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THE COLLECTED FANTASIES OF JEAN GIRAUD



◆ THE AIRTIGHT ◆
GARAGE™

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with special thanks to Jean-Pierre Dionnet,
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MOEBIUS 3

THE AIRTIGHT
GARAGE

M O E B I U S 1

UPON A STAR

M O E B I U S 2

**ARZACH
& OTHER FANTASY STORIES**

M O E B I U S 3

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

OTHER MOEBIUS GRAPHIC NOVELS

M O E B I U S 4

**THE LONG TOMORROW
& OTHER SCIENCE FICTION STORIES**

M O E B I U S 5

THE GARDENS OF AEDENA

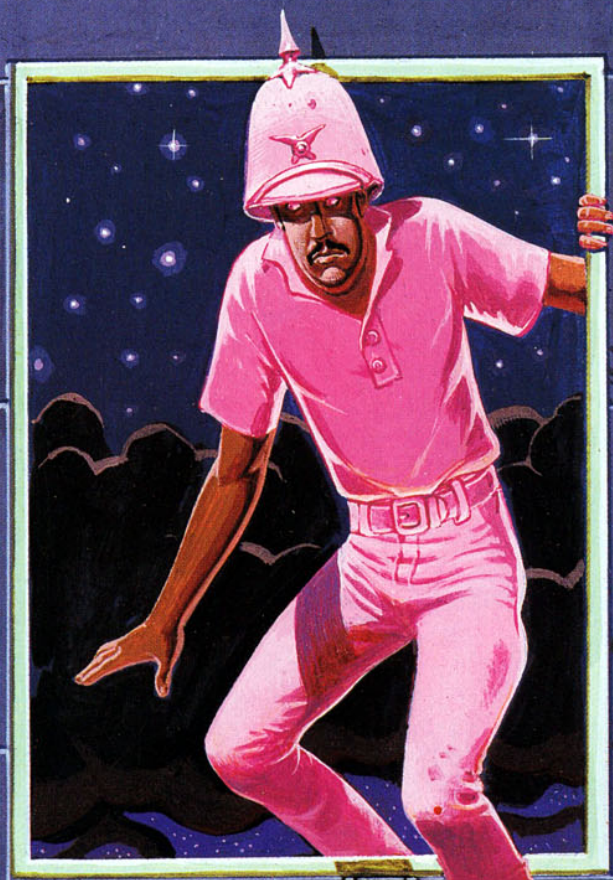
M O E B I U S 6

**PHARAGONESIA
& OTHER STRANGE STORIES**

second printing

published by
The Marvel Entertainment Group
387 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016
ISBN #0-87135-280-X

Epic® Graphic Novel: Moebius 3™—The Airtight Garage.
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MOEBIUS79



OF MYTHS AND MEN

Myths are not born, they are made. A lot of craft, and often much time, goes into their creation. Tolkien spent years refining **The Lord of the Rings** and even **The Airtight Garage** took Moebius four years to complete.

The preparation of this new, American edition enabled us, however, to present what is a uniquely original, and hopefully definitive, version of this classic story, one that is not even available in France.

Those familiar with previous incarnations of **The Airtight Garage** will immediately notice that the entire story is now in color. Coloring his black-and-white work had been on Moebius's agenda for years. It took, however, the occasion of this new collection to convince him that the time had come. So, with the help of a few assistants, working under his direct supervision, Moebius completely colored every page, in the process, giving us an almost entirely new perspective on the material.

In addition to the coloring, the story itself was completely retranslated, again under Moebius's careful supervision, so that we could fix some internal inconsistencies that had cropped up during its making and that, to this day, still plague the original French version. Needless to say, we were also able to reinstate some elements of continuity that had been lost in earlier American translations.

Which brings us to the matter of the lettering of the title of this story, as it appears inside this book. Because the lettering is such an intrinsic part of the original art, and also because the word "hermetic" has a double meaning (both "airtight" and "esoteric") which we wanted to preserve, we have chosen to retain "The Garage Hermetic of Lewis Carnelian" as the inside title. Although, of course, this book will remain known forever under its more popular title of "The Airtight Garage."

It is all a Bakalite trick.

Jean-Marc & Randy Lofficier

A SWEET STORY

BEWARE!
GRUBERT
IS
WATCHING
YOU!

MOEBIUS

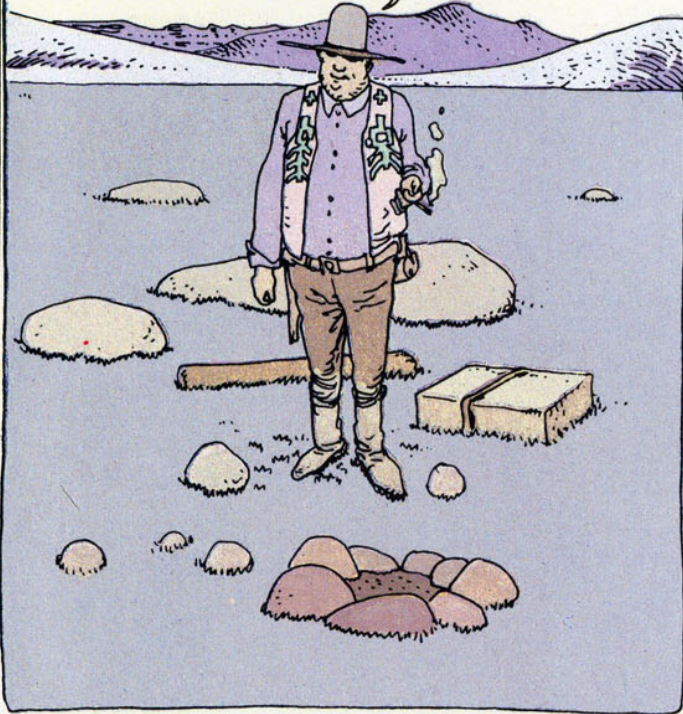
MAJOR FATAL



THE STORY
SO FAR:

NO NEWS
FROM THE
MAJOR TODAY...

MY NAME'S
HOUM JAKIN.



I'M LORD OF THE CARN FINEHAC,
SOUTH OF HERE, IN THE ONYX ZONES.
WE'RE WASTING AWAY THERE. THE
JUNCTION'S BEEN SUSPENDED FOR
SO LONG NOW THAT, PRETTY SOON,
IT'LL BE TOO LATE... WE'LL ENTER
A PERIOD OF IRREVERSIBLE
DECADENCE.

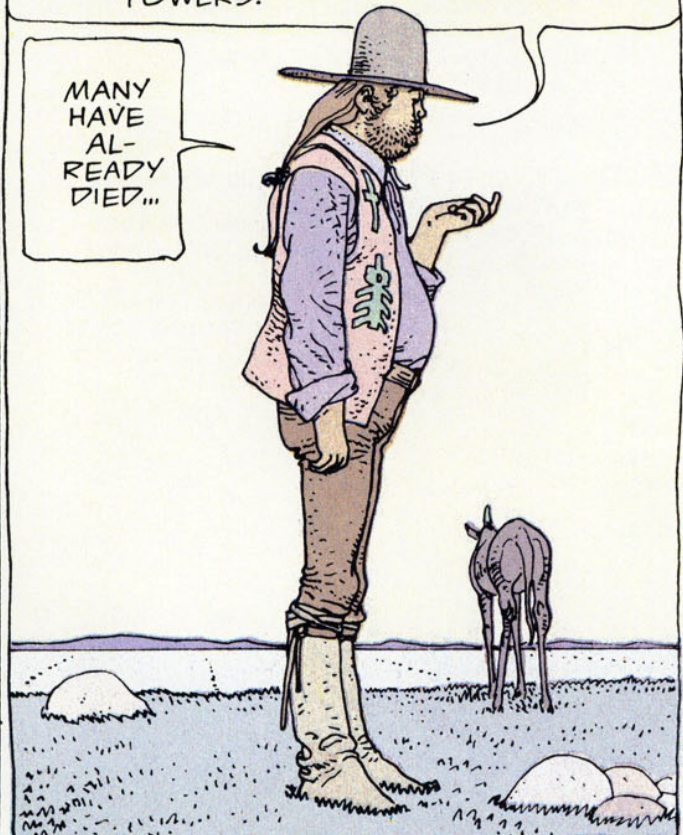
ANY-
WAY,
THAT'S
WHAT
THE
SCROLL
READ-
ERS
SAY,
SO...

ALREADY,
THE
BAKALITES'
MAGIC
EXCEEDS
OURS...

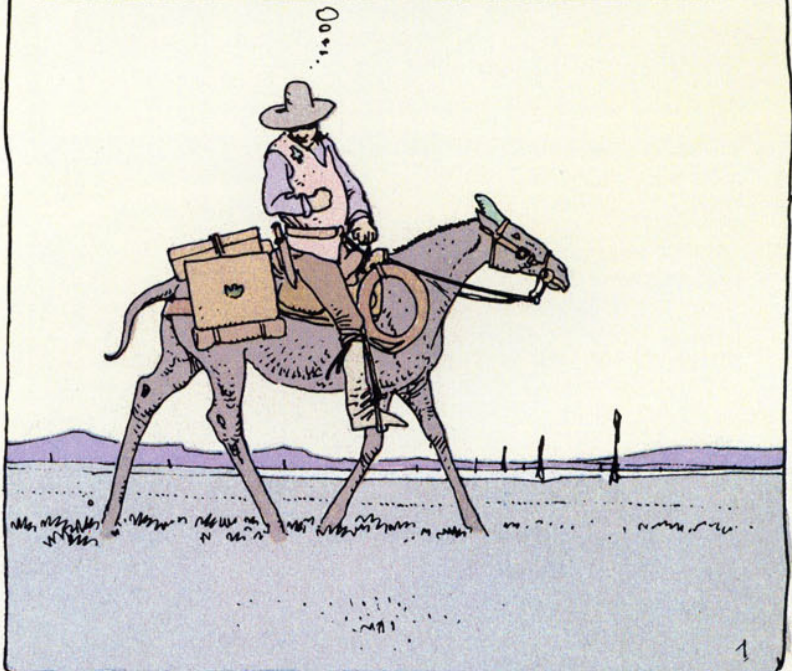


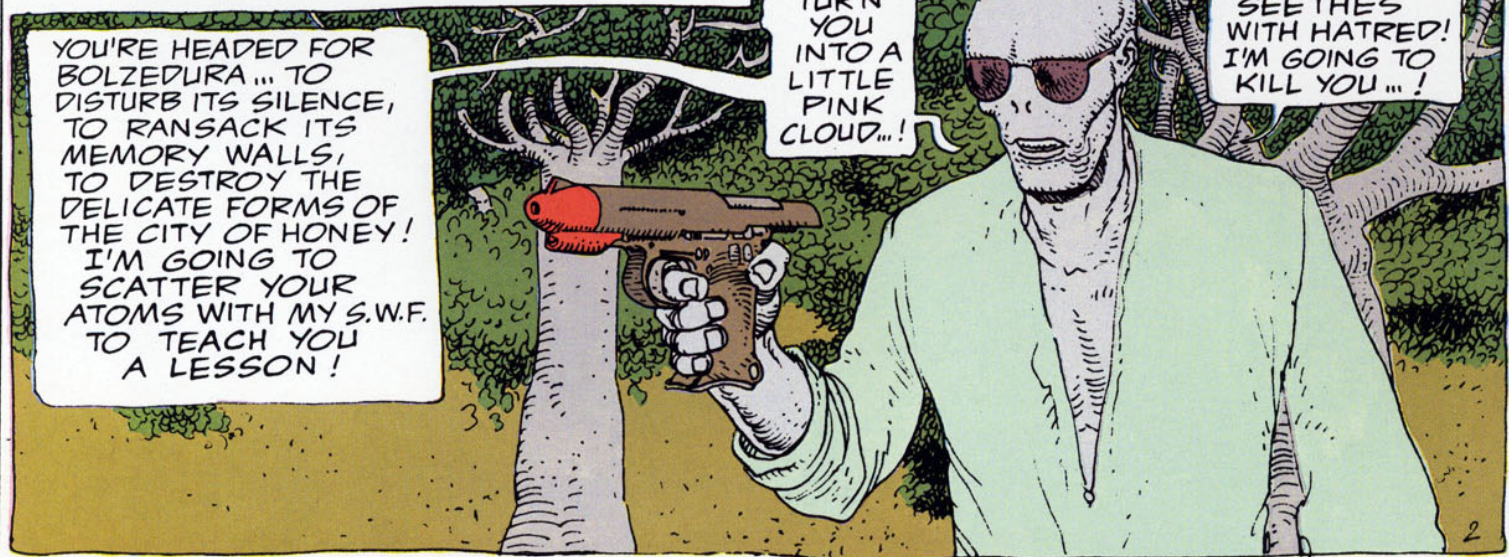
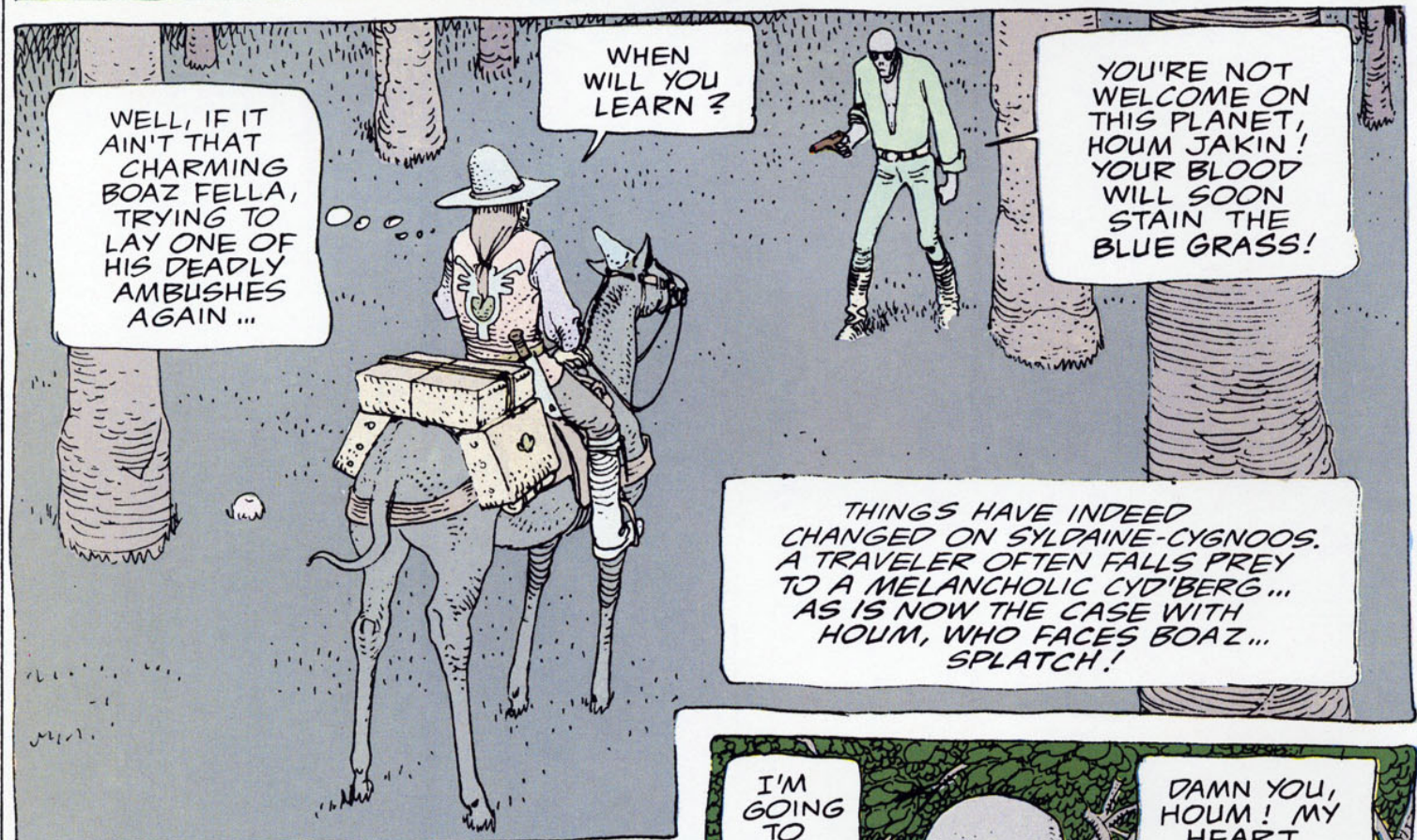
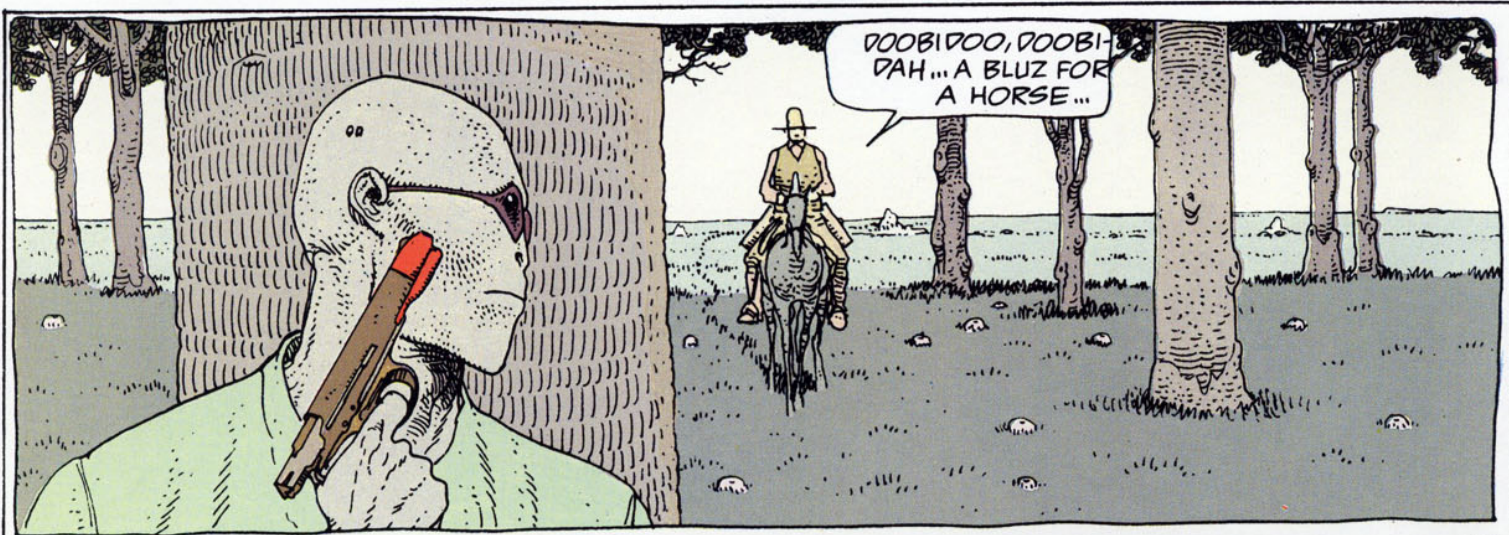
I'M GOING TO BOLZEDURA, THE FORGOTTEN
CITY, TO TRY TO FIND A NEW JUNCTOR... IN
SPITE OF AN OLD BAKALITE WITH TERRIBLE
POWERS.

MANY
HAVE
AL-
READY
DIED...



WE'VE CREATED THESE CREATURES TO
MIMIC THE FAMOUS "HORSES" OF
EARTH... THEIR PERFORMANCES ARE
VERY SIMILAR. IN THREE DAYS, I'LL
SEE THE HIGH TOWERS OF PLATMOL...
AND BOLZEDURA AND ITS OLD
BAKALITE WILL STILL BE VERY
FAR AWAY!

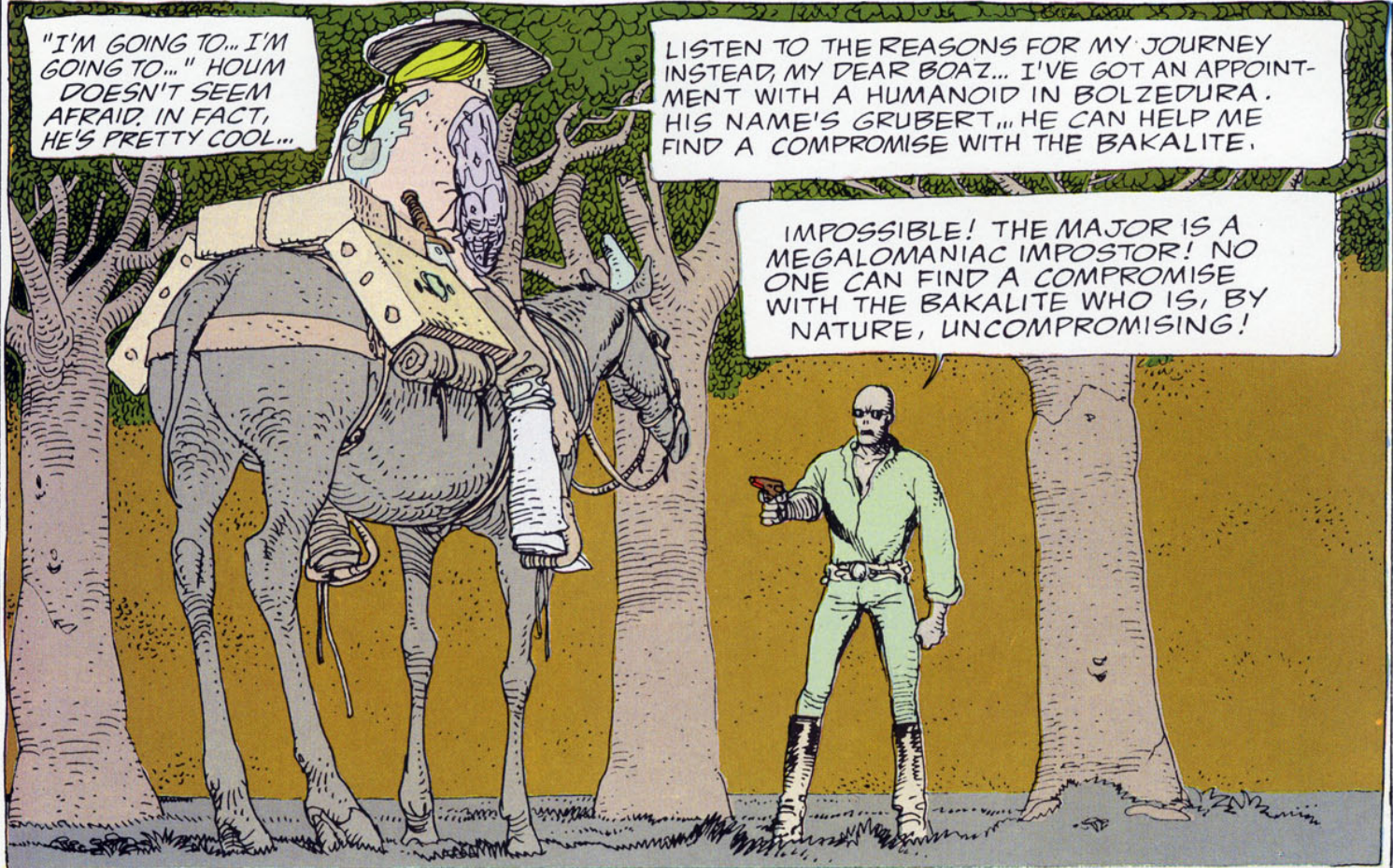




"I'M GOING TO... I'M GOING TO..." HOUM DOESN'T SEEM AFRAID. IN FACT, HE'S PRETTY COOL...

LISTEN TO THE REASONS FOR MY JOURNEY INSTEAD, MY DEAR BOAZ... I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH A HUMANOID IN BOLZEDURA. HIS NAME'S GRUBERT... HE CAN HELP ME FIND A COMPROMISE WITH THE BAKALITE.

IMPOSSIBLE! THE MAJOR IS A MEGALOMANIAC IMPOSTOR! NO ONE CAN FIND A COMPROMISE WITH THE BAKALITE WHO IS, BY NATURE, UNCOMPROMISING!

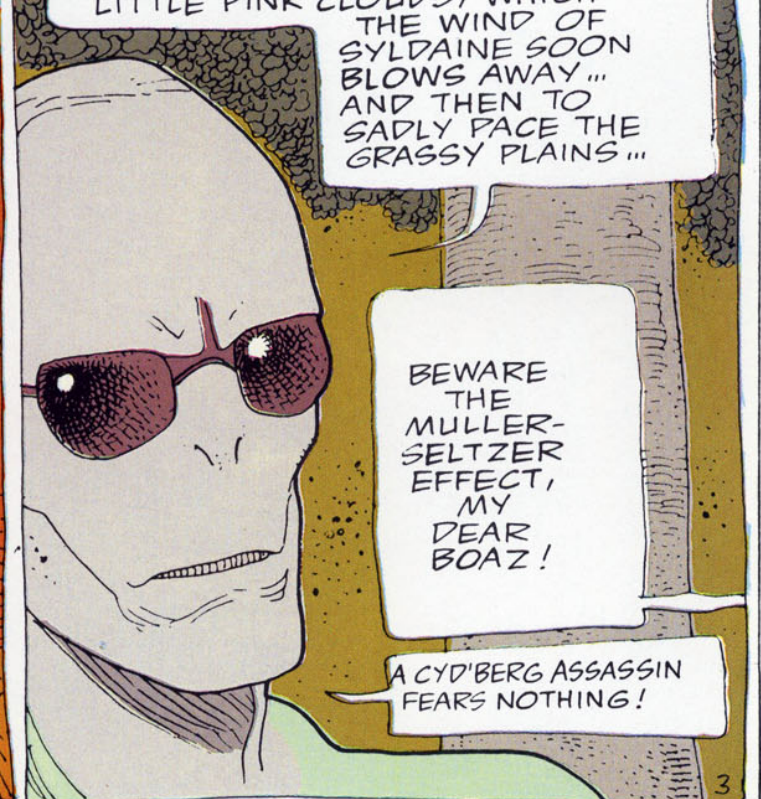
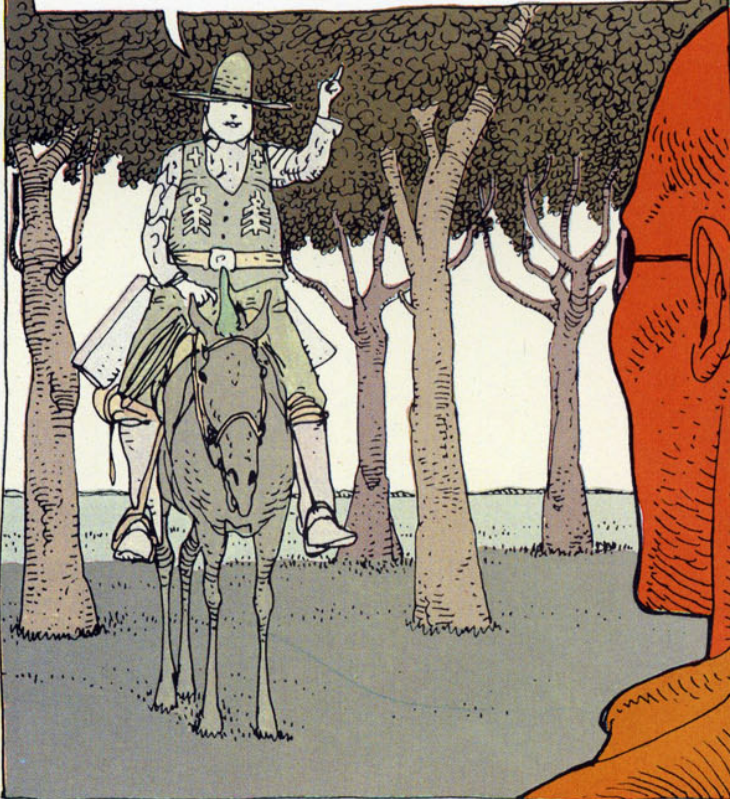


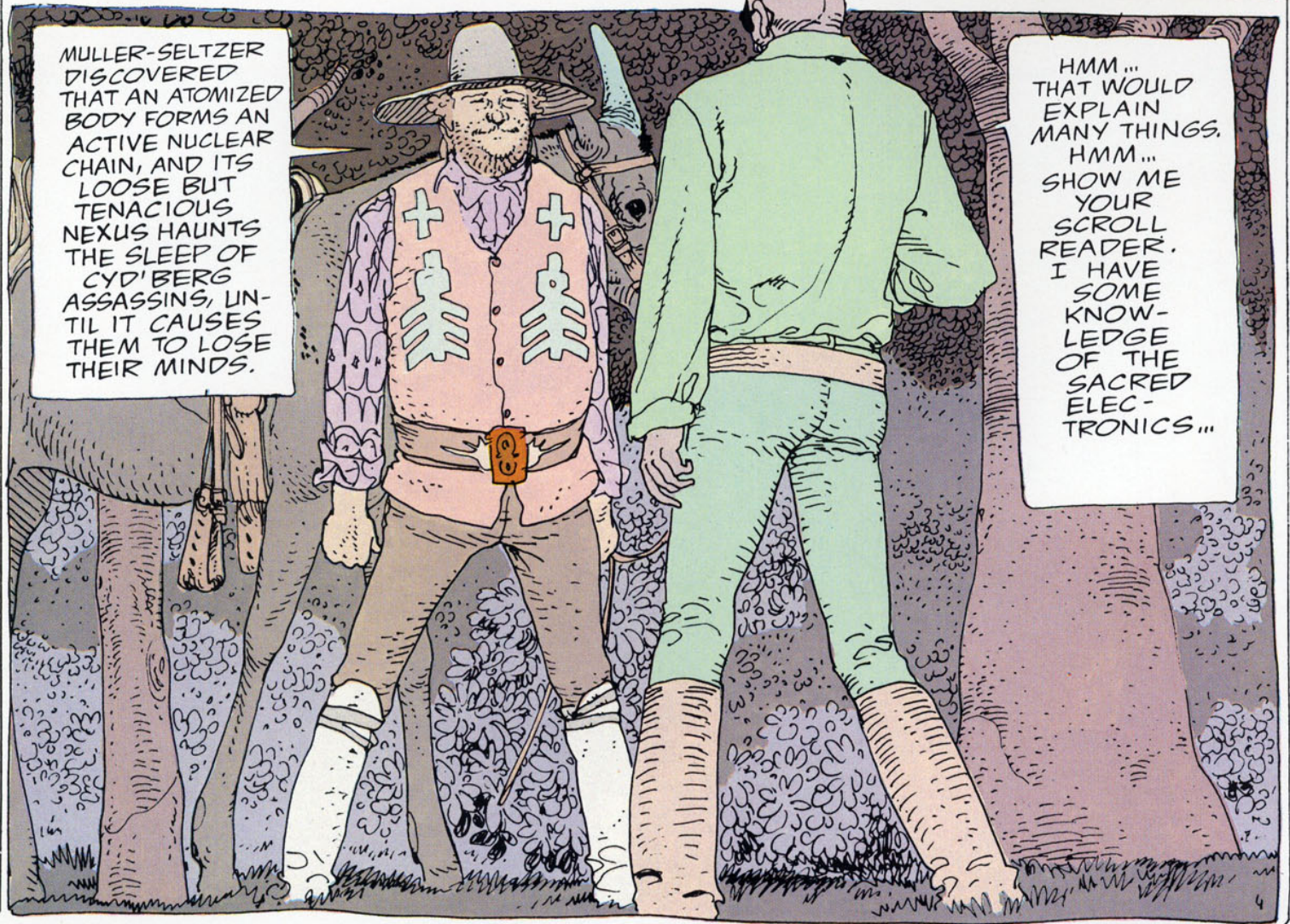
NO, HE ISN'T. THAT'S A BUNCH OF LIES FROM TERRAN PROPAGANDA. COME WITH ME... WE'LL FIX MY SCROLL READER AND FACE THE BAKALITE TOGETHER.

TSK, TSK... I'M BOAZ, CYD'BERG ASSASSIN! THE ONLY THING THAT PLEASES ME IS TO LAY AN AMBUSH AND KILL COLONISTS... TO SCATTER THEIR ATOMS IN LITTLE PINK CLOUDS, WHICH THE WIND OF SYLDAINE SOON BLOWS AWAY... AND THEN TO SADLY PACE THE GRASSY PLAINS...

BEWARE THE MULLER-SELTZER EFFECT, MY DEAR BOAZ!

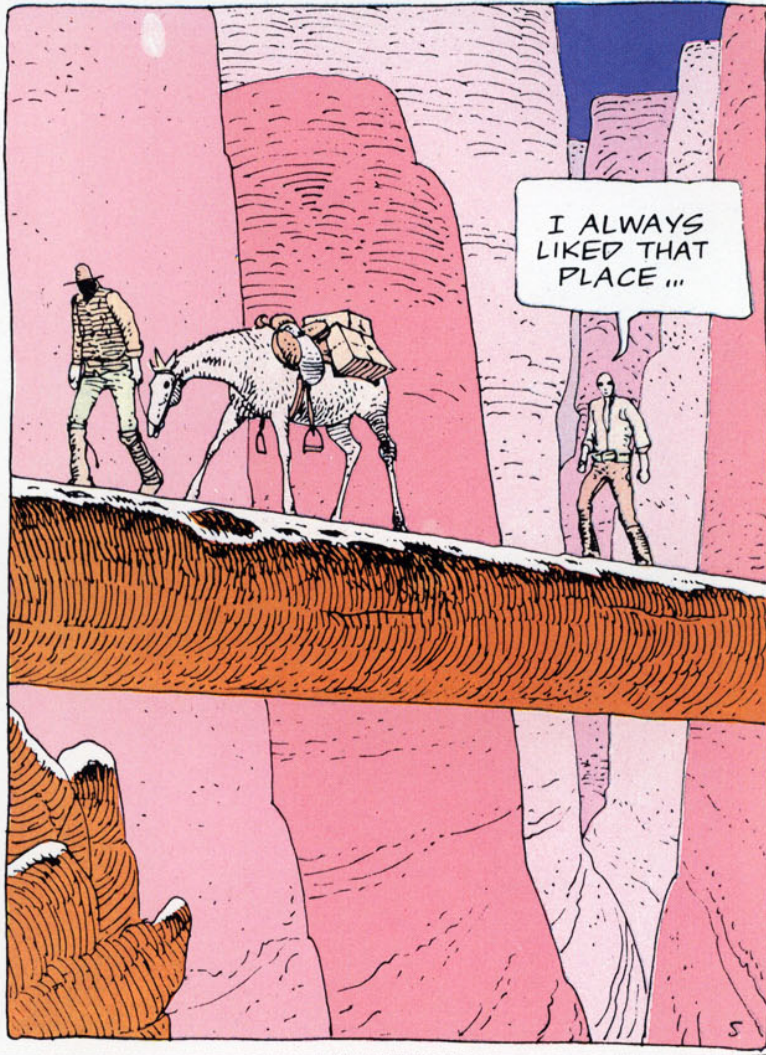
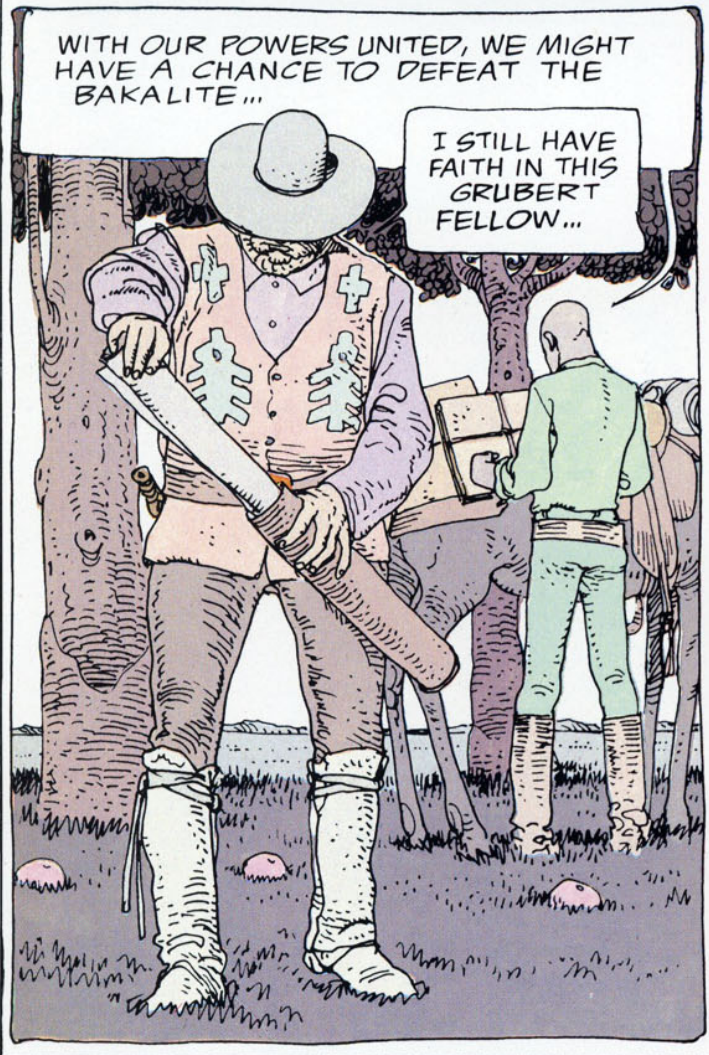
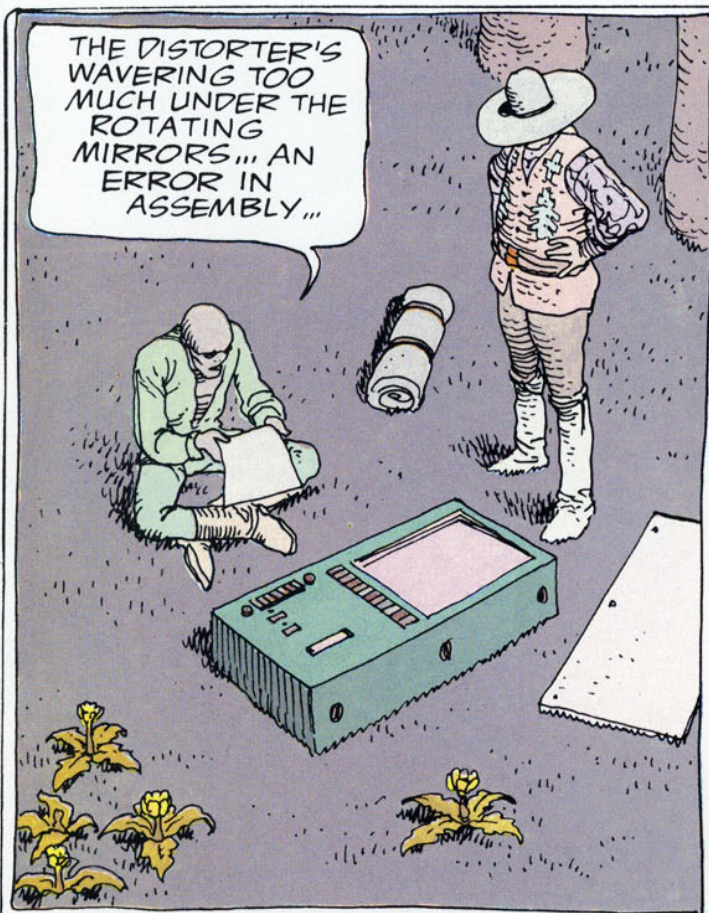
A CYD'BERG ASSASSIN FEARS NOTHING!



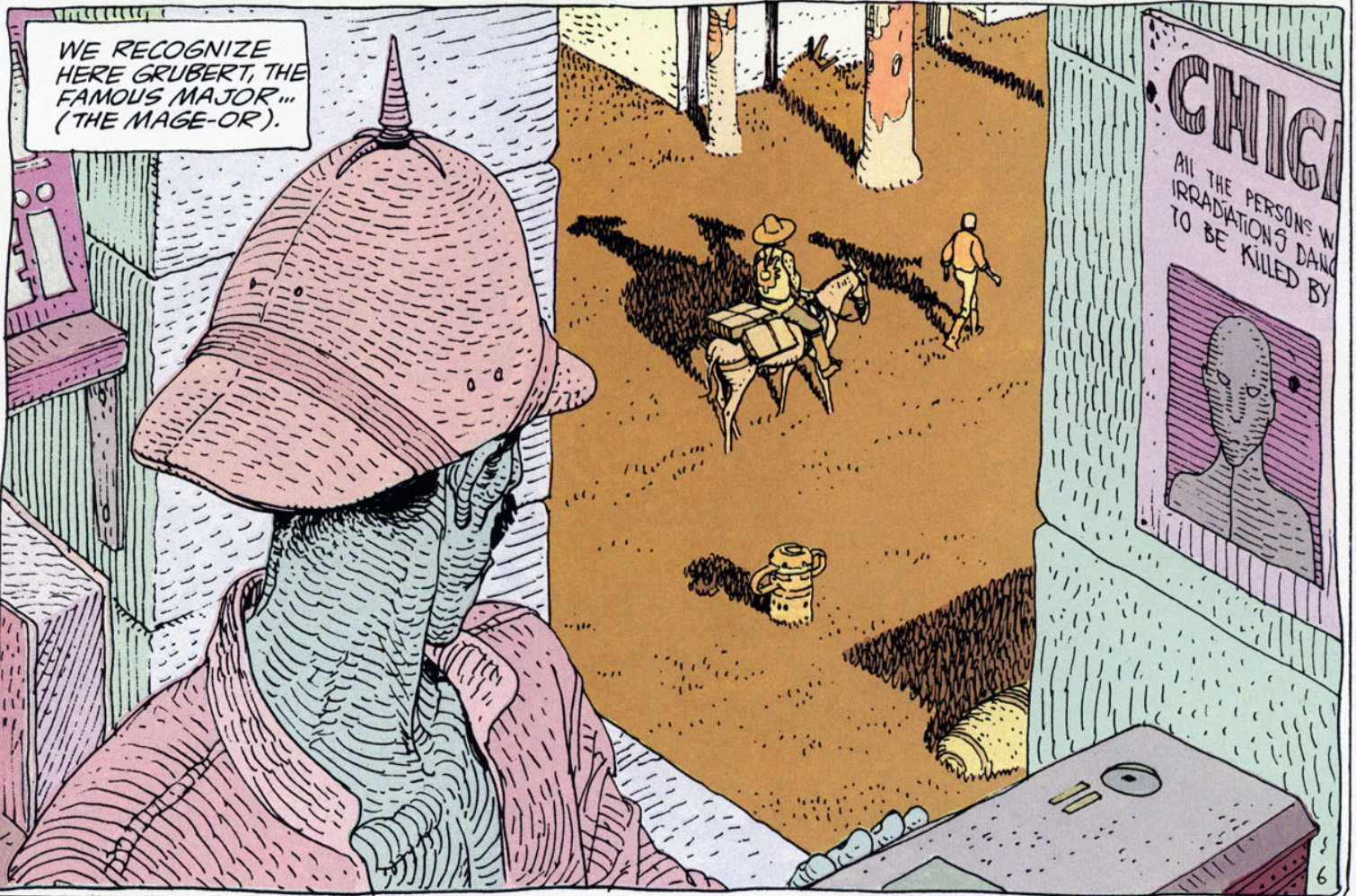
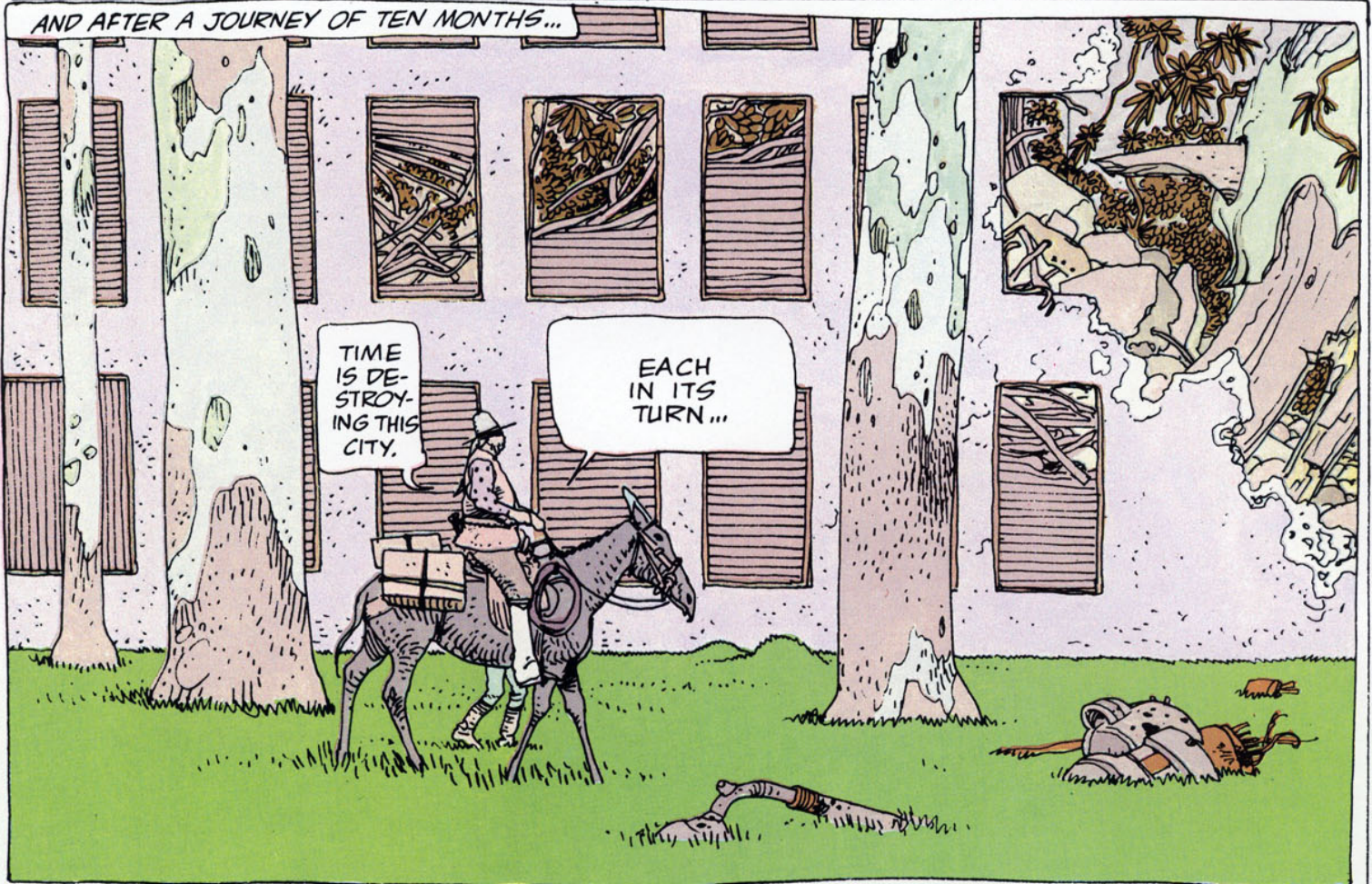


MULLER-SELTZER
DISCOVERED
THAT AN ATOMIZED
BODY FORMS AN
ACTIVE NUCLEAR
CHAIN, AND ITS
LOOSE BUT
TENACIOUS
NEXUS HAUNTS
THE SLEEP OF
CYD'BERG
ASSASSINS, UN-
TIL IT CAUSES
THEM TO LOSE
THEIR MINDS.

HMM...
THAT WOULD
EXPLAIN
MANY THINGS.
HMM...
SHOW ME
YOUR
SCROLL
READER.
I HAVE
SOME
KNOW-
LEDGE
OF THE
SACRED
ELEC-
TRONICS...

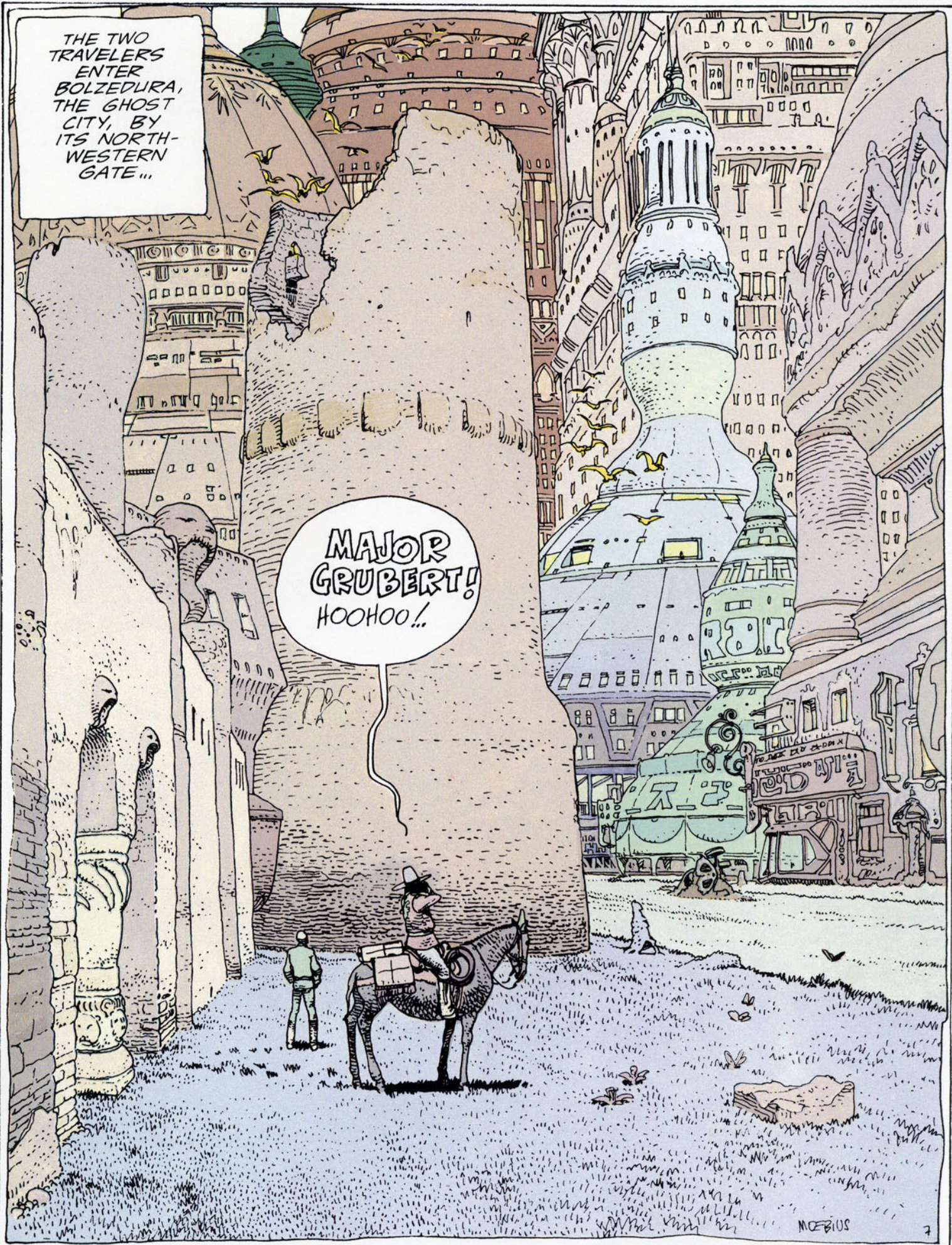


AND AFTER A JOURNEY OF TEN MONTHS...



THE TWO
TRAVELERS
ENTER
BOLZEDURA,
THE GHOST
CITY, BY
ITS NORTH-
WESTERN
GATE...

MAJOR
GRUBERT!
HOOHOO!!



YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT GRUBERT... HE'S ABANDONED US.

NO MATTER, I KNOW THESE SEWERS WELL.

THE TWO TRAVELERS UNDER THE CITY.

THINGS WILL GET BETTER WHEN WE GET THAT--

AS THE SAYING GOES, "A JUNCTOR IN THE HAND IS WORTH TEN IN THE BUSH!"

SUD-DEN-
LY...
DARK-
NESS
FALLS!

A TOTAL
BLACKOUT!

IT'S THE
BAKALITE!
HE'S
GOT US!

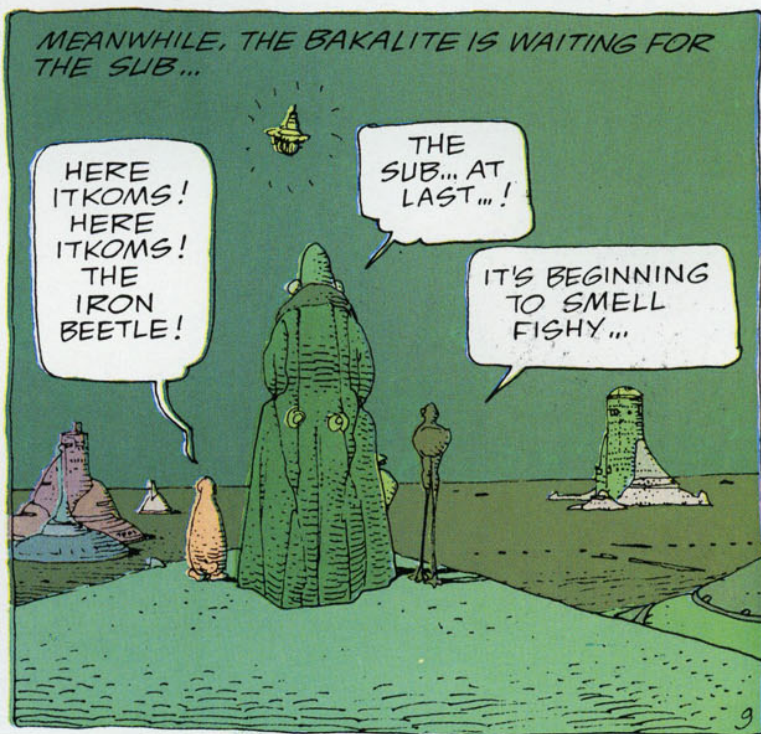
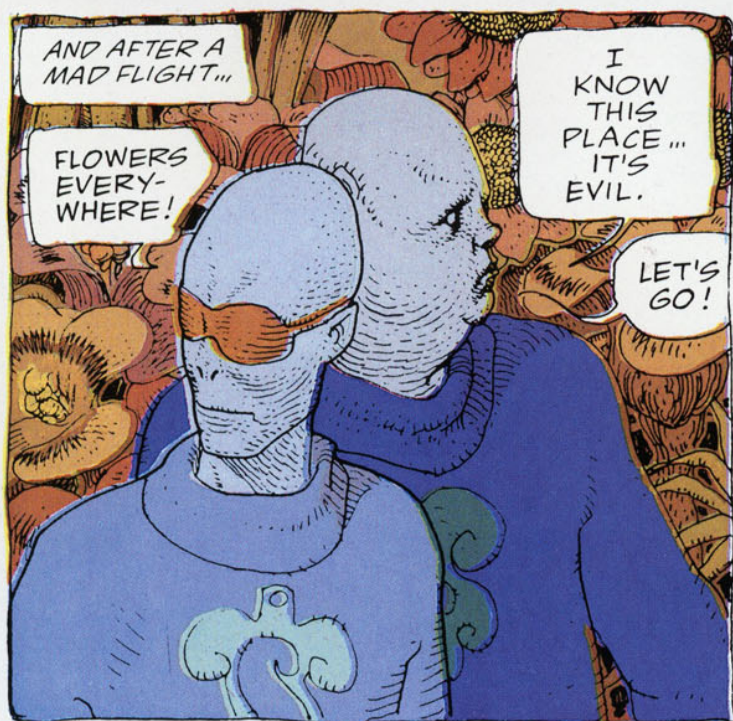
YES, INDEED!
I'VE GOT YOU!

HE'S GOT
YOU--

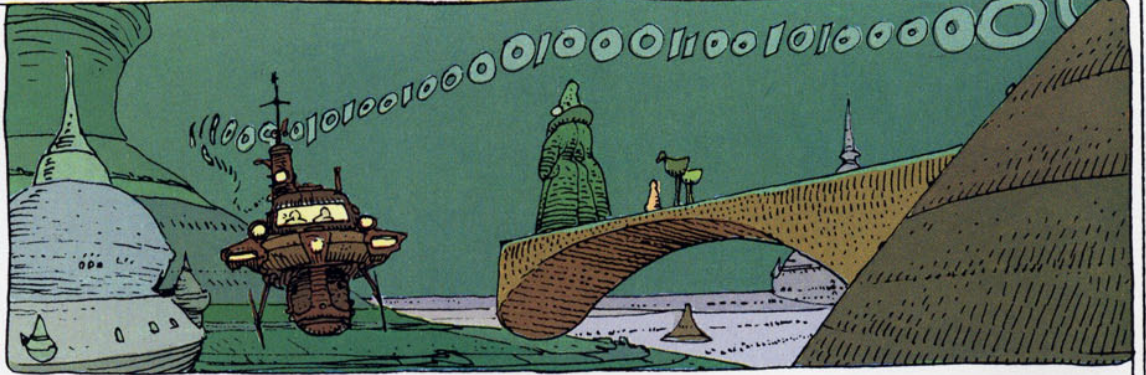
--LIKE
TWO
RATS.

GOT-
CHA!

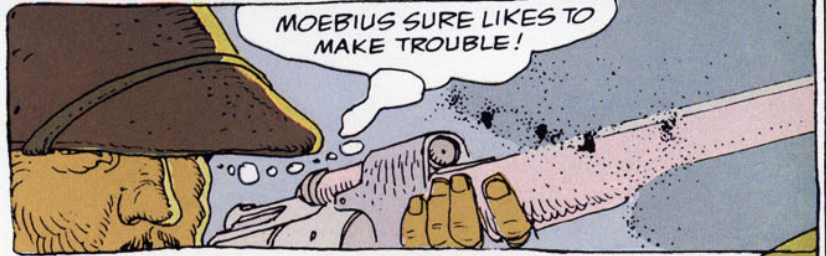
YOU DEGENERATE
HUMANOIDS...!
JUNCTOR THIEVES...!
I SHALL SEND YOU
WHERE IT
HURTS THE MOST!



THERE IS GRUBERT, KING OF THE IMPLORATORS.



OUR TWO ENEMIES HAVE BEEN SWEEPED AWAY. THEY ARE NOW LOST WITHIN THE INTERPOLATED WORLDS. BUT GRUBERT IS STILL AT LARGE AND I FEAR--



MOEBIUS SURE LIKES TO MAKE TROUBLE!

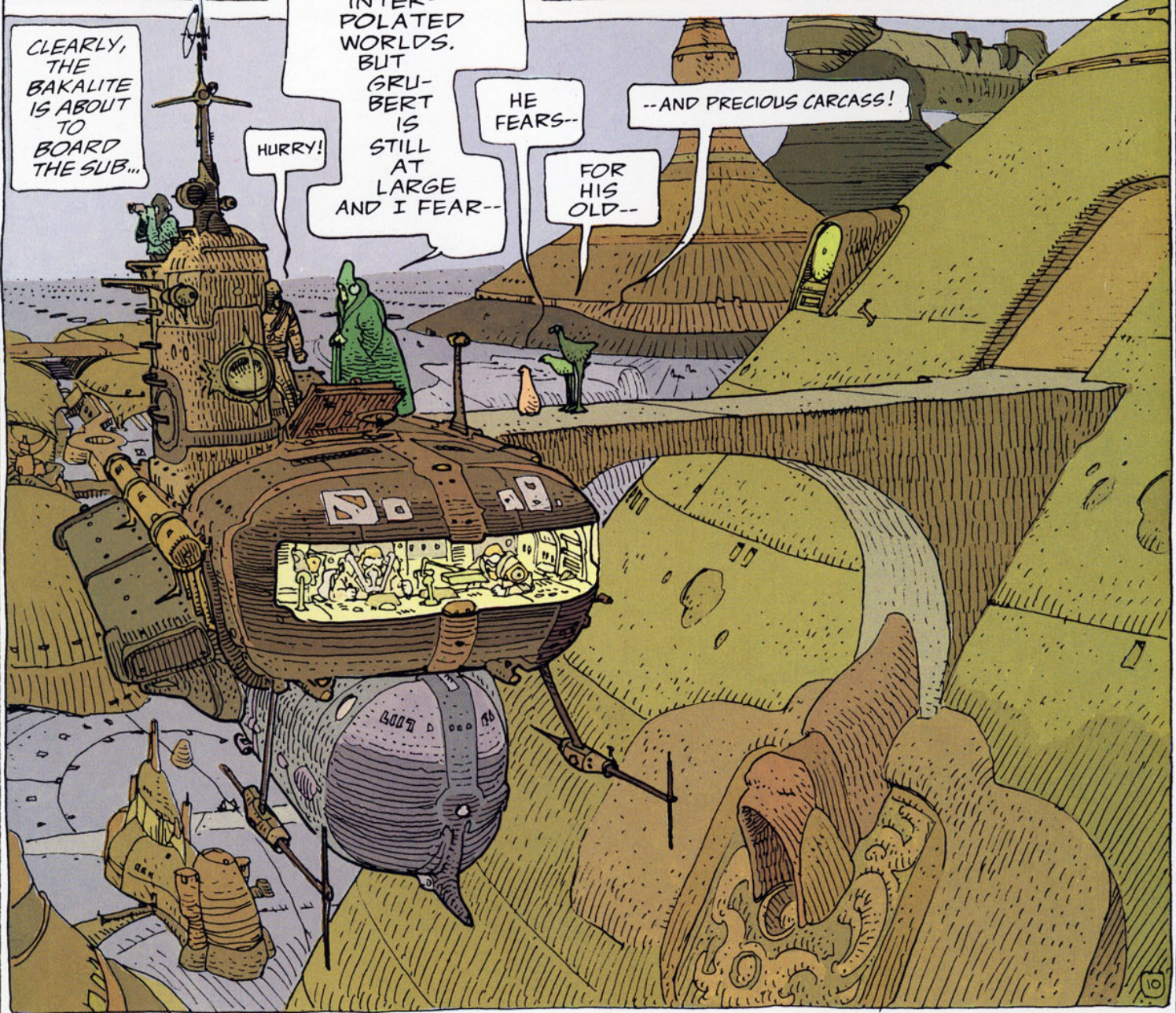
CLEARLY, THE BAKALITE IS ABOUT TO BOARD THE SUB...

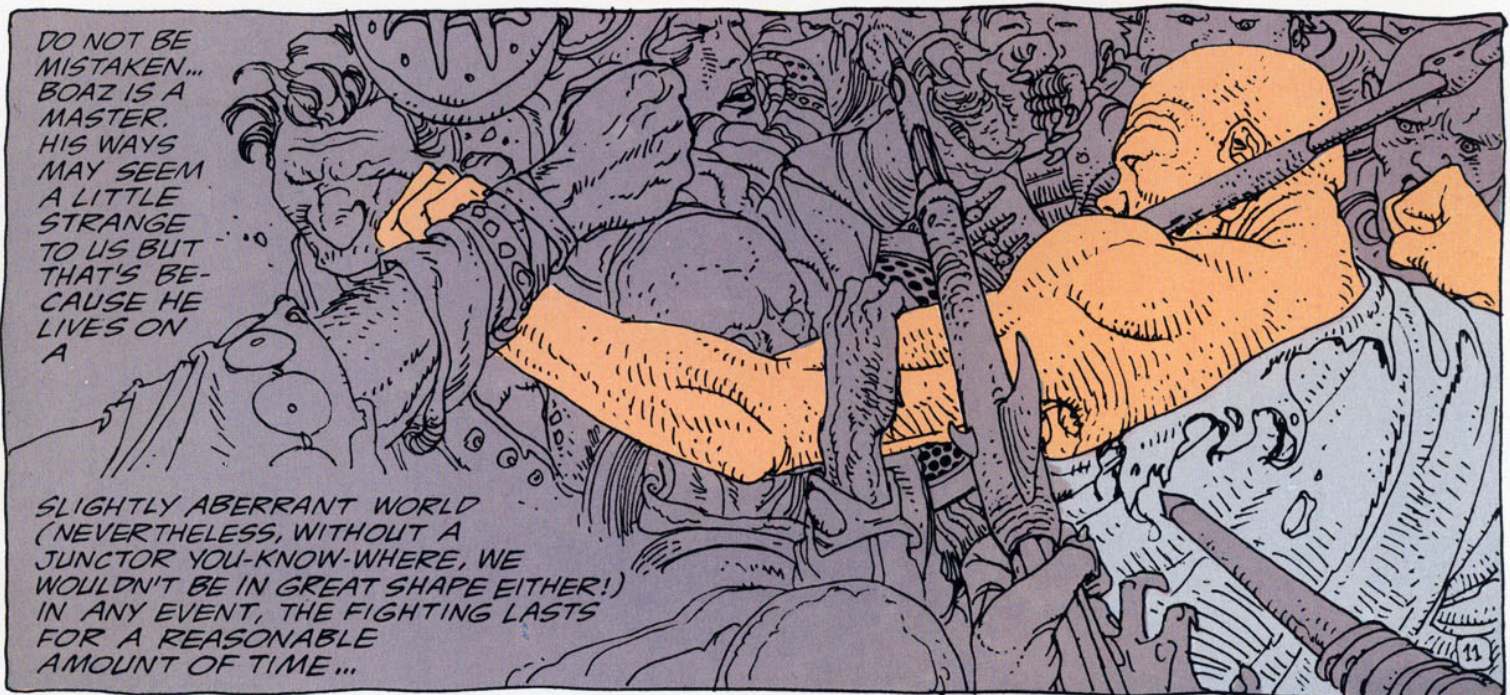
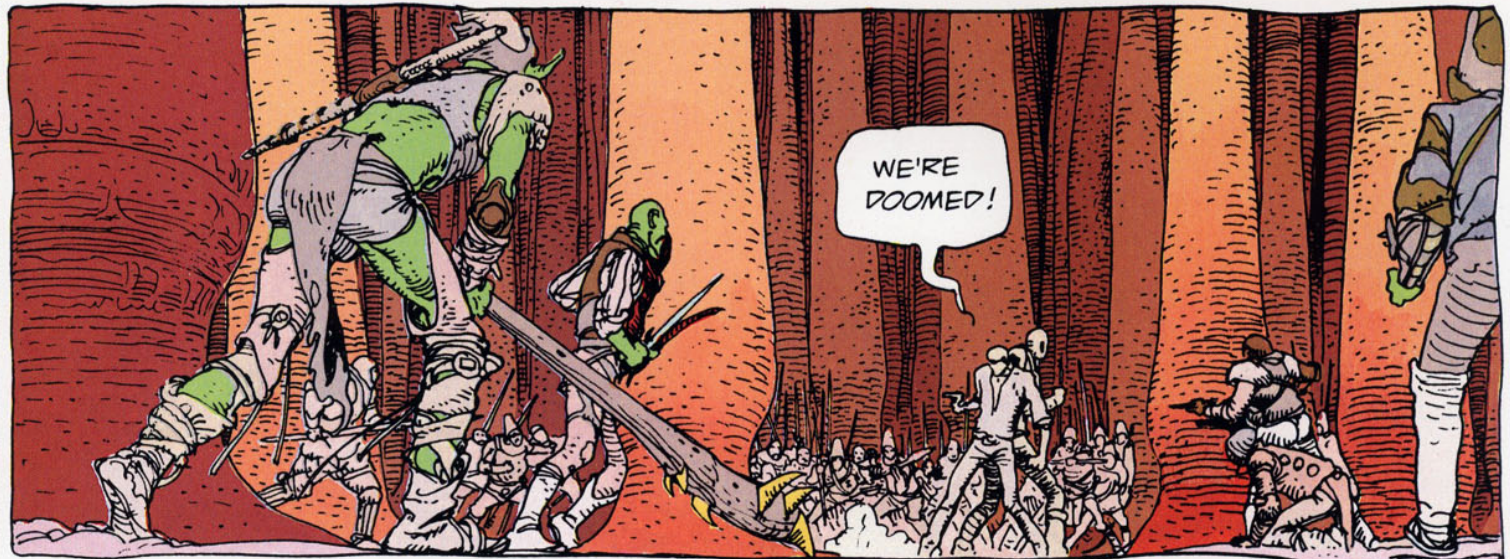
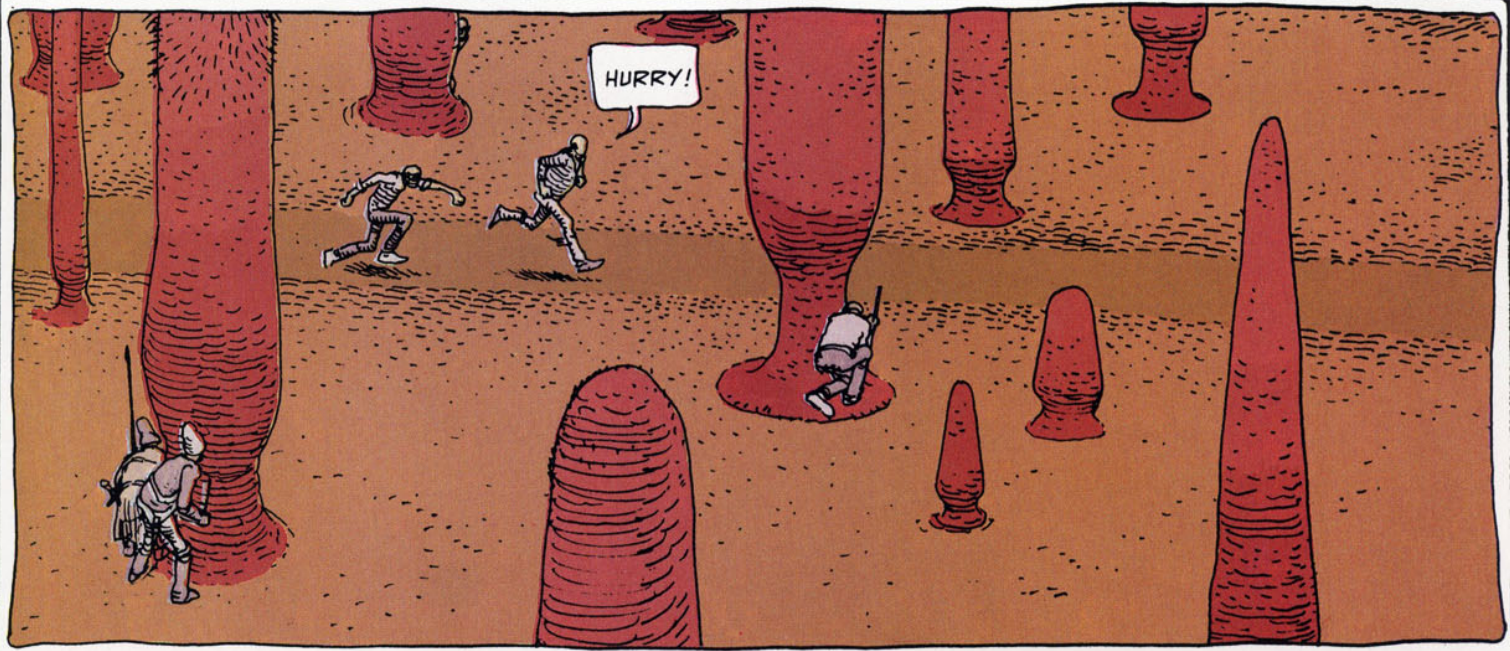
HURRY!

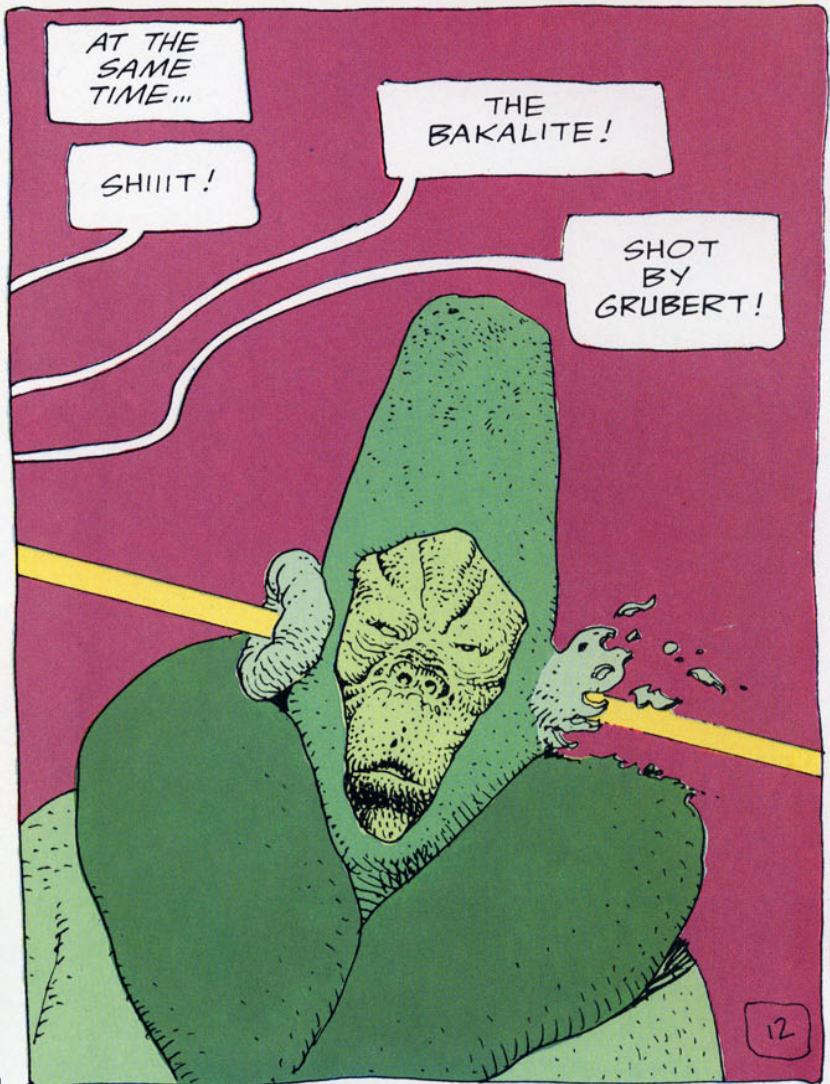
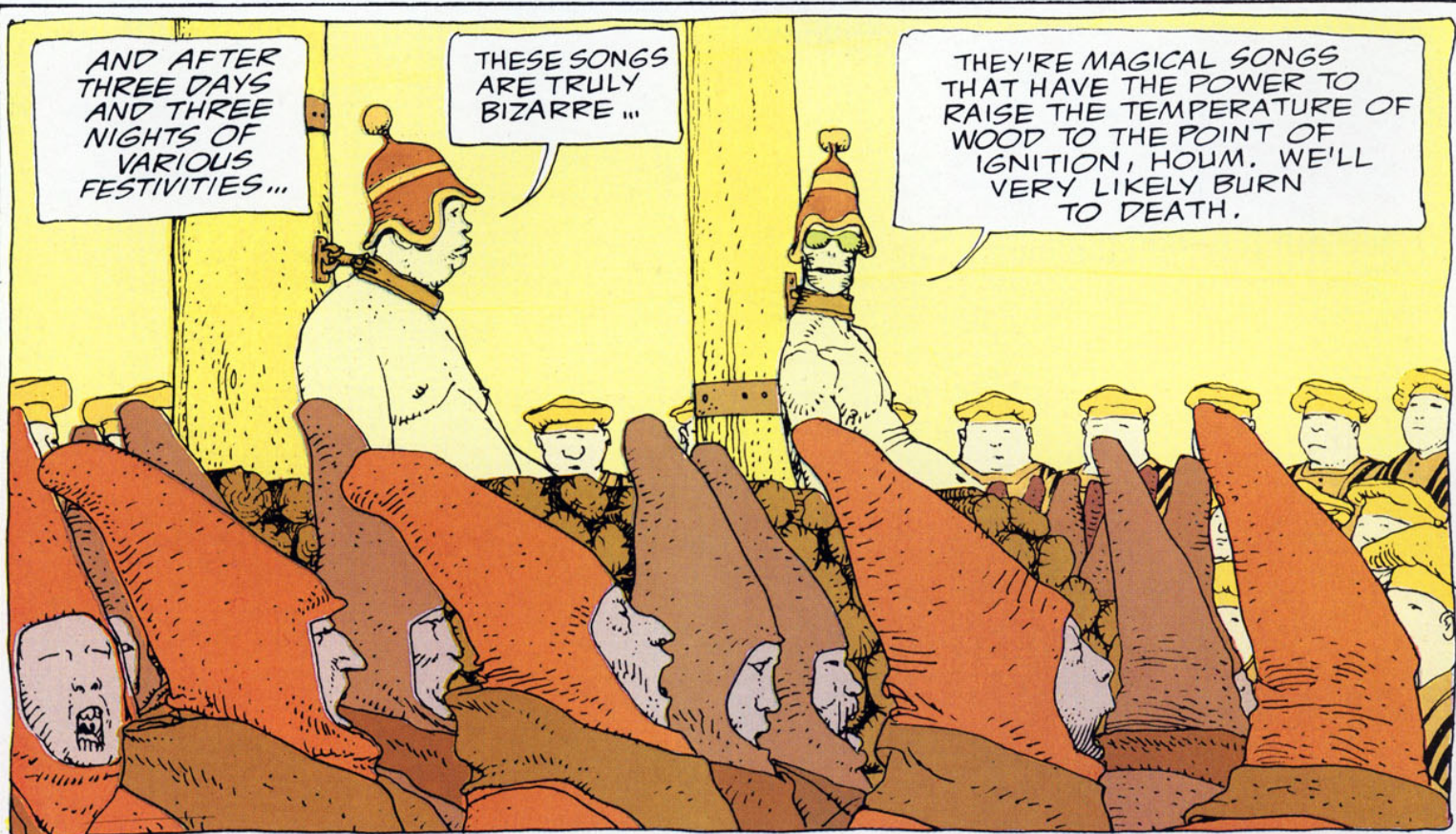
HE FEARS--

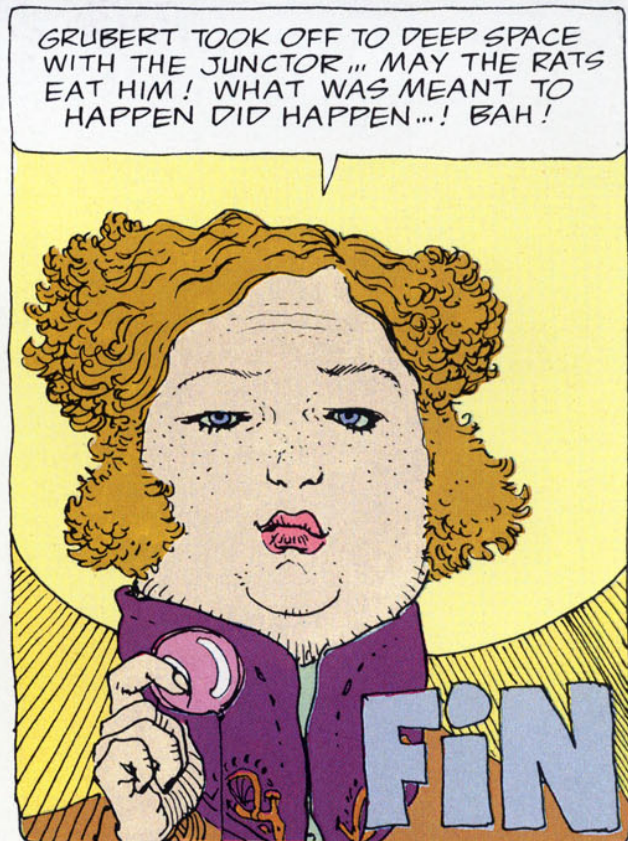
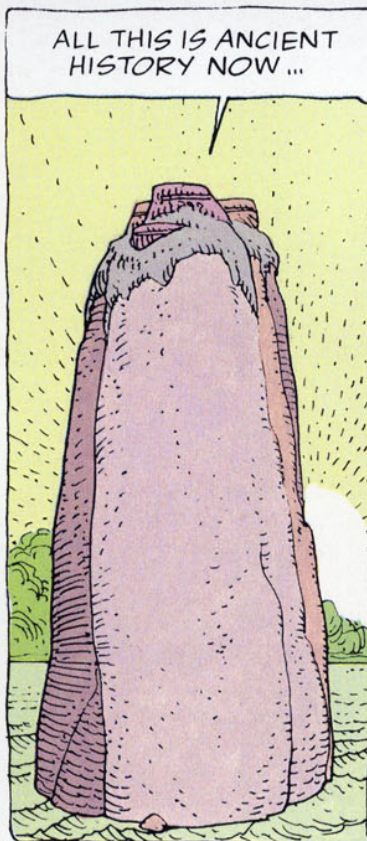
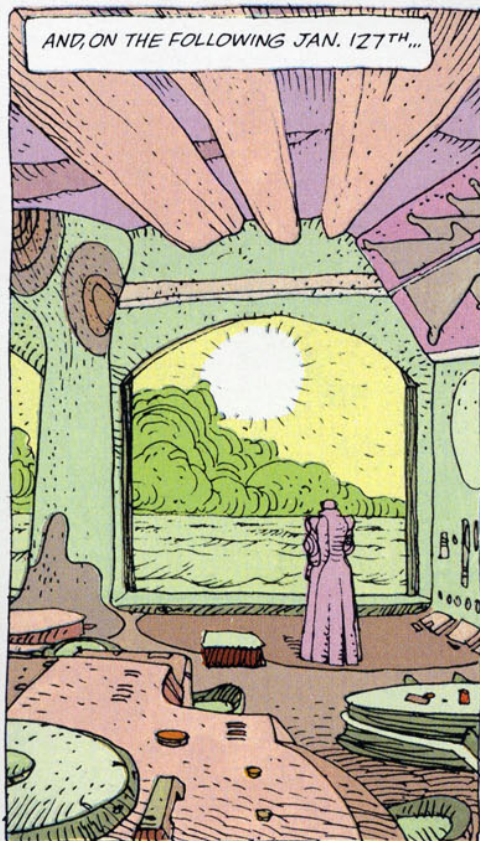
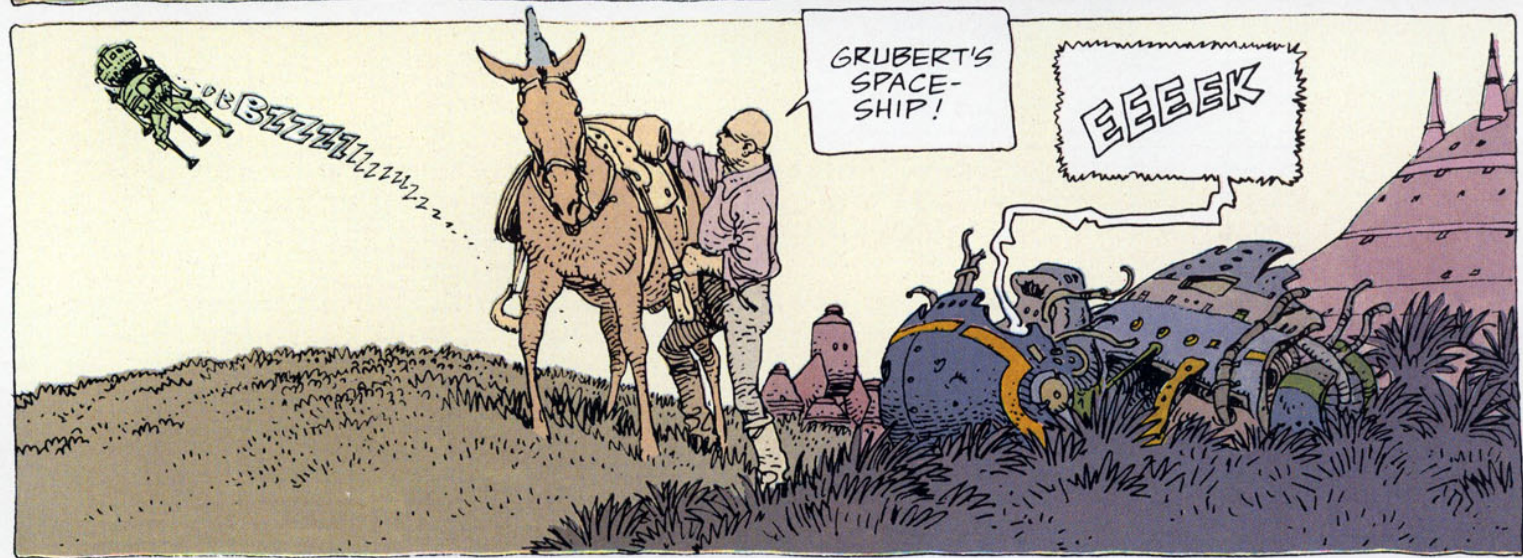
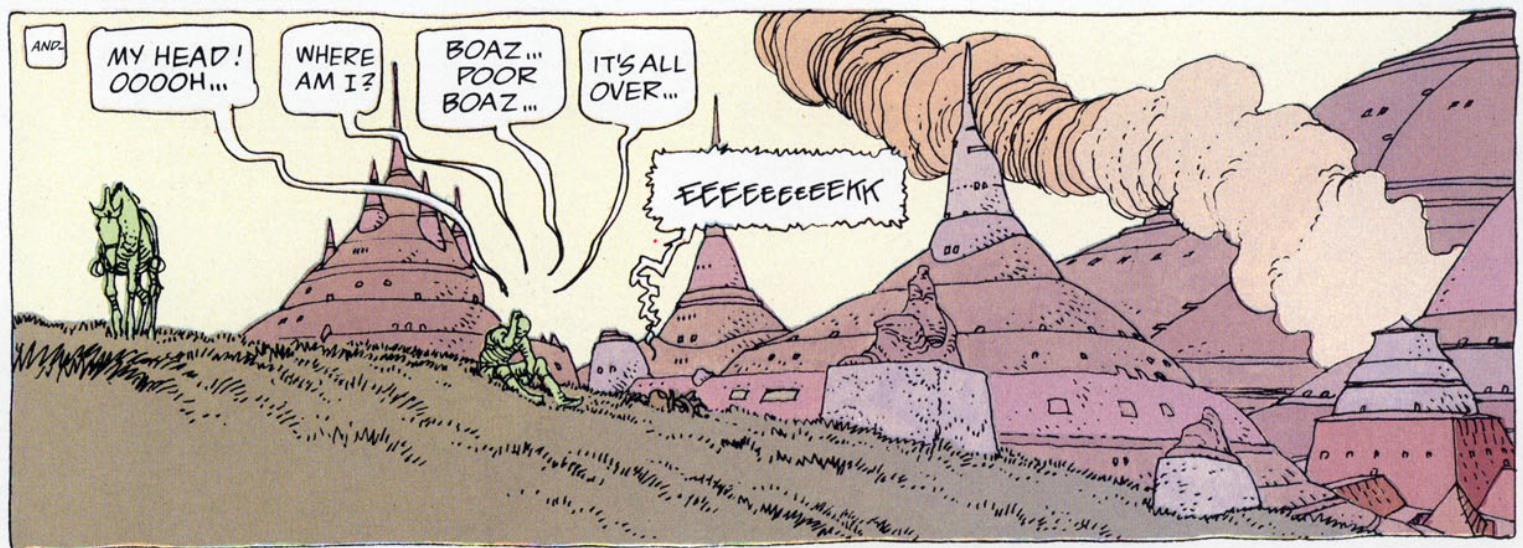
FOR HIS OLD--

--AND PRECIOUS CARCASS!



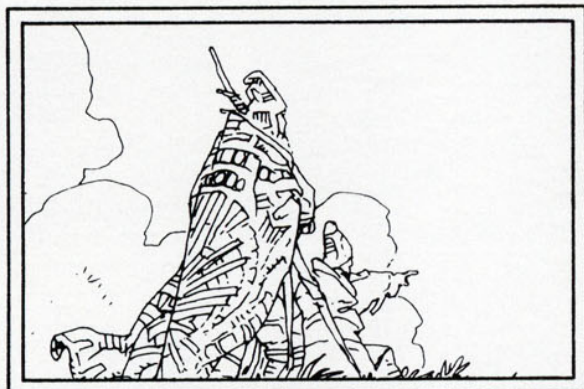






FROM A VACATIONING FRENCHMAN TO A FATAL MAJOR

THE ORIGINS OF MAJOR GRUBERT by MOEBIUS



When I was 14, I became fascinated by the character of the explorer. At the time, I was a big fan of the French edition of the **Bring Them Back Alive** strip. I liked its tense and somewhat paranoid atmosphere. In fact, the first serious comic strip I did was about the adventures of an explorer in Africa.

I was about 16, and I drew it at night, more or less making it up as I went. It probably wasn't very good. When I reached the point where I had drawn forty or fifty pages, I took it to the school where I was a student, and I showed it around. It was immediately a big success. Everyone wanted to read it. Then, when I tried to get it back, I found that I couldn't. No one had it! Since I could never find who had it last, now it's lost forever. But I think that, maybe, it was the true origin of Major Grubert.

Otherwise, Grubert made his first appearance in a story called **The Hunt for the Vacationing Frenchman** (scheduled for publication in Volume 6 of this series), which I did for the French daily paper, "France-Soir". The young woman who was in charge of the comics section wanted to do something special for the summer, so she asked five or six artists to do a full page for a week on the theme of the French on holiday. She wanted something broad and funny and, as usual, I kind of missed the mark by doing something absurd and esoteric. **The Hunt** was mostly greeted with total incomprehension by the majority of the "France-Soir" readers. To some extent, it was my fault, because I should have taken better account of their limitations and their tastes. Still, I had a lot of fun doing it.

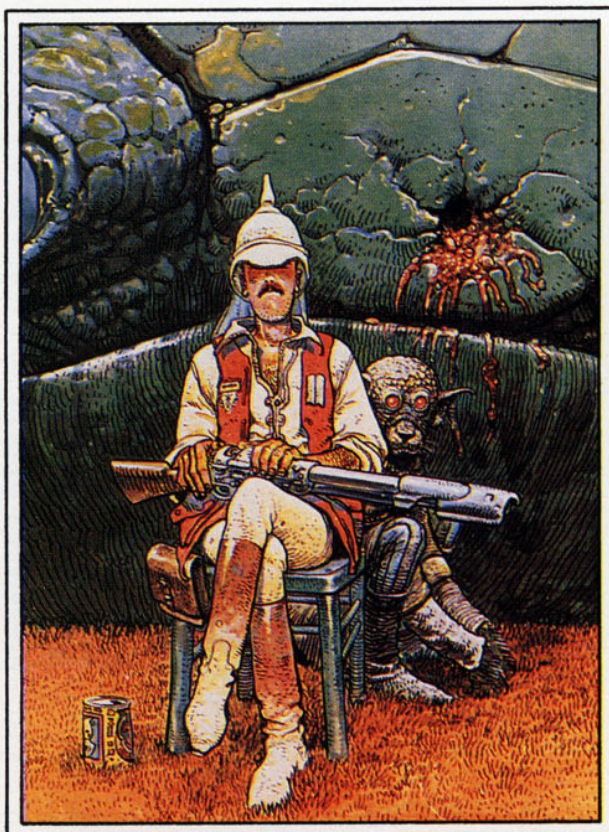
At the time, I didn't have any specific ideas about the character of Major Grubert, other than using him as a satirical version of Frank Buck, as well as a regular in-joke for my readers. Even in later stories, like **Major Fatal** and **The Airtight Garage**, I have always used Grubert with an element of comedy in mind. But when you develop a full story, and not a simple satire, the narrative requirements force you to turn gradually from comedy into drama. That's basically what happened with **The Airtight Garage**.

With **The Hunt**, I knew from the start that the story was somewhat limited in scope. The very notion of an average Frenchman going on holiday meant, to me, that the story had to be burlesque and satirical. With **Major Fatal**, it was different. By entering the realms of SF, I was no longer tied down to such pedestrian concepts. I could take a direct flight into a universe of pure fantasy.

I did **Major Fatal** in one sitting, without a script. I improvised as I went along, out of a sense of risk and pure fun. I really enjoyed doing that story. It's one of the few stories of the times where, when I look at it, I still feel a sense of true freedom and an immense joy. In many ways, it was the prototype for **The Airtight Garage**.

INTRODUCTION TO "THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE"

by MOEBIUS



Garage is a funny one. In those days, I often felt strong bursts of inspiration, and I would go home and draw all night. In the morning, I would look at what I had done and would either shelve it, because I thought it looked absurd or uninteresting, or I would add to it in order to build a four or six page story.

With **The Garage**, it all started like that. I drew the first two pages with the feeling of making up a big joke, a complete mystery, something that could not possibly lead anywhere. And yet, at the same time, I was trying to create something that captured a feeling of joy and fantasy that I felt inside me, almost as if I was remembering the incomplete part of a dream.

After I finished these two pages, I put them in a drawer and forgot all about them, until Jean-Pierre Dionnet, then editor of "Metal Hurlant" magazine, found them and asked me to draw an ending to the story so that he could publish them. I told him that I would do one for the next issue of the magazine.

The following month, he called me back and reminded me about the ending. Of course, I hadn't done anything. So, in a state of panic, I did two more pages to buy myself more time. Since I hadn't even kept a copy of the first two pages, I had no references and, as a result, the second chapter had no continuity with the first one.

It is only with the third chapter that I began picking up the loose ends and giving the story a direction. That's when I brought back Major Grubert, for instance. Soon, I decided to experiment with the story telling itself by challenging myself every month to solve the continuity problems that I had introduced in previous months.

By creating this feeling of permanent insecurity, I was forced to experience the total joy of creating a continuity. Every month, I would try very hard to recreate a coherent story from the existing elements. Then, I would break them apart again in order to create again a feeling of insecurity, so that, the next month, I would again have to pick up the pieces and do it again, and so on until the end of the story.

I finally gathered all the threads in the last fifteen pages, which I did in one sitting. You will note, however, that the story ends on yet another open-ended sequence, which introduces a potentially unlimited incoherence factor. The Major finds himself in our reality, which is the epitome of non-coherence.

Science fiction is great, because it literally opens the doors of time and space. Through the use of SF themes, I can deal more directly with what is at the roots of my philosophical preoccupations.

The Airtight Garage is full of references, of course. Most of them, I will let the readers discover. There is a page that is an homage to Will Eisner, for instance. Also, towards the end, I've done what I consider to be a very personal homage to the super-hero genre. I even used a drawing from an old issue of "Iron Man" as a model for the sequence where Grubert and Carnelian fly away.

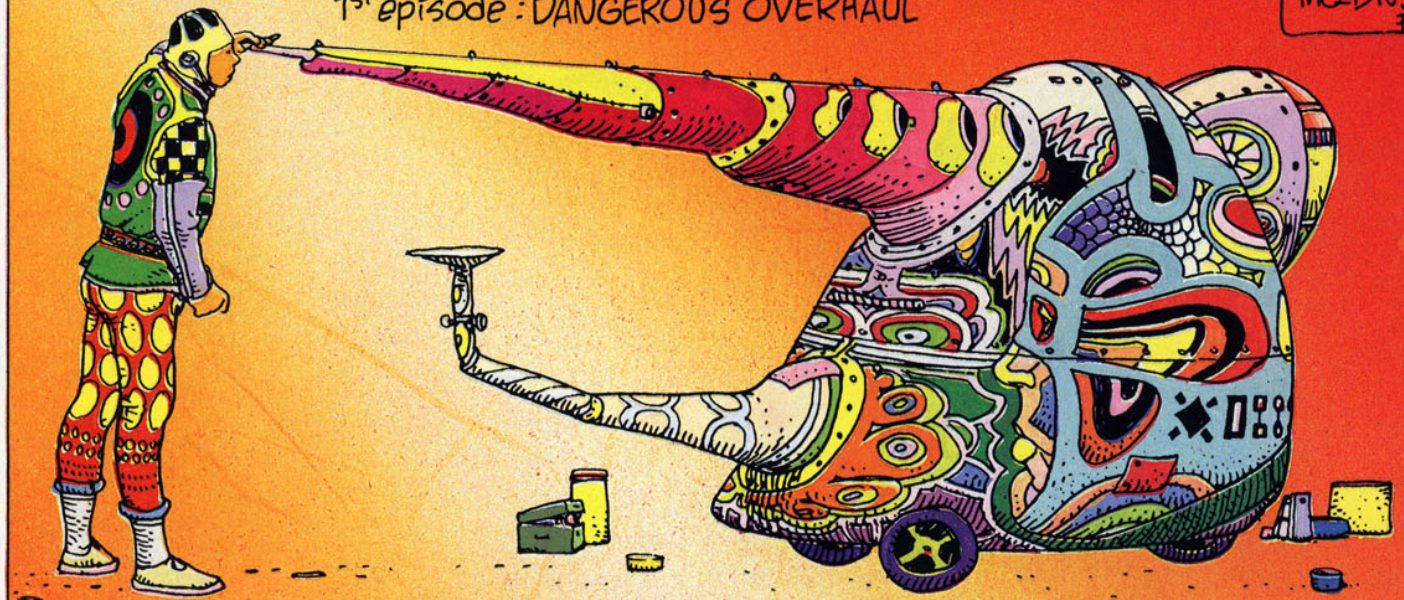
The Nagual, mentioned by Carnelian, is something that you find in the Indian and Central American cultures. It is the uncreated, the non-cultural, the part of the divine principle that is outside of man's sphere of comprehension. Casteneda talks about it in his books.

The Airtight Garage is not a closed work. It is full of openings into, and correspondences with, other systems. With the expansion generators, all the stories that I have ever done can really take place in Major Grubert's universe, or a universe that does not specifically belong to Grubert, but works on the same principles. It is a Moebius universe, really, where the whole is contained in the part, and the part in the whole.

THE GARAGE HERMETIC OF LEWIS CARNELIAN

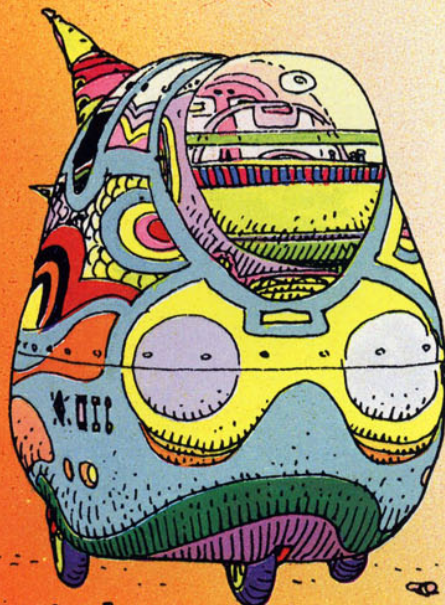
1st episode : DANGEROUS OVERHAUL

PAR
MOEBIUS
36



THIS CABLEBOX IS A COMPLETELY
REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN, BUT IT NEEDS
ONE LAST OVERHAUL BEFORE IT'S READY
TO BE LAUNCHED TOWARD THE STARS.

I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT ITS CRYSTALLINE
STRUCTURE, SO I'LL PLUG IN THIS DOUBLE-
POLARIZED CHROMATIC PARTICLE PROJECTOR
AND TAKE A SHOT AT IT...



ANOTHER OF MY
PEOPLE'S TECHNOLOGICAL
MIRACLES, WHAT
INGENUITY...!

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, I'D HAVE HAD
TO USE ONE OF THOSE OLD WAVELENGTH
PROJECTORS...

HEAVY... IMPRACTICAL...
CUMBERSOME... DANGEROUS.
TO OPERATE, FOR OTHERS
AS WELL AS ONE'S SELF...

I SAY!...

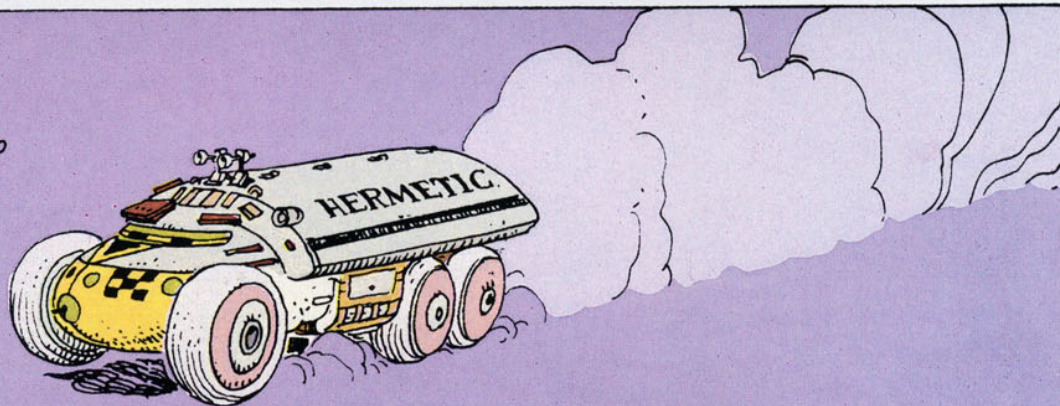
DRAT! I FORGOT TO UNPLUG THE
PEEPER VALVE, AND IT'S RESONATED
WITH MY DOUBLE-POLARIZED CHROMATIC
PARTICLE PROJECTION...! NOW MY
BEAUTIFUL CABLEBOX IS RUINED! WHAT
AM I GOING TO DO? EVERYTHING
HAS TO BE FIXED BEFORE LEWIS
CARNELIAN GETS BACK!

LE GARAGE

PAR MEEBUS

2nd EPISODE
**ALERT ON
THE TUNDRA...**

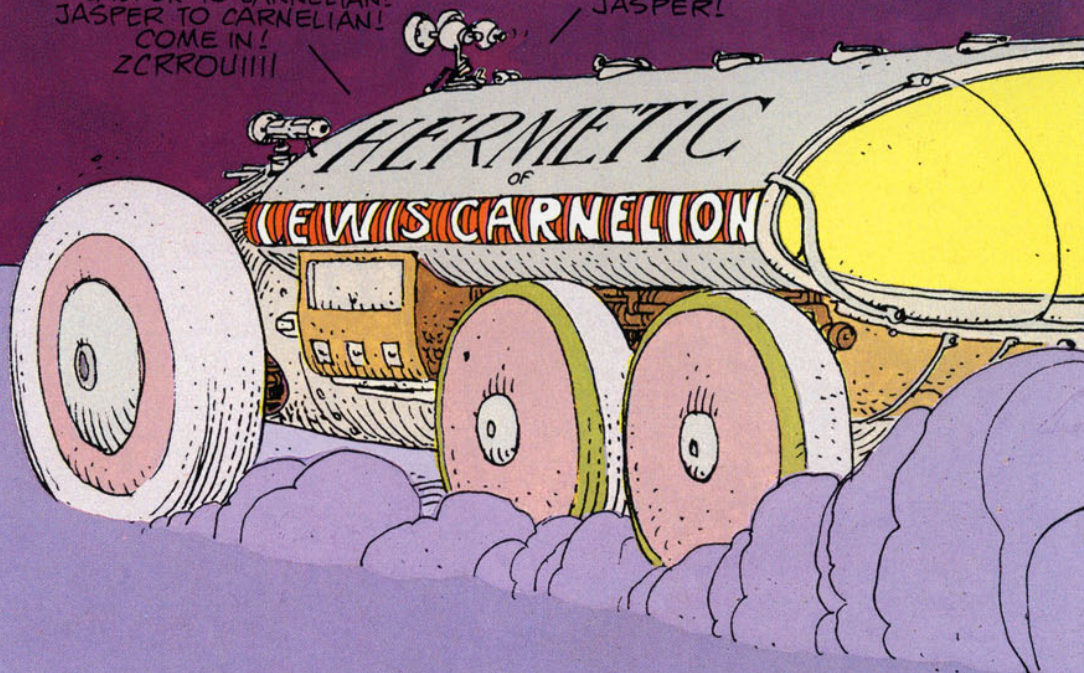
OUR STORY SO FAR:
ENGINEER BARNIER
IS VERY UPSET
BECAUSE HIS CABLE-
BOX EXPLODED...



IMMEDIATELY, THE FAITHFUL
JASPER TRIES TO CONTACT
LEWIS CARNELIAN'S "BEET-
ROOT 2000", EN ROUTE TO
ARMJOURTH, THE MYSTERIOUS
CAPITAL.

ZCRRRIII...
JASPER TO CARNELIAN!
JASPER TO CARNELIAN!
COME IN!
ZCRRROUIIII

CARNELIAN HERE.
I HEAR YOU,
JASPER!



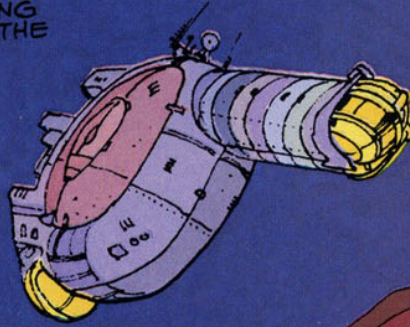
CARNELIAN HAS BEEN DRIVING FOR
WEEKS. IT'S BEEN A LONG AND
MONOTONOUS JOURNEY ON RADAR
AND AUTO-PILOT... YET, HE HAS
NOT RELAXED HIS VIGILANCE
FOR A SINGLE SECOND.

MISTER CARNELIAN,
SIR, THAT BUSINESS WITH
THE NEW CABLEBOX HAS
TURNED OUT RATHER BADLY!
YOUNG BARNIER WAS AFRAID
THAT YOU WOULD BLAME HIM
FOR HIS BLUNDER WITH
THE PEEPER VALVE... SO
HE'S RUN AWAY!

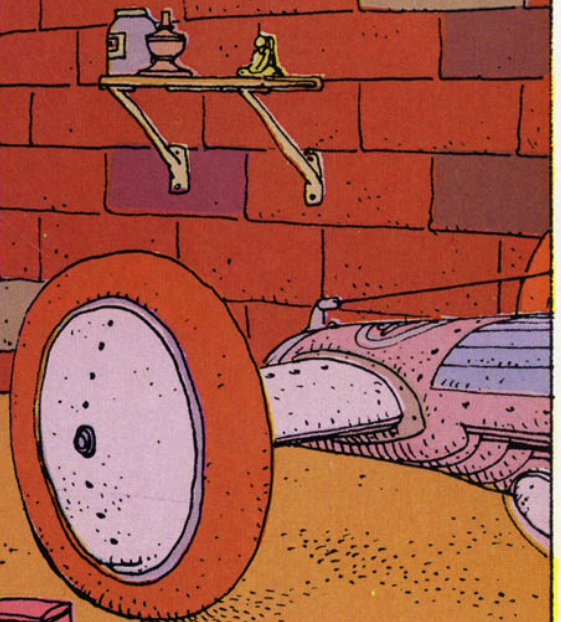
LOOK FOR HIM
NEAR THE SINGING
CAVERNS. I SAW THAT
PLACE IN A DREAM LAST
NIGHT! OTHERWISE, CONTINUE
TO KEEP ME POSTED, JASPER,
AND GOOD LUCK!
BARNIER'S A
GOOD KID...



WE'RE ALL
VERY CONCERNED,
SIR... I'M SETTING
COURSE FOR THE
CAVERNS AT
ONCE!



ANYTHING IS
BETTER THAN FACING
THE WRATH OF
LEWIS
CARNELIAN!



The Garage Hermetic of Lewis Carnelian

3rd EPISODE

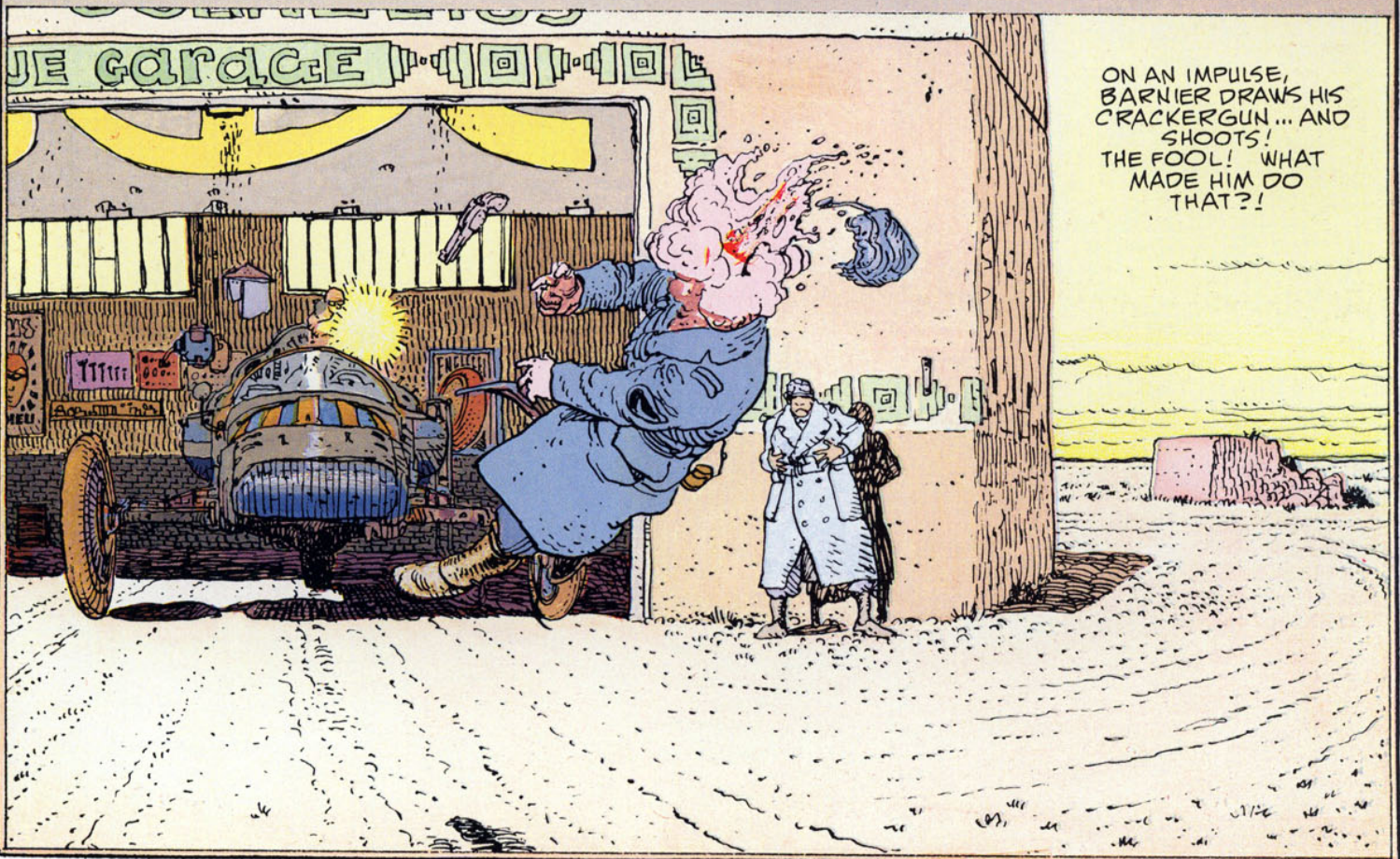
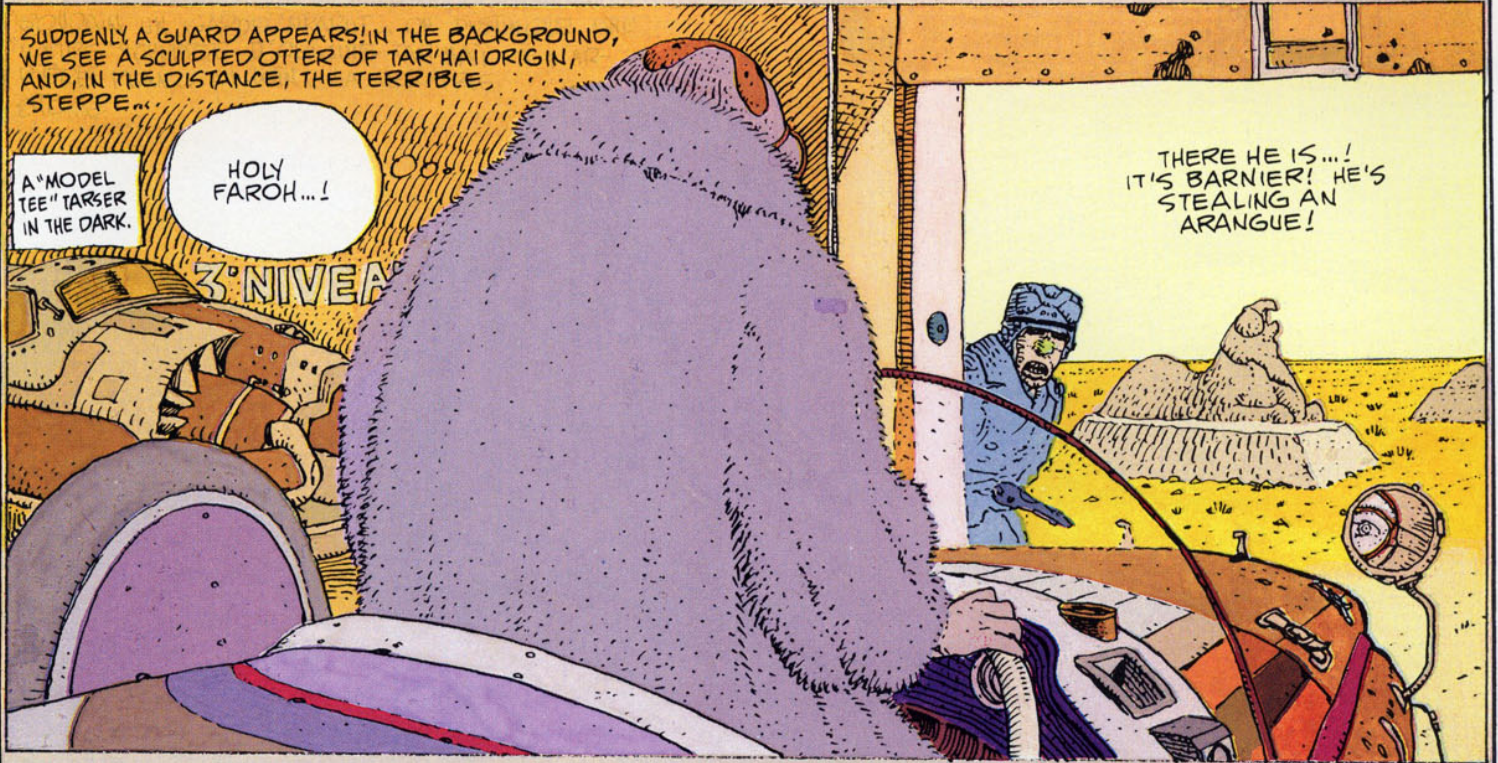
OUR STORY SO FAR:
ANYTHING CAN STILL HAPPEN IN THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

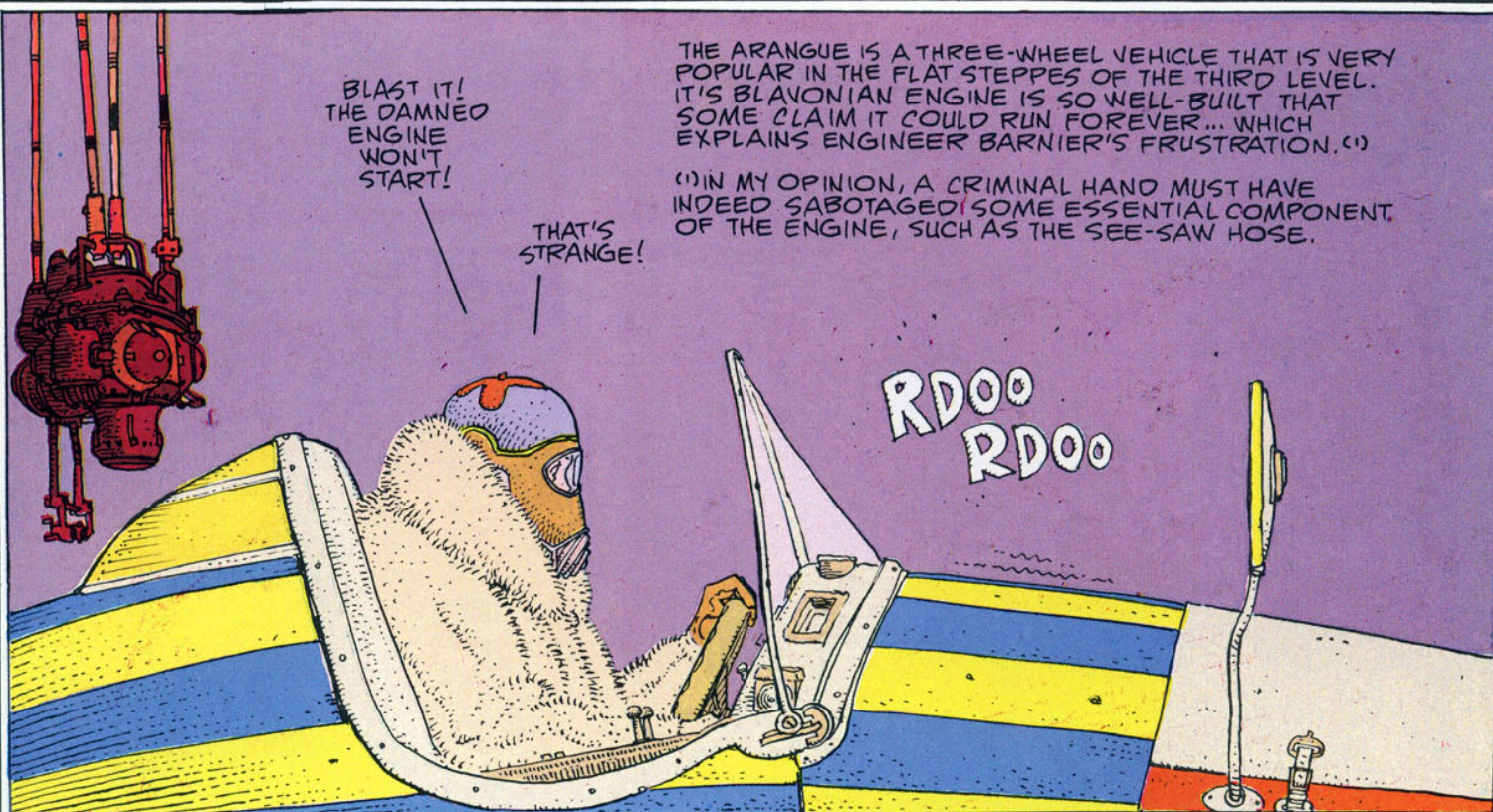
SUDDENLY A GUARD APPEARS! IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE A SCULPTED OTTER OF TAR'HAI ORIGIN, AND, IN THE DISTANCE, THE TERRIBLE, STEPPE...

A "MODEL TEE" TARSER IN THE DARK.

HOLY FAROH...!

THERE HE IS...!
IT'S BARNIER! HE'S
STEALING AN
ARANGUE!





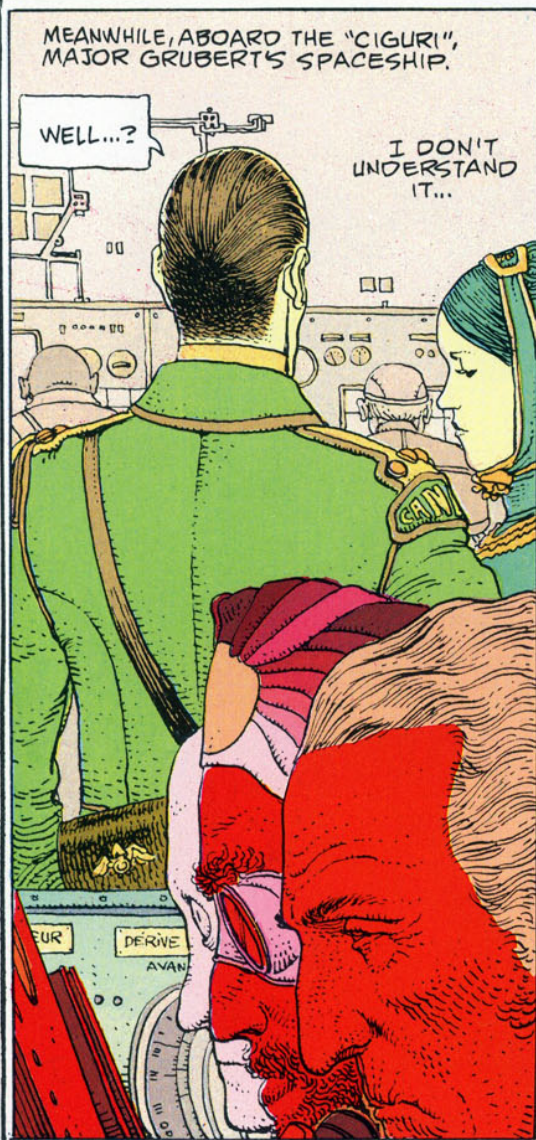
BLAST IT!
THE DAMNED
ENGINE
WON'T
START!

THAT'S
STRANGE!

THE ARANGUE IS A THREE-WHEEL VEHICLE THAT IS VERY POPULAR IN THE FLAT STEPPES OF THE THIRD LEVEL. IT'S BLAVONIAN ENGINE IS SO WELL-BUILT THAT SOME CLAIM IT COULD RUN FOREVER... WHICH EXPLAINS ENGINEER BARNIER'S FRUSTRATION. (1)

(1) IN MY OPINION, A CRIMINAL HAND MUST HAVE INDEED SABOTAGED SOME ESSENTIAL COMPONENT OF THE ENGINE, SUCH AS THE SEE-SAW HOSE.

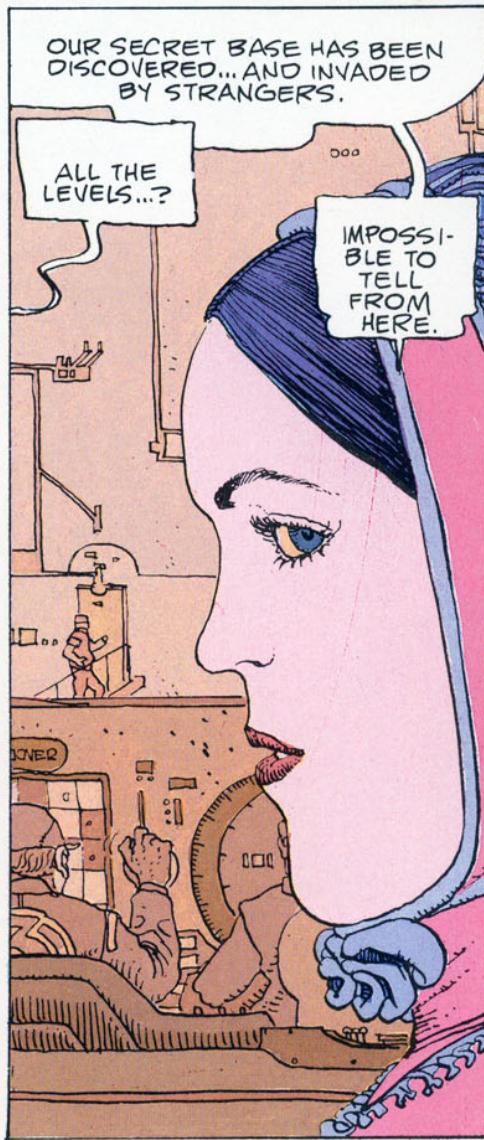
RD00
RD00



MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE "CIGURI",
MAJOR GRUBERT'S SPACESHIP.

WELL...?

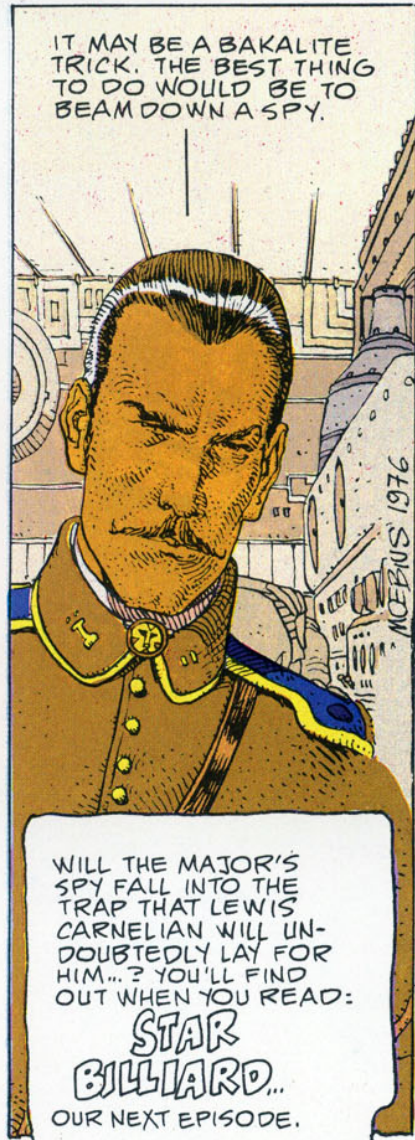
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
IT...



OUR SECRET BASE HAS BEEN
DISCOVERED... AND INVADIED
BY STRANGERS.

ALL THE
LEVELS...?

IMPOSS-
IBLE TO
TELL
FROM
HERE.



IT MAY BE A BAKALITE
TRICK. THE BEST THING
TO DO WOULD BE TO
BEAM DOWN A SPY.

WILL THE MAJOR'S
SPY FALL INTO THE
TRAP THAT LEWIS
CARNELIAN WILL UN-
DOUBTEDLY LAY FOR
HIM...? YOU'LL FIND
OUT WHEN YOU READ:

**STAR
BILLIARD...**

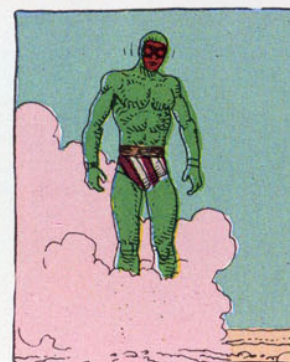
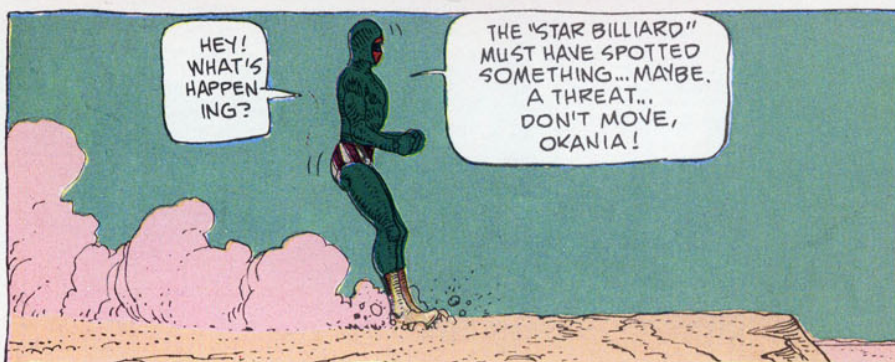
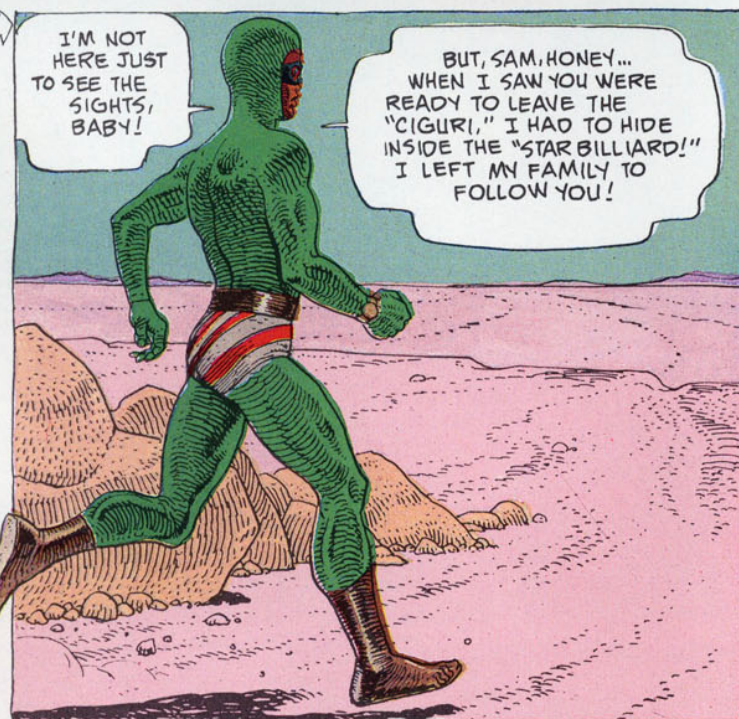
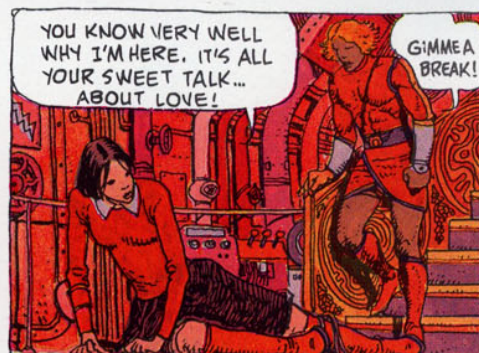
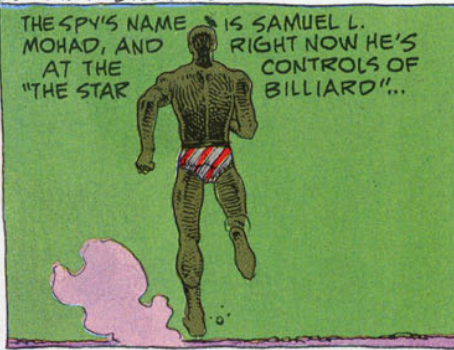
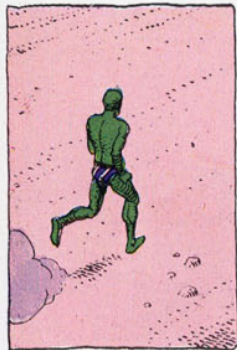
OUR NEXT EPISODE.

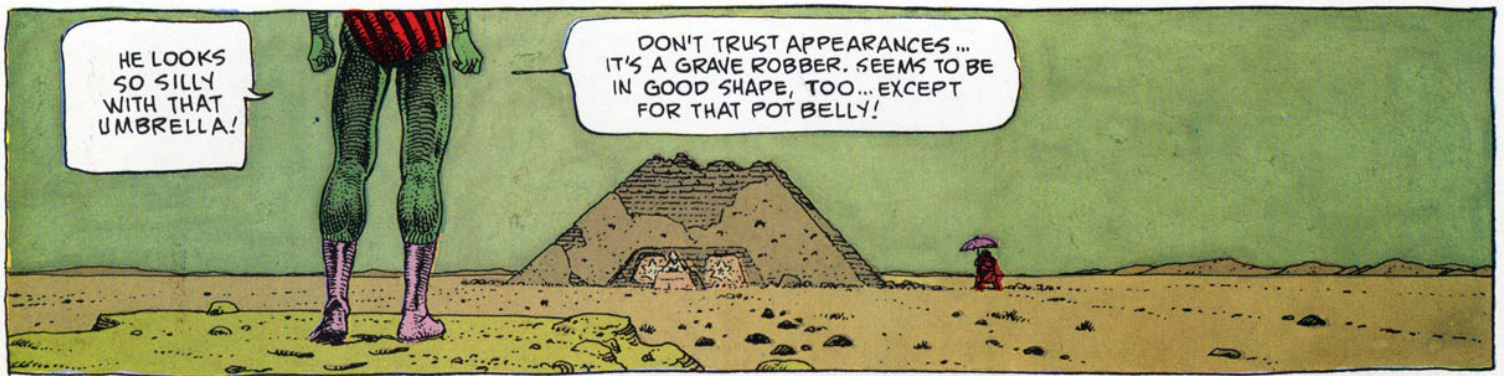
THE GARAGE HERMETIC OF LEWIS C.

PAR MOEBIUS

OUR STORY SO FAR: MAJOR GRUBERT HAS BEAMED A SPY DOWN TO HIS FORMER HIDEAWAY.

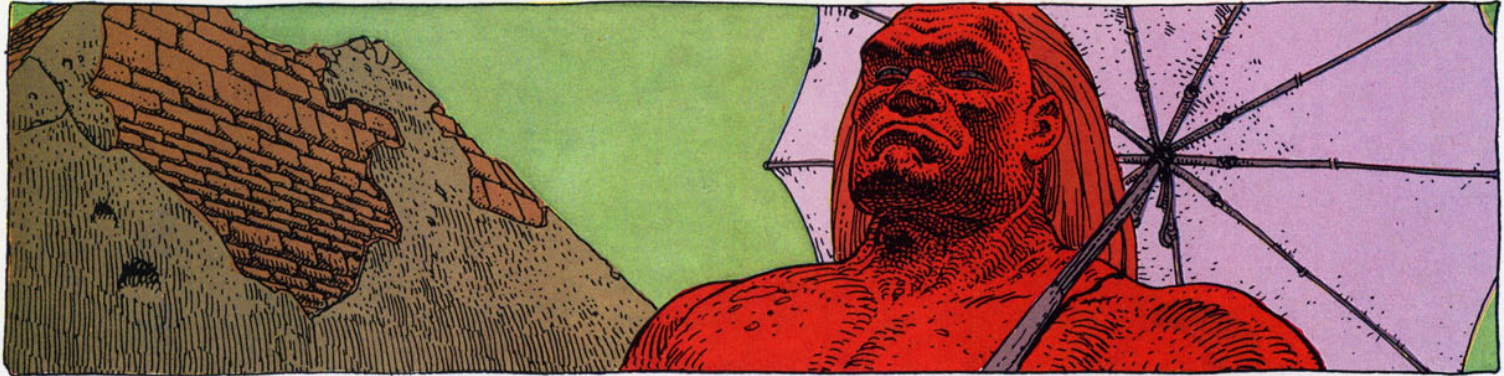
THIRD THINGIE: "STAR BILLIARD"





HE LOOKS SO SILLY WITH THAT UMBRELLA!

DON'T TRUST APPEARANCES ... IT'S A GRAVE ROBBER. SEEMS TO BE IN GOOD SHAPE, TOO... EXCEPT FOR THAT POT BELLY!



I CAN'T SEE MUCH ON THESE SCREENS!

WAIT... WE'LL TAKE A LOOK FROM ABOVE!



CRIME

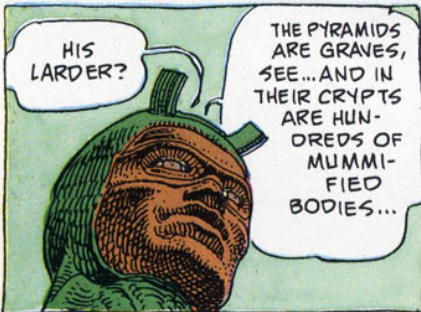


IMPRESSIVE, ISN'T HE?

IS HE GOING TO ATTACK US?

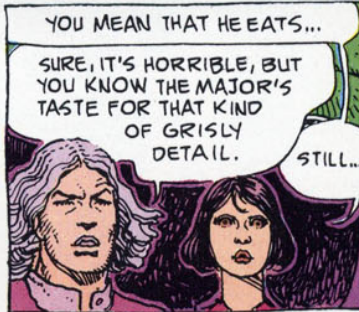


PROBABLY... HE MUST THINK WE'RE AFTER HIS LARDER!



HIS LARDER?

THE PYRAMIDS ARE GRAVES, SEE... AND IN THEIR CRYPTS ARE HUNDREDS OF MUMMIFIED BODIES...



YOU MEAN THAT HE EATS...

SURE, IT'S HORRIBLE, BUT YOU KNOW THE MAJOR'S TASTE FOR THAT KIND OF GRISLY DETAIL.

STILL...



LET'S GO! CHC

TELL ME, SAMUEL--



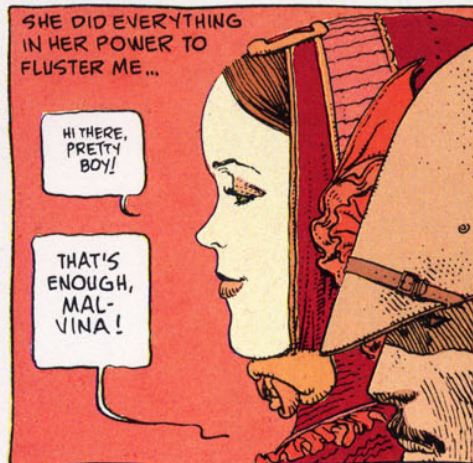
--EXACTLY WHAT IS THIS "SPECIAL MISSION" OF YOURS?

THE MAJOR SENT FOR ME A FEW HOURS AGO...



... HE WAS WITH MALVINA, HIS FIANCEE.

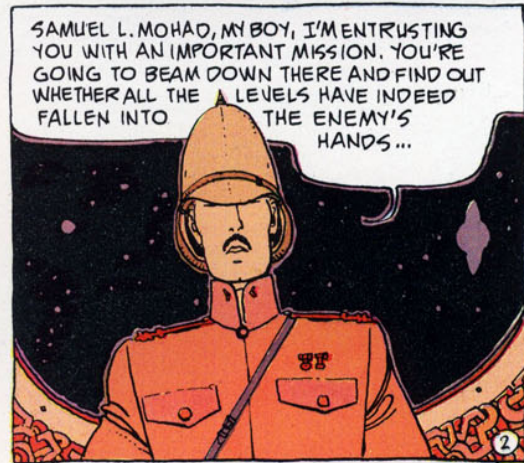
COME HERE...!



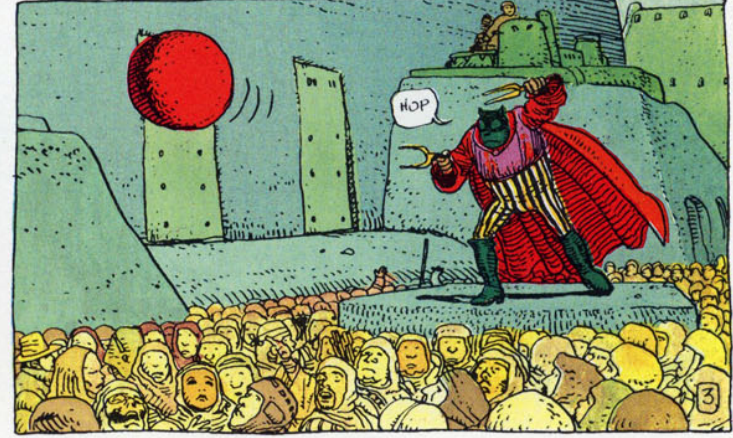
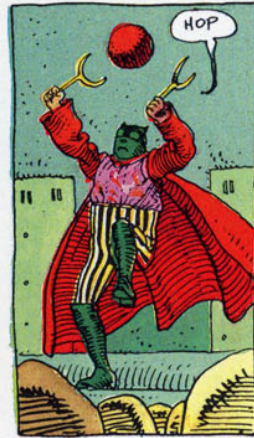
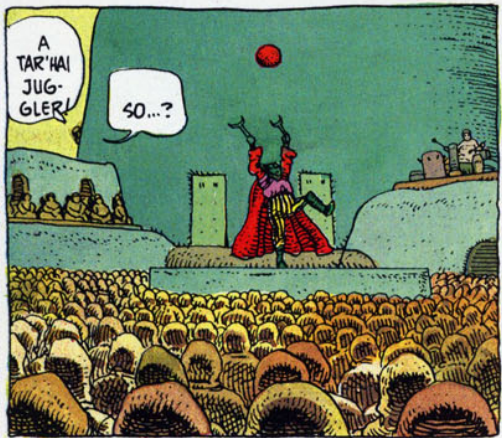
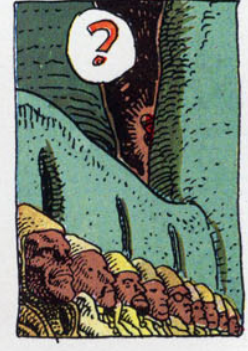
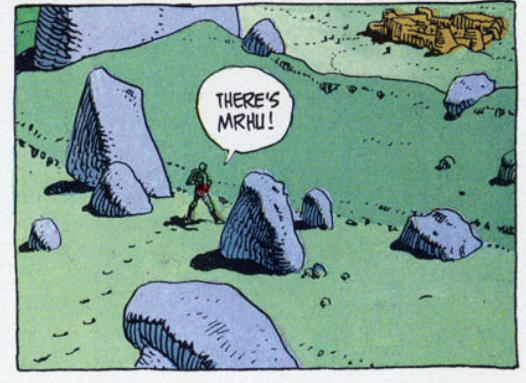
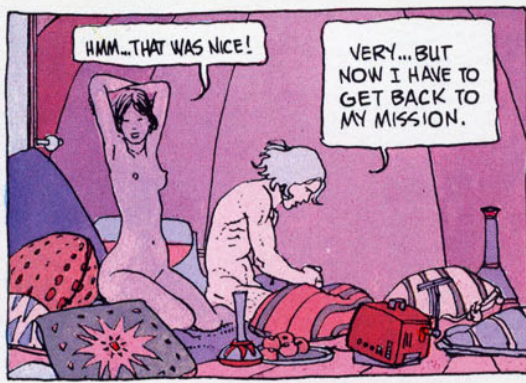
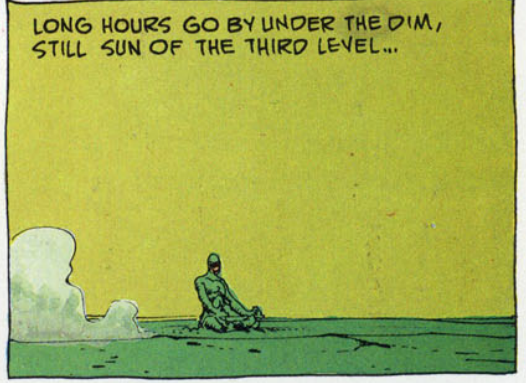
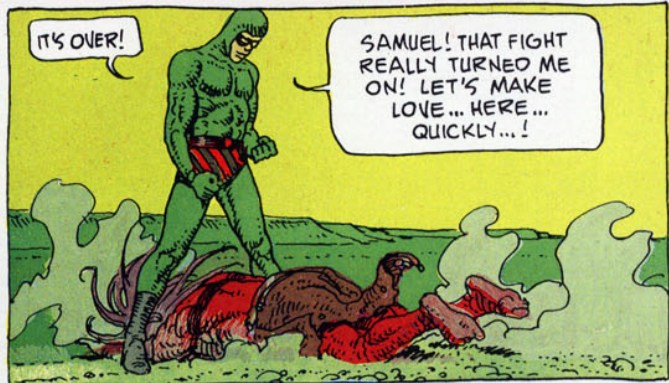
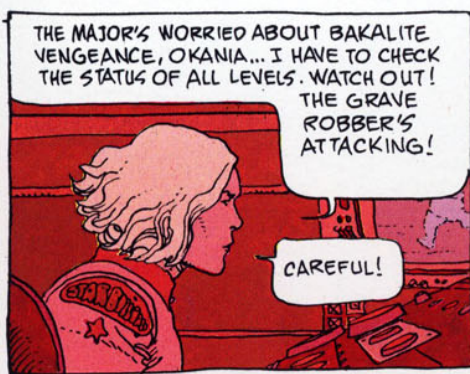
SHE DID EVERYTHING IN HER POWER TO FLUSTER ME...

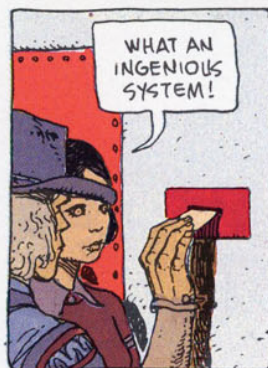
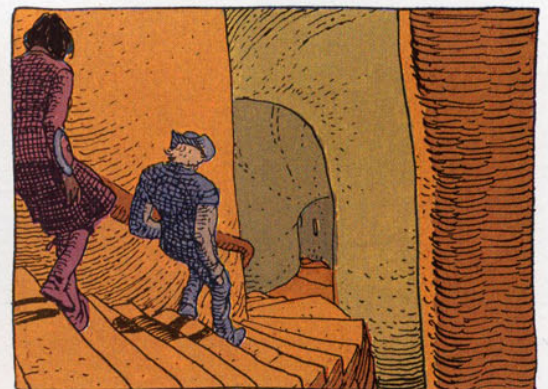
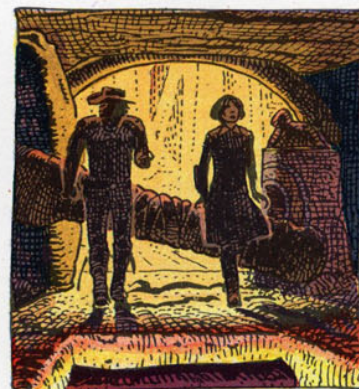
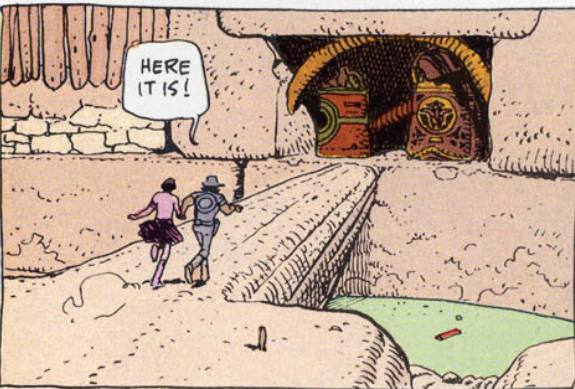
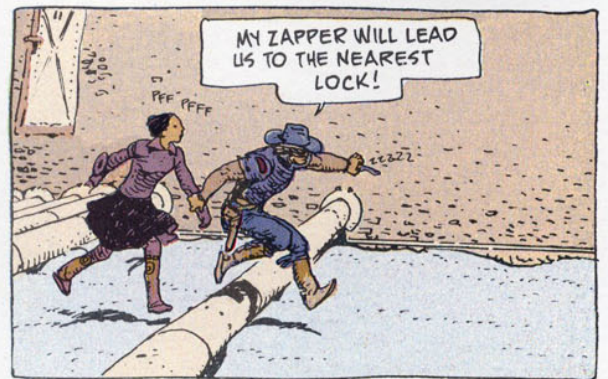
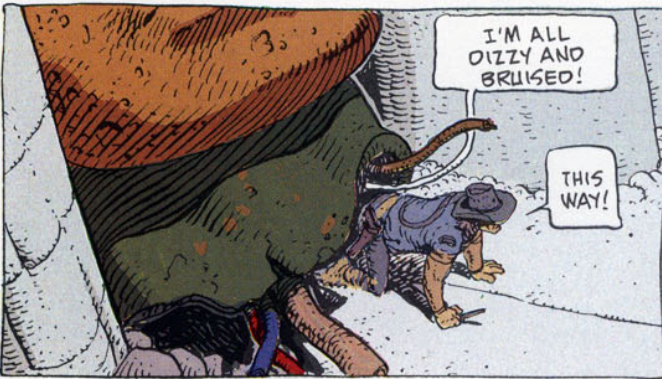
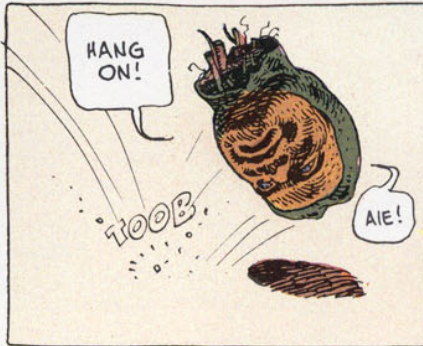
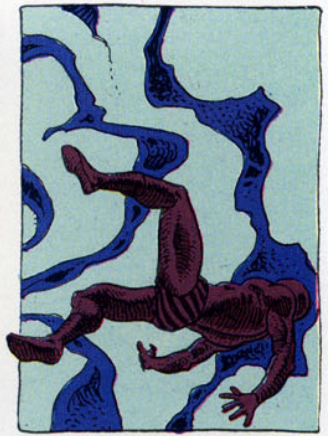
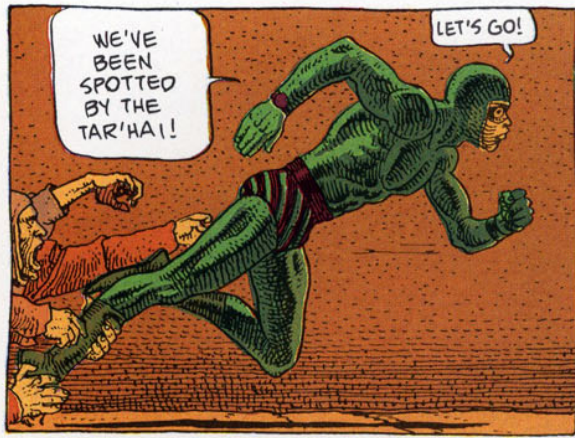
HI THERE, PRETTY BOY!

THAT'S ENOUGH, MALVINA!



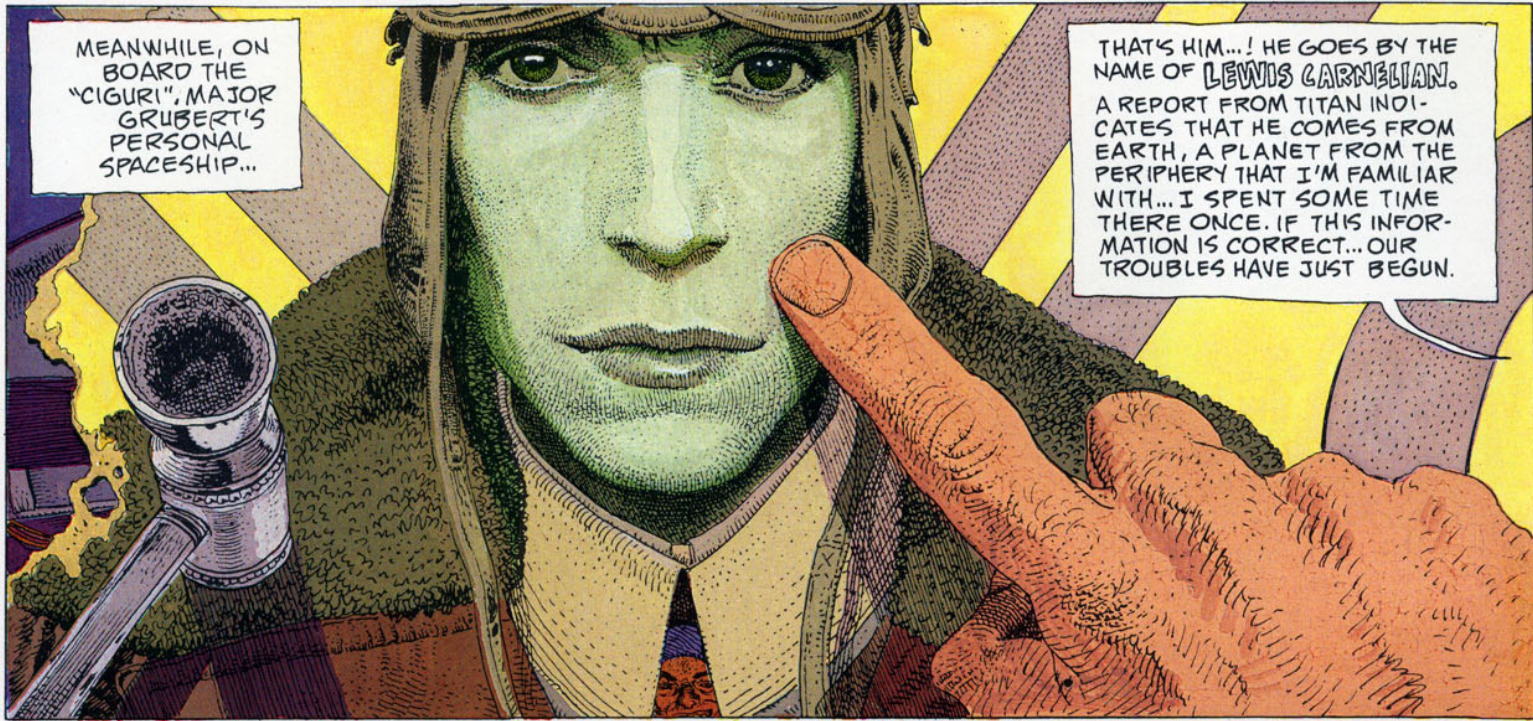
SAMUEL L. MOHAD, MY BOY, I'M ENTRUSTING YOU WITH AN IMPORTANT MISSION. YOU'RE GOING TO BEAM DOWN THERE AND FIND OUT WHETHER ALL THE LEVELS HAVE INDEED FALLEN INTO THE ENEMY'S HANDS...





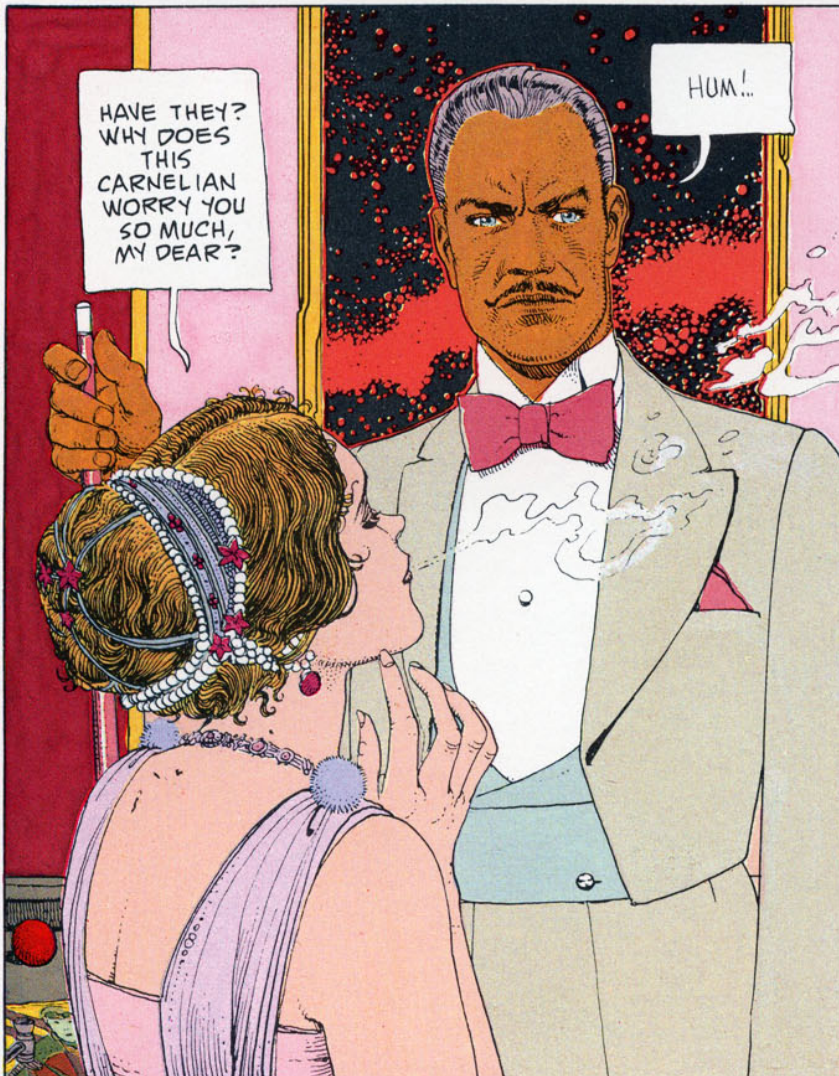
The Garage Hermetic of Lewis Carnelian (5th episode) **THE MAJOR'S EVASION**

OUR STORY SO FAR: EVERYTHING'S GOING VERY BADLY IN LEWIS'S GARAGE; WHILE ATTEMPTING TO FLEE, ENGINEER BARNIER KILLED A GUARD, FATHER OF TWO. AS FOR THE MAJOR'S SPY, HE'S MANAGED TO REACH THE SECOND LEVEL, THROUGH THE SACRIFICE OF HIS GIANT ROBOT, THE "STAR BILLIARD."



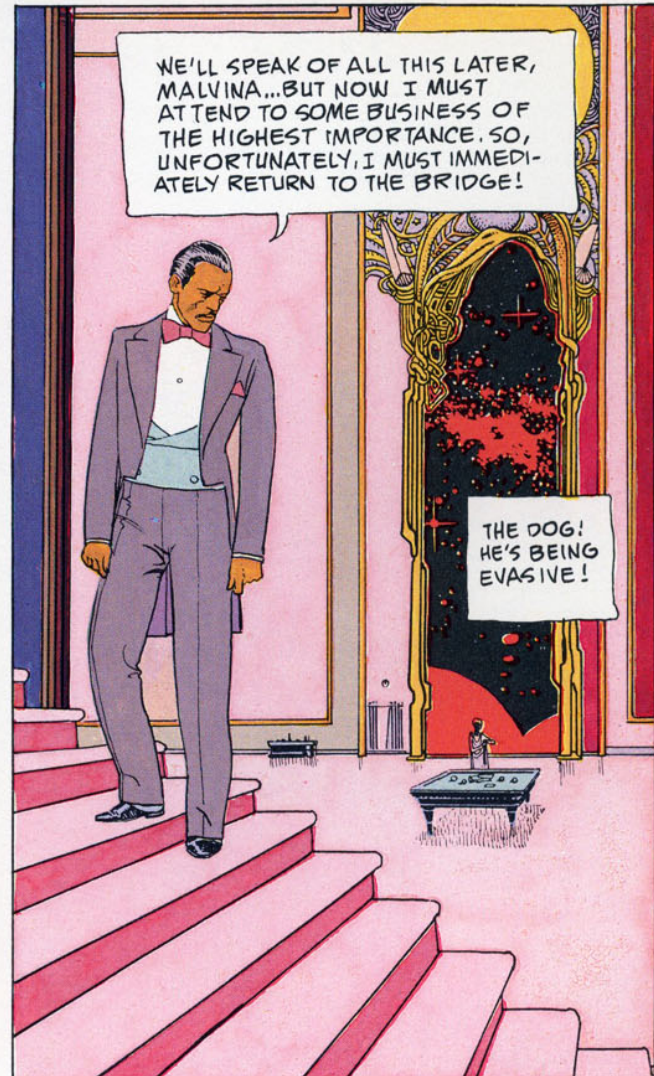
MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE "CIGURI", MAJOR GRUBERT'S PERSONAL SPACESHIP...

THAT'S HIM...! HE GOES BY THE NAME OF **LEWIS CARNELIAN**. A REPORT FROM TITAN INDICATES THAT HE COMES FROM EARTH, A PLANET FROM THE PERIPHERY THAT I'M FAMILIAR WITH... I SPENT SOME TIME THERE ONCE. IF THIS INFORMATION IS CORRECT... OUR TROUBLES HAVE JUST BEGUN.



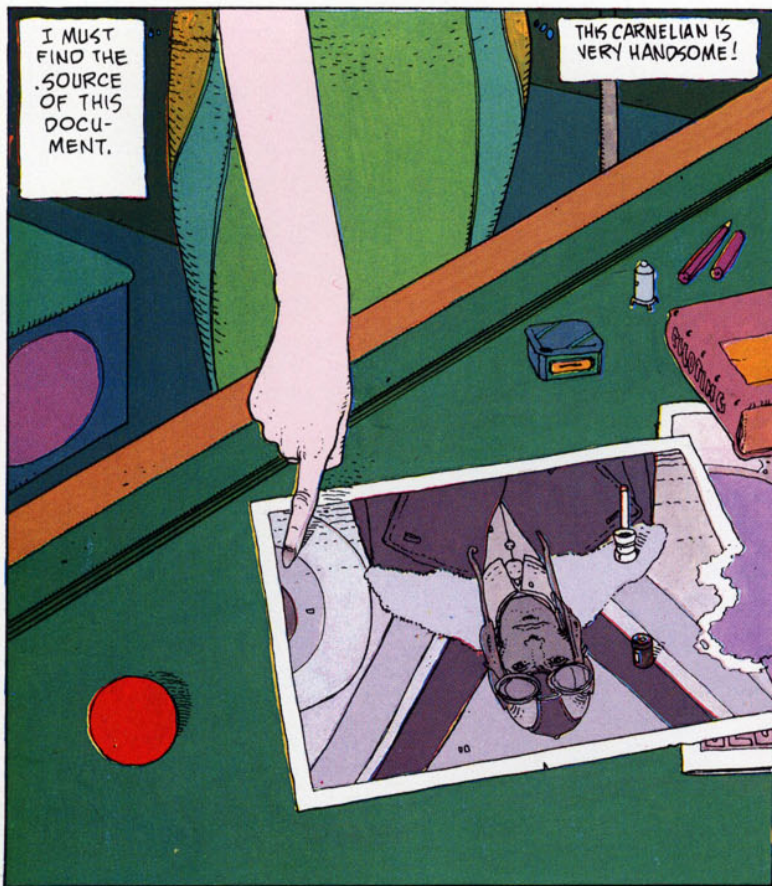
HAVE THEY? WHY DOES THIS CARNELIAN WORRY YOU SO MUCH, MY DEAR?

HUM!



WE'LL SPEAK OF ALL THIS LATER, MALVINA...BUT NOW I MUST ATTEND TO SOME BUSINESS OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE. SO, UNFORTUNATELY, I MUST IMMEDIATELY RETURN TO THE BRIDGE!

THE DOG! HE'S BEING EVASIVE!

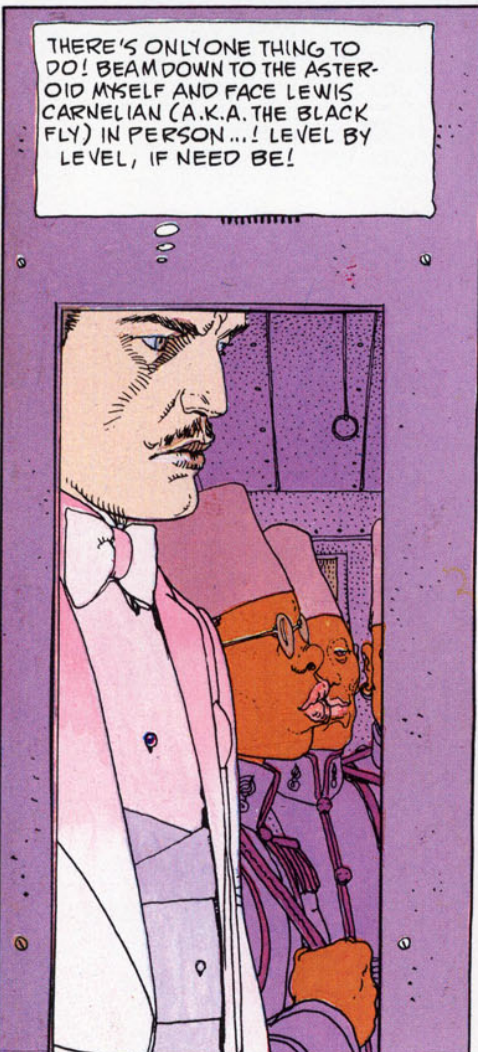


I MUST FIND THE SOURCE OF THIS DOCUMENT.

THIS CARNELIAN IS VERY HANDSOME!



SO, THIS IS IT...! WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW WAS EVENTUALLY BOUND TO HAPPEN! THE NAGUAL HAS FOUND ME AT LAST, AND SENT LEWIS AFTER ME...

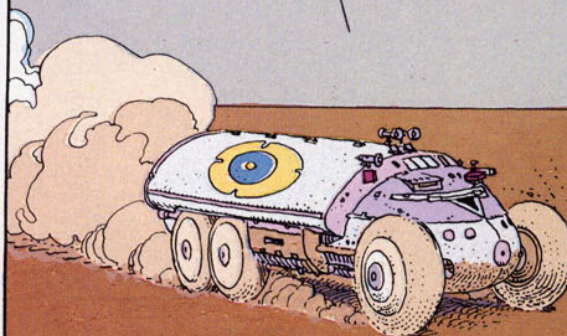


THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! BEAM DOWN TO THE ASTEROID MYSELF AND FACE LEWIS CARNELIAN (A.K.A. THE BLACK FLY) IN PERSON...! LEVEL BY LEVEL, IF NEED BE!

MEANWHILE, LEWIS CARNELIAN, ON BOARD HIS "BEETROOT 2000" CONTINUES CLEAVING THE TUNDRA IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CAPITAL, ARMJOURTH...

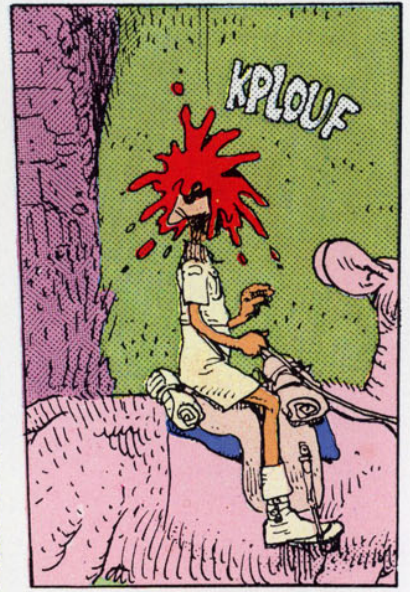
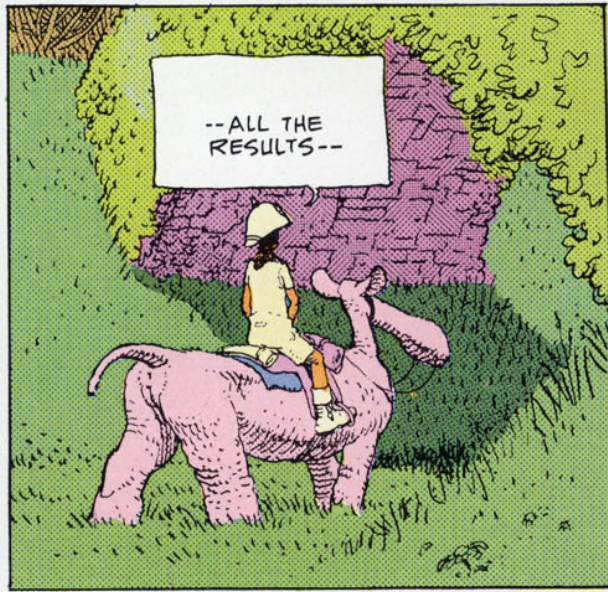
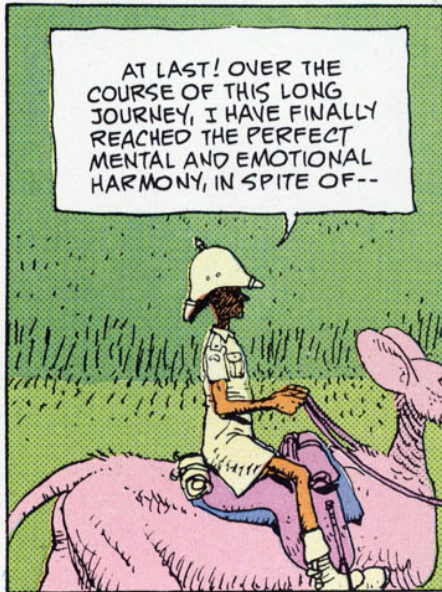
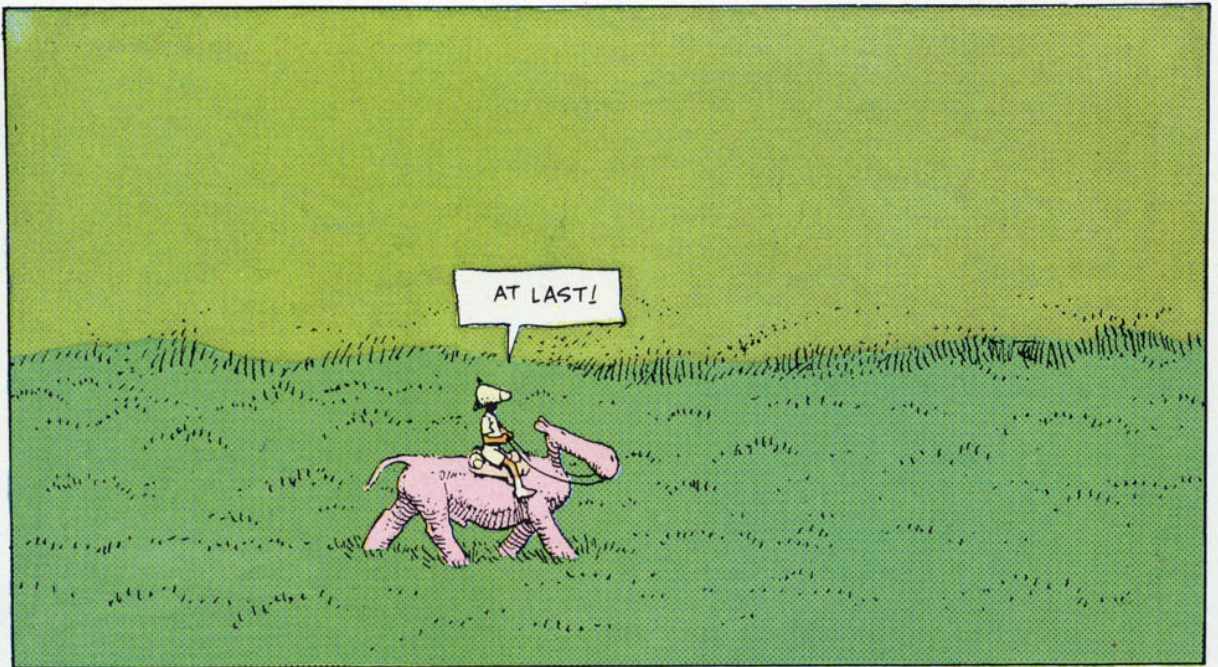
HELLO-HULLO...?
JASPER TO CARNELIAN!
JASPER TO CARNELZZCHHAOUU...
...ONE OF THE MAJOR'S SPIES
SPOTTED ON THE THIRD
LEVEL, SIR!

AT LAST!
THE MAJOR IS
BACK...! BRAVO,
JASPER! MEANWHILE,
CONTINUE THE SEARCH
FOR YOUNG
BARNIER NEAR
THE SINGING
CAVERNS!

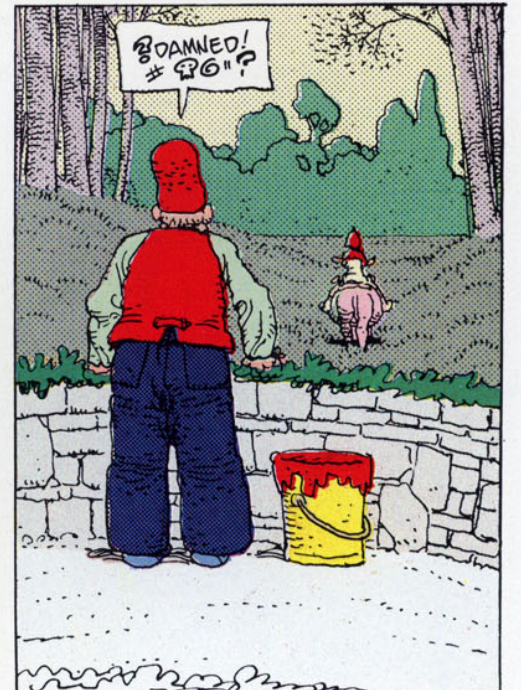


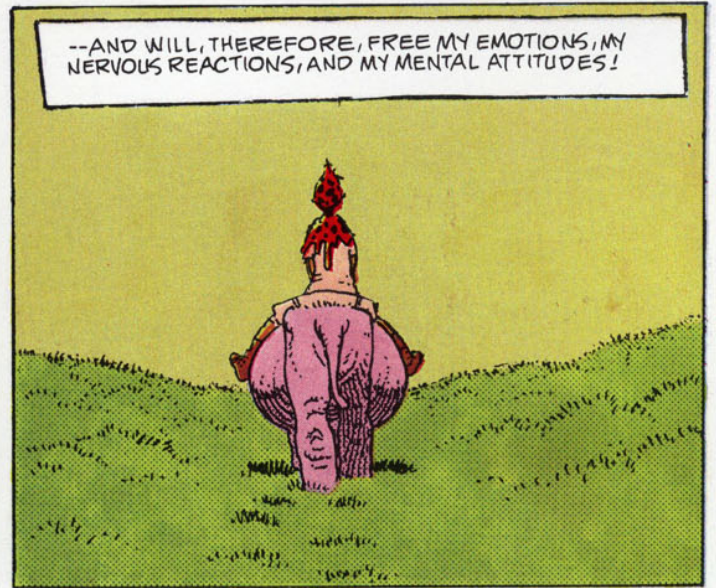
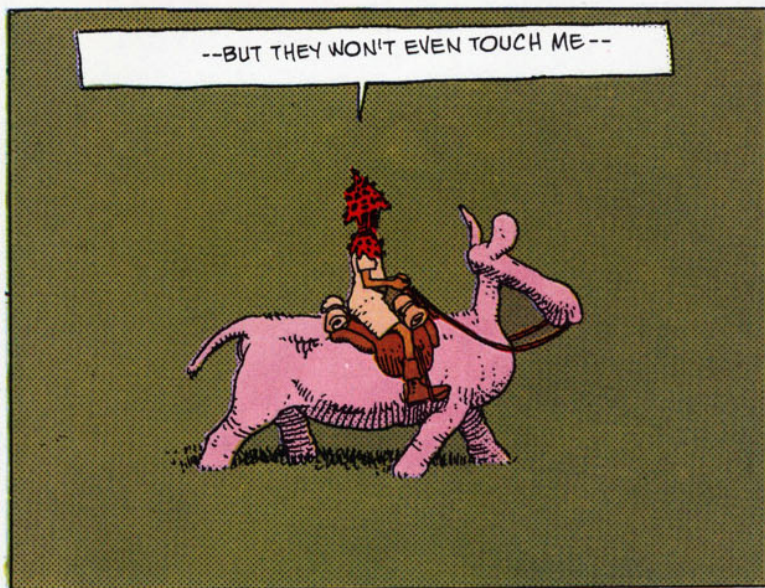
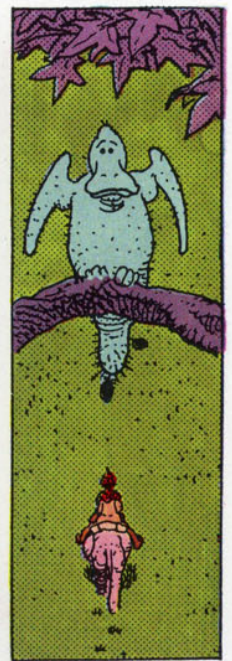
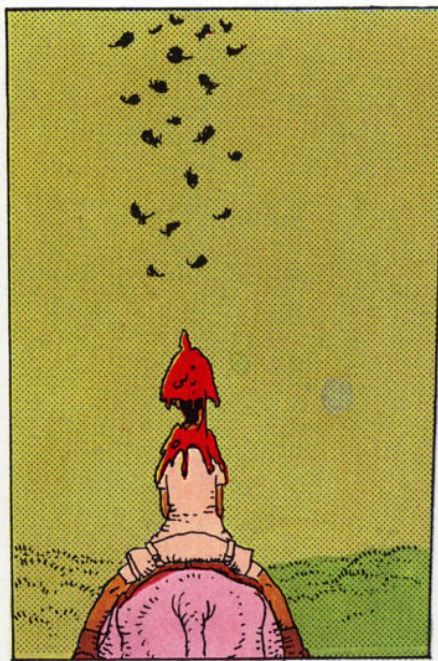
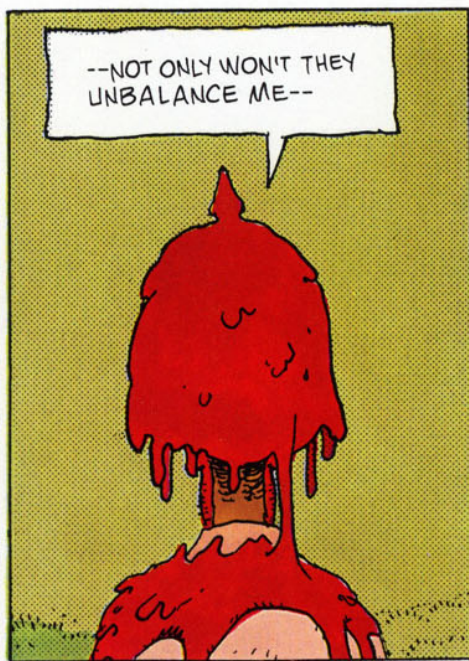
**THE GARAGE
hermetik**
OF
LEWIS CARNELIAN
BY AUROB AND MOEBIUS
OUR STORY
SO FAR:

MAJOR GRUBERT
HAS GONE BY HIM-
SELF TO LOOK
FOR LEWIS CARN-
NELIAN. RIDING A
MELVIL, HE SOON
ENTERS SCHWANS
COUNTRY, WHERE
HE HOPES TO
FIND SOME
ASSISTANCE...

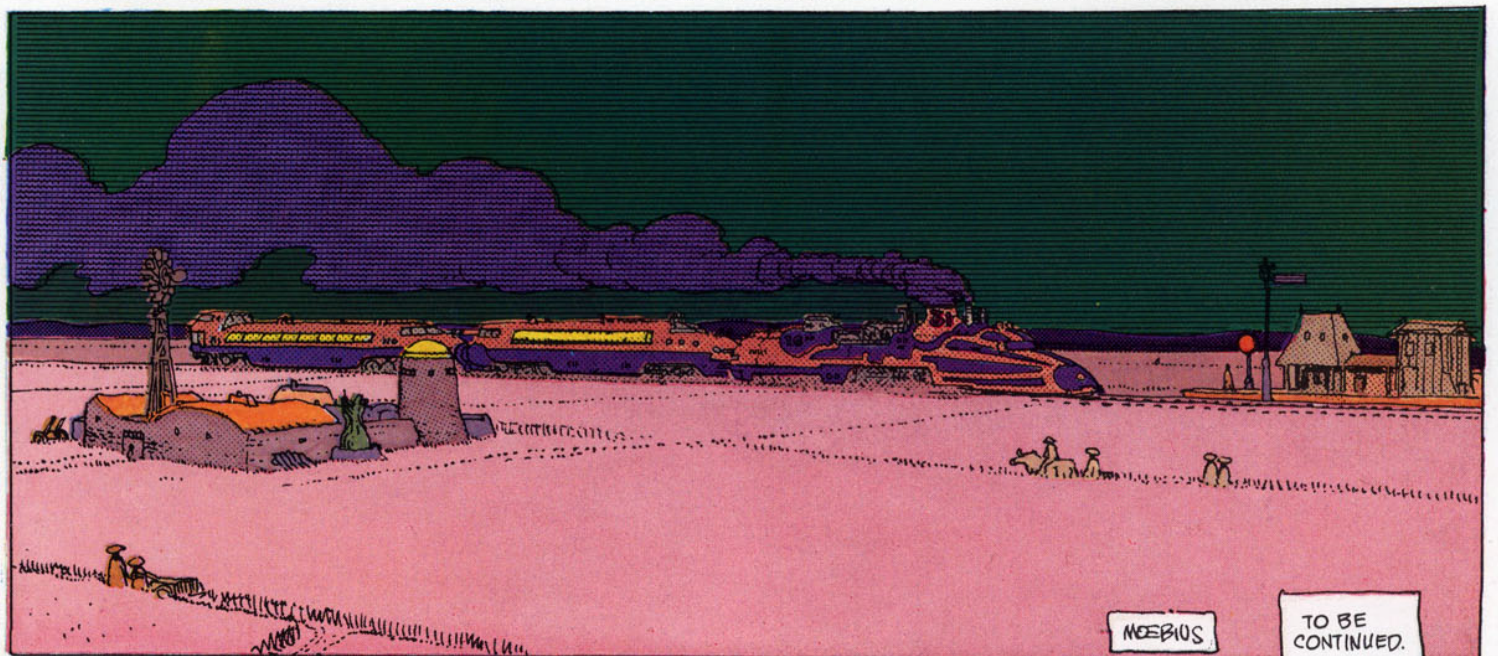


FURTHER-
MORE...



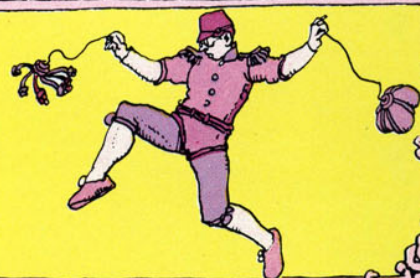


MEANWHILE, A MAGNIFICENT STEAM-POWERED TRAIN FLIES ACROSS THE GREAT, FERTILE PLAINS OF THE SECOND LEVEL, RUSHING THE MAJOR'S SPY AND HIS YOUNG COMPANION TOWARD ARMJOURTH (IT'S THE CAPITAL, REMEMBER?)...

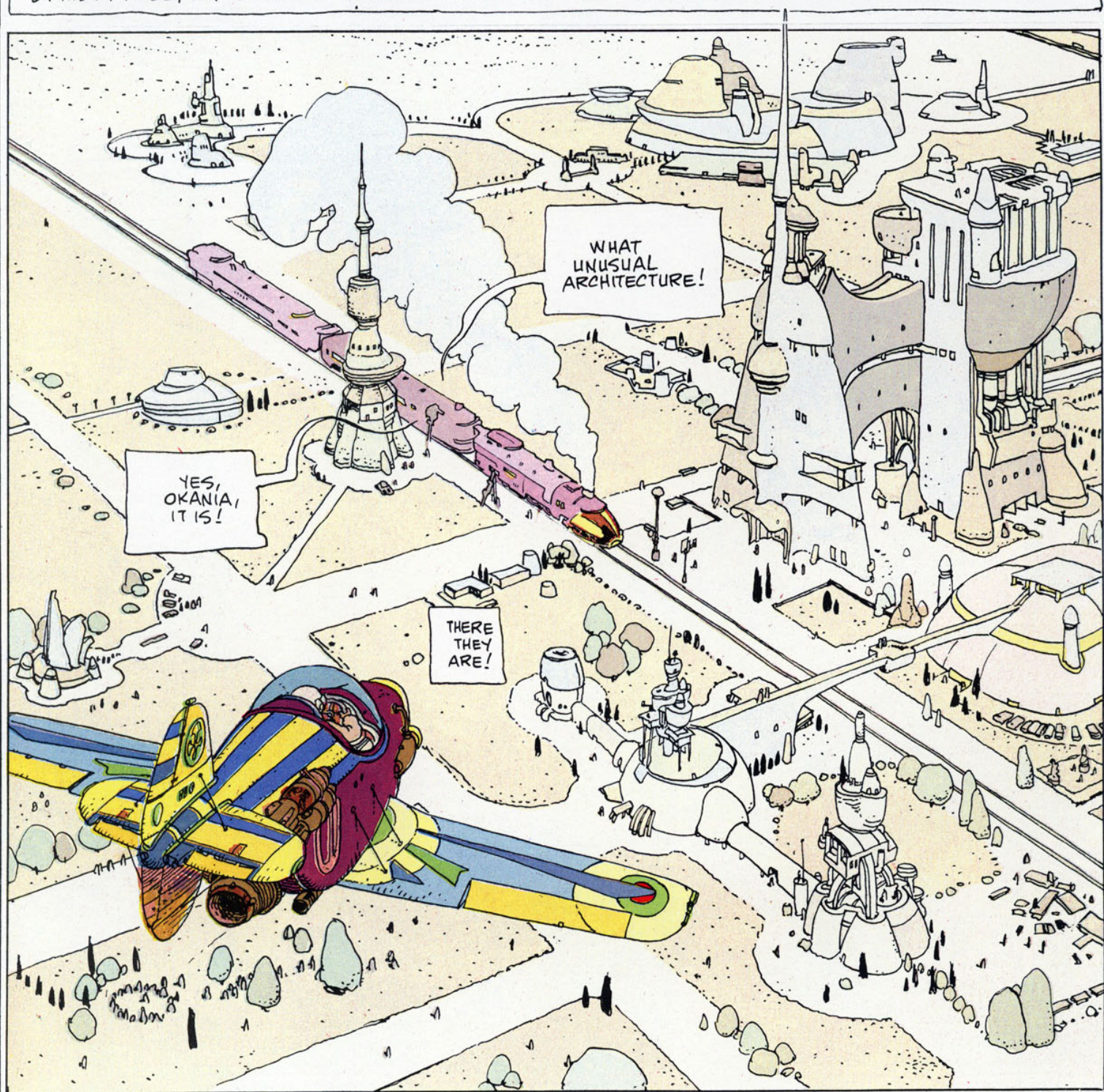


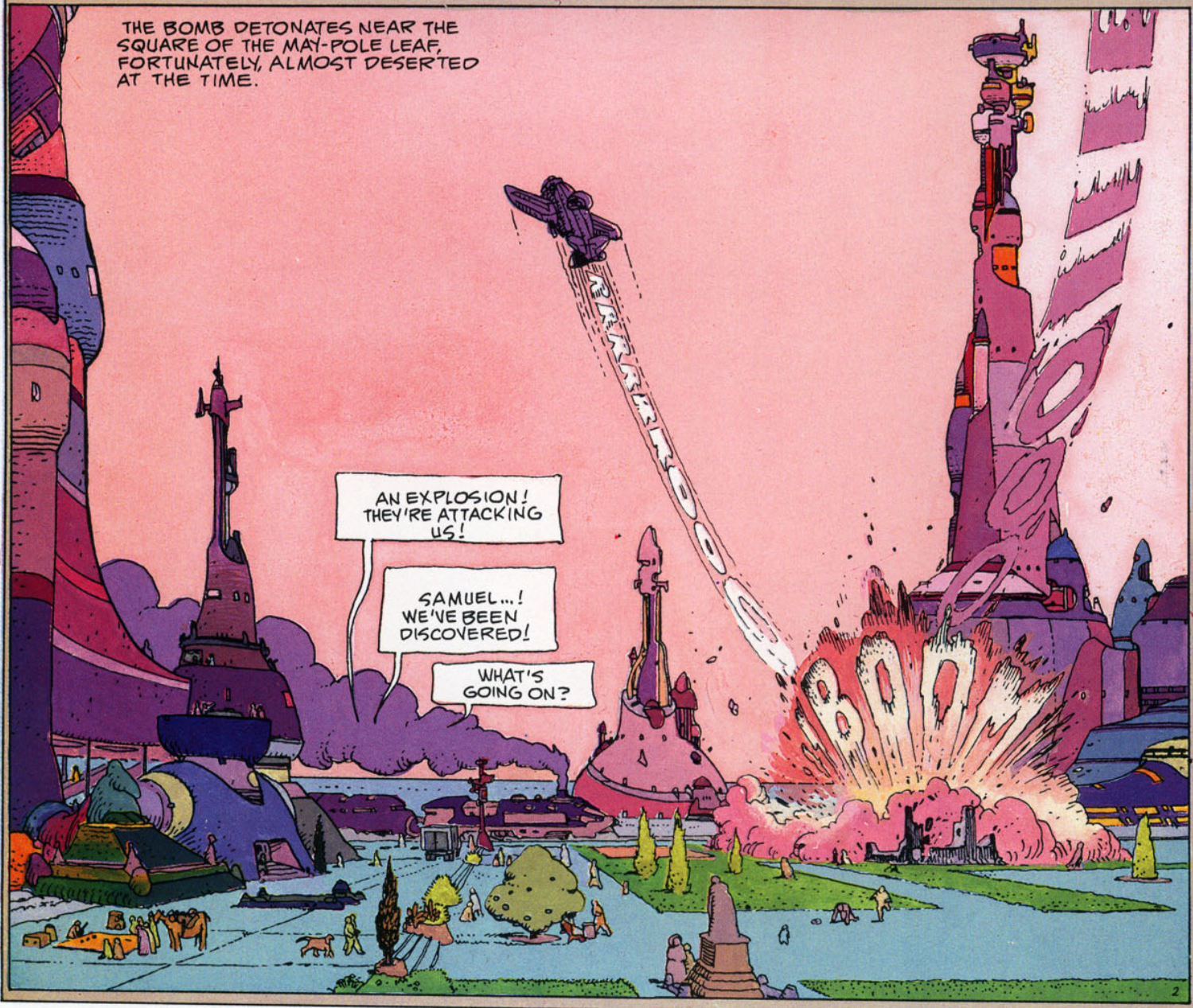
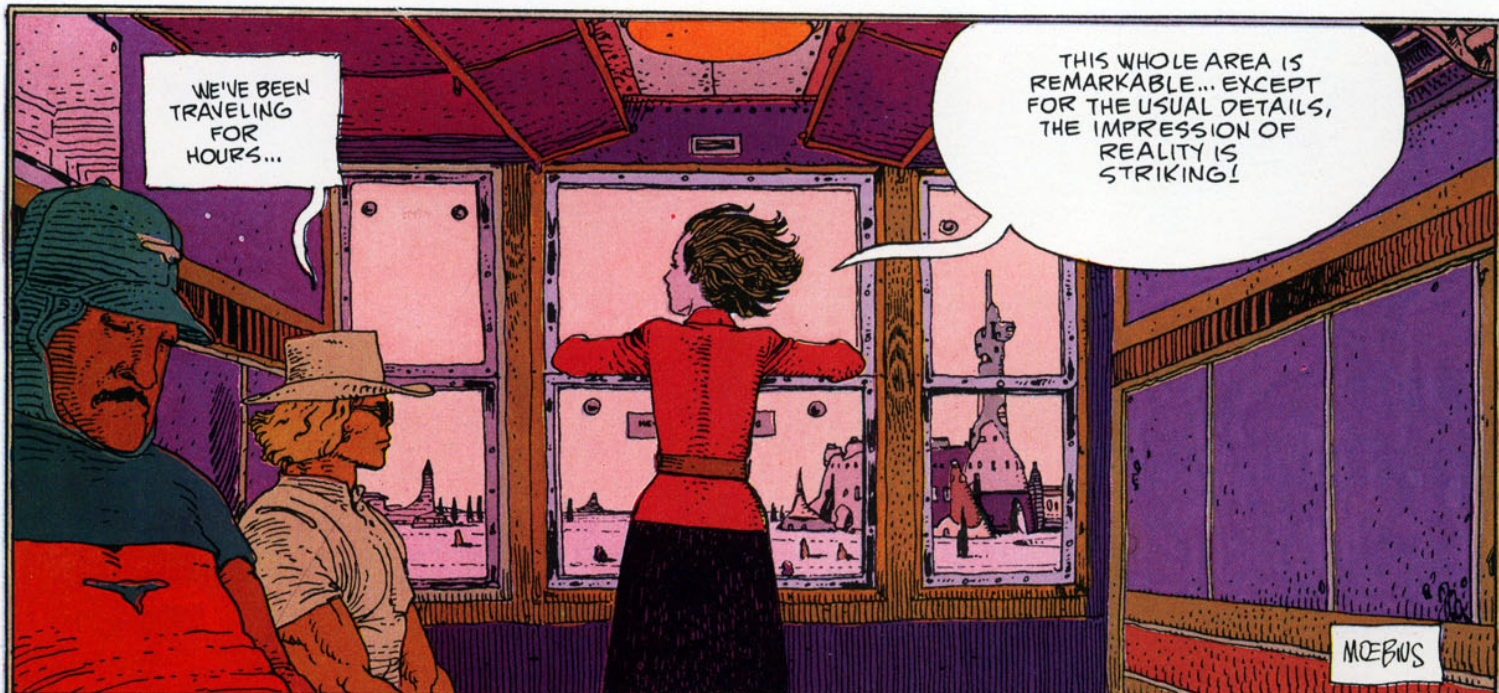


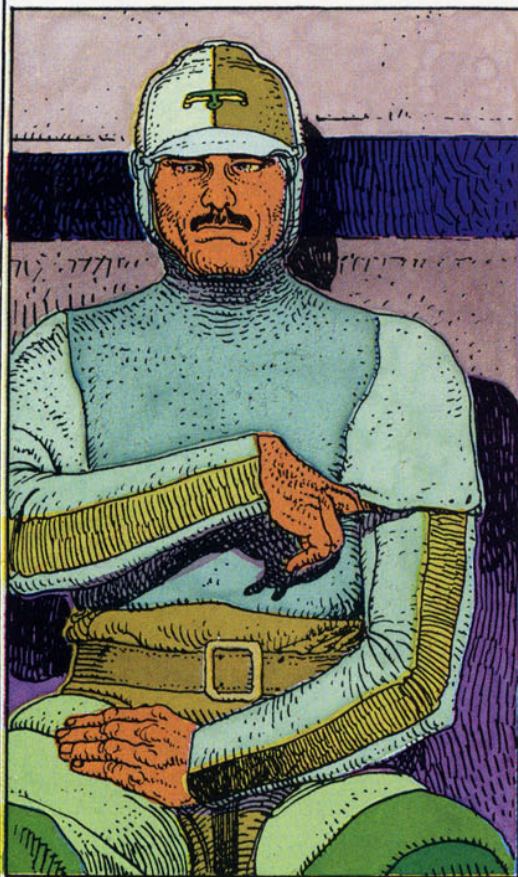
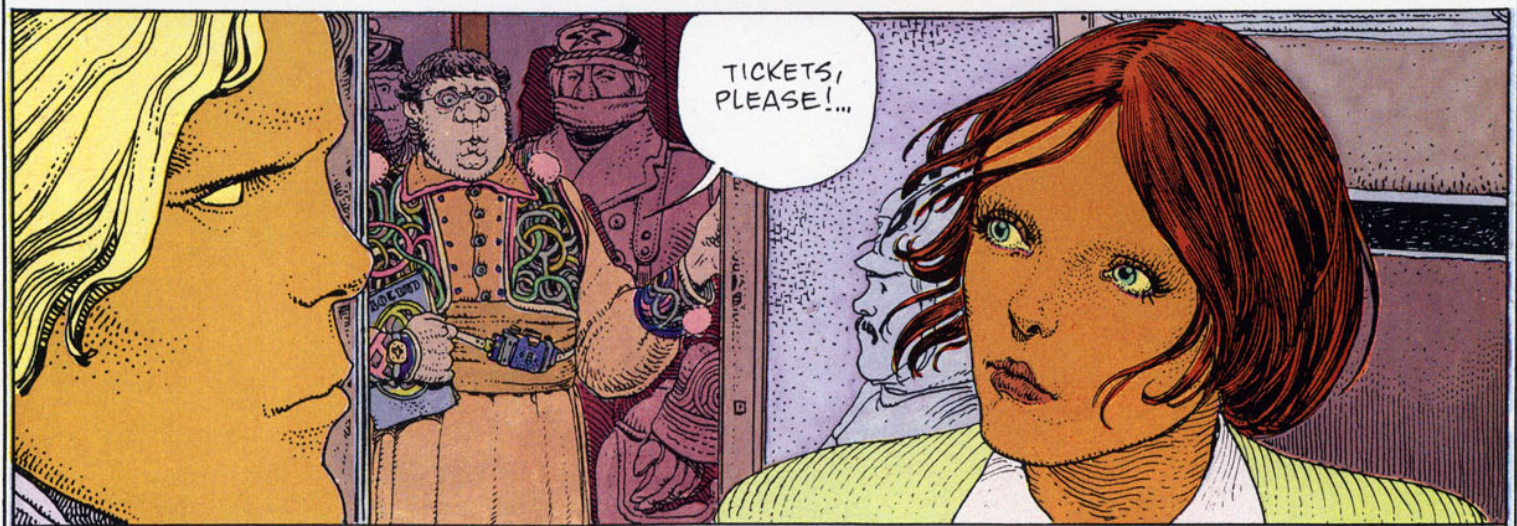
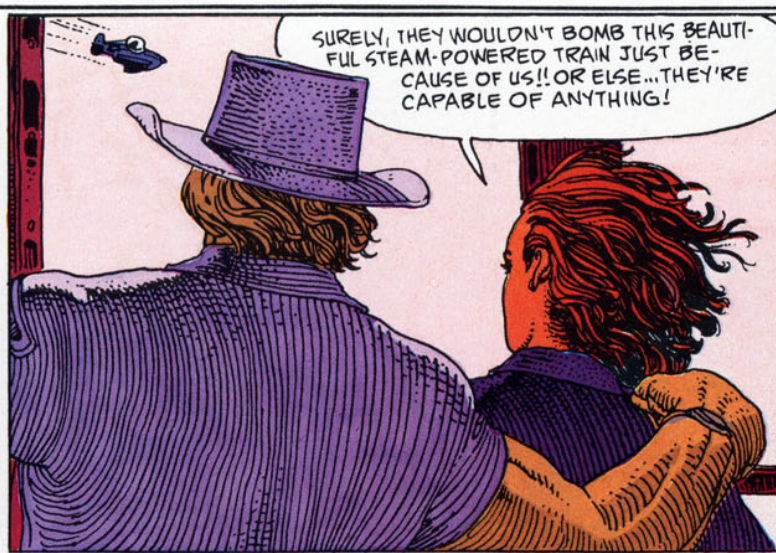
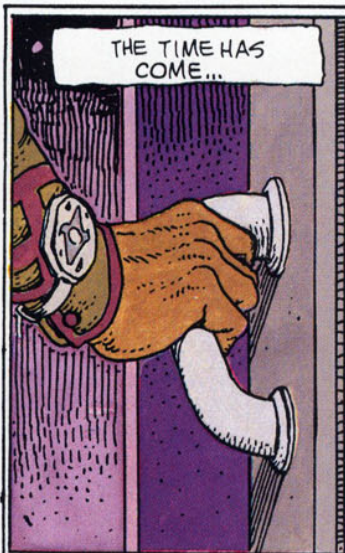
THE GARAGE HERMETIC OF LEWIS CARN.



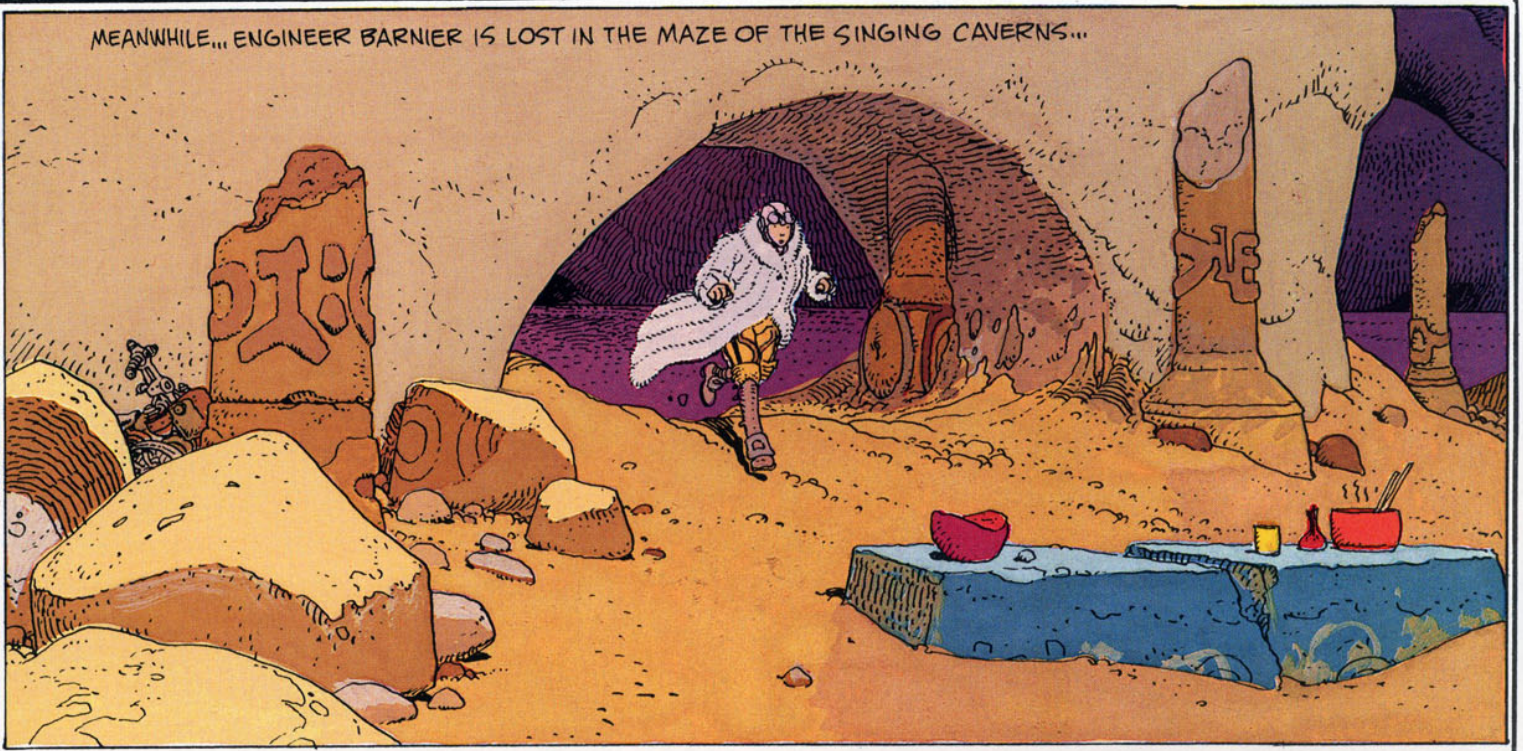
OUR STORY SO FAR: ENGINEER BARNIER, FEELING COMPLETELY PARANOID BECAUSE OF THE SPECIAL MACHINE THAT HE DESTROYED, HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN THE SINGING CAVERNS. LEWIS CARNELIAN DRIVES TOWARDS ARM-JOURTH, THE CAPITAL OF THE 2ND LEVEL, ABOARD HIS TOTALLY INDETECTABLE (SAYS THE LEGEND) MOBILE H.Q., BUT STILL IN CONTACT (HOWEVER) WITH HIS FAITHFUL JASPER. MAJOR GRUBERT HAS LEFT THE "CIGURI," HAVING DECIDED TO PERSONALLY FACE THOSE WHO HAVE INVADDED HIS CREATION. AS FOR HIS SPY, SAMUEL L. MOHAD, HE IS RIDING THROUGH THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAPITAL OF THE 2ND LEVEL, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FIANCEE, IN A SPLENDID STEAM-POWERED TRAIN WHEN SUDDENLY...







MEANWHILE... ENGINEER BARNIER IS LOST IN THE MAZE OF THE SINGING CAVERNS...



?

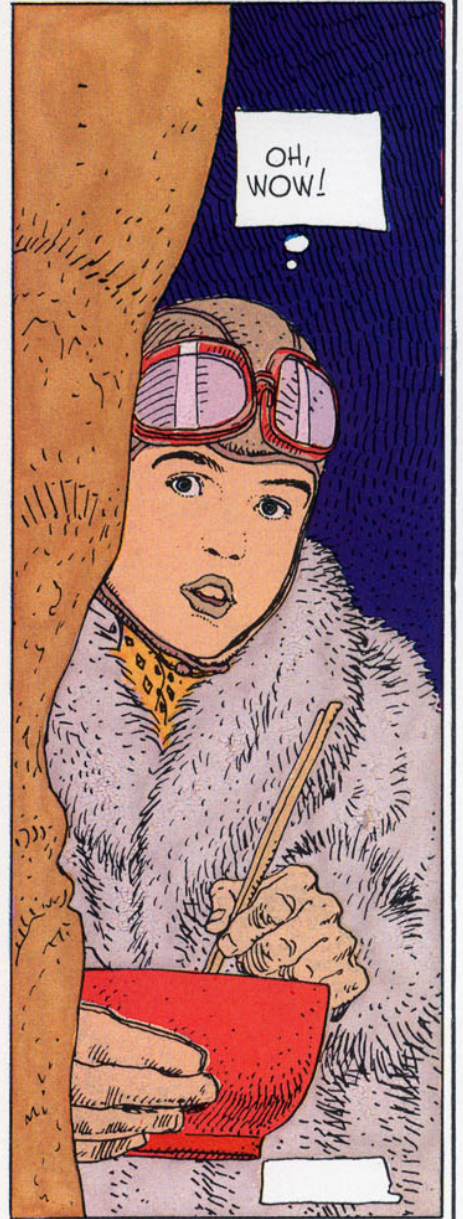


SCROWIIIZZ

SOMEONE'S COMING!
QUICK!
I HAVE TO HIDE!



OH, WOW!



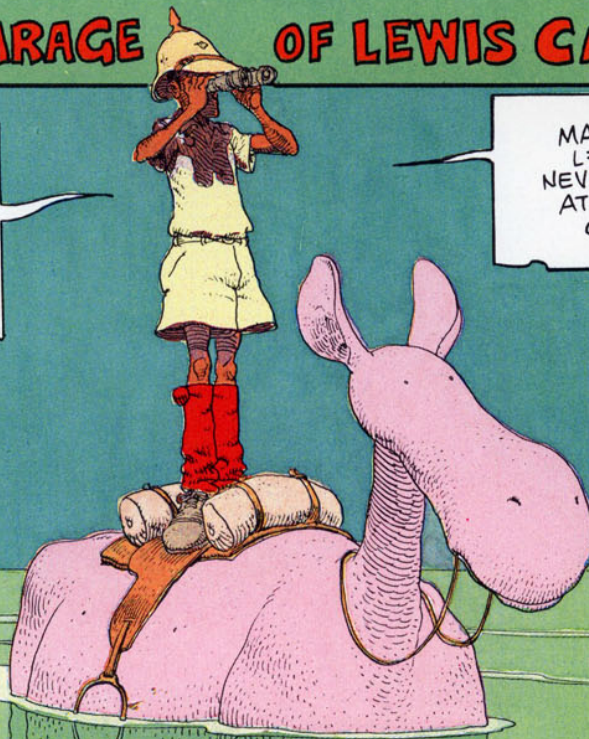
THE HERMETIC GARAGE OF LEWIS CARNELIAN

PAR MOEBIUS

PERFECT!
EVERYTHING IS
GOING
ACCORDING
TO PLAN!

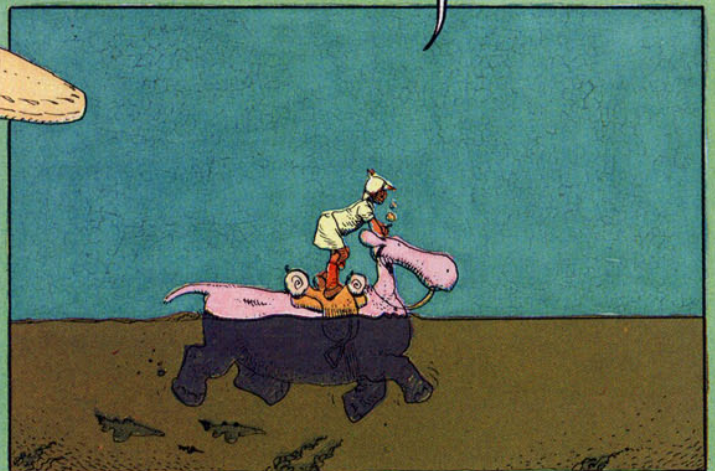
MAUSOLEUM
L33 IS
NEVER GUARDED
AT THIS TIME
OF DAY...

OUR
STORY
SO FAR:
NO
STORY
SO FAR
TODAY!

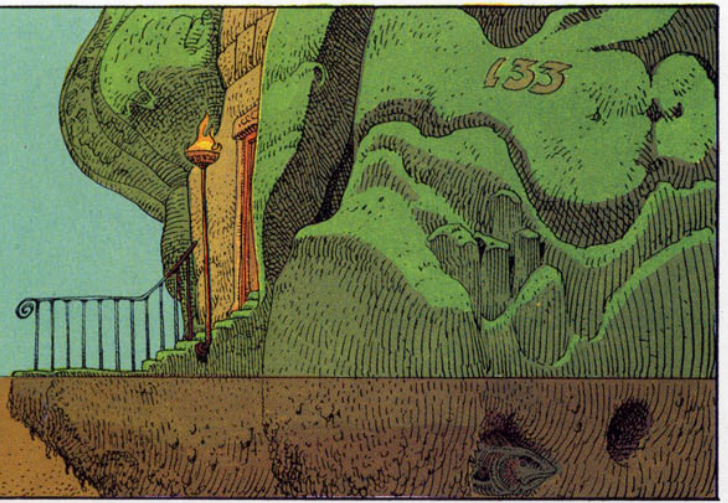
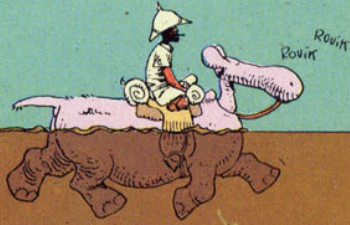


GO ON, MY
SEMI-AQUATIC
FRIEND.

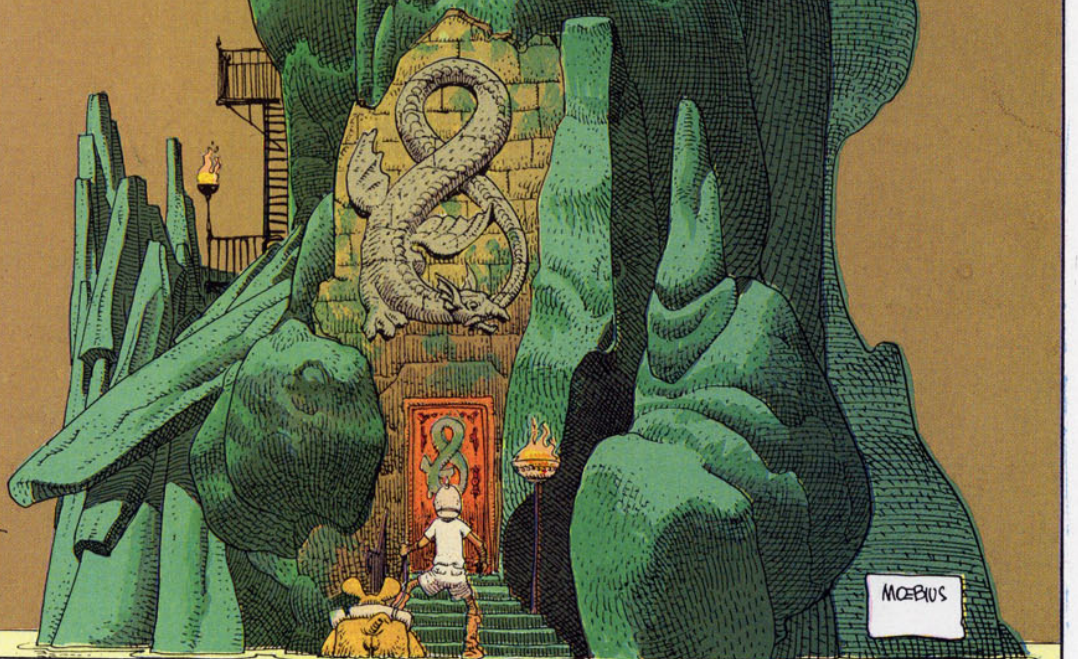
WHAT I LOVE ABOUT
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE
IS THE INFINITE VARIETY
OF PASSAGES
BETWEEN THE
LEVELS!



ALTHOUGH, UNFORTUNATELY, I
CAN'T SAY THAT THIS IS ONE OF
MY FAVORITES. FRANKLY...IT
ISN'T.



STILL, IT
WILL ALLOW
ME TO MAKE A
DISCREET
ENTRANCE IN
ARMJOURTH,
THE
PEARL
OF THE
TUNDRA.



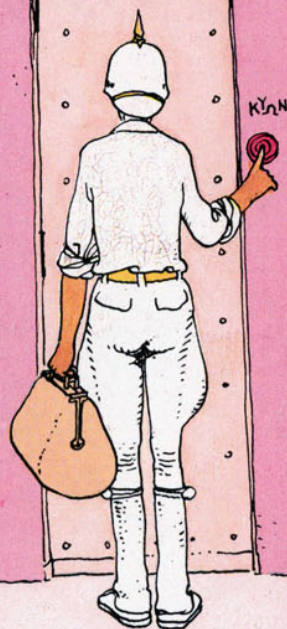
THE GARAGE HERMETIC

OF MISTER LEWIS CARNELIAN • NEW EPISODE

PAP
MOEBIUS (*)

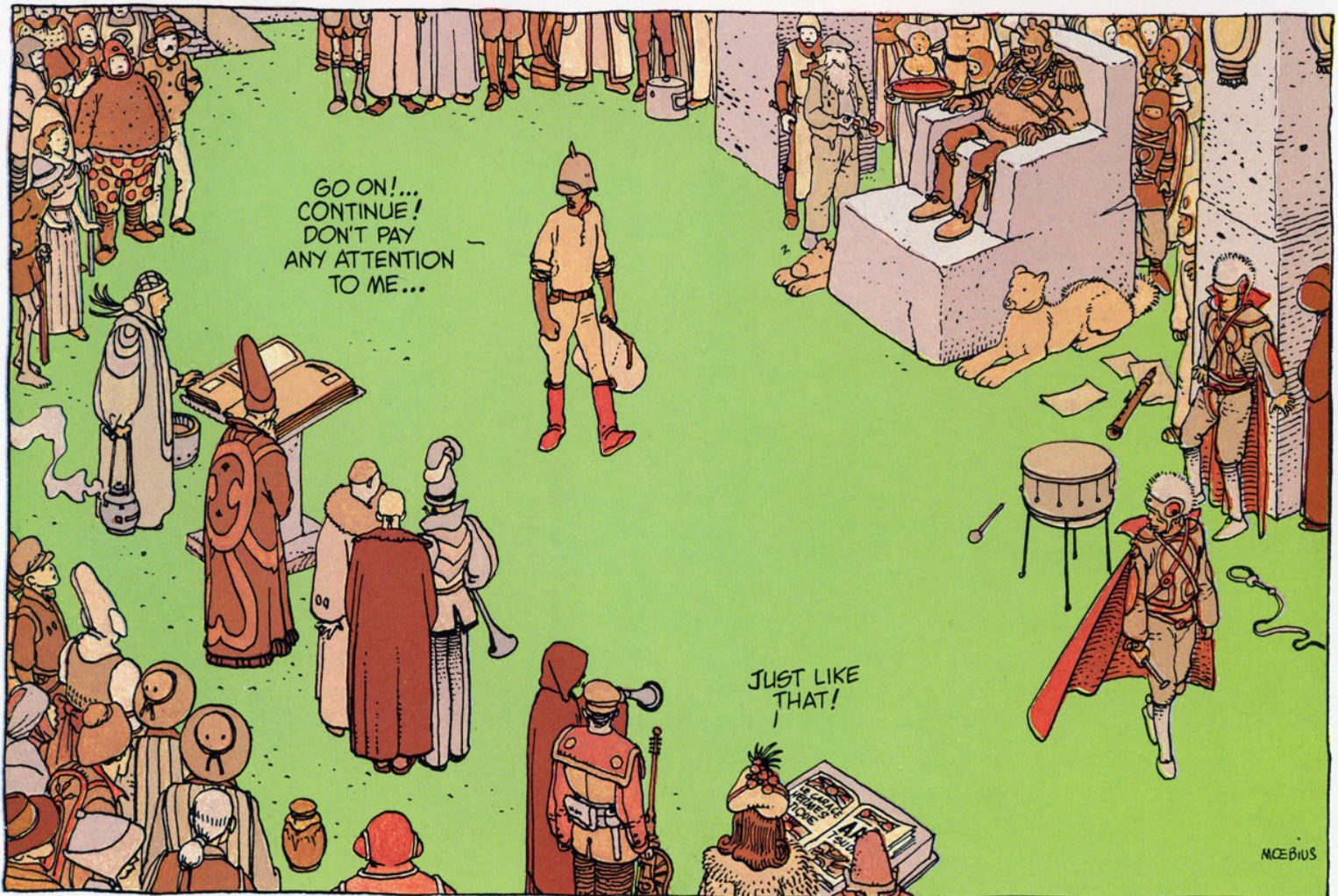
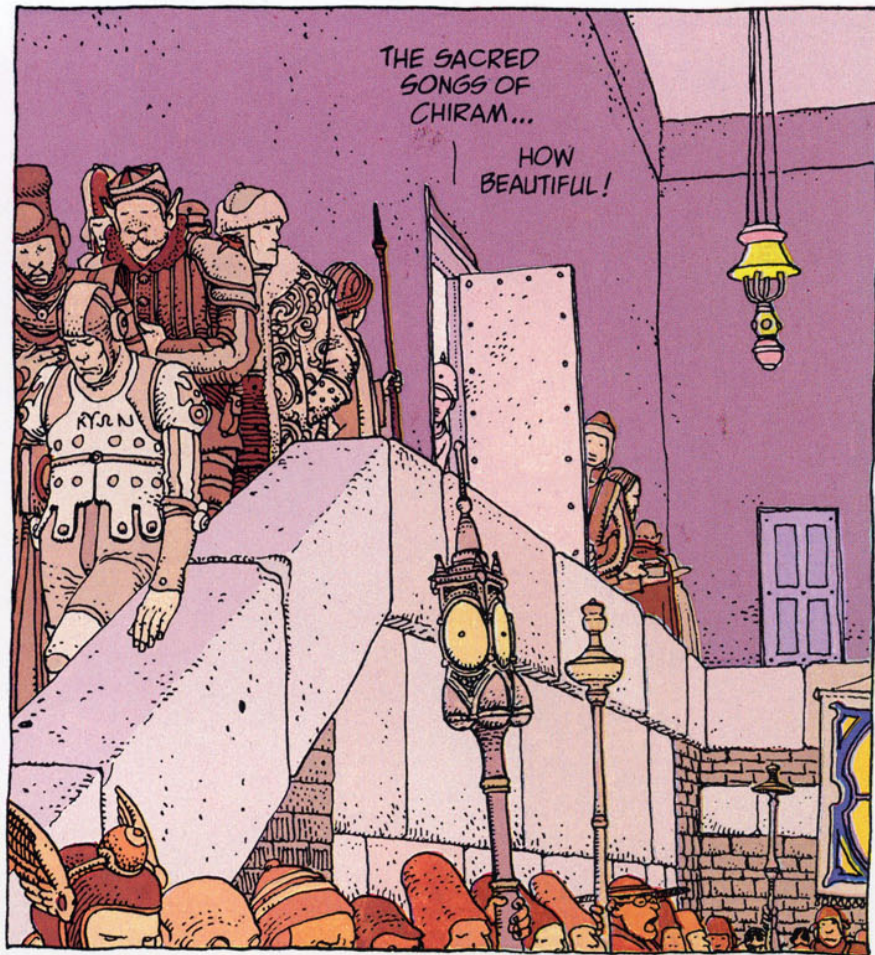
OUR
STORY
SO FAR:

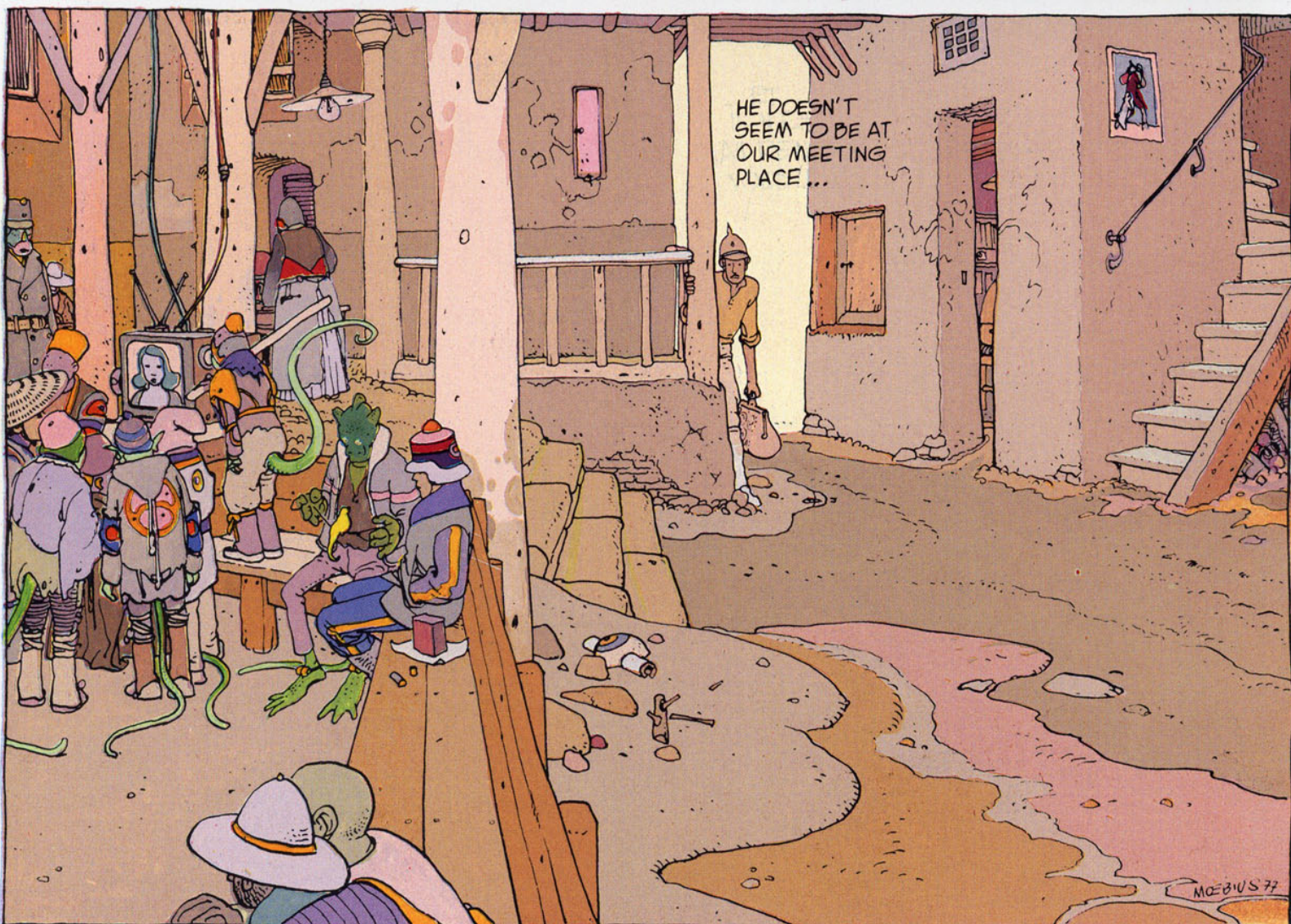
MAJOR
GRUBERT
IS NOW READY
TO ENTER THE
2ND LEVEL.

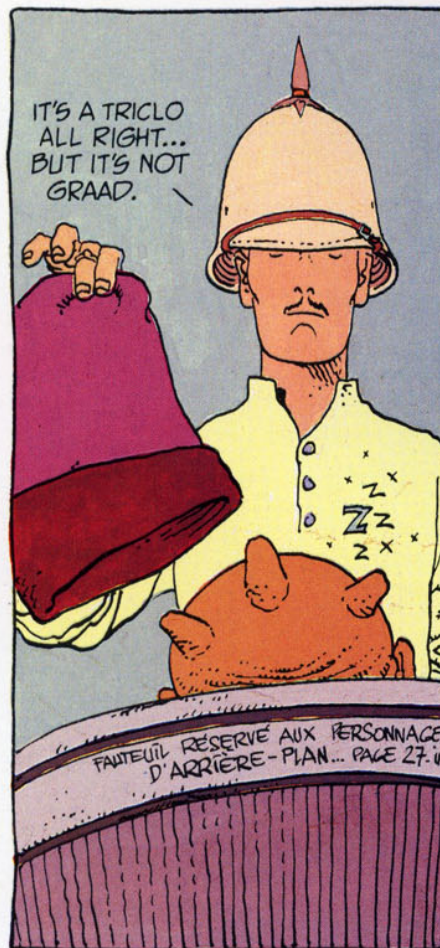
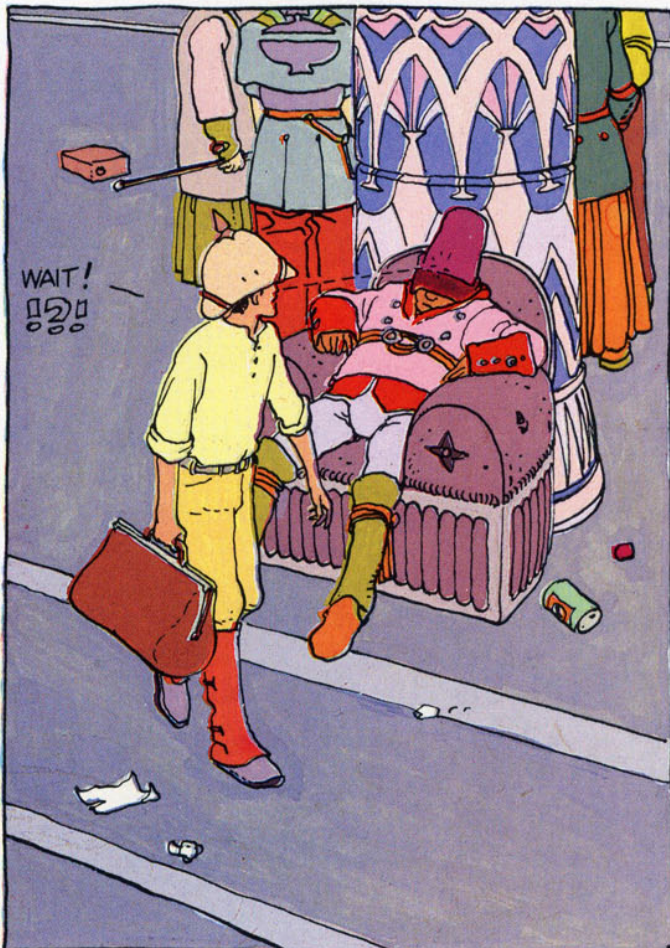
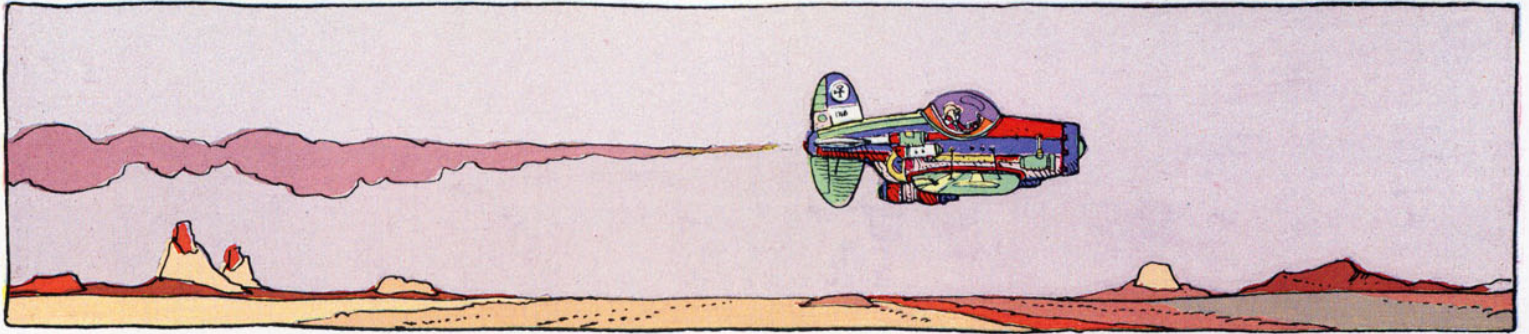
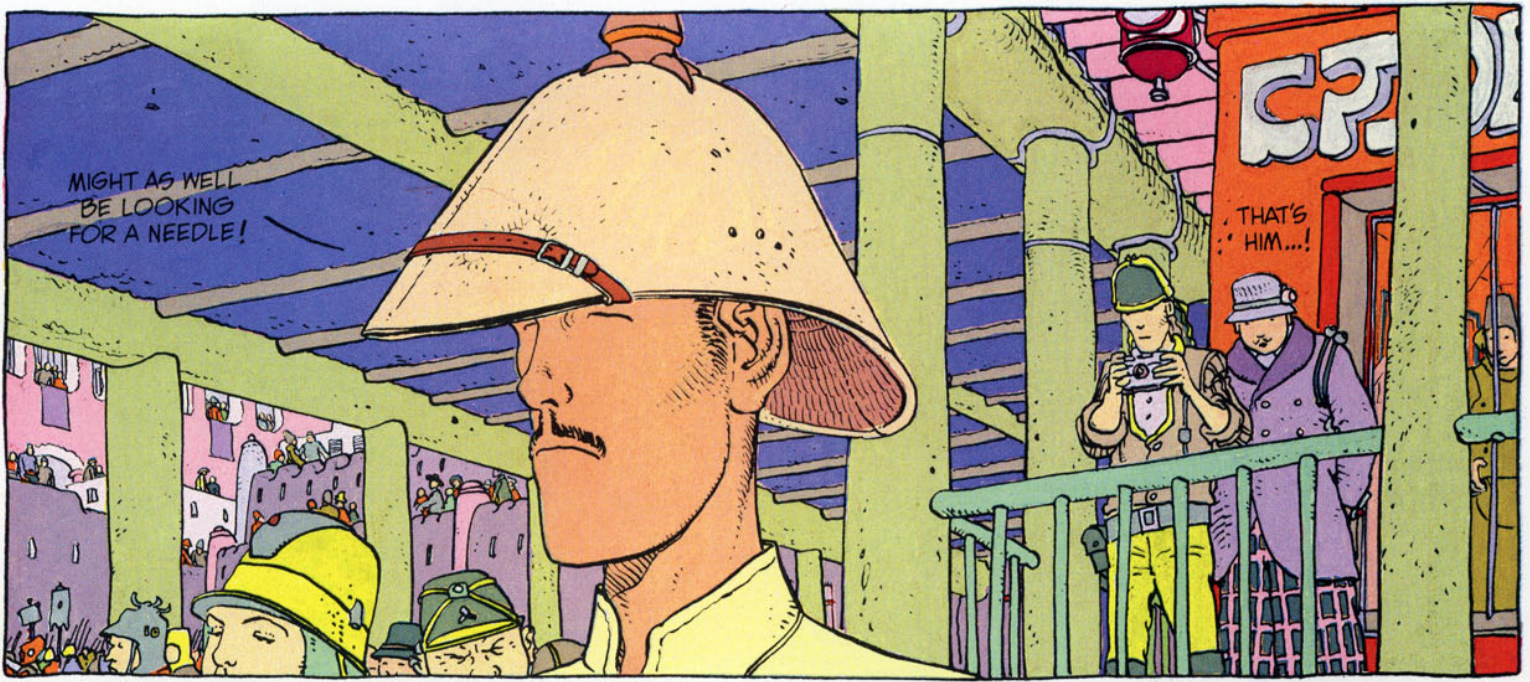


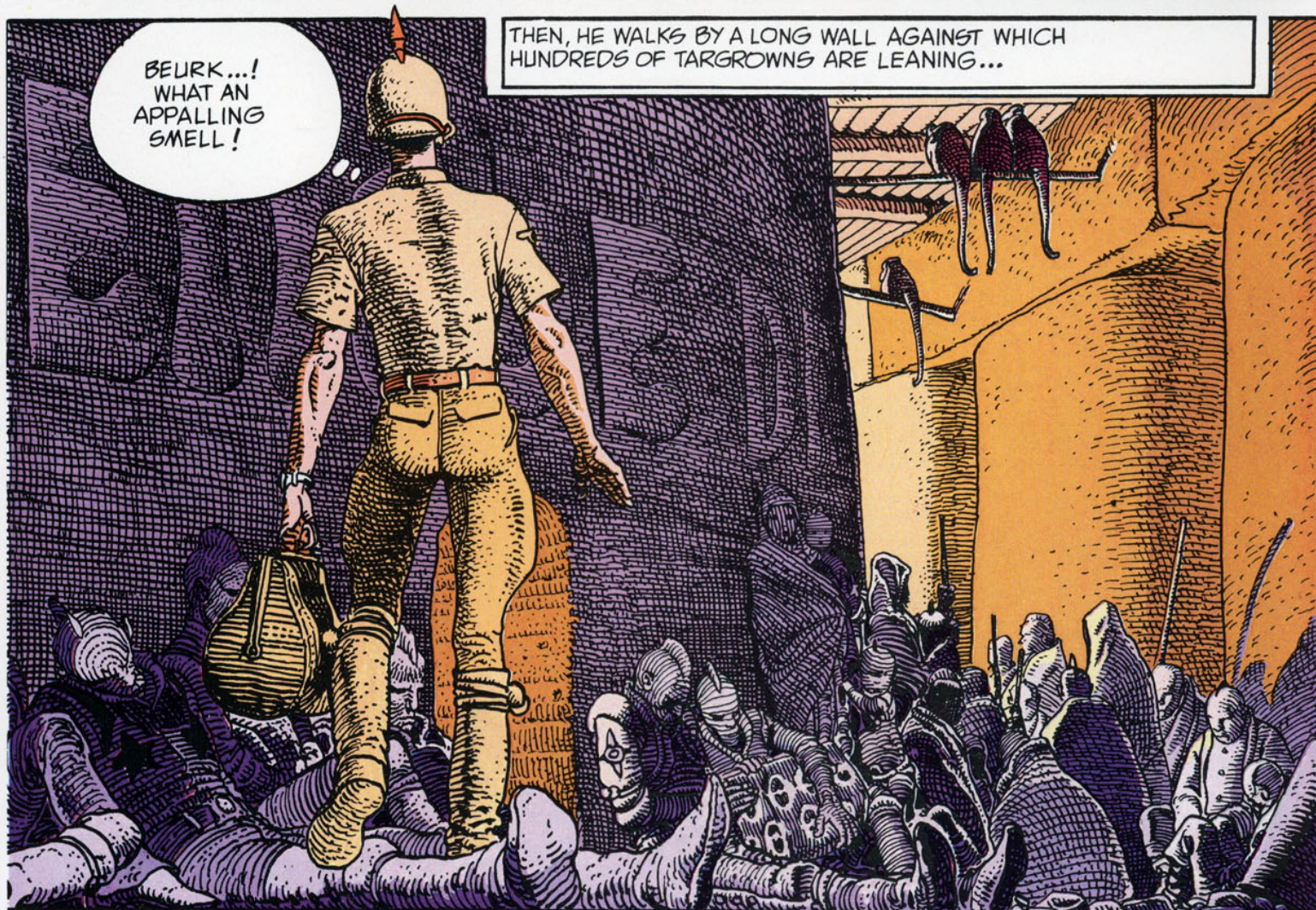
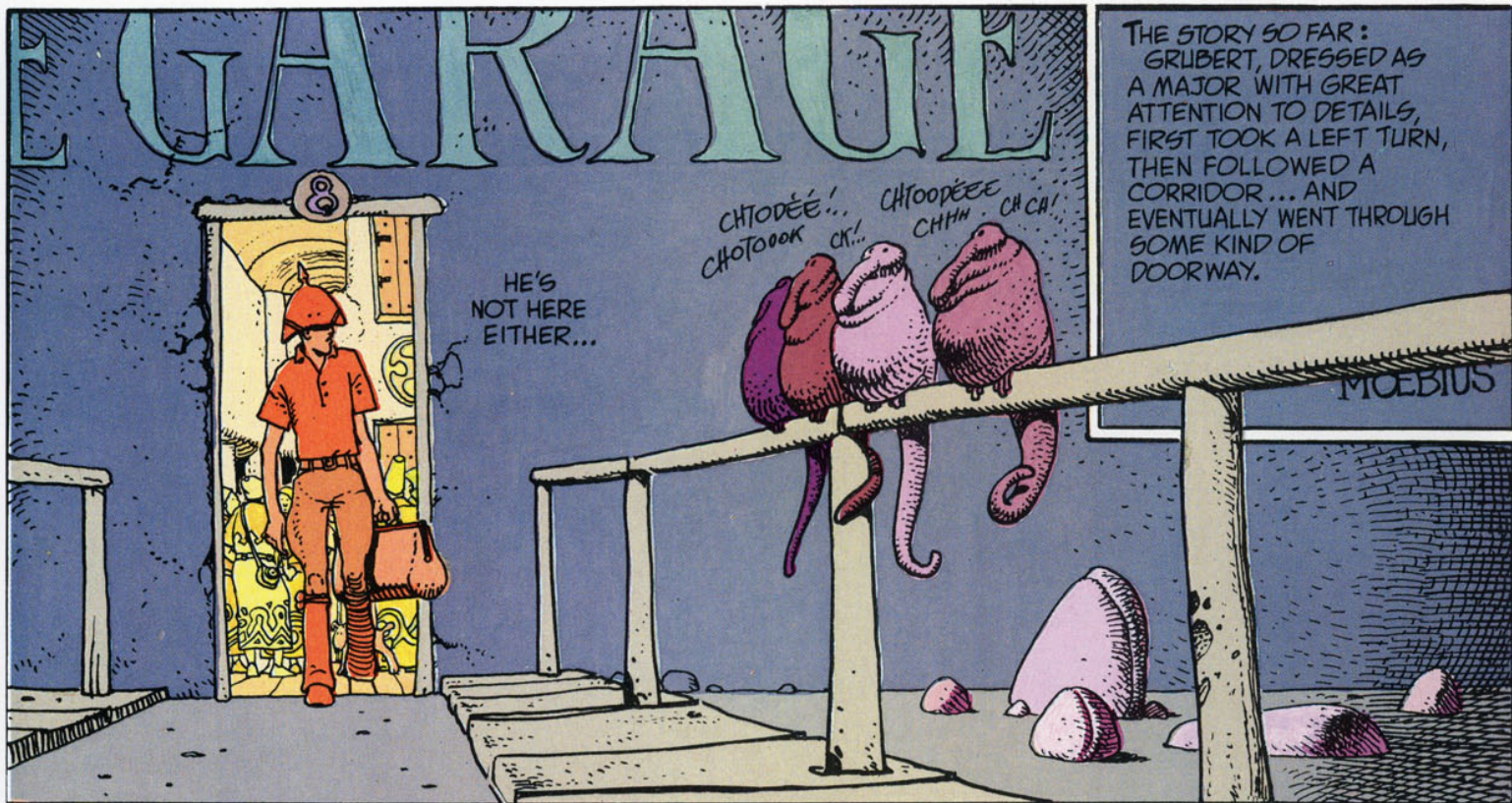
OUR
STORY
TO COME:

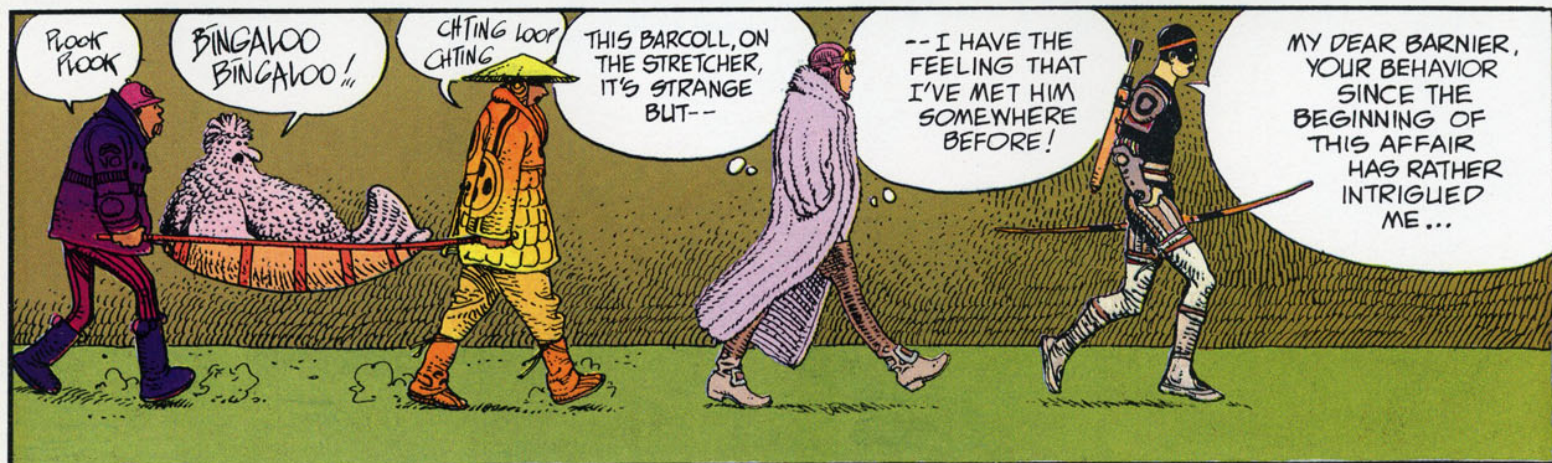
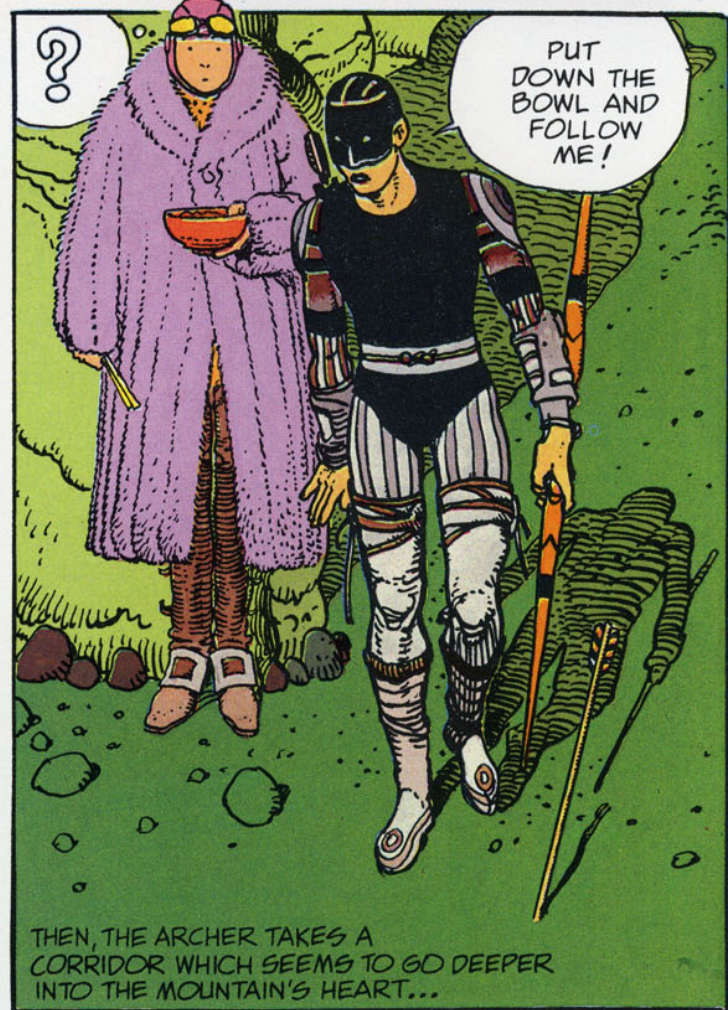
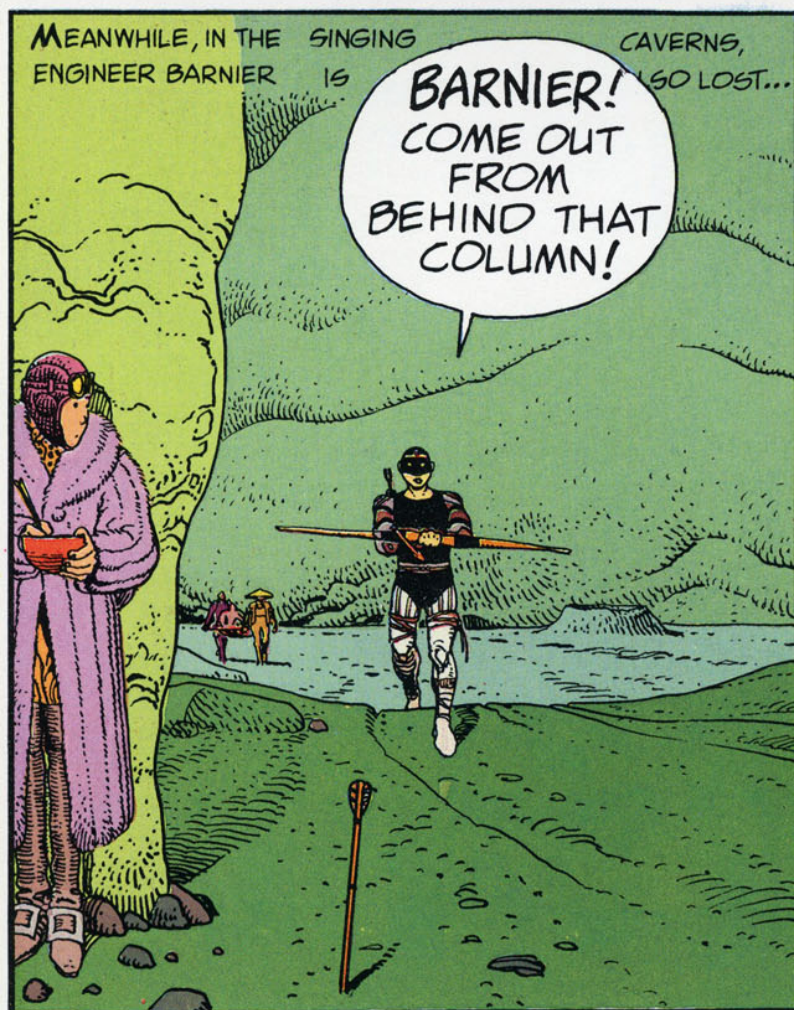
FEW GAGS.
THE MYSTERY
WILL
DEEPEN.





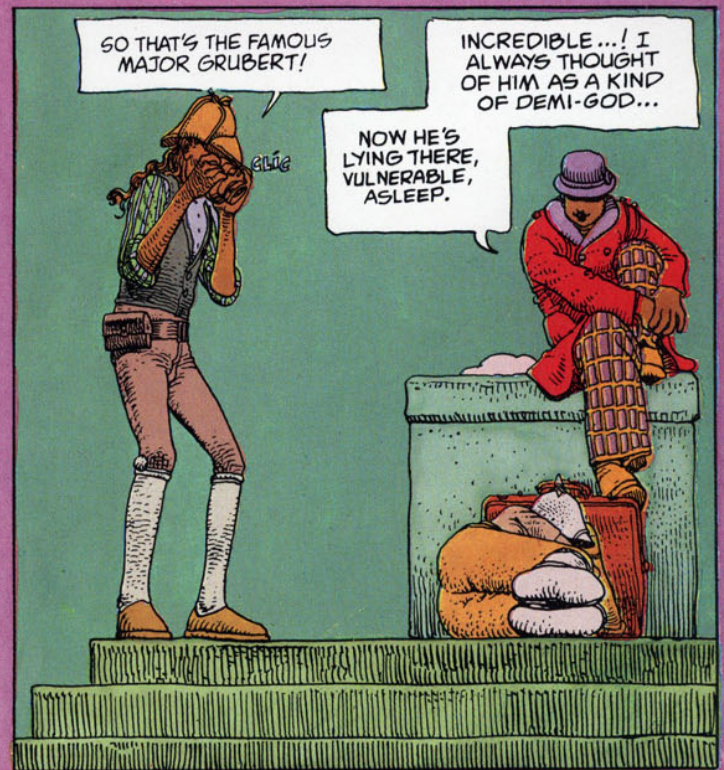
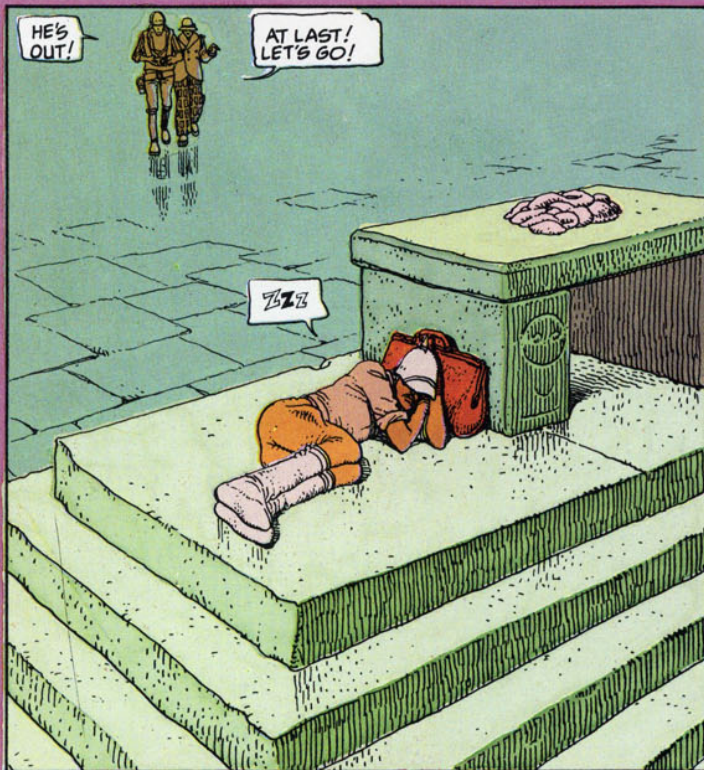
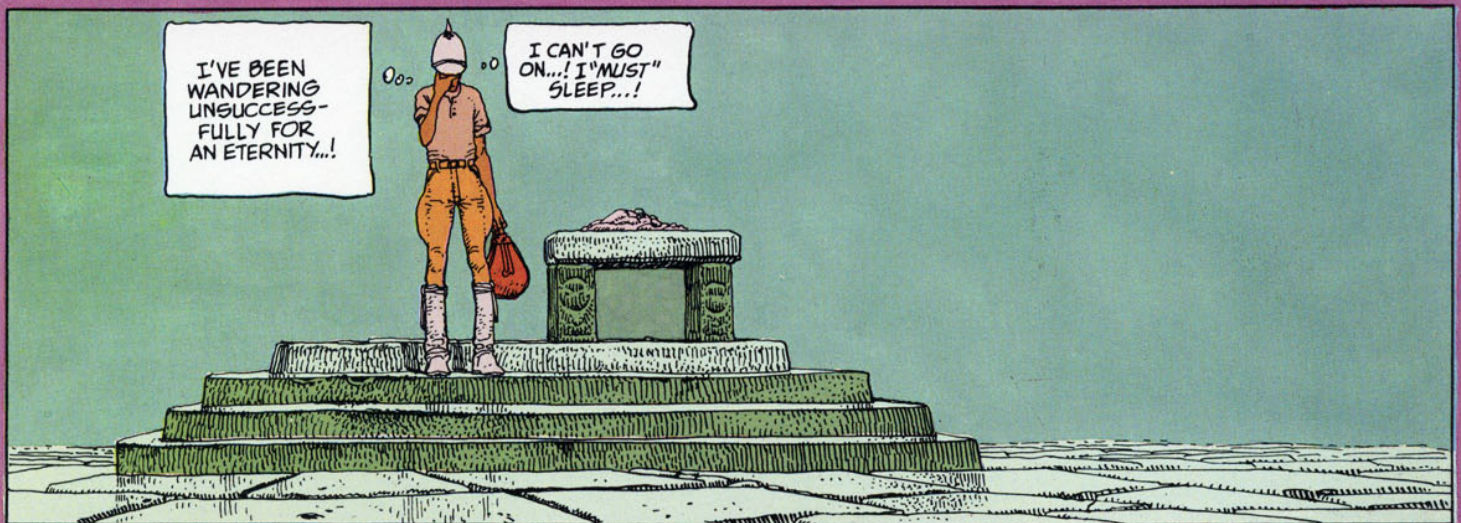






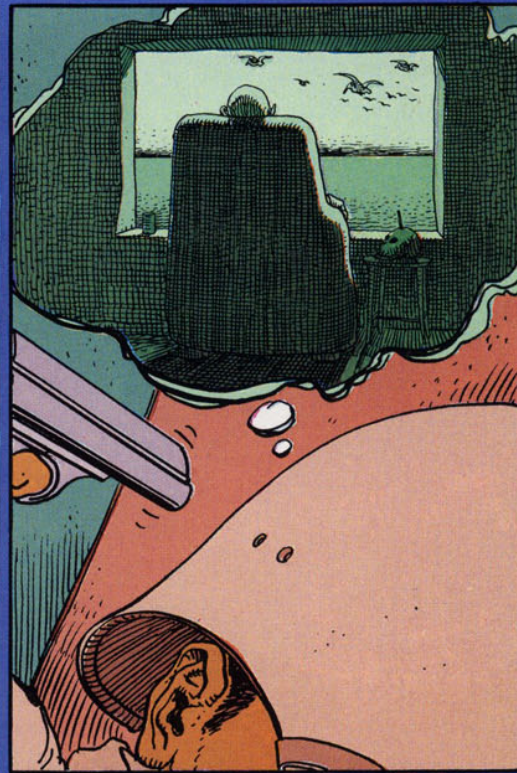
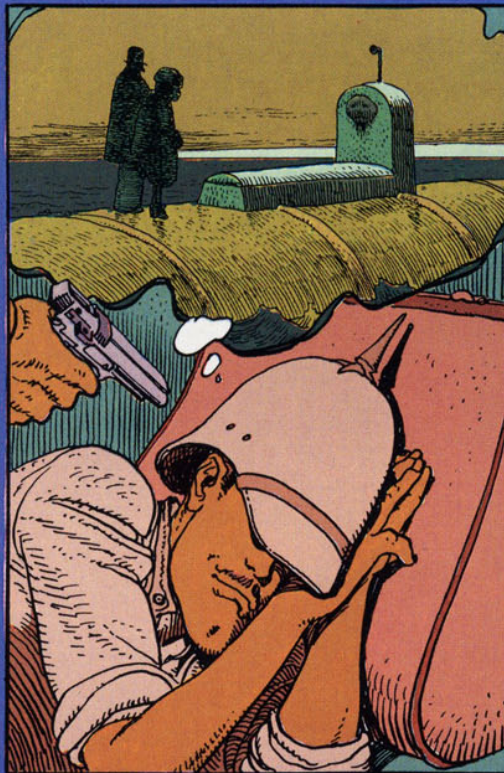
LE GARAGE HERMETIQUE

OF LEWIS CARNELIAN. OUR STORY SO FAR: EVERYONE IS WONDERING WHAT THE MAJOR IS LOOKING FOR IN THE FILTHY UNDERWORLD OF THE CAPITAL. NOW HE'S MISLAID... LOST. SOME WHISPER THAT HE WILL NEVER GET OUT, WHILE OTHERS DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY... WE SHALL SEE.

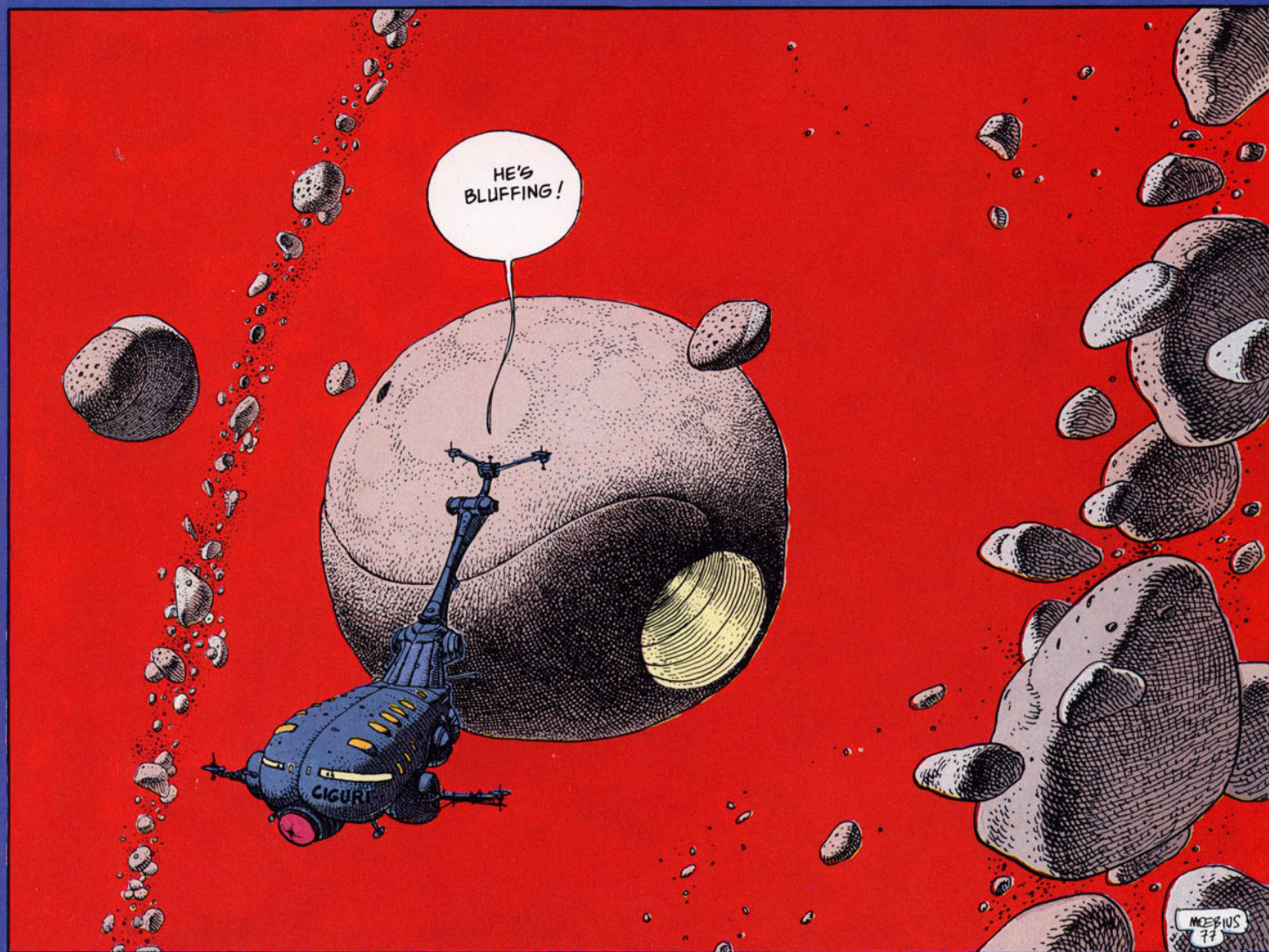


IF I WANTED... I COULD TAKE
MY TOPPER AND TANG! A SLAB
IN THE HEAD AND NO MORE
MAJOR GRUBERT!

YOU'RE
BLUFF-
ING!



HE'S
BLUFFING!

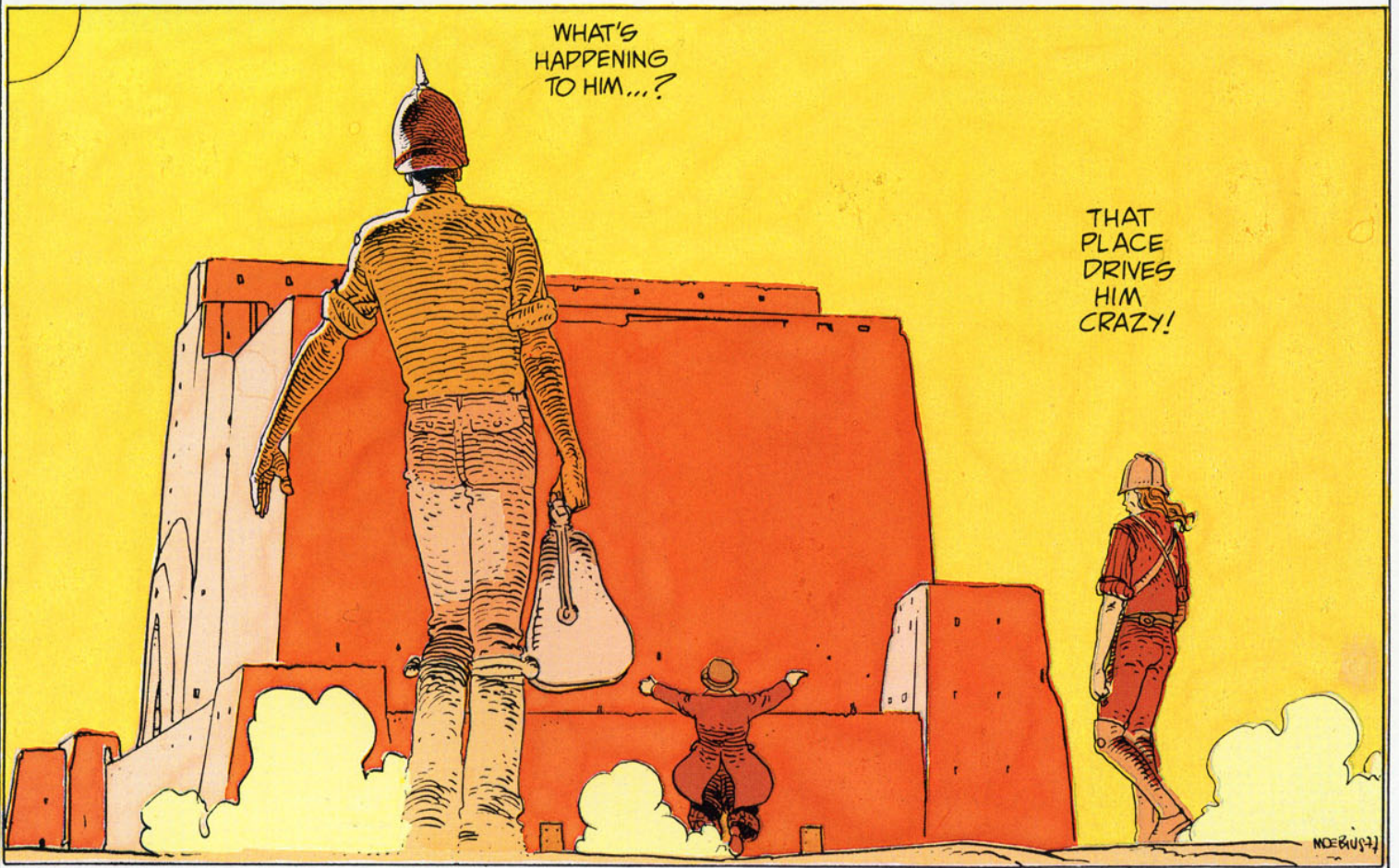
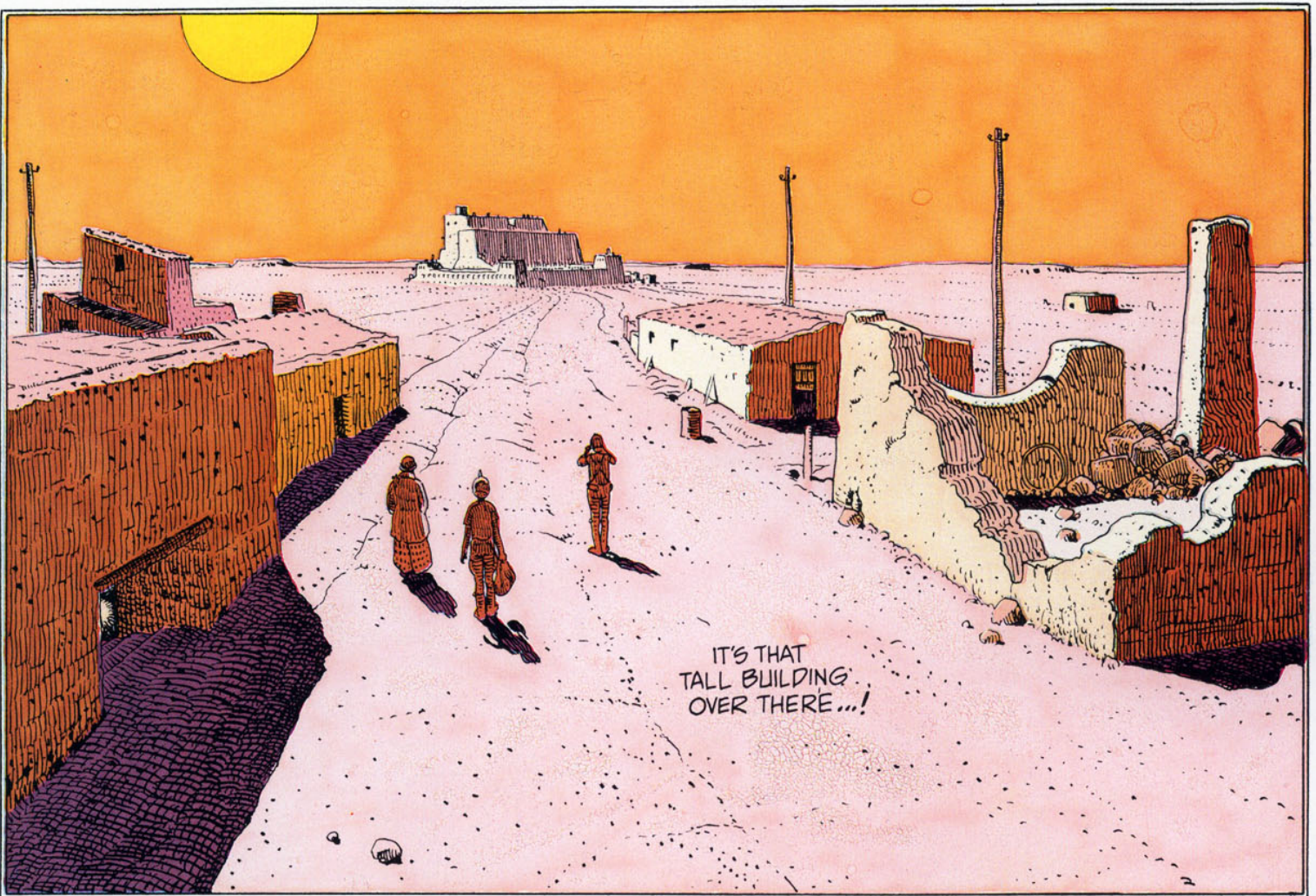


THE HERMETRIC GARAGE OF MOEBIUS

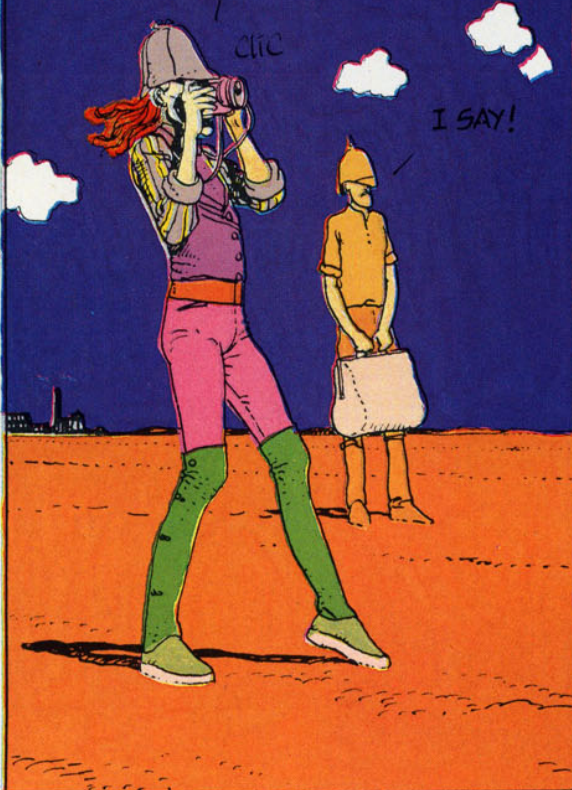
PAR
LEWIS
CARNELIAN

OUR STORY SO FAR: TWO DISTURBING STRANGERS ARE OBSERVING THE LOST MAJOR'S INNOCENT SLUMBER.



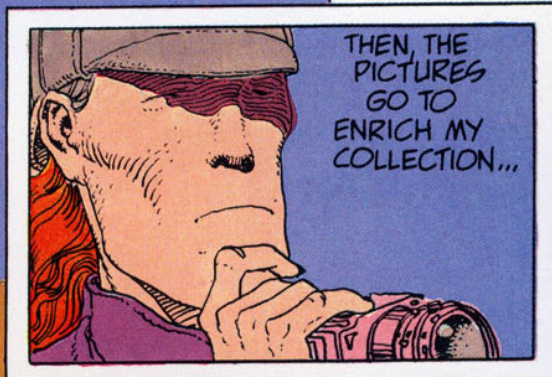


I LIVE IN ARM JOURTH WITH A WOMAN
WHO, AT NIGHT, LOVES TO LOOK AT
ALL THE PRETTY PICTURES THAT COME
OUT OF MY LITTLE MACHINE...

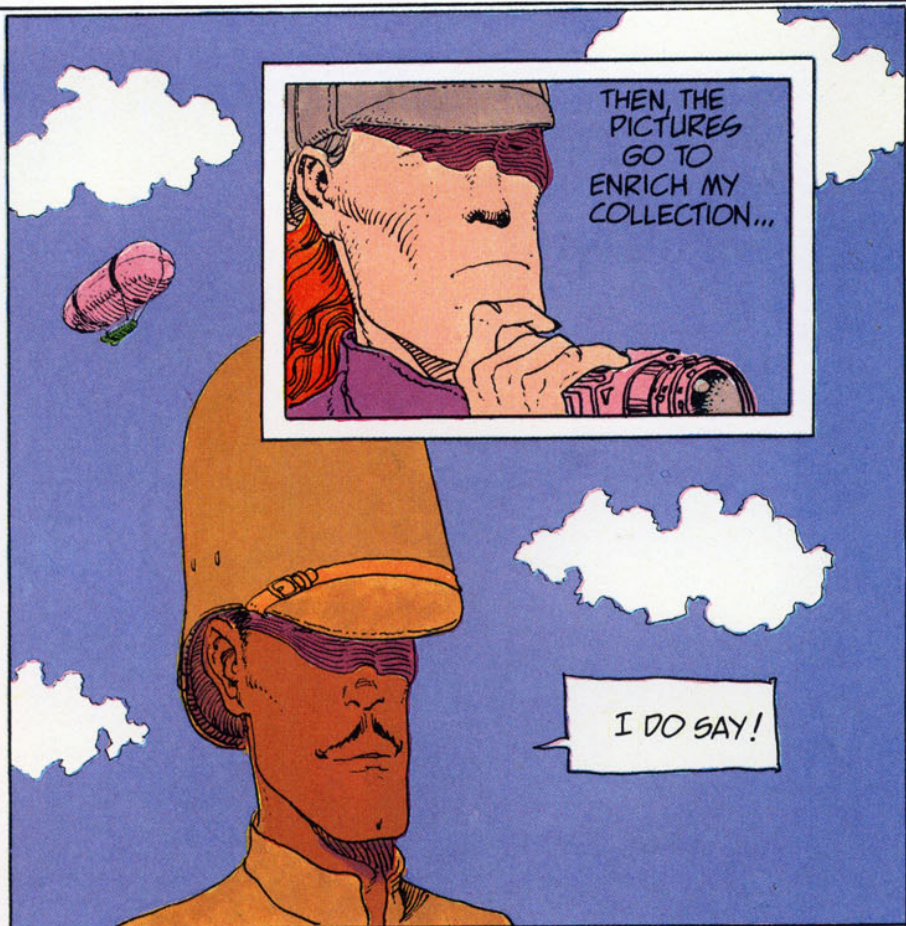


I SAY!

THEN, THE
PICTURES
GO TO
ENRICH MY
COLLECTION...



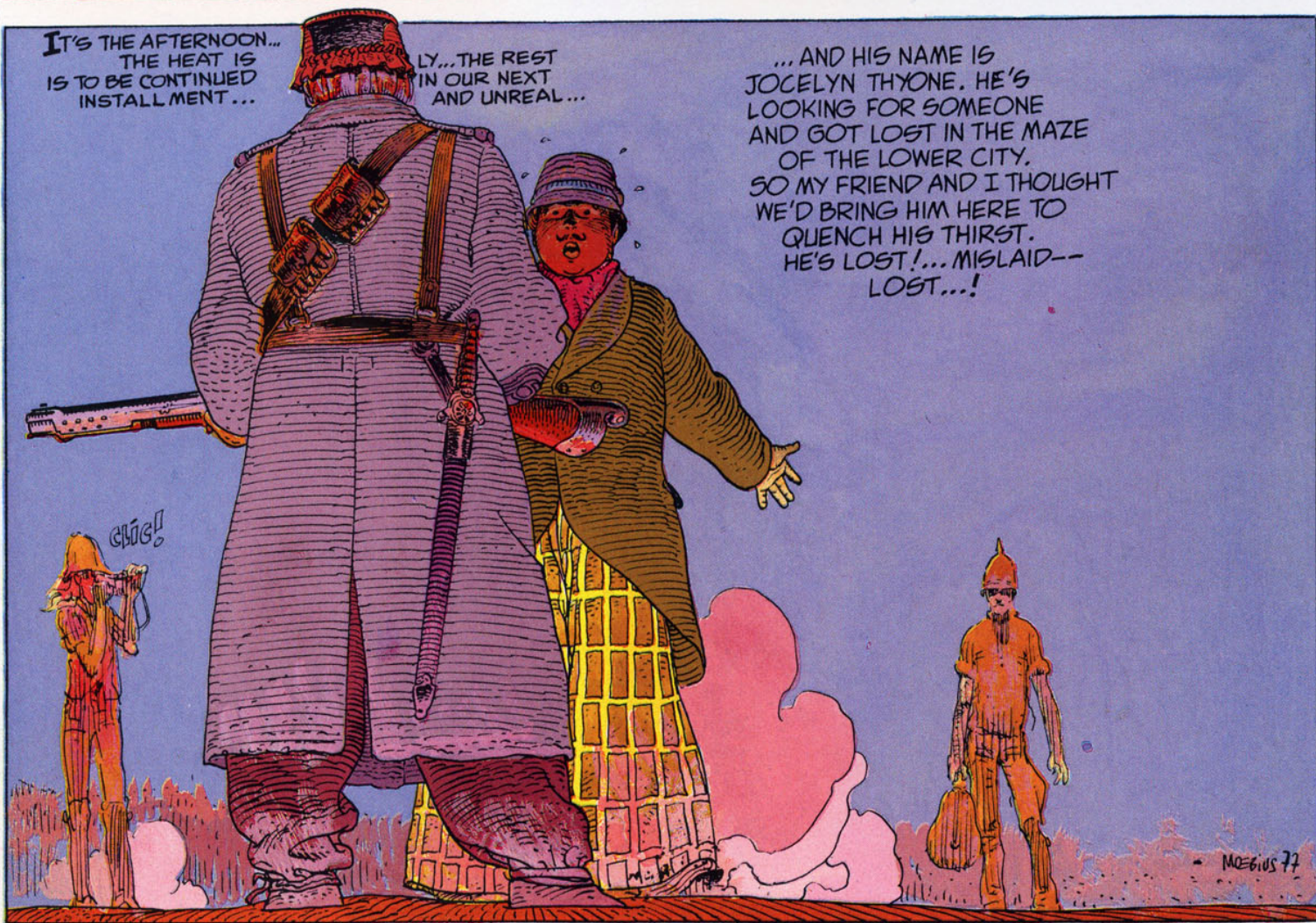
I DO SAY!

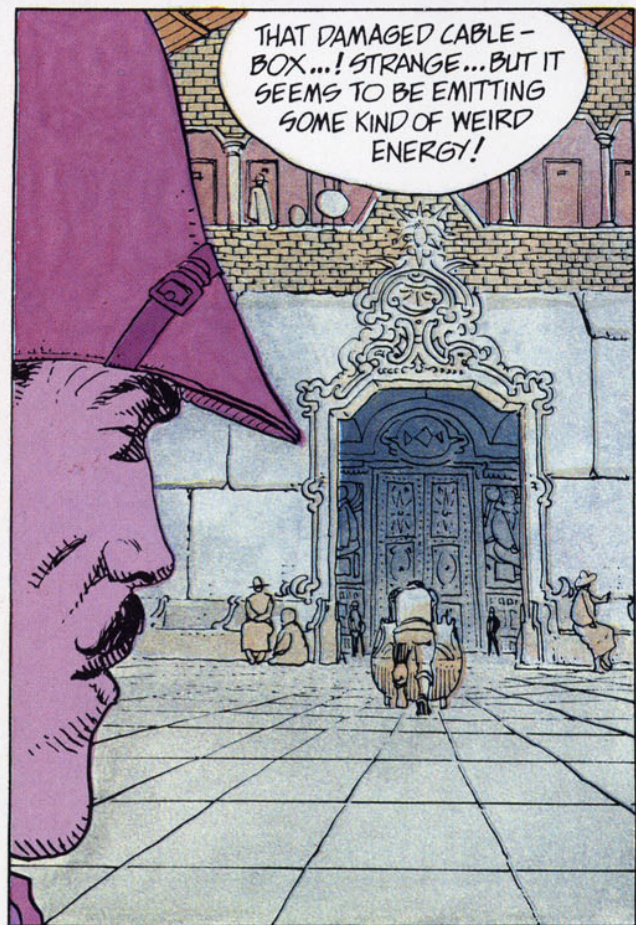
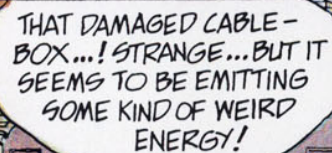


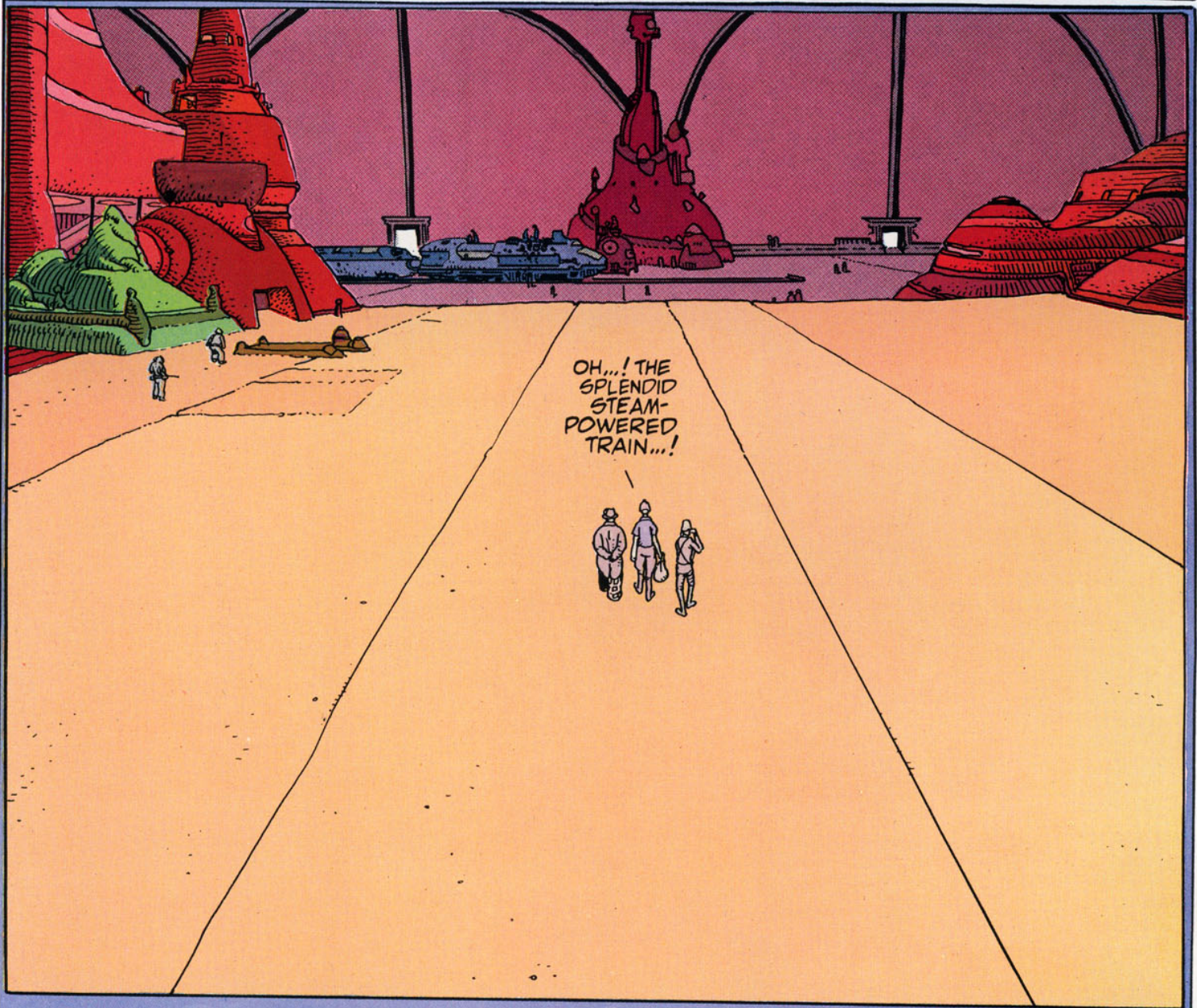
IT'S THE AFTERNOON...
THE HEAT IS
IS TO BE CONTINUED
INSTALLMENT...

LY...THE REST
IN OUR NEXT
AND UNREAL...

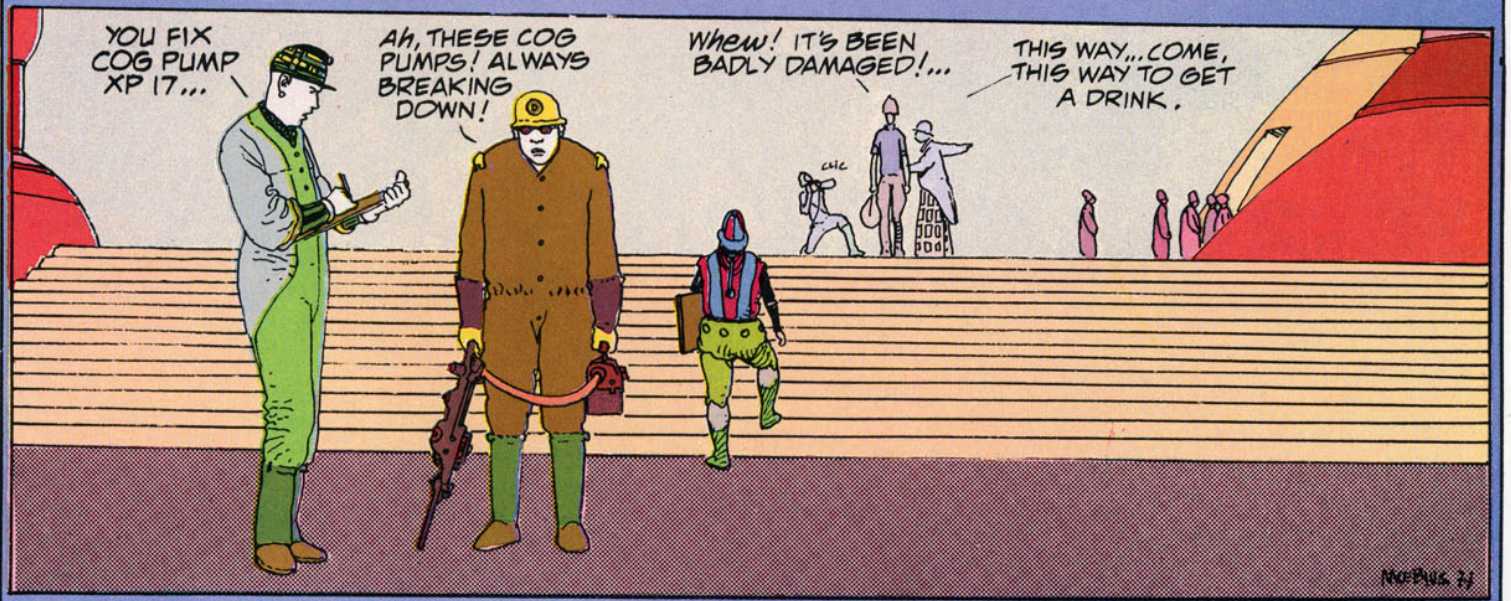
... AND HIS NAME IS
JOCELYN THYONE. HE'S
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE
AND GOT LOST IN THE MAZE
OF THE LOWER CITY.
SO MY FRIEND AND I THOUGHT
WE'D BRING HIM HERE TO
QUENCH HIS THIRST.
HE'S LOST!... MISLAID--
LOST...!







OH...! THE
SPLENDID
STEAM-
POWERED
TRAIN...!

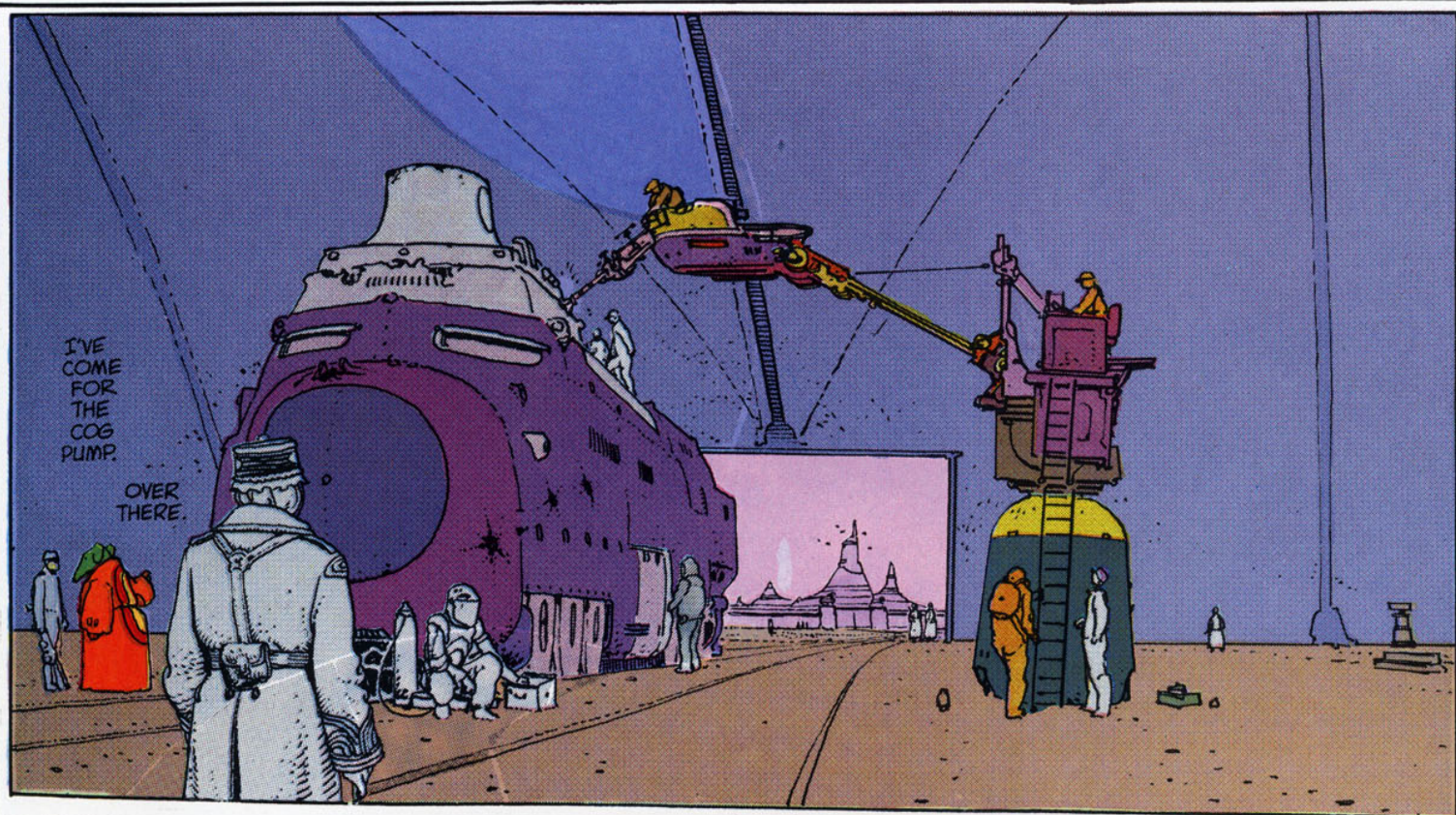


YOU FIX
COG PUMP
XP 17...

AH, THESE COG
PUMPS! ALWAYS
BREAKING
DOWN!

WHEN! IT'S BEEN
BADLY DAMAGED!...

THIS WAY...COME,
THIS WAY TO GET
A DRINK.

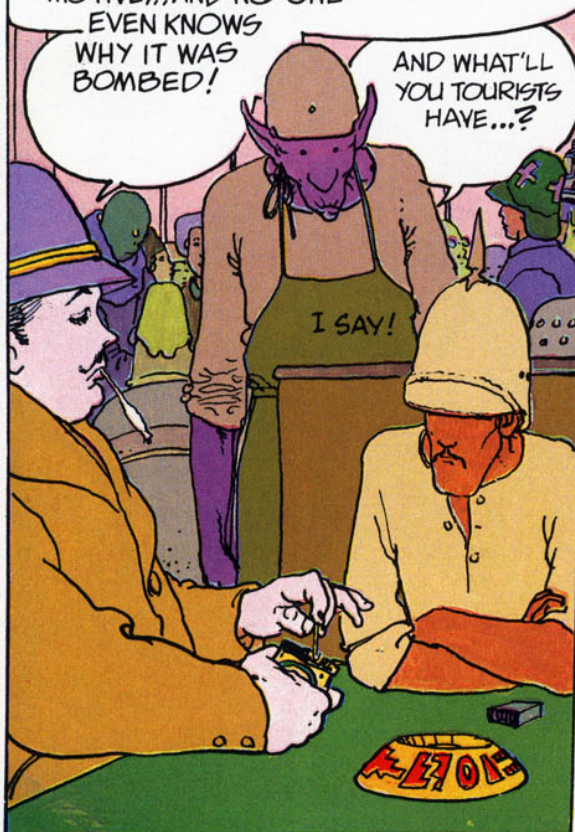


NOT LONG AGO, WHERE THIS HOLOG NOW STANDS WAS A SQUARE... THE SQUARE OF THE MAY-POLE LEAF. THAT'S WHERE THE MAGNIFICENT STEAM-POWERED TRAIN WAS BOMBED! MORE THAN THIRTY PEOPLE DIED! NOW TEAMS OF TECHNICIANS HAVE COME FROM THE FOUR CORNERS TO TRY TO REPAIR THE BEAUTIFUL LOCOMOTIVE... AND NO ONE

EVEN KNOWS WHY IT WAS BOMBED!

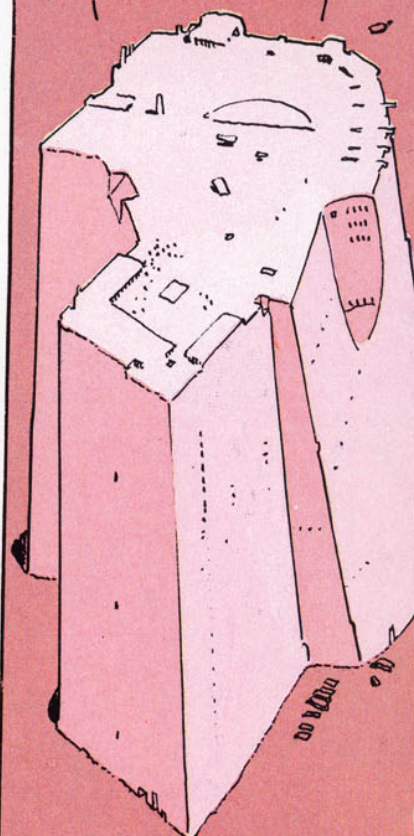
AND WHAT'LL YOU TOURISTS HAVE...?

I SAY!



A SWIFT BEER FOR ME! AND ME, SOME BLUE COFFEE!

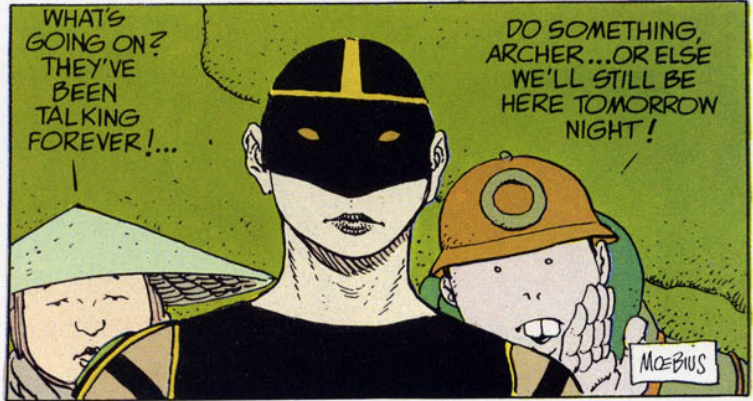
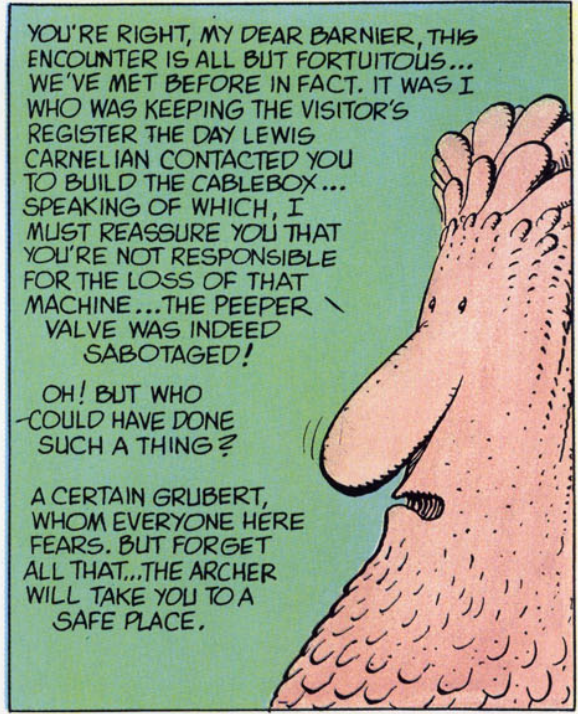
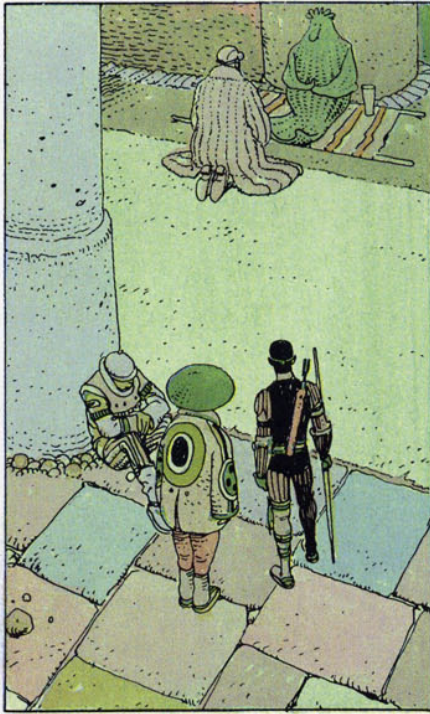
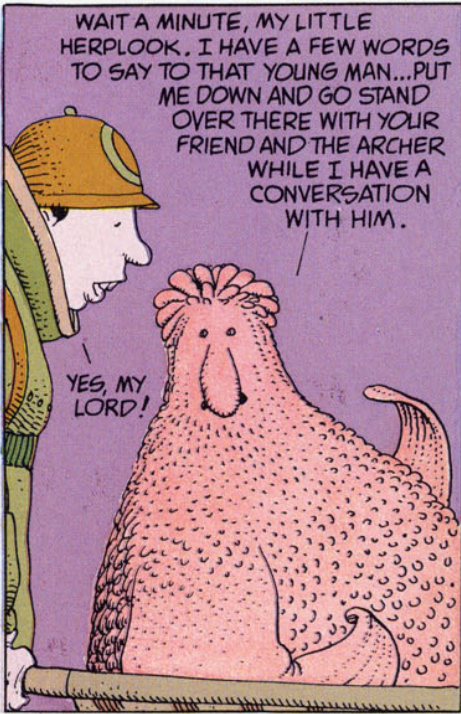
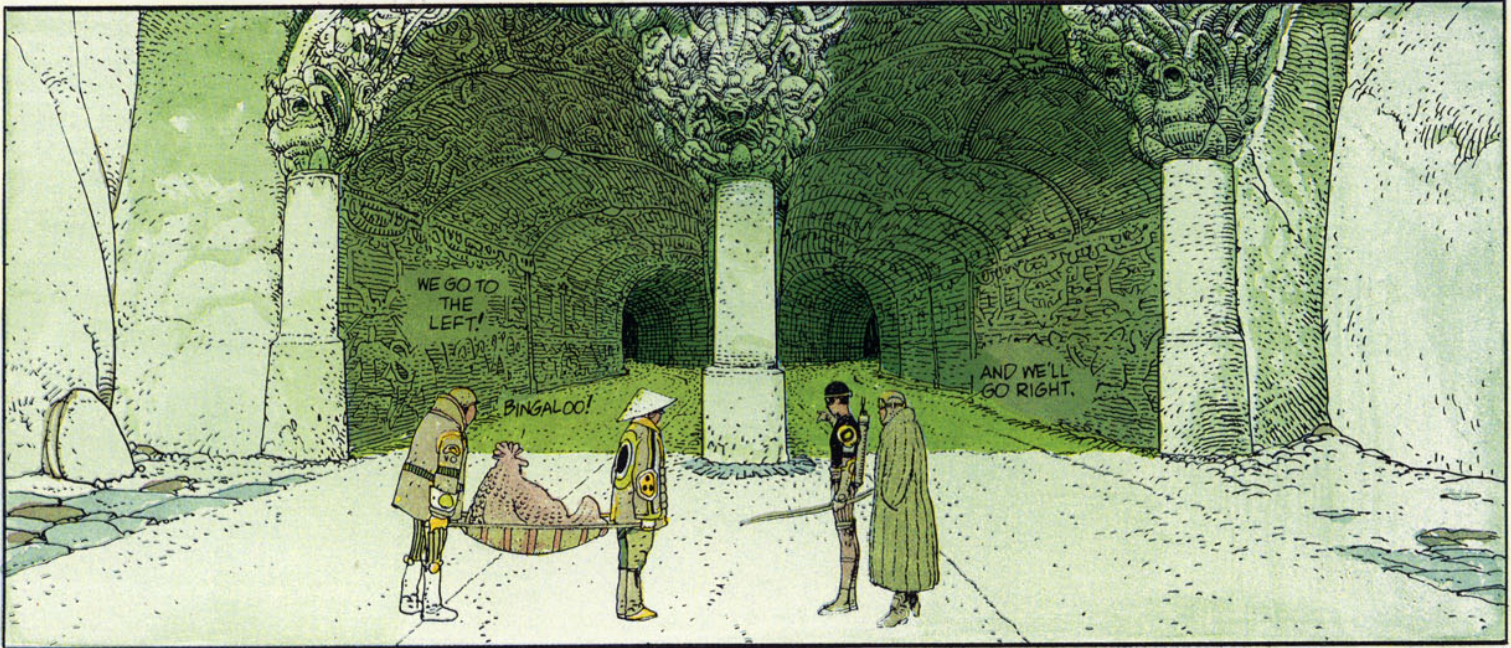
I'LL HAVE A CUP OF HERBAL BLEANE!



DO YOU THINK IT'S HIM?

I TELL YOU, IT'S GRUBERT...! I RECOGNIZE THE POINT OF HIS HELMET!



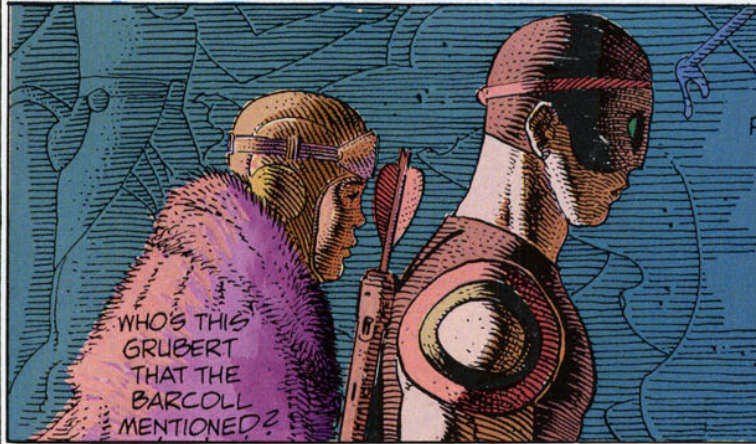
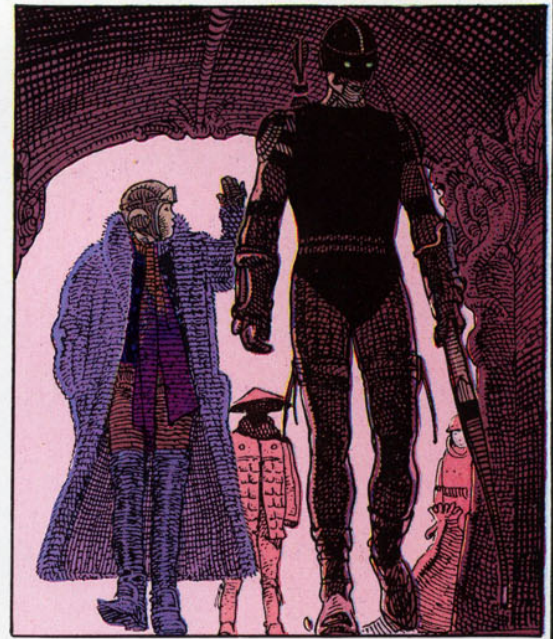


INDEED! BUT VOLNY ONLY HAS A GRAVITY OF 0.7 ON THE OSBORN SCALE, UNLIKE HERE WHERE--

Ah... I THINK OUR FRIEND THE ARCHER IS GETTING IMPATIENT, BUT YOU HAVE GIVEN ME MUCH USEFUL INFORMATION...

MAYBE WE SHALL MEET AGAIN SOMEDAY!

SWIFT



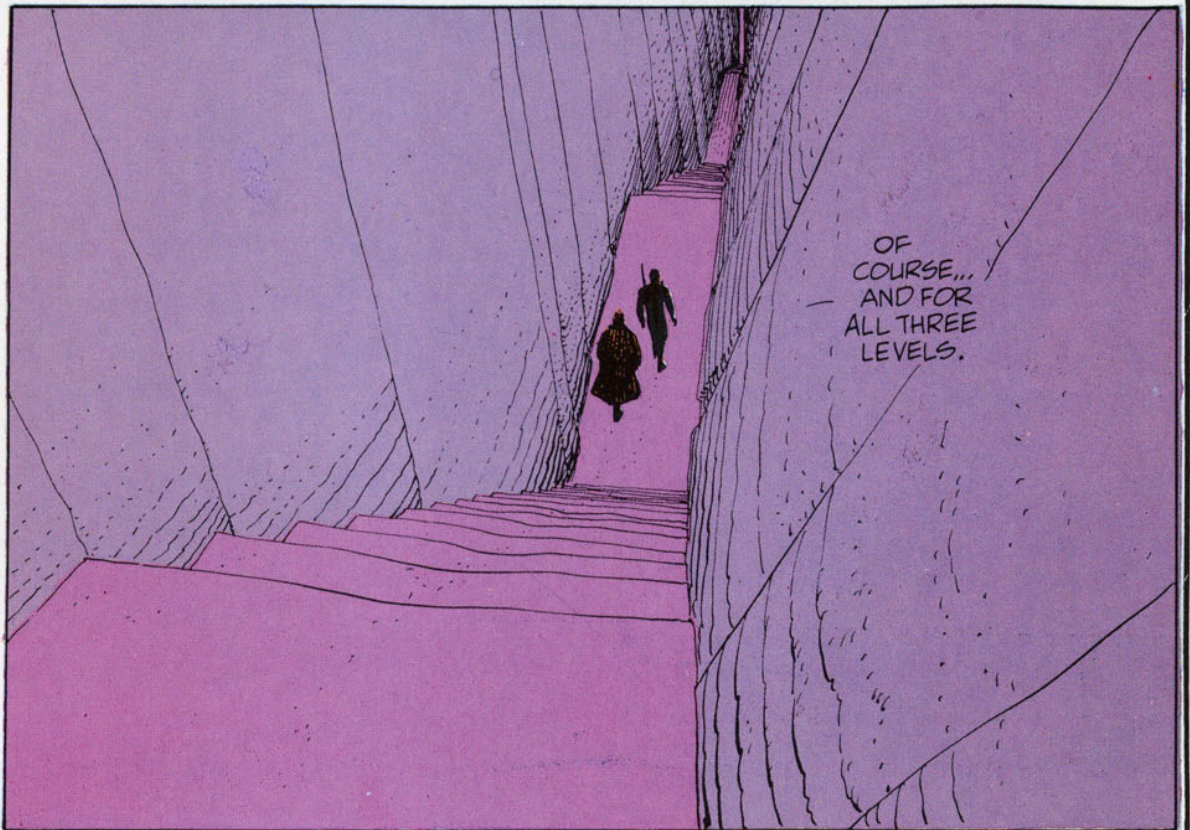
WHO'S THIS GRUBERT THAT THE BARCOLL MENTIONED?

GRUBERT IS A QUASI-LEGENDARY BEING!! HE'S THE **CREATOR** OF THIS WORLD... M... HE HAS ALLIED HIMSELF WITH THE TWENTY-THREE GENERATING DIVINITIES WHO ARE THE SACRED PILLARS OF THE TAR'HAI MYTHOLOGY. IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT HE HAS DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF SILENCE! BUT HE HAS ENEMIES TOO... LEWIS CARNELIAN, FOR EXAMPLE, WHO HAS MANAGED TO INFILTRATE THE MAJOR'S WORLD. WE HAVEN'T TAKEN SIDES IN THEIR SECRET WAR YET, BECAUSE WE ARE WAITING TO DISCOVER LEWIS CARNELIAN'S REAL INTENTIONS.

WE DON'T WANT TO JUST TRADE MASTERS



YOU WANT INDEPENDENCE?



OF COURSE... AND FOR ALL THREE LEVELS.

THE HERMETIC GARAGE OF LEWIS CARNELIAN ☆ A SF COMIC ADVENTURE

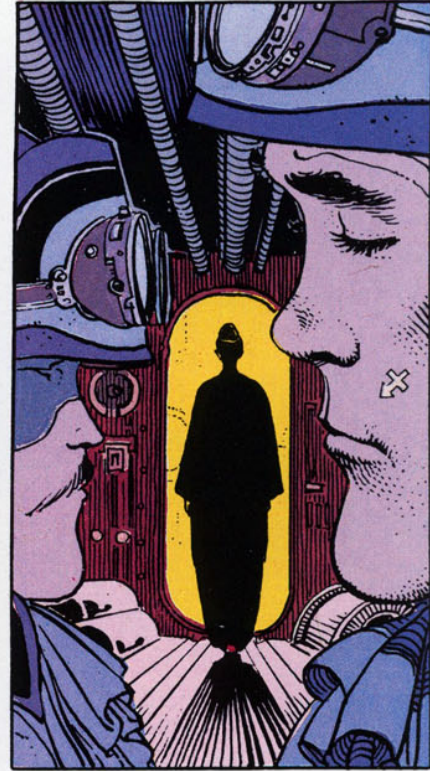
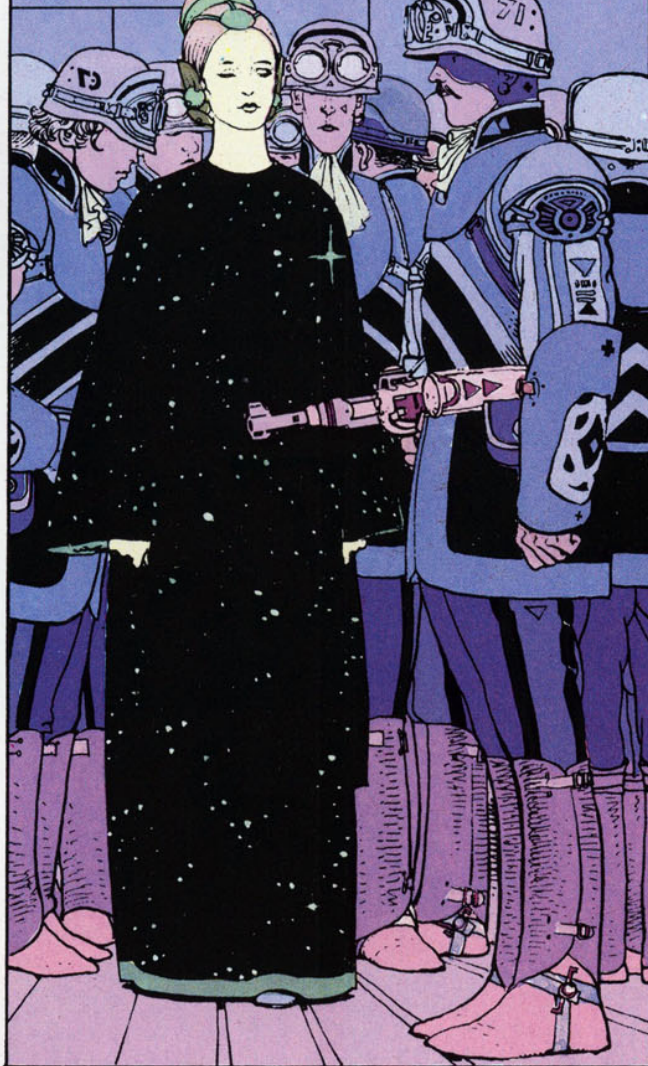
OUR STORY: AS HE WAS TAKING A STROLL ON THE RUNWAY OF THE SMALL SPACEPORT OF OSBEANTES IN THE COMPANY OF HIS FAVORITE CHOELOM, MAJOR GRUEBERT HAD SOME KIND OF VISION... WITH THE HELP OF THIRTEEN EXPANSION GENERATORS USING THE GRUBERT EFFECT (THE PATENTS OF WHICH HE HAD JUST FILED THE PREVIOUS DAY), HE COULD TRANSFORM ANY INSIGNIFICANT ASTEROID FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE BELT, INTO A VAST AND COMPLEX WORLD, WITH SEVERAL LEVELS IF NEED BE. THE FOLLOWING EVENTS WERE INDEED TO PROVE HIM RIGHT... BUT IT IS ONLY MUCH LATER THAT HE MET MALVINA.

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE "CIGURI"...



WATCH OUT, SHE'S COMING!...

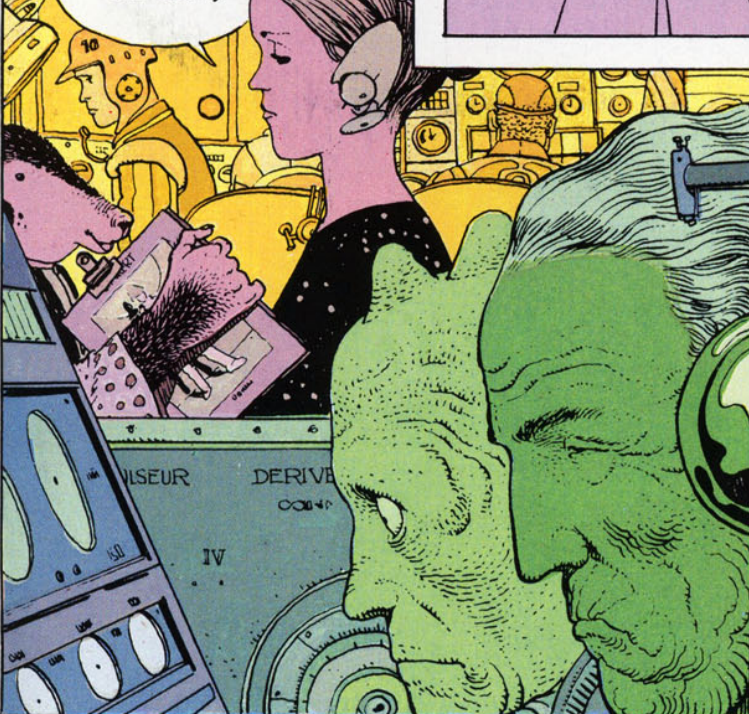
MALVINA SLOWLY CROSSED THE GUARDS' QUARTERS...



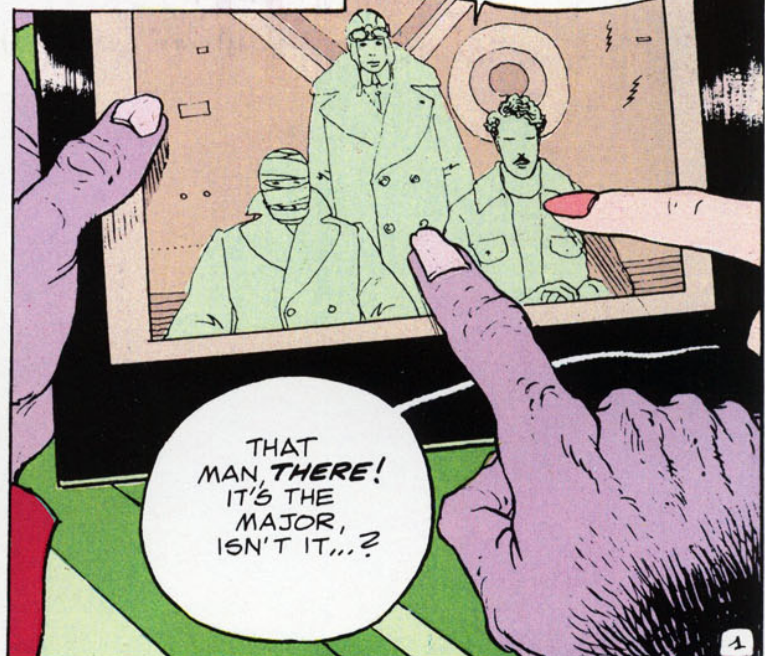
THIS SO-CALLED ARDANT ECHOY IS, IN REALITY, SPER GOSSI... HE'S AN AGENT OF THE TAR'HAI REVIVAL MOVE-MENT.

DO WHATEVER'S NECESSARY, MY GOOD CERVIC!

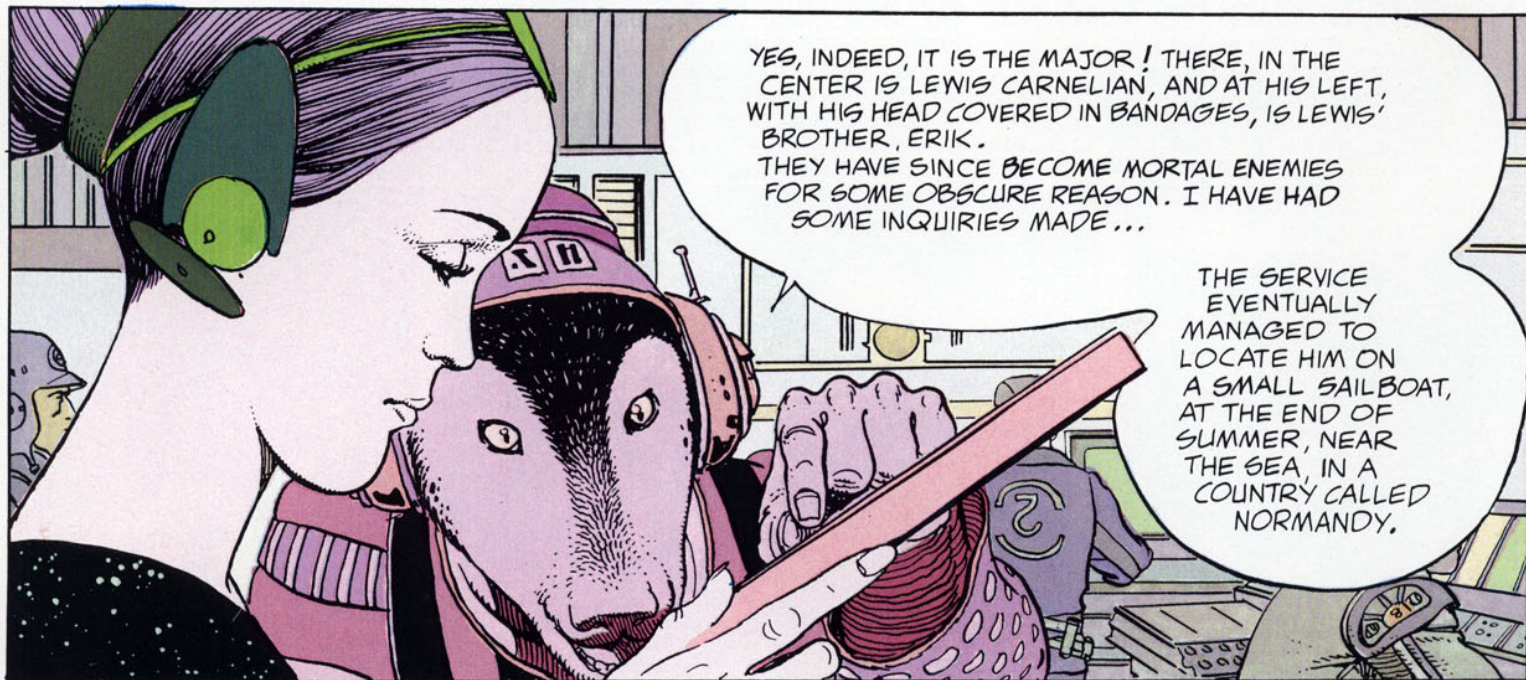
DID YOU DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF THE DOCUMENT ON L.C.?



HERE'S THE ORIGINAL. THE "V" LINES BEHIND THE THREE MEN ARE THE SAME AS THOSE WHICH DECORATED THE "PUCK" PLANES DURING THE GREAT AERONAUTICAL WARS WHICH RAVAGED RANDOM EARTH SDX. THOSE EVENTS TOOK PLACE TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO AND--

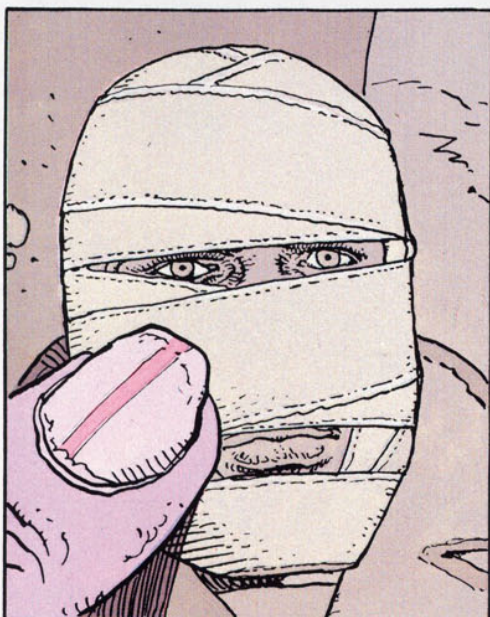


THAT MAN, THERE! IT'S THE MAJOR, ISN'T IT...?



YES, INDEED, IT IS THE MAJOR! THERE, IN THE CENTER IS LEWIS CARNELIAN, AND AT HIS LEFT, WITH HIS HEAD COVERED IN BANDAGES, IS LEWIS' BROTHER, ERIK. THEY HAVE SINCE BECOME MORTAL ENEMIES FOR SOME OBSCURE REASON. I HAVE HAD SOME INQUIRIES MADE...

THE SERVICE EVENTUALLY MANAGED TO LOCATE HIM ON A SMALL SAILBOAT, AT THE END OF SUMMER, NEAR THE SEA, IN A COUNTRY CALLED NORMANDY.



LATER, IN A DESERTED PASSAGEWAY...



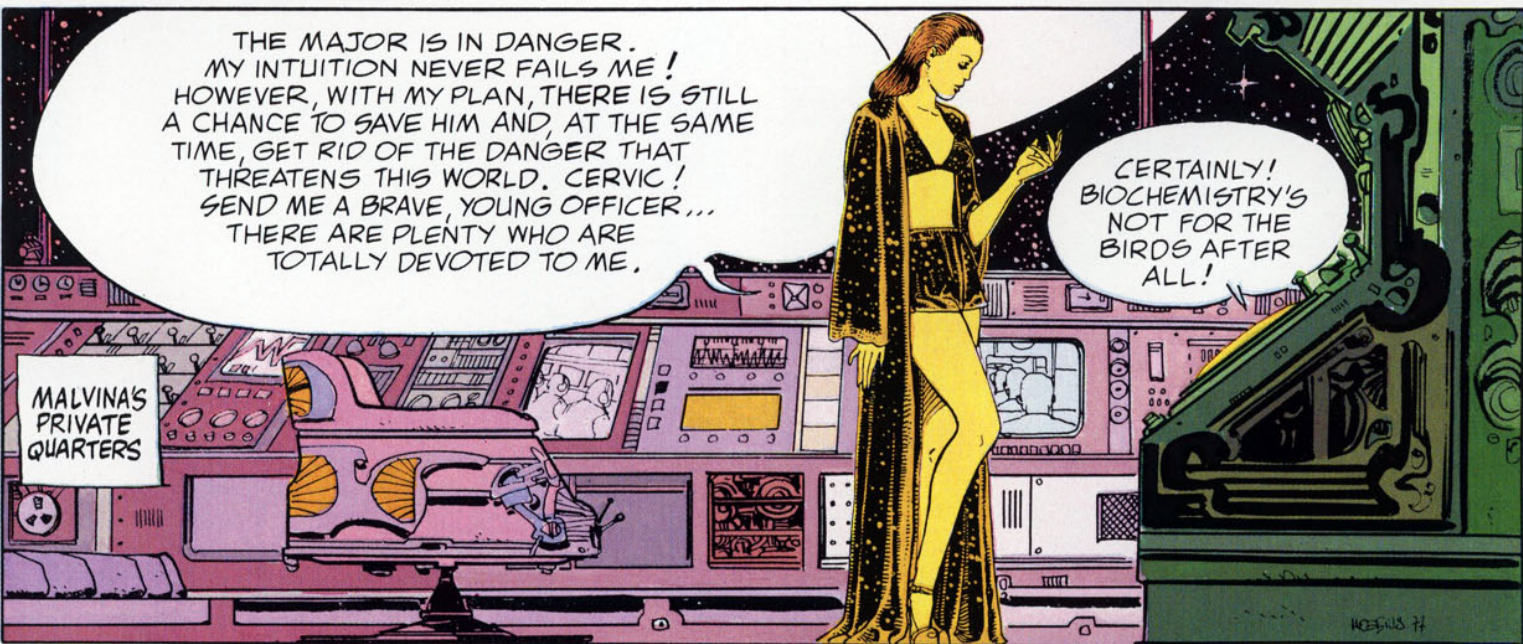
THAT'S IT... I HAVE A PLAN.

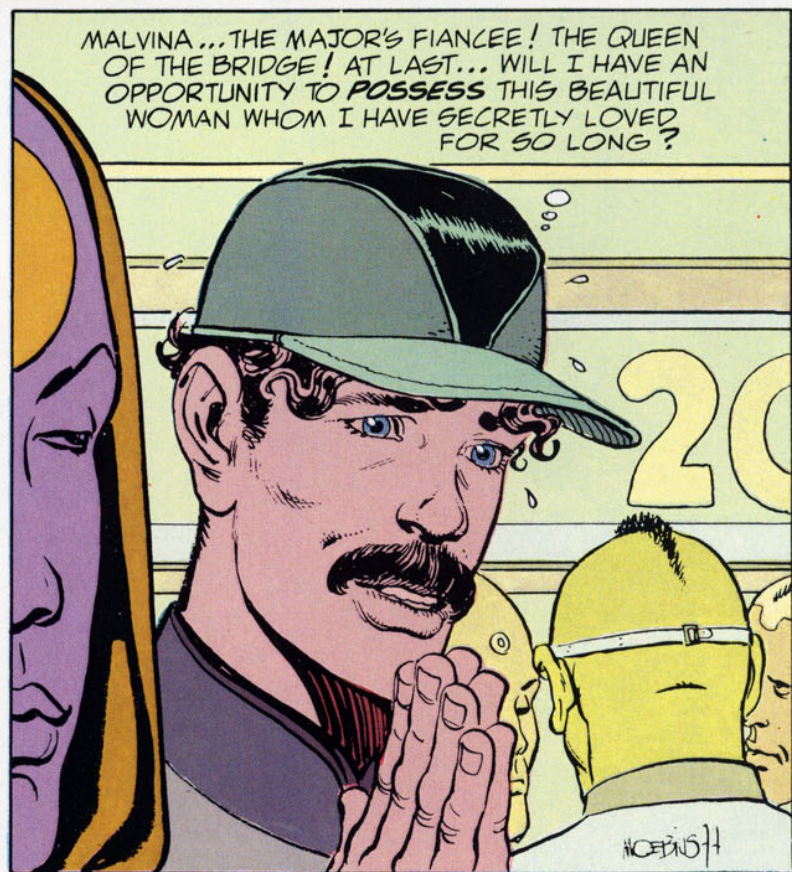
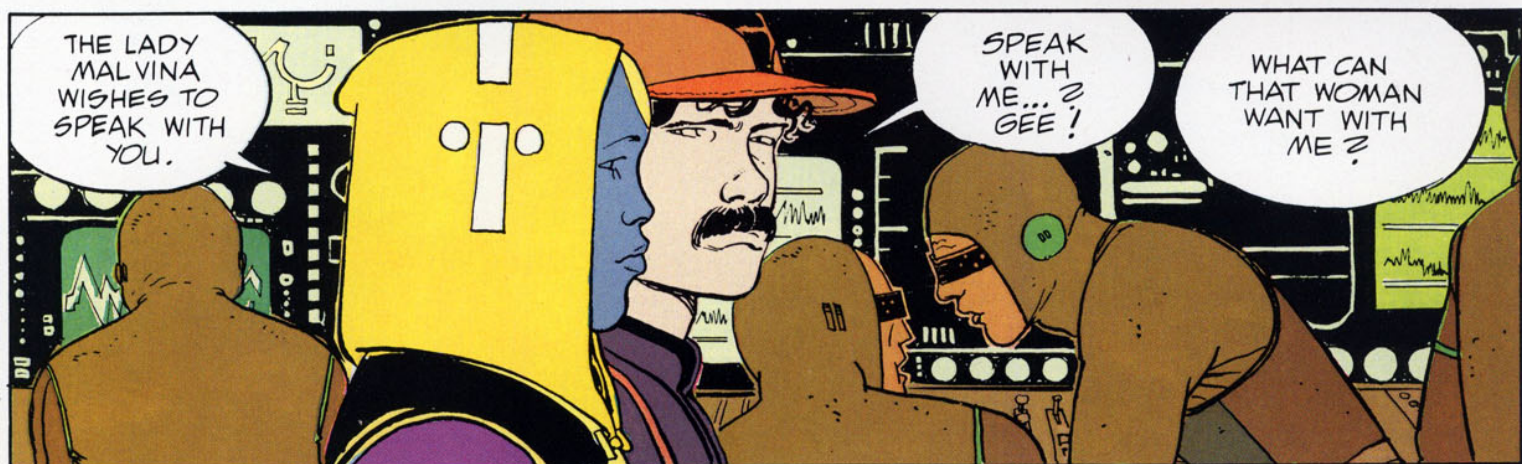


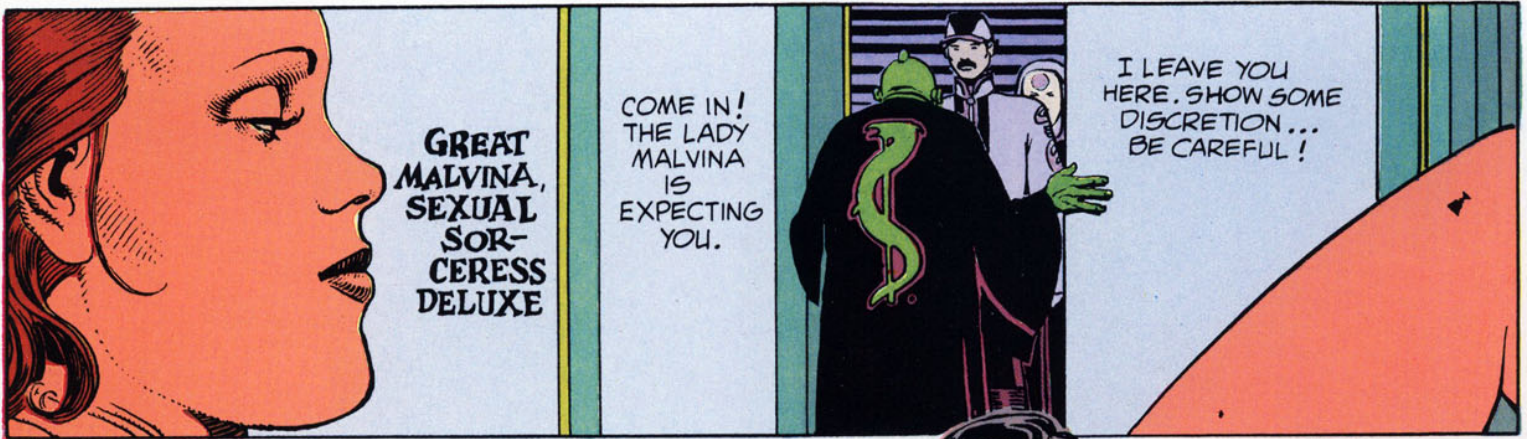
THE MAJOR IS IN DANGER. MY INTUITION NEVER FAILS ME! HOWEVER, WITH MY PLAN, THERE IS STILL A CHANCE TO SAVE HIM AND, AT THE SAME TIME, GET RID OF THE DANGER THAT THREATENS THIS WORLD. CERVIC! SEND ME A BRAVE, YOUNG OFFICER... THERE ARE PLENTY WHO ARE TOTALLY DEVOTED TO ME.

CERTAINLY! BIOCHEMISTRY'S NOT FOR THE BIRDS AFTER ALL!

MALVINA'S PRIVATE QUARTERS



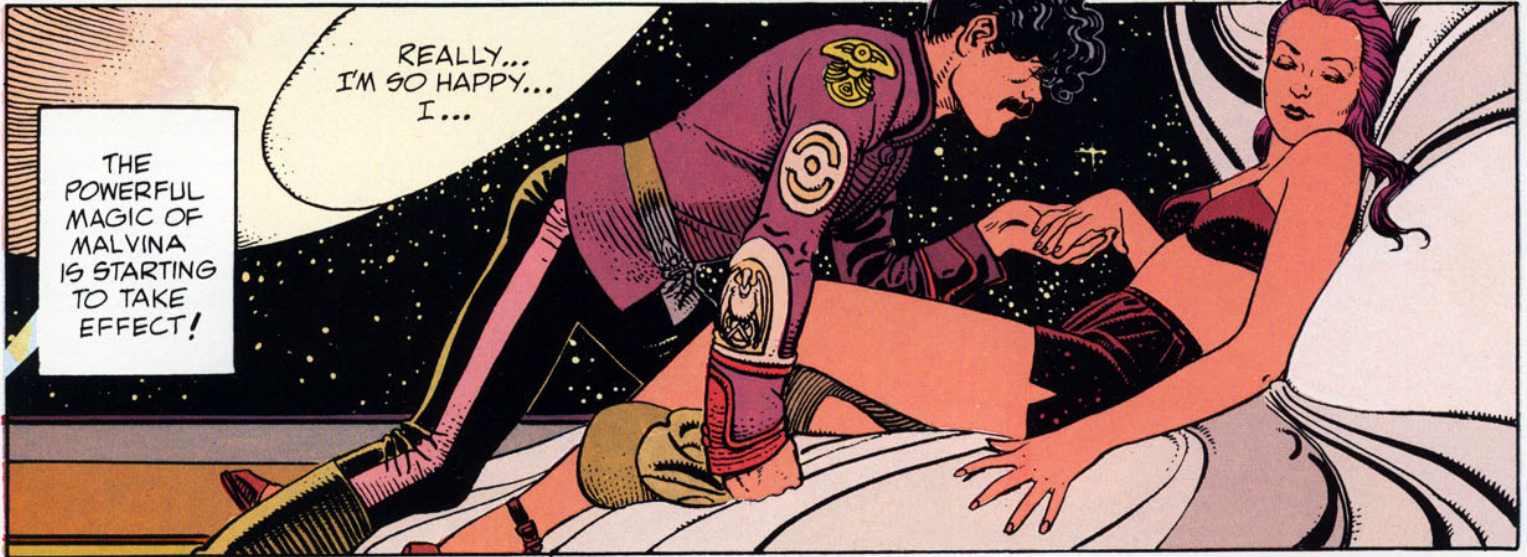




GREAT
MALVINA,
SEXUAL
SOR-
CERESS
DELUXE

COME IN!
THE LADY
MALVINA
IS
EXPECTING
YOU.

I LEAVE YOU
HERE. SHOW SOME
DISCRETION...
BE CAREFUL!

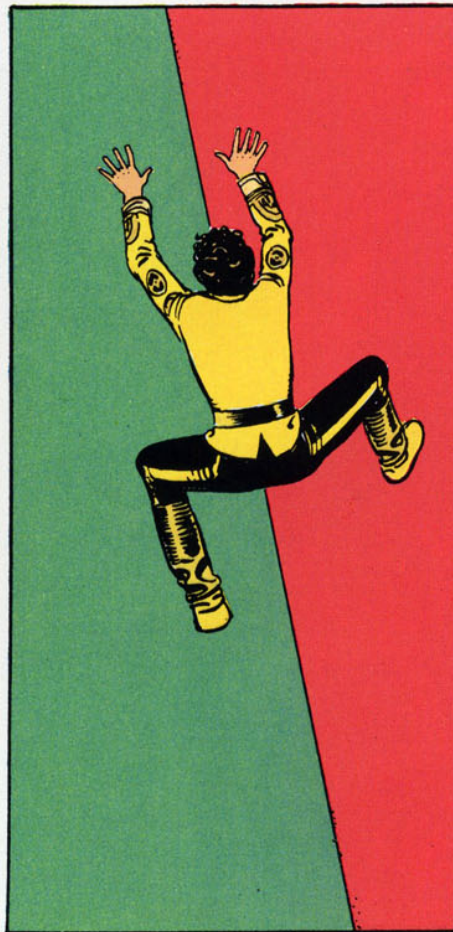


REALLY...
I'M SO HAPPY...
I...

THE
POWERFUL
MAGIC OF
MALVINA
IS STARTING
TO TAKE
EFFECT!



NOW!



WHAT
HAPPENED...?
WHERE AM
I...?!

THE CATASTROPHIC TALE OF
MAJOR GRUBERT, SPECIALLY AND
FAITHFULLY FIRST RECORDED
BY MOEBIUS FOR THE
MAGAZINE

MÉTAL
HURLANT!

WOW!!

OUR STORY:
ENGINEER BARNIER, WHO
STILL HASN'T UNDERSTOOD A
THING, FOLLOWS THE MYST-
ERIOUS ARCHER, ABOUT
WHOM WE KNOW NEITHER
WHENCE HE CAME, NOR
WHITHER HE GOES...

TERRIFIK!

CAPTIVATING!

HONK
HONK
HONK
HONK!
HONK!

TELL ME MORE
ABOUT THIS STRANGE
MAJOR GRUBERT.

AS ARCHER, I'M CERTAINLY
THE BEST INFORMED
ABOUT HIM...

...IN FACT, THE ONLY THING WE
KNOW FOR CERTAIN IS THAT HE
WAS BORN IN 1958 A.D. IN
WESTERN ALEMANIA, OF A
SWEDISH MOTHER AND AN
ALEMAN FATHER.



HE WORKED AS A JOURNALIST FOR
"DIVELT," THEN WAS REPORTED
MISSING DURING THE VIETNAM WAR.
IN FACT, HE HAD ACCIDENTALLY
STEPPED THROUGH A TRANSTIME
CIRCLE IN ANGKOR AND, CURIOUS-
LY ENOUGH, HAD STEPPED OUT
INTO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,
WHERE HE WAS TAKEN IN BY A
BRAHMIN FROM PONDYCHERHI.



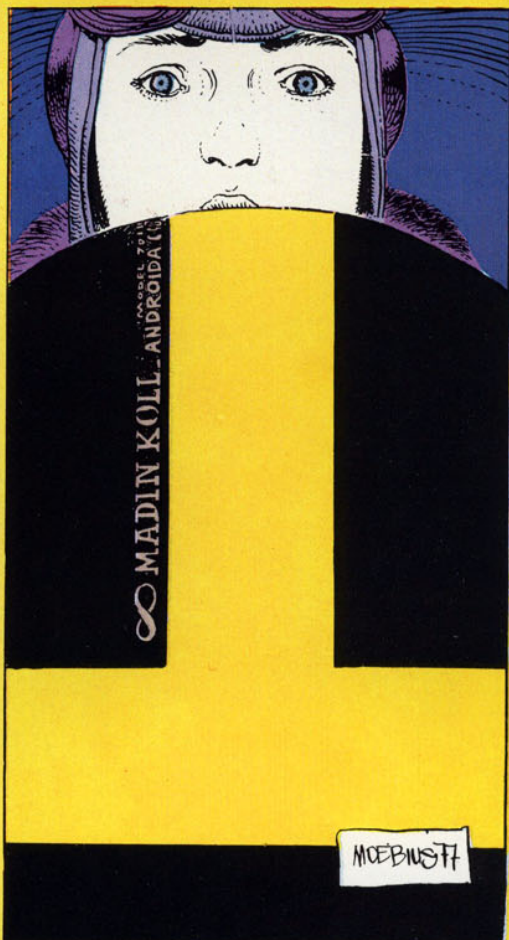
THERE, HE WAS INITIATED TO THE
EQUIVALENT OF A PHASE II LEVEL AND
WORKED FOR THIRTEEN YEARS IN THE
SECRET LABORATORIES OF SPATIAL
MAGIC WHERE HE CONCENTRATED ON
HIS STUDIES OF THE PHENOMENON OF
NODAL ENTROPY IN THE INTERGALAXIAL
FABRIC. SOON... HE TEAMED UP WITH
ANOTHER EXPLORER BY THE NAME
OF LEWIS CARNELIAN.



WHILE UPON A ROUTINE FLIGHT AT THE
EDGE OF THE NEBULA HAKBAH OF
SALIGAA, THEY DISCOVERED THE
WRECK OF THE "OTRA," THE FAMOUS
MYTHICAL ARK AND MOTHER SHIP OF
THE GREAT ANCIENT ONES...
CARNELIAN AND GRUBERT
DECIDED TO SEARCH THE
WRECK.



IT WAS DURING THEIR
EXPLORATION THAT THE
MAJOR DISCOVERED THE
SECRET OF IMMORTALITY!



Le Major Grubert in "The Gungy Hierarchy of Lewis Carroll" by Moore.....

OUR
STORY:

THE SITUATION SEEMS PEACEFUL. OF COURSE, IT'S ONLY AN APPEARANCE, FOR DRAMA LURKS NEARBY. BUT IT HARDLY MATTERS TO MAJOR GRUBERT, SOLVER OF MYSTERIES, THE GREATEST EXPLORER IN THE UNIVERSE... AT THIS MOMENT, HE IS WAITING FOR HIS CUP OF HERBAL BLEANE IN THE COMPANY OF TWO OF ARMJOURTH'S CITIZENS.

I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING ABOUT
THIS, SIR. THE
ARTIST MUST HAVE
DONE IT ON
PURPOSE! Y'KNOW
MOEBIUS....



I STILL DON'T LIKE IT! SO
SMALL LIKE THAT! IT AIN'T
PRETTY!!! NO IT AIN'T!
SMALL LIKE THAT... I'D
PREFER BIG LETTERS, THAT
EVERYONE CAN READ!

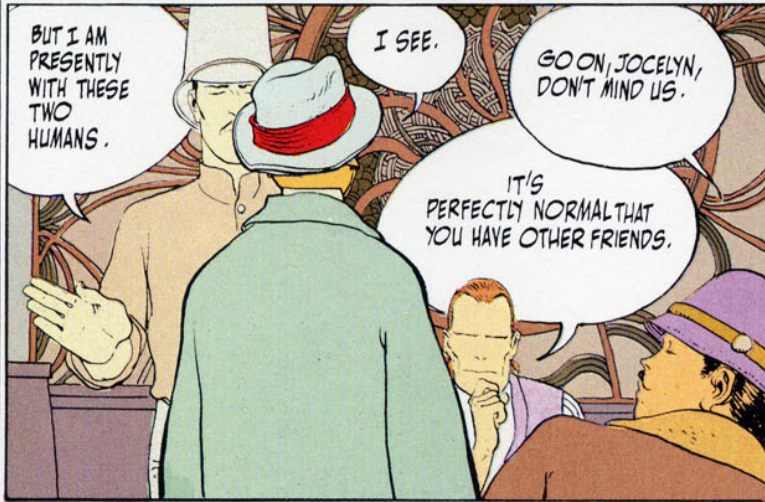


I TAKE OFF MY
HAT TO SALUTE YOU,
AND BEG YOUR PERMISSION,
SIR. STATEMENT: MY FRIEND
AT THE OTHER TABLE WOULD
VERY MUCH LIKE TO SPEAK
TO YOU.

TWO WORDS,
NO MORE.

TO
SPEAK TO
ME...?

WELL, JOCELYN,
YOU SEE THAT YOU'RE
NOT SO LOST, AFTER
ALL!...

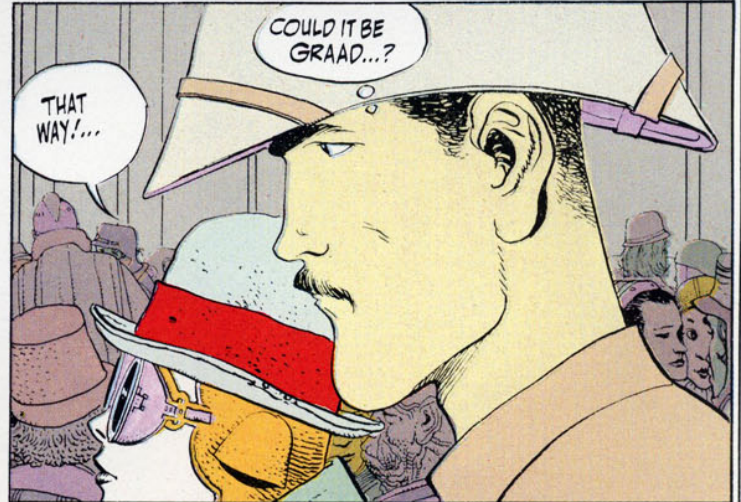


BUT I AM
PRESENTLY
WITH THESE
TWO
HUMANS.

I SEE.

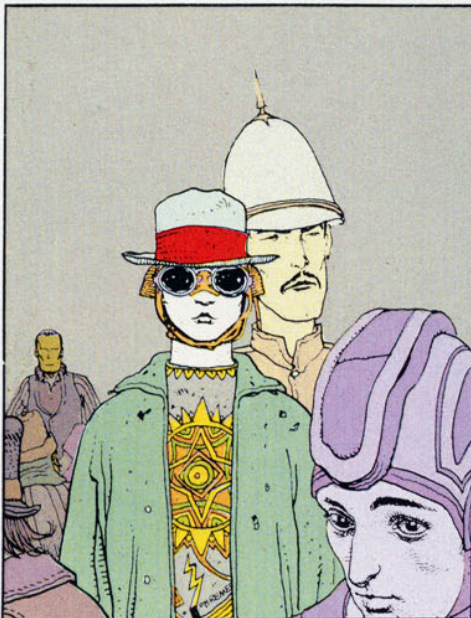
GO ON, JOCELYN,
DON'T MIND US.

IT'S
PERFECTLY NORMAL THAT
YOU HAVE OTHER FRIENDS.

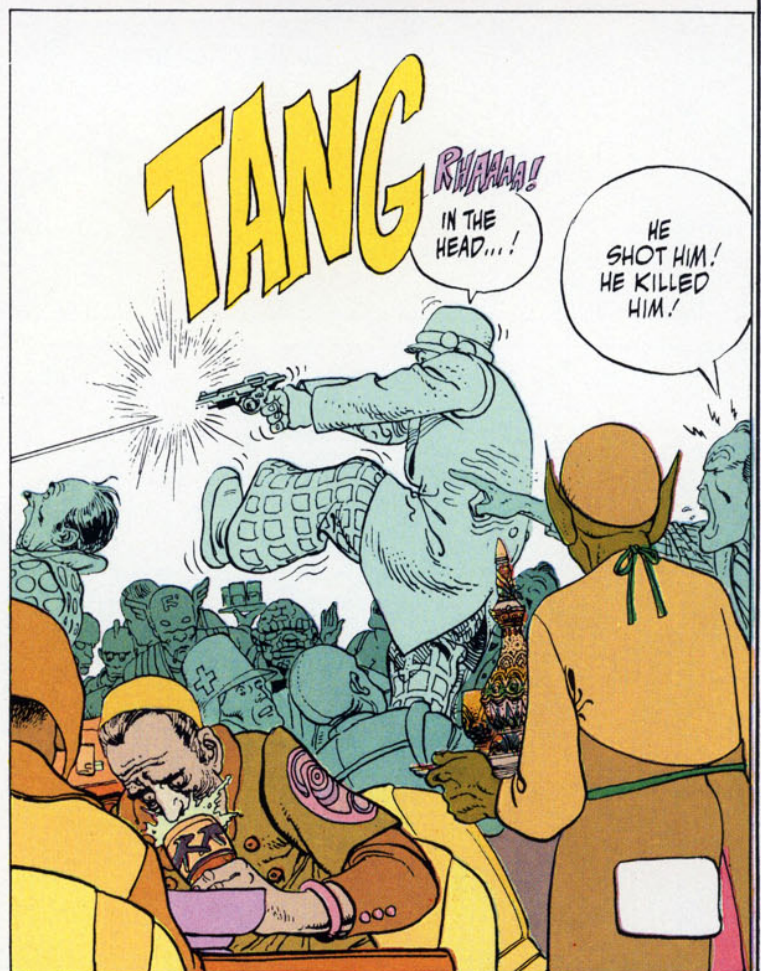
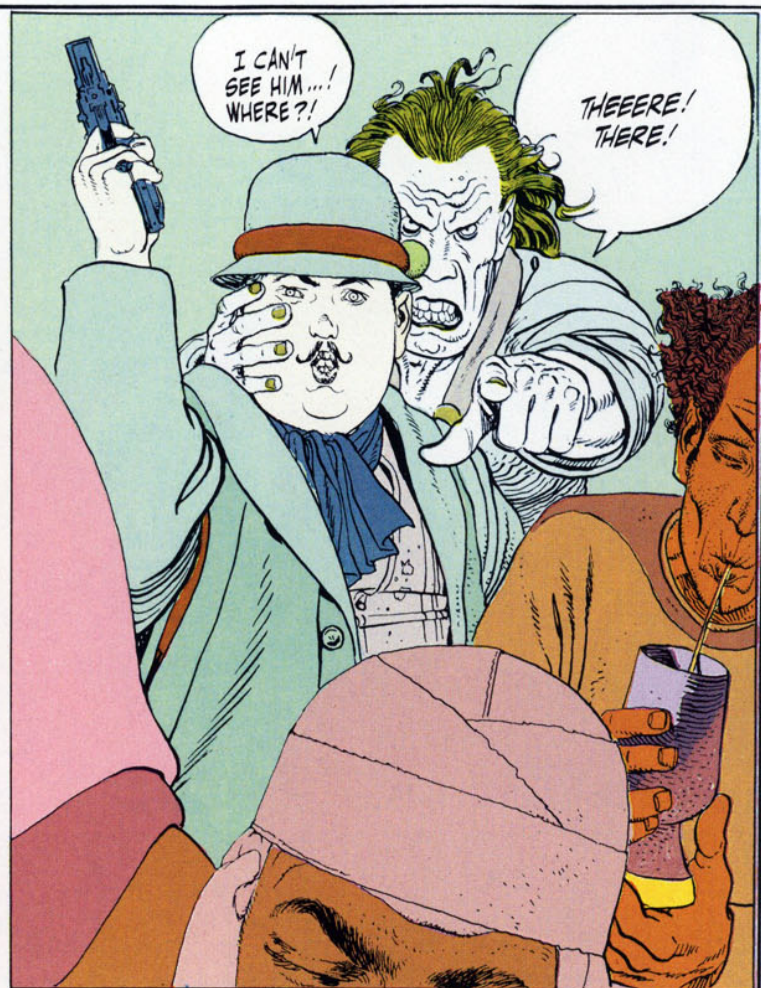


COULD IT BE
GRAAD...?

THAT
WAY!...



SAMUEL L.
MOHAD...!
YOU, HERE!

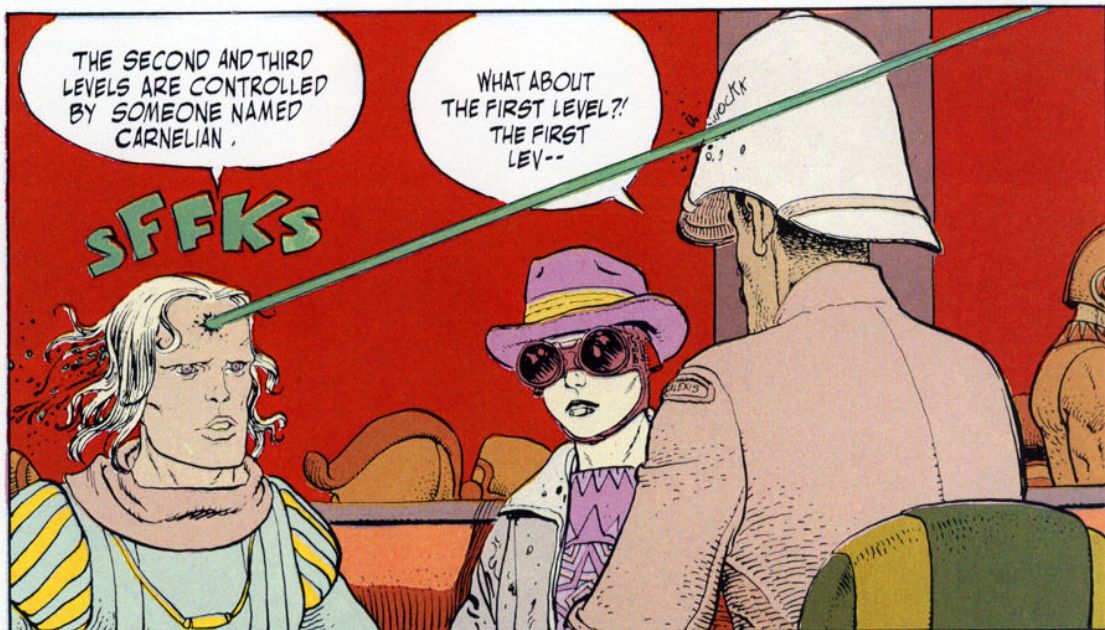


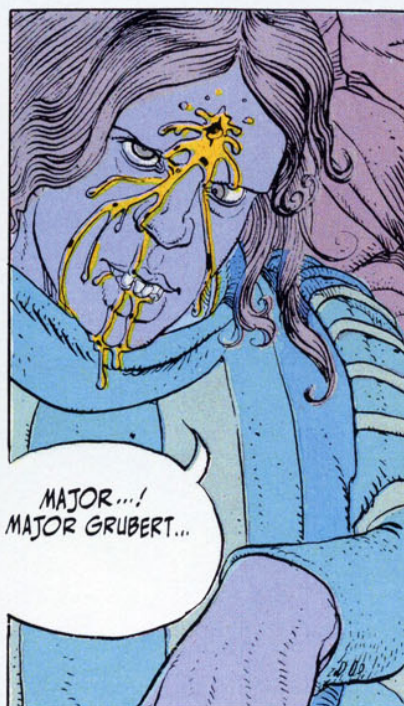
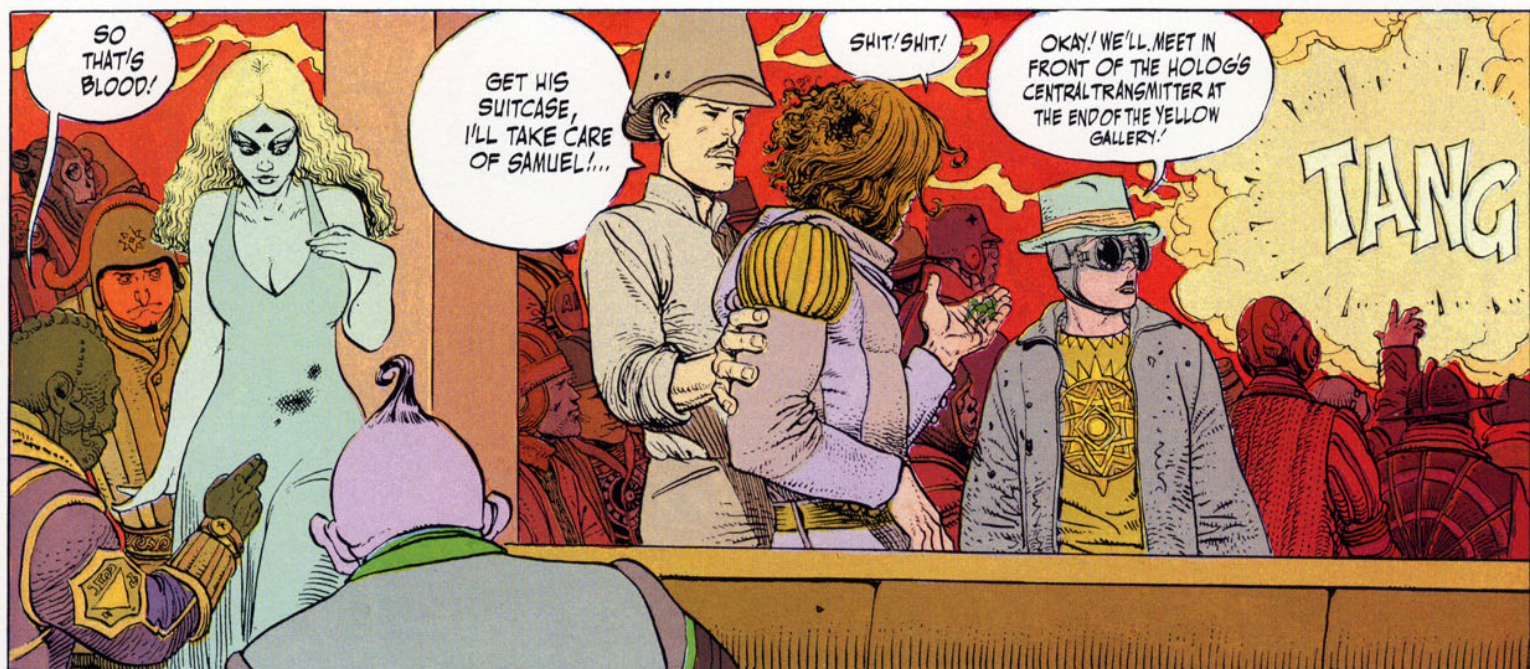
THE GARAGE HERMIE VC OF LEV CAR PA MOEE

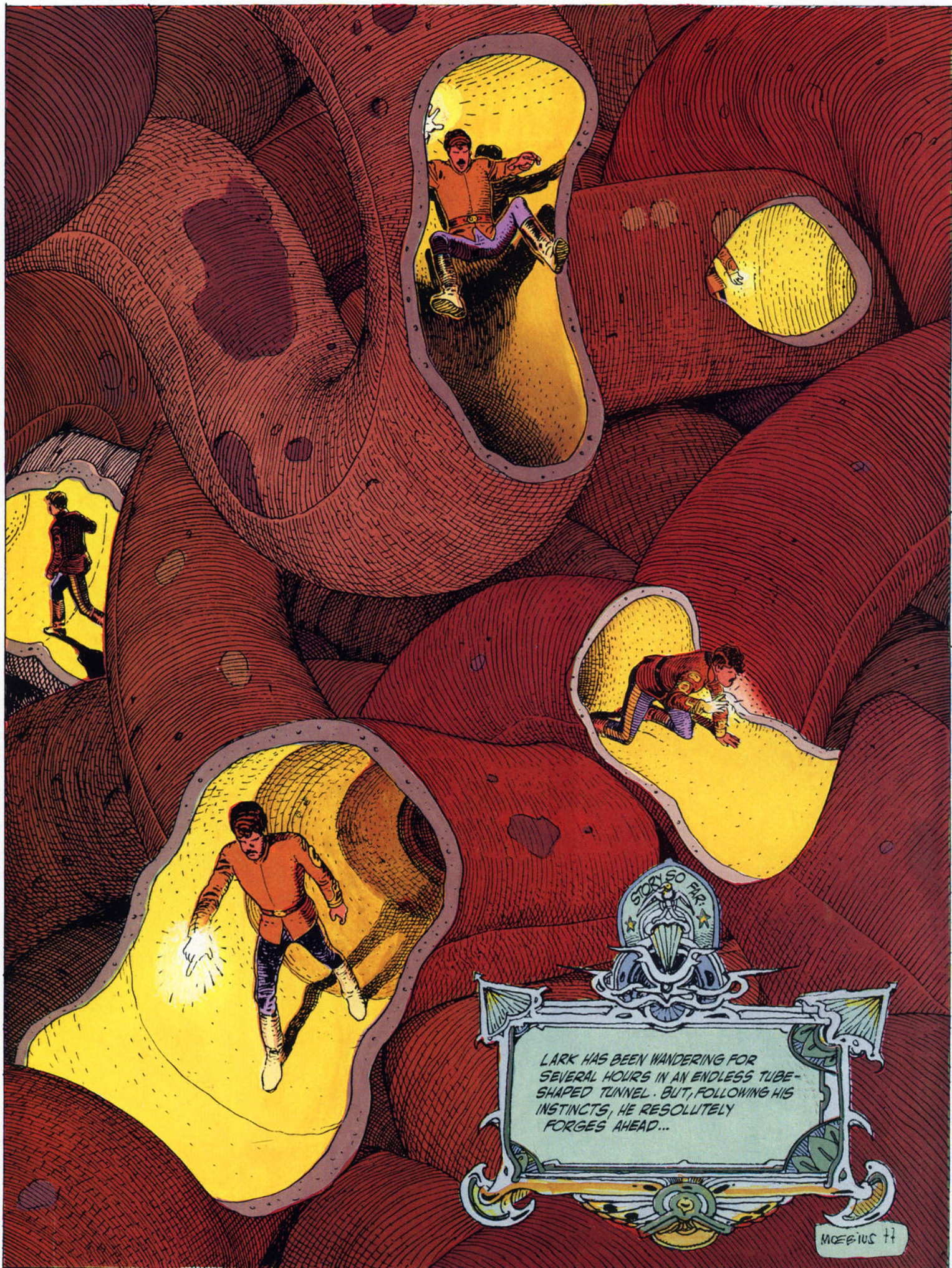


OUR STORY:

- ① ENGINEER BARNIER MET A MASKED ARCHER IN THE SINGING CAVERNS.
- ② MAJOR GRUBERT MET SAMUEL AND HIS FIANCEE AT THE CAFE VIENNAX IN THE HOLOG OF ARMJOURTH.

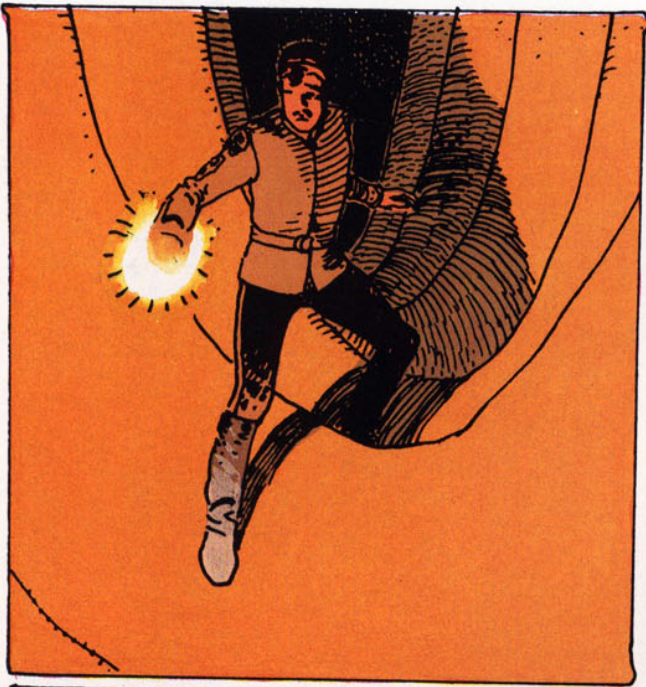






LARK HAS BEEN WANDERING FOR
SEVERAL HOURS IN AN ENDLESS TUBE-
SHAPED TUNNEL. BUT, FOLLOWING HIS
INSTINCTS, HE RESOLUTELY
FORGES AHEAD...

THE HERMETIC GARAGE OF LEWIS CARNELIAN



AFTER KISSING THE LADY MALVINA, I WAS SUDDENLY TELETRANSPORTED TO THIS ENDLESS TUBE-SHAPED TUNNEL...

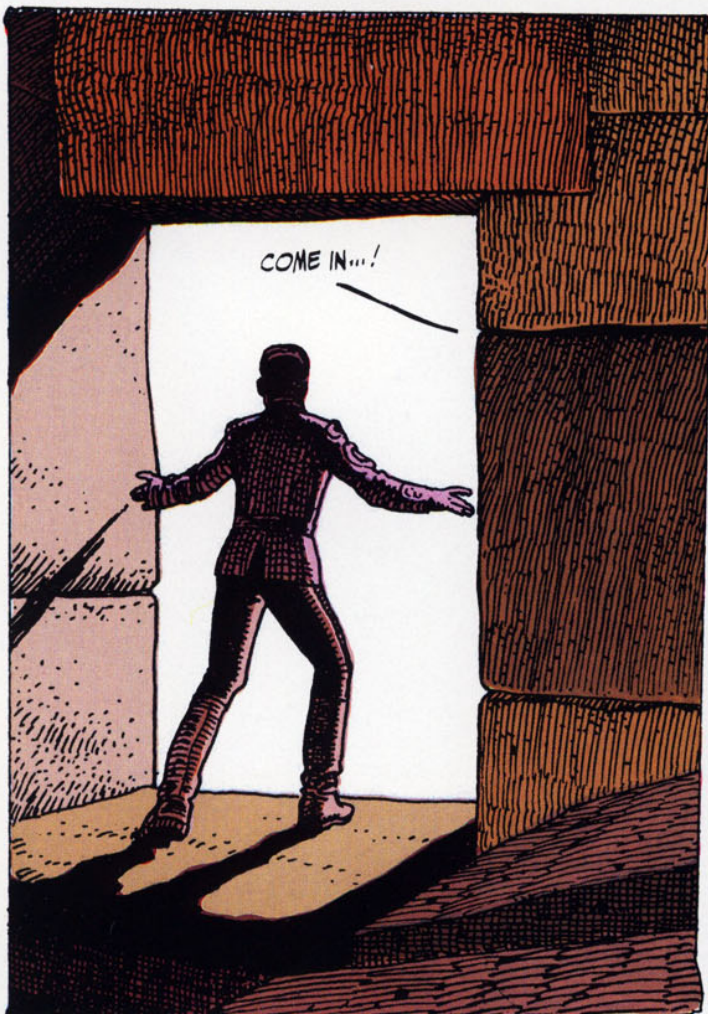


AH...!

THERE...!
LOOKS
LIKE AN
EXIT!

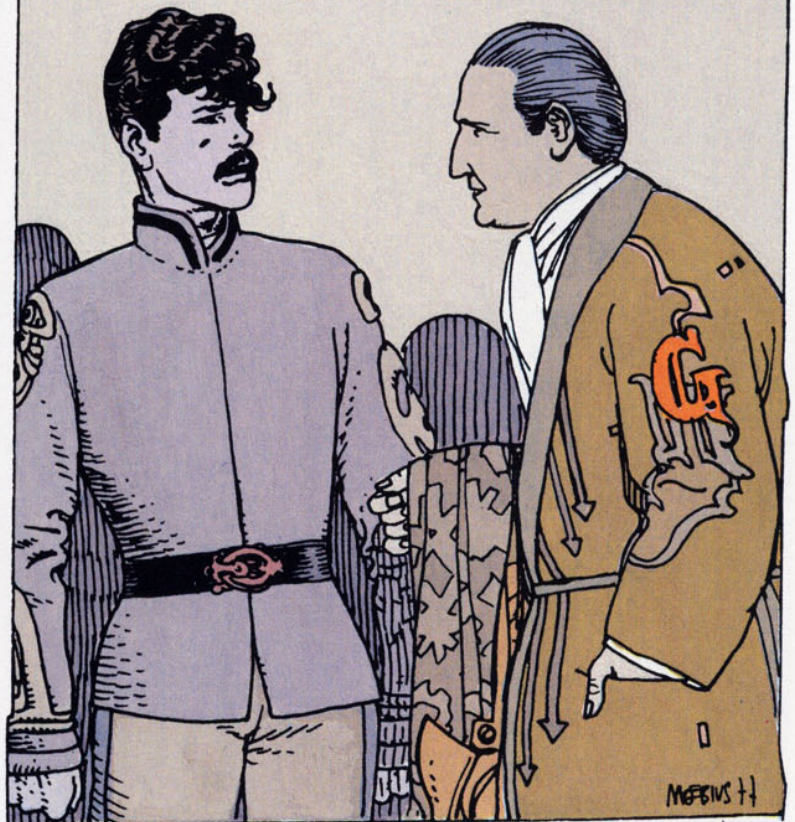


OUR STORY: THE STARS ARE NOT RANDOMLY PLACED WHERE THEY ARE IN THE UNIVERSE, AND THIS STORY HAPPENS TO TAKE PLACE IN THE CONSTELLATION OF THE LION, NGC 3185, OF THE S.B.A. TYPE (ACCORDING TO THE MOUNT WILSON AND PALOMAR OBSERVATORIES).



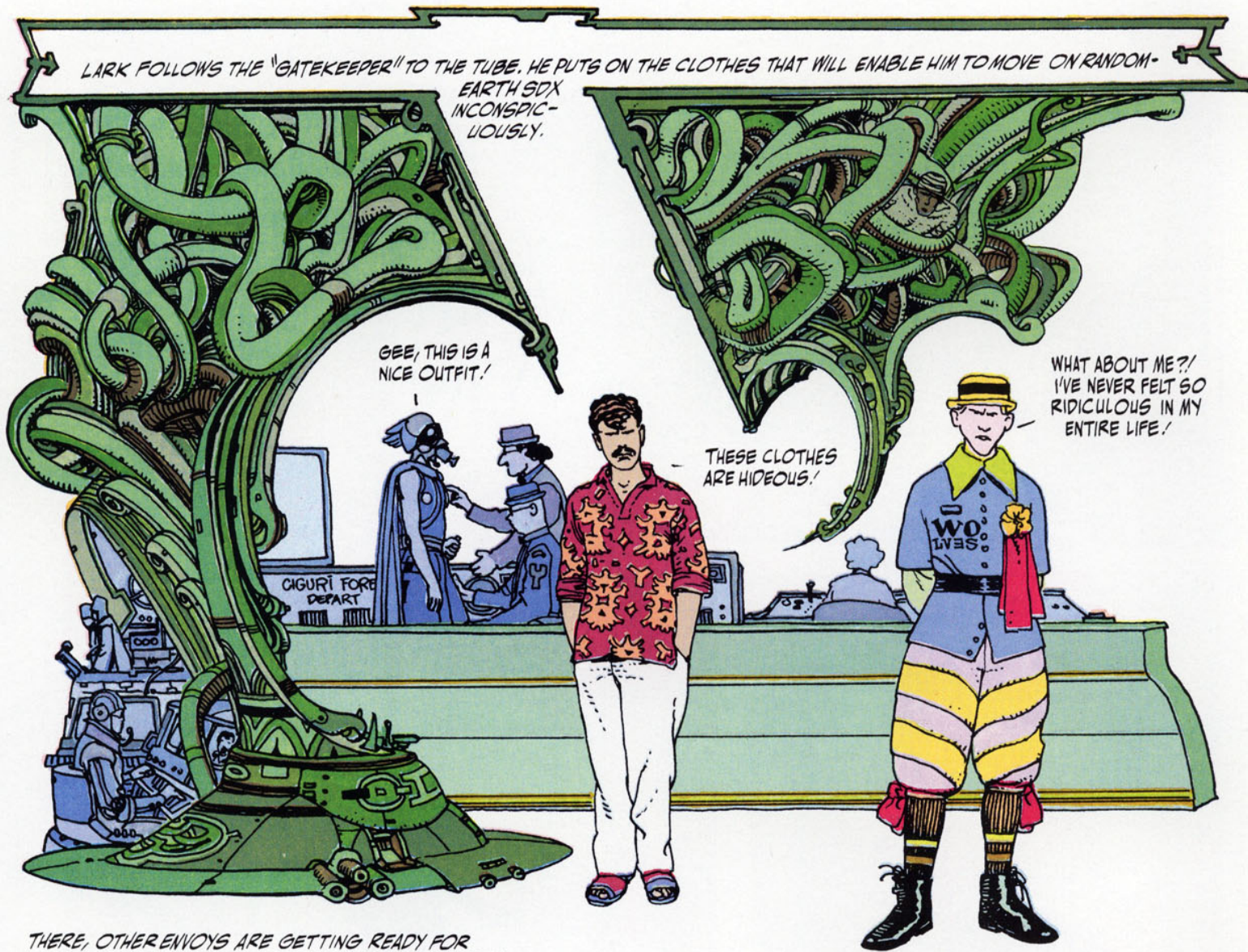
COME IN...!

YOU ARE LARK DALXTREY... WE WERE EXPECTING YOU. PUT ON THESE CLOTHES AND GO INTO THE TUBE! AS SOON AS YOU'RE OUTSIDE, DON'T LET ANYTHING INTERFERE WITH YOUR MISSION. YOU MUST BRING ERIK CARNELIAN BACK HERE BEFORE MIDNIGHT, LOCAL TIME!



MORRIS 11

LARK FOLLOWS THE "GATEKEEPER" TO THE TUBE. HE PUTS ON THE CLOTHES THAT WILL ENABLE HIM TO MOVE ON RANDOM-EARTH SDX INCONSPICUOUSLY.



GEE, THIS IS A NICE OUTFIT!

THESE CLOTHES ARE HIDEOUS!

WHAT ABOUT ME?! I'VE NEVER FELT SO RIDICULOUS IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!

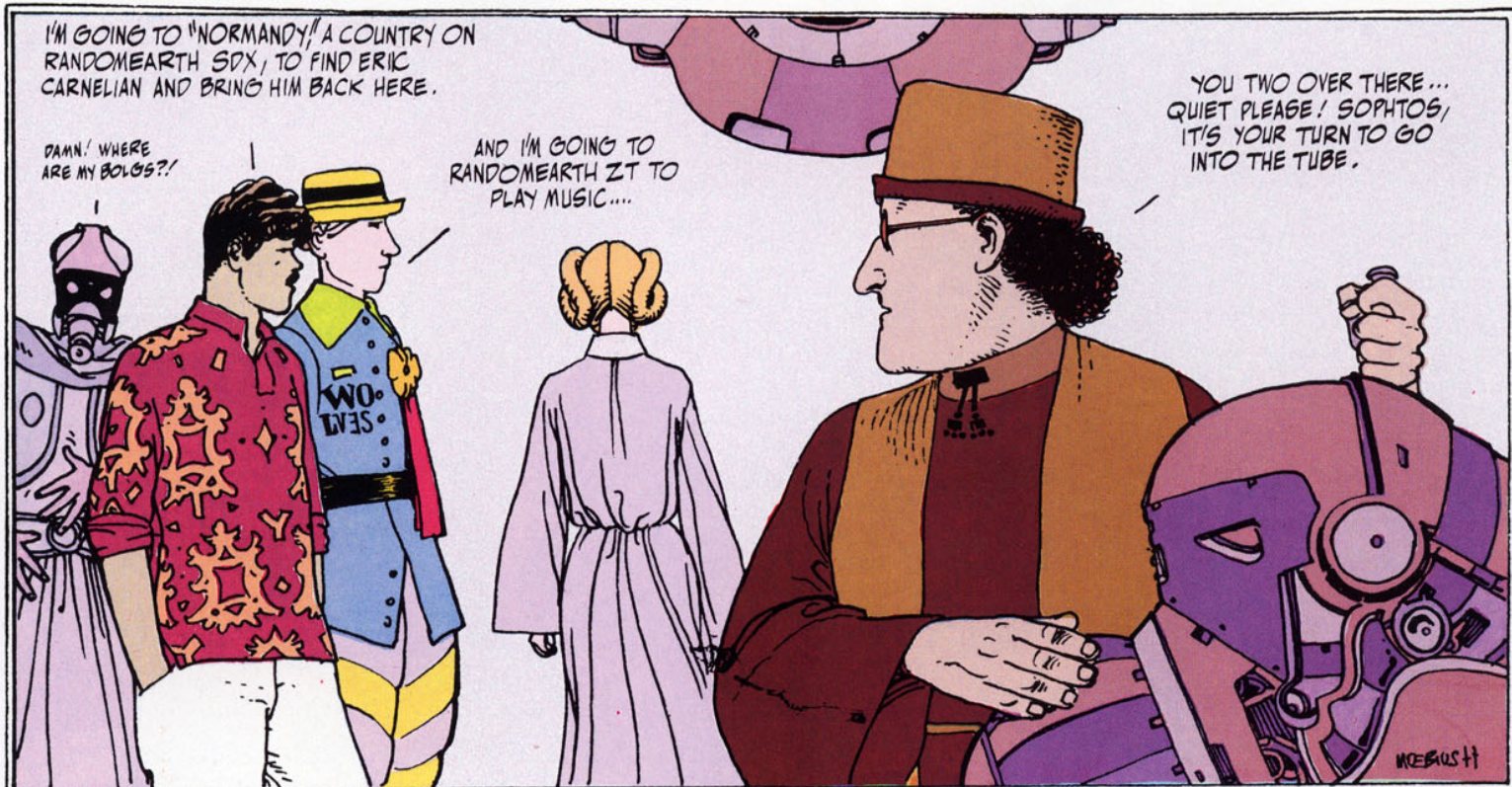
THERE, OTHER ENVOYS ARE GETTING READY FOR DEPARTURE TO OFTEN MYSTERIOUS DESTINATIONS.

I'M GOING TO "NORMANDY," A COUNTRY ON RANDEARTH SDX, TO FIND ERIC CARNELIAN AND BRING HIM BACK HERE.

DAMN! WHERE ARE MY BOLOS?!

AND I'M GOING TO RANDEARTH ZT TO PLAY MUSIC....

YOU TWO OVER THERE... QUIET PLEASE! SOPHTOS, IT'S YOUR TURN TO GO INTO THE TUBE.



WEBB

WHAT! BUT IT'S ONE OF THOSE ANTIQUATED MATTER TRANSMITTERS
THAT GO ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE TAR'HA! ERA!

WATCH OUT FOR
THE SPARKS!

THIS UNIT IS THE OLDEST
ONE IN ALL OF
GRUBERT'S
EMPIRE

I NEVER
FELT SO RIDICULOUS
— IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!

BEWARE! IT'S
NOT VERY
INVITING!

TROTT!

LARK
DALXTREY,
IT'S YOUR TURN!

SWIM

AND
HURRY UP!

GOOOOO!

THE GARAGE WISDOM

LET'S DO IT!
HE'S SMOKING!

HE WAS MY
LOVER...! A
GREAT PASSION
BOUND US
TOGETHER!

MOEBIUS.

OUR STORY: AFTER SOME HESITATION, SAM
MOHAD DIES, MURDERED IN A CAFE ON THE
IMPERIAL HOLOG OF THE SECOND LEVEL.

DON'T PANIC, HE
WAS ONLY AN ANDROID DUPLICATE.
THE REAL SAMUEL MOHAD IS
STILL SAFELY ABOARD THE
"CIGURI!"

HE'S GOING
TO EXPLODE....

OH...?!
OKAY.

BEWARE!
ROTTEN SMELL....!

IT'S A MIXTURE OF
BURNED FLESH AND
CIRCUITRY!

IT'S A
BIOROBOT...!
LET ME THROUGH!

LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE,
OKANIA! THE PLACE
WILL SOON BE CRAWLING
WITH KOPS, ALL ANXIOUS
TO SOLVE THIS
LATEST
PUZZLE!

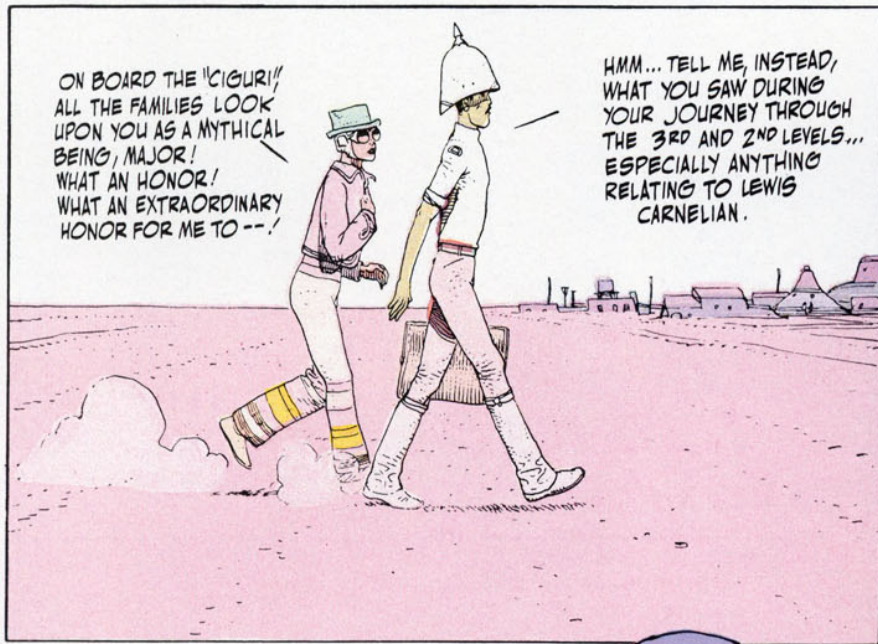
YOU'RE RIGHT!
LET'S GO BACK TO
THE CITY!

I SEE! SO
YOU JUST PULL ON
THIS LITTLE COTTER
PIN...?

YES! LOOK HERE...!
THE MAIN DIODE WAS
HEAVILY DAMAGED BY THE
PROJECTILE, AND THAT'S WHAT
CAUSED THE OVERHEATING OF
THESE THREE VALVES AND THE
COLLAPSE OF THE CRYSTALLINE
STRUCTURE.

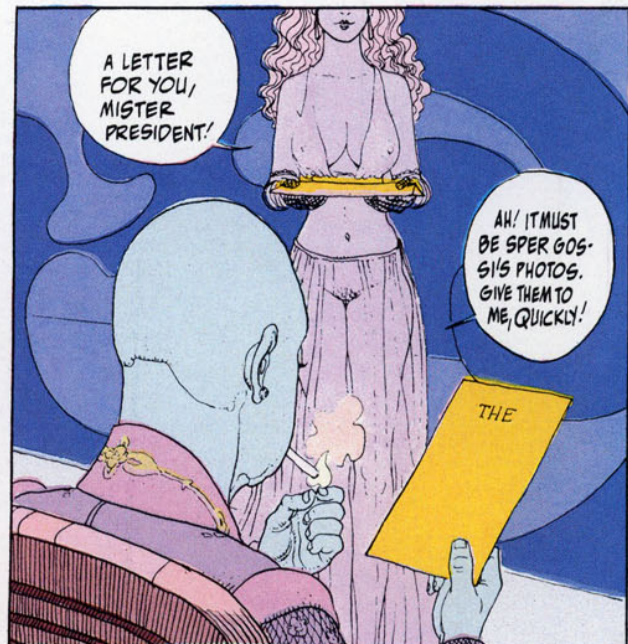
WOW! SO
MANY
EMOTIONS!

EMOTIONS...?



ON BOARD THE "CIGURI!"
ALL THE FAMILIES LOOK
UPON YOU AS A MYTHICAL
BEING, MAJOR!
WHAT AN HONOR!
WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY
HONOR FOR ME TO --!

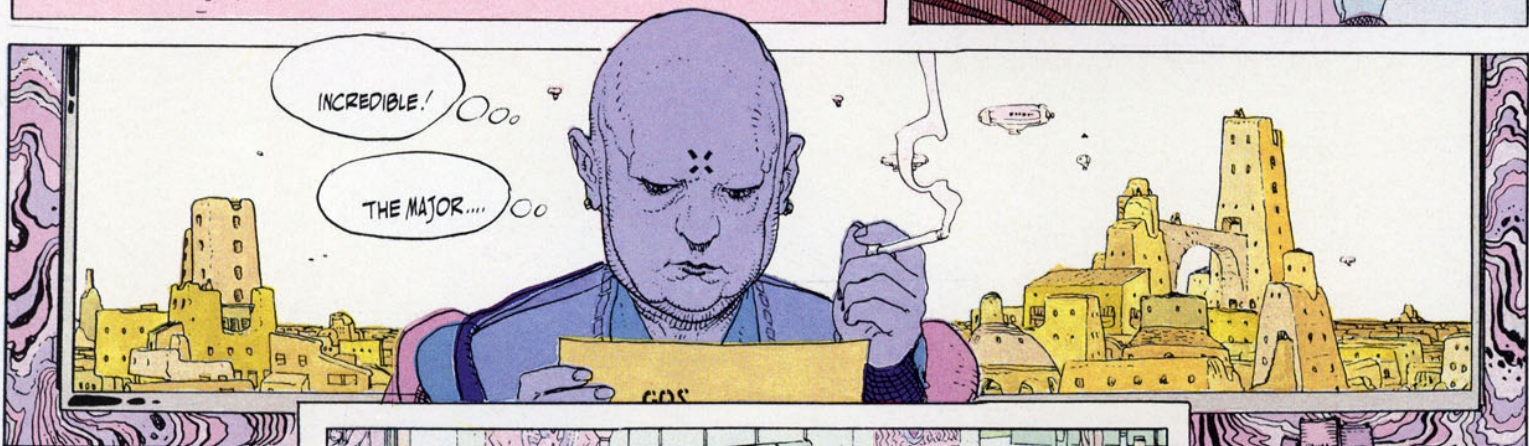
HMM... TELL ME, INSTEAD,
WHAT YOU SAW DURING
YOUR JOURNEY THROUGH
THE 3RD AND 2ND LEVELS...
ESPECIALLY ANYTHING
RELATING TO LEWIS
CARNELIAN.



A LETTER
FOR YOU,
MISTER
PRESIDENT!

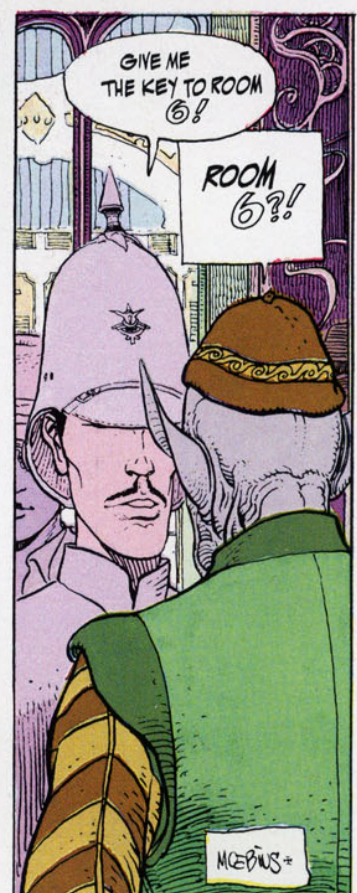
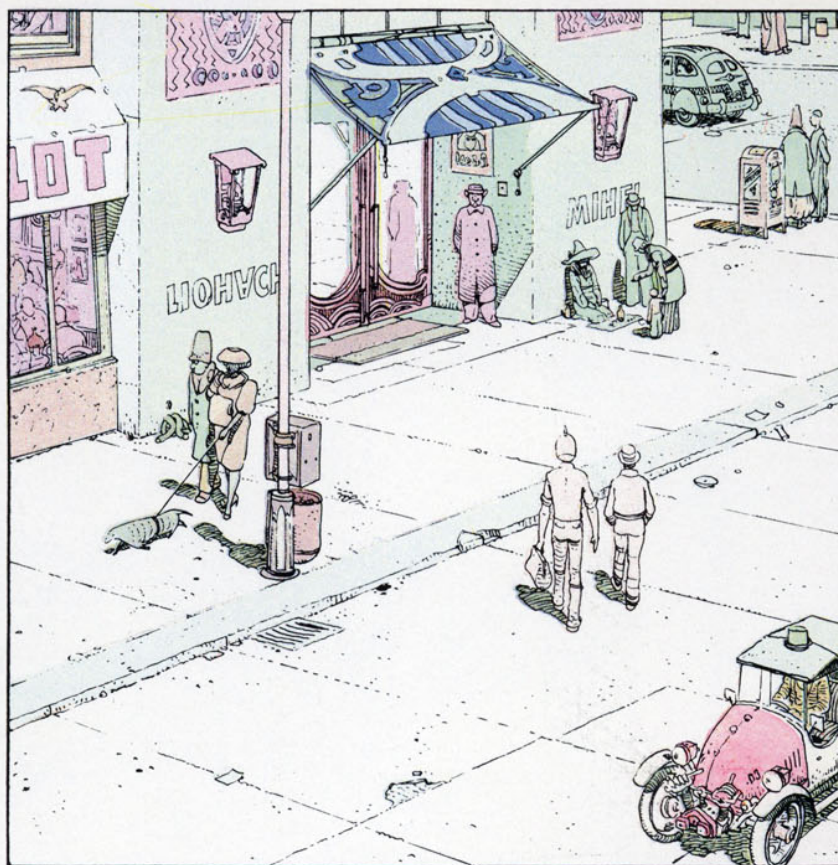
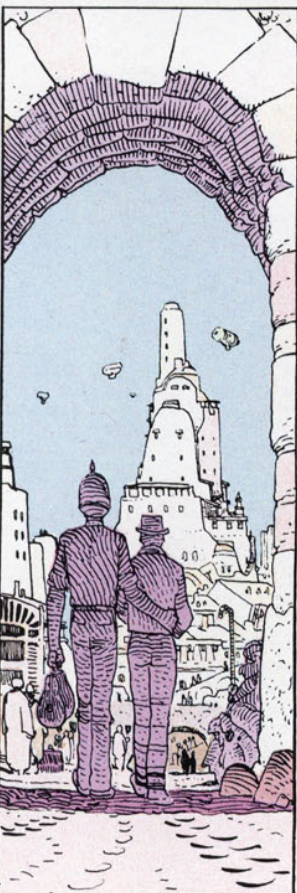
AH! IT MUST
BE SPER GOS-
SI'S PHOTOS.
GIVE THEM TO
ME, QUICKLY!

THE



INCREDIBLE!

THE MAJOR....



GIVE ME
THE KEY TO ROOM
6!

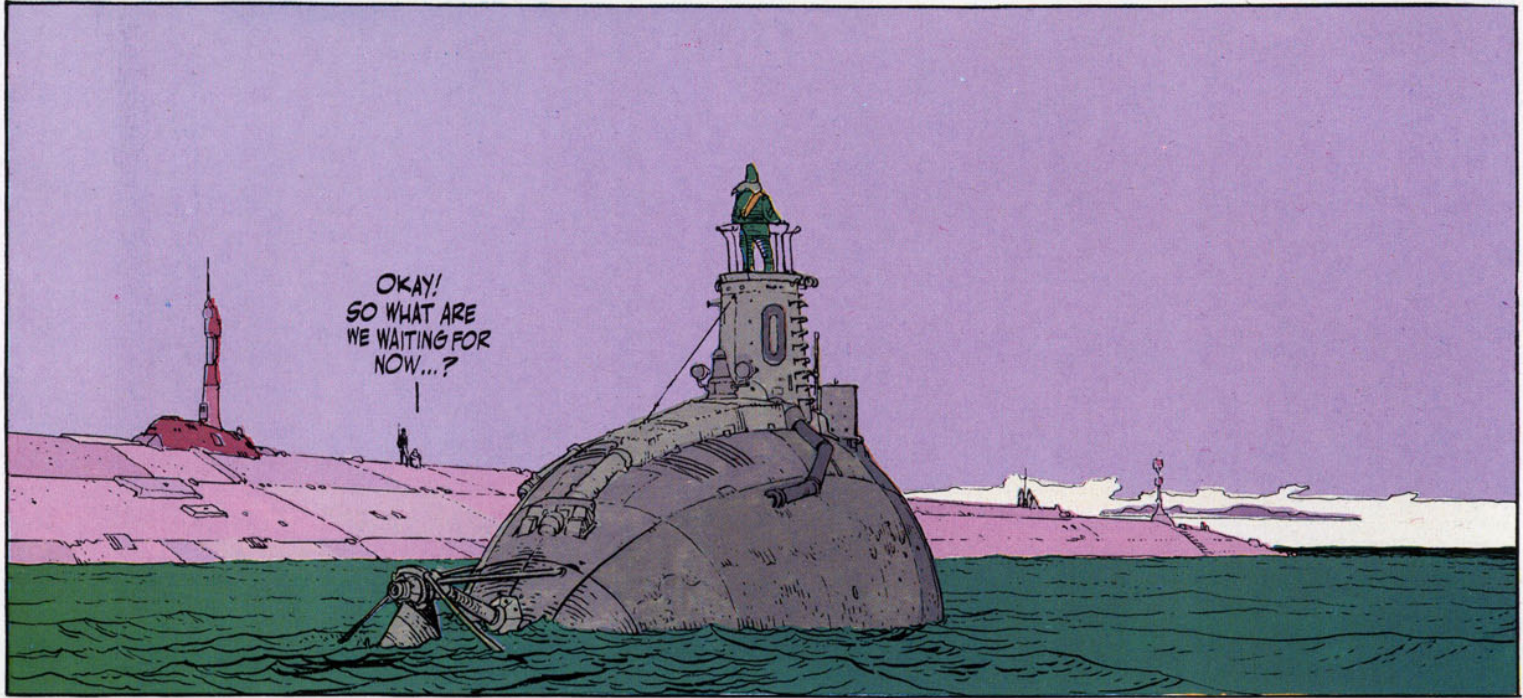
ROOM
6?!

MICROUS*

THE GARAGE HERMETIC

STORY BY
SIMPSON

OUR STORY: IT IS WRITTEN (LUKE 12.2) THAT THERE IS NOTHING COVERED THAT SHALL NOT BE REVEALED, NEITHER HID THAT SHALL NOT BE KNOWN.



OKAY!
SO WHAT ARE
WE WAITING FOR
NOW...?

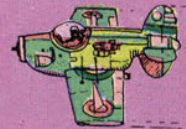
PRIMARILY, WE ARE WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF AN INTERPLANE LOCK. YOU HAVE NOTHING FURTHER TO DO IN THIS AFFAIR, BARNIER... YOUR TALENT AS AN ENGINEER IS NOT IN QUESTION. YOU WILL FIND WORK ON VENTHOLE... IT IS LESS THAN A PARSEC FROM HERE. THE RIGELIANS NEED A CABLE SPECIALIST WITH YOUR ABILITIES.

THE
RIGELIANS... AH,
YES! THEY'RE HALF-
ORGANIC, HALF-METALLIC,
AREN'T THEY?

I WON'T MIND
LEAVING THIS **ABSURD**
UNIVERSE!

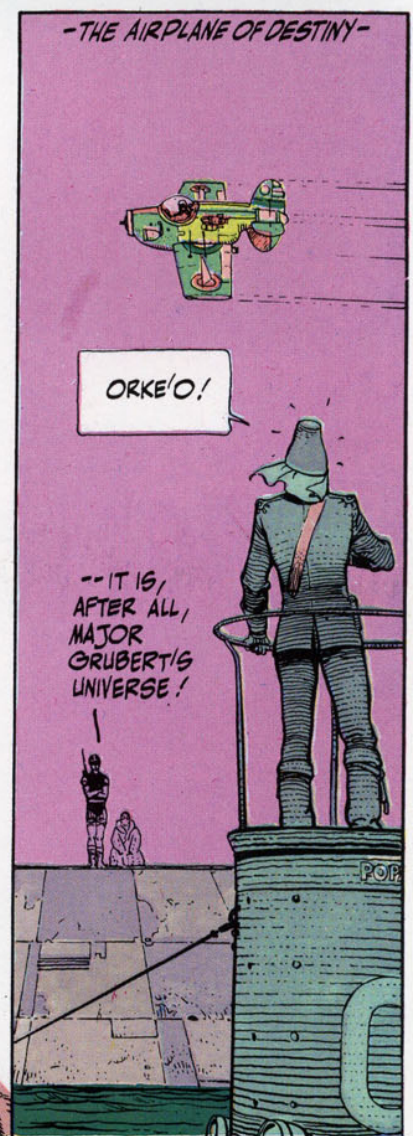
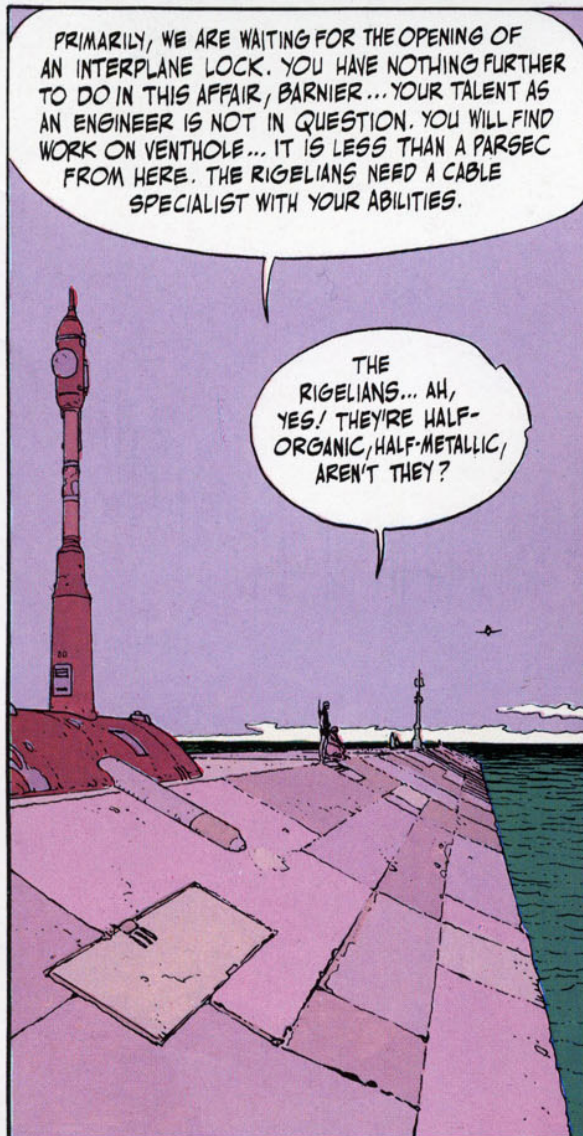
I KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN --

-THE AIRPLANE OF DESTINY-



ORKE'O!

--IT IS,
AFTER ALL,
MAJOR
GRUBERT'S
UNIVERSE!



BUT, NOW, IT IS ALSO
LEWIS CARNELIAN'S....

HE MUST NEVER FIND
ME! I HOPE YOU CAN GET
ME OUT OF HERE IN
TIME, ARCHER.

OTRÉO...!
VOOZ...! IL
STOKEO...!



DROM'
STOKEO
STORNIL-
ILII!

I'M SO SORRY I
KILLED THAT GUARD.
I PANICKED.

YOU ENGINEERS DON'T
KNOW TO COPE WITH
UNMOTIVATED ACTIONS
OF THE WILL.

OLETRA!
OLETRA!



THE UNMENTIONABLE
AIRPLANE--



WHY DO YOU
ALWAYS WEAR THAT
MASK?

SO THAT I CAN BE
RECOGNIZED. WITHOUT
IT... I AM ONLY MYSELF,
TRAPPED BETWEEN
IMPREONABLE WALLS.

HMM... WHAT A STRANGE
PHILOSOPHY! AND WHY ARE
YOU SO INTERESTED
IN ME...?

-- DIVES.



BECAUSE YOU
ARE NOT REALLY
PART OF THIS
GAME!

THE

GARAGE

HERMETIC

A WESTERN
INTERLUDE



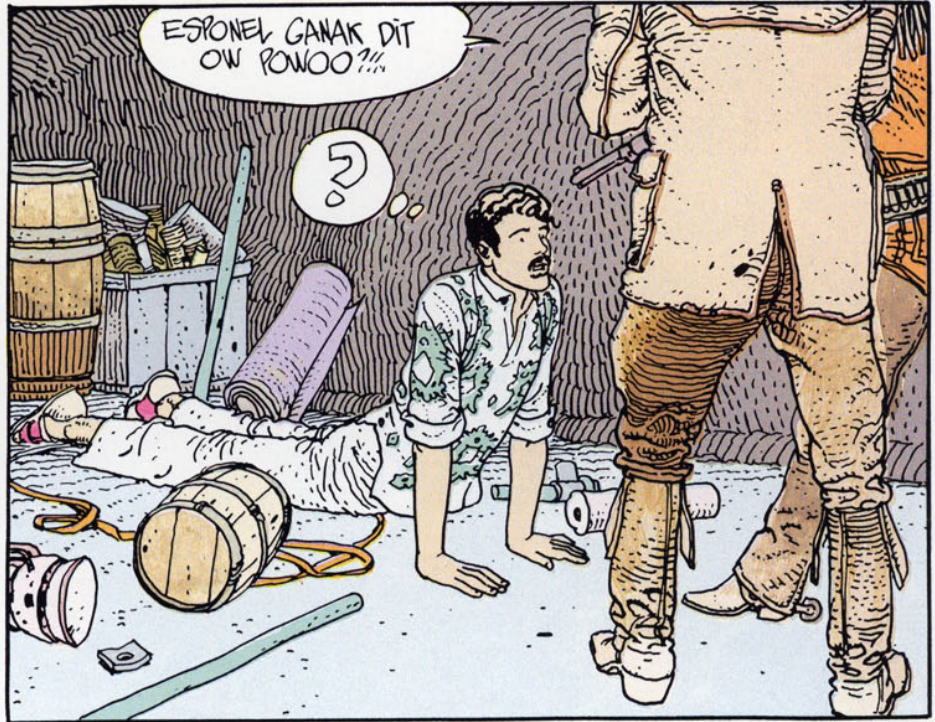
OUR STORY:
YOU AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING YET!

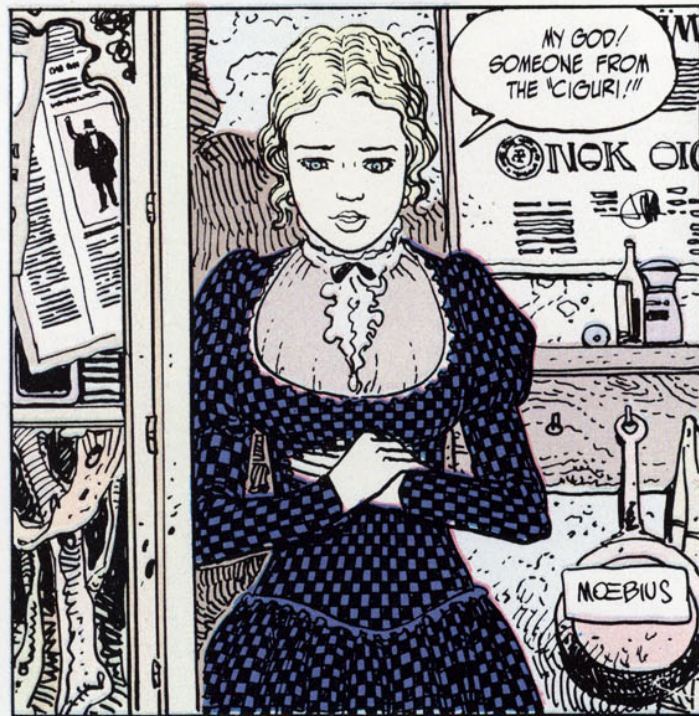
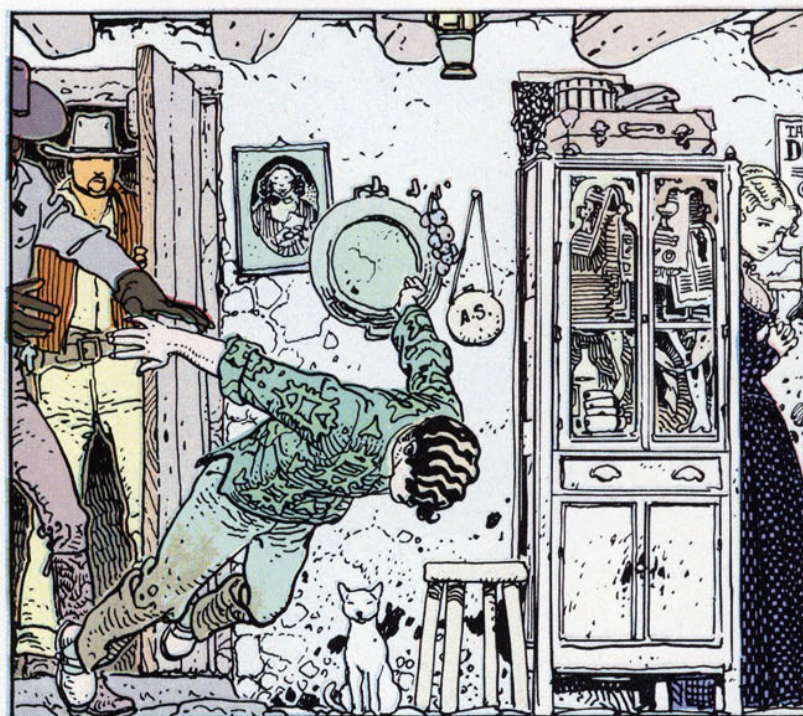
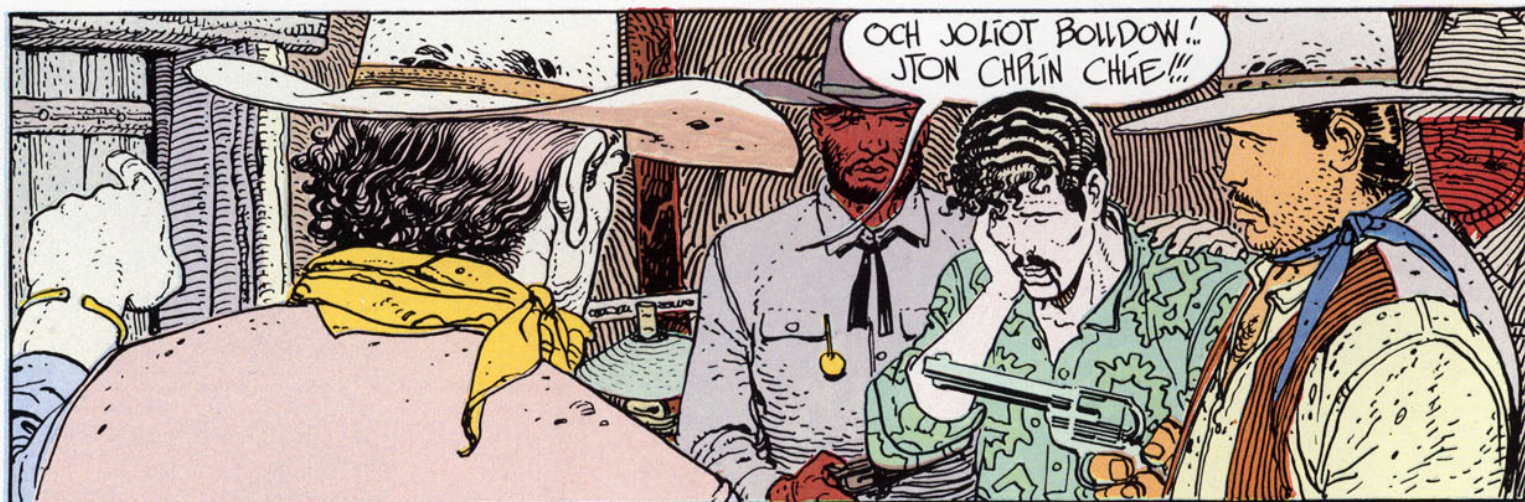
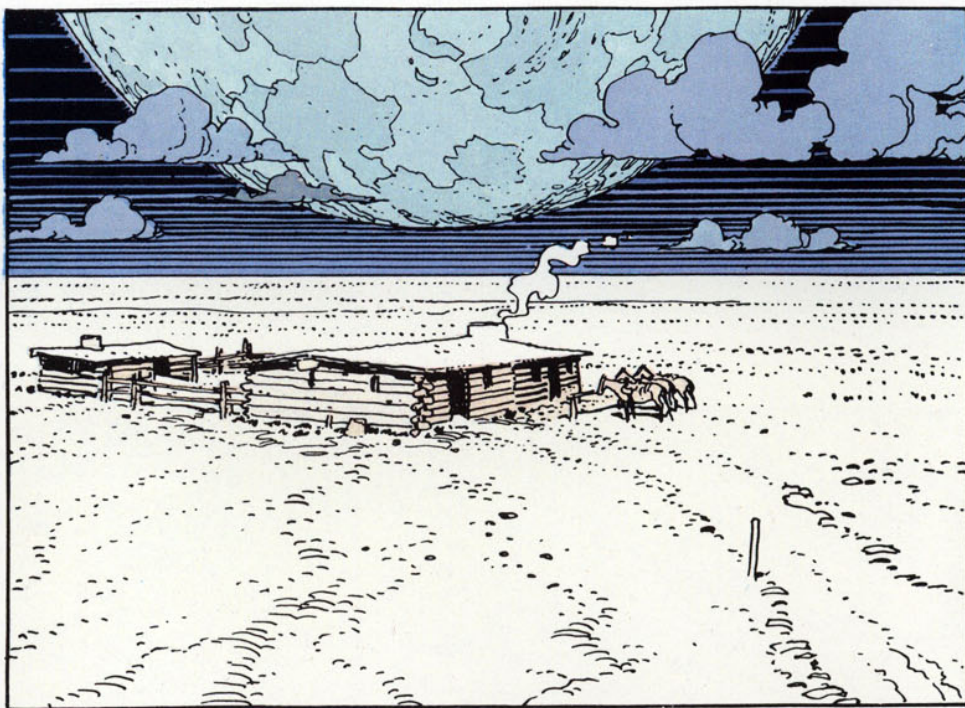
OF

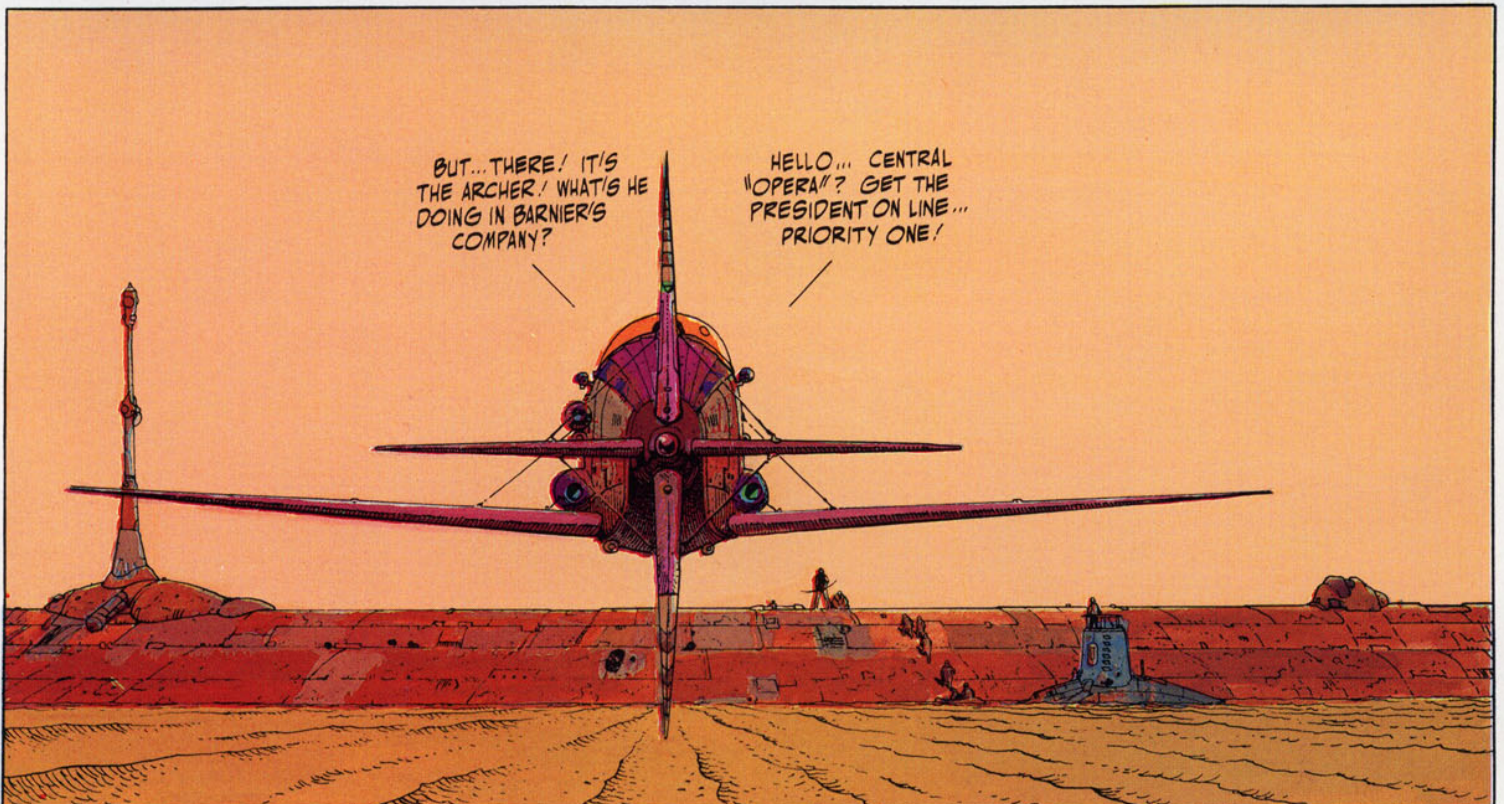
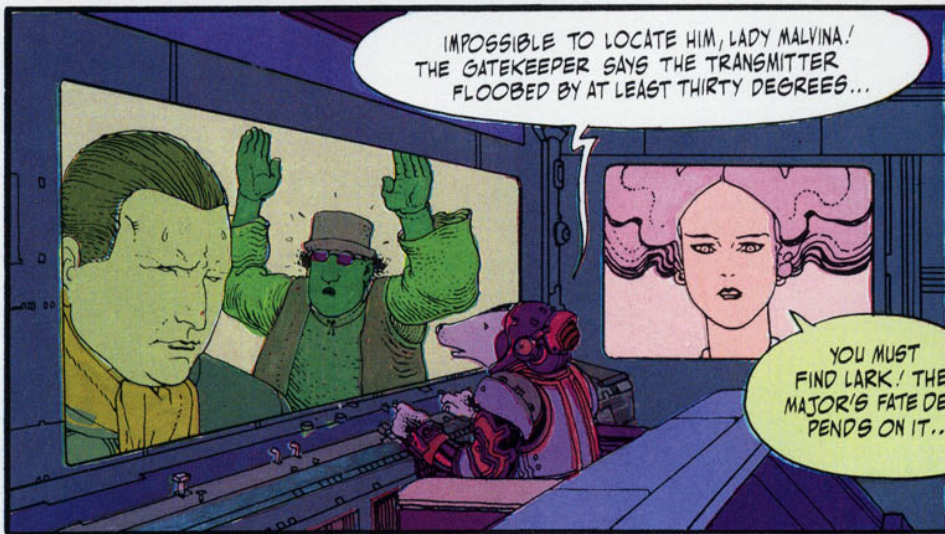
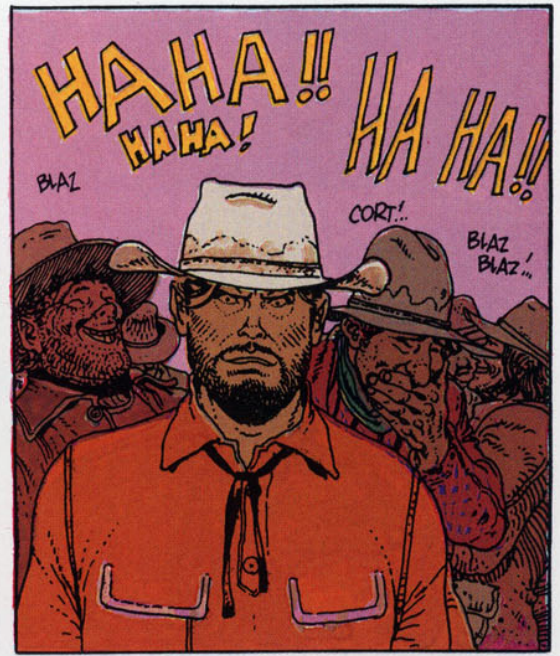
LEWIS

CARNELIAN

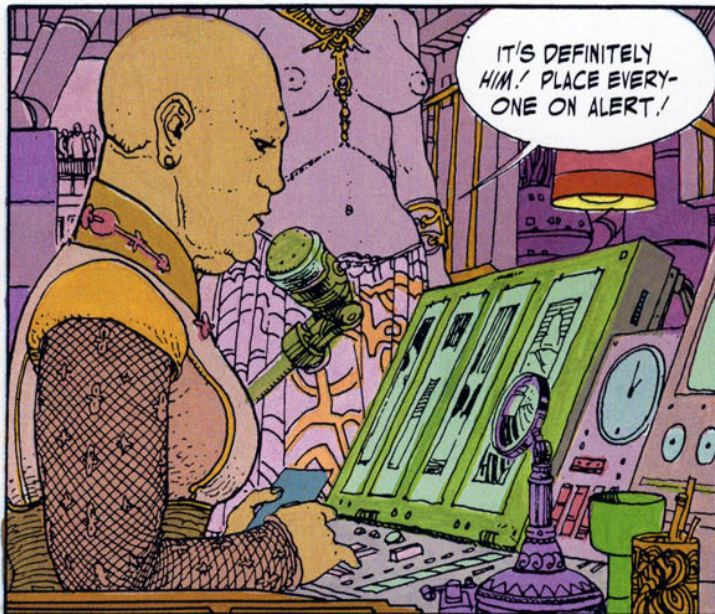
PAR MOEBIUS



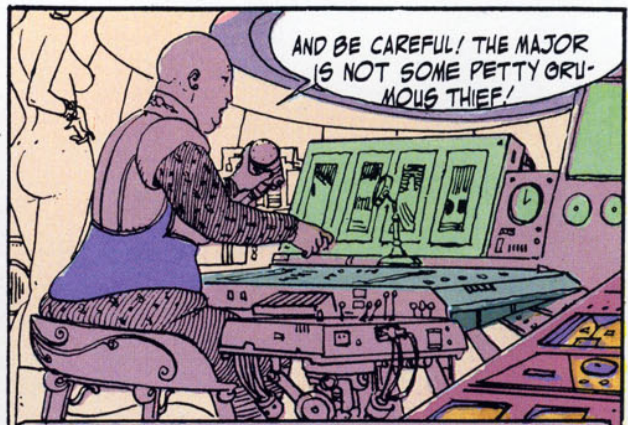




THE GARAGE HERMETIC OF LEWIS CARNELIAN MOEBIUS



IT'S DEFINITELY HIM! PLACE EVERYONE ON ALERT!



AND BE CAREFUL! THE MAJOR IS NOT SOME PETTY GRIMOUS THIEF!

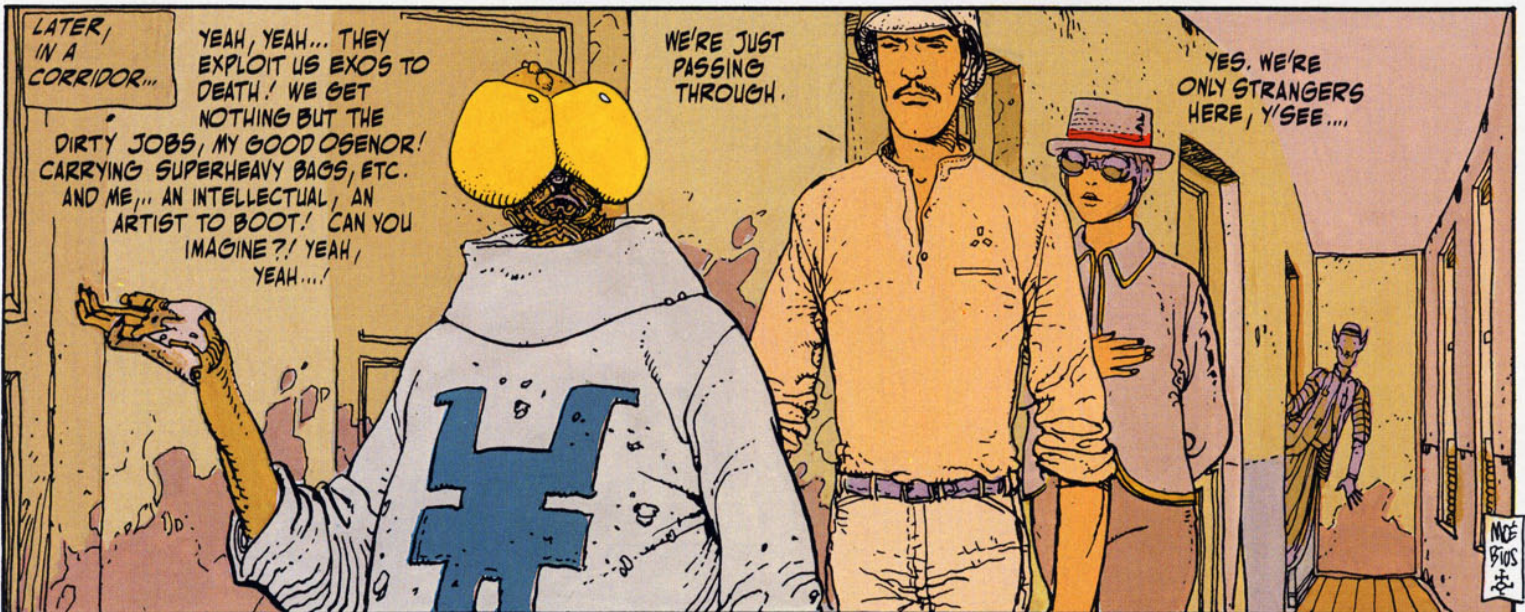
OUR STORY: LEWIS CARNELIAN HAD A GARAGE IN WHICH HE PARKED ALL HIS VEHICLES. BUT... BUT THIS GARAGE WAS AIRTIGHT! ALAS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOTEL'S BASEMENT...

MIKEY, TAKE THE OSENIOR TO ROOM NO. 6.

JUST A MINUTE. I WANT TO FINISH THIS RATHER WELL WRITTEN CHAPTER.



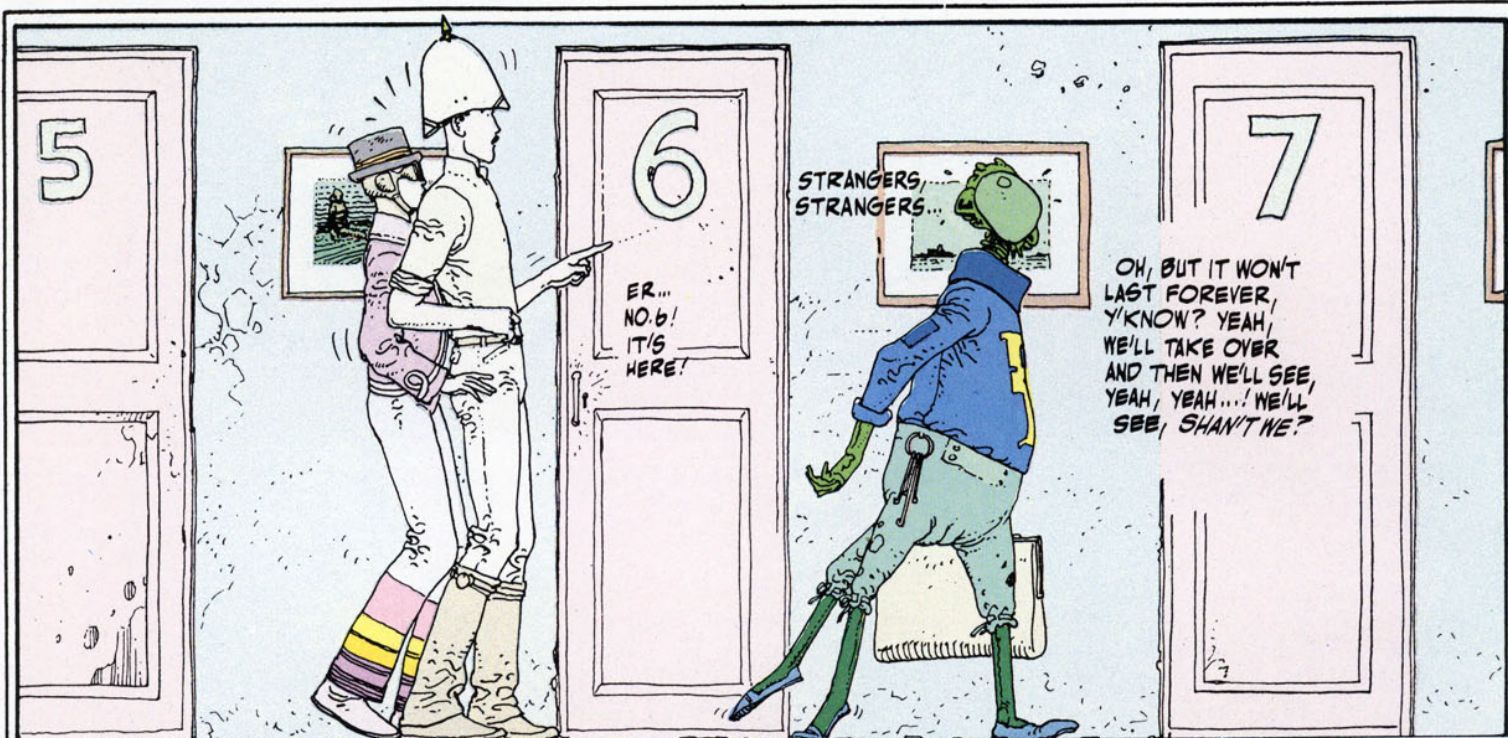
LATER, IN A CORRIDOR...

YEAH, YEAH... THEY EXPLOIT US EXOS TO DEATH! WE GET NOTHING BUT THE DIRTY JOBS, MY GOOD OSENIOR! CARRYING SUPERHEAVY BAGS, ETC. AND ME... AN INTELLECTUAL, AN ARTIST TO BOOT! CAN YOU IMAGINE? YEAH, YEAH...

WE'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH.

YES. WE'RE ONLY STRANGERS HERE, Y'SEE...

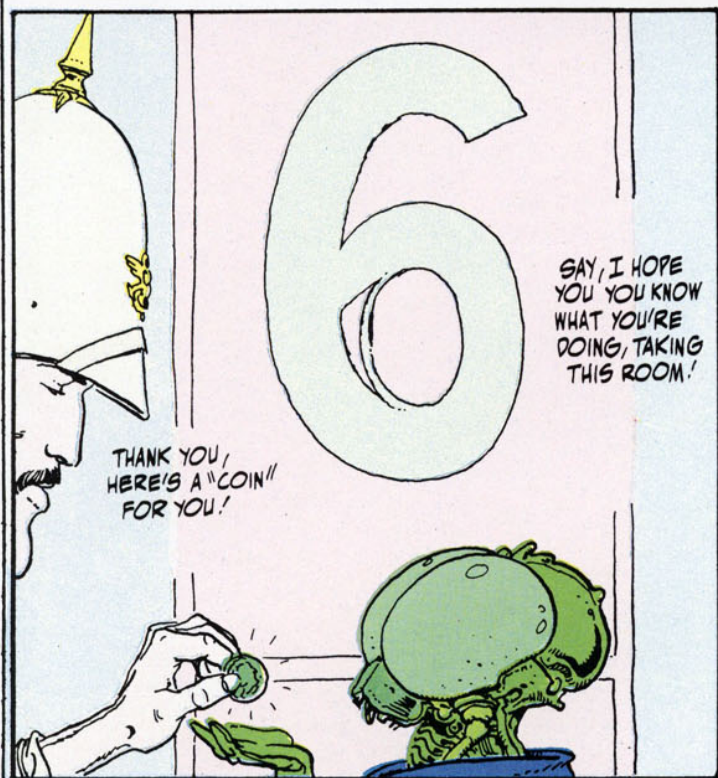
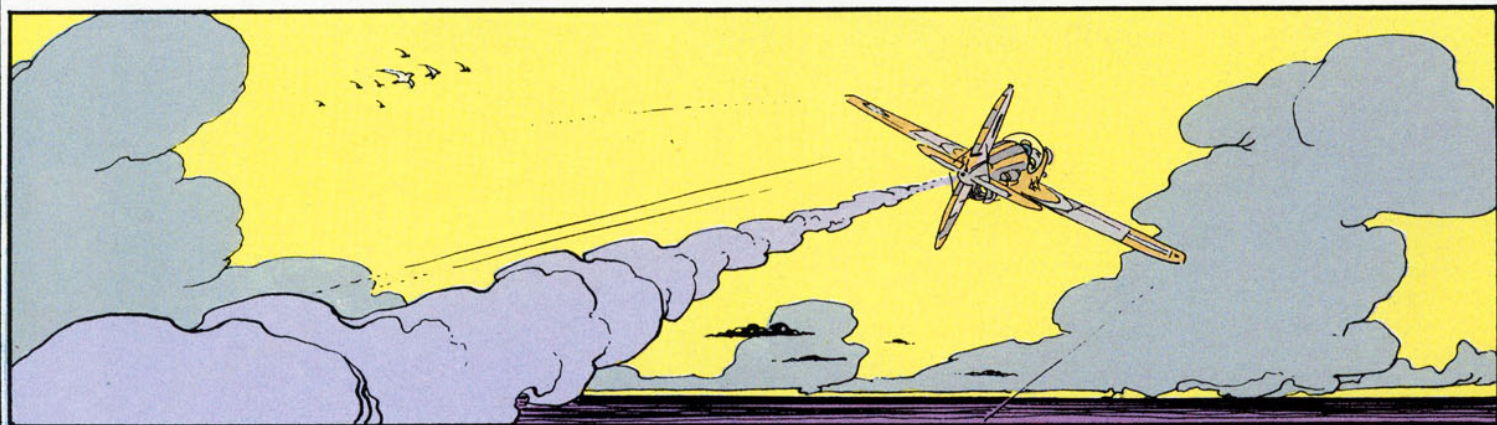
MOEBIUS



STRANGERS,
STRANGERS...

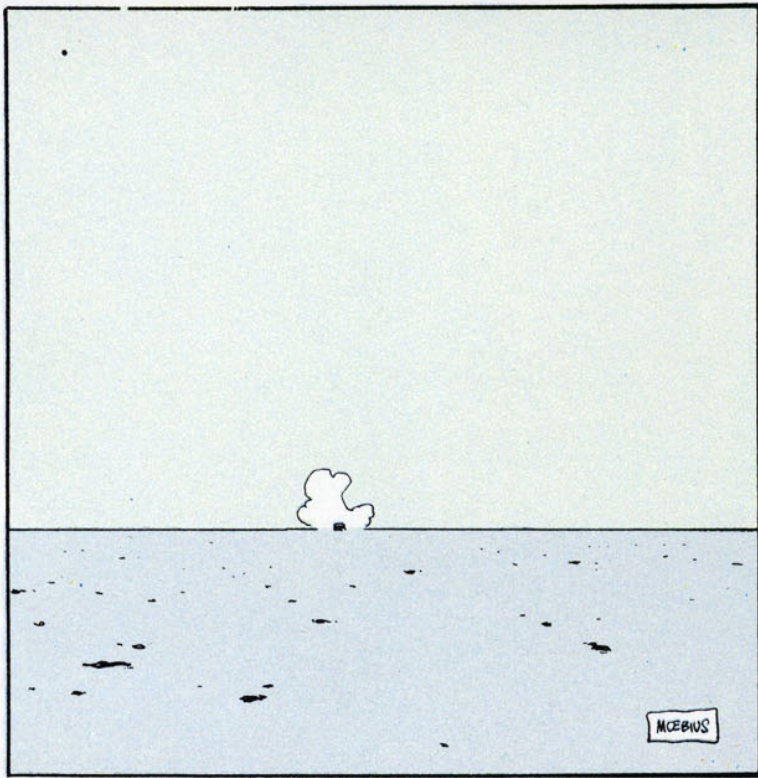
ER...
NO. 6!
IT'S
HERE!

OH, BUT IT WON'T
LAST FOREVER,
Y'KNOW? YEAH,
WE'LL TAKE OVER
AND THEN WE'LL SEE,
YEAH, YEAH...! WE'LL
SEE, SHAN'T WE?



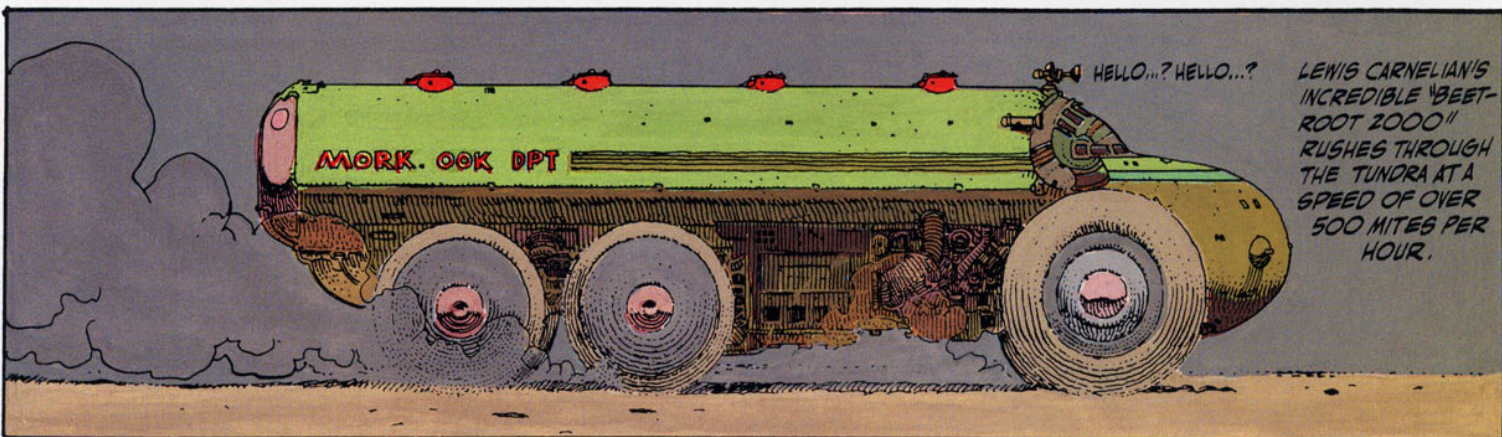
THANK YOU,
HERE'S A "COIN"
FOR YOU!

SAY, I HOPE
YOU YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING, TAKING
THIS ROOM.

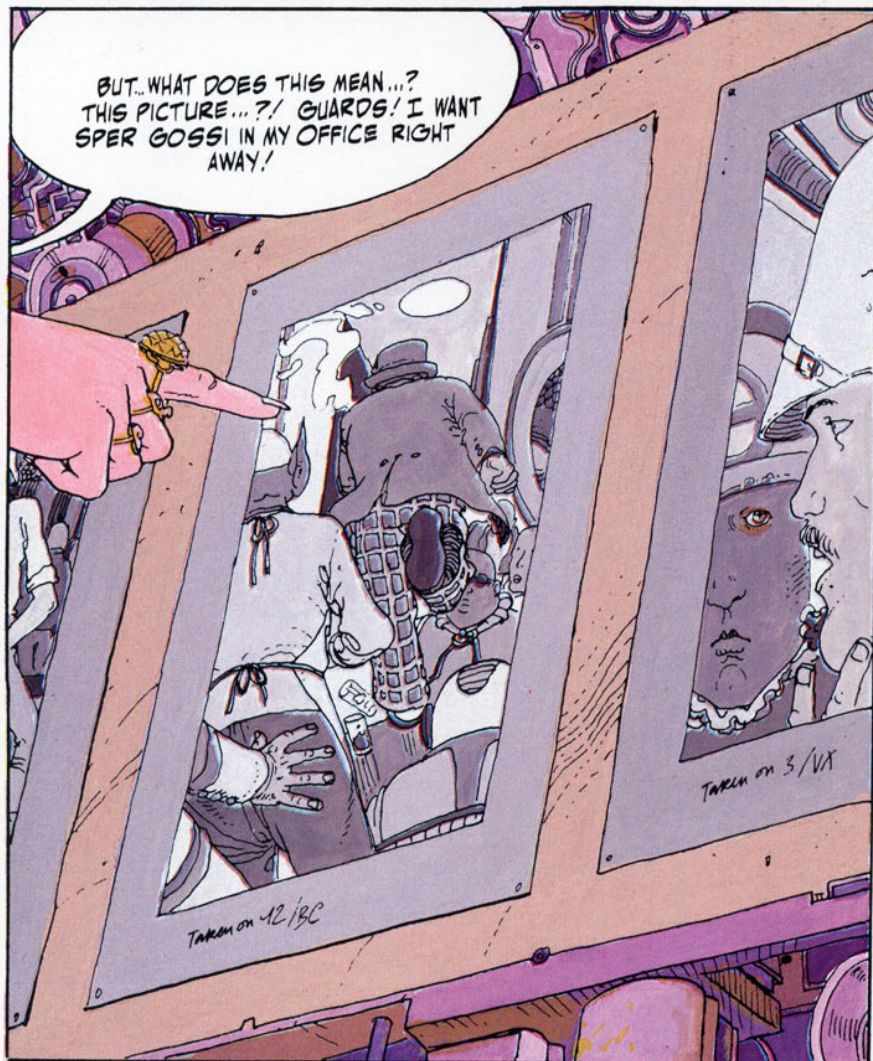


MCEBIUS

MEANWHILE



BUT...WHAT DOES THIS MEAN...?
THIS PICTURE...?/ GUARDS! I WANT
SPER GOSSI IN MY OFFICE RIGHT
AWAY!



HERMETIC
OF
LEWIS
CARNELIAN

HELLO, MISTER PRESIDENT!
AIRPLANE OF DESTINY HERE!
ENGINEER BARNIER IS ACCOMPANIED BY YETCHEM... THAT WASN'T PART OF THE TERMINATION CONTRACT, YOU KNOW!

OUR STORY: ENGINEER BARNIER COMPLETELY RUINED THE BEAUTIFUL NEW CABLEBOX THAT LEWIS CARNELIAN ASKED HIM TO ASSEMBLE, SO HE'S DECIDED TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL...

WHAT?!!
YETCHEM!?
THE ARCHER?

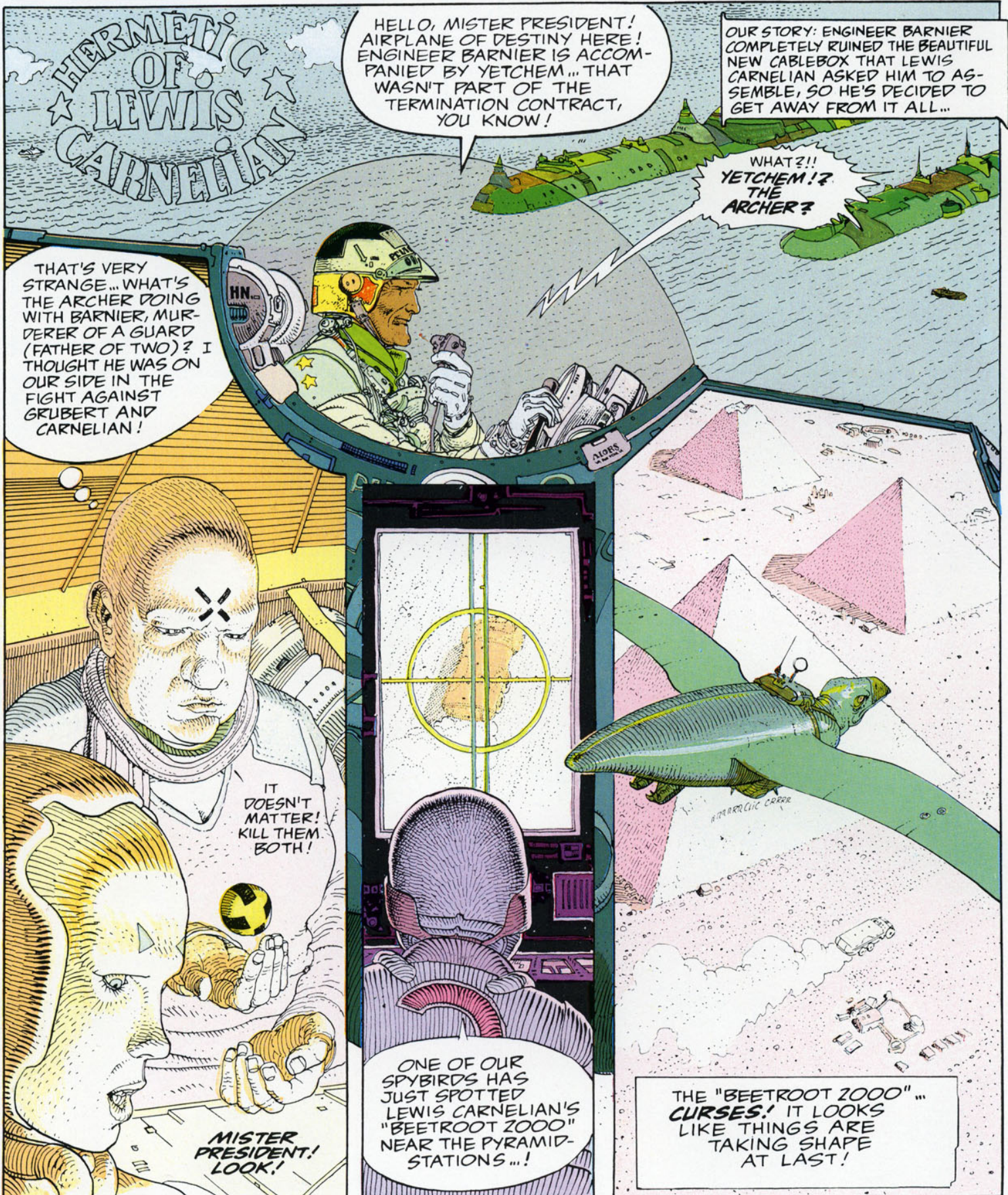
THAT'S VERY STRANGE... WHAT'S THE ARCHER DOING WITH BARNIER, MURDERER OF A GUARD (FATHER OF TWO)? I THOUGHT HE WAS ON OUR SIDE IN THE FIGHT AGAINST GRUBERT AND CARNELIAN!

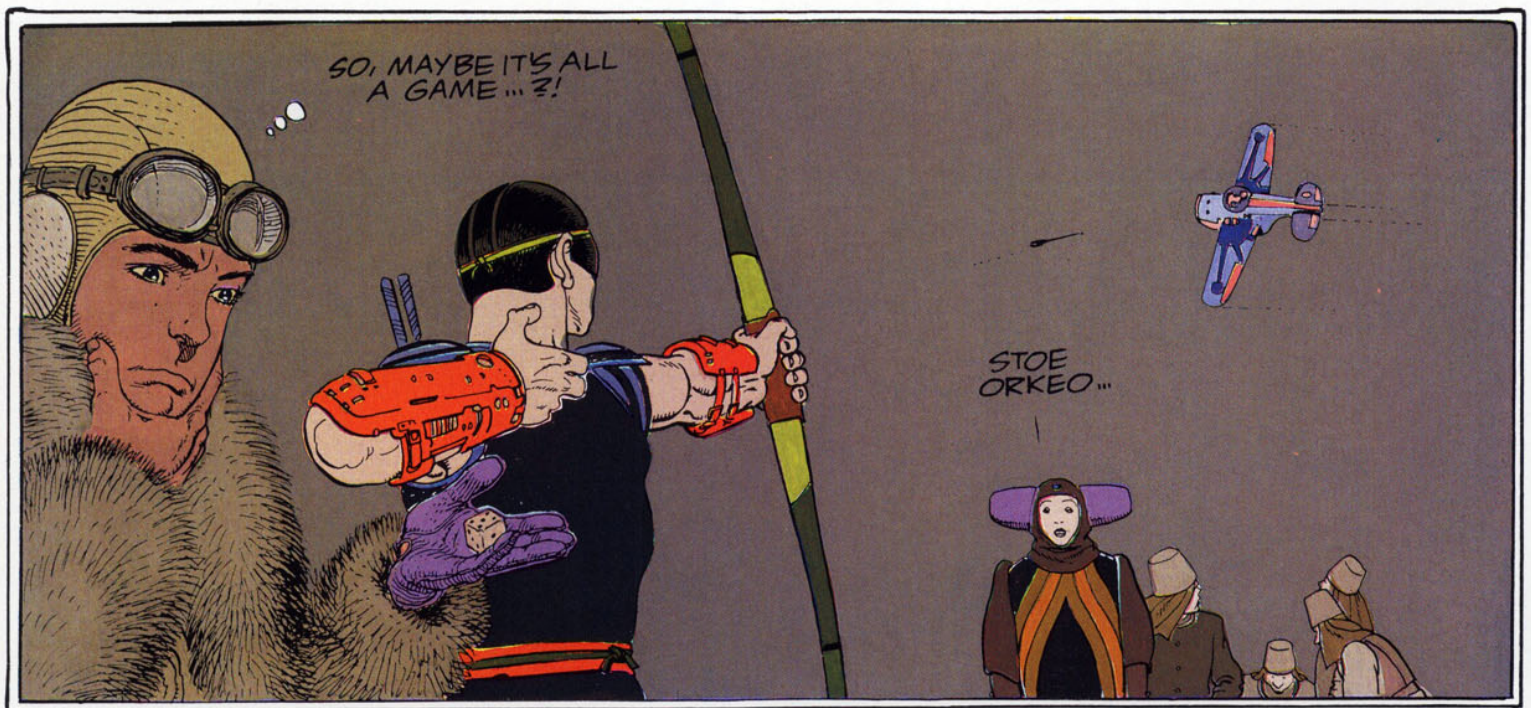
IT DOESN'T MATTER!
KILL THEM BOTH!

MISTER PRESIDENT!
LOOK!

ONE OF OUR SPYBIRDS HAS JUST SPOTTED LEWIS CARNELIAN'S "BEETROOT 2000" NEAR THE PYRAMID-STATIONS...!

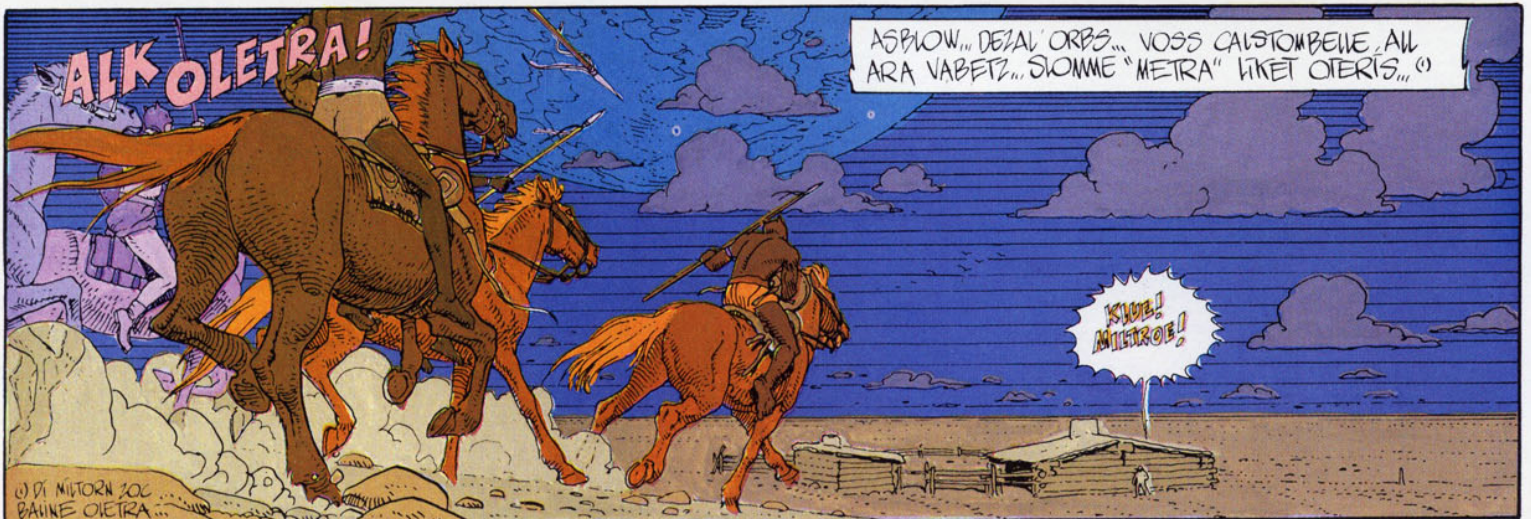
THE "BEETROOT 2000" ... CURSES! IT LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE TAKING SHAPE AT LAST!





SO, MAYBE IT'S ALL
A GAME...?!

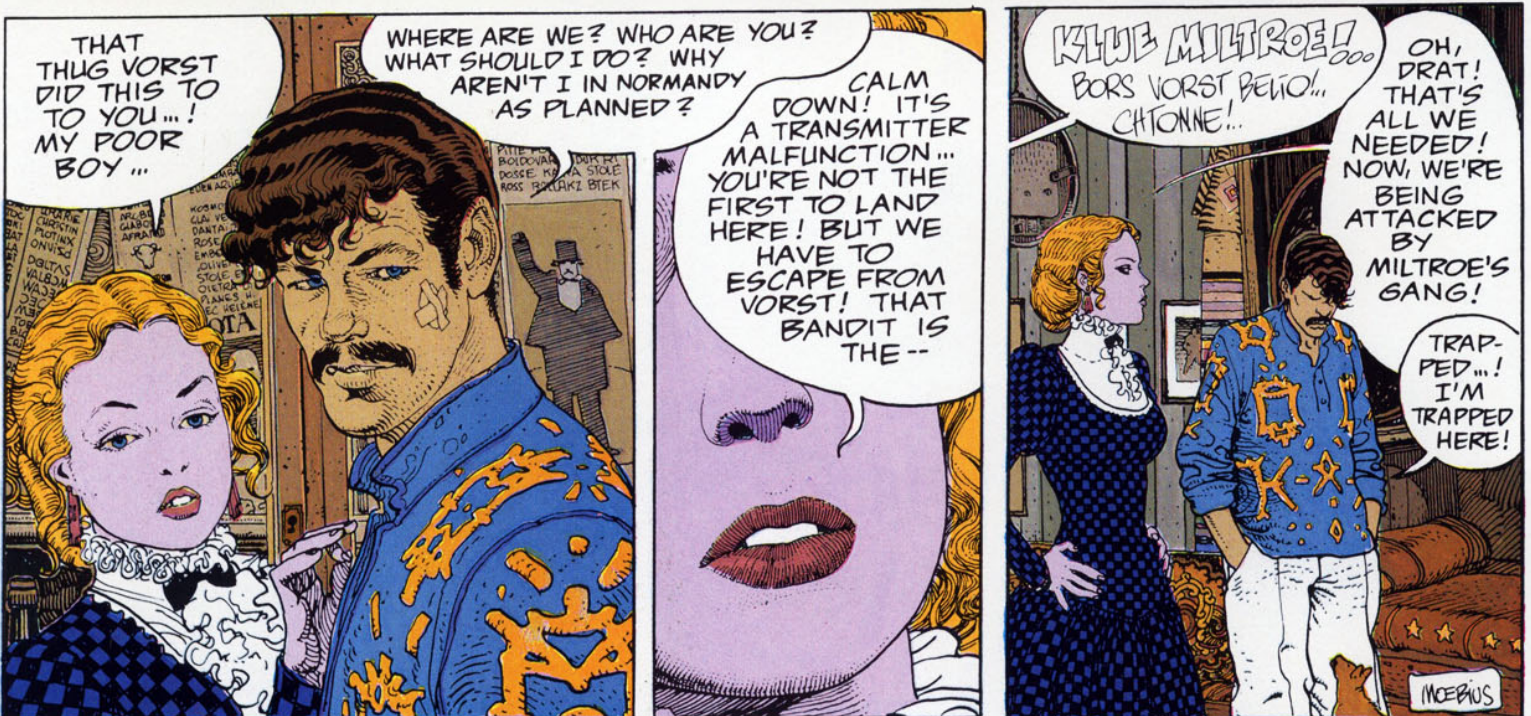
STOE
ORKEO...



ALK OLETRA!

ASPIOW... DEZAL ORBS... VOSS CALSTOMBEHE, AIL
ARA VABETZ... SIOMME "METRA" LIKET OTERIS...

KWEE!
MILTROE!



THAT
THUG VORST
DID THIS TO
TO YOU...!
MY POOR
BOY...

WHERE ARE WE? WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT SHOULD I DO? WHY
AREN'T I IN NORMANDY
AS PLANNED?

CALM
DOWN! IT'S
A TRANSMITTER
MALFUNCTION...
YOU'RE NOT THE
FIRST TO LAND
HERE! BUT WE
HAVE TO
ESCAPE FROM
VORST! THAT
BANDIT IS
THE --

KWEE MILTROE!
BORS VORST BEHO!
CHTonne!

OH,
DRAT!
THAT'S
ALL WE
NEEDED!
NOW, WE'RE
BEING
ATTACKED
BY
MILTROE'S
GANG!

TRAP-
PED...!
I'M
TRAPPED
HERE!

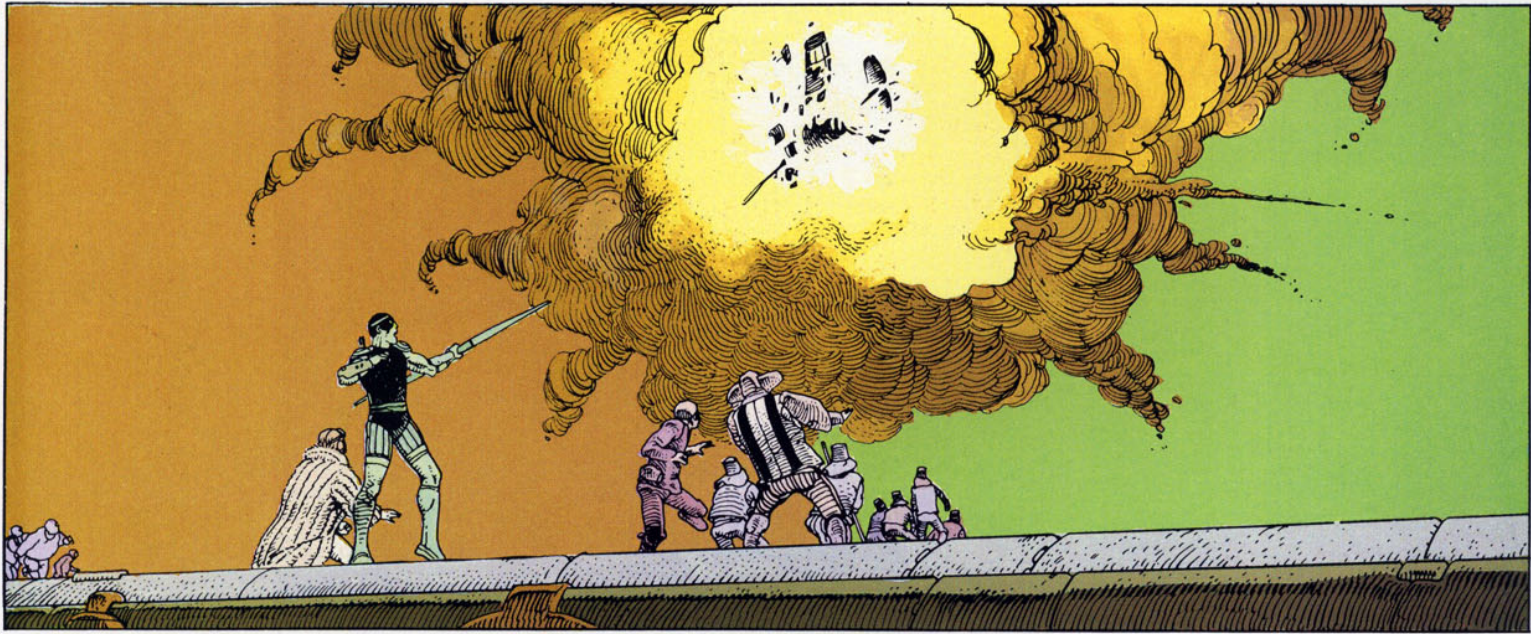
MOERBAUS

OUR STORY:

LARK DALXTREY IS LOST ON A RANDOM EARTH, FAR FROM NORMANDY. HE WILL NEVER AGAIN SET FOOT ON THE "CIGURI" BUT HE WILL FIND LOVE AND A GLORIOUS DESTINY.

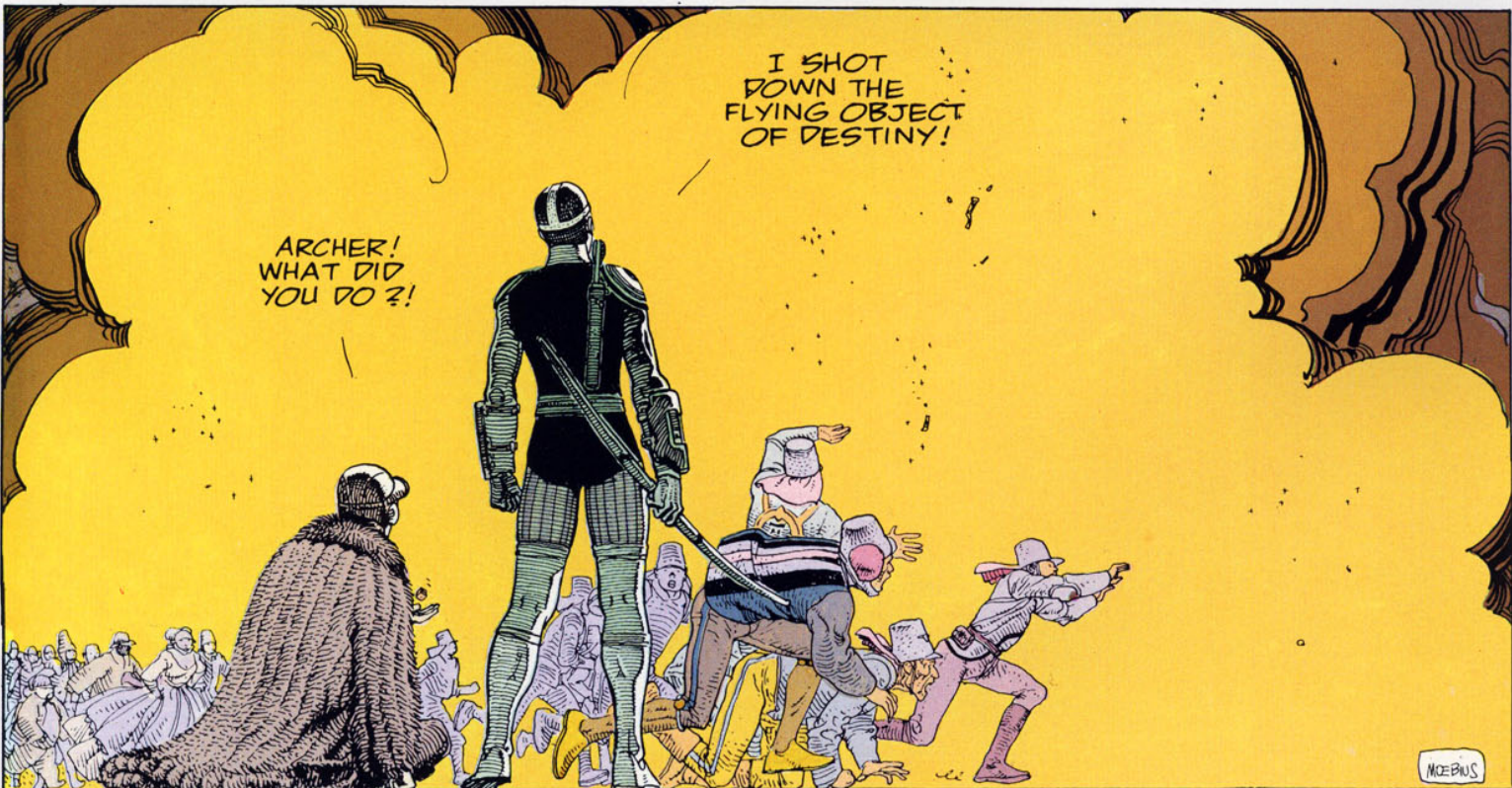
THE GARAGE HERMETIC OF LEWIS' CARNELIAN

OUR STO

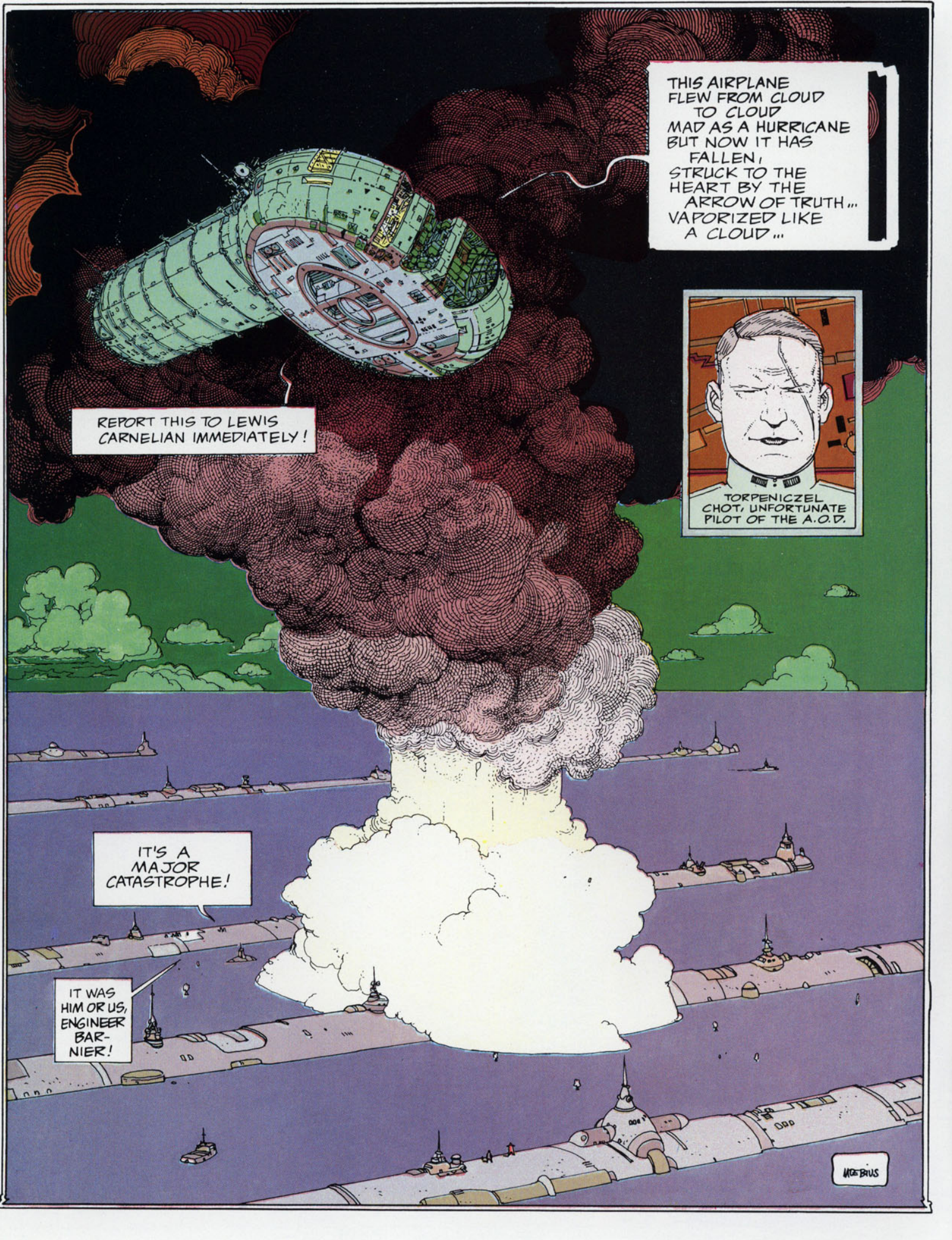


ARCHER!
WHAT DID
YOU DO?!

I SHOT
DOWN THE
FLYING OBJECT
OF DESTINY!

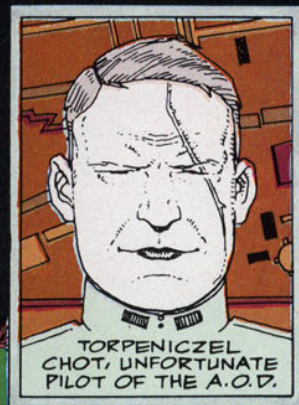


MOEBIUS



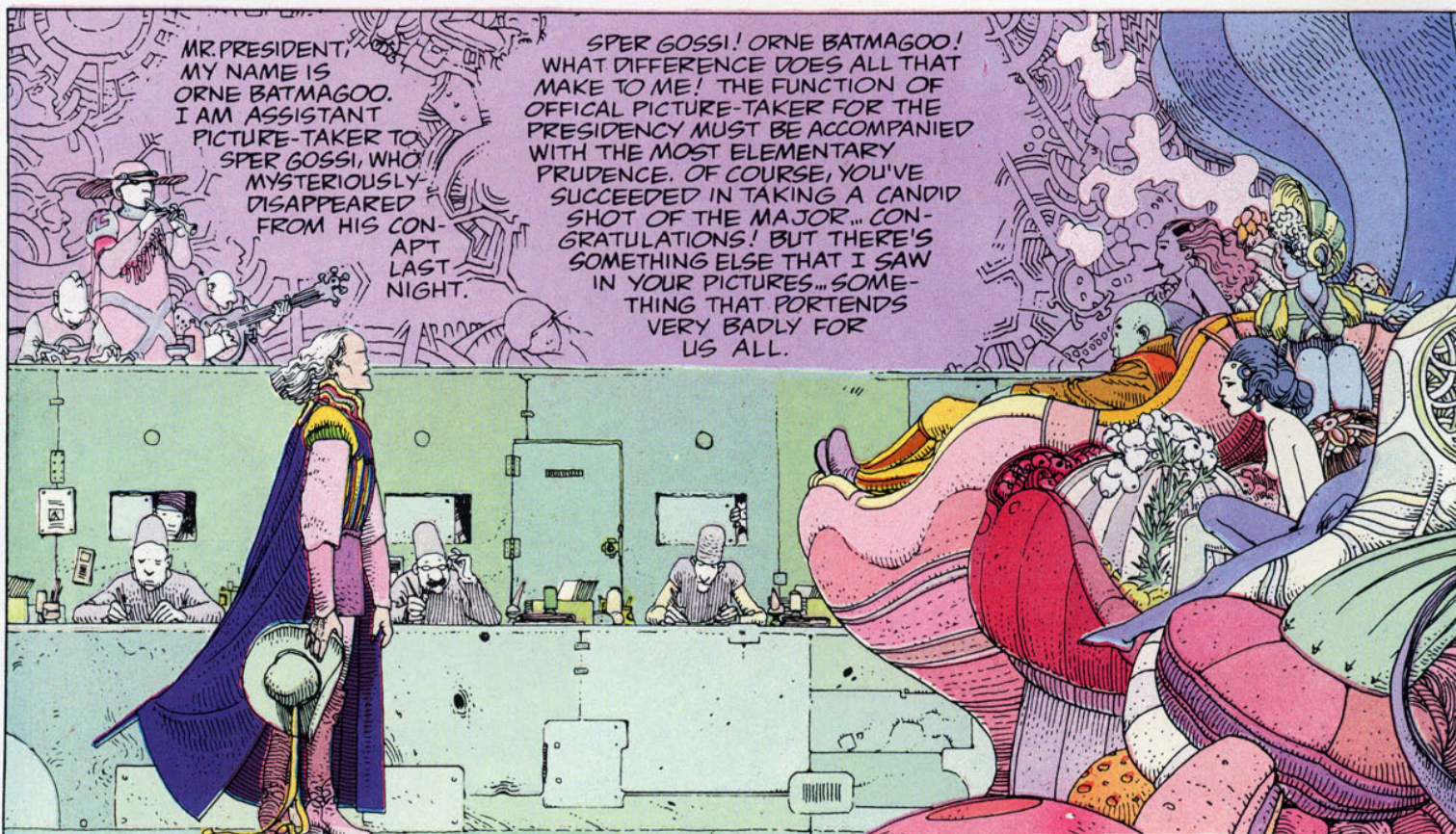
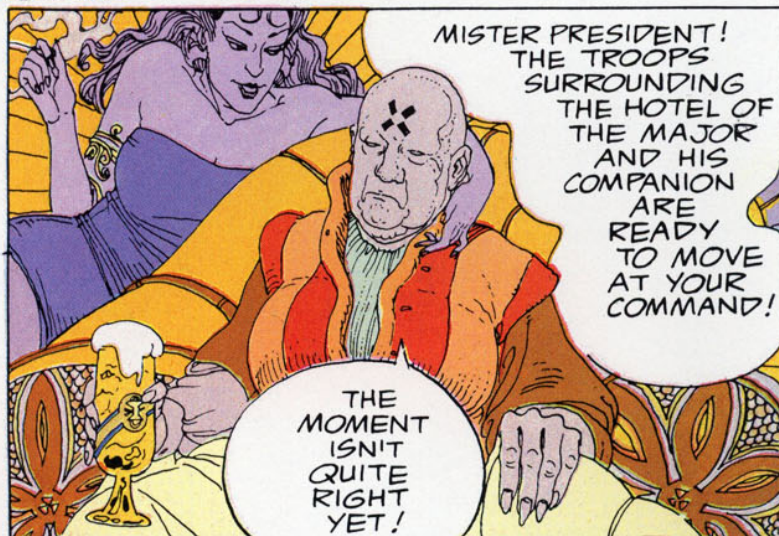
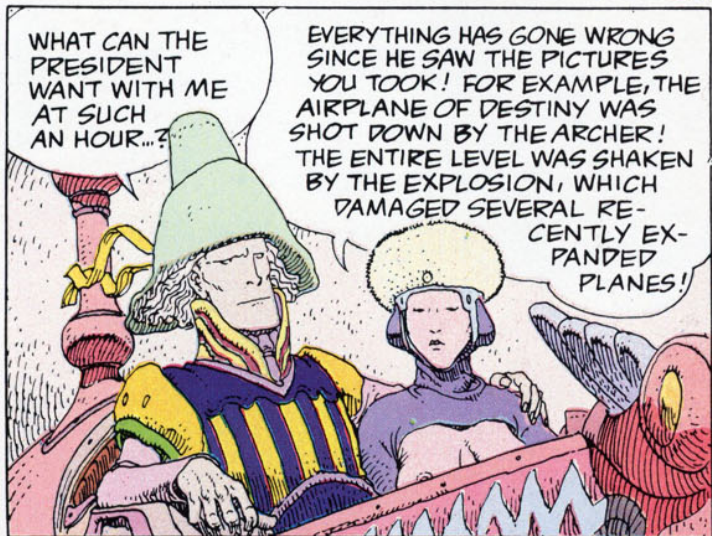
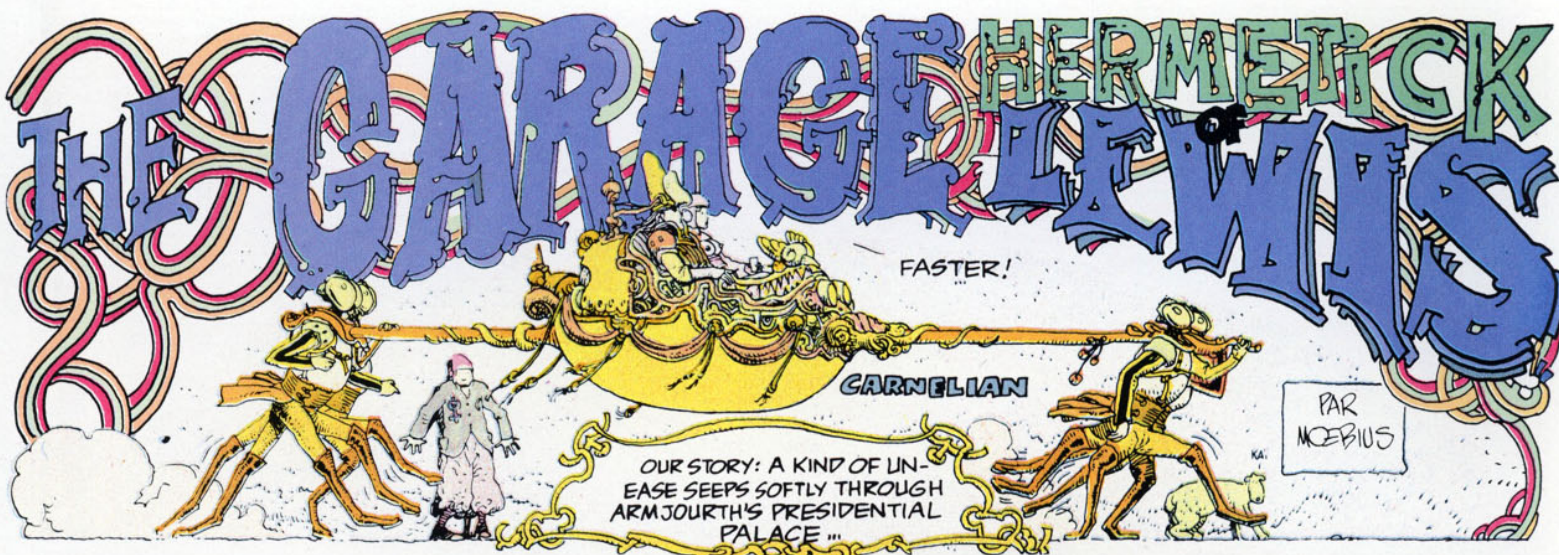
THIS AIRPLANE
FLEW FROM CLOUD
TO CLOUD
MAD AS A HURRICANE
BUT NOW IT HAS
FALLEN,
STRUCK TO THE
HEART BY THE
ARROW OF TRUTH...
VAPORIZED LIKE
A CLOUD...

REPORT THIS TO LEWIS
CARNELIAN IMMEDIATELY!



IT'S A
MAJOR
CATASTROPHE!

IT WAS
HIM OR US,
ENGINEER
BAR-
NIER!



STOË
ORKÉO!

I CAN'T
SEE A
THING IN
THERE!

THE GARAGE HRMTC OF LEWIS CARNELIAN

PAR
MOEBIUS

STOE
MAJORDAK
OKEDI
ORKEO

PLEASE,
MAJOR,
GIVE US
SOME
LIGHT!

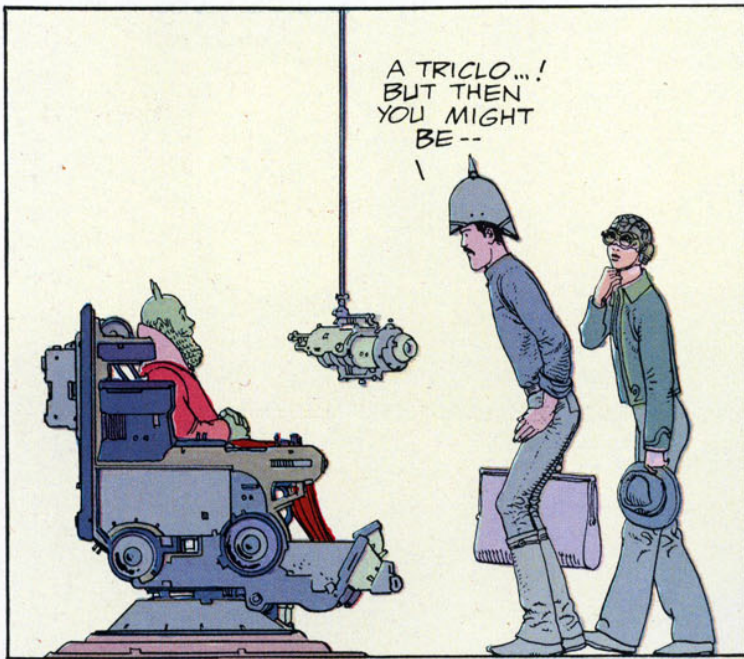
OUR STORY:

MAJOR
GRUBERT
HAS FOUND
REFUGE IN
A DOWNTOWN
HOTEL. HE
IS ABOUT TO
ENTER THE
MYSTERIOUS
ROOM
NO. 6 ...

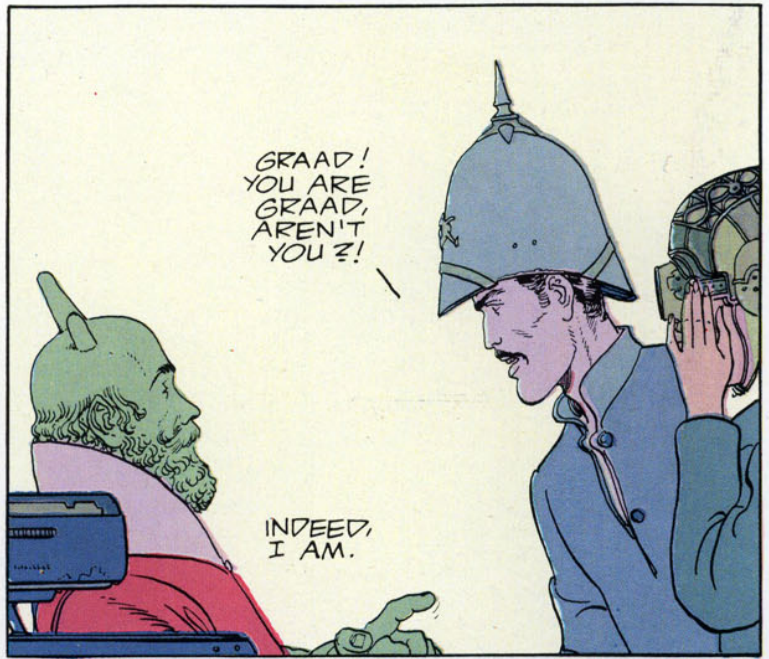
COME IN!! I
HAVE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU ...

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD
THE "BEETROOT 2000" ...

HELLO! JASPER!
THE OUTSKIRTS OF
ARMJOURTH ARE
JUST COMING
INTO VIEW!

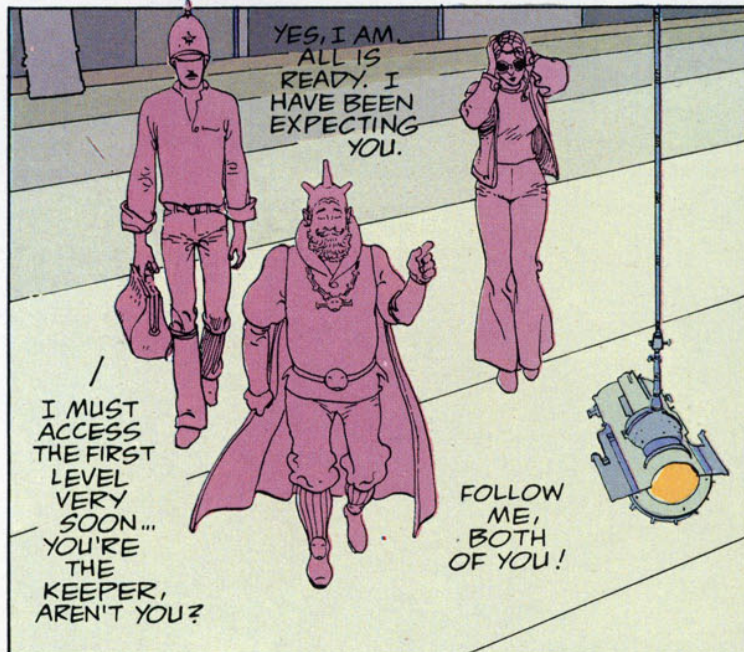


A TRICLO...!
BUT THEN
YOU MIGHT
BE--



GRAAD!
YOU ARE
GRAAD,
AREN'T
YOU ?!

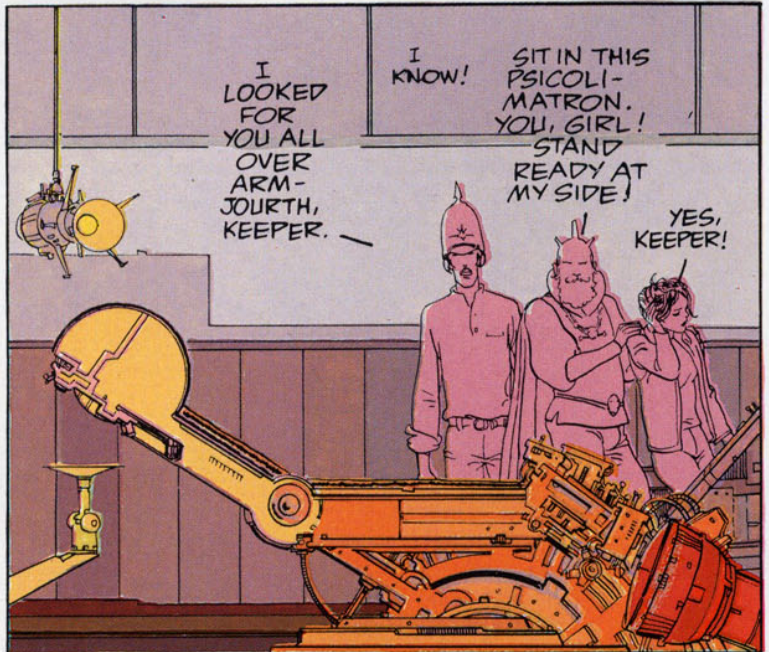
INDEED,
I AM.



YES, I AM.
ALL IS
READY. I
HAVE BEEN
EXPECTING
YOU.

I MUST
ACCESS
THE FIRST
LEVEL
VERY
SOON...
YOU'RE
THE
KEEPER,
AREN'T YOU?

FOLLOW
ME,
BOTH
OF YOU!



I
LOOKED
FOR
YOU ALL
OVER
ARM-
JOURTH,
KEEPER.

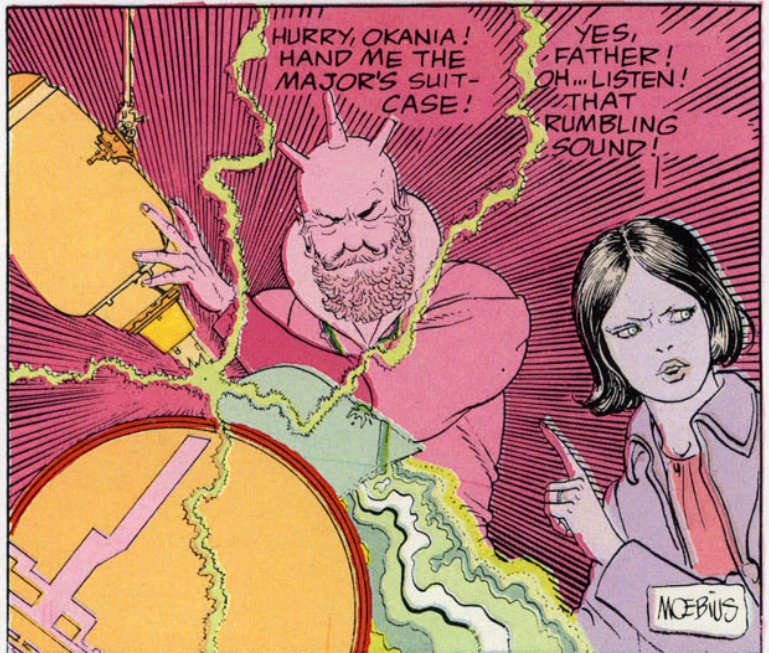
I
KNOW!

SIT IN THIS
PSICOLI-
MATRON.
YOU, GIRL!
STAND
READY AT
MY SIDE!

YES,
KEEPER!



CAREFUL NOW... I'M GOING TO
CONNECT YOU
TO THE FLUX.
RELAX...!
USE RESPIR-
ATION
NO. 3...



HURRY, OKANIA!
HAND ME THE
MAJOR'S SUIT-
CASE!

YES,
FATHER!
OH... LISTEN!
THAT
RUMBLING
SOUND!

NCEBUS

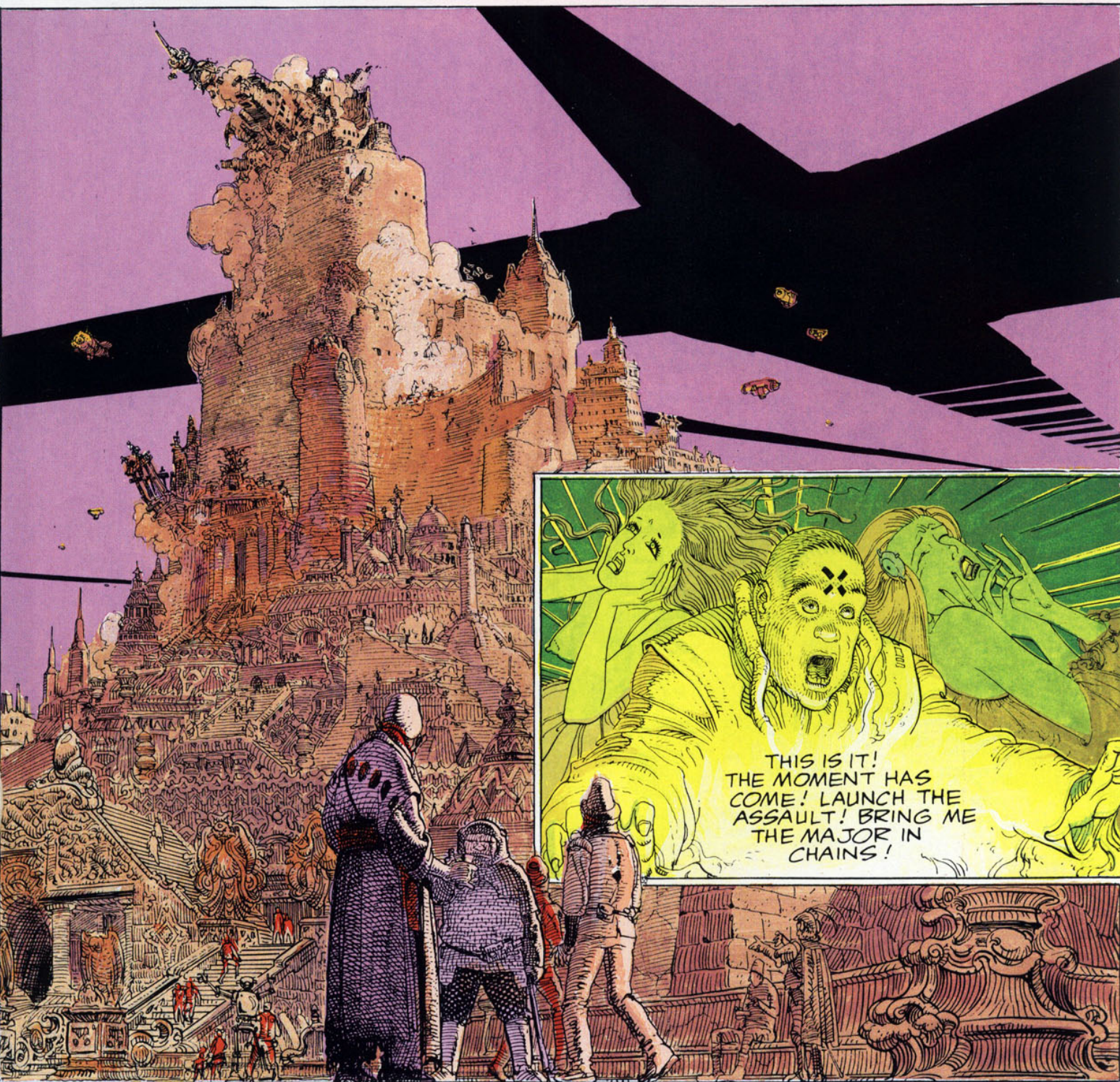
THE GARAGE HERM. OF L.CARN. BY MOEB.

STORY: ENG. BARNIER IS TRYING TO LEAVE THAT WORLD!

HELLO! JASPER TO CARNELIAN! HUGE CRACKS ARE APPEARING IN THE PLASMA FABRIC!

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR FAITH IN YOUR MASKED GUIDE, ENGINEER?

WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE! I KNOW IT!



THIS IS IT! THE MOMENT HAS COME! LAUNCH THE ASSAULT! BRING ME THE MAJOR IN CHAINS!

BOORSTROOMGOORMMMM

THE
CELESTIAL
CANOPY
IS
FALLING,
HA HA!

OBVIOUSLY ONE OF THE 23 GENER-
ATORS WAS DISCONNECTED BY THE
EXPLOSION OF CHOT TORPENICZEL'S
FLYING MACHINE... I WARNED HIM
ABOUT THIS, OKANIA!

IF
THAT'S SO,
REALITY IS
GOING TO
LOSE SOME
OF ITS
COHERENCE,
FATHER...
GOD, THIS
SUITCASE IS
HEAVY!

GET THE
CABLEBOX
READY!
I MUST
ATTACH
—
THE
CRYSTAL!

NO CRYSTAL,
NO CROSS-
ING!

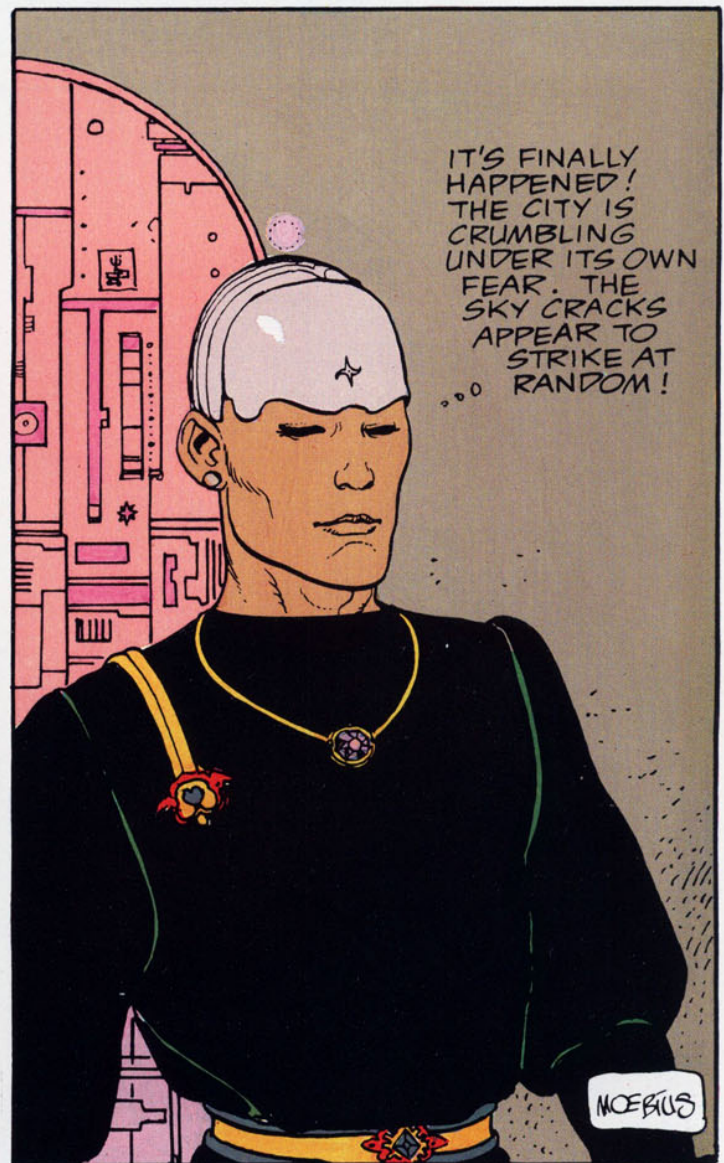
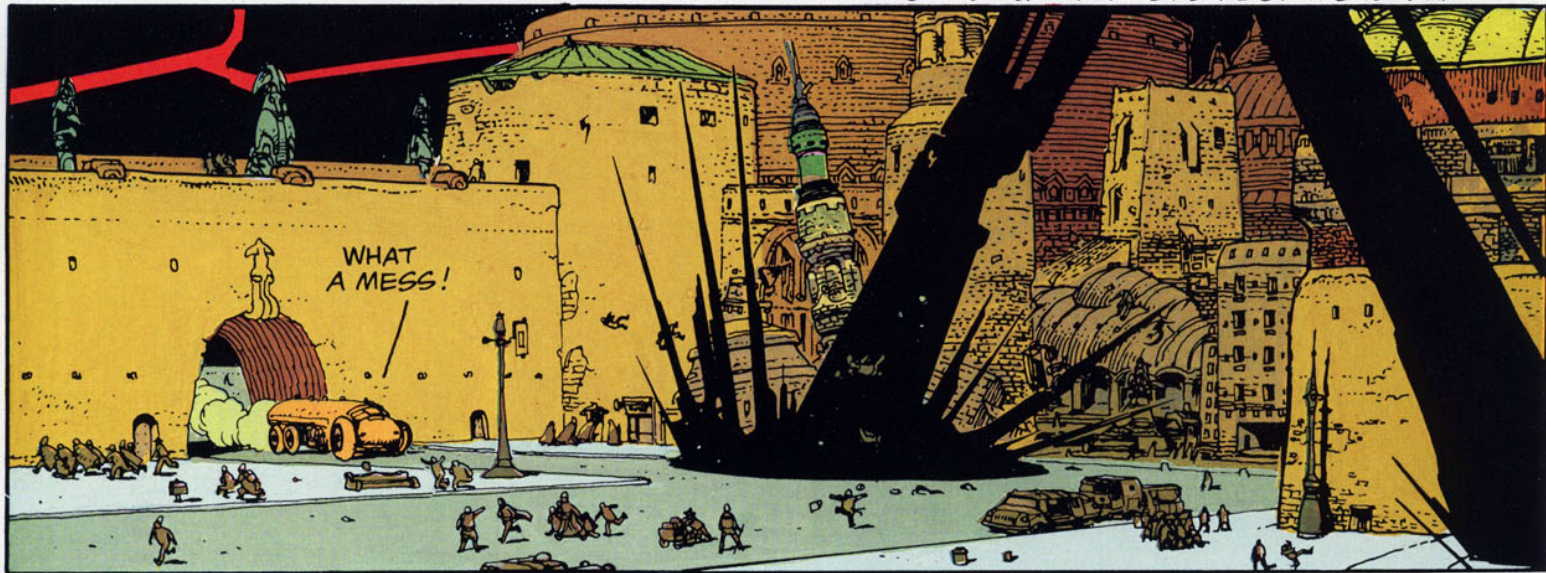
AH-HA! SO
THAT WAS
IT!

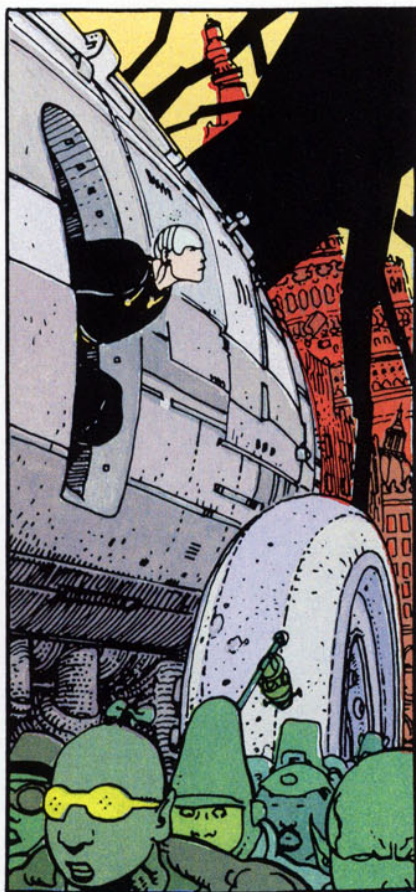
THE
FOURTEEN-
FACETED
CRYSTAL!

NOTE TO THE
READER: BEHOLD!
THE MAJOR
BREATHES DEEPLY
FROM HIS ABDOMEN
AND THE EXTREMITIES
OF HIS FINGERS.
TOTALLY CONSCIOUS
OF HIS SURROUNDINGS
HE CONCENTRATES
EVEN MORE DEEPLY
ON CERTAIN CODES
WITHIN HIS MOLECULAR
STRUCTURE. HIS
CORPOREAL SHELL
SEEMS TO DISSOLVE
(A). A LIGHT
APPEARS INSIDE
HIS EYES. THAT
LIGHT GROWS
AND GROWS
UNTIL IT FILLS
HIM WITH TOTAL
ENLIGHTENMENT.

THE GARAGE HERMETIC OF LEWIS CARNELIAN

OUR STORY: THINGS ARE GOING BADLY ON THE SECOND LEVEL. A SKYSHAKE IS JOLTING ARMJOURTH. AMIDST THE CHAOS, L. CARN. FINALLY MAKES HIS ENTRANCE IN THE GOLDEN CAPITAL, THE PEARL OF THE TUNDRA.



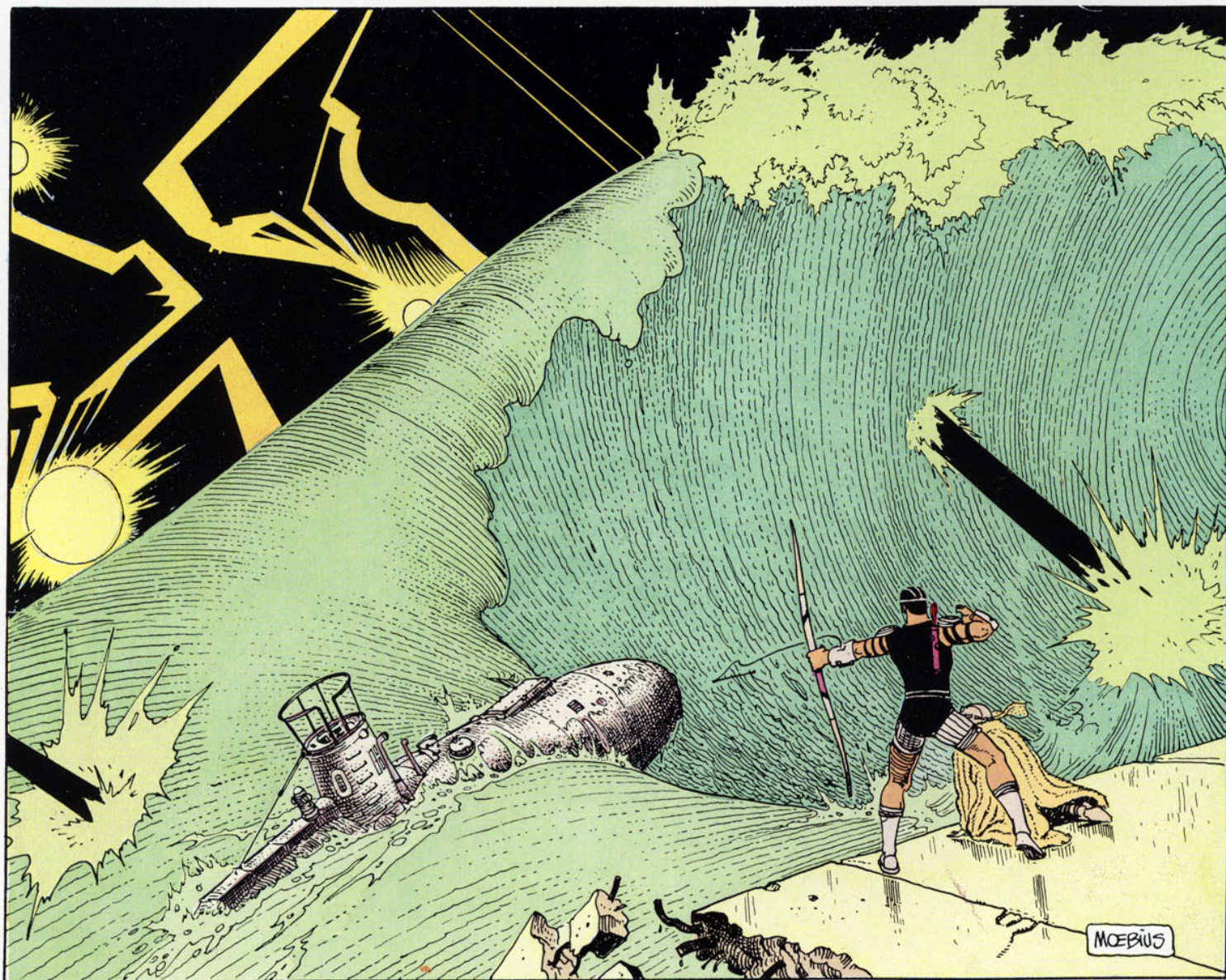
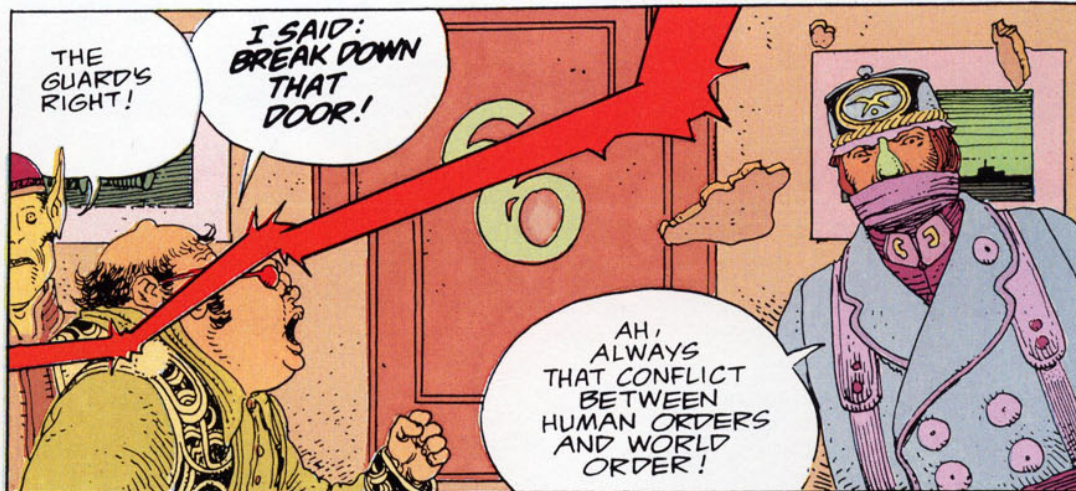


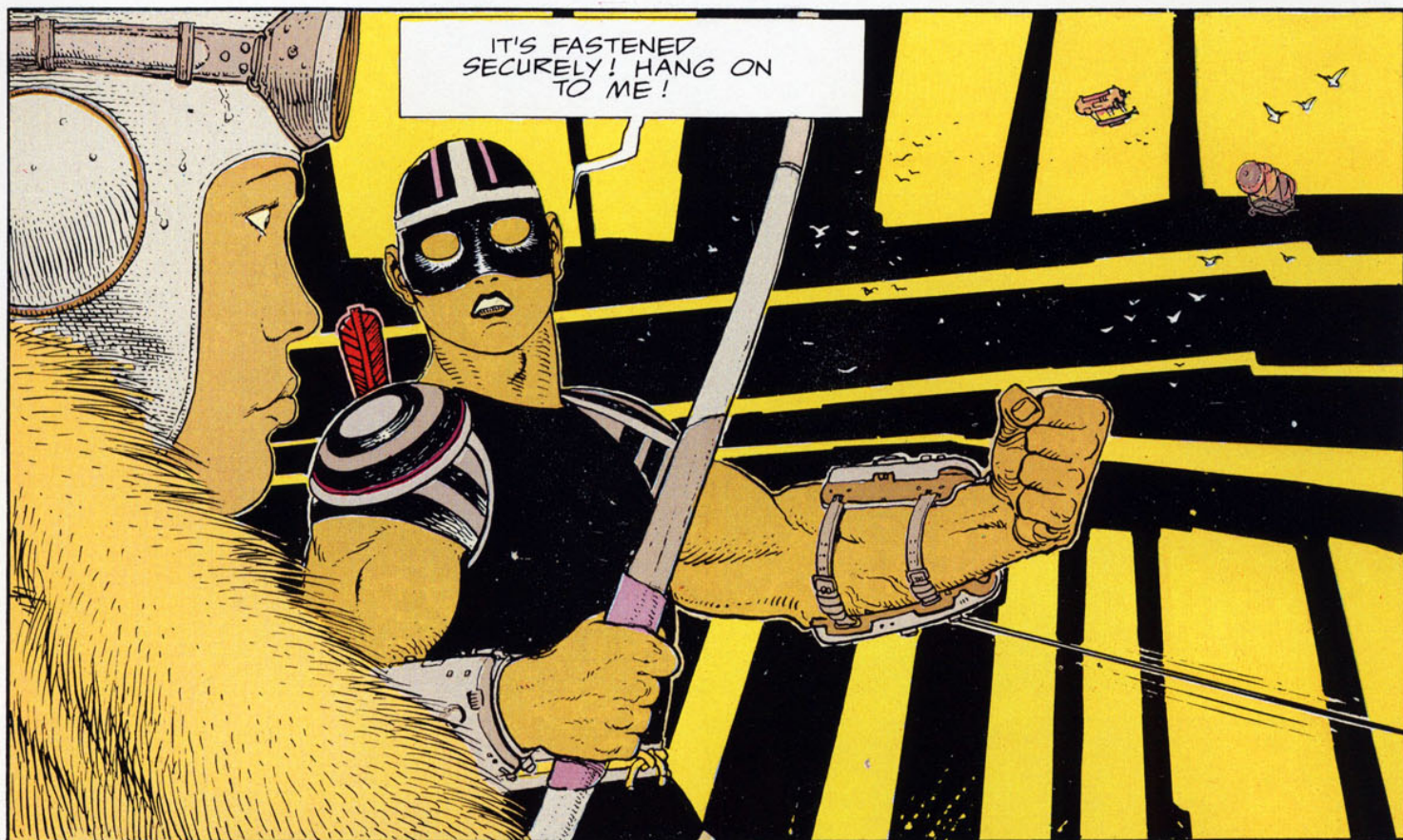
THE GARAGE HERMETIC OF

LEWIS CARNELIAN BY MOEBIUS

OUR STORY: WHILE LEWIS CARNELIAN USES HIS SUPER-POWERS TO ESCAPE THE RAVING MOB...

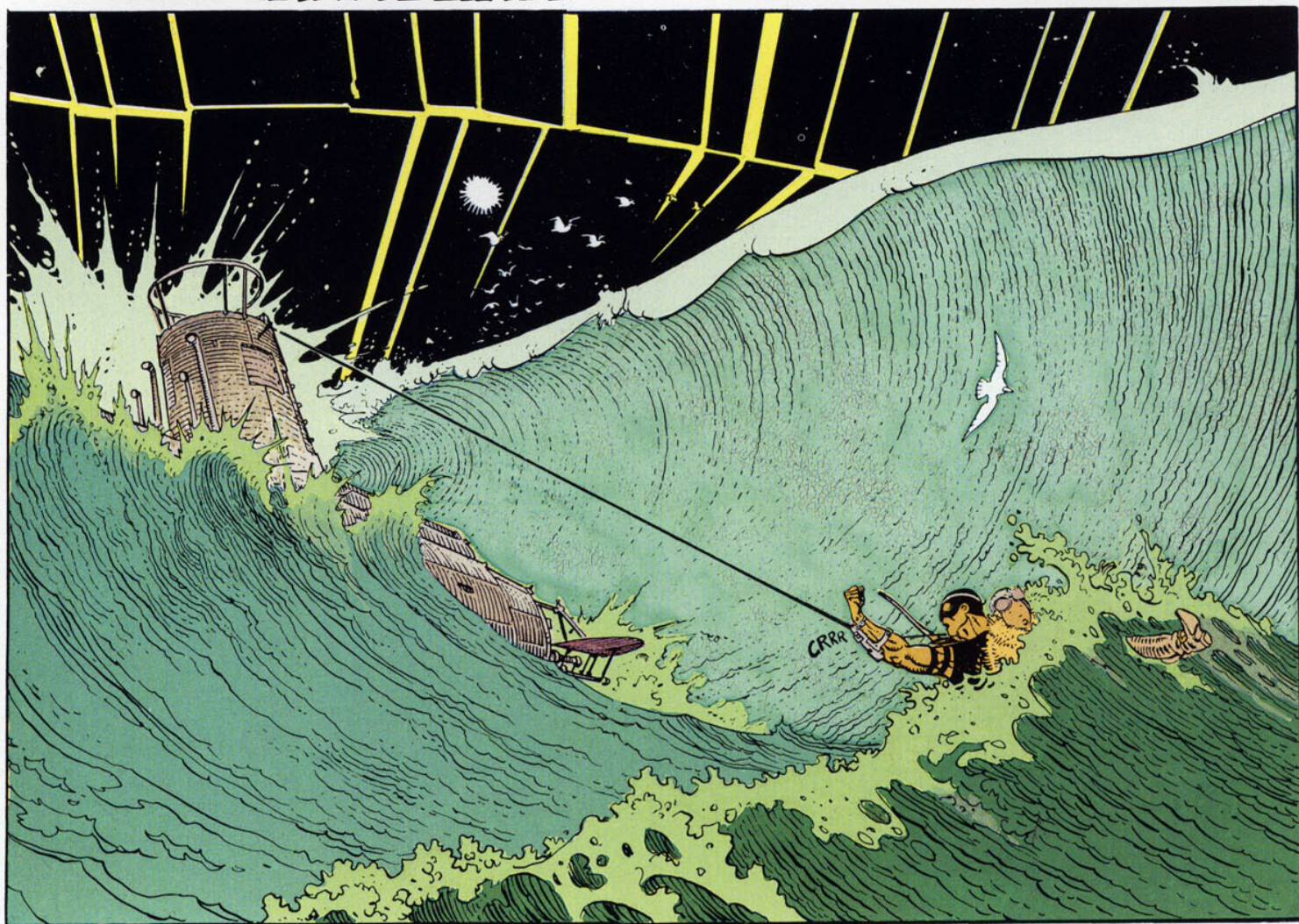


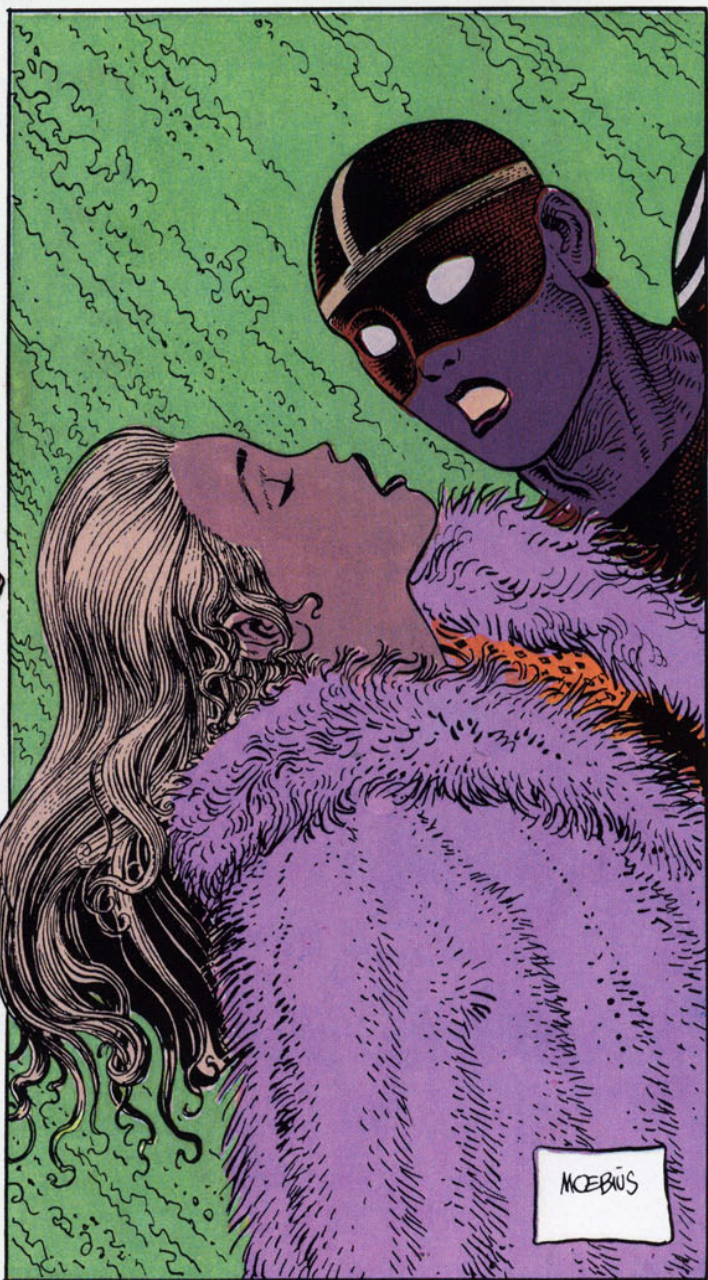
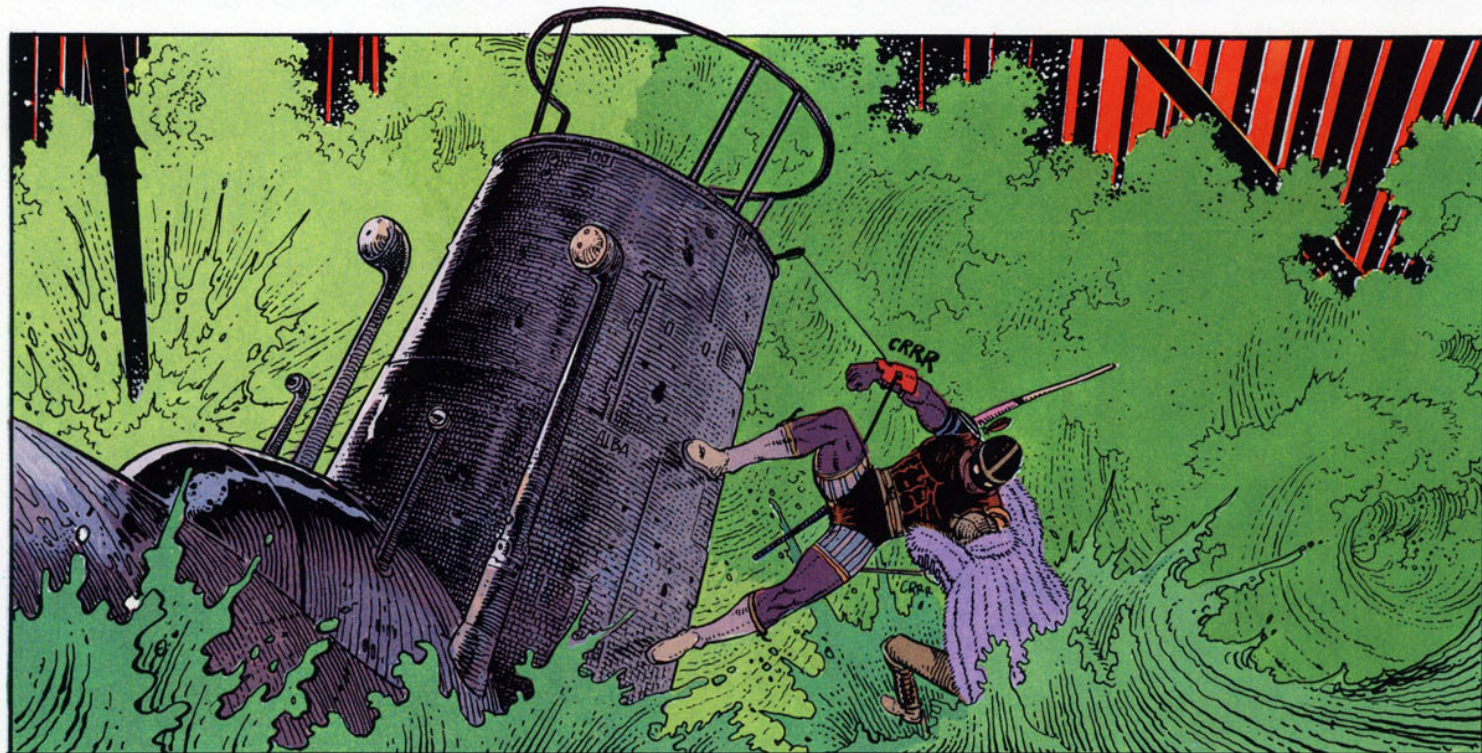




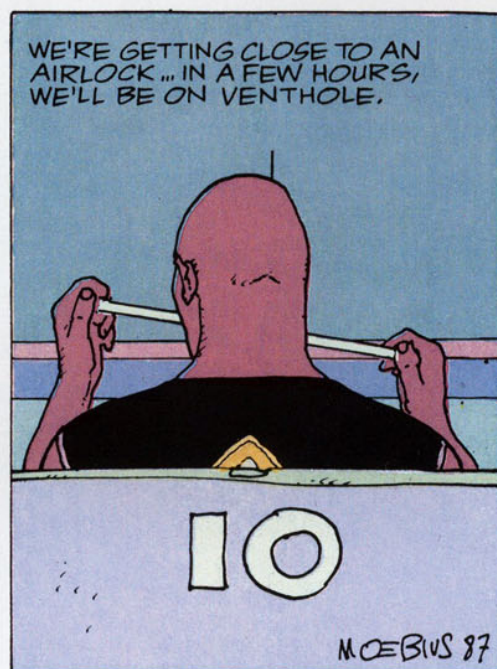
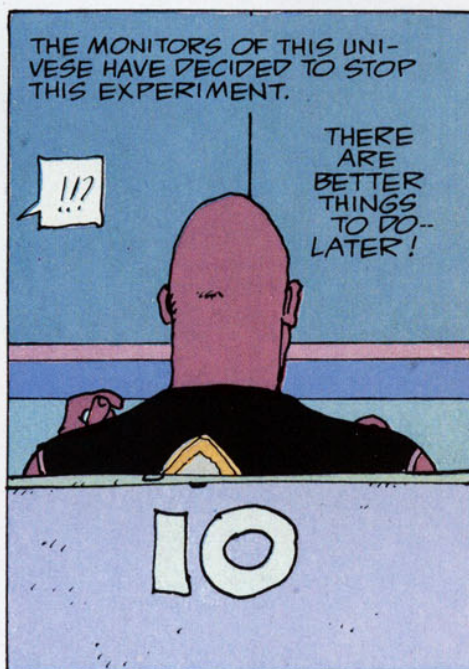
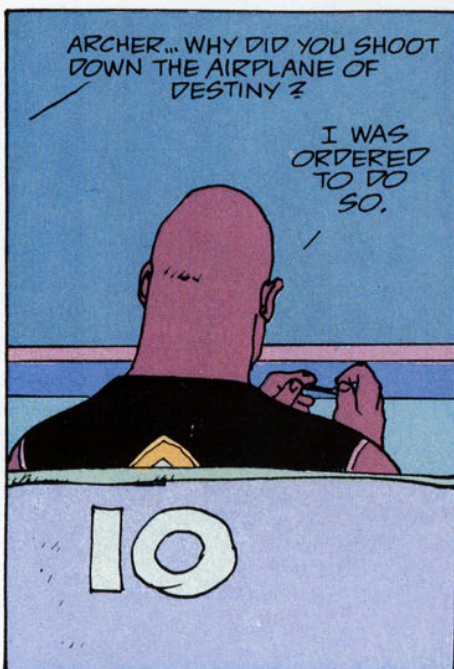
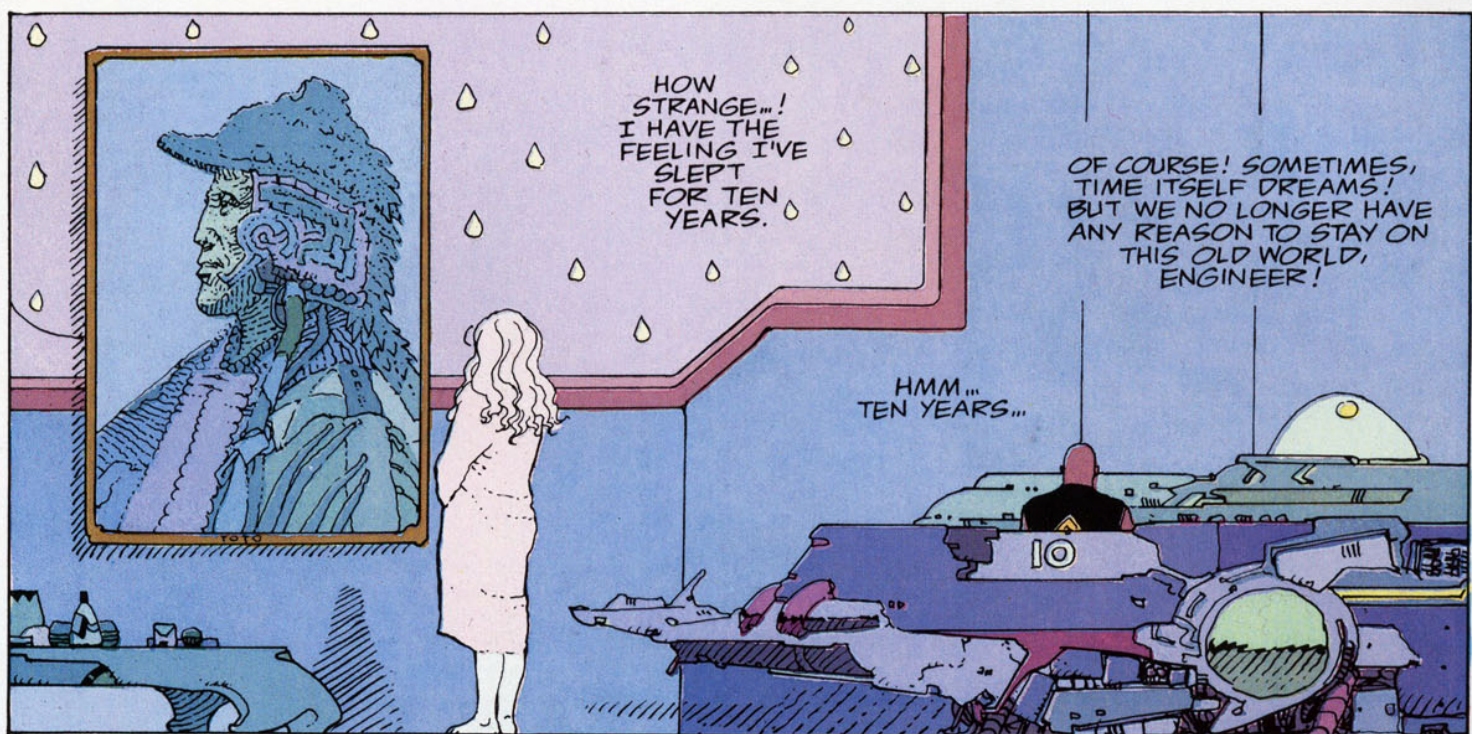
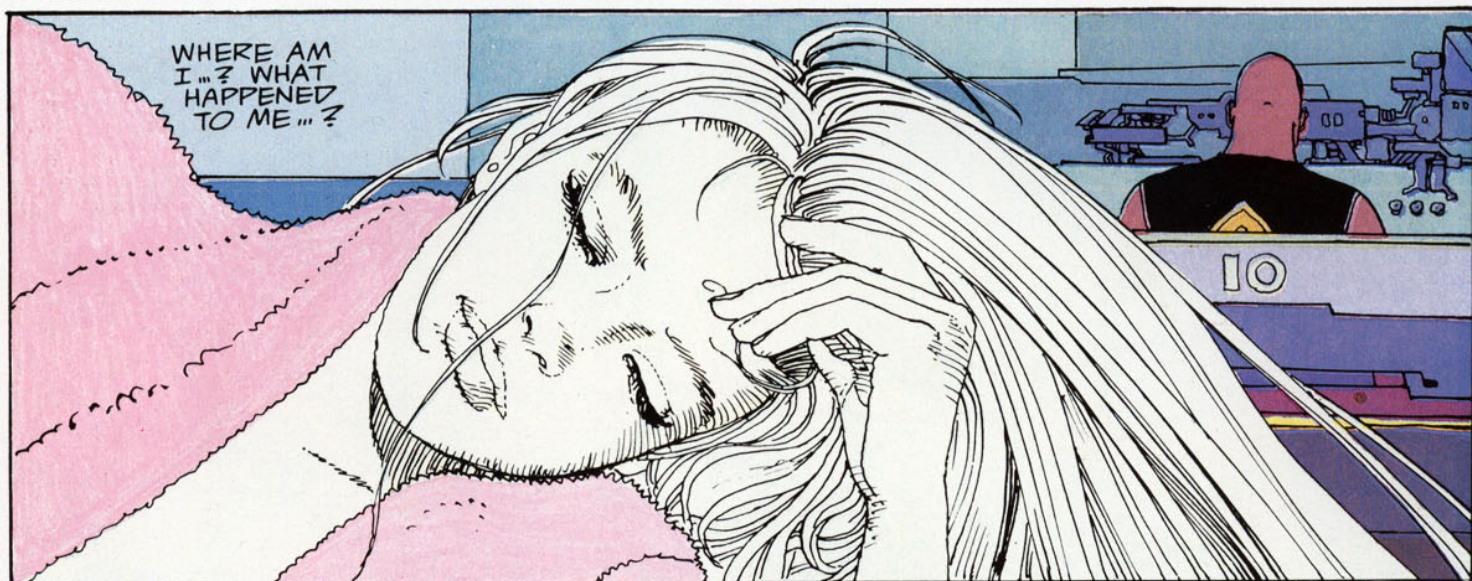
THE GARAGE HERMETIC
OF **LEWIS CARNELIAN**

OUR STORY: SOMETHING NEVER SEEN SO FAR... AN ARROW CATCHING A SUBMARINE.





LATER...



BEHOLD
THE
AIR-
TIGHT
GARAGE!

IN-
DESCRIBABLE!
IM-
MEASURABLE!

THAT'S
IT! WE'VE
REACHED
FREE
SPACE!

THE
GREAT
ALL BE
THANKED!

CERVIC!
CONTACT
THE
MAJOR!

IT'S
MAGNIFICENT!

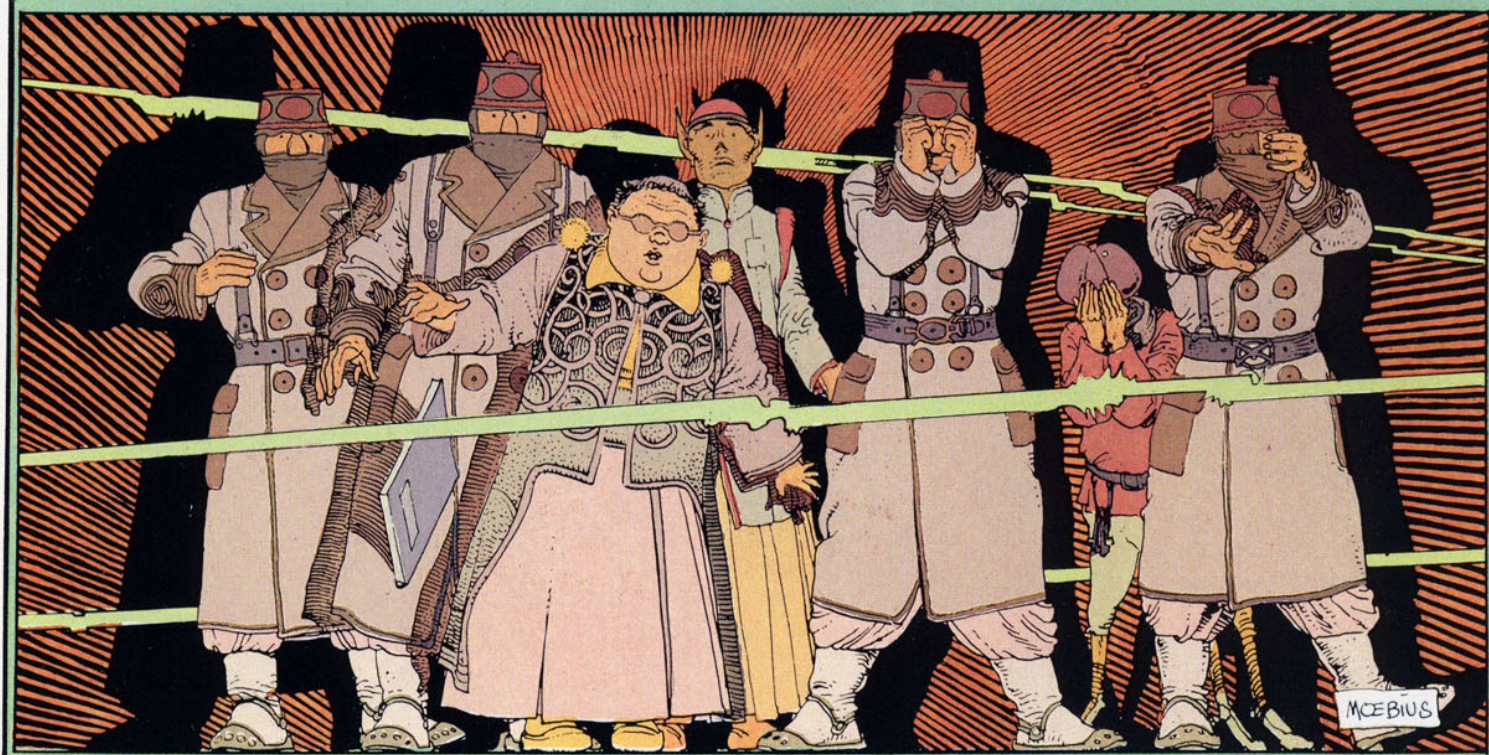
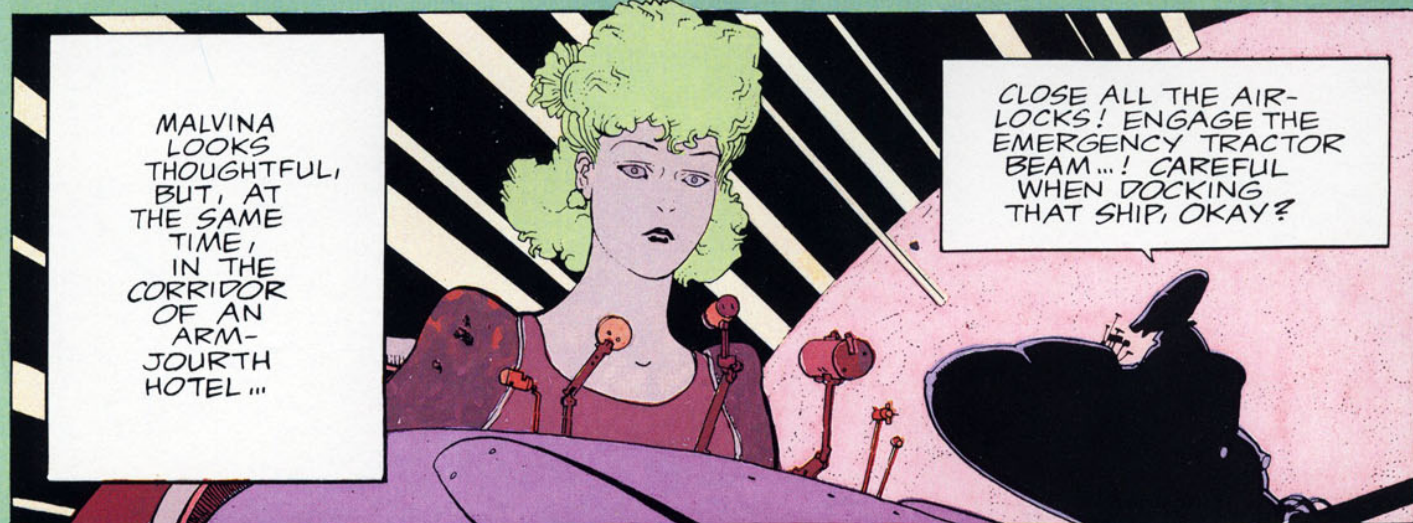
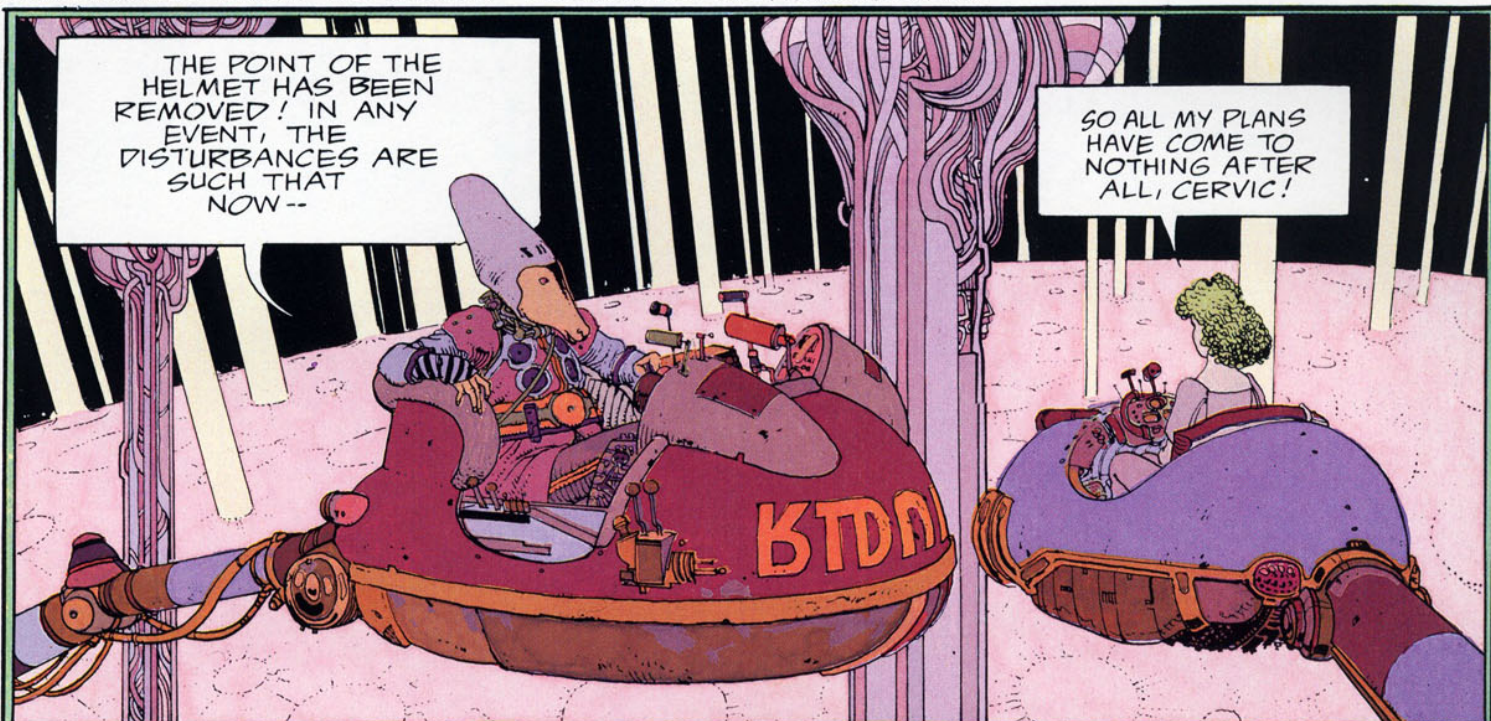
BUT,
LADY MALVINA...!
ALL
COMMUNICATIONS
HAVE BROKEN
DOWN...!
BROKEN
DOWN...!

THE
PLASMA'S
LEAKING!

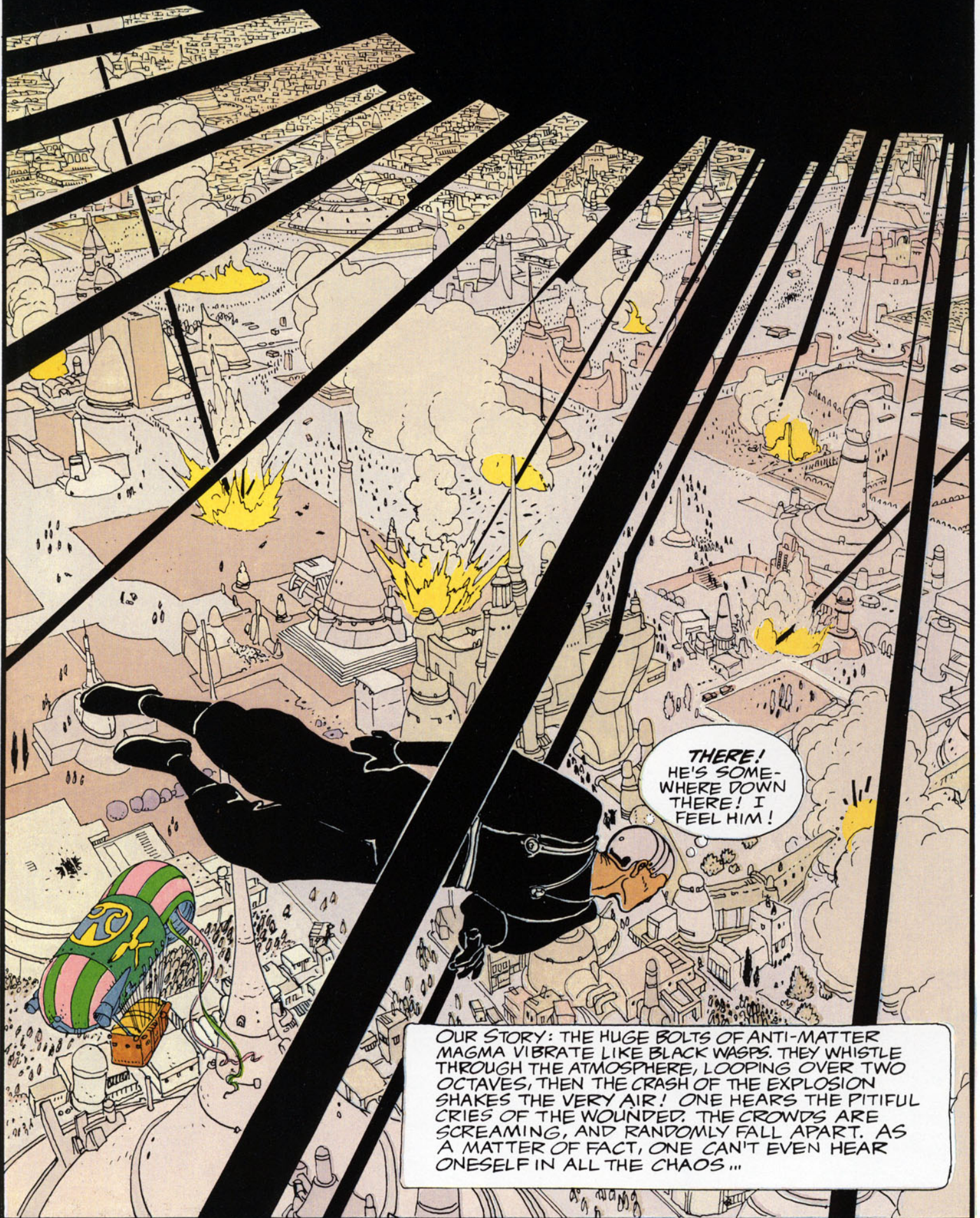
LOOK!
ANOTHER
SHIP'S
FLEEING!

GOT IT!
REPORT IT
TO THE
BRIDGE!

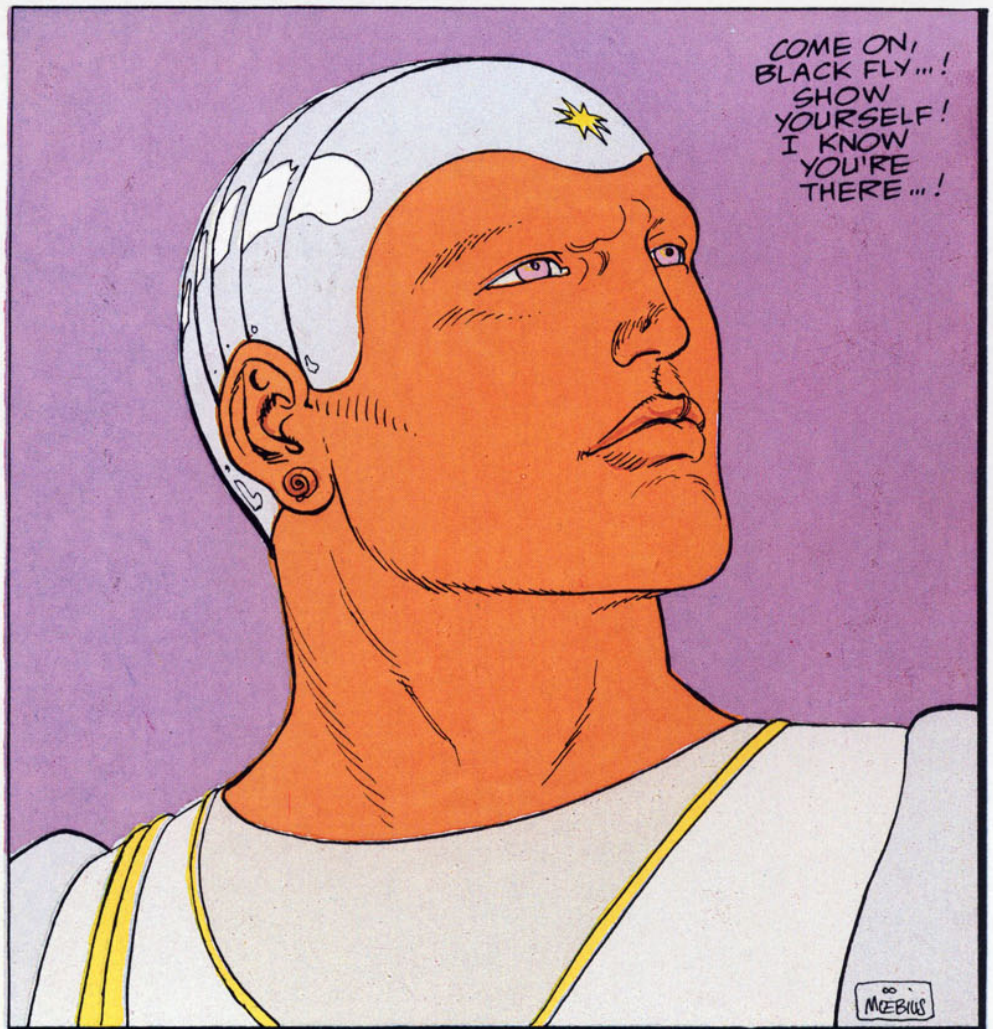
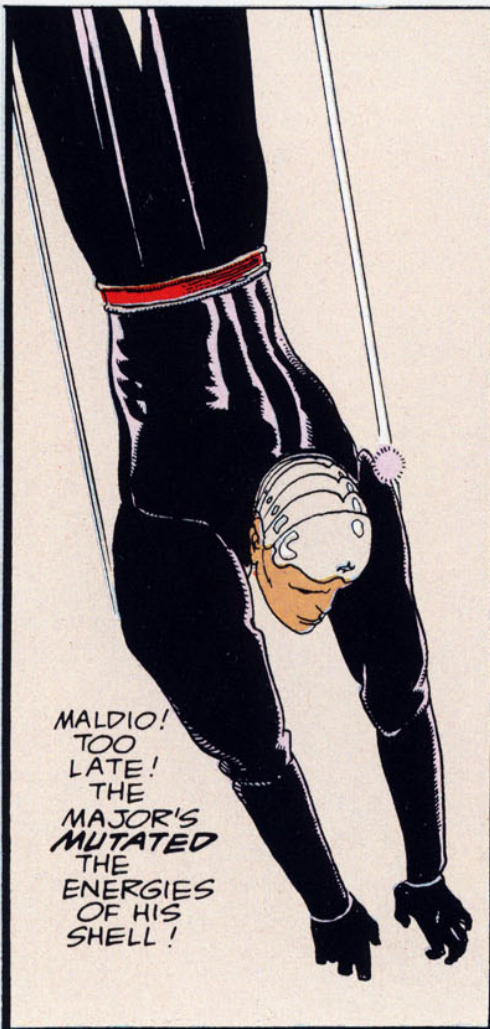
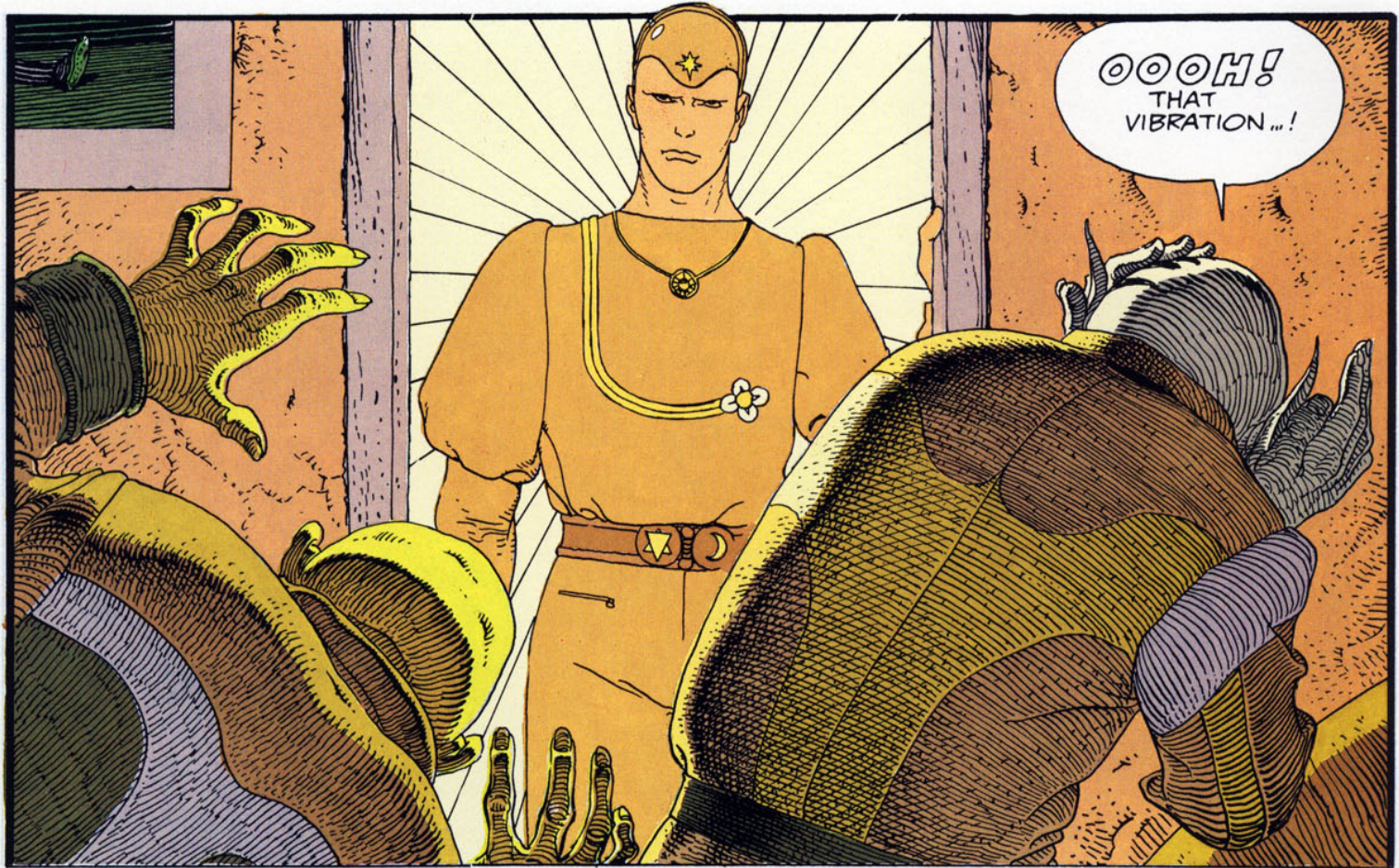
MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE "CIGURI," THE MAJOR'S MATERIAL VESSEL ...



THE GARAGE HERMETIC OF LEWIS CARNELIAN. MÖEBIUS



OUR STORY: THE HUGE BOLTS OF ANTI-MATTER MAGMA VIBRATE LIKE BLACK WASPS. THEY WHISTLE THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE, LOOPING OVER TWO OCTAVES, THEN THE CRASH OF THE EXPLOSION SHAKES THE VERY AIR! ONE HEARS THE PITIFUL CRIES OF THE WOUNDED. THE CROWDS ARE SCREAMING, AND RANDOMLY FALL APART. AS A MATTER OF FACT, ONE CAN'T EVEN HEAR ONESELF IN ALL THE CHAOS ...



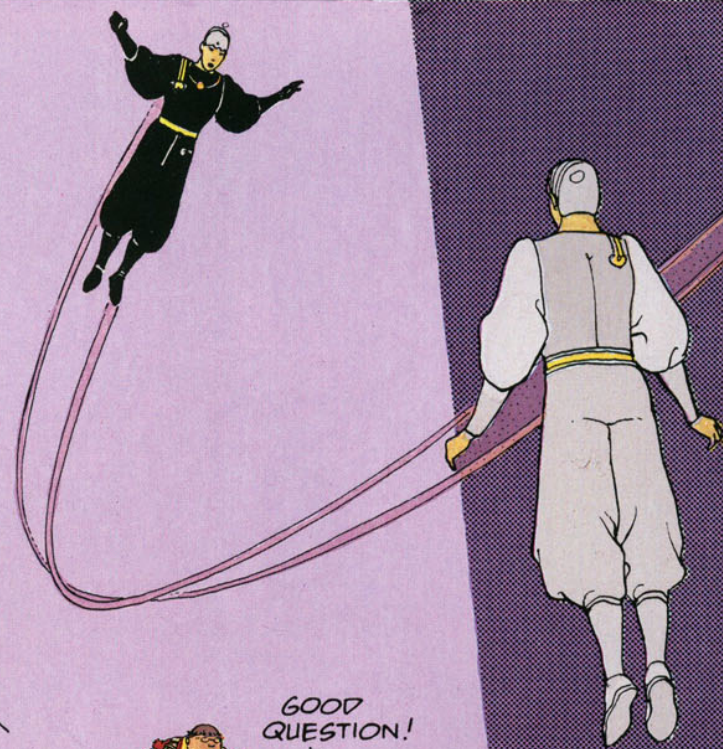
GRUBERT...
RESISTANCE
IS USELESS!
I CARRY
WITHIN ME
THE
CERTAINTY
OF
VICTORY!

VICTORY...?
WE SHALL
SEE! BUT FOR
NOW... WE HAVE
TO SAVE THIS
WORLD BEFORE
ANYTHING
ELSE!!!

WHAT
DOES IT ALL
MEAN...?

GOOD
QUESTION!

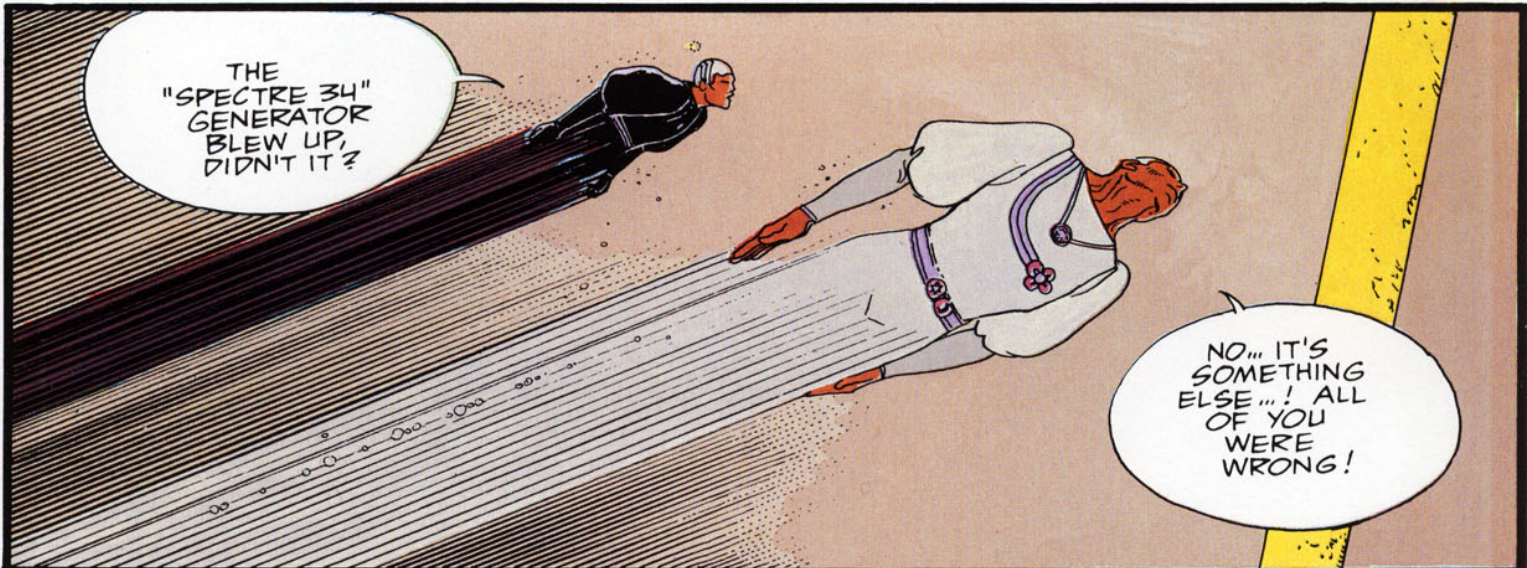
THAT'S IT...!
I KNEW IT!
TRUE REALITY
HAS GONE
OUT THE
WINDOW!



AND ONLY I
KNOW HOW!
FOLLOW ME!



NOEBIUS



THE
"SPECTRE 34"
GENERATOR
BLEW UP,
DIDN'T IT?

NO... IT'S
SOMETHING
ELSE...! ALL
OF YOU
WERE
WRONG!

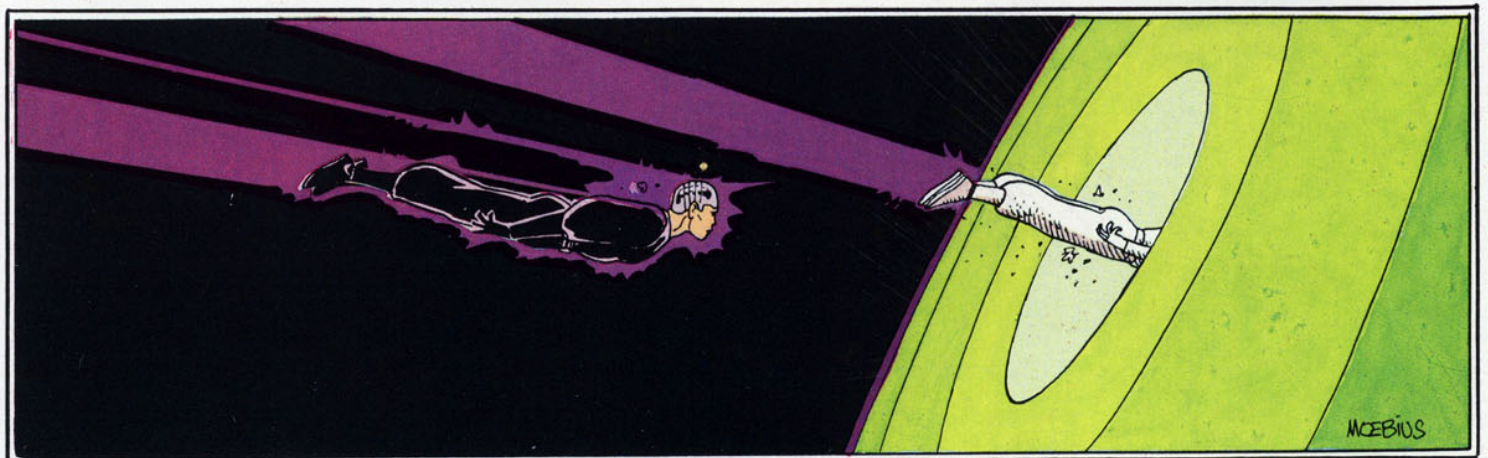
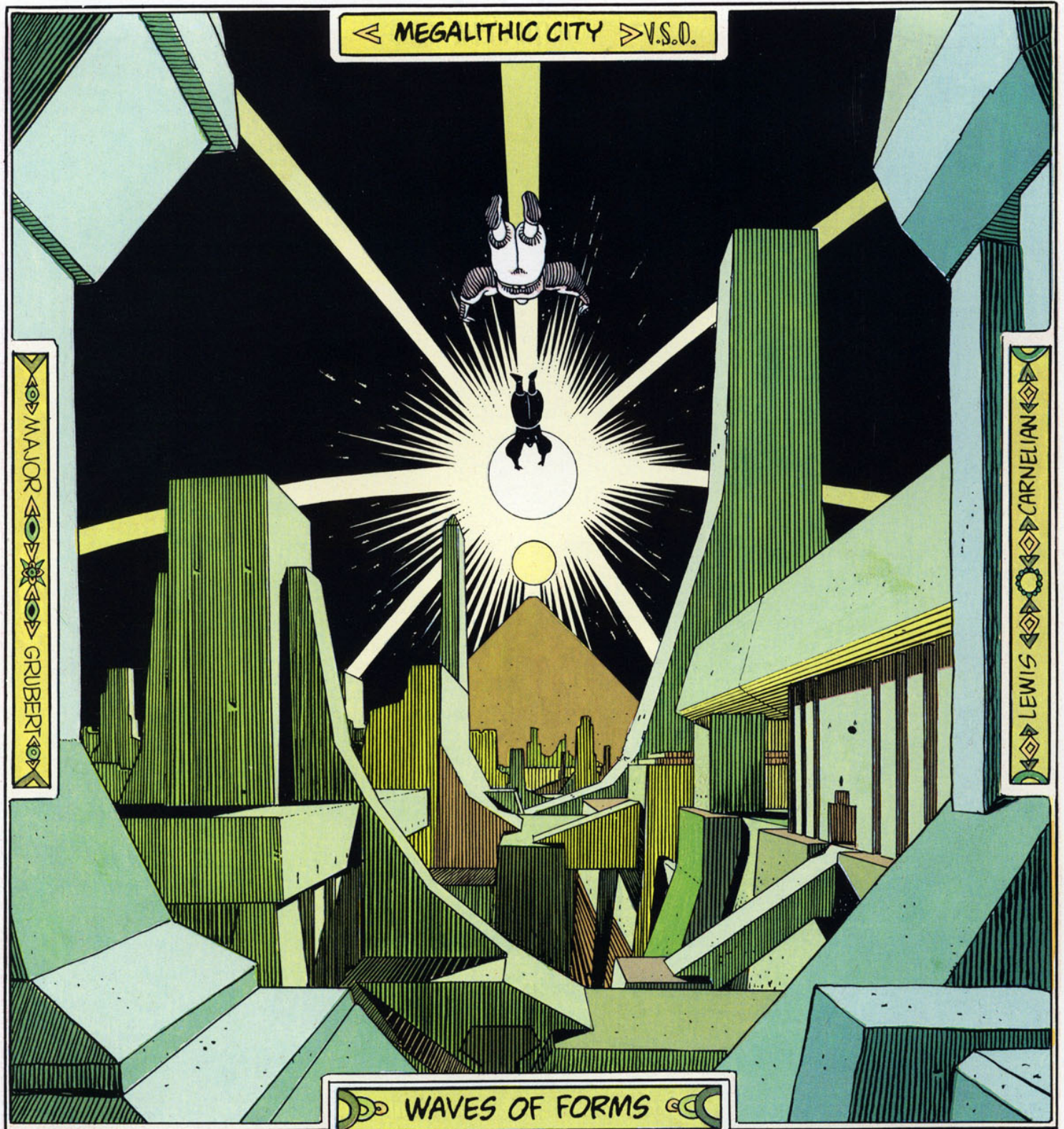


BUT THE
EXPLOSION
OF THE
AIRPLANE
STARTED THIS
WHOLE MESS,
DIDN'T IT?

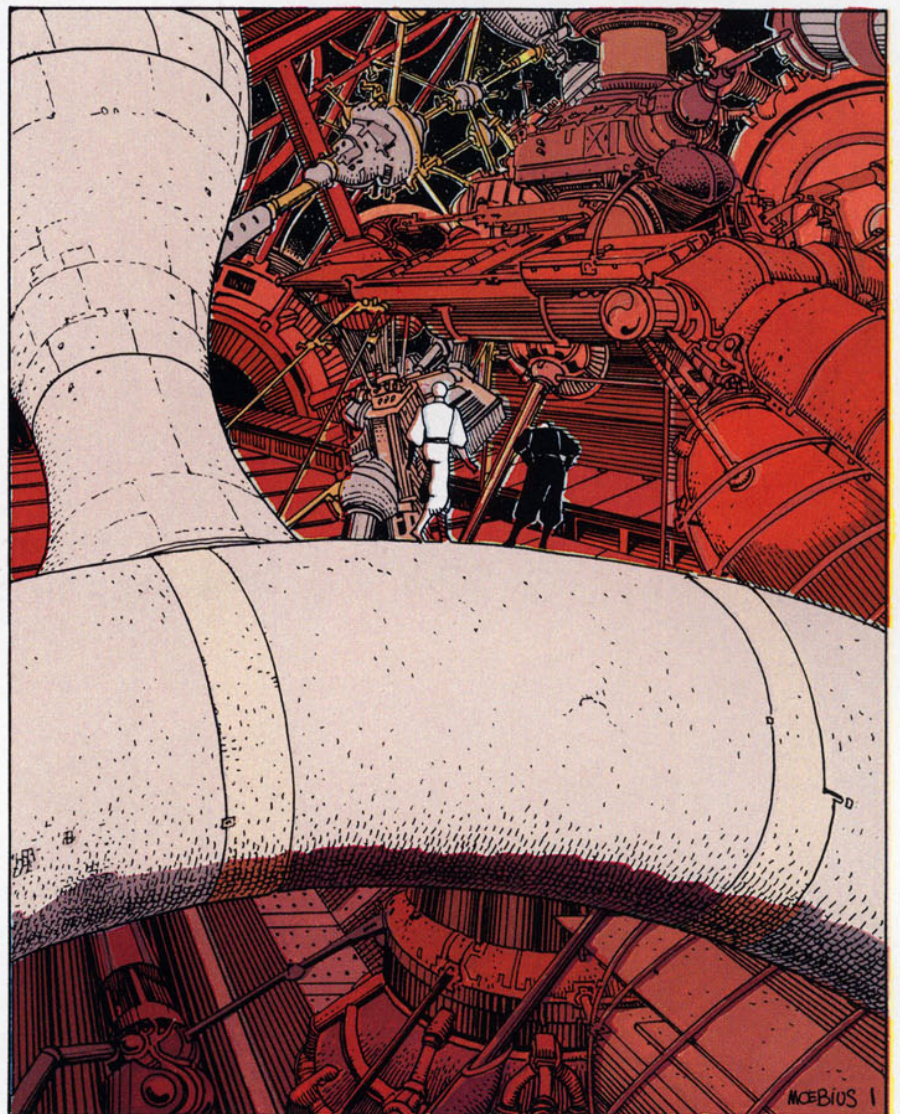
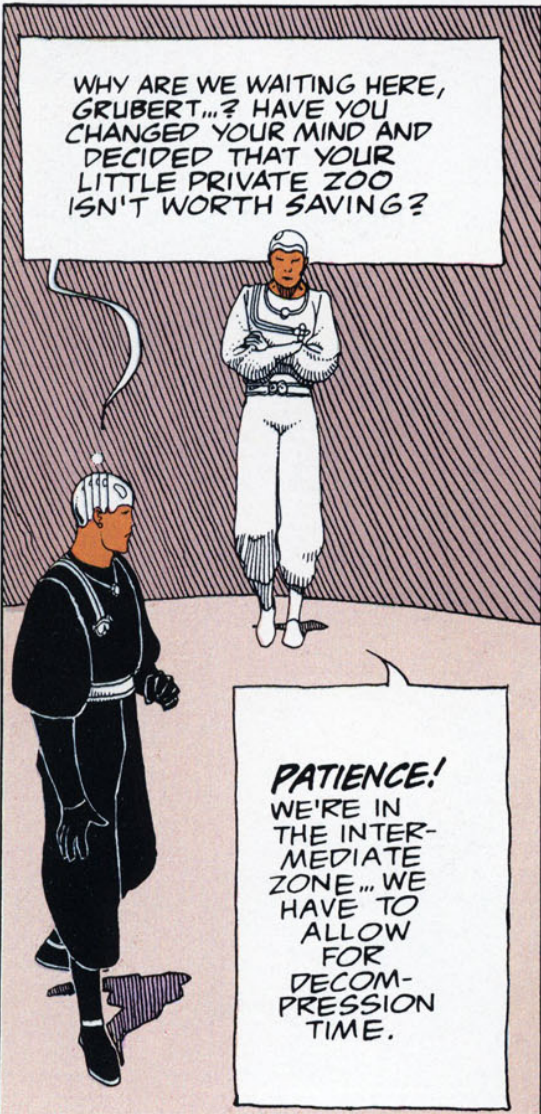
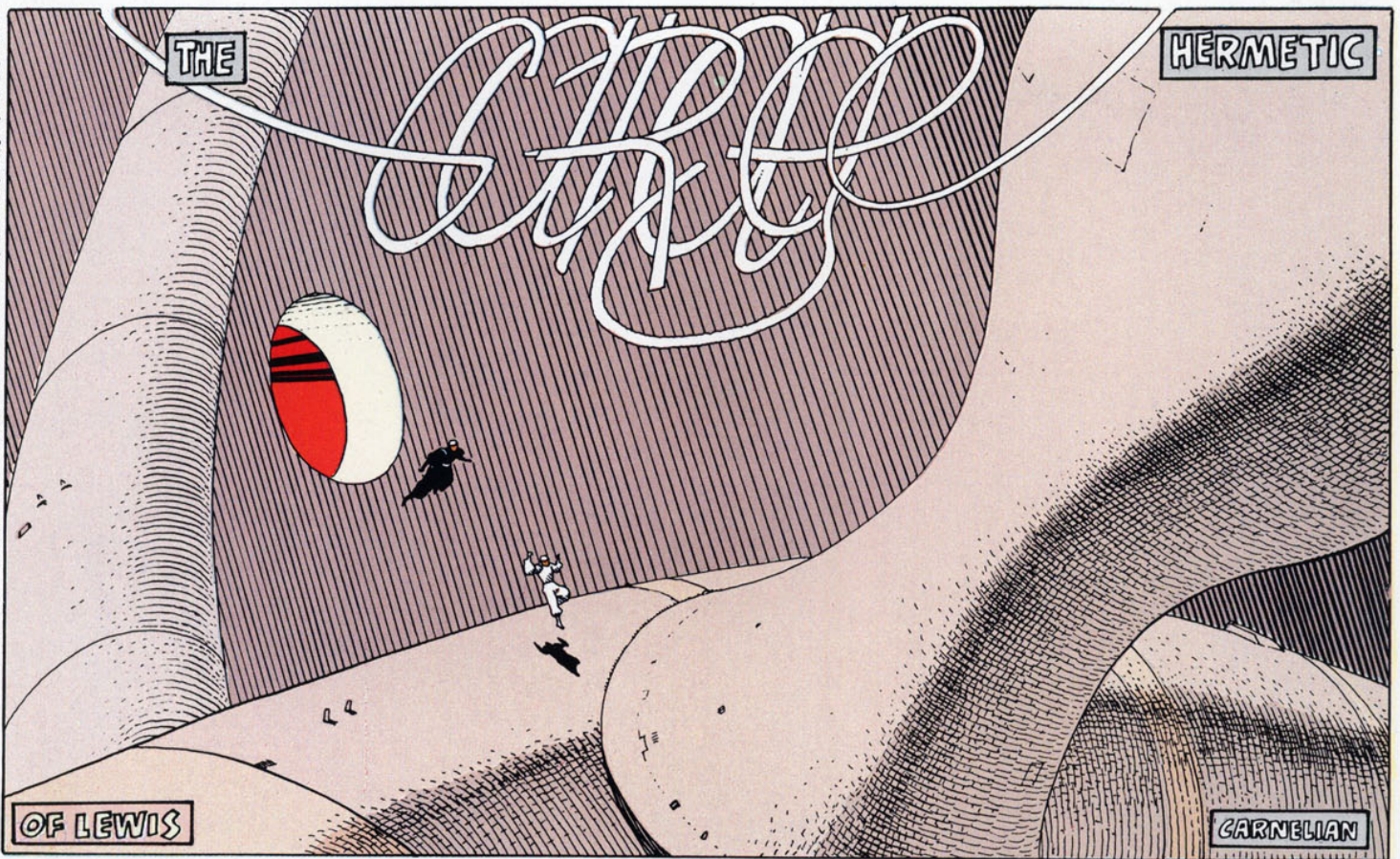
INDEED...
BUT NOT
IN THE WAY
ALL OF YOU
THINK IT
DID!



-?



OUR STORY: CARNELIAN AND GRUBERT REACH THE FIRST LEVEL AT LAST. THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE ENTERS A NEW PHASE. THE END IS NEAR. THE MAJOR WILL SOON MEET HIS DESTINY.



LEWIS AND GRUBERT ENTER THE MECHANICAL WORLD
THAT POWERS THE FIRST LEVEL.

IT REALLY
IS A
WORLD
OF
MACHINES!

BE
CAREFUL!
IT'S
FULL
OF
DANGERS
HERE!

LISTEN! ^{BIBL82}
O:
ALARM.

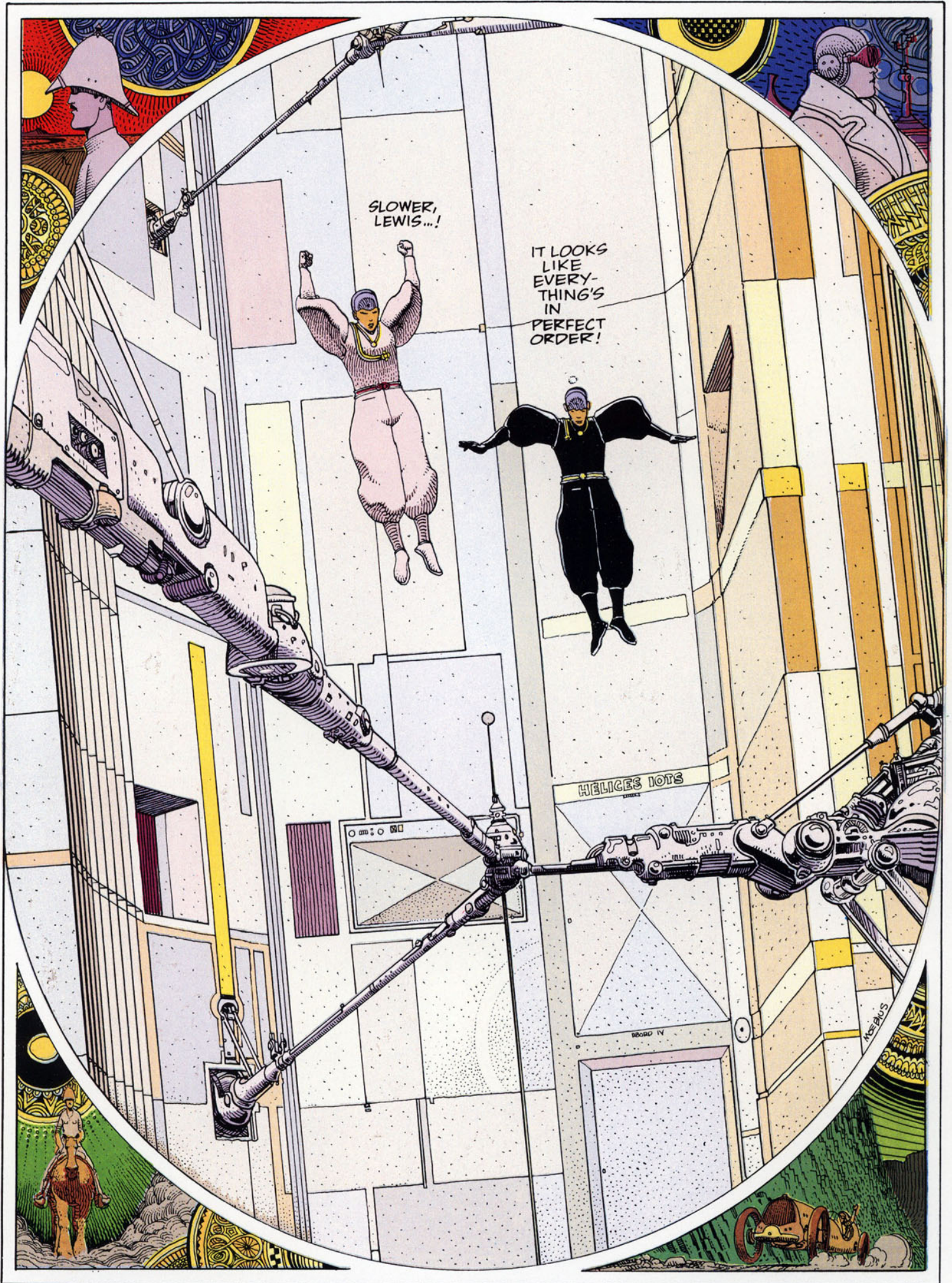
THAT
WAY!

THE SENSORS
HAVE DETECTED
SOMETHING
IN THE
CYBER-
NEGENIC
BELT.

RE-
PORT
IT TO
CON-
TROL!

BUT...
BUT... IT'S
MAJOR
GRUBERT!

WHAT...?
HUH?



SLOWER,
LEWIS...!

IT LOOKS
LIKE
EVERY-
THING'S
IN
PERFECT
ORDER!

HELICES 1075

BOARD IV

KES-BLUS



THE GREAT BALL ROOM!



BUT ... THE SPHERES HAVE BEEN DEACTIVATED!



SOMETHING'S PREVENTING THEM FROM BUBBLING!

HAS THEIR NEGATIVE POLARITY BEEN INVERTED?!

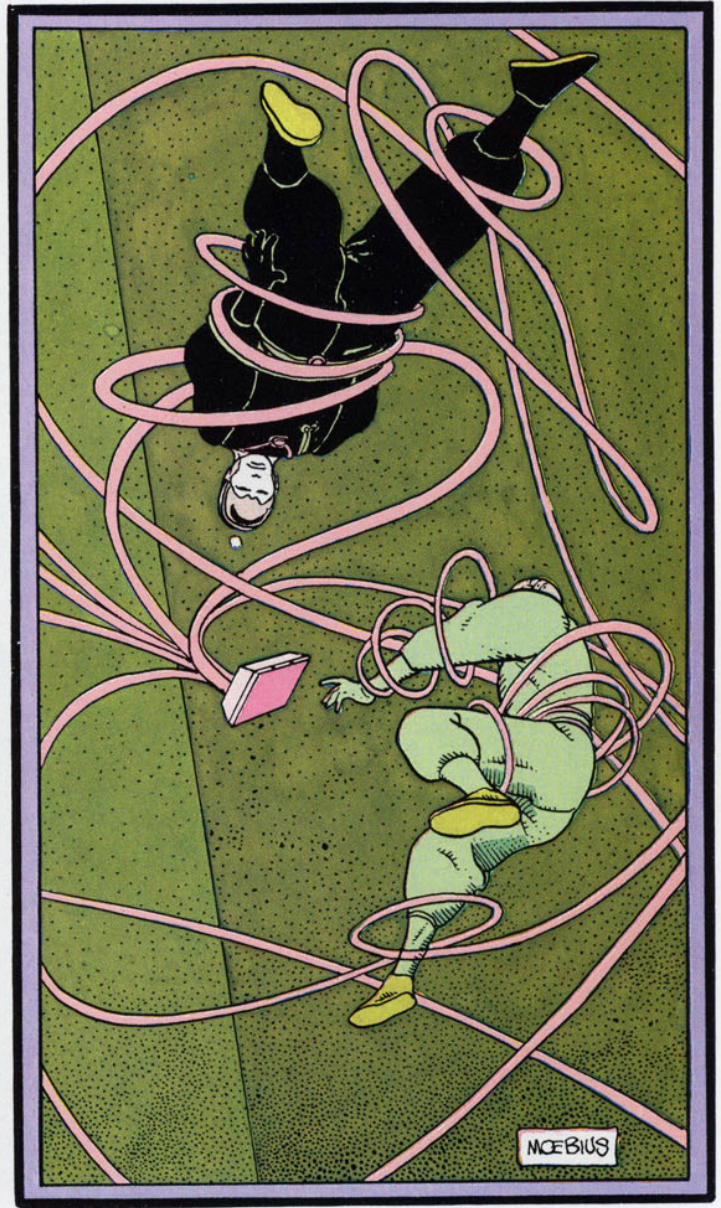
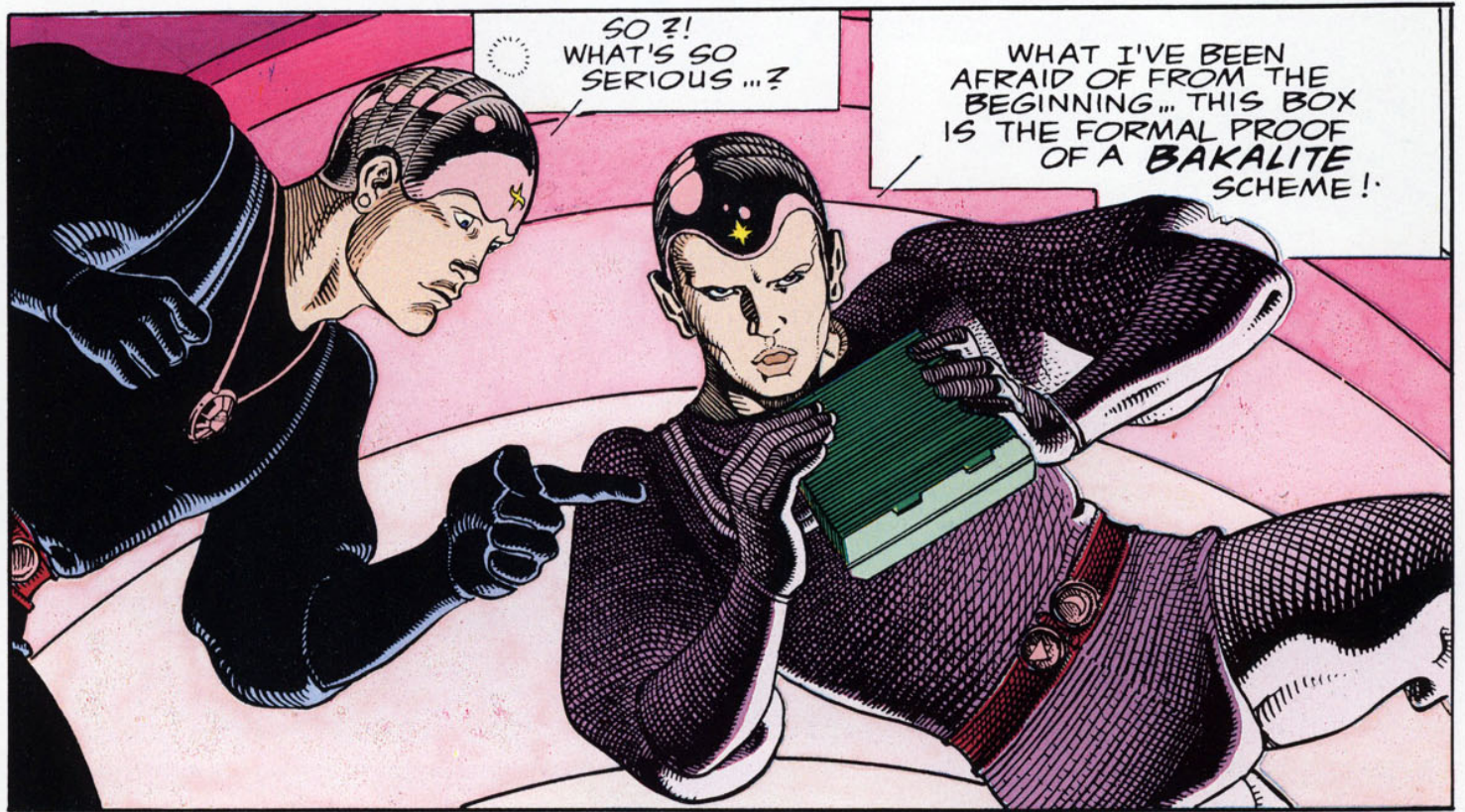
OR WORSE ... INHIBITED! LOOK ...! THAT GREY METAL BOX ...?

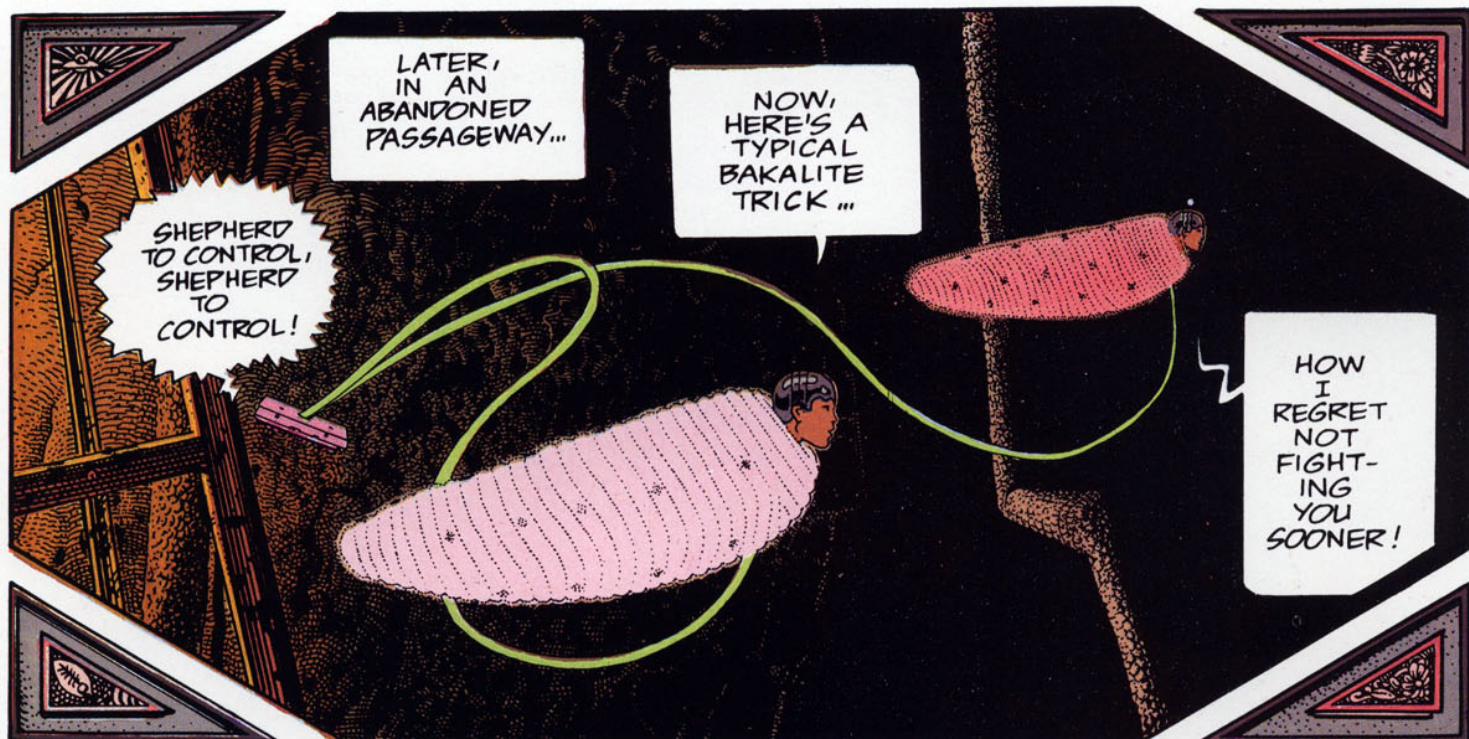
THE TWO MEN WOULD DO WELL TO HURRY, FOR THE NEWS I'M GETTING FROM ARMJOURTH IS TRULY ALARMING. DARKNESS HAS FALLEN ON PRACTICALLY THE ENTIRE SECOND LEVEL, THUS ADDING TO THE PANIC CAUSED BY THE PLASMA EXPLOSIONS. I'VE BEEN TOLD IT'S AWFUL!



AN INVERTER ... IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF INVERTER ...!

YES! IT IS ... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING MORE SERIOUS!





LATER,
IN AN
ABANDONED
PASSAGEWAY...

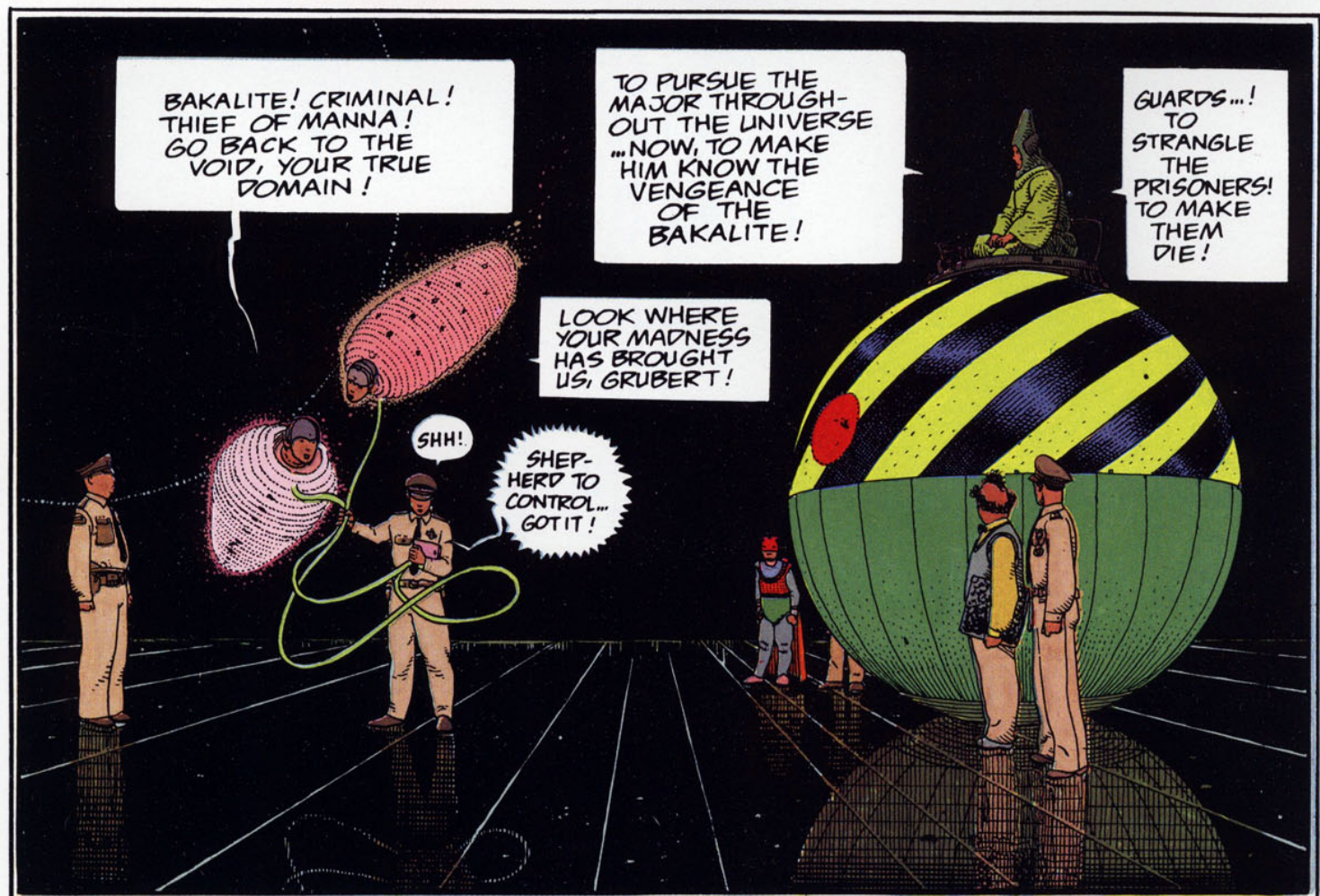
NOW,
HERE'S A
TYPICAL
BAKALITE
TRICK ...

SHEPHERD
TO CONTROL,
SHEPHERD
TO CONTROL!

HOW
I
REGRET
NOT
FIGHT-
ING
YOU
SOONER!



CALM DOWN, **BLACK FLY**.
THE ONE WHO SENT YOU
IS PATIENT. HE STANDS
IMMOBILE AND SILENT
AT THE CENTER OF THE
WEB OF TIME.



BAKALITE! CRIMINAL!
THIEF OF MANNA!
GO BACK TO THE
VOID, YOUR TRUE
DOMAIN!

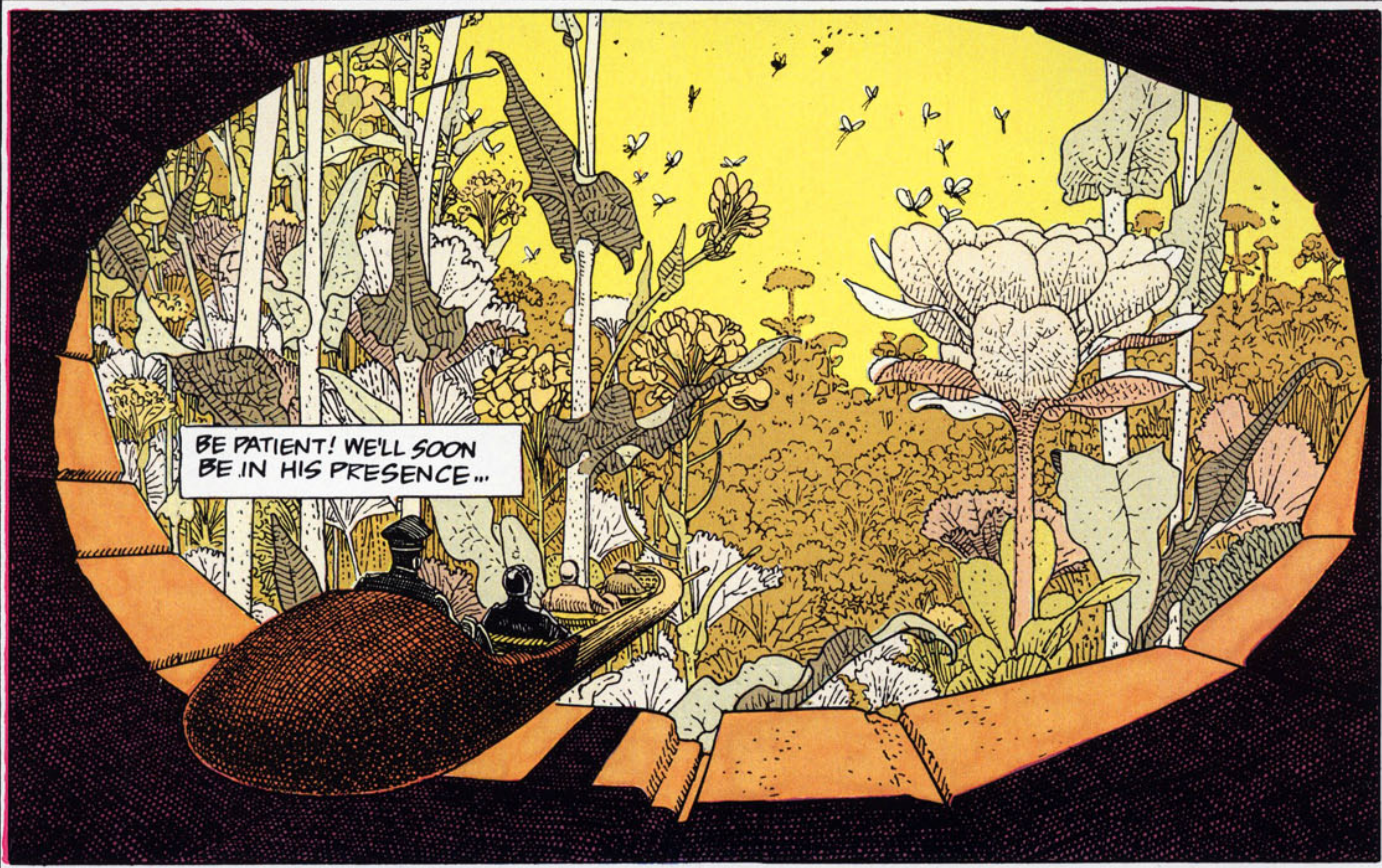
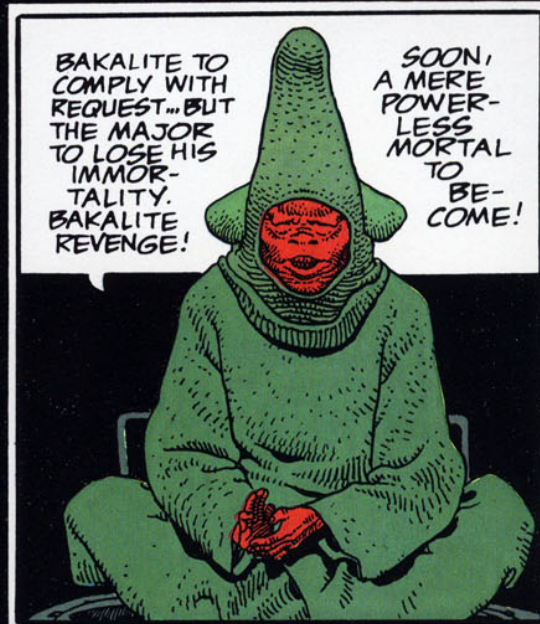
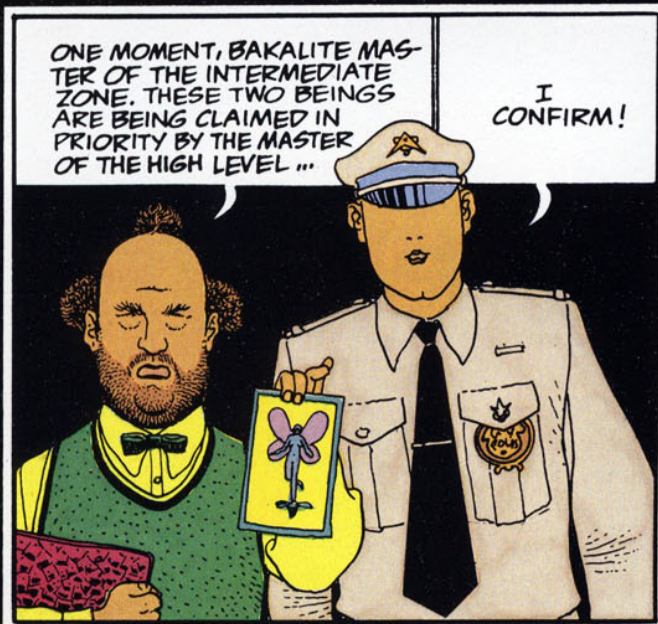
TO PURSUE THE
MAJOR THROUGH-
OUT THE UNIVERSE
...NOW, TO MAKE
HIM KNOW THE
VENGEANCE
OF THE
BAKALITE!

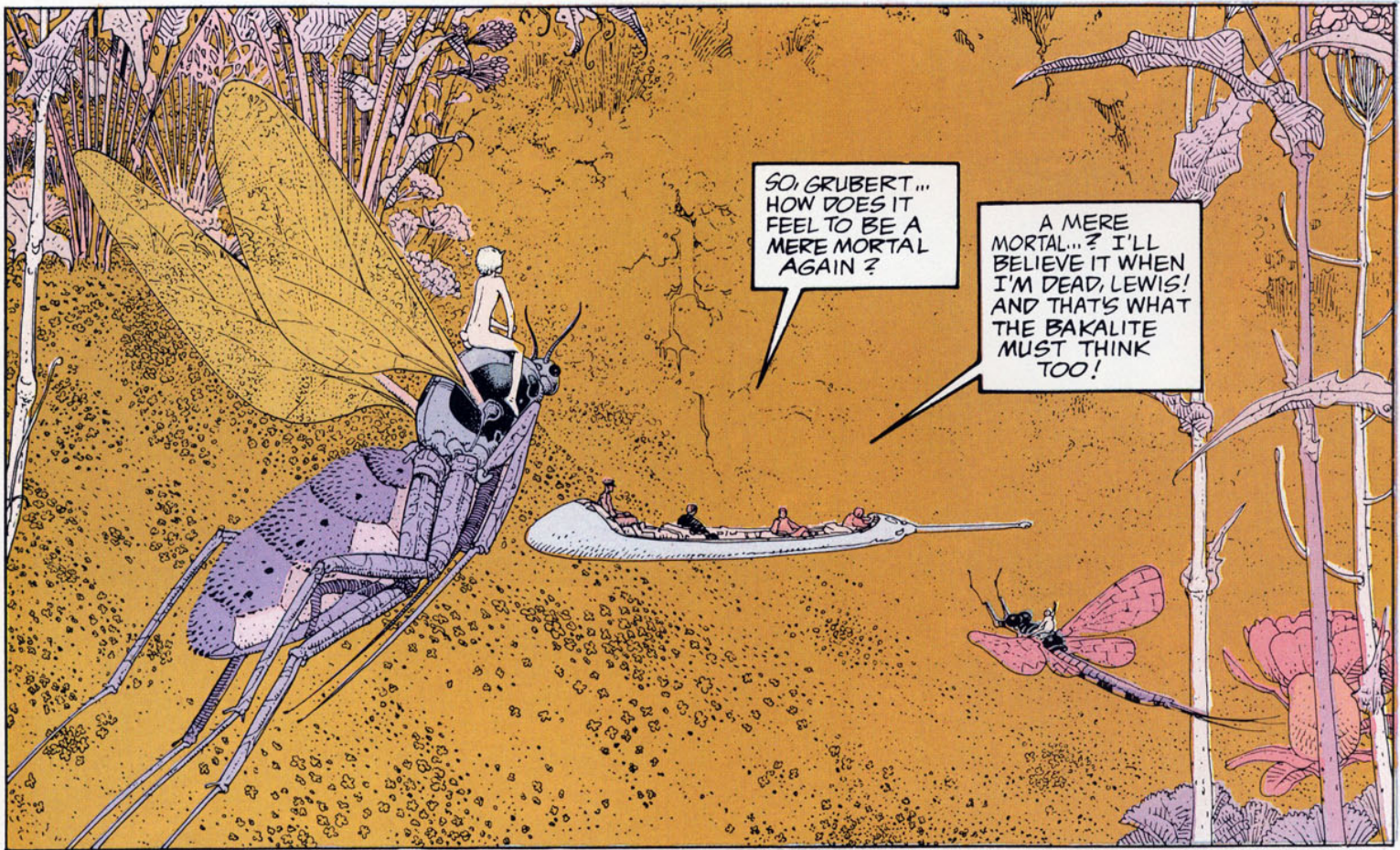
GUARDS...!
TO
STRANGLE
THE
PRISONERS!
TO MAKE
THEM
DIE!

LOOK WHERE
YOUR MADNESS
HAS BROUGHT
US, GRUBERT!

SHH!

SHEP-
HERD TO CONTROL...
GOT IT!

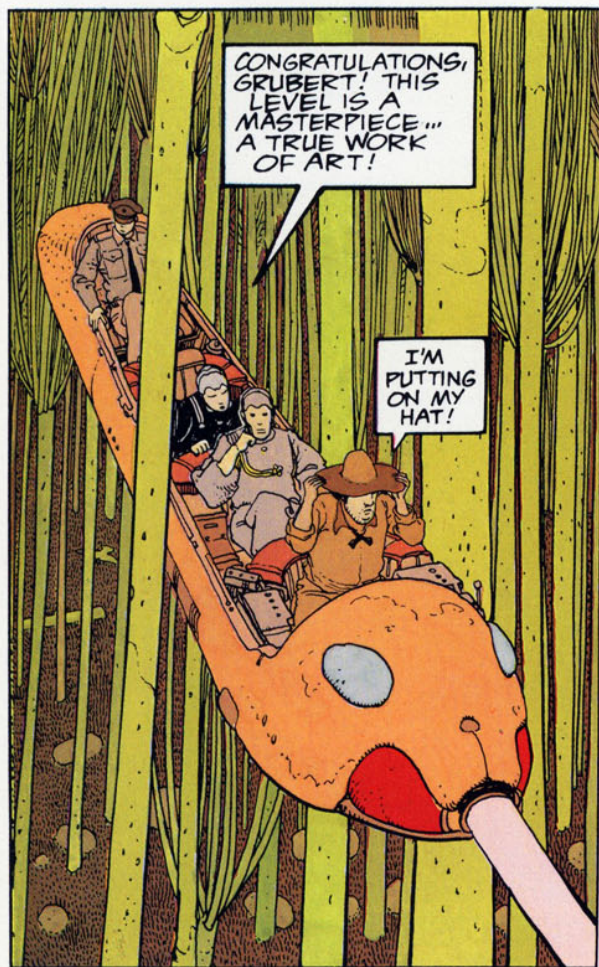




SO, GRUBERT...
HOW DOES IT
FEEL TO BE A
MERE MORTAL
AGAIN?

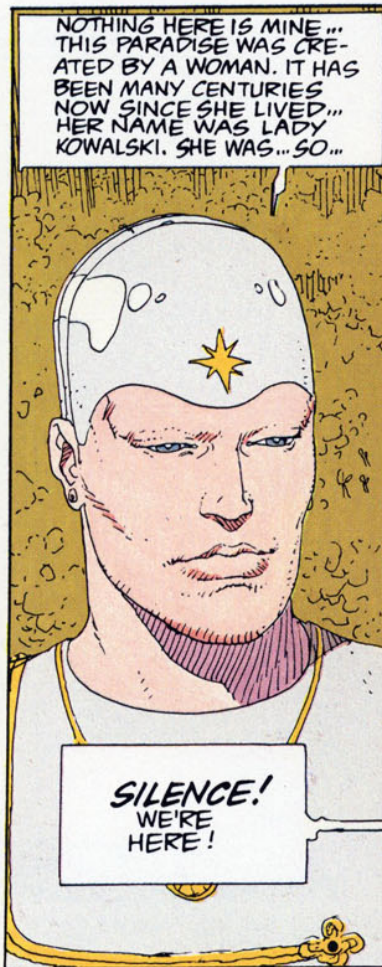
A MERE
MORTAL...? I'LL
BELIEVE IT WHEN
I'M DEAD, LEWIS!
AND THAT'S WHAT
THE BAKALITE
MUST THINK
TOO!

THE **GARAGE** HERMETIC OF LEWIS CARNELIAN BY MOEBIUS. OUR STORY: IT WAS ALL A BAKALITE TRICK!



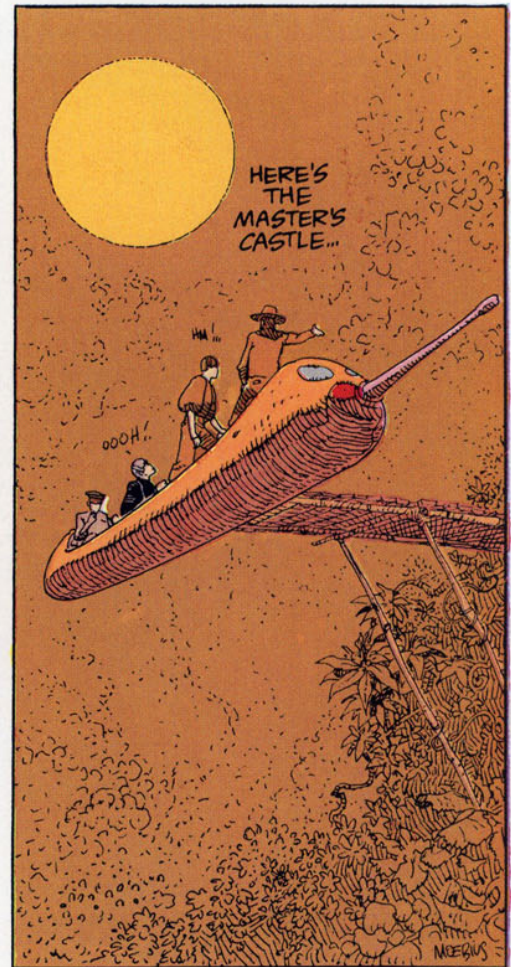
CONGRATULATIONS,
GRUBERT! THIS
LEVEL IS A
MASTERPIECE...
A TRUE WORK
OF ART!

I'M
PUTTING
ON MY
HAT!

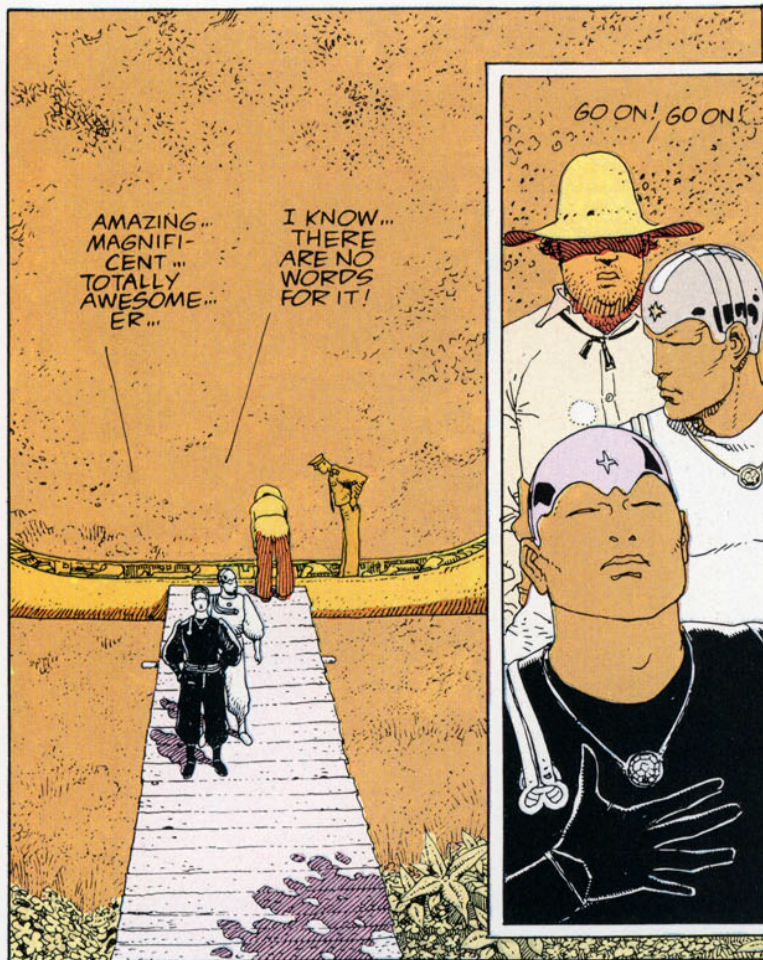


NOTHING HERE IS MINE...
THIS PARADISE WAS CRE-
ATED BY A WOMAN. IT HAS
BEEN MANY CENTURIES
NOW SINCE SHE LIVED...
HER NAME WAS LADY
KOWALSKI. SHE WAS... SO...

SILENCE!
WE'RE
HERE!

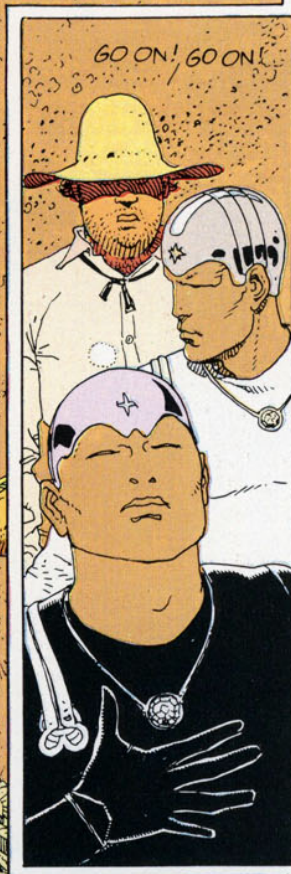


HERE'S
THE
MASTER'S
CASTLE...

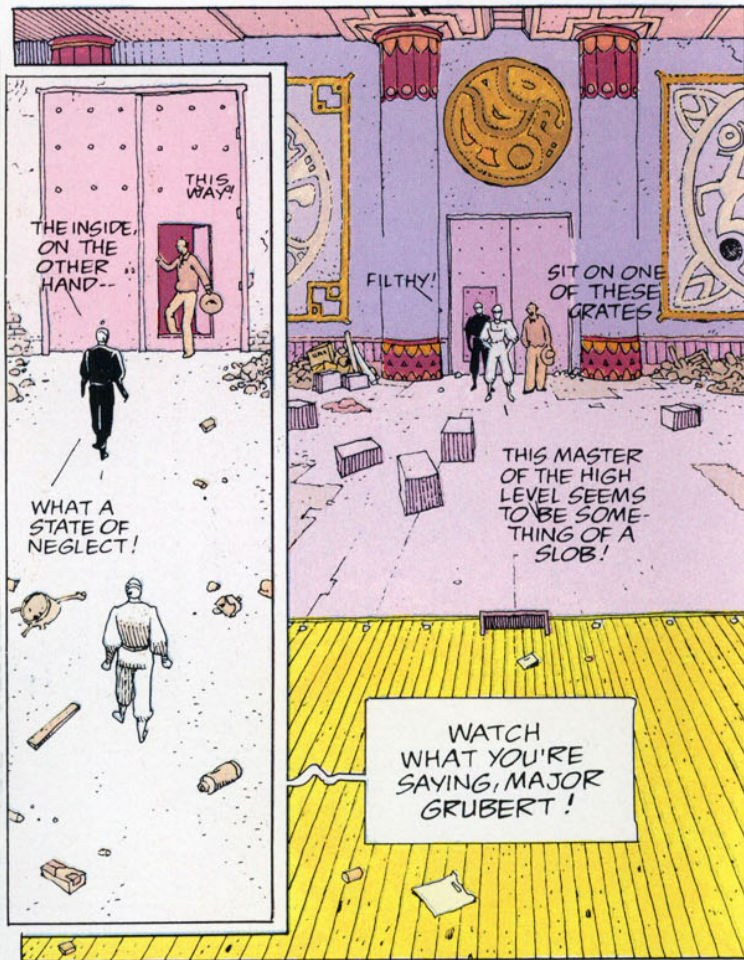


AMAZING...
MAGNIFI-
CENT...
TOTALLY
AWESOME...
ER...

I KNOW...
THERE
ARE NO
WORDS
FOR IT!



GO ON! GO ON!



THE INSIDE
ON THE
OTHER
HAND--

THIS
WAY

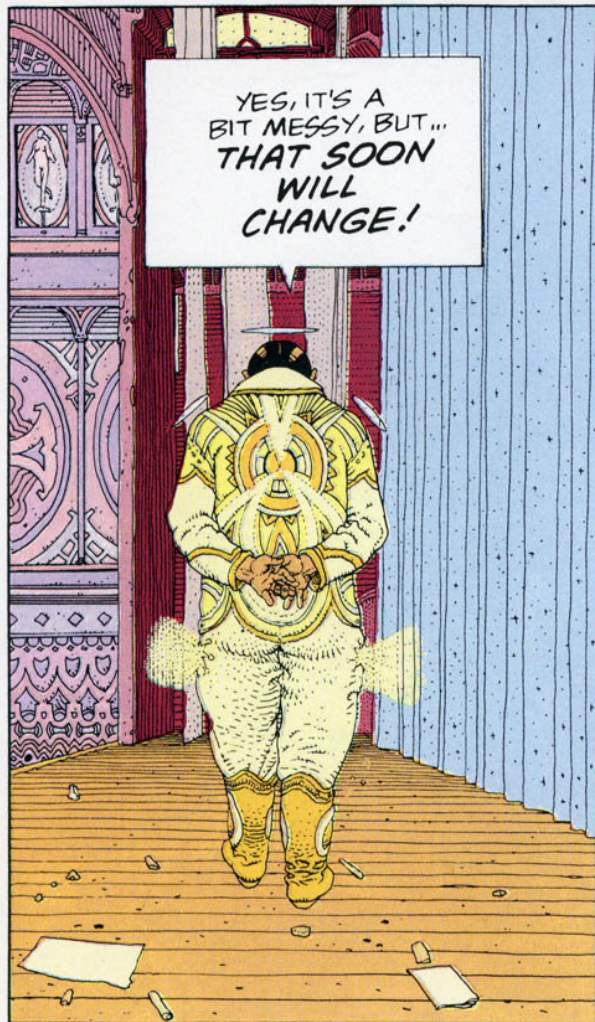
WHAT A
STATE OF
NEGLECT!

FILTHY!

SIT ON ONE
OF THESE
GRATES

THIS MASTER
OF THE HIGH
LEVEL SEEMS
TO BE SOME-
THING OF A
SLOB!

WATCH
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING, MAJOR
GRUBERT!

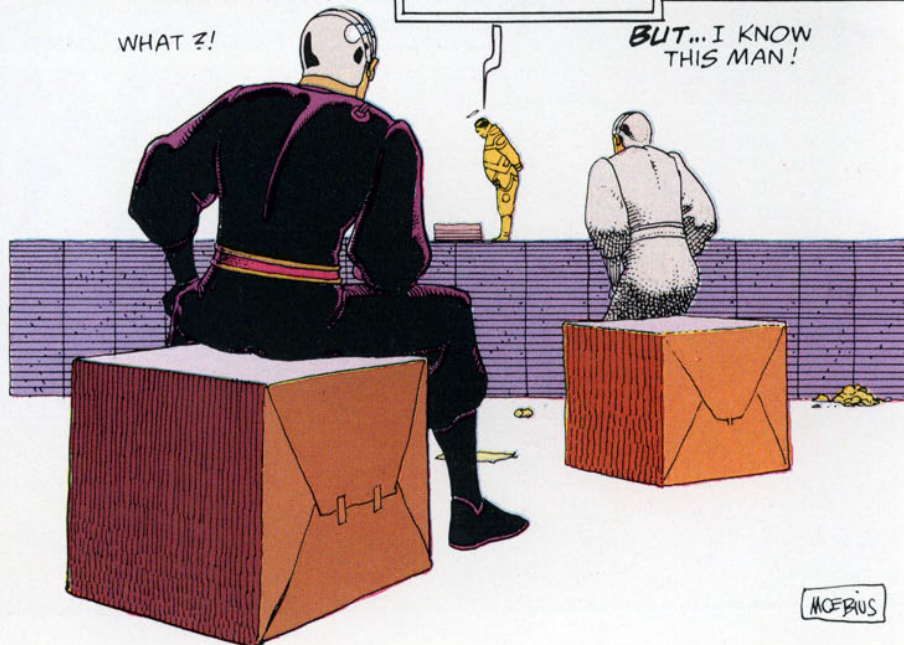


YES, IT'S A
BIT MESSY, BUT...
**THAT SOON
WILL
CHANGE!**

MAJOR GRUBERT! I WAS PARTICULARLY INTENT ON HAVING THIS FINAL MEETING. I'VE HAD SEVERAL RECENT OPPORTUNITIES TO RID MYSELF OF YOU... IMMORTALITY, AFTER ALL, IS NOT THE SAME AS INVULNERABILITY. BUT THEN, I'D HAVE DEPRIVED MYSELF OF THE GREAT PLEASURE OF THIS LITTLE CEREMONY CELEBRATING THE PASSING OF POWER FROM YOU, THE OLD MASTER, TO MYSELF, THE NEW ONE! THIS TINY ASTEROID, ONCE KNOWN AS "FLOWER," LOST IN THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE, HAS BECOME, THANKS TO THE EXPANSION GENERATORS, A REAL WORLD WHICH NOW ASPIRES TO CHOOSE ITS OWN DESTINY! YOUR TIME HAS NEARLY COME, MAJOR GRUBERT. "FLOWER" WITH ITS THREE LEVELS--THIS PRETTY AND USELESS FANTASY OF AN INTEMPORAL ARISTOCRAT--IS ABOUT TO CUT ITS UMBILICAL CORD AND THRUST ITSELF INTO TRUE REALITY, WHICH IS ALSO THE ONLY REAL MEASURE OF FREEDOM. AS FOR THE SO-CALLED LEWIS CARNELIAN, WHO HAS BEEN PURSUING YOU FOR SOME UNKNOWN CRIME SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, HE SHOULD KNOW THIS: MY JUSTICE WILL COME BEFORE HIS! NOW LET THE GREAT CURTAIN RISE AND REVEAL THE JURY!

WHAT?!

**BUT... I KNOW
THIS MAN!**



WHOEVER YOU ARE, **BEWARE!** I HAVE BEEN SENT BY THE **NAGUAL!** HIDDEN WITHIN THE FOLDS OF THE FABRIC OF TIME, HE GOVERNS THE DESTINIES OF MORTALS!

SPEER GOSSI...
SAM'S MURDER!
THE CABLEBOX...
WELL...!

THE DAMAGED CABLEBOX THAT I NOTICED IN THE HALL OF THE HOLOG MUST BE THE KEY TO THIS MYSTERY...!

SILENCE, CARNELIAN! THE BAKALITE HAS TAKEN AWAY ALL YOUR POWERS! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD BEWARE! AS FOR THE **NAGUAL**... HE IS POWERLESS AGAINST ME! IN THIS PLACE, I AM THE MASTER OF **LIFE** AND **DEATH**... THE AIRTIGHT FORCEFIELD WHICH ISOLATES US FROM THE CONTINUUM GIVES ME THAT POWER!

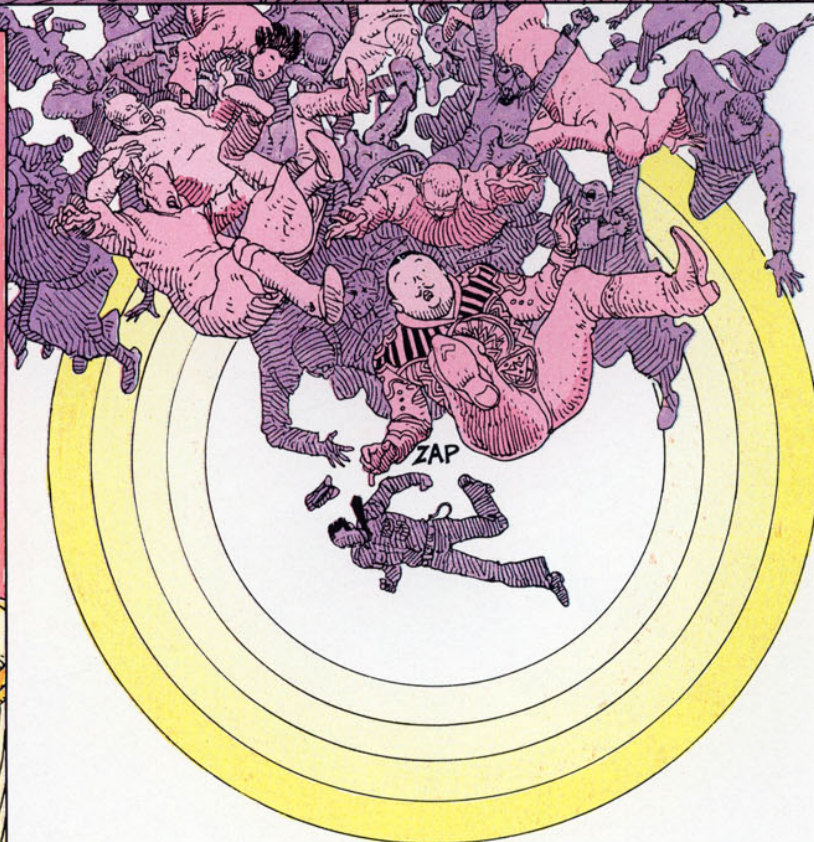
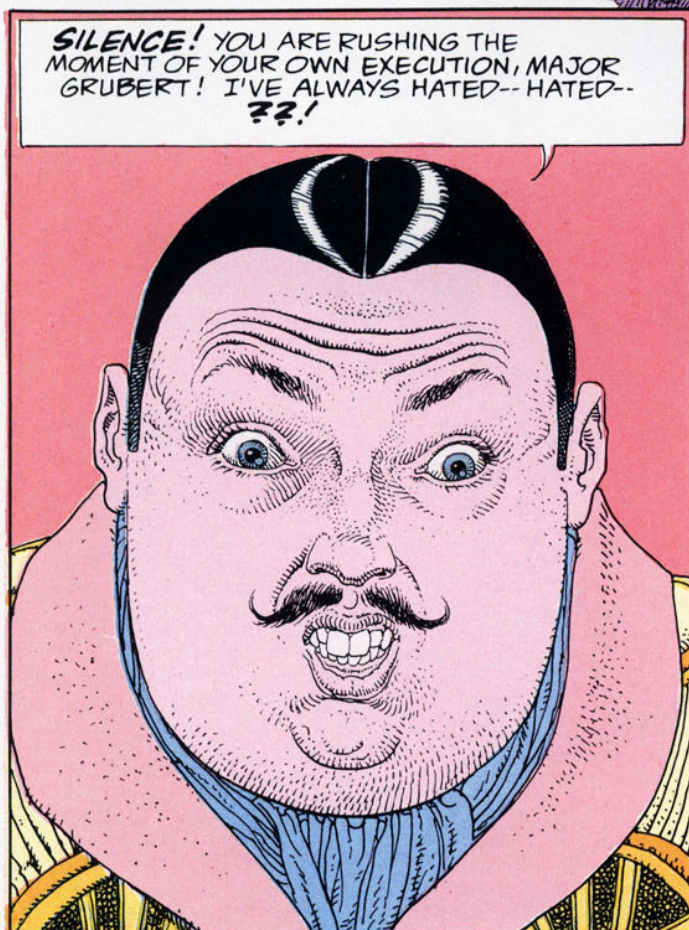
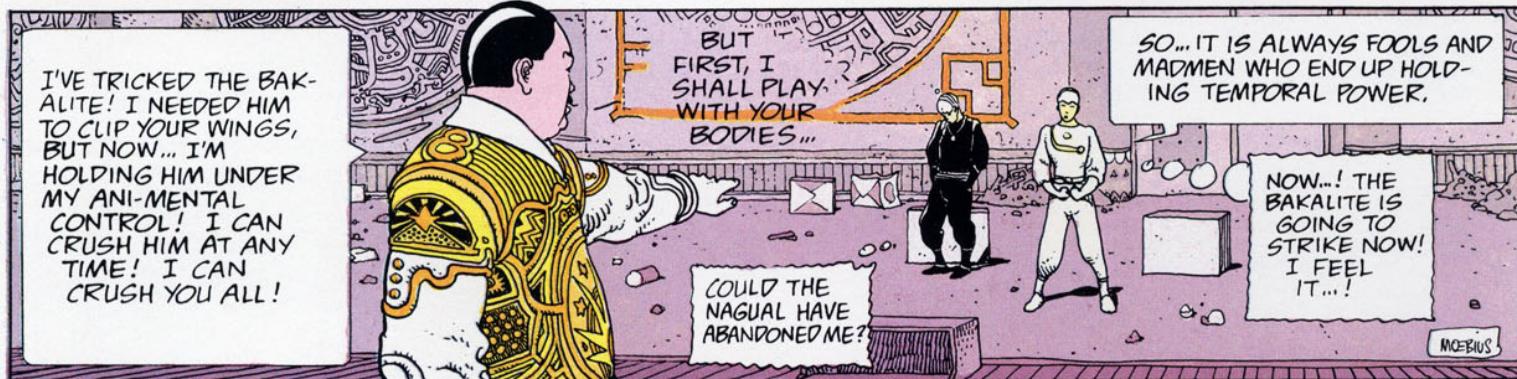
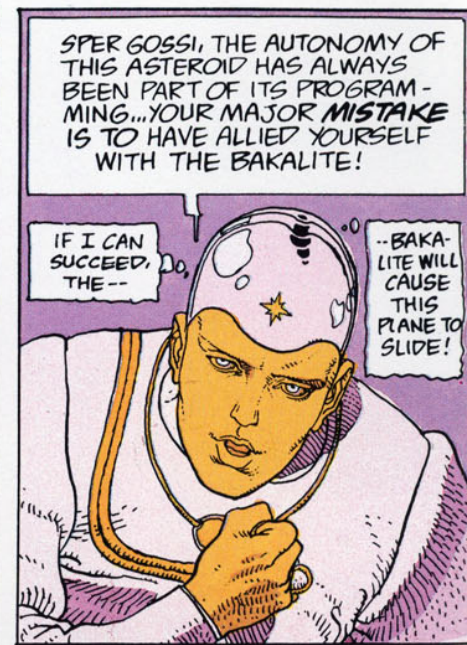
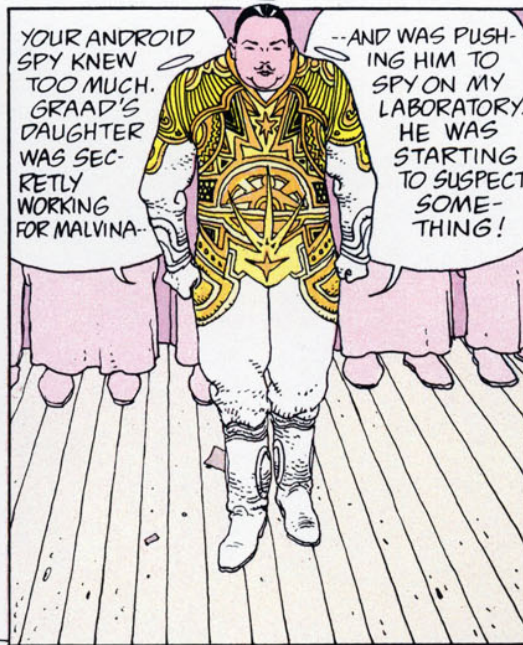
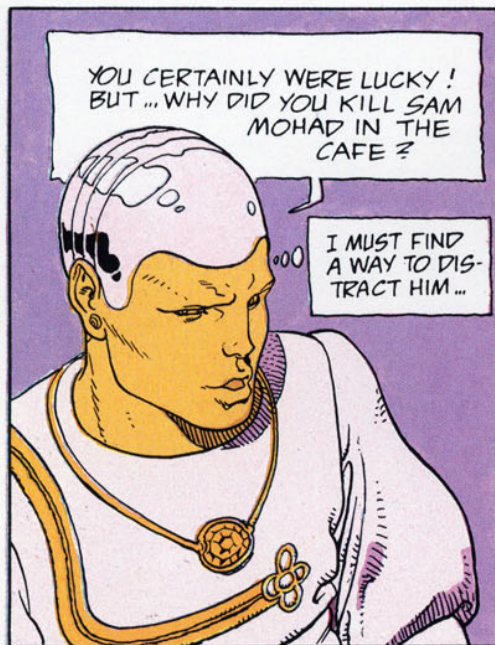
IT'S ALL RATHER CONFUSING!

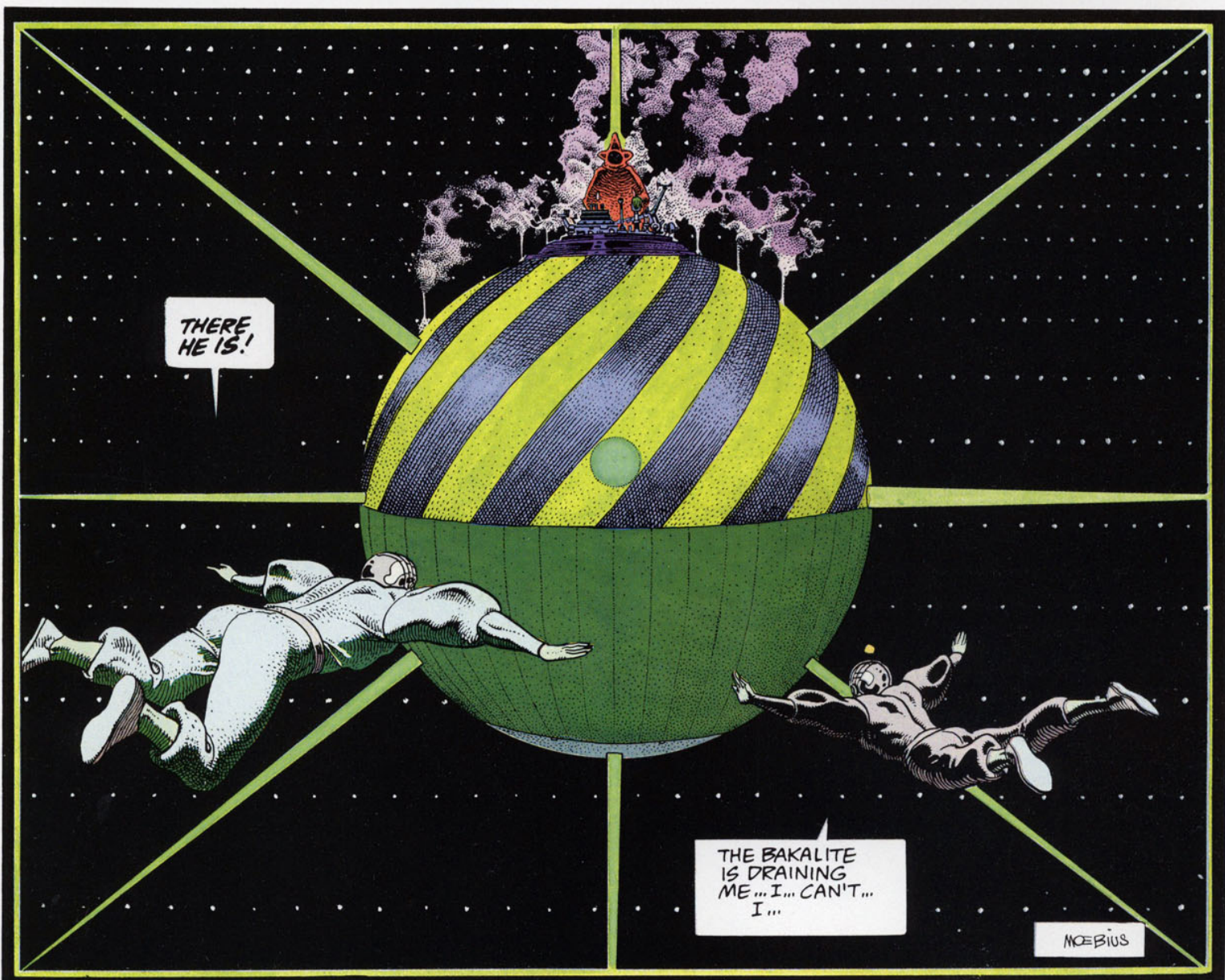
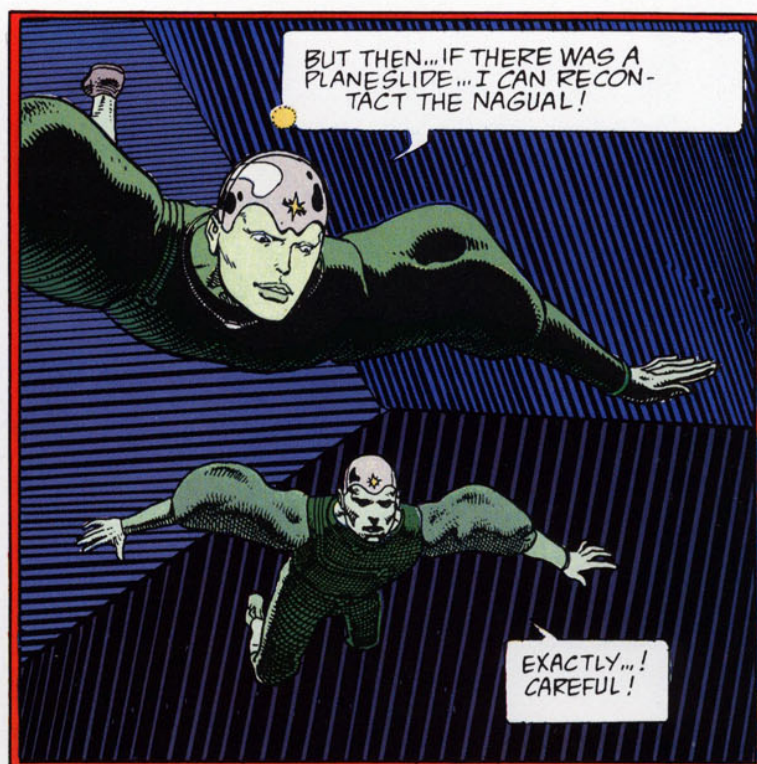
NO, IT ISN'T! REMEMBER... NOT LONG AGO YOU ASKED THE SO-CALLED ENGINEER BARNIER TO ASSEMBLE A NEW CABLEBOX! BARNIER THEN MADE A MISTAKE WHICH I WON'T HESITATE TO QUALIFY AS A STROKE OF GENIUS!

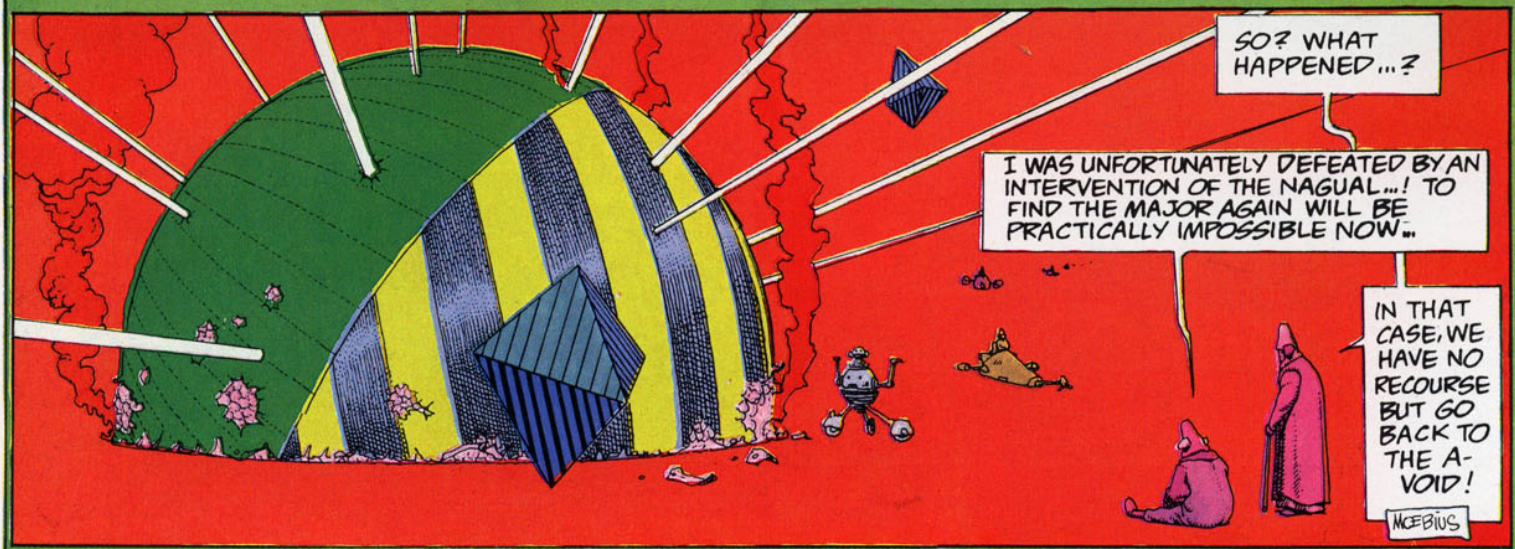
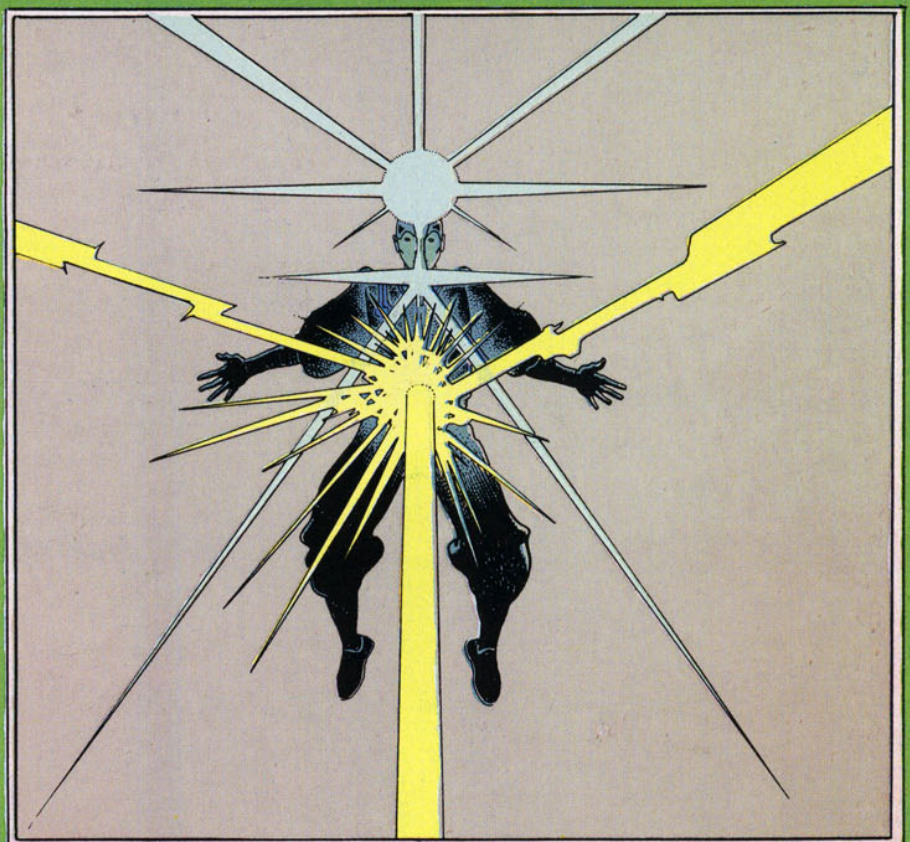
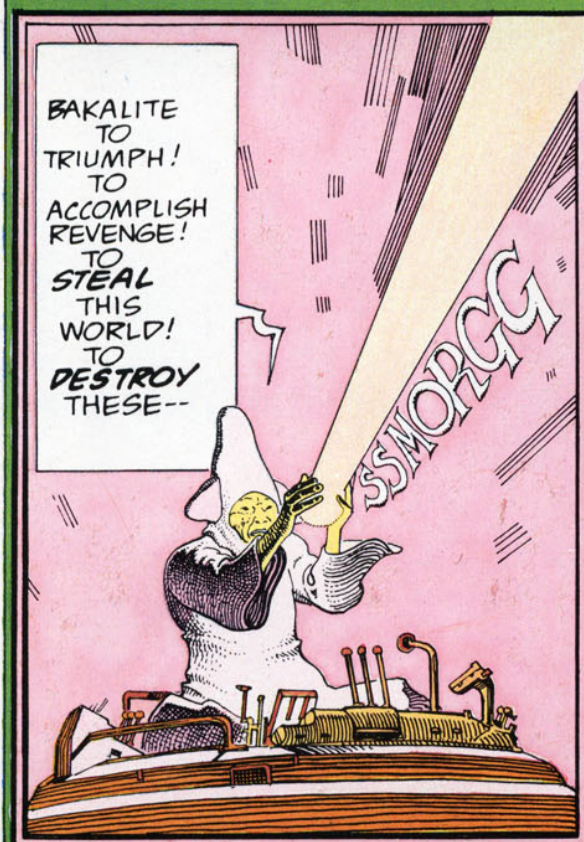
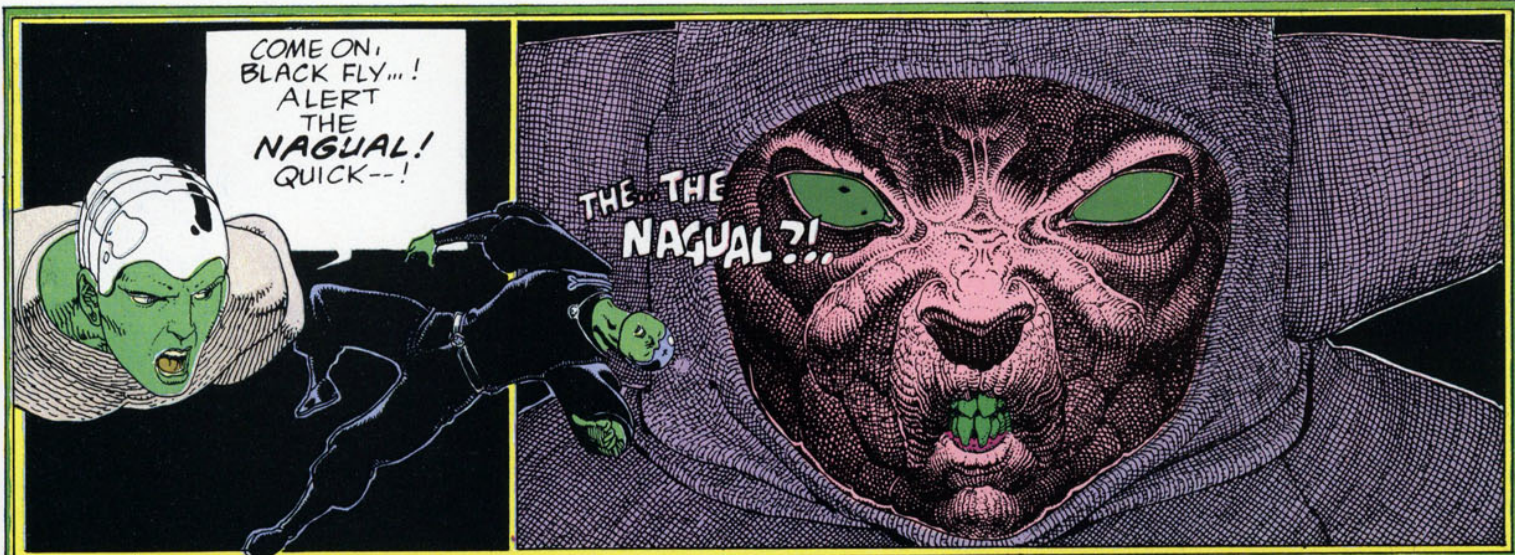
HE SIMPLY CAUSED THE DOUBLE-POLARIZED CHROMATIC PARTICLE PROJECTION TO RESONATE WITH THE PEEPER VALVE, WHICH DESTROYED THE CABLEBOX, BUT HAD AN UNFORESEEN SECONDARY EFFECT, WHICH WAS THE CREATION OF--

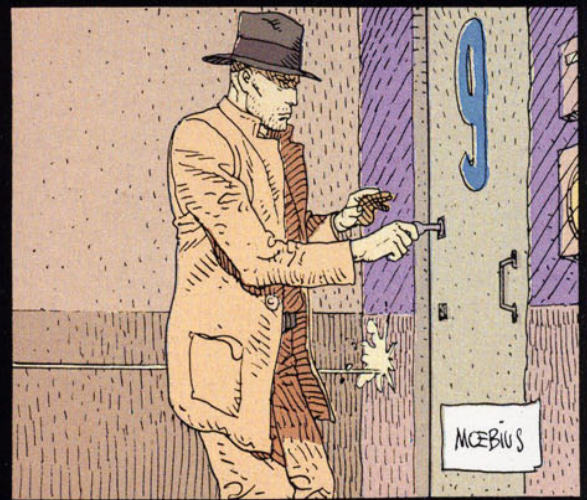
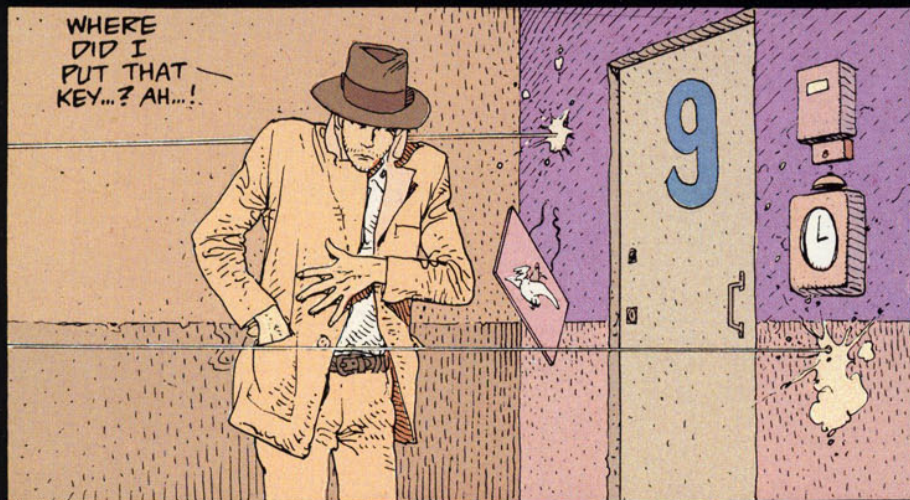
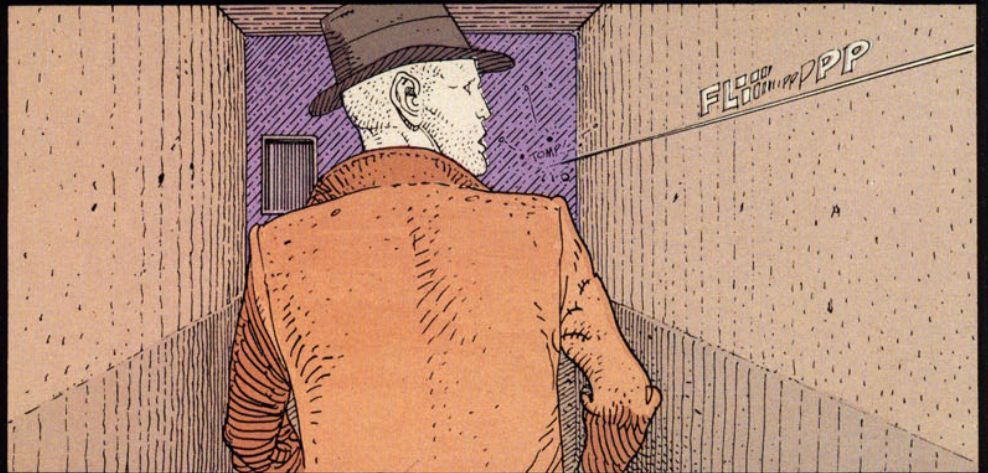
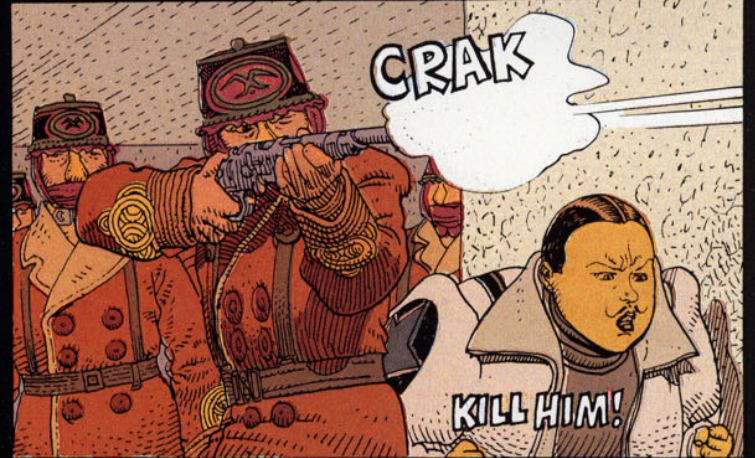
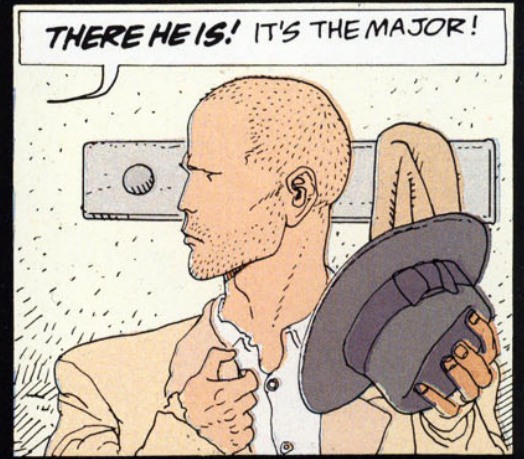
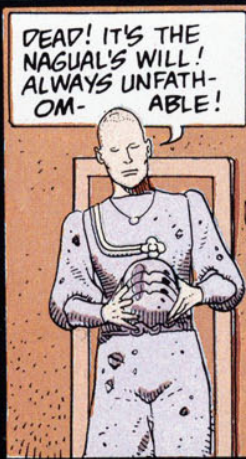
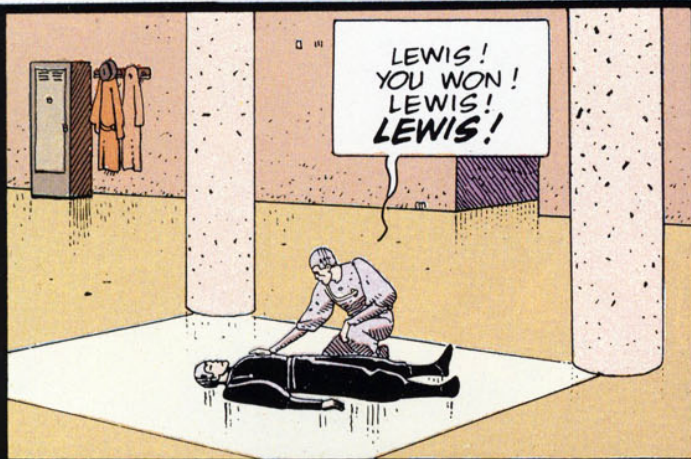
--AN ANTI-TIME FIELD WHOSE MEASURABLE EPICENTER WAS DIRECTLY LINKED TO THE CHRONOTIC CIRCUITRY OF MY RESEARCH LABORATORY ON CHRONO-PARTICLES, ITSELF LOCATED UNDER THE HOLOG OF THE SQUARE OF THE MAY-POLE LEAF.

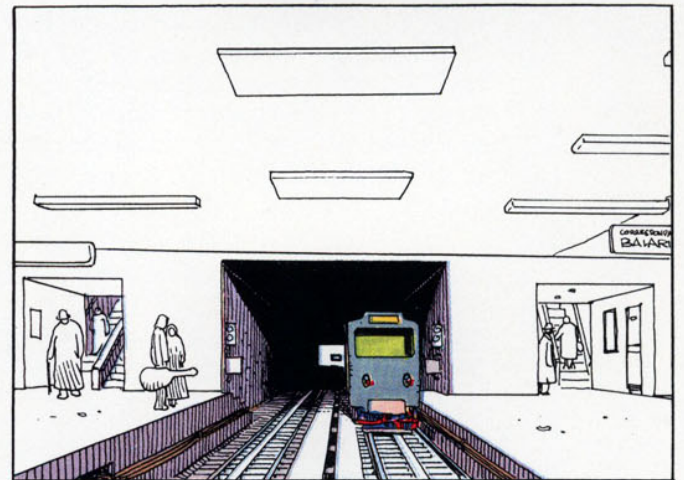
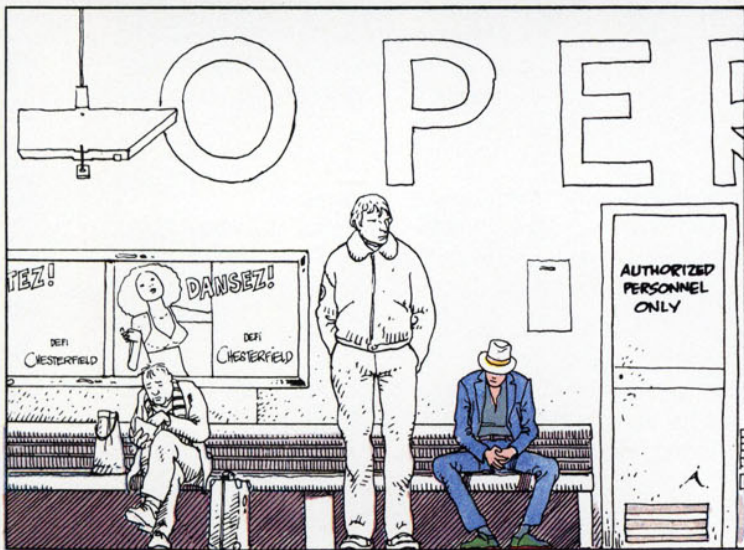
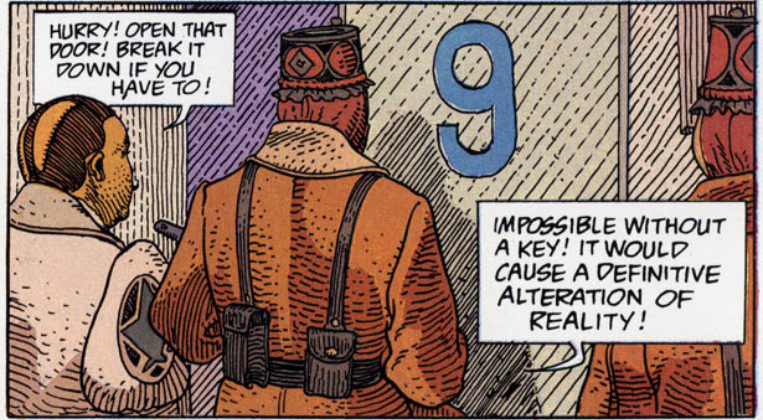
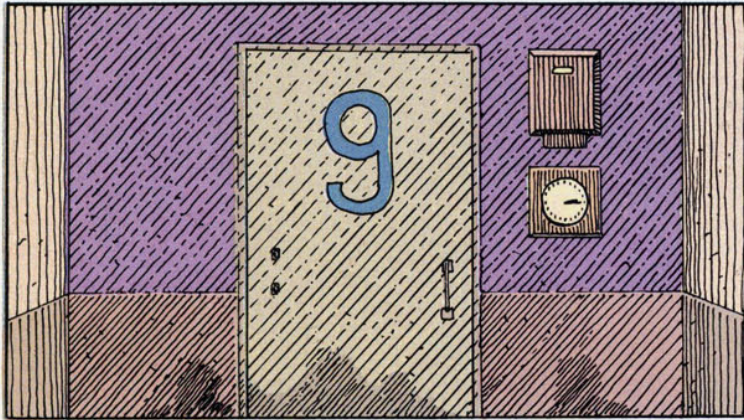
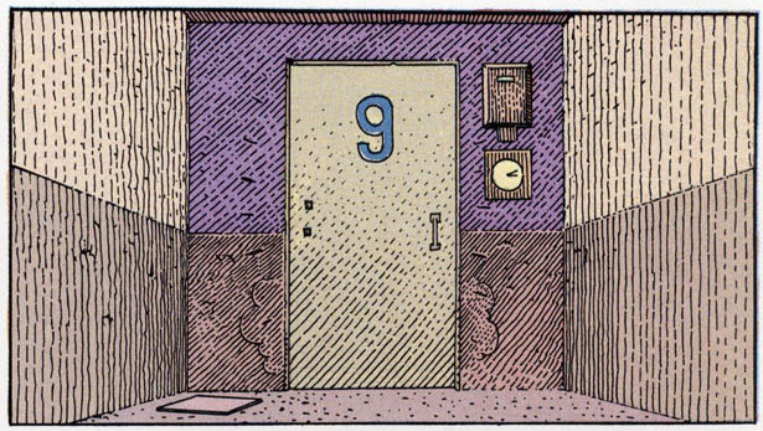
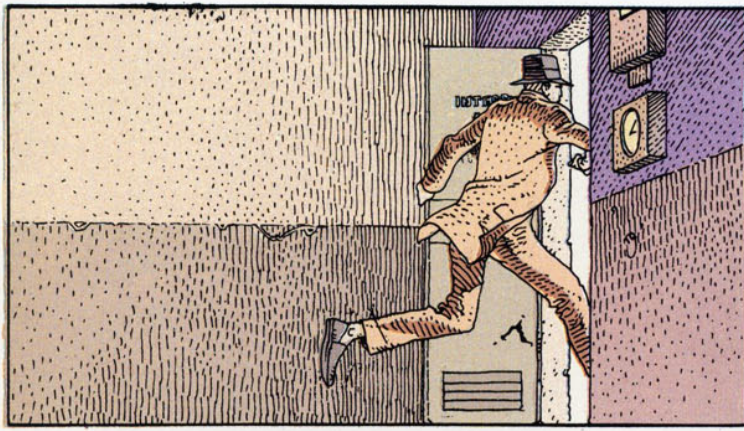
ANOTHER SECONDARY EFFECT, THAT WAS BOTH PROVIDENTIAL AND EXTRAORDINARY, WAS THAT IT MUTATED MY CHRONOTIC CIRCUITRY, THUS GIVING ME ACCESS TO THE FIRST LEVEL WITH ALL ITS SECRETS, ALL ITS TREASURES.



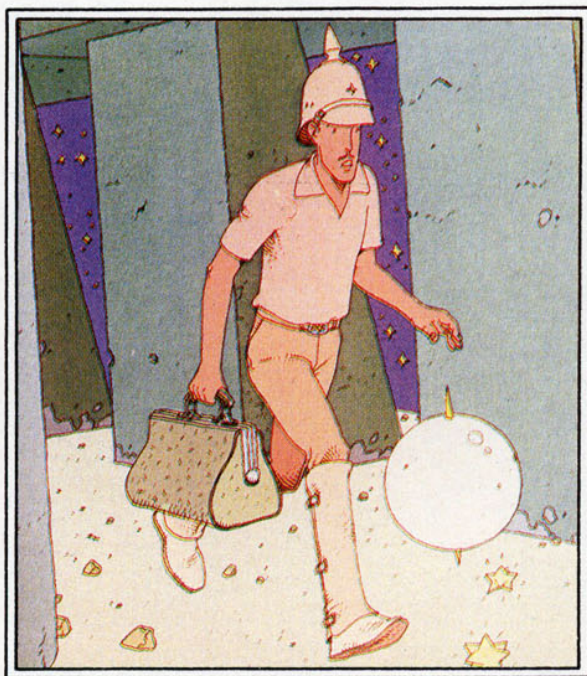








FIN



As Moebius explains in his introduction, what started as a one-time satire of clichés of intrepid explorer adventures, eventually grew and grew until it became a vast saga, a huge multi-dimensional universe, the story of which is still very much incomplete.

For those of you who are interested in trying to piece together the jigsaw of the Moebius Universe, the character of "Lady Kowalsky" (mentioned on page 112), and indeed "Flower," the very asteroid which became the Airtight Garage, were originally introduced in **Le Bandard Fou** ("The Horny Goof"), another Moebius story that we were unable to present at this time, but will try to offer in a future book.

A number of loose ends, such as the role of the mysterious Erik Carnelian, will be dealt with in **The Otra**, the sequel to **The Airtight Garage** which Moebius is currently plotting. And, Grubert makes a startling reappearance, thousands of years in the future, in **The Gardens of Aedena**.

Moebius completists will note that there are two new pages to this edition of **The Airtight Garage** which have never before appeared in English. The first, page 77, was drawn in 1978, especially for the first, French publication of the story in book form. Mindful of this, Moebius chose to draw a second new page, page 97, for this first, American book publication. This page is still unpublished in France. Purists will doubtless notice that the name of "Jerry Cornelius" was changed to that of "Lewis Carnelian" for this book. As some of you may know, Jerry Cornelius is the brain-child of Michael Moorcock, a wonderful British science-fiction author, creator of "Elric" and many more unforgettable heroes.

The use by Moebius of Jerry Cornelius's name in the original story was nothing more than an elaborate in-joke, one shared by many SF authors of the seventies. The character was, in fact, called "The Black Fly" or "Lewis Cern", as well as Cornelius, in several places. Moebius recently decided that the joke had served its purpose, and the character was therefore renamed Lewis Carnelian, which he felt was truer to his original intent and less distracting to the reader.

