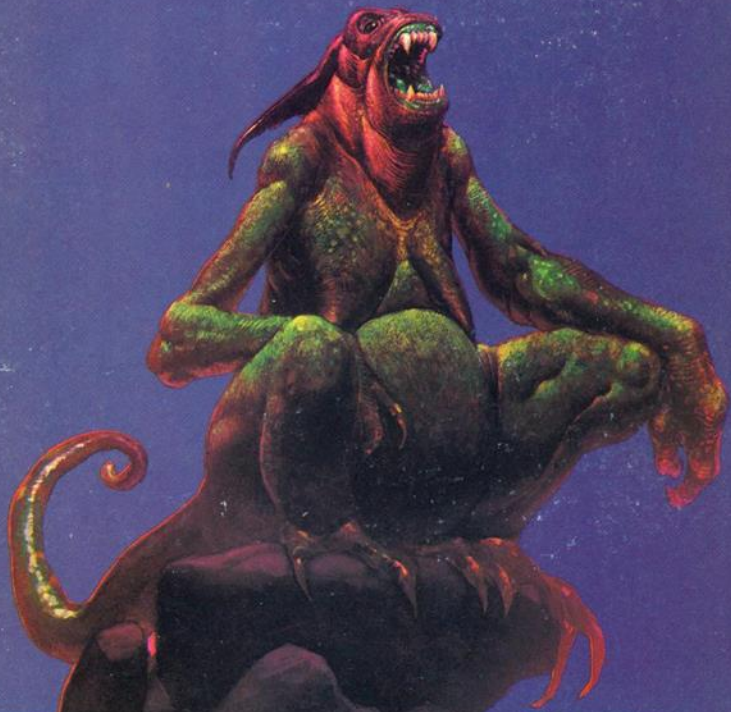


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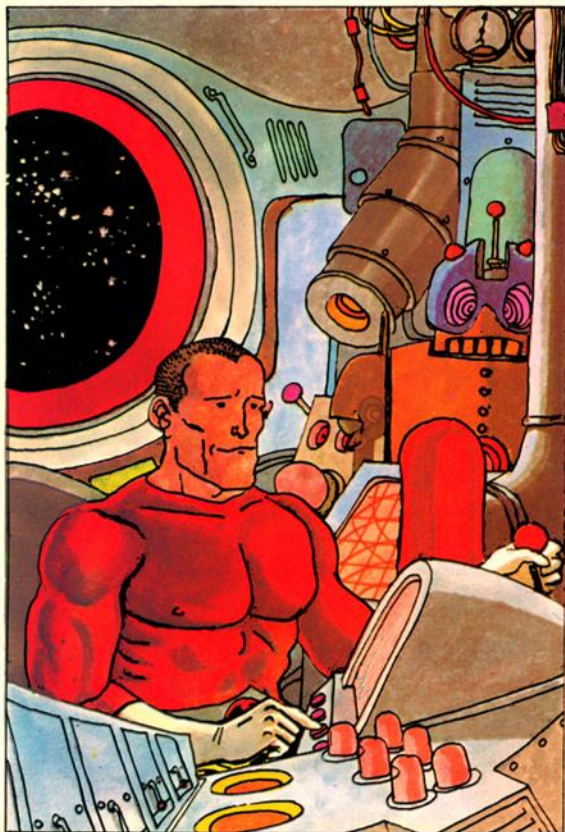
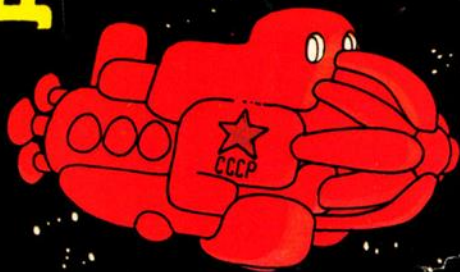
# HEAVY METAL

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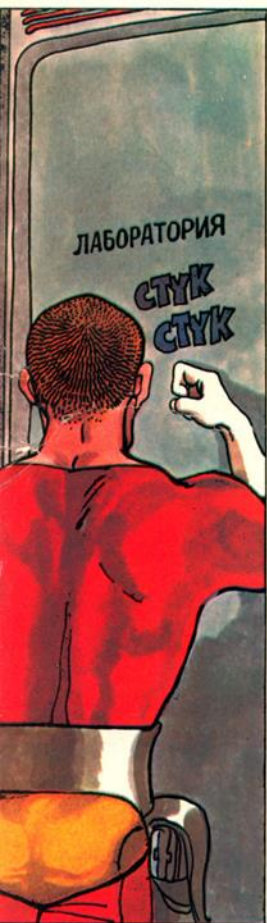
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine from the people who bring you the National Lampoon.



# МЕДОВЫЙ МЕСЯЦ







Светлана, как чувствует себя наш сын, первый ребёнок станции... Ну, расскажи...

Всё хорошо! Он совсем нормально развивается. Через несколько часов, он имеет взрослый рост.

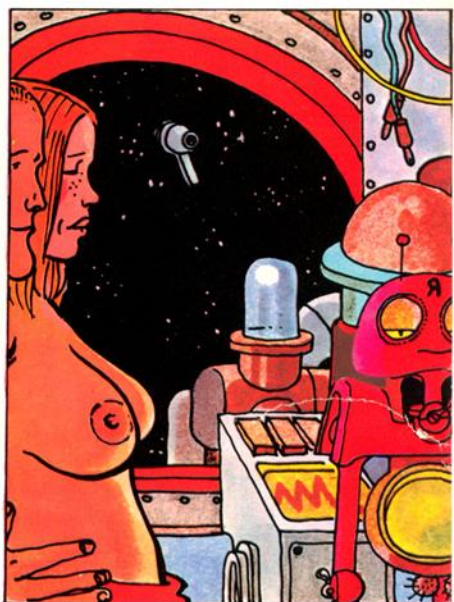


Отлично! Мы сможем вернуться домой. Тебе нравилось бы покидать твои контроли несколько минут?

Согласно, Никита... А, пожалуйста, не слишком долго.

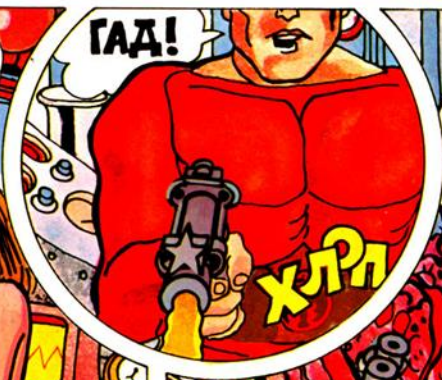
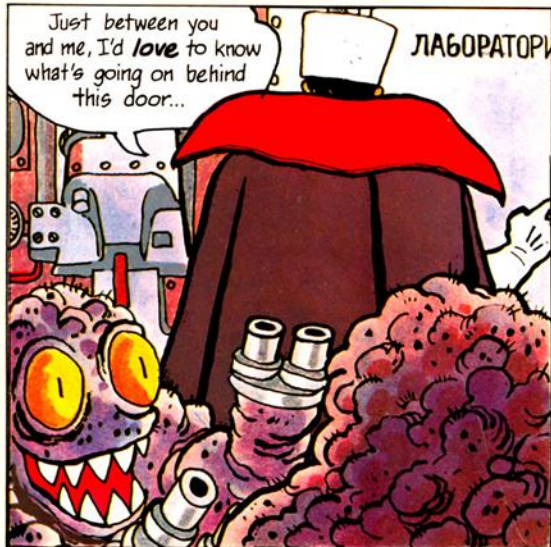


Наше свадебное путешествие оканчивается, ребёнок растёт, миссия наша - успех... Светлана, я тебя люблю!

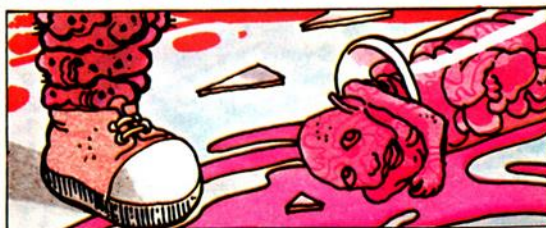
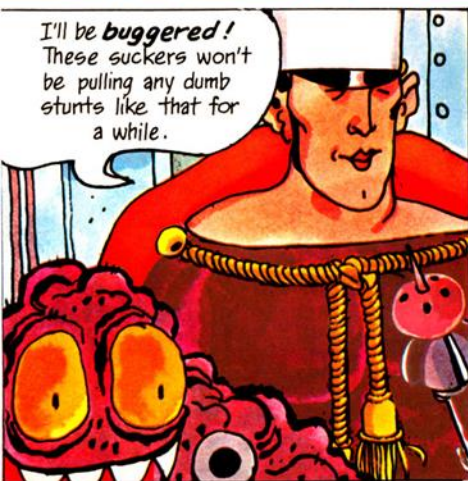




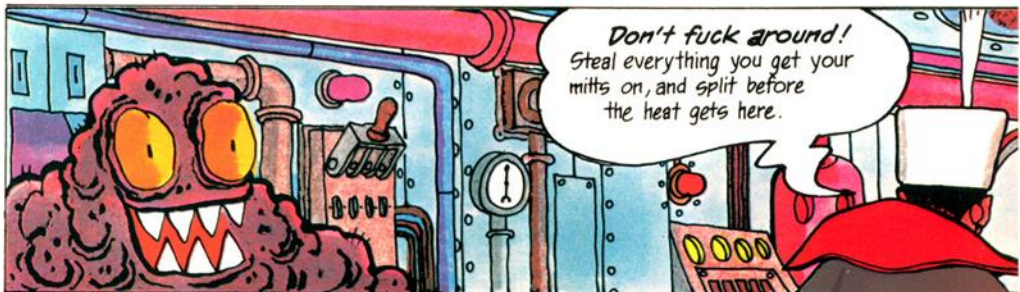
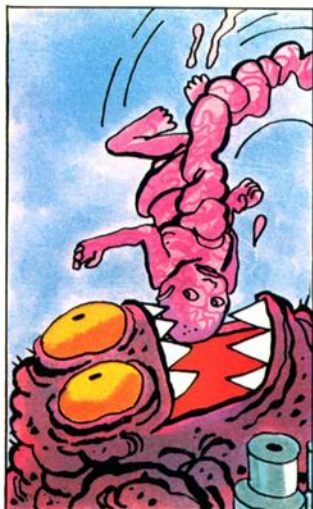




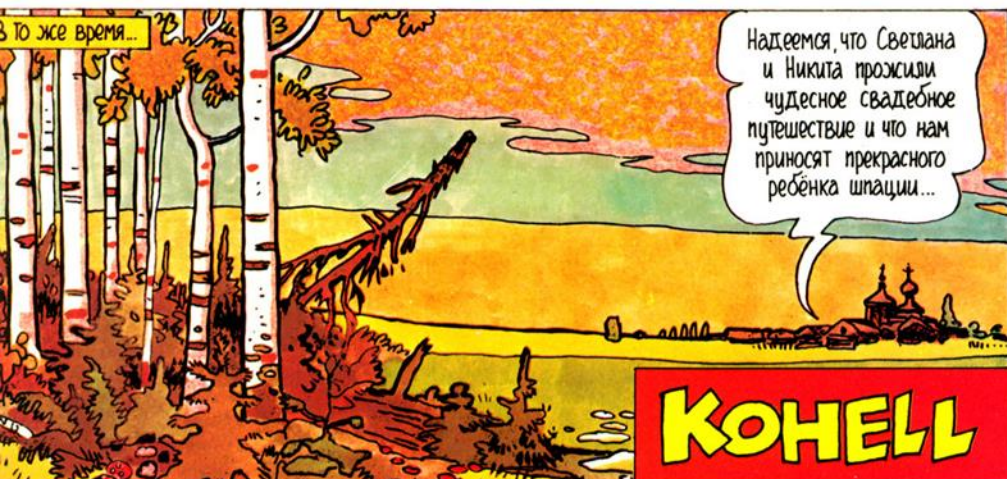




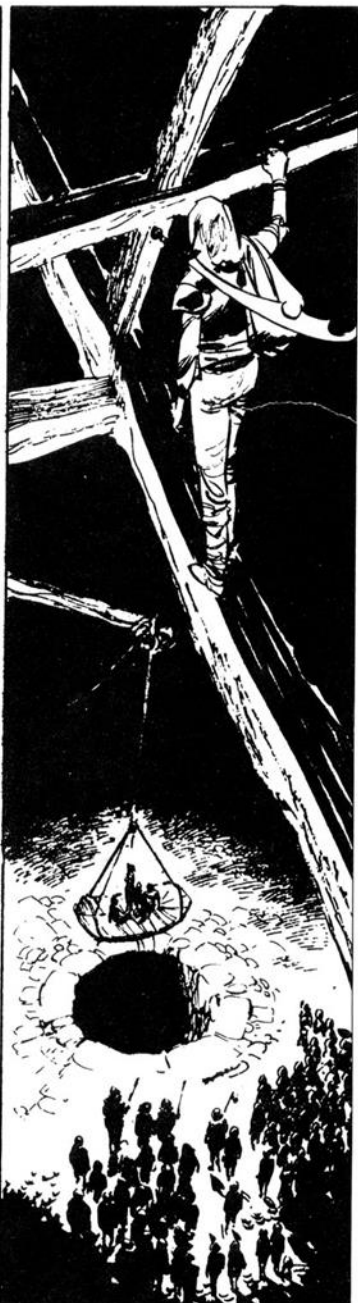




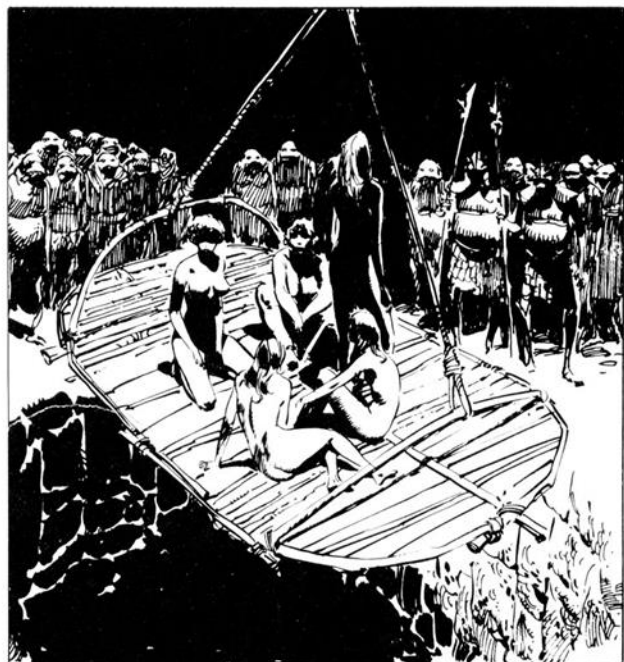




# The Adventures of YRRIS









SILENCE, MY LITTLE BEAUTIES, IT'S YRRIS, YOUR SAVIOR. I HAVE COME TO GAZE WITH YOU UPON THE DRAGON WHO IS AFRAID OF DAY.



YOU POOR IDIOT! WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR US?

THE IMPOSSIBLE, MY DARLINGS! BUT RIGHT NOW I'M AS SCARED AS YOU ARE!



SILENCE, I THINK HIS LORDSHIP IS HERE.

BY SAROT, HE IS EVEN BIGGER THAN I'D IMAGINED.



I THOUGHT YOU WERE RUNNING AWAY, YOU MISERABLE ABORTION, AND NOW HERE YOU ARE AGAIN.

NOW LOOK, I JUST COULDN'T RESIST THE URGE TO MEET YOU, OH DIVINE CREATURE, BECAUSE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD I HAVE HEARD TELL OF THE BEAUTY OF YOUR FACE AND THE GRACE OF YOUR MANNERS...





DEATH  
GIVES YOU  
**COURAGE**,  
YOU PATHETIC  
SPECK OF  
DUST.



LOOK, MY LITTLE  
ONES! LOOK UPON  
THE KING OF THE  
**DELICATE EYES**,  
THE KING WHO IS  
**AFRAID OF THE  
LIGHT!** I HAVE  
HERE IN MY BAG  
SEVERAL THINGS  
FOR HIS  
PLEASURE...



WHAT ARE  
YOU SAYING,  
YOU LITTLE  
RAT?

I HAVE  
SOME LITTLE  
**BUGS** FOR  
YOUR **DELIGHT**,  
OH GOD AND  
GODDESS ALL  
AT ONCE.

WHAT'VE  
YOU GOT  
THERE?



SOME  
LITTLE YELLOW  
**FLOWERS**, YOUR  
LORDSHIP...



TAKE THAT,  
YOUR DIVINE  
**SHITSHIP!** A  
GIFT FROM THE  
RAT. YOU WILL  
NOT BE ABLE TO  
DO **ANYTHING**  
AGAINST THEM,  
**YOUR**  
**EXCREMENCY.**  
THESE FLOWERS  
REPRODUCE AT  
THE SPEED OF  
LIGHT, AND  
THEY ARE  
**SO**  
**BRIGHT...**



I ALWAYS HAVE SOME  
PRECIOUS LITTLE  
THINGS LIKE THAT IN  
MY BAG. THESE  
FLOWERS WERE SOLD  
TO ME BY A BLACK-  
SKINNED MERCHANT  
ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE  
WORLD.

OH,  
**YRRIS,** YOU  
HAVE WON MY  
**HEART!**



AT LAST, A LITTLE RECOGNITION!  
BUT IT'S NOT YOUR **HEART**  
I'M INTERESTED IN.

WE HAVE TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE. THESE  
LITTLE FLOWERS  
WILL SOON **EAT**  
EVERYTHING THEY  
SEE AROUND  
THEMSELVES!









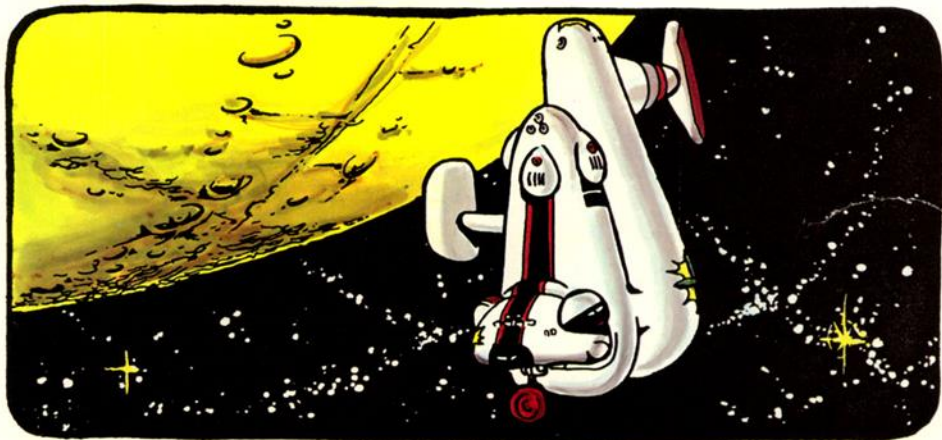




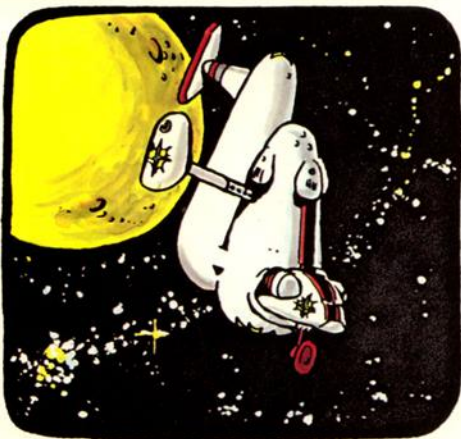
# SUNPOT

## CHAPTER 2

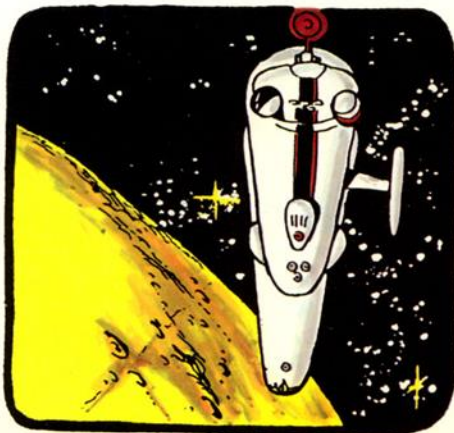
**T**HE GIANT **SUNPOT** COMPLEX HANGS HIGH ABOVE THE **RUSSIAN** SIDE OF THE **MOON**... IT HANGS LIKE A BOATED **SIAMESE** BOWLING PIN IN THE AFTERNOON MOTIONLESSNESS OF SPACE...



**B**ECAUSE OF THE CERTAIN DANGER OF DISCOVERY BY THE **APOLLO** MOON SHIP, DR. **ELECTRIC** ELECTS TO MOVE THE GREAT MASSIVE **SUNPOT** OVER TO THE PLANET **VENUS**. 3 DAYS AT DEAD SLOW INERTIAL...



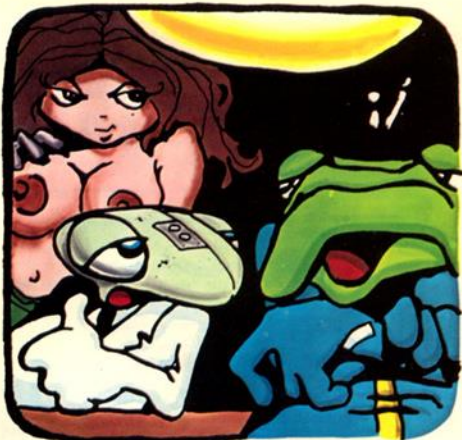
**T**HE **POWER** FACTORY IS WARMED UP, **FUEL** SCREWS ARE FED, SCREAMING, INTO THE MONO-DIRECTIONALIZED ATOMIC INERTIAL FORCE TRANSFORMERS. **SUNPOT** MOVES OFF LIKE A MOULDY CREAKING PLANET...





# DR. ELECTRIC DEFENDS HIS MEAN POLICIES

DR. ELECTRIC, I  
STRONGLY PROTESTS  
YOUR ATTEMPTS TO  
SHOOT DOWN THE  
AMERICAN APOLLO!



**SHUTUP**, OR  
I'LL HAS BELINDA  
BUMP SMOTHER  
YOU WIF HER HOT  
SYNTHETIC BOOBS!

YOU HAD YOUR  
ORIGINS IN AMERICA!  
HOW COULD YOU  
ATTEMPT SUCH AN  
ANTI-THING?!

ANTI-THINGS COME EASY TO ME... BUT WE  
HAS SPARED DA APOLLO MOON SHIP...  
REMEMBERS, BOWEL MOUTH, THE ONLY REASON  
THEY DIDN'T SEE THE SUNPOT WAS BECAUSE  
THEY WAS LOOKIN' THE OTHER WAY...



AN NOW, AS YOU OBSERBS, I IS MOVING  
OUR PLANET, SUNPOT, TO VENUS WHERE WE'LL  
HANG AROUND AWHILE TO FINISH CHECKING  
OUT THE SUNPOT FOR DEEP SPACE... OKAY,  
BELINDA, SMOTHER THE CREEP IN ECSTASY...



# THE NUTTY SCREW

YAHA! I IS  
ABOUT TO  
TAKE OVER DIS  
TRAVESTY OF ABORTED  
SCIENCE FICTION!



I'LL JUS' KILLS  
MYSELF ANOTHER  
FALSEIE JUST TO  
PERK UP ME  
MARKSMANSHIP.

**KUNK  
KUNK!**



WHAT?!  
YARGH,  
ELECTRIC  
BEES!!

ALRIGHT, SCREW-U-2  
YOU IS A BERSERKER,  
AN UNSTABLE ELEMENT  
IN THE SUNPOT PLANET'S  
STRUCTURE, GIVE UP!!



COME AN GET ME YA  
DIRTY BEESWAX STUFFIN'  
MOTHERS !!



**BOOM FARK,  
KUNK WAP WAP  
ZA-DI-DI-DI-DIT!**



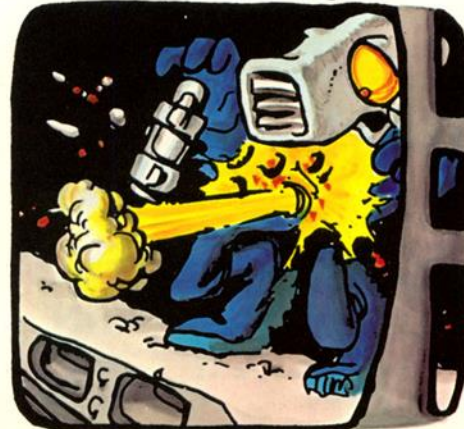
IT'S GUN-GADIN  
AT DA LAMO BOYS!  
MY HOUR OF EGO  
IDENTITY MY TOLLING  
MOMENT OF TRUTH!

**PORPANG  
BOOM  
ZINGO  
BA-TWEE**



**PUNCH  
CRUSH  
SUNCH**

**ARGH**  
THEY HAS  
DECIMATED  
ME LITTLE BOO!!

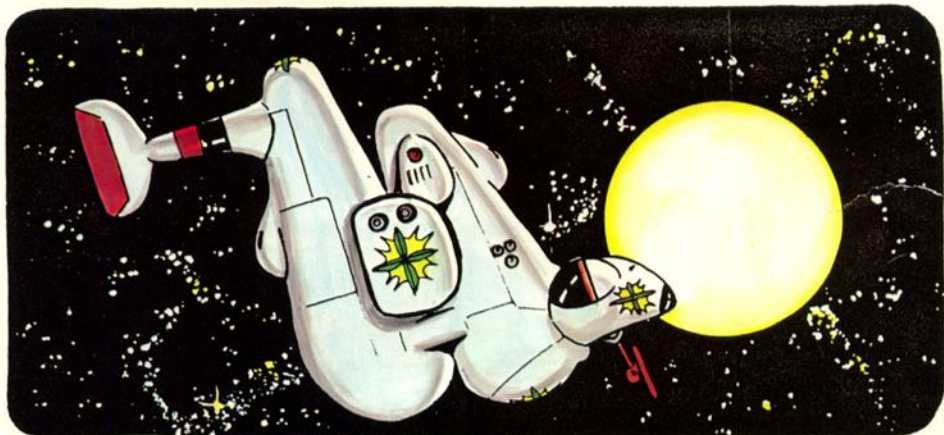


REPORT TO DR. ELECTRIC  
WE HAVE DESTROYED  
THE BERSERKER SCREW  
AT THE PEAK OF ITS  
IDENTITY CRISIS...

HEY, CAN I  
TELL BELINDA  
BUMP THE SCREW  
SHOT HER  
FALSIES?...

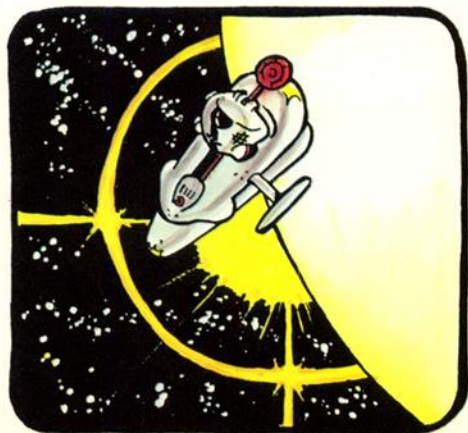
# CHAPTER 3

**SUNPOT** THE PLANET MOVES ACROSS THE QUIET OPULENCE OF FAT SOLAR SPACE LIKE THE GREAT RED PHALIC TEMPLE OF BROTHER MERCURY... WHITE **VENUS** LAYS OFF IN THE DISTANCE.



**THE SUNPOT** ENTERS INTO A SLOW TUMBLING **VENUSIAN POLAR ORBIT** IT ALLOWS ITSELF TO FALL ABOVE **VENUS** IN THE **MATING DANCE** OF UNIVERSAL ATTRACTION....

**THE HUGE POWER FACTORY** IS SHUT DOWN AND THE CREWS OF **SCREWS, LIZARDS, FALSIES** AND **PARAPHERNALIA** STAND DOWN FROM **SUNPOT'S** MAIDEN VOYAGE ACROSS PLANETARY SPACE...





# DR. ELECTRIC DISCUSSES STUFF

DR. ELECTRIC?  
BEILINDA BUMP?  
YOU ASKED TO  
BE AWAKENED  
AT VENUS FALL...



WOW! LOOK IT DAT,  
YOU PINK IT! VENUS!  
WE IS IN ORBIT  
ABOVE VENUS...  
PUT SUNGLASSES ON..

WOOT THAT'S BRIGHT...  
WILL WE SEND A  
PARTY DOWN INTO  
THE CLOUDS FOR  
SURFACE DATA?..



AHH... WE IS HERE TO CHECK OUT OUR  
PLANET SHIP FOR DEEP SPACE AND  
'HIGH C' WORTHINESS. WE GONNA  
DO A CURSORY STUDY OF VENUS WIF'  
INFRARED AN BODY BEAN MAPPERS...



WELL, IT SEEMS  
A SHAME NOT  
TO EXPLORE  
HER.. SHE IS  
BEAUTIFUL...

SO IS YOU, POWDER  
PUFF BOOBS.. AN  
YOU IS A LOT MORE  
FUN TO EXPLORE..

# THE MOONS OF VENUS

BODY BEAN NO. 26,  
PLEASE CEASE YER  
MAP SCANNING AND  
RETURN TO SUNPOT.  
ALL OTHER BEANS ARE IN.



MAN, VENUS!  
BRIGHT AS A  
GLARING WINTER  
SNOWFIELD IN  
DA AFTERNOON..

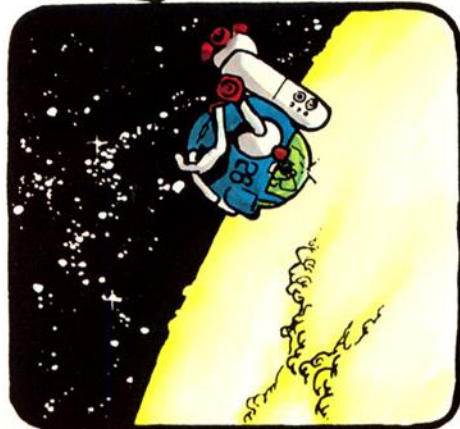
NO. 26, WE ARE  
LOSING TRANSMISSION  
LOCK ON YOU! YOU IS  
WAY DA HELL BELOW  
OUR HORIZON...

OKAY, SUNPOT, I  
IS COMING. I JUS'  
WANT TO TAKE ONE  
LAST LOOK SEE. I'LL LIFT  
UP ME SUNGLASSES..

BEAN 26, DON'T  
LOOK AT VENUS WIF  
OUT YOUR DARK  
GOGGLES. YOU SE  
CAN GET SNOW BUND.



**YARGH! I CAN'T  
SEE. I IS SNOW BLIND!**





**WOT IS I GONNA DO!! I IS  
BLIND AN I JUST LOST ALL ENERGY  
AN COMMUNICATION TRANSMISSION  
FROM THE SUNPOT PLANET! OH ME!!  
I IS DIRELY DOOMED FOR SURE! SWIF?**

**NOW HOLD IT.. I GOT TO REMAIN COOL, DAT'S MY  
ONLY CHANCE. OLD LT. RUBBER BERRY DON'T  
GIVE UP ALL DIS EASY.. I HAS ENOUGH FUEL  
ENERGY LEFT TO DOCK ME WIF THE SUNPOT..  
I'LL JUST SCAN AN LISTEN FOR A ECHOTRACK..**



**BEEP-BABEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP!** **HURRAH, I GOT A  
BOUNCING RADIO ECHO!  
IT A STRONG ONE. STRONG  
ENOUGH DAT I'LL BE DOCKED  
WIF SUNPOT IN A HALF HOUR.**



**HELLO, SUNPOT... DS IS BEAN 26. HELLO..  
HUM... I HAS BEEN DOCKED FOR TWO  
HOURS NOW AN NOBODY HAS  
COME OUT TO GET ME... CLICK, CLICK..  
MAYBE MY RADIO ON DA BLINK.**

**TO BE CONTINUED...**











# ACORN

*Why have I been torn from my sleep, oh cruel gods?  
Have I not yet atoned for my guilt?*

*I beg of you the Gift of Eternal Death!*






IT IS I, THY  
GUARDIAN, I  
WHOSE LANCE IS  
THE PILLAR OF THE  
WORLD, THE LIMITS  
OF WHICH NO MAN  
HAS SEEN.  
AT THE COMMAND OF  
MY MASTERS, THE  
GUARDIANS OF THE  
DOORS OF ULTI-  
MATE EMPTINESS,  
I AWAKEN THEE  
AGAIN!

TAKE UP AGAIN  
FOR A FEW BRIEF  
MOMENTS, THE  
MASQUE OF  
THY LIFE!





DAMNED ONE... NOW, CON-  
SCIOUSNESS AND UNCON-  
SCIOUSNESS RETURN TO  
THY **LOST REALITY**. LOOK  
ONCE AGAIN UPON THE **FACE**  
FOR WHICH THOU OFFERED  
UP THY **SOUL** TO THE  
**DEMONS OF THE GREAT**  
**VOID**, MY ONLY MASTERS,  
WHO IN THEIR FROZEN  
HANDS HOLD THE LIVING  
WORLD... GO... GO... GO...



MY LORD  
SLEEPS AND  
MOANS  
IN HIS  
SLEEP...

IT'S NOTHING...  
A BAD DREAM...  
I HAD BEEN  
DEAD FOR  
CENTURIES, AND  
MY BODY WAS  
EXPOSED TO  
THE WINDS...

...MOUNTED ON  
A FINGER OF  
STONE AMONG  
THE TORRENTS  
OF SPACE...



MY SON AGORN  
HAS DREAMS AS  
TROUBLED AS  
A YOUNG GIRL'S!!

HE'S IN LOVE AGAIN!  
MY BROTHER HAS A  
WEAKNESS FOR  
HIS SERVING GIRL.  
TRUST ONE IDIOT  
TO LOVE ANOTHER.



SON OF A SERPENT!  
FALSE BASTARD!

ONE DAY  
YOUR TONGUE  
WILL HANG  
FROM MY  
BELT!!



IT WOULD TAKE  
STRONGER ARMS  
THAN YOURS TO  
UPROOT ME,  
AGORN!!!



I KNOW THAT YOU DESIRE  
SWEET WATER, BUT  
YOU WILL NOT HAVE HER,  
TWISTED FLESH!



A LOT OF TROUBLE  
OVER A  
WHORE!!





ЯХАНА  
ХАНА

AND EVERYONE  
ROSE FROM  
THE TABLE AND  
LEFT THE ROOM,  
SHAKING WITH  
LAUGHTER.  
AGORN ALONE  
REMAINED.

AT THIS TIME,  
AGORN WAS YOUNG  
AND HE PASSION-  
ATELY LOVED  
**SWEET WATER.**  
BUT NOW HE FELT  
RISING WITHIN HIM  
A PASSIONATE  
**HATRED.**

*He resolved that death  
should fall upon that  
house.*



*He prepared himself.*

*He shaved his head.*

*His face changed...it  
suddenly became  
grim.*



*At length he betook  
himself to the  
chamber of Ephraim  
the Magician...*



HOW DID YOU  
ENTER DES-  
PITE MY  
SPELLS?



GIVE SWEET  
WATER TO  
ME!

I...I HAVE  
CAST HER TO  
THE DEMONS  
OF THE DARK!  
YOU WILL  
NEVER SEE  
HER AGAIN.  
EVEN I  
CANNOT BRING  
HER BACK.



JOIN HER,  
THEN!



DEMONS!  
OH,  
DEMONS...



OH, DEMONS, I OFFER YOU THE  
BLOOD OF MY FAMILY! OF  
THOSE WHO HATE ME! OF  
THOSE WHO HAVE KILLED  
MY LOVE! PHANTOMS, I  
OFFER YOU MY SOUL...













Go,  
Agorn,  
Go,  
My  
Son...

AGORN, MY LORD,  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?



SO, PULLING IT  
AGAIN, TWISTED  
FLESH?



NO!!!





*And calmly, Agorn cuts off one arm, then the other, one leg, then the other, until what is left of Twisted Flesh sprawls there screaming...*



HAPPY BROTHER, I'M SURE THAT YOUR SUCCESS WITH WOMEN WILL NEVER BE GREATER THAN NOW!



*And the heart of the castle resounded with the cries and shrieks of agony, until in the fury of his revenge, Agorn could do no more against him...*



ALL THIS NOISE... IS THAT YOU, AGORN?

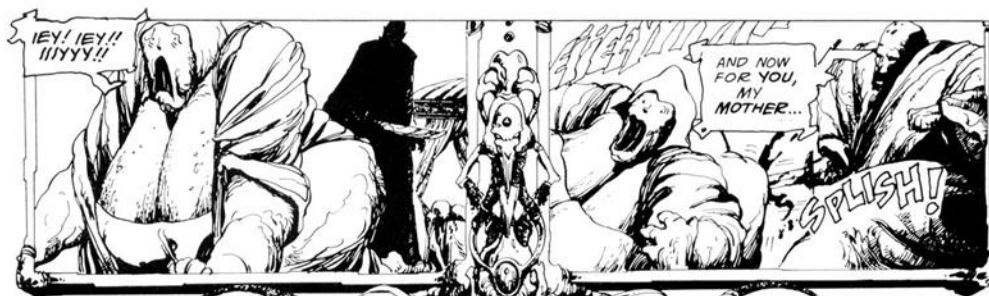


YES, FATHER, IT IS YOUR SON.



NO NEED, MY DEAR FATHER, THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE...

I CURSE YOU, DEVIL SPAWN... I CURSE YOU FOREVER... AARRHK...



Horrible were the howls mingling with the tumult of the storm, when at last, running with blood...

... Agorn loomed on the highest tower, bellowing...



SWEET WATER, MY LOVE, I WEEP FOR YOU AND I WANT YOU. HOWL ON, OH STORM, HOWL, BUT GIVE ME MY LOVE. OH DEMONS, TAKE MY SOUL AND GIVE BACK LIFE TO HER WHOM I DESIRE!



*A*gorn, you are damned. Agorn, you will relive for thousands and thousands of years the deeds of your life... this will be for all eternity-- Agorn the KILLER-- Agorn, Son of DEATH--

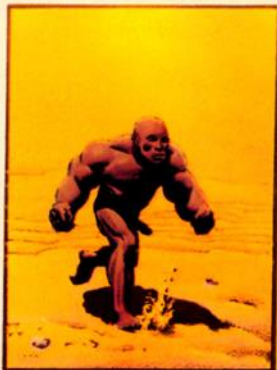
You will never find her again, whom you loved, but you will never forget her. Your ghost will never REST.

*Fin*



1996





I followed the lizardman,



Who followed the girl,



Whose destination was apparently the architectural anomaly, but her purpose there was still a complete mystery.

# DETO





The beast's intentions became obvious as we entered the building complex. I rushed to hide among the sculptures along the staircase between them.



The predator hissed an expectant chuckle.

Frantically I searched for a weapon.

The girl turned and saw the lizard but didn't seem frightened.



I CHARGED!!!

**YAAAAAAA!**







The stone struck the beast.



I crashed into him, grabbing for his knife



But succeeded only in knocking it away.



The blow should've killed him. He was hardly stunned.



I didn't want to give him a chance to think.



The girl remained, watching.





My body made movements unfamiliar to my conscious mind. It was though it had been highly trained and was under the control of another part of my brain.







The lizard's strongest blow caught me unprepared. I guess I thought he was going to close in and grab me again. Unconscious I was thrown among the stone works and fell below the staircase.



Then it came to me. My name is... was David Ellis Norman. I was mourning my Uncle Daniel's death. They had never found him but now, after seven years it was legal. Some of his belongings had come into my possession including his collection of Burroughs fantasy novels. In the back of one was a piece of paper with an electronic schematic drawn on it...



There was also a letter... addressed to me.

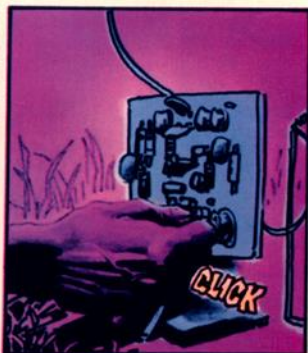
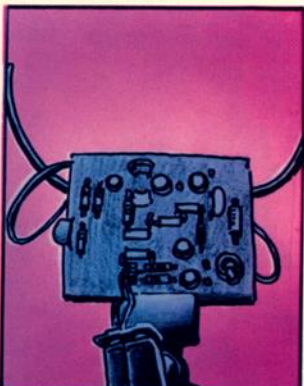
Dear David,  
I foresee you reading this  
some years after my dis-  
appearance. It is because  
we shared so many interests  
and a kinship that went  
beyond our common blood,  
that I write. I may be  
dead as you read; I  
have no way of knowing  
what lies ahead for me  
in that other world. This  
much is certain: my  
chances are better there,  
despite the dangers, than

here, facing certain slow  
death. You weren't aware  
of my withering illness.  
I am slowly losing  
life; it begins in the  
limbs and crawls slowly,  
relentlessly, to finish  
in the heart. So I bid  
you farewell and leave  
while I have the strength  
and resolution.

Goodbye,  
Dan

I knew the schematic was a clue. I decided to build it.





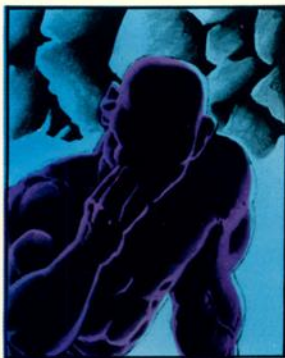
50 HEAVY METAL

I had to find my uncle. I stepped into the swirling light. . .and lost consciousness.



I reawakened among decayed stonework. I had not found my uncle but there were more urgent matters at hand.

I peered out expecting to see the girl or the lizardman.



The stone porch area was empty. . . Then inhuman sounds shattered the silence.





I was ill prepared for the sight that followed.



A DRAGON and the Indian girl. They were friends and chewing on the lizard man's carcass. It was a symbiotic relationship; she lured the prey, the dragon did the bloody work.



No sign of Uncle Dan. Did I make the machine right? Have other forces changed since he made his machine? . . . Will I ever get back? . . . Do I WANT to return? . . . I guess I'll have to look around and see. . .

to be continued. . .



# CONQUERING ARMIES

**L**ONG AGO, CONQUERING  
ARMIES SET OUT TO  
VANQUISH THE WORLD...

**N**O ONE KNEW WHO THEY  
WERE OR WHENCE  
THEY CAME, ONLY THAT ONE  
DAY THEY WOULD BE  
THERE.

**S**OMETIMES THEY WERE HALTED.  
SOMETIMES THEY EVEN  
RETRACTED, BUT THEY ALWAYS  
REAPPEARED.

**A**ND THOSE THEY CONQUERED  
SWELLED THEIR RANKS.



**O**NE NIGHT, THE BATTALION CAMPED AT THE FOOT  
OF THE MOUNTAINS: THE MEN **RESTED**  
BEFORE RETURNING TO COMBAT.





"WE HAD GONE HUNTING..."





AND THAT IS HOW MY  
BROTHER, **OLMAR**, SAVED  
MY LIFE...

AND I... THAT  
WAS HOW I LOST  
MY FINGERS!

WHAT WAS THAT  
ALL ABOUT?

I OWE HIM MORE THAN  
I REALIZED. I **THOUGHT** THAT  
HE HAD GROWN USED TO IT, WITH  
TIME.





LATER, IN THE HEALER'S DEN...



HA, YOU FILTHY BEAST!  
WHAT A *PLIGHT* YOU HAVE  
GOTTEN ME INTO! YOU KNOW  
VERY *WELL* WHAT'S GOING TO  
HAPPEN TO YOU WHEN I'M  
FINISHED WITH HIM!

GRRRR...







IS SOMEONE  
THERE? **SHOW**  
YOURSELF!

DON'T TRY TO **HIDE**  
YOURSELF! I **KNOW** YOU  
ARE THERE!

SO...YOU DO NOT WISH  
TO **LEAVE**? VERY WELL, YOU  
SHALL **SEE**!

YOU SHALL  
**SEE**! **HI!** **HI!**  
**HI!** **HI!**  
**HI!**











HALT! WHO  
GOES THERE?

IT'S ALL RIGHT!  
IT'S ME!




YOU SEE, I  
WASN'T LONG. DO  
YOU KNOW WHERE  
MY BROTHER IS?

YOUR BROTHER? DIDN'T YOU  
MEET UP WITH HIM?



MEET  
HIM?



YES... A SOLDIER  
SPOKE TO HIM AS  
WELL ABOUT THE  
HEALER BEYOND HILLS  
... WHEN HE LEFT US  
HE WENT TO SEE...

**A**N HOUR LATER, KARL RETURNED  
TO COMBAT.

HE NEVER SAW THE TOWER AGAIN,  
NOR THE HEALER, NOR HIS  
BROTHER.

**T**HE YEARS PASSED, BUT  
HE DID NOT FORGET.

AND CERTAIN NIGHTS HE  
WOKE UP SCREAMING  
BECAUSE OF AN IMAGE:



**H**IS BROTHER IN CHAINS IN THE CARE OF THE  
DOG-MAN.

HIS RIGHT HAND NAILED TO THE BLOCK.

HIS FINGERS GROWING INTERMINABLY...

AND THE HEALER, WITH HIS HATCHET,  
CUTTING THEM DOWN TO SIZE, AND  
CHUCKLING.

-FIN-



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Big Boffs.....	YES	NO
Madcap Antics.....	YES	NO
Articles on Balance of Trade Payments.....	NO	YES
Mirth.....	YES	NO
Merriment.....	YES	NO
Tons of Fun.....	YES	NO
Reports on Emerging African Nations.....	NO	YES
Snappy Patter.....	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year.....	YES	NO
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# AGE OF AGES

## A GOTHIC SCIENCE-FICTION TRIP TO THE APOCALYPSE

by  
Akbar Del Piombo

Collages by  
Norman Rubington



**N**ineteen-eighty-four was moving right along. If the rumors of a warlock in the White House were correct, he was a benevolent sort, and if he talked to plants it was from his great love for ecology. He inspired everyone to follow in his footsteps. Nature was officially recognized, and ecology art became the vogue.

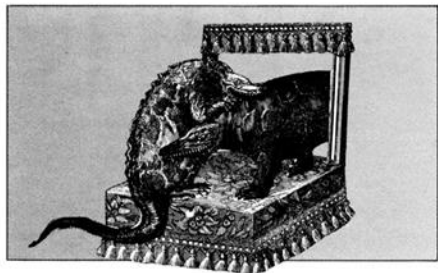
Before starting the business day, bankers give one minute of reverential silence to one of nature's works.



The back-to-nature movement is in full swing with the elite Neo-Pagan Society, seen inaugurating a new breathing zone...



A walk in the park.  
Ecology-minded citizen helps his overevolved pet through unaccustomed obstacles.

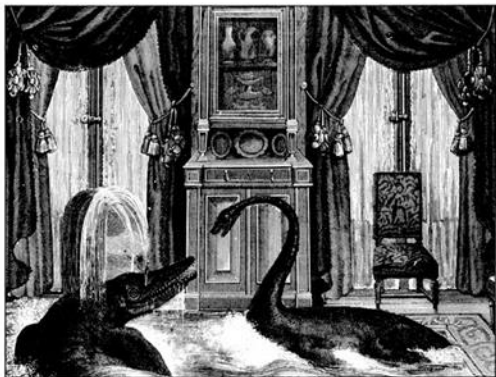


#### Domestic Scenes :

Critics of such pampering said the world was going to the dogs, but the little beasts never had it so good. Nevertheless, the first signs of reverse evolution soon became apparent.

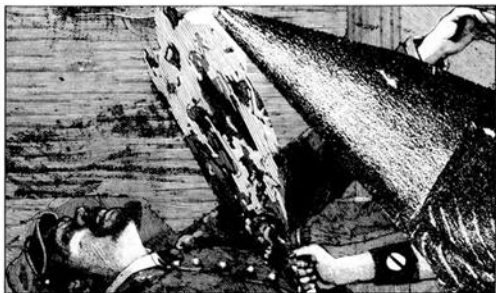
However, all is not well.

In the general euphoria, a minor tragedy goes unnoticed. The baffling demise of an obscure naturalist mourned by his wife (below), who believed his unnatural end was a return to a previous incarnation.



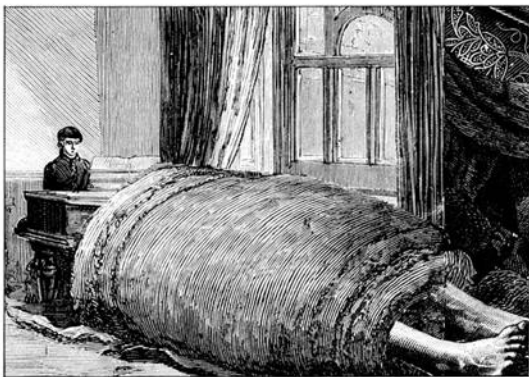
Zombie killers on the loose.

Frightened witnesses report a rash of vicious cop-killers, striking from nowhere at hapless law enforcers.



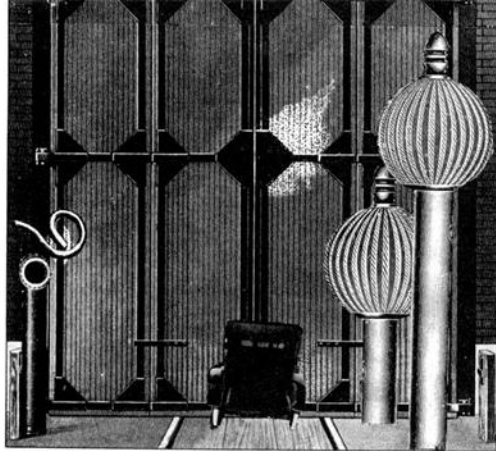
The harassed and bewildered Inspector Muldoon called for Sir Edwin's aid....There was something new in gangland killings.

A vintage Chicago-style gun-down amazes eye witnesses. Their reports indicate the vehicle was not only empty—it was also floating on air.



Worse was to follow. Against all predictions, Big Brother's reign was short-lived. The news of his sudden demise was kept under wraps, and his body spirited away. With this successful cover-up, the reins of power fell into his sister's waiting hands.





#### The Gates of Eden:

In a clandestine cross-country trip, Big Brother's body leaves the White House for the fabled region of Middle America. Smuggled past the guards in a shabby vehicle, it awaits its descent to a prodigious subterranean city designed to house the servants of the nation in times of disaster.

The air shafts of this underground Shangri-La are molded in graceful motifs from nature, its giant portals reminiscent of the gates of paradise.

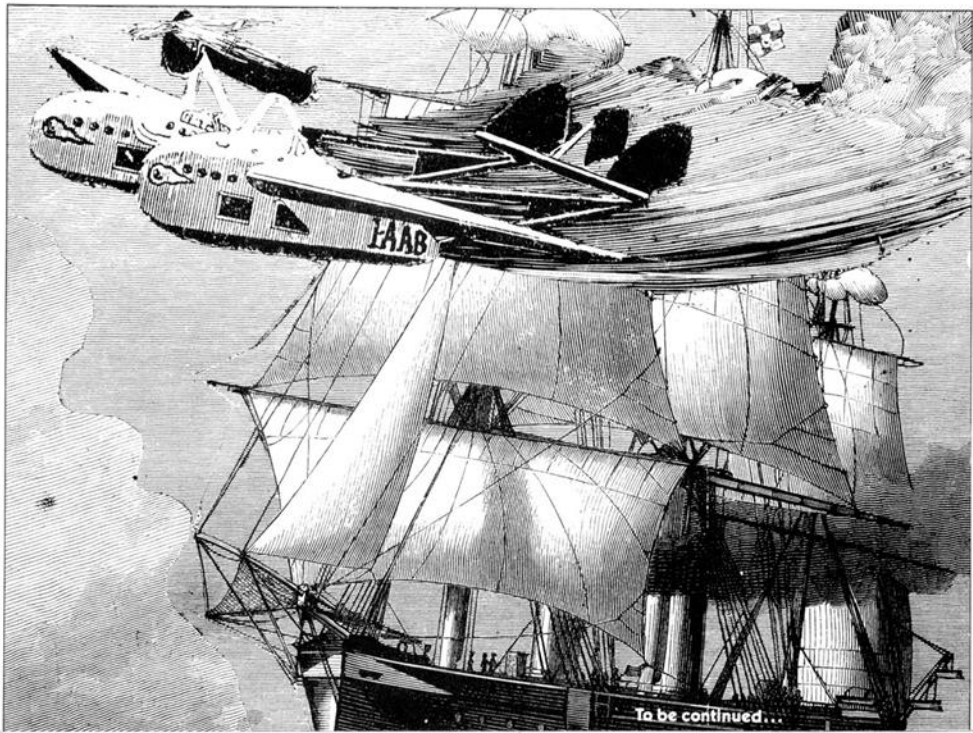


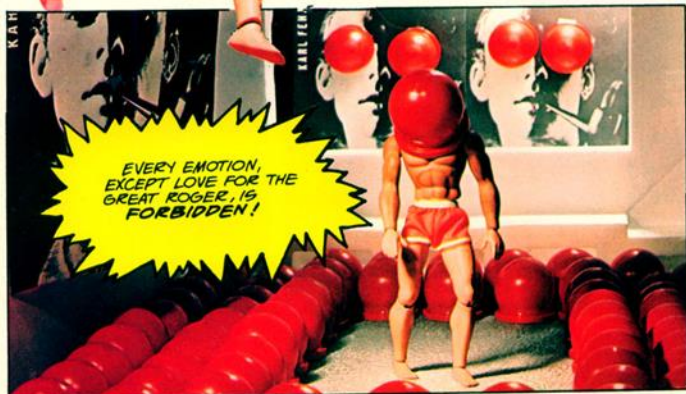
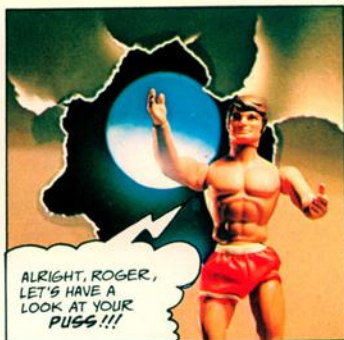
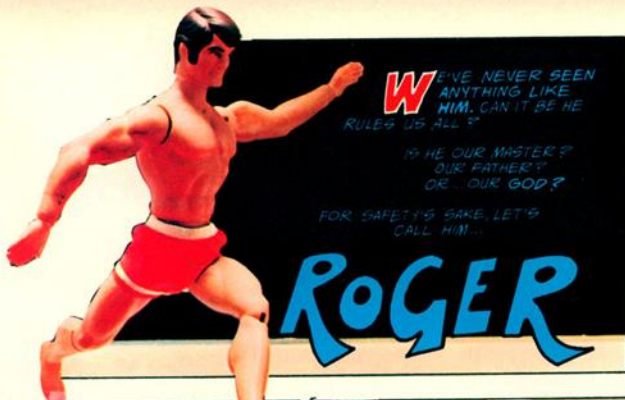
#### Sir Edwin girds for battle.

Such were the grim events that burst in on the privacy of Sir Edwin Fuzz. Meditating on the sinister meaning behind these seemingly unrelated events, he determines there is no time to lose before things get out of hand...

#### A symbolic encounter.

En route on his secret westward flight, Sir Edwin's trendy '30s craft bypasses another nostalgic creation, a vessel full of mystics bound for the East...a strange turning point for technology and the occult...the forces are massing for a gigantic struggle.

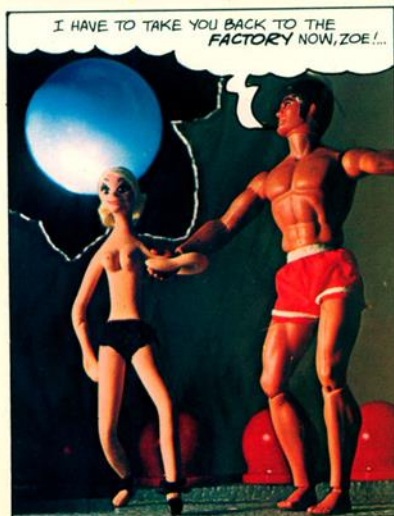




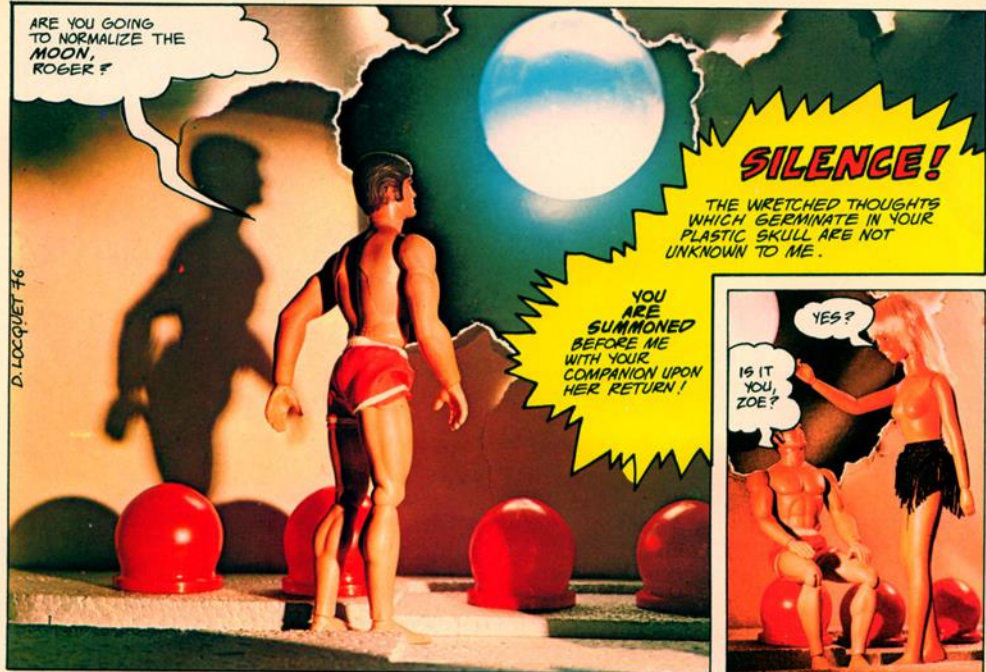
**H** HE HAD DECIDED, FOR "PURPOSES OF EXPLOITATION," TO NORMALIZE MY WIFE.

BUT I WAS FOND OF ZOE, IN SPITE OF THE FLAWS IN HER CONSTRUCTION! THROUGHOUT THE AFFLICTIONS VISITED UPON ME BY ROGER, MY EVERY THOUGHT AND ACTION HAD ONE FOCUS AND ONE MEANING:

**ROGER,  
I WANT  
YOUR  
ASS!...**











**S**HE CANNOT WITHSTAND THE NORMALIZATION. FROM NOW ON, SHE IS SUBJUGATED, BODY AND SOUL, TO ROGER'S LEWDNESS --TO BE USED IN HIS PERVERSE GAMES.

**ROGER!**

WHO ARE YOU ? --

--THAT ALLOWS YOU TO PLAY WITH ME AS IF I WERE SOME MASS-PRODUCED DOLL?!

**ROGER!**

DON'T YOU HAVE A HEART??



PHYSICALLY, CLEAN-SHAVEN. PSYCHOLOGICALLY: PARANOID TENDENCIES; REVIEW GUILT MECHANISMS. EMOTIONS: IN ACCORDANCE WITH THOSE OF THE MODEL "JIM." REDUCES HIS ABILITY TO THINK CLEARLY.





ROGER, YOU  
AREN'T GOING TO  
DO IT!

SUPPRESSION  
OF EXISTENTIAL  
PROBLEMS...

DON'T BE  
UPSET, JIM,  
YOU ARE  
GUARANTEED.



AH, ROGER,  
WHO IS ALL  
JUST AND  
DESERVING  
OF MY LOVE...

IT'S TIME THAT WE GODS  
LEARNED TO OVERCOME  
THESE LITTLE SETBACKS.

THE REPAIR SHOPS  
ARE NOT THERE  
FOR NOTHING.

TO BE CONTINUED...



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ACQUIRE THE SINS

## Ariel

THE BOOK OF FANTASY

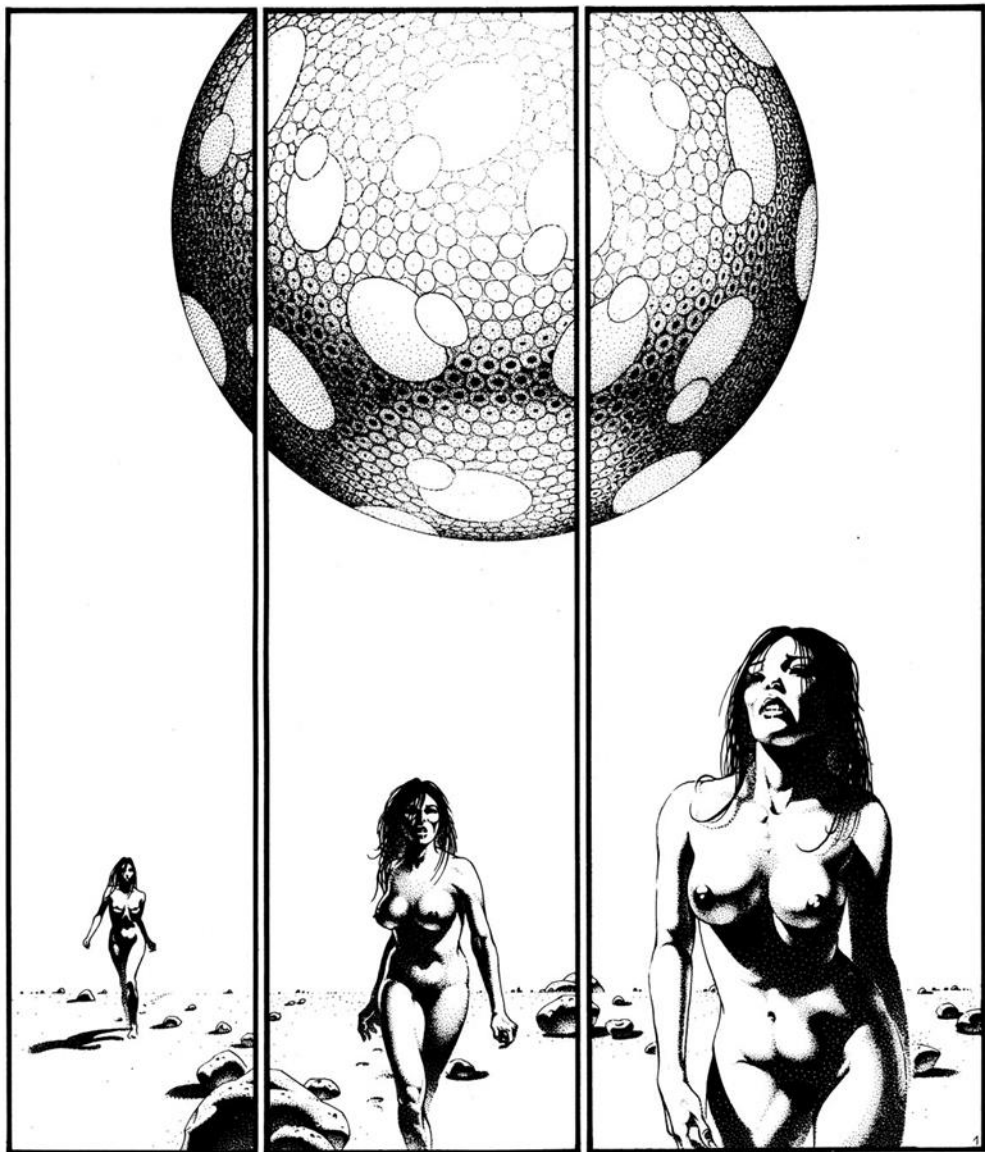


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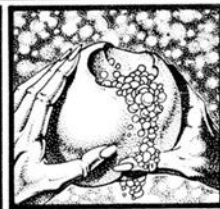
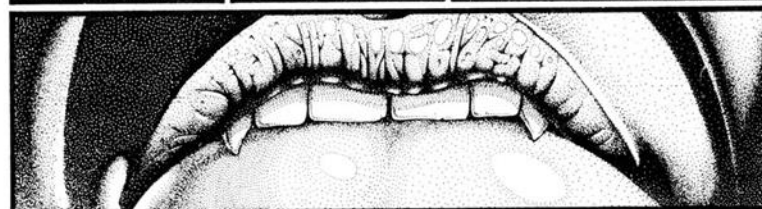
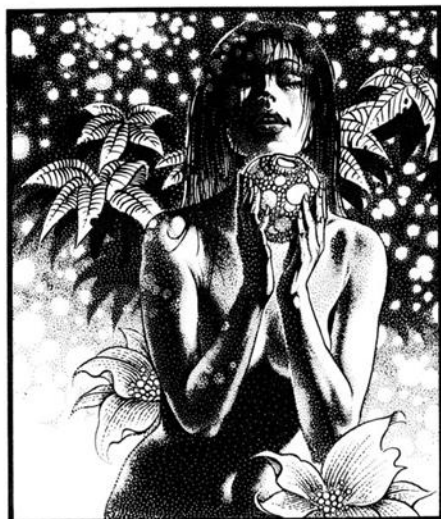




# VIRGO









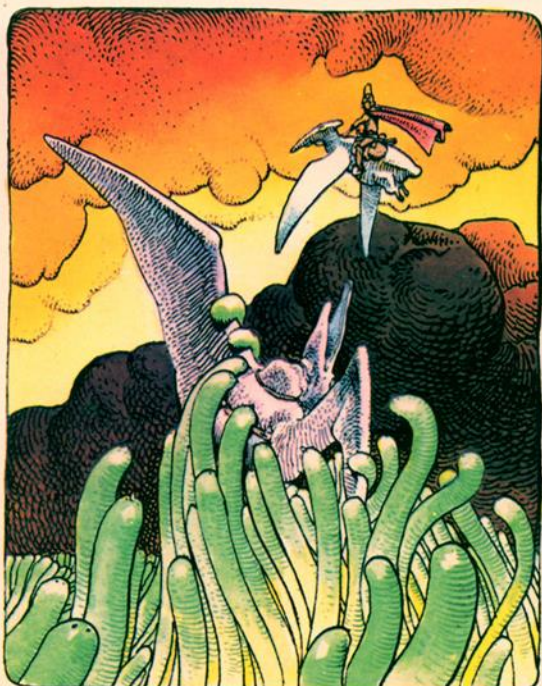








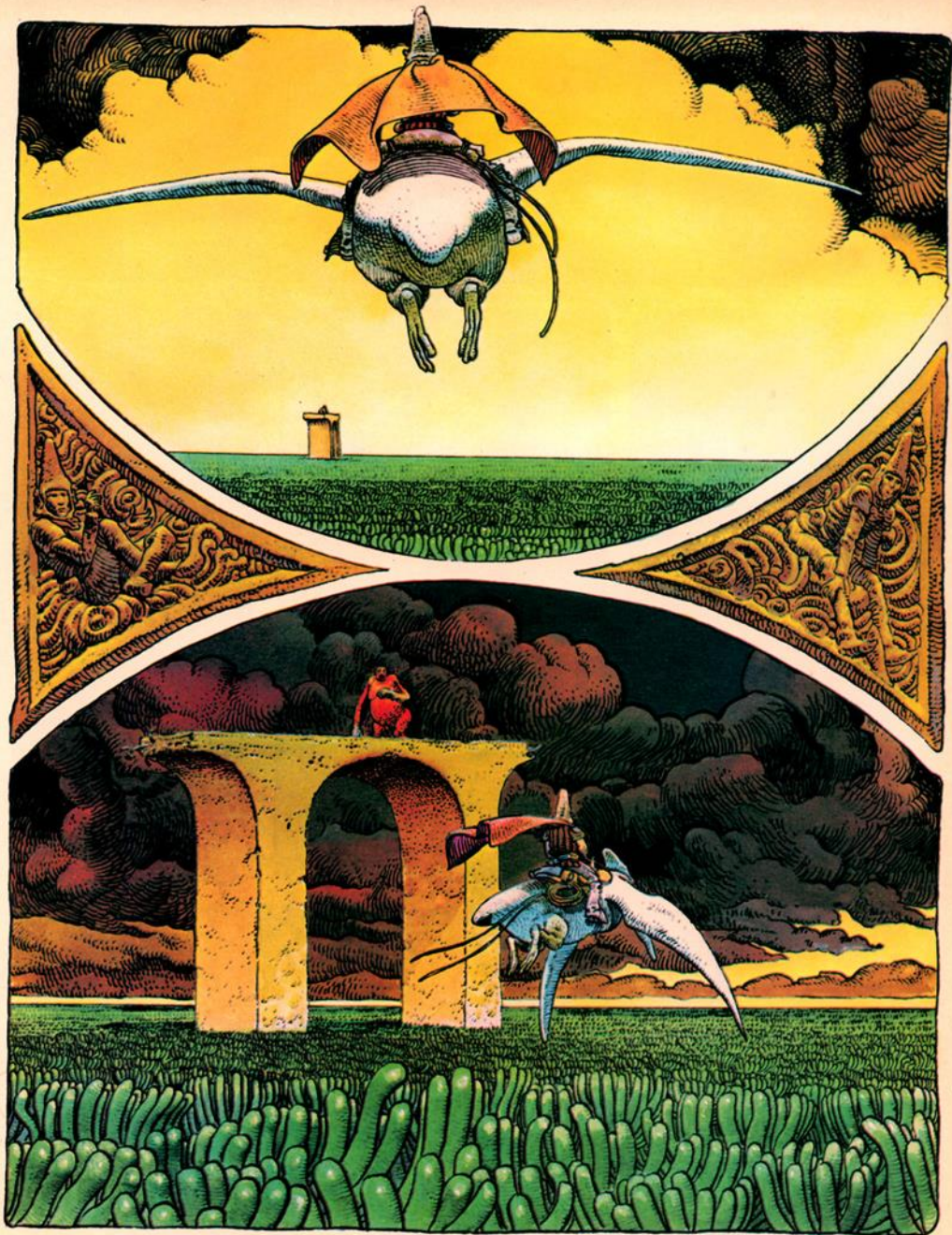








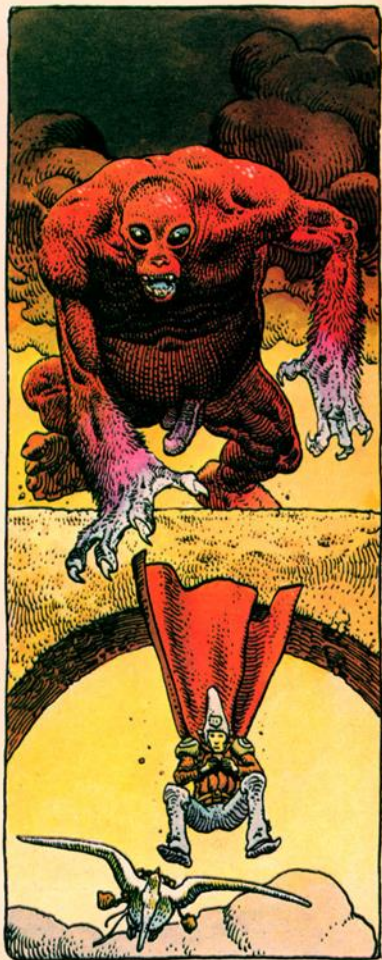
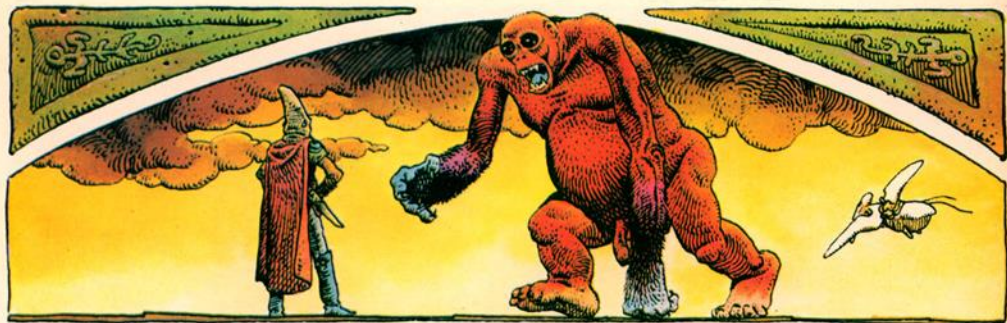




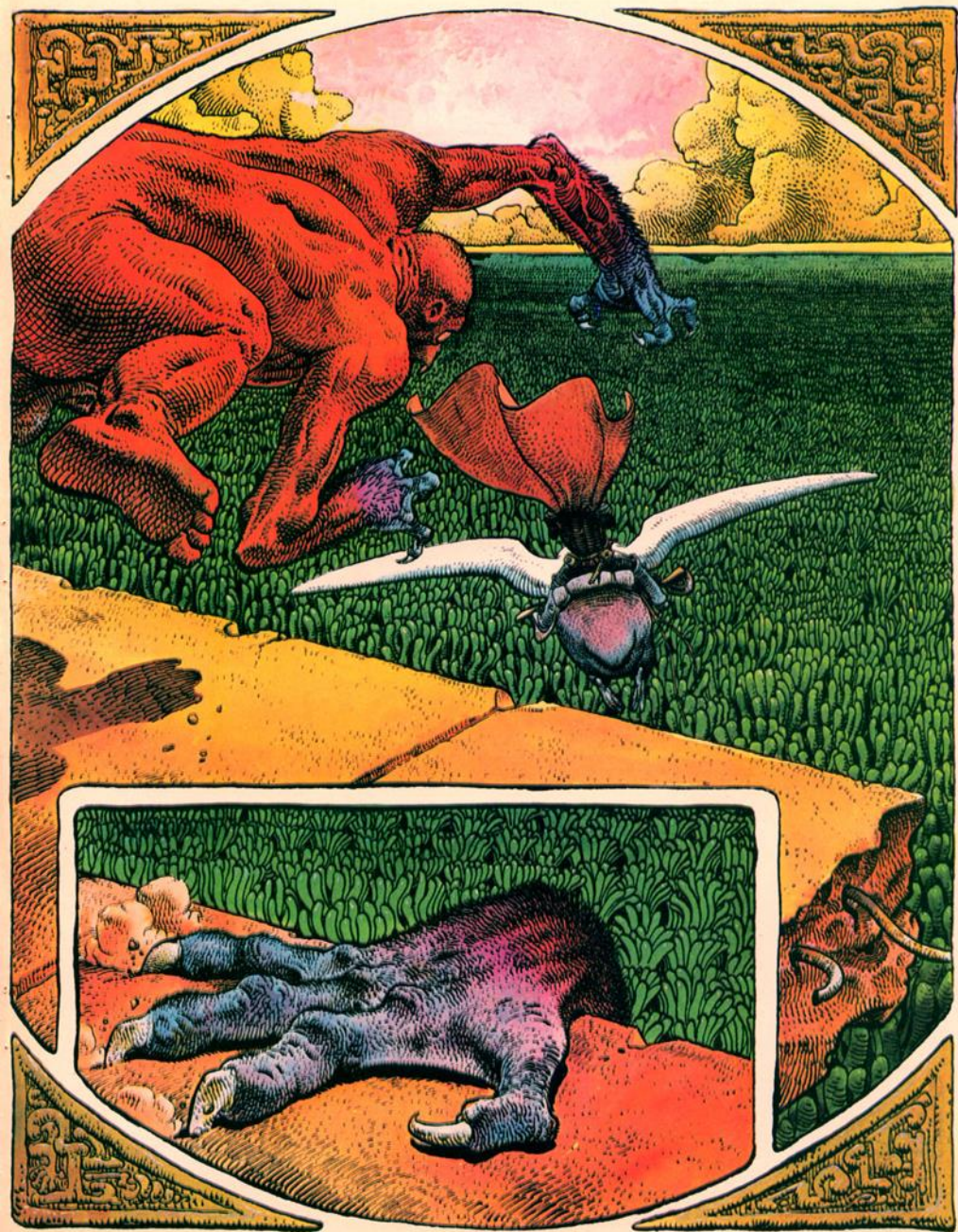




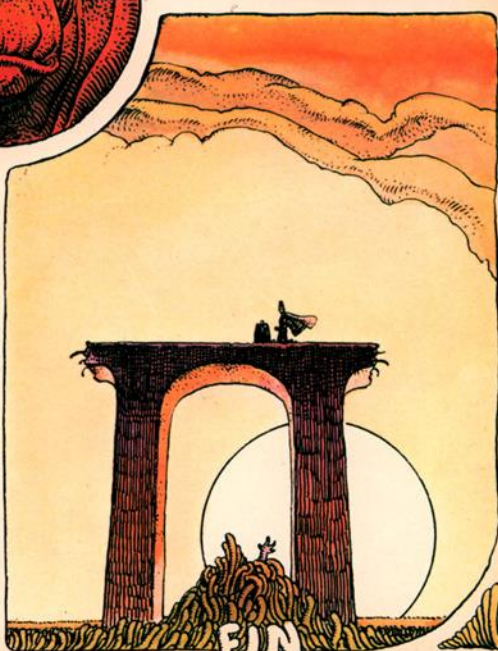












FIN



**A**fter plenty of hassles, this dude managed to get in touch with us so we could listen to the weird instrument he had invented.



Fantastic. Like, sounds...com-pletely far out!

Pretty hot stuff for your eighty-eights, Chief!



O.K., man.

**F**inally Harry, our organist, decided to integrate the machine with the group's electronic material.



A strange cat.

**T**he guy kept rapping to us about bread. We told him to hang loose until after Ryad, when we would use his engine for the first time.



Beat it, you little creep!

52647L

**S**o, O.K., it was mellow. We'd use the new instrument at Ryad!

# FESTIVAL

**T**he Ryad Festival lasted three weeks...night and day, nonstop, and about three million freaks from all over the planet made the scene. That was Ryad.

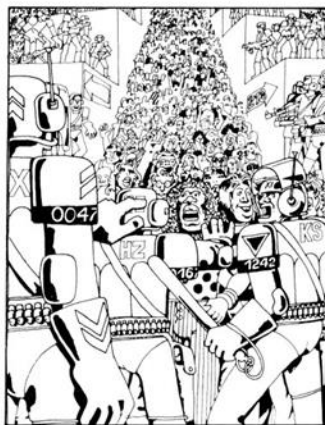




**A**bove the musicians, a giant screen was fed by about a hundred video cameras, which could pick up everything happening on the stage and in the crowd, feeding back its own image to the public. The whole thing was intercut with commercials.



**R**oad was also 4 autoroutes with 12 lanes opening onto the Music Center.



**6**,000 cops cut canals through the human swamp, with an incredible series of locks and concrete passages.



**T**he amplifiers made a web of solid sound, vomiting out a strength of 20,000 watts as far as 3 miles.



**A**t 2:45 P.M., the **helicopter** dropped us down behind the **screen** ...the roadies finished putting 14 tons of equipment into place.



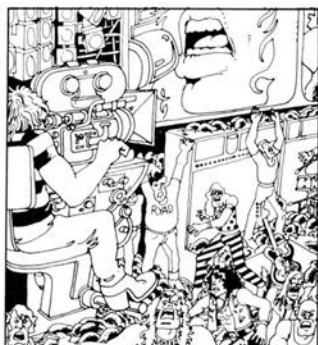
**T**hen we were shoved out under the lights!

**A**t the down beat, they started to **scream**. The crowd was hypnotized by the torrents of sound pouring out of the amps.



**H**arry started riffing on the new machine, which we had baptized **The Pie-Eyed Pipes**!!!

**J**ock, our manager, gave Harry the high sign. The **sound of The Pie-Eyed Pipes** **RIPPED THE SKY WIDE OPEN!**



**T**hen the rats showed up...

**J**ust a few at first,  
then, suddenly...

...millions and  
millions...



**L**ater... I got an explanation  
of the phenomenon from  
a member of the Commis-  
sion of Inquiry. The Pie-  
Eyed Pipes, which were found  
in the debris, were nothing  
more than an **ultrasonic**  
device whose sound at full  
volume made every rat on  
the continent of  
Australia con-  
verge on Ryad...



...there  
weren't  
any  
survivors.

**I** grabbed the last helicopter and saved my ass!!!





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