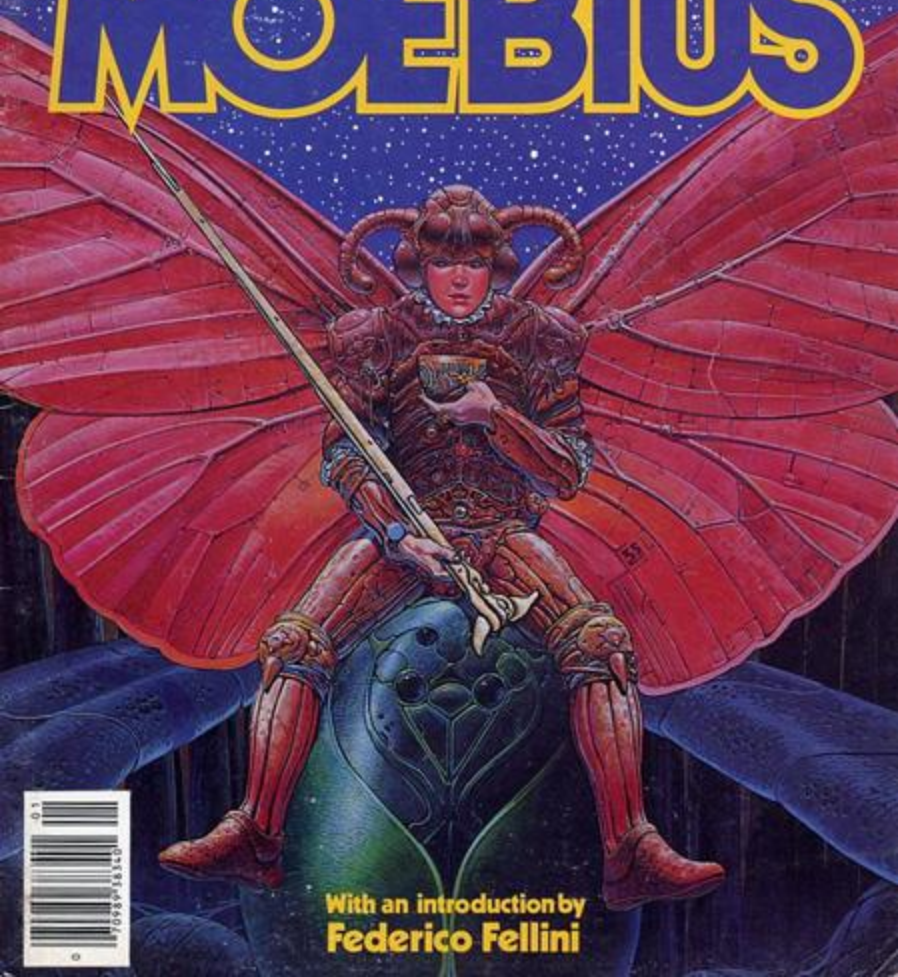


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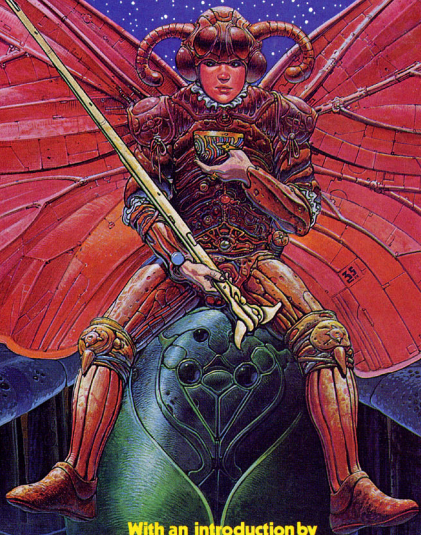
With an introduction by
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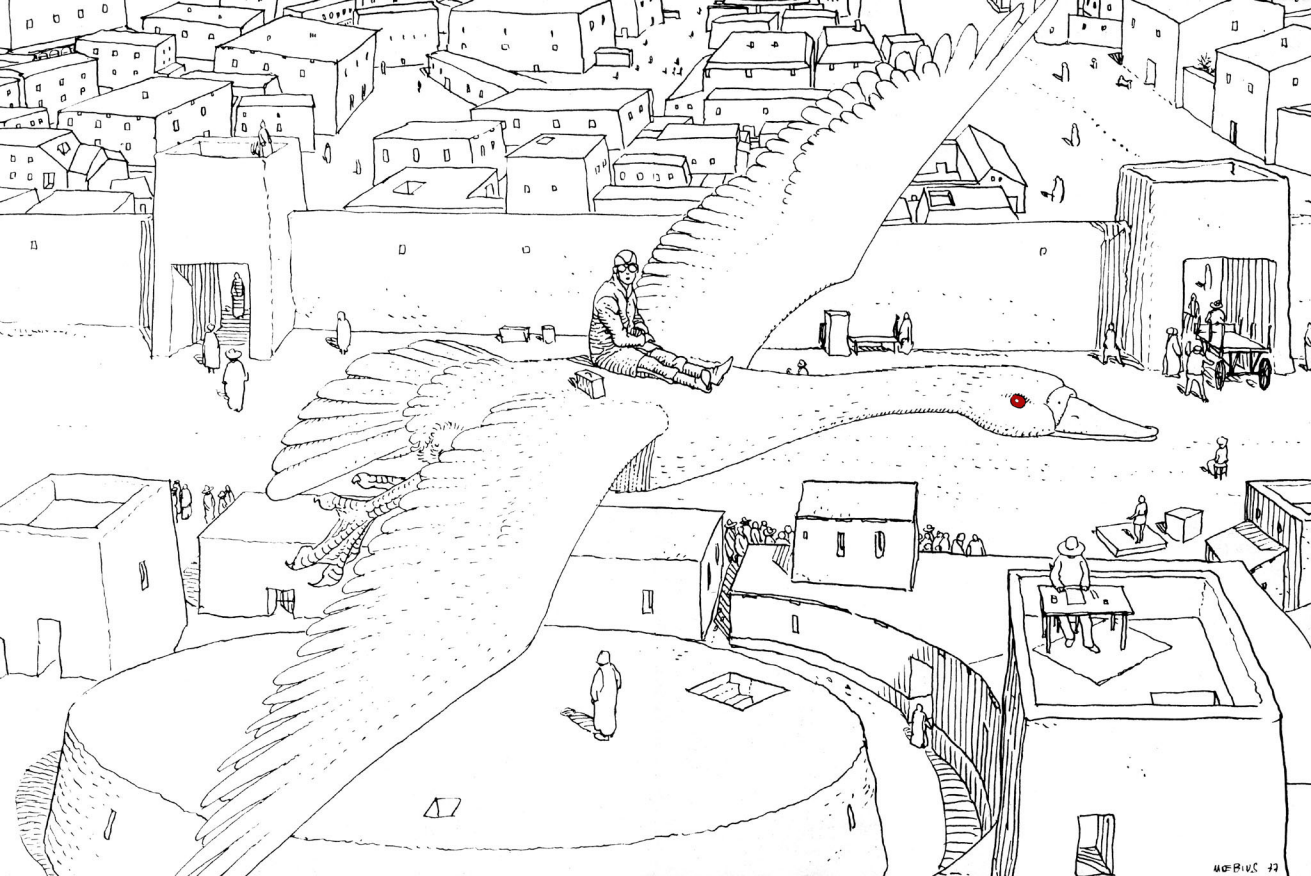
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MOEBIUS



**With an introduction by
Federico Fellini**



HEAVY METAL PRESENTS MOEBIUS



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My dear Moebius:

Rome
June 23, 1979

Everything that you do pleases me; even your name pleases me. In my film *Casanova*, I called the old doctor-herbalist homeopathic half-magician half-sorcerer "Moebius." It was my way of showing you my affection and gratitude, because you are so wonderful. I have never had the time to tell you how much or why. I hope I can convey that to you now.

I am in the middle of filming* and as usual I am suspended in a feverish frenzy—perhaps this time even a bit more feverish than usual. I have a distinct feeling that I have yet to begin filming, yet at other times I feel as though I finished a long time ago. I live as if I am suspended weightlessly in one of your oblique universes.

I am sorry that this letter is a bit hasty and might tend to ramble on, especially because the joy and enthusiasm that your drawings exude demand of me great precision. Yet I find myself telling you of my happiness all at once.

Discovering your work, and what your colleagues do at *Metal Hurlant*, I immediately rediscovered a poignant feeling I had as a child. I would wait breathlessly for each new issue of *Giornalino della Domenica*, which ran "The Adventures of Happy Hooligan" and "The Katzenjammer Kids."

What a great film director you would make! Have you ever thought about it?

What is most astonishing about your work is the lighting technique you use—especially in your black-and-white drawings. There is a wonderful phosphoric, limelight, lux perpetua, solar-rimmed light effect to your art.

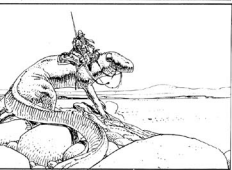
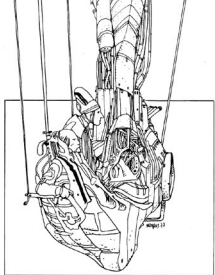
To make a science-fiction film is an old dream of mine. I have thought about it for many years now, way before the present vogue of these films. Undoubtedly, you would be the perfect collaborator; however, I would never call upon you because you are too complete, your visionary strength is too formidable. What would there be left for me to do?

That's why, dear Moebius, I say to you: continue to draw fabulously, for the joy of us all.

Buon lavoro e buona fortuna,
Federico Fellini

*Editor's note: Fellini was working on *City of Women* at the time this letter was written.





Formidable indeed. Fellini was right; Jean Giraud, aka Gir, alias Gyr, nom de plume Moebius, is one tricky character. He refuses to accept his familial identity and be content with one guise. Rather, the artistic phantom bewilders us and sows utter confusion not only with varying identity shifts but with a thorough command of a myriad of styles and whole universes of image and concept. He simply won't let things be. So, one sifts through his various incarnations and examines the specific tales only to discover—lo and behold—that this multiple identity crisis is the point to all his work. He actually forces us to grapple with the forces that unify it. And when we discover them, we only begin to see how they act as a mirror that reflects ourselves unto eternity.

What's going on here? The work is of consistently high quality. This confused (or is it confusing?) character insists on maintaining combined levels of humor and serious content. How dare he? As if that weren't enough, he refuses to assault the consciousness with a harsh blast of bitterness (easiest way of all to attract humor) or an easy gust of glibness. Why is it so easy for him, and yet so hard for others, to achieve such a blend of excellence?

Ah, Moebius. Time to trot out the point of how perfect a word play he makes on the ancient concept of the Möbius strip. The physical paradox—an actual circular strip, self-contained, folding in on itself. A vicious circle. Which is correct—to face up or face down? To quote philosopher Philip Wheelwright, "A radical and serious paradox doesn't hang upon a removable confusion, but is determined by the complexity and inherent ambiguity of what is being expressed."

What a perfect metaphor for this forty-three-year-old Frenchman's perpetual personality crisis, professional legerdemain, and *raison d'être*. He confounds his twists of irony and images with asides to other asides. He stacks the deck in favor of paradox, and through the beauty of design gets you to forget just how it confounds. Yet you never forget there's a point somewhere in there. Our Mister Giraud stands poised as the puppeteer who pulls the strings that prevent his work from ever becoming an "airtight garage." He fights off any chance of being locked in to routine or unintentional self-parody. "I don't want my comic strips ever to be like a miniature train set with an announcer counting how many fatalities there were," he said. "When I was a kid, I used to pretend my fingers were soldiers, and I'd walk them on my pillows, which were mountains filled with snow, et cetera, but I was always aware that I was there." For Moebius and for us, his fans, staying free of the expected is the only thing expected.

While the actual Giraud may be in the actual universe, we'll settle for considering the world maker Moebius. This crystallized alter ego is his ultimate ego—the one which enters the infinite rather than the historical. His present collaborator, Alexandro Jodorowsky—the scripter of *Black Incal*—has shared a similar view from the porthole when he has constructed his own universes. As the filmmaker of *El Topo*, he turned the Wild West into a surreal land laden with archetypal images, coincidence, and confusing ambiguities that made the film a fascinating feat for the mind. Myths unraveled to create new myths in that production, and the two do the same now.

Jodorowsky first discovered Moebius when the two worked together on the film *Dune*. Neither of them is involved with the production any longer. Later, Jodorowsky wrote in an afterword for the collected *Major Fatal/Airtight Garage* of Jerry Cornelius: "I had the feeling of coming into contact with a human being who would explain in his work in a nice way, and insist on in a nice way, a formal universe with intentional coincidences or advantages of chance. This universe is composed of esoteric elements of contemporary scientific conceptions about the formation of the world, of arithmetic data, but spit out in a hermetic way, without bringing them forth directly."

From his lightest science-fiction story to his densest Joycean consciousness trip, Moebius never lets his humor or sense of irony become brutal. His flair for esoterica makes figuring out the puzzle of Moebius's mind as much the attraction of the work as anything else. Within *The Black Incal*, Moebius and Jodorowsky make masterly use of symbology to raise their tale of future detection beyond the obvious. As Jodorowsky once said about *The Airtight Garage*, "Everything is in a

state of demolition, which is absurd. But inside the story, everything is logical, the logic of the Dream."

As Moebius's characters grapple with mysteries, the master universe builder grasps at the larger mysteries at hand. He set up each world and then set out to take it to its own absurd conclusions.

When Moebius was born, on May 8, 1938, in a Parisian suburb, the stage was set for his existential vision—the absurdist life drama—to be played out in real life. The backdrop was perfect—the post-World War II-ravaged environment of France gave impetus to the development of existentialism and to Moebius at the same time. In a sense, from the very beginning of his career as an artist of Westerns and ultimately as the designer of France's greatest Western strip, "Lt. Blueberry," was the foundation laid for the universe building of Giraud's alter ego, Moebius. Even then he toyed with the existentialist vision in portraying Blueberry as the lone antihero gunman struggling to make sense of a war-torn world, just as the real Giraud was doing in his own world. And as that proto-high-tech world gave birth to our world of space shots and high technology, so it gave birth to Moebius.

For such a modern man, Moebius keeps to rather alien worlds. He has hidden himself away in the pleasant solitude of a home in a mill near Pau, in the French countryside. Not long ago he had no phone, either. Though he does keep in contact with this world, he still constructs his own by sticking to a vigorous vegetarian diet and the "clean" life, without tobacco or drugs. In a more urbane alien mode Moebius recently found himself at work in Disney's Burbank studios creating the world of Tron—the story of life within the electrons. So Moebius is forever challenging himself with world building. But again, world building in his way is an absurdist way, which makes it all worthwhile.

It's all a matter of the deception of creativity and the creativity of deception. The deception of creativity: seems easy; it ain't. As for the creativity of deception, well, that's what universe building is all about—suspending the devil of disbelief. Moebius has learned from his mentors and his contemporaries in science fiction—Robert Sheckley, Phil Dick, R. A. Lafferty, Stanislaw Lem, Michael Moorcock, and countless others—as well as from his comics counterparts. Early influences have included the best: Mort Drucker, Jack Davis, Harvey Kurtzman, Will Elder, and even Milton Caniff. But he's taken from them and added his own vision and mission—to tickle our consciousness rather than dwell on languid ennui or bitterness. As he said recently, "I prefer to give people courage, reasons to hope that we'll all make it. There is nothing naive about that, nothing smug. Everything is in the way you tell the story. As in all the myths, one has to leave a way out at the end, a hope. It is important to show that things don't arrange themselves all alone, that injustice can triumph, that Good isn't a piece of candy which is given as a reward."

And he knows, like the absurdist before him, that it takes a lot of conning to get away with that. Certainly, he knows the way things are. "There's no possibility of becoming immortal," he once said. "The idea of death is desirable. All the books prove that. What has become important for me is to have an attitude which contradicts all the old plans of functioning. I want to get away from the old conditioning which comes from culture, from fatality."

And to have that attitude, one must be capable—to draw from Cervantes's *Don Quixote*—of battling windmills, I mean, giants.

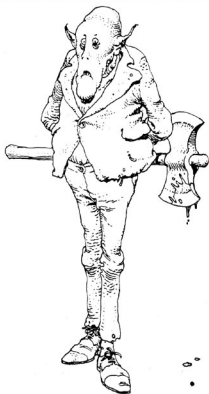
"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those that you see there," replied his master, "those with the long arms some of which are as much as two leagues in length."

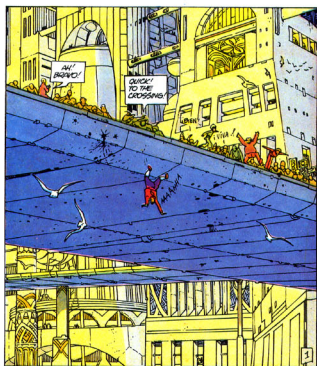
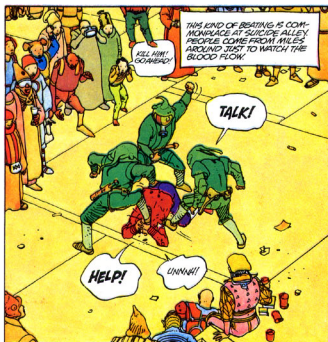
"But look, your Grace, those are not giants but windmills, and what appear to be arms are their wings which, when whirled in the breeze, cause the millstone to go."

"It is plain to be seen," said Don Quixote, "that you have had little experience in this matter of adventures. If you are afraid, go off to one side and say your prayers while I am engaging them in fierce, unequal combat."

—Brad Balfour



THE BLACK INCAL



FROM SUICIDE ALLEN, IT IS AN ON-STOP PLUNGE INTO A HUGE LAKE OF ACID, WHICH HAS BEEN KNOWN TO DISSOLVE ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING.

JEEZ! OTHERS ARE BOUND TO FOLLOW!

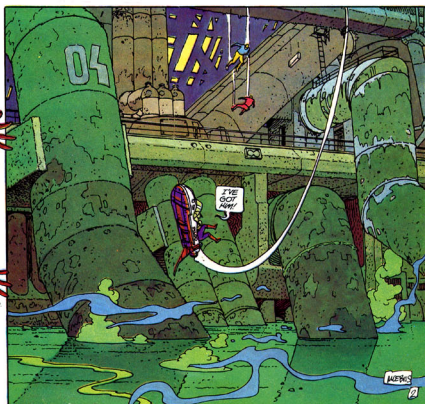
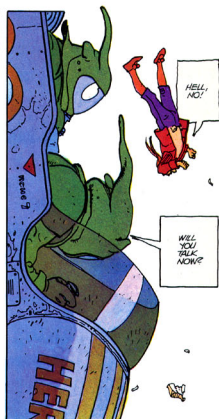
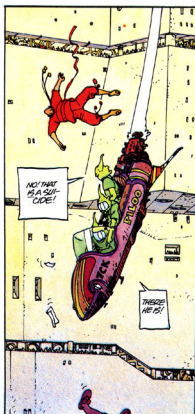
LOOK!
A SUICIDE!

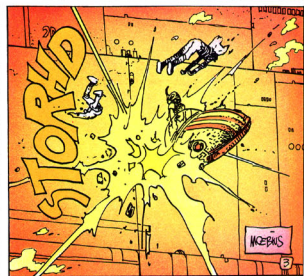
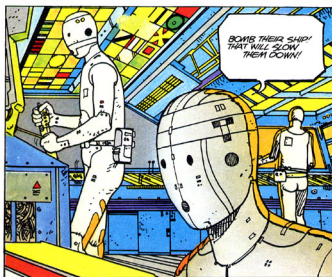
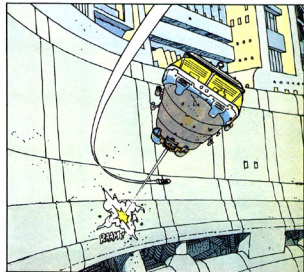
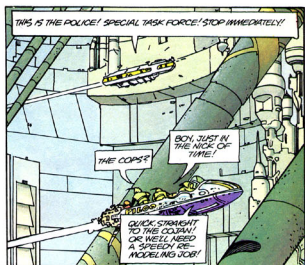
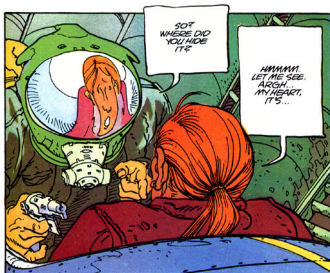
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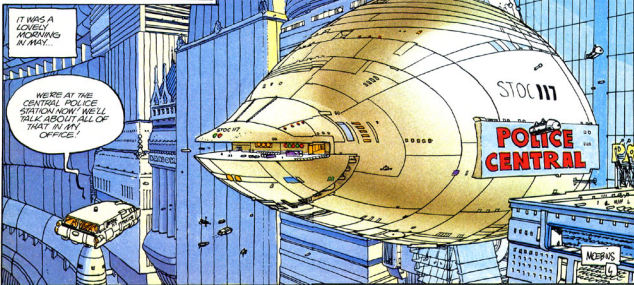
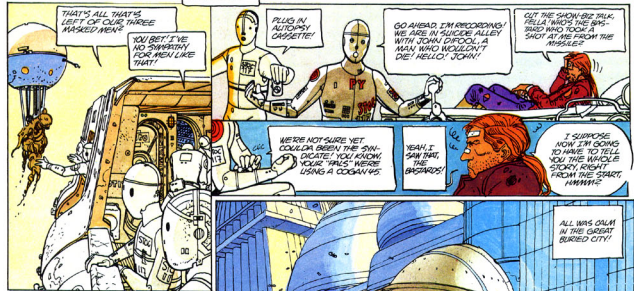
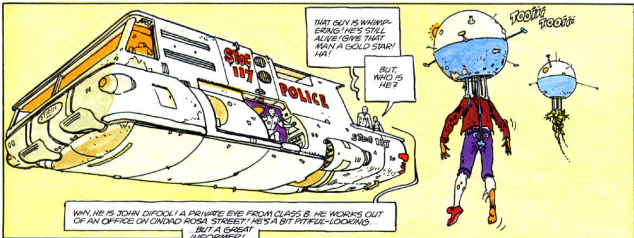
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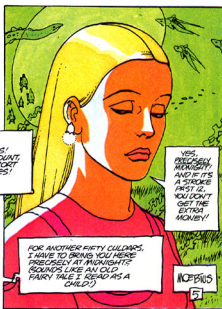
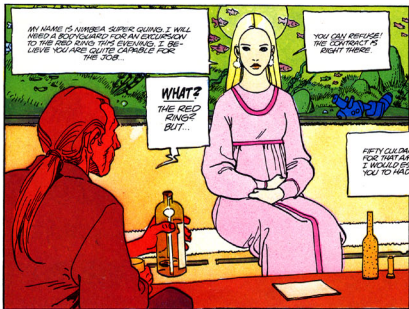
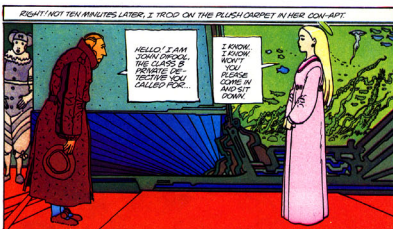
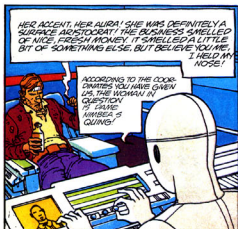
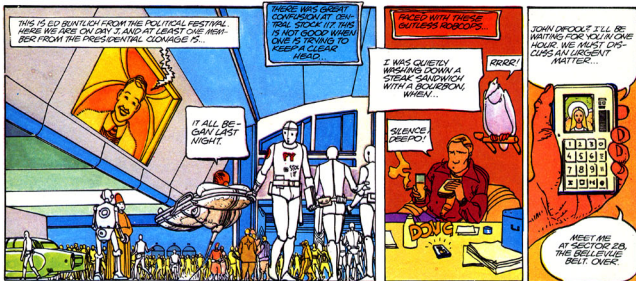
KOSECHI! GO GET MY WEAPON! THIS TIME, I SHALL USE IT!

GET
OUT
THE
GUNS!



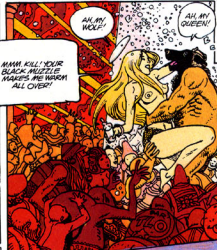




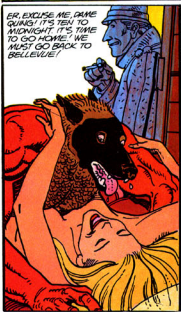




SO, THAT NIGHT, I LED HER TO THE RED BUSH AND THEN STILL FURTHER. SHE WAS INSATIABLE! OR, I JUST HAD TO SAY THAT! WELL, SHE EVEN SHOOKED ME AND THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN TOO OFTEN! EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING ALONG SMOOTHLY, WHEN SHE WANTED TO FINISH UP THE EVENING AT "HOUSE-DEVIL." IT WAS THERE THAT SHE MET UP WITH "KILL." THIS NAKED CREEPY WAD SHOTS THIS WOLF COSTUME AND SCREWS BROADS. FOR QUITE A BIT OF MONEY, I MIGHT ADD.

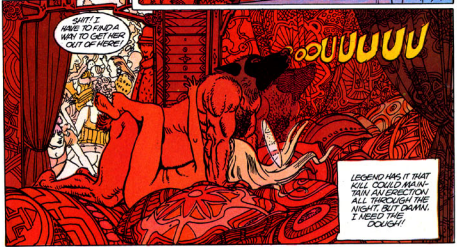


AAH, MY WOLF!
MAMA KILL! YOUR BLACK MUZZLE MAKES ME NARSH ALL OVER!
AAH, MY QUEEN!
APPARENTLY, IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT KILL GETS TO GET CHIFF WITH ARMED BODIES IN THIS QUINN DAMES STABLES. HE WAS REALLY PUTTING ON QUITE A SHOW FOR HER.
ABOUT TEN MORE MINUTES TO GO!



ER, EXCUSE ME DAME QUINN! IT'S TEN TO MIDNIGHT. IT'S TIME TO GO HOME! WE MUST GO BACK TO BELLEVUE!

THIS LADY WOULDN'T BUDGE! SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY GOING TO CONTINUE LIKE THIS... I MIGHT AS WELL JUST KISS THOSE FIFTY CULDARS GOOD-BYE.



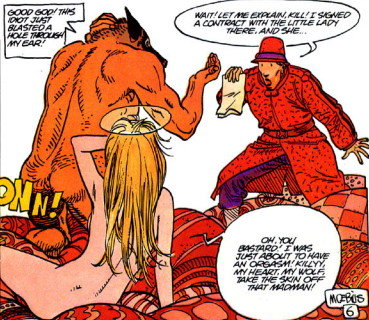
SHIT! I HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GET HER OUT OF HERE!
LEGEND HAS IT THAT KILL COULD MANTAIN AN ORGASM ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, BUT DAMN, I NEED THE DOUGH!

IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO USE STRONGER TACTICS.

IT WAS NERE MOMENTS BEFORE MIDNIGHT THE SHOT HAD TO BE PRECISE.



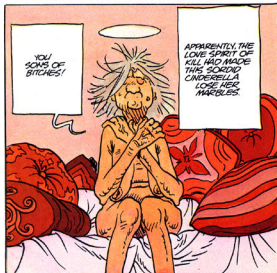
I WISH HE DIDN'T MOVE AROUND SO MUCH!
STONN!



GOOD GOD! THIS IDOT JUST BLASTED A HOLE THROUGH MY EAR!
WAIT! LET ME EXPLAIN, KILL! I SIGNED A CONTRACT WITH THE LITTLE LADY THERE, AND SHE...
OH, YOU BASTARD! WAS JUST ABOUT TO HAVE AN ORGASM! KILLY, MY HEART, MY WOLF, TAKE THE SKIN OFF THAT MARDMAN!
MOEBIUS 6



WHAT WE WITNESSED WAS NOT TO BE BELIEVED! THE LOVELY YOUNG QUINN HAD TURNED INTO A SAGGING OLD WOMAN!



DIDFOOL, I DON'T SEE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS STORY AND THE SUICIDE ALLEY INCIDENT. WELL?

IT'S SIMPLE! THAT KILL GUY BECAME CRAZY! HE'S GOT IT INTO HIS HEAD THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR QUINN'S TRANSFORMATION. AFTERWARD, HE RAN AFTER ME THROUGH THE CROWD AT THE DAREDEVIL.



AN HOUR LATER, I WAS COMPLETELY LOST!...

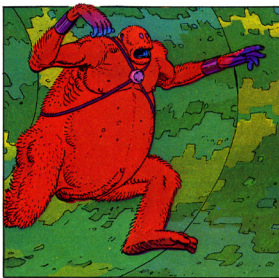


...WHEN SUDDENLY, I HEARD A RINGING SOUND THROUGH THE STINKING PASSAGE...



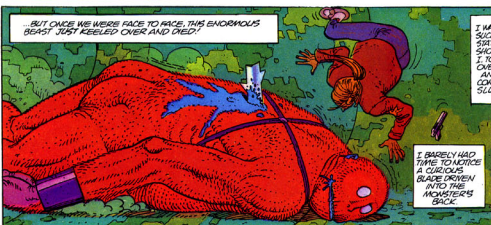
IT WASN'T
KILL,
BUT
SOME-
THING
EVEN
WORSE!

WHAT IS
THAT?



I HAD NEVER SEEN NOR HEARD
OF ANYTHING LIKE HIM. HE
PLOWED TOWARD ME LIKE A
BULLDOZER, WITH AN EXPRES-
SION JUST AS FRIENDLY!

...BUT ONCE WE WERE FACE TO FACE, THIS ENORMOUS
BEAST JUST KEELED OVER AND DIED!



I WAS IN
SUCH A BAD
STATE OF
SHOCK THAT
I TOO FELL
OVER INTO
AN UN-
CONSCIOUS
SLUMBER.

I BARELY HAD
TIME TO NOTICE
A CURIOUS
BLADE DRIVEN
INTO THE
MONSTER'S
BACK.



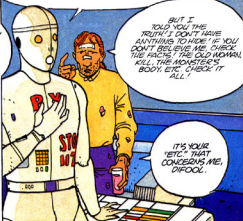
I DIDN'T REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS
UNTIL I WAS IN SUICIDE ALLEY. I
AWOKE TO FIND THESE THREE FAS
GOTS BEATING ME UP YOU KNOW
THE REST!



AND NATURALLY YOU
DON'T KNOW THEM, AND
DON'T HAVE A CLUE TO
WHAT THEY WERE AFTER
YOU...

WELL, NO!
I HAVE NO IDEA!
BESIDES, THEY
WERE WEARING
MASKS, SO I
COULDN'T SEE
THEIR
FACES!

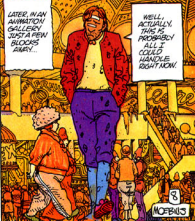
DON'T WORRY YOURSELF SICK THINKING ABOUT
IT. WE'VE IDENTIFIED THEM. THEY ARE KILLERS REG-
ISTERED WITH AMOK. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW AT
THE TIME WHO THEIR SILENT PARTNER WAS. YOU'RE
FREE TO GO, DIFOO! BUT YOU'RE ONLY HURTING
YOURSELF BY HIDING THE TRUTH FROM US. THIS
BUSINESS STINKS! THE ONLY THING THAT YOU
RISK...



BUT I
TOLD YOU THE
TRUTH! I DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO HIDE! IF YOU
DON'T BELIEVE ME, CHECK
THE FACTS! THE OLD WOMAN,
KILL THIS MONSTER'S
BODY, ETC. CHECK IT
ALL!

IT'S YOUR
YES THAT
CONCERNS ME,
DIFOO!

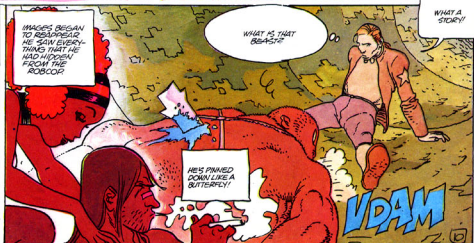
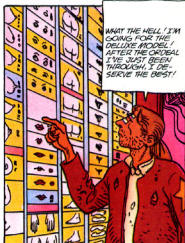
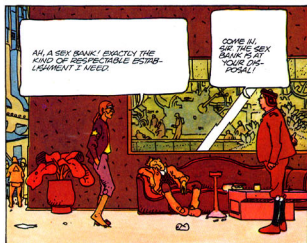
WELL, I NEVER SAW, FORGET IT! WHAT I
HAVE TO DO IS FIND ME SOME WINE,
WOMEN, AND SONG, NOT NECESSARILY IN
THAT ORDER. BOY, WOULD I LIKE TO BE
IN THE COMPANY OF SOMEONE SWEET,
PINK, AND TENDER.



LATER, IN AN
AMATEUR
GALLERY
JUST A FEW
BLOCKS
AWAY...

WELL,
ACTUALLY,
THIS IS
PROBABLY
ALL I
COULD
HANDLE
RIGHT NOW!

THE INCAL'S BALL





OUTSIA!

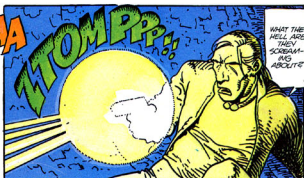
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
THAT THIS SEWER COULD
HOUSE SO MANY

I BET THESE ARE THE
GUYS THAT KILLED
THAT BEAST!



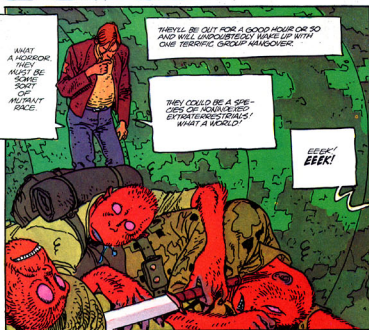
OUTSTAAAAA

EACH ONE OF
THESE CHARG-
ERS MUST
WEIGH ABOUT
800 POUNDS!



WHAT THE
HELL ARE
THEY
SCREAM-
ING
ABOUT?

FORTUNATELY, I STILL HAD AN POLICE WIPER, WHICH NO DOUBT
WOULD BE A CALMING INFLUENCE. I SET IT ON 'SPECIAL ANTI-riot'
PARALYSING SWEEP. THERE WAS NO NEED TO AIM...

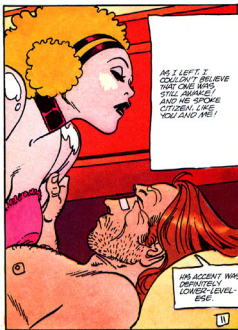


WHAT
A HORROR.
THEY
MUST BE
SOME
SORT
OF
MUTANT
RACE.

THEY'LL BE OUT FOR A GOOD HOUR OR SO
AND WILL UNDOUBTEDLY WAKE UP WITH
ONE TERRIFIC GROUP HANGOVER.

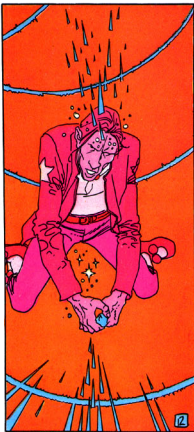
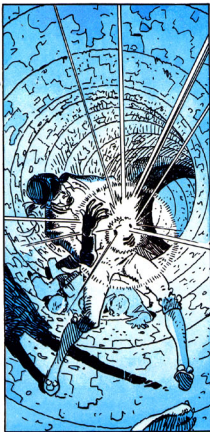
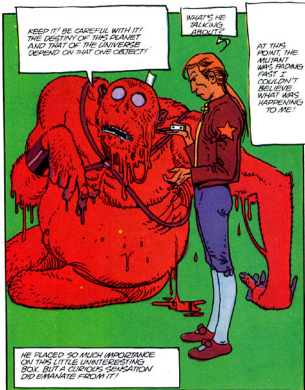
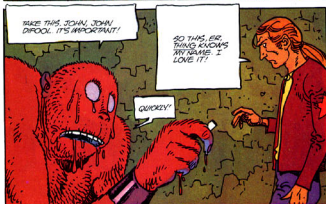
THEY COULD BE A SPECIES
OF NONINDEED
EXTRATERRESTRIALS!
WHAT A WORLD!

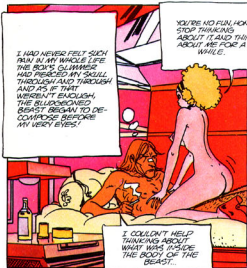
EEK!
EEK!



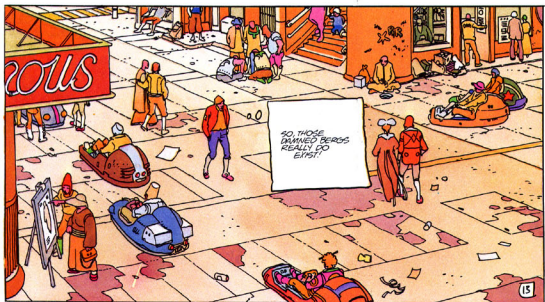
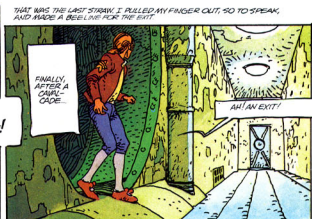
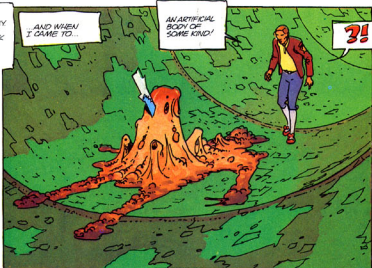
AS I LEFT, I
COULDN'T BELIEVE
THAT ONE WAS
STILL AWAKE!
AND HE SPOKE
CITIZEN, LIKE
YOU AND ME!

HIS ACCENT WAS
DEFINITELY
LOWER-LEVEL-
ESSE.





YOU'RE NO FUN, HONEY! STOP THINKING ABOUT IT AND THINK ABOUT ME FOR A WHILE.



OH, YES, DEAR, IT WAS
VERY GOOD! VERY
NICE!

WHAT
A MESS!

THE WALK
BACK TO MY
CON-APT WAS
UNEVENTFUL.

HULLO, DEEPO! IT'S
GOOD TO BE HOME.
"SHELTERED"
SECURE.

BUT THE "SHELTERED,
SECURE" BIT LASTED FOR
ALL OF 12 SECONDS.

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
OPEN UP!

WHAT SHOULD
I DO WITH THE NOISE
I'M SURE I CAN COM-
MAND A HANDSOME
FEE FOR DELIVERING
IT TO THE RIGHT PARTY.

SHIT!
WHO COULD
THAT
BE?

I NEED A PLACE TO
HIDE!

SPOOM
SPOOM

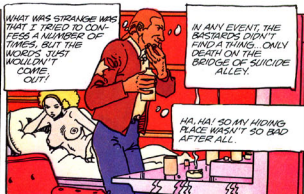
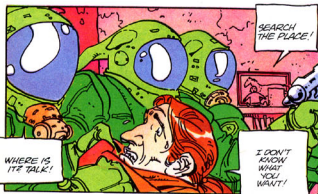
CRASH!

ROCK!

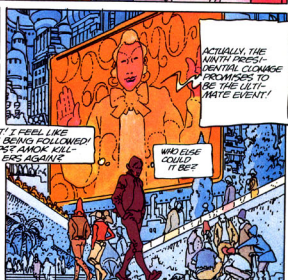
THEY WERE EQUIPPED WITH GENERATORS WITH TWICE THE
FORCE OF MINE. I COULD HAVE THROWN MY INHIBITORS INTO
THE GARBAGE FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH. ANYWAY, I KNEW
WHAT THEY HAD COME FOR, AND IT WASN'T FOR A COUPLE
OF BREWS AND A SHORT OR TWO.

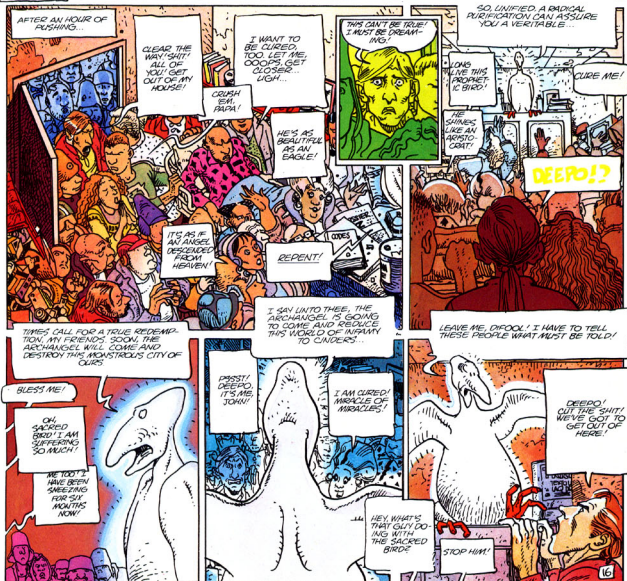
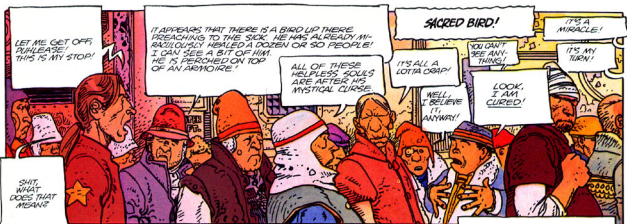
SHIT! REMIND
THE KILLERS
FROM AMOK!

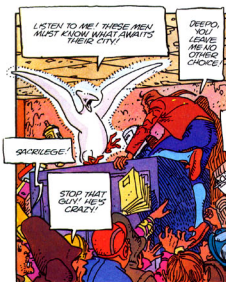
HE'S THE GUY! DON'T
SHOOT HIM! HE MUST
REMAIN ALIVE AND
CONSCIOUS.



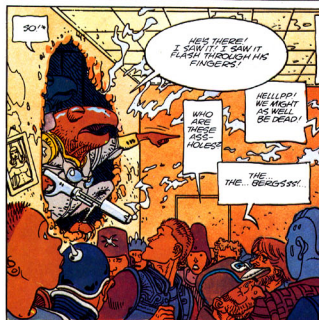
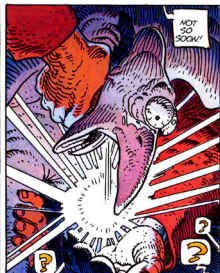
DIFCUL, WHO HAD TO FORK OUT FIVE CULDARS IN ORDER TO PAY
FOR THE MOCKING WAS FORCED TO RETURN HOME IN THE COMMON
TRANSPORT VAN. YES, THEY ARE PLETHY AND NOISY, BUT ECONOMICAL.





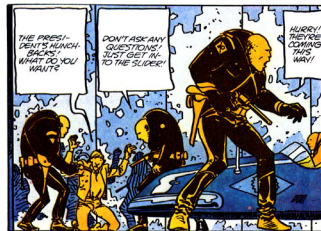
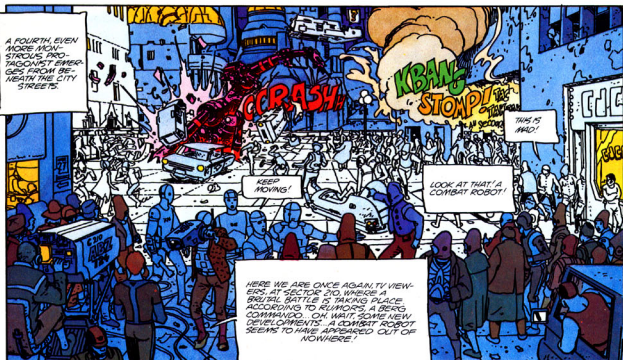


DEED, YOU LEAVE ME NO OTHER CHOICE!



*SIMULTANEOUSLY TRANSLATED

A FOURTH, EVEN MORE MACH-STACKED PROTAGONIST EMERGES FROM BE-NEATH THE CITY STREETS.

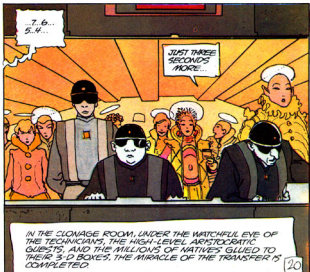
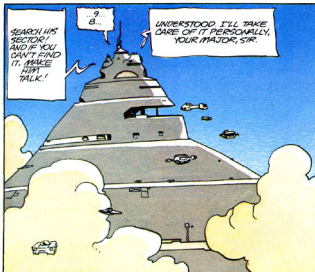
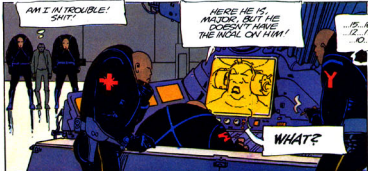
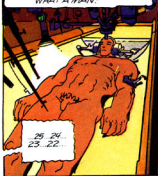


THE HONORABLE MAJOR ORPHIDITE

WE NOW RESUME COVERAGE INSIDE THE FLYING PALACE, WHERE THE PRESIDENTIAL CLOWNING IS TAKING PLACE. THIS IS THE NINTH CLOWNING IN THE HISTORY OF OUR FAIR NATION. THE TWO BODIES ARE IN PLACE, READY FOR THE ACTUAL CLOWNING DEVICE TO BE SWITCHED ON.



THE NEW BODY IS ABSOLUTELY MAGNIFICENT! IT STANDS 2 METERS AND 20 CENTI-METERS HIGH, AND IS 10 KILOS OF BRAIN. WHAT A MAN, LADIES AND GENTS. WHAT A MAN!



NO, KABOS! I HAVE
A BETTER IDEA!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF...

3...2...1... TRANSFERENCE
...BEGINNING...

START THE MUMMIFICATION
PROCESS IMMEDIATELY!

ABOUT THIS JOHN
DIPFOOL!

TAKE HIM TO THE ROOM
OF OUR LITTLE LOVE
SOIREES! I'LL BE THERE!

BRAVO! THE
PRESIDENTIAL CLOWAGE
WENT
OFF
PERFECTLY!

NOW, AFTER THIS
GREAT POLITICAL
MOMENT, DEAR
VIEWERS, WE RETURN
YOU TO OUR NORMALLY
SCHEDULED PROGRAM...

WARS OF
THAT OLD
EARTH FAV-
ORITE "WAVE
ROOM FOR
DADDY" IN
PROGRESS!

OCH, I
LOVE
RUSTY!

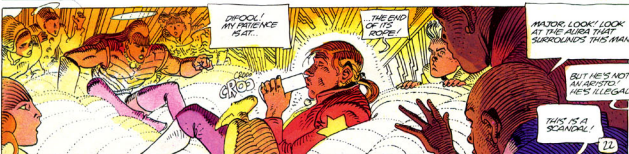
WONDERFUL!
HIS MAJOR
ORPHITE WAS
A MODEL OF
COURAGE, BE-
FORE THIS
DEATH-DEFYING
TEST OF
TECHNOS!

LONG LIVE
HIS MAJOR
ORPHITE!

WE HAVE WIT-
NESSED A MIR-
ACLE OF TECH-
NOS SCIENCE!

WHAT A
SCUMPTIOUS
BOON HIS
MAJOR NOW
HAS!

SCUMPTIOUS?
OH, YES! HURRAH
FOR OUR WORLD
OF SCIENCE!



IT'S TRUE! I AM GLOWING.
I'M BEAMING LIKE A
NEON LIGHT!

AND THAT'S NOT
ALL! I HAVE THIS
VERY DISTINCT
FEELING THAT I'M
BEING PULLED UP
INTO THE AIR!

THAT'S
INCREDIBLE!

MIRACULOUS!

I'M
FLYING!

HE'S LIKE A
BIRD!

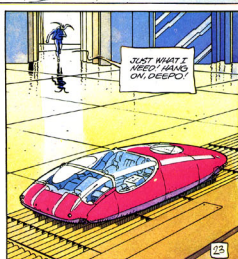
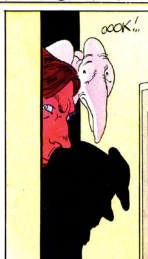
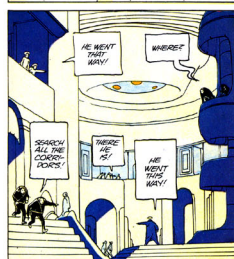
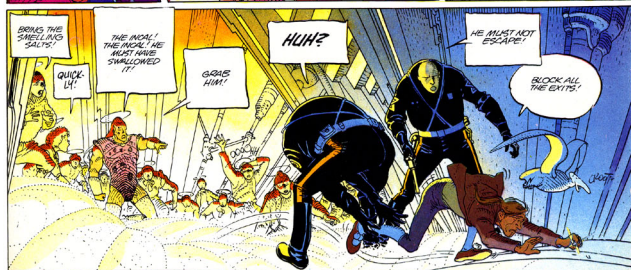
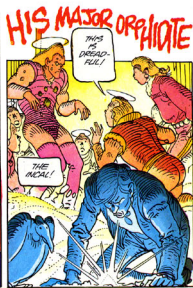
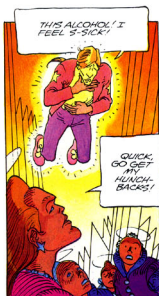
CRAT

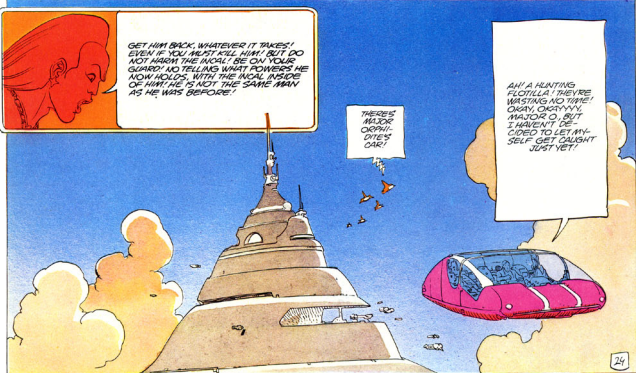
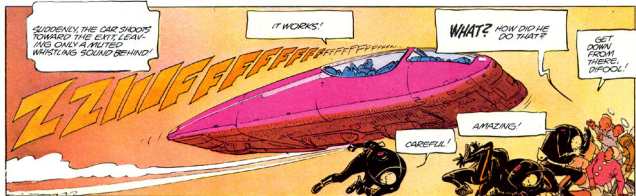
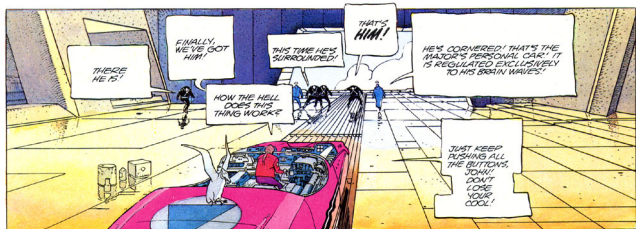
ARGGHH!
I'M BURNING!

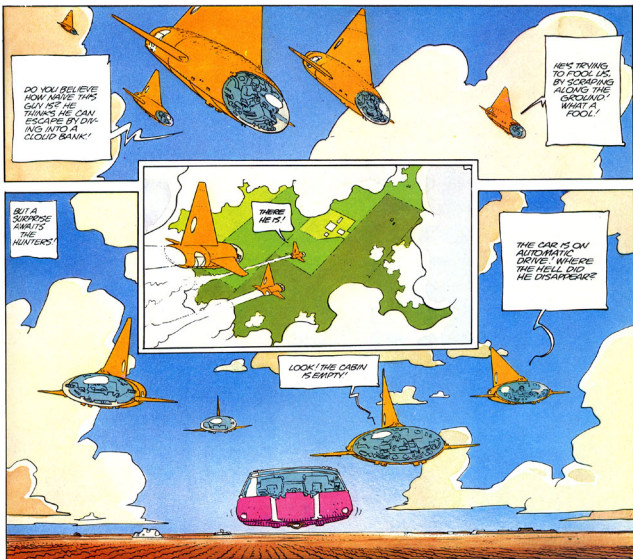
EVERYTHING IS
ABLAZE! THE PALACE
IS ENGULFED IN
FLAMES!

23-3D
AND YOU! THE
ALL-POWER-
FUL! I SEE
YOU CRAWL-
ING IN THE
MUD! I...
ARRGH...

DO MAKE HIM SHUT
UP! HE GROWS BO-
RING!







DO YOU BELIEVE
HOW NAÏVE THIS
GUN NUT HE
THINKS HE CAN
ESCAPE BY DIV-
ING INTO A
CLOUD BANK!

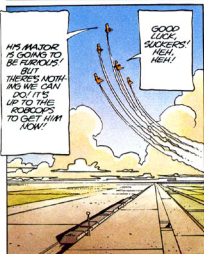
HE'S TRYING
TO FOOL US,
BY SCRAPING
ALONG THE
GROUND! WHAT
A FOOL!

BUT A
SURPRISE
AWAITS
THE
HUNTERS!

THERE
HE IS!

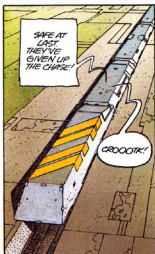
THE CAR IS ON
AUTOMATIC
DRIVE! WHERE
THE HELL DID
HE DISAPPEAR?

LOOK! THE CABIN
IS EMPTY!



HIS MAJOR
IS GOING TO
BE FURIOUS!
BUT
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN
DO! IT'S
UP TO THE
ROBOIDS
TO GET HIM
NOW!

GOOD
LUCK,
SUCKERS!
NEH,
NEH!



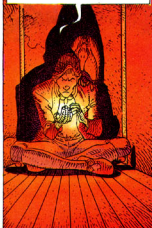
SAFE AT
LAST!
THEY'VE
GIVEN UP
THE CHASE!

GROOOOK!



HMM... SAFE, SAFE... IN
FACT, I'M DONE FOR! FIN-
ISHED... NOWHERE TO GO!
AND... AND THIS TRAIN...
WHERE IS IT TAKING ME?
DEFINITELY, TO THE DEVIL
ALTHOUGH... I FEEL LIKE
I'M GOING IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION.

LET'S SEE THIS LITTLE MAR-
VEL! HMMMM, IN ANY EVENT
IT'S NO LONGER GLEISTENING!



ALL IT IS IS A SIMPLE PYRA-
MID OF CRYSTAL. THERE'S
NOTHING OBVIOUSLY
SPECIAL ABOUT IT! EX-
CEPT FOR ITS LUMINOSITY!
AND YET...

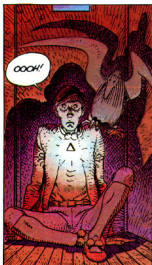


AND YET, EVER SINCE I'VE
CARRIED IT WITH ME, I FEEL
LIKE... LIKE...

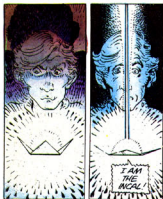
I'M SURE THE ANSWER TO ALL
OF MY QUESTIONS IS IN THIS
PIECE OF GLASS.



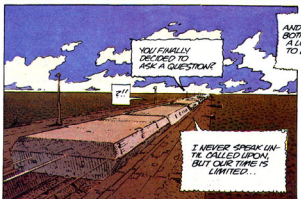
INCAL!
WHO... WHAT
ARE YOU?



OOOH!



I AM
THE
INCAL!



YOU FINALLY
DECIDED TO
ASK A QUESTION?

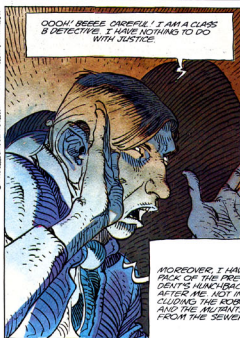
I NEVER SPEAK UN-
TIL I CALLED UPON,
BUT OUR TIME IS
LIMITED...

AND WE
BOTH HAVE
A LOT
TO DO!

EXTRAORDINARY! A
MINI PHOTONIC COM-
PUTER. NOW I UN-
DERSTAND!

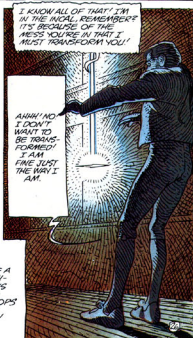


I'M AFRAID
YOU DON'T, OI-
FOOL! YOU
HAVEN'T UNDER-
STOOD A THING!
I AM NOT A
COMPUTER! I
AM ALIVE! JUST
LIKE YOU AND
THAT BIRD OF
YOURS! FATE
HAS UNITED US,
SO THAT JUSTICE
WILL BE AC-
COMPLISHED!



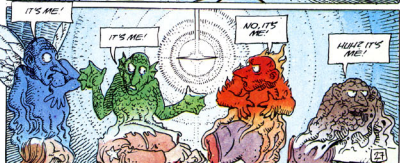
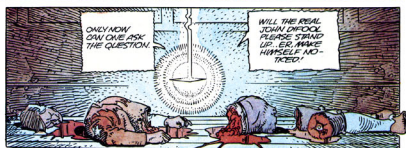
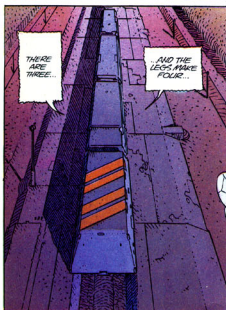
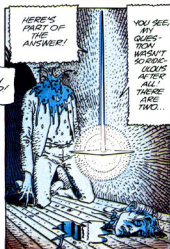
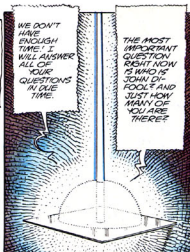
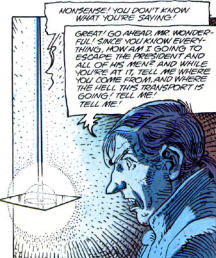
OOOH! BEEEE CAREFUL! I AM A CLASS
B DETECTIVE. I HAVE NOTHING TO DO
WITH JUSTICE.

MOREOVER, I HAVE A
PICK OF THE PRESI-
DENT'S HUNCHBACKS
AFTER ME. NOT IN-
CLUDING THE ROBBOPS
AND THE MUTANTS
FROM THE SEWER!



I KNOW ALL OF THAT! I'M
IN THE INCAL, REMEMBER
IT'S BECAUSE OF THE
WEDS YOU'RE IN THAT I
MUST TRANSFORM YOU!

AHH! NO!
I DON'T
WANT TO
BE TRANS-
FORMED!
I AM
FINE JUST
THE WAY I
AM.



LET'S NOT PANIC. THERE'S GOT TO BE A RATIONAL EXPLANATION FOR ALL OF THIS

OH, INCAL! HAVEN'T I SUFFERED ENOUGH? HELPPPP!!!

WHOP

YOU SAND OF CONSUMERS!

THIS DAMNED LIGHT SHIT GOING TO DECIDE WHO I AM.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'M HUNGRY! AND COLD AND SLEEPY!

LET'S SEE

SOB, SOB!

I CAN GIVE THE FORCE OF LIFE!

BUT, TO WHOM SHALL I GIVE IT?

WHY, TO ME, OF COURSE!

BAH! THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT ME!

ME!

PLEASE, INCAL, MEEE!

ME!

NO! ME!

PLEASE!

ME!

ME!

YOOHOO! INCAL, ME!

FFLAMM

TIME HAS PASSED SLOWLY
BUT THE FOUR ELEMENTS
OF JOHN DEPOOL BEGIN
TO REGROUP.

HMMM, HOW LONG
WAS I UNCONSCIOUS?

DID I
DREAM
ALL OF
THAT?
OOOH,
NO, MY
HEAD!
THE
INICAL
WHERE?

MY HEAD!
MY LEGS!
THANK
GOD, I'M
WHOLE
AGAIN!

DEEPO! YOU
LOOK A MESS!
IT'S ME, JOHN!
REALLY IT IS!
ALL IN ONE
PIECE!

OROOT!

OROOT!

WHAT A STRANGE SENSATION!
ME! JOHN DEPOOL,
CLASS B PRIVATE EYE, GOING
THROUGH SOME KIND OF
METAMORPHOSIS! MY HEART,
IT'S AS IF IT WERE GLOWING!

OROOT!
IT'S THE
INICAL!

BELIEVE ME! I
KNOW! I HAD IT
IN MY STOMACH!
NOT TOO LONG
AGO!

BUTTTT, DEEPO,
YOU'RE TALKING!

OH, YES, INDEED! I
HAVE BEEN TALKING
EVER SINCE I
FIRST TOOK POS-
SESSION OF THE
INICAL.

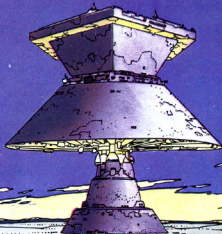
BUT
WHERE ARE WE
NOW?
AND
WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

WE ARE INSIDE A FUNERAL CONVOY
WHICH IS ON ITS WAY TO TECHNOS!
GREAT! EVEN THE PRESIDENT
CAN'T GET INTO THE CITY OF
TECHNOS!

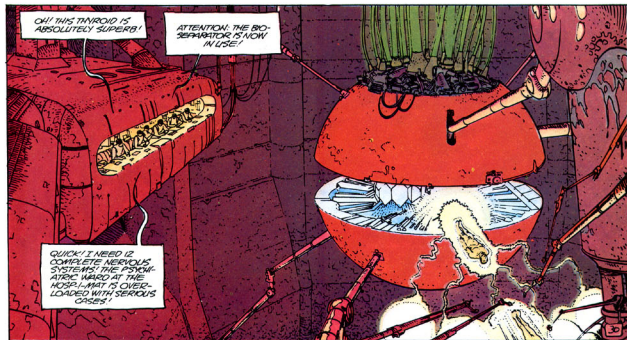
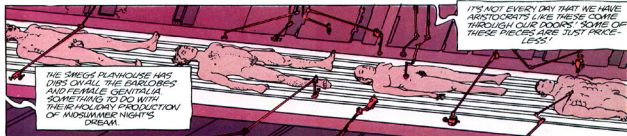
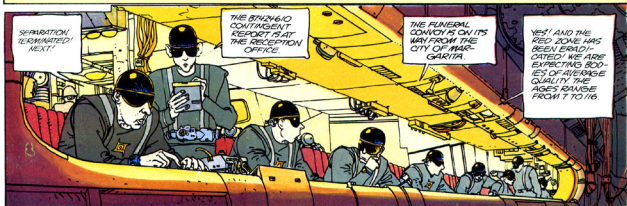
HMMMM,
WELL,
THAT
SOUNDS
GOOD!

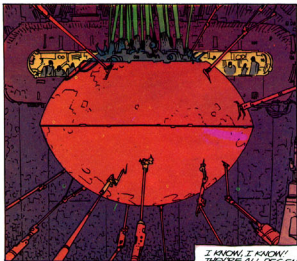
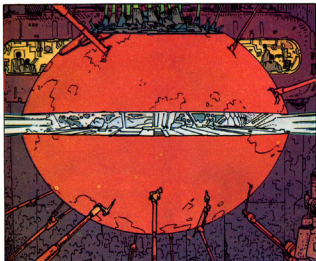
BUT NOW DID
WE END UP IN
THIS SINISTER
VESSEL?

I DON'T KNOW, DEEPO! I'M NOT
TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT MYSELF!
ONE THING KEEPS POPPING INTO
MIND, THOUGH, THIS UGLY! THE
BLACK INICAL!



AH, THOSE TECHNICAL TECHNOS!



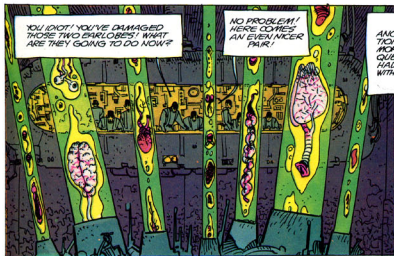


I KNOW, I KNOW!
THERE'S ALL DEGEN-
ERATING! CONTINUE
WITH THIS 'SERIES'! I
HAVE TO GO AND
SUPERVISE THE NEW
SHIP OF DADAVIES
THAT'S ON ITS WAY!

YOU IDIOT! YOU'VE DAMAGED
THOSE TWO EMPLOYEES! WHAT
ARE THEY GOING TO DO NOW?

NO PROBLEM!
HERE COMES
AN EVEN NICER
PAIR!

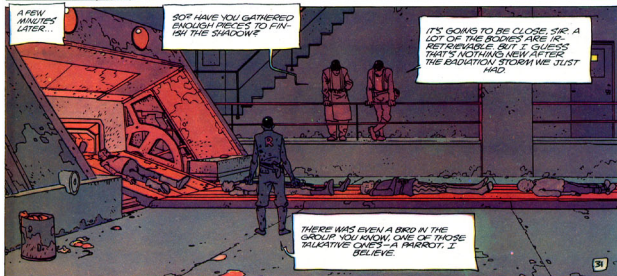
ANOTHER HIDDEN MUTA-
TION! THIS IS BECOMING
MORE AND MORE FRE-
QUENT! YESTERDAY, I
HAD A WOMAN IN HERE
WITH THREE VERTEBRAE!



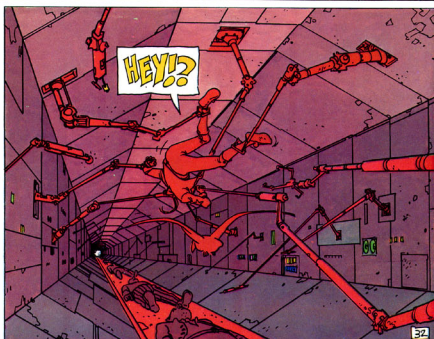
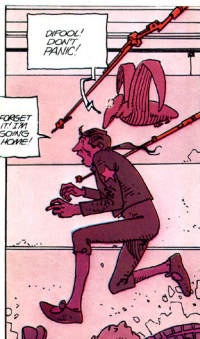
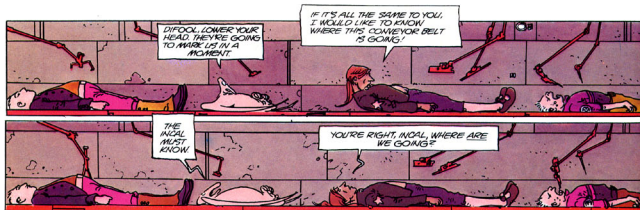
A FEW
MINUTES
LATER...

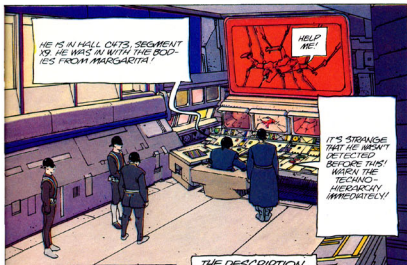
SOF HAVE YOU GATHERED
ENOUGH PIECES TO FIN-
ISH THE SHADOWE

IT'S GOING TO BE CLOSE, SIR. A
LOT OF THE BODIES ARE IR-
RETRIEVABLE BUT I GUESS
THAT'S NOTHING NEW AFTER
THE BADVATION STORM WE JUST
HAD.



THERE WAS EVEN A BIRD IN THE
GROUP YOU KNOW, ONE OF THOSE
TALKATIVE ONES-A PARROT, I
BELIEVE.





HE IS IN HALL C013, SEGMENT X9. HE WAS IN WITH THE BODIES FROM MARGARITA!

HELP ME!

IT'S STRANGE THAT HE HESITATED BEFORE THIS! WARN THE TECHNO-HIERARCHY IMMEDIATELY!

IDIOT! NOW LOOK AT THE MESS WE'RE IN!

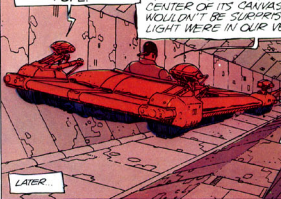
I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU WOULD'VE HANDLED THE SITUATION!

DON'T LOSE YOUR FAITH! IT'S ONE OF THE FOUR PARTS THAT CONTROLS YOU. THE INCAL SAID SO!

BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE CUT UP IN PIECES ANYMORE. ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

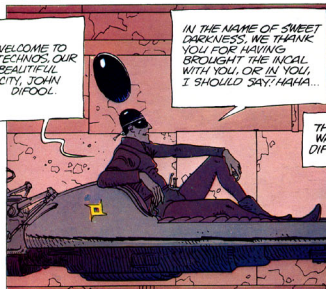
THE DESCRIPTION SEEMS TO CORRESPOND THEY ADORED TECHNO-POPE.

OF COURSE! IT'S HIM! THE DARKNESS IS POWERFUL! IT PULLS THE STRINGS OF DESTINY, ATTRACTING UNCONSCIOUS VICTIMS TO THE CENTER OF ITS CANVAS. MY DEAR HECTOR, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THE INCAL OF LIGHT WERE IN OUR VERY MIDST HAHHAHA...



LATER...

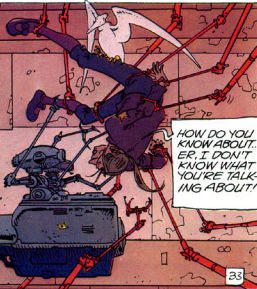
I FEEL A VIBRATORY EMANATION, IN THE 14TH RANGE ON THE KENZ SCALE.



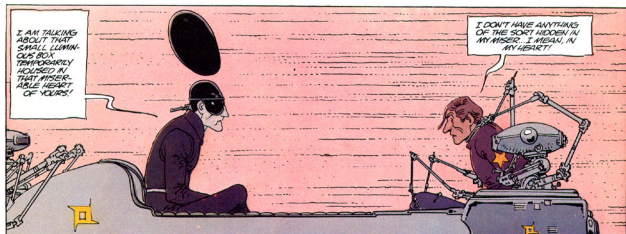
WELCOME TO TECHNOS, OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY, JOHN DIFOOL.

IN THE NAME OF SWEET DARKNESS, WE THANK YOU FOR HAVING BROUGHT THE INCAL WITH YOU, OR IN YOU, I SHOULD SAY! HAHHA...

THIS WAY, DIFOOL!

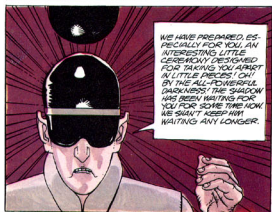


HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT... ER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

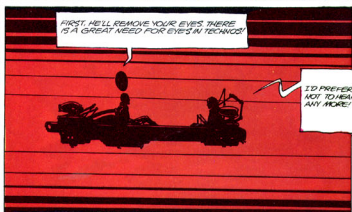


I AM TALKING ABOUT THAT SMALL LUMINOUS BOX TEMPORARILY HOUSED IN THAT MISERABLE HEART OF YOURS!

I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING OF THE SORT HIDDEN IN MY MISCER. I MEAN, IN MY HEART!



WE HAVE PREPARED, ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, AN INTERESTING LITTLE CEREMONY DESIGNED FOR TAKING YOU APART IN LITTLE PIECES! OH! IN THE ALL-POWERFUL DARKNESS! THE SHADOW HAS BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR SOME TIME NOW. WE SHOULDN'T KEEP HIM WAITING ANY LONGER.



FIRST, WE'LL REMOVE YOUR EYES. THERE IS A GREAT NEED FOR EYES IN TECHNICUS!

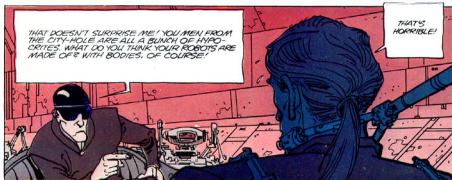
I'D PREFER NOT TO HEAR ANY MORE!

THEN THE HANDS, THE NOSE, A FEW OF THE GLANDS, ETC... UNTIL FINALLY WE COME TO THE INCAL, ABOUT WHICH YOU PLEAD IS "NORMALANCE."

COOMBAW! KKKKKKKKKKK...
I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING!
NOT A THING!



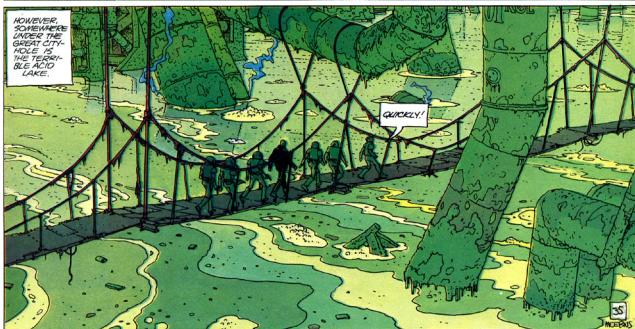
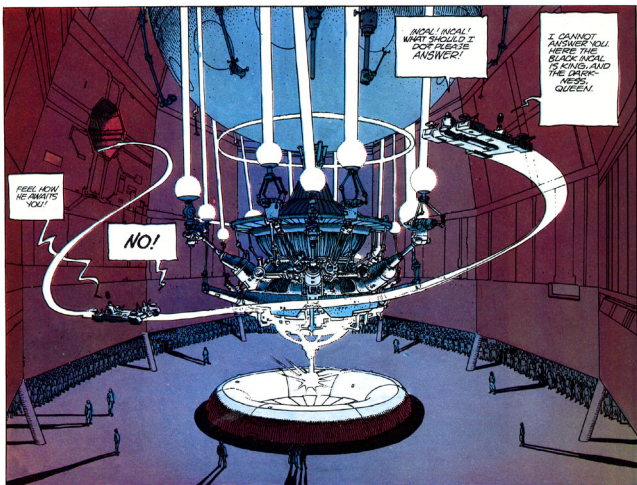
NO, IT'S NOT HORRIBLE! ON THE CONTRARY, IT'S FASCINATING! A STROKE OF GENIUS! THINK OF IT! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE, YOU WILL BE USEFUL!



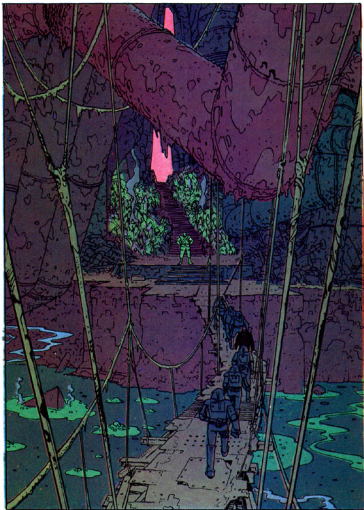
THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME! YOU MEAN FROM THE CITY-WIDE ARE ALL A BUNCH OF HYPOCRITES. WHAT DO YOU THINK YOUR ROBOTS ARE MADE OF? WITH BODIES, OF COURSE!

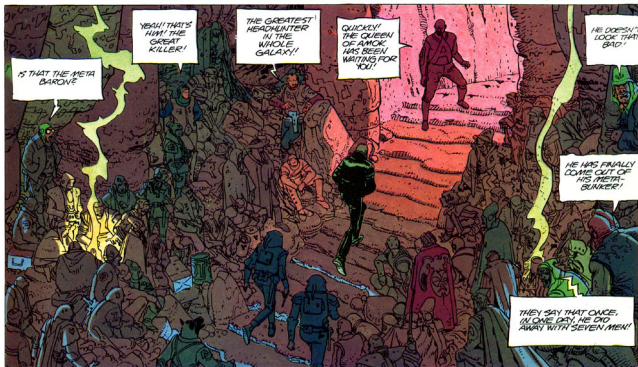
THAT'S HORRIBLE!

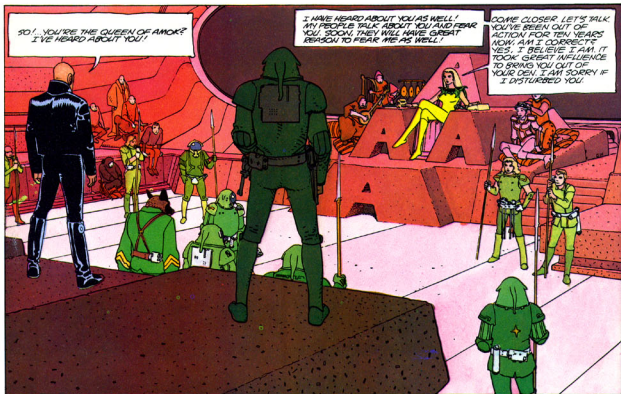
TURN AROUND AND YOU WILL SEE THE GREAT LAYER OF EGGS BORN FROM THE SHADOW.



META BARON







SO!...YOU'RE THE QUEEN OF AMOK?
I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU!

I HAVE HEARD ABOUT YOU AS WELL!
MY PEOPLE TALK ABOUT YOU AND FEAR
YOU! SOON, THEY WILL HAVE GREAT
REASON TO FEAR ME AS WELL!

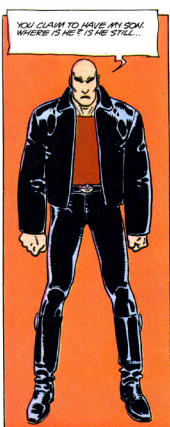
COME CLOSER. LET'S TALK.
YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF
ACTION FOR TEN YEARS
NOW. AM I CORRECT?
YES, I BELIEVE I AM. IT
TOOK GREAT INFLUENCE
TO BRING YOU OUT OF
YOUR DEN. I AM SORRY IF
I DISTURBED YOU!



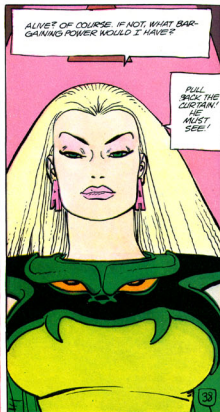
GODMOTHER, OH, GODMOTHER, PLEASE
MAKE SURE HE BRINGS HIM BACK ALIVE!

STOP SHOUTING IN MY
EAR, YOU MANIACAL MUTT!
SIT!

DOG HEAD
IS HUNGRY
TO AVENGE!

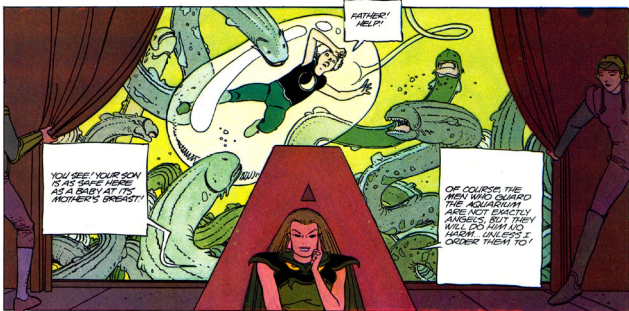


YOU CLAIM TO HAVE A SON.
WHERE IS HE? IS HE STILL...



ALIVE? OF COURSE. IF NOT, WHAT BAR-
GAINING POWER WOULD I HAVE?

PULL
BACK THE
CURTAIN!
HE
MUST
SEE!



GRAZED BY THE SIGHT OF HIS SON, META BARON JUMPED ON TO THE CLOSEST GUARD, GRABBING HOLD OF HIS WEAPON.





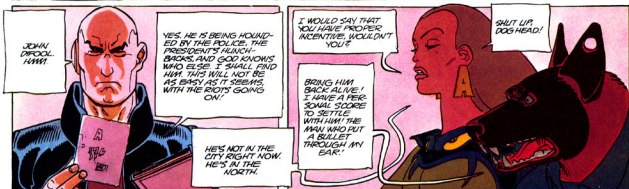
UNLESS...

HERE'S JOHN DIFOOL'S FILE.

I WANT THAT MAN HERE IN 24 HOURS, DEAD OR ALIVE!

DOG HEAD!

GIVE THIS TO META BARON.



JOHN DIFOOL.
HMM.

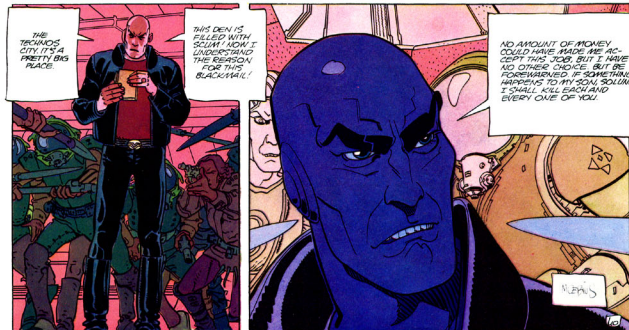
YES, HE IS BEING HOUNDED BY THE POLICE, THE PRESIDENT'S HUNCH, BACKS AND SO ON. KNOWS WHO ELSE... SHALL FIND HIM. THIS WILL NOT BE AS EASY AS IT SEEMS, WITH THE RIOTS GOING ON!

I WOULD SAY THAT YOU HAVE PROPER INCENTIVE, WOULDN'T YOU?

SHUT UP, DOG HEAD!

BRING HIM BACK ALIVE! I HAVE A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM! THE MAN WHO PUT A BULLET THROUGH MY EAR!

HE'S NOT IN THE CITY RIGHT NOW. HE'S IN THE NORTH.



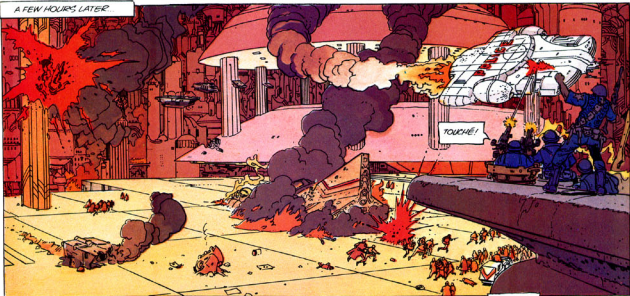
THE TECHNOS CITY. IT'S A PRETTY BIG PLACE.

THIS DEN IS FILLED WITH SCUM! NOW I UNDERSTAND THE REASON FOR THIS BLACKMAIL!

NO AMOUNT OF MONEY COULD HAVE MADE ME ACCEPT THIS JOB, BUT I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE. BUT BE FOREWARNED, IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO MY SON, SOLLINE, I SHALL KILL EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU.

MEXICUS

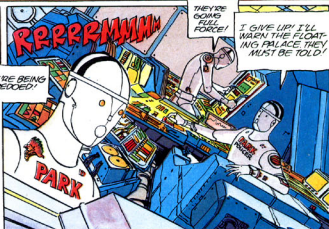
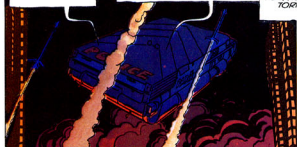
A FEW HOURS LATER



THIS ISN'T A
NORMAL CITY
RIOT. IT'S LIKE
SOMETHING
OUT OF AN
OLD FILM!

YEAH, AND IT HAS NOTHING TO DO
WITH THIS DIFCOOL GUY AND HIS
WACKY BIRD. I THINK IT'S PART
OF A COUP THAT'S BEEN
BREWING FOR SOME TIME
NOW.

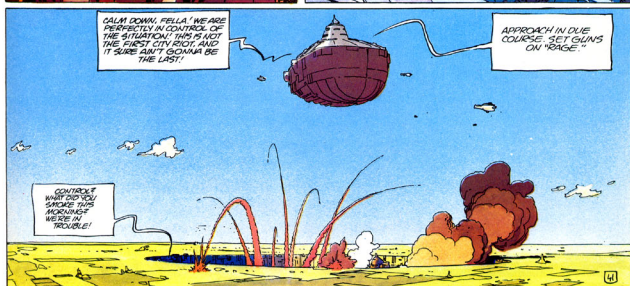
HEY, WE'RE BEING
TORPEDDED!

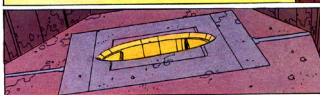
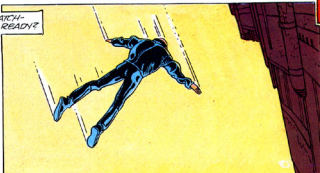
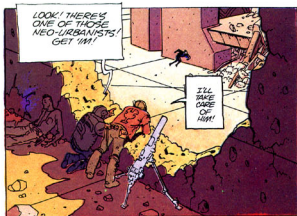


CALM DOWN, FELLA! WE ARE
PERFECTLY IN CONTROL OF
THE SITUATION! THIS IS NOT
THE FIRST CITY RIOT, AND
IT SURE AIN'T GONNA BE
THE LAST!

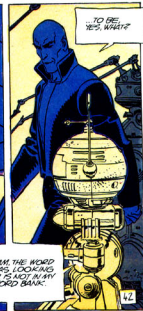
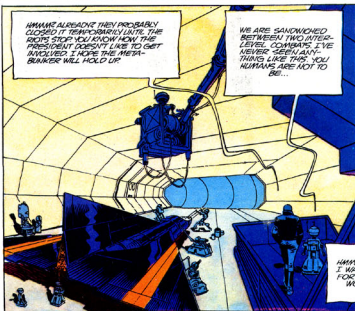
APPROACH IN DUE
COURSE. SET GUNS
ON "RAGE."

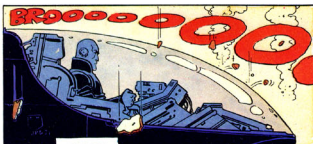
CONTROL!
WHAT DID YOU
SAYKE THIS
MORNINGE
WE'RE IN
TROUBLE!





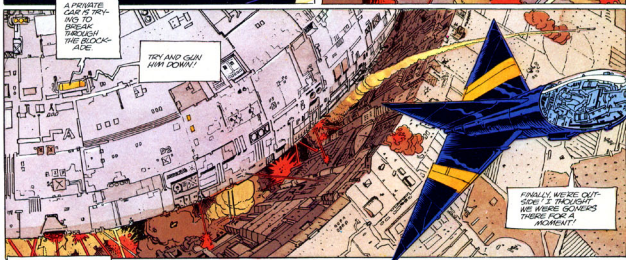
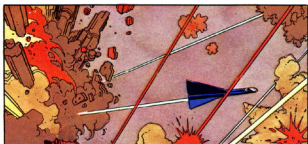
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A GOOD THING, META BARON, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THE EXPLOSION, LANDED IN EXACTLY THE SPOT HE HAD PREVIOUSLY MAPPED OUT FOR HIS ARRIVAL.





A PRIVATE CAR IS TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH THE BLOCKADE

TRY AND GUN HIM DOWN!



FINALLY, WE'RE OUTSIDE! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS THERE FOR A MOMENT!



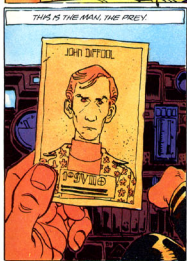
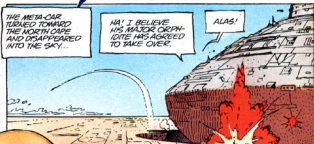
IT'S USELESS, BUT PERHAPS WE WILL NEED THEM LATER TO DEFEND OURSELVES.

THAT'S NOT VERY OPTIMISTIC, MR. DEAR KARDS!

THE META-CAR TURNED TOWARD THE NORTH CAPE AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE SKY...

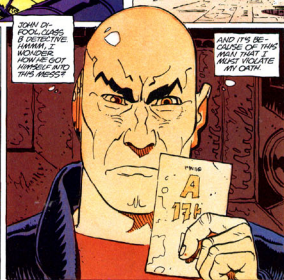
HA! I BELIEVE HIS MAJOR ORNITHOLOGY HAS AGREED TO TAKE OVER.

ALAS!

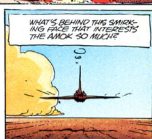


THIS IS THE MAN, THE PREY.

JOHN DIFFOOL, CLASS 3 DETECTIVE HANDED, I WONDER HOW HE GOT HIMSELF INTO THIS MESS?



AND IT'S BECAUSE OF THIS MAN THAT I MUST VIOLATE MY OATH.

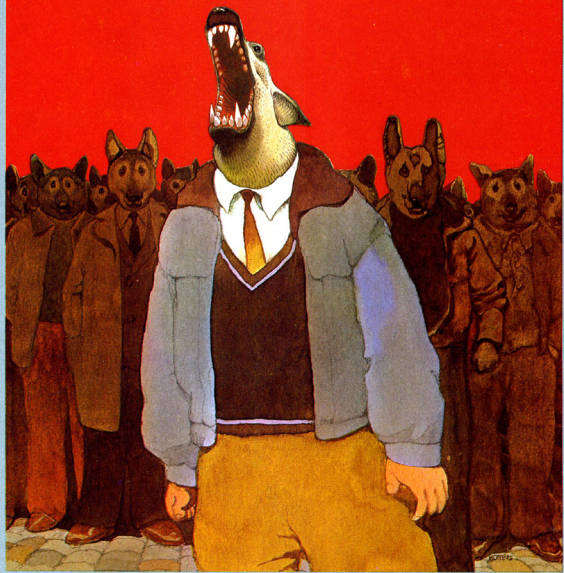


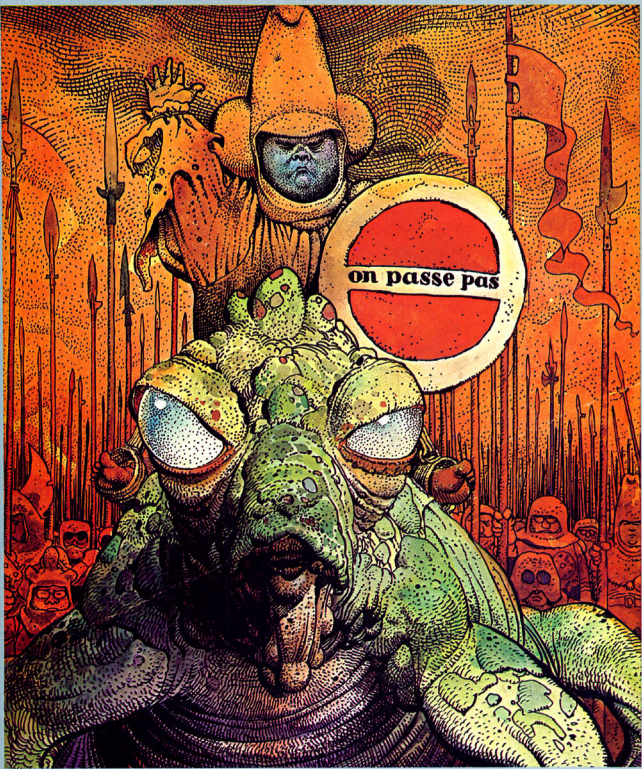
WHAT'S BEHIND THIS SMOOKING CAVE THAT INTERESTS THE ANOK SO MUCH?

THE THREADS OF DESTINY OF MR. JOHN DIFFOOL, A LIKABLE GUY, WHO HAS FOUND HIMSELF IN A SEA OF MAZE-LIKE TAPESTRIES, WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO JOHN, HIS ORNITHOLOGICAL SIDEKICK, AND THE ALL-POWERFUL INCAL? STAY TUNED, DEAR READER, FOR THE COMING ADVENTURES OF "THE INCAL LIGHT."

MOEBIUS:

HIS ART





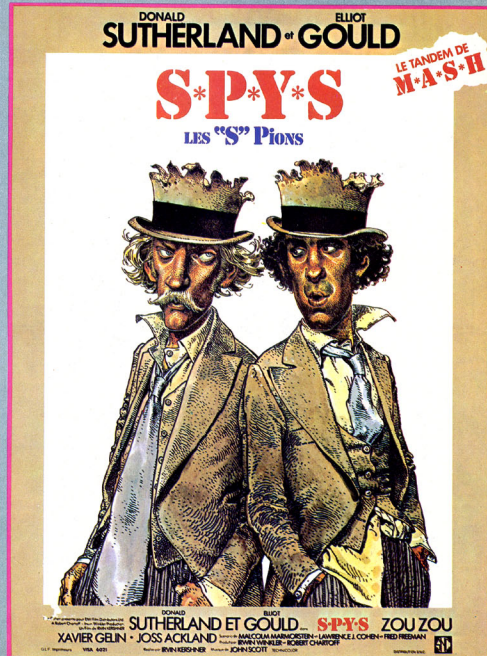
Left: Poster originally done for the film *The Dogs*. In the end it was not used.
Above: Illustration done for the French magazine *Pilote*, circa 1973.



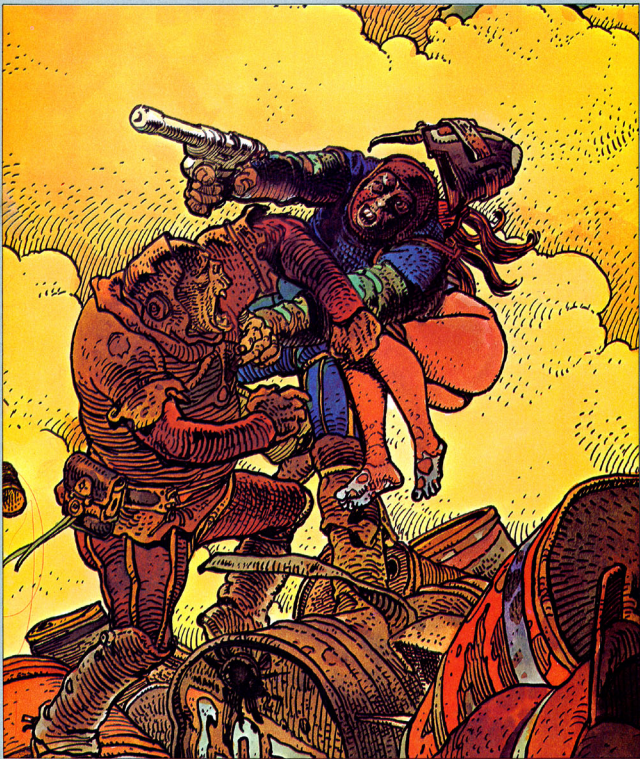
Above: Cover painting for one of Moebius's Jim Cutlass Westerns.



Left: Panels from early Moebius strips. Notice the influence of Mort Drucker, Will Elder, and Harvey Kurtzman.



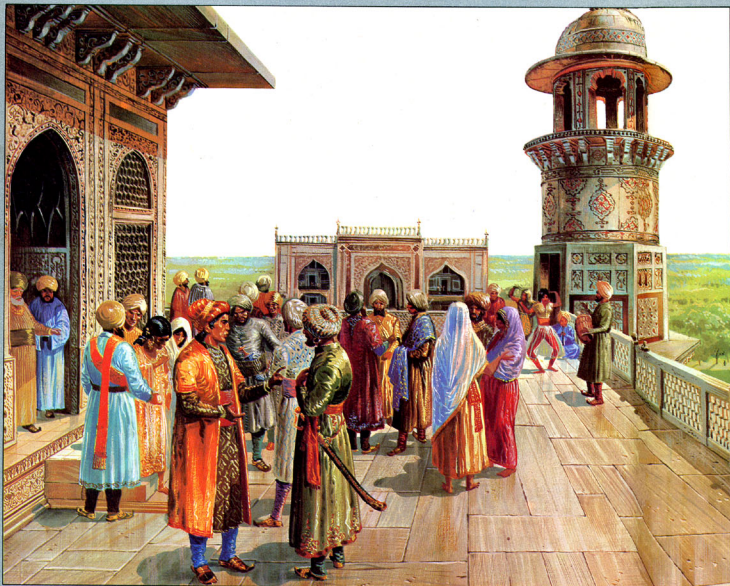
Above: Sketch and final ad for the movie S*P*Y*S. Once again, take note of the definite Drucker influence.



Above: An unpublished Moebius illustration.

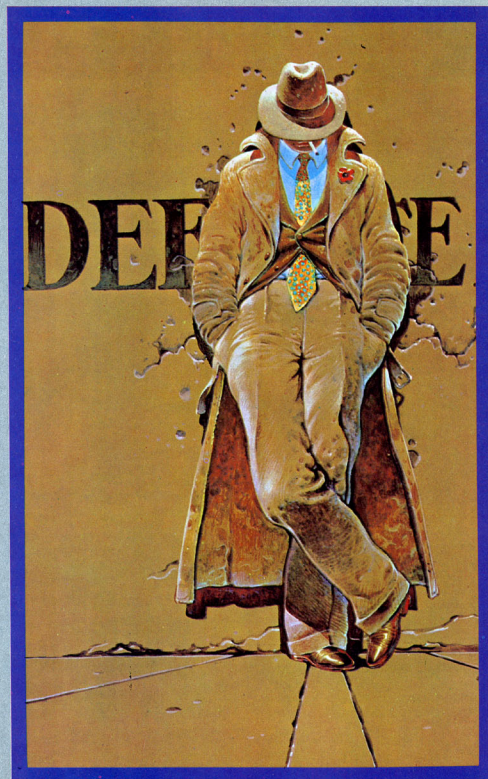


Above: Another unpublished Moebius illustration. This time a bit sexier. It's interesting to note that Moebius doesn't rely on sexual topics that often to make his work more appealing.

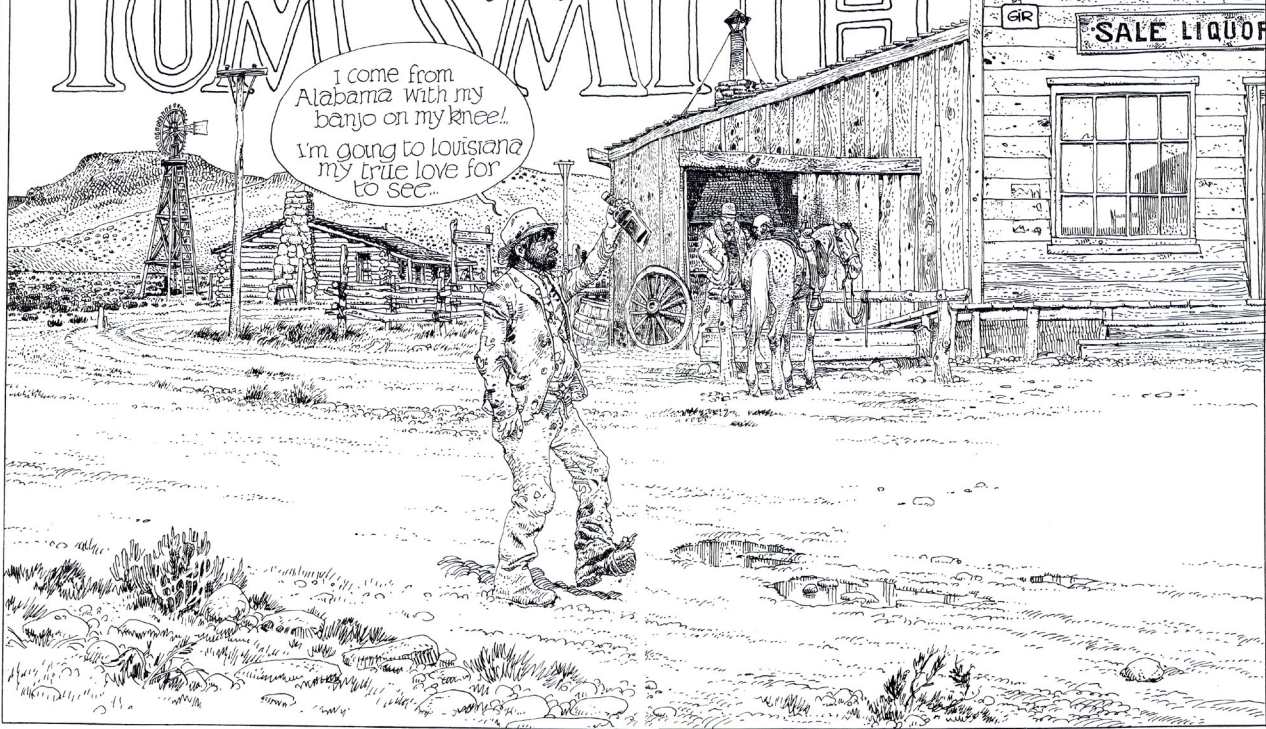


Above: An inside spread from the French
book *The History of Civilization*,
© Hachette, 1979.

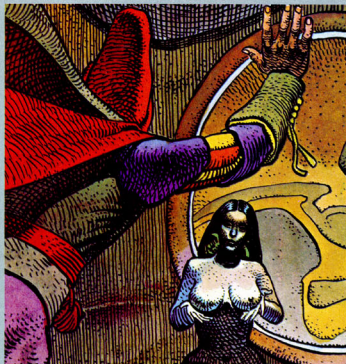
Right: Cover for the French novel *Le
Dernier Mandrin* (translated: *The Last
Mandrin*), © Grosset.



TOM SMITH RIDES AGAIN.



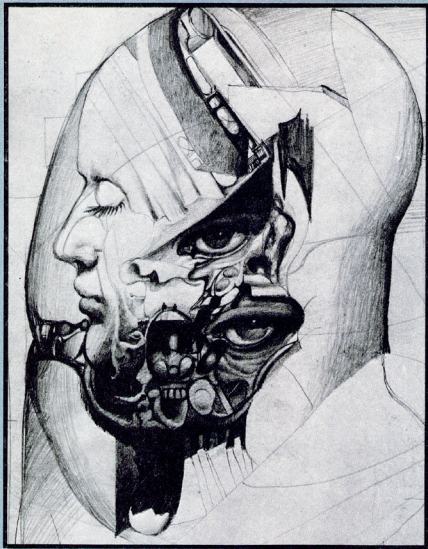
Above: Self-explanatory illustration. One of Moebius's dabbings in the wild, wild West.



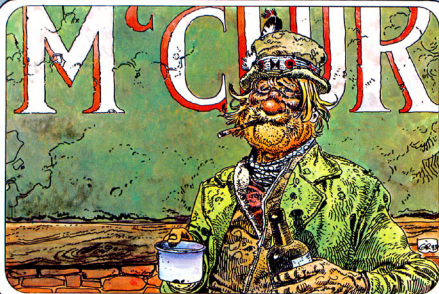
Upper left: Sex in an
Arzachian vein. Lower right:
Cover of a Lt. Blueberry book,
The Man with the Silver Star,
Dargaud Editeur, 1969. Upper
right: Cover of *Metal Hurlant*,
circa 1980. Following page,
upper left: An unpublished
surreal sketch. Could this be
the real working of Moebius??

Bottom left: Illustration
Moebius did for a poster
distributed throughout France.





Above: Collaborative illustration with Will Eisner. It was done out of fun at a banquet during the 1981 Barcelona Comics Fair. Apparently, *HM* editor Simmons-Lynch could not find the "little *muchachas* room."



Next two pages: Two book ads that ran in France. They are promoting the book lines of Roger Zelazny and Samuel Delaney. As you can well see, they are like nothing book publishers do here in the States.

DAMNATION ALLEY

FROM THE
ROGER
TELIZNY
COLLECTION

BABEL 17

FROM THE
SAMUEL
DELANEY
COLLECTION

SCIENCE CHRONICLE GIRL FICTION

ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS, RIFLES, AND GRENADES, HELL TANNER REMAINED WELL HIDDEN IN HIS ARMORED CAR IN THE TRUNK HE KEPT ON RESERVE FLAME-THROWERS AND ROCKET LAUNCHERS WITH WINGS. ALL OF THIS FOR HIS TRIP FROM BOSTON TO LOS ANGELES. HELL TANNER, WHY ARE YOU SO JUMPY?

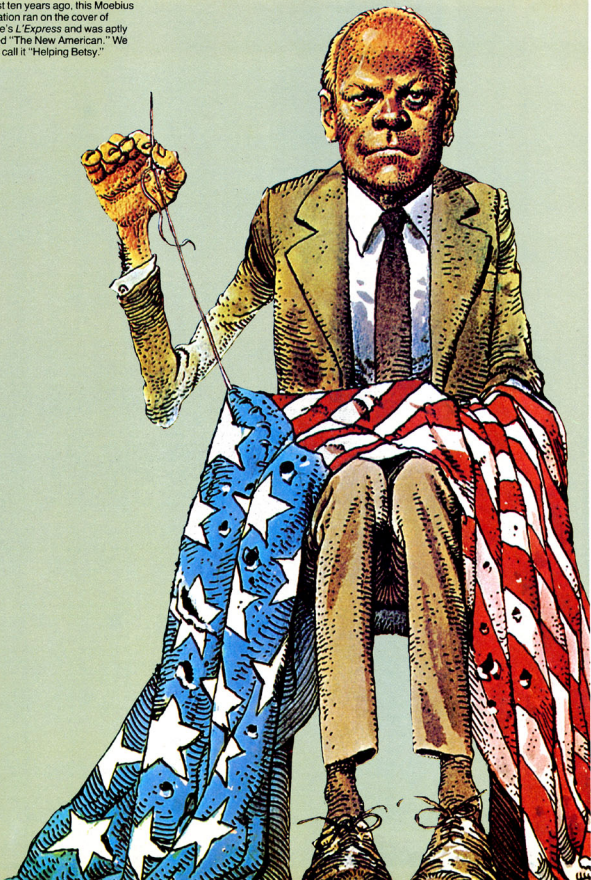
CANDY MAN RUNS RAMPANT ON THE STREETS OF THE CITY, LIKE A LARGE HARE, FRIGHTENED OF ALL HE FOLLOWS "K" LIKE HIS SHADOW. NO CHANCE WITH THOSE EVIL EDUCATORS ON HIS TAIL. AT THE END OF HIS JAUNT, THE BIG MACHINE WILL, YOU KNOW... THE BIG MACHINE SEES EVERYTHING AND KNOWS EVERYTHING. HELL, CATCH UP TO YOU, JUST YOU WAIT.

CANDY MAN

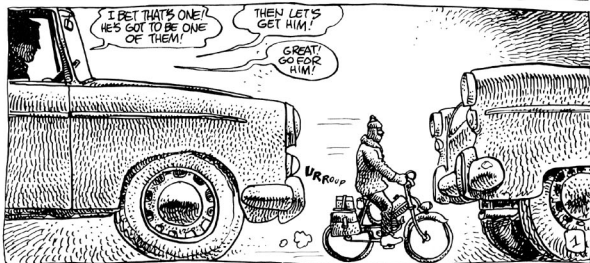
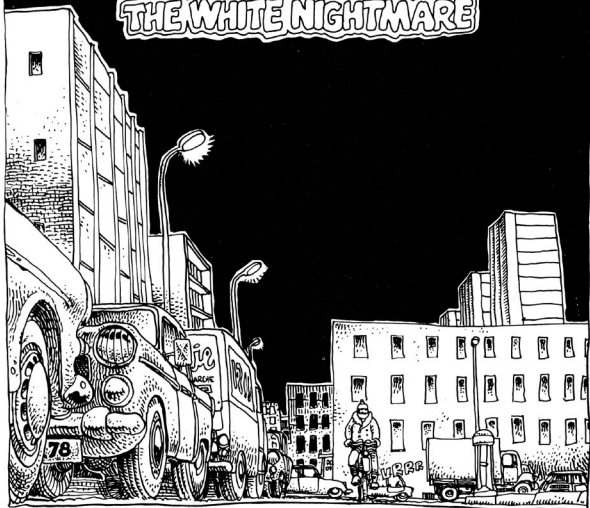
AND IT BEGAN ONCE AGAIN, IN THE TRADITION OF PIR'S SPACE OPERA, WITH LASER BEAMS SHOOTING OFF A BACKGROUND OF SUPER-FROZEN SPACE, BUT THE FUNNY THING IS, MS. WONG DISCOVERED THAT BABEL IT IS A LANGUAGE—NOT A PLANET, AS SHE HAD ASSUMED. IN A FLASH, SHE DISSECTS IT AS IF SHE WERE A BERLITZ PROFESSOR, AND COMES UP WITH SOME SURPRISING FACTS. SURPRISE OF SURPRISES! ASTONISHMENT OF ASTONISHMENTS! PALPITATIONS OVER PALPITATIONS!

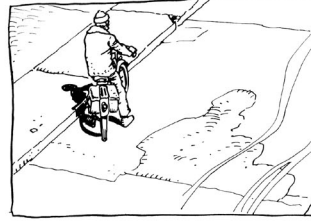
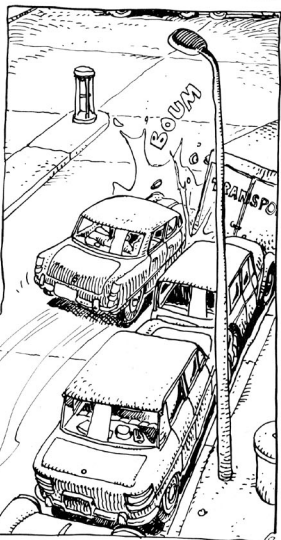
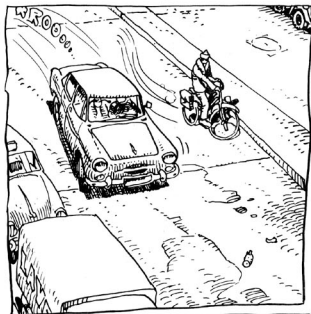
ALL THAT OVER A STORY ABOUT CHATTING.

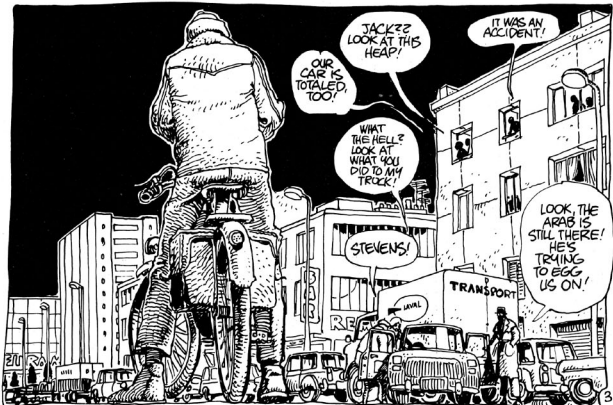
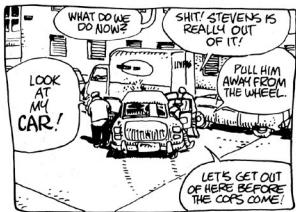
Almost ten years ago, this Moebius illustration ran on the cover of France's *L'Express* and was aptly entitled "The New American." We like to call it "Helping Betsy."

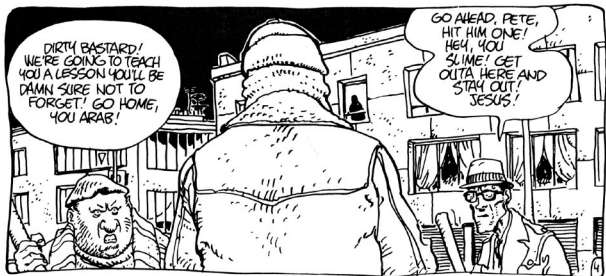
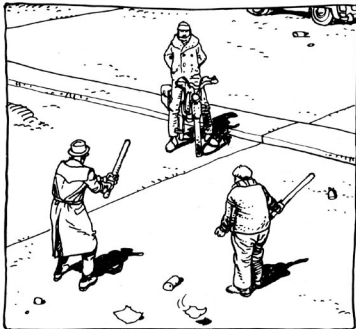
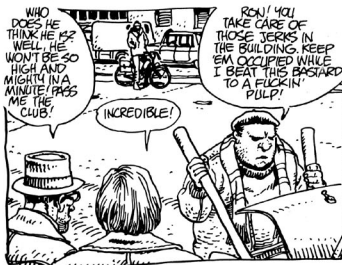


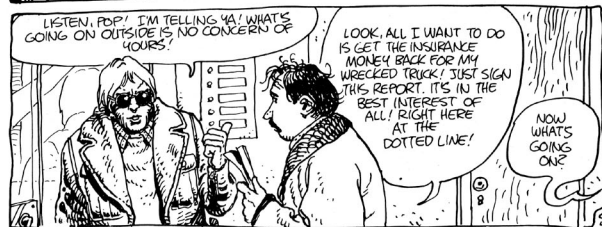
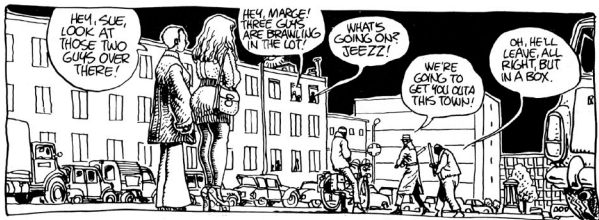
THE WHITE NIGHTMARE











LOOK AT THIS CARD, FELLA!
IF YOU DON'T WANT YER
HEAD ON A PLATTER, YA
BETTER GET BACK TO BED.
AND NOW! AND
THE REST OF
YOUSSE, TOO!

AH, WELL, IF YOU ARE A POLICE-
MAN. THAT'S A DIFFERENT
STORY!

WAIT A SECOND! LET ME
GET A **GOOD** LOOK AT
THAT CARD!

WHAT IS THIS, A
FUGGIN' CARNIVAL?

YOU IDIOTS!
GET THE HELL
AWAY FROM HERE!

ENOUGH
OF THIS PISS-
ING AROUND!
LET'S WASTE 'EM,
TOO!

THEY'RE
PLAIN BIGOTS!
YOU
RACIST PIGS!

I REALIZE
THAT,
CHRIS!

WHAT THE HELL? I MUST HAVE MISSED THE
ARAB! BLOOD? OH, YEAH, THE ACCIDENT! I
MUST HAVE SWERVED AND HIT
THE TRUCK! BUD'S KNEE!
SHIT, WHERE ARE
THEY?

THERE THEY ARE!
WHAT ARE THEY
UP TO?

BUT THAT'S ONLY A
PRETENSE! THEY
ARE JUST AS AFRAID
AS THIS GUY IS.
ACTUALLY, IT IS THEM-
SELVES THEY WANT
TO DESTROY, SUE.

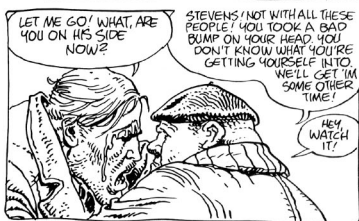
WELL, IS
THAT SER-
VOUS? MAY-
BE I SHOULD
SEE A
SHRINK!

YOU'RE
PROBABLY
RIGHT.

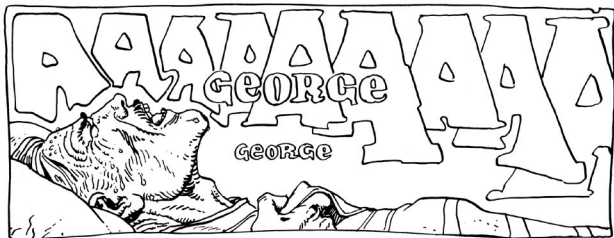
AW, SHIT.

HEY, STEVENS,
GLAD TO SEE
YOU'RE OKAY!
THINGS AREN'T
WORKING OUT, I'M
HEADING FER
HOME!

PETE!





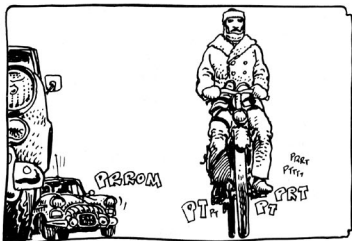
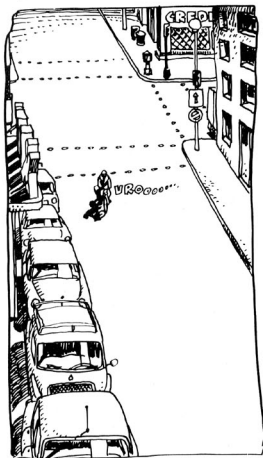
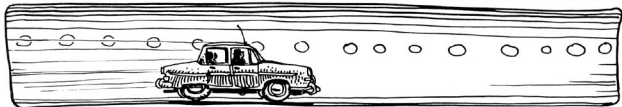
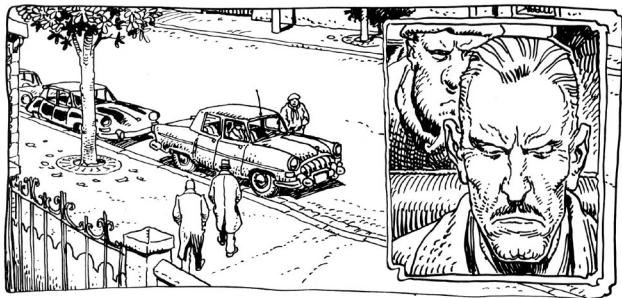


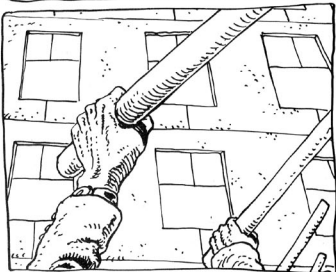
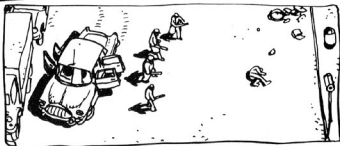
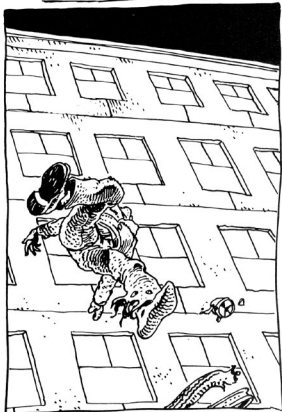
YOU WORK ALL DAY LONG, AND THEN YOU GO OUT FOR A NIGHT WITH THE BOYS! IT'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU, GEORGE!

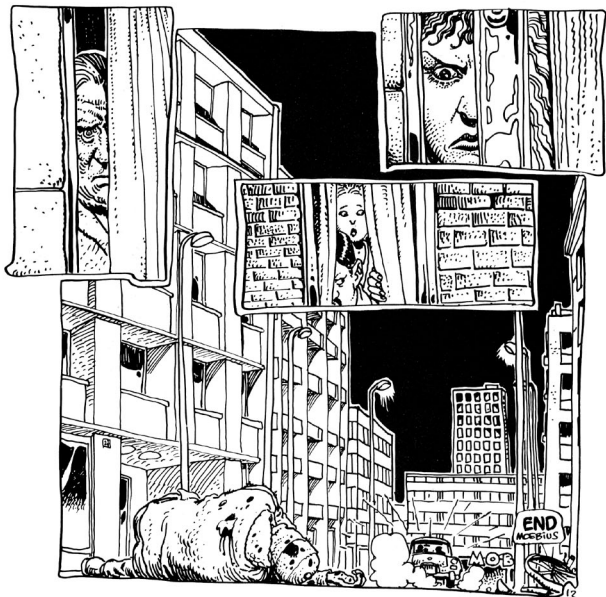
DING-DONG
THEY'RE HERE!



HI, BUD! YES, YES, I'M ALMOST READY. PETE, HMM. RON, HMM. GOOD. THAT'S FINE. SHALL WE GO?







ONE OF 4.07% VARIATIONS ON "THE" THEME

OCTOBER 15, 6:30 P.M.

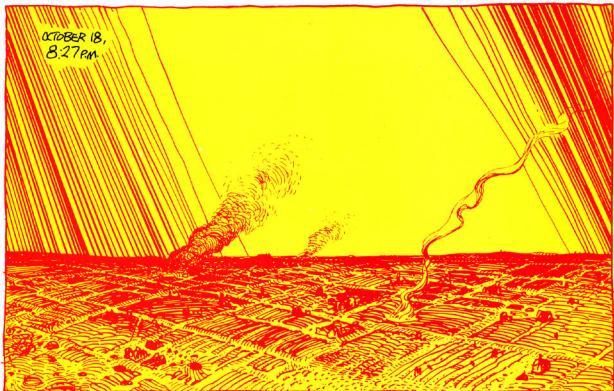
BY
MOE
BIOS



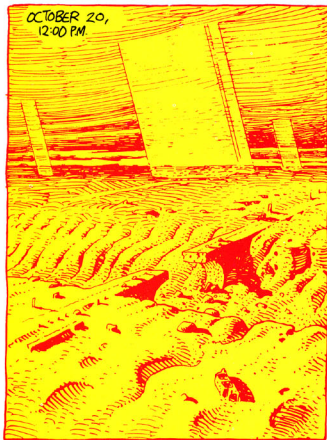
6:32 P.M.



OCTOBER 18,
8:27 PM.



OCTOBER 20,
12:00 PM.



12:07 PM.



MOEBIUS

2

DECEMBER 1
3:40 P.M.



3:50 P.M.



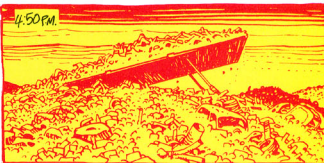
3:57 P.M.



4:02 P.M.



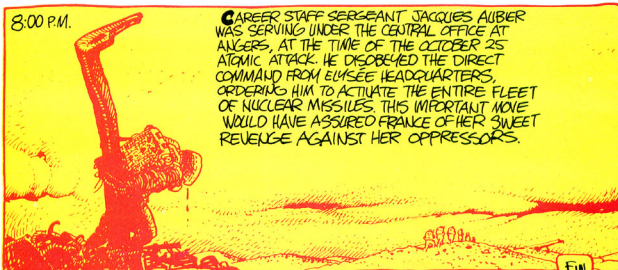
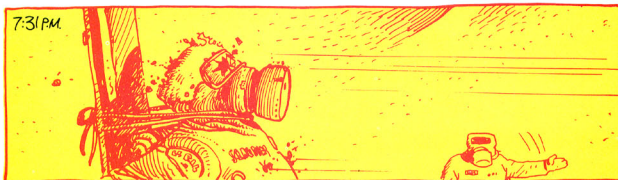
4:50 P.M.



4:54 P.M.



MURKUS
3



AFTER BEING COURT-MARTIALED ON OCTOBER 20, STAFF SERGEANT AUBIER WAS SHOT AT SUNRISE ON DECEMBER 1.

FIN

A LITTLE BIT OF THIS AND A LITTLE BIT OF THAT

MOEBIUS

EPISODE 17,382

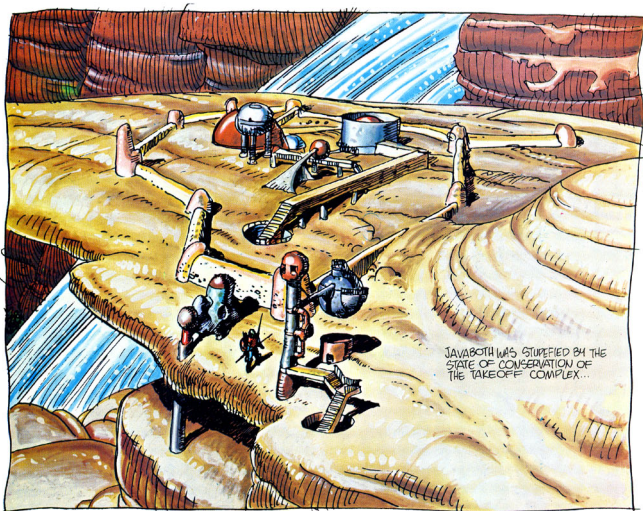
AN HEROIC AND CARNIVOROUS
FANTASY TAKING PLACE 20,000
EPISODES UNDER THE SEAS.
THE STORY THUS FAR: ~

WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A CON-
VENTION OF THE COMIC

MEDIA IS TAKING PLACE.
DRILLLET, BRETECHER,
GOT, J. P. DIONNET, AND
MANDRIKA...

WE'RE VACATIONING AT
CHATEAU-THERRY WHILE
JAVA BOTH DOUBLES-
CHECKED ON THE RICKETY
BOAT RUNWAY. ONE
CAN NEVER BE TOO
SURE!

CHATEAU-THERRY



JAVABOTH WAS STUPEFIED BY THE
STATE OF CONSERVATION OF
THE TAKEOFF COMPLEX...



AH! IF ONLY I HAD MY ATOMIC
PRETZEL....



...I COULD LEAVE THIS DAMNED
PLANET. AH! I'M SURE TO DIE
WARM BEFORE MY TIME IF I
HANG AROUND HERE! OH,
DAMNED PLANET OF THE
DAMNED!



SUDDENLY, AS
IF SHE HAD
DROPPED FROM
THE SKY,
A STRIKING
FEMALE GIANT
—WITH A
GREAT SET,
WE MIGHT
ADD—PRE-
SENTED
HERSELF TO
JAVABOTH!

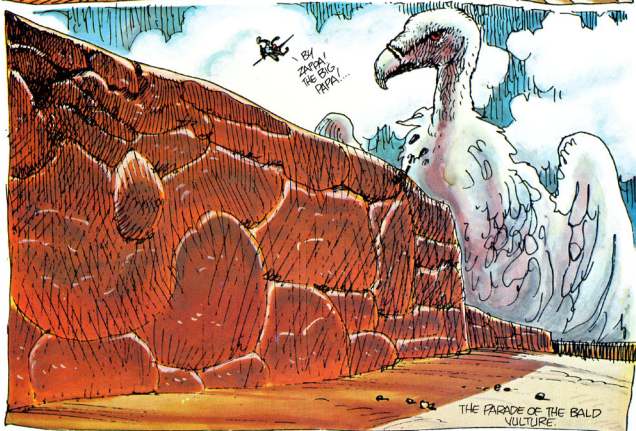
BY
ZAPPA! THE
BIG
PAPA!



THIS SPLENDID
BRUNETTE LOOKED
HIM STRAIGHT IN
THE EYE.
GRANTED, SHE
HAD TO BEND
DOWN A
QUITE A
BIT.

WITH EXTRAORDINARY SPEED, SAVABOTH FOR
NO APPARENT REASON CHANGED HIS NAME TO
GARBURE (ONION AND CABBAGE SOUP) AND DREW
A PROTECTIVE CIRCLE AROUND HIMSELF YOU
CAN NEVER BE TOO SAFE!

I
SHALL
RESIST!



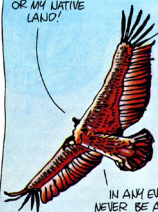
BY
ZAPPA!
THE BIG
PAPA!

THE PARADE OF THE BALD
VULTURE.

THIS PLANET IS 100 PERCENT
FANTASY AND HEROICS. WILL I EVER
FIND MY PRETZEL?

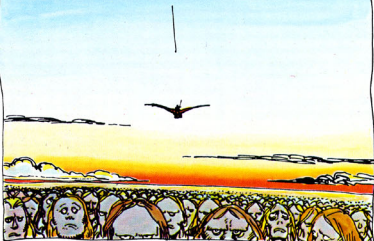


WITHOUT MY PRETZEL,
I'LL NEVER FIND MY
SUPER SPACE CADILLAC
OR MY NATIVE
LAND!



IN ANY EVENT, I'LL
NEVER BE ABLE TO
SET FOOT IN THE
CHATEAU-THERRY
AGAIN! WHAT A
MESS!

I KNOW WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED. ONLY THE PATRONYMIC
DETOUR COULD HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS. MY ANTI-
BRUNETTE SUPERCIRCLE IS NOT IMPERVIUS. PERHAPS A
MINUSCULE ROCK BOMB WILL DO THE JOB. WHAT A
DIRTY TRICK THIS PLANET HAS PLAYED ON
ME!

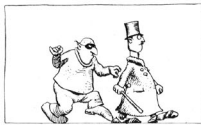
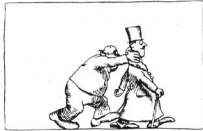
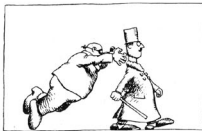


ALAS, THE POOR GARRURE HAS NOT NEARLY COME TO THE END OF HIS TROUBLES, NOR IS HIS VENTURE TOO HAPPY EITHER. WILL HE
ESCAPE THE BRUNETTE AND THE DOGS WITHOUT TAILOR? WILL HE FIND HIS PRETZEL? AND WHAT ABOUT HIS MATES THAT HE LEFT
BEHIND AT THE CHATEAU? STAY TUNED FOR THE 17,383RD EPISODE OF 'A LITTLE BIT OF THIS, A LITTLE BIT OF THAT' LOOK FOR IT IN
THE PAST FUTURE!

DEAR READER: ALL OF THIS MIGHT SEEM VERY OBSCURE TO YOU, BUT
IT IS
NEEDER A "SAD TALE OF A MAN WHO LOST HIS PRETZEL."

AN ADVENTURE OF JOHN WATERCOLOR

AN ADVENTURE OF MR. WATERCOLOR, STARRING THAT NEVITABLE, MAN HIM-SELF, JOHN WATERCOLOR, WITH TODAY'S LESSON, "HOW TO DEAL WITH THAT BUILT ON SOCIETY: THE PICKPOCKET."



THOUGH ONE MIGHT NOT RECOGNIZE OUR HERO, MR. W., IN HIS CLEVER DISGUISE, THE THIEF IS NONE OTHER THAN "JEREMIAH TWELVE FINGERS," OTHERWISE KNOWN AS MARCEL GOTHERS.

WOUNDED

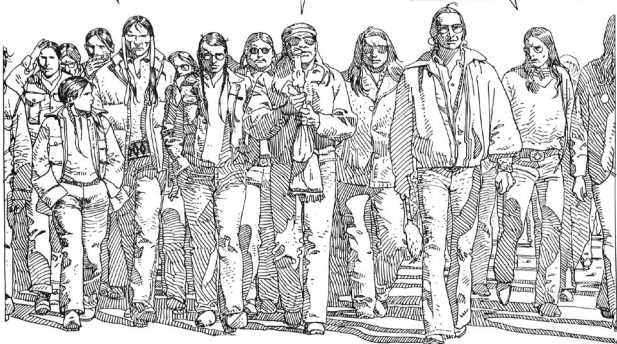
KNEE

WHAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT HERE AT WOUNDED KNEE IS NOT ONLY THE LIVES OF A FEW HUNDRED INDIANS, BUT A WAY OF LIFE THAT COULD VERY WELL LEAD TO THE SALVATION OF THE UNITED STATES, AND MOST PROBABLY ALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

HOWEVER, IF WE ARE KILLED HERE, AT LEAST WE WILL DIE WITH HONOR.

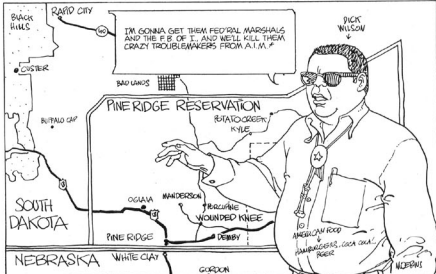
WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED, USED, AND HUMILIATED SO MUCH THAT OUR SPIRIT CAN NO LONGER BE DESTROYED.

FREEDOM FOR ALL OPPRESSED NATIONS!



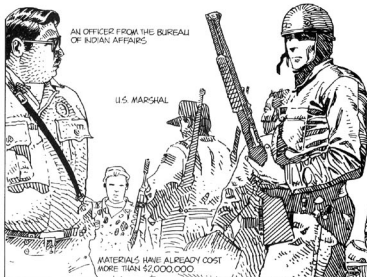
WOUNDED KNEE

FEBRUARY 1973, THE RESERVATION OF PINE RIDGE FOUND ITSELF DOMINATED BY THE TRIBES Elected PRESIDENT, DICK WILSON. CORRUPTION, LIFE THREATS, INTIMIDATION, AND A FEW JUGS OF WINE WILL LEAD WILSON TO ORGANIZE THE OGLALA SIOUX CIVIL RIGHTS ORGANIZATION (OSCR).





ONCE, A LAKOTAN SPIRITUAL CHIEF BY THE NAME OF DRINK WATER PROPHESED THE UPROOTING OF THE INDIANS FROM THEIR LAND. HE HAD ANNOUNCED HIS NOTION WAY BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE WHITE MAN. HIS WORDS RANG THROUGHOUT THE VALLEY. "YOUR FOUR-LEGGED ANIMALS WILL UNDOUBTEDLY DISAPPEAR, BECAUSE A STRANGE RACE HAS BEGUN TO STRETCH ITS SPIDER'S WEB OVER THE LAKOTAN NATION. WHEN THAT HAPPENS, YOU WILL LIVE ON ARID LANDS, CLOSE TO THE GRAY HOUSES, AND YOU WILL DIE OF HUNGER!" IT IS SAID THAT A SHORT TIME AFTER HIS PROPHECY, HE WENT BACK TO THE MOTHER EARTH AND DIED. IT WAS GRIEF THAT KILLED HIM.



AN OFFICER FROM THE BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

U.S. MARSHAL

STATE POLICE OF SOUTH DAKOTA

A MASSIVE CONFRONTATION TOOK PLACE THAT DAY. THERE WERE CLOSE TO 50,000 CARTRIDGES SHOT WHEN THE SHOOTING FINALLY ENDED. JOSEPH STUNTS AND TWO FBI AGENTS WERE DEAD.

GOVERNMENT AGENTS OBSERVING MEMBERS OF A I.M.

MATERIALS HAVE ALREADY COST MORE THAN \$2,000,000

IN MEMORIAM: FRANK CLEARWATER, BUDDY LAMONT, PEDRO BISSONETTE.

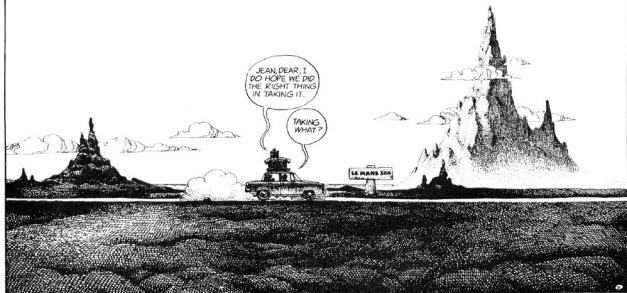
IN MEMORIAM, THE MASSACRE AT WOUNDED KNEE, DECEMBER 1890.

MAY 5, 1973. RUSSEL MEANS (1) AND THE ASSISTANT TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, KENT FRIZZELL (2), SIGN THE PEACE TREATY.



THE DETOUR

OR, BETTER KNOWN AS THE DEMENTED MISADVENTURES OF THE G. FAMILY, WHILE TRAVELING BY CAR THROUGH FRANCE, THEIR INTENTION? TO SPEND A GOOD, SOLID MONTH OF VACATION AND SIGHTSEEING AT THE ISLE OF RE. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN REAL PEOPLE AND THOSE THAT ARE DEPICTED IN THE FOLLOWING STORY WAS INTENTIONAL AND TERRIBLY HARD TO ACHIEVE. THIS ROMANTIC DOCUMENTARY HAS BEEN DRAWN BY THE PEN OF MR. JEAN GIRAUD, WITH A DISCONCERTING ABSENCE OF SCENERY. WHY? BECAUSE HE WANTED TO. AND BECAUSE, WELL, FRANKLY, HE HAD A PROBLEM WITH MEETING HIS DEADLINE.



WHY, THE
DETOUR, OF
COURSE.

THE FREEWAYS HAVE
BECOME WAY TOO
DANGEROUS, MY PET.
THE MEDIA ARE OB-
SESSED WITH IT—THEY
DON'T STOP TALKING
ABOUT HOW CRAZY IT
IS JUST TO GET ON
ONE OF THOSE
ROADS. I REALIZE
THAT THIS ROAD
IS SOMETHING
OUT OF **PSYCHO**,
BUT OUR
JOURNEY WILL
BE SHORTENED
BY QUITE A
BIT OF TIME.

BESIDES THE FACT
THAT IT INSURES
OUR SURVIVAL, WE
GET TO SEE A BIT
OF THE WILDERNESS
EN ROUTE. THIS AREA
IS HARDLY RECOGNIZED
BY THE ENGLISH
TOURIST BOARD.
THINK OF IT AS AN
EXPLORATION.

WELL, YEAH, BUT I'M
NOT SURE I LIKE THE
ODDS TO DIE IN A
ROAD ACCIDENT.
ALMOST ASSURES ME
OF A BANAL BUT QUICK
WAY TO GO WHO KNOWS
WHAT'S IN STORE
FOR US ON THIS GOD-
FORSAKEN ROAD!

THIS PARTICULAR POINT OF SUSPENSE
ADDS TO THE SINISTER AURA OF WHAT
WILL UNDOUBTEDLY UNRAVEL IN THE
PAGES TO COME.

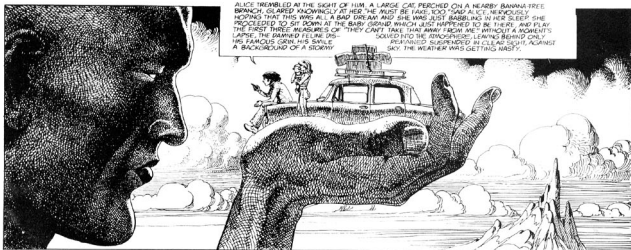
OH, HEY,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

LOOK AT
THE SIZE
OF HIM!!!

IT...IT'S A GIANT!
A NUDE "SURFACE"
GIANT!



ALICE TROUBLED AT THE SIGHT OF HIM, A LARGE CAT PERCHED ON A NEARBY BANANA-TREE BRANCH, GLARED KNOWINGLY AT HER. "HE MUST BE FAKE, TOO," SAID ALICE, NERVOUSLY NOTING THAT THIS WAS ALL A BAD DREAM AND SHE WAS JUST BABBLING IN HER SLEEP. SHE PROCEEDED TO SIT DOWN AT THE BABY-GRAND WHICH JUST HAPPENED TO BE THERE, AND PLAY THE FIRST THREE MEASURES OF "THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME" WITHOUT A MOMENT'S LARPE. THE BARRED FELINE DIS- REAPPEARED, SUSPENDED IN CLEAR SKY, AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF A STORY.

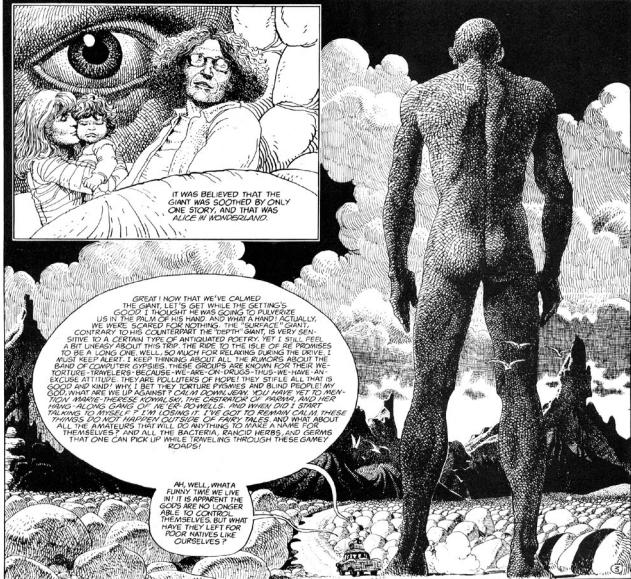


IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE GIANT WAS SOOTHED BY ONLY ONE STORY, AND THAT WAS ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

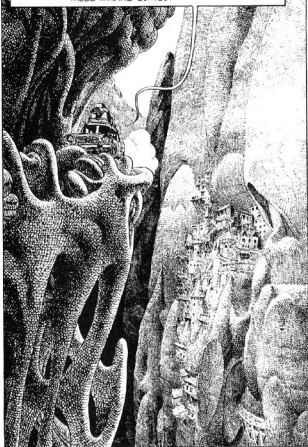


GREAT! NOW THAT WE'VE CALMED THE GIANT, LET'S GET WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD. I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO PULVERIZE US IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND, AND WHAT A HAND! ACTUALLY, WE WERE SCARED FOR NOTHING. THE "SURFACE" GIANT, CONTRARY TO HIS COUNTERPART THE "DEPTH" GIANT, IS VERY SENSITIVE TO A CERTAIN TYPE OF ANTIQUATED POETRY. YET I STILL FEEL A BIT LONELY ABOUT THIS TRIP. THE RIDE TO THE ISLE OF BE PROMISES TO BE A LONG ONE, WELL, SO MUCH FOR RELAXING DURING THE DRIVE, I MUST KEEP ALERT. I KEEP THINKING ABOUT ALL THE RUMORS ABOUT THE BAND OF COMPUTER CYPSIES. THESE GROUPS ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR TORTURE-TRAVELERS BECAUSE WE ARE ON DRUGS. THUS WE HAVE AN EXCUSE ATTITUDE. THEY ARE POLLUTERS OF HOPE! THEY STIFLE ALL THAT IS GOOD AND KIND! WHY I BET THEY TORTURE FISHES AND BLIND PEOPLE! MY GOD, WHAT ARE WE UP AGAINST? CALM DOWN, JEAN, YOU HAVE YET TO MENTION MARKE-THERSE KOWALSKI, THE CASTRACK OF MARMA, AND HER HAND ALONG GARDEN OF AC-OR DOBOWELS. AND WHEN DID I START TALKING TO MYSELF? I'M LOSING IT. I'VE GOT TO REMAIN CALM. THESE THINGS DO NOT HAPPEN OUTSIDE OF FAIRY TALES, AND WHAT ABOUT ALL THE MATERIALS THAT WILL DO ANYTHING TO MAKE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES? AND ALL THE BACTERIA, RANCID HERBS, AND GERMS THAT ONE CAN PICK UP WHILE TRAVELING THROUGH THESE GAMEY ROADS!

AH, WELL, WHAT A FUNNY TIME WE LIVE IN! IT IS APPARENT THE GODS ARE NO LONGER ABLE TO CONTROL THEMSELVES, BUT WHAT HAVE THEY LEFT FOR POOR NATIVES LIKE OURSELVES?



WE'VE BEEN DRIVING NOW FOR SEVERAL HOURS, AND THERE HAVE BEEN NO INCIDENTS THAT ARE WORTH NOTING. AS A MATTER OF FACT, EVERYTHING WOULD BE JUST FINE IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE WINDING CURVES.



THAT'S ODD. WE ARE ONLY A FEW KILOMETERS AWAY FROM MAUS, AND THESE PTS ARE NOT INDICATED ON THE MAP.



IT'S OBVIOUS, DARLING. THEY'RE PROBABLY ALL NEW, AND THE MAP IS OLD.



BUT WE COULD DO WITH SOME MORE GAS. I JUST NOTICED THE GAUGE IS CLOSE TO ZERO.



AND AS IF ONE BAD TURN WEREN'T ENOUGH, WHO THE HELL ARE THOSE FEROCIOUS HOODLUMS PREVENTING US FROM PASSING? THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'RE ABOUT TO ATTACK US.



NOW, I FEEL QUITE REMOTE FROM ALL OF THAT. THE FACT THAT I AM ABLE TO SIT HERE, SURROUNDED BY THE WARMTH OF MY LITTLE STUDIO, PROVES TO YOU THAT WE WERE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THAT MESS WITHOUT A SCRATCH.

HOWEVER, I REMEMBER VERY DISTINCTLY THE FEELING OF FEAR AND NOT KNOWING THAT PENETRATED ME AND MY FAMILY. FRANKLY, I THOUGHT MY TIME HAD COME. MY WIFE, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS JUST GENERALLY BORED, TRYING NOT TO LET ON TO OUR YOUNG DAUGHTER WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

AND WHO COULD BLAME US FOR THESE NUMB REACTIONS? CERTAINLY NOT ONE WHO HAS EVER EXPERIENCED THE POWERLESS FEELING WE JUST HAD! OF COURSE, IF YOU HAVE EVER COME IN CONTACT WITH A SIMILAR GROUP OF MARAUDERS YOU COULD ONLY SYMPATHIZE. AT LEAST YOU SURVIVED. TEE-HEE.

IT IS ALWAYS WHEN WE ARE HELPLESS THAT WE WALLOW IN AN UNDISTURBABLE POOL OF MELANCHOLY.



BUT I CAN'T CHAT FOR TOO LONG NOW. BELIEVE ME, IT'S NOT WITH INFUJITY THAT ONE WORKS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR ON THE ADVENTURES OF ARZACH (BY THE WAY, THANKS FOR YOUR NICE LETTERS!). SO IT WAS WITH ARZACH IN MIND, AND THE GENERALLY HOPELESS SITUATIONS HE FINDS HIMSELF IN, THAT I DECIDED TO ORGANIZE MY DEFENSE.

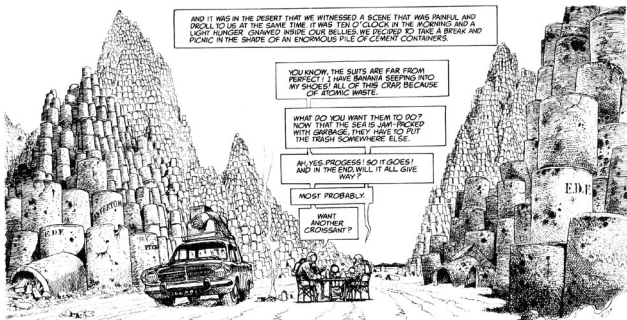
SEARCHING THROUGH AN OLD TRUNK I FOUND THE FOLLOWING: A KNIFE WITH TWO BLADES; A LASER, UNFORTUNATELY WITH ARTIFICIALLY INCORPORATED ELECTROSTATIC INDUCTION; TWO SUBMACHINE GUNS WITH A THREE HUNDRED CHARGER (A SOUVENIR FROM MY STINT IN ALGERIA); AND A BOX OF GRENADES SOME GUY LEFT IN THE STAIRWELL IN THE SPRING OF 88 (PROBABLY A JOE COLLEGE-TURNED-ACTIVIST TYPE!). AND THAT WAS ALL.

I WAS READY TO PLAN FOR THE FUTURE.



COMBAT GENERALLY STEMS FROM BITTERNESS





SUDDENLY, AS WE CONTINUED ON OUR TREK...

HEY,
YOU! OVER
THERE!



DID YOU JUST
PICNIC OVER THERE
ON THE ROAD? WELL,
ANSWER ME!

YESSS! WE DID,
MR. OFFICER!



YOU ARE NOW GOING TO LEARN A
LESSON, LITTERING ON STATE
PROPERTY! A FINE! I MUST FINE
YOU! AND SEVERELY. [Agh! Agh!]
MY GOD, MY HEAD IS SPINNING!

WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HIM?

I DON'T
KNOW, HE'S
OBVIOUSLY
SICK!



I THINK HE'S OVERCOME BY A FATAL DOSE
OF RADIATION! HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME
TO WRITE DOWN OUR LICENSE-PLATE
NUMBER! WHAT LUCK!

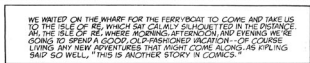
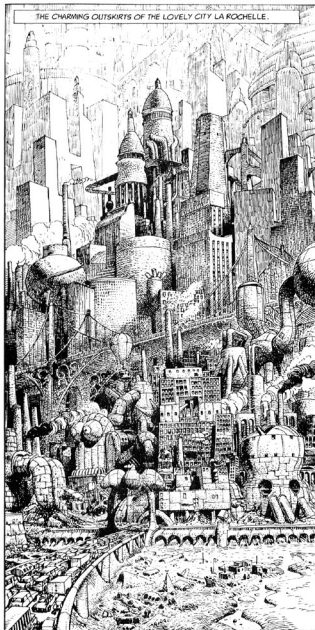
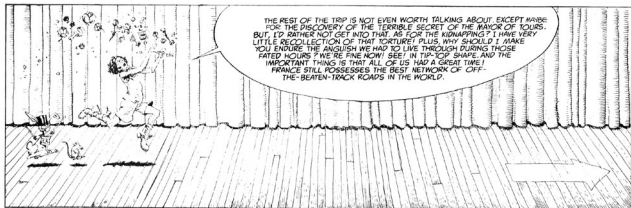
THOSE ENVIRONMENTAL
SURVEILLANCE AGENTS
REALLY HAVE IT TOUGH.

NEVERTHELESS, THEY SHOULD BE
HAPPY TO KNOW THAT IF IT WEREN'T
FOR THEM, THESE PAYS WOULD
BE CLUTTERED WITH LITTER.

NOW TRUE! SOME PEOPLE
HAVE NO REGARD FOR NATURE!

PIFF!



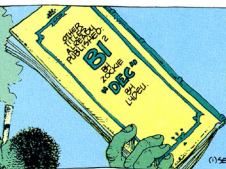


LET US REMEMBER JUST A FEW WEEKS BACK WHEN MAJOR GRUBERT WAS GLIDING ALONG THE SWEET-SMELLING SHORES OF AUSTRALIA. NOT ONE DAY PASSED THAT HE DIDN'T BLESS THE SACRED CATHUBE FOR HAVING LED HIM TO THE ROAD OF WISDOM.

AFLOAT



AAHH! THIS BOOK. IT'S SIMPLY MARVELOUS!



WHAT A LIFE! WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN TO LET ONESELF DRIFT SOFTLY THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS AUSTRALIAN DESERTS AND ONTO THEIR LUSCIOUS BEACHES?

HOWEVER, SOMEWHERE FARTHER NORTH, A MAN WAS HEADING TOWARD MAJOR GRUBERT!

(*) SEE PICTURES BELOW! READ FROM THE LEFT TO THE RIGHT!

SURREPTITIOUSLY, SNUG IN A BAR AT THE MELBOURNE HILTON...

HES A LARGE MAN WITH BROWN HAIR AND A BUSHY BEARD AND MUSTACHE...

HAHA, LET'S SEE, YES!

THESE BARTENDERS ARE DEVILISHLY WELL INFORMED.

SO, FIRST I GO THIS WAY, THEN THAT WAY, AND THEN BACK THAT WAY AGAIN...

HELLO, SIR! MADDOX SENT ME! HE WOULD LIKE ME TO PICK UP THE ARKZIR FILE. PLEASE SIGN THIS RELEASE FORM. IN EXCHANGE I HAVE, FOR YOUR DISTINCT PLEASURE, THREE ABLEAUX AND TWENTY SEVEN CROUKS. YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN THIS SATCHEL.

AH, THE VACATION IS SADLY OVER. BACK TO THE RINGING TELEPHONES, THE YOUNG HUSTLING MESSENGER BOYS, AND MY WELL-ENDOWED MISS TANINEN-BAUM.

SUCH IS THE LIFE OF A BUSH EXECUTIVE

END
OF AFLOAT



She
can be
found
in
HEAVY
metal
magazine

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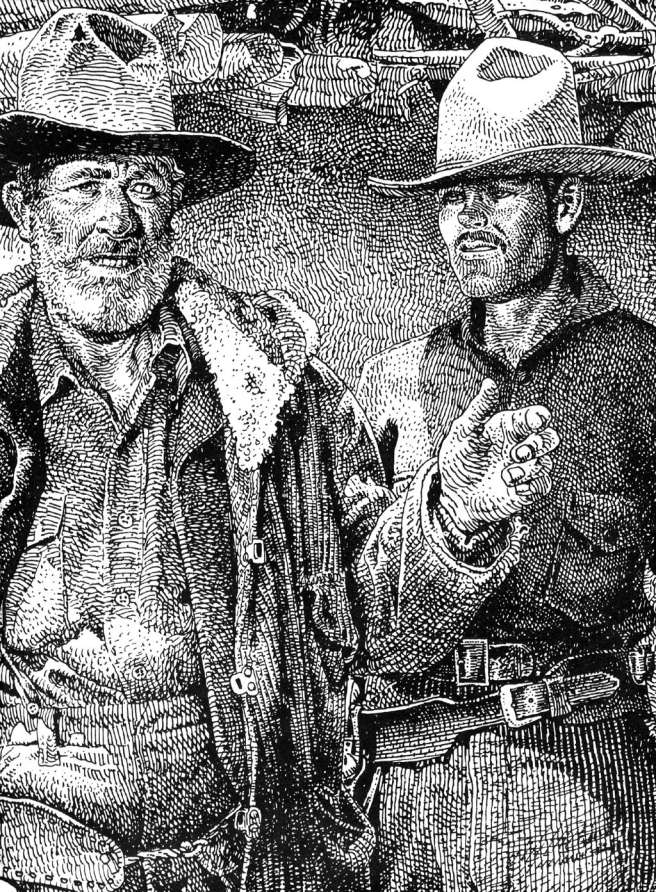
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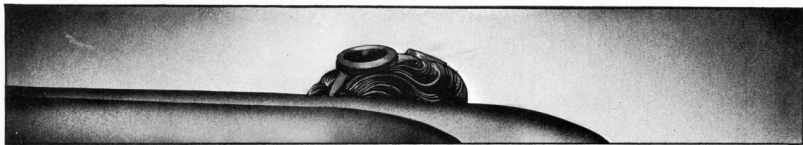


PSYCHOROCK

By MACEDO

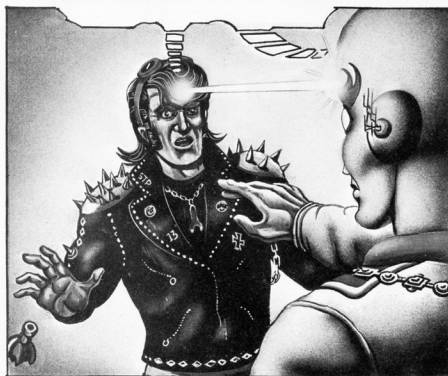
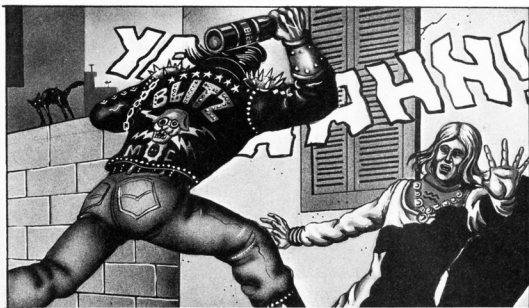
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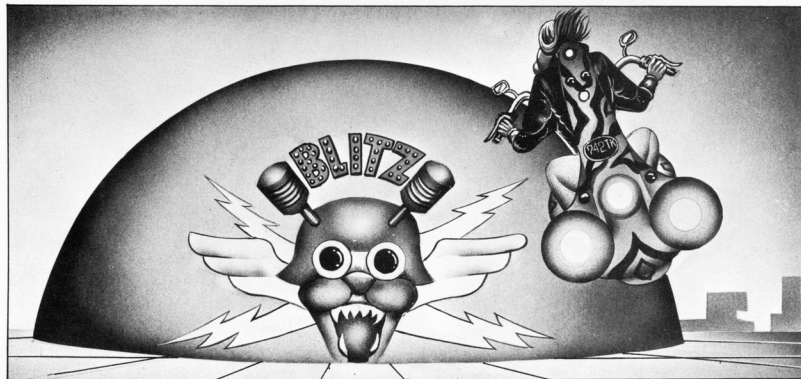
ROCKBLITZ



LETTERER: HARRY BLUMFIELD

COPY EDITOR: SUSAN DEVINS





WUTSUP?

AY-AY-AY!
YOU GUYS! GOTTA
GO, GO, GO! THERE'S
A CRAZY LASER ROCK
SHOW TONITE AT
THE CRYSTAL
BALL!

HEY, IT'S
ROCKY! HE'S
LIKE, CRAZY!

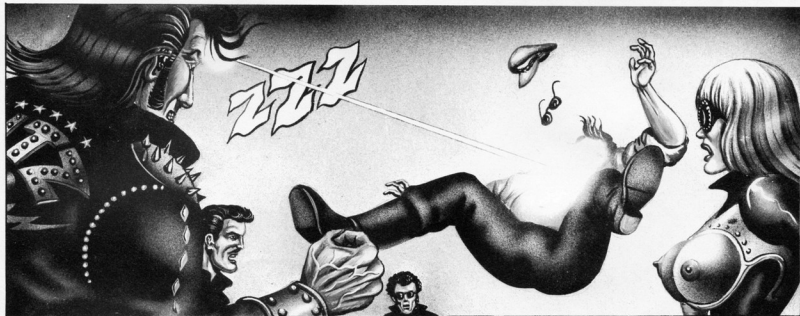
TEN HOURS
OF FREE ROCK!
WE GOTTA MAKE
THAT SCENE, MAN!!

BE LIKE OLD
TIMES! THERE'S NO
MORE TROOPERS AND NO
MORE COPS TO KICK ASS
ON... JUST THOSE
PEACECREEPS
AND THEIR WEIRDO
BULLSHIT...

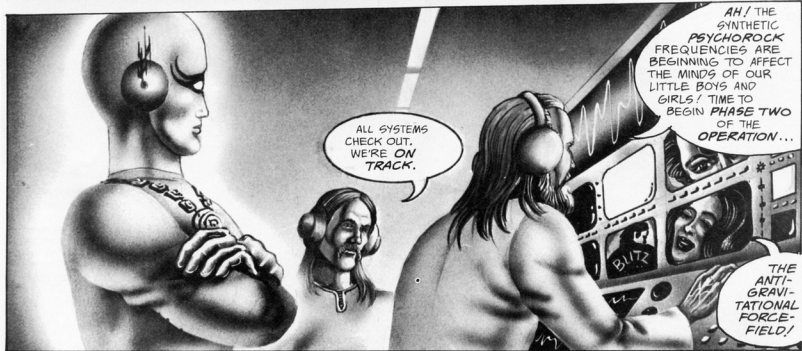
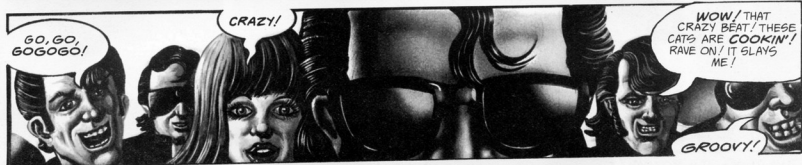
BUT THAT'S
OVER ON
PEACECREEP
TURF...

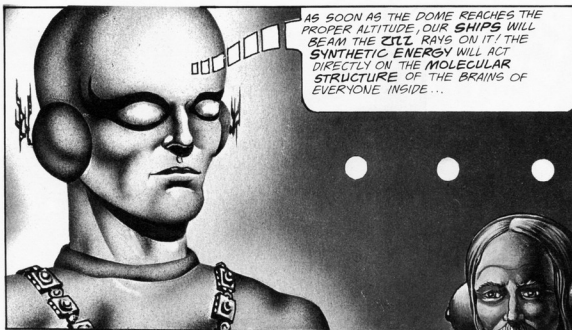
...BUT
ROCK'N'ROLL
WILL NEVER
DIE!



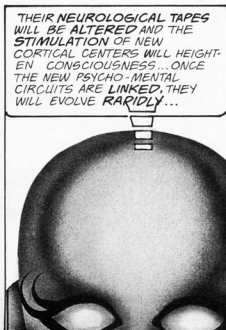




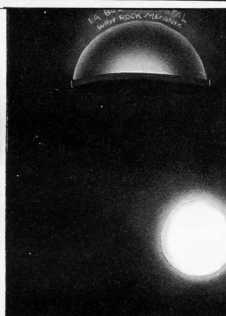
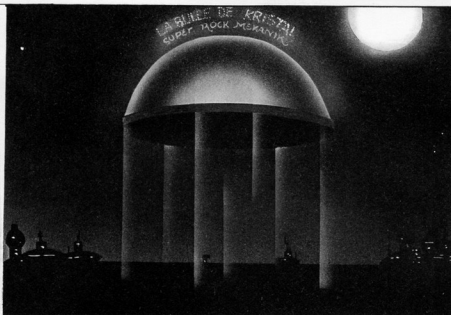




AS SOON AS THE DOME REACHES THE PROPER ALTITUDE, OUR SHIPS WILL BEAM THE ZILL RAYS ON IT! THE SYNTHETIC ENERGY WILL ACT DIRECTLY ON THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF THE BRAINS OF EVERYONE INSIDE...



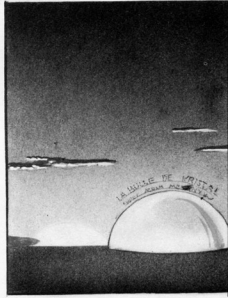
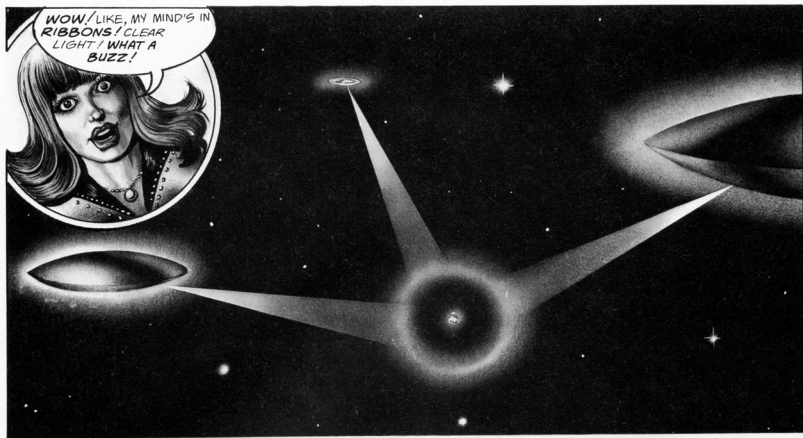
THEIR NEUROLOGICAL TAPES WILL BE ALTERED AND THE STIMULATION OF NEW CORTICAL CENTERS WILL HEIGHTEN CONSCIOUSNESS...ONCE THE NEW PSYCHO-MENTAL CIRCUITS ARE LINKED, THEY WILL EVOLVE RAPIDLY...

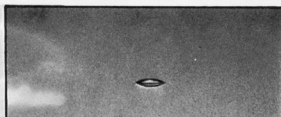
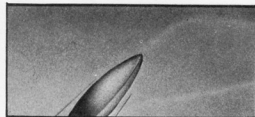


THAT THING! IT'S MOVING!
HEY, ROCKY! CHECK IT
OUT! IT'S LIKE WE WERE
IN SPACE!

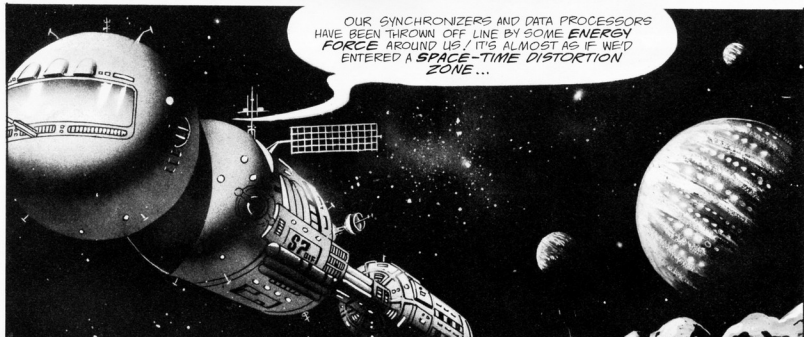
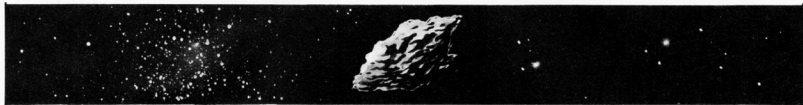
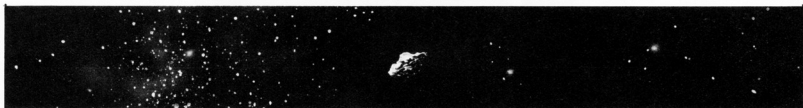
SHAKE IT,
BABY! SHAKE
THAT THING IN THE
EXTRATERRESTRIAL
BALLROOM OF THE
ROCKS GALAXY! A
MUSICTRIP TO ROCKERS
PARADISE! HEY, ELVIS!
HERE WE COME! 'CAUSE
EVERY STAR'S A ROCK
STAR!

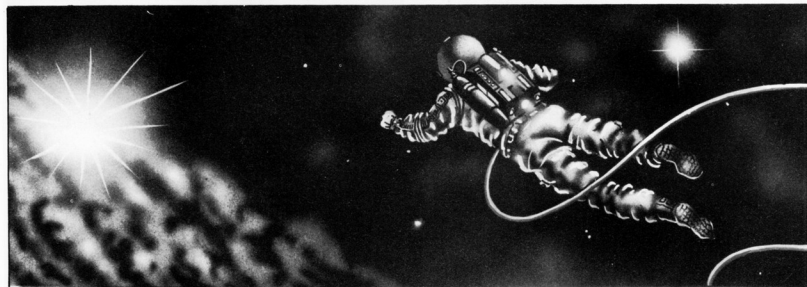
AY-AY-AY-AY!

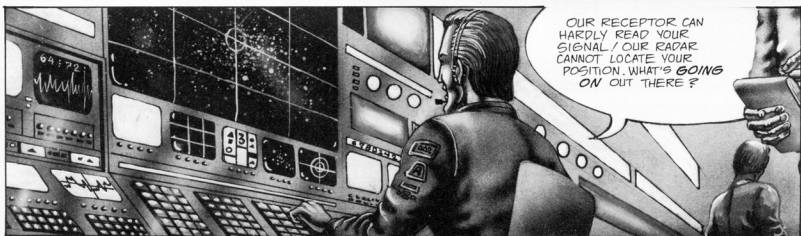


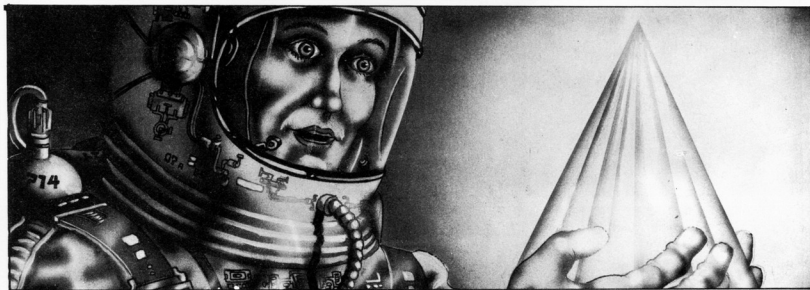
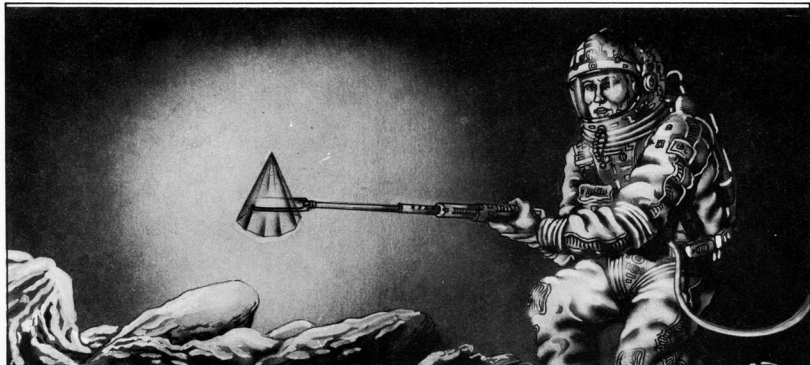


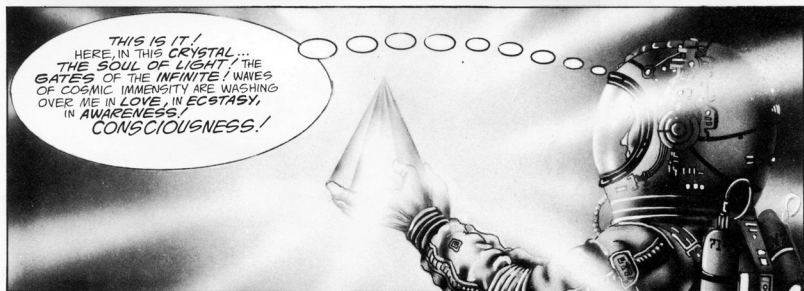
POINT GAMMA 3











NOW I UNDERSTAND! FOR THE FIRST TIME, I REALLY UNDERSTAND! ALL THIS WAS PROGRAMMED A MILLION YEARS AGO... HOW OUR SHIP WOULD BE DRAWN HERE, GUIDED, CONTROLLED BY A HIGHER WILL... AND NOW BY MEANS OF THIS CRYSTAL ...

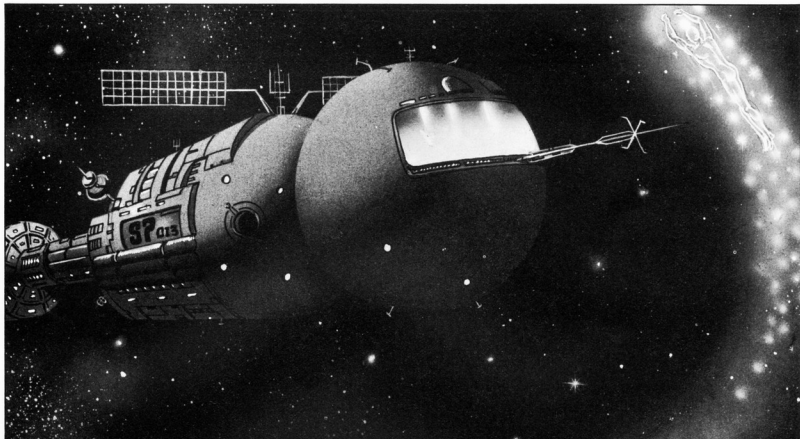
...WE WOULD BE BROUGHT TO THIS ASTEROID BY THOSE WHO WISH US TO PASS BEYOND THE DOOR, TO THE INTERDIMENSIONAL GALAXIES! YOU, WHO HAVE SENT ME THIS CONSCIOUSNESS, THIS PERFECT UNDERSTANDING... I HEAR YOU, OH BEINGS OF LIGHT...

OH, CHILDREN OF ETERNITY! IN THE SWEETNESS OF YOUR SONG I FORSAKE MY IDENTITY, I ABANDON EVEN MY NAME FOREVER...

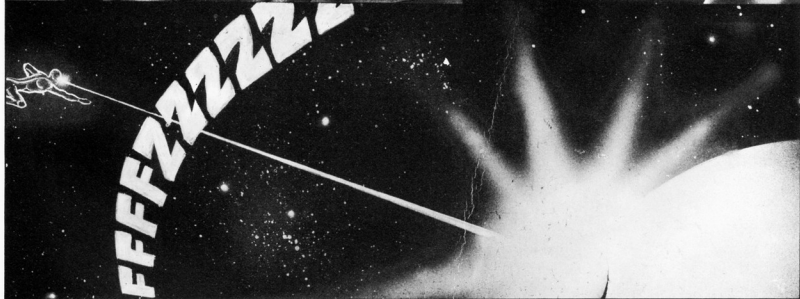
...I AM...

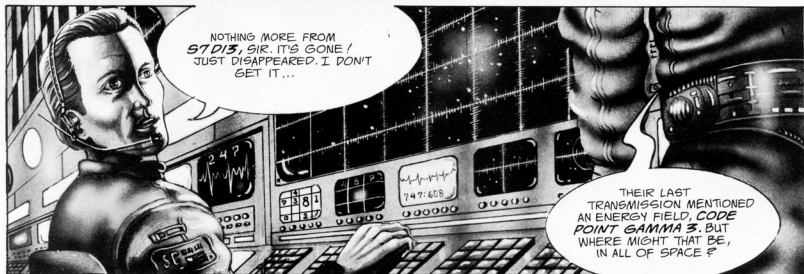
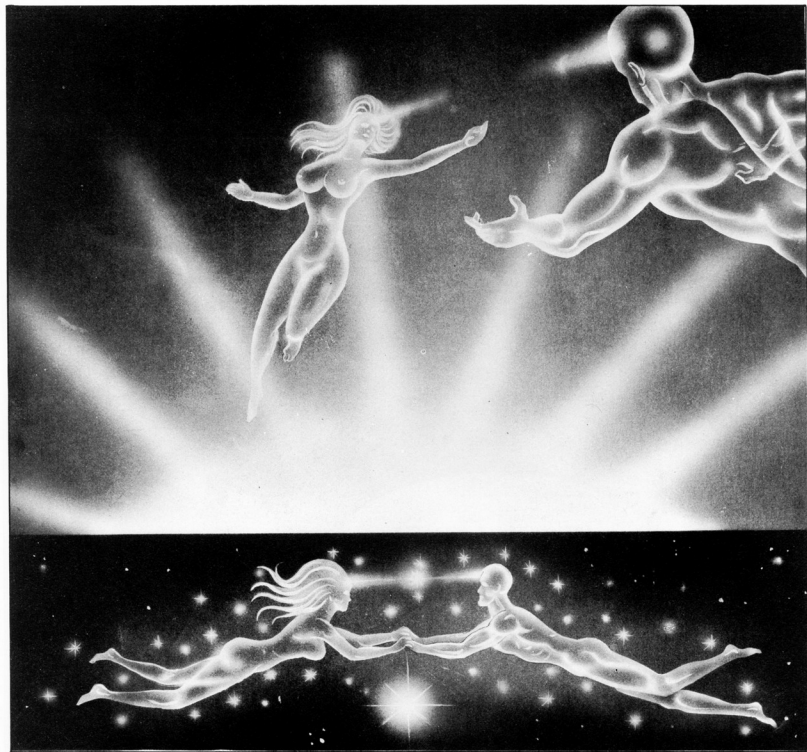
...RAM AKSTOR... CHILD OF THE SUN!

...BORN TIME OUT OF MIND! IN THIS INSTANT TO RECOVER MY COSMIC ESSENCE AND TO BE REUNITED WITH ULTIMATE CONSCIOUSNESS, THE BEGINNING AND END OF THE UNIVERSE!



OH, MOST HOLY
FIRE OF LIFE / OH, BRIGHTEST
ESSENCE OF THE HIGHEST
CONSCIOUSNESS / PLANETS AND STARS
SING YOUR PRAISES / LOOK DOWN UPON OUR
SPIRITS, WHO HAVE WAITED SO
LONG...







WHAT A SCENE!
WITH THIS MUSIC INSIDE
MY HEAD, I FEEL LIKE I'M
FLOATING ACROSS A
UNIVERSE OF PURE CRYSTAL
HARMONY...

THESE
VIBRATIONS ARE
WONDERFUL... I CAN
FEEL THEM WITH MY
WHOLE BODY....

CRAYO

IT'S A **TERRIFIC** LITTLE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, ISN'T IT? THE **RADIATION** FROM THE STARS AND PLANETS IS PICKED UP ON AN ANTENNA SYSTEM WHICH **SYNTHESIZES** IT INTO **SOUND WAVES**, AND HERE WE ARE TO ENJOY THE **COSMIC SYMPHONY!** WAIT 'TIL A **PULSAR** MAKES CONTACT...



YES, THE HARMONY IS **DIVINE**... BUT I PREFER THE MUSICAL SYNTHESIS OF THE VIBRATIONS SENT BY THE **FLOWERS**... THEY SEEM... **DEEPER** TO ME, SOMEHOW.



A MIX-DOWN OF THE ENERGIES FROM THE STARS **AND** THE FLOWERS WOULD MAKE **TOTALLY** FAR-OUT HARMONIES... IN **COUNTERPOINT** WITH THE **VIBRATIONS** OF THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF OUR SHIP'S METAL, ELECTRICITY, FIRE, WATER, AND THE **BIOLOGICAL RHYTHMS** OF OUR OWN BODIES!...



... SO **MANY** NEW EXPERIENCES TO TRY!... BUT... HOW LONG BEFORE WE REACH **YAMMA?**

NOW, IT'S NO LONGER A QUESTION OF DISTANCE, 'CAUSE WE'RE IN THE RIGHT **SPATIAL ZONE**... YOU KNOW THAT **YAMMA** IS LOCATED ON THE **INTERDIMENSIONAL PLANE**. WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR A SIGNAL, ACCORDING TO OUR PRE-PROGRAMMING...



IT'S THRILLING TO KNOW THAT **WE** WERE CHOSEN TO GO TO **YAMMA!** THE MYTHIC GALACTIC CONFEDERATION FROM WHERE THE **COSMIC INTELLIGENCE** DIRECTS THE **DESTINY** OF MANKIND, AND...

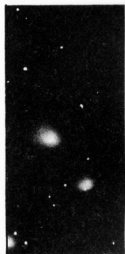
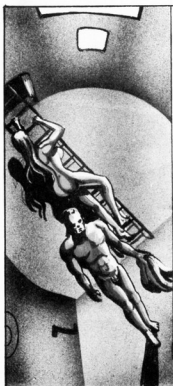
HUMMM...

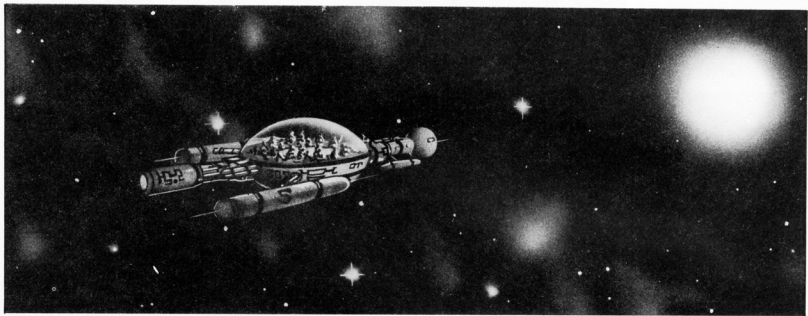
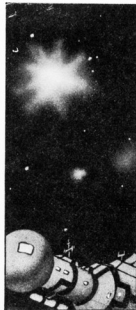
I WONDER HOW **HE** WILL REACT TO THE TWO OF US **NAKED NEANDERTALS** IN THE **COSMOS?**



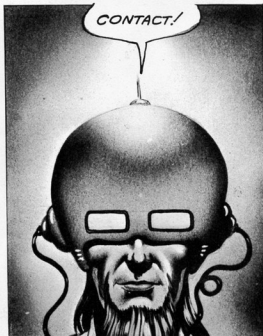
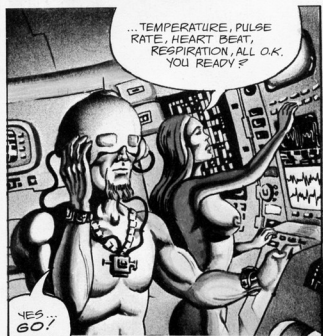
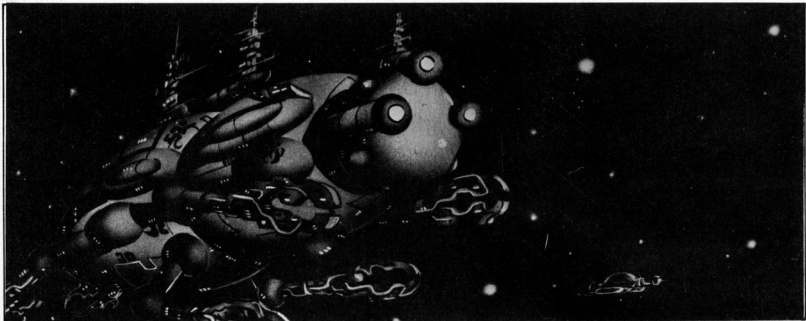
ATTENTION! REPORT TO THE NAVIGATION ROOM!











RELAY #2... THE
SPIRIT OF
METAL POWER
SPEAKS TO YOU
VIA ORCYB,
THE
GALACTIC
ROBOT./

KELDRYC!...
COME!
KELDRYC!...
COME!
COME!
COME!

A
VISION! A
SUMMONS!

COME...KELDRYC... COME...

COME...KELDRYC... COME...

THAT MESSAGE...IT'S
A CALL I CAN'T
RESIST...I MUST
FLY OUT TO THAT
THING...

I DON'T
TRUST
THAT GREAT
BIG MACHINE...
IT LOOKS SO
WEIRD... WHERE
ARE THE PILOTS?
WHAT PLANET
DOES IT COME
FROM? ITS
VIBRATIONS
MAKE ME
LIP TIGHT...

COOL IT!
ROBOTS WERE
MADE TO SERVE
HUMAN
INTELLIGENCE...

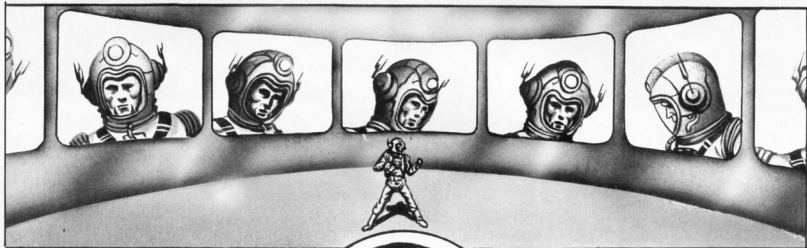
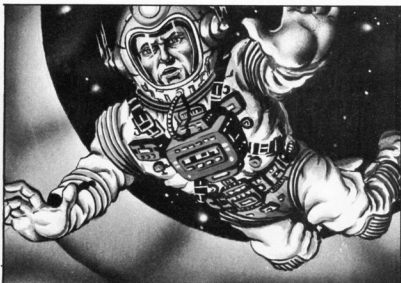
YOU PLUG INTO
THE TELEPATHY
HELMET AND
STAY IN CON-
TACT WITH
ME!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY
TO YAMMA, AND ON
THIS TRIP ANYTHING
CAN HAPPEN! I'LL
TAKE THE ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC THOUGHT-
WAVE TRANS-
MITTER..

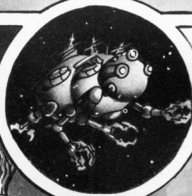
TAKE CARE,
KELDRYC... AND
GOOD LUCK!

...NOW...
IT'S JUST YOU
AND ME,
ORCYB...

THERE'S A SORT OF
MAGNETIC CURRENT!
I'M BEING DRAWN
TOWARD THE
VESSEL!



EARTHMAN KELDRIK, THIS
IS ORCYB SPEAKING! NOW
THAT YOU ARE INSIDE,
SURROUNDED BY METAL,
I CAN MAKE KNOWN TO YOU
THE GALACTIC MEANING
OF YOUR
SITUATION...



I, ORCYB, WAS BORN
IN THE UNIVERSES WHERE
THE ENERGIES OF
ROBOT POWER
GATHERED! THIS VESSEL,
MADE OF THE MAGNETIC
PARTICLES OF YOUR
THOUGHT, HAS FOLLOWED
YOU EVER SINCE YOU
ENTERED THE PARALLEL
PLANE ... FOR IT IS YOUR
INNER DESIRE FOR POWER
AND CONQUEST THAT HAS
GIVEN ME THIS SHAPE...



WEIGHT-
LESSNESS!
AAAAH! THESE SOUND
WAVES ... IT'S
AWFUL!...



GREAT
JUPITER! I
CAN'T STAND THOSE
VIBRATIONS!

I WAS YOUR **SHADOW** IN THE COSMOS UNTIL NOW! NOW THAT WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF THE INTERDIMENSIONAL UNIVERSE OF YAMMA, ONE OF US MUST BE DESTROYED!

YOU HAVE BEEN LED HERE FOR A COMBAT TO THE DEATH! HERE IS YOUR OPPONENT: **MURKON**, THE **WARRIOR OF STEEL**! IF YOU CAN DEFEAT HIM, YOU WILL BE FREE TO CONTINUE YOUR VOYAGE!



...A DUEL TO THE DEATH... BUT I AM UNARMED...



AAHH! THE BASTARD! HE HAS **TELEMETRIC** POWERS. I CAN'T LET HIM TRAP ME! I HAVE TO **ESCAPE**...

I'LL DIVERT ALL MY ENERGY TO MY REAR JET-PACK. IF I CAN MANAGE TO **SYNTHESIZE** A FORCE FIELD WITH MY EQUIPMENT, THEN...



...THIS METAL MONSTER WILL NEVER GET ME! AH! THAT DOES IT!



CONTACT! NOW WE'LL MEET IN A COMBAT OF **THOUGHT WAVES!**



"AH! THE ENERGY
FIELD IS SYNTH-
SIZED! NOW I
MUST CONCENT-
RATE ALL MY
PSYCHIC
FORCES TO
DEFLECT THE
POWER OF
THIS TITAN..."



KELDRYC IS IN
DANGER! I MUST
HELP HIM!



...ASTRYD... STAY IN
CONTACT! THE MUSIC!
THE MUSIC OF THE
SPHERES!



ALL THE CHANNELS
OF THE SYNTH-
SIZER ARE SWITCHED
ON. SYNCHRONIZE
YOUR RECEIVER TO
ME... FREQUENCY
AZ-PX 256.4!



YEEEEHHH!





HIS CIRCUITS ARE VERY STRONG! IT'S TAKING ALL MY ENERGY JUST TO DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST HIS THOUGHT WAVES!



AH! ASTRID HAS GOT THROUGH TO ME WITH THE MUSIC! IT'S HELPING ME TO COORDINATE MY THOUGHT WAVES. NOW I CAN CONCENTRATE AND CONTACT THE MIND OF THIS ROBOT...



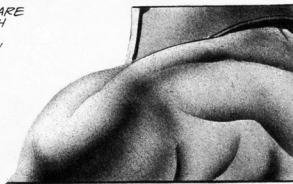
...HE IS DRIVEN BY IMPULSES OF AGGRESSION AND HATE...



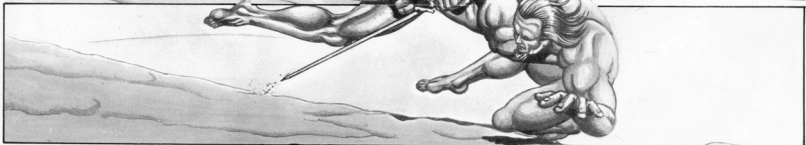
...BUT THE MUSICAL VIBRATIONS HAVE GIVEN ME ENOUGH SPEED TO GET PAST HIS REFLEXES...

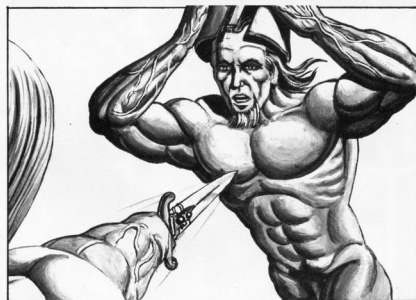
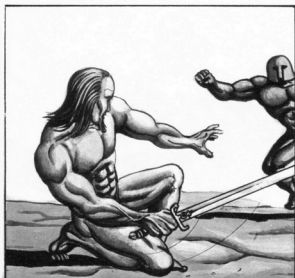
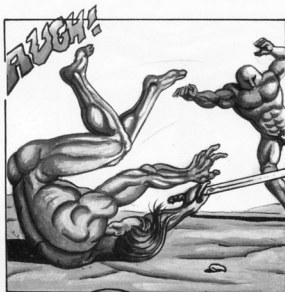


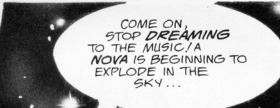
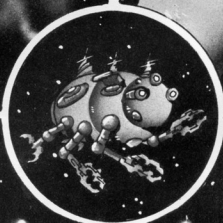
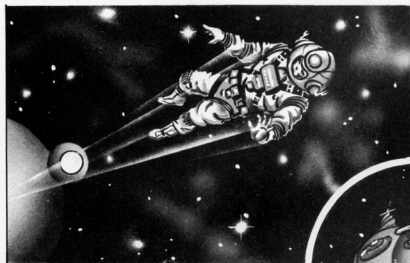
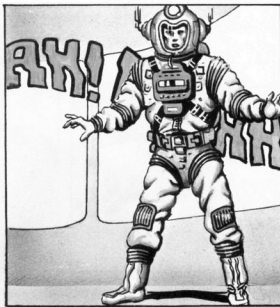
"HIS STRENGTH AND HIS RESISTANCE ARE VERY GREAT... I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN CONCENTRATE MY PSYCHIC FORCES ON THIS LEVEL..."

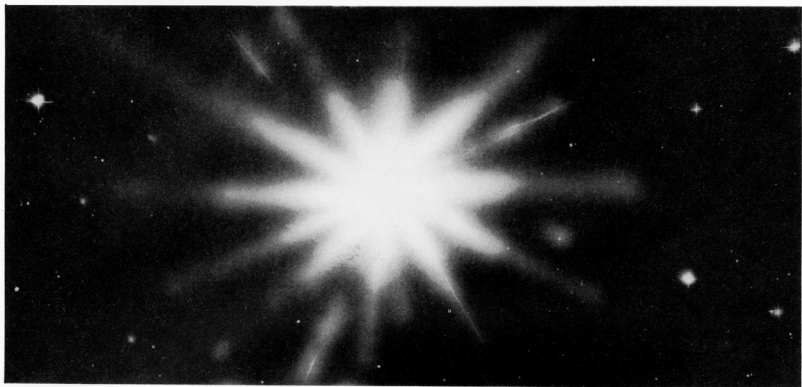
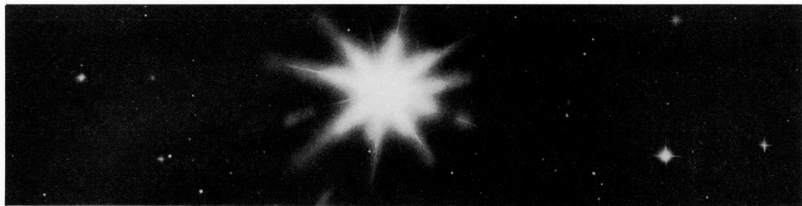


CORTX 12 HAS BEEN REACHED! I AM ASKOR 7, THE DIAMOND WARRIOR, NEUROLOGICAL CIRCUIT CODE 456 YZ 6!

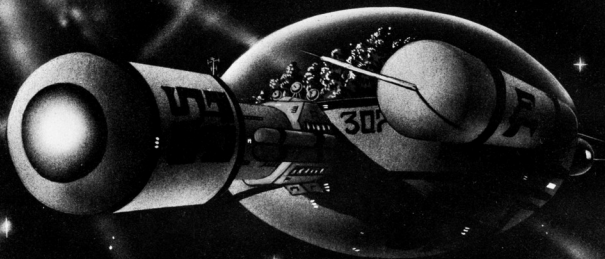








NOVA

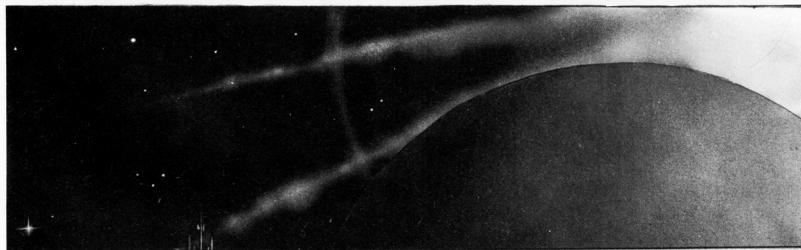
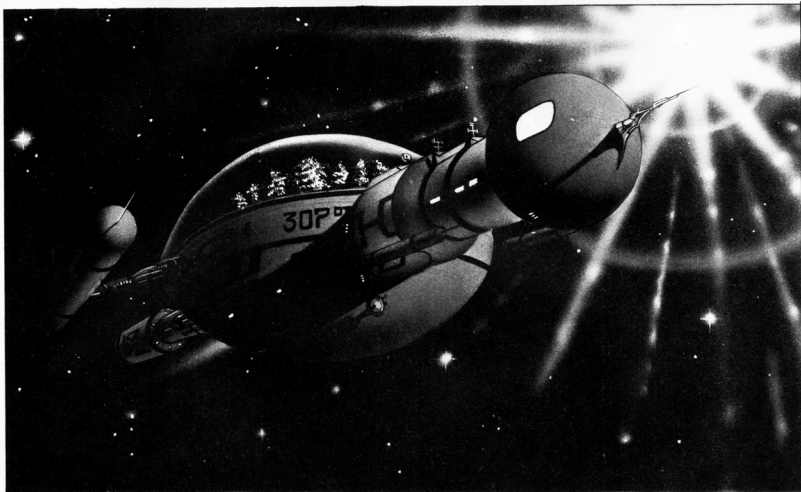
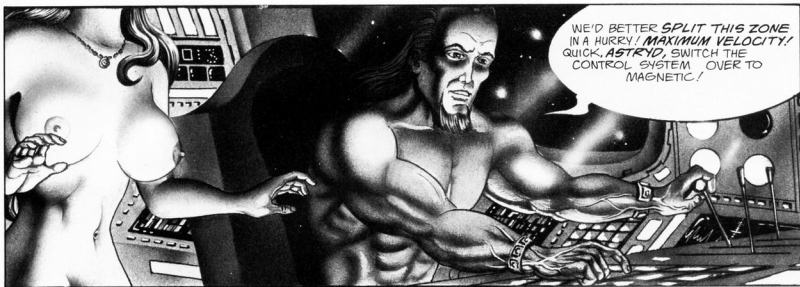


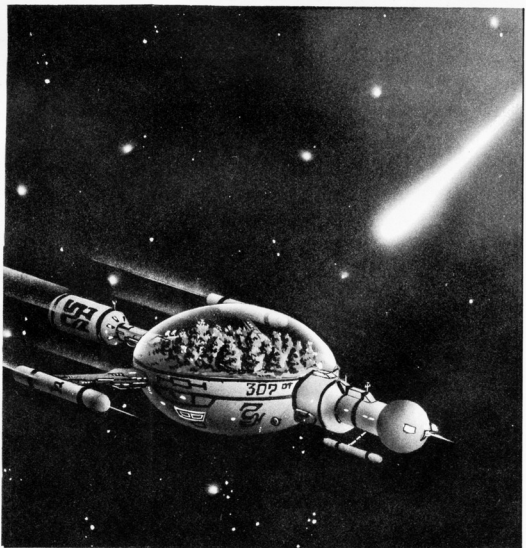
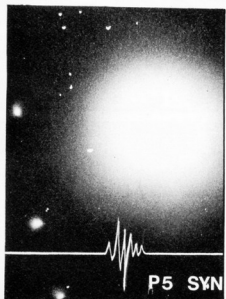
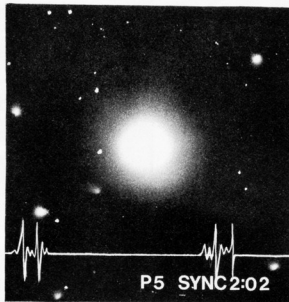
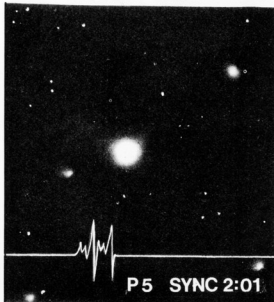
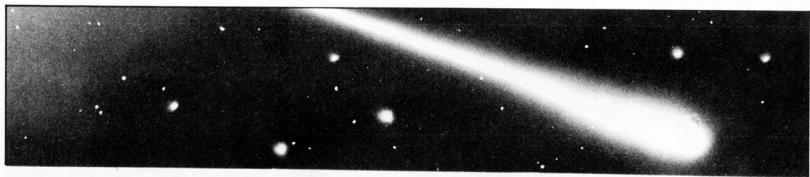
SERCIO MACI

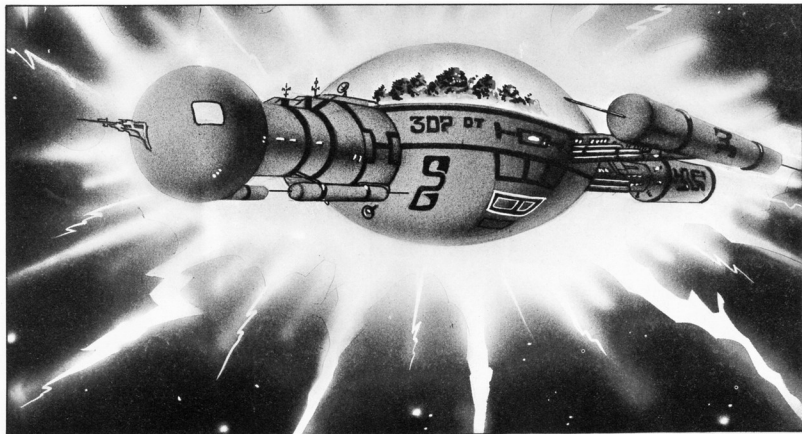


LETTERER: HARRY BLUMFIELD

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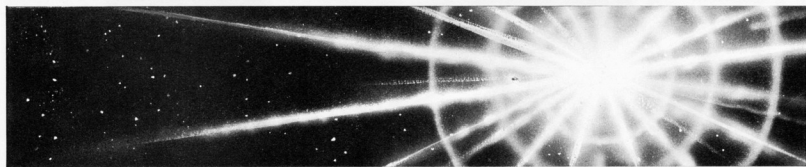
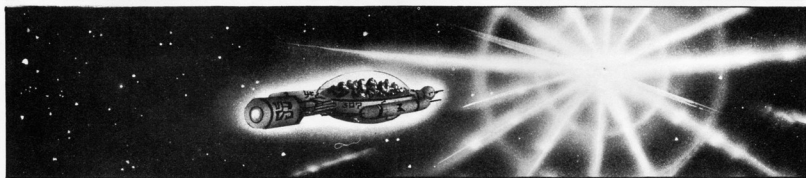
GOOD GODS OF SPACE! TRY TO GET TO THE WEIGHTLESSNESS CONTROLS!...



BZZZ...ZZNG!
ZZZZNNING!



O.K.! GOT IT!



I CAN'T GET ANY OF THE EQUIPMENT TO RESPOND! THE SHIP'S BEING **DRAWN** RIGHT INTO THE FORCE FIELD OF THE NOVA!



...MY HEAD! IT'S SPLITTING! AHH! THAT IMAGE ON THE SCREEN!...

...IT'S... IT'S
A TRANSMISSION
DIRECT FROM
YAMMA!



I AM ARKAN 18, GUARDIAN OF INTERDIMEN-
SIONAL TELEPSYCHIC COMMUNICATIONS!
WELCOME, SPACE TRAVELERS! YOU HAVE
MADE THE BREAKTHROUGH INTO
CONTACT WITH THE GALACTIC OVER-
MIND, AND THAT NOVA IS THE SIGNAL
FROM ONE OF THE CENTERS WHICH
HAS BEEN FOLLOWING YOU...

IT IS, IN FACT, THE GATEWAY BETWEEN
YOURSELVES AND THE INFINITE
UNIVERSE!
OUR PSYCHORADAR HAS GUIDED
YOU AND YOUR SHIP TO THIS
SPACE AND TIME.

HENCEFORWARD, THE PROGRAMMING OF
YOUR PATH WILL BE AFFECTED BY THE
LAWS OF THE COSMIC ORGANISM!



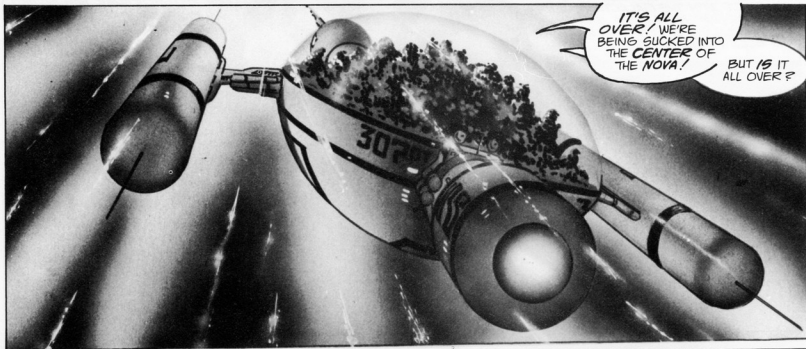


HAVING OPENED THE INTERDIMENSIONAL GATEWAY OF THE NOVA, YOU HAVE ENTERED UPON THE LIMITLESS UNIVERSE, FORMED BY EMANATIONS FROM THE SOURCE OF PURE CONSCIOUS ENERGY!!



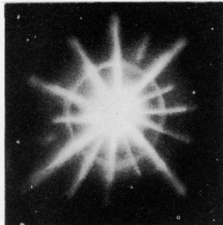
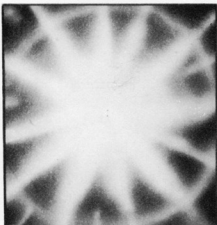
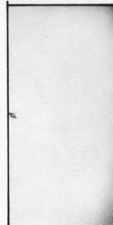
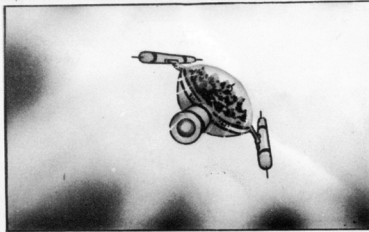
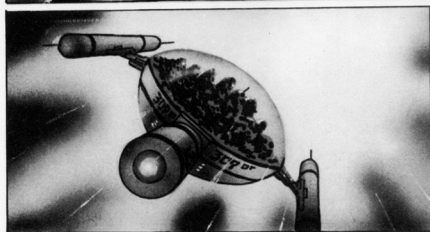
BUT OUR SHIP / IT WILL BE TORN APART BY THE EXPLOSION!

HIS EYES / AND HIS FACE... IT HAS A STRANGE HYPNOTIC POWER...

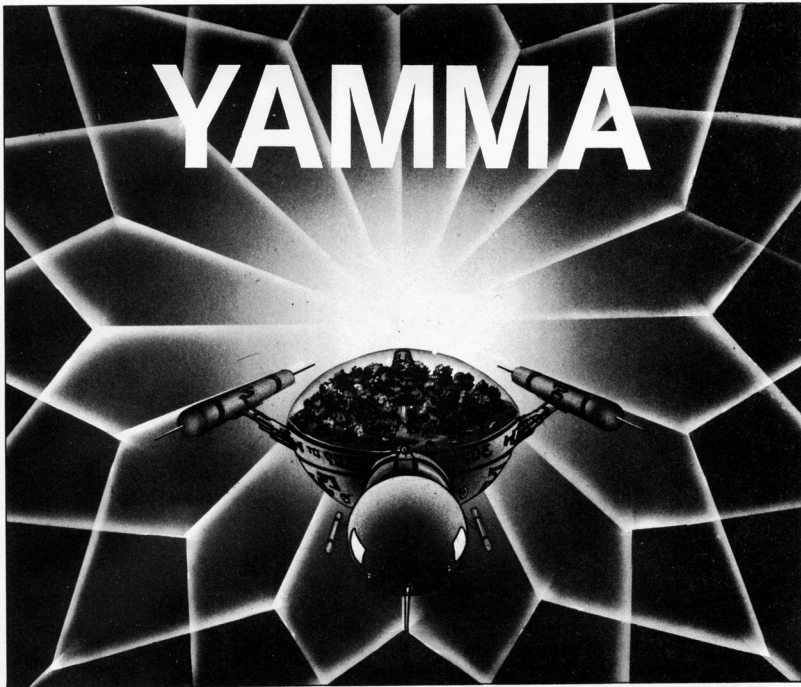


IT'S ALL OVER / WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO THE CENTER OF THE NOVA!

BUT IS IT ALL OVER?



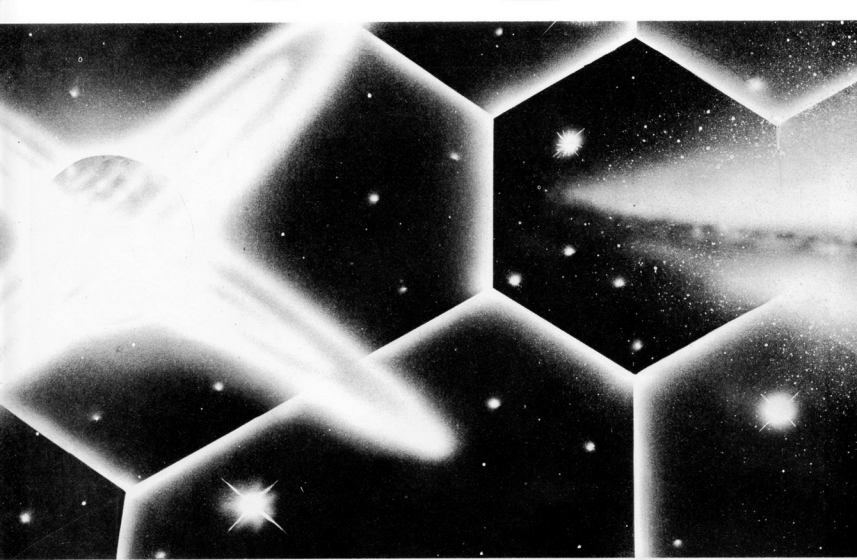
YAMMA



LETTERER: HARRY BLUMFIELD



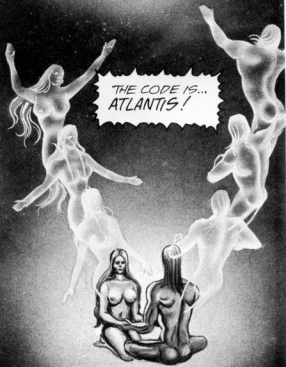
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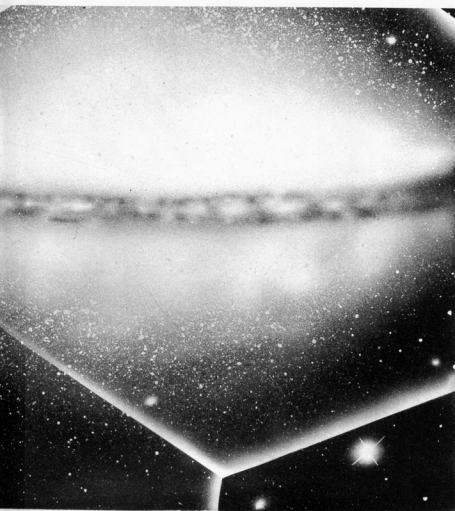


WE'RE SUSPENDED NOW, BETWEEN OUR WORLD
AND THE UNIVERSE OF ANTIMATTER! IF WE
CAN ONLY CONCENTRATE, WE CAN SEND OUR
ANTIMATTER COUNTERPARTS TO THE PLACE
THEY ARE NEEDED!

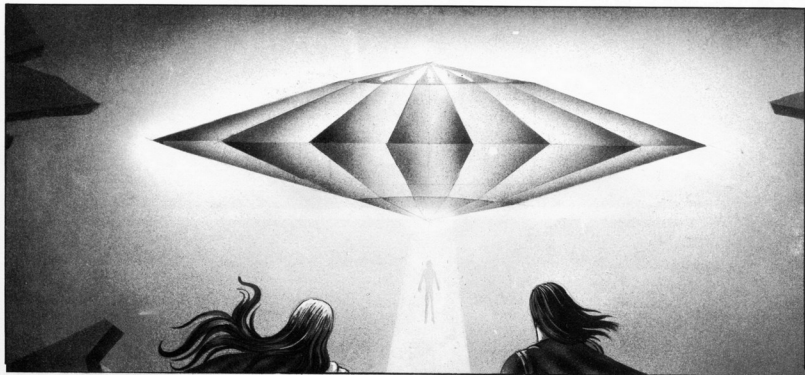


THE CODE IS...
ATLANTIS!





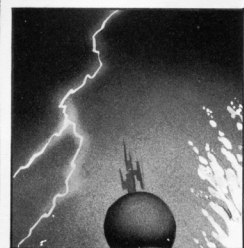
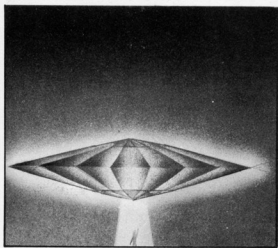
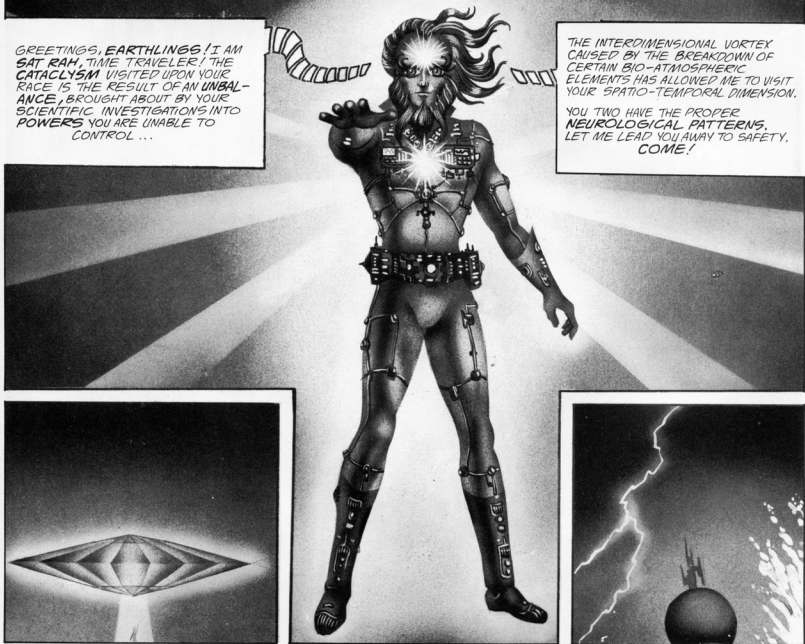




GREETINGS, EARTHLINGS! I AM
SAT RAH, TIME TRAVELER! THE
CATACLYSM VISITED UPON YOUR
RACE IS THE RESULT OF AN UNBAL-
ANCE, BROUGHT ABOUT BY YOUR
SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION'S INTO
POWERS YOU ARE UNABLE TO
CONTROL ...

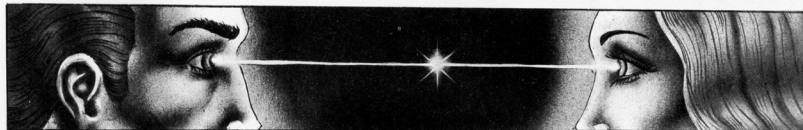
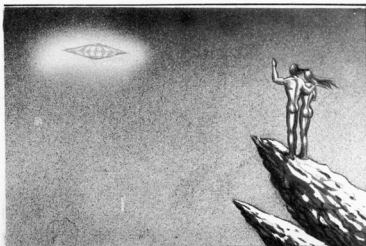
THE INTERDIMENSIONAL VORTEX
CAUSED BY THE BREAKDOWN OF
CERTAIN BIO-ATMOSPHERIC
ELEMENTS HAS ALLOWED ME TO VISIT
YOUR SPATIO-TEMPORAL DIMENSION.

YOU TWO HAVE THE PROPER
NEUROLOGICAL PATTERNS.
LET ME LEAD YOU AWAY TO SAFETY.
COME!



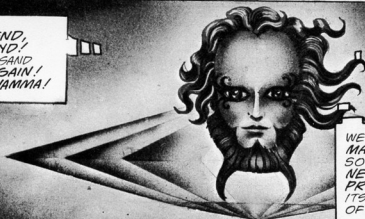


YOUR COUNTERPARTS IN THE ANTIMATTER WORLD ARE BEGINNING TO COMPREHEND THE MEANINGS OF THIS COSMIC MOMENT! YOU, I SEND UPON A MISSION. FOR THE NEXT TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS, YOUR EARTHLY EXISTENCE SHALL CONTINUE IN THE FORMS OF MANY OTHER LIVES. THEN, ONE DAY YOU SHALL COME TO ME, BRINGING TO ME A CODE SYNTHESIZED IN YOUR ARCHETYPAL CONSCIOUSNESS. WITH THAT CODE, WE SHALL REOPEN THE CHANNELS OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN EARTH AND THE HEAVENS!



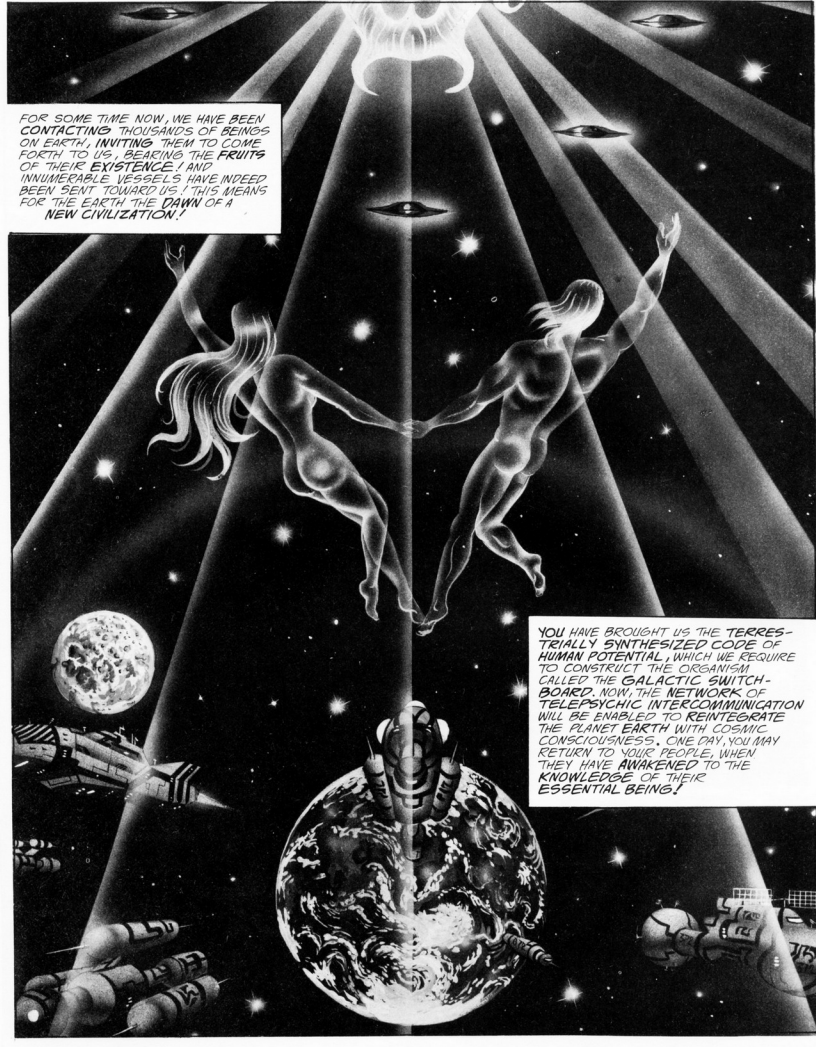
ASTRYD! I CAN SENSE THE PRESENCE OF THE CRYSTAL VESSEL! THERE IT IS!

YOUR TRIP IS AT AN END, KELDRYK AND ASTRYD! AFTER TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS, WE MEET AGAIN! YOU HAVE COME TO YAMMA!



YOU HAVE COME HERE SO THAT YOU MIGHT REALIZE THE ILLUSORY EXISTENCE OF A MYTHIC POLITICAL FEDERATION IN THE COSMOS. FOR YAMMA IS THE NAME OF THE GATEWAY TO GALACTIC INTERCOMMUNICATION WITH THE PLANET EARTH.

WE OURSELVES ARE BUT THE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE PURE SOURCE OF COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS, WHICH IS ALWAYS IN THE PROCESS OF REVEALING TO ITSELF THE PERFECT STRUCTURE OF ALL CREATION...



FOR SOME TIME NOW, WE HAVE BEEN CONTACTING THOUSANDS OF BEINGS ON EARTH, INVITING THEM TO COME FORTH TO US, BEARING THE FRUITS OF THEIR EXISTENCE! AND INNUMERABLE VESSELS HAVE INDEED BEEN SENT TOWARD US. THIS MEANS FOR THE EARTH THE DAWN OF A NEW CIVILIZATION!

YOU HAVE BROUGHT US THE TERRESTRIALLY SYNTHESIZED CODE OF HUMAN POTENTIAL, WHICH WE REQUIRE TO CONSTRUCT THE ORGANISM CALLED THE GALACTIC SWITCHBOARD. NOW, THE NETWORK OF TELEPSYCHIC INTERCOMMUNICATION WILL BE ENABLED TO REINTEGRATE THE PLANET EARTH WITH COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS. ONE DAY, YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR PEOPLE, WHEN THEY HAVE AWAKENED TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR ESSENTIAL BEING!

Also from the *Heavy Metal* book series:

Arzach by Moebius

Candice at Sea by Lob and Pichard

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