EPIC® GRAPHIC NOVEL • $9.95 • $13.95 CAN

MŒBIUS 2™

THE COLLECTED FANTASIES OF JEAN GIRAUD

ARZACH™

& OTHER FANTASY STORIES

MOEBIUS 2

ARZACH
& OTHER FANTASY STORIES

JEAN "MOEBIUS" GIRAUD
story & art

JEAN-MARC LOFFICIER
RANDY LOFFICIER
translators • editors Starwatcher Graphics

MARGARET CLARK
STEVE BUCCELLATO
editors Epic Comics

ROBBIN BROSTERMAN
designer

CLAUDINE GIRAUD
DAVID SCROGGY
JIM SHOOTER
consulting editors

ARCHIE GOODWIN
editor in chief

THE DETOUR
BILL OAKLEY
letterer

THE BALLADE
GASPAR SALADINO
letterer

THE WHITE CITADEL
BILL OAKLEY
letterer

KTULU
PHIL FELIX
letterer

THE LEGEND OF ARZACH
RANDY LOFFICIER
JEAN-MARC LOFFICIER
story & script
PHIL FELIX
letterer

with special thanks to
Jean-Pierre Dionnet, Salvador Soldevila & Isabelle Morin

MOEBIUS 1

UPON A STAR

MOEBIUS 2

ARZACH
& OTHER FANTASY STORIES

OTHER MOEBIUS GRAPHIC NOVELS

MOEBIUS 3

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

MOEBIUS 4

THE LONG TOMORROW
& OTHER SCIENCE FICTION STORIES

MOEBIUS 5

THE GARDENS OF AEDENA

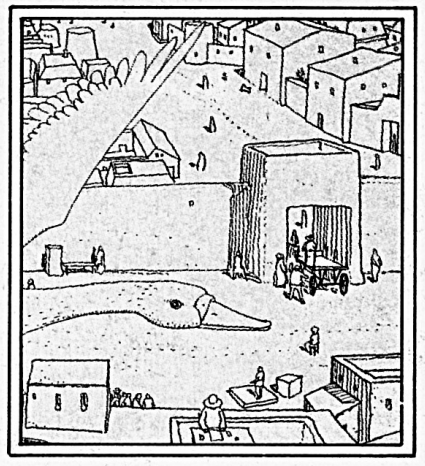
MOEBIUS 6

PHARAGONESIA
& OTHER STRANGE STORIES

published by
The Marvel Entertainment Group
387 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016
ISBN #0-87135-279-6

Epic® Graphic Novel: Moebius 2™—Arzach & Other Fantasy Stories.™ Art and Story Copyright © 1973 • 1975 • 1976 • 1978 • 1980. Translations & Text Copyright © 1987 Starwatcher Graphics. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be printed in any manner whatsoever, whether mechanical or electronic without the written permission of the author and publisher. All prominent characters appearing in this book and their distinct likenesses are a trademark of Moebius.

MOEBIUS



A DREAM LIVES FOREVER

Those of you who don't know **Arzach,** the silent, pterodactyl-riding warrior, possibly Moebius' most famous character, are in for a treat.

The character of **Arzach** was created by Moebius in 1974 in four wonderful, scriptless stories, which caused a small revolution in the French comics industry. Indeed, one could very well compare the impact of **Arzach** in France at that time to that of **Dark Knight** in this country last year.

The dream-like quality of the **Arzach** stories has assured them an unending fame and a special place in the history of comics. Yet, they remain as fresh and disturbing today as they were thirteen years ago. Truly, like all classics, they are timeless and will doubtless live on forever.

For readers already well acquainted with Arzach, we have decided to make this new compilation of the stories something special, something unique. In addition to telling the story behind his character, Moebius has also created a completely new tale, not yet even seen in France.

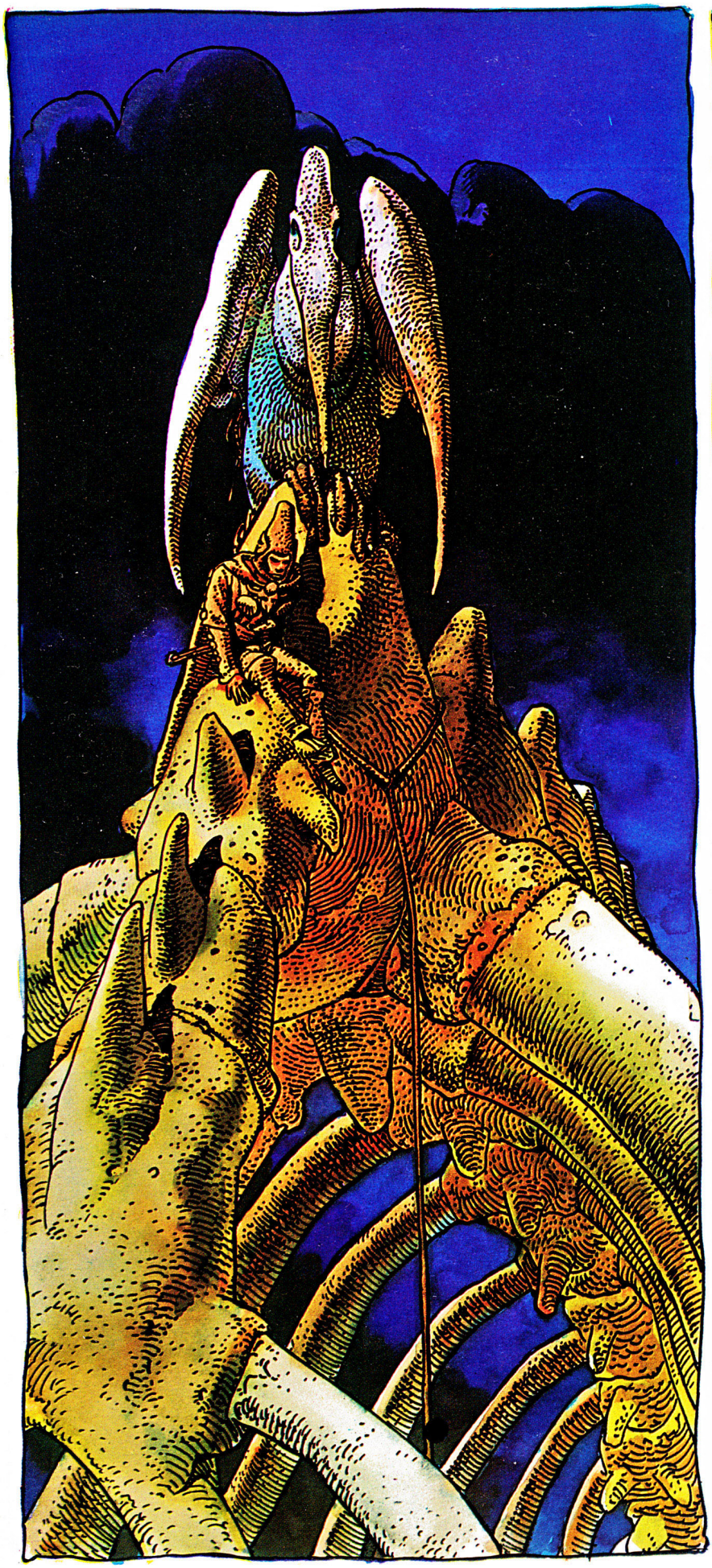
This story, entitled **The Legend of Arzach,** provides some insights into the universe of Arzach, and coincidentally, links up with another famous Moebius story in this book, **The Detour.** The concepts in it were developed by yours truly, jointly with Moebius, for the purpose of selling a feature, or television series, based upon this wonderful character. Hopefully, the fates permitting, the coming years will see even more of the ptero-warrior.

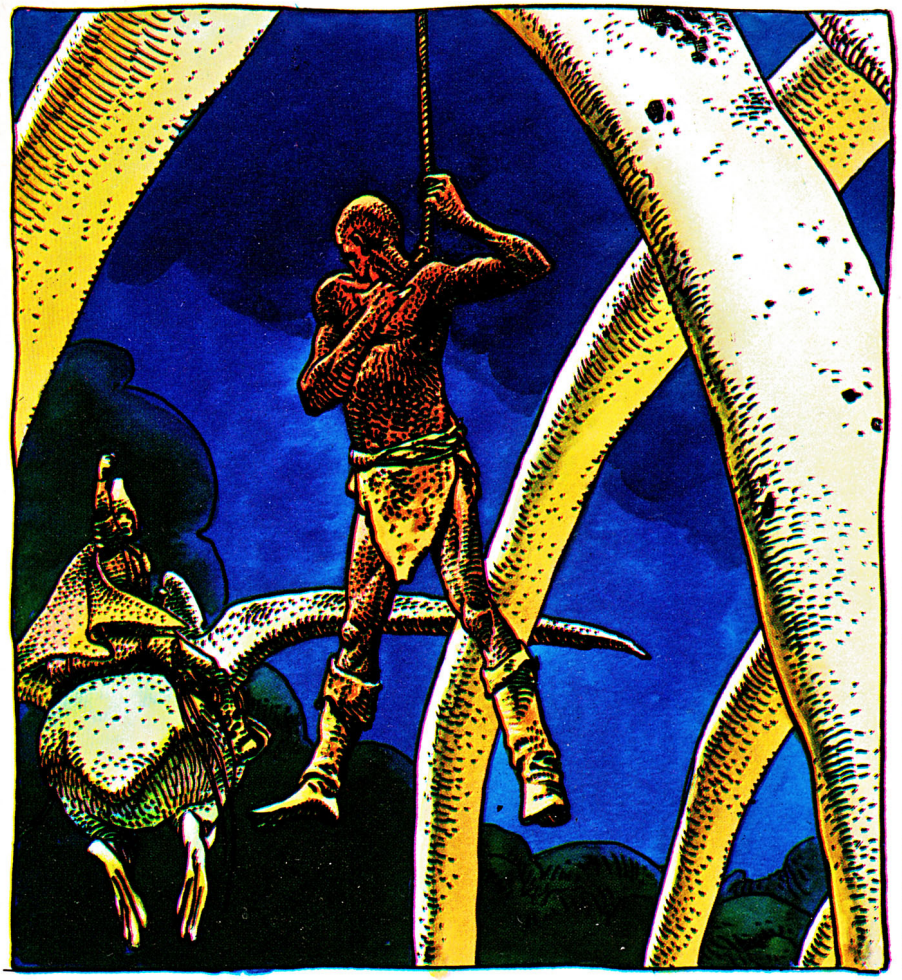
For good measure, we have also added several more fantasy stories, including **The Ballad,** one of Moebius' best, and the favorite of his wife, Claudine.

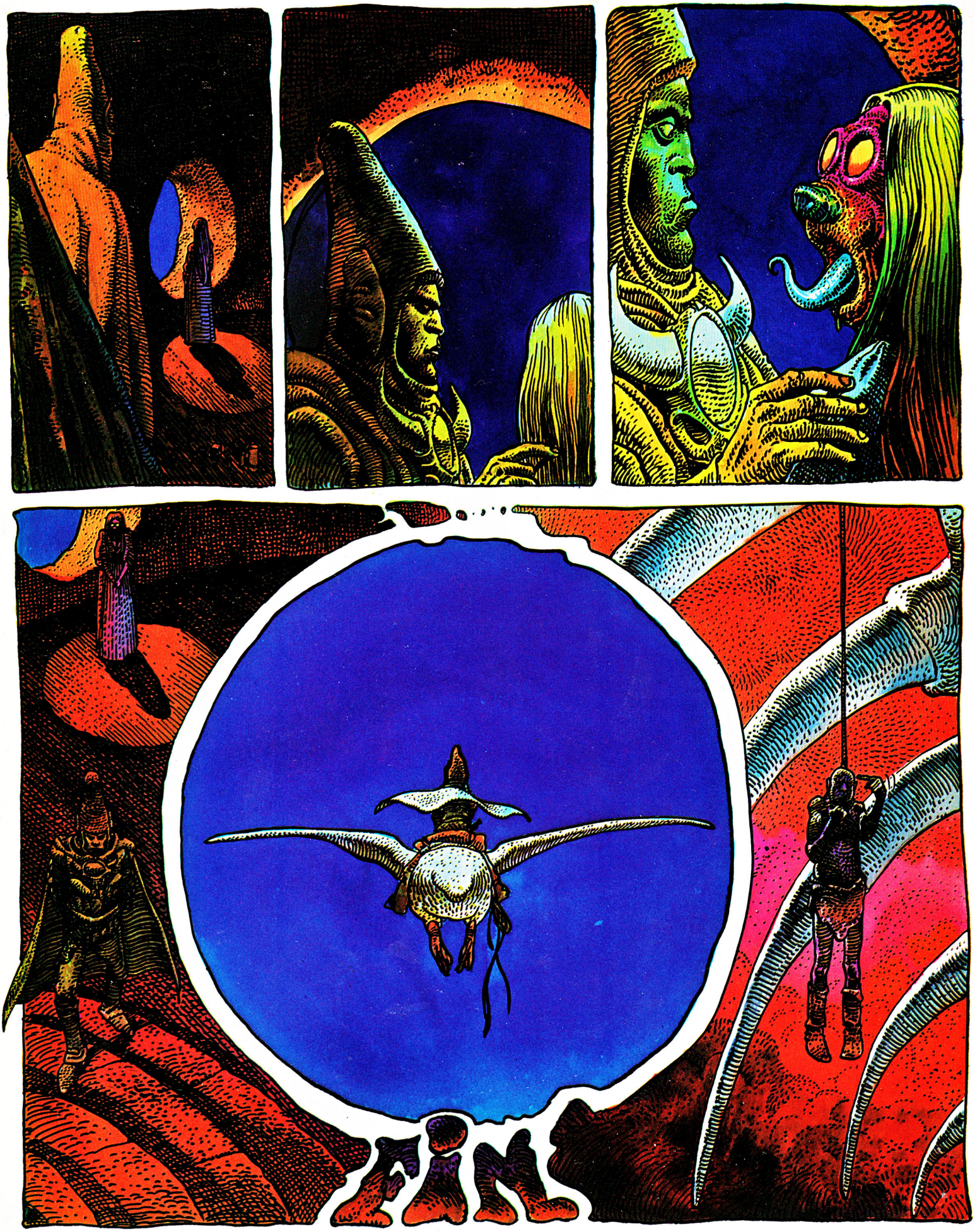
The dream gets better and better.

Jean-Marc & Randy Lofficier

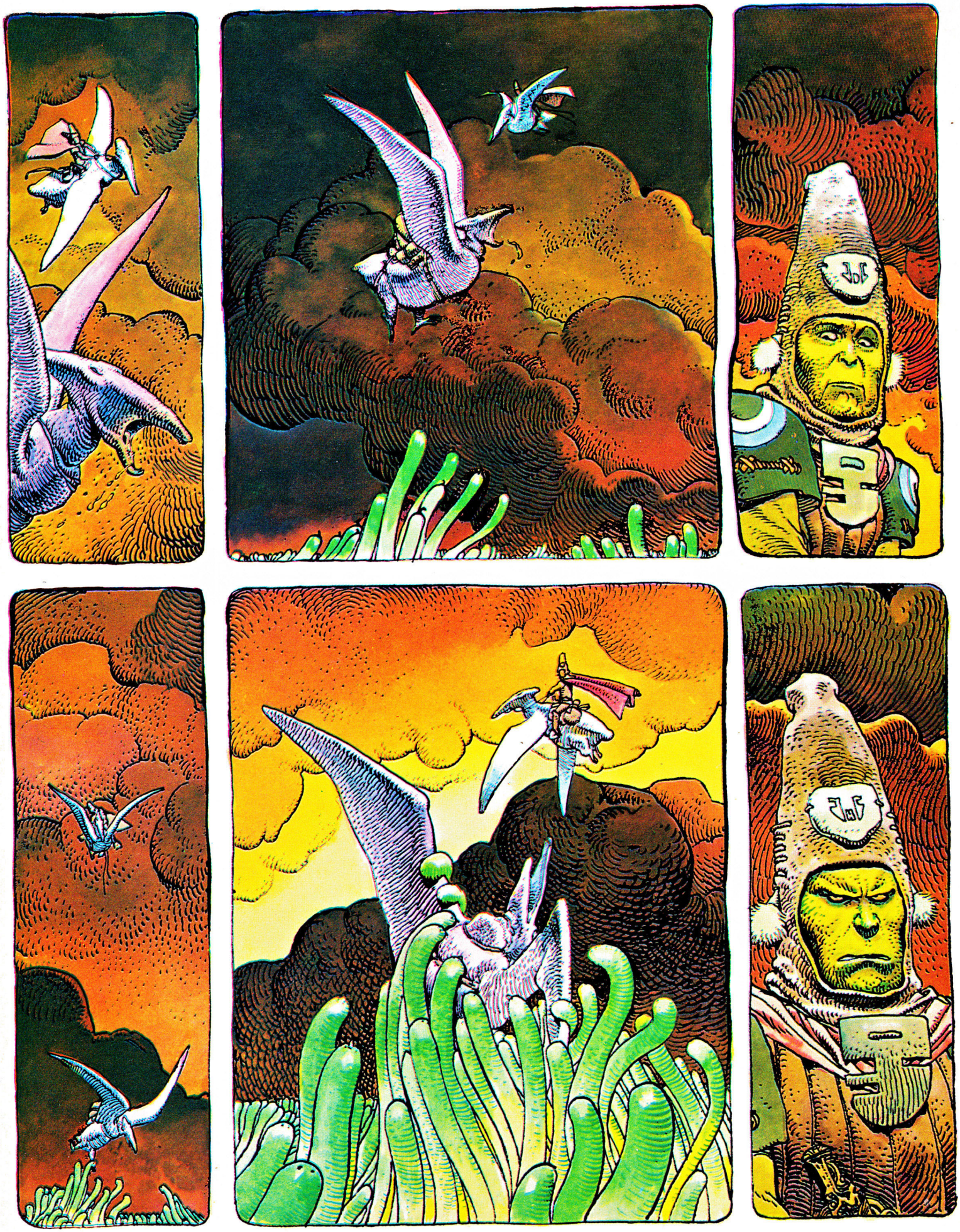
ARZACH

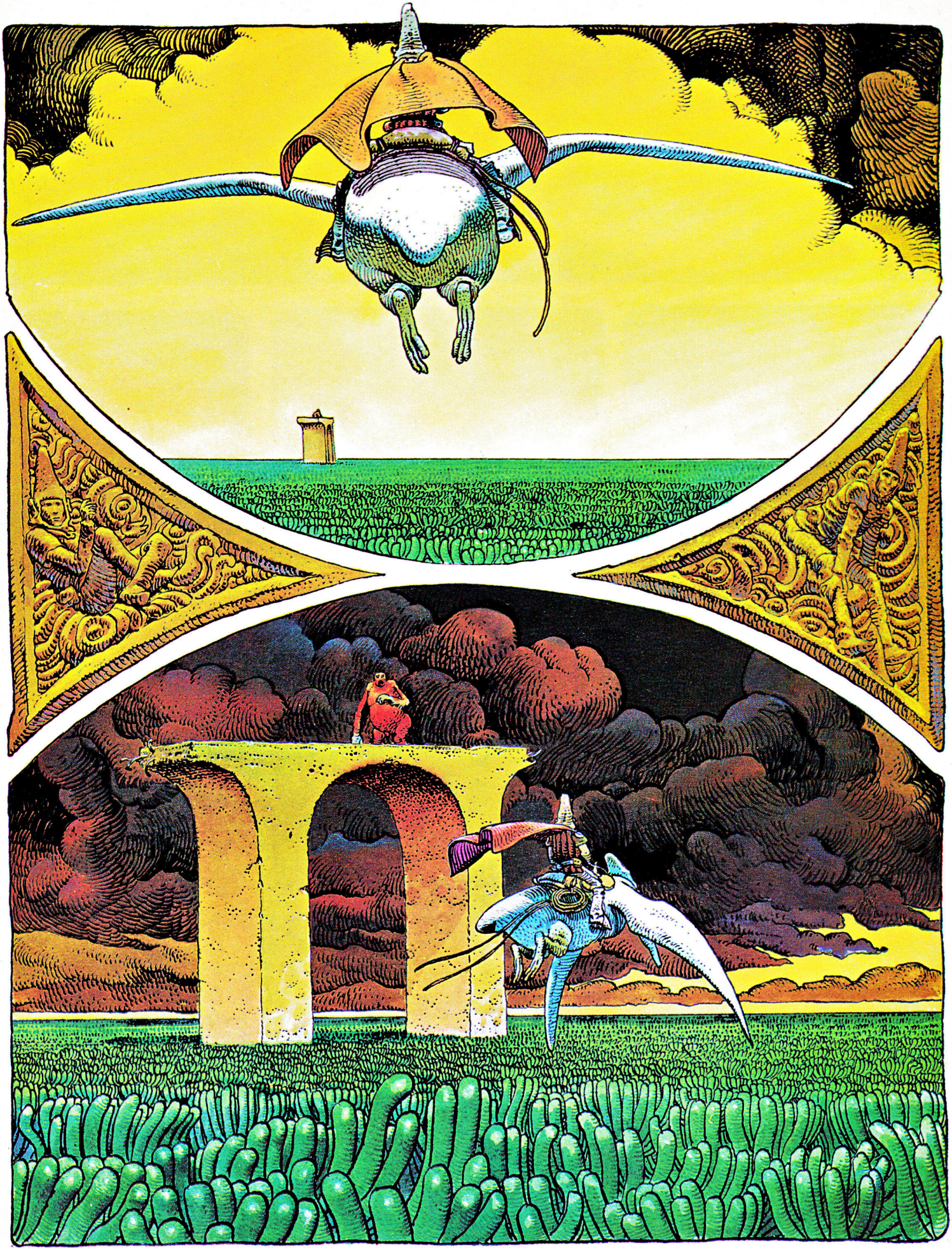


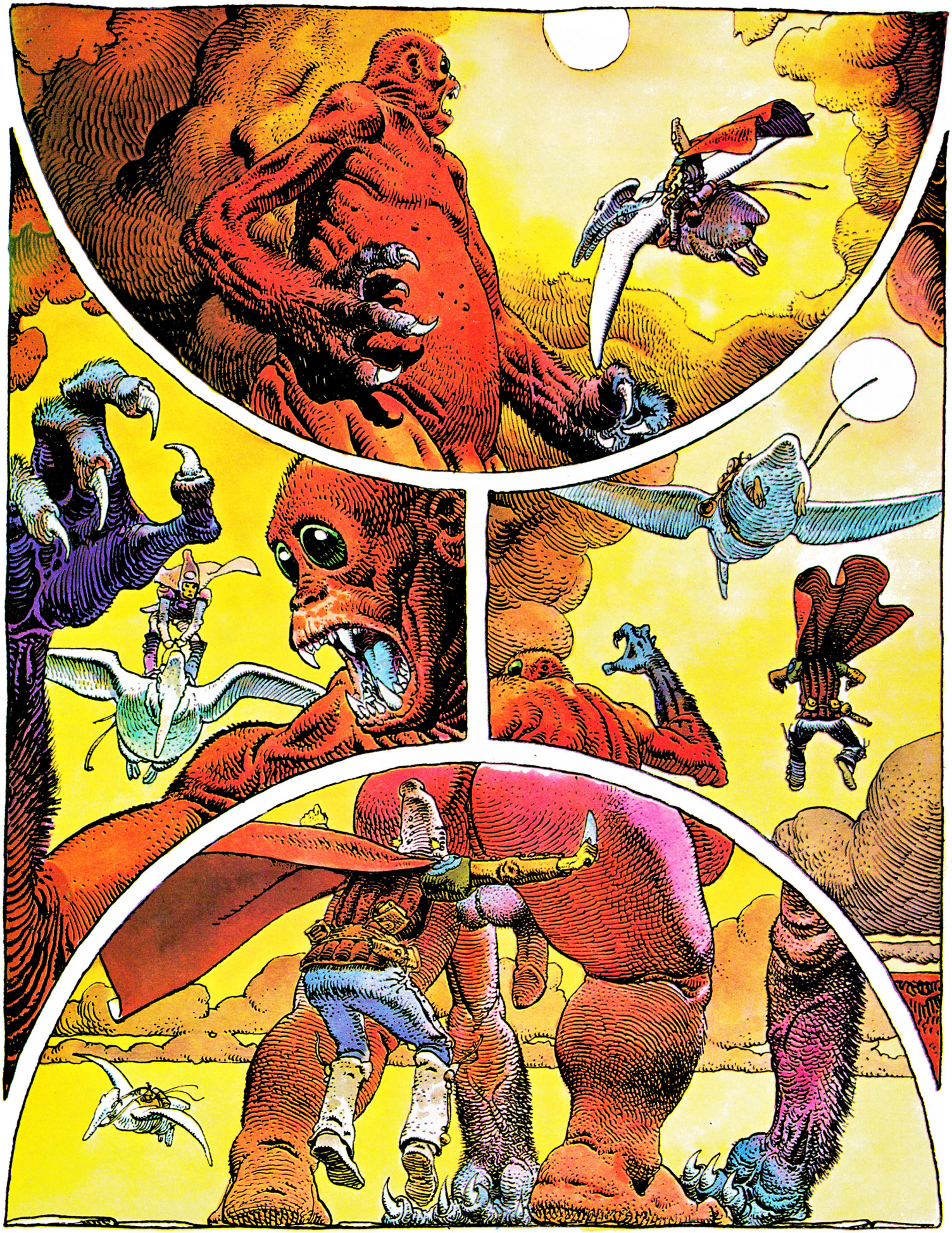


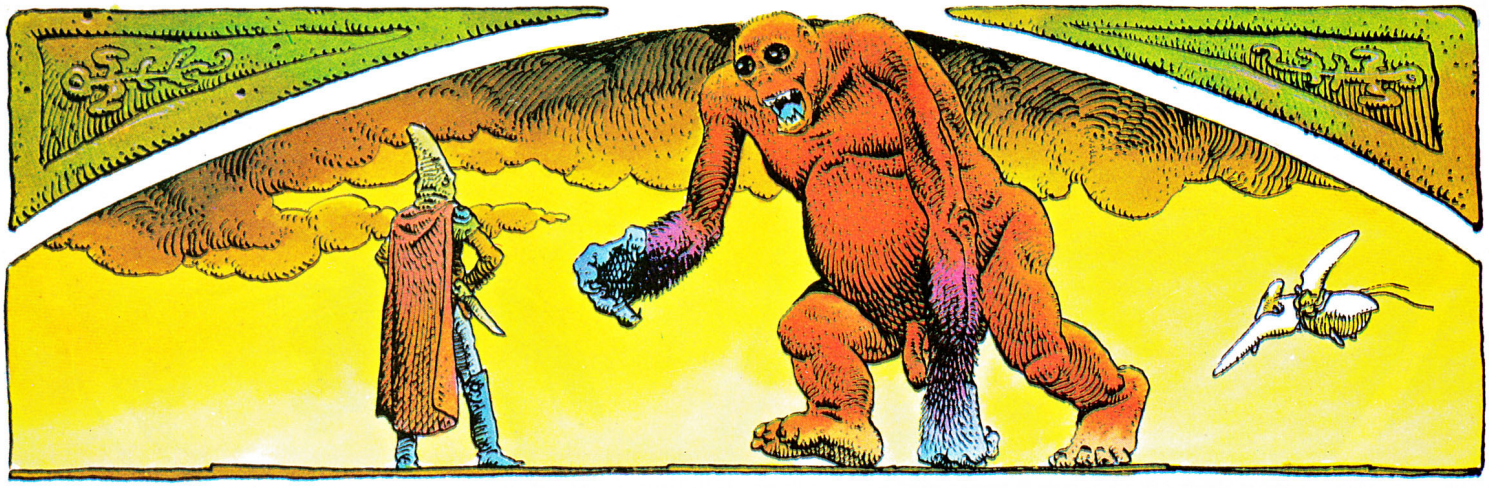

FIN

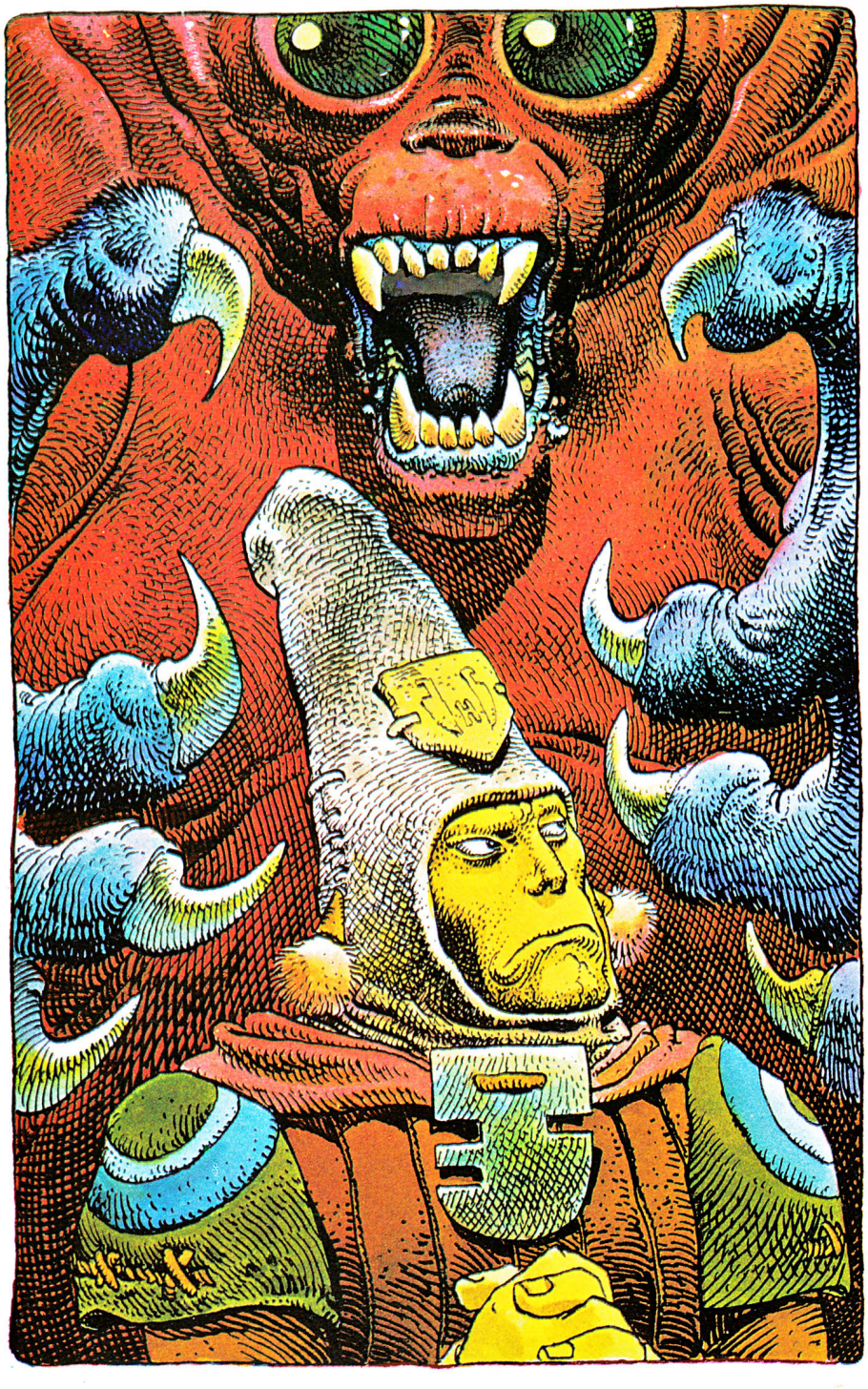
HARZAK

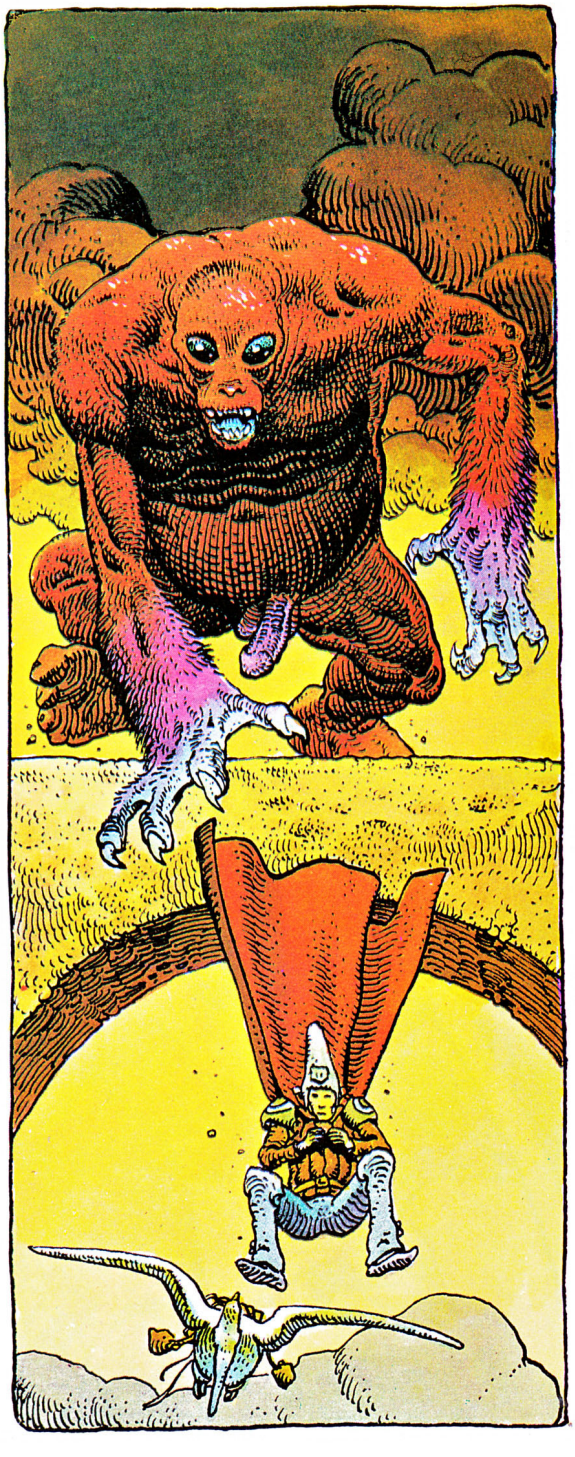


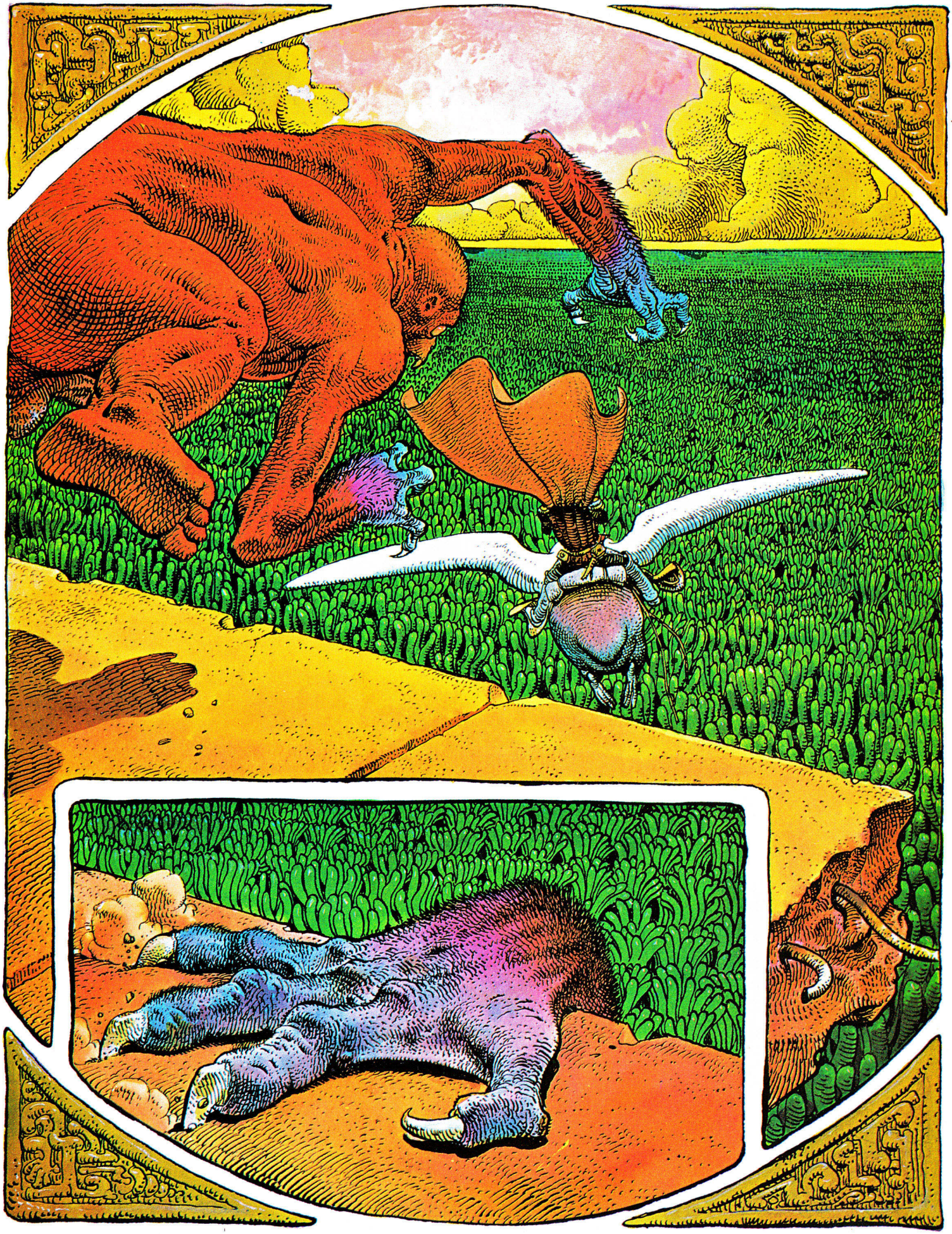


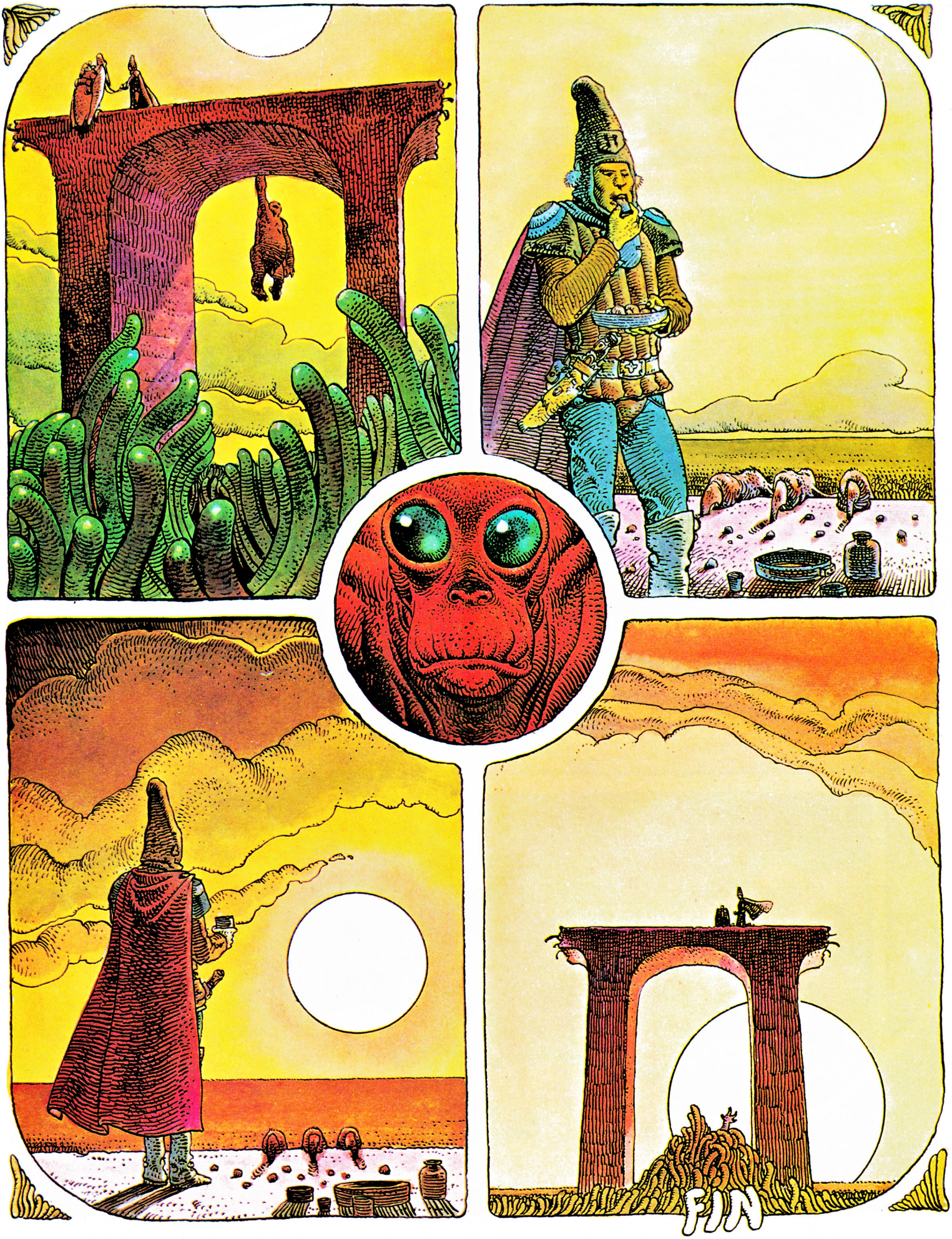




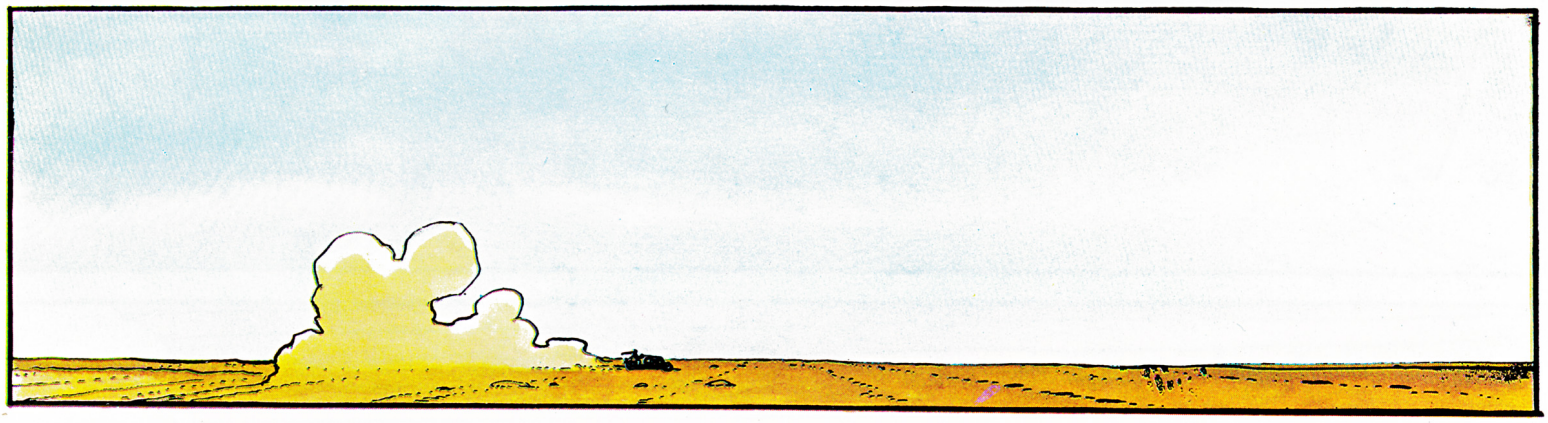


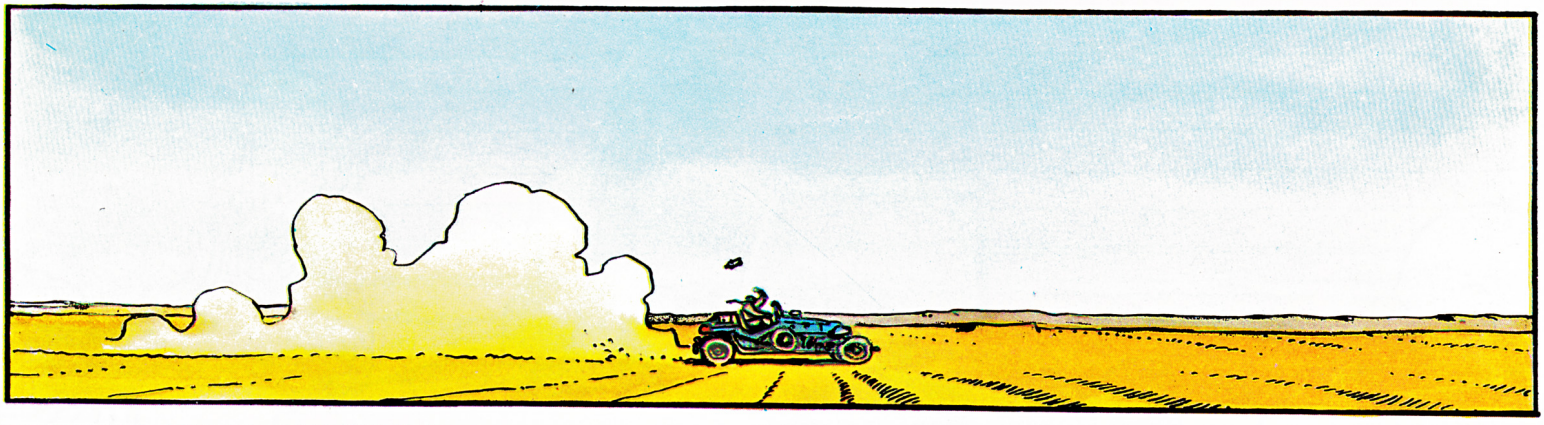


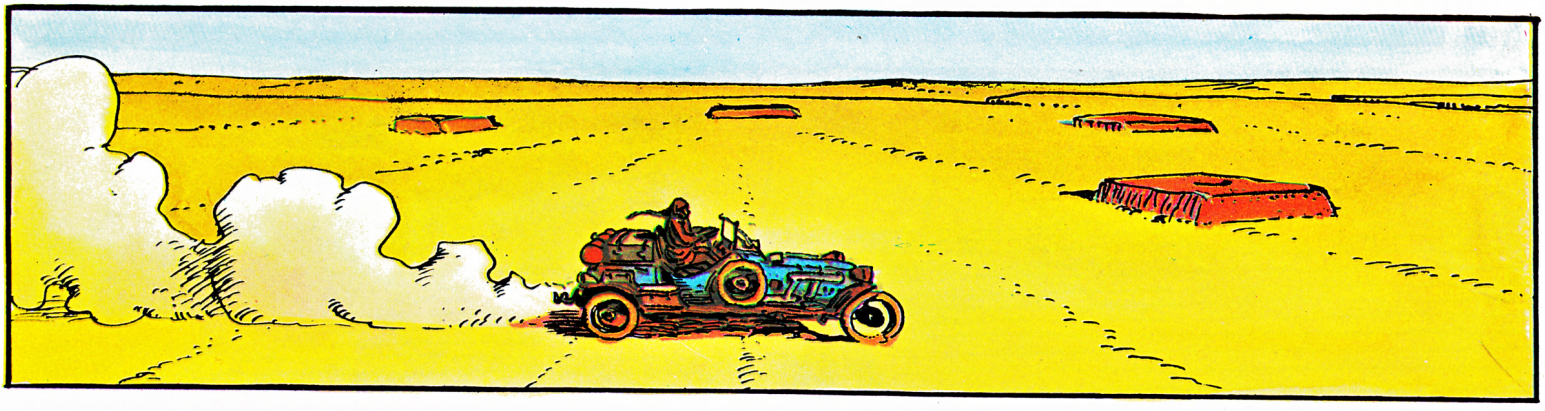


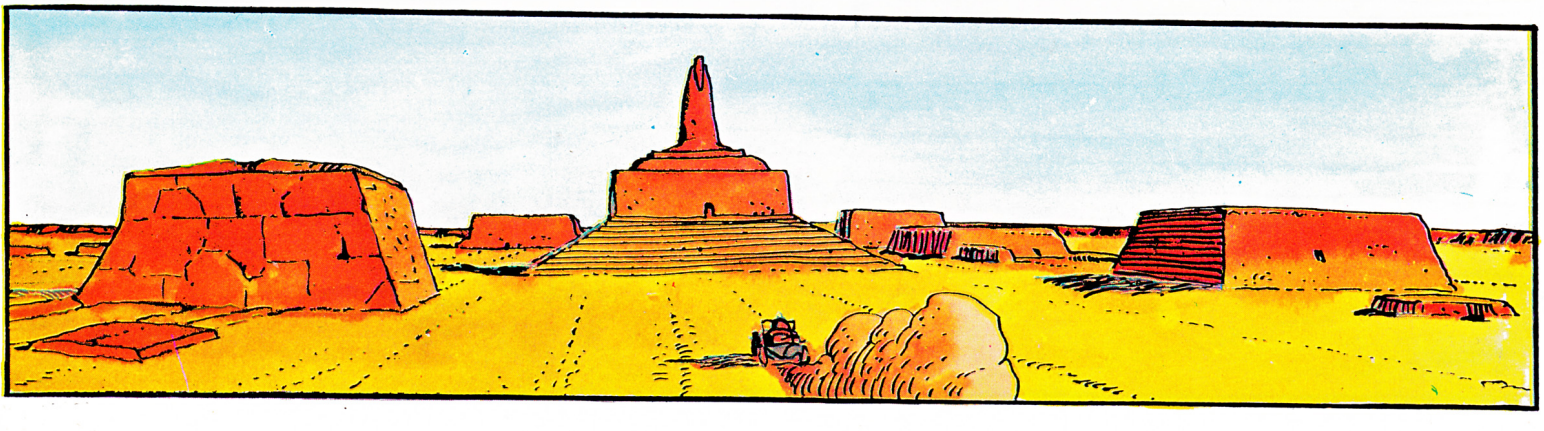

FIN

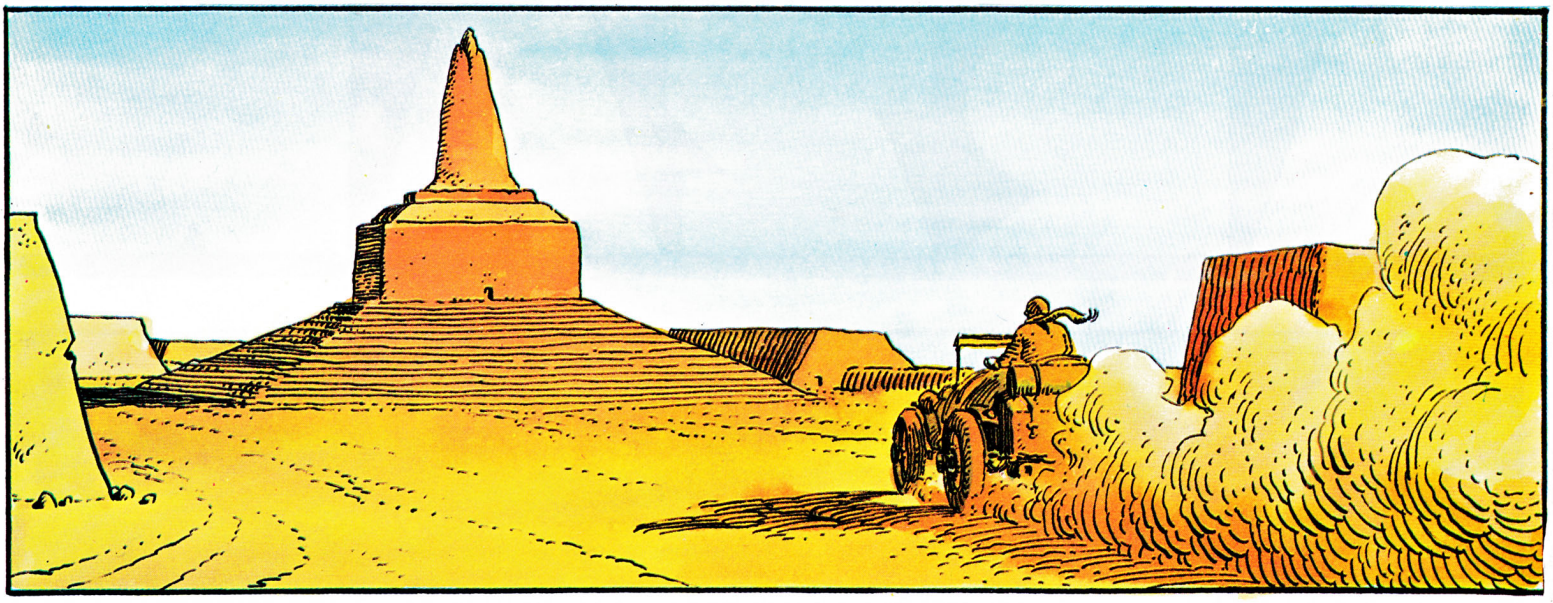
ARZAK

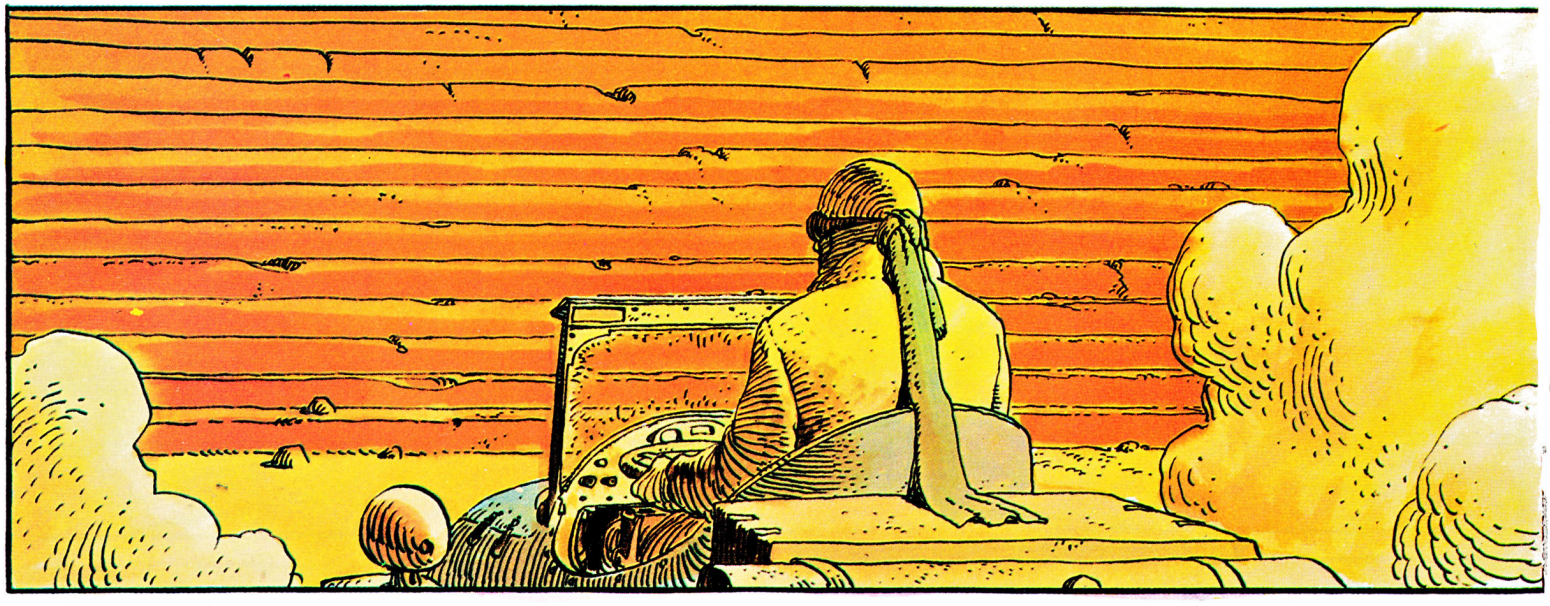


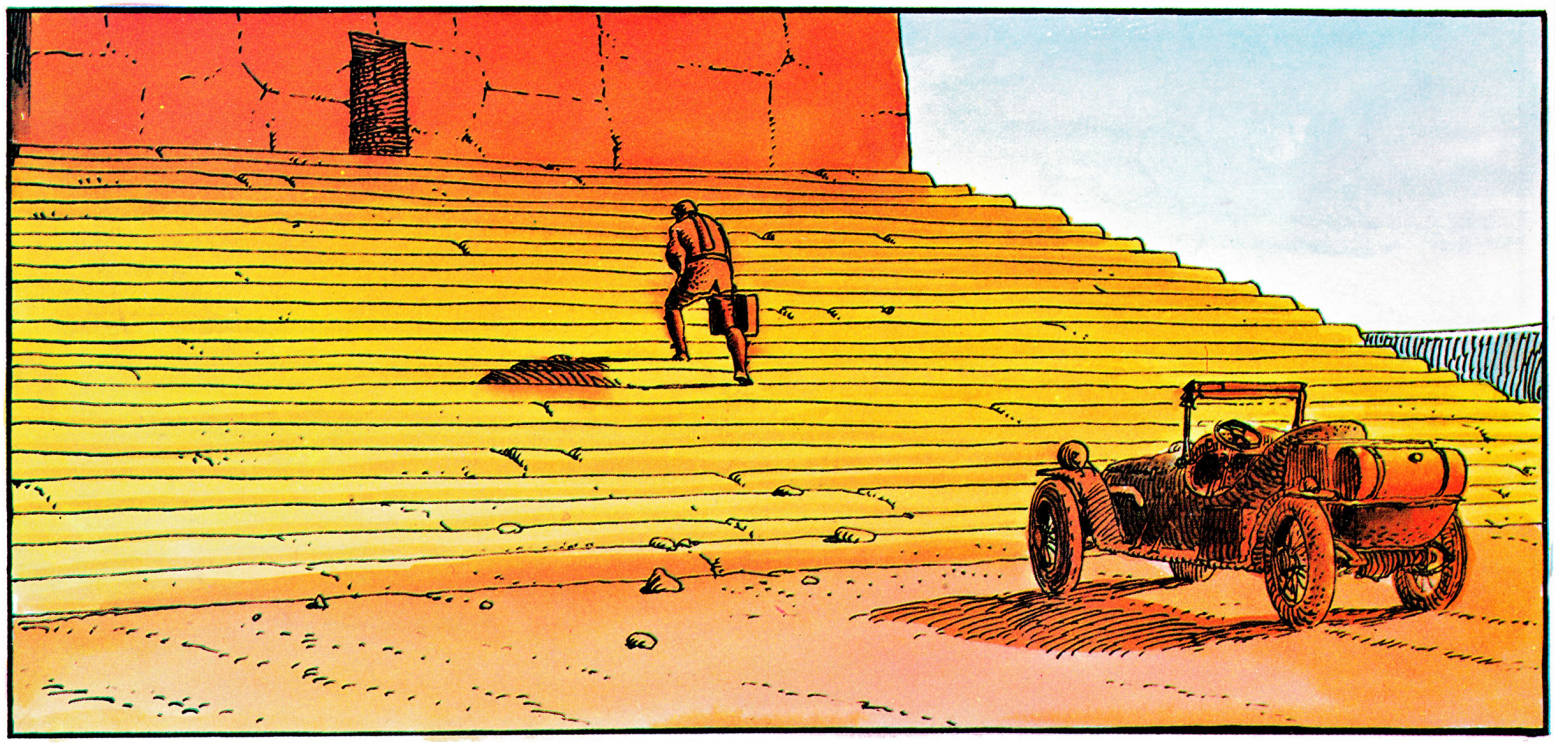


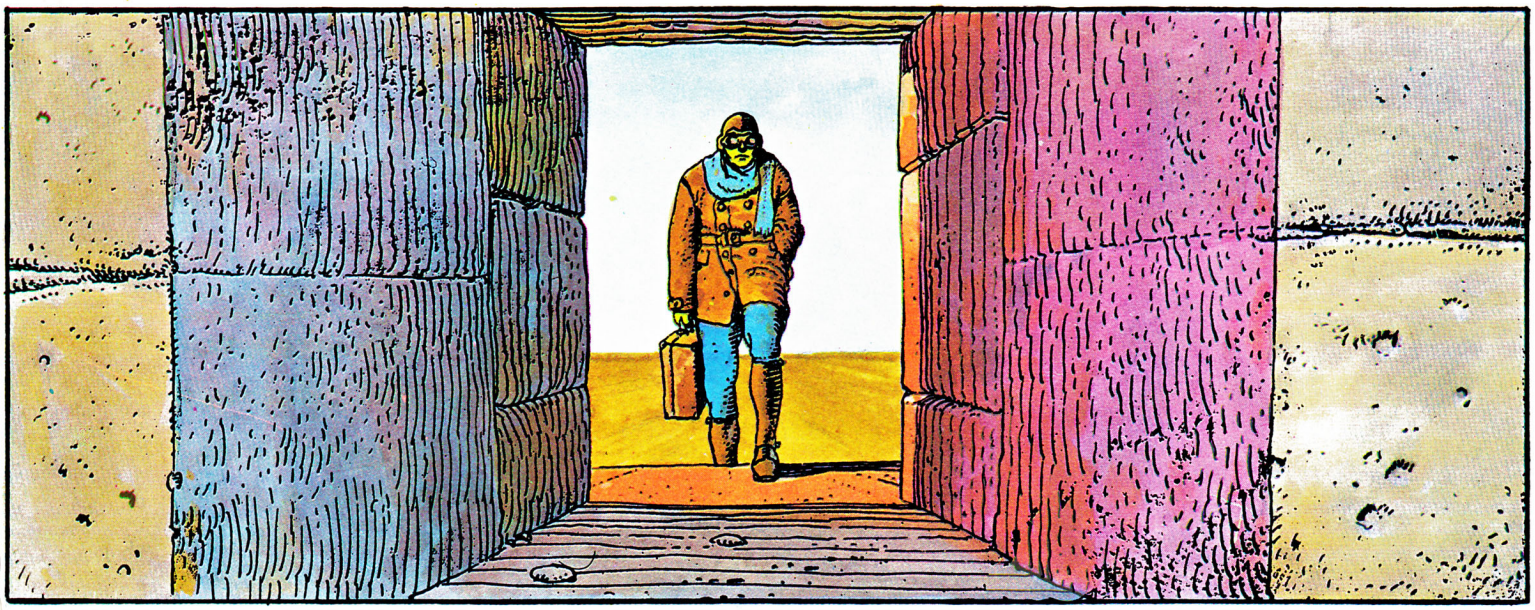


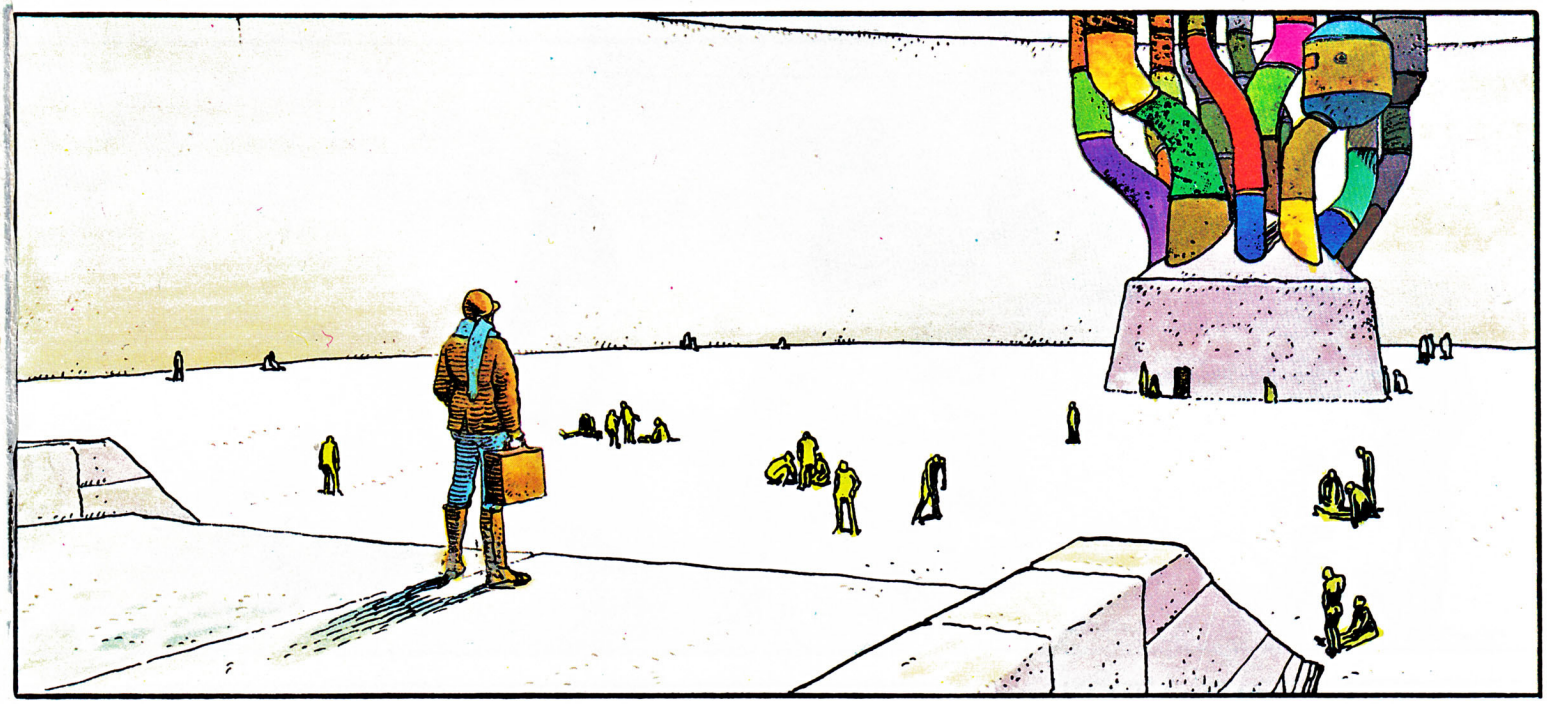


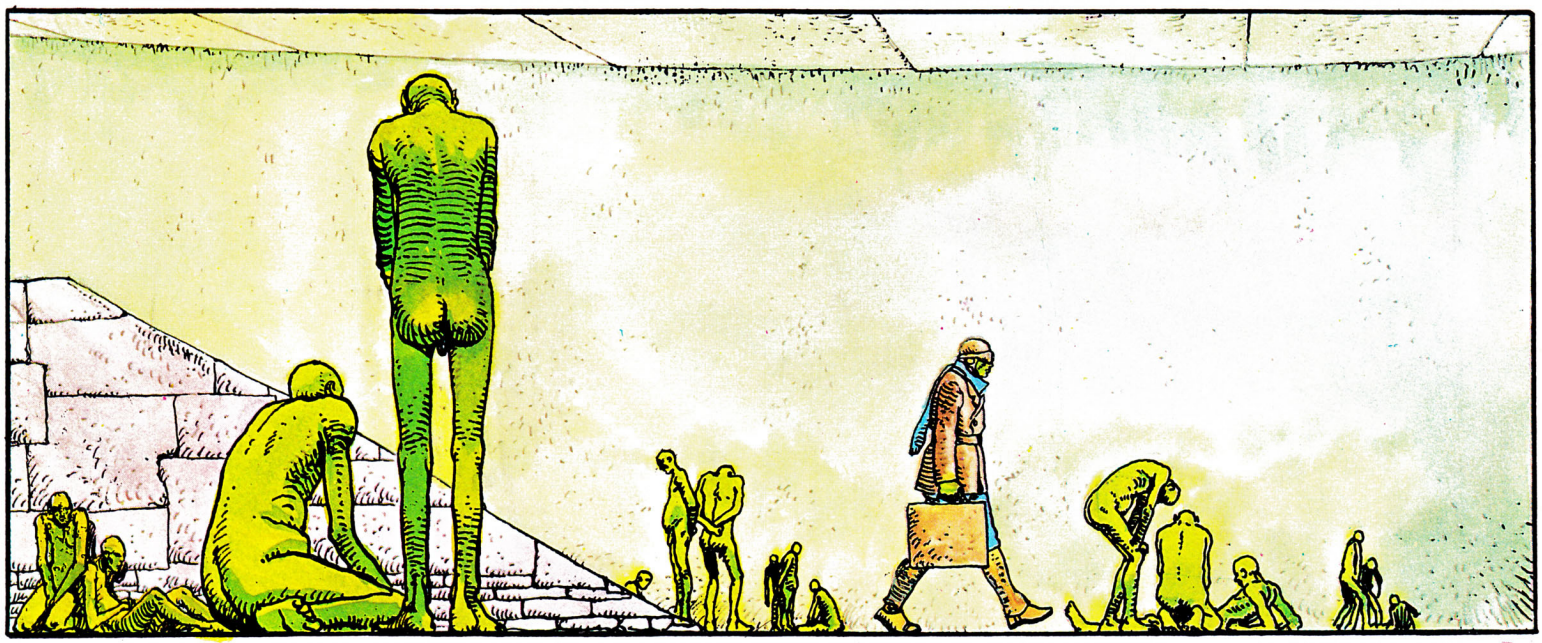


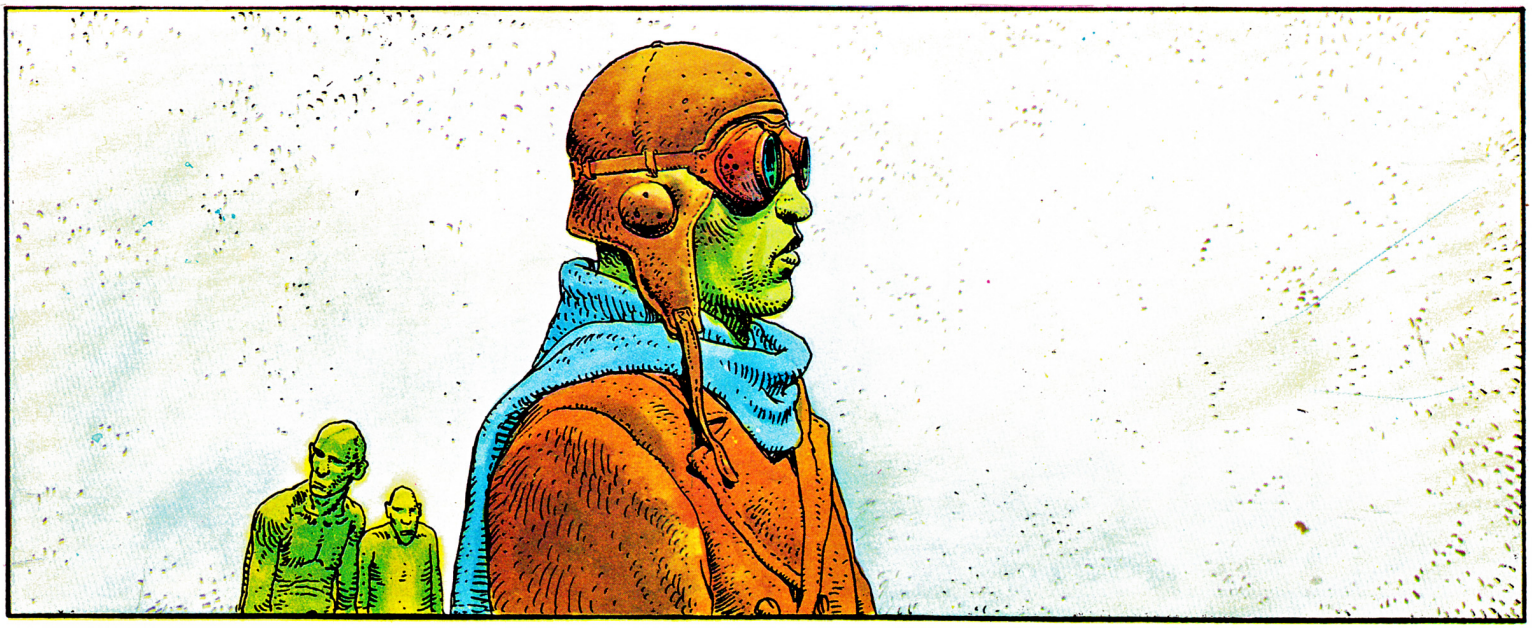


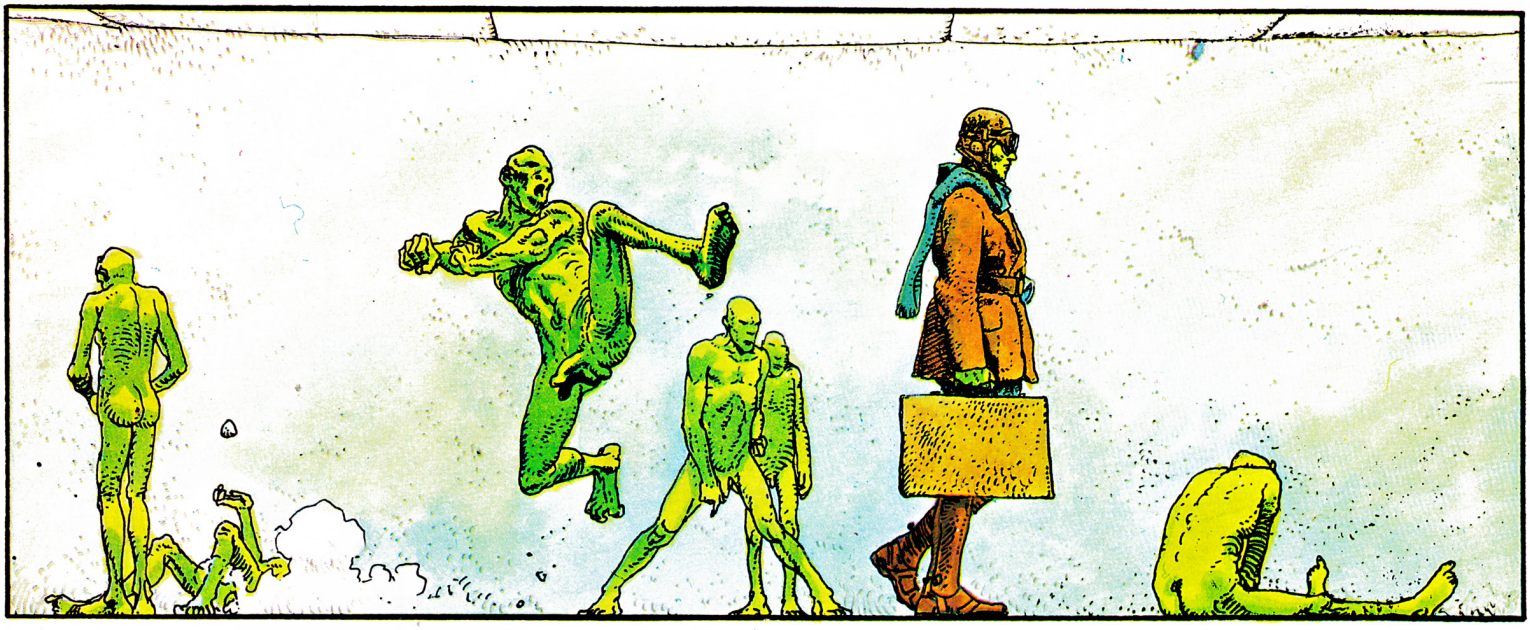


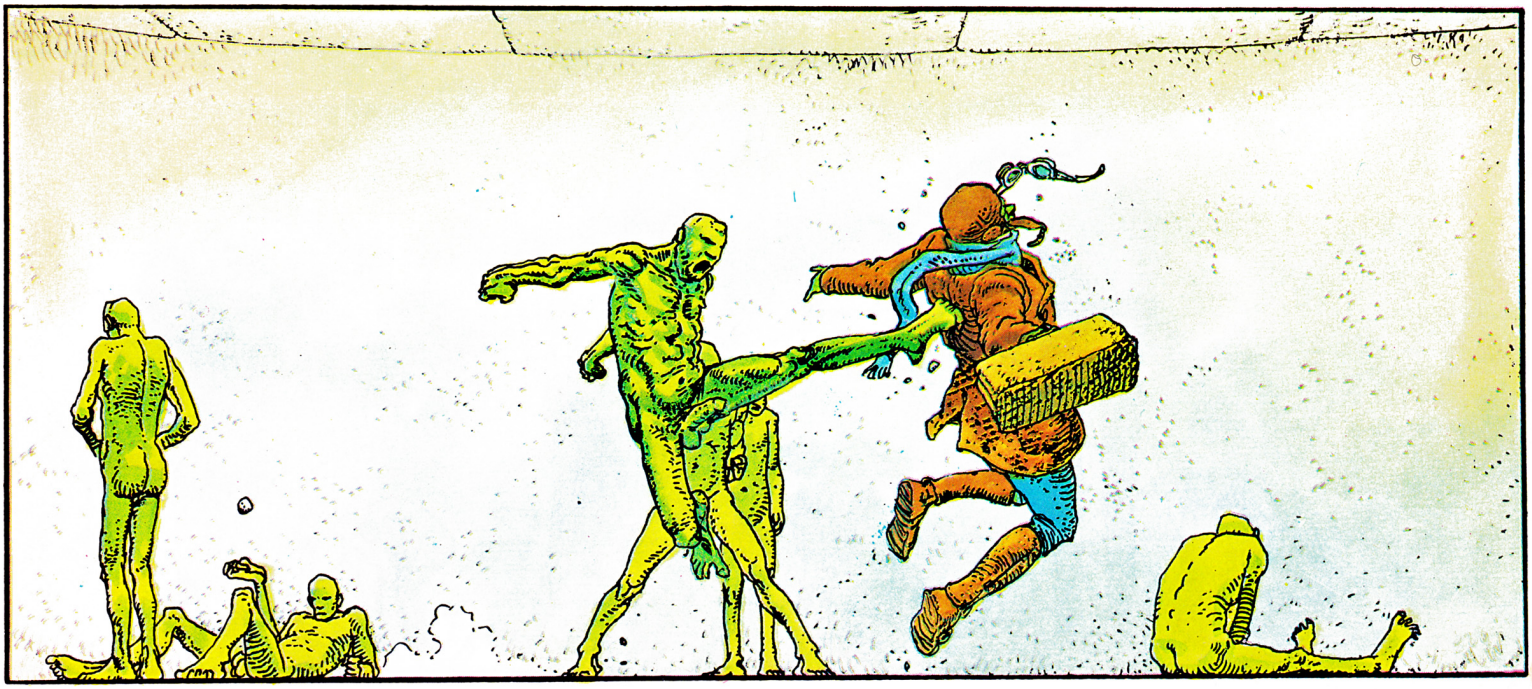


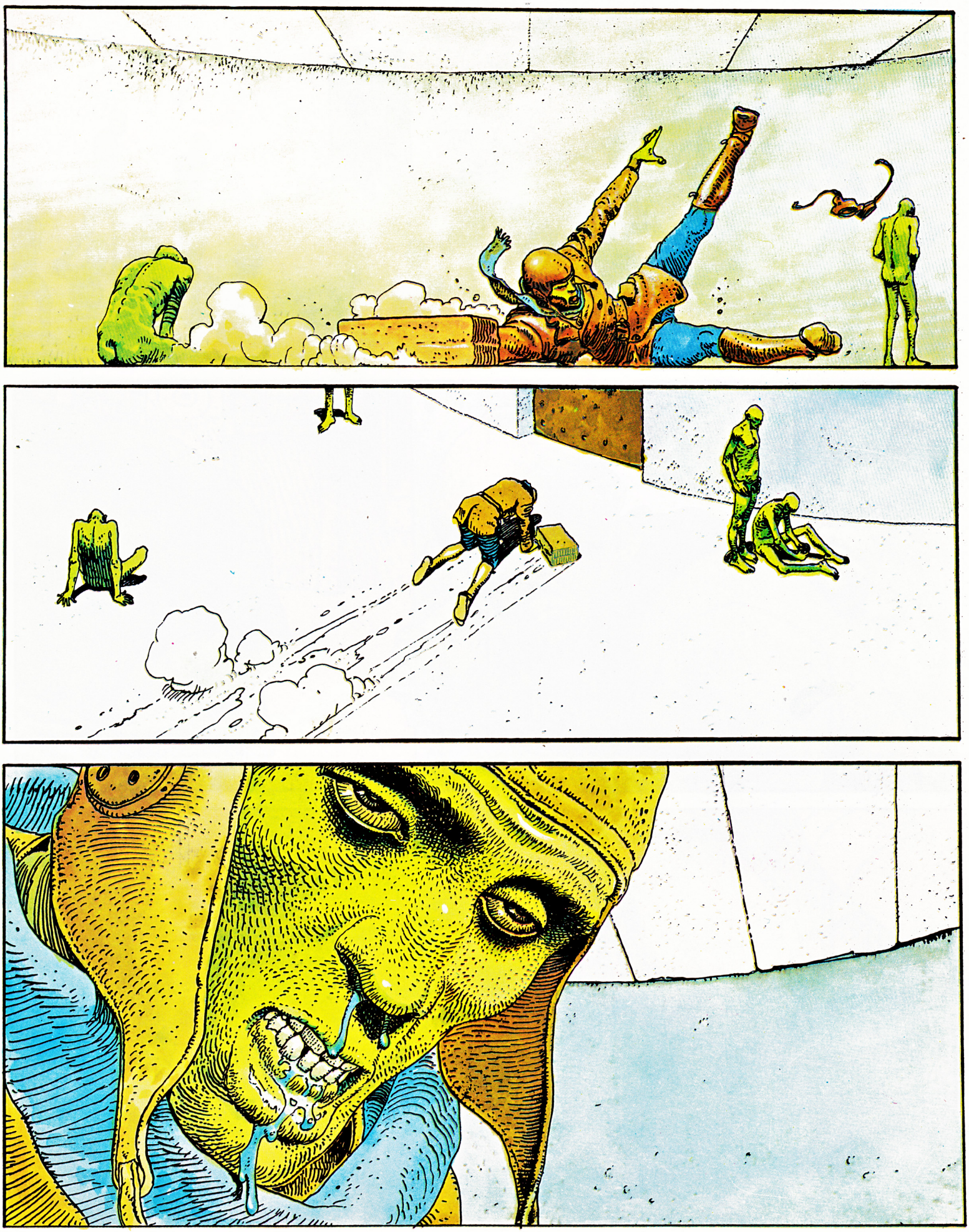


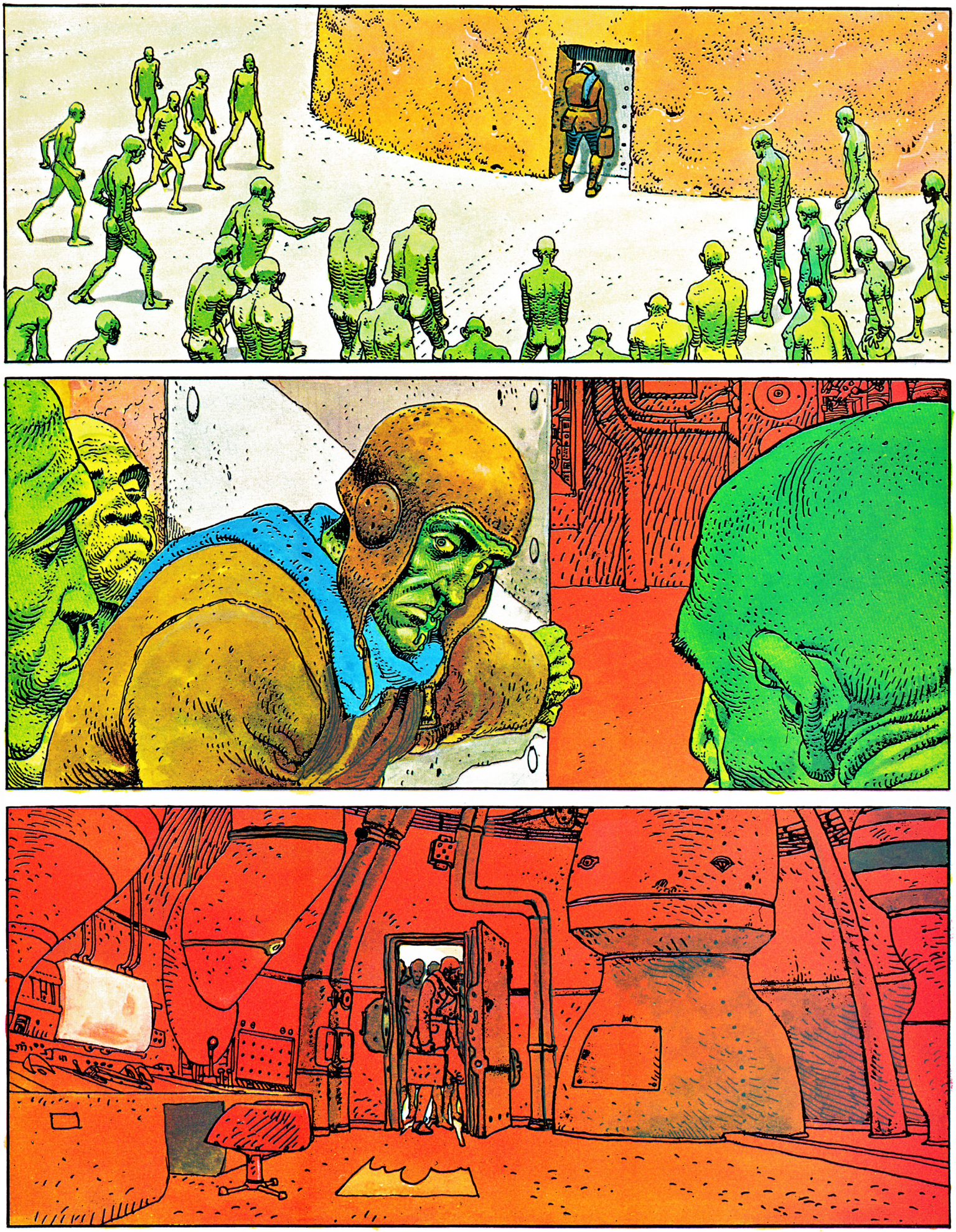


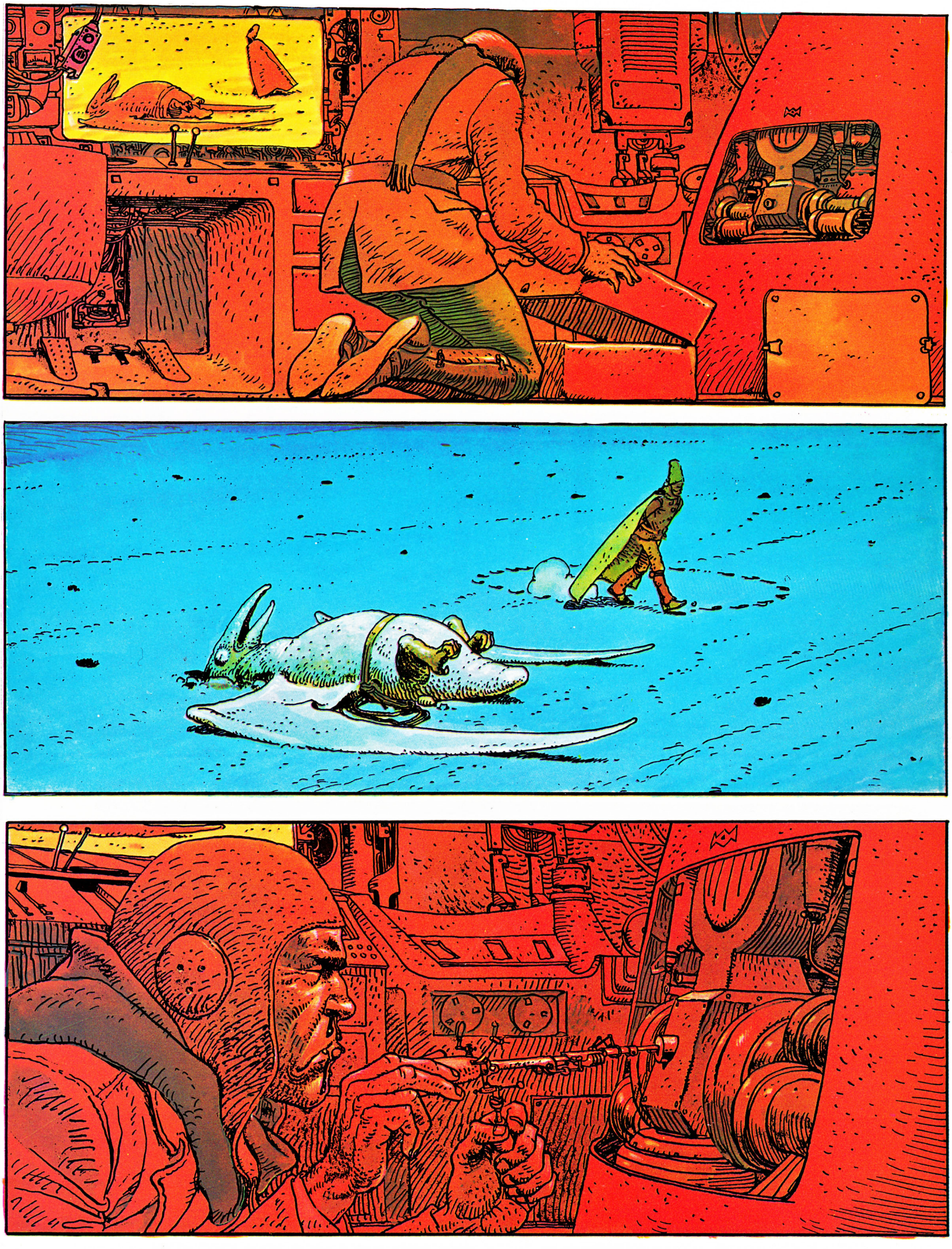


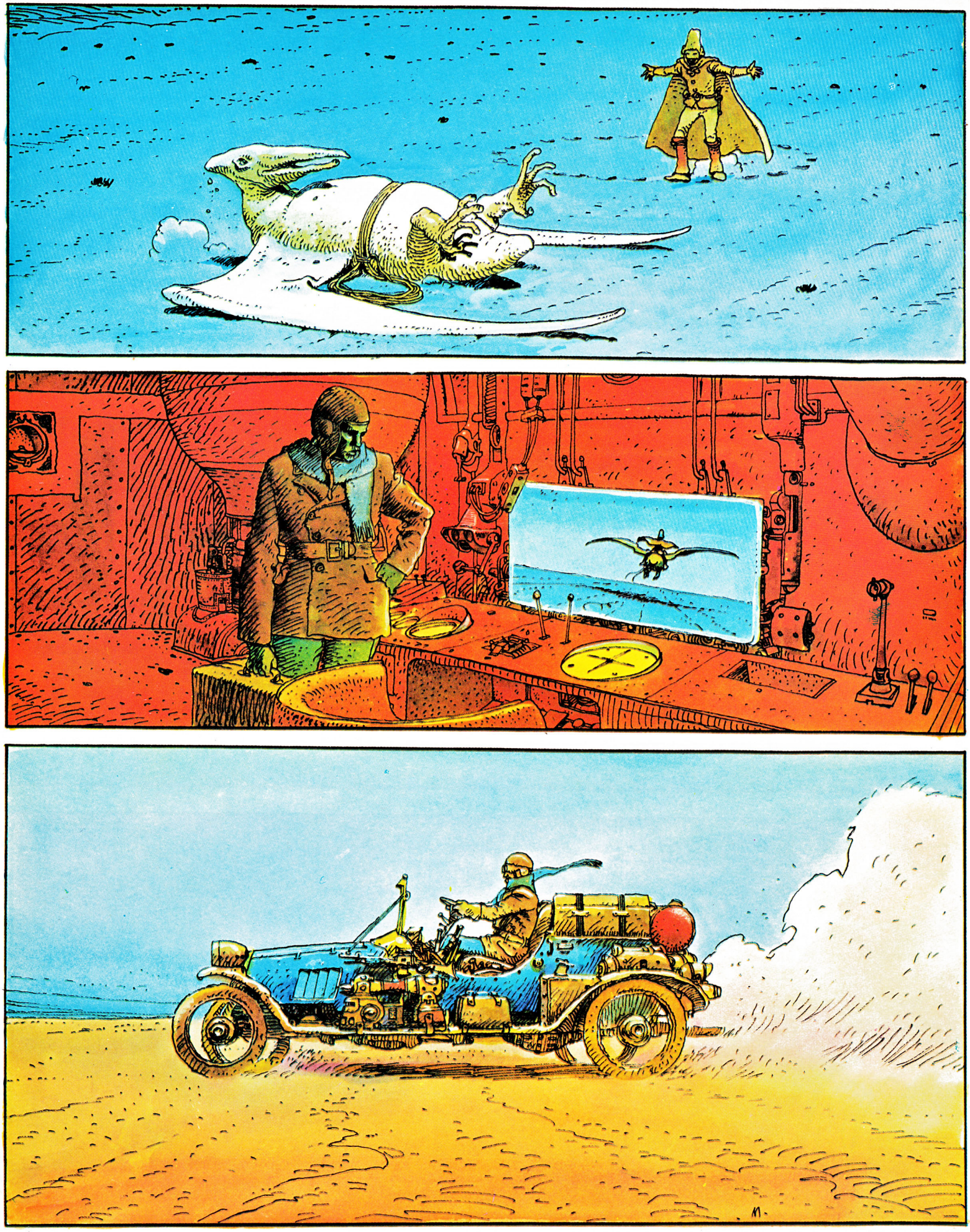


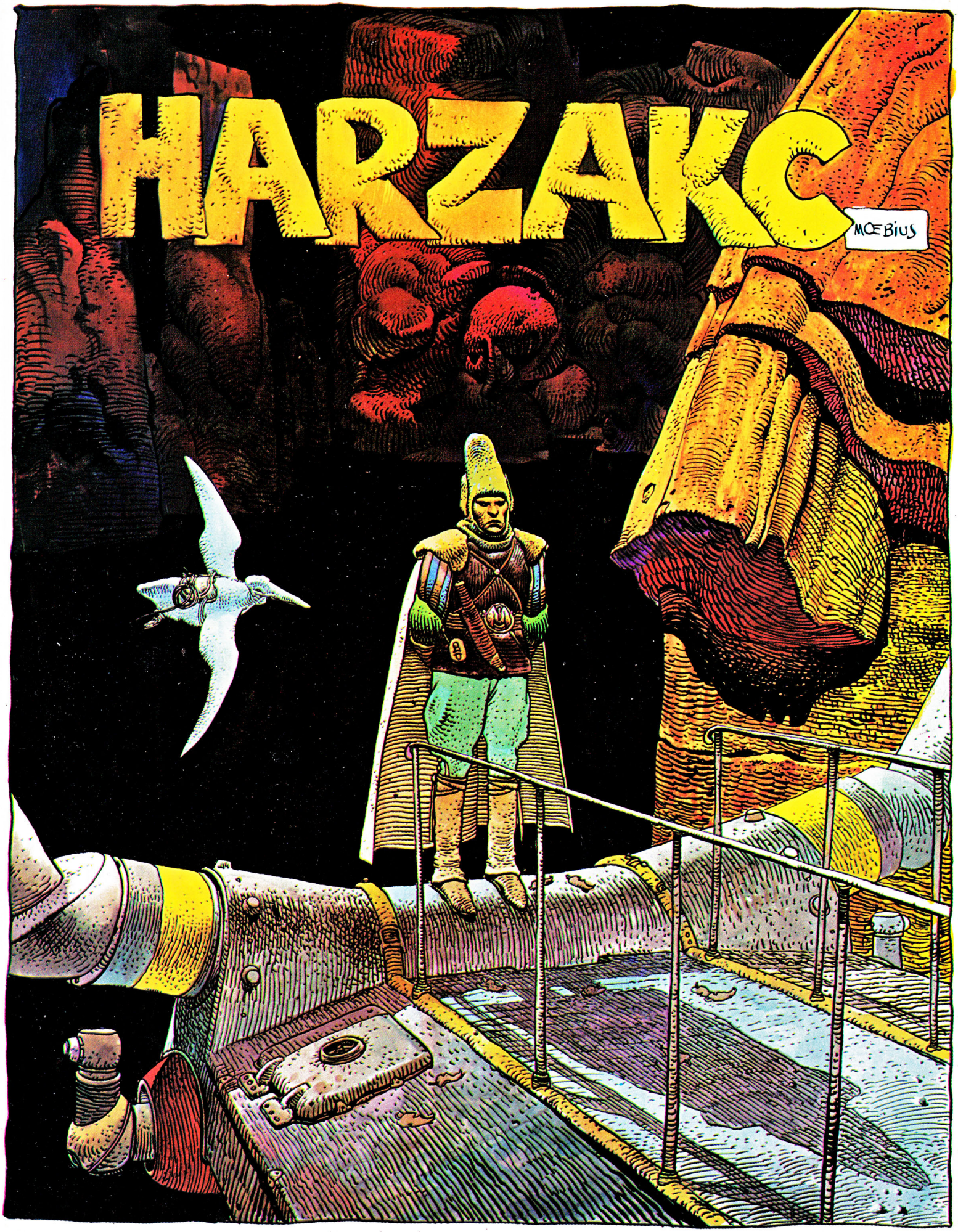


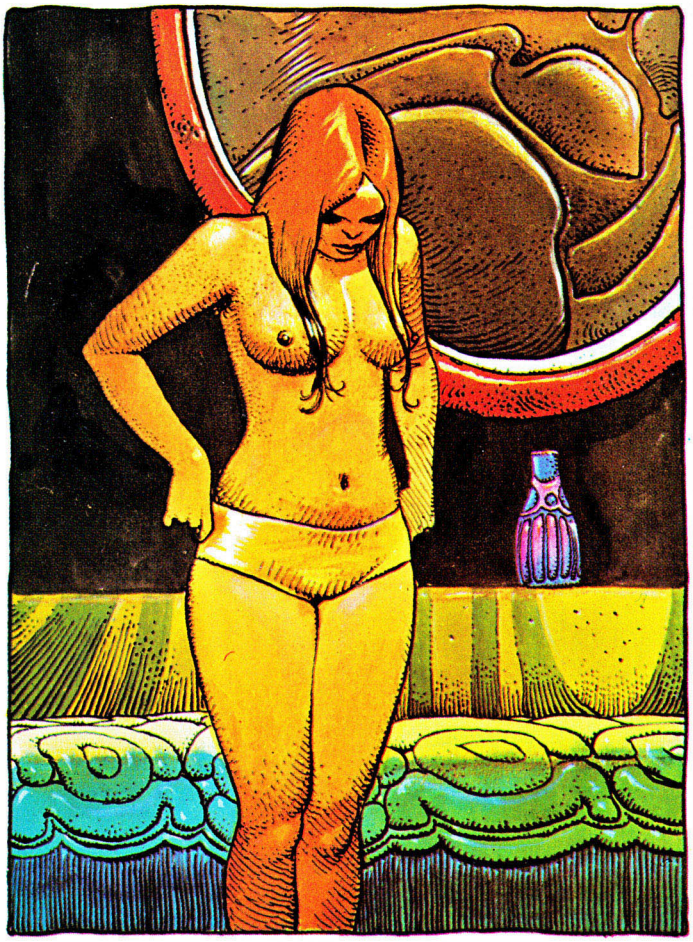


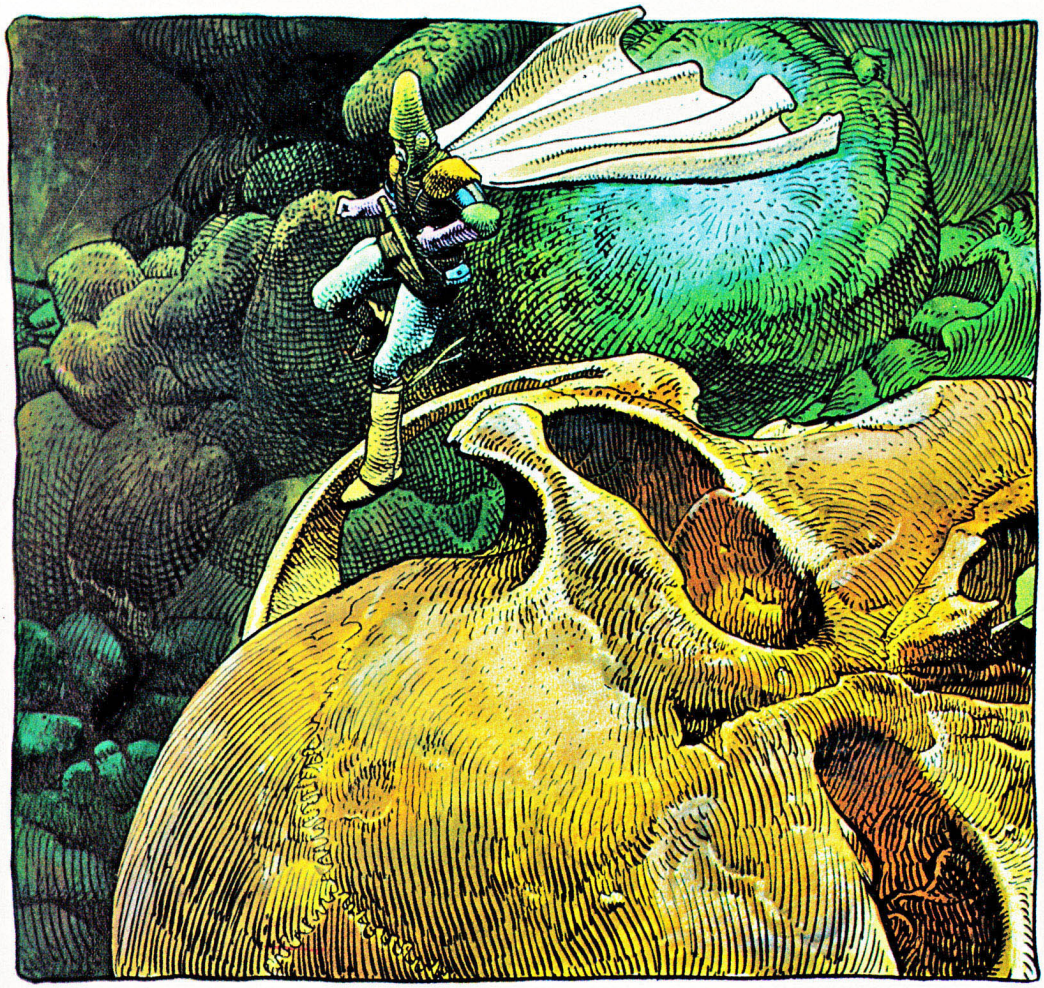


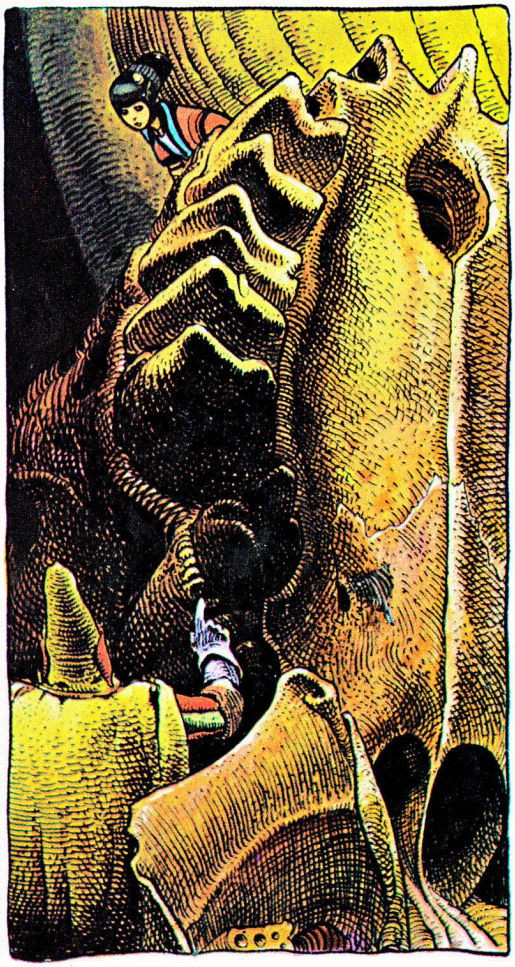


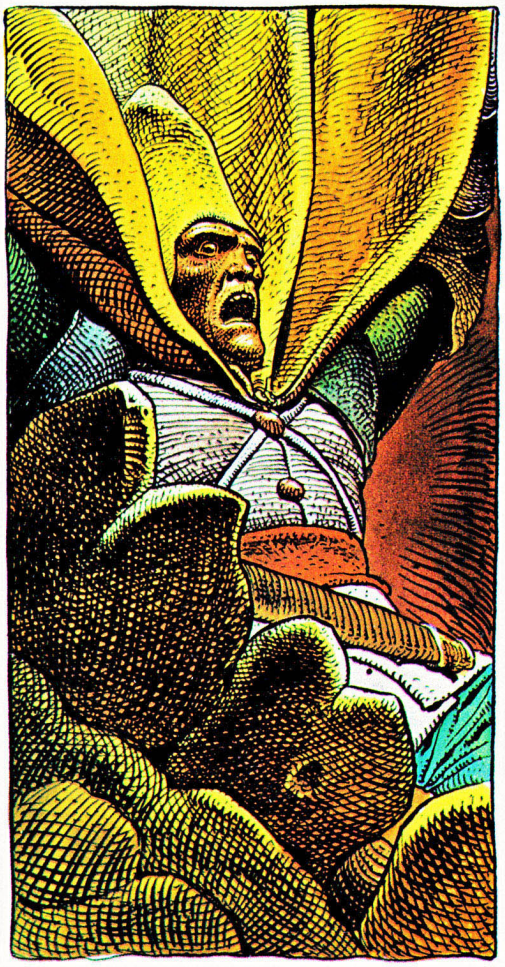


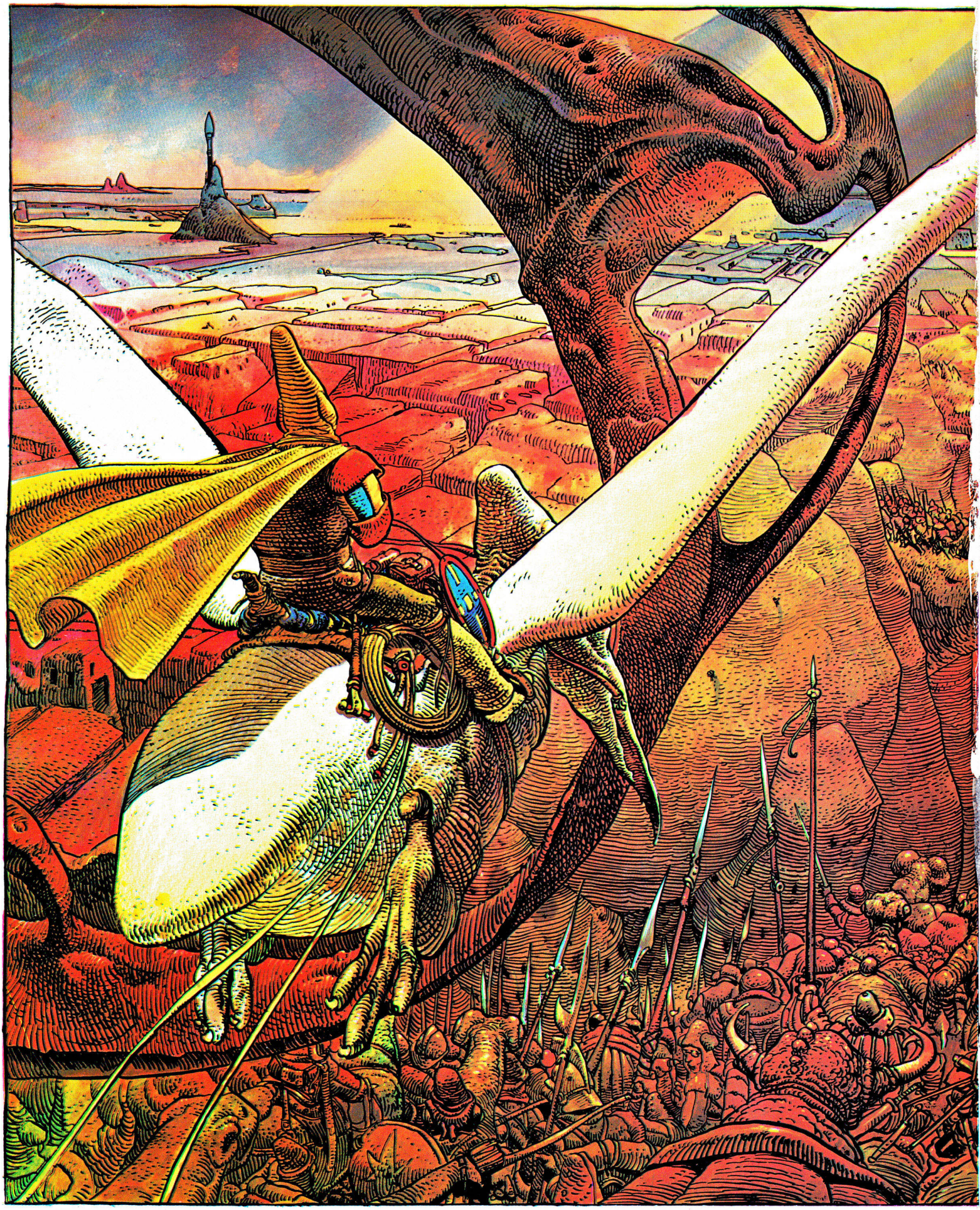

HARZAK
MŒBIUS

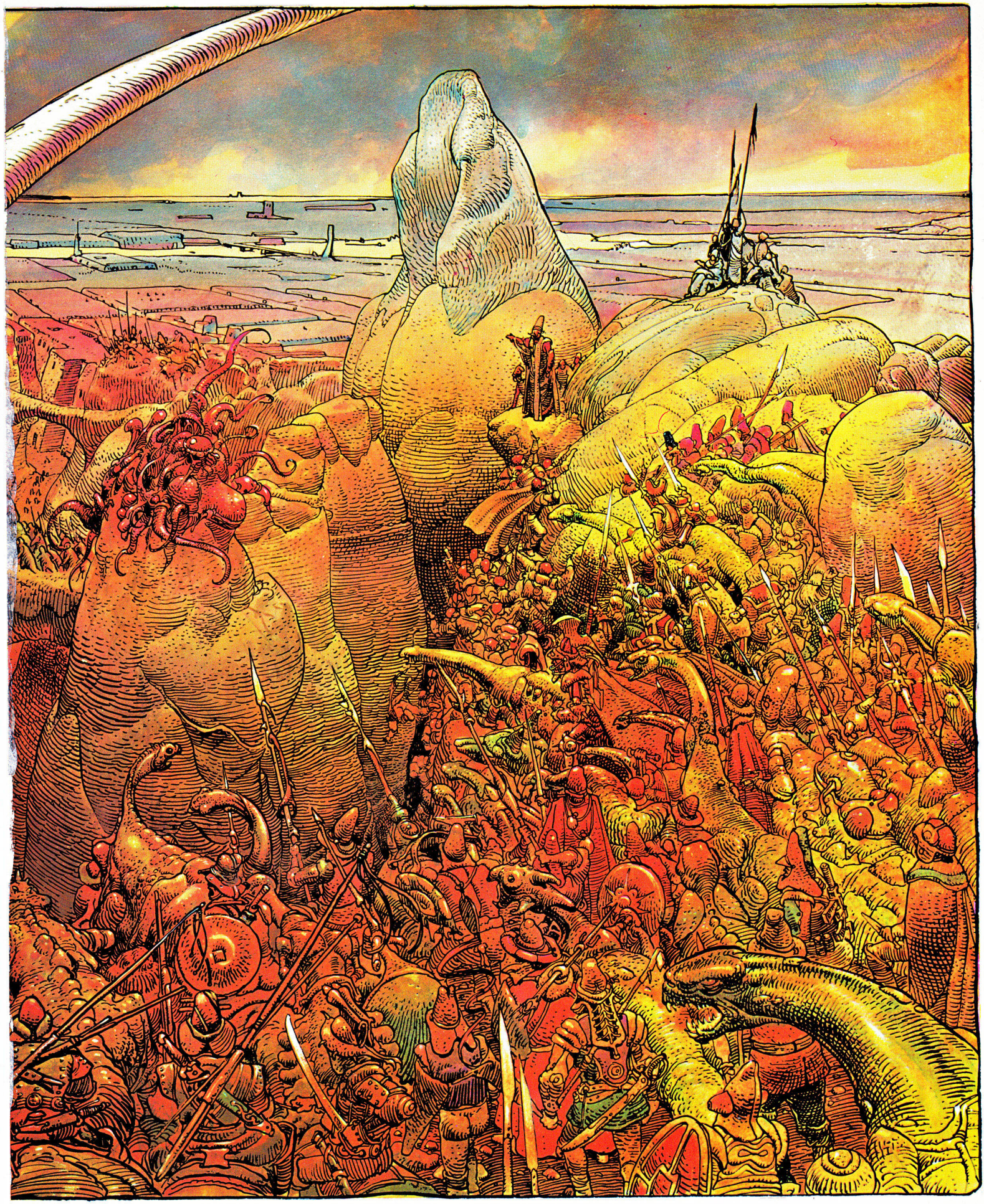


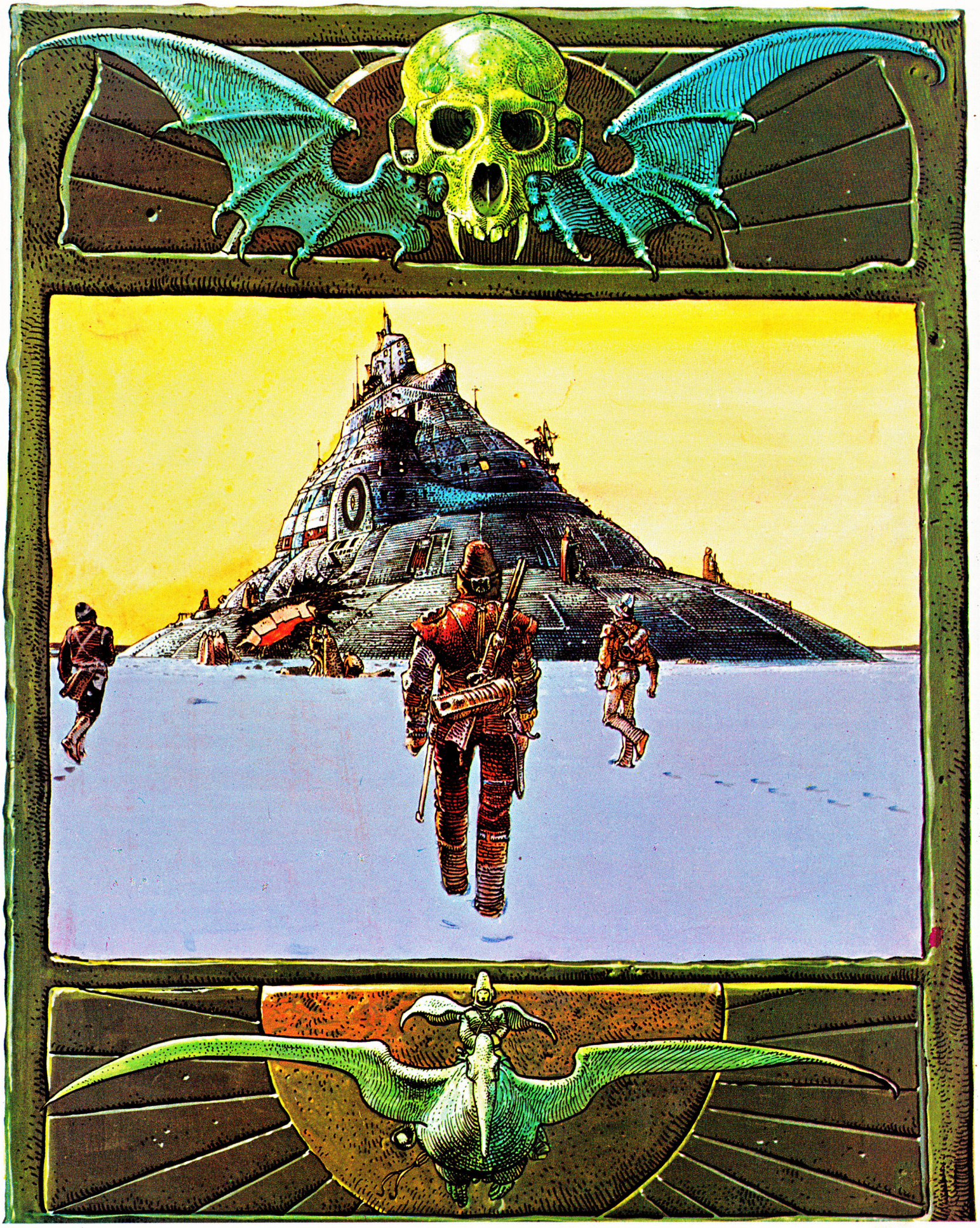


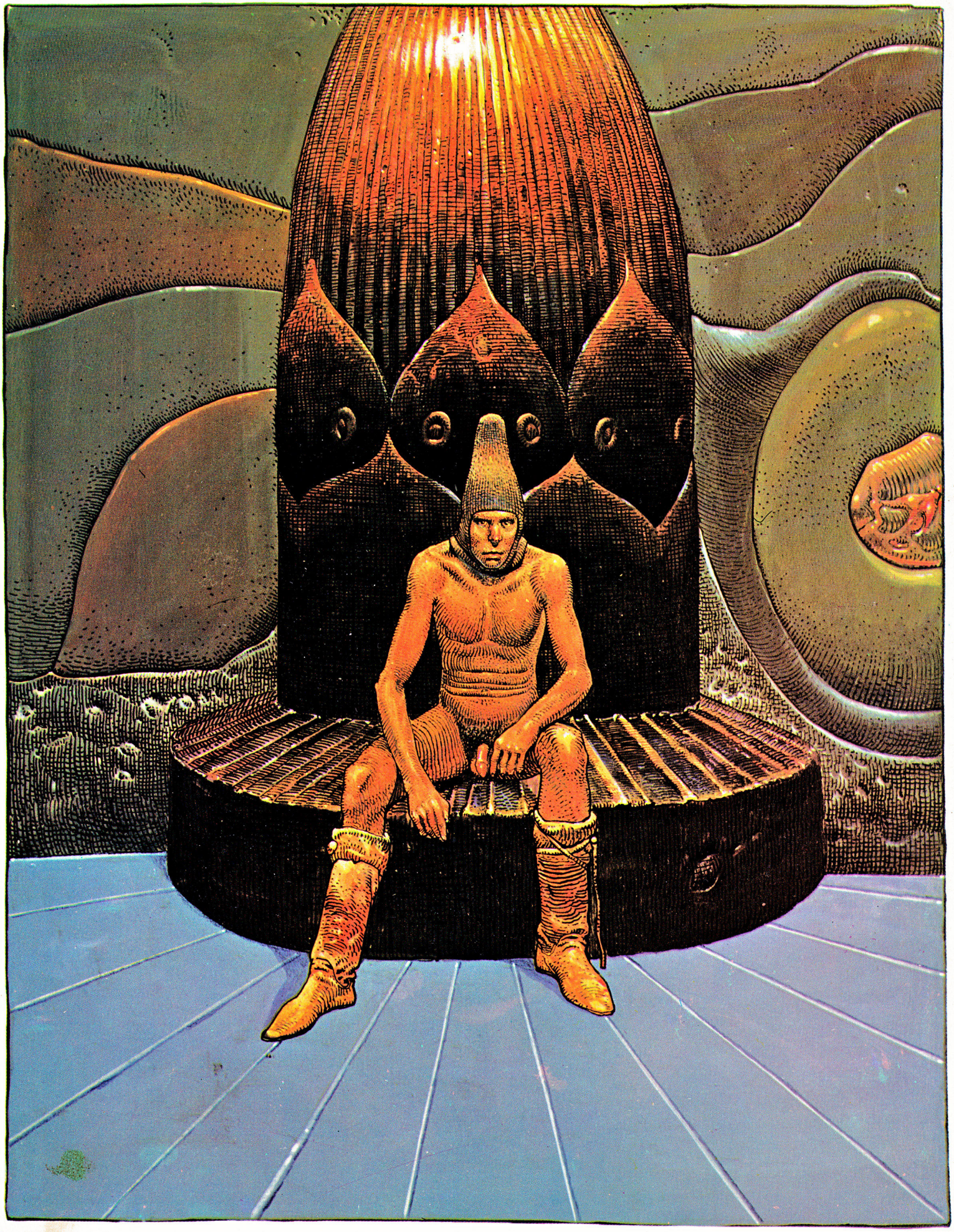












"HARZACH."

AFTERWORD TO "ARZACH" by MOEBIUS

When **Arzach** first came out, it was received like a kind of explosion. It really was a small revolution in the world of comics. The public thought it was fantastic. First, the approach that I had taken, which was to tell a story without words, came as a kind of shock. Then, it was not a story that fit within the usual classifications of comic-book stories at the time. I say comic-book stories, because it obviously was a lot more ordinary when compared to the kinds of stories they did in literary works of fantasy.

There was also the fact that I had put a lot more work into each panel, in fact the kind of work that was usually more associated with a painting or a full-blown illustration. That, too, impressed people deeply.

Arzach was a kind of statement. With it, I tried to plunge into an alien world, a world literally beyond everything we know. But I didn't want to do just any kind of weird story. It had to be very personal, carry a lot of my inner feelings.

When one becomes involved in that kind of work, one opens certain doors inside oneself, and then archetypal forms and images begin to appear. For example, the very first image that you see in **Arzach** is that of a huge tower. It is an obvious phallic symbol. And one finds the same symbolism in Arzach's hat, and many more images spread throughout the stories. Of course, it was not done as a deliberate attempt on my part. I didn't sit down at my desk, and tell myself to draw phallic shapes! No, it was far more subtle, a little like a Rorschach ink blot test.

Arzach is full of dream-like images. When an artist puts himself in a state where he wants to draw what exists at the deepest level of his consciousness, just on the edge of the subconscious mind, then strange things begin to happen. The defenses erected by your conscious mind start crumbling, and the intellect's direction yields to messages from the subconscious. A Ouija board works on the same principles, and so does **Arzach.**

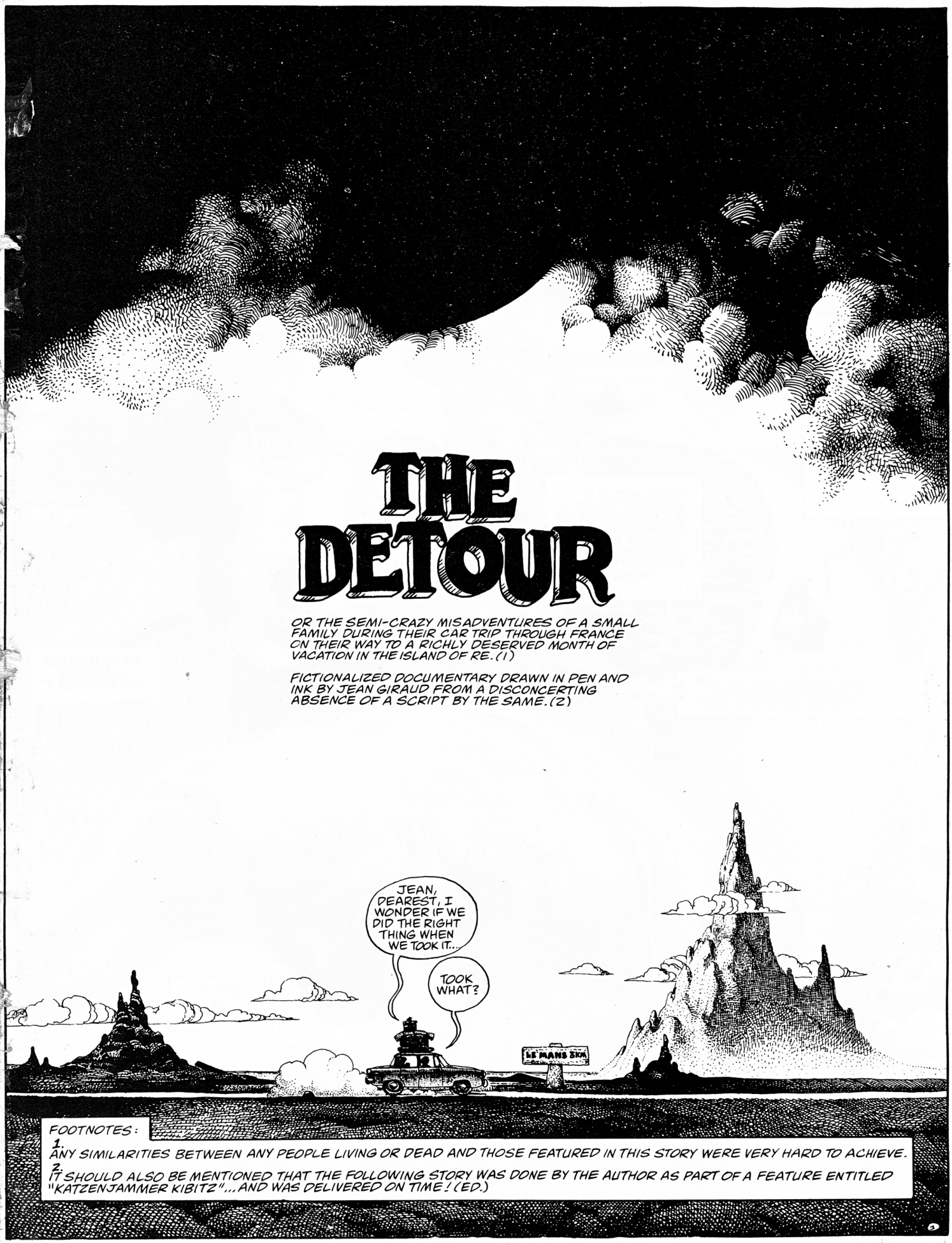
Arzach is full of negative images, because, at the time, I had the same frame of mind as most Parisian comic artists, when being negative was considered a criterion of quality. There is a lot of symbolism of death too, which once again, is not deliberate. Arzach's bird, for instance, obviously belongs to an extinct species. It appears to be made of concrete.

At that time, the only way that I had to open myself to the subconscious plane, and free myself from the direction of my intellect, was to go "below", in those darker zones of myself which, at the time, revealed someone who was suffering, someone who was not living a happy existence, someone who was surrounded by a hard and terrible world. When you open those doors inside yourself, the only pictures that you find are images of death and fear.

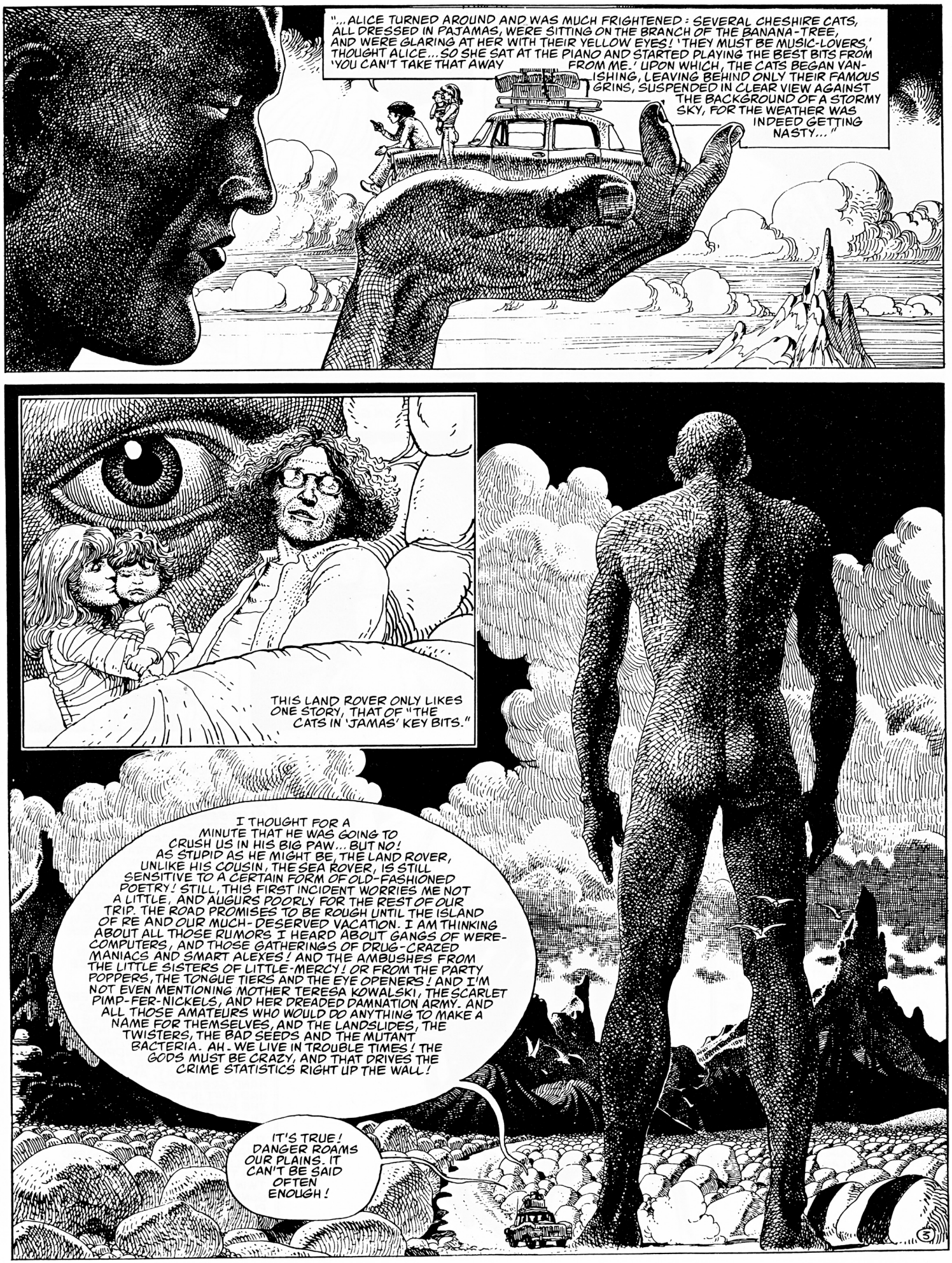
To open myself to the planes that lie "above" was much more difficult. Some people are naturally plugged into these planes. They receive positive images, which then merge with what lies "below" in order to make something truly harmonious, halfway between fear and hope. You must not be cut off from your lower zones, or else you end up doing things like little angels, with no link to reality. Ideally, one should grasp the energies from "above", in order to gain the strength to pull up the material from "below" and illuminate it.

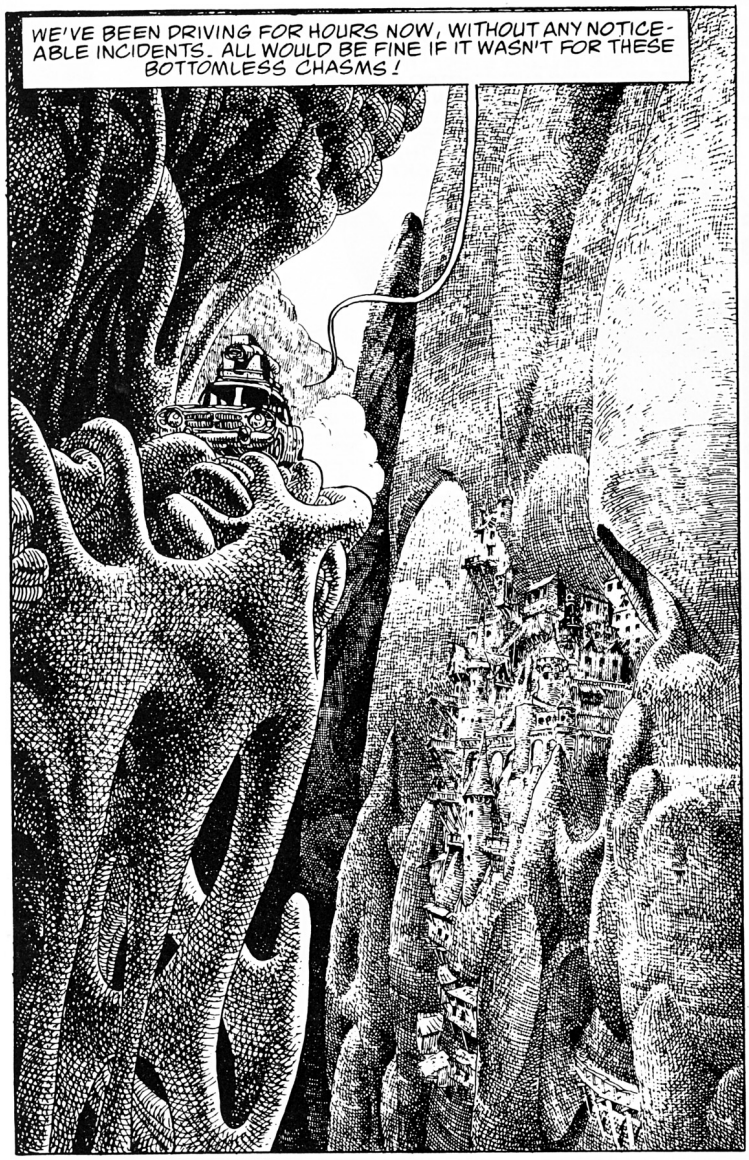
That is the kind of spiritual work that I did with Jean-Paul Appel-Guery at the time of **Aedena.** I tried to open my inner doors to those energies from "above", so that, when I stop being directed by my intellect, I receive images of life instead of images of death. But that only happened after lots of work on all the aspects of my being. I had to change my entire self, my food, my dress, my ways of communicating.

Now that I am working on Arzach again, with Randy and Jean-Marc Lofficier, I feel that it's going to make a new aspect of the character appear, an aspect previously unknown, totally surprising and unforeseable. For example, when they recently spent ten minutes with me discussing their plot for **The Legend of Arzach**, suddenly it was as if an energy woke up and filled the room. It was incredible. I'm very curious to see how it will all turn out.


THE DETOUR
OR THE SEMI-CRAZY MISADVENTURES OF A SMALL FAMILY DURING THEIR CAR TRIP THROUGH FRANCE ON THEIR WAY TO A RICHLY DESERVED MONTH OF VACATION IN THE ISLAND OF RE.(1)
FICTIONALIZED DOCUMENTARY DRAWN IN PEN AND INK BY JEAN GIRAUD FROM A DISCONCERTING ABSENCE OF A SCRIPT BY THE SAME.(2)
JEAN, DEAREST, I WONDER IF WE DID THE RIGHT THING WHEN WE TOOK IT...
TOOK WHAT?
LE MANS 35KM
FOOTNOTES:
1. ANY SIMILARITIES BETWEEN ANY PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD AND THOSE FEATURED IN THIS STORY WERE VERY HARD TO ACHIEVE.
2. IT SHOULD ALSO BE MENTIONED THAT THE FOLLOWING STORY WAS DONE BY THE AUTHOR AS PART OF A FEATURE ENTITLED "KATZENJAMMER KIBITZ"...AND WAS DELIVERED ON TIME! (ED.)

WHY, THE DETOUR, OF COURSE!
THE INTERSTATES HAVE BECOME TOO DANGEROUS, HONEY! IT'S EVERYWHERE, IN THE PAPERS, ON THE RADIO, ON TV... OKAY, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT THIS BACK ROAD LOOKS KIND OF SPOOKY, BUT--
--FIGURE THAT, IN ADDITION TO INCREASING THE ODDS ON US MAKING IT IN ONE PIECE, THIS DETOUR GIVES US A LEISURELY CHANCE TO EXPLORE THE PARTS OF FRANCE THAT WE PARISIANS KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT (LET'S ADMIT IT).
TRUE, BUT IS IT BETTER? TO DIE IN A CAR CRASH IS SO ORDINARY THAT IT'S ALMOST REASSURING! THIS, ON THE OTHER HAND... (1)
(1) THESE LAST WORDS ADD TO THIS SENTENCE A SINISTER OVERTONE, FULLY JUSTIFIED BY WHAT FOLLOWS.
HEY! WHAT'S ...WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHO IS THIS GUY?
IT'S...IT'S A LAND ROVER!
12


"...ALICE TURNED AROUND AND WAS MUCH FRIGHTENED: SEVERAL CHESHIRE CATS, ALL DRESSED IN PAJAMAS, WERE SITTING ON THE BRANCH OF THE BANANA-TREE, AND WERE GLARING AT HER WITH THEIR YELLOW EYES! 'THEY MUST BE MUSIC-LOVERS,' THOUGHT ALICE... SO SHE SAT AT THE PIANO AND STARTED PLAYING THE BEST BITS FROM 'YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME.' UPON WHICH, THE CATS BEGAN VANISHING, LEAVING BEHIND ONLY THEIR FAMOUS GRINS, SUSPENDED IN CLEAR VIEW AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF A STORMY SKY, FOR THE WEATHER WAS INDEED GETTING NASTY..."
THIS LAND ROVER ONLY LIKES ONE STORY, THAT OF "THE CATS IN 'JAMAS' KEY BITS."
I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE THAT HE WAS GOING TO CRUSH US IN HIS BIG PAW... BUT NO! AS STUPID AS HE MIGHT BE, THE LAND ROVER, UNLIKE HIS COUSIN, THE SEA ROVER, IS STILL SENSITIVE TO A CERTAIN FORM OF OLD-FASHIONED POETRY! STILL, THIS FIRST INCIDENT WORRIES ME NOT A LITTLE, AND AUGURS POORLY FOR THE REST OF OUR TRIP. THE ROAD PROMISES TO BE ROUGH UNTIL THE ISLAND OF RE AND OUR MUCH-DESERVED VACATION. I AM THINKING ABOUT ALL THOSE RUMORS I HEARD ABOUT GANGS OF WERE-COMPUTERS, AND THOSE GATHERINGS OF DRUG-CRAZED MANIACS AND SMART ALEXES! AND THE AMBUSHES FROM THE LITTLE SISTERS OF LITTLE-MERCY! OR FROM THE PARTY POPPERS, THE TONGUE TIERS AND THE EYE OPENERS! AND I'M NOT EVEN MENTIONING MOTHER TERESA KOWALSKI, THE SCARLET PIMP-FER-NICKELS, AND HER DREADED DAMNATION ARMY. AND ALL THOSE AMATEURS WHO WOULD DO ANYTHING TO MAKE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES, AND THE LANDSLIDES, THE TWISTERS, THE BAD SEEDS AND THE MUTANT BACTERIA. AH - WE LIVE IN TROUBLE TIMES! THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY, AND THAT DRIVES THE CRIME STATISTICS RIGHT UP THE WALL!
IT'S TRUE! DANGER ROAMS OUR PLAINS. IT CAN'T BE SAID OFTEN ENOUGH!
3



OF COURSE, ALL THIS SEEMS VERY FAR AWAY NOW. THE FACT THAT I'M HERE, IN MY COZY STUDIO, COMFORTABLY SETTLED IN FRONT OF MY DRAWING TABLE, TELLING YOU ALL THE PROBLEMS WE ENCOUNTERED ON OUR TRIP, PROVES THAT WE WERE INDEED ABLE TO GET AWAY SAFE AND SOUND.

YET, I REMEMBER THAT, AT THE TIME THIS HAPPENED, THE FEELING THAT I HAD WAS A KIND OF ANXIETY, MIXED WITH THE NAGGING AND DEPRESSING THOUGHT THAT MY TIME HAD COME. AS TO MY WIFE, WHO WAS MOPING ON THE BACK SEAT WITH MY DAUGHTER, SHE TOO FELT KIND OF SAD.

AND WHO COULD BLAME US FOR FEELING THAT WAY? CERTAINLY NOT THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE HAD SOME PREVIOUS ENCOUNTER WITH THE PARTY POPPERS. AT LEAST, NOT THOSE OF YOU WHO LIVED TO TELL THE TALE, HA, HA, HA!

IN ANY EVENT, COMFORTED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT NO ONE COULD BLAME US, WE WALLOWED FOR TWO OR THREE MINUTES IN OUR FEELINGS OF ANXIETY, MELANCHOLY AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING.

BUT, NO MORE THAN THREE MINUTES! IT ISN'T FOR NOTHING THAT I'VE WORKED ALL THESE YEARS ON THE ADVENTURES OF ***LIEUTENANT BLUEBERRY*** (THANK YOU FOR YOUR NICE LETTERS!), WHO ALWAYS FINDS A WAY TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF FROM OTHERWISE DESPERATE SITUATIONS. ALTHOUGH, AT THE END OF THE LATEST EPISODE, ONE WONDERS IF HE'S REALLY GOING TO MAKE IT THIS TIME. WELL, YOU'LL FIND OUT BY READING THE CONTINUATION OF HIS EXCITING ADVENTURES IN THE VERY NEXT ISSUE OF... ER, I DIGRESS...

ANYWAY, WITH HIS EXAMPLE IN MIND, I DECIDED TO ORGANIZE MY DEFENSE...

I FOUND A FEW WEAPONS DEEP INSIDE MY CAR TRUNK: A TWO-BLADE KNIFE, A LASER RIFLE WITH BUILT-IN ELECTROSTATIC INDUCTION, UNFORTUNATELY FAKE, TWO MACHINE GUNS WITH THREE HUNDRED AMMO ROUNDS (A MOMENTO FROM MY STAY IN ALGERIA), AND A CRATE OF HAND GRENADES THAT SOME GUY HAD LEFT IN THE STAIRWELL DURING THE EVENTS OF MAY '68... AND THAT WAS ALL!

THAT'S WHEN I FELT SORRY THAT I HADN'T FOLLOWED MY FRIEND GOTLIB'S EXAMPLE, WITH HIS TWO GUN TURRETS, EQUIPPED WITH TWIN CALIBER 12/7 MACHINE GUNS, ON THE ROOF OF HIS ARMOR-PLATED PINTO.

IN ANY EVENT, THE FIGHT WAS FIERCE INDEED!

CLAUDINE, TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED NEXT!

WHAT YOU'D EXPECT TO HAPPEN HAPPENS: WE SUCCUMB TO THEIR NUMBERS. THEY BIND US TIGHTLY AND CARRY US THROUGH A MAZE OF TUNNELS AND DARK CAVES, TO A HUGE CAVERN DEEP INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN. THIS IS THE LAIR OF THE PARTY POPPERS! WE BARELY HAVE TIME TO ADMIRE THEIR IMPRESSIVE DECOR BEFORE THEY THROW US INTO A DAMP CELL. WITH BARE ROCK WALLS, WEAKLY LIT BY A SPUTTERING TORCH. A MAN, ARMED TO THE TEETH, HIS FACE HIDDEN BEHIND HUGE DARK GLASSES, IS WATCHING US CLOSELY. SOON, WE HEAR THE ECHOING SOUND OF BARBARIC BLOOD-THIRSTY MELODIES, LIKE "LOVE ME TENDER" AND "IF I ONLY HAD A HEART," SUNG BY THOUSANDS OF VOICES. THEIR TEMPO IS QUITE FAST, ALMOST "SWING" IN SPITE OF THE 3/5 MEASURE. MY BLOOD FREEZES IN MY VEINS, FOR I RECOGNIZE THE SONGS WHICH TRADITIONALLY PRECEDE THE TOURIST SACRIFICES. IN THE DARK, I CATCH MY HUSBAND'S EYES. HE TOO KNOWS. WE ARE DOOMED! NO! A MIRACLE! WE ARE SAVED! THE GUARD TAKES OFF HIS GLASSES AND, TO OUR STUPEFACTION, WE RECOGNIZE ONE OF OUR EDITORS. HE TELLS US THAT, BY A SHEER COINCIDENCE, HE IS ON A PARTY POPPER TRAINING COURSE! SOON, HE UNTIES US AND LEADS US TO AN EMERGENCY EXIT. WE SPLIT RIGHT AWAY, BUT NOT WITHOUT FIRST TAKING A CAN OF GASOLINE THAT WAS LYING THERE. SOON AFTER, WE'RE BACK DRIVING INTO THE RAPIDLY APPROACHING NIGHT, WITH A WARM THOUGHT FOR THE MAN WHO RISKED ALL TO SAVE US! (1)

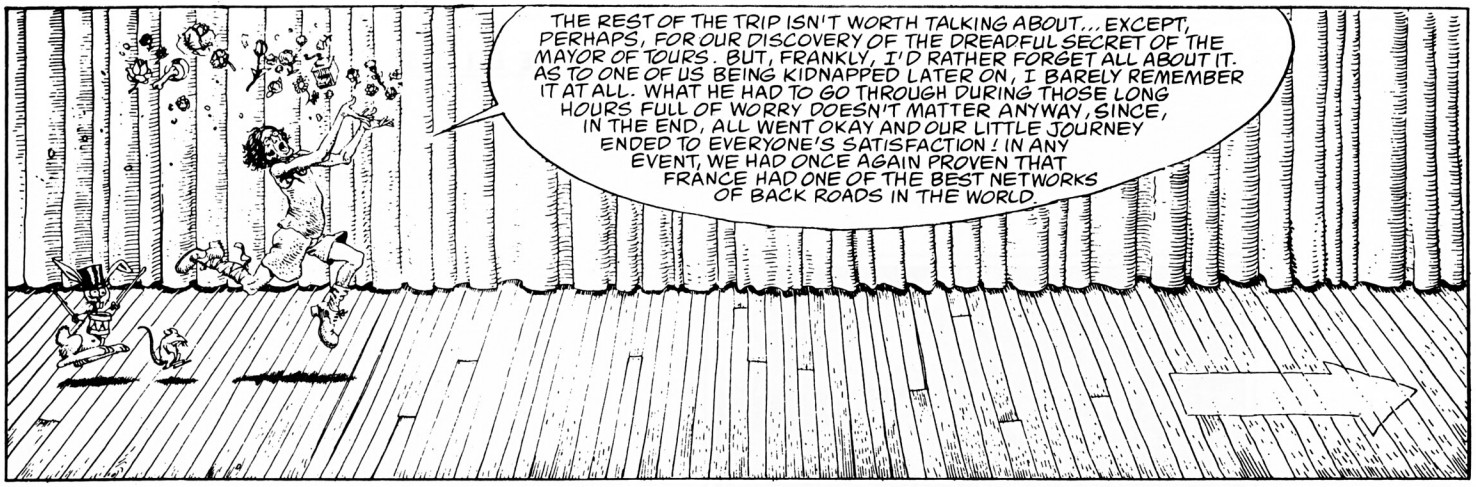
(1) I WANT TO REASSURE THE READER. NO MATTER HOW HE DID IT, THE MAN WHO RESCUED US MADE IT TO SAFETY, AND ALL OUR EDITORS ARE STILL ALIVE AND WELL.

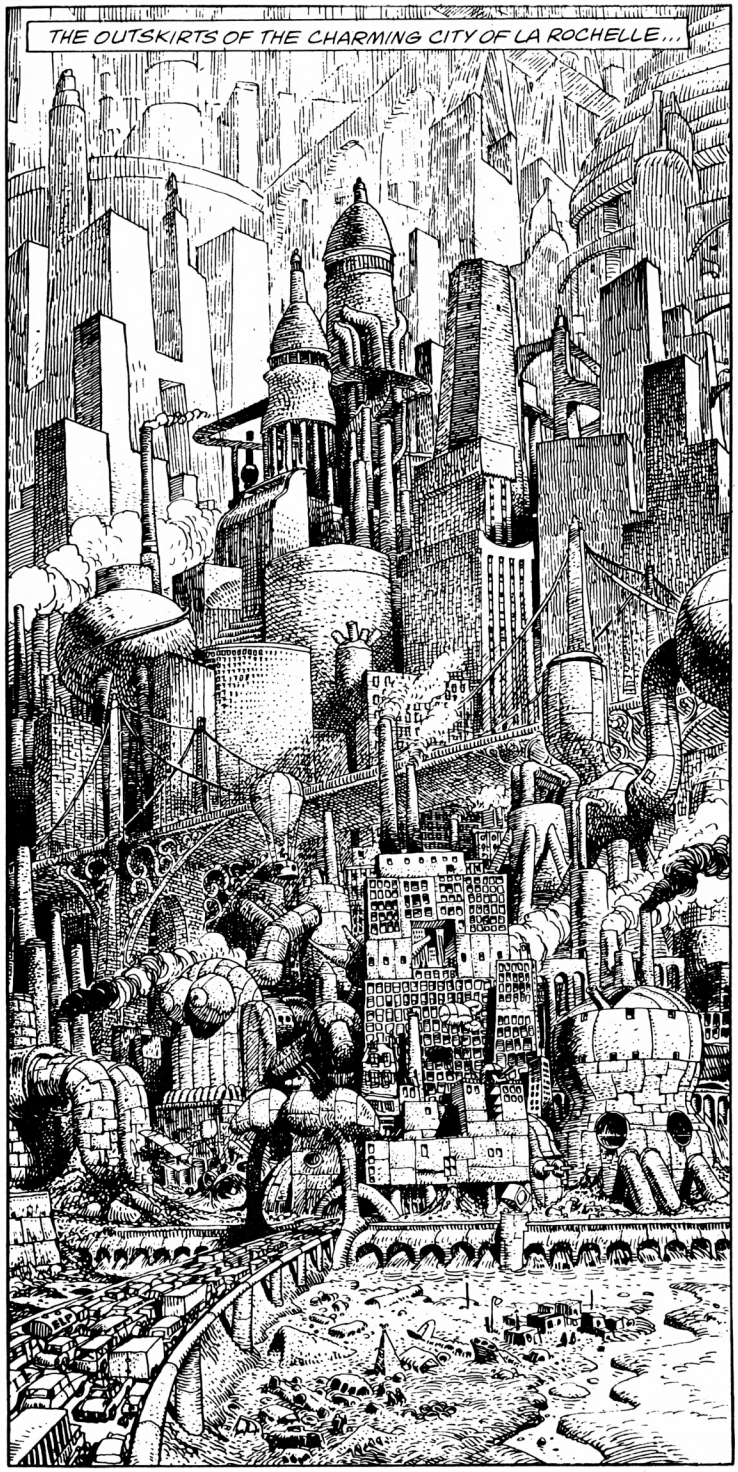
NIGHT FELL. NOTHING HAPPEN THEN, AND SOON, WE WERE LEAVING BEHIND US THE MOUNTAINS, LIGHTLY TINGED WITH PINK BY THE COMING DAWN, TO ENTER THE FAMOUS-CONTAINER-DESERT OF WESTERN FRANCE.

WE'LL HAVE TO GRAB THE ANTI-RADIATION SUITS FROM THE TRUNK, HONEY!

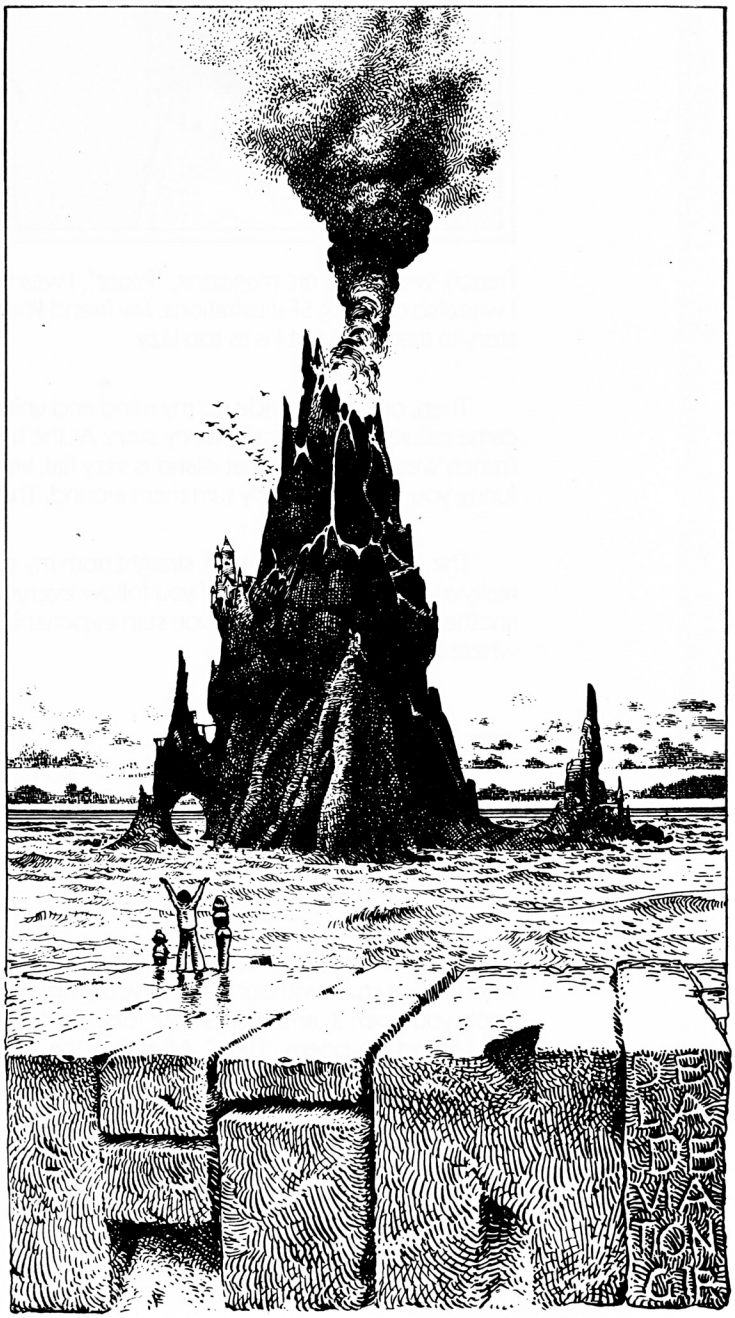
GREAT! I'LL FINALLY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO WEAR MY NEW A-R.S. FROM CALVIN KLEAN!!!

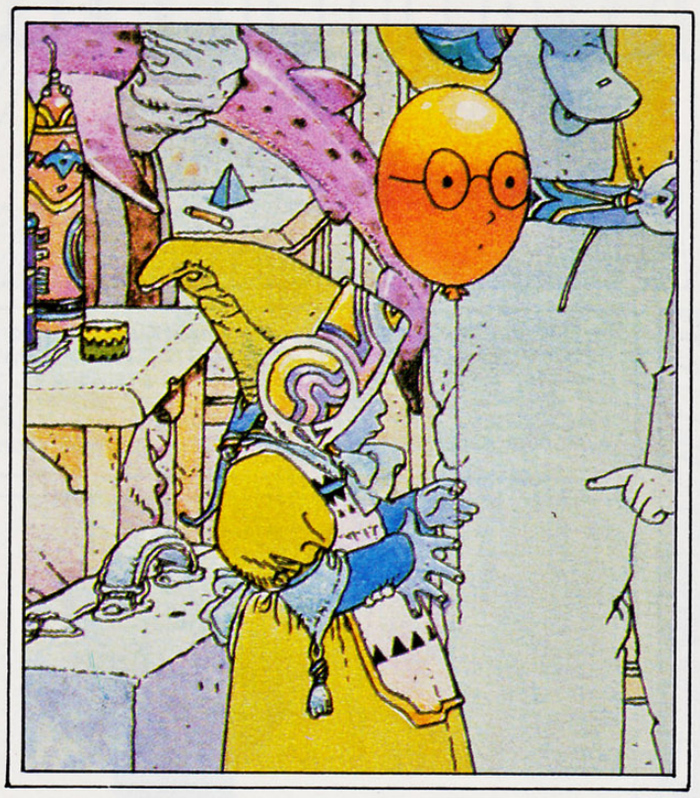
IT WAS IN THE DESERT THAT WE WITNESSED A SCENE THAT WAS PAINFUL AND FUNNY AT THE SAME TIME. IT WAS TEN A.M. AND, HAVING THE MUNCHIES, WE HAD DECIDED TO STOP FOR A PICNIC IN THE SHADOW OF A HUGE PILE OF CONCRETE CONTAINERS.
THESE SUITS ARE JUNK! SOME NESCAFE SPILLED RIGHT INTO MY SHOES! DAMN NUCLEAR WASTE!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT, NOW THAT THE OCEANS ARE FULL OF IT, THEY'VE GOT TO DUMP THE STUFF SOME PLACE!
YEAH... IT'S PROGRESS. CAN'T LIVE WITH IT, CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT.
YOU SAID IT!
WANT SOME MORE OATMEAL?
E.D.F.
SUFFATON
E.D.F.
SUDDENLY, AS WE GOT READY TO HIT THE ROAD...
HEY! YOU! THERE!
DID YOU JUST EAT SOMETHING OVER THERE? ANSWER ME!
ER, YES, WE DID, OFFICER.
I'LL TEACH YOU TO LITTER ON PUBLIC PROPERTY. KOUGH! KOUGH! A HEAVY... RHAA... FINE!... GOD! MY HEAD'S SPINNING! ARGH!!!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
HE'S SICK!
HE DIED FROM MASSIVE RADIATION EXPOSURE. WE WERE LUCKY. HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO JOLT DOWN OUR LICENSE-PLATE NUMBER!
THESE EPA AGENTS REALLY HAVE IT TOUGH.
MAYBE, BUT THANKS TO THEM, THIS COUNTRY HAS SOLVED ITS LITTER PROBLEM!
BY THE WAY, IT'S JOT DOWN, NOT JOLT.
PFFT!





...THEN, ON THE WHARF, WE IMPATIENTLY WAITED FOR THE FERRY TO COME AND CARRY US TO THE ISLAND OF RE, WHICH CALMLY SAT, SILHOUETTED IN THE DISTANCE. THE ISLAND OF RE WHERE, ALL DAY LONG, WE WERE GOING TO **ENJOY** OUR **VACATION**, AND LIVE MANY MORE ADVENTURES. BUT, AS KIPLING SAID SO WELL, "THAT'S ANOTHER COMIC-BOOK STORY."





"THE DETOUR"

When I did **The Detour** for the French, weekly comic magazine, "Pilote", I was between **Blueberry** stories. At the time, as Moebius, I was also drawing SF illustrations. My friend Philippe Druillet was always nagging me to do a comic story in that style, but I was too lazy.

Then, one day, I made up my mind and unleashed my imagination, and the story of **The Detour** came naturally. It's a classic, funny story. At the time, we used to vacation on the Island of Re on the French West Coast, and that island is very flat, very dull. You know that, sometimes, to make things funny, you just completely turn them around. That's what I did with **The Detour.**

The story really told itself, straight from my subconscious mind, panels following panels. It is really a very simple parable. If you follow everyone's beaten path in society, all is fine. But if you take another route, a detour, then you start experiencing weird adventures, and no one knows for sure where it will lead.

"THE BALLAD"

I bought "Illuminations", a collection of poetry by Arthur Rimbaud, primarily because I liked the title. I read some of the poems, and found them very beautiful, then I put the book on my shelves and all but forgot about it.

Then, one day, I was looking for an idea for a story. Jodorowsky had told me about a trick of his. When you're stuck without an idea, you empty your mind, you walk to your bookshelf, you grab a book, you open it, and there's your idea. That's what I did, and of course, I grabbed "Illuminations" and I found the poem, "Fleur". After that, the story just wrote itself.

When it came to the ending, however, I wanted to continue the story, but I had a deadline. So I took the easiest and most awful way out. I just killed off the characters in a kind of twist ending. It was a terrible thing to do, and now, I very much regret having done it. I'd like to make up for it and, someday, show that, in fact, it was all a trick and that Pooh and Loona are still alive, somewhere.

"THE WHITE CITADEL"

Most of the people that were studying spirituality with Appel-Guery did not know much about comics. Because of this, when I showed them what I had done, they immediately picked on the morbid, and overall negative feelings that permeated my stories.

So I began feeling ashamed, and I decided to do something really different, just to show them that I could do it. At the time, I had a friend who was reading the Round Table books, which I had never read, and he kept telling me how beautiful they were. So I decided that I would do a vast heroic fantasy saga, with elves, goblins, knights, everything. That's why I did **The White Citadel.**

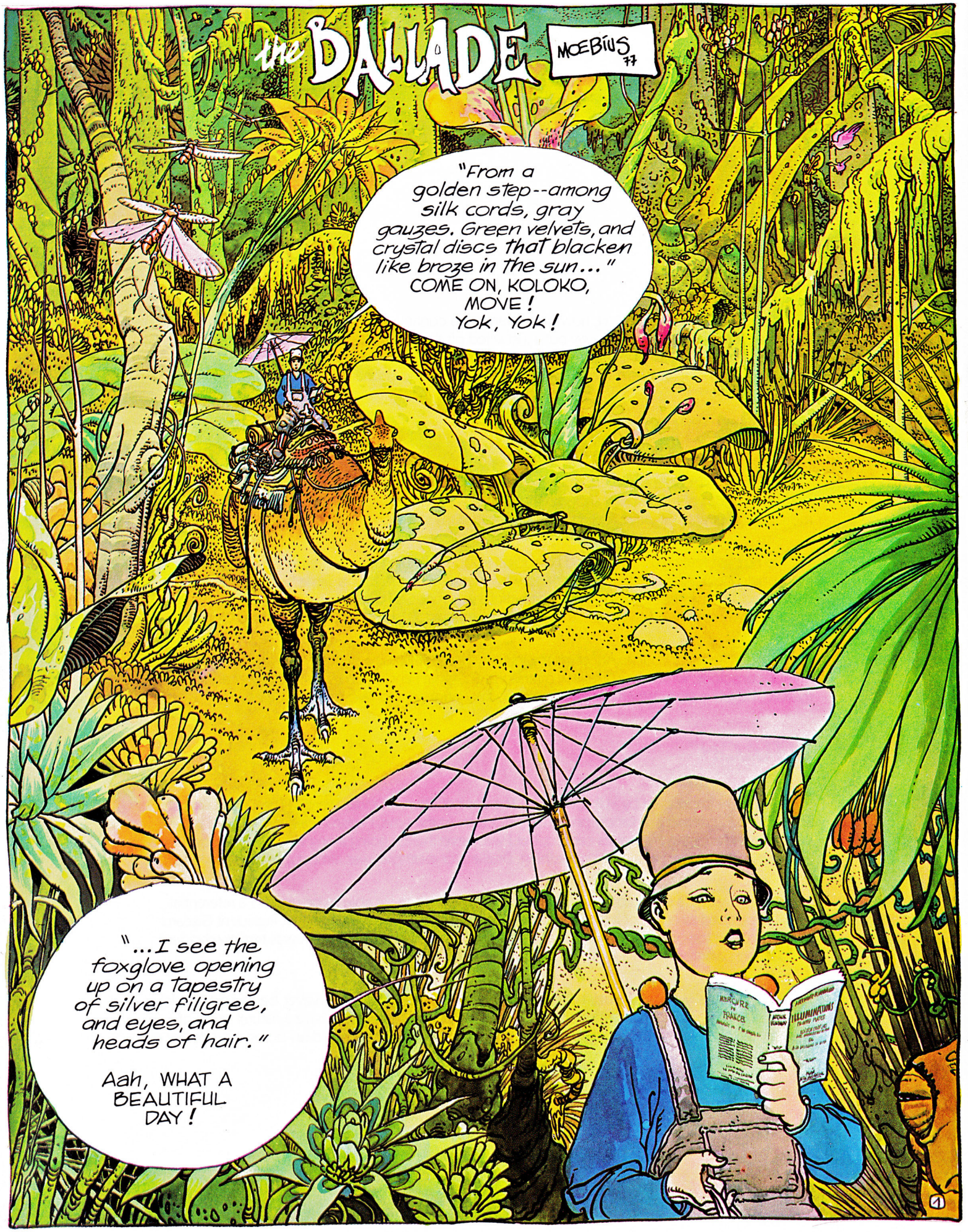
It didn't work, of course. Although my intellect had decided to do it that way, I really work with my subconscious, which won't follow directions. So, what I ended up drawing was yet another morbid, negative story. When my friends saw it, they laughed and said it was hopeless!

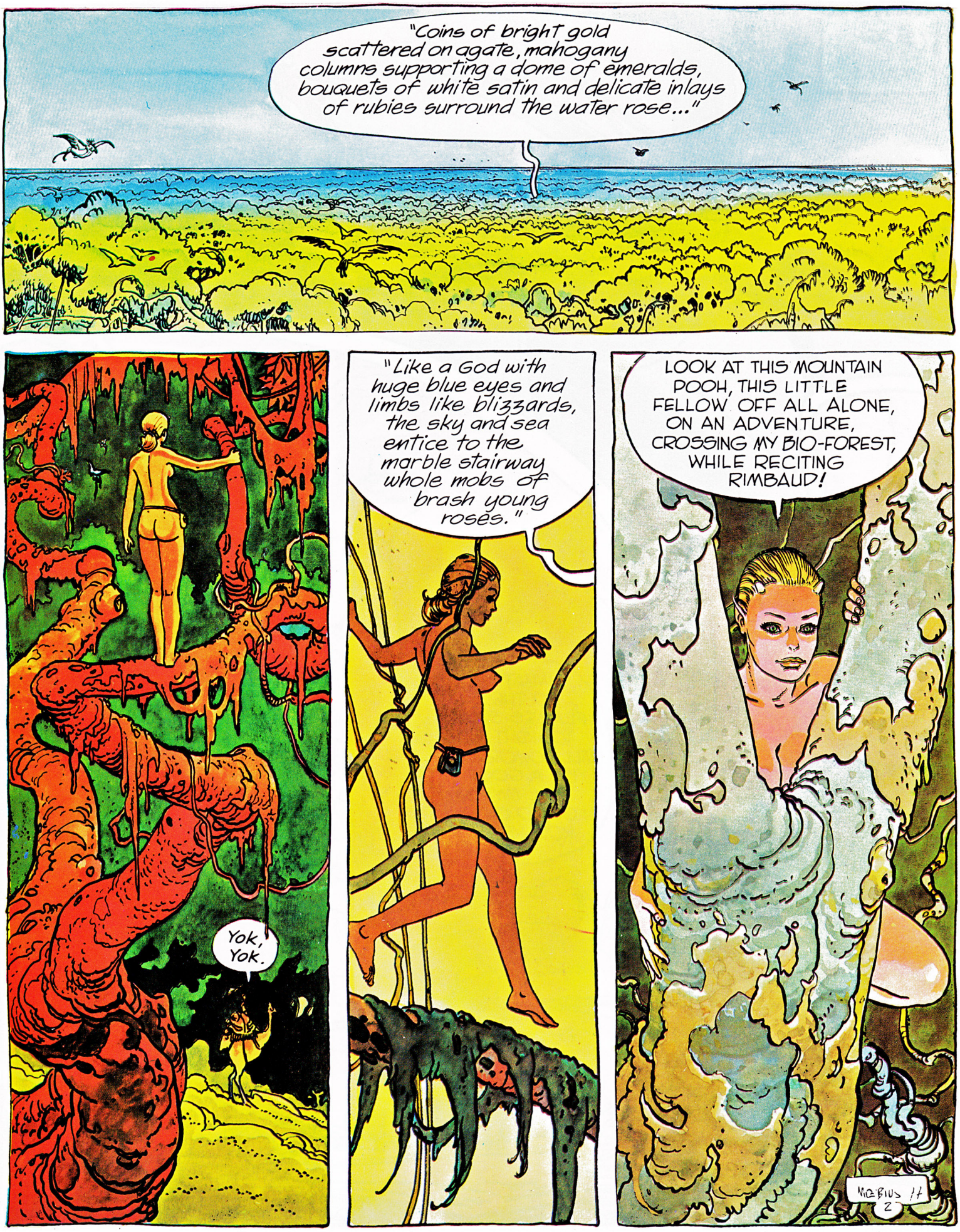
"KTULON"

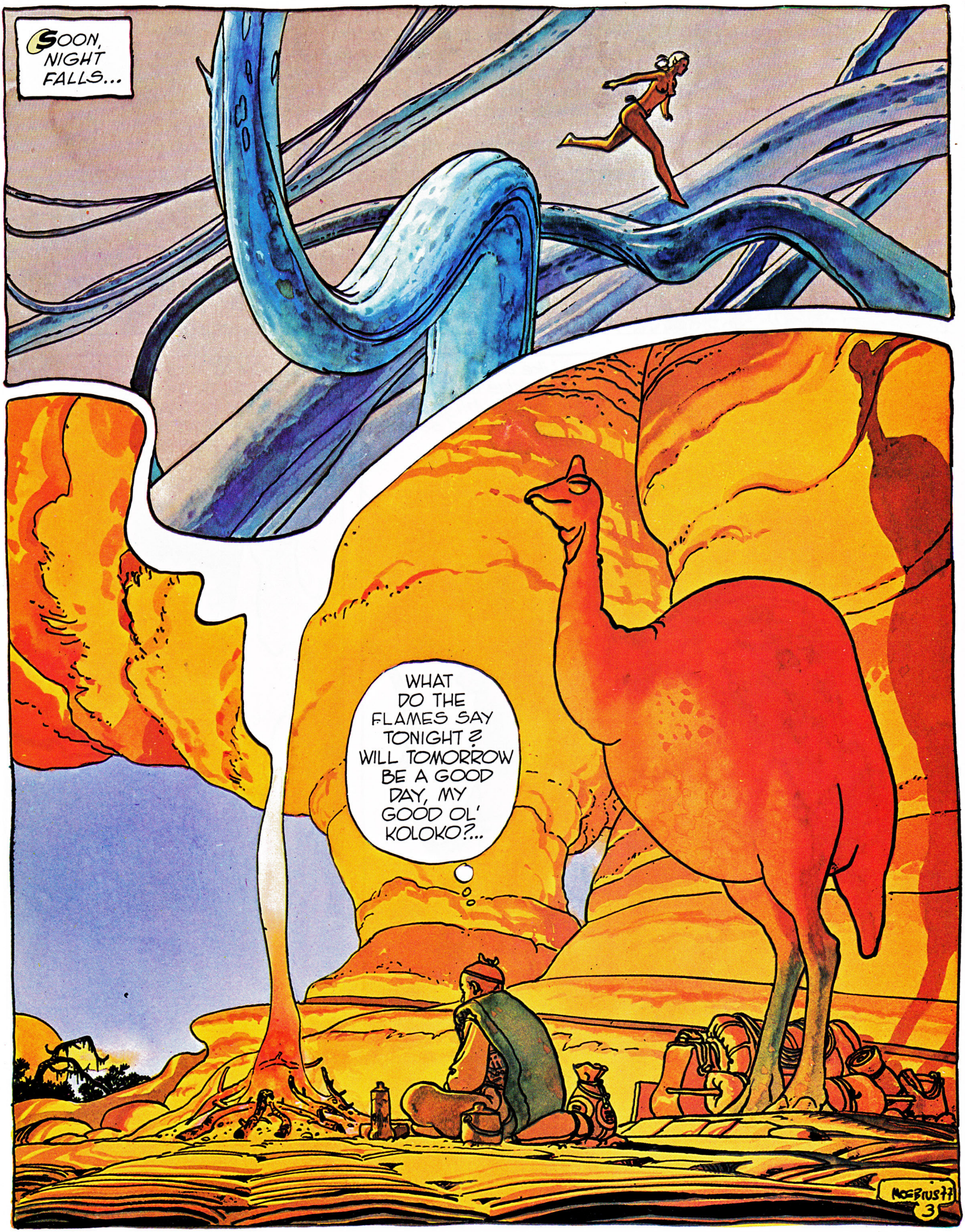
I was very impressed by H.P. Lovecraft. "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward", "The Colour Out of Space", "The Statement of Randolph Carter", etcetera. At the time, I wasn't really aware of all the subterranean energies his stories carried, but I was nevertheless going along with all my fellow artists, who thought Lovecraft was really something. Druillet, for example, was almost a priest of Lovecraft.

Also, Lovecraft's mythology was sufficiently well known to be able to be used as a referential joke. I happened to connect it to something I had read in the French press about President Giscard d'Estaing using the privilege of his office to go to Africa and hunt wild game. I was terribly shocked by this, and I wanted to do a story about it.

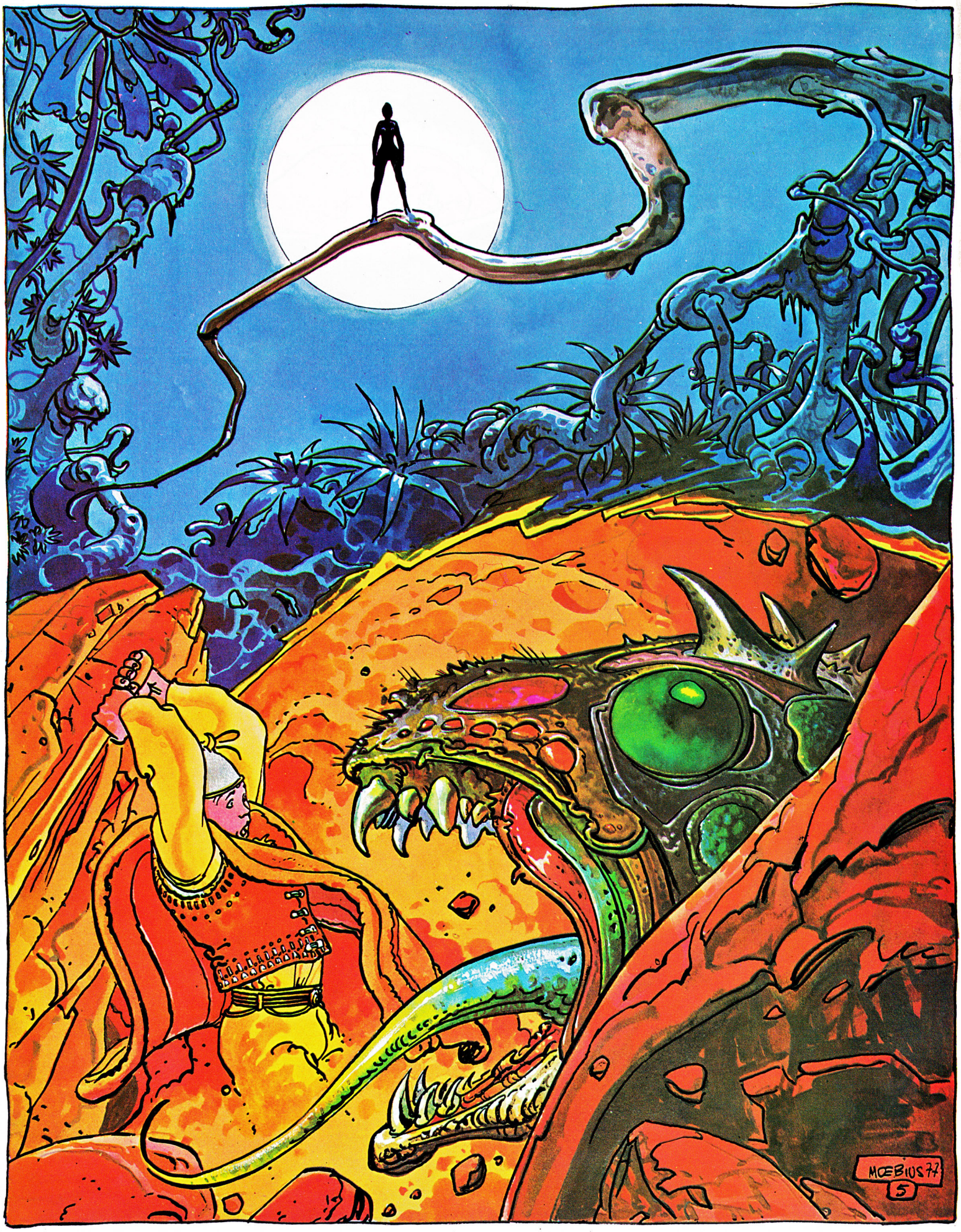
When I actually drew **Ktulon,** I didn't specifically aim it at Giscard, however, because it would have meant drawing a caricature of him, which is something I hate. Also, I have a natural sense of carefulness that told me that, perhaps, I didn't have all the facts. So, I ended up doing it a little like a humorous fable.


the BALLADE
MŒBIUS 77
"From a golden step--among silk cords, gray gauzes. Green velvets, and crystal discs that blacken like broze in the sun..."
COME ON, KOLOKO, MOVE!
Yok, Yok!
"...I see the foxglove opening up on a tapestry of silver filigree, and eyes, and heads of hair."
Aah, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!
4

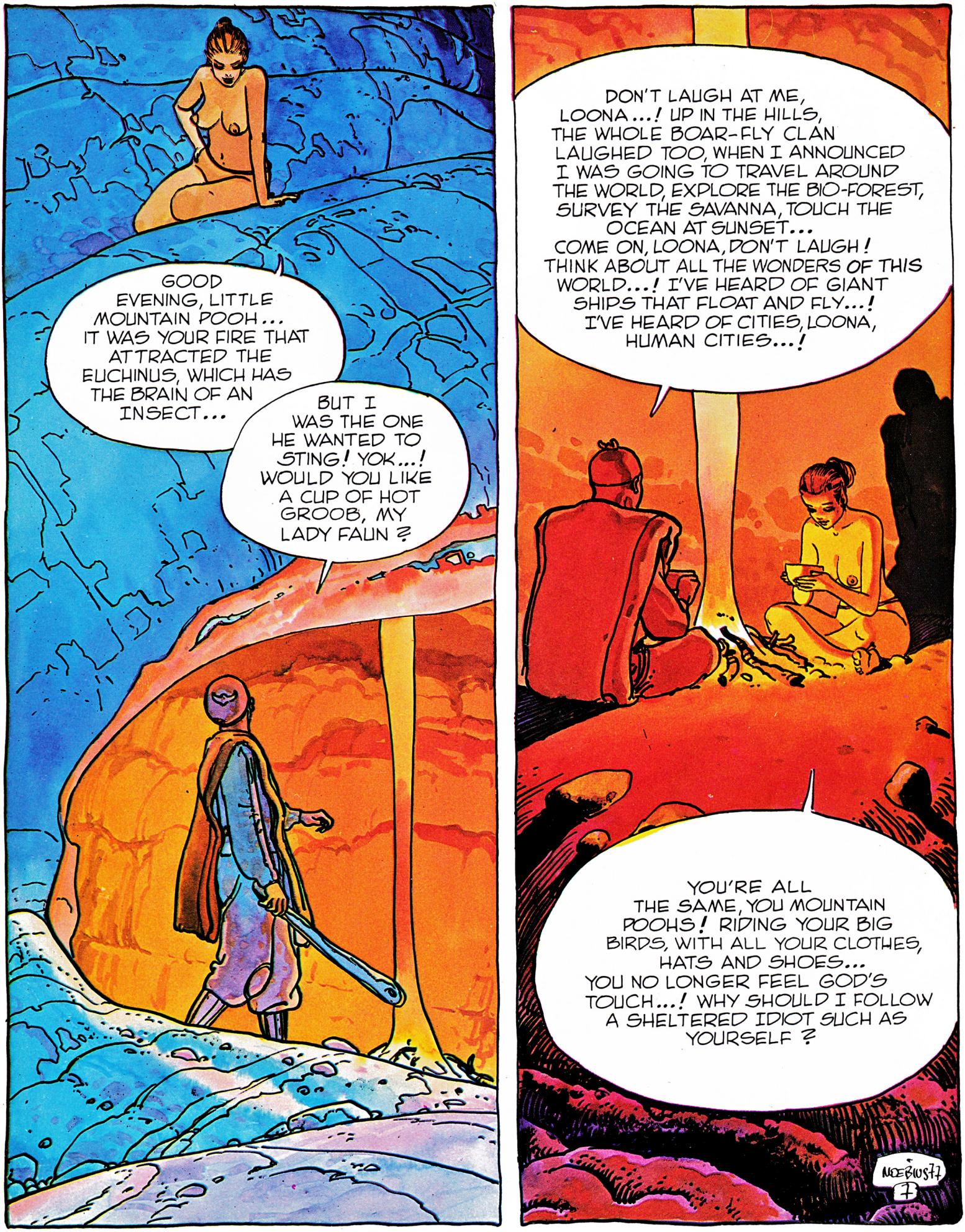

"Coins of bright gold scattered on agate, mahogany columns supporting a dome of emeralds, bouquets of white satin and delicate inlays of rubies surround the water rose..."
Yok, Yok.
"Like a God with huge blue eyes and limbs like blizzards, the sky and sea entice to the marble stairway whole mobs of brash young roses."
LOOK AT THIS MOUNTAIN POOH, THIS LITTLE FELLOW OFF ALL ALONE, ON AN ADVENTURE, CROSSING MY BIO-FOREST, WHILE RECITING RIMBAUD!
MOEBIUS 11
2

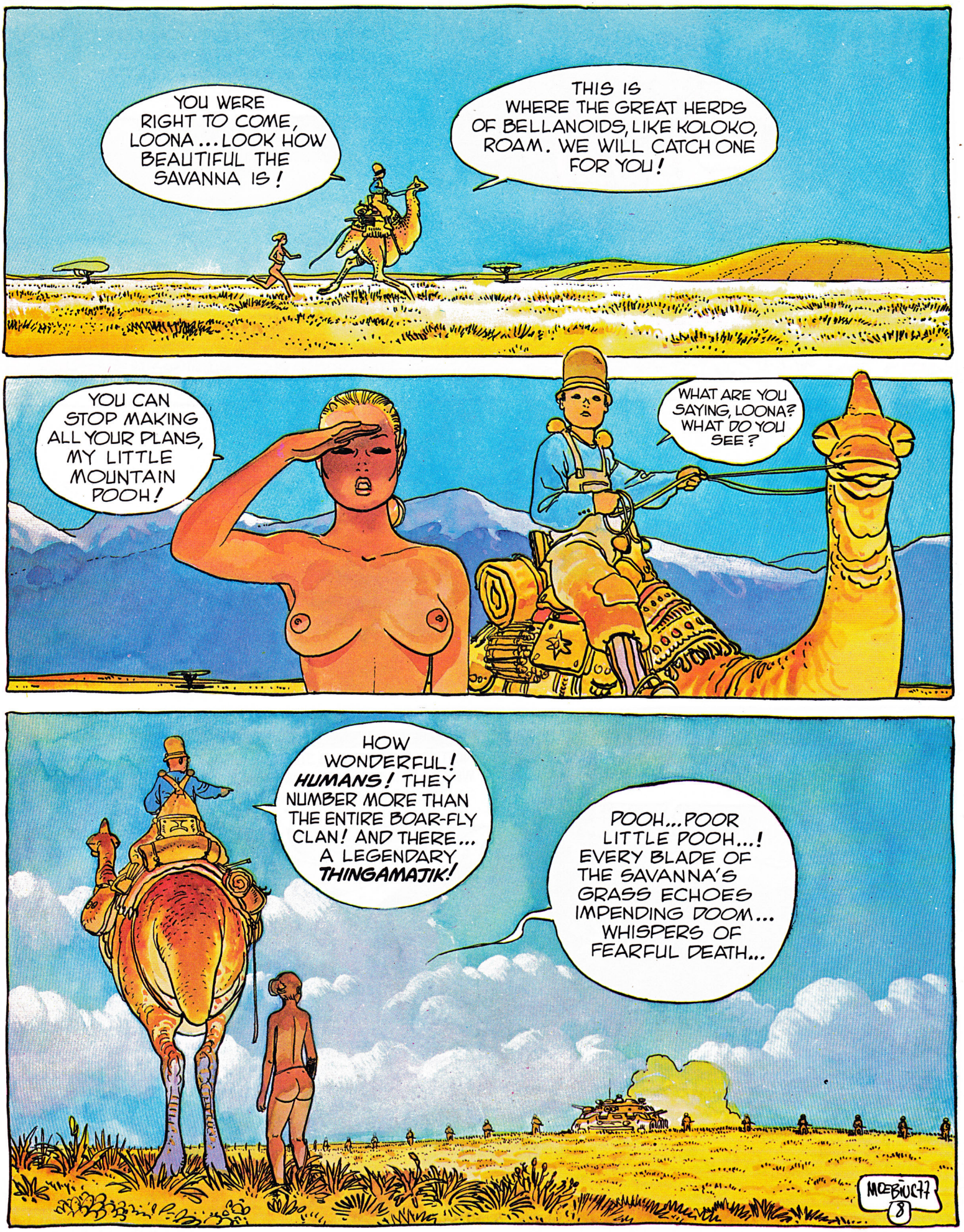

SOON, NIGHT FALLS...
WHAT DO THE FLAMES SAY TONIGHT? WILL TOMORROW BE A GOOD DAY, MY GOOD OL' KOLOKO?...
MOEBIUS 77
3

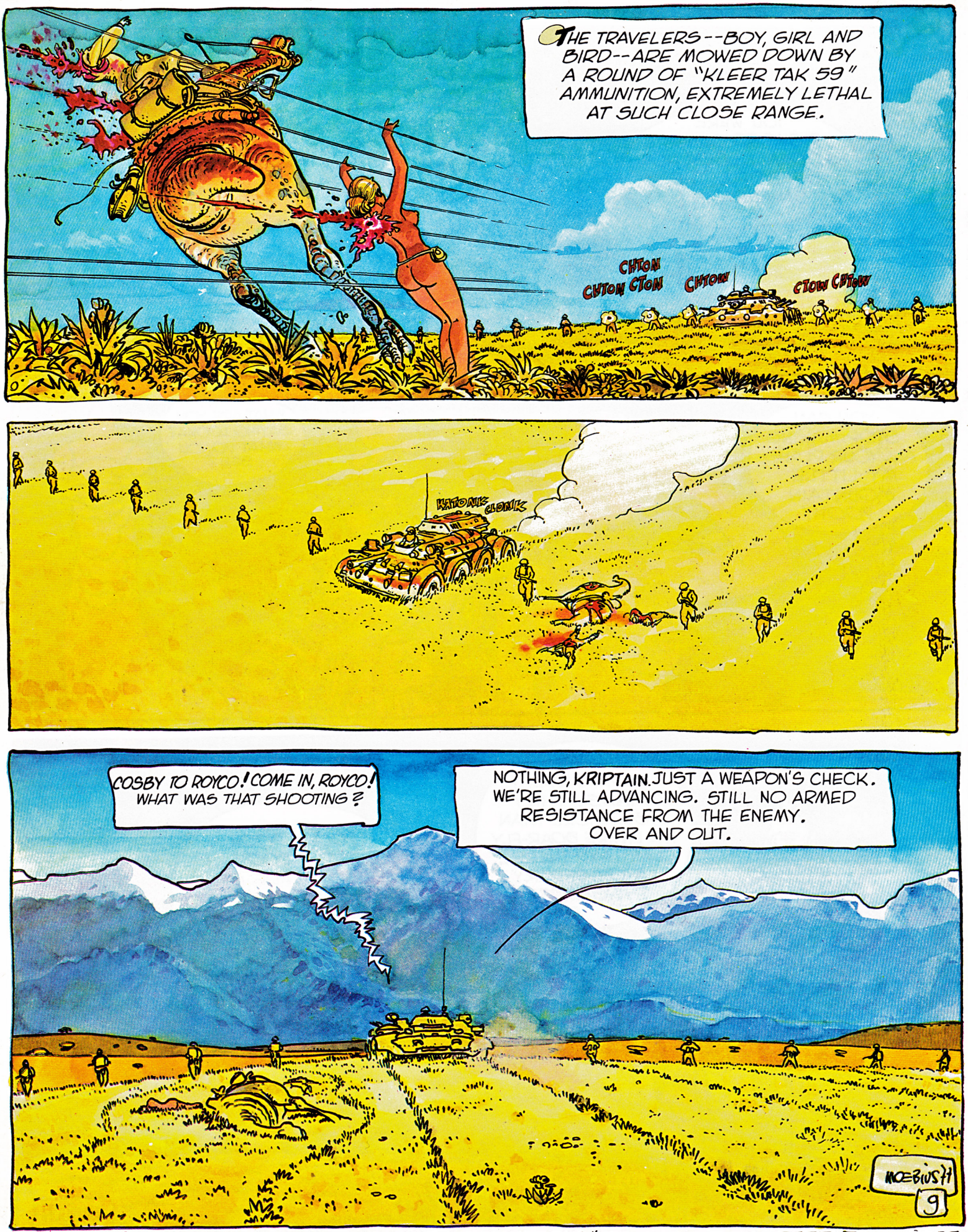
SUDDENLY... A HORRIBLE, ELICHINUS!
Hmm! ANOTHER OF THESE STUPID MONSTERS!
MOEBIUS


MŒBIUS 77
5

IN THE NIGHT AIR, THE LITHE YOUNG FAUN DRAWS SECRET GESTURES, TIMELESS AND MAGICAL, THAT ARE KNOWN TO APPEASE THE EUCHINUS.
SHE IS ONLY TWENTY, AND SKILLED AT RUNNING UPON MOSS-ENCRUSTED BRANCHES. SHE FEEDS ON FRUITS THAT GROW HERE FREELY. AND EVERY LIVING THING IN THE BIO-FOREST KNOWS HER LANGUAGE.
MOEBIUS 77
6

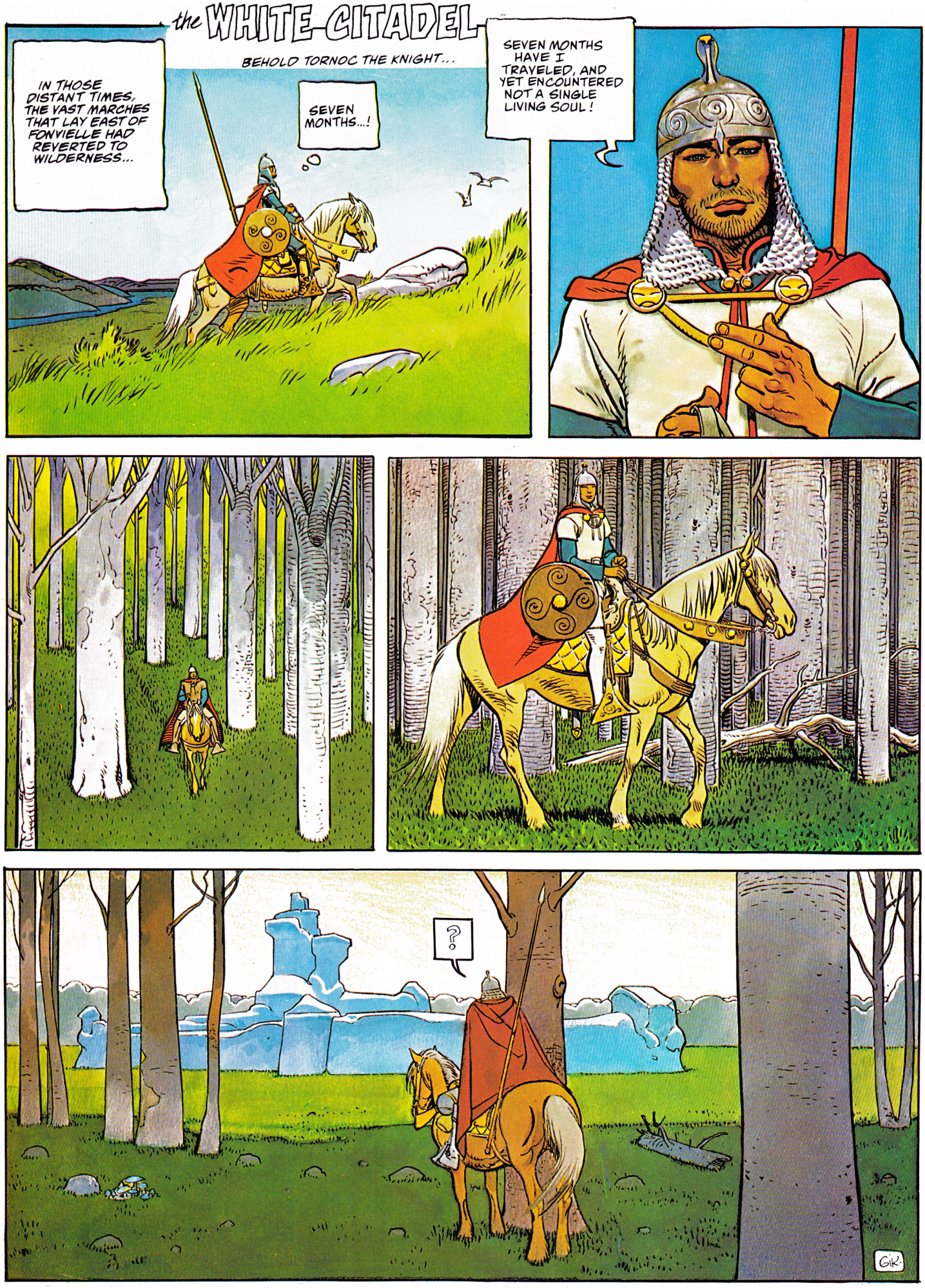

GOOD EVENING, LITTLE MOUNTAIN POOH... IT WAS YOUR FIRE THAT ATTRACTED THE EUCHINUS, WHICH HAS THE BRAIN OF AN INSECT...
BUT I WAS THE ONE HE WANTED TO STING! YOK...! WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP OF HOT GROOB, MY LADY FAUN ?
DON'T LAUGH AT ME, LOONA...! UP IN THE HILLS, THE WHOLE BOAR-FLY CLAN LAUGHED TOO, WHEN I ANNOUNCED I WAS GOING TO TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD, EXPLORE THE BIO-FOREST, SURVEY THE SAVANNA, TOUCH THE OCEAN AT SUNSET... COME ON, LOONA, DON'T LAUGH! THINK ABOUT ALL THE WONDERS OF THIS WORLD...! I'VE HEARD OF GIANT SHIPS THAT FLOAT AND FLY...! I'VE HEARD OF CITIES, LOONA, HUMAN CITIES...!
YOU'RE ALL THE SAME, YOU MOUNTAIN POOHS! RIDING YOUR BIG BIRDS, WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES, HATS AND SHOES... YOU NO LONGER FEEL GOD'S TOUCH...! WHY SHOULD I FOLLOW A SHELTERED IDIOT SUCH AS YOURSELF ?
MOEBIUS77
7

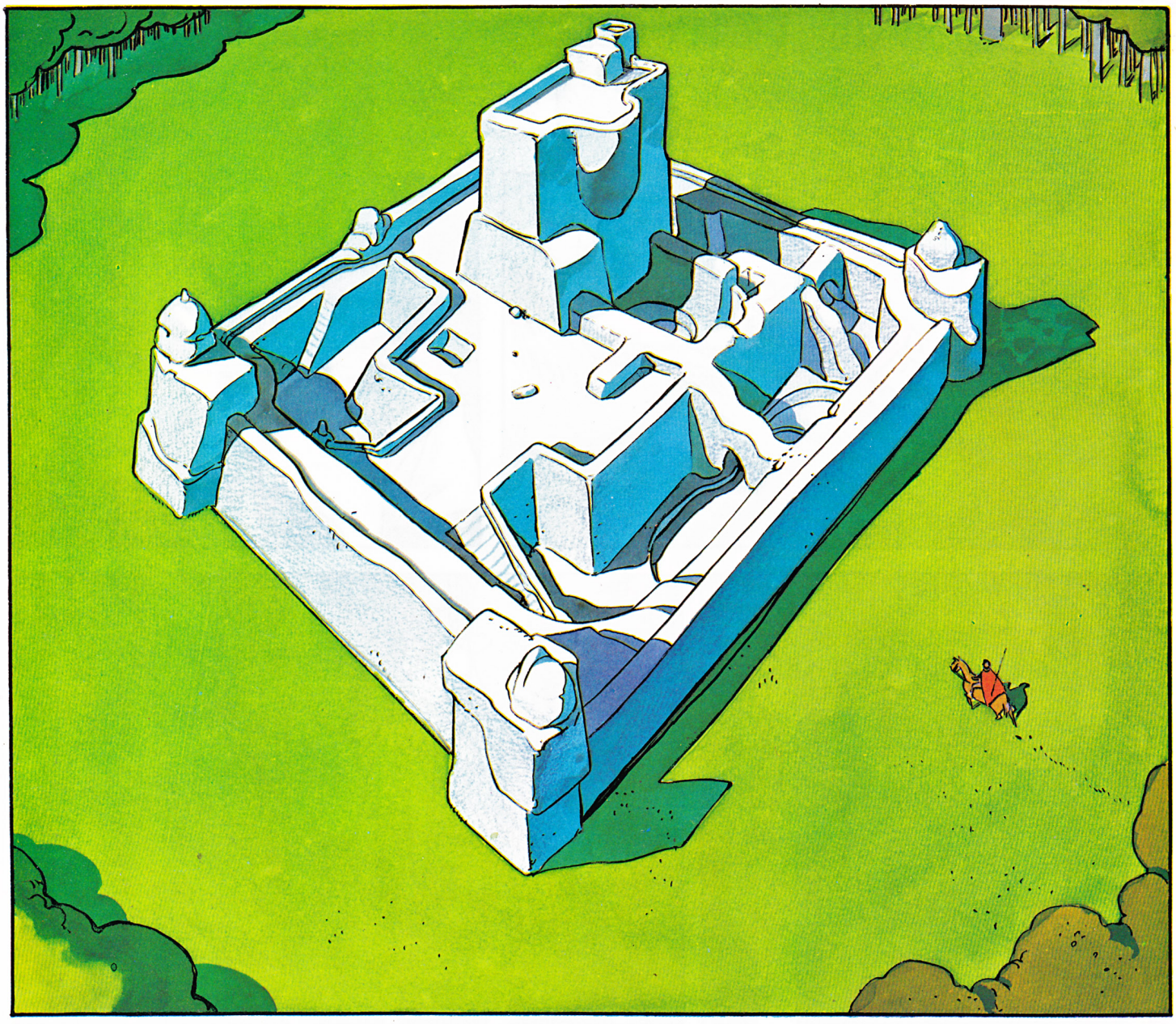

YOU WERE RIGHT TO COME, LOONA... LOOK HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SAVANNA IS!
THIS IS WHERE THE GREAT HERDS OF BELLANOIDS, LIKE KOLOKO, ROAM. WE WILL CATCH ONE FOR YOU!
YOU CAN STOP MAKING ALL YOUR PLANS, MY LITTLE MOUNTAIN POOH!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, LOONA? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
HOW WONDERFUL! HUMANS! THEY NUMBER MORE THAN THE ENTIRE BOAR-FLY CLAN! AND THERE... A LEGENDARY THINGAMAJIK!
POOH... POOR LITTLE POOH...! EVERY BLADE OF THE SAVANNA'S GRASS ECHOES IMPENDING DOOM... WHISPERS OF FEARFUL DEATH...
MOEBIUS 77
8

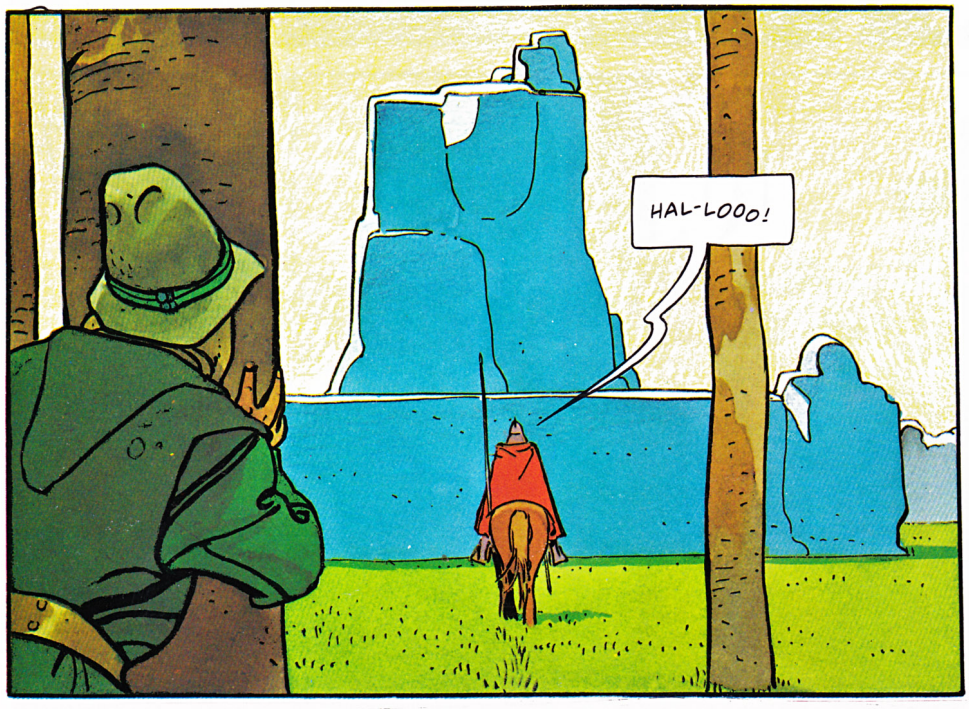


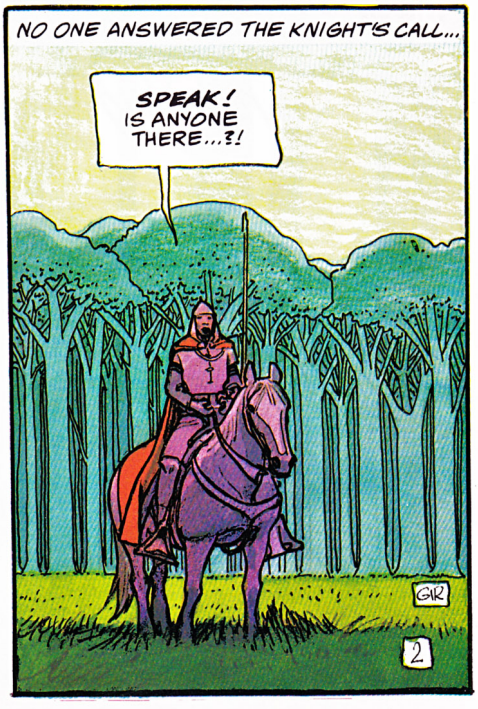
"FLOWER", THE POEM READ BY POOH, IS FROM "ILLUMINATIONS" BY ARTHUR RIMBAUD. THE TRANSLATION IS BY BERTRAND MATHIEU.

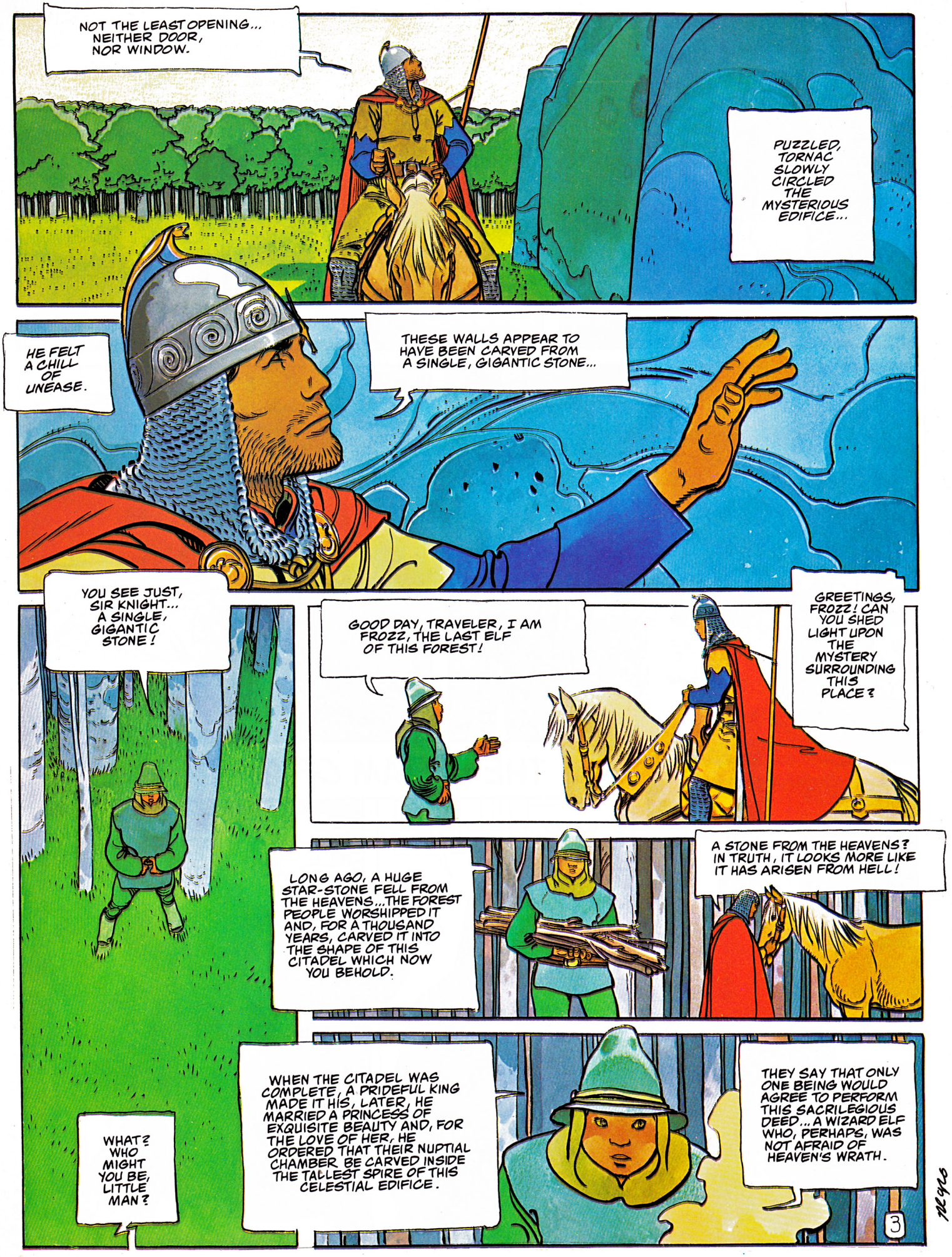
FIN. MOEBIUS 77.

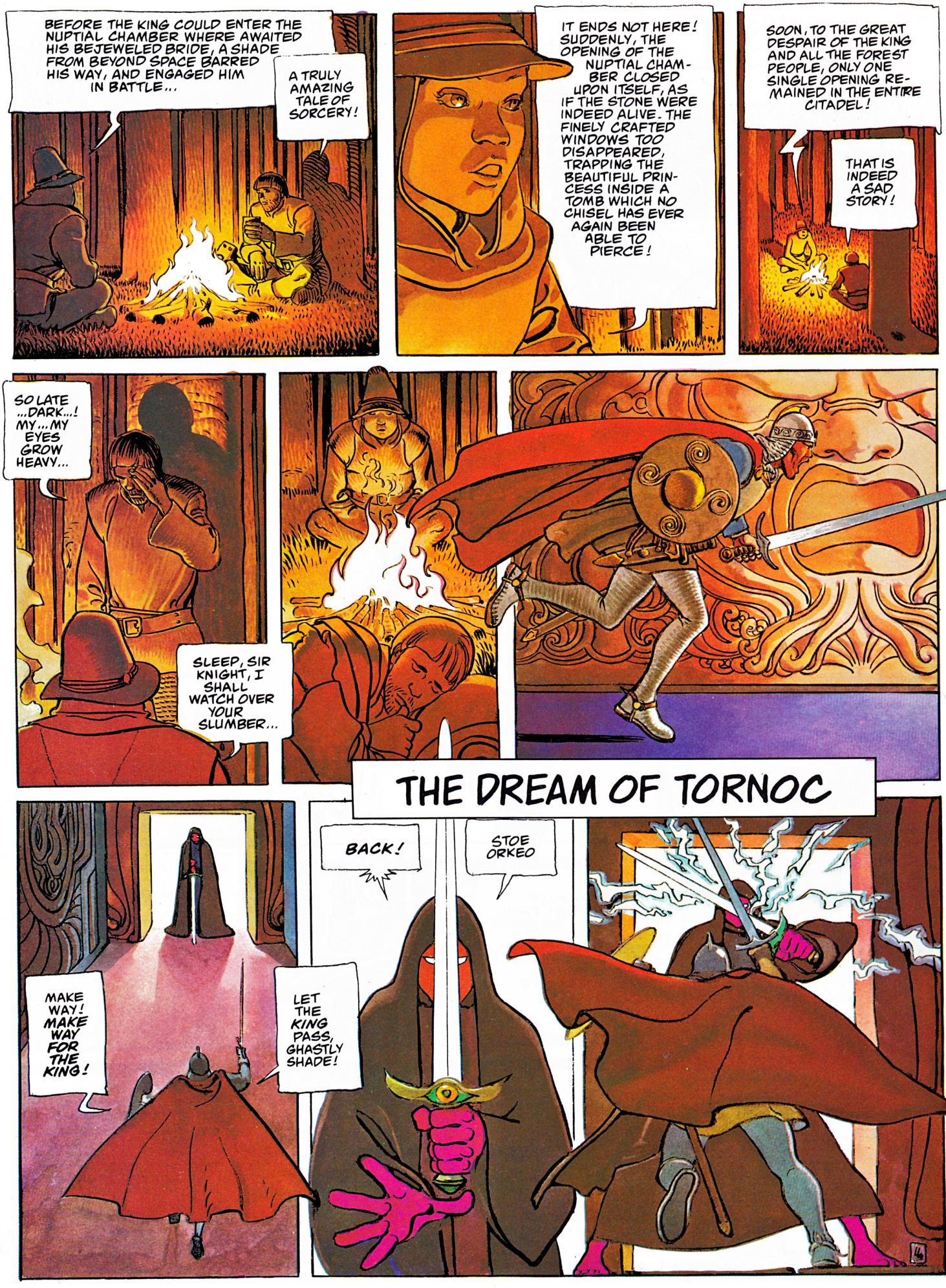

the WHITE CITADEL
BEHOLD TORNOC THE KNIGHT...
IN THOSE DISTANT TIMES, THE VAST MARCHES THAT LAY EAST OF FONVIELLE HAD REVERTED TO WILDERNESS...
SEVEN MONTHS...!
SEVEN MONTHS HAVE I TRAVELED, AND YET ENCOUNTERED NOT A SINGLE LIVING SOUL!
?
GIR

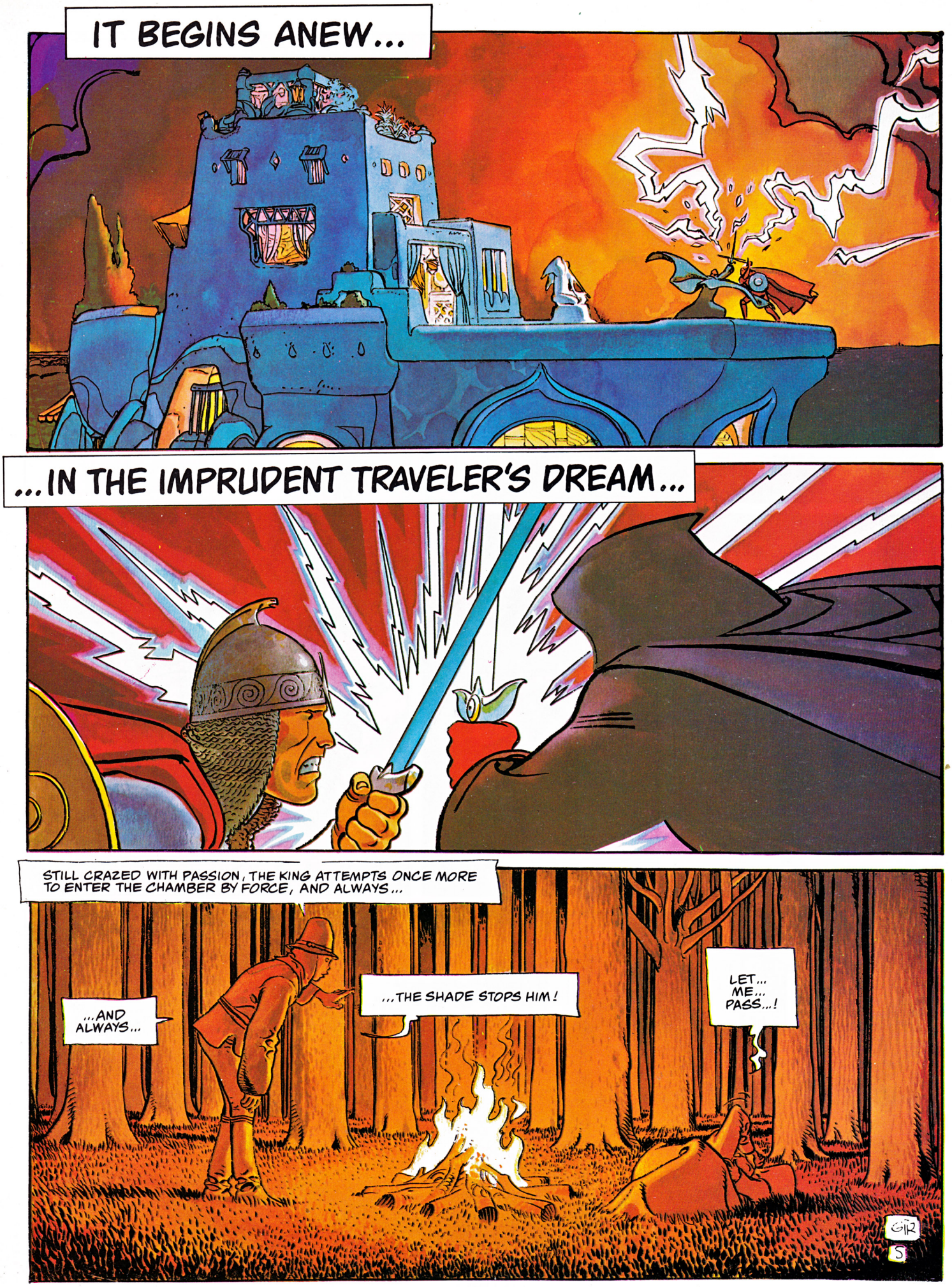



HAL-LOOO!

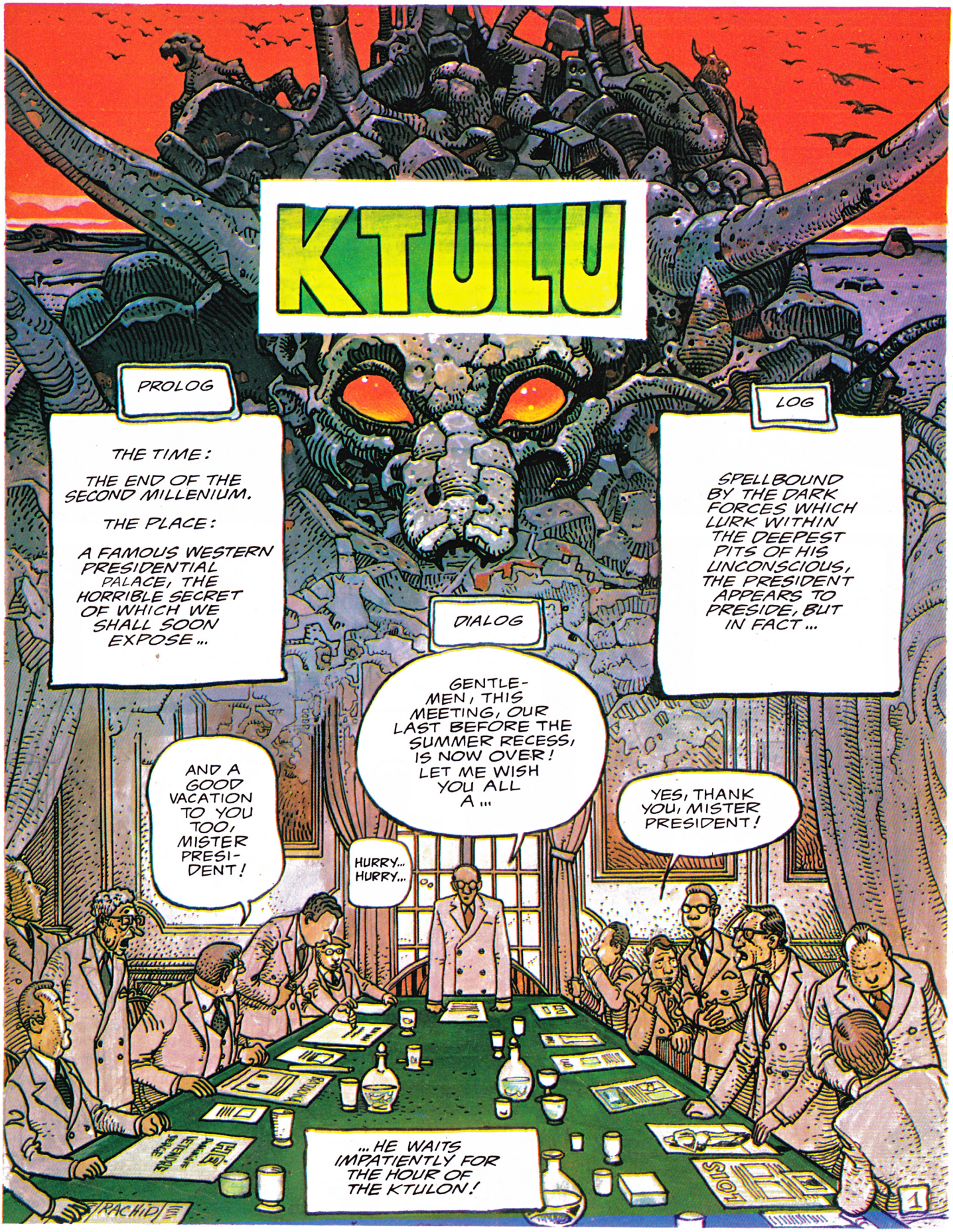

NO ONE ANSWERED THE KNIGHT'S CALL...
SPEAK! IS ANYONE THERE...?!
GIR
2


NOT THE LEAST OPENING... NEITHER DOOR, NOR WINDOW.
PUZZLED, TORNAC SLOWLY CIRCLED THE MYSTERIOUS EDIFICE...
HE FELT A CHILL OF UNEASE.
THESE WALLS APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN CARVED FROM A SINGLE, GIGANTIC STONE...
YOU SEE JUST, SIR KNIGHT... A SINGLE, GIGANTIC STONE!
GOOD DAY, TRAVELER, I AM FROZZ, THE LAST ELF OF THIS FOREST!
GREETINGS, FROZZ! CAN YOU SHED LIGHT UPON THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING THIS PLACE?
LONG AGO, A HUGE STAR-STONE FELL FROM THE HEAVENS...THE FOREST PEOPLE WORSHIPPED IT AND, FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, CARVED IT INTO THE SHAPE OF THIS CITADEL WHICH NOW YOU BEHOLD.
A STONE FROM THE HEAVENS? IN TRUTH, IT LOOKS MORE LIKE IT HAS ARISEN FROM HELL!
WHAT? WHO MIGHT YOU BE, LITTLE MAN?
WHEN THE CITADEL WAS COMPLETE, A PRIDEFUL KING MADE IT HIS, LATER, HE MARRIED A PRINCESS OF EXQUISITE BEAUTY AND, FOR THE LOVE OF HER, HE ORDERED THAT THEIR NUPTIAL CHAMBER BE CARVED INSIDE THE TALLEST SPIRE OF THIS CELESTIAL EDIFICE.
THEY SAY THAT ONLY ONE BEING WOULD AGREE TO PERFORM THIS SACRILEGIOUS DEED... A WIZARD ELF WHO, PERHAPS, WAS NOT AFRAID OF HEAVEN'S WRATH.
3


BEFORE THE KING COULD ENTER THE NUPTIAL CHAMBER WHERE AWAITED HIS BEJEWELED BRIDE, A SHADE FROM BEYOND SPACE BARRED HIS WAY, AND ENGAGED HIM IN BATTLE...
A TRULY AMAZING TALE OF SORCERY!
IT ENDS NOT HERE! SUDDENLY, THE OPENING OF THE NUPTIAL CHAMBER CLOSED UPON ITSELF, AS IF THE STONE WERE INDEED ALIVE. THE FINELY CRAFTED WINDOWS TOO DISAPPEARED, TRAPPING THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS INSIDE A TOMB WHICH NO CHISEL HAS EVER AGAIN BEEN ABLE TO PIERCE!
SOON, TO THE GREAT DESPAIR OF THE KING AND ALL THE FOREST PEOPLE, ONLY ONE SINGLE OPENING REMAINED IN THE ENTIRE CITADEL!
THAT IS INDEED A SAD STORY!
SO LATE ...DARK...! MY...MY EYES GROW HEAVY...
SLEEP, SIR KNIGHT, I SHALL WATCH OVER YOUR SLUMBER...
THE DREAM OF TORNOC
BACK!
STOE ORKEO
MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY FOR THE KING!
LET THE KING PASS, GHASTLY SHADE!

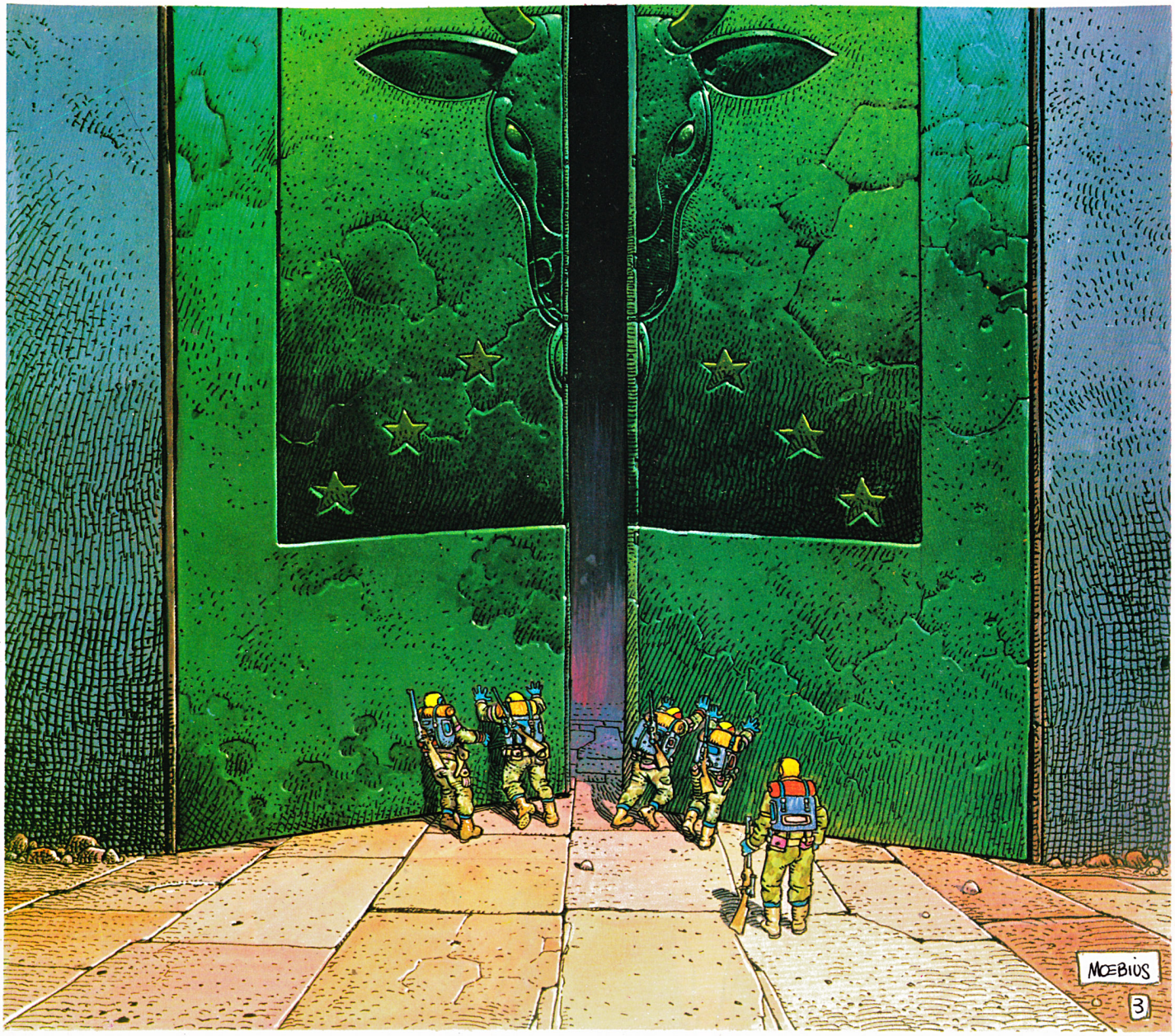

IT BEGINS ANEW...
...IN THE IMPRUDENT TRAVELER'S DREAM...
STILL CRAZED WITH PASSION, THE KING ATTEMPTS ONCE MORE TO ENTER THE CHAMBER BY FORCE, AND ALWAYS...
...AND ALWAYS...
...THE SHADE STOPS HIM!
LET... ME... PASS...!
GIR
S

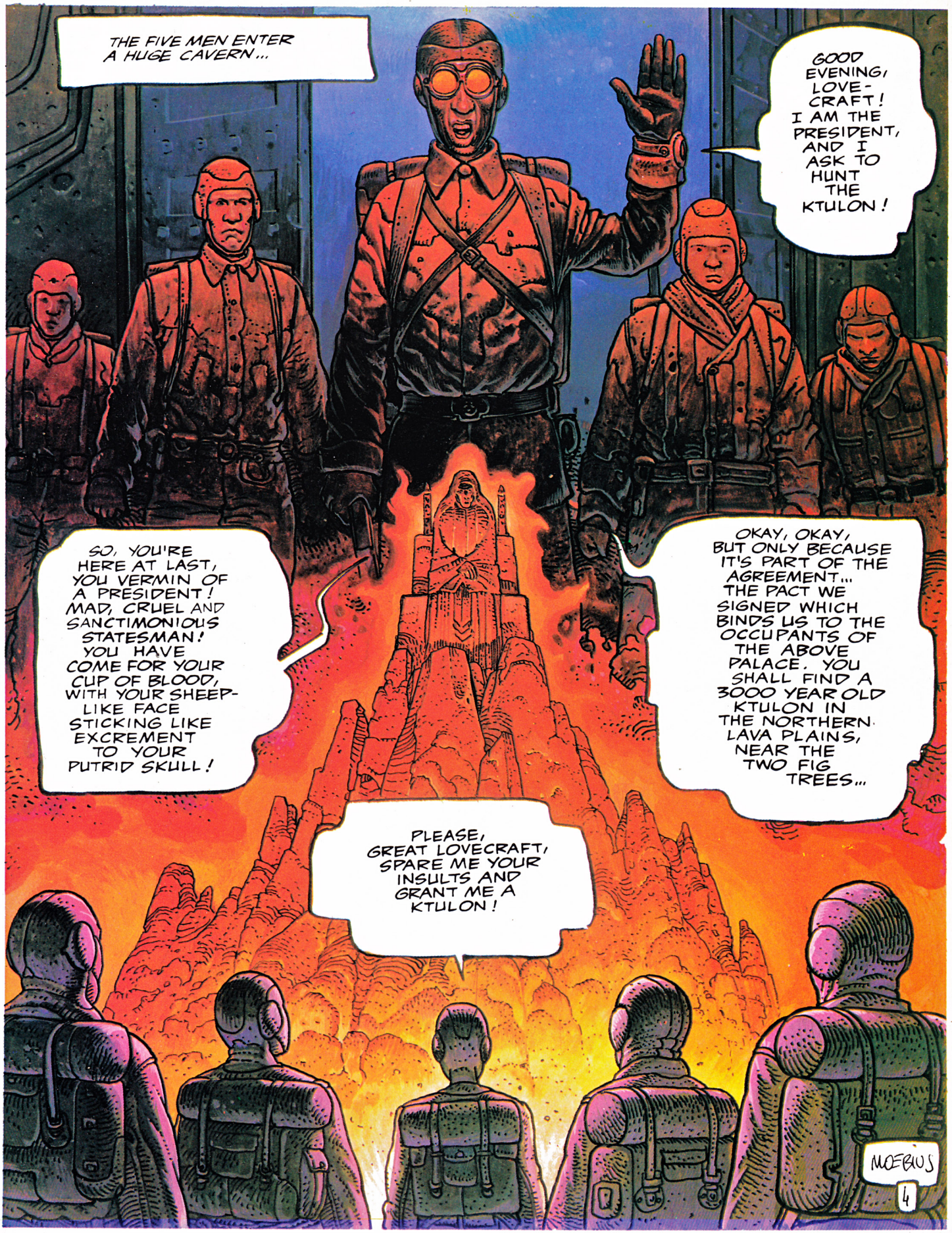
SACRILEGIOUS FOOL! ABANDON THIS COURSE! YOUR BELOVED IS FOREVER BEYOND YOUR REACH!
RELEASE THIS TRAVELER'S SOUL! STOP ENDLESSLY FIGHTING THE SHADE, FOR IT IS THAT WHICH HOLDS YOU IN THE DARKNESS, O KING!
BLIND, DEAF, AND MUTE, IN THE MIDST OF THE VAST MARCHES THAT LAY EAST OF FONVIELLE...
FIN
6


KTULU
PROLOG
THE TIME:
THE END OF THE SECOND MILLENIUM.
THE PLACE:
A FAMOUS WESTERN PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, THE HORRIBLE SECRET OF WHICH WE SHALL SOON EXPOSE...
DIALOG
LOG
SPELLBOUND BY THE DARK FORCES WHICH LURK WITHIN THE DEEPEST PITS OF HIS UNCONSCIOUS, THE PRESIDENT APPEARS TO PRESIDE, BUT IN FACT...
AND A GOOD VACATION TO YOU TOO, MISTER PRESI-DENT!
GENTLE-MEN, THIS MEETING, OUR LAST BEFORE THE SUMMER RECESS, IS NOW OVER! LET ME WISH YOU ALL A...
HURRY... HURRY...
YES, THANK YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT!
...HE WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR THE HOUR OF THE KTULON!
RACHID
1

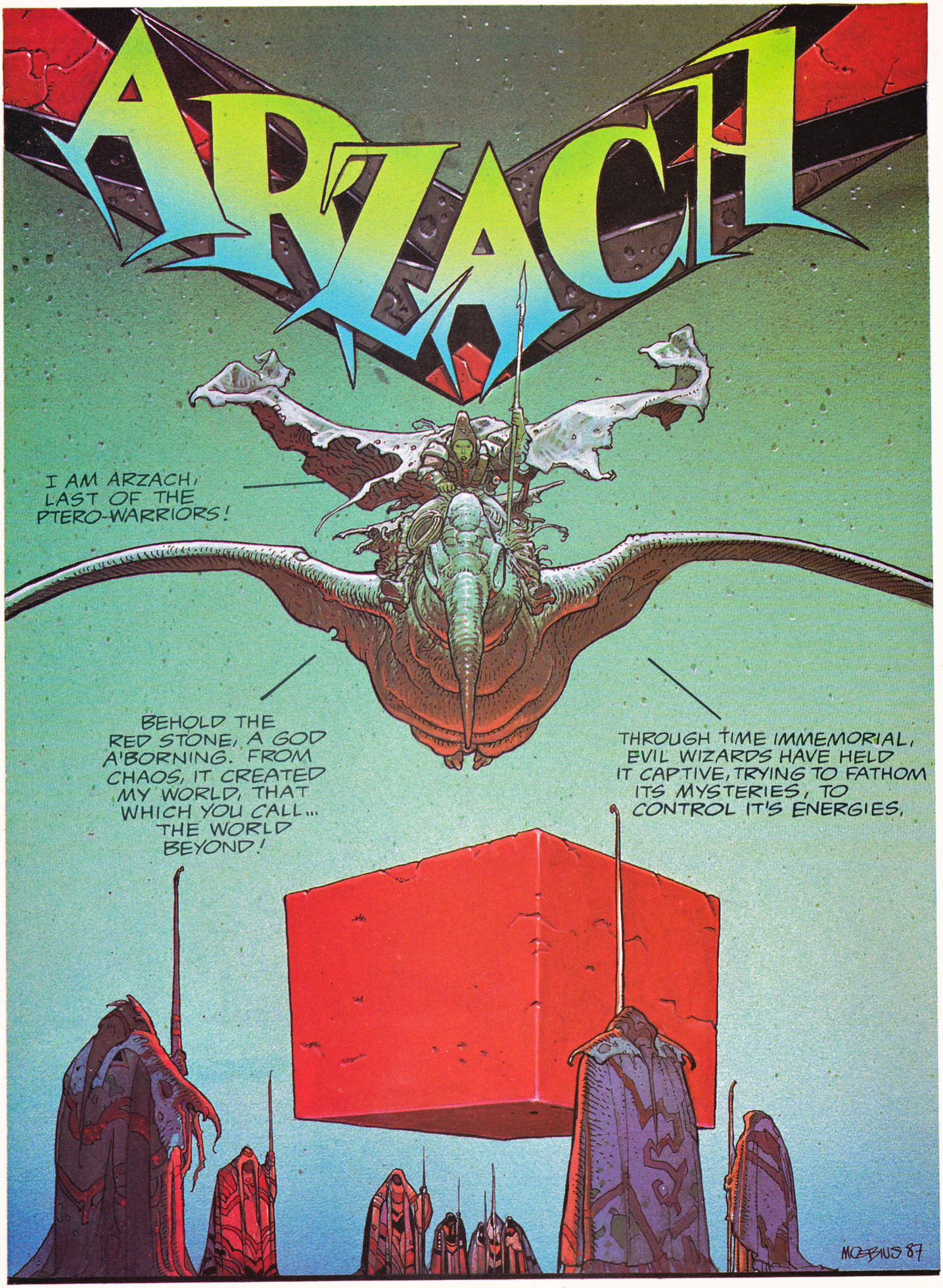
HE STILL HAS TO SHAKE THE HANDS OF A FEW V.I.P.'S...
MY DEAR FRIEND...
HURRY!
AH... MISTER PRESI-DENT!
I...AH, YES!
AT LAST, THEY'RE ALL GONE!
AND FINALLY, HE REACHES FOR A SECRET DOOR...
... LEADING DOWN A DARK TUNNEL, WHICH TAKES HIM DEEP BENEATH THE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION...
... UNTIL HE REACHES THE SECRET ANTECHAMBER, WHICH CONTAINS THE GATE TO THE LOWER REGIONS.
MOEBIUS
2

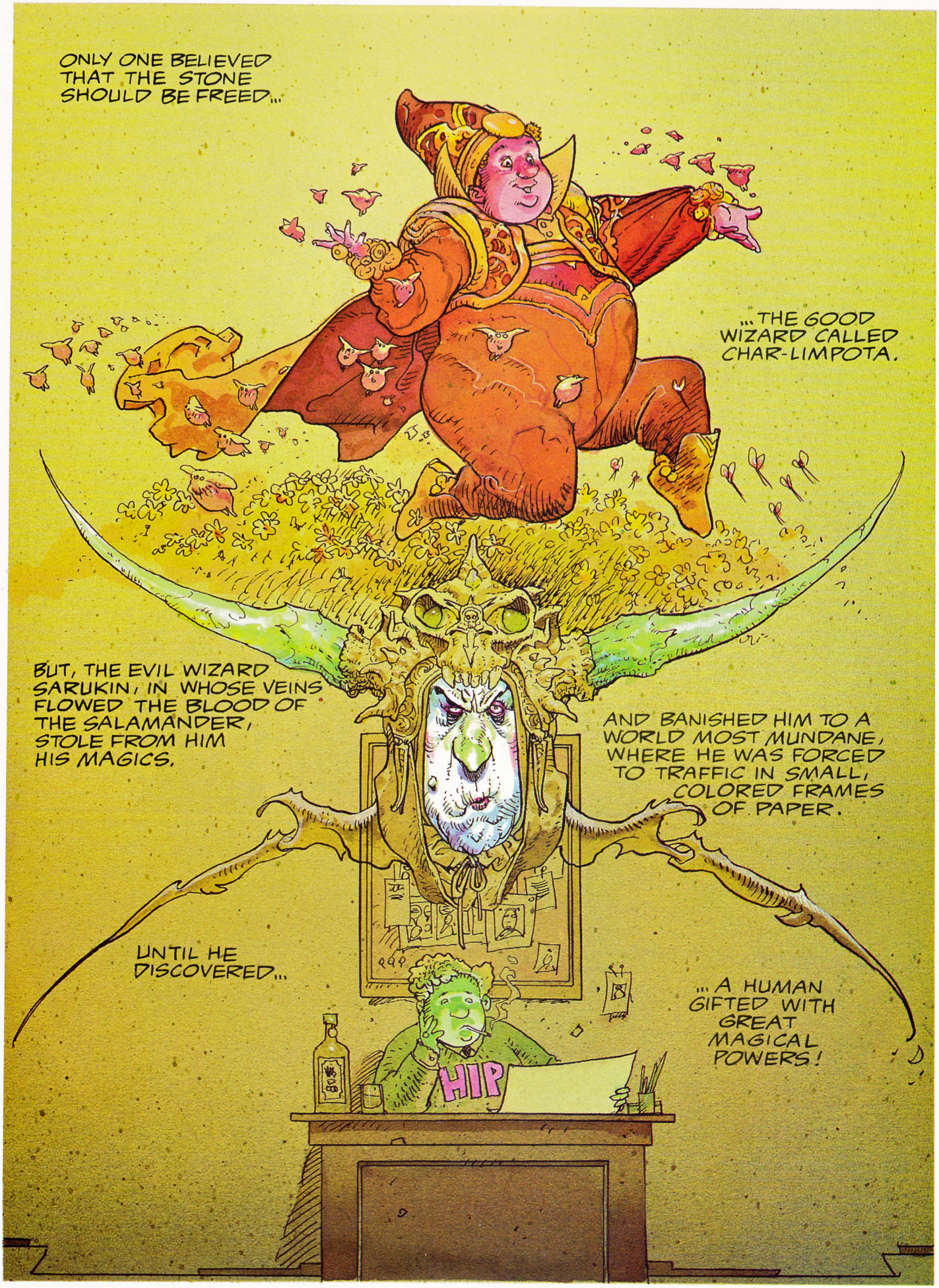
THE HUNT MASTER HAS BEEN EXPECTING YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT!
I WAS DELAYED BY MY SECURITY COUNCIL!
THE HUNT MASTER DOES NOT LIKE TO WAIT.

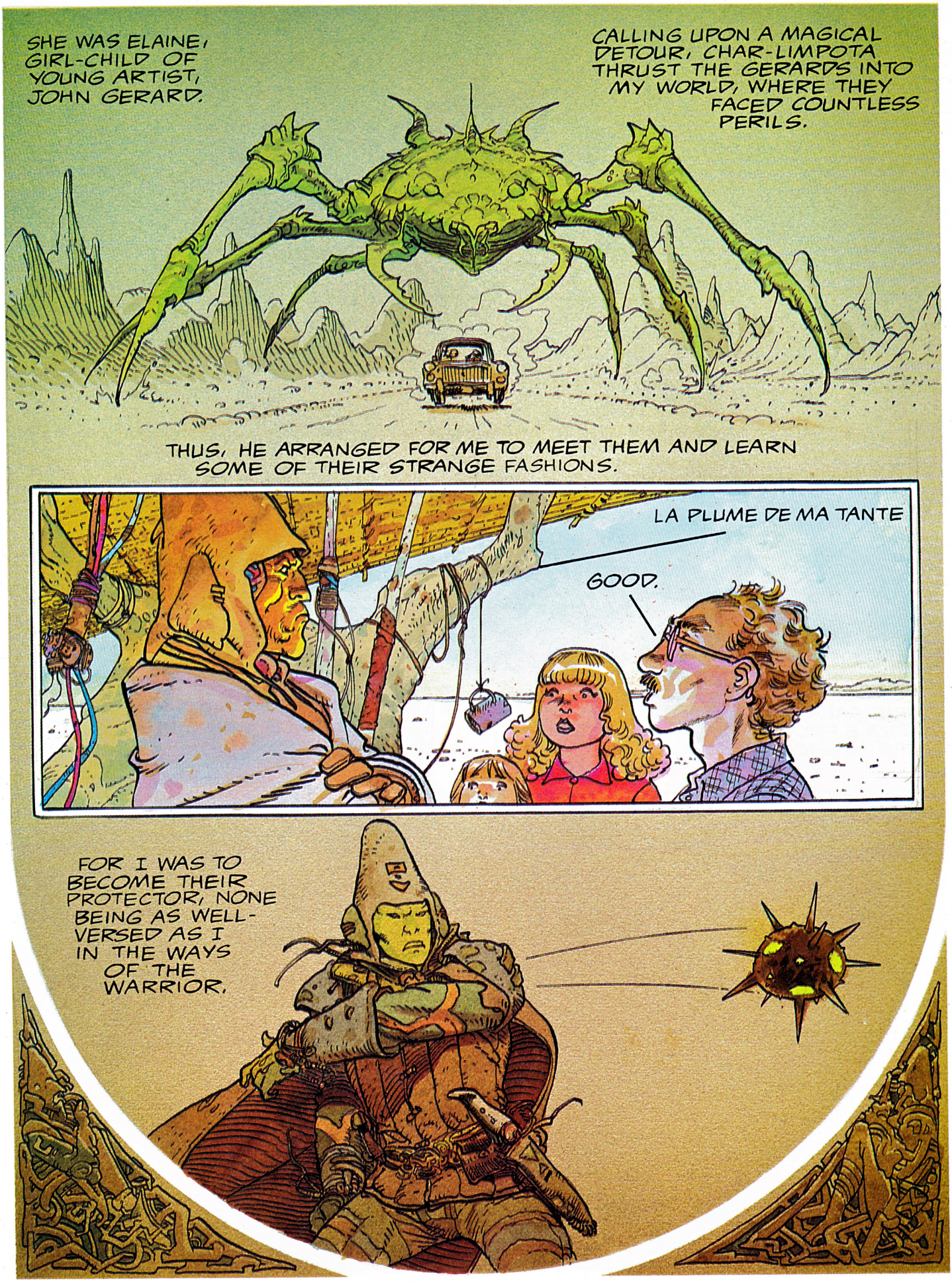

MOEBIUS
3

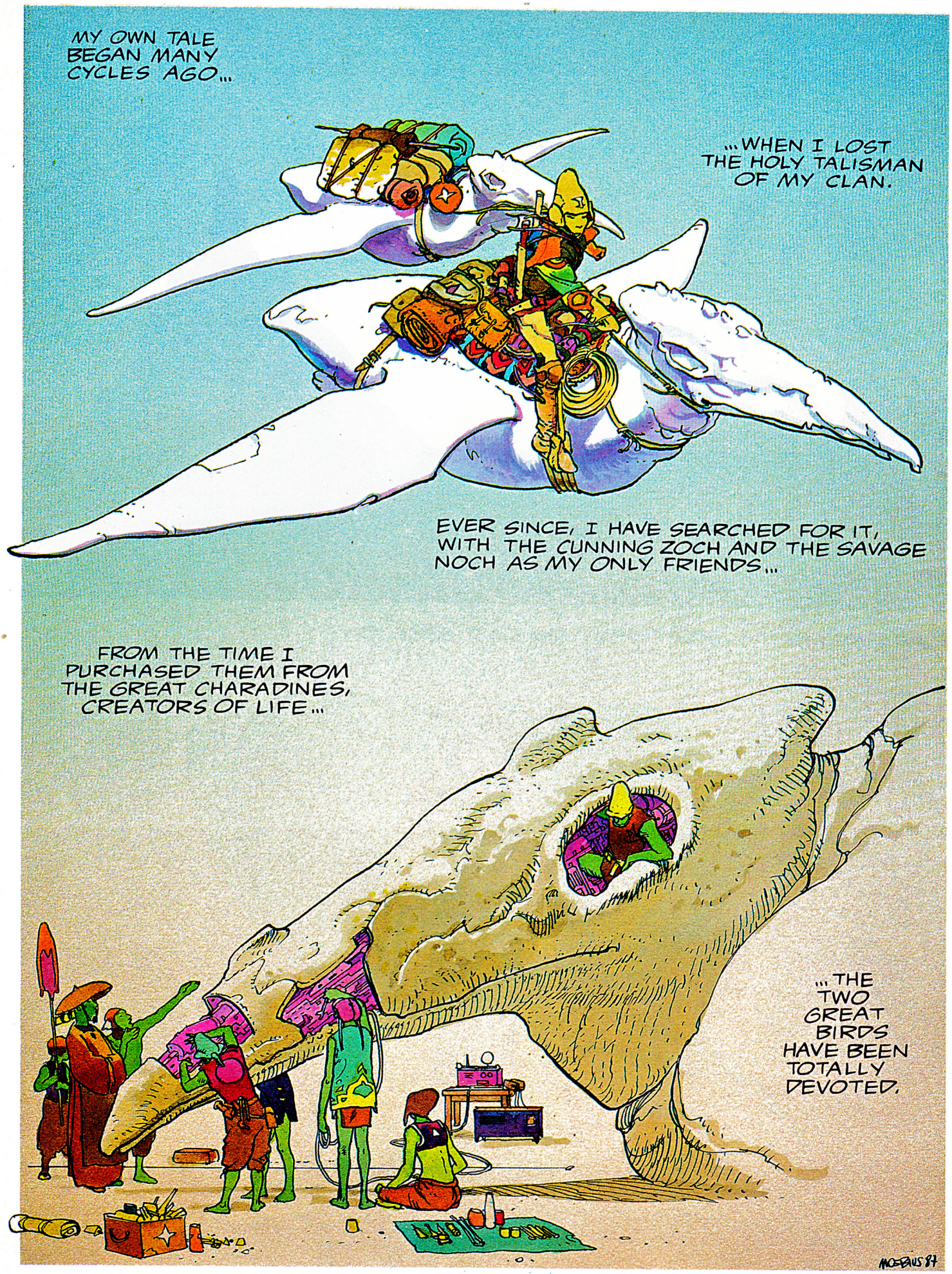

THE FIVE MEN ENTER A HUGE CAVERN...
GOOD EVENING, LOVE-CRAFT! I AM THE PRESIDENT, AND I ASK TO HUNT THE KTULON!
SO, YOU'RE HERE AT LAST, YOU VERMIN OF A PRESIDENT! MAD, CRUEL AND SANCTIMONIOUS STATESMAN! YOU HAVE COME FOR YOUR CUP OF BLOOD, WITH YOUR SHEEP-LIKE FACE STICKING LIKE EXCREMENT TO YOUR PUTRID SKULL!
OKAY, OKAY, BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT'S PART OF THE AGREEMENT... THE PACT WE SIGNED WHICH BINDS US TO THE OCCUPANTS OF THE ABOVE PALACE. YOU SHALL FIND A 3000 YEAR OLD KTULON IN THE NORTHERN LAVA PLAINS, NEAR THE TWO FIG TREES...
PLEASE, GREAT LOVECRAFT, SPARE ME YOUR INSULTS AND GRANT ME A KTULON!
MOEBIUS
4

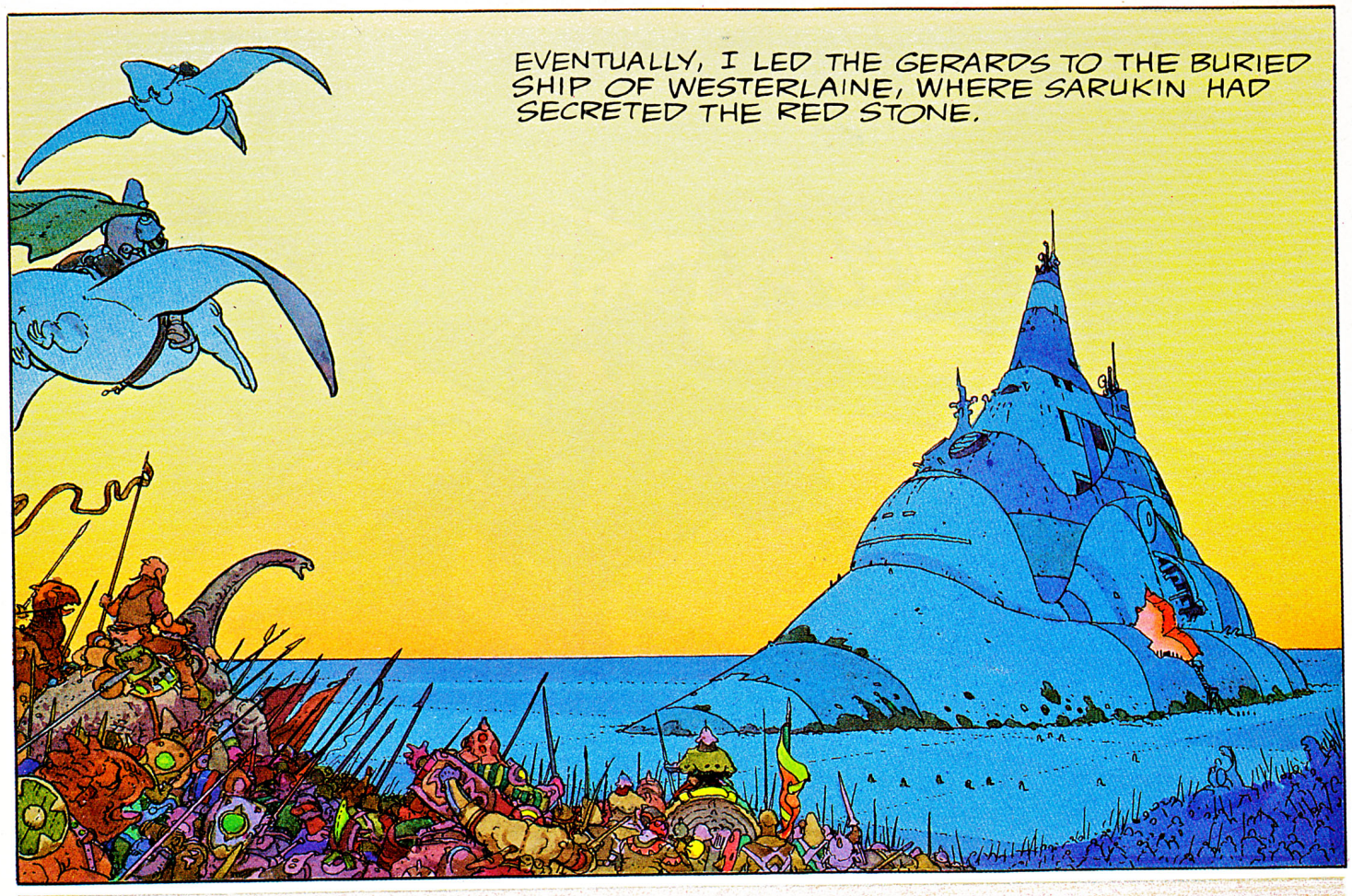
AND, A FEW DAYS LATER, AT A PRE-ARRANGED SPOT...
THE KTULON!
HELP...!
SLOBAM
EPILOG
THUS, WITH A TOTAL DISREGARD FOR JUSTICE AND THE SANCTITY OF WILD LIFE, OUR PRESIDENTS BUTCHER HELPLESS SACRED ANIMALS! OH LORD, HOW LONG WILL THESE CRIMES REMAIN UNPUNISHED?
FIN.
MŒBIUS

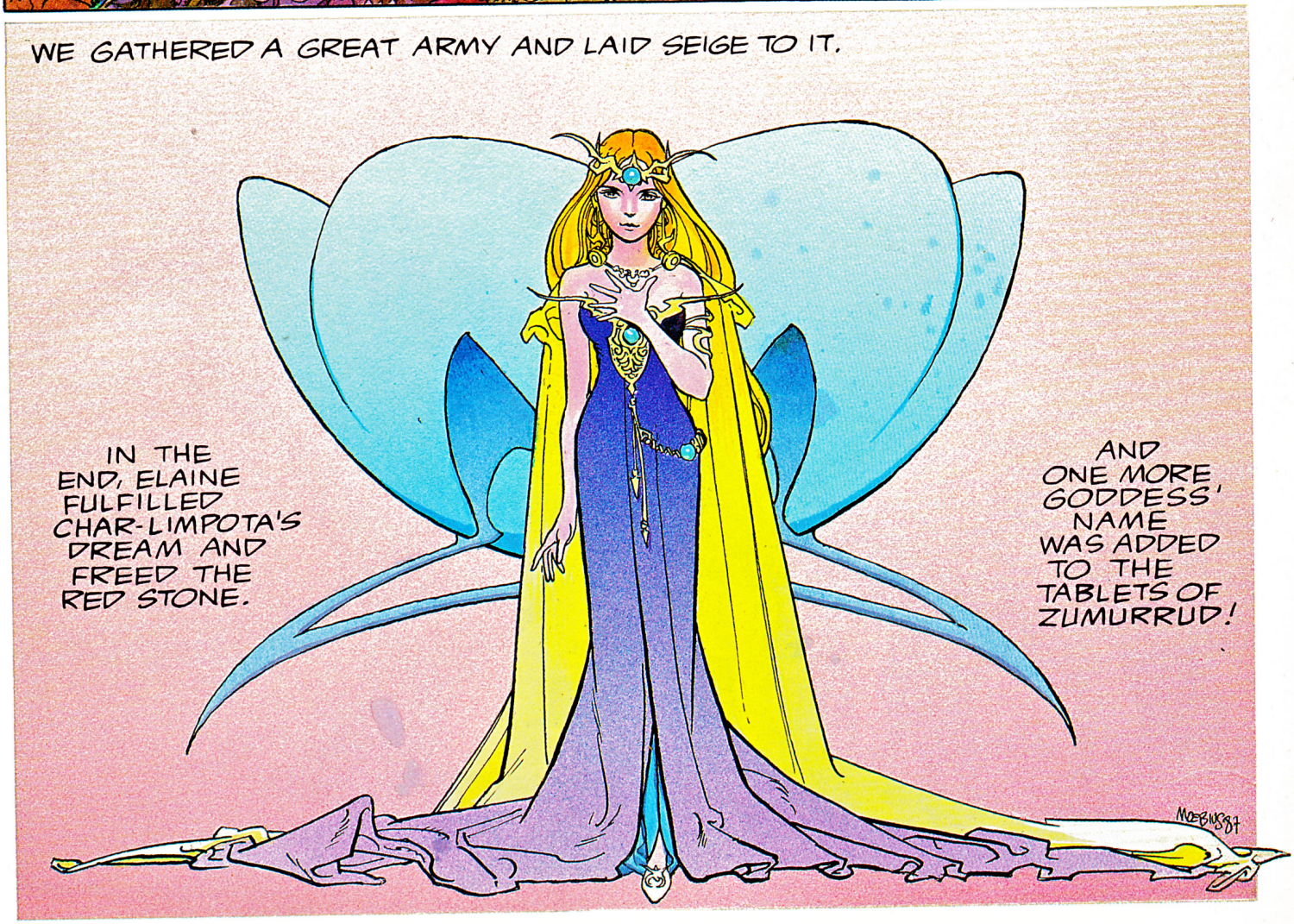

ARZACH
I AM ARZACH, LAST OF THE PTERO-WARRIORS!
BEHOLD THE RED STONE, A GOD A'BORNING. FROM CHAOS, IT CREATED MY WORLD, THAT WHICH YOU CALL... THE WORLD BEYOND!
THROUGH TIME IMMEMORIAL, EVIL WIZARDS HAVE HELD IT CAPTIVE, TRYING TO FATHOM ITS MYSTERIES, TO CONTROL IT'S ENERGIES.
MŒBIUS 87


ONLY ONE BELIEVED THAT THE STONE SHOULD BE FREED...
...THE GOOD WIZARD CALLED CHAR-LIMPOTA.
BUT, THE EVIL WIZARD SARUKIN, IN WHOSE VEINS FLOWED THE BLOOD OF THE SALAMANDER, STOLE FROM HIM HIS MAGICS.
AND BANISHED HIM TO A WORLD MOST MUNDANE, WHERE HE WAS FORCED TO TRAFFIC IN SMALL, COLORED FRAMES OF PAPER.
UNTIL HE DISCOVERED...
...A HUMAN GIFTED WITH GREAT MAGICAL POWERS!
HIP


SHE WAS ELAINE, GIRL-CHILD OF YOUNG ARTIST, JOHN GERARD.
CALLING UPON A MAGICAL DETOUR, CHAR-LIMPOTA THRUST THE GERARDS INTO MY WORLD, WHERE THEY FACED COUNTLESS PERILS.
THUS, HE ARRANGED FOR ME TO MEET THEM AND LEARN SOME OF THEIR STRANGE FASHIONS.
LA PLUME DE MA TANTE
GOOD.
FOR I WAS TO BECOME THEIR PROTECTOR, NONE BEING AS WELL-VERSED AS I IN THE WAYS OF THE WARRIOR.


MY OWN TALE BEGAN MANY CYCLES AGO...
...WHEN I LOST THE HOLY TALISMAN OF MY CLAN.
EVER SINCE, I HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT, WITH THE CUNNING ZOCH AND THE SAVAGE NOCH AS MY ONLY FRIENDS...
FROM THE TIME I PURCHASED THEM FROM THE GREAT CHARADINES, CREATORS OF LIFE...
...THE TWO GREAT BIRDS HAVE BEEN TOTALLY DEVOTED.
MOEBIUS 84


EVENTUALLY, I LED THE GERARDS TO THE BURIED SHIP OF WESTERLAINE, WHERE SARUKIN HAD SECRETED THE RED STONE.


WE GATHERED A GREAT ARMY AND LAID SEIGE TO IT.
IN THE END, ELAINE FULFILLED CHAR-LIMPOTA'S DREAM AND FREED THE RED STONE.
AND ONE MORE GODDESS' NAME WAS ADDED TO THE TABLETS OF ZUMURRUD!
MOEBIUS 87