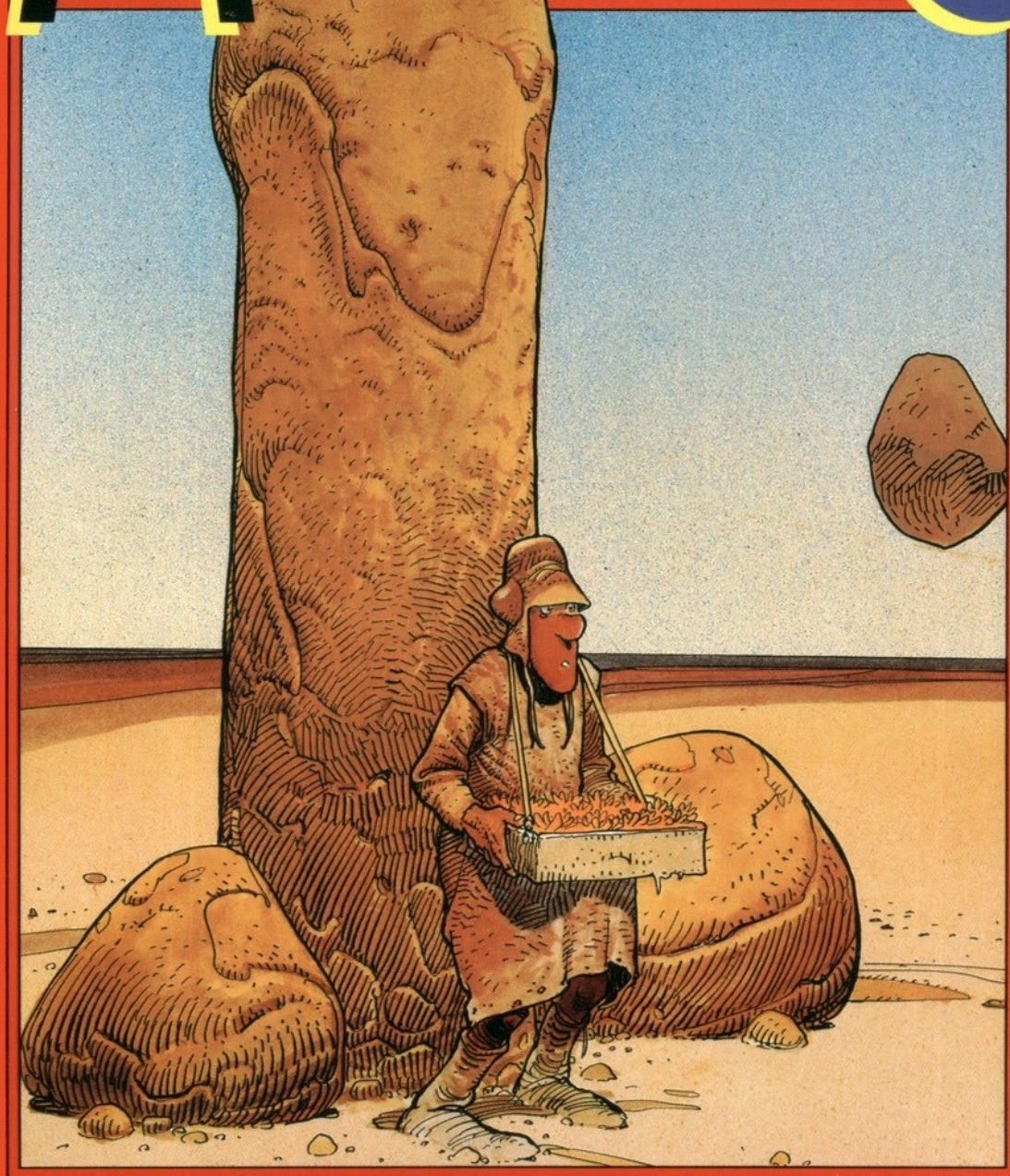


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MOEBIUSTM

THE FORBIDDEN WORK OF JEAN GIRAUD



THE HORNY GOOFTM

& OTHER UNDERGROUND STORIES

JEAN "MOEBIUS" GIRAUD

story & art

JEAN-MARC LOFFICIER

RANDY LOFFICIER

translators • editors Starwatcher Graphics

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letterer

METAMORPHOSIS

FLORENCE BRETON

colors

DEIMA

FLORENCE LLIBOUTRY

colors

KAREN CASEY-SMITH

letterer

YOU'RE THE OBJECT OF

THIS AND THAT

FLORENCE BRETON

colors

BILL SPICER

letterer

THE INVADERS

JOE MATT

colors

JACK POLLOCK

letterer

with special thanks to Bruno Lecigne, Isabelle Morin,
Michel Baverey, Margaret Clark & Marie Javins



MOEBIUS 0

THE HORNY GOOF

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THE END OF THE TRAIL

MOEBIUS 8

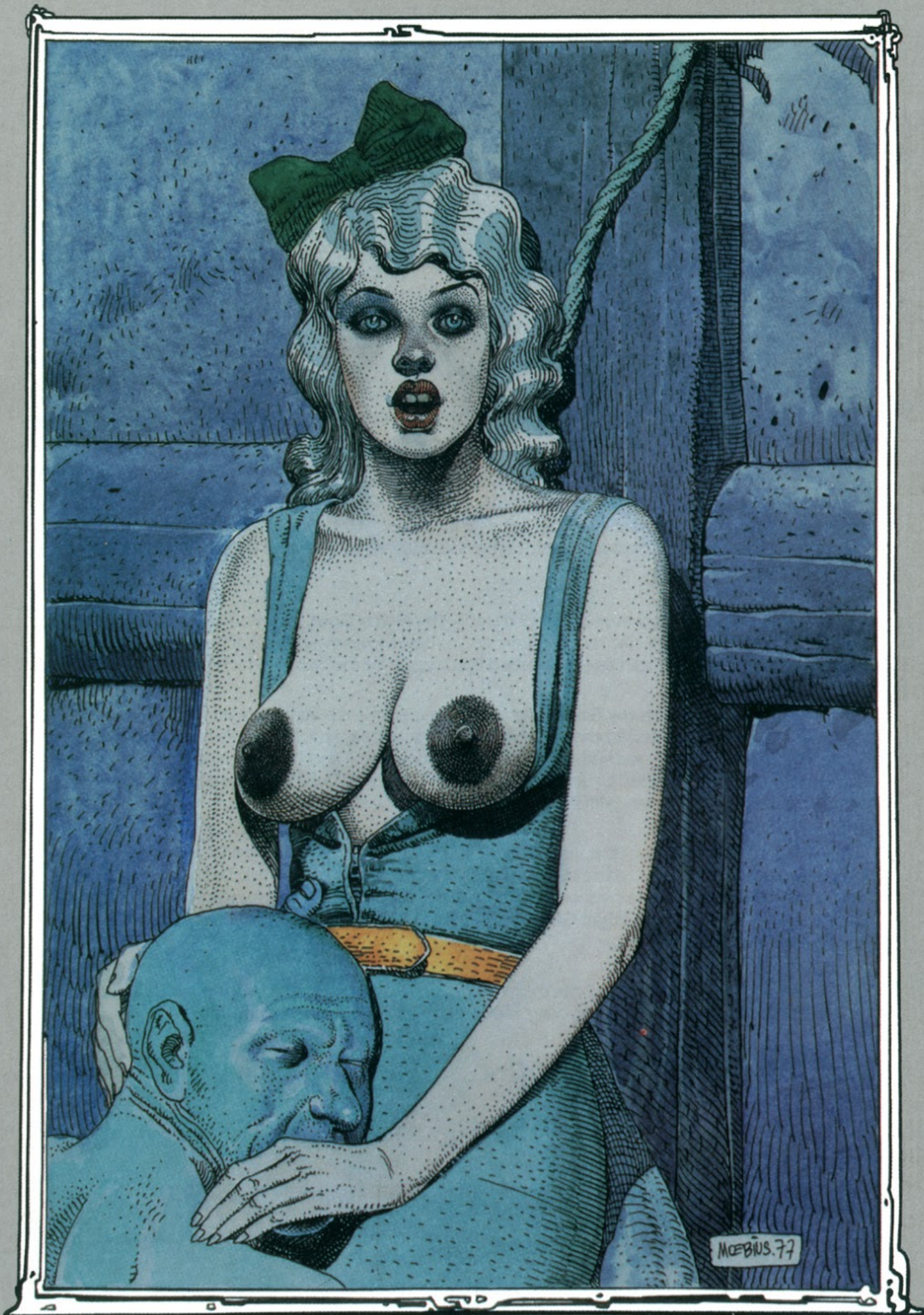
MISSISSIPPI RIVER

OTHER MOEBIUS GRAPHIC NOVELS — WITH STAN LEE

THE SILVER SURFER: PARABLE

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UNDER THE SURFACE OF THINGS TO COME

At last, in this volume, we are able to present some of Moebius's better-known "underground" stories. They display the influence of the American Underground, especially Robert Crumb, whose work had just reached France in the early 1970s. The stories were all published in various French magazines, just before the creation of the famous **Metal Hurlant** magazine in 1975.

The most famous of these stories is undoubtedly **The Horny Goof**. As with **The Airtight Garage**, we have chosen to retain the title by which this story is best known in America, although a better translation of its original French title (**Le Bandard Fou**) would be the "Wild Horny Pecker."

Whatever its title, **The Horny Goof** is interesting on several levels: its combination of bawdy humor and fairly sophisticated science-fiction is a rare one, a style best done by Philip Jose Farmer. Those who love comics in-jokes will delight in finding, on pages 11 and 12, an homage to the pirate **Red-Beard**, a character created by Jean-Michel Charlier and Victor Hubinon, but also known for his hilarious, disastrous encounters with the indomitable **Asterix** and **Obelix**.

Last but not least is the fact that the story is a prequel of sorts to **The Airtight Garage**. Flower, the artificially-expanded pleasure asteroid which we discover at the end, eventually becomes the first level of Major Grubert's private creation. For this, and more about Lady Kowalsky, read **The Airtight Garage**, pages 92 seq., and **Airtight Garage** spin-off comic-book series, such as **The Elsewhere**, **Prince**, **The Onyx Overlord**, etc.

Sixteen years ago, few guessed that the relative "bang" caused in France by the original publication of **The Horny Goof** was also the "big bang" of the creation of the Moebius Universe.

Which is still expanding today.

Jean-Marc a Randy Lofficier

THE HORNY GOOF

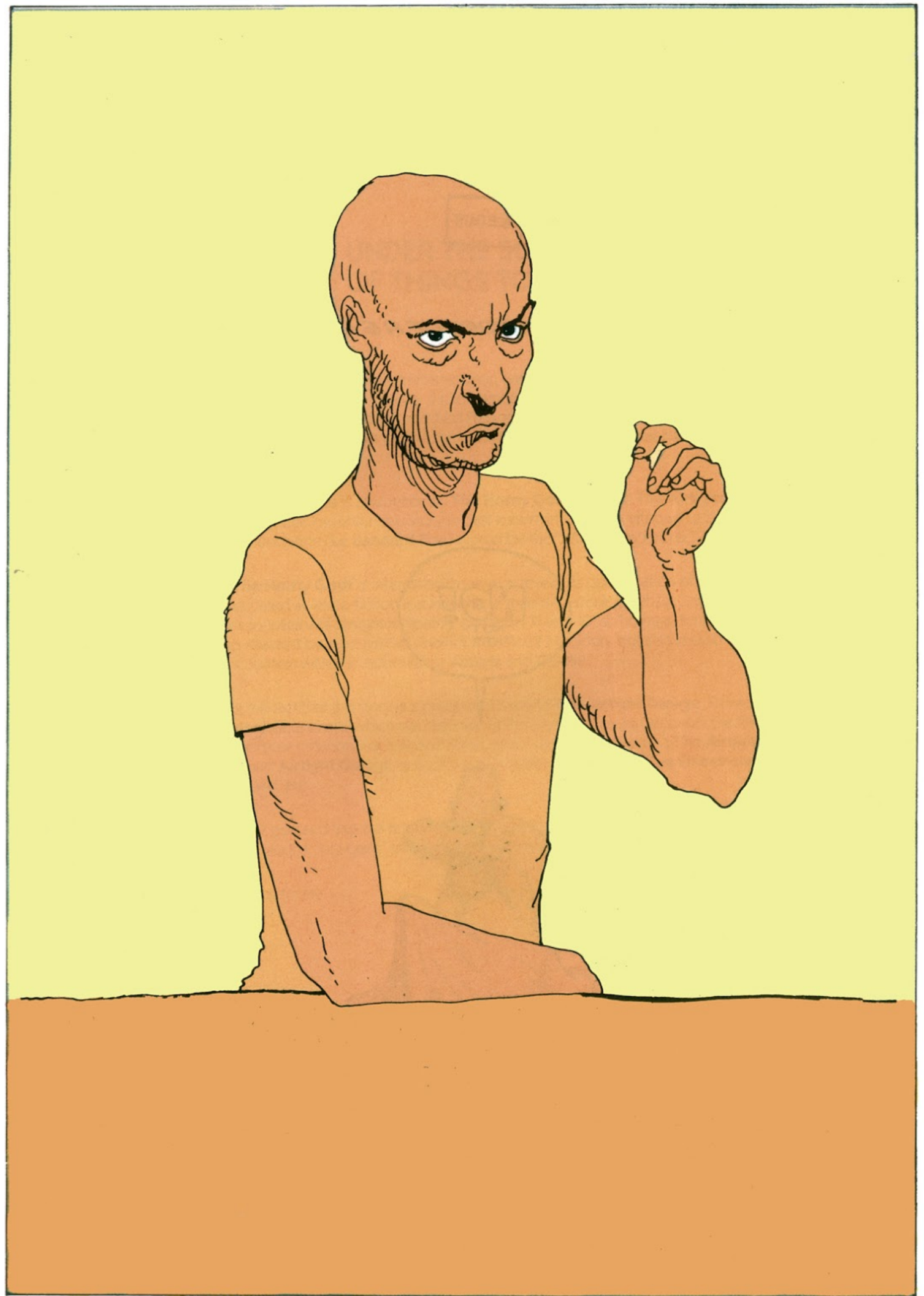
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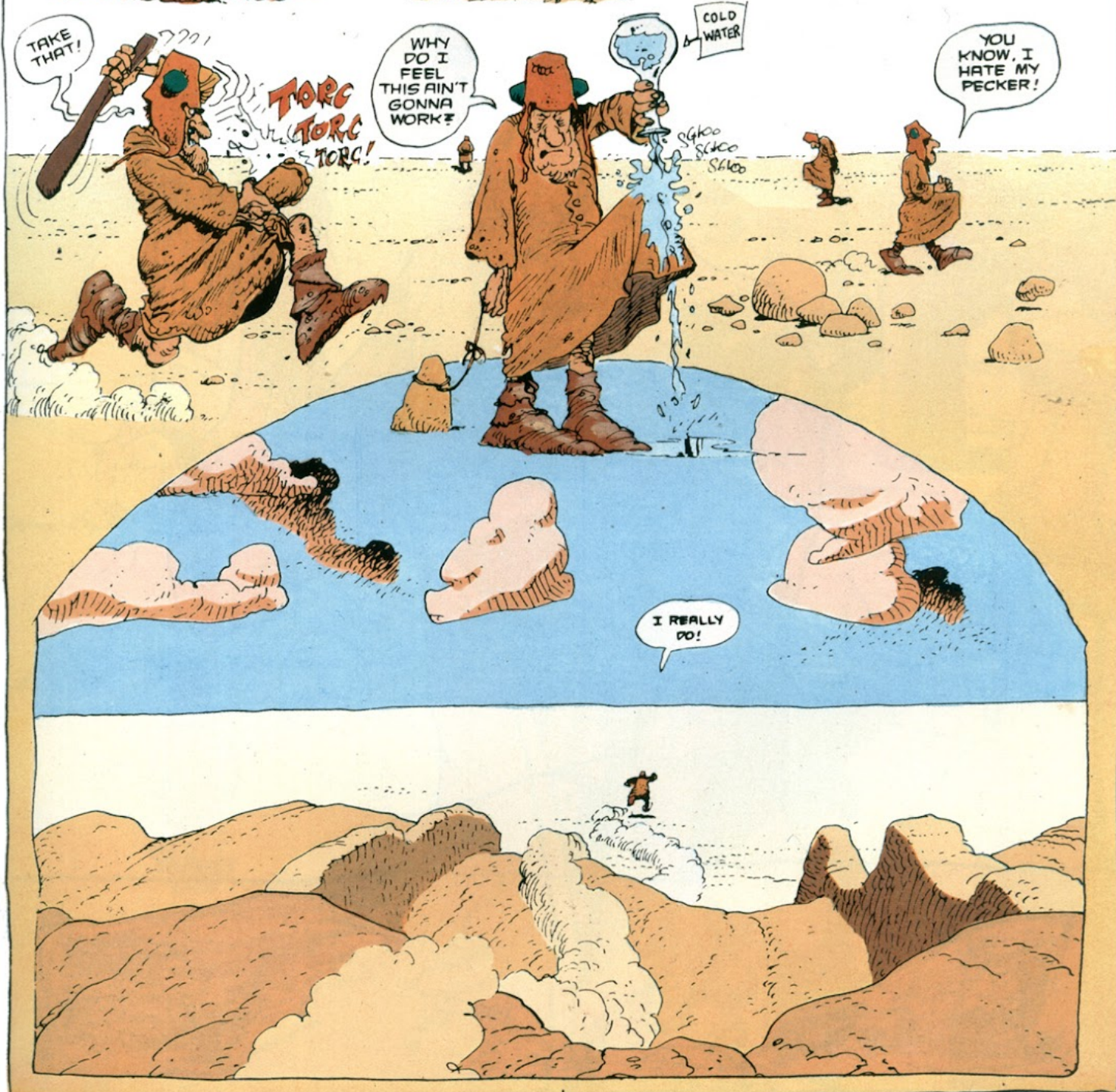
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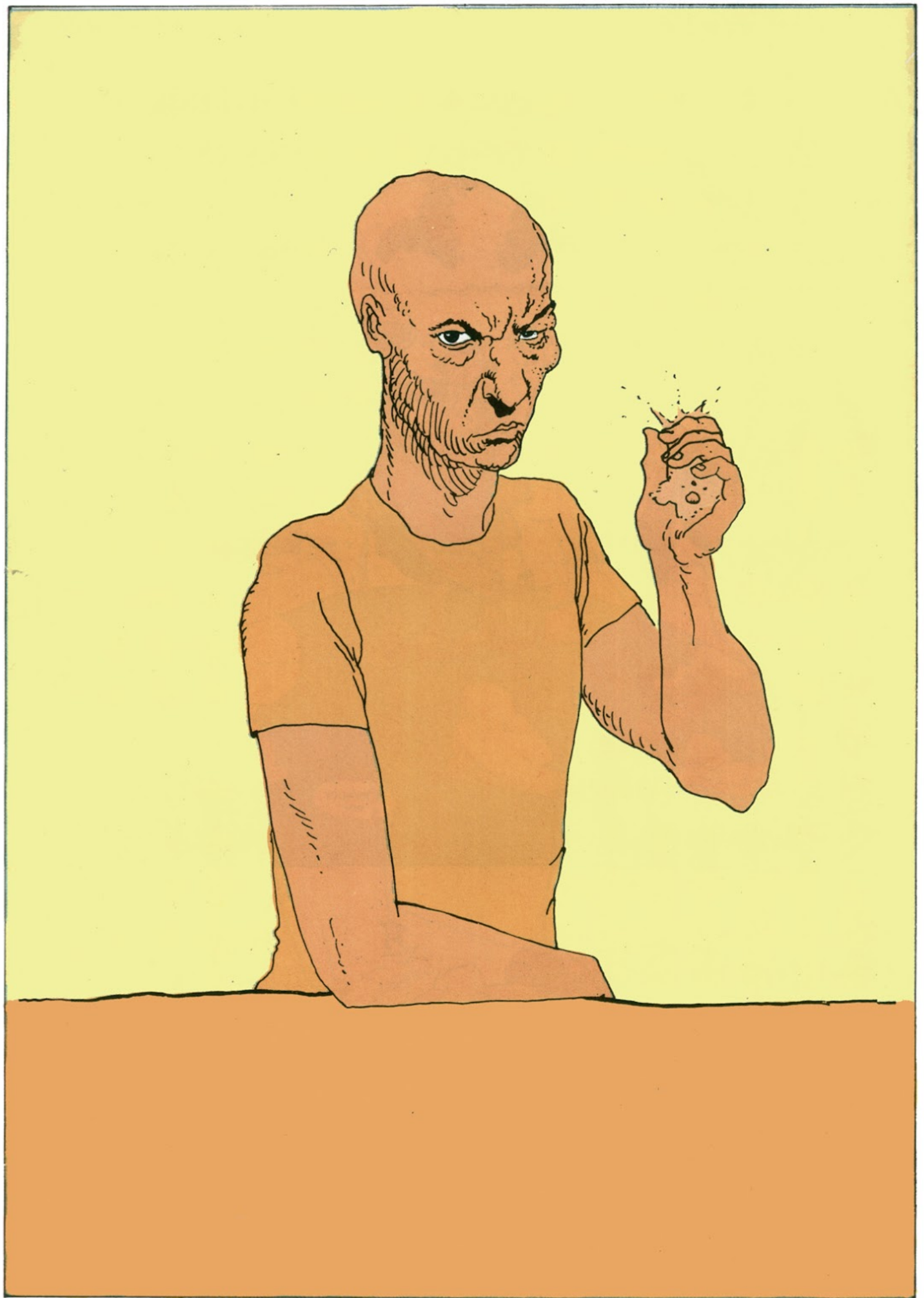
THE DEVILISHLY CLEVER STORY OF A SYLDANIAN WILD PECKER

NO!
NOT
THAT !







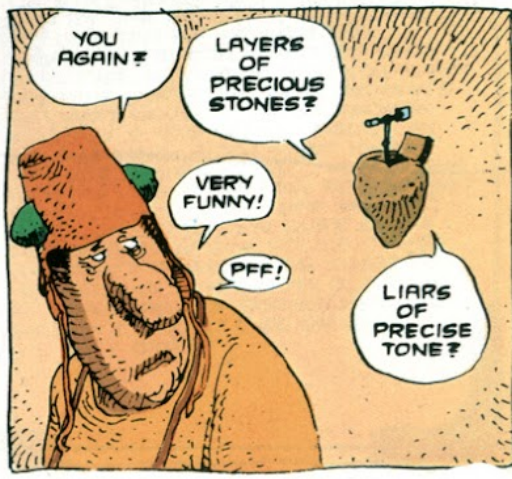
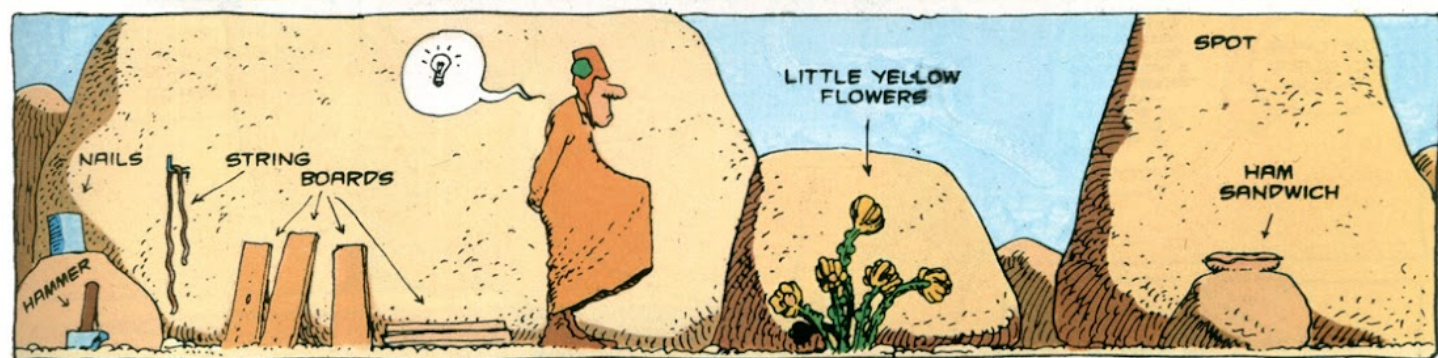
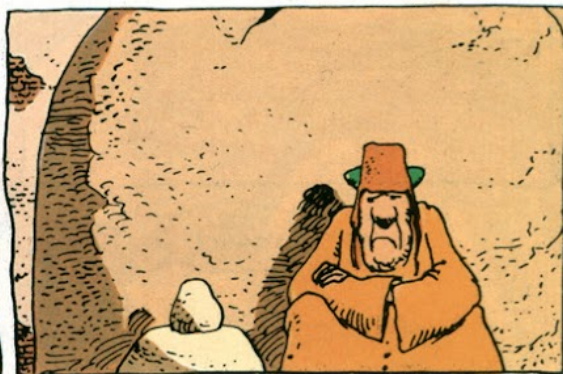
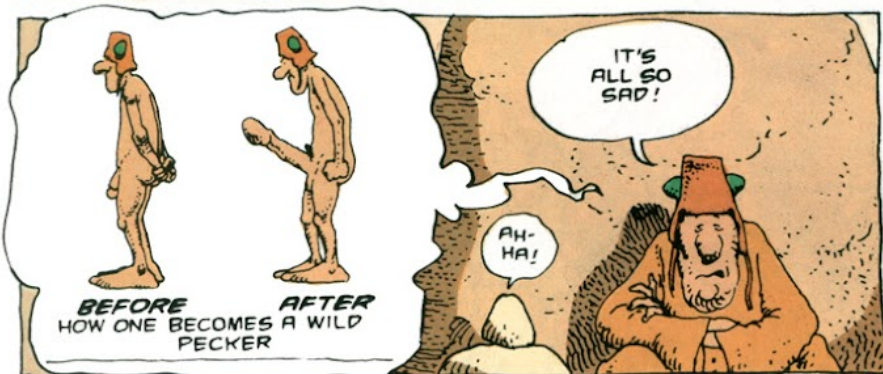
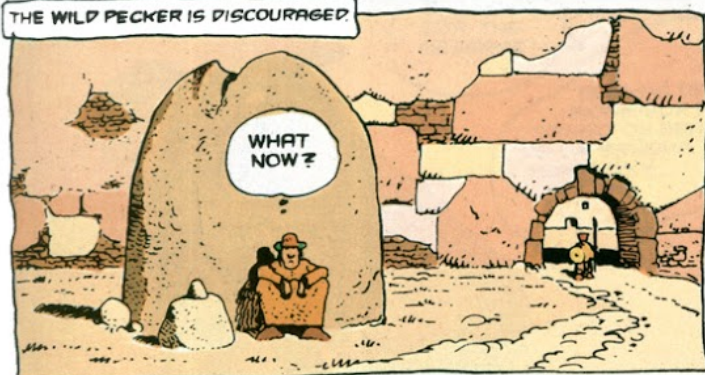


THE FOLLOWING DAY,
AT A SMALL VILLAGE
IN THE BORMOCHES...

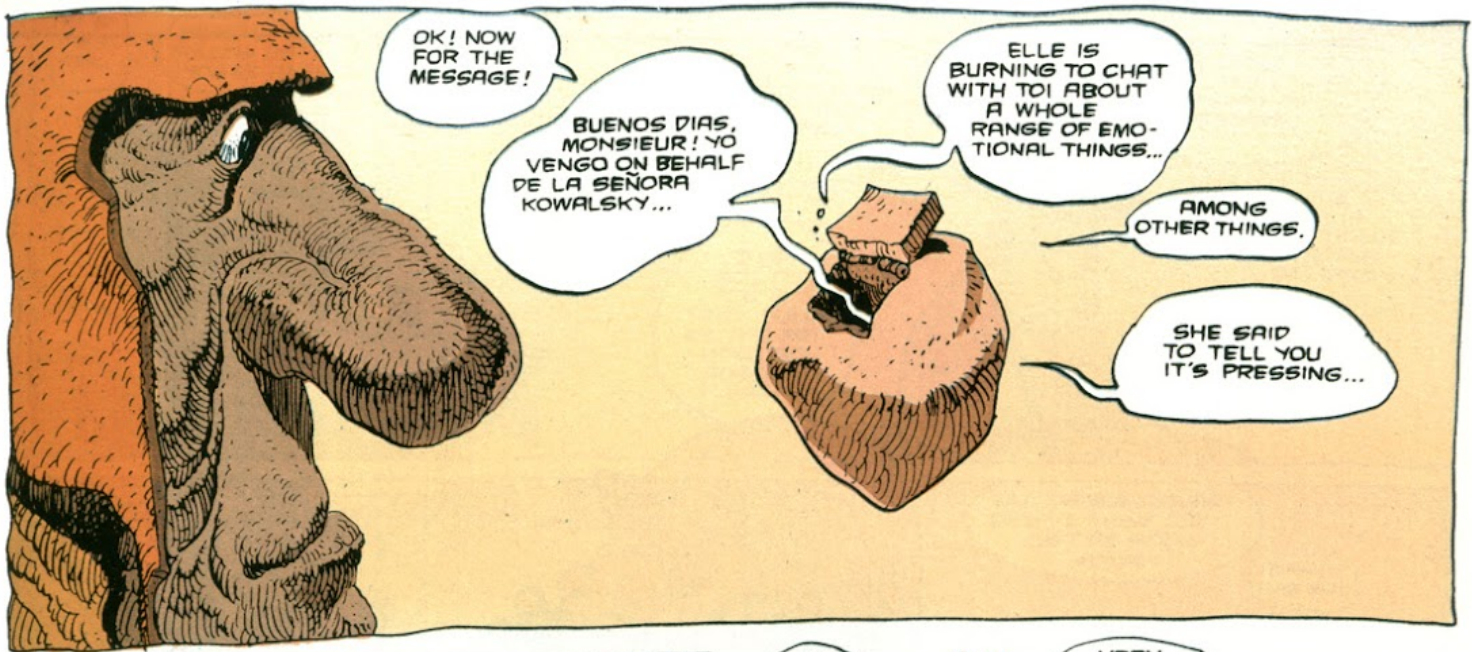




THE WILD PECKER IS DISCOURAGED.







OK! NOW FOR THE MESSAGE!

BUENOS DIAS, MONSIEUR! YO VENGO ON BEHALF DE LA SEÑORA KOWALSKY...

ELLE IS BURNING TO CHAT WITH TOI ABOUT A WHOLE RANGE OF EMOTIONAL THINGS...

AMONG OTHER THINGS.

SHE SAID TO TELL YOU IT'S PRESSING...



WHY? SHE WANTS TO TAKE ME TO THE CLEANERS?

NOW, NOW, YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT I MEAN!

THERE! LOOK!

THE MAN TALKING TO THE ROCK?

PRE-CISELY!



MY NAME'S PEDRO!

VERY FUNNY!

LITTLE YELLOW FLOWERS

THE MAN SELLING LITTLE YELLOW FLOWERS?

YES!

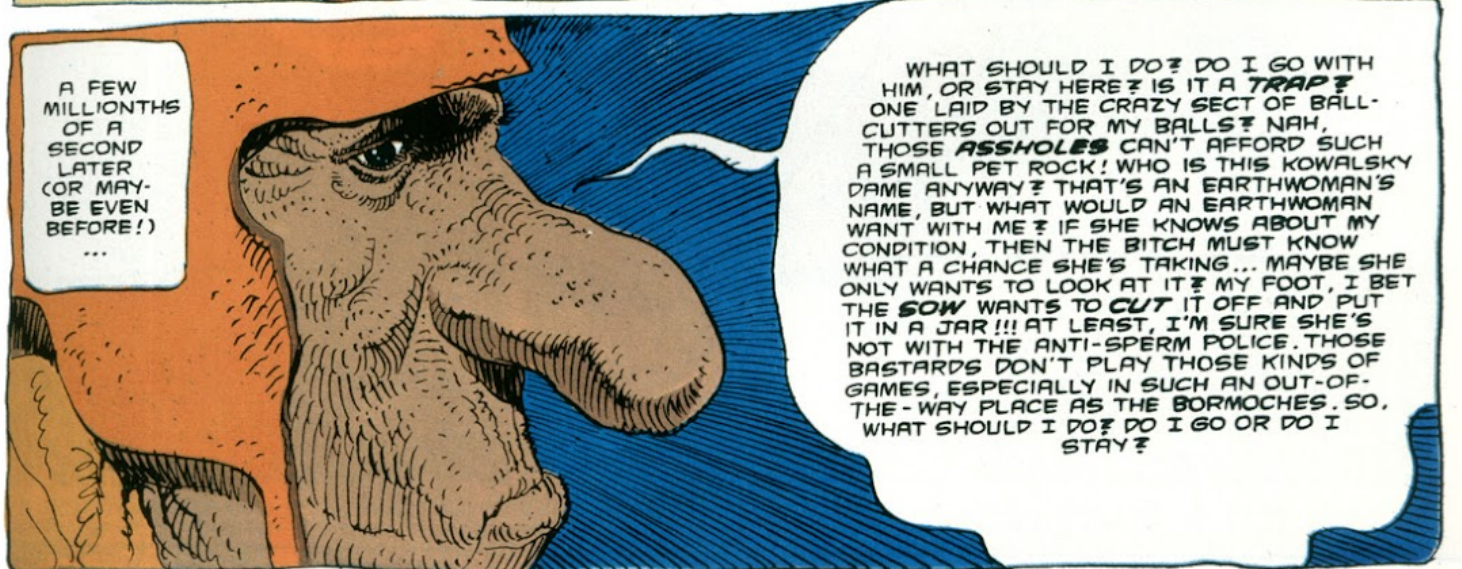


SHIT! I'VE GOTTA THINK NOW, AND WEIGH THE PROS AND THE CONS...

LET'S GO!

FOR A MINUTE HE MADE ME THINK OF EFEREM ZIMBALIST IN *BLUE MISDEEDS & REPRESSED PUNISHMENTS* OF BARZOOE S. PEDALOE...

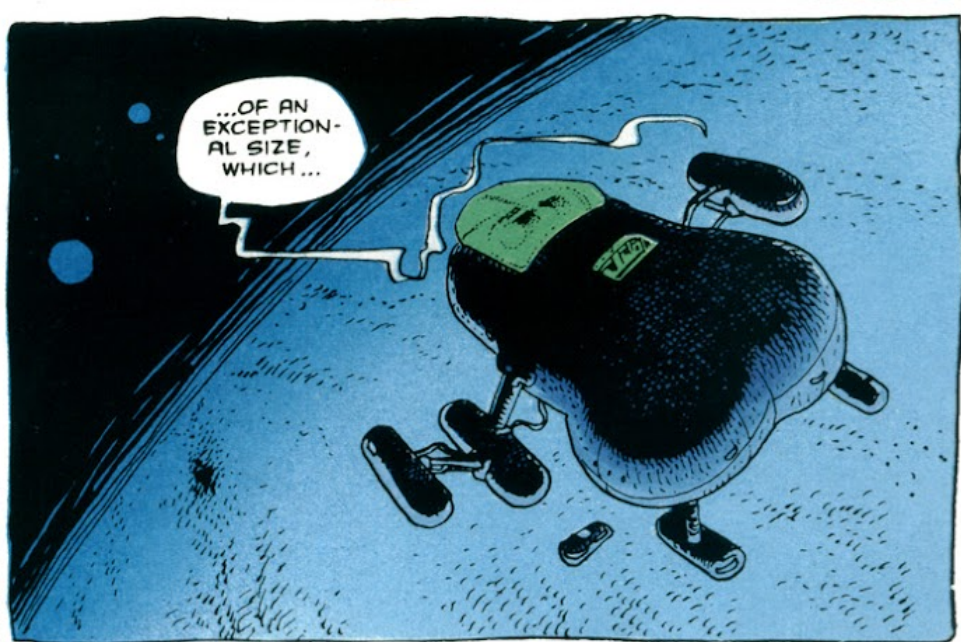
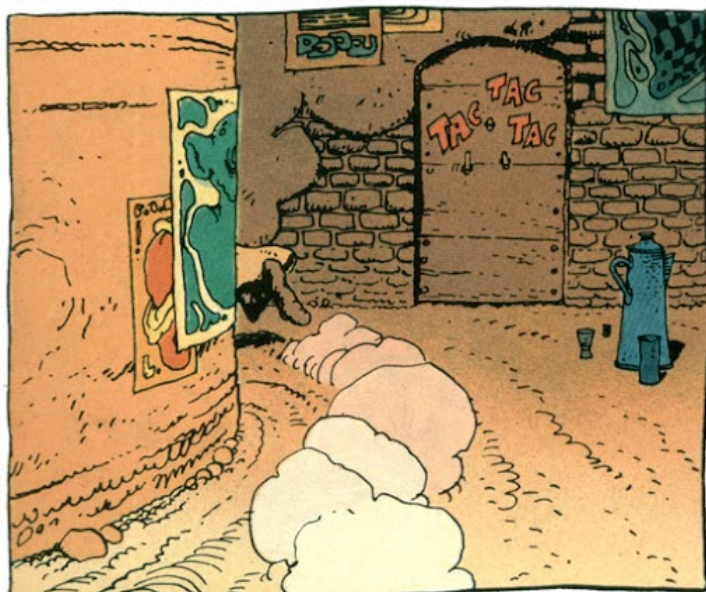
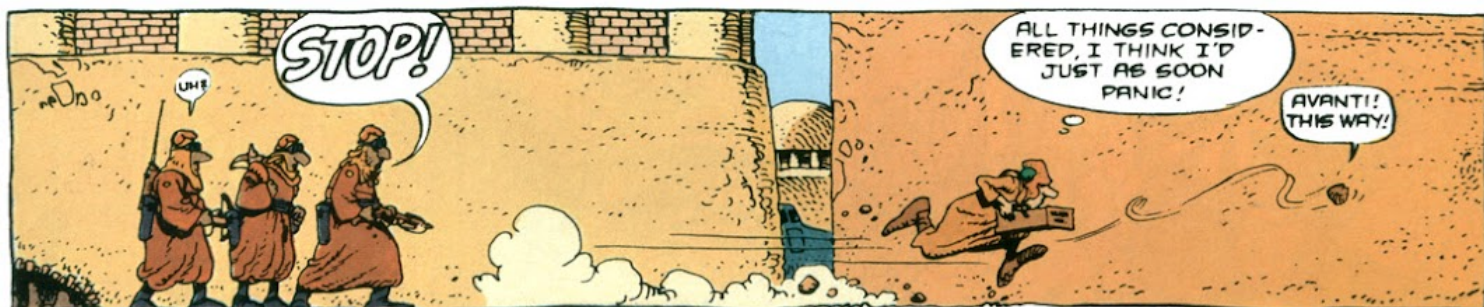
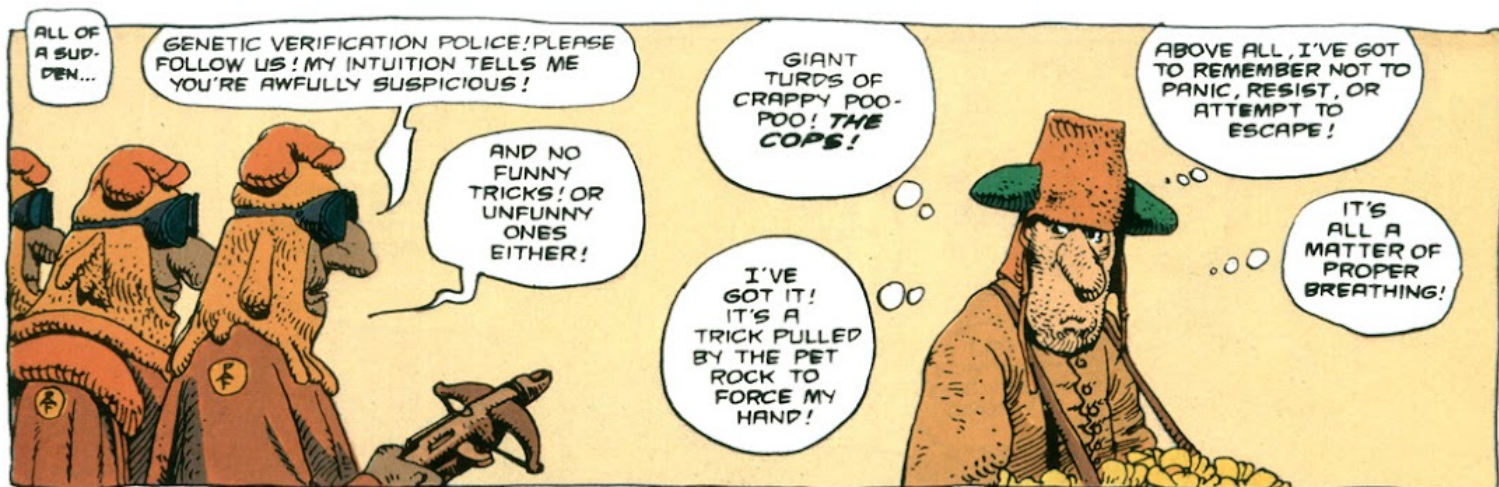
A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WORK...



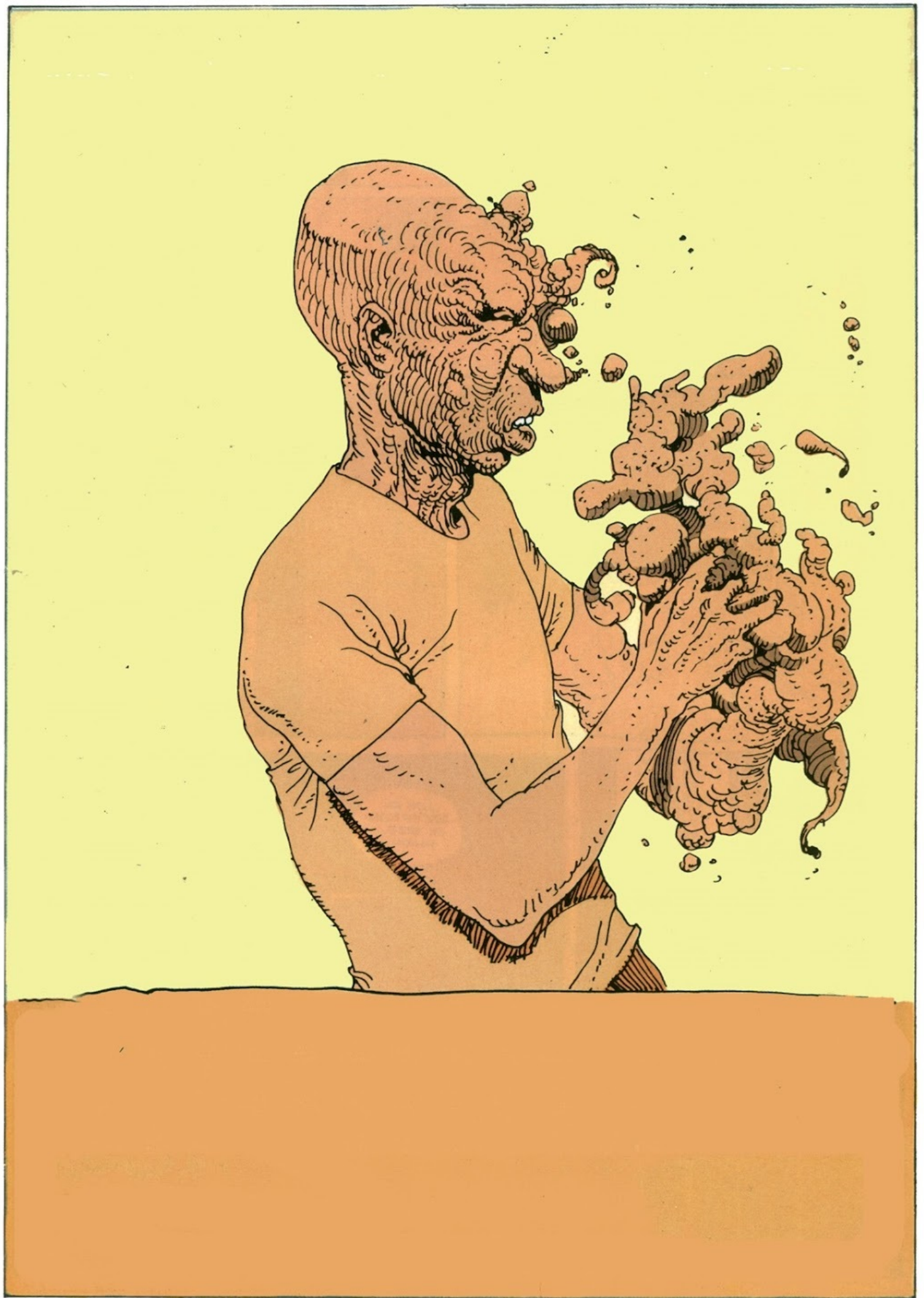
A FEW MILLIONTHS OF A SECOND LATER (OR MAYBE EVEN BEFORE!)

WHAT SHOULD I DO? DO I GO WITH HIM, OR STAY HERE? IS IT A *TRAP*? ONE LAID BY THE CRAZY SECT OF BALL-CUTTERS OUT FOR MY BALLS? NAH, THOSE *ASSHOLES* CAN'T AFFORD SUCH A SMALL PET ROCK! WHO IS THIS KOWALSKY DAME ANYWAY? THAT'S AN EARTHWOMAN'S NAME, BUT WHAT WOULD AN EARTHWOMAN WANT WITH ME? IF SHE KNOWS ABOUT MY CONDITION, THEN THE BITCH MUST KNOW WHAT A CHANCE SHE'S TAKING... MAYBE SHE ONLY WANTS TO LOOK AT IT? MY FOOT, I BET THE *SOW* WANTS TO *CUT* IT OFF AND PUT IT IN A JAR!!! AT LEAST, I'M SURE SHE'S NOT WITH THE ANTI-SPERM POLICE. THOSE BASTARDS DON'T PLAY THOSE KINDS OF GAMES, ESPECIALLY IN SUCH AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE AS THE BORMOCHES. SO, WHAT SHOULD I DO? DO I GO OR DO I STAY?





* A DRAMATIC MISTAKE! ANOTHER WILD PECKER, BELIEVING HIMSELF TO HAVE BEEN SPOTTED, IS GOING TO ESCAPE ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS. HE IS THEN GOING TO EMBARK ON ALL SORTS OF INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES, AND WILL EVENTUALLY END UP LIVING A MISERABLE EXISTENCE ON ANOTHER PLANET, IN ANOTHER TIME, WORKING FOR ANOTHER PUBLISHER.



NO, SIR,
THIS PLANE IS
NOT A JOKE! IT
COMBINES THE MOST
SOPHISTICATED FLYING
TECHNOLOGY WITH A
DESIGN BORROWED
FROM EARTH'S MOST
PREHISTORIC PAST!

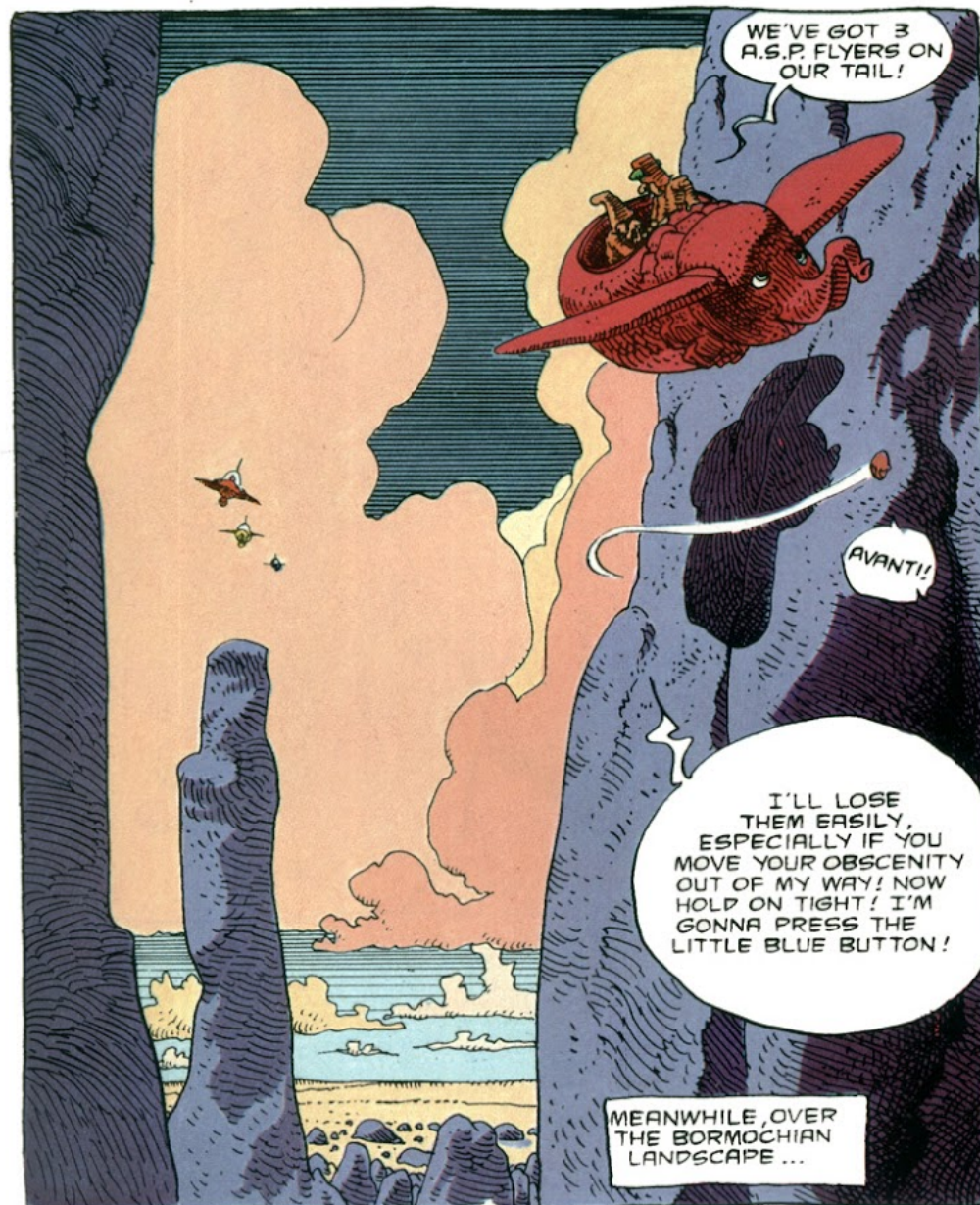
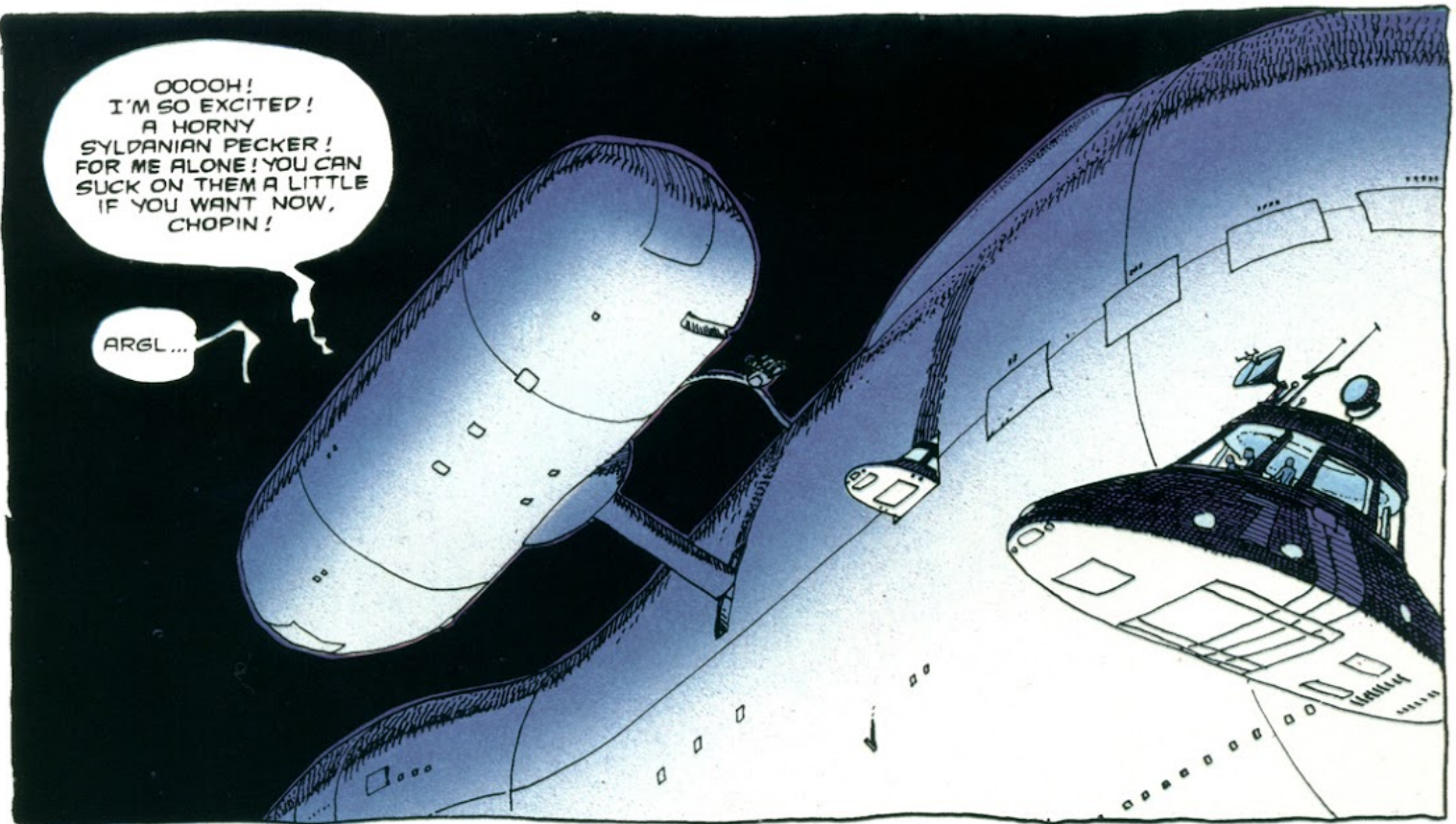
YOU'VE
GOT ME NOW,
ROCK!

LADY
KOWALSKY,
ONE SMART
COOKIE!

THE WILD PECKER
HAS FALLEN INTO THE
TRAP BY YOU LAID, O
LADY KOWALSKY, QUEEN
OF MY MOST EXCITING,
FRENETIC, AND WETTEST
DREAMS! CAN I SUCK
ON YOUR BUBBIES NOW,
MILADY?

IT IS NOT YET TIME FOR NURSING, LITTLE
CHOPIN. BESIDES, NOW WE'VE GOT TO WORRY
ABOUT HOW TO GET THAT WILD PECKER, WHOSE
SIZE YOU WERE EARLIER EXTOLLING, ABOARD
MY SHIP WITHOUT ALERTING K'USTOMS. IF
THEY FIND OUT, THE SYLDANIAN COUNCIL WILL
USE THE NOTORIOUS ARTICLE 1 AND PRO-
CLAIM A GENETIC EMBARGO. THEY'LL RAISE
THE ADMIRALTY, THE HIGH ORDER, AND THE
YELLOW-STRIPED STATION MANAGERS'
GUILD-- AND YOU KNOW HOW ALL
THOSE PEOPLE HATE ME SINCE THE
AFFAIR OF THE HOLY GAZOOL!





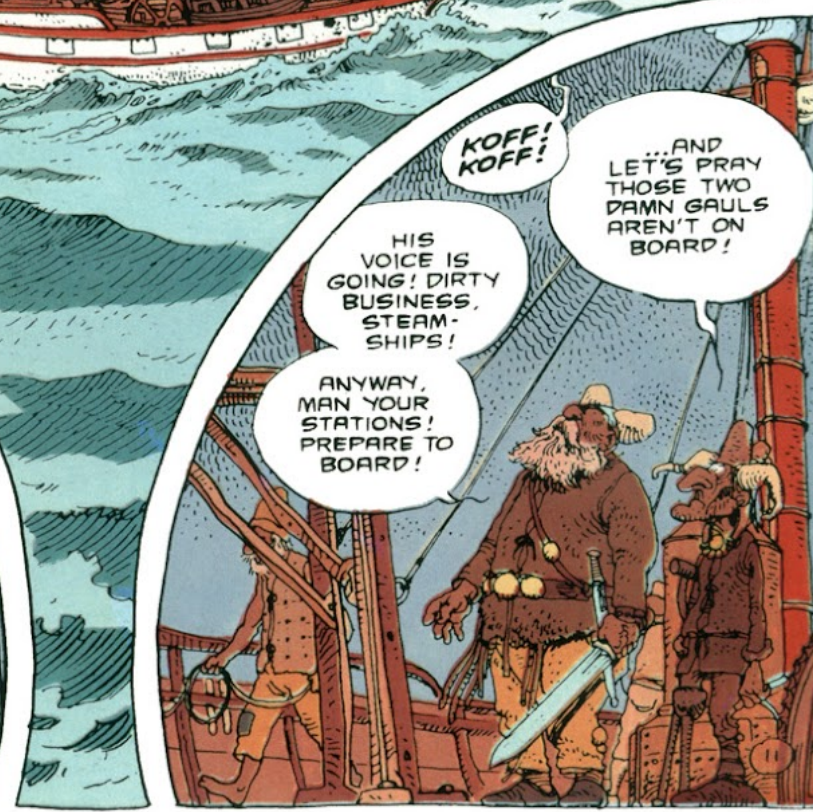
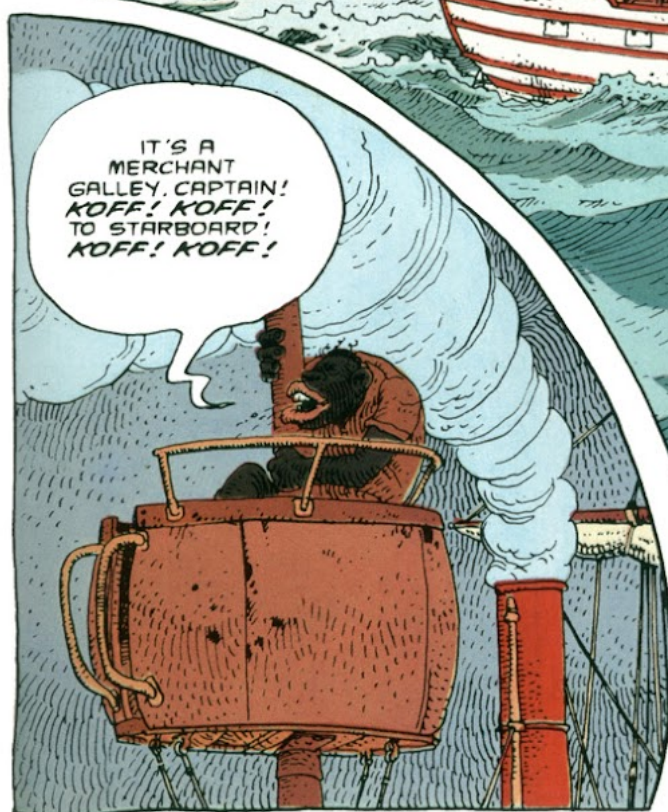
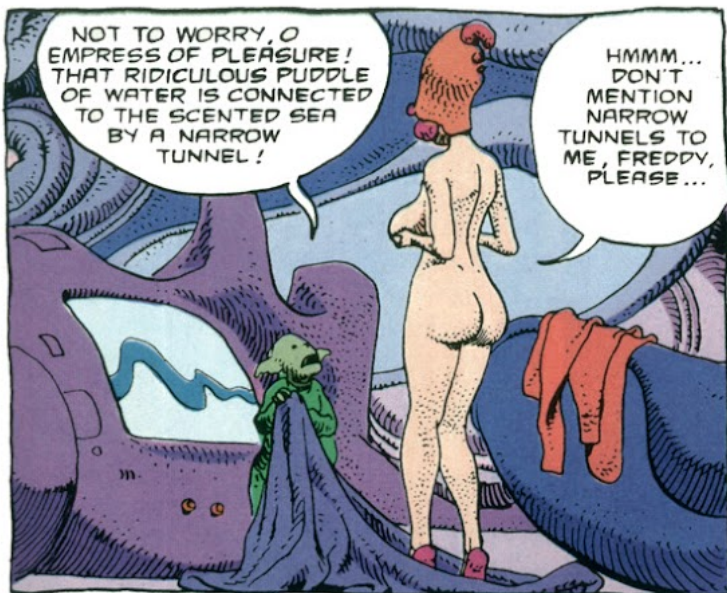


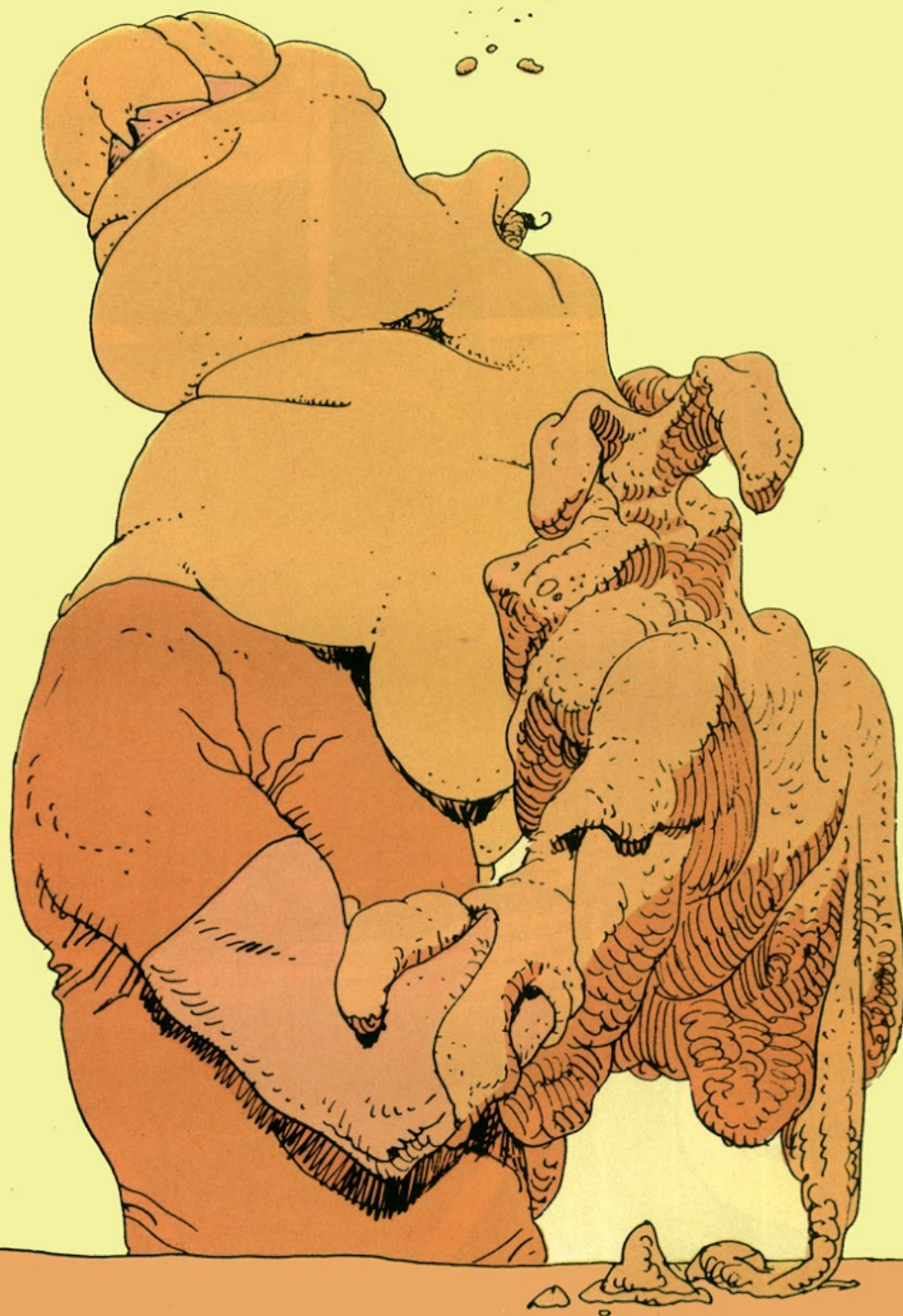


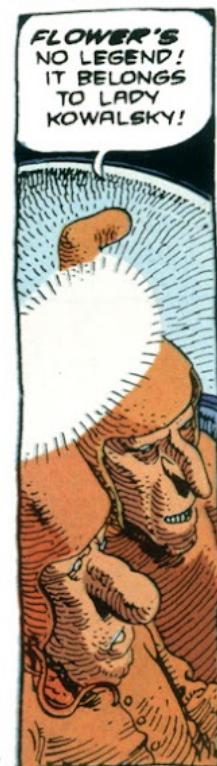
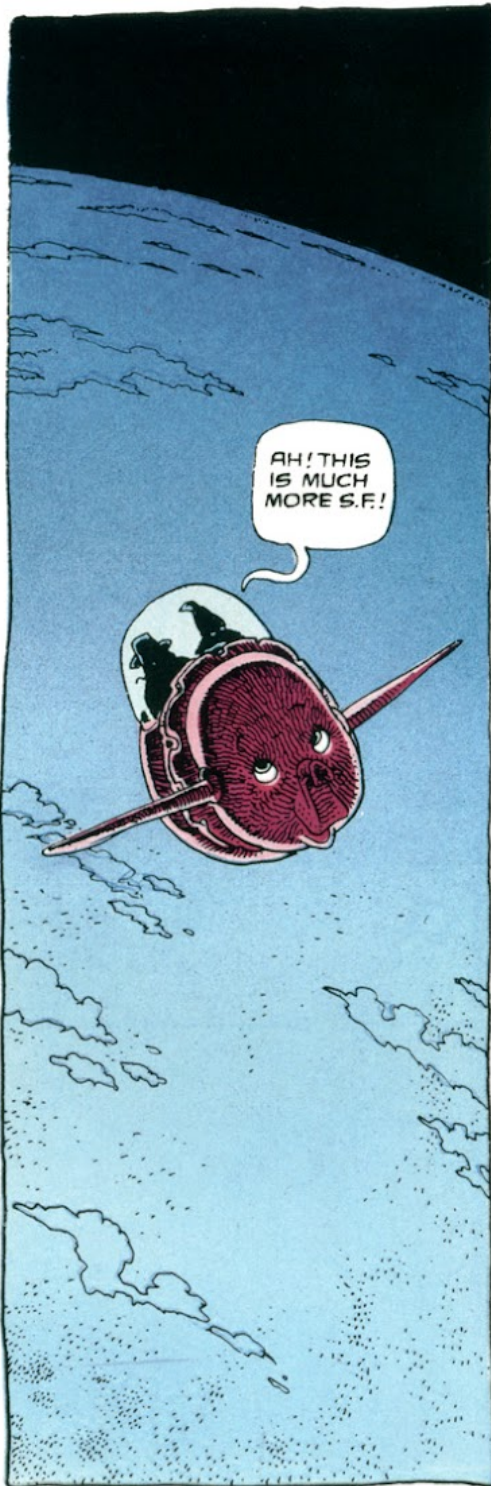
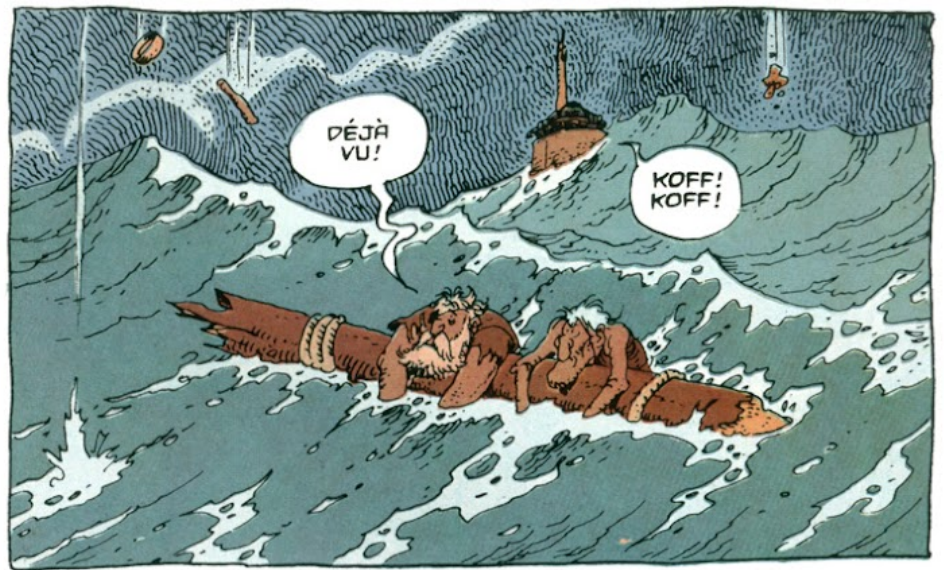


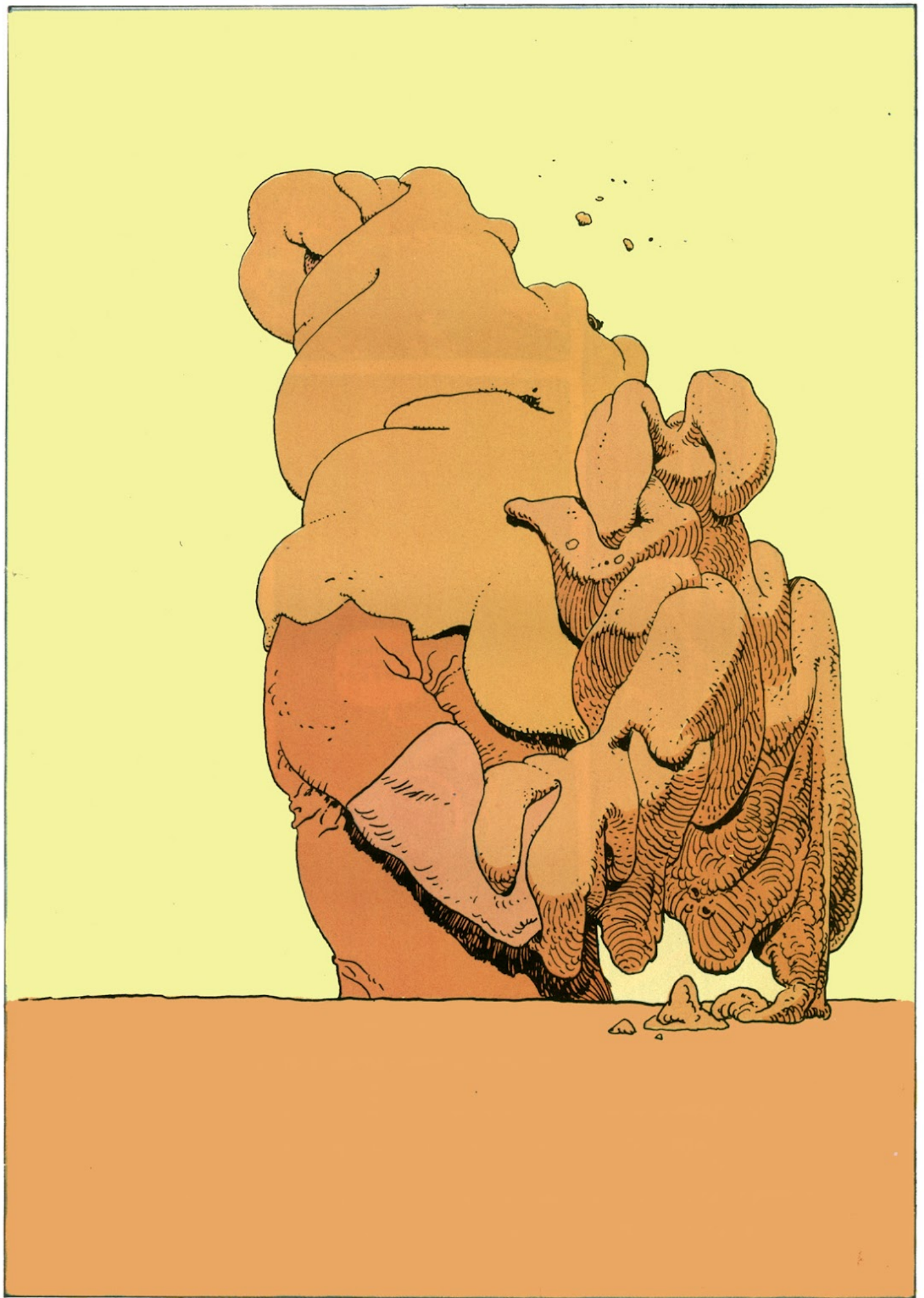




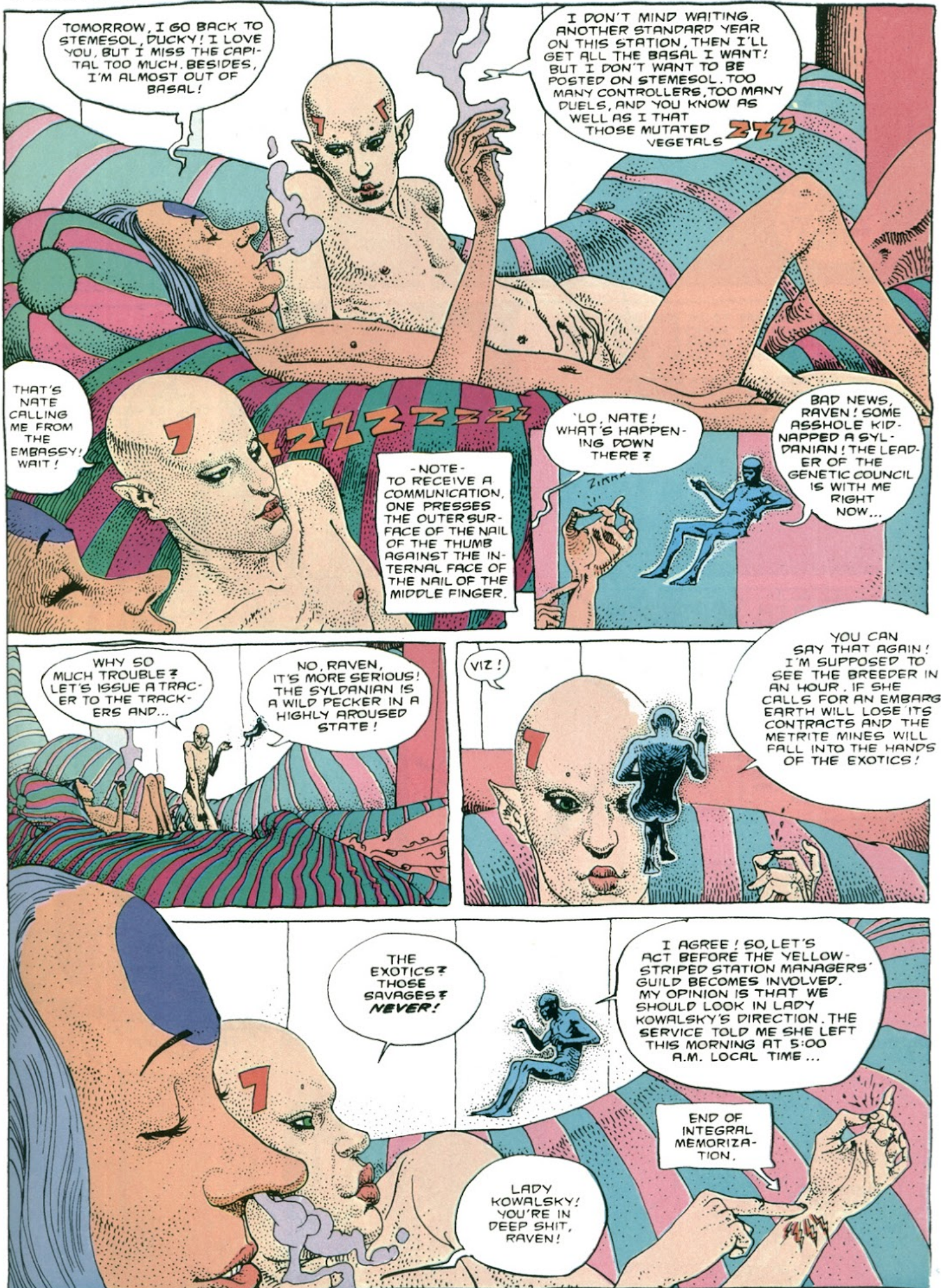








MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE CITY OF SHELTON, THE HUGE STARLINER IN ORBIT AROUND SYLDAINE, THE PINK PLANET, IN THE APARTMENTS OF GOVERNOR AMBROSE JANO RAVEN IV...



TOMORROW, I GO BACK TO STEMESOL, DUCKY! I LOVE YOU, BUT I MISS THE CAPITAL TOO MUCH. BESIDES, I'M ALMOST OUT OF BASAL!

I DON'T MIND WAITING. ANOTHER STANDARD YEAR ON THIS STATION, THEN I'LL GET ALL THE BASAL I WANT! BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE POSTED ON STEMESOL. TOO MANY CONTROLLERS, TOO MANY DUELS, AND YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I THAT THOSE MUTATED VEGETALS

ZZZ

THAT'S NATE CALLING ME FROM THE EMBASSY! WAIT!

ZZZZZZZZZZ

- NOTE -
TO RECEIVE A COMMUNICATION, ONE PRESSES THE OUTER SURFACE OF THE NAIL OF THE THUMB AGAINST THE INTERNAL FACE OF THE NAIL OF THE MIDDLE FINGER.

'LO, NATE! WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?

BAD NEWS, RAVEN! SOME ASSHOLE KID-NAPPED A SYLDANIAN! THE LEADER OF THE GENETIC COUNCIL IS WITH ME RIGHT NOW...

WHY SO MUCH TROUBLE? LET'S ISSUE A TRACKER TO THE TRACKERS AND...

NO, RAVEN, IT'S MORE SERIOUS! THE SYLDANIAN IS A WILD PECKER IN A HIGHLY AROUSED STATE!

VIZ!

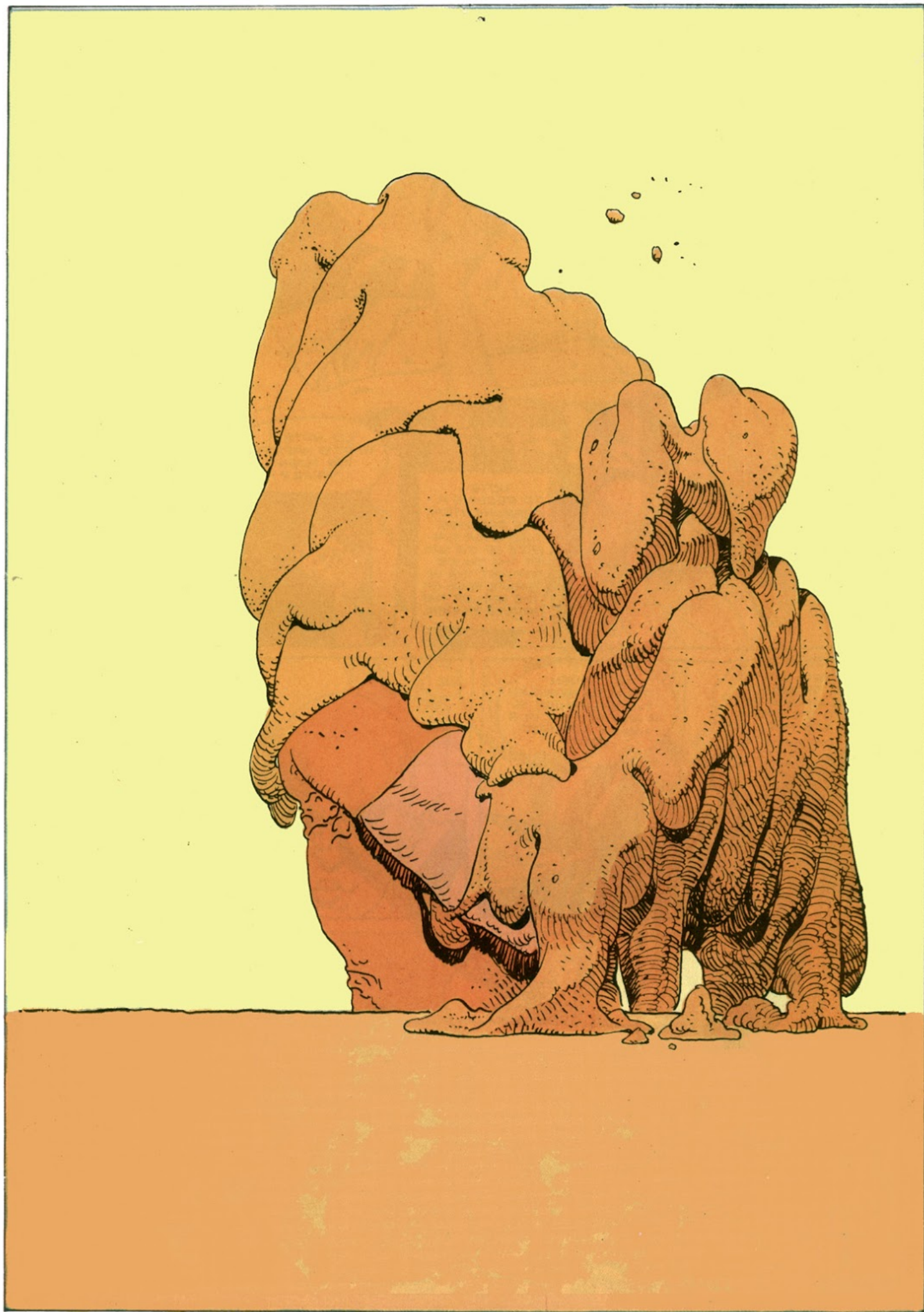
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! I'M SUPPOSED TO SEE THE BREEDER IN AN HOUR. IF SHE CALLS FOR AN EMBARGO EARTH WILL LOSE ITS CONTRACTS AND THE METRITE MINES WILL FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE EXOTICS!

THE EXOTICS? THOSE SAVAGES? NEVER!

I AGREE! SO, LET'S ACT BEFORE THE YELLOW-STRIPED STATION MANAGERS' GUILD BECOMES INVOLVED. MY OPINION IS THAT WE SHOULD LOOK IN LADY KOWALSKY'S DIRECTION. THE SERVICE TOLD ME SHE LEFT THIS MORNING AT 5:00 A.M. LOCAL TIME...

END OF INTEGRAL MEMORIZATION.

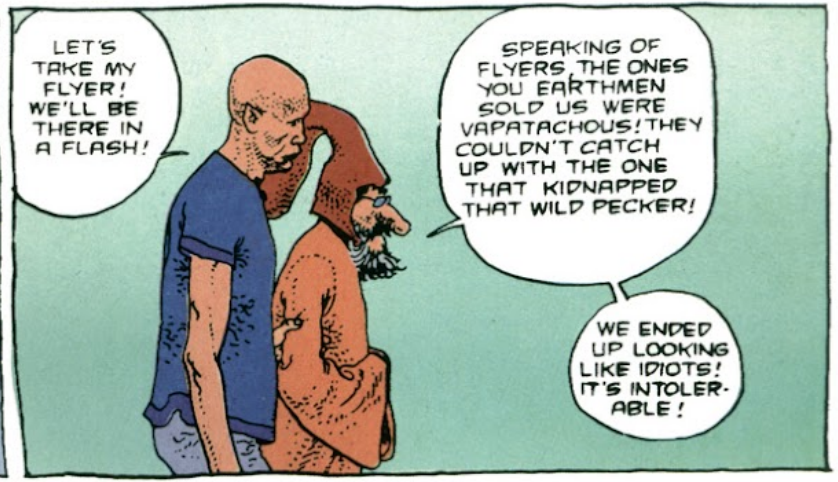
LADY KOWALSKY! YOU'RE IN DEEP SHIT, RAVEN!





'BYE, RAVEN!

IT'S TIME! THE BREEDER'S WAITING FOR YOU!



LET'S TAKE MY FLYER! WE'LL BE THERE IN A FLASH!

SPEAKING OF FLYERS THE ONES YOU EARTHMEN SOLD US WERE VAPATACHOUS! THEY COULDN'T CATCH UP WITH THE ONE THAT KIDNAPPED THAT WILD PECKER!

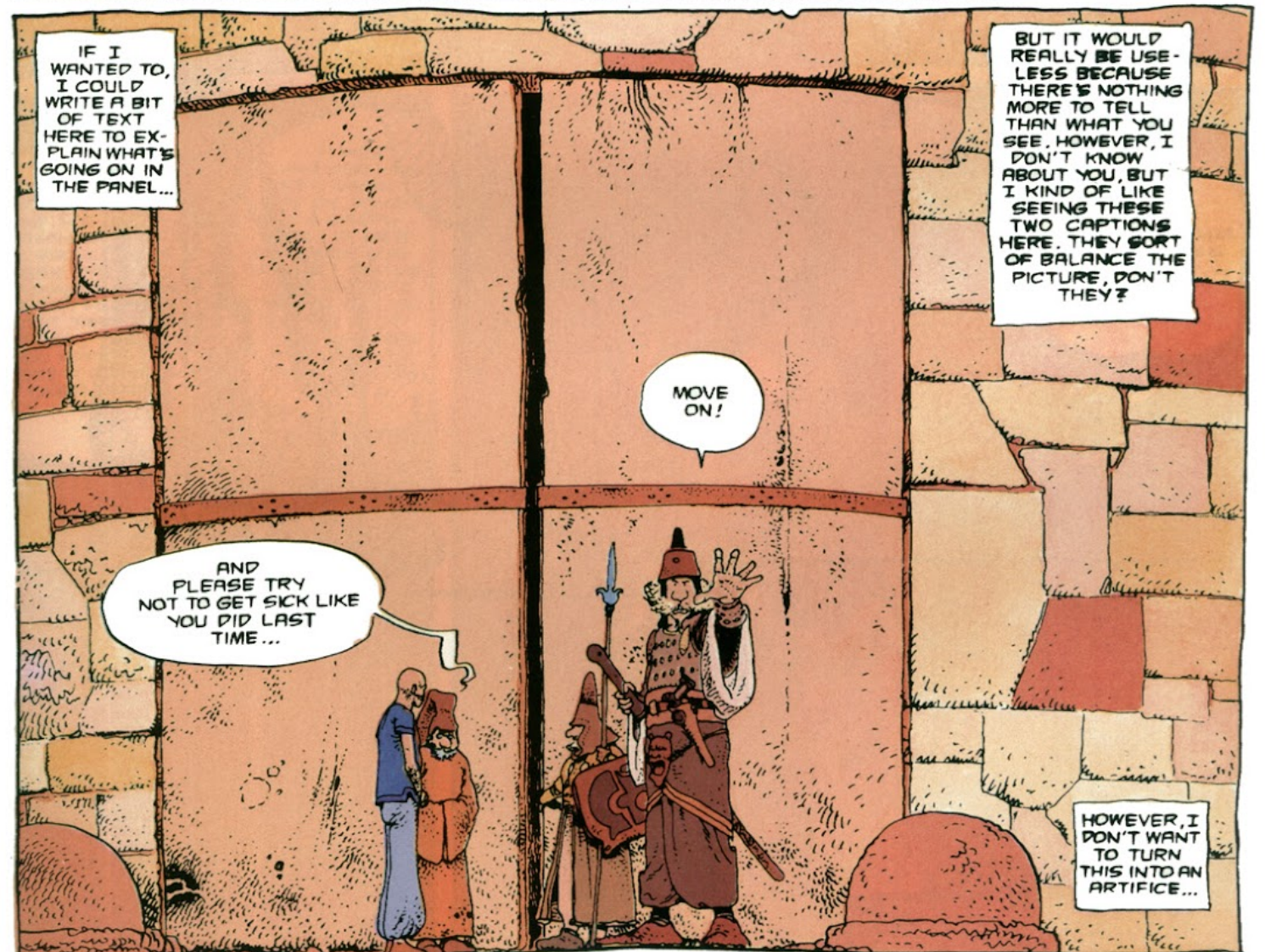
WE ENDED UP LOOKING LIKE IDIOTS! IT'S INTOLERABLE!



NATE WAS RIGHT! IT'S THAT BITCH KOWALSKY WHO DID IT! DAMN HER BIG TITS FULL OF SHIT! LOOK! HER SHIP JUMPED INTO HYPERSPACE LIKE A MAD LOCHE NOT AN HOUR AGO! I BET THE SYLDANIAN WAS ON BOARD!

I THINK SHE MUST BE HEADED FOR FLOWER. IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU'LL HAVE MUCH CHANCE OF CATCHING HER NOW. HOW ABOUT A BALLAD INSTEAD:

"YONDER STANDS A FAIR MAIDEN WITH HER HANDS AS WHITE AS SNOW IT'S HER FAVOR I DO CLAIM BUT SHE ALWAYS ANSWERS NO"



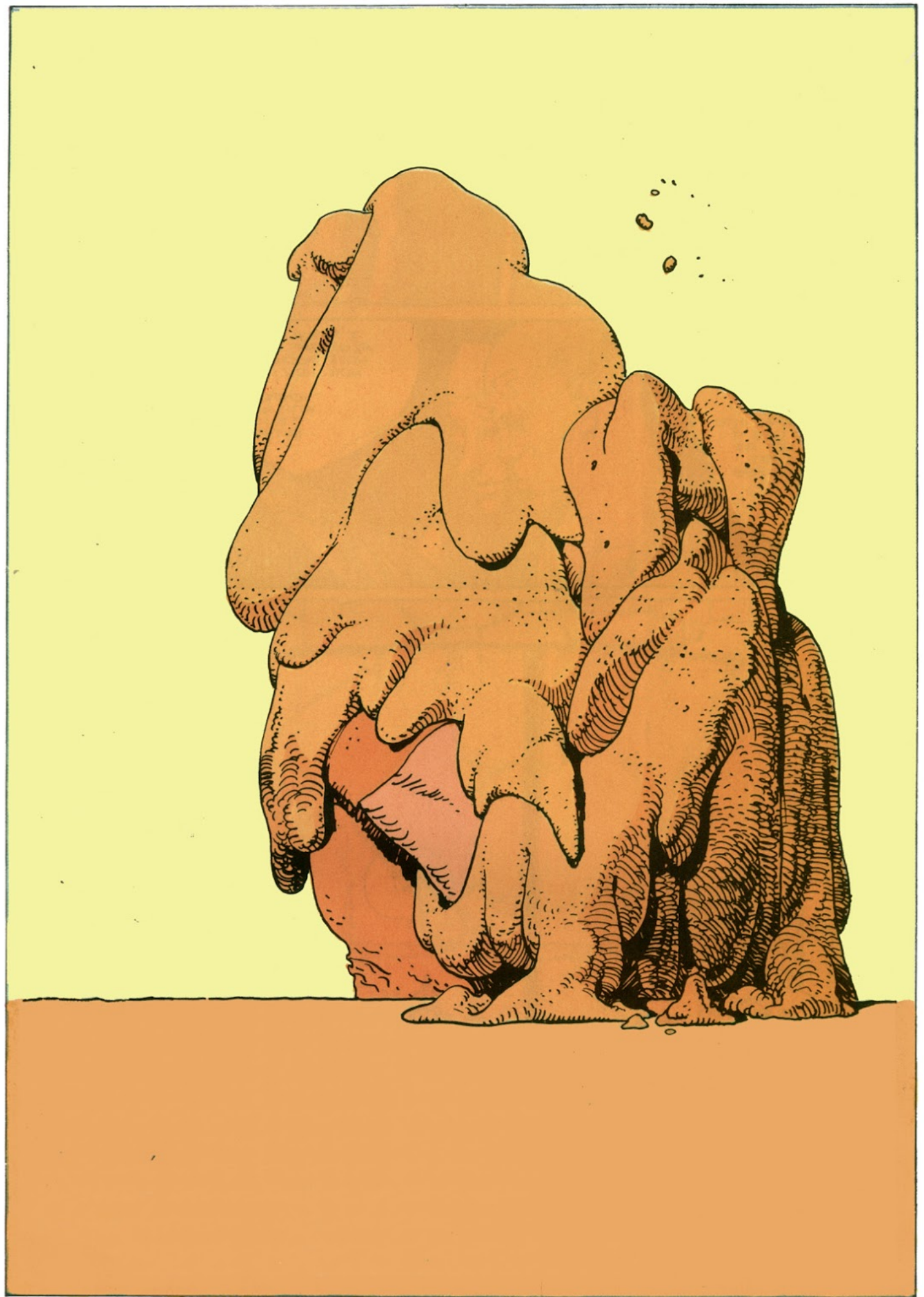
IF I WANTED TO, I COULD WRITE A BIT OF TEXT HERE TO EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE PANEL...

BUT IT WOULD REALLY BE USELESS BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO TELL THAN WHAT YOU SEE. HOWEVER, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I KIND OF LIKE SEEING THESE TWO CAPTIONS HERE. THEY SORT OF BALANCE THE PICTURE, DON'T THEY?

MOVE ON!

AND PLEASE TRY NOT TO GET SICK LIKE YOU DID LAST TIME...

HOWEVER, I DON'T WANT TO TURN THIS INTO AN ARTIFICE...



COME
CLOSER, NATE-
OF-THE-PINK-SKIN!
AND TRY NOT TO
FALL INTO MY
TANK!

WATCH
WHAT YOU SAY,
OK? RIGHT NOW,
SHE'S ONLY PRO-
DUCING ASEXUALS.
IT'S TERRIBLE. THEY
EAT ALL THE PRO-
TIDES, WHICH IS BAD
FOR THE NUTRITIVE
FLUIDS... YOU
FOLLOW ME?

I...
I THINK
I DO!

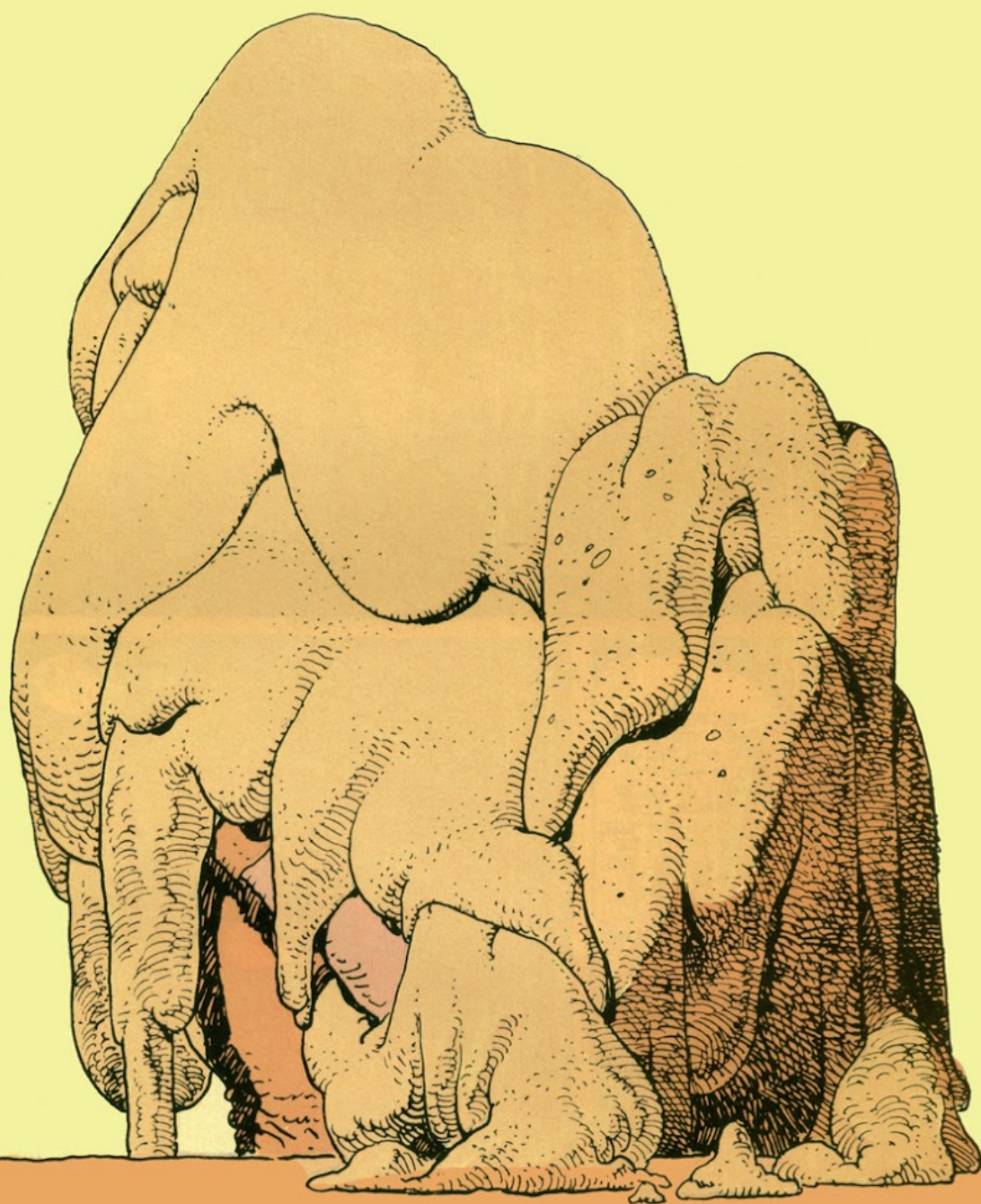
FIRST,
HOW CAN ANY-
ONE NOT BE
GREEN-SKINNED?
I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN THE ONE
PUKING MY GUTS
OUT IN DISGUST
LAST TIME! NEVER
FORGET THAT, WHEN
YOU APPEAR BE-
FORE A BREEDER,
EARTHMAN!

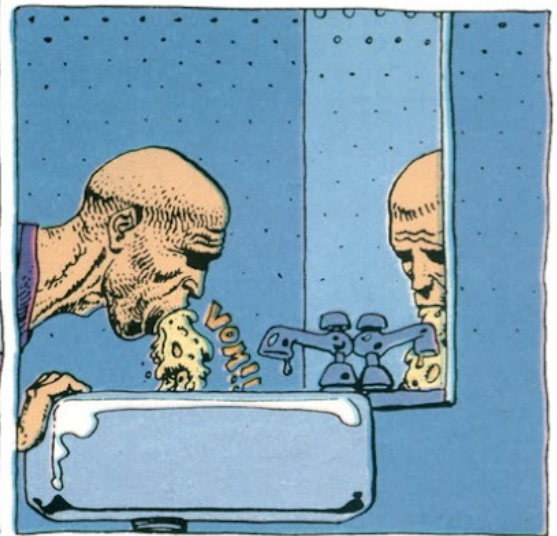
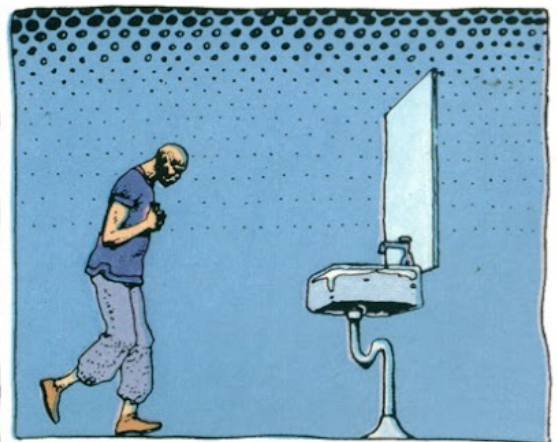
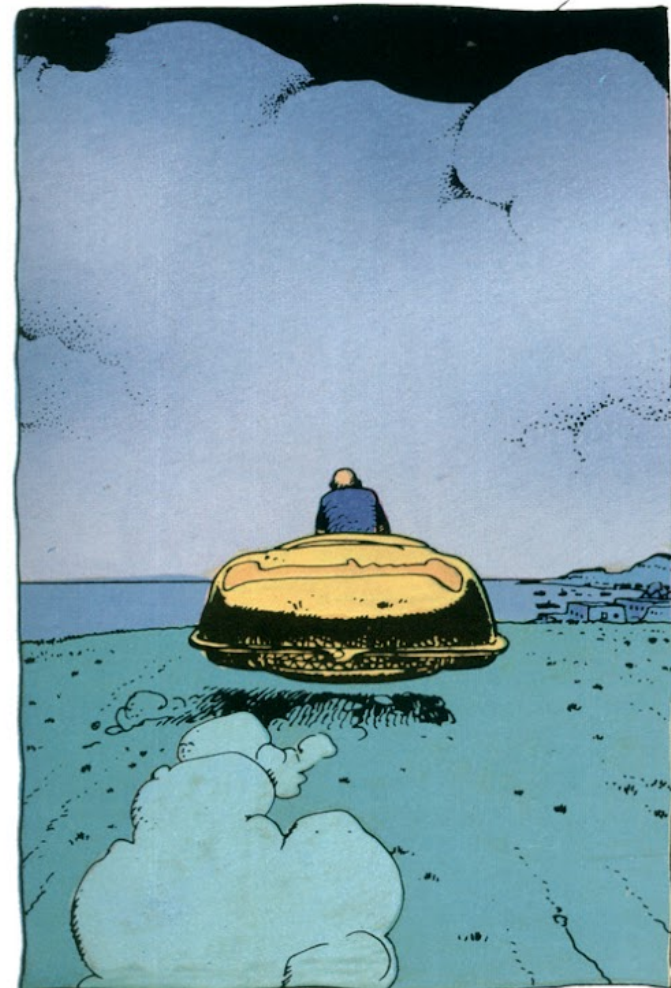
A WILD
PECKER HAS
BEEN TAKEN
OFF SYLDAINE!
IT'S A SACRI-
LEGE! IF HE'S
NOT BACK FOR
THE FALL COITUS,
THE METRITE
MINES WILL GO
TO THE EXOT-
ICS! SUCH IS
MY IRREVOC-
ABLE DECISION!

BUT...

SHE'S
FINISHED!
NOW SHE'S GOING
TO LAY! STAYING
COULD BE
DANGEROUS!
LET'S GO!

STRIP-TEASE

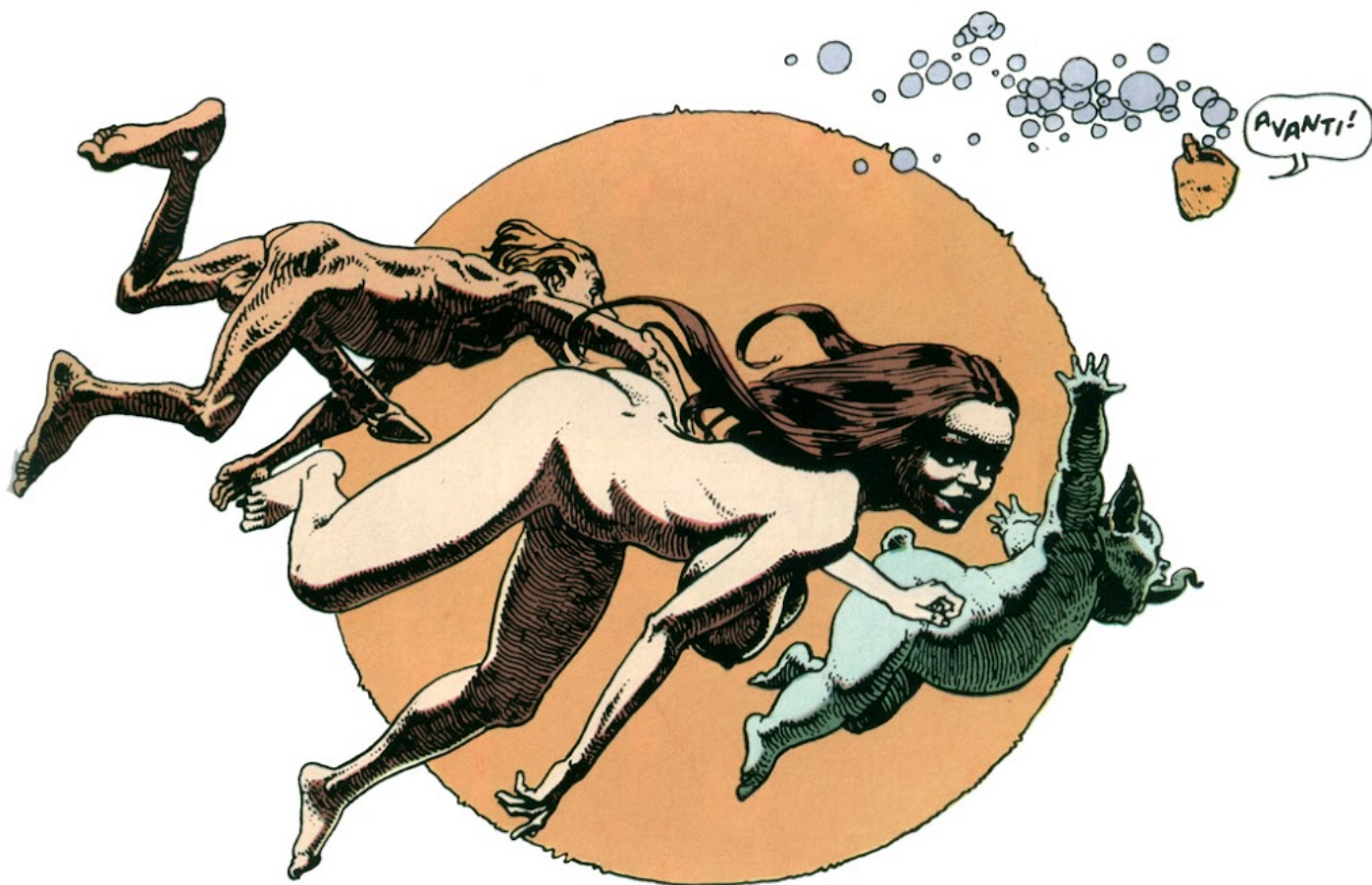


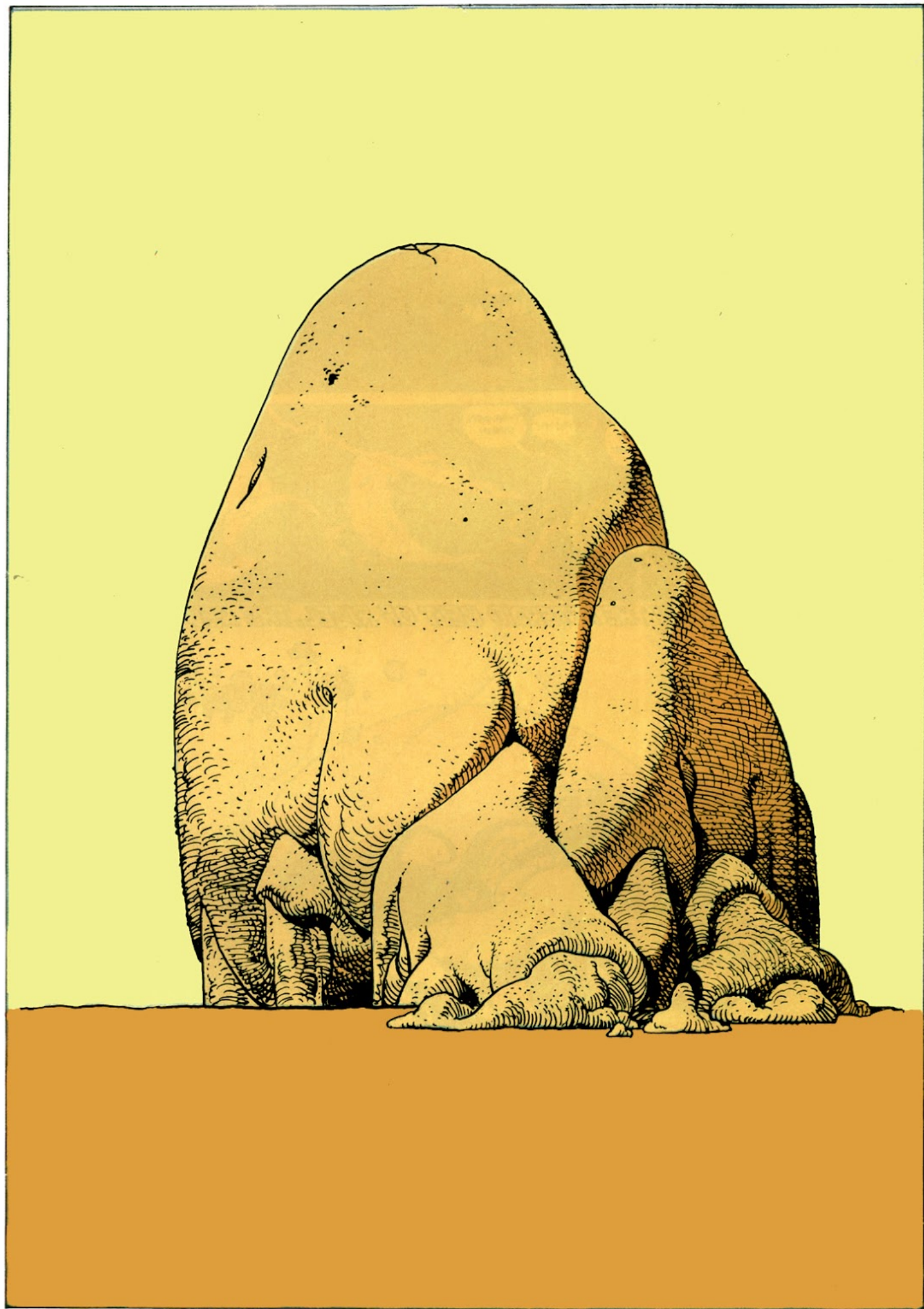


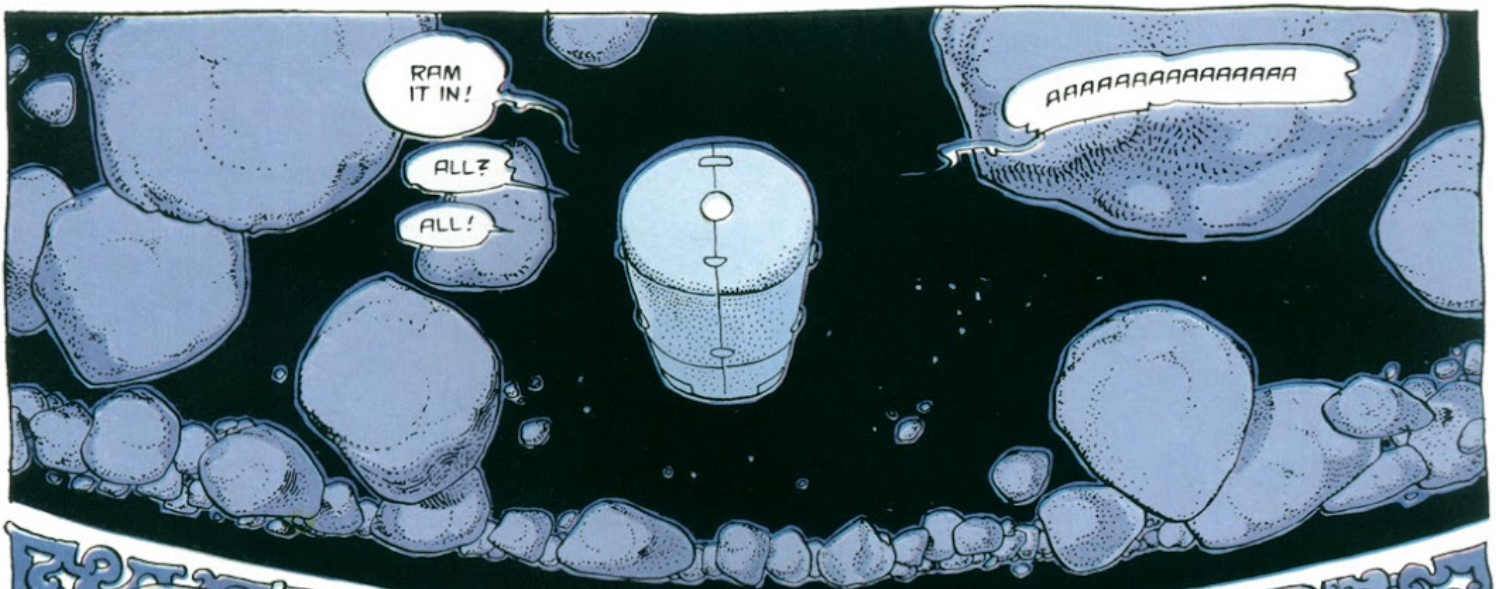




7 MONTHS LATER, IN THE ASTEROID BELT OF RIGEL, THE RED DWARF...







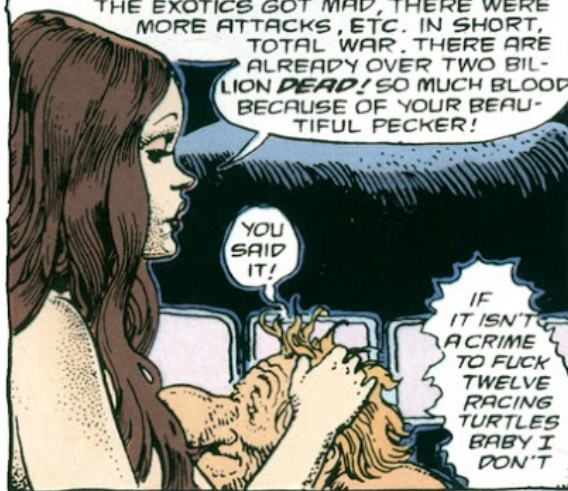
ATTENTION!
WE'VE JUST ENTERED
A RADIO RECEPTION
ZONE! BUT WHAT I'M
PICKING UP IS STRANGE,
MILADY! IT LOOKS LIKE
CODED MILITARY TRANS-
MISSIONS, MIXED WITH
OLD VENUSIAN ROCK
'N' ROLL HITS ... HEY!
THOSE MILITARY TRANS-
MISSIONS--
WE'RE AT WAR!

SYLDAINE'S IN FLAMES, MY
FRIENDS! THE TERRAN ARMIES
HAVE TAKEN OVER THE PLANET FOR
THE EIGHTH TIME. HEAVY LOSSES HAVE
BEEN REPORTED. THE EXOTICS ARE
PREPARING TO COUNTERATTACK.
ATOMICS MAY SOON BE USED. IN
OTHER WORDS, A MASSIVE FUCK-
UP!

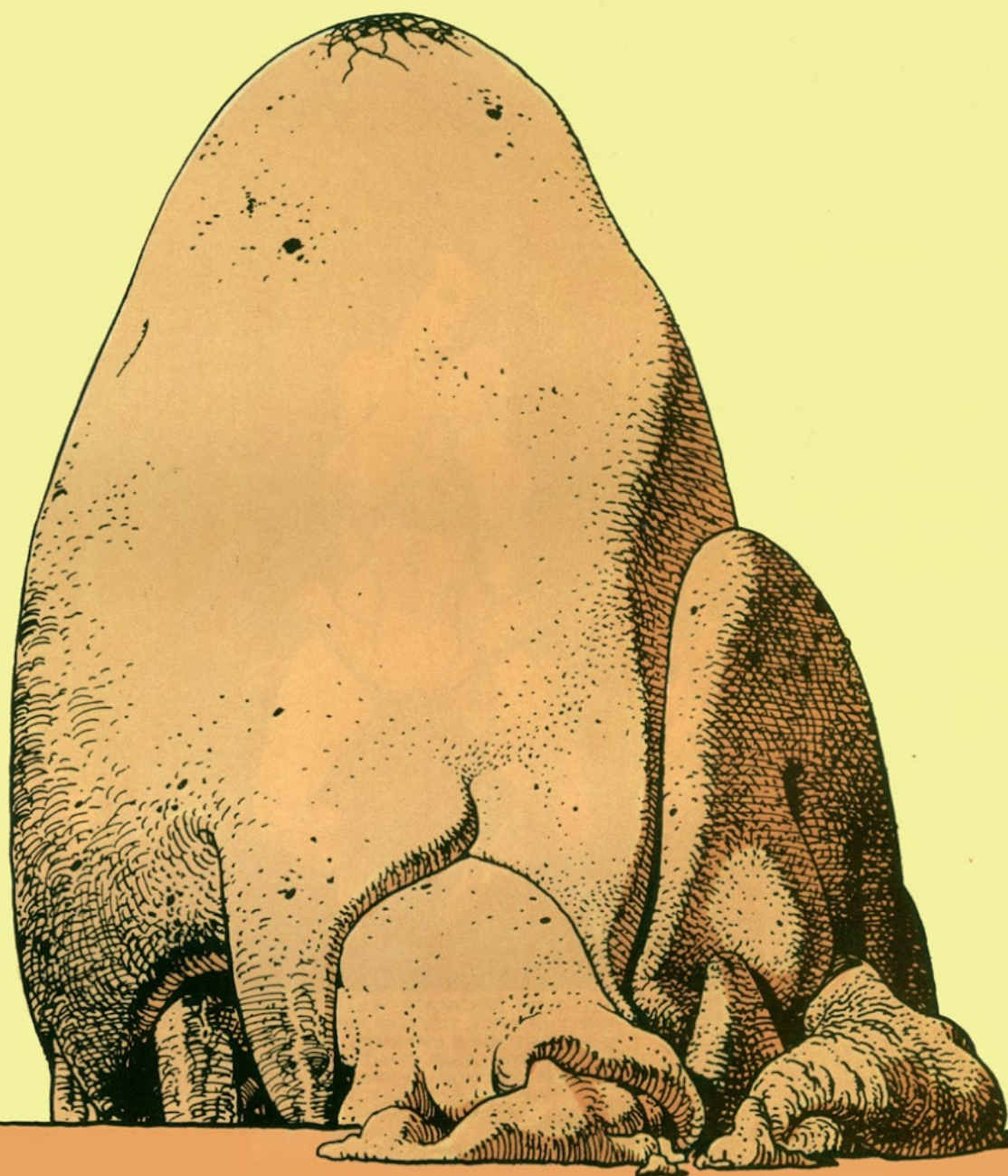


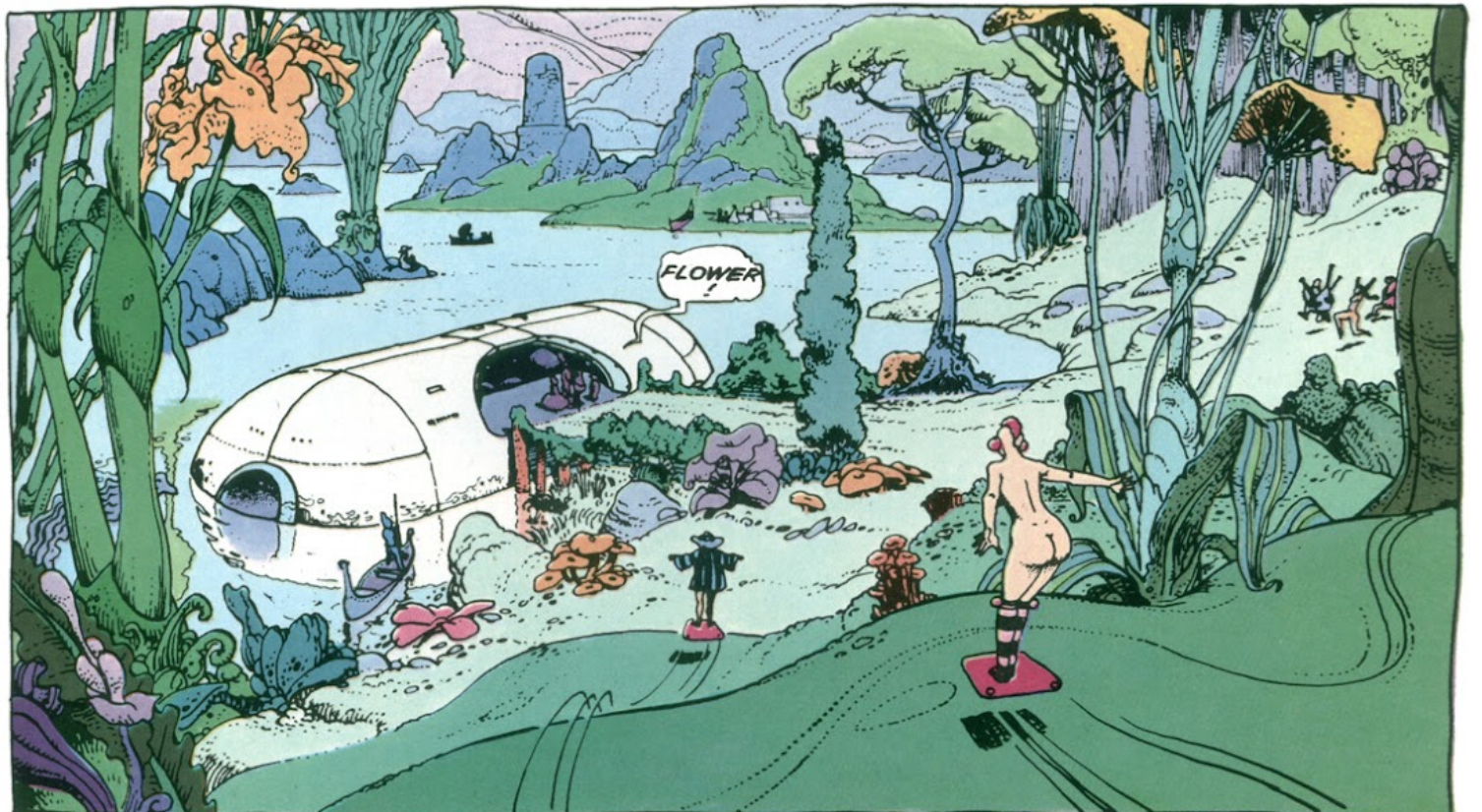
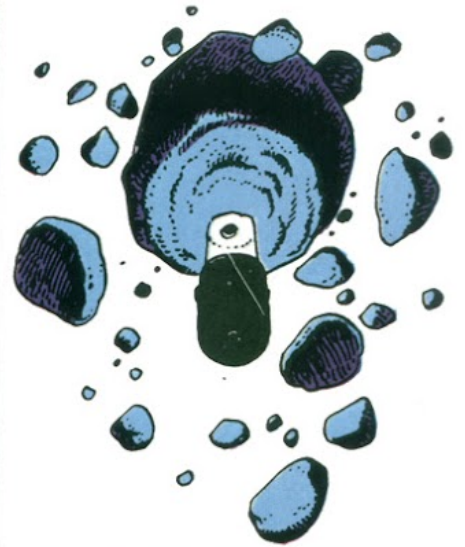
AAAAA
NO RUSH!
I'LL LOOK AT
THEM WHEN I'M
OUT OF STASIS!
AAAAA
STASIS=
ECSTASY!

ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T THERE
FOR THE FALL COITUS, MY POOR DARLING!
THE BREEDERS CANCELLED THE METRITE
CONTRACTS, AND THAT FAGGOT RAVEN
CALLED FOR THE INVASION OF SYLDAINE.
THE EXOTICS GOT MAD, THERE WERE
MORE ATTACKS, ETC. IN SHORT,
TOTAL WAR. THERE ARE
ALREADY OVER TWO BIL-
LION DEAD! SO MUCH BLOOD
BECAUSE OF YOUR BEAU-
TIFUL PECKER!

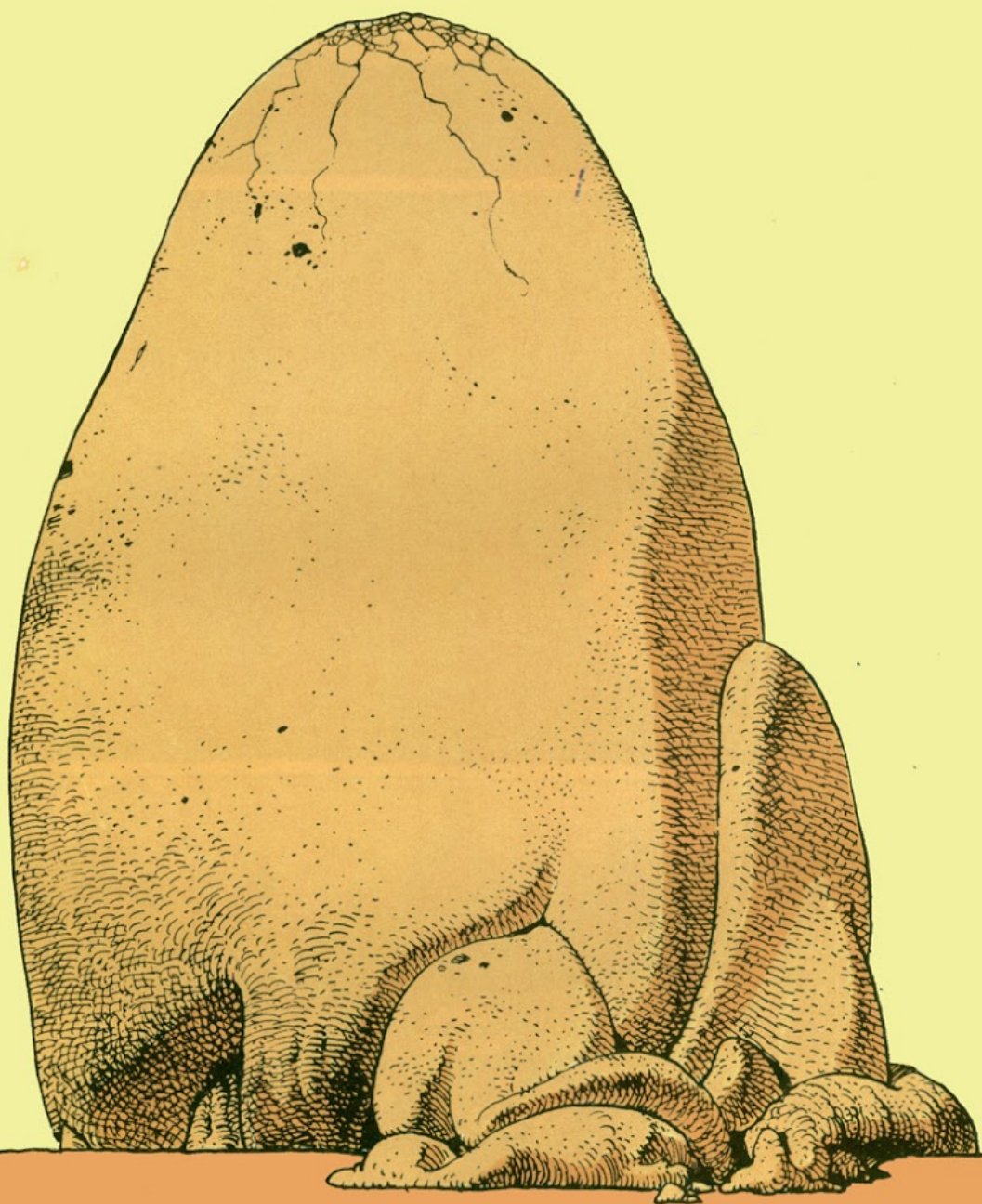


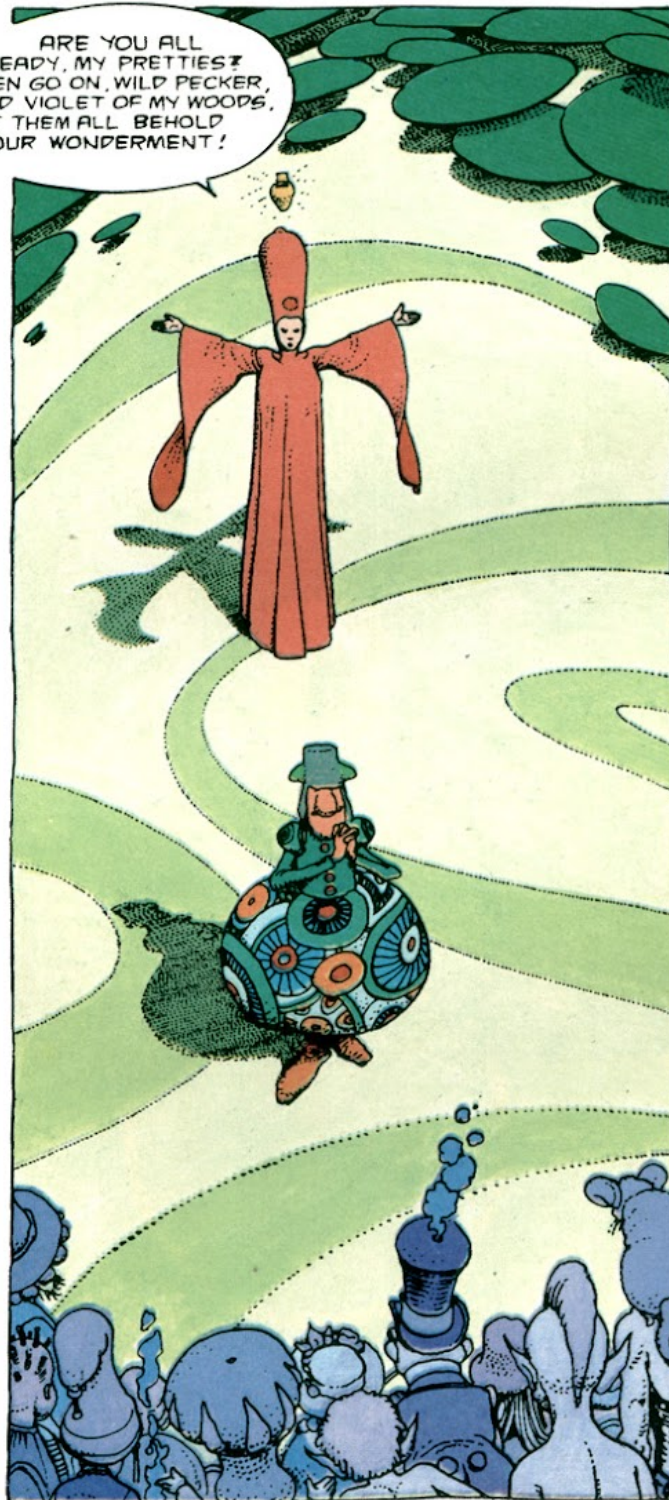
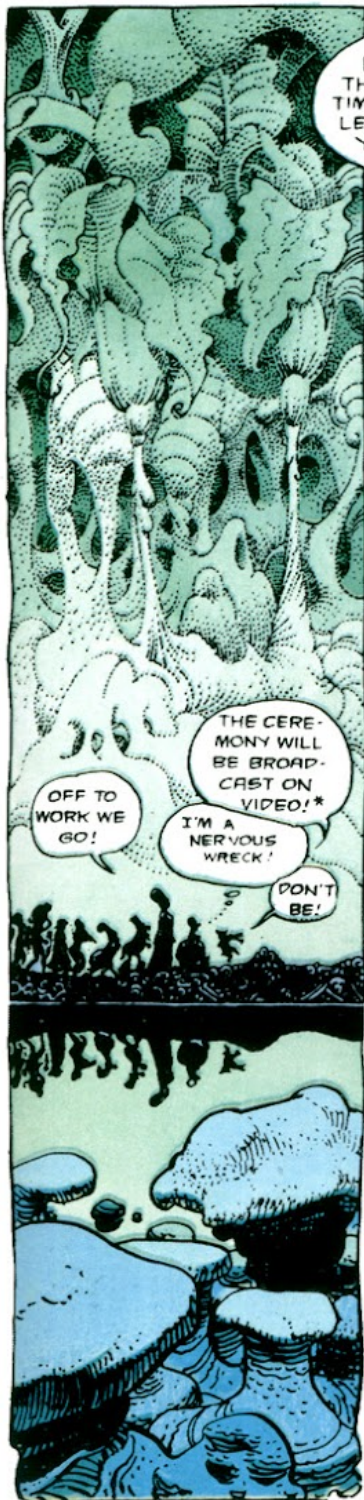
WHO WO
RACING
TURTLES
BOOO...
BILLIONS OF
DEAD, JUST TO
MAKE ME FEEL
GUILTY! THE
BASTARDS!
I
WANNAGO
BACK TO
SYLDAINE!
ME TO
DENE!
DON'T
BE STUPID!
THE TRACKERS
WOULDN'T LET
YOU GO TEN
STEPS! LET'S
GO TALK TO
ZAG!

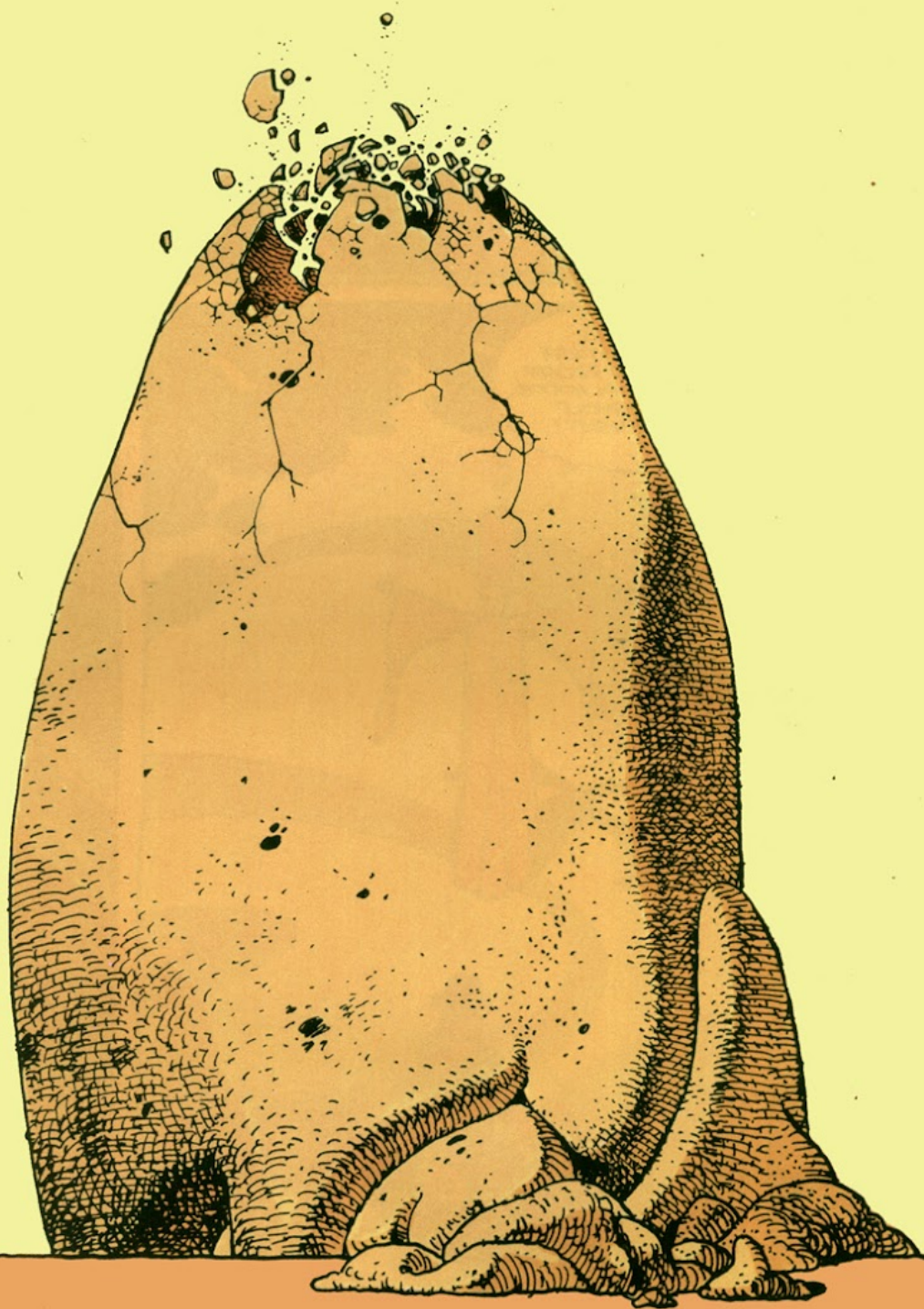


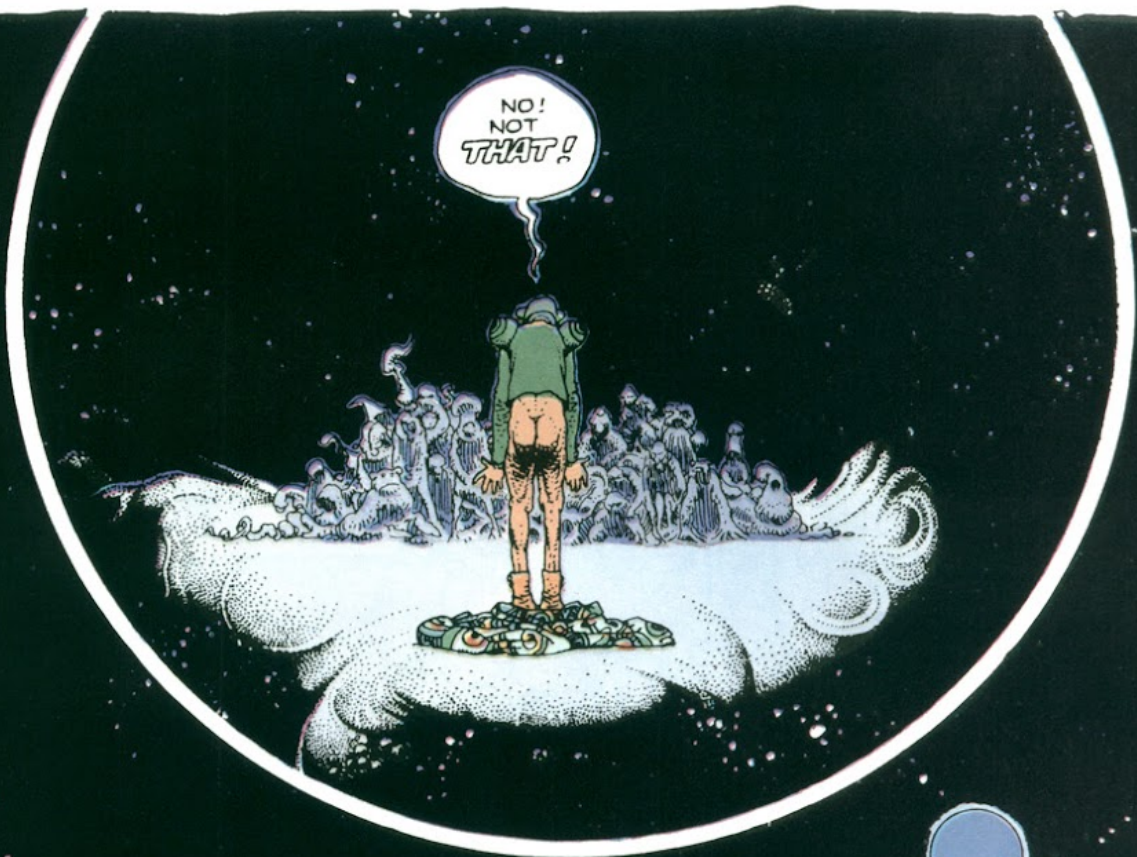


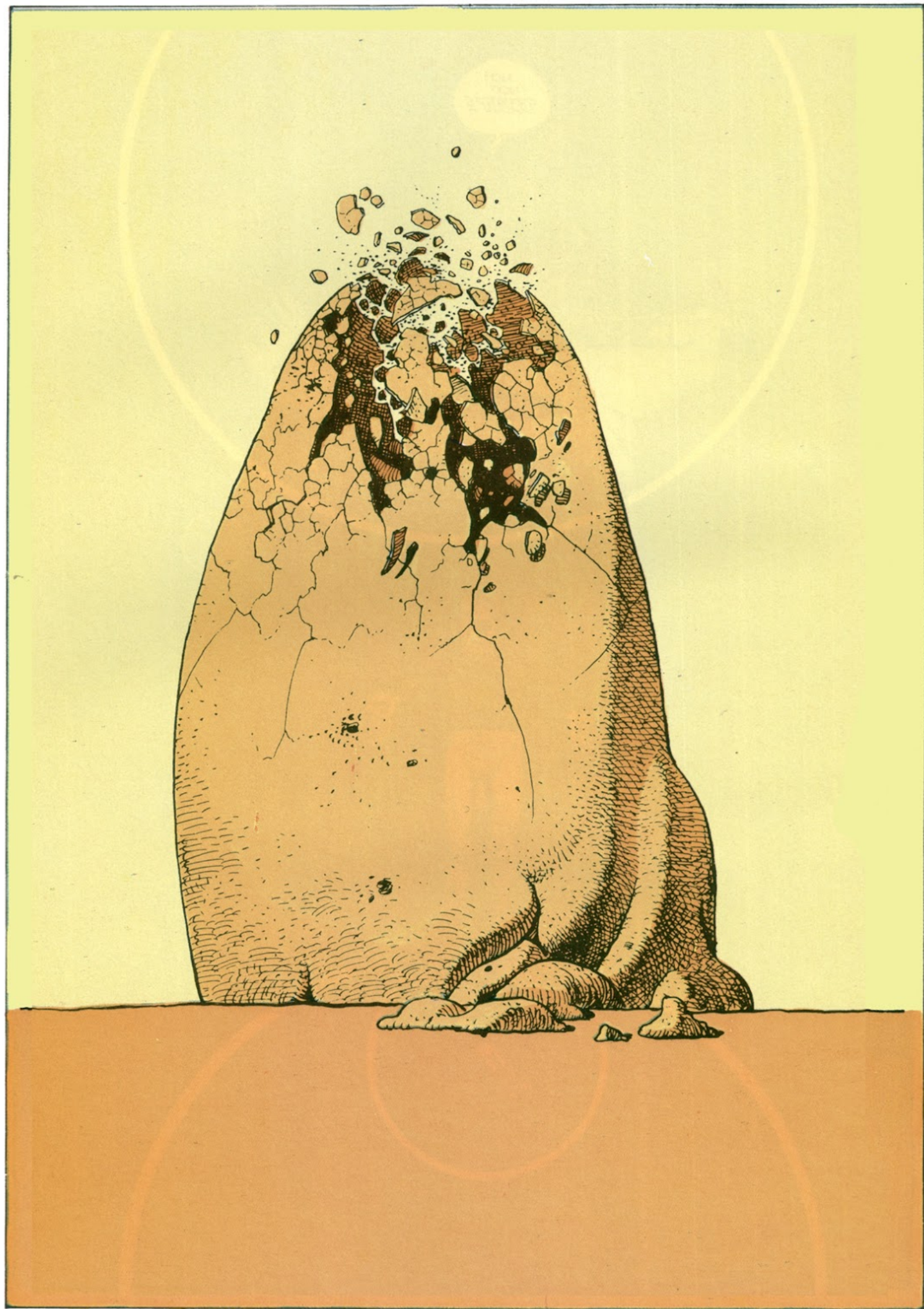
THE INSIDE OF *FLOWER* HAS BEEN ARTIFICIALLY EXPANDED BY TWENTY-THREE GENERATORS INSTALLED BY MAJOR GRUBERT! SIMPLE, NO?

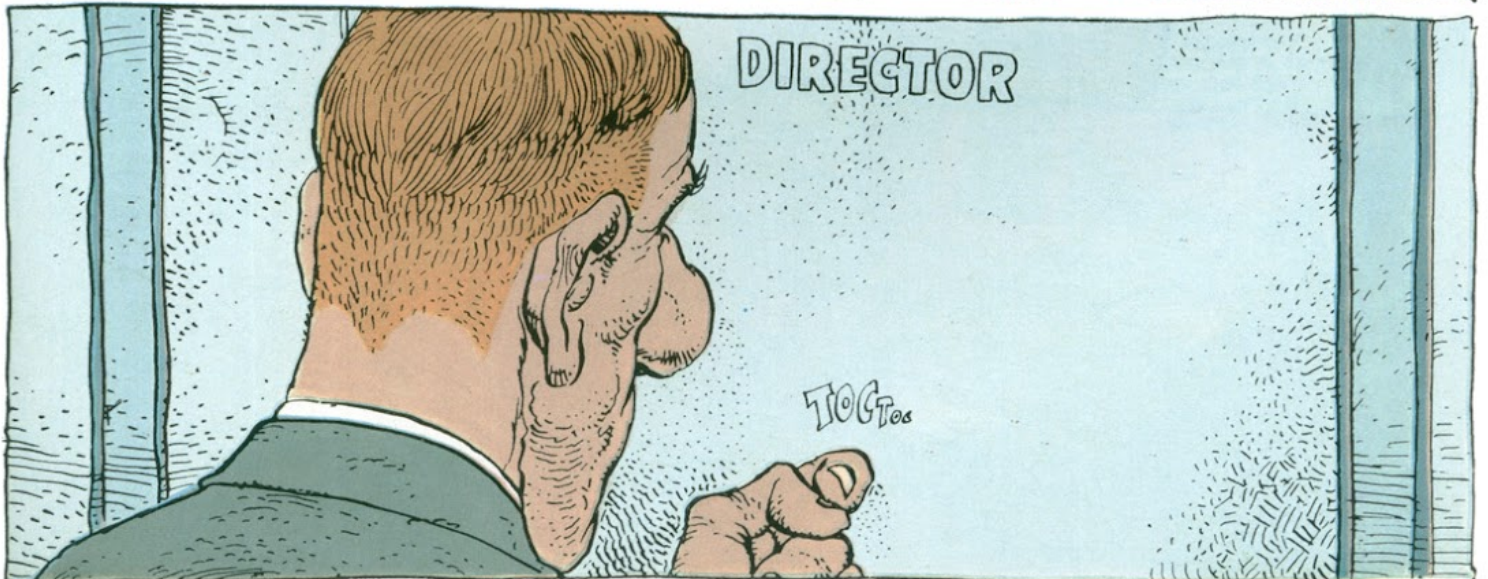
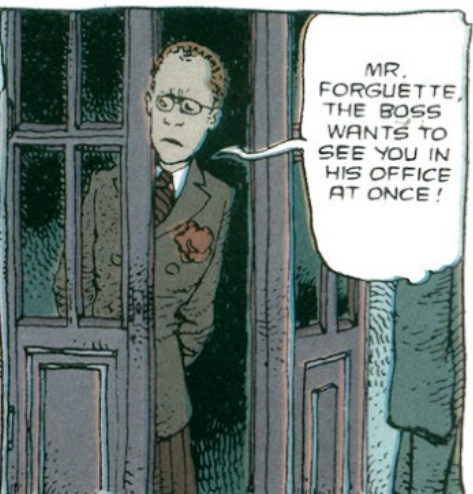
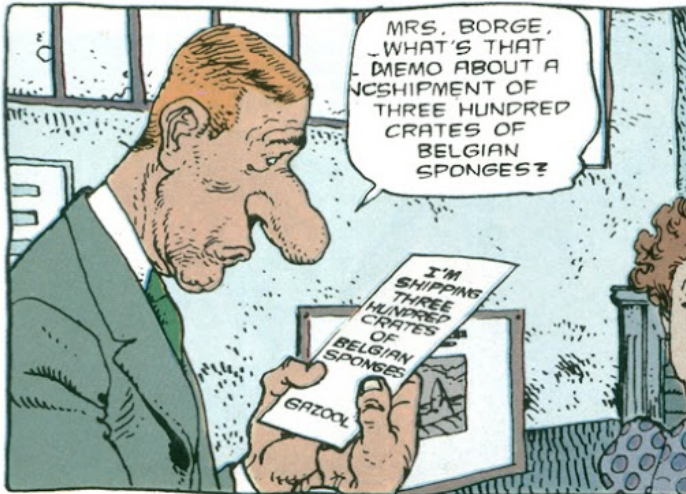




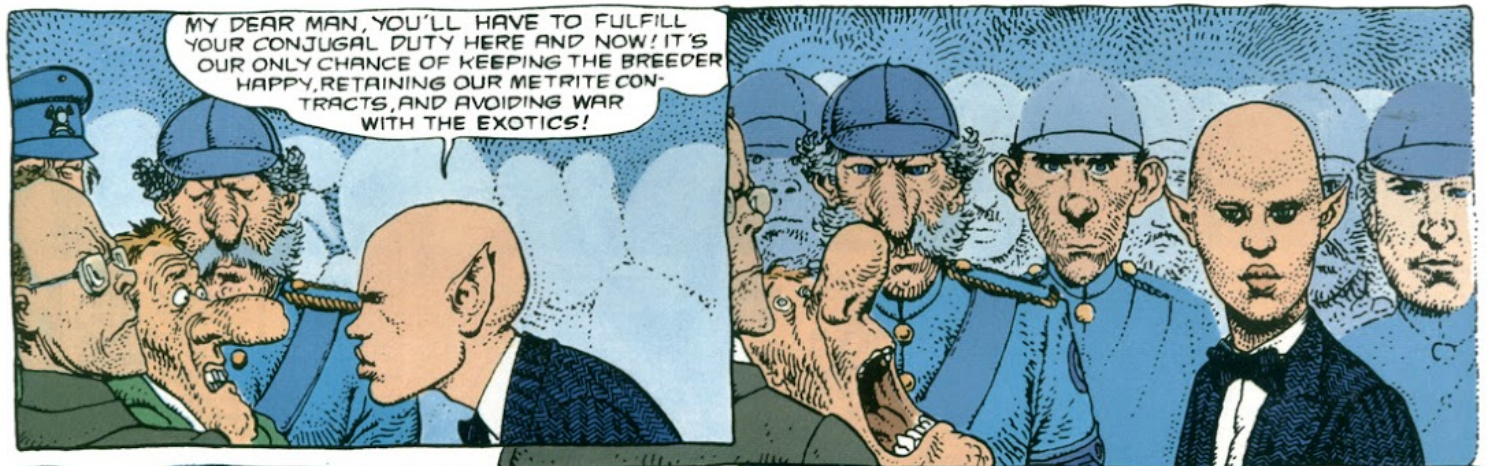




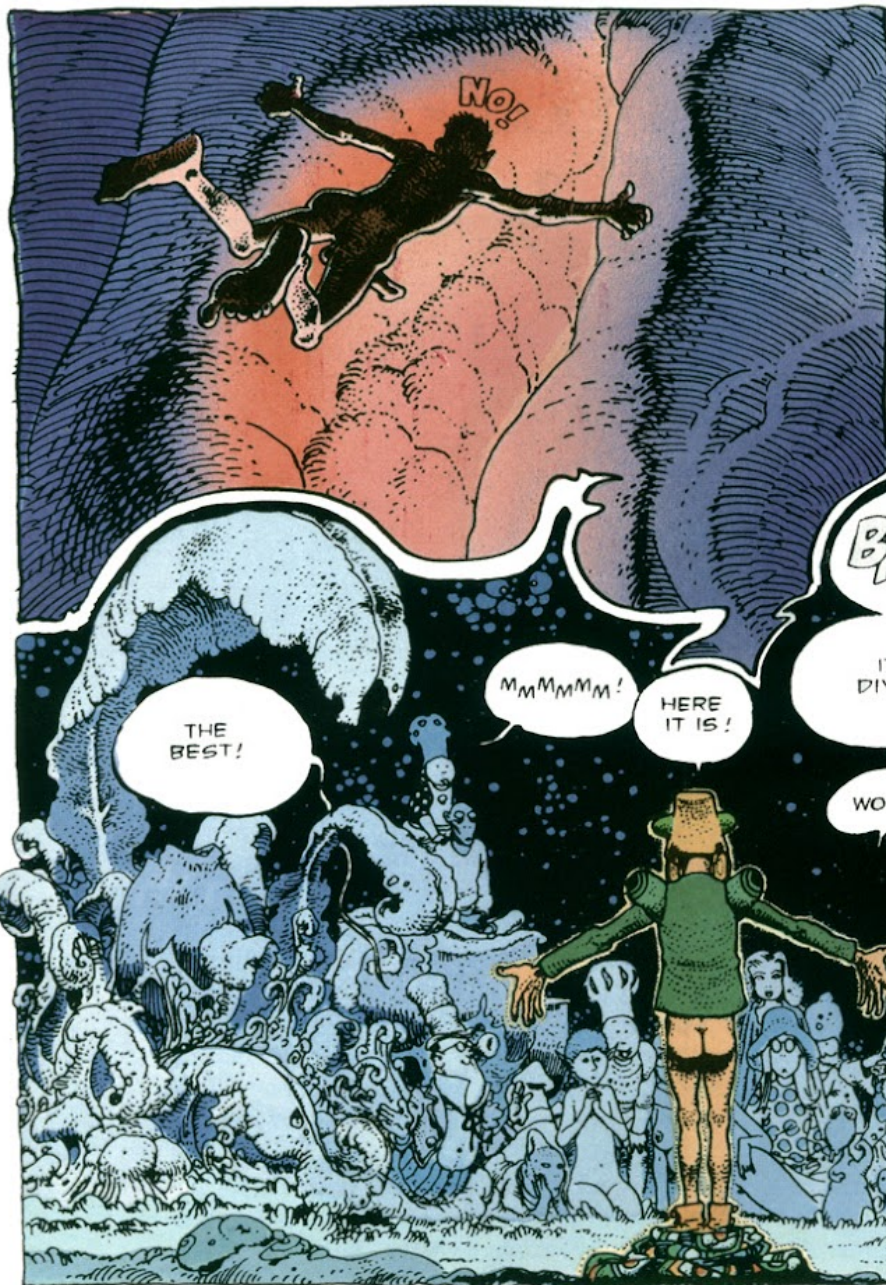












MANY YEARS LATER, DURING A STROLL ON PERDIDO, ACCOMPANIED BY FIVE CLASS-8 TRANTORIANS, THE WILD PECKER SAID:

...AND SO ENDED MY STORY. THE BREEDER THOUGHT SHE COULD GET ME BACK BY CREATING A SPACE-TIME WARP AND OVERLAYING MY MEMORIES. BUT SHE HAD FAILED TO TAKE ZAG INTO ACCOUNT, WHOSE SKILLS PROVED ADEQUATE AT COLMATING THE WARP AND GETTING ME BACK TO *FLOWER*. VOILA! THE END!

STRANGE STORY!

ME, I LIKE STORIES WHEN THEY'RE GREEN AND CRUEL...

AND ME, WHEN THEY'RE DEVILISHLY CLEVER!

AND ME, WHEN THEY'RE VERY LONG... LONG AND SOFT!



AFTERWORD TO "THE HORNY GOOF"
by MOEBIUS



It is important to place **The Horny Goof** in its context. It was first published in 1974 by the same folks who were putting out the magazine **L'Echo des Savanes**. It therefore comes just before **Arzach**, **The Airtight Garage**, and even the creation of **Metal Hurlant**.

People usually consider my story **The Detour**, which appeared in **Pilote** in 1973, the first Moebius-style story, but it was signed "Gir" and was more like a statement of intention, a manifesto, if you wish. **The Horny Goof**, done the following year, is the tangible product of that manifesto, the first real, full-length, adult Moebius story.

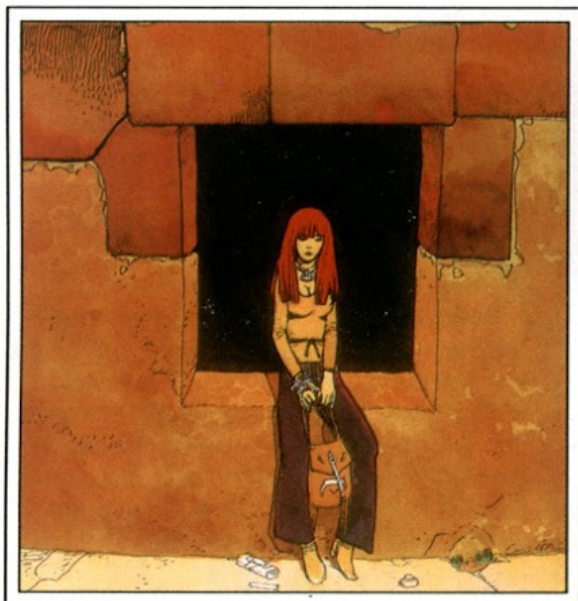
All this has to be seen in the context of the spirit of May 1968. In France, the events of May '68 started a cultural explosion, which found its way into the comics. The new state of mind was openness, awareness, the desire to explore new roads, to tell new stories, to create new patterns, to look for other types of societies. The first comic artists to take the leap were Gotlib, Mandryka, and Claire Bretecher who decided to leave **Pilote** at the peak of its success and, in 1973, started their own self-published magazine, **L'Echo des Savanes**. Philippe Druillet and I were champing at the bit and, a year later, with Jean-Pierre Dionnet, we started our own magazine too, **Metal Hurlant**.

The Horny Goof was drawn during that incubating period, just before the creation of **Metal Hurlant**. I remember that my inspiration came after an evening spent in the company of other comic artists, most especially Gotlib. I drew that story at night, in small increments, while I was doing **Blueberry** and other jobs during the day. The story came in a state of complete spontaneity—some would say irresponsibility! To that extent, it anticipates **Arzach** and especially **The Airtight Garage**, to which it is an unplanned prequel, in particular in its mixture of SF, humor, and the purposefully-kept-mysterious threads of the story.

The Horny Goof is my first "adult" story. To me, "adult" means to be free in spirit, to know no bounds, to accept no moral restrictions, especially those imposed by somebody else. Only the artist himself can impose his own restrictions, and therefore assume full responsibility for his art. That is what it means to be an "adult."

I believe that to become an "adult" is ultimately the only way for a comic artist not to become bored to death. If you have to draw the same characters day after day, with the same faces, the same costumes, if you can't express anything personal, if you have to illustrate the same stories, often given to you by people you don't know or don't respect, you can very well go mad, or start drinking in order to compensate, or maybe even kill yourself. It's a nightmare. The only way to stay alive is to stay fresh and have fun doing what you're doing.

The Horny Goof was one of the first stories I did in that spirit of freedom. It was something incredible. It expresses an emotion, like "I don't know what I've done, but I must continue. I don't know where I'm going, but I must go on." I think the reader feels that. I was not seeking to deliberately put these theories into practice. I was only doing it because I experienced great pleasure doing so. But it just happened that it fit. When you open a door, you don't know what you're going to find behind it.



stories, express our own emotions. The answer from the public was phenomenal, first in France, then throughout Europe.

Regarding the use of sex and violence in "adult" comics, I would first remark that sex and violence should not be intrinsically taboo for adult readers. There are ways for even sex and violence to be portrayed in rich and, I would say, moral ways. I mean, in ways that are not shocking but that can help in spiritual growth and development. I agree that, more often than not, sex and violence are portrayed in negative ways—especially sex, because as a society, we tend to have more problems with it—but it doesn't have to be that way. I, for one, have strived to express both in the former.

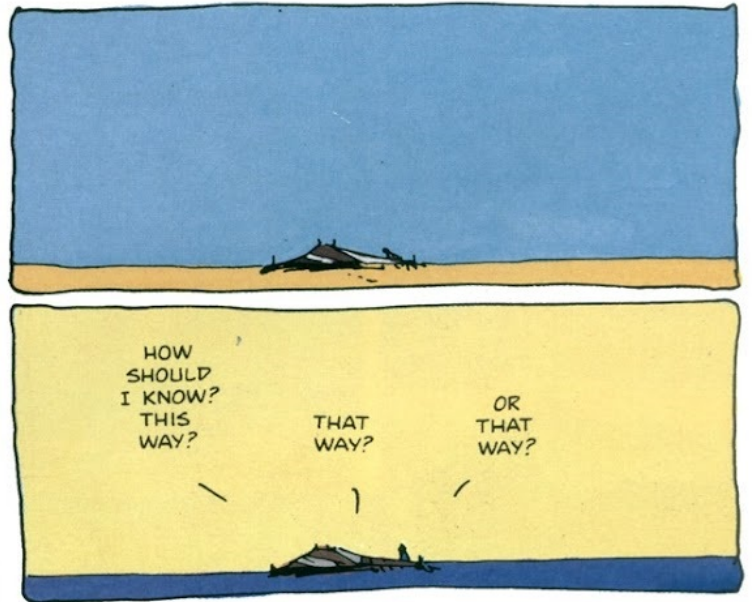
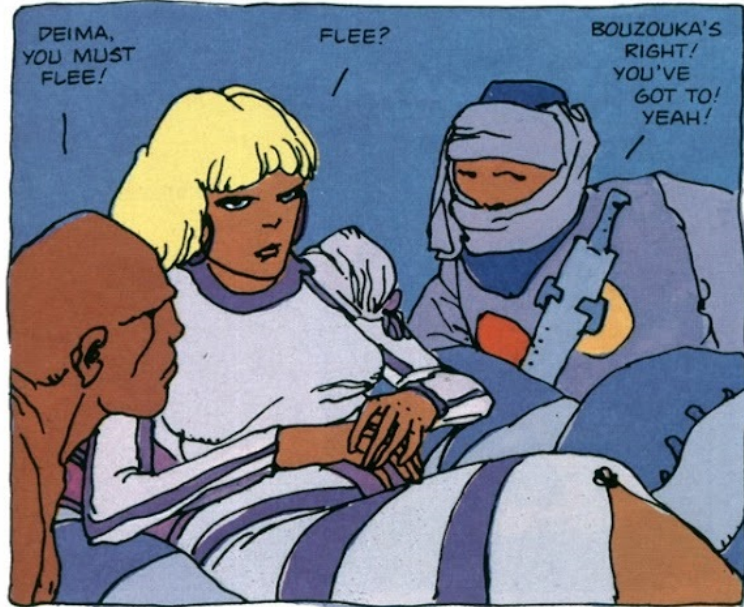
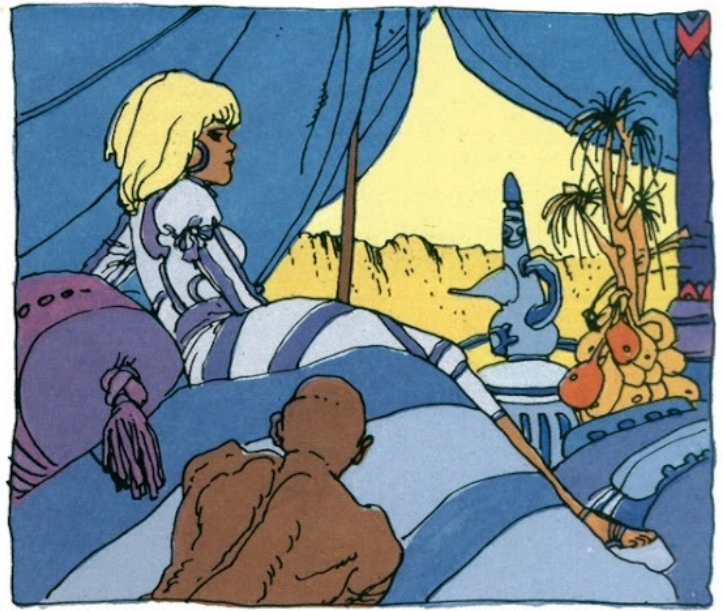
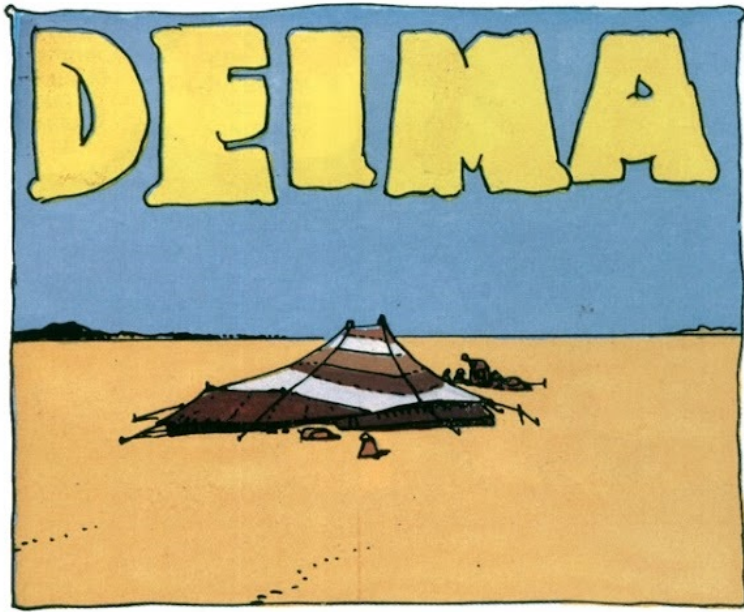
Sometimes, I see books which are not good because they exploit the violence and sex in ways that I think are disgusting. Usually, I don't buy these books or read them. But if I do, I see the sickness in the mind of the artist who drew them and I feel compassion for him. I may even understand what problems he has that made him choose to express himself that way. Because I firmly believe that if somebody has a problem with sex and violence in a comic book, the problem is not in the comic book but in the person who is reading it.

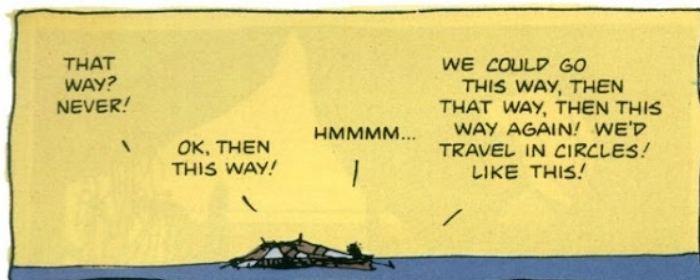
If someone didn't already have problems with his own sexuality or violent nature, he couldn't be harmed by the existence of that book. On the other hand, if he does have a problem, then he will see that problem reflected in the book, which is, of course, what he cannot stand. He'll become furious, and even call the law. When you have a problem you don't want to face, the fear is very powerful and can make you want to fight and behave in crazy ways.

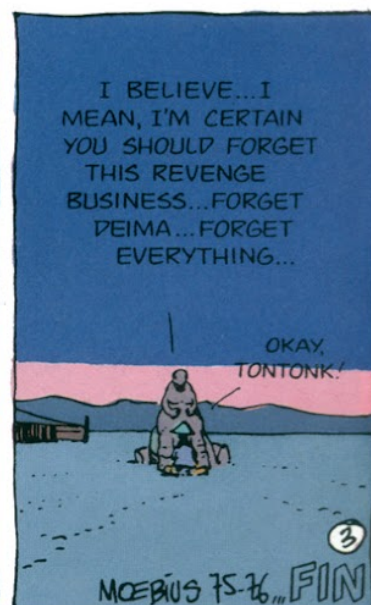
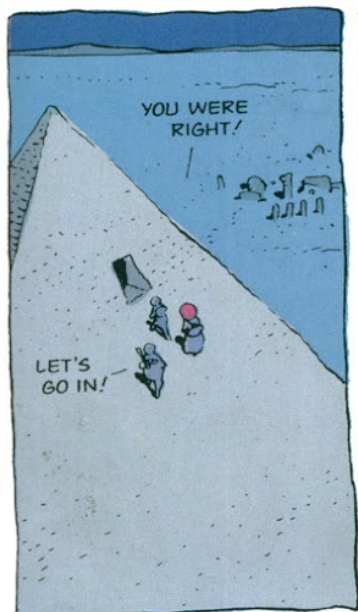
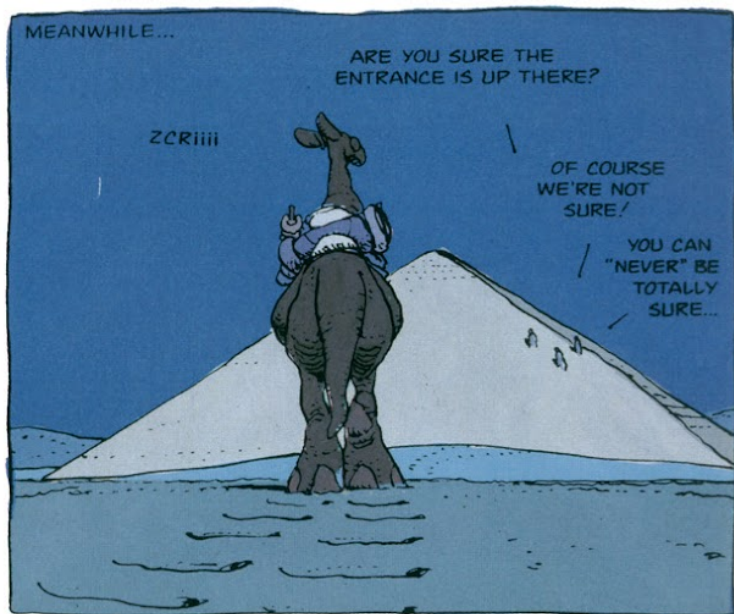
Deima was drawn in 1975 as an attempt to do a really "chic" metaphysical fantasy story à la Philip Jose Farmer, one of my favorite SF authors (especially his **Riverworld** series). That's why these three pages look unself-conscious and charming.

One late evening, in 1974, I came home in a great emotional state, though now I remember my condition but I forget what it was all about. That's when I drew **You're The Object Of This And That**. It looks very clumsy to me now, but I feel a solidarity with all my past, including my moments of clumsiness—and audacity.

Adult comics started in the United States with the American Underground. They were the first in the world to use comics as a means of communication, to express real emotions. Before, comics were used only to do stories, entertainment. They had some great moments, but they were all very conventional. The American Underground showed us in Europe how to express true feelings, how to tell something to the reader through the comics. They blew the mind of the few professionals in Europe who saw them. It showed us the way, helped us create our own







You're the Object of
This and
That

MOEBIUS

17382nd EPISODE
A HEROIC AND
CARNIVOROUS FANTASY
IN 20,000 EPISODES
UNDER THE SEA.

GO STORY SO FAR
DRULLET, BRETECHER,
GOT, DIONNET, AND
MANDRYKA REMAINED
IN CASTLE TIERNY
WHILE JABAVOTH WENT
OUT TO LOOK AT THE
LAUNCHING
PADS...



Castle Tierny



JABAVOTH WAS AMAZED BY
THE GOOD CONDITION OF THE
LAUNCHING COMPOUND...

AH, IF ONLY I STILL
HAD MY ATOMIC
BRETZEL...



... I COULD LEAVE THIS
ACCURSED PLANET,
LAZAVADUNE, WHICH
SOMEDAY WILL BE MY
DEATH! EXECRABLE,
ACCURSED, BLASTED
PLANET OF THE
DAMNABLE DOOMED!



SUDDENLY,
AN
AMAZING
SIGHT
APPEARS
BEFORE
JABAVOTH'S
EYES IN
A FLASH.
HE
THOUGHT
HE'D
SEEN
BETTER...



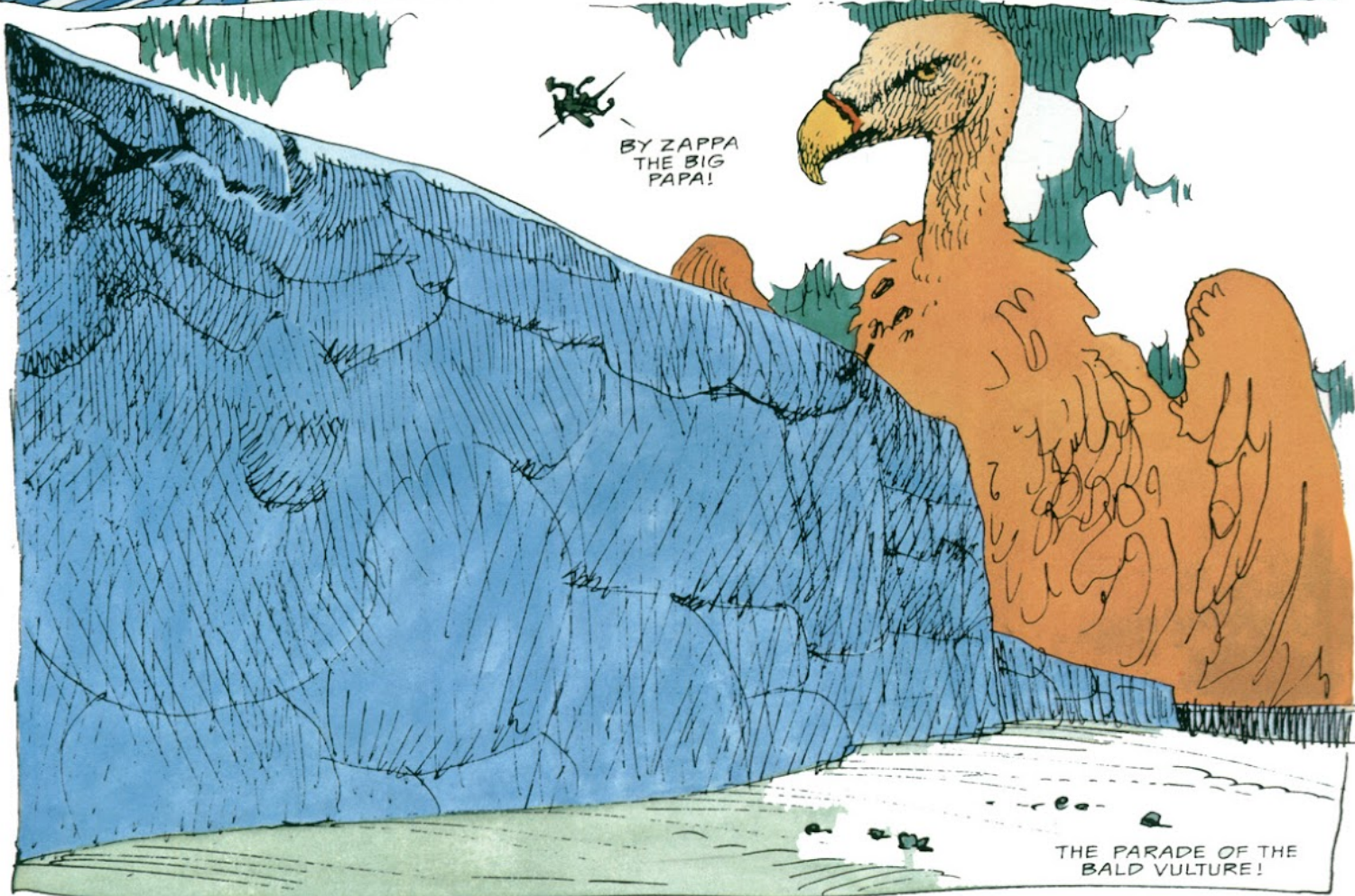
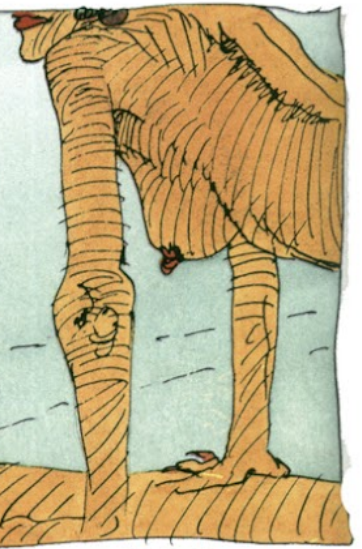
BY ZAPPA
THE BIG
PAPA!



A
BEAUTIFUL
BRUNETTE
WAS GIVING
HIM THE
EVIL
EYE!

IN A DISPLAY OF AMAZING SPEED,
JABAVOTH CHANGED HIS NAME TO
GARBUR, THEN WITH A MAGIC
MARKER DREW A CIRCLE OF
PROTECTION AGAINST RED-HOT
BRUNETTES...

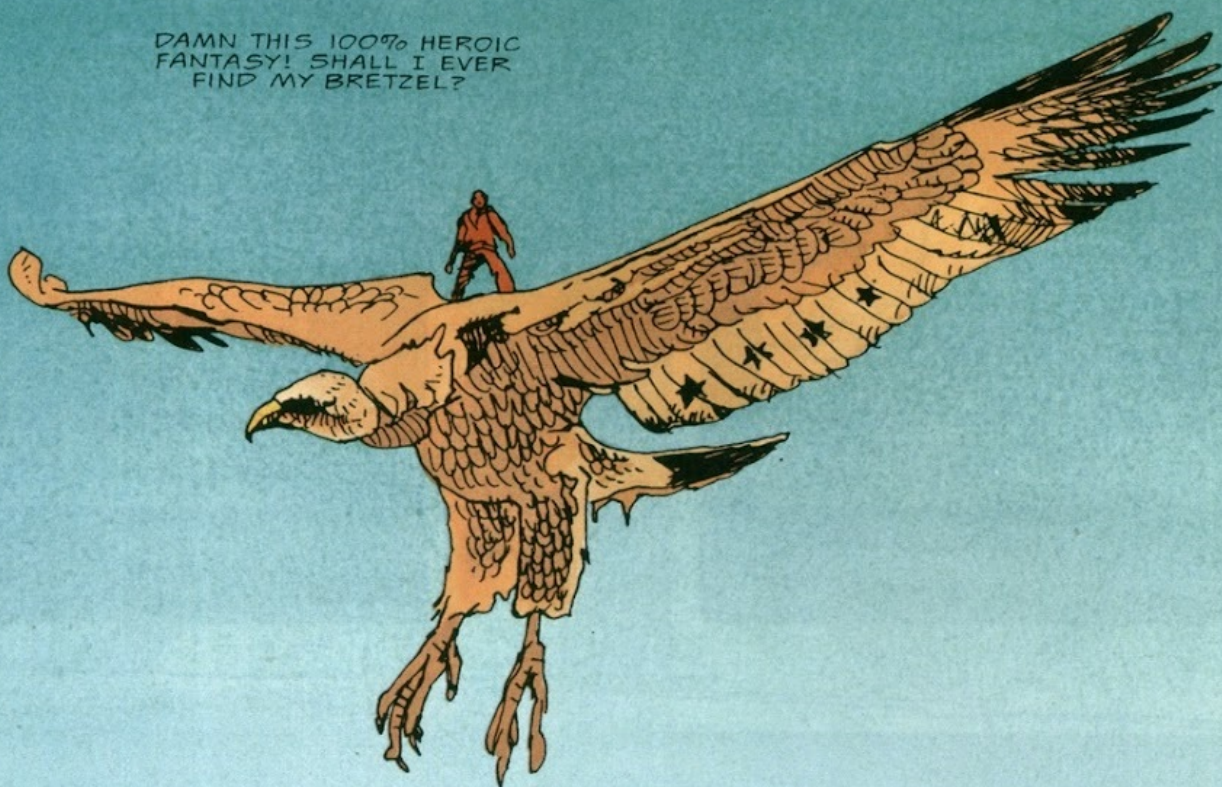
I'M
NOT
GONNA
GIVE
UP!



BY ZAPPA
THE BIG
PAPA!

THE PARADE OF THE
BALD VULTURE!

DAMN THIS 100% HEROIC
FANTASY! SHALL I EVER
FIND MY BRETZEL?

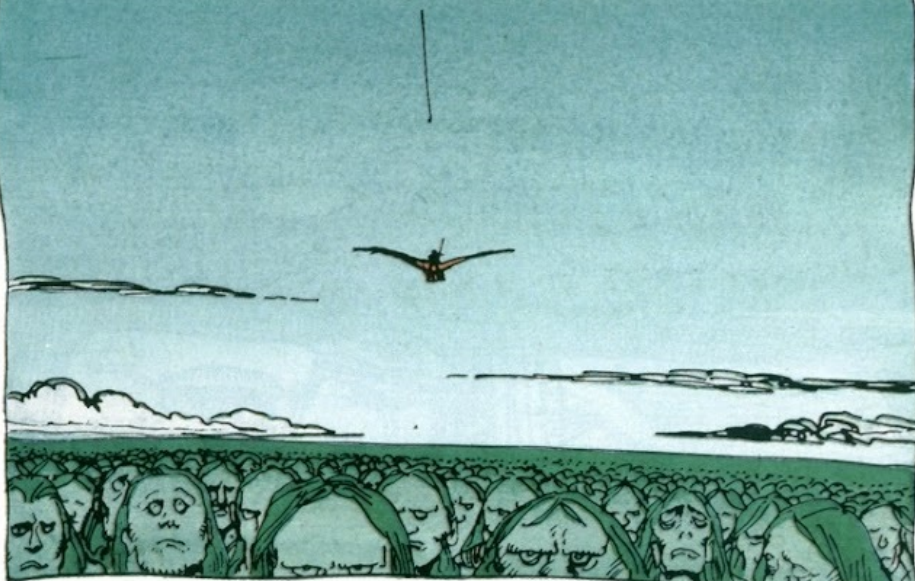


WITHOUT IT, I'LL NEVER REACH
MY SUPERSPATIAL CADILLAC
AND RETURN TO MY NATIVE
LAND! IT
MAY ALL
SEEM
OBSCURE
TO YOU,
BUT IT'S
VERY
SAD
NEVER-
THE-
LESS!



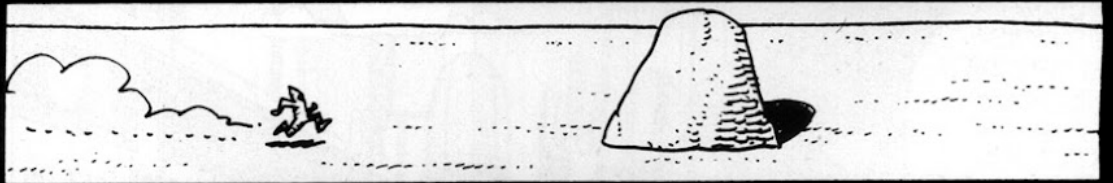
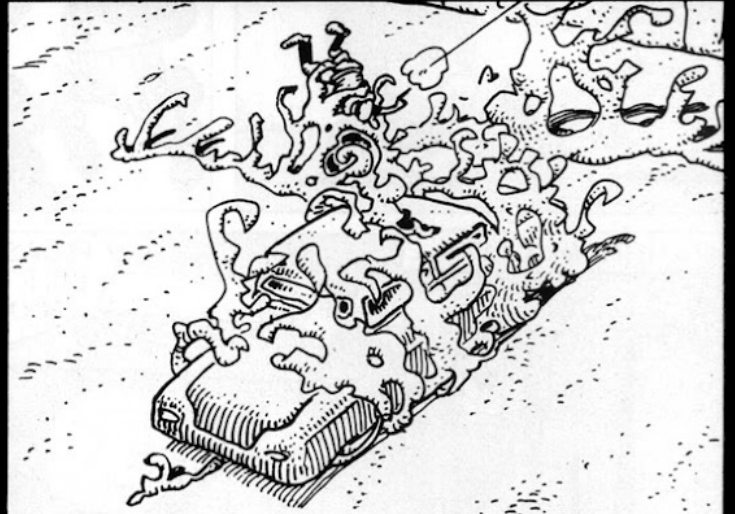
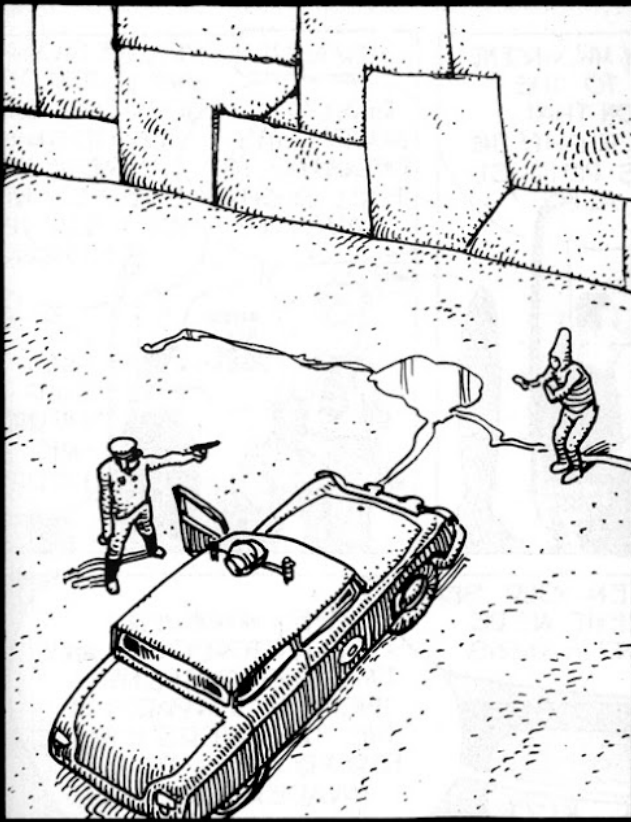
IN ANY EVENT,
I'M NOT EVER
GOING BACK
TO CASTLE
TIERNY!

I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! ONLY MY PATRONYMIC
DEVIATION SAVED ME! BUT MY CIRCLE OF
PROTECTION AGAINST RED-HOT BRUNETTES MUST
HAVE HAD A MINUSCULE BREAK IN IT! MAYBE IT
WAS A HAIRLINE FRACTURE IN THE ROCK?
DAMN PLANET!

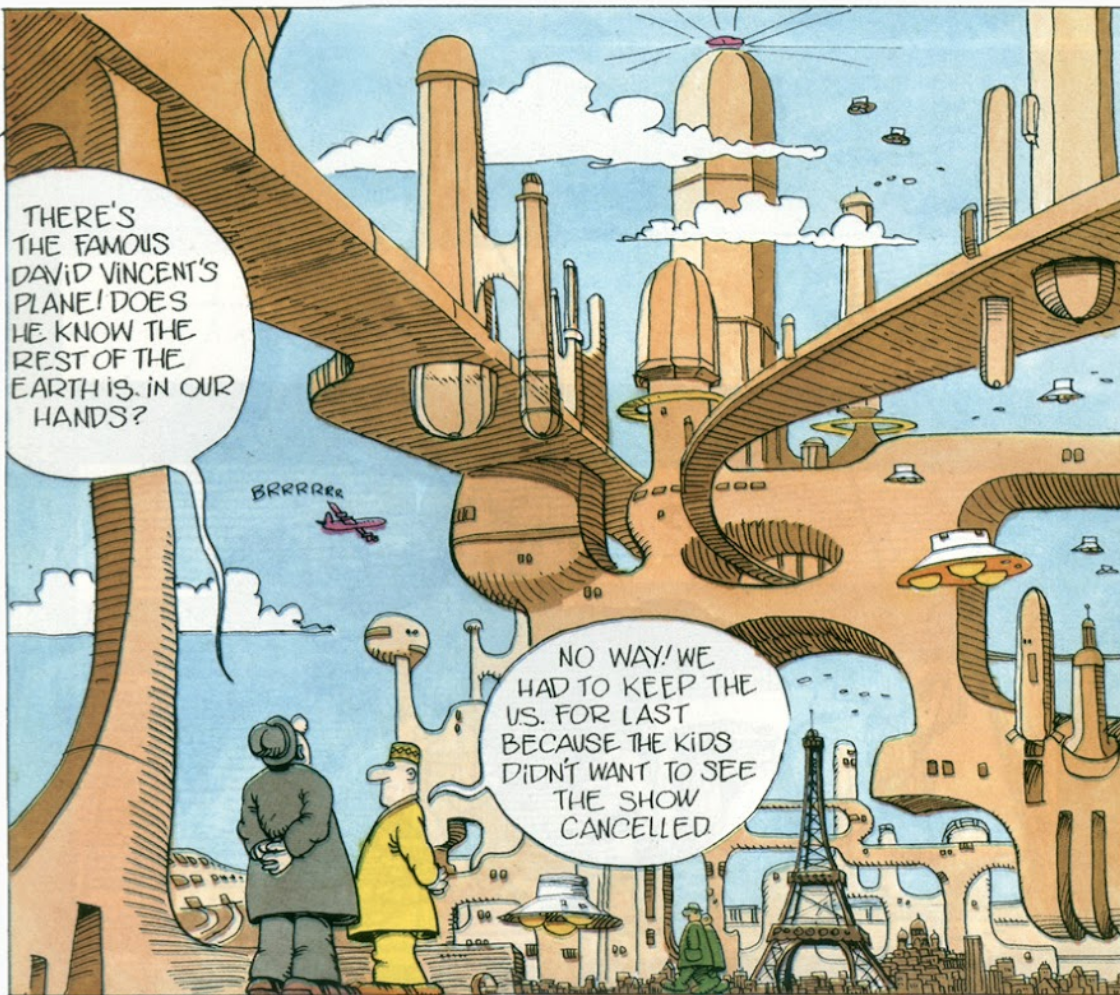


POOR GARBUR IS NOT AT THE END OF HIS TROUBLES YET, AND NEITHER IS HIS VULTURE! WILL HE
SUCCEED IN ESCAPING FROM THE BRUNETTES OR THE TAILLESS DOGS? WILL HE EVER FIND HIS BRET-
ZEL? YOU'LL LEARN THE ANSWERS TO ALL THESE QUESTIONS BY READING THE 17383rd EPISODE OF:
YOU'RE THE OBJECT OF THIS AND THAT, ON SALE NEXT CENTURY IN ALL FINE COMIC STORES, AND EVEN





THE INVADERS



(FIN)

