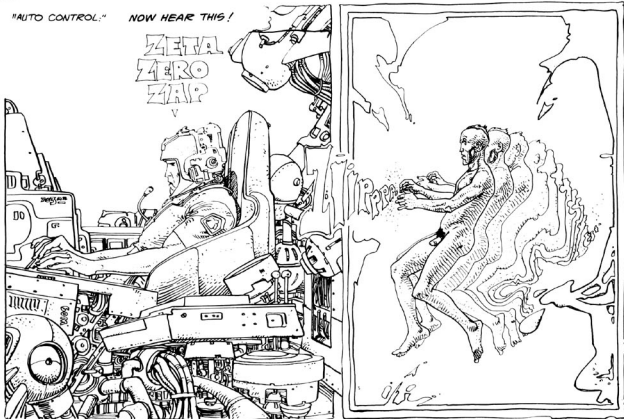




"AUTO CONTROL:"

NOW HEAR THIS!

ZETA
ZERO
ZAP











HE'S COMING
OUT OF IT!

THE GENERATOR
OVERLOADED
SIR...YOU WERE
THROWN OUTSIDE
THE T/S
CONTINUUM /
IT'S EXTREMELY
UNUSUAL AND...

DID YOU SEE
ANYTHING OUT
THERE?

HOW DO
YOU FEEL?

IT'S ALL RIGHT
NOW... **THE**
INTERCOM, FAST!
GET BACK ON
EXIT MANEUVER AT
PHASE
000 

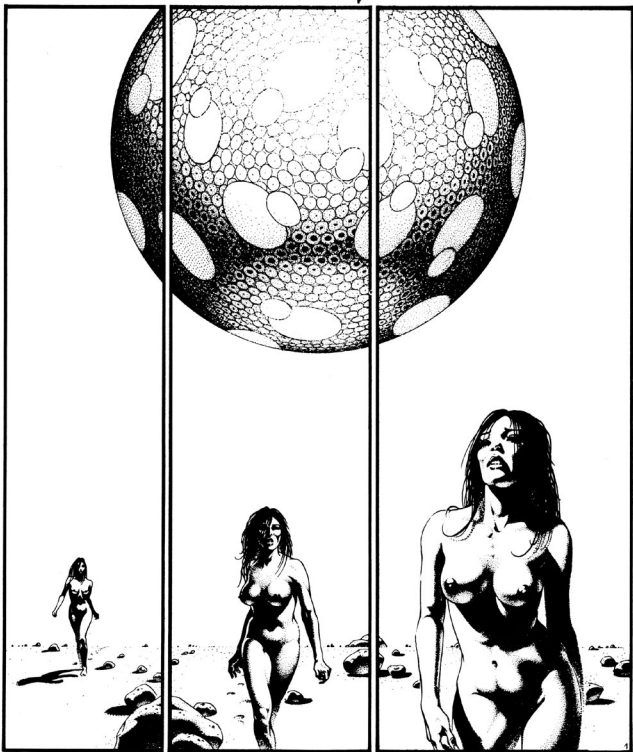
I SAW
NOTHING...
NOTHING...
SAW
NOTHING...
NOTHING...

NOW HEAR THIS / WE
ARE ENTERING HYPER-
SPACE....
00 

APPROACHING
ON AX 10020

ZETA
2830
ZAF.

VIRGO





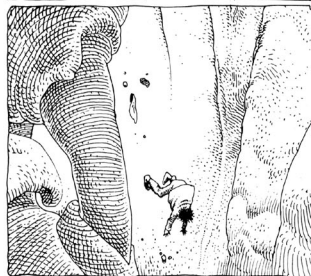


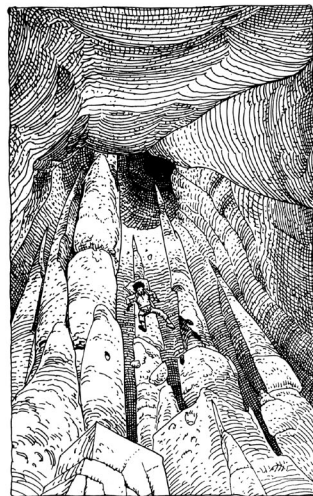
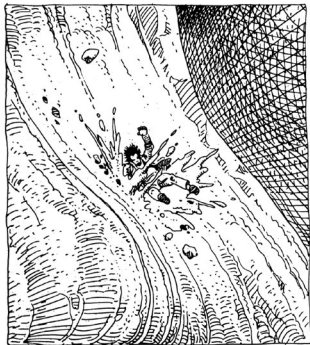


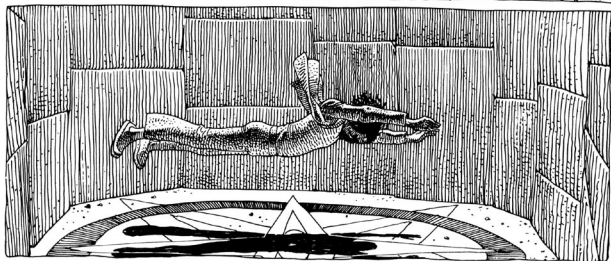
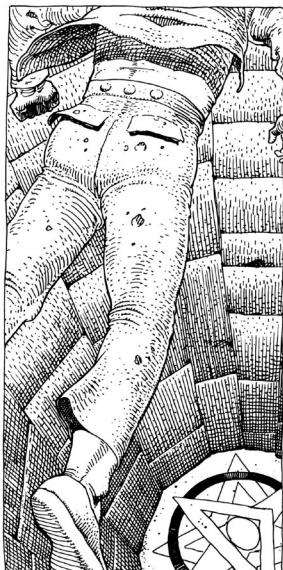


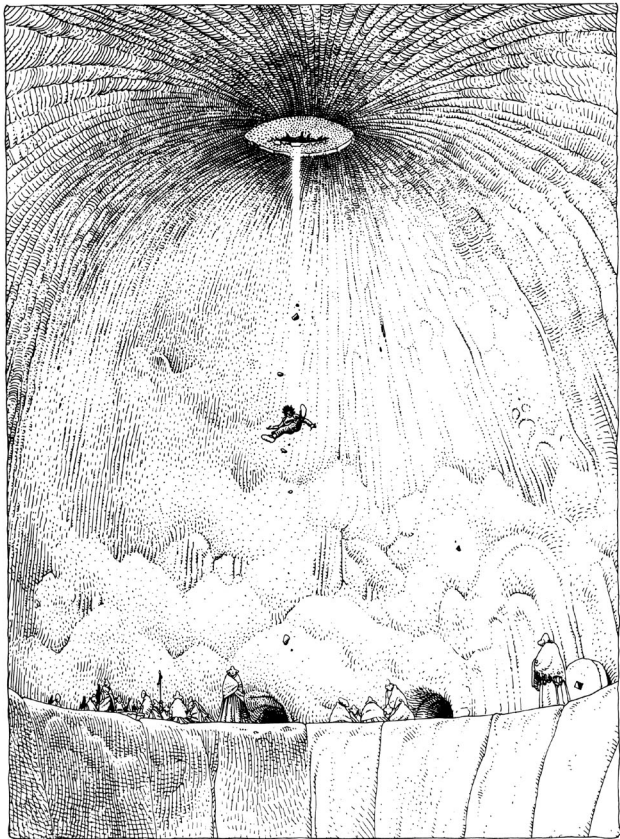


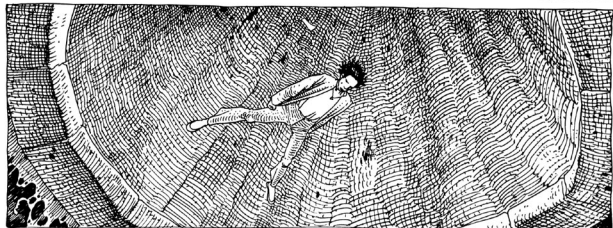
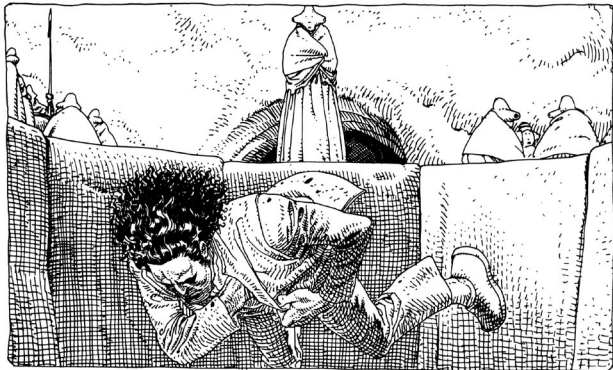
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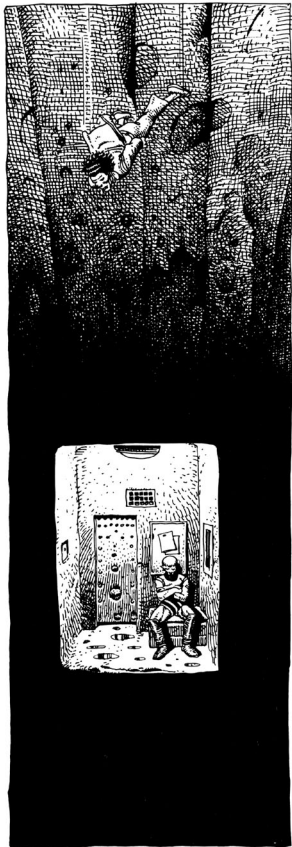


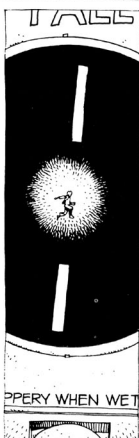
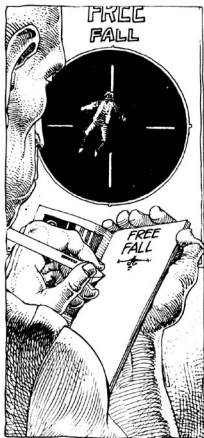
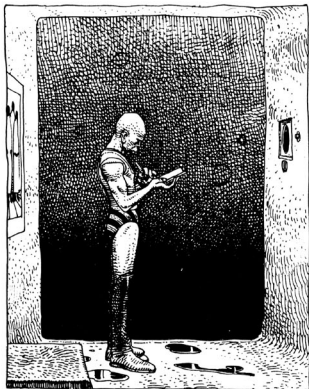


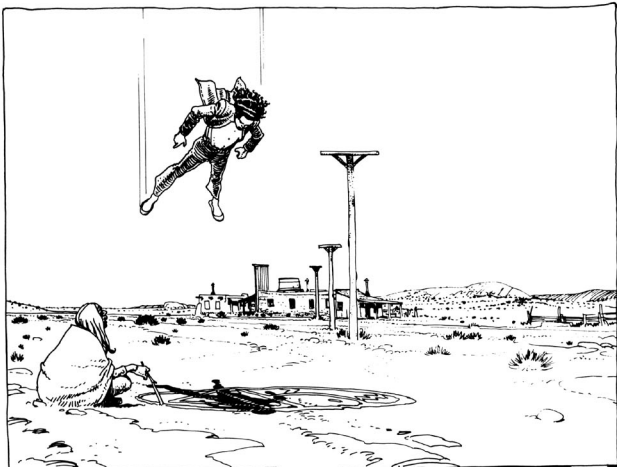












PLANET OF TERROR



NORMALLY, I NEVER TAKE THE ELEVATOR, BUT ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY, I DON'T KNOW WHY (SOME FATAL ABSENT MINDEDNESS!) I ENTERED THE ODD LITTLE BOX. WHAT AN INCREDIBLE DISCOVERY! THERE I WAS PRESENTED WITH A SHIMMERING TECHNOLOGY! SHINING METAL EVERYWHERE! AND BUTTONS! LOTS OF BUTTONS! ...



I WAS ABOUT TO PRESS THE BUTTON FOR MY FLOOR, THE SEVENTH, WHEN MY GLANCE (CHANCE OR PREDESTINATION?) FELL ON ANOTHER BUTTON, ALONE, ADJUT, WITHOUT ANY NUMBER...



TEMPTATION! THE UNLIKELY, WHICH LIES IN WAIT FOR US AT EACH CORNER OF THE COMPOUNDINIUM, OPENED ITS DOORS TO ME ONCE AGAIN. DELIGHTFULLY MOVED BY THE BRAVERY OF MY GESTURE, I PRESSED IT! I WASN'T WRONG...



IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS, WITH THEIR MYSTERIOUS DESIGNS, HAD TREACHEROUSLY INSTALLED SOME KIND OF SPATIO-TEMPORAL TRANSMITTER IN THE ELEVATOR OF MY COMPOUNDIUM...

HAVING BARELY REALIZED THAT, I FIND MYSELF HERE, A PREY TO SOME NAUSEATING MADNESS.

SOMETHING IN THE ATMOSPHERE (SMELL? VIBRATION? COLOR?) TOLD ME—SCREAMED AT ME—THAT I WAS NOT AT HOME. I...

...SOMETHING TOO SUBTLE TO BE CLEARLY EXPLAINED... WHICH MADE THE BLOOD RUN COLD!

THEN, COMING FROM EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE, A VOICE CRIED OUT, AS POWERFUL AND CALM AS THAT OF A GOD!

HENCEFORTH, YOU ARE RESIDENT NO. 74. 44B IN THE GALACTIC ZOO OF GRIGNY-2, THE CURSED SECOND PLANET OF ALPHA CENTAURI... AND GNIAGUAGNIAGU!

WHAT KIND OF A TRICK IS THIS?

I SOON HAD TO ADMIT THAT I WAS—THAT I AM!—A PRISONER OF THE GALACTIC ZOO OF GRIGNY-2, THE CURSED SECOND PLANET OF ALPHA CENTAURI (OR ALPHA CENTAURI, AS IT'S CALLED).

AND YES, HENCEFORTH I LIVE HERE...

HERE!

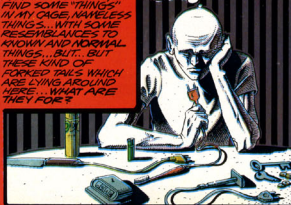
IT'S HARD. I'M VERY HOME-SICK... I WOULD LOVE TO SEE MY NEIGHBORHOOD AGAIN, I WOULD LOVE TO GO HOME... EVERYTHING IS SO DIFFERENT HERE: COLD, HARD, GRAY, ARTIFICIAL... AN INHUMAN GEOMETRY—THE OFF-SPRING OF THE FILTHY COUPLINGS OF A MAD ARCHITECT AND A DEMENTED PROMOTER—DOMINATES THIS UNUSUAL PLACE...

I HATE IT!

...IT'S THE SAME INSIDE. THEY'VE DONE THINGS TO MAKE IT PRETTY, BUT IT'S ALL SO ARTIFICIAL, JUST A SET! I REALLY THINK THAT ALL THE "THINGS" AND ALL THE "FURNITURE" ARE REINFORCED CONCRETE, LIKE IN A ZOO. I IMAGINE!

IN FACT, THIS MUST BE A SORT OF EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY. THEY MAKE ME TAKE TESTS IN THE MORNING. FOR EXAMPLE, I FIND SOME "THINGS" IN MY CAGE, NAMELESS THINGS... WITH SOME RESEMBLANCES TO KNOWN AND NORMAL THINGS... BUT... BUT THESE KIND OF FORKED TAILS WHICH ARE LYING AROUND HERE... WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

THIS STUFF REALLY IS EXTRATERRESTRIAL TRASH!...



...WHAT'S MORE, THESE CLOTHES ARE...

...THESE CLOTHES ARE MARTIAN!



EVEN SO, THERE WAS ONE TEST I PASSED:



...BUT I DON'T LIKE PLAYING THIS GAME MUCH: THE NEIGHBORS ABOVE BECOME ENRAGED AND SPRAY ME WITH THE HUMIDPODE. MY BLOOD CURDLES AT THE IDEA OF THE FILTHY ABOMINATIONS WITH WHOM I SHARE THIS PLACE...

AFTER THE TESTS, I HAVE AN HOUR FOR MY "LUNCH": THERE'S A LITTLE CORNER KITCHEN IN MY CAGE WITH AN H₂O FAUCET (APART FROM A SLIGHT SYNTHETIC TASTE, IT'S ALMOST LIKE WATER)... AND BOXES. THE SUPPLY OF BOXES IS CONSTANTLY RENEWED (HOW? WHEN? BY WHOM?) THERE ARE DIFFERENT POWDERS IN THE BOXES WHICH ARE SOLUBLE IN H₂O, IT MAKES A TWO TOGETHER, FOR EXAMPLE, YOU GET A KIND OF PASTE WHICH YOU HAD BETTER TREAT LIKE FOOD... THE PROOF: I EAT IT!

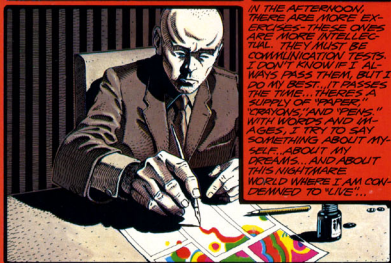
YOU KNOW, THIS IS JUST MORE CONCRETE!



THERE'S ALSO A BLACK POWDER: DILUTED IN HOT H₂O, BY MIXING SLIMY LIQUID WHICH IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO BE FUNNY, I CALL COFFEE.



IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE ARE MORE EXERCISES—THESE ONES ARE MORE INTELLECTUAL. THEY MUST BE COMMUNICATION TESTS. I DON'T KNOW IF I ALWAYS PASS THEM, BUT I DO MY BEST... IT PASSES THE TIME... THERE'S A SUPPLY OF "PAPER," "ORAYONS," AND "PENS," WITH WORDS AND IMAGES, I TRY TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT MYSELF... ABOUT MY DREAMS... AND ABOUT THIS NIGHTMARE WORLD WHERE I AM CONDEMNED TO "LIVE"...



THEN, AS IF THROWING BOTTLES INTO THE SEA, I CAST MY LITTLE CARDS OUT THE WINDOW, TRUSTING THEM TO SPECIAL AIR CURRENTS TO THE SOLAR WINDS, TO THE COSMIC SLIPSTREAM... HOPING THAT SOMEONE SOMEWHERE WILL FIND THEM, READ THEM, AND DO SOMETHING...



AND THEN NIGHT ARRIVES. THE DISMAL LIGHT OUTDOORS DISAPPEARS. THE LIGHT WITHIN TURNS ON—ALSO DISMAL. THEN A STRANGE ELECTRONIC MACHINE TURNS ITSELF ON.

FROZEN WITH HORROR, I SEE APPEARING ON THE "SCREEN" VISIONS OF ANOTHER WORLD: INSANE ANATOMIES, UN-NAMEABLE LIMBS, LOP-SIDED SHAPES: THE MASTERS' MY TORMENTORS!...AND THEIR DISGUSTING VOICES HOLLOWLY BABBLE VILE INCANTATIONS...



GOOD EVENING, RESIDENT NO. 74.448. I TRUST YOUR STAY HERE HAS BEEN ENJOYABLE.

I'D LOVE—OH! NOW I'D LOVE TO BE ABLE TO SET UP TURN OFF THE MACHINE, EVEN TO TURN MY EYES ASIDE, BUT SOME FORCE HOLDS ME DRAWN TO IT. ITS MYSTERIOUS RAYS GLUE ME TO MY CONCRETE SEAT. LITTLE BY LITTLE, I THINK I'M TURNING TO CONCRETE, TOO....



AND WHAT'S MORE, I KNOW THE MACHINE FUNCTIONS AT TWO LEVELS: I KNOW THESE "FACES" THAT I SEE ARE WATCHING ME AT THE SAME TIME...THEY'RE SPYING ON ME...



WITH SUCH COLDNESS. SO I KNOW THAT I AM NOTHING MORE THAN SOMETHING TO EXPERIMENT ON; A LAB RAT... WHAT ABOUT VIVI-SECTION?

THEN EVERYTHING GOES OUT. LOST IN THE DARKNESS, I CAN ONLY GO TO SLEEP. SOMETIMES—CURIOUS, REBELLIONS—I TRIED TO RESIST SLEEP. I COULD NEVER MANAGE IT FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES, IN SPITE OF WILLFULLY DRINKING MANY CUPS OF THE DISSOLVED BLACK POWDER...COULD THE H₂O BE DRUGGED?

HUMAN!



STILL, I'D LOVE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS AT NIGHT. 'CAUSE I KNOW THAT THERE IS SOMETHING THAT WALKS IN THE NIGHT, BRINGING THE THINGS FOR MY TESTS, THE PAPER AND THE GRUB...AND IF ONE DAY...YES, ONE DAY, I KNOW IT...I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CONFRONT THIS NAMELESS BEING...WHEN I THINK ABOUT IT, IT'S PURE TERROR.



AND SURE ENOUGH, THAT DAY, THAT DREADED DAY ARRIVED!... THE ULTIMATE TEST... FACE TO FACE WITH THE UNSPEAKABLE... THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE OTHER... WILL I BE STRONG ENOUGH TO DESCRIBE THESE MOMENTS OF TERROR?



ONE MORNING... THERE IT WAS! SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER WORLD! IN MY CAGE! WITH ME! MONSTROUS... INCOMPREHENSIBLE... TERRIBLE AND FASCINATING...

THE FIRST THING THAT STRUCK ME WAS THAT IT SEEMED ODIOUSLY HUMANOID, ALMOST HUMAN... ALMOST, AS...

AS, THE SUPERFICIAL RESEMBLANCES ASIDE, THE DIFFERENCES - THE ABOMINABLE DIFFERENCES - HIT ME...



FIRST OF ALL, ITS VISUAL ORGANS (YES, IT HAD TWO!) REVEALING THE MYSTERIES OF THE COSMOS IN THEIR DEPTHS...



AND THEN ITS TOO SENSUAL MASTICATORY ORGAN... ITS SKIN TOO SMOOTH AND TOO WHITE...



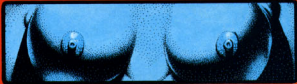
ITS LIMBS (OR SHOULD I SAY ITS PSEUDOPODS?) TOO SUPPLE... AND PEDUNCLES STICKING OUT FROM ITS THORAX... AND BENEATH ITS STOMACH - OH, UNBEARABLE VISION! -



THERE WAS NOTHING THERE!... NOTHING BUT A MYSTERIOUS FLEECE, CONCEALING SOME DARK SECRET... WHAT?... WHAT ORGANIC CHASM?...!



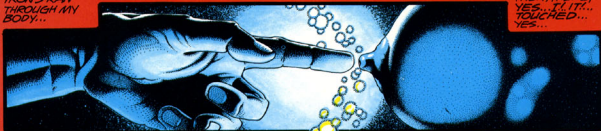
WE REMAINED FOR A LONG TIME CONFRONTING EACH OTHER FACE TO FACE, IT... AND ME. AND THEN—SO SOON!—THE NIGHT FELL ON OUR CAGE... THE VISION MACHINE TURNED ITSELF ON: "THEY ARE WATCHING US..."

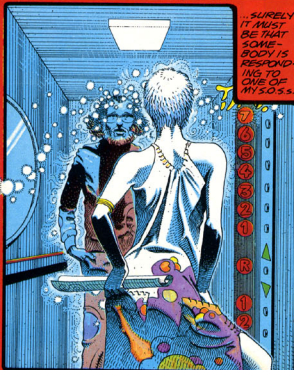


AND THEN... IT... TOUCHED ME SO GENTLY WITH ONE OF ITS TENTACLES, AND A SHUDDERING CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY RAN THROUGH MY BODY...

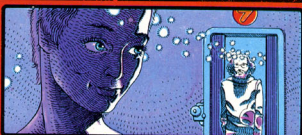


...RELEASING IN ME A TUMULT OF NEW SENSATIONS, AN UNUSUAL PLEASURE—AT THE LIMITS OF PAIN... AND THEN, THERE, IT LIT! TOUCHED... YES...





...SURELY
IT MUST
BE THAT
SOME-
BODY IS
RESPOND-
ING TO
ONE OF
MY S.O.S...



...SOMEONE
WHO KNOWS
THAT THE
TRANSMITTER
ALSO FUNCTIONS
AT TWO
LEVELS...



SOMEONE
WHO LEADS
US...

...HOME!



SCRIPT BY
PAUL LAMONTELLERIE
AND CASA

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