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the National Lampoon

April 1977

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HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

Featuring an excerpt
from the biggest epic fantasy
of the '70s:
The Sword of Shannara.



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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 351 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. \$48.00 per annum (subscription \$28.00 per three year subscription) and \$150.00 per three year subscription. All rates in U.S. and Canada. \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico. \$2.00 for Europe. All rates in U.S. for the first second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers should send change of address to: Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 351 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Please use zip code 10017. Please use zip code 10017. Please use zip code 10017. Please use zip code 10017.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Dept. Heavy Metal Magazine, 351 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 680-4210. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Subscriptions Editor Heavy Metal Magazine, 351 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 680-4210. Heavy Metal Magazine most accepts art from photographers and photographers send them. They are to be sent and published without charge to be used in next issue of

ORIGINS

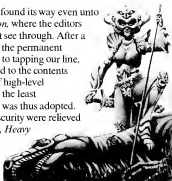
At 4 A.M. on the nineteenth of December, 1974, under the mad marksman's eye of the archer in the sky, on the feast of Bishop Nicasius, who prophesied the arrival of the barbarians who beheaded him, observed by whoknows how many orbiting whatnots, a linkless foursome previously identified as Drulliet, Dionnet, Moebius, and Farkas was transformed into the Associated Humanoids. Shortly thereafter, a magazine entitled *Metal Hurlant* materialized on newsstands. *Metal Hurlant* means "screaming metal" — whatever that means. It was, and still is, issued by the Associated Humanoids. The magazine appears to be the work of an alien intelligence, as indeed it is.

It is French.

French is a difficult language to understand because of the large number of English words in it. Thus, when the French say "science fiction," they are not, as you might think, referring to H.G. Wells or "Star Trek" or even Jules Verne. "Science fiction" is a term which can sufficiently define Big Macs, South America, Methodism, or a weird neighbor. *Vogue Magazine*, anything Belgian, and pop-top cans are certainly science fiction. The Humanoid "Moebius," writing in *Metal Hurlant*, describes how, while listening to a Johnny Cash album, he realized that science fiction is a cathedral. Are you beginning, dear reader, to sufficiently misunderstand?

And lo, it came to pass that *Metal Hurlant* found its way even unto the New York offices of the *National Lampoon*, where the editors sit around hoping to see something they can't see through. After a series of transatlantic phone calls resulting in the permanent hospitalization of the FBI operative assigned to tapping our line, it was agreed that America should be exposed to the contents of *Metal Hurlant* for its own good. A series of high-level conferences concluded that *Heavy Metal* was the least comprehensible title for the magazine, and it was thus adopted. Certain American artists famous for their obscurity were relieved of their manuscripts, and now, as you can see, *Heavy Metal #1* has been published.

And the rest is science fiction.



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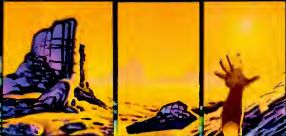
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DETO

It seems I was floating in darkness for an extremely long time. Slowly jumbled clouds of electronural impulses coalesced to form my mind and I became aware of myself as an entity. I drifted across nebulous unfocused colors.

As I wandered through the maze, I saw something. It was an image...a memory, but it was so fuzzy and indistinct. It seemed as though I was looking at a book...what is a book?

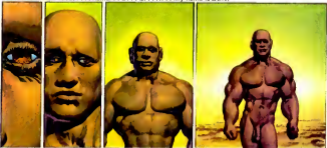
Within the book was an unconnected page. It had something on it...an incomprehensible labyrinth of lines. The images faded, swept away by a searing light. Other sensations accompanied the radiance, bombarding my emerging consciousness.



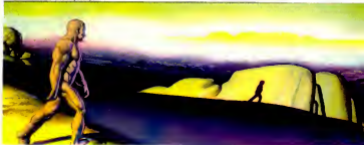
Who was I? Where was I? . . . The landscape was totally unknown to me, even my body was unfamiliar.



What forces brought me here? I searched my mind for memories. . . There was something there, but it was too clouded. . . A name . . . D . . . E . . . N . . . My name is DEN.



I scanned the horizon. A distant structure rose out of the mists. I decided to go there. Perhaps it held a clue to the mystery.





I walked. My bare footfalls in the sand created the only sound. A slight breeze was a small relief in the heat.

After several hours existence in this desolate land...

...I was overtaken by a vacuous feeling ... HUNGER.

—FOOD!!



There were instincts, reflexes and a good amount of muscular dexterity contained in the body in which I found myself. I was thankful but still confused.



As evening approached I came upon an enigmatic oasis with a fountain. I pondered the artisans identity. I was happy to drink the sweet water without pause. The abundant fruits were also delicious.



After further refreshing myself, I thought to find a place to sleep. Apprehensive of predacious creatures that might habit the fountain, I left its immediate vicinity and found a protected spot nearby.



Near morning dawns came to me. There was a person, and the book of my former vision. The surroundings were strangely familiar.



The man's attention was wholly upon reading and was surprised by the discovery of the loose paper. Then the scene changed. The man manipulated miniature structures into an incomprehensible assembly. I awoke with an overwhelming anxiety.



A creature, the likes of which I'd never seen before, was drinking from the pool.

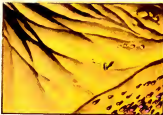


I was frozen with fear. Could it hear my pounding heart? Could it find me from my scent? Could it sense my presence by some unknown faculty?



Apparently quenched, the lizardman left and disappeared among the rocks. I was about to descend for a drink when—



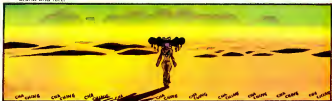


Another figure approached.

The ornamental headdress and anklets exuded the sound that alerted me.



I concluded that it was an Indian girl, which gave me new thoughts about my location. She drank and left.



The girl traveled toward the edifice. It was my quest also, though I had no predetermined purpose there.



I ate...

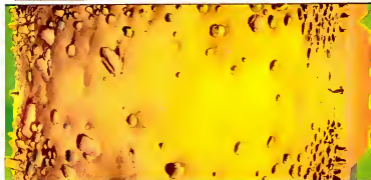


Drink.



And followed her.

I studied the artifact as I passed. I conjectured that it housed machinery that drew water from rocks or the depths of the earth (if this really was Earth). And was powered by solar rays or nuclear energy.



This was the only human I'd seen since I had awakened here. Perhaps I should've confronted her and tried communication. An ominous aura about her discouraged that plan. It was the SOUND!! Why would a sane person travel in this hostile land wearing noisy ornaments which could attract carnivorous beasts. I circled ahead to watch her pass.



The images stirred phantasmic forces in my head and erotic ones in my body.

Surprised at my own reaction, I sat motionless, wondering about what had caused it and what to do next, when a shadow crossed me.



It was the lizardman I had seen earlier. Was it a coincidence that he traveled in this same direction? ... I rejected this thought. He seemed intent upon something... the girl... I was suddenly afraid, not for myself, but for her even though I didn't know her.

Despite my lack of a strategy, I resolved to prevent this beast from harming the Indianess.







HOLY SHIT!
WHAT KIND OF
SCREWY STUNT...



GOOD SHIT!
IT'S TRYING
TO...



EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF/IT'S
ALWAYS LIKE THIS AT THIS
SEASON THESE OBSCENE
LITTLE REAR'S WHO LAY
THEIR EGGS EVERYWHERE.



CONQUERING ARMIES

LONG AGO, CONQUERING
ARMIES SET OUT TO
VANQUISH THE WORLD...



NO ONE KNEW WHO THEY
WERE OR WHEN THEY
CAME, ONLY THAT ONE DAY
THEY WOULD BE THERE.



SOMETIMES THEY WERE HALTED,
SOMETIMES THEY EVEN
RETIREATED, BUT THEY ALWAYS
REAPPEARED.

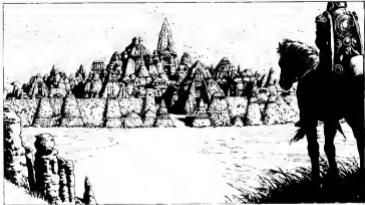


AND THOSE THEY CONQUERED
SWELLED THEIR RANKS.



ONE DAY, THE VANGUARD OF THE
SECOND ARMY ARRIVED BEFORE
AN ISLAND CITY...





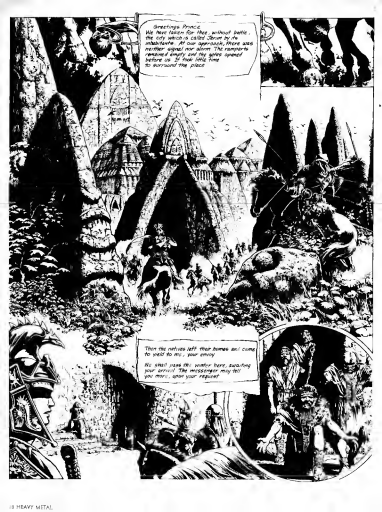
NO ONE, NOT EVEN A
SENTRY WHO MIGHT SIGNAL
OUR ADVANCE... STILL, THIS
TELLS ME NOTHING OF
THEIR PROWESS!

NOR I. THE CITY IS STRONG,
AND THEY COULD HOLD US IN
CHECK... A TRAP,
PERHAPS?

WE
SHALL
SEE



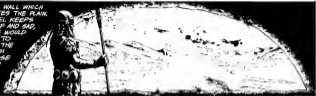
TO ARMS, SOLDIERS
OF THE CONQUEROR,
AND ADVANCE!



*Greetings Prince
We have taken for thee, without battle,
the city which is called Jbran by the
inhabitants. At our approach, there was
neither signal nor alarm. The ramparts
remained empty and thy spies spread
before us. In their wild time
to surround the place.*

*Then the natives left their homes and came
to yield to us, your enemy.
We shall pass the winter here, awaiting
your arrival. The messenger may tell
you more, upon your request.*

UPON THE WALL WHICH DOMINATES THE PLAIN, THE SENTINEL KEEPS GUARD, STIFF AND SAD, BECAUSE HE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO CELEBRATE THE VICTORY WITH THOSE WHOSE SHOUTS AND CRIES HE HEARS BELOW...



WE HAVE FORGOTTEN PILLAGE I HAVE A MIND TO...

LEAVE THEM BE. THEY HAVE CROSSED THE DESERT AND HAVE NOT SEEN THEIR HOMES FOR A LONG TIME THEY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO ENJOY THEMSELVES!





AND YOU, SOLDIER,
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING
ABOUT IF YOU SEEM
SAD? SPEAK
FREELY.



I AM NOT HAPPY, MASTER. I WOULD
HAVE PREFERRED TO FIGHT.



THIS RING... I TOOK IT FROM A CORPSE
WHEN WE ENTERED KALETH. ALL THE
ABLE-BODIED MEN WERE DEAD.
HERE, THEY DON'T GIVE ANYTHING, THEY
LOOK AT US AND THEY OBEY US.



HE'S RIGHT.
THE PEOPLE
SHOULD HAVE
RESPECTED
US.

I JUST DON'T
LIKE IT.



THEIR RELIGION, PERHAPS?

BESIDES, I MADE A
POINT OF FORBIDDING
ANYONE TO MOLEST
THEIR PRIESTS OR
TO FORCE THE DOORS
OF THEIR TEMPLES...



BUT I HAVE
DOUBLED THE
GUARD, ALL THE SAME.

WEERIE PASSED
WINTER CAME

SOME OF THE SOLDIERS FELL INTO
A STUPOR OTHERS DOGGEDLY
GOUGHT OUT NEW PLEASURES
STILL OTHERS BECAME
AWARE OF THE
EVIL OF THE
PLACE





DO YOU PLUNGE
THE IRON RIGHT INTO THE
WATER IF DOESN'T THAT
SMATTER IT?



I WAS ONCE A
BLACKSMITH MYSELF
WHERE I COME FROM
WE DON'T DO IT
LIKE THAT

COME IN,
I'LL SHOW YOU.



WHAT IS
THE MEANING OF
THIS? I GAVE ORDERS
THAT THIS DOOR BE
GUARDED AT ALL TIMES
AND THERE ISN'T
ANYONE HERE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR.

AND THE WINTER CAME
TO AN END!



I HAVE MADE A
TOUR OF THE CITY THERE
ARE NO MORE GUARDS
NOWHERE/NO MORE
SOLDIERS IN THE
STREET.

I KNOW THEY
ARE DISAPPEARING...

THEY ARE
DESERTING

NO AND IT
HASN'T EVEN THE
POPULATION FORMING A
SECRET RESISTANCE
... THAT'S
ANY I
DRINK...

IT'S THE CITY. IT...

IT...





DIE, TRAITOR!

DIE!

DIE!

DIE!

CITY!

YOU WILL NOT GET
ME! YOU WILL NOT GET
ANOTHER PERSON
I WILL GO TO MEET
THE ARMY TO PREVENT
THIS. /

ABOUT FOUR LEAGUES FROM THE CITY, THE SECOND ARMY DISCOVERED FOUR CORPSES DOWN UP ALONG THE ROAD



ONE OF THEM WAS THAT OF AN OFFICER



FEARING A TRAP, THE ARMY CHARGED INTO THE CITY, SWORDS DRAWN



FIN

TAKE FLIGHT!

VOYAGE BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF YOUR DREAMS.

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WERE NO MERE LEGEND.









THESE PEOPLE HAVE A TRULY GOD APPEARANCE... AND THIS SORREL!



BY GAROT, THOSE ARE LOVELY SPECIMENS!



HERE IS A LORD WHO CAN AFFORD THESE BEAUTIES!



HE HAS ALL THE MONEY HE NEEDS, DON'T YOU, LITTLE THIEF?

THE MONEY YOU'VE JUST TAKEN FROM US!

BUT WHY DOES MONEY MATTER TO US? WE HAVE OTHER PLEASURES



WHAT KIND OF MISTAKE HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?





THEY'RE ALL YOURS, WITH THEM SCULLS WE'VE REEDED AN' DIVINED TO OUR KING! NOW LET THE GATES OF OUR CITY BE SHUT!



AND NOW WE ARE SERPENTS AND DRAGONS, OUR SCALES AS GOLD AS THE DEEPEST DARK, OUR HUNGER BLACK AND TERRIBLE

THROUGH ALL REALMS FROM DRAM TIL DREA, OF ALL THOSE NEAR AND FINE, WE ARE THE CRUELLEST AND FERCEST WE ARE THE SWIFTEST OF THE DRAGON, AND ALL THAT LIVES IS OUR PREY!



THEY STOLE US FROM THE NEIGHBORING PROVINCES- THIS IS A CANNIBAL CITY, AND THEIR KING, A TERRIBLE DRAGON, HAS NEVER SEEN THE LIGHT OF DAY! THEY WERE LEFT HERE IN MADDERY NOW THE DRAGON KING SHALL EAT US ALL- AND LEAVE THE SCRAPS TO THEM.



BY SHIRT AND ALL THE DRAGONS, I CAN ONLY COME TO GRIER IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS!

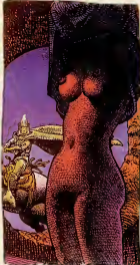


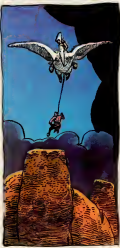




ARZACH





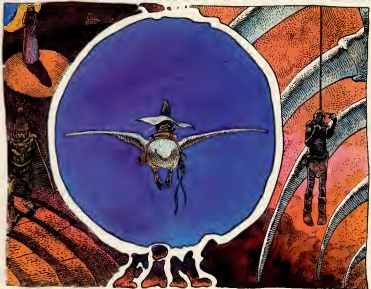













SELENIA



AIR LOCK OPEN FOR
ADDRESS OF EXPEDITION
TO COPERNICUS!



I'M NOT HAPPY WITH THIS MISSION.
THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT
THEY'VE REGISTERED VIBRATIONS
IN THE ZONE OF THE CRATER
COPERNICUS!

YES, BUT THIS
TIME THE INTENSITY OF
THE VIBRATIONS HAS
EXCEEDED SECURITY LEVELS!



THE #ROCK
WAVES SEEM TO BE
COMING FROM THIS
EXCAVATION OVER
HERE.



THERE'S
A PIT AT THE
BOTTOM!



REQUEST
PERMISSION TO
DESCEND!



PERMISSION
GRANTED!

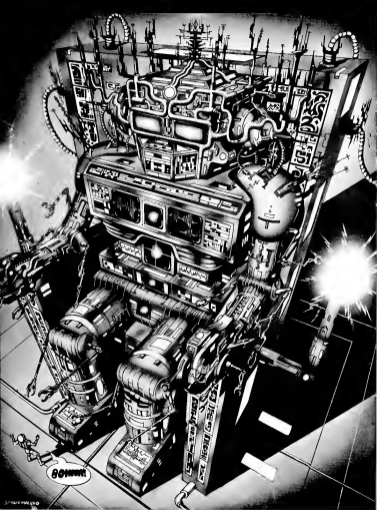


IT'S AN
ARTIFICIAL PIT -- AT
LEAST 200 METERS
DEEP!



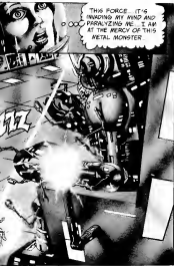
...LOOK!
THERE'S A
DOOR!





80mm









ZONE 415 REPORTING. SELENIA REPORTING
I AM RELAY STATION 415-C IN THE PLANETARY
SYSTEM, INSTALLED A THOUSAND MILLION YEARS
AGO BY THE GALACTIC CONFEDERATION.
I AM PROGRAMMED TO ASSURE THE CONTROL
OF THE INTERGALACTIC COMMUNICATION CIRCUITS
OF THE LUNAR SATELLITE.





AH!

SEVEN OF YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THIS MISSION -- YOU MUST FUNCTION HERE UNTIL THE HUNKING OF YOUR PLANET HAVE BEEN REPLACED.



HELP!

FIVE OF OUR MEN HAVE BEEN SUCKED AWAY AND OUTSIDE! AND WE HAVE BEEN CORNERED BY THIS FORCE FIELD WE ARE PRISONERS!



THIS FORCE HAS US SURROUNDED!

LOOK! MY HAND IS TURNING INTO METAL.

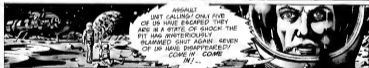


WE... HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN A TRAP BZZZ ZZZ... TZZZANNG-FTZL

YOU SEVEN, NUMBERS 7171, 4321, 9816, 4421, 7315, 6721, AND 1731, ROBOTS OF THE FOURTH GENERATION, YOUR HUMANOID CIRCUITS ARE IN THE PROCESS OF RESTRUCTURATION. YOU ARE NOW IN THE PROCESS OF INITIAL PROGRAMMING. YOUR WORK IS FINISHED AMONG HUMANS. YOUR PRERECORDED PSYCHIC CIRCUITS WILL INTERFERE WITH YOUR NEW Selenia PROGRAMMING. YOUR MEMORIES ARE BEING REACTIVATED FOR YOUR FIRST MISSION: 19 LUNAR TERMINALS FOR THE INTERGALACTIC COMMUNICATION CIRCUITS.



PROGRAMMING
OF THE NEW-WORD
CIRCUITS
COMPLETE...



ASSAULT
UNIT CALLING! ONLY FIVE
OF US HAVE ESCAPED! THEY
ARE IN A STATE OF SHOCK! THE
PIT HAS MYSTERIOUSLY
BLAMMED SHUT AGAIN. SEVEN
OF US HAVE DISAPPEARED!
COME IN! COME
IN! ...



Fire



Noble companions beset by sorcerers and monsters, on their quest for a magical sword in another universe. It's a quarter of a million words long. Frank Herbert, author of the *Dune* trilogy, calls it "a marvelous fantasy trip." Lester del Rey says it's "very special in every way."

Heavy Metal is proud to present its world premier—a preview of the epic fantasy which is predicted to be the biggest cult book since Tolkien.

These illustrations and others, by the brothers Hildebrandt, are also from the book, which will be published in hardcover and as a Ballantine paperback in April.

The Sword of Shannara

By Terry Brooks

MENSON Leah had not found the last leg of the journey to the Anax quite so simple. When he first realized he had become separated from the two Valenon, panic set in. He was not afraid for himself, but he feared the very worst for the Ohsafords if left alone to find their way out of the mist-shrouded Black Oaks. He, too, had called helplessly, futilely, stumbling blindly about in the blackness until his voice was cracked. But in the end he was forced to admit to himself that the search was useless under such conditions. Exhausted, he pushed on through the woods in what he believed to be the general direction of the lowlands, consoling himself slightly with the promise that he would find the others in the daylight. He was in the forest a longer time than he had anticipated, breaking free near dawn and collapsing at the edge of the grasslands. Though he did not know it then, he had emerged at a point south of the sleeping brothers. By this time his endurance had been pushed to the limit and sleep came over him so quickly that he could not remember anything after the slow, featherlight feeling of falling as he collapsed in the tall lowland grass. It seemed to him that he slept a very long time but in fact he awakened only several hours after Shea and Flick had begun their journey toward the Silver River. Believing that he was a considerable distance south of the point the group had been making for while in the Black Oaks, Menson quickly chose to travel north and try to cut across the trail of his companions before reaching the river. If he failed to find them by that time, he knew he would be confronted with the unpleasant probability that they were still lost in the entanglement of the woods.

Hurriedly, the highlander strapped on his light pack, shouldered the great ash bow and the sword of Leah and began to march rapidly northward. The few hours of afternoon daylight

thoroughly disappointed quickly as he walked, his sharp eyes searching carefully for any sign of human passage. It was almost dusk when he finally picked up the signs of someone traveling in the direction of the Silver River. He found the trail to be several hours old, and he could be reasonably certain that there was more than one person. But there was no way to tell who the travelers were, so Merzon poked up hurriedly in the half-light of dusk, hoping to catch them when they stopped for the night. He knew that the Skull Bearers would also be searching for them, but brushed his fears aside, remembering

that there was no reason to connect him with the Valkens. In any event, it was a calculated risk he had to take if he expected to be of any service to his friends.

Shortly thereafter, just before the sun dropped behind the horizon completely, Merzon caught sight of a figure to the east of him traveling in the opposite direction. Merzon quickly called out to the other, who seemed startled by the highlander's sudden appearance and tried to narrow away from him. Merzon quickly took up the chase, running after the frightened traveler and calling to him that he meant no harm. After several

minutes he caught the man, who turned out to be a poddler selling cooking ware to outlying villages and farmsteads in these lowlands. The poddler, a hump-backed individual who had been frightened badly by the unexpected pursuit, was now thoroughly terrified by the sight of the tall, sword-bearing highlander facing him at nightfall in the middle of nowhere. Merzon hastily explained that he meant no harm, but was looking for two friends from whom he had become separated while traveling through the Black Oaks. This proved to be the worst thing he could have told the little man, who was now

thoroughly convinced the stranger was insane. Merzon could only wonder how that had come to pass, but quickly discarded that idea. In the end, the poddler revealed to him that he had seen two travelers fitting the general description of the Valkens from a distance earlier in the afternoon. Merzon could not tell if the man had told him that much for fear of his life or to bribe him, but he accepted the tale and haited good evening to the little man, who he observed to be well off so easily, and made a hasty escape northward into the shivering darkness of evening.

Merzon was forced to admit to himself that it was now too dark to attempt to follow the trail of his friends, so he cast about for a likely campsite. He found a pair of large pines that appeared to be the best shelter available and he moved into them, glancing anxiously at the clear night sky. There was sufficient light to enable a prowling Nothland creature to find any camped travelers with relative ease, and he inwardly prayed that his friends had seen enough to pick a carefully hidden spot to spend the night. He tossed down his own pack and weapons beneath one of the spreading pines and crawled under the shelter of its low-hanging branches. Fanned from the past two days' journey, he devoured the last of his supplies, thinking as he did so that the Valkens would be faced with the same food shortage in the days ahead. Greenhling sliced at the hard loaf that had separated them, he miserably wrapped himself in his light blanket and was quickly asleep, the great sword of Leah unshouldered at his side gleaming dully in the moonlight.

Unaware of the events that had transpired that night while he slept, some several miles south of the Silver River, Merzon awoke the next day with a new plan in mind. If he could cut across country, traveling southeast, he could catch up with the Valkens much more easily. He was certain that they would be following the edge of the Silver River as it wound its way eastward into the Asar Forests, so their path had to cross farther up river. Abandoning the front traces of the trail left the previous day, Merzon began to journey across the lowlands in an easterly direction, thinking to himself that if he did not come across some sign of them again when he reached the water's edge, he could double back downstream. He also entertained hopes of fighting some small game that would provide meat for the evening meal. He whistled and sang to himself as he walked, but his lean face looked sad and cheerless at the prospect of a meal on his last contrived. He could even picture the wild dabbler of an old Flick's warm face at the sight of his return. He walked easily with long, leaping strides that covered the ground quickly and evenly, the swinging, measured step of the experienced woodsman and hunter.

As he traveled, his thoughts drifted back to the events of the past several days, and he pondered the significance of all that had transpired. He knew little about the history of the Great Wars and the reign of the Druid Council, the mysterious appearance of the so-called Warlock Lord and his defeat by the combined might of three nations. Most disturbing of all was his almost total lack of knowledge of the legend he heard the Sword of Shannara, the fabled weapon that for so many years had been a watchword symbolic of freedom through courage. Now it was the bringer of an unknown orphan, half man, half elf. The thought was so preposterous that he still found it impossible to conceive of Shea in that role. He knew instinctively that some man was missing from the picture—something to hook to the whole puzzle of the great Sword that, without knowing what it was, the three friends seem so easy waddledown leaves.

Merzon also knew that he was a part of this adventure for the sake of friendship alone. Flick had been right about that. Even now he was unsure exactly why he had been persuaded to undertake this journey. He knew he was less than a Prince of Leish should be. He knew that his interest in people had not been deep enough, and he had never really wanted to know them. He had never tried to understand the important prob-



HILDEBRANDT

lems of governing justice in a society where the monarch's word was the only law. Yet he felt that in his own way he was as good as any man alive. She believed he was a man to be looked up to. Perhaps so, he thought bitterly, but his life to date appeared to consist of one long line of harrowing experiences and wild escapades that had served little or no constructive purpose.

The smooth, grass-covered lowlands changed to rough, barren ground, rising abruptly in small hills and dropping sharply into steep, trenchlike valleys that made travel slow and almost hazardous in places. Menson looked anxiously ahead for some indication of more level terrain, but it was impossible to see very far, even from the top of the steep rises. He plodded on, deliberately and steadily, ignoring the roughness of the ground and silently beseeching his decision to come that way. His mind wandered briefly, then suddenly snapped back as he caught the sound of a human voice. He listened intently for several seconds, but could hear nothing further and dismissed it as the wind or his imagination. A moment later he heard it again, only this time it was the clear sound of a woman's voice, singing softly somewhere ahead of him, high and low. He walked more quickly, wondering if his ears were playing tricks on him, but all the time hearing the woman's melodic voice grow louder. Soon the monotone sound of her singing filled the air in a gay almost wild abandon that reached into the innermost depths of the highlander's mind, bidding him to follow, to be as free as the song itself. Almost as a trance he walked steadily on, smiling broadly at the images the happy song conjured up to him. Vaguely, he wondered what a woman would be doing in these bleak lowlands, miles from any kind of civilization, but the song seemed to dispel all his doubts in its warm assurance that it came from the heart.

At the peak of a particularly bleak rise, somewhat higher than the surrounding hillsides, Menson found her sitting beneath a small, twisted tree with long, gnarled branches that reached him of willow roots. She was a young girl, very beautiful and obviously very much at home in these lands as she sang brightly, seemingly oblivious to anyone who might be attracted by the sound of her voice. He did not conceal his approach, but moved straight to her side, smiling gently at her freshness and youth. She smiled back at him, but made no effort to rise nor to greet him, continuing the gay strains of the tune she had been singing all this time. The Prince of Leuk came to a halt several feet away from her, but she quickly beckoned him to come closer and sit next to her beneath the odd-shaped tree. It was then that from somewhere deep within her a small warning nerve twinged, some sixth sense not yet entranced by her vibrant song, tugged at him and demanded to know why this young girl should ask a complete stranger to sit with her. There was no reason for his hesitation other than perhaps the innate distrust the hunter has for all things out of place and true to no nature, but whatever the reason, it caused the highlander to pause. In that instant the girl and the song disappeared into vapor, leaving Menson to face the strange-looking tree on the barren rise.

For one second Menson hesitated, unable to believe what had just occurred, and then hastily moved to withdraw. But the loose ground about his feet opened even as he paused, releasing a heavy cluster of thick-gnarled roots which wound themselves tightly about the young man's ankles, holding him fast. Menson stumbled over backward trying to break free. For a moment he found his predicament to be ludicrous. But try as he might, he could not work free of those clinging roots. The strangeness of the vines soon were used almost immediately as he glanced up to see the strange root-limbed tree, previously invisible, approaching in a slow, swirling motion, its limbs extended toward him. Her lips containing small but deadly-looking needles. Thoroughly aroused now, Menson dropped his pack and bow in one motion and unsheathed the great sword, realizing that the girl and the song had been an illusion to draw him within reach of this ominous tree. He cut briefly at

the roots which bound him, severing them in places, but the work was slow because they were wound so tightly about his ankles that he could not risk broad strokes. Sudden pause set in as he realized he could not get free in one, but he forced the feeling down and shouted his defiance at the plant, which by now was almost on top of him. Swinging in fury as it came within reach, he quickly severed a number of the clinging limbs and it withdrew slightly, its whole frame shuddering in pain. Menson knew that with its next approach he had to strike its nerve center if he expected to destroy it. But the strange tree had other ideas, coiling its limbs into coils, a threat then toward the imprisoned traveler one at a time, showering him with the tiny needles that flew off the ends. Many of them missed altogether and some bounced harmlessly off his heavy tunic and boots. But others struck the exposed skin of his hands and head and embedded themselves with small stinging sensations. Menson tried to brush them off, while protecting himself from further assault, but the little needles broke off, leaving their tips embedded in his skin. He felt a kind of slow numbness begin to steal over him and portions of his nervous system begin to go numb. He realized at once that the needles contained some sort of drug that was designed to put the plant's victim to sleep to render it helpless for easy disposition. Wildly he fought the feeling seeping through his system, but soon dropped helplessly to his knees, unable to fight it, knowing that the tree had won.

But amazingly, the deadly tree appeared to hesitate and then to inch slightly backward, cooling again in attack. Slow, heavy footsteps sounded behind the fallen prince, approaching cautiously. He could not turn his head to see who it was, and a deep bass voice warned him abruptly to remain motionless. The tree coiled expectantly to strike, but an instant before it released its deadly needles, it was struck with shattering impact by a huge mass that flew over the shoulder of the fallen Menson. The strange tree was completely uprooted by the blow. Obviously injured, it struggled to raise itself and fight back behind him. Menson heard the sharp release of a bow-string and a long black arrow embedded itself deep within the plant's thick trunk. Immediately the roots about his feet released their grip and sank into the earth and the main portion of the tree shattered violently, limbs thrashing the air and showering needles in all directions. A moment later it drooped slowly to the earth. With a final spasm it lay motionless.

Still heavily drugged from the needles Menson felt the strong hands of his rescuer grip his shoulders roughly, and force him into a prone position while a broad hunting knife severed the few remaining strands binding his feet. The figure before him was a powerfully built Dwarf, dressed in the green and brown woodsman's clothing worn by most of that race. He was tall for a Dwarf, a little over five feet, and carried a small arsenal of weapons bound about his broad waist. He looked down at the drugged Menson and shook his head dubiously.

"You must be a stranger to do a dumb thing like that," he reproached the other in his deep bass voice. "Nobody with any sense plays around with the Sereas."

"I am from Leuk . . . to the west," Menson managed to gasp out, his voice thick and strange to his own ears.

"A highlander—I might have known." The Dwarf laughed heartily to himself. "You'd have to be laaapoo. Well, don't worry, you'll be fine in a few days. That drug won't kill you if we get it treated, but you'll be out for a while."


He laughed again and turned to remove his pack. Menson, with his final ounce of strength, grasped him by the waist.


"I must reach the Amar. Call heaven," he gasped sharply. "Take me to Bahmor . . ."


The Dwarf looked back at him sharply, but Menson had lapsed into unconsciousness. Muttering to himself, the Dwarf picked up his own weapons and those of the fallen highlander. Then, with surprising strength, he heaved the limp form of Menson over his broad shoulder, testing the load for balance. Satisfied at last that all was in place, he began trudging steadily, muttering all the while, moving toward the forests of the Amar.


HEAVY METAL


T-SHIRTS


1. 

2. 

3. 

4. 

5. 

6. 

National Lampoon, Dept. HM1
615 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022
Men's \$1.95 plus \$14 for postage for any HEAVY METAL
T-shirt (1 or Dark Top) Size S M L XL
Style no. 1 2 3 4 5 6
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

-Tom



ARTIST: MOUCHEL
 WRITER: PAULINE PIERSON
 INKING: VOSS



AS THE CITY OF LITHURGO
 AS SPITS FORTH THE
 FLAMES OF ITS DEFEAT...
 THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF
 THE DISASTROUS SIEGE,
 THE CHEVALIER ULYSSES
 DE GRANT ALBAN TAKES
 FLIGHT, RACES OFF AT FULL
 SPEED TO GEEK REINFORCEMENTS.

BUT WILLIAM OF SHOCK AND HIS
 TROOP ARE IN PURSUIT.

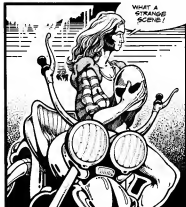
BY THE HORNS OF SCALZEBUS, WE'LL GO NO FURTHER! HE HAS SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT BY PENETRATING THE ACCURSED WALLS OF TRAUMWACH!



AT LAST, I MAY BE ABLE TO GET SOME REST.



WHAT A STRANGE SCENE!





S SAINT ALBAN SAVES THE KIDNAP
MAIDEN FROM THE WAVES...



A HELPING HAND REACHES
TOWARD THEM...



...A MAN OF AN ALARMING AND QUARRELSONE
ASPECT INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO ULYSSES...

**BARON VON
EIFERSUCHT!**

I AM GRATEFUL FOR YOUR VALOR,
STRANGER, BUT NOW, LEAVE US ALONE!



I COMMAND YOU
TO LEAVE
IMMEDIATELY!



SEE, YOU ARE
MAD!!





TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIS WEAKNESS, THE ANGEL RECAPTURES ITS PREY...



THE TRAITOR HAS TAKEN ME BY SURPRISE!

HE WILL ANSWER TO ME!



IS IT RAGE THAT DRIVES ME?



OR DOES THE DESIRE TO SEE THAT LOVELY CREATURE AGAIN HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?



I AM LOSING SIGHT OF THEM...

A FANTASTIC SCENE
APPEARS TO ULYSSES,
AN IMAGINARY LAND...



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, ON THE
STAGE OF THE THEATER OF
CELESTIAL PASSIONS...



YOU WISHED TO
ESCAPE ME / YOU
SHALL SWEAT FOR
THIS!



NOW YOU SHALL
NEVER FLEE FROM
ME, FOR I SHALL
CLIP YOUR...



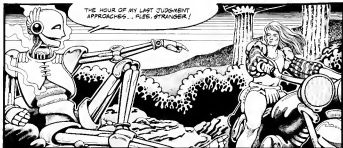
YOU AREN'T GOING
TO DO ANYTHING,
BARON!











WITH A TERRIBLE CRASH, TRAMWACH DISAPPEARS, ITS CREATOR OWING UP THE GHOST, VICTIM OF THE ETERNAL CONFLICT BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL.





SPACE PUNKS

IT HAD TO HAPPEN! I REMEMBER THE NIGHT THEY NAILED THE GANG!
THE SKITSY APACHES WERE STUPID ENOUGH TO GET NABBED BY
A PATROL IN THE NORTHERN INSECURITY ZONE WHERE WE'D GONE TO
COP OUR STASH OF NUTRO-TABS IN THE KANGARU OF THE OLD MILITARY
ASTROPORT! NEW ALBERTA WAS KEEPING AN EYE ON HER BORDERS...



WE WERE DUE FOR A LONG STRETCH IN THE SLAMMER!

BUT IN HIS DECISION, BECAUSE WE WERE JUST KIDS, THE SUPREME CAREER COUNSELOR OFFERED US A DEAL: TEN YEARS IN REFORM SCHOOL... OR A FIFTEEN-YEAR WITCH IN THE COMMANDOS OF THE SPACE LEGION. MY PALS TURNED HIM DOWN, FLAT, BUT I JUMPED AT THE CHANCE AND SIGNED UP.

THE NEXT DAY I WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE TERRESTRIAL FORCES TRAINING DEPOT...



A AT FIRST, IT WASN'T EASY. BUT I LEARNED FAST THAT I'D BEEN SCREWING UP MY OWN LIFE. THINGS WERE CHANGING, AND LITTLE BY LITTLE THE INSECURITY EDGE PUNK STARTED TO BECOME A REAL SOLDIER.

I LEARNED ADVANCED RIFLE TECH. I LEARNED TO OBEY, AND THEN TO COMMAND. THE SPACE LEGION WAS MAKING ME A MAN.

ONE DAY, THE WORD CAME DOWN. THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE WAS ON RED ALERT FOR A MISSION...



YOU HAVE ONE MINUTE TO DECIDE: THE COMMANDOS OR REFORM SCHOOL...



COME ON! LOOK SMART! THIS ISN'T A PLEASURE CRUISE!

AND THE SUPERCRUISER
"MARILYN MONROE"
OF THE UNITED TERRESTRIAL
FORCES TOOK OFF, ALL
SYSTEMS GO.

ABOARD WERE 10,000
COMMANDOS, READY
FOR ACTION...





HEY, HERE ON A COURSE FOR THE BORDERS OF THE TERRESTRIAL ORGANIZATION'S SYSTEM, THERE IS A SERIOUS THREAT TO THE FREEDOM OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE TAKEN THE LOYALTY OATH TO THE TERRESTRIAL ALLIANCE. WE'RE GOING TO HELP THEM BRING BACK LAW AND ORDER...

"... AND CRUSH THE AGITATORS WHO HAVE DISTURBED THE PEACE IN THESE AREAS. YOUR JOB IS TO EXECUTE VARIOUS PACIFICATIONS AND POLICE ACTIONS FOR THE SECURITY OF OUR ALLIES. THE TERRESTRIAL ORGANIZATION IS PRAY FOR YOU!"

WE WERE BECOMING OPERATIONAL. THE SHIP WAS CHARGED WITH INTENSITY, EFFICIENCY. WE WERE ON A GREAT CRUSADE...



I WAS ASSIGNED TO INTERCEPTION AND DECODING SPY MESSAGES FROM THE REBEL ZONES BELOW. IT WAS A RESPONSIBLE JOB AND VITAL TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR MISSION.

SPEAKER 555 IN BROADCAST POSITION. READY TO RECEIVE.

OF COURSE, I'D RATHER HAVE BEEN WITH THE STRIKE FORCE, BUT I RUNKLED MY FLIGHT TEST.



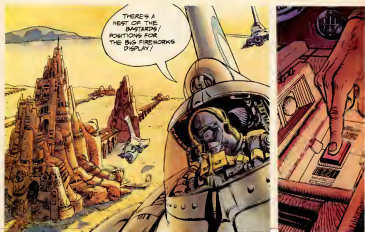
STILL, WE HAD TEAM SPIRIT, AND WE KNEW ALL THOSE GUYS WE ALL ADMIRED WERE WILLING TO SHARE IN THE GLORY.

I STILL REMEMBER ONE OF THEM, CLOSING HIS COCKPIT BEFORE THE LEAP INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN, SAYING TO US:



DON'T FORGET, WE'RE DEPENDING ON ALL YOU LITTLE GUYS!





IT WAS A LONG AND VERY EFFECTIVE CAMPAIGN—A LITTLE BORED FOR THOSE OF US LEFT ORBITING IN THE BIG SHIP. THE COMMANDOS MADE FINE STRIKES ON THE REBELS, RADIOING THE POSITIONS OF THEIR NERVE CENTERS UPSTAIRS TO US, CALLING IN A MISSILE STRIKE OR TWO.

WE'D TEACH THOSE LITTLE SHITS A LESSON FOR A WHILE, AND THEN MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PLANET...



WROTE THE SHIP, HE DIDN'T MISS ANY OF THE ACTION, THANKS TO THE TV CAMERAS FIXED TO THE HELMHEADS, AND THE COLOR COMMENTARY OF THE TECHNICAL COMMANDER.

IT WAS THRILLING, ONCE EVERYTHING WAS QUIET, HE WOULD MAKE A LANDING AND RONDAYGO WITH OUR ALLIES.



I EVEN HAD A MOMENT OF GLORY! HE WERE ON A ROUTINE PATROL WHEN BOMB HIT, PROBABLY IN A STATE OF SHOCK, JUMPED ONE OF MY BUDDIES, I REACTED FAST AND ZAPPED HIM WITH A ROSE OR RAY GUN, THAT EARNED ME PERSONAL CONGRATS FROM THE COMMANDER ... AND A MEDAL!



THE EXPEDITION WENT ON FOR A WHILE THEN WE'D SHIPPED OUT THE LAST OF THE REBELLIONS AND WE BEGAN THE LONG TRIP BACK HOME. I MUST SAY THE ATMOSPHERE ON BOARD WAS... WELL, RELIGIOUS I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT TOOK US TO SOBER UP FROM THAT PIG-OUT! FINALLY, BACK ON EARTH, I GOT PLACEMENT IN A SMALL ARMS CONCERN. THE SECURITY FOREMAN TOOK ONE LOOK AT MY REFERENCES (AND MY MEDAL) AND I LANDED A SOFT GIG AT BIG DUCKS.



THESE DAYS I'M A MARRIED MAN GOT A KID WHO'S TOUGH AS HIS OLD MAN, BUT YOU BET I CAN HANDLE HIM!

WE'RE LIVING BACK IN NEW ALBERTA, IN A REAL NICE COMPOUND, AND I WAS ELECTED MILITIA CHIEF OF MY LEVEL. YOU CAN'T ASK FOR MORE THAN THAT.

AND ALL I WANT IS A SECURE FUTURE FOR MY FAMILY... CAUSE THAT'S THE KINDA GUY I AM!



FIN

1996



lems of governing justly in a society where the monarch's word was the only law. Yet he felt that in his own way he was as good as any man alive. She believed he was a man to be looked up to. Perhaps so, he thought sily, but his life to date appeared to consist of one long line of harrowing experiences and wild escapades that had served little or no constructive purpose.

The smooth, grass-covered lowlands changed to rough, barren ground, rising abruptly in small hills and dropping sharply into steep, trenchlike valleys that made travel slow and almost hazardous in places. Memon looked anxiously ahead for some indication of more level terrain, but it was impossible to see very far, even from the top of the steep rises. He piddled on, deliberately and steadily, ignoring the roughness of the ground and silently berating his decision to come that way. He raved wondrously briefly, then suddenly snapped back as he caught the sound of a human voice. He listened intently for several seconds, but could hear nothing further and dismissed it as the wind or his imagination. A moment later he heard it again, only this time it was the clear sound of a woman's voice, singing softly somewhere ahead of him, faint and low. He walked more quickly, wondering if his ears were playing tricks on him, but all the time hearing the woman's mellow voice grow louder. Soon the entrancing sound of her singing filled the air in a gay, almost wild abandon that reached into the innermost depths of the highlander's mind, bidding him to follow, to be as free as the song itself. Almost in a trance he walked steadily on, smiling broadly at the images the happy song conjured up to him. Vaguely, he wondered what a woman would be doing in these bleak lowlands, miles from any kind of civilization, but the song seemed to dispel all his doubts in its warm assurance that it came from the heart.

At the peak of a particularly bleak rise, somewhat higher than the surrounding hillocks, Memon found her sitting beneath a small twisted tree with long, gnarled branches that surrounded him of willow trees. She was a young girl, very beautiful and obviously very much at home in these lands as she sang brightly, seemingly oblivious to anyone who might be attracted by the sound of her voice. He did not conceal his approach, but moved straight to her side, smiling gently at her freshness and youth. She smiled back at him, but made no effort to rise nor to greet him, continuing the gay strains of the tune she had been singing all this time. The Prince of Leuk came to a halt several feet away from her, but she quickly beckoned him to come closer and sit next to her beneath the odd-shaped tree. It was the one that from somewhere deep within him a small warning nerve twanged, some sixth sense not yet extinguished by her vibrant song, tugged at him and demanded to know why this young girl should ask a complete stranger to sit with her. There was no reason for his hesitation other than perhaps the innate distrust the hunter has for all things out of place and time in nature, but whatever the reason, it ceased the highlander to pause. In that instant the girl and the song disappeared into vapor, leaving Memon to face the strange-looking tree on the barren rise.

For one second Memon hesitated, unable to believe what had just occurred, and then hastily moved to withdraw. But the loose ground about his feet opened even as he passed, releasing a heavy cluster of thick-gnarled roots which wound themselves tightly about the young man's ankles, holding him fast. Memon stumbled over backward and trying to break free. For a moment he found his predicament to be ludicrous. But try as he might, he could not work free of those clinging roots. The strangeness of the situation increased almost immediately as he glanced up to see the strange root-imbued tree, previously immobile, approaching in a slow, unrelenting motion, as limbs extended toward him, their tips containing small but deadly-looking needles. Thoroughly aroused now, Memon dropped his pack and bow in one motion and unsheathed the great sword, realizing that the girl and the song had been an illusion to draw him within reach of this enormous tree. He cut briefly at

the roots which bound him, severing them in places, but the work was slow because they were wound so tightly about his ankles that he could not risk broad strokes. Sudden panic set in as he realized he could not get free in time, but he forced the feeling down and shouted his defiance at the plant, which by now was almost on top of him. Swinging in fury as it came within reach, he quickly severed a number of the clutching limbs and it withdrew slightly, its whole frame shuddering in pain. Memon knew that with its next approach he had to strike its nerve center if he expected to destroy it. But the strange tree had other ideas, coiling its limbs into itself, it thrust them toward the imprisoned traveler one at a time, showering him with the tiny needles that flew off the ends. Many of them missed altogether and some bounced harmlessly off his heavy tunic and boots. But others struck the exposed skin of his hands and head and embedded themselves with small stinging sensations. Memon tried to brush them off, while protecting himself from further assault, but the little needles broke off, leaving their tips embedded in his skin. He felt a kind of slow drowsiness begin to steal over him and portions of his nervous system began to go numb. He realized at once that the needles contained some sort of drug that was designed to put the plant's victim to sleep, to render it helpless for easy disposition. Wildly, he fought the feeling seeping through his system, but soon dropped helplessly to his knees, unable to fight it, knowing that the tree had won.

But amazingly, the deadly tree appeared to hesitate and then to inch slightly backward, coiling again in attack. Slow, heavy footsteps sounded behind the fallen prince, approaching cautiously. He could not turn his head to see who it was, and a deep bass voice warned him abruptly to remain motionless. The tree coiled expertly to strike, but an instant before it released its deadly needles, it was struck with shattering impact by a huge mass that flew over the shoulder of the fallen Memon. The strange tree was completely toppled by the blow. Obviously injured, it struggled to raise itself and light back. Behind him, Memon heard the sharp release of a bow-string and a long black arrow embedded itself deep within the plant's thick trunk. Immediately the roots about his feet released their grip and sank into the earth and the main portion of the tree shuddered violently, limbs thrashing the air and showering needles in all directions. A moment later it descended slowly to the earth. With a final spasm, it lay motionless.

Still heavily drugged from the needles, Memon felt the strong hands of his rescuer grip his shoulders roughly and force him into a prone position while a broad hunting knife severed the few remaining strands binding his feet. The figure before him was a powerfully built Dwarf, dressed in the green and brown woodsman's clothing worn by most of that race. He was tall for a Dwarf, a little over five feet, and carried a small arsenal of weapons bound about his broad waist. He looked down at the drugged Memon and shook his head dubiously.

"You must be a stranger to do a dwarf's thing like this," he reproached the other in his deep bass voice. "Nobody with any sense plays around with the Suras."

"I am from Leuk . . . to the west," Memon managed to gasp out, his voice thick and strange to his own ears.

"A highlander—I might have known." The Dwarf laughed heartily to himself. "You'd have to be, I suppose. Well, don't worry, you'll be fine in a few days. That drug won't kill you if we get it treated, but you'll be out for a while."

He laughed again and turned to retrieve his mace. Memon, with his final ounce of strength, grasped him by the tunic.

"I must reach the Anar Culhaven," he gasped sharply. "Take me to Balmer."

The Dwarf looked back at him sharply but Memon had lapsed into unconsciousness. Muttering to himself, the Dwarf picked up his own weapons and those of the fallen highlander. Then with surprising strength, he heaved the limp form of Memon over his broad shoulders, testing the load for balance. Satisfied at last that all was in place, he began trudging steadily, muttering all the while, moving toward the forests of the Anar.

AGE OF AGES

A GOTHIC SCIENCE- FICTION TRIP TO THE APOCALYPSE

by
Akbar Del Piombo
Collages by
Norman Rubington



The first sign of a drastically altering world came from a strange report that Dante and Virgil had made their way back from Hell.



Another had Hannibal lost in the Rockies, retracing his way across the Alps.





An unidentified Roman returned to his ancient haunts, heralding the Age of Nostalgia...

The influx of all manner of exotereatrials escalated, and the hamblest abode strained its resources for oil to amoint its chis-sens-dry-as.



In the skies of California, a sign from the Zodiac alerted a waiting cull to the coming of their Messiah.

The pan, accelerated—and the word was *Josh* had surfaced off Malibu Beach.



Experts spoke of a time warp when Atlants rose briefly in the vicinity of New Jersey. The resinking of the legendary continent sparked rumors of mass hallucination raising the righteous anger of Hobokristies.



Things were not what they seemed, and people were seeing things everywhere.





Antitype of a new global man, Sir Edwin Funn, Scotland Yard's ace dick, ponders an awesome question: Has the bottle for men's minds been won? And if so, by whom? Chief of the ultra-secret P1** (*) he maintains silence at the bizarre reports and the laughter of his fellow club members, amused at his colonial headgear. The quiet relic, with a fortune of electronic wizardry connects him to the underground network of P1***

(*)PLANETARY INTELLIGENCE SURVEY SYSTEM, or
PISS, for which the abbreviated form P1**

These was
The flying virtuoso were droppings from a stupendous achievement - the first earth colony to orbit the planet. The prize real estate belted as a "heavenly plot" was launched with a song hit, "The Future is Now." Science-fiction was no more.



A P1*** agent rashes an incredible fish story of a school of bloaters over Paris en route to Nice. "Bloody weird!" thinks Sir Edwin. "Unless nature is going as mad as men, for this there has to be reason!"



It was part of the spectacular Ode to Progress Expo, revealing the future to young and old. A smattering of creeps amongst the visitors was no cause for alarm, their numbers being proportional to the rise in population.

The sensation of the show was a new genre - born in vitro. The first of the "pre-fabs" a suave mature product issued with assembly-line efficiency from a prodigious vulva sans contractors, noise, or pain.



Prisoners of the 'Proxy Generation' - Scandinavia (a par gel) (right), a blue ribbon first generation model (left) Britain's runner up - second generation butler and/or habruster



Not on view was another generation - unpublished and developed in secret. With their last screw in place, a proto body of warriors execute meticulous close-order drill. The military is enthralled. The steel of Hoodless conflict is at hand

And so the stage was set for the Main Event
As predicted - Big Brother took over

Big in every way he came walking tall from God's country, the patron saint of Texas - and on taking office, took the vow of silence in an electrifying speech (Below - Pross secretary records the crucial inaugural that brought the world to a standstill)



His first act was to declare the Millennium. It was a coup, a shrewd that turned the tables on everything that had been said before but wild games flew of a warlock in the White House. There were leaks that he did more than just commune with nature and talk to plants



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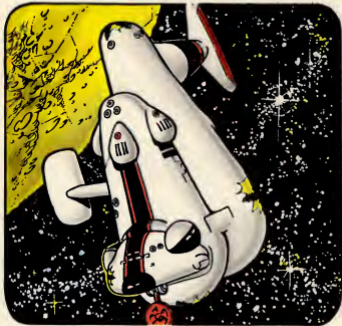
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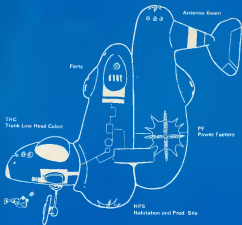
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SUMPT

by VAUGHN BODÉ



SUNPOT VIEWS

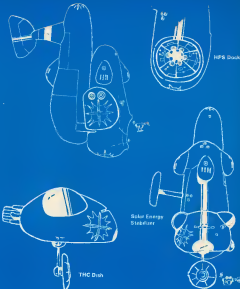


SUNPOT SIZES

THC (Trunk Line Head Cabin)

Height: 70 ft. (swivel down 170) 545' Dish dia. 55 ft.
 Length: 120 ft. (Socket Plug 22 ft.) - 51 meters
 85 ft. - Prod. 30 ft. - Port. 30 ft.
 Width: 130 ft.

HPS Habitation and Production Site - 8.5 ft. dia.
 Height: 200 ft. (swivel down 210 ft. down 240 ft. dia. 45 ft. swivel down 260 ft. dia. 110 ft. 170 ft. 210 ft. 240 ft.)
 Length: 100 ft. (swivel down 105 ft. 110 ft. 115 ft. 120 ft. 125 ft. 130 ft. 135 ft. 140 ft. 145 ft. 150 ft. 155 ft. 160 ft. 165 ft. 170 ft. 175 ft. 180 ft. 185 ft. 190 ft. 195 ft. 200 ft.)
 Width: 110 meters - 130 ft. dia.
 Length: 110 meters - 130 ft. dia.



PF Power Factory

Height: 200 ft. (swivel down 210) top 50 ft.
 Length: 50 ft. (bottom/dia. under 110) top 50 ft.
 Width: 130 bottom/45 top

THC/HPS & PF

Length: 405 ft.
 Height: 405 ft. (w/THC SW down 450 ft.)



BELINDA BUMP

A robust, busty, 4-foot high pile of sex. Dr. Electric's pick of the 13 luscious falsies on-board the Sunspot Planet.



ELECTRIC BEE

A standard force of 25 Electric Bees patrol Sunspot acting as a police force or as body guards for Dr. Electric.



FARKFOOT

The ship's foreman, Dr. Electric's first synthetic, which he considers a failure. Farkfoot is tolerated for nostalgia's sake.



SCREWBOSS

About 100 of these practical, business-like machines oversee the lesser bright things like screws, cookers and stuff.



SCREWS

At least 1,000 screw machines make up the main body of the crew. Screws are cheap, easily expendable and stupid.



FUEL SCREWS

Fifty complete, ready-for-burning fuel screws are kept on board at all times. They are very unstable personalities.



COAKERS

400 coakers work menial tasks on Sunspot like washing dishes, being servants and things. They are black and, therefore, have no rights.



LIZARDS

Lizards, about 100, are the scientists and technicians and idiots indispensable to Sunspot's operation.

CHAPTER 1

OUT IN THE SUNNY VACUUM OF ETERNAL AFTERNOON, ALMOST TO THE MOON, ALMOST INTO ORBIT, GOES A NEW APOLLO. IT FALLS TOWARD THE QUIET, MASSIVE MONSTER AND ANOTHER (LANDING FOR MAN)....



THE JUNIOR PILOT SEES A BRIGHT, FLIPPING OBJECT PASS A MILE BELOW IT. IS QUICKLY LOST IN BRILLIANCE...

NO KIDDING, IT WAS A DAMN MOON SATELLITE, BRIGHT AS A PIECE OF TIN IN THE SUN!



HELL, WHAT YOU PROBABLY SAW WAS A FLICK OF ALUMINUM PACKING FROM THE LEM...

WHAT HE SAW WAS NO FLICK OF FLAKE, NOR MOON SATELLITE... WHAT HE SAW WAS A BEAN WITH HANDS!!

SUNPOT SHIP, THIS IS, BELINDA BUMP, IN BODY BEAN FIVE... I HAD TO ABANDON THE LOUSY DAMN BOUY POD TRANSMITTER! AN AMERICAN APOLLO IS RIGHT BEHIND ME!



OKAY, NECTAR NIPPLES, DIS IS DR. ELECTRIC ON DA HORN, WHAT'S THA' PROBLEM?

AN APOLLO, YOU MECHANICAL WASP!! IT'S GOIN' INTO ORBIT, IT WILL SEE THE BLOODY SHIP!!



EASY WIF DA' NAMES, SWEET-HEART OR IZ I CUT OFF YOUR BUBBLE BATH ALLOTMENT

YOU BATTERY OPERATED PYTHON, THIS IS NO TIME FOR YOUR STATIC HUMOR, DO SOMETHING!!



BELINDA, BABE, I AM JUST TALKING TO EARFOOT, HE THINKS WE SHOULD SHOOT DOWN DA' APOLLO...

GOOD IDEA!

WHY DON'T WE JUST MOVE AWAY FROM THE MOON BEFORE THE APOLLO COMES BY?.

YOU IS BUSY, BUT DUMB!. WE CAN'T MOVE OFF UNTIL WE START DA POWER FACTORY SO ITS EASHER JUST TO SHOOT EM DOWN. LOGIC.



SCREWBASS, YOU BETTER HAVE ONE OR YER' SIMPD, RUSTY SCREWS CHECK THE OIL NEXT TIME !!! WHERE'S DR. ELECTRIC?

MY SCREWS IS GOOD BOYS, THEY MAKE LOTTA MISTAKES, BUT THEM LEARNIN' LIKE BLUE-LIGHTING. THEY JUS' NOT GOOD AS 'N THE TIC'S."

DR. ELECTRIC, HAVE WE GOT THE APOLLO ON OUR TRACKING SCREENS YET?.. HMM?..

ALL OUR FORTS ARE LOCKED ON. APOLLO GONNA PASS WITHIN 100 YARDS, SO ONLY A MORON WOULD MISS AT DAT RANGE LET'S GO UP TO THA WHEEL HOUSE.





WOBBLIE BOOBS, I HOPES DYS DISPLAY OF BRUTE POWER WILL IMPRESS YOU INTO CANNING DA CRACKS..

UM, LAST TIME YOU DISPLAYED BRUTE FORCE, YOU BLEW OUT TWO CONDENSERS IN, YOU KNOW WHERE.



FARKFOOT HERE! TO DO DA FIRE SIGNAL... APOLLO IS ON DA TARGET & CLOSING!! STAND READY!!

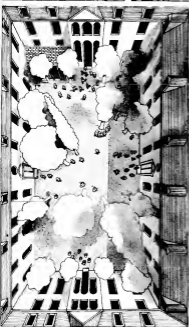
REEFER GUNS, FIRE!!

BOOM!

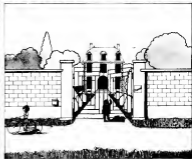
HEY!! HEY YOUSE GUYS!! I JUST SAW A WHOLE PACK OF MOON SATELLITES GO SHOOTIN' BY!!

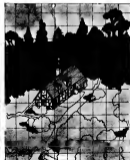
OH MAN.. TOO MUCH.. JUST SHUTUPAN SIT DOWN...













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Cover: Nicollet
Stories & Art: Carben, Drulllet,
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Brooks, Mouchel & Pierson & Voss,
Mezleres, Rubington, Montellier,
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Format: JPG @ 150 DPI
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File Names: ghmm770-001 thru
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