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HM = 1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel The Sword of Shannara, Harzak, and more. ($5.00)

HM = 2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4.00)

HM = 3/JUNE, 1977: Features Night Image, poetry by Corben's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblist, the highly praised. Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($3.00)

HM = 4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nef Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($3.00)

HM = 5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Poconos begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den conclude, all amidst talking plants, samurais, puppets, sex, and violence. ($3.00)

HM = 6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aziec, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($3.00)

HM = 7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes. 10 pages of color Moebius, the Darklight Garage, Den, and Polonius redux, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. ($3.00)

HM = 8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, ex-vouves, intellectual molusk, birth and death, stars, and a great new Hanan Elison story—the heaviest Heavy Metal yet! ($3.00)

HM = 9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Drurllet's anti-hero. Vizz, a chapter from Close Encounters of the Third Kind, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein. In addition to full color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveiloux, and Moebius. ($3.00)

HM = 10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pinchard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a Heavy Metal calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den. Of course, you knew about the incas, fog lights, and the time warp. ($3.00)

HM = 11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nina. A trip to Venus, the Crusader, and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual, like Den. ($3.00)

HM = 12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella: More Urm. And still more Den. ($3.00)
HM = 13/ APRIL, 1978: Big deal first anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel, and the undead. Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. ($3.00)

HM = 14/ MAY, 1978: Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a carnivoral clock, time-travels, and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. ($3.00)

HM = 15/ JUNE, 1978: This time, we go too far. For instance, the exotic new Corben, Shahrarah, the necrotic, Evolution, the eclectic, More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the erratic Them Changes. An excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heiman. ($3.00)

HM = 16/ JULY, 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to Druillet's Gal, the further adventures of Heiman and Orion. More Than Human continues, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. ($2.00)

HM = 17/ AUGUST, 1978: Looks like more of the same, with Orion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Heiman, and the last More Than Human. Except Druillet's Gadgets going again. The Off-Season starts, carnivoral robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button. ($2.00)

HM = 18/ SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Escof, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's henchies, two off-season detectives, arcade the Warrior, Heiman, Orion, and Lone Sloane on Gaal. Hilarious! Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes. ($2.00)

HM = 19/ OCTOBER, 1978: All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie-archived Exterminator, Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated, and the onset of McKe's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of heroes Sindbad, Gaal, and Orion. ($2.00)

HM = 20/ NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20-page excerpt from the Dzykian/Defy Empire, while Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Exterminator escapes, Sloane makes war, the Sad Man disappears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heiman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful, So Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet. ($2.00)

HM = 21/ DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas, and wrapping up Orion and Off-Season with sinister Tarot greeting cards, wreaths and wreaths, cresches, crashes, and a prezzie for you -a 12-page Moebius murder yarn. ($2.00)

HM = 22/ JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of elephants, for some reason. Plus our first Trina, and a pinup, and Gaal's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space siren, and the android takes over the ship. More McKe and Corben. Whataya want! ($2.00)

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS, while with black lettering and art with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of Heavy Metal ($5.50)
Perhaps it is time to remind you that Heavy Metal is taken, in large part, from a French publication called Metal Hurlant. We thought everyone knew that, or at least everyone who cared about it knew, but the bulk of recent letters (see Chain Mail) have taken us to task for our awful editorial choices. The guy in the corner liquor store isn’t responsible for what’s in the wine bottles, folks. Blame the French. Or thank them. All we’re doing is upsetting the balance of trade.

This month’s bundle of pages from France contained, as you will see, gentle reader, many tales without words. Silent comics. A gold mime. The translators were duly grateful, and dedicate this issue to Marcel Marceau.

To satisfy those of you with a jones for the linear, we have added the first chapter of an illustrated serial novel, Starcrown, wherein words abound.

“Galactic Geographic,” a feature missing from the last few issues, is back by popular demand. The saga of the star-nosed moles is in here because some of us like it a lot.

Next month, unless something awful happens, we will bring you a vast hunk of the forthcoming illustrated version of Alfred Bester’s The Stars My Destination. Renowned anti-fascist Howie Chaykin provides the art. It’s pretty good, for a classic.

And gazing, as science fiction folks are supposed to do, into the future, we look forward to bringing you a preview of what promises to be the best SF movie ever, Alien.

Meanwhile, snuggle up to your speakers and follow the adventures of McKee’s Beautiful and Dangerous stellar tourists. Corben’s Sindbad, Moebius’s Major, and all our other pals, to the tune of your favorite tune.

An unsolicited plug...

Red, Yellow, Orange, Green, Blue, Indigo, and Violet. Seven crafty goblins who terrorize rainbows in Ul de Rico’s fantasy The Rainbow Goblins! Published this past fall by Thames and Hudson, de Rico’s glorious illustrations, accompanied by his charming text, produce what we feel to be one of the finest fantasy books published since Rackham was around drawing bogies and fairies!!!
AAAA!

KLATCH

Which of you is... Sindbad?

New Tales of the Arabian Nights

Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn

*1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad
I'm Sindbad...

And I am Ali Ben-Abda, your host. Ketra is honored by your presence.

Now if you'll follow me, we shall discuss your situation... over dinner.

Sindbad!

Take care in what you eat—some of our party are missing.
You've told me a fascinating tale, Sindbad. I'm sorry about your wife. Are you certain you'll not taste the meat?

Where are Akissa and the others? What do you want with me?

You may see them again. But first, I, too, have a story to relate.

"Let me tell you of the old Keta, the great Keta of so short a time ago!"
"The city was a living monument to passion—a constant celebration of the flesh, of sly intoxicants, and thick, warm aphrodisiacs."

"Nothing was forbidden! The scent of oiled, sweating bodies drifted on every breeze!"

"Fortunes were won, lost, and stolen! Questing tongues sought pleasure along every expanse of skin, at every fold, in every crevice! Ketra was alive!"
AIRTIGHT

ERRY CORNEL

The story so far... After a few twists, Sam Mohab died, assassinated in a cafeteria on Hologr Imperium at the second level.

Rest assured that this is just a mechanical double. The real Samuel Mohab is still aboard the corpse.

It'll all explode...

Let's leave the holos now! We'll be crawling with police intent on throwing some light on this affair...

Yes, that's true... Let's get back to the city, fast...

Ah! You just have to pull this little pin!!!

Sure... Look!!! The major diode has been damaged by the projectile and that's what caused the overheating of the valves and the collapse of the crystalline circuit...

啊！你还好意思被！
ON BOARD THE CIGARS, ALL THE TRIBES THINK OF YOU AS MYTHICAL, MAJOR... WHAT A PRIVILEGE. WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY PRIVILEGE FOR ME...

WWW... TELL ME MORE ABOUT WHAT YOU SAW DURING YOUR JOURNEY ACROSS THE FIRST AND SECOND LEVELS. PARTICULARLY ANYTHING RELATING TO JERRY CORNELIUS.

A PACKAGE FOR YOU, MR. PRESIDENT.

AH, THE PHOTOS OF SPER GOSH! YES, YES. HURRY UP!

INCREDIBLE! Ooo.

THE MAJOR!... Oo.

I WANT ROOM 6.

ROOM 6?!?

TO BE CONTINUED...
A HOLIDAY GIFT FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION

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HURRY! HURRY! GET YOUR PARAPSYCHIC MINI-MACHINE! EACH MODEL COMES WITH AN INSTRUCTION MANUAL AND A YEAR'S GUARANTEE!

TELEFIELD
4TH EPISODE

THE CROWD'S BEEN HYPONOTIZED! THIS SEANCE IS JUST A BRAIN-WASHING!

MY HEAD FEELS SO HEAVY...

THE WAVES OF THAT PARAPSYCHIC MACHINE HAVE A STRANGE POWER... THEY FREE PEOPLE FROM PRESSURE, BUT ABSORB SO MUCH OF THEIR PSYCHIC ENERGY!

MUST BE AN AMAZING MIND BEHIND THIS GANG OF ROBOTS...

HENCEFORTHE, OUR SUCCESS WILL HAVE NO LIMITS!

THERE'S SOMEONE MAKING A PROFIT FROM ALL THIS...

THE BARRON FROM HELSINKI!

...THE BARRON FROM HELSINKI!

...THE BARRON FROM HELSINKI!

YES, MASTER.

...STRANGE... I HAVE THE IMPRESSION SOMETHING VERY HEAVY IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN IN METROPOLIS 5...

YOU COULD BE RIGHT! COME ON, JOSY OLD PAL, LET'S WARN OUR FRIENDS. WE'LL MEET TOMORROW IN MY PLACE. YOU'LL TAKE PART IN A PRETTY INCREDIBLE DISCOVERY!
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE PARAPSYCHIC TRIP BECAME ALL THE RAGE IN METROPOLIS. EVERY DRY AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE FILLED THE ROOM WHERE THE SEANCES FOLLOW EACH OTHER NONSTOP. THE SALE OF PARAPSYCHIC MIND-MACHINES INCREASED UNABATED...

...AND A NEW FAD SPREADS, TRIPPING OUT ON THE WAVES OF THE STRANGE MACHINE...

OOOOHHH. TOO MUCH. TOO MUCH...

FAR OUT! THIS MACHINE IS OUT-FUCKING-RAGEOUS!

AAAAH... OOOOOHHH!

THAT MACHINE IS DRIVING ME CRAZY!! AAAHHHHH... OOOOHHH.

HONEY, YOU PROMISED YOU'D BUY ME A NEW PARAPSYCHIC MACHINE! THE MODEL WITH THE SUPERSENSORY SCREEN!

BUT... WE ALREADY HAVE THREE MACHINES AT HOME!

BARON VON HEILSINK will GRANT AN INTERVIEW TO TELEVISION. THE FAMOUS INVENTOR OF THE PARAPSYCHIC TRIP WILL REVEAL HIMSELF TO THE PUBLIC AT LAST!

THAT OLD GEEZER IS SURE FILLING HIS POCKETS WITH THAT SOPORIFIC GADGET OF HIS... THAT NEW DRUG IS TURNING THE PEOPLE INTO A MASS OF MINDLESS PUPPETS!

BE PATIENT, OLD MAN! FIGURE IT OUT! TO HAVE THE FREEDOM TO SEIZE THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE MASSES, THIS GUY'S GOT TO HAVE SOME CONNECTIONS WITH THE BIG WIGS IN GOVERNMENT!

SO HE'S A SUCKER TO HAVE DONE ALL THE WORK. WHEN IT'S TIME, WE MOVE IN AND GET A PIECE OF THE ACTION FROM HIS STUPID SHOW! WHAT'YA SAY?
THE PIG IS WINNING OVER THE SYMPATHIES OF THE PROLES. HIS ROBOTS OFTEN GO TO THE FACTORIES IN METROPOLIS AND GIVE AWAY FREE TICKETS TO HIS CRAZY SPECTACLES!

HE MUST BE A F.A.C.H.O. AGENT! YOU SAW THAT SHED HE HAD BUILT... A REAL BUNKER! GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT BY HIS DAMNED ROBOTS! DISCOVER THE SECRET OF HIS FILTHY PLAN...

AND WE'LL HAVE HIS SKIN!!

AT THE SAME TIME, SOMEWHERE ELSE, ANOTHER STORY UNFOLDS. CEDRYLL AND CRIS, WHO GUARD THE CRYSTAL FLOWER, GATHER AROUND THEM THEIR FRIENDS, WHO NOW ALSO BECOME AWARE OF THE FANTASTIC PSYCHOSENSUAL DIMENSIONS WHICH THE FLOWER'S ENERGY FIELD AWAKENS. GRADUALLY, CEDRYLL AND CRIS'S HOME BECOMES THE MEETING PLACE OF THOSE SEARCHING FOR A NEW WORLD...
THE PSYCHOIC TRIP GENERATED BY THIS CRYSTAL FLOWER IS SO PURE, MAN! WHILE THE POPULATION OF METROPOLIS IS TURNS INTO MORONS, WE'RE MAKING CONTACT WITH FANTASTIC ENERGY FIELDS!

WE'RE SO LUCKY THAT THE GALACTIC INTELLIGENCES GAVE US THIS GIFT!

BUT I'M STILL PRETTY DISTURBED.

IT MUST BECOME LIKE A NUCLEUS FOR US, ALLOWING US TO REMAIN STABLE IN THE FACE OF THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCES OVERWELMING SOCIETY. WE WILL ACHIEVE OUR IDEA OF A COMMUNITY, AND WE WILL BE ABLE TO CREATE A PERMANENT CONTACT WITH THE COSMOS!

THE LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE WAS TOTALLY STRUNG-OUT...

NO! I'VE GOT TO SPLIT RIGHT NOW! MY MASTER'S WAITING FOR ME!

BUT...

...THERE WERE TRASH MARKS ON HER ARMS...

I'VE FALLEN BACK INTO THE HABIT OF USING HARD DRUGS. IT'S DISGUSTING, KILLING YOURSELF LIKE THAT. I LOVE THAT CHICK A LOT!

RIGHT ON! I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU THAT CYRIS JUST WENT INTO METROPOLIS TO SEE HER. YOU KNOW THEY'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME...

STREET TOWN BLOCK 12? IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE STELLA DISAPPEARED... I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO KNOW WHERE SHE IS AT.
Ahh! There's Stella! She seems really out of it!

Stella, what's happening?

Get lost! My master's calling me! I have to get to him!

Wow! Weird chick! And what's the story with this master?

I don't get Stella's reaction at all. She seemed hypnotized. That aerocar looks suspicious to me. Better follow it.

Chris sets off in her aeromotor in hot pursuit of the black aerocar...

A little while later, the two vehicles are outside the city limits...
ON A NEARBY ASTEROID...

ONE WORE BLUE AND ONE WORE GREY... ONE WAS GENTLE...

ONE WAS KIND...

WHAT KIND OF THING IS THAT?
GREETINGS, FRIENDS...
WE'RE AWFUL HAPPY TO SEE YOU, MASTER... WE WEREN'T UP TO RESCUIN' YOU OUT THERE IN SPACE. THEM NEO-PURITANS GOT THERE FIRST.

IT DOESN'T MATTER, MY CHILDREN. FOR I AM HERE NOW...

I THINK I SEEN HIM TOOK JUST NOW. HE WAS ALREADY OUTSIDE THE FORCE FIELD WHEN THE VESSEL LANDED AND HE JUST TOOK OFF...

CATCH HIM! YOU MUST! WITHOUT FAIL!
WE JUST CAN'T FIND HIM... WE LOOKED EVERYWHERE. WE CONNECTED UP ALL THE DETECTORS. NOTHING...

IT'S NOT IMPORTANT... GO HOME NOW... I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM MYSELF...

AT YOUR SERVICE, MASTER! WHAT ARE MY ORDERS?

GOOD. THERE YOU ARE...
Oh, Tre. I know that your love is strong, and you think it's all you need to be happy, but I am more realistic than you. I can see you working yourself sick to own a vermin-infested shack. It might seem like a palace at first, but it would soon turn into a trap for two people who felt that each, in turn, had been cheated by the other of the success they might have achieved on their own.

I saw the end...

Boo's Furriers

Big Money!

WANTED!

Hard-working male for rugged planet Madyus. Applicant must be willing to relocate to Madyus for three years.

All that night I was with Luella and we discussed our future. Finally... she agreed to wait for me.

My first year on Madyus was the hardest.

A week later I became deeply depressed and went into a drunken seclusion. But then one night...
At first I found the pungent stench and grisly appearance of my flock revolting, but my senses soon made the necessary adjustments.

The torrid sun baked the planet's surface.

The winter rains penetrated my thickest clothing. But by far the desolate loneliness wore most on my existence. Only the molps and I lived on Madylus, and the molpship came only once a year to harvest the molps. To relieve my loneliness, I took a pet from the flock and named it Gloop.

Gloop became my shadow, the constant object of countless one-sided conversations.

But dreams of my beloved Lulea haunted my sleep and I knew...
THE TEMPLE OF KARVUL

SACRED RELIC OF THE HOLY AGE... IT MARKS THE HALF-WAY POINT ON THE DESERT ROUTE FROM EUSTKAR TO TAKOBEL... A ROUTE NOW Seldom, if ever, traveled. Throughout the centuries it has been guarded by a succession of pious men who gladly devoted one year of their lives to the glory of the ancient ones...

FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS THAT HONOR HAS FALLEN TO THIS MAN... FOR THOUGH THE TERM OF HIS ENLISTMENT HAS LONG SINCE PAST, IT IS WRITTEN THAT A GUARD MAY NOT LEAVE HIS POST TILL ANOTHER SHALL TAKE HIS PLACE...

PISS ON IT!
WHAT'S THAT? COULD IT BE SOMEONE COMING?

IT IS! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... IT'S A MAN!

HEY-HOA! SLOW DOWN! THIS IS IT! THE TEMPLE OF KARPUL!
YOU'VE ARRIVED, BOY!

THE GODS WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I REFUSED TO DENY SUCCESSION TO A PASSING PILGRIM... I'LL GET SOME COLD BEER OUT BACK...

JUST STAND HERE WHILE I'M GONE, WILL YA? AND HOLD THIS SIGN FOR ME A SEC... OH, AND THE HAT...

HA-HA! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU FOOL! YOU ACCEPTED THE HOLY HAT AND SCEPTER! I'M FREE!

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN! YOU GUARD THE STUPID TEMPLE TILL THE NEXT IDIOT COMES BY... IN FIFTY YEARS OR SO!

SO LONG, SUCKER... I'M GONE!
Hey — come back here! You can't just leave like that... What d'ya think this is? Hey, goddammit!

Treach-erous swine!

Piss on it!
Visitors to the barren planet Jui-Quilar are rare by comparison to the colorful nearby planets of Minnha and Juipilo, whose casinos and sporting events draw tourists from all Federation planets. This world is little more than a relic of its former glory, once having a population of 70,000,000, whose technology extended to the harnessing of natural simple forces (such as those used in sailing).

Now a hostile, mountainous world with only one small salt sea, Jui-Quilar was once a verdant planet with an ocean of waterways between the mountains. These fjord-like canals served as a food source and trade route for the populace, who lived in small cliff villages at the water's edge.

But 1,300 years ago the seaways dried up, leaving the population cut off from each other. So dependent were they on the sea, that the populace dwindled to a mere 50,000 living on the shore of their one remaining sea. They responded to their plight by building a spiral tower, the remains of which are pictured here.

Legends from that time state that the tower was constructed to restore the seas by stimulating the atmosphere to cause rain. The exact method is unknown, and present-day archeologists believe that it was a fool's venture, like the pyramids of Earth. Jui-Quilar is known for its violent electrical storms, and it was probably one such storm that destroyed the tower and with it, most of the future of Jui-Quilar.

On a festive date over a thousand years ago, the main body of the tribes gathered at the newly constructed bronze tower to witness the machine begin the storm that would restore their sea. A storm began at noon, and massive bolts of lightning hit the tower and the water tanks at its base, causing an explosion of such force that all the tribal leaders and their heirs were killed, as were most of the witnesses to the event: some by shock waves that reverberated between massive rock walls, and some by the tons of stone that fell into the small valley where all the celebrants had gathered. One quote from the Jui-stone found near the structure seems to describe the event: "Tremors of bronze were cast in rounds up (mountain) at one sea by 20,000 of the Kamak and Thith and Fa and Dixon (tribes) for the Fire that brings torrent to be sustained. By B Jui did it storm and the fire was cast down to her link (sons of sons of sons) did fall...." In all, perhaps 12,000 perished, leaving those remaining leaderless and without hope.

The relic today stands as a monument to a dead civilization, attracting visitors only as a side-stop on the way to some less depressing world.

From the Stellar Journals of Karl Kofoed
Barbarella's Back!

All new, all in color, all the excitement that the Queen of the Cosmos can generate! Jean-Claude Forest, Barbarella's creator, serves up a sensational and seductive tale that takes the reader to the furthest reaches of the universe. Plus a retrospective of Barbarella's past perils and a special section of action stills from the classic feature film that starred Jane Fonda. Barbarella: the Moon Child—a prime package of s-f fun from Heavy Metal Books.

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fighter, a gambler, a lover, or even as a rogue handicapped by a sense of honor and romanticism. He had also been a most capable administrator (when he set his mind to it, which was infrequently), a visionary planner, an insatiable explorer, a humane and compassionate envoy, an understanding advisor, a confessor, and — for Sunheart — a most trusted, respected, and loved friend. When his remains were transmitted back to Ilium, the Emperor himself had assembled a team of genetic biotech and exo-grafters to preserve what he called “the greatest flawed mind in the Empire.”

Thus Uncle Pew — a uniquely different type of man/machine symbiot, smoothly-running, flawlessly functioning, a nearly immortal entity of chrome and neuroposit conductors — was Praetorius Sunheart: as testy, brave, warped, brilliant, cynical, loyal, and humorously irascible as he had been in life. Programmed to respond empathically to the younger Sunheart (for whom he had always had an inordinate fondness), he had naturally been the only companion the youth had even considered for shipmate on the long outbound flight.

Trading jests and insults back and forth as in the old times, sharing experiences and life-lore, they had been happy, satisfied, out there in the black wastes...

◊ happiness = a subjective state of well-being and contentment: but you are not going to feel any happier: or better: by just sitting there like a cadet freezing up on his first mad run: i

compute the arrival of your father’s escort at zero one zero minus: ilium time: and: there is something else ♦

At least out there in space he was doing something useful for the Federation as well as for himself. All that awaited him here on Ilium Prime were the corrupting ways of Court life, the prisoning chains of responsibility. He would never let what had happened to his father happen to him!

Sunheart palmed the unlock stud. The form chair released him.

◊ i would appreciate some attention: when you have time ♦

An iron voice dinned inside his skull, making his sinuses itch. He had all but forgotten his companion during his brooding thoughts. Sunheart turned toward the glowing shape which was strapped into the gunner’s crash seat next to him.

Boxlike in form, the machine’s metallic casing was a depressingly cheerful golden color, scorched in spots. Its flexible extensor arms were unscrewing themselves from the computer input sockets to telescope back into the machine’s trunk. Its sensor dome rotated to regard him with an array of flickering strobe-lenses, half of them badly in need of resolution adjustment after their harrowing year in space.

“Why, PEW,” Sunheart said with mock concern, “I thought I’d just leave you here for the oilers to service. Fill that rusty shell of yours with some of that soothing balm you’re always wishing for.”

◊ that soothing balm is almost two-
HAPPINESS: A SUBJECTIVE STATE OF WELL-BEING
hundred plus guaranteed non-synthetic eld terran alcohol laced with energy radiants and isolator stimulants : : : were i to consume even a twentieth of a bottle : : : this ship : : : you : : : i : : : and most of the ilium spaceport would be blown half way to crystal : : : you forget : : : i am not the man i used to be : : : if i were free of this can and had my old body back again : : : i would show you something : : : now unship me : : : sunheart : : : before i lose my temper : : : i can feel my circuits beginning to heat up : : : get me out of his harness : : : before i decide to send you back on a chronoanaut voyage you will long remember : : : signal ends ♦

"Erase it, PEW!" Sunheart laughed. "Your temporal entropy units were disconnected a long time ago, right after that News From the Near Future incident, if you remember."

◊ i refuse to enter critical data into my systems this late in the day : : : we should leave : : : your father's escort will be arriving soon ♦

"Switch to vocal, PEW," Sunheart said as he slipped off the last of the n-drive armor. "What else? Don't tell me you've got the hots for the sanitation unit again."

"Unfunny, Prince Sunheart," Praetorius's voice boomed down the tunnel, forcing the youth to grin again. "I am picking up a disruptor reading of very low, very intense frequency. Not enough to cause problems with short-range broadcasts here on the surface, but sufficient, I imagine, to cut Ilium off from the rest of the Whorl Worlds."

"Could be some sort of force-shield magnification. I understand core mining is big business ever since the Starcrown granted the Mords coastal rights."

"Unlikely." The warbot appeared at the tunnel entrance, a wide-angle lens swivelling into place. "This particular band of interference also coincides very closely to certain frequencies used by the Grand Armada."

"My Lord Corona – testing a new sort of jammer?"

"Again, this is possible. But even taking his belligerent nature into consideration, my probability units cannot accept this disruption of communications worldwide for the sake of localized field maneuvers. And I sense more than one device in operation, perhaps as many as five, although I cannot locate their sources of origin. I think we should check it out."

Sunheart donned a boot of soft metal alloy which hardened instantly around his foot. "Well, don't worry too much about it, PEW. This is supposed to be a holiday, of sorts, and we ought to try to take it easy. Father will have an explanation. After all, it's not as if we're at war. Even the Wildernesse Triad is fairly quiet these days."

"I wonder, Flan," the robot's voice sounded a bit gloomy. "You're fast and incredibly accurate with that blastmaster of yours, and we fought back to back on Mere several times against the gith. Nevertheless, you have yet to see war's true face. I wonder – "

HE WOULD TAKE THE SPECIAL SPACE SHUTTLE FROM ALPHA CENTAURI AND FOUR YEARS LATER SET FOOT ON THIS PLANET... FOR FULL-SARMA 2 WAS ONE OF THE SEVERAL MILLION HUMAN BEINGS BORN BY CHANCE ON SOME DISTANT CONSTELLATION AND HAUNTED BY THAT MYTHICAL PLANET CALLED EARTH...
BUT THE TREACHEROUSNESS OF SPACE IS AS SUDDEN AS IT IS PITLESS...

SHIT! A METEORITE FIELD!!!

His heart filled with rage, cursing the gods of space (there is scarcely a chance in a million of colliding with meteorites), Full-Sarma 2 checks in, recording the compulsory distress signal...

This is Commander Full-Sarma 2, serial number 2304, regis-
ter C,... following collision with meteorites, am generating an energy leak from mo-
tor Eevi. Crash landing on a B-type planet... following are its coordinates: 02 333 VTO322...Over and out...
AN INITIAL INFORMATION SET, COLLECTED BY EXTERIOR INTELLIGENCE, PARTLY ALLEVIATED F-21'S ANXIETY. THE AIR WAS BREATHABLE, ALTHOUGH A LITTLE HEAVY, AND THE OUTSIDE TEMPERATURE, ALTHOUGH VERY HIGH (60°C), WOULD IN ALL PROBABILITY DECREASE WITH NIGHTFALL... AND THERE WAS NEWS THAT DEFINITELY REASSURED HIM... EXTERIOR INTELLIGENCE HAD DISCOVERED TRACES OF YEZILUM, A MINERAL EASILY CONVERTED TO UTILIZABLE ENERGY...

I'LL VENTURE OUT AT NIGHTFALL... WITH ANY LUCK I'LL FIND ENOUGH YEZILUM TO SUPPLY THE AUXILIARY MOTOR AND GET GOING AGAIN.

BUT IT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY DIFFICULT... AND I CAN'T COUNT ON ANYONE... MY MAYDAY MUST HAVE GOTTEN LOST...

MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILLION KILOMETERS AWAY...

THIS IS CAPTAIN ZUR-LOWE 3, "GREEN PRAIRIE" CRUISER CALLING... RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE LOUD AND CLEAR, FULL-SARMA 2, BUT REGRET IMPOSSIBLE TO BRING HELP...
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

OUR STORY SO FAR: IT IS WRITTEN (LUKE 12:2) FOR THERE IS NOTHING COVERED WHICH SHALL NOT BE REVEALED; NEITHER HID THAT SHALL NOT BE KNOWN.

SO WHY ARE WE WAITING HERE NOW?

IN PRINCIPLE, WE'RE WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF AN INTERPLANETARY AIRLOCK. YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO DO IN THIS AFFAIR... YOUR TALENTS AS AN ENGINEER WON'T BE CALLED FOR... YOU'LL GET WORK ON VANTOUZ. IT'S NO MORE THAN A PARSEC FROM HERE. THE RIGALLANG NEED A CABLE SPECIALIST IN YOUR FIELD.

OH, YES... THE RIGALLANG... THOSE PARTLY BIOLOGICAL, PARTLY METALLIC BEINGS!

I WON'T BE SORRY TO LEAVE THIS ABSURD UNIVERSE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...

ORKE'O.

---THE AIRRAIME OF DESTINY---

---THIS UNIVERSE OF MAJOR GRIBERTS---

HEAVY METAL 73
DAMNIT!... HE MUSTN'T FIND ME... ARCHER, GET ME OUT OF HERE... O'REO... YOOZ... IL STOKED!

I REALLY REGRET KILLING THAT GUARD... I WAS PANICKED AT THE TIME!

LIKE MOST ENGINEERS, YOU WEREN'T PREPARED FOR AN ACTION OF THE WILL WITHOUT A MOTIVE...

THE AIRPLANE FROM THE UNKNOWN

SO THAT I CAN BE EASILY RECOGNIZED... WITHOUT IT, I AM ONLY MYSELF, AMONG INSUPERABLE BARRIERS.

HMM... WHAT AN INTERESTING PHILOSOPHY... AND WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN ME?...

SO... WHY DO YOU ALWAYS WEAR THAT MASK?

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT PLAYING ANY GAME!... ARBUS

TO BE CONTINUED...
I don't want to sound like I'm paranoid, but I have a feeling that we're lost...

That damned Grubert led us on a wild goose chase!

The smys! Maybe they've seen something...

Let's see.

Blorius, go warn the admiral... fast.

Grubert told us this might happen!

Wise men from Gotham! That's strange!

Incredible! Unbelievable!

End.
SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE V - SOME ARE BORN GREAT, SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM...

I FEEL LIKE CHRIST... I'M PAYING FOR THE SINS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

HEY WILLY! THERE!...

WHAT DO WE DO NOW? DON'T YOU REMEMBER? PRESS THE BUTTON THAT SAYS RENDEZVOUS.

IT'S A GOOD JOB THEY SIMPLIFIED THE CONTROLS OF THIS THING FOR US...

WOW! THAT BLUE THING MUST BE THE OLFACTIVE...

CHRIST! WHAT A STINK BOMB CAN YOU IMAGINE IT IF... SHUT UP, WILL YOU!

THIS BEARS AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO A LION'S MOUTH.
AND SINCE I HAVE DECIDED TO BRAVE THE DREAD PERIL OF THE ABSOLUTE LONELINESS OF INTERGALACTIC SPACE AND GO INTO VOLUNTARY EXILE, I DECIDED TO COME AND SEE FOR ONE LAST TIME, O MASTER.

REMEMBER NIETZSCHE: THE MORE TERRIFYING THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE, THE BETTER FOR MAN SO THAT HIS FREEDOM, POWER, AND IMAGINATION CAN BE TESTED TO THE BREAKING POINT... TO FIND OUT WHETHER HE IS IN ANY NEED OF FAITH AT THE END.

REMEMBER KIERKEGAARD: IF YOU ARE CAPABLE OF BECOMING A MAN THEN THE DANGER AND THE HARSH JUDGEMENT OF EXISTENCE ON YOUR THOUGHTLESSNESS WILL HELP YOU BECOME ONE.

WHEN IS A STRAIGHT LINE NOT A STRAIGHT LINE? WE DO NOT SEE THE BEAMS IN OUR OWN EYE SPACE IS CURVED AND THERE ARE NO TRUTHS OUTSIDE THE GATES OF EDEN.

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS THE SAFETY OF SOULS WAS ENTRUSTED TO THEOLOGIANS WHO COULD SPEND MONTHS DEBATING THE PRECISE CONSEQUENCES THAT ENPLA WHEN A MOUSE NIBBLED A CONSECRATED WAFER.

AND OF THE PRESENT AGE? THOUGHT, FEELING AND IMAGINATION ARE AT WAR. THE TASK IS NOT TO ANNUL ONE AT THE EXPENSE OF THE OTHER, BUT ON THE CONTRARY, TO PRESERVE THEIR EQUILIBRIUM, THEIR SIMULTANEITY...

WE ARE INVOLVED IN A LIFE THAT SURPASSES UNDERSTANDING AND OUR HIGHEST BUSINESS IS OUR DAILY LIFE.

AND THE PLANE ON WHICH THEY ARE UNITED IS EXISTENCE!

NOTHING BELONGS TO US BUT TIME AND TO REALIZE THE UNIMPORTANCE OF TIME IS THE GATE OF WISDOM.

BUT THERE IS ONE FINAL THING TO BE SAID AND IT IS THIS...
WE'VE STOPPED MOVING, THE COMPUTER'S BROUGHT US IN...
YOU MEAN, DROPPED US IN...
NOW IT'S UP TO US, THE FATE OF MILLIONS IS IN OUR HANDS.

Yeah?
Yeah!

I'M OPENING THE AIRLOCK. GET READY!

UP AN' AT 'EM!
YEEEEEHHAAAAAAAA
AAAGH
STEVE...?

Are you okay? What happened?
OwW! F**k shit pigs! Hurt my bloody dose, din't I!
Stupid place to put a pole!
Dear Editors:

Your magazine puts on paper the kind of dreams I lie awake nights hoping to have, and for this I thank you.... Please never lose the magic you have captured between the covers of *Heavy Metal*.

Dave Mikrut
Rivervale, Ill.

Thank you, Dave. Others have less insightful criticisms—see below—Eds.

...I don't appreciate "Grubert Cornelius." I think it's dumb. But I love all the sexism/rape/sadism/bondage of which you're accused.

A. Offutt

..."Off-Season." What a waste of pages! I thought such worthless trash had left with "1996."

K. Nelson
San Francisco, Calif.

...Dump Gray Morrow Tell Corben to get his ass in gear. "Sindbad" comes close to being the worst comic art ever, and no amount of quivering tits 'n' bums will redeem it.... The last six covers were simply awful. I hope you didn't pay for them....

R. Mc Toots
Toronto, Ont.

...How desperate is the present, deteriorating, and possibly terminal HM! Where has the kink, the funk, the eros gone?

L. Larson
Minneapolis, Minn.

...I'm getting sick of the flood of meaningless and poorly drawn schlock that is beginning to pollute your pages. On my garbage list is "Georgik," "Rochberry," "Age of Ages," and "Off-Season"....

C. Roberts
Ft. Collins, Co.

...The quality of the writing in your magazine is inversely proportional to the quality of the magnificent illustrations....

B. Walden
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

*Dip your pens in sunshine, and keep those cards and letters coming, folks.—Eds.*

**HM:**

Whew! *Heavy Metal* goes politickal! Bob Aull's "Development of an Intergalactic Corporation" is the finest short piece I have ever seen in your magazine. If more science fiction fans realized that the military and capitalist corporations were actually the biggest enemies of worthwhile and equitable scientific progress, we might be in a hell of a lot better shape today.

Voo sounds too much like Iran, Nicaragua, Philippines, etc., to be comfortable. Ain'tcha proud to live in America? *Wham-bam-shboom.*

Let's have more of Mr. Aull and more com-mie propaganda.

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