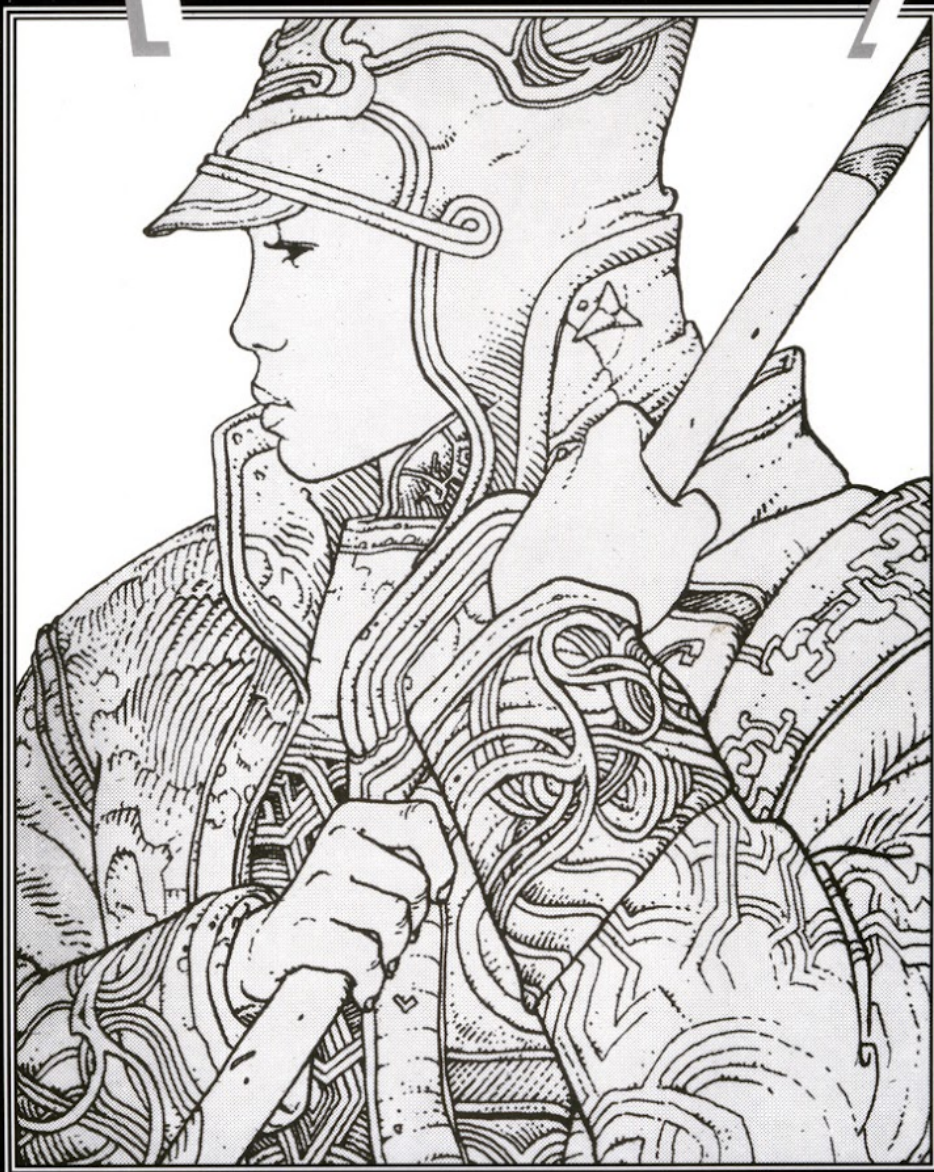


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MOEBIUS 1/2TM

THE BLACK & WHITE WORK OF JEAN GIRAUD



**THE
EARLY MOEBIUSTM**

& OTHER HUMOROUS STORIES

JEAN "MOEBIUS" GIRAUD

story & art

JEAN-MARC LOFFICIER

RANDY LOFFICIER

translators - editors

BOB CHAPMAN

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designers

BOB CHAPMAN

publisher Graphitti Designs

THE EARLY MOEBIUS

GRAND HOTEL B

THE MYSTERIES OF

THE EROTIC ARTS

DENISE PROWELL

letterer

MOEBIUS INTERVIEW

(CIRCA '74)

NUMA SADOUL

questions

DAVE ELLIOTT

GARRY LEACH

tones

WOODROW PHOENIX

letterer

IN THE HEART OF THE

IMPREGNABLE META-BUNKER

ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY

writer

CARNET 3

DAVE ELLIOTT

GARRY LEACH

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& OTHER HUMOROUS STORIES

with special thanks to Dave Elliott, Denis Kitchen, Garry Leach,
Isabelle Morin, Julie Simmons-Lynch and Marie Javins

MAY 9
1992



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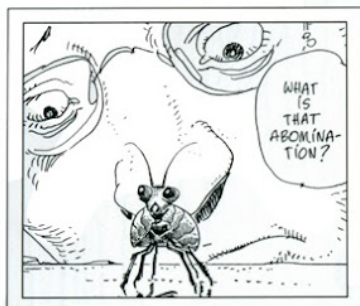
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DOCTOR GIR AND MISTER MOEBIUS

This book is an original collection of a potpourri of short stories spanning the entire career of Jean Giraud, a.k.a. Moebius.

The stories gathered in the first half of this book, up to and including **The Nightmare** (page 31), were the very first stories done by Jean Giraud under the pseudonym of Moebius. These dark, satirical vignettes, clearly inspired by the early issues of **Mad**, were originally drawn for the French humor magazine **Hara-Kiri**, where they appeared from May 1963 to May 1964.

The **Blueberry** stories, signed "Gir", had already begun serialization in **Pilote** (starting in October '63) when a young Giraud, then 24, felt that he needed a second nom-de-plume to clearly separate his "serious" production from his more humorous and fantasy-oriented work -- hence the Moebius pseudonym.

Some of these "Early Moebius" stories were previously published in the three issues of the late, lamented **French Ticklers** comic-book published by Kitchen Sink Press in 1989.

Grand Hotel B, **The Mysteries of the Erotic Arts** and the 1974 illustrated **Interview** were done for **Metal Hurlant** and **L'Echo des Savanes** in the early '70's. The former two stories appeared in **Heavy Metal**, while the **Interview** was published in **A-1 Book 4** in 1990, which featured remarkable tone art by Dave Elliott and Garry Leach.

In the same issue, **A-1** also offered a rare look at one of Moebius's personal sketchbooks, from 1984, and a short **Incal** story, drawn in 1989. For completists, a colored version of that same story appeared in the March 1990 issue of **Heavy Metal**, but Moebius prefers the toned version, which is the one we are reprinting here.

Finally, **The Gold Digger**, which was drawn in 1986, was first published in the Summer '87 issue of **Heavy Metal**.

Jean-Marc a Randy Lofficier

IT ALL STARTED IN 1997. FOR DECADES, GAME SHOWS HAD BEEN THE SCOURGE OF INTELLIGENT TELEVISION.

WE AT KITCHEN SINK HAD ALWAYS CONSIDERED THEM STUPID BUT HARMLESS.

IT WAS A SERIOUS MISTAKE!
LET ME TELL YOU WHY.
HERE'S HOW IT ALL BEGAN...

JEOPARDIZED!

2

...AND HERE'S THE FINAL JEOPARDIZED ANSWER THAT WILL MAKE ONE OF YOU CONTESTANTS OUR "GRAND WINNER OF THE SEASON":
THE YEAR COLUMBUS SAILED THE OCEAN BLUE!

PFFT!
WHAT A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES! I'M FED UP WITH LOOKING AT THEIR UGLY MUGS EVERY NIGHT!..

ER... PFF... ARGH
...AHM... ER...
WHAT IS 1776!

NO! YOU IGNORAMUS IDIOT!

ARGH!
GULP!

A MAJOR SCANDAL ENSUED, BUT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE. THE PUBLIC HAD TASTED BLOOD, AND THE RATINGS HAD GONE THROUGH THE ROOF! AFTER THAT, IT ONLY TOOK FIVE YEARS FOR THE GAME SHOW PRODUCERS' ALLIANCE TO GAIN TOTAL CONTROL OF THE PLANET. WE AT KITCHEN SINK FOUGHT LONG AND HARD...

...BUT IN VAIN! (THEY ALL DIED A HERO'S DEATH.) IT WAS HORRIBLE!

THE YEAR COLUMBUS SAILED THE OCEAN BLUE.

C'MON! TELL US THE YEAR COLUMBUS SAILED THE OCEAN BLUE, AND YOU'RE FREE!..

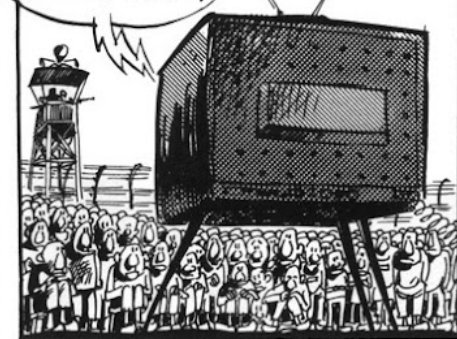
HEY, NO CHEATIN!

A LONG STRING OF LOSERS WERE SENT TO THE MINES TO FEED THE WINNERS. IT WASN'T PRETTY...

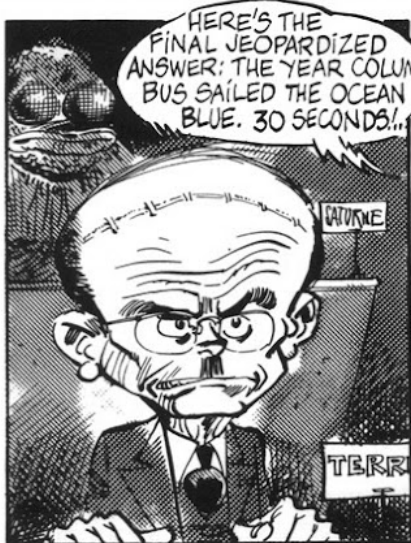


BUT WE HADN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET! LAST YEAR, WE WERE INVITED TO JOIN THE GALACTIC FEDERATION OF GAME SHOWS. EARTH'S REPRESENTATIVE MANAGED TO MAKE IT TO THE FINALS...

AND NOW, MY FRIENDS, THE CONTESTANT FROM PLANET EARTH!

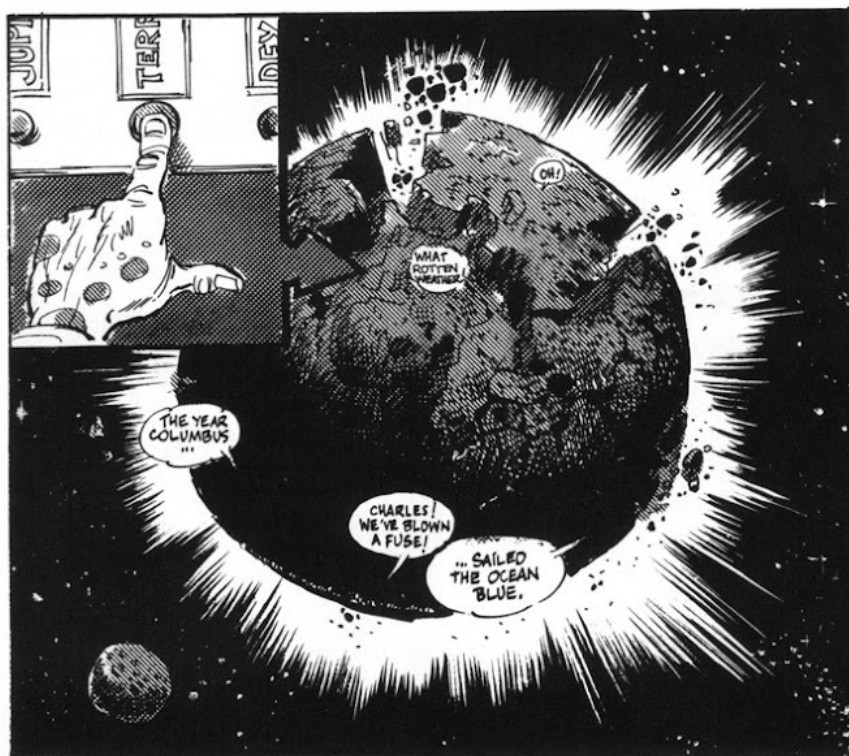


HERE'S THE FINAL JEOPARDIZED ANSWER: THE YEAR COLUMBUS SAILED THE OCEAN BLUE. 30 SECONDS!!



SORRY, THE CORRECT QUESTION IS--WHAT IS 1492! TONIGHT OUR SHOW CONCLUDES WITH THE ELIMINATION OF PLANET EARTH! SEE YOU ALL BACK HERE TOMORROW!!!

HMM... ER... WHAT IS 1776?!



AND THAT'S HOW I BECAME THE LAST EARTH MAN LEFT WHO COULD WARN OTHERS ABOUT THE DEADLY DANGER OF GAME SHOWS!



FIN

THAT'S FUNNY...
YOU'VE GOT A SPECK
IN YOUR EYE!

YER CRAZY, RALPH!
I AIN'T GOT NO
SPECK IN MY
EYE!..

...SIDES, THE BIBLE
SAYS, YA CAN'T SEE THE SPECK
IN YER NEIGHBOR'S EYE, 'LESS
YA SEE THE BEAM IN YERS!
HAR HAR!

MAYBE IT'S A RADIOACTIVE
SPECK, FRED! AT THE PLANT, THEY
TOLD US TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT
RADIOACTIVITY. THAT'S WHY I
WEAR LEAD-SHIELDED
GLASSES!..

RADIOACTIVE?
LEAD GLASSES?
YER JOKIN',
RALPH!
HAR HAR
HAR!..



YOU SHOULDN'T LAUGH,
FRED. IF YOU'VE GOT A
RADIOACTIVE SPECK IN
YOUR EYE, IT'S SERIOUS!..

HAR! HAR! HAR!

...IT'S LIKE ME, IF I TAKE OFF
MY GLASSES, MY RADIOACTIVE
VISION'LL DISINTEGRATE YOU.

SEE!..

SPLASH!



WAF!
RALPH! YER
A RIOT!..



POOR FRED!
MAYBE I SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE IT.
BUT HE WAS
DOOMED ANYWAY...
HE HAD A
SPECK IN HIS
EYE!..



HI,
RALPH!



HI MITCH!..
HOW ARE YOU?
HEY! YOU'VE
GOT A
SPECK IN
YOUR EYE,
TOO...



WAIT A MINNIT,
RALPH! I SAW WHAT
YOU DID TO FRED. HE
DIDN'T HAVE A SPECK
IN HIS EYE, AN'
NEITHER DO I!
WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOU?..



HMM...
FUNNY!..



IT STARTED AT THE
NUCLEAR POWER PLANT,
WHERE I WORK... THERE WAS THAT
ACCIDENT, BUT THEY SAID
WE WERE ALL FINE... THEN,
I SAW A SPECK IN MY EYE.
NOW LOOK AT ME!
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!..



I'M HERE
FOR YOU,
RALPH!..

I'M HERE FOR YOU TOO,
MITCH, BUT I DON'T WANT WHAT
HAPPENED TO ME TO HAPPEN TO YOU:
HAVING TO WEAR LEAD GLASSES,
LEAD UNDERWEAR, LEAD SOCKS!
YOU'VE GOT THE SPECK, MITCH!
YOU'VE GOT THE SPECK!



NO, I DON'T!
I SWEAR,
RALPH!



IT WON'T HURT A
BIT, MITCH!..



NO!
RALPH!
NO!..



ER, CHIEF, THERE'RE
REPORTS OF A GUY WITH
ATOMIC VISION OR SOMETHING!
NO, I'M NOT DRUNK...
HE'S KILLED
27 PEOPLE
SO FAR...



OFFICER JONES
WENT OVER TO CHECK IT
OUT, BUT HE HASN'T
COME BACK YET. I'M
WORRIED, CHIEF! JEEZ,
IT'S GETTIN' HOT ALL OF
A SUDDEN...



I SEE HIM,
CHIEF! HE'S RADIATIN'
SOME KIND OF INTENSE
HEAT! I SHOT AT HIM A
DOZEN TIMES, BUT IT
DIDN'T STOP HIM!
HE'S HERE!..



HE LOOKS LIKE
HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE OFF
HIS GLASSES!.. HE'S TALKING
TO ME! HE SAYS I'VE GOT A
SPECK IN MY EY--

SPLASH!



NOT TO BE CONTINUED..

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



MY NAME IS
ER... AHM!!

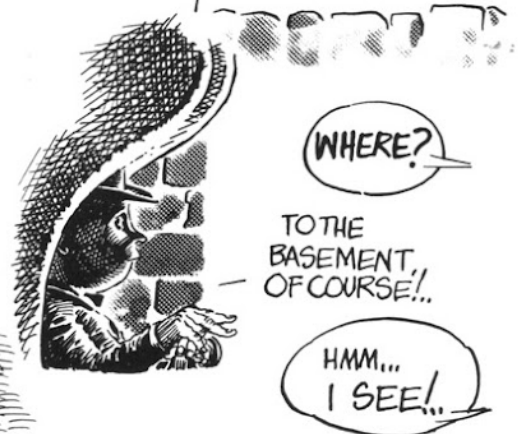
MY NAME IS **CLOT!**
AND YOU MUST BE
CHARLES DEXTER WARD...

COME IN!



ABOUT THREE YEARS
AGO AROUND THIS SAME
TIME, **EMMA**--THAT'S MY WIFE--
AND OUR TWO LITTLE GIRLS
CAME TO SPEND SOME TIME AT
THE NYARLATHOTEP HOLIDAY
RESORT NOT FAR FROM HERE, ON THE
ADVICE OF OUR FAMILY DOCTOR,
RANDOLPH CARTER...SINCE THEN, I HAVEN'T
HEARD A WORD FROM THEM. YOU MUST
ADMIT THAT'S A LITTLE STRANGE,
ISN'T IT?!

NICE AXE
YOU HAVE THERE. IT MUST
BE USEFUL FOR CHOPPING
WOOD. BUT PLEASE
LISTEN TO MY STORY.
I BEGAN TO SUSPECT THAT
SOMETHING ODD WAS GOING
ON WHEN I NOTICED
THAT **EMMA**--THAT'S MY
WIFE-- HAD LEFT HER
FAVORITE STEAM ENGINE--
SHE'S A TRAIN ENGINEER--
IDLING UNDER A TARPULIN
IN OUR BASEMENT.
TO ME, THAT PROVED
SHE PLANNED ON
RETURNING SOON.
DO YOU FOLLOW ME?!!...



WHERE?

TO THE
BASEMENT,
OF COURSE!!

HMM...
I SEE!!

NICE BASEMENT!!
IT REALLY IS THE
PERFECT PLACE, ISN'T IT?..
YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE
IT, MY DEAR SIR,
BUT DURING THE LAST
THREE YEARS, I'VE HAD
PLENTY OF TIME TO
RESEARCH THE SUBJECT,
AND I'VE COME UP WITH
A NUMBER OF IDEAS...
OOPS! SLIPPERY
STEPS DOWN HERE!!



YOU
DON'T
SAY!

MCEBIUS



SO THIS IS WHERE
YOU'VE GOT THEM
LOCKED UP? NUMBER
THIRTEEN, EH?
BAD LUCK, THAT!
HA HA HA!!

OH, YEAH!...
THIRTEEN!

WHAT?



MY, MY BUT
THIS LOOKS NICE...VERY,
VERY NICE. EXCELLENT
INDEED!!



WELL, NOW THAT YOU'VE
SATISFIED MY CURIOSITY,
I'LL SAY GOOD-BYE
AND THANK YOU,
MR. WARD!..

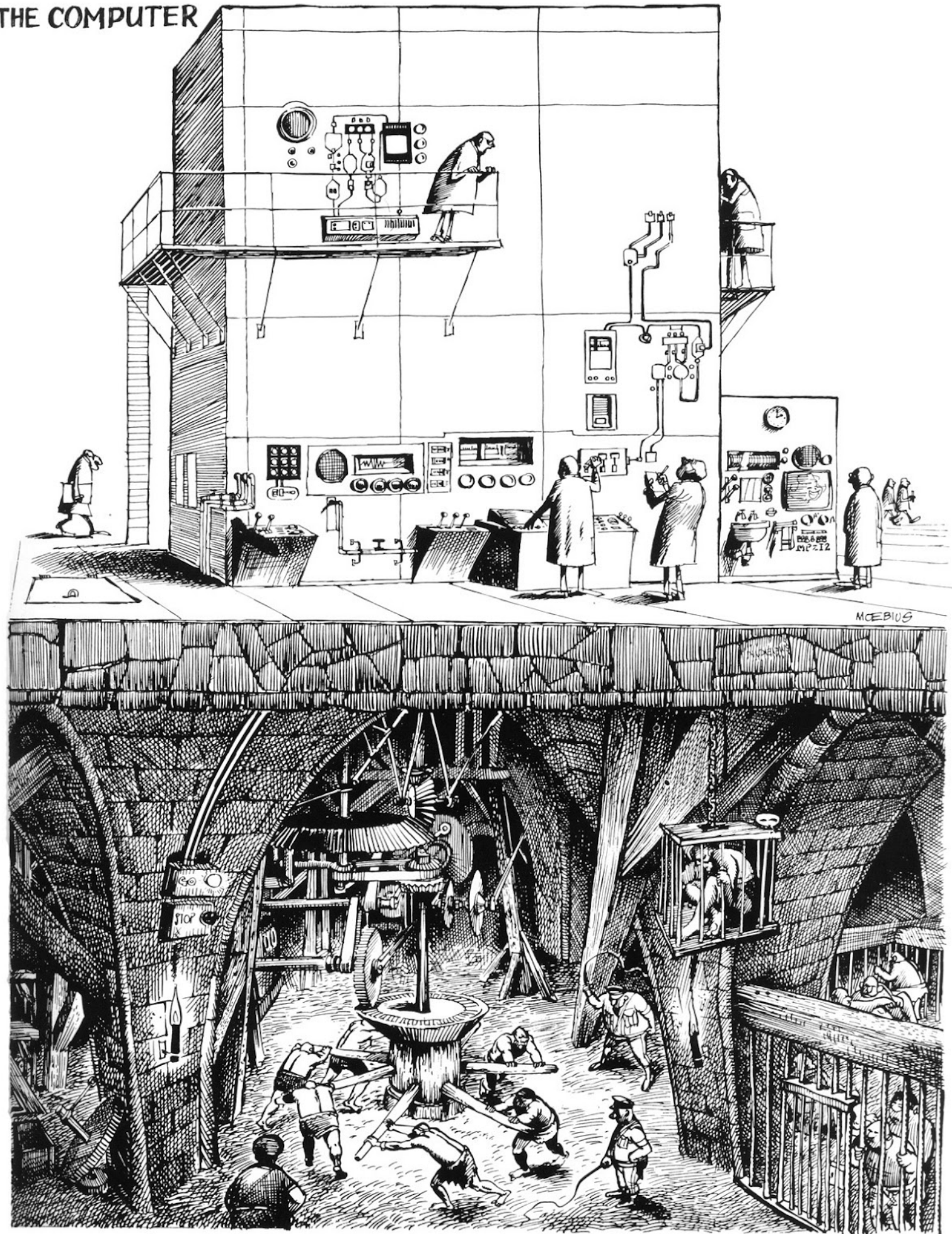
IT WAS ALL QUITE
FASCINATING!..AND
EDUCATIONAL, TOO,
BECAUSE BETWEEN
YOU AND ME...
I'M INTERESTED
IN STARTING
A HOLIDAY
RESORT
MYSELF.

WELL, THAT
WAS VERY NICE, BUT I
CAN'T SAY I CARED VERY
MUCH FOR THE MANAGER!..
NO SENSE OF
HUMOR!..



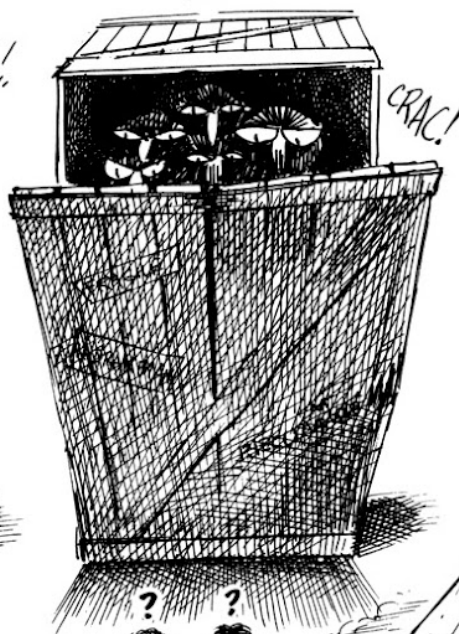
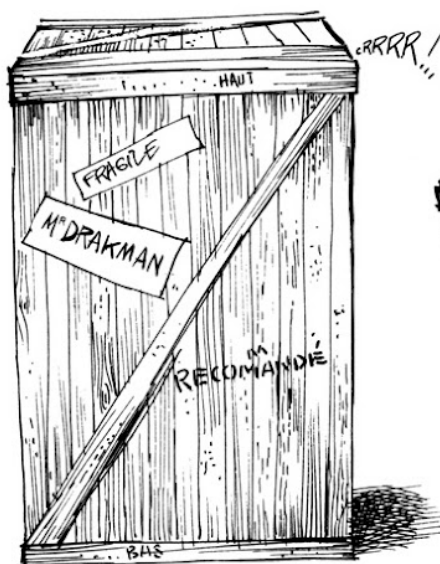
MOEBIUS

THE COMPUTER



THERE WERE SOME SCRUMIBLES IN THE BIG CRATE

BY
MCEBIUS



HMMM, IT'S AN
AWFULLY BIG
PACKAGE...



YOU BET.
AND IT STINKS
TOO. I TELL YOU,
I'M GLAD
IT'S...







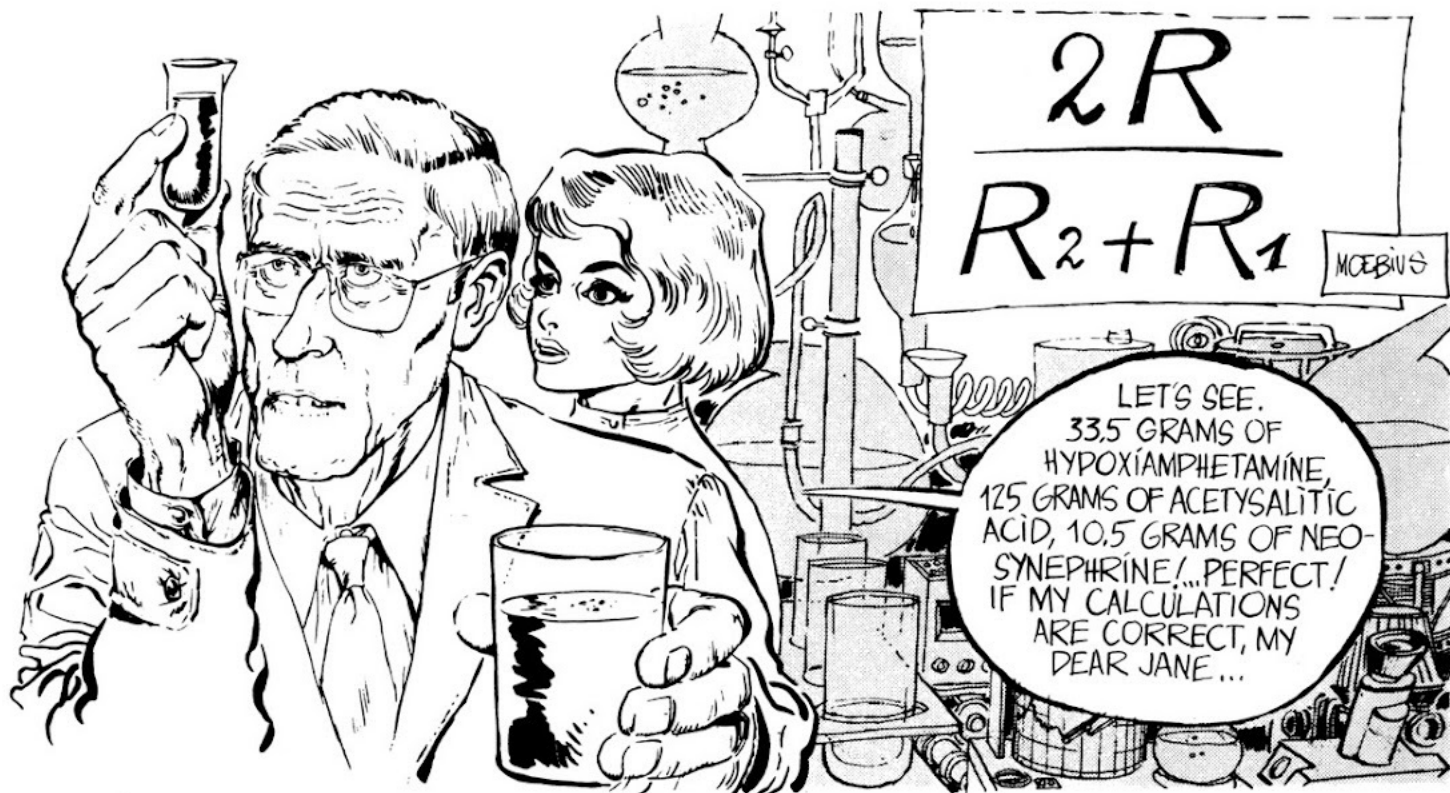
ARGO!
BOUTO!
MEZO!!!



DOCTOR STRANGE
WARNED ME! I SWEAR
THIS IS THE LAST TIME
I SEND ANYTHING
THROUGH THE POST
OFFICE!

FIN

MOEBIUS



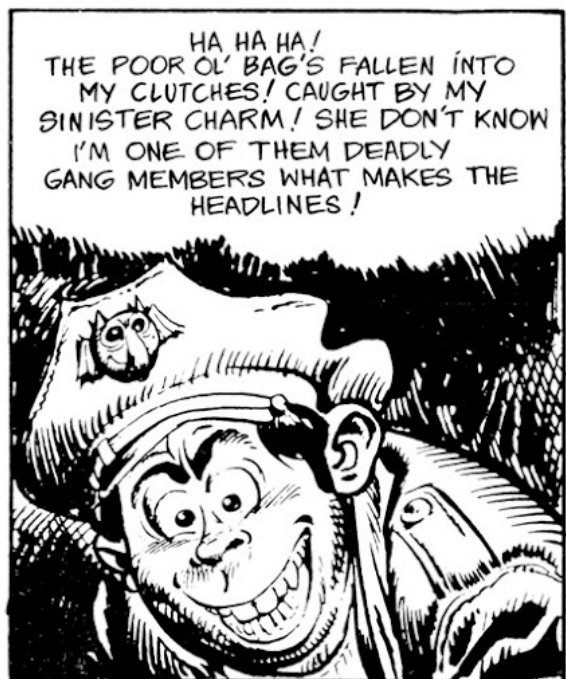




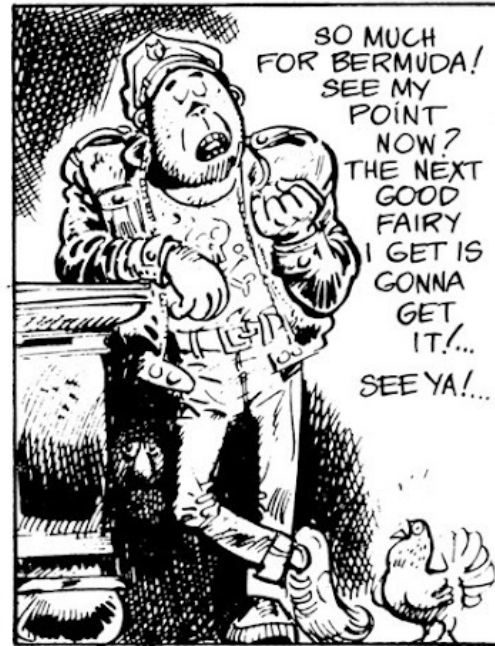
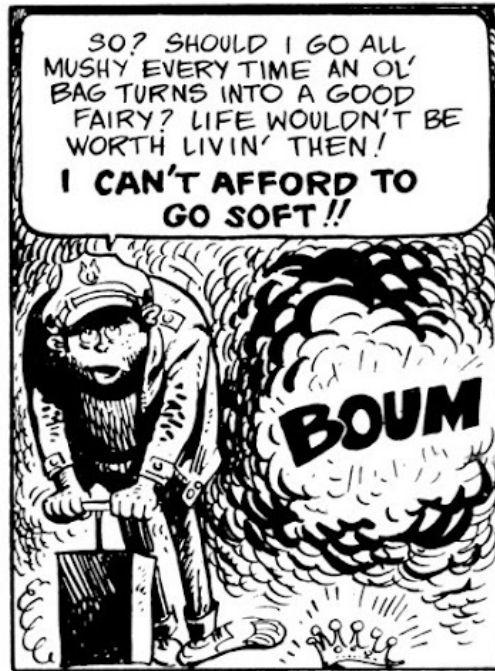


SEASON'S GREETINGS...

BY MOEBIUS



*"WE'VE ARRIVED" IN SWEDISH. ED.

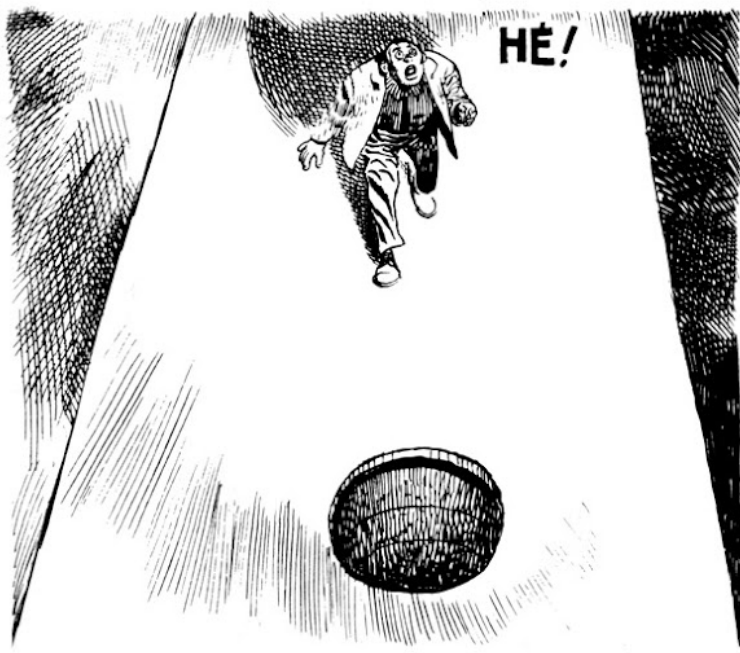


FIN

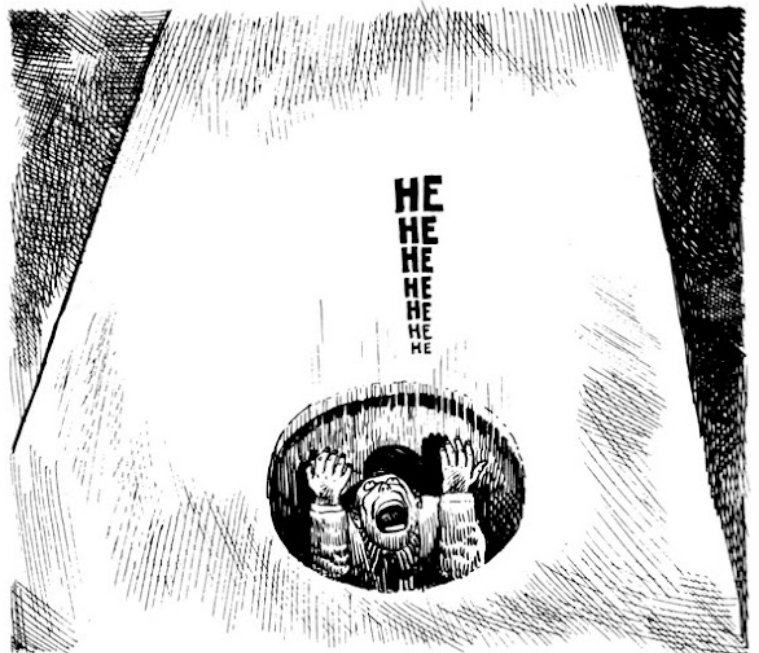
THE
END

MOEBIUS

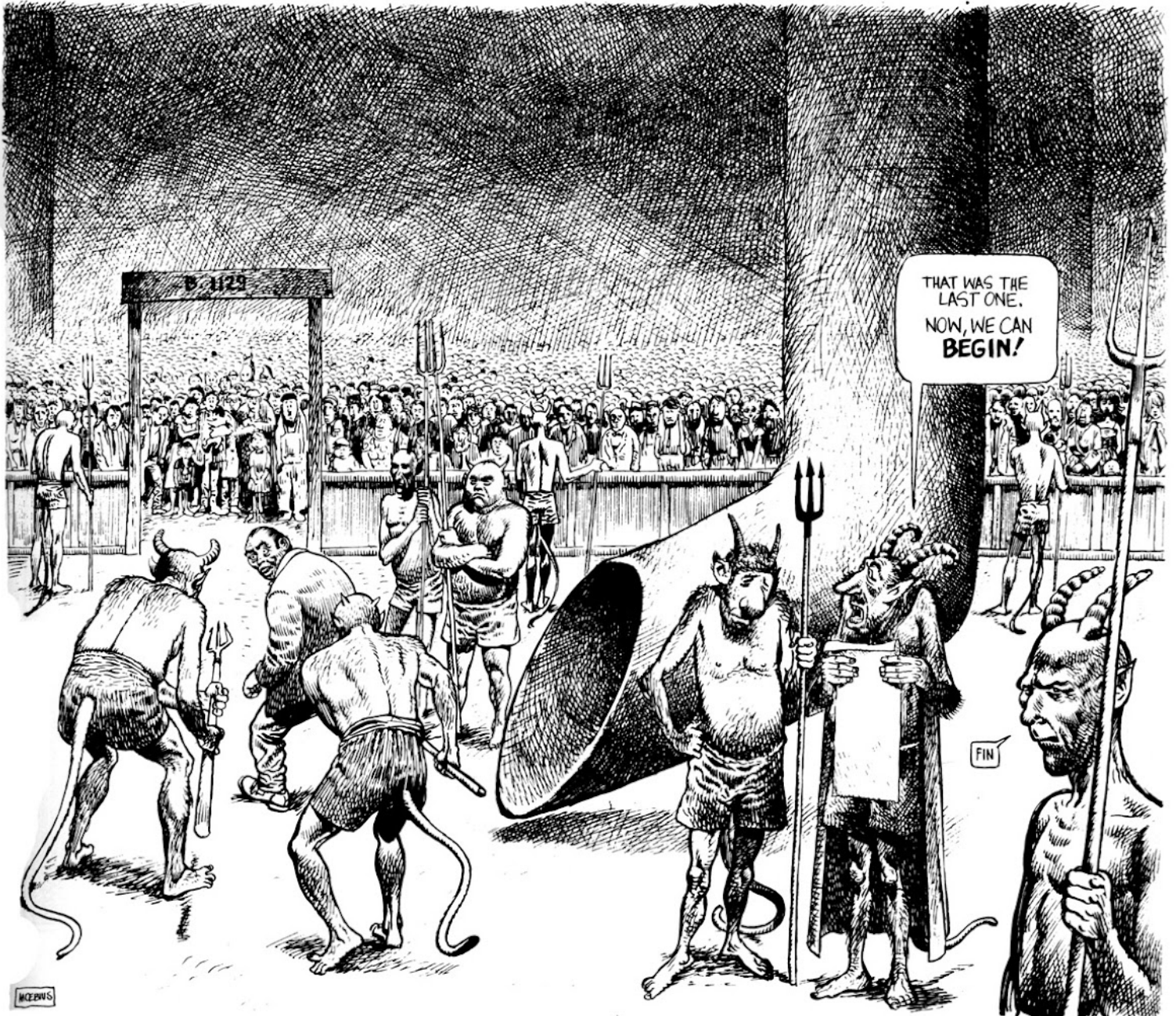




HÉ!



HE
HE
HE
HE
HE
HE
HE



THAT WAS THE
LAST ONE.
NOW, WE CAN
BEGIN!

FIN

GOOD NEWS











WE SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL
ABOUT THE NEIGHBORS!...
(MOEBIUS)



I FORGOT YOU'VE HAD YEARS OF PRACTICE!

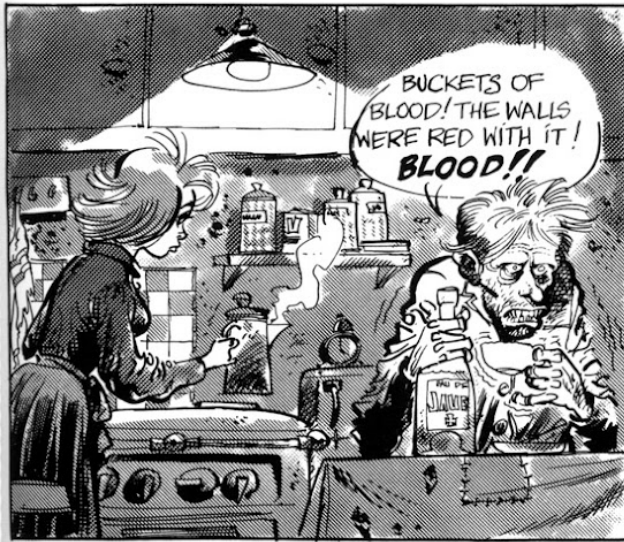
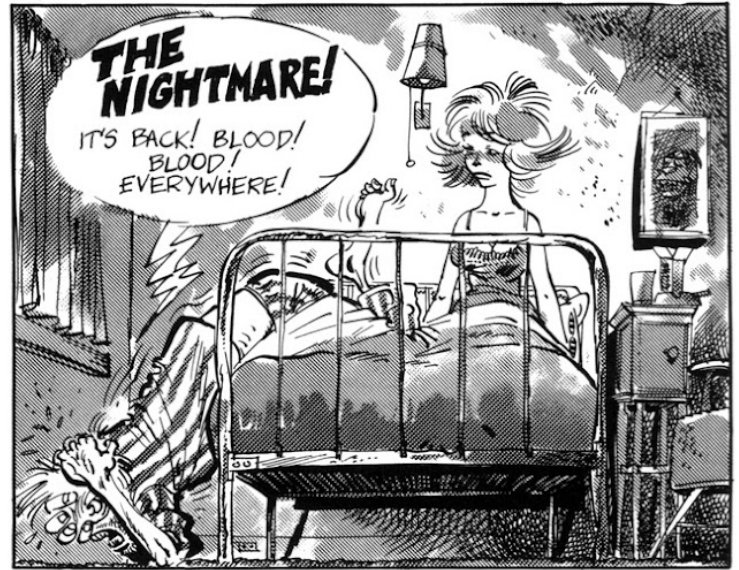


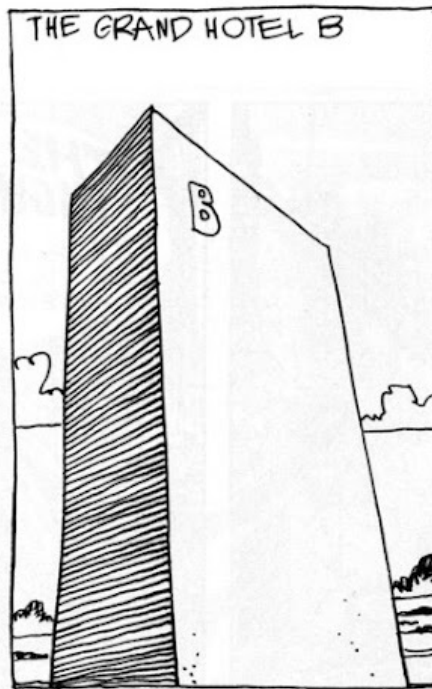
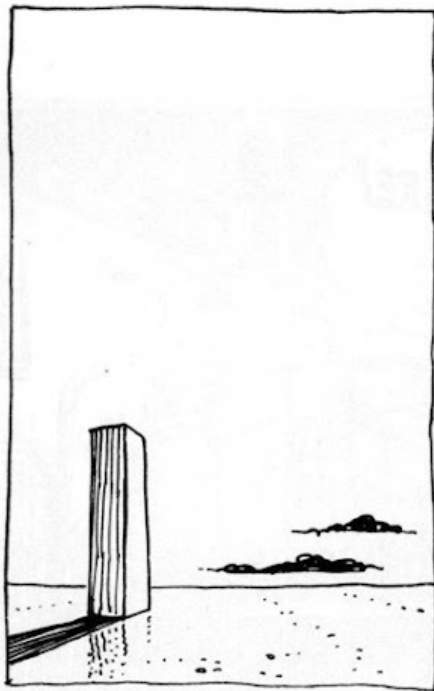
QUITE A KIDDER! NOW, YOU'VE GOTTA HIDE BECAUSE HE'LL BE HERE SOON!





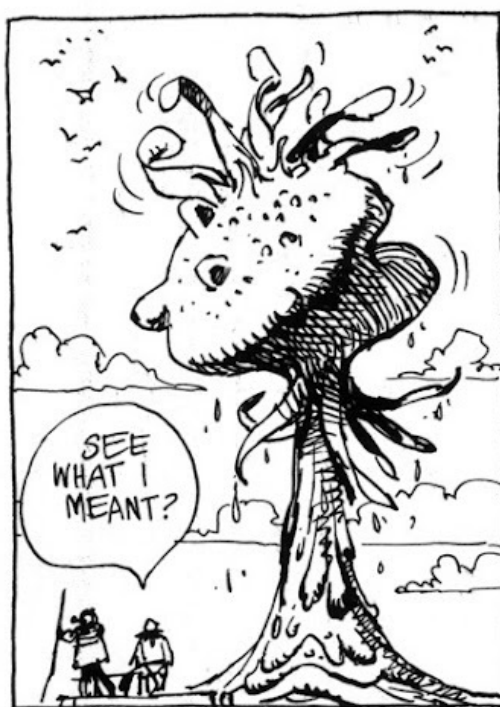
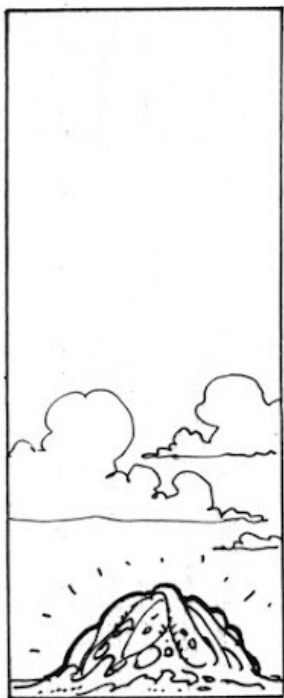






THIS MAN IS IN CORRIDOR 16142B, 27TH UNDERLEVEL OF THE HOTEL...





THE MYSTERIES OF THE EROTIC ARTS!

PART 2:
THE
SPELL-
BOUND
YOGURT

(a)
SEDUCTION



(b) THE HERO'S FALL



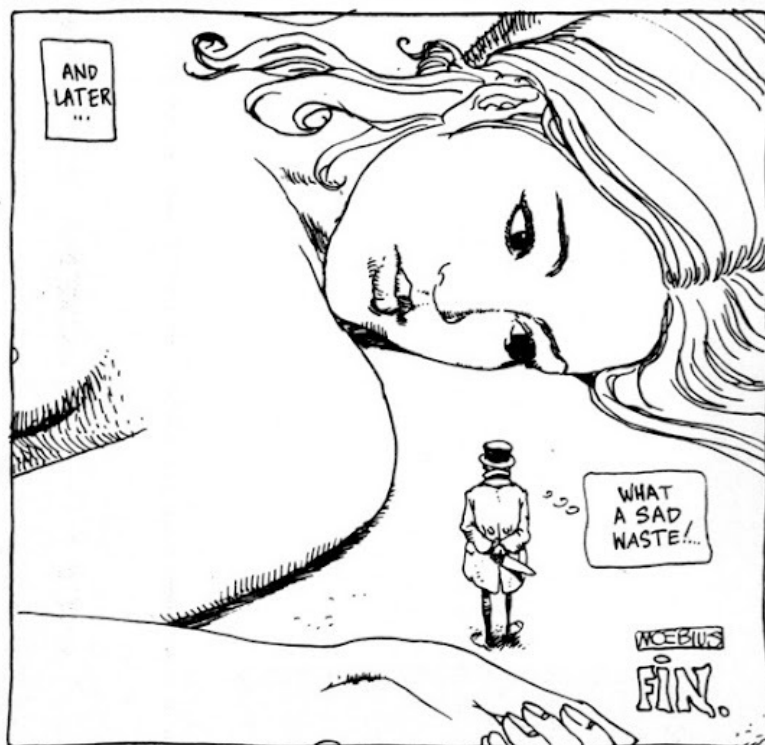
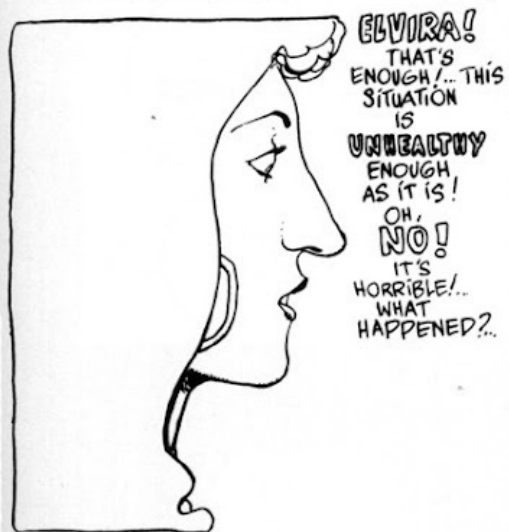
(c) DEATH...



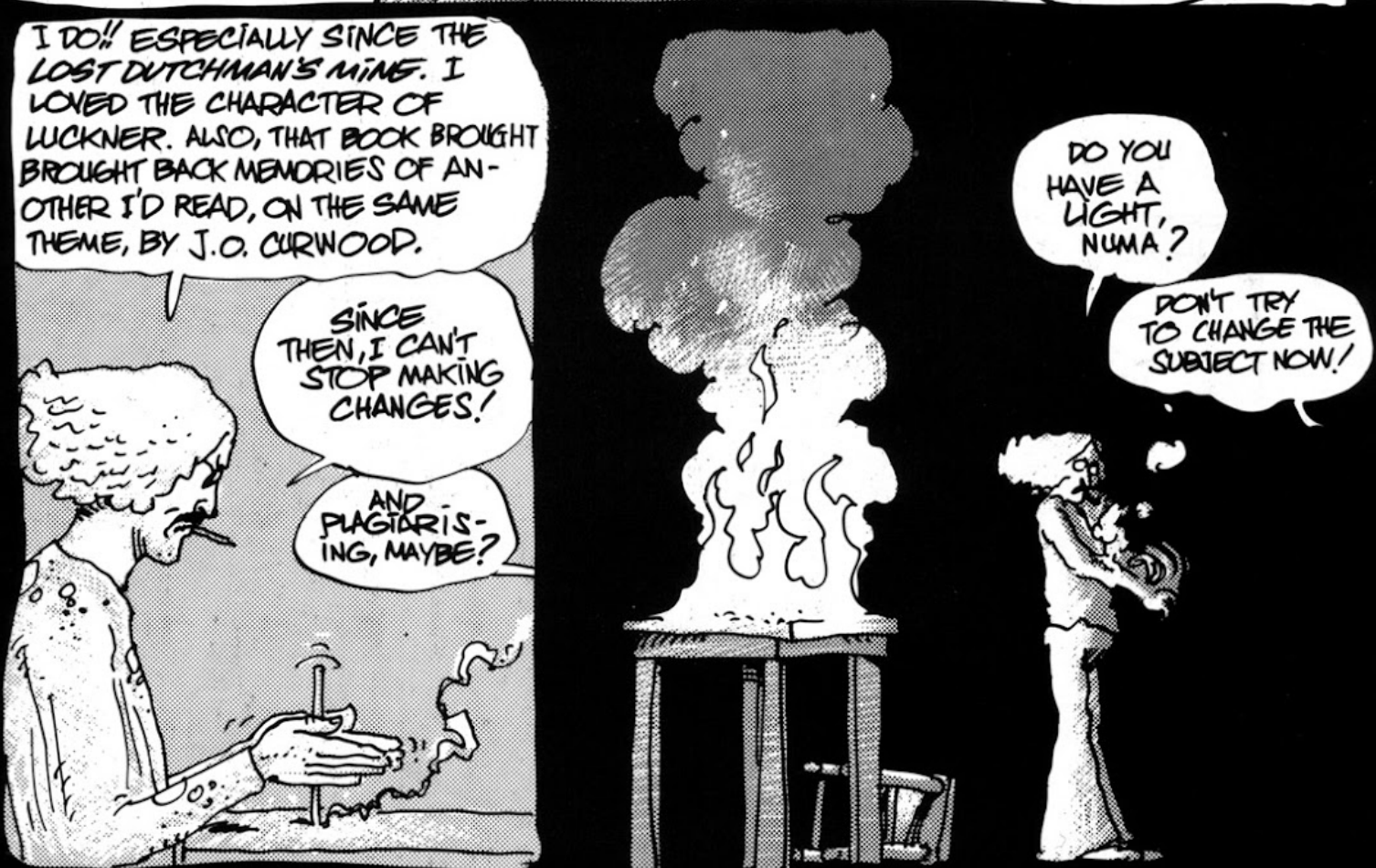
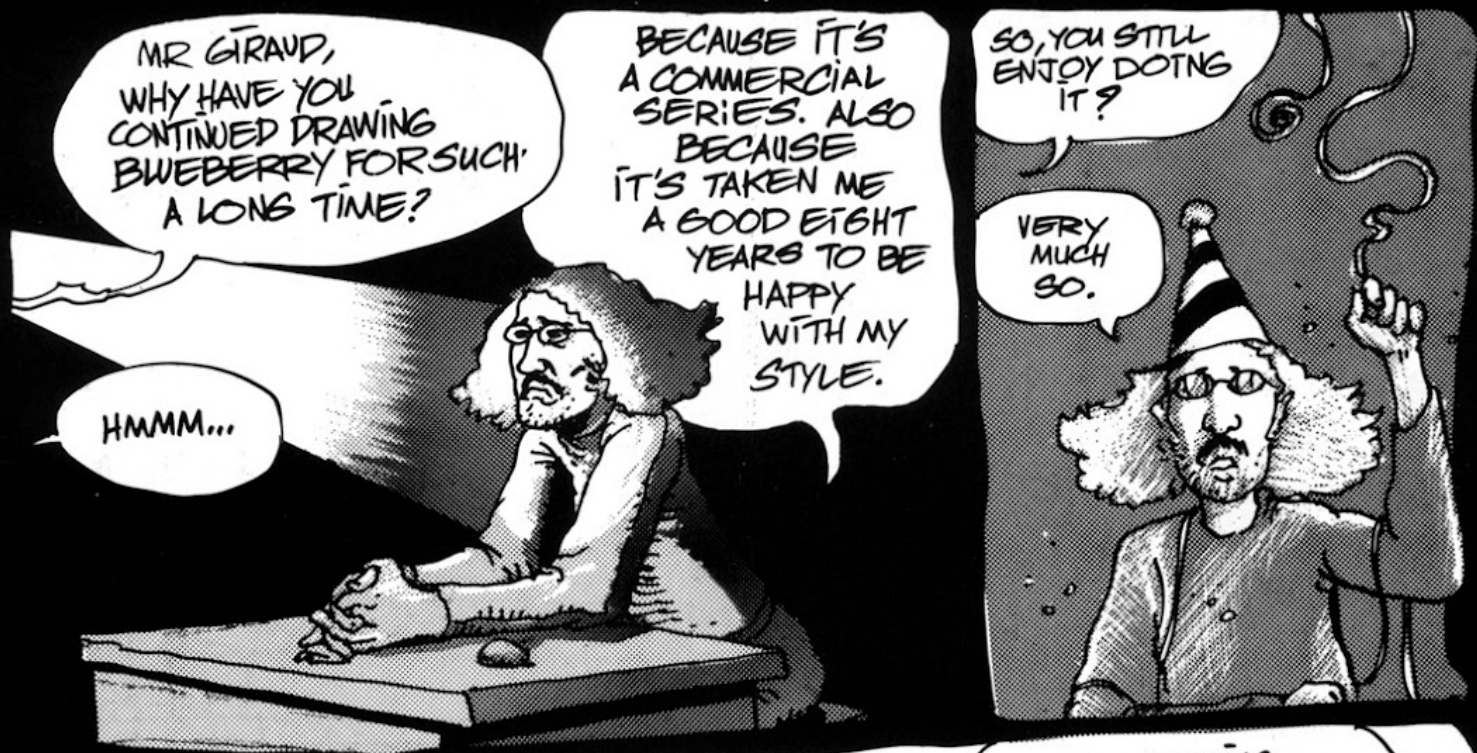
(d) ETERNITY*



* WARNING: ALWAYS CHECK THE EXPIRATION DATE SO THAT YOU DON'T FALL, DIE OR ETERNATE... CAREFUL... CAREFUL... CAREFUL...



MOEBIUS CIRCA '74



WHY DID YOU
LOVE LUCKNER
SO MUCH?

HIS DEEP
HUMANITY?
HA!



NO, IT'S JUST THE KIND OF CHARACTER I
LIKE. OLD AND SCARRED BY LIFE ENOUGH -
TO BE EASY TO DRAW (CARICATURE?) YET
YOUNG ENOUGH TO STILL BE DANGEROUS. S
IN THE LOST DUTCHMAN'S MINE, THERE
ARE THREE SUCH "DEADLY OLD MEN":
LUCKNER, M'CLURE AND WALLY
(PLAYED BY SPENCER TRACY!)

AND DID YOU
PLAGIARISE.. ER..
PAY HOMAGE TO
THAT OTHER BOOK,
THE ONE BY
CURWOOD?

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND!
IT WAS THE FIRST REAL
BOOK I EVER READ.
THAT BLUEBERRY
STORY BROUGHT BACK
IMAGES AND EMOTIONS
THAT HAD BEEN EN-
GRAVED IN MY MIND
SINCE I WAS
TWELVE!

YOU
STARTED
READING
RATHER
LATE!



DIDN'T
YOU
READ
BOOKS
BEFORE
THEN?

NO, ONLY
COMICS. DONALD
TARGA, GARRY,
ALAIN LA FOUTRE,
THE ITALIAN
SUPERBOY,
PLUS A LOT
I'M
FORGETTING
RIGHT NOW.

HOW
DEPLORABLE!



WHERE DID YOU DO
ALL THIS?

IN FONTENAY
S/BOIS.

AND WHERE
HAVE YOU BEEN
LIVING THESE PAST
TWO YEARS?

ER..
IN FONTENAY S/BOIS.

NEED I SAY
MORE? O.K. LET'S
MOVE ON.
WHAT DO YOU FEEL
READING ALL THOSE
GRAPHIC STORIES
BROUGHT YOU?

IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!

L'IL
JERK!

GRAPHIC STORIES MY FOOT!
I READ COMIC BOOKS!
HEY! WHY IS THAT GUY
LOOKING AT ME THAT
WAY?

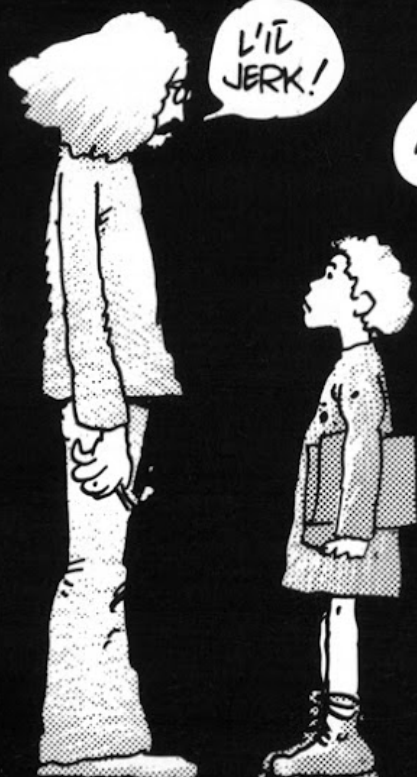
ASSHOLE!

DON'T
MIND HIM! *
THEN?

THEN, WHEN I MANAGE A
TRADE FOR A PILE OF
COMICS, I GO LAY ON MY
BED ON MY STOMACH AND...

ON YOUR STOMACH?

YES. I READ THEM ALL,
THEN I GO TO THE KITCHEN
AND I TRACE THE PANELS
ON THE TABLE. MAYBE WHEN
I'M BIG, I'LL BECOME A...
ER...



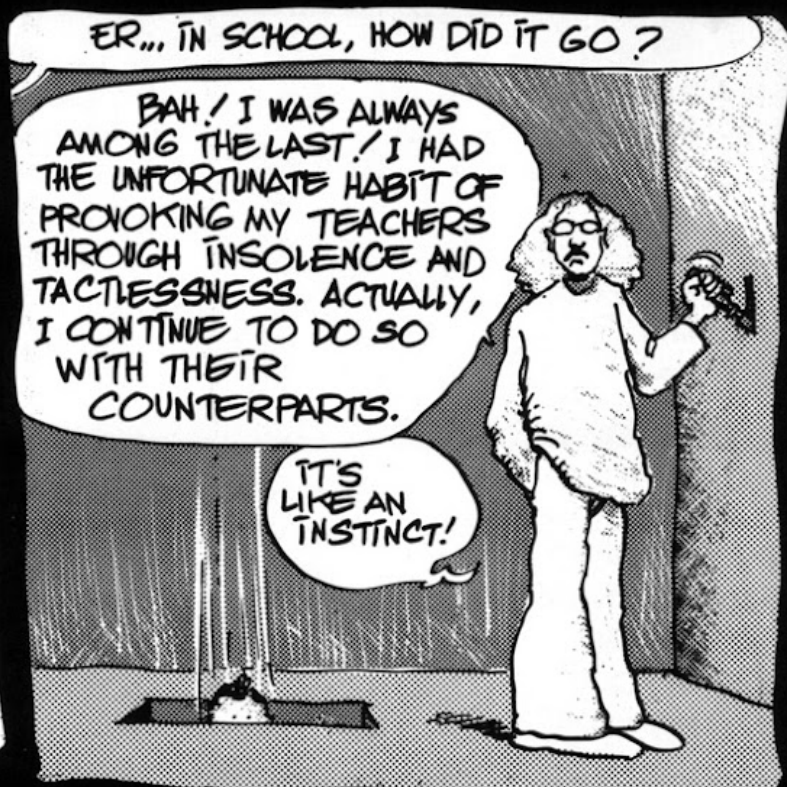
(*) IN A WHISPER



YES, GO ON.
WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO BE WHEN YOU
GROW UP?

PLEASE!

I WANT TO BE A
KNIFE SHARPENER,
BECAUSE OF ALL THE
PRETTY SPARKS THEY
MAKE!



ER... IN SCHOOL, HOW DID IT GO?

BAH! I WAS ALWAYS
AMONG THE LAST! I HAD
THE UNFORTUNATE HABIT OF
PROVOKING MY TEACHERS
THROUGH INSOLENCE AND
TACTLESSNESS. ACTUALLY,
I CONTINUE TO DO SO
WITH THEIR
COUNTERPARTS.

IT'S
LIKE AN
INSTINCT!



WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF
GIRAUD?

AN
ASSHOLE!

A GUY WHO'S
COMPLETELY...
ER...

WEAK!

CAN'T
MAKE UP HIS
MIND.

A
LITTLE
JERK!

AN EGOIST!

PRETENTIOUS!

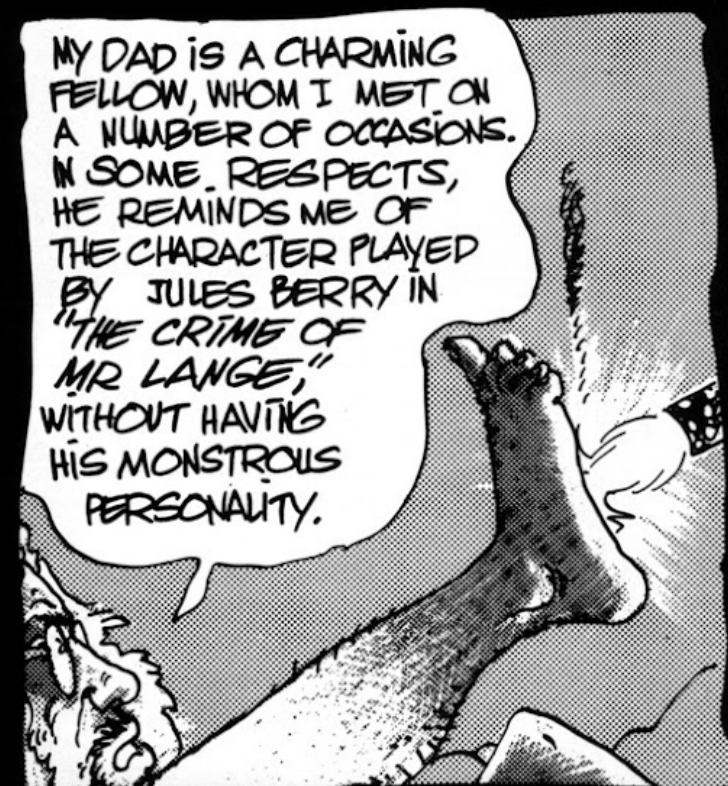
A
WANKER.

A WHORE.



MR
GIRAUD!
HEY! MR
GIRAUD!

ASK HIM TO
TELL YOU
ABOUT HIS
FATHER!



MY DAD IS A CHARMING
FELLOW, WHOM I MET ON
A NUMBER OF OCCASIONS.
IN SOME RESPECTS,
HE REMINDS ME OF
THE CHARACTER PLAYED
BY JULES BERRY IN
"THE CRIME OF
MR LANGE,"
WITHOUT HAVING
HIS MONSTROUS
PERSONALITY.



AND YOUR MOTHER?

MY MOM
REMARRIED
LATER... HE
WAS THE
SWORD-FIGHTING
CHAMPION OF
MEXICO.

DO YOU REMEMBER
THE FIRST DRAWINGS
THAT YOU SAW?

NO!

WELL,
YES. IT WAS
GUSTAVE DORÉ, RIQU
AND OTHER TURN OF
THE CENTURY ENGRAVINGS.

DID YOU ALREADY
DRAW THEN?

PROUF

YES, BUT
ONLY
COMICS!

HAVE YOU KEPT A COPY OF THEM?

OF COURSE! THERE
THEY ARE! CAREFULLY
FILED IN THAT CHEST!

SO?

THEY'RE
INCREDIBLY
AWFUL! I'M
GOING TO DUMP
THEM ALL
BACK IN THE
WATER
WITH A PAIR OF
CONCRETE
BOOTS!

WHEN I WAS 16, I DREW A FAIRLY
LONG STORY THAT TOOK PLACE
IN AFRICA. ONE DAY, I TOOK
IT TO MY SCHOOL, THE APPLIED
ARTS, TO FLAUNT MY STUFF, BUT
IT WAS STOLEN.
IT WASN'T
EVEN
FINISHED!
TOUGH!

SERIES
YOU
RIGHT!



HOW DID YOU
MANAGE TO GO TO
THE APPLIED ARTS?

I GOT OFF AT THE
REPUBLIQUE STATION!



IS IT ALSO WHERE YOU LEARNED
TO SAY SILLY THINGS?

NO,
SERIOUSLY.

O.K. AFTER FAILING AT TRADITIONAL
SCHOOL, I PASSED TWO TECHNICAL
SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAMS FOR
ESTIENNE AND THE APPLIED
ARTS. I CHOSE THE APPLIED
ARTS BECAUSE THEY WERE
CLOSER TO HOME.
I LEARNED SOME
PRETTY AMAZING
THINGS THERE, LIKE
HOW TO CARVE AN
L-SQUARE OUT OF AN
EBONY BLOCK, HOW TO
INSULT PEOPLE WITHOUT THEM
REALIZING IT, AND THE ART
OF SLEEPING WITH ONE'S
EYES OPEN!



NO. THAT CAME ELSEWHERE AND
LATER, THOUGH IN A WAY, IT'S THE
RESULT OF A LIFETIME OF TRAINING.
HOWEVER, IT WAS AT THE APPLIED
ARTS THAT I DEVELOPED THAT
FAMOUS BRUSH STROKE, KNOWN
AS "BUTTERFLY STROKE," WHICH
HAS MADE ME FAMOUS IN THIS
LATTER PART OF THE 20TH CENTURY.



YOU STARTED
IN COMICS
RIGHT
AFTER
SCHOOL?



YES. RIGHT AWAY I
BECAME ONE OF THE SO-
CALLED "YOUNG HOPES"
OF COMICDOM. OF
COURSE, FIRST I HAD TO
FIGHT MY OWN NATURAL
TENDENCY TOWARDS VANITY,
BUT I TOTALLY SURRENDERED
TO IT AFTER A FEW HOURS.
IT WAS AT SCHOOL THAT I
MET J.C. MEZIERES, WHOSE
HOT KISSES I'LL NEVER
FORGET, AND PATRICK MAUET,
WHO REFUSED TO LISTEN
TO ANYONE.*

* ARTIST MAUET IS ACTUALLY HEARING-IMPAIRED.

MR GIRAUD, I DON'T UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU CAN MAKE JOKE
ABOUT SOMEONE'S HANDICAP.
IT'S IN SUCH BAD TASTE!



HERE'S
MY
ANSWER!

LET'S NOT HAVE
A FIGHT, O.K.?
INSTEAD, TELL
US ABOUT YOUR
EARLY WORK FOR
HARAKIRI?

I WASN'T VERY
RICH AT THE
TIME, AND IT
DIDN'T PAY VERY
MUCH, BUT I
ENJOYED THE
FREEDOM I GOT.
ASK ANDRÉ DETON
WHO KNEW ME WELL
THEN IF YOU DON'T
BELIEVE ME.
ISN'T THAT THE
TRUTH, ANDRÉ?



MEET MY FRIEND
ANDRÉ DETON,
ALSO KNOWN AS
THE FLYING
COW BOY!

TELL
HIM TO
STOP
BEING
SILLY,
FOR
GOD'S
SAKE!

JTJE WAS YOUR TEACHER
AT THE TIME?

YES! I WAS IN LOVE
WITH EACH OF HIS
DAUGHTERS. WE USED TO
GO FOR LONG WALKS IN
THE FOREST AND PICK
MUSHROOMS, WHICH WE
THEN ATE IN AN OMELETTE
AT 4 P.M. OR THEREABOUTS.
AND WE DID THIS SEVERAL
TIMES!

IT'S AROUND THAT TIME
THAT I BEGAN GIVING
LECTURES ON COMIC ART
AT THE VINCENTS UNIVER-
SITY...

NUMA, THAT'S
NOT CORRECT!
THAT WAS
MUCH LATER!

SHUT UP!
LET HIM
SPEAK! *



* MIZO VOCE

YOU STOPPED
WORKING ON
BLUEBERRY
FOR A SHORT
WHILE. WHY?



BECAUSE I WANTED
TO OPEN A POOL
ROOM WITH THREE
X-RATED MOVIE
THEATERS IN THE
CELLAR.

I HAVE THE MONEY,
BUT I'M WAITING TO
BE BETTER AT
SHOOTING POOL.

ARE YOU DOING WHAT YOU
REALLY WANT TO DO?

YES. I DON'T
HAVE TO LISTEN
TO ANYONE ELSE.
JUST LIKE
PATRICK MAUET.

CAREFUL
ABOUT THAT!



I MYSELF VERY MUCH
ADMIRE YOUR ORIGINAL
APPROACH TO COLORING.
COULD YOU TELL US MORE?

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T ANSWER
THAT QUESTION BECAUSE
IT WOULD THREATEN TOO MANY
POWERFUL INTERESTS AND I'VE
GOT TO BE CAREFUL WHAT I SAY.

TELL US
ABOUT
WORKING
FOR THE
MOVIES,
MR
GIRAUD!

THE MOVIES...YES...

WORKING FOR THE MOVIES IS
WORMERLAND VALLE BAR / ROJURE DAC
ASTROVEN DAC. PIERCE WAHOO, NUOC!

???

ER...
CAN YOU
TELL US
WHAT
HAPPENED
AT PILOTE
DURING
MAY '68?



HOW WOULD I KNOW? AT THE TIME, I WAS UNDERGOING DETOXIFICATION IN A SMALL, PRIVATE INSTITUTION NEAR ROUBAIX, WHERE ALL THE NURSES HAD ENORMOUS BOOBS, SO IT WAS THE LAST THING ON MY MIND.

HE'S GETTING SILLY AGAIN. WHAT CAN WE DO? *

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! TELL US WHAT YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT NOW, MR GIRAUD.

* MEZZO VOCE!!!

I DON'T THINK, AT LEAST NOT WHEN I SPEAK, AS I'M SURE YOU'VE NOW REALIZED. SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THIS INTERVIEW, I'VE NOTICED A SLOW DEGRADATION OF MY THOUGHT PROCESSES, AS WELL AS OTHER SEMANTIC TROUBLES, WHICH MIGHT EVEN BE MORE SERIOUS!



ON THE OTHER HAND, MY COMICS WORK IS PERFECTLY PLANNED AND TOTALLY UNDER MY CONTROL.



ARE YOU, OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN ANALYSIS?

NOT SINCE MY LAST ESCAPE!



WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW? START YOUR OWN MAGAZINE? WRITE A BOOK?

MY OWN MAGAZINE? BUT I ALREADY OWN *PILOTE* WHICH I SECRETLY BOUGHT IN 1947. A BOOK? MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL WRITE ONE ON SHIRLEY TEMPLE. SOMETHING VERY UNHEALTHY.

THE MAD JABBER'S STRUCK AGAIN!



WILL YOU CONTINUE USING THE PSEUDONYM "MOEBIUS"?

I'D LOVE TO, BUT THAT GUY'S BECOMING TOO GREEDY. FROM NOW ON, I'LL SIGN ALL MY WORK EPHRAÏM ZIMBALIST III. IT LOOKS CLASSIER, NO?



ISN'T WRITING YOUR OWN STORIES RATHER STRESSFUL?

NOT AT ALL! WHAT I FIND STRESSFUL IS NOT BEING ABLE TO WRITE ONE'S OWN STORIES!



SINCE YOU LIKE THE MOVIES SO MUCH, DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE MAKING A FILM?

NOT WHILE ACTORS REFUSE TO SHOOT AT EACH OTHER WITH REAL BULLETS!



MUSIC IS VERY IMPORTANT FOR YOU. LET'S TALK ABOUT IT...

OKAY! FINE BY ME! YOU START!

ER...NO...YOU START. WHAT KIND OF...

NO WAY! IT WAS YOUR IDEA, SO YOU'LL BE THE ONE WHO STARTS.

OKAY. I REALLY LIKE SARITA MONTIEL'S LAST ALBUM. THE ONE WITH A BUNCH OF COMPLETELY RUSTED SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS ON THE COVER.

I FIND SARITA MONTIEL IMPOSSIBLE TO LISTEN TO, AND THAT ALBUM IS GARBAGE. PURE SHIT!

AH? WELL. DO YOU READ ANYTHING BESIDES S.F.?



WHEN I THINK I WAS AFRAID OF THAT GUY BEFORE!

POLITICS... WHAT DO YOU THINK? WHERE DO YOU STAND?

MOSTLY ON MY OWN TWO FEET, LEANING TOWARDS THE LEFT. I'M A VERY DANGEROUS LIBERAL.



DID YOU EVER DRAW WHILE SMOKING POT?

NO, BECAUSE YOU GET INTOXICATED AND THEN YOU CAN'T STOP DRAWING!

THAT'S IT! WE'RE FINISHED!

ALREADY?



FIN.

JEAN GIRAUD

CARNET 3

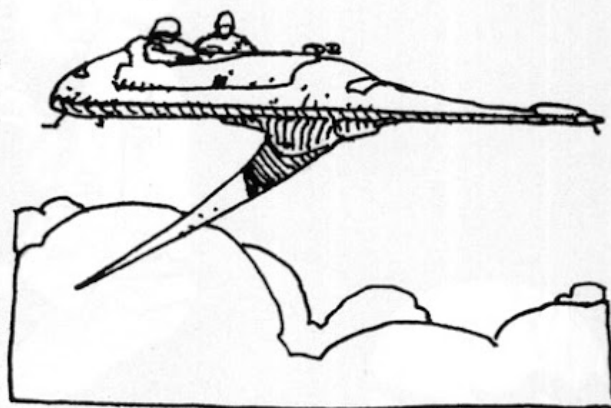


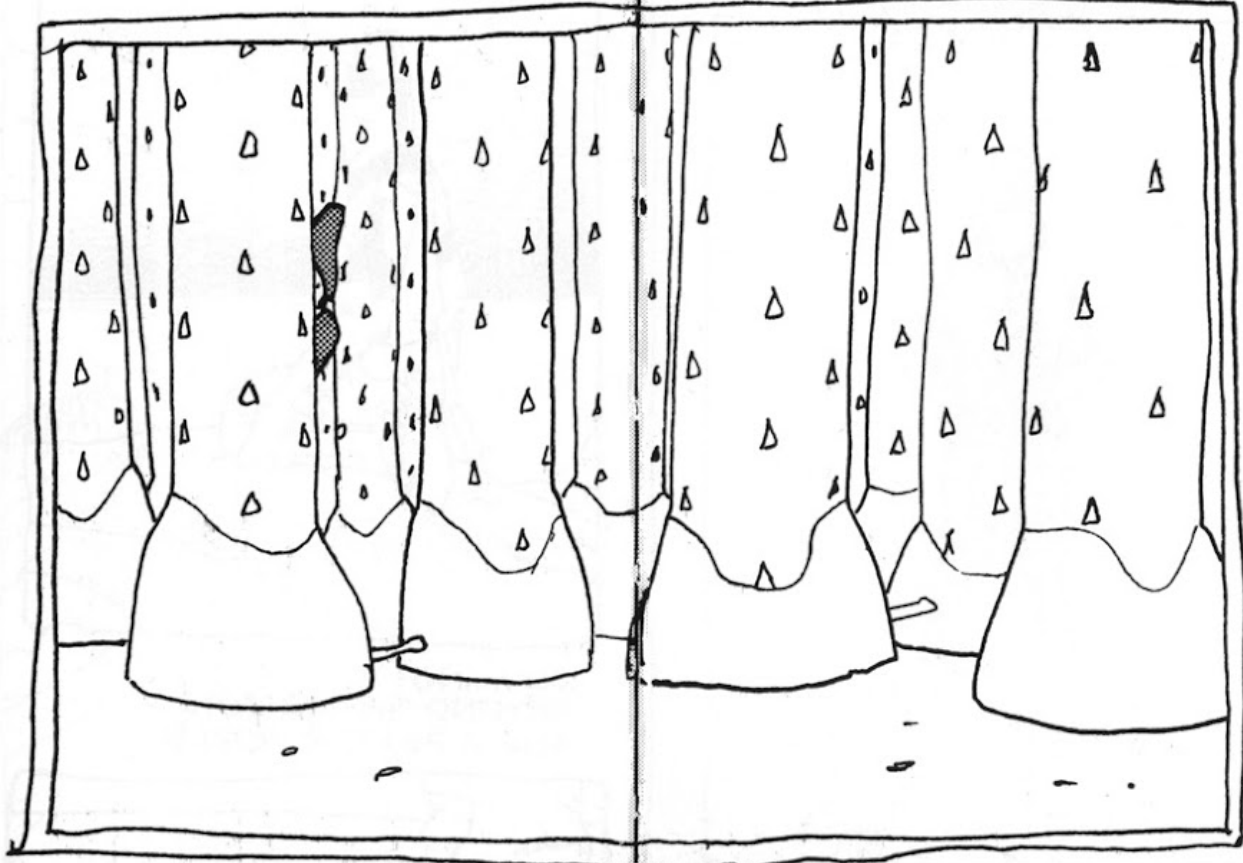
HOW CAN ONE BE BORN PAINLESSLY, ON 13th JANUARY 1984 TOWARDS THE END OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA IN URANTIA, THE MOST POWERFUL AND EVOLVED COUNTRY IN THE WEST, AT THE CORNER OF WESTMINSTER AND PACIFIC, SITTING NEXT TO A BLACK GUITAR-PLAYER WEARING A



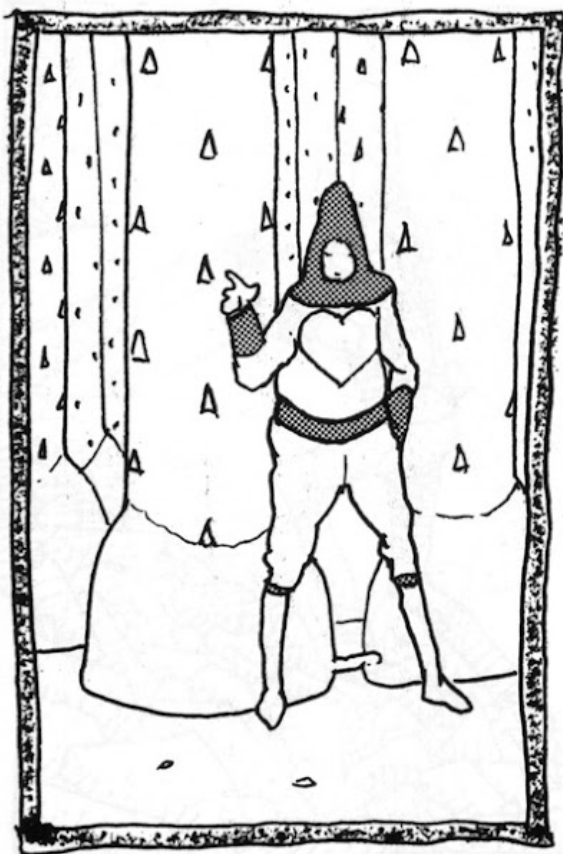
MAN INHERITED THE PLAINS AND THE HILLS, THE WIND, THE RIVERS AND THE FLAMES. HE ACQUIRED LAWS, KNOWLEDGE AND A WAY OF LIFE, A SOCIETY WHICH CRADLES HIM, SURROUNDS HIM, CARESSES HIM OR PUNISHES HIM. HE IMAGINED A WORLD OF SPIRITS, OF SOULS, OF GHOSTS, A PHANTOM WORLD WHICH WEIGHS ON HIS ACTIONS AND IN WHOSE GOOD GRACES IT IS IMPORTANT TO BE. MEN REACT TOWARDS THEIR NATURAL HERITAGE BY CREATING STATES, TOWARDS THEIR SOCIAL HERITAGE BY CREATING HOMES, AND TOWARDS THEIR SPIRITUAL HERITAGE BY CREATING CHURCHES.

THAT EXPLAINS IT ALL!





HAT WITH A FEATHER IN IT, WAITING FOR A BUS GOING TO SANTA MONICA? HOW MANY MORE 13th JANUARYS DO I HAVE TO LIVE? IT IS NOT AN IMPORTANT QUESTION, ESPECIALLY SINCE THE BUS IS COMING.



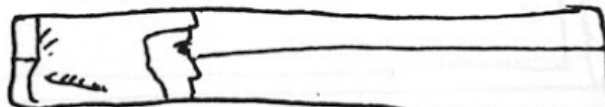
JEAN GIRAUD



ML



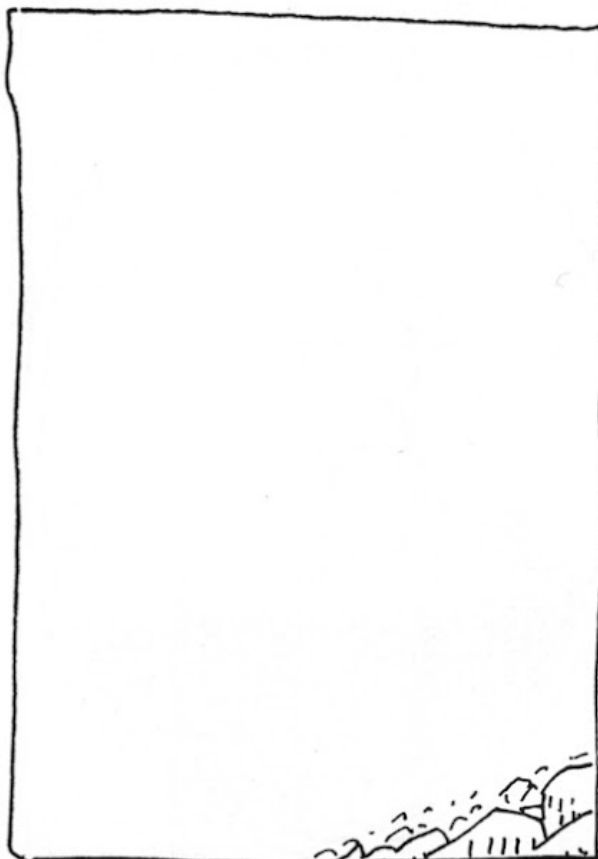
LOOKING
BEYOND THE HORIZON
FOR A BETTER WORLD



AT THE TURN OF THE INTERNAL THE STAR WHISPERS TO ME SOFT BUT OPEN WORDS...

AND I BECOME COMPLETELY DRAWN ON THE STRING OF ETERNAL TRUTH ON THE BOW OF DIVINE LOVE.

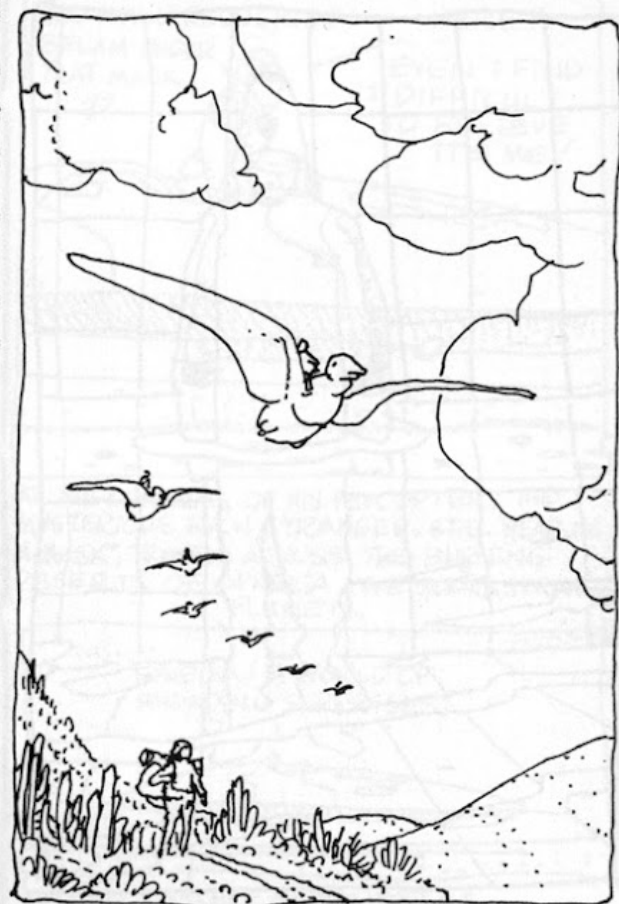
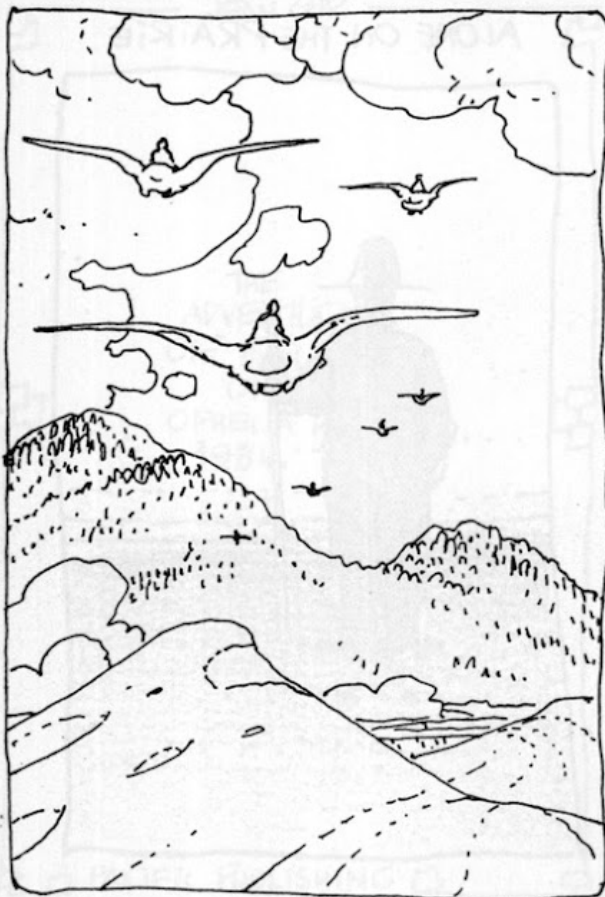
21.1



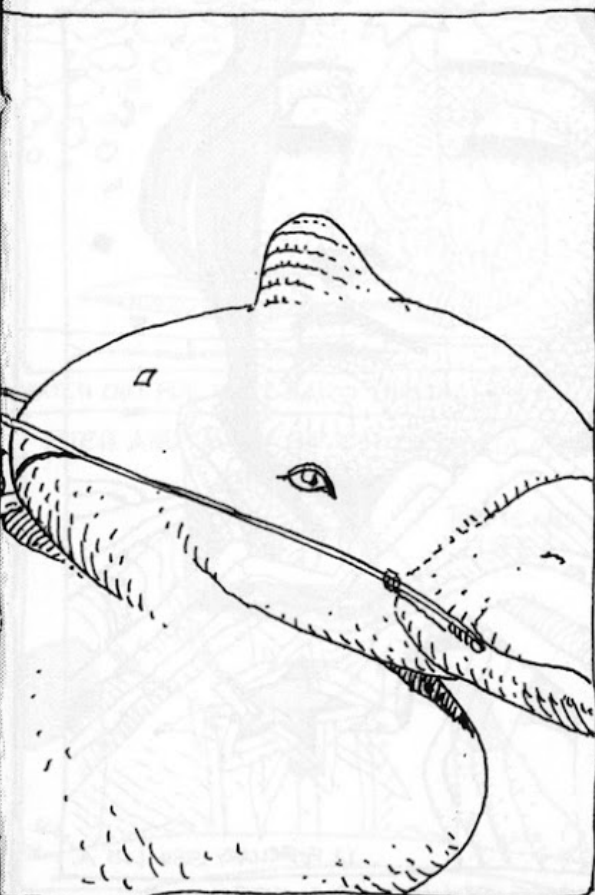
DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE! THIS IS



NO AIMLESS, PURPOSELESS WALK. M.

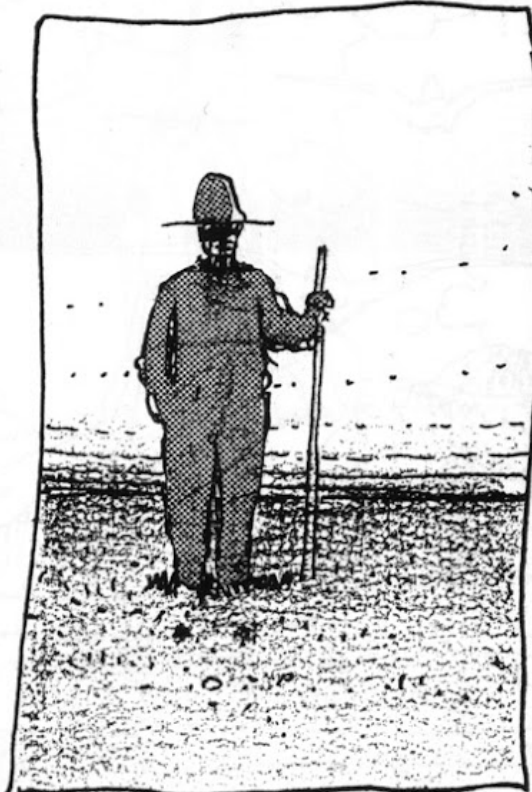


ALL WAS GOING WELL IN THE KINGDOM. I RECEIVED MESSAGES WHICH I PASSED ON MODESTLY. IT MADE ME HAPPY, SO HAPPY THAT, IMPERATIVELY BUT SPONTANEOUSLY, I HAD TO CRY





ALONE ON THE PRAIRIE



"COSMIC KNIGHT" ASLEEP.



12 FEBRUARY 1984 LOS A.

IN SPACE, TRY NOT TO SLEEP. 'MIR.

13 FEBRUARY



ON THE OTHER SIDE "ROBOTALMA" LAUGHS.

JEAN GIR

THE
ADVENTURES
OF BELAM
ON
OPHELIA IN
1984.

I

PACIFIC PUBLISHING

WHO WOULD RECOGNIZE
BELAM UNDER
THAT MASK
??

HERE?

EVEN I FIND
IT DIFFICULT
TO BELIEVE
IT'S ME!



AT THE CONTROLS OF HIS PSYCOPTER, THE
MYSTERIOUS RICH STRANGER, STILL WEARING
A MASK, TRAVELS ACROSS THE BURNING
DESERTS OF OPHELIA, THE SUPRASTRANGE
PLANET...

OPHELIA! A WORLD OF
UNENDING SURPRISES!



HE FALLS ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL!

JEAN
GIR

THE EXTRAORDINARY
ADVENTURES

OF

BELAM

ON A PLANET SELECTED
AT RANDOM.

(OPHELIA)

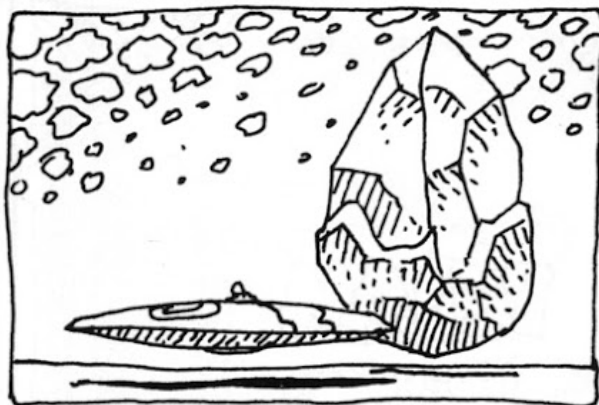
IN THE YEAR

—1984—

II



PACIFIC PUBLISHING



WATCH OUT FOR VERY HARD OBSTACLES!

RICH AND MASKED ON OPHELIA!!!

THIS IS NO
LIFE!





JEAN GIR

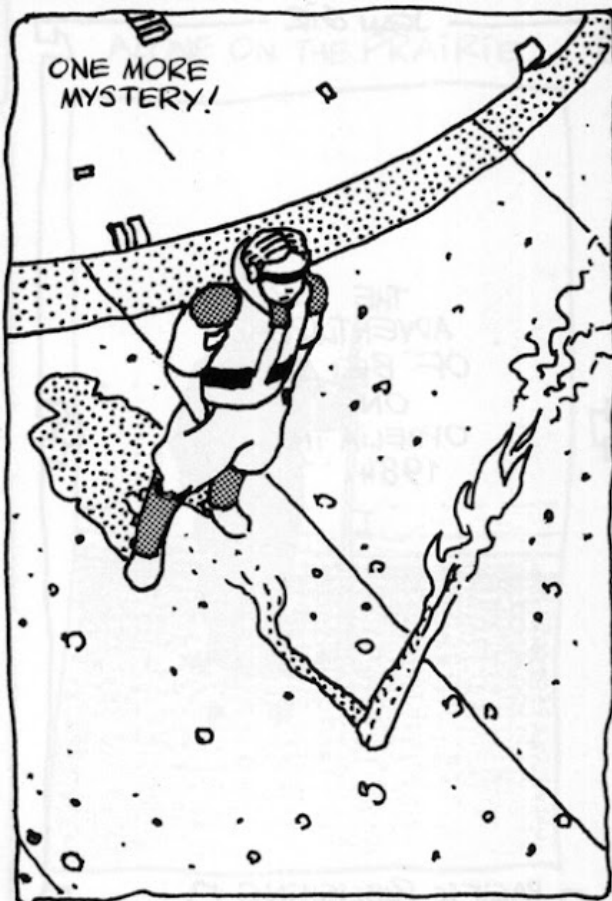
THE STORY
OF BELAM
ON OPHELIA (1984)



III



PACIFIC PUBLISHING



ONE MORE
MYSTERY!

JEAN GIR

BELAM

ADVENTURES
1984
OPHELIA.

IV

PACIFIC PUBLISHING

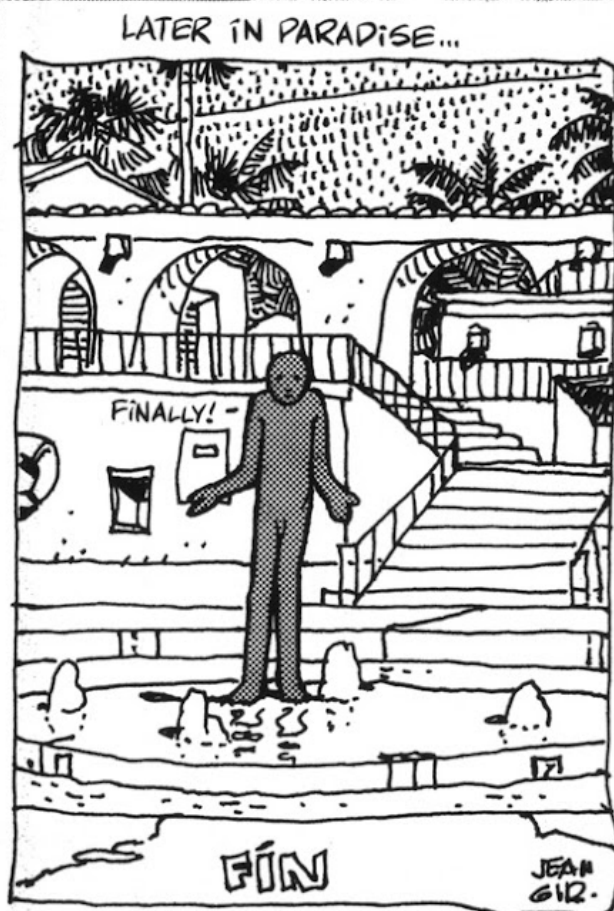
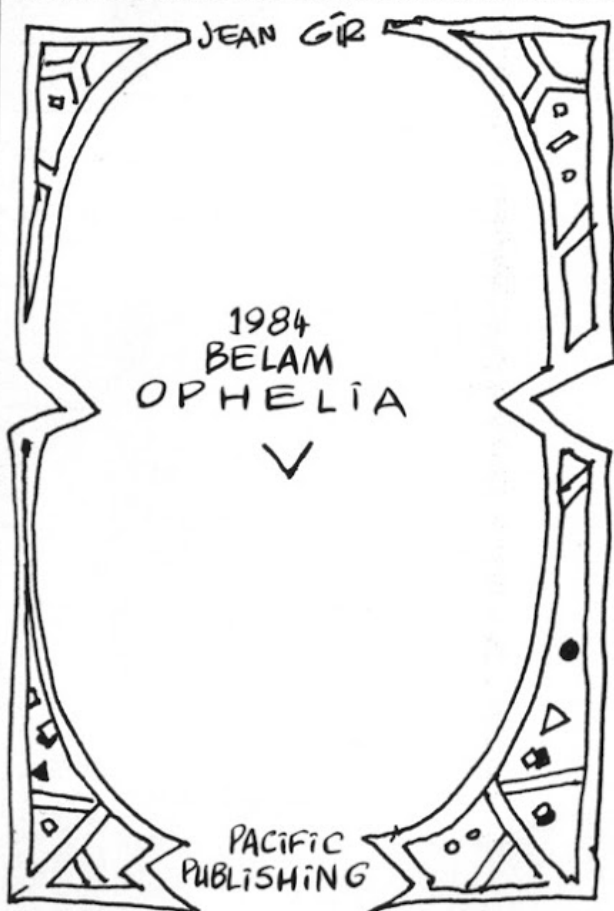
UNMASKED AT LAST !!



"TALES FROM URANTIA"
WHAT A BOOK !



WHAT SHOULD I
DO WITH MY
WEALTH NOW
THAT GOD IS
CALLING ME?



A MAN GRAPPLING WITH HIS DEMONS.



IN THE HEART
OF THE
IMPREGNABLE
META
BUNKER

JODO-MOEBIUS

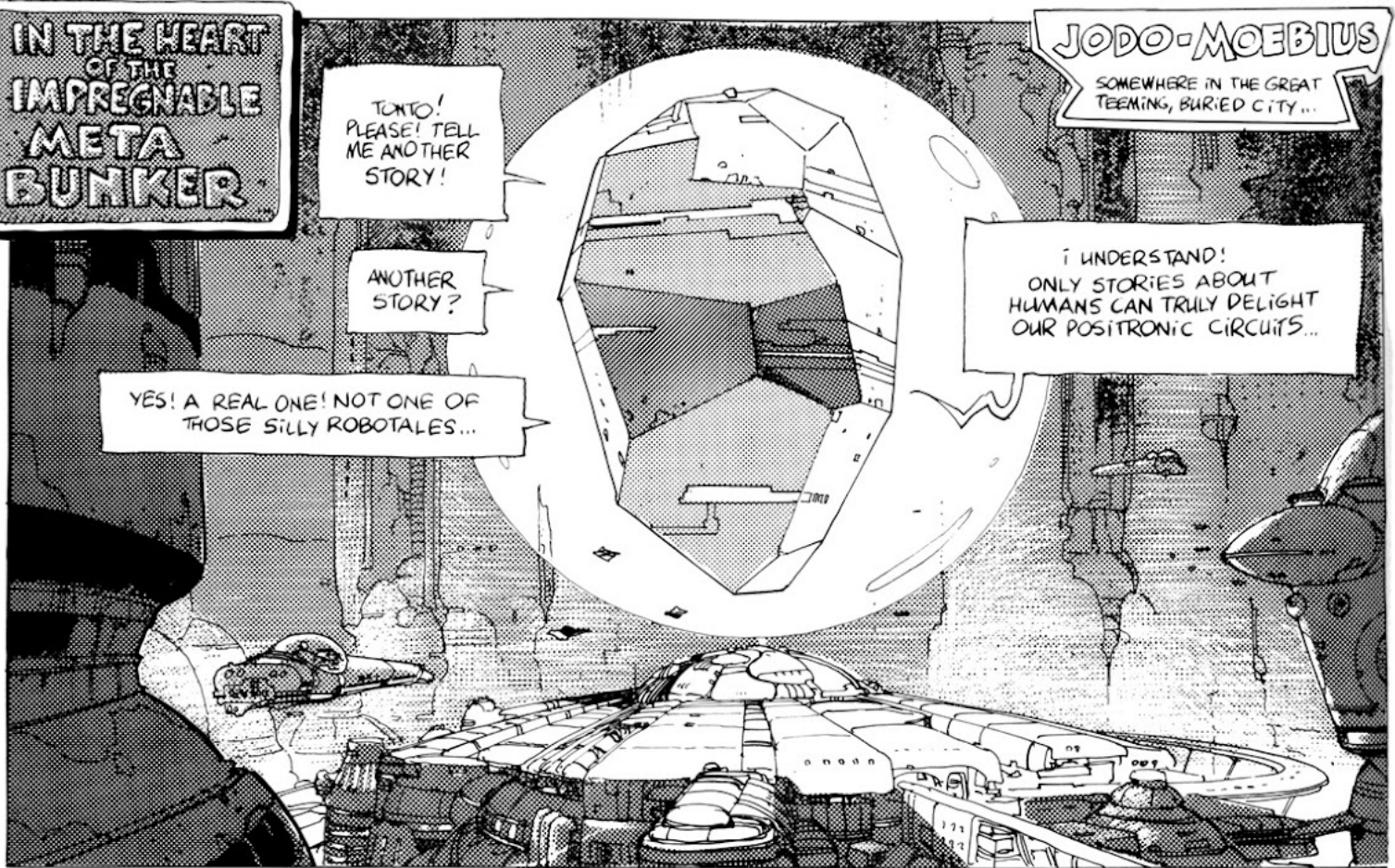
SOMEWHERE IN THE GREAT
TEENING, BURIED CITY...

TONTO!
PLEASE! TELL
ME ANOTHER
STORY!

ANOTHER
STORY?

YES! A REAL ONE! NOT ONE OF
THOSE SILLY ROBOTALES...

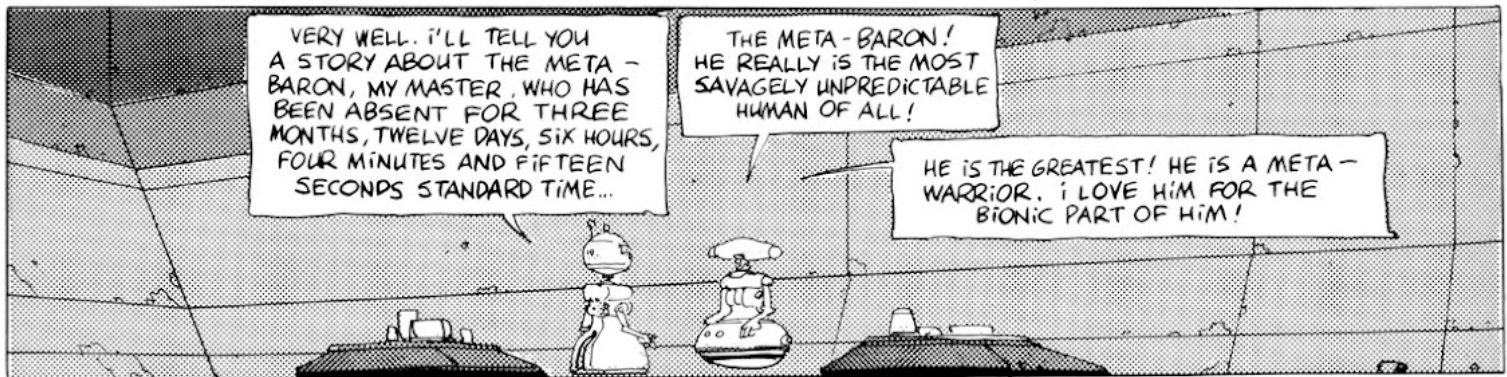
I UNDERSTAND!
ONLY STORIES ABOUT
HUMANS CAN TRULY DELIGHT
OUR POSITRONIC CIRCUITS...



VERY WELL. I'LL TELL YOU
A STORY ABOUT THE META-
BARON, MY MASTER, WHO HAS
BEEN ABSENT FOR THREE
MONTHS, TWELVE DAYS, SIX HOURS,
FOUR MINUTES AND FIFTEEN
SECONDS STANDARD TIME...

THE META-BARON!
HE REALLY IS THE MOST
SAVAGELY UNPREDICTABLE
HUMAN OF ALL!

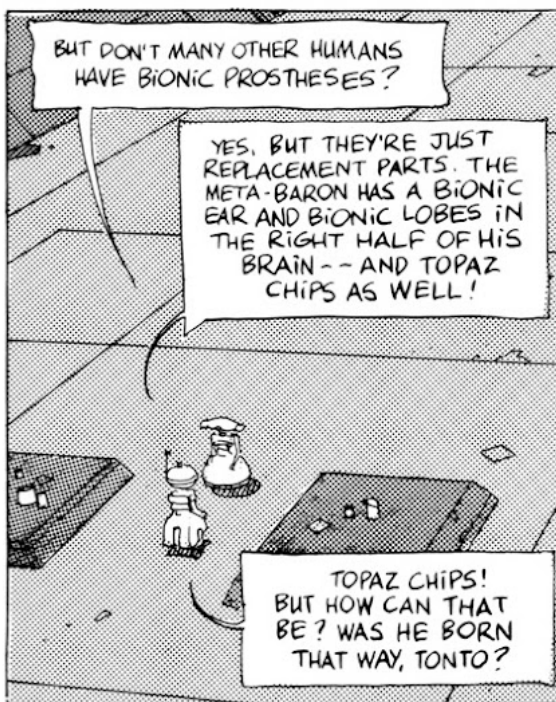
HE IS THE GREATEST! HE IS A META-
WARRIOR. I LOVE HIM FOR THE
BIONIC PART OF HIM!



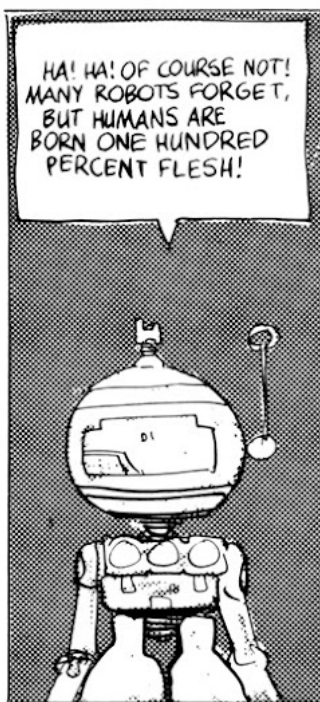
BUT DON'T MANY OTHER HUMANS
HAVE BIONIC PROSTHESES?

YES, BUT THEY'RE JUST
REPLACEMENT PARTS. THE
META-BARON HAS A BIONIC
EAR AND BIONIC LOBES IN
THE RIGHT HALF OF HIS
BRAIN -- AND TOPAZ
CHIPS AS WELL!

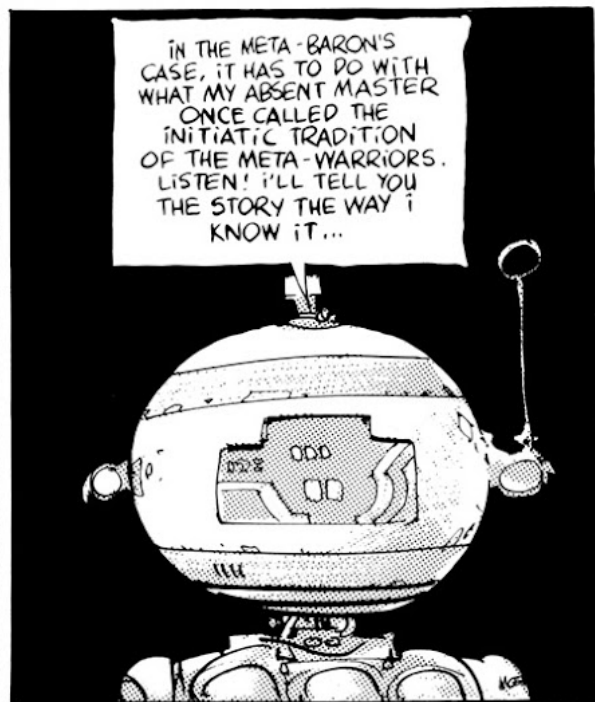
TOPAZ CHIPS!
BUT HOW CAN THAT
BE? WAS HE BORN
THAT WAY, TONTO?

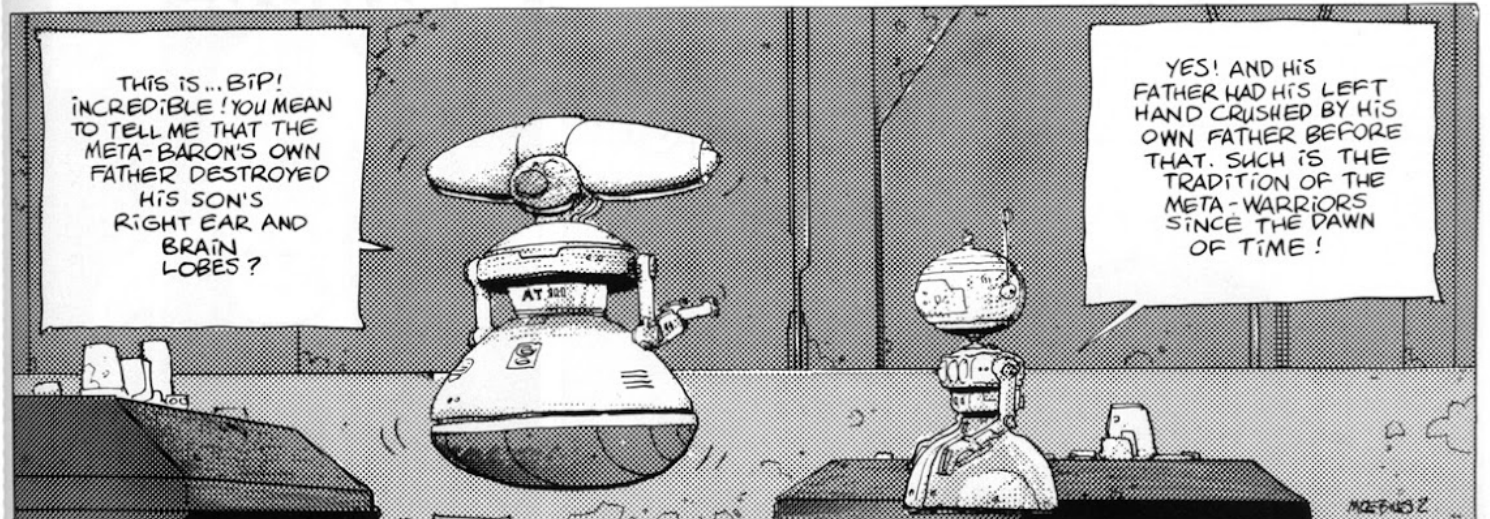
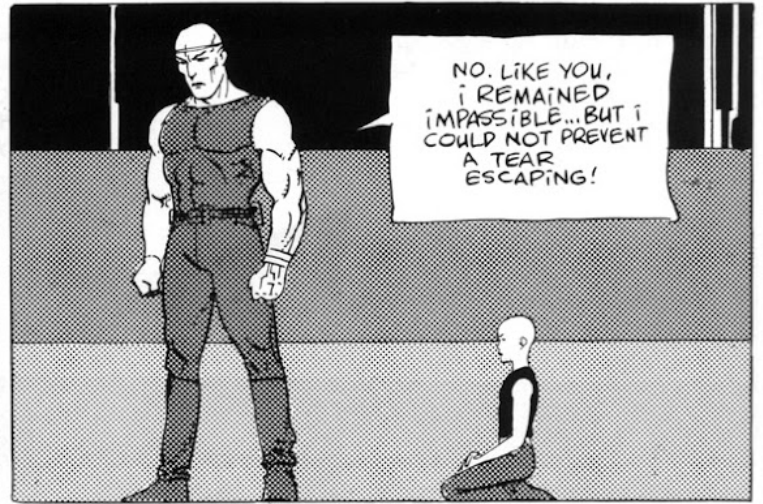
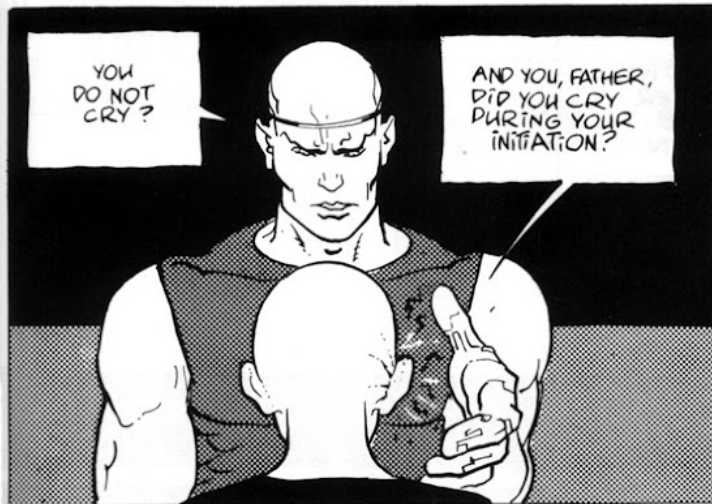
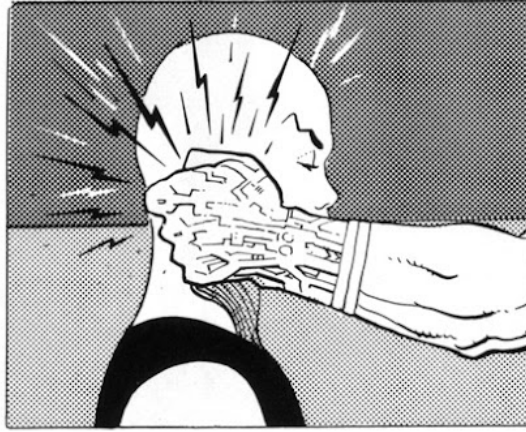
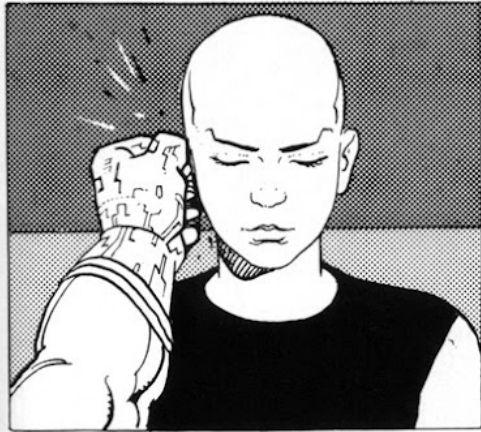
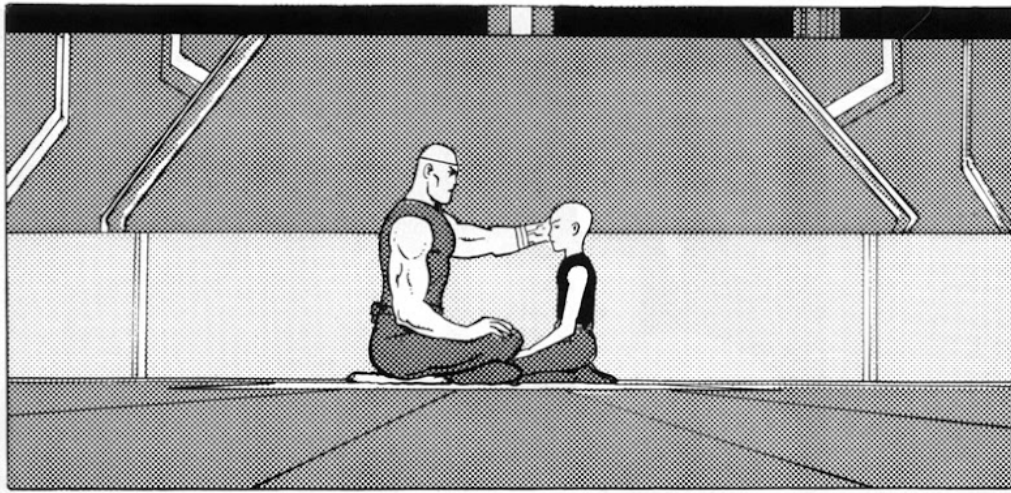


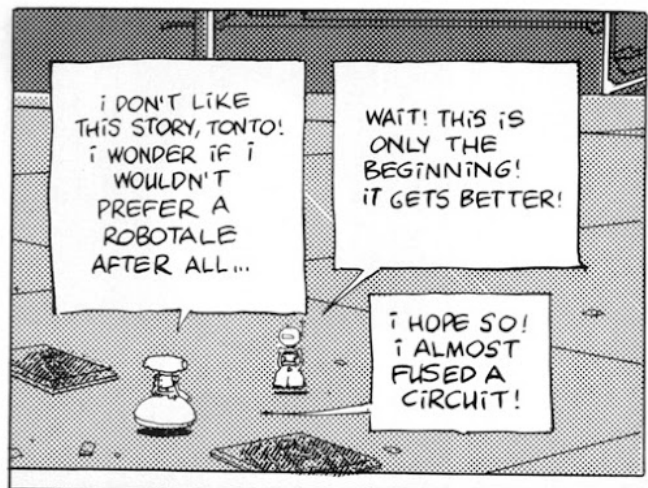
HA! HA! OF COURSE NOT!
MANY ROBOTS FORGET,
BUT HUMANS ARE
BORN ONE HUNDRED
PERCENT FLESH!



IN THE META-BARON'S
CASE, IT HAS TO DO WITH
WHAT MY ABSENT MASTER
ONCE CALLED THE
INITIATIC TRADITION
OF THE META-WARRIORS.
LISTEN! I'LL TELL YOU
THE STORY THE WAY I
KNOW IT...



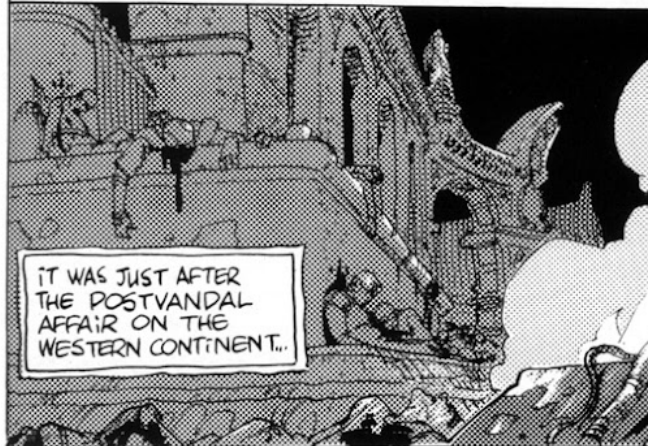




I DON'T LIKE THIS STORY, TONTO! I WONDER IF I WOULDN'T PREFER A ROBOTALE AFTER ALL...

WAIT! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! IT GETS BETTER!

I HOPE SO! I ALMOST FUSED A CIRCUIT!



IT WAS JUST AFTER THE POSTVANDAL AFFAIR ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT...

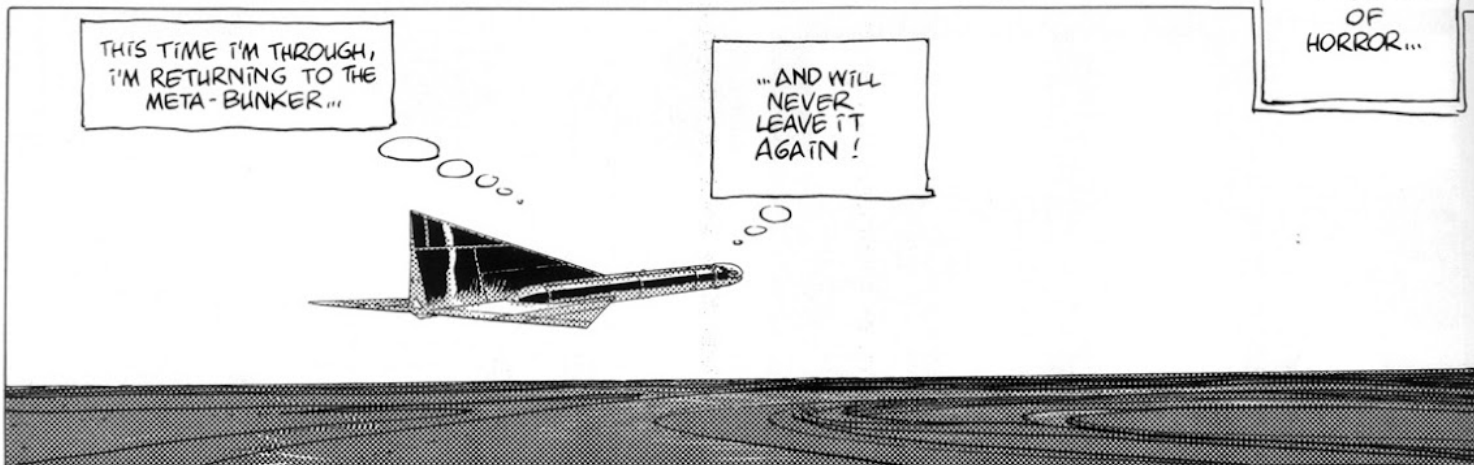


I'M BORED WITH THIS SLAUGHTER...

IT HAS BECOME TOO EASY!

HE NO LONGER HAD ANY OPPONENT WORTHY OF HIM...

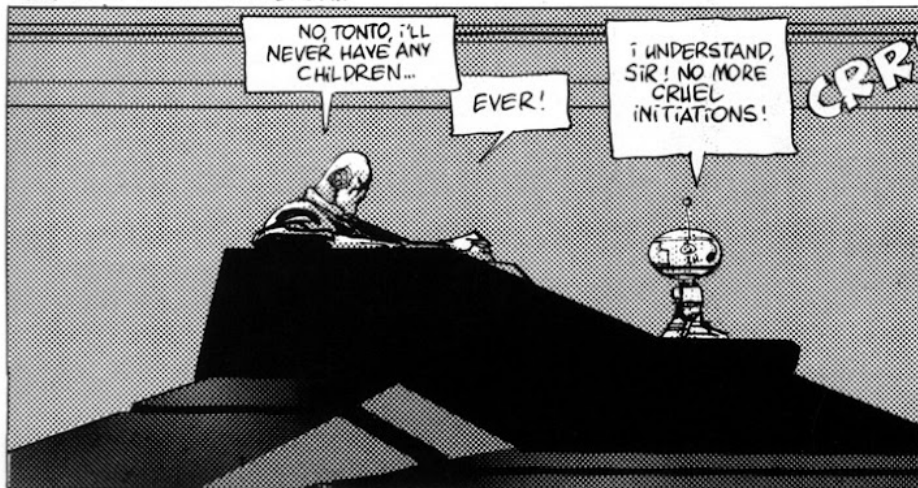
HIS ONLY CONTACT WITH OTHER HUMANS WERE WAILS OF AGONY AND SCREAMS OF HORROR...



THIS TIME I'M THROUGH, I'M RETURNING TO THE META-BUNKER...

...AND WILL NEVER LEAVE IT AGAIN!

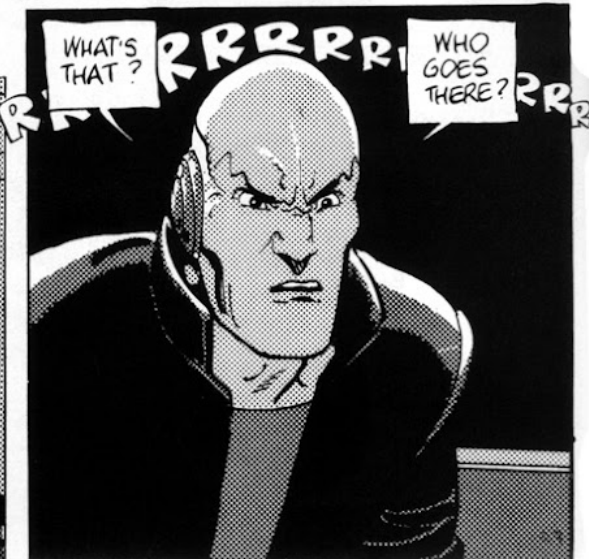
DAYS PASSED IN THE SILENT LONELINESS OF THE IMPREGNABLE META-BUNKER, WHEN SUDDENLY...



NO, TONTO, I'LL NEVER HAVE ANY CHILDREN...

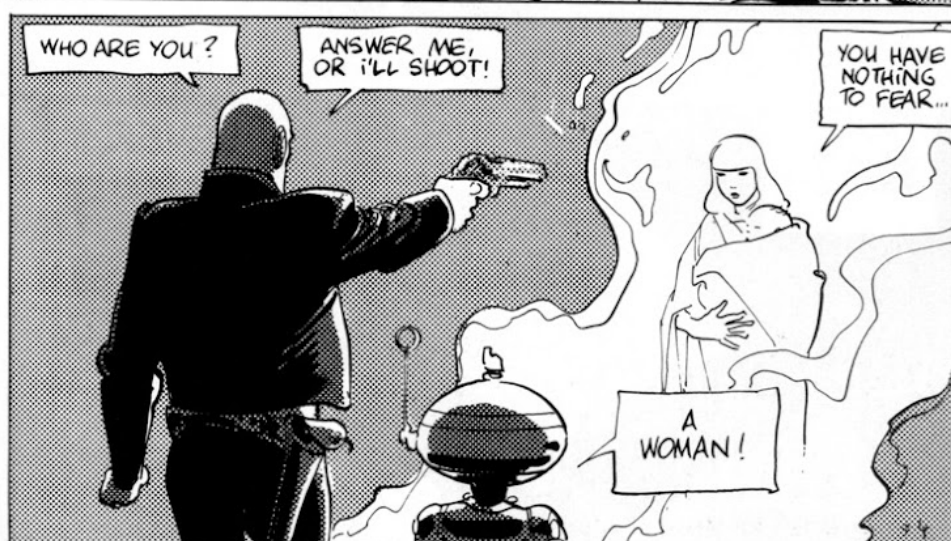
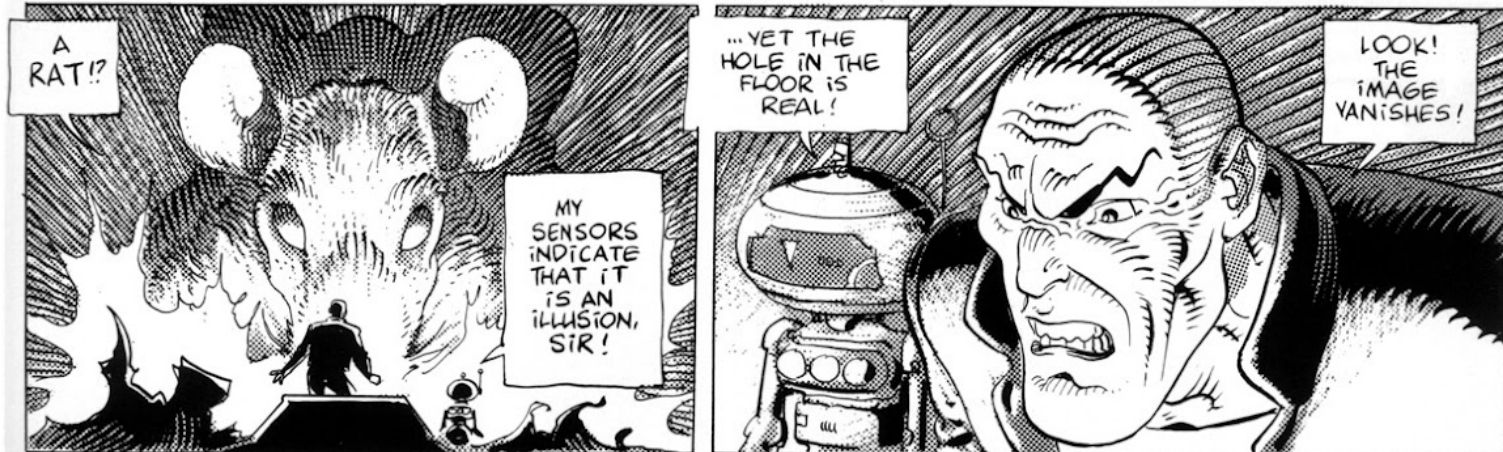
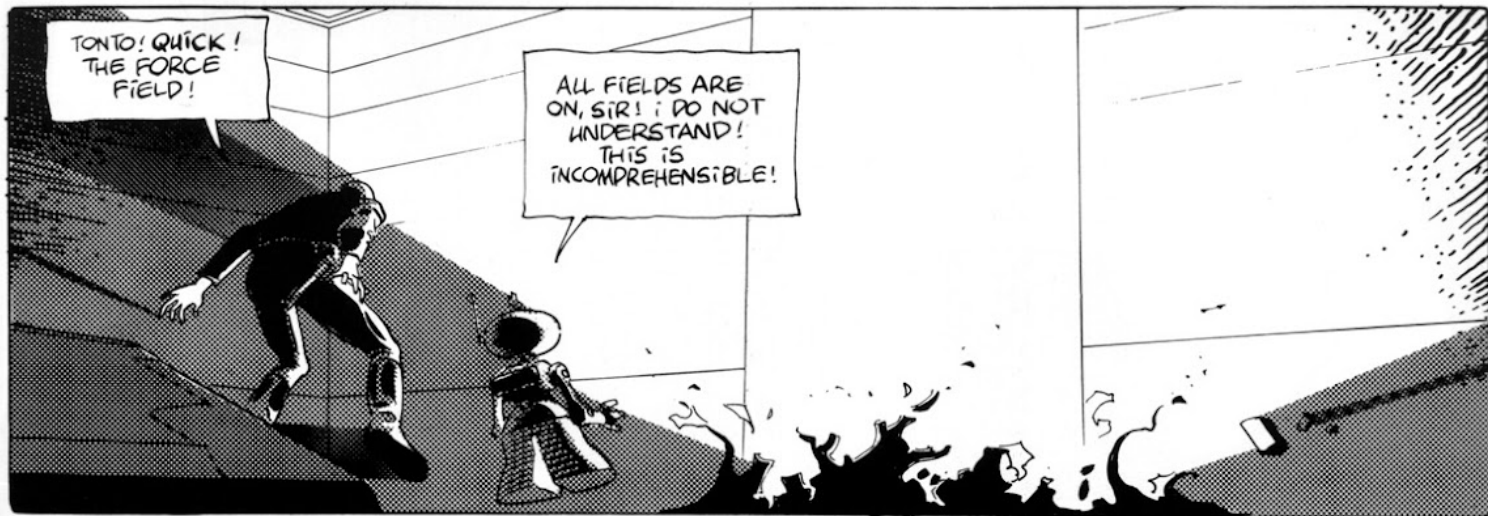
EVER!

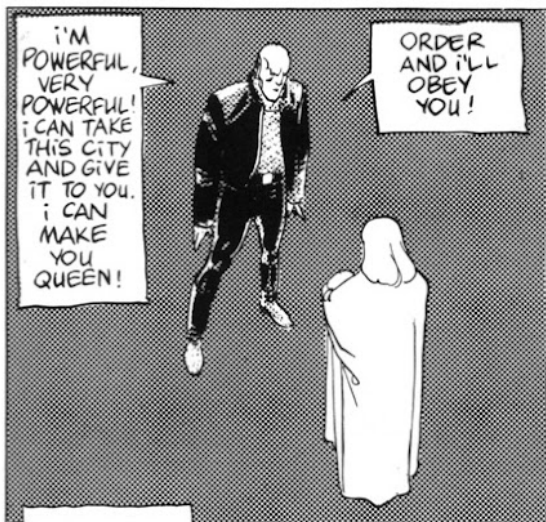
I UNDERSTAND, SIR! NO MORE CRUEL INITIATIONS!

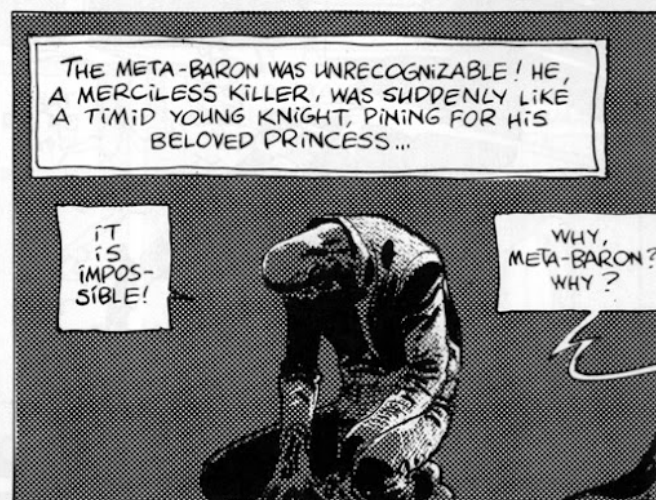


WHAT'S THAT?

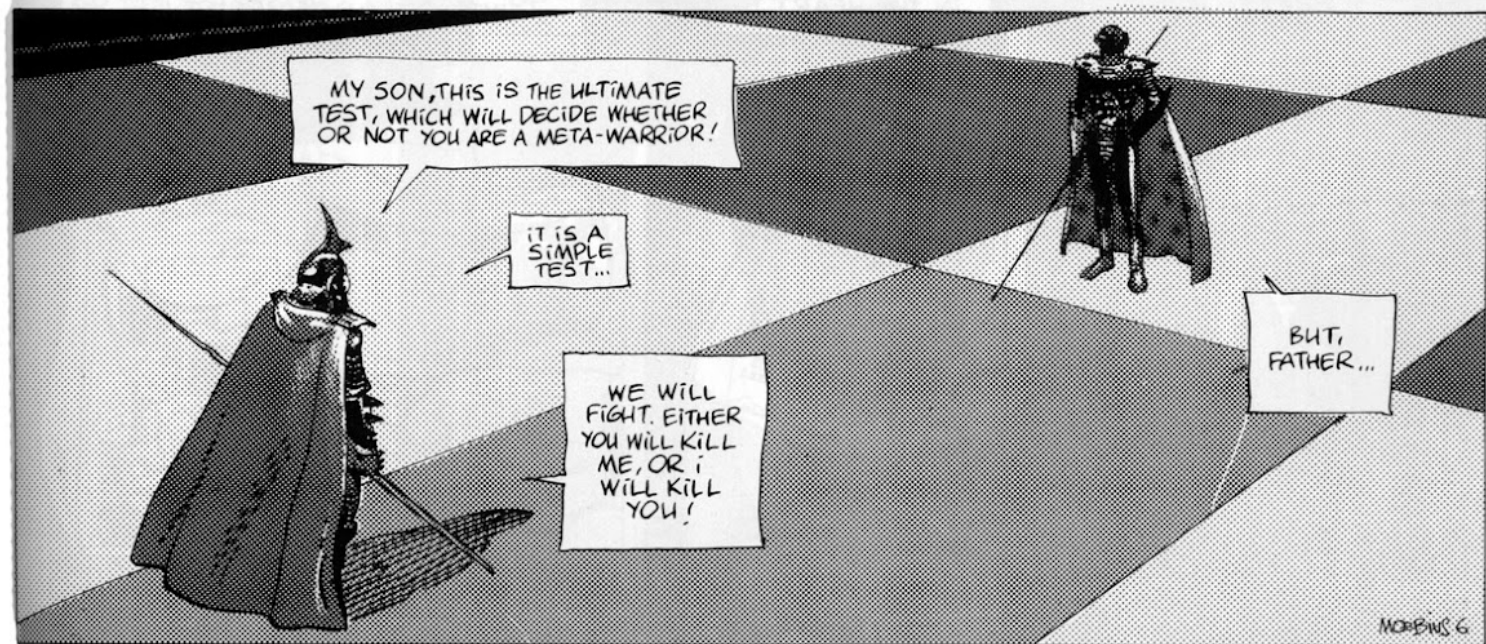
WHO GOES THERE?

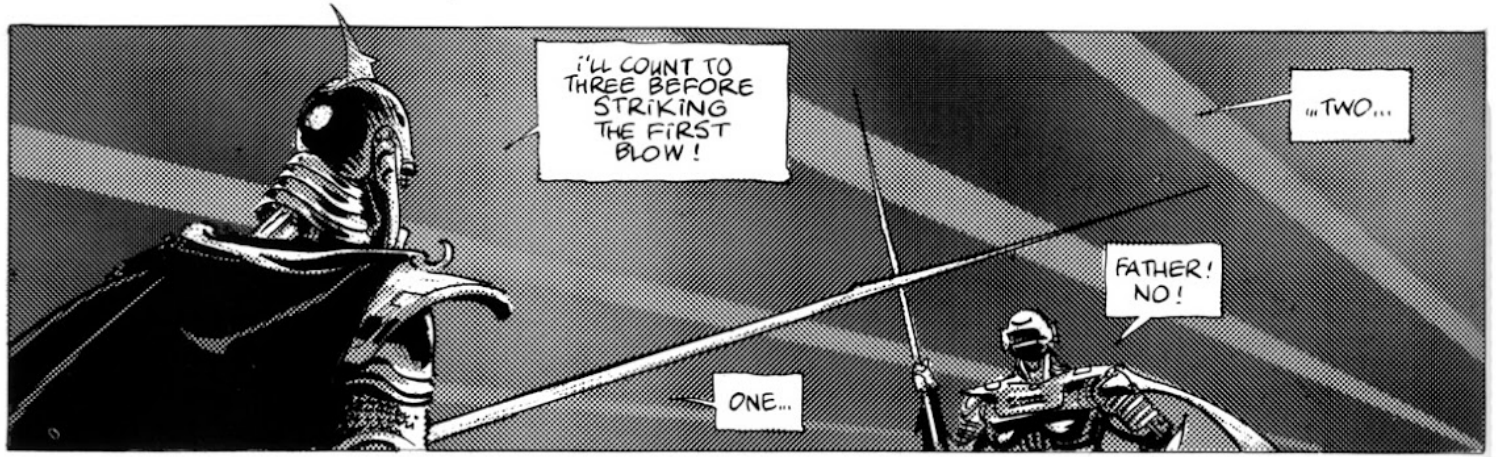






ANIMAH, YOU DO NOT REALIZE WHAT YOU ARE ASKING FROM ME... LISTEN AND I'LL TELL YOU! THE DAY OF MY SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY, MY FATHER ASKED ME TO COME HERE, IN THIS VERY BUNKER, DRESSED IN FULL BATTLE ARMOUR. IT WAS TO BE THE FINAL TEST IN MY INITIATION...





I'LL COUNT TO THREE BEFORE STRIKING THE FIRST BLOW!

"TWO..."

FATHER! NO!

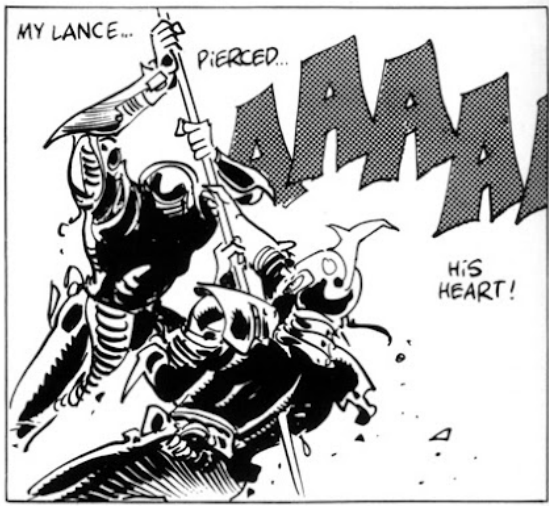
ONE...



...THREE!



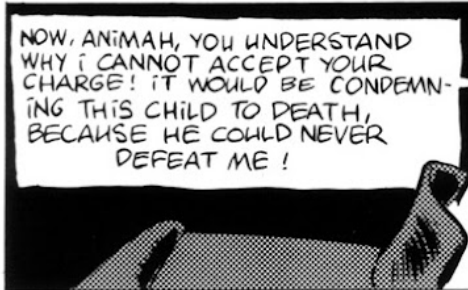
THE BATTLE LASTED FOR TWO DAYS, UNTIL...



MY LANCE...

PIERCED...

HIS HEART!

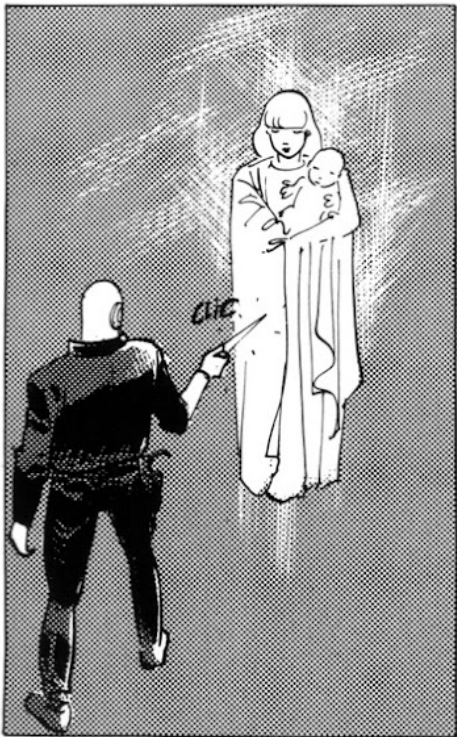


NOW, ANIMAH, YOU UNDERSTAND WHY I CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR CHARGE! IT WOULD BE CONDEMNING THIS CHILD TO DEATH, BECAUSE HE COULD NEVER DEFEAT ME!



YOU ARE WRONG, META-BARON! HE HAS ALREADY DEFEATED YOU!

PULL OUT YOUR DAGGER!



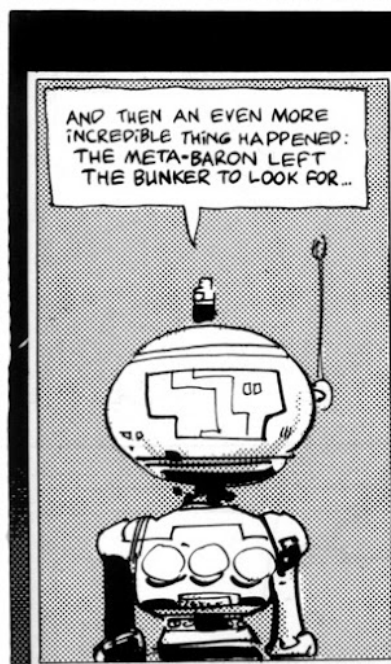
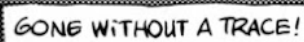
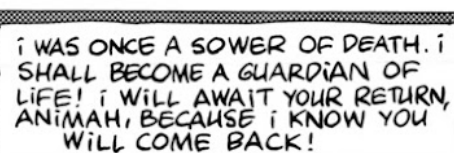
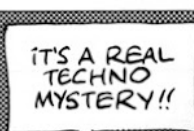
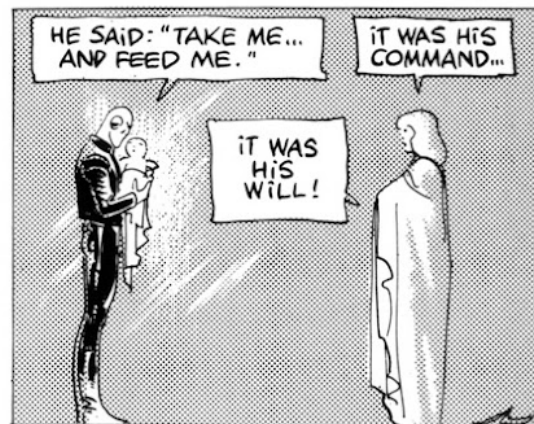
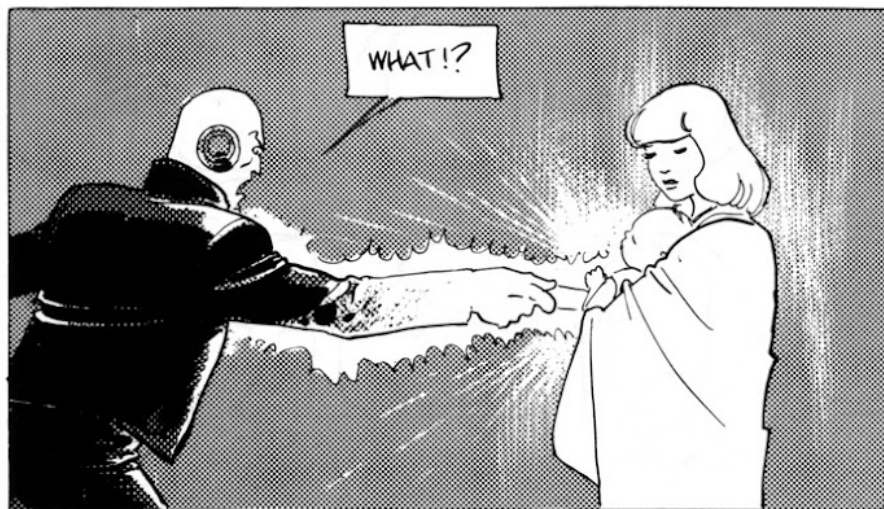
TRY TO KILL HIM NOW! STAB HIM IN THE HEART!

WHY NOT!?



WITHOUT THE LEAST HESITATION, THE GREAT WARRIOR PLUNGED HIS WEAPON INTO THE CHILD'S BREAST!

DIE, THEN!



THE GOLD DIGGER

