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# MOEBIUS

THE COLLECTED FANTASIES OF JEAN GIRAUD

1™



# UPON A STAR™



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UPON A STAR

MOEBIUS

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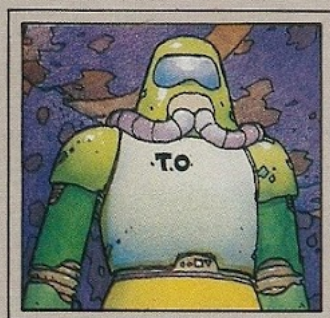
LAURENT GIRAULT

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with special thanks to Jean Annestay



# MOEBIUS 1

UPON A STAR



**MOEBIUS 1**

**UPON A STAR**

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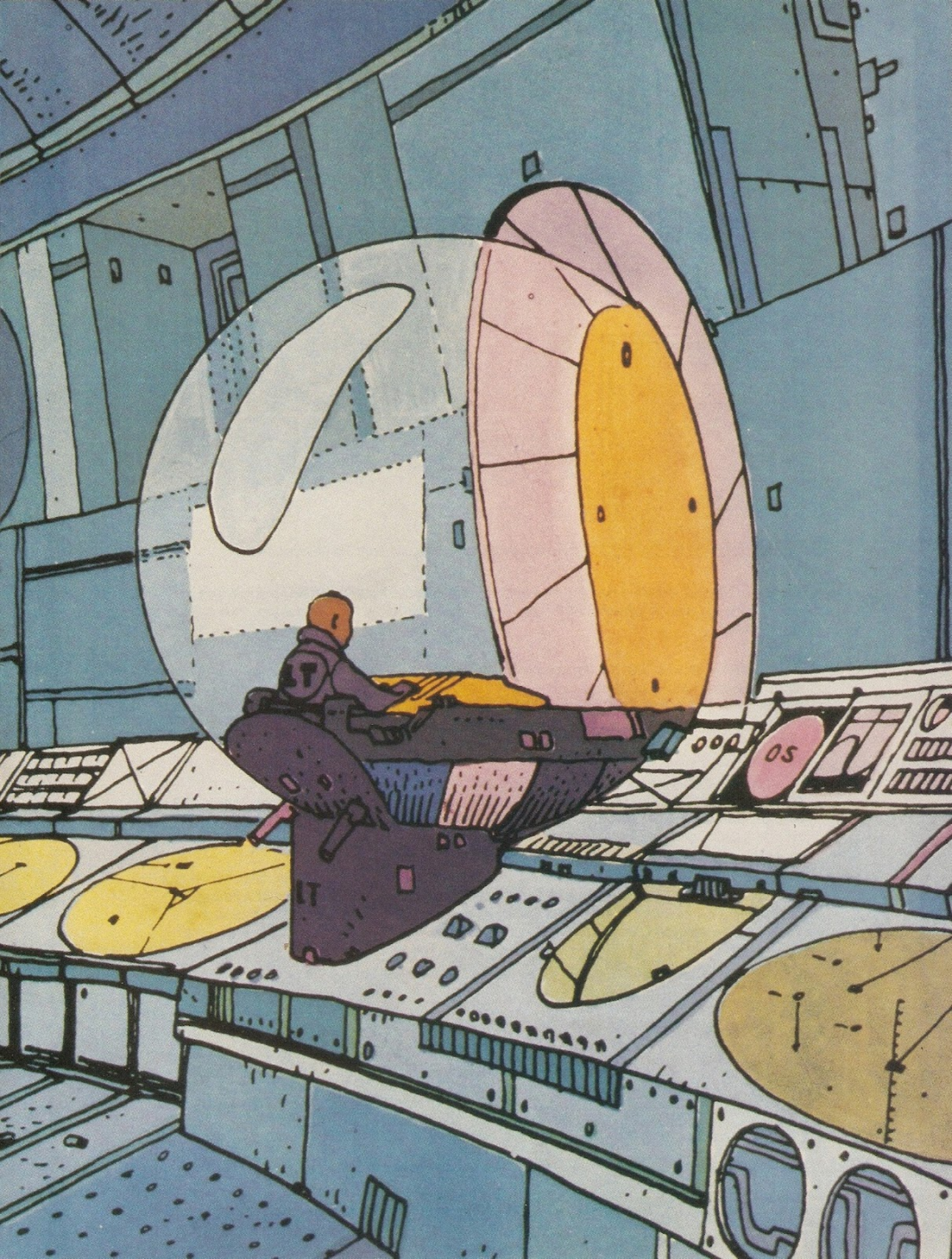
**MOEBIUS 6**

**PHARAGONESIA  
& OTHER STRANGE STORIES**

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## A JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES...

...must begin with a single step, says the Chinese proverb.

This is the first step on a new journey. And it seems particularly appropriate for it to begin in 1987, which is the ten year anniversary of Moebius' first introduction to the American public, in the pages of **Heavy Metal**.

In your hands, you hold the first volume in a series of completely retranslated and reedited republications of Moebius' stories. Each story is accompanied by forewords or afterwords, written especially for this edition, and designed to provide useful background information and unique insights into the mind of the artist. Moebius has been involved every step of the way, making this the definitive collection of his works.

Later volumes will also boast the first appearance—even before they see publication in France—of the “colorized” versions of stories that previously were printed in black-and-white, such as **The Airtight Garage**, **Major Fatal**, etc. Again, Moebius supervised every step of the coloring, often choosing each color used on the entire page.

As to this volume, **Upon a Star** and its short prequel, **The Repairmen**, it is the first chapter of a new cosmic saga entitled **The Aedena Cycle**. The second chapter, **The Gardens of Aedena**, will be Volume 5 in this series. **The Aedena Cycle** will eventually link up with other Moebius works, including **The Airtight Garage**, to form the basis of a coherent Moebius Universe.

As we said, this is the first step in a new journey. Please, travel along with us.

*Jean-Marc A. Remy Lofficier*



# THE REPAIRMEN

moebris.

THE  
PLANET  
STYRIX.  
A WAY-  
MASTER  
HAS  
BROKEN  
DOWN.

STEL...!  
YOU  
SEE  
ANY-  
THING?

NOPE!

IT ALL LOOKS FINE, ATAN.  
PLUGGLES ARE FIRMLY  
LOCKED... LIMIT BREAKER'S  
IN THE RIGHT  
POSITION...

WOW!  
THAT'S  
BAD!

YEAH, I'LL HAVE TO GO  
INTO THE CORE.

BE CAREFUL,  
STEL! YOU KNOW HOW  
UNPREDICTABLE  
WAYMASTER CORES  
CAN BE!

I'M ALMOST  
THERE.  
RADIATION'S  
PRETTY  
STRONG...STILL  
READING  
ME?

WITH YOU EVERY  
STEP. BUT YOUR  
SIGNAL'S  
WEAKENING...  
BE CAREFUL!



REACHED IT! CORE'S  
ONLY RADIATING A FEW  
DOZEN BEAMS... BUT  
THEY ALL SEEM REAL  
POWERFUL...! I'LL--



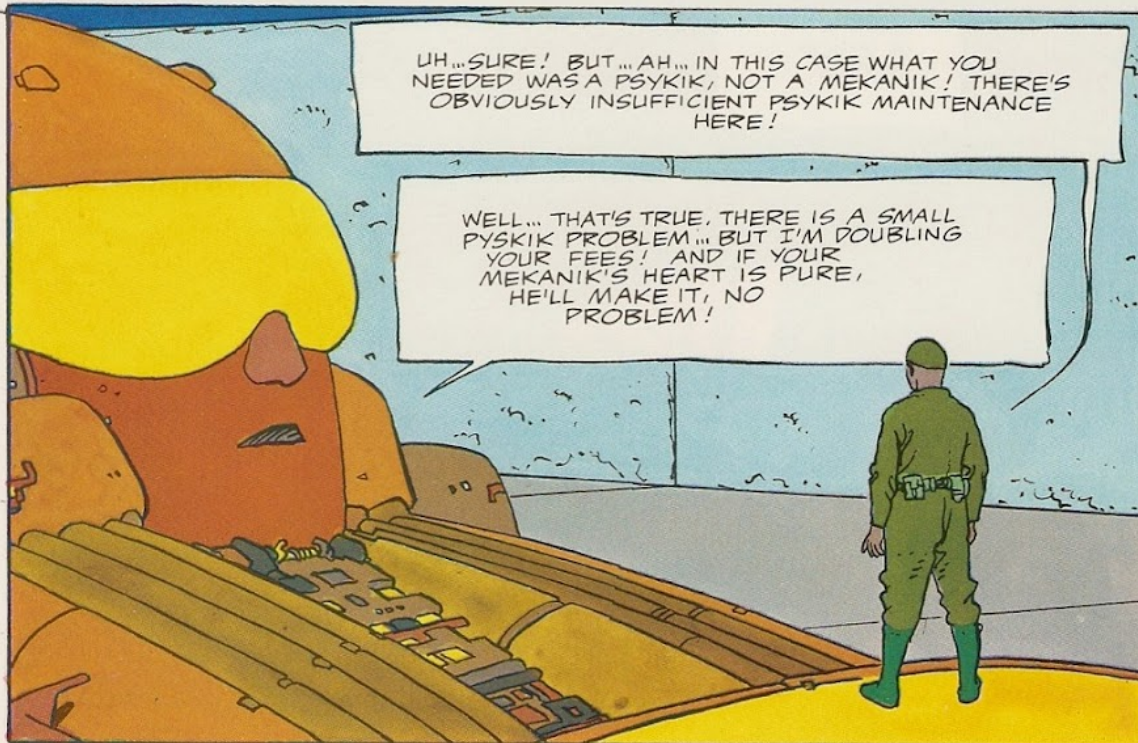
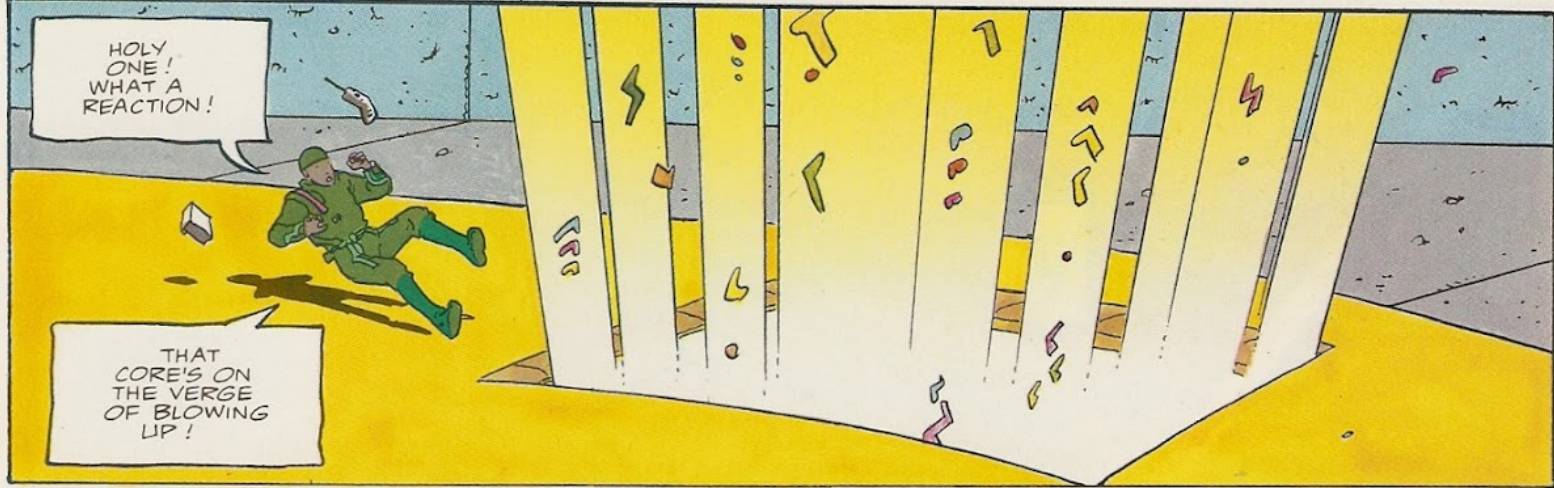
UH-OH!  
IT'S GOT  
ME, ATAN!  
YOU COPY?  
ATAN?!



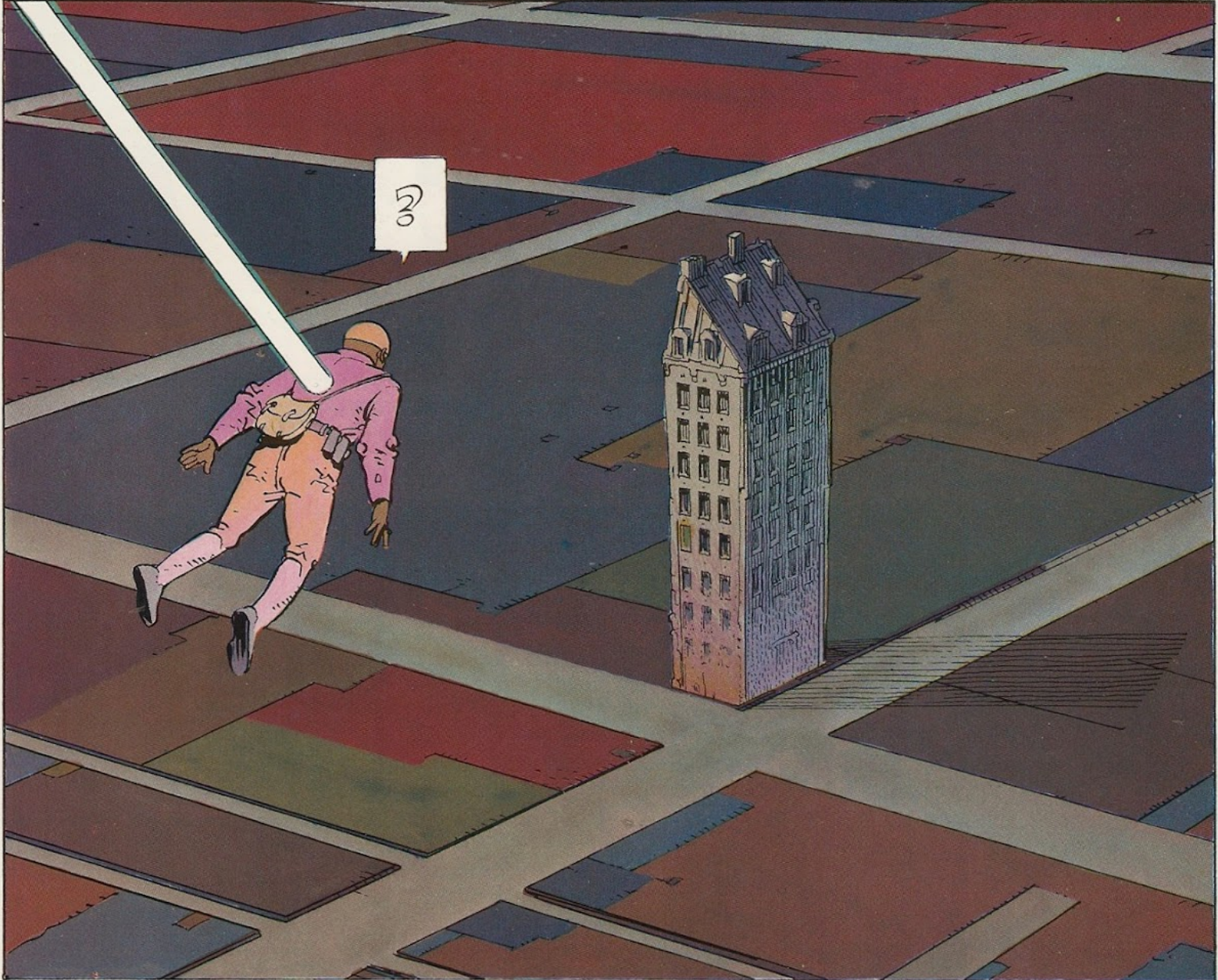
OH,  
POTZ!  
CONTACT'S  
BROKEN!











MOEBIUS 4







THAT'S IT! IT'S WORKING AGAIN!  
CONGRATULATIONS, HUMANOID, YOUR  
MEKANIK IS INDEED GIFTED!

AND HIS  
HEART IS  
TRULY PURE!

RRRRMMMMMMMM

STEL...!  
WHAT  
WAS  
THE  
PROBLEM?

AW... AN OLD  
STORY FROM THE  
PAST, YOU KNOW...  
EVERYONE HAS  
SOME DEEPLY  
BURIED PAIN,  
EVEN  
WAYMASTERS.

LOOK AT ME, FOR EXAMPLE,  
WHEN I WAS A KID, I WAS GIVEN  
A BEAUTIFUL RED AND WHITE  
SUBMARINE. AND THEN  
IT BROKE...

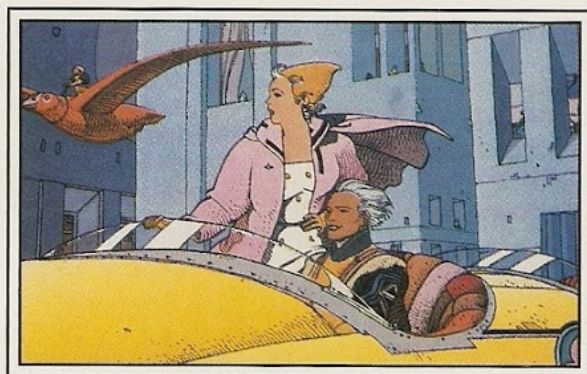
AND  
SO...?

WELL, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE  
THE PAIN IT CAUSED ME AT  
THE TIME. HEY! TAKE A  
LOOK... THE WAYMASTER  
IS LEAVING! HE'S  
REALLY IN A HURRY...  
JUST LIKE HE WAS GOING  
SOME PLACE! (1)

OKAY!  
LET'S GET  
BACK TO THE  
SHIP AND  
OUT OF  
HERE!

(1) **THE WAYMASTERS** (STYRIX: R4<sup>67</sup> SE.09)  
MYSTERIOUS RACE WHO DRIVE ENDLESSLY  
ACROSS THE INCREDIBLE NETWORK OF  
ROADS WHICH COVERS THEIR PLANET. **THE  
WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE**, VOL. 3, SECT. 312.





Several years ago, I was contacted by one of the persons in charge of advertising at Citroën, the French car maker. He wanted to launch a promotion aimed at their sales force, and he asked me if I could do a comic story for them. Apparently, he was a great fan of my work, which he had read when he was a student. At the time, he was about 35, and he obviously was in a position of power, which enabled him to do pretty much what he wanted.

At first, I was a bit reluctant. Then, I thought about it for a while and I began to realize that Citroën was not like the other car makers. They are a little like the poets of popular automobiles. They made the 2 CV, the DS...I became convinced that it was a great opportunity to create something fun and different—in particular, about the "Traction," the car that you see in the story, which has always fascinated me. It's such a mythical car...

So, I agreed to do the job, and I started to look for an idea. Then, something strange happened. Citroën had wanted me to draw a seven-page story, and I had managed to get the assignment cut down to three or four pages, just in case I didn't feel inspired... And, strangely enough, the story just came. Page followed page, as it grew and grew. That's how **Upon A Star** was born.

Originally, I had wanted to have that story drawn by two artist friends of mine. I was going to do the rough pencils, and they would have inked it. One day, I met them at their studio and, there and then, I started to draw the story, very fast, doing just layouts. That's when it started to grow: ten, twenty, thirty, forty pages! When I was finished, I realized they were looking at me in shock. One of them asked me, "That's your four-page story?"

In the space of half an hour, I had drawn the entire story as it is now, almost in a creative trance. It came all at once, which is fairly rare. Then, I liked it so much that I changed my mind and decided to draw it myself. I did it fairly quickly, by adopting a relatively simple, yet very polished, style.

The Citroën people were delighted. They immediately changed their plan and printed it as a deluxe, limited edition, hardcover book. I always thought that part of the real motivation of the person who had ordered the story was that he was a collector. There, he was in the position of creating a unique collector's item, and totally in control of its distribution!

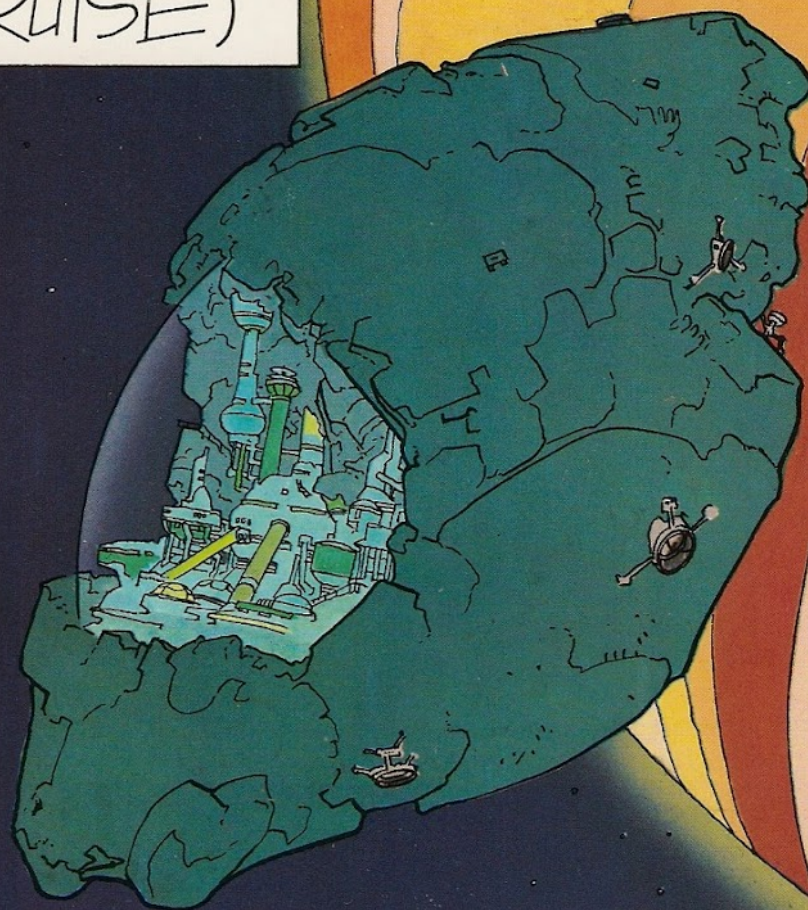
The limited edition was then distributed exclusively to Citroën top sales people, thereby frustrating all the traditional French comics collectors. Sometimes, when I do a signing, someone will come to me, walking very carefully, as if he was carrying something extremely precious, and present me a Citroën book to sign. When I ask them how they got it, they become very pale and they don't answer!...



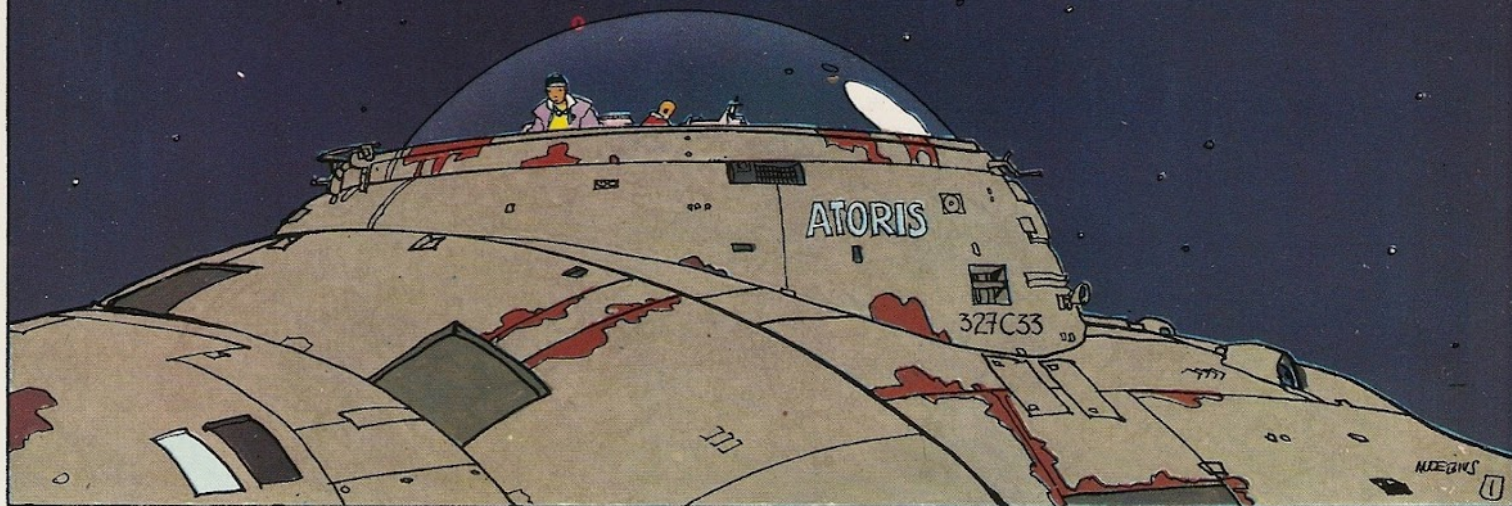
# UPON A STAR... (A CITROËN CRUISE)

FOOFI CALLING  
SCRAPPER! FOOFI  
CALLING SCRAPPER!

POTZ!



SEVENTY HOURS AND STILL NO ANSWER!  
IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE!





IT'S NOT LIKE  
TROLLOPEN NOT  
TO ANSWER.

I KNOW, I KNOW. THE END OF  
THE "ATORIS"--

HE **HAS** TO ANSWER,  
ATAN! OUR TRIDIUM  
BARS ARE VERY CLOSE  
TO INVERSION. YOU  
KNOW WHAT IT'D MEAN  
TO BE OUT OF FUEL  
IN THIS PART OF  
THE GALAXY?



--AND THE END OF THE ROAD FOR THE TRAVELING  
**O RIGEL** SHOW AND ITS BRILLIANT MANAGER,  
ATAN "POMIEL" BELFONTEINE! TRAGIC!

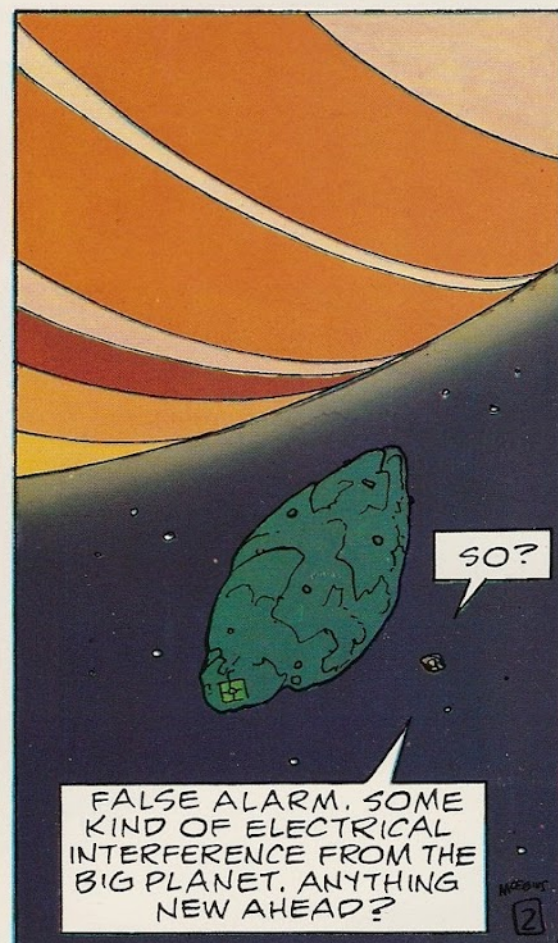
NOT TO  
MENTION HIS  
PILOT. AH... A  
SIGNAL!

?!  
!!



SO?

FALSE ALARM. SOME  
KIND OF ELECTRICAL  
INTERFERENCE FROM THE  
BIG PLANET. ANYTHING  
NEW AHEAD?





NOTHING!

LOOK! THE REFINERY IS DESERTED. USUALLY THAT PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH PEOPLE.

MAYBE THEY WERE ATTACKED BY THE PIRATES OF TELFER... HAULED OFF AND SOLD TO THE SLAVE MARKETS OF THE BARBARIAN ZONE! BUT THERE'D AT LEAST BE SIGNS OF FIGHTING... AND...

AND...?

I SURE DON'T SEE ANY.

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO.

GO IN?

GO IN.



AT LEAST THE AUTO-  
MATIC HOMING BEACONS  
ARE STILL OKAY.

ME, I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE LAND-  
ING PAD. GOD, I HOPE IT OPENS!

IT'S  
WORK-  
ING!

WHERE ARE  
OUR GUNS?  
DON'T YOU  
THINK WE  
SHOULD TAKE  
OUR GUNS,  
STEL?

YOO HOO!  
ANYBODY  
HOME?



THE LITTLE ASTEROID  
CONTINUES ITS WILD  
RIDE AROUND THE  
MASSIVE WORLD IT  
ORBITS.

INSIDE, STEL  
AND ATAN  
METHODICALLY  
EXPLORE  
THE MANY  
PASSAGeways  
THAT HONEY-  
COMB IT.

YOO HOO!  
ANYBODY  
THERE...?

NOPE! NO  
ONE IN  
HERE!

STOP SHOUTING!  
CAN'T YOU SEE  
THERE'S NOBODY  
HERE?

CORRECTION: WE CAN'T  
SEE ANYBODY HERE!

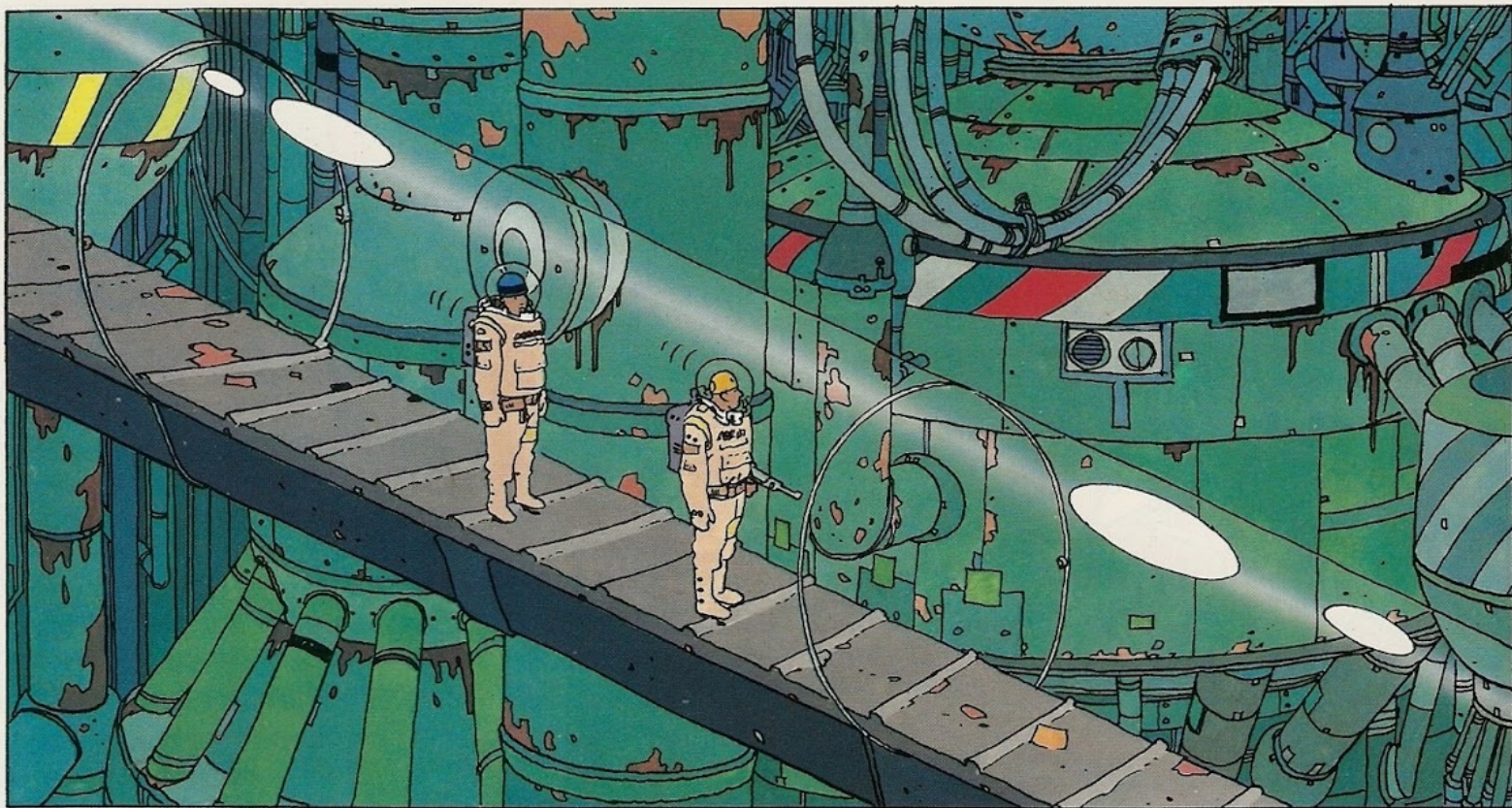
LISTEN, WHY  
DON'T WE JUST  
TAKE THE  
TRIDIUM BARS  
AND LEAVE  
A CREDOC...?

YOO  
HOO!  
ANY-  
BODY!  
NO  
NEED  
TO  
HIDE!

WE LEAVE THE  
CREDOC AND  
BLAST OFF TO  
CHROME! THERE'S  
STILL TIME TO  
CATCH THE  
JALOPY FESTIVAL  
OF PROXIMA  
CENTAURI!

THE FESTIVAL  
CAN WAIT, ATAN!  
I'D LIKE TO  
KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
TROLLOPEN  
AND THE TWO  
HUNDRED  
OTHERS WHO  
LIVED  
HERE...

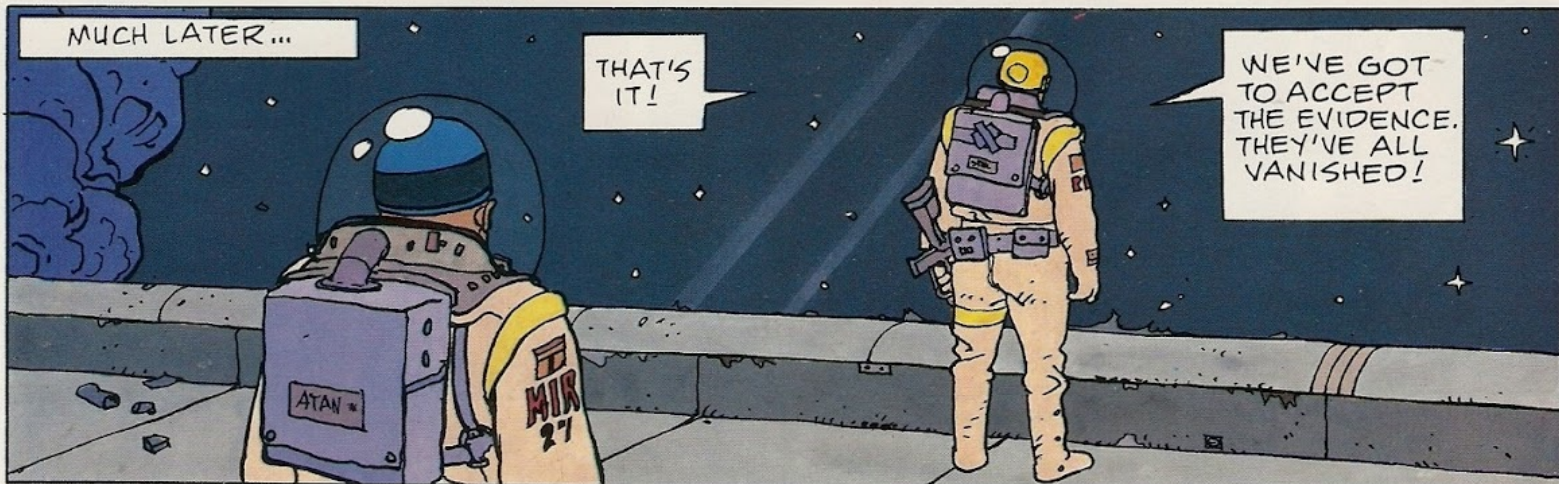




MUCH LATER...

THAT'S  
IT!

WE'VE GOT  
TO ACCEPT  
THE EVIDENCE.  
THEY'VE ALL  
VANISHED!



WHAT'S THIS, STEL?  
THE MAIN CONTROL  
PANEL?

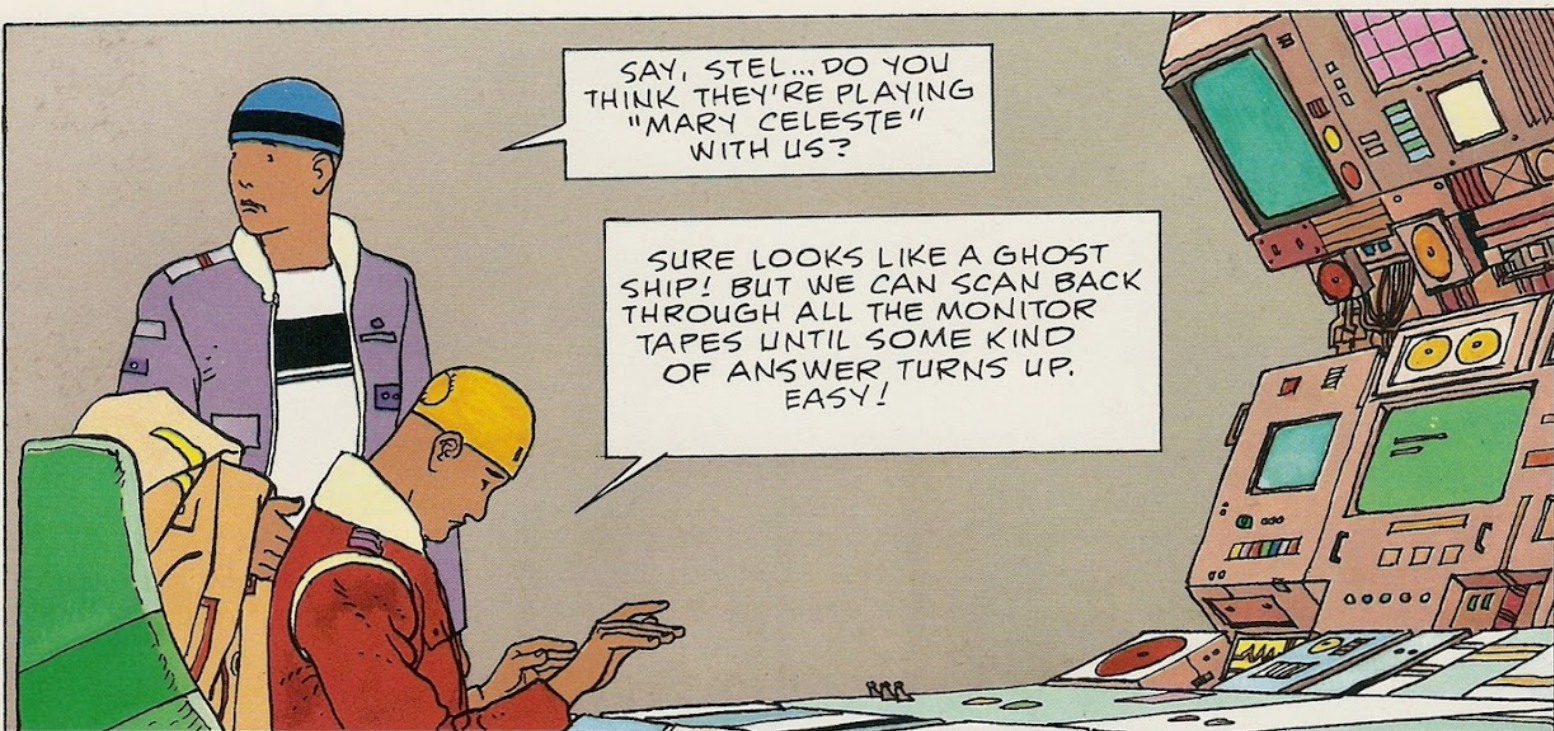
YEAH!  
EVERY-  
THING GOES  
THROUGH  
THAT COM-  
PUTER.

IF THERE  
ARE CLUES,  
**THAT'S**  
WHERE WE'LL  
FIND THEM!

AND WE CAN LOOK  
IN COMFORT!  
INDICATORS ALL  
FLASH GREEN, SAFE  
TO REMOVE  
OUR SPACE-  
SUITS.





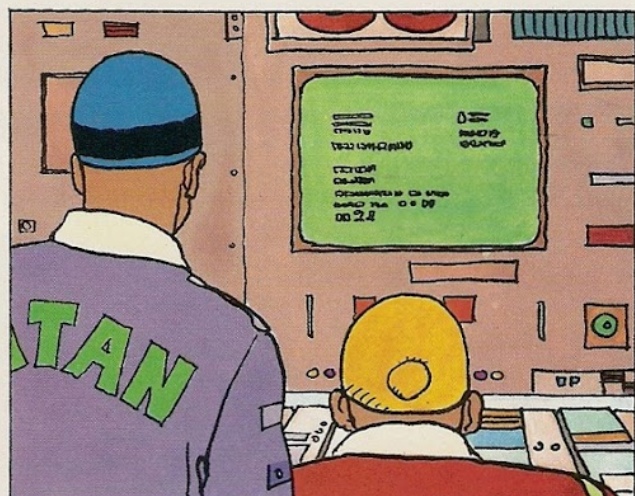
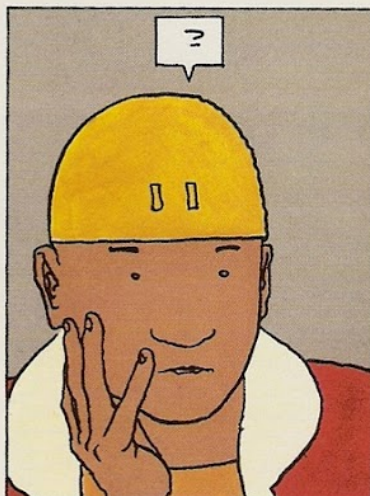


SAY, STEL... DO YOU  
THINK THEY'RE PLAYING  
"MARY CELESTE"  
WITH US?

SURE LOOKS LIKE A GHOST  
SHIP! BUT WE CAN SCAN BACK  
THROUGH ALL THE MONITOR  
TAPES UNTIL SOME KIND  
OF ANSWER TURNS UP.  
EASY!



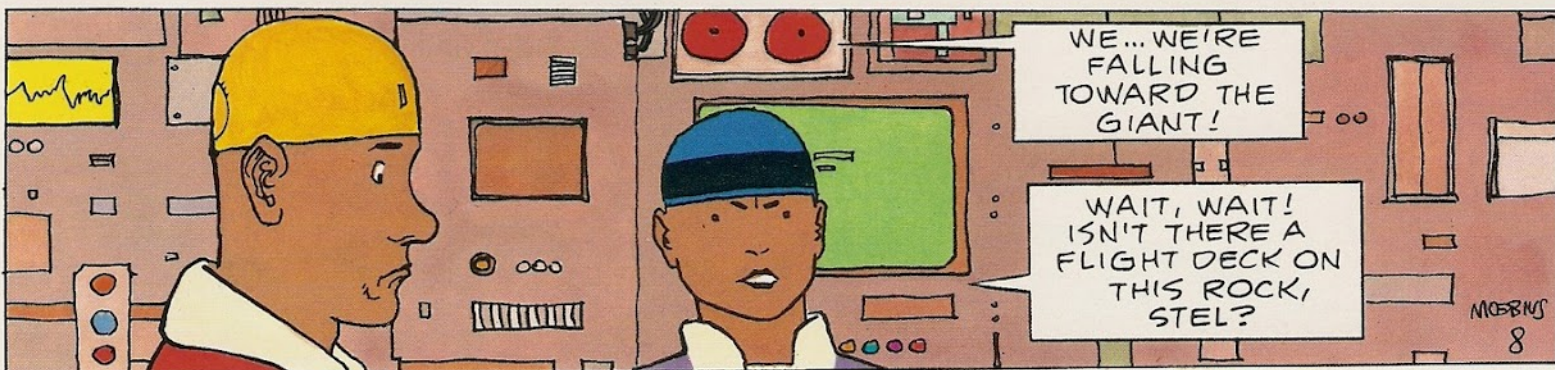
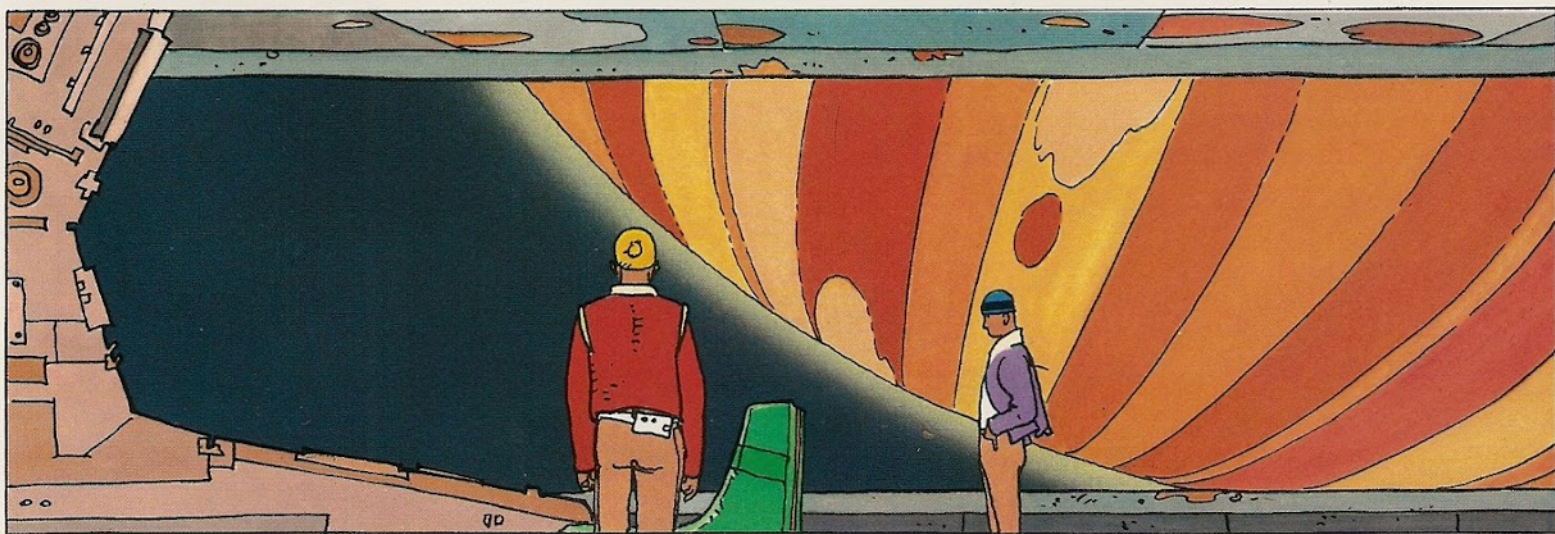
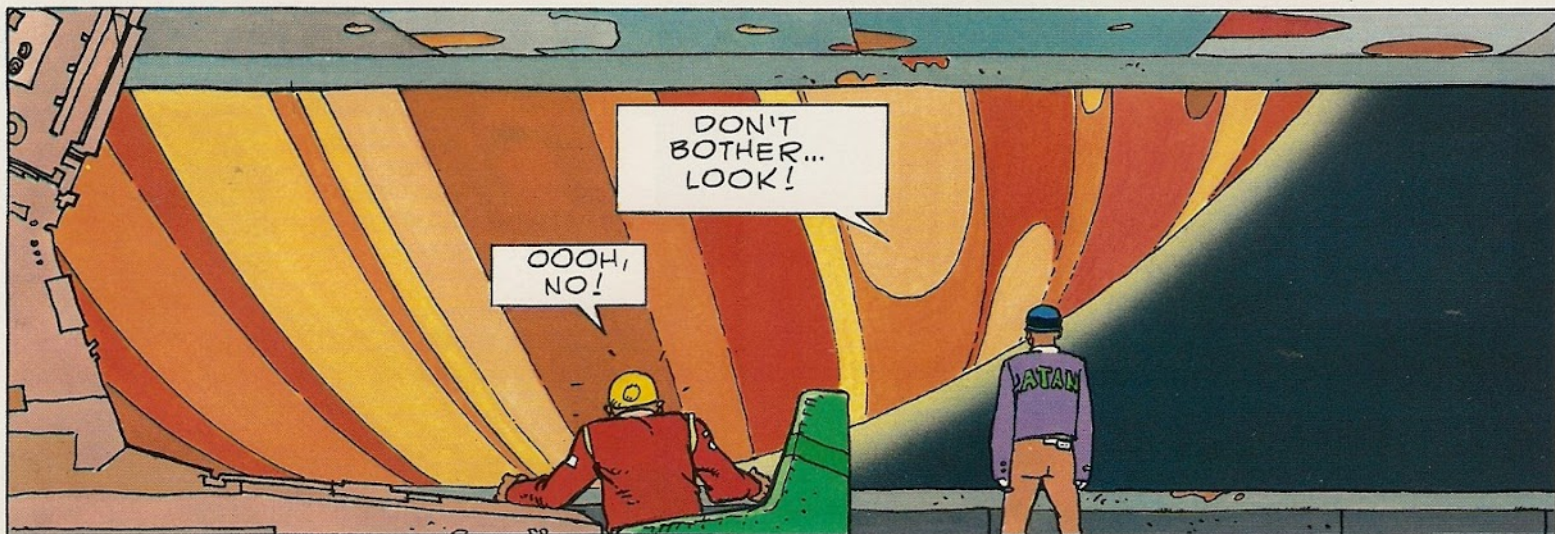
LOOK...!  
THERE!



LET'S SEE... REMINDS  
ME OF THE  
ELECTRICAL INTER-  
FERENCE BEFORE  
ABOARD THE "ATORIS"  
... THAT STATIC FROM  
THE GIANT... **RIGHT!**  
BUT THERE'S MORE  
DATA HERE...  
INDICATES A  
PATTERN! IT'S A  
**SIGNAL**  
**BROADCAST**  
FROM BELOW!  
ORIGIN: THREE  
DEGREES EAST  
OF THE  
NORTH POLE...!  
INCREDIBLE!









YEAH... PRETTY PRIMITIVE  
SYSTEM OF RETRO-ROCKETS,  
BUT IT COULD DO THE JOB.  
MAYBE.

MAYBE?!  
SEE, I  
TOLD YOU  
WE SHOULD  
HAVE  
TAKEN THE  
BARS AND  
SPLIT.

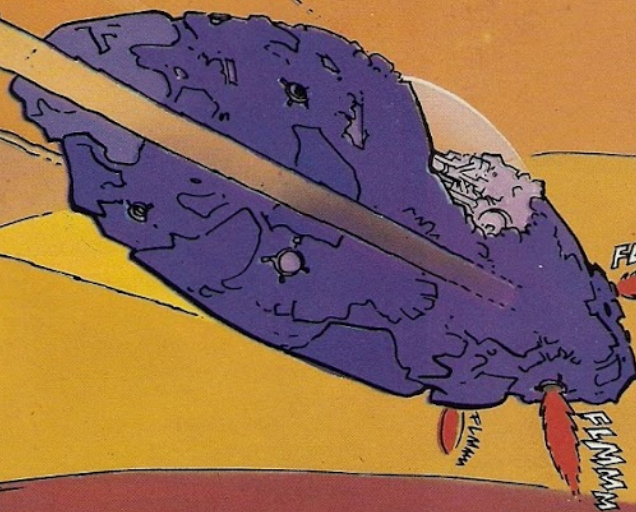
HELP ME  
CONNECT THE  
ELECTRODES.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY-  
THING LIKE THIS! PILOT-  
ING A METEOR! IT'S  
CRAZY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

YEAH,  
IT IS, BUT  
IT'S ALSO  
OUR ONLY  
CHANCE.

ATAN, STRAP YOUR-  
SELF INTO A  
DECELERATION  
CHAIR. FAST!  
WE'RE GOING TO  
CRASH!

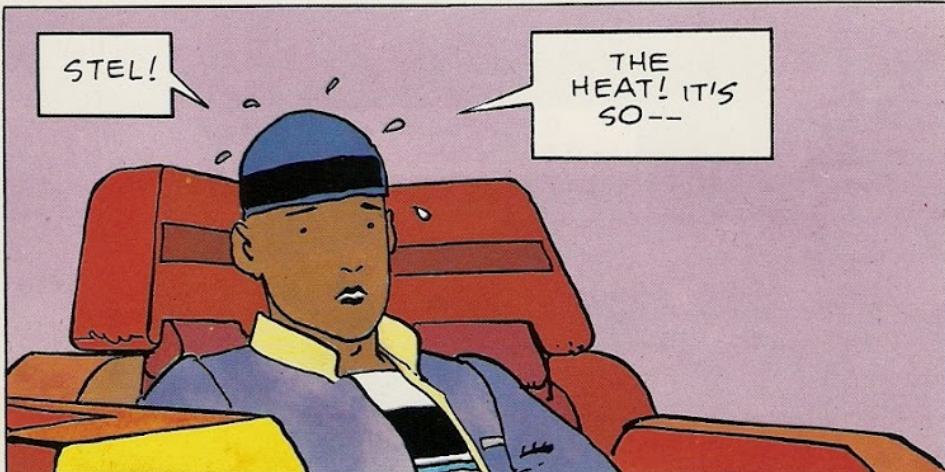
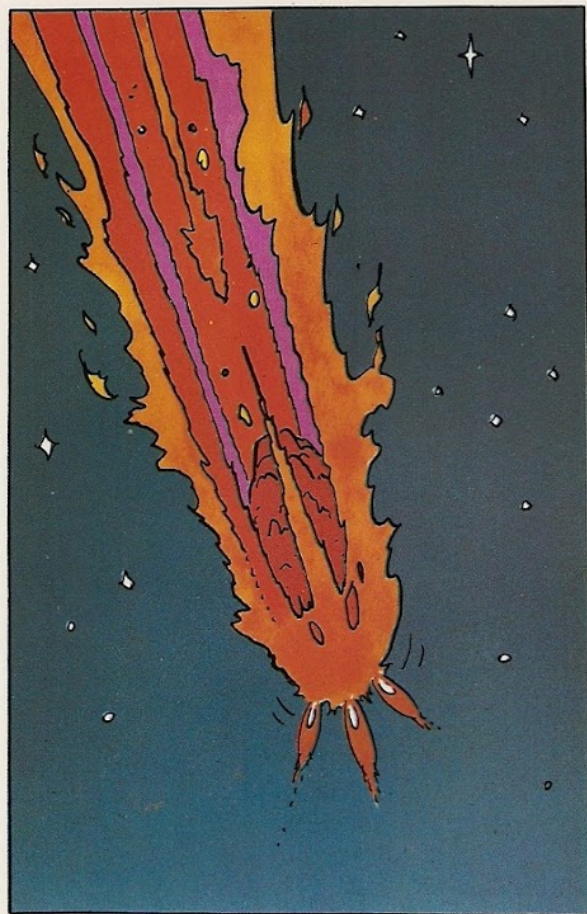
A DE-  
CELERATION  
CHAIR!  
CRASH!  
OH,  
POTZ!



FLMM

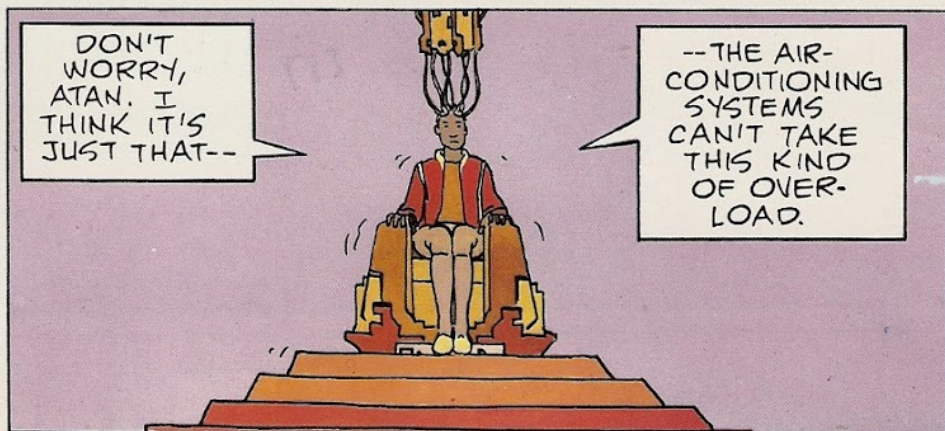
FLMM





STEL!

THE  
HEAT! IT'S  
SO--



DON'T  
WORRY,  
ATAN. I  
THINK IT'S  
JUST THAT--

--THE AIR-  
CONDITIONING  
SYSTEMS  
CAN'T TAKE  
THIS KIND  
OF OVER-  
LOAD.



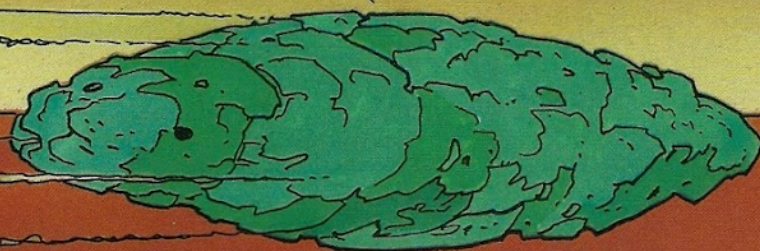
RETRO-ROCKETS  
JUST BURNED OUT!  
BUT OUR  
TRAJECTORY IS  
MORE OR LESS  
OKAY. GET SET,  
ATAN...! CONTACT  
SHOULD OCCUR IN  
APPROXIMATELY  
TWENTY-NINE  
SECONDS.

SO SOON?!



EIGHTEEN...  
SEVENTEEN...

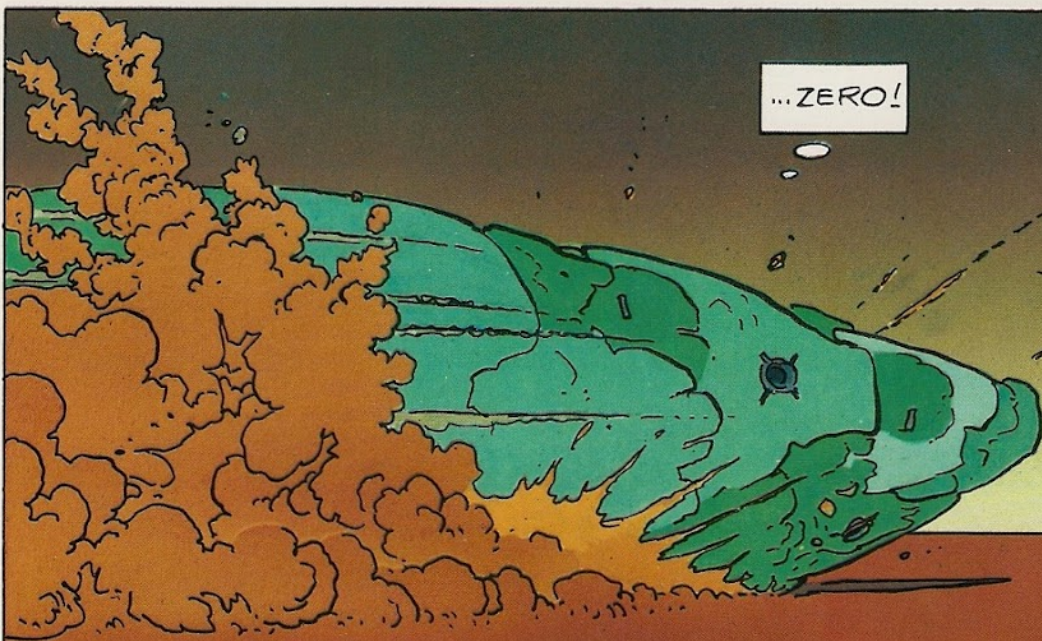
STEL!



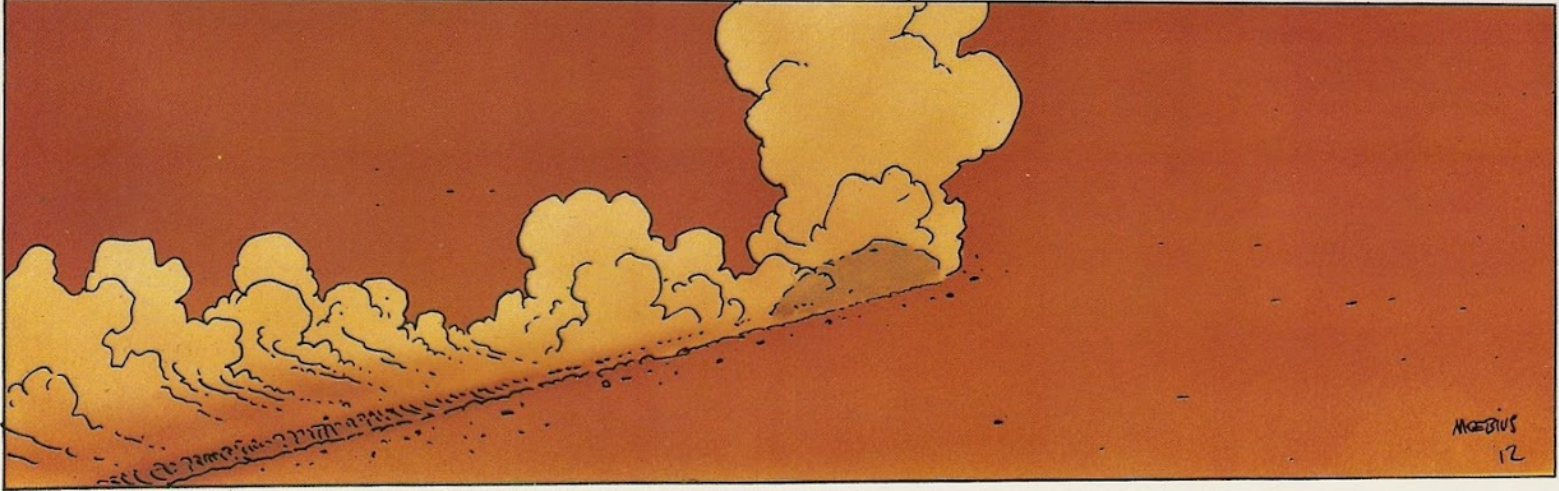
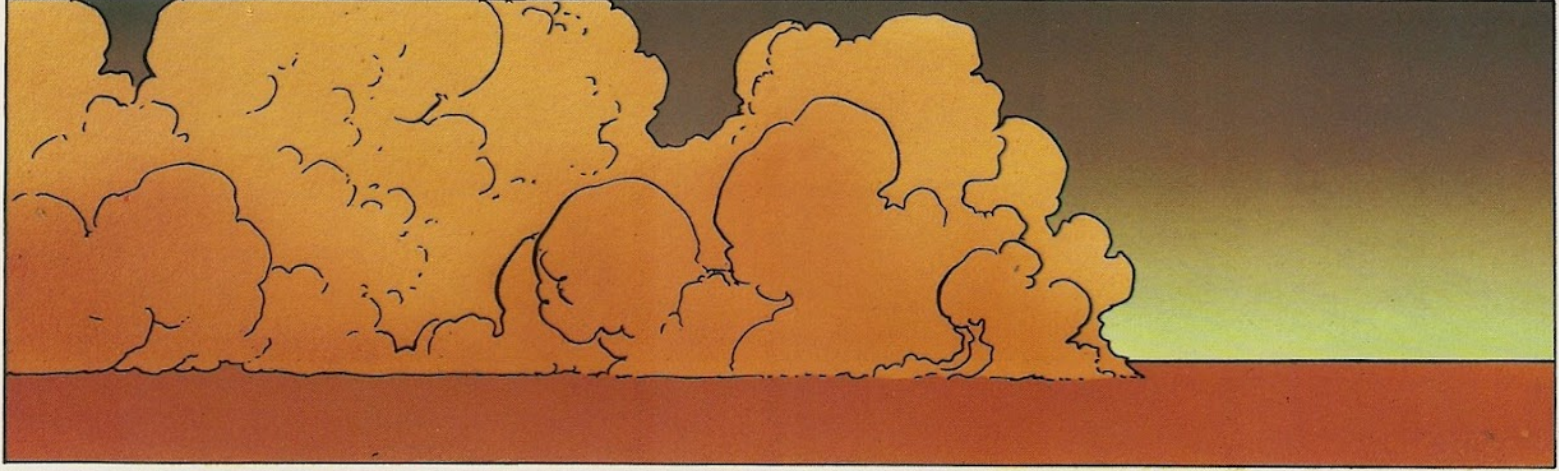
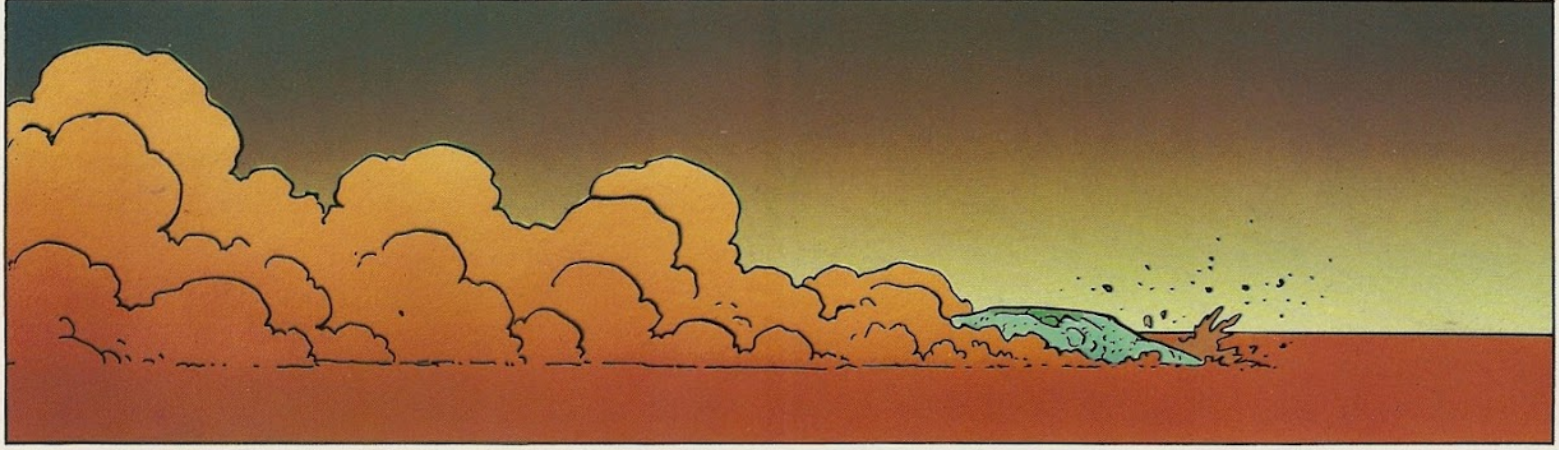
PLEASE!  
STOP COUNTING!  
YOU'RE  
SCARING THE  
HELL OUT  
OF ME!

FIVE...  
FOUR...  
THREE...

...ZERO!







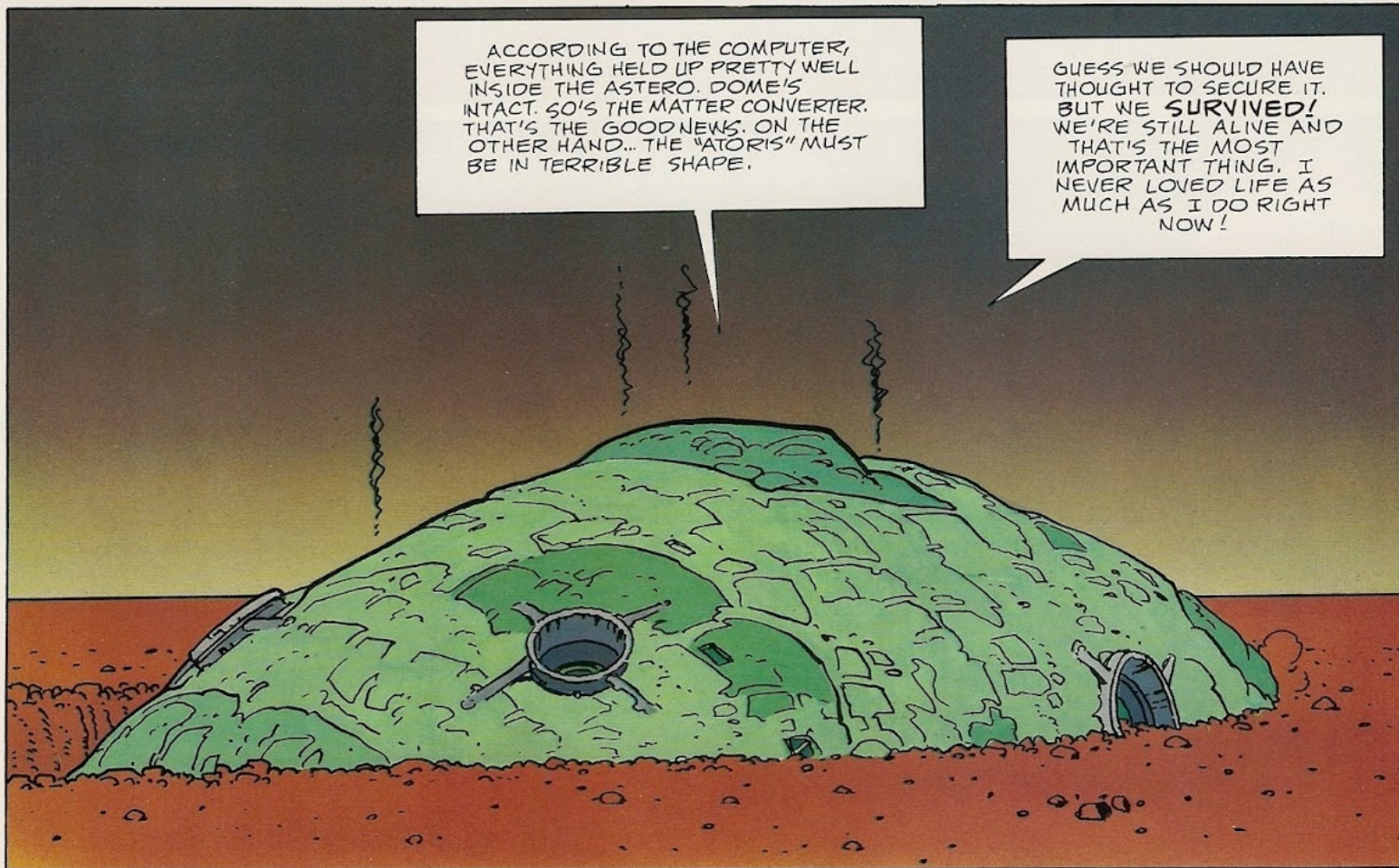




I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! **STEL!** YOU LANDED THE ASTEROID! WHAT A PILOT! WHAT A PILOT!

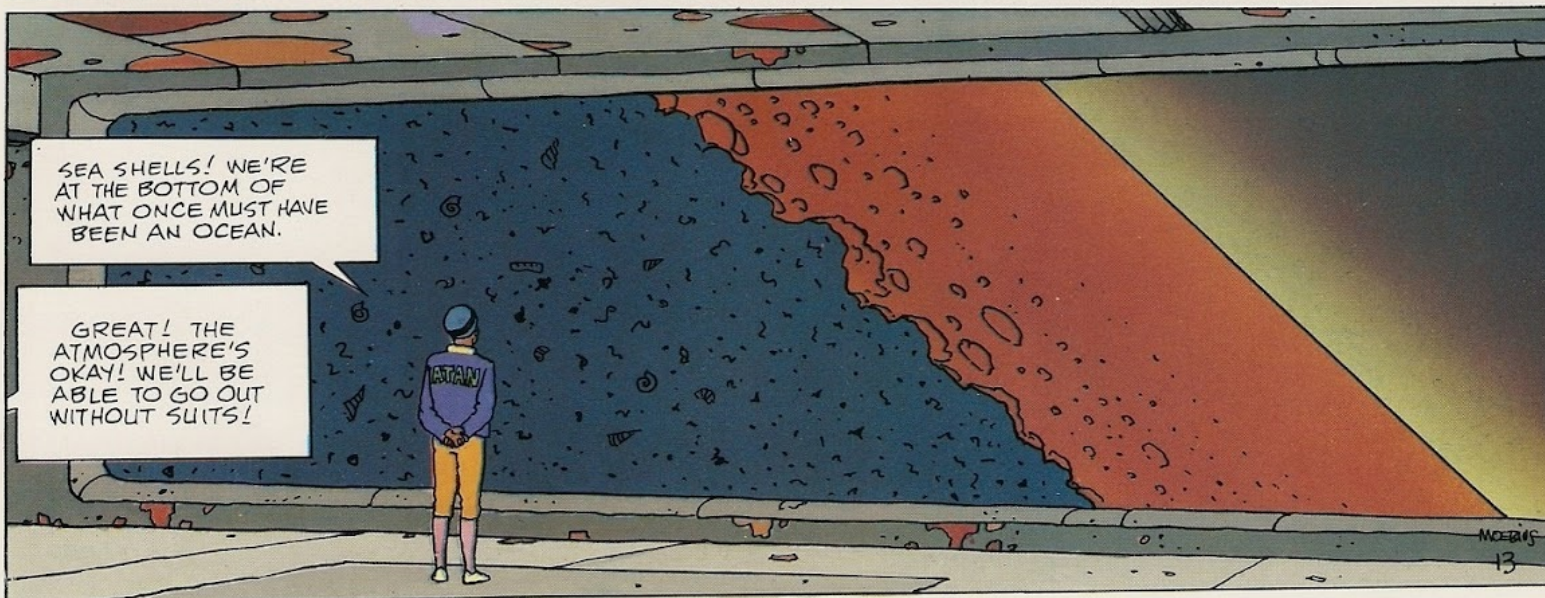


NO... MORE! A GENIUS!



ACCORDING TO THE COMPUTER, EVERYTHING HELD UP PRETTY WELL INSIDE THE ASTERO. DOME'S INTACT. SO'S THE MATTER CONVERTER. THAT'S THE GOOD NEWS. ON THE OTHER HAND... THE "ATORIS" MUST BE IN TERRIBLE SHAPE.

GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT TO SECURE IT. BUT WE **SURVIVED!** WE'RE STILL ALIVE AND THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING. I NEVER LOVED LIFE AS MUCH AS I DO RIGHT NOW!



SEA SHELLS! WE'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF WHAT ONCE MUST HAVE BEEN AN OCEAN.

GREAT! THE ATMOSPHERE'S OKAY! WE'LL BE ABLE TO GO OUT WITHOUT SUITS!



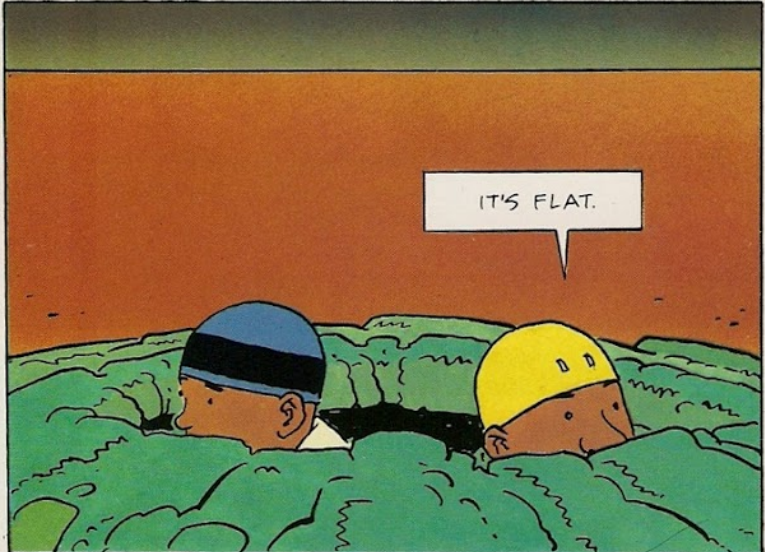


SEEMS  
LIKE IT'S  
JUST  
DESERT.

COME  
ON! WE'LL  
GET  
SOME  
FRESH  
AIR!



H-132... ACCORDING  
TO THIS MAP, IT'S  
THE DOOR THAT  
LEADS TO THE B-12  
CORRIDOR, WHICH  
IN TURN COMES OUT  
ON THE RH 1822.  
SHOULD BE A  
GOOD PLACE TO  
SEE WHAT'S OUT  
THERE...



IT'S FLAT.



NOT BAD, NOT  
BAD AT ALL.

NOT BAD,  
BUT FLAT.



ATAN, THINGS DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD. THE "ATORIS" IS A WRECK... LET'S NOT EVEN TALK ABOUT THE ASTEROID. WE'RE STUCK ON THIS FLAT WORLD UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!

DON'T RUIN THE PLEASURE OF BREATHING THIS NICE, SWEET AIR! DOES THIS PLACE HAVE A NAME? HOW ABOUT... "POOL BALL?"

WITH THE MATTER CONVERTER, WE CAN LAST FOR CENTURIES! LUCKILY, WE'LL BE DEAD OF BOREDOM LONG BEFORE THAT!

CUT IT OUT, STEL! YOU'RE THE BEST PILOT I'VE EVER KNOWN... THE BEST IN THE GALAXY! THE BEST OF ALL TIME...

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT LIFE, STOP WORRYING ABOUT THE FUTURE, OLD PAL, AND JUST BREATHE "POOL BALL'S" GOOD, CLEAN AIR.

SUNSET ON A NAMELESS WORLD...! MAKES YOU THINK...

FUNNY, ATAN, WHEN WE'RE ON A SHIP, OUT IN SPACE, WE NEVER LOOK AT THE STARS...

IT'S TRUE. BUT HERE ...WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO? THERE'S PROXIMA...! AND THE CRAB NEBULA...! WE'RE WAY OFF THE STAR LANES... WHAT A LONELY PLACE!



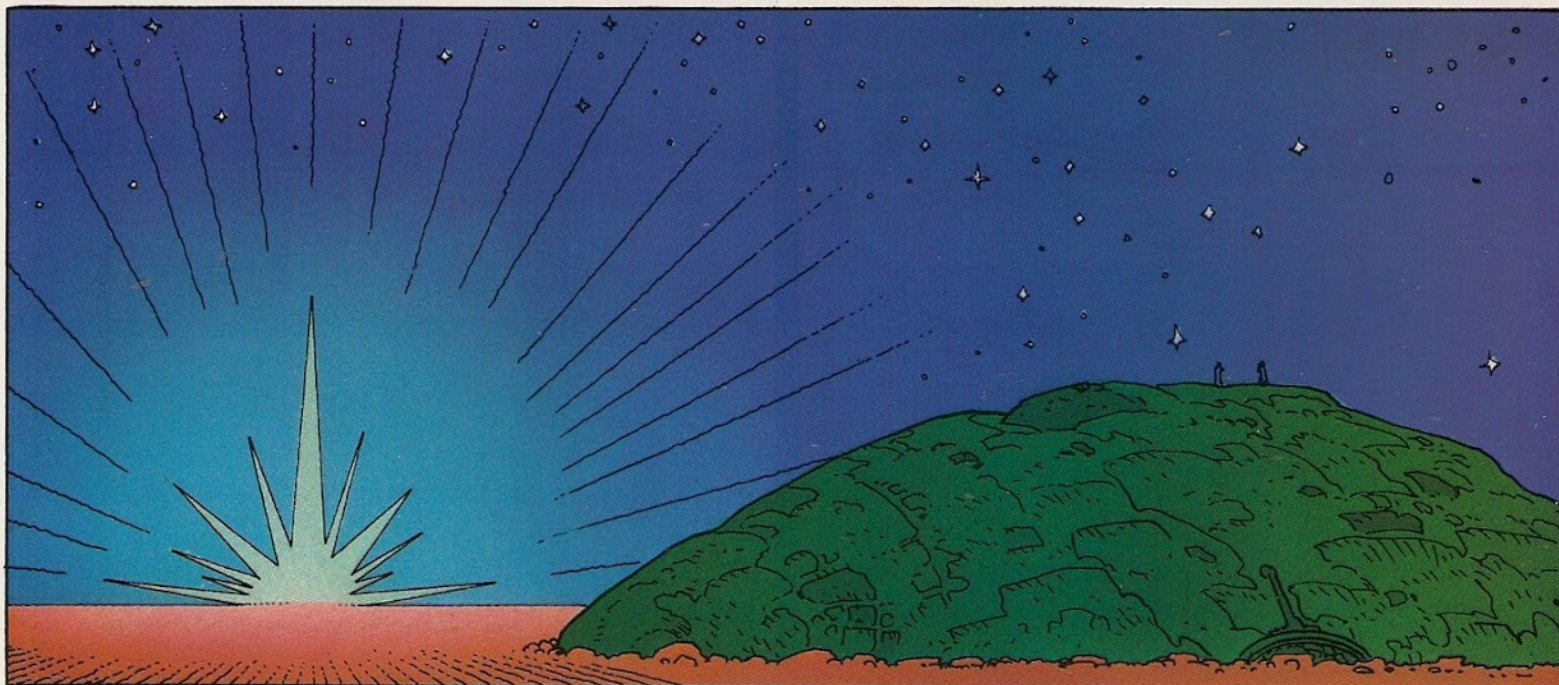


TROLLOPEN'S ASTERO STATION IS REGISTERED, ISN'T IT? SO EVENTUALLY, THEY'LL START WORRYING ABOUT IT ...IN ABOUT TEN YEARS.

THAT'S IT! I'M GOING BACK INSIDE! I'M STARVING AND IT'S GETTING COLD!

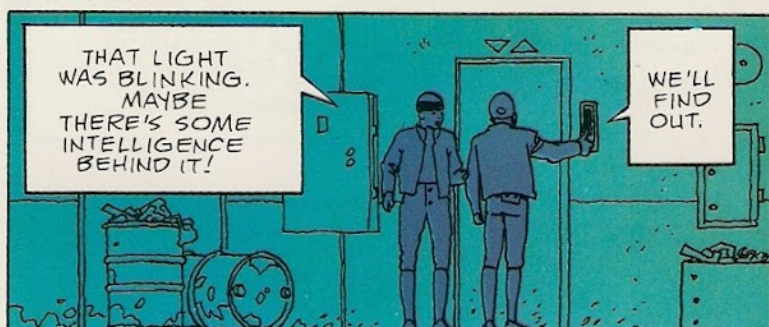


STEL...! OVER HERE!



SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON ON THIS BABY!

YOU BET! AND FINDING WHAT AT LEAST GIVES US SOMETHING TO DO!



THAT LIGHT WAS BLINKING. MAYBE THERE'S SOME INTELLIGENCE BEHIND IT!

WE'LL FIND OUT.



BUT NOT WITH THE "ATORIS"! IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT... COMPLETELY TOTALED! MAYBE ONE OF THE DEMO MACHINES FROM YOUR SHOW SURVIVED THIS DISASTER...

YOU TAKE CARE OF IT... I'M GOING TO COOK US SOME SPAGHETTI.





LA DIDA...BOOM BA-BOOMP...! LA DIDA...BOOM BOOM...!

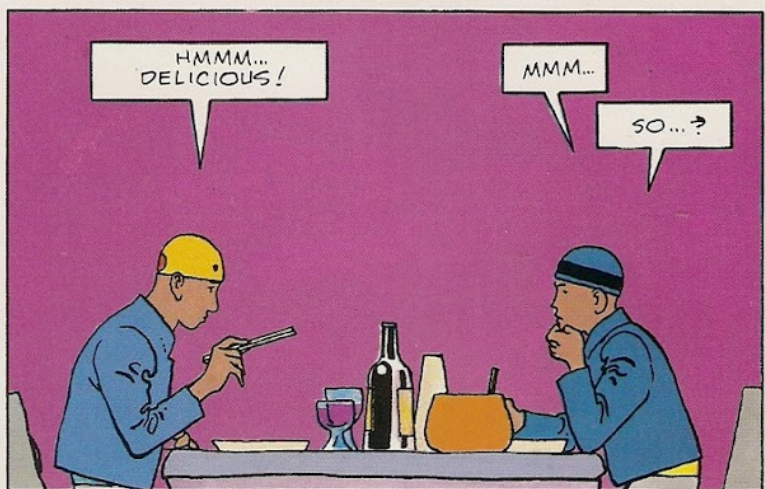


... AND A GOOD BOTTLE OF SAINT-CUDDLE!

SOME-THING SMELLS GOOD.



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EAT WITH THOSE HANDS!



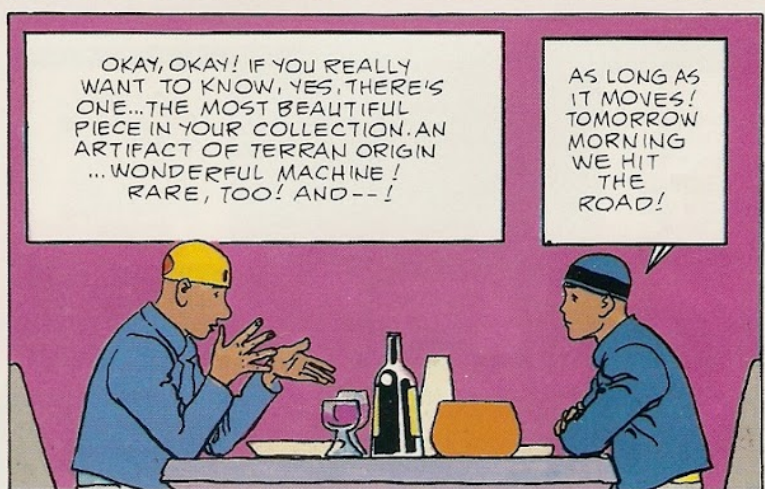
HMMM... DELICIOUS!

MMM...  
SO...?



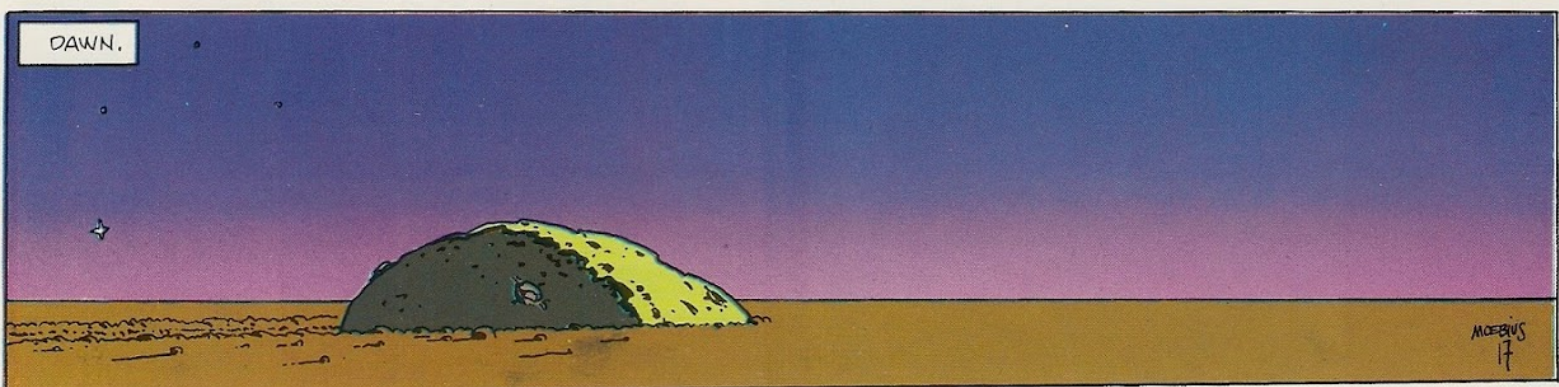
SO WHAT?

STEL! ARE ANY OF THOSE OLD JALOPIES FROM THE HOLD OF THE "ATORIS" IN WORKING ORDER OR NOT...?! WE'VE GOT TO FIND WHAT'S BEHIND THAT LIGHT!



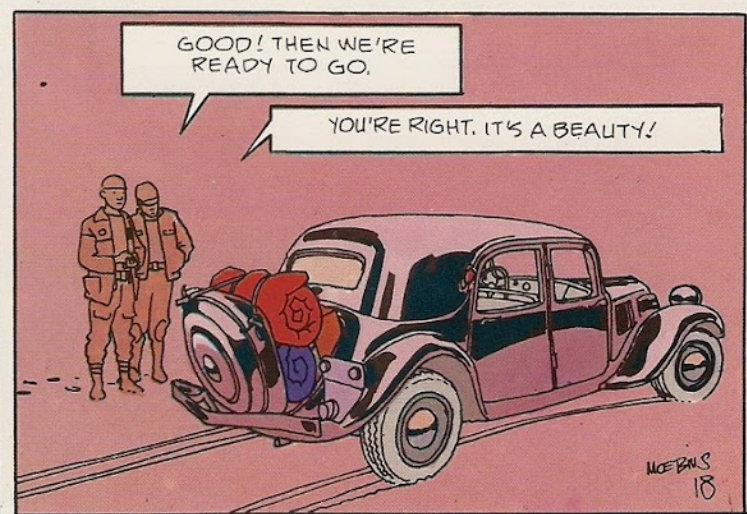
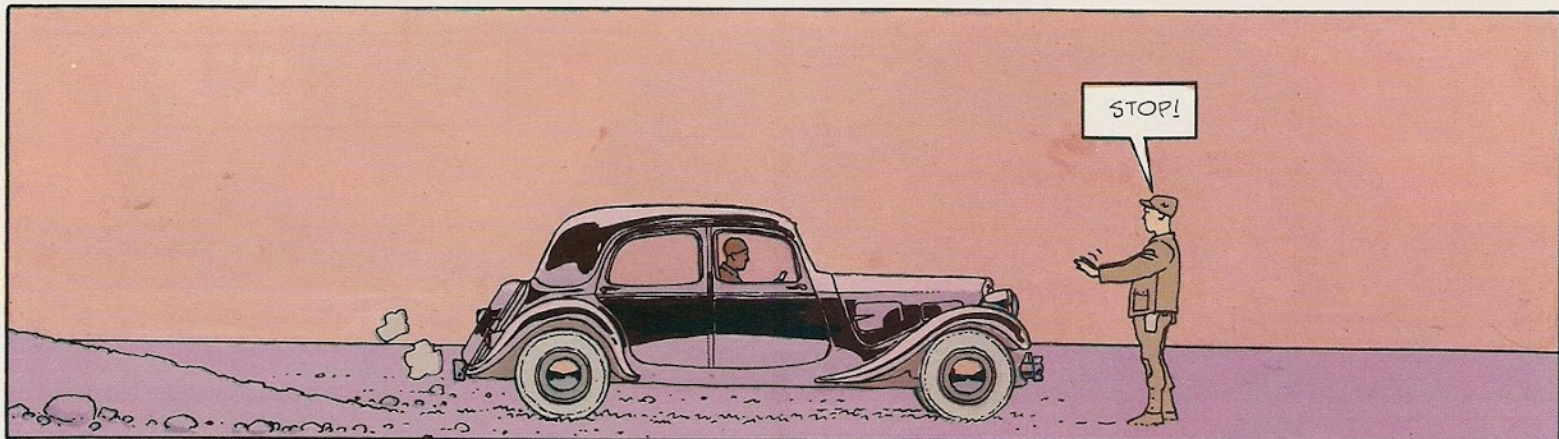
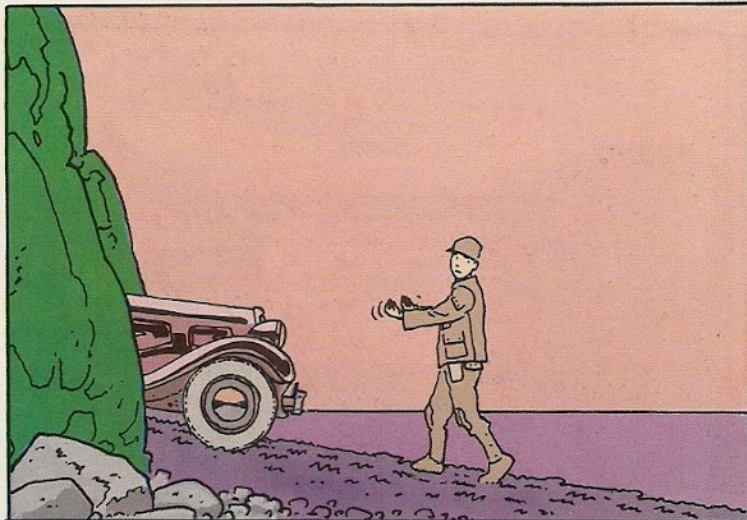
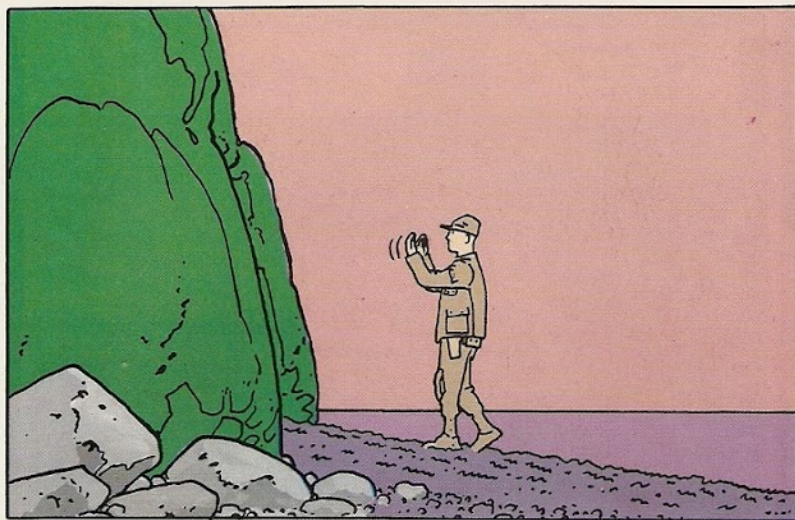
OKAY, OKAY! IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, YES, THERE'S ONE...THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PIECE IN YOUR COLLECTION. AN ARTIFACT OF TERRAN ORIGIN ...WONDERFUL MACHINE! RARE, TOO! AND--!

AS LONG AS IT MOVES! TOMORROW MORNING WE HIT THE ROAD!



DAWN.







IT'S VERY INGENUOUS! THERE ARE SEVERAL GEARs... FIRST... SECOND... THIRD... YOU SEE? AND YOU CAN BRAKE... GO IN REVERSE... MAKE ALL SORTS OF TURNS!

AH... MMM... AMAZING! IT COMES FROM EARTH, YOU SAY?

I'VE ALWAYS LIKED THE EARTH!

ON EARTH, IT'S NEVER FLAT LIKE HERE.

YOU KNOW, YOUR TALENT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME.

MY--OH! YOU MEAN MY WAY WITH MACHINES?

DO YOU HAVE A WAY WITH ANYTHING ELSE?

VERY FUNNY. BUT YOU MAY HAVE A POINT. SOMETIMES IT EVEN IMPRESSES ME. I JUST NEED TO GET NEAR ANY MACHINE--

--AND RIGHT AWAY, I GET THIS FEELING... AN INTUITION, I GUESS. THEN... **WHAM!** I **KNOW** WHAT MAKES IT WORK! I'VE BEEN TOLD IT'S A KIND OF MUTATION.

WHY NOT? SOME PEOPLE NOW SAY MAN HAS REACHED THE STAGE WHERE ANY FURTHER ADVANCE UP THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER MUST BE THROUGH HIS MACHINES AND ROBOTS. COULD BE... BUT IT IGNORES THE FEEDBACK EFFECT!



AFTER ENDLESS HOURS OF DRIVING THROUGH THE SAME BARREN LAND-  
SCAPE, THE LIGHT GROWS DIM. NIGHT IS FALLING.

I'VE HAD IT,  
STEL...MY NECK'S  
ALL STIFF!



OKAY.  
WE'LL STOP  
HERE.

SOMETHING TO  
DRINK? I'VE THOUGHT  
ABOUT WHAT WE'VE  
SEEN. IT'S STRANGE  
...THAT LIGHT ALWAYS  
COMES FROM THE  
SAME POSITION.

YEAH. I  
KNOW.



IT'S COMING FROM THE NORTH POLE. THAT'S  
WHERE WE OBSERVED IT YESTERDAY... MORE OR  
LESS THE SAME PLACE WHERE THOSE RADIO  
SIGNALS SEEM TO ORIGINATE. IT ALL HAS TO  
BE CONNECTED ...THIS, THE ASTERO FALL,  
THE DISAPPEARANCES.



SEEMS POSSIBLE! I'M BE-  
GINNING TO THINK WE'RE  
GOING TOWARD SOMETHING  
...SPECIAL, EXTRAORDINARY!  
MAKES ME WANT TO HURRY!  
LUCKY THE ASTERO  
CRASHED RELATIVELY NEAR  
THIS..."THING."

NO LUCK TO IT.  
I DIDN'T WANT  
TO ALARM YOU,  
BUT OUR FALL  
WAS INFLUENCED  
BY SOME  
OUTSIDE FORCE  
...SOMETHING  
MY PILOTING  
COULDN'T  
AFFECT.

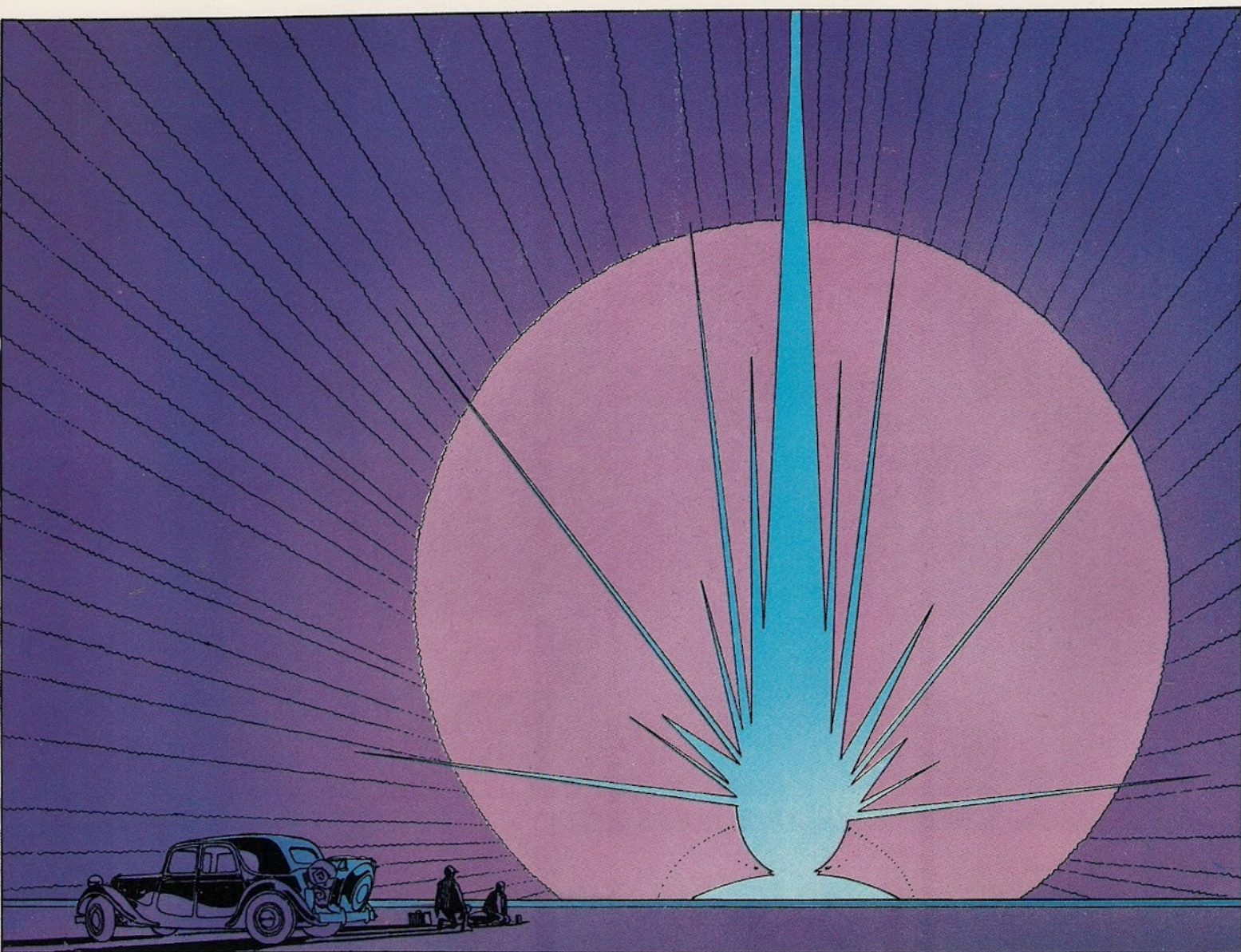


WEIRD!  
REALLY--

HEY! THE  
PERFOR-  
MANCE IS  
STARTING  
AGAIN...  
JUST  
LIKE  
LAST  
NIGHT!



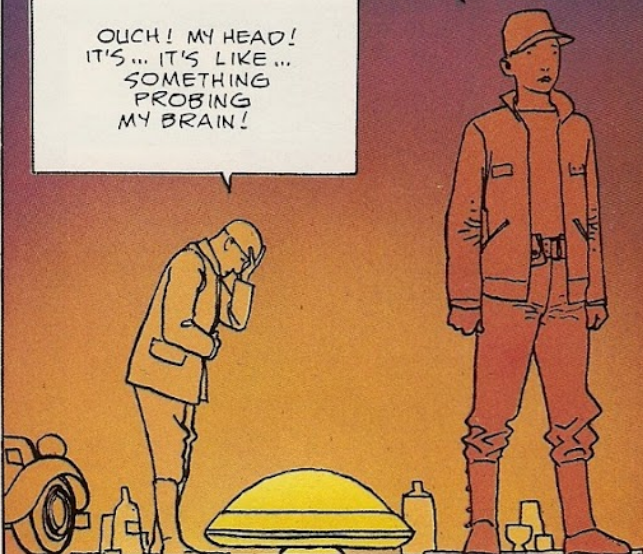




SOME-  
TIME  
LATER...

OH, STEL! IT WAS EVEN  
MORE POWERFUL THAN  
LAST NIGHT...! MORE  
COMPLEX... MORE  
PRECISE...! JUST  
MAGNIFICENT!

OUCH! MY HEAD!  
IT'S... IT'S LIKE...  
SOMETHING  
PROBING  
MY BRAIN!



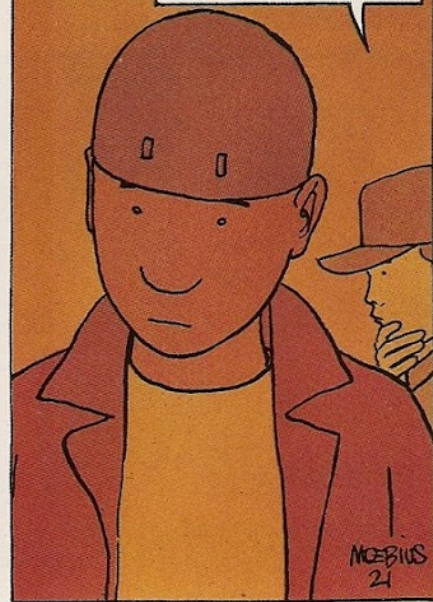
ARE YOU OKAY? YOU  
LOOK PALE. WE CAN  
GO BACK TO THE  
ASTERO IF  
YOU WANT.

NO...I'M OKAY NOW.



I... I JUST NEED  
SOME SLEEP. AT DAWN,  
WE'LL HIT THE ROAD.

YEAH, THE ROAD...





LATE THE  
NEXT  
AFTER-  
NOON...

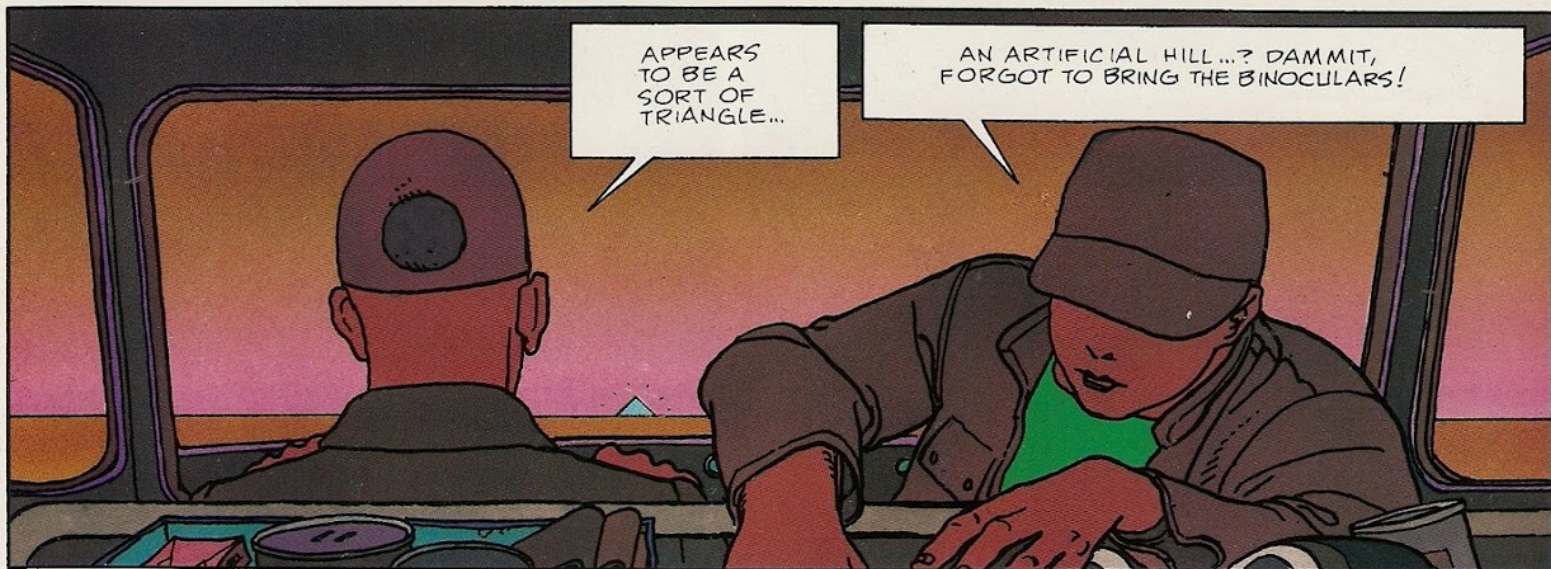
I SEE SOMETHING IN THE DIS-  
TANCE...! WE'RE THERE! ATAN...!  
STOP READING! LOOK!

HMMN...? OH...! I SEE IT, TOO...  
SOMETHING SHINING! WOW! IT  
TOOK US TWO DAYS-- THIRTY-  
EIGHT HOUR ONES AT THAT--  
JUST TO GET HERE!



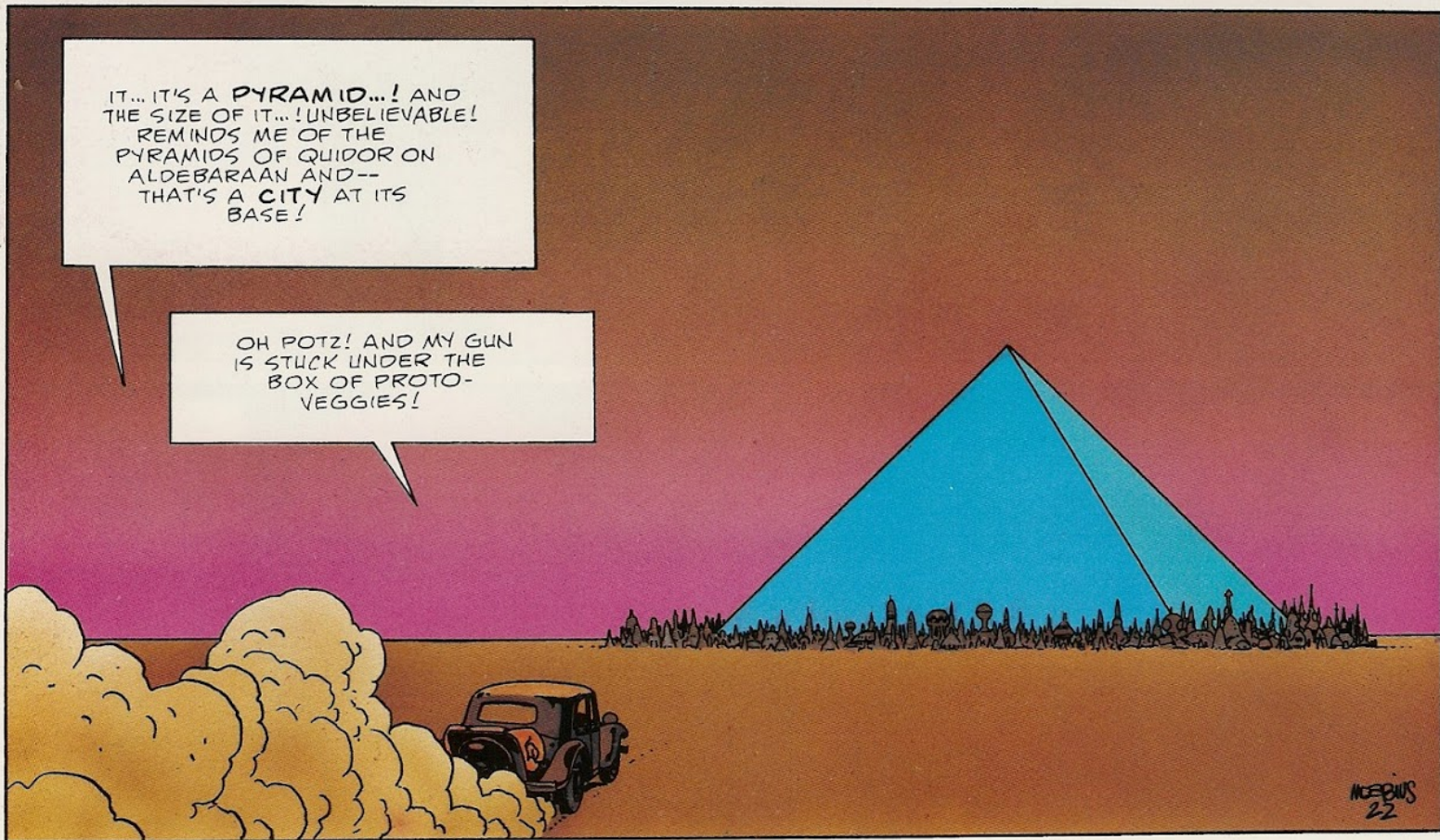
APPEARS  
TO BE A  
SORT OF  
TRIANGLE...

AN ARTIFICIAL HILL...? DAMMIT,  
FORGOT TO BRING THE BINOCULARS!



IT... IT'S A **PYRAMID**...! AND  
THE SIZE OF IT...! UNBELIEVABLE!  
REMINDS ME OF THE  
PYRAMIDS OF QUIDOR ON  
ALDEBARAAN AND--  
THAT'S A **CITY** AT ITS  
BASE!

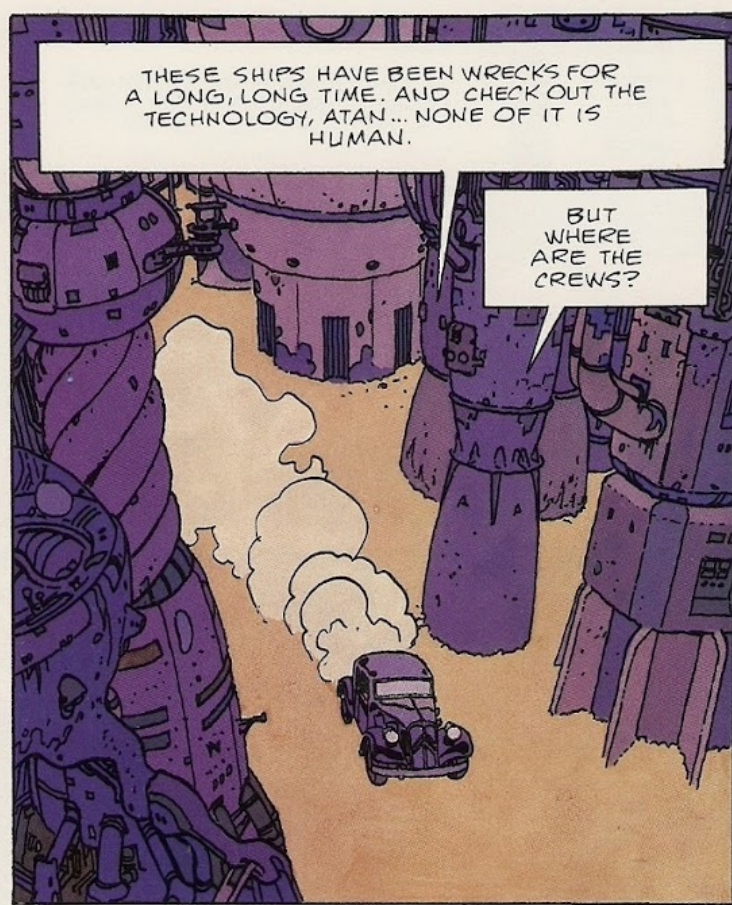
OH POTZ! AND MY GUN  
IS STUCK UNDER THE  
BOX OF PROTO-  
VEGGIES!







A CITY OF...  
SPACE-  
SHIPS!



THESE SHIPS HAVE BEEN WRECKS FOR  
A LONG, LONG TIME. AND CHECK OUT THE  
TECHNOLOGY, ATAN... NONE OF IT IS  
HUMAN.

BUT  
WHERE  
ARE THE  
CREWS?



HE  
RESEMBLES  
THOSE ANCIENT  
DENEBIANS...  
ONES YOU SEE  
ON THE  
MURALS OF  
TIQUILI!

WHAT  
A HULK!  
LET'S  
SEE WHAT HE  
WANTS!



VELCOME TO FTAEDA-FE! IN VHE DORMU  
TONGUE, FTAEDA-FE FIMPLY MEANF:  
VHE PYRAMID UPON VHE PFHERE.

ER...YOUR GREETINGS HONOR US  
AND...UH...YOU'RE THE PROMOTER,  
ATAN! IMPRESS HIM!

WELL... AH... WE SAW...BIG  
LIGHT... AND WE...WELL,WE...

FOLLOW ME... AND YOU VILL  
REPEFINE ALL VHE EFPLANA-  
TIONF VBAT YOU DESIRE.

NICE SPEECH, ATAN.

IT'S HIS PRONUN-  
CIATION THAT  
CONFUSED ME.

AT LEAST...  
**ALMOFT**  
ALL VHE  
EFPLANATIONF.

VHIS  
VAY! VATCH  
OUT!  
LOVER  
YOUR  
HEADF.

?!  
?

VHE DENFTY  
OF VHE FHIFF  
IF FUCH  
VHAT IT IF  
NEFEFFARY TO  
TAKE VHIF  
LABYRINEF.

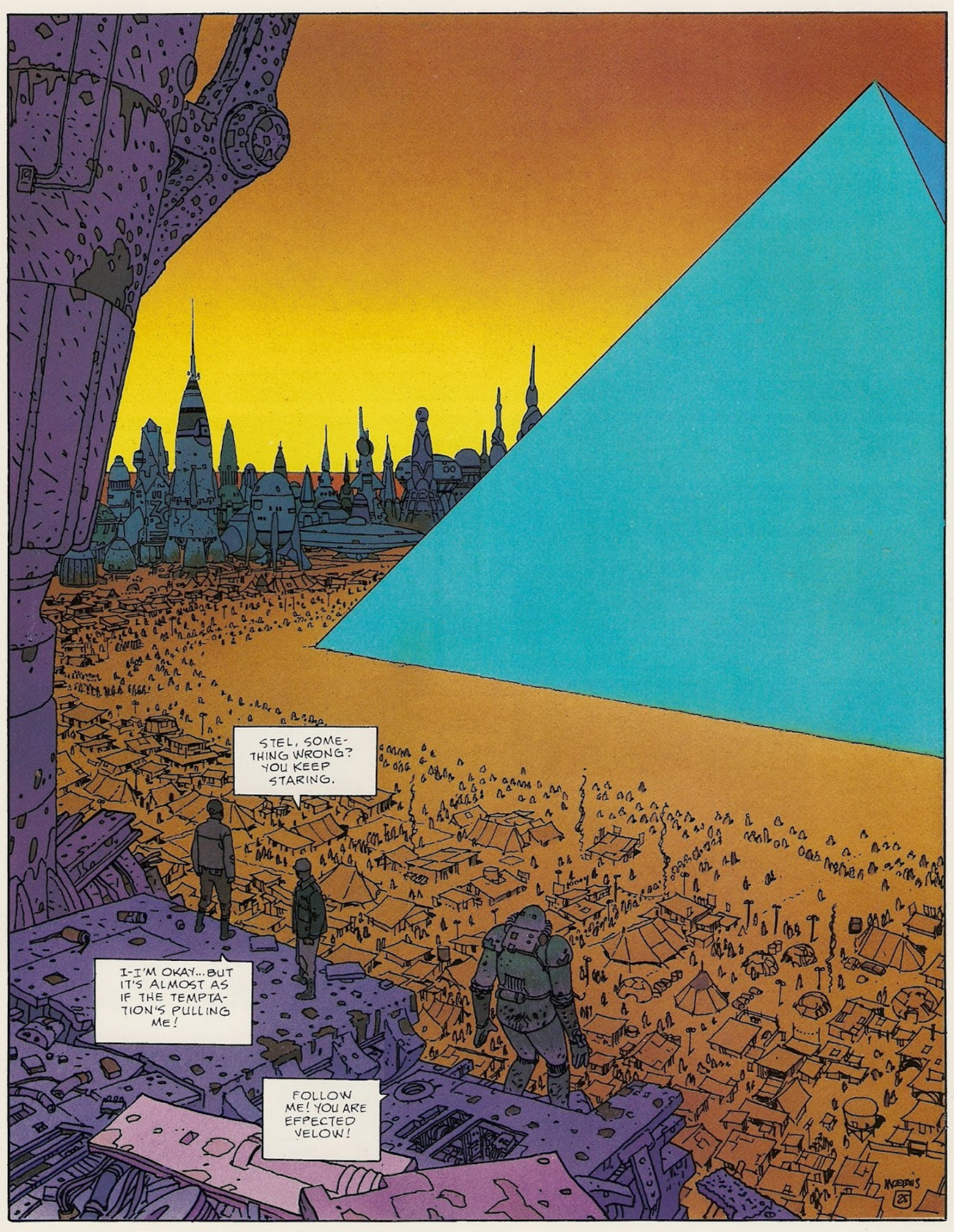
VHE  
CAMP!

INCREDIBLE!  
ALMOST A CITY  
IN ITSELF!

YEF. JUFT BEFORE YOU  
CAME, VE NUMBERED  
VHIRTY-VHREE  
VHOUFAND, VHREE  
HUNDRED VHIRTY-ONE  
REFIDENTF.

FANTASTIC!



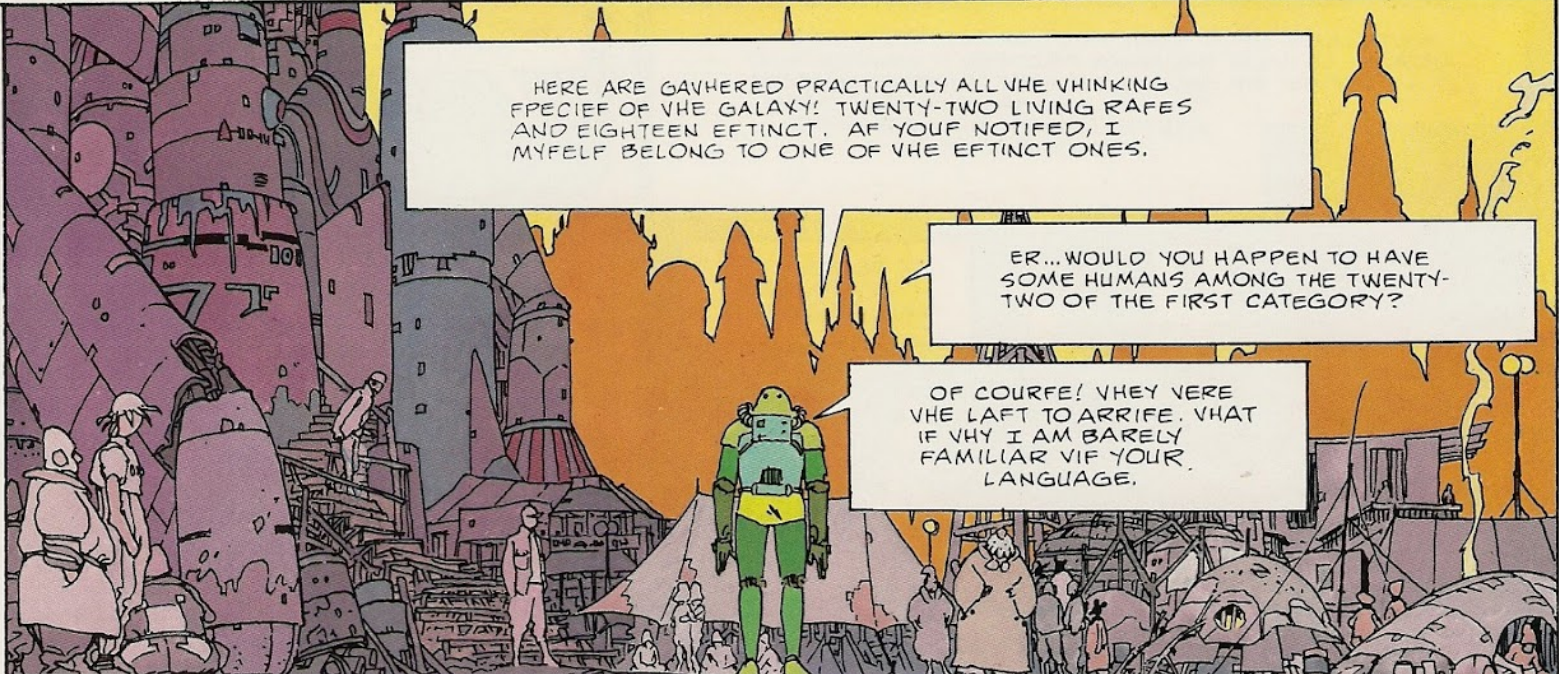


STEL, SOMETHING WRONG?  
YOU KEEP STARING.

I-I'M OKAY...BUT  
IT'S ALMOST AS  
IF THE TEMPTA-  
TION'S PULLING  
ME!

FOLLOW  
ME! YOU ARE  
EFFECTED  
VELOW!

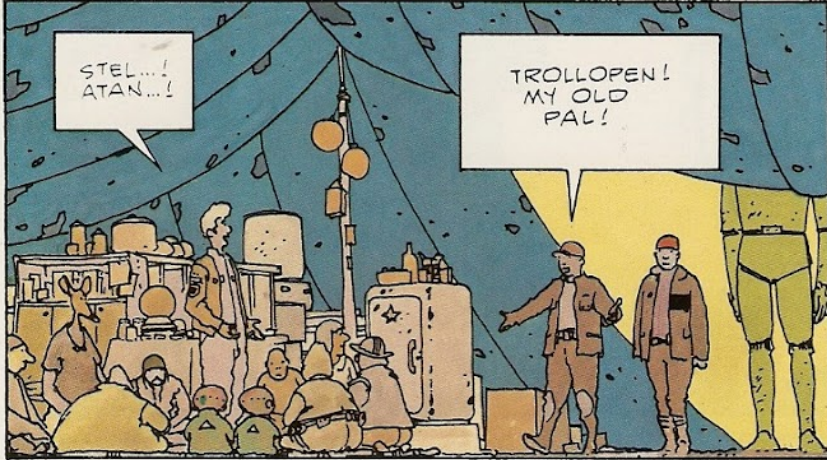




HERE ARE GATHERED PRACTICALLY ALL THE VHINKING SPECIES OF THE GALAXY! TWENTY-TWO LIVING RACES AND EIGHTEEN EXTINCT. AS YOU'VE NOTICED, I MYSELF BELONG TO ONE OF THE EXTINCT ONES.

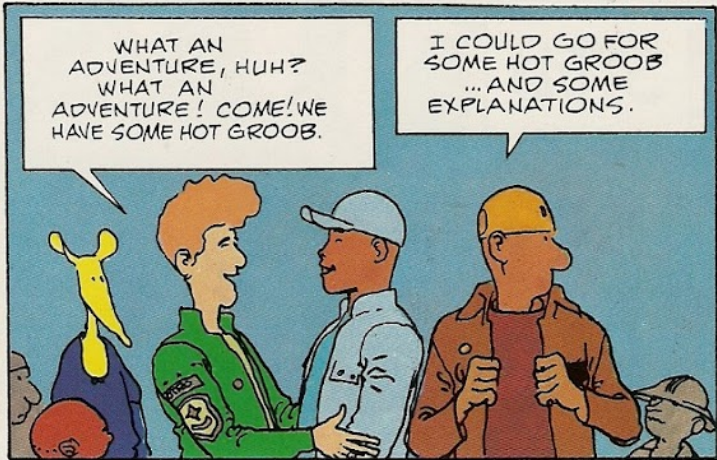
ER...WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SOME HUMANS AMONG THE TWENTY-TWO OF THE FIRST CATEGORY?

OF COURSE! THEY WERE THE LAST TO ARRIVE. WHAT IF WHY I AM BARELY FAMILIAR WITH YOUR LANGUAGE.




STEL...! ATAN...!

TROLLOPEN! MY OLD PAL!



WHAT AN ADVENTURE, HUH? WHAT AN ADVENTURE! COME! WE HAVE SOME HOT GROOB.

I COULD GO FOR SOME HOT GROOB ...AND SOME EXPLANATIONS.




...WE'D JUST STABILIZED OUR ORBIT AROUND THIS GIANT WHEN OUR ASTEROID'S COMPUTERS WENT CRAZY! EVERYTHING STARTED TO GO WRONG! THEN...WE HEARD THE CALL!

HERE'S THE GROOB. IT'S HOT.

EXACTLY THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO US ALL. THE SAME IRRESISTIBLE TELEPATHIC SUGGESTION...FORCING EVERYONE TO LAND AT ANY COST! HERE...NEAR THIS PYRAMID.

HOW LONG AGO DID THIS START?



IN OUR CASE, IT HAS BEEN THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS...AND THIS WORLD IS A TOTAL DESERT! AH, IF IT WASN'T FOR THE PYRAMID AND THE MATTER CONVERTERS...!

MY SPECIES IS THE OLDEST REPRESENTED. YES, INDEED, GENTLEMEN! I, MYSELF, LANDED ON STAEDE-FAE EXACTLY SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO IN LOCAL TIME! QUITE SO!

WHAT?! BUT NO RACE IN THE GALAXY CAN LIVE THAT LONG!



THE PYRAMID EMITS SOME FORM OF RADIATION WHICH APPARENTLY HALTS THE AGING PROCESS. IT HAS DRAWN TO IT A SAMPLING OF EACH AND EVERY THINKING GALACTIC SPECIES AND HAS GRANTED THEM ETERNAL LIFE! BUT FOR WHAT PURPOSE...?

?

IT REMAINS A TOTAL AND COMPLETE MYSTERY!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOUR FRIEND?

STEL!  
WHAT'S WRONG?

STEL!

HE'S  
HEADED  
FOR THE  
PYRA-  
MID!

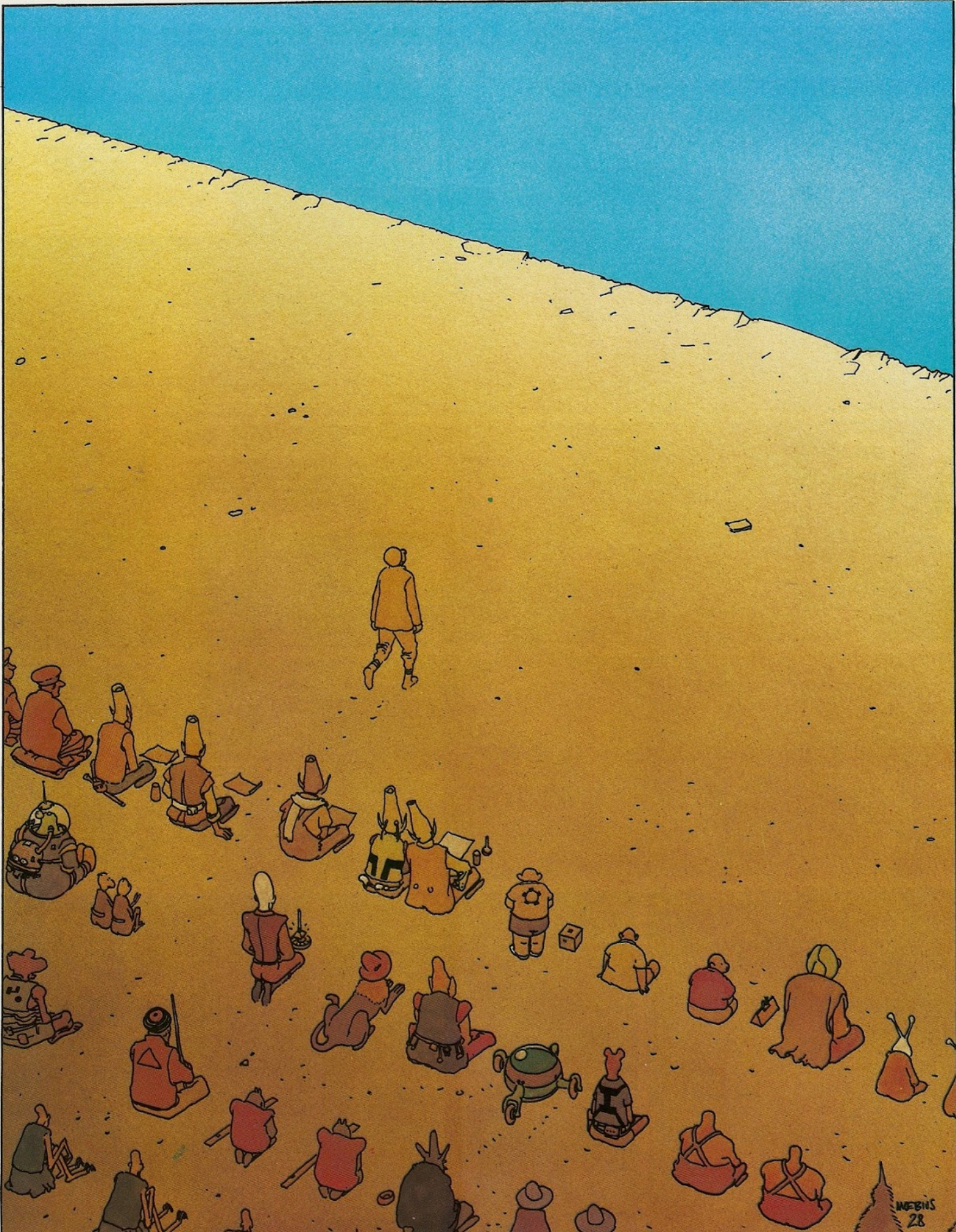
DON'T WORRY,  
ATAN. IT'LL JUST  
PUSH HIM BACK WITH  
A GENTLE DIS-  
CHARGE OF ENERGY  
...AS IT'S DONE  
FOR ALL THESE  
THOUSANDS  
OF YEARS!

STEL!

COUNTLESS BEINGS  
FROM ALL RACES  
HAVE OCCASIONALLY  
REACTED LIKE YOUR  
FRIEND. NONE HAVE  
EVER PENETRATED  
THE FORCE FIELD  
SURROUNDING  
THE PYRAMID!  
YET ANOTHER  
TOTALLY INCOM-  
PREHENSIBLE  
THING!

STEL!







WHY DOES EVERYONE  
ASSEMBLE AROUND THE  
PYRAMID LIKE THIS?

BUT ONE MUST  
ADMIT THAT IT HAS  
BEHAVED  
STRANGELY THE LAST  
TWO EVENINGS...

I HAVEN'T SEEN  
ANYTHING SIMILAR IN  
**MY** SEVEN HUNDRED  
THOUSAND YEARS!

SOME CONSIDER IT AS A KIND  
OF GOD, ATAN. CULTS AND RE-  
LIGIONS ARE BORN, THEN DIE.  
THE PYRAMID IS UNMOVED.

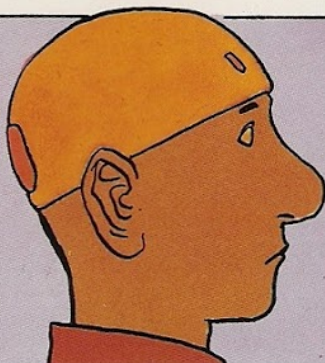
YES! ALL THOSE  
INCREDIBLE LIGHTS,  
AMAZING SOUNDS...!

SO THIS HAS BROUGHT  
AN UPSURGE IN FAITH  
AMONG THE-- **HEY!**  
**LOOK!** SOMETHING  
EVEN **MORE**  
EXTRAORDINARY!

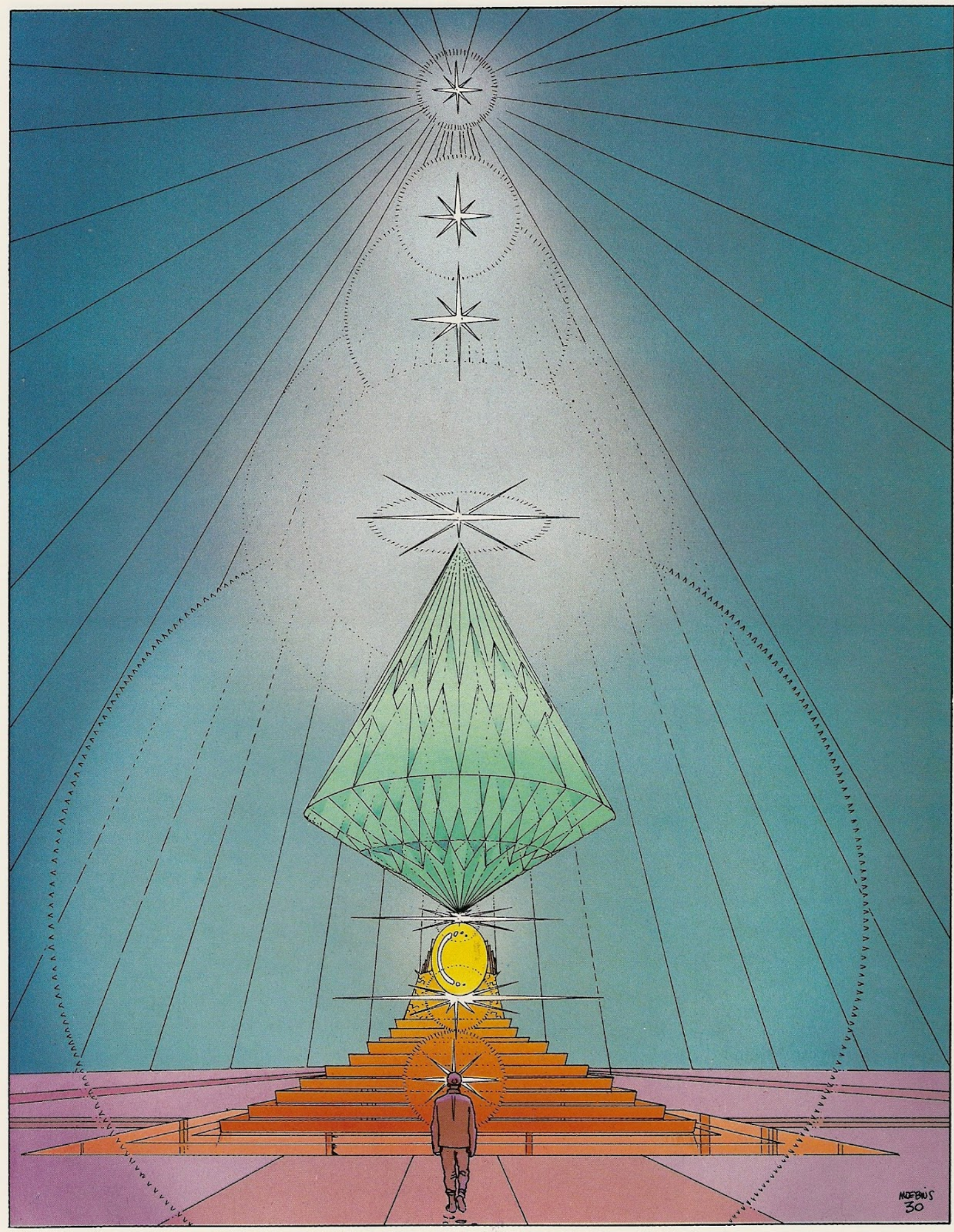


STEL!

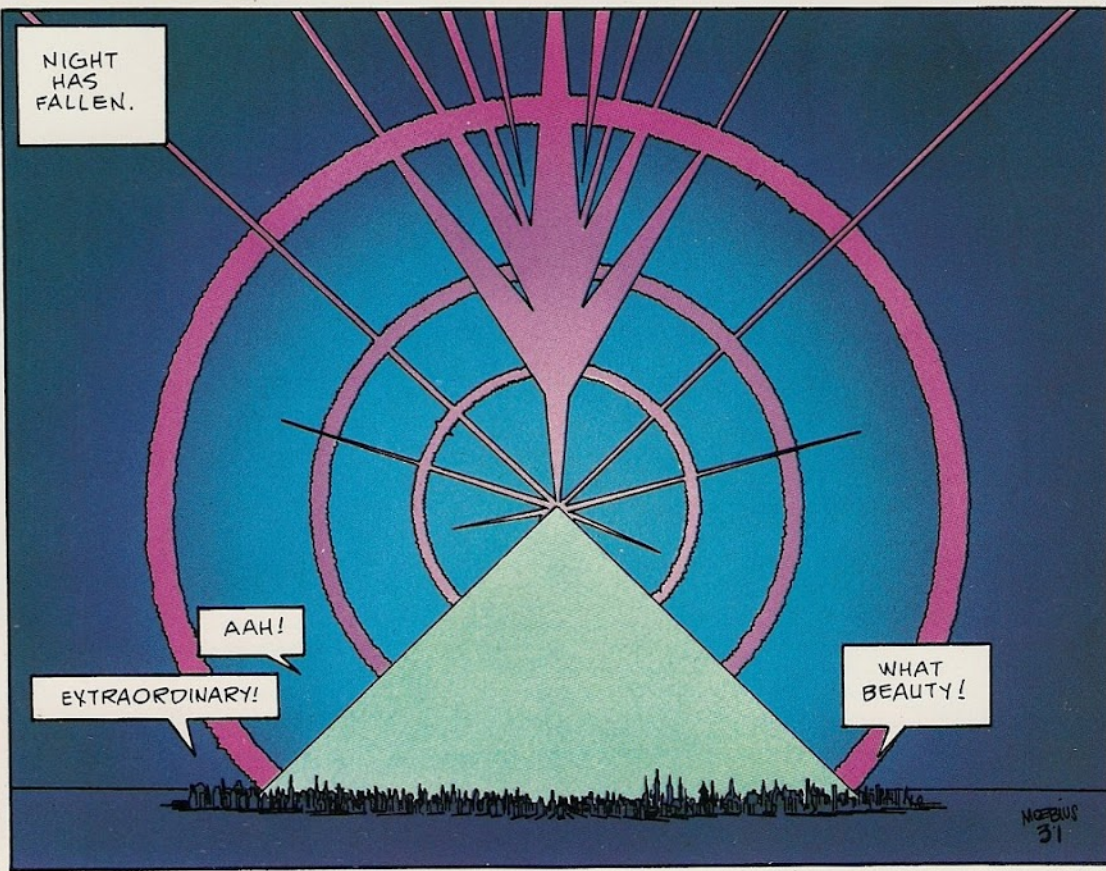
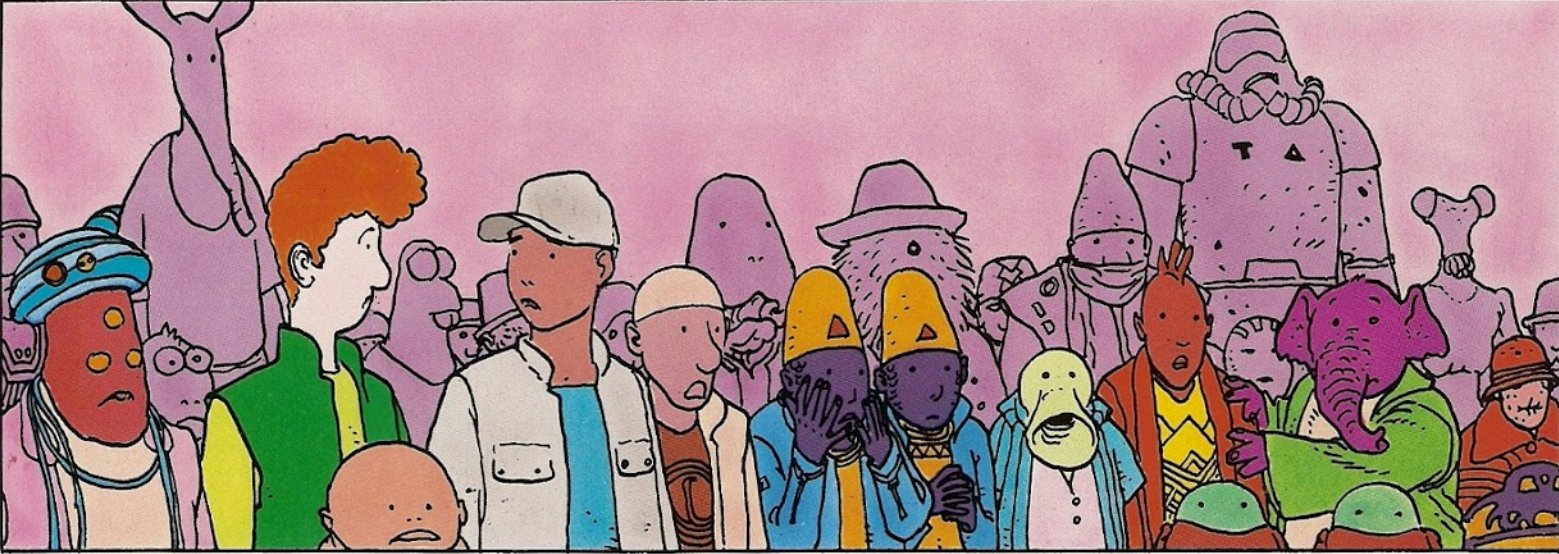
NO ONE'S EVER SUCCEEDED  
IN STEPPING THIS **CLOSE**  
TO THE PYRAMID! YOUR FRIEND  
IS GETTING THROUGH!











LATER.

BY THE  
UNIVERSAL  
SOURCE...  
I JUST  
CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!

WHAT AN OCCURRENCE!

DO YOU THINK HE  
MIGHT BE A  
PRISONER  
INSIDE?

IN SEVEN  
HUNDRED THOUSAND  
YEARS, THE  
PYRAMID  
HASN'T TRULY  
HURT ANYONE.

NEVERTHELESS, STEL HAS BEEN  
GONE FOR SIX HOURS!...

IN MY OPINION, THE  
PYRAMID IS...ALIVE.  
YOUR FRIEND'S ARRIVAL  
STARTED IT ON SOME  
NEW PHASE. EACH  
ACTION MIGHT BRING  
RUIN. THE WISEST  
THING  
NOW  
IS TO  
WAIT...

MAYBE  
I CAN  
REST.

NIGHT  
HAS  
FALLEN.

AAH!

EXTRAORDINARY!

WHAT  
BEAUTY!



EXHAUSTED BY ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, ATAN SLEEPS...

WHEN SUDDENLY...

PSSSSST...

STEL!  
I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE A  
PRISONER  
OF THE--

THE PYRAMID...? NOT AT  
ALL! SHE JUST WANTED TO  
GET BETTER ACQUAINTED  
WITH ME.

SHE...?!  
BETTER  
ACQUAINTED  
?

SURE! SHE'S BEEN WAITING FOR ME  
MOST OF AN ETERNITY... SAYS IT'S  
PRETTY RARE THAT  
A "PILOT" ARRIVES  
JUST IN TIME!

AH...  
JUST  
IN  
TIME  
??

WELL, THIS PYRAMID IS A  
LIVING STARSHIP. HER  
MISSION IS TO GATHER  
A COMPLETE SELECTION  
OF THE INTELLIGENT  
CREATURES IN OUR  
GALAXY.

KESCO?

THIS IS INDEED ONE  
OF THE THEORIES  
WE HAD FORMED!  
BUT... GATHER US  
FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

TO TAKE US ALL TO  
AEDENA!

THE VERY  
SAME!

EVERYONE MUST BE READY FOR  
BOARDING TOMORROW MORNING!

AEDENA?!

THE LEGENDARY  
PARADISE PLANET...?  
THE PERFECT WORLD  
HIDDEN AT THE  
CENTER OF THE  
UNIVERSE?!

AEDENA?

AEDENA!



THE NEXT DAY, AT DAWN, THE THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND SOULS OF THE STRANGE CITY ARE ASSEMBLED AROUND THE PYRAMID.

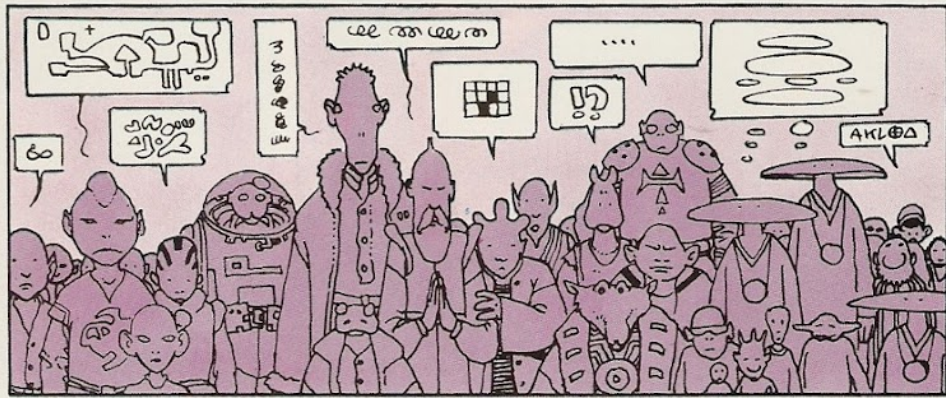
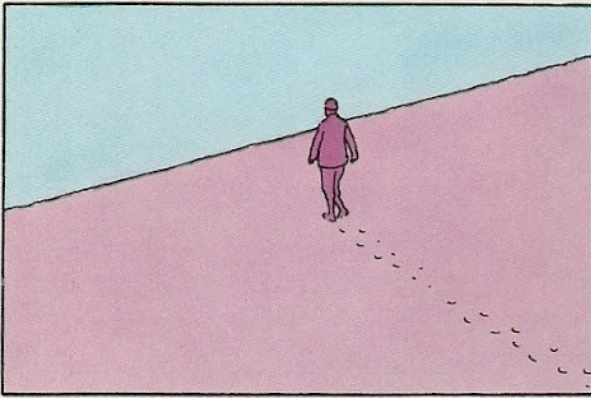
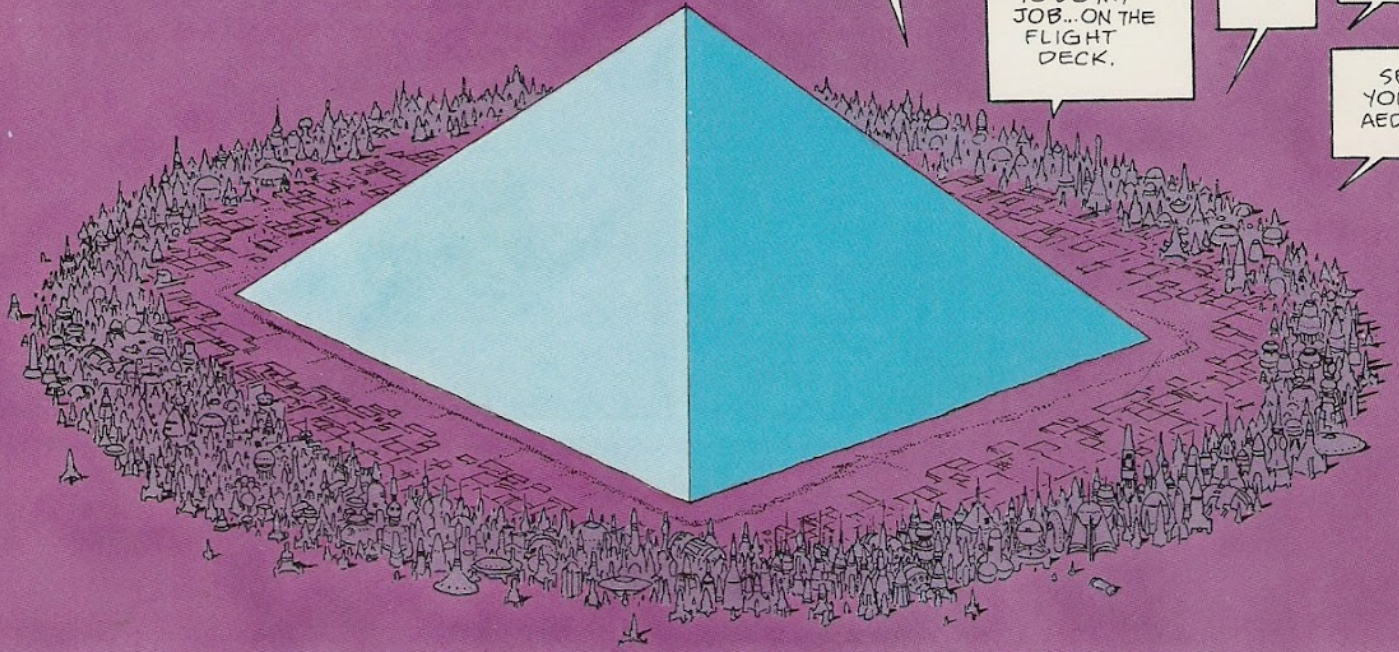
HEY, HUMAN! WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?

BE READY! I'M GOING BACK INSIDE TO DO MY JOB... ON THE FLIGHT DECK.

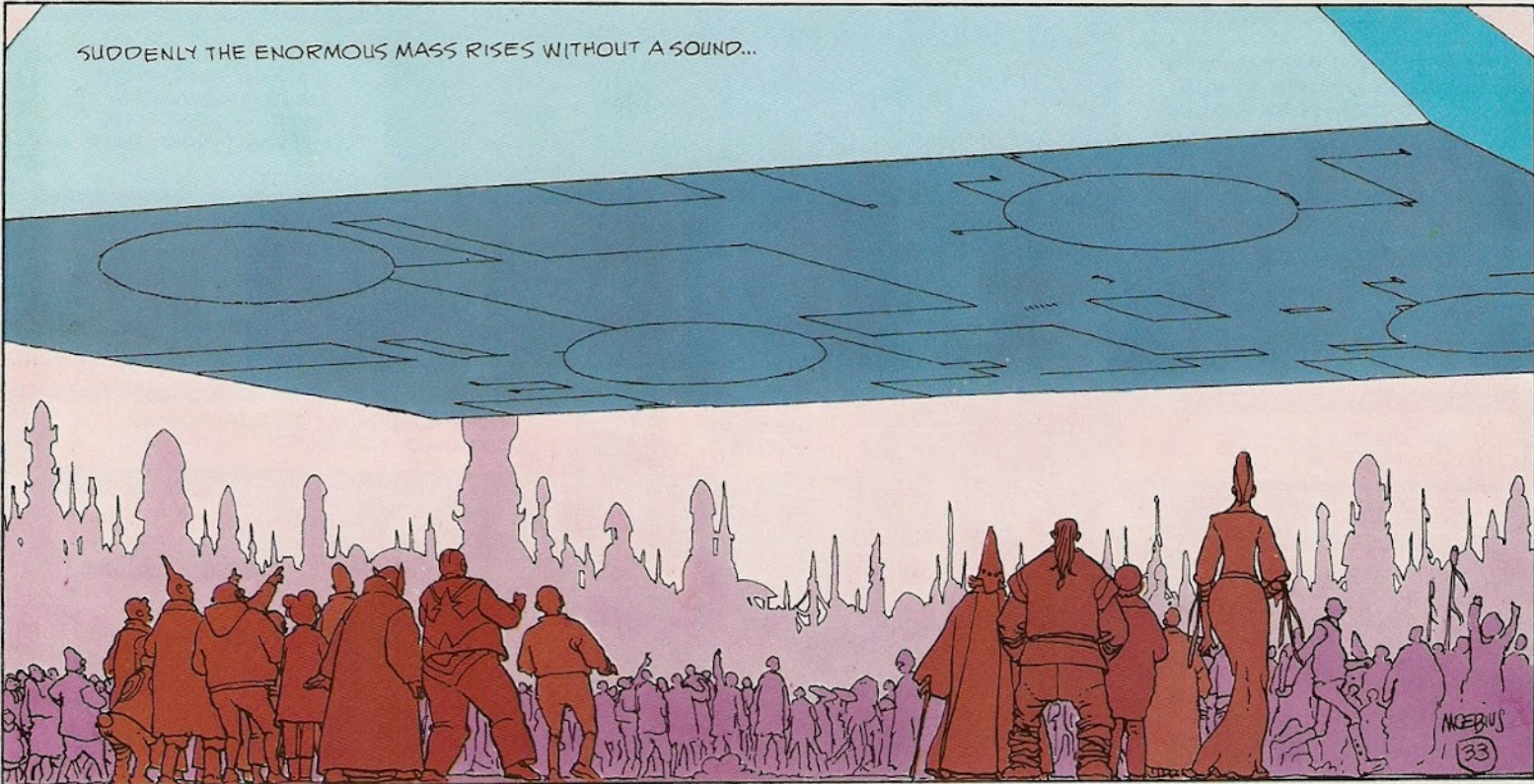
STEL... TAKE CARE, PAL!

GOOD LUCK, HUMAN!

SEE YOU ON AEDENA!

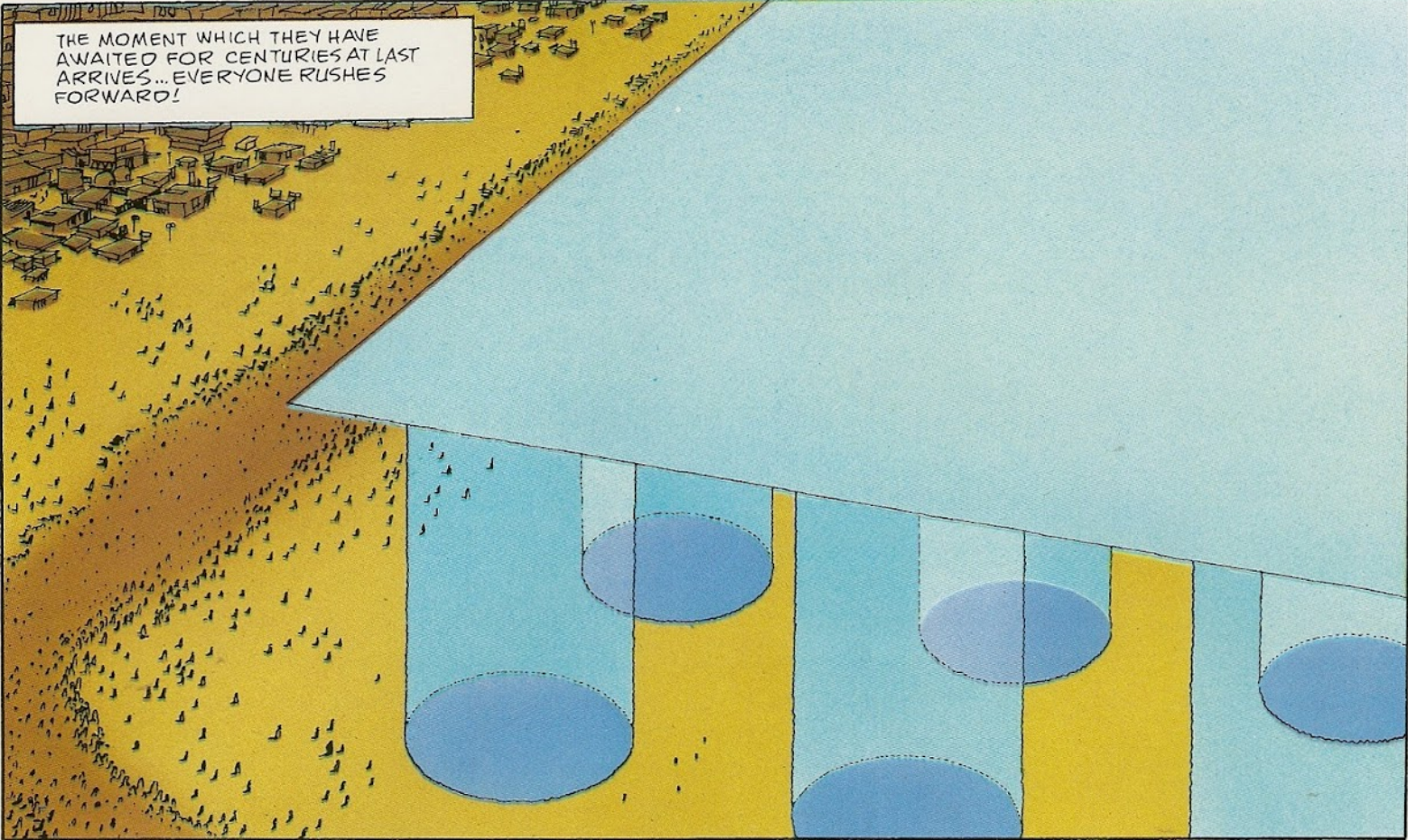


SUDDENLY THE ENORMOUS MASS RISES WITHOUT A SOUND...

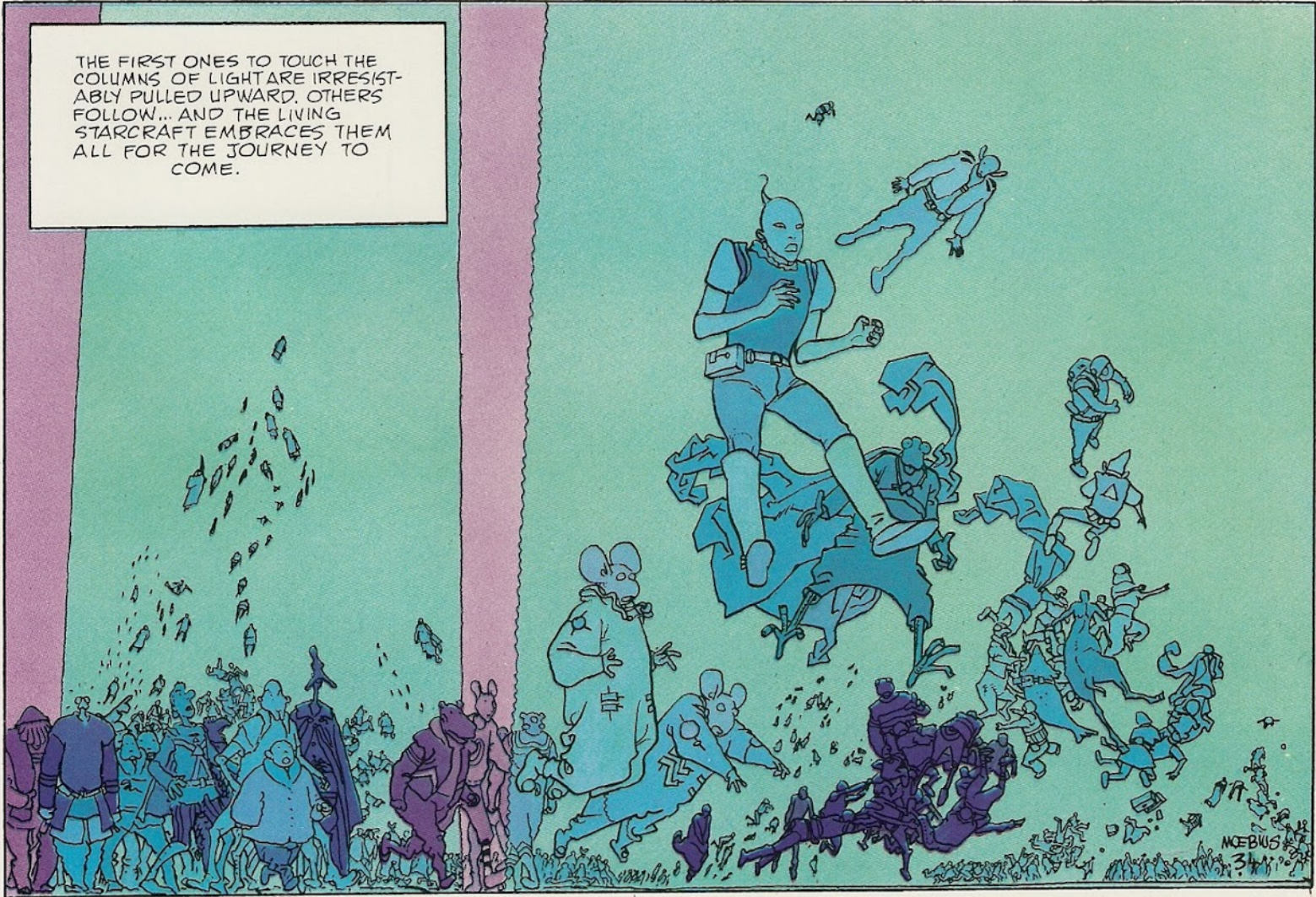




THE MOMENT WHICH THEY HAVE  
AWAITED FOR CENTURIES AT LAST  
ARRIVES... EVERYONE RUSHES  
FORWARD!

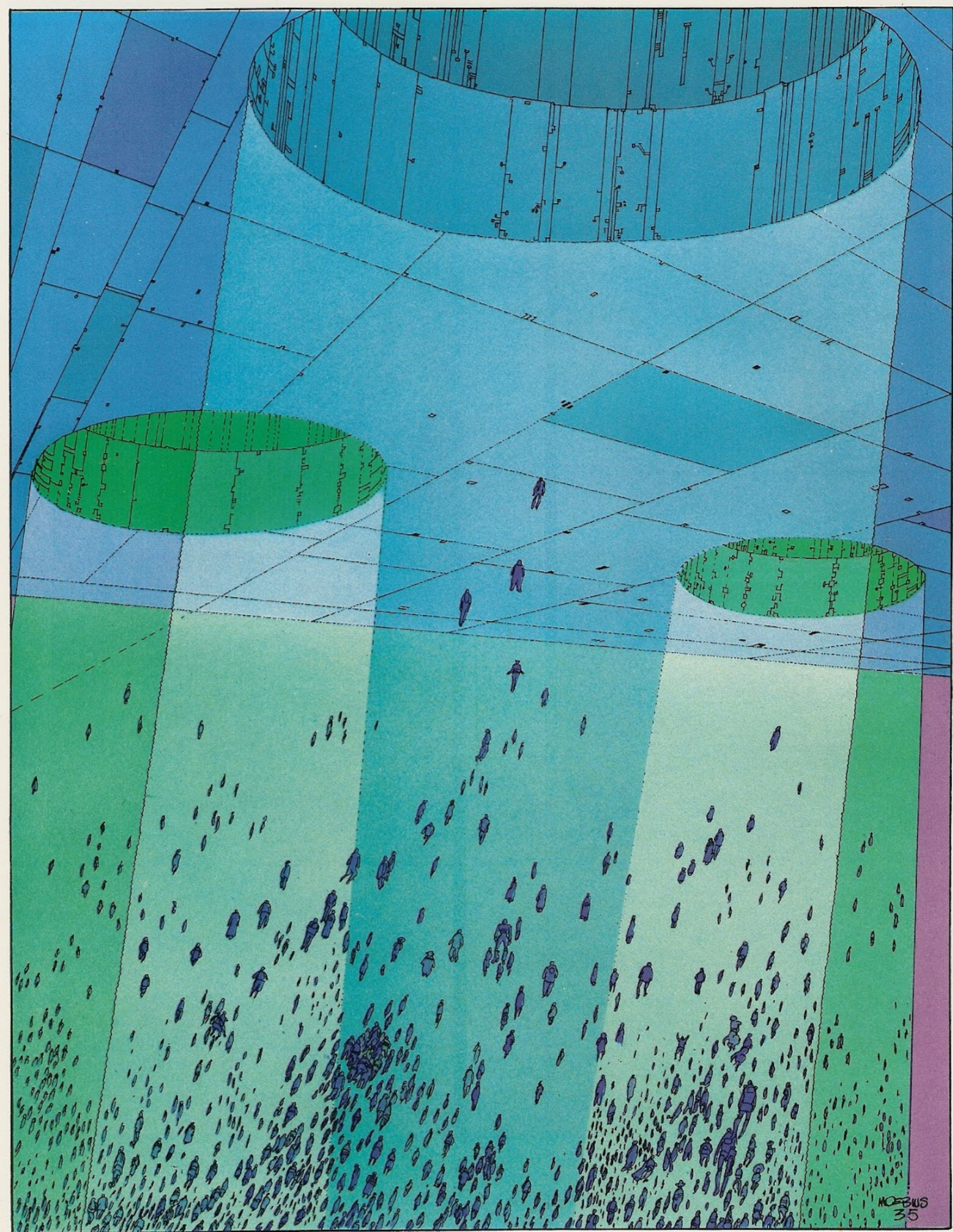


THE FIRST ONES TO TOUCH THE  
COLUMNS OF LIGHT ARE IRRESIST-  
ABLY PULLED UPWARD. OTHERS  
FOLLOW... AND THE LIVING  
STARCRAFT EMBRACES THEM  
ALL FOR THE JOURNEY TO  
COME.

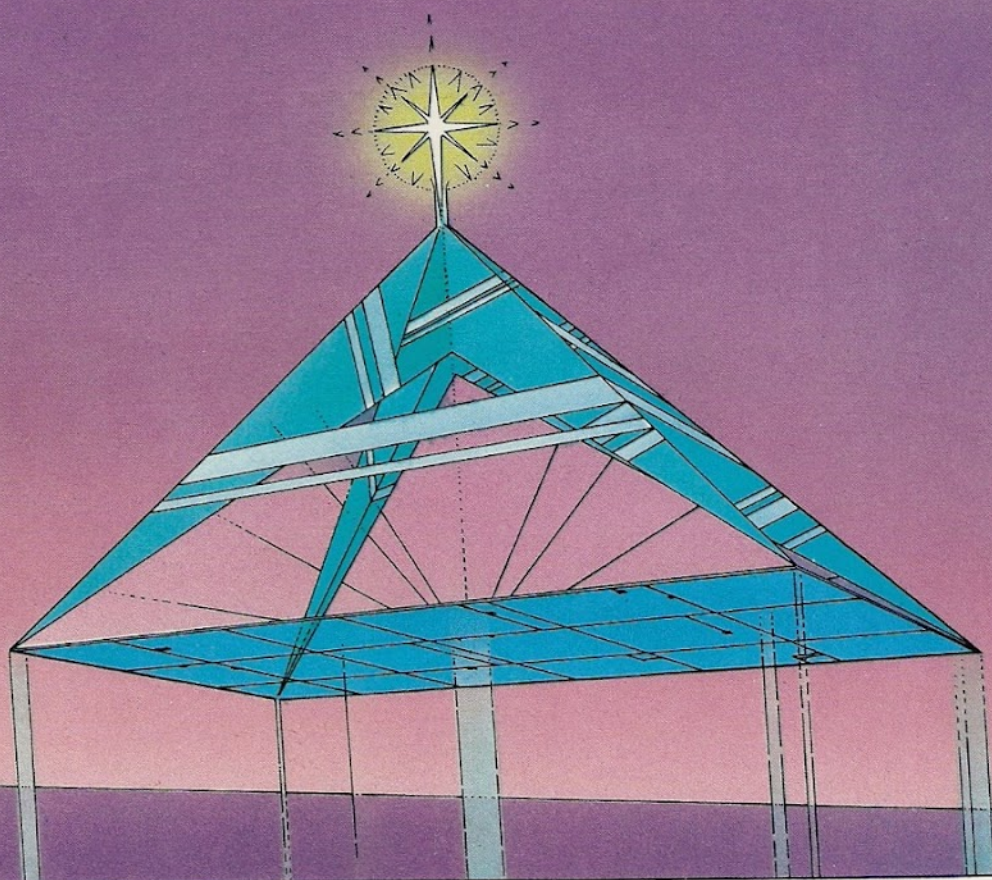
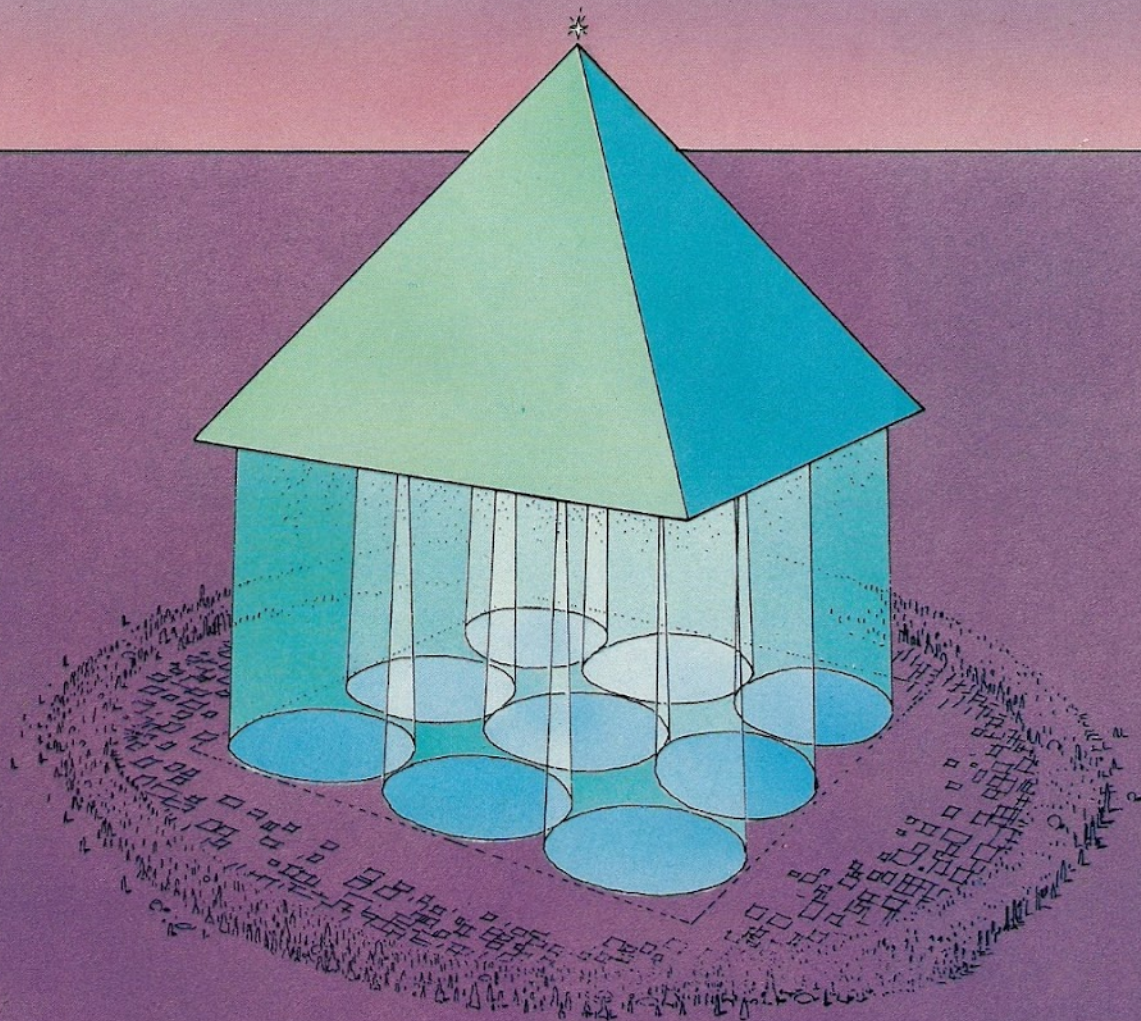


MOEBUS  
34

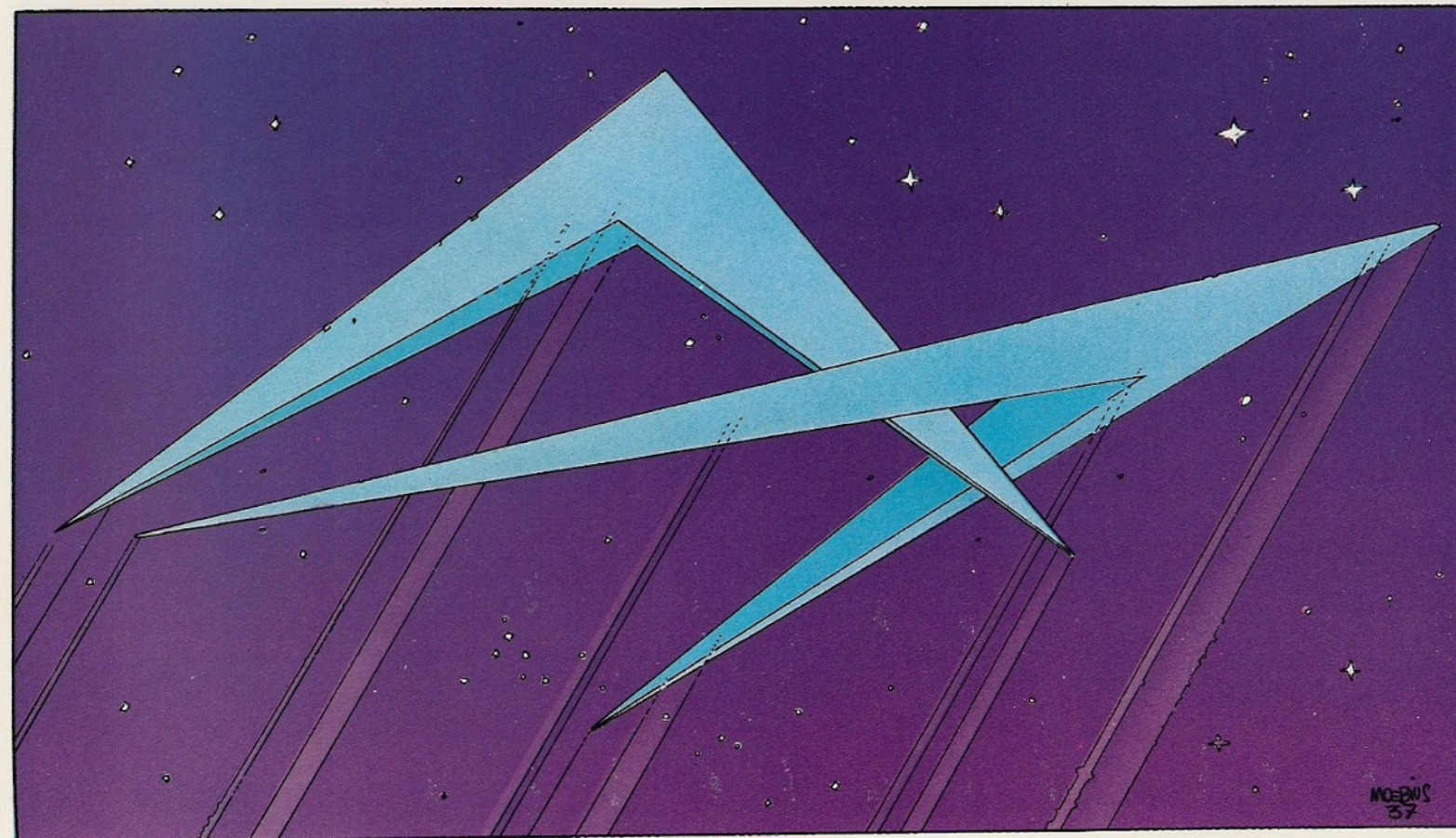
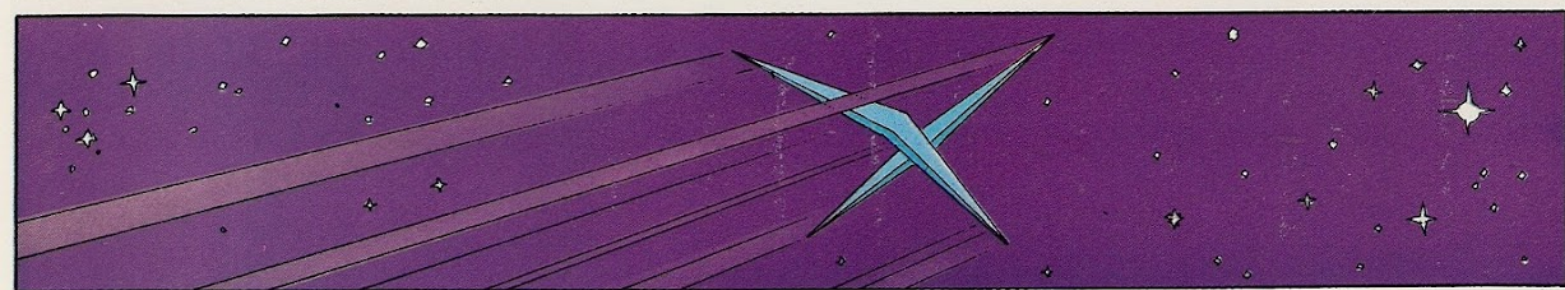
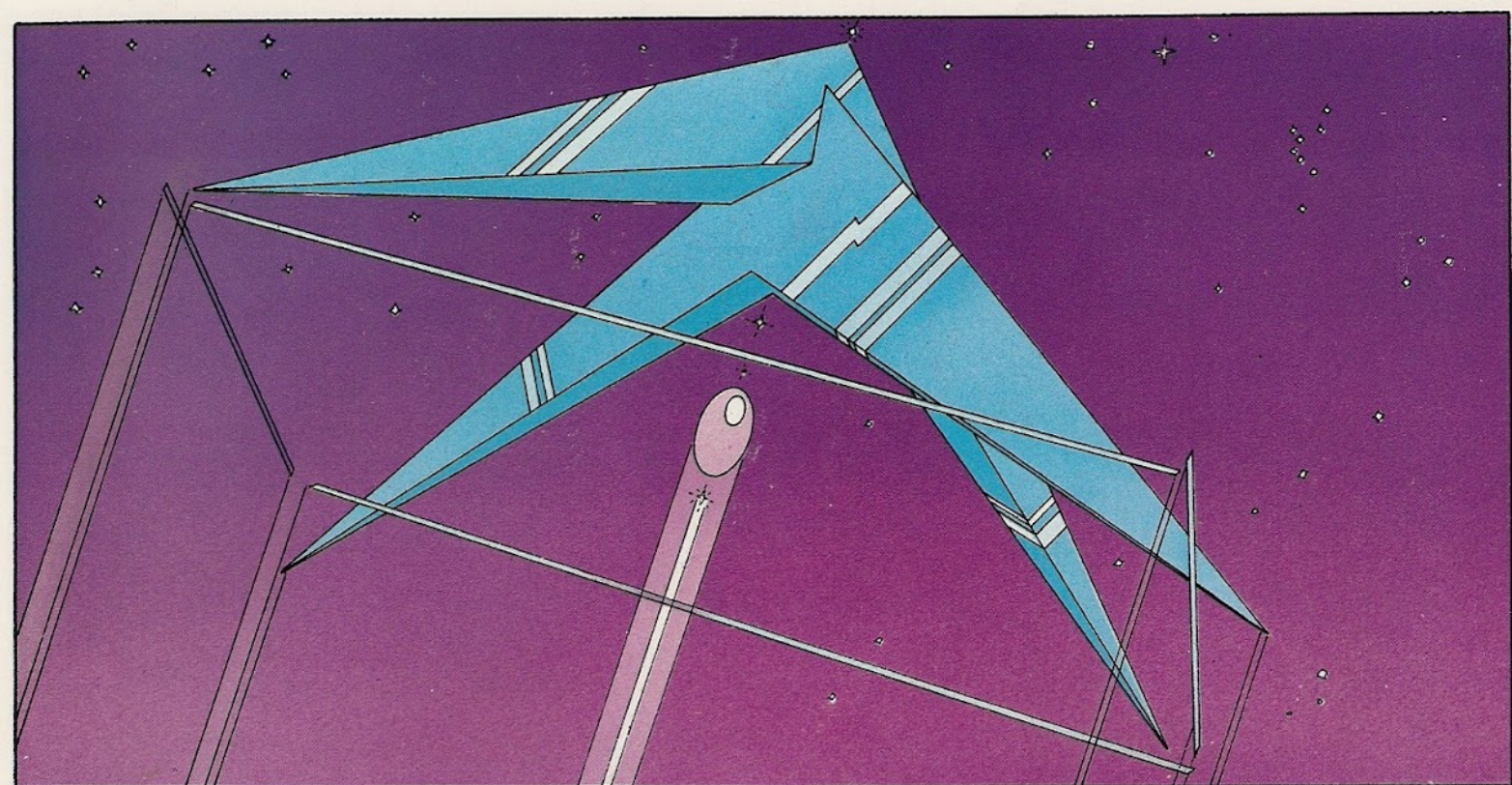














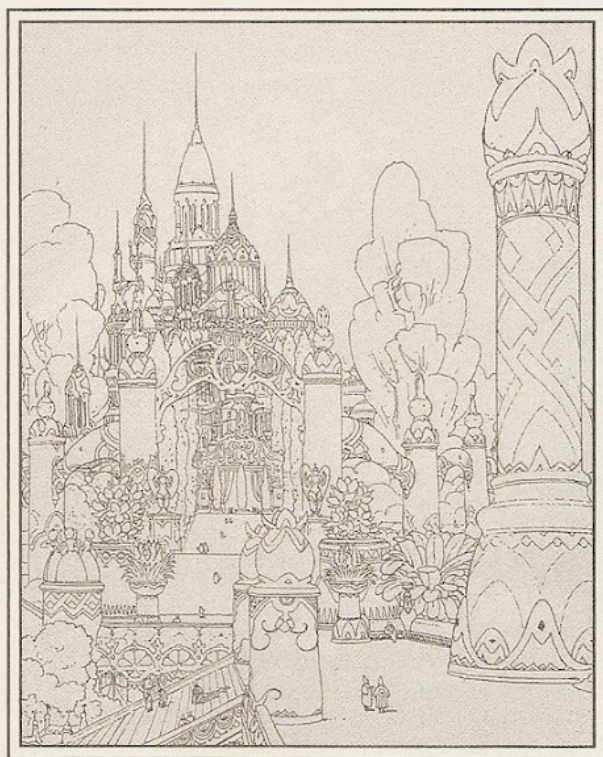






FIN





The simpler style that I used in **Upon a Star** is the result of something quite deliberate. At that time, I had decided to force myself to adopt a more disciplined style, so that the visual treatment of my stories could become simple and clear. I was trying to fight one of my problems, which was to compensate for any imprecisions in my linework, or for any limpness in style, by a sheer accumulation of details.

By forcing myself to draw **Upon A Star** in a style as pure and simple as possible, I could no longer find refuge in an excess of details. I was obliged to work very hard on my lines, and make each one count, because every true representation of anatomy, matter and shape could only be expressed through simple lines.

This prevented me from overaccumulating the kind of endless and neurotic details, which often help turn a relatively mediocre panel into something interesting. It is otherwise a fairly traditional and classical method.

This approach enabled me to work relatively fast, and yet forced me to perfect my linework. From that standpoint, except for certain panels which I think are only just average, I am rather pleased about **Upon A Star**, which I consider a success.





After **Upon A Star** came out, I started to forget about it, until my partner and publisher, Jean Annestay, asked me to do a shorter prequel to it, **The Repairmen**, for its re-publication in a general public hardcover.

Then, I reread it and I began noticing that it all ended on a big question, a very open ending. It was a little like the traditional "And they lived happily ever after..." You know that, in real life, that's when the problems begin!

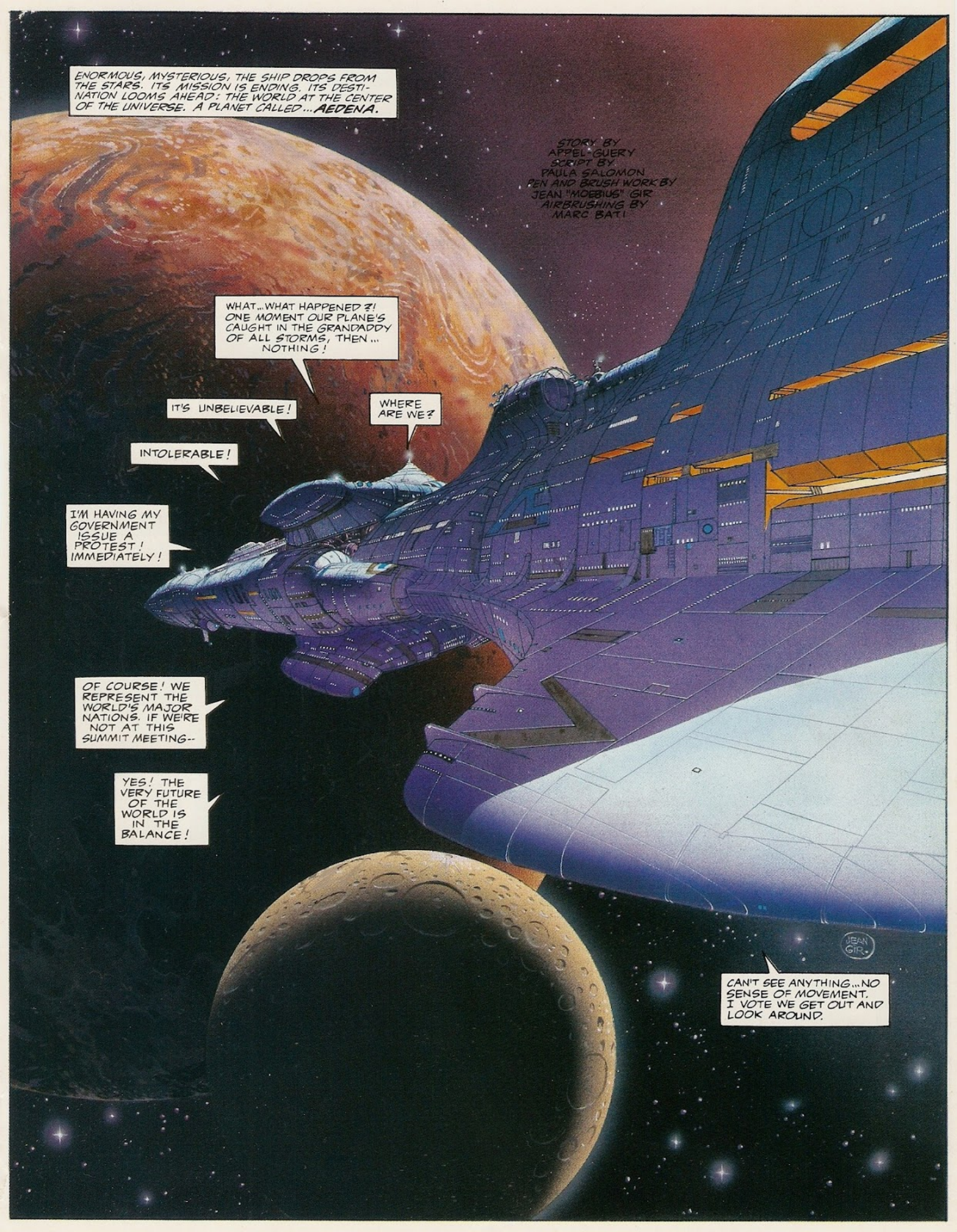
So, I started to think about all this and, quite suddenly, the same thing that I had experienced when I had sat down to do **Upon A Star** happened to me again. In a flash, I saw the entire **Aedena Cycle**! At the time, there were many personal things that I was experiencing in my life, such as discovering a new nutritional system, a new way of dealing with social conditioning, etcetera, which helped me figure out the answers to the basic questions that I had unwittingly asked at the end of the first story. These, of course, are: What is the Pyramid? Who built it? What was it doing on this planet? Where is Aedena? What is Aedena's purpose? etcetera...

I began to realize that all these questions were in fact leading up to a series of extraordinary and fascinating answers, which fully warranted a sequel to **Upon A Star**.

At first, I thought I could answer all these questions in a second volume, and I started to write a script with that purpose in mind. But when it was over, I realized that it wasn't possible. There were too many things. There was enough material for at least three or four books! So, that's what I decided to do.

I have now finished drawing the second volume of the Cycle, which is called **The Gardens of Aedena**, and I've started plotting its sequel, which will be entitled **The Goddess**. There will very likely be a fourth and fifth volume, but I haven't found their titles yet.





ENORMOUS, MYSTERIOUS, THE SHIP DROPS FROM THE STARS. ITS MISSION IS ENDING. ITS DESTINATION LOOMS AHEAD: THE WORLD AT THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE. A PLANET CALLED...AEDENA.

STORY BY  
APPEL GUEY  
SCRIPT BY  
PAULA SALOMON  
PEN AND BRUSH WORK BY  
JEAN "MOEBIUS" GIR  
AIRBRUSHING BY  
MARC BATI

WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED?!  
ONE MOMENT OUR PLANE'S  
CAUGHT IN THE GRANDDADDY  
OF ALL STORMS, THEN...  
NOTHING!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

WHERE  
ARE WE?

INTOLERABLE!

I'M HAVING MY  
GOVERNMENT  
ISSUE A  
PROTEST!  
IMMEDIATELY!

OF COURSE! WE  
REPRESENT THE  
WORLD'S MAJOR  
NATIONS. IF WE'RE  
NOT AT THIS  
SUMMIT MEETING--

YES! THE  
VERY FUTURE  
OF THE  
WORLD IS  
IN THE  
BALANCE!

JEAN  
GIR

CAN'T SEE ANYTHING...NO  
SENSE OF MOVEMENT.  
I VOTE WE GET OUT AND  
LOOK AROUND.



LORD! WHAT IS THIS?! IT'S LIKE ... LIKE SOME DAMN SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIE!

LOOKS LIKE THE CREW OF THE PLANE HAS DISAPPEARED!

BEYOND THAT, GENERAL ... BEYOND ANYTHING EVER CONCEIVED ON OUR PLANET!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MAN? WHY, THAT'D MEAN WE'VE BEEN-- WE'RE NOW--

NO! THAT'S ... THAT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION. WHATEVER BEINGS HAVE GONE TO THE TROUBLE OF BRINGING US HERE MUST BE HIGHLY ADVANCED!

RUBBISH!

LET'S NOT PANIC, GENTLEMEN! THERE HAS TO BE A MORE RATIONAL EXPLANATION.

HA! LOOK! HERE COME YOUR HIGHLY ADVANCED BEINGS!

THE STORM WAS CAUSING YOUR VEHICLE'S ENGINES TO FAIL. THOUGH NOT VISIBLE, OUR SHIP WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO RESCUE YOU. OUR LEADERS FELT THE OCCASION WAS RIGHT FOR YOU TO BECOME OUR GUESTS.

YOU WILL BE THE FIRST OF YOUR KIND ALLOWED CONTACT WITH OUR CIVILIZATION. WE KNOW YOU ALL HAVE IMPORTANT RESPONSIBILITIES... WE CAN HELP YOU SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS.

WELCOME ABOARD THE ARTOR! MY NAME IS ELIOS!

THEY DON'T APPEAR TO BE... HUMAN!

NOT UNLESS HUMANS FLY!

THROUGH THESE SCREENS, YOU CAN VIEW OUR PLANET. OBSERVE ITS LAKES, GARDENS, CANALS, VAST FORESTS--

--AND ITS SEVEN CRYSTAL CITIES. YOU WILL SHORTLY HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT ONE OF THEM.



AND SOON,  
ABOARD A  
SILENT  
SHUTTLE-  
CRAFT...

OUR MAJOR  
SPACEPORT!  
VESSELS BY  
THE THOUSANDS  
TAKE OFF AND  
LAND HERE, A  
CONSTANT FLOW  
AMONG THE  
MULTITUDES  
OF WORLDS  
IN THIS  
UNIVERSE.

IMPRESSIVE.

IF I UNDERSTAND, ELIOS,  
EACH SQUARE IS  
ASSIGNED TO AN  
INHABITED PLANET?

THAT IS  
CORRECT.

IT'S STRANGE,  
ELIOS, BUT I... I  
SUDDENLY FEEL  
VERY WARM  
INSIDE.

YES, I FEEL IT  
TOO! AS IF  
SOMETHING  
DEEPLY BURIED  
WAS STIRRING...  
STARTING TO  
LIVE AGAIN...!

WE'RE GOING TO THE UNIVERSAL  
TELECOM CENTER... WITHIN THAT  
CRYSTAL ROSE AHEAD.

THOSE  
HUGE  
BIRDS...!  
PEOPLE  
ARE  
RIDING  
THEM...!

ELIOS!  
WHAT  
THE  
DEVIL  
ARE WE  
GOING TO  
DO IN  
THIS  
PLACE?

HERE, EVERYONE CAN  
SHARE IN ALL THE  
INFORMATION THAT  
EXISTS, ALL THE  
KNOWLEDGE POSSIBLE.

EVERY SECTOR OF  
THE UNIVERSE IS  
COVERED. EACH  
DAY, OUR COM-  
PUTERS ENCODE  
AND SYNTHESIZE  
BILLIONS OF  
BYTES OF NEW  
DATA.

INCREDIBLE!  
WHAT DO THOSE  
BLACK SQUARES  
REPRESENT?

THE DARK ZONES ARE THOSE  
DISCONNECTED FROM THE  
CENTRAL SYSTEM. YOUR  
WORLD, FOR EXAMPLE,  
IS ONE OF THEM.

SOME 200,000 YEARS  
AGO, A PLANETARY  
REBELLION TOOK PLACE  
THERE. SINCE THEN, YOUR  
EVOLUTION CEASED TO  
PARALLEL OURS. YOU  
PROGRESSED IN SCIENCE  
AND TECHNOLOGY... BUT  
LOST CONTROL OF YOUR  
DESTRUCTIVE URGES!  
THAT'S WHY WARS AND  
CRISES HAVE RAVAGED  
YOUR WORLD. THAT'S  
WHY ITS PRESENT STATE  
IS DISASTROUS!

BUT ELIOS,  
WHAT CAN  
WE DO TO  
CHANGE  
THAT?

FIRST YOU MUST CHANGE YOURSELF,  
PROFESSOR EVANS. ALL OF YOU  
MUST. SUCH IS THE LAW. COME!



BELOW IS THE CRYSTAL CITY. NOTICE, IT'S COMPOSED OF THREE CIRCLES? THE OUTER CIRCLE IS DEDICATED TO MATERIAL AND PHYSICAL ACTIVITIES, THE MIDDLE TO ARTISTIC AND PSYCHIC PURSUITS, AND THE INNER-MOST TO SPIRITUAL LIFE.

THE SEPARATION FAVORS INDIVIDUAL FULFILLMENT. NOW, SEE THE SHINING PYRAMID...? WE STOP THERE NEXT. IT'S ONE OF OUR REGENERATIVE UNITS.

WHERE...

I HAD TO ADJUST THE REGENERATIVE ENERGY CHARGE ESPECIALLY FOR THEIR SEVERELY DEPLETED BIO-SYSTEMS, ELIOS.

SOON...

AH! ALL DONE! SO--

--HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER YOUR TRANSFORMATION?

ELIOS! IT'S WONDERFUL!

YES! HOW CAN WE EXPRESS OUR GRATITUDE?

GOODBYE, GLASSES!

WOW!

IT'S... LIKE LOSING 25 YEARS!

AMAZING!

THIS WAY, MY FRIENDS! AEDENA JUST GAVE YOU HEALTH, BEAUTY AND YOUTH, BUT ANOTHER GIFT AWAITS!

WHAT A TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM! THESE BIRDS ARE WONDERFUL, INCREDIBLE...! THEY SEEM ALMOST INTELLIGENT.

THEY ARE. THEY'RE CARRYING US TO THE SECOND CIRCLE, WHERE AN ARTIST-MAGICIAN HAS CRAFTED SOME VERY SPECIAL HOLO-PORTRAITS...

INDEED. FOR THIS OCCASION WE SHALL TAKE OUR THIRD MEANS OF TRAVEL...

AND...

YES. THE PORTRAITS OF EACH OF YOU AT AGE THREE. AEDENA'S MAGIC LETS US REVIVE THE SOUL OF THE CHILD WITHIN YOU.

WE ALL FEEL CLOSER TO THE TIME WHEN WE SHALL ENTER THE THIRD CIRCLE.

FOLLOW ME. DO NOT BE AFRAID.

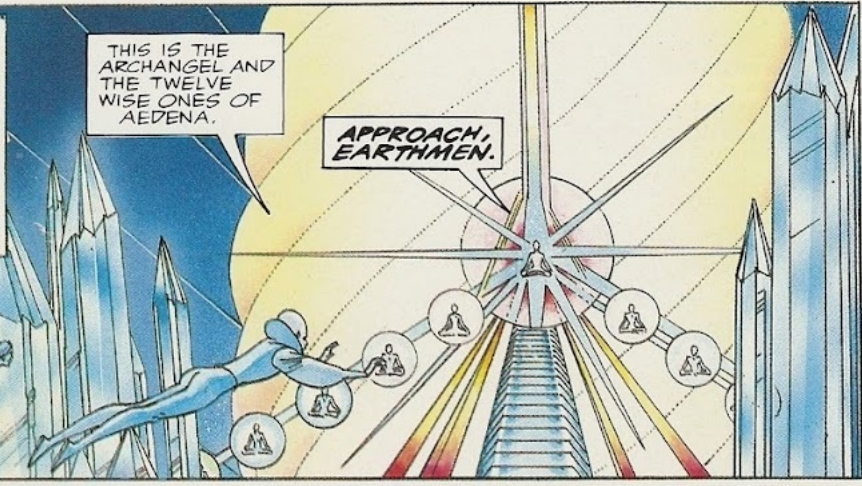
HEY! I... I'M FLYING!





FLYING! MY OLDEST DREAM!

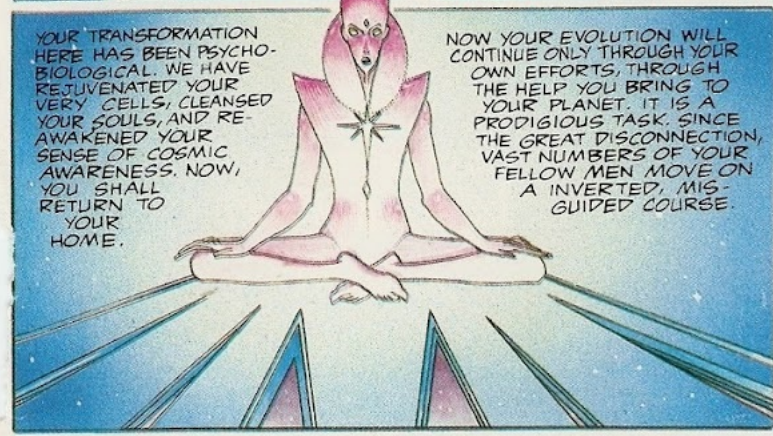
YES. AND ALL OF MANKIND'S AS WELL!



APPROACH, EARTHMEN.

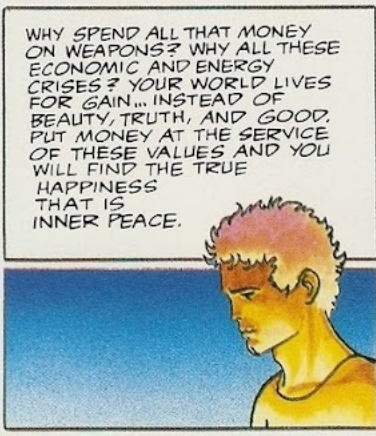


MOMENTS LATER, THEY SOAR INTO THE CRYSTAL VORTEX AT THE TOP OF THE THIRD CIRCLE.



YOUR TRANSFORMATION HERE HAS BEEN PSYCHO-BIOLOGICAL. WE HAVE REJUVENATED YOUR VERY CELLS, CLEANSED YOUR SOULS, AND RE-AWAKENED YOUR SENSE OF COSMIC AWARENESS. NOW, YOU SHALL RETURN TO YOUR HOME.

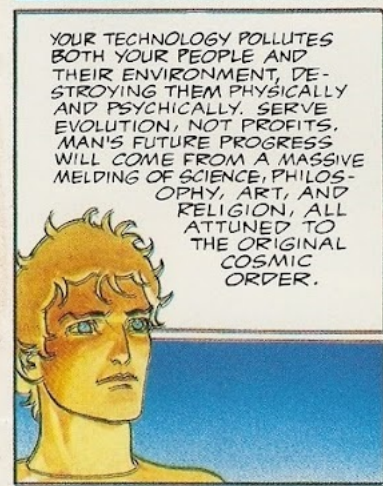
NOW YOUR EVOLUTION WILL CONTINUE ONLY THROUGH YOUR OWN EFFORTS, THROUGH THE HELP YOU BRING TO YOUR PLANET. IT IS A PRODIGIOUS TASK, SINCE THE GREAT DISCONNECTION, VAST NUMBERS OF YOUR FELLOW MEN MOVE ON A INVERTED, MIS-GUIDED COURSE.



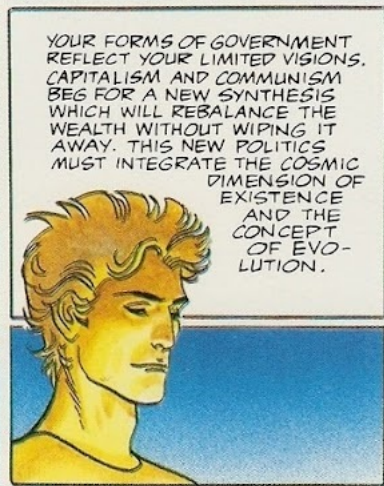
WHY SPEND ALL THAT MONEY ON WEAPONS? WHY ALL THESE ECONOMIC AND ENERGY CRISES? YOUR WORLD LIVES FOR GAIN... INSTEAD OF BEAUTY, TRUTH, AND GOOD. PUT MONEY AT THE SERVICE OF THESE VALUES AND YOU WILL FIND THE TRUE HAPPINESS THAT IS INNER PEACE.



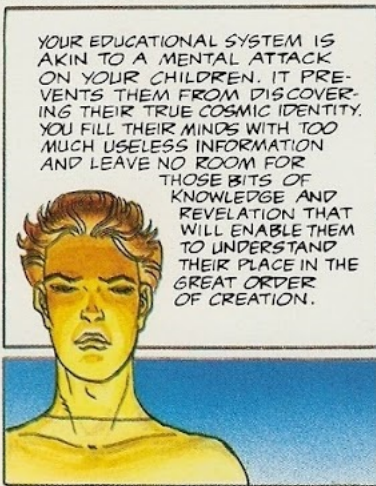
YOUR RELIGIONS HAVE BECOME BASTARDIZED FORMS, TWISTED TRANSCRIPTIONS OF THE ULTIMATE PRINCIPLE, RATHER THAN BE LINKED FALSELY TOGETHER THROUGH SHAKY DOCTRINAL CONNECTIONS, LET YOUR SPIRITS JOIN WITH THE PRIMORDIAL SOURCE.



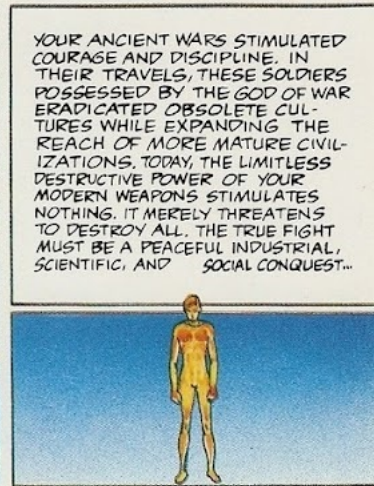
YOUR TECHNOLOGY POLLUTES BOTH YOUR PEOPLE AND THEIR ENVIRONMENT, DESTROYING THEM PHYSICALLY AND PSYCHICALLY. SERVE EVOLUTION, NOT PROFITS. MAN'S FUTURE PROGRESS WILL COME FROM A MASSIVE MELDING OF SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, ART, AND RELIGION, ALL ATTUNED TO THE ORIGINAL COSMIC ORDER.



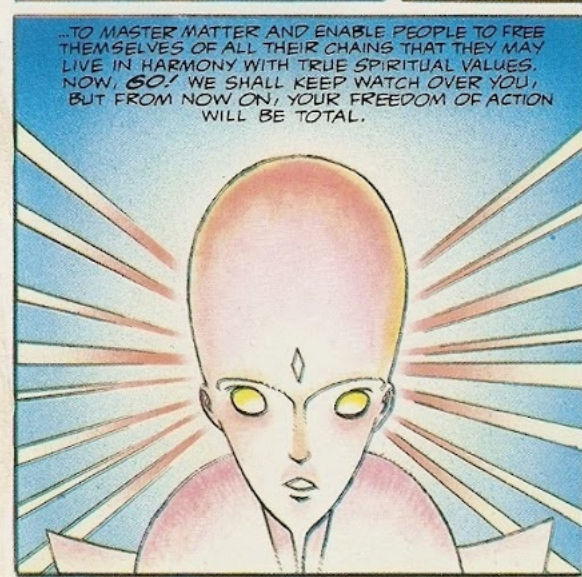
YOUR FORMS OF GOVERNMENT REFLECT YOUR LIMITED VISIONS. CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM BEG FOR A NEW SYNTHESIS WHICH WILL REBALANCE THE WEALTH WITHOUT WIPING IT AWAY. THIS NEW POLITICS MUST INTEGRATE THE COSMIC DIMENSION OF EXISTENCE AND THE CONCEPT OF EVOLUTION.



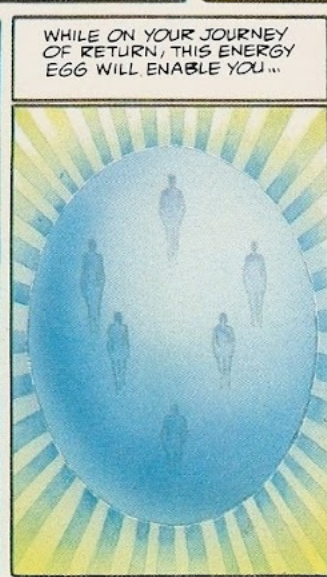
YOUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IS AKIN TO A MENTAL ATTACK ON YOUR CHILDREN. IT PREVENTS THEM FROM DISCOVERING THEIR TRUE COSMIC IDENTITY. YOU FILL THEIR MINDS WITH TOO MUCH USELESS INFORMATION AND LEAVE NO ROOM FOR THOSE BITS OF KNOWLEDGE AND REVELATION THAT WILL ENABLE THEM TO UNDERSTAND THEIR PLACE IN THE GREAT ORDER OF CREATION.



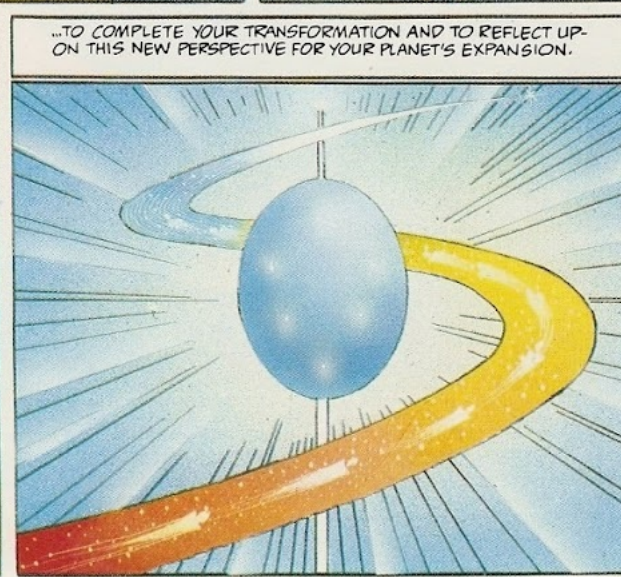
YOUR ANCIENT WARS STIMULATED COURAGE AND DISCIPLINE. IN THEIR TRAVELS, THESE SOLDIERS POSSESSED BY THE GOD OF WAR ERADICATED OBSOLETE CULTURES WHILE EXPANDING THE REACH OF MORE MATURE CIVILIZATIONS. TODAY, THE LIMITLESS DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF YOUR MODERN WEAPONS STIMULATES NOTHING. IT MERELY THREATENS TO DESTROY ALL. THE TRUE FIGHT MUST BE A PEACEFUL INDUSTRIAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND SOCIAL CONQUEST...



...TO MASTER MATTER AND ENABLE PEOPLE TO FREE THEMSELVES OF ALL THEIR CHAINS THAT THEY MAY LIVE IN HARMONY WITH TRUE SPIRITUAL VALUES. NOW, GO! WE SHALL KEEP WATCH OVER YOU, BUT FROM NOW ON, YOUR FREEDOM OF ACTION WILL BE TOTAL.



WHILE ON YOUR JOURNEY OF RETURN, THIS ENERGY EGG WILL ENABLE YOU...



...TO COMPLETE YOUR TRANSFORMATION AND TO REFLECT UPON THIS NEW PERSPECTIVE FOR YOUR PLANET'S EXPANSION.



SOON AFTER.

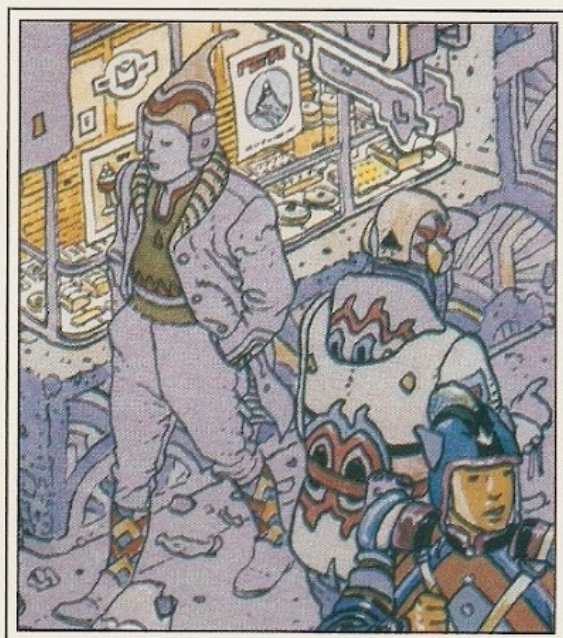
SYNTHESURVEYOR 7360  
REPORTING THE MESSENGERS  
ARE APPROACHING THEIR  
FINAL ORBIT...

OPERATION "EXPANSION"  
IS UNDERWAY!

ENCASED, PROTECTED, SIX BEINGS DROP FROM THE STARS. THEIR  
MISSION IS BEGINNING. THEY CARRY A VISION FROM THE WORLD  
AT THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE, A PLANET CALLED AEDENA.

WILL THEY MAKE IT LIVE ANEW ON A PLANET CALLED...**EARTH?**





**A**edena started as a job I had to do for the twentieth anniversary issue of the French magazine **L'Expansion**, which is very similar to the American **Fortune**. They had asked me to draw a story for them, and I had thought that it would be amusing to do something that would be read by business people instead of my usual public.

I had six pages, and the total freedom to create anything I wanted. When I started to talk about it with Jean-Paul Appel-Guery who, at the time, was a little like my spiritual advisor, we quickly arrived at the conclusion that, instead of doing a straight science fiction or fantasy story, we were going to present them with a tract, a manifesto, something like the comics the Chinese used to do under Mao, even if it was a bit of a simplistic and naive approach.

Of course, the story would be centered around a message that was dear to us, that is, full of a sense of cosmic wonder, with angels, superior dimensions, etc. It was a Herculean task, if not in terms of quantity, then of quality. I must admit now that I feel that I have only achieved perhaps 20 percent or 30 percent of what we were really trying to do.

**Aedena** was received with total stupefaction by my usual public, who just couldn't understand how I could do something so bizarre. On the other hand, it was very popular with the readers of **L'Expansion**, because, even if they didn't believe in its message, they nevertheless recognized in it a language with which they were already familiar. It probably had more impact than if I had done an ordinary science fiction story!

To me, **Aedena** is a little like a prototype for **The Adenea Cycle** that I am currently working on. Although it is not the same planet, and I don't have five characters who are going to be transmogrified, I am nevertheless following the same master plan, but making it much denser and richer. I am taking something that was, in many respects, quite primitive, even elementary, and turning it into something extraordinary, while attempting to remain faithful to our original intention.





The influence of Appel-Guery's spiritual teachings on my work is really hard to evaluate, because it was an intrinsic part of a continuing process that everyone goes through in one way or another. It is both trying to improve oneself, as well as, finding answers to the questions of life.

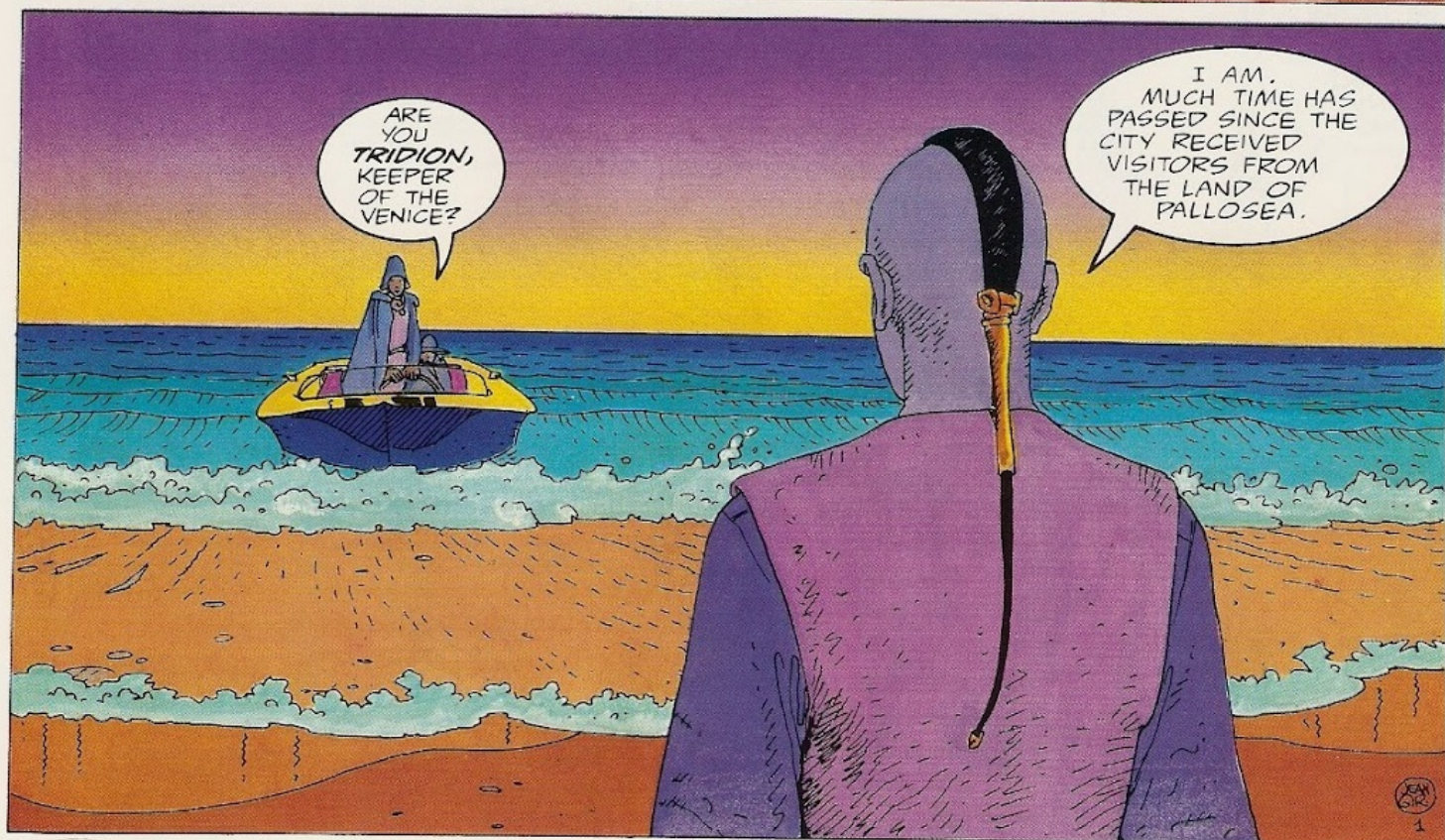
I was very consciously attempting to find a non-egoistic style, in the sense that I was trying to transcribe a universe of non-human shapes—in the literal sense of the word—without using my bag of tricks or my personal obsessions, but by plugging myself directly into archetypes.

On that level, I consider that I have failed. But what is important is that I have tried. And by trying, I have drawn a certain number of lessons, and gained an insight which has been very valuable to me. Perhaps, it will someday enable me to succeed in doing what I haven't so far been able to do.

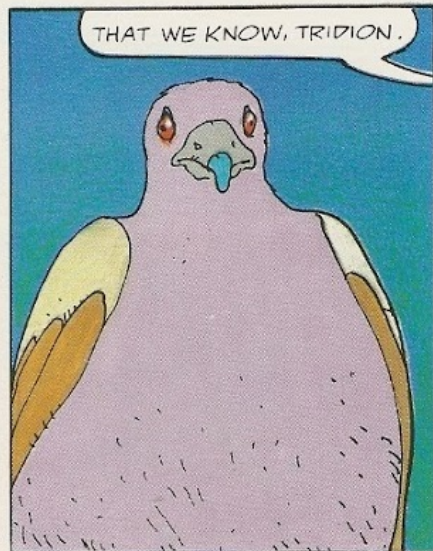
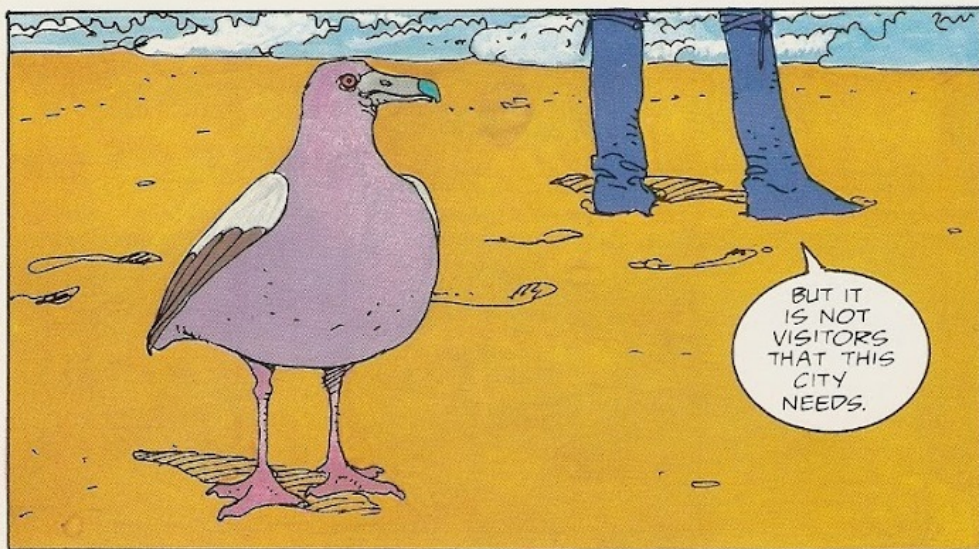


# - CELESTIAL VENICE

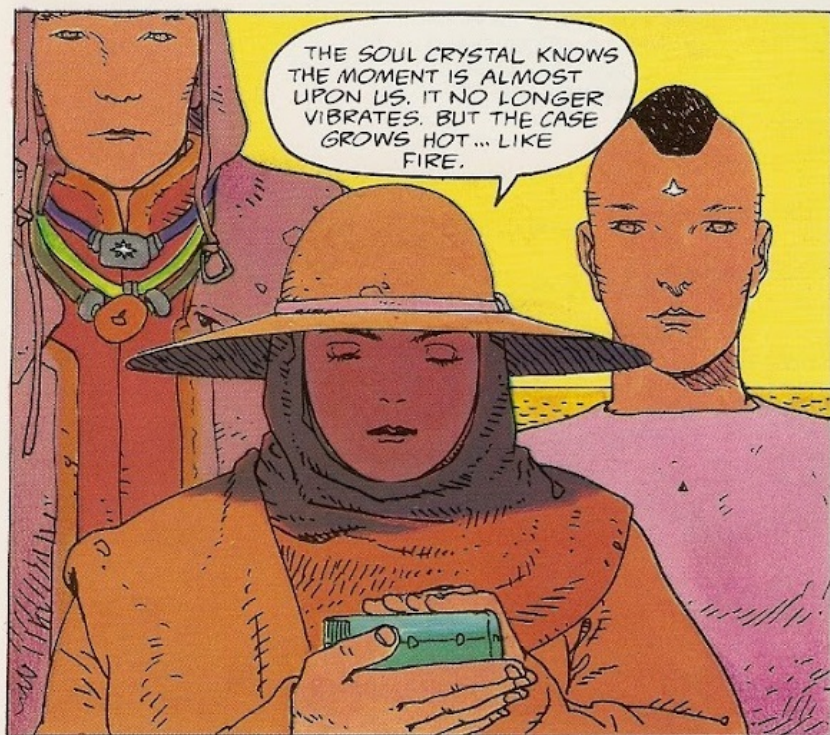
"HOW THEN IS IT POSSIBLE FOR A CITY TO FLY INTO SPACE? IT MUST FIRST BE A VENICE. SOMETIMES A VENICE MUST LAND ON A PLANET. BUT, IF NOT ENDOWED WITH A NEW SOUL, IT IS DOOMED TO SINK, DEEPER AND DEEPER... UNTO THE PLANET'S VERY CORE."  
-- CHRONICLES OF THE RING







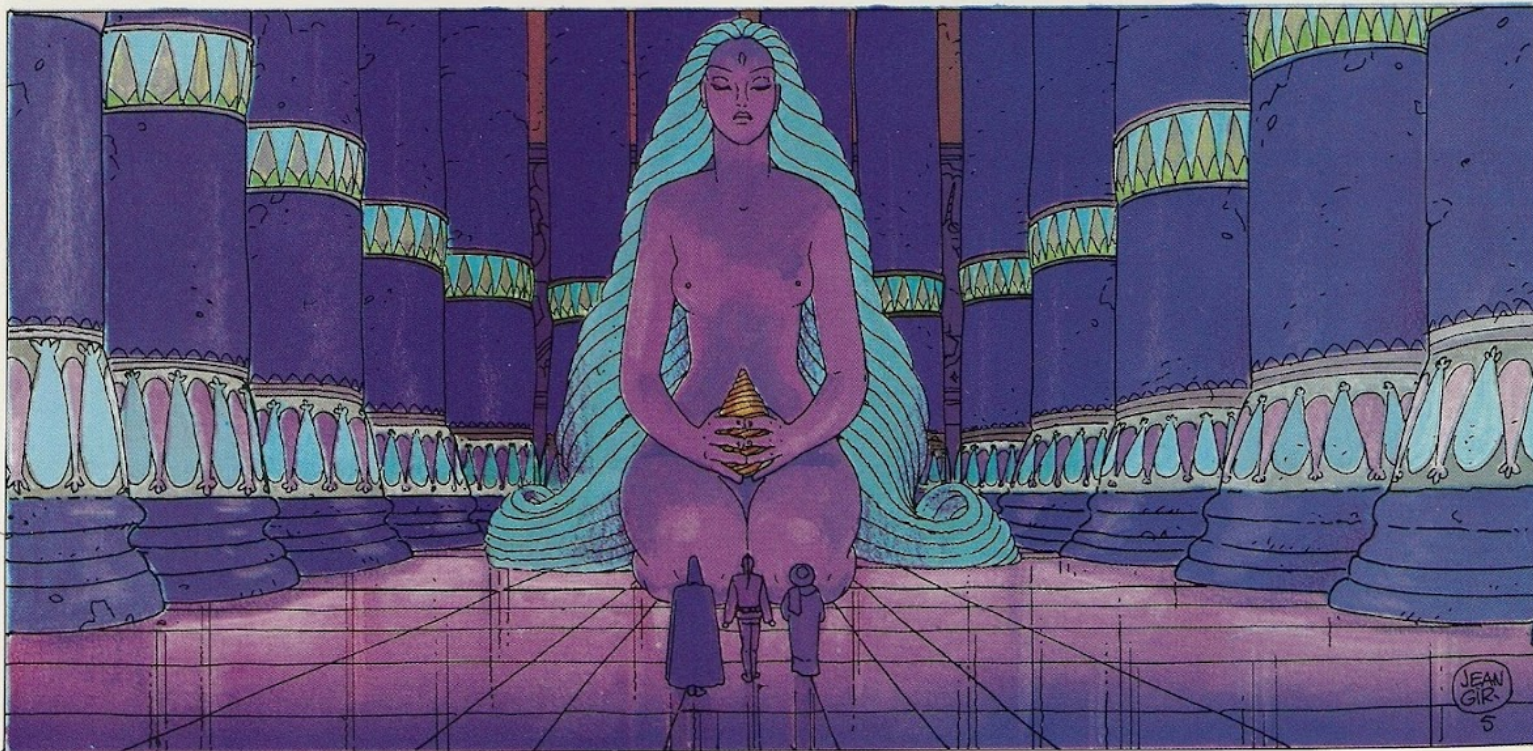
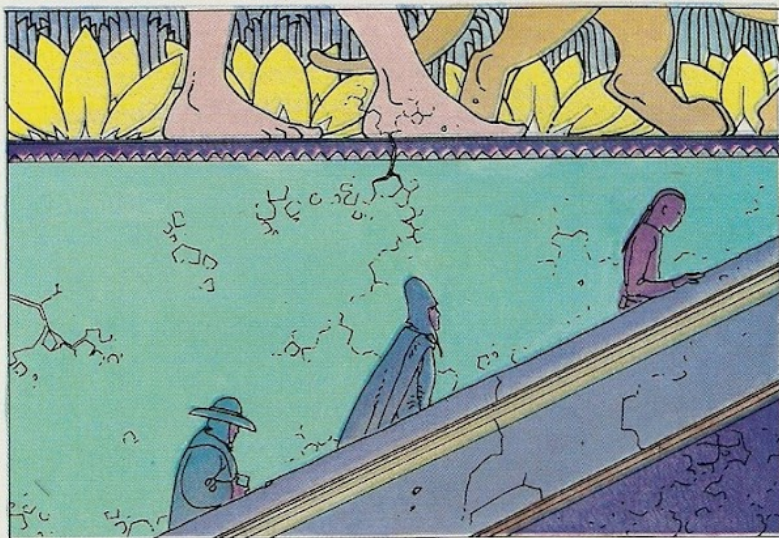
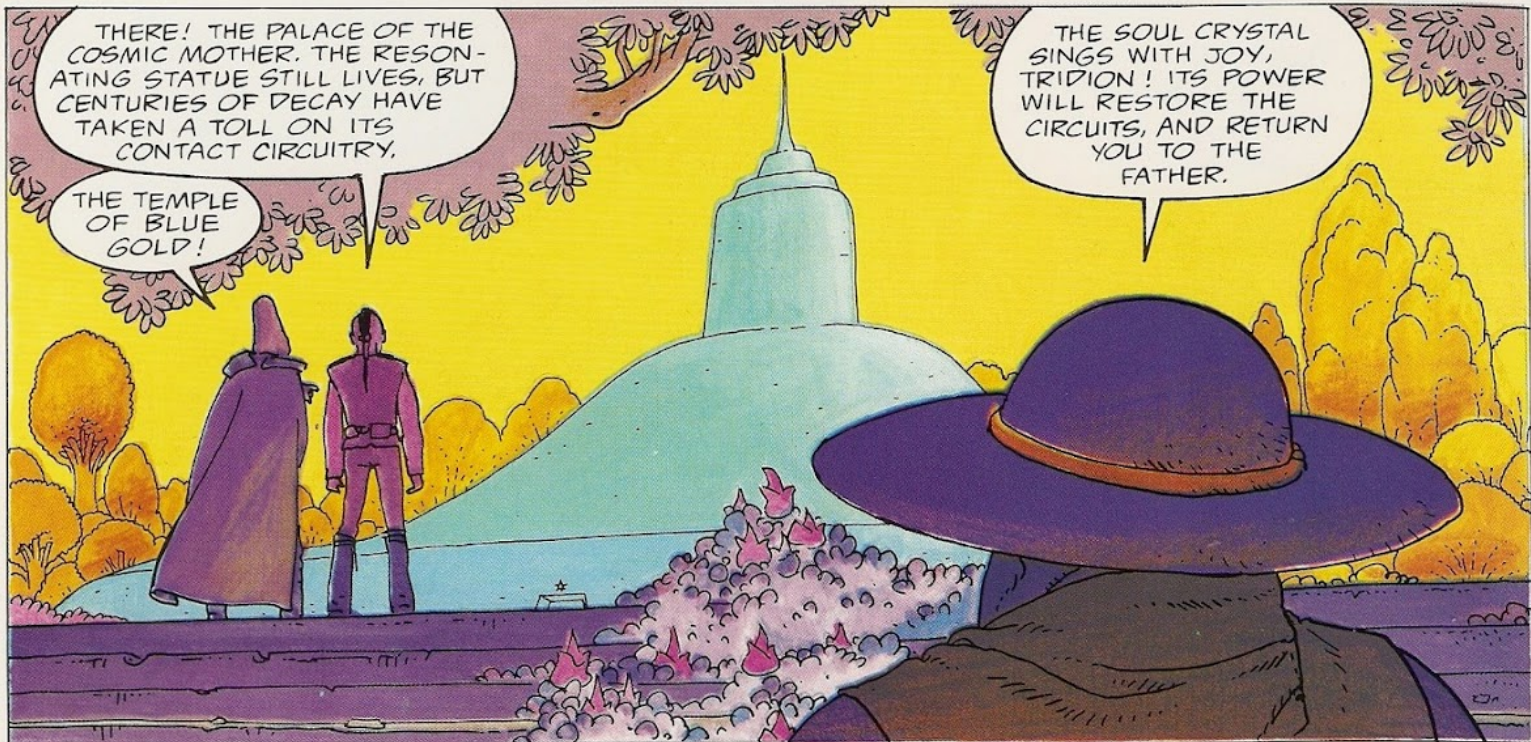




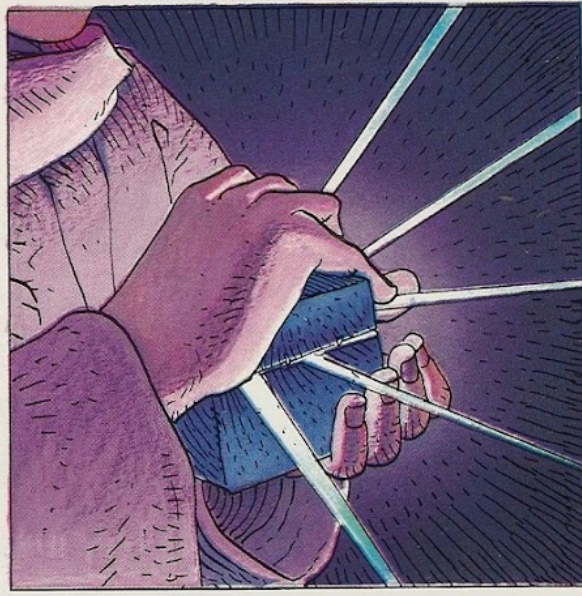
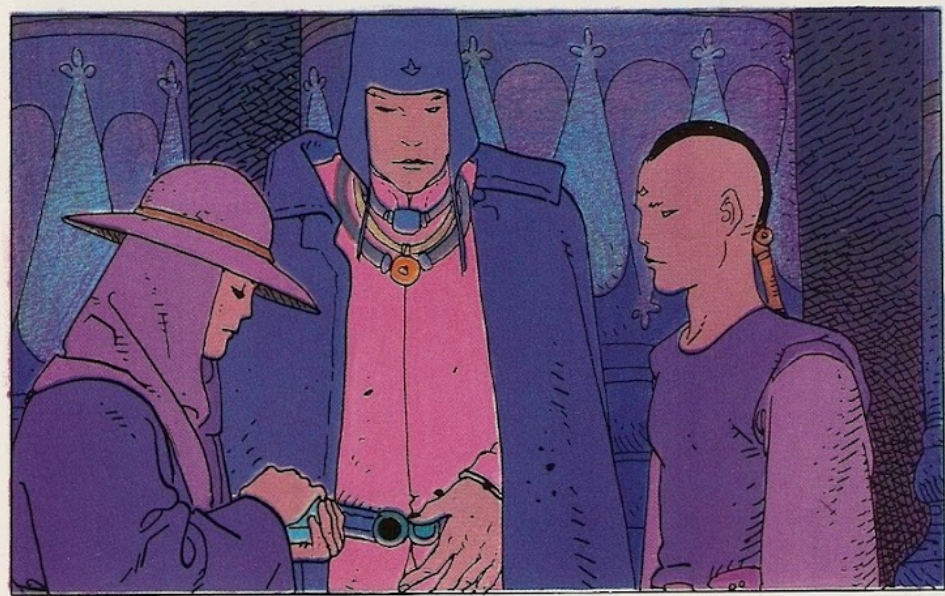
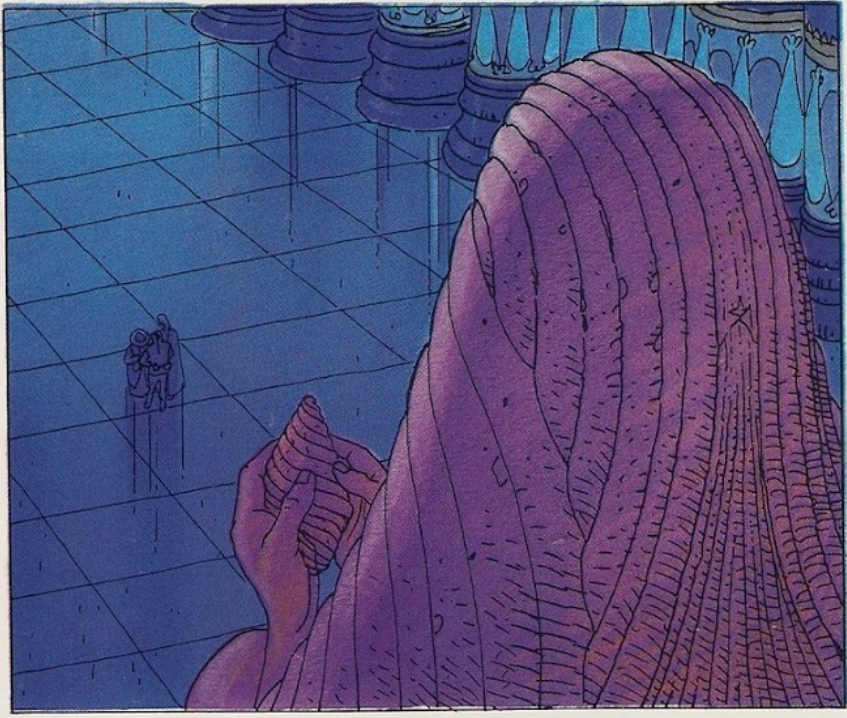
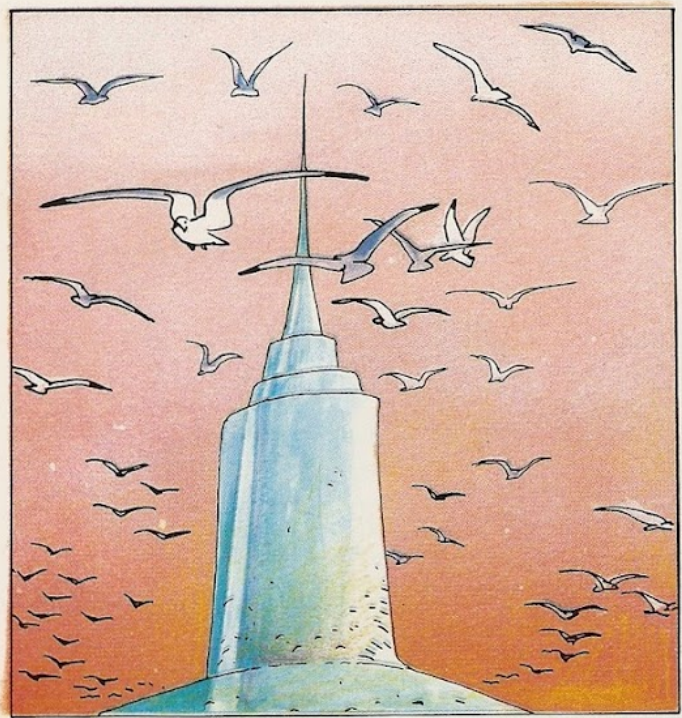




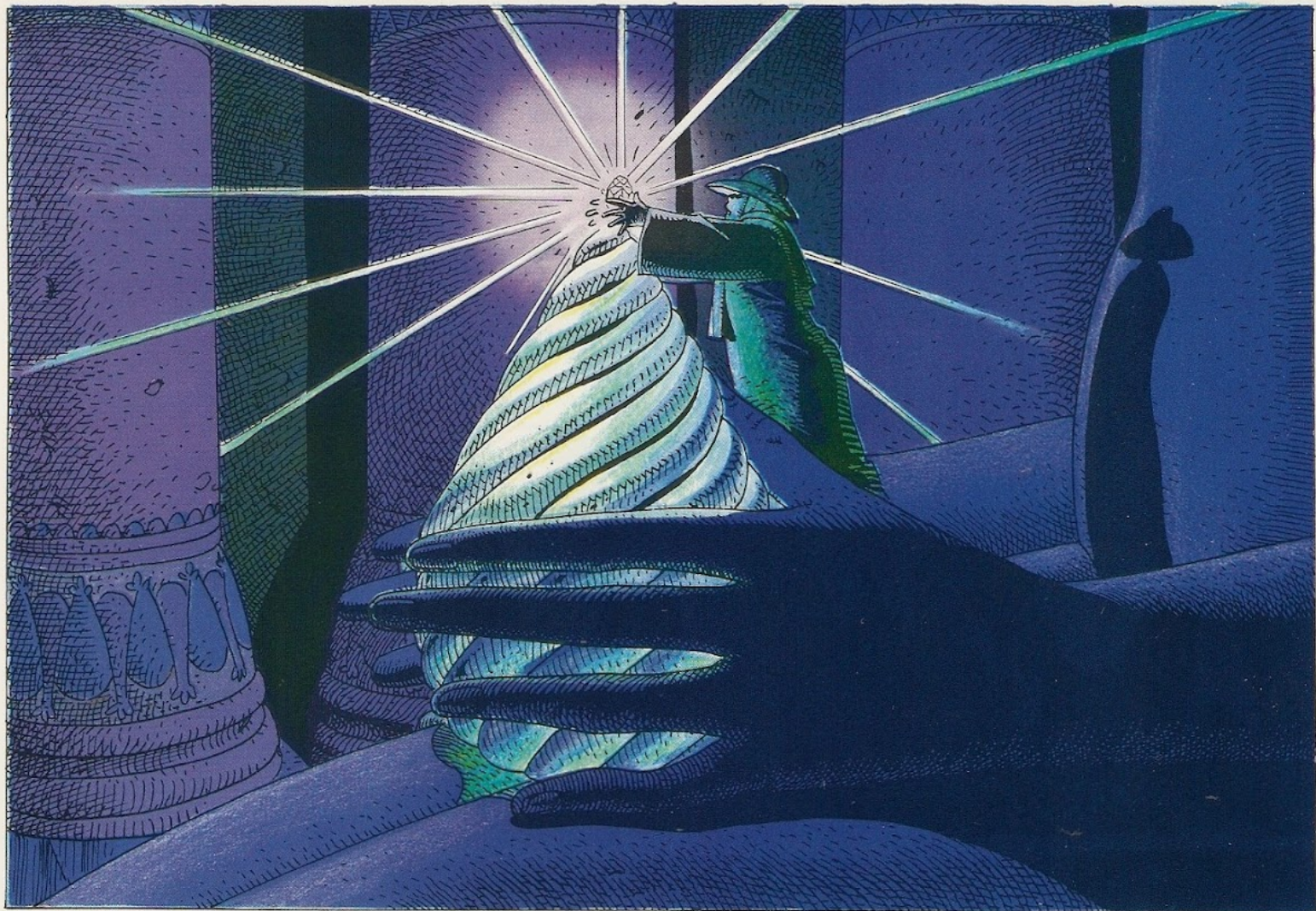




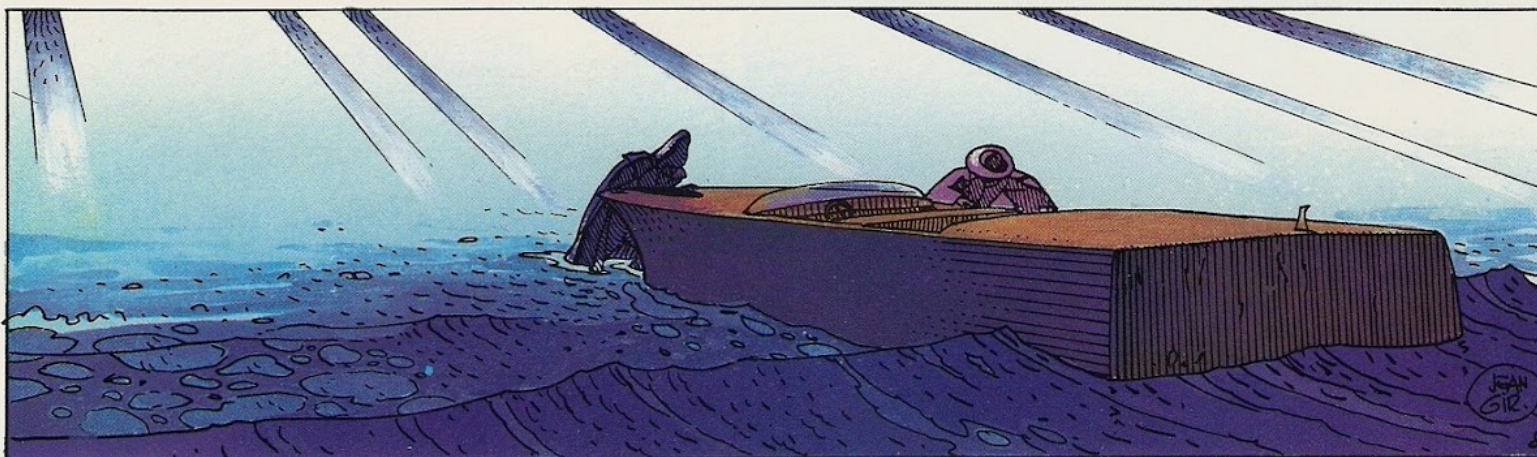
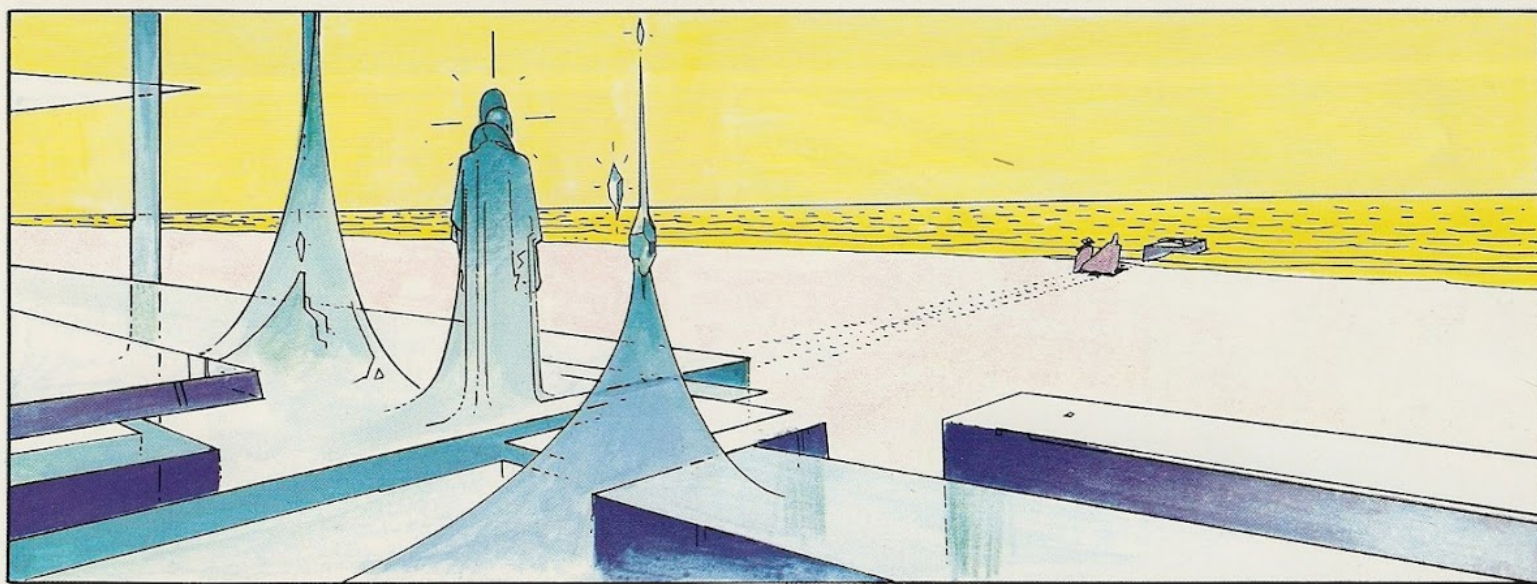
















THERE ARE AT THIS TIME 127 ACTIVE VENICES, OVER 5000 HAVE ALREADY SUNK. 34 ARE ENDANGERED. WRITTEN AND DRAWN IN VENICE, CALIFORNIA 18 DEC. 1983. FIN.





## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JEAN "MOEBIUS" GIRAUD

W

hat do a twisted loop of paper and an Airtight Garage have in common? They are both the creations of Moebius.

The Moebius of the Airtight Garage is French artist Jean Giraud. His nom-de-plume, "Moebius", is only borrowed from that of a very real German mathematician of the same name who created the famous, twisted loop of paper, better known as the "Moebius Strip." Let's put aside mathematics, however, and talk about art.

Our Moebius was born in a suburb of Paris on May 8, 1938. He spent a great deal of his childhood with his grandparents, and it was on their bookshelves that he discovered the works of famous 19th century illustrators, such as Gustave Dore. He was fascinated not only by classic illustration, but by comic strips as well, especially **TARZAN**, **TINTIN**, **FLASH GORDON**, **SPIROU**, **MANDRAKE**, and **THE PHANTOM**. In fact, he was so impressed by **THE PHANTOM**, that he later paid homage to it in his graphic novel, **THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE**.

When he was sixteen, Giraud began artistic studies at the Arts Appliques, a professional school in Paris. It was around this same time that, through the French edition of **F & SF**, he discovered the fascinating concepts which were being explored in science fiction.

Not long after, his first professional illustrations were published. Then, when he was seventeen, he spent eight months in Mexico. For young Moebius, this period was the first turning point in his life. His many discoveries in Mexico, such as Jazz, "real" art, the marvels of the desert, as well as the spirit of the Mexican people, proved to be an incredible inspiration for his own work.

At the same time, he had also sold his first comic strip, a western called, **FRANK & JEREMIE**. The strip was so successful that Giraud began to draw more western stories. He met Joseph Gillain (Jije), a very famous comic artist who was one of the founders of the comic magazine, **SPIROU**. Jije was the creator of the famous western strip, **JERRY SPRING**, of which Giraud was a big fan.

After Giraud's mandatory two-year stint in the army, Jije invited him to become his assistant on **JERRY SPRING**. But, after a year, he left for Studio Hachette, where he worked as an illustrator for an encyclopedia-type work, **THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATIONS**. Hachette was important to Giraud for another, more personal reason. It was there that he met his wife-to-be, Claudine.

But, standard commercial comics were not enough for Giraud. There was another side of his artistic nature that craved an outlet. So, simultaneously, taking inspiration from Will Elder and the other **MAD** artists, he began drawing black-humored vignettes in an art style completely different from the realistic one for which he had become known. These were published in the French satirical, quasi-underground magazine **HARA-KIRI**.

Wanting another signature for this other style of work, Giraud chose **MOEBIUS**, a pun-like pseudonym that eventually would become more famous than his real name!



History was made in 1962 when Giraud met writer Jean-Michel Charlier. Together they created a character who rapidly developed a life beyond anything they imagined. He was **LIEUTENANT BLUEBERRY**, originally meant as only one of the denizens of their strip, **FORT NAVAJO**. **BLUEBERRY**'s adventures have lasted for twenty-five years, in stories that celebrate the myth and panorama of our American West. It also solidified Giraud's reputation as one of the foremost artists in the genre.

Between 1964 and 1969, **BLUEBERRY** took up all of Giraud's time, and it wasn't until he began a series of illustrations for the French translations of works by SF luminaries such as Poul Anderson, Roger Zelazny, Robert Heinlein and others, that Moebius was once more launched upon the scene. The intervening five years had once again changed the artist's style, which now reflected the influence of American artists from the pages of **GALAXY**, such as Emsch.

Then, in 1973, the first true Moebius comic story, ironically called **THE DETOUR**, was published in **PILOTE**, heralding yet another direction in the artist's varied career. **BLUEBERRY** was now destined to hold a less important place in Moebius' life.

In 1974, rather than working on another western adventure, the artist concentrated on developing this new style. Besides creating stories such as **WHITE NIGHTMARE** and **IS MAN GOOD?**, in **THE HUNT FOR THE VACATIONING FRENCHMAN**, he gave birth to another character who would go on to bigger things, Major Grubert!

As is often the case in "creative" times, Giraud was not alone in discovering a new outlet for his artistic desires. In 1975, he, along with artist Philippe Druillet, writer Jean-Pierre Dionnet, and fellow-traveler Bernard Farkas, banded together to launch a new monthly comic magazine, **METAL HURLANT**. Once again, comic book history was in the making.

From the beginning, readers knew that **METAL HURLANT** was special. The radically different approach to story-telling within its pages changed the face of European comics. The seminal, breakthrough SF/fantasy stories such as Moebius' **ARZACH** and **THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE**, have influenced an entire generation of new artists and writers. Certainly, such works can be credited with opening a window on comic art to a population outside of the traditional comic audience.

This window served to introduce Moebius to artists in a variety of other fields. One of these artists, filmmaker Alejandro Jodorowsky (**EL TOPO**), was to foment yet another change in his life.

In 1975, Jodorowsky, along with Dan O'Bannon, H. R. Giger, Chris Foss and several other artists, was working on a film version of Frank Herbert's classic SF novel, **DUNE**. Moebius joined the team and, through 1976, worked on the designs of costumes, storyboards, etc. Unfortunately, adequate financing for the project was never secured. But, while the film may not have been completed, the time Moebius spent with Jodorowsky opened his eyes to a new way of life.

Jodorowsky had introduced Moebius to the metaphysical outlook of authors such as Carlos Casteneda. The artist realized that art might not necessarily be an end to itself, and began to turn towards more spiritual pursuits.

After the **DUNE** project folded, Dan O'Bannon asked Moebius to work with him on another SF film, **ALIEN**, for which he designed a number of spacesuits and costumes.

Around this same time, Moebius met Jean-Paul Appel-Guery, the leader of a French Zen commune. His philosophy forced the artist, who had already become more spiritually aware, to further question his life style, and actively rechannel his energies towards an ideal of purity.

While the artist was changing his life, the Americans were just starting to be turned on to this new wave in European comic art, with the creation of the American counterpart of **METAL HURLANT**, **HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE**.



Spiritual development had not slowed down artistic output and, in 1978, Moebius storyboarded and designed **THE TIME MASTERS**, a feature-length animated film by Rene Laloux (**FANTASTIC PLANET**), based on a popular French SF novel by author Stefan Wul. Meanwhile, Moebius had renewed his collaboration with Jodorowsky, this time on a nightmarish comic book story, **THE EYES OF THE CAT**.

1979 was a year filled with creative energy for Moebius. He produced his first **BLUEBERRY** story since 1974, and, also with Charlier, created another new western character, **JIM CUTLASS**. Then, after bringing the incredible saga of **THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE** to a close, he created **THE WORLD KILLER**, a spiritual space opera for which George Lucas wrote a foreword.

The following year saw him working once more with his friend, Jodorowsky. This time, the two created a vast, mystical, galactic saga, which centered on the adventures of a futuristic private eye named **JOHN DIFOOL**. The first two volumes, **THE DARK INCAL** and **THE BRIGHT INCAL**, appeared in 1981, while, simultaneously, Moebius produced two more **BLUEBERRY** adventures. It was at this same time that American director Steven Lisberger asked the artist to work on the designs and storyboards of the first film to use large amounts of computer animation, **TRON**.

The time he spent in America did not sway the artist from his new spiritual path, and to reflect its influence upon him, Moebius started to use the signature of Jean Gir. As Jean Gir, he strived to achieve a purer artistic style, one more concerned with simplicity and beauty. Amongst the projects that demonstrated this new look was **AEDENA**, which was based on Appel-Guery's philosophical concepts. Still in the pre-production phase is another project started during the same period, **INTERNAL TRANSFER**. This feature-length animated feature will be directed by Arnie Wong, whom the artist met while working on **TRON**.

In 1983, while both a third **JOHN DIFOOL** adventure, **THAT WHICH IS BELOW**, and a new **BLUEBERRY** album appeared, Moebius and his family followed Appel-Guery to Tahiti. The Jean Gir style, too, was much seen that year, with publication of **MEMORY OF THE FUTURE** (later revised as **STARWATCHER**), a collection of exquisite illustrations, and **UPON A STAR**, a 39-page comic story commissioned by the French car manufacturer, Citroën, as a gift for their top car salesmen.

The stay in Tahiti was a short one, and the following year, Moebius moved to Los Angeles to continue his work on **INTERNAL TRANSFER**. Then, the Japanese studio, Tokyo Movie Shinsha, requested that the artist contribute designs to their animated film, **NEMO**, based on Winsor McCay's celebrated comic-strip. While working on **NEMO** in Japan, Moebius began plotting **THE GARDENS OF AEDENA**, the sequel to **UPON A STAR**. **THE GARDEN OF AEDENA** is the herald of a new cosmic saga which will eventually link up with other, earlier works, to form the basis of a Moebius Universe.

In 1985, Moebius finished the fourth **JOHN DIFOOL** volume, **THAT WHICH IS ABOVE**, and began to work on the twenty-fifth **BLUEBERRY** adventure. Then, in collaboration with a young American artist, Geof Darrow, he produced the remarkable illustration portfolio, **CITY OF FIRE**.

Last year, besides completing **THE GARDENS OF AEDENA**, Moebius found time to contribute designs to the live-action feature, **MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE**, where he redesigned several "He-Man" concepts for Production Designer, William Stout, as well as to work on **WILLOW**, a live-action fantasy picture to be produced by George Lucas and directed by Ron Howard.

On Moebius' agenda for the current year are the fifth installment of the **JOHN DIFOOL** saga, **THE FIFTH ESSENCE**, which will contain 100 pages, and **THE GODDESS**, the third volume in what could be dubbed the **AEDENA CYCLE**.

Moebius continues to walk the spiritual path he has chosen, endeavoring to bring beauty and enlightenment to those who view his work. What changes the future will bring remain a mystery, which only time will be able to solve.



