

From the World's Premier Illustrated Fantasy Magazine

\$2.95

WPS 38340-7

No. 2

# THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL



DIRECT HACS 0.2



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

click







**1977-1979**

**Compiled by the staff of  
Heavy Metal Magazine**

# THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL

All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in part or in whole without written permission from the publisher. *The Best of Heavy Metal* is ©1982, HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

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

"Jet Man," ©1977, by Angus McKie.

"City of Flowers," by Druillet and Picotto, "Death of Orlaon," by Bilal, and "Planet of Terror," by Caza, are ©1977, 1978, Dargaud Editeur, France. Reprinted by permission.

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

"Mama's Place," ©1979, by Arthur Suydam.

# IT GAINED SOMETHING IN THE TRANSLATION



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

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

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

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

satisfaction...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sean Kelly  
Editor of  
*Heavy Metal*  
(1977-1979)



# BALLADE

NCEBINS  
12

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

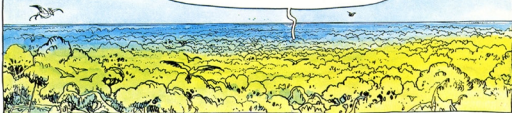
"I SEE THE  
FOXGLOVE OPEN ON  
A CARPET FILIGREED  
WITH SILVER EYES AND  
TRESSES..."

AAH...

WHAT A  
WONDERFUL  
DAY!



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



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



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



YOK  
YOK!

SOON,  
NIGHT  
FALLS...



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



SUDDENLY: A HORRIBLE REDSHELL SCORPION!

UUUUUUU!  
ANOTHER ONE  
OF THOSE  
STUPID  
MONSTERS!







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

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

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



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

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



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

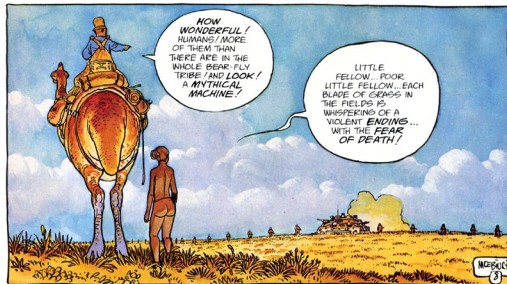
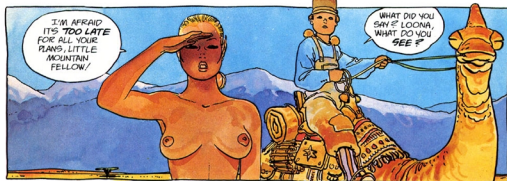
STOP LAUGHING AND THINK OF THE  
WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

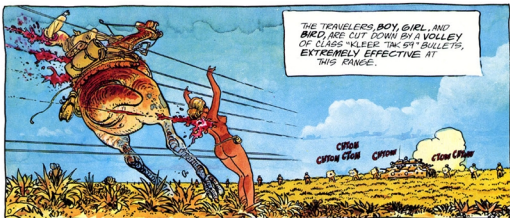
I'VE HEARD OF GIANT SHIPS THAT  
FLOAT AND FLY... I'VE HEARD OF  
CITIES, LOONA, HUMAN CITIES!



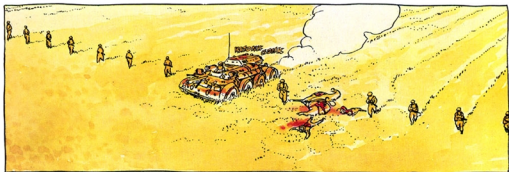
YOU FELLOWS  
FROM THE MOUNTAINTOPS,  
RIDING YOUR BIG BIRDS,  
WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND  
HATS, AND SHOES ON YOUR FEET,  
YOU NO LONGER KNOW WHERE  
GOD IS...

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



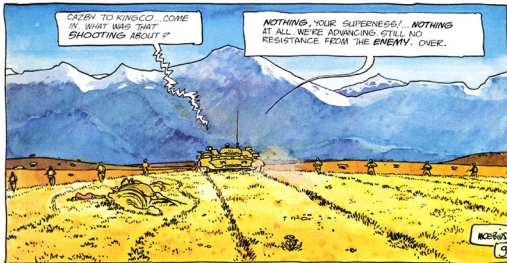


THE TRAVELERS, BOY, GIRL, AND BIRD, ARE CUT DOWN BY A VOLLEY OF CLASS "KLEER TAK 59" BULLETS, EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE AT THIS RANGE.



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

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



NOBOWS

9

FIN.



# DEN'S FAREWELL

©1978 RICHARD CORBEN



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

We are most  
fortunate. It is  
almost perfect.



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

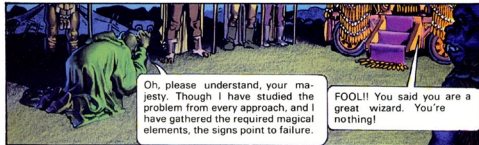
It's just that . . . I know how we came to NeverWhere, but . . . my uncle's fate is still a mystery.

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

Look!

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

Will we ever discover the truth?





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

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



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



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



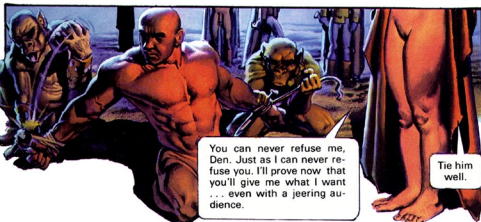
Feed him to the Gulper.

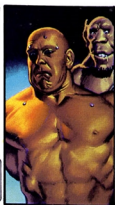


NOOOO!  
No, please!













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



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

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



Nevertheless, I suggest you  
leave this land far behind.

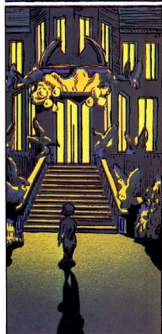
Because in four years, Nev-  
erWhere will be her's com-  
pletely. Then she'll come  
after you again.



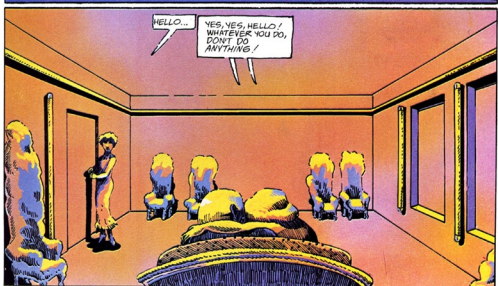
We've got four years ...  
then perhaps another ad-  
venture.

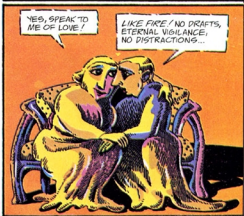
# White Night

STORY BY ZHA ART BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX

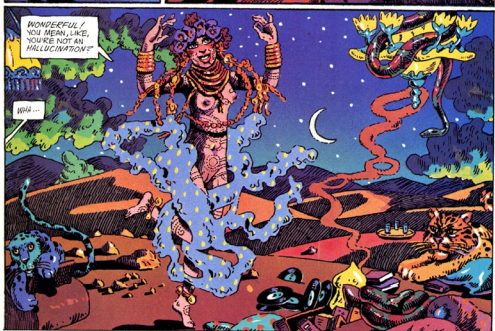




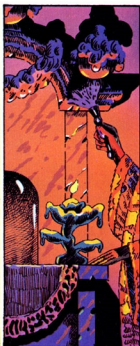














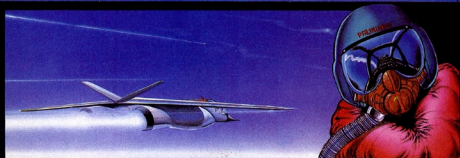






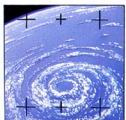
*TRAVELING FASTER THAN SOUND, ONLY AN IMPERCEPTIBLE  
RIPPLE IN THE ETHER HERALDS THE COMING OF...*

# JET MAN





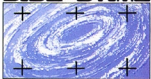
COPY: YOUR BEARING..... SO: 67: - AENEAS



GROUND CONTROL: AENEAS: PALINURUS  
HURRICANE: D: DO: AREA: ALERT: ACKNLG:



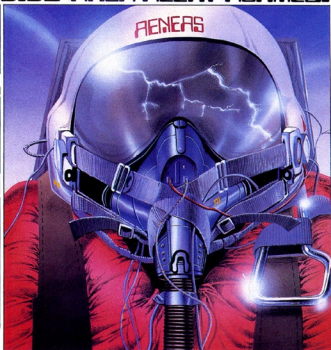
D: DO: DYING



JET: STREAM



ANOMALY:





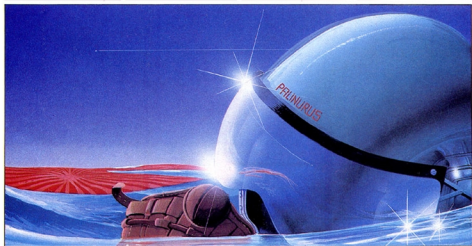


•PALINURUS! CORRECT YOUR COURSE!...



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





JET-MAN 7/73 © JANGUS WHIE

# CITY OF FLOWERS

The sky...



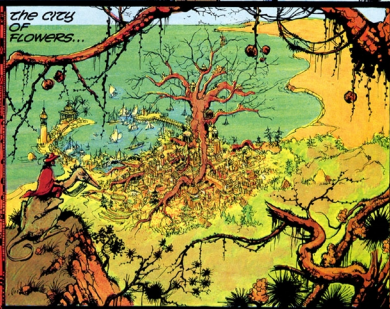
FIRAZ...



AMIDON...



The city  
OF  
FLOWERS...



A PORE...A FLOWER...A CITY BORDERING A GORGIC IN-LAND SEA, THE CITY OF THE DREAMS A CITY OF FLOWERS AND GARDENS, A CITY OF THE SUN, OF MULTI-COLORED DRESSAGES AND ANNUETS



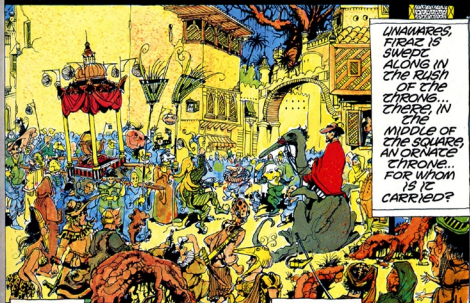
THE ROOTS OF THE TREE RUN INTER-CONNECTED DOWN TO THE SEA, THE SOURCE OF LIFE... A THOUSAND RICH, MORE-CHAVE-SIDE ZENAVEL ACROSS THE WORLD, FISHERMEN WITH SILVER NETS AND THE INFRA-LEAVES...

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





THERE'S  
FUN TO BE  
HAD HERE!  
...BY SAROT,  
I ARRIVED  
JUST IN  
TIME...



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

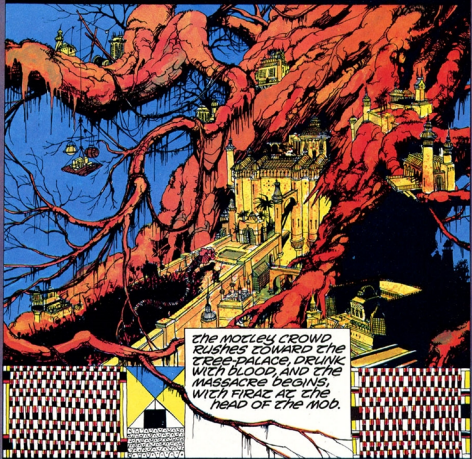
ANOTHER  
CITY OF  
LUNAZICS!

LET GO OF  
ME! WHAT  
THE...

BEHOLD  
OUR KING!  
GLORY BE  
TO HIM!

LONG  
LIVE  
THE  
KING!







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

TO DEATH!  
TO DEATH!

TO DEATH!  
TO DEATH!

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

DEATH!  
DEATH!

AGAIN!  
AGAIN!

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

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



KILL!  
KILL!



KAFF  
KAFF  
GANG OF  
RAZZ!  
FILTHY  
SWINE...





ARRRGH!

NOW IT'S  
YOUR TURN,  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS!



THE KING  
IS DEAD!



LONG LIVE  
THE KING!

LONG LIVE  
THE KING!



FIRAZ IS QUICKLY CRAMMED WITH FOOD AND DRINK...



YOUR MAJESTY!

Yah, sure, creepo!

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

EXACTLY!





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



NICOLLET

# MASTER



GODDAMNIT,  
FOR GOD'S  
SAKE ...








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



PSST...



MY GOD, THAT'S REALLY DISGUSTING!

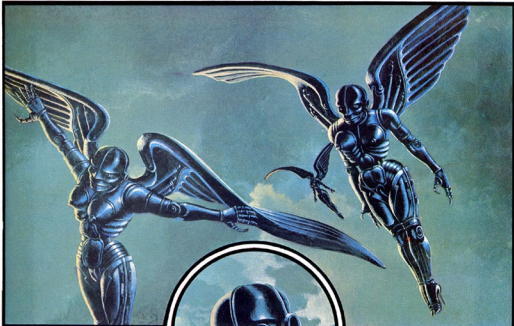


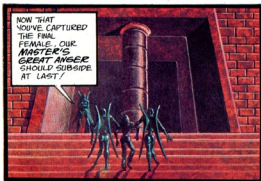
IT'S THAT HEALTHY  
YOUNG FEMALE  
WE'VE  
BEEN WATCHING!

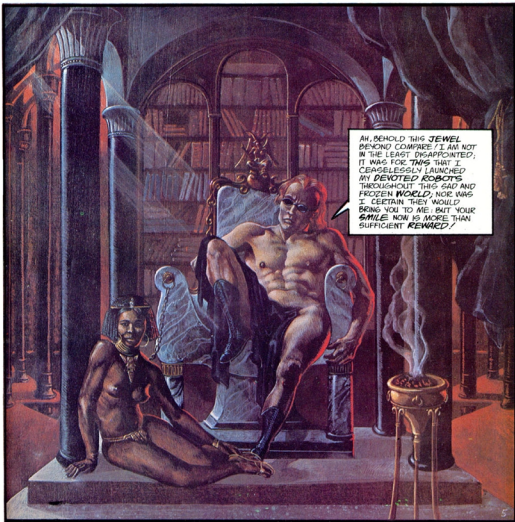
SISTER! AT LAST,  
OUR EFFORTS HAVE  
BEEN REWARDED!



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







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



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



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



SIR, HAVE YOU **DECIDED**?

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





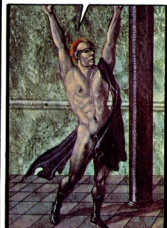
SO LET HER BEGIN  
HER JOURNEY TO  
THE SHADOWY  
KINGDOM. AND IN  
THE MOMENT OF  
OUR UNION'S  
CONSUMMATION,  
MAY WE BEGIN TO  
REPEOPLE THE  
WORLD WITH  
HUNDREDS OF  
CHILDREN.



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



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



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



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

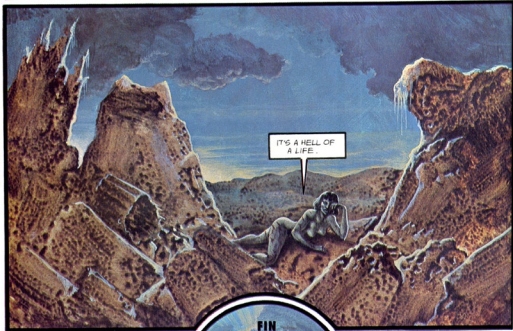




I, THE LAST ADAM, BETRAYED EVEN  
BY MY ROBOTS! DARK NECTAR, DO  
YOUR WORK! SHORTEN MY  
TORMENTS!



IT'S A HELL OF  
A LIFE.



FIN



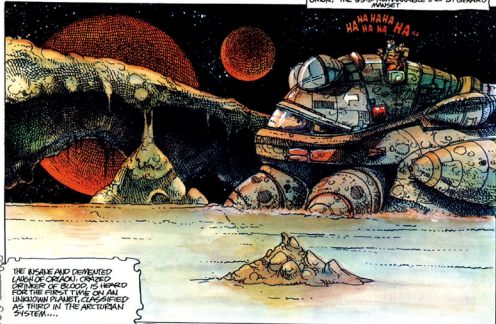
# THE DEATH OF ORLAON

OR LEGENDARY IMMORTALITY

(21)

INK  
SLASH

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "THE DEATH OF ORION," THE 1990 REMARKABLE SALE BY GERARD HANSET



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

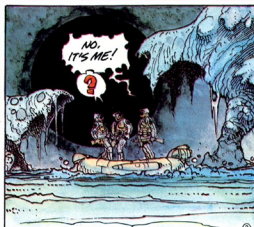
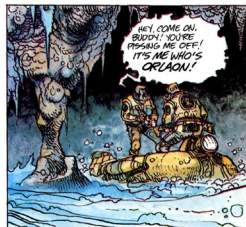
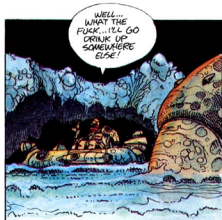


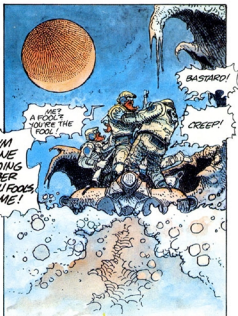
NO, IT'S NOT POSSIBLE... HA !!

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



...SPEAKING OF WHICH, IT'S CERTAINLY TRUE THAT HUMAN BLOOD IS THE MOST EXCITING IN THE GALAXY... IT'S BEAUTIFUL AND IT'S GOOD....







DISGUSTING SHIT'S!  
PIECES OF CRAP! THAT'S  
WHAT YOU GET FOR PRE-  
TENDING TO BE ME!



I'M  
THE  
REAL  
THING!



ORLAON,  
THE ONE AND  
ONLY...  
THAT'S ME!

NO,  
I  
AM!

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

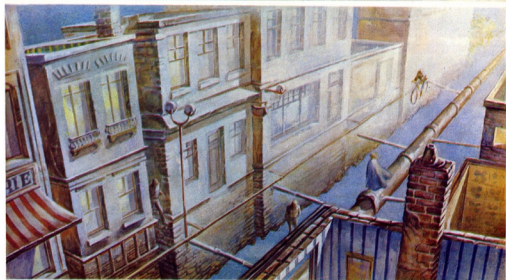


# going to pieces













THAT KNOE... IT'S  
SO ZAMPZING...



YES... BUT IF YOU  
TOUCH...



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



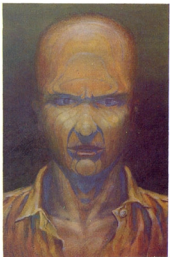
OH, COME ON! YOU'RE  
ALWAYS GETTING YOUR-  
SELF INTO IMPOSSIBLE  
SITUATIONS...



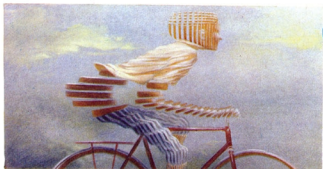
YOU SEE... YOU'RE  
SCARING AGAIN...



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











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

# MAMA'S PLACE

BY ARTHUR SINDROM



WOH!  
LOOK  
AT DEM  
DRUM-  
STICKS!

YOWSLUH!  
YOWSLUH!  
YOWSLUH!

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

MAN, I WISH I HAD ENOUGH DOUGH FOR DAT.  
BE COOL, BOYS. I WON THAT DOUGH FAIR. BESIDES, I'M STAYIN' AT MAMA'S PLACE TONIGHT AND IT AIN'T GONNA COST ME A DIME.  
YEAH, IF DIS LOUSE BOP HADN'T WON ALL OUR BEER MONEY IN DAT CRAP GAME, WE'D BE IN BEAVER CITY RIGHT NOW!



WHY? HOW YOU GONNA DO DAT?

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

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



SOUNDS RISKY TO ME.

YEAH.

SO I WAS OFF TO ADVENTURE AND INTRIGUE...

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

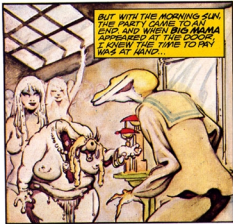


YEAH DON'T GET LOST! HAR! HAR! HAR!

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



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



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



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

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



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

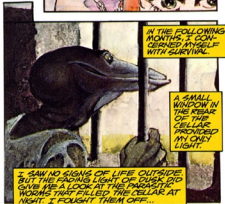
WHAT A BUNCHA DOPES! 'NAR! NAR! HARRECCHHN!



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

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



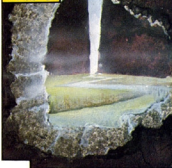


ONE DAY WHILE I WAS GROVELING FOR WORMS, I FOUND A TOOL! IT WAS ONLY A SMALL SPOON, BUT IT WOULD SERVE ME WELL IN THE MONTHS TO COME...



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

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



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



SAKKKKEE HELP... ME...

WHY? WHAT DA HELL IS DAT?



AAAAH! IT'S A FUCKIN' QUEER!

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



NO, WAIT! SAKKKEE IT'S MINE...

BLAST HIM!



IMAGINE! THE NERVE OF DAT GUY!

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

YEAH, AND DAT REMINDS ME...



I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF OUR OLD PAL BOPE

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

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



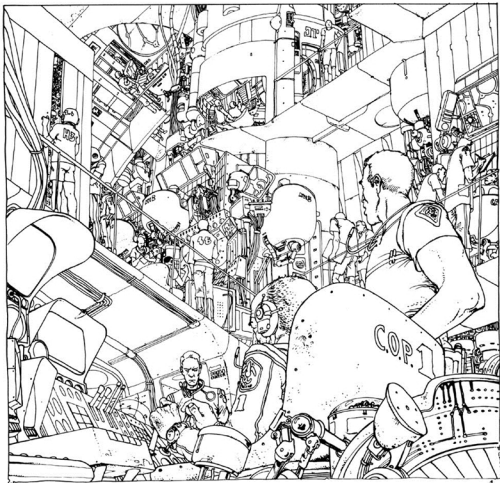
SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!

END

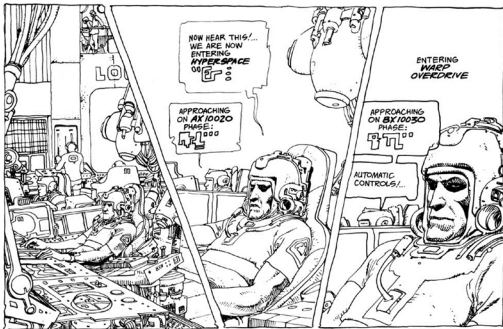
SCRIPT...PHILIPPE DRUILLET

# APPROACHING CENTAURI

ART...MOEBIUS



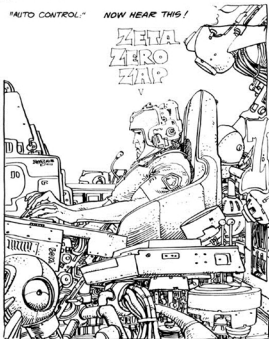




"AUTO CONTROL:"

NOW HEAR THIS!

ZETA  
ZERO  
ZAP











HE'S COMING  
OUT OF IT!

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

DID YOU SEE  
ANYTHING OUT  
THERE?

IT'S ALL RIGHT  
NOW... THE  
INTERCOM, FAST!  
GET BACK ON  
EXIT MANEUVER AT  
PHASE  
800

HOW DO  
YOU FEEL?

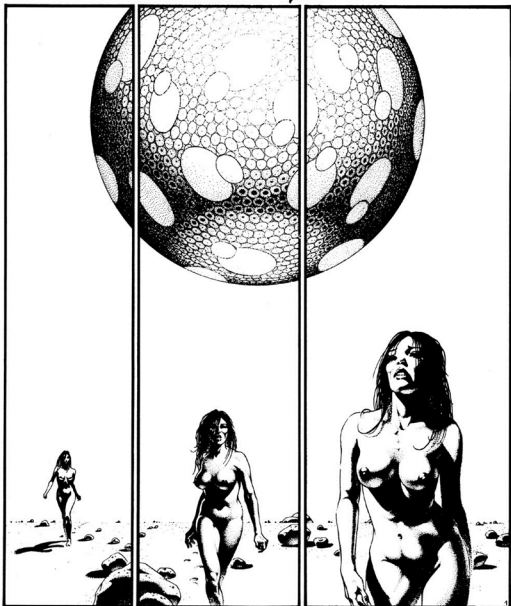
I SAW  
NOTHING...  
SAW  
NOTHING...  
NOTHING...

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

APPROACHING  
ON AK 10020

SEVA  
28-20  
ZAF

# VIRGO





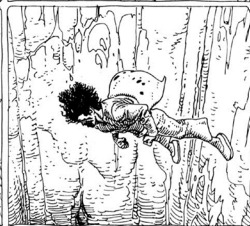
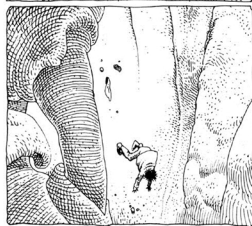
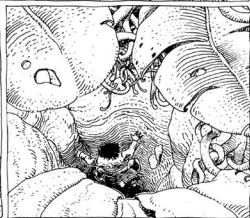




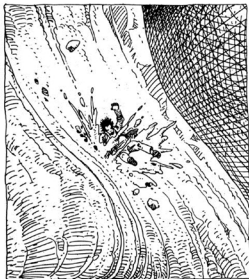


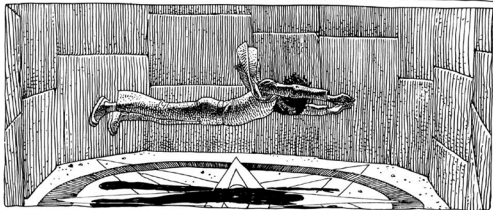
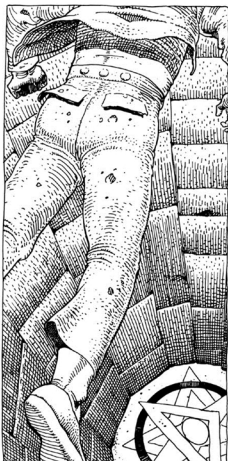


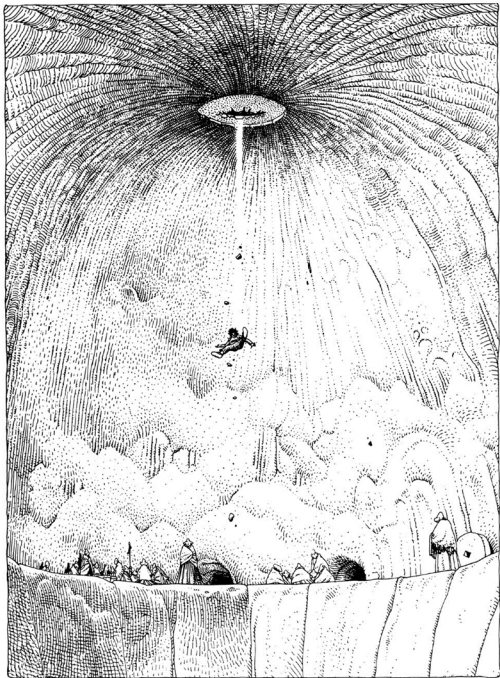


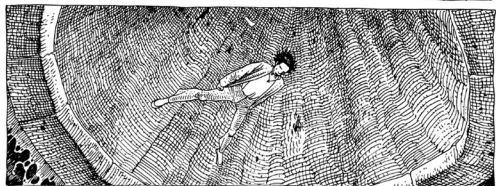


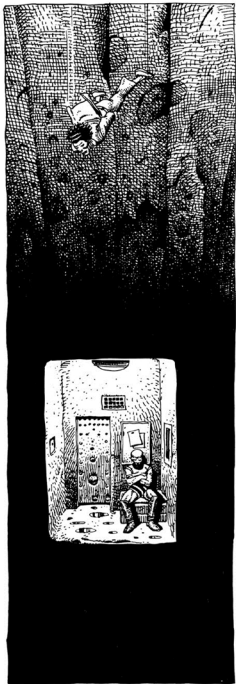


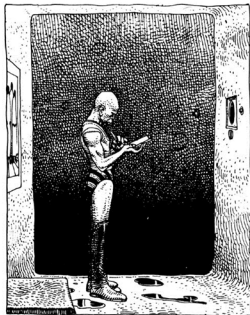


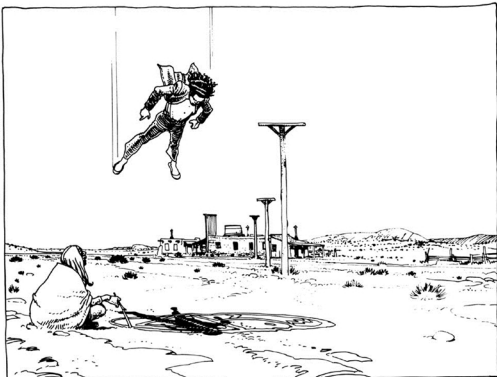














# PLANET OF TERROR



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



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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT KIND OF A TRICK IS THIS?

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

AND YES, HENCEFORTH I LIVE HERE...

HERE!

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

I HATE IT!

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

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

THIS STUFF REALLY IS EXTRATERRESTRIAL TRASH!...



WHAT'S MORE, THESE CLOTHES ARE...

...THESE CLOTHES ARE MARTIAN!



EVEN SO, THERE WAS ONE TEST I PASSED:



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

AFTER THE TESTS, I HAVE AN HOUR FOR MY "LUNCH": THERE'S A LITTLE CORNER KITCHEN IN MY CAGE WITH AN H<sub>2</sub>O FAUCET (APART FROM A SLIGHT SYNTHETIC TASTE, IT'S ALMOST LIKE WATER)... AND BOXES. THE SUPPLY OF BOXES IS CONSTANTLY RENEWED (HOW? WHEN? BY WHOM?) THERE ARE DIFFERENT POWDERS IN THE BOXES WHICH ARE SOLUBLE IN H<sub>2</sub>O, IT MAKES A TWO TOGETHER, FOR EXAMPLE, YOU GET A KIND OF PASTE WHICH YOU HAD BETTER TREAT LIKE FOOD... THE PROOF: I EAT IT!

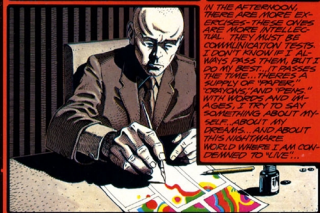
YOU KNOW, THIS IS JUST MORE CONCRETE!



THERE'S ALSO A BLACK POWDER: DILUTED IN HOT H<sub>2</sub>O, BY MIXING SLIMY LIQUID WHICH IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO BE FUNNY, I CALL COFFEE.



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



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



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

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



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

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



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



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

THEN EVERYTHING GOES OUT. LOST IN THE DARKNESS, I CAN ONLY GO TO SLEEP. SOMETIMES-CURIOUS, REBELLIONS-I TRIED TO RESIST SLEEP. I COULD NEVER MANAGE IT FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES, IN SPITE OF WILLFULLY DRINKING MANY CUPS OF THE DISSOLVED BLACK POWDER...COULD THE H<sub>2</sub>O BE DRUGGED?



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



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



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

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

AS, THE SUPER-ROBIC RESEMBLANCES ASIDE, THE DIFFERENCES - THE ABOMINABLE DIFFERENCES - HIT ME...



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



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



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

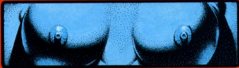


THERE WAS NOTHING THERE!... NOTHING BUT A MYSTERIOUS FLEECE, CONCEALING SOME DARK SECRET... WHAT?... WHAT ORGANIC CHASM?...





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



AND THEN... IT...  
TOUCHED ME  
SO GENTLY  
WITH ONE OF  
ITS TENTACLES,  
AND A SHUD-  
DERING CUR-  
RENT OF ELEC-  
TRICITY RAN  
THROUGH MY  
BODY...



...RELEASING  
IN ME A TU-  
MULT OF NEW  
SENSATIONS,  
AN UNUSUAL  
PLEASURE--AT  
THE LIMITS OF  
PAIN... AND  
THEN, THERE  
YES... IT IT!  
TOUCHED...  
YES...





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



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



SOMEONE  
WHO LEADS  
US...

...HOME!



SCRIPT BY  
PAUL LAMONTELLERIE  
AND GAGA



# The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves, so do his reading habits



In his newest form, man is a class-act mammal. (Note the two-hatted, four-legged, eyes-bulging creature before you.) At his present state of intelligence, ordinary magazines are just not good enough for him. That's where we come in.

*Heavy Metal*, the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy magazine, hits the spot. With 1,200 pages a year, the quality of beauty and imagination of *Heavy Metal* is unsurpassed by other publications.

So, order today. Who knows? In another 100,000 years or so, *Heavy Metal* could be obsolete!

*Heavy Metal*, Dept. 282  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price \$39.00.  
Now only \$29.00 (80¢ per issue).

Two years (24 issues), regular price \$32.00.  
Now only \$22.00 (92¢ per issue).

One year (12 issues), regular price \$19.00.  
Now only \$14.00 (\$1.16 per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for  
\_\_\_\_ 3 years, \_\_\_\_ 2 years, \_\_\_\_ 1 year.

☐ Payment enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Charge to my

☐ MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_ MasterCard Interbank # \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Visa # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

WISE MEN FROM  
GOTHAM! THAT'S  
STRANGE!

BLORIUS, GO  
WARN THE  
ADMIRAL...  
FAST.

GRUBERT  
TOLD US  
THIS MIGHT  
HAPPEN!

INCREDIBLE!

UNBELIEV-  
ABLE!



Thirteen extraordinary stories  
from the international masters  
of graphic fantasy!

Bilal Bilal Bilal Bilal B  
Caza Caza Caza Caza  
Claveloux Claveloux  
Corben Corben Corben C  
Druillet Druillet Druillet D  
McKie McKie McKie Mc  
Moebius Moebius Moebius  
Nicollet Nicollet Nicollet N  
Picotto Picotto Picotto P  
Schuiten Schuiten Schuiten  
Suydam Suydam Suydam S

The Best of

**HEAVY  
METAL**