

Featuring:

Eleven pages of Moebius's "Harzak"
The conclusion of Vaughn Bode's "Sunpot"
Love, Death, ESP, and Intergalactic Super Spies

HEAVY METAL

The
adult illustrated
fantasy magazine





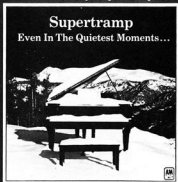
Supertramp

"Even In The Quietest Moments..."

Produced by Supertramp



"Crime Of The Century"
Produced by Ken Scott
and Supertramp



ON A&M RECORDS & TAPES

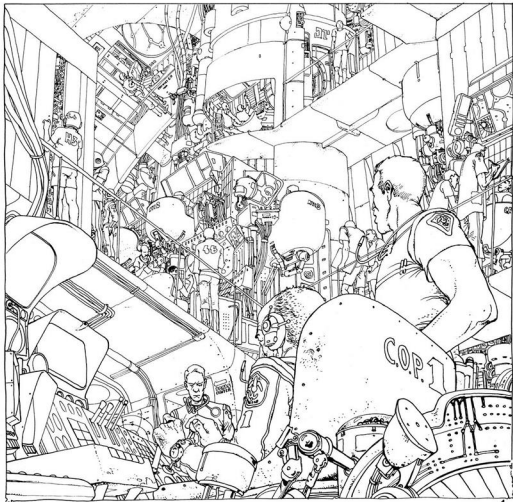


"Crisis? What Crisis?"
Produced by Ken Scott
and Supertramp

SCRIPT...PHILIPPE DRUILLET

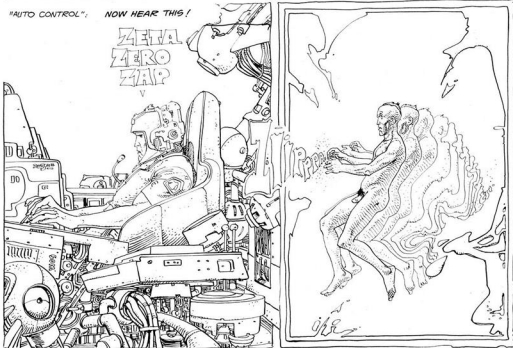
APPROACHING CENTAURI

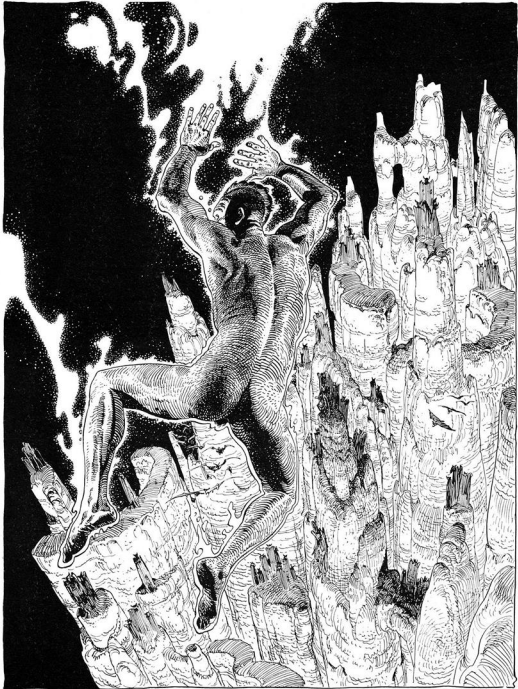
ART...MOEBIUS





"AUTO CONTROL": NOW HEAR THIS!











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

DID YOU SEE
ANYTHING OUT
THERE?

HOW DO
YOU FEEL?

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

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

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

APPROACHING
ON AX 10020

DATA
ZERO
ZAR...

DEN

Upon stumbling into this bizarre world through the dimensional warp device, I had first encountered a native girl and her carnivorous dragon, and then a diabolical high priestess and her hellish sacrifices to some monster of those lake ruins. I had just saved an unfortunate from one of her blasphemous ceremonies. . . to my

surprise the victim was a woman! Gasping for air after near drowning we had no time to question each other as the priestess' guards were set upon us. I saw only one route to escape. . .



We leapt onto the monster's back and clung tenaciously to its dirty, matted fur.

The beast bore us aloft not a second too soon as the guards ran toward us.



©1976 RICHARD CORBEN

After an hour I coaxed the monster down to a peaceful place of refuge for food and water.



The strange globular fruit of this world was especially abundant here. We didn't go hungry or thirsty...and for the first time since my arrival on this strange soil I listened to a human voice.



I can't thank you enough for saving me...

How did that inhuman woman get a hold of you?



Well, you may not believe this...I'm from another world other than this one...a place called EARTH!

WHAT?
So am I!



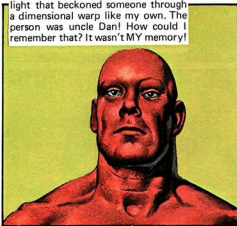
It was evening...I'd gone for a walk in the marsh. I was following one of the will-of-the-wisps which seemed to lead me to a glowing gate. Stepping through I suddenly felt afire and found myself in this strange world...changed and naked, captured by that monstrous woman!

Another one! That monster must be kidnapping everyone! My name is Katherine Wells; I'm from London. Time makes no difference here but there it was the summer of 1892 and I'd gone to the country to write, I'm a novelist you see.



Suddenly, at Katherine's words of a marsh light I had a disturbing recollection of a shimmering glow, a creature of light that beckoned someone through a dimensional warp like my own. The person was uncle Dan! How could I remember that? It wasn't MY memory!

Here I am different!



On Earth I was thin and weakly, fit only to stay indoors and write, ...but here I live more fully... here I am more of a woman!



The same here. ...I seem better fitted and adaptable on this world.



It is strange that the bat attacked those guards, yet carried us to safety.



It is said that the rebel bandits train such creatures to prey upon the queen's men.



So she's a Queen!



A queen and a Sorceress.

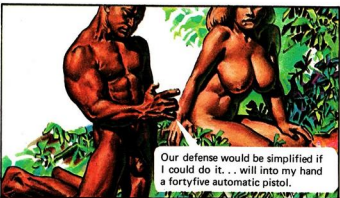
I've heard that she could will objects into existence such as weapons.



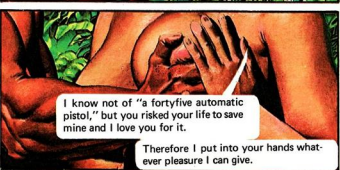
Another odd vision intruded. It was the queen creating weapons as Katherine described.



The memory was foreign to me! The phantom pictures haunted my mind. Why did they appear so titillatingly, yet with no context?



Our defense would be simplified if I could do it. ... will into my hand a fortyfive automatic pistol.

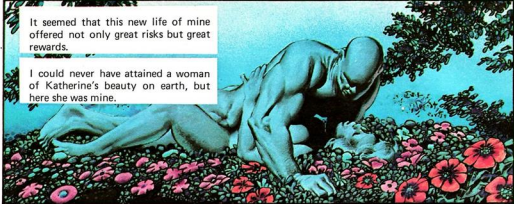


I know not of "a fortyfive automatic pistol," but you risked your life to save mine and I love you for it.

Therefore I put into your hands whatever pleasure I can give.

It seemed that this new life of mine offered not only great risks but great rewards.

I could never have attained a woman of Katherine's beauty on earth, but here she was mine.



Scour the countryside with your goons, Skoor-Negg! We must find the girl KEETH-REN!

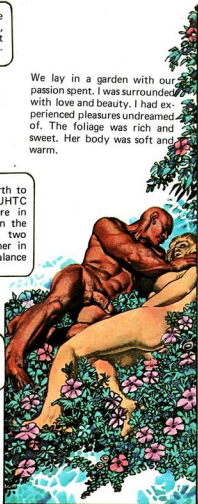


We lay in a garden with our passion spent. I was surrounded with love and beauty. I had experienced pleasures undreamed of. The foliage was rich and sweet. Her body was soft and warm.

I brought her from Earth to sacrifice to great UHLUHTC because her double here in Neverwhere is useless in the ceremony. As long as two Keeth-Rens exist together in the same dimension the balance of our world is upset!



Hurry! Find them or in days the balance will be shattered and the world destroyed!



Then as we were about to re-
new our play, a tense evil giggle
sliced through the still air.

HE, HE, HE, HE! What a lovely
scene of coupling worms. My
pet has brought me many fine
surprises, but none to compare
with this.

Yes, I know you my friends.
You, Keeth-Ren apparently
have escaped the royal bitch's
ceremony. That is to our good.
It shall never happen now.

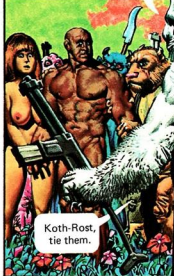
Ah, ah, Den. Calm down. Don't
you remember me? I'm Gel. We
played pawns in that unforget-
table adventure years ago.

No, I don't know you Gel and
I wish you would leave us alone
here.

I'm afraid I can't do that. You
are both very important to me
...my prisoners.

As he finished uttering that
word, a slight rustling whis-
pered from all around us. Gel
had us.

Don't try to escape! Den you come from a world with automatic firearms, you must realize you can't outrun these.



Koth-Rost, tie them.

Wait! We've done nothing against you. Won't you tell us why you hate us?

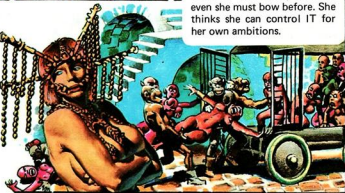


Very well Den. You seem to be suffering from amnesia, so I'll tell you. . .then kill you.



To gain the aid of my folk she appealed to the criminal classes darker principles. Those more upright she tortured. She breeds my people with the evil things from the dark regions beyond, making a race of fiends to serve her.

Between the worlds on the Outside lies ancient, powerful and evil forces that constantly try to break into the real world, all worlds. . .even your Earth has doorways for these forces. The Queen found old, old magic and power in those ancient ruins and one of those gateways to the Outside. She breeds my people into a degenerate race of slaves to open that gate.



She sacrifices you human folk every new moon to that THING, drawing IT closer to the almost ready doorway. And the land grows steadily more sinister with ITS approach!



Keeth-Ren is a vital key to the queen's plan, so to prevent her sacrifice, she must be eliminated.

Our world would be ravaged and barren and our people insane if this thing comes to pass. That's why I lead the revolt against her. We must stop her before it is too late!

Den, you must die because you were the queen's pawn. You took the magic Loc-Nar from me and gave it to her.

KILL THEM!

I'm glad you said that. You are trading a quick painless death for a slow one.

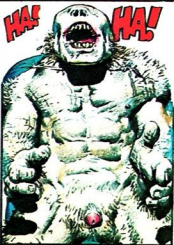
Untie him.

TO THE DEATH!

If I win, we will be freed?

But you are a noble warrior! Wouldn't you prefer to avenge the wrong with a Trial by Combat?

STOP!



This belligerent chieftain knew me which added a psychological edge to his obvious physical advantages. I thrust!



He moved aside effortlessly. His blurred counterattacks seemed now like a cutting whip

...now like a kicking mule.



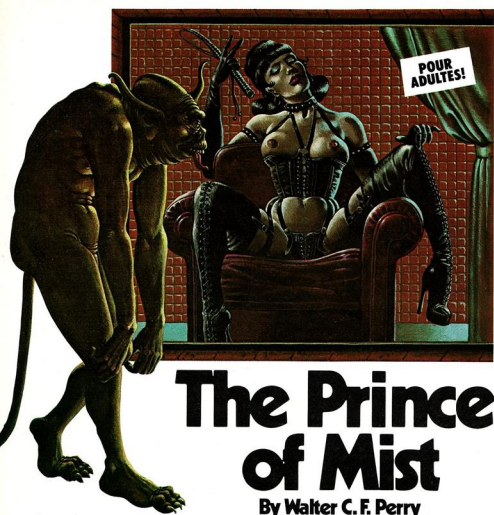
BATTLE!
The queen's BUGS are attacking!



Gel suddenly thought to end the trial quickly, to attend to the new threat. Desperately, I tried to escape. The growing darkness closed in. My arms flailed about grasping for anything.



...to be continued.



The Prince of Mist

By Walter C. F. Perry

I. Arrival

*The voyage lately over
Ere go the mates of yore
The dusk a velvet cover
The daybreak is night's door
Twixt ether in unnamed altars
The shrine of fate's strange lore.*

from The Portable Space Pal—27078

The trip was indeed over, and the craft burned silver blue. There was a cacophony of whirring, cursing; rhythmic thuds, the booms of loading and unloading. They were all

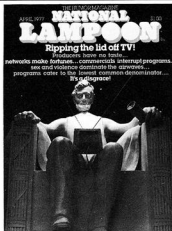
oddities, and He knew it. The culmination of the perils inherent in a megavoyage—merely to be regarded as an annoying diversion for these cosmic cretins. "Look at the funny man, Mummy," said some brat to her mother. "Hush!" came the response, followed by an awkward giggle. "Bloody colonial bastards," He thought.

He felt much better after sleeping on a real bed, eating fresh food the next morning, and stepping from the hostel with the delicious feeling of nothing to do for a whole millicune. Be it understood that the fastidious habits of a helmsman are soon broken by the prospect of blissful reverie. Or

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Merriment.....	YES	NO
Tons of Fun.....	YES	NO
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Snappy Patter.....	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year.....	YES	NO
	7YES	2YES

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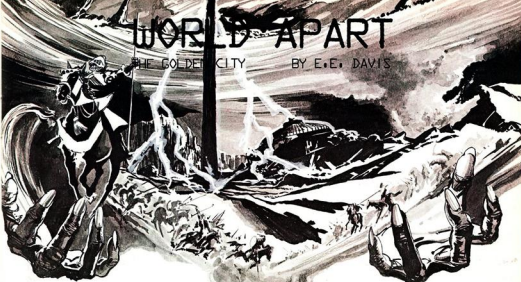
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WORLD APART

THE GOLDEN CITY

BY E.E. DAVIS



BEHOLD THE VISIONS YOU HAVE SEEN.
THAT WHICH YOU HAVE VIEWED.
THAT WHICH YOU NOW VIEW.
"COMPLEX, ISN'T IT?"
VIEWING THAT WHICH WAS.
YE HAVE SEEN THE AGE
OF SCIENCE AND LOGIC.
THEY RULED THEN, YOU KNOW...
YES, RULED....
THOSE BIBLE-THUMPERS
WERE PUT TO REST.
DON'T YA KNOW, AND...
FROM RUBBLE AND SLIME
AND FILTH... SCIENCE
BUILT... AN ARCADIAN
CIVILIZATION!!
YES, YES... CH... THEY
HAD A HAND IN YOU.
TOO, LADDIE.... YES,
THEY DID! AND WOT DO YE
THINK HAPPENED?



I'LL TELL YE WOT BLUDDY 'APPENED!
FOR A MILLENIUM, SCIENCE AND LOGIC
KEPT THE HUMAN ANIMALS 'APPY.
THEN, THANKS TO SOME SLIMY, NO-
GOOD RATSO PRIESTS, THERE FOLLOWED
THE VILE ERUPTION WE KNOW AS THE
ENDING. FOR WE KNOW THAT WE ARE
DAMPED, HEADING FOR... FINAL
DESTRUCTION. SO YOU VIEW WOT
IS NOW...FOR EONS, THE HUMAN
ANIMAL HAS BEEN SLIDING DOWN TO
DISGUSTIN' OBLIVION. NOW THE
RATS ONLY HAVE A FEW CENTURIES
LEFT... THE ENDING COMES IN
MANY FORMS, KNOW YOU, IT COMES
IN THE SHAPE OF HUMAN ANIMALS,
ITS SOUL BLACK AND CRUSTED AND
EVIL.



I'm gonna smite
one o' them evil
spawined cultists!!

A Jihad...
a holy purging
of once
upon a time!!



Join me....



Sum 'ope,
mate....



I know about you...
I know about you and
your kind....Why you
are wot you are...
eh...WOT YOU WERE...!
Yes...I know...I
know... WOT YOU
ARE...!!!

THRU THE AUGUSTUS MONTHS OF THE CONSTANT
BRILLIANCE, QUEEN SHAY AMONN AND THE
NAMELESS ALBINIC BEDDED....

"So read the Bygard Communiques
which concern us here...insofar
as it pertains to our story...."

He is
so... odd!!

ODD...YES, ODD THAT SHAY AMONN SHOULD
CHOOSE SO...SO SAVAGE A CREATURE FOR
A LOVER: AS A RACE, THEY ARE DESPISED
THRU ALL THE NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD!

Are you as other
men-- do you
find drink and
smoky reflection...

Necessary after eroticism? Must I praise your
superhuman performance and audio the rasp of
your expanded ego? Or... but no, you are
brute and I... am...promiscuous!

You are Shay
Amonn. My
lady.



My most holy lady, you who are the light! The keeper of my heart, the universe on which...



Down to a minimum, if you please.

Your exalted General Yasif Arifi waits beyond! He bids me speak....

ENOUGH!! (DIM-witted Cow)



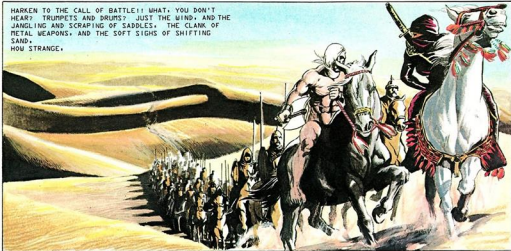
SPEAK!!

My...my Lady...For two days now, reports on the city of Telletrin have reached us. They speak of possession. On my orders, a company of Kruse-ride riders were dispatched to reckon the area designated. Today... a dispatch courier from our northern outpost sited the remains of our Kruse-ride riders. My life is, of course, forfeit!!



Smile, vulgar brute!! The reason we were born... we go to die.

HARKEN TO THE CALL OF BATTLE! WHAT, YOU DON'T HEAR? TRUMPETS AND DRUMS? JUST THE WIND, AND THE Jangling AND SCRAPING OF SADDLES, THE CLANK OF METAL WEAPONS, AND THE SOFT SIGNS OF SHIFTING SAND. HOW STRANGE.



There, my dearest mongrel. Until recently, that was a clean city. Now it is impure. Where is our Priest?



Here I am, my lady. Oh! Woe to your enemies! Our duty praises your worthy enterprises. Death to the ending! We who are about to die...

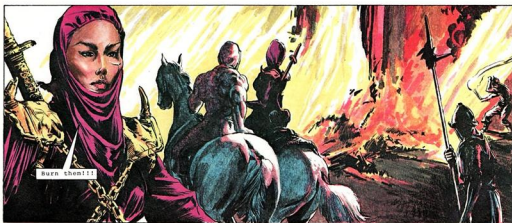
Will blast and trample those deviates into the ground! Righteously you go into battle; Mo'hamid gives you strength!!



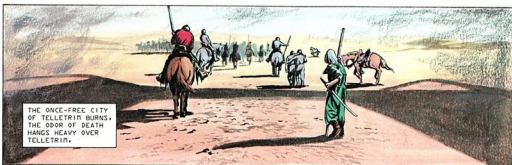
THE GROUND TREMBLES UNDER THE MOOFBEATS OF THREE HUNDRED HAND-PICKED RIDERS. MEN SKILLED IN THE ART OF DESTRUCTION...

ONWARD, UNSWERVING INTO THE MOUTH OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL, THREE HUNDRED DUSKY FACES SET WITH GRIM DETERMINATION.

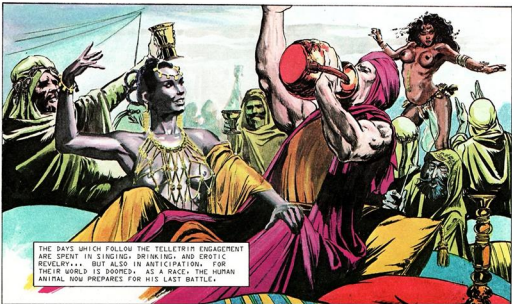




Burn them!!!

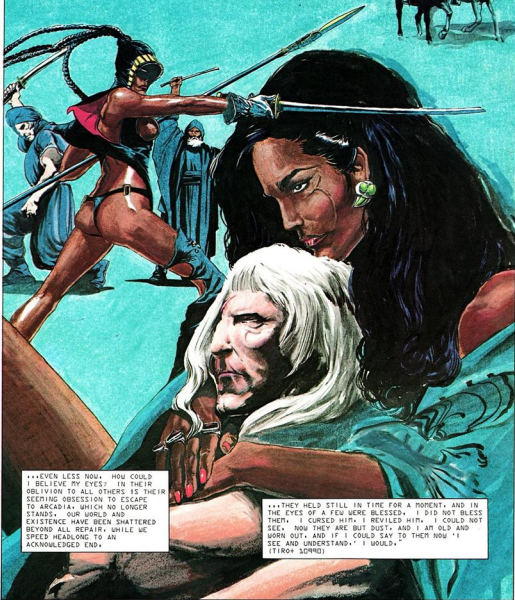


THE ONCE-FREE CITY
OF TELLETRIM BURNS.
THE ODOR OF DEATH
HANGS HEAVY OVER
TELLETRIM.



THE DAYS WHICH FOLLOW THE TELLETRIM ENGAGEMENT
ARE SPENT IN SINGING, DRINKING, AND EROTIC
REVELRY... BUT ALSO IN ANTICIPATION, FOR
THEIR WORLD IS DOOMED; AS A RACE, THE HUMAN
ANIMAL NOW PREPARES FOR HIS LAST BATTLE.

LITTLE IS RECORDED OF THE LAST DAYS WHICH SHAY AMONN AND HER ALBINIC LOVER SPENT TOGETHER. HINTS OF THEIR AFFAIR ARE RECORDED IN THE LYDINIA ENUMERATIONS; SOME NOTES WERE ALSO TRANSCRIBED BY FAHIDE IN HIS POEMS OF THE DESERT. FOR OUR PURPOSES, I WILL QUOTE THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE SOURCE OF MATERIAL REGARDING THIS PERIOD: "And I saw the beauty Asla Shay Amonn, more man than woman, more feminine than any female, speak in accordance with the white devil." AND IT WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE ENCAMPMENT, OF HER INFATUATION. THEN I COULD NOT UNDERSTAND. NOW I AM OLDER AND I UNDERSTAND...



...EVEN LESS NOW. HOW COULD I BELIEVE MY EYES? IN THEIR OBLIVION TO ALL OTHERS IS THEIR SEEMING OBSESSION TO ESCAPE TO ARCADIA, WHICH NO LONGER STANDS. OUR WORLD AND EXISTENCE HAVE BEEN SHATTERED BEYOND ALL REPAIR, WHILE WE SPEED HEADLONG TO AN ACKNOWLEDGED END.

...THEY HELD STILL IN TIME FOR A MOMENT, AND IN THE EYES OF A FEW WERE BLESSED. I DID NOT BLESS THEM. I CURSED HIM. I REVILED HIM. I COULD NOT SEE. NOW THEY ARE BUT DUST, AND I AM OLD AND WORN OUT, AND IF I COULD SAY TO THEM NOW 'I SEE AND UNDERSTAND,' I WOULD.
(TIR0+ 30990)

THE TIME HAS
COME TO LEAVE.
HE TAKES WITH HIM
NO MORE THAN
HE BROUGHT.

Go in peace, my nameless
and savage beastie!
Take with you these
gifts to speed you
to the oblivion to
which we all must go!

He is gone!!

WITH STEED AND ARMOR, THE
ALBINIC RIDER TRAVELS NORTH
INTO THE FARTHEST REACHES
OF NORTH WORLD.
HE HAS HEARD OF A
FABLED GOLDEN CITY WHICH
STILL ENDURES.
PERHAPS THERE HE WILL
MEET HIS ENDING.

TO BE CONTINUED...

1996



10Z BEEN
A LONG DAY
ONA LOUZY
PLANET...



?

I GODDA GED BACK
TO "SUPER ZUP"
ONA VERY NEY
SHIP... FOLKS HERE
GOD HARDBA
STONE....



CHEEF, PIGGIN' UP
DISTURBANZ VIBES IN
SECTOR 01.A.947

GED OVER
THERE AN' DO
YER DOODY!



YOU GOD FIVE SECONDS
TO BRANG ID UB!

1 2
3 4
5
FEU



CHEEF, THE DIZZIDENZE
BEEN RENDERED HARMLEZZ,
AND WE GODD THE ORGANIZER!
10Z ALL OKAY!

Nep Simo

VOSS 75

AN EXAMPLE
OF THE
"PSI" EFFECT.

NEP SIMO, A BRAIN,
A COLD AND EFFECTIVE
MACHINE, CONCEIVED
AND BORN IN A SECRET
LAB, DEEP BENEATH
THE ALPS...

... A BEING BARELY
HUMAN, DEVOID OF
PASSIONS OR
FEELINGS, A
MECHANICAL
ORGANISM, ENDOWED
WITH PHYSICAL AND
PARAPHYSICAL
POWERS!

OH!

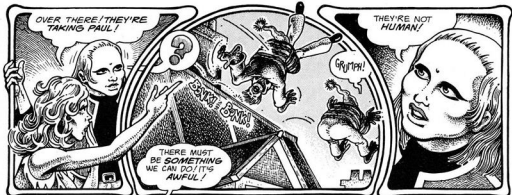
I SENSE FEAR VIBRATIONS!
SOMEONE NEEDS HELP NOT
FAR FROM HERE!

HELP!

I'M COMING!









AAH, YOU'RE CRAZY!
YOU BURNED ME!
YOU DRUNK!

HE DIDN'T
MEAN TO DO IT,
HE'S JUST
AN
ALCOHOLIC...

HE'S GOT
DELIRIUM
TREMENS...
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM!

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?!

I'M DISCON-
NECTING HIS
IMAGINATION
CENTER... SO HE
CAN SLEEP!

Toc!

HE'S
SLEEPING, BUT
MY BREAST
HURTS!

Zzzz...

THERE! IN A FEW SECONDS
YOU WON'T FEEL ANYTHING,
AND TOMORROW THE
WOUND WILL BE
HEALED!

THAT'LL BE
FIFTY CENTS

IT'S TRUE! WHO ARE YOU!?
A FAITH HEALER? A MAGICIAN?
A HYPNOTIZER? OR A
MESSIAH?

I'M CALLED NEP,
NEP SIMO, THAT'S
ALL YOU NEED
TO KNOW...

NOW, LET'S
THINK ABOUT
GETTING YOUR
FRIEND BACK. LET'S
GO!

WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

A LITTLE WHILE
LATER...

TAXI!

MY INTUITION
TELLS ME WE
SHOULD GO TO
THE CIRCUS!

CIRQUE
du
CLAIR de LUNE

PIERROT the CLOWN
AND HIS
EXTRAVAGANZA!



THE CIRCUS, PLEASE!

CIRQUE
du
CLAIR de LUNE

IT'S JUST
STARTED!

FRANKS

with 50¢
without \$1.00

6

7

8

LADIES
AND
GENTLEMEN!!

YOUR
ATTENTION,
PLEASE!

GRAOW

WHAT YOU
ARE ABOUT TO
SEE TONIGHT...

WILL MAKE
YOUR **BLOOD**
RUN COLD!

IN JUST A MOMENT,
MY LIONS WILL DEVOUR
A MAN...

ATTACK AND MANGLE
HIM IN THE CENTER
OF THE RING!

BUT REST ASSURED,
IT'S ONLY A PUPPET! DON'T
BE ALARMED BY THE EXCESS
OF HEMOGLOBIN!



THAT'S
A
LIE!

HIS SKIN
IS
SYN-
THETIC...

HIS FLESH IS
COLORED
GELATIN...

RAAA

YOU
MONSTER!

IT'S NOT A
DOLL, IT'S
MY LITTLE
PAUL!

BUT HIS
DEATH
WILL BE AS
TERRIFYING...

AS
THAT OF
A
REAL
HUMAN...

VOSS FS

7

HE'S GOING TO
KILL HIM!! MAKE
HIM STOP!!

RELAX!

SHHH!

THIS LITTLE
LAMB HAS NO IDEA
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM!
WE'LL SNAP HIM OUT OF HIS
HYPNOTIC TRANCE JUST AS WE
THROW HIM TO THE
WILD BEASTS!

TERRIFYING!
EXCITING!

BEFORE
YOUR
VERY
EYES!

STOP!

THAT'S HUMAN
FLESH THAT YOU'RE
OFFERING TO THE
PUBLIC!

TOO LATE!

CLIK!

ATTACK!

KUMM!
GRIII!



KO!

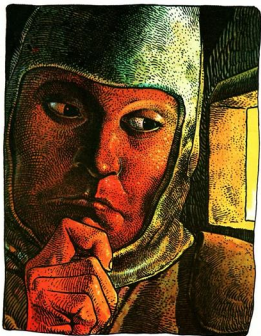
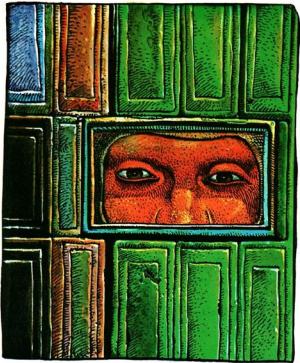
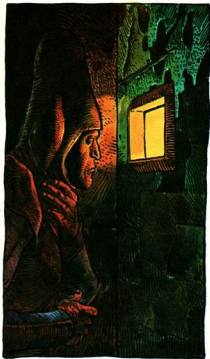


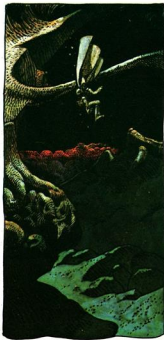
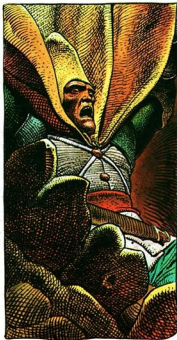
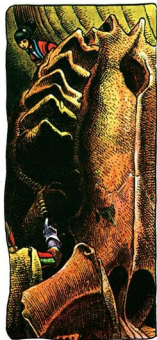
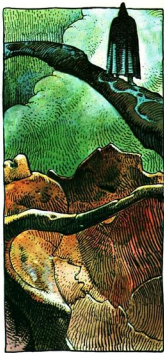


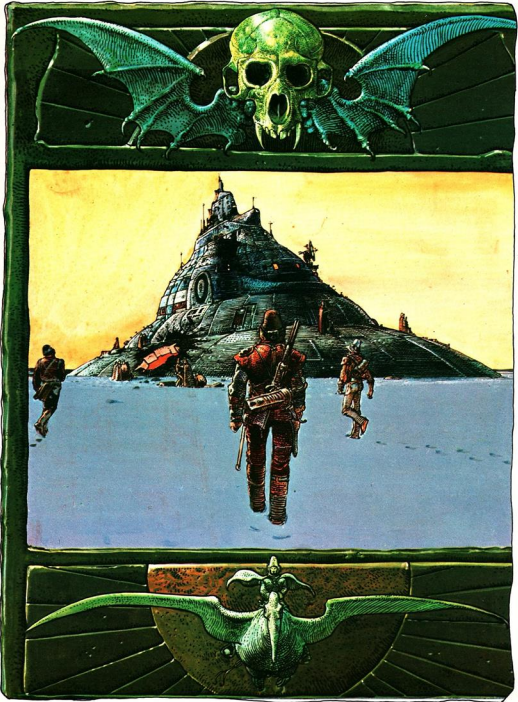
HARZAKC

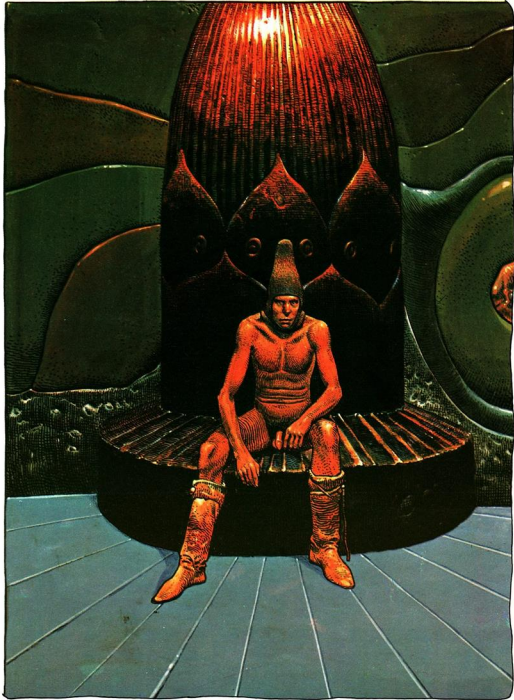
MOEBIUS











"HARZACH."



CONQUERING ARMIES

LONG AGO, CONQUERING ARMIES SET OUT TO VANQUISH THE WORLD.... THEY SEEMED INVINCIBLE UNTIL THERE APPEARED AGAINST THEM A SIMPLE MOUNTAIN MAN WHO HAD BECOME A WAR CHIEF OUT OF VENGEANCE. HIS NAME WAS OLRIC.



FOR FOUR MONTHS, OLRIC HELD THE FIRST ARMY AT BAY. GRADUALLY, THE REBELS AND THE MALCONTENTED FROM THE NEIGHBORING LANDS GATHERED TO HIM. HE ENDED UP THINKING HE WAS INVULNERABLE....



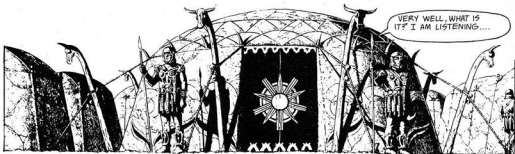
...AND HE MADE THE TERRIBLE MISTAKE OF ADVANCING INTO OPEN COUNTRY, WELL-ARMED PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS AGAINST DISORGANIZED PEASANTS.



THE OUTCOME OF THE BATTLE WAS INEVITABLE.







IT HAS COME TO PASS AS WAS FORE-
SEEN: THAT RECENT BLUNDER OF
THEIRS HAS PLAYED IN OUR FAVOR,
AND THERE IS BETTER STILL....



DON'T KEEP
ME ON TEN-
TERHOOKS....



SOGAR IS WITH US.



SOGAR! THEN OUR
TROUBLES ARE OVER!
WITHIN A FORTNIGHT, THE
CONQUEROR WILL BE DEAD,
AND I WILL ASSUME THE
THRONE!







GO, CALM YOURSELF....
I AM PLEASED. I WILL
TAKE THE
RESPONSIBILITY.

OH, MY LORD,
THANK YOU!

YOU ARE REALLY
LIKE A FATHER TO
THEM.

STRING UP THE
BODIES OF THE REBELS
TO A HORSE AND FOLD
UP THE TENTS!

YOU SEE, SOME-
ONE IS UP THERE,
WATCHING US...

YES, IT MUST
BE A SHEPHERD.



STAY AWAY!

SHE IS MY
SISTER....

SHE IS BURNT.
SHE MUST BE
TAKEN CARE OF....



GO
AWAY!



YES, GET
OUT!

GO!

TAKE THE
SICK GIRL AWAY!

GET
AWAY!





DON'T MOVE
OR YOU ARE
DEAD....

DON'T CRY OUT. I
DON'T WISH TO HARM
YOU. I ONLY WANT YOU
TO MAKE A DOCTOR
COME HERE TO TAKE
CARE OF MY SISTER,
WHO IS WRAPPED UP
IN THOSE SHEETS.

GENTLY, SHEPHERD.
I AM NOT A BEAST
AND I WILL HELP THE
CHILD. WHAT IS WRONG
WITH HER?

THE PEOPLE OF MY
VILLAGE WANTED TO
BURN HER WITH THE
REST OF MY FAMILY,
BECAUSE MY FATHER
HAD THE PLAGUE
AND...

POOR
FOOL!





COMMANDER?
WHAT...

ENOUGH! IS
THIS THE WAY YOU
GUARD ME? ANYONE
COULD ENTER MY TENT
TO KILL ME!



PARDON US, MY
LORD, WE WERE CELEBRATING
THE VICTORY.

YOU WERE CELE-
BRATING VICTORY, WHILE A
FANATIC GOT INTO MY TENT
SO THAT I COULD TAKE CARE
OF HIS SISTER WHO HAS
THE PLAGUE!



RETURN
TO YOUR DUTY!
ARE YOU MAD?

THE PLAGUE!

GET BACK, I
TELL YOU... WHAT...



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

THE PLAGUE...



THE PLAGUE! THE
PLAGUE! BRING WOOD
AND TORCHES!



YOU WOULD NOT DARE!
I AM YOUR LEADER!

GET BACK
INSIDE, COMMANDER....

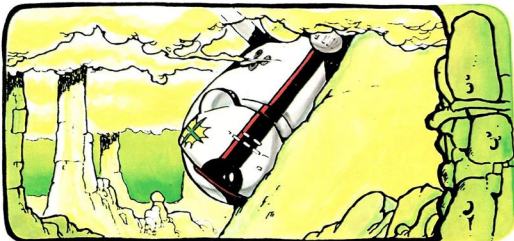


FIN

SUNPOT

CHAPTER 5

THE HUGE THROBBING SUNPOT LAYS ON VENUS LIKE A GIANT PENIS WAITING FOR ITS ANTI-CLIMACTIC WITHDRAWAL (SUNPOT, IF YOU RECALL, HAS ALREADY EJACULATED THE CAUSE OF ITS IMPASSIONED DISTRESS)...



THE GYRO-BLOCK IS SET RIGHT AGAIN.. THE POWER FACTORY BEGINS SENDING.. CREAKING AND GROANING LIKE A TIRED STUD, THE SUNPOT PLANET PULLS OFF OUR LUSCIOUS SISTER WORLD..



SUNPOT GLIDES GIDDY-FREE OF THE SUMPTUOUS LOOMING DUNES.. THE SUNPOT BEGINS ITS ASCENT AWAY FROM THE SOFT HOT-SAND OF DEVIRGINIZED VENUS...

THE GREAT SUNPOT PLANET IS DENTED A LITTLE HERE AND THERE, BUT IT WEARS ITS LOVE SCARS WITH SUAVE, MAJESTIC INDIFFERENCE... **SUNPOT** CLIMBS UP THROUGH GOSSAMER OCEANS OF CLOUDS...



BY AFTERNOON, THE **SUNPOT** IS HANGING IN SPACE... IT HANGS COOL AND CRIMSON HIGH ABOVE ITS WHITE CONQUEST, LIKE THE SPENT, SPARTAN MASTER OF AN ATHENEAN WHORE....



Dr. ELECTRIC STARTS SNOOFING

HOW BOUT' DAT,
BELINDA TITS. THE
ENGINEERS SAY,
"ONLY MINOR
STRUCTURAL DAMAGE."



WE'LL BE READY
FOR DEEP-SPACE
TESTS WITHIN A
WEEK, PUSSY
CAT DUMPLINS..

I HAVE TO ADMIT
IT, YOU CUDDLY,
ELECTRIC PYTHON,
YOU DO HAVE A
HELL OF A SHIP..



HOW'S ABOUT YOU
AN ME GOIN' UP TO
MY APARTMENTS
FOR A LITTLE DRINK
AN STUFF...

YOUR ELECTRIC
SYNTHETIC ORGANS
NEVER HAVE ANY
STRUCTURAL
DAMAGE...



AHH, DR. BUTER
PRUNCH, HEAD OF OUR
ENVIRONMENTAL
CONTROL
DEPARTMENT...

HEAD OF
NOTHING, YOU
WORMY, BACK-
STABBING
PIRATE!

IT TOLD YOU EVEN BEFORE WE LEFT DA MOON THAT OUR AIR SYSTEM SUCKED!!

WATCH YER MOUTH IN FRONT OF THE LADY, OR I'LL TELL HER TO KILL YOU..

WILL YOU LISTEN, YOU TIN MAGGOT! THE STINKING AIR ON DIS GOD-DAMN SHIP IS TOTALLY POLLUTED! THERE'S SMOG IN THE WHEEL HOUSE!!!



IF WE DON'T HEAD BACK FOR EARTH AN CLEAN UP OUR AIR SYSTEM, WE'RE ALL DOOMED!

TISK, TISK, BUTTER PAUNCH, I'VE HEARD MORE ORIGINAL PROPHETS OF DOOM DEN YOU..



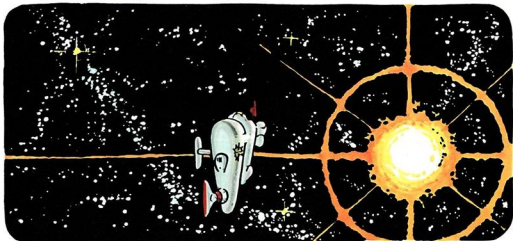
YOU FOOL, DR. ELECTRIC! WITHIN ONE MONTH EVERYTHING ON THIS SHIP WILL BE DEAD!

YOU NOT GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT THAT LONG... SHOOT THE BASTARD, BELINDA..



CHAPTER 6

THERE IS A NEW PLANET IN THE WARM FOREVERNESS OF SPACE BEYOND VENUS TOWARD THE SOLAR FURNACE, THERE IS A GREAT STEEL PHALIC MOUNTAIN ORBITING AS QUIET AS DUST IN THE NOON DAY RAYS..

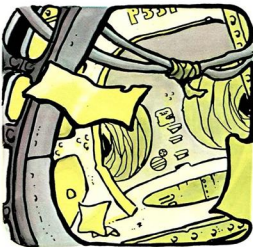


THE NEW PLANET'S UPNESS OR DOWNNESS DOESN'T MATTER, BUT ITS COMPLETE SILENCE DOES... WE GLIDE IN, POWERED BY CELLS OF DREADFUL CURIOSITY...



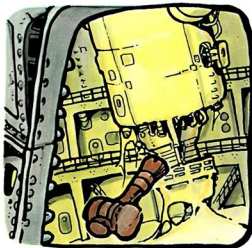
THE PLANET'S HULL GLANCES SUN-BURSTS OFF TOWARD CRYSTAL COLD... THE PLANET IS SLOWLY REVOLVING ABOUT ITS OWN AXIS LIKE A TIRED EASTER ISLAND SOUL...

WE LOOK AND FONDLE FOR A HATCH... IT IS OPEN LIKE THE MOUTH OF THE NEW PLANET'S SECRET SILENCE... WE GLIDE DOWN WEIGHTLESS, WANDERING CORRIDORS OF SOUNDLESSNESS...



HERE IS A TUMBLE OF SLOW-ORBITING DEBRIS, BOXES, TOOLS, SAND, PIECES, AND A SCREW OR TWO... THE AWFUL AIR IS THICK, SICK, YELLOW WITH CURLS OF CLOUDY **SMOG**...

DOWN INTO TURNING TUNNELS OF SOFT-SOUNDED, DEAD AND BUMPING **NOTHING**S... SOME **LIZARDS** FLOAT IN A GROTESQUE **BALLET** PLAYED TO AN AUDIENCE OF **JUNK**...



THE POWER PLACE IS SILENT AS A ROCK DOWN A DEEP WELL OF SAND... THE SPARKLING MACHINERY DOESN'T SPARKLE UNDER A GREASY SHROUD OF DIRTY, GRITTY **DUST**...

AIR FILTERS ARE CLOGGED, BUT COME ON ANYWAY TRYING TO PUMP POLLUTION ON POLLUTION...THE SLIGHT CURRENTS ROLL AND SHAPE LITTLE YELLOW CUMULUS AND WAIFS IT OVER DEAD HEADS...



THE CONTROL HOUSE IS TORN AND BATTERED...THERE WAS A FIGHT HERE... MAYBE A REVOLUTION...THE NEW PLANET WAS ALWAYS RIFT WITH INTENSE INTERNAL STRIFE...

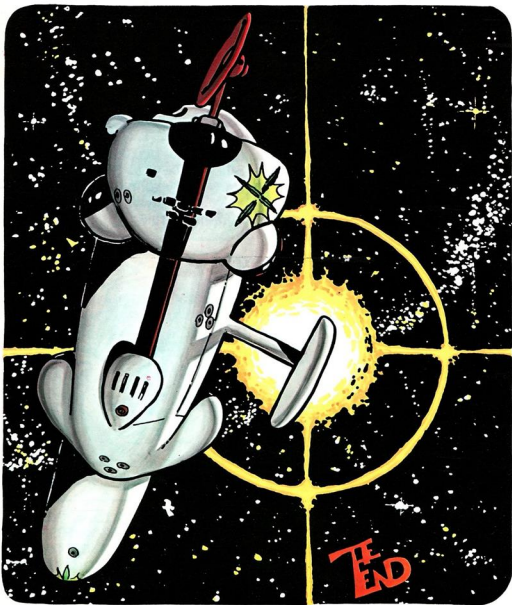


BUT, THERE IS A SEALED ROOM!... DOCTOR ELECTRIC'S BASTION AGAINST POLLUTED ENDS... NOTHING LIVES OUTSIDE THE SHUT DOOR... PERHAPS GENIUS DR. ELECTRIC AND BELINDA BUMP HAVE SINGULAR HOPE!!...

...INSIDE ON THE FLOOR...SICK YELLOW SMOG IS A ROLL...BELINDA BUMP IS A LIFELESS THING WITH NO MORE THOUGHTS... AND DR. ELECTRIC...HIS DILATED EYES ARE FOREVER FIXED ON THE STARS...

..SUNPOT IS DEAD.

WILLIAM
BUTLER

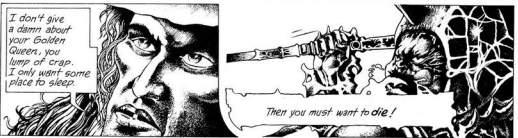


Text: P. Druillet Art: S. Bihannic

The Golden Queen

A BORDER BALLAD





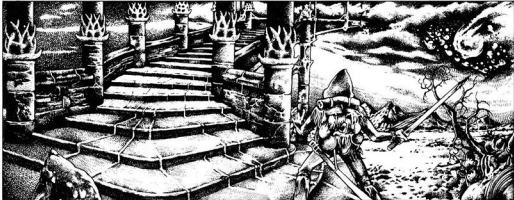


Hurath bids you
a fond
fare-
well!

The Golden Queen
will punish...!

Stupid asshole!

See there, the stair-
case to her domain!



Great smoking zig-zag! What in the cosmos is that?





I am the Golden Queen
Answer my three sacred
questions and you may
live!

Go shove your questions!



Wh... what? By the gods,
you get back here!



Come back here
or I'll kill you,
you creep!



HEE! HEE!



You insolent cur, you dare
to insult the Golden Queen
and refuse to fear her
magic? I shall crush
you!



Take that, you bitch!

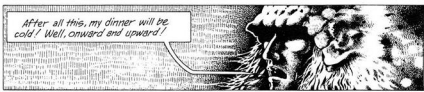
Ha! Ha! Ha! The deadly spit of Hurath is just too much for all the girls!



Strange how these foreign creatures tend to liquidize! But I like to help them on with it!



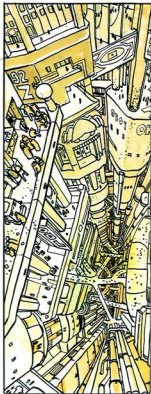
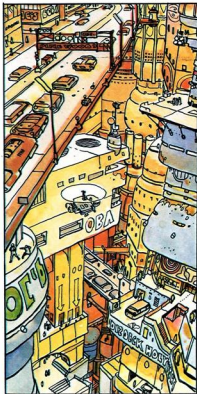
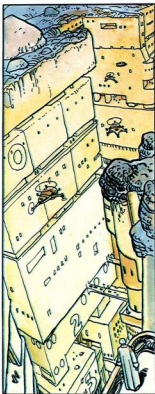
After all this, my dinner will be cold! Well, onward and upward!



THE LONG TOMORROW

by DAN O'BANNON

art by
MOEBIUS



I'M A
PRIVATE
EYE...

THAT DAY STARTED
OUT LIKE ALL
THE OTHERS...

MY OFFICE IS ON 97TH STREET,
MY NAME IS PETE CLUB...

BZZZ
BZZZ

YEAH... CLUB
CONFIDENTIAL
INVESTIGATIONS...
YOU GOT CLUB?

IT WAS A DAME OVER IN THE
TWELFTH ZONE... VERY RITZY AREA...
VERY HUSH-HUSH BUSINESS...

DOLLY VOOK
DE KATTER-
BAR...

I DON'T OFTEN GET
A CHANCE TO HANG
OUT WITH PEOPLE
THIS HIGH UP.

I THREW ON MY TRENCH
COAT AND GOT GOING.

SHE WAS WAITING FOR ME
IN HER SNAZZY CONAPT.

HEY...
THIS
DOLLY
VAN DE
KATTER-
BAR IS
SOME
LOOK-
ER!

GOOD
DAY, MR.
CLUB!

SO, ARE YOU REALLY THE FAMOUS PETE CLUB?

I SAID "YES."

MMMM... YOU CERTAINLY ARE A SEXY ONE!

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D BEEN FED THAT LINE.

I GUESS THEY'RE ALL THE SAME, DAMES, KIND OF PHONY...

TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET, PETE!

I DON'T COME CHEAP, LITTLE LADY. NOW WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?*

*THE SAME OLD QUESTION...

WE-E-E-LLL... I BET YOU COULD DO LOTS AND LOTS OF THINGS FOR ME! BUT FIRST, I'D LIKE SOME THINGS - PERSONAL THINGS - BACK. IT'S AN EASY JOB, AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL.

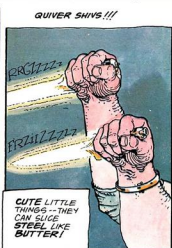
LOCKER 736... THE SUB-STATION IN THE 199A ZONE... IT'S A LITTLE, OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT...

YEAH, YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.

SHE WASN'T KIDDING... THE 199A ZONE IS ONE CRUMMY PART OF TOWN.

THIS IS IT!

ROOM BAR
SUB 199A TRANS
METRO



OPENING THE LOCKER WAS CHILD'S PLAY...



THE BOX WAS THERE,
EXACTLY AS SHE'D
DESCRIBED IT.



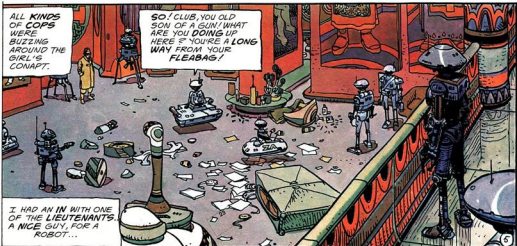
I MADE TRACKS BACK TO DOLLY VOOK DE KATTERBAR.



THE
HEAT!

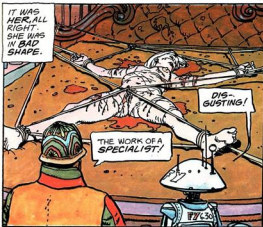
ALL KINDS
OF COPS
WERE
BUZZING
AROUND
THE
GIRL'S
CONAPT.

SO! CLUB, YOU OLD
SON OF A GUN! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING UP
HERE IF YOU'RE A LONG
WAY FROM YOUR
FLEABAG!



I HAD AN IN WITH ONE
OF THE LIEUTENANTS.
A NICE GUY, FOR A
ROBOT...

IT WAS HER, ALL RIGHT. SHE WAS IN BAD SHAPE.



DIS-
GUSTING!

THE WORK OF A
SPECIALIST!

MY MIND
WAS A
BLANK.



PETE...THERE'S AN
ARCTURIAN SPY IN TOWN.
WE'VE KEPT IT OUT OF THE
MEDIA TO AVOID A
PANIC.

WHAT? AN ARCTURIAN SPY!?
BUT...HOW DID HE GET
THROUGH THE ORBITAL
DEFENSE FIELD?



A MYSTERY... BUT
WE DO KNOW
WHAT HE CAME
HERE FOR... AND
BY NOW, HE'S GOT
IT...

OH, YEAH...
WHAT'S
THAT?

THE
MAJOR'S
BRAIN!

OH,
YES!

IT HAD
TO HAPPEN
SOME DAY.



BUT I SAW THE
MAJOR THIS MORNING,
AT THE BLOOD
BANK!

THAT WAS AN
ANDROID-DOUBLE,
PETE...WE'RE IN
DEEP SHIT...WE
HAVE TO GET THE
MAJOR'S BRAIN
BACK BEFORE THE
ARCTURIANS START
MESSING AROUND
WITH IT.

AND THE GIRL...HOW
DID SHE GET MIXED
UP IN THIS?

THE MAJOR WAS
CRAZY ABOUT HER.
HE TOLD HER EVERY-
THING. HE TOLD HER
TOO MUCH.



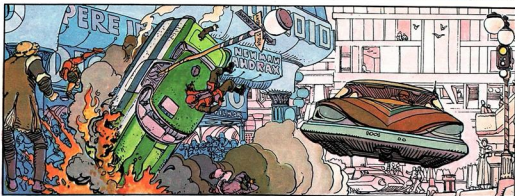
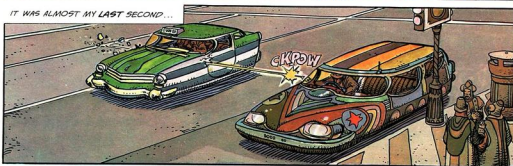
I GET A KICK OUT OF
TALKING TO ROBOTCOPS!

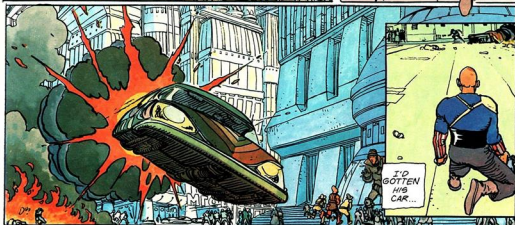
I DECIDED TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE... I WAS STARTING TO GET VERY CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT WAS IN THAT BOX.



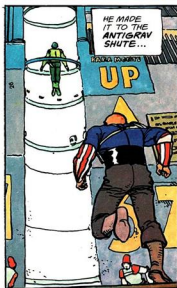
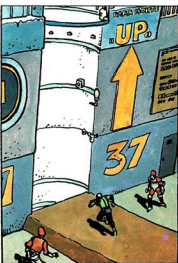
I DIDN'T SEE THE GUNMAN 'TIL THE LAST SECOND...

IT WAS ALMOST MY LAST SECOND...





BUT MY NEW FRIEND KEPT RIGHT ON GOING.



TO BE CONTINUED...

CROSSROADS OF THE UNIVERSE





OH GODS,
PROTECT ME
AND LET MY
CRY COME
UNTO THEE...

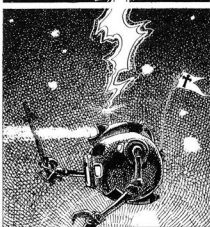


OH
GUARDIAN
SATELLITE,
EVER WITH ME,
TRANSMIT THE
FOLLOWING
MESSAGE...



THIS, I OFFERED MY MOST FERVENT PRAYERS, MY HUMBLE THOUGHTS, TO THE GODS, WORLD WITHOUT END...

... AND THE
GODS ANSWERED
ME...



»BZZIP«
THE GODS
HEAR YOU
AND OFFER
YOU
PROTECTION!...
TAKE OUT YOUR
SWORD AND
PREPARE TO
ACT ON THE
FOLLOWING
INSTRUCTIONS
»BZZIIP«



THANK YOU,
ALMIGHTY
GODS. IT IS
SWEET TO
SERVE YOU. THIS
DEMON SHALL
PAY FOR HIS
INSOLENCE
WITH HIS
LIFE!





MY WAY WAS DARK, AND MY FLAME WAS EXTINGUISHED. THE ROAD WAS RED WITH WARM BLOOD... BLOOD...

SCHPLOK SCHLOK

TCHAC

SCHPLOK SCHPLOK

TCHAC

SCHPLOK SCHPLOK

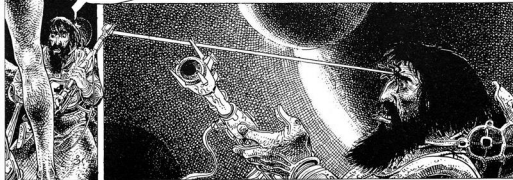
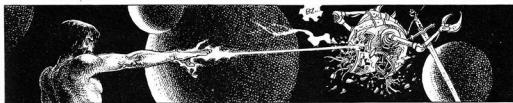
MY BLOOD...



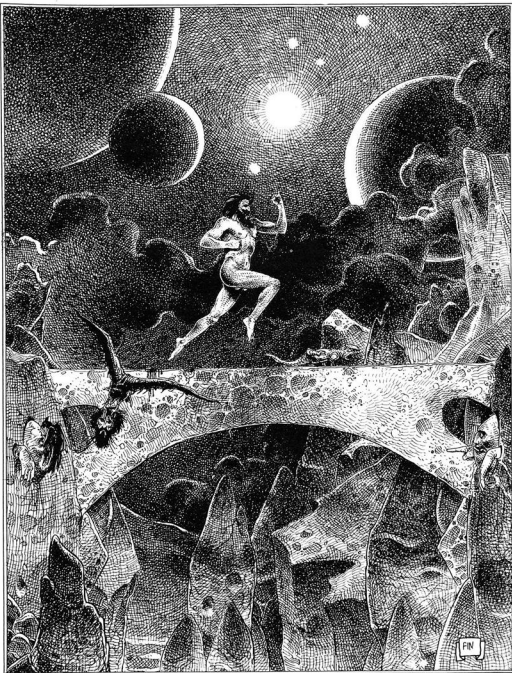
NO MORE!

BEZBEE!
ON YOUR FEET,
THE GODS ORDER
YOU. STRIKE
DOWN THIS
DEMON BEFORE
HE MATERIALIZES
AGAIN... OBEY!



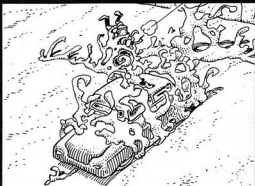
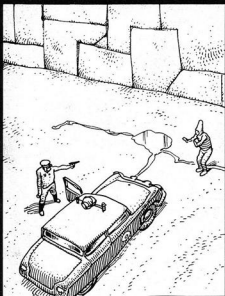


THERE RANG OUT A LAUGH, AN ENORMOUS AND SATANICAL LAUGH, AN IGNOBLE AND GROTESQUE LAUGH, THAT OF A DEMON EXPERIENCING HIS FIRST MOMENTS OF LIBERTY, OF INVULNERABILITY IN ETERNITY...AND IT WAS SERIOUS, VERY SERIOUS FOR THE AUTHORITY OF THE REIGNING GODS...



HARZACK





Empire's Blueprint for Better Listening...

No matter what system you own, a new Empire phono cartridge is certain to improve its performance.

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Two, you get better separation. The small, hollow iron armature we use allows for a tighter fit in its positioning among the poles. So, even the most minute movement is accurately reproduced to give you the space and depth of the original recording.

Three, Empire uses 4 poles, 4 coils, and 3 magnets (more than any other cartridge) for better balance and hum rejection. The end result is great listening. Audition one for yourself or write for our free brochure, "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Records." After you compare our performance specifications we think you'll agree that, for the money, you can't do better than Empire.

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EMPIRE

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MODEL & STYLUS COLOR	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2000Z Z	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
FREQUENCY RESPONSE	10Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-45KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 1 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db
TRACKING FORCE RANGE	3/4-1 1/2 gm	3/4-1 1/2 gm	1-1 1/4 gm	3/4-1 1/4 gm	3/4-1 1/2 gm	3/4-1 1/2 gm	1-2 gm	1 1/4-2 1/2 gm	1 1/2-3 gm
SEPARATION: 15Hz to 1KHz 1KHz to 20KHz 20KHz to 50KHz 20 Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15KHz 15KHz to 20KHz	28 db 23 db 15 db	26 db 21 db 15 db	24 db 20 db 15 db	20 db 30 db 25 db	20 db 28 db 20 db	20 db 25 db 18 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	16 db 21 db 13 db
I. M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	2% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz	.08% 2KHz-20KHz	1% 2KHz-20KHz	1.5% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz	2% 2KHz-20KHz
STYLUS	2 mil bi-radial	2 mil bi-radial	2 mil bi-radial	2 x 7 mil elliptical	2 x 7 mil elliptical	2 x 7 mil elliptical	2 x 7 mil elliptical	3 x 7 mil elliptical	7 mil radius spherical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	2 milligram	6 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.9 milligram	1 milligram
COMPLIANCE	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	20x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	18x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	17x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	16x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	14x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 1/4 gm	30 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 1/2 gm	38 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ .9 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 1/4 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 1/2 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 1/4 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 2 gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 1/2 db @ 1KHz	within 1 1/2 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 1/2 db @ 1KHz	within 1 1/2 db @ 1KHz	within 1 1/2 db @ 1KHz	within 1 1/2 db @ 1KHz
INPUT LOAD	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pF/channel	under 100 pF/channel	under 100 pF/channel	300 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel	400-500 pF/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel