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THE COLLECTED FANTASIES OF JEAN GIRAUD



◆ THE LONG ◆ TOMORROWTM

& OTHER SCIENCE FICTION STORIES

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MOEBIUS
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PHIL FELIX
letterer

IT'S A SMALL UNIVERSE
MOEBIUS
colors

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letterer

THERE IS A PRINCE CHARMING
ON PHENIXON

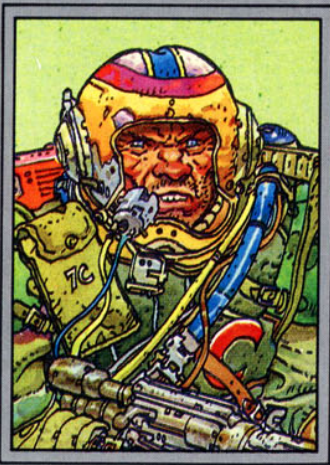
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MOEBIUS 4

THE LONG
TOMORROW
& OTHER SCIENCE
FICTION STORIES

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IS MAN GOOD?

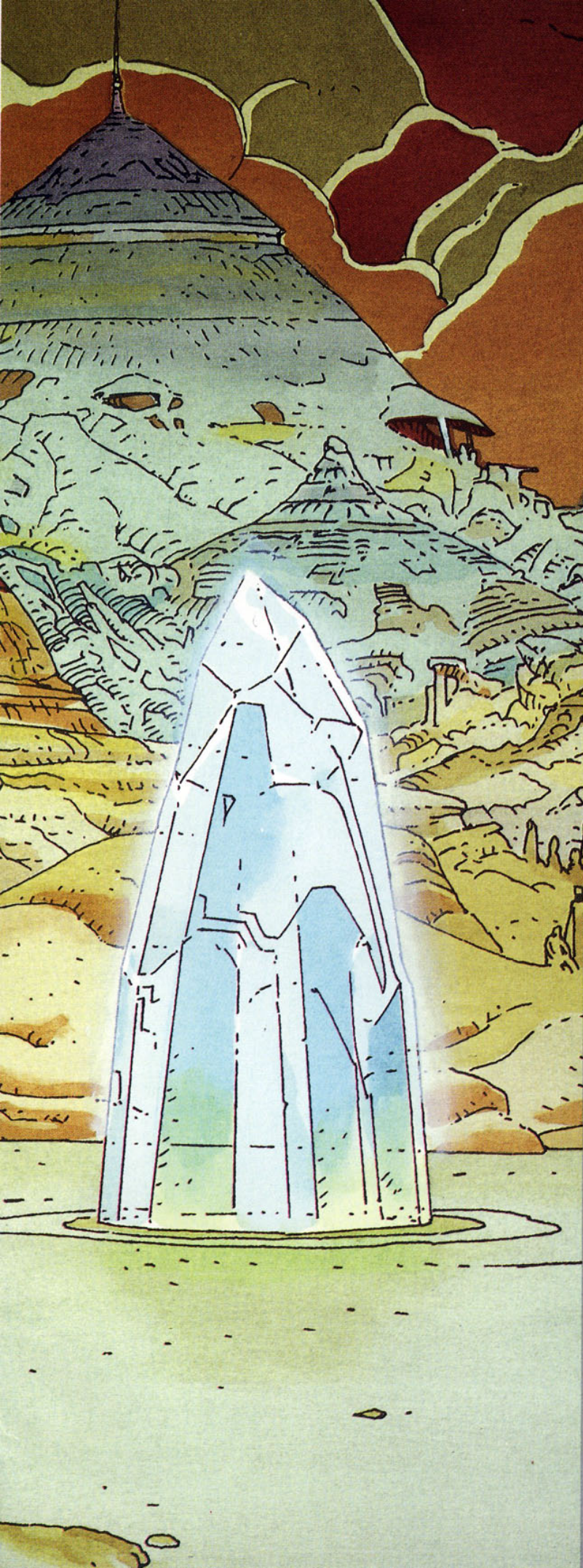
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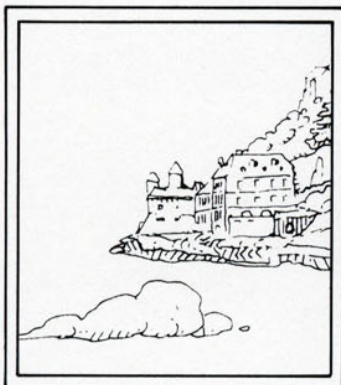
THE GARDENS OF AEDENA

MOEBIUS 6

**PHARAGONESIA
& OTHER STRANGE STORIES**

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THE MINDSCAPES OF SCIENCE FICTION

A new planet slowly comes into view of a massive starship.

A lonely private eye stalks the teeming throngs of an impossible metropolis.

A heavily armored spaceman cautiously explores the craggy landscape of an alien world.

Today, all these images, and more, have become familiar to us through a number of big budget, special effects laden science fiction pictures, such as **Star Wars**, **Blade Runner**, the **Star Trek** series, **Alien**, **Aliens** and **Enemy Mine**.

But, in reality, it all began with the written word. In science fiction magazines such as "Amazing," "Astounding," "F & SF," "Startling Stories" and "Galaxy," such giants as Isaac Asimov, Robert Heinlein, Clifford D. Simak, Jack Vance and Robert Sheckley used the power of the written word to take us on the exploration of unimaginable new vistas. In essence, these men, and many others, were creating the first mindscapes of science fiction.

They were ably assisted in their tasks by a bevy of incredibly talented illustrators, such as Frank R. Paul, one of the first and one of the best, Virgil Finlay, Ed Emshwiller, Frank Kelly Freas, etcetera. These artists were the first to visualize the mindscapes of science fiction.

The stories collected in this volume were originally published in the early 1970's. Some of them are presented here in color for the very first time. But they all owe a great debt to these pioneers. Indeed, they represent a sort of link, or transition, between their mindscapes and today's updated versions, popularized by the films listed above.

For example, in **Blade Runner** you will find more than mere echoes of **The Long Tomorrow**. And, if you look closely at the first panel of page eleven of that same story, somewhere in the background, you will discover the inspiration for the Imperial probe of **The Empire Strikes Back**.

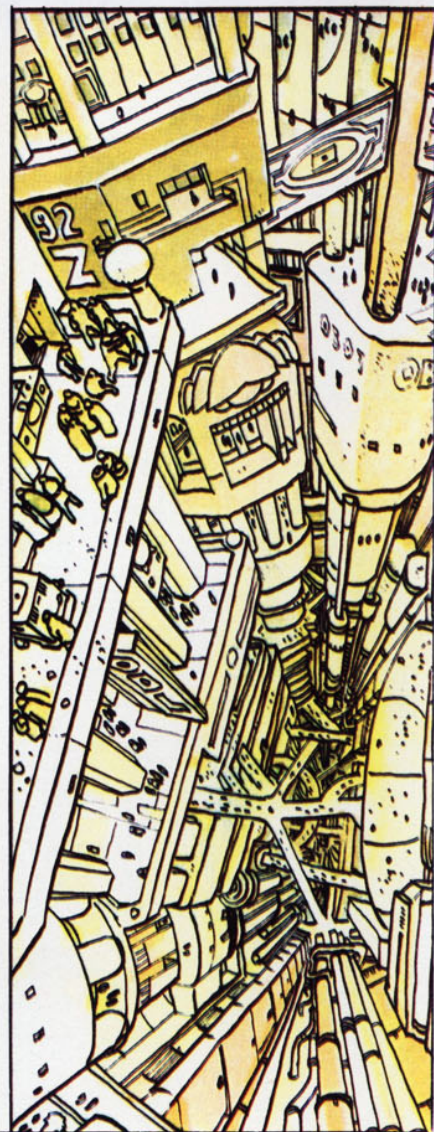
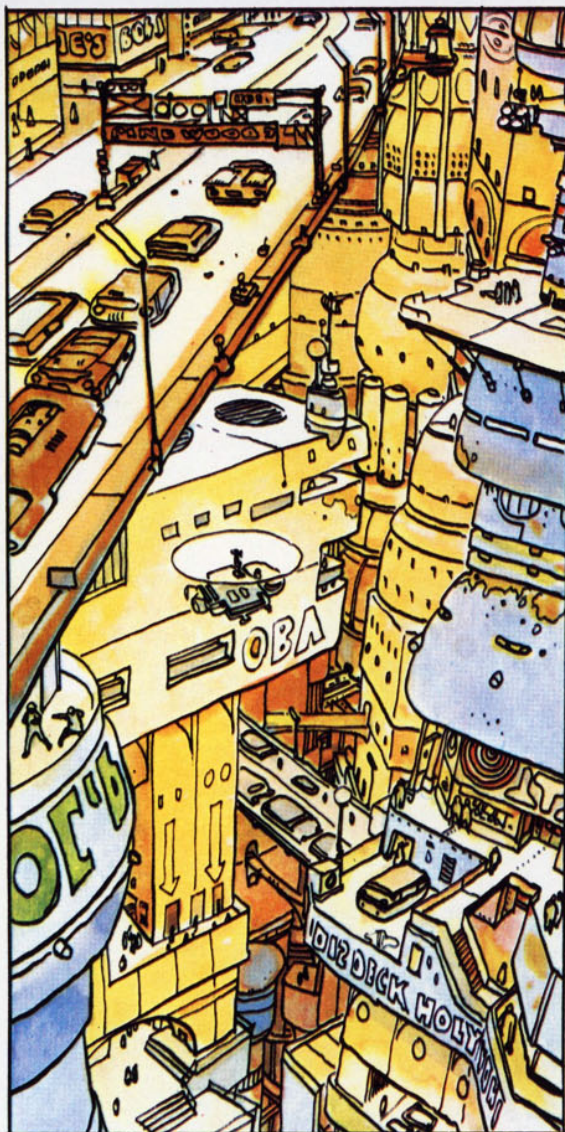
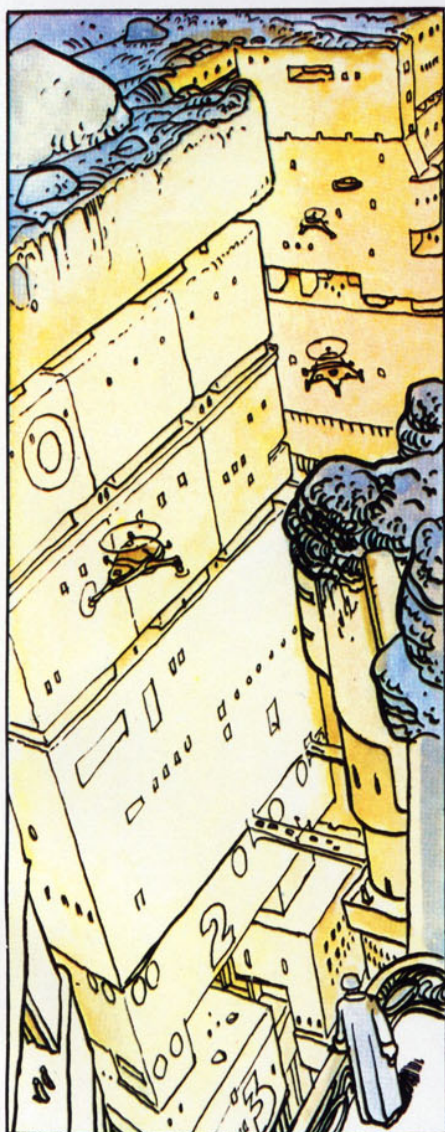
Each generation thus contributes to the overall enrichment of the mindscapes of science fiction.

Jean-Marc & Randy Lofficier

THE LONG TOMORROW

DAN O'BANNON

"ART" PAR
MOEBIUS



I'M A CONFIDENTIAL NOSE.

IT STARTED OUT A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER DAY.

MY OFFICE IS ON THE 97TH LEVEL. CLUB'S THE NAME, PETE CLUB.

CLUB, DISCREET INQUIRIES. CLUB HERE. TALK TO ME.

Buicz Buicz

IT WAS A DAME ON THE 12TH LEVEL, A VERY RITZY RESIDENTIAL AREA, FOR A VERY HUSH-HUSH JOB.

DOLLY VOOK VON KATTERBAR...

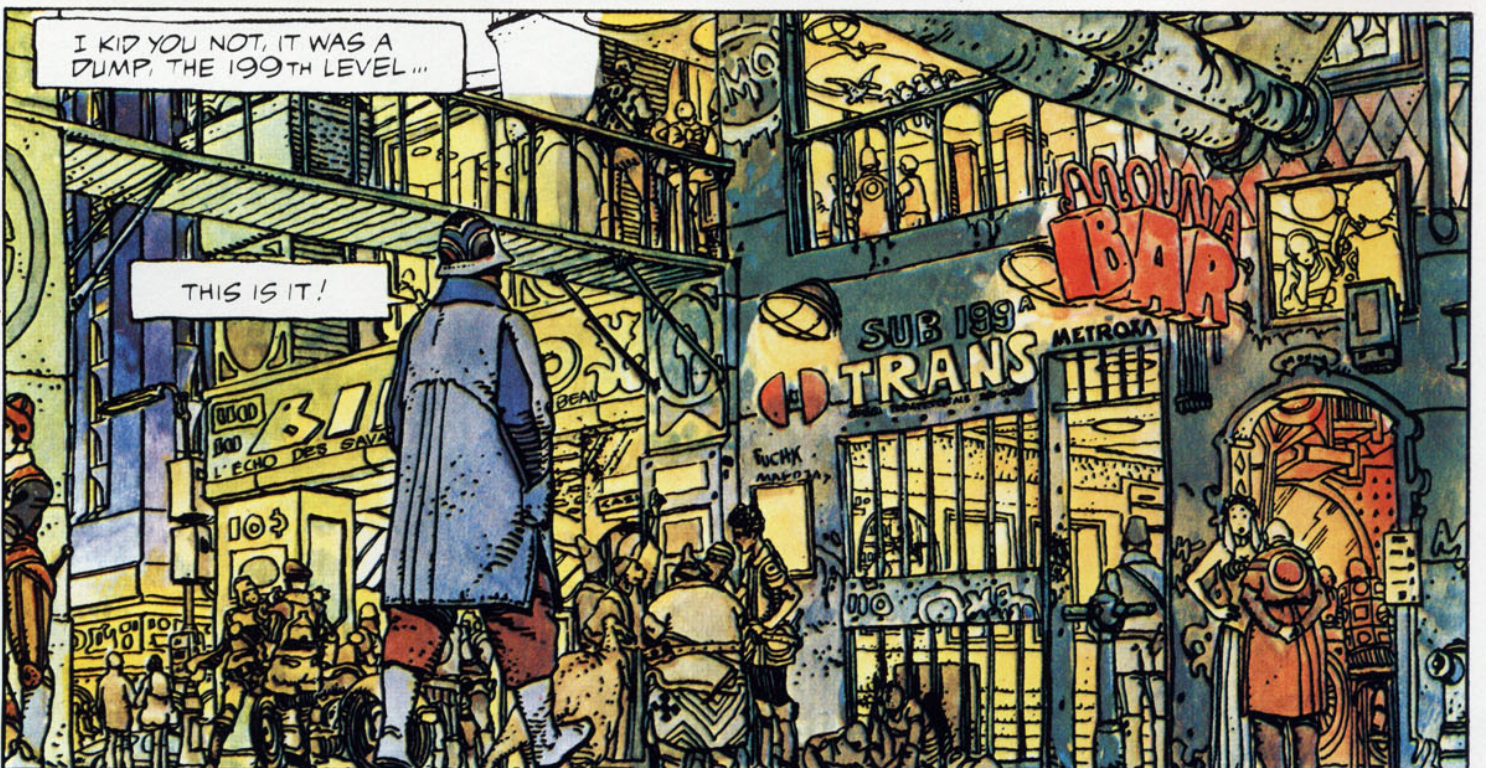
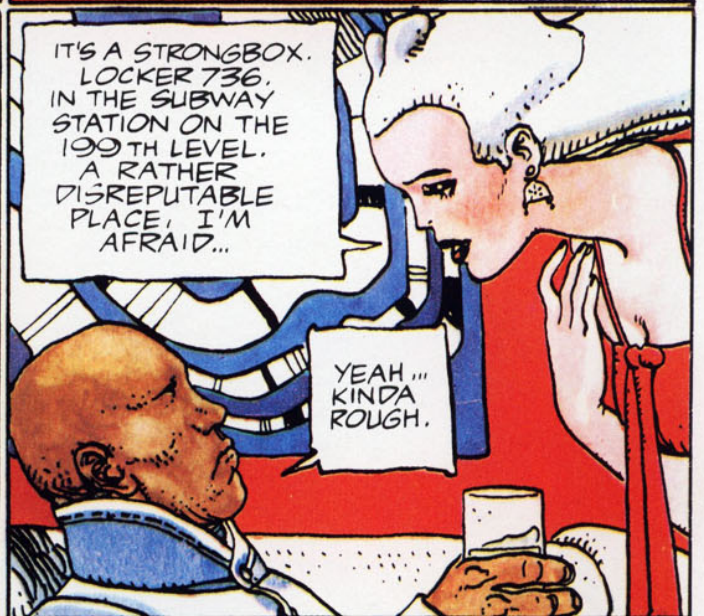
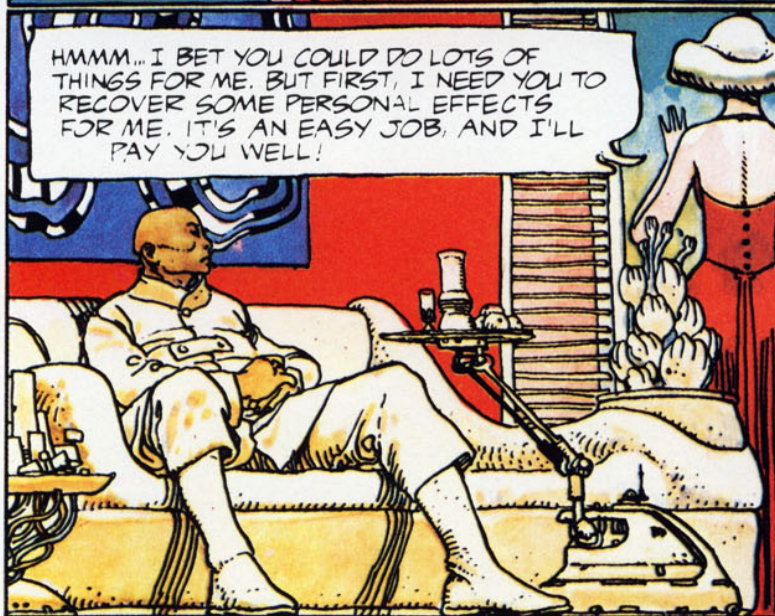
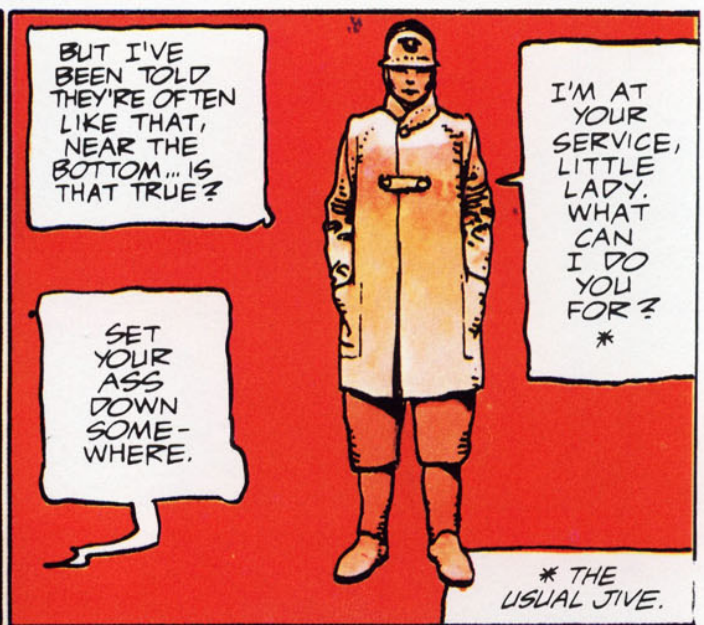
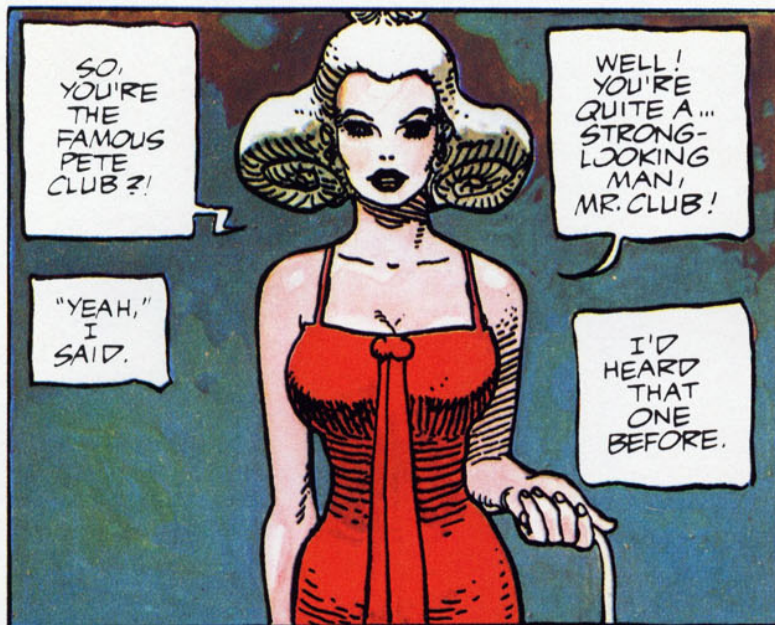
RAMPWAY UP TO THE 12TH LEVEL... THIS IS THE UPPER CRUST!

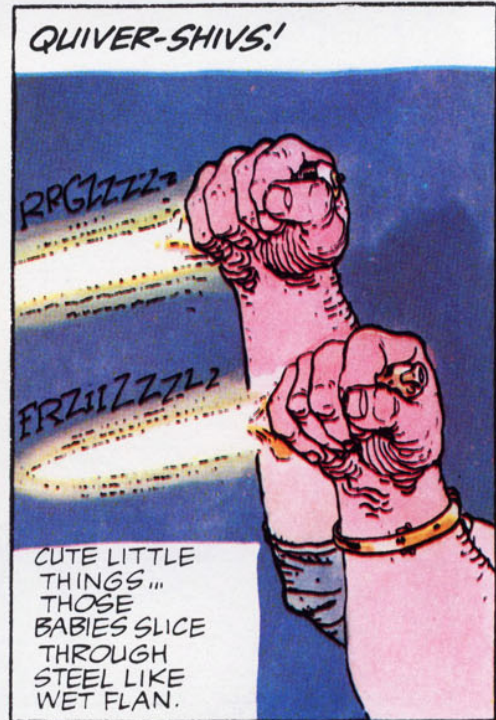
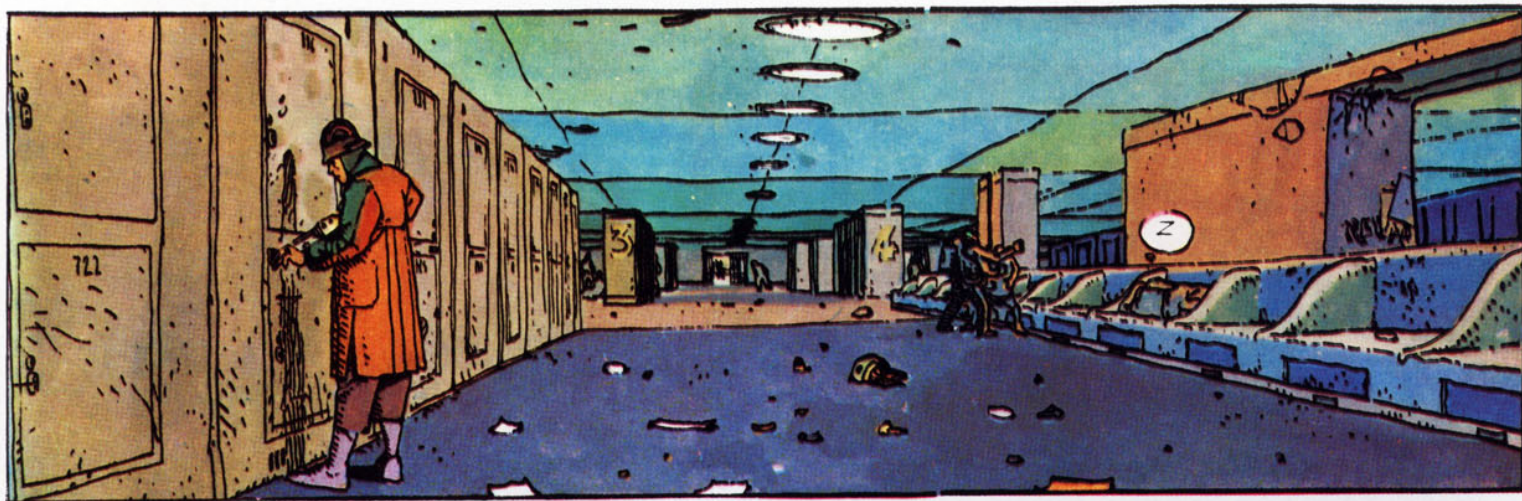
I THREW ON MY COAT AND GOT GOING.

SHE WAS WAITING FOR ME IN HER SNAZZY CONAPT.

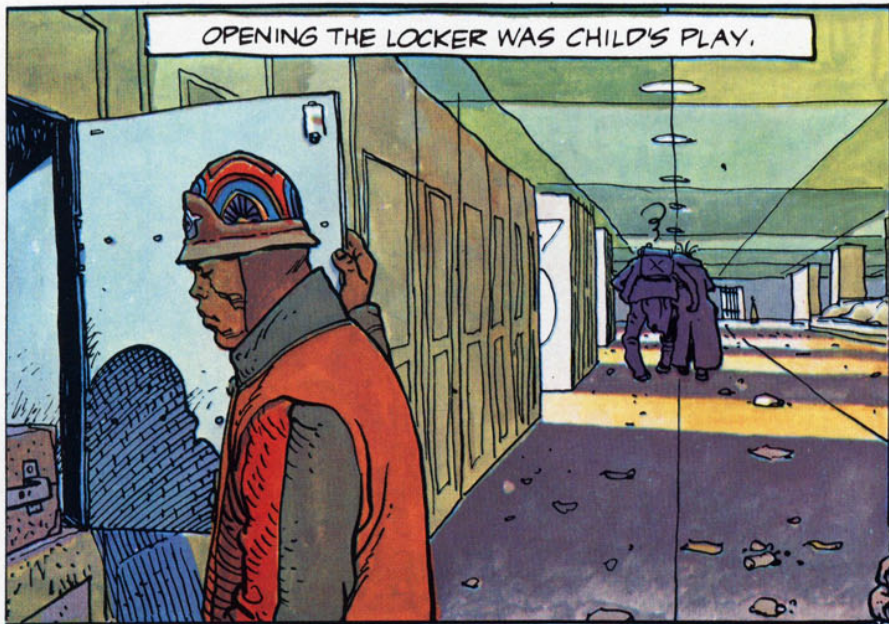
HEY! THIS DOLLY VOOK VON KATTERBAR IS SOME LOOKER!

HOWDY, MISTER CLUB!

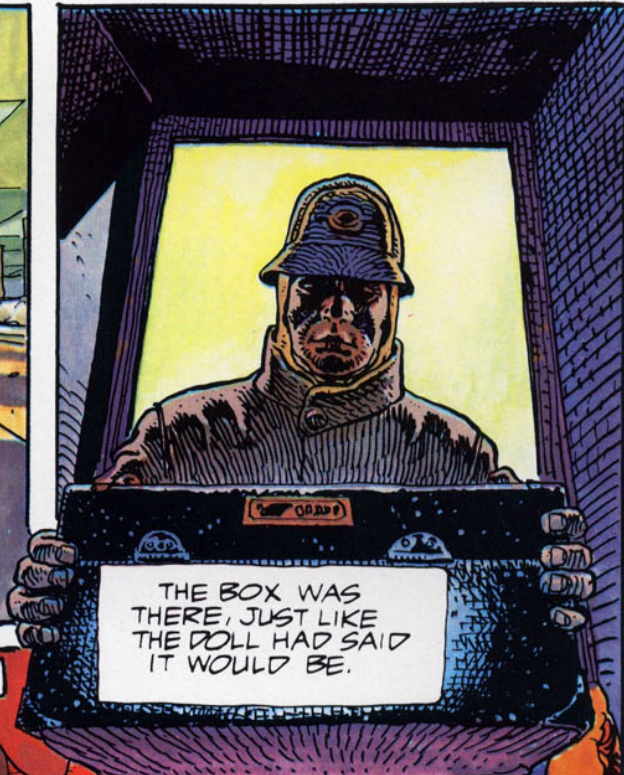




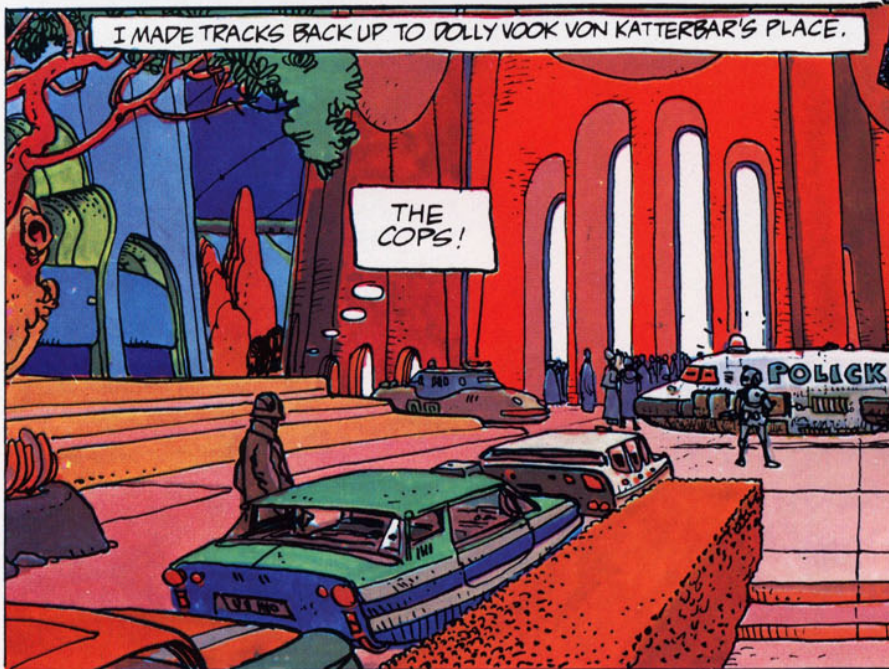
OPENING THE LOCKER WAS CHILD'S PLAY.



THE BOX WAS THERE, JUST LIKE THE DOLL HAD SAID IT WOULD BE.



I MADE TRACKS BACK UP TO DOLLY VOOK VON KATTERBAR'S PLACE.

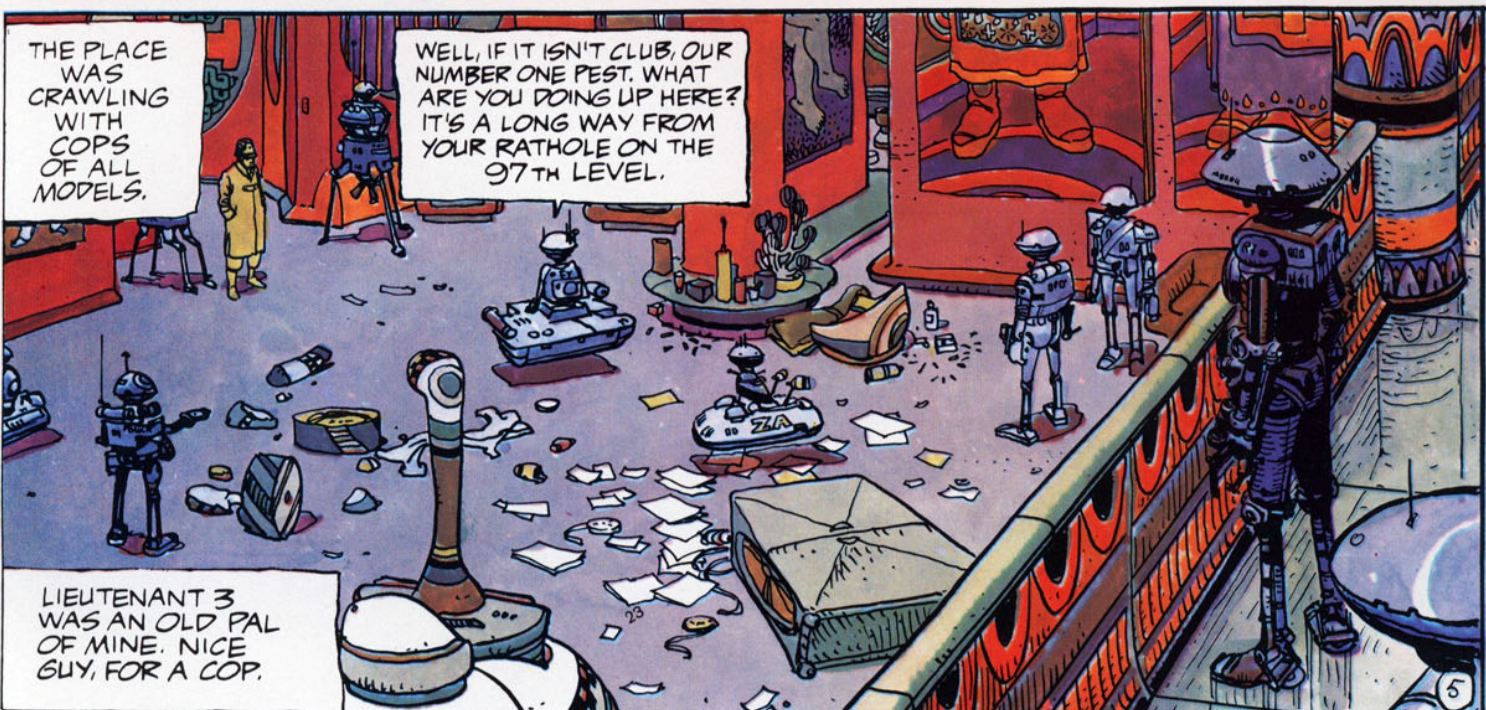


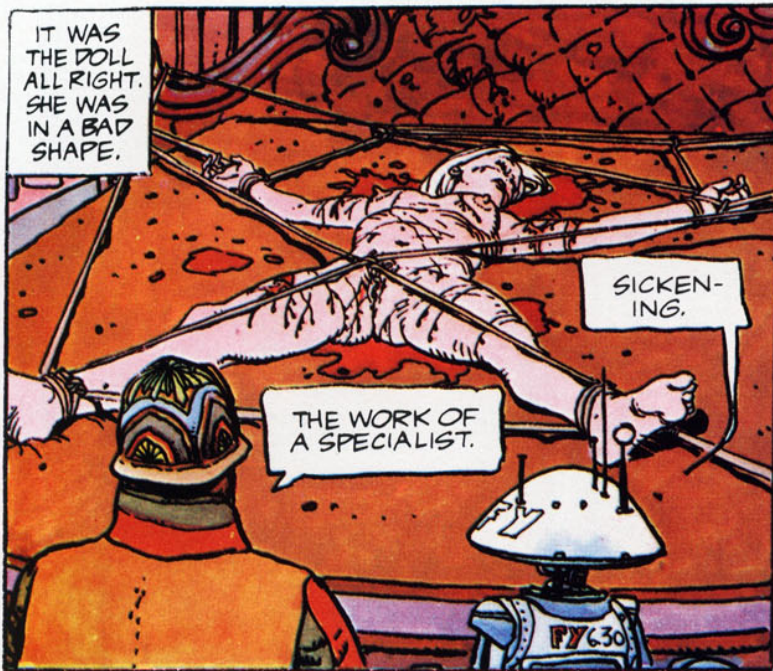
THE COPS!

THE PLACE WAS CRAWLING WITH COPS OF ALL MODELS.

WELL, IF IT ISN'T CLUB, OUR NUMBER ONE PEST. WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE? IT'S A LONG WAY FROM YOUR RATHOLE ON THE 97TH LEVEL.

LIEUTENANT 3 WAS AN OLD PAL OF MINE. NICE GUY, FOR A COP.





IT WAS THE DOLL ALL RIGHT. SHE WAS IN A BAD SHAPE.

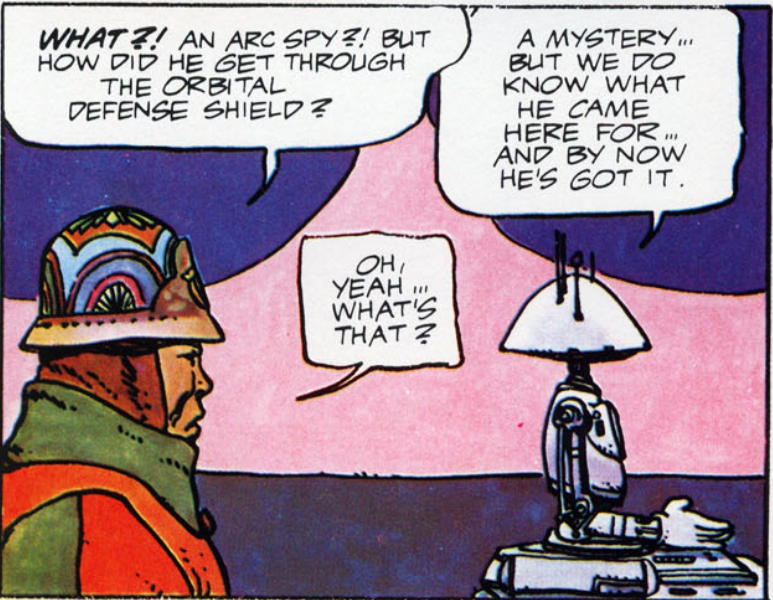
SICKENING.

THE WORK OF A SPECIALIST.



MY MIND WAS A BLANK

PETE, WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM. THERE'S AN ARCTURIAN SPY LOOSE IN THE CITY. SO FAR, WE'VE MANAGED TO KEEP A LID ON THE SITUATION. BUT WHEN IT BLOWS...



WHAT?! AN ARC SPY?! BUT HOW DID HE GET THROUGH THE ORBITAL DEFENSE SHIELD?

A MYSTERY... BUT WE DO KNOW WHAT HE CAME HERE FOR... AND BY NOW HE'S GOT IT.

OH, YEAH... WHAT'S THAT?



THE PRESIDENT'S BRAIN!

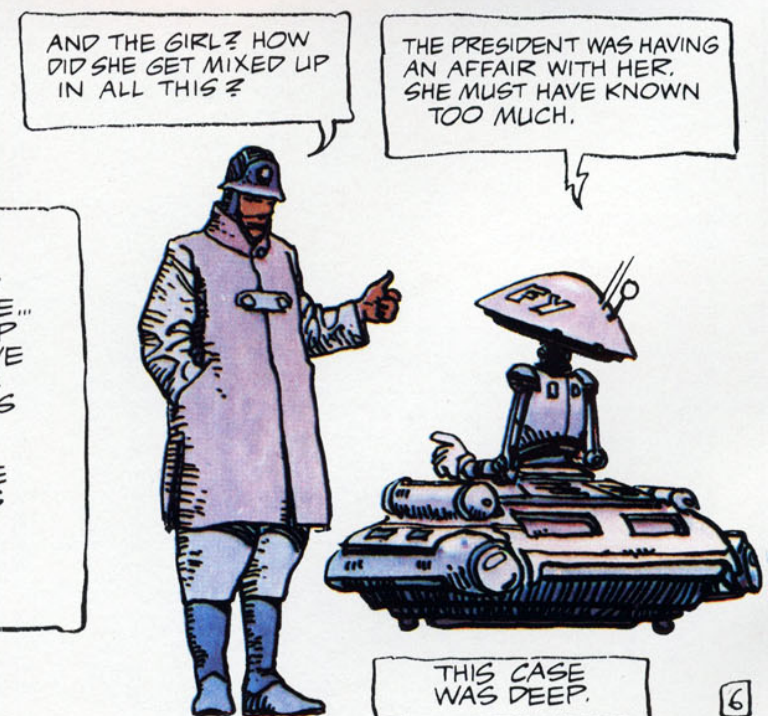
OH, YES!

IT HAD TO HAPPEN SOMEDAY.



BUT I SAW THE PRESIDENT THIS MORNING ON THE HOMEOTUBE!

THAT WAS AN ANDROID DOUBLE. PETE... WE'RE IN DEEP SHIT. WE HAVE TO GET THE PRESIDENT'S BRAIN BACK BEFORE THE ARCTURIANS START WORKING ON IT.

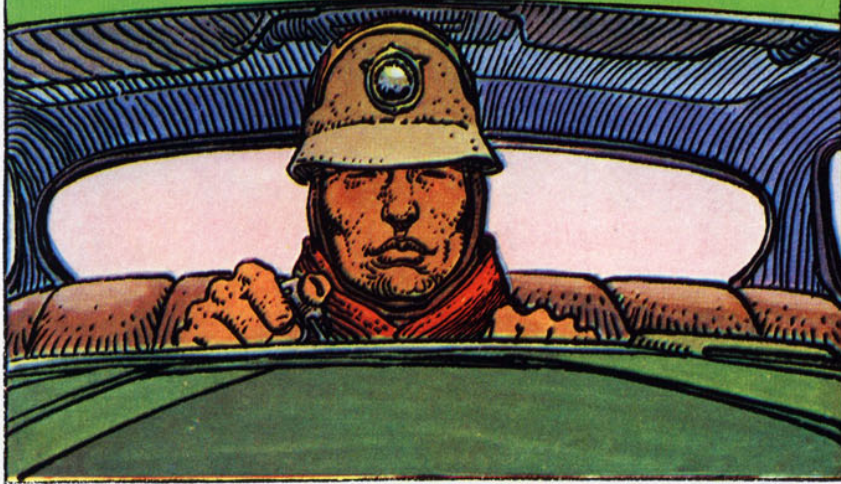


AND THE GIRL? HOW DID SHE GET MIXED UP IN ALL THIS?

THE PRESIDENT WAS HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH HER. SHE MUST HAVE KNOWN TOO MUCH.

THIS CASE WAS DEEP.

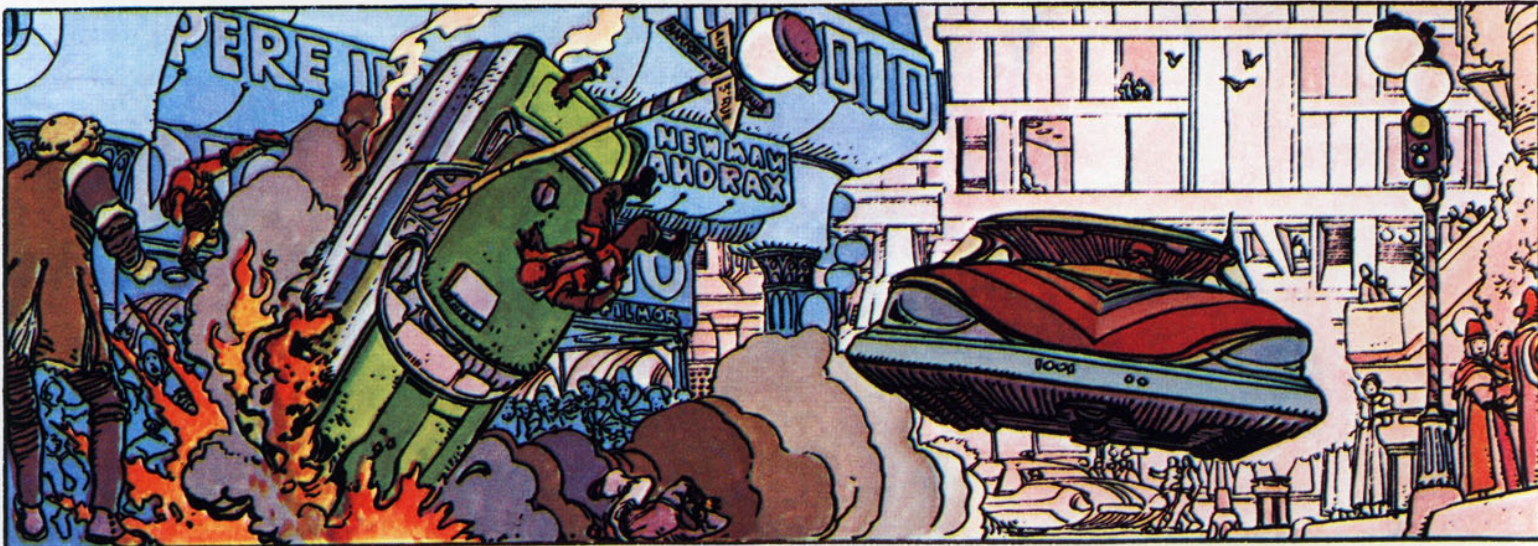
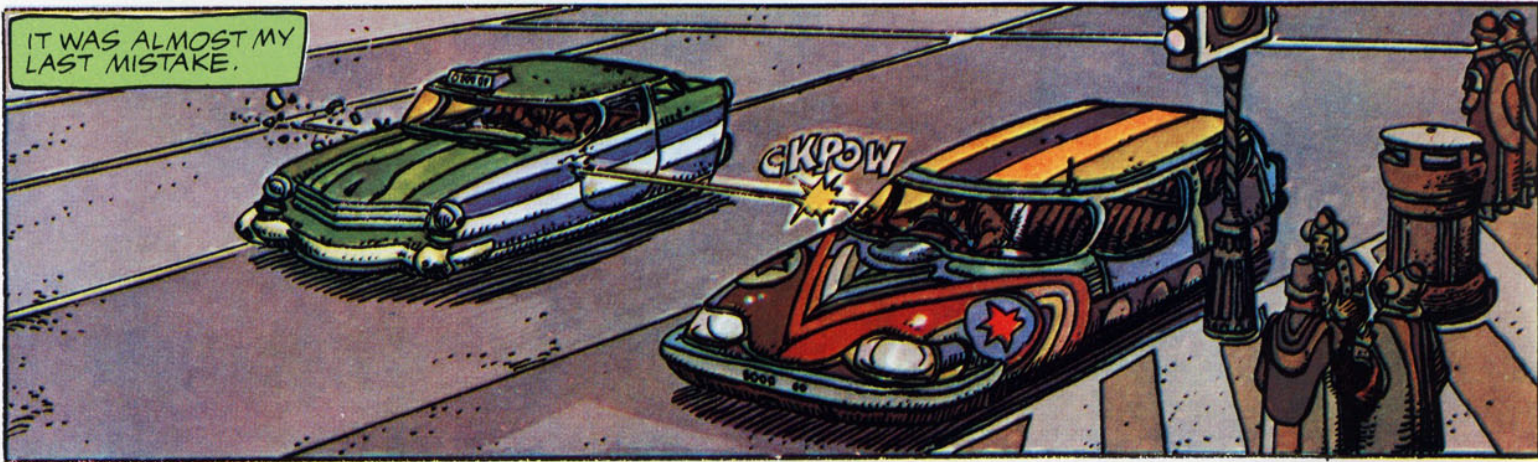
I HEADED BACK TO MY OFFICE, MY BRAIN WORKING OVERTIME. GUESSING WHAT I WAS GOING TO FIND IN THAT BOX.

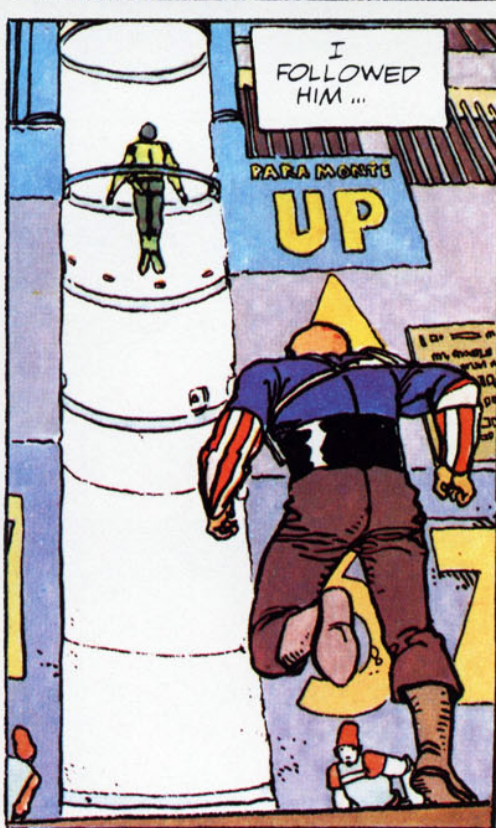
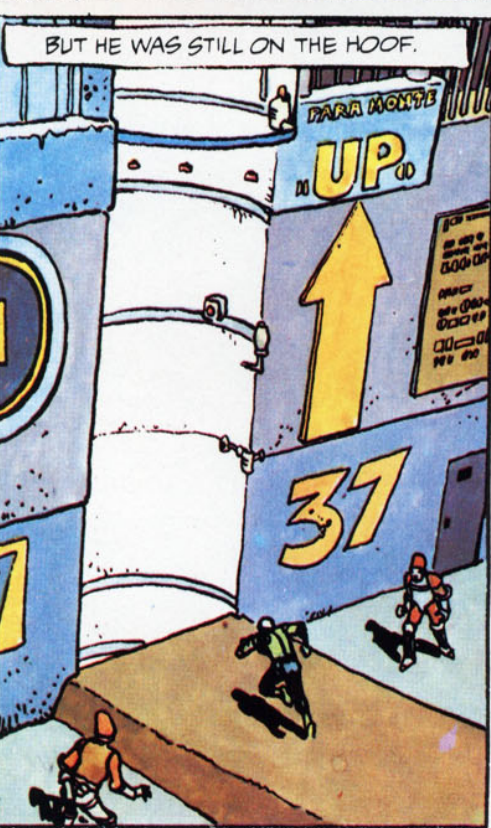
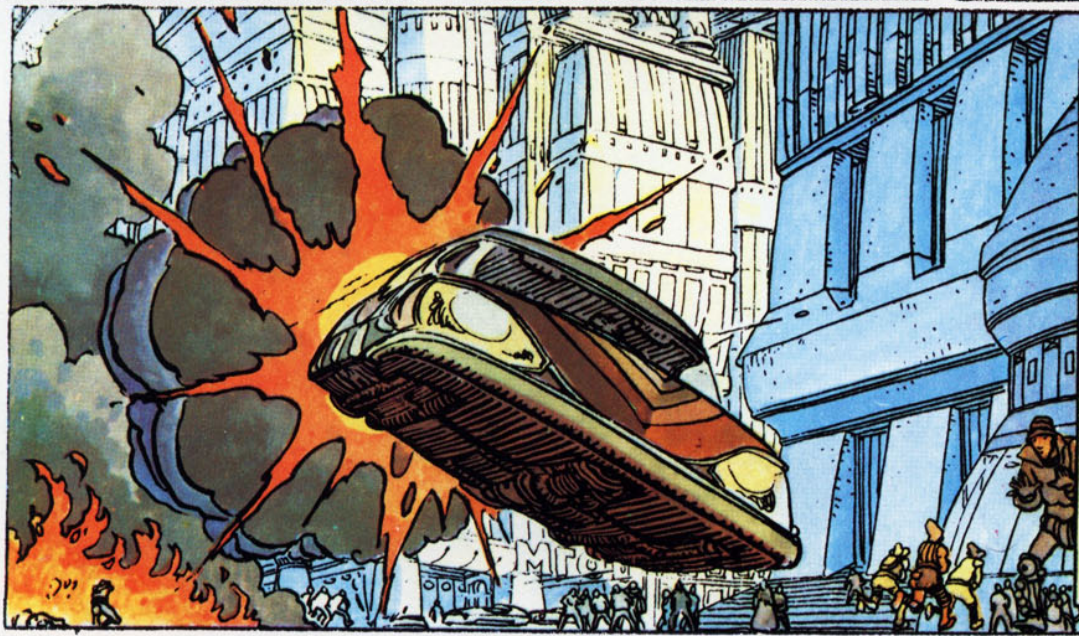
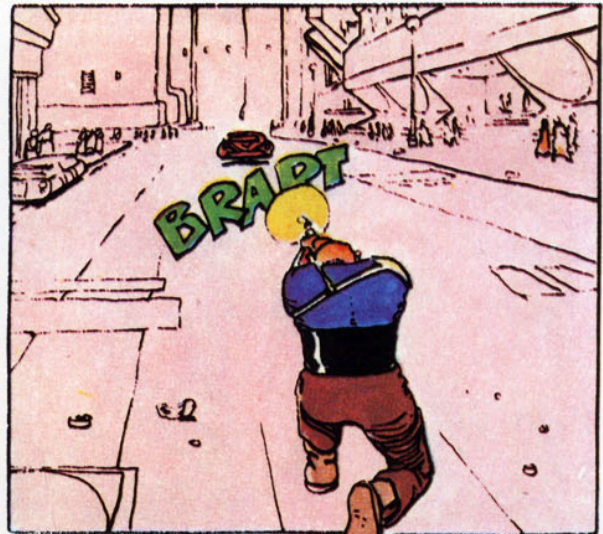
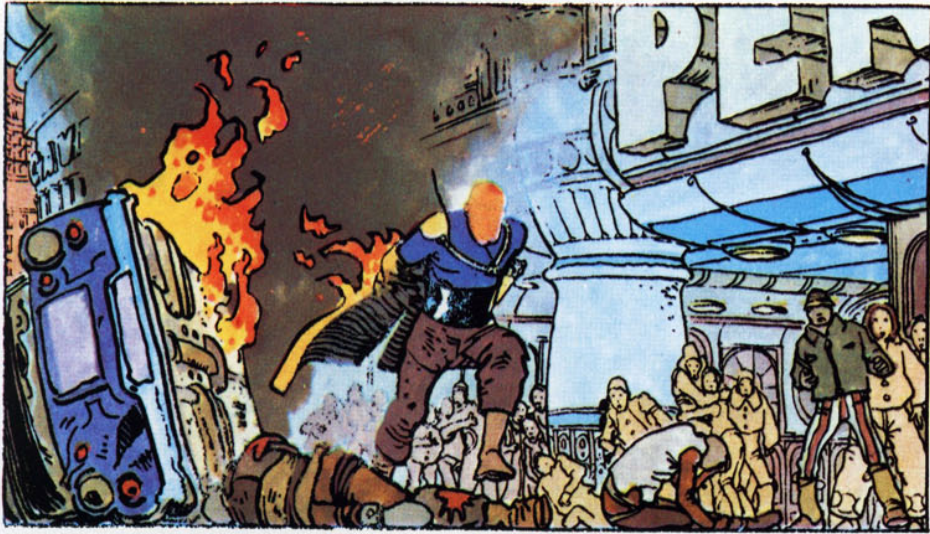


I DIDN'T SEE THE GUN TILL IT WAS TOO LATE.



IT WAS ALMOST MY LAST MISTAKE.





THE LONG TOMORROW

PART TWO

WRITTEN BY O'BANNON, DAN
ART BY MOEBIUS

I TAILED MY ASSAILANT UP THE ANTIGRAV CHUTE TO THE SURFACE...TO THE SPACEPORT...GRAVEYARD OF BROKEN DREAMS!

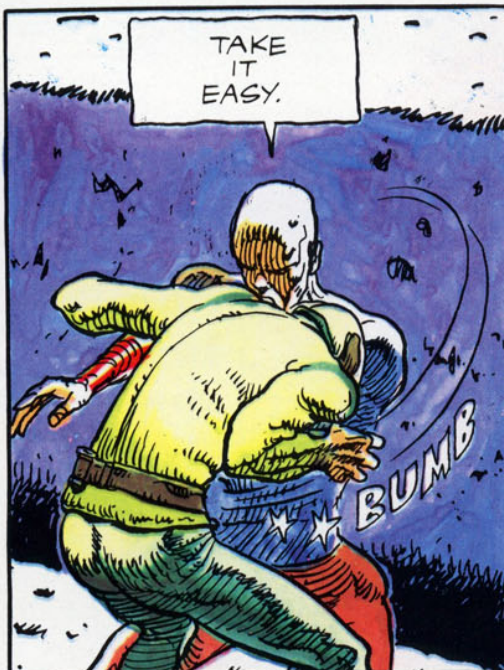
HE WAS A PUNK, A WEASEL, A HITTER, A MEMBER OF THE ASSASSIN'S GUILD BY HIS UNIFORM. I LOVE TO GET MY MITTS ON THOSE GREASY CREEPS...

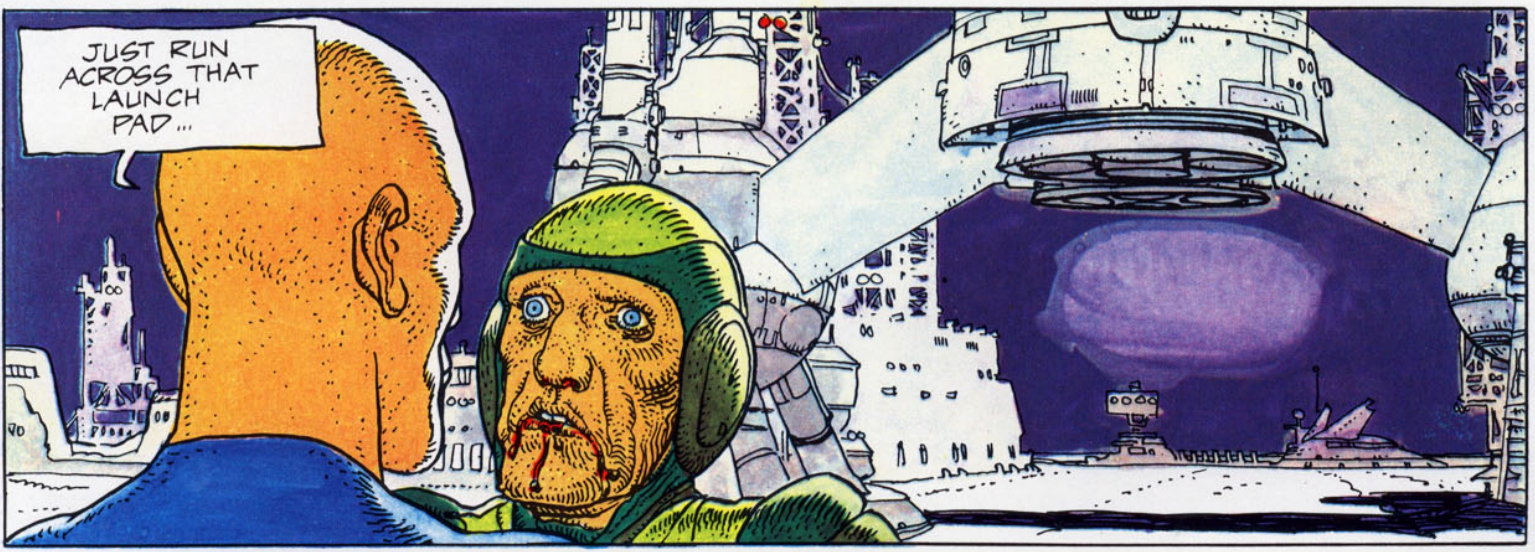
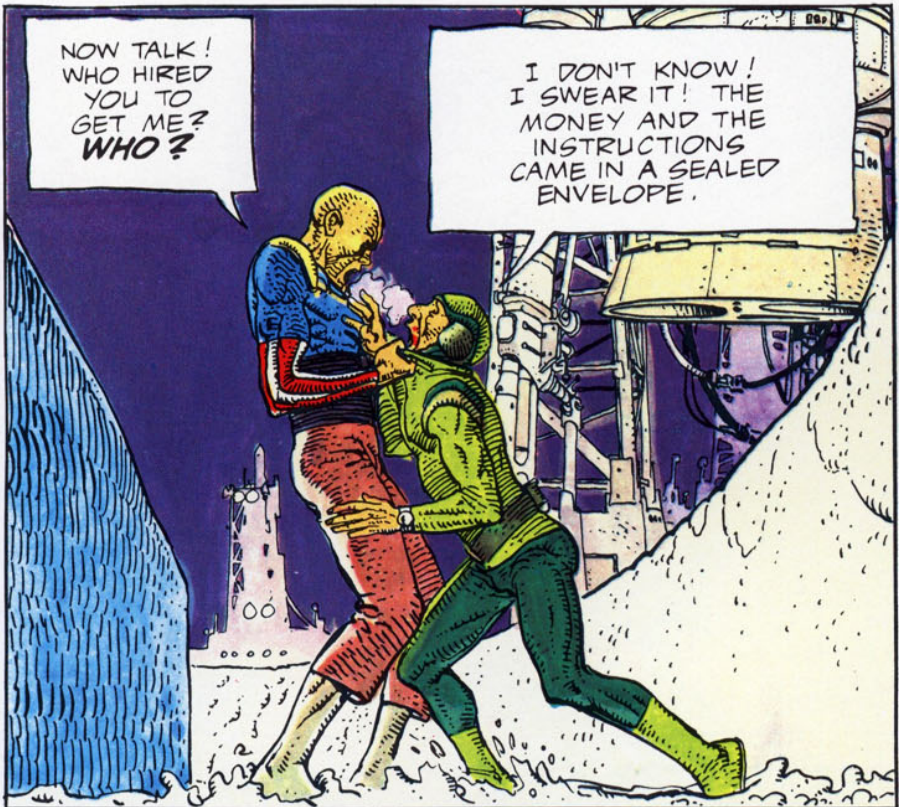
...FACE TO FACE, WITH NO WITNESSES.

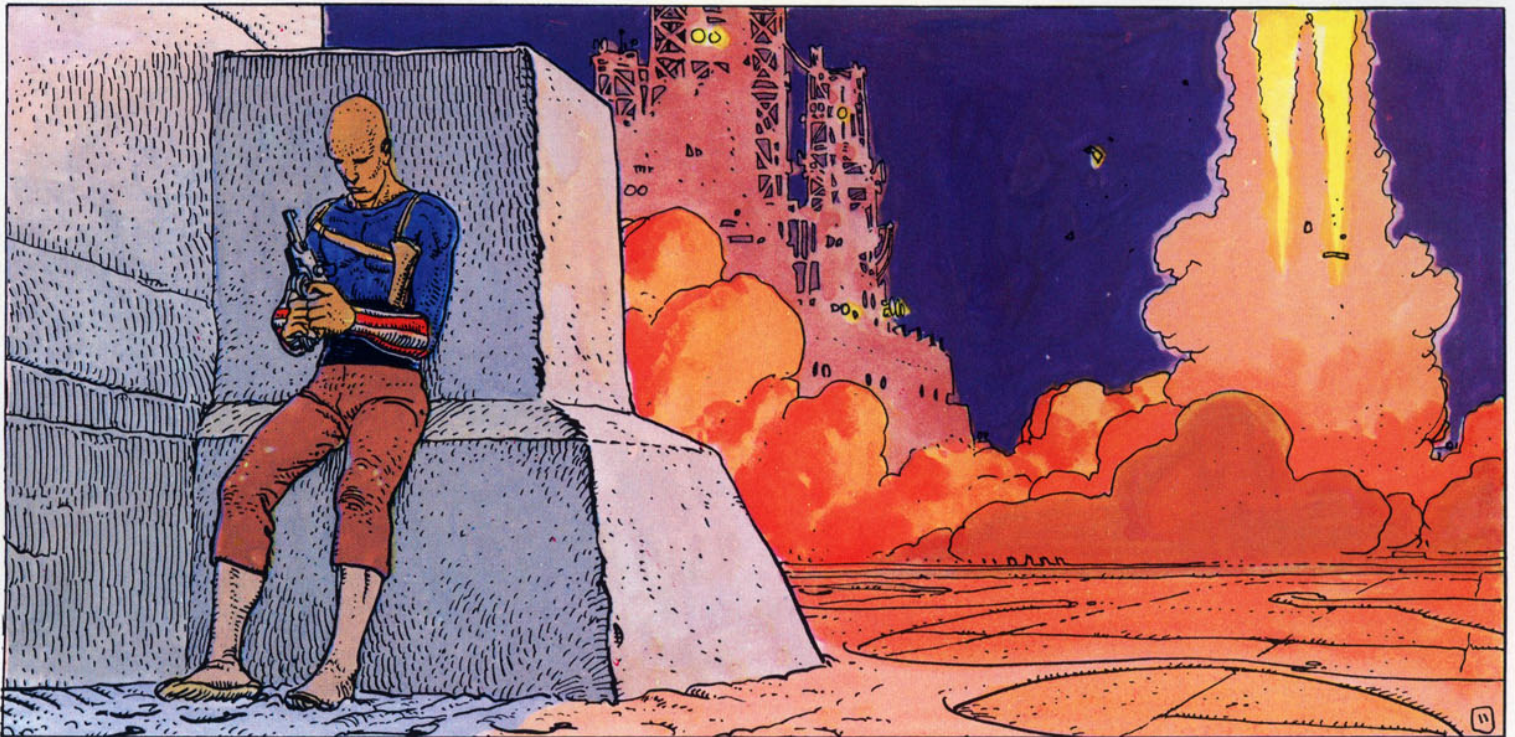
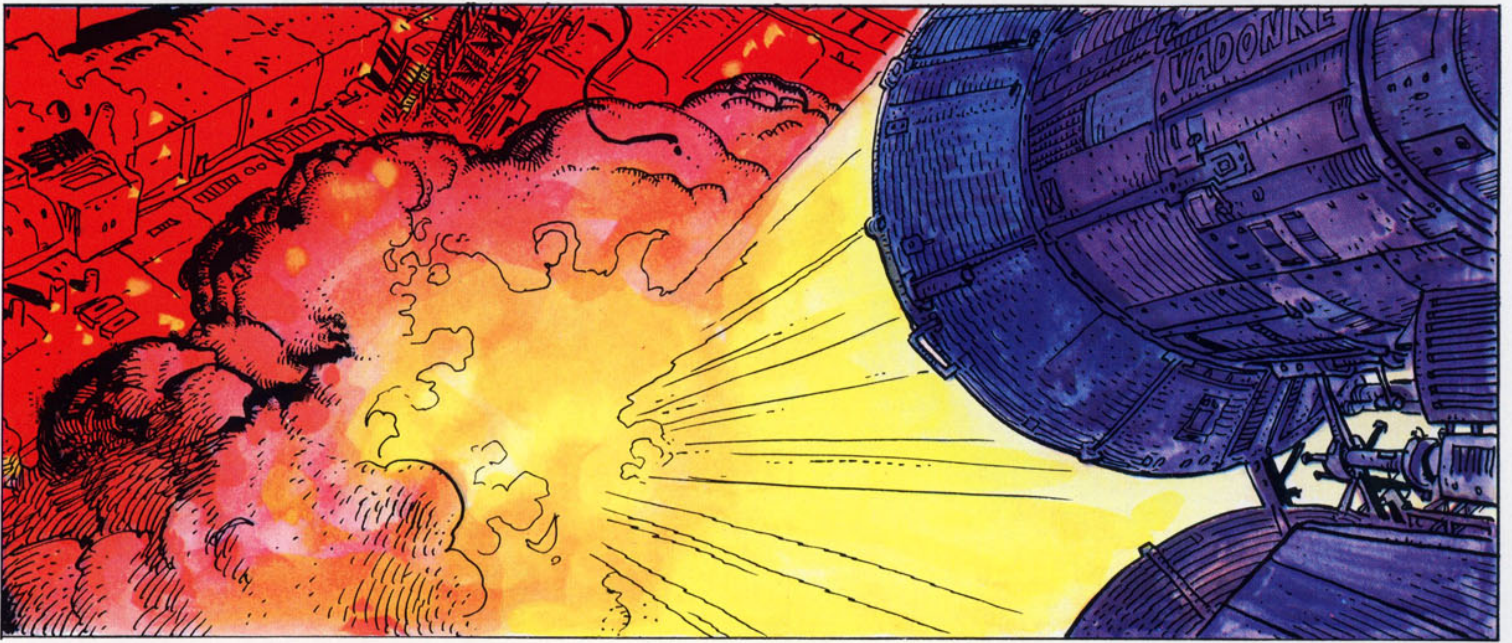
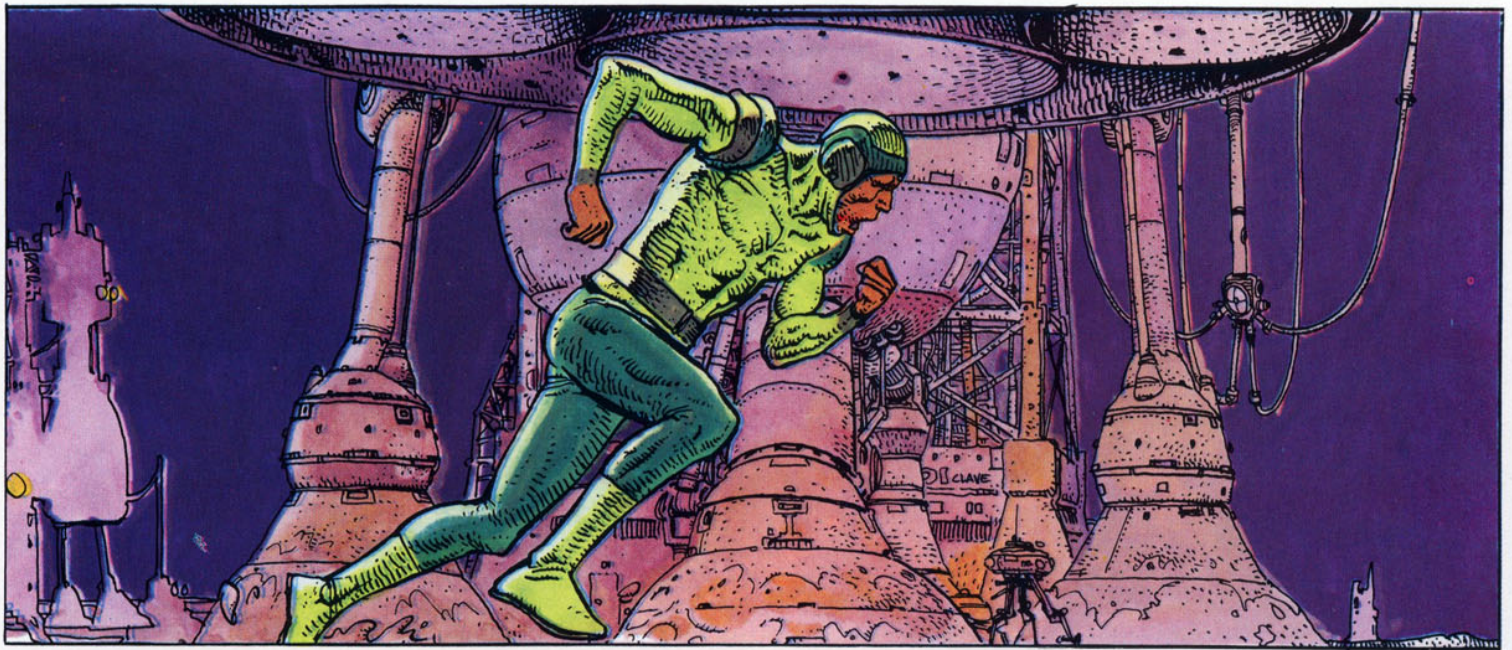
I GAVE HIM A LITTLE LOVE TAP.

TAKE IT EASY.

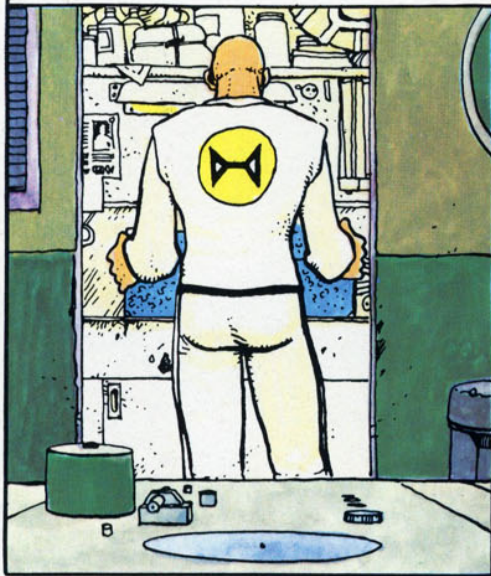
JUST RELAX.







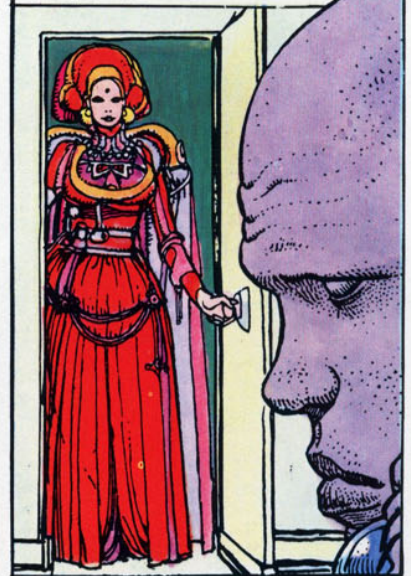
BACK IN MY OFFICE... AT LAST...
I OPENED THE BOX.



I WAS RIGHT. IT WAS THE PRESIDENT'S
BRAIN ALL RIGHT...



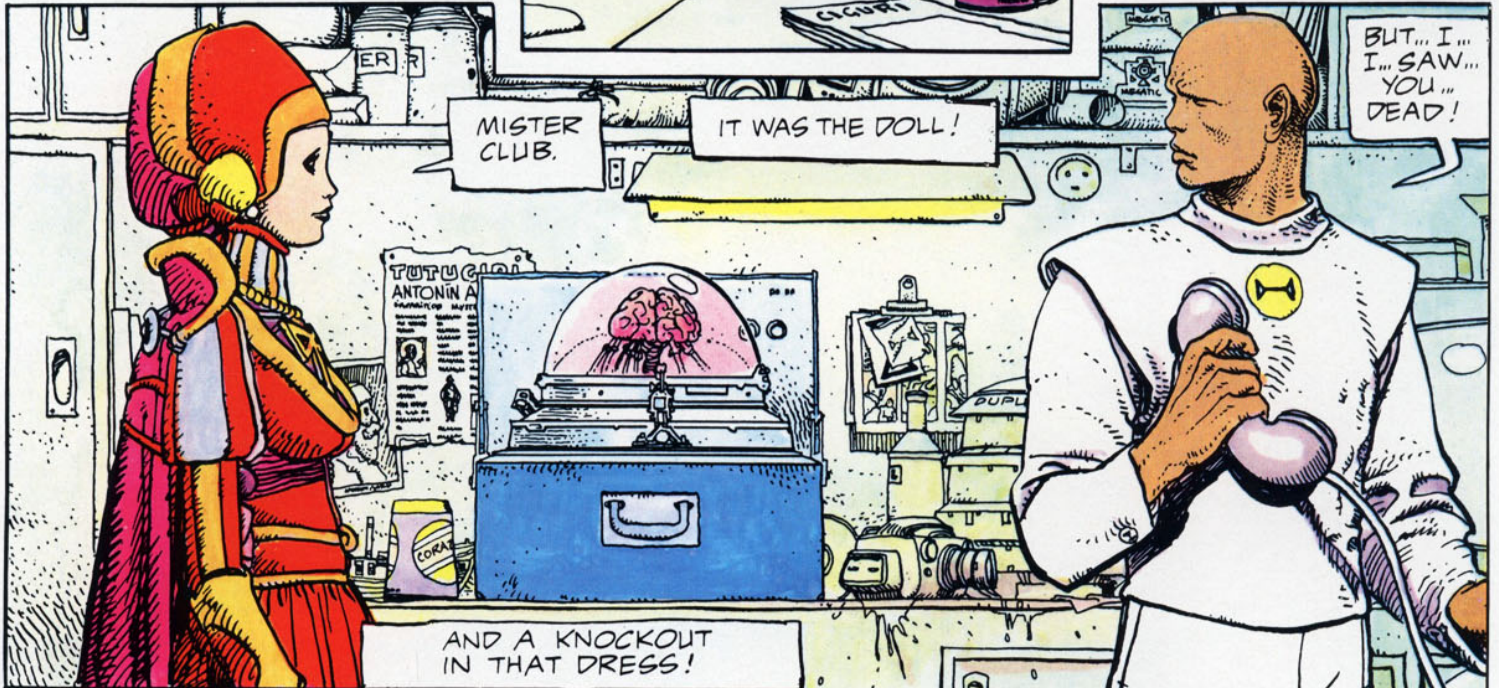
I PICKED UP THE PHONE
TO CALL LIEUTENANT 3,
WHEN SUDDENLY...



MISTER
CLUB.

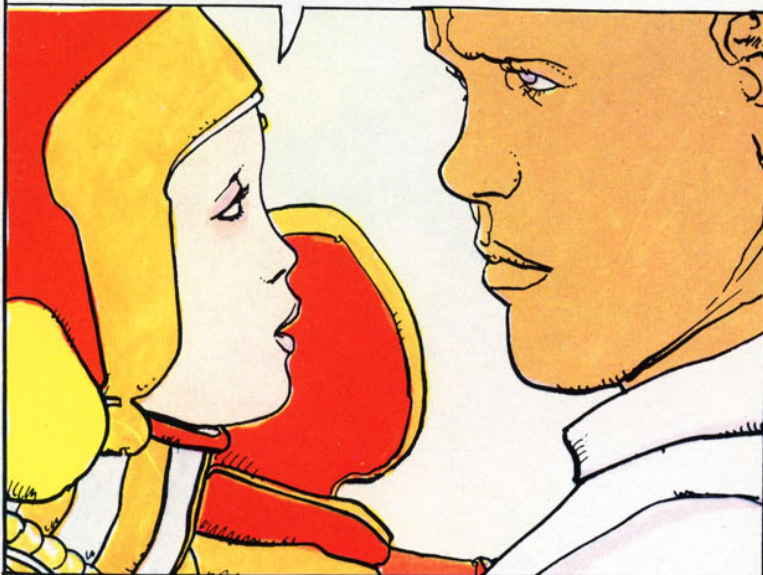
IT WAS THE DOLL!

BUT... I...
I... SAW...
YOU...
DEAD!

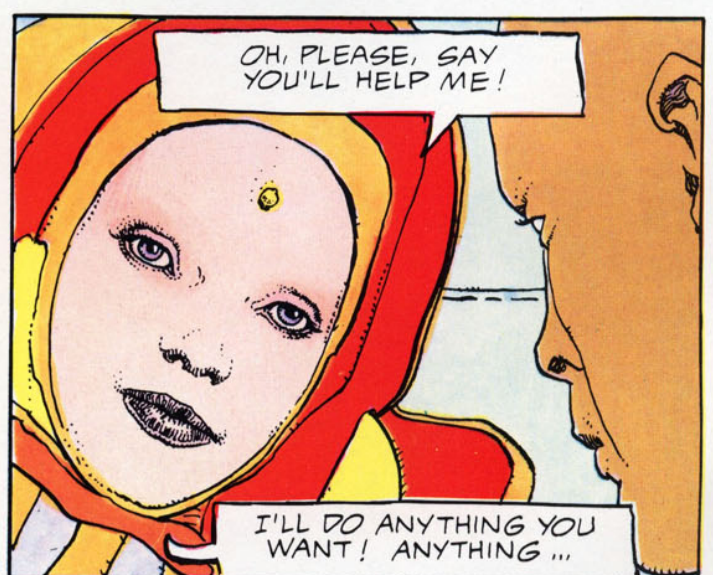


AND A KNOCKOUT
IN THAT DRESS!

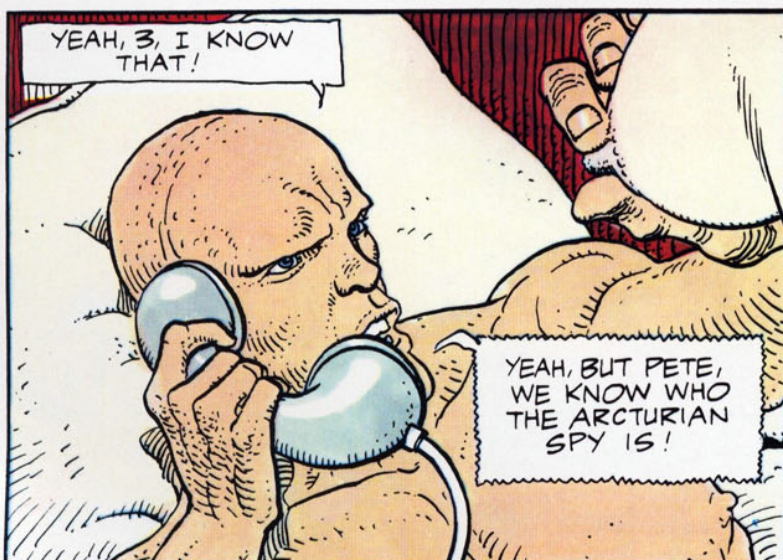
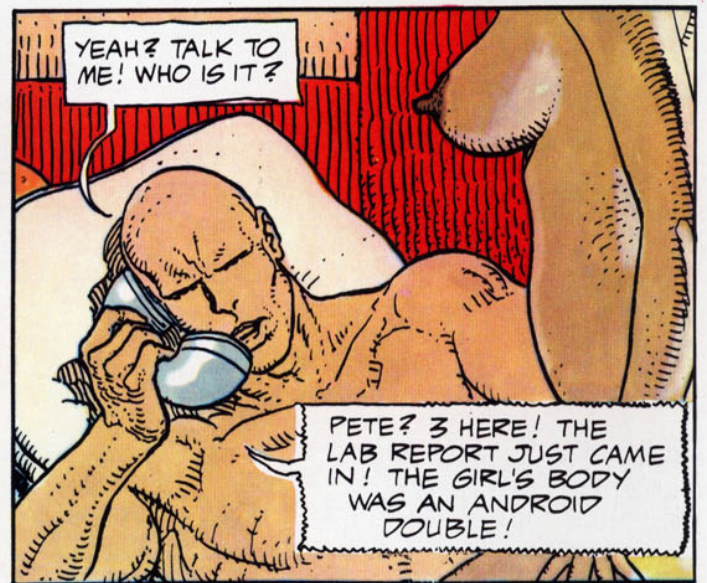
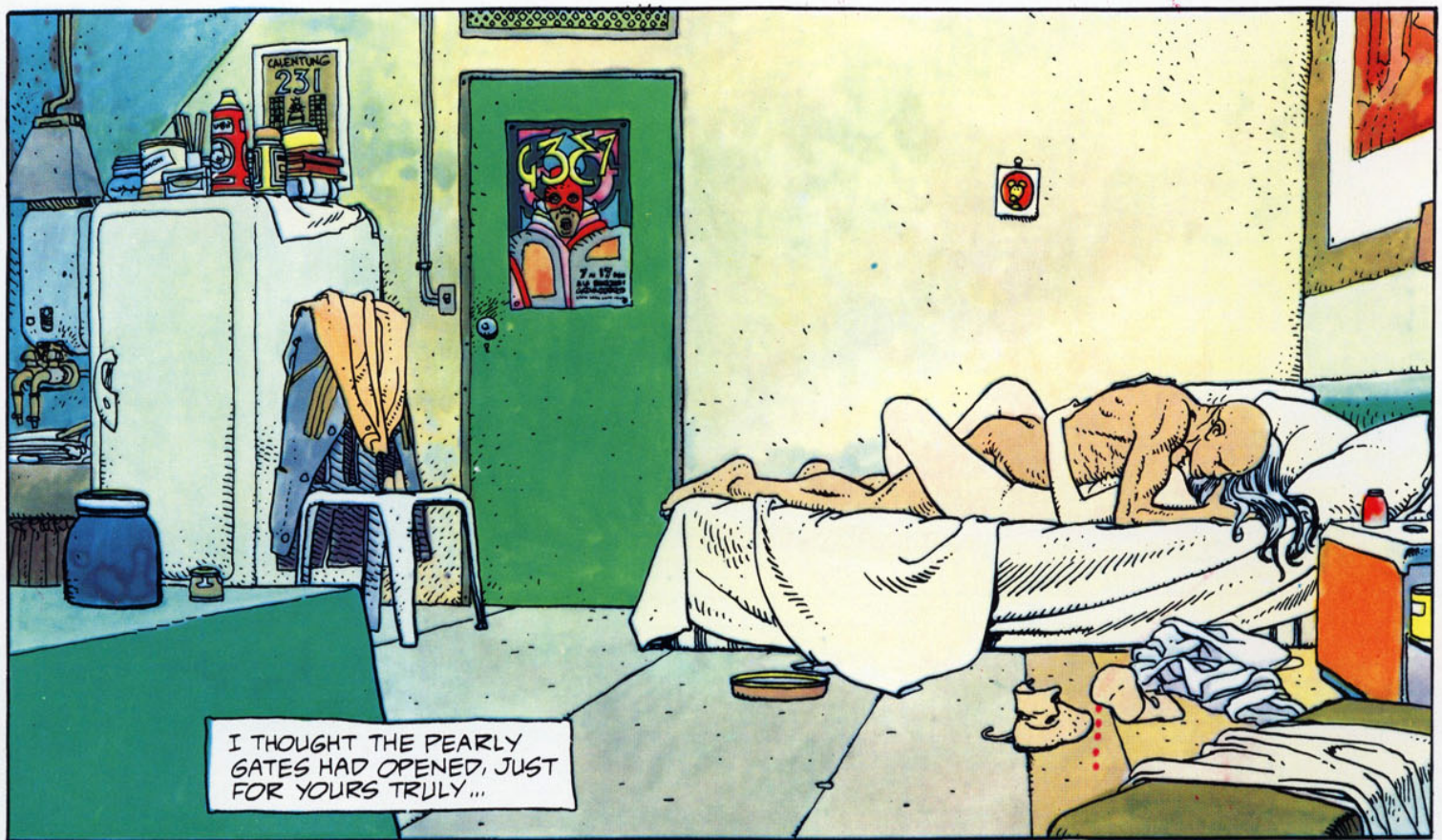
AN ANDROID DOUBLE... PETE, YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN HELP ME!

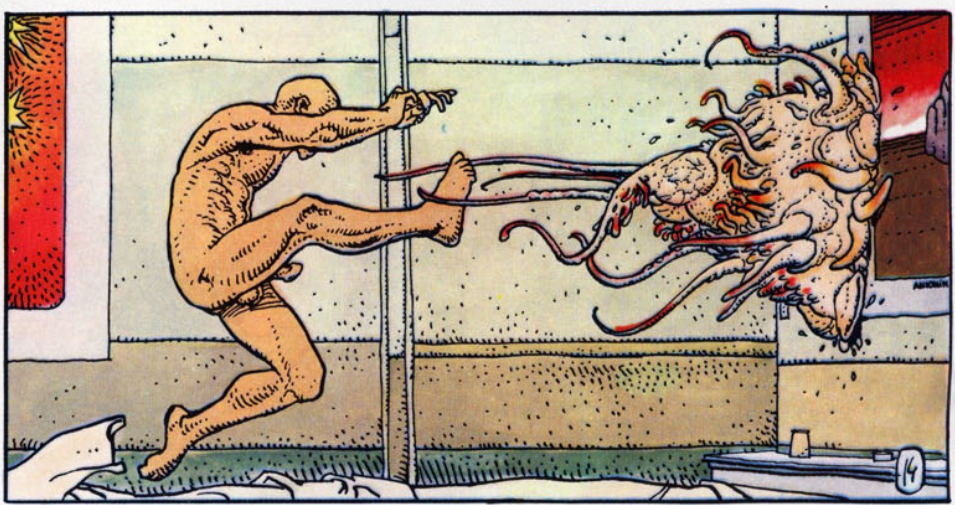
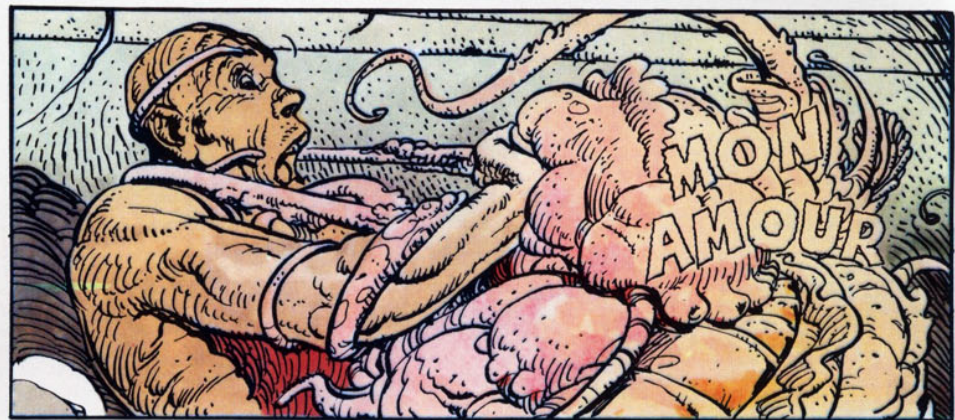
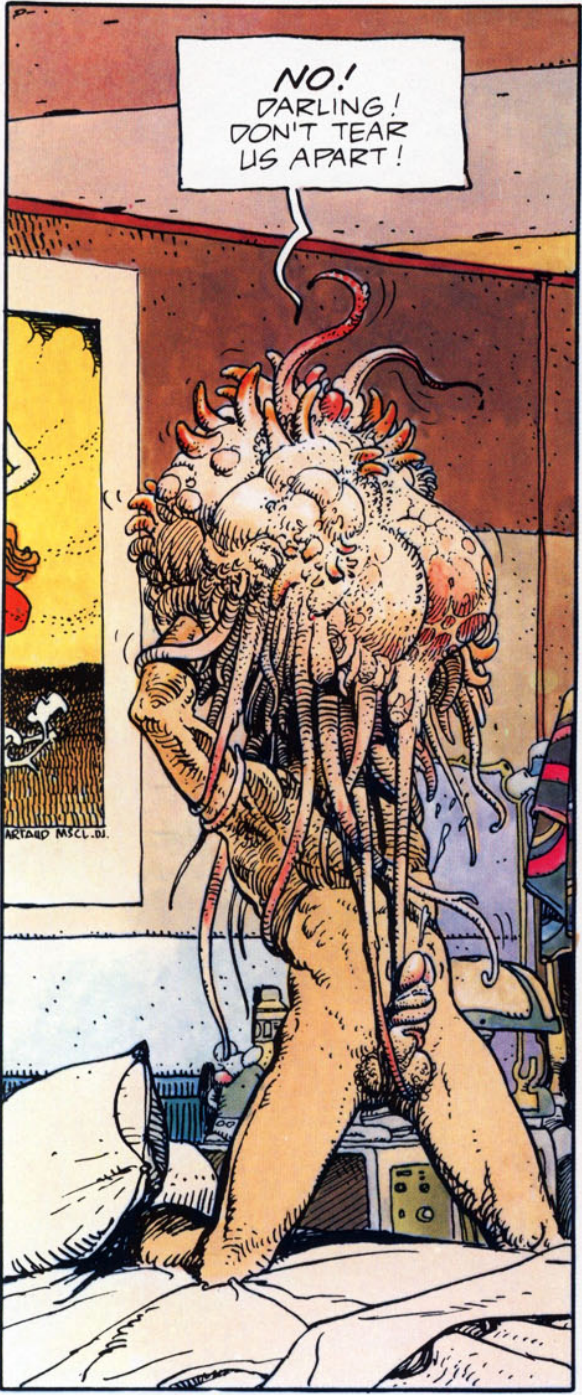
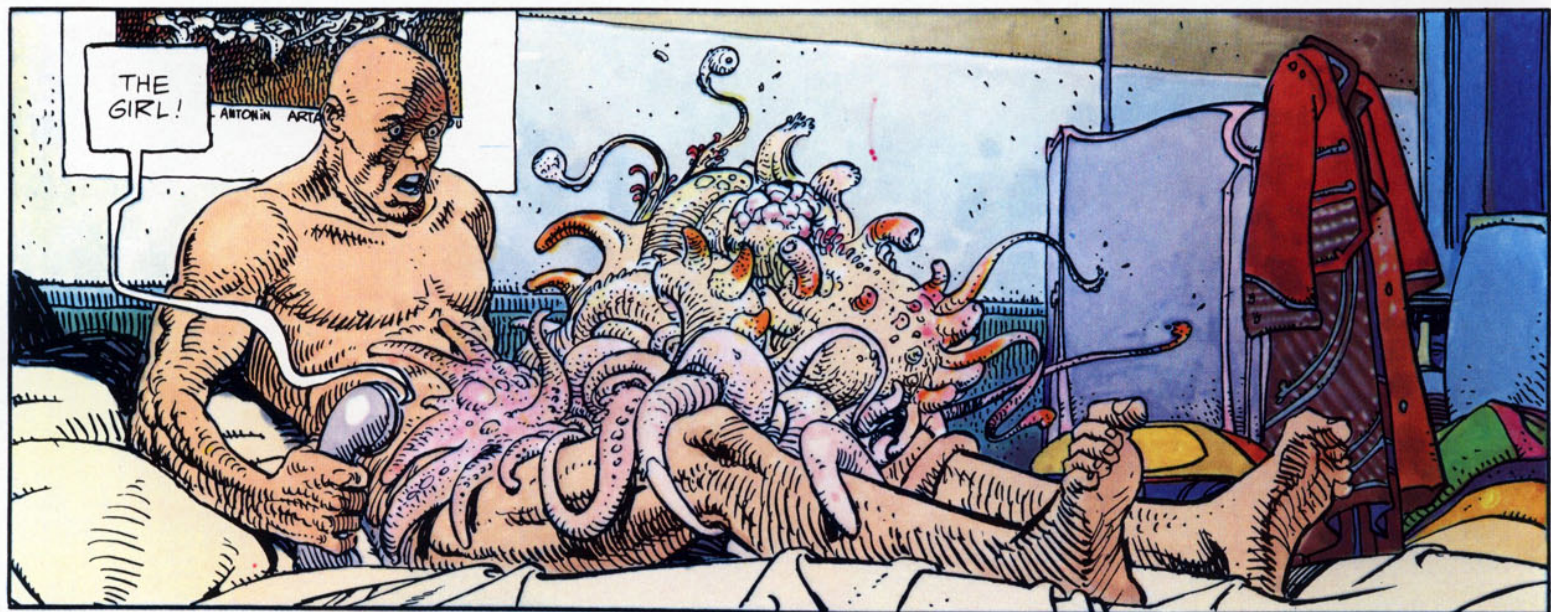


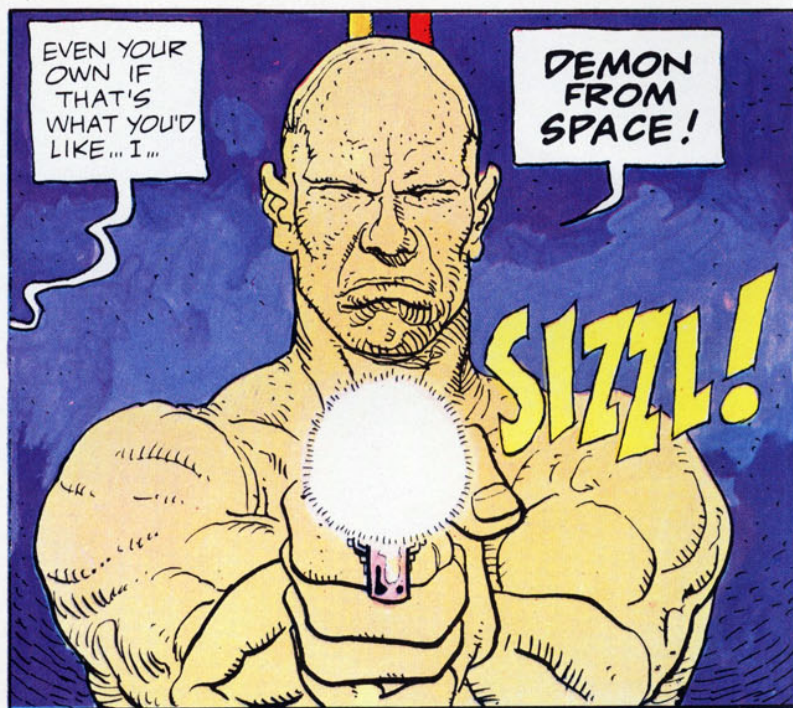
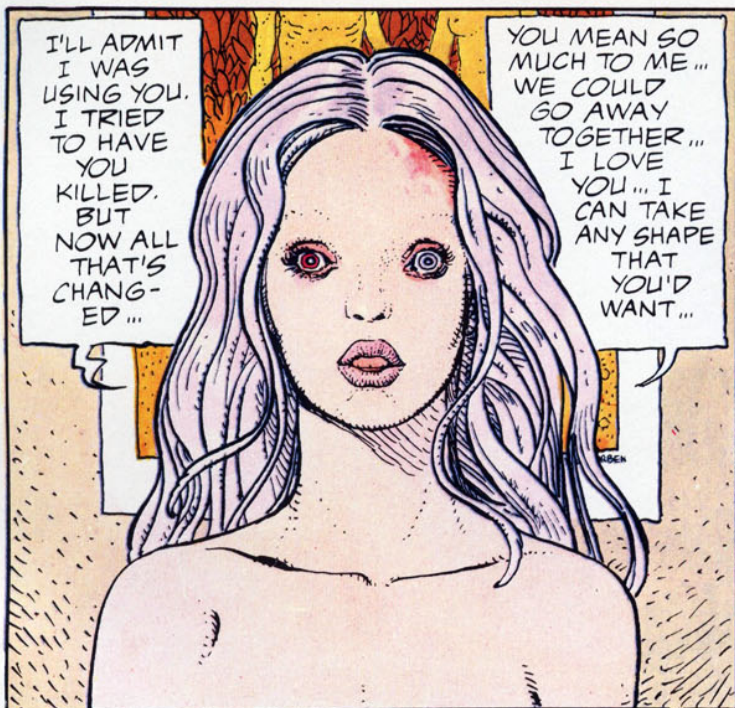
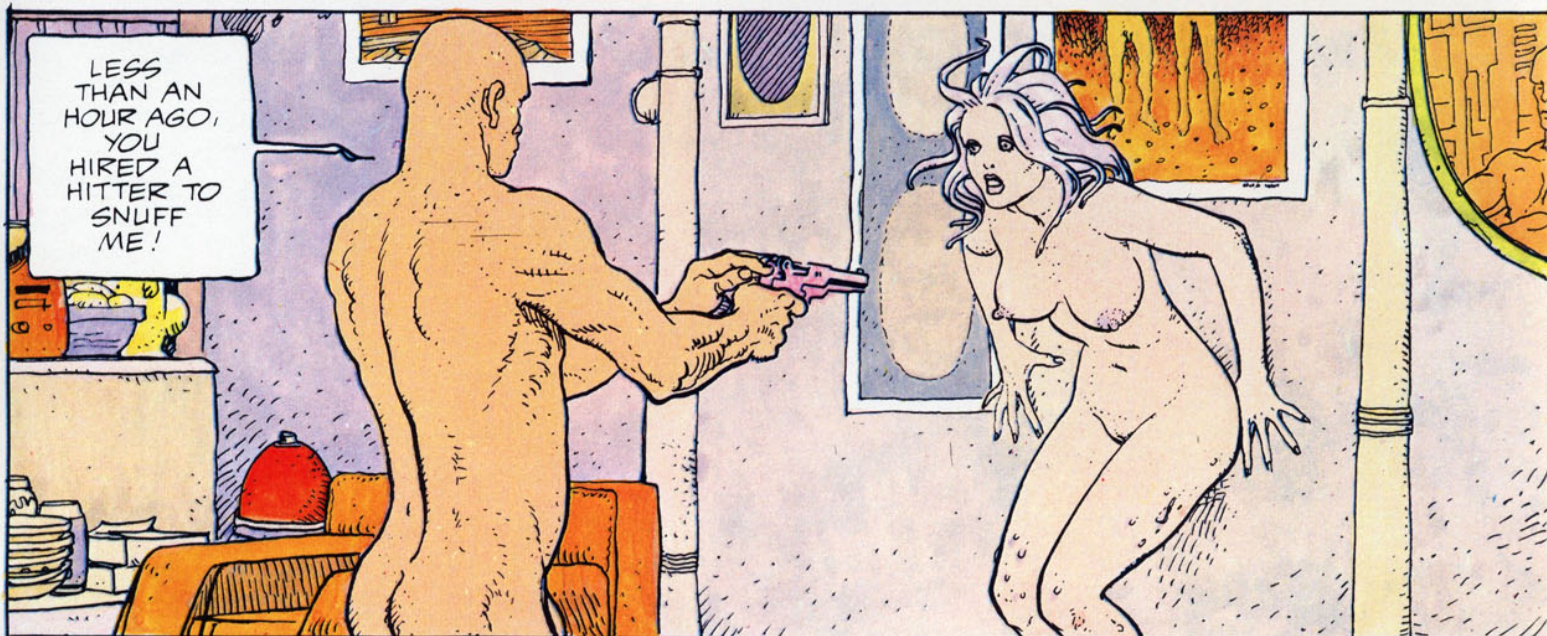
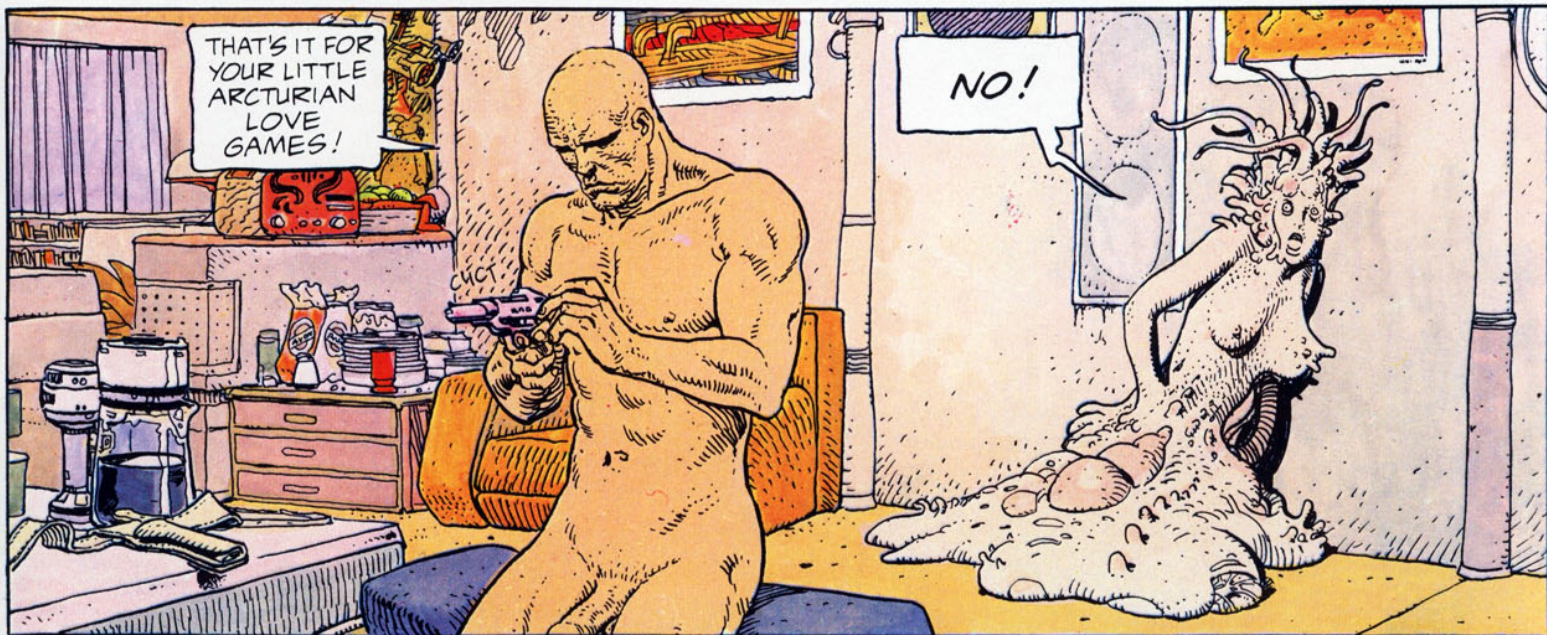
OH, PLEASE, SAY
YOU'LL HELP ME!



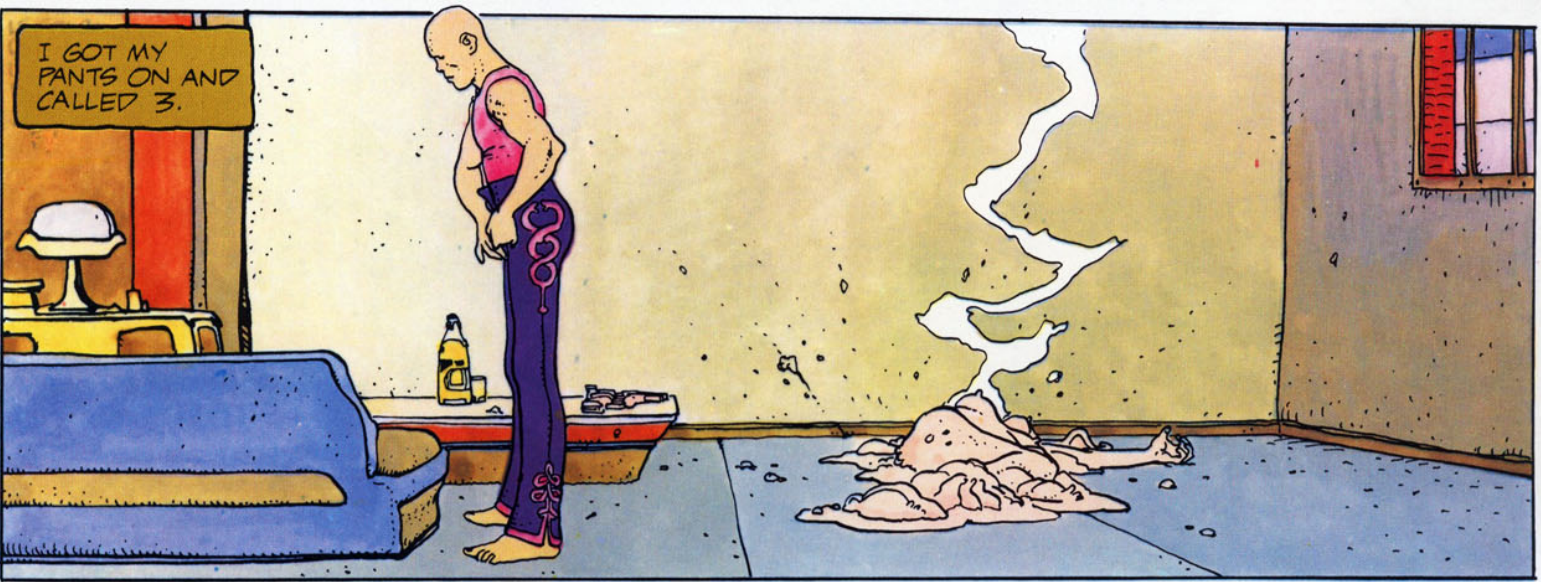
I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU
WANT! ANYTHING...



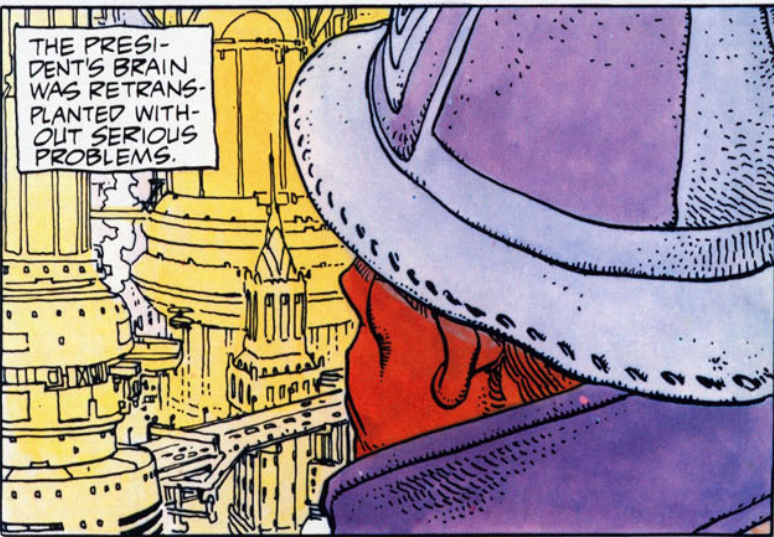




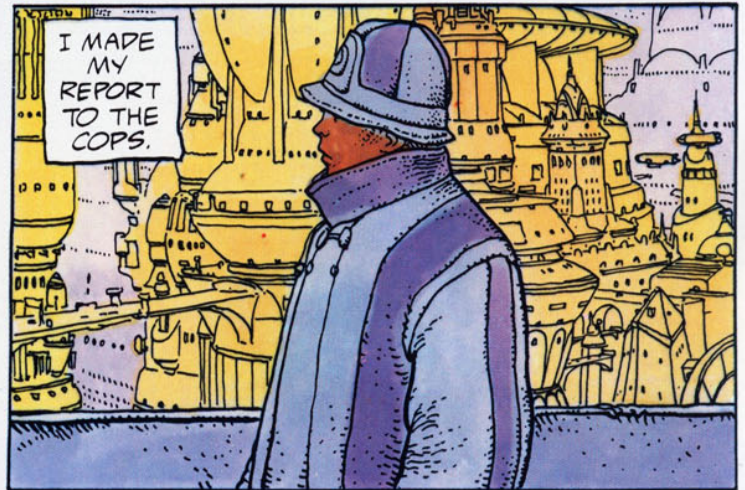
I GOT MY
PANTS ON AND
CALLED 3.



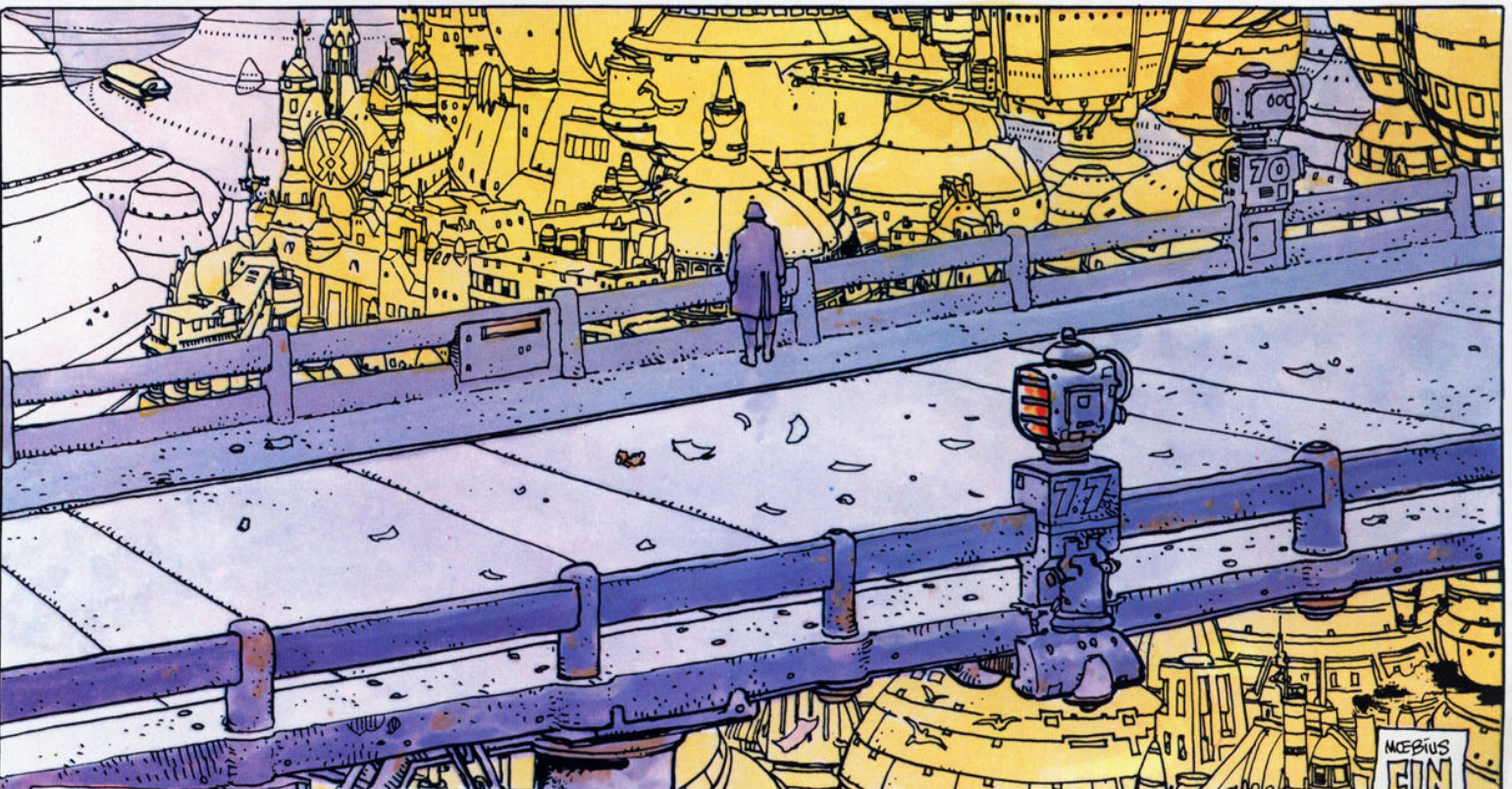
THE PRES-
IDENT'S BRAIN
WAS RETRAN-
SPLANTED WITH-
OUT SERIOUS
PROBLEMS.



I MADE
MY
REPORT
TO THE
COPS.



ONE MORE CASE FOR THE FILES... THAT'S ALL ...



JUST ANOTHER STORY... THERE ARE 100 MILLION STORIES IN THE CITY. THIS WAS TWELVE OF THEM.

MOEBIUS
FIN 16

AFTERWORD TO "THE LONG TOMORROW"
by MOEBIUS



The **Long Tomorrow** is part of the period when I was working on the film version of **Dune**, that Alexandro Jodorowsky tried to put together in 1975 and 1976. Alexandro had hired Dan O'Bannon to be in charge of the special effects. Originally, Alexandro and I had gone to Los Angeles to talk to Douglas Trumbull, but for some reason, things didn't work out, and Dan was hired instead.

Dan had come to stay in Paris, but he did not have much to do, since we were still busy working on the concepts and the designs of the film. So, to keep himself busy, he was drawing stories. In fact, Dan is a very good artist. He could have become a great comic artist with more practice. At the time, he had done many things. He had acted and directed in **Dark Star**, with John Carpenter. He knew special effects. He wrote and he drew. He did many things.

So, one day, he showed me a story that he had just finished drawing. It was **The Long Tomorrow**, a kind of classic detective story, but set in the future. I immediately became enthusiastic. I loved the way he had handled it. When we try to do stories like that in Europe, parodies or imitations of the Golden Age American detective story, it always looks fake. If the French are doing it, it looks French. If the Italians do it, it looks Italian. Somehow, the national peculiarities always come back to haunt the final product. But in **The Long Tomorrow**, there was no such thing. It was pure. Suddenly, I was reading a pastiche that was not a pastiche, but something even more original than the original source material.

In attempting to do a parody, Dan had in fact ended up creating something that was not parodying but reusing and developing the same classic themes. **The Long Tomorrow** may be a short story but, in my opinion, it is as good as Chandler.

Because it was a very strong story, I felt right away that it would enable me to do some really crazy and wonderful things. The artist has a great deal more freedom, in terms of designing costumes, characters, decors, etcetera, when he deals with a very solid story. Then, one does not have to worry about adding visual elements, whose only purpose is to further the plot. One can concentrate exclusively on the art.

That is what I did with **The Long Tomorrow**. I was able to do things that went beyond the traditional conventions of the genre. For example, Pete Club's costume may seem almost ridiculous. Instead of going back to the classical, dark look of the private eye, the Bogart-style of trenchcoat, I chose to give Club a very colorful and fancy costume. I could do that, because the story was strong enough to let me get away with it. And I did basically the same with all the visual elements of the story. I freely injected a very personal sense of aesthetics into the whole thing.

I faithfully followed Dan's story. He had drawn it in its entirety, almost like a storyboard. In fact, someday, I would like to print the two versions of **The Long Tomorrow** side by side. The story carried me so much that I did not feel time go by. It was great. Then, suddenly, I reached the end, and it was over.

Everyone loved **The Long Tomorrow**, so I asked Dan to write me a sequel, which he did. But when it came, I did not have a good feel for it. It was not as powerful as the first story. It was just another adventure. So I never drew it. There was, however, another sequel of sorts.

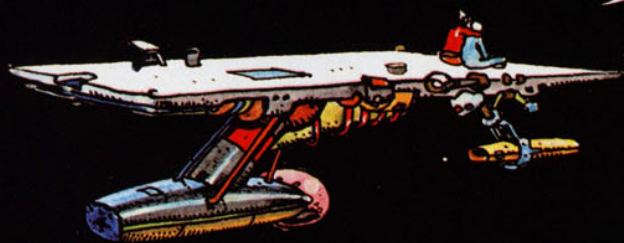
After **Dune** folded, Dan went on to work on **Alien** and he called me to do some designs. So, I met the director, Ridley Scott. Later, Ridley asked me to work on **Blade Runner**, but at the time, I was going to work on another film, **The Time Masters**, so I could not. Now, I'm a bit sorry that I did not, because I love **Blade Runner**. But I am very happy, touched even, that my collaboration with Dan became one of the visual references of the film.

IT'S
A
SMALL

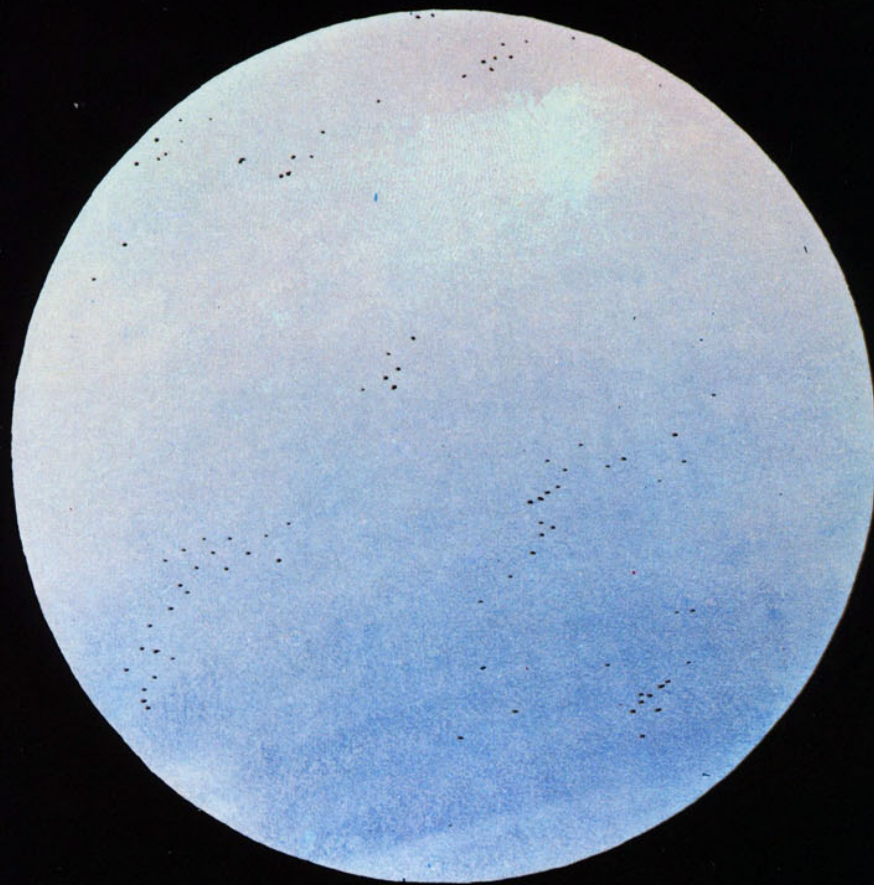
UNIVERSE

MOEBIUS

FANTASTIC! IT'S
EXACTLY THE
TYPE OF PLANET
WE'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR!

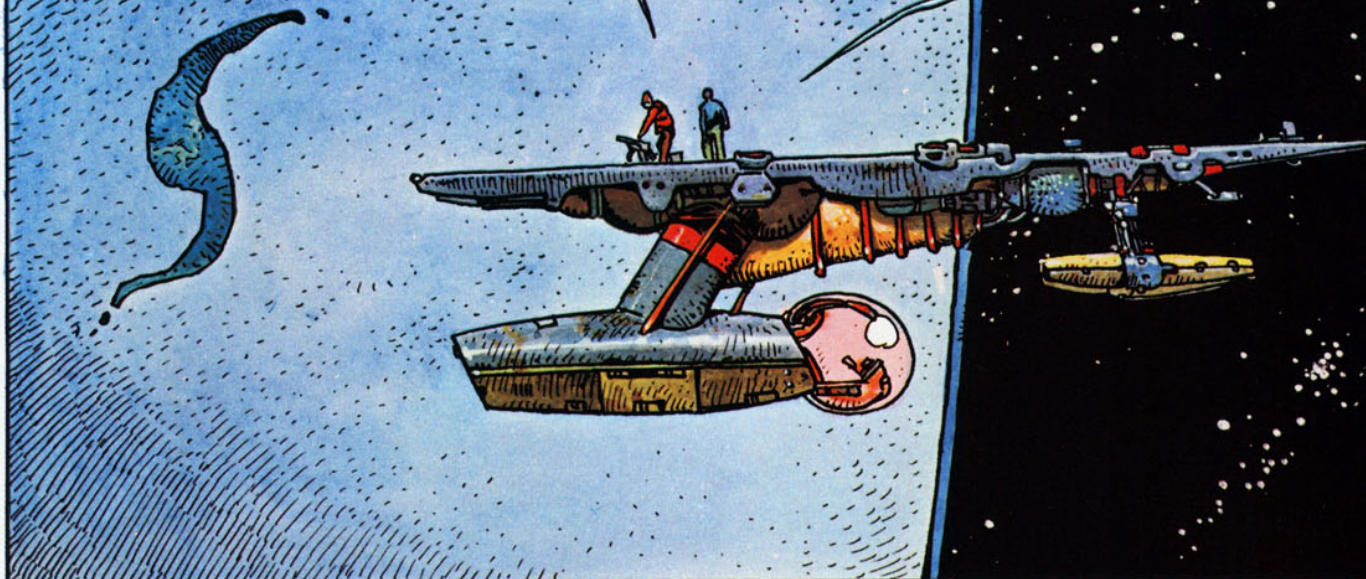


WHAT DOES
THE SCROLL
READER
SAY,
HONEY?

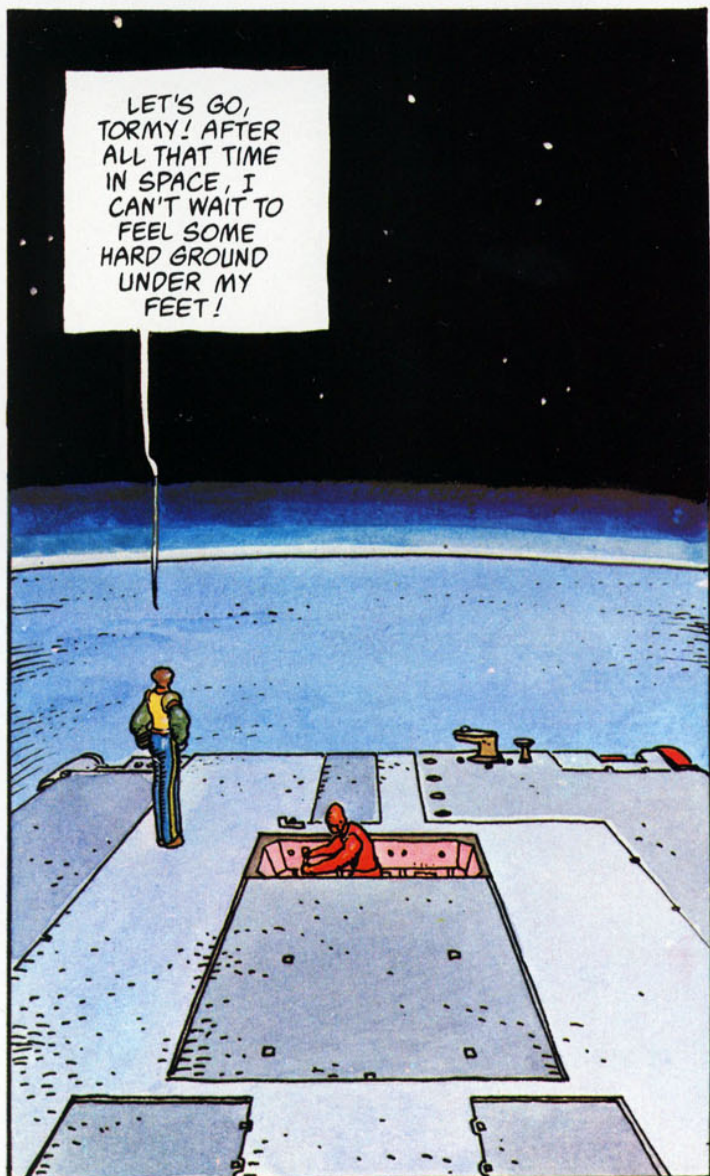


LET'S SEE... ATMOSPHERE, ATMOSPHERE...
EARTH TYPE! **PERFECT!** WEATHER...
IONIZATION... RADIATION! IT'S ALL
VERY GOOD! AND THERE'S ONLY
ONE CONTINENT!

YES, IT MUST
BE THAT
S-SHAPED
LAND-MASS
BELOW!



LET'S GO,
TORMY! AFTER
ALL THAT TIME
IN SPACE, I
CAN'T WAIT TO
FEEL SOME
HARD GROUND
UNDER MY
FEET!

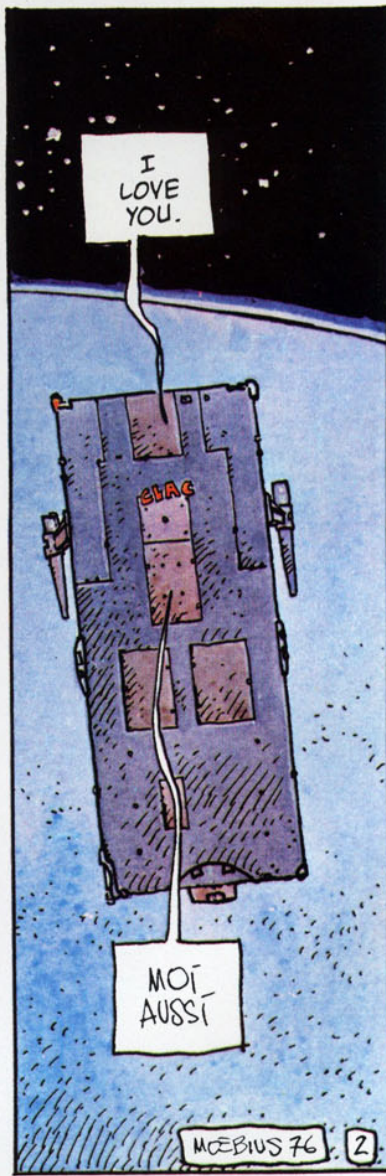


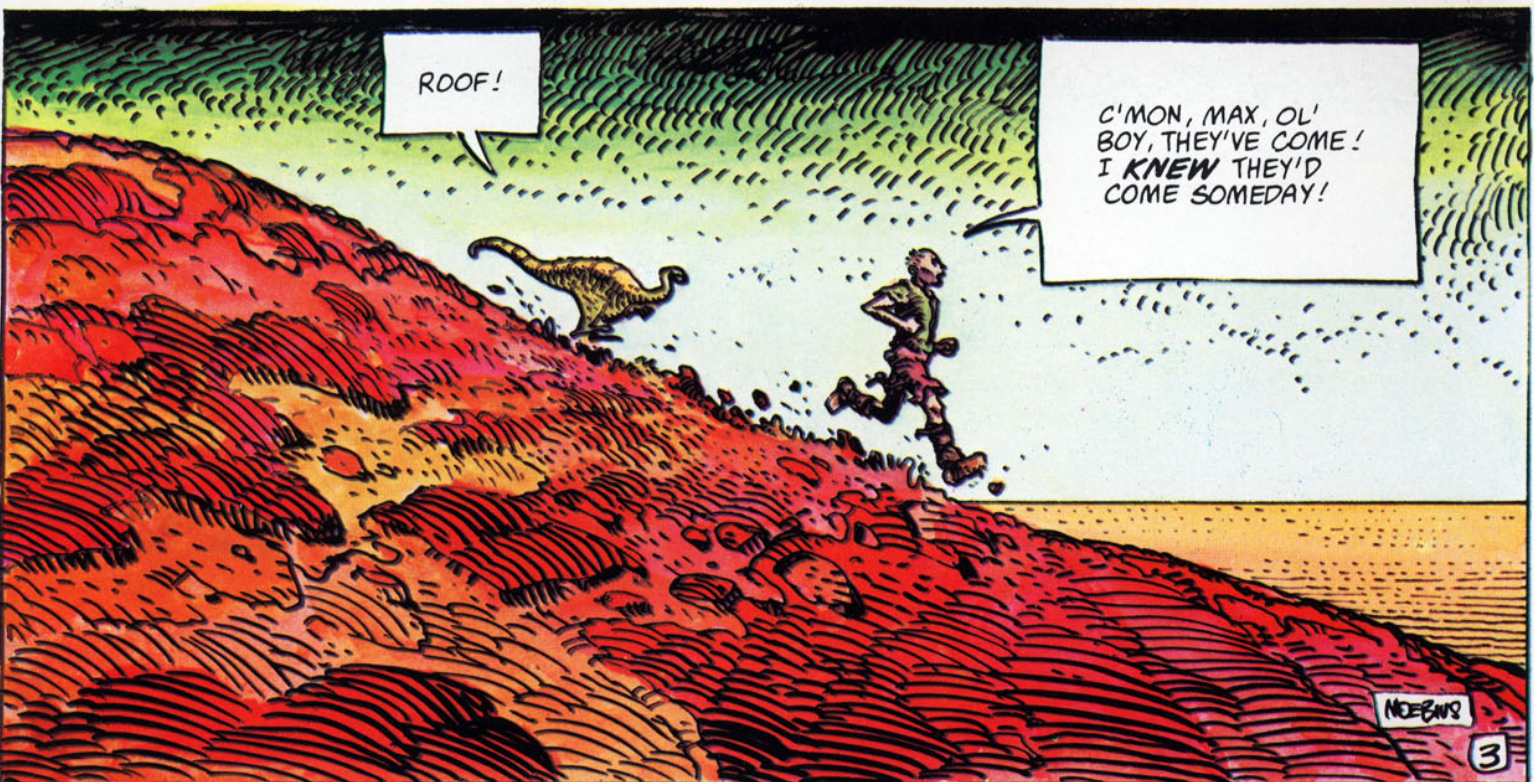
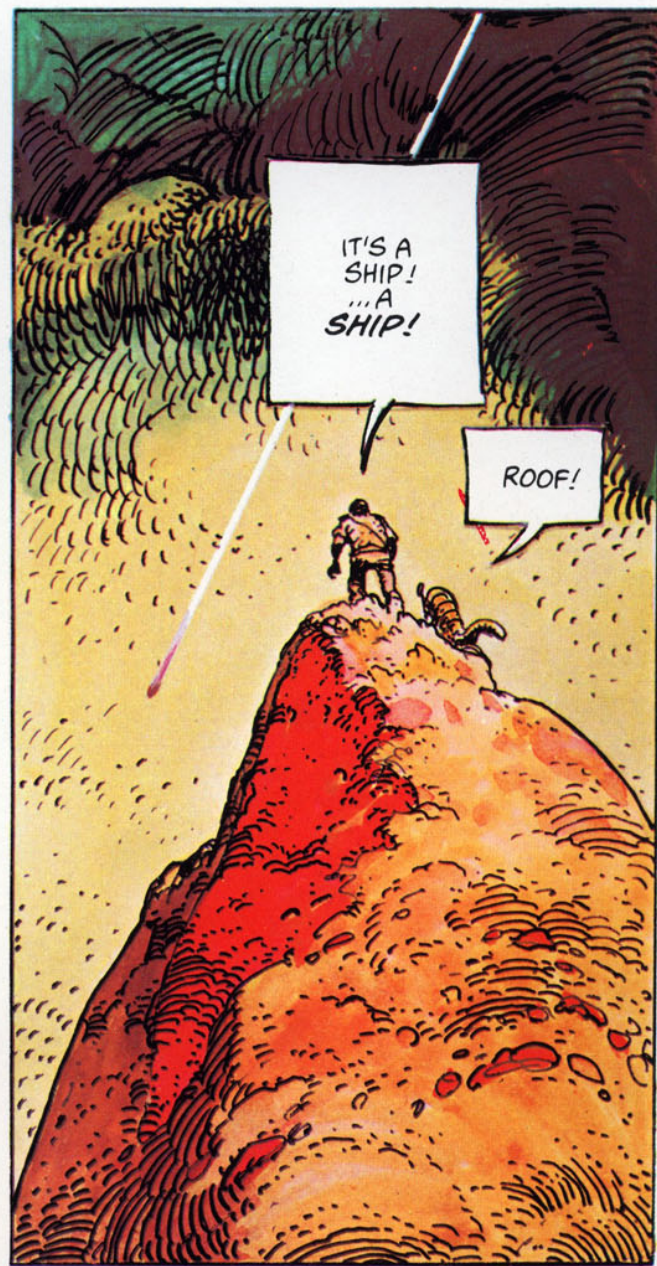
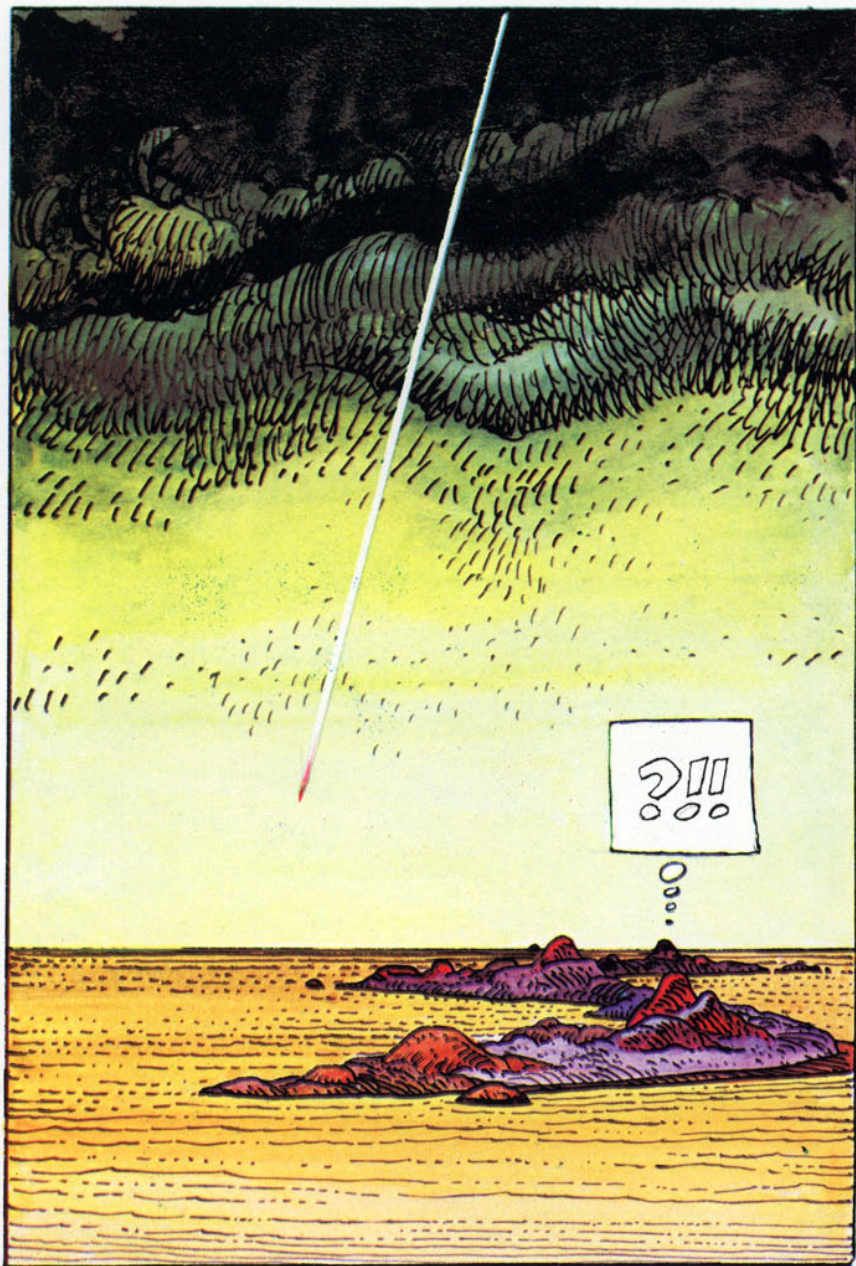
MY
LOVE...

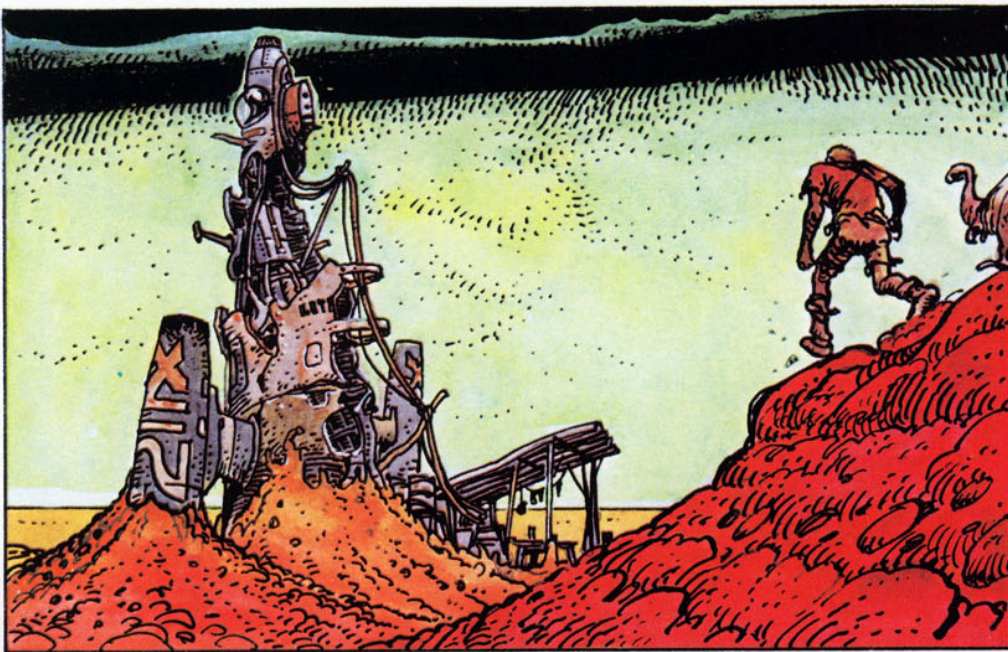


I
LOVE
YOU.

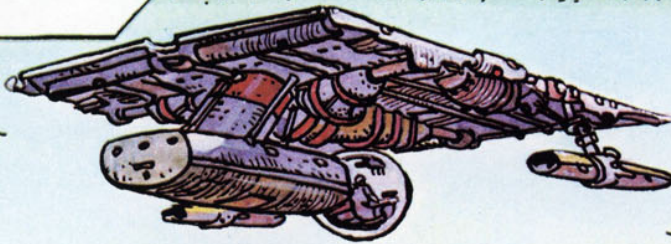
MOI
AUSSI



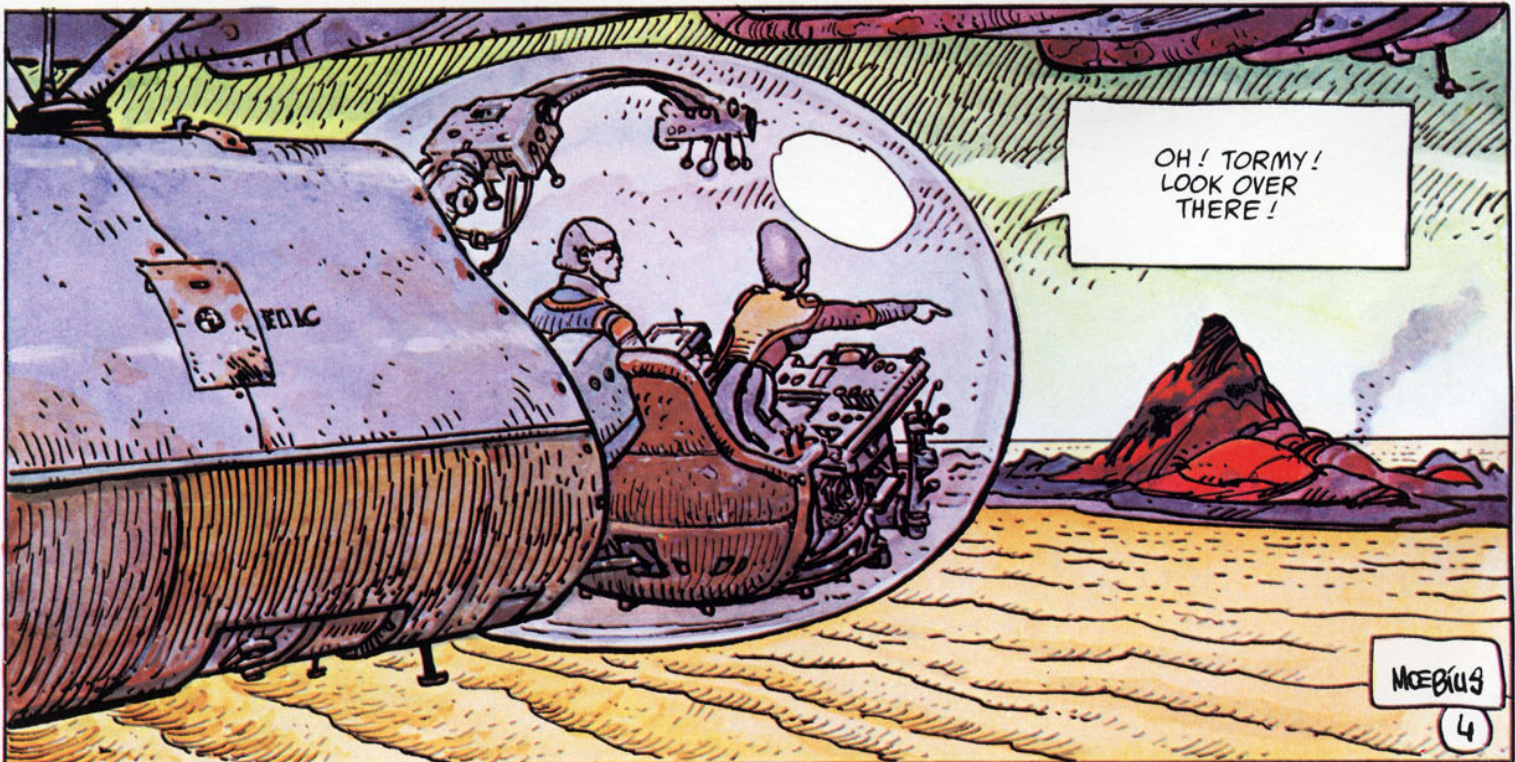


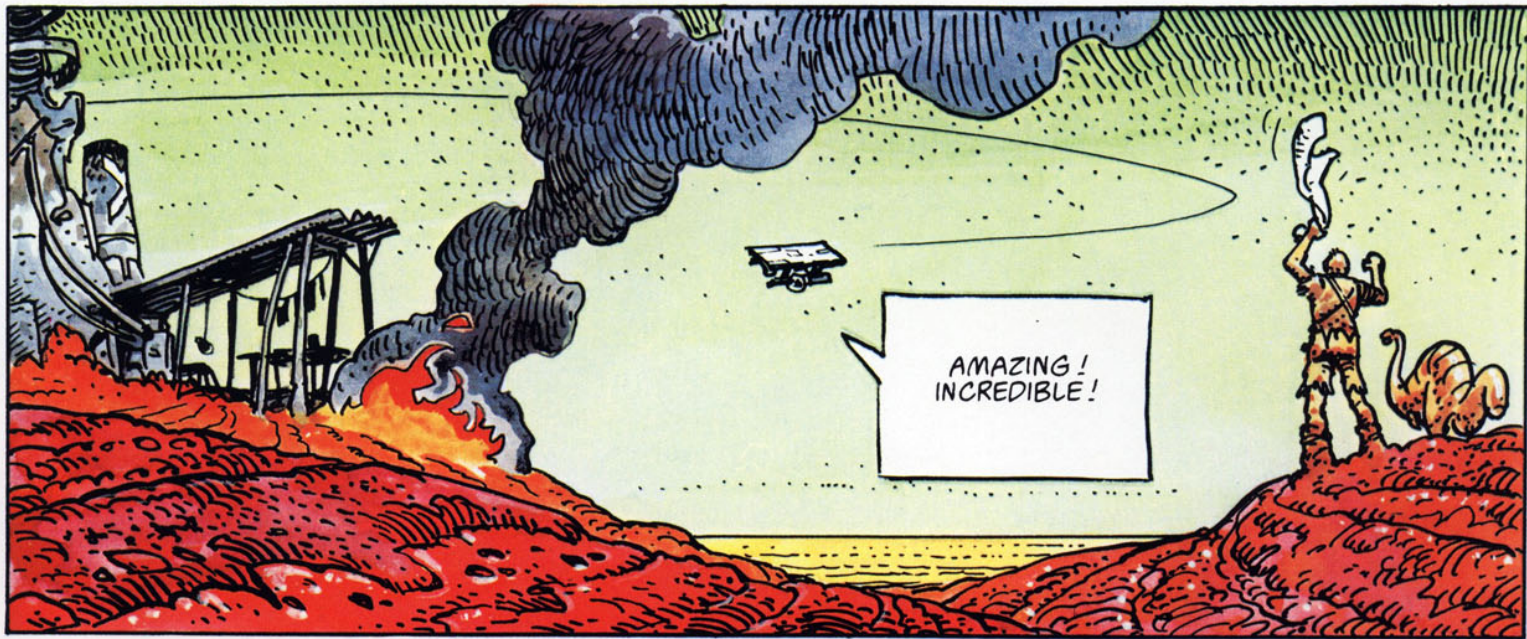


I HOPE WE AREN'T
GOING TO MEET SOME
KIND OF BAD-TEMPERED
CREATURE!

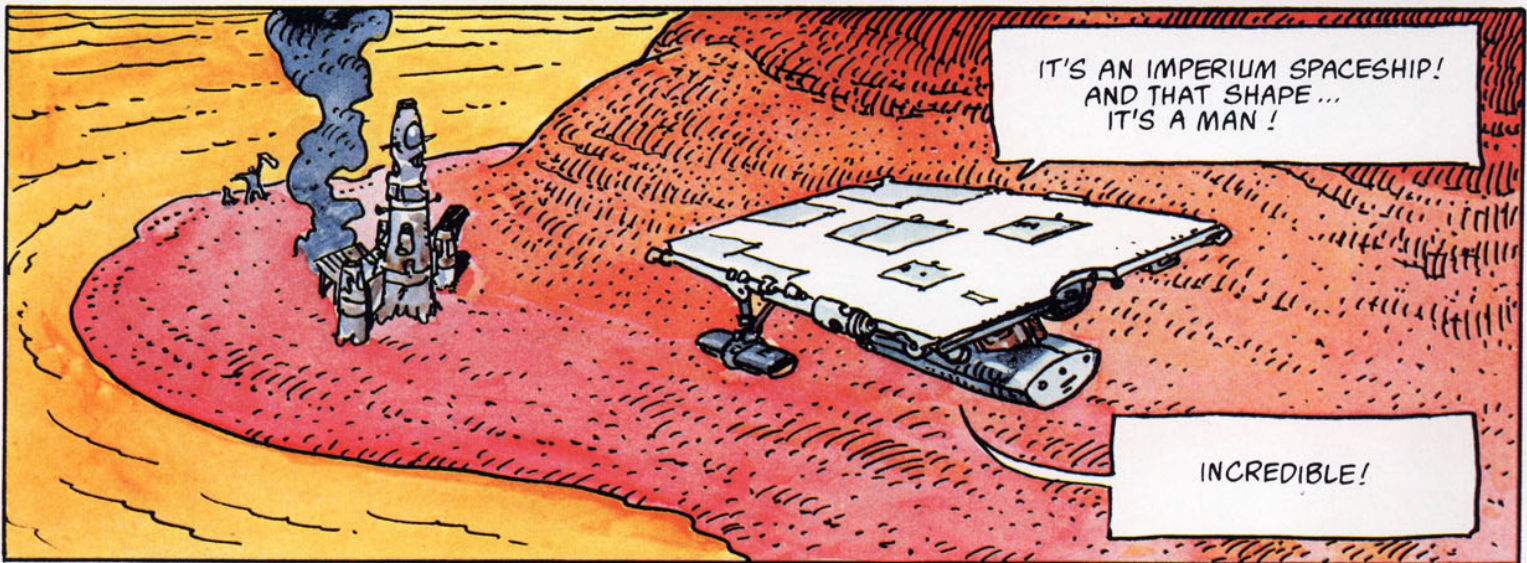


DON'T WORRY. I SHOW
NO NATIVE LIFEFORMS
EXCEPT FOR SOME
KIND OF HARMLESS
REPTILE. AS FOR
THE FLORA, IT'S
PRACTICALLY--



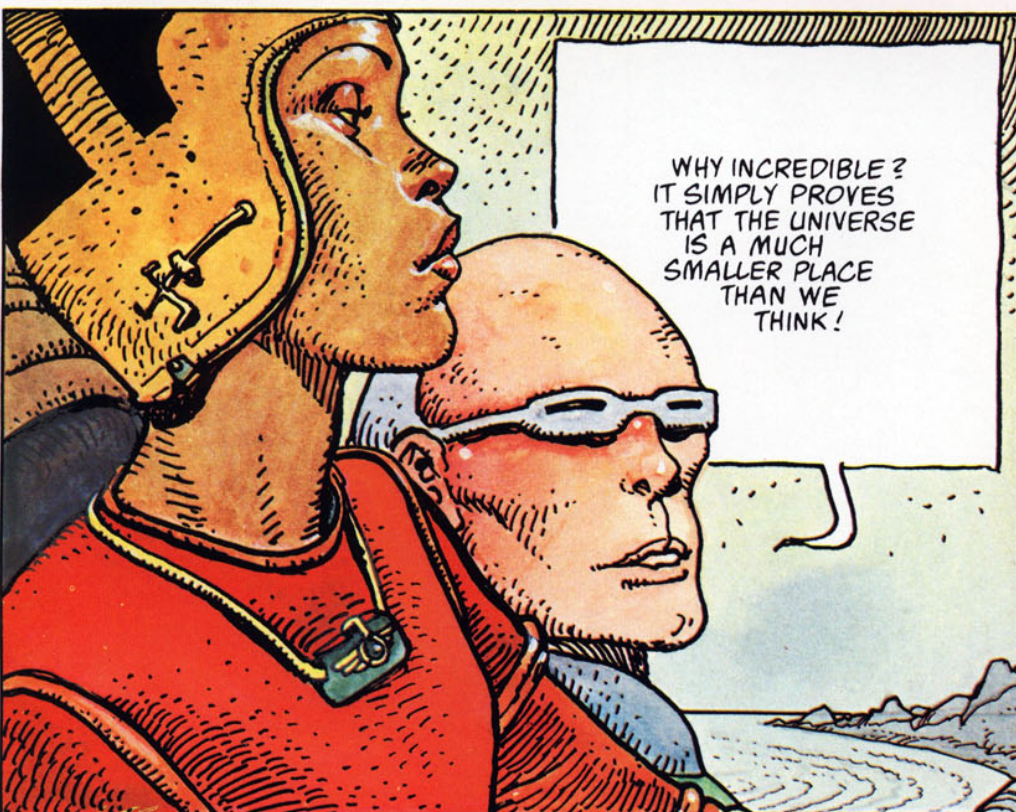


AMAZING!
INCREDIBLE!



IT'S AN IMPERIUM SPACESHIP!
AND THAT SHAPE ...
IT'S A MAN!

INCREDIBLE!



WHY INCREDIBLE?
IT SIMPLY PROVES
THAT THE UNIVERSE
IS A MUCH
SMALLER PLACE
THAN WE
THINK!

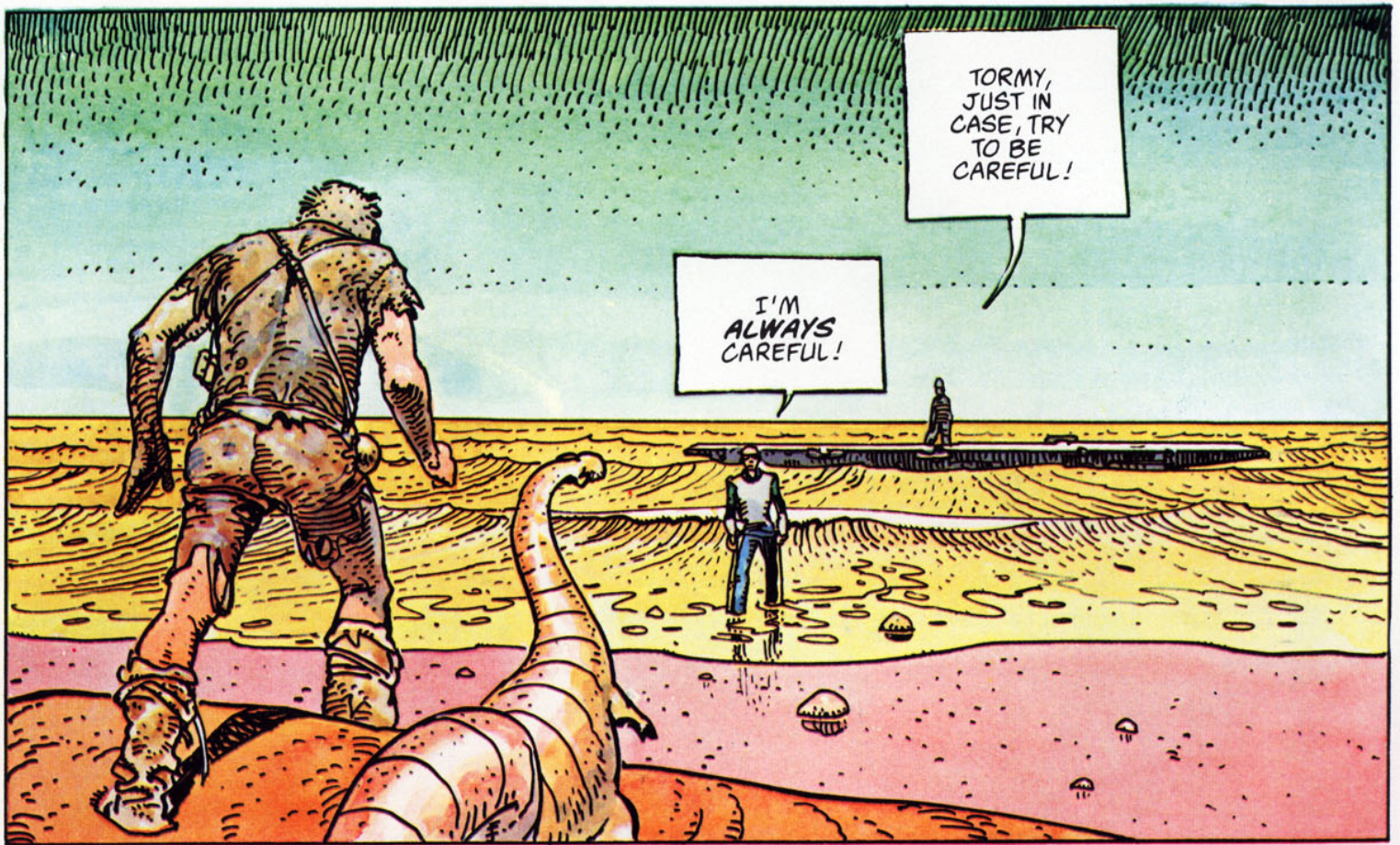


HE SAW THE
SMOKE! MAX ...!
WE'RE SAVED!

ROOF!

MOEBIUS

5



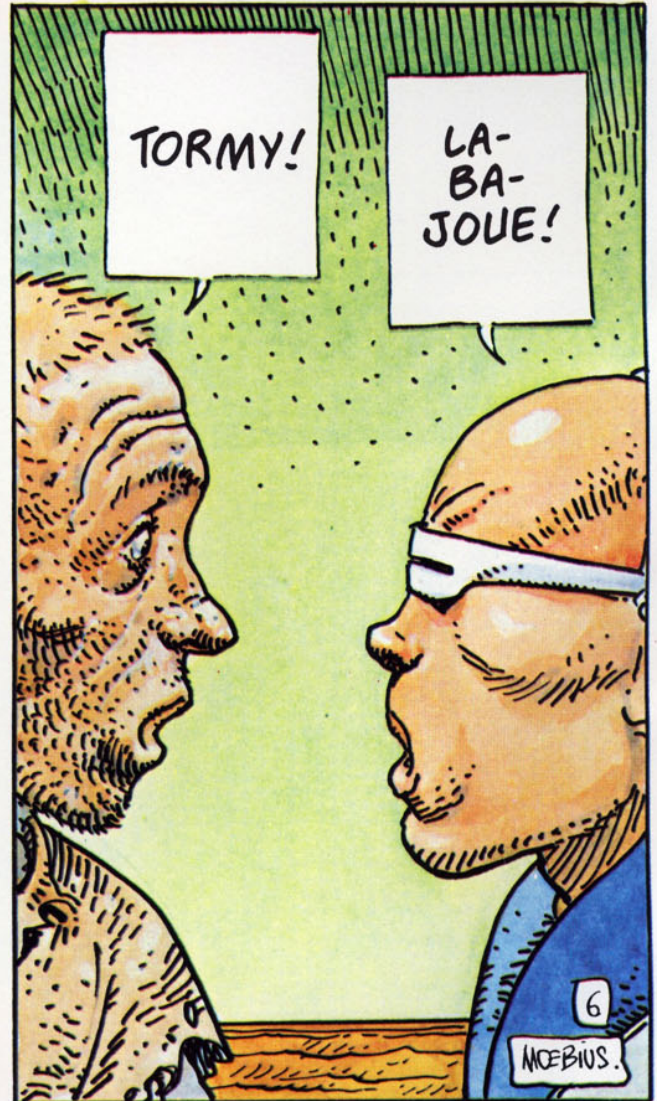
TORMY,
JUST IN
CASE, TRY
TO BE
CAREFUL!

I'M
ALWAYS
CAREFUL!



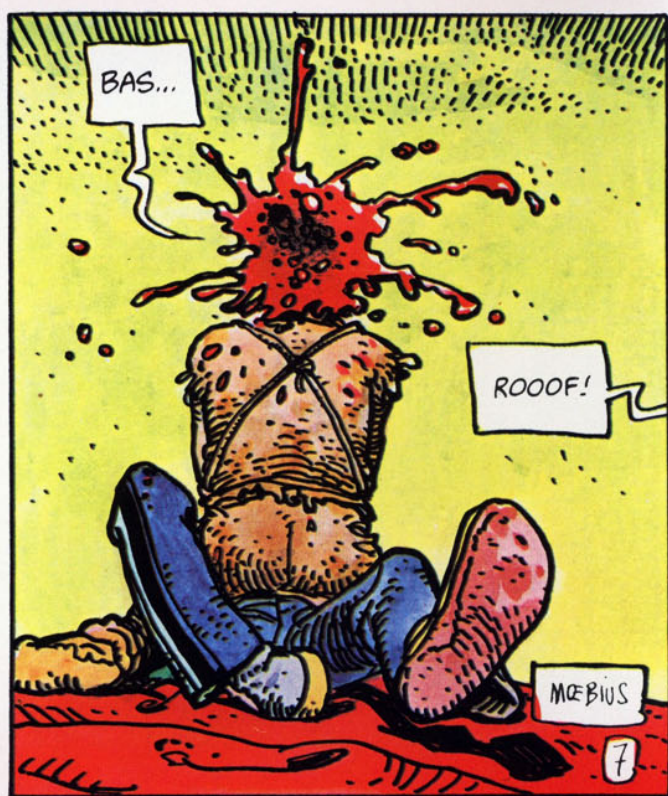
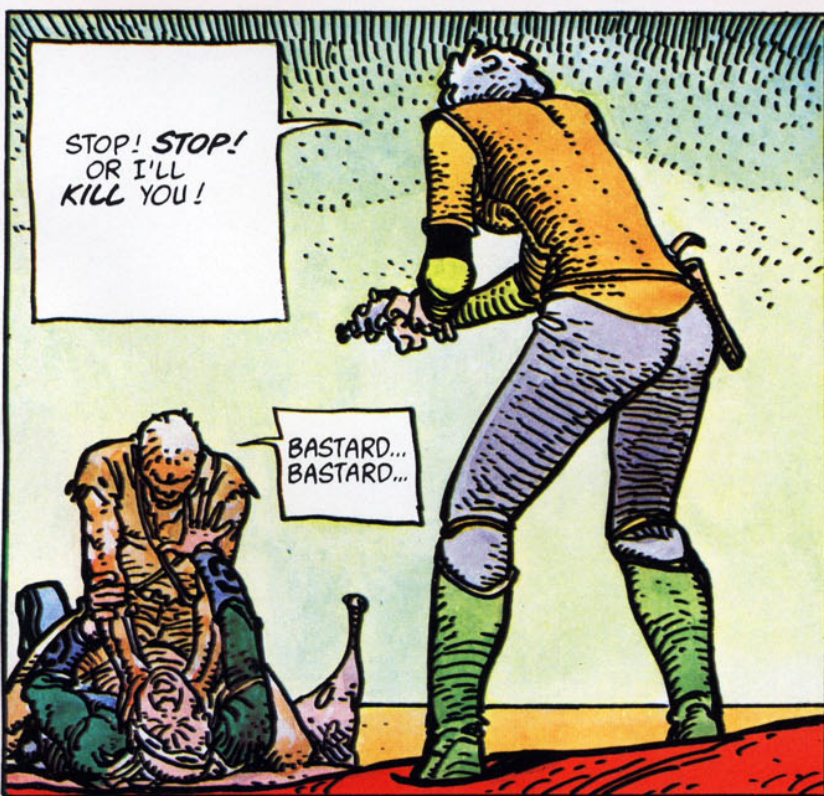
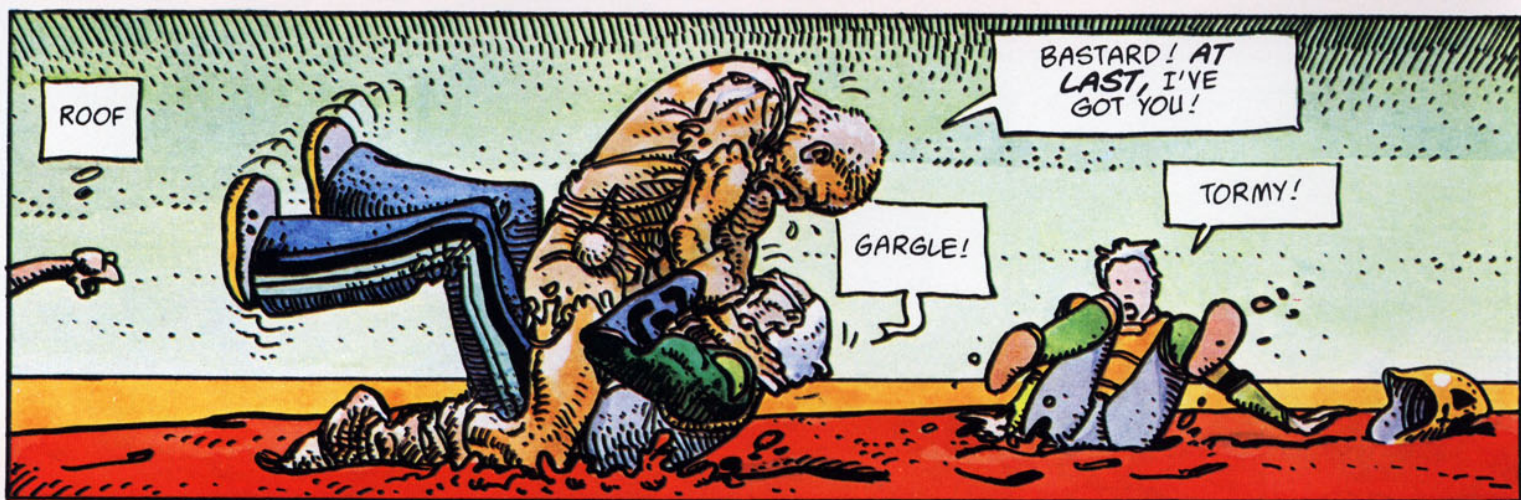
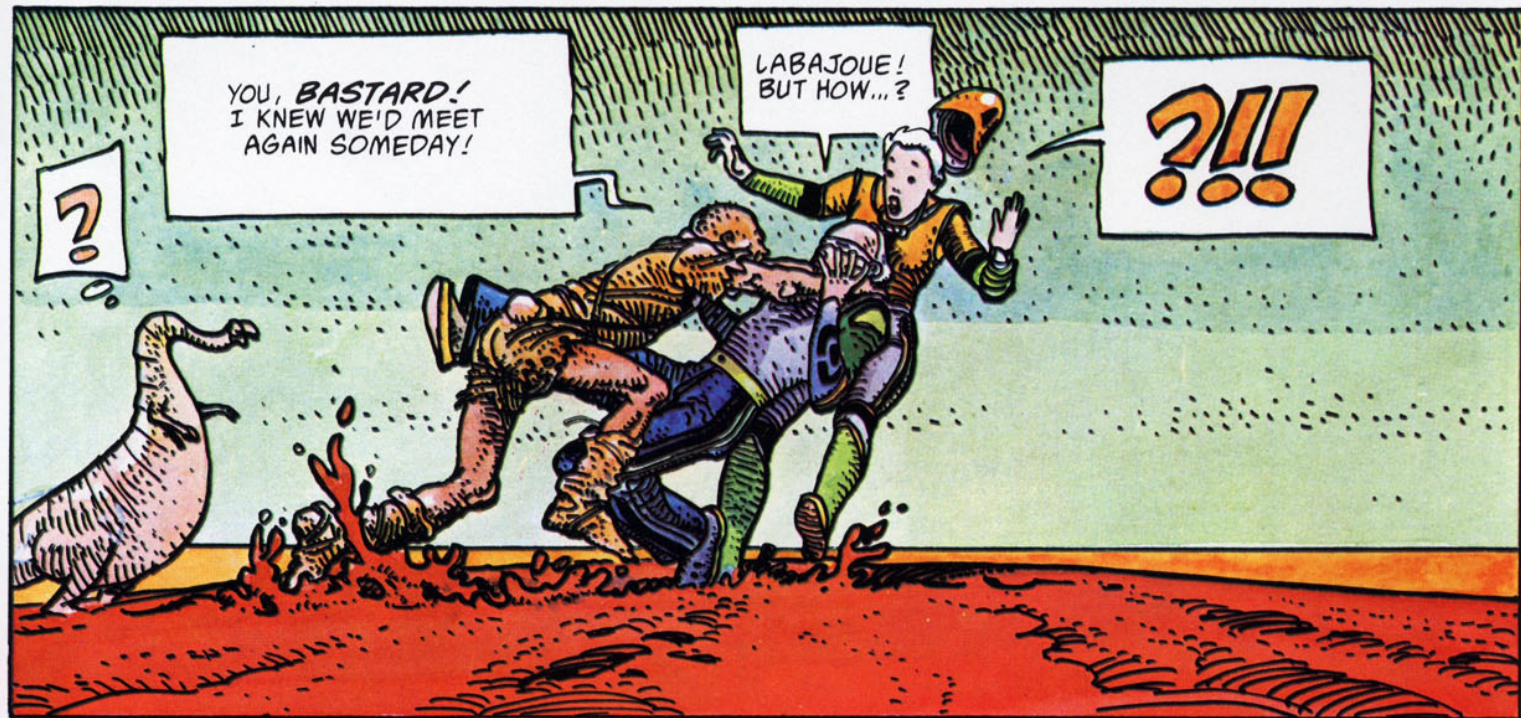
IT'S
BEEN...
IT'S
BEEN...
OOH,
NO!

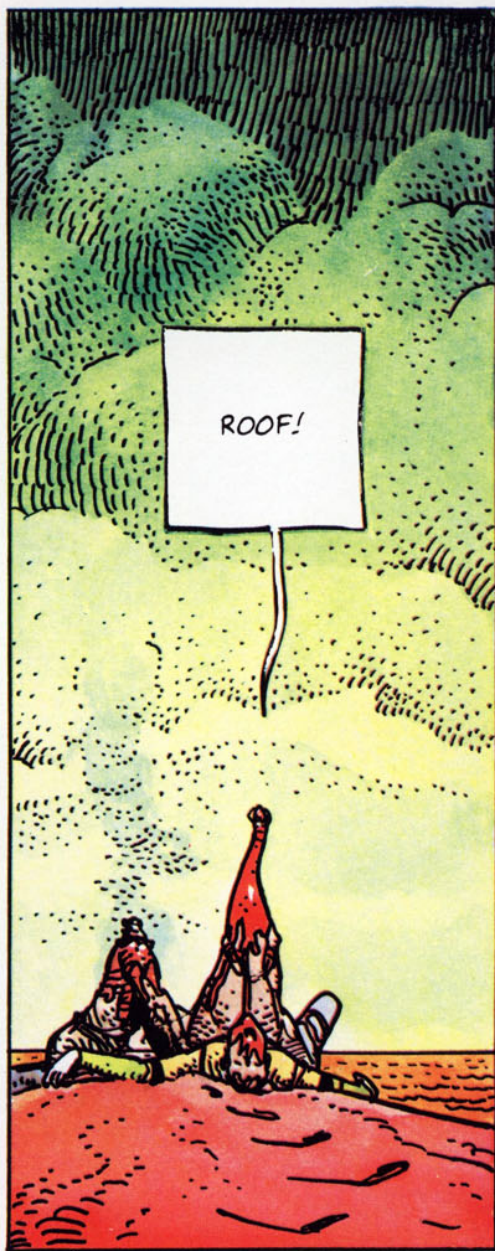
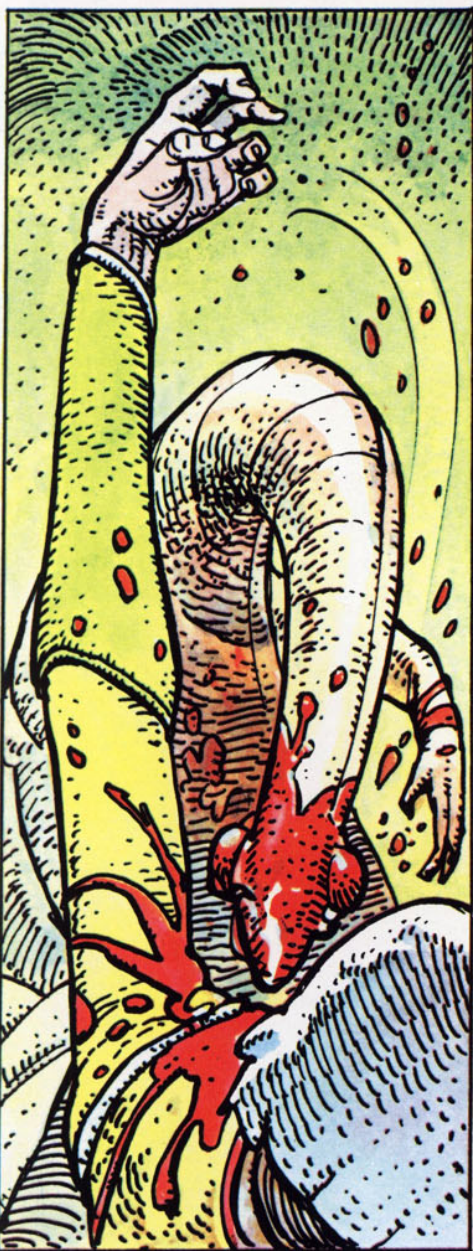
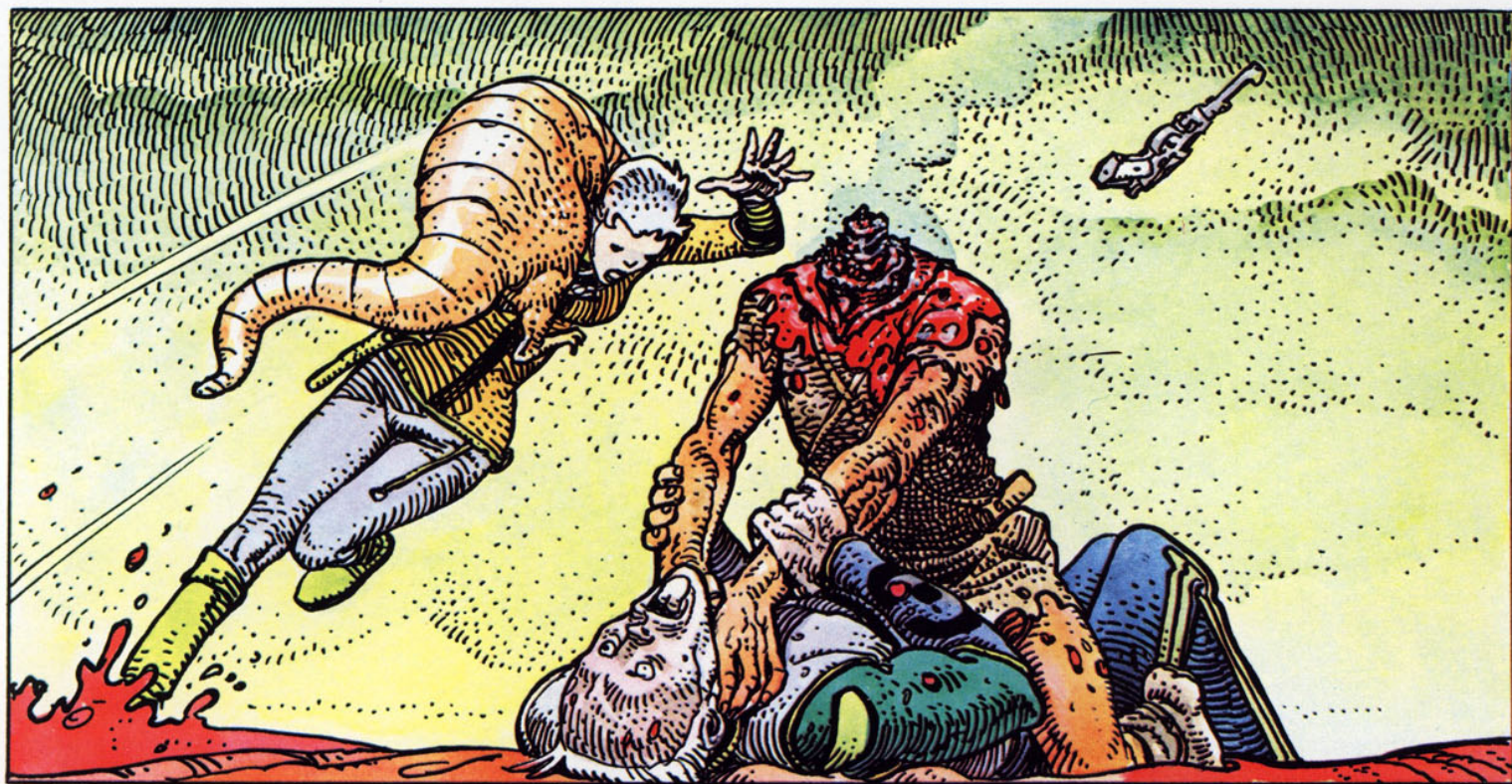
WE'RE VERY... ER,
YOU LOOK... IT'S
STRANGE, BUT YOU
REMINDE ME OF...



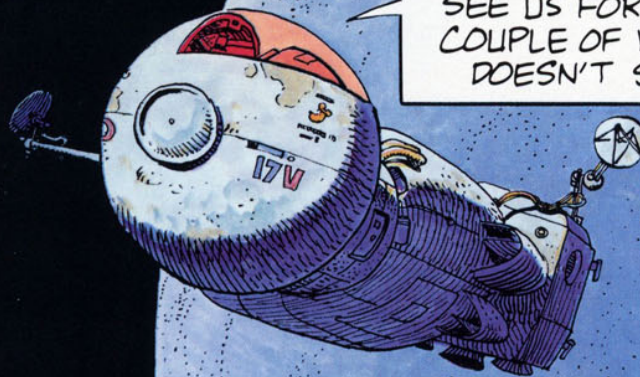
TORMY!

LA-
BA-
JOUÉ!



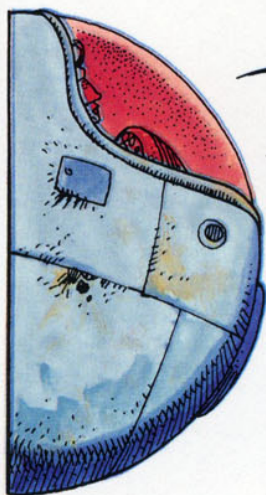


THE "STAR GULPER",
AN OUTMODDED ION-
POWERED LIGHT SHIP,
ARRIVES NEAR
PHENIXON, A SMALL,
YELLOW PLANET IN
THE XERES STAR-
SECTOR...



... MY MOTHER HAS
THE RIGHT TO COME
SEE US FOR A
COUPLE OF WEEKS,
DOESN'T SHE?

OF
COURSE,
SHE
DOES,
DEAR!



WHY ARE YOU SAYING IT
WITH THAT TONE THEN?

WHAT
TONE?

THAT TONE YOU
GET THAT I
DON'T LIKE!

IT'S THE TONE OF A GUY BUSY
WITH A TRICKY LANDING, SO
PLEASE, HONEY, LET'S POSTPONE
THIS DISCUSSION
UNTIL LATER,
O.K.?



WITH YOU, IT'S ALWAYS LET'S-
POSTPONE-THIS-DISCUSSION-
UNTIL-LATER! WHEN IT'S NOT A

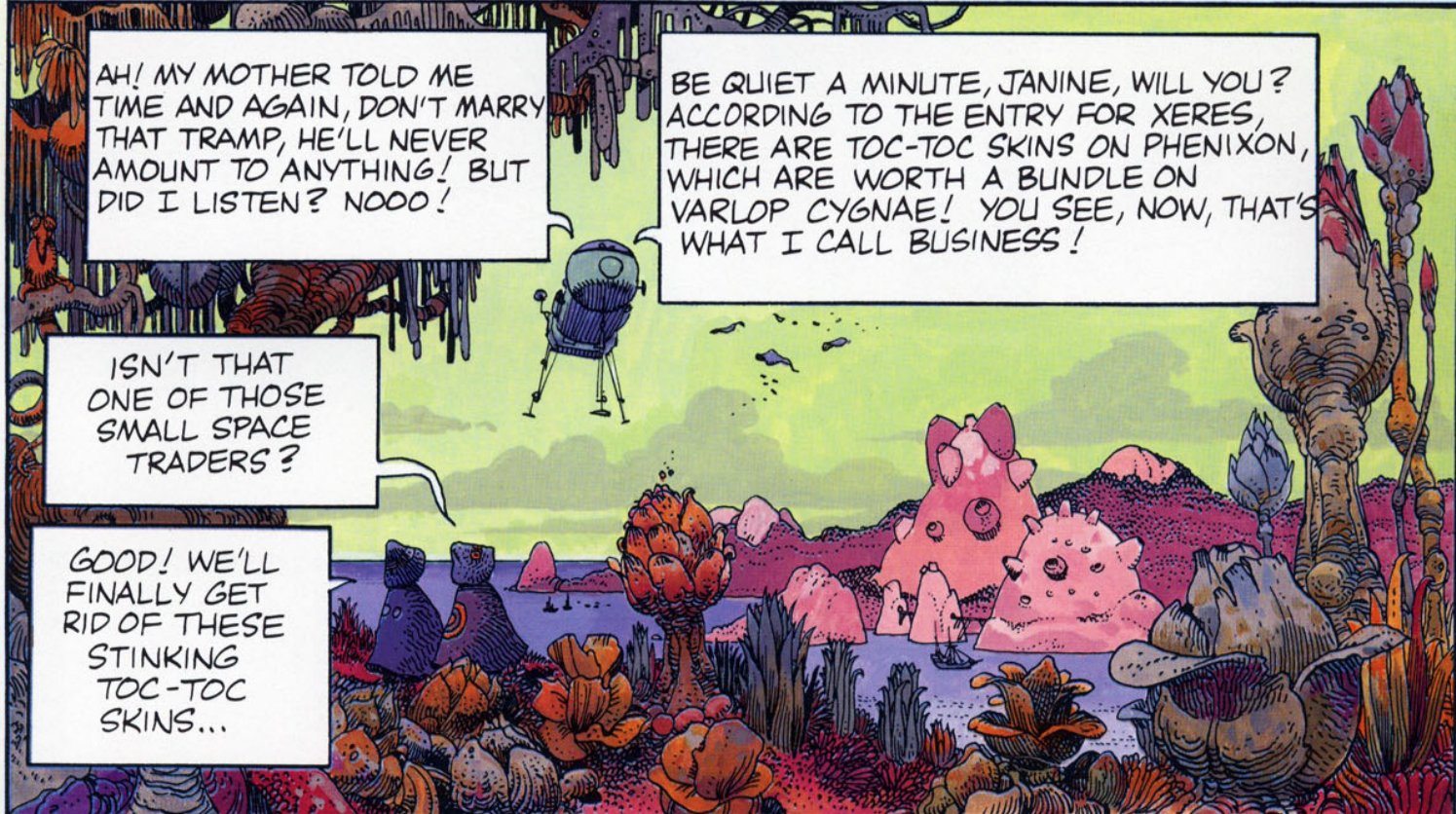
TRICKY
LANDING,
IT'S
A
DIFFICULT
TAKE-
OFF!

WOULDN'T
YOU RATHER
LOOK AT
HOW PRETTY
IT IS DOWN
BELOW?

Pff

THERE IS
A PRINCE
CHARMING
ON PHENIXON

STORY AND ART BY MISTER MOEBILIUS




AH! MY MOTHER TOLD ME
TIME AND AGAIN, DON'T MARRY
THAT TRAMP, HE'LL NEVER
AMOUNT TO ANYTHING! BUT
DID I LISTEN? NOOO!

BE QUIET A MINUTE, JANINE, WILL YOU?
ACCORDING TO THE ENTRY FOR XERES,
THERE ARE TOC-TOC SKINS ON PHENIXON,
WHICH ARE WORTH A BUNDLE ON
VARLOP CYGNAE! YOU SEE, NOW, THAT'S
WHAT I CALL BUSINESS!


ISN'T THAT
ONE OF THOSE
SMALL SPACE
TRADERS?

GOOD! WE'LL
FINALLY GET
RID OF THESE
STINKING
TOC-TOC
SKINS...



PHENIXON
FOLKS, HELLO!

HELLO, SPACE
CREATURE!




IF THE LADY SO DESIRES... A LITTLE
SNAILEPHANTINE RIDE?




SHOW US
YOUR
GOODIES!

DON'T GO TOO
FAR, JANINE...
BE CAREFUL!



MIND YOUR
TOC-TOC
SKINS!



OH! LOOK AT THAT ONE!

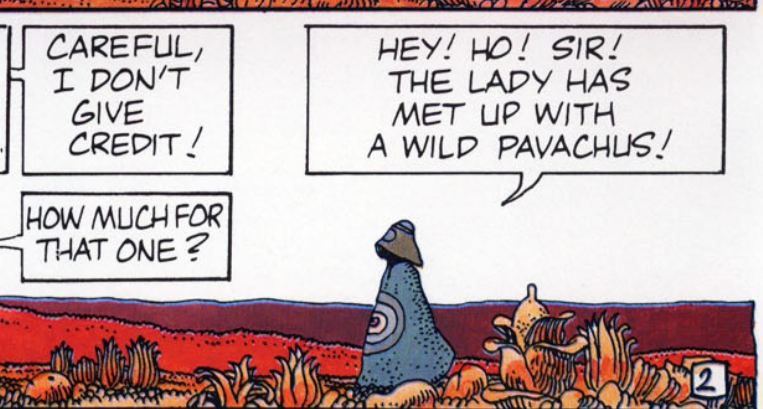
IT'S SO PRETTY!

AND SO
BLUE!

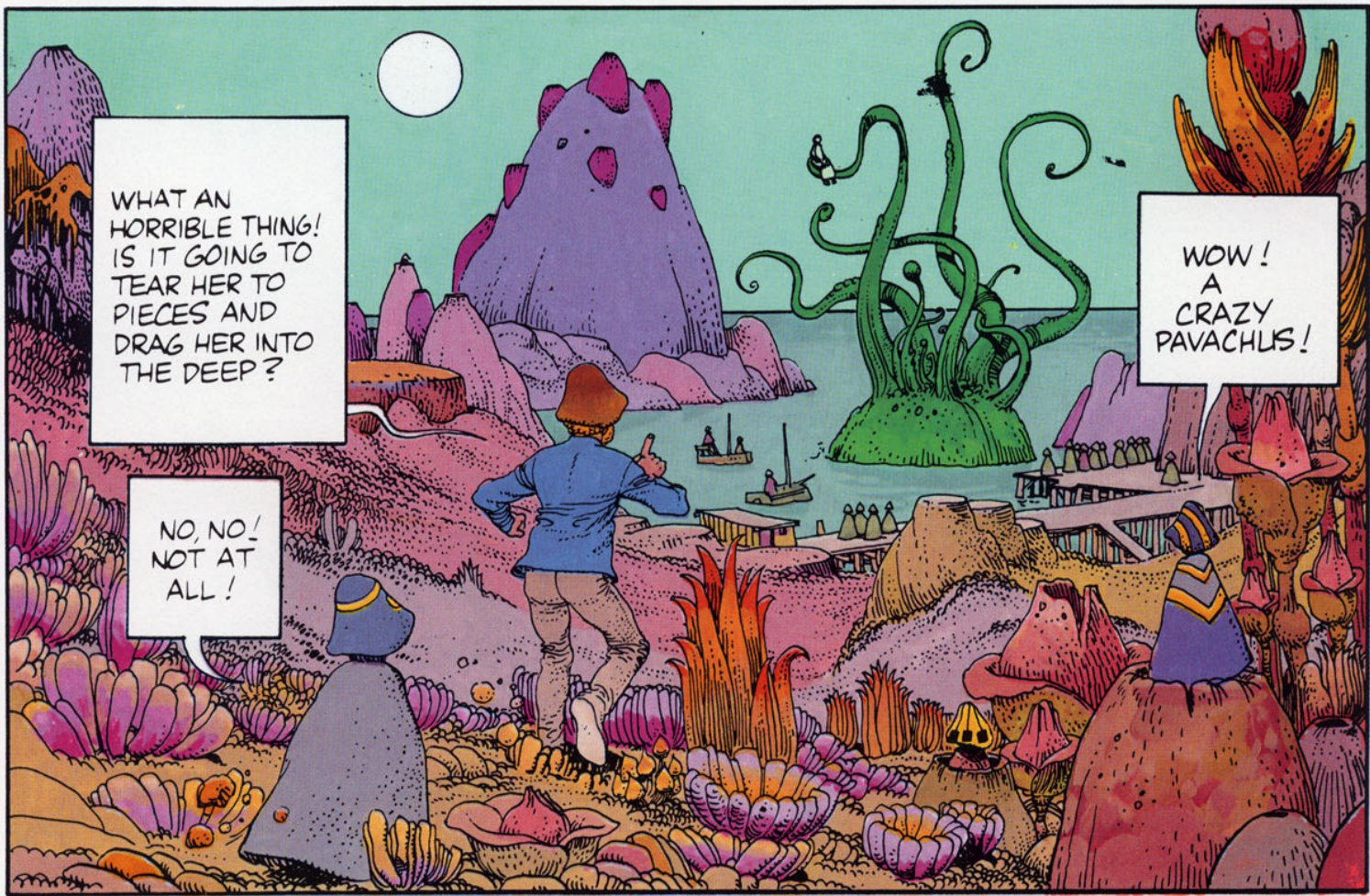
AND WHAT OF
THE BIG ONE, IN
PLASTIK, THE ONE
WITH TWO PANILS...

CAREFUL,
I DON'T
GIVE
CREDIT!

HOW MUCH FOR
THAT ONE?



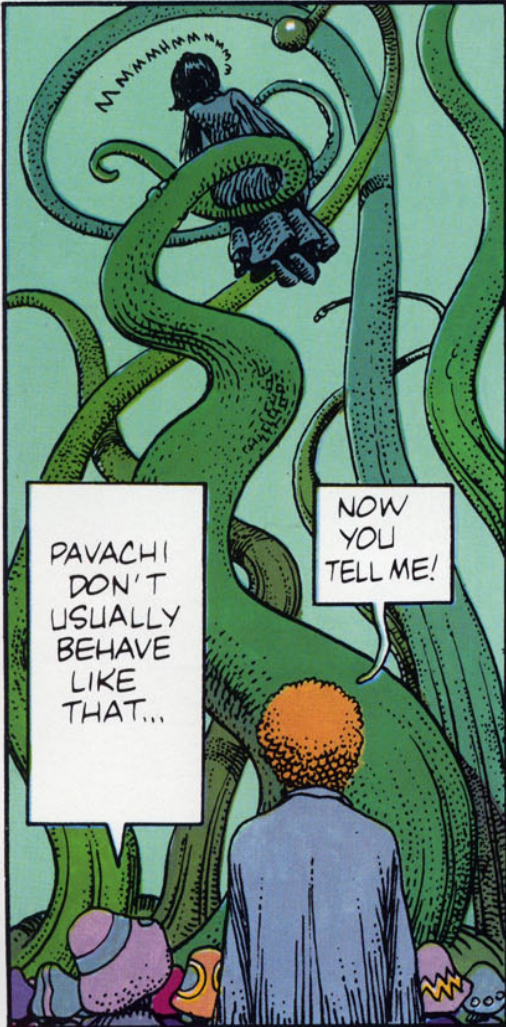
HEY! HO! SIR!
THE LADY HAS
MET UP WITH
A WILD PAVACHUS!



WHAT AN HORRIBLE THING!
IS IT GOING TO
TEAR HER TO
PIECES AND
DRAG HER INTO
THE DEEP?

NO, NO!
NOT AT
ALL!

WOW!
A
CRAZY
PAVACHUS!



PAVACHI
DON'T
USUALLY
BEHAVE
LIKE
THAT...

NOW
YOU
TELL ME!

JANINE! CAN I DO
ANYTHING
FOR YOU?



MY HUSBAND!
HE'S FOUND
OUT ABOUT
US! BALUTIN,
MY LOVE,
TAKE ME
AWAY!

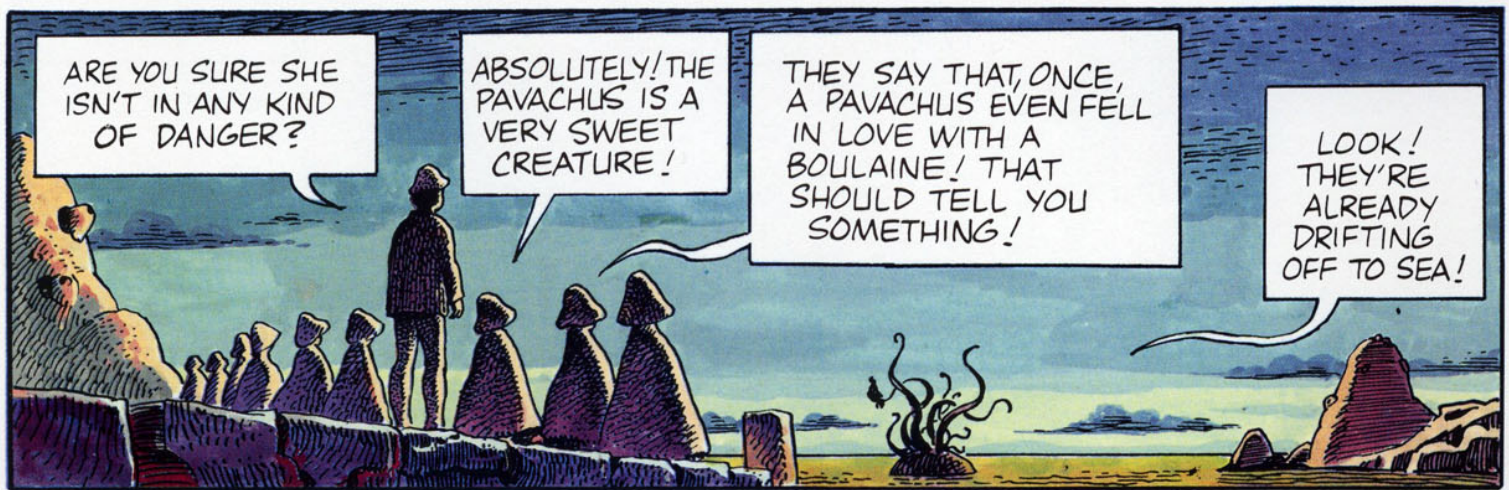
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE
SHOULD BE SCREAMING
AND WHIMPERING... INSTEAD,
SHE CALLS IT "BALUTIN,
MY LOVE!"

I GUESS IT
MEANS THAT THE
PAVACHUS'S NAME
IS "BALUTIN!"

AS A MATTER OF FACT,
THE PAVACHUS SEEMS
TO HAVE FALLEN IN
LOVE WITH THE LADY
AND VICE-VERSA!
BESIDES, LOOK AT HIS
VENTRICLES! THEY'RE
TURNING PINK! IT'S AN

UN-
MISTAKE-
ABLE
SIGN...



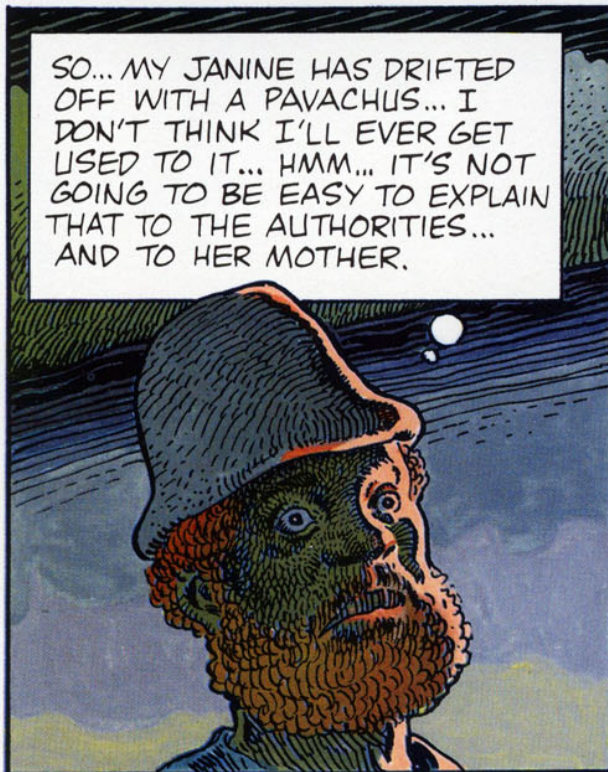


ARE YOU SURE SHE
ISN'T IN ANY KIND
OF DANGER?

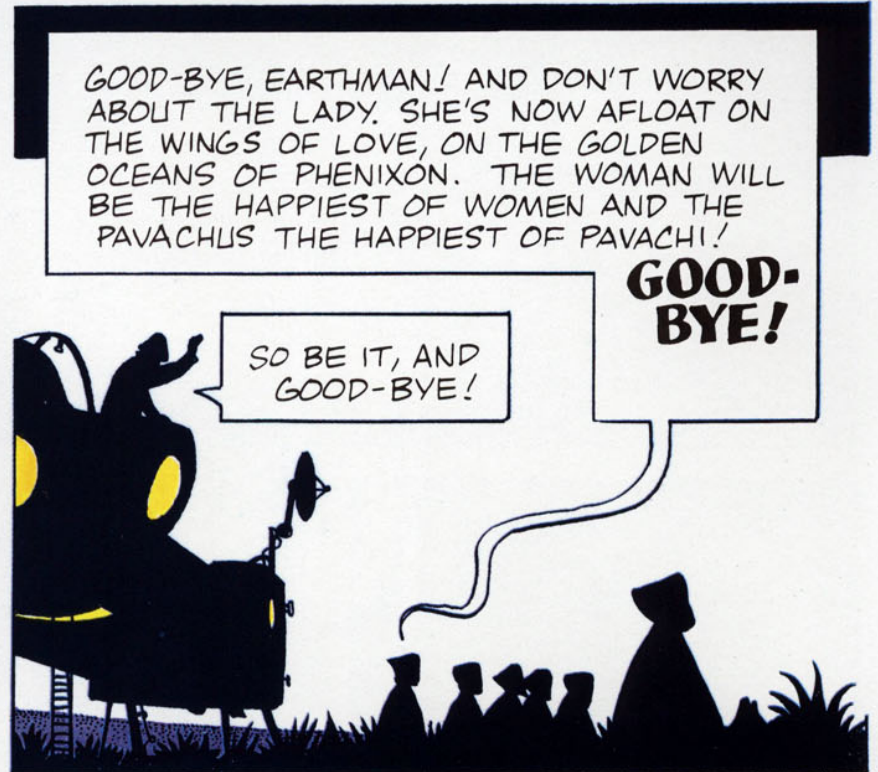
ABSOLUTELY! THE
PAVACHUS IS A
VERY SWEET
CREATURE!

THEY SAY THAT, ONCE,
A PAVACHUS EVEN FELL
IN LOVE WITH A
BOULAINÉ! THAT
SHOULD TELL YOU
SOMETHING!

LOOK!
THEY'RE
ALREADY
DRIFTING
OFF TO SEA!



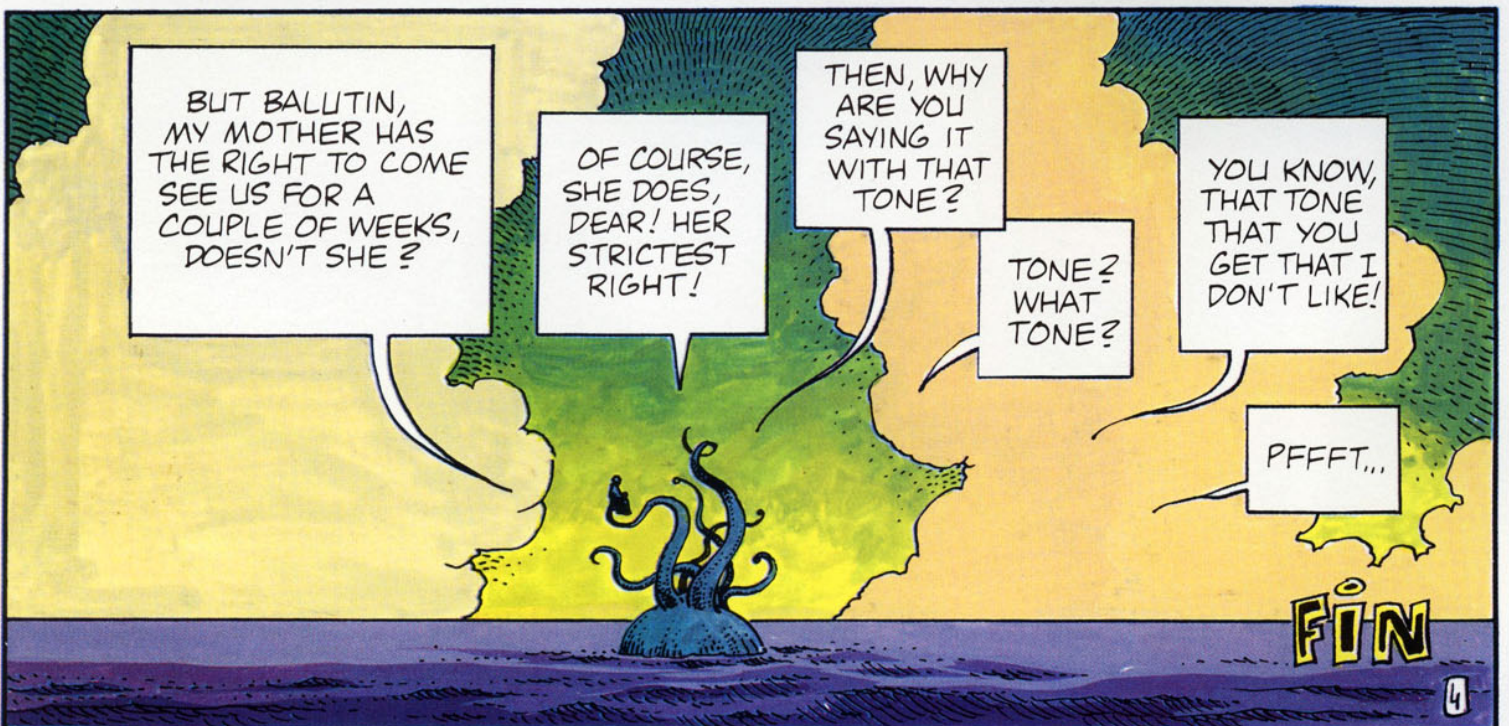
SO... MY JANINE HAS DRIFTED
OFF WITH A PAVACHUS... I
DON'T THINK I'LL EVER GET
USED TO IT... HMM... IT'S NOT
GOING TO BE EASY TO EXPLAIN
THAT TO THE AUTHORITIES...
AND TO HER MOTHER.



GOOD-BYE, EARTHMAN! AND DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THE LADY. SHE'S NOW AFLOAT ON
THE WINGS OF LOVE, ON THE GOLDEN
OCEANS OF PHENIXON. THE WOMAN WILL
BE THE HAPPIEST OF WOMEN AND THE
PAVACHUS THE HAPPIEST OF PAVACHI!

**GOOD-
BYE!**

SO BE IT, AND
GOOD-BYE!



BUT BALUTIN,
MY MOTHER HAS
THE RIGHT TO COME
SEE US FOR A
COUPLE OF WEEKS,
DOESN'T SHE?

OF COURSE,
SHE DOES,
DEAR! HER
STRICTEST
RIGHT!

THEN, WHY
ARE YOU
SAYING IT
WITH THAT
TONE?

TONE?
WHAT
TONE?

YOU KNOW,
THAT TONE
THAT YOU
GET THAT I
DON'T LIKE!

PFFFT...

FIN

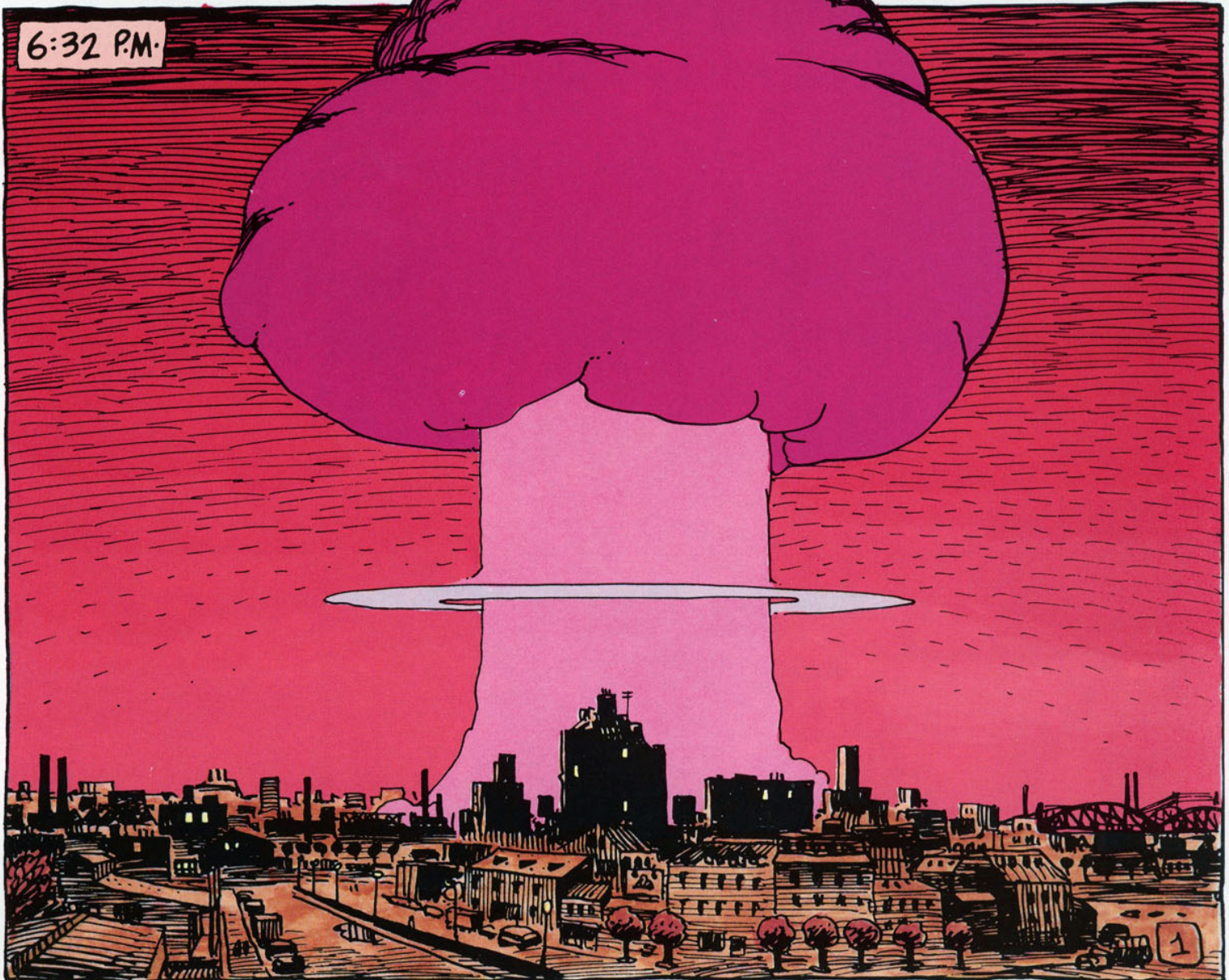
VARIATION N°4070 ON "THE" THEME

PAR
MOE
BIUS

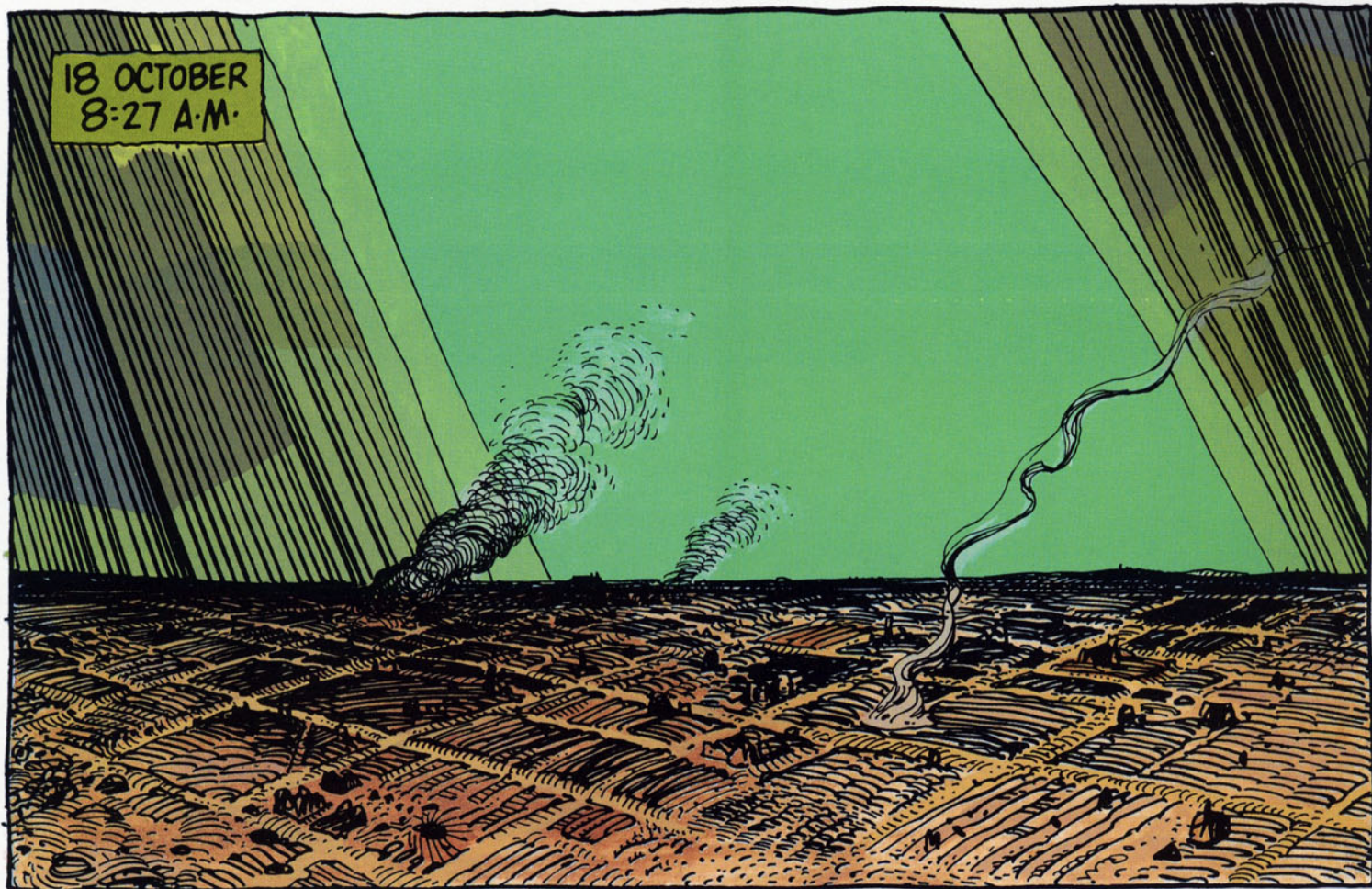
15 OCTOBER, 6:30 P.M.



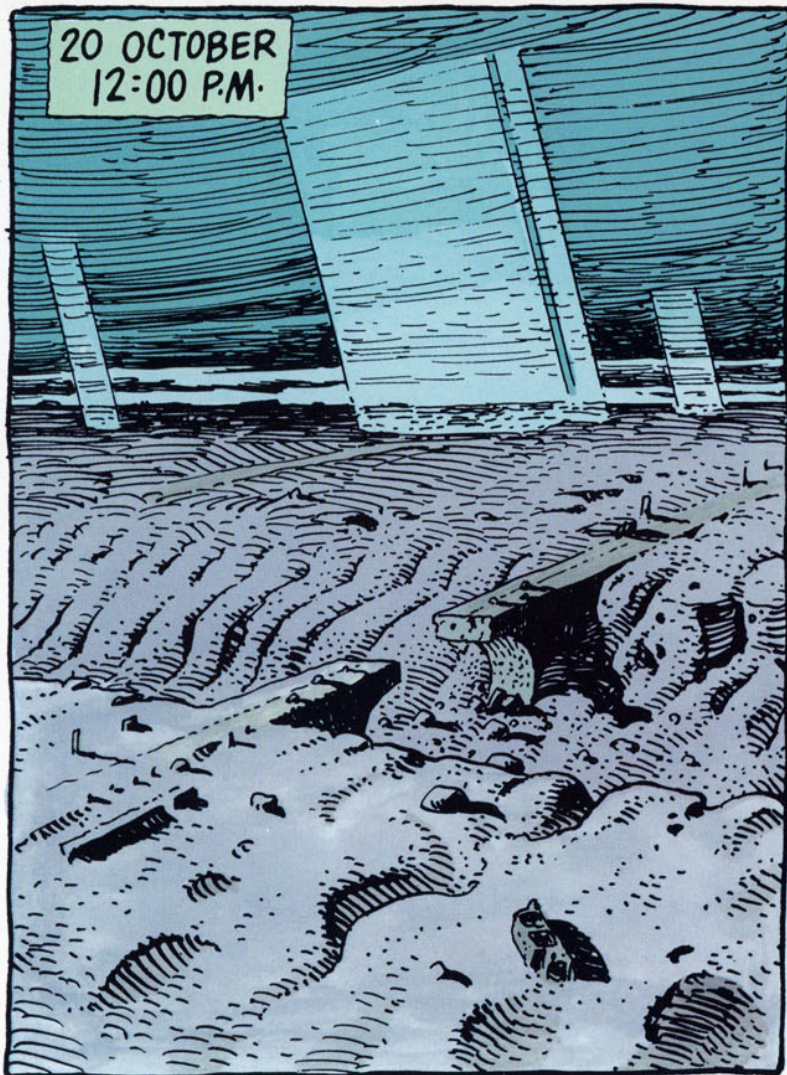
6:32 P.M.



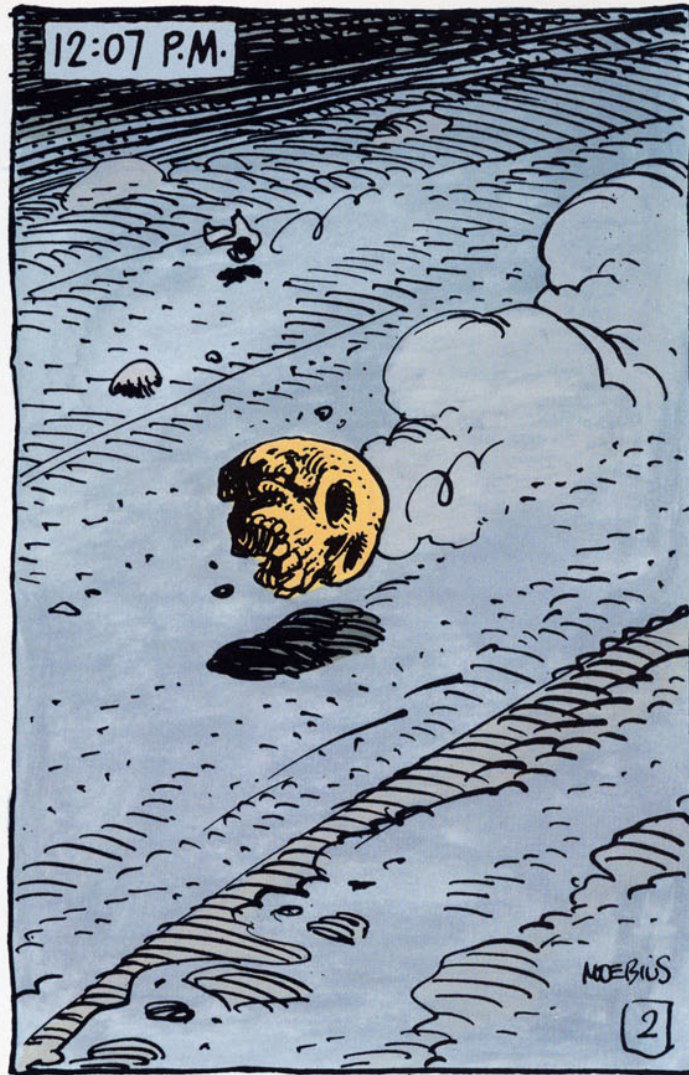
18 OCTOBER
8:27 A.M.



20 OCTOBER
12:00 P.M.



12:07 P.M.



MOEBIUS

2

3:57 A.M.

A yellow robot head with a single antenna and a single eye, emerging from a pile of blue, mechanical debris. The background is a solid purple color.

4:02 A.M.

A yellow, mechanical, worm-like creature with a segmented body and a large, rounded head, emerging from a pile of blue, jagged, crystalline debris. The background is a solid purple color.

4:50 A.M.

A comic book illustration depicting a scene of environmental devastation. Three individuals wearing full-body yellow protective suits are wading through a vast, chaotic ocean of discarded mechanical parts, tools, and debris. The background features a dark, jagged horizon under a purple sky. In the upper right corner, a digital clock displays "4:54 A.M.". One of the suited figures has a speech bubble containing the text "MOEBIUS 3".

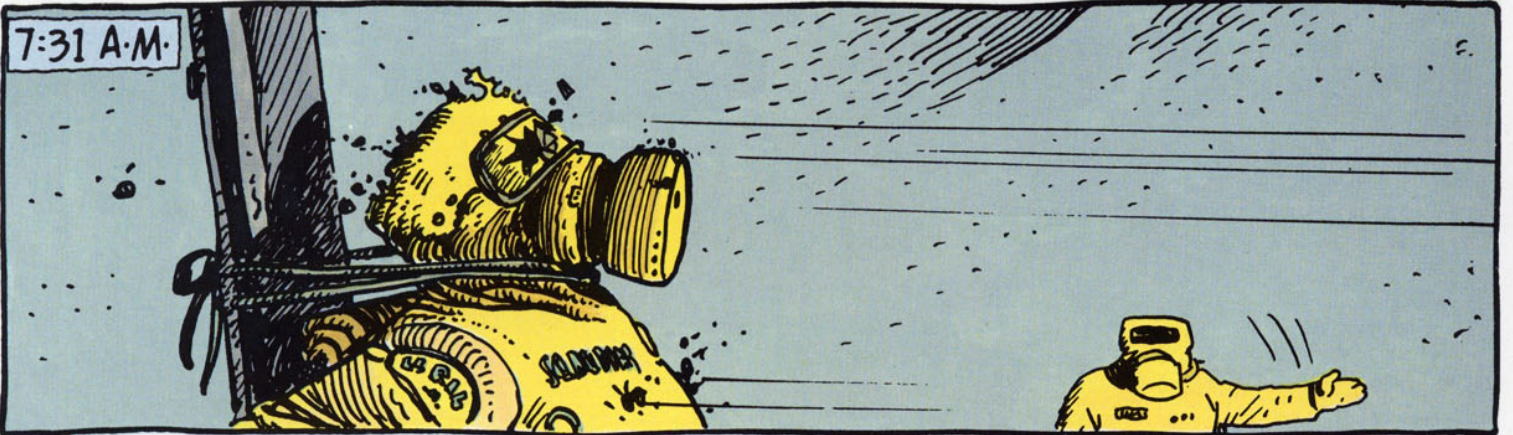
5:12 A.M.



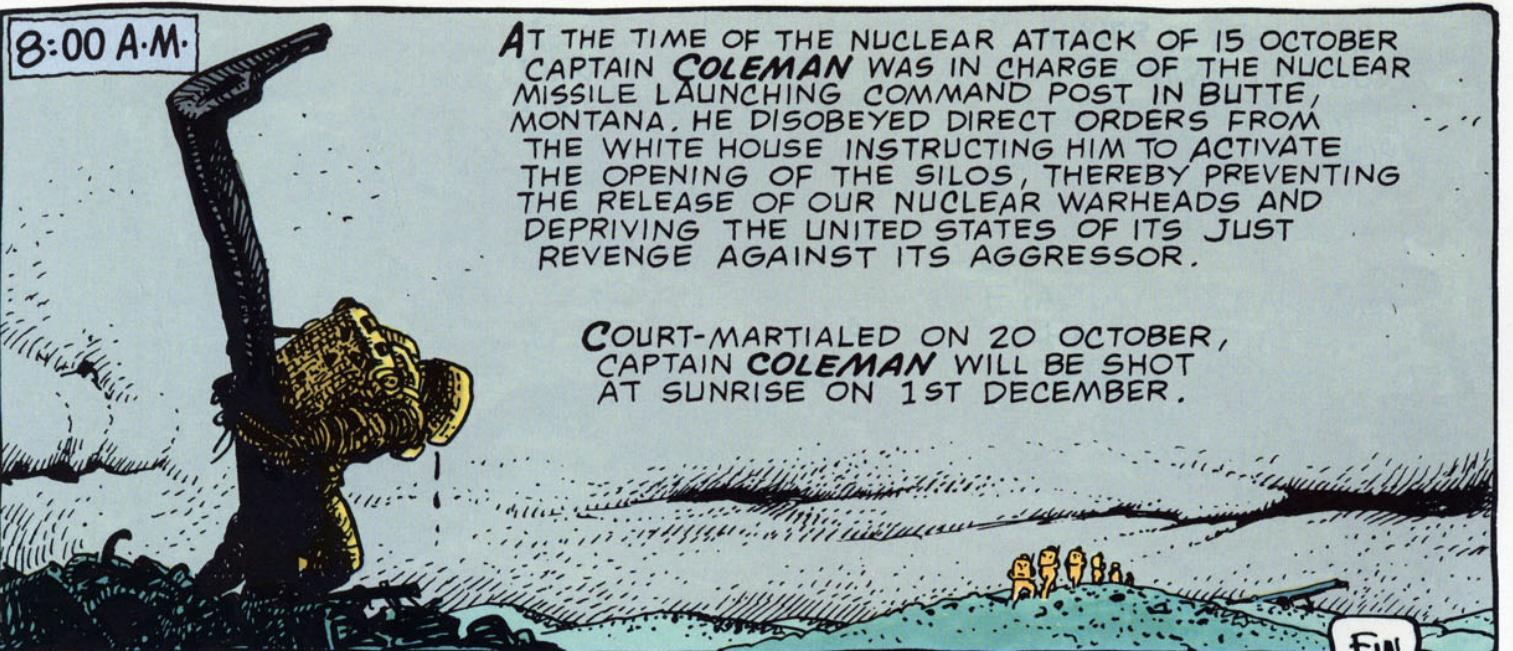
7:30
A.M.



7:31 A.M.



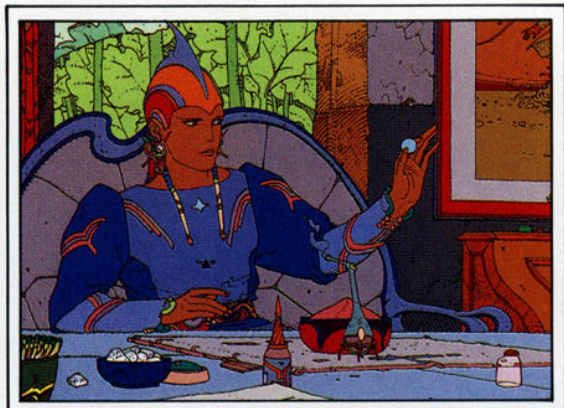
8:00 A.M.



AT THE TIME OF THE NUCLEAR ATTACK OF 15 OCTOBER CAPTAIN **COLEMAN** WAS IN CHARGE OF THE NUCLEAR MISSILE LAUNCHING COMMAND POST IN BUTTE, MONTANA. HE DISOBEYED DIRECT ORDERS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE INSTRUCTING HIM TO ACTIVATE THE OPENING OF THE SILOS, THEREBY PREVENTING THE RELEASE OF OUR NUCLEAR WARHEADS AND DEPRIVING THE UNITED STATES OF ITS JUST REVENGE AGAINST ITS AGGRESSOR.

COURT-MARTIALED ON 20 OCTOBER, CAPTAIN **COLEMAN** WILL BE SHOT AT SUNRISE ON 1ST DECEMBER.

FIN



In the early 1970s, my editors at **Pilote** and **Metal Hurlant** were gently pressuring me to produce more stories. Since they were extraordinarily receptive to new ideas, I did a number of short science fiction stories in the tradition of **Galaxy** magazine and American writers such as Robert Sheckley.

Writing that kind of short story is rather difficult, especially for a Frenchman, because it goes against a kind of literary tradition that exists in France, where few people produce this kind of material; unlike in the English speaking countries, where the short story is not only an art form, but also a publishing staple.

The charm of these stories lies in the surprise ending. The approach is always the same. The story will show someone who wants something very much. Then, at the end of the story, when he gets what he wants, the trick is for the writer to somehow find a way to take it away.

I did these stories by drawing a series of little sketches, like a very rough storyboard, on a notepad. It was quite a thrill, because when I started, I never knew what was going to happen.

Most of my stories start in a very classical fashion, usually with a starship, or a new planet. But it is precisely because the beginnings are so pedestrian that my imagination goes into some form of overdrive. Suddenly, I get submerged under a flow of ideas. I then reach a stage of consciousness where my mind goes through all the possibilities at super-speed, accepting or rejecting ideas, until I finally get my story.

Visually, these stories were done in a style very reminiscent of the illustrators of **Galaxy**, in particular Emsch and Virgil Finlay, whom I greatly admire.

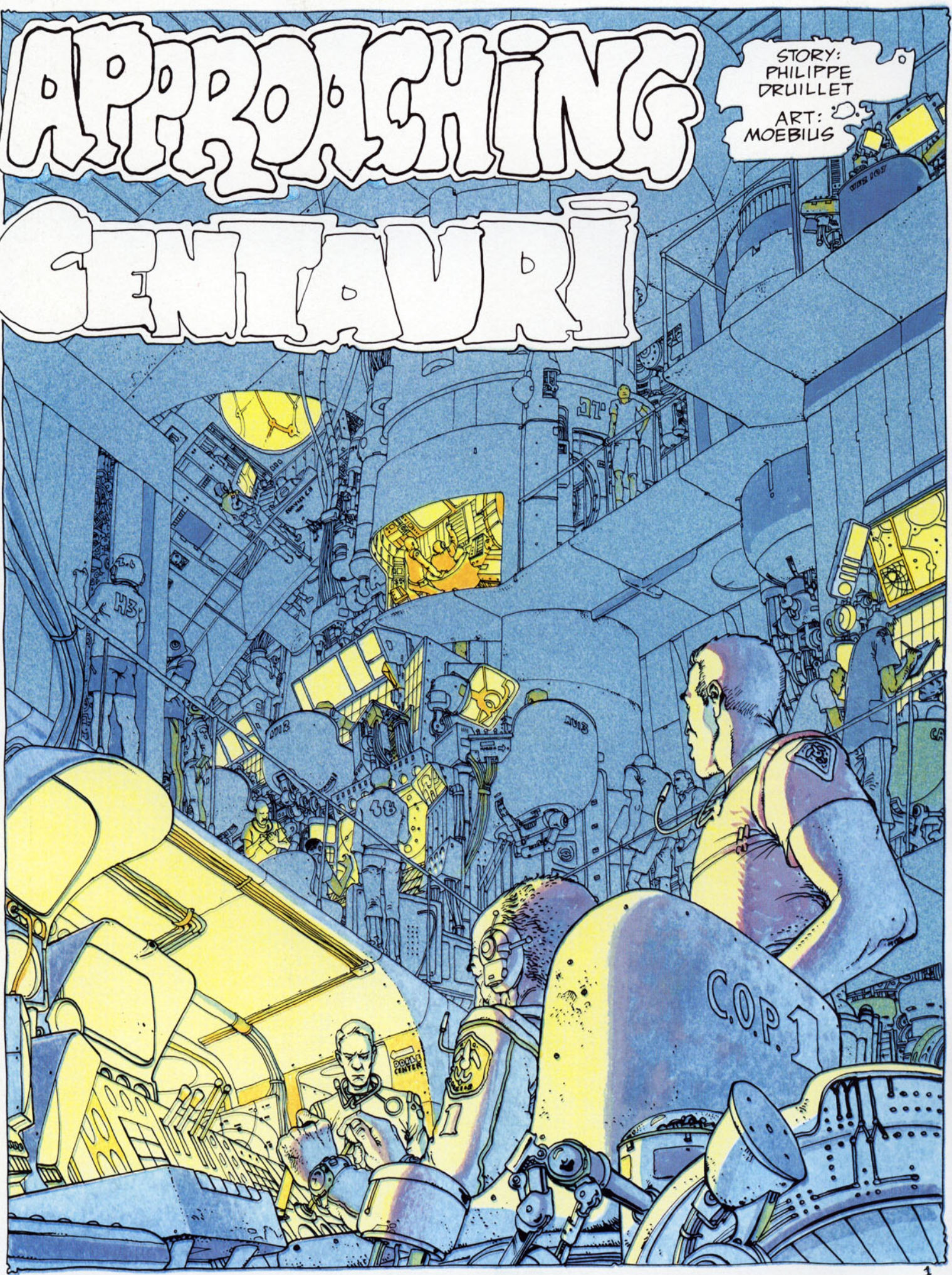
It's A Small Universe

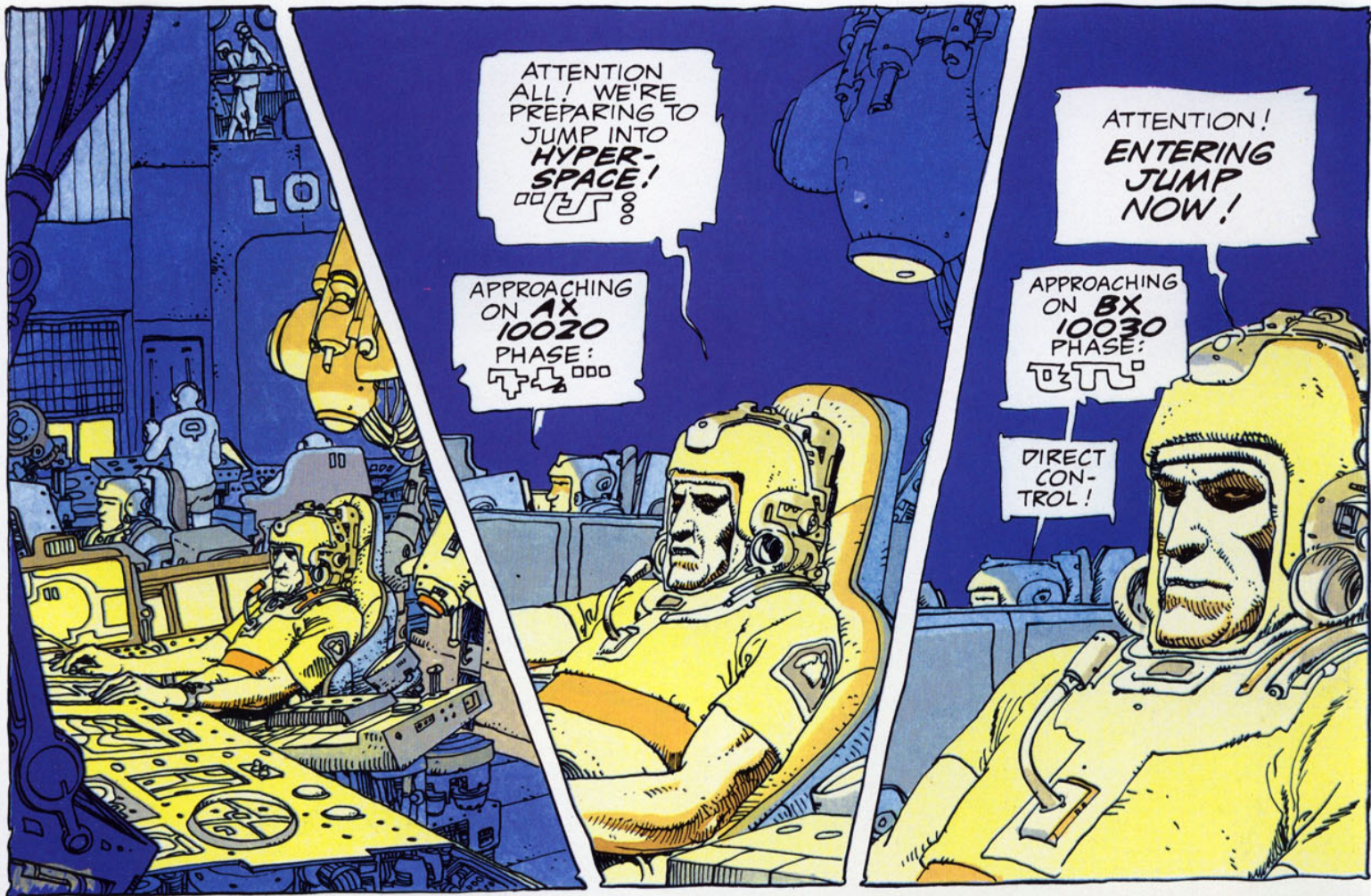
The rather dark, yet funny, ending of this story happened in a totally spontaneous fashion. It was completely unplanned. I believe this sort of thing was the result of the kind of life I was living at the time. As I changed, going more towards a lifestyle more oriented towards health, meditation, and spiritual concerns, I began to notice that the endings of my stories changed too.

They went from showing the often violent death of the characters to showing a physical or spiritual transformation. Of course, in the end, it is the same thing, except that a transformation is seen from a different, more spiritual plane. So, now, when I do a story, I do not show death, just the transformation itself, which is often symbolised by a character taking flight. In my more recent stories, a lot of my characters seem to either fly away, or turn into light! I try not to be that systematic, but it is the way things seem to work.

APPROACHING CENTAURI

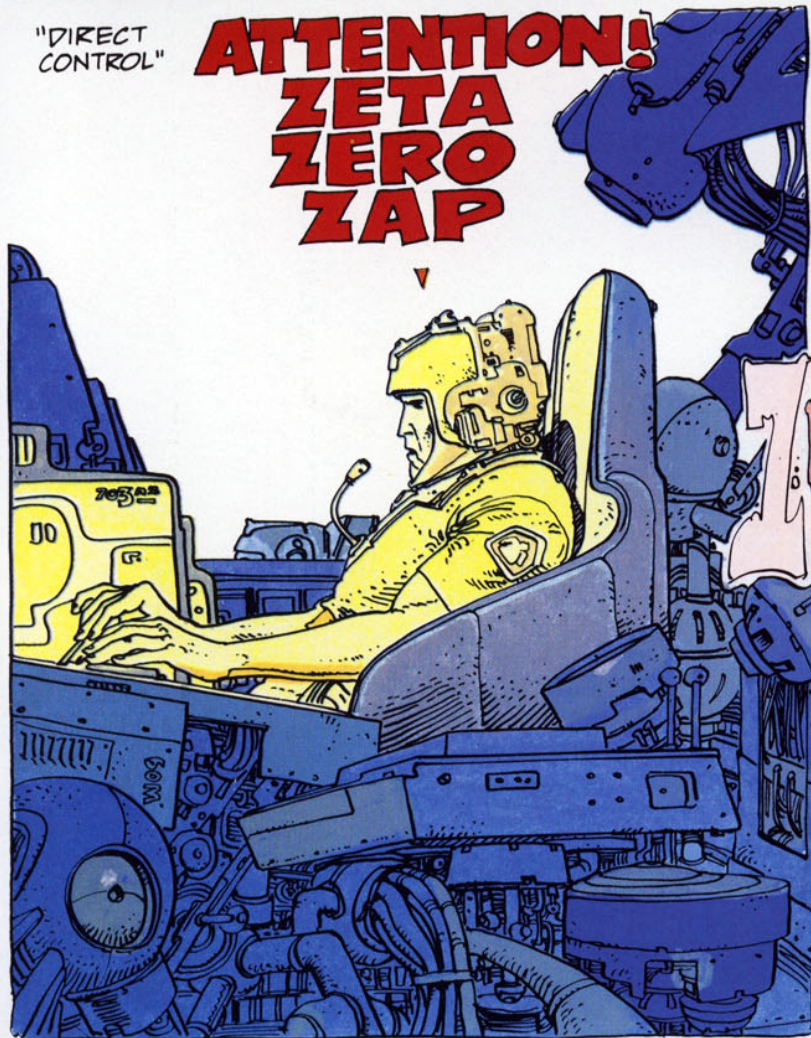
STORY:
PHILIPPE
DRUILLET
ART:
MOEBIUS



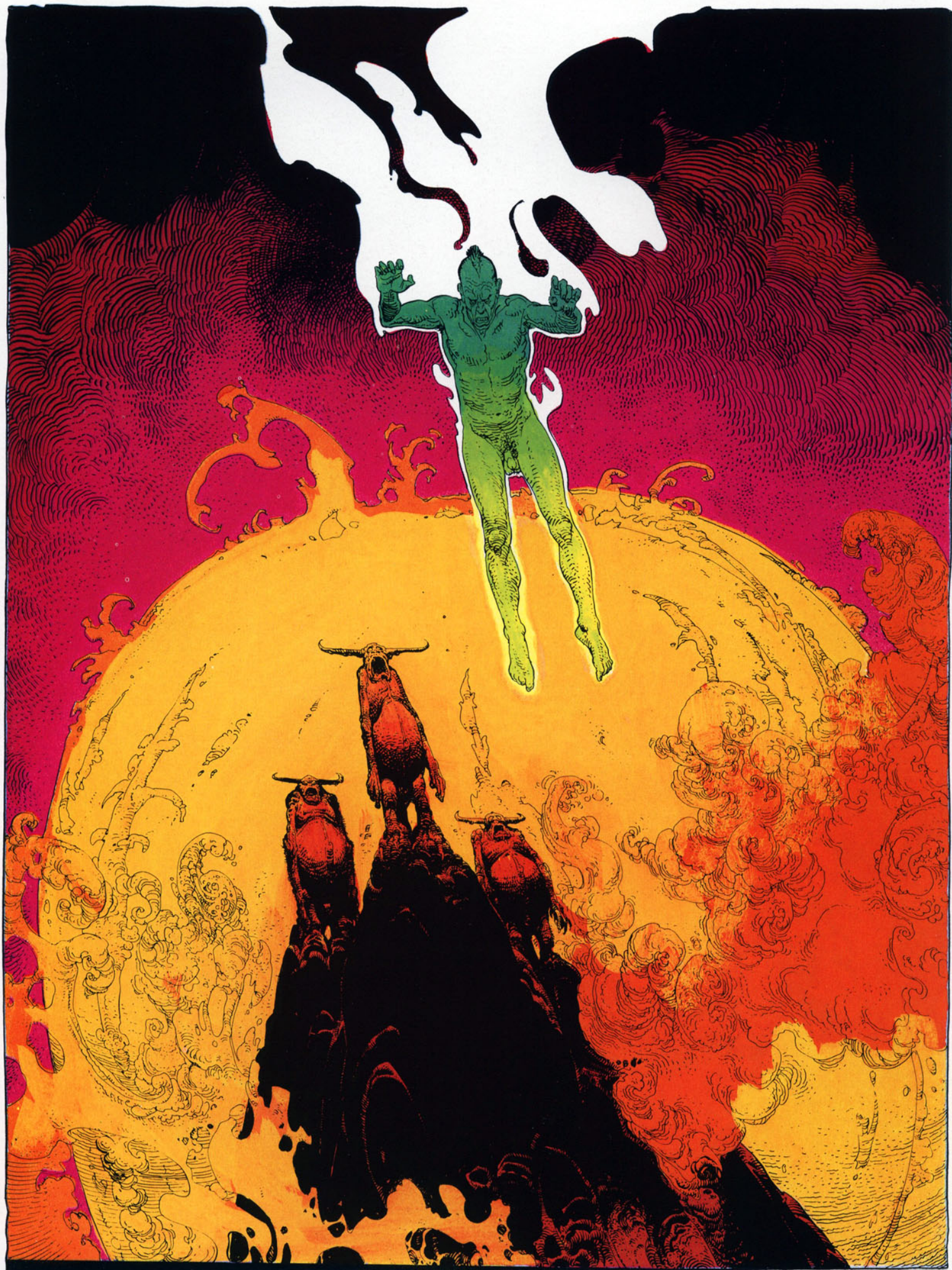


"DIRECT
CONTROL"

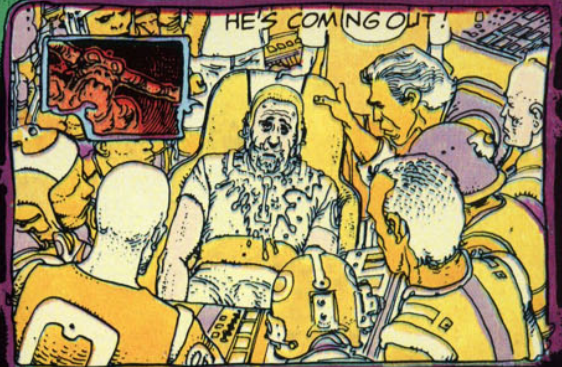
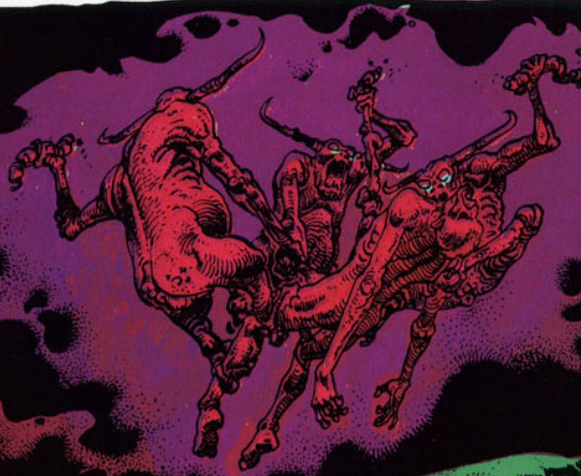
**ATTENTION!
ZETA
ZERO
ZAP**











THE DRIVE
FLOOBED, SIR...
YOU MUST HAVE
BEEN PROJECTED
RIGHT OUT OF THE
CONTINUUM
IT'S EXTREMELY
UNUSUAL
AND...

HOW DO
YOU FEEL?

DID YOU SEE
ANYTHING?

I'M OKAY, NOW...
**THE CONTROL
HELMET HURRY!**
WE'LL GET
BACK TO THE
EXIT
MANEUVER
AT PHASE:
000 000

I
**SAW
NO-
THING**
...
SAW
NO-
THING
...

ATTENTION ALL!
WE'RE PREPARING
TO JUMP INTO
HYPER-SPACE!
00 000

APPROACHING
ON AX 10020

ZETA
ZERO
ZAP...

FIN

BLACKBEARD AND THE PIRATE BRAIN

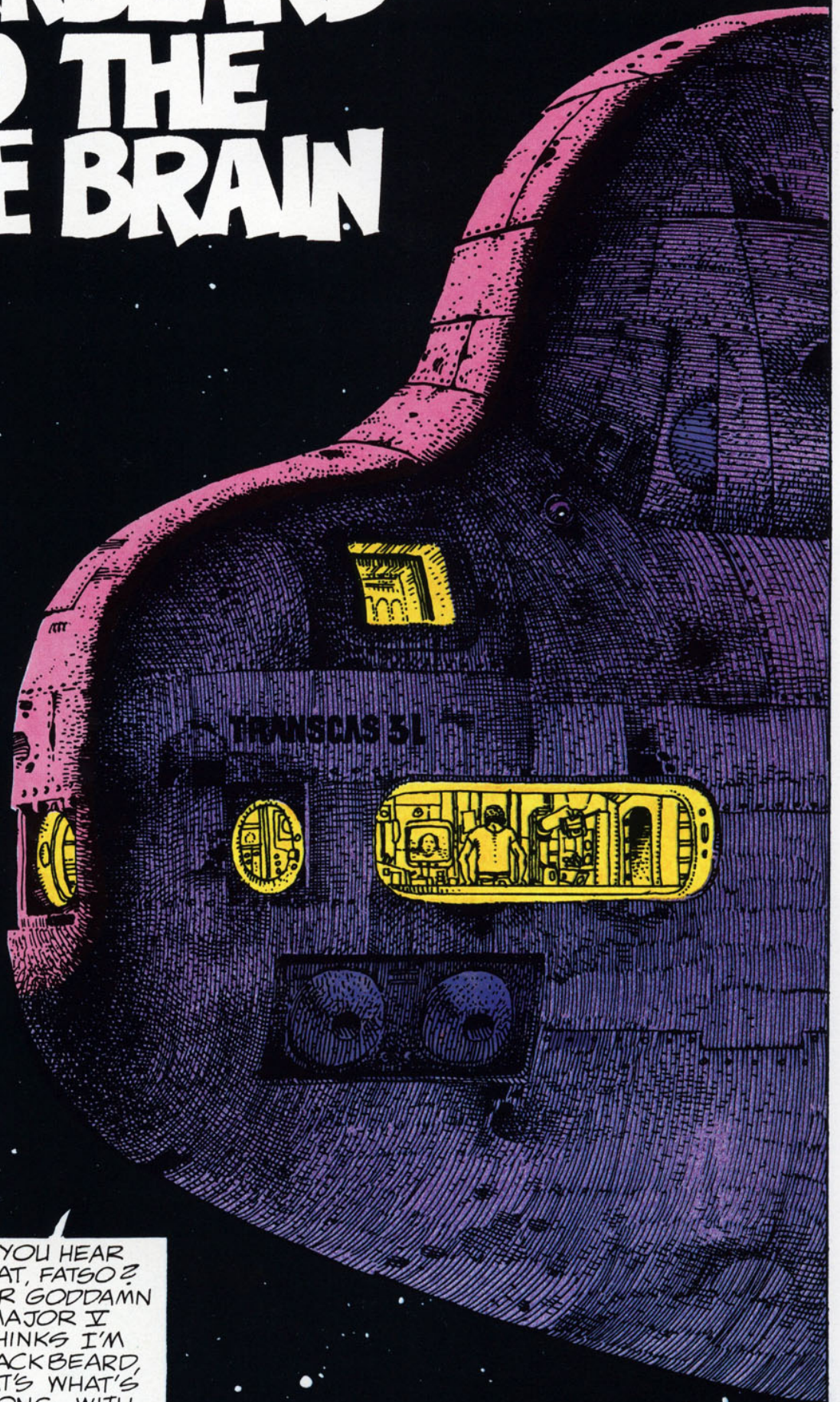
GYR
72

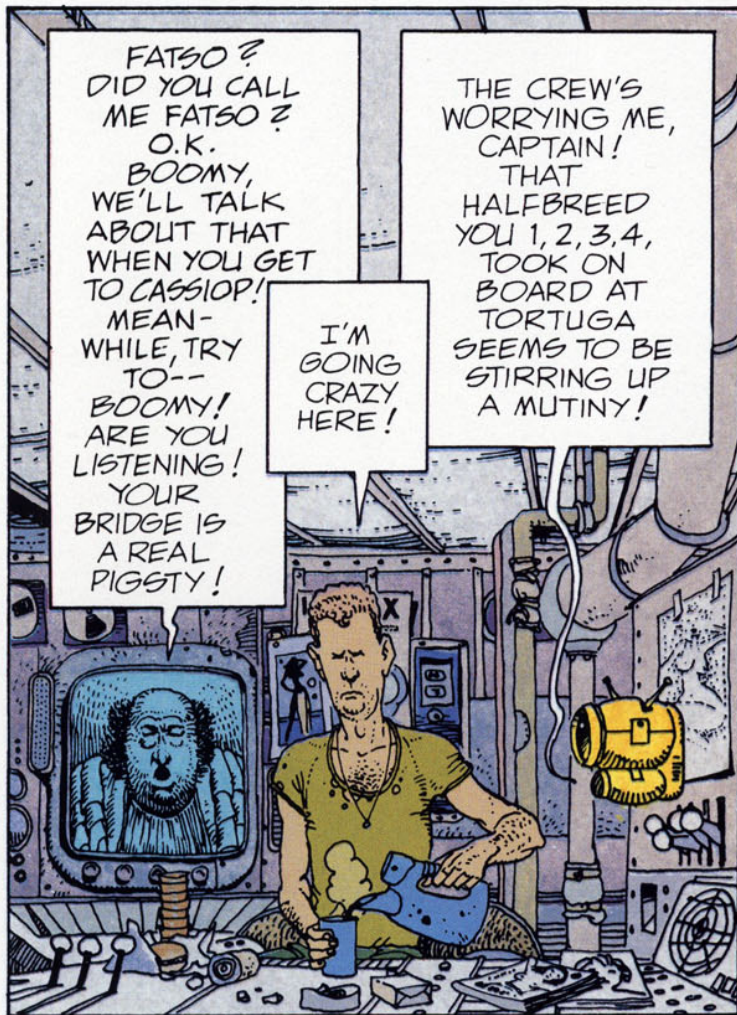
...WELL AWARE
THAT I'M
THIRTY
STANDARD
DAYS LATE,
AND THAT
THE CARGO
OF FLOLUOL
AND SILKEN
BLAVOULES
IS HIGHLY
PERISHABLE!
BUT I'M
TELLING YOU,
IT'S THAT
MAJOR V
COMPUBRAIN
THAT--

LISTEN,
BOOMY!
DON'T
GET ON MY
CASE
AGAIN
WITH THE
MAJOR V.
IT
JUST
CAN'T--

CAPTAIN!
THE BARREL
OF
JAMAICAN RUM
HAS BEEN
TAPPED AND
THE CREW IS
SHOWING
SIGNS OF--

DO YOU HEAR
THAT, FATSO?
YOUR GODDAMN
MAJOR V
THINKS I'M
BLACKBEARD,
THAT'S WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
IT!



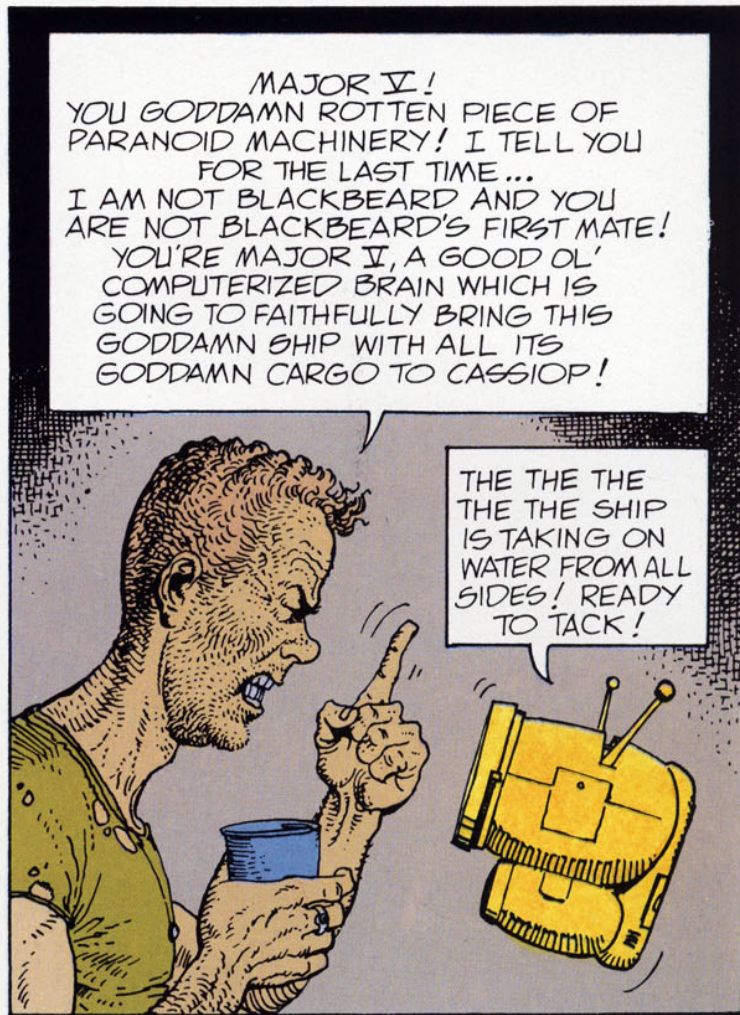


FATSO?
DID YOU CALL
ME FATSO?
O.K.
BOOMY,
WE'LL TALK
ABOUT THAT
WHEN YOU GET
TO CASSIOP!

MEAN-
WHILE, TRY
TO--
BOOMY!
ARE YOU
LISTENING!
YOUR
BRIDGE IS
A REAL
PIGSTY!

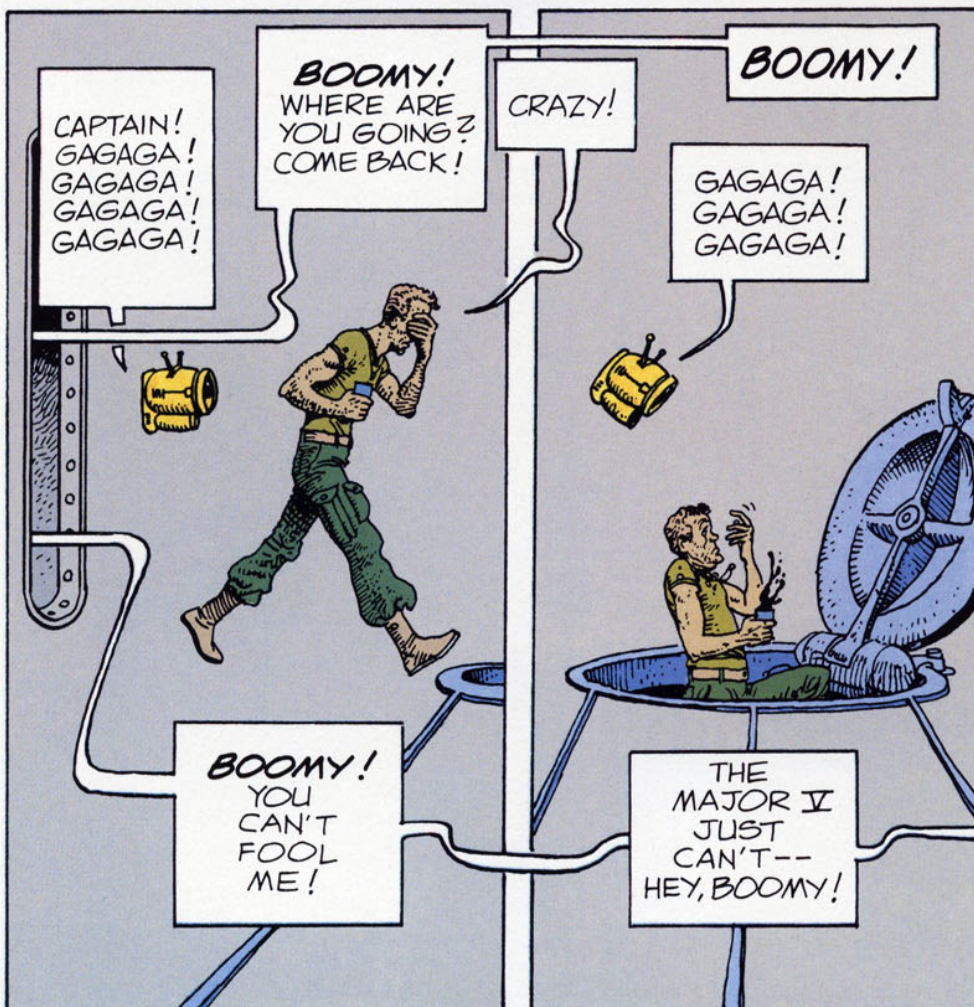
I'M
GOING
CRAZY
HERE!

THE CREW'S
WORRYING ME,
CAPTAIN!
THAT
HALFBREED
YOU 1, 2, 3, 4,
TOOK ON
BOARD AT
TORTUGA
SEEMS TO BE
STIRRING UP
A MUTINY!



MAJOR V!
YOU GODDAMN ROTTEN PIECE OF
PARANOID MACHINERY! I TELL YOU
FOR THE LAST TIME ...
I AM NOT BLACKBEARD AND YOU
ARE NOT BLACKBEARD'S FIRST MATE!
YOU'RE MAJOR V, A GOOD OL'
COMPUTERIZED BRAIN WHICH IS
GOING TO FAITHFULLY BRING THIS
GODDAMN SHIP WITH ALL ITS
GODDAMN CARGO TO CASSIOP!

THE THE THE
THE THE SHIP
IS TAKING ON
WATER FROM ALL
SIDES! READY
TO TACK!



CAPTAIN!
GAGAGA!
GAGAGA!
GAGAGA!
GAGAGA!

BOOMY!
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?
COME BACK!

CRAZY!

BOOMY!

GAGAGA!
GAGAGA!
GAGAGA!

BOOMY!
YOU
CAN'T
FOOL
ME!

THE
MAJOR V
JUST
CAN'T--
HEY, BOOMY!

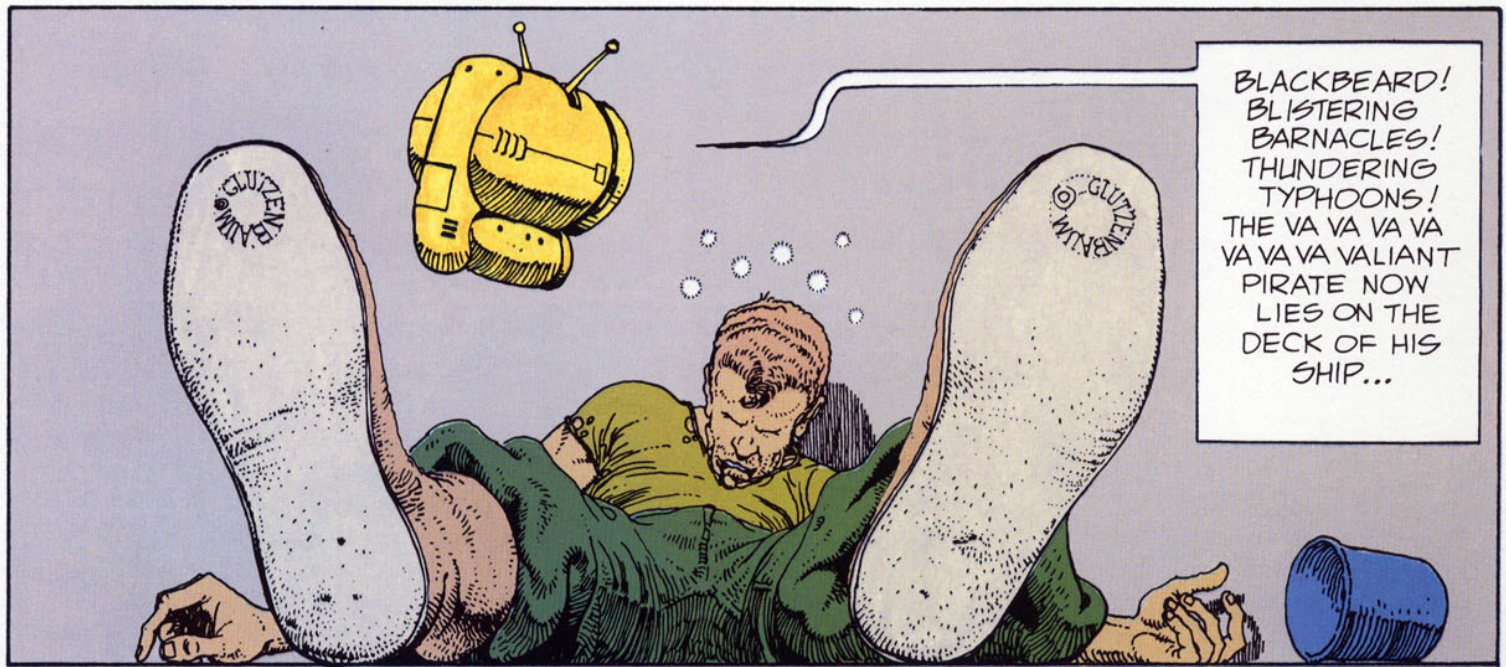


HAAAA

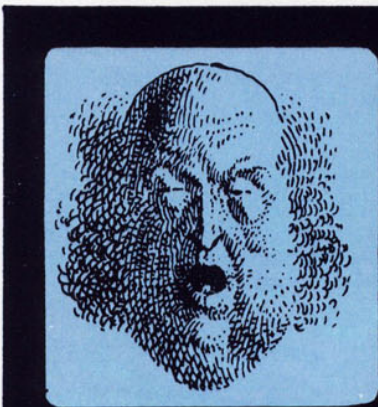
LO-LOOK
OUT FOR
THE HATCH,
CAPTAIN...!

KAP
KADONG
DOOM

THE
MAJOR V
CAN'T BREAK
DOWN...!



BLACKBEARD!
BLISTERING
BARNACLES!
THUNDERING
TYPHOONS!
THE VA VA VA VA
VA VA VA VALIANT
PIRATE NOW
LIES ON THE
DECK OF HIS
SHIP...



BOOMY!
WHERE HAS
THAT BUM GONE?
HE CALLED
ME, FATSO,
YOU HEAR THAT,
DLEE? MAKE
A NOTE.
AS SOON AS
HE ARRIVES ON
CASSIOP, HE'S
FIRED! MAKE A
NOTE OF THAT,
DLEE...!



STILL
NOTHING!
DLEE,
SEE IF YOU
CAN
REACH
MOINAR,
AT G.I.M.,
I'VE
GOT A
QUESTION
FOR
HIM...

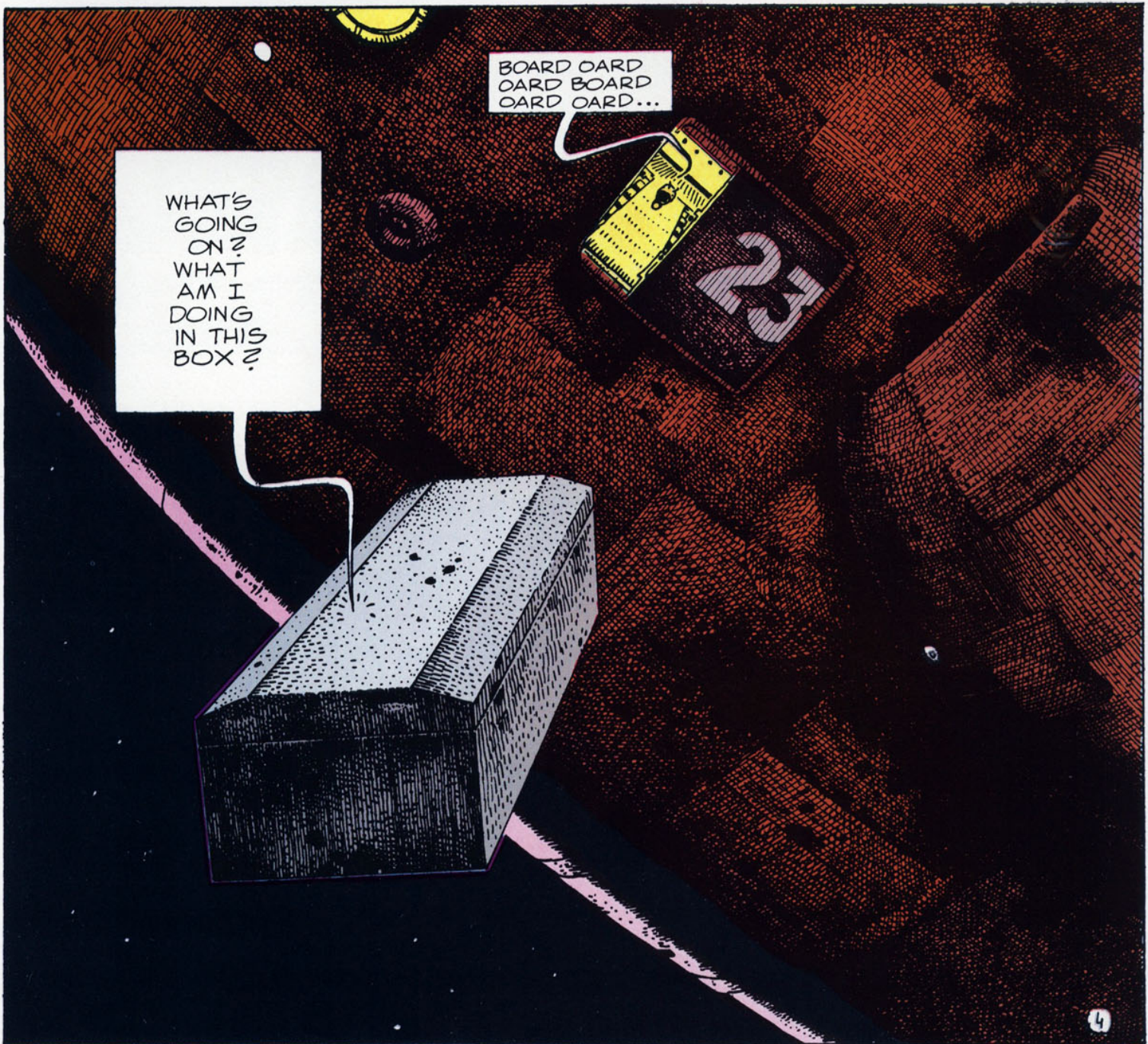
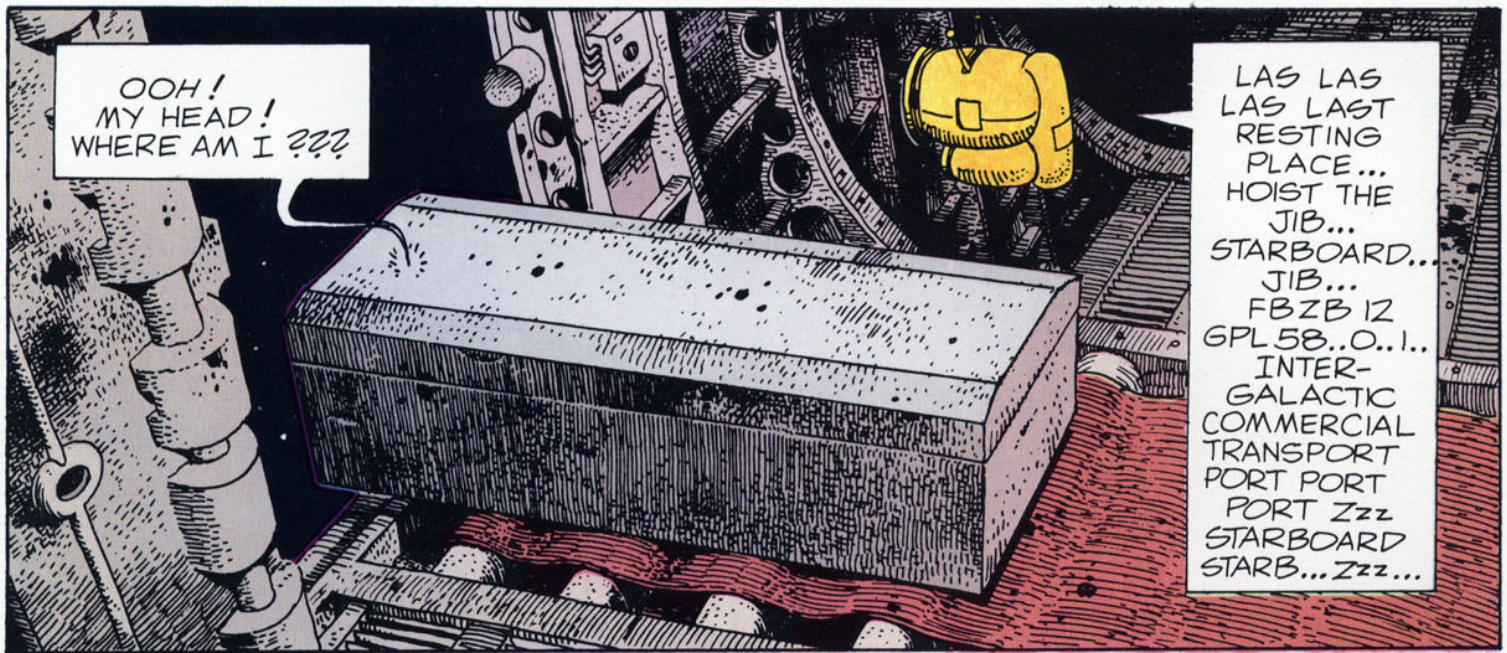
BLACKBEARD,
TERROR OF THE
SEVEN SEAS...
CRII... 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, 7, 9, B.B.
STARBOARD,
12, 13...

CR11 F712
AN HEROIC
DEATH 555...

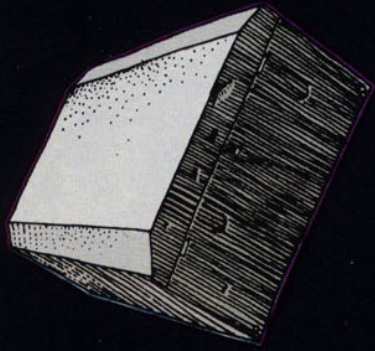
THE
ICY WATERS
OF THE DEEP
WILL BE HIS
LAS LAS LAS
LAS LAS
LAS LAS LAS
LAS LAS...

30A

POUT
POUT

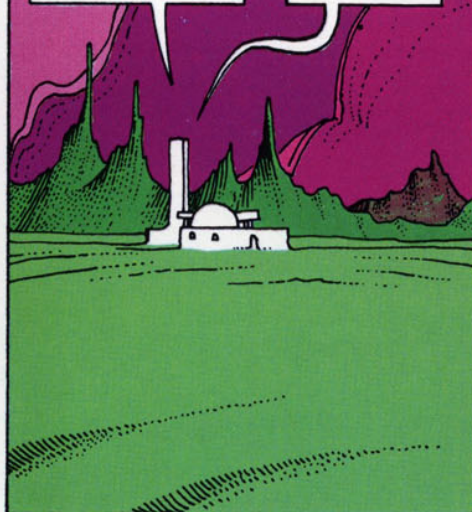


CUT IT
OUT,
MAJOR V!



BOOMY!
HAS HE
GOTTEN
DRUNK
OR
WHAT?
WHAT
IS IT,
DLEE?

I'VE
GOT
MOINAR
ON
THE
VIDEO,
SIR!



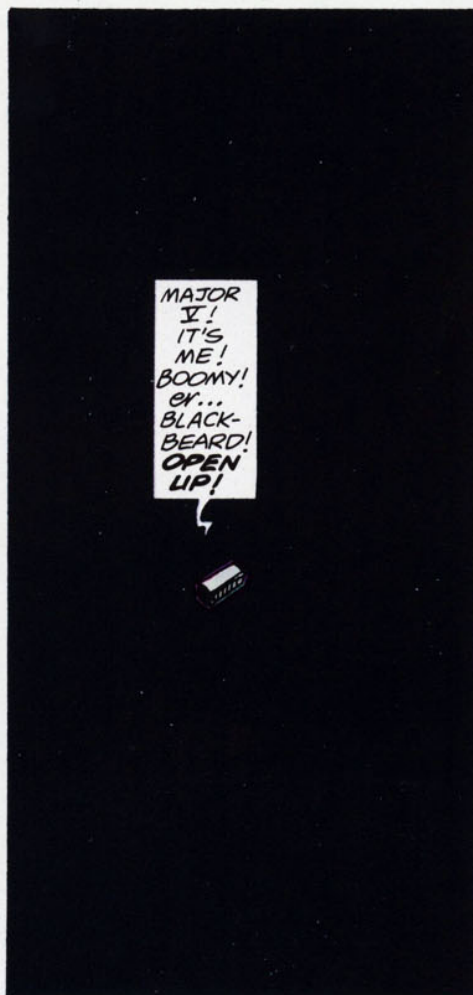
MAJOR V!
OPEN!!!
I'M
GONNA
RUN OUT
OF AIR IN
HERE!



Ah, MOINAR!
YOU'RE THE
TECHNO-DEALER
FOR G.I.M.
ON CASSIOP,
RIGHT?
SO, I'VE
GOT A
QUESTION
FOR YOU:
CAN THE
MAJOR V
BREAK
DOWN?

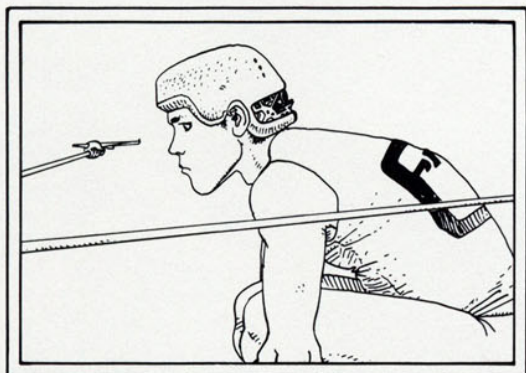


**MAJOR
V!
IT'S
ME!
BOOMY!
OR...
BLACK-
BEARD!
OPEN
UP!**



TOTALLY
IMPOSSIBLE,
SIR!
I
PROGRAMMED
IT MYSELF!





There Is A Prince Charming On Phenixon

I drew it when I was on holiday on the Island of Re, on the West Coast of France. It is an absolutely beautiful place, and the art here perfectly reflects the beauty of the place and state of mind in which I was at the time.

The story also has its own music. It is very influenced by two of my favorite authors, who both had a wonderful way with words, names, places, etcetera. One is French writer Boris Vian, and the other is science fiction writer Jack Vance. Both have something in common, which is that they show what seems to me incredible courtesy in their way of addressing the reader.

Variations No. 4027 On "The" Theme

French writer Jacques Lob had asked me for a story on the theme of nuclear war for a special issue of **Metal Hurlant**. It worked out rather well, since I had had that theme in my mind for a while. My idea was to show the total disproportion between things such as national pride, rules and regulations, chauvinism, etcetera, and the overwhelming power of destruction contained in the world's nuclear armaments.

What you see here is the total absurdity of a situation based on laws and principles that have been made completely obsolete by the sheer devastation of a nuclear war. It is a little like in the movie **War Games**; there are no winners, only losers.

When I had drawn the story, I had been shaking inside myself. I had shivered. And yet, when it appeared in print, it did not elicit any reaction at all. Not one single comment, which in itself was remarkable, since my stories always got some reaction. It was a completely, unanimous silence. I am still puzzled by this. Perhaps it is because comics are still perceived as a kind of clown, whose purpose is to entertain, not to scare.

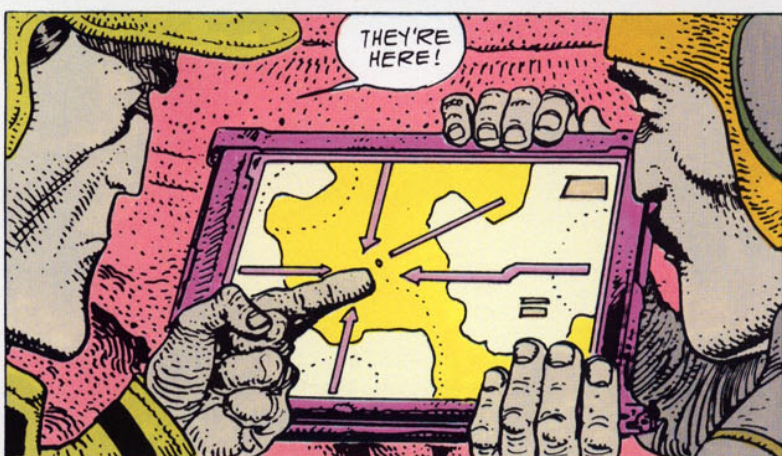
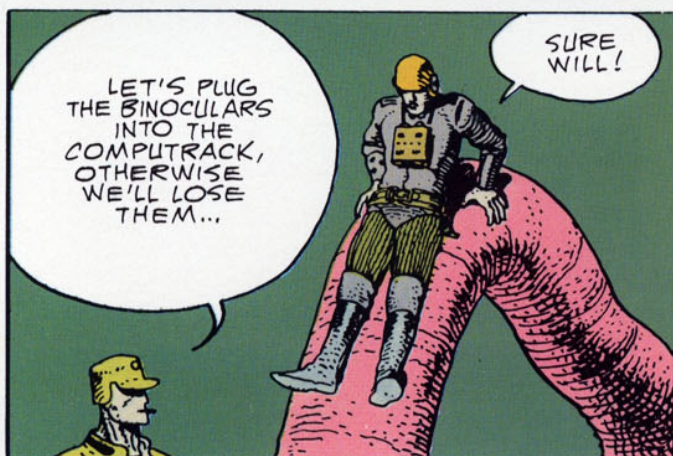
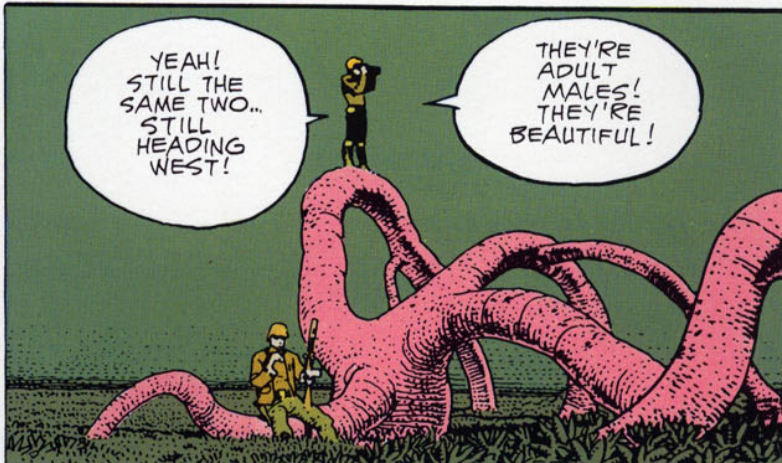
Approaching Centauri

This was based upon a story written by a fellow **Metal Hurlant** artist, Philippe Druillet, the creator of **Lone Sloane**. My intention was to see if I could express the same quality of nightmarish visions that always seemed to come so naturally to Philippe. I even used the same extra-large format of paper that he uses for drawing his stories. At the same time, I wanted to retain my own style, and not copy him. In fact, I had the art of French illustrator Gustave Dore in mind when I started drawing the story.

To a large extent, in spite of trying very hard, I was disappointed by the result. I wanted something stronger, much more powerful. Certain parts are very good, such as the first two pages, which show the interior of the spaceship. I was obviously in my universe there. But the monsters look a little too artificial, a little too insincere. To draw truly good monsters without drawing upon the darker zones of your psyche is always difficult, and clearly, I did not carry these inside me. Philippe's nightmares are true. They reach something within us all. In this story, mine did not.

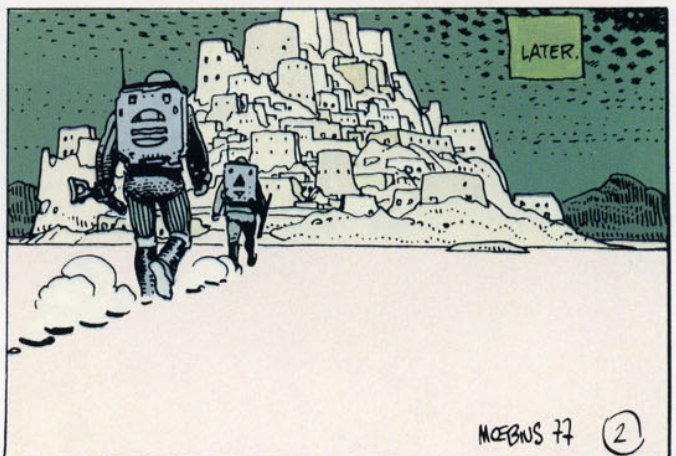
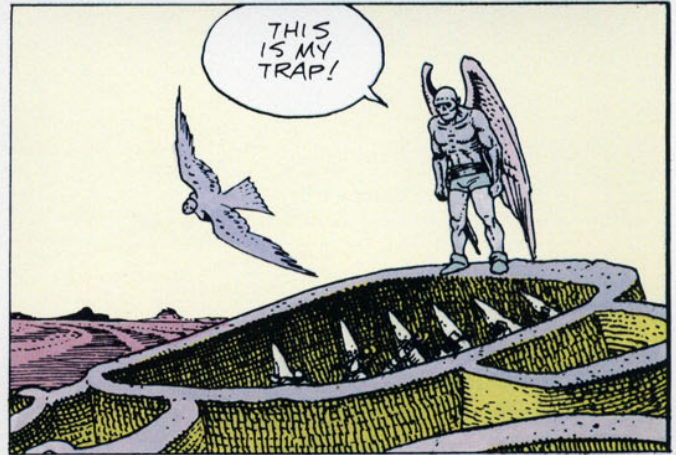
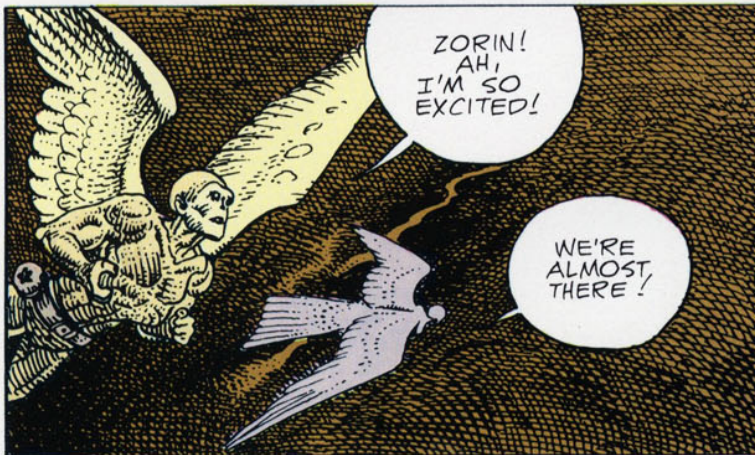
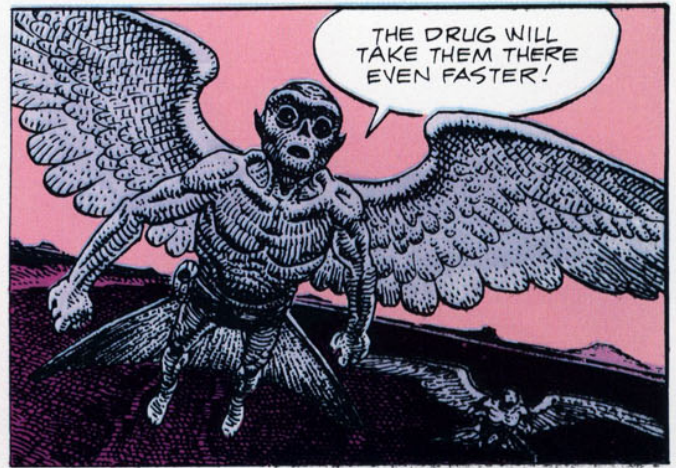
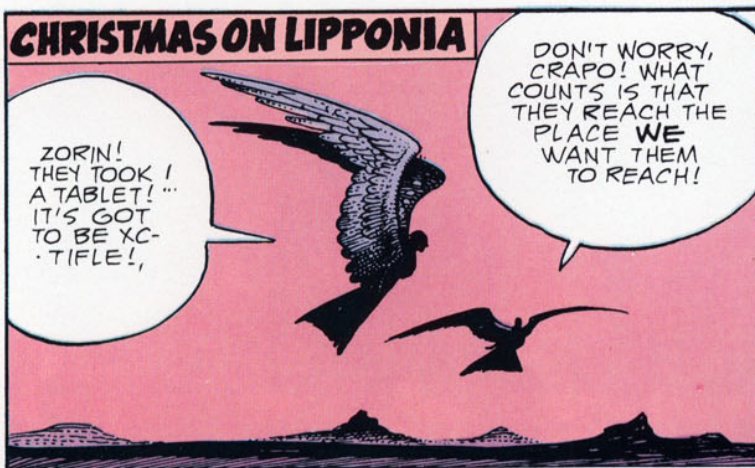
IN THE ENTIRE GALAXY, THERE WAS NO GAME MORE THRILLING TO HUNT THAN THE LIPPON OF BARASCALPOE.

CHRISTMAS ON LIPPONIA

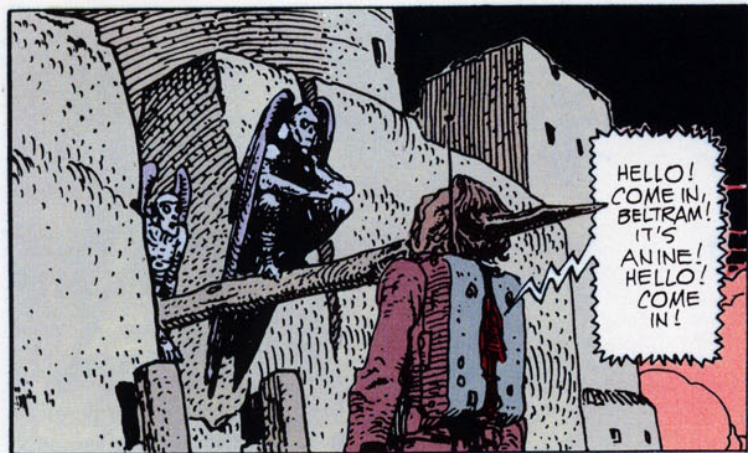
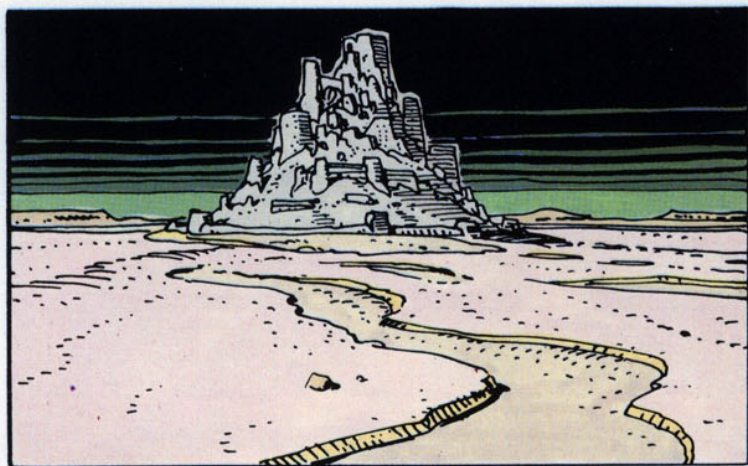
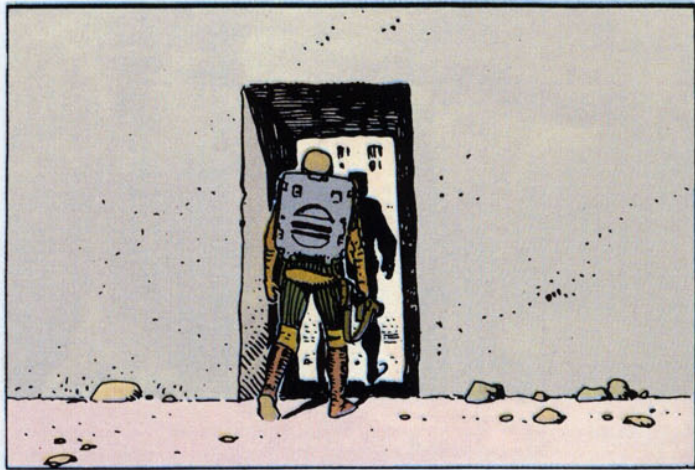
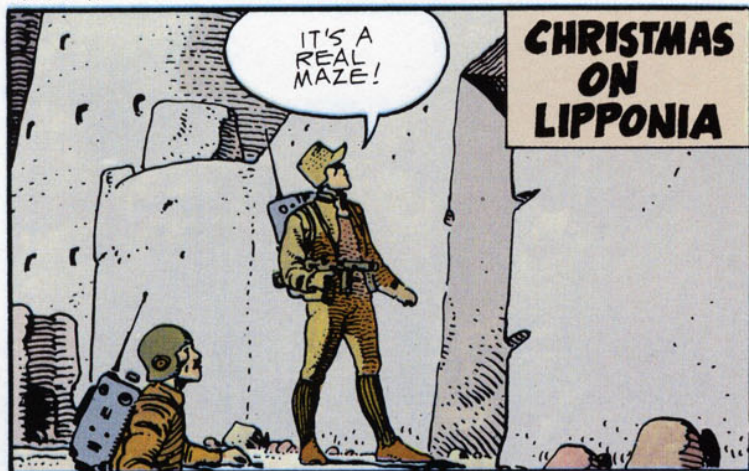


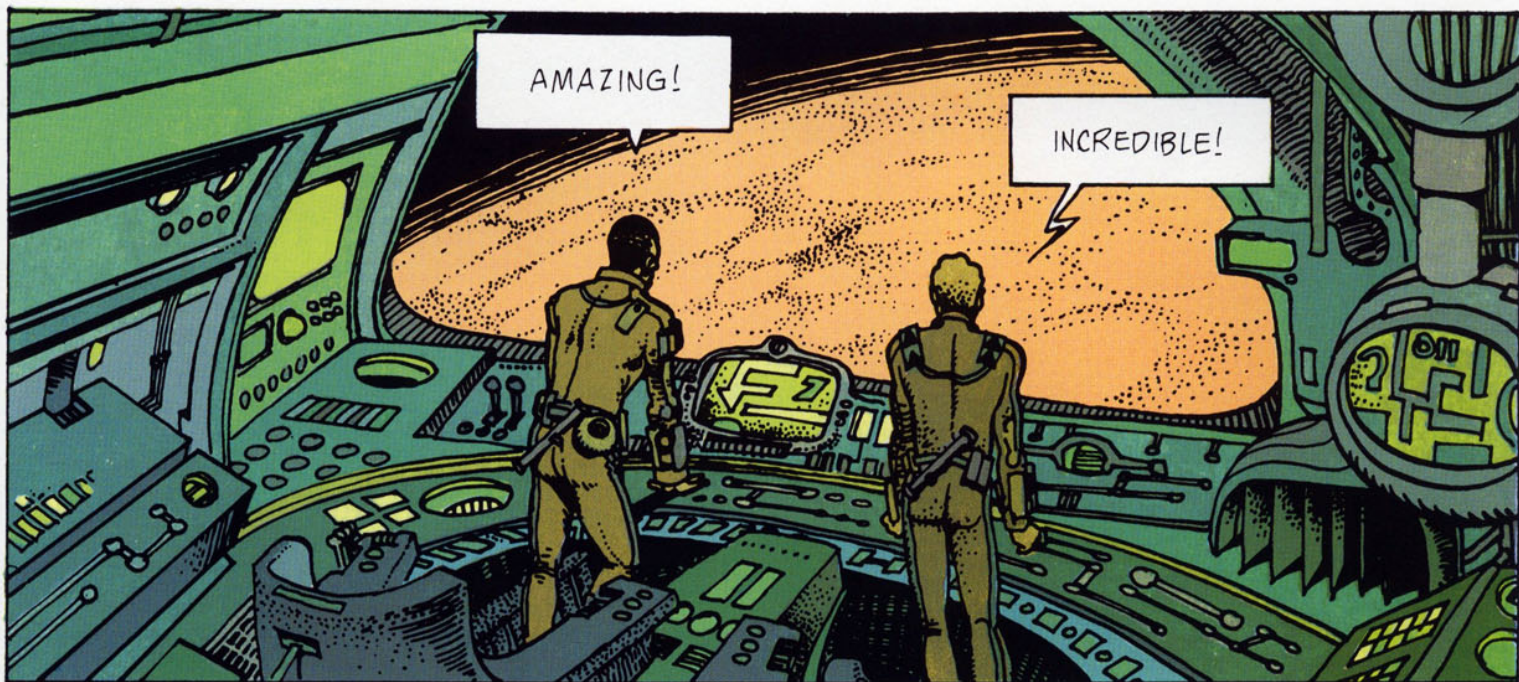
RICH HUNTERS PAY DEARLY FOR THE RIGHT TO HUNT THESE STRANGE LITTLE WINGED CREATURES.

CHRISTMAS ON LIPPONIA



UNTIL THE DAY WHEN IT ALL CHANGED, BECAUSE THINGS CHANGE ON BARASCALPOE AS THEY DO EVERYWHERE ELSE...URS...





AMAZING!

INCREDIBLE!

THE ARTIFACT

"THE DISCOVERY OF AN 'ARTIFACT,' I.E.: AN OBJECT MANUFACTURED BY ANOTHER INTELLIGENT CIVILIZATION, IS OF CONSIDERABLE IMPORTANCE IN INTERSTELLAR EXPLORATION BECAUSE IT IS A SIGN THAT MAN IS NOT ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE."

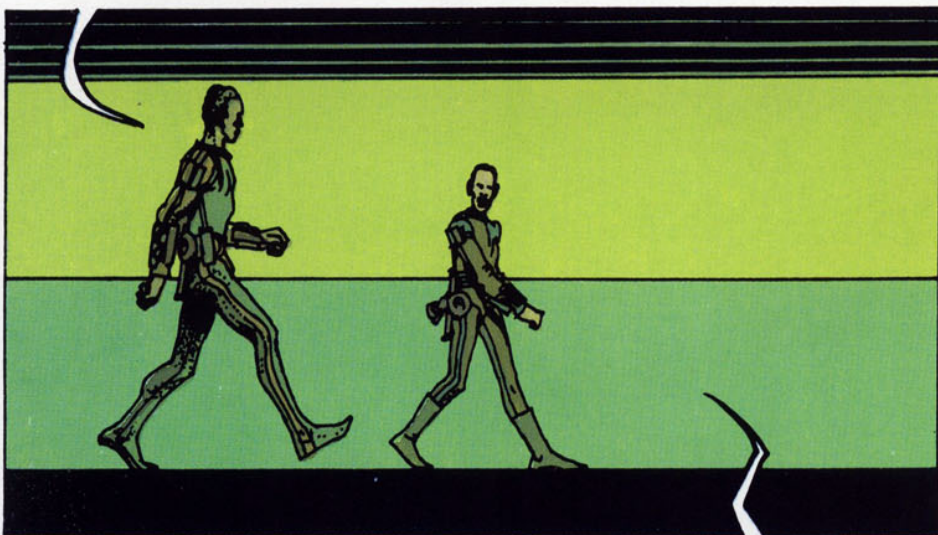
H.V. VEGANT. "OUR GALAXY" (VOL. 1)



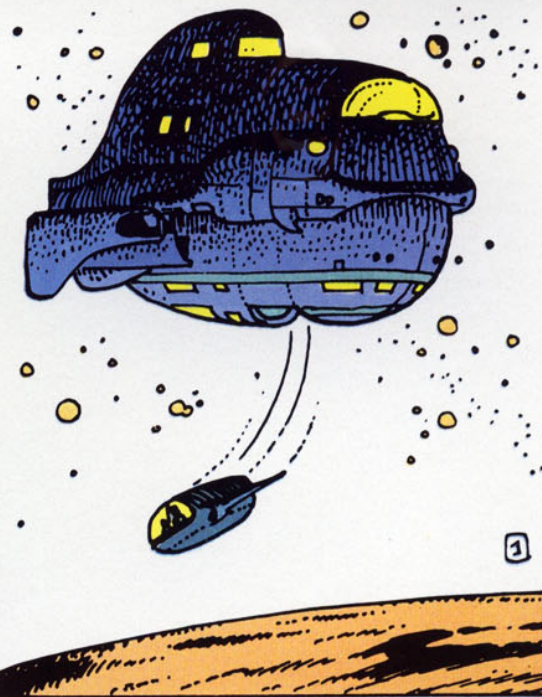
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A HUGE CLASS-A (*) PLANET BEFORE!

ACCORDING TO THE COMPUTER, IT'S ALMOST TWO HUNDRED TIMES THE SIZE OF EARTH.

THE PROBE INDICATES HUGE DEPOSITS OF BILLENIUM!
WE'RE RICH, NAB!



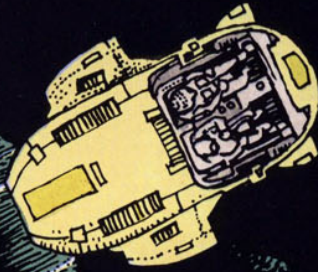
LET'S LEAVE THIS OLD CLINKER IN ORBIT AND USE A SHUTTLE FOR THE PRELIMINARIES...





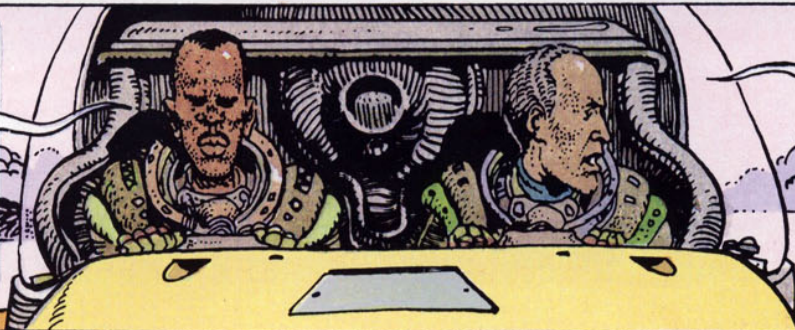
A SEA!

THE GRAVITY IS
INCREDIBLE! WITHOUT
OUR ANTI-G
SUITS, WE'D BE
FLAT AS
PANCAKES IN A
MICRO-
SECOND...



TURN TWO
DEGREES TO
THE EAST. THE
COMPUTRACK
INDICATES SOME
LAND AHEAD...

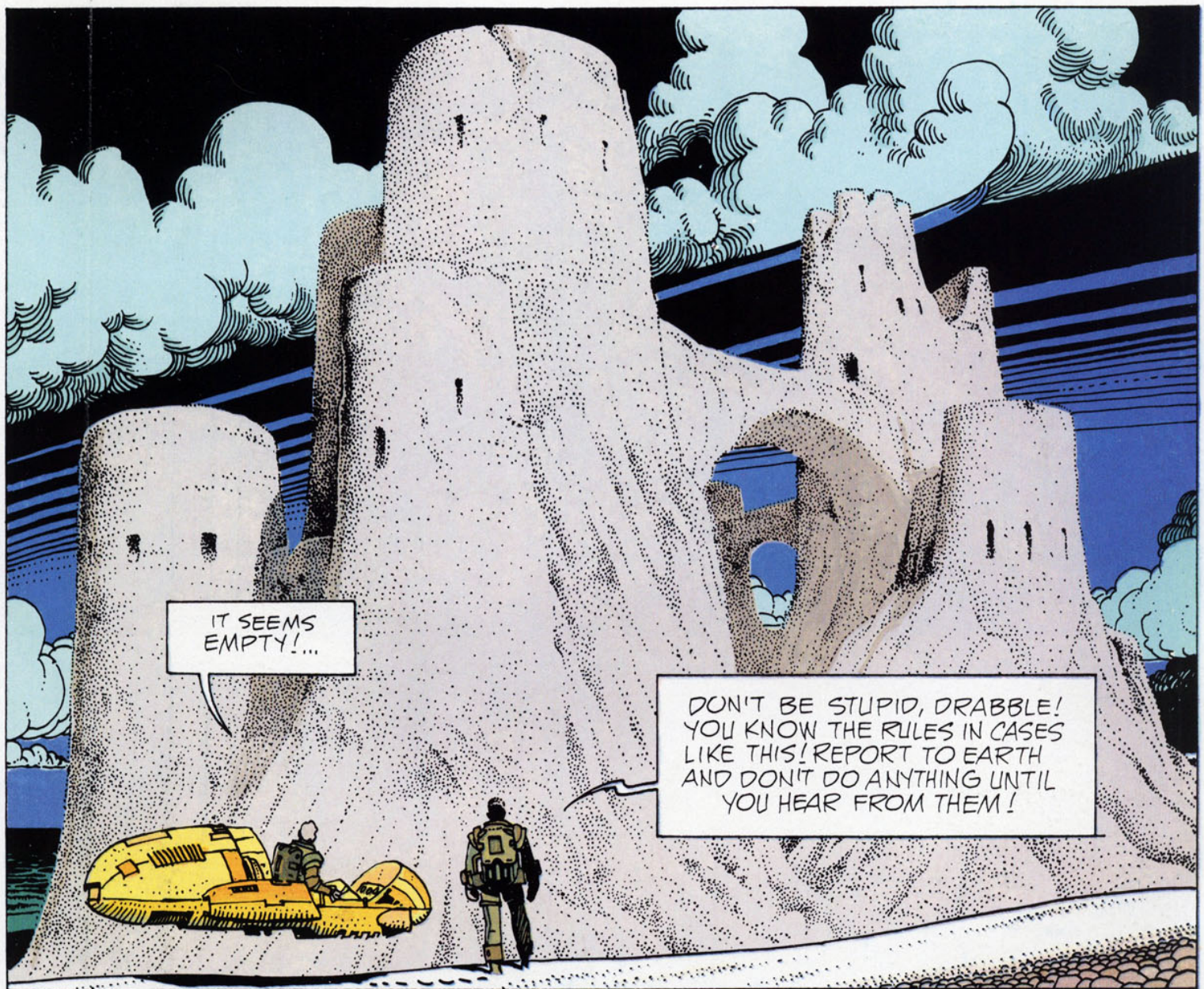
THERE! LOOK!
A BEACH! IT
LOOKS JUST
LIKE MY NATIVE
CALIFORNIA,
BUT BIGGER!



HEY! LOOK OVER
THERE! IT'S AN
ARTIFACT!



A CASTLE!



IT SEEMS
EMPTY!...

DON'T BE STUPID, DRABBLE!
YOU KNOW THE RULES IN CASES
LIKE THIS! REPORT TO EARTH
AND DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL
YOU HEAR FROM THEM!

BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR
BILLENIIUM DEPOSITS, NAB?
YOU KNOW THAT, ON EARTH,
THERE'S ALWAYS VULTURES
READY TO GRAB
NEW CLAIMS.

LOOK! AT THE
BOTTOM OF
THAT TOWER...
AN OPENING!

MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT... BESIDES,
THESE RUINS SEEM
DESERTED... LET'S
TAKE A LOOK!

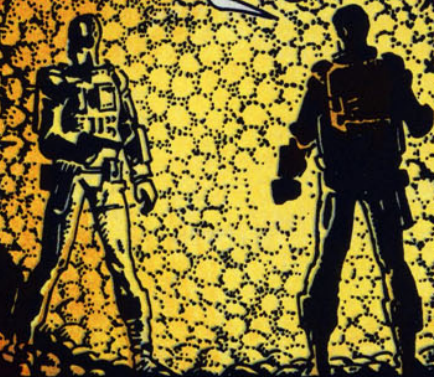
SO?

NO ONE!

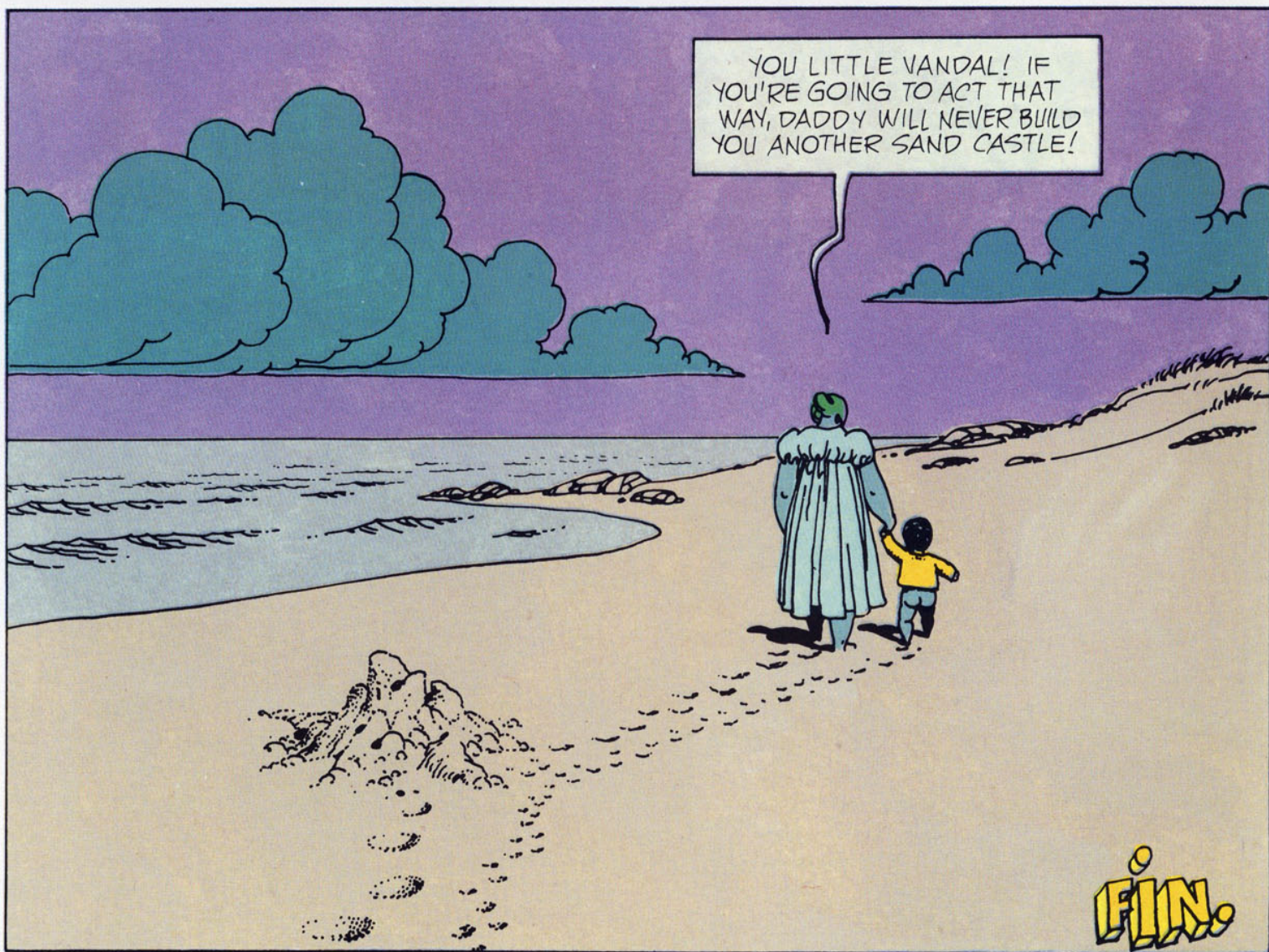
I'D LIKE TO TELL THE GUY WHO
BUILT THIS PLACE A THING OR
TWO! A TEN-MILE CORRIDOR
LEADING NOWHERE...I WONDER
WHAT IT...

NAB!
YOU
HEAR
THAT?

YEAH...
THE
GROUND
IS
TREM-
BLING...



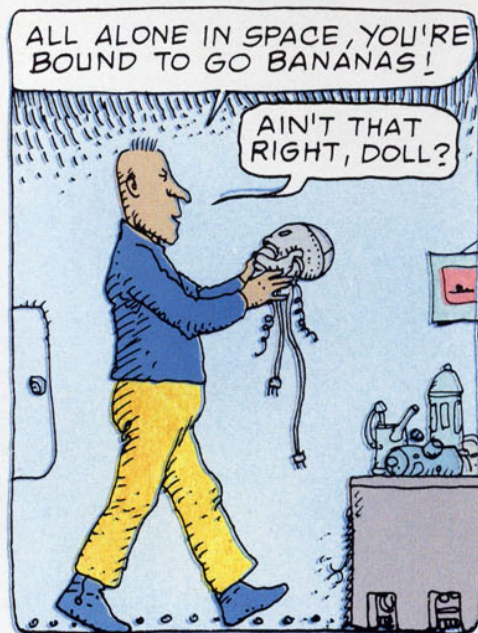
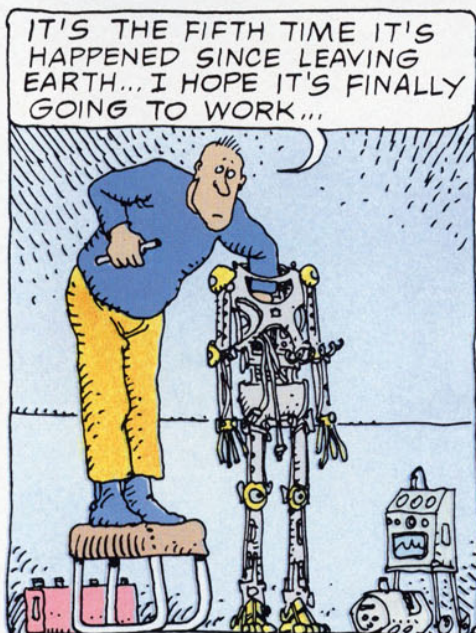
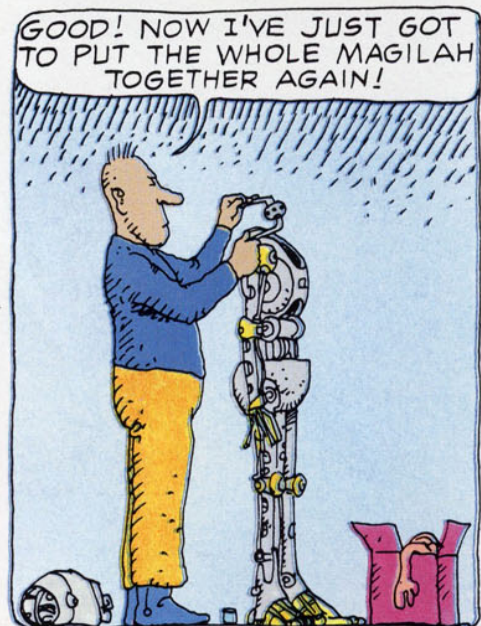
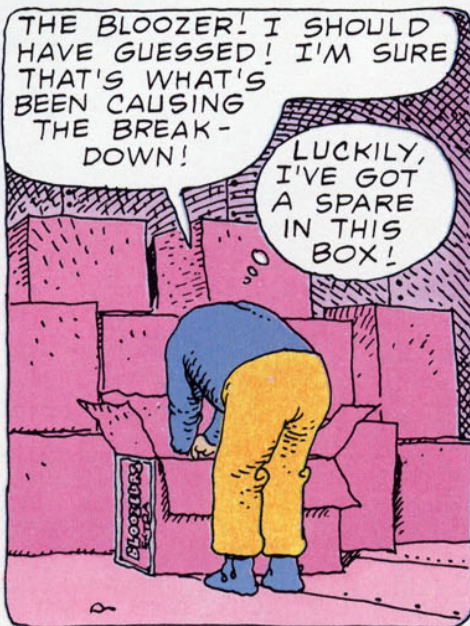
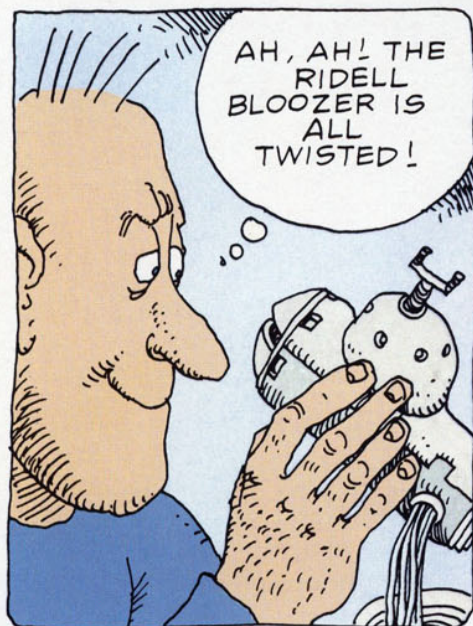
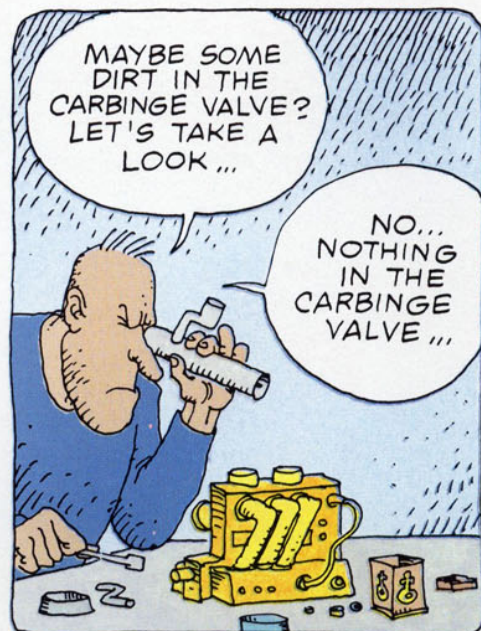
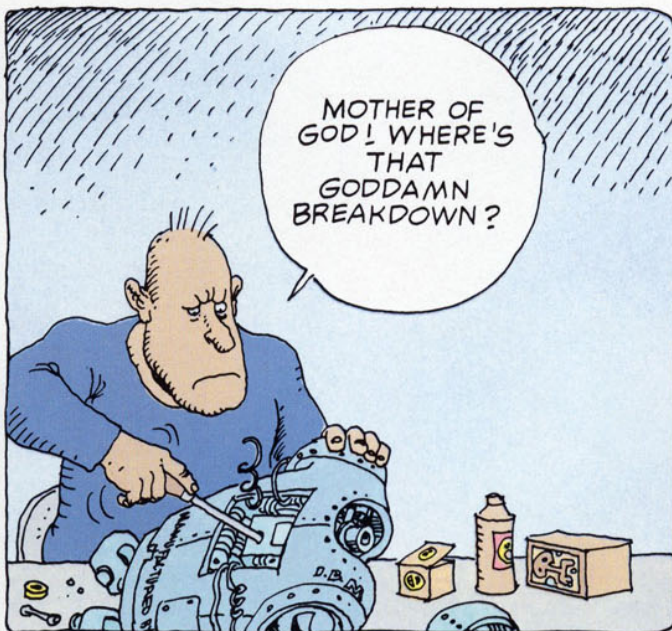
YOU LITTLE VANDAL! IF
YOU'RE GOING TO ACT THAT
WAY, DADDY WILL NEVER BUILD
YOU ANOTHER SAND CASTLE!

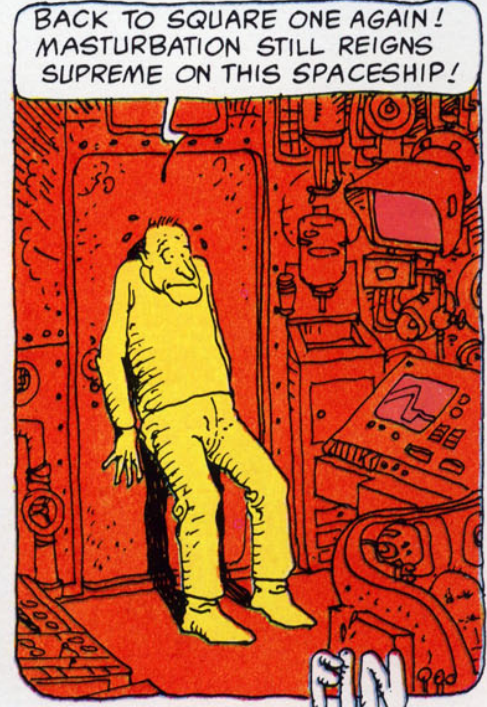
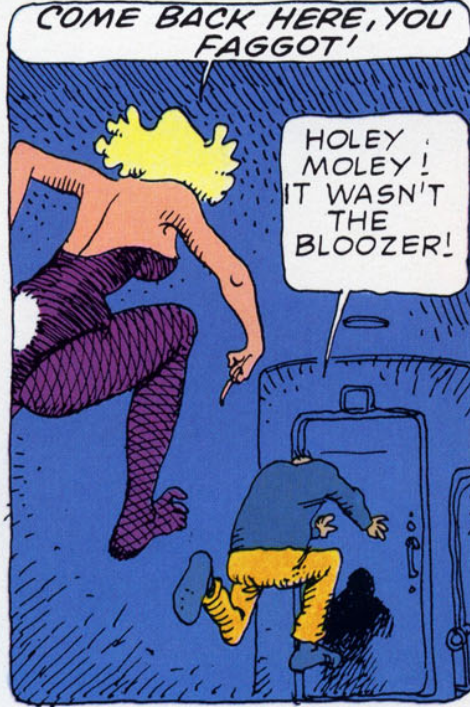
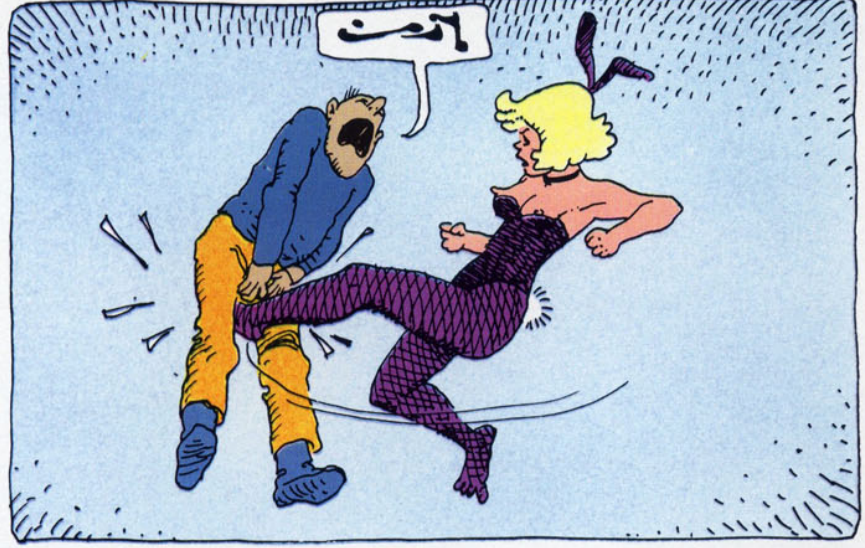
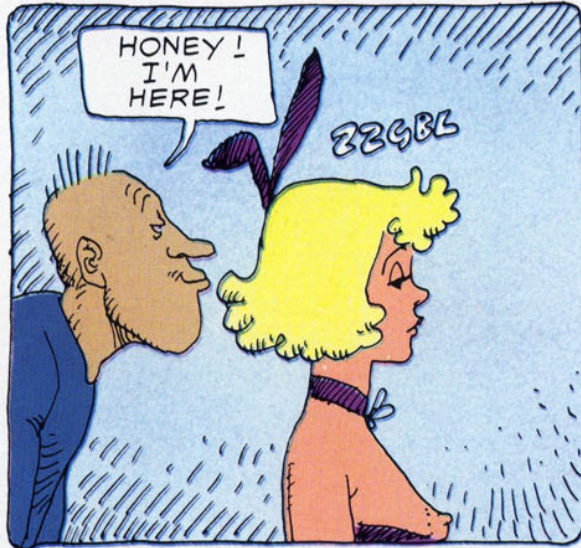
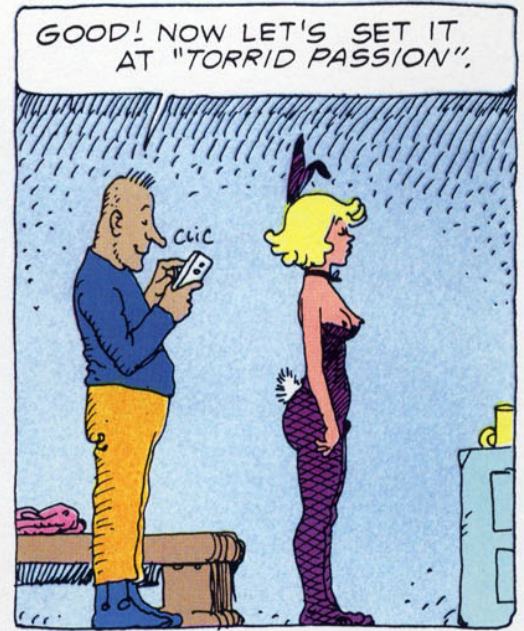
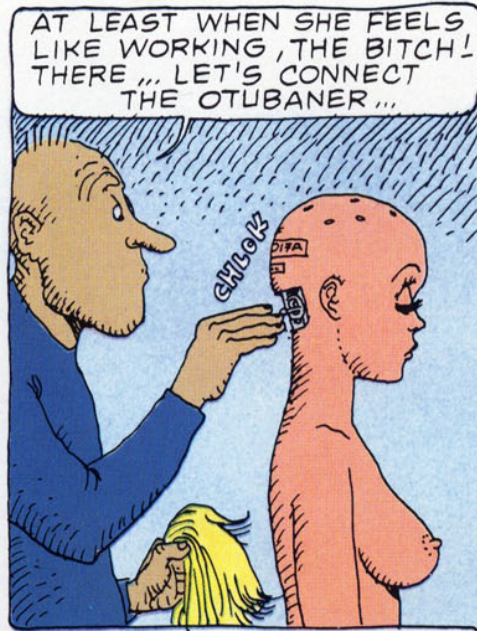
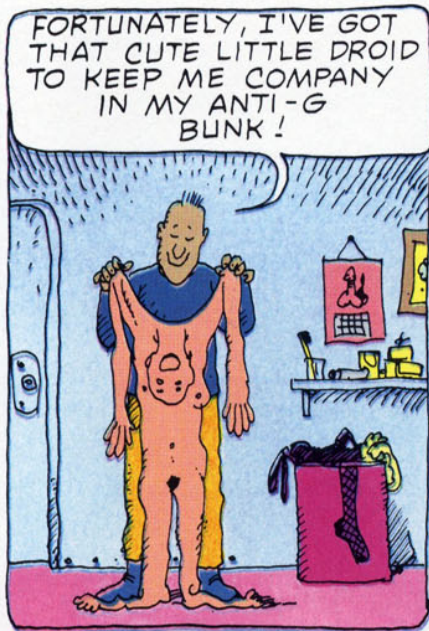


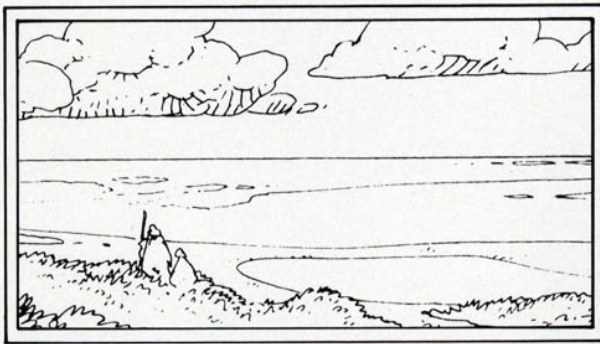
SPIT

THE LITTLE SPACE PIONEER

by MOEBIUS







Blackbeard And The Pirate Brain

This is a typical Robert Sheckley

inspired story, with a definite Emsch look to it. It is pure American science fiction, the way I thought it was at the time. When I finished the story, I was so happy with myself that it was almost painful.

I tried to put a lot of things in that story. For example, the Compubrain uses the same swear words as Captain Haddock in **Tintin**, and in the French version, the name of the pirate is Redbeard, not Blackbeard. Redbeard is the hero of a famous comic book series of pirate adventures created by Jean-Michel Charlier, who writes **Blueberry**. And, of course, if you don't look closely at the art, you miss the entire ending.

Christmas On Lipponia

Metal Hurlant has asked me for a Christmas story for their December 1977 issue. I started from the theme of the Christmas angels, which led me to think of another kind of winged creature, the turkey, which in France is traditionally eaten at Christmas instead of Thanksgiving. I always considered that a somewhat absurd death for a bird. It is done without thought.

That, in turn, led me to deal with the practice of hunting, which has always revolted me, at least as it is often practiced in France, where they raise birds to release them just to die under the hunters' guns. I wanted to show a story where the birds revolt and no deaths occur. Of course, in the story, deaths did occur—the hunters'. If I was to do this story again today, instead of opening the hunters' heads literally, with a stake, I would open them spiritually.

The Artifact

Yet another story that I did in the Island of Re, on vacation, in a pure **Galaxy** style. The idea came to me walking on the beach. I found a lot of my ideas walking on beaches—**Celestial Venice**, **The Gold Digger**, etcetera.

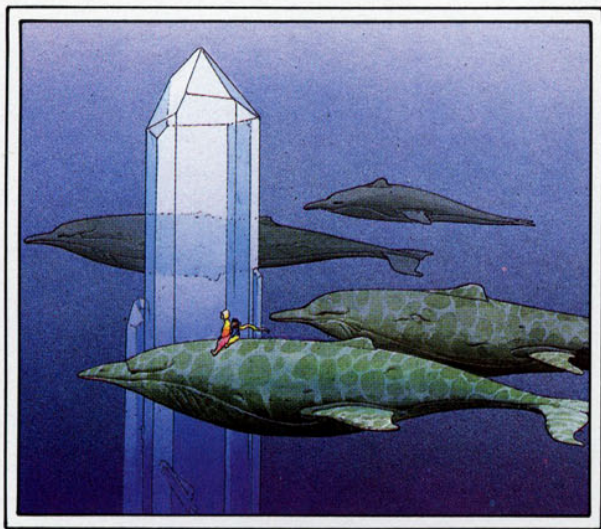
Beaches are very interesting from a symbolical standpoint. They are what lies between the sea, which is a representation of our unconscious mind, and the land, our conscious mind. What you find on the beach are things dragged up from your unconscious mind, dream artifacts if you wish. That is probably why there are so many beaches in science fiction: **Vermilion Sands**, **Dune**, and **On The Beach**.

Split, The Little Space Pioneer

This is an attempt to do something funny. I think it turned out rather well, although I don't think of myself as a humorist, a gagman. It is a rather gentle, understated gag, but the way it is developed is rather funny.

INTRODUCTION TO "IS MAN GOOD?"

by MOEBIUS



drew **Is Man Good?** in a very fast, spontaneous style. My concern was to reach a higher level of quality, while doing things that were completely new and unseen at the time. I was always looking for opportunities to stretch my abilities, to go beyond what I had done until then. There are really only two ways of doing this in comics. One is through an emphasis on quantity, and the other one on quality.

An emphasis on quantity consists in the accumulation of endless details, up to the point where you are going to impress the reader through the sheer volume of things that you put in a single panel. I did this, for instance, in **The Detour**. Quality is much more difficult. It has to do with beauty, inventiveness, simplicity. Perfection no longer stems from the number of hours that you put in the work, but from your mastery of the technique itself.

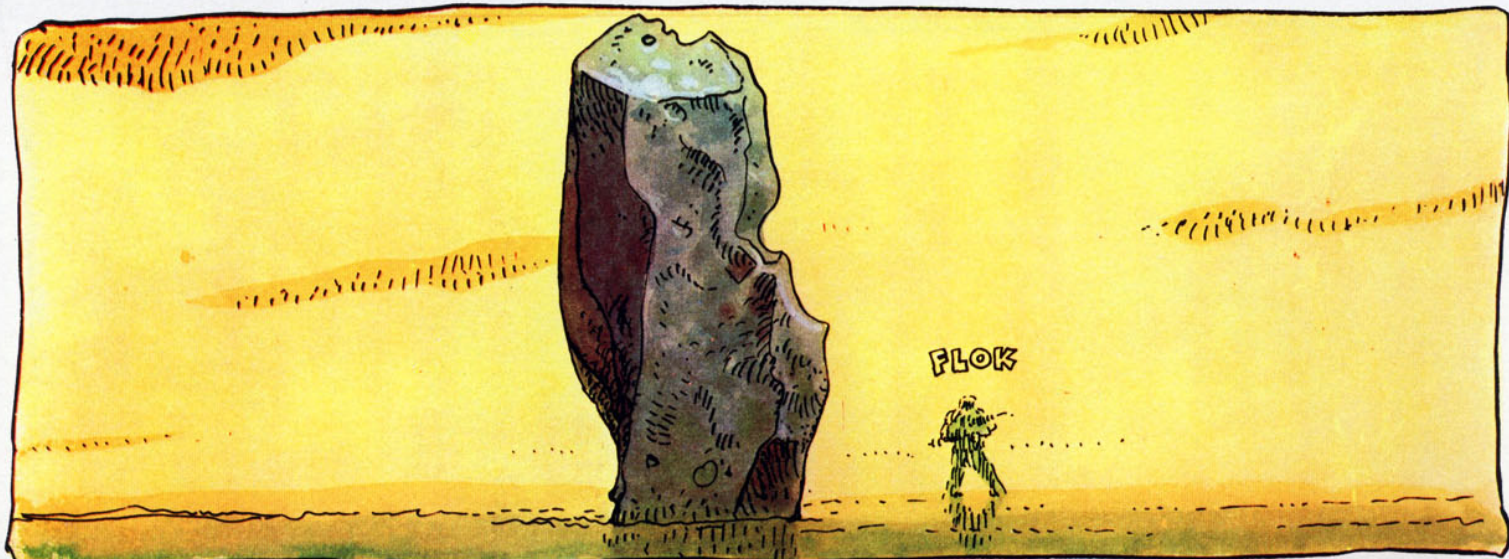
This is precisely what I tried to achieve with **Is Man Good?** And this is why I willingly chose a more flowing style, one that would not require too much time, in order to force myself to concentrate on the quality of my drawing, instead of the quantity. You will find very much the same intent and the same approach, if not the same results, in **The Long Tomorrow** and **The Ballad**.

Is Man Good? was a very important new step for me. It was like opening a door, or reaching a new plateau, and discovering whole new vistas in front of me. It enabled me to further my ambitions towards a more purely visual form of narrative story telling. To that extent, it prefigures **Arzach**, although I put a great deal more of my time and my sweat in **Arzach**.

Arzach does not convey the same relaxed mood as that which permeates **Is Man Good?** which is freer. In fact, when it was first published in **Pilote**, everyone loved it. They all had big smiles in their faces after reading it. You could tell that they had taken as much pleasure reading it as I had taken doing it. It is a case of good communication between the artist and his public.

From a story standpoint, **Is Man Good?** carries some interesting undercurrents. There is, of course, the humiliation of the central character, who is a bit like Rambo in space. At the end of the story, he has been stripped, humiliated and rejected, not because of his strength, or his intelligence, or his technology, but simply because of his taste, I mean, as food.

Also, the importance given to the ear in the story is very interesting. The ear looks like a fetus. It is a well-known symbol for man. In Chinese acupuncture, the human ear is said to contain all the organs of the body. When the alien tastes the ear, it is our entire species which is being tested.



IS MAN GOOD?

A UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHIC PRESENTATION

ACTION! MYSTERY! ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE TERRAN SURVEY TEAM TO VUNE HAS GOTTEN LOST. ALONE IN THE ETERNAL MISTS, HE IS BEING HUNTED BY THE MONSTROUS NATIVES OF THIS FAR-OFF PLANET...

