

Son of HEAVY METAL[®]

ALL
NEW
STORIES—
COMPLETE
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2 INTRODUCTION

3 RHEISA BEHLL

by Morisi Zanfrotnini

27 THE STORY OF THE STONE CUBE

by Druillet and Bihannic

31 NIGHT

by Terry Lindall

35 MY MOTHER

by Michael Simmons and Origa

36 THE DREAMER

by Caza

44 BLOW UP

by John Workman and Moebius

46 THE CIRCLES TRILOGY

by Fernando Fernandez

56 CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE

by Paolo Serpieri

63 HEY, YOU PUNK

by Zoran

70 LIFE WITH LEONARD

by Ron Lindahn and Val Lakey Lindahn

75 OVER THE WALL

by Enki Bilal

79 FLYING BOMBS

by Ouin

83 MEAT

by Dick Matena

93 ONCE UPON A TIME

by John Howe

"Blow Up" by Moebius; "Flying Bombs" by Ouin; "Once Upon a Time" by John Howe; "Rheisa Behll" by Morisi Zanfrotnini; "The Story of the Stone Cube" by Druillet and Bihannic; and "Over the Wall" by Enki Bilal, © 1984 *Metal Hurlant*, France. All rights reserved.

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INTRODUCTION

THE OFT-QUOTED
TERRAN AUTHOR,
**WILLIAM SHAKE-
SPEARE** (WHO HAD
A KNACK FOR PAIRING
THE LITERARY AND
THE VISUAL), ONCE
REMARKED FAVOR-
ABLY ON THE UN-
CANNY ABILITY OF
"NIMBLE THOUGHTS"
TO "JUMP BOTH
LAND AND SEA."

THIS,
OF COURSE,
WAS QUITE
A LONG WHILE
BEFORE **MOEBIUS**,
BILAL, **CAZA**, AND A
HOST OF OTHER ULTRA-
MORTALS WEDDED WORDS
AND IMAGES INTO
THEIR OWN VERY
UNIQUE "NIMBLE
THOUGHTS"...

...AND JUMPED THROUGH
SPACE AND TIME... TAKING
A MILLION OR SO PEOPLE
ALONG WITH THEM. THEY
DID THIS IN THE COLORFUL
PAGES OF THE ADULT
ILLUSTRATED FANTASY
MAGAZINE... **HEAVY
METAL!**

BUT...
THINK
ABOUT
IT...

SO...

...WELCOME
TO...
**SON
OF
HEAVY
METAL!**

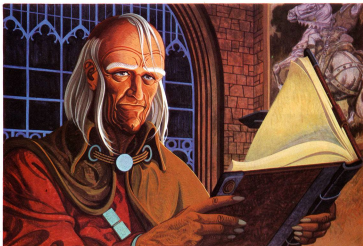
...HOW CAN ONE MONTHLY
MAGAZINE POSSIBLY HOLD
ALL SPACE AND TIME,
NOT TO MENTION
THE EVEN LARGER
DIMENSION CALLED...
IMAGINATION?

A VERY LONG TIME AGO, IN A FAIRYTALE LAND IT IS NIGHT. AN OLD HERONCH TROUBLES THE CONSCIENCE OF AN OLD THRAIT. HE CONTEMPLATES THE CHIMNEY WHERE THE FIRE HAS GONE OUT AND DREAMS OF FLAMES OF CONFESSION AND OF CONFLAGRATION. DEEP WITHIN HIM, FROZEN SHIVERS RUN THROUGH HIS EMPTY VEINS, AND NIGHT SEEMS ALWAYS TO STRETCH OUT BEFORE HIM, UNCOMPLETED.

NOBLE PRINCE, BEFORE THE MOURNING OF NOCTURNAL SLEEP, LIKE DULCANTER, SEWS AND CLOSES UP YOUR EYES WITH A HEAVY DOUBLE THREAD DESH TO LISTEN TO THIS ANCIENT STORY OF WHICH ONLY A GULL AND PALE MEMORY REMAINS. I HOPE THAT IN SOME WAY MY FICCEMEAL AND UN-ELEVATED WORDS MAY RELIEVE YOU AND PULL YOU AWAY FROM THOSE SINISTER WORRIES THAT WEIGH ON THOSE LIKE YOU, NOBLE PRINCE, WHO HOLD IN THEIR TIGHT AND ARMED HAND THE DIVINE RIGHT, THE TOTAL EXERCISE OF ABSOLUTE POWER. AND IF, BY CHANCE, THE NECESSARY WORDS COME SLOWLY AND LISTLESSLY BEHIND YOUR SHIVERS, DO NOT ATTRIBUTE THE CAUSE TO MY MISERABLE STORY-TELLING, BUT TO THE LATE HOUR HERALDING THE ARRIVAL OF TOMORROW.

I WANT PEACE FOR MY CHILDREN... AND MYSELF, BUT FOR NOW, FOR THE PERIODS AND CRUEL STORIES THAT MAKE MY MEMORIES OF ANCIENT ADVENTURES MADE LIKE AN EVANESCENT GHOST AT THE APPROACH OF DAWN.

RHEISA BEHLL



THE GAUNDED HAND OF THE ANCIENT POET HESITATED WITH A CERTAIN STUDIED TREMBLING... PERHAPS TO GIVE A FEELING OF THEATRICALITY OR SACREDNESS, OR SIMPLY BECAUSE THE LEADER PROSE WERE VERY HEAVY. HE OPENED THE BOOK AFTER CAREFULLY TAKING IT FROM THE DUSTY CASE WHERE IT HAD STAYED, UNTOUCHED, FOR CENTURIES.

"EVEN A SINGLE LEAF IS WITNESS TO THE WIND,
AND EACH HEALING WOUND OF EARTH TOUCHES EVERY
WOUND."

(UNTITLED BOOK)



THE STORY OF RHEISA BEHL,
THE DIVER

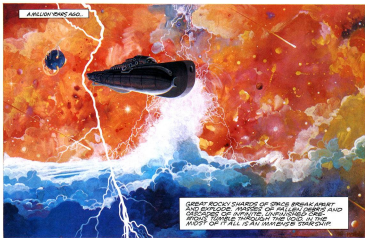
RHEISA BEHL EMERGES FROM THE
OBScurity OF LOST UNIVERSES. A
CREATURE OF TOTAL MYSTERY, SHE
OFTEN CROSSES THE WATERS OF
THE RIVER OF DUBLIN...

...TO ROAM THE LOST CITIES AND DARK
MOUNTAINS OF A BILLION ALBEN
WORLDS!

RHEISA BEHL! SHE WHO CARRIED A SWORD
AND A CROSS WHO LOOKED FOR NO ANSWERS
AND ASKED NO QUESTIONS.



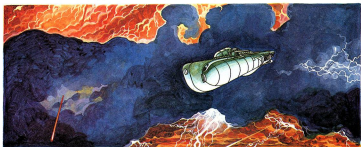
A MILLION YEARS AGO...

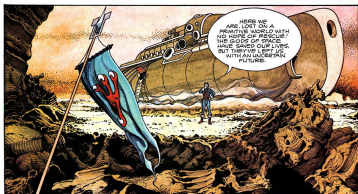
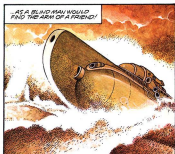
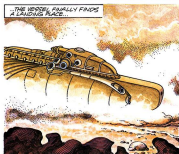
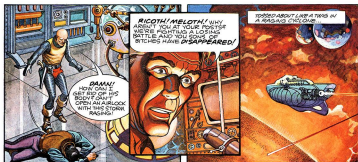


GREAT ROCKY SHARDS OF SPACE BREAK APART AND EXPLODE. MASSES OF FALLEN DEBRIS AND CASCADES OF INFINITE, UNFINISHED CREATIONS TUMBLE THROUGH THE VOID. IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL IS AN IMMENSE STARSHIP



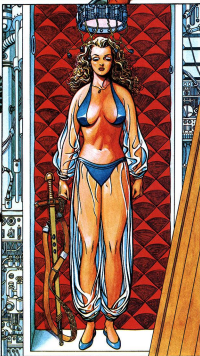








A HARD CHOICE, EN. KID? EITHER WAY, THE GREAT KHANNUM WILL HAVE OUR ASSES!





O, THE BEAUTY OF A FIELD OF FLOWERS,
SPOTTED WITH CARMINE POPPIES,
RESTING UNDER GOLDEN SUNS OR
SEVERE MOONS
CAN NOT COMPARE TO YOURS.
THE BILLION BLUES, GREENS, AND GRAYS
OF ANY OCEAN...WHETHER CALM AND WARM
OR RAVAGED BY WINTER STORMS...
ARE DULL AND COLORLESS
BEFORE YOUR BRIGHT EYES,
MY RHEISA (SEHL).

IN THIS WAY, THE POET QUASHAGOOD
LOVED AND CELEBRATED RHEISA SEHL.
SHE MARRIED WITH HIM FOR MOST OF
A TERRAN YEAR.





THAT'S A REAL **BEAUTY**.
KIDNAPPED FROM SOME FOR-
GOTTEN PLANET, PUT INTO
HYPER SLEEP AND SENT ON
HER WAY TO KRAMM'S EVIL
PLEASURE DOME.

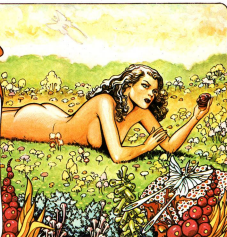
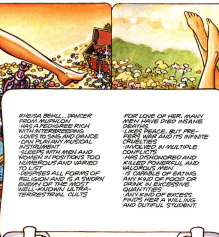


SEE WHY WE AN ANGEL
OR SOMETHING OUT
OF HELL, WHO CAN
SAVE?

THE TOPE
CAN! SEE?

YEAH... I FORGOT. IT'S THE GREAT KRAMM'S
WAY OF BEING "INTRODUCED" BEFORE HE DECIDES
WHAT PERVERSE THING HE MIGHT DO TO SUCH A
BEAUTY AS THIS. I'LL PLAY THE SAPE...

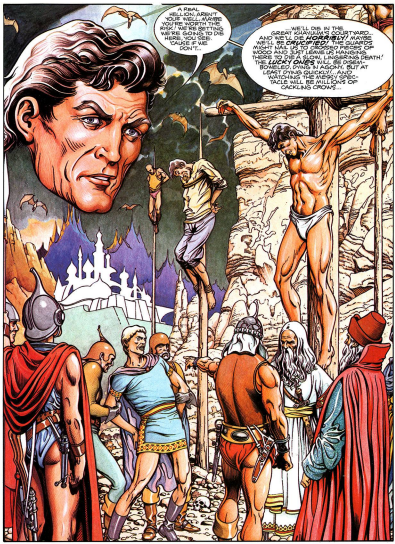




RHEISA BRILL... DANCER
FROM MUSKOV
HAS A REPUTATION RICH
WITH INTERESTING
LOVES TO SING AND GRACE
CAN PLAY ANY MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT
SLEEPS WITH MEN AND
WOMEN IN POSITIONS TOO
NUMEROUS AND VARIOUS
TO LIST
DISPARES ALL FORMS OF
RELIGION AND IS A SWORN
ENEMY OF THE MOST
WELL-KNOWN ULTRA-
TERRESTRIAL CULTS

FOR LOVE OF HER, MANY
MEN HAVE DIED INSANE
DEATHS
LIES TRUTH, BUT HER
FEELS MALE AND ITS INFINITE
CRUELITIES
HUNGERS IN MULTIPLE
COMPLEXES
HAS DOWNFORD AND
KILLED POWERFUL AND
VALOROUS MEN
IS CAPABLE OF EATING
ANY KIND OF FOOD OR
DRINK IN EXCESSIVE
QUANTITIES
ANY KIND OF EXCESS
FINDS HER A WILLING
AND OBTAIN STUDENT



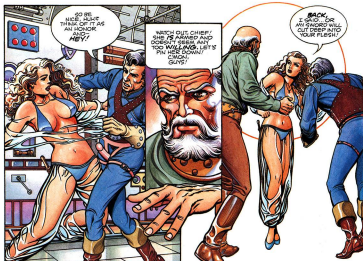


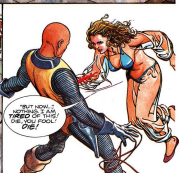
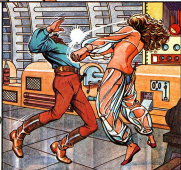
A REAL
HELLION, AREN'T
YOU'RE WORTH THE
KICK! WE'RE GETTING
HERE, YOU SEE.
CAUSE I'M
DON'T...

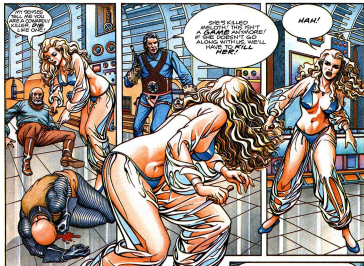
...WE'LL DIE IN THE
GREAT KHAYULUM'S COURTYARD...
AND WE'LL DIE HORRIBLY! MAYBE
WE'LL BE CRUCIFIED! THE GUARDS
WOULD MAKE US TO DISCERD PIECES OF
WOOD AND JUST LEAVE US HANGING
THERE TO DIE A SLOW, LINGERING DEATH!
THE LUCKY GALS WILL BE DISSE-
BOILED, DYING IN AGONY, BUT AT
LEAST DYING QUICKLY!... AND
WATCHING THE MESEY SPEC-
TACLE WILL BE MILLIONS OF
CACKLING CROWS...

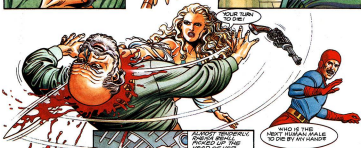
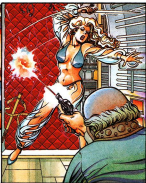
AND THE GREAT KHULUN, HIS FACE A
MASK OF FROZEN FLUSH, TOTALLY EMOTION-
LESS...AND GEEHING WITH HATRED...HE'LL
ENJOY EVERY SECOND OF OUR SUFFERING.
ALL THIS COULD HAPPEN BECAUSE WE HAD
A TASTE OF HIS CANDY...THAT'S YOU!













I... I
DIDN'T WANT
TO RAPE YOU! IT
WAS THE OTHERS!
I WOULDN'T HAVE
HURT YOU!
NOT ME!



ARE THERE NO OTHERS TO
CHALLENGE THE WRATH OF
RHEISA BEHLLE?



NONE,
FOR I
SURRENDER
TO YOU!



I'VE DONE
NOTHING TO YOU,
AND NOW, WITH ONLY
THE TWO OF US LEFT
ON THIS HOSTILE
WORLD...WE
NEED ONE
ANOTHER.



YOU'RE SO
BEAUTIFUL!
I'LL NEVER
LET ANY
HARM
COME
TO YOU,
RHEISA
BEHLLE!



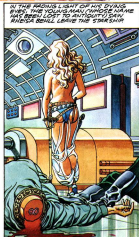
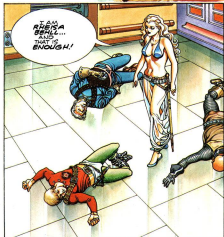
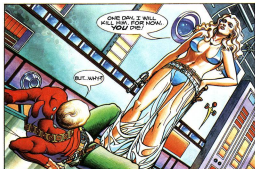
AH! A
CALLOW YOUTH,
UNARMED AND IN-
NOCENT. I FEAR
YOU FAR MORE
THAN I WOULD
FEAR A MILLION
OF YOUR LATE
COMPANIONS.

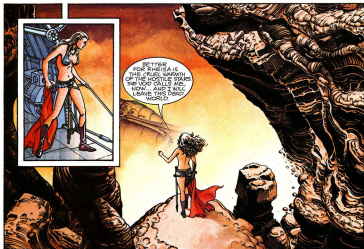


IT WAS
BECAUSE OF
ONE SUCH AS
YOU THAT I CAME
TO BE ON THIS
SHIP ON THE WAY
TO THE EVIL...

...AND LICHEROUS KHAULUM. I
WAS BETRAYED BY A MORTAL I
MET AND LOVED ON THE PLANET
MUPHLON. HE WAS...SO MUCH
LIKE YOU!







Druillet & Bihaanic
present

THE STORY OF THE STONE CUBE

AFTER A LONG RIDE THROUGH THE DESERT—WHICH HIS MOUNT HAD, STRANGELY, NOT RESISTED—HURAZH, PRINCE OF ALL THIEVES... DYING FROM LACK OF WATER... FINALLY ARRIVED NEAR AN OASIS.

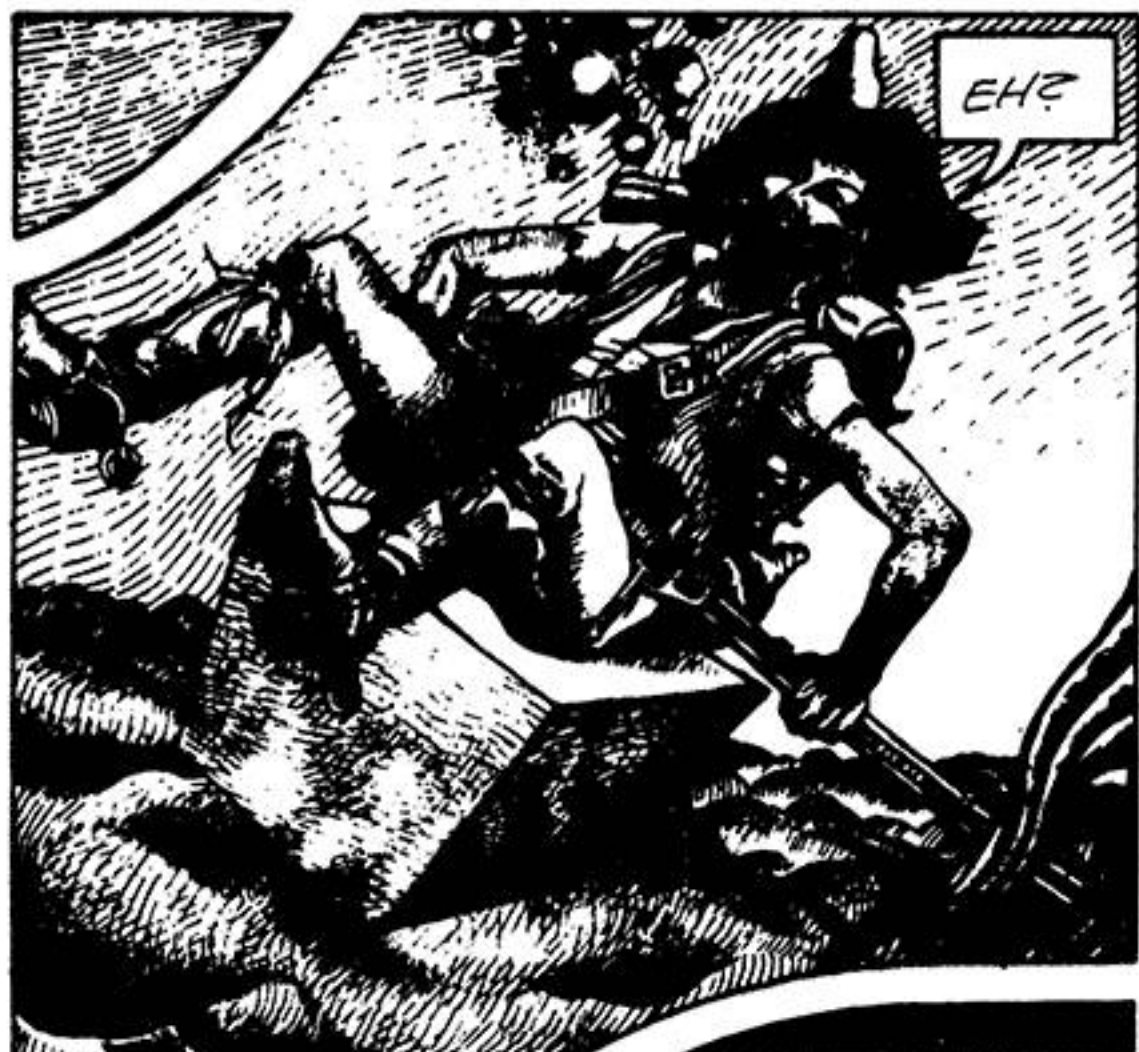


AH, JOY! LIFE IS REBORN! I WILL
FINALLY BE ABLE TO QUENCH MY
THIRST!...



...AND I CAN STOP CURSING
THE GODS!





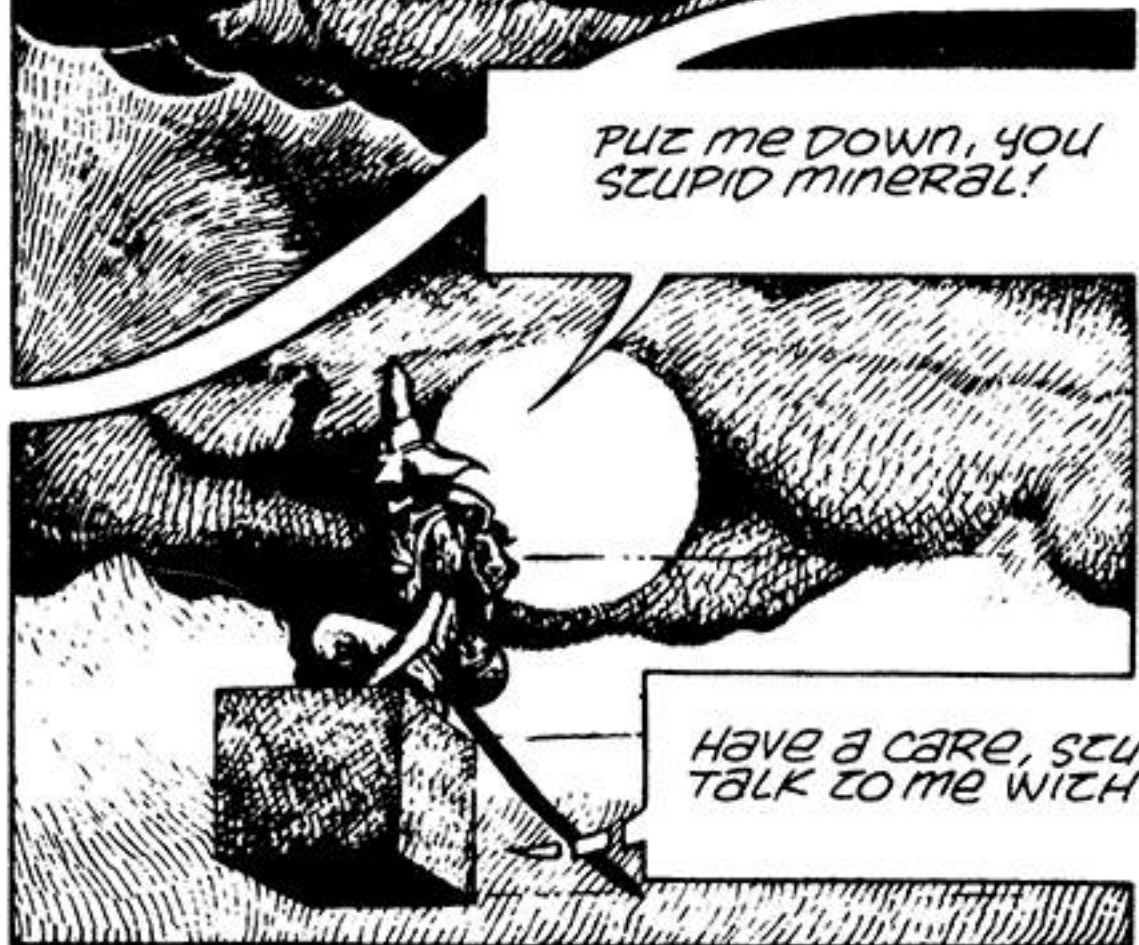
EH?



BY SAROT, THIS
STONE IS... IS...
ALIVE!



YOU SAID IT, MASTER THIEF!



PUL ME DOWN, YOU
SZUPID MINERAL!



IF NOZ, MAYBE I'LL JUST DROP YOU.



TO MY PEOPLE!

HAVE A CARE, SZUPID MAN!
TALK TO ME WITH RESPECT!

OKAY, OKAY!...UH... WHERE
ARE YOU TAKING ME?



EEEEY !!!



ALL THIS BECAUSE I WANTED SOME WATER!



HURAZH THE GREAT PRINCE OF THIEVES
WILL NOT BOW DOWN TO A GROUP OF
PEBBLES.

AAARRG!

DIE, STONE CUBE!
DIE!

BLOOD! THERE'S BLOOD IN THE STONE!

UMPF!... DROWNING IN THE BLOOD OF
STONES... LIKE SAND IN MY THROAT!

POP!

AND, INDEED, BEFORE HE DIED, HURAZH
REALIZED THAT HE DID HAVE SAND IN HIS
THROAT. IN HIS FEVERISH NEED FOR WATER,
HE HAD ONLY IMAGINED THE OASIS. THERE
WAS NO OASIS. AND THERE WERE NO
BLEEDING STONE CUBES... WERE THERE?

NIGHT

by Terry Lindall

OF MY DEJECTED SOUL I HAVE
MADE THIS DORMANT WHEREIN I
SPEND MY DAYS.



IN THE SHADOWS OF LONELY
PLACES, A HEAVY WEIGHT OF
HOURS HAS BOWED AND
TAMED ME.

PURSUED BY DOUBTS, I FLEE. THE FACE OF EARTH HAS MADDED ME.



AND IN MY DARKEST HOUR, I SUMMON NIGHT! FOR EVIL HAS NO POWER TO THOSE THAT SLEEP! AND RATHER THAN LIVE I WOULD SLEEP...



...LULLED IN SOFT SLUMBER AND
CARRESS AS DARK AS DEATH, TO BE
HELD IN NIGHT'S ECLIPSE, THE
STREAM OF LETHAL ISSUES FROM
HIS LIPS.

AND IN DREAMS MORE WILD THAN WERE EVER KNOWN, WE WILL RISE IN GRACEFUL BOUNDS UPON THE INCENSED BREATH OF
NIGHT TO TOUCH THE FACE OF GOD



ALL GRATITUDE TO BYRON, KEATS, AND...ESPECIALLY...BAUDELAIRE.

MY MOTHER

by michael simmons
art by origa

MY MOTHER WAS A FAMOUS FASHION MODEL IN THE LAST CENTURY.



I WAS A RATHER FAMOUS MODEL, TOO, THOUGH OF A DIFFERENT FASHION...



I WAS NOT BOUND... AND GAGGED... BY THE SAME MORAL CONVENTIONS AS MY MOTHER.



MY BOYFRIEND WAS A SNAKE... BUT I LOVED HIM ANYWAY. WE PERFORMED LIVE SEX ACTS... ON STAGE...



...IN THE COMBAT ZONE.

WE BECAME ONE ON A HOT NIGHT IN JUNE.



NOW I DON'T MODEL ANYMORE.



ORIG 2

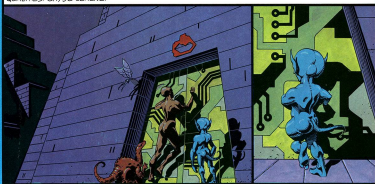
THE DREAMER



THE DREAMER MADE HIS HOME, DURING THAT TIME, UNDER THE CITY OF M'DM, IN THE DEEPEST PART OF ITS COLD CORRIDORS (WITH THEIR CERAMIC, NEON, AND CEMENT).



THE DREAMER POSSESSED BEAUTY EQUALLED ONLY BY THE ANCIENT GODS. IT WAS BELIEVED THAT HIS FACE WAS SCULPTED BY GIANTS. HE HAD A SLEEPING FACE, IMPRINTED WITH CALM AND SILENCE...WITH SERENE QUALITIES. OH, SO SERENE!



YES, PERHAPS THE DREAMER WAS GOD. MANY BELIEVED SO FROM HIS APPEARANCE ALONE. AND, OF COURSE, WE ALL KNOW OF THE POWERS HE POSSESSED.

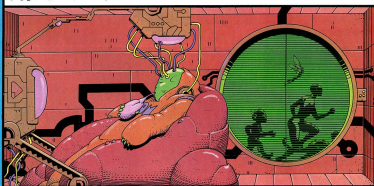
HOWEVER... HOWEVER, IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE THAT THE DREAMER WAS ONLY A GIANTIC COMPUTER, MADE UP OF THOUSANDS OF ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS. [BUT WHY GIVE SUCH A FACE TO A MACHINE?]



OR PERHAPS [THERE ARE MANY POSSIBILITIES IN THIS TALE OF TALES.] HE REALLY WAS A HUMAN—OR PARTIALLY HUMAN. IN THOSE PERVERSE TIMES, FLESH AND METAL OFTEN MIXED IN UNBELIEVABLE SYMBIOSIS.



IN TRUTH, NONE OF THE INHABITANTS OF NYOM WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAY EXACTLY WHAT A COMPUTER WAS... OR A GOD... OR A HUMAN. FOR THAT MATTER, THIS WAS BECAUSE KNOWLEDGE, CONCENTRATED FOR SO LONG A TIME IN ELECTRONIC CIRCUITRY, DISAPPEARED LITTLE BY LITTLE FROM THE MEMORY OF THE OMS. [AND BECAUSE OF THIS, MAN AT HIS MOST SIMPLE CAME TO BE KNOWN AS "GAMMAN."]



SO, AMONG THE OMS, HE WAS KNOWN SIMPLY AS THE DREAMER.

THE DREAMER, YES, BECAUSE IT WAS HE WHO DREAMED OF THE CITY OF M'OM—IN ITS PERFECT STATE!



THE IMMOBILE DREAMER, ASLEEP UNDER HIS COVER OF LEAD, IN HIS DEEP CHAMBER.



IN HIS DREAMS, THE DREAMER COULD PERCEIVE AN UNALTERABLE CITY, AN IMPASSIVE CITY, A PERFECT, REGULATED INSTITUTION... FROZEN IN AN ETERNAL EQUILIBRIUM—IT WAS THE STOPPAGE OF TIME—STASIS.



THAT IS WHY THE DREAMER CONTROLLED ALL MOVEMENT, ALL CHANGES. HE WAS KEPT INFORMED BY FEELERS, METERS, GAUGES—BIOLOGICAL, CHEMICAL, MECHANICAL, BIONIC... WHATEVER KIND OF SENSORS. HE CORRECTED ANY ERRORS, REDUCED DEVIATIONS, AND REGULATED THE DAILY LIVES OF THE CITIZENS OF M'OM.

THE DREAMER SENT 'DMS INHIBITING DRUGS THROUGH THE MULTIPLE NERVES OF THE CITY. THAT IS WHERE THE DEFENSIVE WAVES AND THE ORDERS, AND THE WAVES OF SILENCE CAME FROM.



HE TRAPPED THOUGHTS, PROGRAMMED ACTS, AND SHEPHERDED THE DIRECTION OF THEIR THOUGHTS.



IT WAS THROUGH THESE OMINOUS DRUGS THAT THE DREAMER KEPT THE 'DMS BUSY. THEY KNEW THEY WERE BEING MANIPULATED, BUT THEY COULD DO NOTHING.

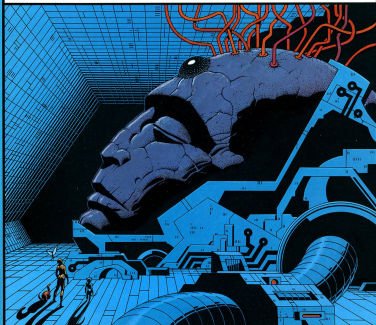


AND SO HE CONTROLLED EVEN THEIR SLEEP BY PENETRATING IT AND INFUSING THE 'DMS WITH HIS OWN VICIOUS REVERIES AND DREAMS.

AND THE DREAMER MOLDED THE CITY, SHAPING IT INTO THE FORM OF HIS DREAMS. IT BECAME A REPLICA OF HIS THOUGHTS. AND THE DAYS? WELL, THEY BECAME PETRIED VEGETABLES IN HIS SENSE GARDEN.



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, WALLS WERE RAISED, THE DEFENSES ERECTED, THE SCREENS OF NEGATIVE ENERGY ACCUMULATED IN MULTIPLE PROTECTIVE SHELLS.

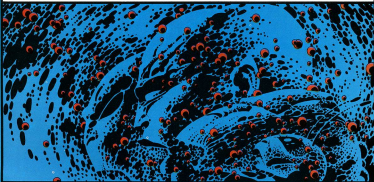


THIS WAS DONE IN ORDER TO KEEP THE PERFECT INTERIOR DREAM INTACT. THERE WAS NO WAY THE CITY OF A'DOM COULD BE TROUBLED BY OUTSIDE AGITATION.

THE EXTERIOR OFTEN TOOK A BEATING, WHAT WITH THE FORCES OF CHAOS OUTWISHERING THE PRECISE ELEMENTS. BECAUSE OF THE FERTILE NATURE OF THE EXTERIOR, DEVIANTS PROLIFERATED. THE MASTERS REAPPEARED, AND THE MYTHS CAME TO LIFE ONCE AGAIN. SOME CALLED THEM THE IMAGINARIES, BUT THE DREAMER LIKED TO THINK OF THEM AS THE IMPATIENTS.



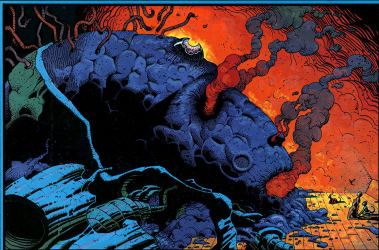
OF COURSE, THE DREAMER TRIED EVERY WAY HE COULD TO PREVENT THE INTRUSION OF THE OTHERS. MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, HE SUCCEEDED IN THROWING THEM BACK INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE EXTERIOR.



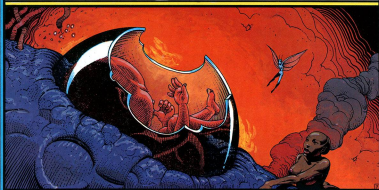
BUT IN THE LONG RUN, THE RAMPARTS PROVED TO BE INSUFFICIENT. THE BARRIERS USELESS. THE WEAPONS INEFFECTUAL. AND THE MYTHS—REMEMBER, THEY WERE PETRIFIED VEGETABLES—COULD NO LONGER FIGHT.



AGAINST THE FORCES OF THE OBSTINATE ONES, NO SHELTER WAS SACRED, NO SCREEN WAS A PERFECT SHIELD. 16



REPORT ON THE ABANDONMENT OF THE CITY OF M'OM BY ITS INHABITANTS. AT THE 23RD HOUR OF THE 34TH DOGEMAR, IN THE YEAR 666 OF THE WORLD OF THE 'OMAS, A GROUP OF UNCONTROLLED ELEMENTS (CALLED "OTHERS") PENETRATED THE DEFENSES OF THE CITY OF M'OM. IT IS UNDETERMINABLE AT THIS TIME HOW THIS HAPPENED. THE CERVO CONTROL CHAMBER (A.K.A. THE DREAMER) WAS INVADED. THE REPORT REMAINS SKETCHY, SINCE IT IS NOT KNOWN HOW THE INTRUDERS MANAGED TO SWITCH THEIR CERVO WITH M'OM'S CENTRAL CERVO. THIS CAUSED AN OVERLOAD, THIS HALTING ALL REGULATING FUNCTIONS OF THE CITY. THE INHABITANTS HAVE ABANDONED THE CITY AND MOVED INTO THE EXTERIOR. AT THE PRESENT TIME, NONE OF THEM HAS BEEN TAKEN IN BY ANY OTHER CITY. THE HUMAN COMPONENT OF THE CENTRAL CERVO (CALLED "THE SOUL OF THE DREAMER") HAS YET TO BE FOUND.

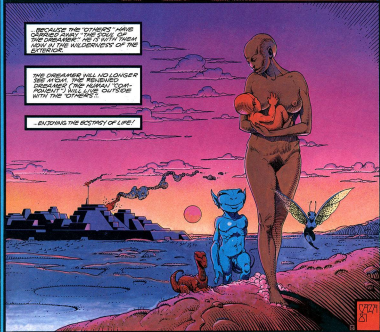




BECAUSE THE "OTHERS" HAVE
"CARRIED AWAY" THE SEEDS OF
THE DREAMER, HE IS WITH THEM
NOW IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE
EXTERIOR.

THE DREAMER WILL NO LONGER
SEE AHEAD. THE REVENUED
DREAMER (THE HUMAN "COM-
MUNIST") WILL LIVE OUTSIDE
WITH THE "OTHERS".

...ENJOYING THE ECSTASY OF LIFE!



BLOW UP!

MOEBIUS/WORKMAN

LIKE EVERY FEMALE (AND MORE THAN A FEW MALES AND TREXES), I HAD ENTERTAINED THOUGHTS OF VISITING THE RENOWNED DR. PHIBBOS ON BALMAK-5, UNDER ITS EXTREMELY LOW GRAVITY. DR. PHIBBOS WAS ABLE TO WORK WONDER WITH THE HUMAN BODY. MY MUSINGS BECAME MORE SERIOUS WHEN I MET ALYSS AT AN ORGY ON THE PLEASURE PLANETOID. SHE TOLD ME OF HER "IMPROVED" BREASTS...

GORN, MY VENUSIAN LOVER, HEARTILY AGREED...

IT'S REALLY NOT, UHH... A... GASP!... BAD IDEA... UH... WHY, MAYBE I'LL GO WITH YOU AND... GASP!... HAVE MY... UH... SEVENTH TENTACLE ENLARGED!

THEY'RE FANTASTIC! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN 'EM BEFORE! YAH! INSECT BITES... NOW THEY'RE PERFECT! OH! DOG P... A GENIUS! YOU SHOULD GO SEE HIM!

BEFORE LONG, I FOUND MYSELF IN A LONG LINE OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE DR. PHIBBOS'S OPEN-AIR SANITARIUM ON BALMAK-5.

HEH, HEH... HEH... HEH... HEH...

OF COURSE, BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ALYSS, WE'RE STILL HERE ON BALMAK-5 WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR TO REVERSE OUR OPERATIONS.

ALYSS WAS THE FIRST OF DR. PHIBBOS'S PATIENTS TO RETURN TO EARTH.

AND ON EARTH, WITH ITS HEAVIER GRAVITY AND COMPLICATED MAGNETIC FIELDS...

POOR ALYSS AND HER BIG BEAUTIFUL BREASTS... EXPLODED!

THE END

CIRCLES 1



ANOTHER
SHIP RETURNING
FROM THE
CRATULORD
WAR.



YURI,
MY LOVE,
I KNEW YOU'D
RETURN SAFE
AND SOUND!

I PROMISED
THAT WE'D GROW
OLD TOGETHER,
LURA, AND WE
WILL.



WE WIPED
OUT THE
TUMULUS,
THE WAR IS
OVER.



YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE HOW
MANY TIMES
I'VE DREAMED
OF THIS
MOMENT!

I WAS
OBSESSED
WITH
YOUR
RETURN.



GIVE
ME
A
KISS
AND...



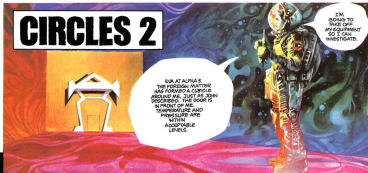
OHMY, LURA,
MY LOVE...
WHY...



WHY
DID YOU...? I
HOW COULD
YOU...?



CIRCLES 2





IT WON'T
BUDGE.



WHY
IS THIS
CLOSELY
GUARDED
THING?



IT'S USELESS!
I DON'T
HAVE THE
STRENGTH!



BUT WE KNOW THAT JOHN
WAS ABLE TO... HOLD AWAY



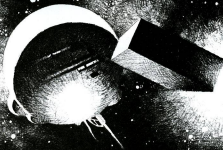
HE MUST HAVE
SOMETHING THAT'S
HIDDEN... A LOCK OR
A SPRING... SOMETHING!
BUT I DON'T SEE...



...AH! THE
SEAM IS WIDER
HERE. MY HAIR
CAN
FIT IN!

IF THE VITAL
BIOLOGICAL SIGNS
SHOW NO CHANGE, BUT
NO CHANGE IN NORMAL
BURNING, THE METABOLISM
CAN CHANGE AND THE
SUBJECT STILL WON'T DIE
AS LONG AS SHE
DOESN'T MOVE FURTHER
AWAY.

WHERE COULD
SHE POSSIBLY GO?
WE HAVE THE CORPSE
IN VIAL. IT HAVEN'T
MOVED MORE THAN A
METER SINCE SHE
WENT IN. NOR DID
IT WHEN JOHN AND
DOUGLAS OCCUPIED IT.





I'M
STRUGGLING
WITH IT.
IT'S SLOWLY
OPENING.



THE SEAM HAS
LOST ITS HARDNESS,
AND IT'S SECRETING
A STRANGE, SLIMY
LIQUID. IT FEELS
LIKE BLOOD.



I CAN
SQUEEZE
MY
HAND IN.

HOW
MUCH
THE OPENING
GOT TO



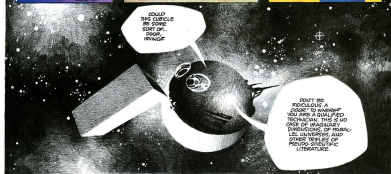
AHA! I'VE GOTTEN
THROUGH!



I CAN'T SEE
WHAT'S ON THE
OTHER SIDE,
BUT IF MY HEAD
FITS, MAYBE MY
BODY WILL
GO THROUGH.



THERE!
I MADE
IT!



COULD
THIS CURSILE
BE SOME
SORT OF...
DOOR,
IRVING?

DOUBT BE
INDULGENT. A
DOOR? TO WHAT?
YOU ARE A QUALIFIED
TECHNICIAN. THIS IS NO
CASE OF MASSIVE
DIMENSIONS, OF PARALLEL
UNIVERSES, AND
OTHER THINGS OF
PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC
LITERATURE.



WHAT'S
HAPPEN-
ING TO
ME?



IT FELT AS IF
MY MIND SEPARATED
FROM MY BODY WHEN
I PASSED THROUGH
THE BALL. WHAT A
STRANGE SENSATION!



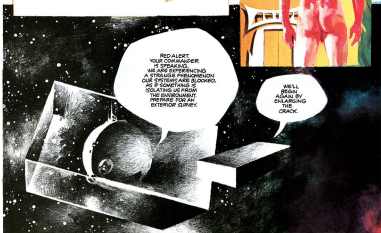
IT'S
LIKE A
VORTEX
OF
SADNESS.



LUCKY,
NOTHING HAPPENED
TO ME.



NOW I
KNOW HOW
TO GET
THROUGH
THE OTHER
DOOR.



RED ALERT.
YOUR COMMANDER
IS SPEAKING.
WE ARE EXPERIENCING
A STRANGE PHENOMENON.
OUR SYSTEMS ARE BLOCKED,
AS IF SOMETHING IS
ISOLATING US FROM
THE ENVIRONMENT.
PREPARE FOR AN
EXTERIOR SURVEY.

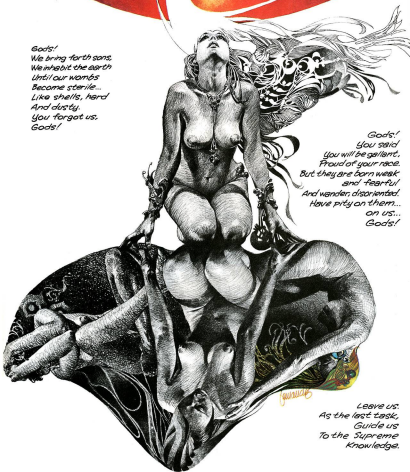
WE'LL
BEGIN
AGAIN BY
ENLARGING
THE
CRACK.

CIRCLES 3

*Gods!
We bring forth sons,
We inhabit the earth
Until our wombs
Become sterile...
Like shells, hard
And dusty.
You forgot us,
Gods!*

*Gods!
You said
You will be gallant,
Proud of your race.
But they are born weak
and fearful
And wander, disoriented.
Have pity on them...
on us...
Gods!*

*Leave us.
As the last task,
Guide us
To the Supreme
Knowledge.*



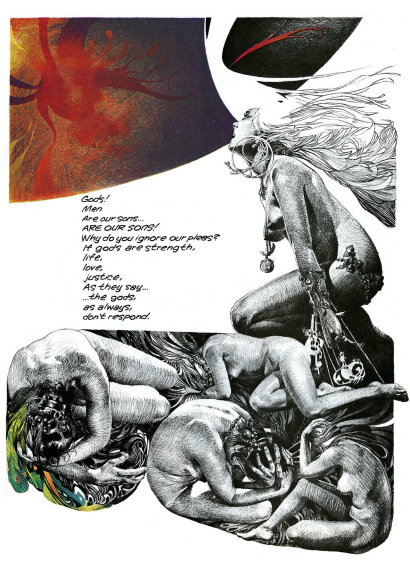
*And in vain
They will cry out...
will attempt
To warn
Man
Against fear...
Fear of the unknown,
Fear of freedom,
Fear of life,
Fear of death,
Fear of the Gods!*



*The link
With the origin
Was broken
And the men
Will create
Other gods
In their image
And likeness.*

*Gods that protect,
prohibit,
articulate,
measure,
threaten,
legislate,
reward,
punish,
dogmatize,
Gods of love-terror.
Gods of loyalty.
Gods of order.
Gods?*





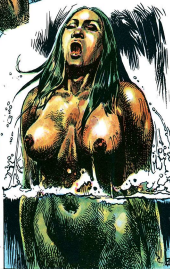
*Gods!
Men
Are our sons...
ARE OUR SONS!
Why do you ignore our pleas?
If god's are strength,
life,
love,
justice,
As they say...
...the gods,
as always,
don't respond.*

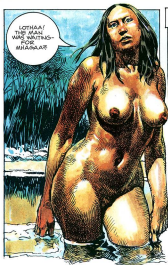
CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE



WATER-CLEAR-WATER.
FRESH-AIR-
PURIFYING-WATER-
LIVING-WATER.

AIR-LIGHT-HEAT-WELL-BEING-
CONSCIOUS-OF-EXISTING-30% OF-LIVING.





LOTHAA!
THE MAN
WAS WAITING
FOR MHAGAA!

SEVERAL MEETINGS
ALREADY EMOTION.



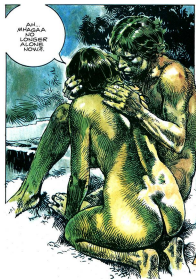
LOTHAA
HAS BEEN
LOOKING FOR
THE WOMAN
FOR A LONG
TIME.

MHAGAA
WANTED TO
SEE THE MAN
AGAIN... BUT
AFRAID AT
THE SAME
TIME!



LOTHA
HAPPY TO
FIND
MHAGAA SO
BEAUTIFUL
AGAIN!

BEAUTIFUL
MHAGAA!
THE MAN
FOUNDED
LOTHAA
BEAUTIFUL,
ALSO.

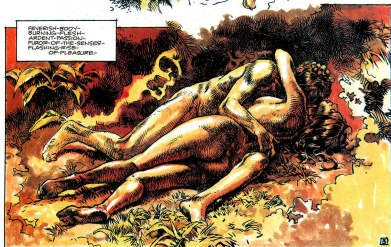


AH...
NHAGAA
NO
LONGER
ALONE
NOW.



NEVER
ALONE
AGAIN! THE
WOMAN AND
THE MAN
WILL SLEEP
TOGETHER!

LIPS-PARTLY-OVER-
IRRESISTIBLE-
LOVING-EMBRACE-
EMBRACE.



FEVERISH-BODY-
BURNING-FLESH-
ARDENT-PASSION-
FUROR-OF-THE-SENSES-
FLASHING-RISE-
OF PLEASURE.

BUT THERE IS TROUBLE IN PARADISE!

THERE
THEY
ARE!
CATCH
OCTO,
CATCH!

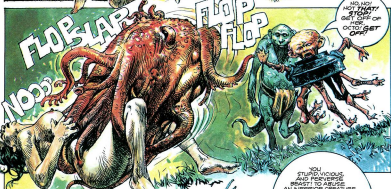
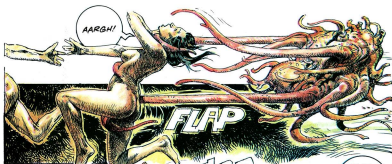
AAAAHH!
MAGGIE!
FOR-GOT
ABOUT
THE
MUTA!

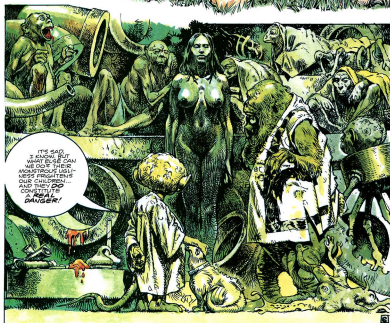
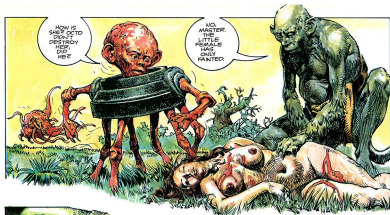
SURPRISE-
PANIC-
AGONY-
SWEAT-
COLD-RUN.

SWISS

TERROR-PANIC-
DISPERATE-FLIGHT-
CHASE-RUN-GET-AWAY.

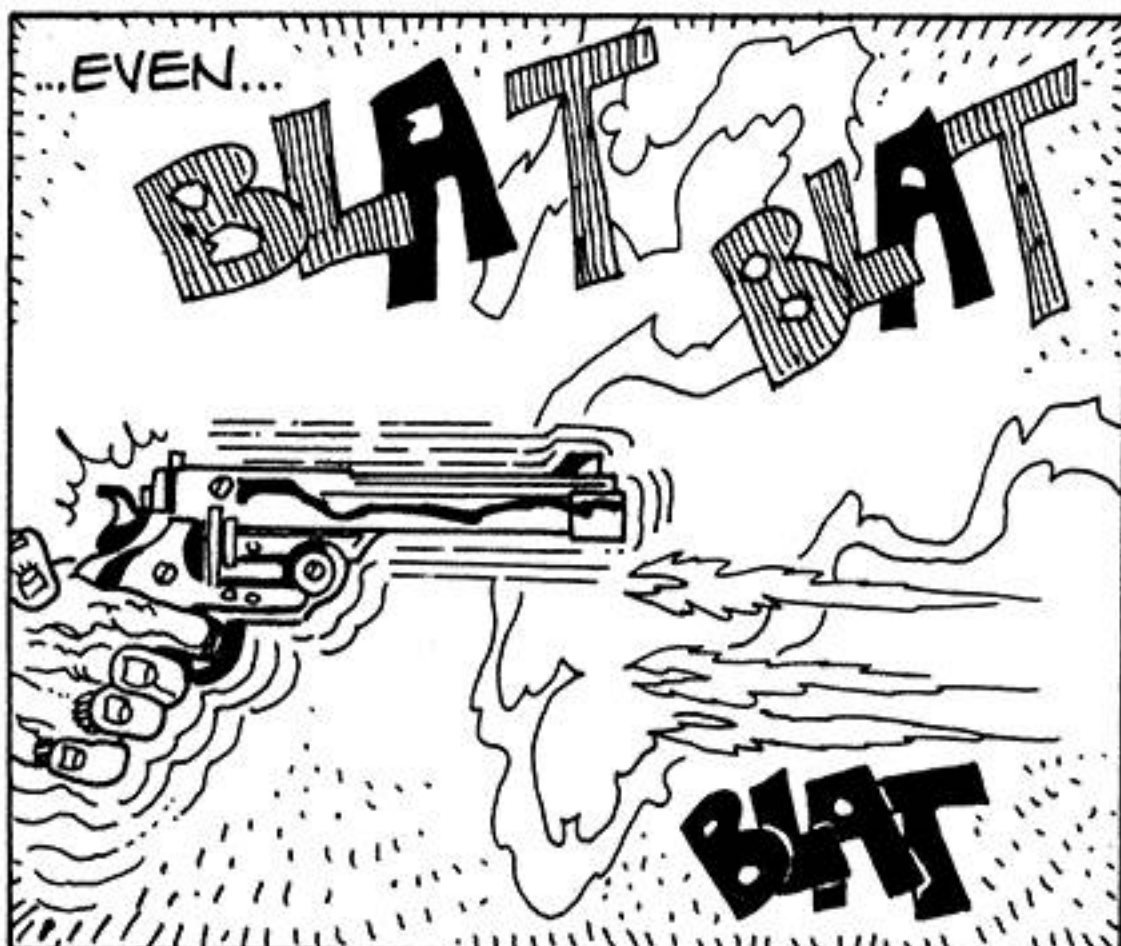
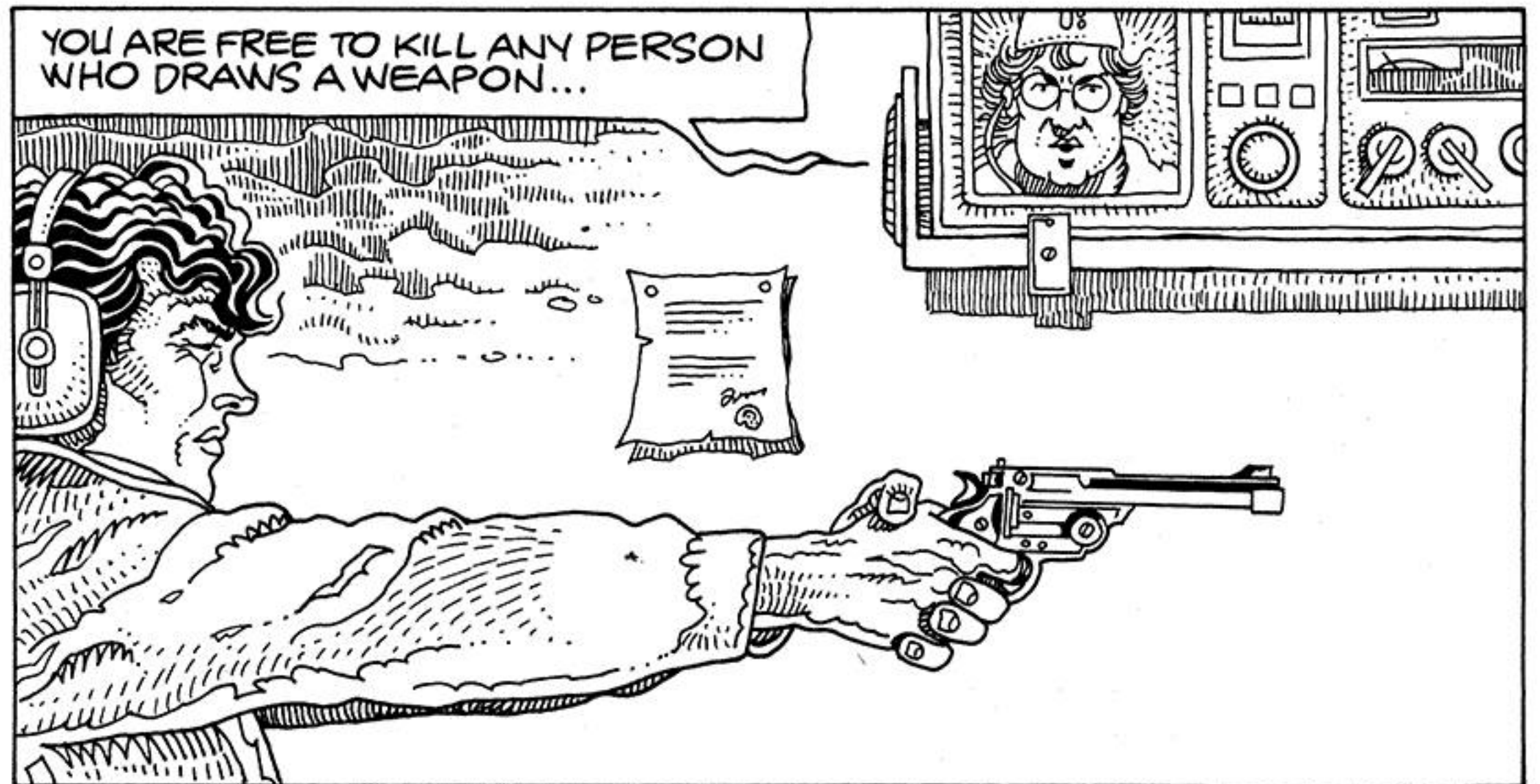
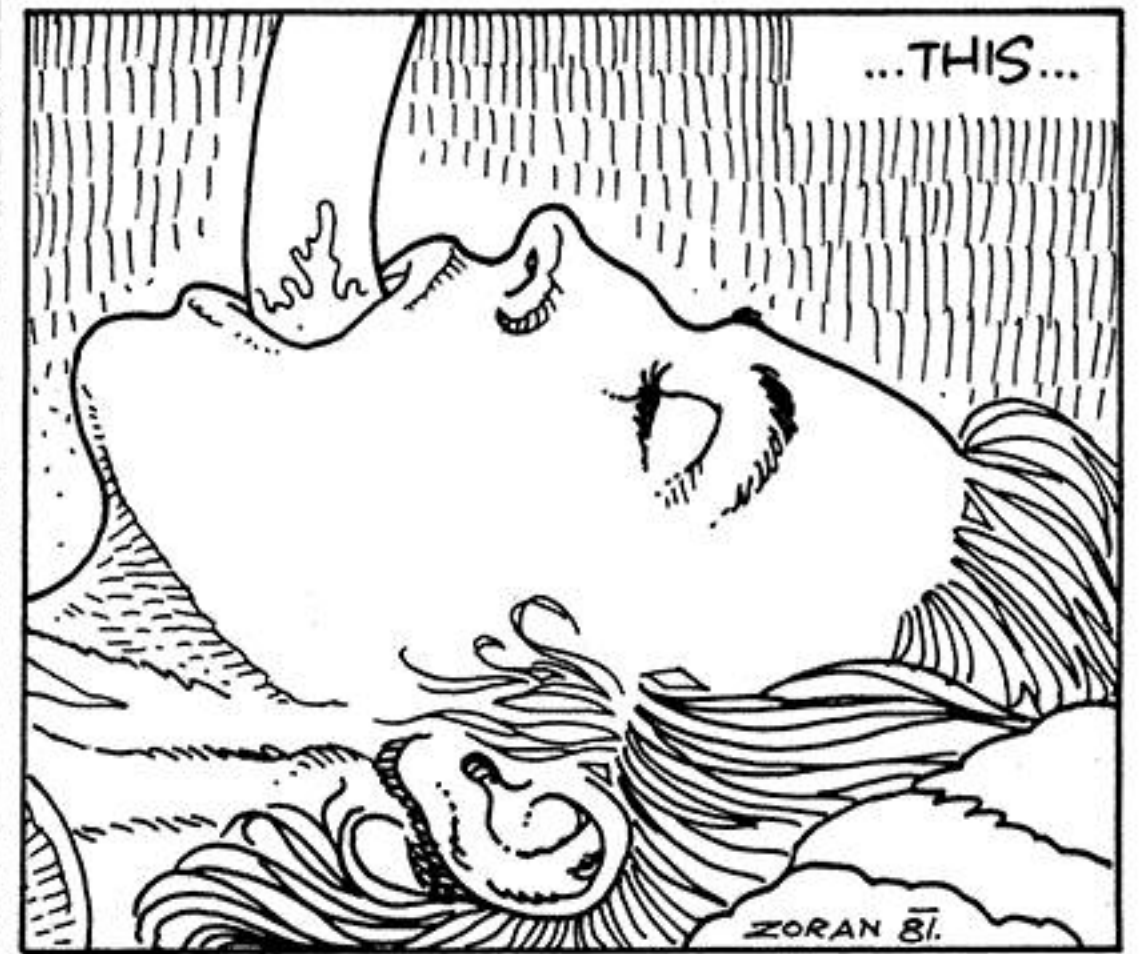
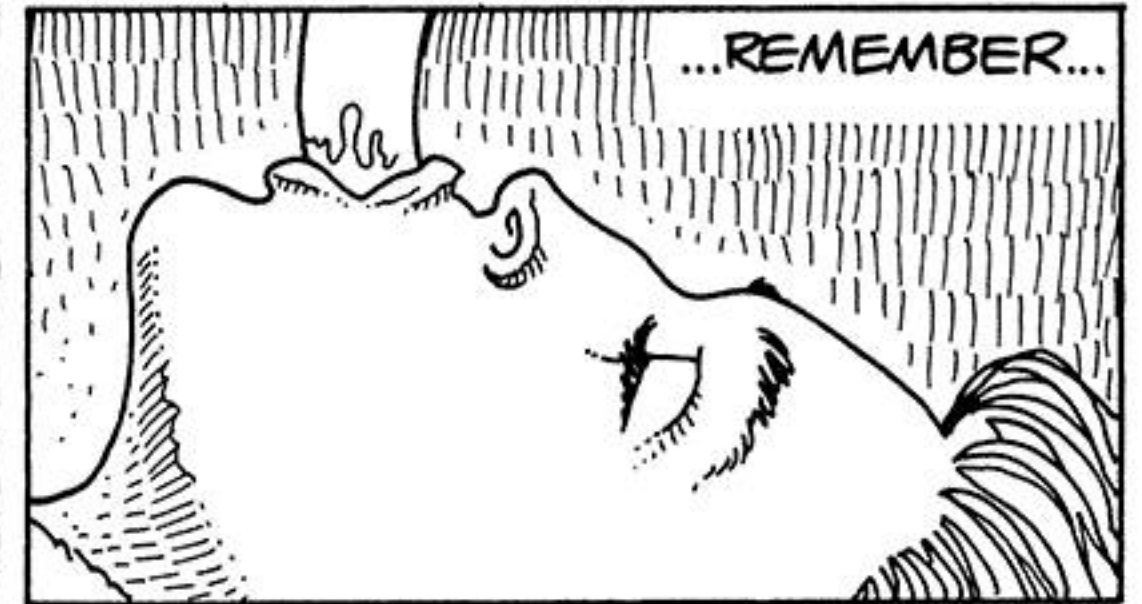
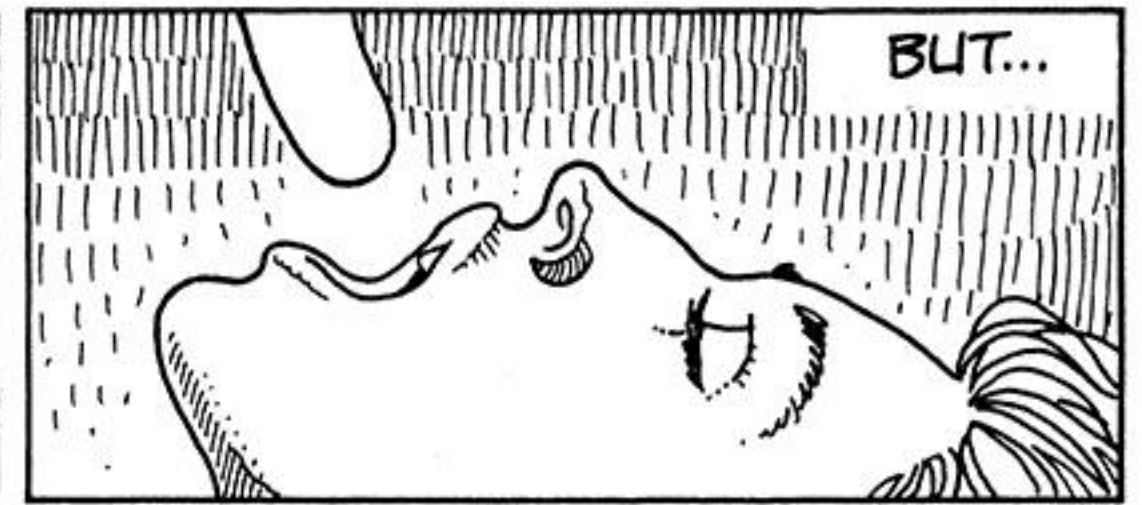
NO!
NO!

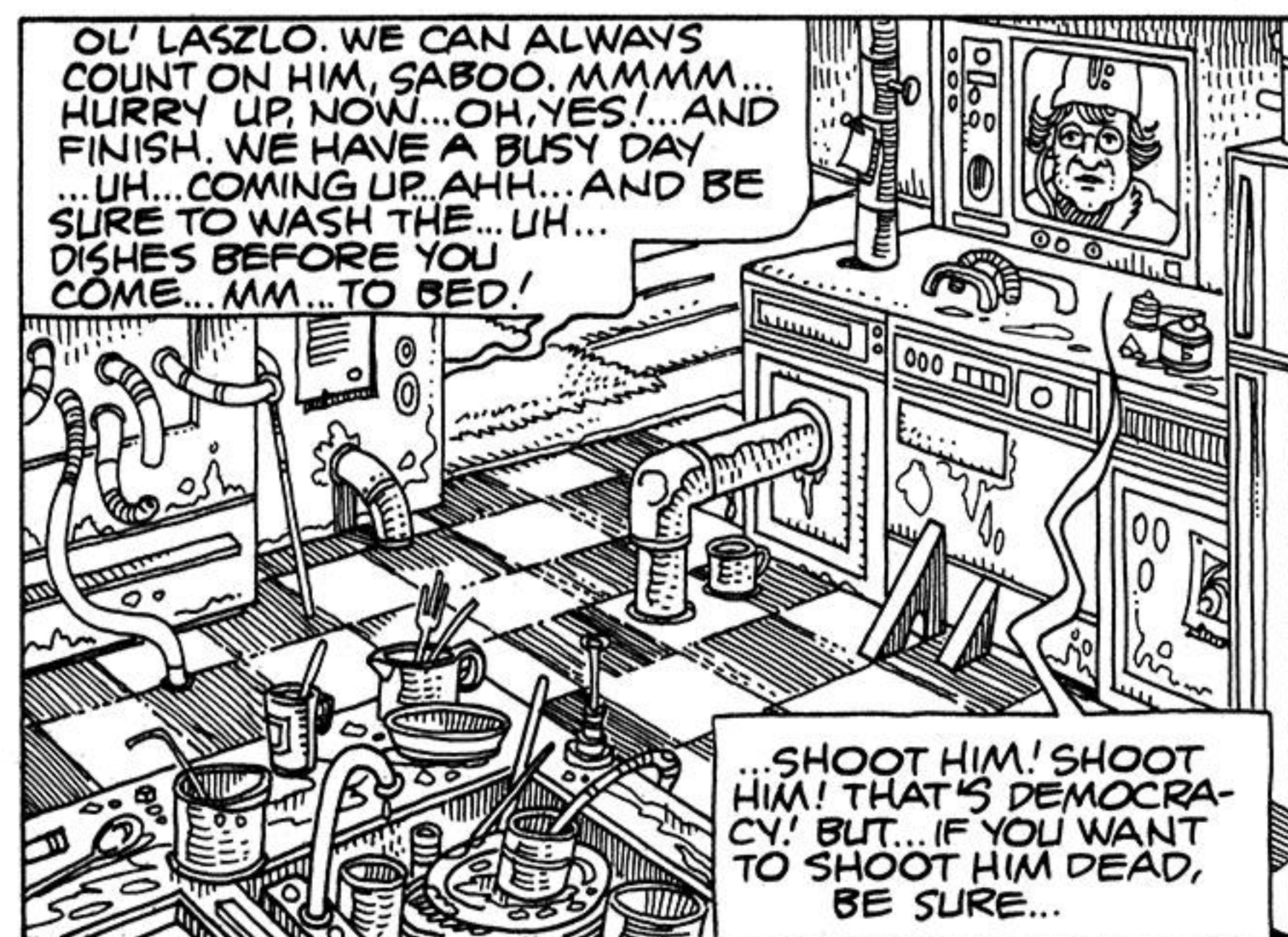




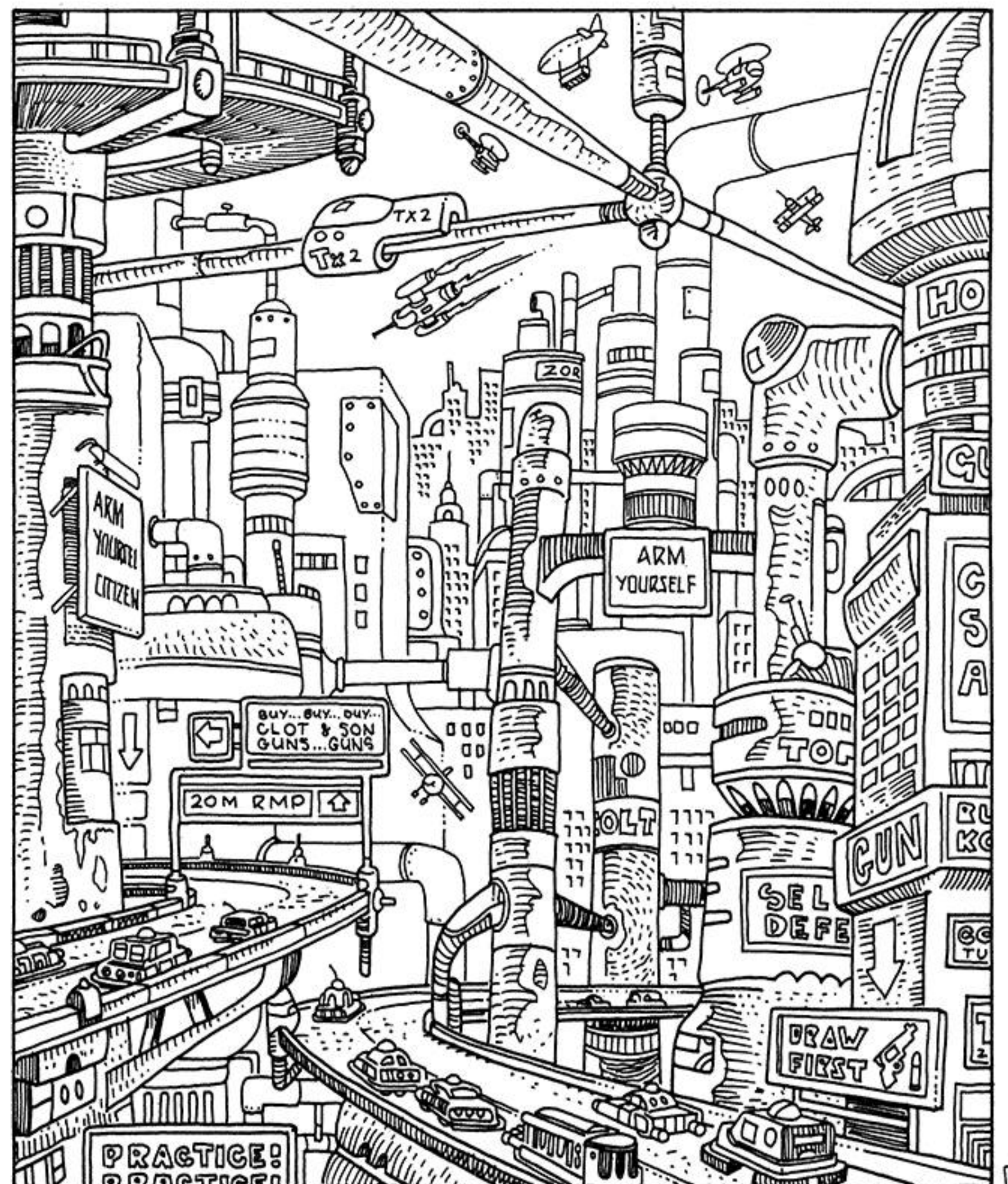
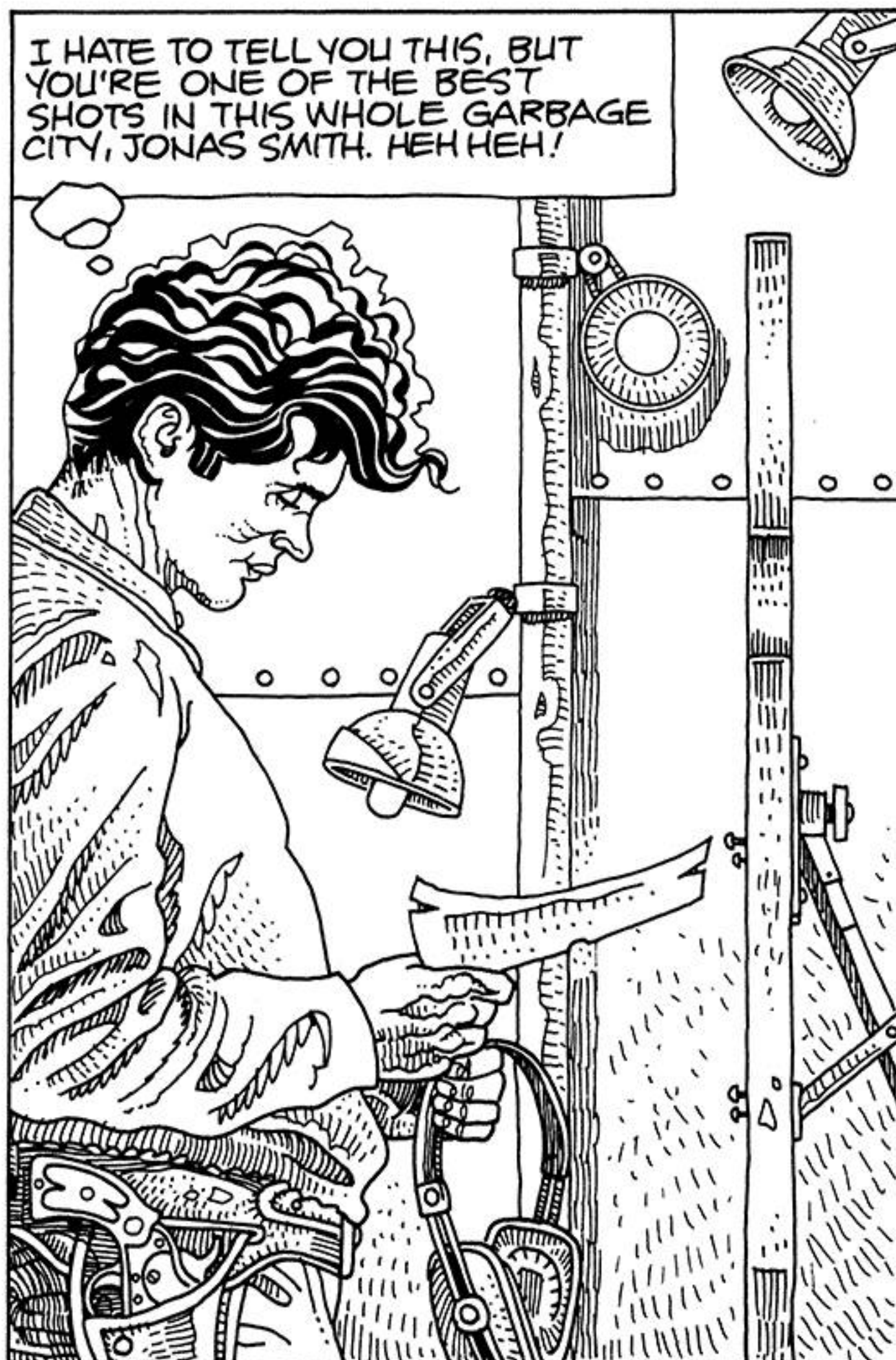
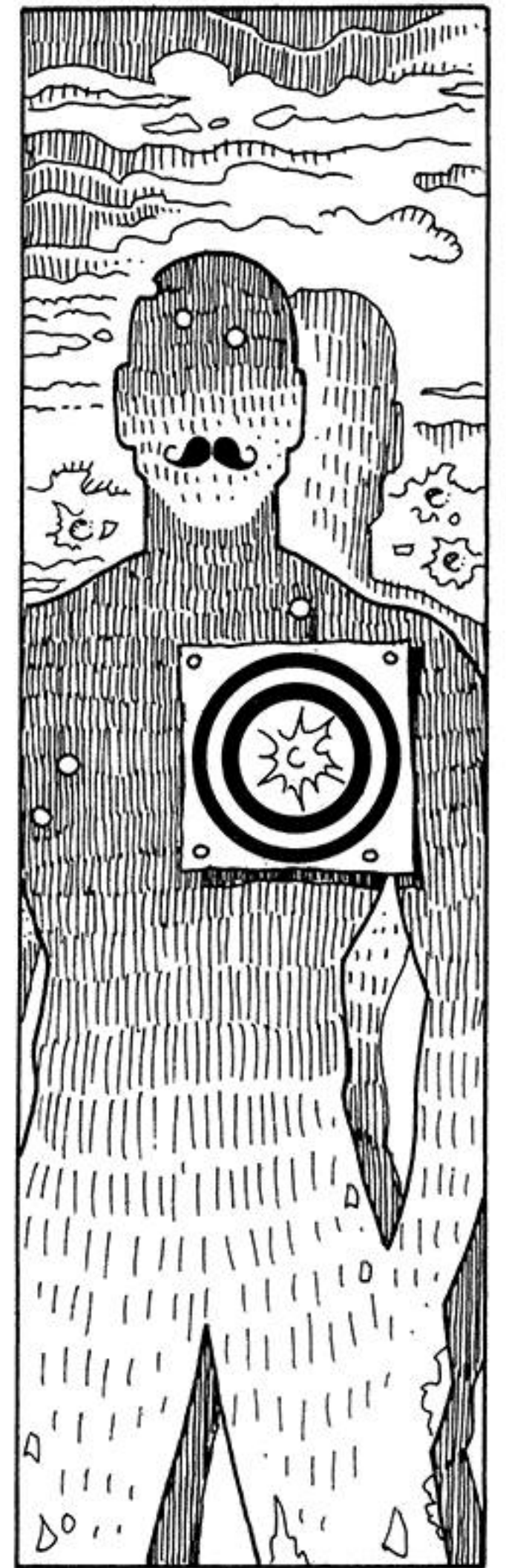
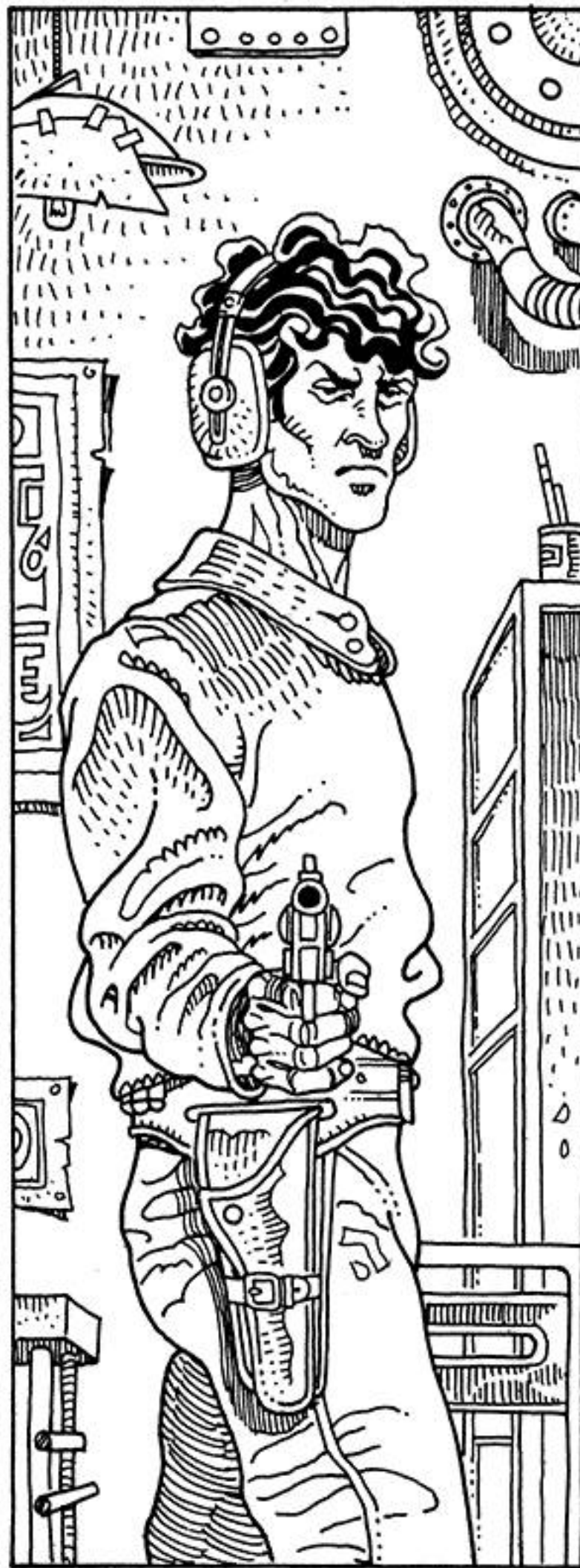


HEY, YOU PUNK!

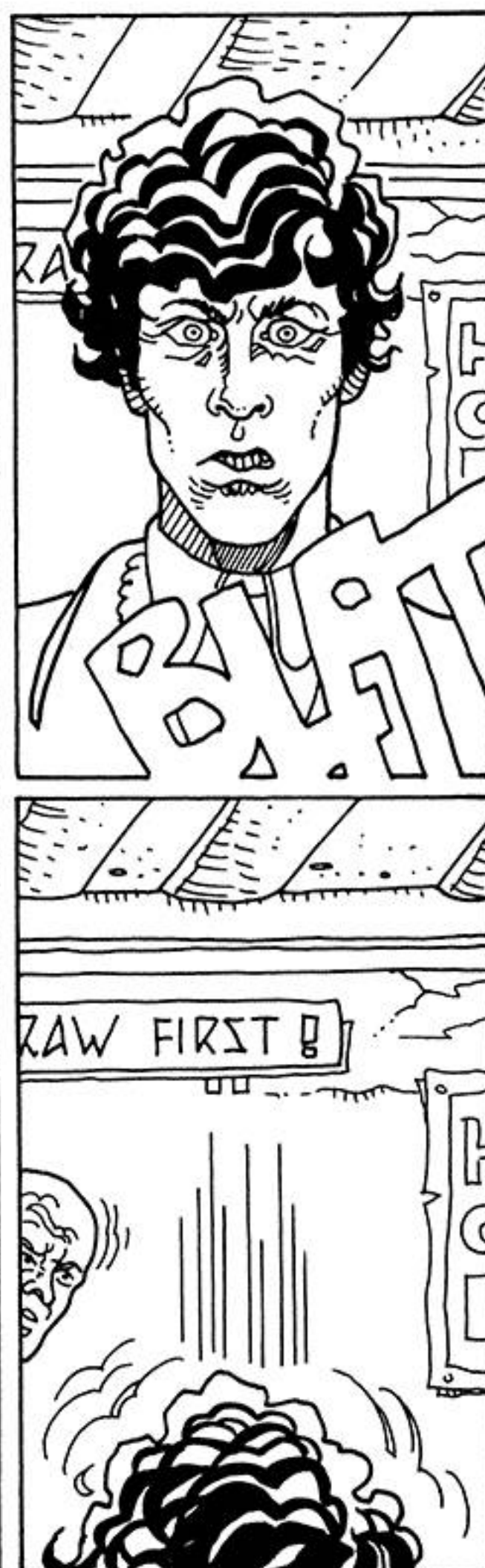
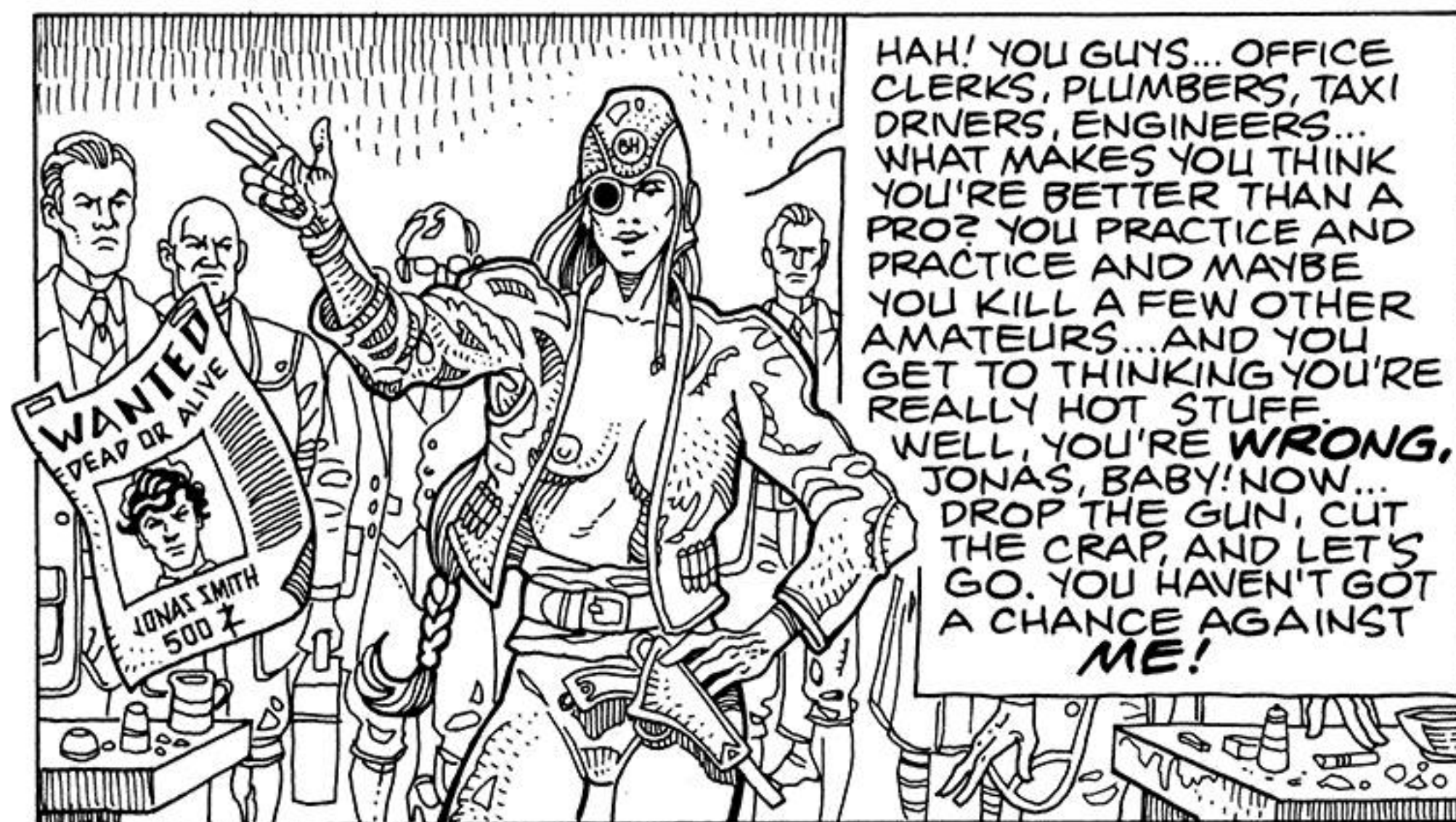
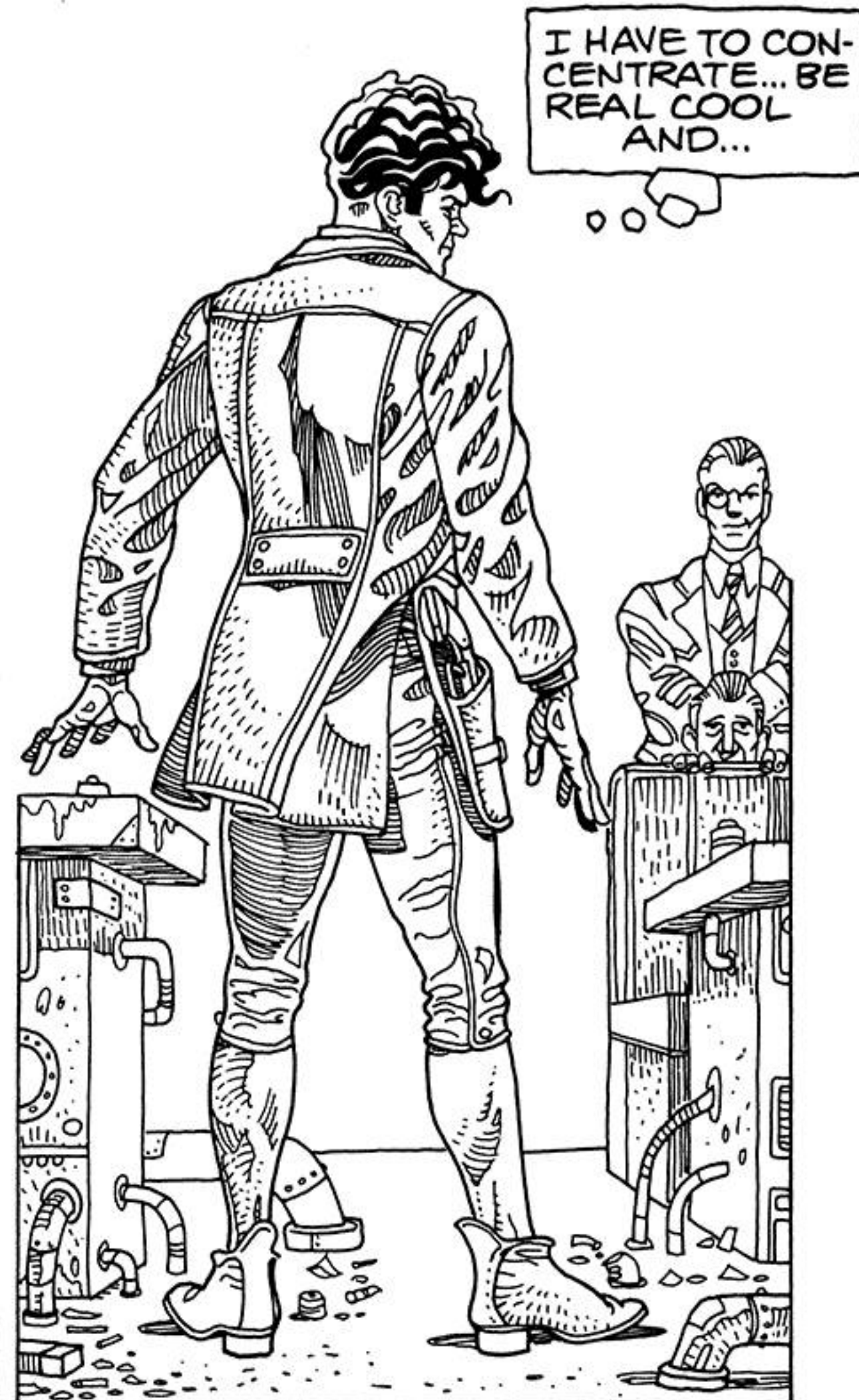
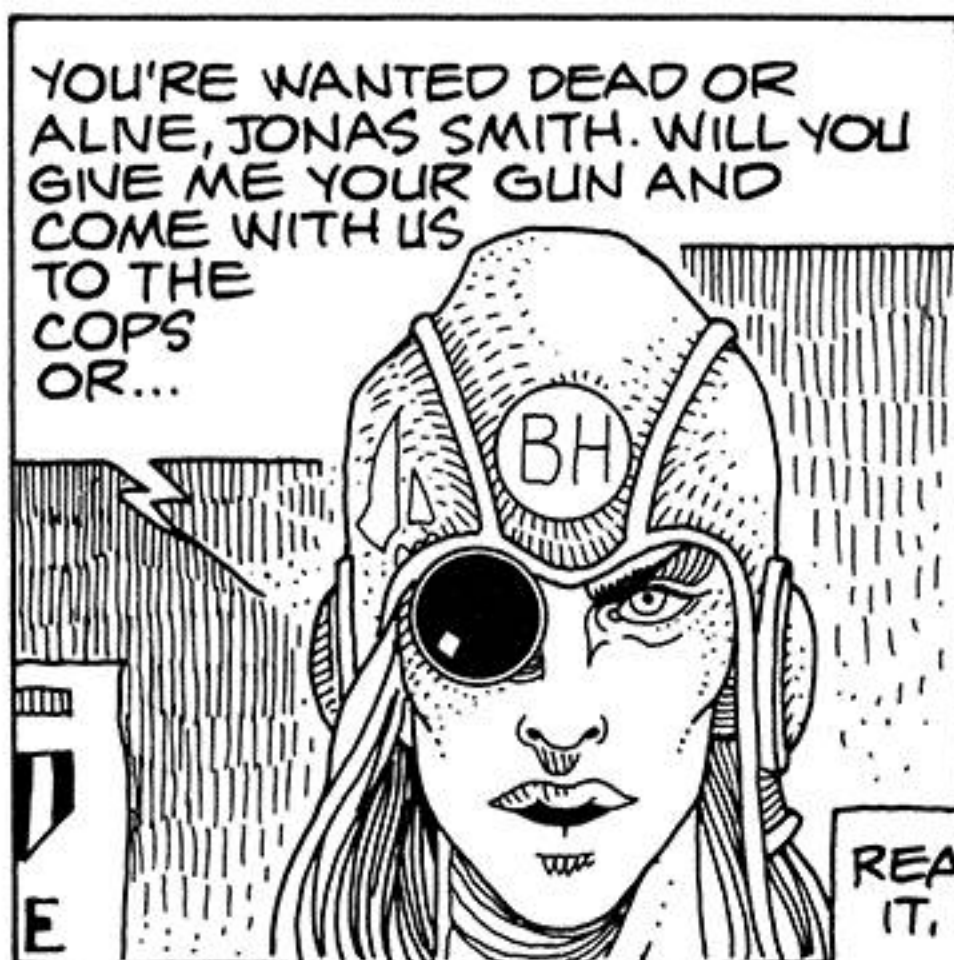




...SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM! THAT'S DEMOCRACY! BUT... IF YOU WANT TO SHOOT HIM DEAD, BE SURE...









NO... IT CAN'T END
LIKE THIS! I'M
ONE OF THE BEST...



...IN THIS...
GARBAGE CITY...!

TAKE THE CORPSE,
SABOO. WE NEED IT
TO COLLECT OUR
CASH!

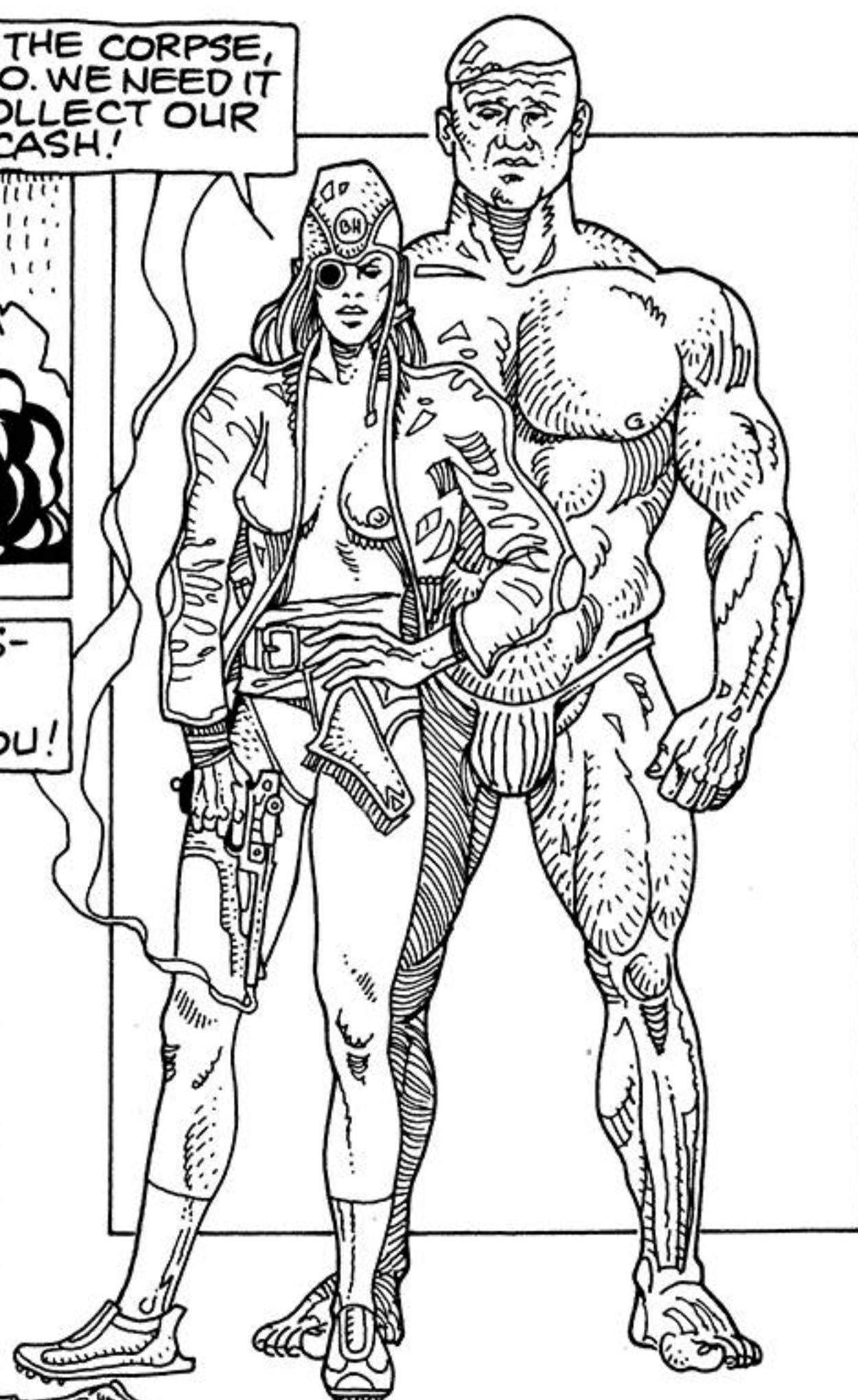


JONAS... JONAS,
HONEY... ZIZ
OH, NO!

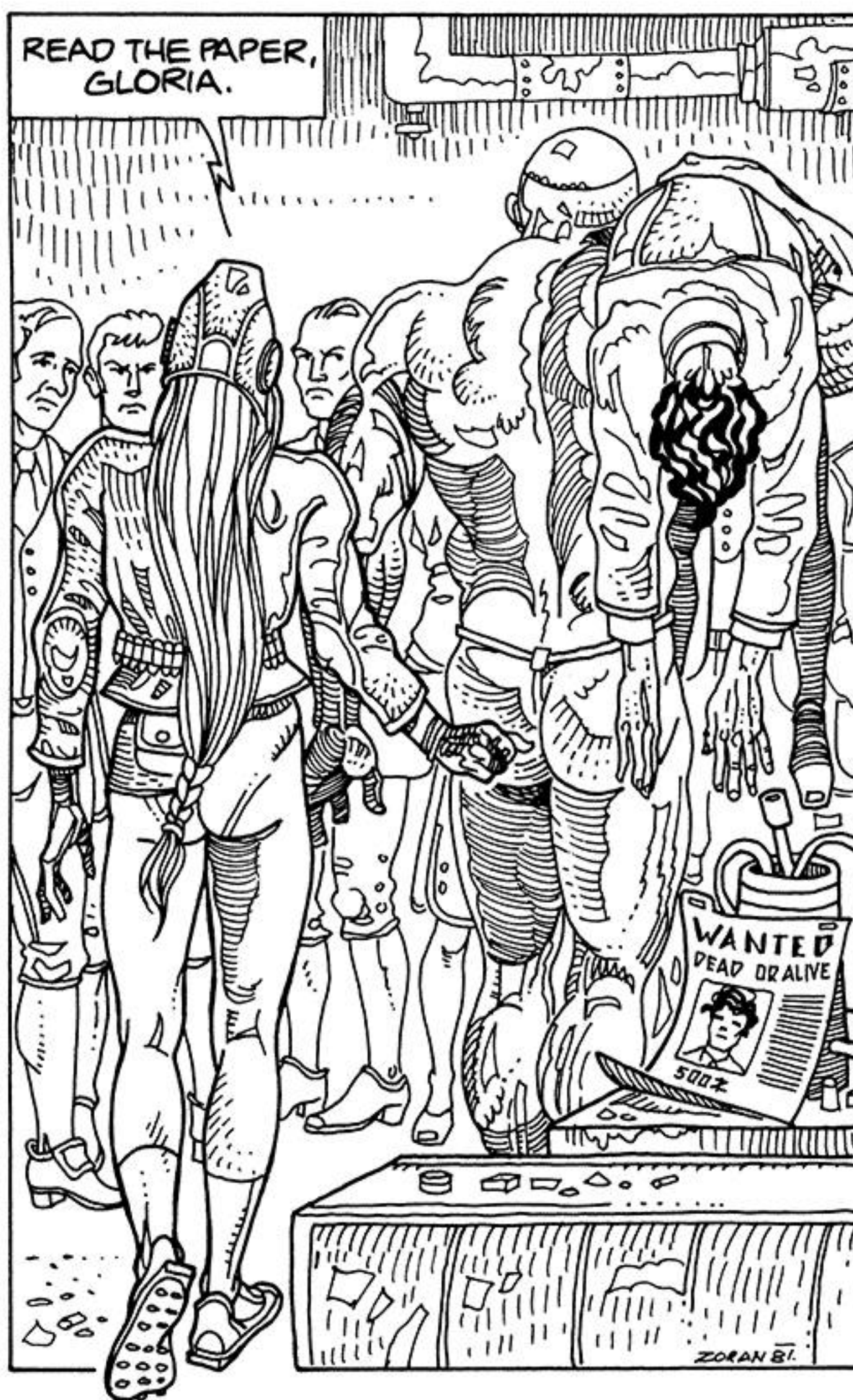


YOU SLUT!...

COOL IT, SK-
TER. I'VE
NOTHING
AGAINST YOU!



WHAT... WHAT WAS
HE WANTED FOR?



READ THE PAPER,
GLORIA.



**WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE**

NAME: JONAS SMITH
DESCRIPTION: THE
ABOVE-MENTIONED
REFUSED TO
SETTLE A TRAFFIC
TICKET BY PAYING
THE AMOUNT OF
20Z.

THE END.

VAL LAKEY LINDAHL AND RON LINDAHL PRESENT

LIFE
WITH

LEONARD



SEE YOU
AFTER THE
GAME, DEAR . . .

"THE SILLIEST WOMAN
CAN MANAGE A CLEVER
MAN; BUT IT NEEDS A
VERY CLEVER WOMAN TO
MANAGE A FOOL!"
Rudyard Kipling



THIS EPISODE:
A DAY AT THE
BALLPARK.



SLAMI

8:02

FINE . . . I'LL
BE HERE.

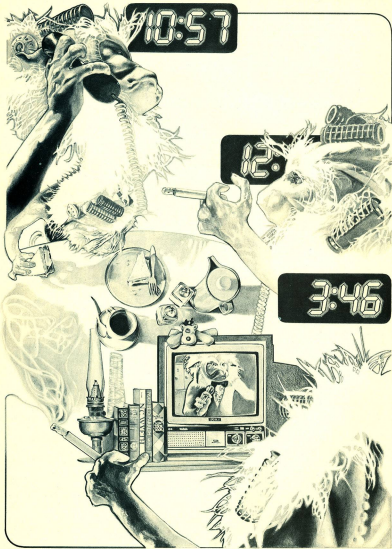
8:03

9:46

10:57

12:

3:46



4:07

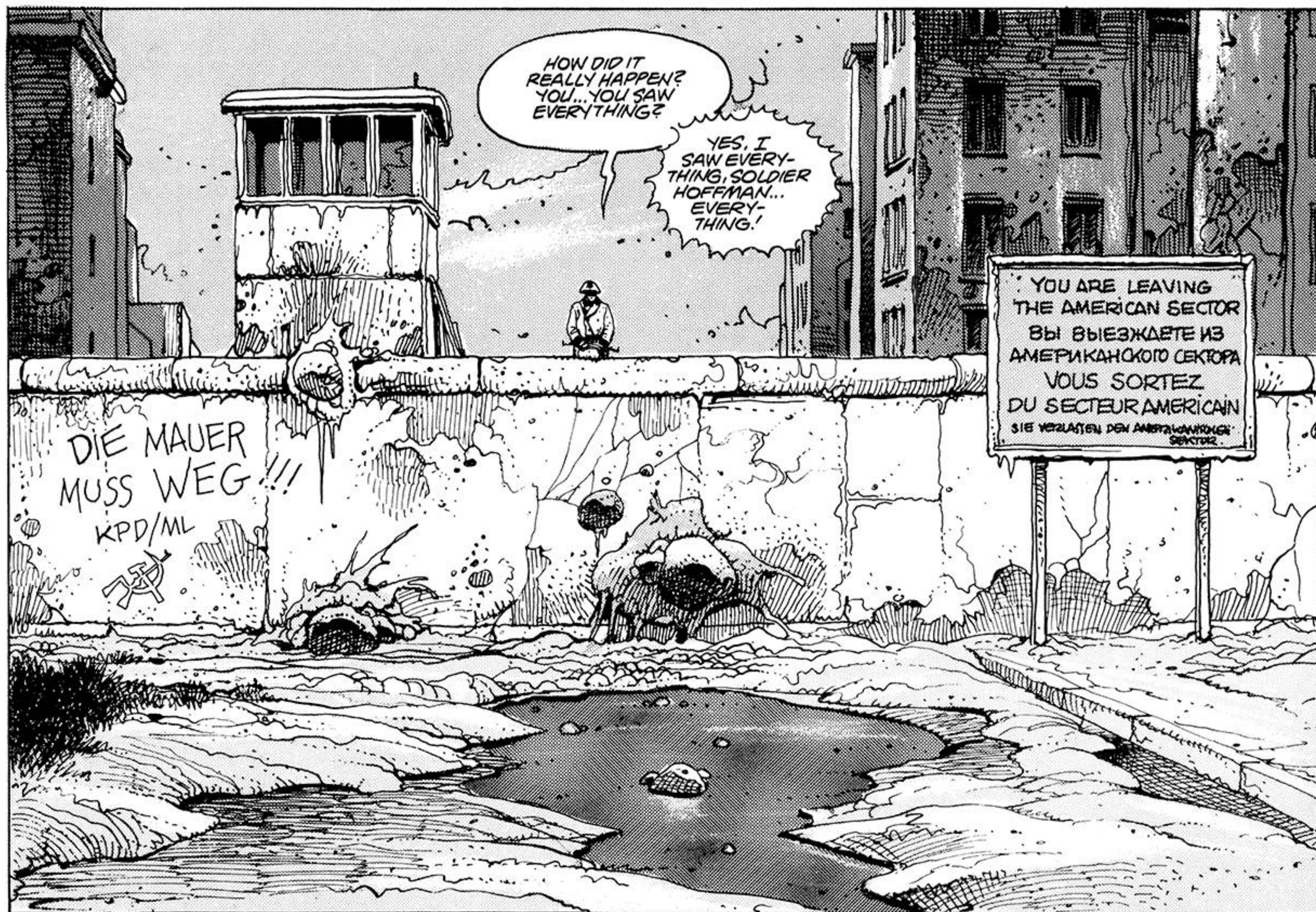


I ALWAYS
HAVE TO
WATCH THE
KIDS.

6:24



OVER THE WALL





IT'S INSANE,
ALL THE
SAME.

UHH...
WHAT DOES IT
DO WHEN IT
EXPLODES?

THE
BOMB
OR THE
STUPIDITY?

≡SIGH!≡
THE
BOMB!

HMMM... IT MAKES A DULL,
MUFFLED NOISE. RATHER
GROTESQUE, EVEN FOR A
BOMB. THE FLASH, HOW-
EVER, IS SUPERB WITH ITS
DOTS OF WHITE LIGHT.
WHAT STRUCK ME, WAS THE
SLOWNESS OF ITS DIFFUSION...
PERHAPS AN OPTICAL
EFFECT DUE TO THE
STICKY HAZE OF
MORNING OVER
THE CITY.



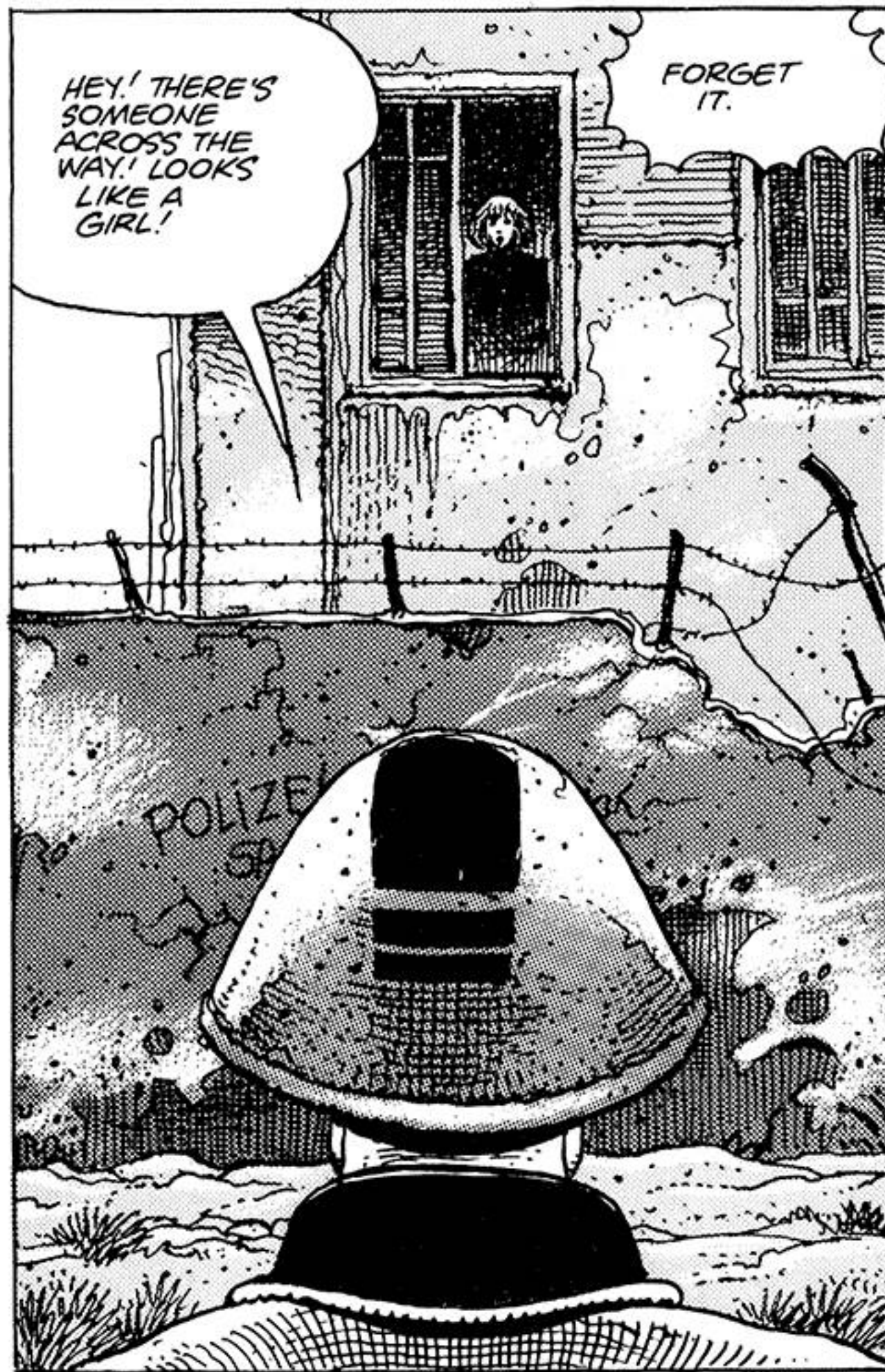
I SAW THE PASSERS-BY DIS-
INTEGRATE IN SLOW MOTION...



...DISAPPEAR AS IF THEY'D
BEEN WIPE AWAY BY AN
ERASER. OF YOUR MILITARY
COMRADES, THERE'S NOTHING
LEFT. A MASTERFUL SWEEP
OF LIGHT... A MODERN, PROPER,
NEAT, CLEAN BOMB. I BELIEVE
KUBRICK WOULD HAVE
ENJOYED FILMING IT.

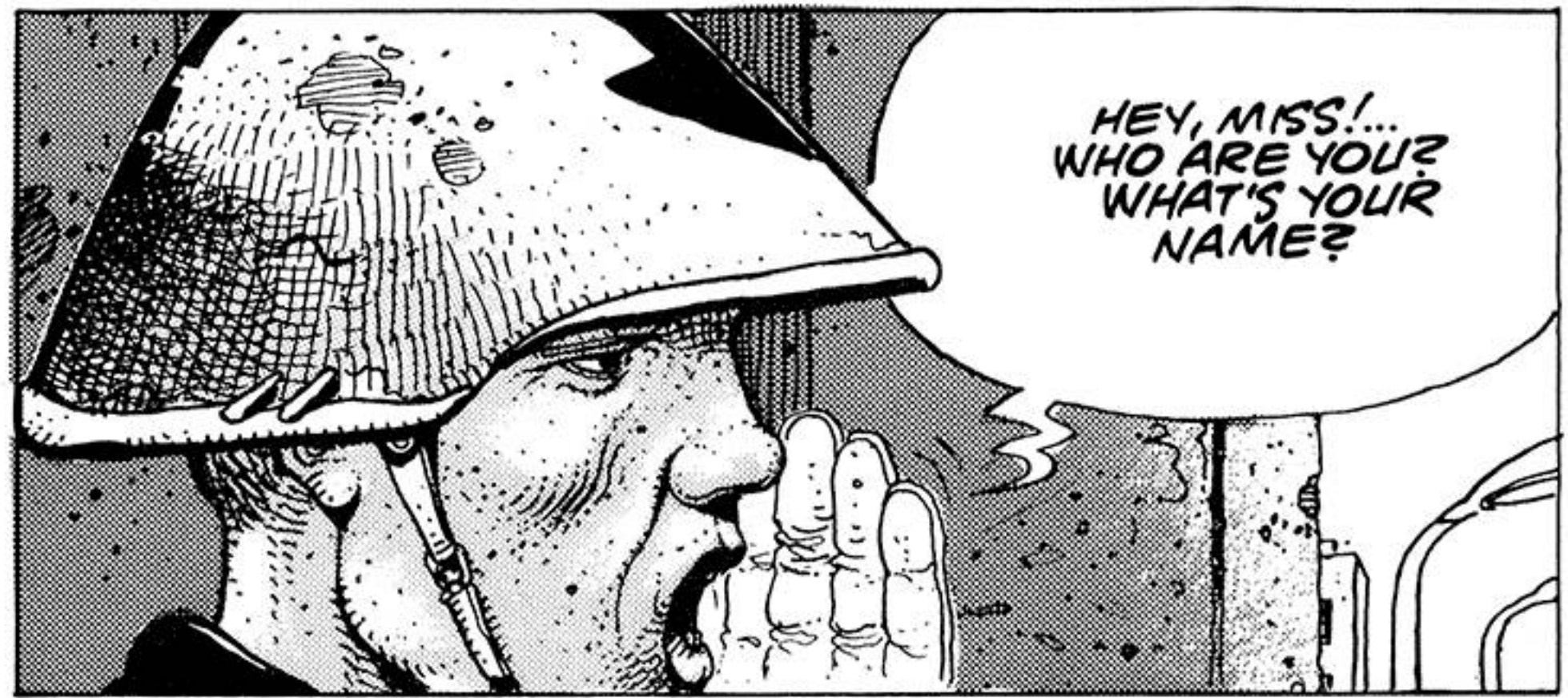
GREAT!

YEAH... BUT, HOFFMAN, TO GET
BACK TO YOUR STUPIDITY... SINCE
1961, THE YEAR I WAS ERECTED,
I'VE THOUGHT AND WONDERED AND
OBSERVED AND I'VE ENDED UP
LIKING HUMANS... PERHAPS BE-
CAUSE I'M A TRUE MONUMENT TO
HUMANKIND'S STUPIDITY. ANYWAY,
I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO GET
ALONG WITHOUT PEOPLE. IT'S
VERY IMPORTANT TO ME THAT
YOU, AT LEAST, SURVIVED.



HEY! THERE'S SOMEONE ACROSS THE WAY! LOOKS LIKE A GIRL!

FORGET IT.



HEY, MISS!... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



HILDA!... HILDA SCHMIDT! ...AND YOU?

ME? I'M PETER... CORPORAL PETER HOFFMAN! UH... ARE YOU ALONE?



OH, YES! ALL ALONE!... AND I'M SO AFRAID! AND YOU...? ARE YOU... ALONE?

YES! YES... I AM! WE... WE MUST BE THE ONLY SURVIVORS!

YES.



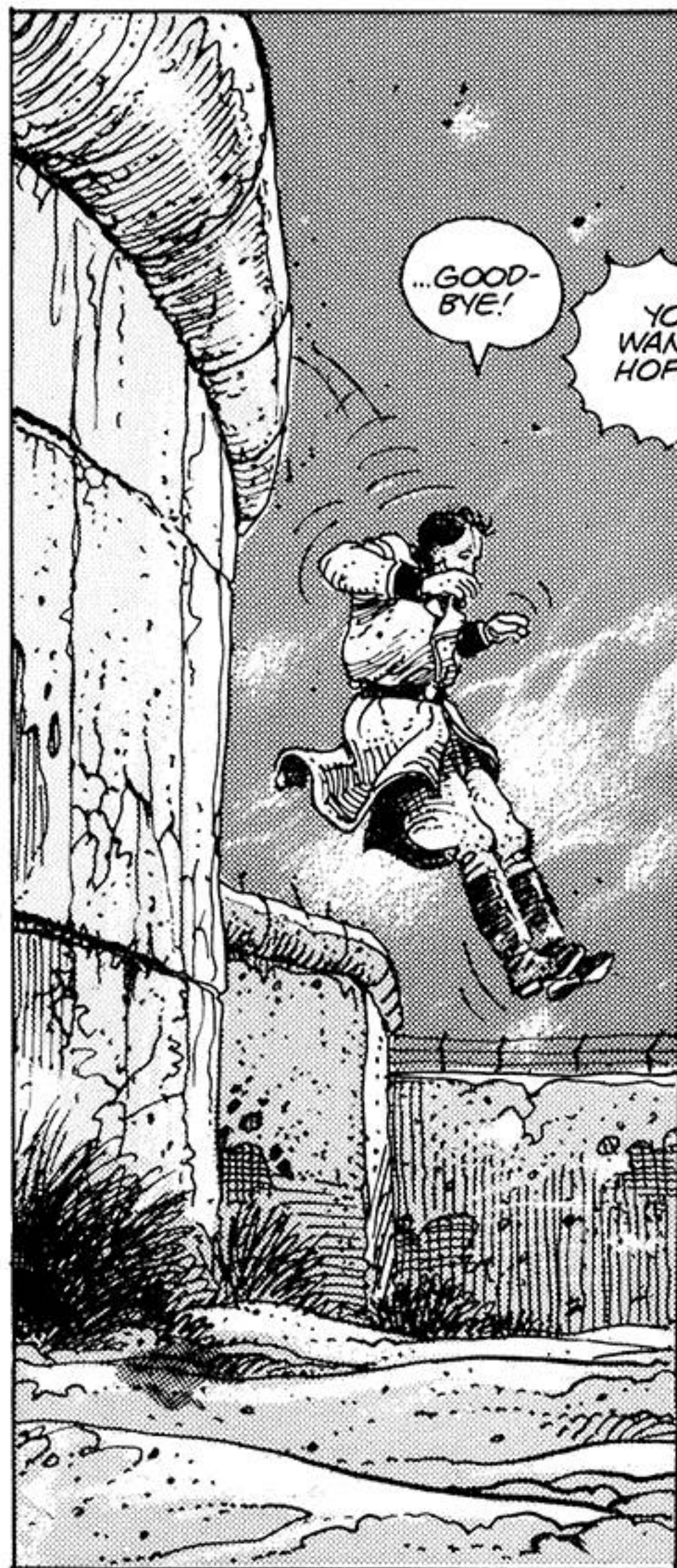
I'D SAY THAT MAYBE THIS IS THE TIME TO INITIATE THE REUNIFICATION OF EAST AND WEST!?!

I WAS ABOUT TO SUGGEST IT TO YOU, PETER!...



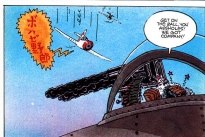
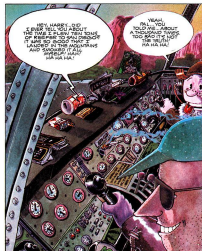
HEAR THAT, WALL? WE'RE GOING TO REUNITE THIS CITY AND... MAYBE... START A NEW, BETTER WORLD! THE GUNS, THE BARBED WIRE, THE OBSERVATION POSTS, THE UNIFORMS... THEY'RE ALL FINISHED! IN THE END, THE BOMB DID SOME GOOD!

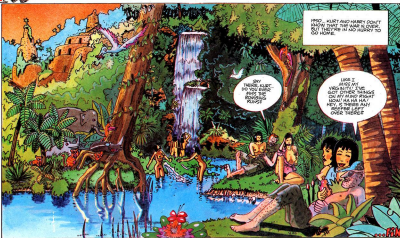
DON'T DO THIS TO ME, HOFFMAN! YOUR PLACE IS HERE... ON ME!



FLYING BOMBS



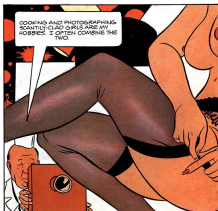
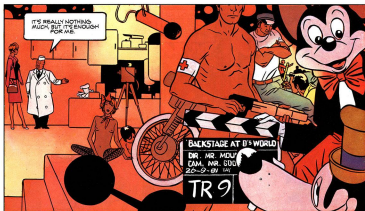


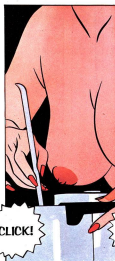




















A FEW HOURS LATER...

...AND NO ONE COULD PUT
HUMPTY-DUMPTY TOGETHER
AGAIN! HEH HEH!

THERE YOU GO, MY DEAR... INTO
THE SHOP WINDOW LIKE ALL
THE OTHER GIRLS.

AH!... HER HANDS! I'LL
SEE WHO SHE WAS AND
ADD HER NAME TO MY
COLLECTION.

OH, NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

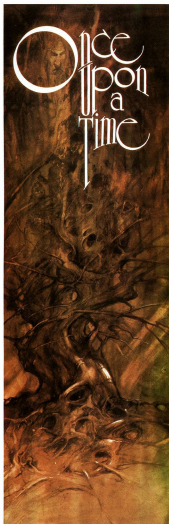
PASSEPORT

AND
YET... THE
NAME...
THE RESEM-
BLANCE.

...AND THIS PICTURE
OF HER WITH HER
MOTHER!... OH, AH!...
THIS GIRL IS... ER...
WAS...

...MY OWN
DAUGHTER!

TWO
SALADS, PLEASE...
SOME MOVIES
MAKE
ME
AWFULLY
HUNGRY!





HIS LONG, LONG BEARD,
LIKE AN ENDLESS NIGHT...

HIS BROWN EYES
GROWING TIRED OF AUTUMN.
AUTUMN
LIKE A PILE OF CRUMPLED LEAVES,
OR AN OLD FORGERSHIP.



SEASON AFTER SEASON, UNDER THE
SUN,
HIS STORY GOT OLD.

BUT HE BOASTED
OF NOTHING
IS COMING
NOR A WRINKLE.



IT IS DARK, WOODED (AND,
BOTH NEAR AND FAR,

LIVED AN OLD MAN,
BURIED DEEP IN THE
ROOTS
OF A RHYME.



DUSTY QUOTATIONS
MAKE HIM FURROW HIS BROW
BECAUSE HE HAS OUTLIVED
ALL HUMILITY,
PERIOD.

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