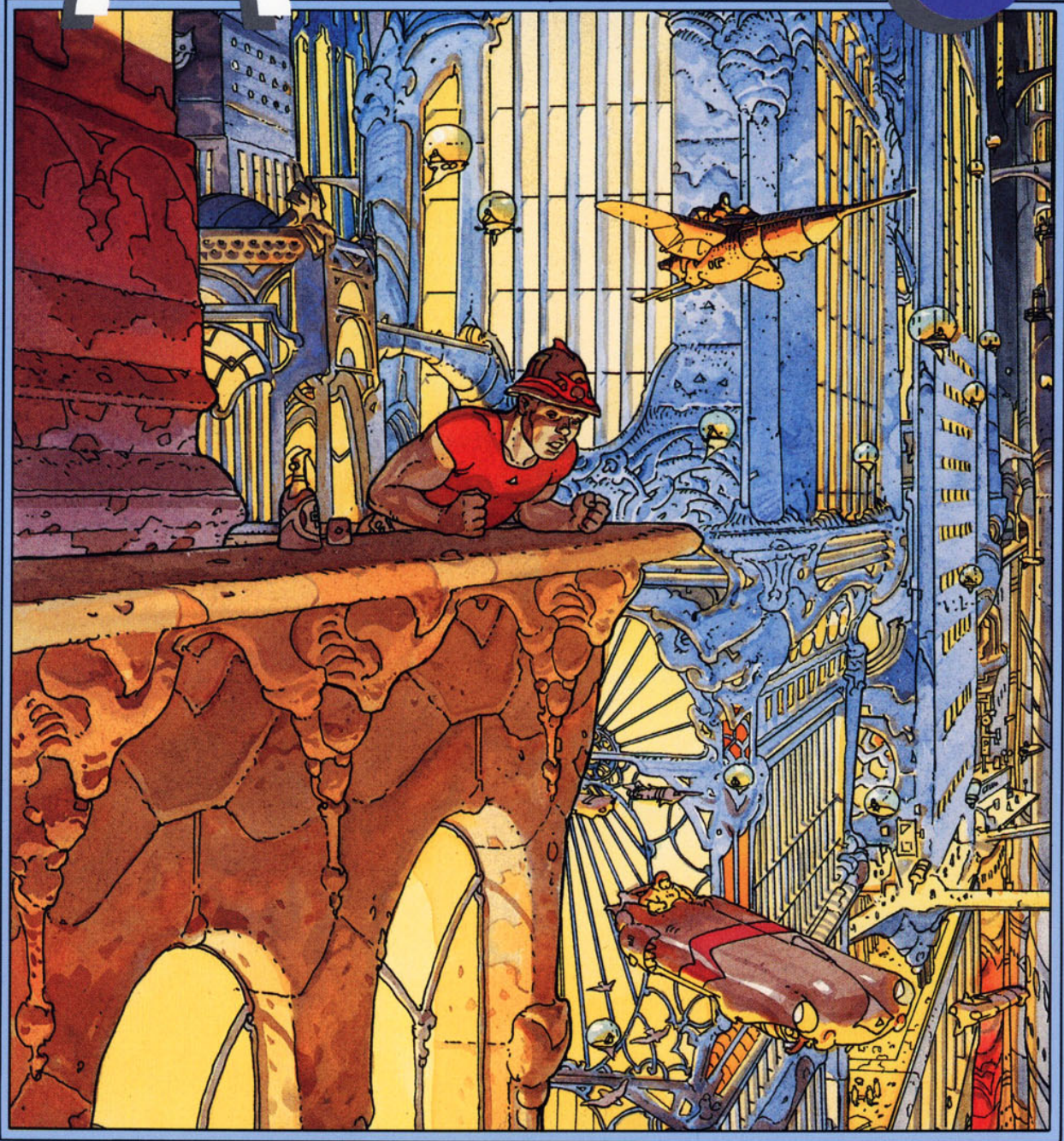


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THE COLLECTED FANTASIES OF JEAN GIRAUD



PHARAGONESIA™

& OTHER STRANGE STORIES

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story & art

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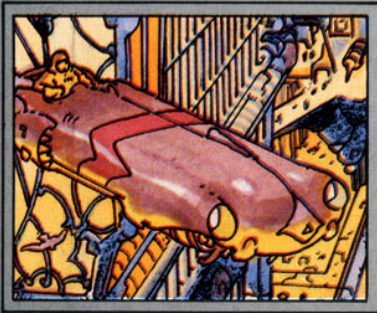
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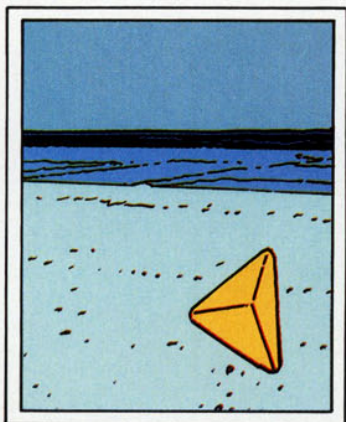
THE GARDENS OF AEDENA

MOEBIUS 6

**PHARAGONESIA
& OTHER STRANGE STORIES**

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Marvel Entertainment Group
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Other Strange Stories. Art & Story Copyright © 1974
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Moebius.



ON THE BEACH

The beach is the area which lies between the land and the water. .
The earth and the sea. The conscious and the unconscious.

One finds things on the beach. Things dragged up from the depths, and casually abandoned by the sea, almost as a peace offering to its eternal opposite, the land. But not all things found on beaches are material. Some are insubstantial: stories, dreams, ideas. Moebius has called these "dream artifacts".

The stories collected in this book are just that: dream artifacts. Strange stories.

The Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines the adjective "strange" as "a: not before known, heard or seen, and b: exciting wonder, awe". This seems a particularly appropriate description for these stories, when one considers the creative process which led to their making.

It all began with the first image. There was no script, no notes, no preconceived ideas of a direction, only the pure joy of the artist, who drew as inspiration came to him. And during the halfhour or so it took him to draw the first image, his mind wandered. While his hand followed the careful automatisms it had practiced for a lifetime, his spirit took a figurative walk on the beach. And there, it began to imagine what the second image would be like.

Excitement grew. Inspiration flew. The artist began working on the second image. And, like Scheherazade spinning her yarns over a thousand and one nights, each image thus led to the next one, and the next, until, at last, he had reached the end of the story.

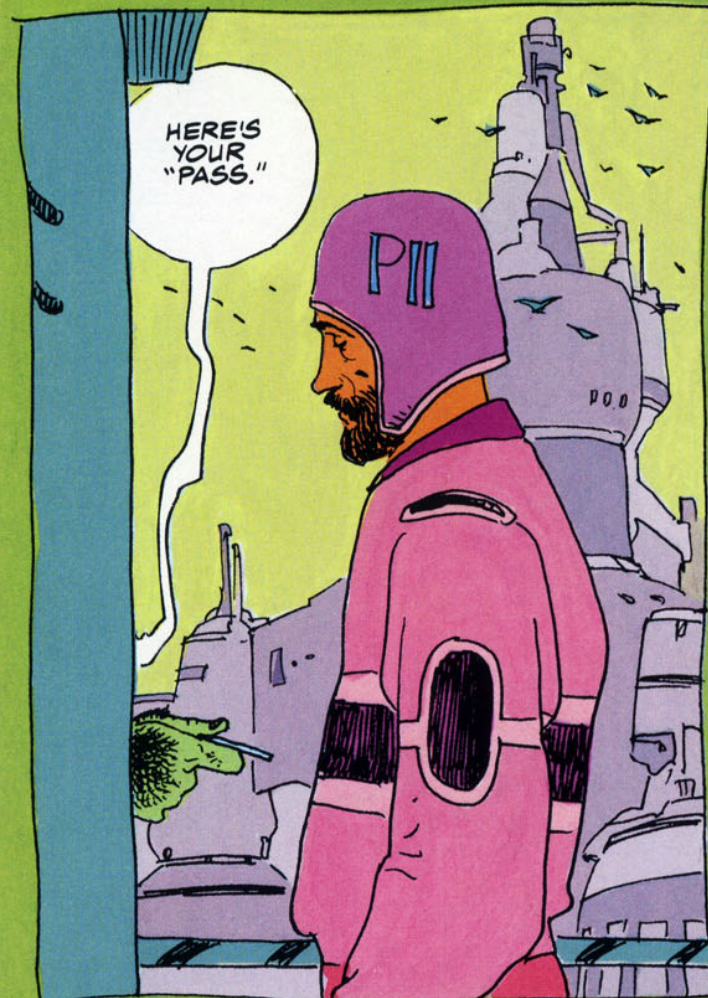
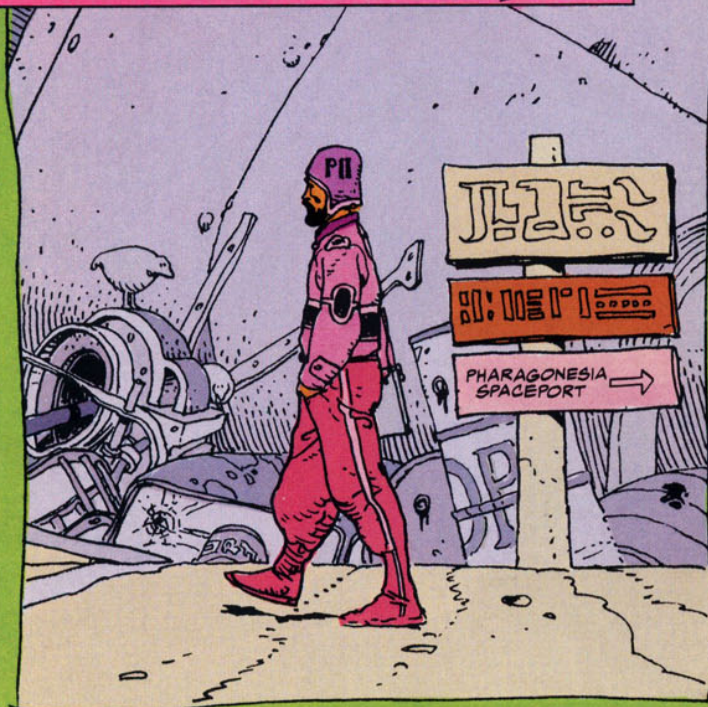
The story thus becomes almost its own creator, and the artist only a medium. Strangely enough, one can find an interesting parallel in modern physics, where it is said that the presence of the observer now affects the nature of the experiment.

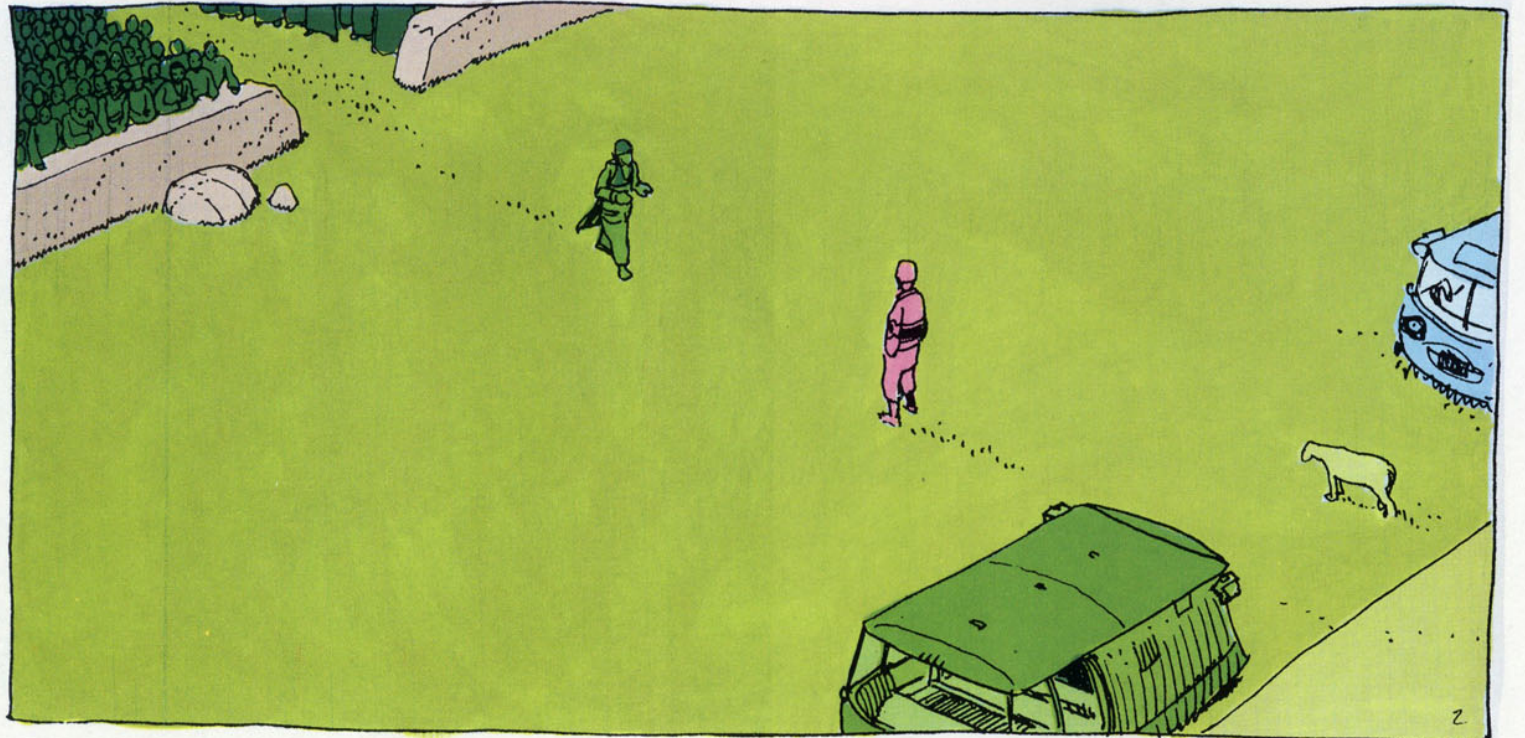
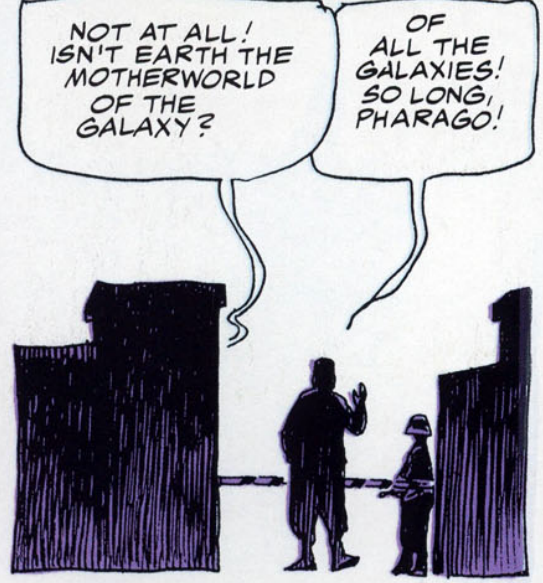
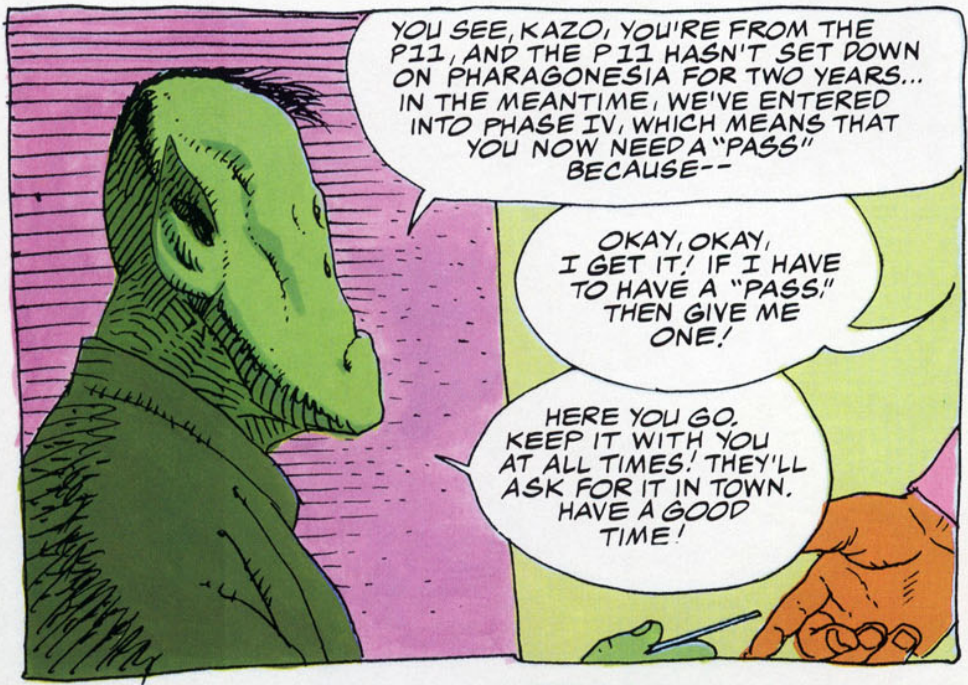
But we would rather think of this book as a promenade on the beach of the Moebius' universe.

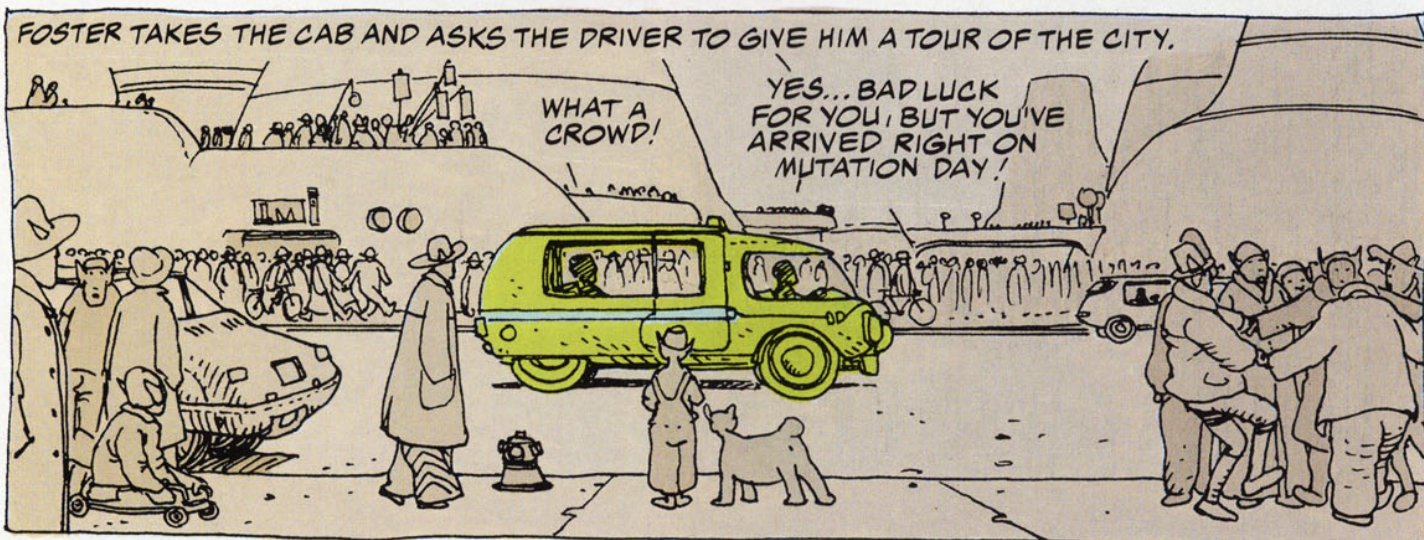
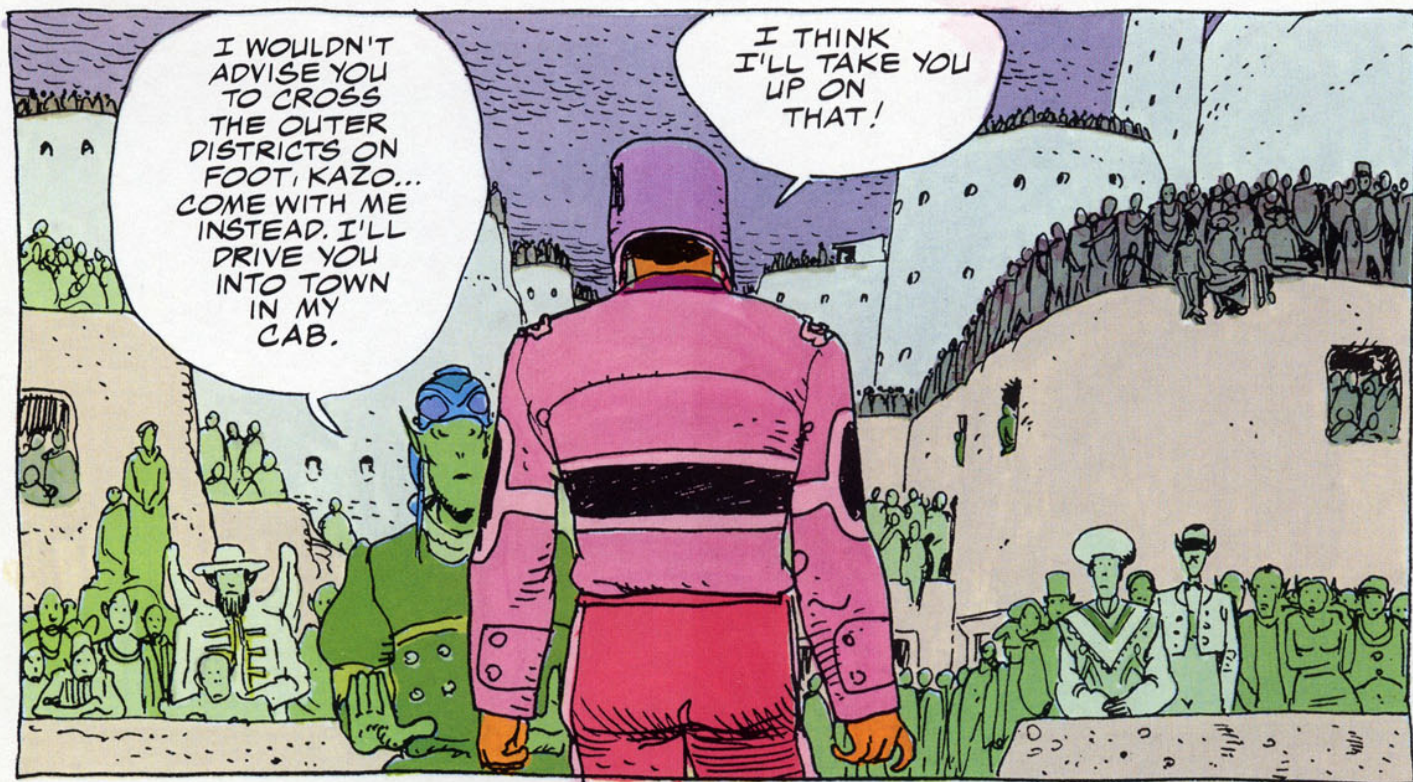
Jean-Paul & Randy Lofficier

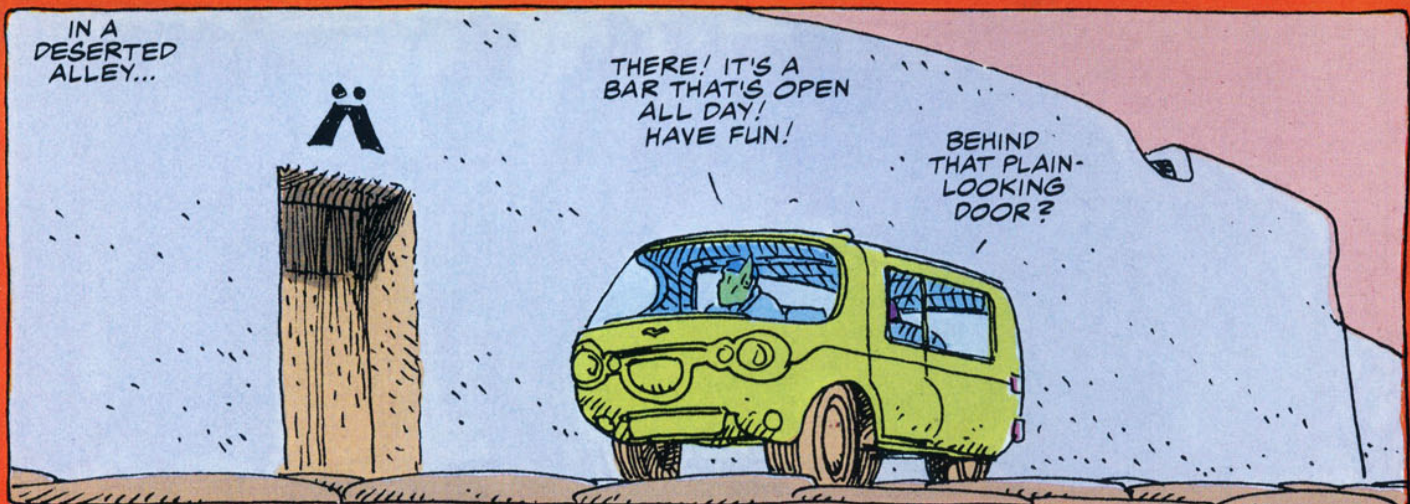
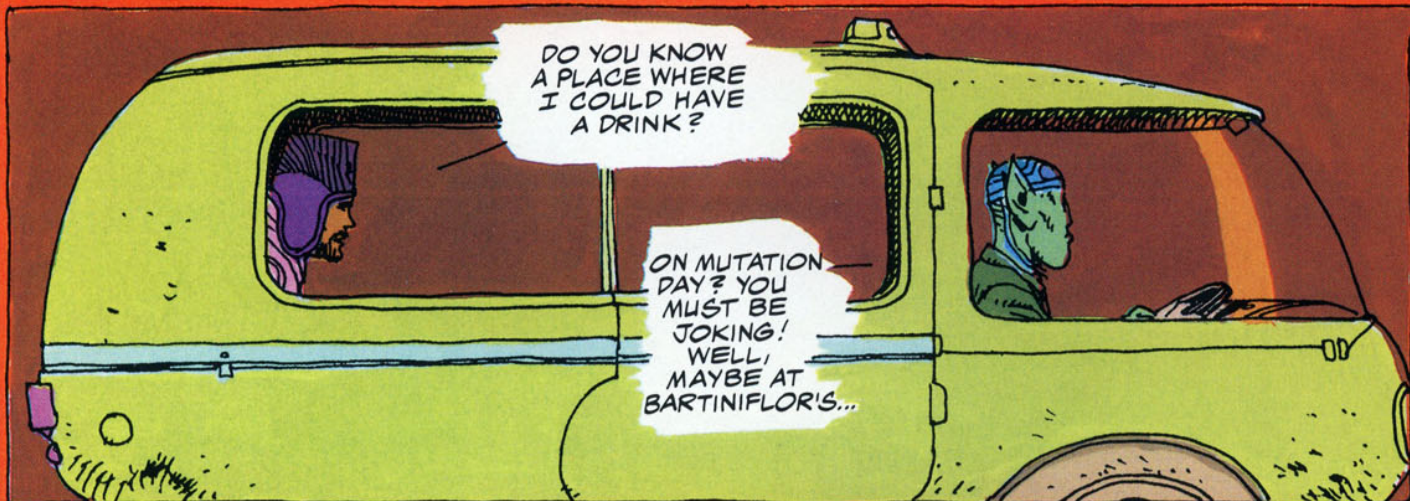
SHORE LEAVE ON PHARAGONESIA

PAR
MOEBIUS 73

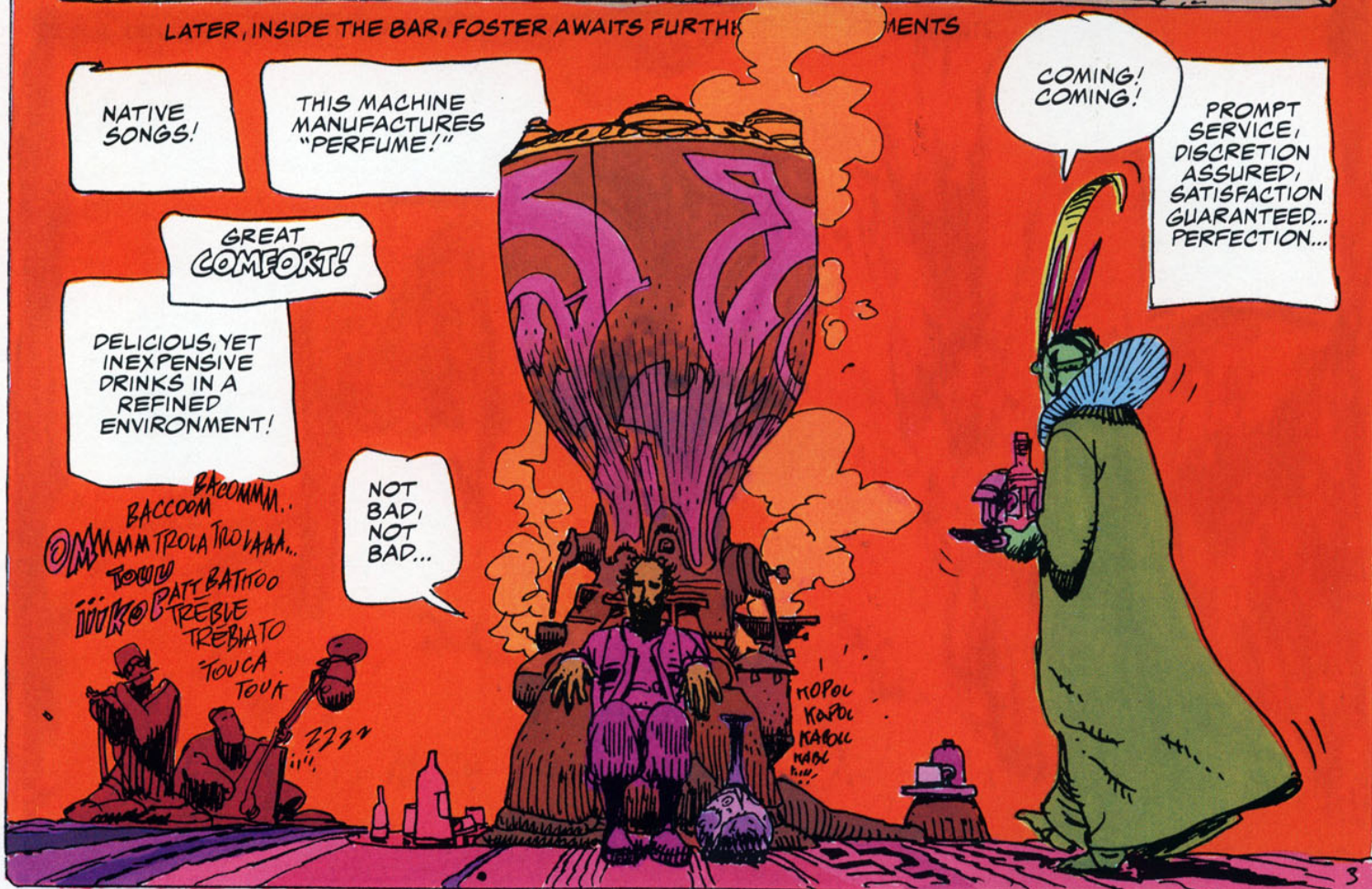








LATER, INSIDE THE BAR, FOSTER AWAITS FURTHER COMMENTS



A FEW SECONDS
LATER...

A GOOD
CUP OF KOKS
IS BEING SERVED
WITH THE FRAPPING
PARAPHERNALIA
IN A LITTLE BOX,
ON A TRAY MADE
OF NONOOT WOOD,
IN THE BEST
PHARAGONESIAN
TRADITION...

UNLESS,
I'M GROSSLY
MISTAKEN, YOU'RE
AN EARTHMAN,
AREN'T YOU? FROM
"EARTH" AS YOU CALL
IT, AH, AH! TASTE
THIS CUP OF KOKS...
AN EXCELLENT
LIQUOR FROM
THE WIDE
SANDS.

HMMM...

DELICIOUS, ISN'T IT? TAKE YOUR
TIME, EARTHMAN! FRAP IT AND
ENJOY THIS NECTAR FROM OUR
GREAT EASTERN DESERT, WHILE
BOECTOO AND TAHARKZAINÉ PLAY A
VERY APPROPRIATE SONG ENTITLED
"BAWELD OOD MYT STAERS TAKKE
STAERS OLONG" IN AN ORIGINAL
ARRANGEMENT BY TAHARKZAINÉ
HIMSELF! NOW I MUST LEAVE
YOU... BUSINESS CALLS
ME ELSEWHERE!

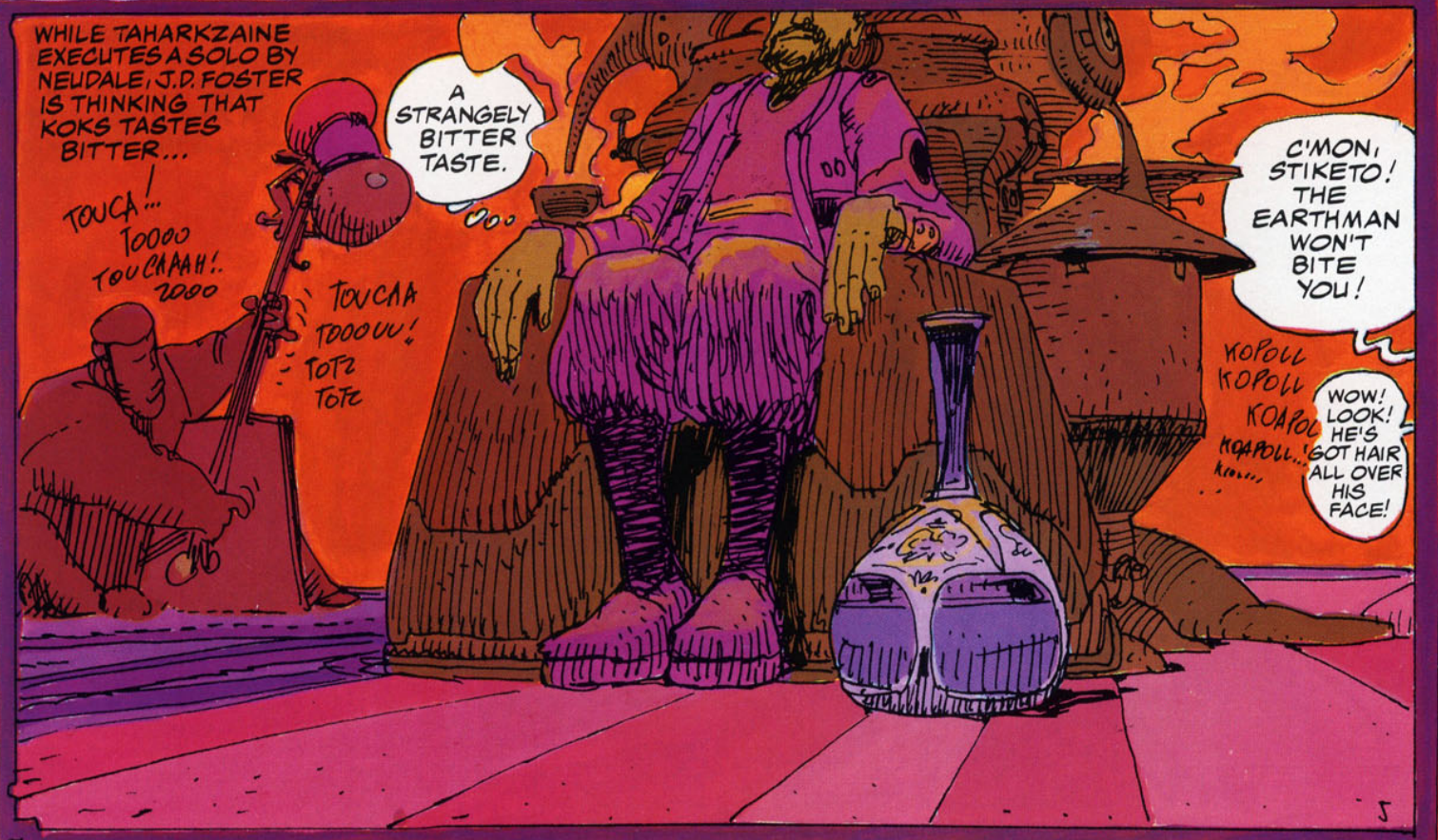


UNCLE
BARTINIFLOR,
CAN WE GO AND
LOOK AT THE
EARTHMAN?

SURE!



SILENCE... SILENCE... SILENCE...



WHILE TAHARKZaine
EXECUTES A SOLO BY
NEUDALE, J.D. FOSTER
IS THINKING THAT
KOKS TASTES
BITTER...

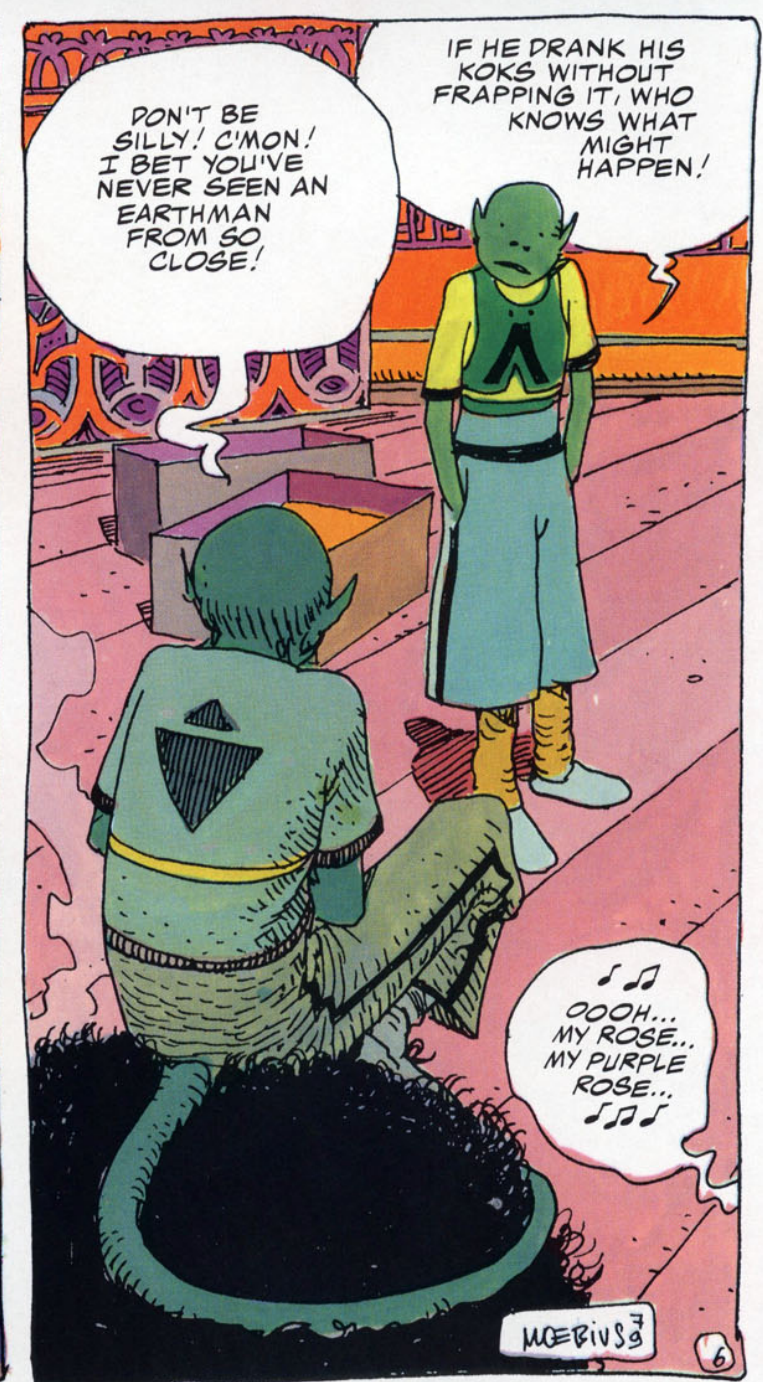
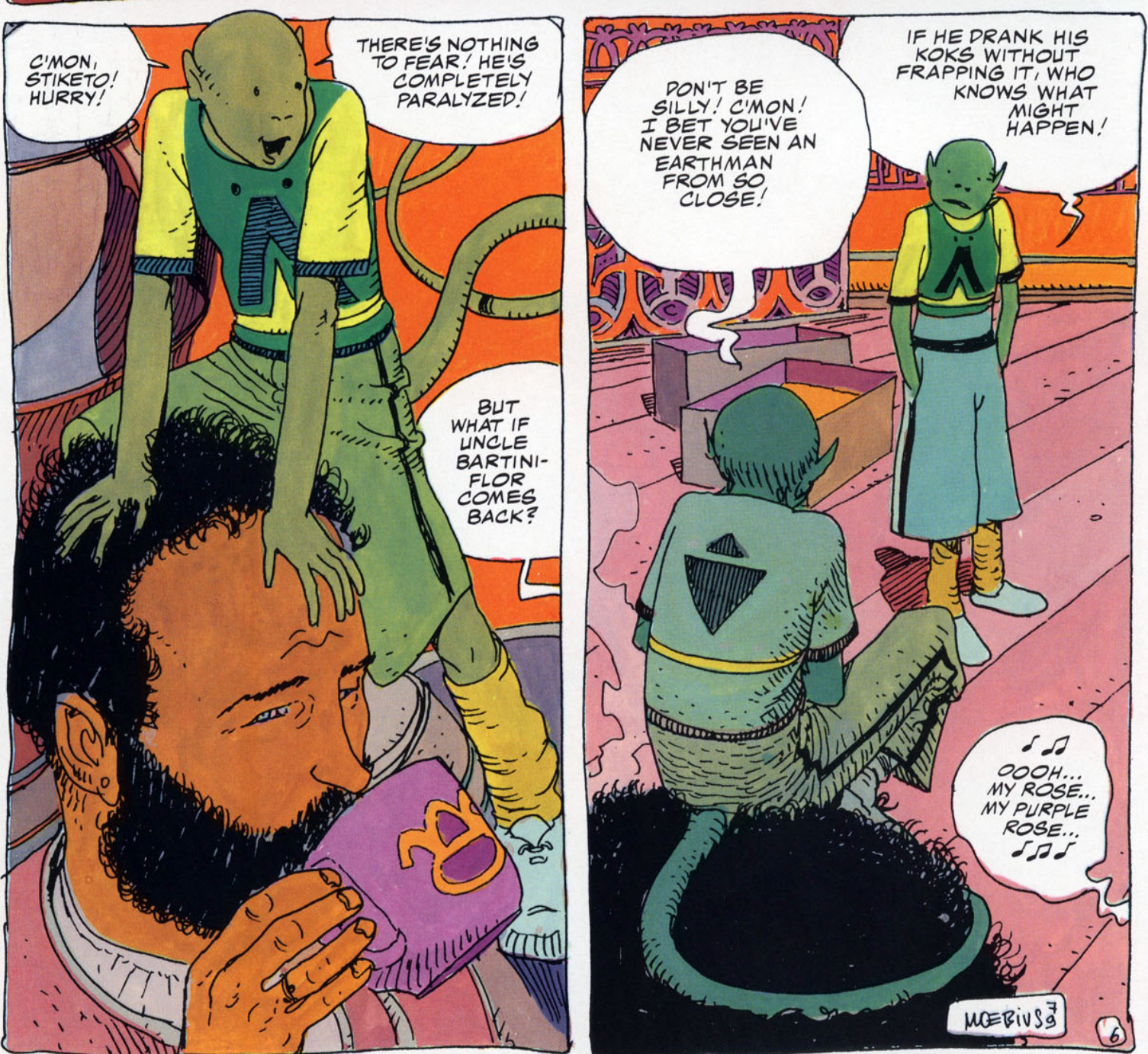
TOUCA!
TOOOO
TOUCAAH!
TOOOO

A
STRANGELY
BITTER
TASTE.

TOUCA
TOOOO!
TOTZ
TOTZ

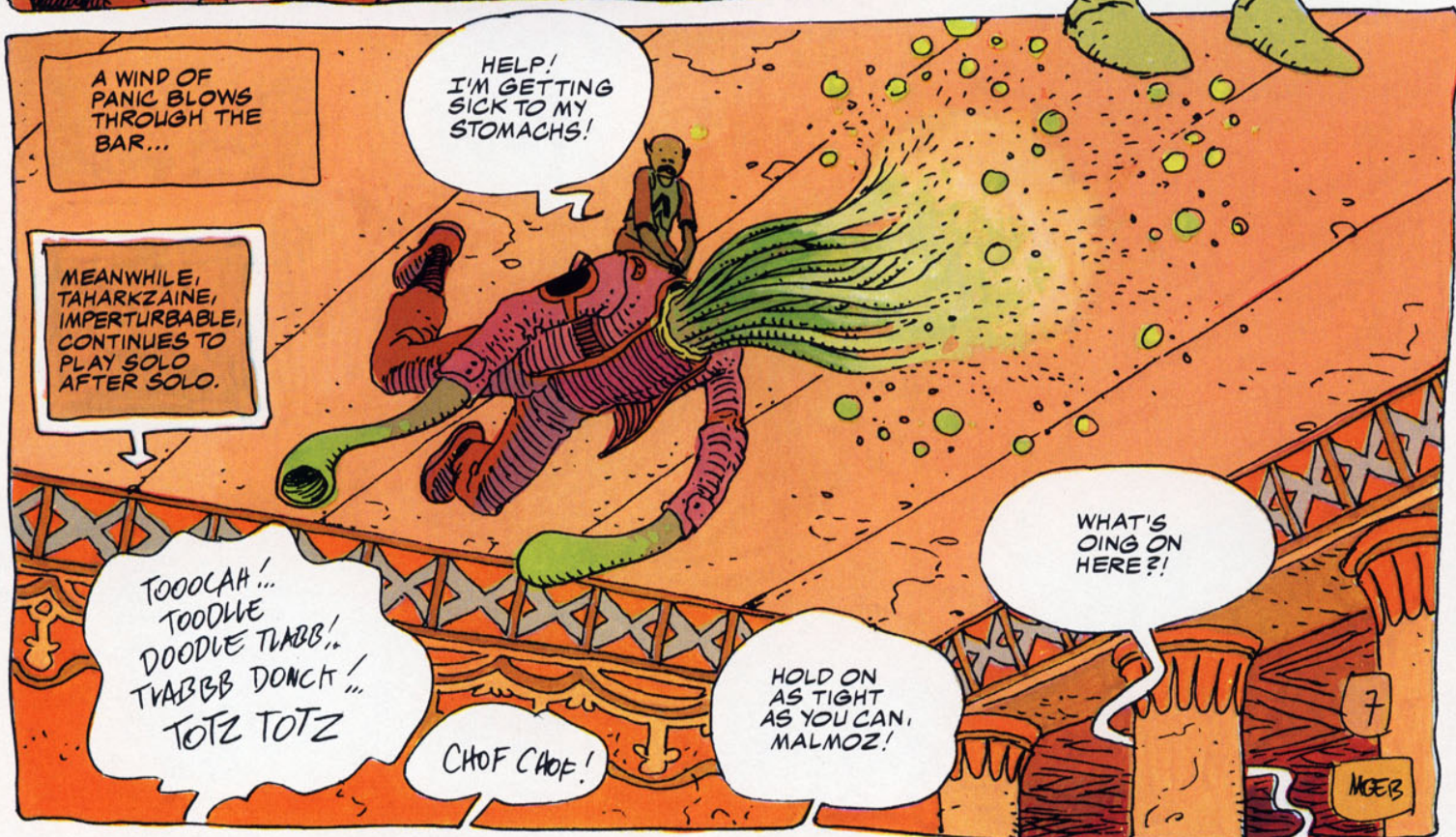
C'MON,
STIKETO!
THE
EARTHMAN
WON'T
BITE
YOU!

KOPOLL
KOPOLL
KOPOLL
KOPOLL...
WOW!
LOOK!
HE'S
GOT HAIR
ALL OVER
HIS
FACE!





UNCLE BARTINIFLOR!
THE EARTHMAN
IS BURGLING WITH
MALMOZ ON TOP
OF HIM!



A WIND OF
PANIC BLOWS
THROUGH THE
BAR...

MEANWHILE,
TAHARKZAINÉ,
IMPETURABLE,
CONTINUES TO
PLAY SOLO
AFTER SOLO.

HELP!
I'M GETTING
SICK TO MY
STOMACHS!

TOOOCAH!
TOODLE
DOODLE TABB!
TABB DONCH!
TOTZ TOTZ

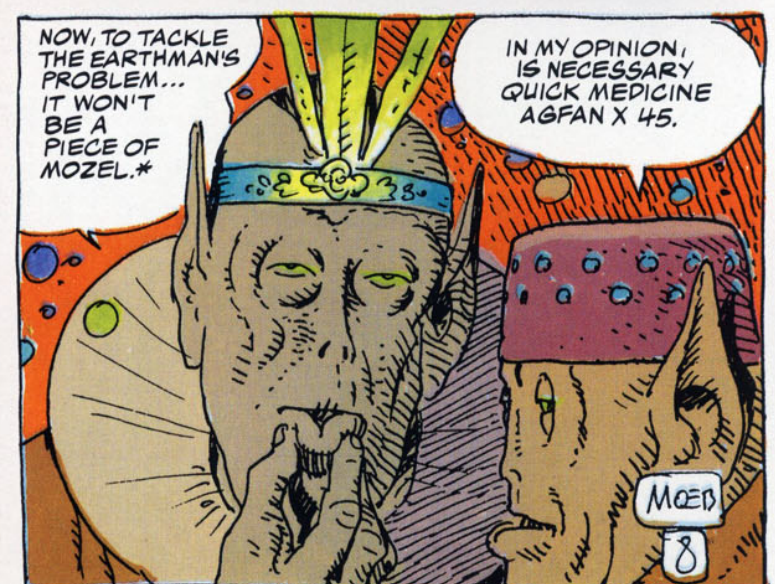
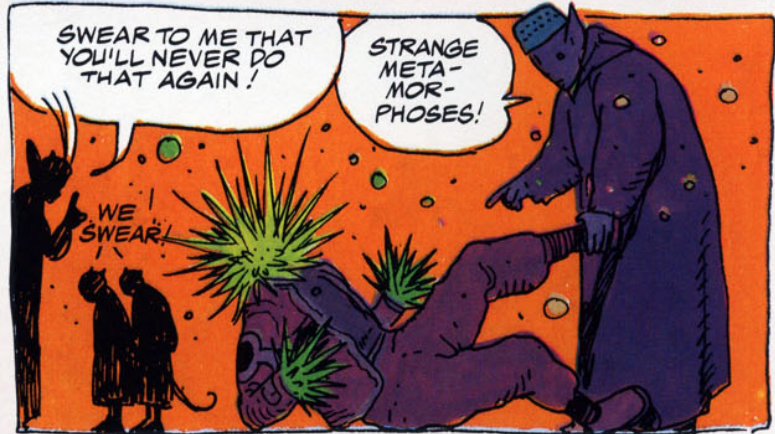
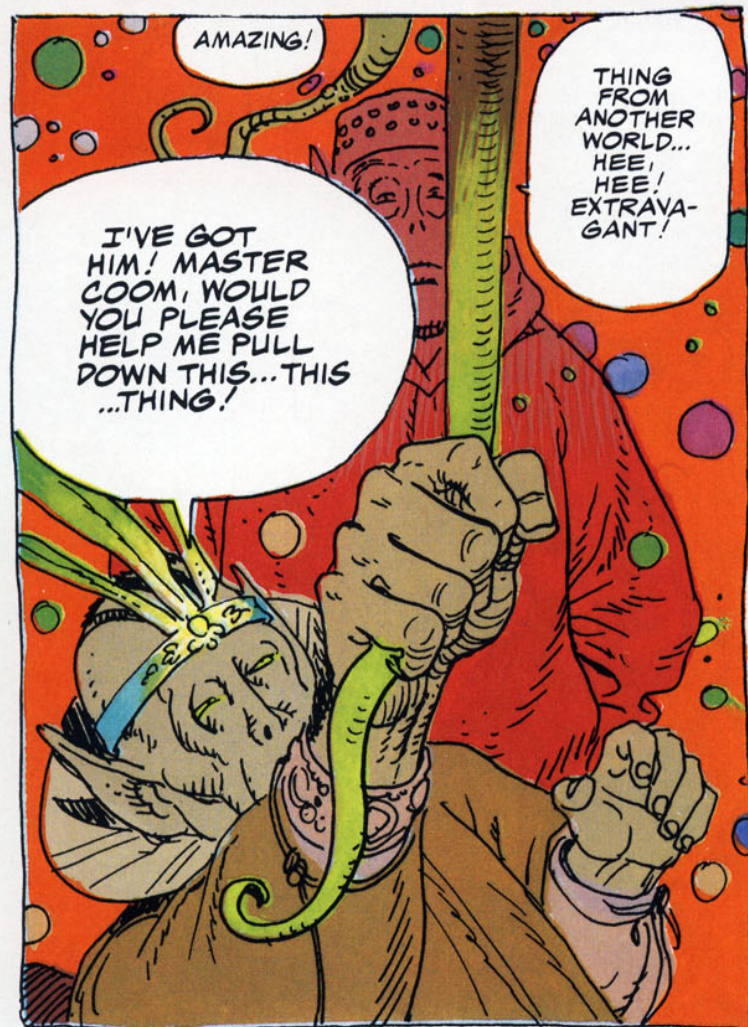
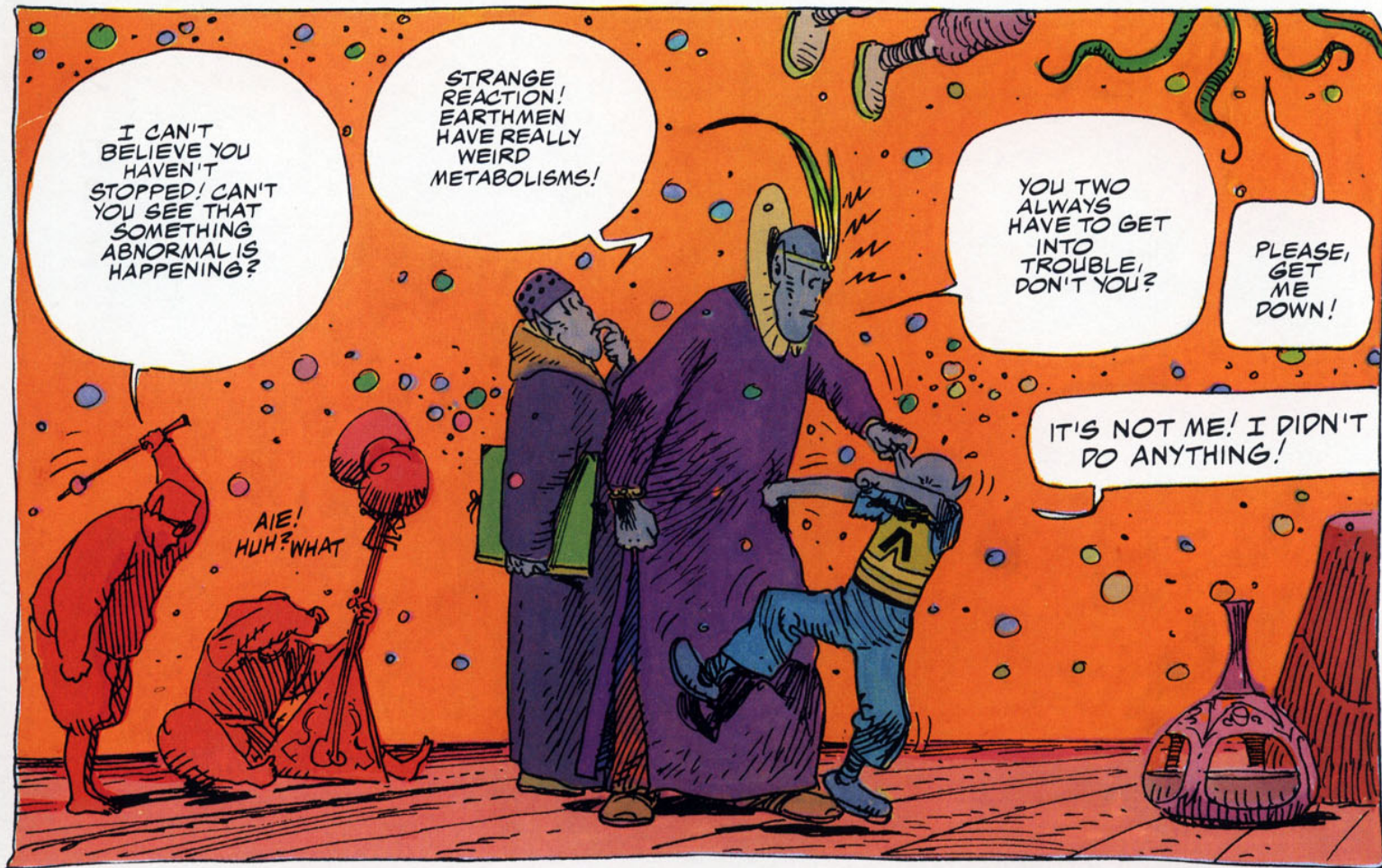
CHOF CHOF!

HOLD ON
AS TIGHT
AS YOU CAN,
MALMOZ!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?!

7

MCEB



*A KIND OF PHARAGONESIAN CAKE.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S
ALREADY TOO LATE! LOOK
FOR YOURSELF... THE
TEXTURE OF THESE RIBBONS
...HE'S ALREADY REACHED
THE PNOUCHIAN

IF CONTINUE LIKE THIS,
BECOME CONTAGIOUS.
REGRETTABLE.

MASTER COOM,
MAY I HAVE
YOUR ATTENTION,
PLEASE?

HAVE, BOECTOO!
WHY YOU STOP
TAHARKZAIN'S
MAGNIFICENT
SOLOS?

WELL,
BECAUSE
HE,
ER...

THAT'S
IT! HE
CAUGHT
IT!

MY POOR
TAHARKZAIN!
LOOK AT HIS CONDITION!
AND WE'RE SUPPOSED
TO PLAY AT THE
ZEHORENN PLAZA
CONCERT TOMOR-
ROW NIGHT! IT'S
ALL RUINED!

MERE
INCIDENT,
NOT
SERIOUS!

NORMAL
SYMPTOMS!

TAKE THESE TWO SUPPOSITORIES OF PHLOO FAT GUM...
IT'S A SURE CURE. INSERT THEM IN HIS UNDERARM
SPHINCTERS... THE RED ONE FOR THE LEFT, THE BLUE
ONE FOR THE RIGHT. WHILE THE SUBSTANCE TAKES
EFFECT, RECITE THE NINETEEN MANTRAS OF
MELANCHOLIC ATTENTION... BY TOMORROW
MORNING, HE'LL BE BACK TO NORMAL!

WELL, THAT'S GOOD
NEWS ANYWAY!

WED
9



WE MAY HAVE TO SEE
A BATMA WITCH DOCTOR! I
KNOW A GOOD ONE... HIS NAME IS
BAZZ. HE LIVES NEAR MINT PARK
CAREFUL! DO NOT FORGET TO
PICK UP EVERY BIT OF RIBBON,
OR ELSE--

STRIING!

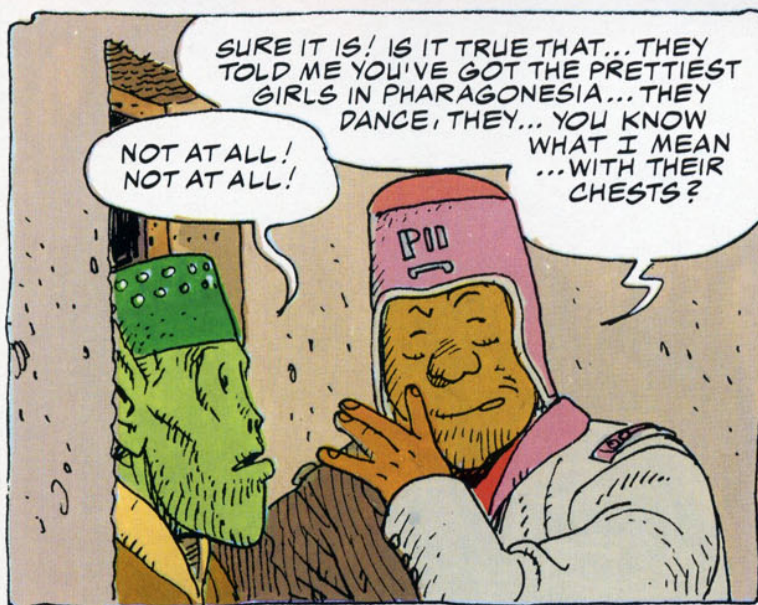
GOOD
LORD!
DOORBELL
RING!

BAD
TIMING!
I GO!



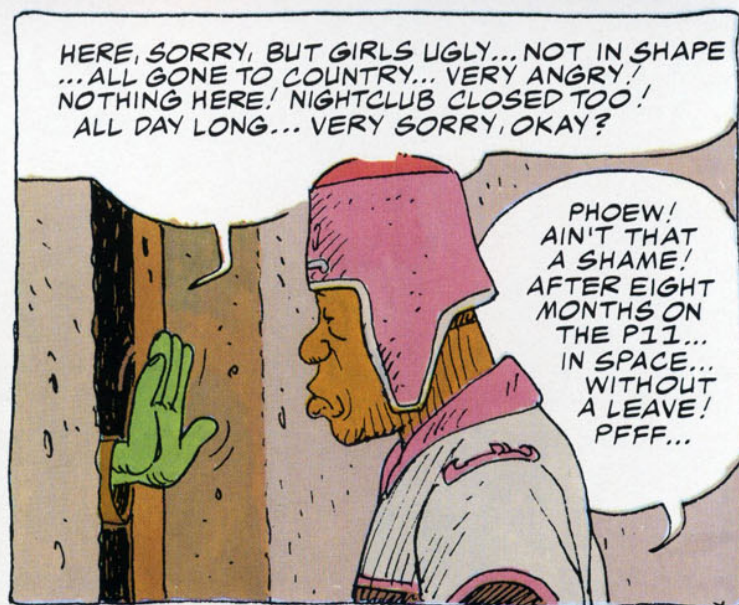
HELLO! HELLO! IS THIS
THE "GOLDEN PELIKAN"?
A NIGHTCLUB OPEN ALL DAY
LONG...? WHERE I CAN HAVE
SOME FUN...?
WHERE--

HMM...
NOT AT ALL...
NO FUN HERE...
ER... NO...
HERE RATHER
SAD EVEN!



SURE IT IS! IS IT TRUE THAT... THEY
TOLD ME YOU'VE GOT THE PRETTIEST
GIRLS IN PHARAGONESIA... THEY
DANCE, THEY... YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN
...WITH THEIR
CHESTS?

NOT AT ALL!
NOT AT ALL!



HERE, SORRY, BUT GIRLS UGLY... NOT IN SHAPE
...ALL GONE TO COUNTRY... VERY ANGRY!
NOTHING HERE! NIGHTCLUB CLOSED TOO!
ALL DAY LONG... VERY SORRY, OKAY?

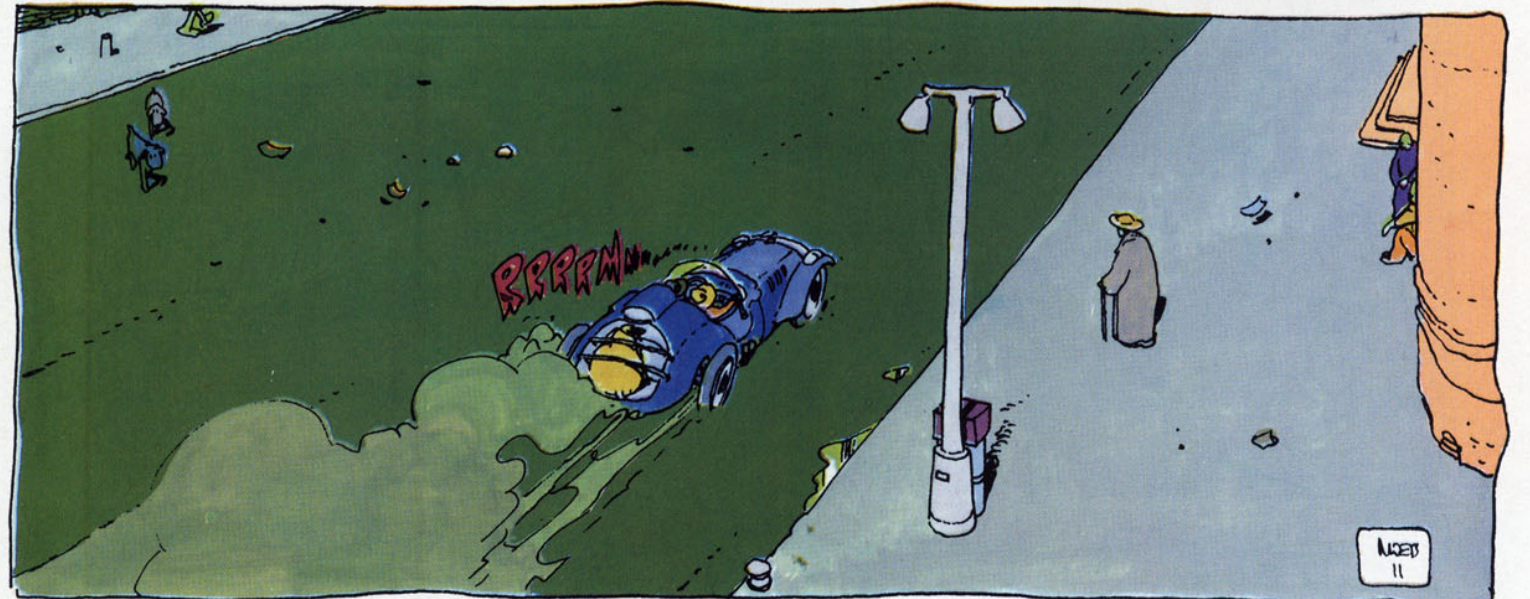
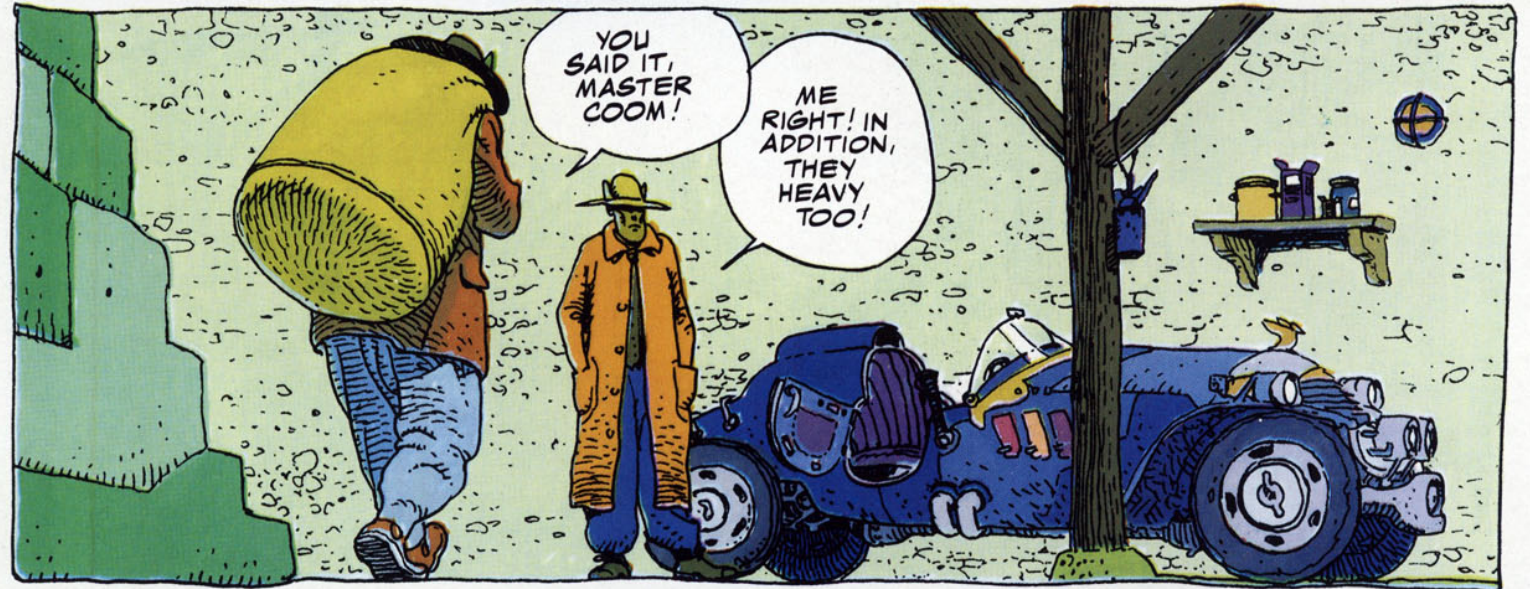
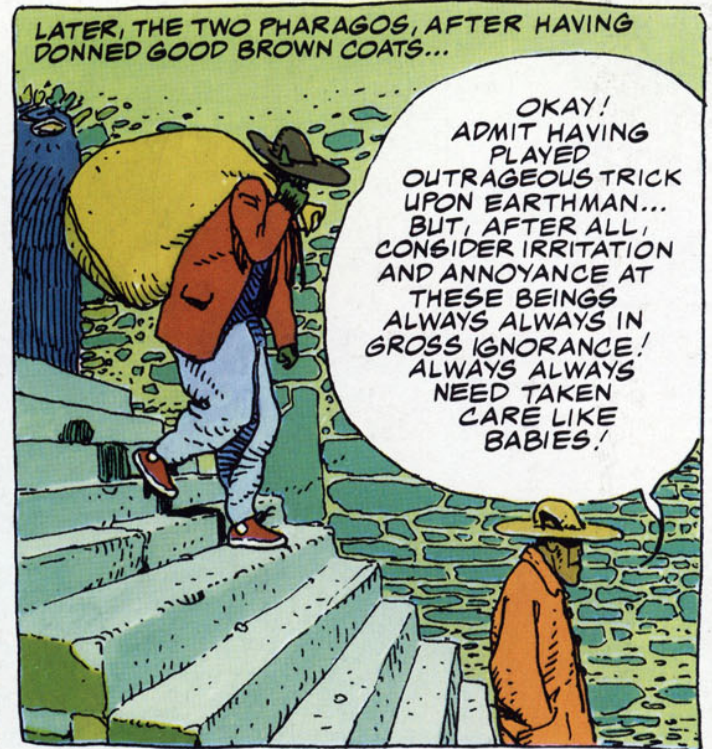
PHOEW!
AIN'T THAT
A SHAME!
AFTER EIGHT
MONTHS ON
THE P11...
IN SPACE...
WITHOUT
A LEAVE!
PFFF...



MAYBE
YOU TRY "BLUE
BULLETSHIELD"!
OVER THERE! LARGE
BRICK HOUSE WITH
POINTY ROOF... OFTEN
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
WITH LARGE
CHESTS THERE!

HEY, THANKS
FOR THE TIP, BROTHER!
I'LL REMEMBER YOU IN
MY NEXT PRAYER,
OKAY? HA, HA!

MORE
10



LATER, IN A SHOPPING STREET NEAR MINT PARK...

US
RIGHT IN
MIDDLE
MUTATION
DAY.
FORGOT!

WHAT A
CROWD!



EXCUSE
ME! IS
DOCTOR BAZZ
OUT?

NO!
HE IS
-HERE... AS
MAGICAL
AS EVER!

GREAT!
JUST
GREAT!



HURRY UP,
MASTER COOM!
IT'S STARTING TO
MOVE INSIDE
THE BAG!

TSK, TSK... NEW
TRANSFORMATIONS
OF PATIENT!
PATIENCE! I
HEAR STEPS
APPROACHING!

CRAT
CRAT!

COME FOR EARTHMAN WHO
DRANK KOKS WITHOUT
FRAPPING. BURGLER UP
TO PNOUCHIAN STAGE.
NOT CURABLE BY
AGFAN X 45. SO
BANTMA MAGIC
NECESSARY
OR ELSE
CONTAGION!
BUT
QUICKLY,
BECAUSE
NEW
TRANSFOR-
MATION
IN
PROGRESS
IN
BAG!

HURRY!

MY GOOD
MAN, I DON'T
UNDERSTAND A
WORD OF WHAT
YOU'RE SAYING!
ANYWAY, DO COME.
IN ALL THE
SAME...

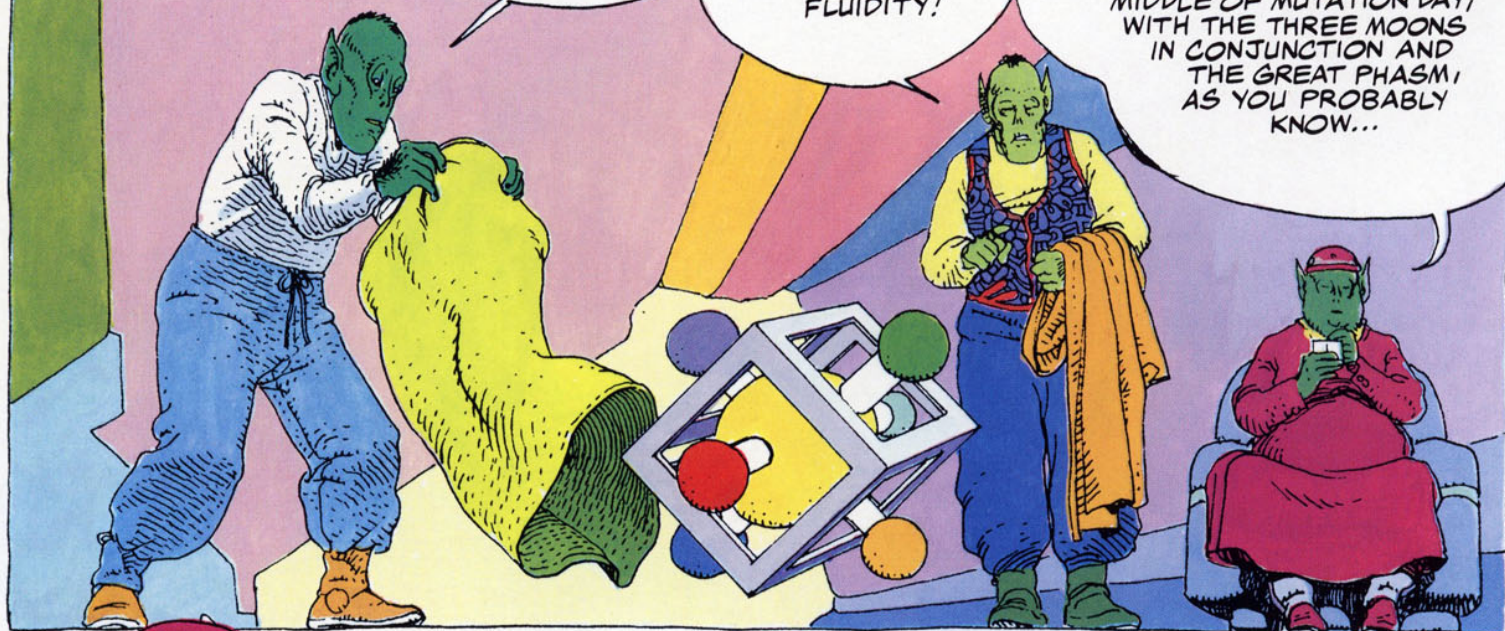


THE WITCH DOCTOR TAKES
THE TWO PHARAGOS TO
HIS EXOTIC BIO-MAGIC
ROOM...

AH! NO WONDER!
HE'S OUT OF THE
PNOUCHIAN
STAGE
NOW!

AND INTO THE
OSK-BERGRAM
STAGE OF
MOLECULAR-
ULTRA-
FLUIDITY!

THE OSK-BERGRAM STAGE
OF MOLECULAR ULTRA-FLUIDITY
...OF COURSE, OF COURSE...
THE PROBLEM IS PRECISELY
THAT WE'RE RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF MUTATION DAY,
WITH THE THREE MOONS
IN CONJUNCTION AND
THE GREAT PHASM,
AS YOU PROBABLY
KNOW...



IF WE WANT TO CURE THIS
PHARAGOID, WE HAVE TO TAKE
HIM TO A MOST SECRET AND
SPECIAL LOCATION ON
OUR PLANET-- **THE
STAJIRBIAN
DESERT!**

WHAT?

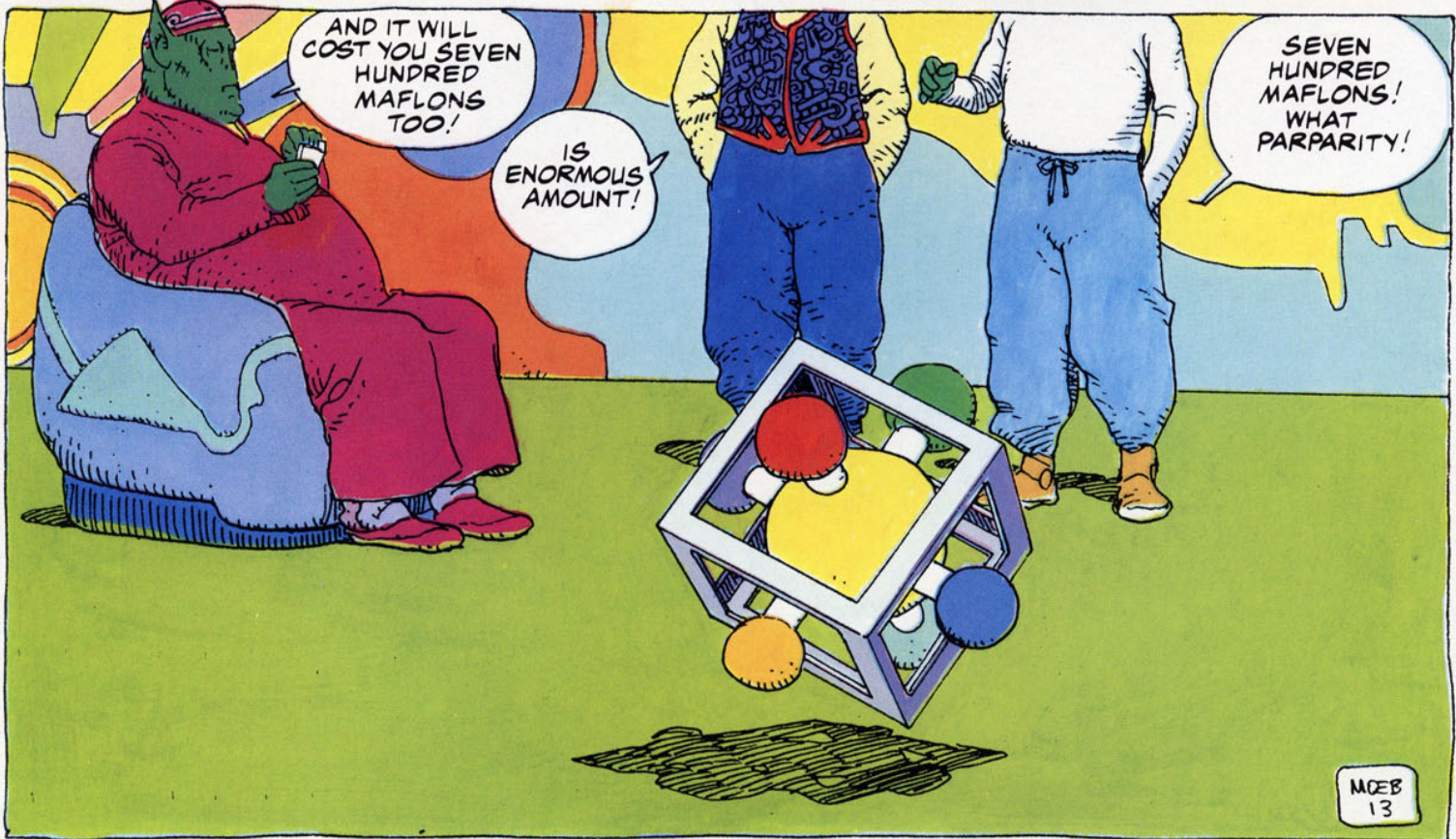
BUT THE
STAJIRBIAN
DESERT IS MORE
THAN 10,000 SLC(*)
FROM HERE! AND
IT'S A DREADFUL
PLACE!



AND IT WILL
COST YOU SEVEN
HUNDRED
MAFLONS
TOO!

IS
ENORMOUS
AMOUNT!

SEVEN
HUNDRED
MAFLONS!
WHAT
PARPARITY!



MASTER COOM, THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! I CAN'T AFFORD SUCH AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPEDITION! ESPECIALLY FOR SEVEN HUNDRED MAFLONS! AH, IF I HAD ONLY "IMAGINED" THAT THIS EARTHMAN WAS GOING TO DRINK HIS KOKS WITHOUT TAKING SUCH AN ELEMENTARY PRECAUTION AS FRAPPING IT... BUT IT SERVES NO USEFUL PURPOSE TO LAMENT UPON THE THREADS OF THE PAST DOES IT?

HOPE!
HOPE! PERHAPS
I-ME: GOOD REPLACEMENT
SOLUTION!
NOT EXPENSIVE
AT ALL!

GO
QUICK!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

PROBLEM WITH
WITCH DOCTORS BANTMA
SCHOOL IS EXCESSIVE
CONCENTRATION ON TELLURIC
ZONE WHOSE STAJIRBIAN DESERT
IS ENERGETIC CENTER... BUT IS
OLD, OUTDATED TRADITION.
SUPERSTITION. TIMES
CHANGE...

ON THE OUTSKIRTS
OF TOWN...

FILL
IT UP, AND
TWO SURVIVAL
CONES,
PLEASE!

TELL
SERVANT... HOW
MANY SLC FROM
HERE TO "CLOUD
RAVINE"?

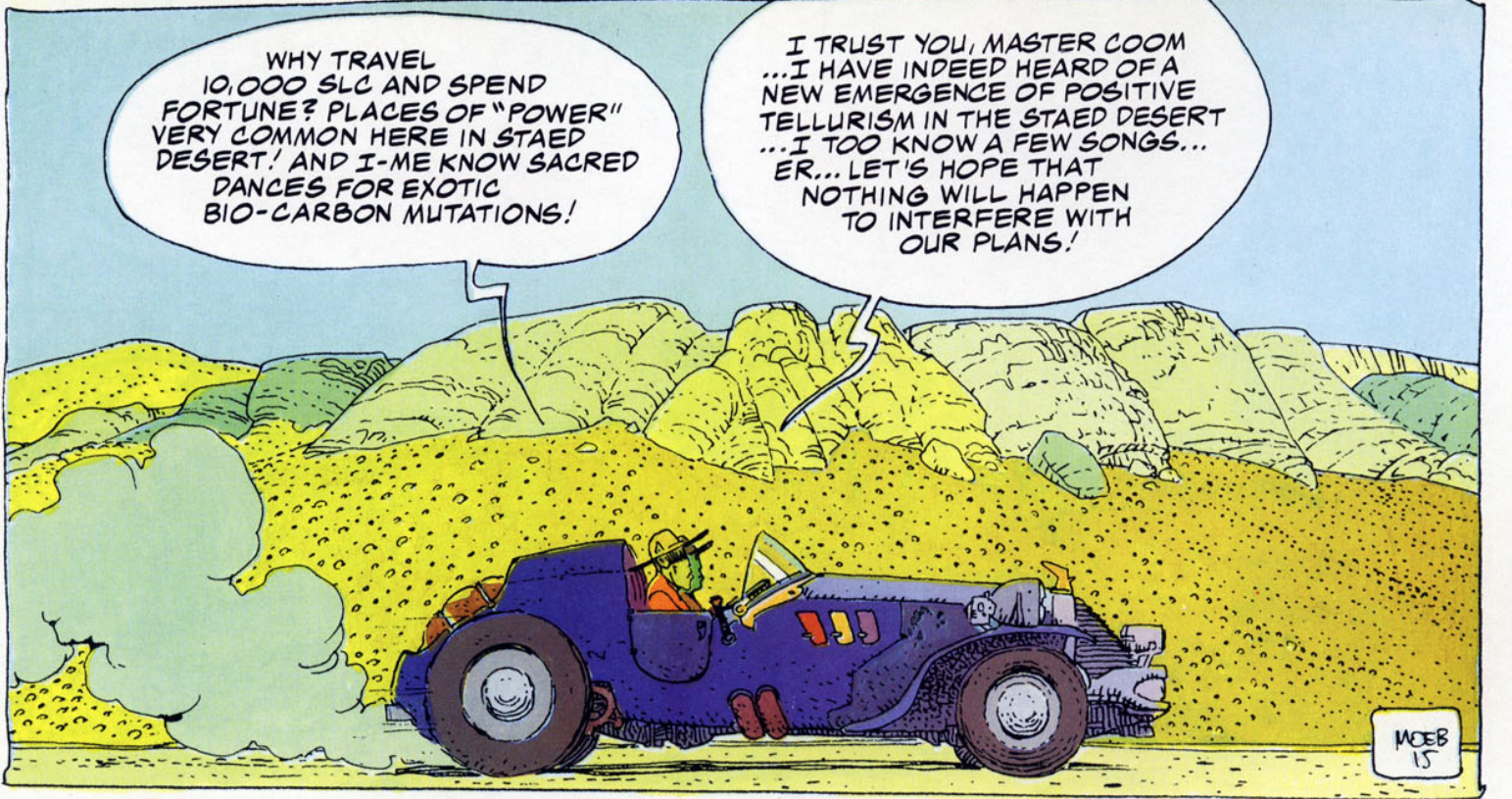
WITH
YOUR VEHICLE,
YOU SHOULD GET
THERE IN THREE HOURS
(*)... THAT MAKES... SEVEN
AND SEVEN MAKES
FIFTEEN AND ANOTHER
FIFTEEN... TWELVE
CREDITS AND
THIRTY MINIS!

MEB
14

(*): 5 HOURS STANDARD TIME.

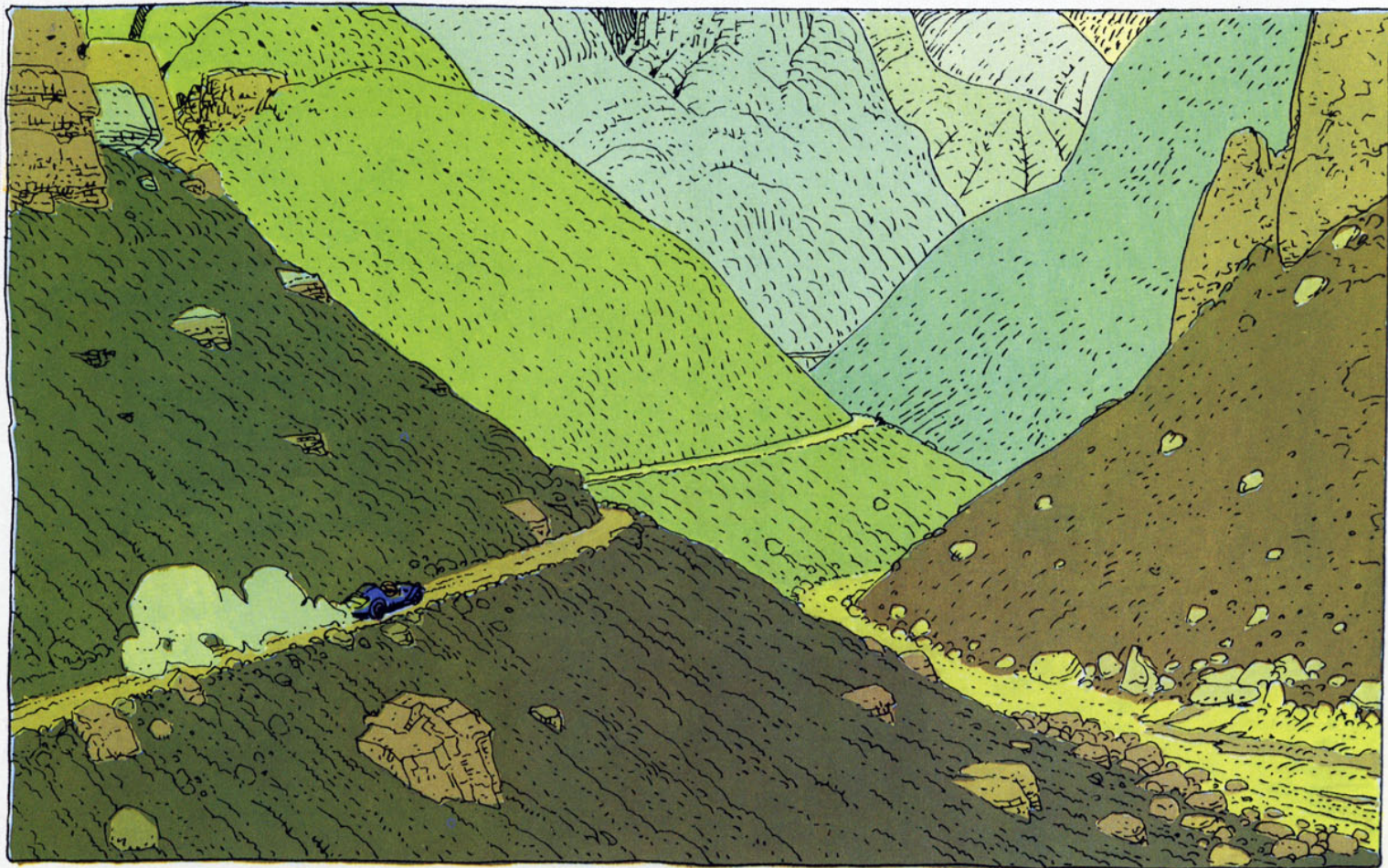


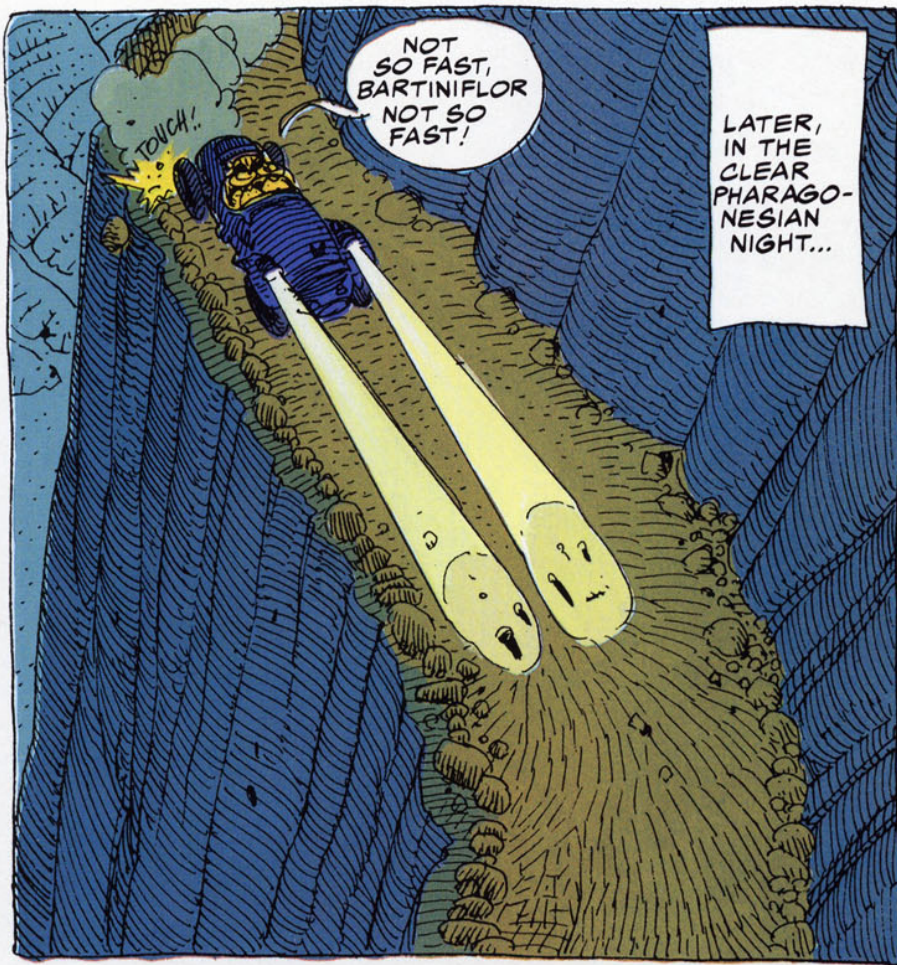
NEXT ROAD
ON THE RIGHT
TAKE!



WHY TRAVEL
10,000 SLC AND SPEND
FORTUNE? PLACES OF "POWER"
VERY COMMON HERE IN STAED
DESERT! AND I-ME KNOW SACRED
DANCES FOR EXOTIC
BIO-CARBON MUTATIONS!

I TRUST YOU, MASTER COOM
...I HAVE INDEED HEARD OF A
NEW EMERGENCE OF POSITIVE
TELLURISM IN THE STAED DESERT
...I TOO KNOW A FEW SONGS...
ER... LET'S HOPE THAT
NOTHING WILL HAPPEN
TO INTERFERE WITH
OUR PLANS!





NOT
SO FAST,
BARTINIFLOR
NOT SO
FAST!

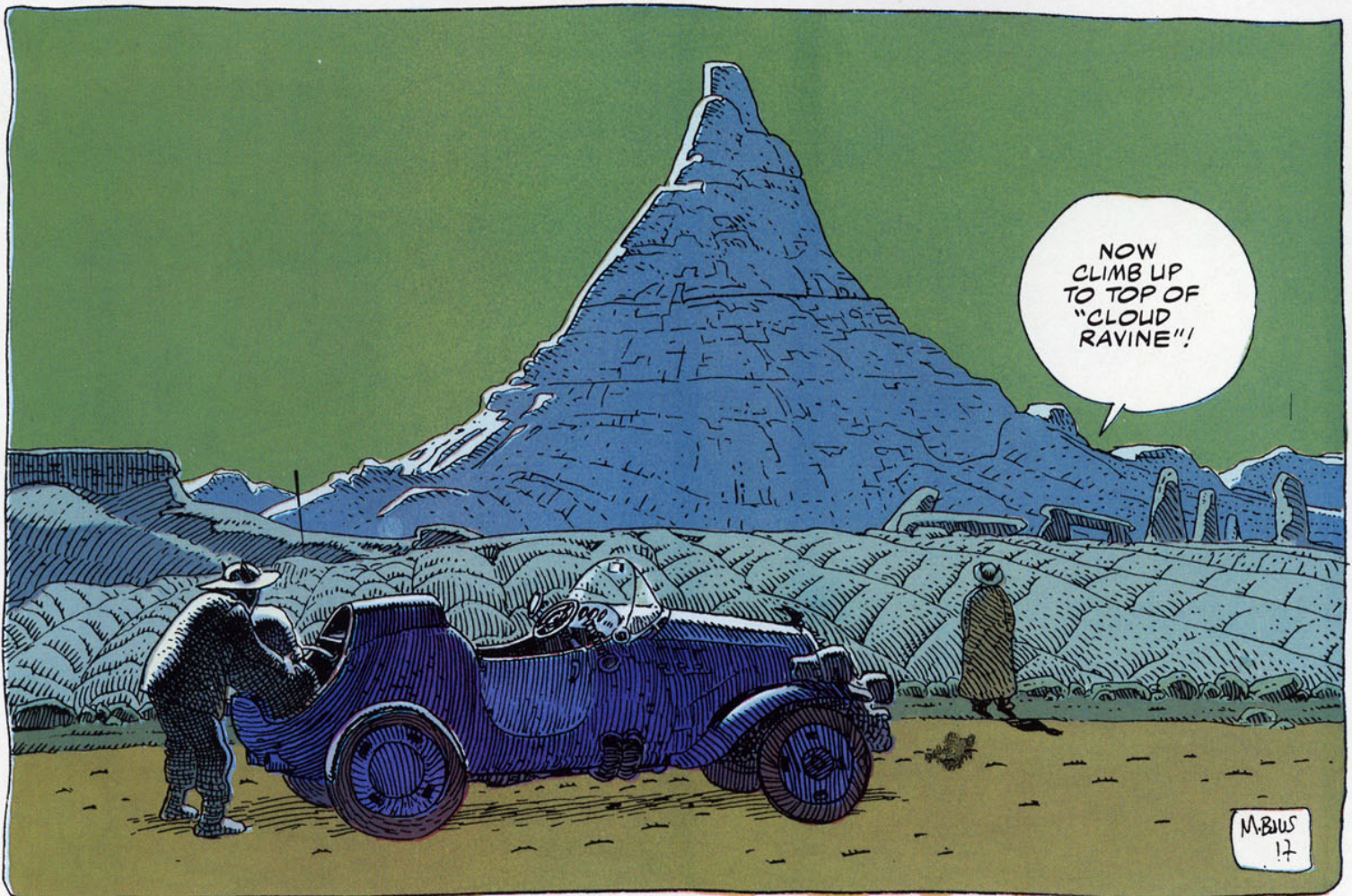
LATER,
IN THE
CLEAR
PHARAGO-
NESIAN
NIGHT...



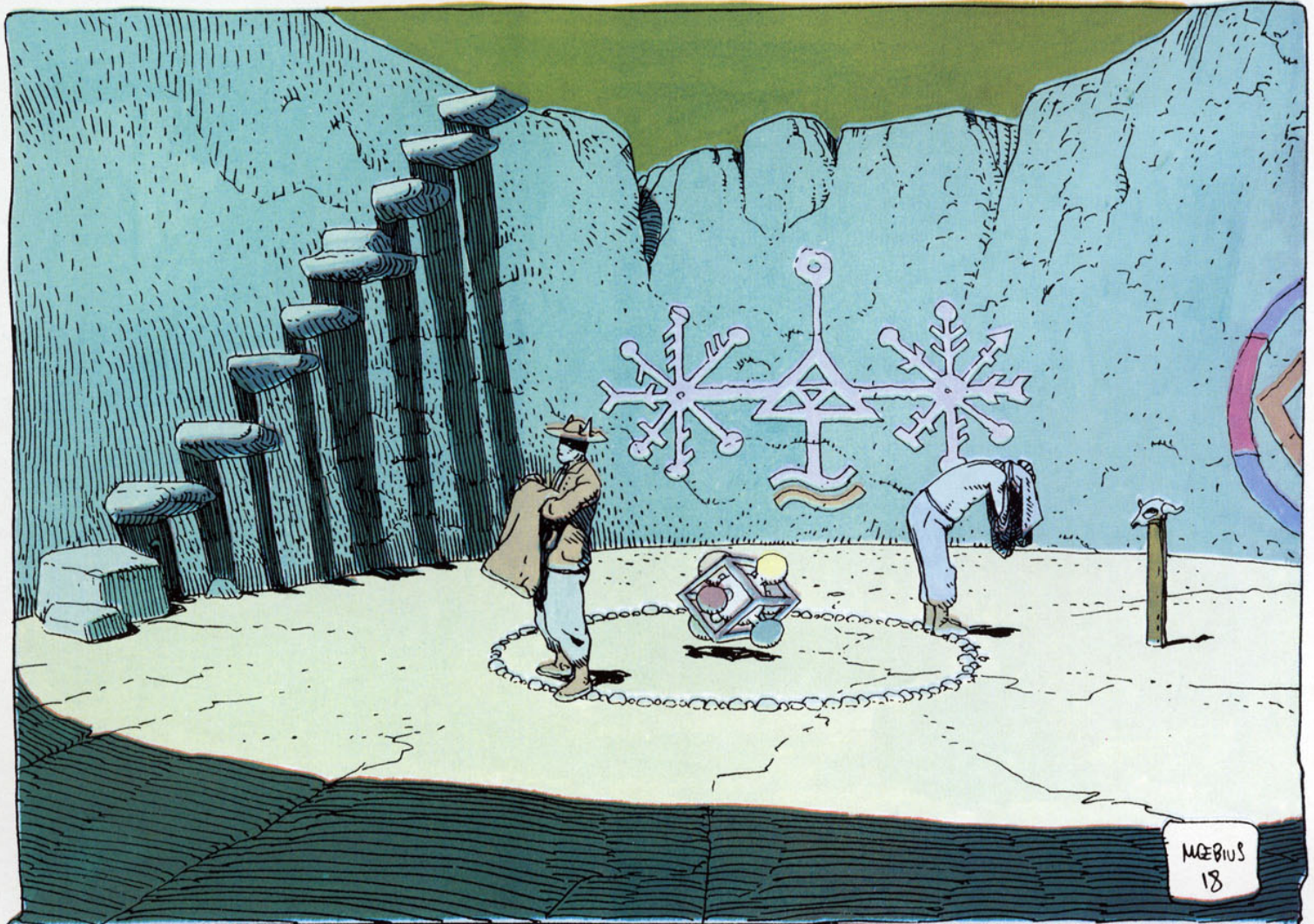
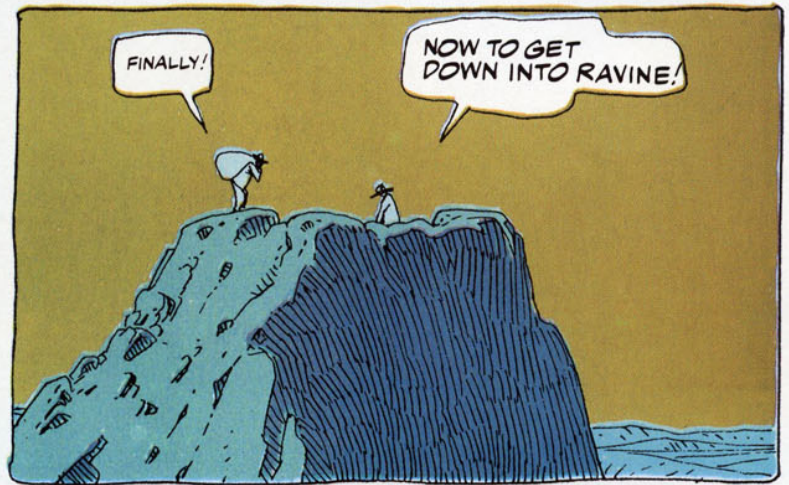
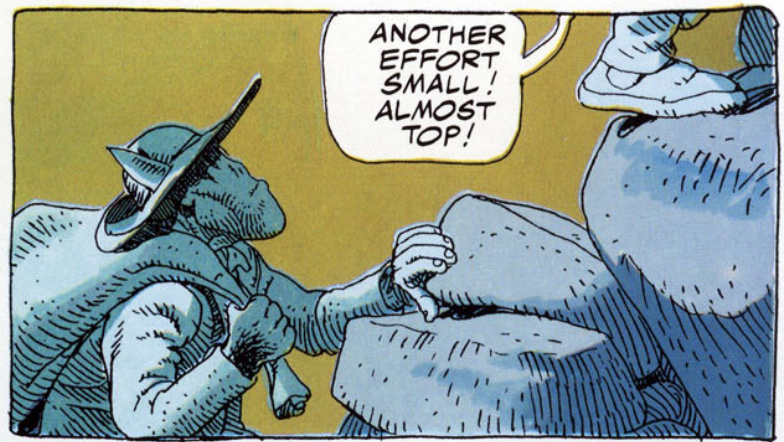
HERE JOURNEY ENDS...
FEEL SPIRAL WAVES FROM
HERE... HMMM! NOT IDEAL
FOR EXOTIC
BIO-CARBON
MUTATION...

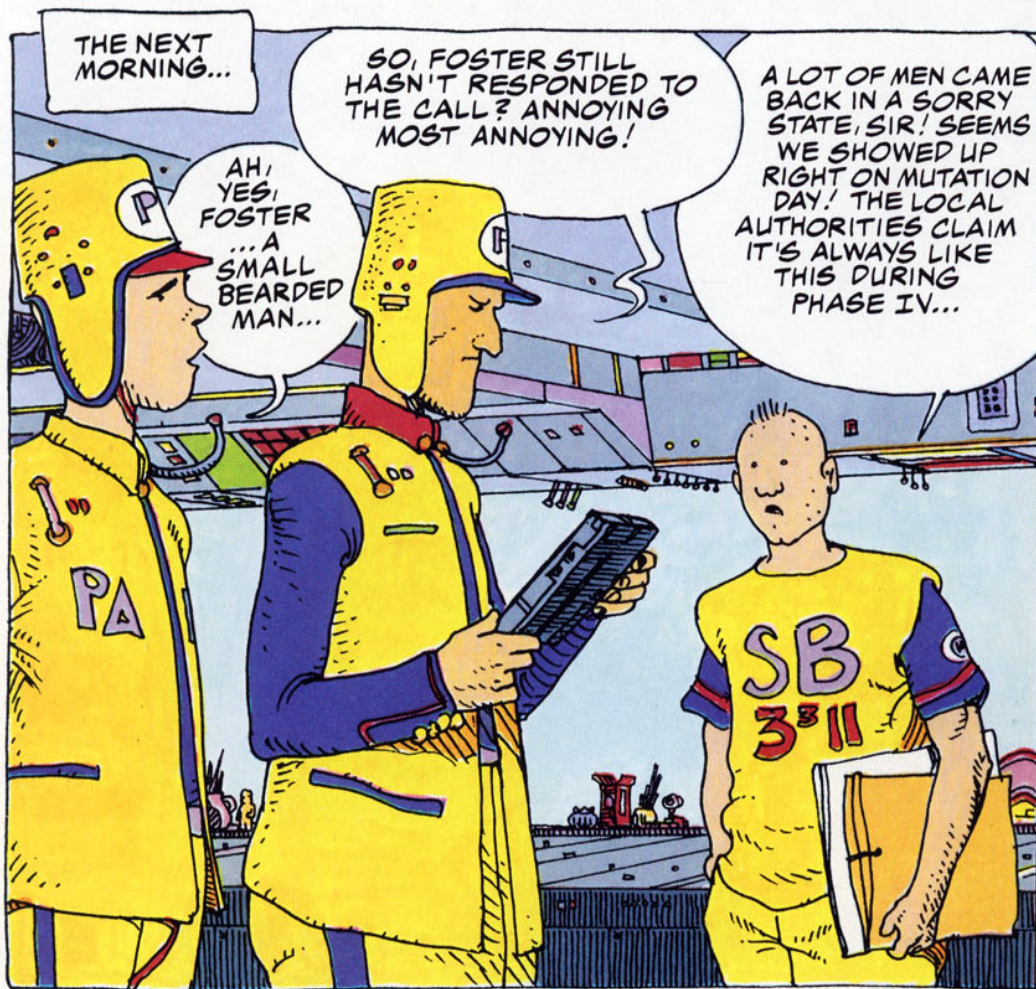
MASTER
COOM, I'M
BEGINNING TO
HAVE SERIOUS
DOUBTS ABOUT
THE SUCCESS
OF OUR
ENTERPRISE!

BEST NOT
LET DEVIL
DOUBTS SAP POWER
MUST LOCK AWAY
ALL THAT!



NOW
CLIMB UP
TO TOP OF
"CLOUD
RAVINE"!





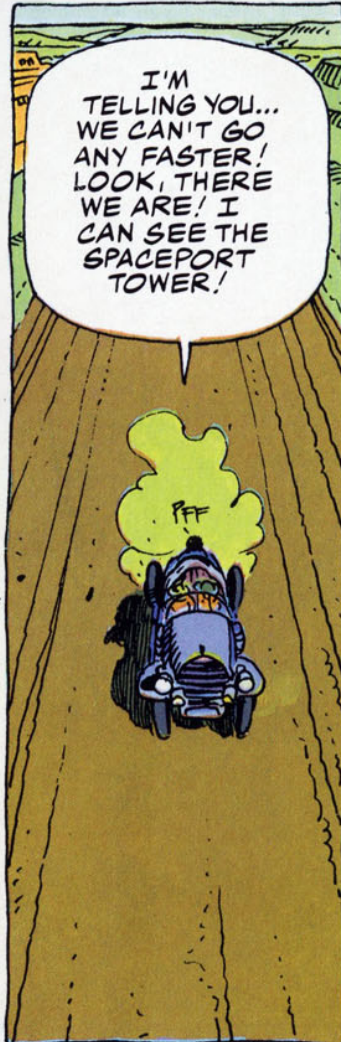
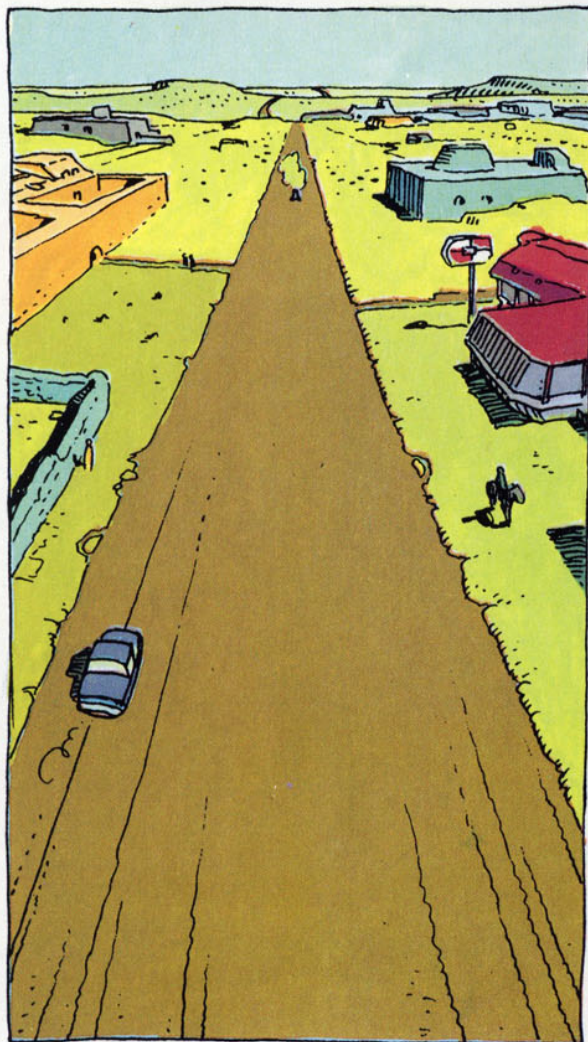
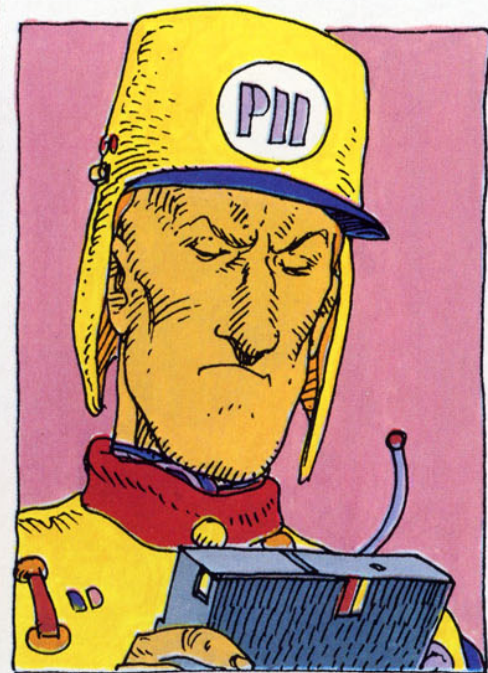
THE NEXT MORNING...

SO, FOSTER STILL HASN'T RESPONDED TO THE CALL? ANNOYING MOST ANNOYING!

AH, YES, FOSTER... A SMALL BEARDED MAN...

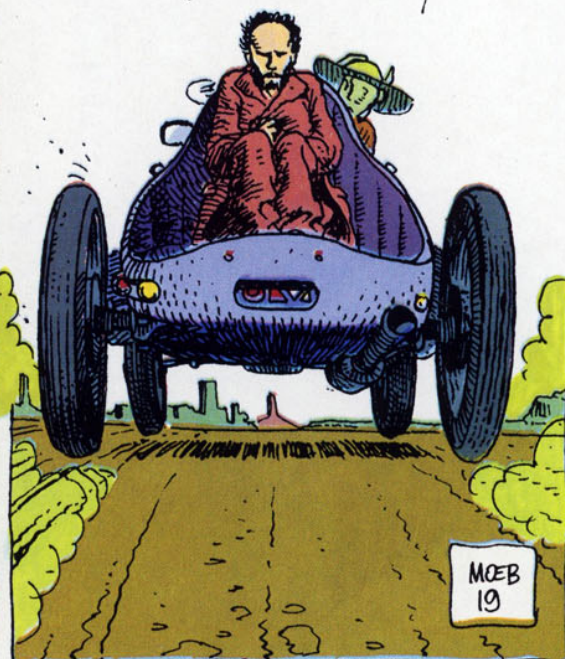
A LOT OF MEN CAME BACK IN A SORRY STATE, SIR! SEEMS WE SHOWED UP RIGHT ON MUTATION DAY! THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES CLAIM IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS DURING PHASE IV...

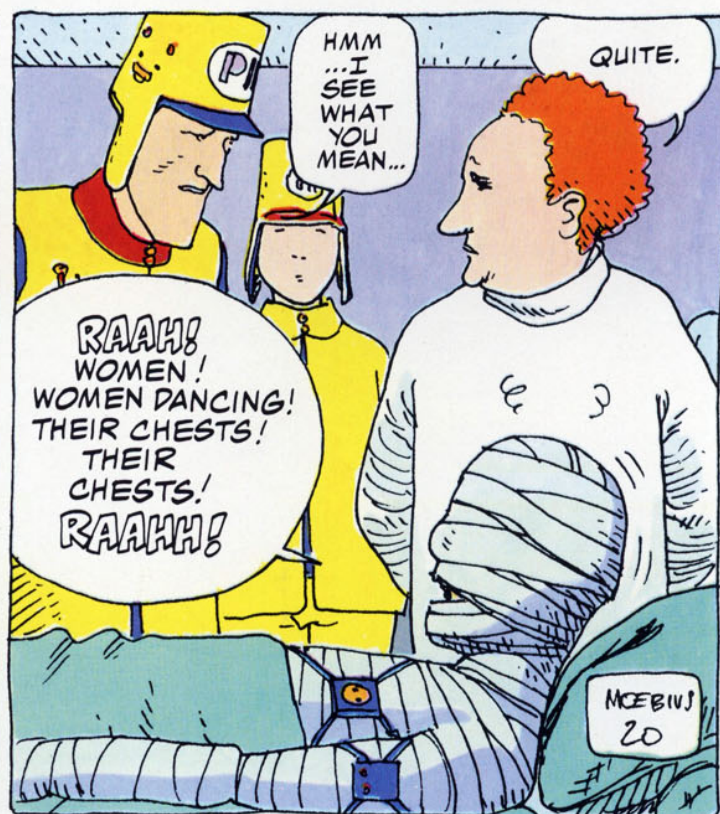
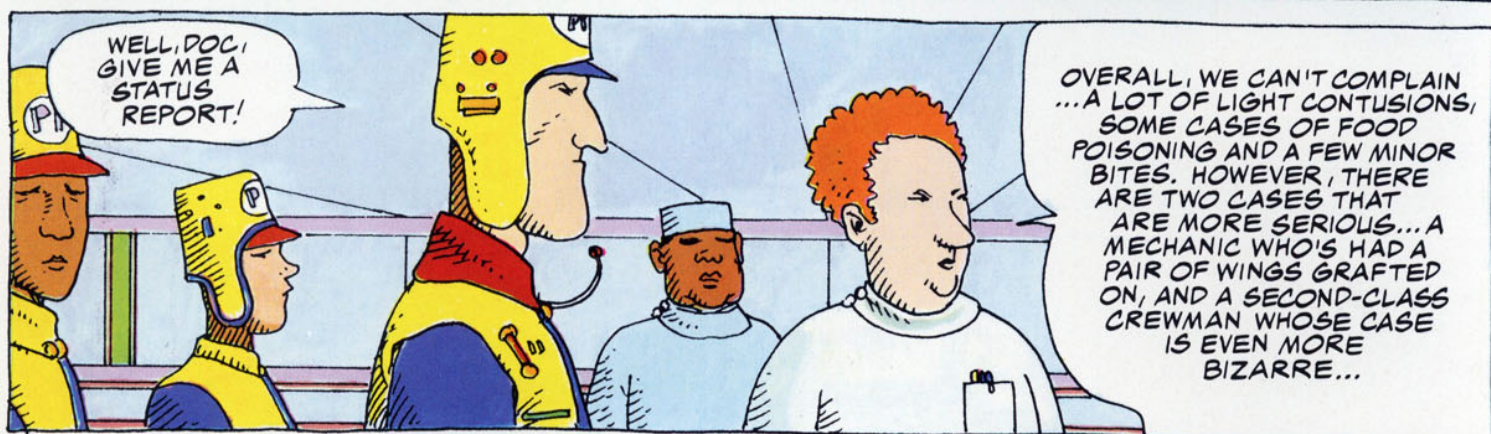
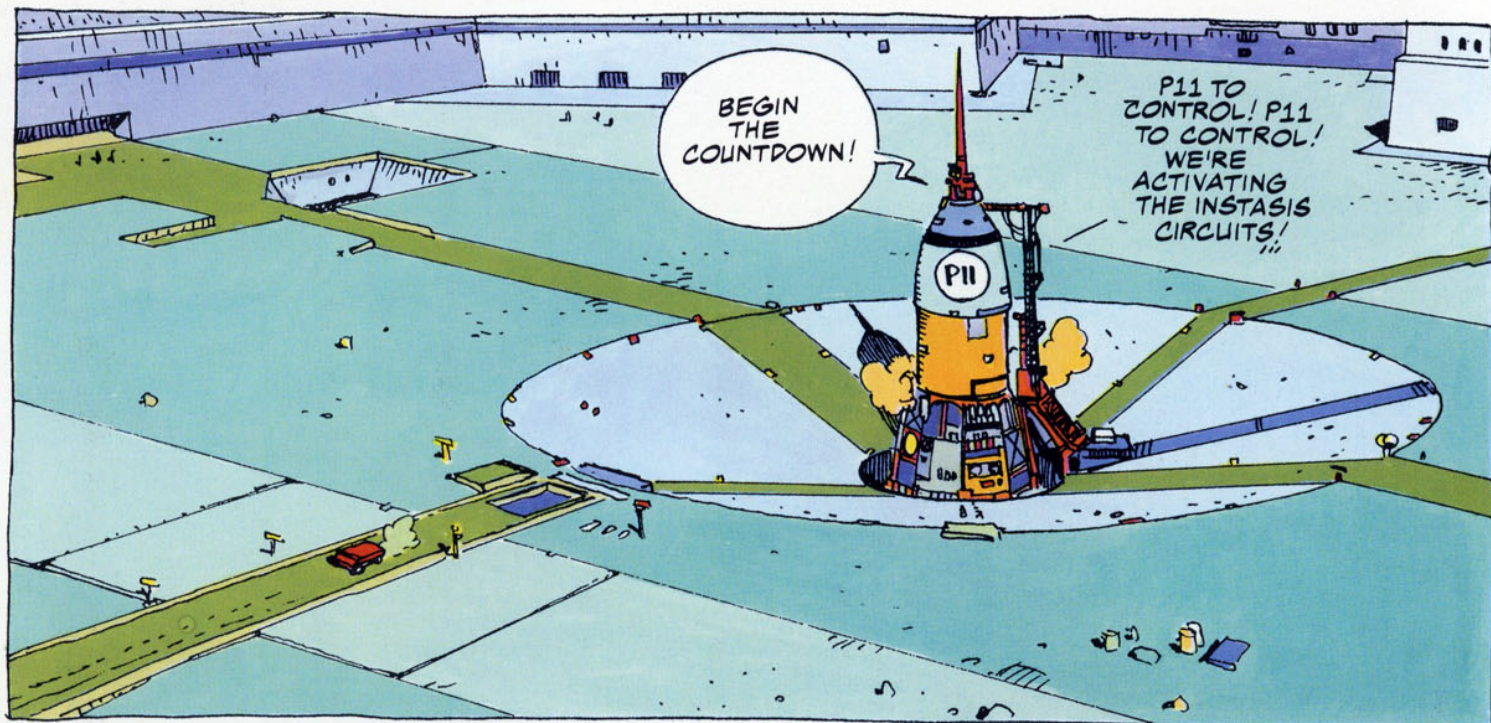
AH, THEY'RE IN PHASE IV? HMMM...WELL, REGULATIONS ARE STRICT! WE HAVE TO LEAVE FOSTER ON PHARAGONESIA! THE NEXT SHIP WILL BE HERE IN THREE YEARS AND WILL TRY HIM FOR DESERTION! GERARD, ADVISE THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND BEGIN THE PROCEDURES FOR LIFT-OFF!

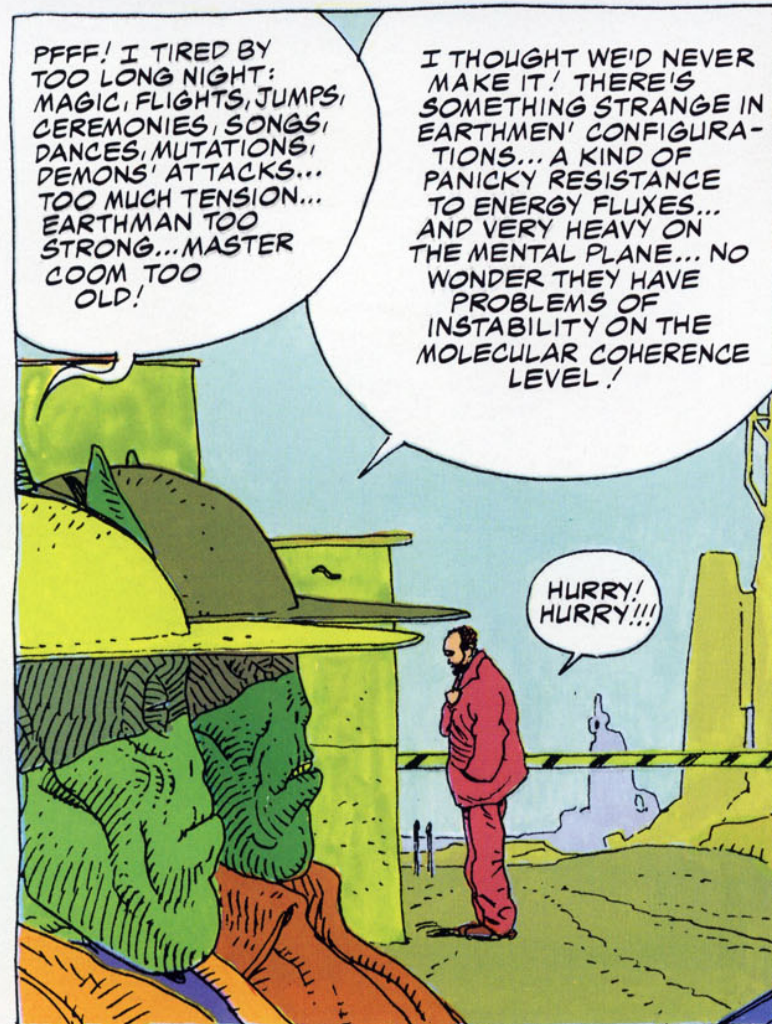
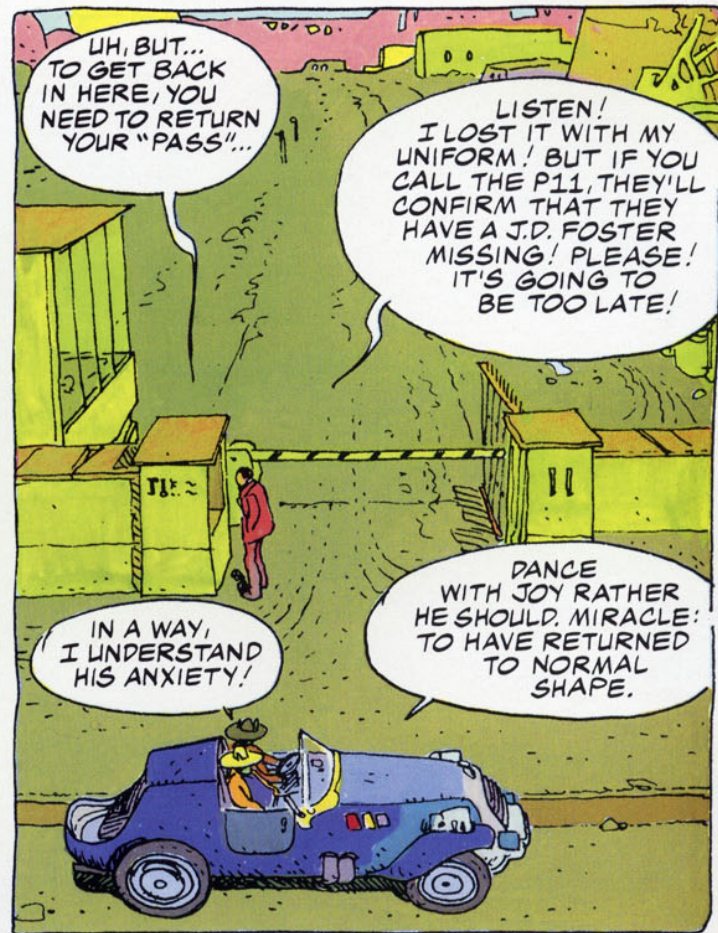


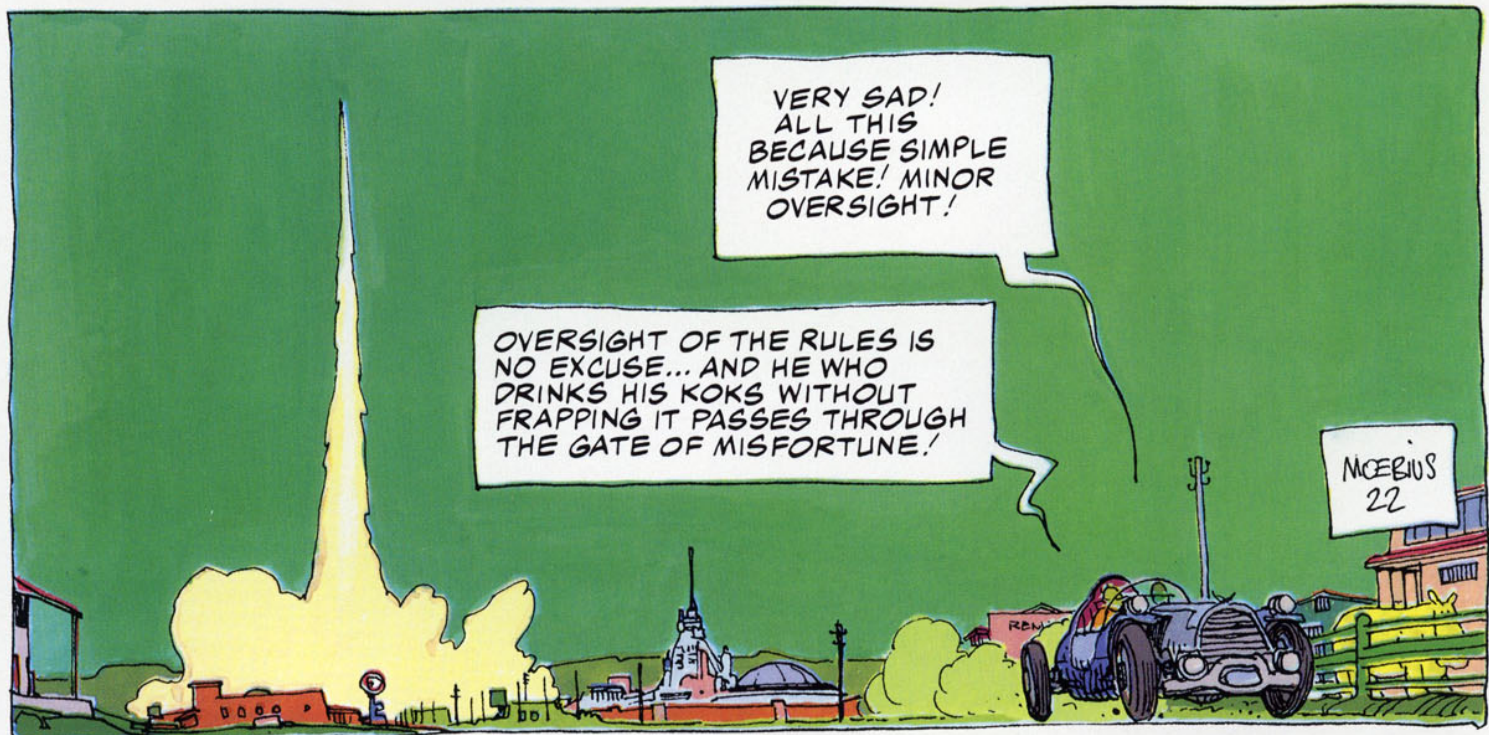
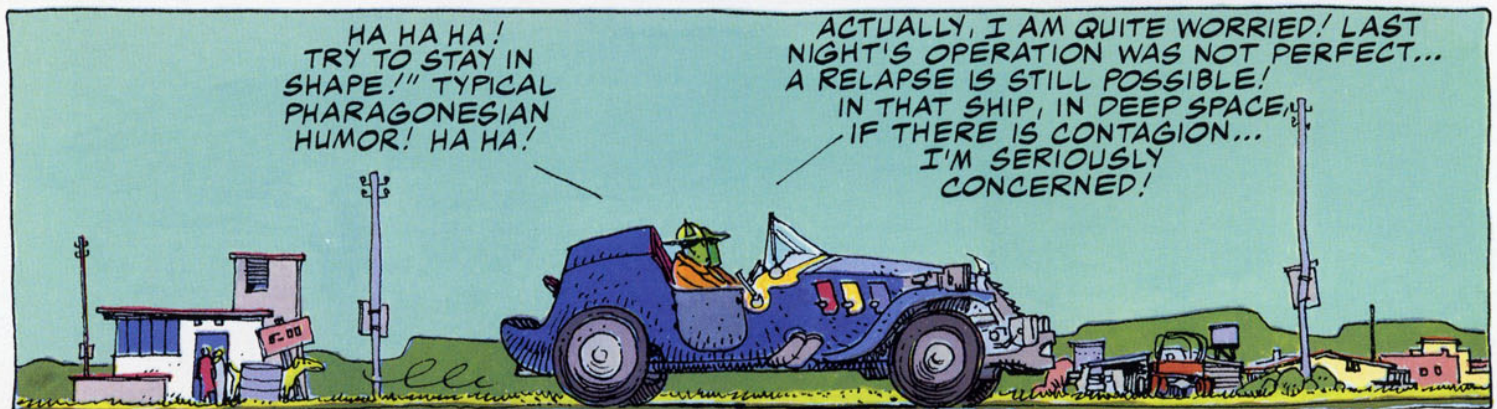
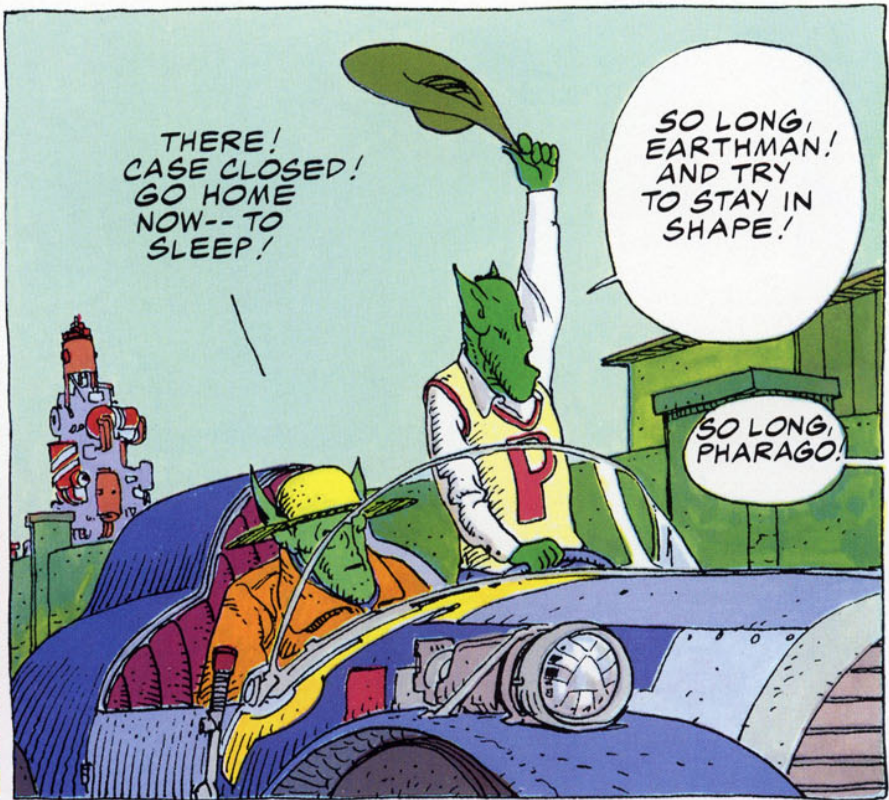
I'M GOING TO MISS THE P11 AND BE STUCK ON THIS CRAZY WORLD FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

EARTHMAN NOT TO WORRY! LIFE ON PHARAGONESIA VERY FUNNY OUTSIDE OF MUTATION DAY!









AND
INDEED,
A MONTH
LATER
IN DEEP
SPACE...

WE WERE DOING
MAINTENANCE ON
THE COAXIAL
GENERATORS AND,
SUDDENLY HE
MUTATED UNDER
MY VERY EYES!

I WAS
THERE!
IT STARTED
WITH HIS
LEGS!

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A THING!
STARK, CALL THE CAPTAIN! ASK
HIM TO COME TO SICK BAY! IT'S
AN EMERGENCY!

MAJOR,
YOU'RE
UPSETTING
THE OTHER
PATIENTS!..

WATCH OUT!
THERE ARE
TUBES GROWING
FROM UNDER
HIM AGAIN!

WOMEN...
WITH CHESTS...
CHESTS... ARGH!

JONES,
PLEASE
SHUT
HIM UP!

INCREDIBLE!
AMAZING!
LOOK! IT'S
CHANGING
COLORS!

ISOLATE
THAT... THAT
THING IN THE
QUARANTINE
ROOM!

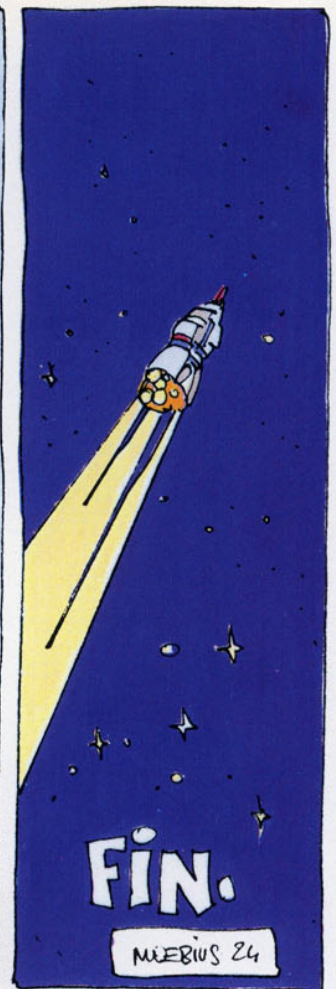
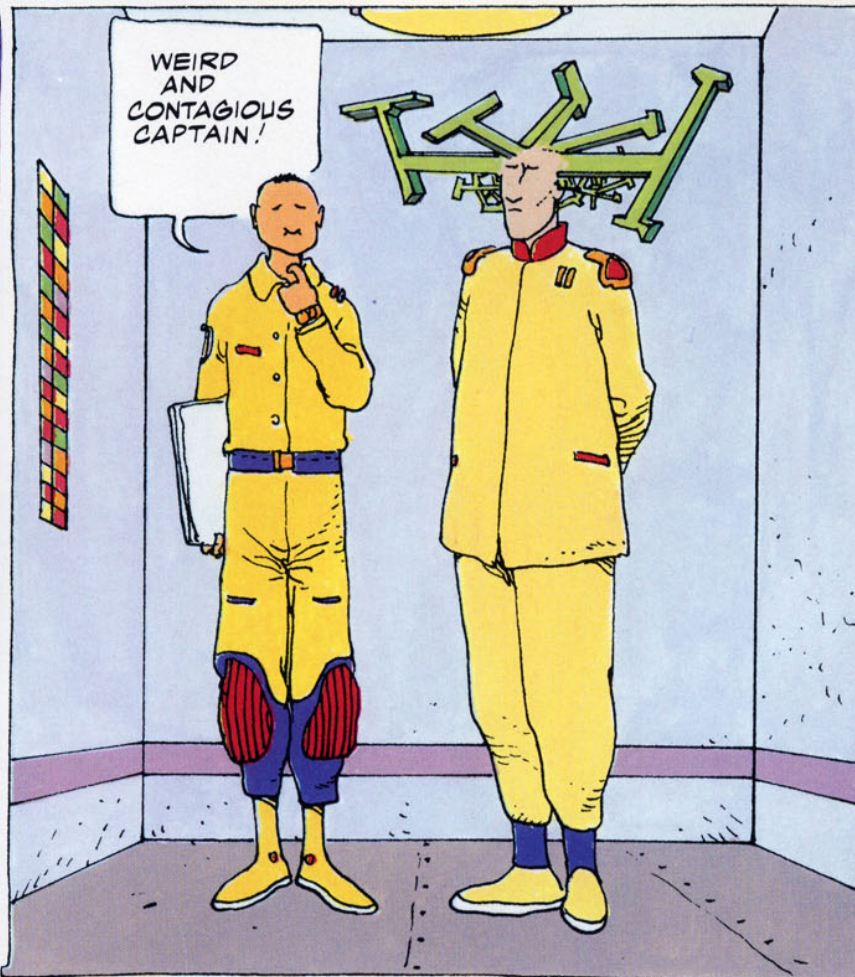
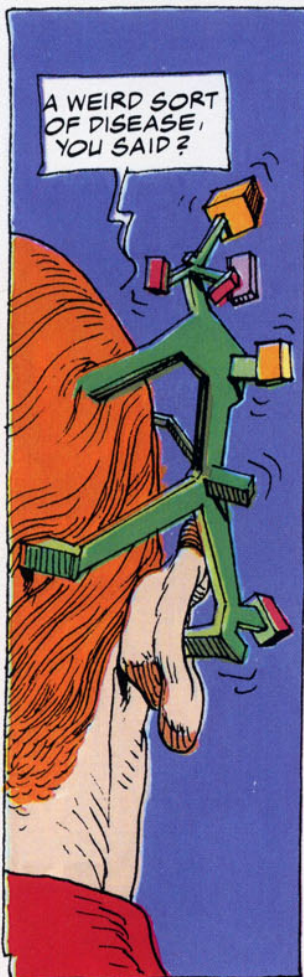
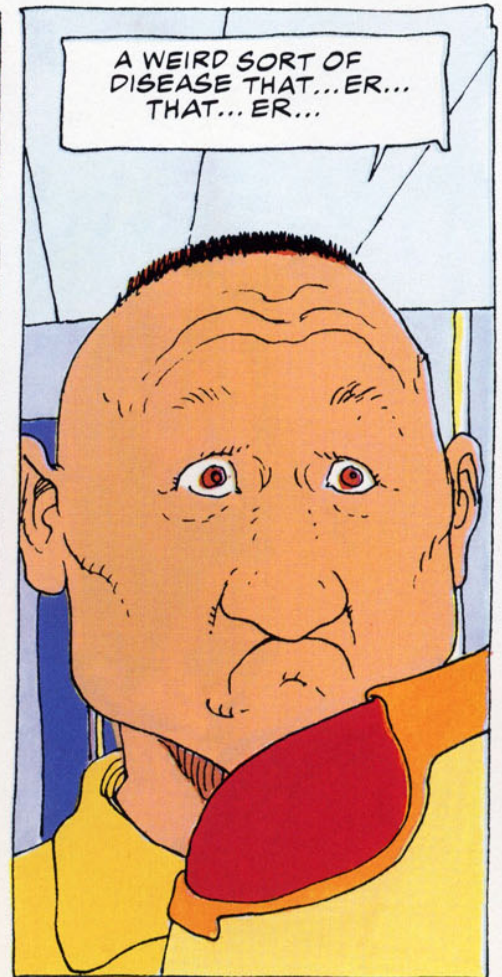
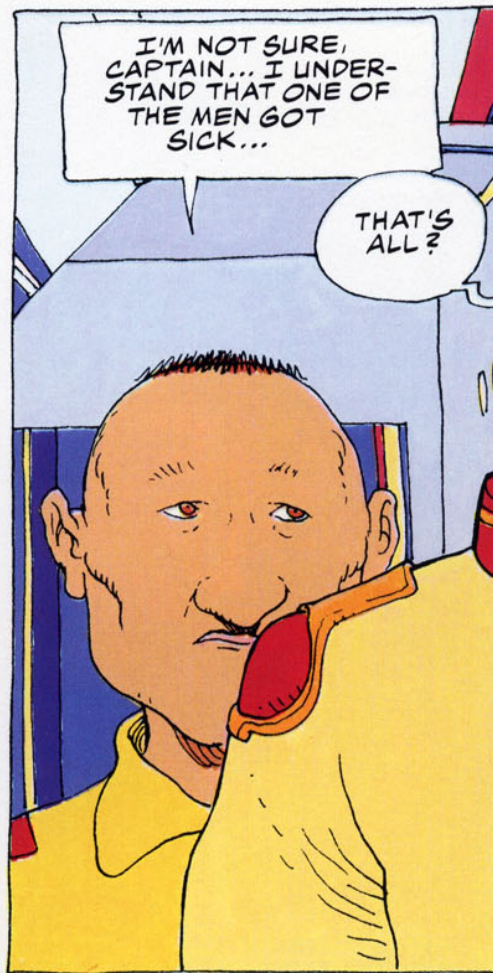
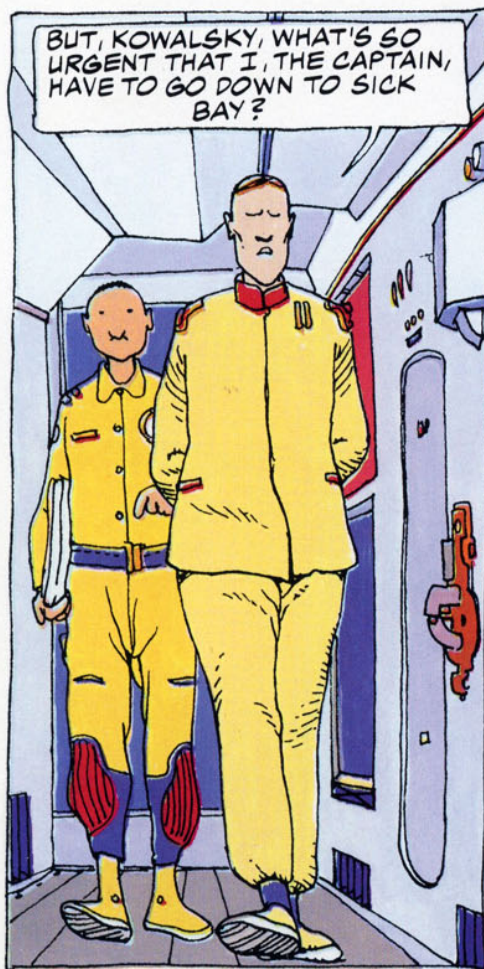
ARE YOU
SURE IT'S NOT
CONTAGIOUS?

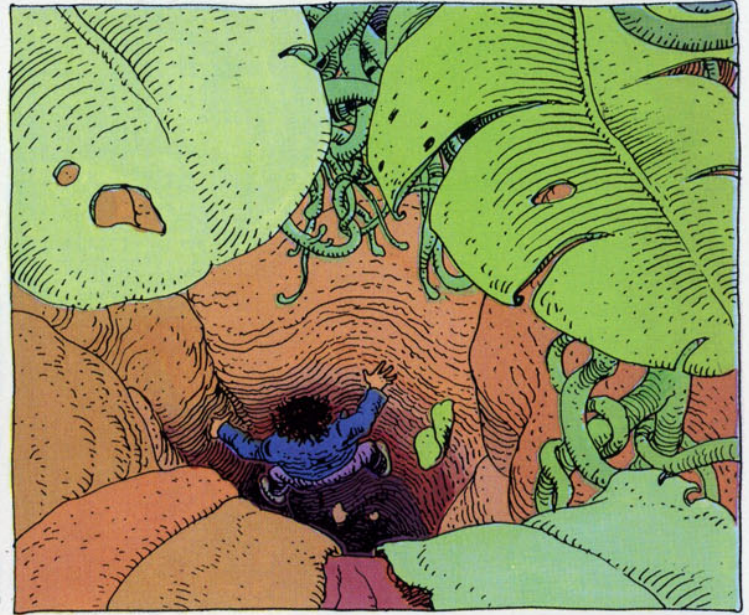
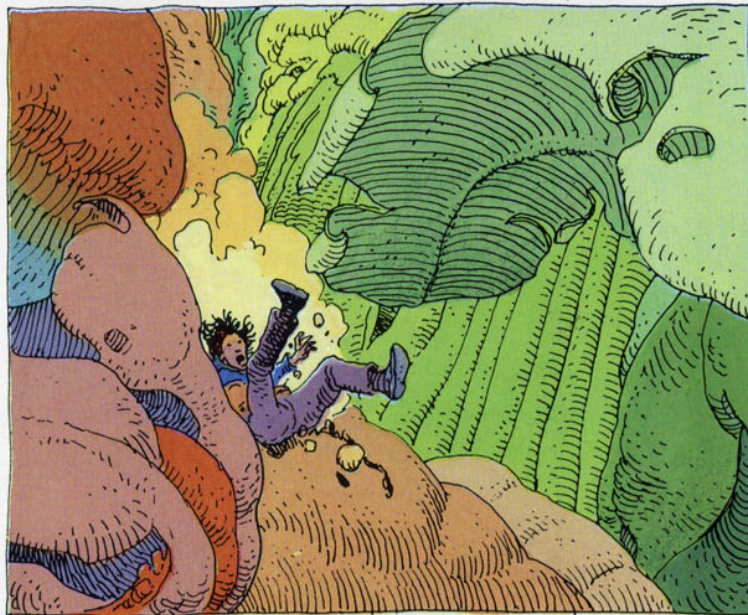
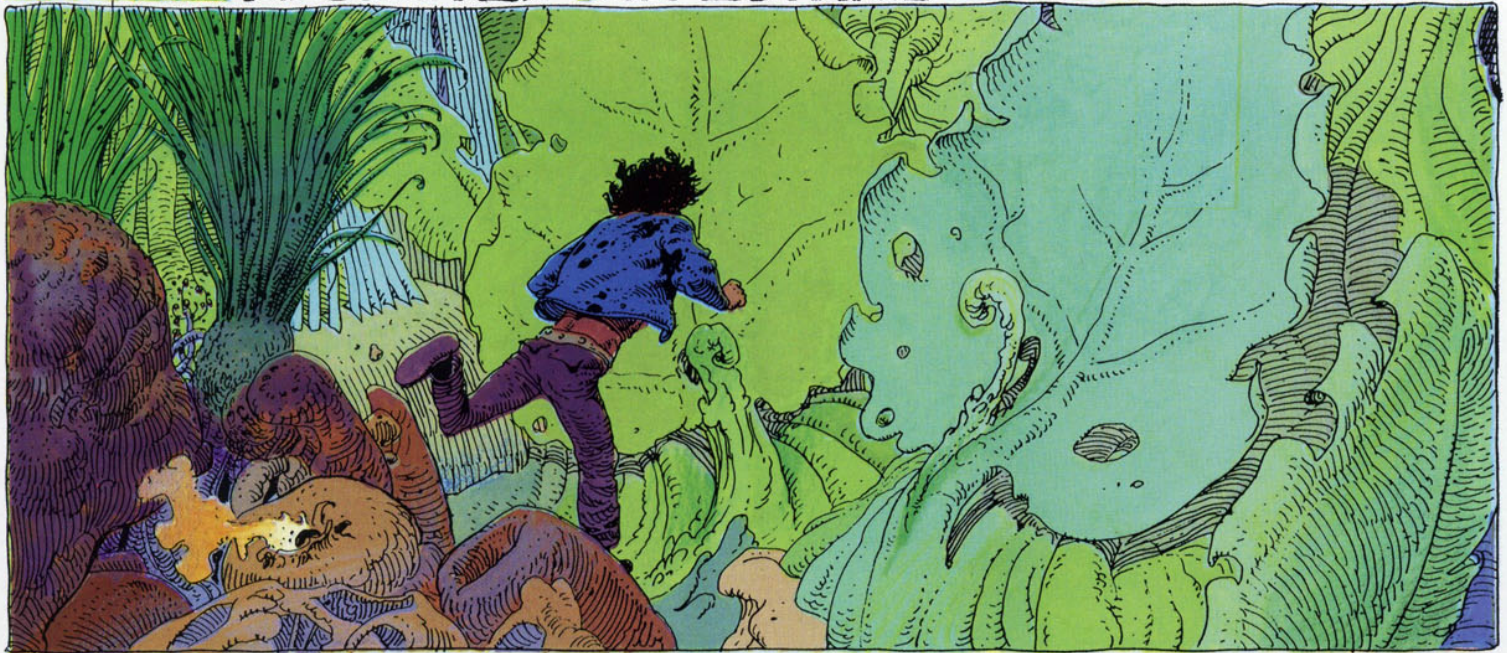
THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT
HIS FILE! IT'S THE MAN
WHO WAS LATE GETTING
BACK FOR LIFT-OFF
ON PHARAGONESIA!
HE'S JUST FINISHED
SPENDING SOME TIME
IN THE BRIG!

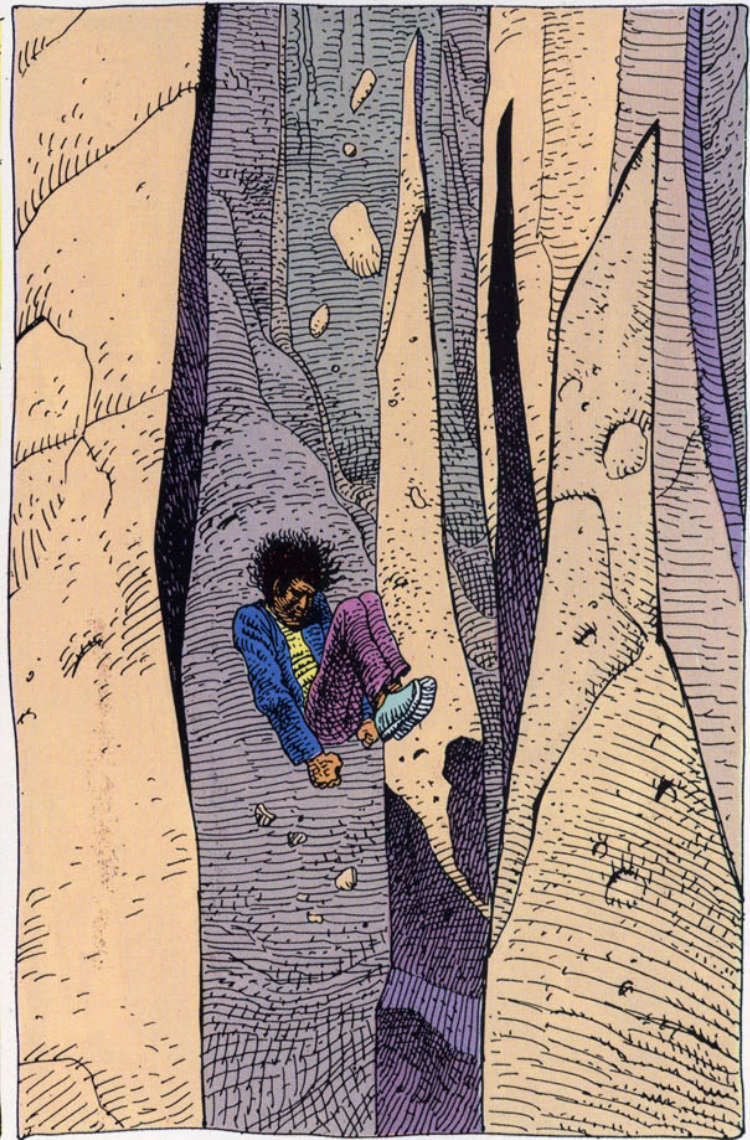
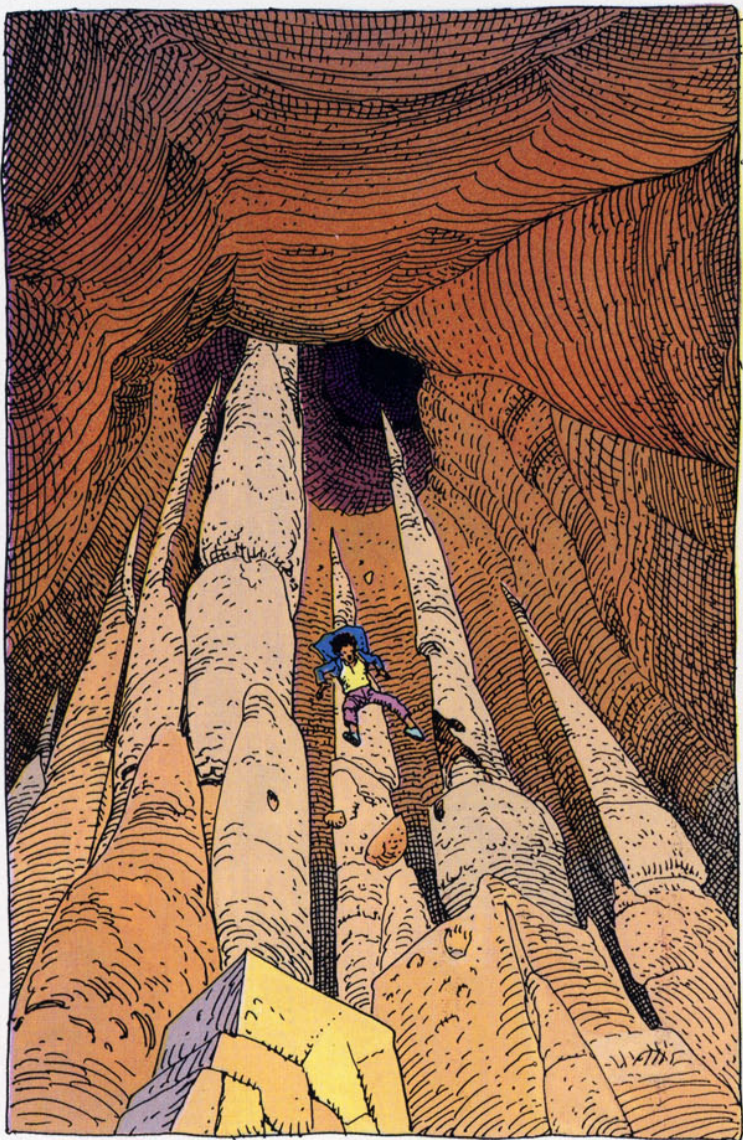
WHAT'S GOING ON?

APPARENTLY,
THERE'S A
MONSTER
ON BOARD!

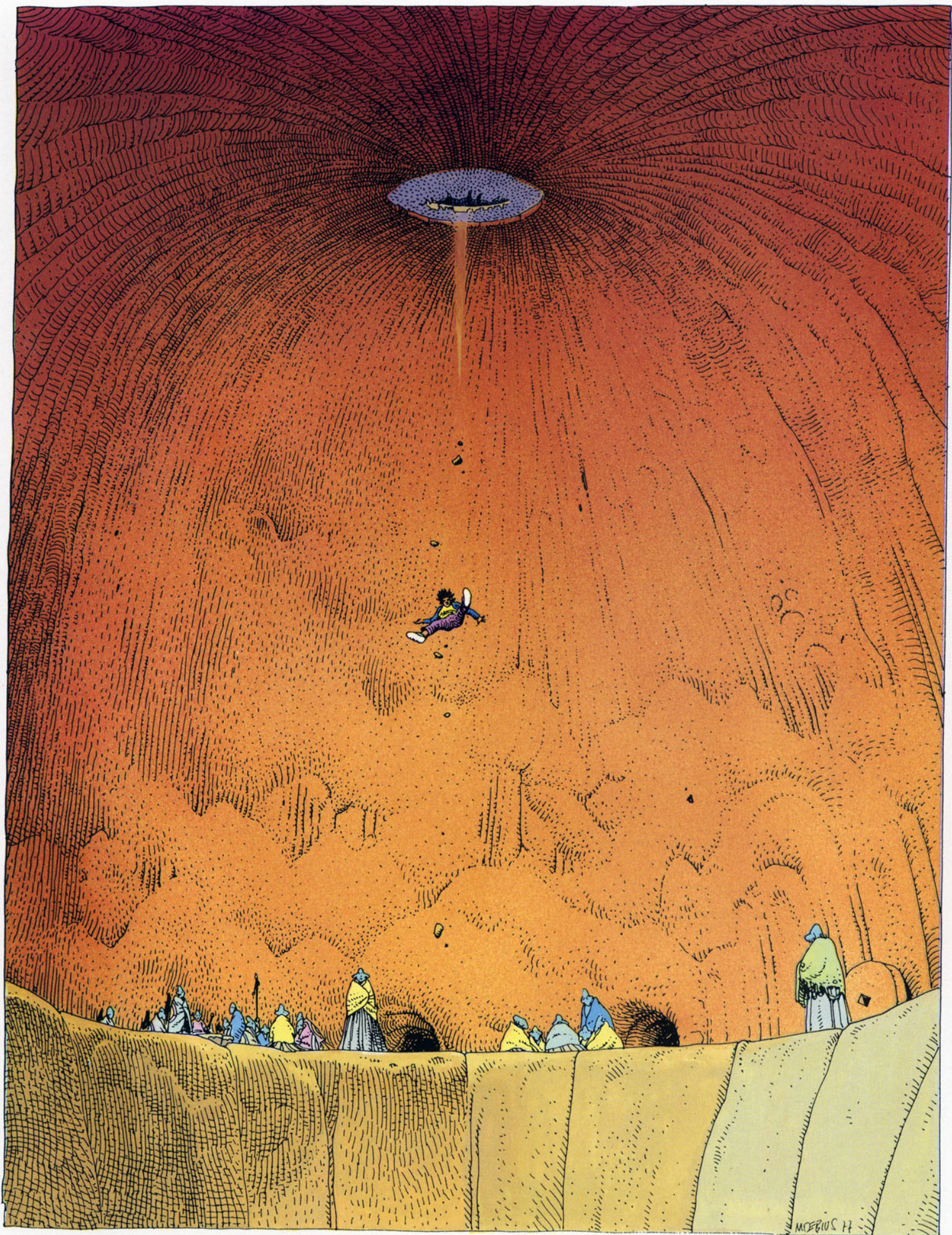
A MONSTER!
THAT'S ALL
WE NEED
NOW!

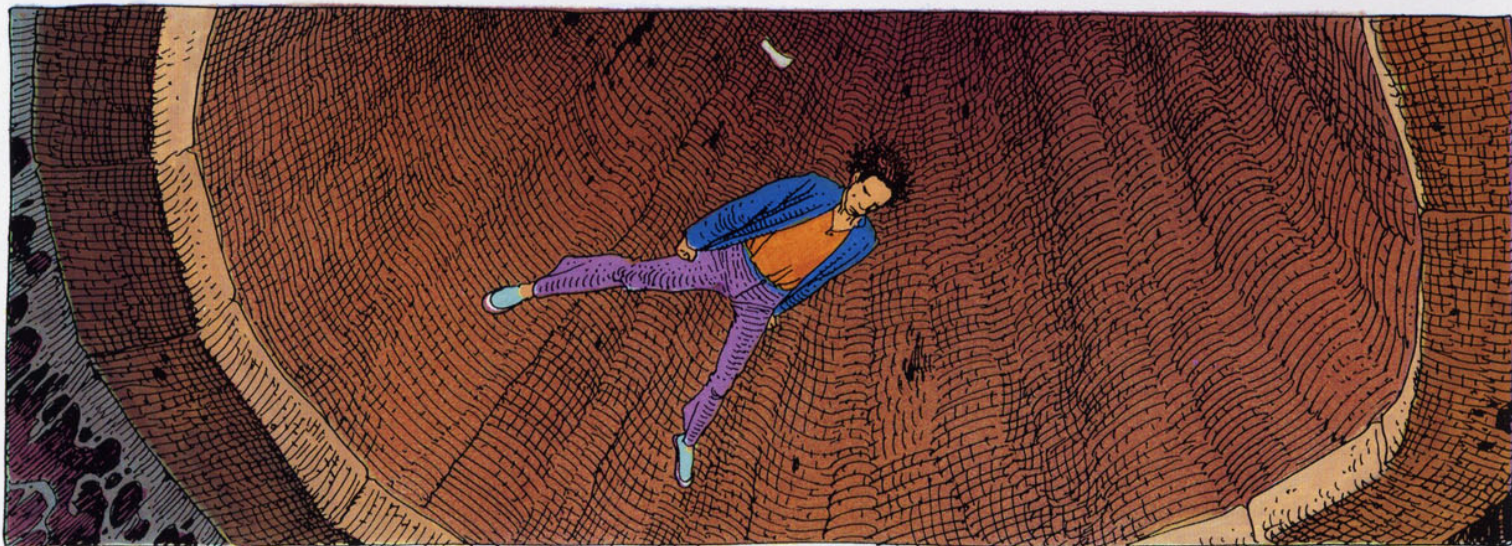
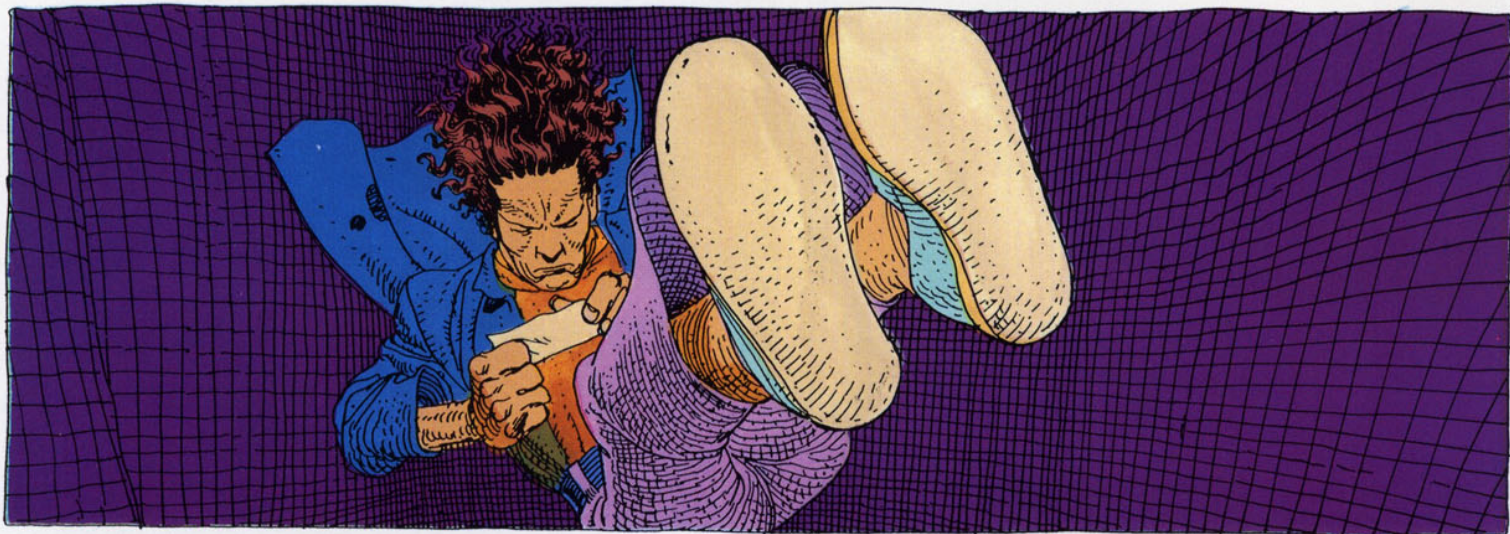
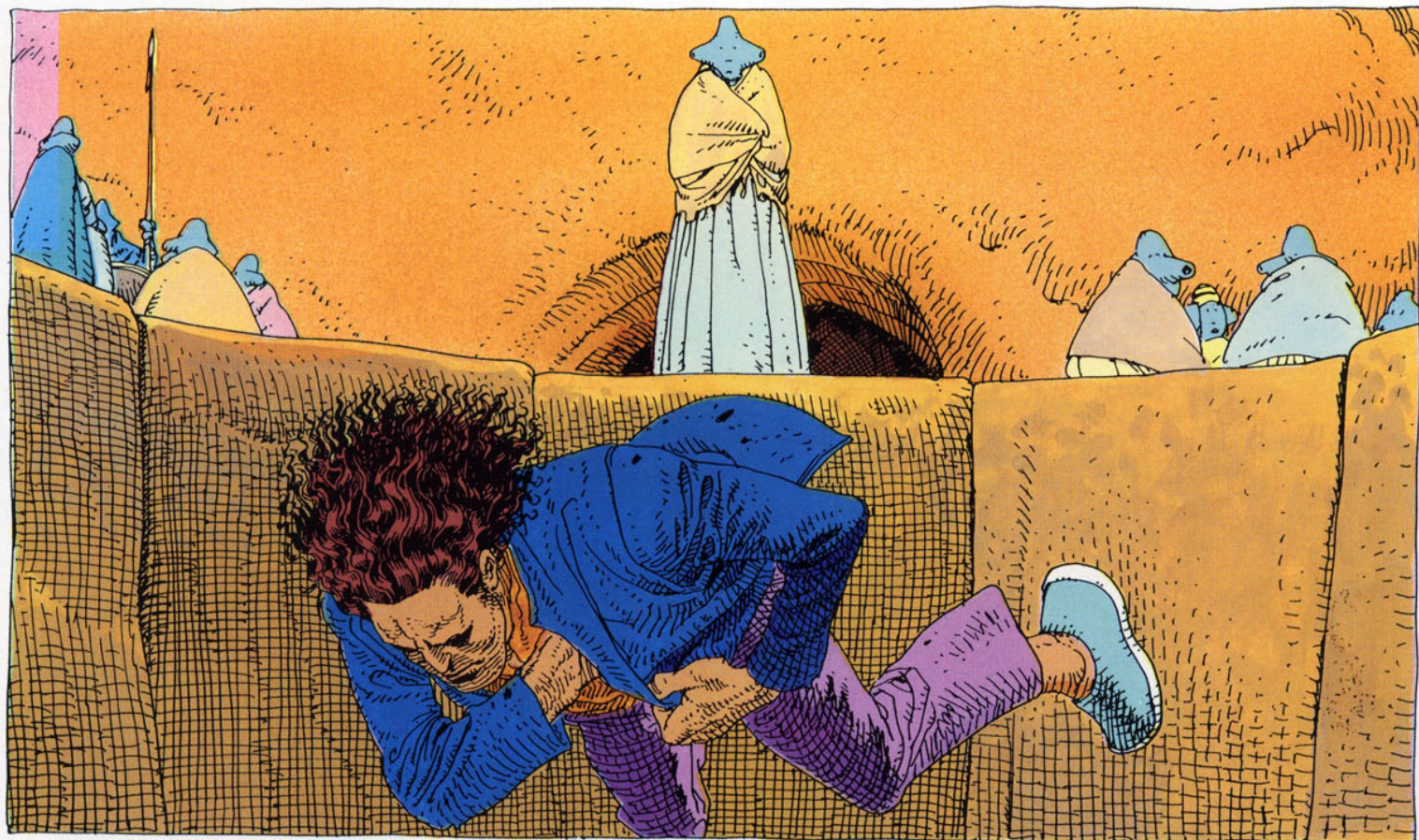


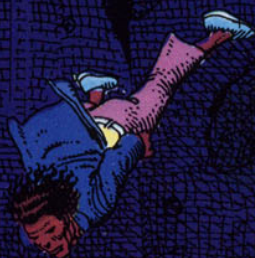


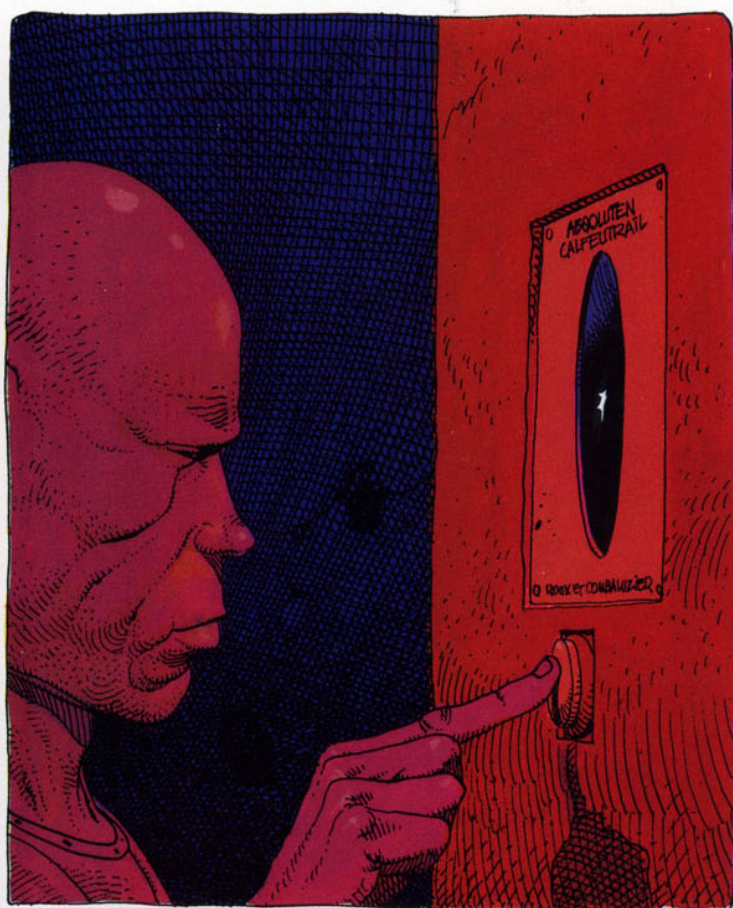
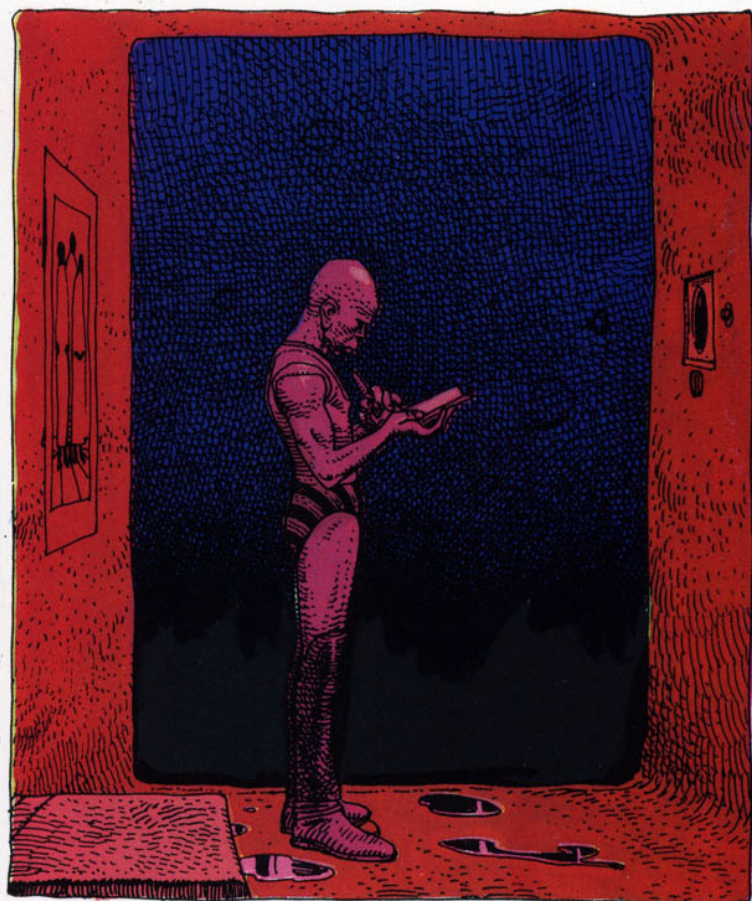


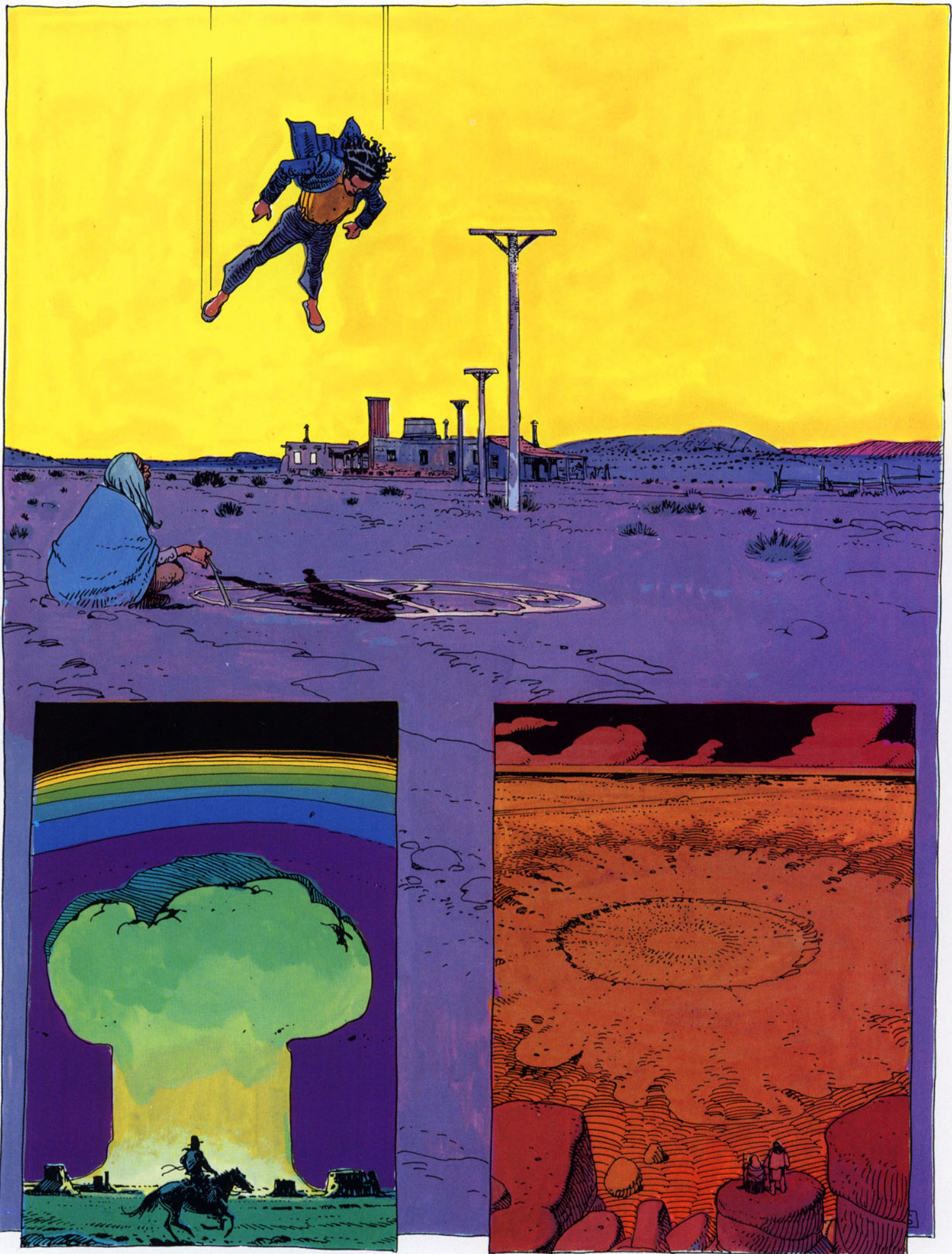














major GRUBERT

THE HUNT FOR THE VACATIONING FRENCHMAN

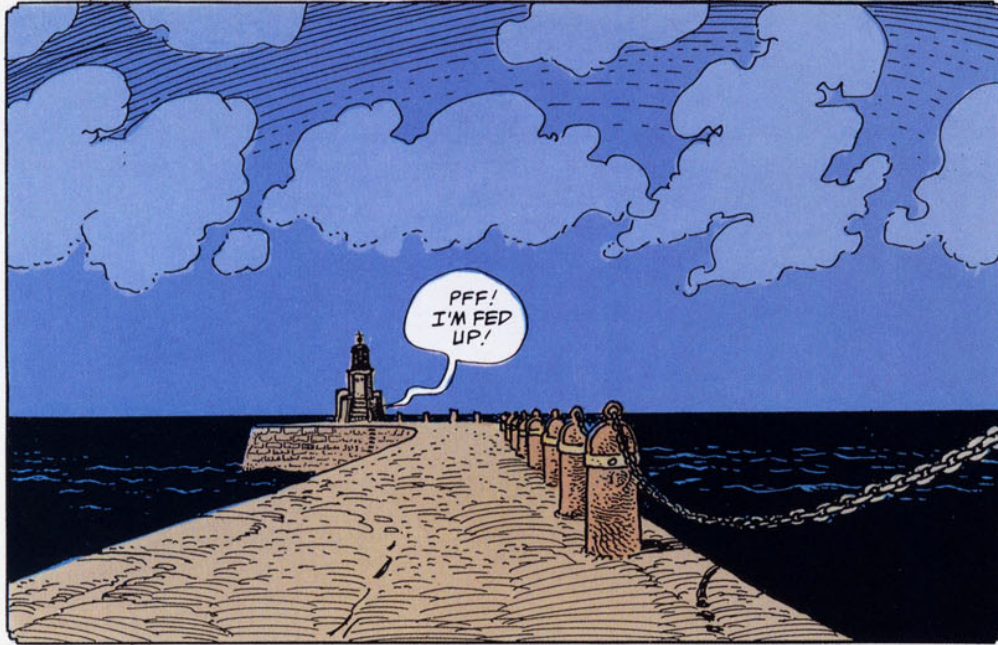
A SO FAR UNPUBLISHED ADVENTURE OF MAJOR GRUBERT AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION UMBERTO MANTECA

1ST EPISODE: THE AMBUSH

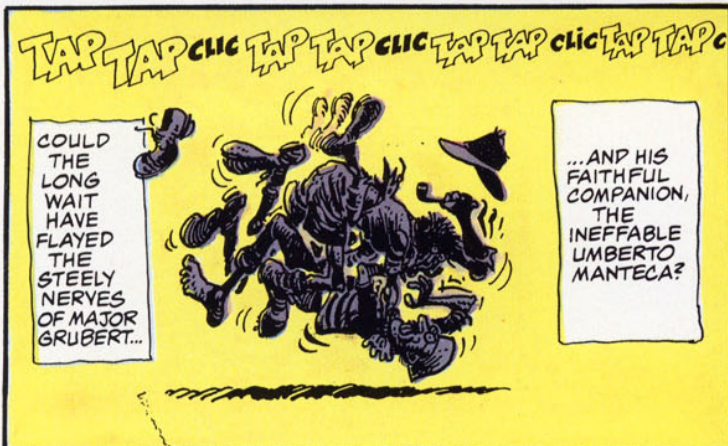
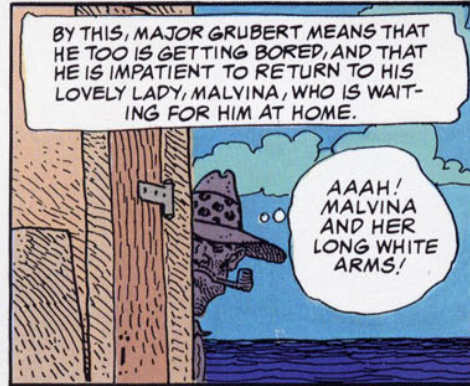
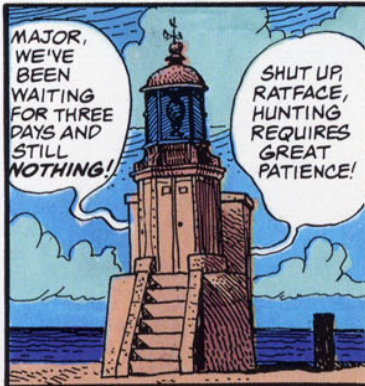


Umberto MANTECA

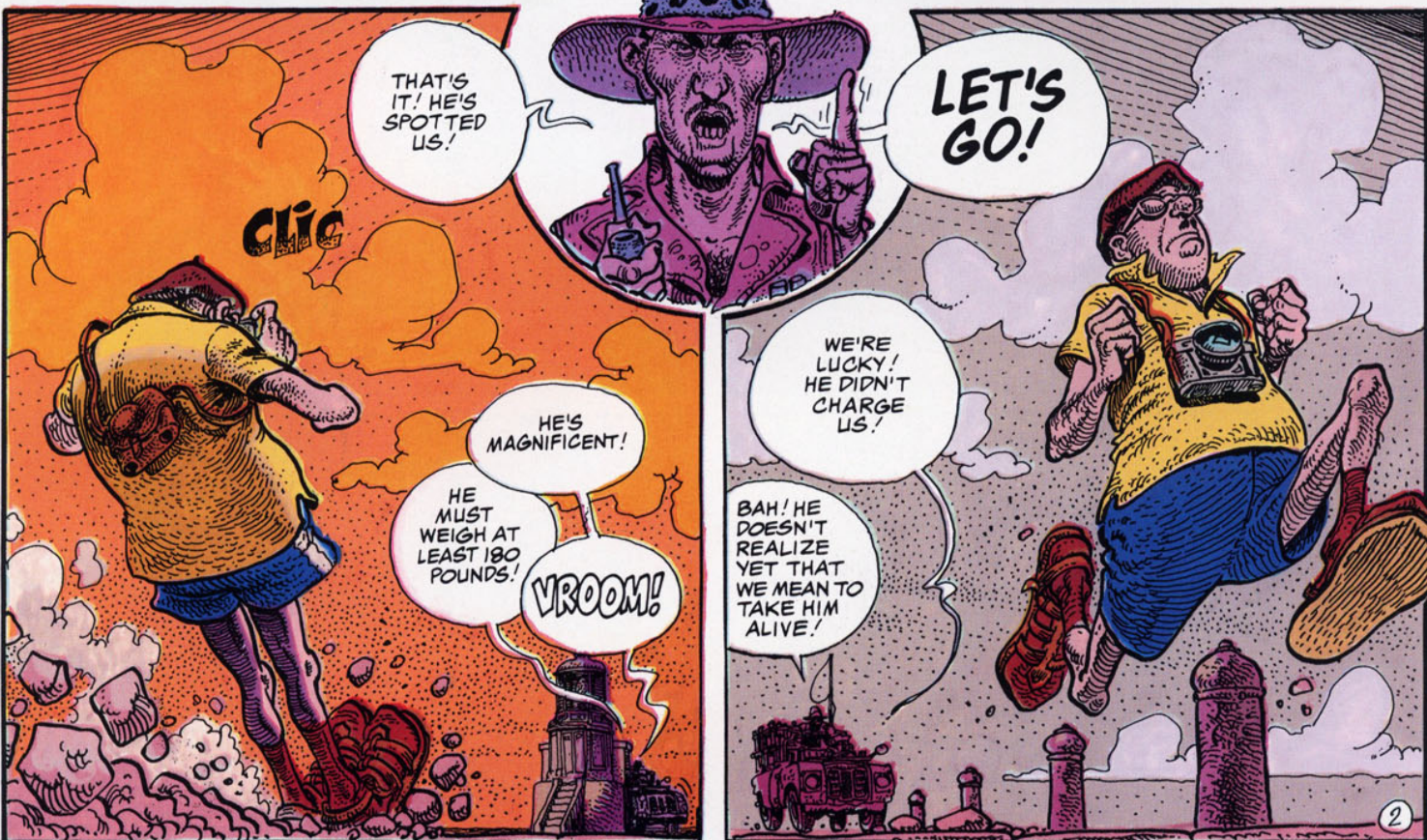
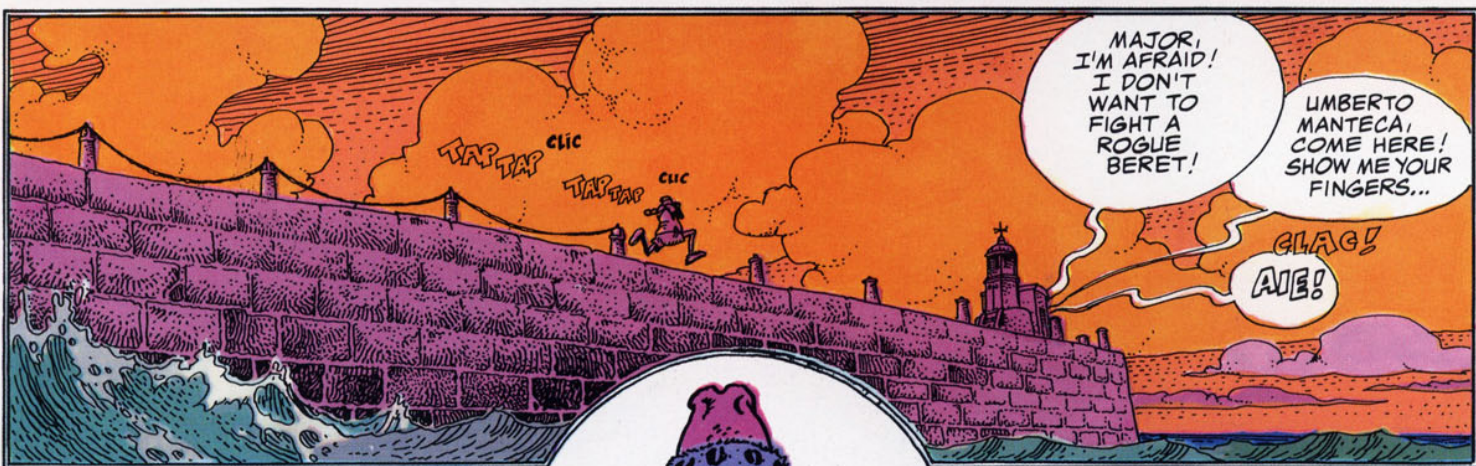
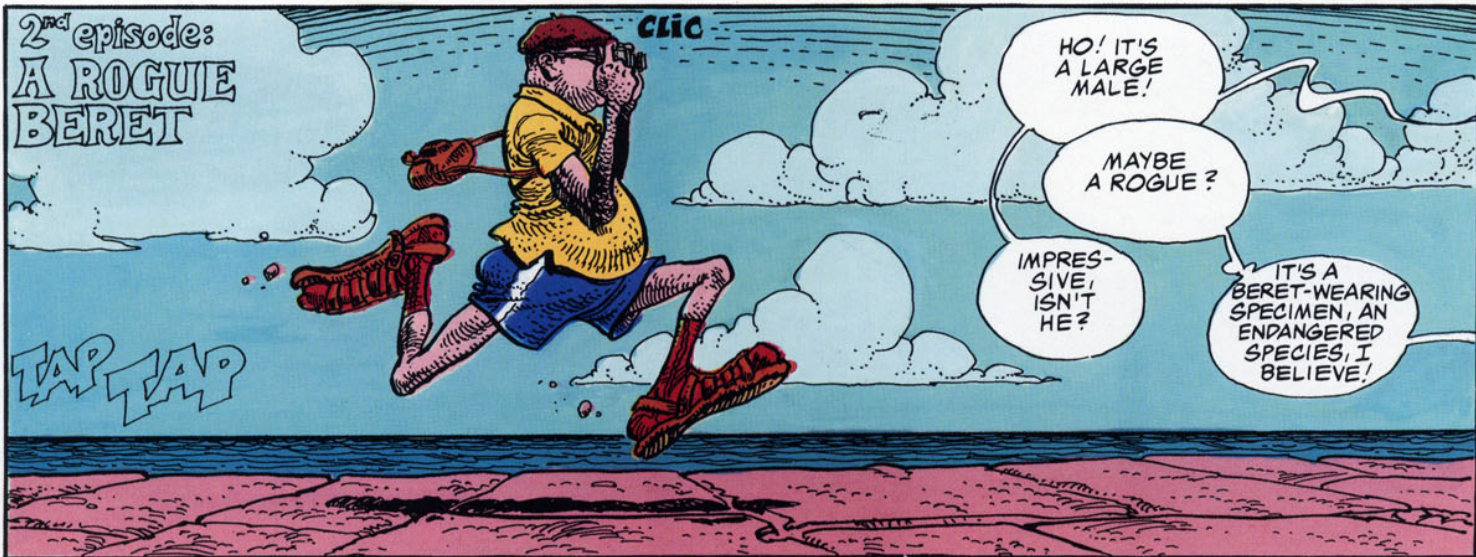
A LONELY PIER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN! IT IS HERE THAT THE CAREFULLY HIDDEN MAJOR GRUBERT HAS SET OUT HIS AMBUSH...

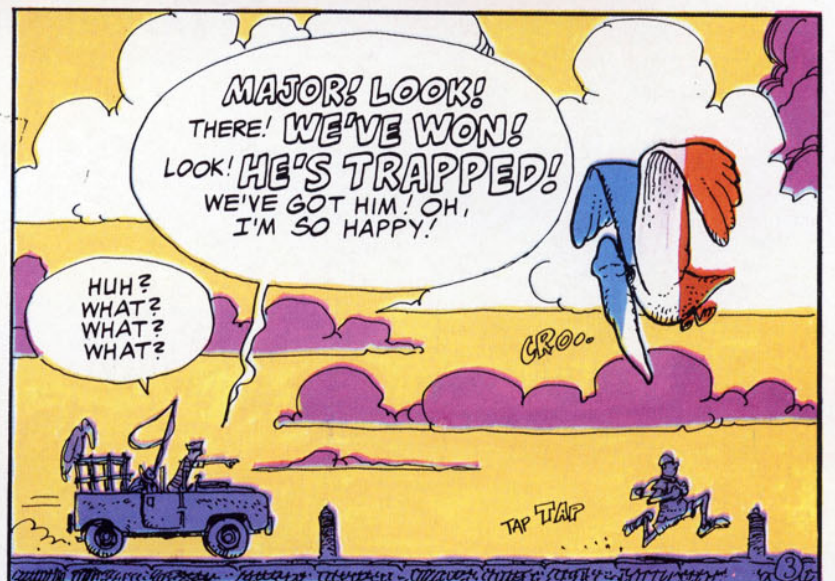
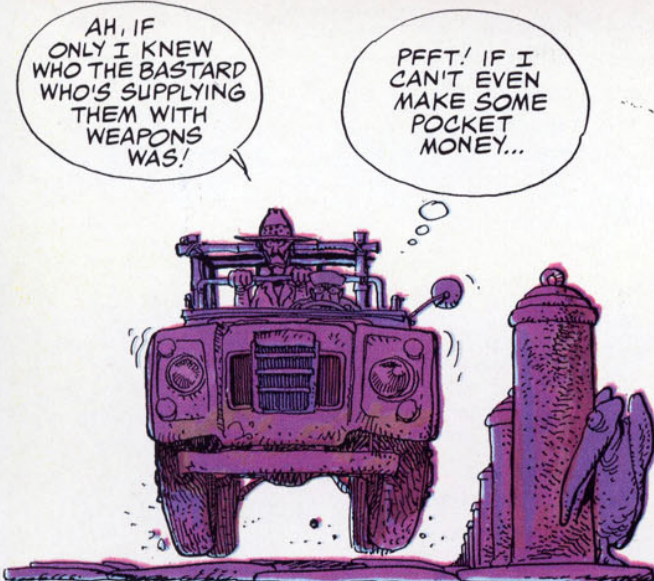
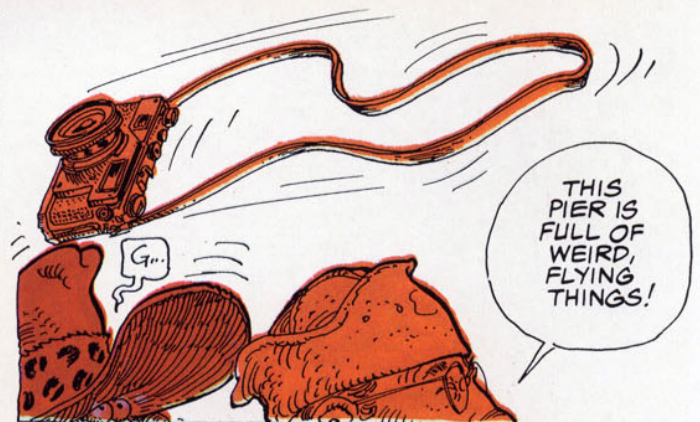
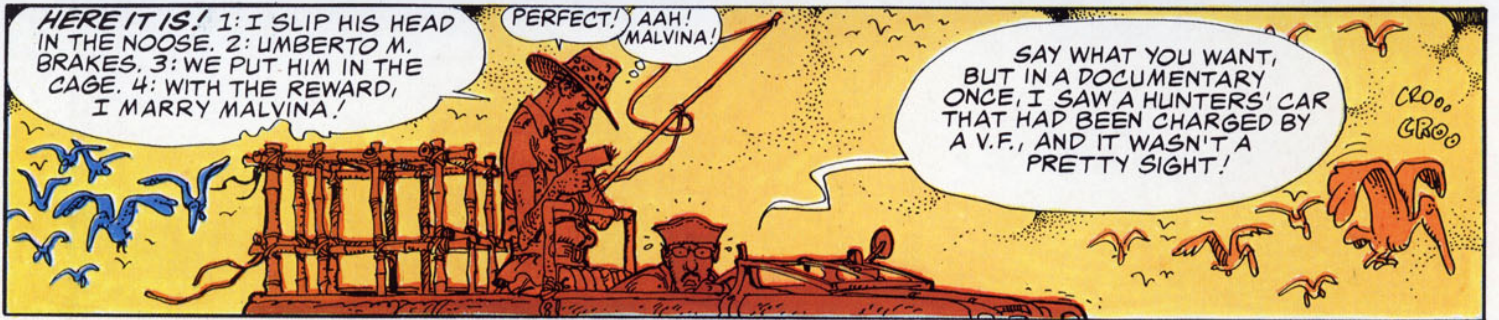
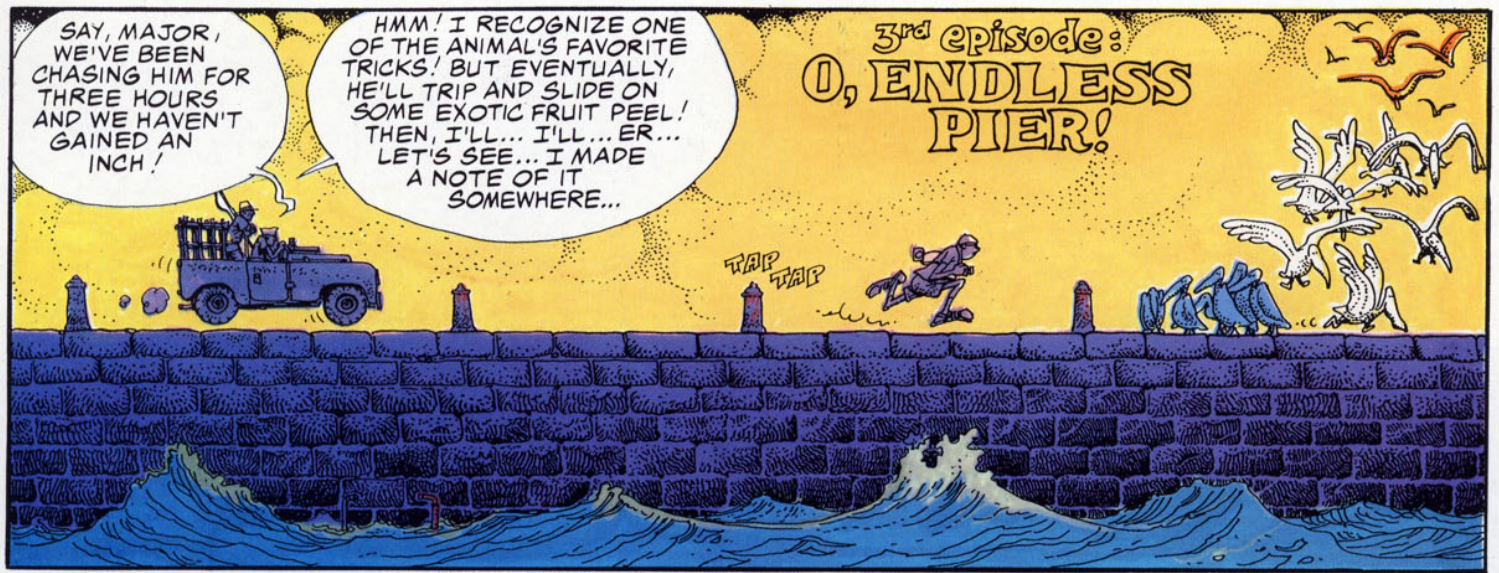


TARGET: TO CAPTURE A VACATIONING FRENCHMAN! BUT, THIS TIME, THE TASK IS FAR FROM EASY, FOR THE ORDERS ARE STRICT... "BRING HIM BACK ALIVE!"

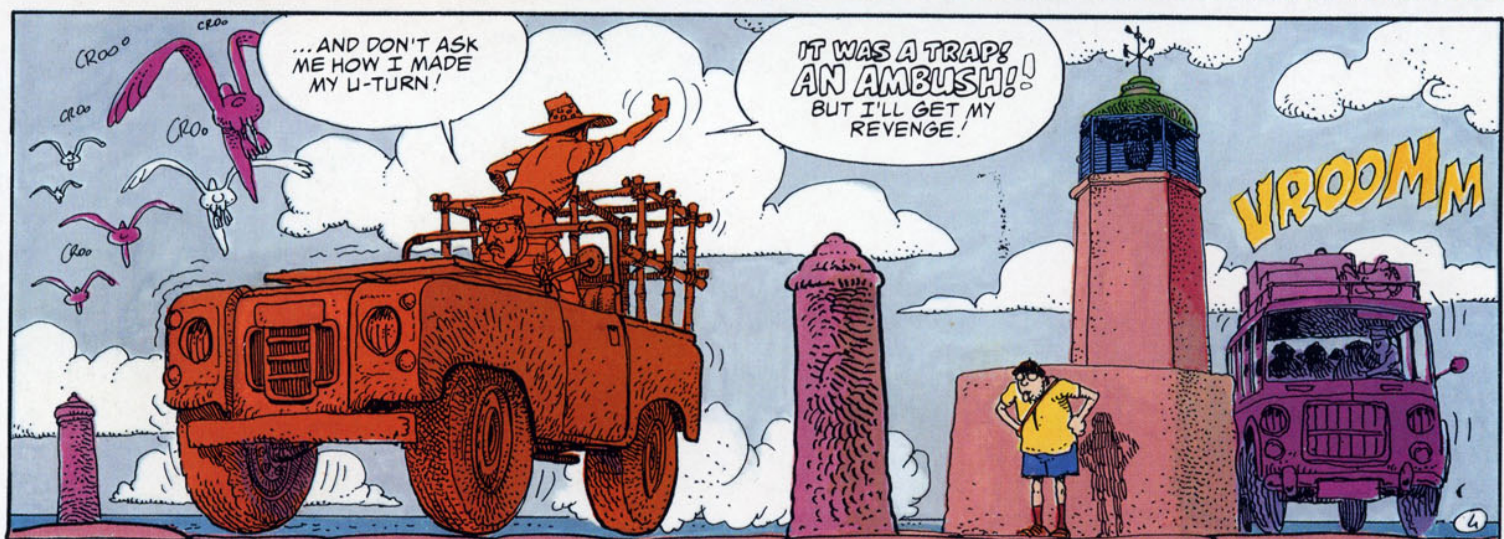
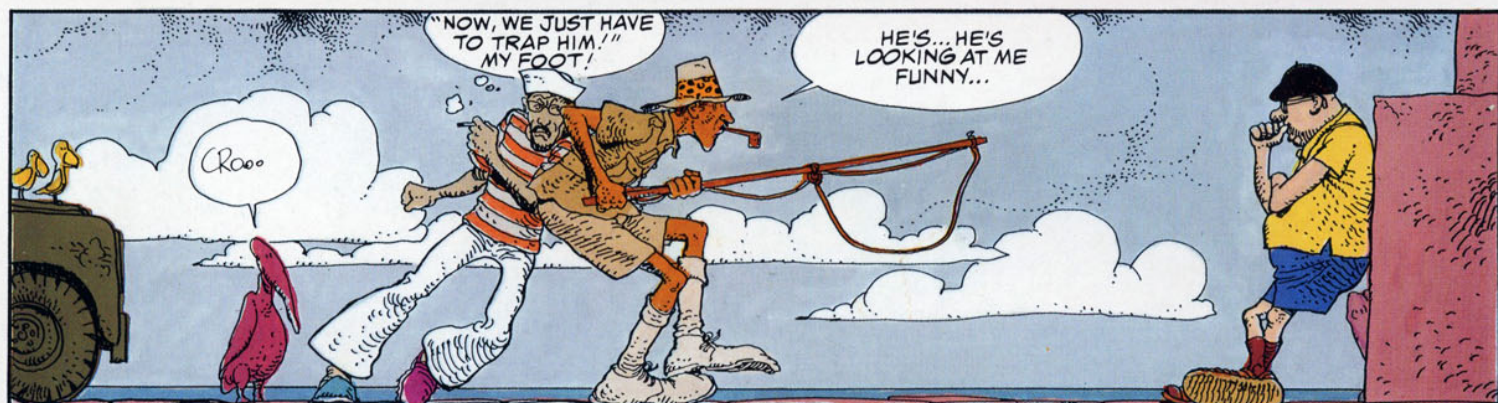
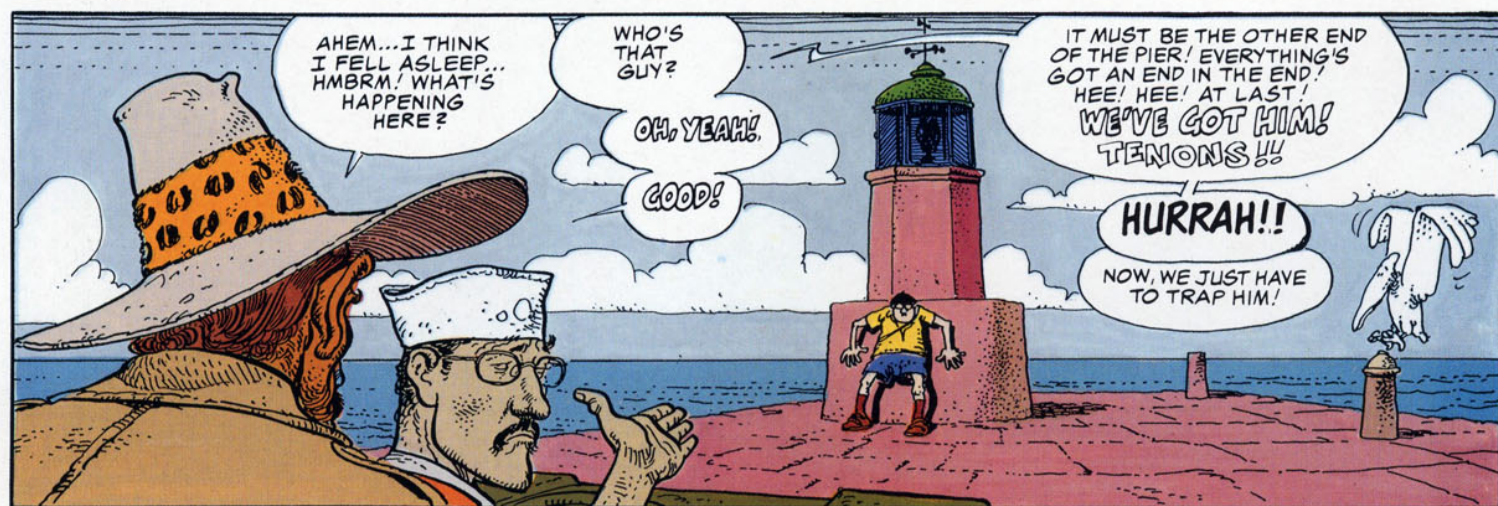


2nd episode:
A ROGUE
BERET

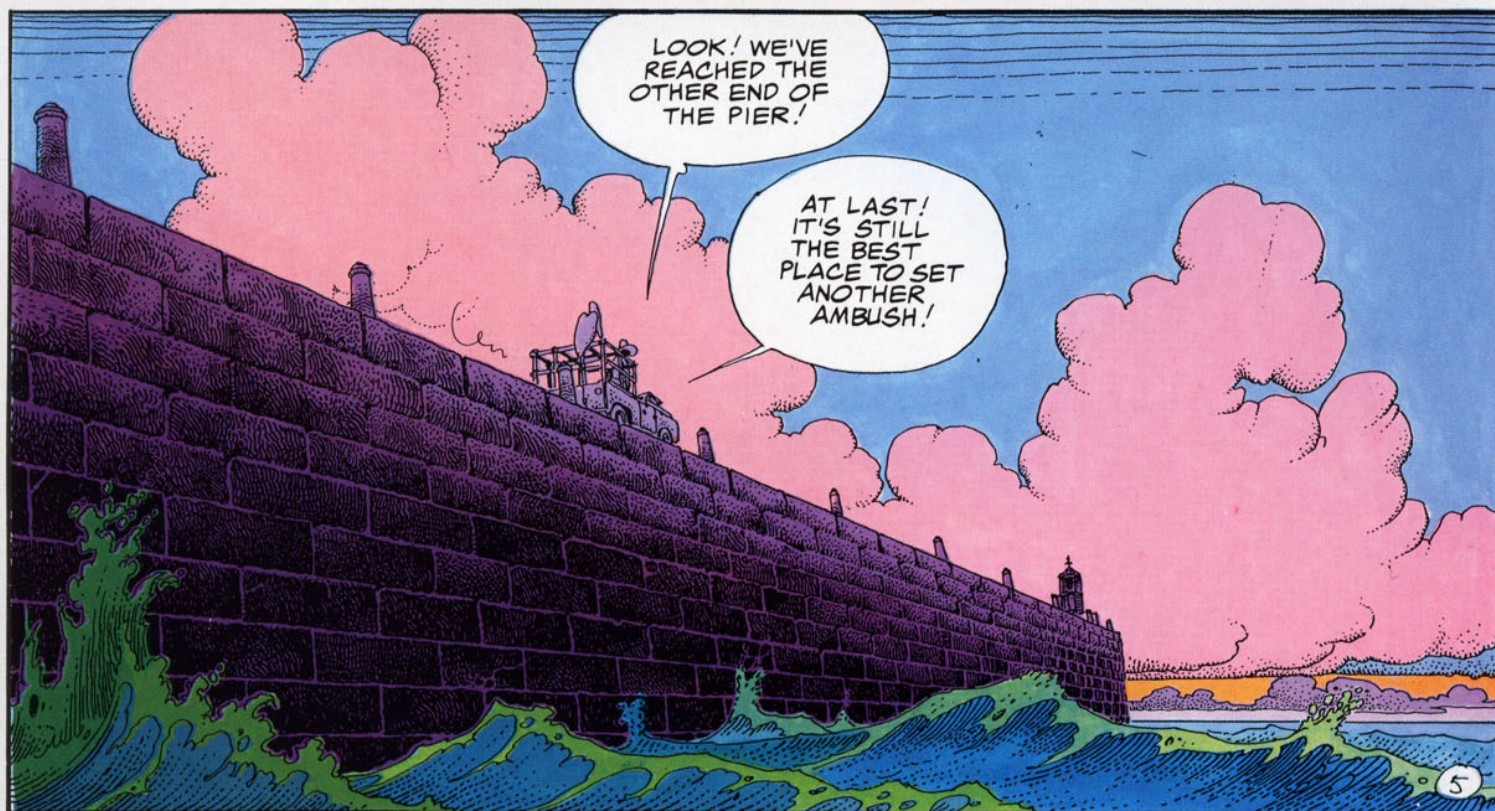
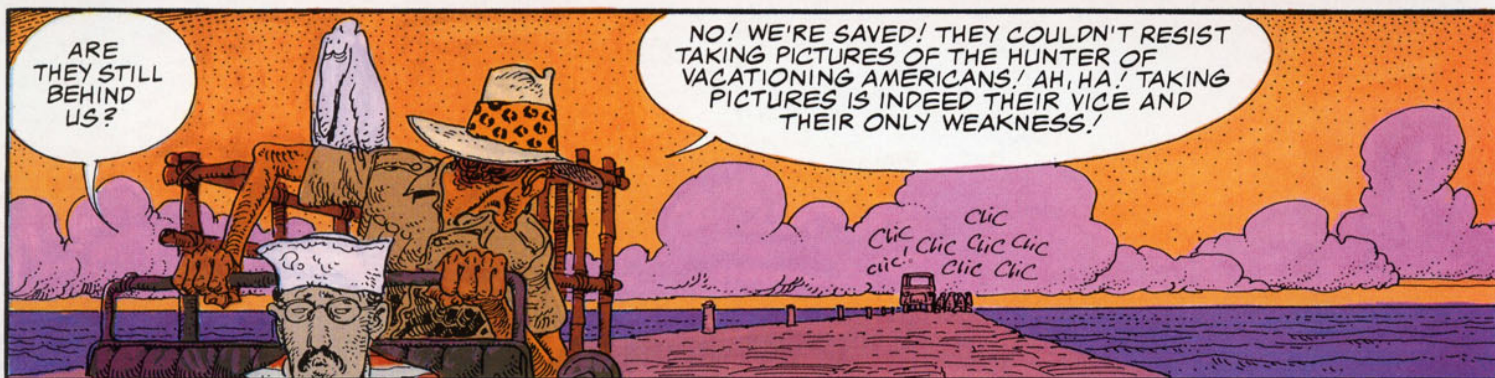
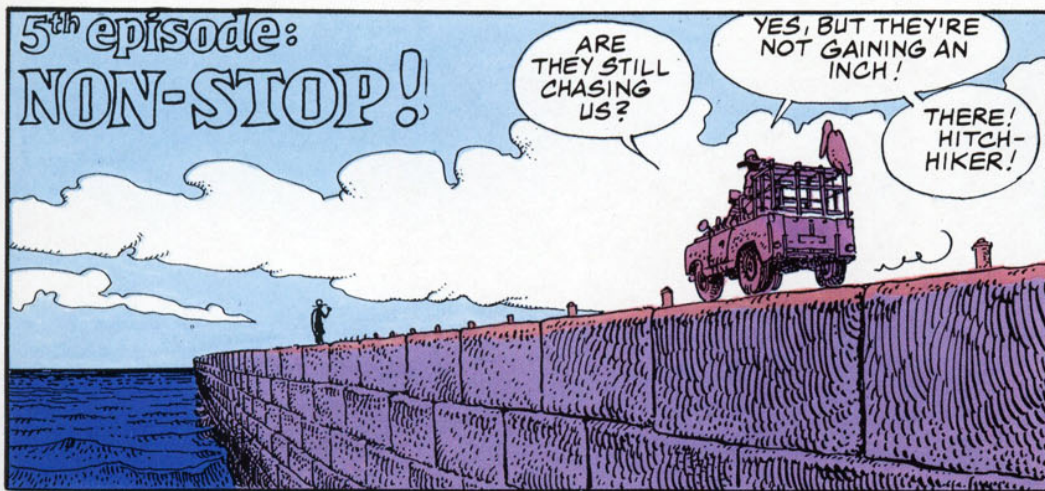




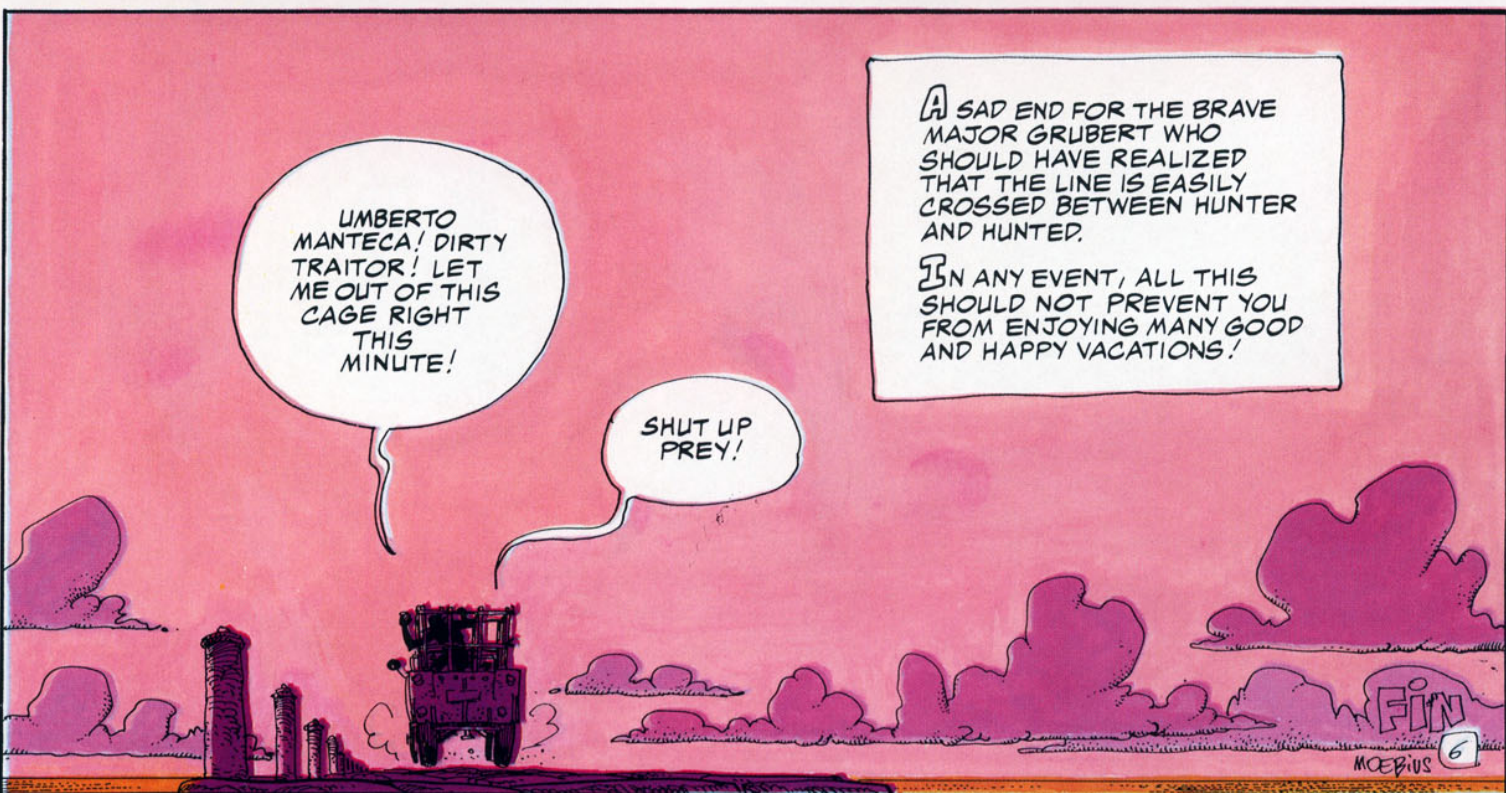
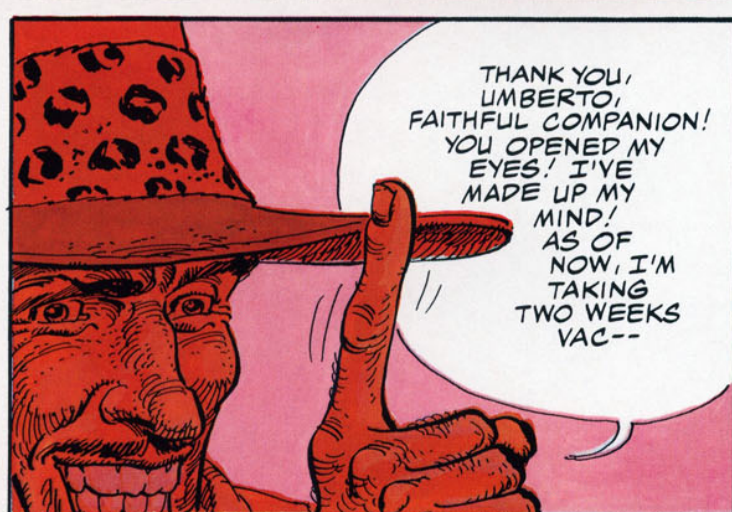
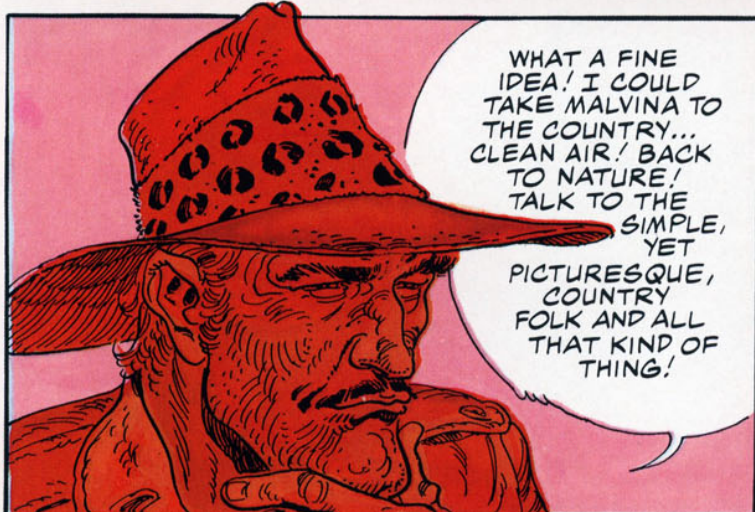
4th episode: WHAT AN UNUSUAL TWIST OF FATE!



5th episode: NON-STOP!



6th and final episode: THE AMBUSH





PHARAGONESIA

P

haragonesia is a funny story, but it is

also full of meaning. Beneath the surface, it deals with a lot of metaphysical subjects, such as the transformation of oneself, the nature of magic, and the danger of doing certain things, or going into certain places, if you don't know exactly what you are doing, in a very symbolic way.

It started as a small story, but grew bigger as it went. I didn't draw it for any magazine, but for myself, and on my own time. It is the kind of thing I often like to do to take my mind off drawing! By this, I mean that, when I don't have too much work, I find that I still like to draw comics for the sheer fun of it. If I'm doing a **Blueberry**, at the end of the day, it's hard for me to draw anything else, because all my energy has been spent. But when my workload is lighter, at night, to relax I will read a book, or watch TV, or go to a movie. And sometimes I'll draw a comic story, just for myself. It's like making my own book, or my own movie. It's a more active pastime.

So that's how I started **Pharagonesia**. As often, I began with a classic SF theme, that of the stranger in a strange world. I meant it to be a straight fantasy story, in a very carefree style. A combination of Robert Sheckley's humor with the documentary style of a Jack Vance. There is also some Stanislaw Lem in it too. I did the first three pages, then I had to stop because of other, more pressing works. I eventually finished the story a year later.

I wanted to carry the theme to its utmost logical and absurd end. The beauty of the gag comes from the implacability with which the situation develops. I love this kind of structure. It is a little like pulling a thread from a sweater, and undoing the whole thing. Graphically, I wanted to do something in a very free style, in order for me to strike a balance between the energy I put in my art and that which I put in the story. If you have an idea, but it takes four hours to draw it, you get bored or discouraged. Or else, you have to go back to more classical forms of story-telling, such as writing a script, etcetera. Whereas with **Pharagonesia**, I wrote the story and drew the pictures simultaneously. There was no script, no notes. Everything was done in almost a storyboard style, two or three pages at a time, between other jobs.

ABSOLUTEN CALFEUTRAIL

This story is yet another representative of that period when I was always looking for ways to reach a greater freedom in style. It was drawn directly in ink, without any pencils or script. This technique obviously means that the story is likely to take brutal twists and unexpected turns because the pleasure that you feel in a drawing can suddenly bring a new direction to the story. I have spent years practicing this approach, and it has, to some extent, become one of my trademarks.

The theme of the fall is something that I lived intensely at the time. A psychologist friend of mine has since told me that this story reads like a visual representation of therapy. It is the exploration of an inner landscape of dreams and neurosis. This theme is also very recurrent in my stories. In fact, it explains why my favorite type of character is that of the explorer. Arzach, Major Grubert, and the Starwatcher are all wanderers. They represent different parts of myself. Arzach is a pure oneironaut, a dream-explorer. Grubert is like the rational, and sometimes even comical, part of my social conditioning who enters the unconscious mind below and makes startling discoveries which transform him.

The title **Absoluten Calfeutrail** is made up of two words, one which derives from the word "absolute," and the other from the French "calfeutrer," which means to seal hermetically. So it really means "Absolutely Sealed," like **The Airtight Garage**. That title came by itself and not by design. It was like the surrealists' automatic writing. The end of the story, in a mysterious and almost magical way, anticipated one of my current preoccupations, one that I wasn't aware of at the time: the Indians. It was almost a premonition.

WHITE NIGHTMARE

This story began when I heard a report on French radio about a young filmmaker who had made a short feature about some racist incidents in France, and had had his film censored by the Ministry of the Interior. I thought it was a scandal, and I decided to immediately do a story on the same theme, to express my solidarity with the other artist.

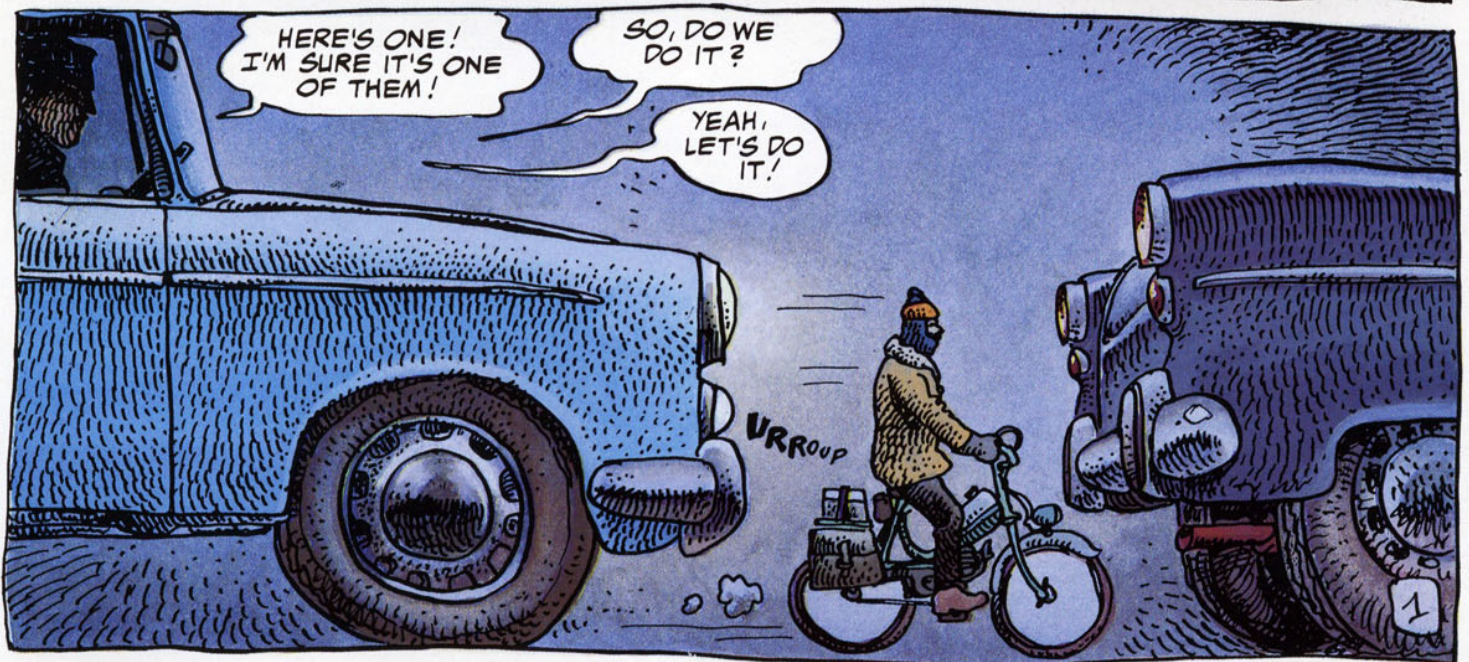
I believe racism to be something like a biological message. It is the expression of a fear which stems from our instinct for the preservation of our racial and cultural integrity. What makes racism so ugly, however, is the way in which this message expresses itself, with hate and violence. I believe that there is room for preserving that integrity, while allowing for a harmonious mix of the races. I don't think the two should ever be opposed. But in order for that concept to become commonly accepted, I am afraid that we will have to experience much more suffering, refusal and stupidity.

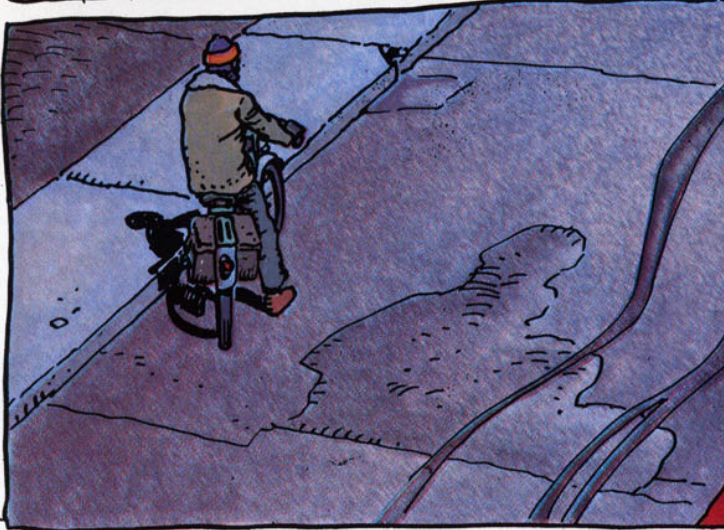
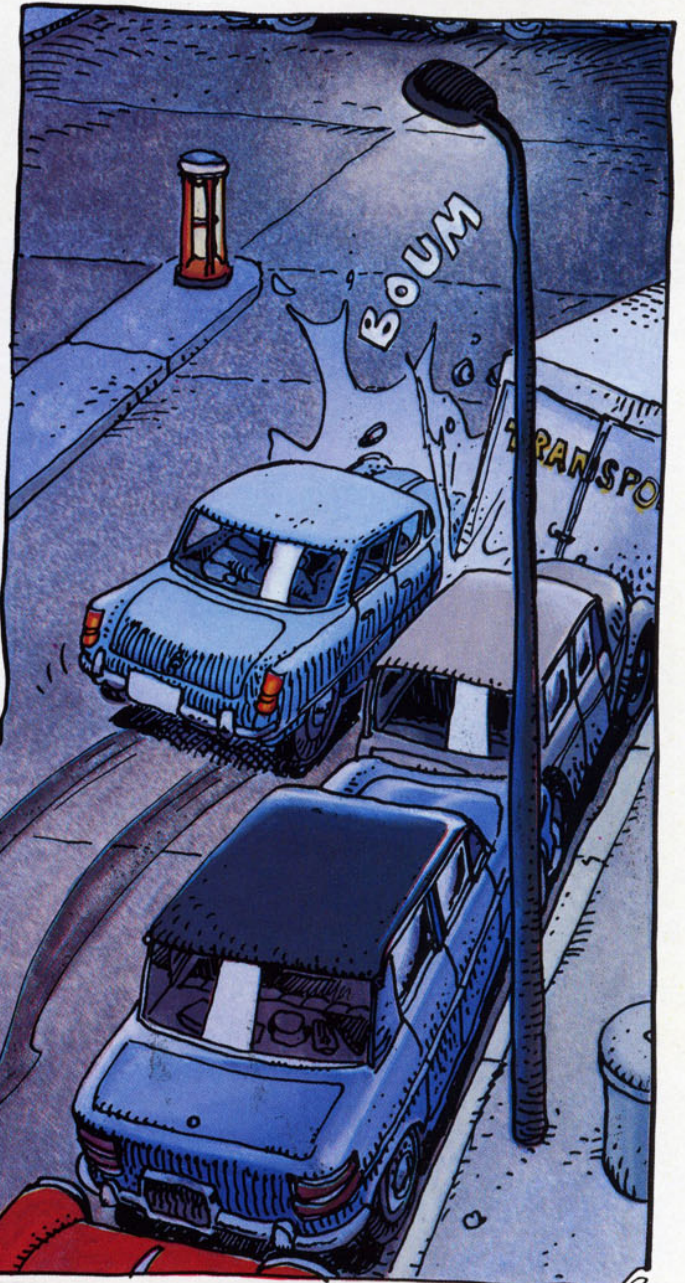
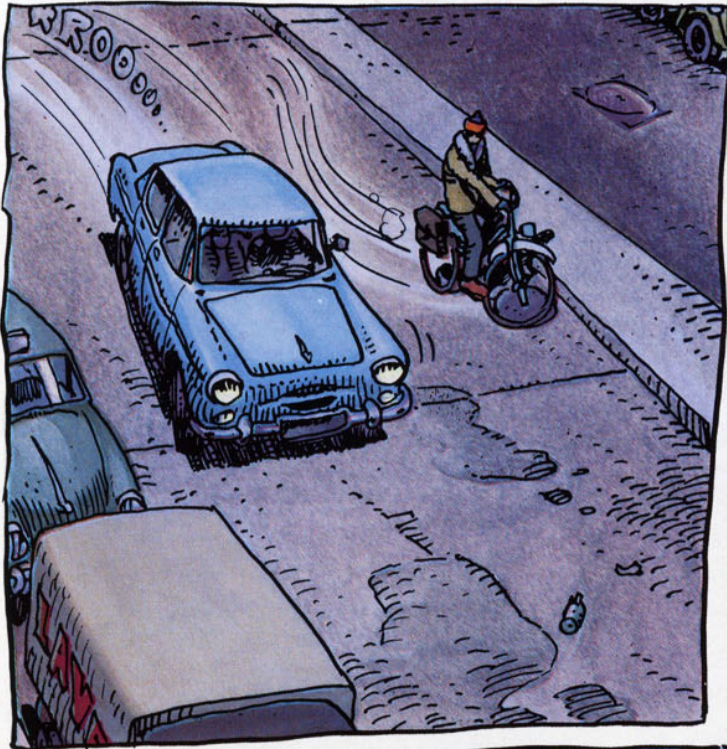
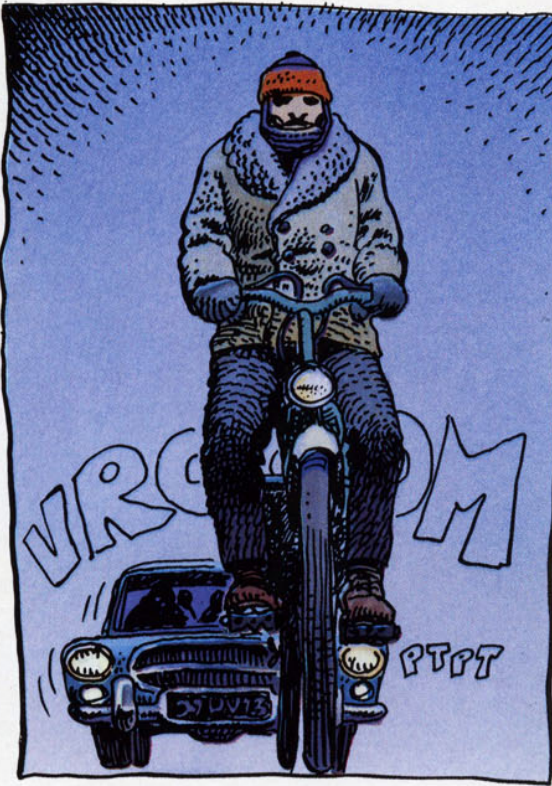
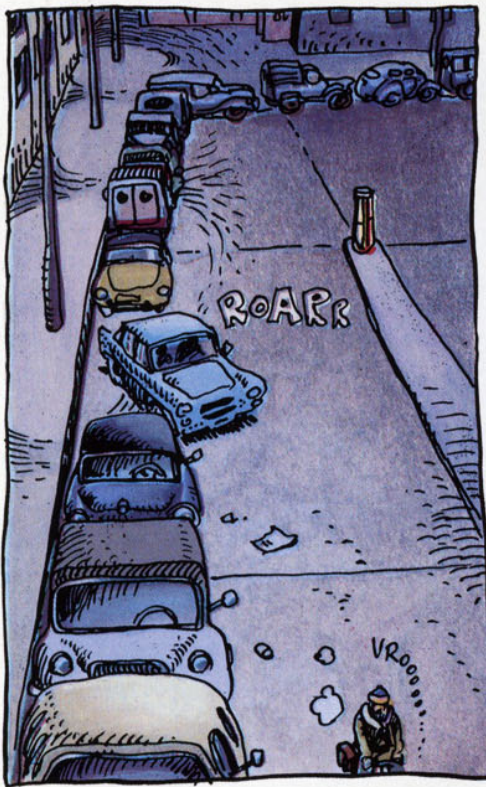
I worked in a very emphatic way throughout the story, trying to identify with each of the characters, including the bigots. It was not as difficult as it seems, because we unfortunately all have a sleeping bigot inside of us. Then, somewhere in the middle, the idea of the dream came to me. Suddenly, I decided to show the way things would happen in the dream of all the people who are against racism. This story is a bigot's nightmare, a white nightmare.

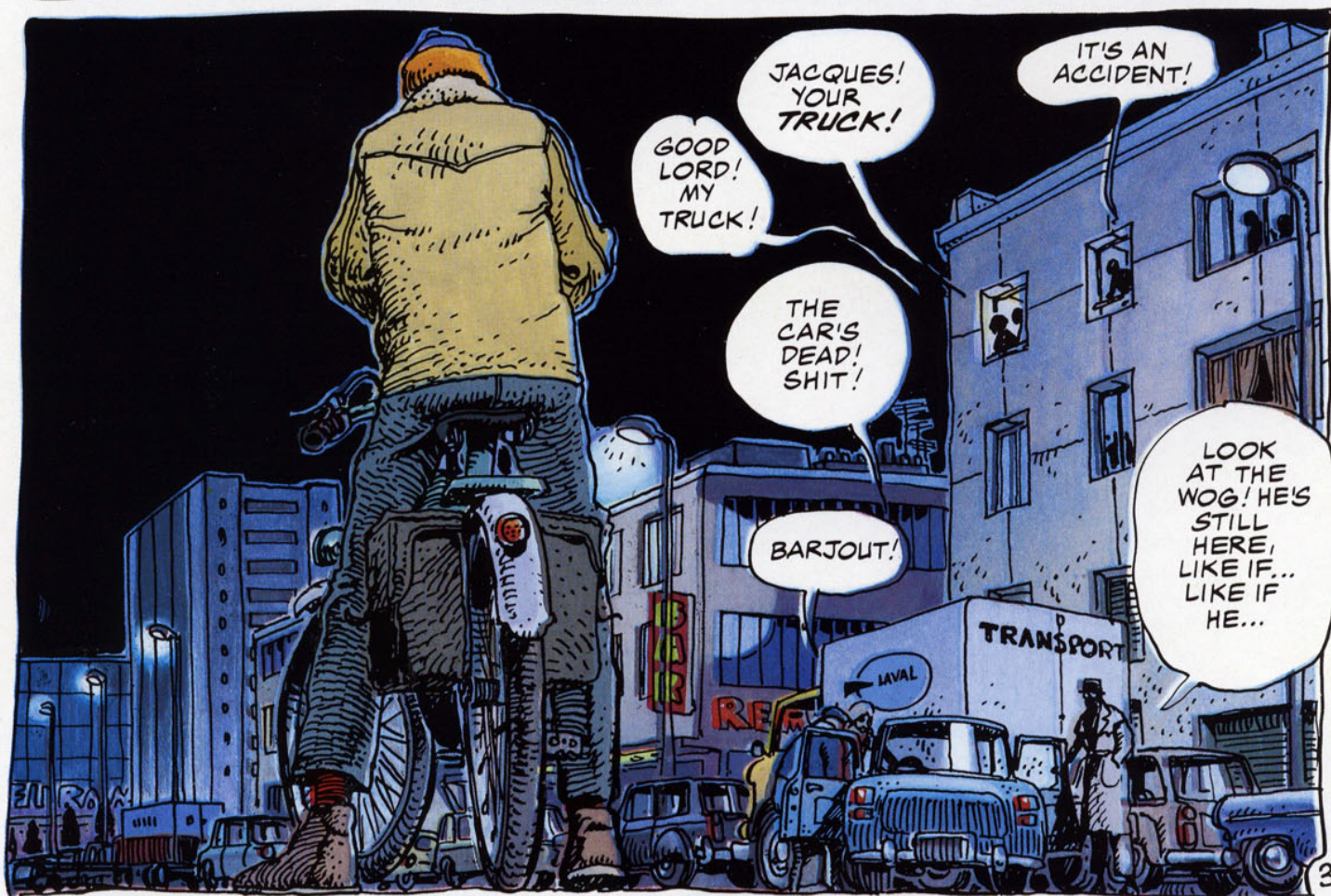
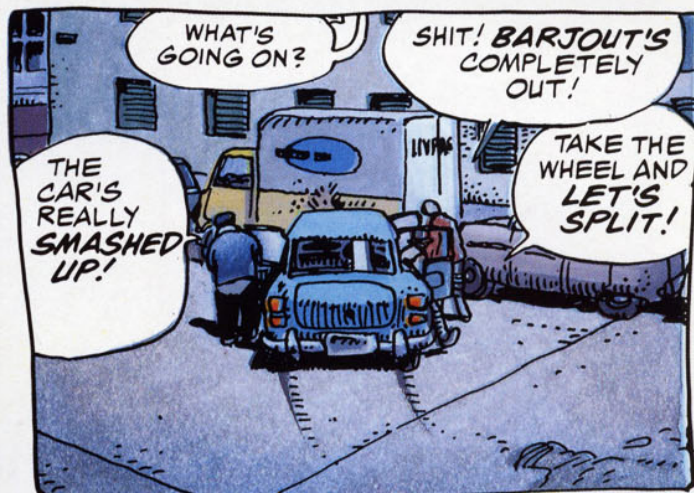
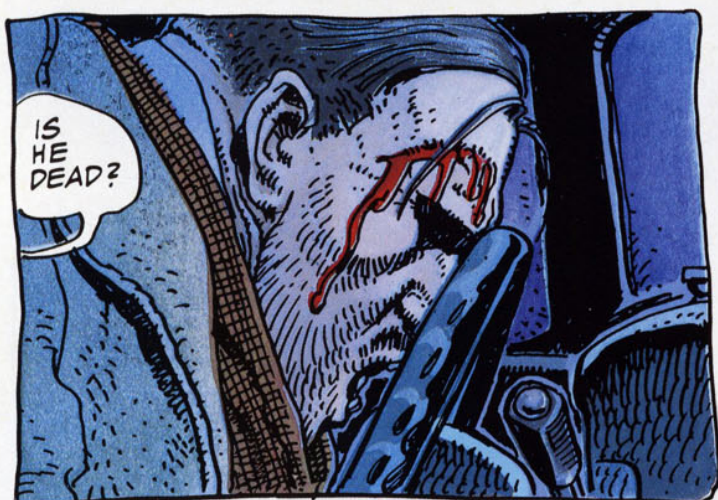
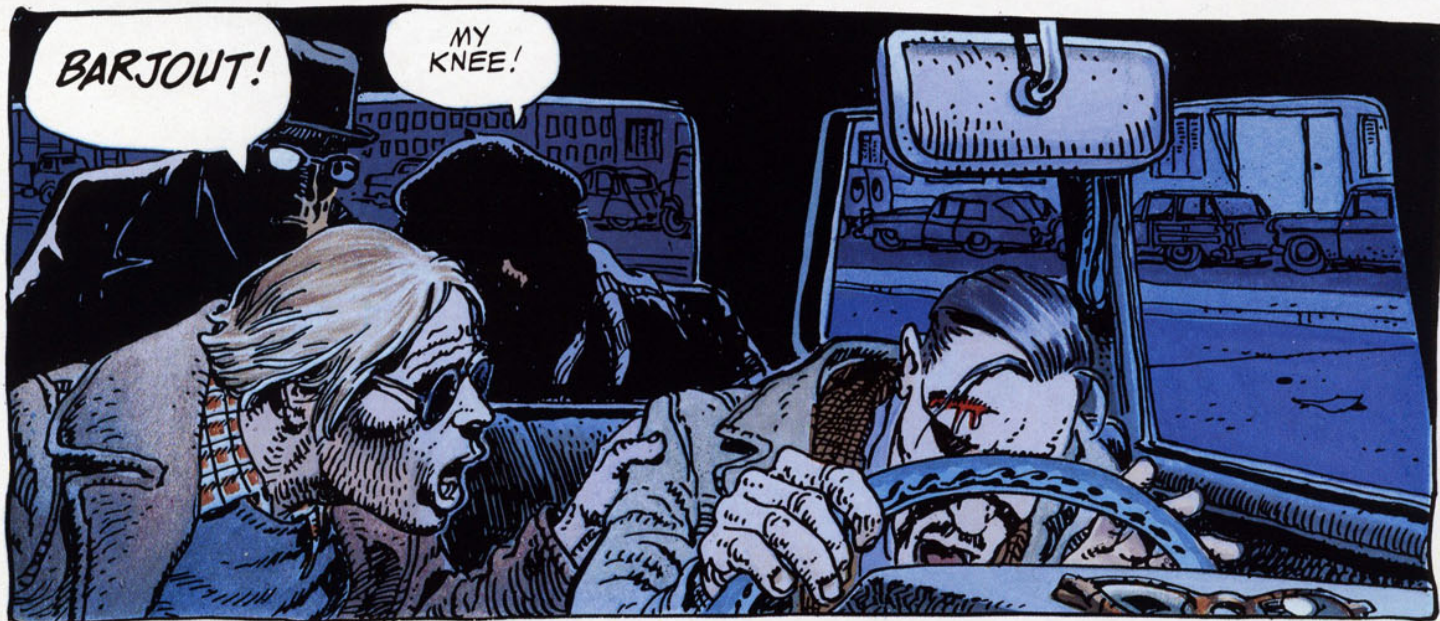
THE APPLE PIE

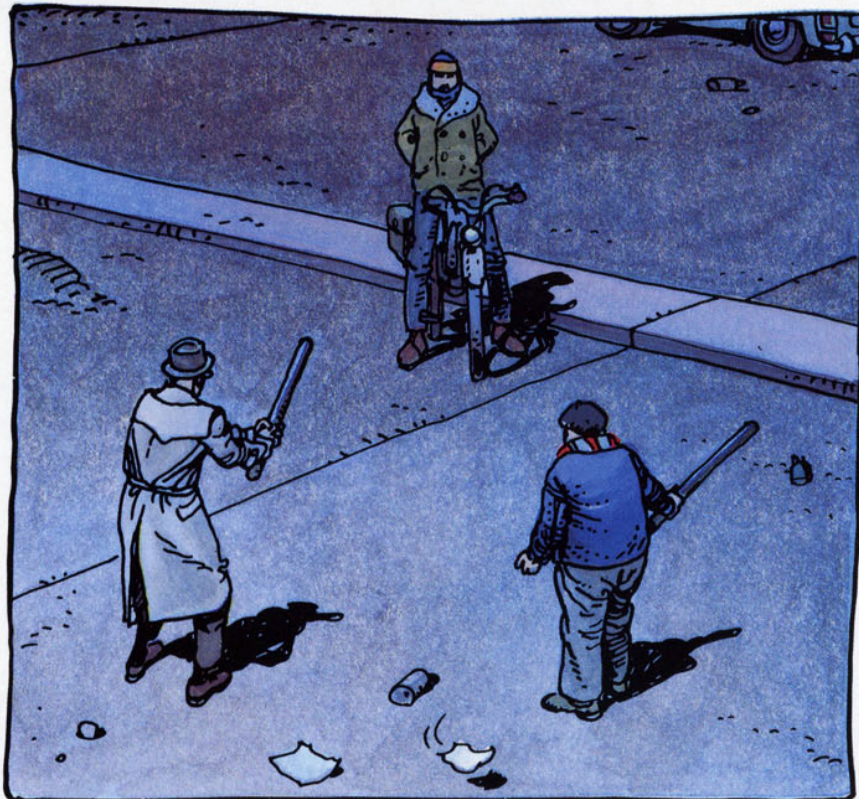
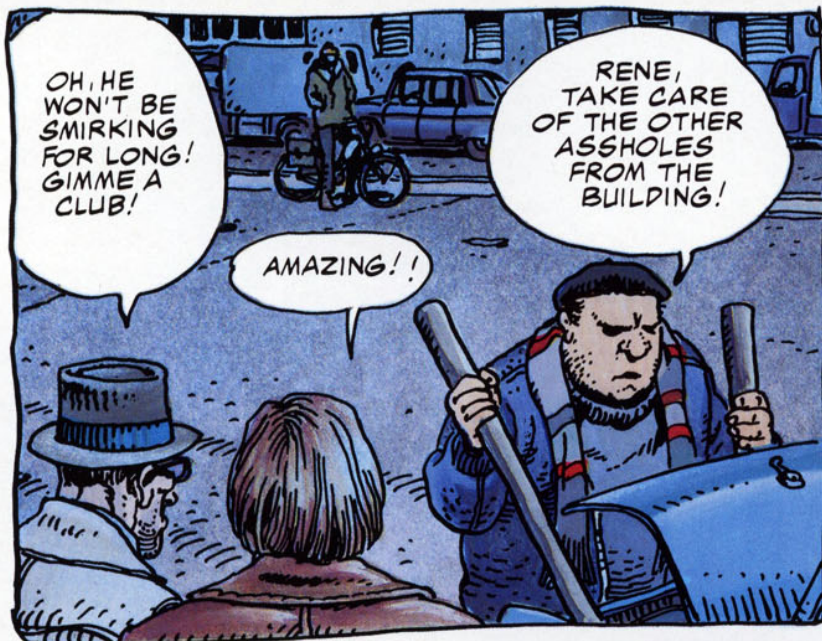
I did **The Apple Pie** for **Ah Nana**, a monthly comic magazine published by **Metal Hurlant** and done by women. My wife Claudine was one of the editors. She provided me with the starting idea, which was to illustrate a powerful little feminine fantasy in two or three pages. I took the images she gave me and transformed them through a personal dream-like interpretation, incorporating some pseudo-American images, which made it look even more fantastic and poetic in France. **The Apple Pie** has a special kind of dream-like feel to it that I've rarely achieved since.

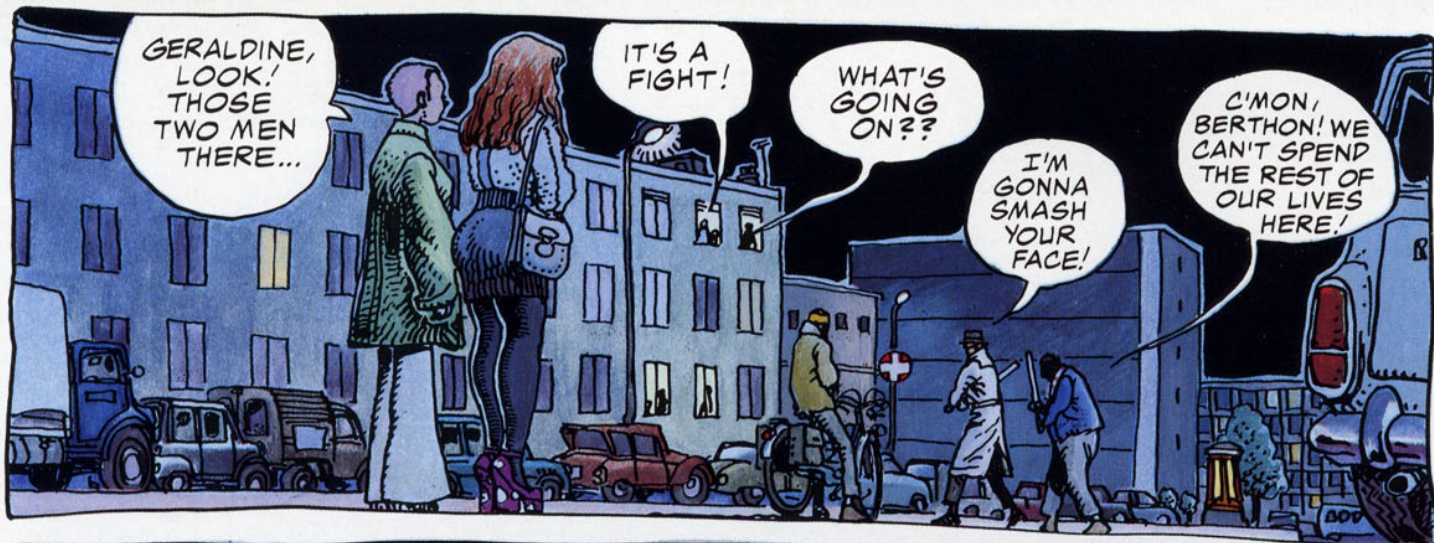
WHITE NIGHTMARE











GERALDINE,
LOOK!
THOSE
TWO MEN
THERE...

IT'S A
FIGHT!

WHAT'S
GOING
ON??

I'M
GONNA
SMASH
YOUR
FACE!

C'MON,
BERTHON! WE
CAN'T SPEND
THE REST OF
OUR LIVES
HERE!

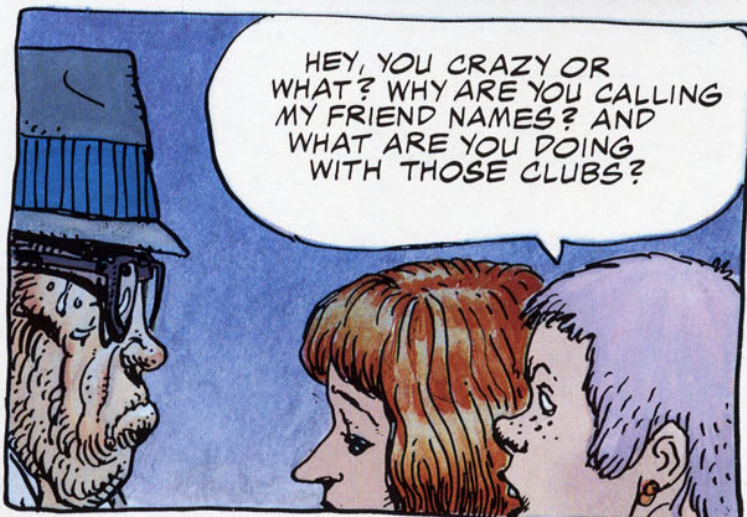


STOP IT!
STOP IT!
HOW DARE
YOU ATTACK A
DEFENSELESS
MAN?

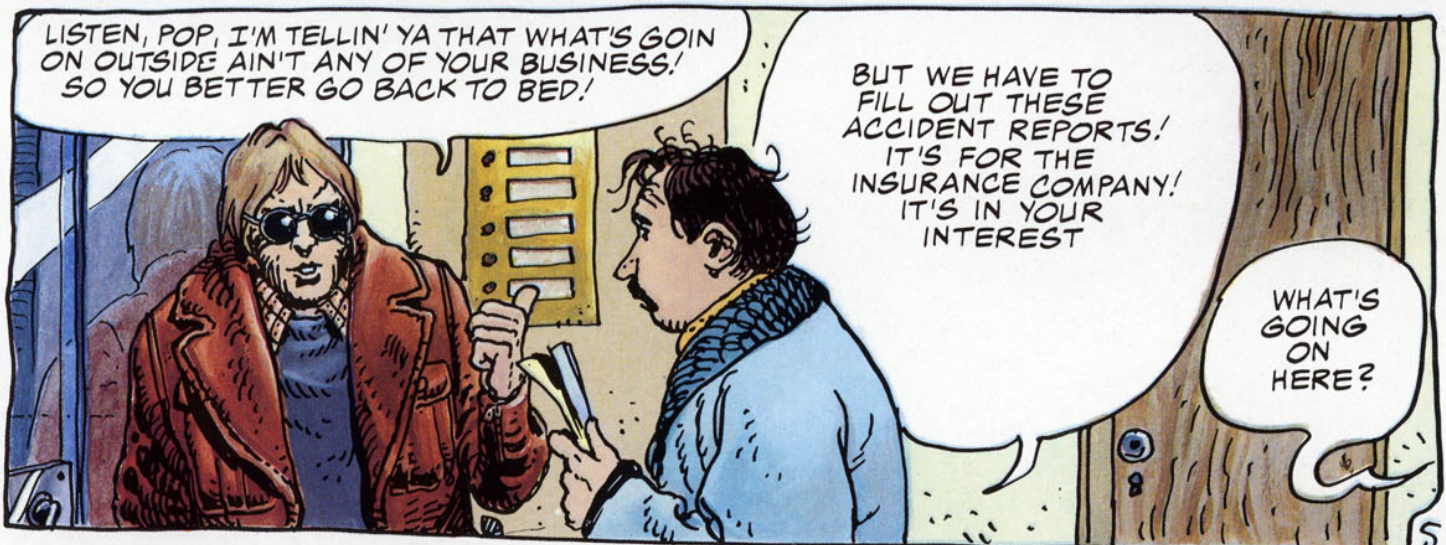


YOU, BITCH, GET YOUR ASS
OUT OF HERE IF YOU KNOW
WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

YOU'RE CALLING?
ME A BITCH?



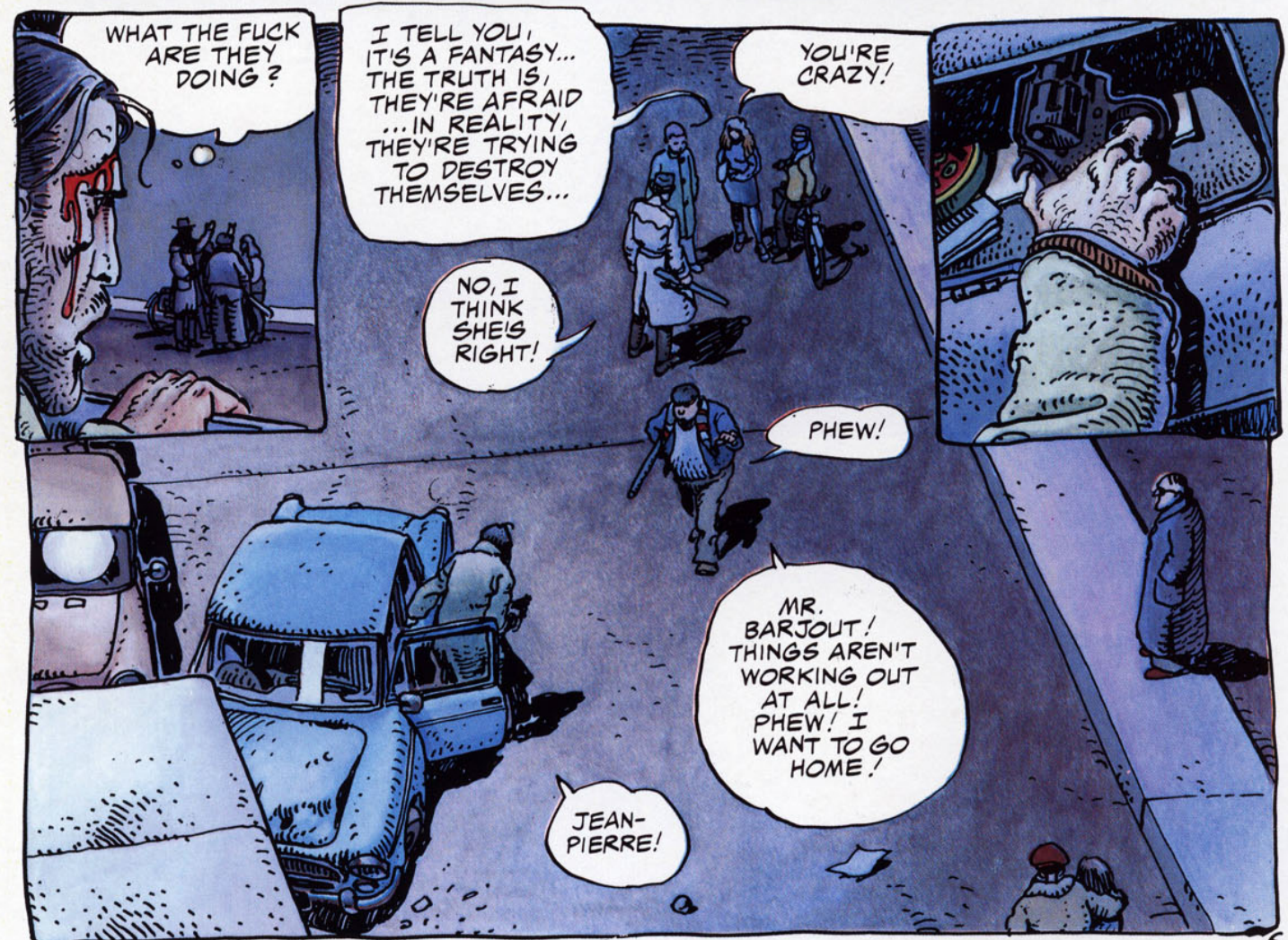
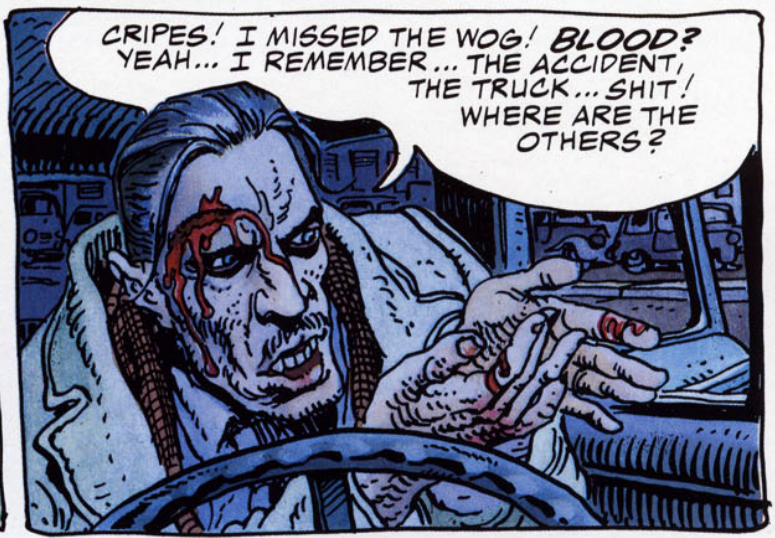
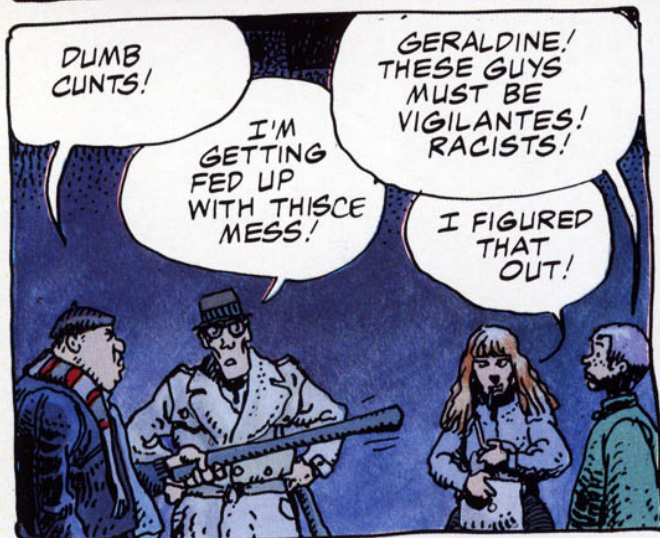
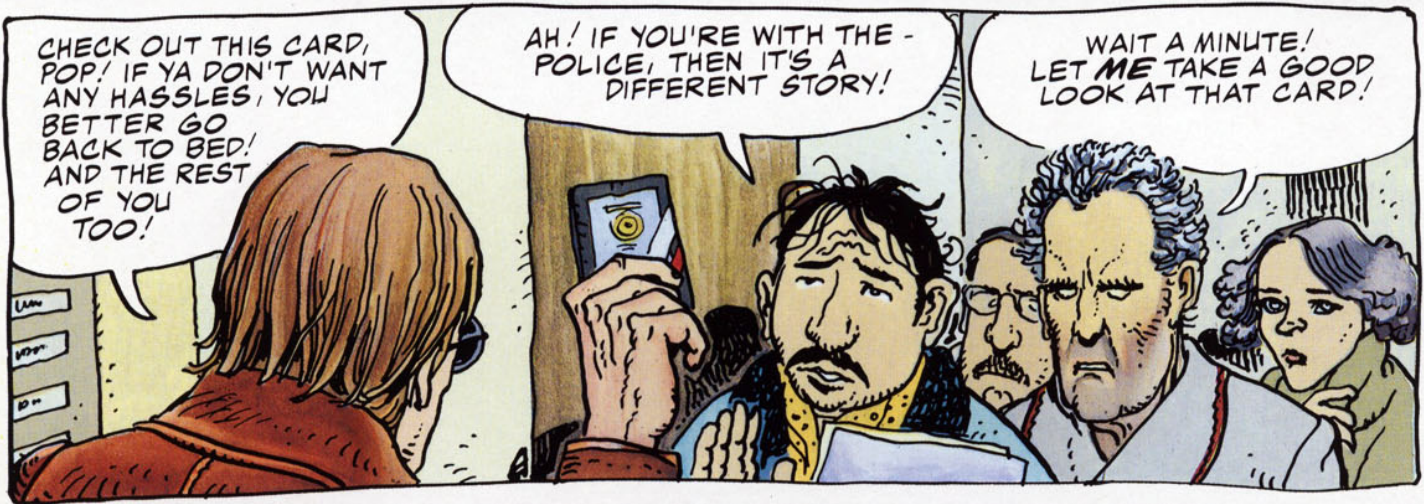
HEY, YOU CRAZY OR
WHAT? WHY ARE YOU CALLING
MY FRIEND NAMES? AND
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
WITH THOSE CLUBS?

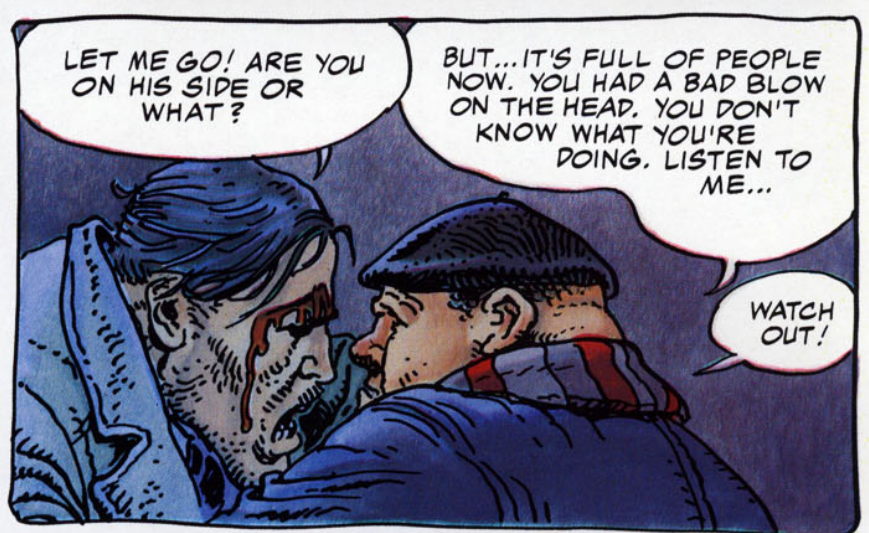
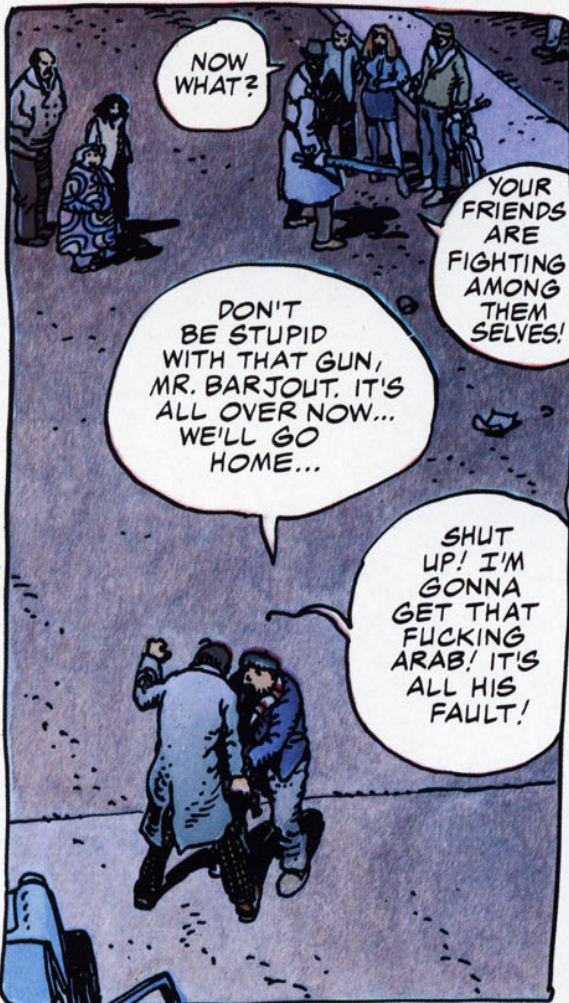
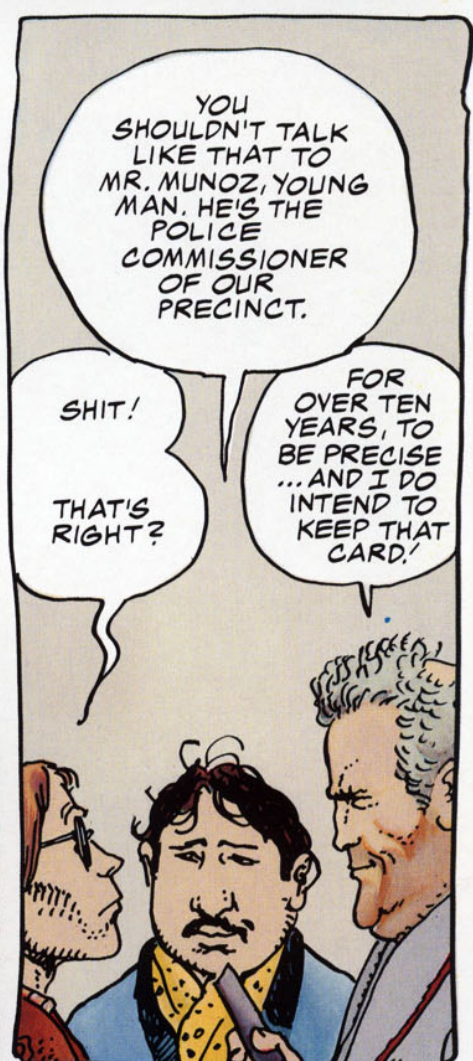


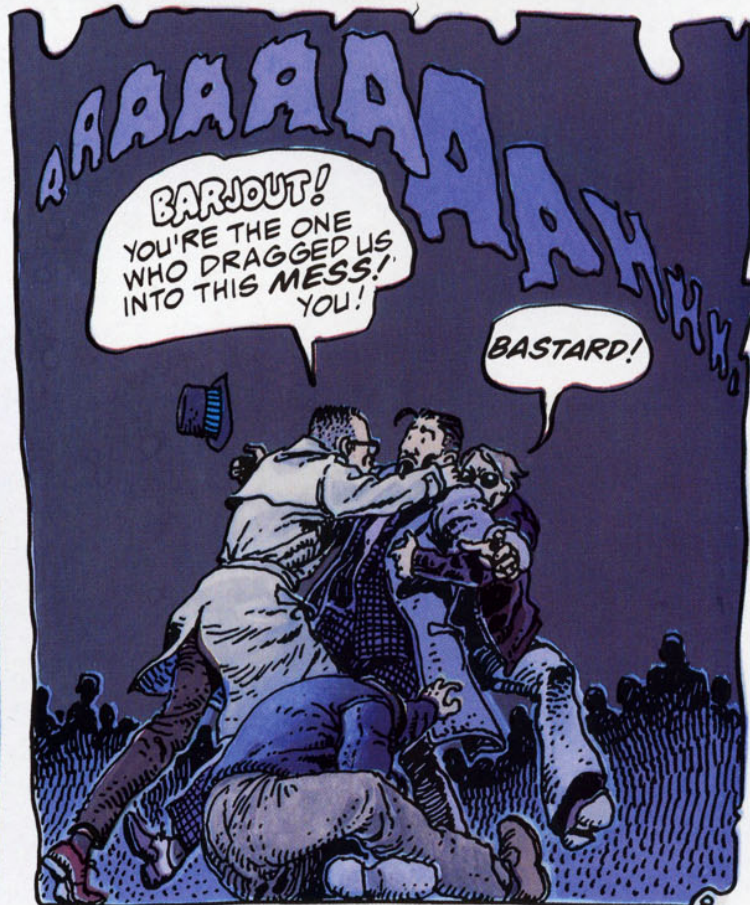
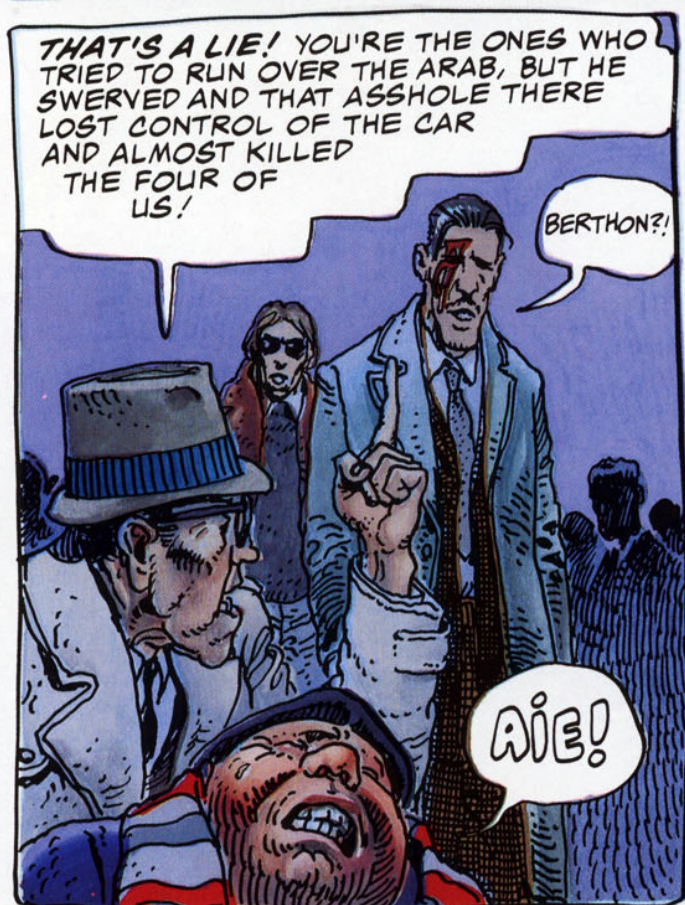
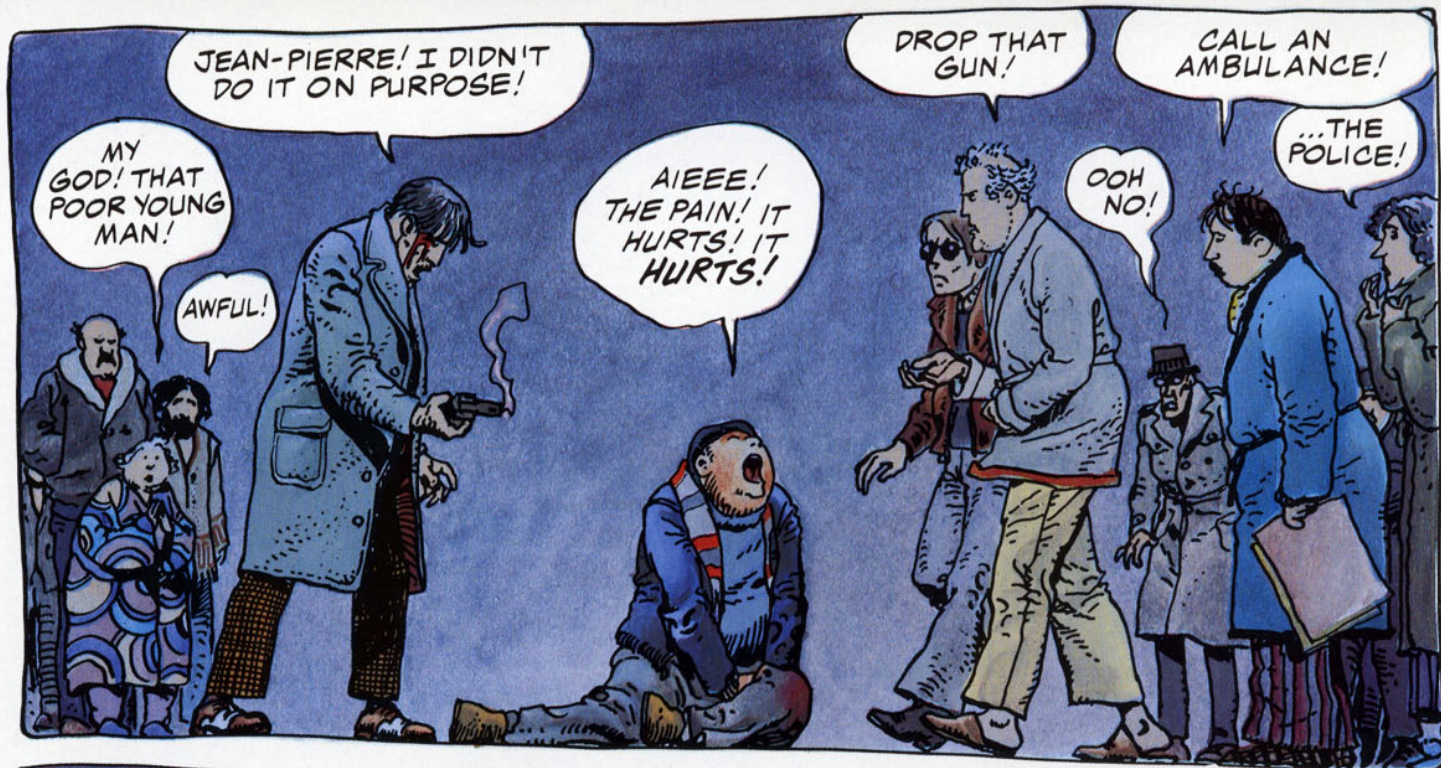
LISTEN, POP, I'M TELLIN' YA THAT WHAT'S GOIN'
ON OUTSIDE AIN'T ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS!
SO YOU BETTER GO BACK TO BED!

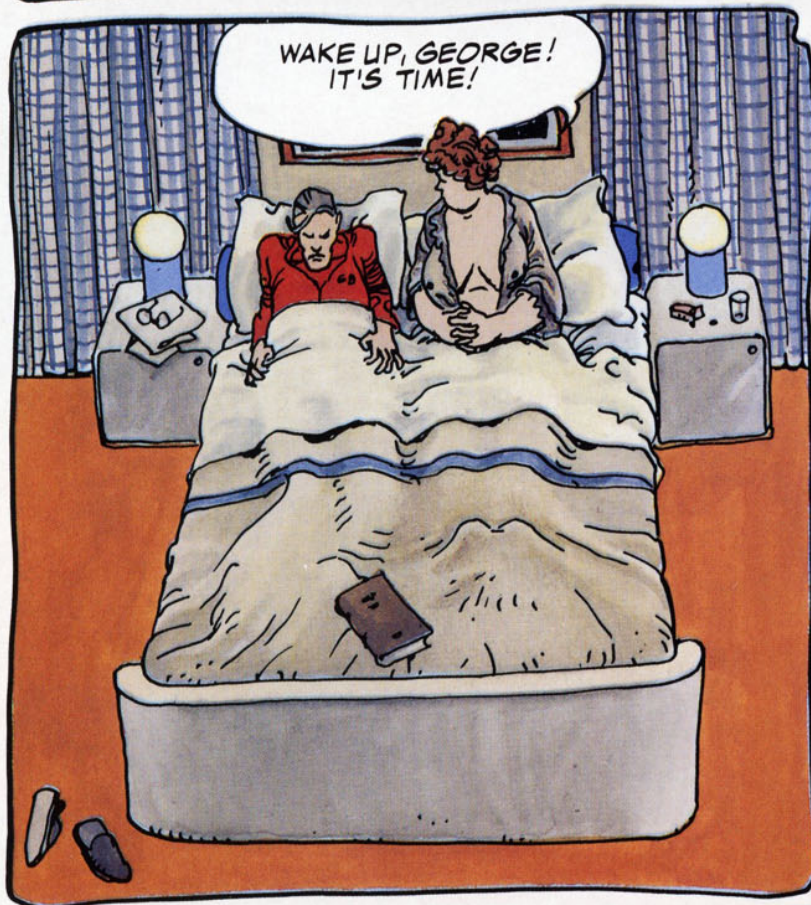
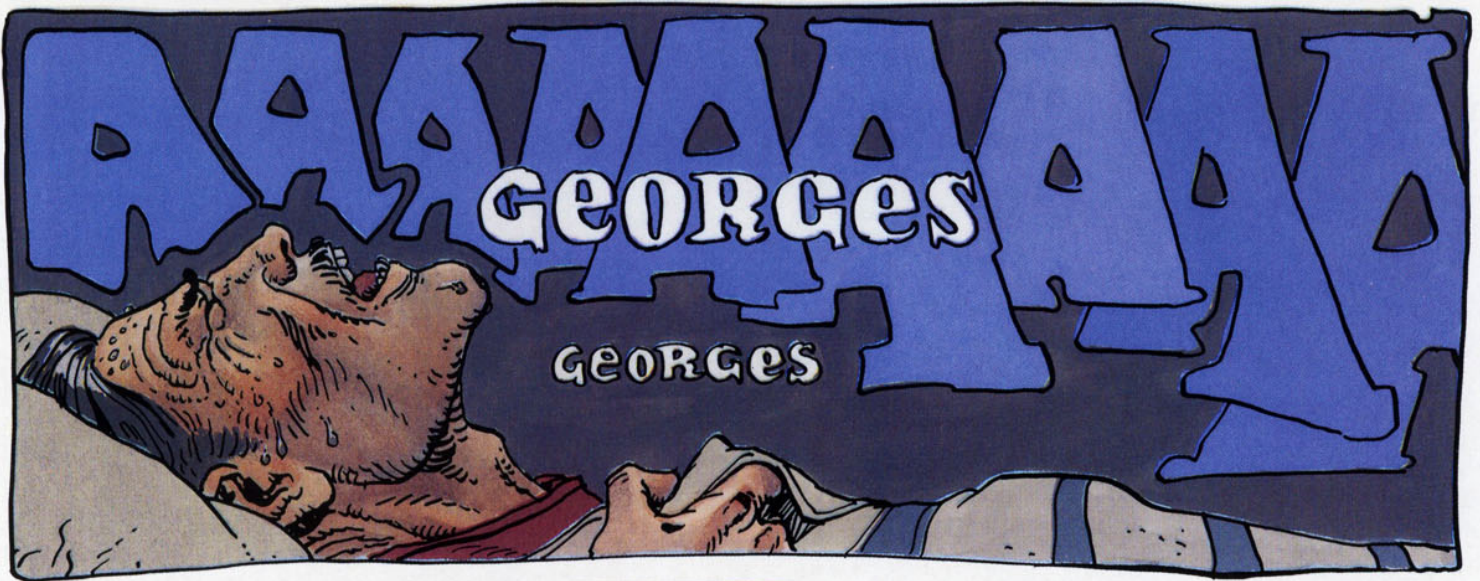
BUT WE HAVE TO
FILL OUT THESE
ACCIDENT REPORTS!
IT'S FOR THE
INSURANCE COMPANY!
IT'S IN YOUR
INTEREST

WHAT'S
GOING
ON
HERE?

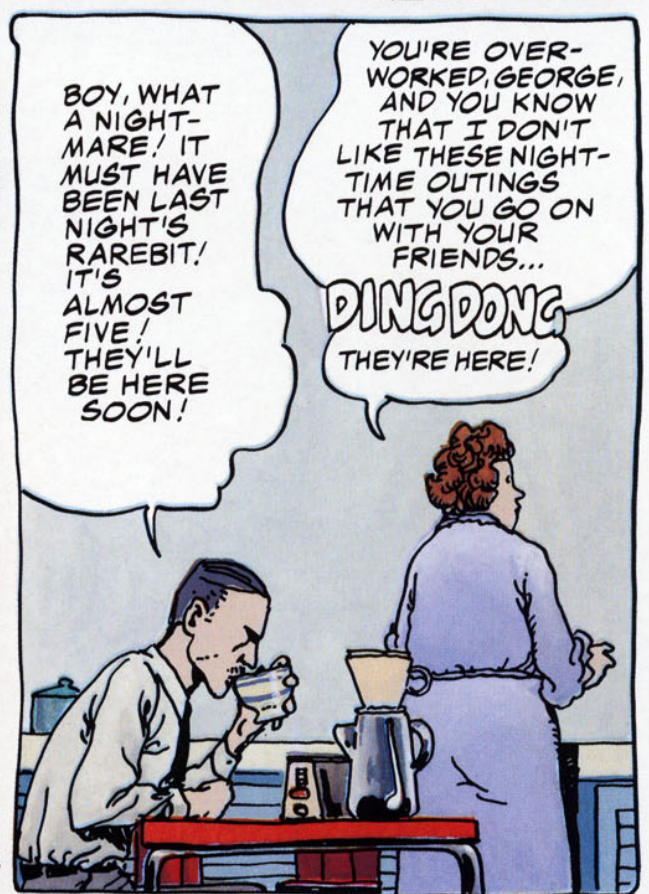








WAKE UP, GEORGE!
IT'S TIME!



BOY, WHAT
A NIGHT-
MARE! IT
MUST HAVE
BEEN LAST
NIGHT'S
RAREBIT!
IT'S
ALMOST
FIVE!
THEY'LL
BE HERE
SOON!

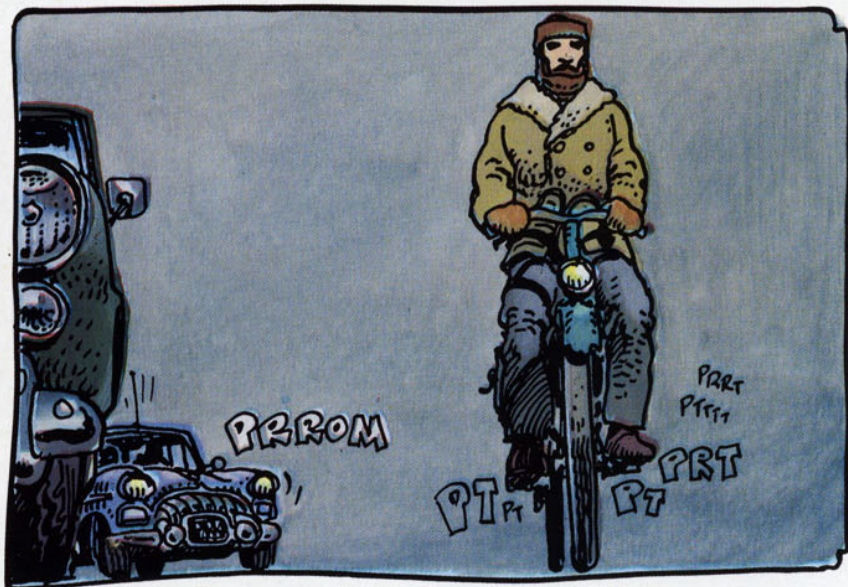
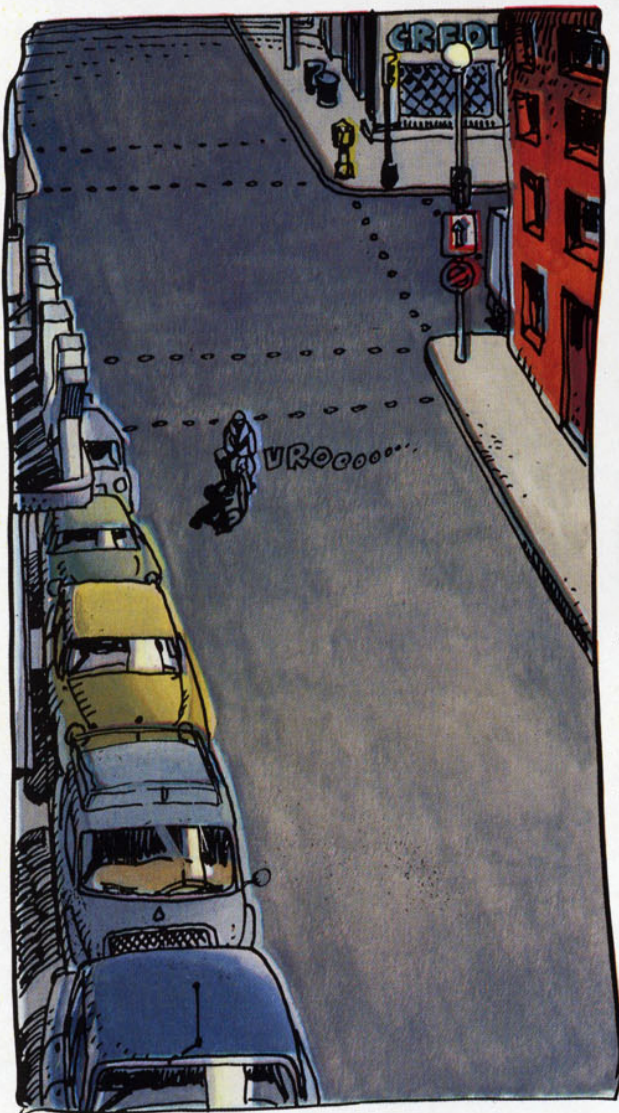
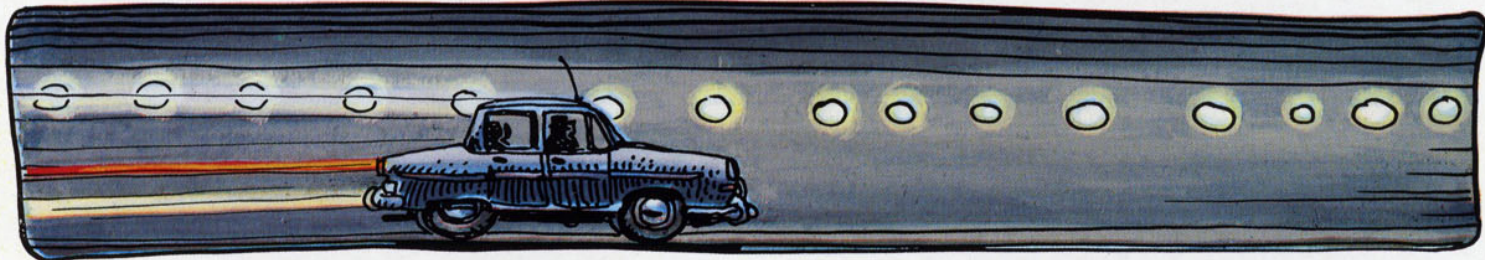
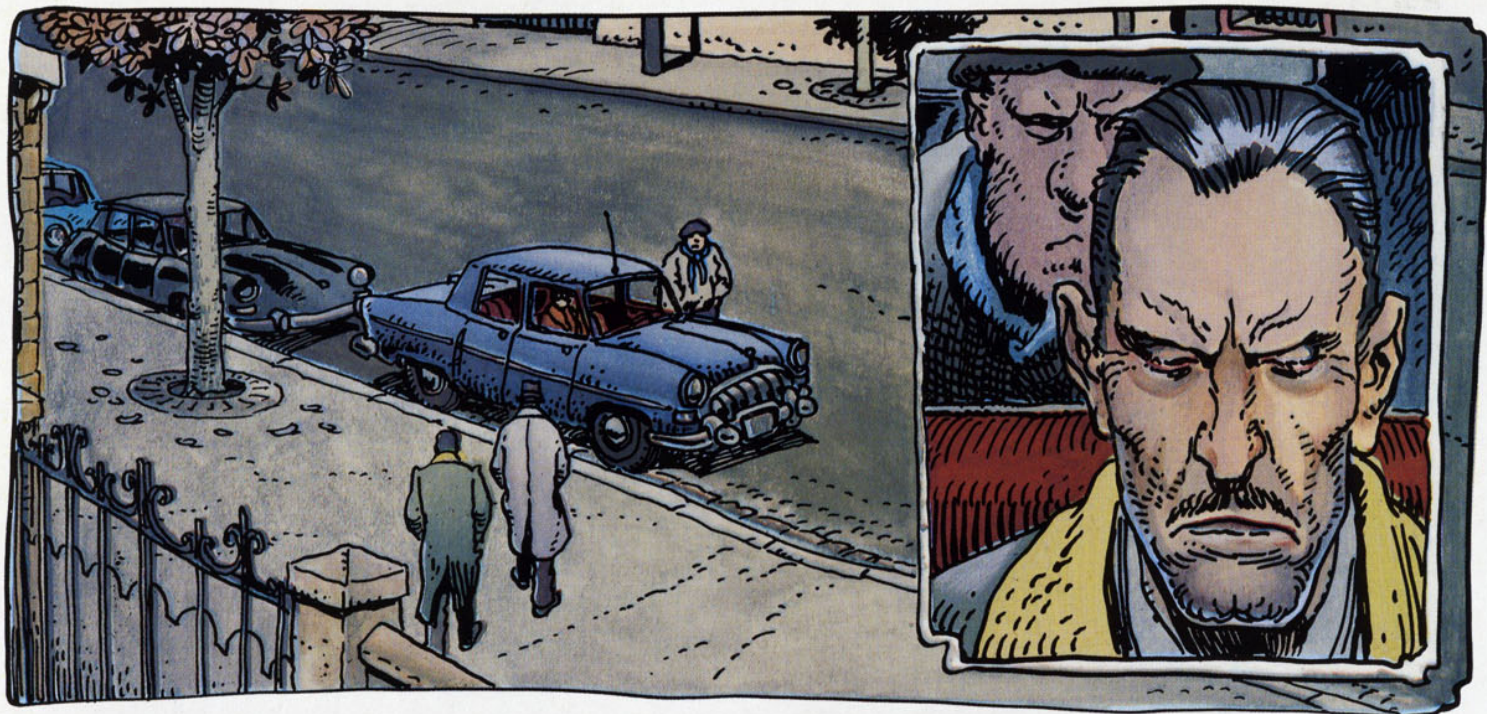
YOU'RE OVER-
WORKED, GEORGE,
AND YOU KNOW
THAT I DON'T
LIKE THESE NIGHT-
TIME OUTINGS
THAT YOU GO ON
WITH YOUR
FRIENDS...

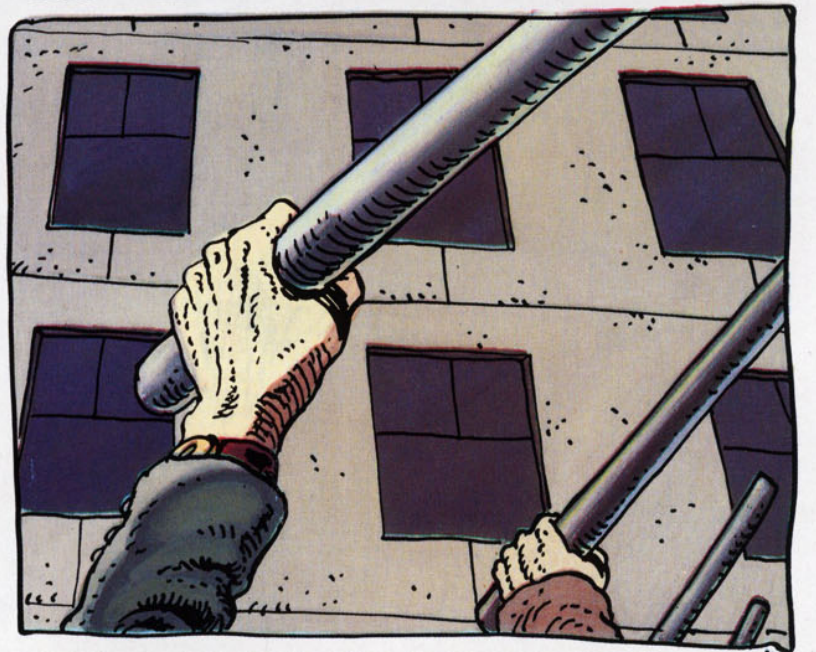
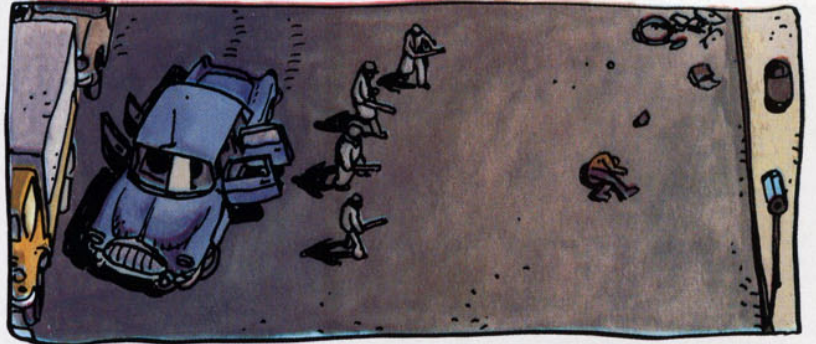
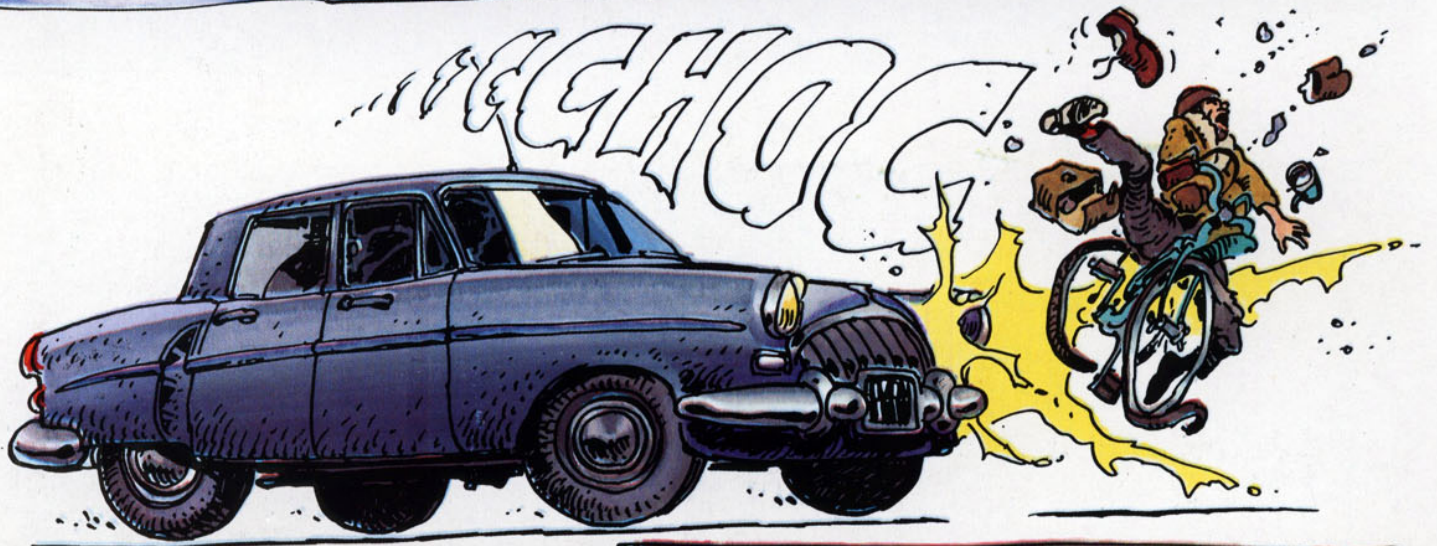
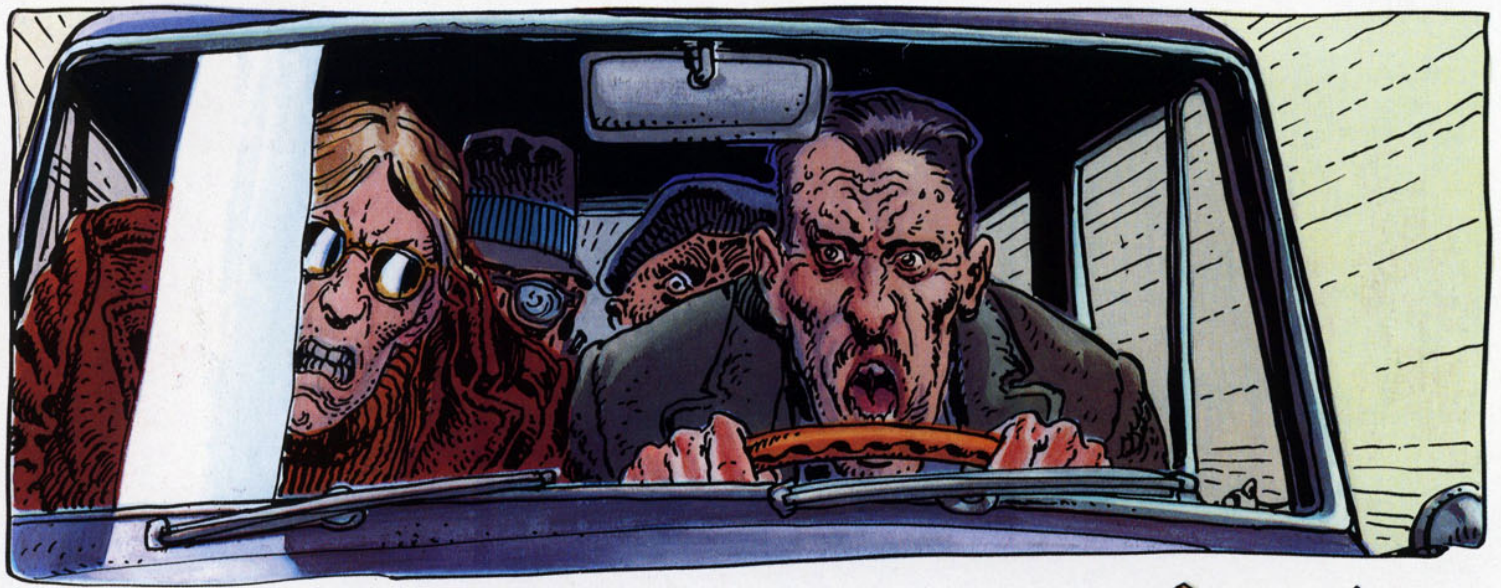
DING DONG
THEY'RE HERE!



MORNING, BARJOUT! WE'RE ALL
READY! JEAN-PIERRE AND RENE
ARE WAITING FOR US DOWN-
STAIRS IN THE CAR!

MORNING, BERTHON!
YEAH, YEAH... JEAN-PIERRE,
RENE... HMM... FINE...
LET'S GO...



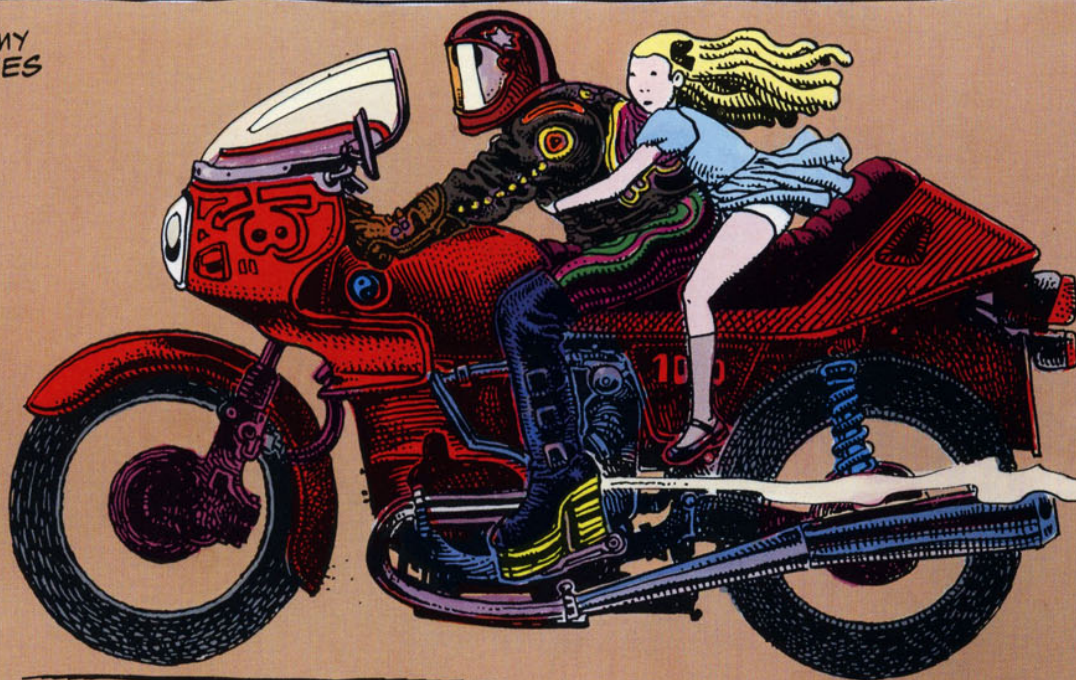




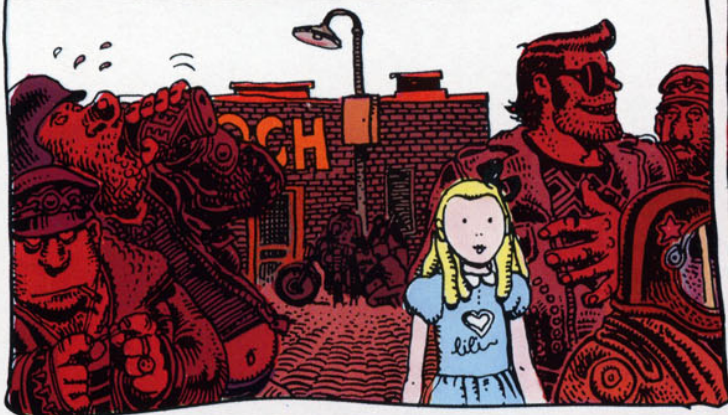
THE APPLE PIE

PAR CLAU CONIN
ET
MOEBIUS

EVERY THURSDAY, MY
BIG BROTHER TAKES
ME FOR A RIDE IN
THE DESERT ON
HIS BIG BIKE.

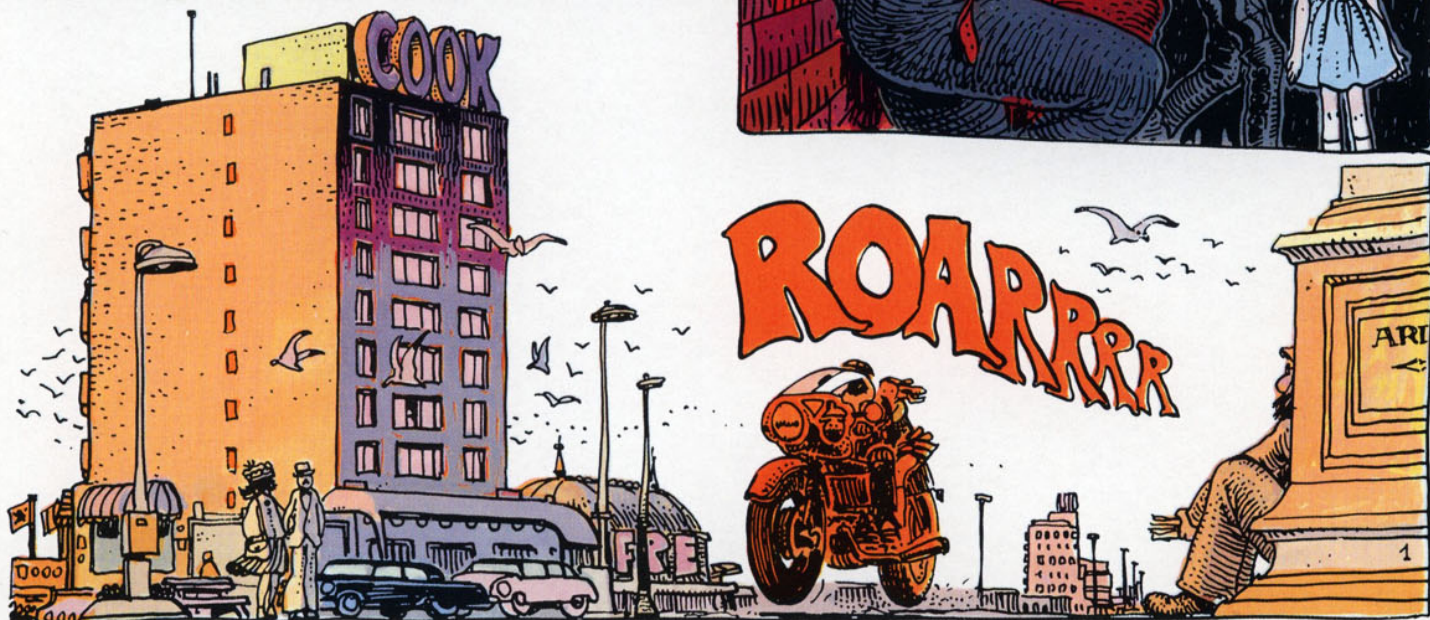
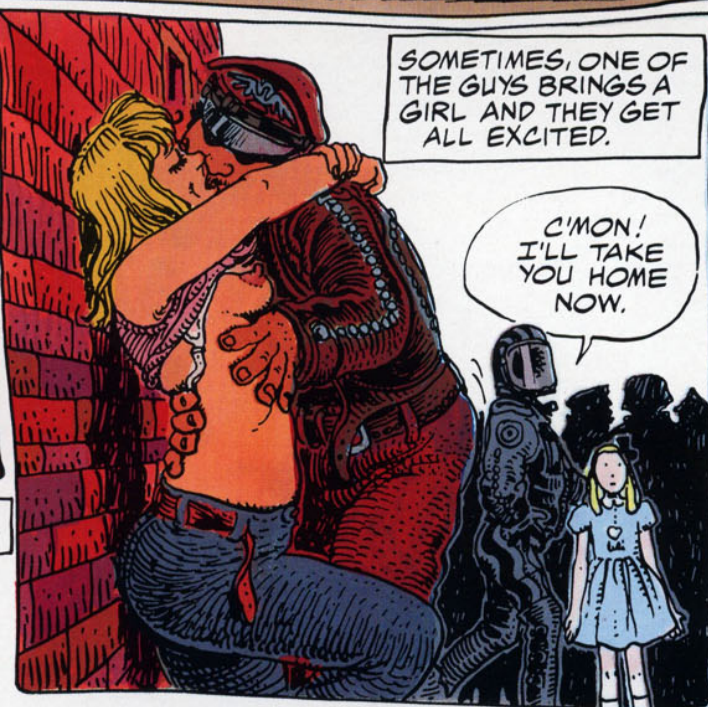


WE MEET HIS FRIENDS AT MINK'S.



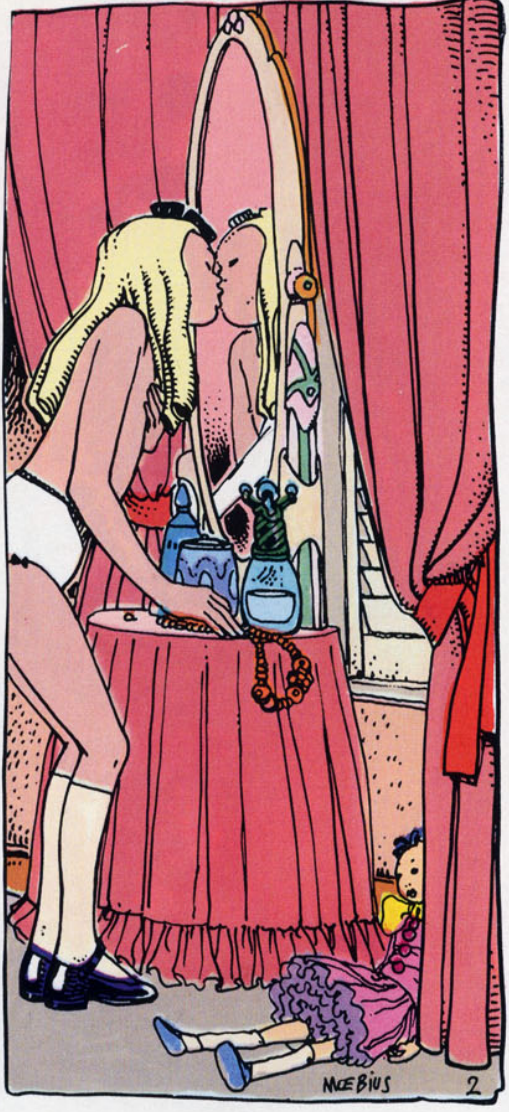
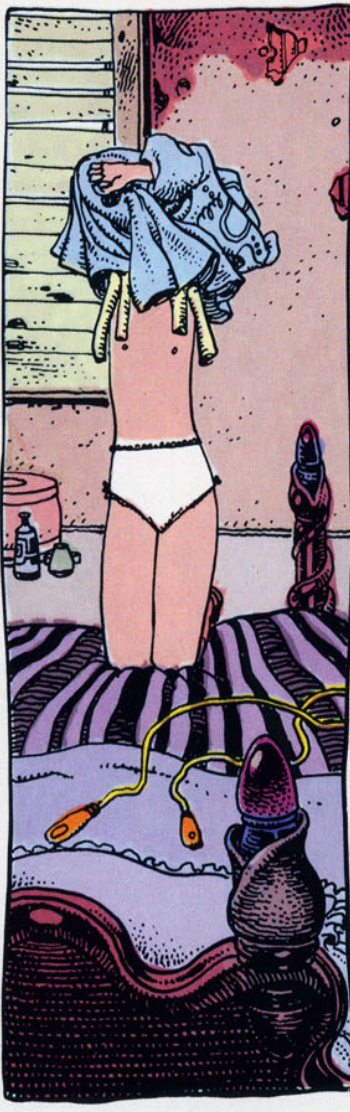
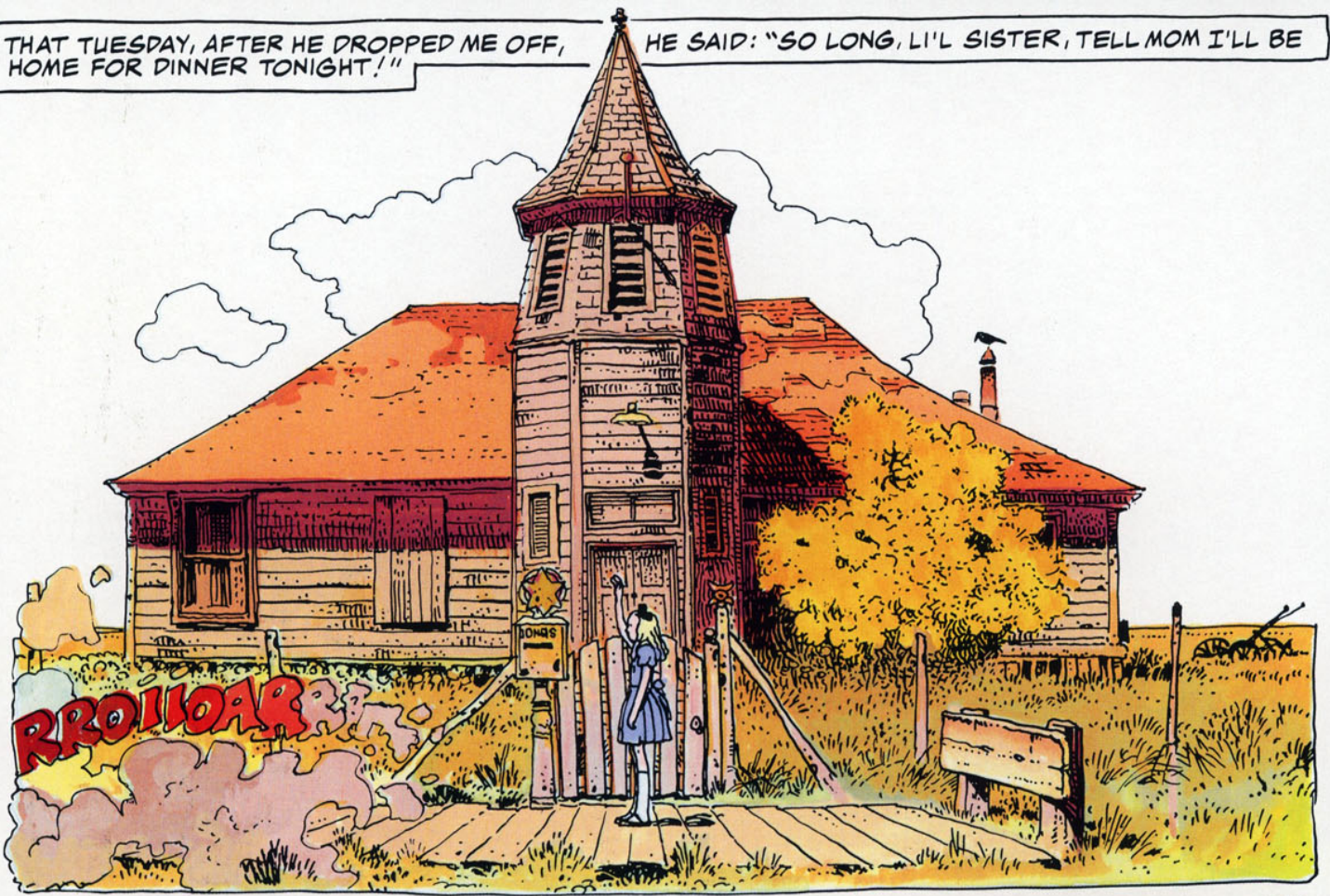
THEN WE GO HOME ON ROUTE 66, BY THE SEASHORE.

SOMETIMES, ONE OF
THE GUYS BRINGS A
GIRL AND THEY GET
ALL EXCITED.

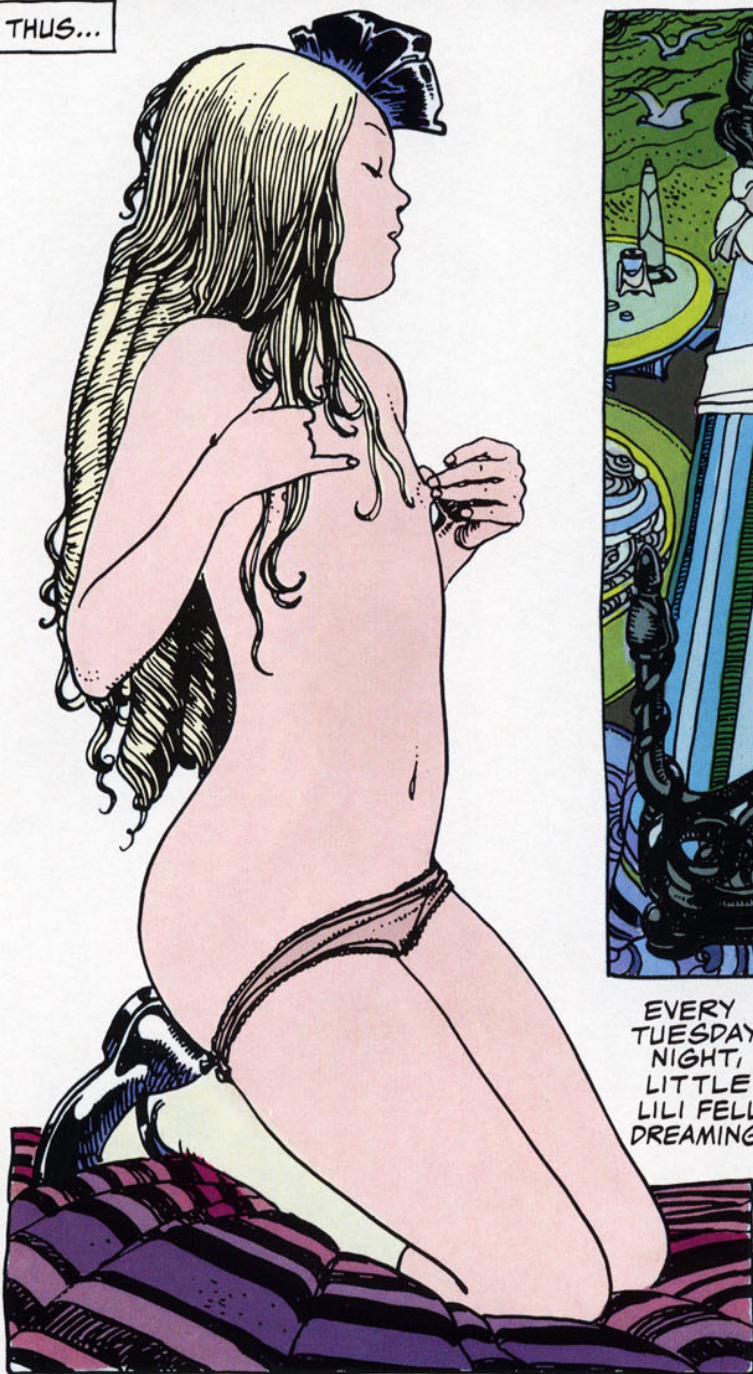


THAT TUESDAY, AFTER HE DROPPED ME OFF,
HOME FOR DINNER TONIGHT!"

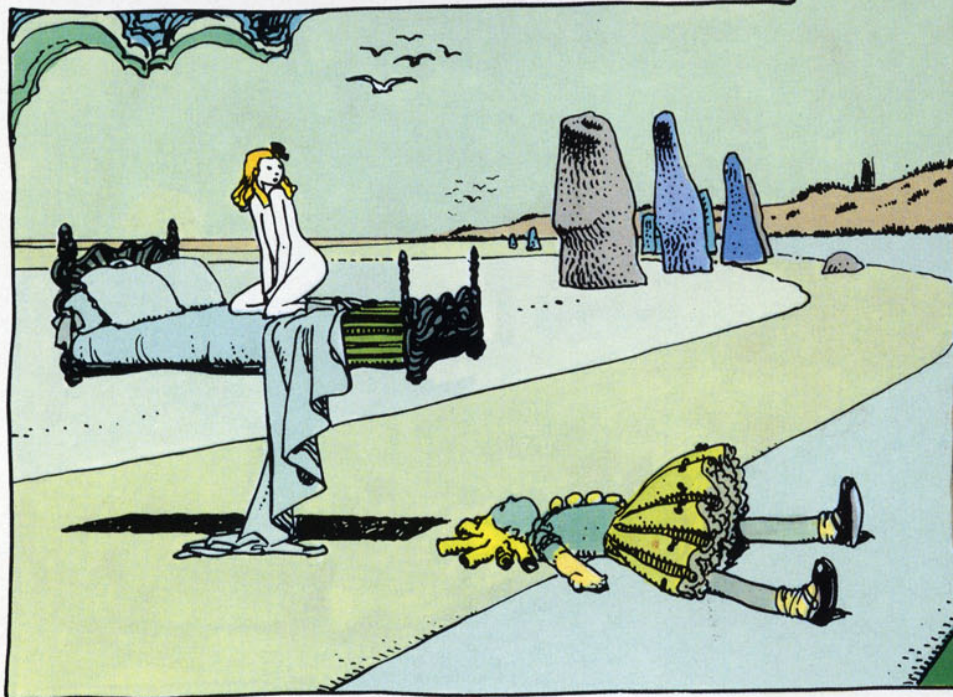
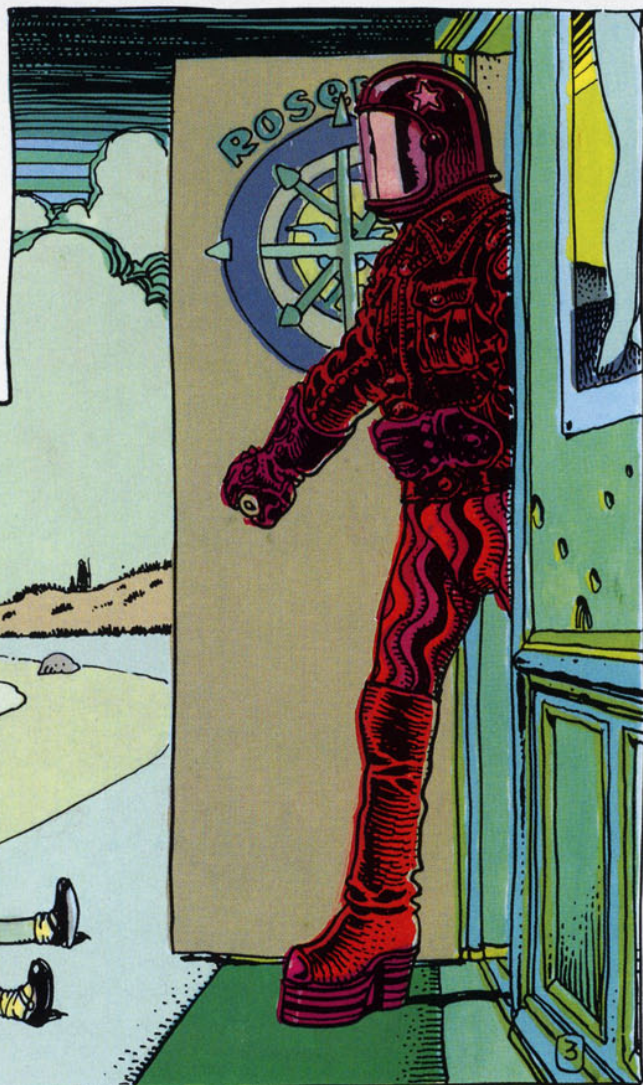
HE SAID: "SO LONG, LI'L SISTER, TELL MOM I'LL BE

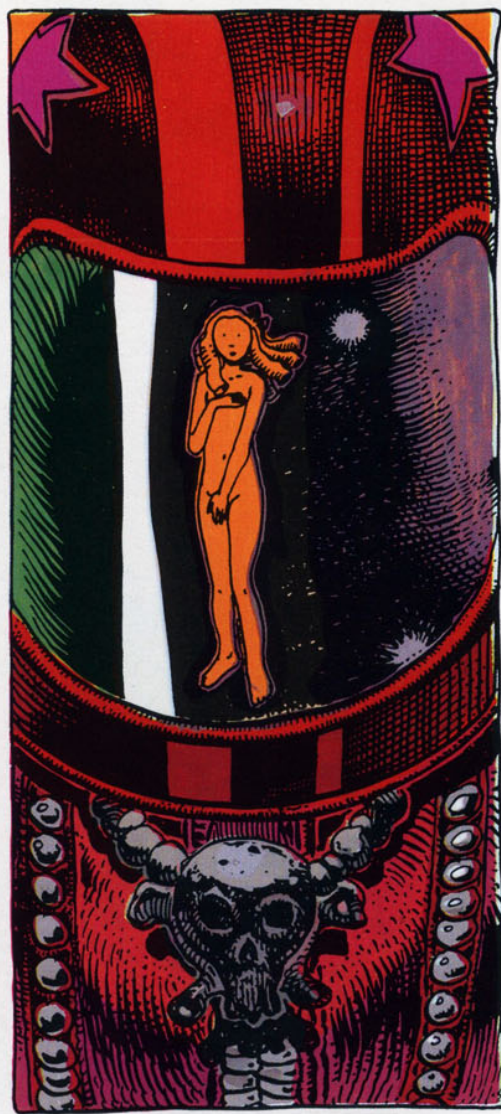
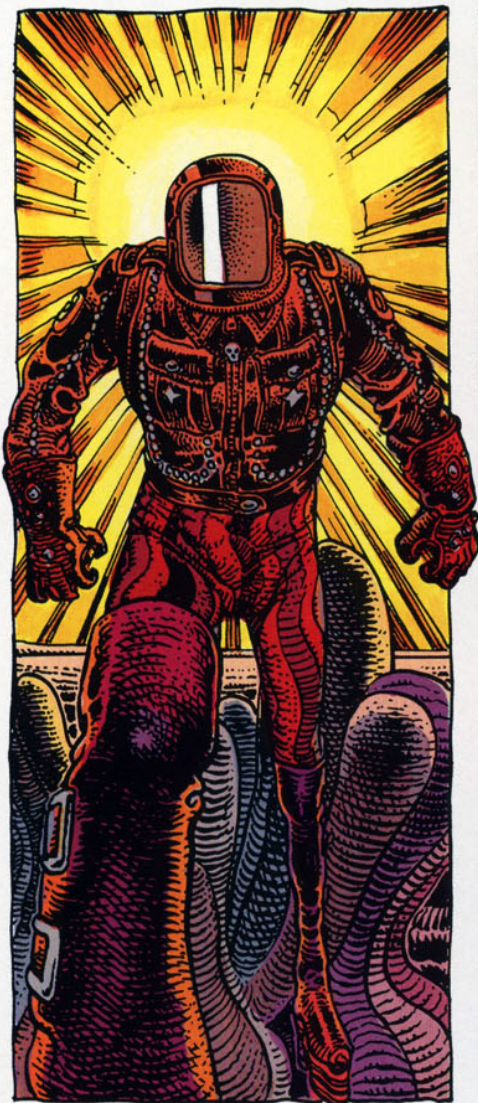


THUS...



EVERY
TUESDAY
NIGHT,
LITTLE
LILI FELL
DREAMING...

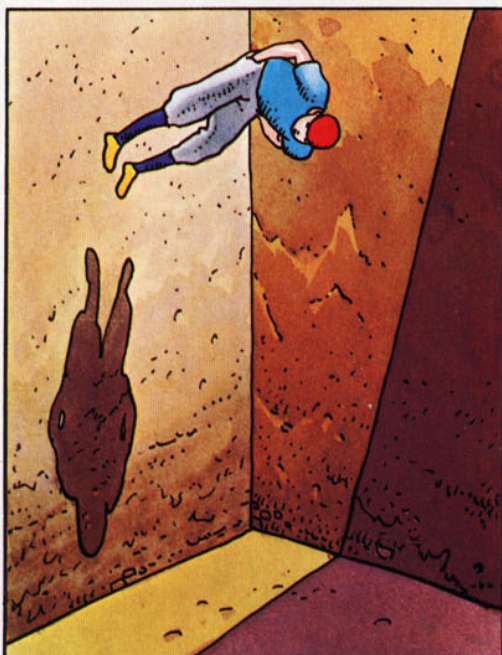
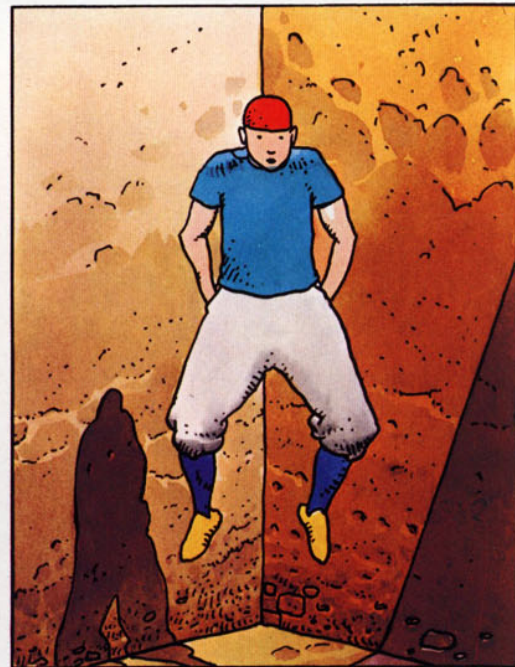
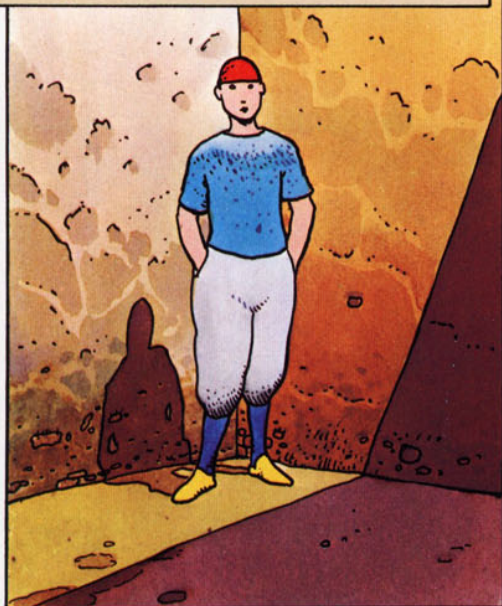




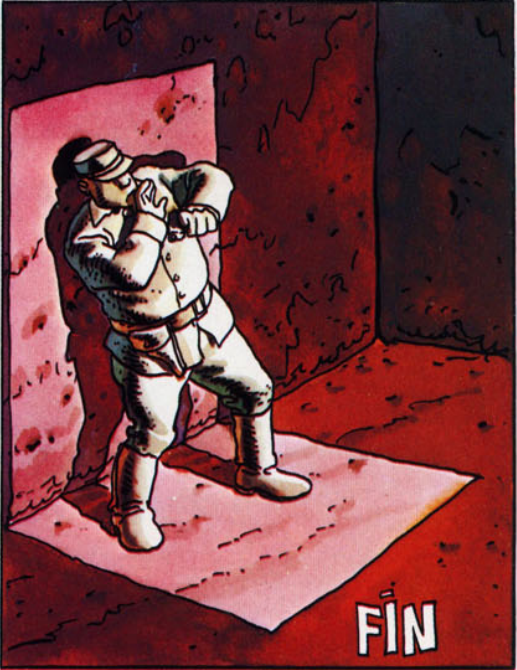
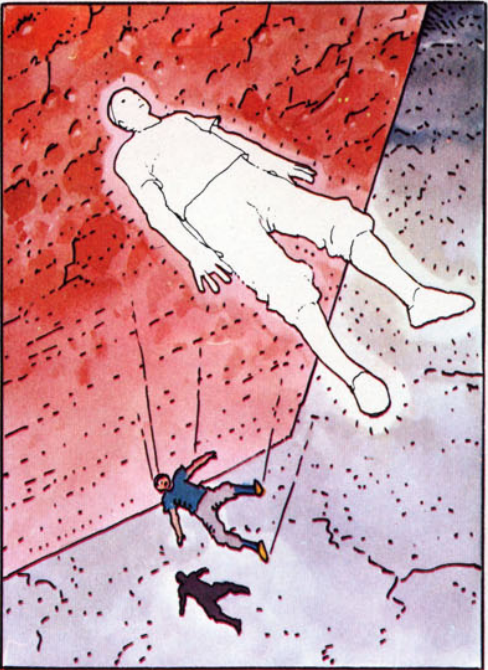
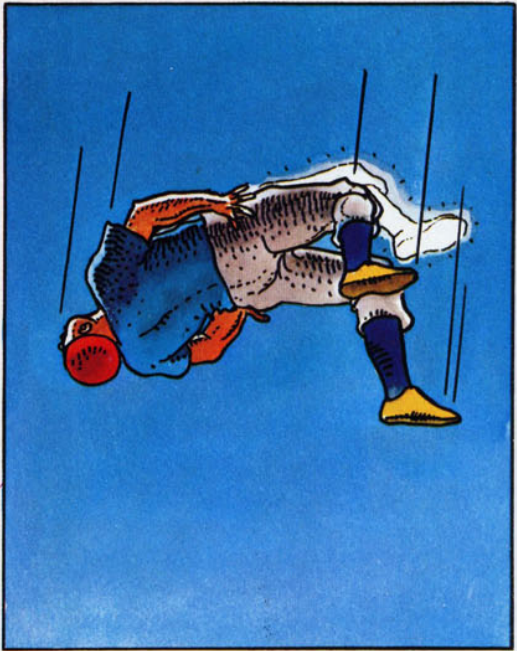
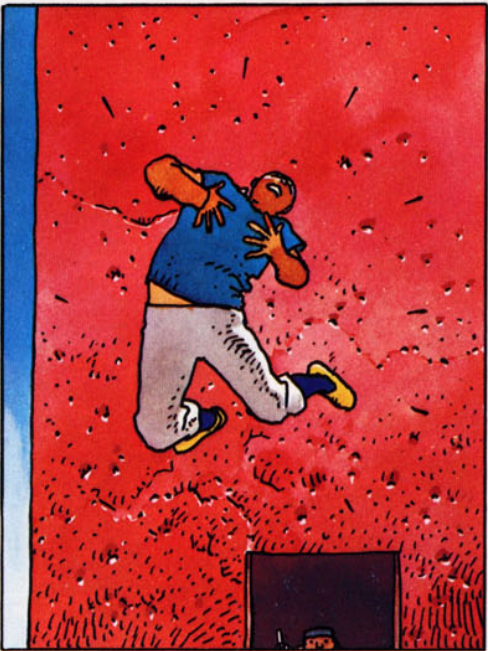
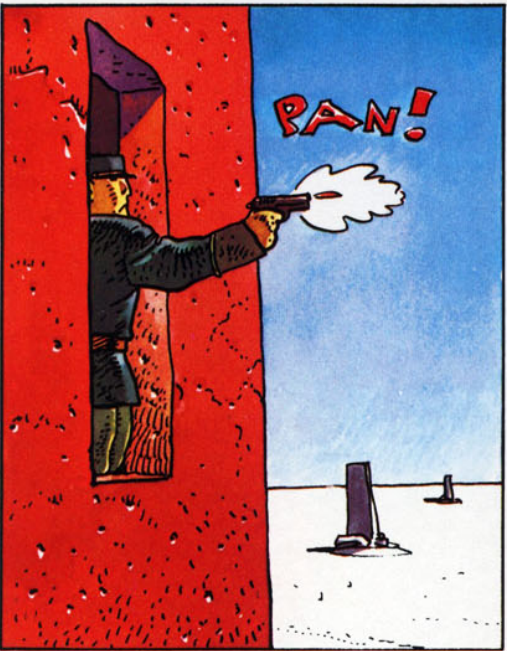
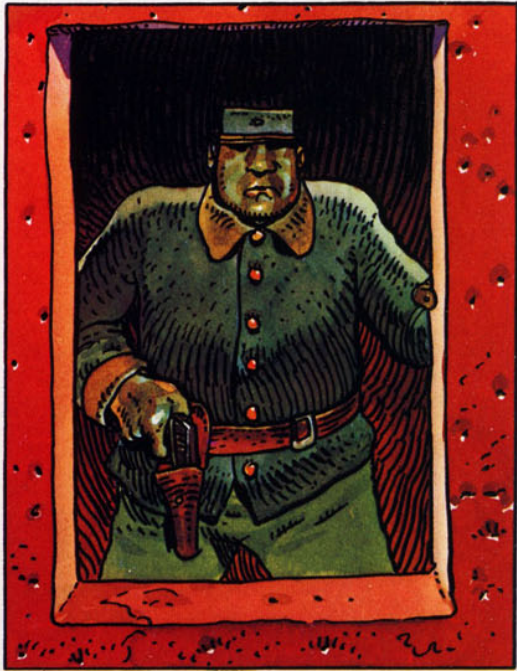
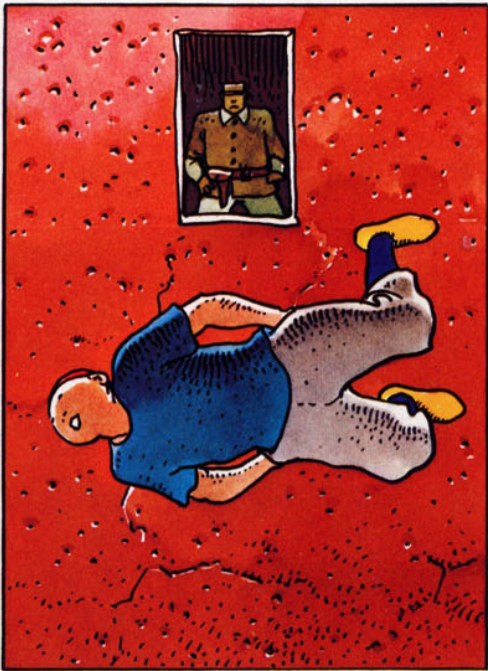
EVERY TUESDAY, MOM BAKES AN APPLE PIE...

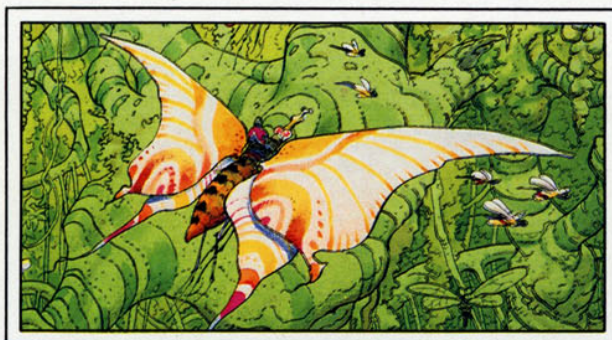


DOUBLE ESCAPE



MOEBIUS





DOUBLE ESCAPE

Double Escape is a very symbolic story about the relationship between our physical and astral bodies. It was based on something that I had just discovered at the time, and which I took for the basis of a very enjoyable, little graphic experiment. If there is a morale to that story, it is that, in our minds, we're all our own wardens.

ROCK CITY

Rock City is a story that I did for a special Rock issue of **Metal Hurlant**. Although I felt somewhat constrained by the theme, I nevertheless decided to tackle it in an SF perspective. There is a classic theme that I like, which is that of Enclosed Societies. You find it in many books from the 1950's: Asimov's **Caves of Steel**, Clarke's **City and the Stars**, etcetera.

It is yet another story without words because I believe those kind of stories contain a very special magic. It all goes back to something I experienced when I was a teenager, and read American comics without understanding a word of English. I wasn't even trying to understand what the characters were saying because I felt that the stories had a more powerful, poetic impact that way. In a way, that is one of the things that I try to recreate when I do these "silent" stories. Also, in **The Airtight Garage**, I have a pseudo-western sequence where people all speak a made-up language, so you the reader don't understand what they're saying. In essence, I put the reader in the same position I was in when reading American comics.

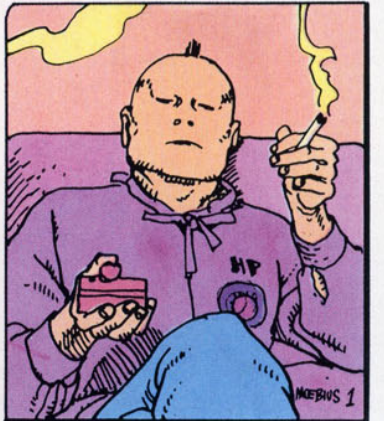
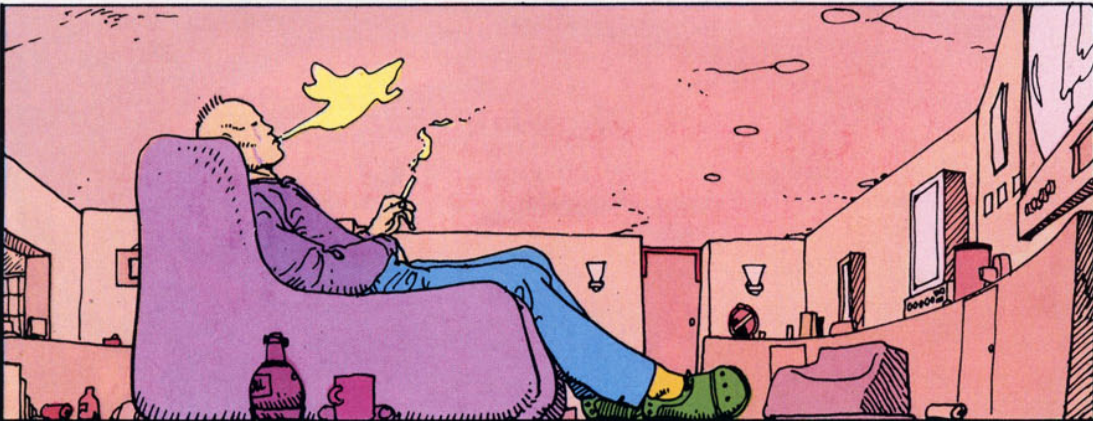
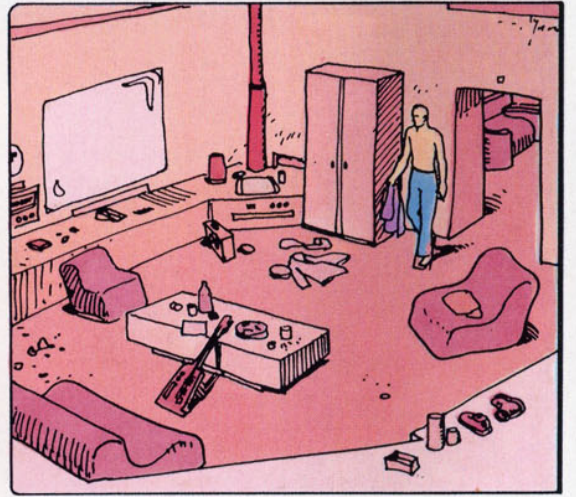
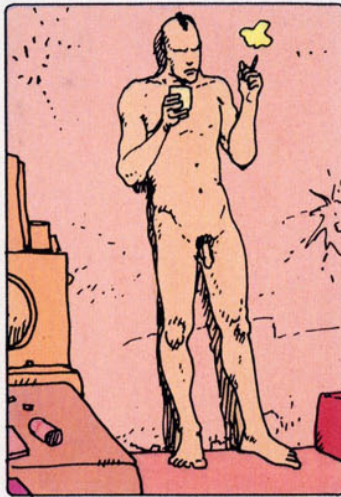
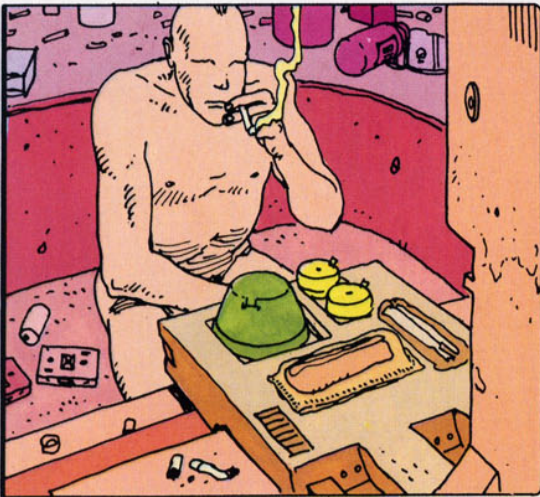
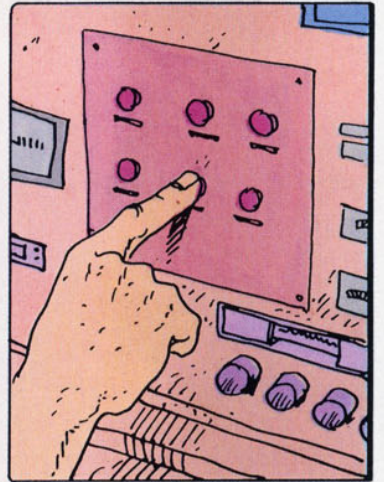
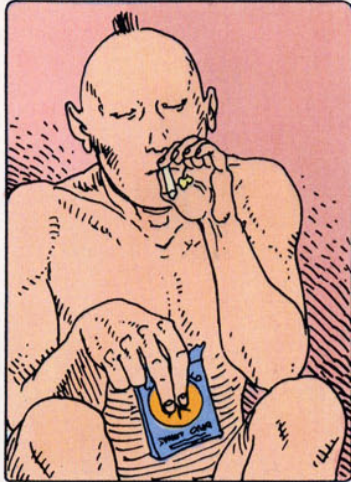
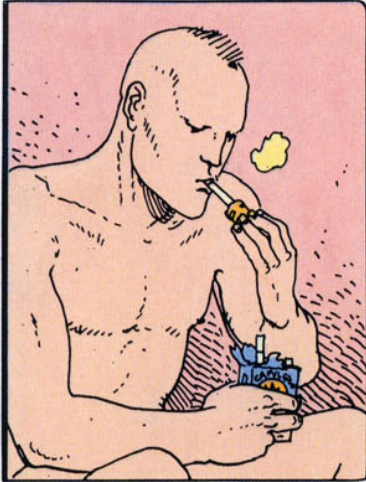
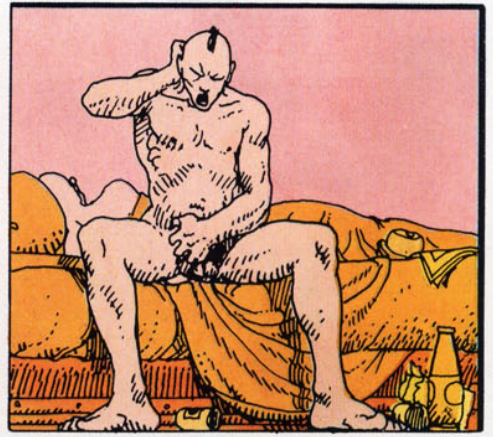
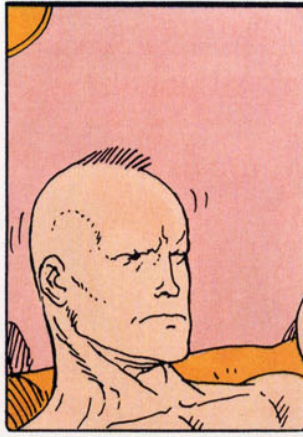
When I do these "silent" stories, I try to throw myself, then the reader, into another world. We become like observers who would be looking at what goes on on a faraway planet through a telescope, but could not hear what the people were saying. In my opinion, the necessity for the reader to recreate his own dialogue conveys a poetic and powerful impact that no written script could have.

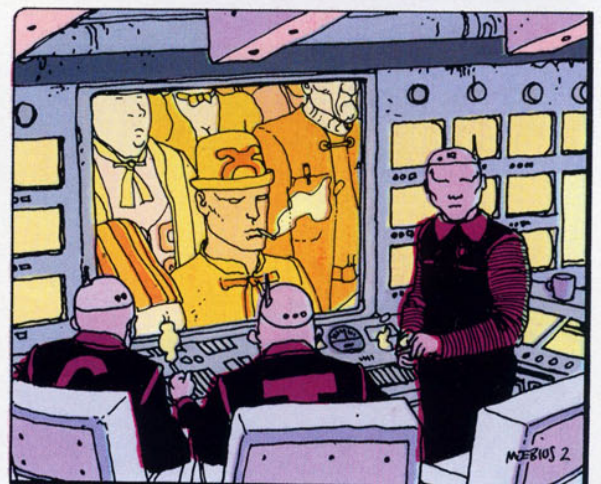
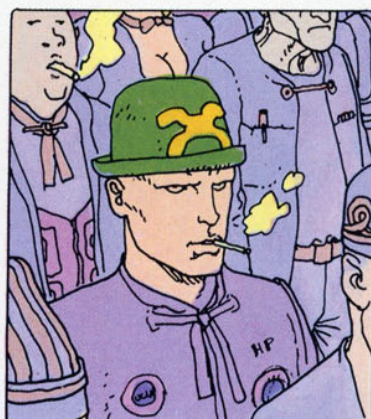
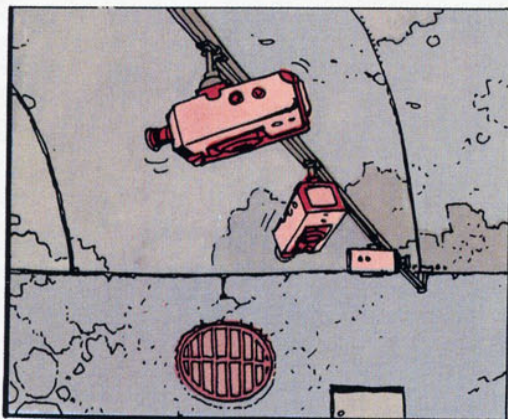
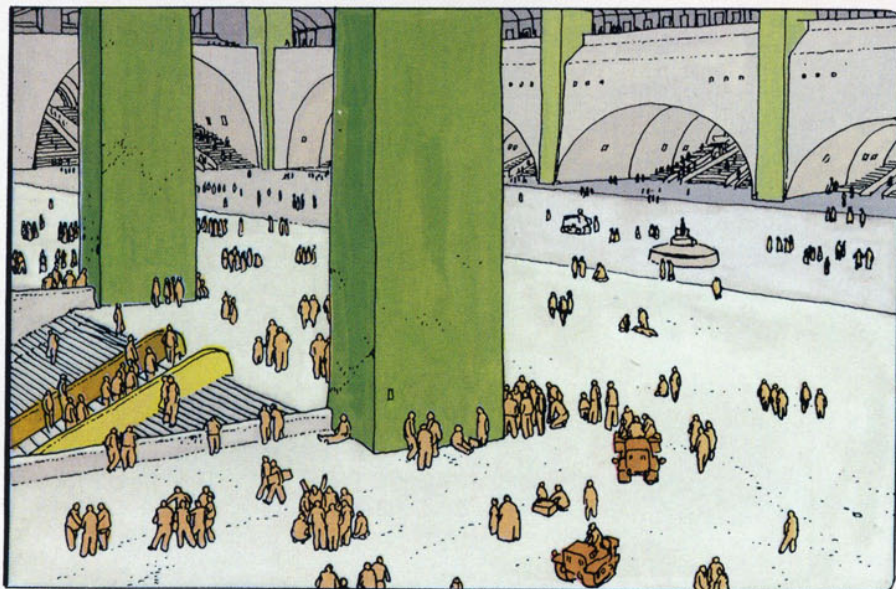
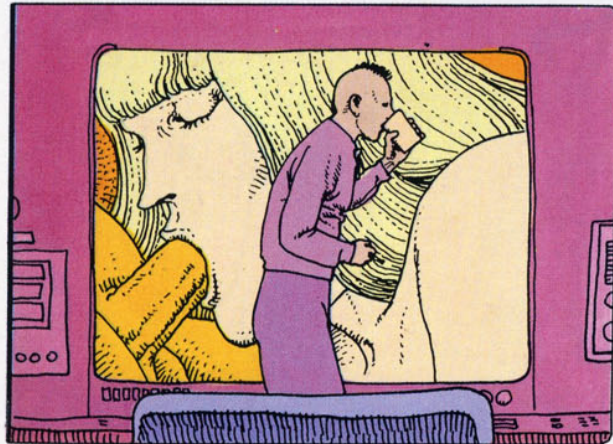
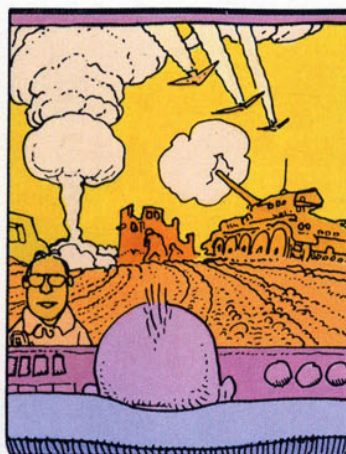
The starting point of **Rock City** was something I felt about the entire Rock phenomenon. Rock is like a kind of micro-society, with its own language, its own fashions, its own rules, etcetera. It is really like a separate country, but instead of being geographically distinct, like France or the United States, it is sociologically separate. This country's subculture is then exported to the rest of the planet through the media. So, I transposed this analogy into a literal context, in space and in time. From there, I saw the notion of prison evolve. The hero is somebody who is a prisoner of this country, of this culture. Like a rat in a maze, he always tries to escape, but is always recaptured and thrown back into the maze for another game.

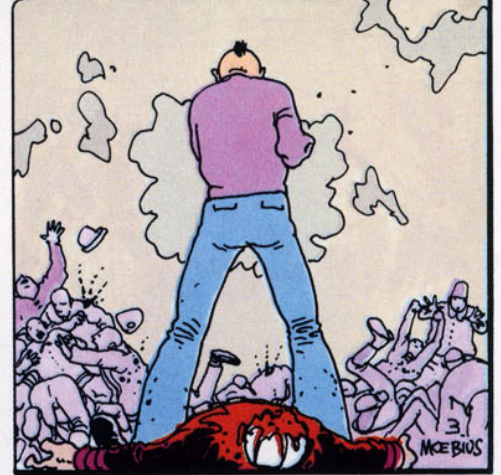
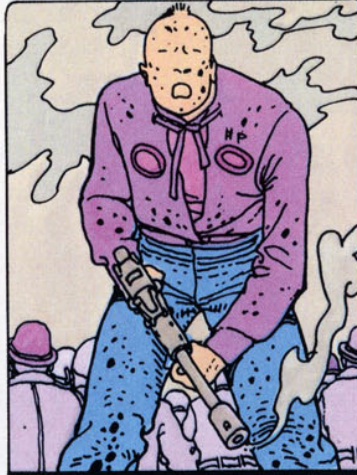
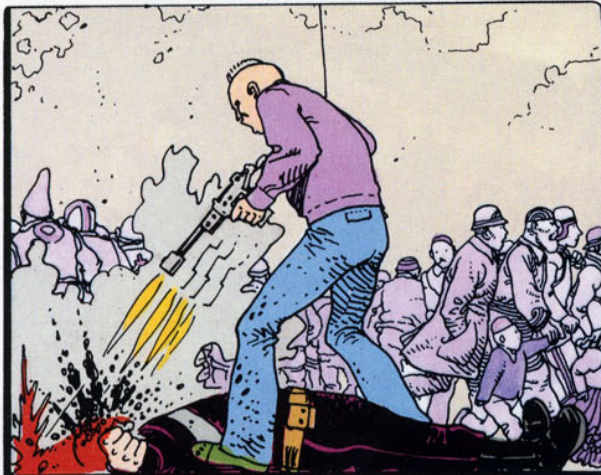
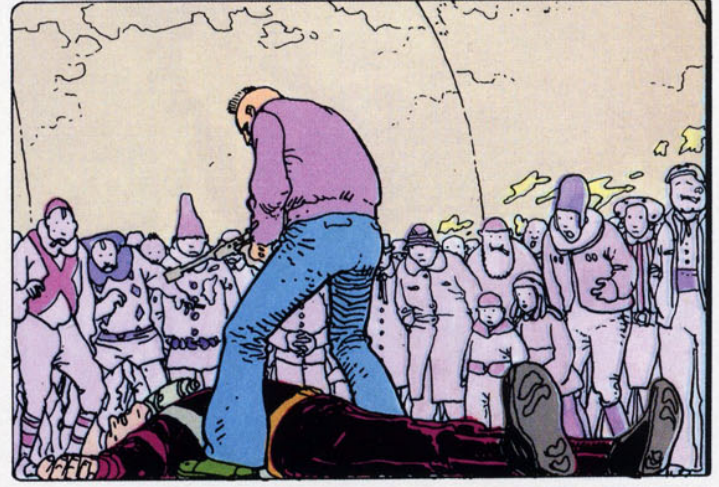
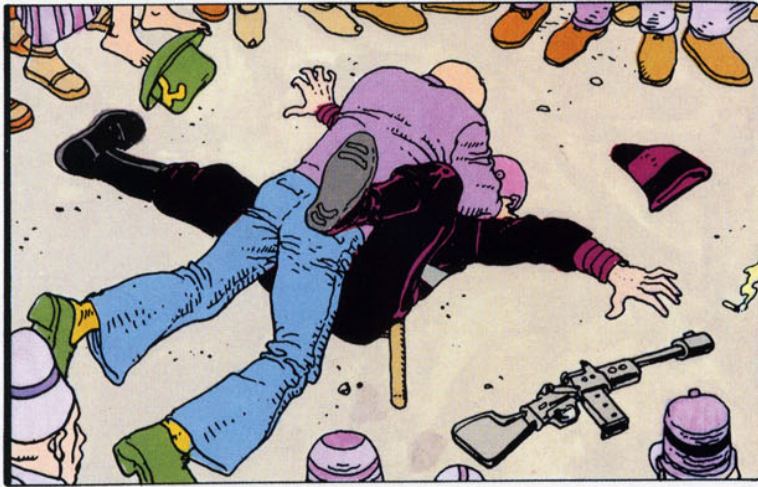
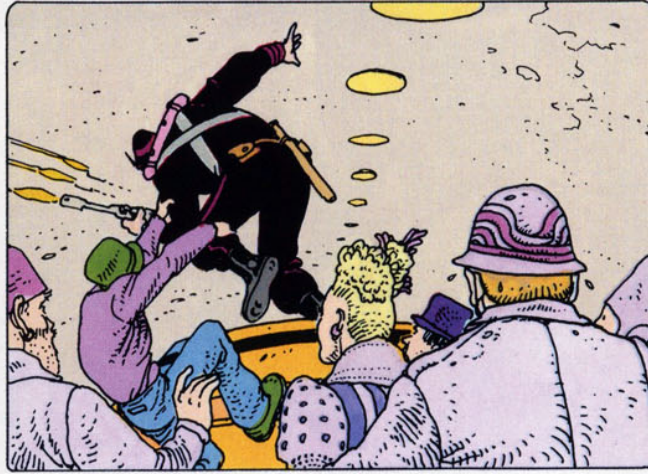
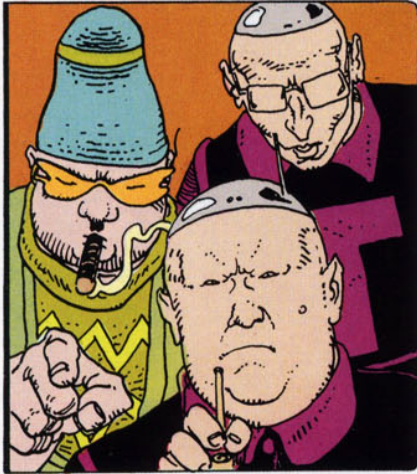
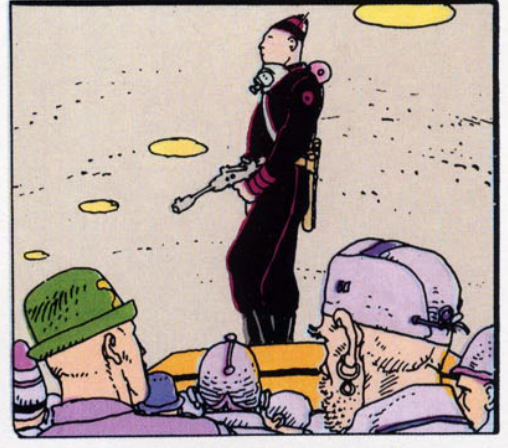
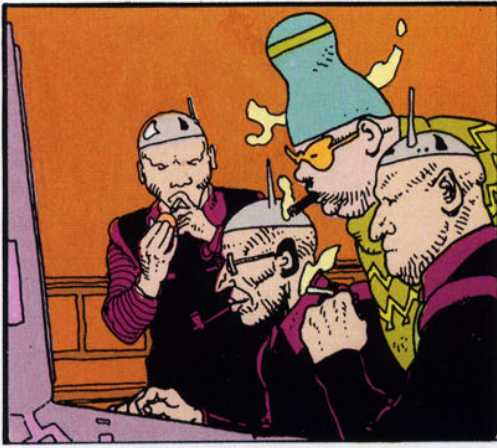
This is, of course, a rather simplistic parallel with what happens in our society. But I think this parallel enables us to see more clearly that trying to escape that society by using violence is pointless. It only helps put us back into the system. Any real escape must be accomplished through inner and spiritual means.

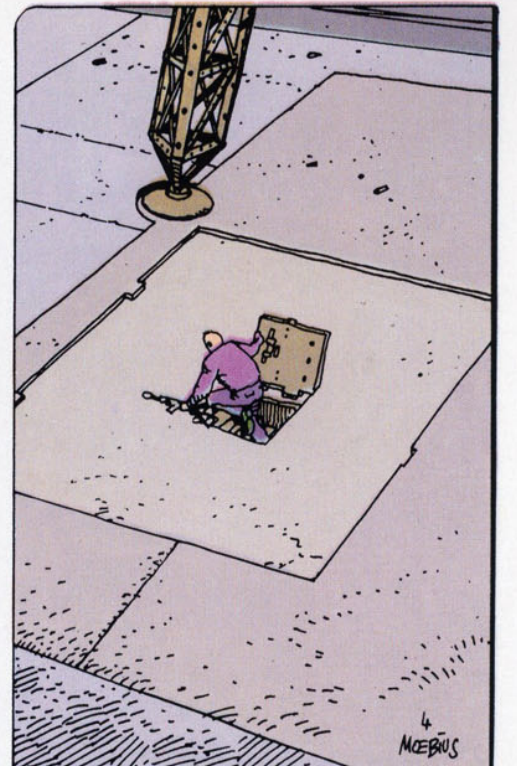
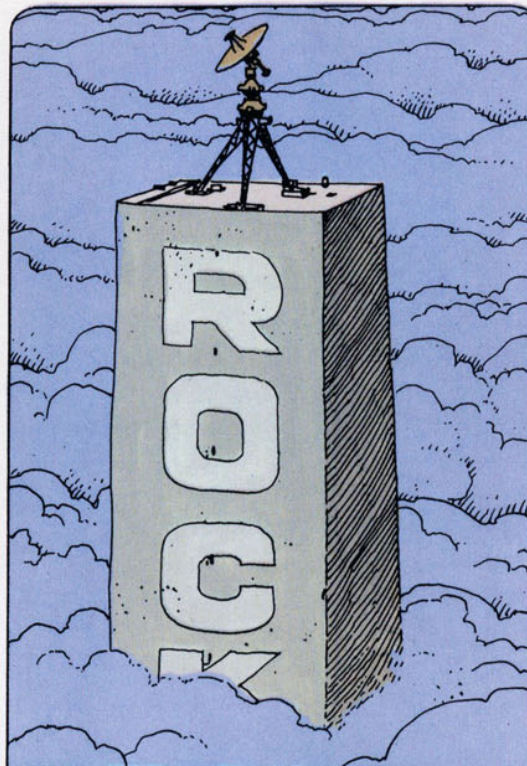
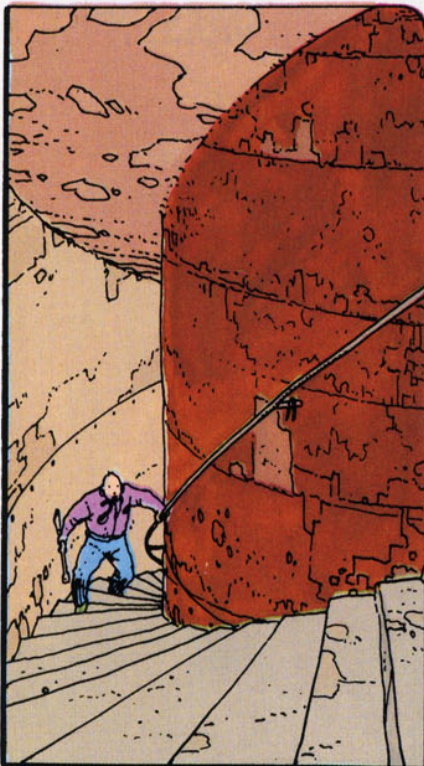
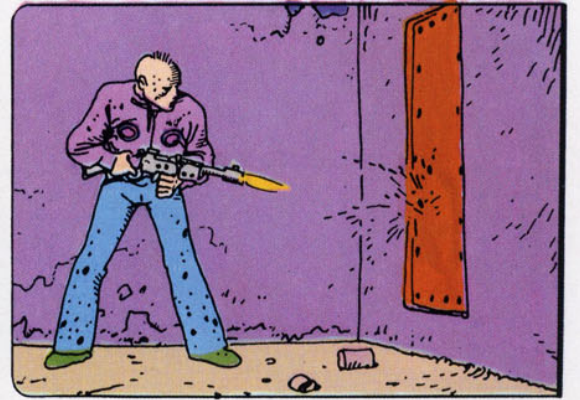
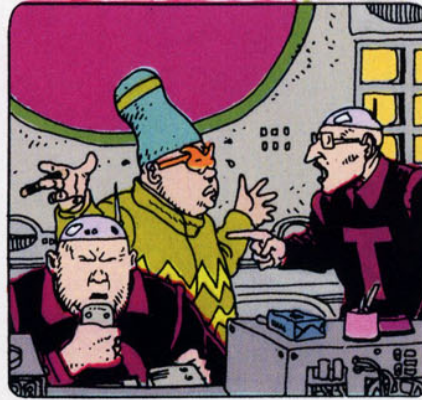
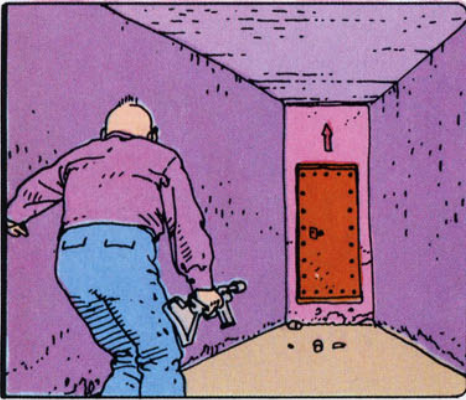
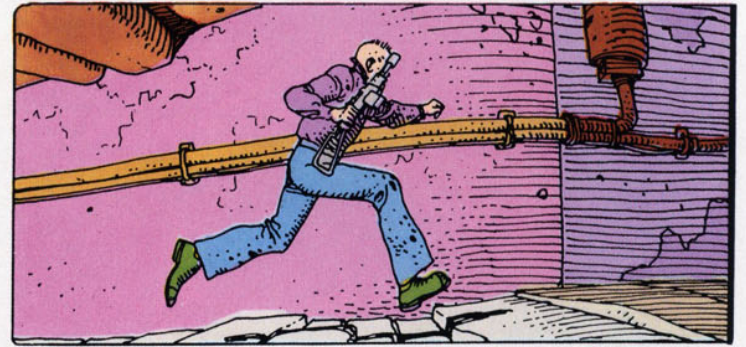
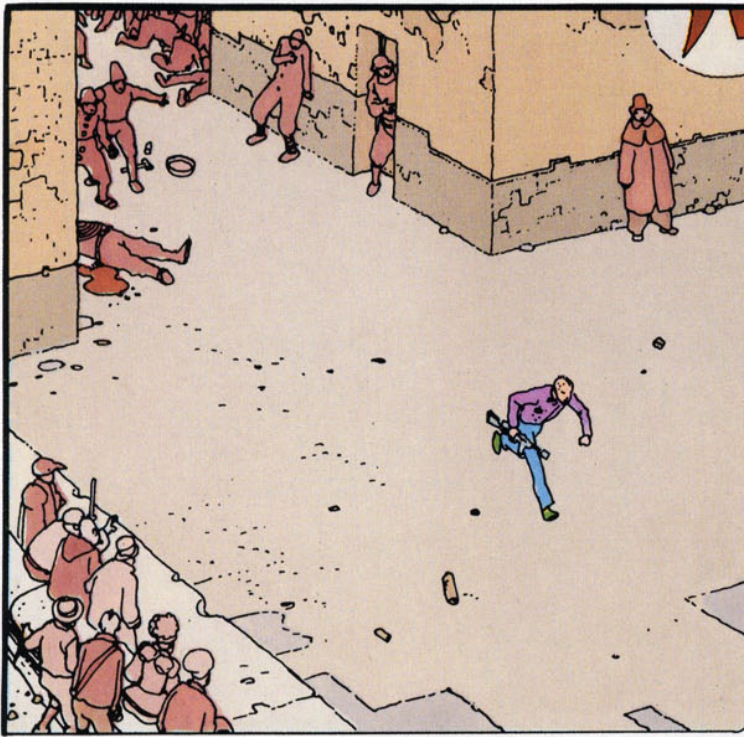
More recently, I have been working with Randy and Jean-Marc Lofficier on a tentative, live-action **Rock City** movie. It made me notice that, once again, all my stories have had unexpected connections not only with my past at the time I did them, but also my future. Obviously, my unwitting choice of the name of Moebius as a pseudonym was really predestined. It is all a circle.

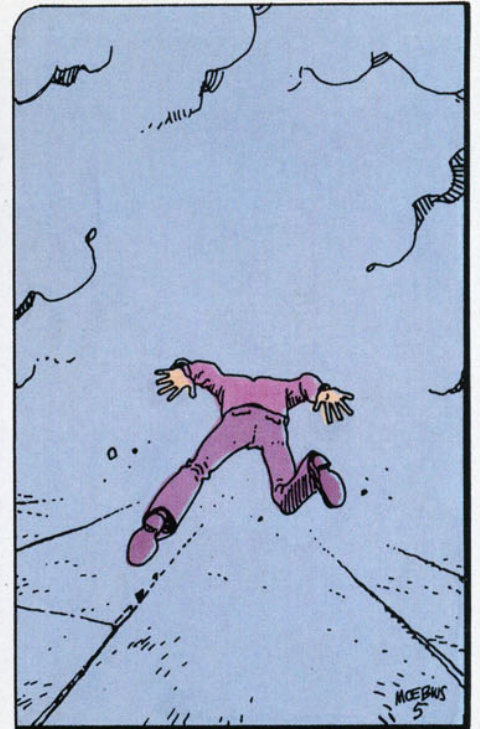
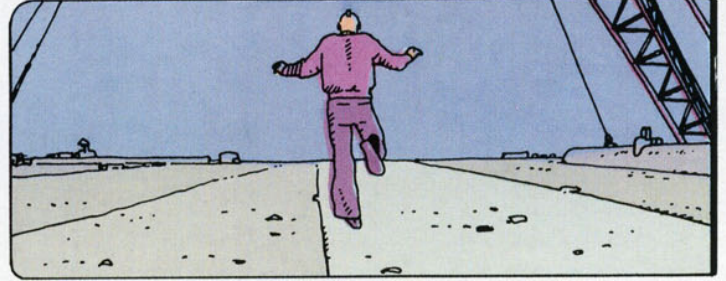
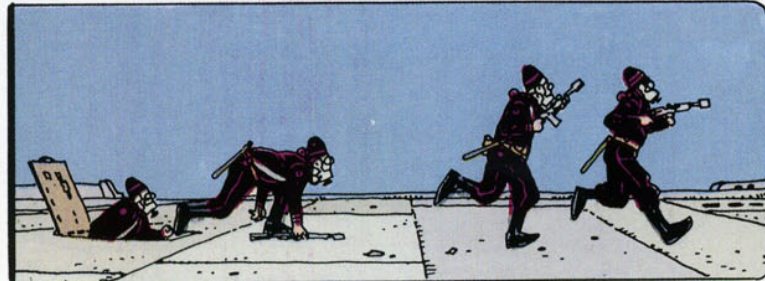
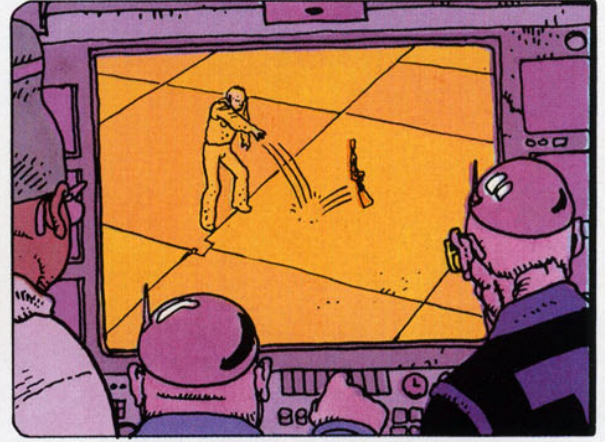
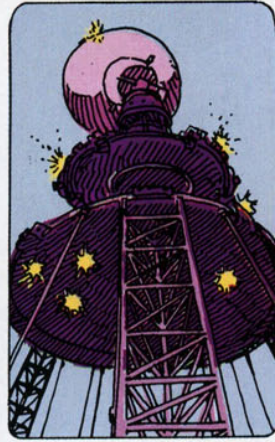
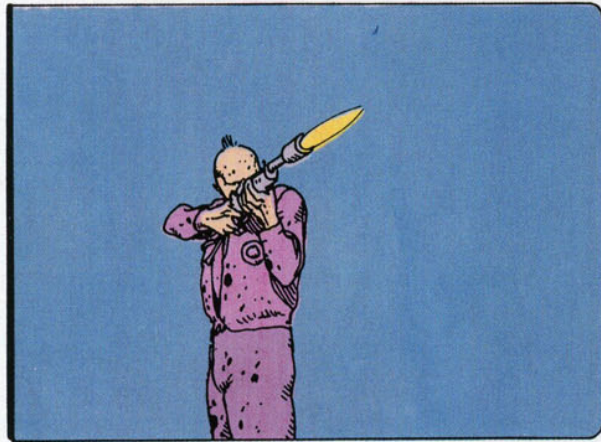
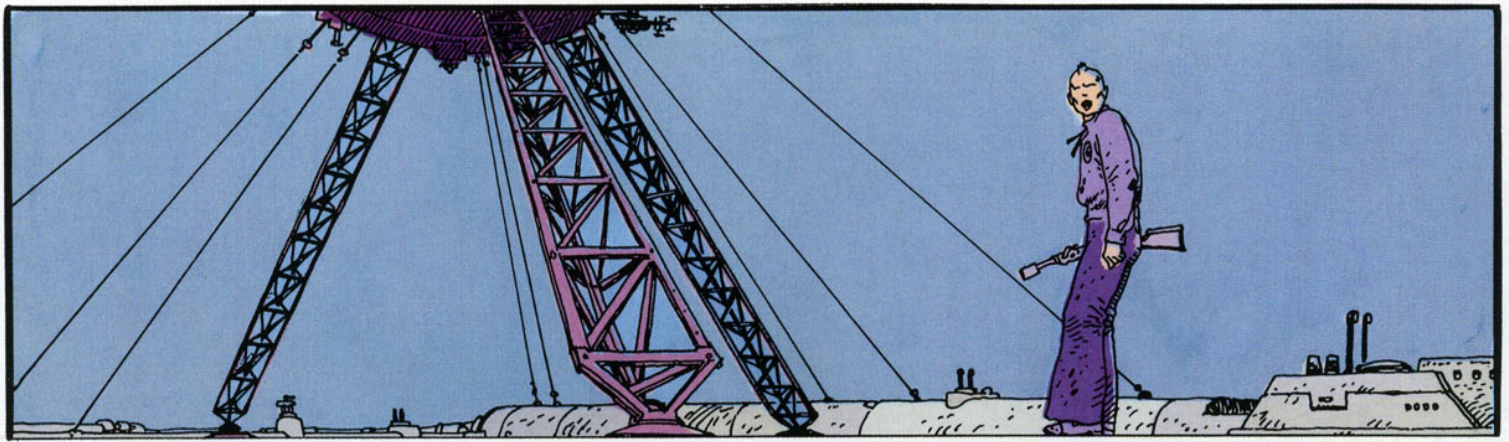
ROCK CITY

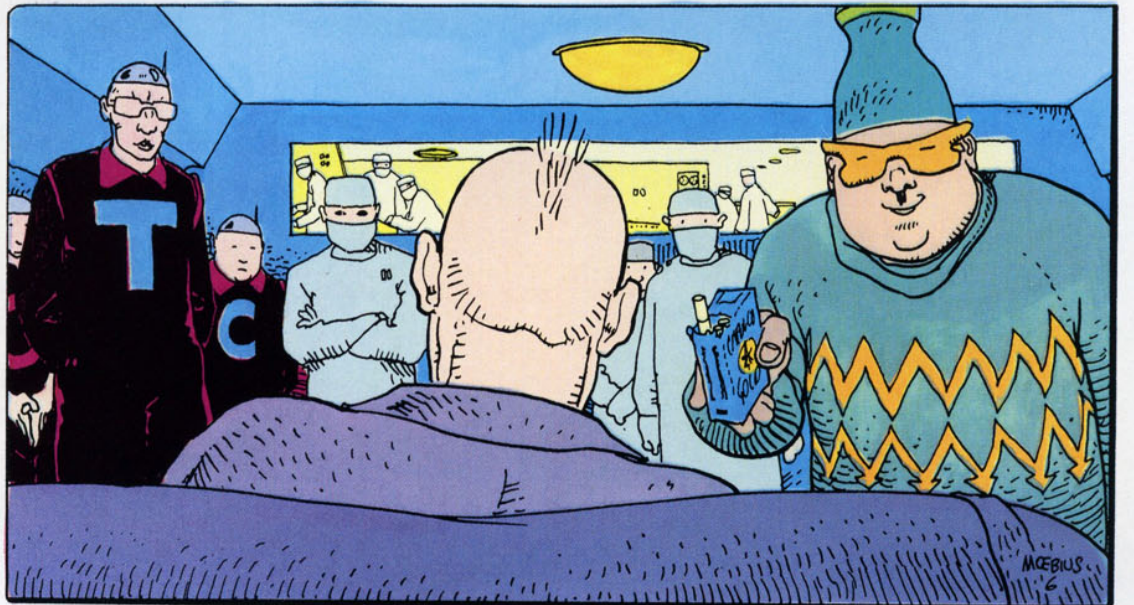
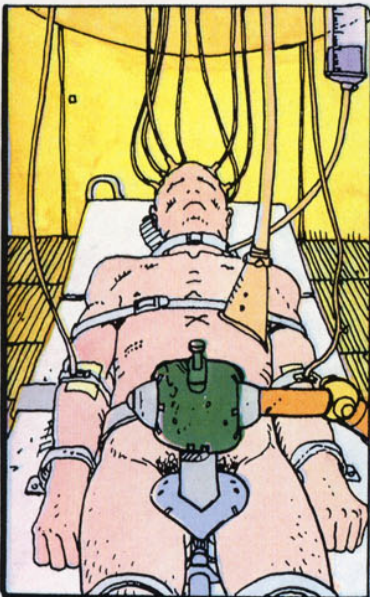
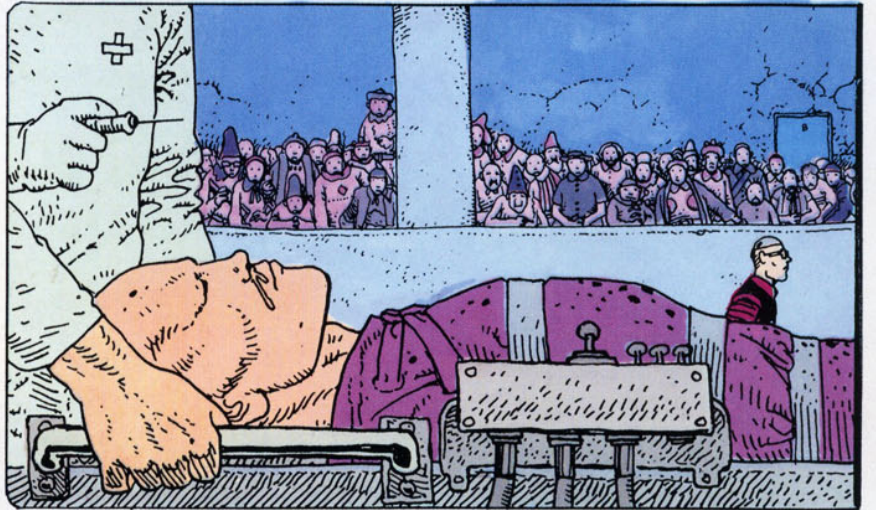
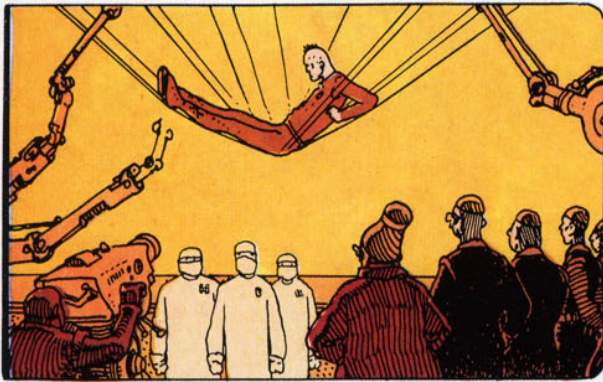
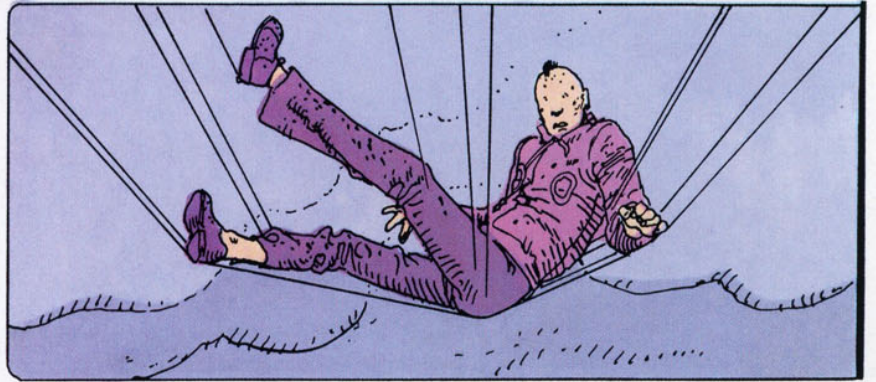
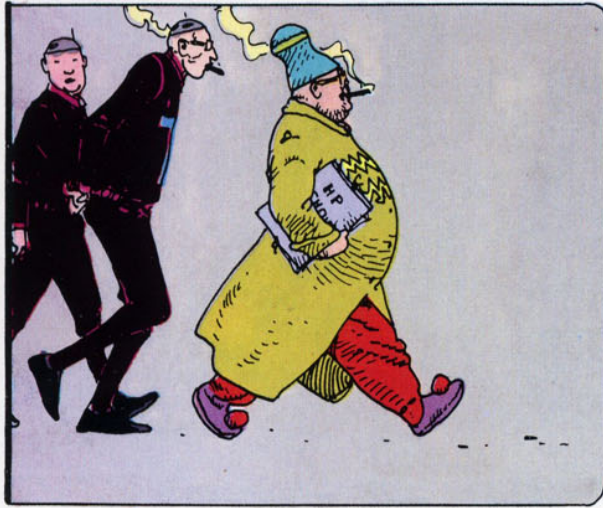
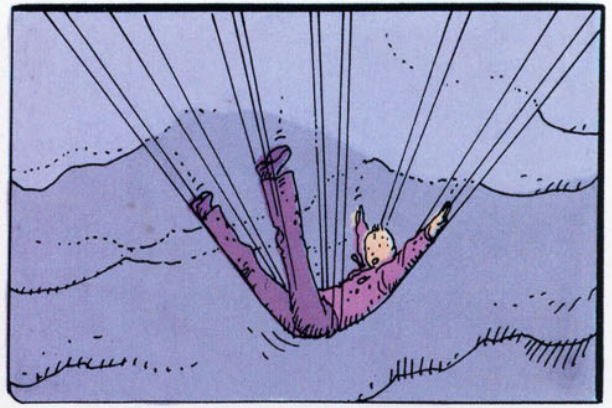
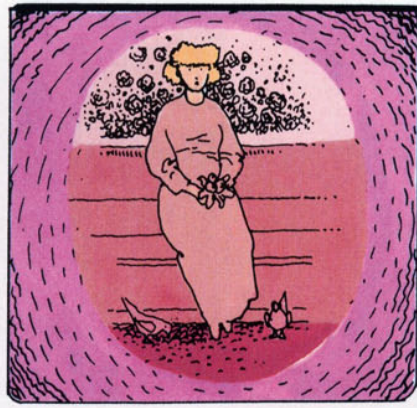


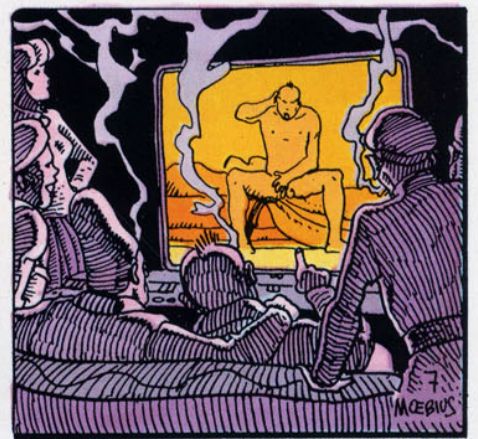
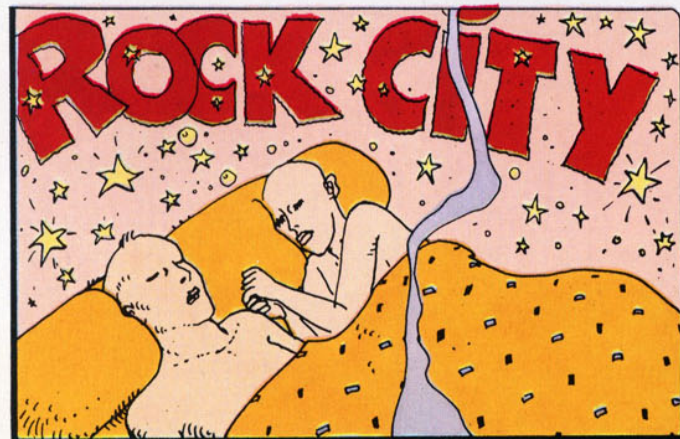
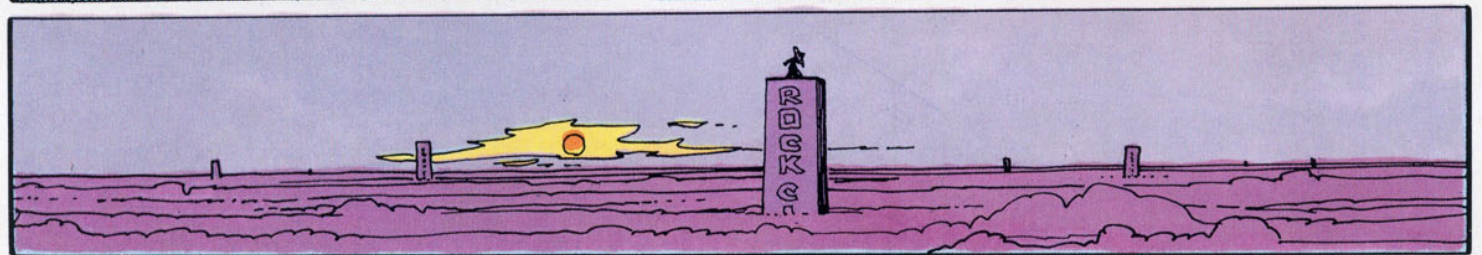
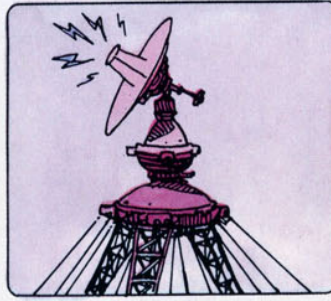
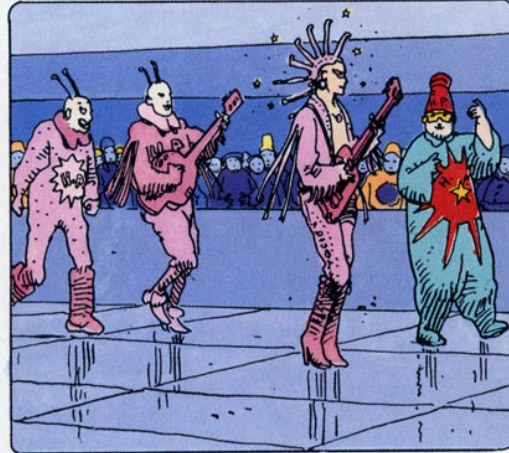
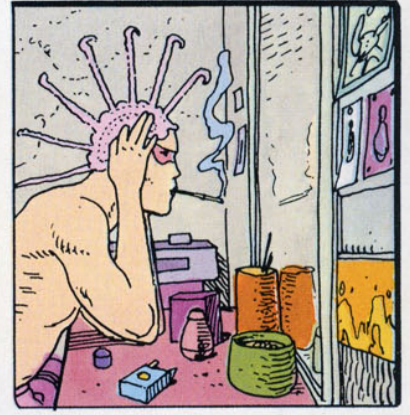
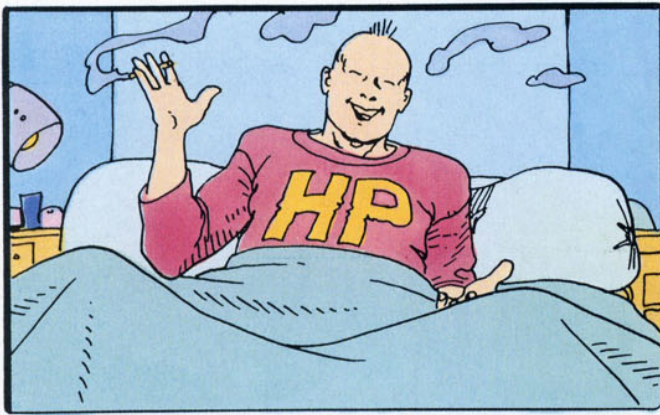












FIN.

