

SECOND  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE!

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# HEAVY

The adult illustrated  
fantasy magazine



It is fear and fun. It is a scream of horror and a cry of delight.  
It is Nosferatu, the Vampyre.



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KLAUS KINSKI ISABELLE ADJANI  
in NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE  
with BRUNO GANZ

MICHAEL GRUSKOFF presents A WERNER HERZOG FILM

**PG** PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED  
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS

Written, Produced and Directed by WERNER HERZOG  
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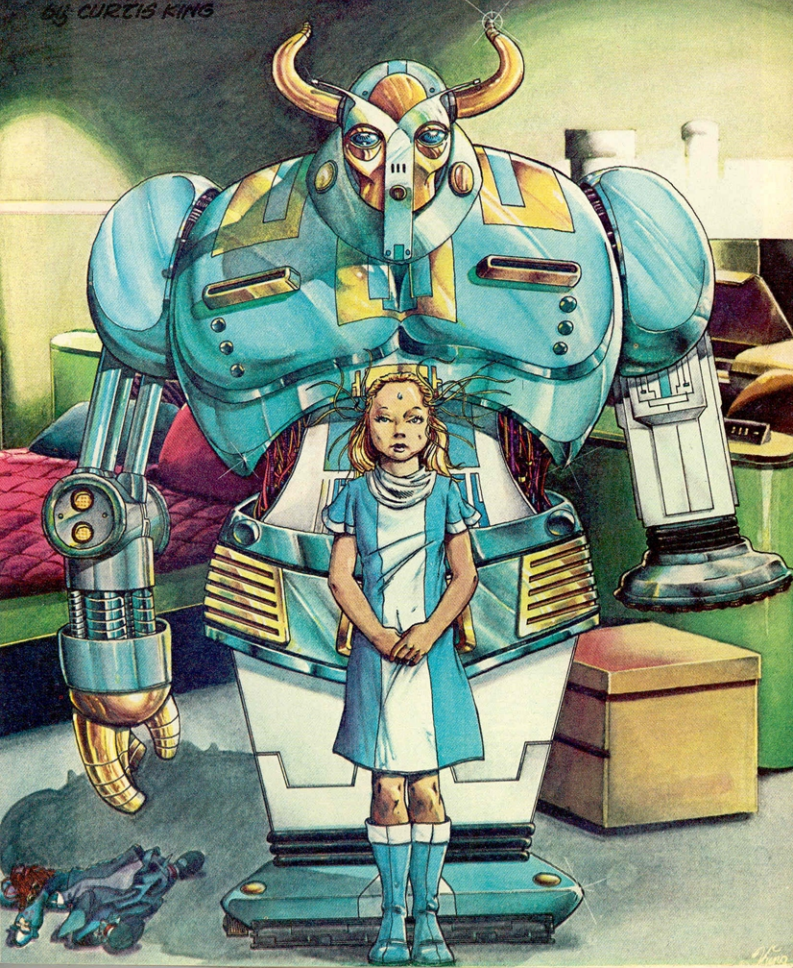
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# MADONNA

by CURTIS KING





## TWENTY-FIVE...

We happen to know, personally, two people who have actually seen *Alien*. They convinced Twentieth Century-Fox that they couldn't possibly do the portfolio of stills and designs from the film planned for this issue without seeing it. They were flown to England, blindfolded at Heathrow, driven to a screening room somewhere, watched, were sworn to secrecy according to some ancient Sicilian rite, and returned to us, safe but not necessarily sound. Both are s/f horror movie buffs, given to patronizing laughter at most allegedly terrorizing flicks. Both were scared, in their mutually elegant phrase "shitless."

Next month, we will offer the beginning chapters of the illustrated version of *Alien*. Soon, we will bring you *The Book of Alien*, the story of the film's design and production, and *Alien: the Illustrated Story*, a full-length book version. All on the strength of Paul and Michael's assurance that it will scare you shitless, too. There's nothing we won't do for our loyal readers.

Howie Chaykin's latest Gideon Faust adventure, also 'twixt these covers, might also make a dynamite film. Musical? One-act play? Rock opera? The anti-totalitarian Mr. Chaykin is open to offers.

This is our second anniversary issue, so we're all giving each other presents. Wish you were here.



Illustration by Robert K. LaRosa

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"I came to my senses, darkly aware that several hours could have passed while I lay unconscious. What little time I had to free my friends was certainly drawing to a close."



*Sindbad  
in The  
Land of the Jinn*



"I dug through the mounds of treasure, frantic and fearful as a rat, in search of a weapon for my final confrontation with Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif. I scorned many a fine-trimmed but fragile blade . . ."



"...selecting, finally, a common sword with centuries of hard use apparent in its sturdy features."

"To my amazement the edge was still keen."



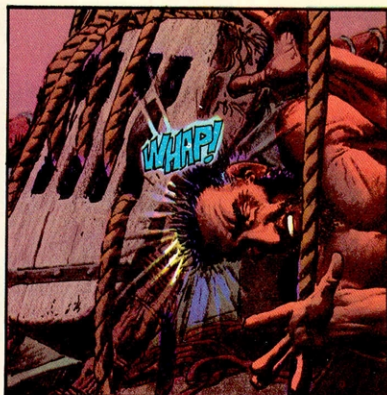
Praise Allah! At my life's very end . . . a friend strong and true in which to place my trust!



"I climbed cautiously to the upper deck, and . . . I was certain . . . to my death."









"At the sound of his name, the devil that was Judar hesitated and loosened his grip. So this was the fate of my caravan and former friends . . . the fate I'd brought upon them!"

By the love of Allah, what have I done to you, my friend . . . ?

"For a moment, recognition seemed to glimmer in Judar's eyes . . ."

". . . and then was gone."

RAARGH!

Allah have mercy on my soul . . .

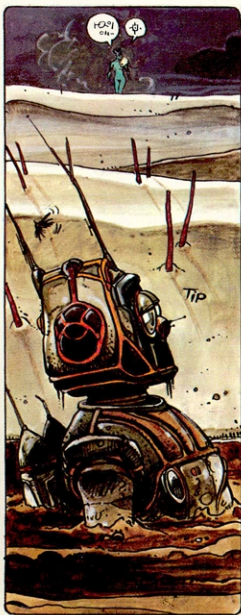
AAAAGG!

GRN-CHUNK!

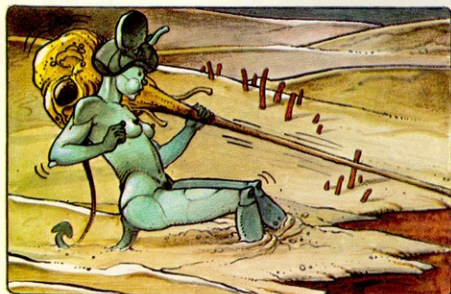
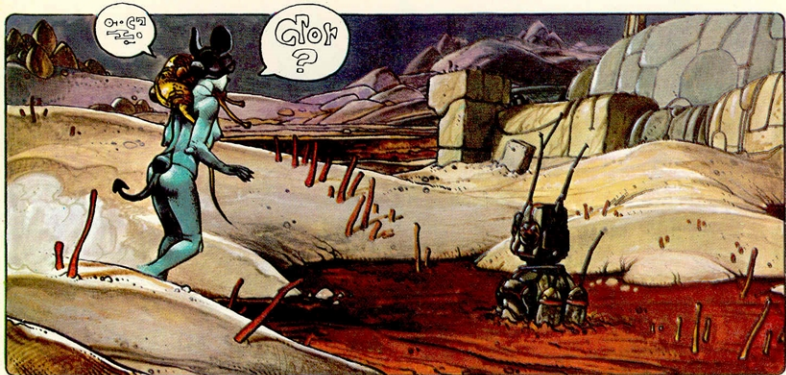
to be continued

# GOING NATIVE

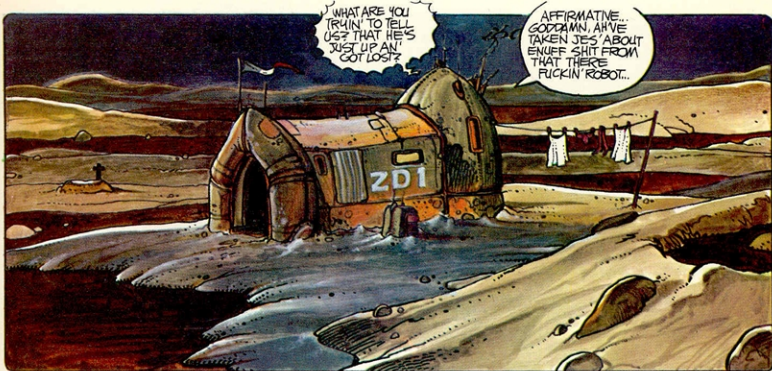
B4  
ENKI  
BILAL











WHAT ARE YOU  
TRAIN' TO TELL  
US? THAT HE'S  
JUST UP AN'  
GOT LOST?

AFFIRMATIVE...  
GODDAMN, AH'VE  
TAKEN JES' ABOUT  
ENUFF SHIT FROM  
THAT THERE  
FUCKIN' ROBOT...



SONOVABITCH!  
THIS IS A CATAS-  
TROPHE! YOU MAY  
HAVE TAKEN SOME  
SHIT, GOOD BUDDY,  
BUT THIS IS WORSEN'  
THAT! WITHOUT THAT  
ROBOT, WE'RE  
GONNA  
DIE UP  
HERE!

AH KNOW  
GOOD BUDDIES,  
AH KNOW! BUT MAYBE  
AH MEAN TO SAY...  
AH KIN HANDLE  
THIS MAHSELF,  
SOMEHOW,  
THAT IS...



IMPOSSIBLE, YOU  
OVERGROWN MORON!  
HE'S TH' ONLY  
THANG THAT KIN  
LAND ARE SHIP...  
DAMNIT, HE'S  
BIN PROGRAMMED  
TO DO IT...

JESUS,  
THIS IS  
AWFUL, PLAIN  
AWFUL! MAYBE  
IF AH  
TOOK  
ANOTHER  
LOOK-  
SEE?



WELL, GIT GOIN', THEN! IF HE AIN'T  
PLUGGED INTO ARE CONTROLS INSIDE  
A TWO HOURS, HE'S GONNA BE LATE.  
AN' WE'RE GONNA END  
UP ORBITIN' YOUR  
FUCKIN' COLONIAL  
PLANET FER EVER,  
GOD HELP US!

AHLL  
GIT RATON  
IT! DON'T  
WORRY  
AHLL SAVE  
YOU...





AH'M A FAMOUS SPECIALIST, YES MAAM! SINCE,  
 GENETICALLY SPEAKIN', THE CHALD IS THE FATHUH  
 OF THE MAN, AH PIIHSONALLY AM THE RATHUH  
 SPECTACULAH OFFSPRING OF THE MATIN' OF A  
 HUMAN FATHUH AN' A ROBOT MUTHUH! DOUBT-  
 LESS, YOU'VE NOTICED THE METALLIC LAIGS.  
 SO AH APPLIED THE PATERNAL METHOD OF  
 CREATIN' THAT THERE ROBOT YOU'VE  
 ALREADY MET. DOUBTLESS YOU  
 NOTICED HIS  
 HUMAN LAIGS.  
 UH-HUH, AH'M  
 REAL PROUD  
 OF THE  
 RESULTS...

...AN' YET,  
 THAT DAMN ROBOT  
 IS REAL STUPID-  
 LIKE. HE CAN'T  
 THINK, HE  
 CAN'T HARDLY  
 TALK...

...STILL, IT'S MAH SUPREME  
 PIIHSONAL AMBITION TO  
 ARRANGE THE COSMIC MIS-  
 CEGINATION OF A HUMAN  
 AN' A EXTRATERRESTRIAL!  
 SO AH'M REAL PLEASED  
 TO SEE THAT YOU, MAH  
 LITTLE BLUE LADY, ARE  
 PERFECTLY CONSTRUCTED  
 FOR SUCH AN EXPERI-  
 MENT...

IT'S A REAL EXCITIN'  
 PROSPECT... HERE'S  
 WHAT AH SUGGEST...  
 YOU AN' ME FORM A...  
 HOW SHALL AH SAYE...  
 SEXUAL UNION,  
 THAT IS,  
 CONNECTION...

IT'S A GRAND  
 OPPORTUNITY FOR THE  
 WHOLE HUMAN RACE, WHICH  
 AH AN' THIS HERE BASE  
 AN' LANDIN' DOCK HAVE  
 THE HONOR TO  
 REPRESENT...

TIP

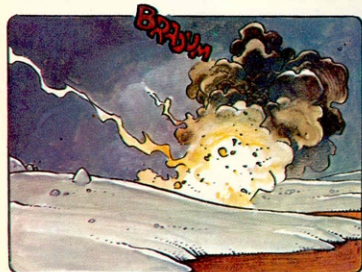
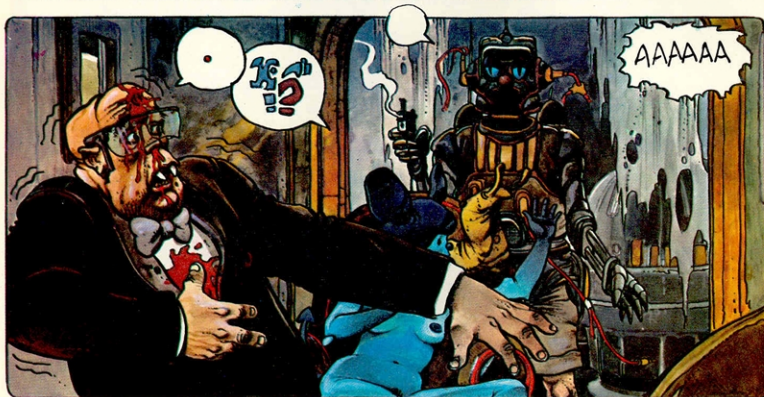
BUT O'CURSE, THIS  
 CALLS FOR TH'APPRO-  
 PRIATE GAHNACOLOGICAL  
 EXAMINATION FIRST OFF,  
 SO IF YOU'D LIKE TO  
 LAY DOWN THERE AN'  
 OPEN YOUR  
 LAIGS...

SUFFERIN' SHIT!  
 HAS THAT DAMN  
 ROBOT GONE CRAZY,  
 OR WHAT'S HE'S DIS-  
 CONNECTIN'  
 US!!

TIP

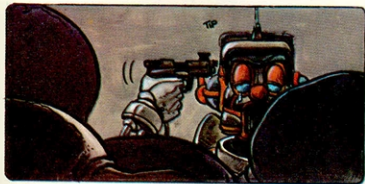
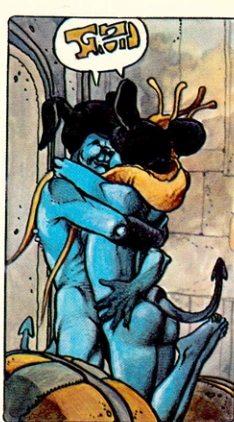
CLIC CLAC







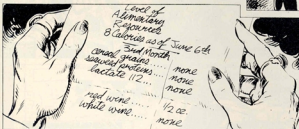
COME IN!



THE END.











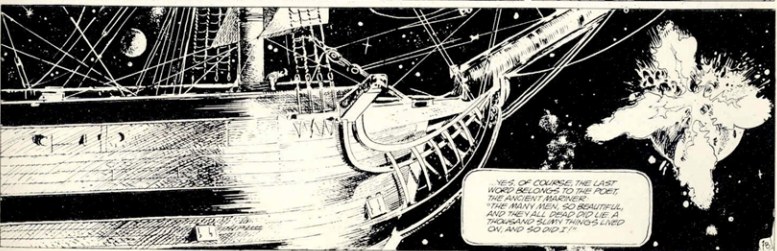
















THE LEGEND IS STILL TOLD ABOUT SOLAR SYSTEM 23. THEY SAY YOU CAN STILL SEE, NOT FAR FROM THE THIRD PLANET IN THE SYSTEM, AN ANCIENT, LOWLY SAILING VESSEL, SCURVING ALONG IN ORBIT... ALL ITS SAILS UNFURLED, A GHOST FOREVER ON ITS ETERNAL CRUISE. WHAT CRIME DOES IT EXPIATE? WHAT CRUEL AND BARBAROUS GODS WOULD CONDEMN ITS CREW TO THIS ENDLESS WANDERING? IF WE ONLY KNEW!

WHATEVER MAY ACCOUNT FOR IT, THE SIGHT OF THIS PHANTOM SHIP NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE A SHIVER OF FEAR AMONG THE TOURISTS WHO COME TO VISIT SYSTEM 23. WHAT'S MORE, IT IS THE ONLY ATTRACTION THE SYSTEM HAS TO OFFER. ITS SUN, AN E-T03, IS FADING RAPIDLY, RELEGATING TO SHADOW AND TO FIERCE COLD EVEN THE GHOST OF THE SHIP...

EXTRACT FROM THE BOOK OF GALACTIC CURIOSITIES

SLEEP REFUSED TO COME  
TO HIM THIS NIGHT, SO THE  
GOLDEN-HAIRED GENTLEMAN  
TOOK TO THE GASLIT STREETS,  
HOPING TO FIND SOME  
SMALL COMFORT IN THE  
COOL, CRISP EVENING AIR--

--BUT FINDING INSTEAD  
ONLY THE SAME SAD  
SPECTER OF VIOLENCE  
THAT HAS FOREVER  
DOGGED HIS STEPS!

THE CITY IS LONDON, 1881! THE MAN IS--

# GIDEON FAUST WARLOCK & LARGE

BY LEN WEIN AND HOWARD CHAYKIN

SCOUNDRELS!  
LET THE  
WOMAN  
BE!

AND WITH THIS SINGLE SIMPLE  
SENTENCE, THE TRAGEDY IS  
BEGUN!

# LOTUS



AS ONE, THE CHINESE TURN...  
BLAZING ANGER IN THEIR  
EYES... DRIPPING VENOM IN  
THEIR VOICES...

YOU  
LEAVE,  
MISTER

--OR  
YOU  
DIE!

THE ENGLISHMAN'S ONLY  
REPLY IS AN ANCIENT  
INCANTATION, SPOKEN  
IN A LONG-FORGOTTEN  
TONGUE--

--FOR HE IS ONE  
WITH THE EARTH,  
THIS GOLDEN-  
HAired STRANGER--

--AND AT HIS COMMAND THERE  
COMES A SUDDEN HOWLING  
WIND, WHICH BURNS LIKE THE  
BREATH OF A DEMON...

UNABLE TO STAND  
BEFORE SUCH TERRI-  
BLE POWER, THE  
CHINESE ARE SWEEP  
BACK DOWN THE  
ALLEYWAY--

--WHILE THE WELL-  
DRESSED WARLOCK  
GRABS THE GIRL, AND  
THRUSTS HER INTO THE  
PASSING CARRIAGE  
WHICH HAS SUDDENLY  
APPEARED OUT OF  
THE FOG...

QUICKLY,  
WOMAN--  
THERE'S NO  
TIME TO  
LOSE!

AN INSTANT LATER, THE MAN, THE WOMAN...  
AND THE COACH ARE SWALLOWED BY THE  
DARKNESS!



AND WHEN THE DARKNESS  
INSIDE THE CHARRIAGE HAS  
BEEN BANISHED...

I-I DO  
NOT UNDERSTAND  
MY LORD--FROM  
WITHOUT, THIS  
APPEARED TO BE A  
COACH, BUT FROM  
WITHIN...

IT IS  
INDEED  
A COACH,  
DEAR GIRL--BUT  
IT IS ALSO MY  
HOME!

AND  
I PREFER  
TO LIVE  
COMFORTABLY!

MY NAME IS  
GISEN FAUST,  
MY DEAR...AND  
YOURS?

I HAVE  
NO NAME. I AM  
MERELY CALLED  
LOTUS.

TONIGHT I  
FLED THE SERAGLIO  
OF MY CRUEL MASTER,  
THE MANDARIN SHOU-  
LING--AND HE SENT  
HIS MINIONS TO  
RECAPTURE ME.

BUT YOU HAVE  
SAVED ME, MY  
LORD--AND FROM  
THIS MOMENT  
FORTH, MY LIFE IS  
YOURS.

YOU  
OWE ME  
NOTHING,  
LOTUS. I  
MERELY ACTED  
AS WOULD ANY  
GENTLEMAN.

OH, BUT I  
DO, MY LORD--  
NOTHING WOULD  
GIVE ME GREATER  
PLEASURE...


AND I PRAY IT IS  
A PLEASURE MY LORD  
WILL COME TO SHARE.

AS YOU WISH,  
MY LORD. BUT MAY  
THIS HUMBLE ONE AT  
LEAST BE PERMITTED  
TO PREPARE YOUR  
EVENING TEA?

WELL,  
IF YOU  
INSIST...

NODDING POLITELY,  
THE MAN CALLED  
FAUST SIPS THE  
BITTERSWEET  
BREW--

--HARDLY TASTING THE  
DELICATE PETALS WHICH  
HAVE DIS-SOLVED AT THE  
BOTTOM OF THE CUP--



...AND WHEN, AT LAST, HE LOWERS  
THE CUP, FAUST SEES THE SMILING  
LOTUS IN A WHOLLY DIFFERENT  
LIGHT!

SUDDENLY, SHE IS EVERY WOMAN  
HE HAS EVER DESIRED-- SHE IS  
SAY, YET SEDUCTIVE--A TREMBLING  
INNOCENT, YET A WILDLY ABANDONED  
WANTON!

HE REACHES FOR HER,  
PULLS HER HUNGRILY  
INTO HIS ARMS--AND SHE  
GOES WILLINGLY!

THE HOURS THAT FOLLOW ARE A MIASMA  
OF SHEER, UNADULTERATED SENSATION--  
THEIR JOINING IS SAVAGE AT FIRST, THEN  
TENDER, THEN FRANTIC, THEN SLOW...

...AND NO MAN AND WOMAN  
EVER LOVED MORE FULLY--  
OR WITH MORE DESPERATION!!



IT IS ALMOST NIGHT ONCE MORE  
WHEN THE WARLOCK AWAKENS TO  
FIND HIMSELF--

--ALONE?!

LOTUS  
IS GONE,  
AND MY HEAD  
ACHES LIKE  
A THING  
AFIRE!

APPARENTLY,  
SHE DRUGGED  
MY TEA--  
BUT WHY?

AND  
WHERE  
HAS SHE  
GONE?

IF THE  
MANDARIN  
SHOW-ING  
HAS TAKEN  
HER AGAIN--

--I SWEAR  
I SHALL SCOUR  
EVERY SEWER AND  
GUTTER IN LONDON  
TO GET HER  
BACK!

THUS, SOME TIME LATER,  
IN AN EAST END OPIUM  
DEN, WHERE THE AIR IS  
THICK WITH THE PERFUMES  
OF OBLIVION...

SPARE A  
PENCE,  
MASTER?

I'M NOT  
HERE FOR  
CHARITY--  
YOU BEDEVILED  
SOT--BUT FOR  
ANSWERS!

AND I  
SWEAR I SHALL  
HAVE THEM ERE  
I LEAVE  
HERE--

--ELSE I'LL  
HAVE YOUR  
MISERABLE  
LIFE!

FONG  
CHU IS  
Y-OUR  
HUMBLE  
SERVANT,  
MASTER!

WHAT PALTRY  
KNOWLEDGE  
I POSSESS IS  
YOURS FOR BUT  
THE ASKING.





AND, SOON AFTER, AT A SECLUDED  
TOWNHOUSE OFF REGENT STREET.

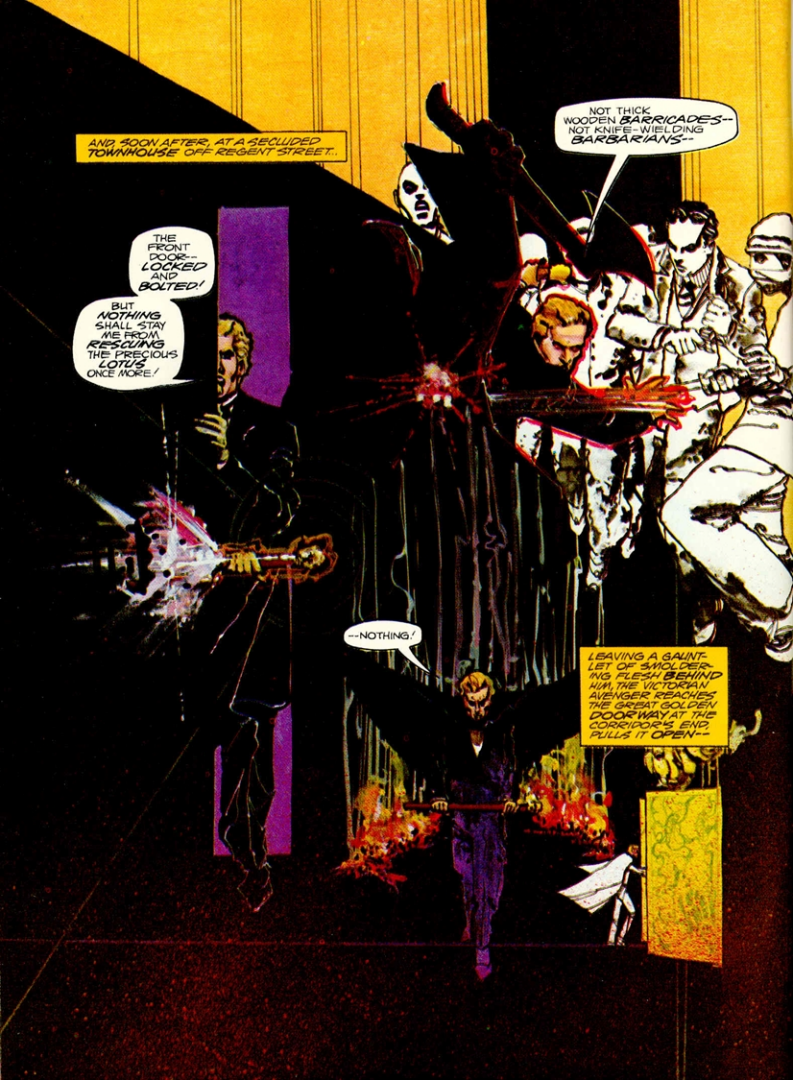
THE  
FRONT  
DOOR--  
LOCKED  
AND  
BOLTED!

BUT  
NOTHING  
SHALL STAY  
ME FROM  
RESCUING  
THE PRECIOUS  
LOTUS  
ONCE MORE!

NOT THICK  
WOODEN BARRICADES--  
NOT KNIFE-WIELDING  
BARBARIANS--

--NOTHING!

LEAVING A SAINT-  
LET OF SMOLDER-  
ING FLESH BEHIND  
HIM, THE VICTORIAN  
AVENGER REACHES  
THE GREAT GOLDEN  
DOORWAY AT THE  
CORRIDOR'S END  
AND PULLS IT OPEN--



--AND FINDS HIMSELF TRANSPORTED INTO  
A WORLD OF ANCIENT MAJESTY...

PRAY, ENTER  
THE HUMBLE  
DWELLING PLACE  
OF SHOU-L-SING,  
SQUIRE  
FAUST.

YOU  
HAVE BEEN...  
EXPECTED

I HAVE  
COME FOR  
THE GIRL  
CALLED  
LOTUS.  
CHINAMAN!

DEAR MOTHER  
OF GOD--  
NO!

IT ISN'T  
POSSIBLE!

IF YOU WOULD  
BE KIND TO HER,  
ENGLISHMAN... YOU  
WILL LEAVE LOTUS  
HERE.

SO SHE CAN  
CONTINUE TO BE  
YOUR PLAY-  
THING?

SO SHE CAN  
CONTINUE TO  
KNOW THE LIFE  
SHE HAS COME  
TO NEED, MY  
FRIEND.

THE WOMAN WAS  
NOT HERSELF WHEN  
SHE FLED HERE LAST  
EVENING--HER MIND WAS  
ENFOLD IN THE PETALS  
OF THE SACRED LOTUS  
BLOSSOM!

SHE WOULD  
NOT HAVE BEEN  
HAPPY IN YOUR  
WORLD WHEN THE  
SPELL AT LAST  
FADED.

WHY  
DON'T YOU  
LET HER  
DECIDE  
THAT?

IF YOU  
INSIST.

RAISE  
YOUR HEAD,  
CHILD. LET  
YOUR ANXIOUS  
LOVER SEE  
YOU FOR WHAT  
YOU TRULY  
ARE!

YOU UNHOLY  
FIEND! WHAT  
HAVE YOU DONE  
TO HER?

IT  
CAN BE  
AS IT WAS  
LAST NIGHT  
AGAIN.

PLEASE  
MY LORD--TAKE  
ME AWAY FROM  
HERE.

LOTUS?

OH, MY  
PRECIOUS  
...LOTUS.

I... HAVE DONE  
NOTHING! THE  
LOTUS YOU SEE IS  
THE LOTUS THAT IS...

...NOT  
THE LOTUS  
SHE WISHES  
TO BE.

LAST NIGHT, YOU SHARED  
HER DREAM WITH HER. YOU  
SAW HER AS SHE SEES HER  
SELF, AND THIS, YOU WERE  
DOUBLY BLESSED.

I...  
LOVED  
HER.

AND YOU  
MAY STILL HAVE  
HER. YOU NEED  
BUT PARTAKE OF  
THE SACRED  
LOTUS  
BLOSSOM--

--AND HER  
DREAM WILL  
BE YOURS...  
FOREVER!

FORGIVE  
ME, LOTUS...  
BUT I HAVE  
NO TIME FOR  
DREAMS.

END



THE

# AIRTIGHT JERRY

GARAGE

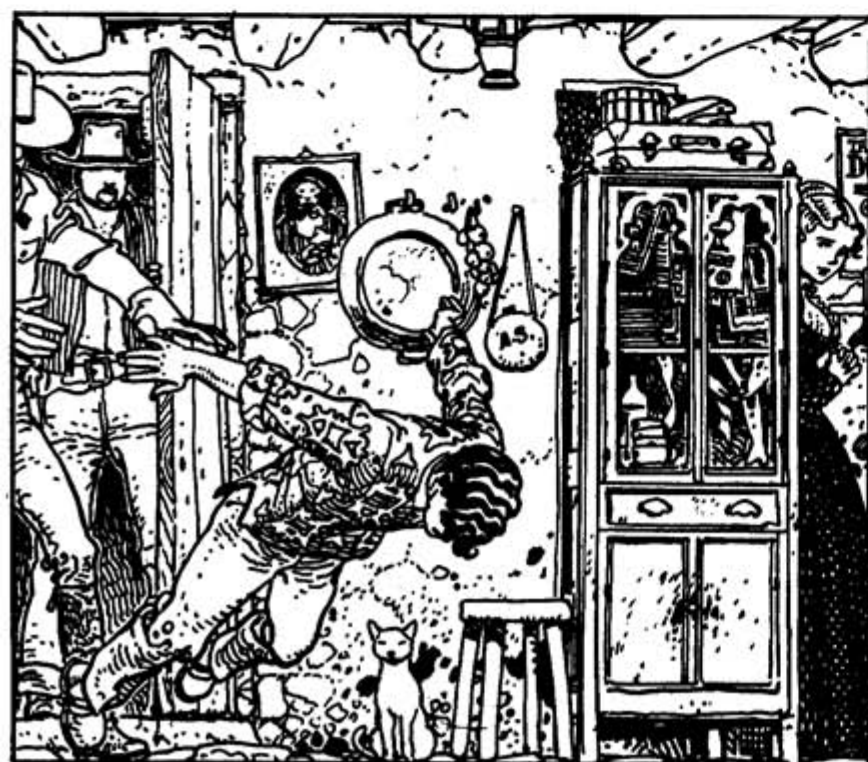
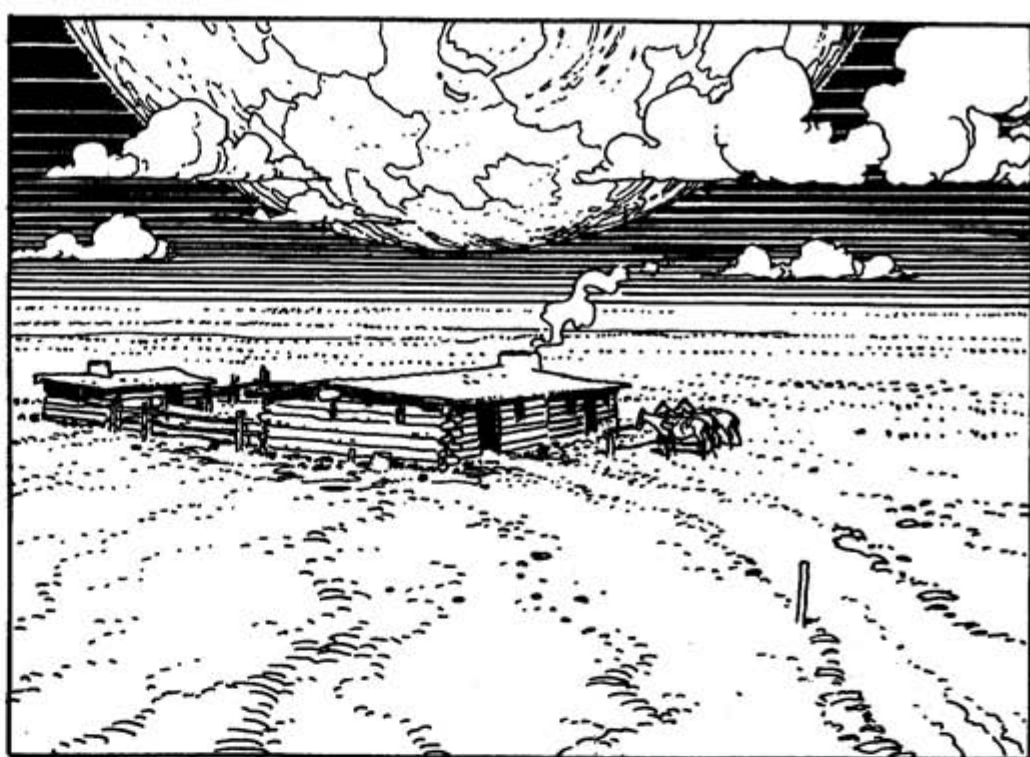
COUNTRY  
AND WESTERN  
INTERLUDESTORY TO  
DATE:YOU AIN'T  
SEEN NOthin'  
YET!...

OF

CORNELIUS

by MOEBIUS



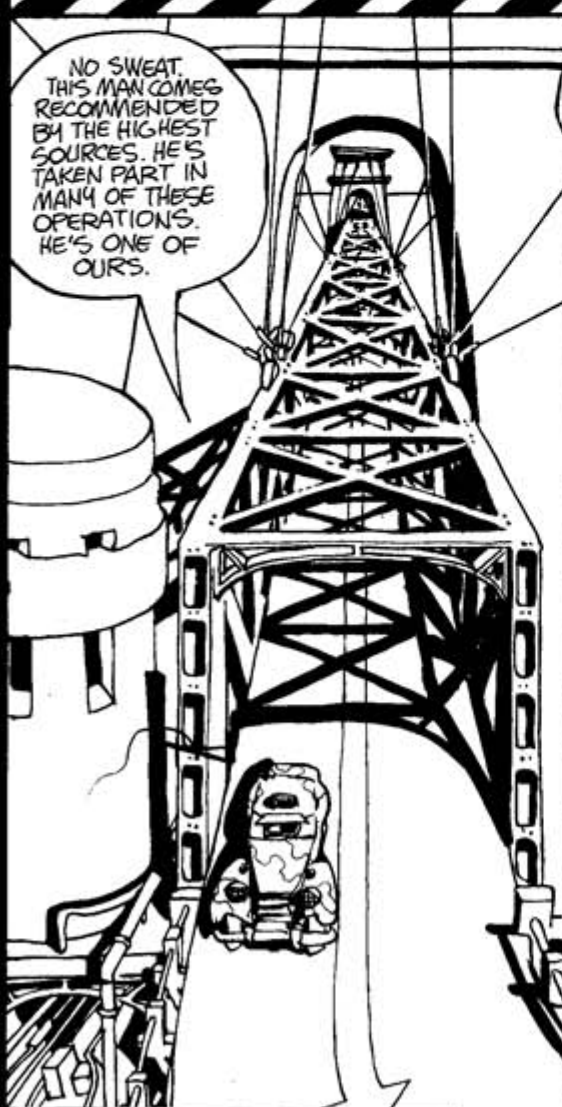


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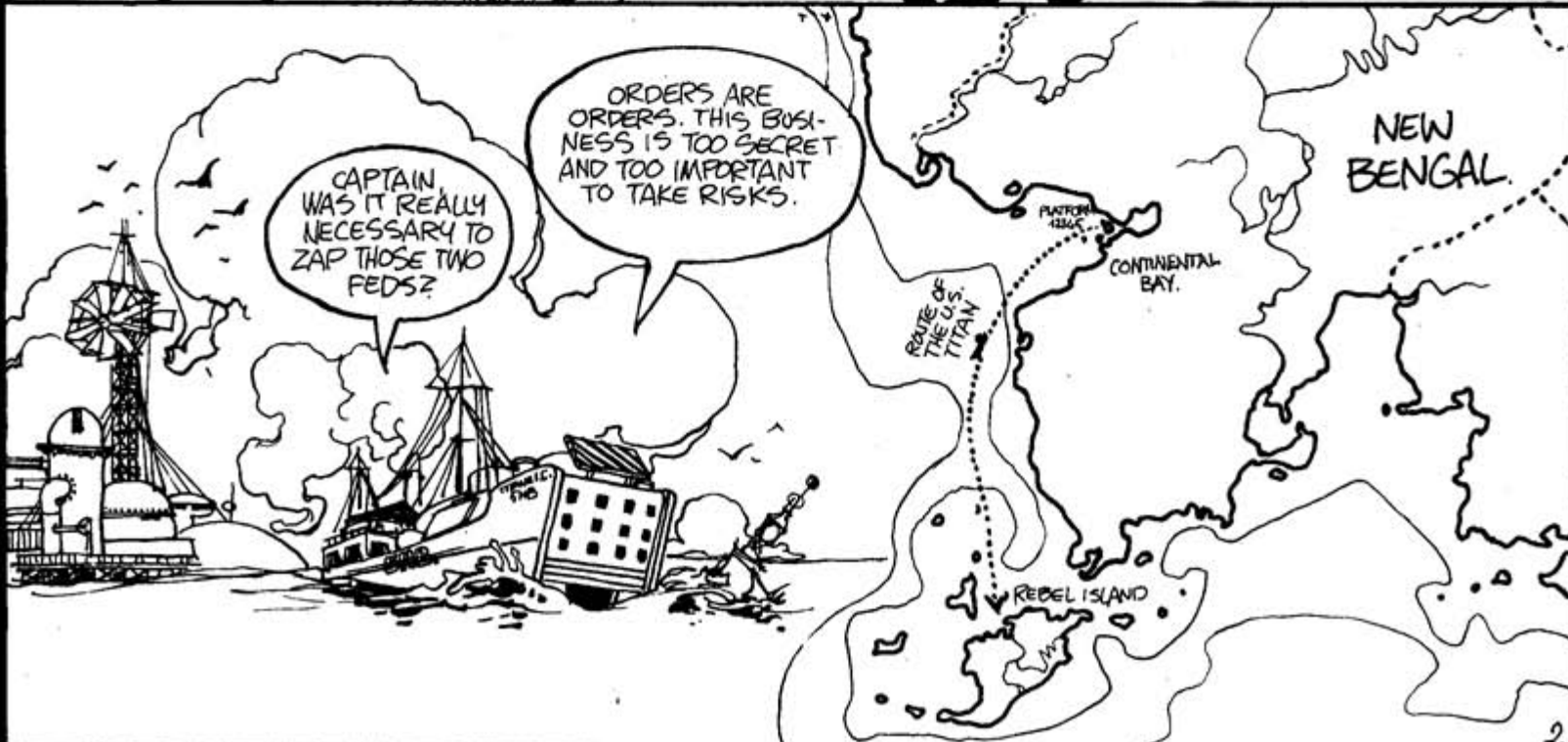
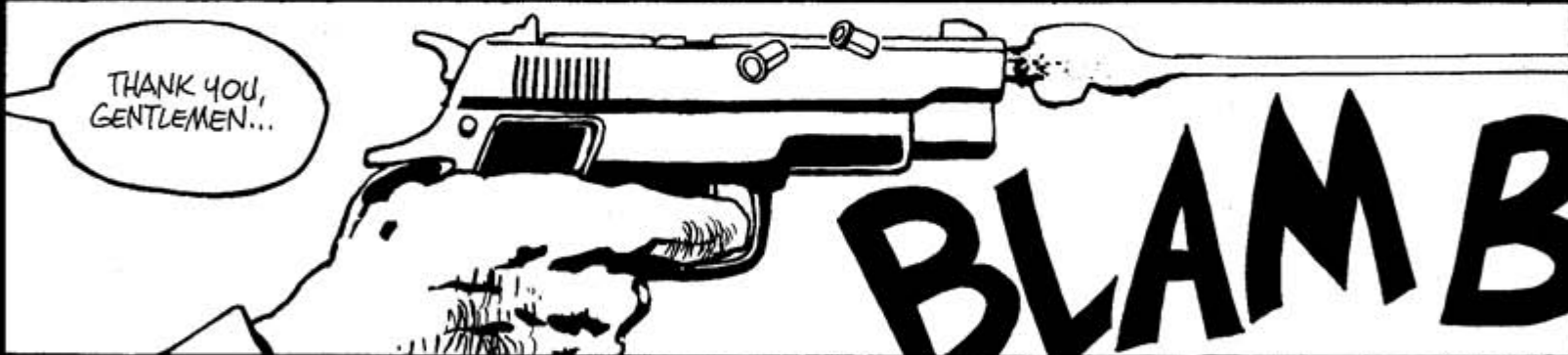


## THE STRANGE MISSION THE STRANGE MISSION THE STRANGE MISSION



BY MR. PICOTTO





A WEEK LATER, ON THE RIVER CUTTING THROUGH THE REBEL ISLAND, DEEP IN THE HEART OF REBEL TERRITORY...

YOU SEEM KIND OF NERVOUS, CAPTAIN...

I'M THINKING OF A PLAN THAT WILL DEPOSIT OUR CARGO SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE REBEL FRONT... TO DO MAXIMUM DAMAGE TO THEIR FORCES...

I DUNNO, CAPTAIN... THAT'D BE TOTALLY IMMORAL. I MEAN, I KNOW THIS IS WAR, BUT...

WE AREN'T PAID TO THINK. WE'RE NOT PHILOSOPHERS. WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO...

BUT OTHER EYES ARE WATCHING...

AND OTHERS ACT WITHOUT MERCY.





CAPTAIN!  
LOOK UP  
FRONT!

?



AN  
ICEBERG?  
HERE?...

RIGHT  
AT THE BEND  
IN THE RIVER...  
WE'RE GONNA  
COLLIDE!



A TYPE-TWO AM-  
BUSH BASED ON MYTHI-  
CAL SUBCONSCIOUS CON-  
NECTIONS, MENTAL  
STRESS, AND AMBINA-  
LENCE.

CRACK

COORDINATED  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
ACTION AND  
REACTION.

AS A RESULT OF THIS  
ACTION, THE REBELS ESCAPED  
EXTERMINATION... THE AUTHORITIES  
DID NOT LEARN OF LLOYD'S DEATH  
FOR SEVERAL WEEKS... HIS  
DEFEAT WAS TAKEN AS A  
SIGN, AND THESE MARINE  
OPERATIONS WERE ABANDONED  
BY THE FEDERALS AS TOTALLY  
UNDERMINED BY REBEL  
PROPAGANDA.



I GUESS  
IT CAUGHT UP  
WITH US...



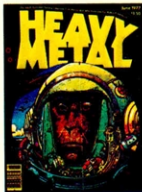
# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



**HM #1/APRIL, 1977:** With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunspot, 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, Sunspot, and Den continue. (\$4.00)



**HM #3/JUNE, 1977:** Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's *World Apart*, more Den, Sunspot, and Harzak. (\$3.00)



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



**HM #5/AUGUST, 1977:** In which the saga of Polonius begins, *The Long Tomorrow* concludes, *World Apart* and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. (\$3.00)



**HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977:** Galactic Aztecs, 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 harlequin pastimes: 10 pages of color Moebius, the *Air-tight 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*, exogues, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison 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 Drueillet's anti-hero, Vuuz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and *Fortune's Fool* by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. (\$3.00)



**HM #10/JANUARY, 1978:** We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard 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 new 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 Nino. 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, 1976:** 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, 1976:** Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time-travels, and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. (\$3.00)



**HM #15/JUNE 1976:** This time, we go too far. For instance, the exotic new Corben, Shahrazad, the neurotic, Evolution, the ecstatic, More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the erratic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heilman... (\$3.00)



**HM #16/JULY, 1976:** A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Drillet's Gail, the further adventures of Heilman and Orion, More Than Human conf'd, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. (\$3.00)

# HEAVY METAL

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**HM #17/AUGUST, 1978:** Looks like more of the same, with Orion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Heilman, and the last More Than Human. Except Drillet's Gail gets going again, the Off-Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button. (\$3.00)



**HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978:** Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Esorel, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's fiancée, two off-season detectives, Arcane the Warrior, Heilman, Orion, and Lone Sloane on Gail Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes. (\$3.00)



**HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978:** All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie android called Exterminator, Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated, and the onset of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of heroes Sindbad, Gail, and Orion. (\$3.00)



**HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978:** A full 20-page excerpt from the Chaykin/Delany *Empire*, while Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Exterminator escapes, Sloane makes war, the Sad Man disappears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful, So Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet. (\$3.00)



**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, creches, crashes, and a prezy 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 Gail's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space siren, and the android takes over the ship. More McKie and Corben. What's your want? (\$2.00)



**HM #23/FEBRUARY, 1979:** Our February fantasies feature the onset of the tale of the Star-crown. We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Bilal, Macedo brings us chapter four of life in Metropolis 5, and, by popular demand, Galactic Geographic. There's the story of a star-nosed mole and much, much more. (\$2.00)



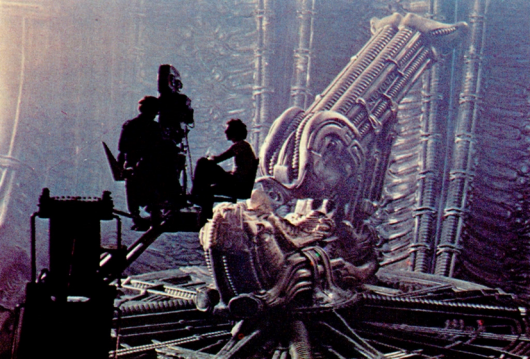
**HM #24/MARCH, 1979:** Twenty pages of Chaykin's illustrated *Stars My Destination*, for opens. A punk rumble, androids, titanic life, Star Crown II, and Ellison's late show. Also hardware and superstition. (\$2.00)

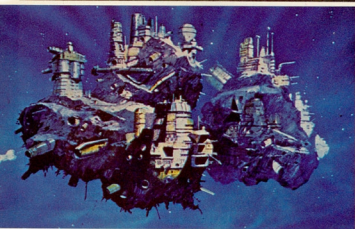
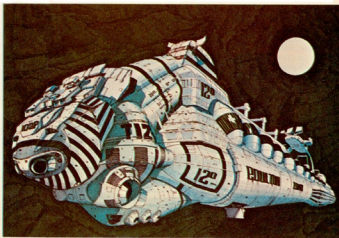
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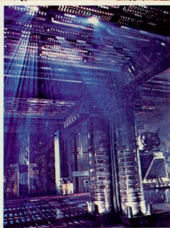
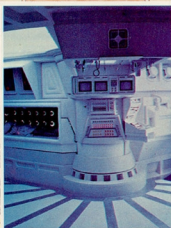
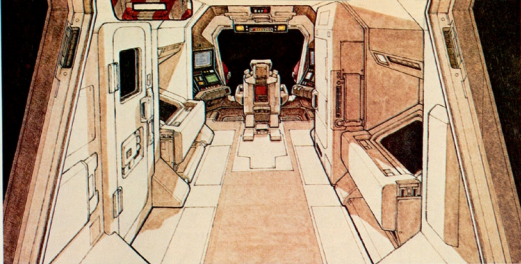




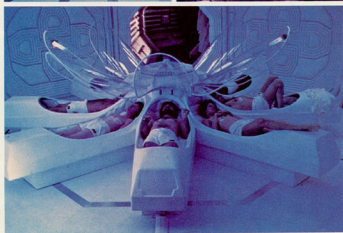




In the early pre-production stages, *Nostromo* was called *Leviathan*, for good reason. While the ship itself is huge, it is only a small part of a larger space platform, a sort of traveling refinery designed to mine distant planets. Early designs by Ron Cobb and Chris Foss (above, left and right) explore the possible sizes and shapes for *Nostromo* and its smaller sister craft, *Narcissus*. Some final models (left) include a "life-boat" and detail sections of *Nostromo* being constructed in the studio workshop.

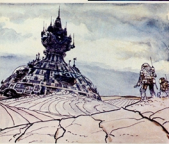


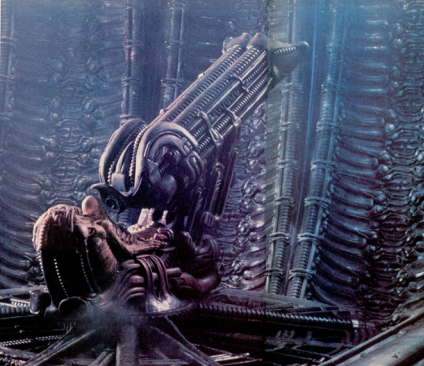
*Nostrama's* interiors were designed for believability, functional wherever possible and often lit by what Director Ridley Scott calls a "candlelight effect." (Above) Ron Cobb's design for the lifeboat interior. (above, left to right) the science officer's post; a detail of the infirmary and "C Level," the bowels of the ship. (Below) The crew emerges from hypersleep. After several set designs were rejected for this opening sequence, it was finally decided to go with an effect resembling the opening petals of a flower, using hydraulic tops and padded interiors.



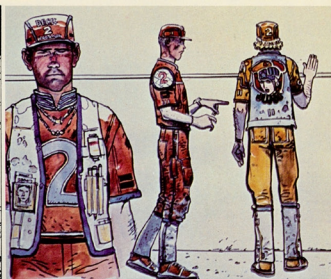


Giordano sets some-constructed at England's Shepperton Studios for sequences involving the planetoid (right) where the crew investigates the alien signal. An earlier concept for the planetoid ship (below) was discarded in favor of the structure in the bottom panel of Greater Rikley Scott's storyboard (bottom page). From left to right (bottom page), the search party moves out, enters the planetoid ship, and one of them is about to make an alarming discovery.



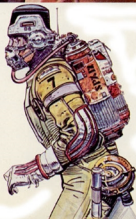


H. R. Giger uses the term "biomechanical" to describe much of his work. Giger's influence is prominent in the overall design of *Alien*, especially in this scene where the search team discovers the long dead space pilot who appears to almost have become one with his derelict craft. The walls and floor of the ship also reflect an organic quality. Directly above: The space jockey in the final stages of preparation for shooting.



The industrialization of space: the interior and exterior costume design for *Alien* is intended to be functional, and the illustrations of Moebius were followed closely in actual production. Space suits have as many working parts as possible; vapor exhalation is visible.

On board, the technicians and repair experts look like latter-day mechanics, or truck drivers; the people who do the flying look like commercial airline pilots. All wear tennis sneakers; one character (right) favors Hawaiian shirts.





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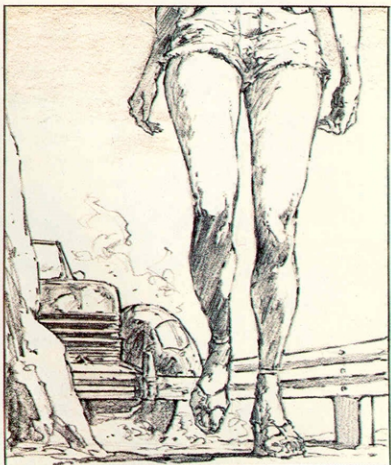
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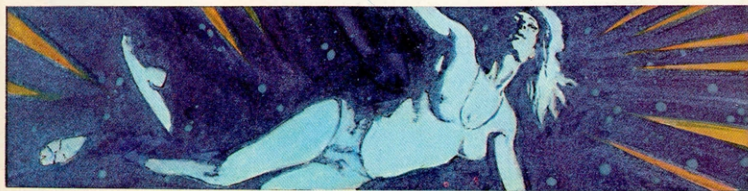


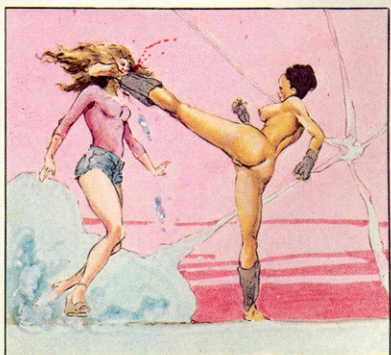
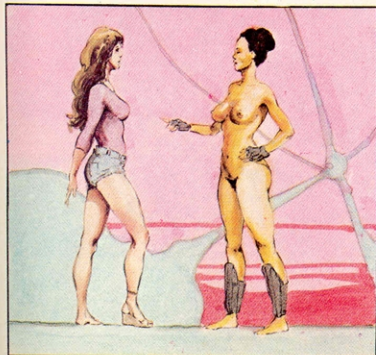
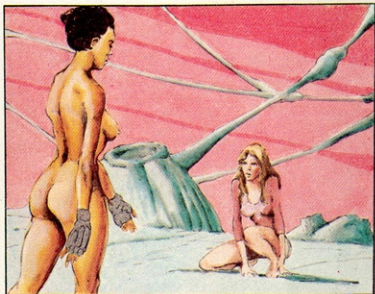
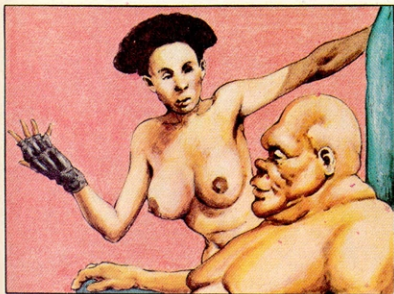
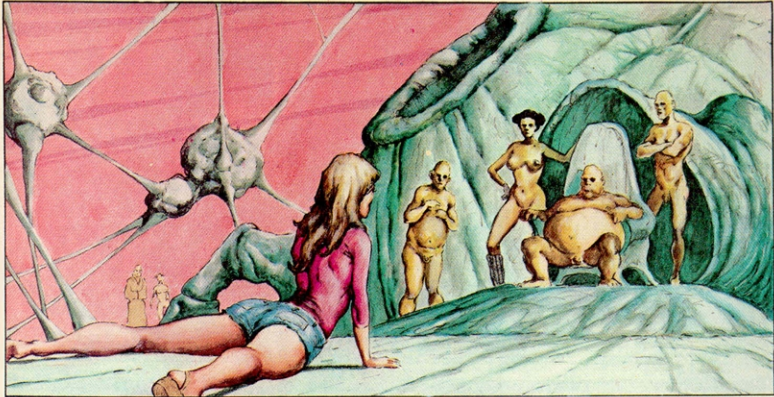




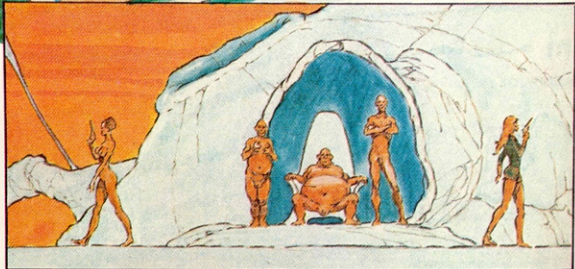
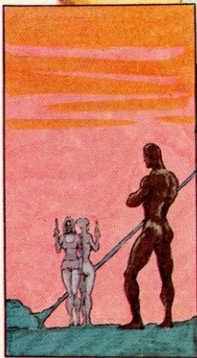
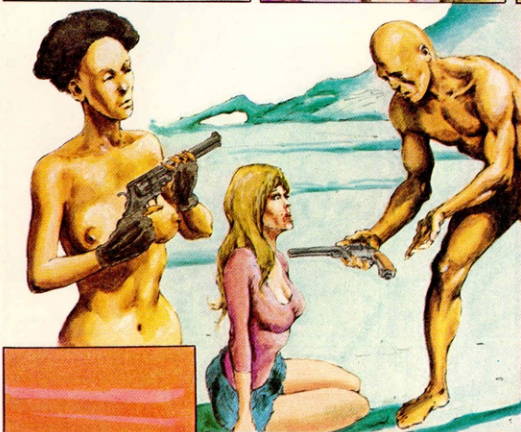




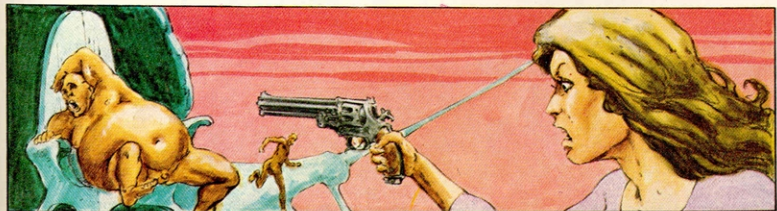
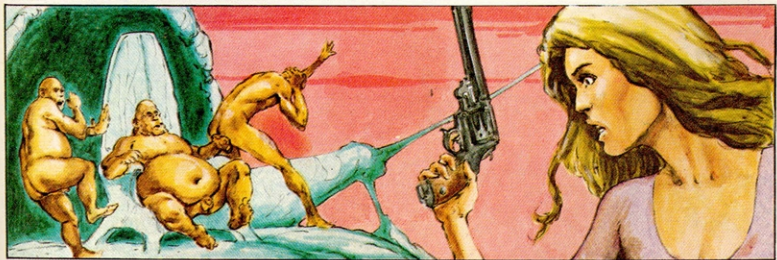
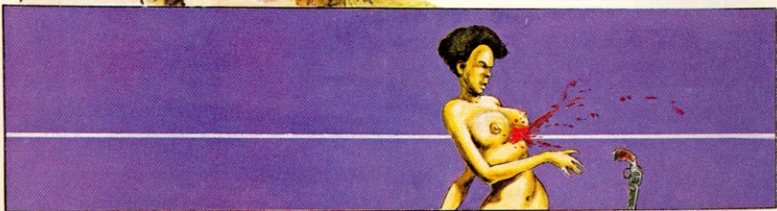
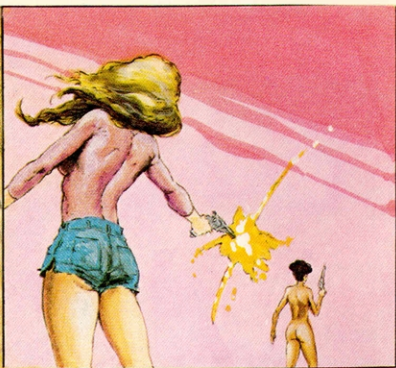
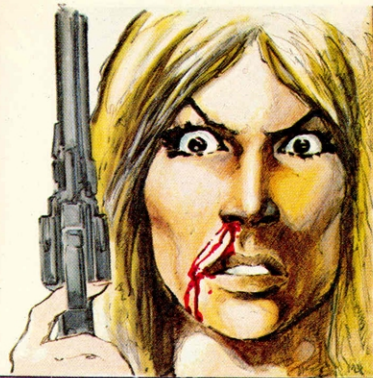


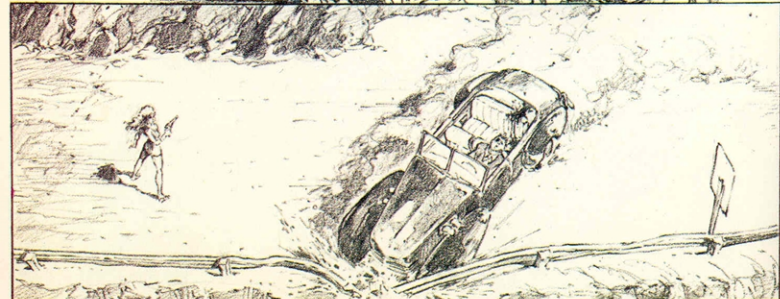




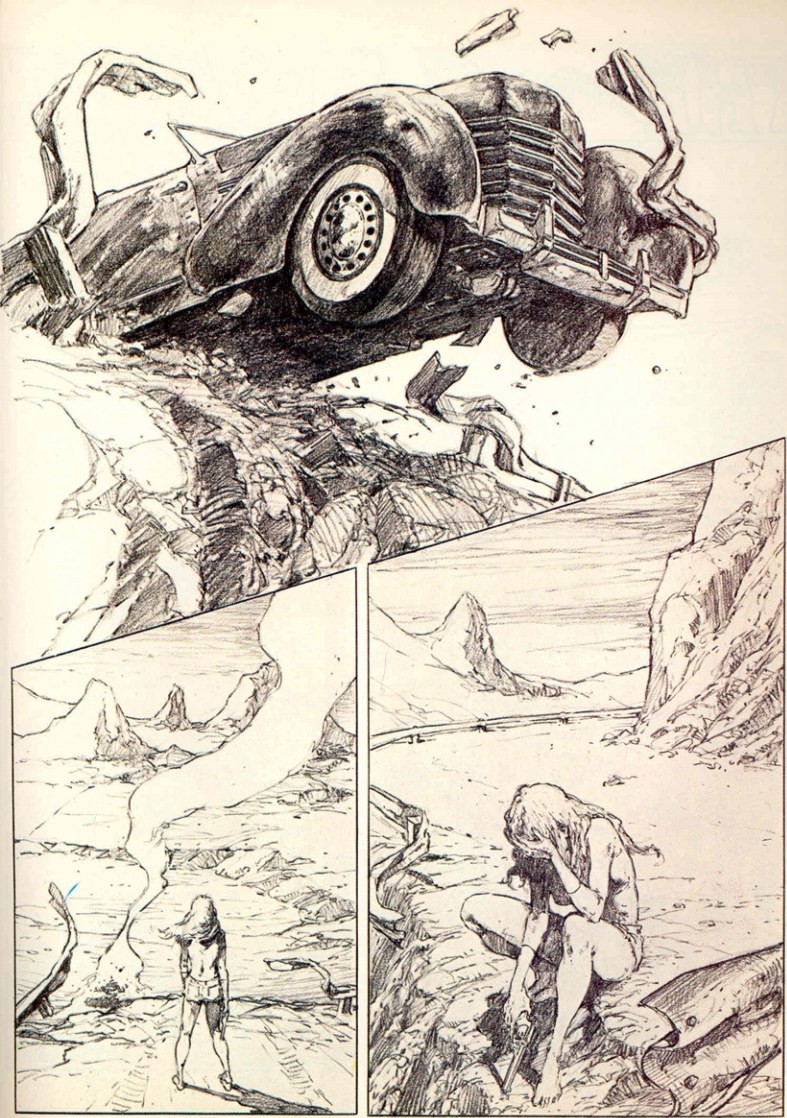














# THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

NOCEBUS

OF  
JERRY  
CORNELIUS

HELLO, MR. PRESIDENT!  
THIS IS THE AIRPLANE OF  
DESTINY CALLING! THE EN-  
GINEER BARNABUS IS ACCOMPANIED  
BY YETCHEM... THERE WAS  
NO MENTION OF THIS  
IN THE EXTERMINATION  
CONTRACT. WELL, THEN...

OUR STORY SO FAR: NOW THAT  
THE ENGINEER BARNABUS HAS  
TOTALLED THE BRAND NEW  
WONDERFUL TRANSPORTER  
WHICH CORNELIUS HAD EN-  
TRUSTED HIM WITH, HE DE-  
CIDES TO LEAVE IT ALL BE-  
HIND...

WHAT?!!  
YETCHEM?!!  
THE ARCHER?

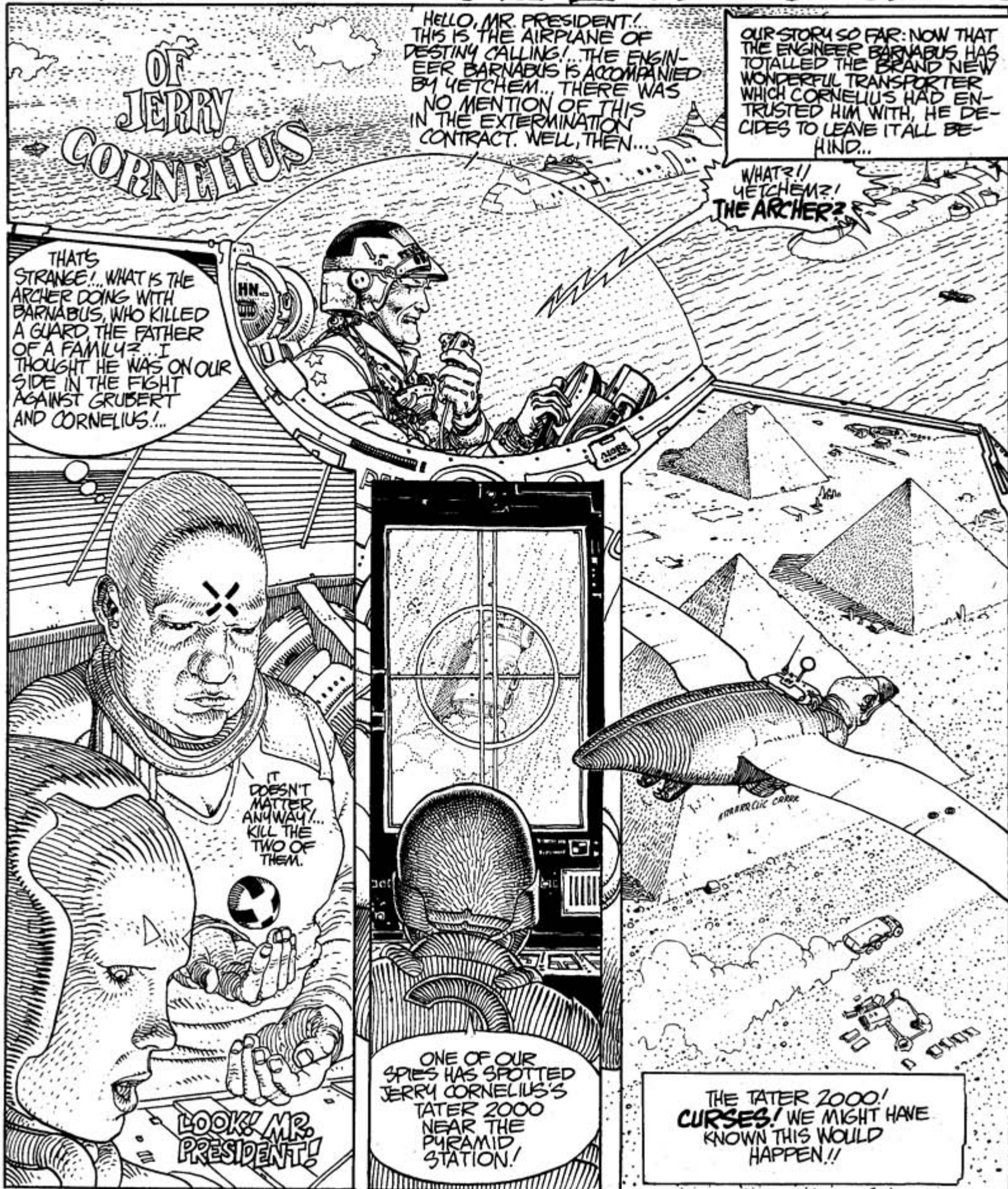
THAT'S  
STRANGE!... WHAT IS THE  
ARCHER DOING WITH  
BARNABUS, WHO KILLED  
A GUARD THE FATHER  
OF A FAMILY?... I  
THOUGHT HE WAS ON OUR  
SIDE IN THE FIGHT  
AGAINST GRUBERT  
AND CORNELIUS!...

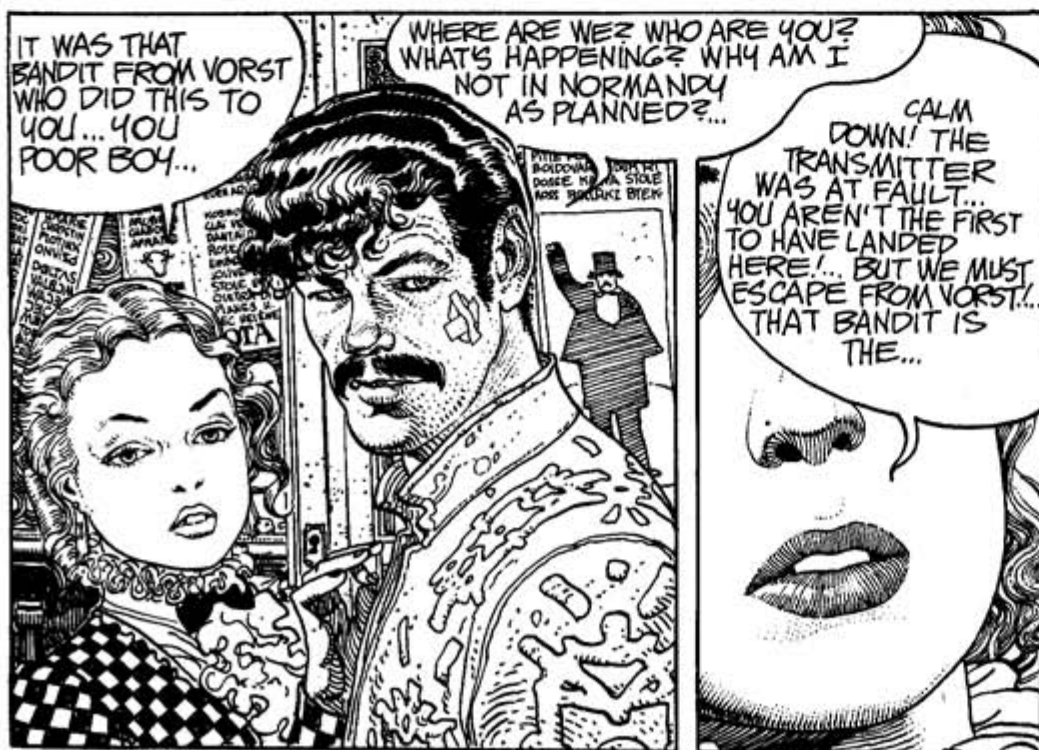
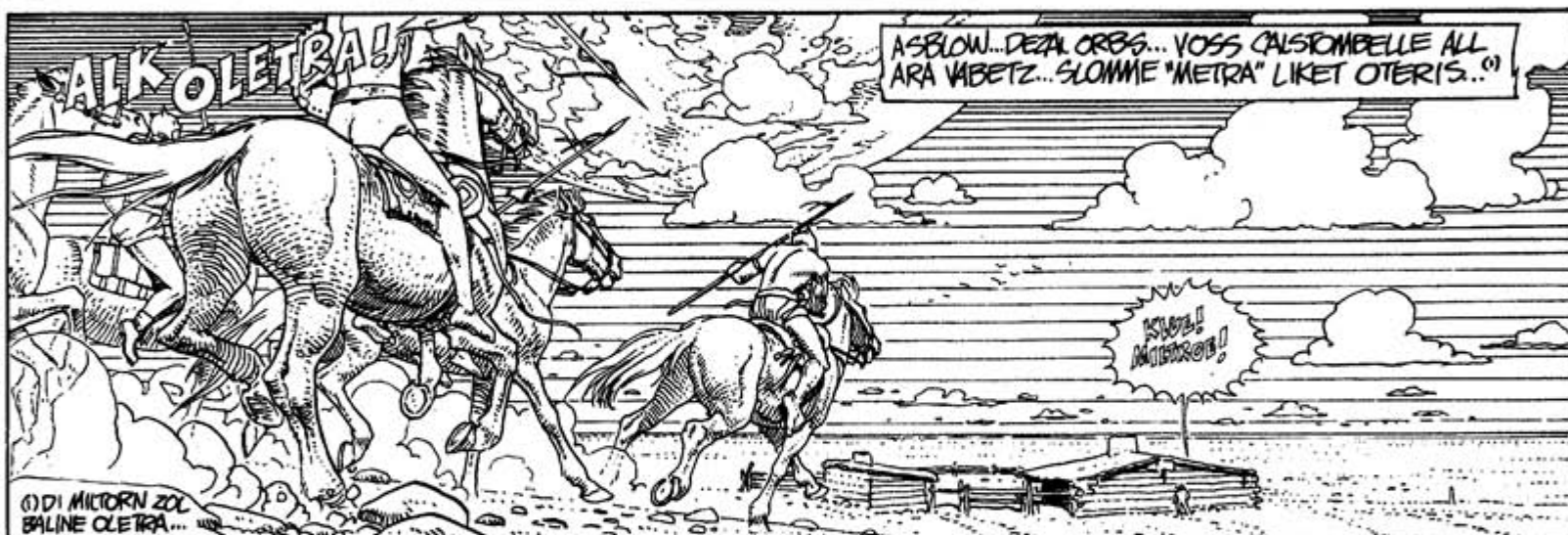
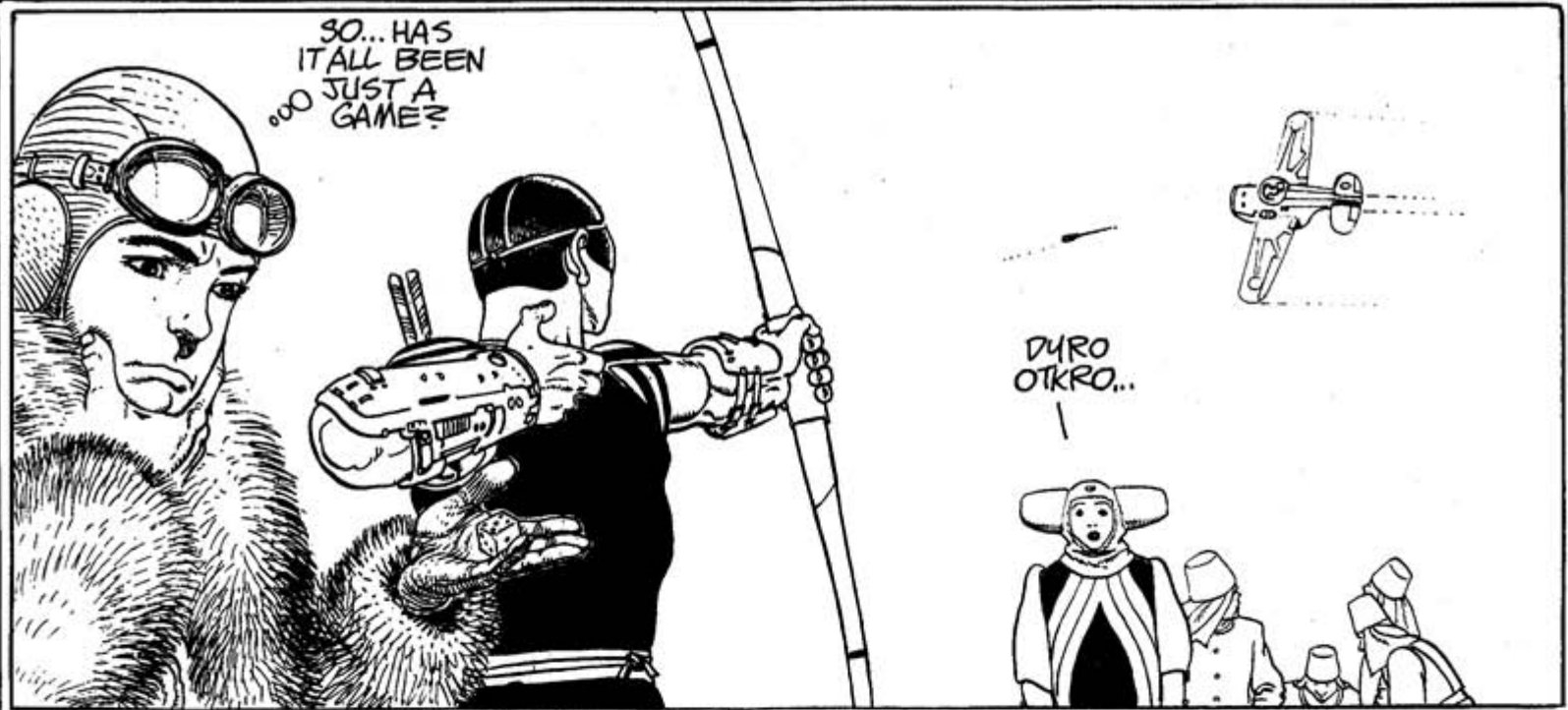
IT  
DOESN'T  
MATTER  
ANYWAY!  
KILL THE  
TWO OF  
THEM.

LOOK! MR.  
PRESIDENT!

ONE OF OUR  
SPIES HAS SPOTTED  
JERRY CORNELIUS'S  
TATER 2000  
NEAR THE  
PYRAMID  
STATION!

THE TATER 2000!  
CURSES! WE MIGHT HAVE  
KNOWN THIS WOULD  
HAPPEN!!





TO BE CONTINUED...

# STARCROWN

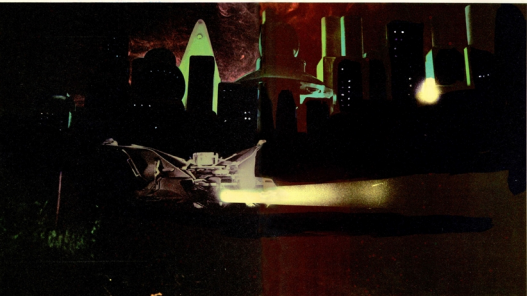
PART III

With reluctance, Flan Sunheart, young scion of the royal House of Sunheart, returns to Blum Prime, the desert world of his birth. To the youth, life appears seemingly unchanged, at least on the surface. But the presence of Lord Nekron Corona's elite blacktroops at the spaceport creates a vague uneasiness within him.

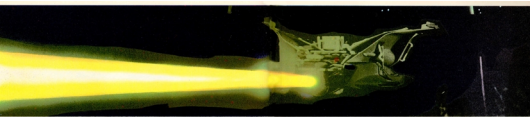
BY JOHN POCSIK

Accompanied by his loyal robotic companion REW (actually an electronic psycho-host for his dead uncle Praetolius), Sunheart speeds to the palace for the Empress's, his mother's, birthday. He slides into the thronged hall that evening, unaware that destiny's binding coils are slowly tightening round them all.

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# CHAIN MAIL

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

You may think this is weird, but I am only eleven years old and I enjoy your magazine. My twenty-seven-year-old brother was the one who first showed me the magazine. Your November issue was, so to speak, *heavy*! I thought your "Sindbad" and "Exterminator 17" chapters were great, but "Orion"... well, I was sort of disappointed. I thought for sure that it was going to end in this issue, but it continued. "The Great Trap," "Gail," and "Off-Season" were ones that I think weren't worth starting (or finishing, for that matter). "The Airtight Garage" was one that I didn't care for at first, but with the last two chapters, it gained my interest. Your excerpt of *Empire* was okay, but if you're going to include excerpts from books all the time, you might as well put the whole book in there. In this case, you have added another ten pages to the selection. I was glad to see the end of "Heilman," although Voss could have made it at least two episodes longer (though last issue's installment was pretty stupid). I also enjoyed "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." I really think that Angus McKie is doing a great job on that story. In fact, why should he stop at eight chapters? Why not ten? or even twelve? I also liked "May I Have a Cup of Dilithium Crystals, Please." Keep up the good work, and I may even get a two-year subscription next time!

Alan Naditz

Dear Alan: Thank you for your letter, but isn't it past your bedtime?—Eds.

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

Your stories are getting better. One shortcoming of your mother publication *Metal Hurlant* was that it was a magazine of artists, not writers. Not that I am criticizing *Metal Hurlant*; the French have created a new school of art—Fantastic Art. What a joy after the sterile dead end of the minimal art of the fifties and sixties. But there really wasn't much to read in *Metal Hurlant*; you dwell on the art but the text was generally pointless—a shame when you're drawing comic strips.

How delighted I was to open the January 1979 issue of *Heavy Metal* and read, "Only Connect: The Tumor" "The Ultimate Negotiation," as well as the latest installment of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." Stories! Minimal ones in some cases, but at least I have a reason to start at the beginning rather than the middle or the end.

Corben, of course, never had that problem. All the way back when he was doing underground comics (lo, these many years ago!) he was telling stories. That being the case I will escalate and criticize Corben on a higher level.

His stories are better when he is working with a writer, his solo pieces tend to be excessively gloomy and sometimes ill-defined (but always so beautiful, oh so beautiful). His best work I've always thought was with Jan Strnad. You people at *Heavy Metal* are dodos if you don't dig up Corben/Strnad's "To Meet The Faces You Meet" (in *Fever Dreams*, Kitchen Sink Enterprises, 1972) and reprint it. In my opinion, it's their finest work.

As for Mr. Strnad, I find him better in single-episode pieces rather than long serials. In other words, he's a short story writer and not a novelist. I had high hopes for the "New Tales of the Arabian Nights" when I saw that Strnad had written it, and for the first couple of episodes my hopes were realized. Then it degenerated into the same directionless drunkard's walk as "Den." I plead with Strnad to study the rules of longer drama. As for Mr. Corben, if I haven't made my feelings clear, he's a genius and one of the finest artists of history.

I feel the same way about Moebius, only a little more so, but then I may be prejudiced from knowing him personally. What a wonderful man! His is an enlightened mind. When I first met him he was smoking cigarettes and eating meat. He and I used to get stoned every day at work. Jodorowsky made him get stoned because he worked longer hours that way (ah, memories!). Today Moebius has given up cigarettes and is a vegetarian, and he says it makes him feel so much lighter, so delicate and aware. Would that I could do the same (cough, hack)!

What you don't know is that there's another guy in the world who draws as pretty as Moebius and Corben. His name is Ron Cobb, and he used to be an underground political cartoonist in the sixties. Remember R. Cobb's weekly cartoon in the *L.A. Free Press*? Well, what you don't know is that he has always considered himself a painter and is a life long student of science fiction. In 1969 I walked into his tiny Westwood apartment and saw a mind-bendingly convincingly painting of a twenty-mile starship, which he was doing as an album cover for Jefferson Starship's first album under that name. Tragically he never finished it and it exists only as a dusty canvas in his closet. But I realized at that moment I had stumbled upon a unique artist. I kept after him for years to do something about it, and he just finished designing *Alien* with H. R. Giger. If you guys want to add another star to your tree you'll get him on the phone and start wheedling with him.

Your readers are in a constant froth over sex in *Heavy Metal*. A certain number of them seem to be overcome with revulsion every time one of Corben's massive weenies flops out, and it ruins their enjoyment of the rest of the magazine. A continual complaint is of pictures of space sirens who look like they want to get fucked. To those people I say: time marches on, kiddo, and art isn't art if it walks at the tail of the column. You can always read the DC Collectors' Editions. Personally, I like to fuck.

Keep it up. Your magazine is a work of art and there won't be another one like it for a long, long time.

All Meffle Ren Kelston,  
Dan O'Bannon  
L.A., Calif.

Beginning in May...

# ALIEN

## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

The dazzling, terrifying tale of life and death in the far reaches of space — based on the sensational film from Twentieth Century Fox and rendered for *Heavy Metal* by the award-winning team of Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson.

Watch for  
*Alien*  
A Brandywine-Ronald Shusett Production  
Produced by Gordon Carroll and David Giler  
Directed by Ridley Scott  
Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon, Walter Hill and David Giler  
Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett  
From Twentieth Century Fox

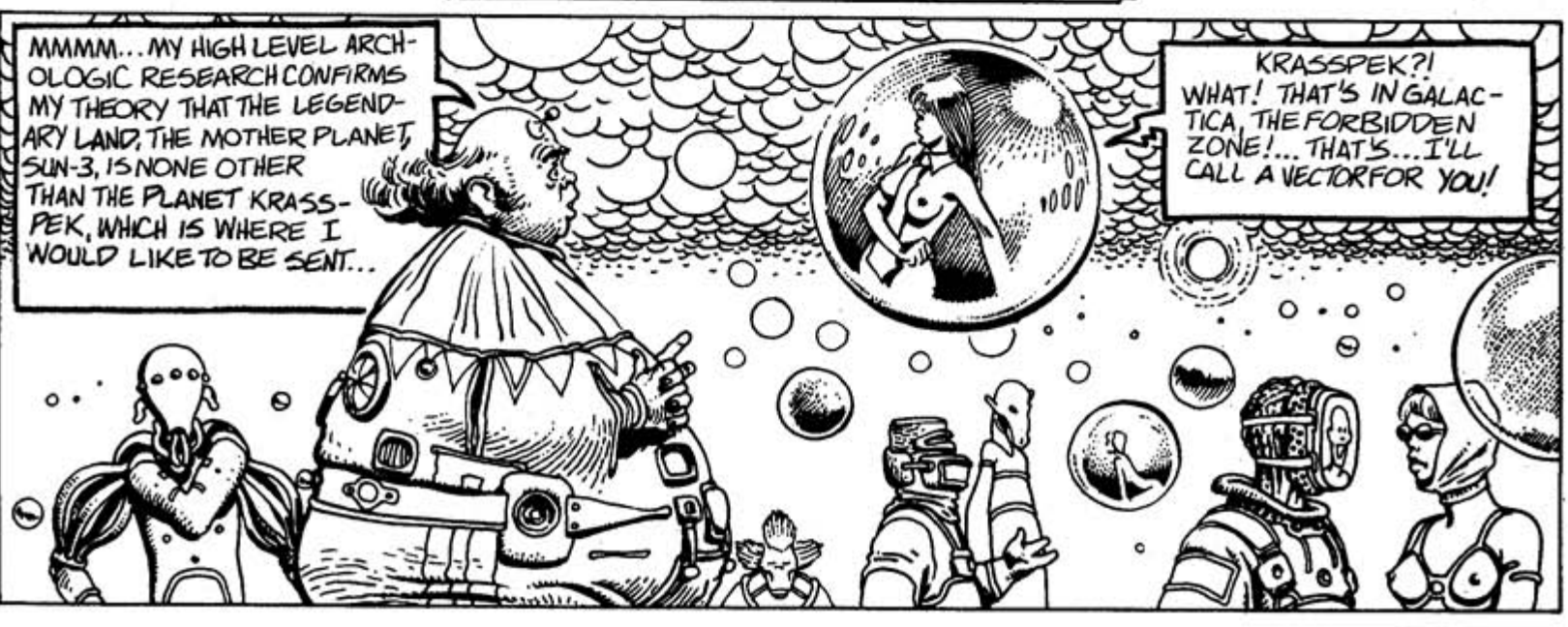


WELL HELLO, HELLO, YOUR HONOR!  
WILL YOU BE BOARDING THE LUX-  
URMA OF NOUBAH THE GIANT. OR  
THE INTERLUNAR EXPRESS FOR  
THE PLANETEROID BELT?

MMMM....NO,  
MAMA-ZELL....

# ONLY CONNECT:

## ONE-WAY TICKET



MMMM... MY HIGH LEVEL ARCH-  
OLOGIC RESEARCH CONFIRMS  
MY THEORY THAT THE LEGEND-  
ARY LAND, THE MOTHER PLANET,  
SUN-3, IS NONE OTHER  
THAN THE PLANET KRASS-  
PEK, WHICH IS WHERE I  
WOULD LIKE TO BE SENT...

KRASSPEK?!  
WHAT! THAT'S IN GALAC-  
TICA, THE FORBIDDEN  
ZONE!... THAT'S... I'LL  
CALL A VECTOR FOR YOU!



THERE YOU ARE:  
THE VECTOR TENKO  
TO TAKE CARE OF  
YOU... BON VOYAGE,  
YOUR HONOR...

...WAIT!

PIP-PIP!

PIP-PIP-PIP-PIP-PIP!

TIKATIK...TOUGH BUNS, OLD BEAN!  
THE PERSONNEL TRANSMISSION  
SYSTEMS FOR KRASSPEK ARE  
THE OLD BIOTIC STYLE... WE  
HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE  
TERMINAL...  
TERRIBLY RISKY!

FIE UPON RISK  
AND DANGER! A  
MAN'S GOT TO DO  
WHAT A MAN'S GOT  
TO DO! TERRA!  
WHAT DO YOU  
SAY TO THAT?

OKEY-DOKEY! A ONE-WAY TIC-  
KET TO KRASSPEK! THE A-  
GENCY PROMISES YOU TRANS-  
MISSION BUT NO GUARANTEES!  
NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN! A  
DEAL'S A DEAL! ARE WE  
AGREED?

CHOP-  
CHOP!

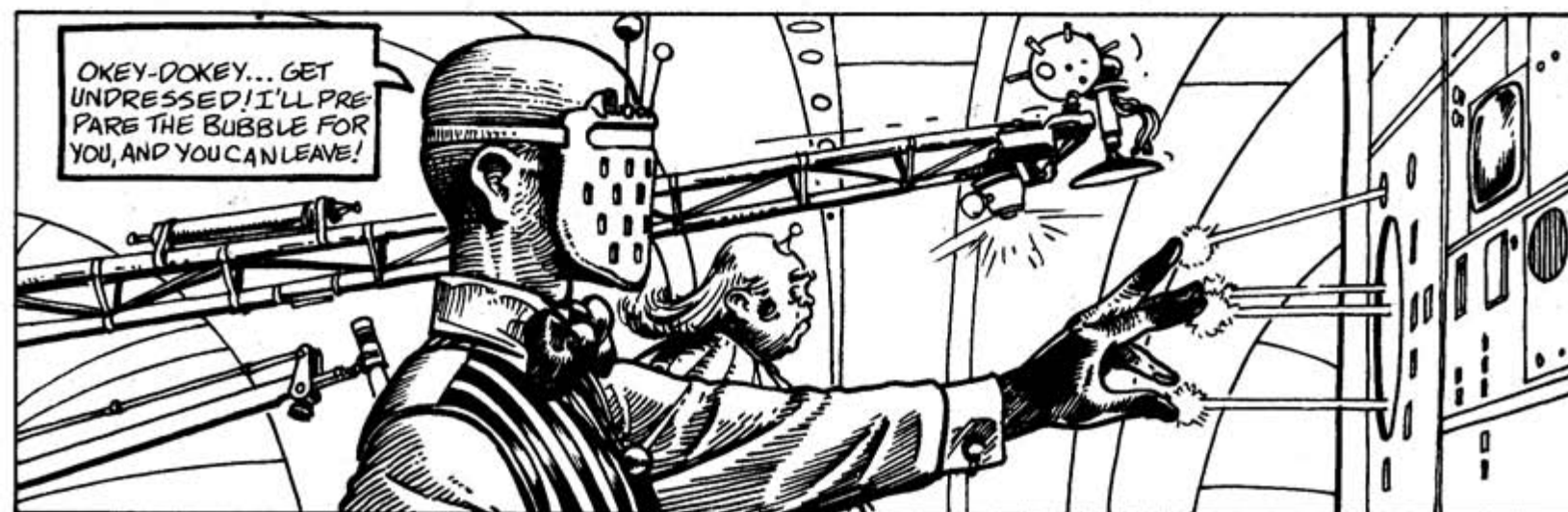
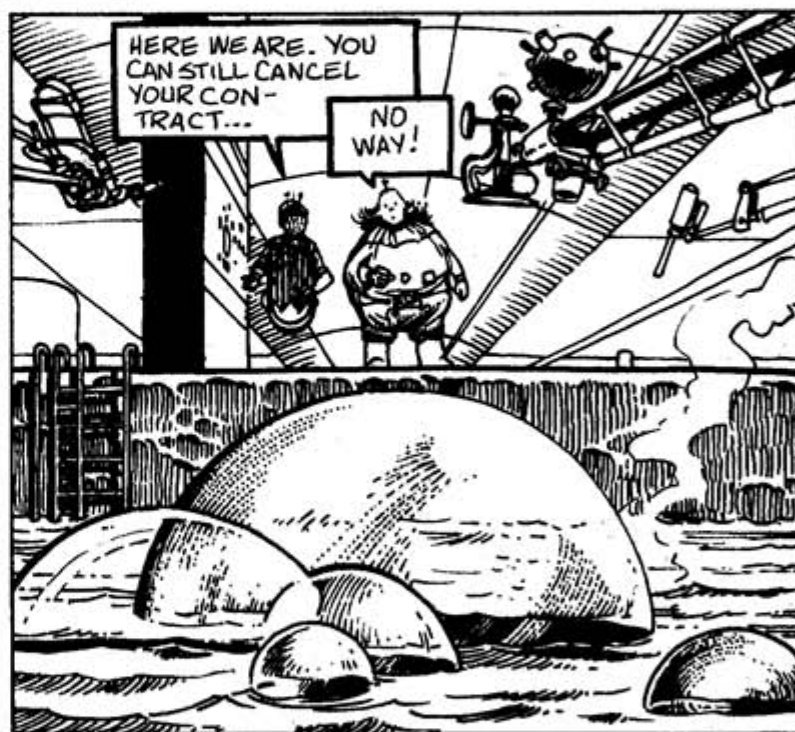
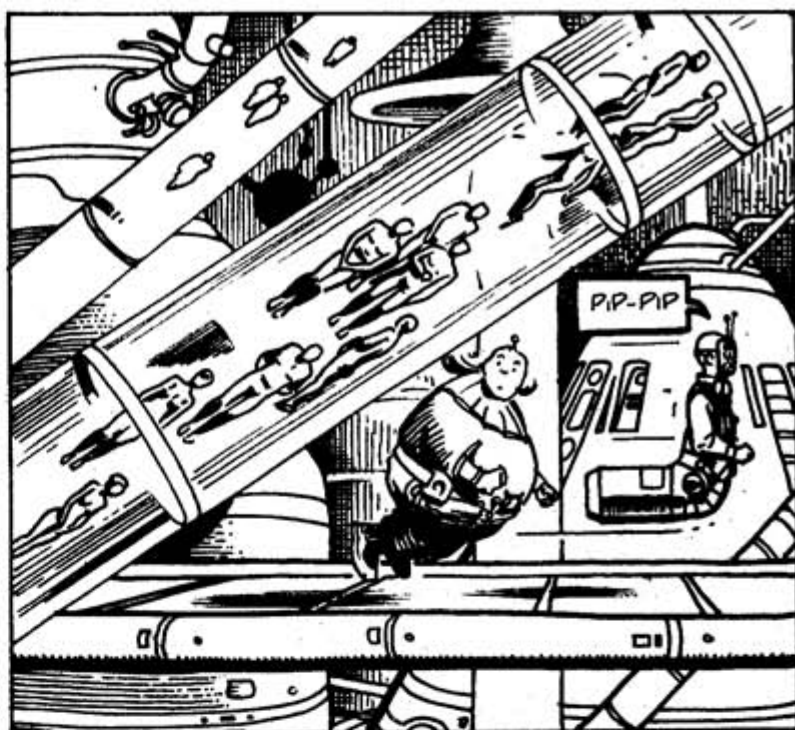
WE'RE  
AGREED!  
OUCH!

SIGNED, SEALED,  
AND DELIVERED!

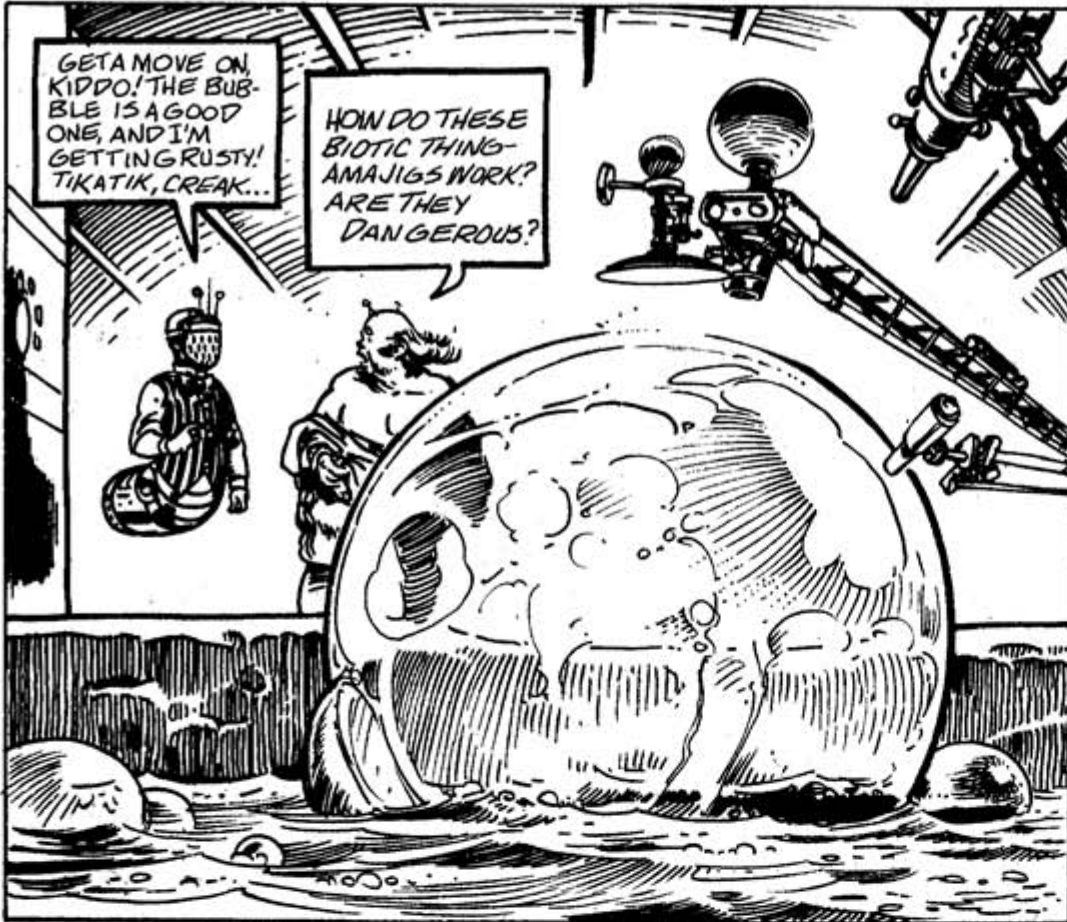
MY BATTERIES  
ARE HEATING  
UP.

GOOD! LET'S GO,  
KIDDO! THE TECH-  
NICAL LEVEL'S THIS  
WAY!

CREDIT RATING:  
ZERO... CER-  
TIFIED IN GOOD  
HEALTH... BEST  
WISHES ON THE  
EXPEDITION.







GET A MOVE ON, KIDDO! THE BUBBLE IS A GOOD ONE, AND I'M GETTING RUSTY! TIKATIK, CREAK...

HOW DO THESE BIOTIC THING-AMAJIGS WORK? ARE THEY DANGEROUS?



IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE TERMINAL RECEPTOR... YOU TAKE YOUR CHANCES. YOU CAN STILL FORGET THE WHOLE THING.

NO, NO! I'VE DECIDED I'M LEAVING! TERRA WILL BE WORTH ALL THE RISKS!

LET'S GO, KIDDO! STAND ON THE EDGE OF THE POOL!



I- HOLD YOUR BREATH!  
II- JUMP INTO THE BUBBLE!  
III- PUSH YOURSELF TOWARD THE EXIT!  
IV- LEAVE... AND YOU'RE THERE...

PIP-PIP

PIP-PIP-PIP-PIP



GET GOING, KIDDO!  
CHOP-CHOP!  
I- BREATH DEEP  
II- JUMP!!



III- PUSH YOURSELF



PUSH



PUSH



IT'S A BOY!  
WELCOME TO THE  
WORLD, YOUNG MAN!



ALIAS 77

THE BEGINNING

# NO LOVE LOST

NIGHTFALL SUSPENDS THESE STRANGE AND BRUTAL POLICE TACTICS IN THE HEART OF THE SUPERCITY.

-ENOUGH FOR TODAY, ORDERS THE MAN WHO APPEARS TO BE THEIR CHIEF. WE'LL CONTINUE OUR INVESTIGATIONS TOMORROW.

©Y. CHALAND 78



-THERE, THE PATROLS LEAVING.

WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!

-THIS CAN'T GO ON! MURMURS ALEX...



-I MUST LEAVE, LINDA...  
-HAVE YOU GONE TOTALLY  
MAD? SHE GASPS.



I'LL NEVER  
FORGET YOU,  
ALEX...

-NO, IT'S  
BETTER THIS WAY FOR TOO  
LONG I HAVE PUT YOUR LIFE  
IN DANGER BY STAYING HERE.  
THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING  
YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, LINDA.



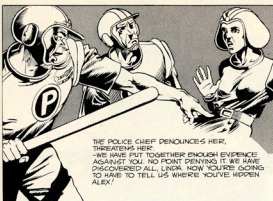
ALEX PLUNGES OFF  
INTO THE JUNGLE THAT  
SURROUNDS THE  
SUPERCITY.



LINDA FALLS INTO A  
DEEP SLEEP CRUSHED  
BY HER TERRIBLE GRIEF-AND  
FAILS TO HEAR THE REPEATED  
KNOCKS AT HER DOOR.



LINDA WAKES WITH A-START. TWO MEN HAVE  
BURST INTO THE ROOM.  
-OH GOR NO! IT'S THE CHIEF OF POLICE!



THE POLICE CHIEF DENOUNCES HER,  
THREATENS HER:  
-WE HAVE PUT TOGETHER ENOUGH EVIDENCE  
AGAINST YOU. NO POINT DENYING IT. WE HAVE  
DISCOVERED ALL, LINDA. NOW YOU'RE GOING  
TO HAVE TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN  
ALEX.



GIVE US ALEX,  
OR COME  
ACROSS!

HMMMM...  
I CAN'T  
BETRAY  
ALEX...



WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, A  
ROCKET FLYING OVER THE JUNGLE  
FINDS ITSELF IN TROUBLE...



...LINDA AGREES TO COME  
ACROSS RATHER THAN  
BETRAY ALEX...



THE 'SPACESHIP'  
CRASHES INTO  
THE JUNGLE...



AND ALEX  
NOTICES THE  
SPACE-SHIP  
CRASHING INTO  
THE JUNGLE.



SO LONG, LINDA! I'M OFF TO  
FIND ALEX!  
BUT LINDA STOPS HIM:  
-WAIT A MINUTE!





ALEX ARRIVES  
AT THE SIGHT OF  
THE WRECK.

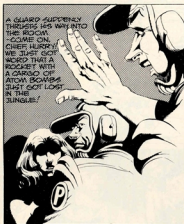


WHY ARE YOU  
LOOKING FOR  
ALEX?

HE'S A DANGEROUS  
PSYCHOPATH! HE  
WANTS TO BLOW  
UP THE PLANET!



MEANWHILE, ALEX  
DISCOVERS SOME-  
THING IN THE SPACE-  
SHIP!



A GUARD SUDDENLY  
THRUSTS HIS WAY INTO  
THE ROOM.  
-COME ON,  
CHIEF. HURRY!  
WE JUST GOT  
WORD THAT A  
ROCKET WITH  
A CARGO OF  
ATOM BOMBS  
JUST GOT LOST  
IN THE  
JUNGLE!

-OH, BUT ALEX JUST LEFT FOR  
THE JUNGLE!  
-WHAT? ROARS THE POLICE CHIEF!



HURRY TO THE ASTROPORT!  
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE  
WE CAN SAVE OURSELVES!



ALEX ACCOM-  
PLISHES HIS  
DEMONIC  
TASK.



THE  
EARTH EX-  
PLODES, THE  
WORLD ENDS. ONLY  
ONE ROCKET SHIP ES-  
CAPES THE CATASTRO-  
PHY. LINDA AND THE CHIEF  
OF POLICE ARE ON  
BOARD. TOGETHER  
THEY WILL REPO-  
ULATE THE UNI-  
VERSE.  
-THE END-

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# PYLOON

in

## *BREAKING THE ICE*

ART: RAY RUE    SCRIPT: LEO GIROUX, JR.

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AT ONE OF THE POLES OF THE PLANET AAX  
IN ANDROMEDA GALAXY, FIERCE PYLOON  
PURSUES QA, A FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES.



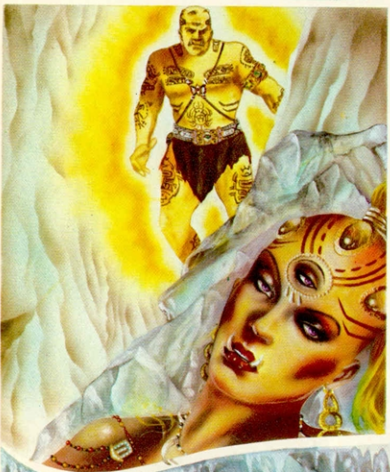
LANDING, APPROACHING HER, SLED CAUTIOUSLY,  
HE SEES HER ON AN ICE LEDGE.  
"SHE IS TOO CALM," HE GROWLS; "NO FEMALE  
AAXIAN IS EVER SO EASILY CAUGHT DURING  
THE MATING SEASON!"



THEN HE REALIZES  
THAT SHE IS MED-  
TATING ON ONE OF THE  
ARBANE MICROGLYPHS  
ON HER FLANK. THESE  
PSYCHE SYMBOLS OF THE  
AAXIAN SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE  
ARE POWERFUL. THERE IS NO  
WAY HE CAN TRANSLATE HER  
PARTICULAR GLYPHS.  
IS SHE PONDERING HIS DOOM?



HE NOTISES THE SPECTRAL SHIP FROM PURPLE TO THE WARMER YELLOW. THE ARM GRAFTED ON HIM FROM CHILDHOOD PROCEEDS TO ADJUST HIS METABOLISM.  
A GULPH NEAR HIS STOMACH SPEAKS TO HIM PSYCHELICALY, AND JUST IN TIME HE NOTES THE COLOR SHIFT HAS AROUSED...

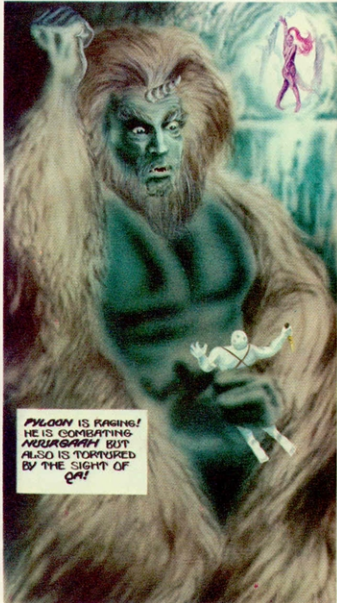


**NUURGAAH!**

NUURGAAH IS TO BE HER PROTECTOR.

**NUURGAAH!**

...WHO SLEEPS THROUGH MANY LIFE-TIMES--WHO COLLECTS FOOD THAT HE PACKS IN ICE FOR A FUTURE TIME!





THEN AS HE WEAKENS, HE SEES THE GRVGENE BERG WITH A **BETELGEUSEAN BLAT** BREAKING OUT...  
HE LEAPS FREE FROM **NUURGAH'S** GRASP--

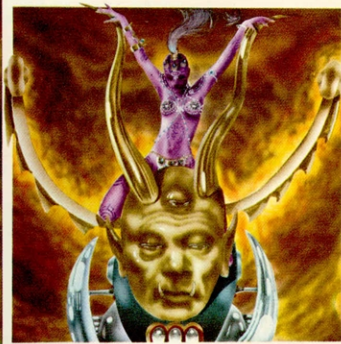


--AND SHATTERS THE  
ICE MORE BY HURT-  
LING HIMSELF AT THE  
FISSURE. AS THE  
**BLAT** FREES ITSELF,  
**NUURGAH** CONCENTRATES  
ON SAVING  
HIS FOOD SUPPLY.  
**PLYOON** RADES FOR  
GA!





QA IS FRIGHTENED--SHE HAS BEEN CAPTURED TWICE BEFORE BY **PYLOON** AND THOUGH SHE SECRETLY ENJOYS THIS MATING RITUAL, HER CONSCIOUSNESS RESISTS THE THOUGHT. REACHING HER HIDDEN SKYSLID, SHE ACTS SUBTLY...



**PYLOON** THROUGH HIS ICE PRISON WATCHES THE SLED SPEED AWAY.



BENEATH HER SURGING ROCKETS, THE ICE GIVES WAY. **PYLOON** LUNGES FOR HER SLED, FALLS--

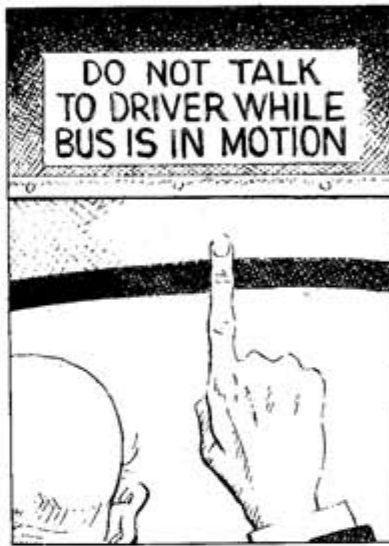


FROM A DISTANCE, HE HEARS HER TELEPATHIC BEER: "IT WILL TAKE TIME TO FREE YOURSELF, MY WONDERFUL, FIERCE **PYLOON!** STAY! THEN, THINK HOW I AM ALWAYS YOUR SUPERIOR!"



FINIS





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 WILLIAM MORROW



# SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE VII - ACCORDING TO PUBLILIUS SYRUS EVEN A SINGLE HAIR CASTS ITS SHADOW...





PUT THE ROBOT AND THE TWO ALIENS ON THE CHAIN GANG...

...I'VE GOT A SPECIAL TASK FOR THESE TWO HUMANS.



OKAY, YOU FOUR-EYES HAVE TO CARRY THOSE STONE BLOCKS OVER TO *THERE*.

AND YOU BIG BOY HAVE TO CARRY THEM *BACK* AGAIN.

HA HA HA  
HA HA!



JUMP TO IT! BY THE END OF THE SHIFT I WANT TO SEE *EVERY* STONE THERE IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITION AS IT IS *NOW*!

HA HA  
HA HA!



HEY, HEY MAN! WHAT'S THE SCORE? ONLY THE SCUM GIT GENT DOWN HERE. THE DEPRAVED AND CORRUPT... MASOCHISTS BODOMITES, NECROPHILIACS... I'M A PEDERAST... WHAT YOU IN HERE FOR?..



HUH... IDEALISM...



>YAAAA!< IDEALISTS!  
>GASP< KEEP AWAY EVERYBODY!

SHRIEK



OK, BREAK TIME!  
Y'GOT A HALF-A CYCLE TFEAST ON THIS RARE DELICACY.



YOU EARTHMEN! ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE!  
GET OVER THERE WITH YOUR OWN KIND...

IN THE CORNER... WITH  
POGTOYEVSKY AND TOLSTOY!

!?

DRINK THIS,  
MY SON

AND THAT WAS HOW IT WAS ALL FAKED!  
IT WAS MUCH THE SAME WITH FYODOR  
MIKHAILOVICH HERE... DARK WAS THE  
NIGHT, COLD WAS THE GROUND,  
FLYING SAUCERS AND BEAUTIFUL  
WOMEN... YOU KNOW THE REST...

BUT... ER... SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE  
DIED OF OLD AGE BY NOW?

NO SUCH LUCK! THERE'S A MYSTERIOUS  
QUALITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE HERE...  
HUMAN LIFE IS EXTENDED INDEFINITELY!

SORRY BOYS BUT THERE'S  
NO LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT  
OF SUFFERING AHEAD OF YOU

BREAK TIME IS OVER,  
GET BACK TO WORK!

YOU BOY!  
COME HERE!

YOU WERE TWO MICROSECONDS SLOW IN GETTING ON  
YOUR FEET! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BEING TWO  
MICROSECONDS SLOW? YOU HUMAN BEINGS! YOU  
REALLY GET ON MY NERVES... JUST BECAUSE YOU  
WALK ERECT AND HAVE DEVELOPED SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS  
YOU THINK YOU'RE IT, DON'T YOU?  
GODS GIFT TO THE UNIVERSE!

YOU THINK HAVING RED BLOOD MAKES YOU  
THE TOPS... GREEN IS JUST NOT GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR YOU IS IT? OH NO IT HAS  
TO BE RED AND WHAT'S MORE...  
WARM TOO!! YECOWE YOU HOMO  
SAPIENS... YOU MAKE ME PUKE!

MY GUT WRETCHES WHEN  
I LAY SENSORS ON YOU!  
AND YOU KNOW  
WHAT ELSE?!!

YOUR HEARTBEAT ANNOYS ME...

ERE... SORRY



SORRY! SORRY!  
AHA HA HA HA HA!  
DID YOU HEAR THAT?

HE'S SORRY!

WHY YOU MAGERALITTLE LITTLE TURD.  
SORRY YOU'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT NOW,  
WOULDN'T YOU?!

YOU JUST BETTER WATCH YOUR  
STEP YOU MANGY MAMMAL.  
I'M GONNA BE LOOKIN' FOR YOU  
FROM NOW ON!

HEY LORD, NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEEN.

OOOHHEE MY ACHING BACK.  
MY POOR ARMS, MY LEGS  
MY FINGERS, MY  
FINGERNAILS!

YOU'LL GET USED TO IT! PRETTY  
SOON YOU'LL BE SO NUMB YOU  
WON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE  
IN PAIN...

THE DAYS WILL BLUR INTO WEEKS  
THE WEEKS INTO YEARS... THE YEARS  
CENTURIES... CENTURIES, MILLENNIA  
MILLENNIA INFINITY MUMBLE MUMBLE  
GIGGLE BURP... THE DAYS WILL BLUR  
INTO WEEKS... THE WEEKS INTO YEARS  
THE YEARS, CENTURIES... CENTURIES, MILLENNIA...

DON'T LET HIM BOTHER YOU, SURE, THINGS  
ARE BAD BUT THEY COULD BE WORSE!  
WE GET FILMS FROM EARTH  
TWICE A WEEK.

LAST WEEK IT WAS *KINGS OF THE ROAD* BY WIM WENDERS  
AND *THIS SPORTING LIFE* BY LINDSAY ANDERSON...  
AND ALL NEXT MONTH WE'RE GETTING *KUROSAMA*  
AND *MIZOGUCHI* FILMS.

AND I STILL REMEMBER THE TIME I FIRST  
SAW *FIVE EASY PIECES*, WOW!... COULDN'T VE  
GOT THROUGH THE WEEK WITHOUT IT.

WE GET MOVIES EVERY 60 OFTEN WHEN THEY  
SMUGGLE IN WHOLE LOADS OF CONTRABAND  
FROM EARTH YOU SHOULD SEE THE GUARDS  
QUARTERS... ONE-ARMED BANDITS, POOL-  
TABLES, COLOR TV'S... THE WORKS!

ERIC ARTHUR  
BLAIR WAS HERE  
1984

lord  
knows  
how  
to  
put  
it



B.E.? WHAT'S THAT?

**BEFORE ENTROPY!** ONCE UPON A TIME EVERYTHING IN THE GALAXY WAS HUNKY DORY...UNTIL SOME **SMART ASS** FIGURED OUT THE THERMODYNAMICS OF EXISTENCE... LISTEN EVERYBODY YOU CAN ALL GET **OUT** MORE THAN YOU PUT **IN**...

SO NOW **WE** HAVE TO SPEND OUR LIVES DOWN HERE MINING FOSSIL FUELS **GO THOSE FUCKERS UP THERE** CAN HAVE THEIR CAKE AND EAT IT...

DON'T THEY **KNOW** THERE'S ONLY **SO MUCH** ENERGY THAT'S AVAILABLE FOR WORK?

**IDIOT!** OF COURSE THEY KNOW! WHY DO YOU THINK THESE GORILLAS ARE WALKING AROUND WITH TRUNCHEONS AND DEATH RAYS?!

IT'S AN IRRATIONAL FEAR OF THE MOB, MATE. AN IRRATIONAL **FEAR OF THE MOB!**

THE **DUMB SHIT!** HE ONLY GOT **HALF** THE PICTURE OF COURSE

**SURE**. IT WAS POSSIBLE TO GET OUT MORE THAN YOU PUT IN. BUT ONLY FOR **SOME** FOR THE **REST** IT WAS A CASE OF PUT IN **MORE** AND GET OUT **LESS**

WELL, WELL, WELL... IT'S OUR LITTLE FRIEND WITH THE HEARTBEAT DISCUSSING **ENTROPOLITICS!**... A **FORBIDDEN SUBJECT!!**

**THIS TIME YOUR IN TROUBLE BOY! COME HERE!**



THEY'RE IN CORRIDOR SIXTEEN SUB-SYSTEM FOUR... LOCKED THEMSELVES IN THE GUARDS MESS-ROOM COMMANDER

OKAY. **BURN YOUR WAY IN.**

WHY DON'T THEY JUST SURRENDER. **WE ALL** HAVE TO **COMPROMISE** DON'T WE?

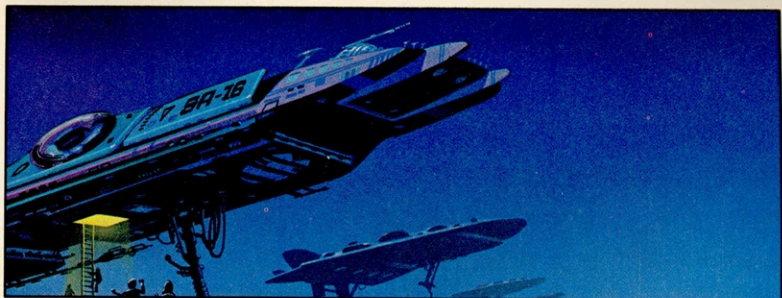
LET ME **AT 'EM!** I'LL  **RIP THEIR THROATS OUT AN DRINK THEIR BLOOD?**











TITAN... WHY HAS IT BEEN GETTING **DARKER** FOR THE LAST FEW HOURS?

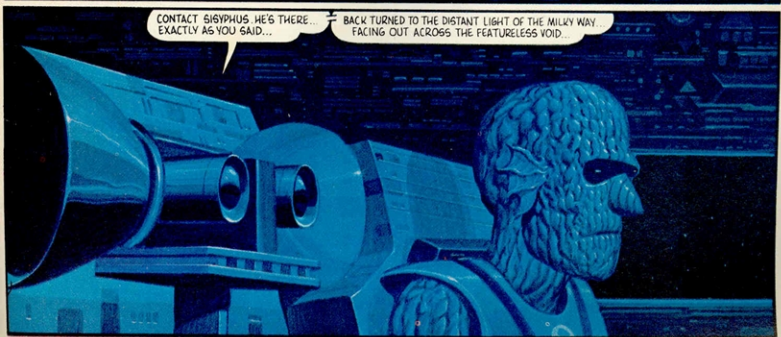
WE'RE AT THE VERY **EDGE** OF THE GALAXY, WILLY...

JUST AHEAD OF US THERE'S A **BILLION** LIGHT-YEARS OF NEAR TOTAL VACUUM.



CONTACT SISYPHUS. HE'S THERE... EXACTLY AS YOU SAID...

BACK TURNED TO THE DISTANT LIGHT OF THE MILKY WAY... FACING OUT ACROSS THE FEATURELESS VOID...





TO BE CONCLUDED...

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Benedict