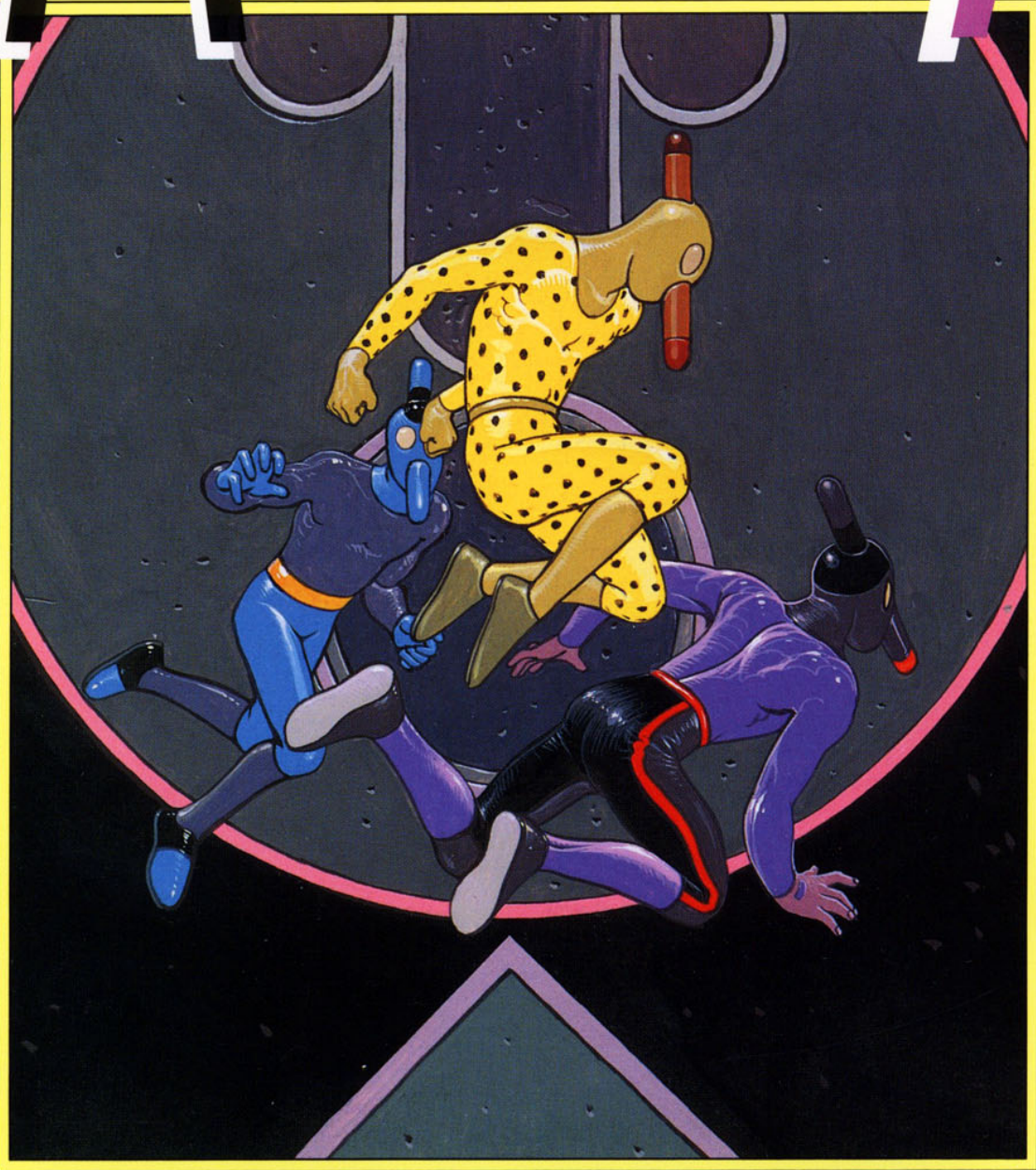
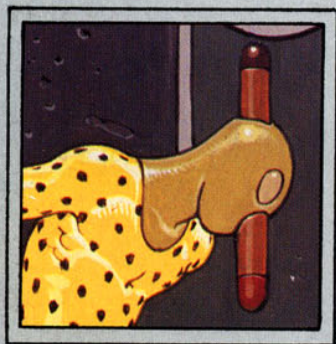


MOEBIUS 7™

THE COLLECTED FANTASIES OF JEAN GIRAUD



◆ THE ◆
GODDESS™



MOEBIUS 7
THE GODDESS

JEAN "MOEBIUS" GIRAUD
story & art

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BLACK THURSDAY
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with special thanks to Steve Alexandrov, Steve Buccellato,
JB Johnson, Bette Ringma & Dan Shoemaker

OTHER MOEBIUS GRAPHIC NOVELS

MOEBIUS 1

UPON A STAR

MOEBIUS 2

**ARZACH &
OTHER FANTASY STORIES**

MOEBIUS 3

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

MOEBIUS 4

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

MOEBIUS 5

THE GARDENS OF AEDENA

MOEBIUS 6

**PHARAGONESIA
& OTHER STRANGE STORIES**

MOEBIUS 7

THE GODDESS

THE ART OF MOEBIUS

OTHER MOEBIUS GRAPHIC NOVELS — WITH JODOROWSKY

THE INCAL 1

THE INCAL 2

THE INCAL 3

OTHER MOEBIUS GRAPHIC NOVELS — WITH CHARLIER

B L U E B E R R Y 1

CHIHUAHUA PEARL

B L U E B E R R Y 2

BALLAD FOR A COFFIN

B L U E B E R R Y 3

ANGEL FACE

B L U E B E R R Y 4

THE GHOST TRIBE

B L U E B E R R Y 5

THE END OF THE TRAIL

MOEBIUS 8

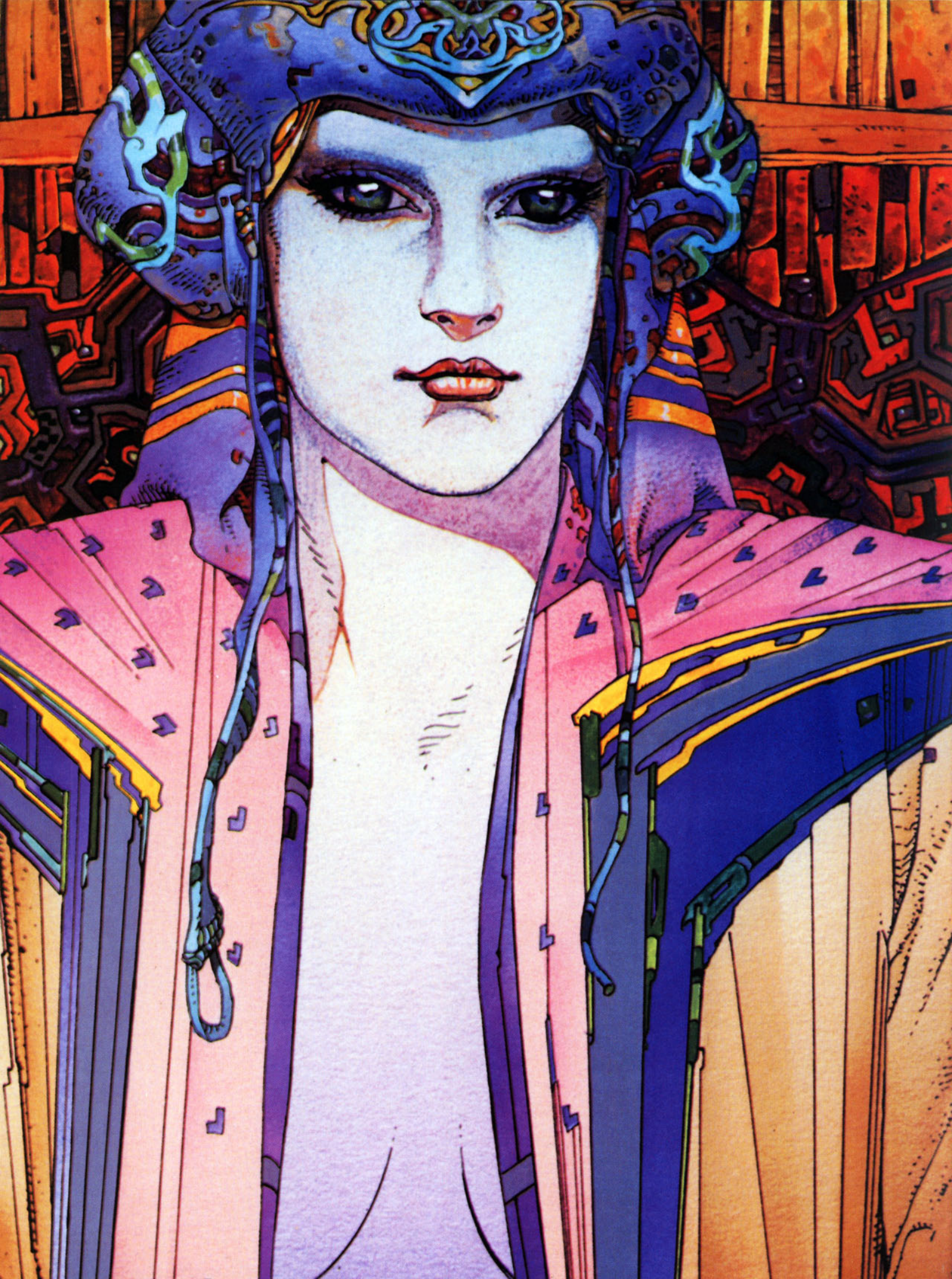
MISSISSIPPI RIVER

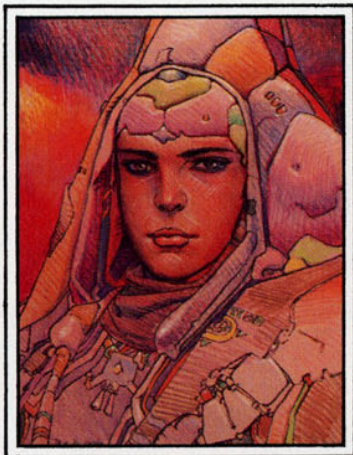
OTHER MOEBIUS GRAPHIC NOVELS — WITH STAN LEE

THE SILVER SURFER: PARABLE

published by
Epic Comics
387 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016
ISBN #0-87135-714-3

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THE MIRROR CRACK'D

The Goddess, the third chapter in Moebius' **Aedena Cycle**, was written and drawn in Paris and in Los Angeles, between the fall of 1988 and the spring of 1989.

Upon A Star was the search for the promise of a utopia. **The Gardens of Aedena** was a manifesto for a spiritual way of reconciling man to that utopia, especially through food and his attitude towards it. Now, in **The Goddess**, a new mirror of reality filtered by the artist's mind, we discover that revolution, breaking down the old world's order, may be the only road to that utopia.

Although Moebius remained generally faithful to his master plan, it is tempting to see **The Goddess** as an apt, symbolic anticipation of the events that were to shake Europe during the latter part of 1989.

The underground civilization of the Nest, where all citizens are forced to wear faceless masks (which, in a definitely Orwellian twist, are called "faces"), and which is ruled by an all-powerful father who knows what's best for his children, seems a reasonably good allegory of Ceaucescu's Romania, the Soviet Union, China, or any of the other Eastern European countries which lived in the shackles of communism.

The regime blames the dreaded nose fever, which even "faces" cannot contain, on the outside world, like "bourgeois liberalism," but it is in reality the product of an inner sickness, caused by the very decay of the Nest's institutions, in this case: the endless cloning of the Paternum. When the citizens lose faith in their "god", and discover that he cannot even guarantee their welfare, they revolt.

Again, Moebius' allegory appears to be a blueprint of the various revolts which shook the world during 1989. Even the very "Goddess" uncannily anticipates the doomed Chinese students' "Goddess of Democracy."

But where the Goddess was crushed by Chinese tanks in TianAnMen Square, Moebius' Goddess goes on to liberate her people. The question now remains, in Aedena as on our planet: what will the people do with their freedom now that they have it?

Jean-Marc & Randy Lofficier

♦ THE GODDESS ♦

TRAPPED ON THE DESERT PLANET "POOL BALL" WITH SPECIMENS OF ALL THE INTELLIGENT LIFE FORMS IN THE GALAXY, STEL AND ATAN MANAGE TO ESCAPE IN A MYSTERIOUS PYRAMID, WHOSE DESTINATION IS REVEALED TO BE AEDENA, THE LEGENDARY PARADISE PLANET.

WHEN THEY AWAKE, THEY FIND THEMSELVES ALONE IN VAST GARDENS, APPARENTLY UNINHABITED. SLOWLY, THIS NEW ENVIRONMENT TRANSFORMS THEM, REVEALING SEXUAL CHARACTERISTICS PREVIOUSLY INHIBITED BY SUBSTANCES CONTAINED IN THE SYNTHETIC FOOD USED BY SPACE TRAVELERS.

THEIR NEWLY-FOUND SEXUALITY CAUSES THE TWO FRIENDS TO ARGUE AND EVENTUALLY SEPARATE.

ANOTHER CONSEQUENCE OF LIFE ON AEDENA IS THE SUDDEN IRRUPTION IN THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS OF VISIONS EMANATING FROM A MYSTERIOUS DREAM WORLD.

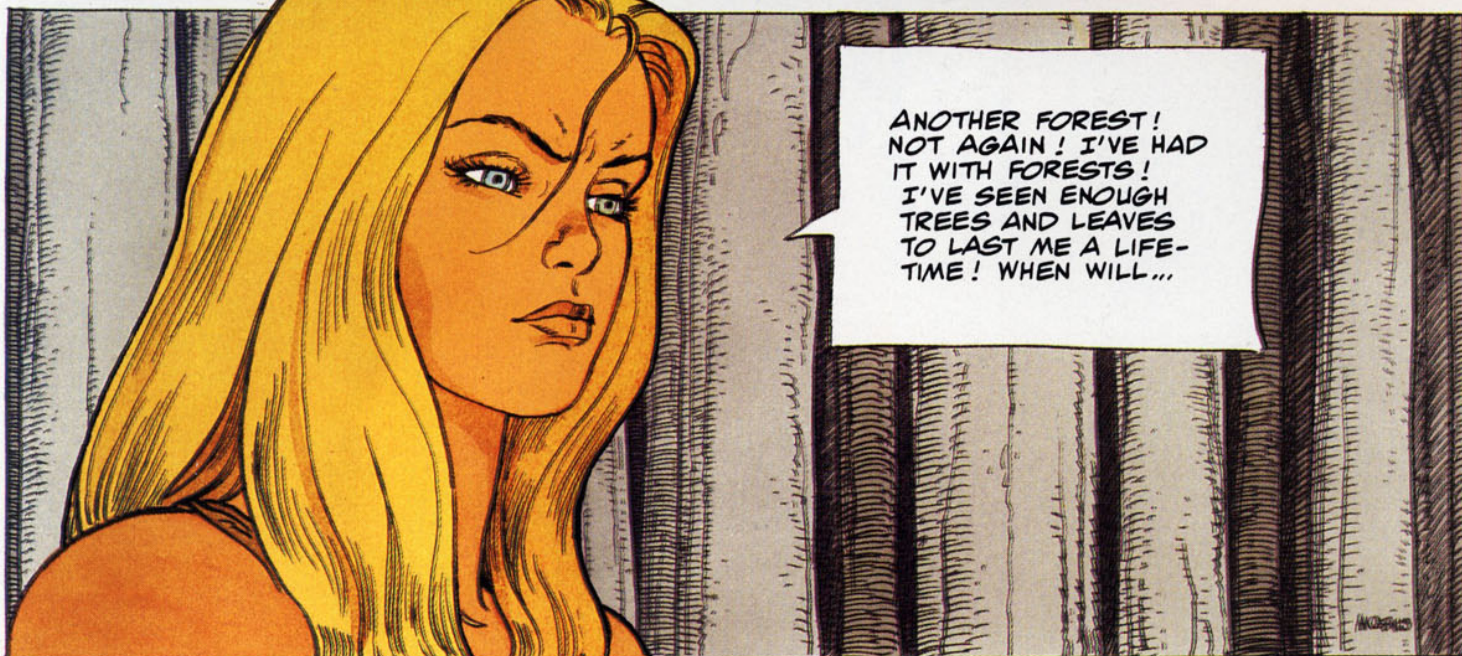
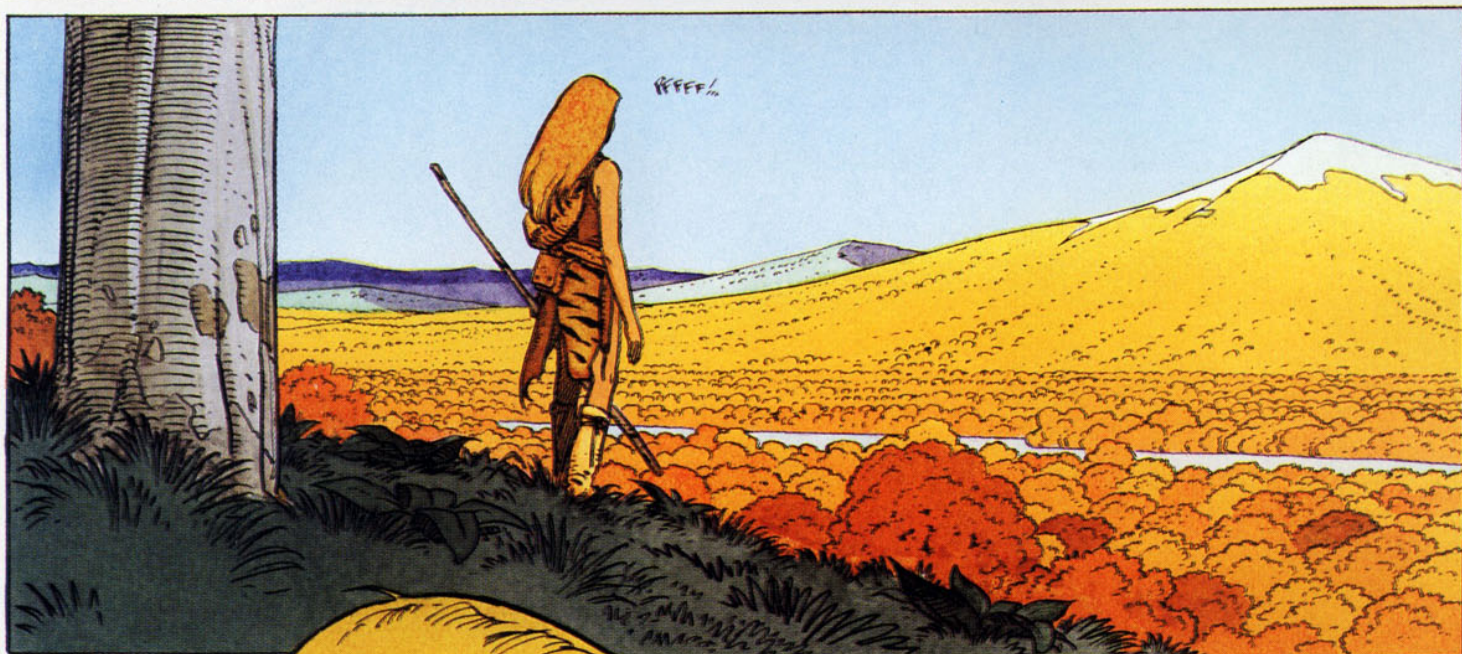
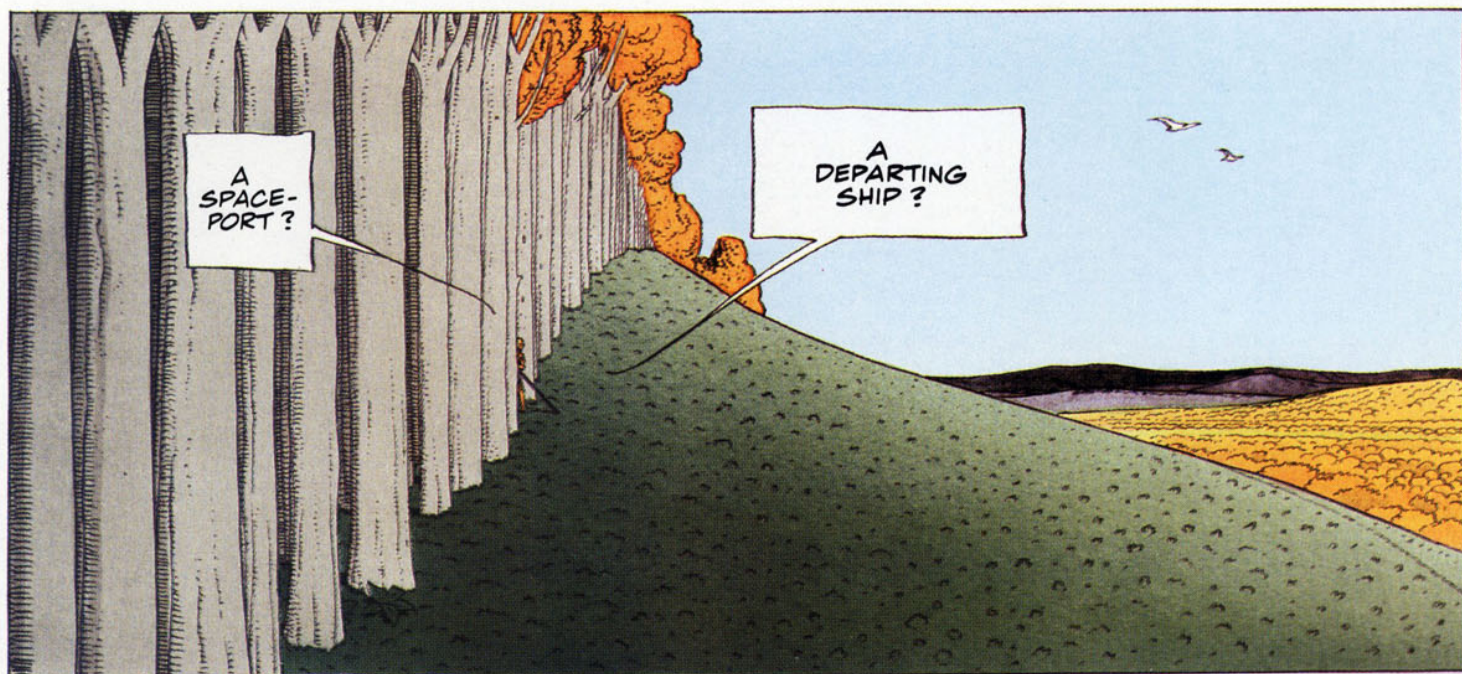
ATAN, OR RATHER ATANA, NOW ADVANCES, ALONE, IN THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS AEDENIC FOREST...

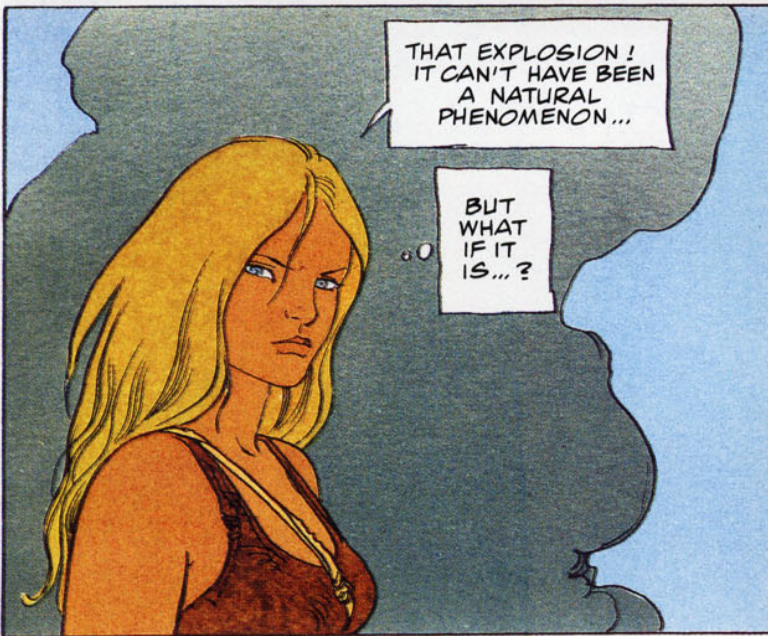
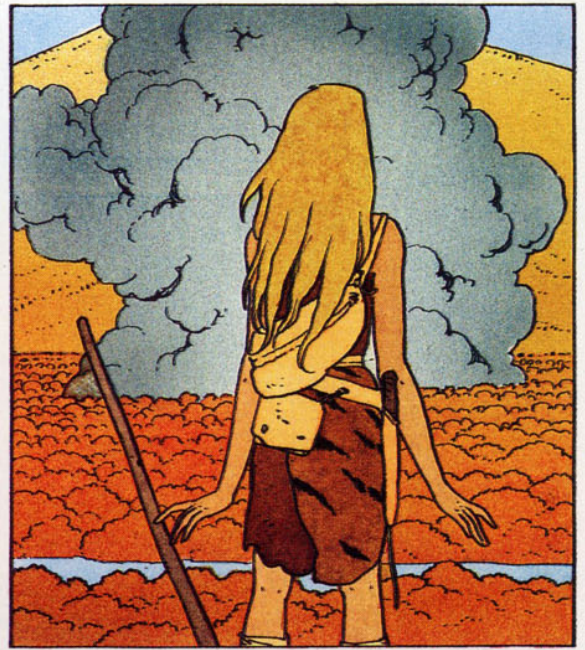
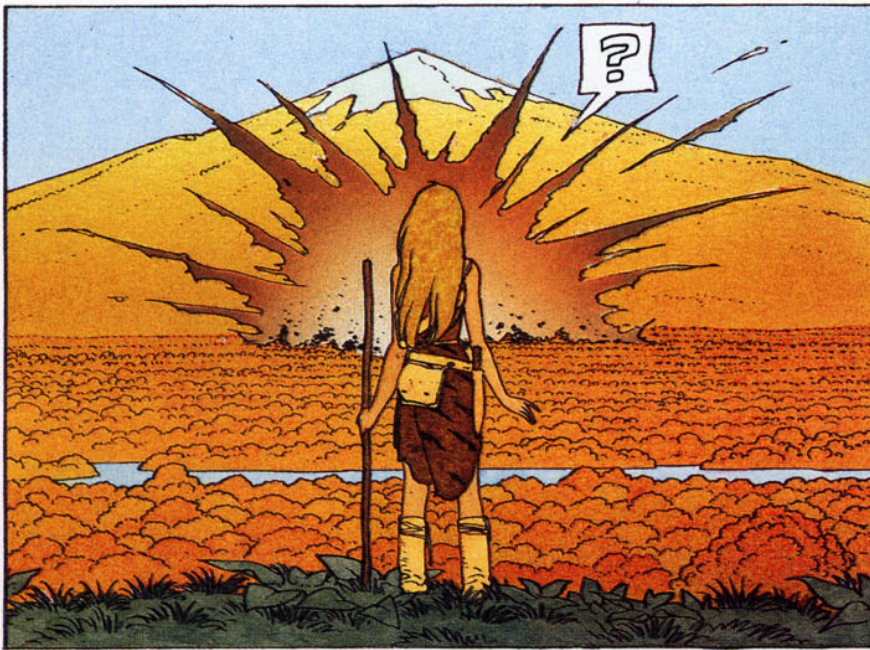
AH! THERE'S LIGHT
BEYOND THOSE TREES!
AM I FINALLY COMING
TO THE END OF THIS
FOREST?

I WONDER
WHAT I'LL
FIND? A
CITY? A
VILLAGE?

A PLEASANT
LITTLE INN?

A WARM
BED...





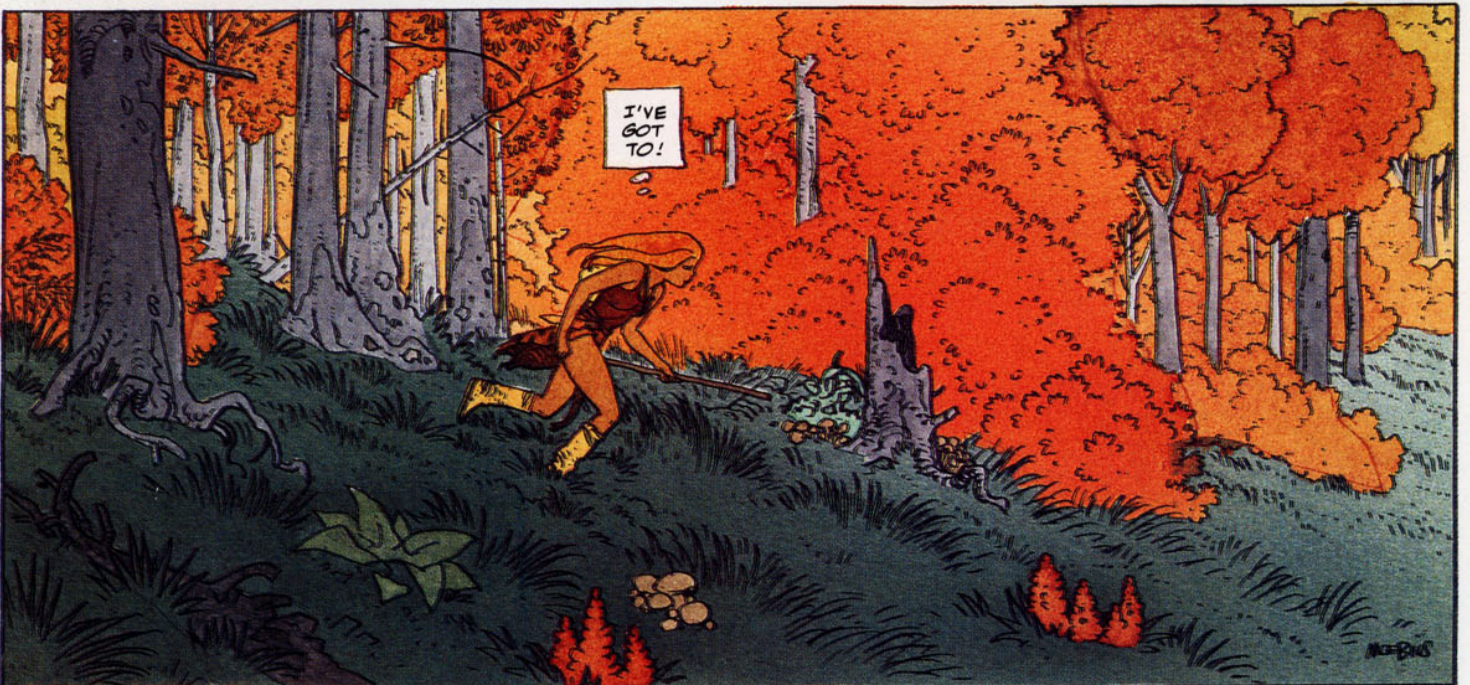
THAT EXPLOSION!
IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN
A NATURAL
PHENOMENON...

BUT
WHAT
IF IT
IS...?



IT DOESN'T
MATTER!
I'M TIRED OF
WANDERING
AROUND
ALONE IN
THIS
FOREST!

I'VE
GOT TO
FIND
OUT!



I'VE
GOT
TO!

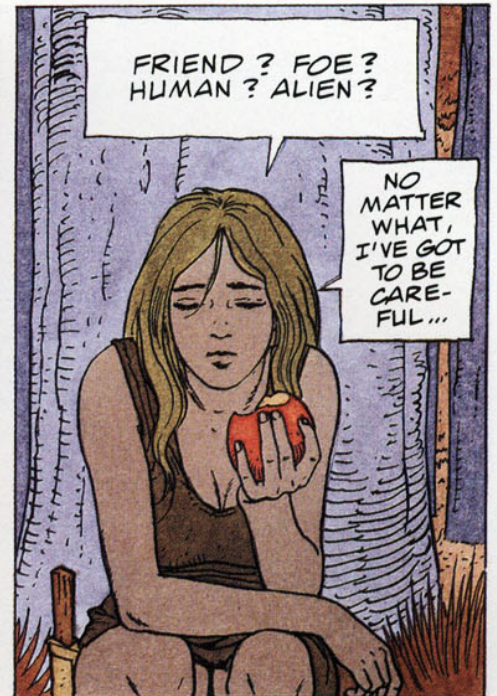


I'LL NEVER
MAKE IT
BEFORE
DARK...



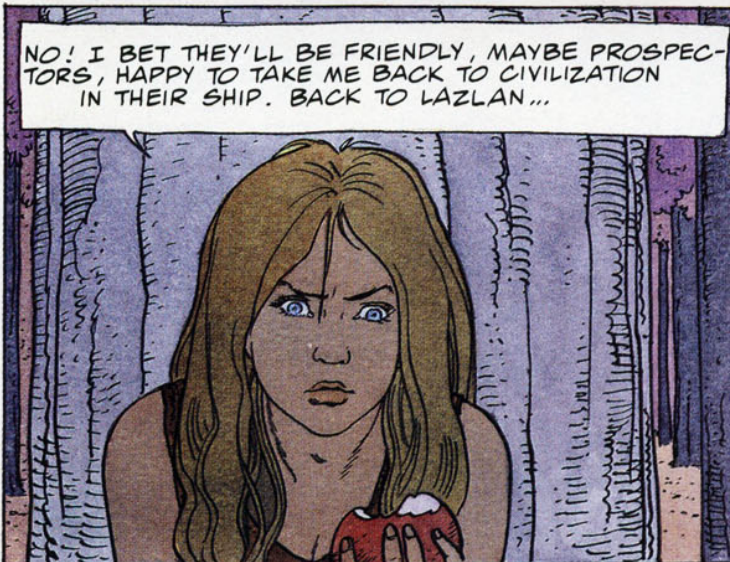
WHO--OR
WHAT--
AM I
GOING
TO FIND?

I
WON-
DER...

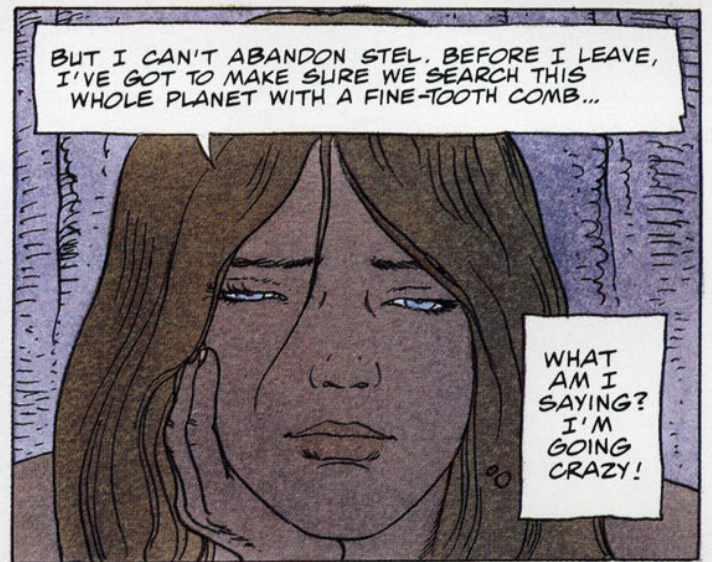


FRIEND ? FOE ?
HUMAN ? ALIEN ?

NO
MATTER
WHAT,
I'VE GOT
TO BE
CARE-
FUL...



NO! I BET THEY'LL BE FRIENDLY, MAYBE PROSPEC-
TORS, HAPPY TO TAKE ME BACK TO CIVILIZATION
IN THEIR SHIP. BACK TO LAZLAN...

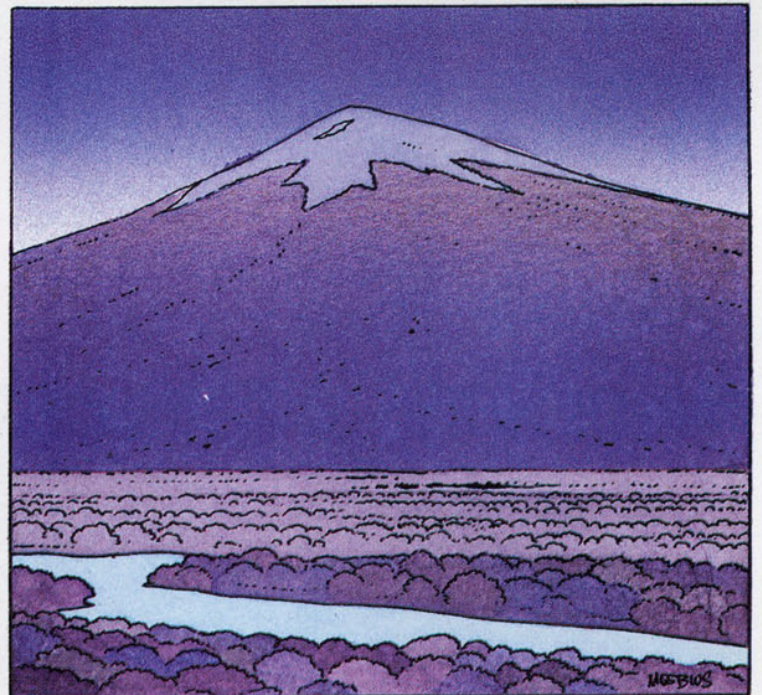


BUT I CAN'T ABANDON STEL. BEFORE I LEAVE,
I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE WE SEARCH THIS
WHOLE PLANET WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB...

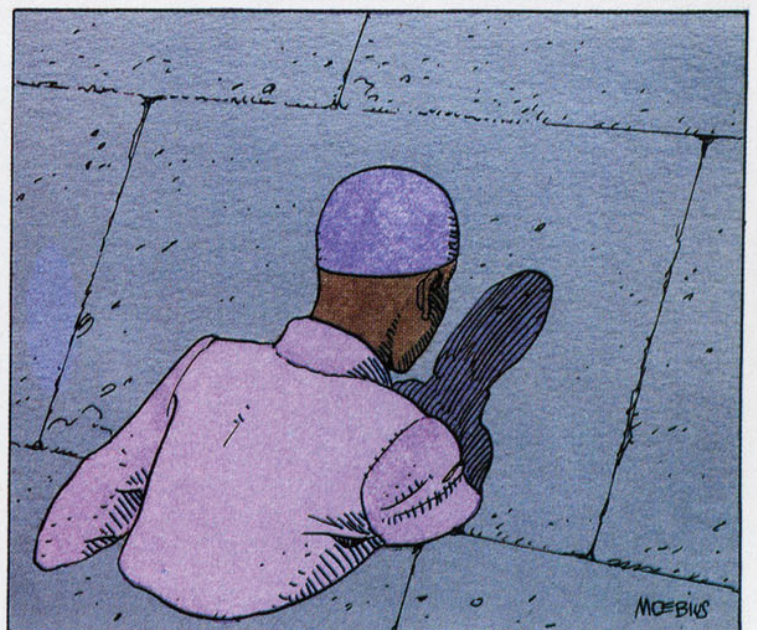
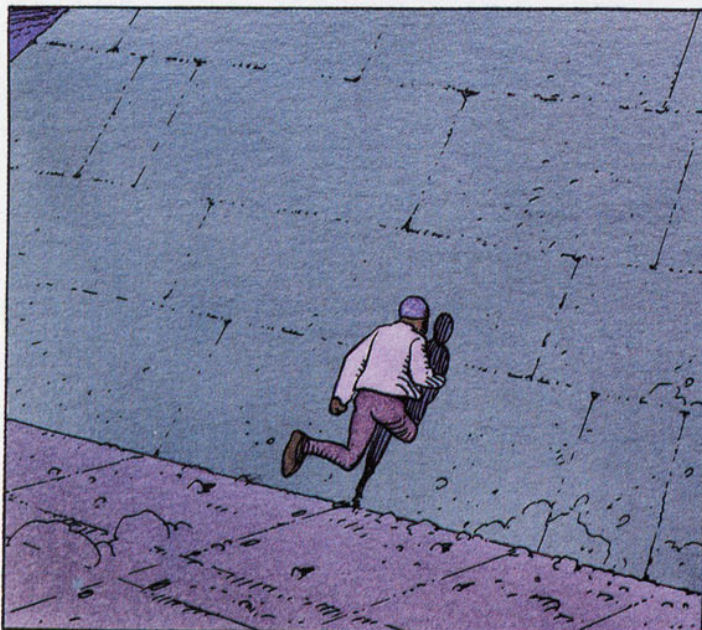
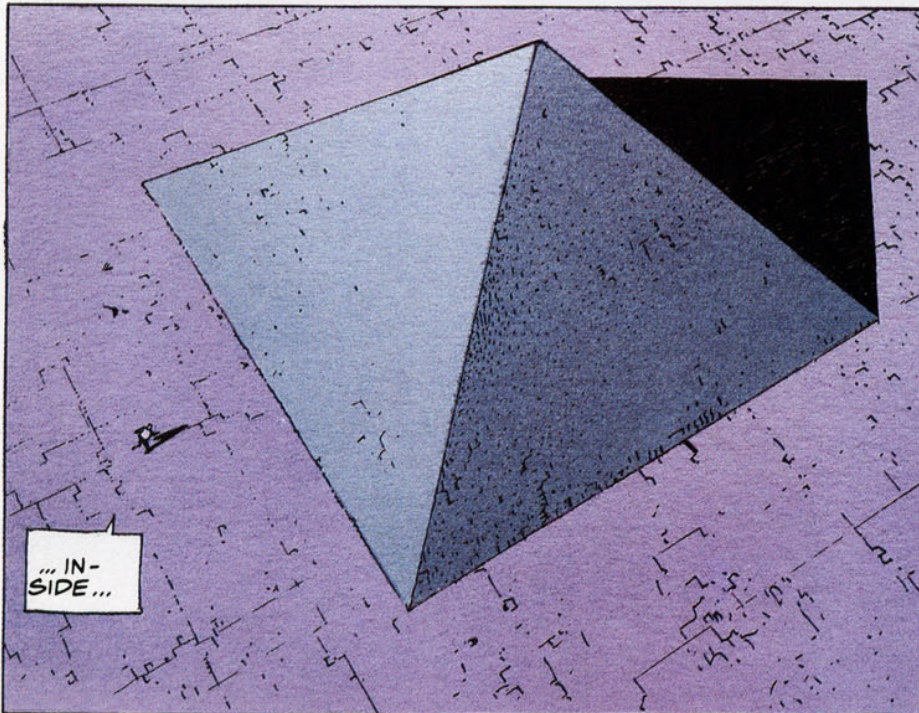
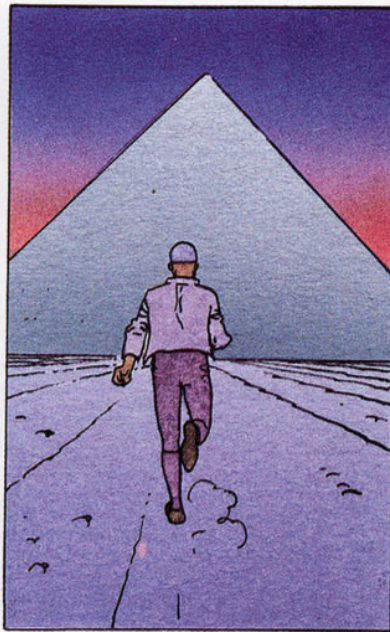
WHAT
AM I
SAYING?
I'M
GOING
CRAZY!

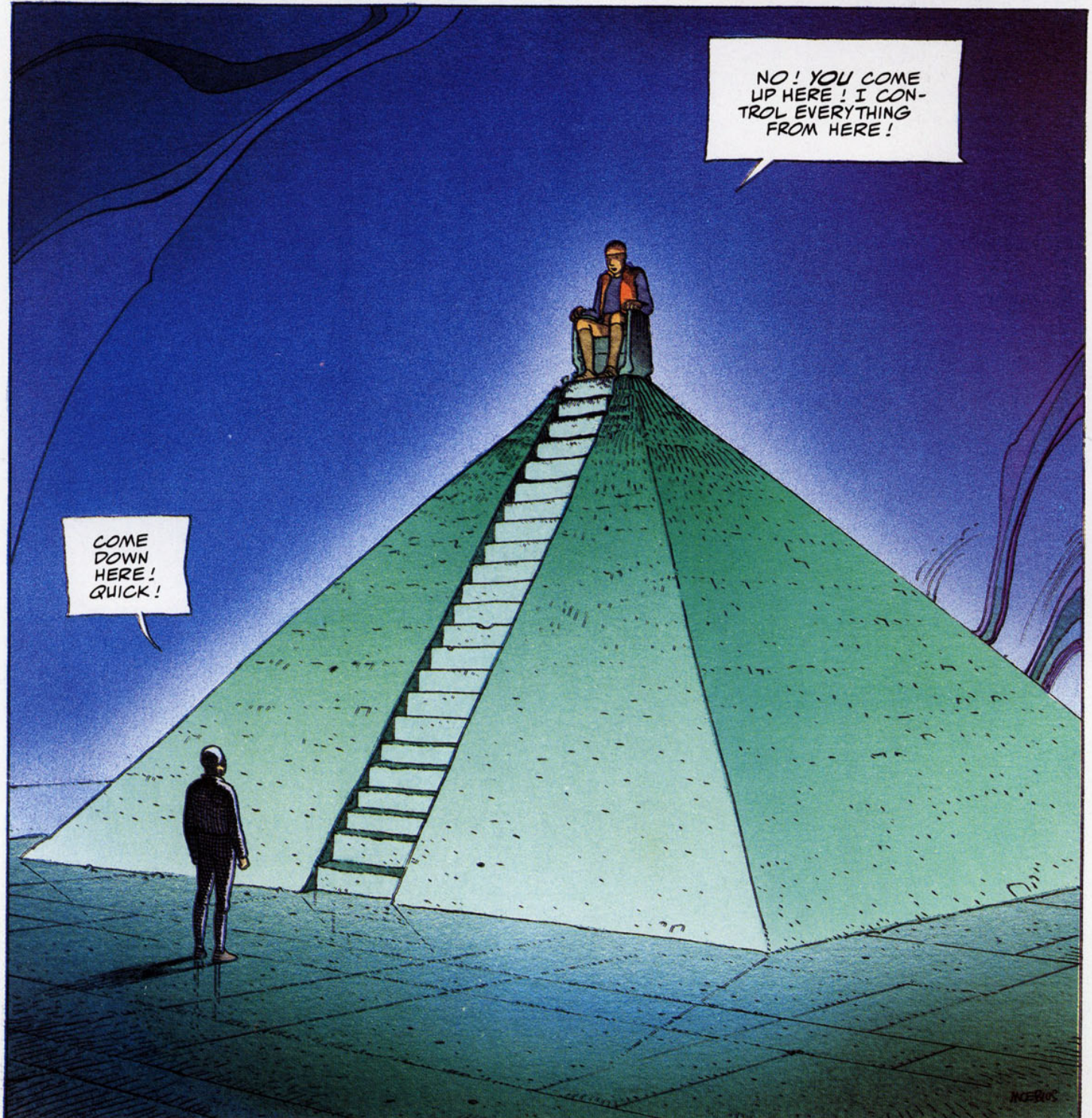
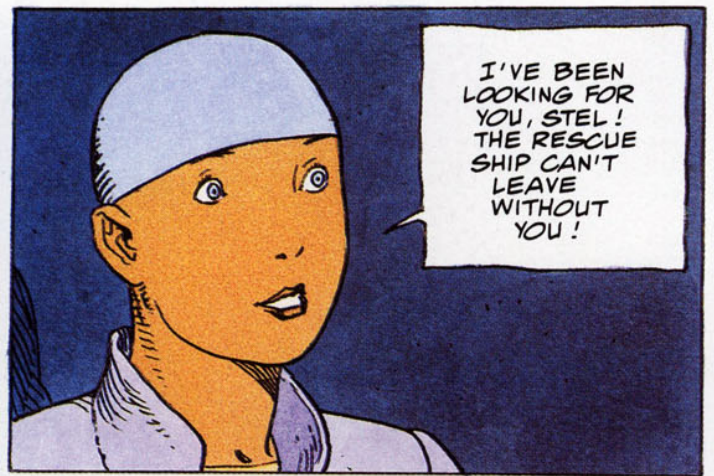
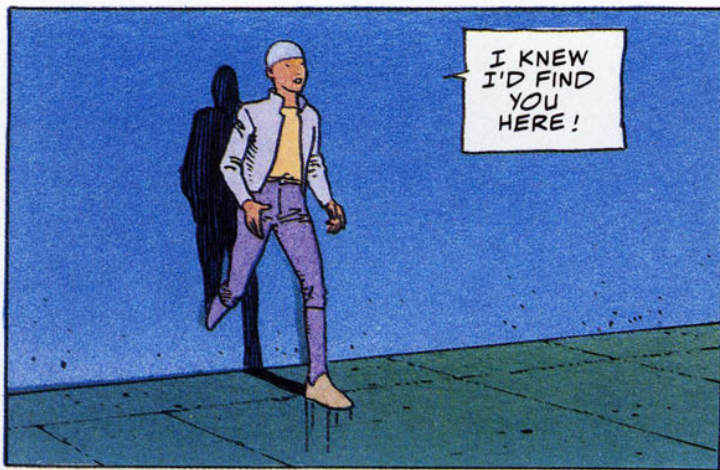


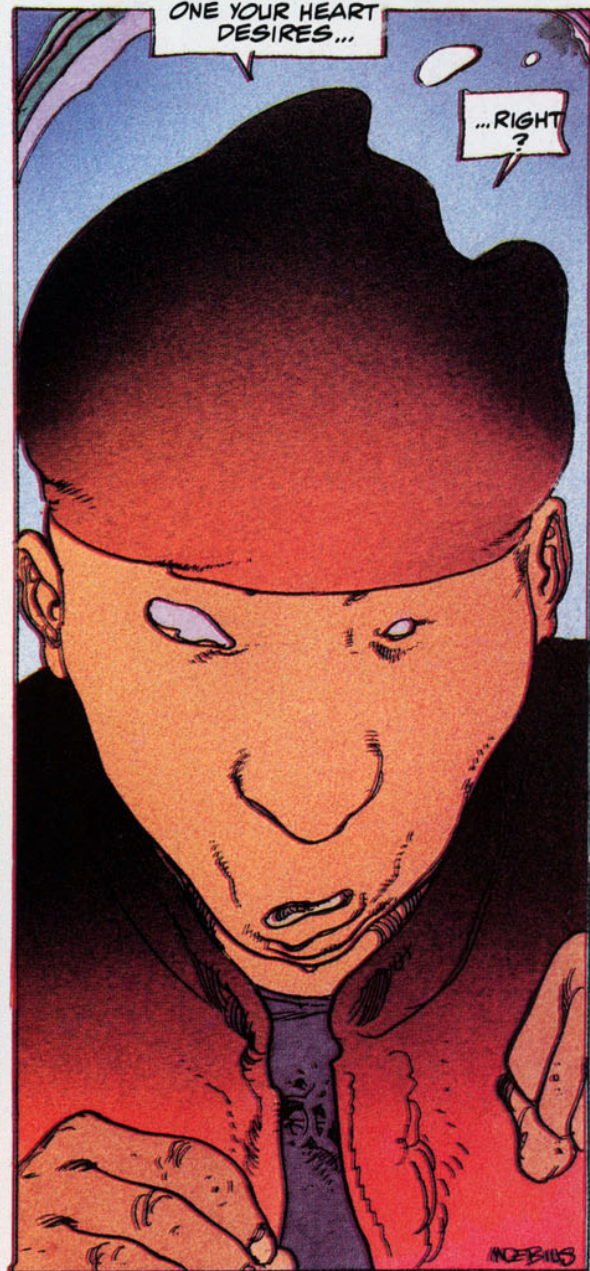
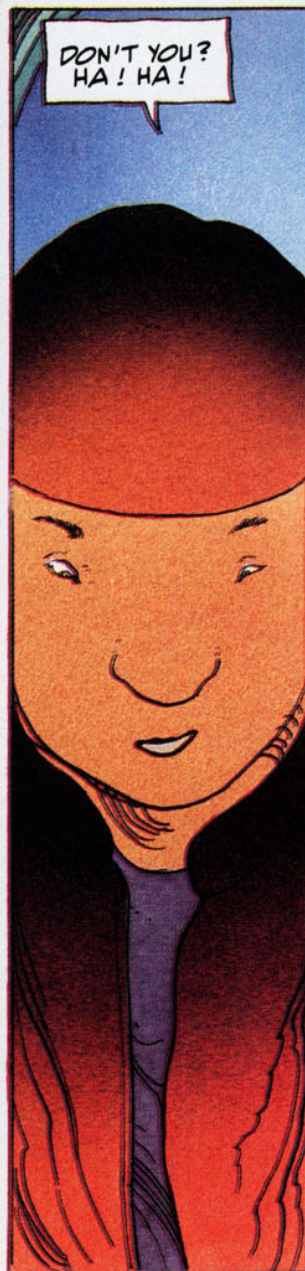
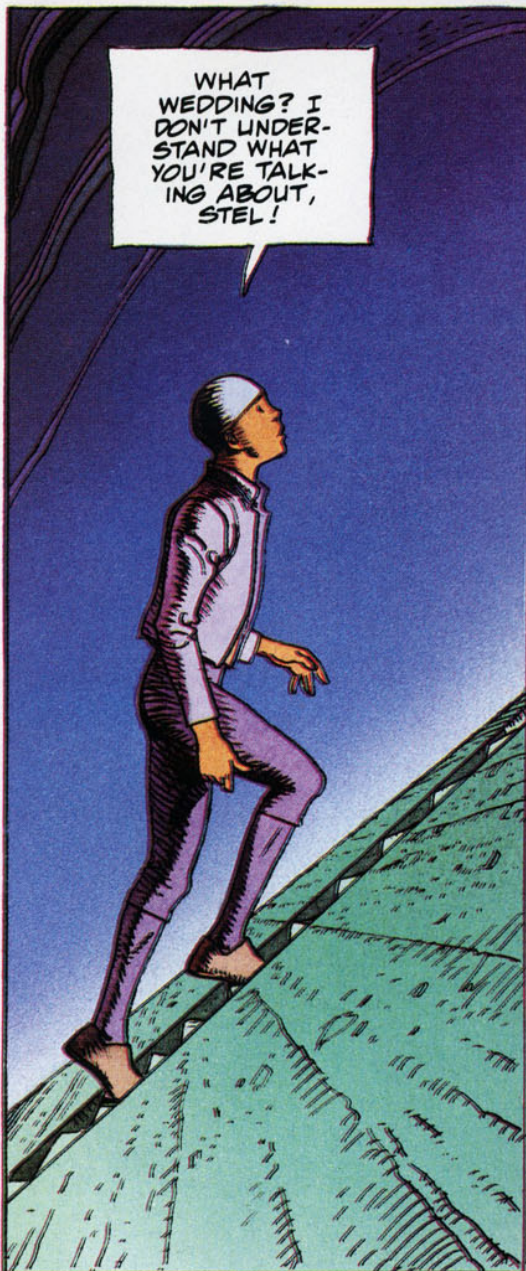
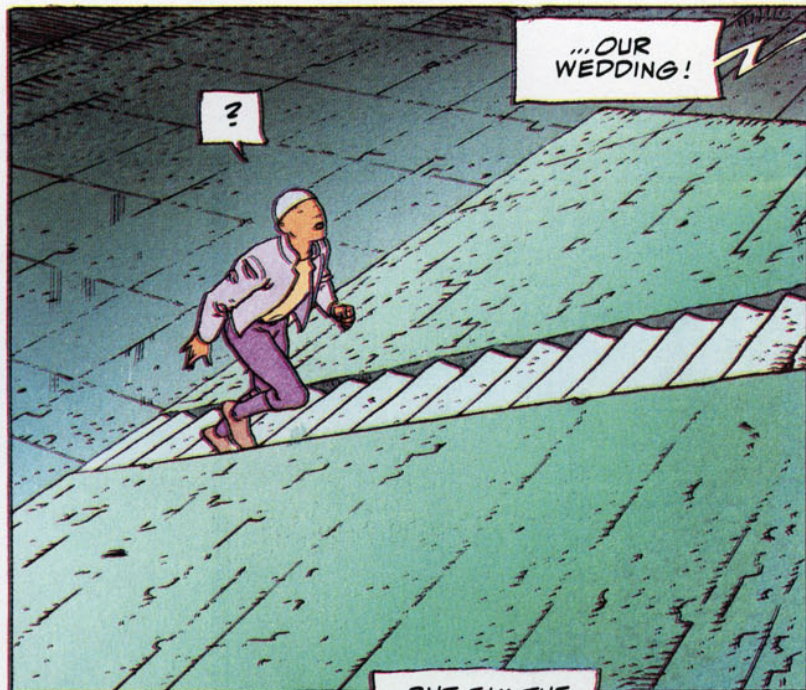
I'D BETTER
GET SOME
SLEEP, SO I
CAN BE READY
FOR ANY SURPRISES
TOMORROW!

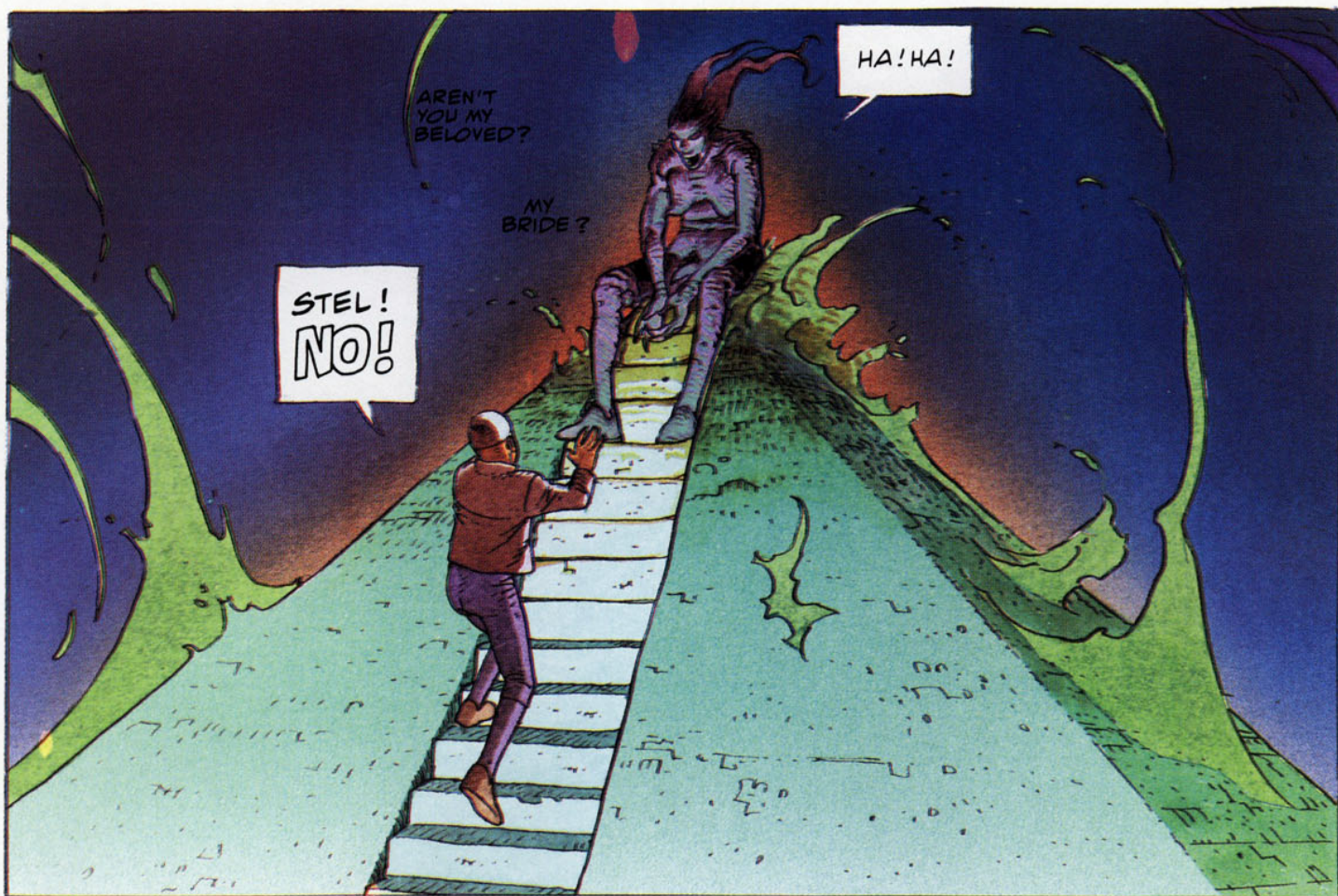


MOBIS







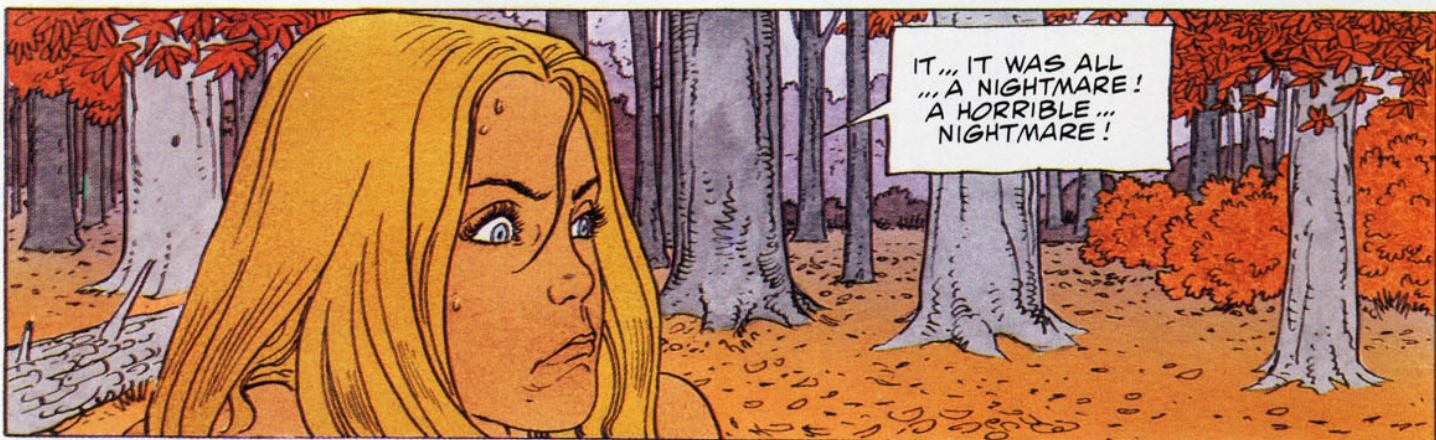


AREN'T
YOU MY
BELOVED?

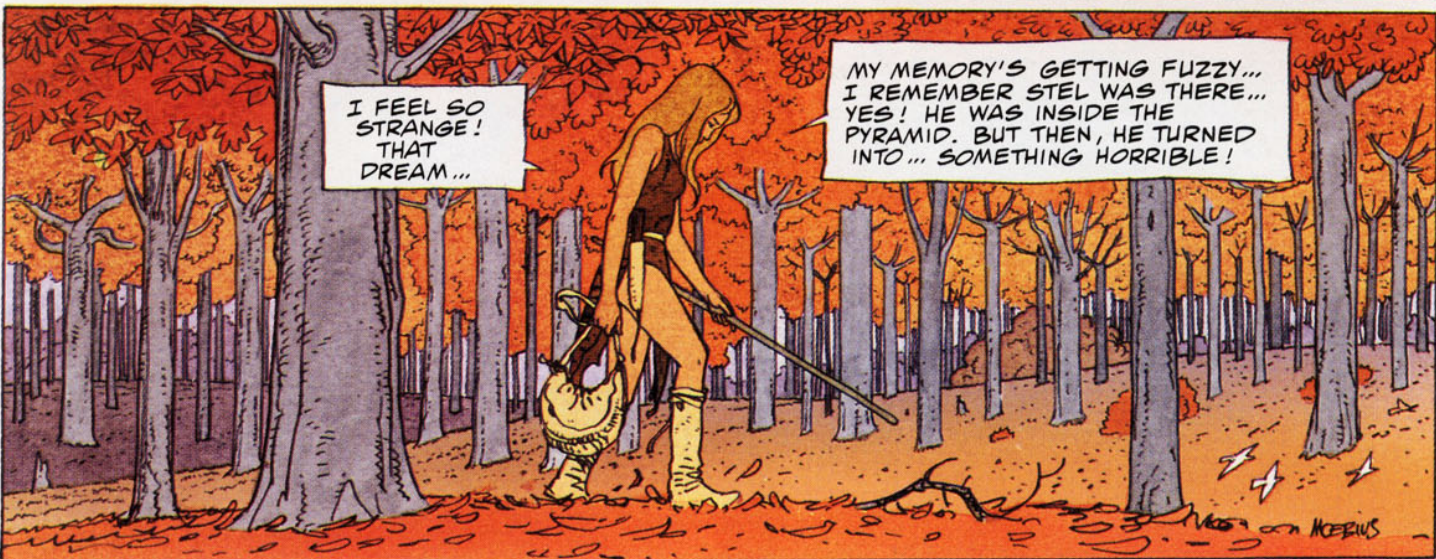
MY
BRIDE?

HA! HA!

STEL!
NO!



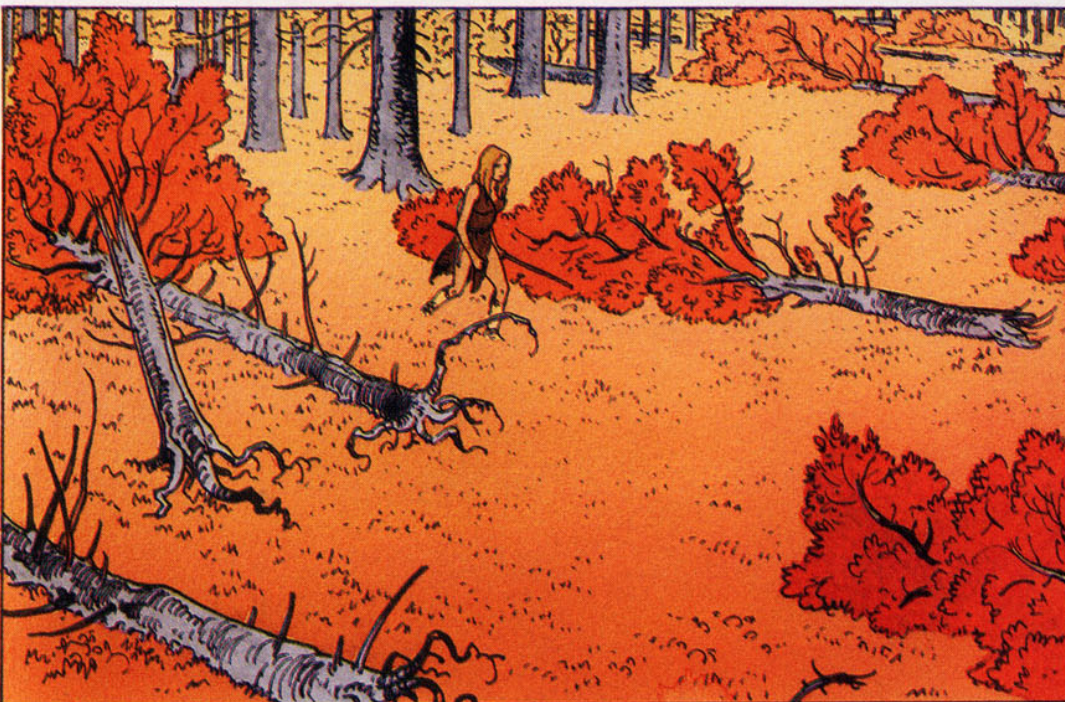
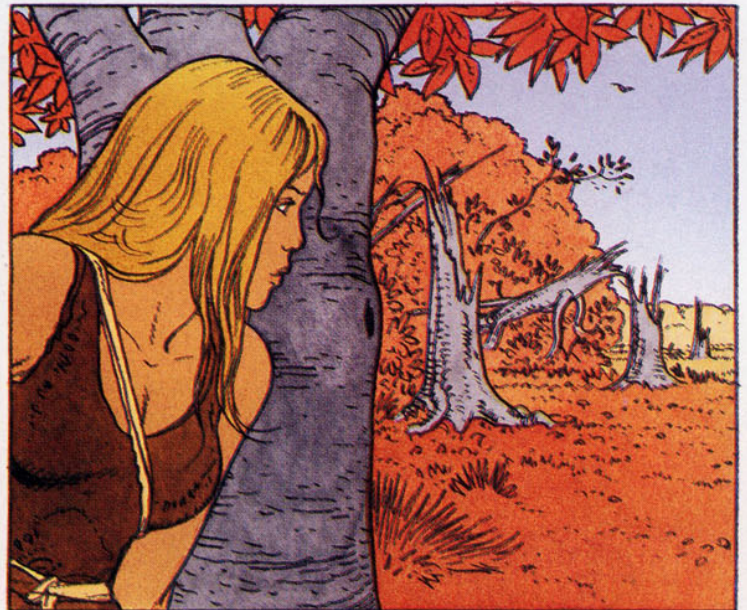
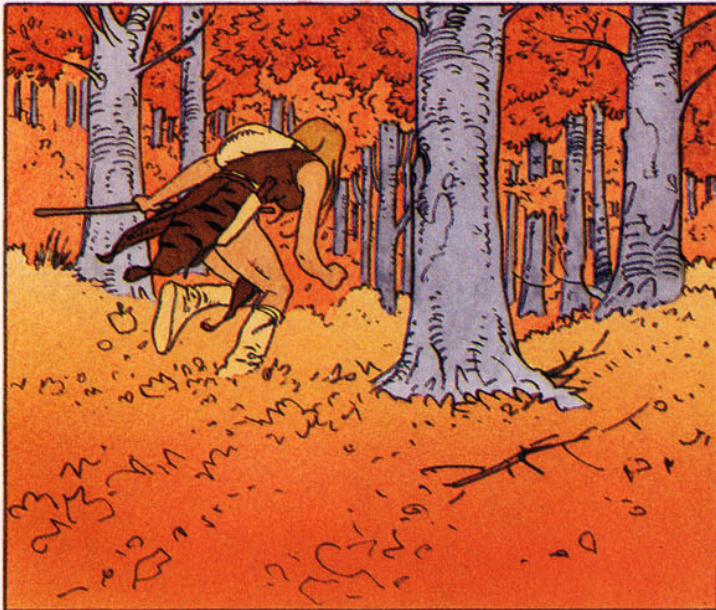
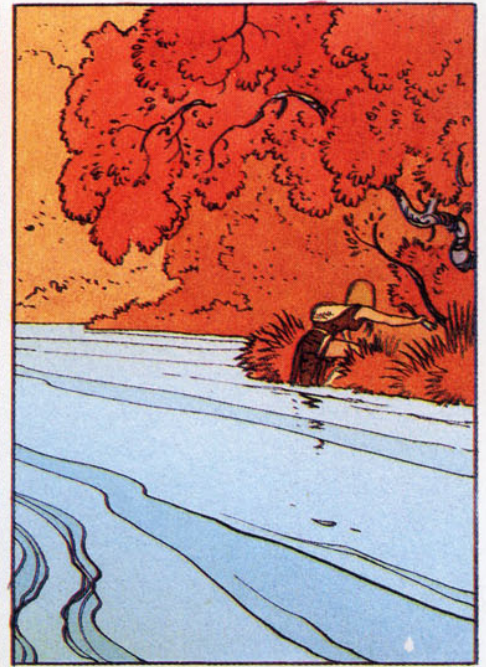
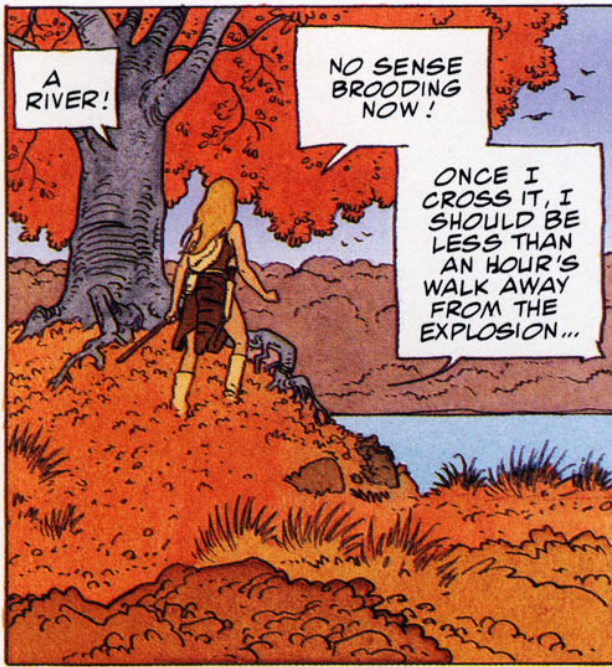
IT... IT WAS ALL
... A NIGHTMARE!
A HORRIBLE ...
NIGHTMARE!

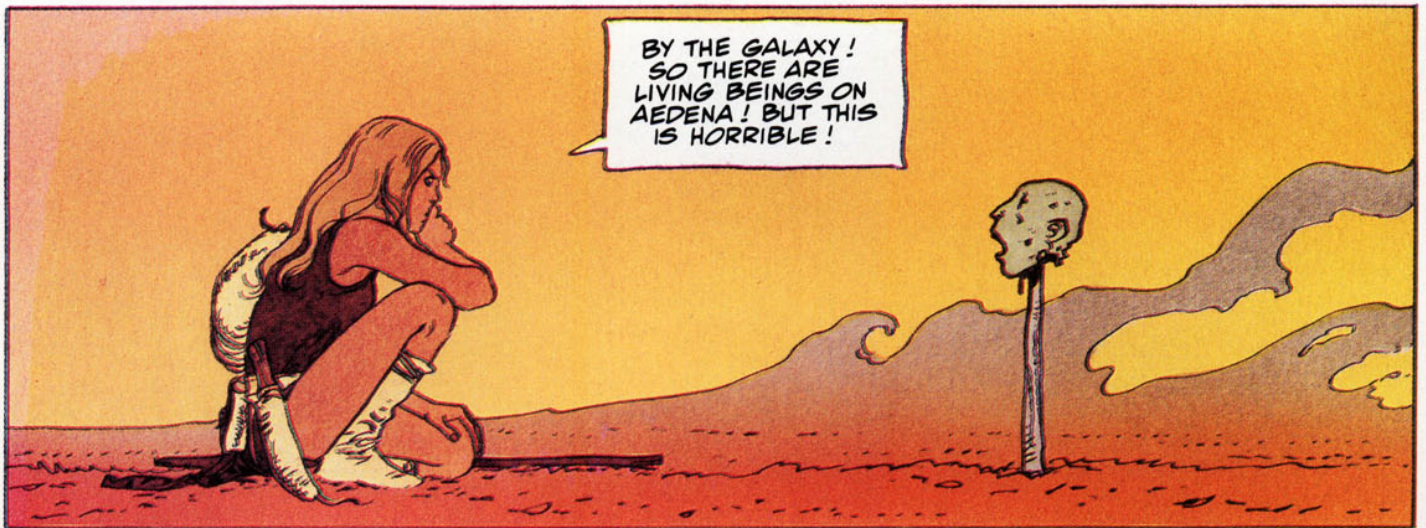


I FEEL SO
STRANGE!
THAT
DREAM...

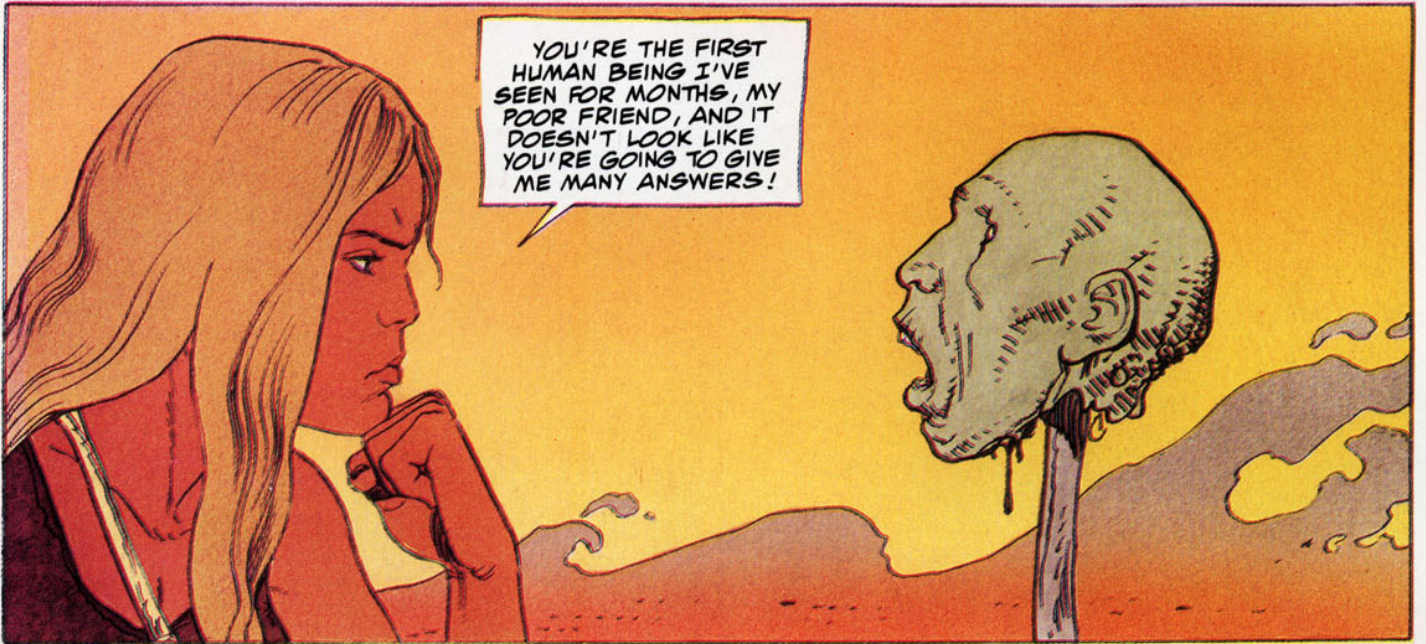
MY MEMORY'S GETTING FUZZY...
I REMEMBER STEL WAS THERE...
YES! HE WAS INSIDE THE
PYRAMID. BUT THEN, HE TURNED
INTO ... SOMETHING HORRIBLE!

McKEEN

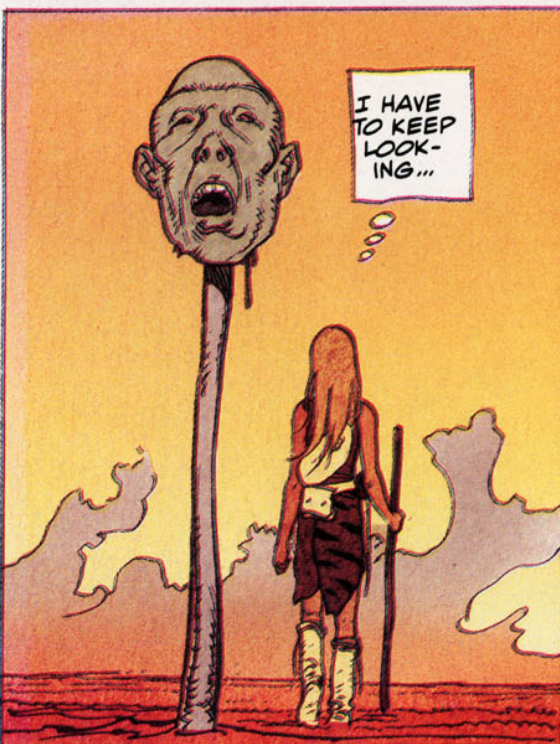




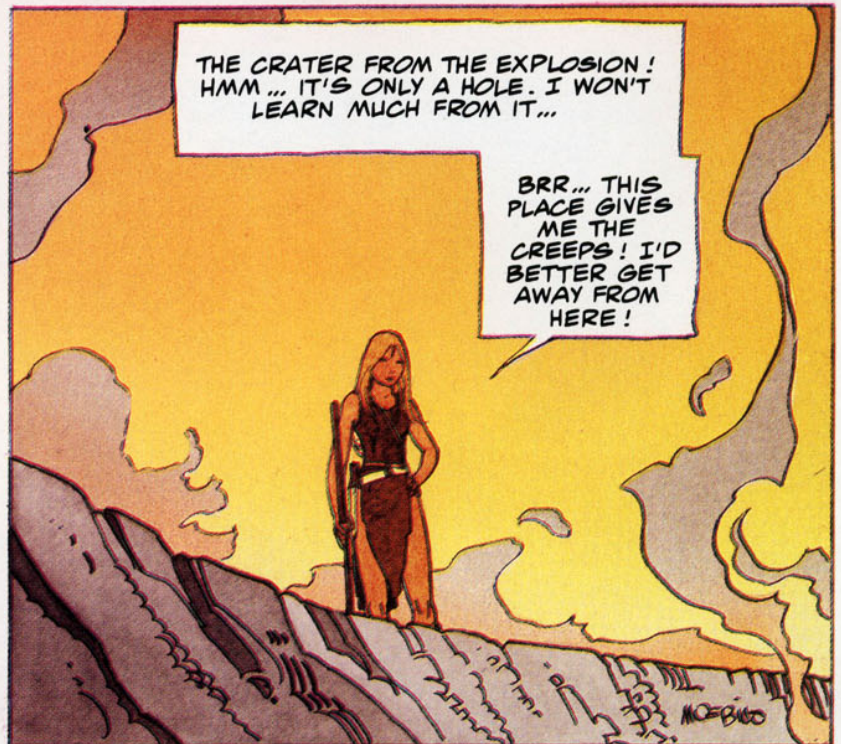
BY THE GALAXY!
SO THERE ARE
LIVING BEINGS ON
AEDENA! BUT THIS
IS HORRIBLE!



YOU'RE THE FIRST
HUMAN BEING I'VE
SEEN FOR MONTHS, MY
POOR FRIEND, AND IT
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE
ME MANY ANSWERS!



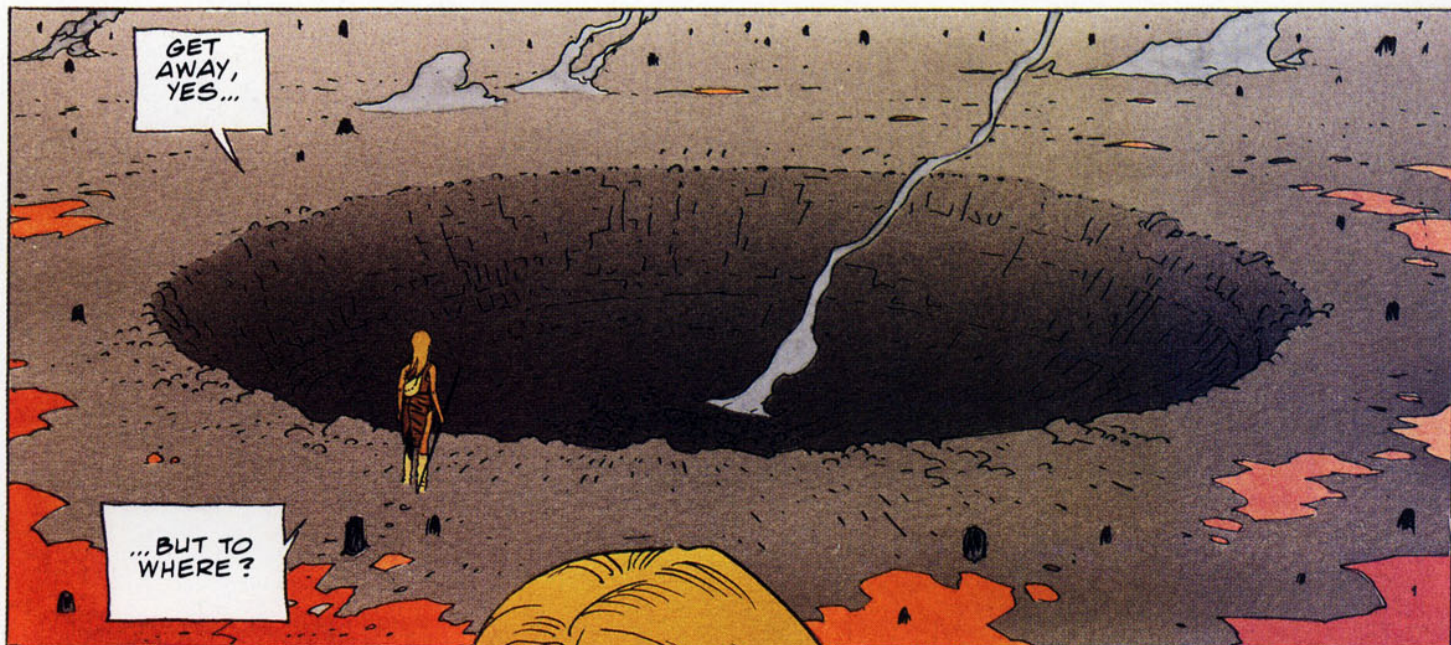
I HAVE
TO KEEP
LOOK-
ING...



THE CRATER FROM THE EXPLOSION!
HMM... IT'S ONLY A HOLE. I WON'T
LEARN MUCH FROM IT...

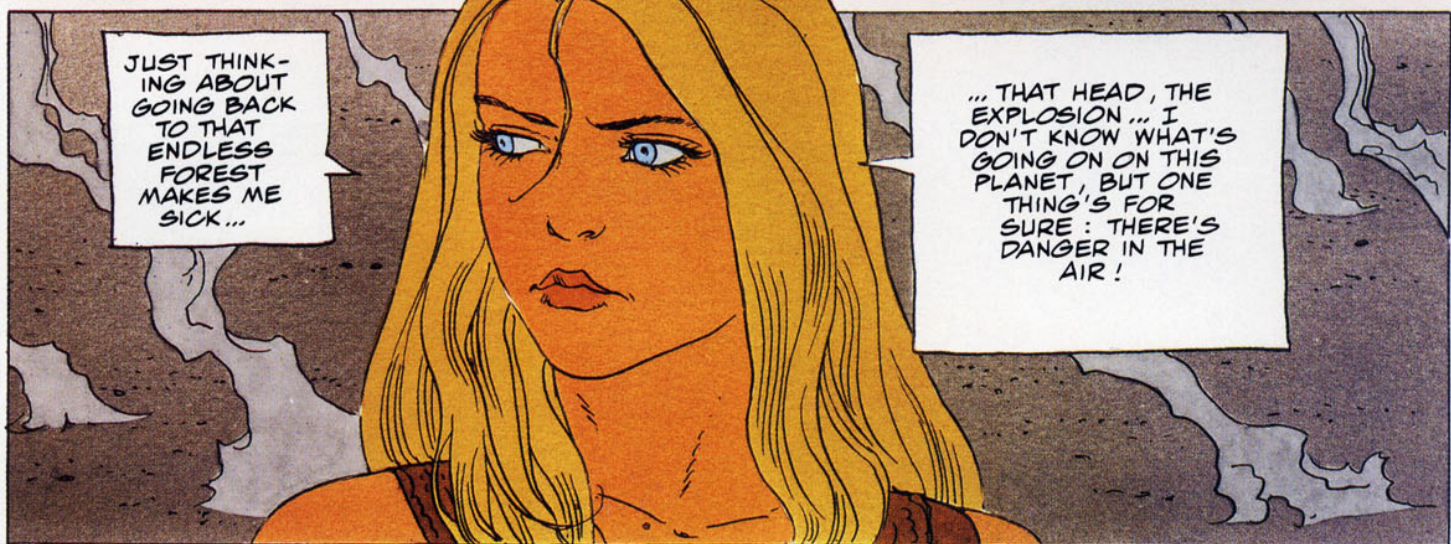
BRR... THIS
PLACE GIVES
ME THE
CREEPS! I'D
BETTER GET
AWAY FROM
HERE!

MOEBUS



GET
AWAY,
YES...

...BUT TO
WHERE?



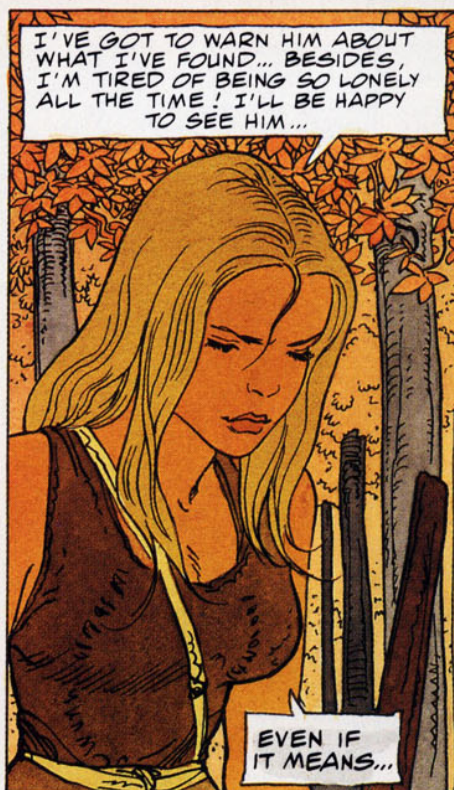
JUST THINK-
ING ABOUT
GOING BACK
TO THAT
ENDLESS
FOREST
MAKES ME
SICK...

... THAT HEAD, THE
EXPLOSION ... I
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON ON THIS
PLANET, BUT ONE
THING'S FOR
SURE : THERE'S
DANGER IN THE
AIR !



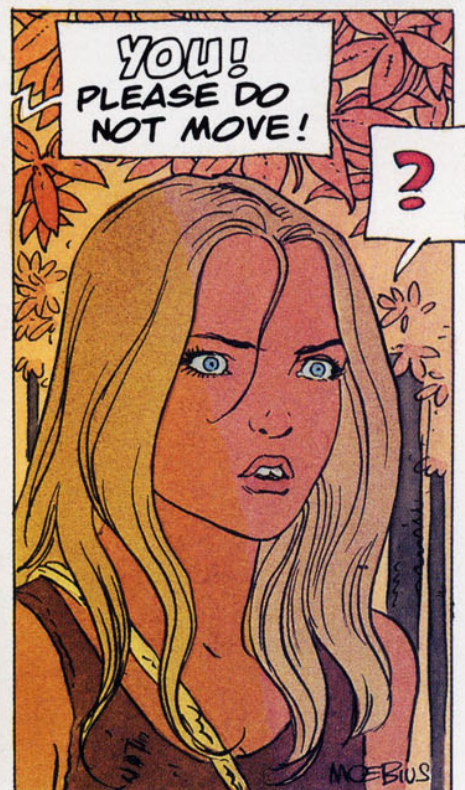
STEL!

I'VE
GOT TO
FIND
STEL!



I'VE GOT TO WARN HIM ABOUT
WHAT I'VE FOUND... BESIDES,
I'M TIRED OF BEING SO LONELY
ALL THE TIME ! I'LL BE HAPPY
TO SEE HIM...

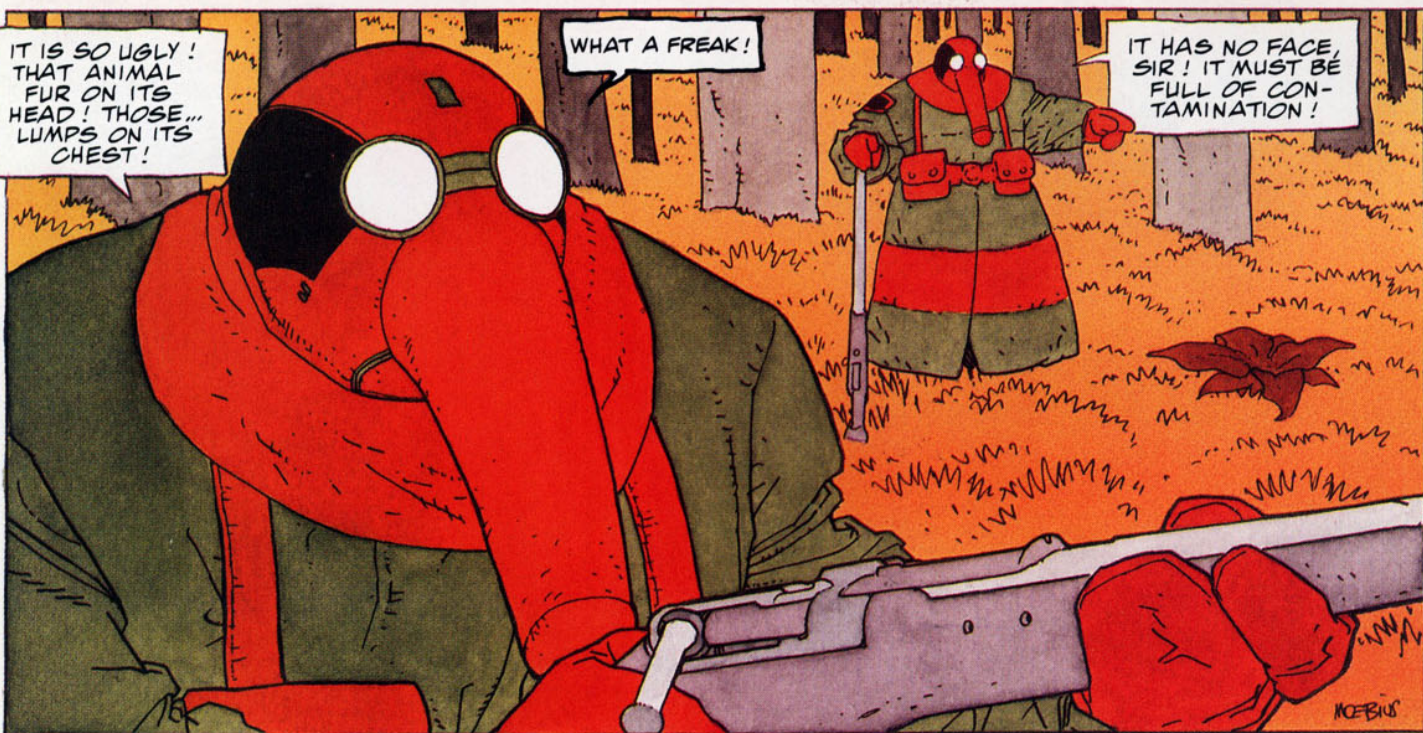
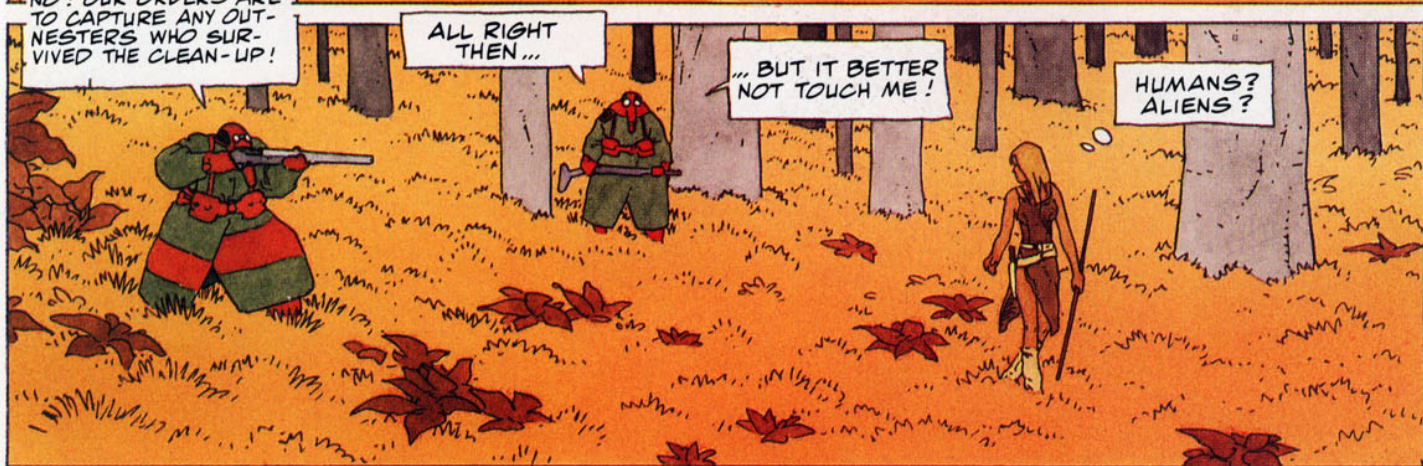
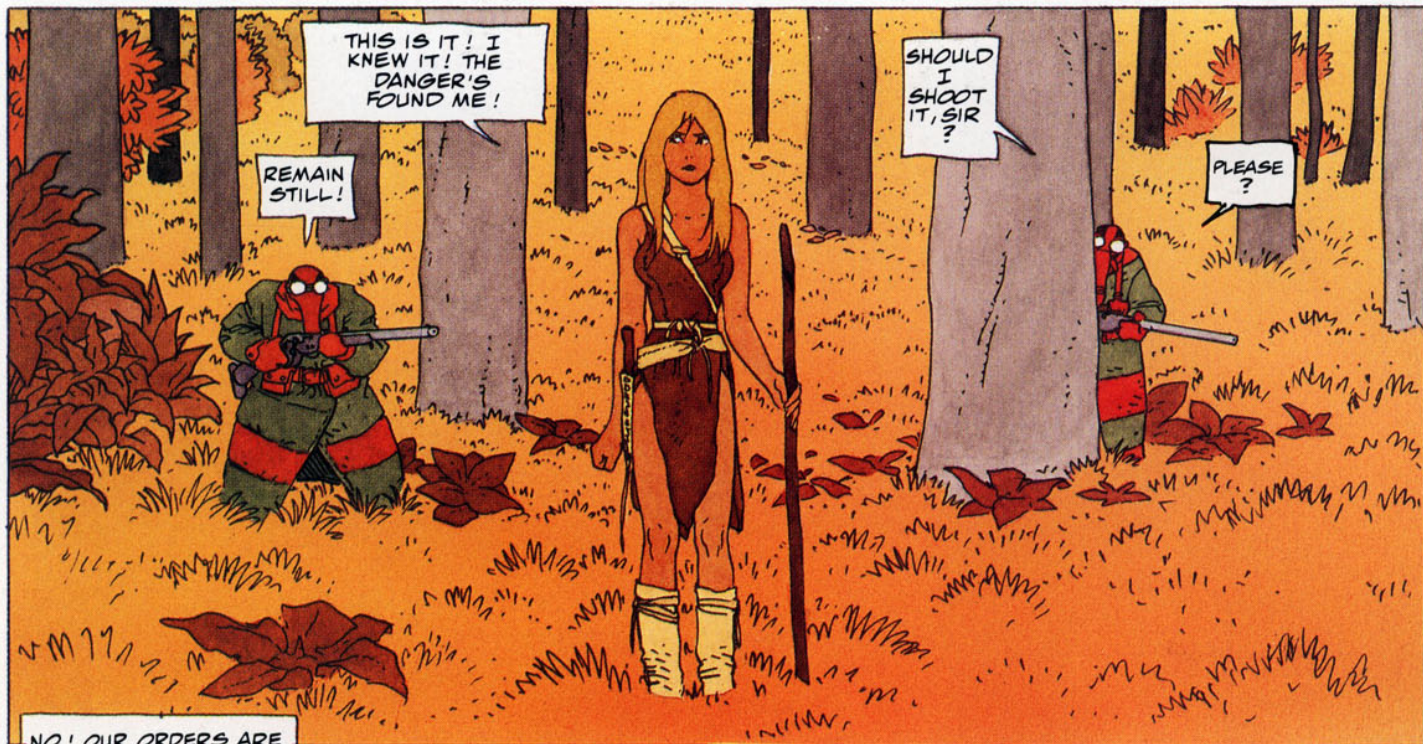
EVEN IF
IT MEANS...

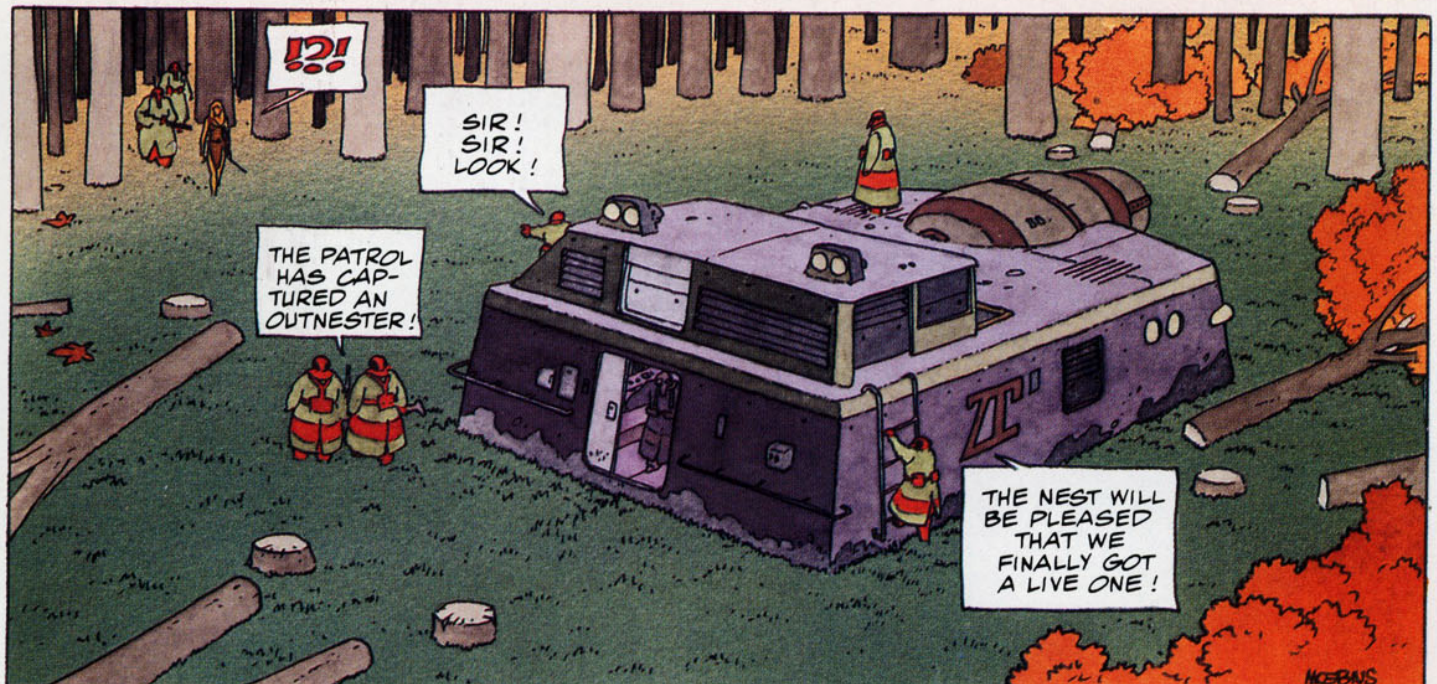
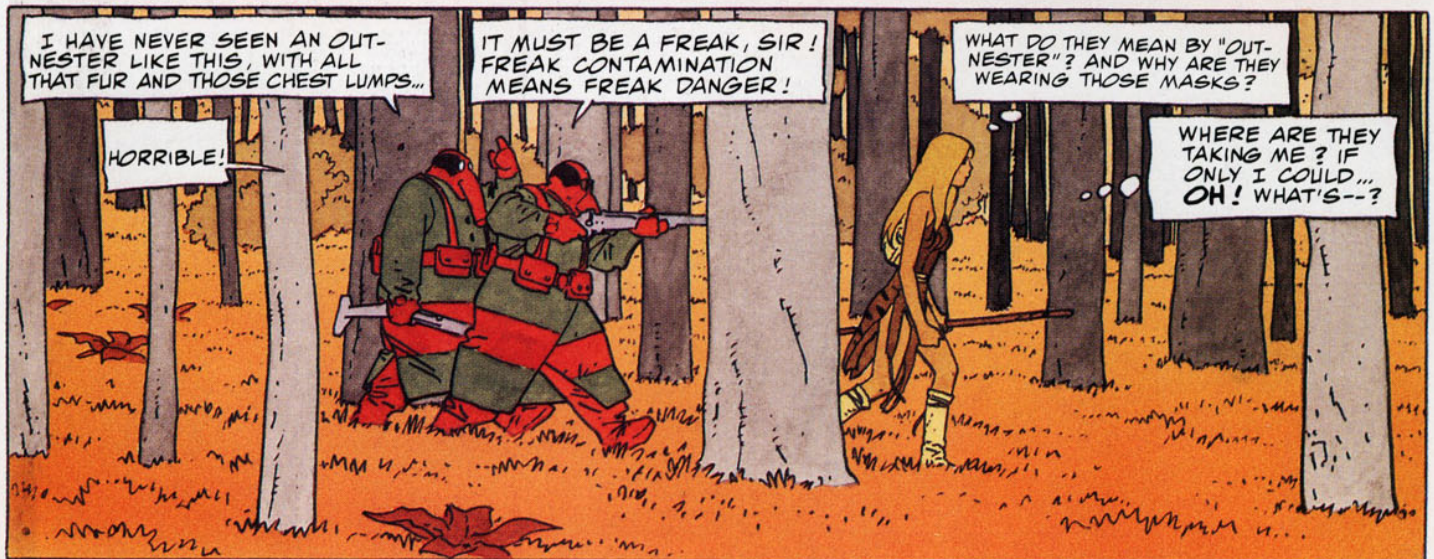


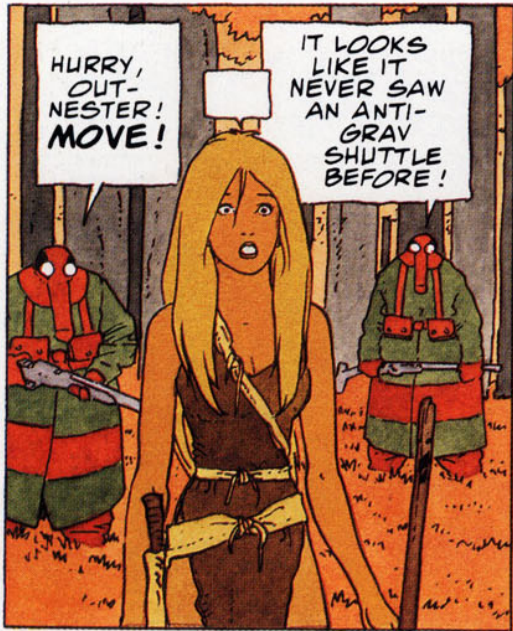
YOU!
PLEASE DO
NOT MOVE!

?

MOEBIUS

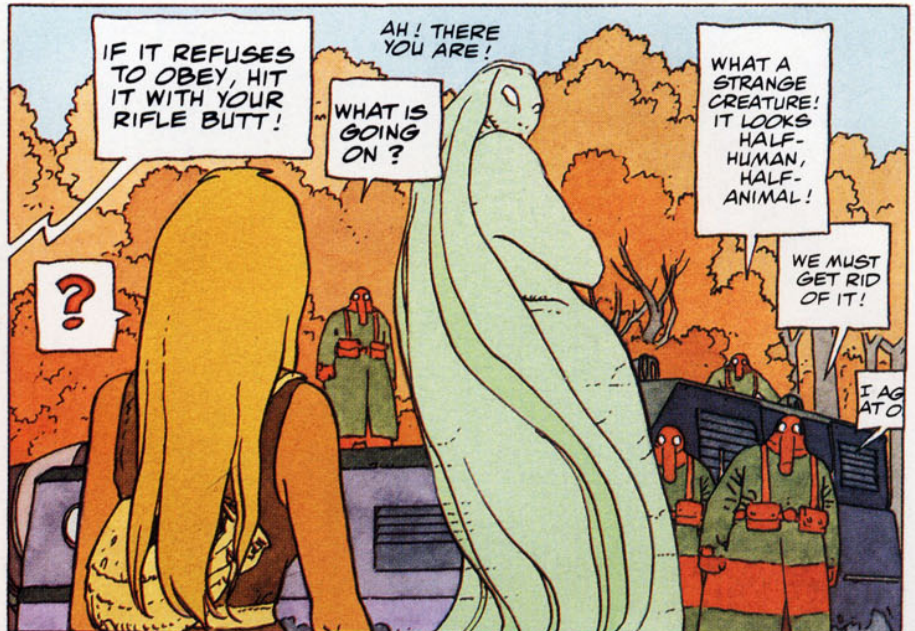






HURRY,
OUT-
NESTER!
MOVE!

IT LOOKS
LIKE IT
NEVER SAW
AN ANTI-
GRAV
SHUTTLE
BEFORE!



IF IT REFUSES
TO OBEY, HIT
IT WITH YOUR
RIFLE BUTT!

AH! THERE
YOU ARE!

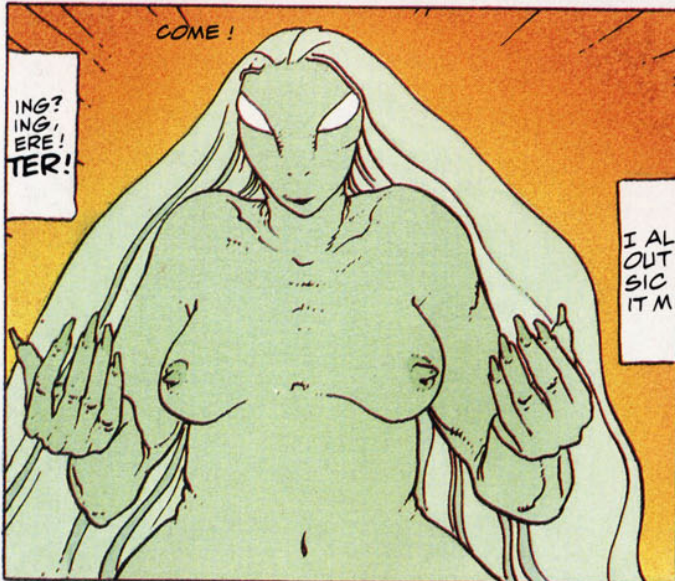
WHAT IS
GOING
ON?

WHAT A
STRANGE
CREATURE!
IT LOOKS
HALF-
HUMAN,
HALF-
ANIMAL!

WE MUST
GET RID
OF IT!

I AG
ATO

?



COME!

ING?
ING,
ERE!
TER!

I AL
OUT
SIC
IT M



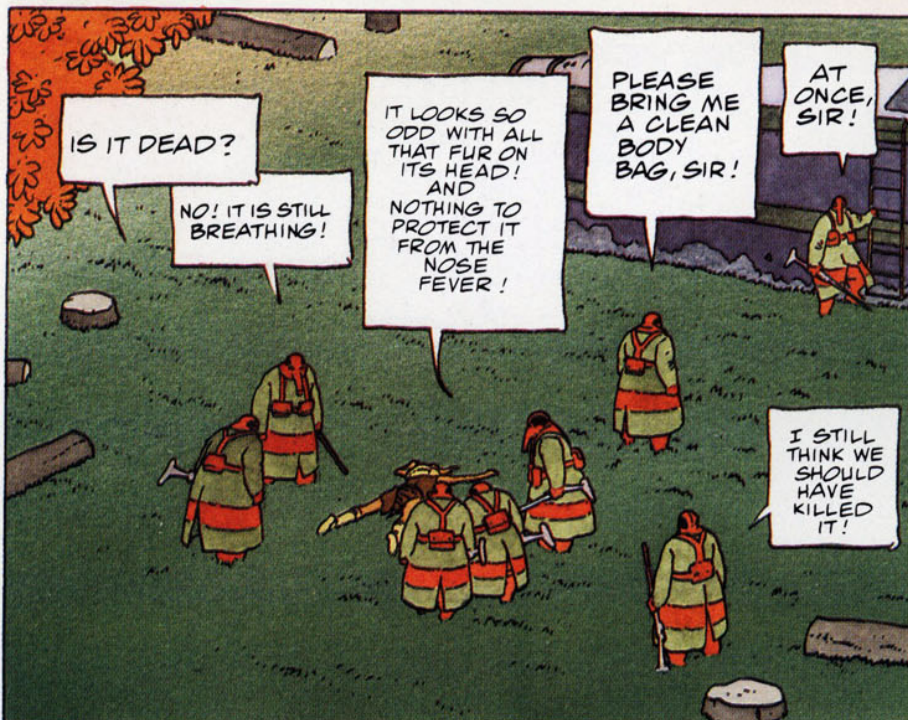
IF
ND
ON!

GIVE
A GO
RIFLE
HEAD



ME!

TOM



IS IT DEAD?

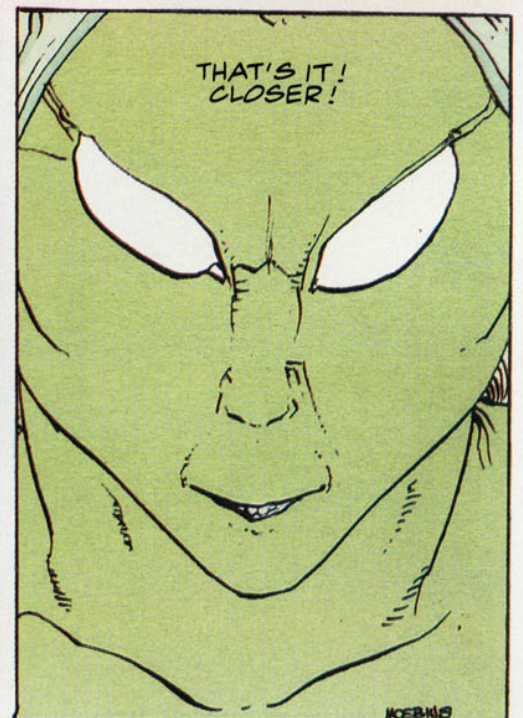
NO! IT IS STILL
BREATHING!

IT LOOKS SO
ODD WITH ALL
THAT FUR ON
ITS HEAD!
AND
NOTHING TO
PROTECT IT
FROM THE
NOSE
FEVER!

PLEASE
BRING ME
A CLEAN
BODY
BAG, SIR!

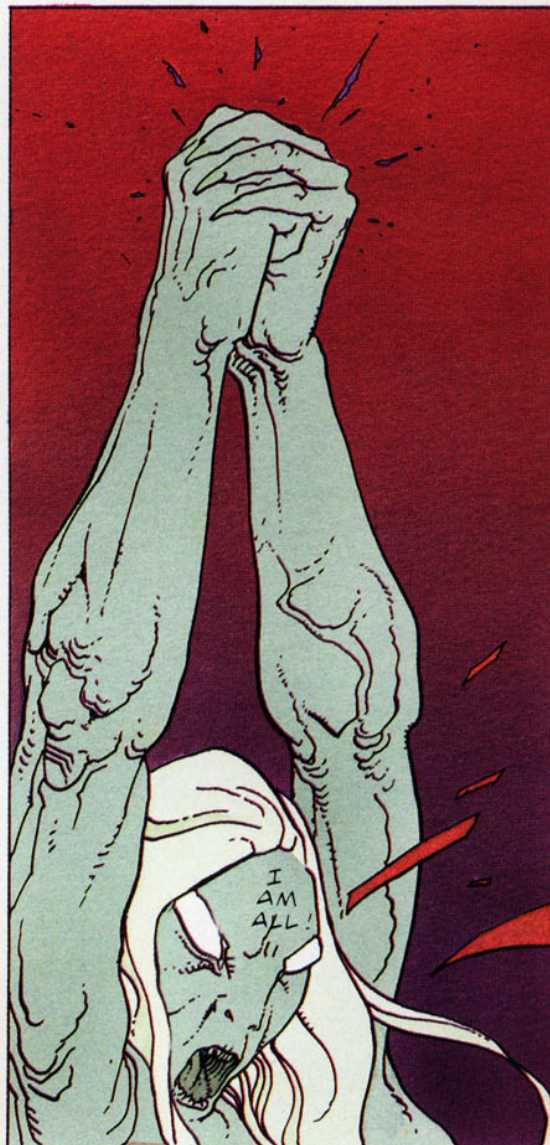
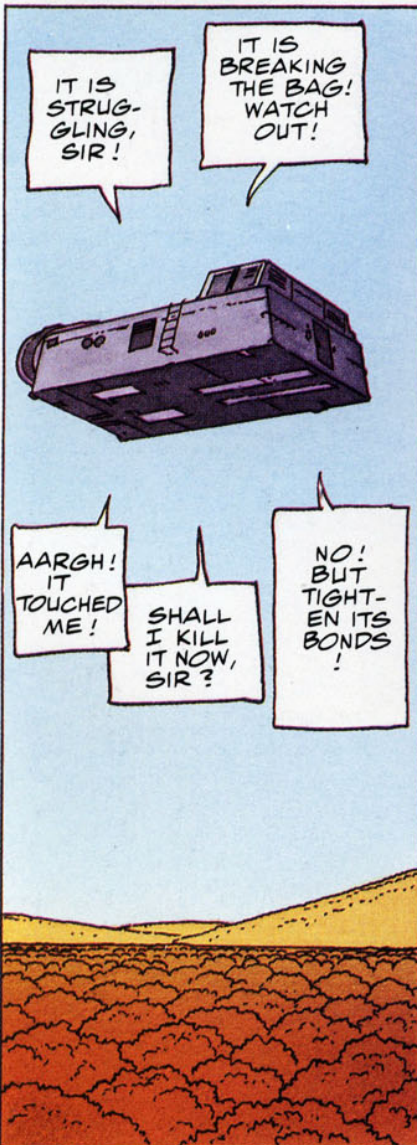
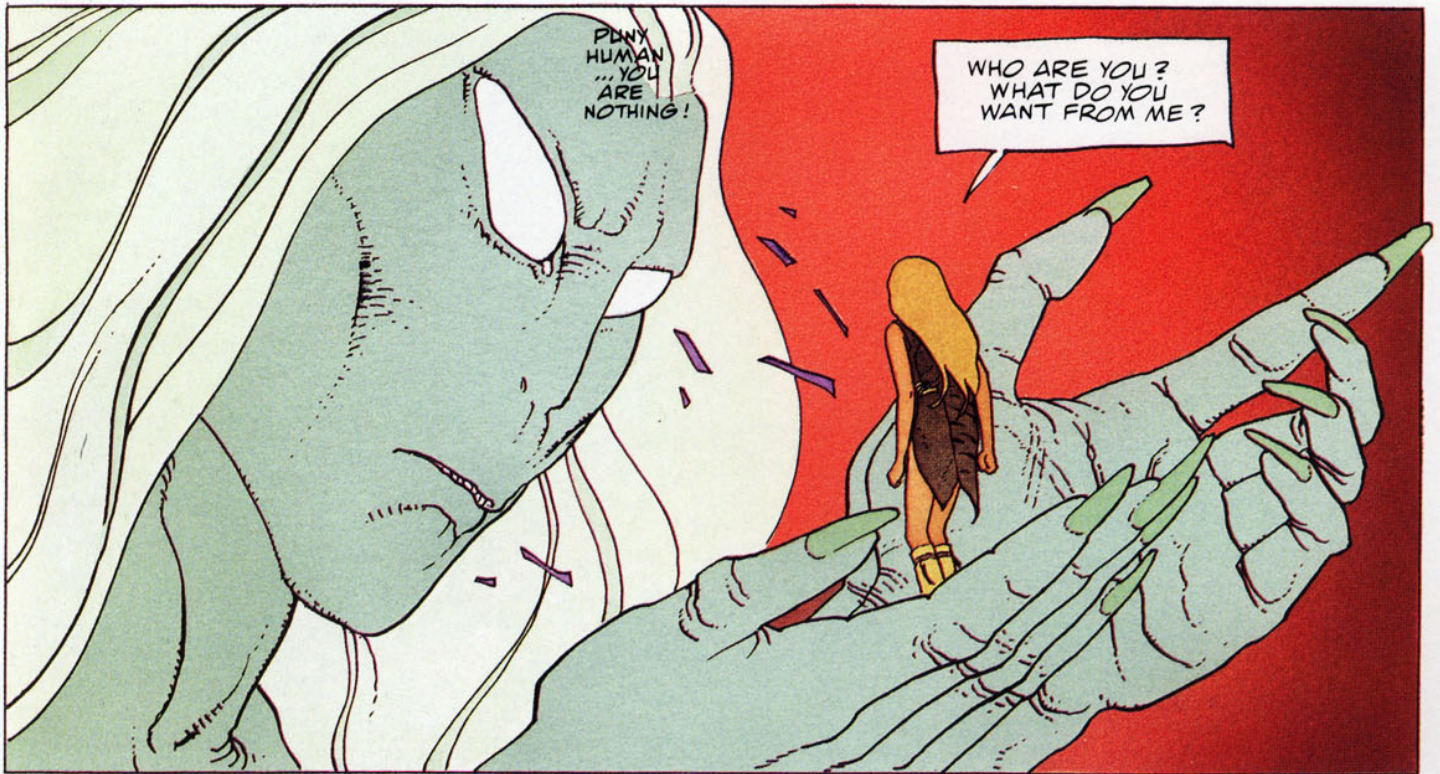
AT
ONCE,
SIR!

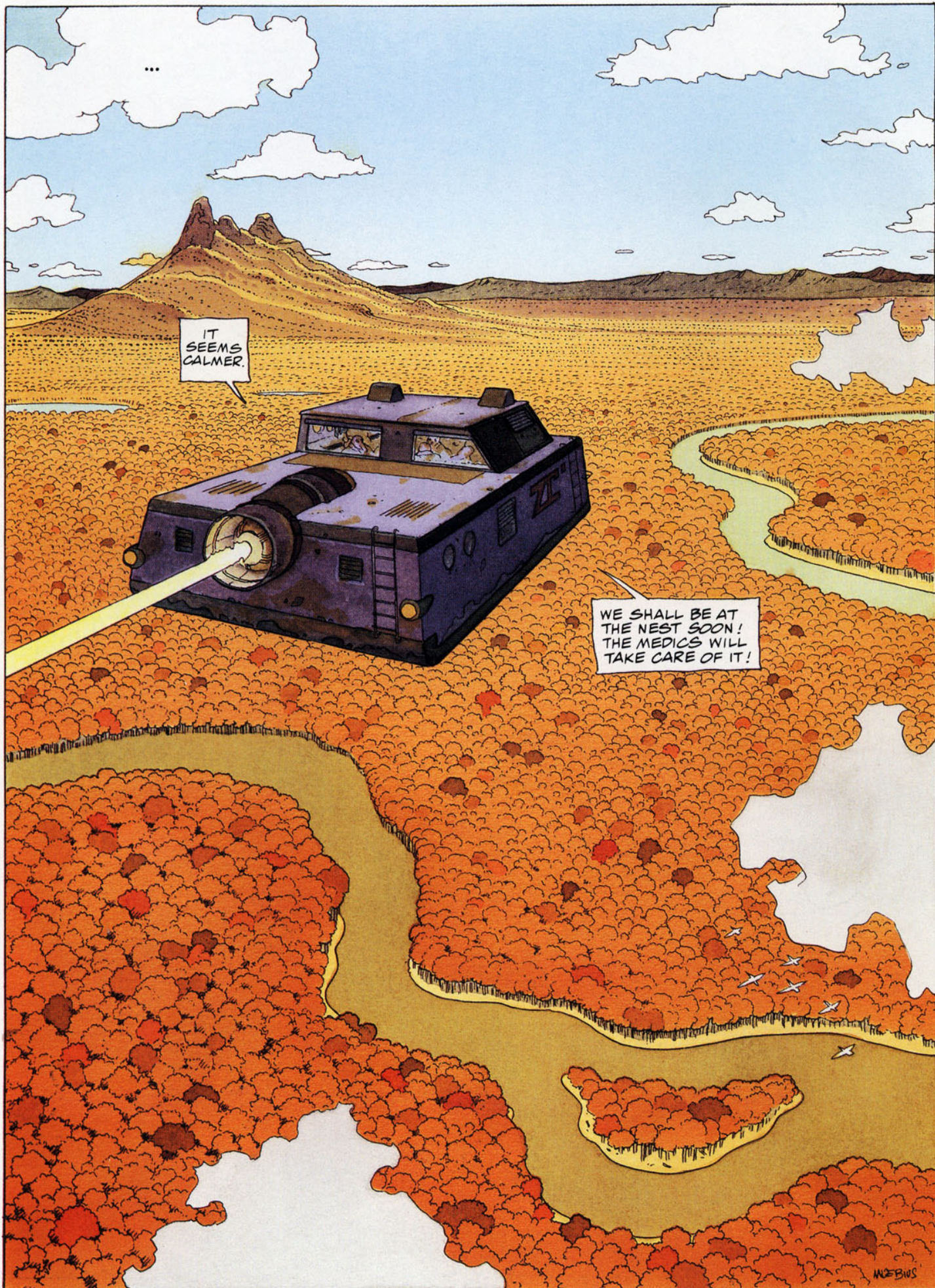
I STILL
THINK WE
SHOULD
HAVE
KILLED
IT!



THAT'S IT!
CLOSER!

KORBNS

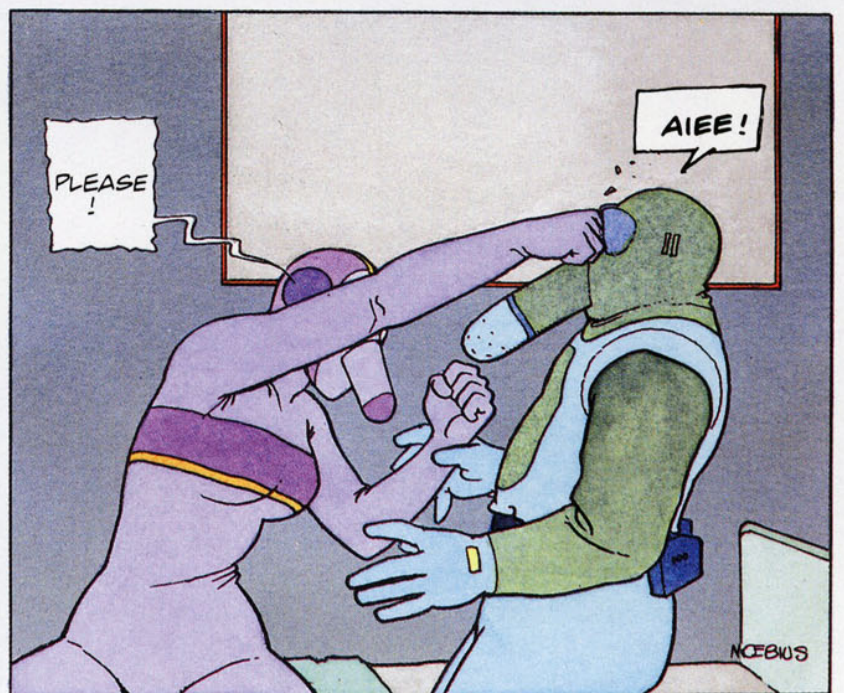
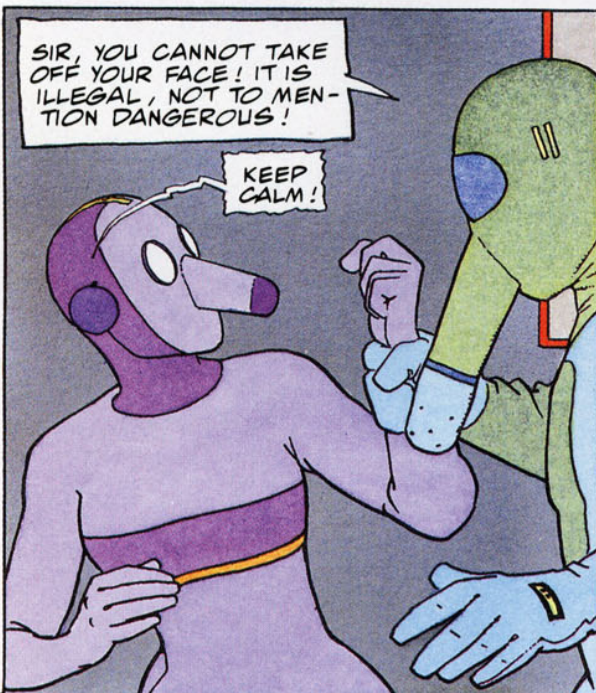
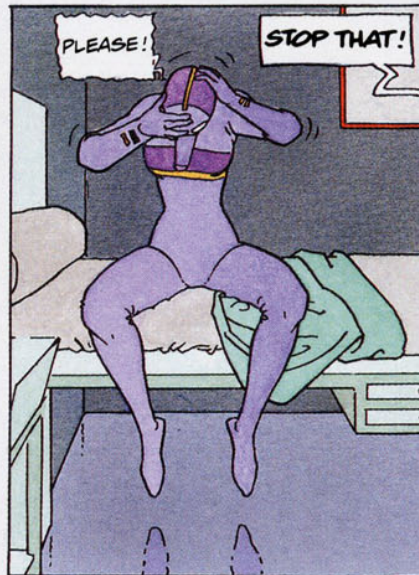
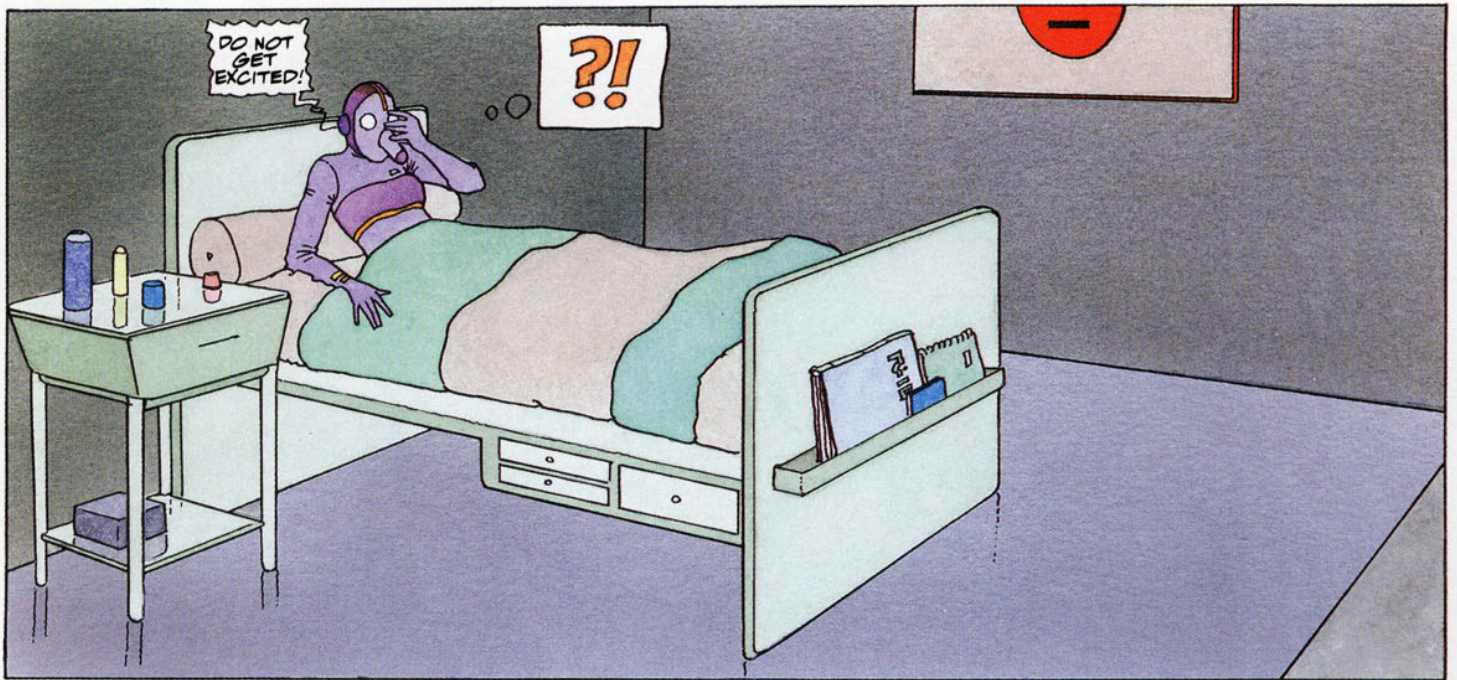


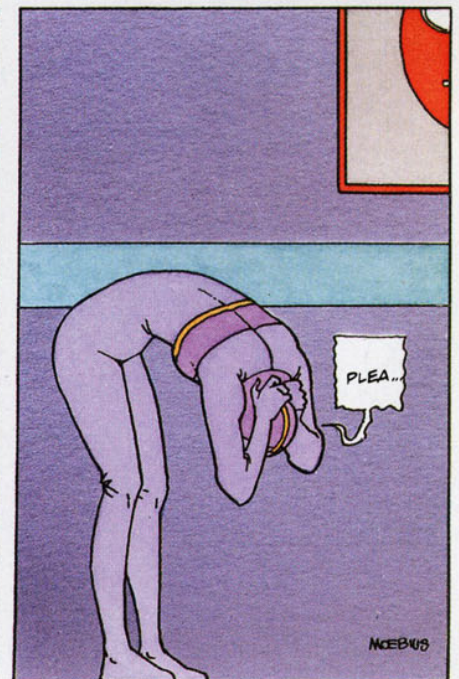
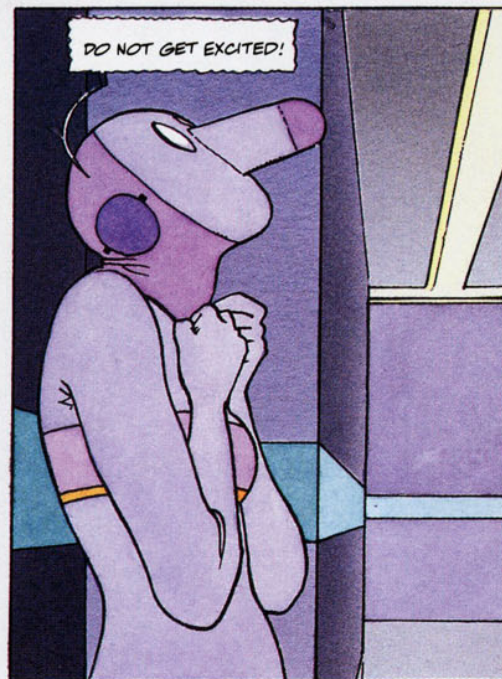
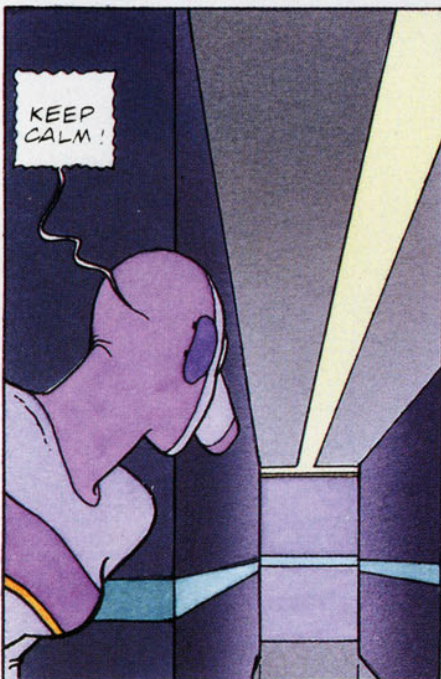
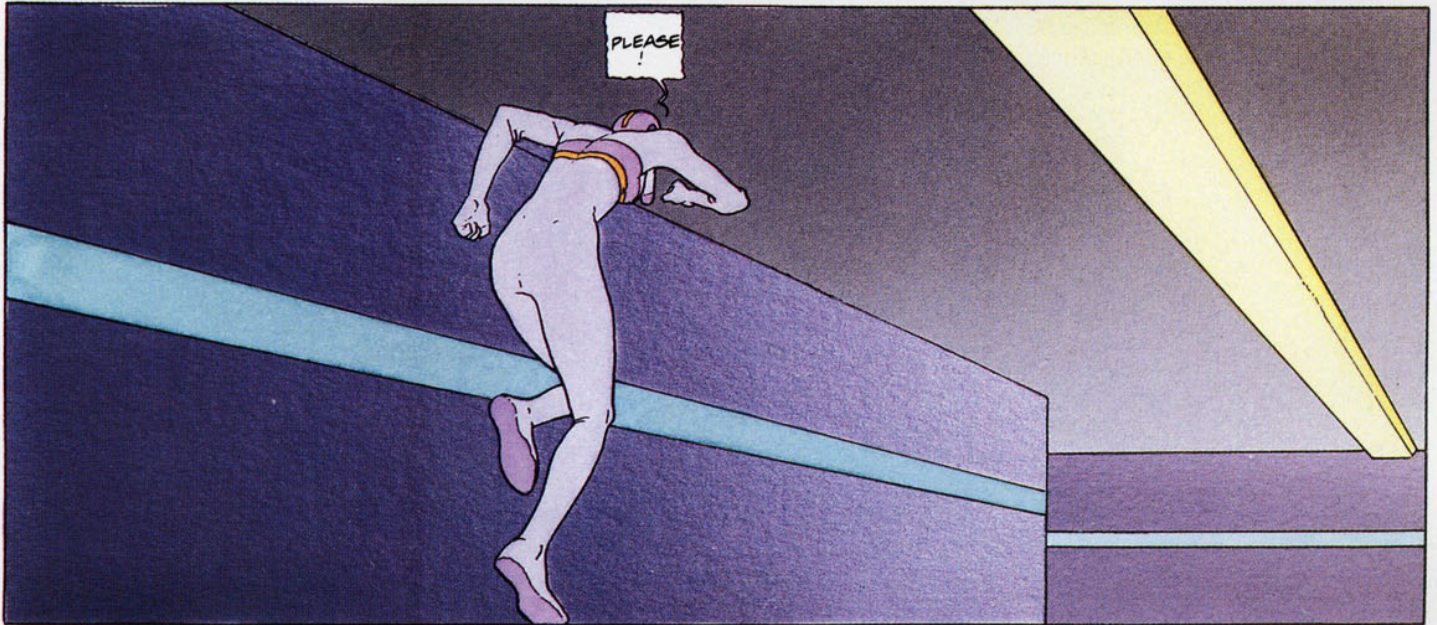
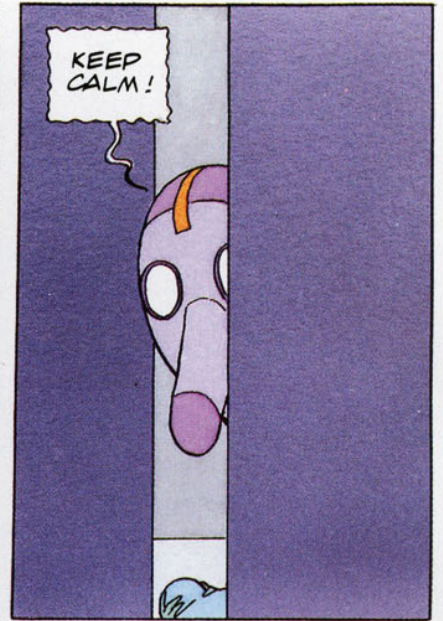
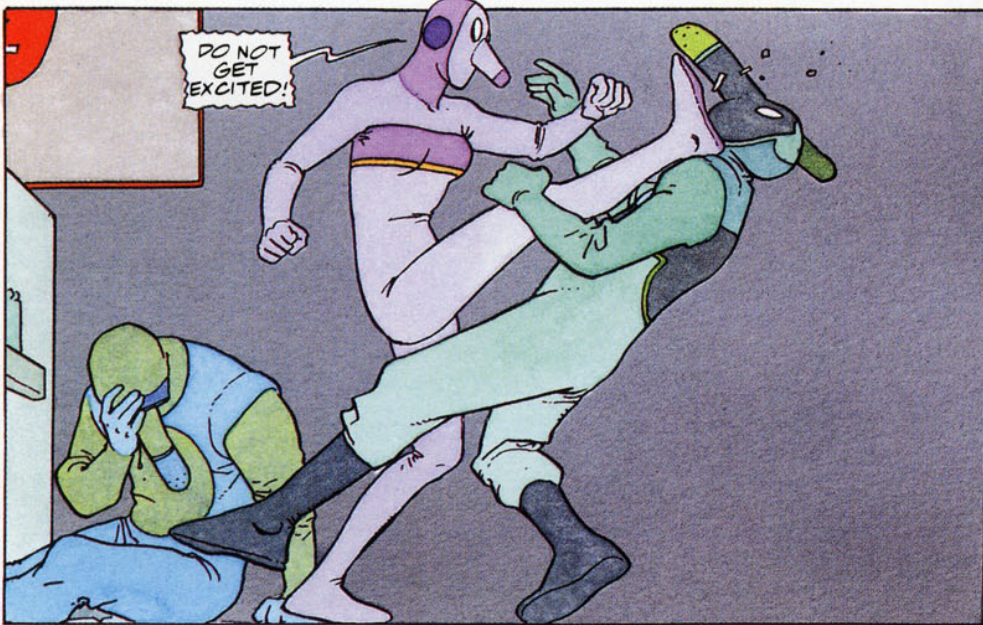


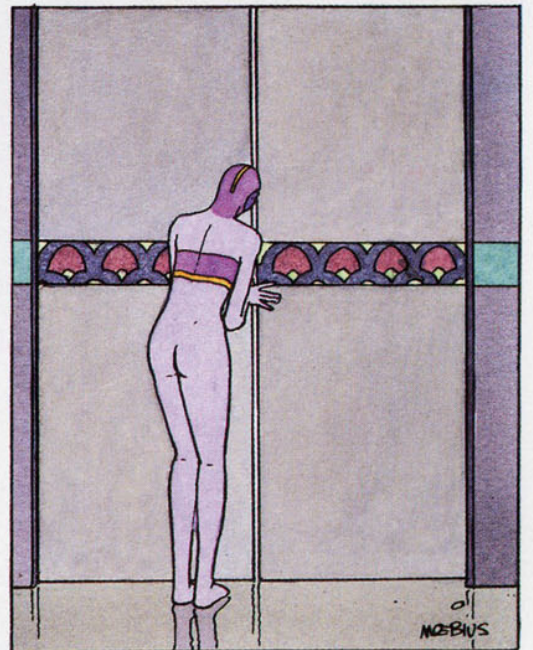
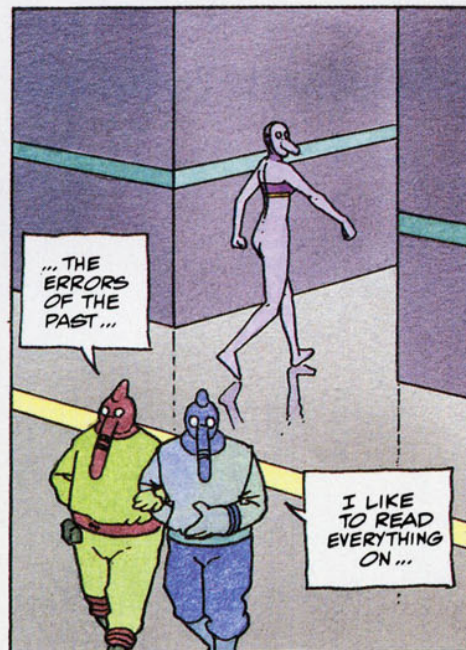
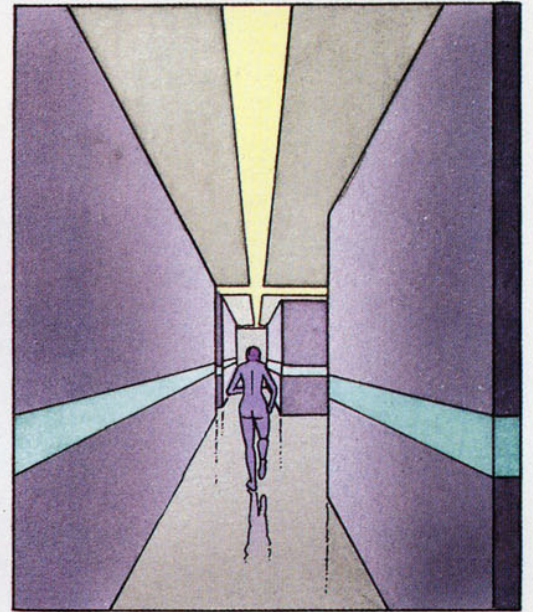
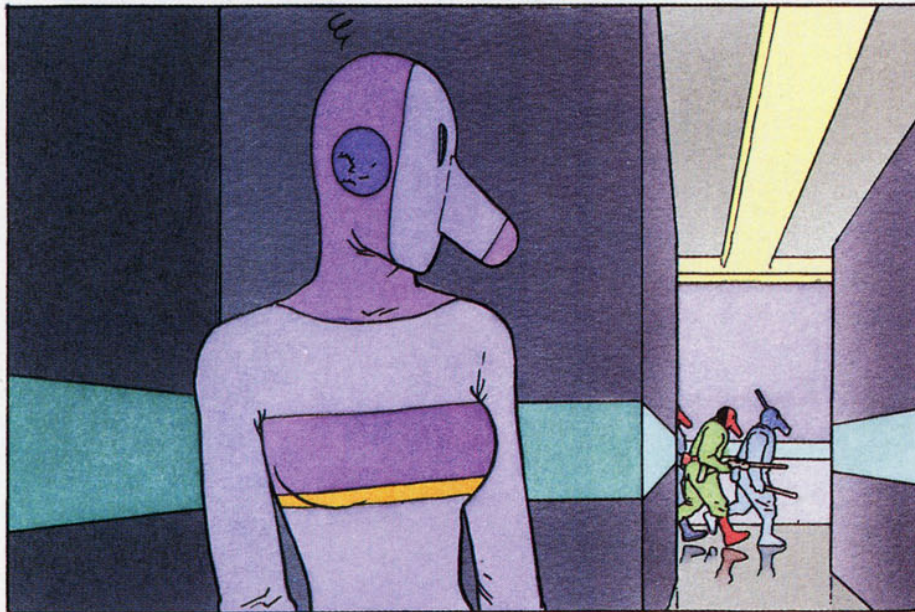
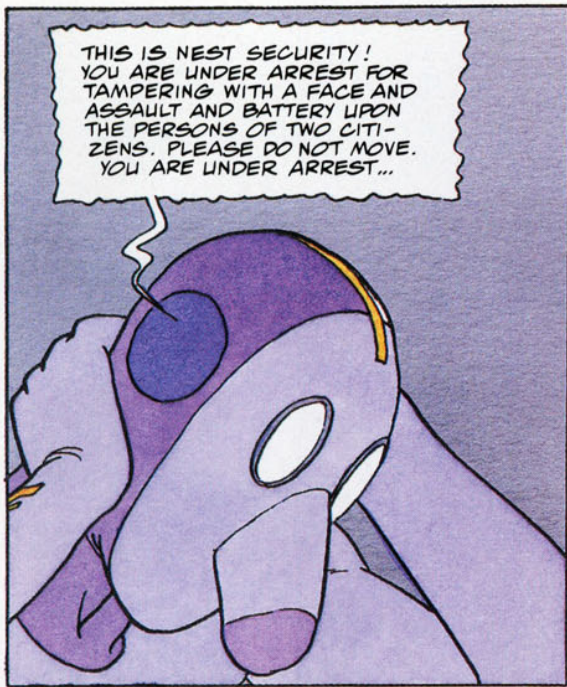
...
IT
SEEMS
CALMER.

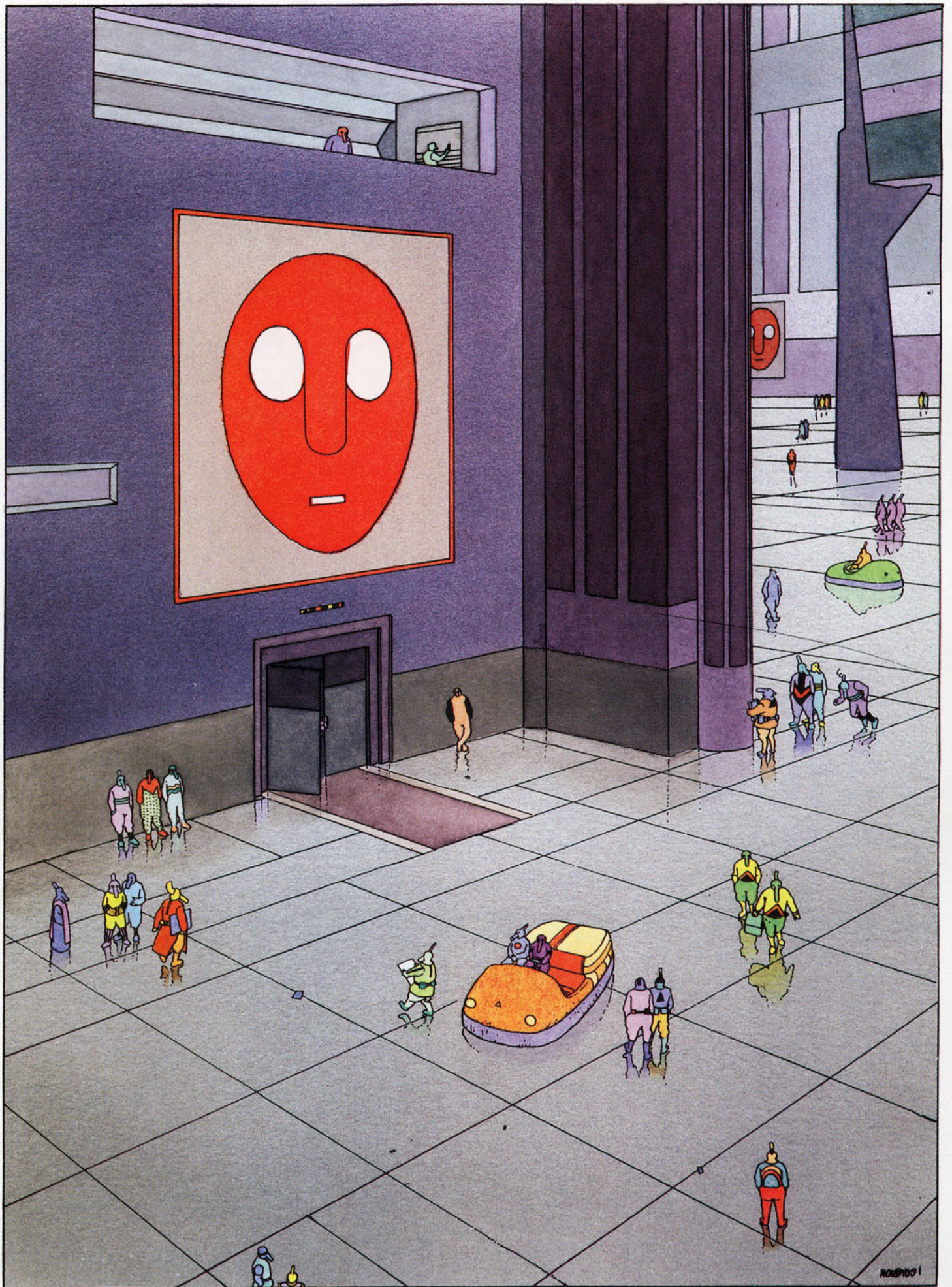
WE SHALL BE AT
THE NEST SOON!
THE MEDICS WILL
TAKE CARE OF IT!

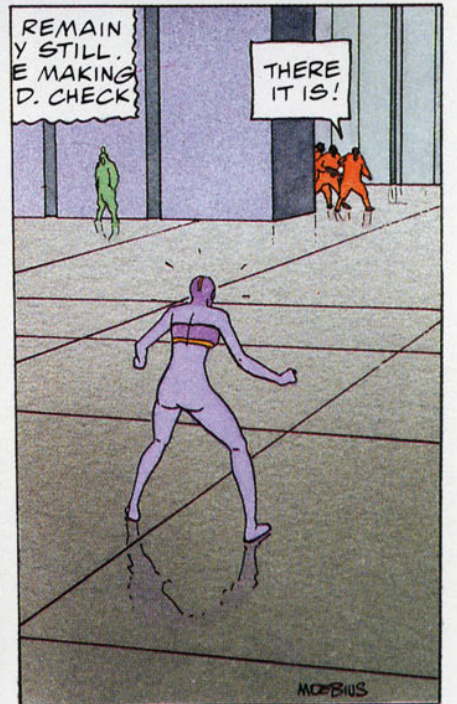
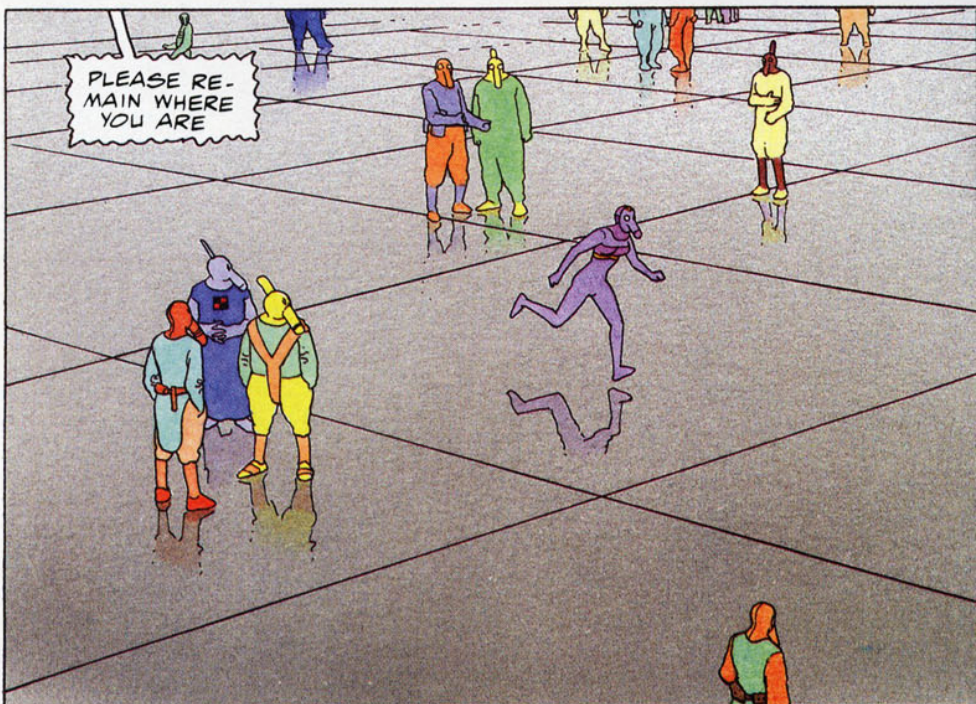
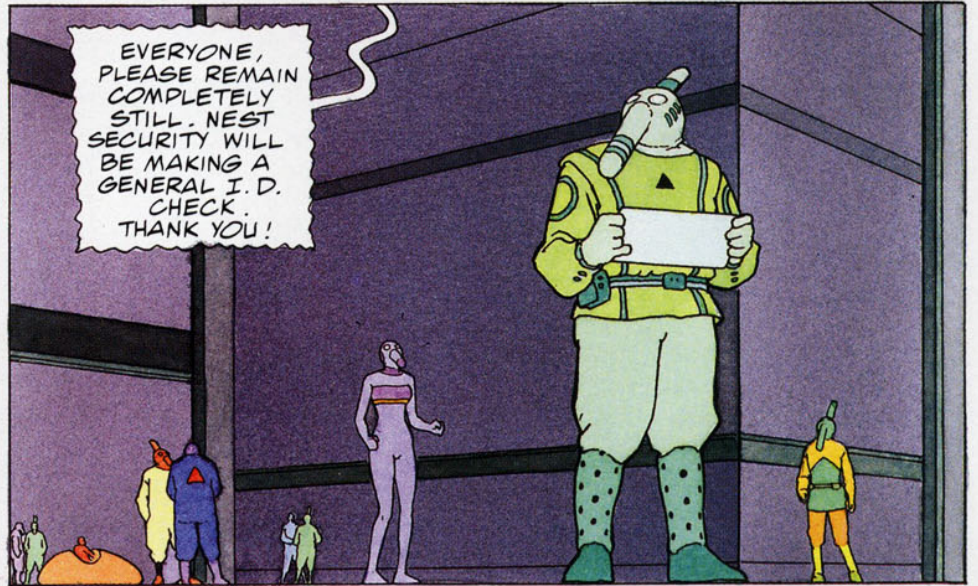
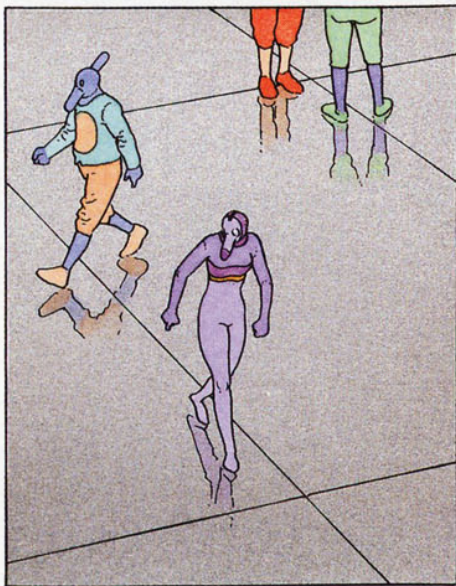
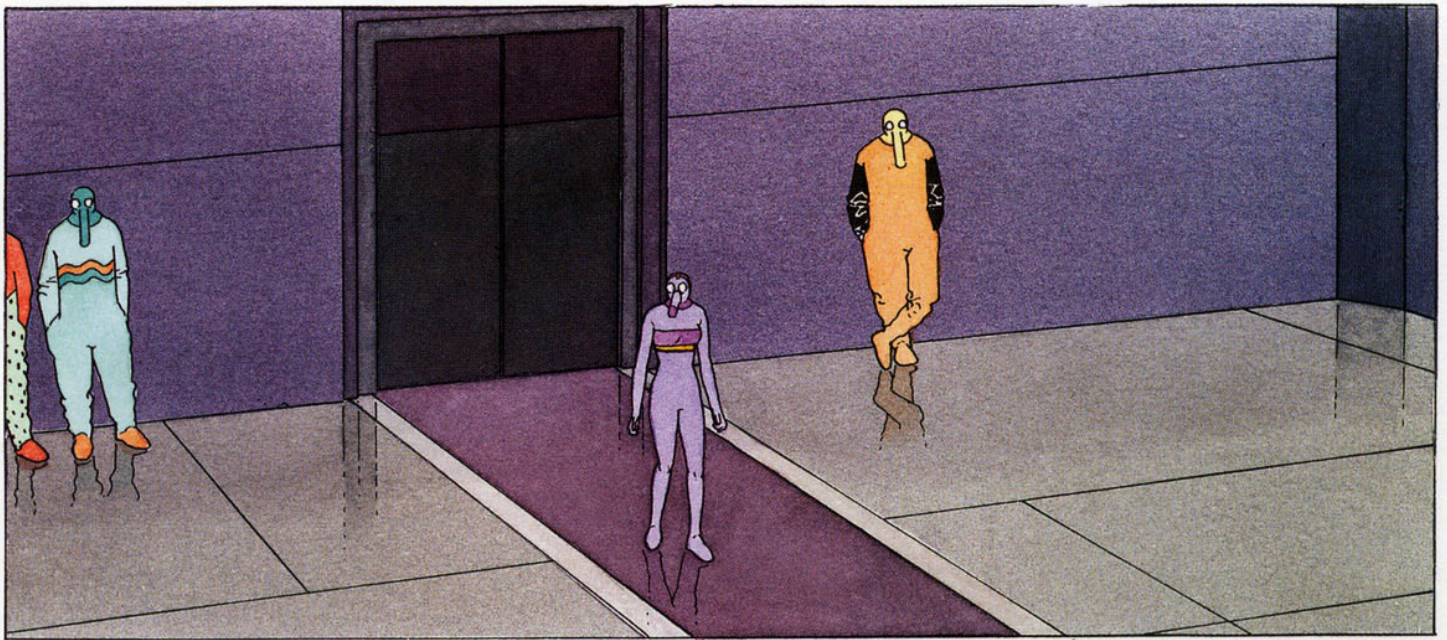
M. B. W.

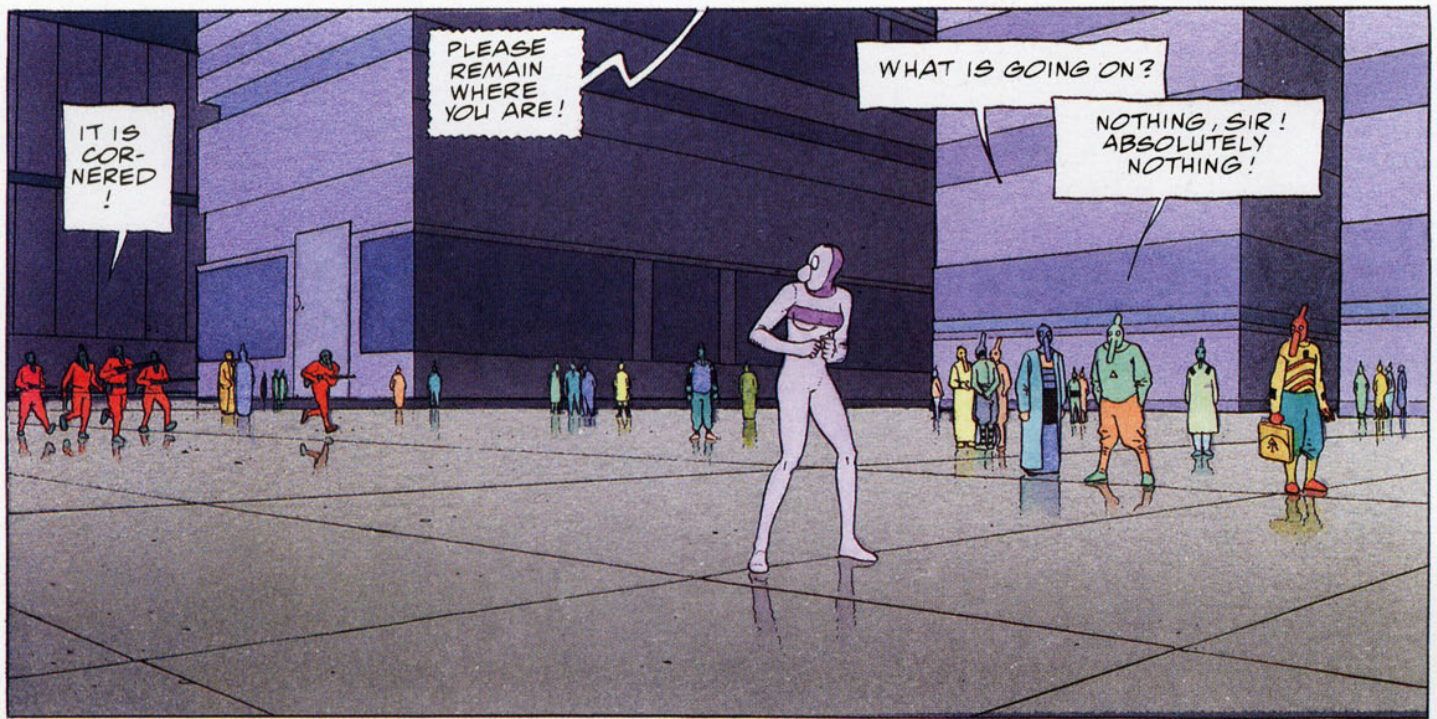










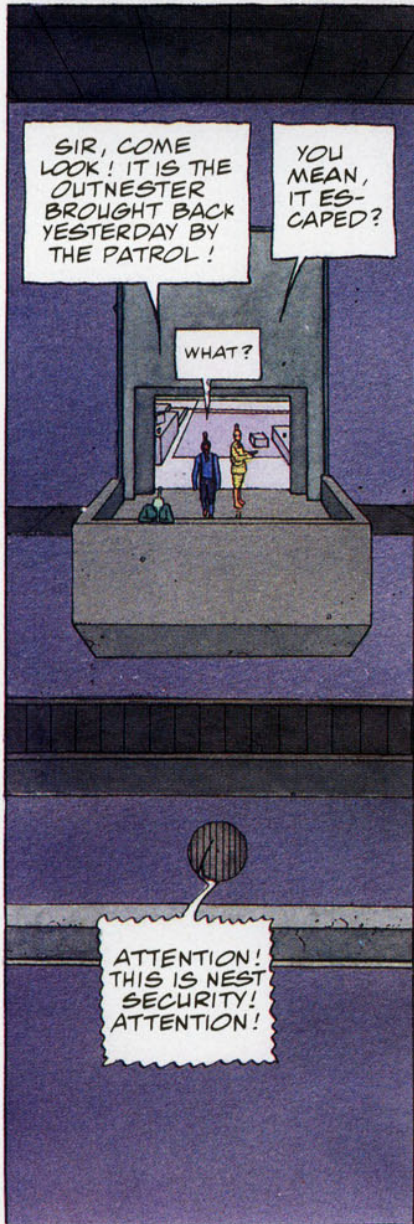


IT IS CORNERED!

PLEASE REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE!

WHAT IS GOING ON?

NOTHING, SIR! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

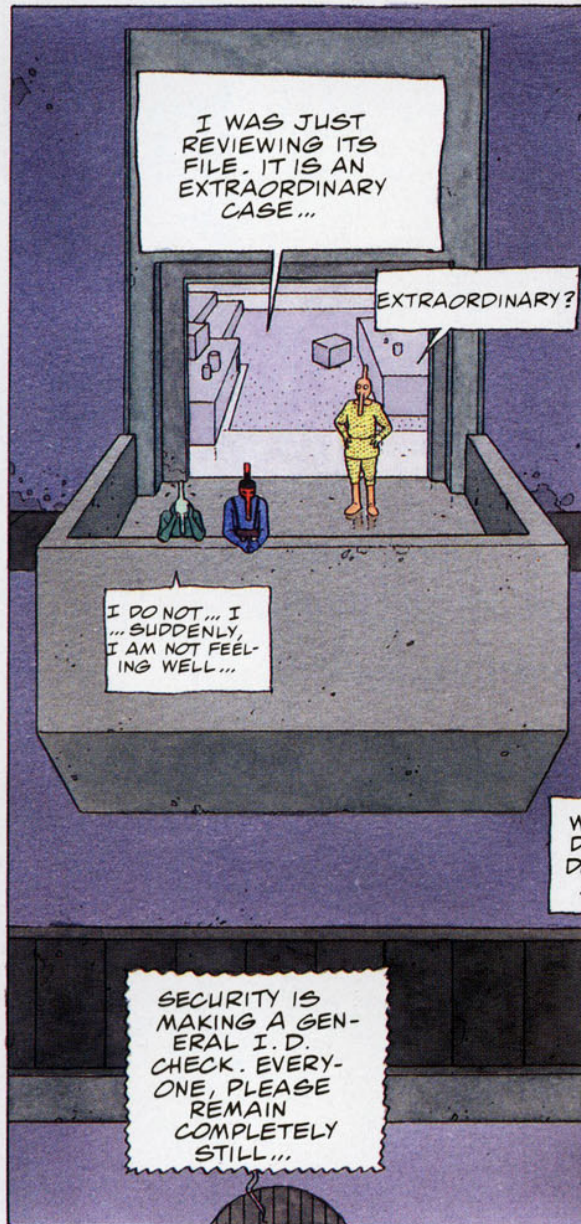


SIR, COME LOOK! IT IS THE OUTNESTER BROUGHT BACK YESTERDAY BY THE PATROL!

YOU MEAN, IT ESCAPED?

WHAT?

ATTENTION! THIS IS NEST SECURITY! ATTENTION!

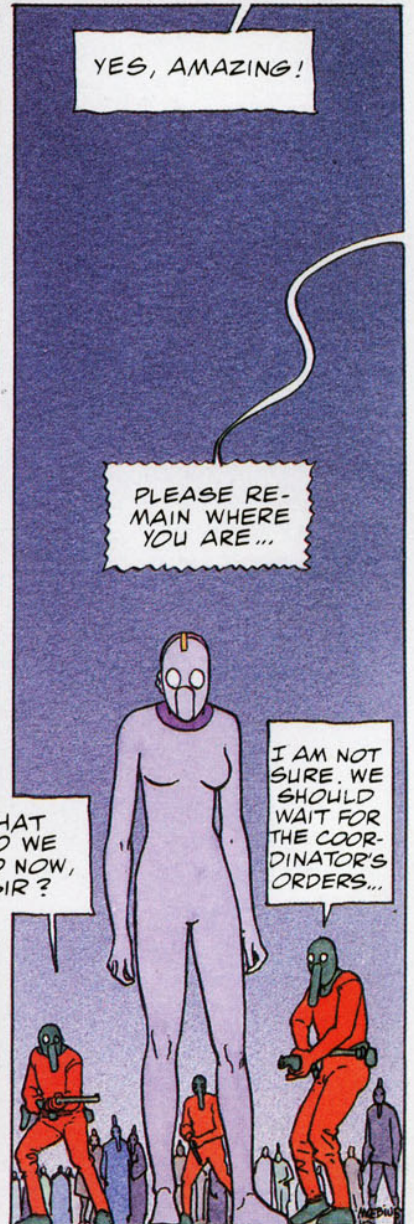


I WAS JUST REVIEWING ITS FILE. IT IS AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE...

EXTRAORDINARY?

I DO NOT... I ... SUDDENLY, I AM NOT FEELING WELL...

SECURITY IS MAKING A GENERAL I.D. CHECK. EVERYONE, PLEASE REMAIN COMPLETELY STILL...

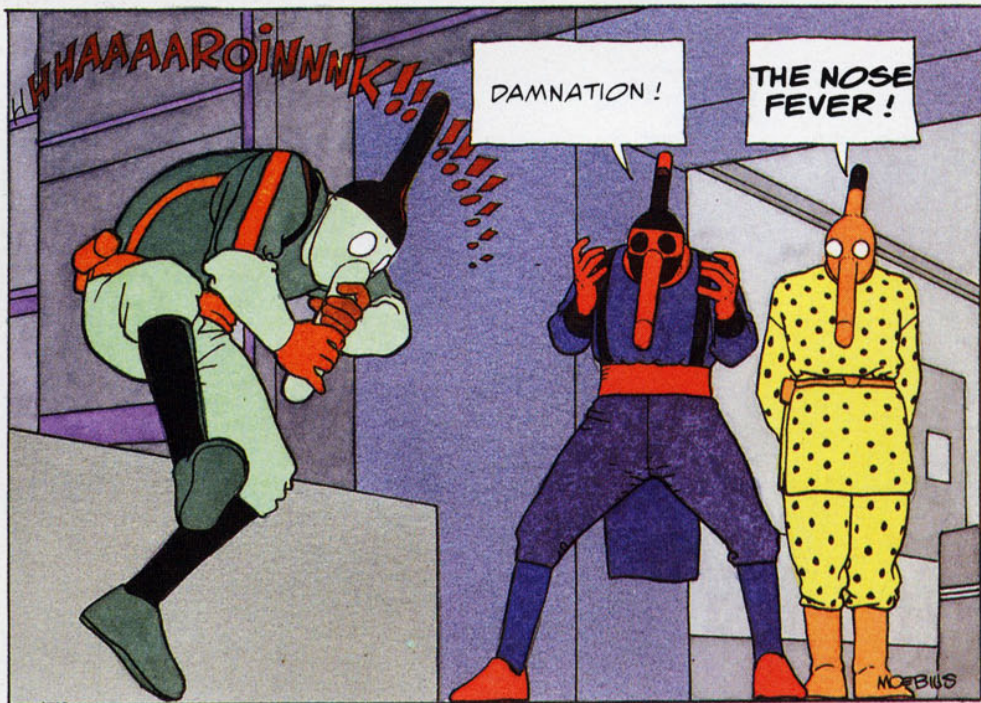
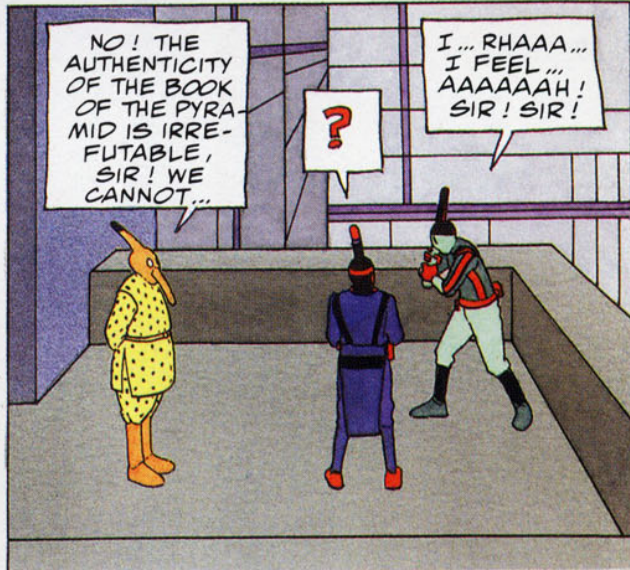
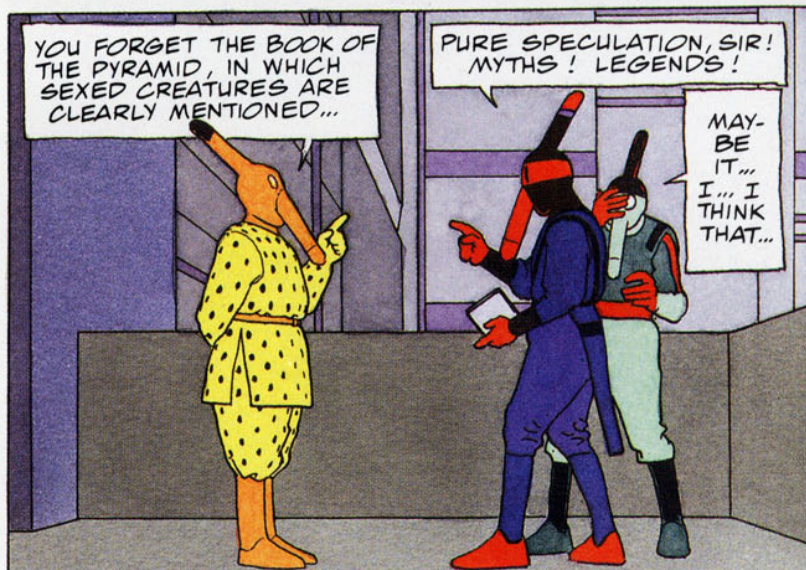
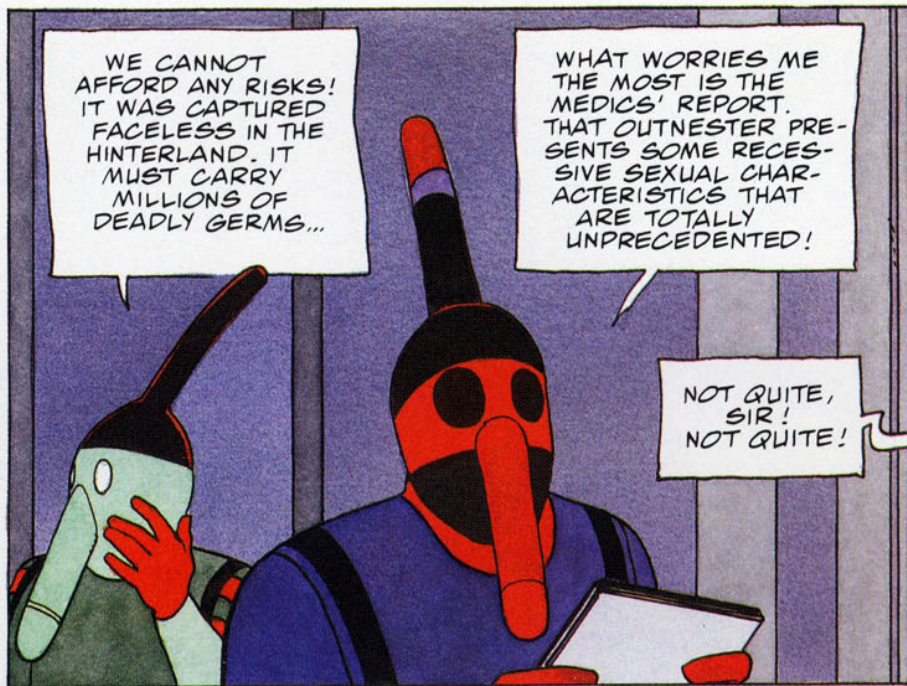


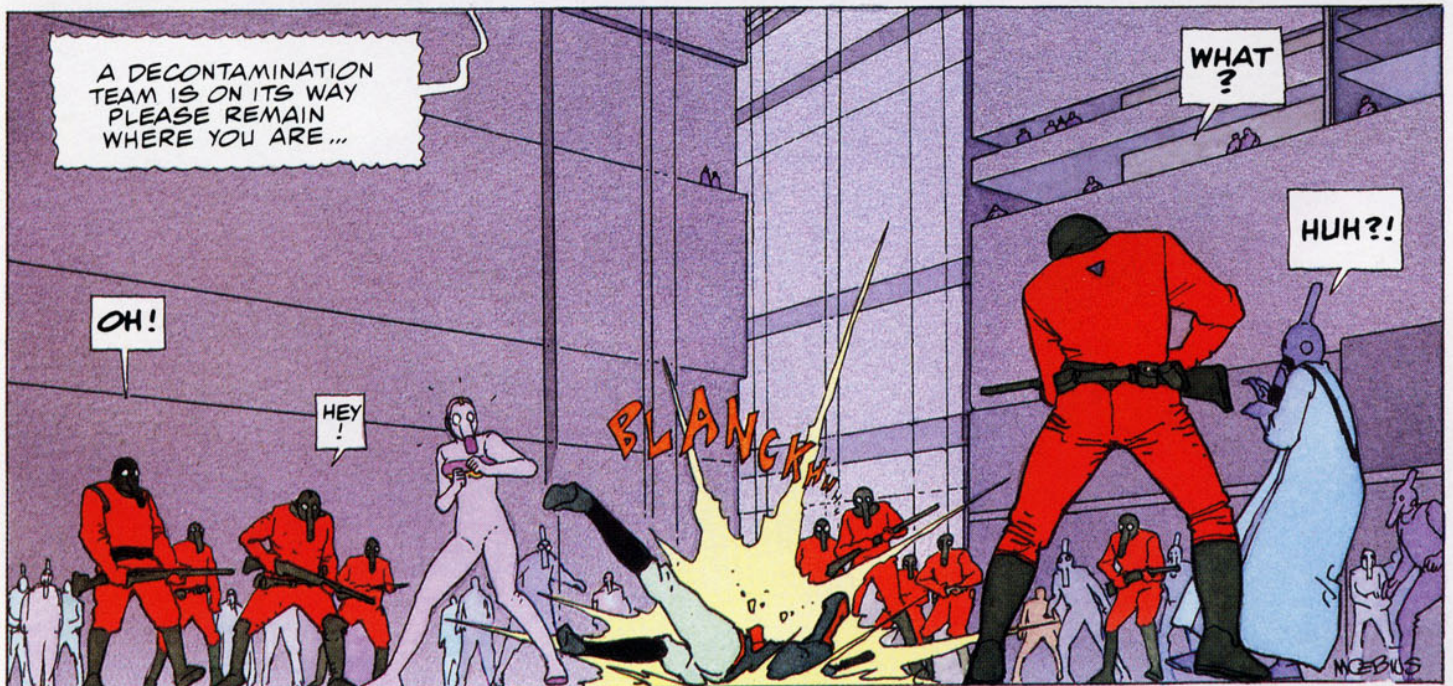
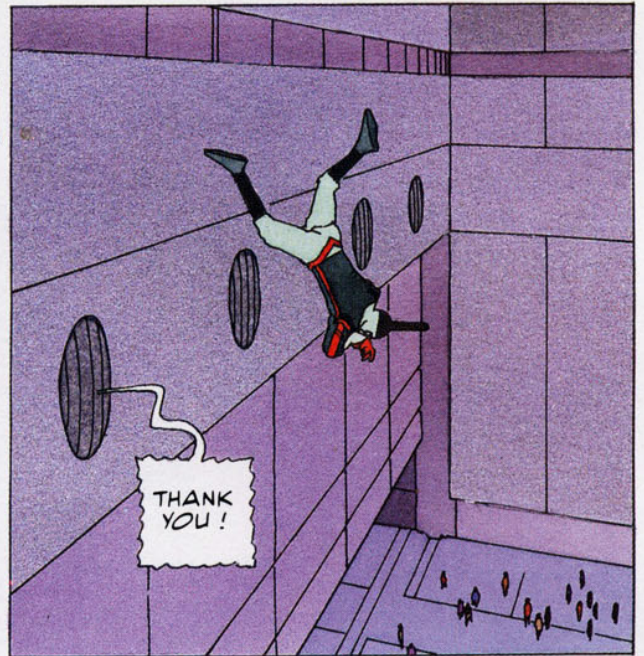
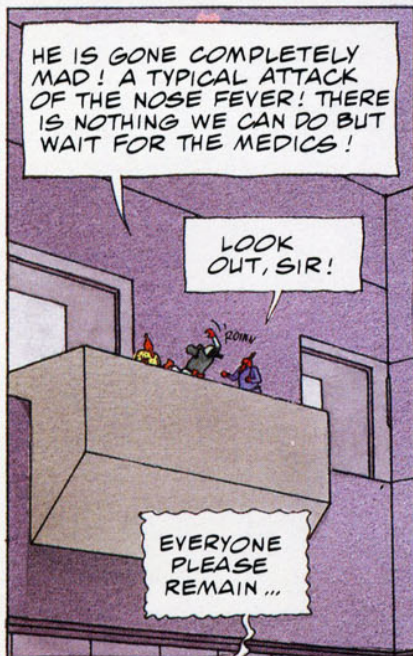
YES, AMAZING!

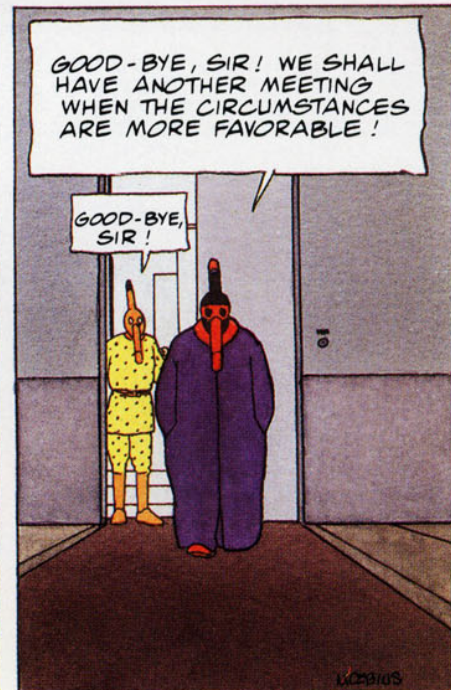
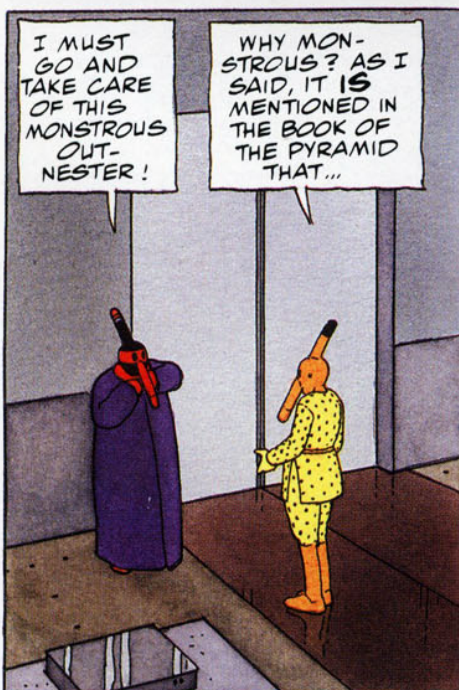
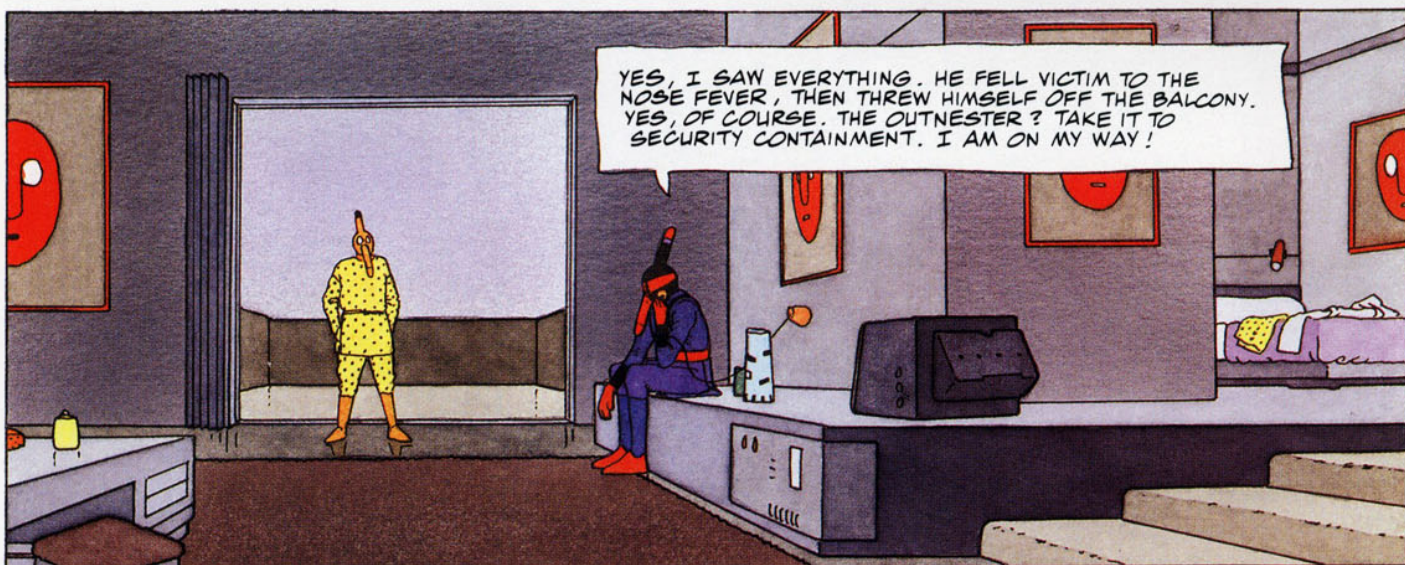
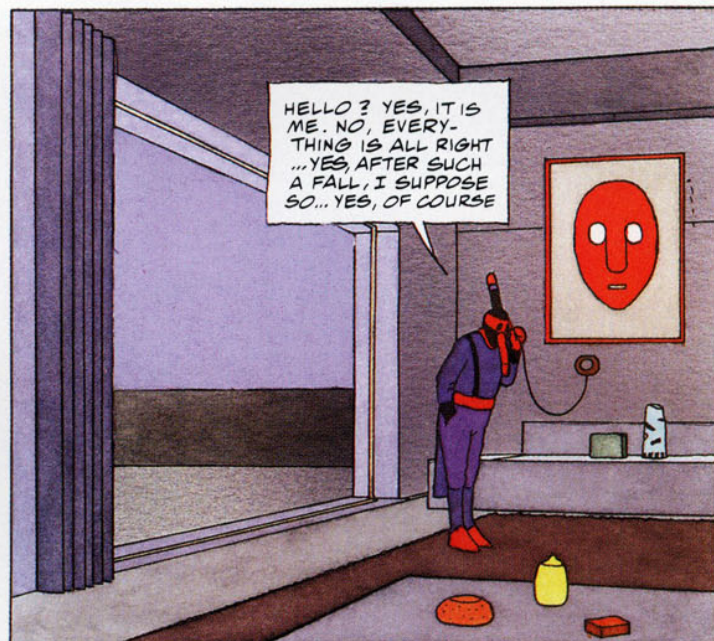
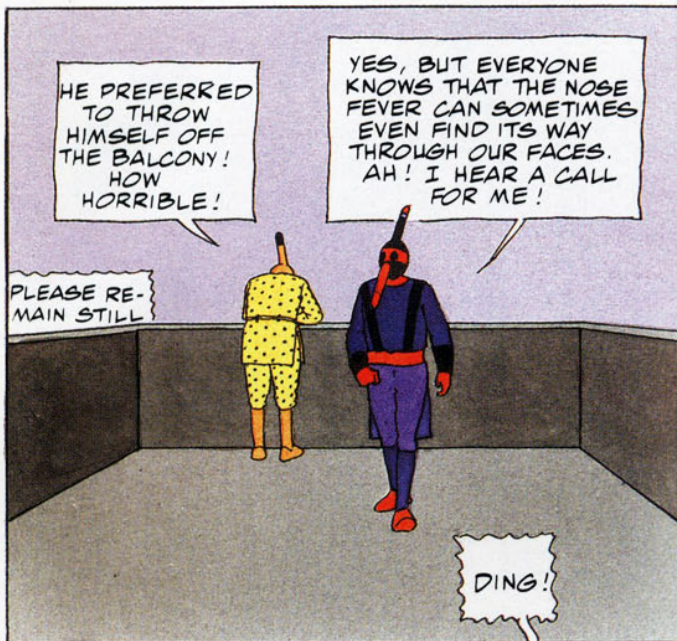
PLEASE REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE...

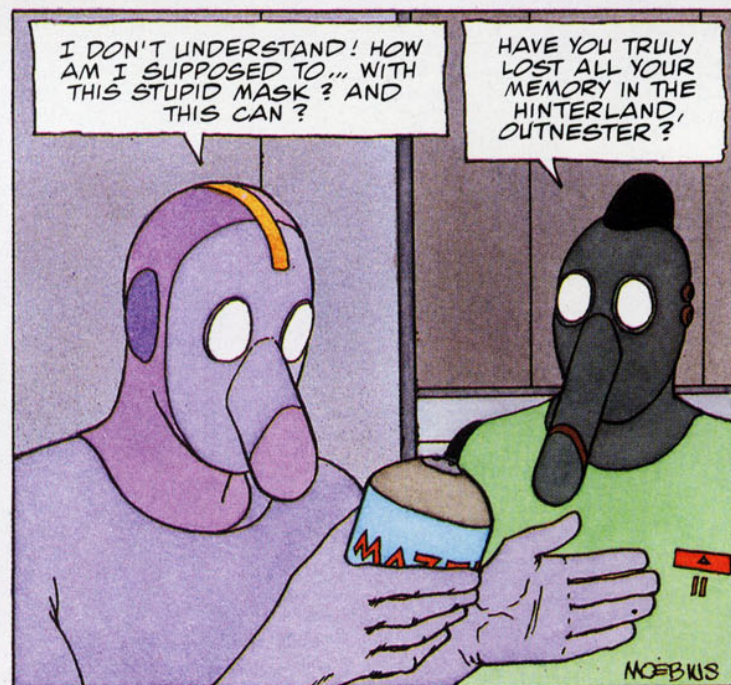
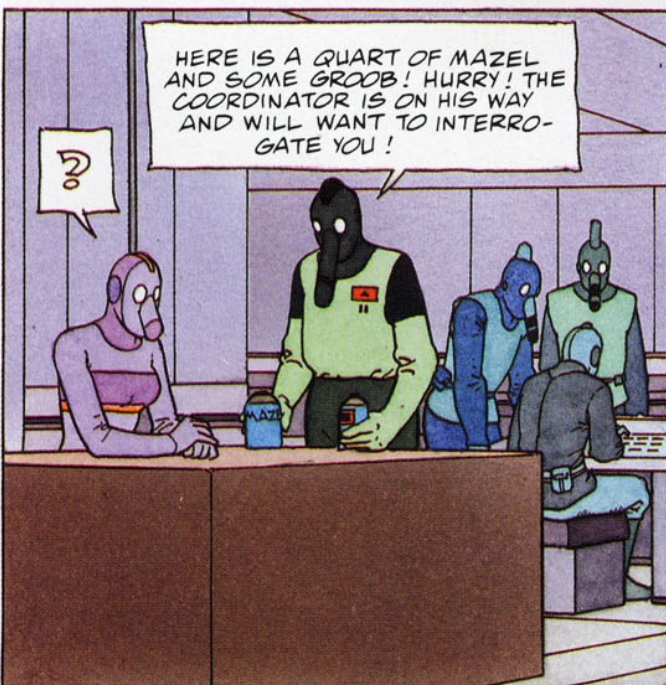
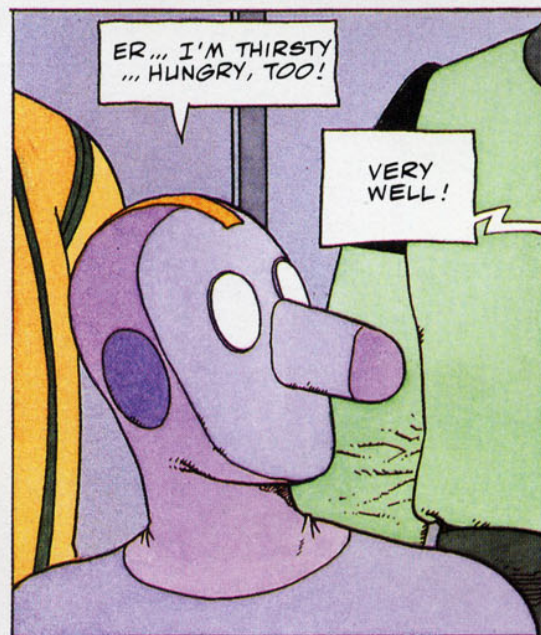
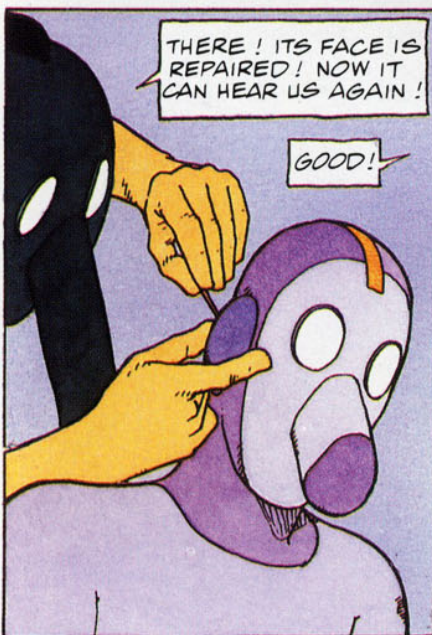
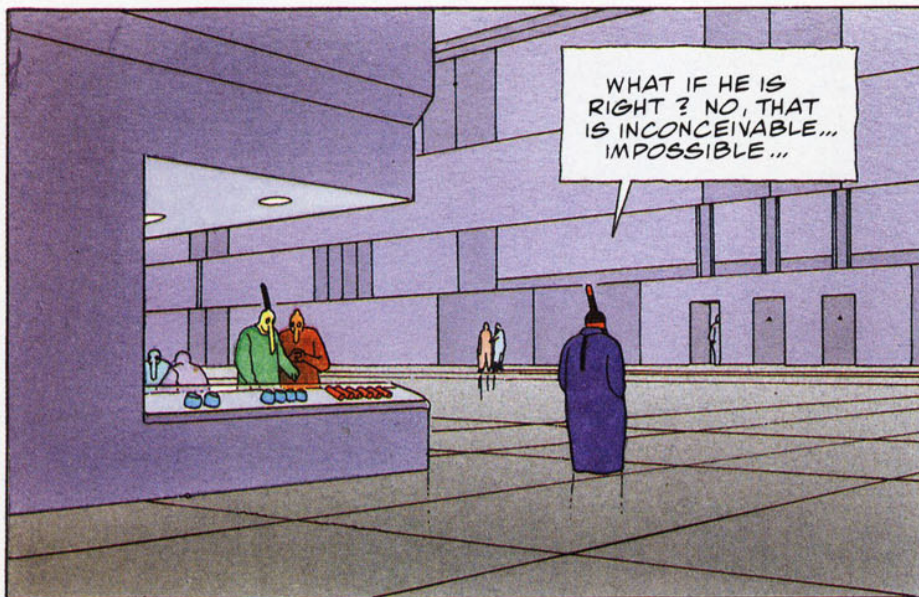
I AM NOT SURE. WE SHOULD WAIT FOR THE COORDINATOR'S ORDERS...

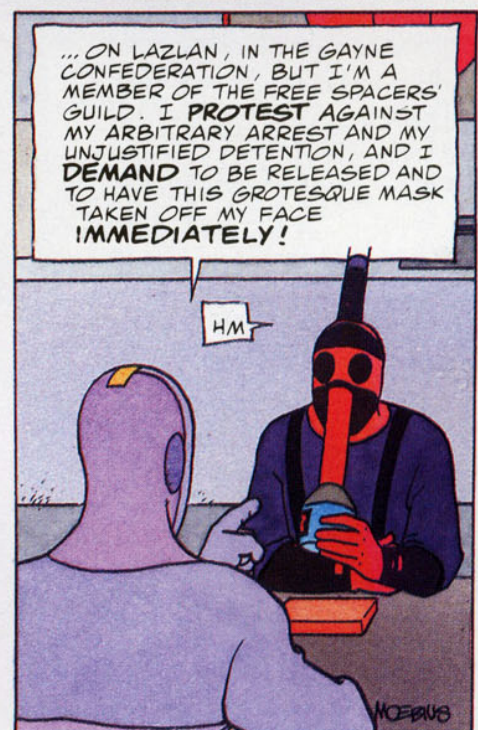
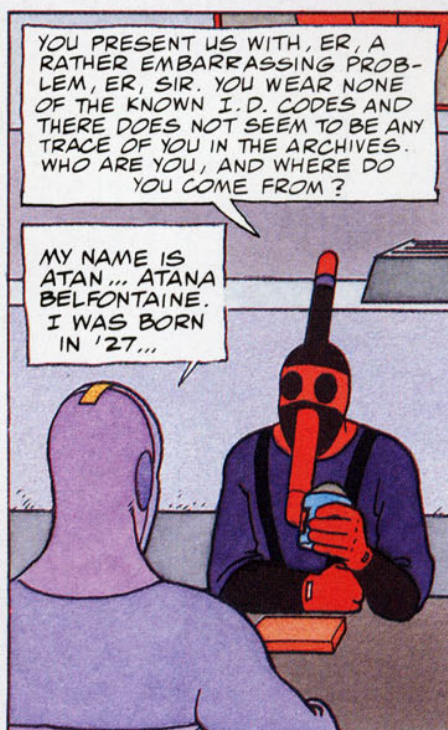
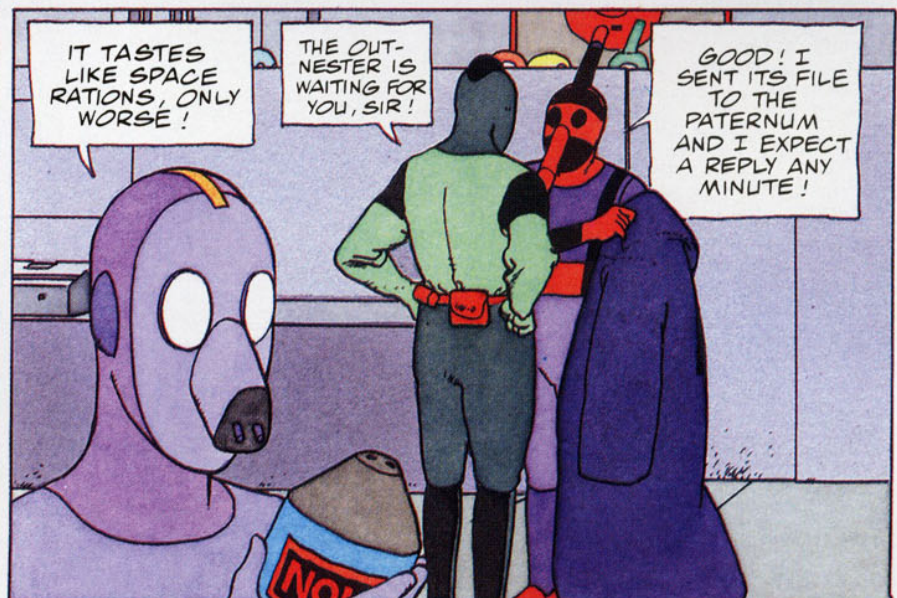
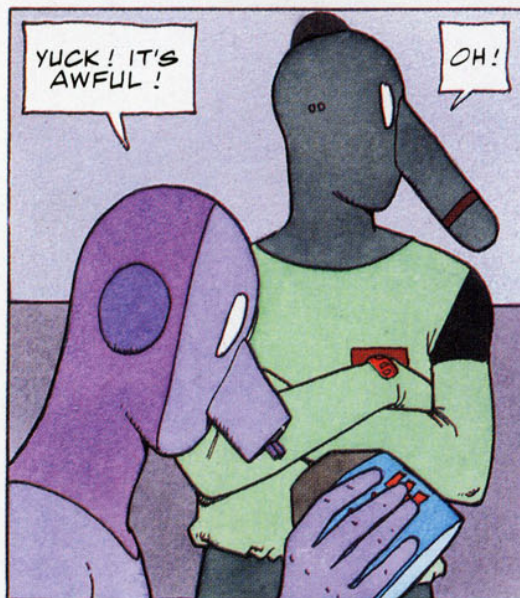
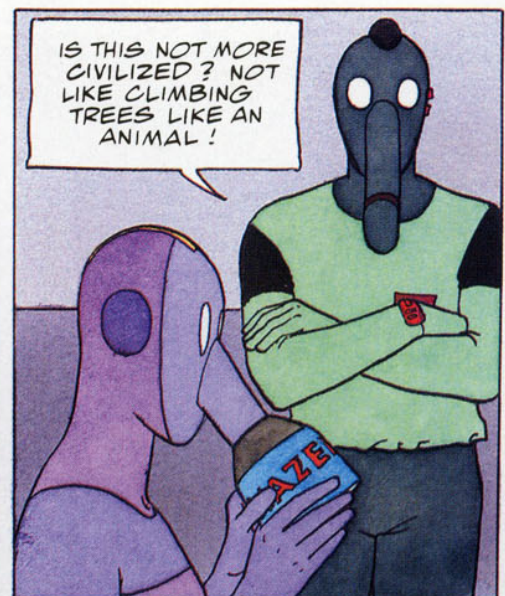
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, SIR?

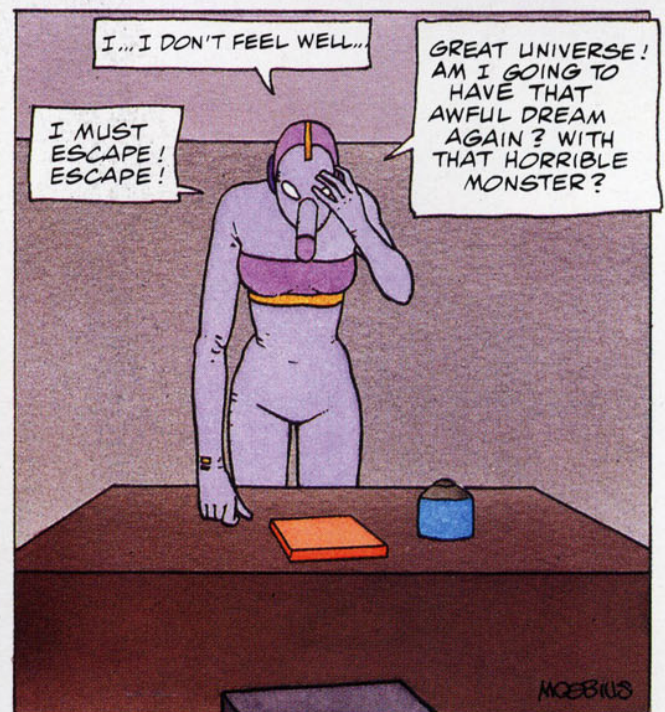
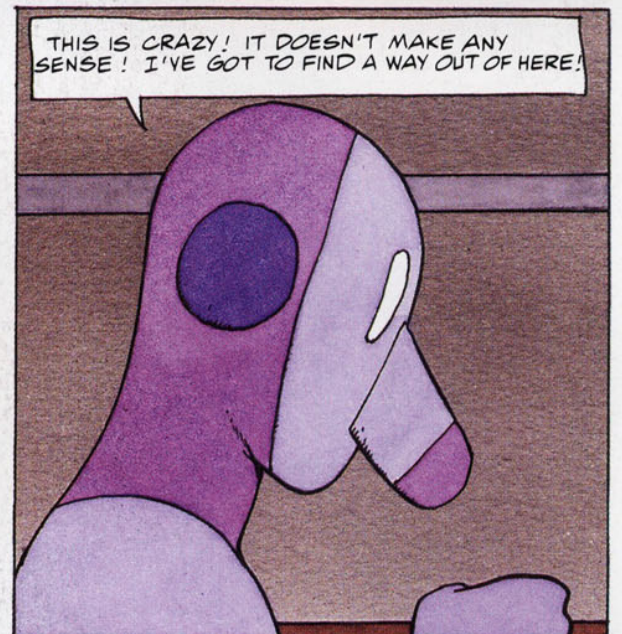
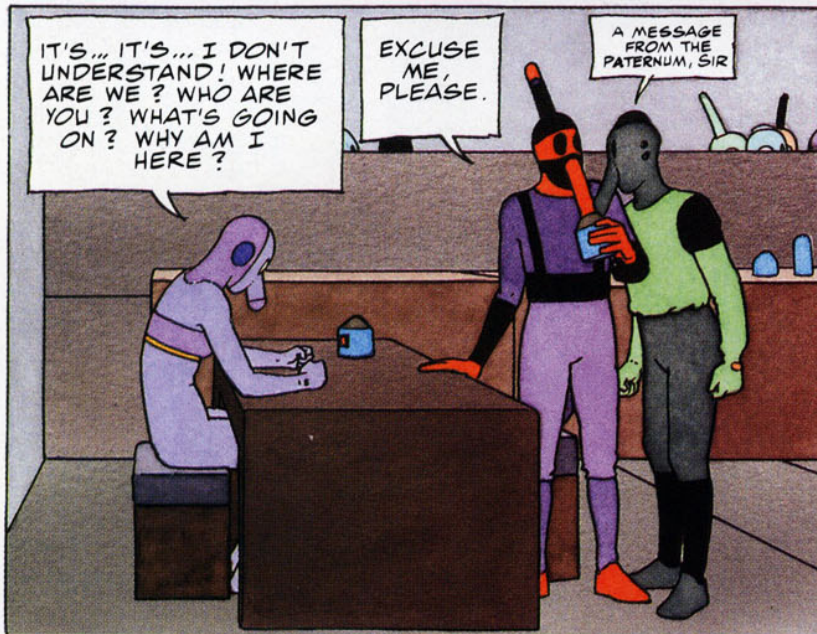
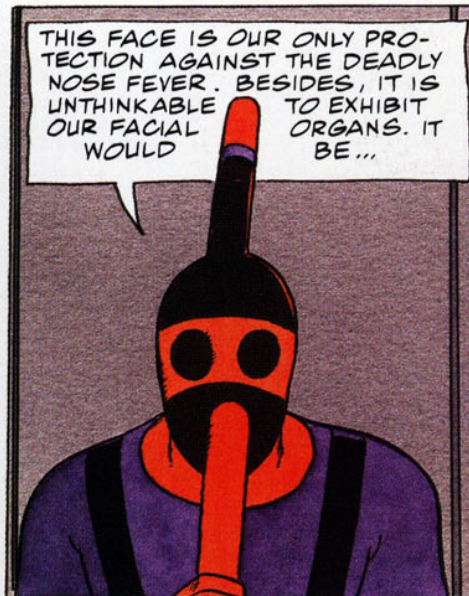


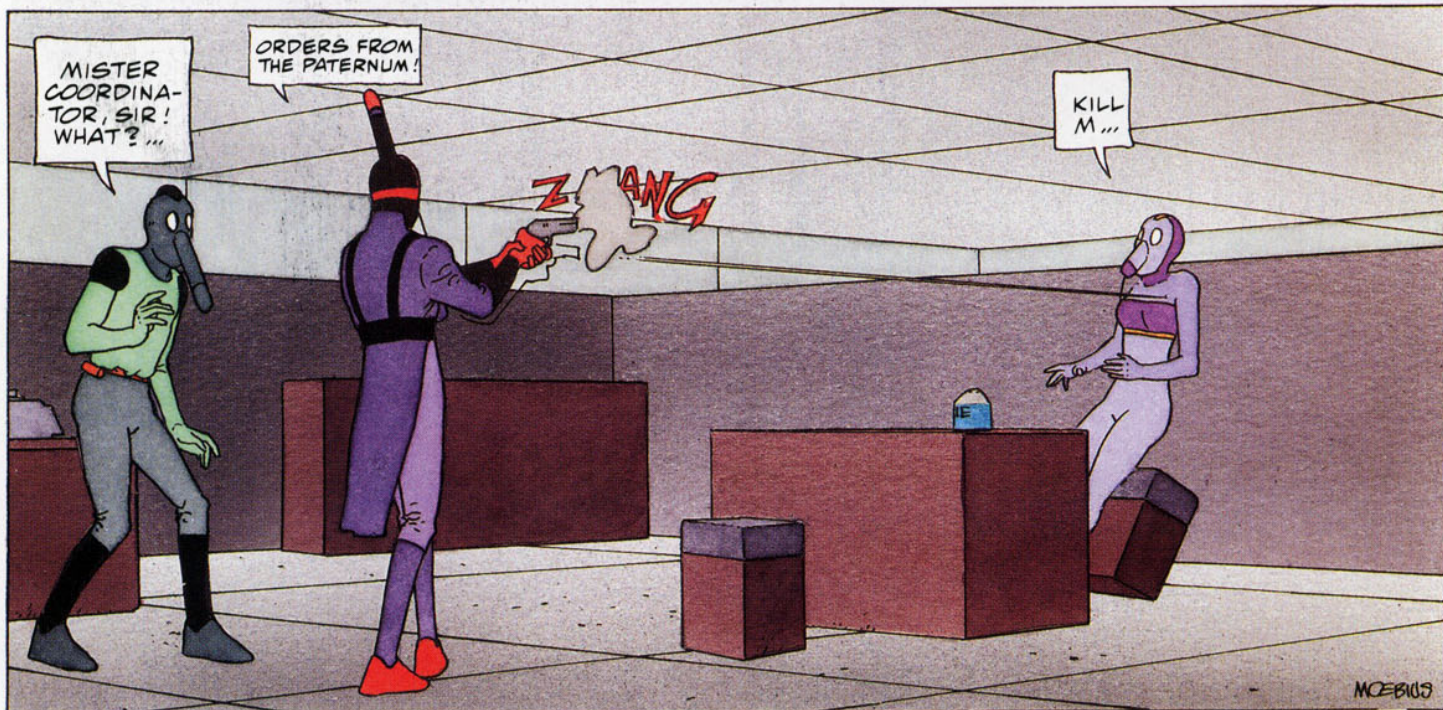
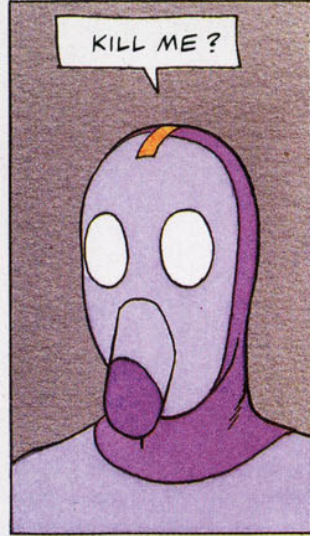
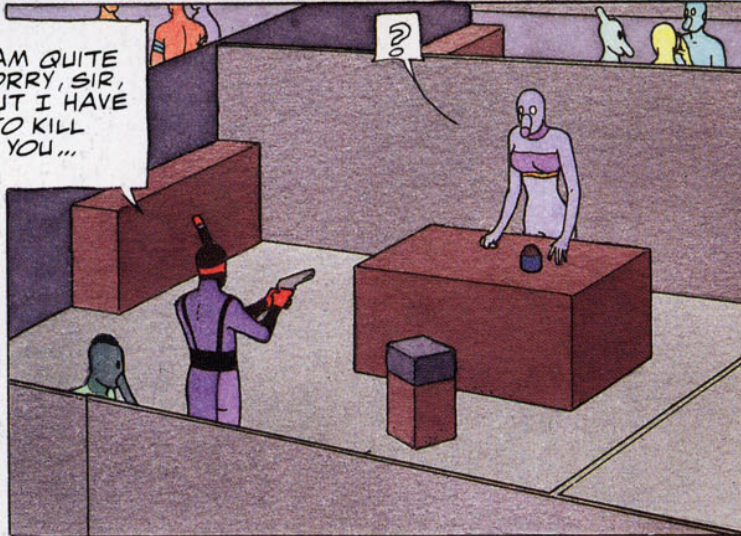


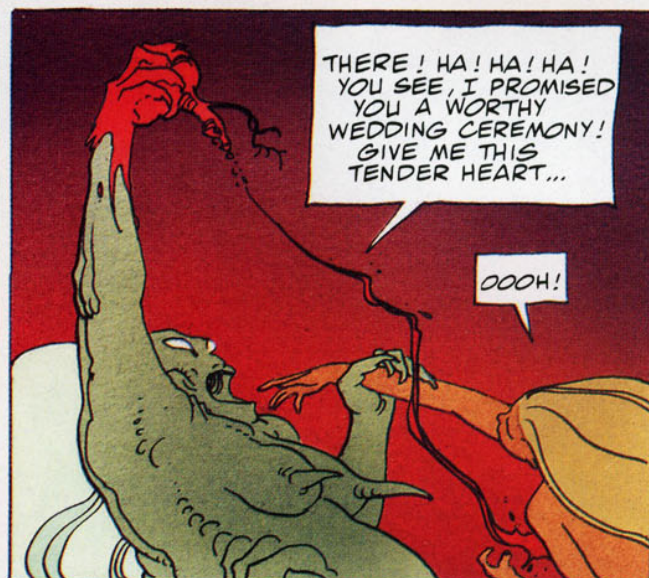
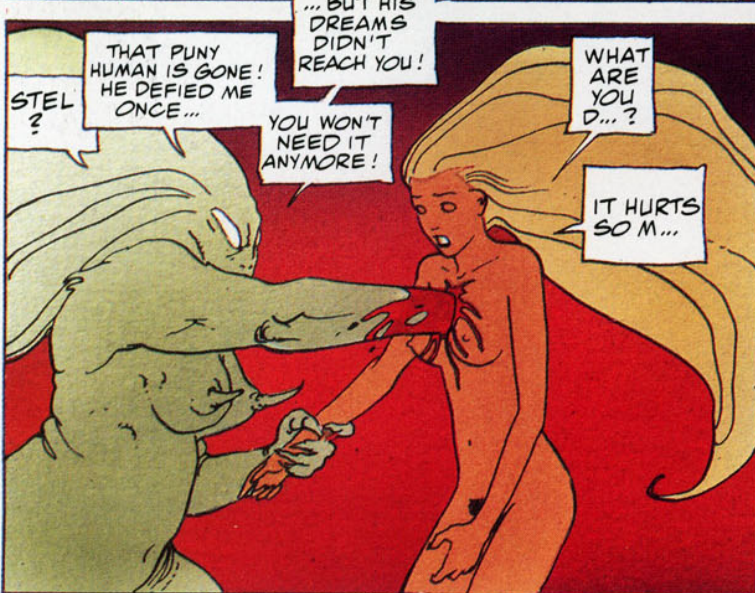


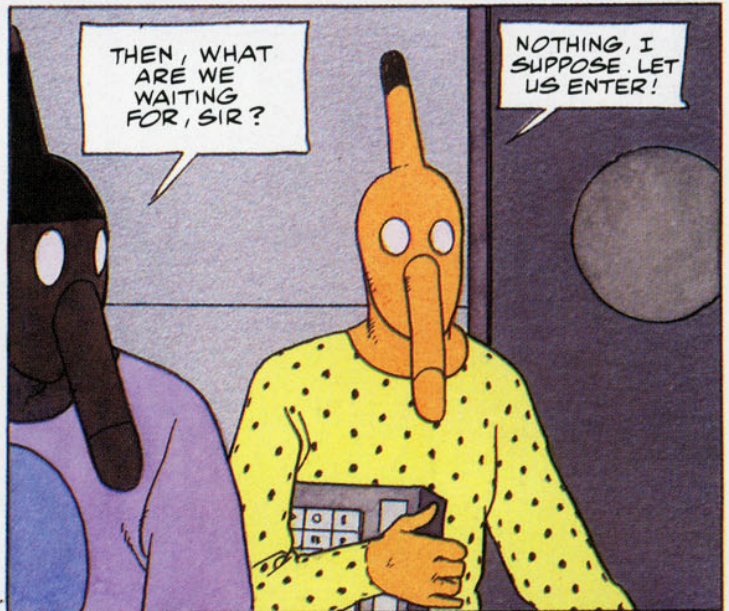
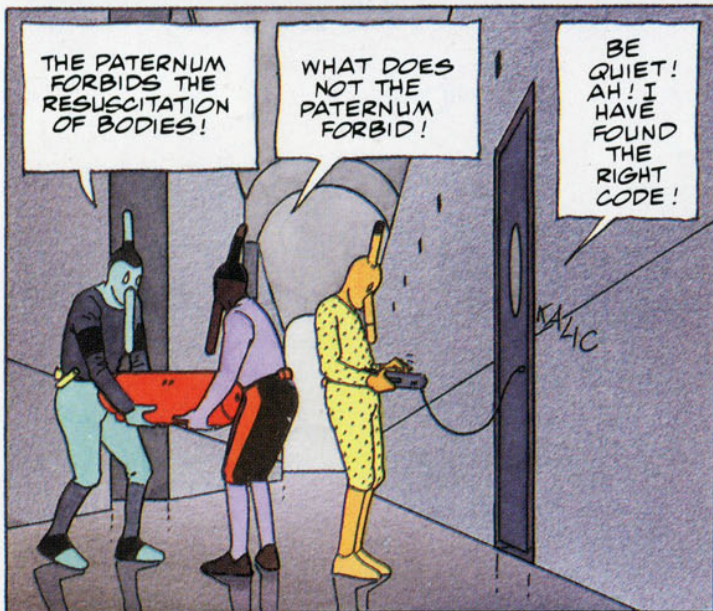
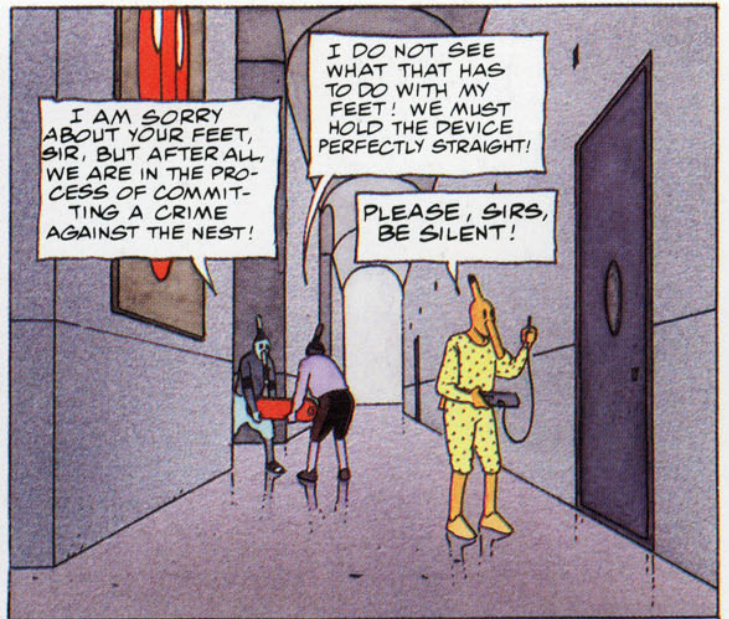


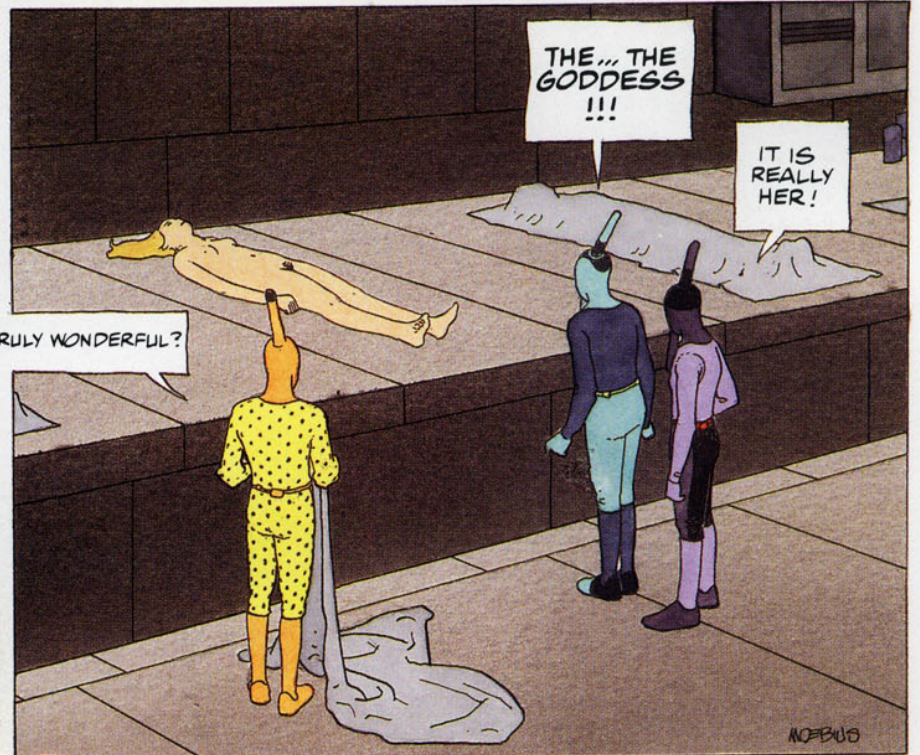
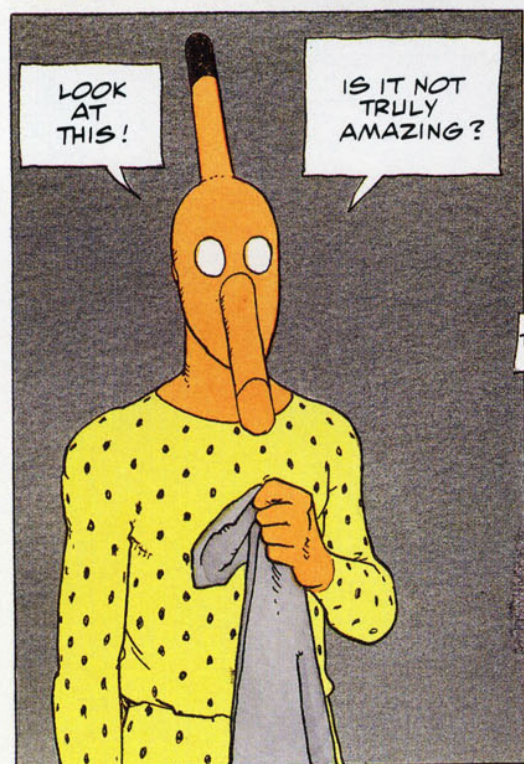
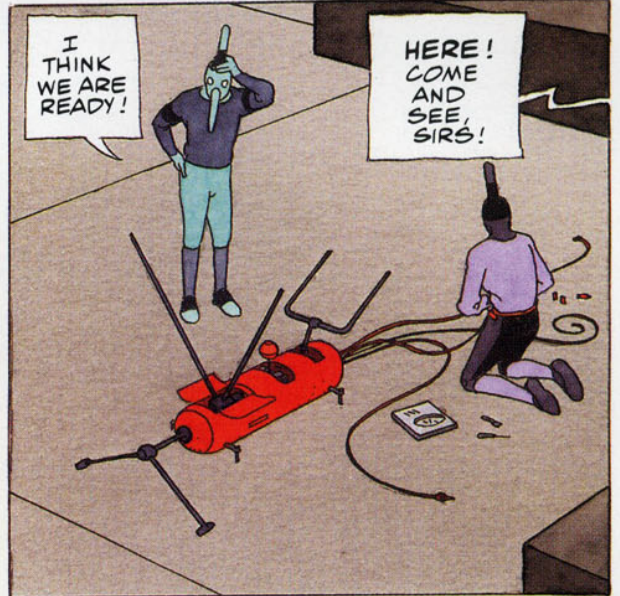
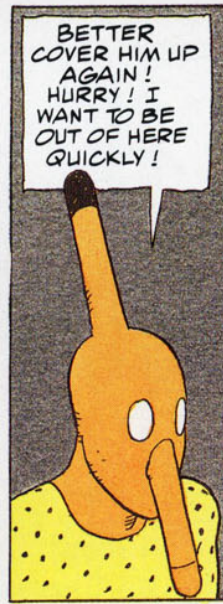
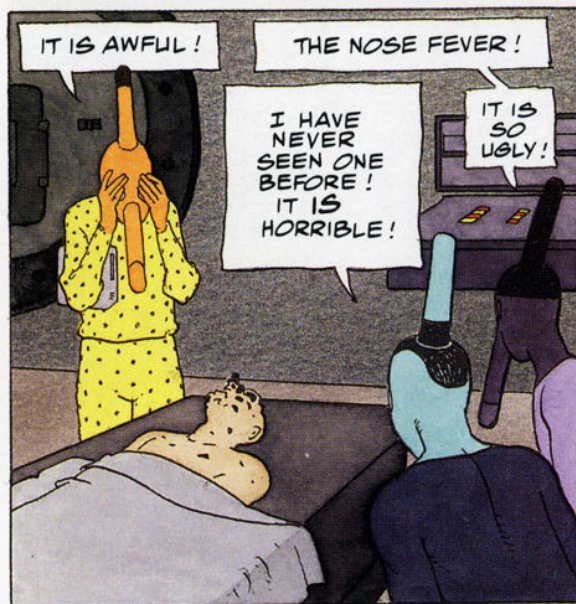
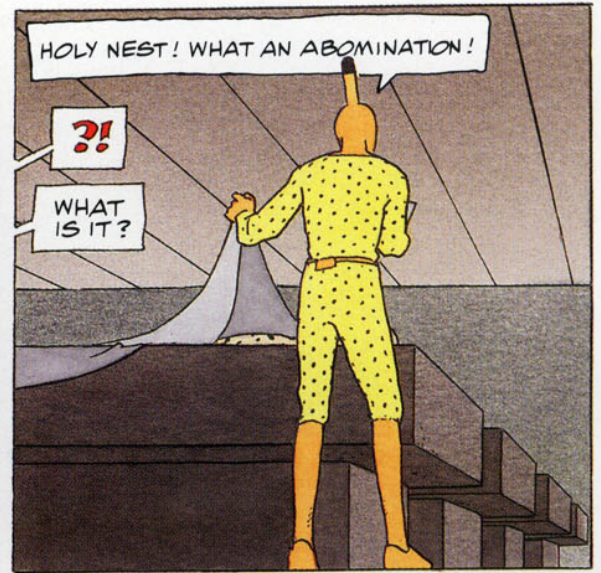
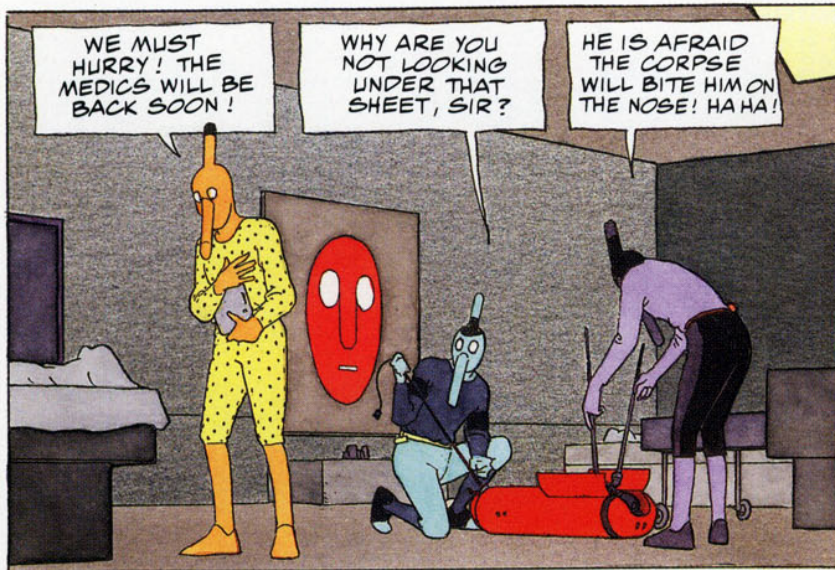


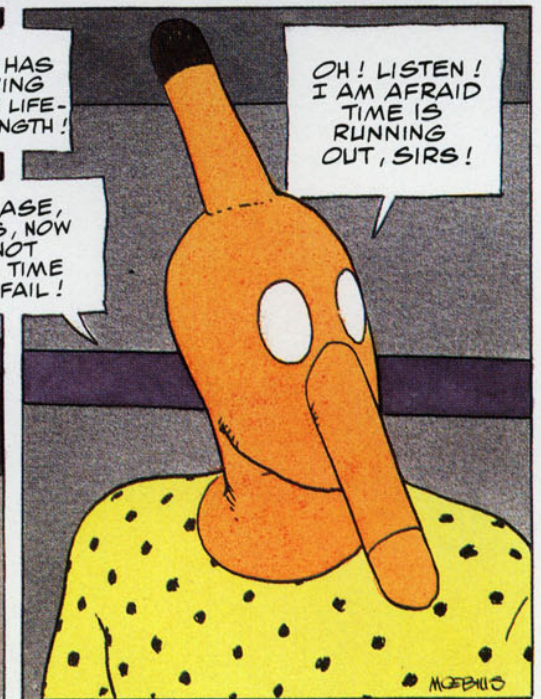
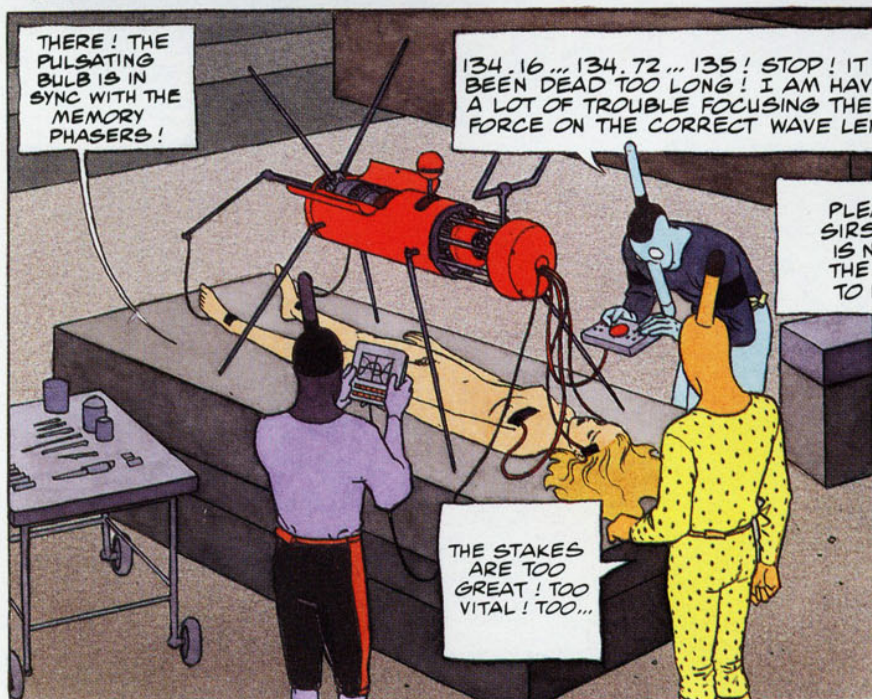
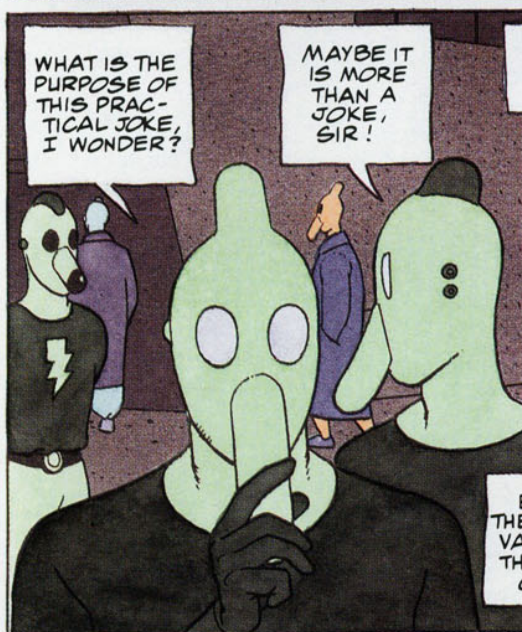
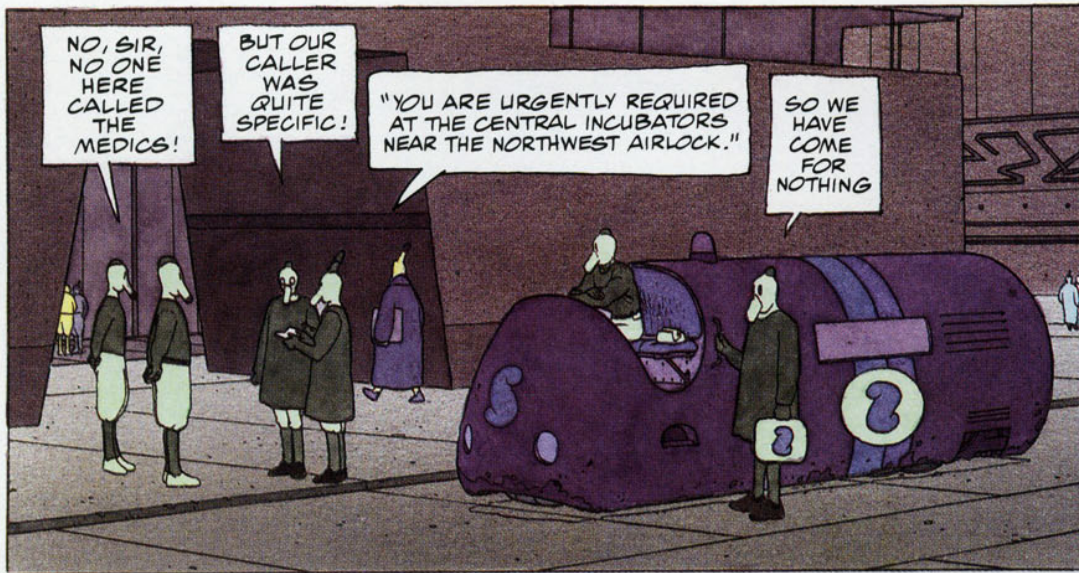


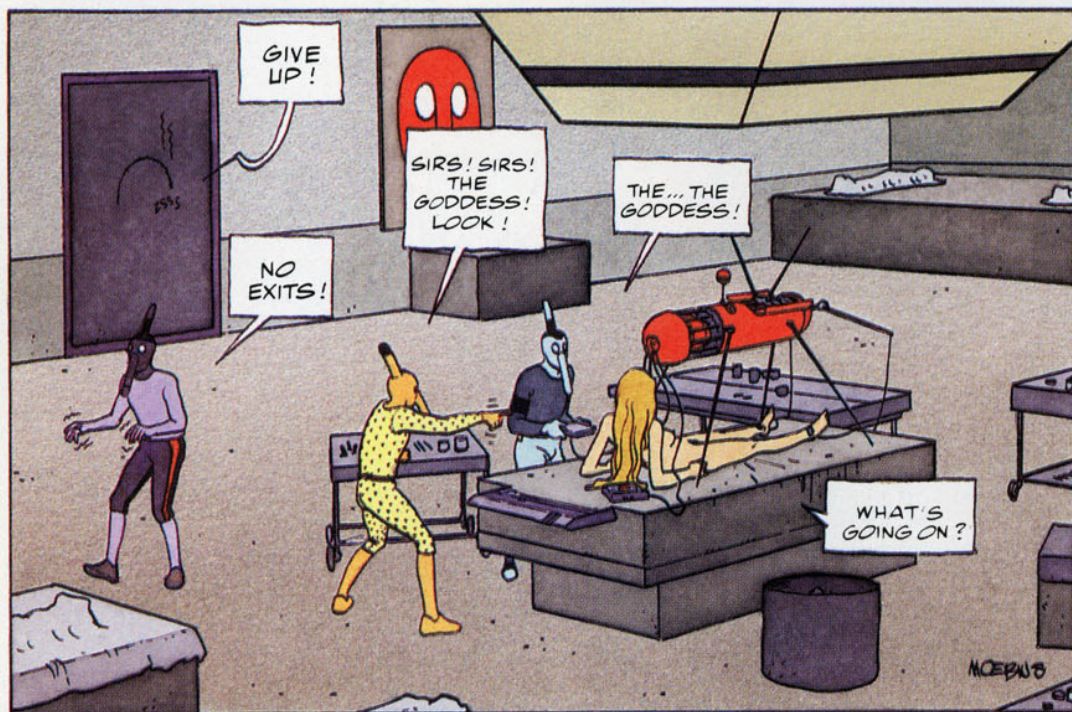
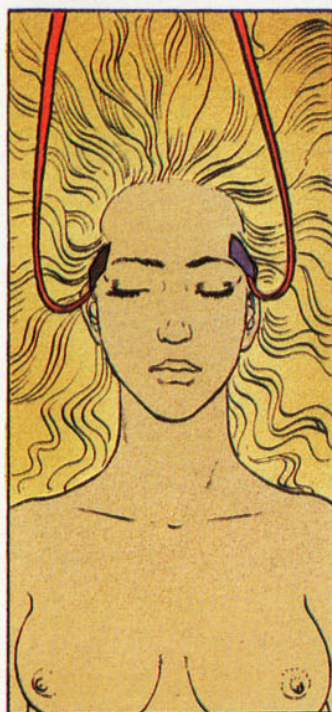
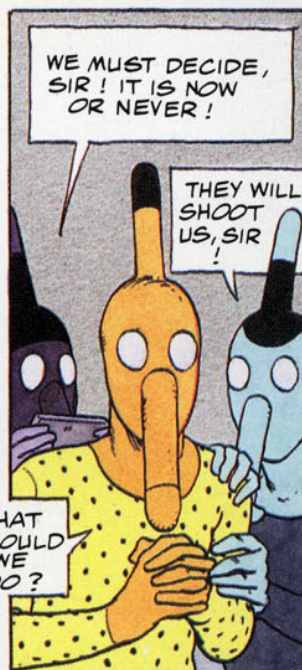
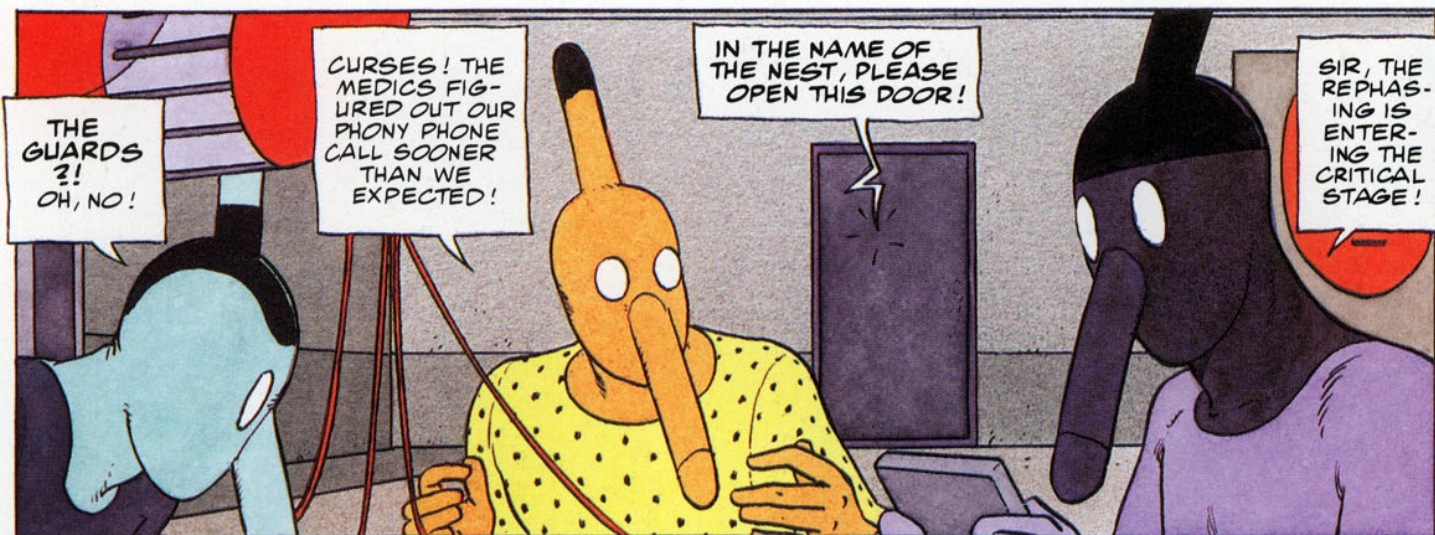


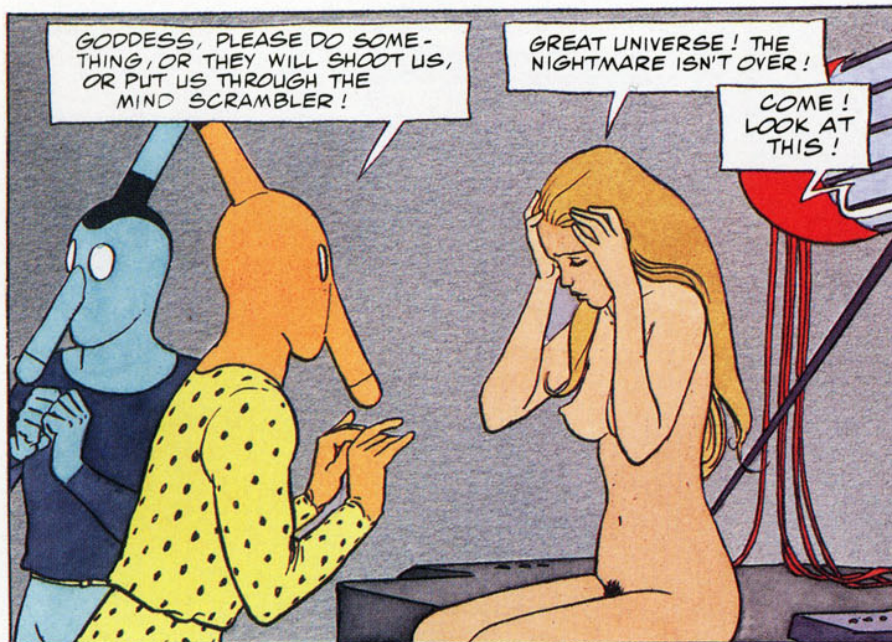












GODDESS, PLEASE DO SOMETHING, OR THEY WILL SHOOT US, OR PUT US THROUGH THE MIND SCRAMBLER!

GREAT UNIVERSE! THE NIGHTMARE ISN'T OVER!

COME! LOOK AT THIS!



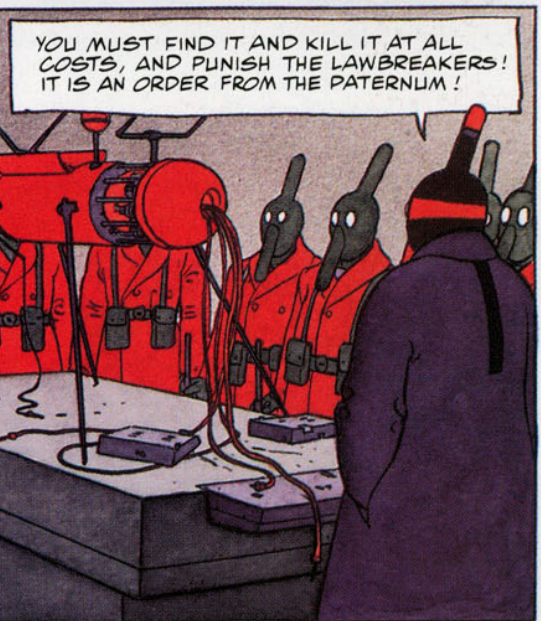
THE CREMATING OVEN! IT HAS A CHUTE!



THEY FLED THROUGH THE CREMATING OVEN'S CHUTE, SIR!



IT IS CLEAR THAT THE PERPETRATORS HAVE RESUSCITATED THE OUTNESTER!



YOU MUST FIND IT AND KILL IT AT ALL COSTS, AND PUNISH THE LAWBREAKERS! IT IS AN ORDER FROM THE PATERNUM!



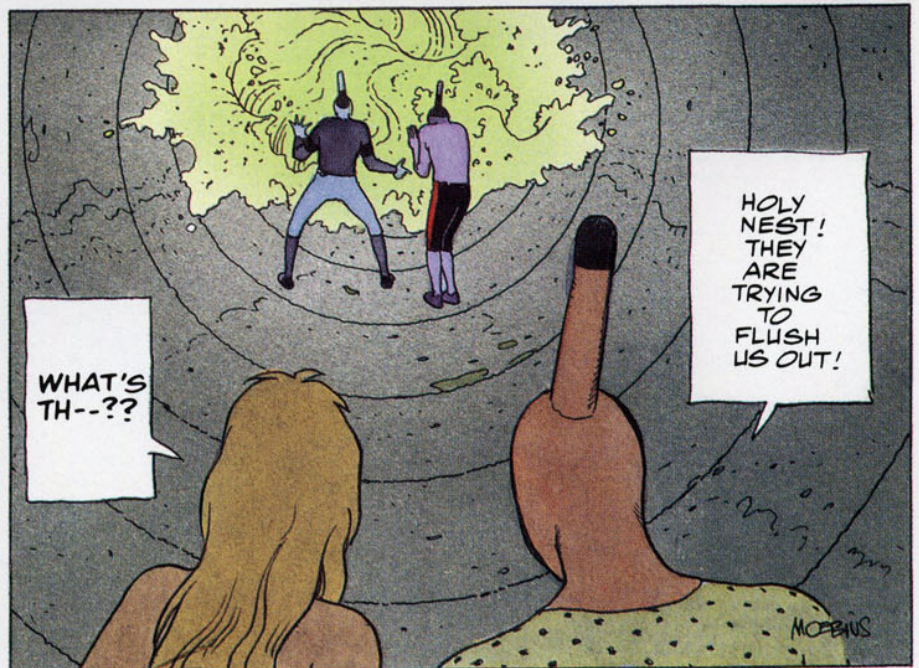
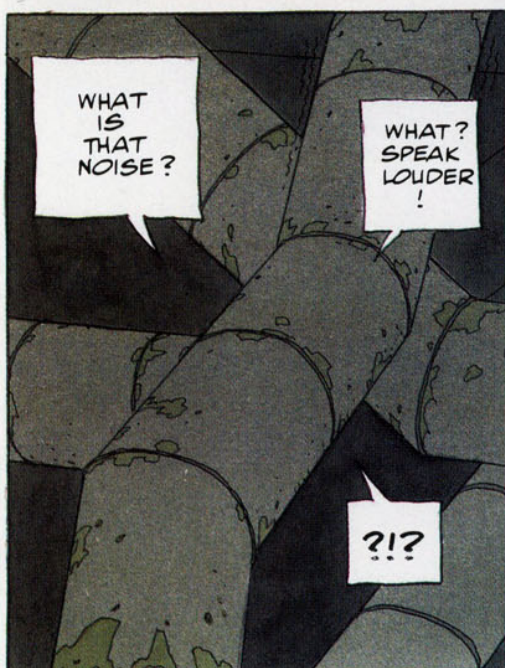
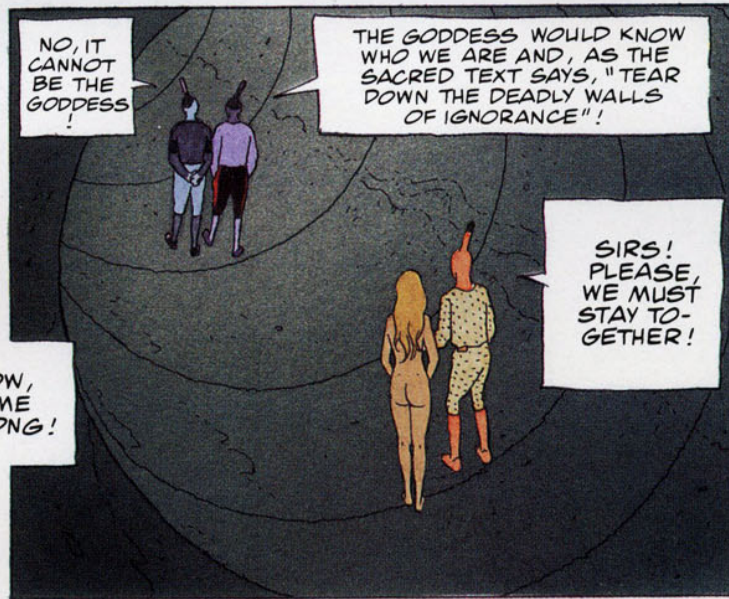
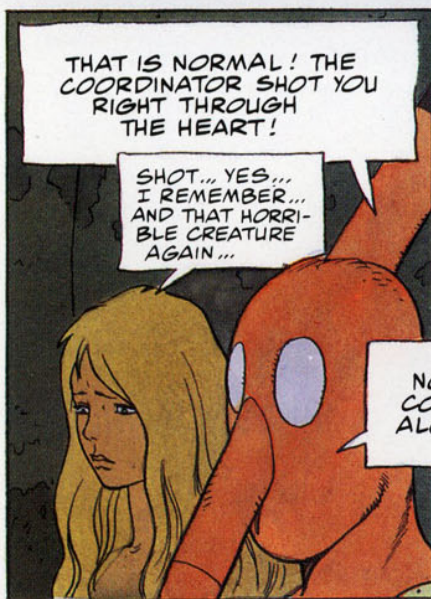
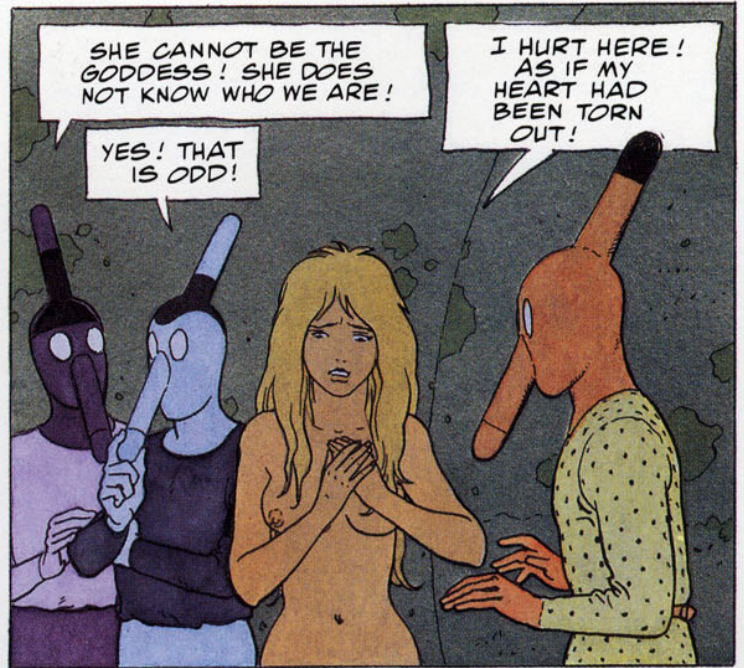
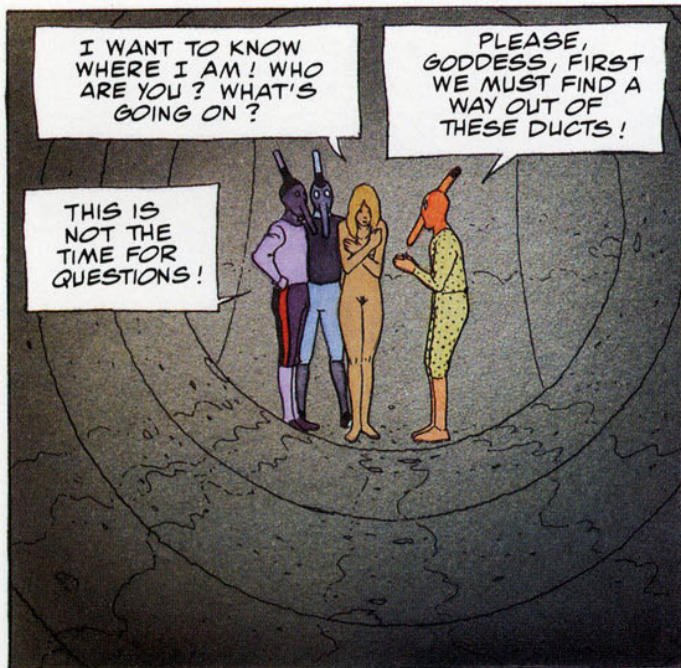
TURN LEFT! WE MUST GO UP!

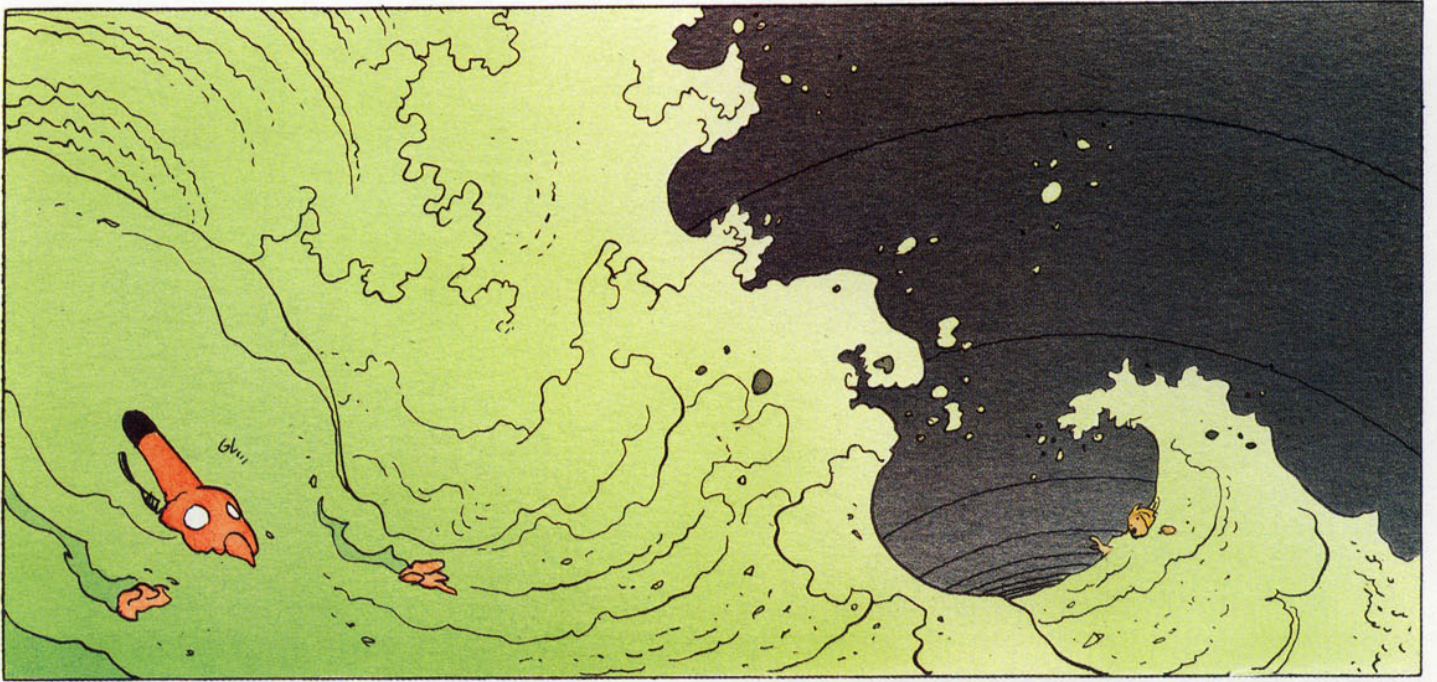
NO, SIR, WE MUST GO DOWN! RIGHT!

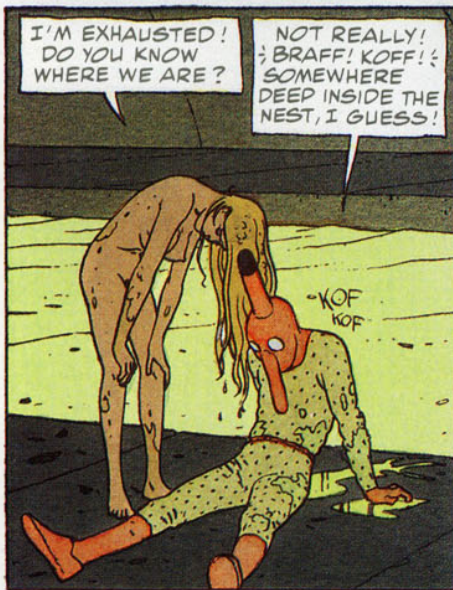
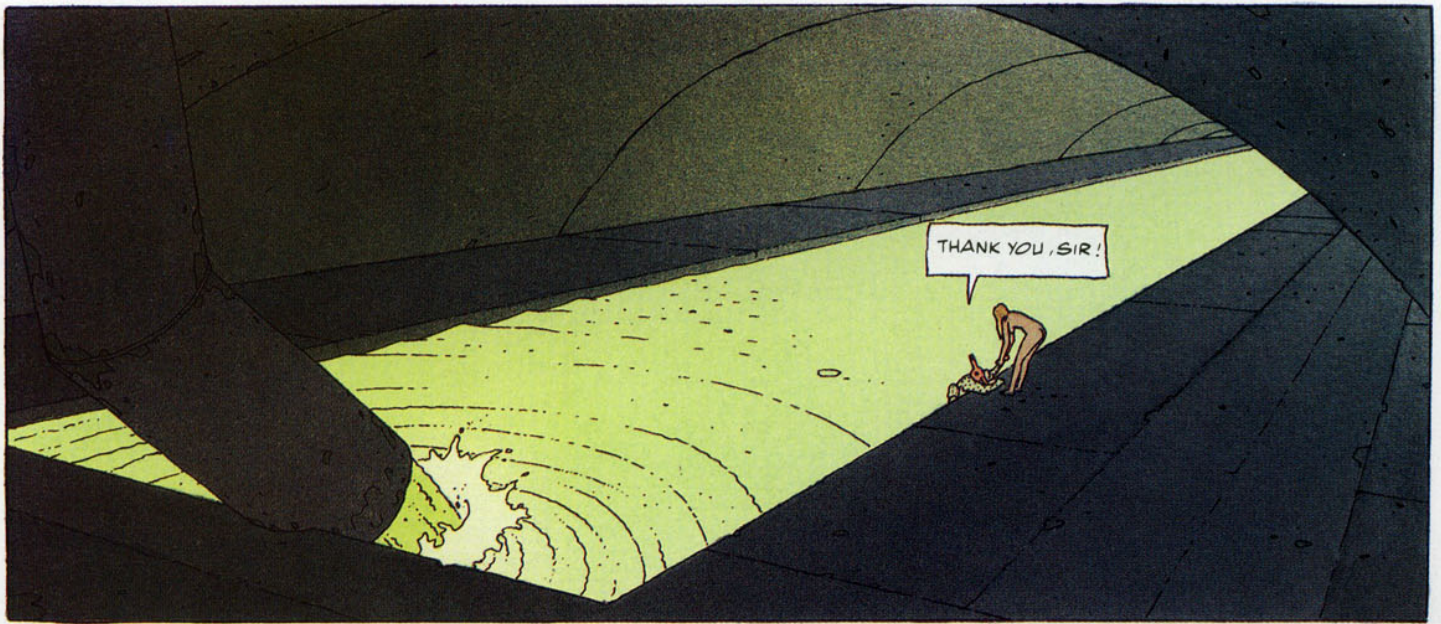
THAT'S ENOUGH! I REFUSE TO GO ON!

NO! PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH MY FACE!

NOBBUS

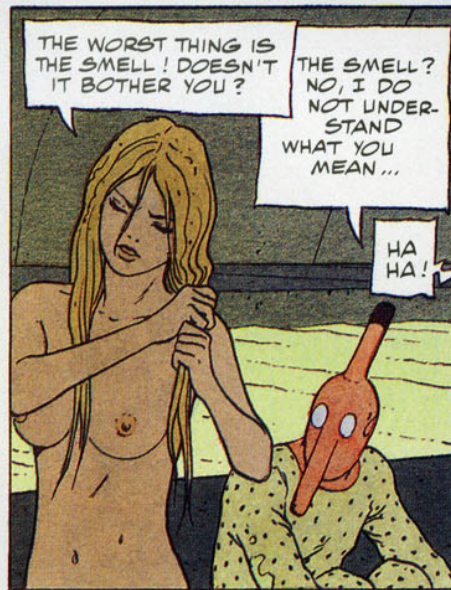






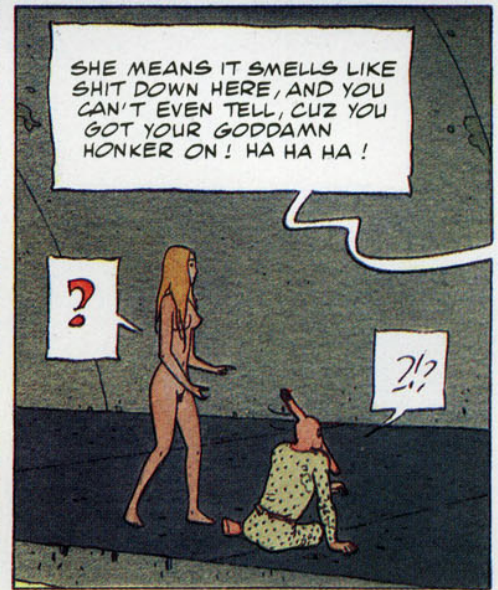
NOT REALLY!
BRAFF! KOFF!
SOMEWHERE
DEEP INSIDE THE
NEST, I GUESS!

KOF
KOF



THE SMELL?
NO, I DO
NOT UNDER-
STAND
WHAT YOU
MEAN...

HA
HA!

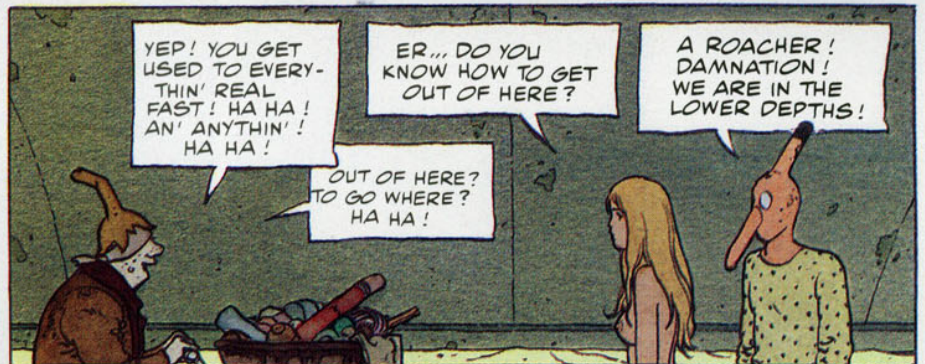


?

?!?



FINALLY!
A HUMAN
BEING
WITH A
HUMAN
FACE!



YEP! YOU GET
USED TO EVERY-
THIN' REAL
FAST! HA HA!
AN' ANYTHIN'!
HA HA!

ER... DO YOU
KNOW HOW TO GET
OUT OF HERE?

OUT OF HERE?
TO GO WHERE?
HA HA!

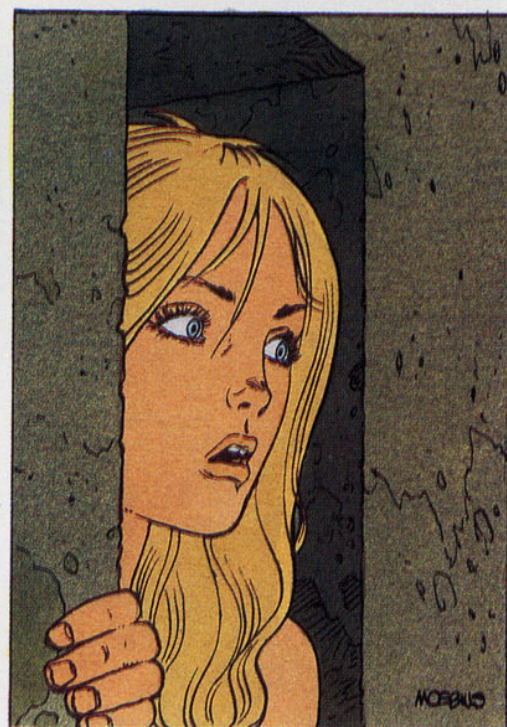
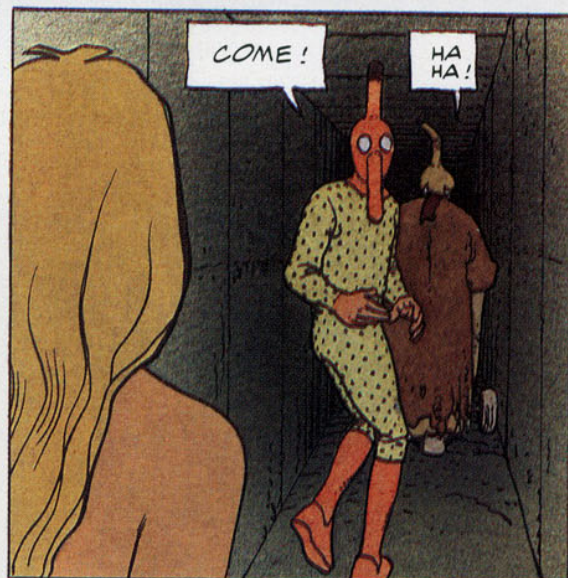
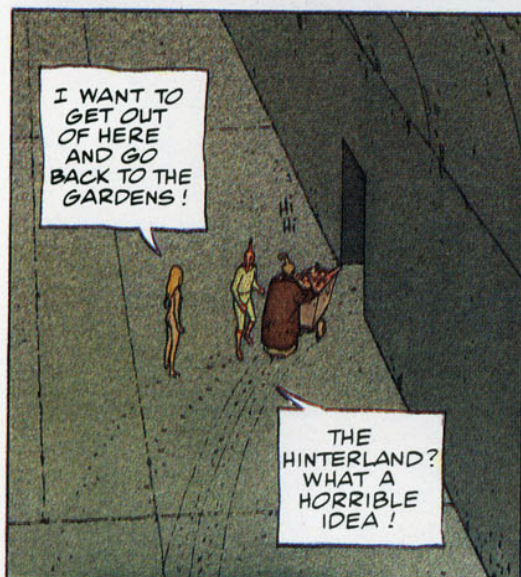
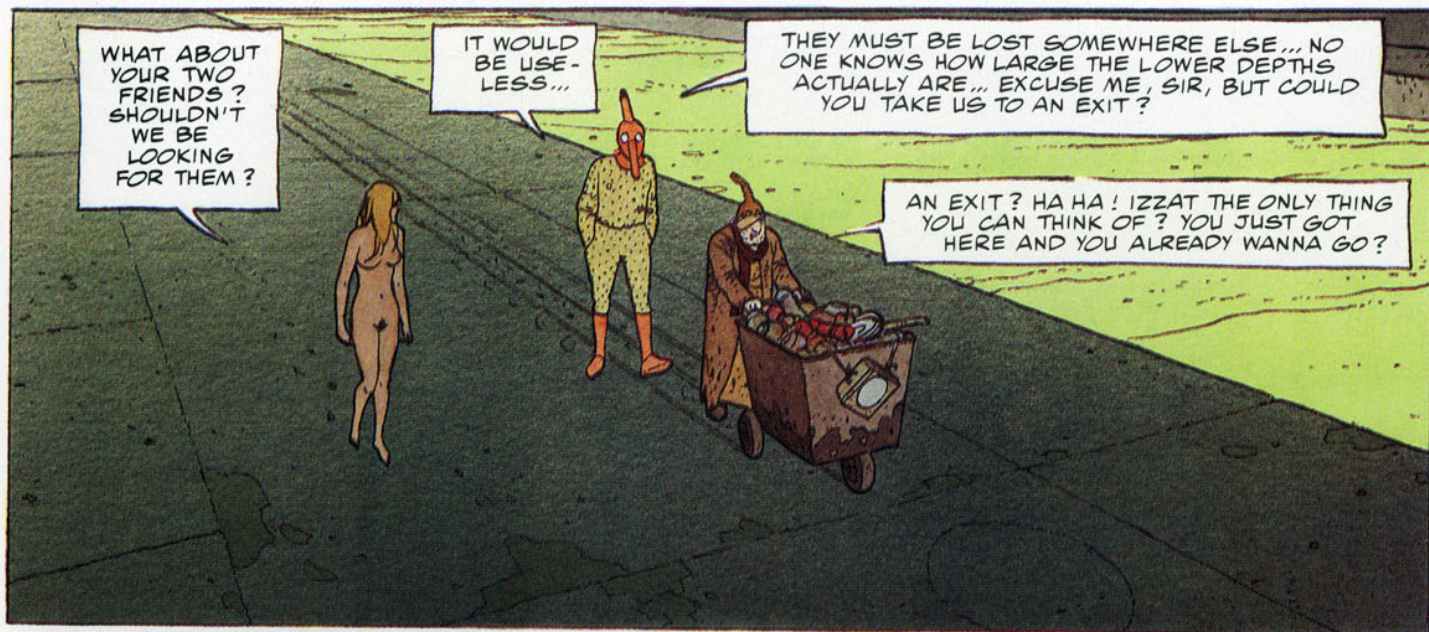
A ROACHER!
DAMNATION!
WE ARE IN THE
LOWER DEPTHS!

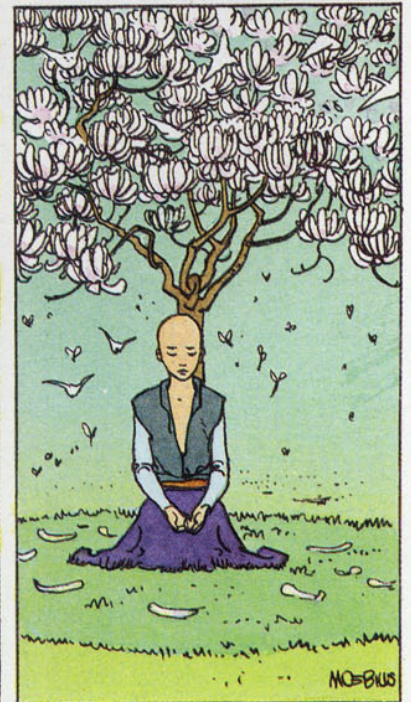
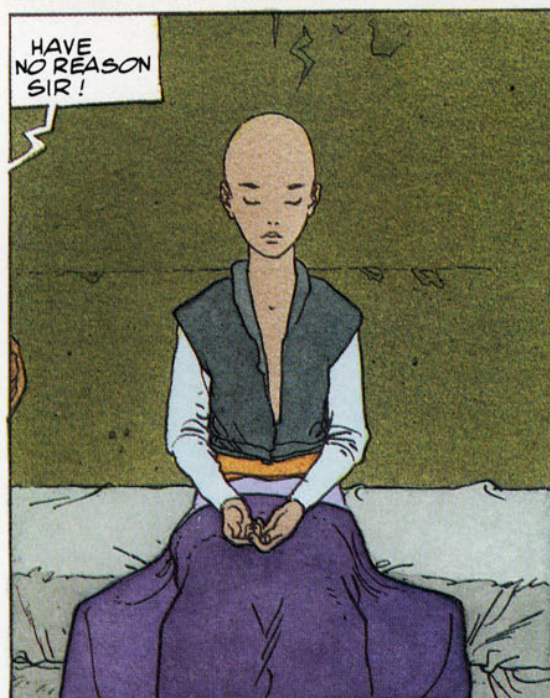
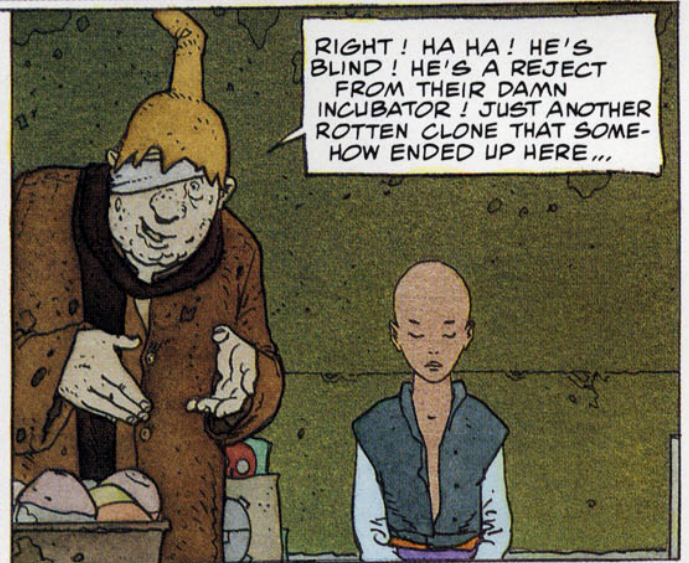
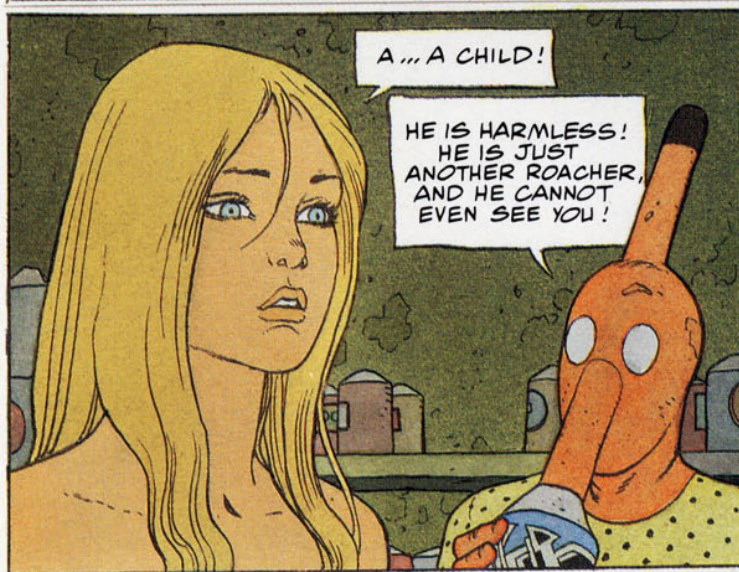
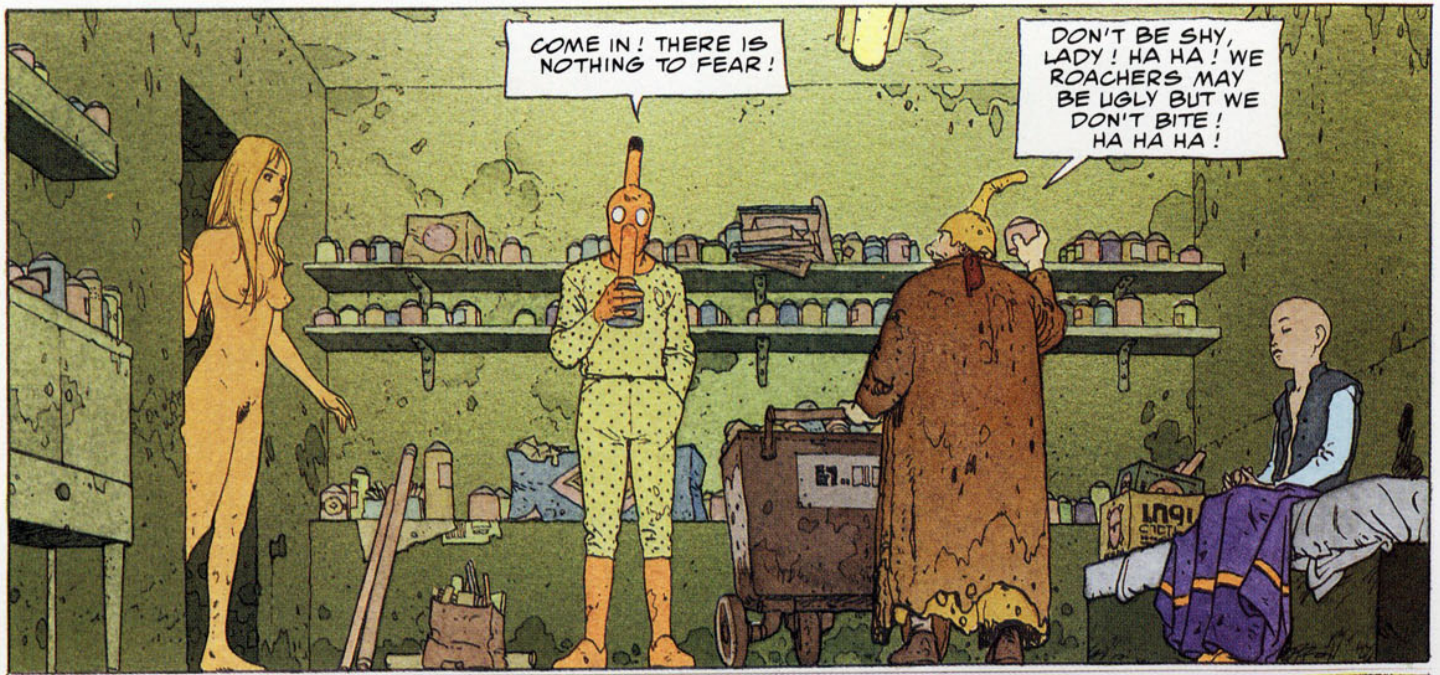


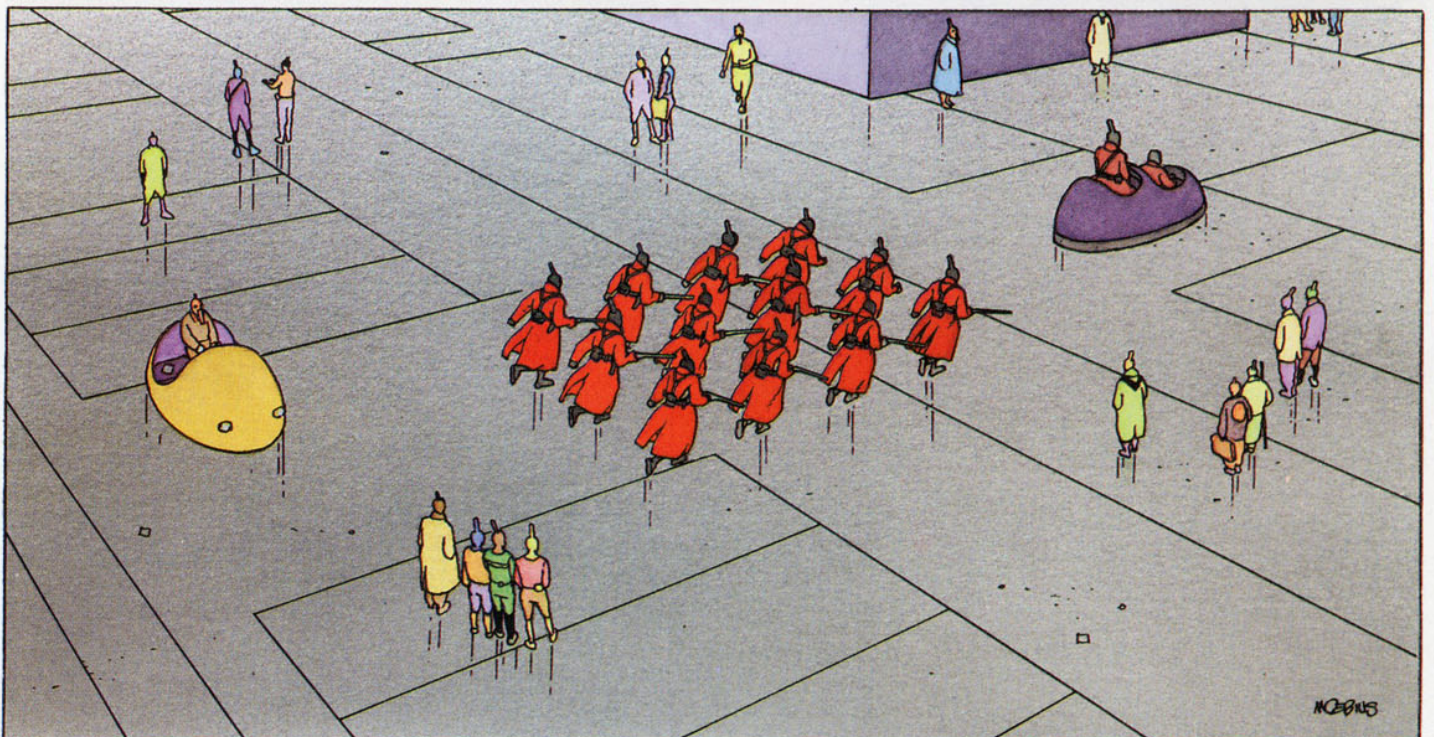
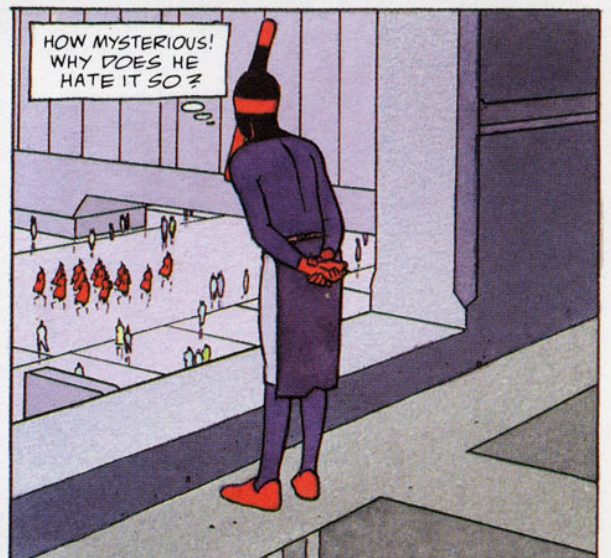
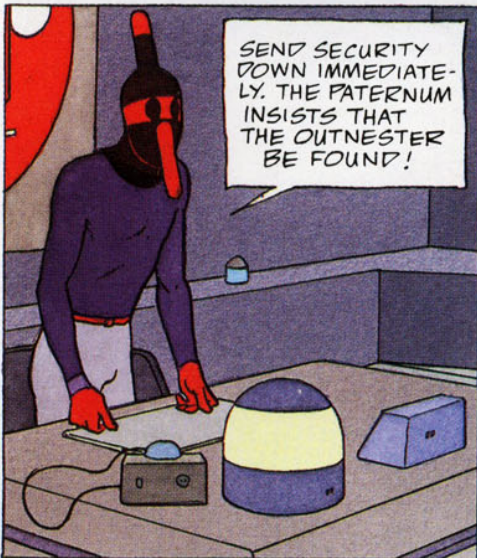
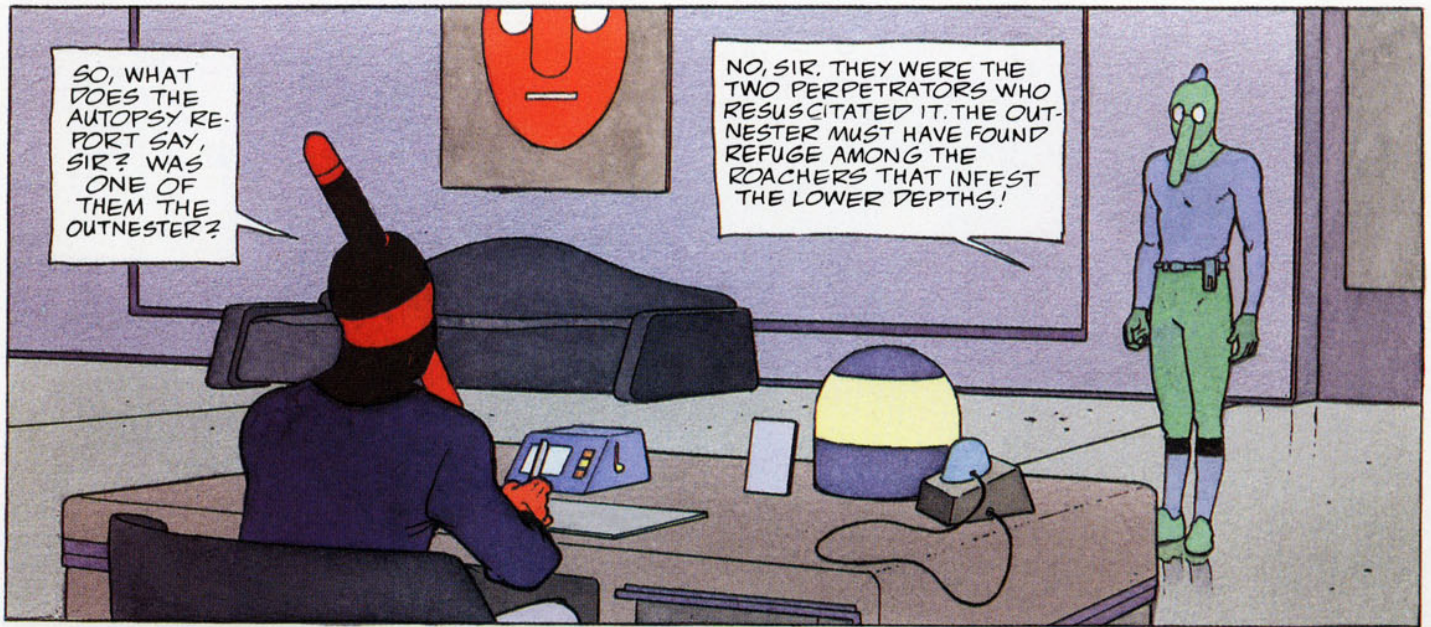
HE'S RIGHT!
TO GO
WHERE?

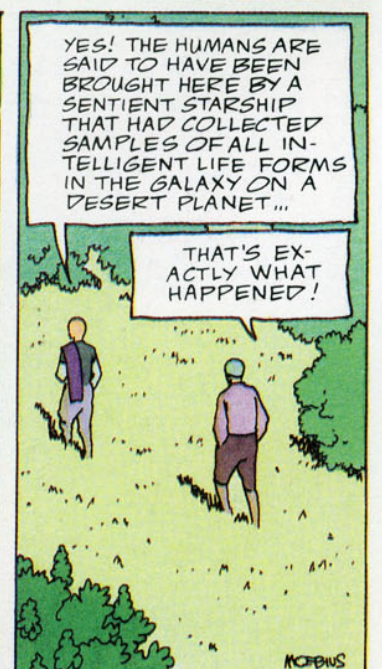
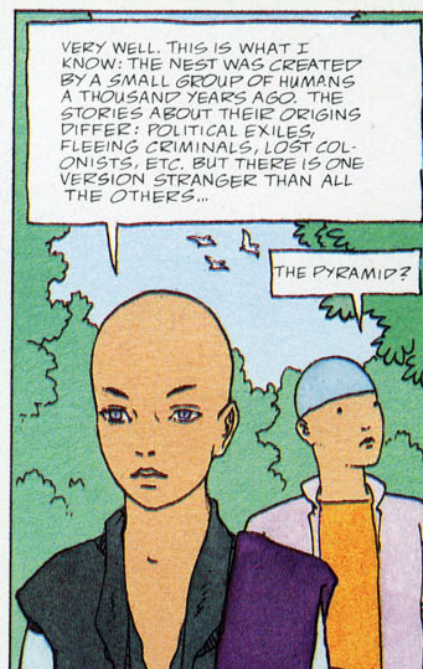
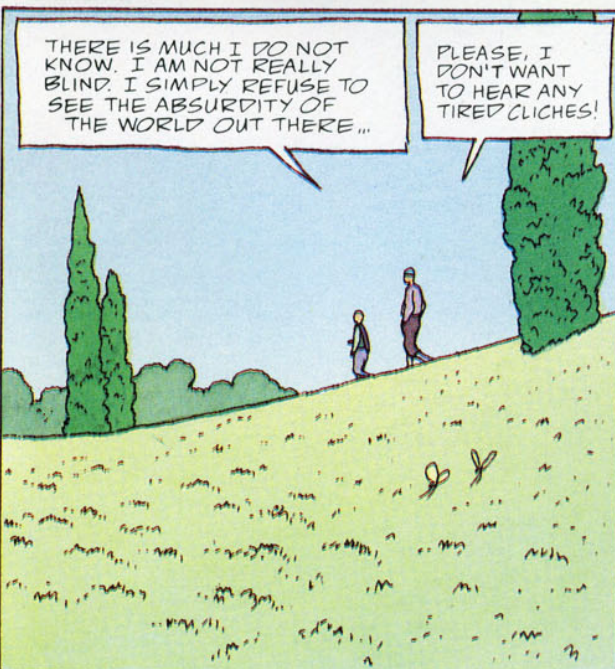
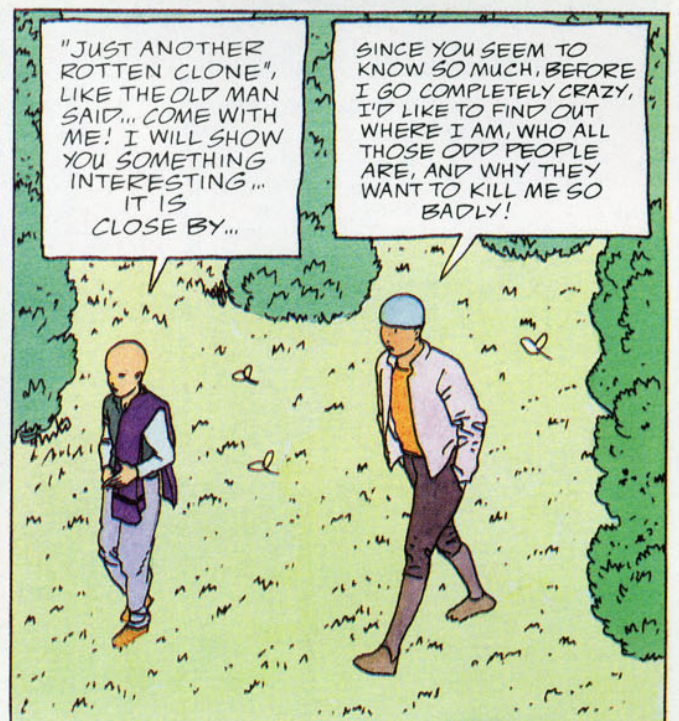
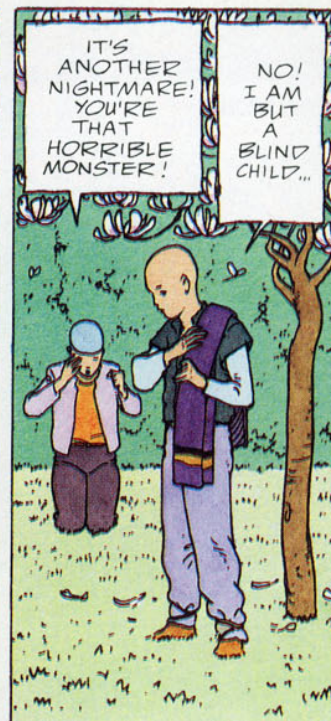
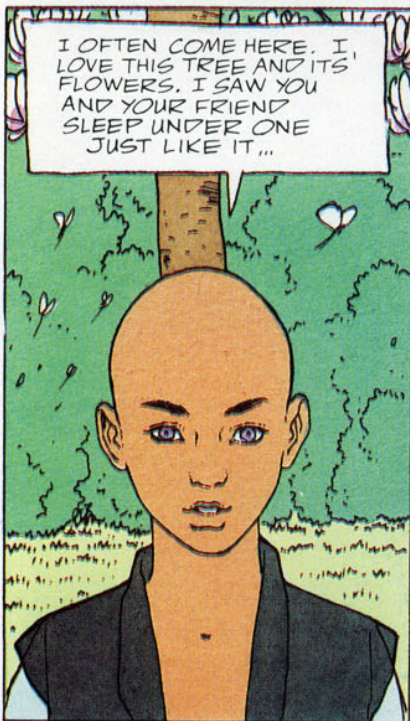
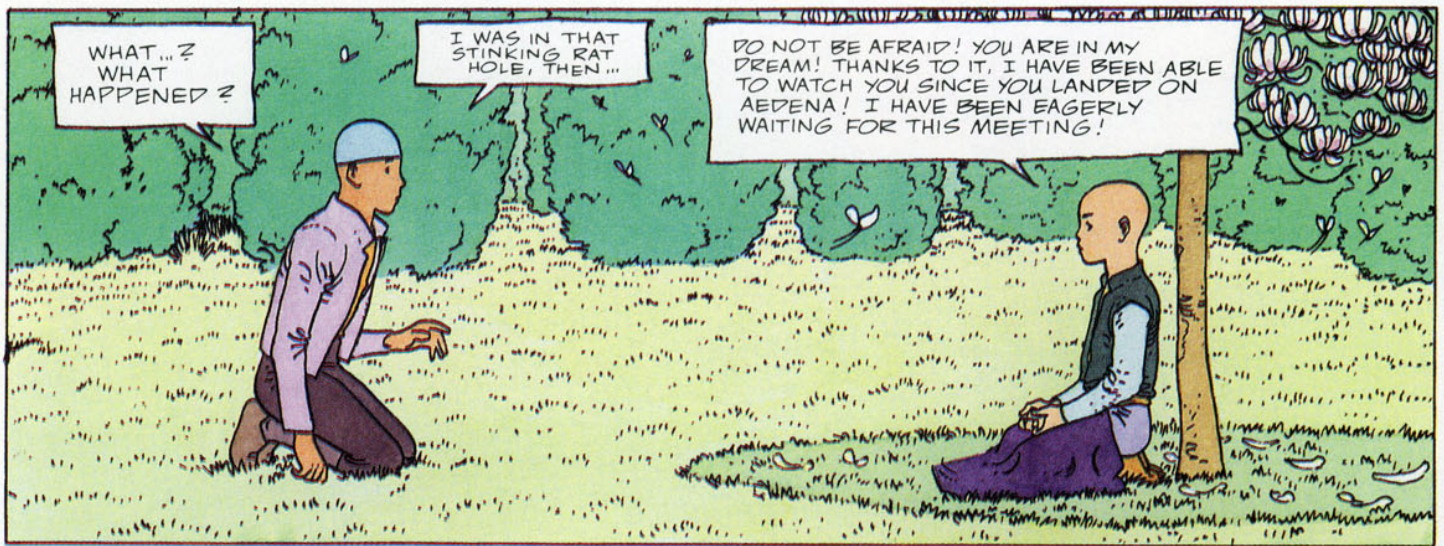
HOW CAN YOU WALK AROUND
FACELESS LIKE THAT?
IT IS DISGUSTING!

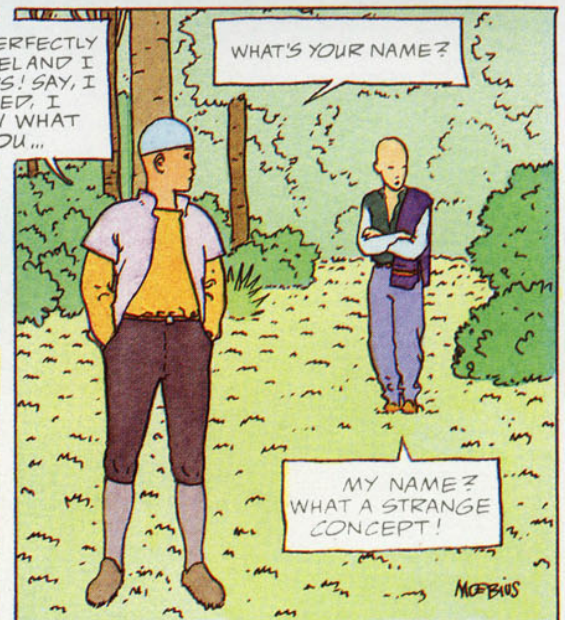
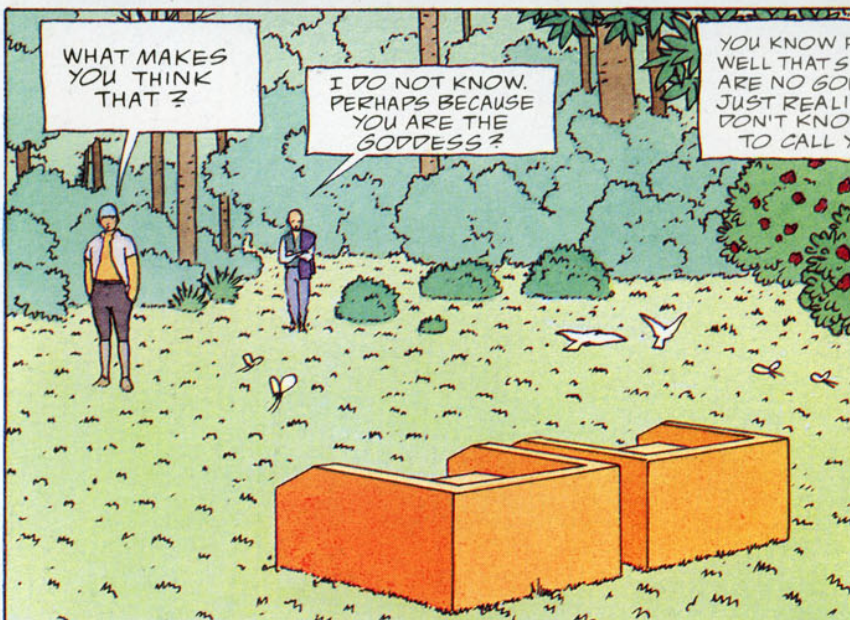
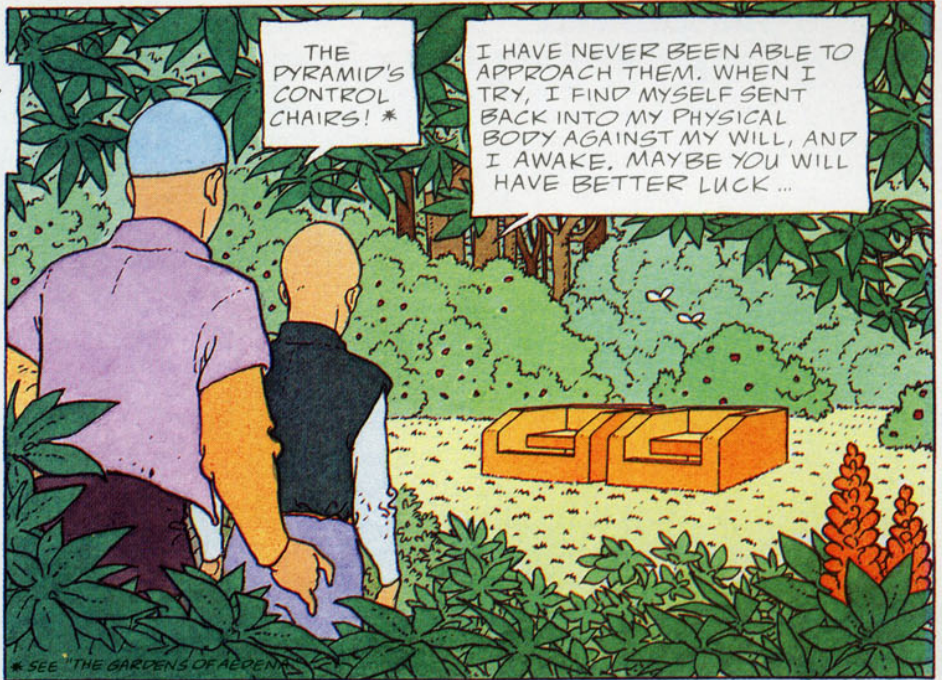
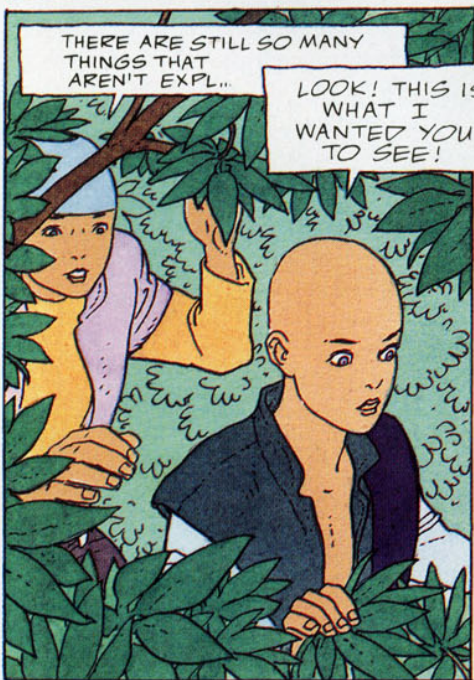
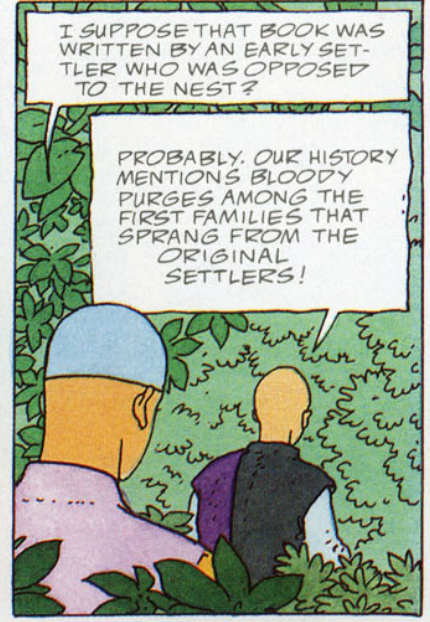
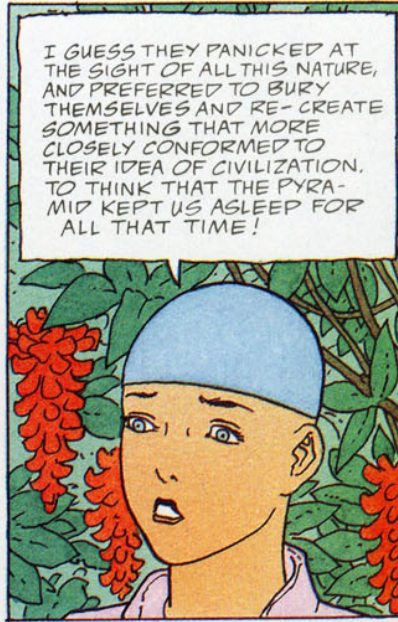
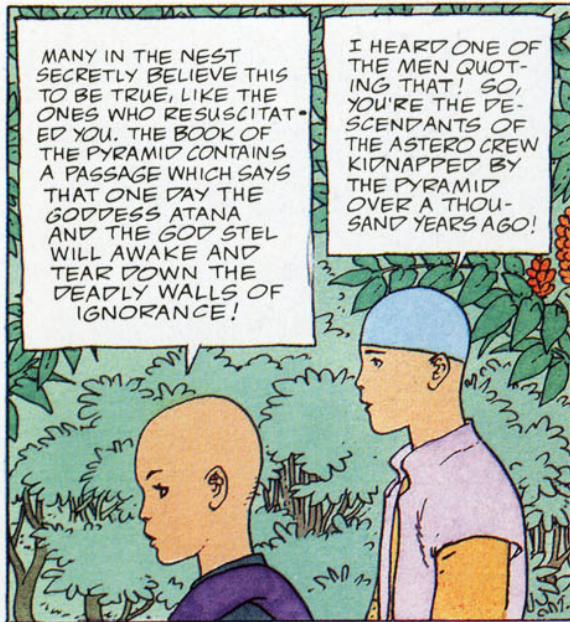
IF YOU WANT TO
MAKE IT OUT OF
HERE ALIVE, SONNY
BOY, YOU BETTER
LEARN TO BE
POLITE TO US
ROACHERS! HA HA!

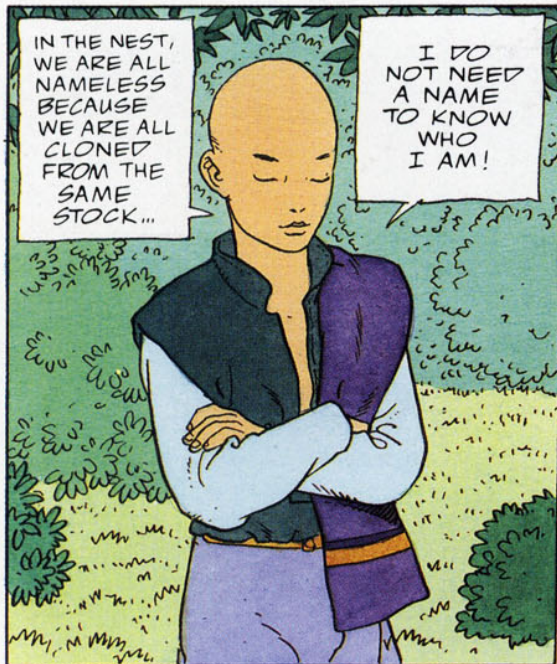






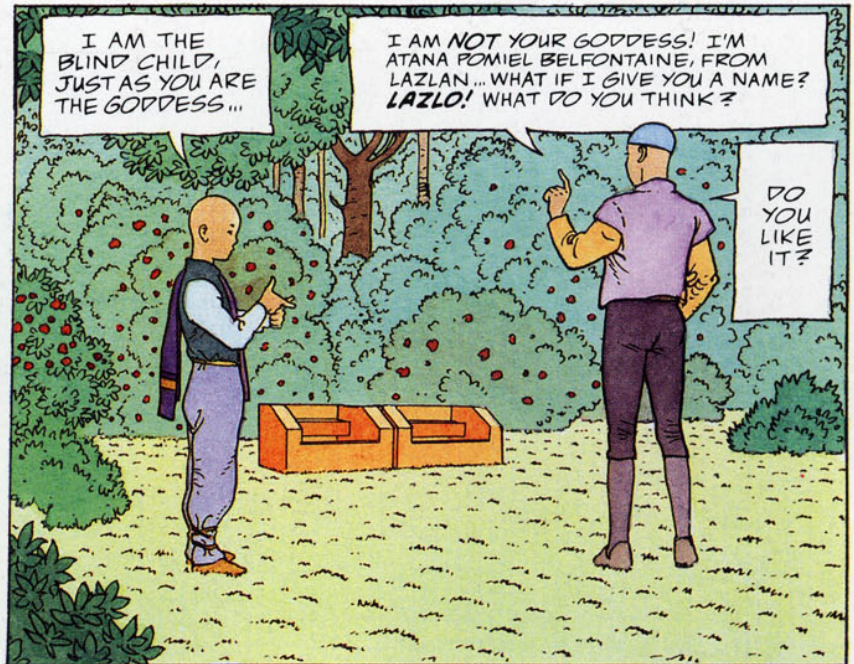






IN THE NEST,
WE ARE ALL
NAMELESS
BECAUSE
WE ARE ALL
CLONED
FROM THE
SAME
STOCK...

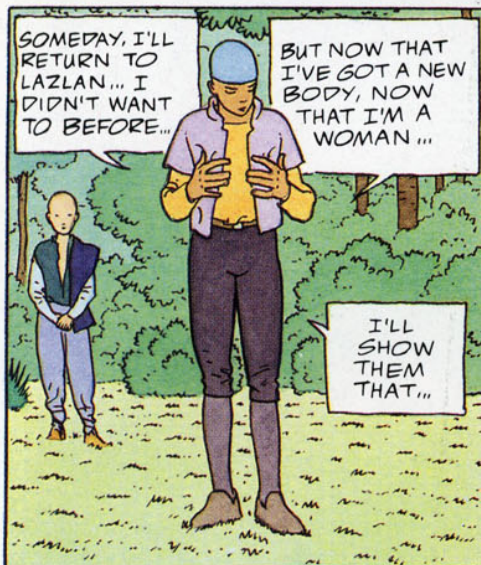
I DO
NOT NEED
A NAME
TO KNOW
WHO
I AM!



I AM THE
BLIND CHILD,
JUST AS YOU ARE
THE GODDESS...

I AM **NOT** YOUR GODDESS! I'M
ATANA POMIEL BELFONTAINE, FROM
LAZLAN... WHAT IF I GIVE YOU A NAME?
LAZLO! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO
YOU
LIKE
IT?



SOMEDAY, I'LL
RETURN TO
LAZLAN... I
DIDN'T WANT
TO BEFORE...

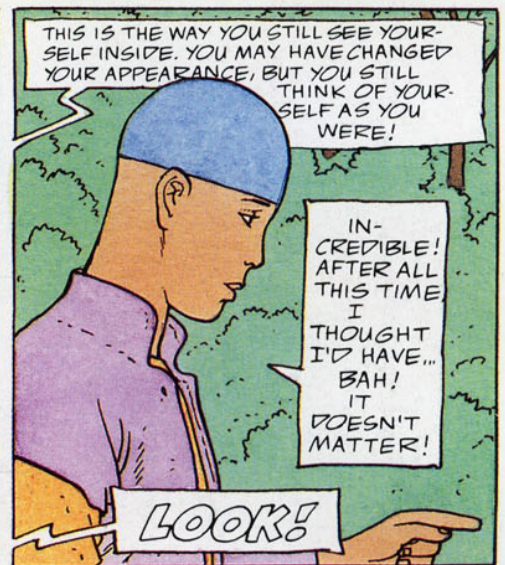
BUT NOW THAT
I'VE GOT A NEW
BODY, NOW
THAT I'M A
WOMAN...

I'LL
SHOW
THEM
THAT...



WAIT A MINUTE! WHY AM I
BACK IN MY OLD
BODY?
SEXLESS,
SHAPELESS,
AGELESS...

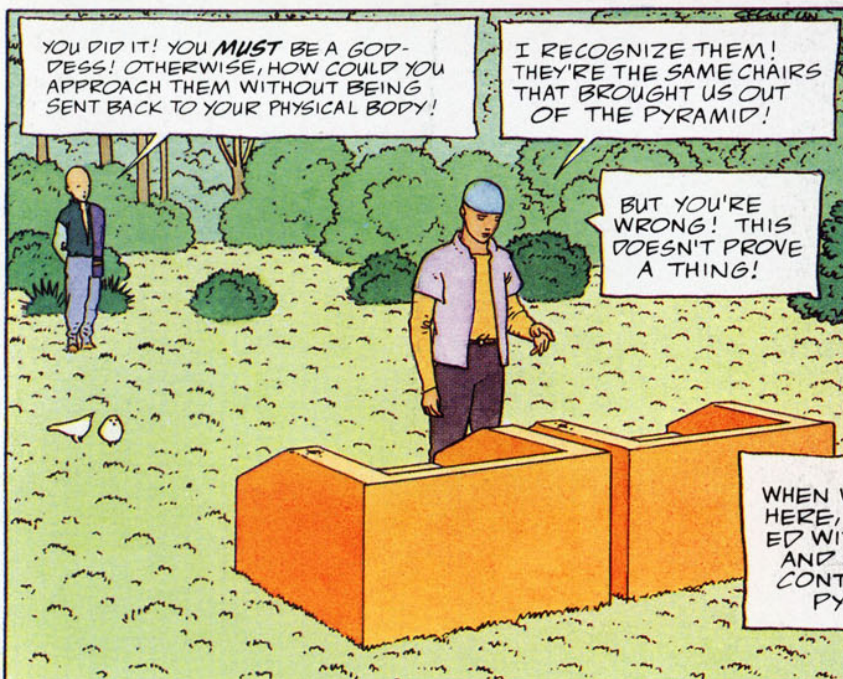
IN SPITE OF
YOUR NAME,
YOU DO NOT
SEEM TO
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE...



THIS IS THE WAY YOU STILL SEE YOUR-
SELF INSIDE. YOU MAY HAVE CHANGED
YOUR APPEARANCE, BUT YOU STILL
THINK OF YOUR
SELF AS YOU
WERE!

IN-
CREDIBLE!
AFTER ALL
THIS TIME
I
THOUGHT
I'D HAVE...
BAH!
IT
DOESN'T
MATTER!

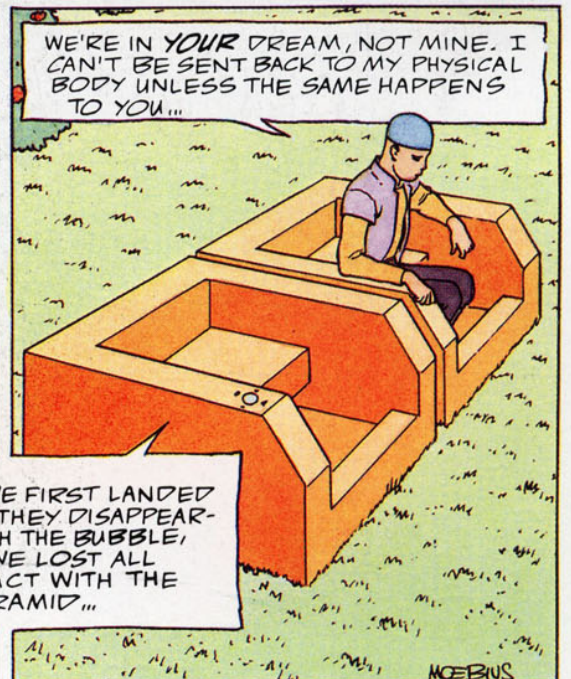
LOOK!



YOU DID IT! YOU **MUST** BE A GOD-
DESS! OTHERWISE, HOW COULD YOU
APPROACH THEM WITHOUT BEING
SENT BACK TO YOUR PHYSICAL BODY!

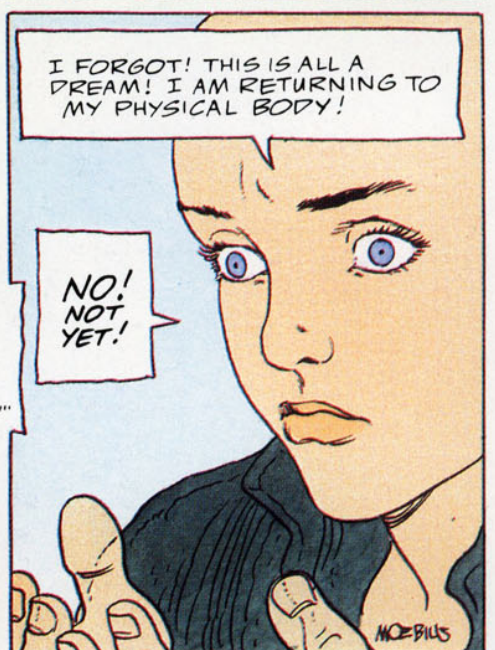
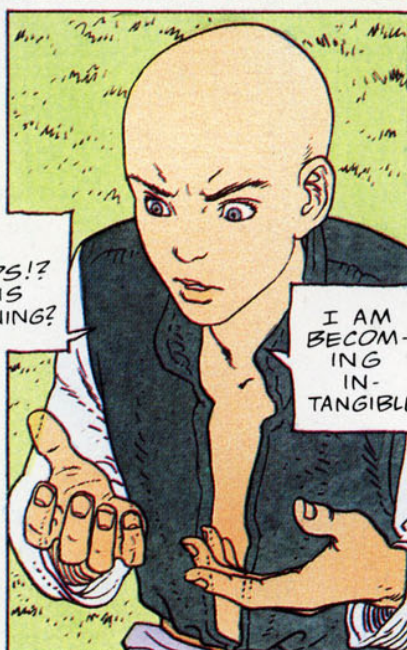
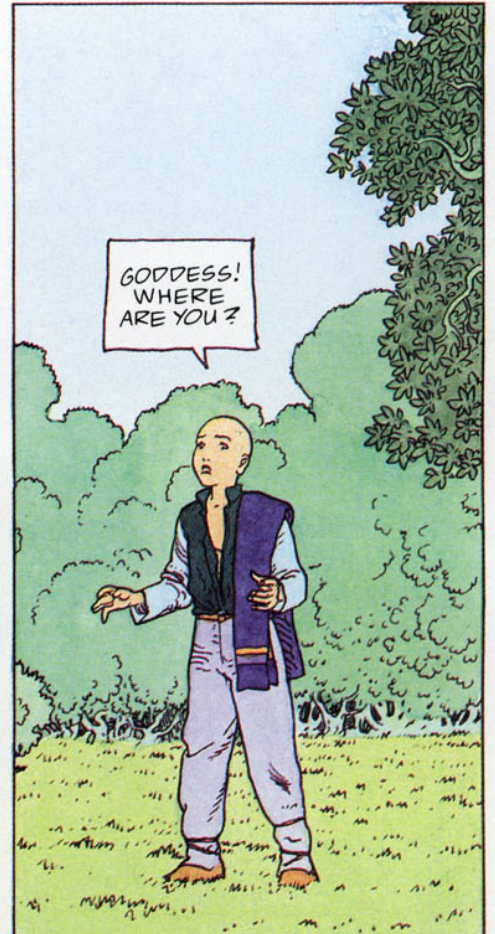
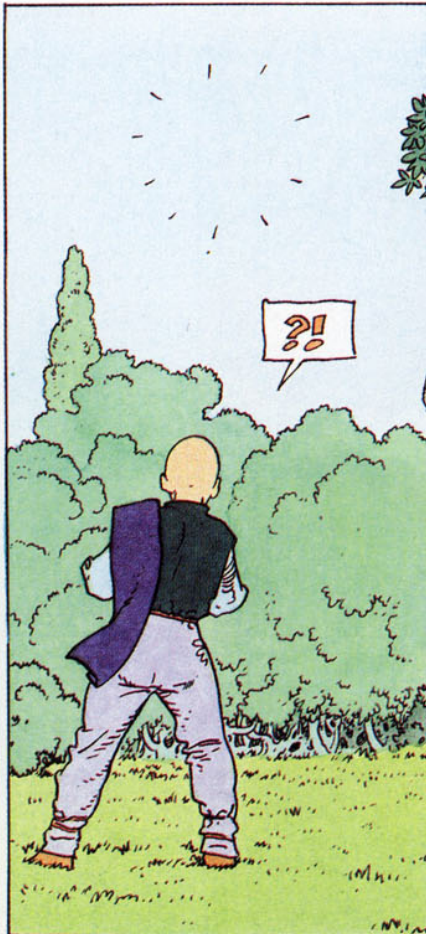
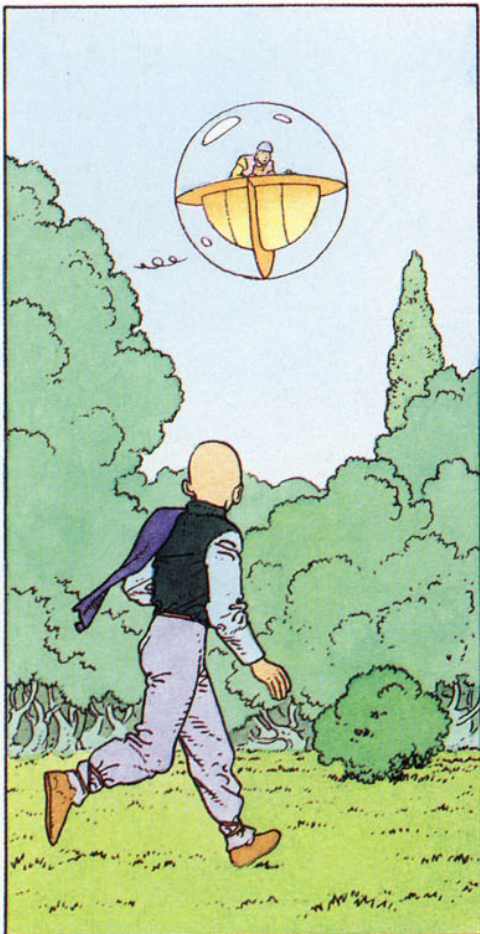
I RECOGNIZE THEM!
THEY'RE THE SAME CHAIRS
THAT BROUGHT US OUT
OF THE PYRAMID!

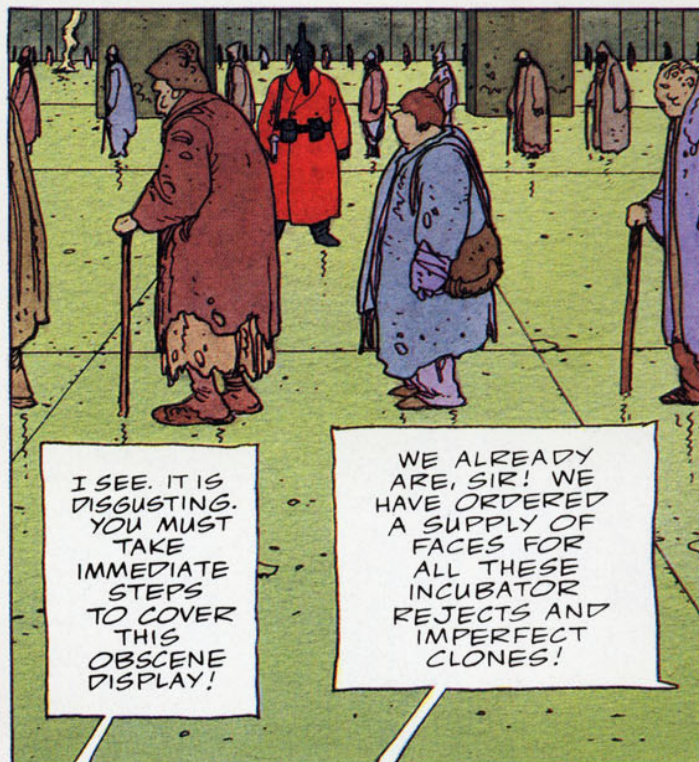
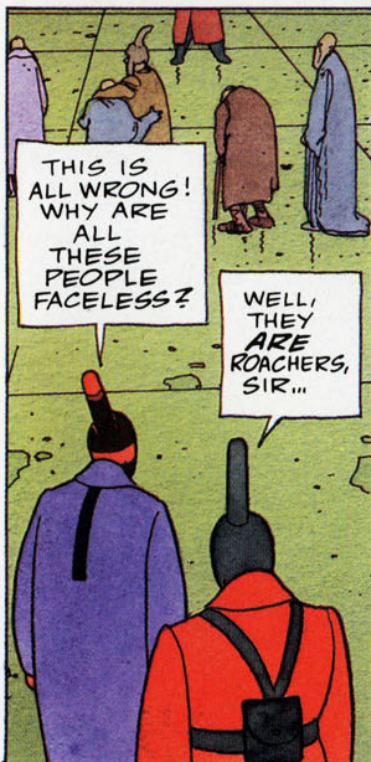
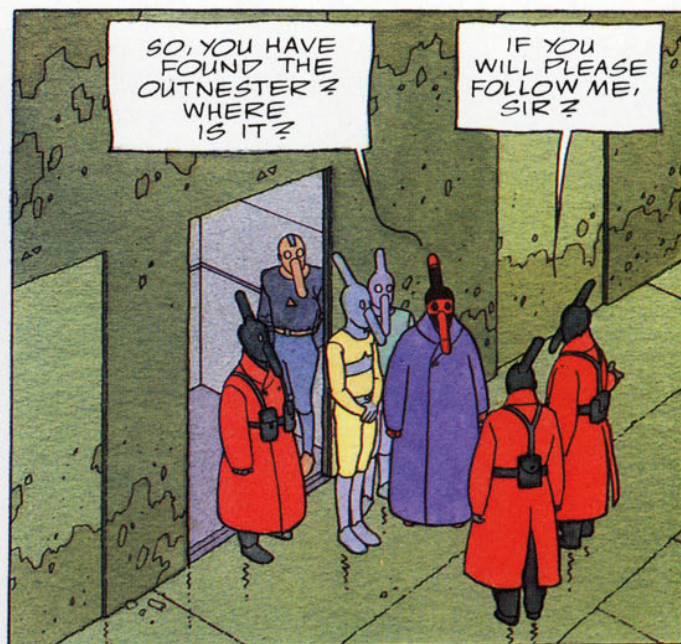
BUT YOU'RE
WRONG! THIS
DOESN'T PROVE
A THING!

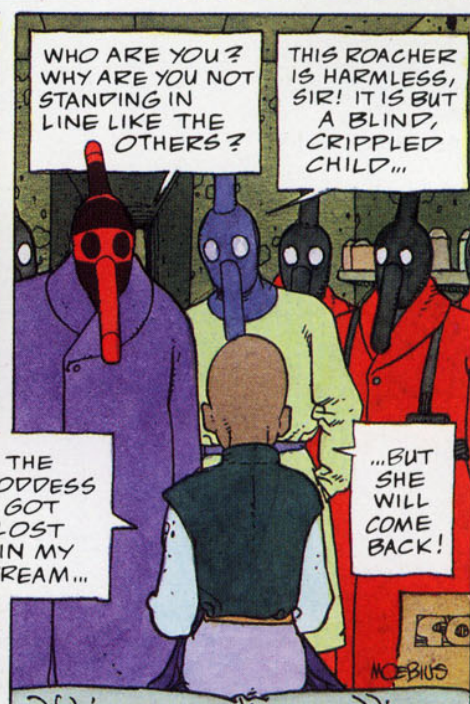
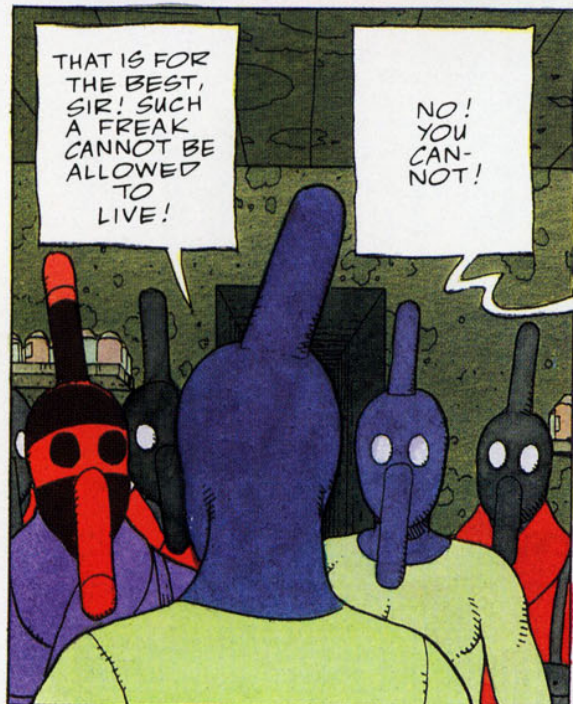
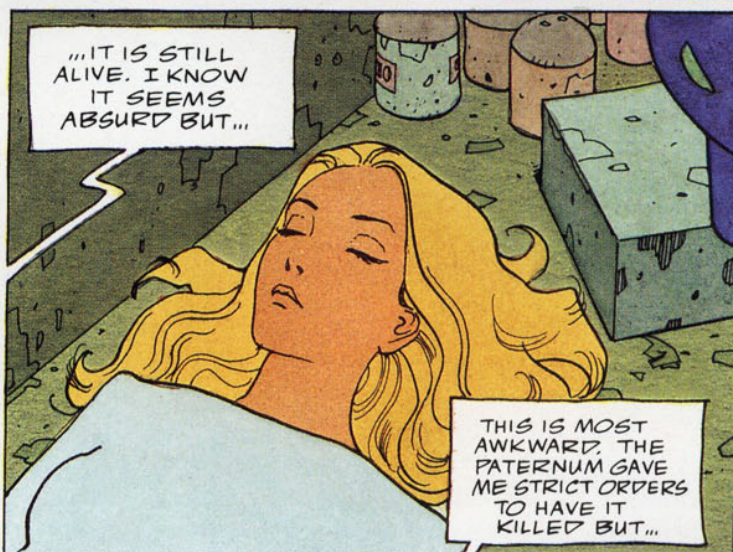
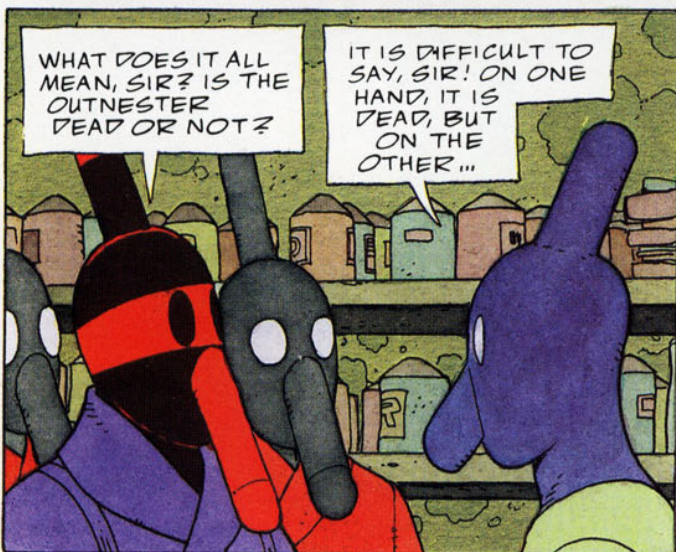
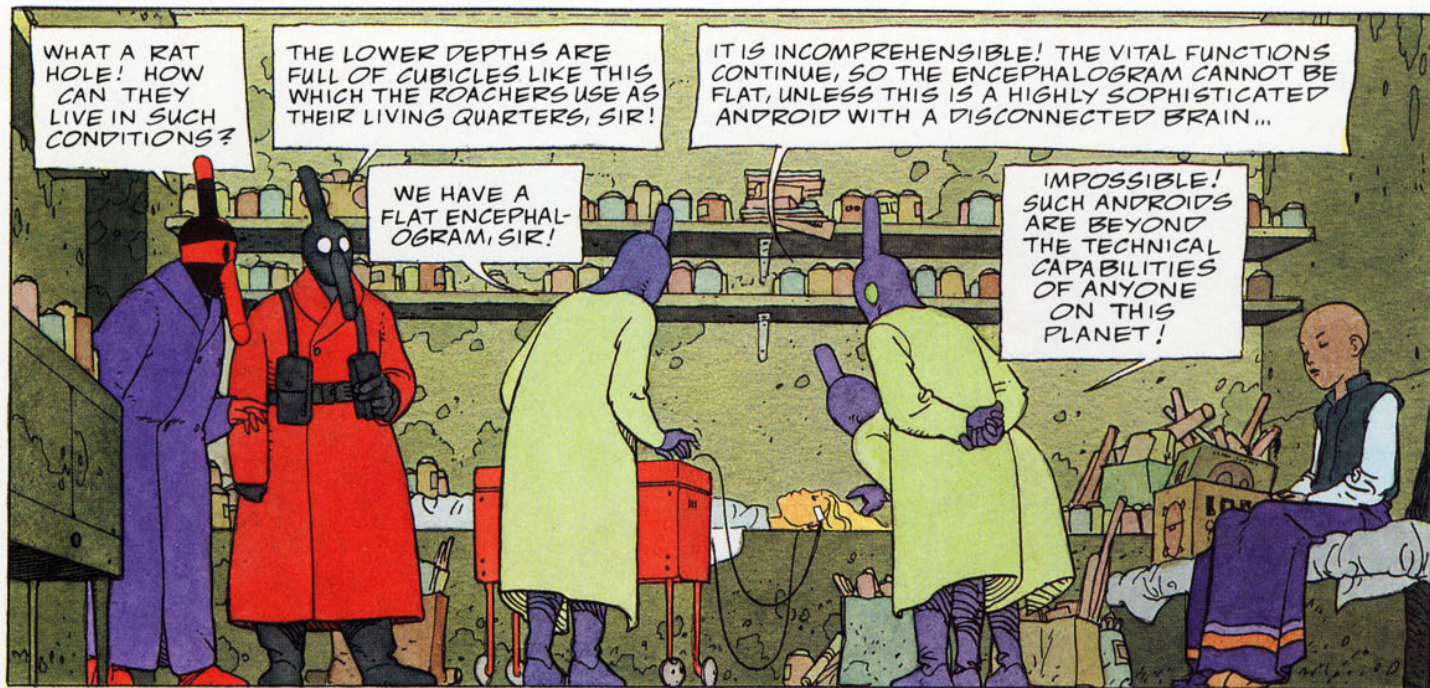


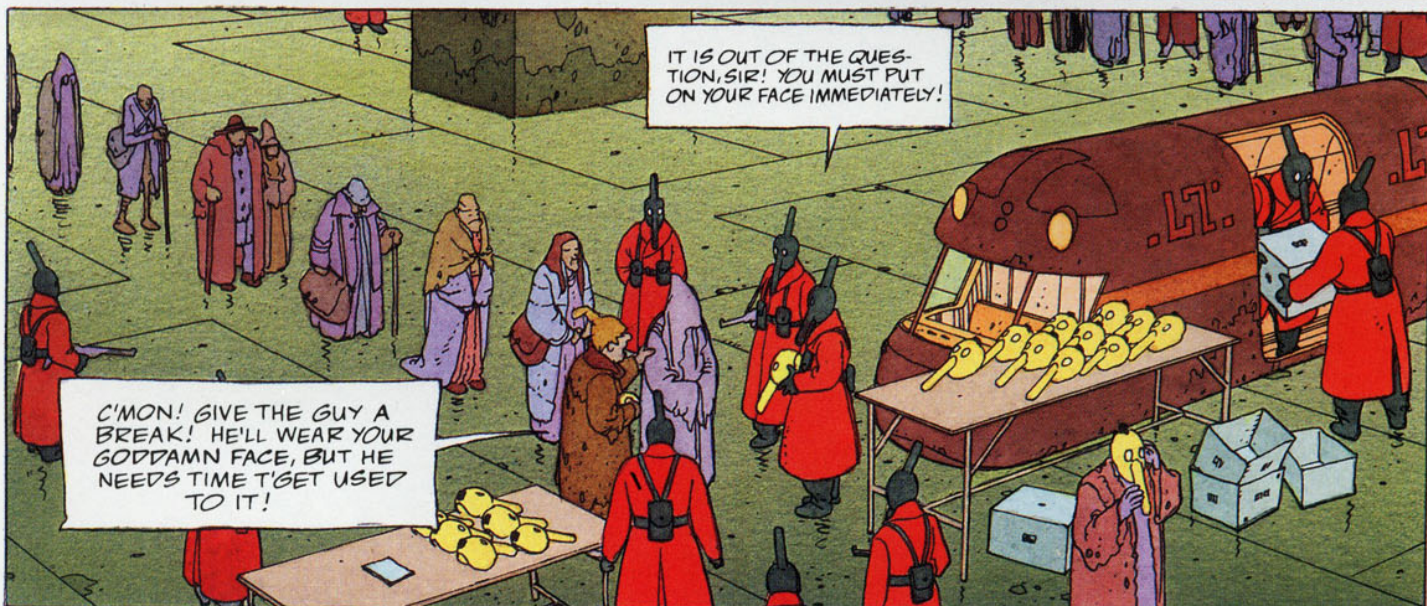
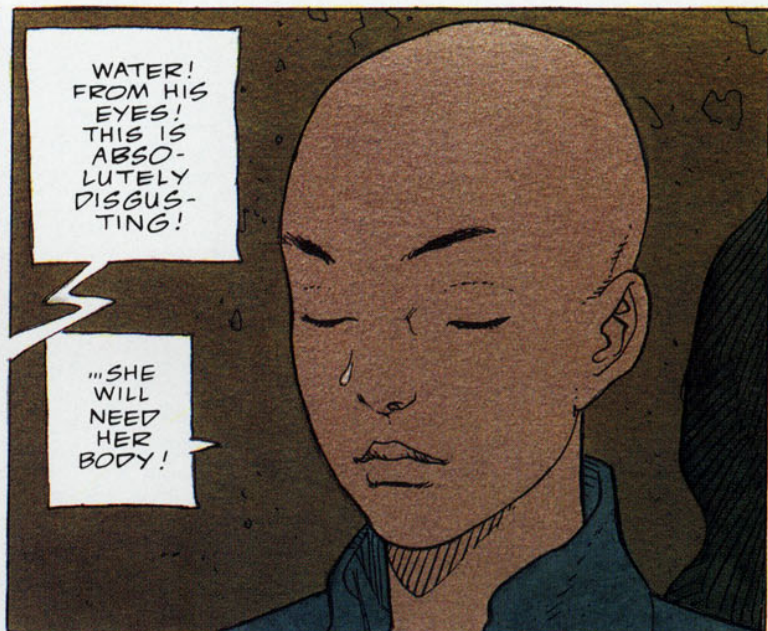
WE'RE IN **YOUR** DREAM, NOT MINE. I
CAN'T BE SENT BACK TO MY PHYSICAL
BODY UNLESS THE SAME HAPPENS
TO YOU...

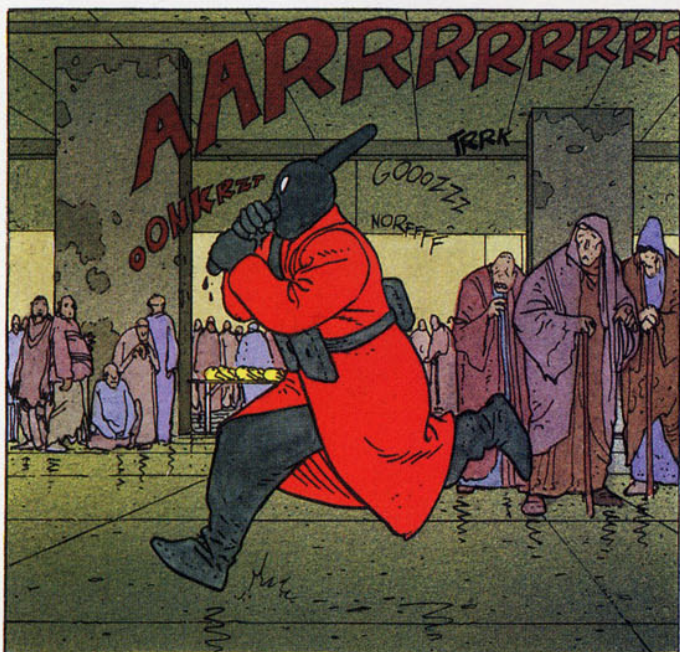
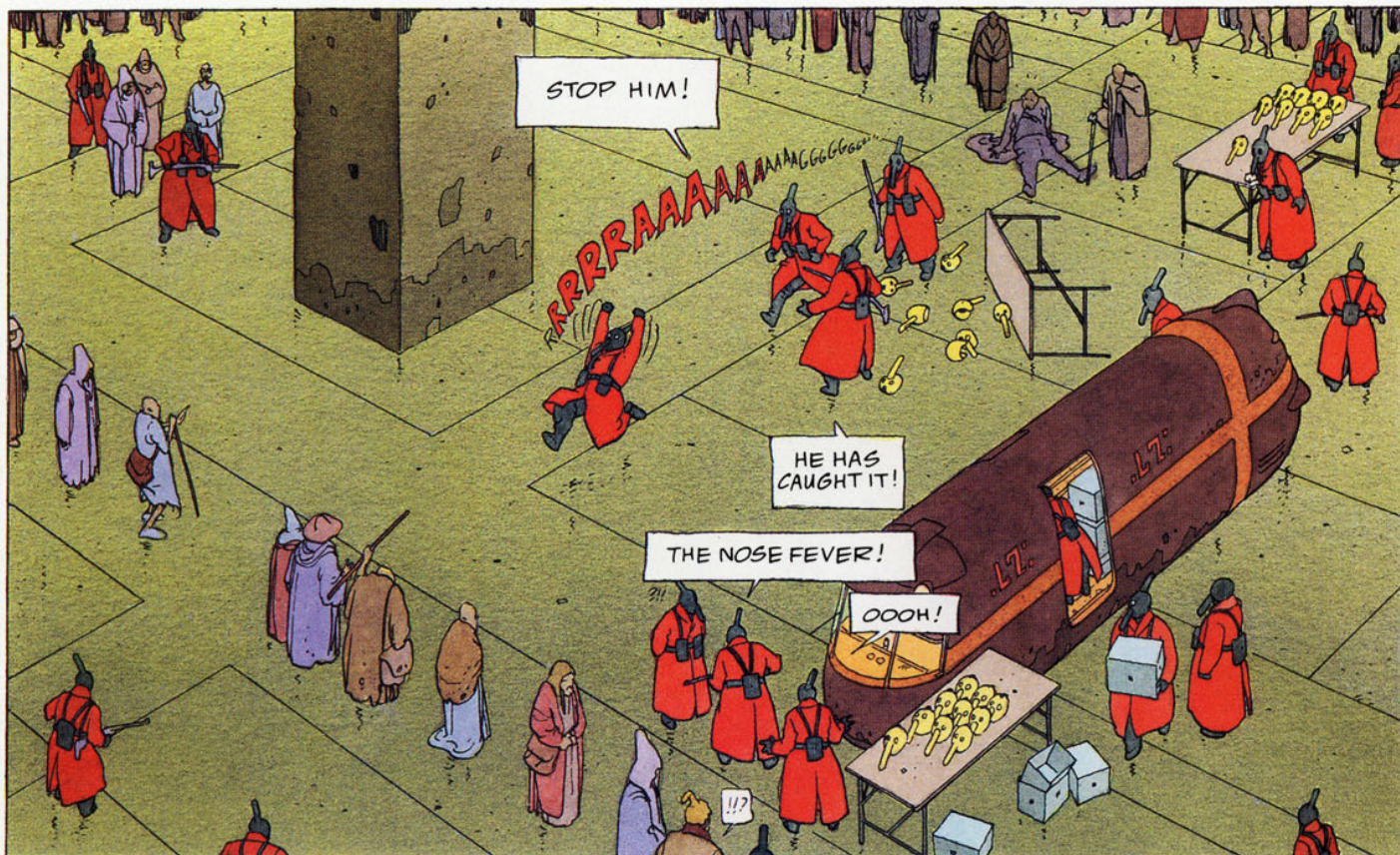
WHEN WE FIRST LANDED
HERE, THEY DISAPPEARED
WITH THE BUBBLE,
AND WE LOST ALL
CONTACT WITH THE
PYRAMID...

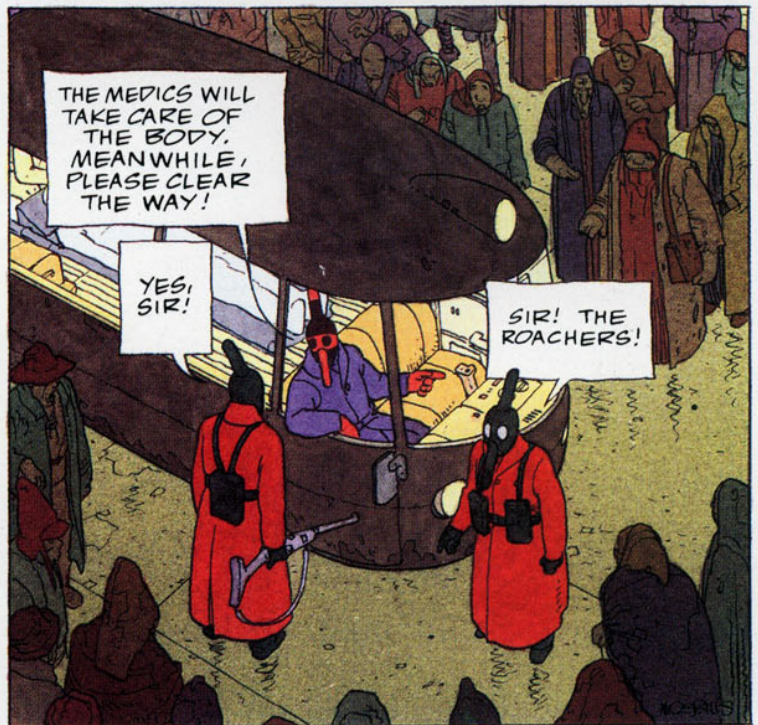
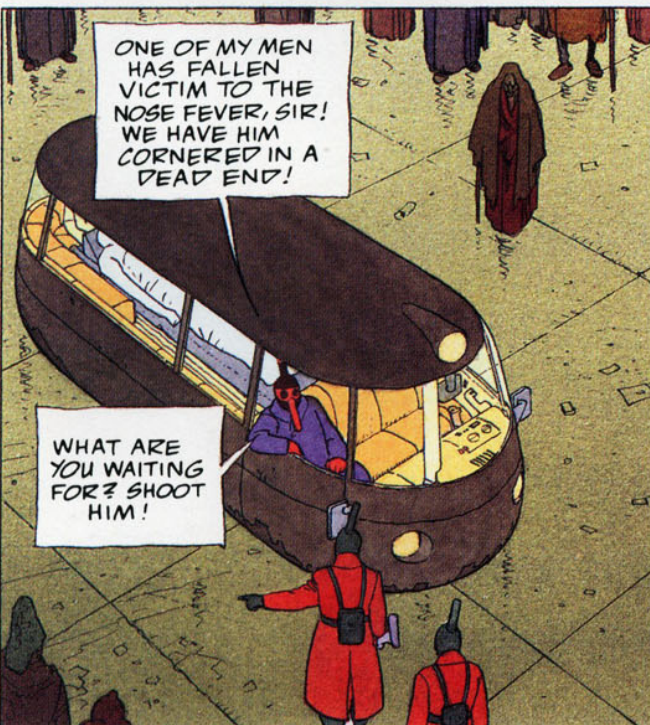
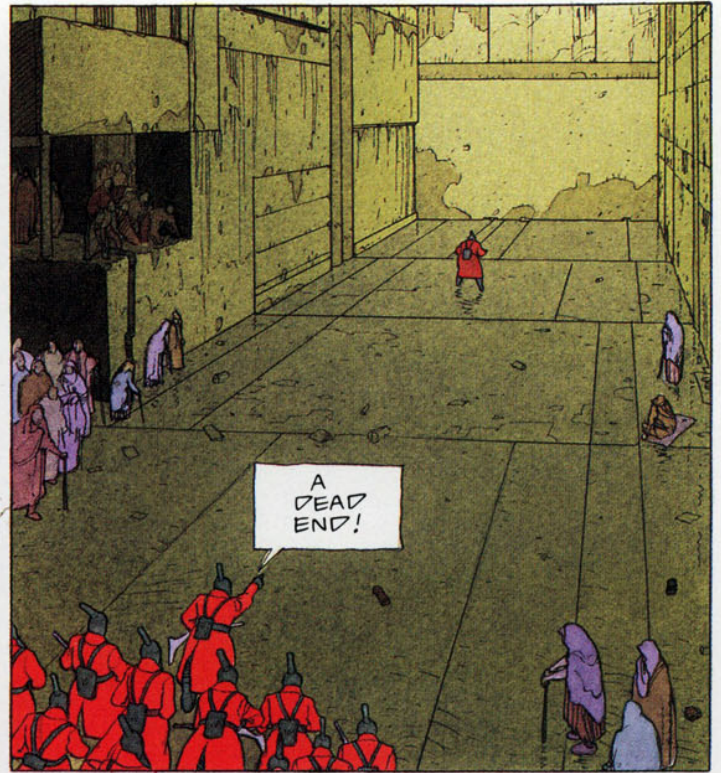
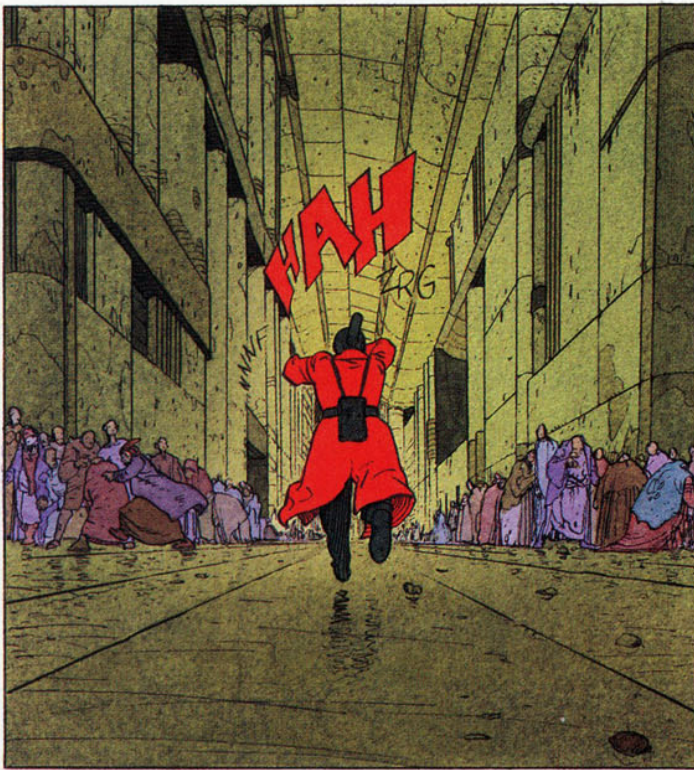


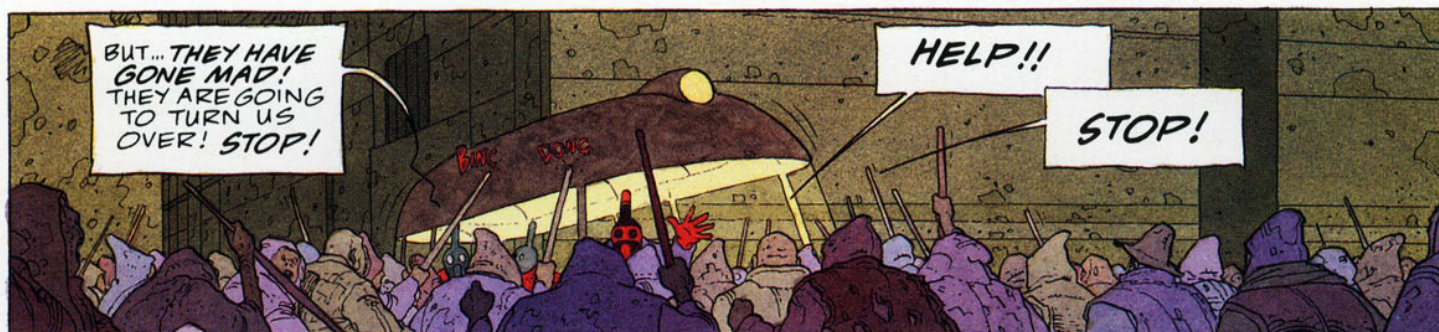












BUT... THEY HAVE GONE MAD! THEY ARE GOING TO TURN US OVER! STOP!

HELP!!

STOP!



WHAT IS HAPPENING?

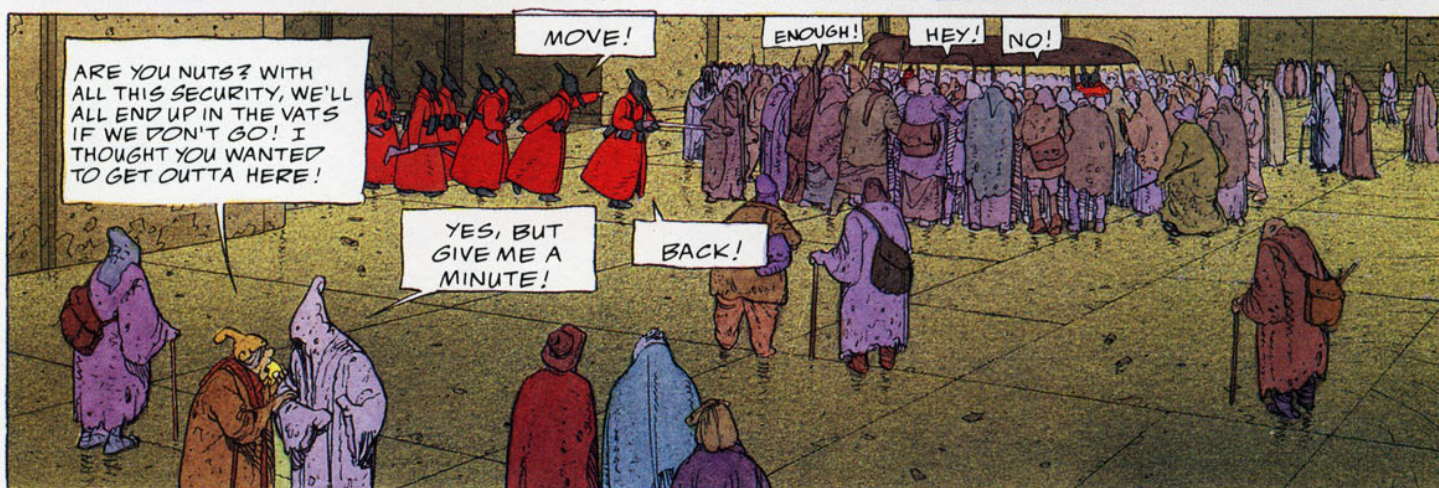
THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR SIGHT-SEEIN', SONNY BOY! THAT IDIOT COORDINATOR GAVE THE ORDER T'SHOOT THE POOR SICKO OVER THERE, AND THEM ROACHERS AIN'T GONNA LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT! LET'S GO!

HELP!

GET REINFORCEMENTS! HURRY!

THEY ARE COMING, SIR!

NO! WAIT!



ARE YOU NUTS? WITH ALL THIS SECURITY, WE'LL ALL END UP IN THE VATS IF WE DON'T GO! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO GET OUTTA HERE!

MOVE!

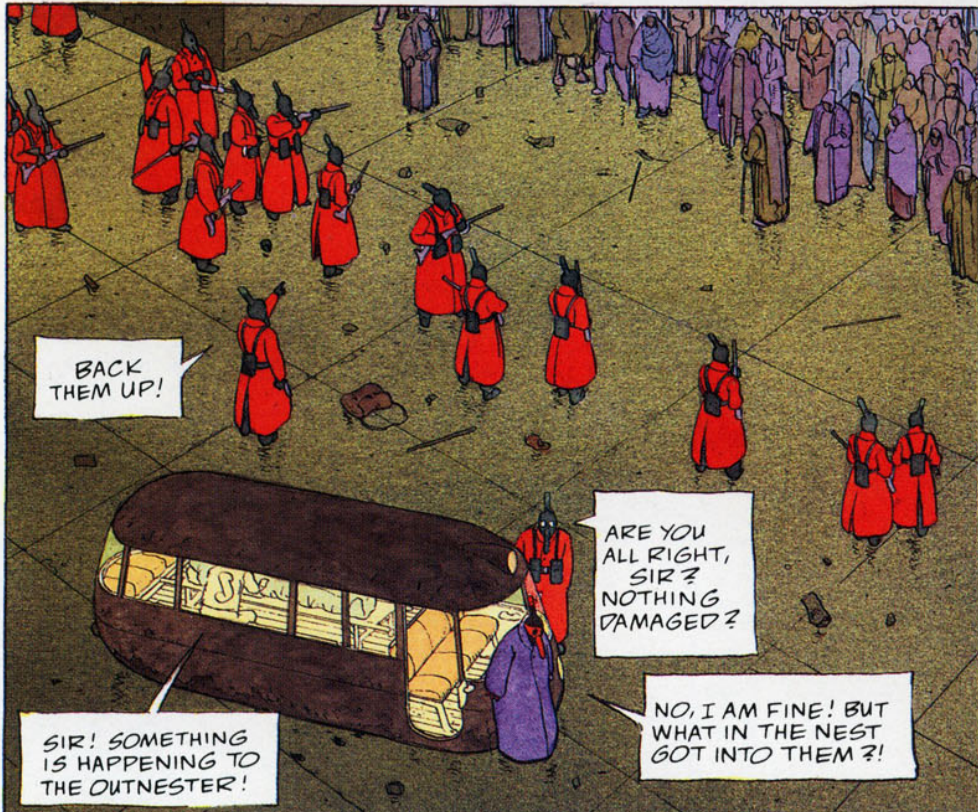
ENOUGH!

HEY!

NO!

YES, BUT GIVE ME A MINUTE!

BACK!

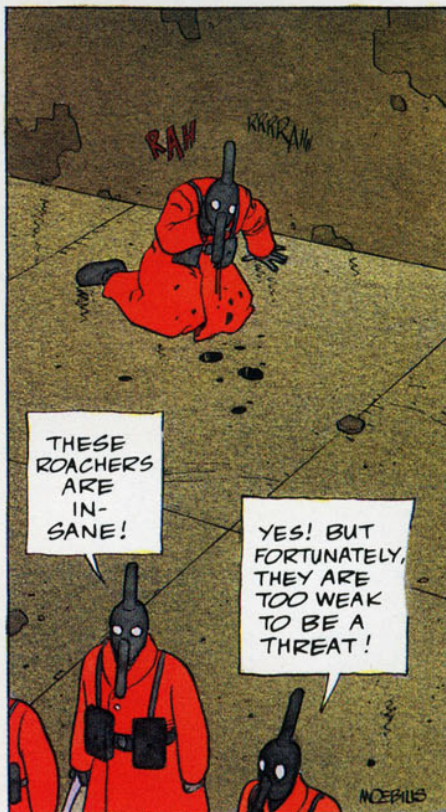


BACK THEM UP!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR? NOTHING DAMAGED?

NO, I AM FINE! BUT WHAT IN THE NEST GOT INTO THEM?!

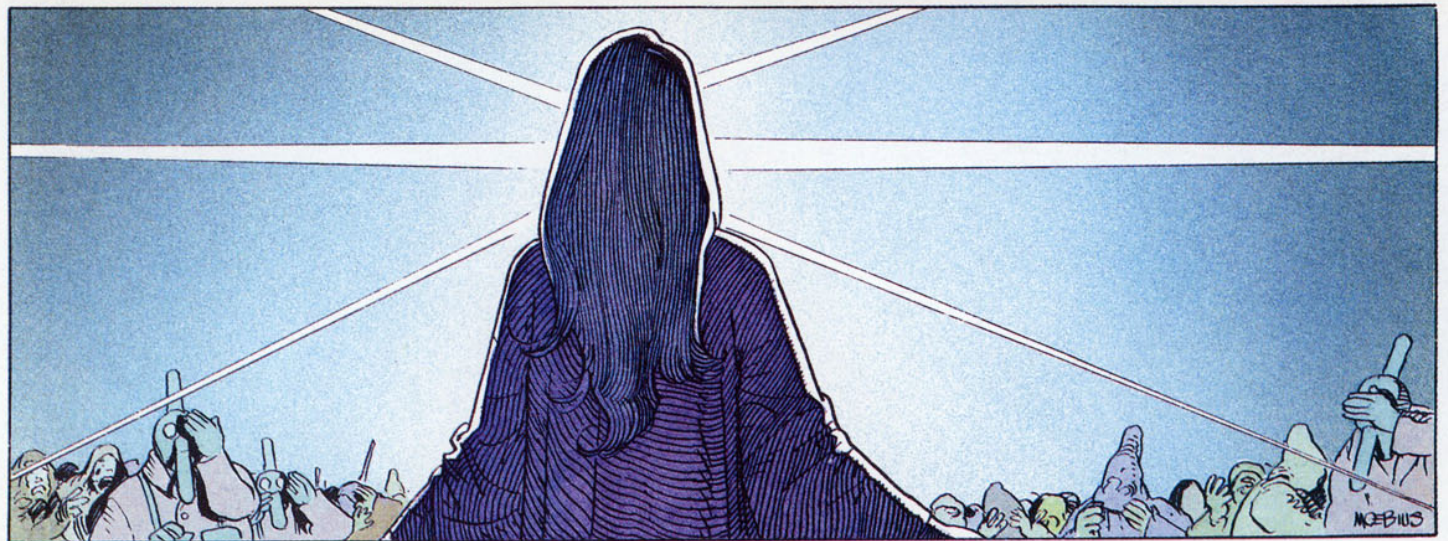
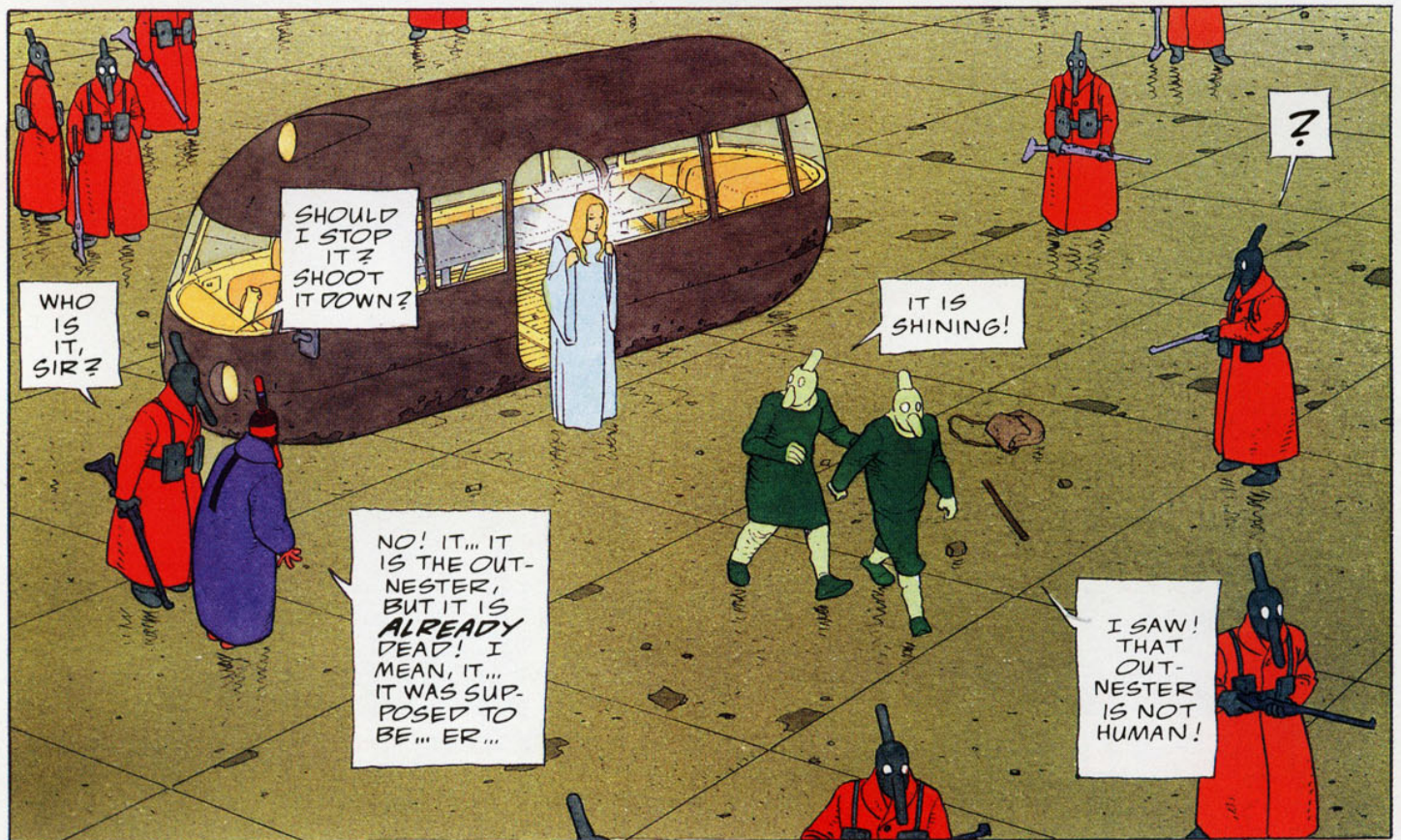
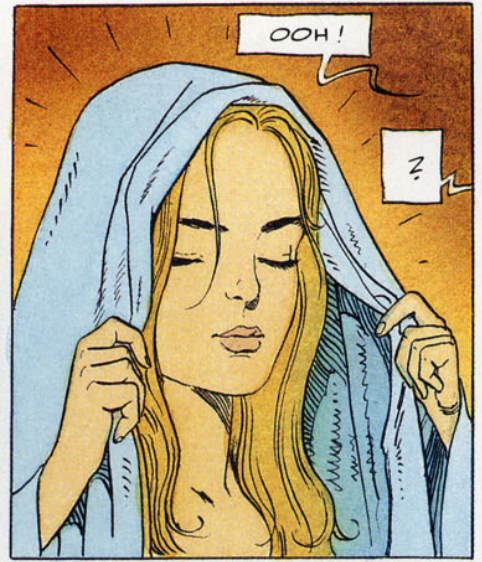
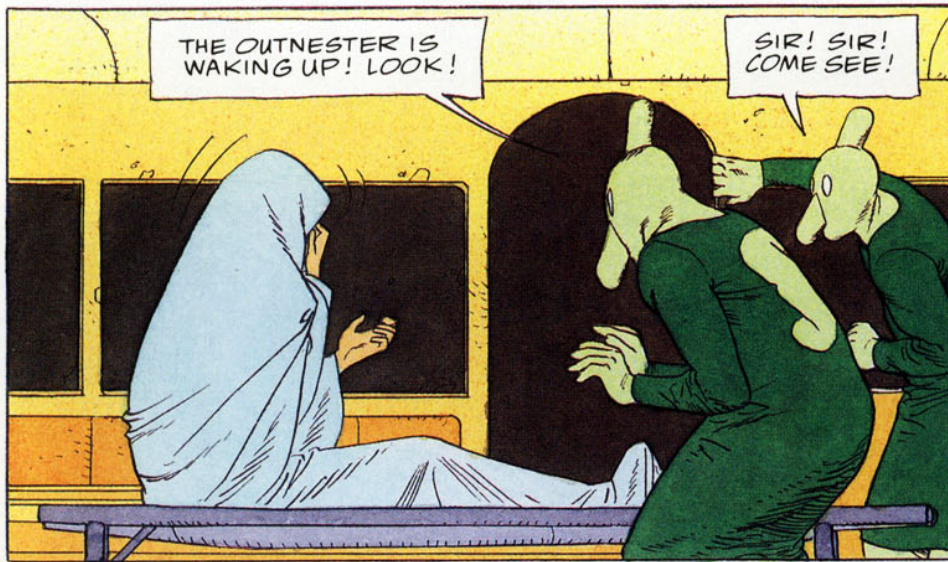
SIR! SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO THE OUTNESTER!



THESE ROACHERS ARE IN-SANE!

YES! BUT FORTUNATELY, THEY ARE TOO WEAK TO BE A THREAT!

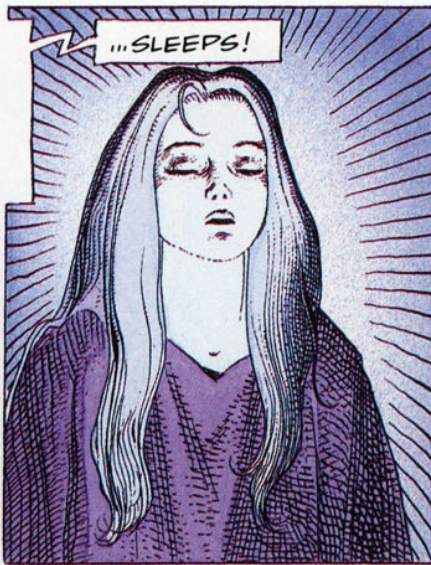
MOEPAUS





IT IS HER... **THE GODDESS!**
SHE HAS AWAKENED!

NO! LOOK!
HER EYES ARE CLOSED!
SHE STILL ...

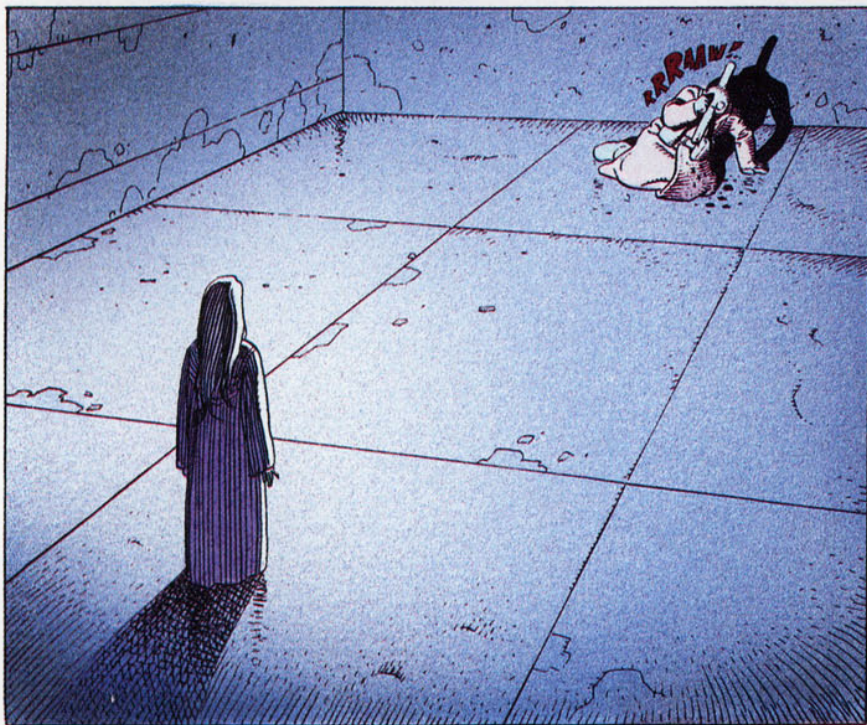


...SLEEPS!



IN THE NAME OF THE NEST, SIR, WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

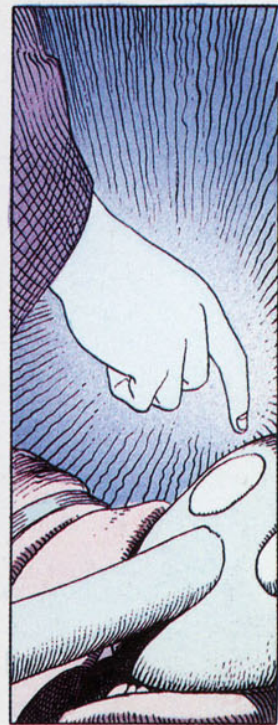
I DO NOT KNOW, SIR! I REALLY DO NOT!



RRRAAA



RRRAAAA
RRRKCKK



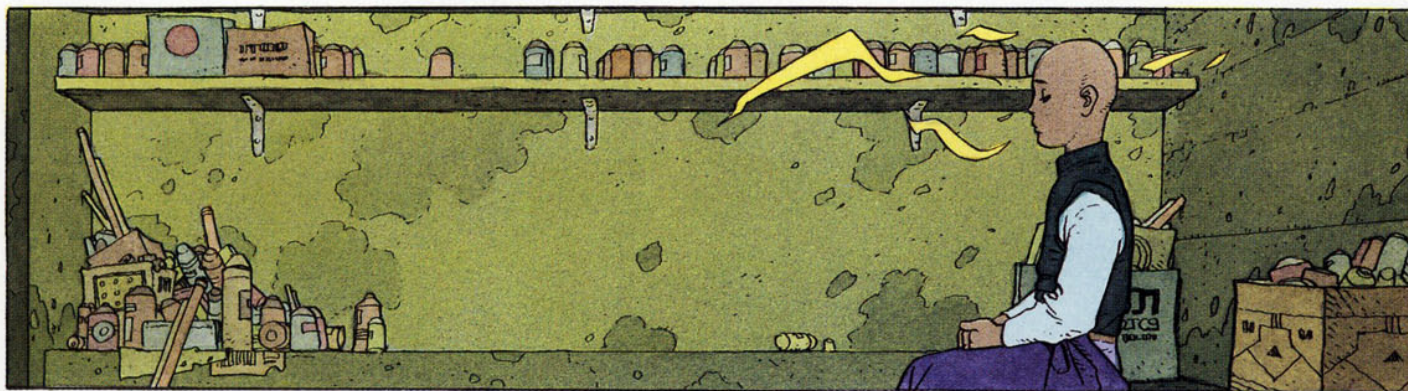
WHAT IS IT DOING?

OH! LOOK! THE LIGHT IS FADING! WE CAN SEE WHAT IS ...

I HAVE NO IDEA, BUT I DO NOT LIKE IT! HAVE YOUR MEN READY TO SHOOT, SIR!

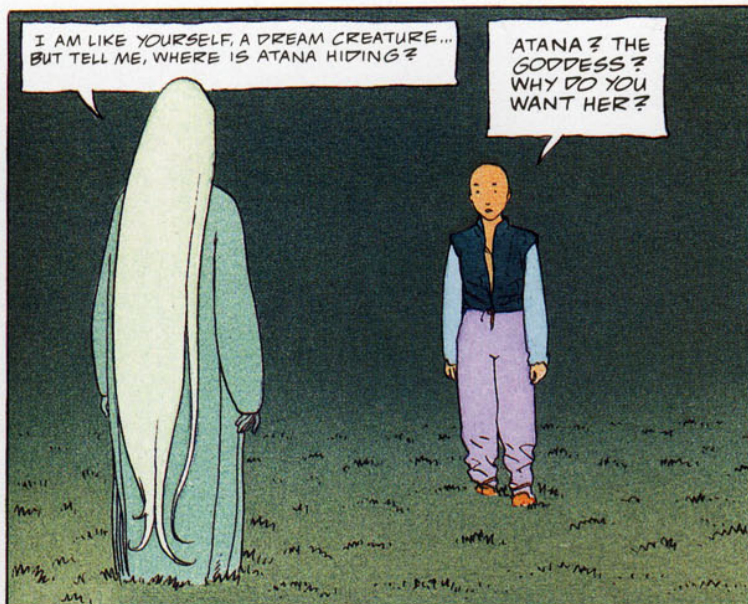
IT IS HORRIBLE!

MOEBIUS



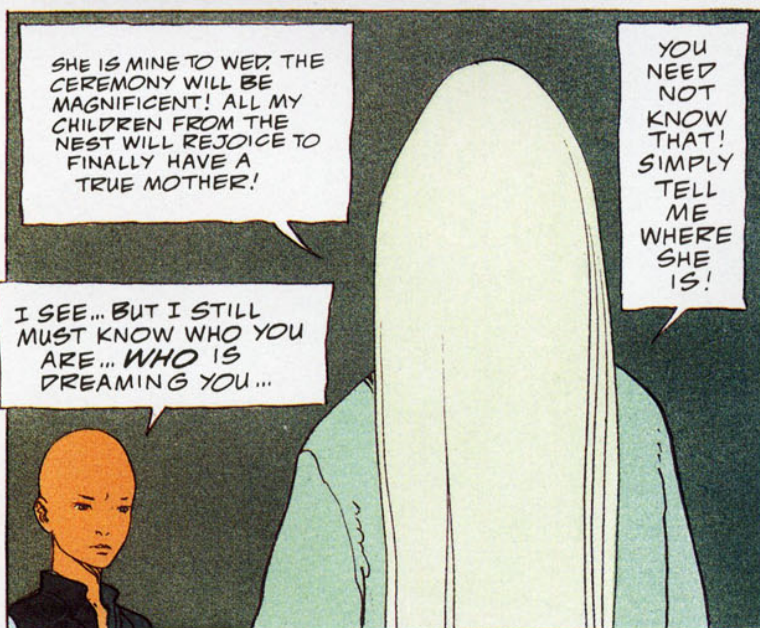


WHAT? HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?
SOMEONE ELSE IN MY DREAM?
WHO ARE YOU?



I AM LIKE YOURSELF, A DREAM CREATURE...
BUT TELL ME, WHERE IS ATANA HIDING?

ATANA? THE
GODDESS?
WHY DO YOU
WANT HER?



SHE IS MINE TO WED. THE
CEREMONY WILL BE
MAGNIFICENT! ALL MY
CHILDREN FROM THE
NEST WILL REJOICE TO
FINALLY HAVE A
TRUE MOTHER!

YOU
NEED
NOT
KNOW
THAT!
SIMPLY
TELL
ME
WHERE
SHE
IS!

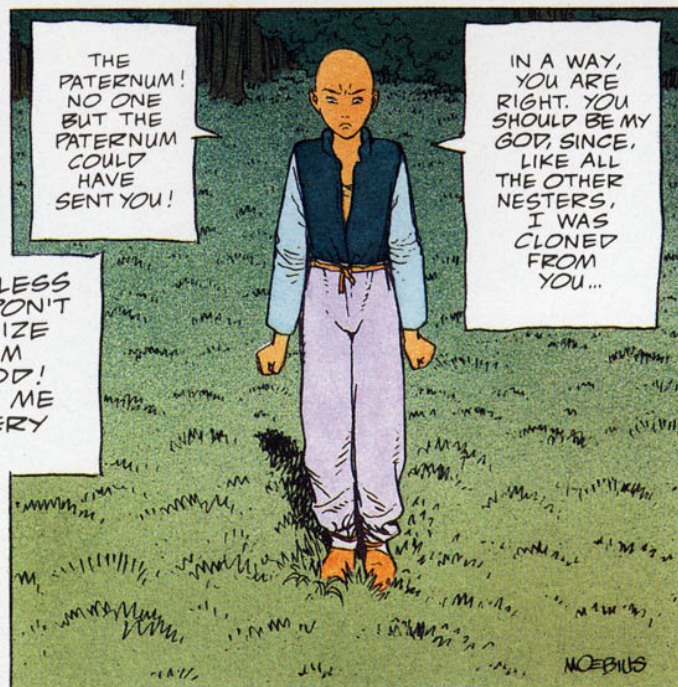
I SEE... BUT I STILL
MUST KNOW WHO YOU
ARE... **WHO** IS
DREAMING YOU...



DON'T PLAY ME FOR A
FOOL, CHILD! IF YOUR SO-
CALLED GODDESS HAD
REALLY RETIRED TO MEDI-
TATE, AS YOU CLAIM, WHY
THEN WERE YOU CALLING
TO HER? ACCUSING
HER OF VANISHING
INSIDE YOUR
DREAM?

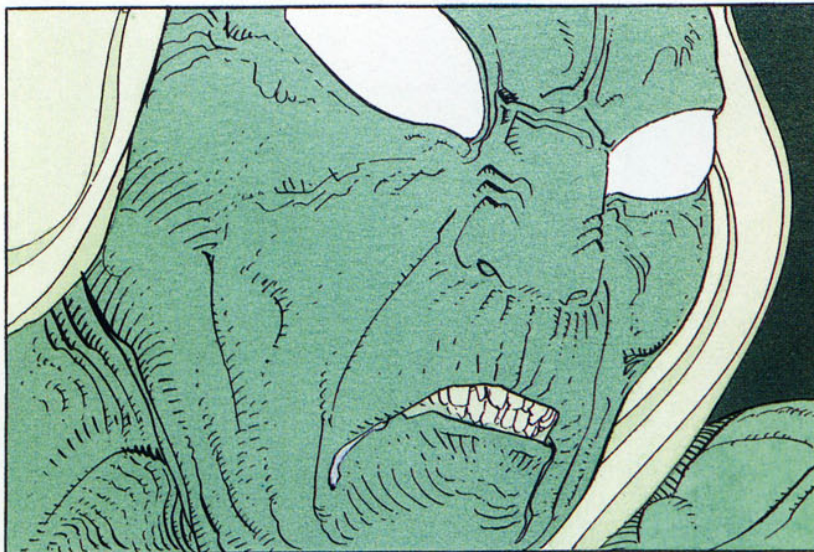
I WILL NOT
TELL YOU ANY
MORE UNTIL YOU
TELL ME WHO
HAS SENT YOU
INTO MY
DREAM! WHAT
KIND OF GOD
DO YOU CLAIM
TO BE?

YOU WITLESS
IDIOT! DON'T
YOU REALIZE
THAT **I** AM
YOUR GOD!
YOU OWE ME
YOUR VERY
LIFE!



THE
PATERNUM!
NO ONE
BUT THE
PATERNUM
COULD
HAVE
SENT YOU!

IN A WAY,
YOU ARE
RIGHT. YOU
SHOULD BE MY
GOD, SINCE,
LIKE ALL THE
OTHER
NESTERS,
I WAS
CLONED
FROM
YOU...

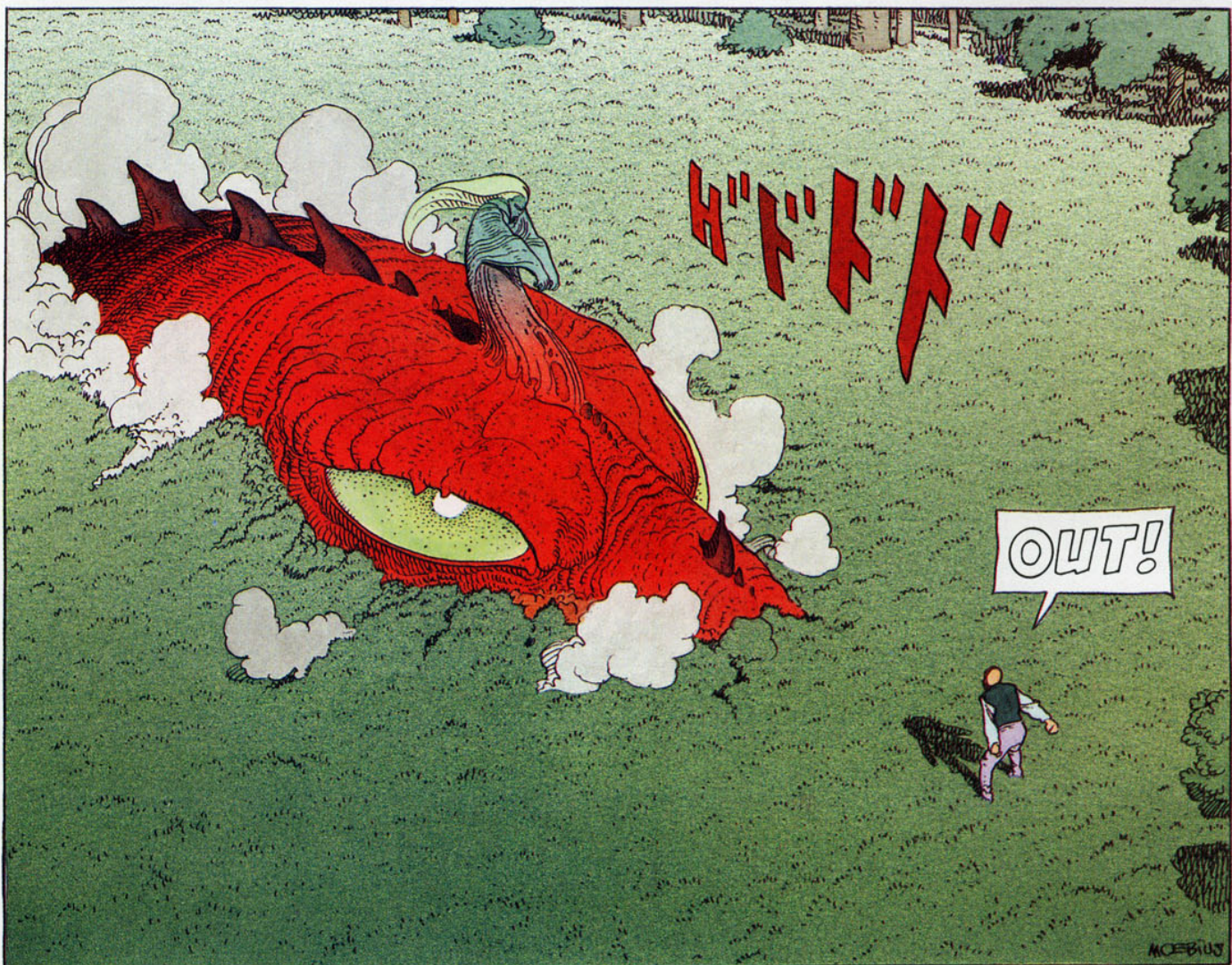


...BUT WHAT DID YOU GIVE ME?
A BLIND, CRIPPLED BODY! AND
WHAT DID YOU GIVE TO ALL MY
COMPANIONS WHO ENDURE LIFE
IN THE LOWER DEPTHS, AS IF THEY
WERE NOTHING BUT LIVING
PIECES OF GARBAGE? AND
WHAT DID YOU GIVE TO ALL
YOUR OTHER SONS, WHOM YOU
CONDEMNED TO LIVE A MISER-
ABLE, FACELESS AND NAMELESS
UNDERGROUND EXISTENCE?
IF THIS IS YOUR GODLY WORK,
THEN I OWE YOU NOTHING!
I WILL NOT TELL YOU WHERE
THE GODDESS WENT BECAUSE
IT IS SAID SHE WILL DELIVER
US AND TEAR DOWN THE WALLS
OF IGNORANCE! I HATE YOU!
GET OUT OF MY DREAM!

OUT!

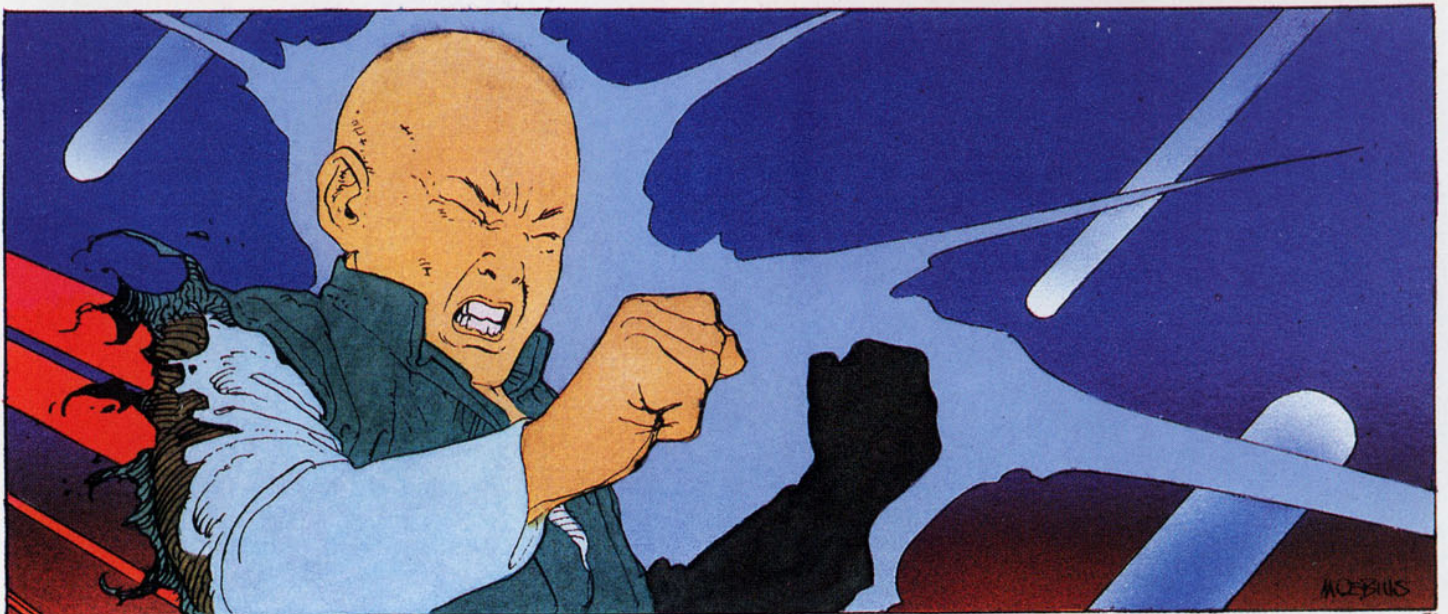
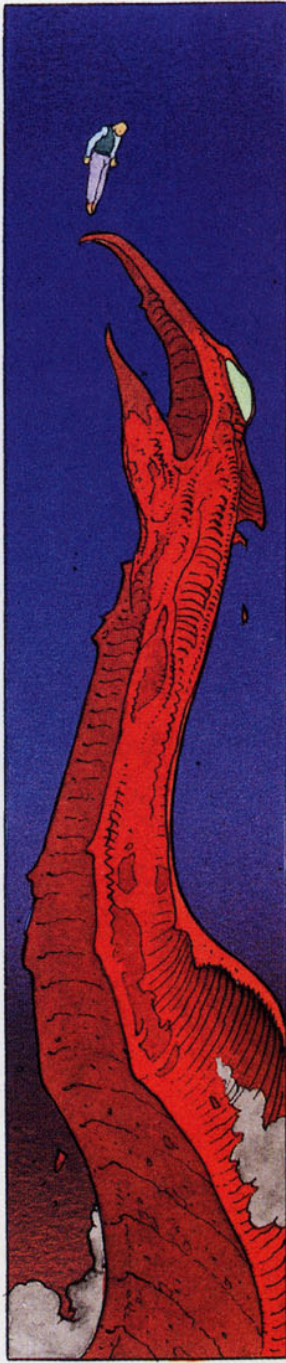
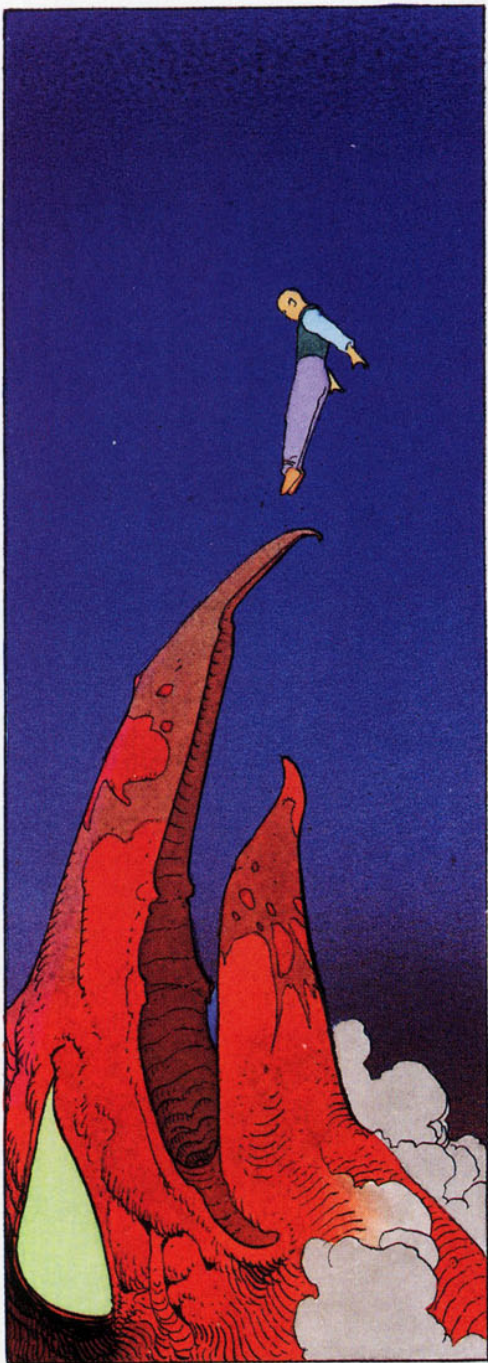


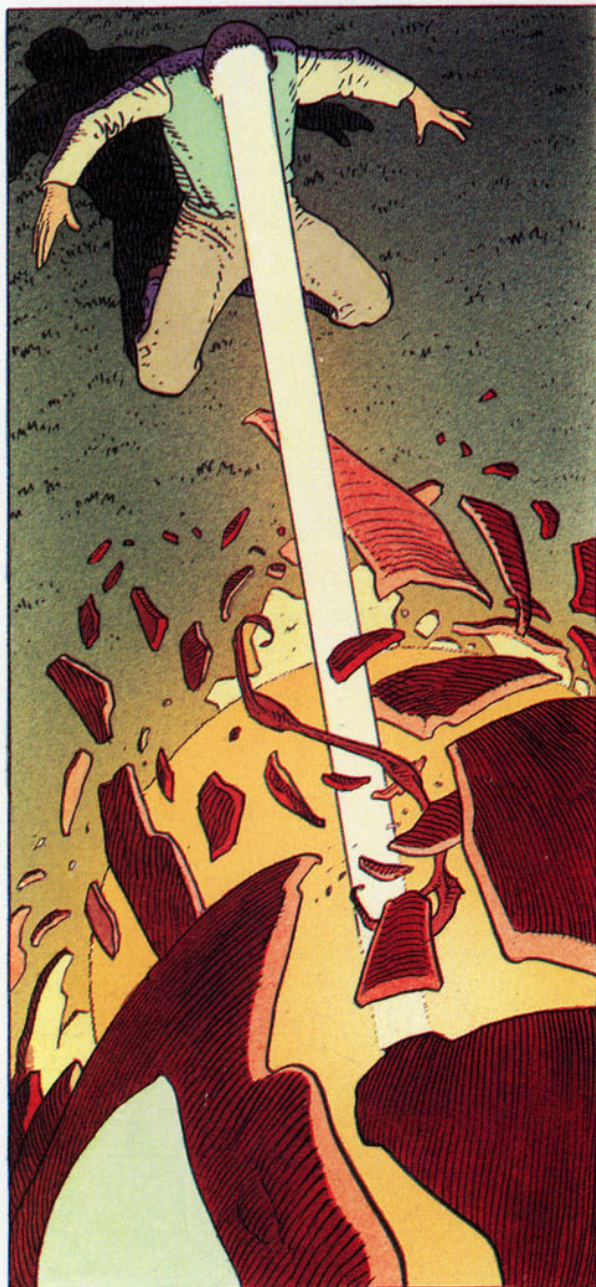
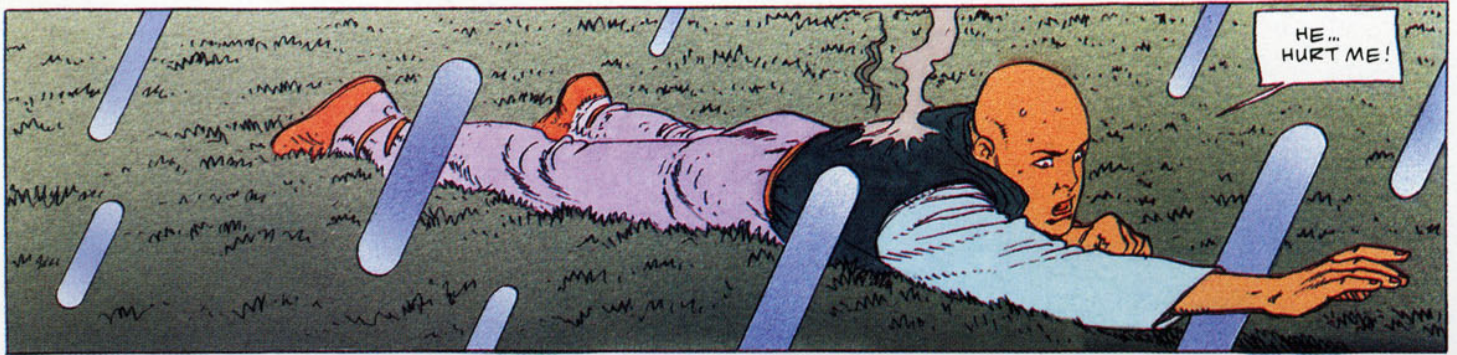
OUT!



H"K"K"K"

OUT!

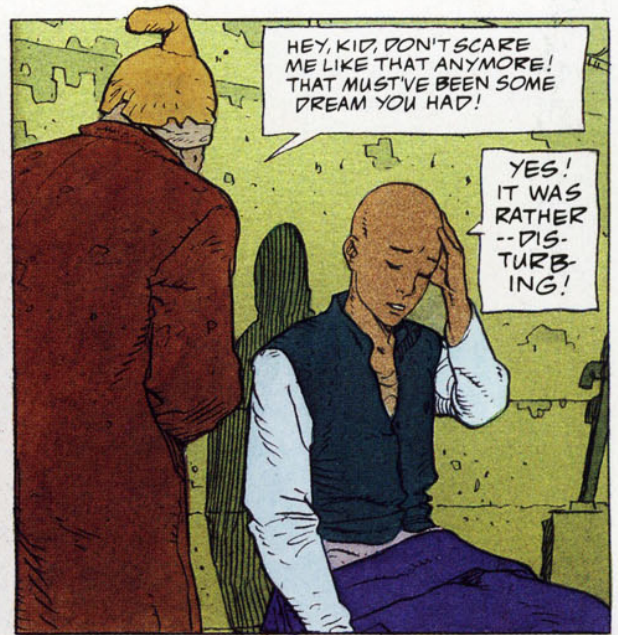






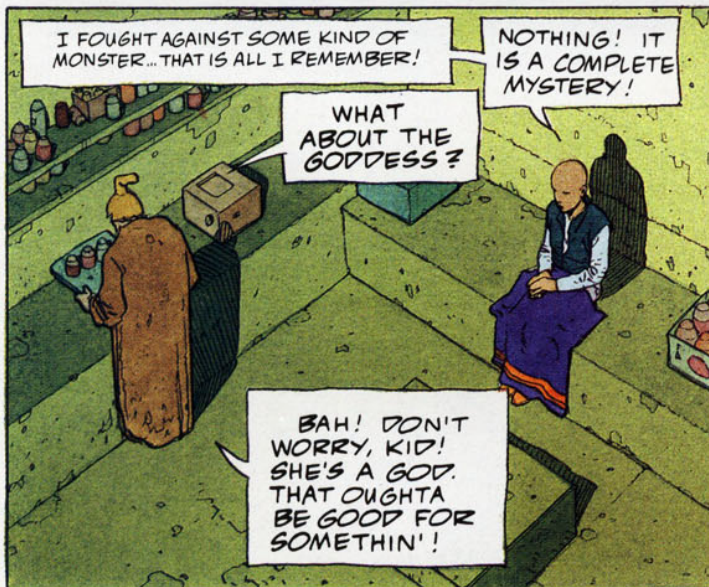
Z!

NEVER!



HEY, KID, DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT ANYMORE! THAT MUST'VE BEEN SOME DREAM YOU HAD!

YES! IT WAS RATHER --DIS-TUR-B-ING!

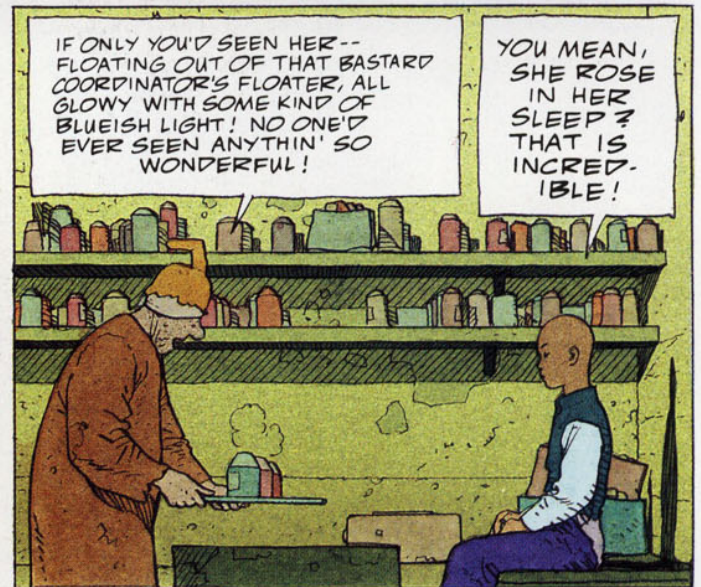


I FOUGHT AGAINST SOME KIND OF MONSTER... THAT IS ALL I REMEMBER!

NOTHING! IT IS A COMPLETE MYSTERY!

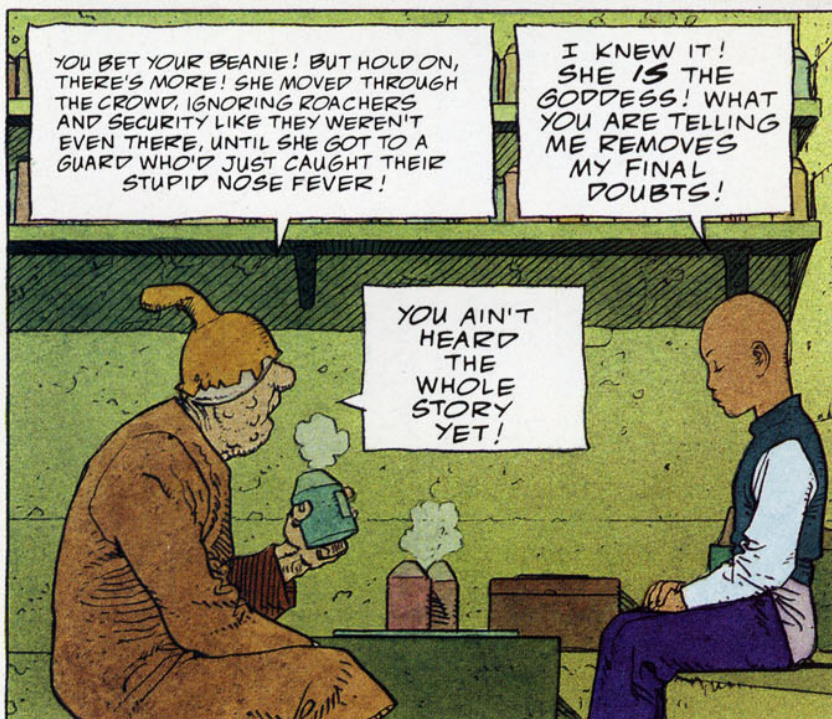
WHAT ABOUT THE GODDESS?

BAH! DON'T WORRY, KID! SHE'S A GOD. THAT OUGHTA BE GOOD FOR SOMETHIN'!



IF ONLY YOU'D SEEN HER-- FLOATING OUT OF THAT BASTARD COORDINATOR'S FLOATER, ALL GLOWY WITH SOME KIND OF BLUEISH LIGHT! NO ONE'D EVER SEEN ANYTHIN' SO WONDERFUL!

YOU MEAN, SHE ROSE IN HER SLEEP? THAT IS INCRED-IBLE!



YOU BET YOUR BEANIE! BUT HOLD ON, THERE'S MORE! SHE MOVED THROUGH THE CROWD, IGNORING ROACHERS AND SECURITY LIKE THEY WEREN'T EVEN THERE, UNTIL SHE GOT TO A GUARD WHO'D JUST CAUGHT THEIR STUPID NOSE FEVER!

I KNEW IT! SHE IS THE GODDESS! WHAT YOU ARE TELLING ME REMOVES MY FINAL DOUBTS!

YOU AIN'T HEARD THE WHOLE STORY YET!



THEN, SHE AIMED SOME OF HER BLUEISH LIGHT AT THE GUARD! THAT'S WHEN IT GOT REAL EXCITING!

MOEBIUS



IT IS HORRIBLE! WE...WE MUST DO SOMETHING!

KILL THEM BOTH! AT ONCE!

NO!

YER CRAZY! SHUT UP!

YOU MUST NOT DO THIS!

? ?

"HER LIGHT COMPLETELY SURROUNDED THE GUARD, AN' WHEN IT FADED, HIS FACE WAS GONE, AN' THAT STARTED A PANIC 'MONG THE OTHERS..."

"I TRIED TO STOP OUR PAL, BUT NO, IT WAS LIKE HE'D GONE NUTS!"



ARE YOU ALL BLIND?

WHO IS HE?

HIM!



LISTEN!

STOP!

HUSH!

LISTEN TO WHAT HE SAYS!

THIS MAN IS A CRIMINAL!

ARREST HIM!

"FROM THEN ON, I JUST WATCHED... HE WAS GOOD WITH WORDS... GOT 'EM TO LISTEN TO HIM ALL RIGHT!"



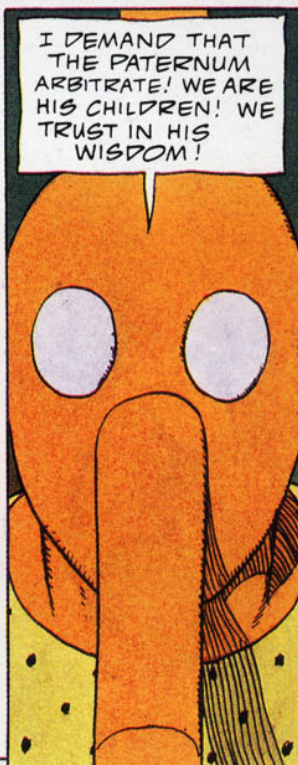
LOOK! THIS MAN HAS BEEN SAVED FROM THE DREADED NOSE FEVER, WHICH EVEN THE NEST'S SCIENCE HAS BEEN POWERLESS TO CURE!

SHE IS NOT A GODDESS. ONLY A DANGEROUS FREAK! THIS PERSON IS A CRIMINAL WANTED BY SECURITY!

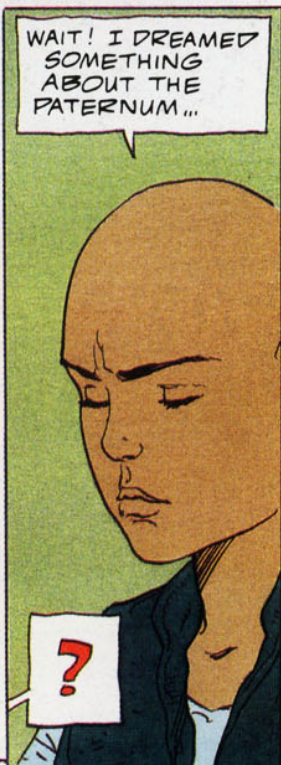
HUSH!

LET HIM SPEAK!

FOR ME, IT PROVES THAT THIS OUTNESTER IS INDEED THE GODDESS SPOKEN OF BY THE FORBIDDEN BOOK!



I DEMAND THAT THE PATERNUM ARBITRATE! WE ARE HIS CHILDREN! WE TRUST IN HIS WISDOM!



WAIT! I DREAMED SOMETHING ABOUT THE PATERNUM...

?

"THAT IDIOT COORDINATOR TRIED TO SHUT 'IM UP, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE..."

YES... SOMETHING EVIL... SOMETHING DEADLY... BUT NOW, I CANNOT REMEMBER... THIS IS VERY ODD... I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED A MEMORY BLOCK BETWEEN DREAM WORLD AND REAL WORLD BEFORE!
CONTINUE!

BUT THIS PERSON IS FACELESS! IT IS...

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? THE PAIN... THE PAIN IS GONE!

IS WEARING A FACE STILL SO IMPORTANT?

IT NO LONGER EVEN PROTECTS US AGAINST THE NOSE FEVER!

THE ROACHERS ARE BECOMING AGITATED AGAIN, SIR! WE ARE LOSING CONTROL...

COULD THIS MAN BE RIGHT ABOUT THE FACES, SIR?

"OUR PAL CONTINUED TALKIN' TO THE CROWD, UNLOADIN' A PASSEL O' HARD-TO-SWALLOW TRUTHS..."

HMMM... VERY WELL!

THE PATERNUM, HE WHO IS OUR FATHER, OUR MOTHER, AND OUR GOD, WILL JUDGE!

"AN' FINALLY, THE COORDINATOR HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO GO ALONG WITH HIM!"

OUR GOD! HOLY NEST! NOW, I REMEMBER! THE PATERNUM! IT WAS THE PATERNUM WHO DREAMED THAT MONSTER!

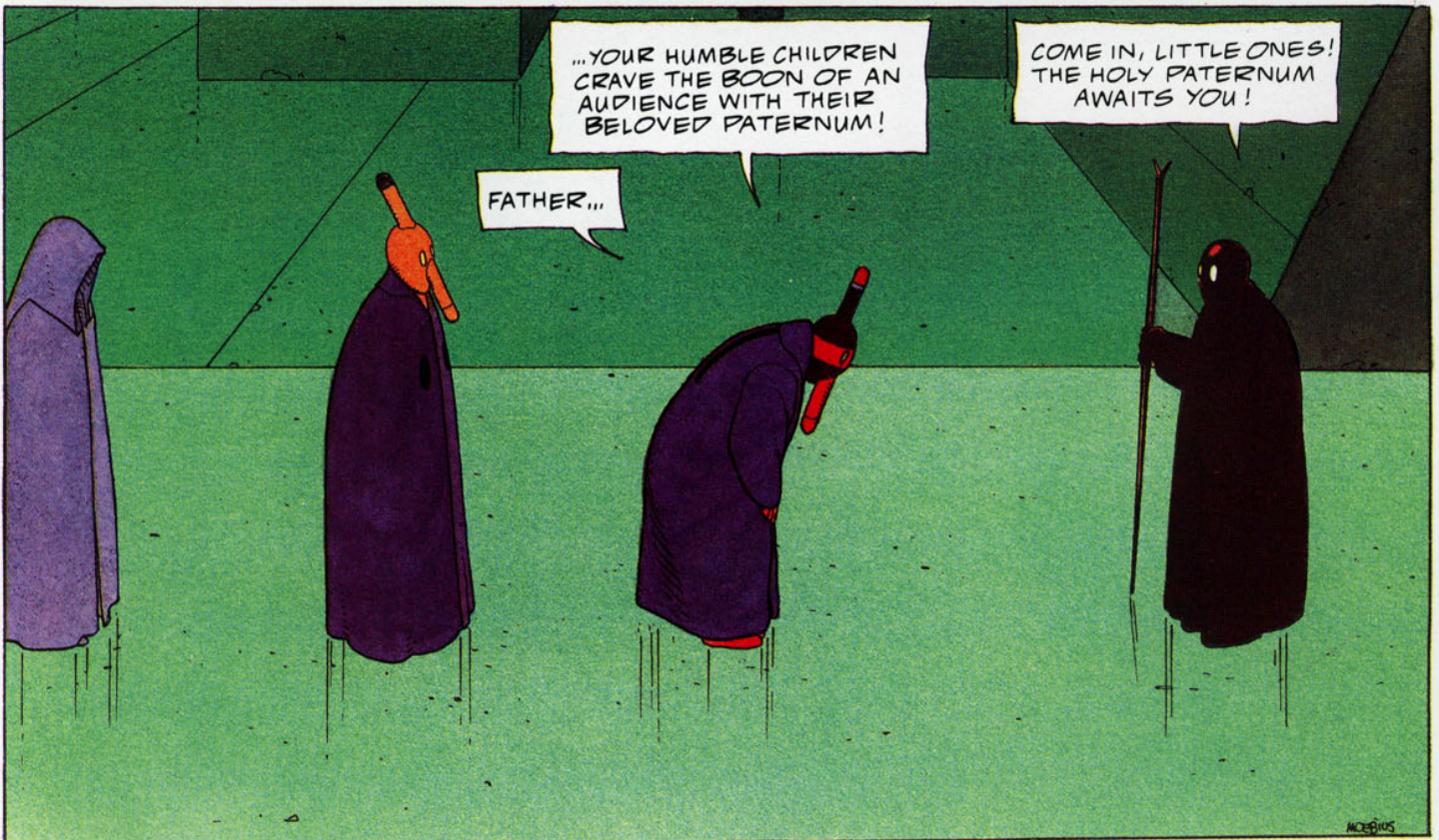
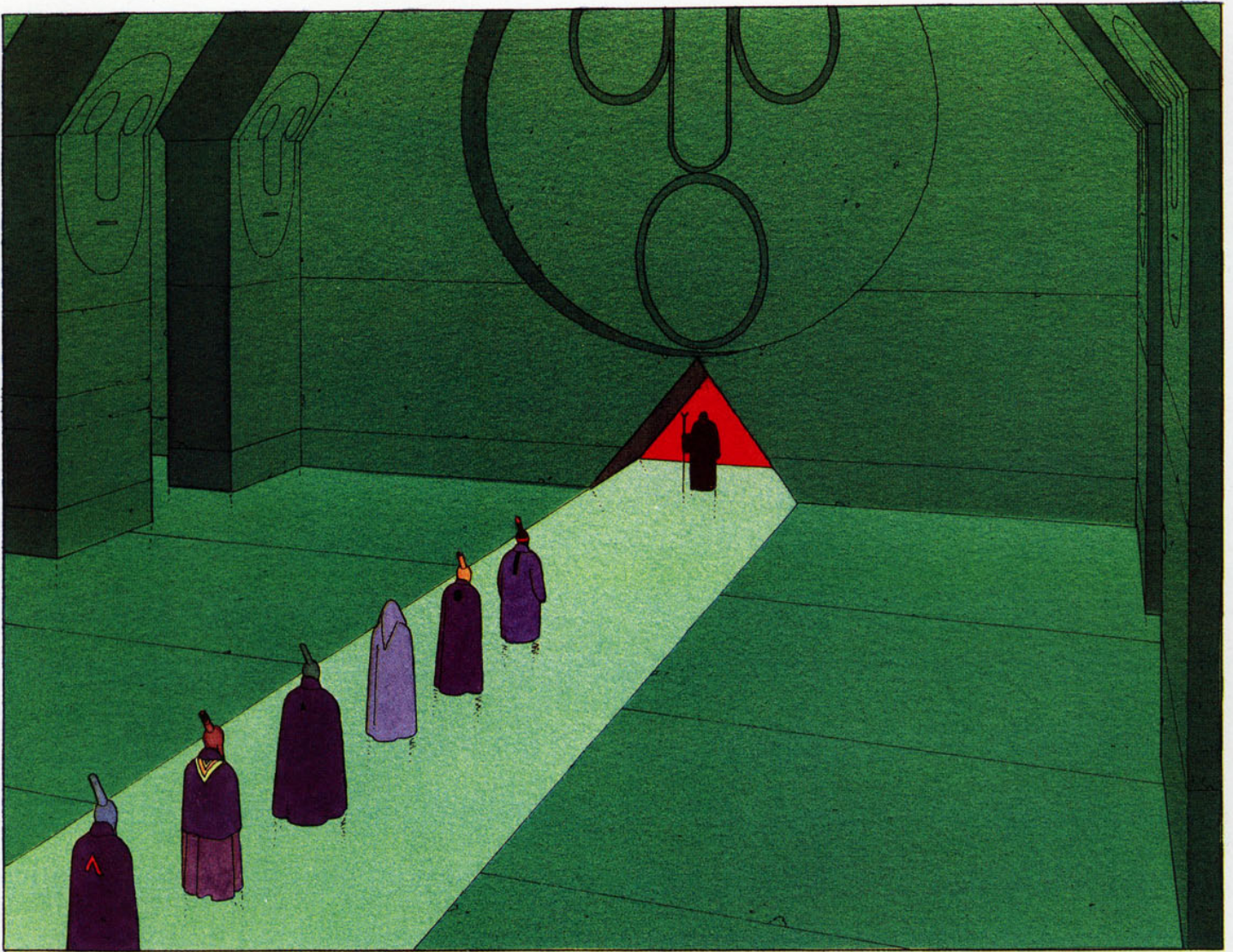
HE HAS BEEN TRYING TO KILL THE GODDESS, OR PERHAPS WORSE! WE MUST STOP HIM!

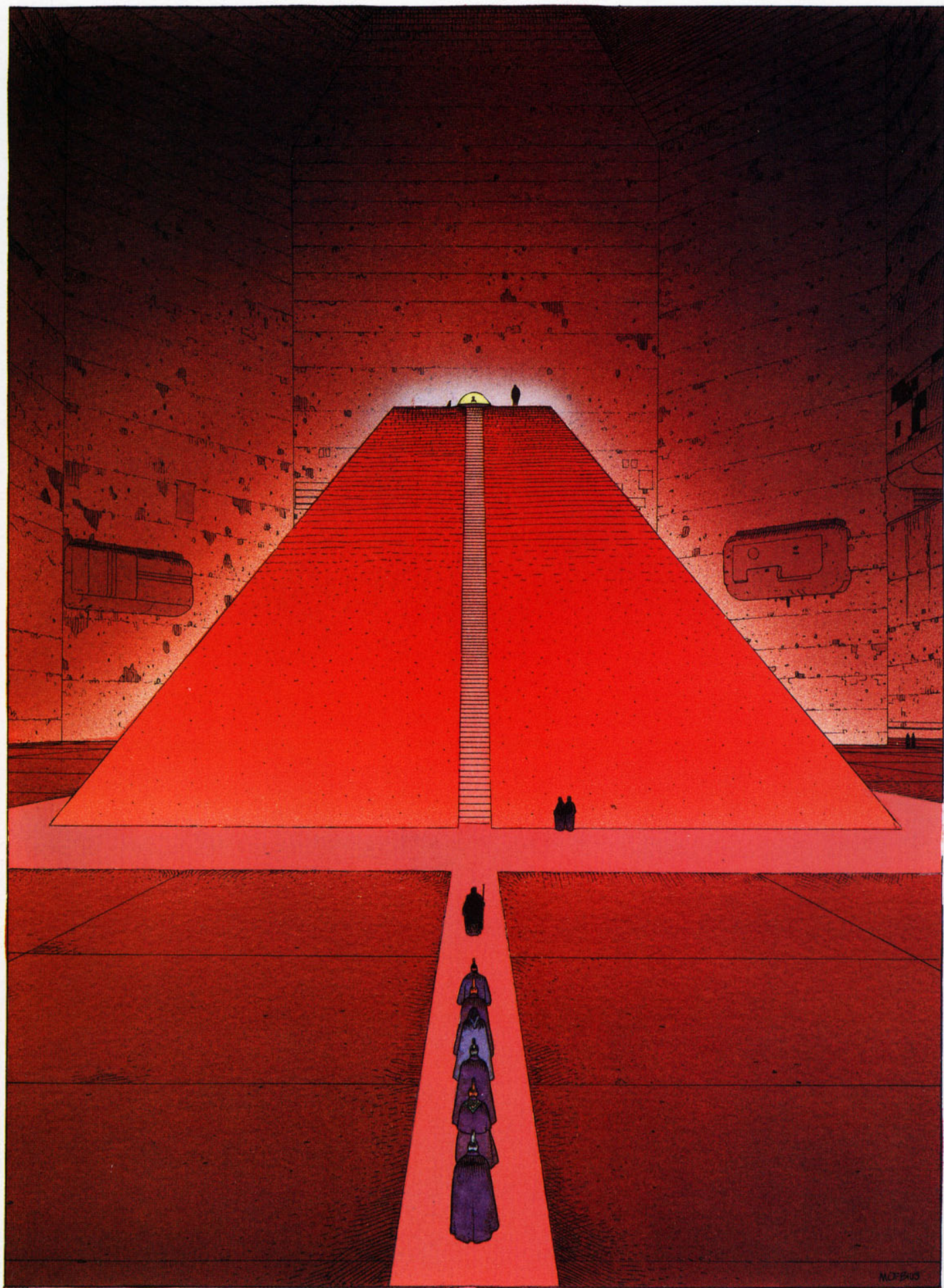
THE PATERNUM, A MONSTER? I AIN'T SURPRISED!

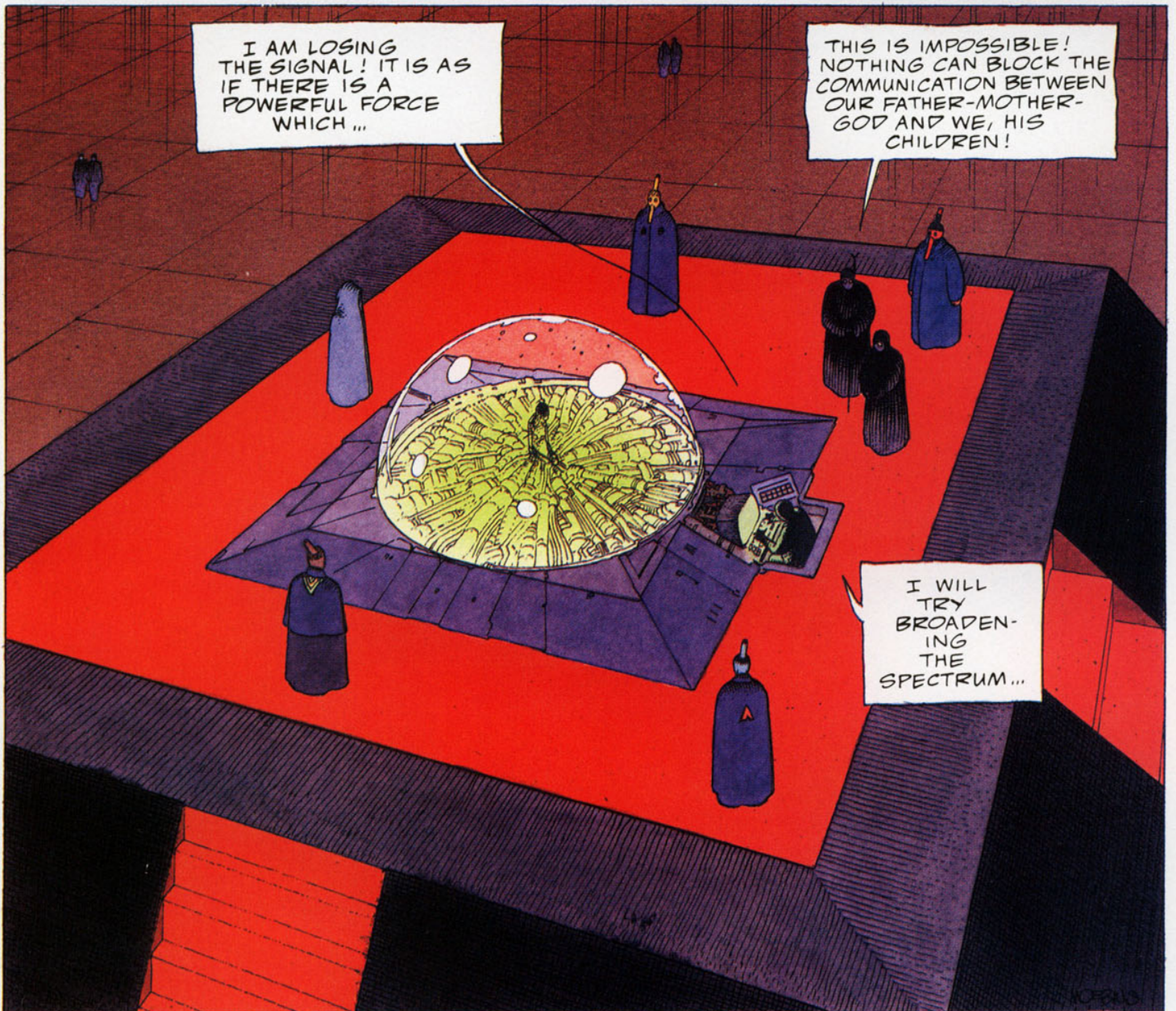
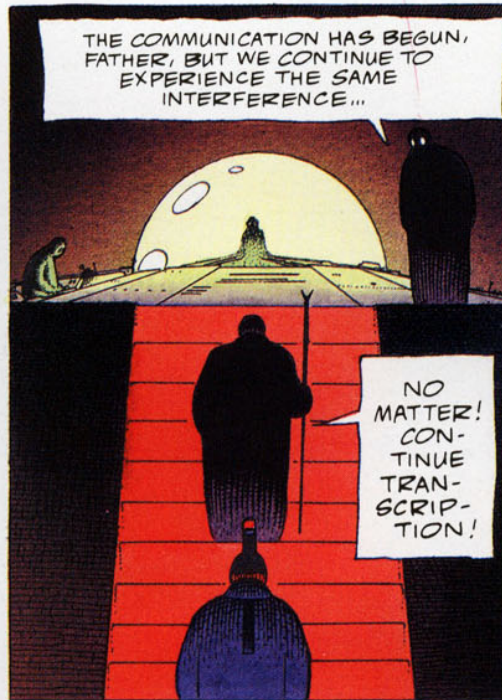
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?

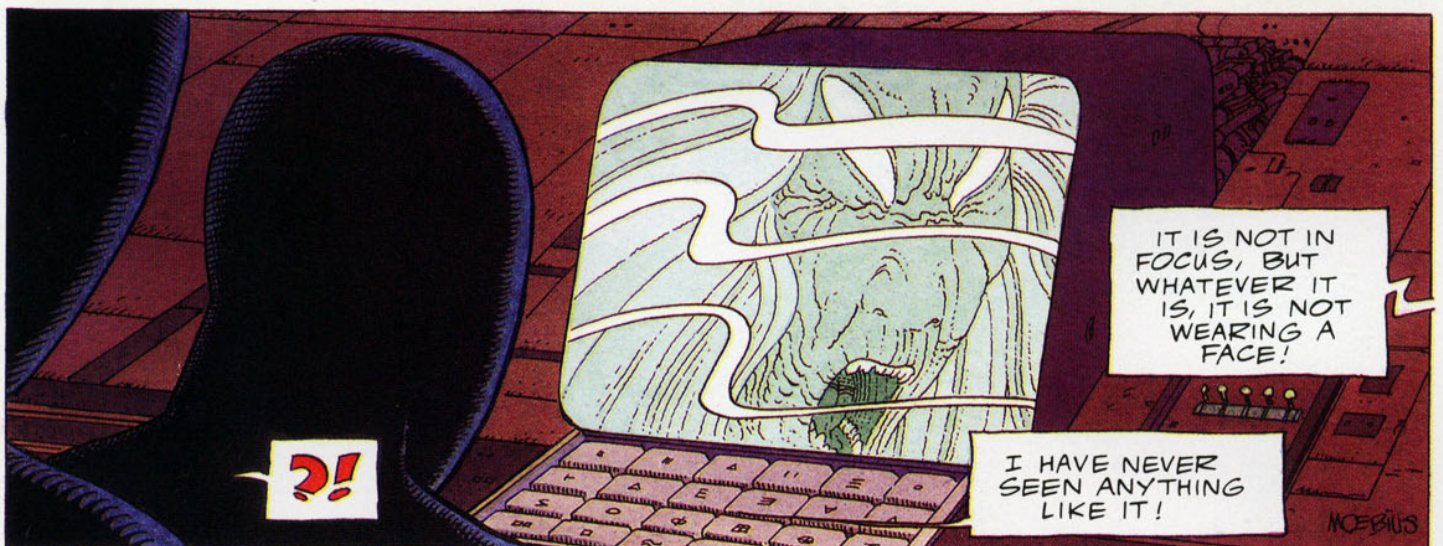
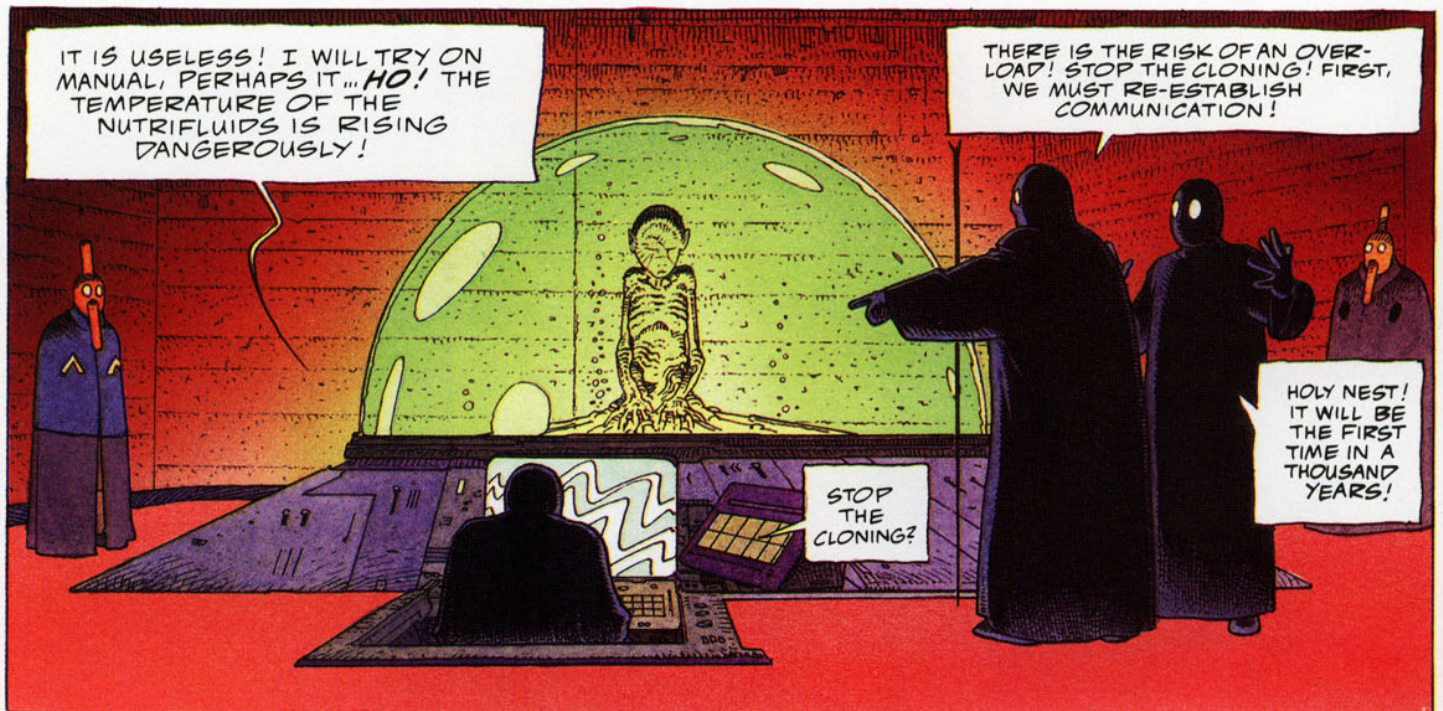
RESCUE HER!

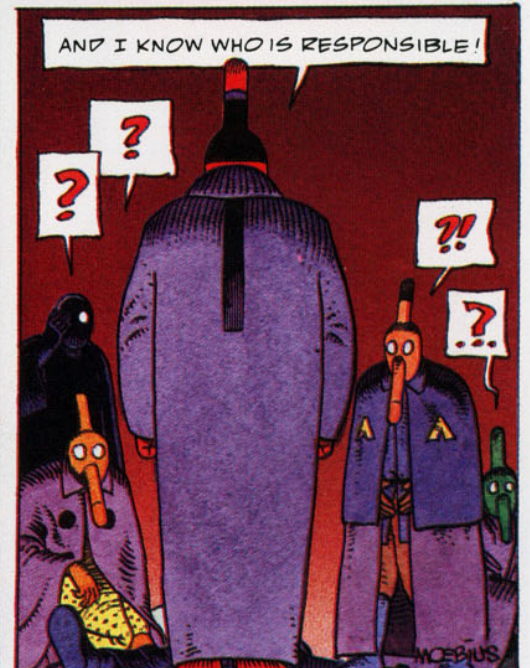
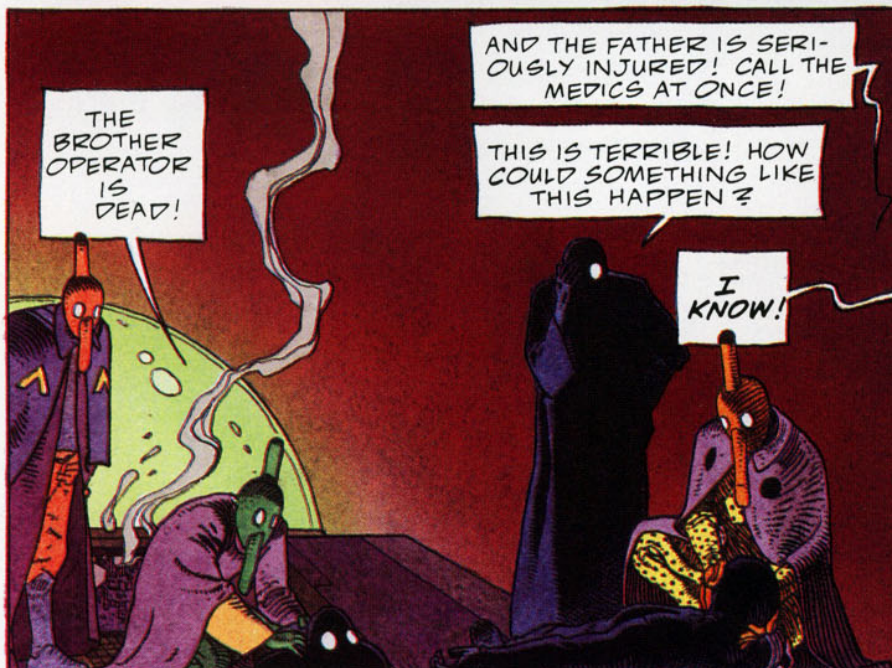
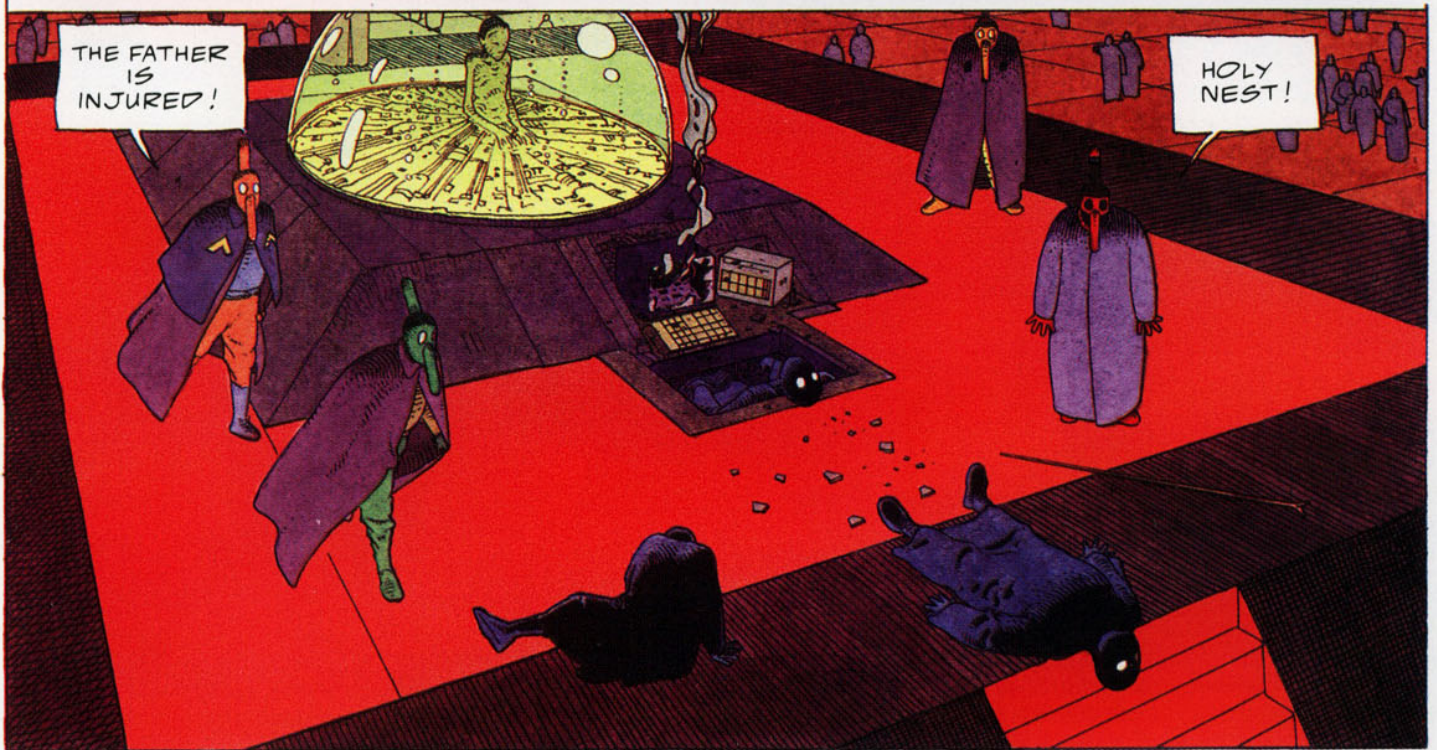
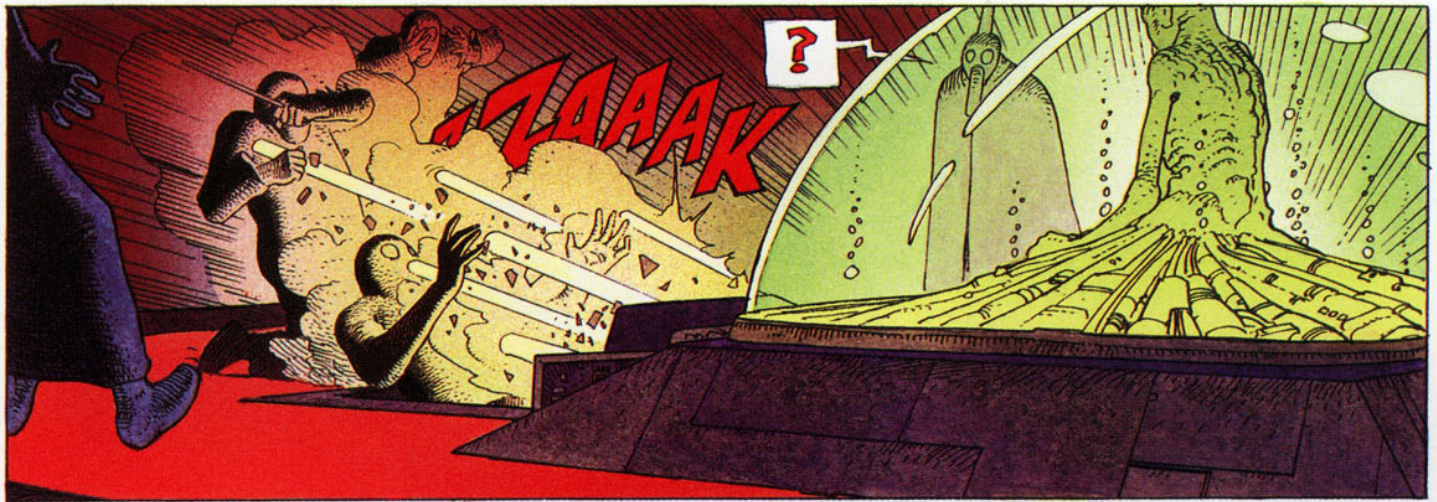
...AND GIVE THE NEST A GOOD SHAKING UP!

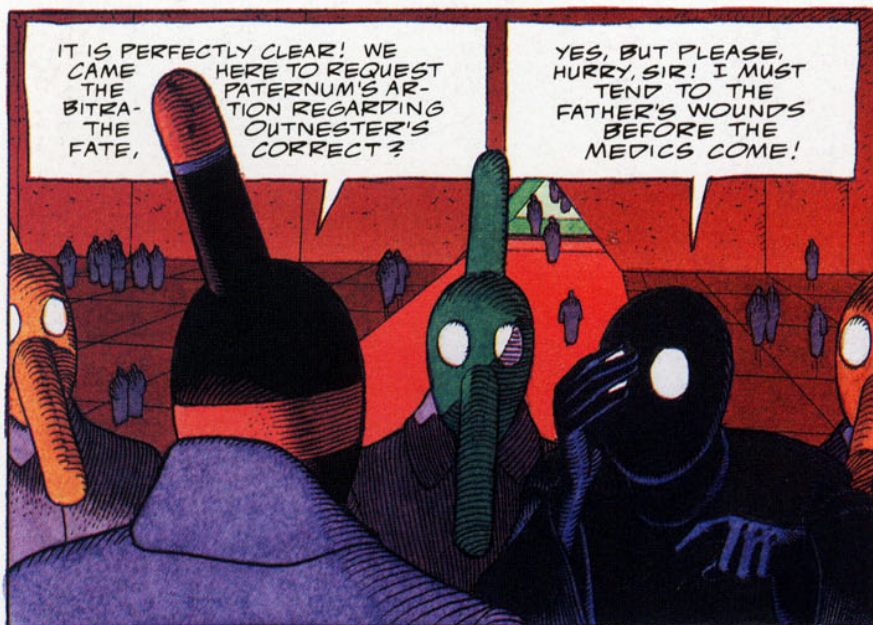






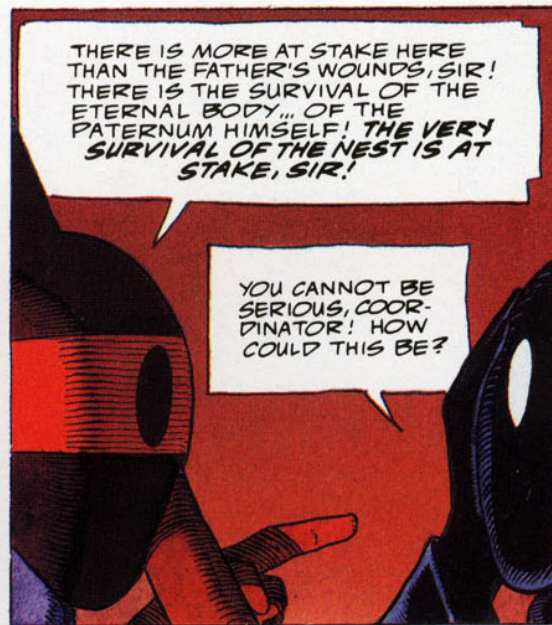






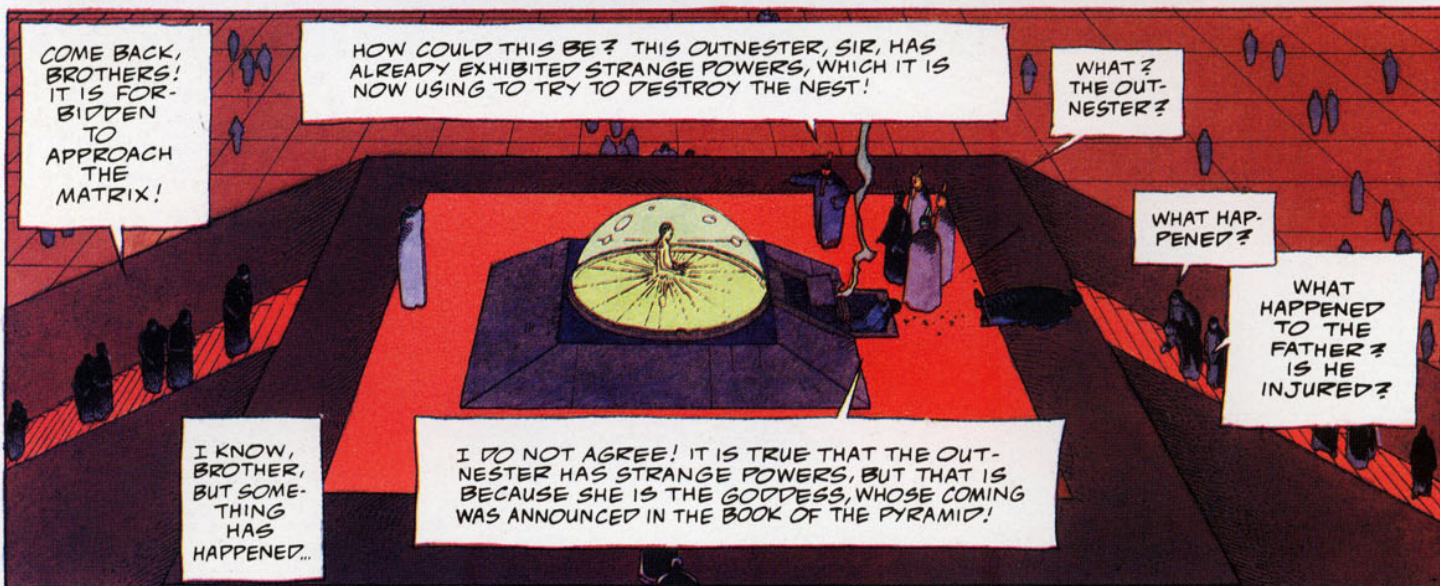
IT IS PERFECTLY CLEAR! WE CAME HERE TO REQUEST PATERNUM'S ACTION REGARDING OUTNESTER'S FATE,

YES, BUT PLEASE, HURRY, SIR! I MUST TEND TO THE FATHER'S WOUNDS BEFORE THE MEDICS COME!



THERE IS MORE AT STAKE HERE THAN THE FATHER'S WOUNDS, SIR! THERE IS THE SURVIVAL OF THE ETERNAL BODY... OF THE PATERNUM HIMSELF! **THE VERY SURVIVAL OF THE NEST IS AT STAKE, SIR!**

YOU CANNOT BE SERIOUS, COORDINATOR! HOW COULD THIS BE?



COME BACK, BROTHERS! IT IS FORBIDDEN TO APPROACH THE MATRIX!

HOW COULD THIS BE? THIS OUTNESTER, SIR, HAS ALREADY EXHIBITED STRANGE POWERS, WHICH IT IS NOW USING TO TRY TO DESTROY THE NEST!

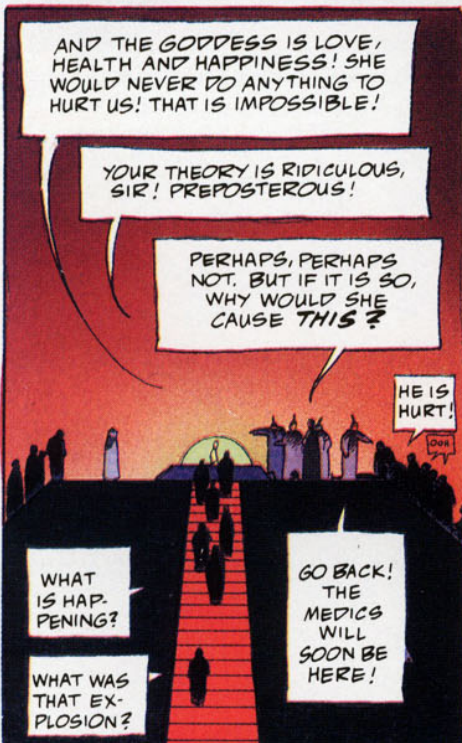
WHAT? THE OUTNESTER?

WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FATHER? IS HE INJURED?

I KNOW, BROTHER, BUT SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED...

I DO NOT AGREE! IT IS TRUE THAT THE OUTNESTER HAS STRANGE POWERS, BUT THAT IS BECAUSE SHE IS THE GODDESS, WHOSE COMING WAS ANNOUNCED IN THE BOOK OF THE PYRAMID!



AND THE GODDESS IS LOVE, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS! SHE WOULD NEVER DO ANYTHING TO HURT US! THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

YOUR THEORY IS RIDICULOUS, SIR! PREPOSTEROUS!

PERHAPS, PERHAPS NOT. BUT IF IT IS SO, WHY WOULD SHE CAUSE **THIS**?

HE IS HURT!

WHAT IS HAPPENING?

WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?

GO BACK! THE MEDICS WILL SOON BE HERE!



I CAN ONLY SEE ONE ANSWER, SIR. IF THE GODDESS IS FIGHTING THE PATERNUM, IT IS BECAUSE THE PATERNUM IS...ER...I MEAN, IS NOT...ER...

I WILL KILL HIM! **KILL HIM!**

COORDINATOR! PLEASE, SIR, REMAIN CALM!

KILL THEM ALL!

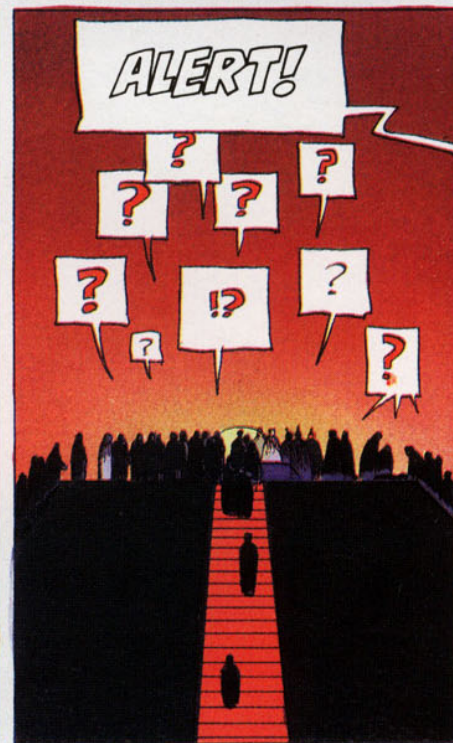
WHAT?

THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT!

HUSH!

WHAT DID HE SAY?

WHO WANTS TO KILL WHO?



ALERT!

?

?

?

?

?

?

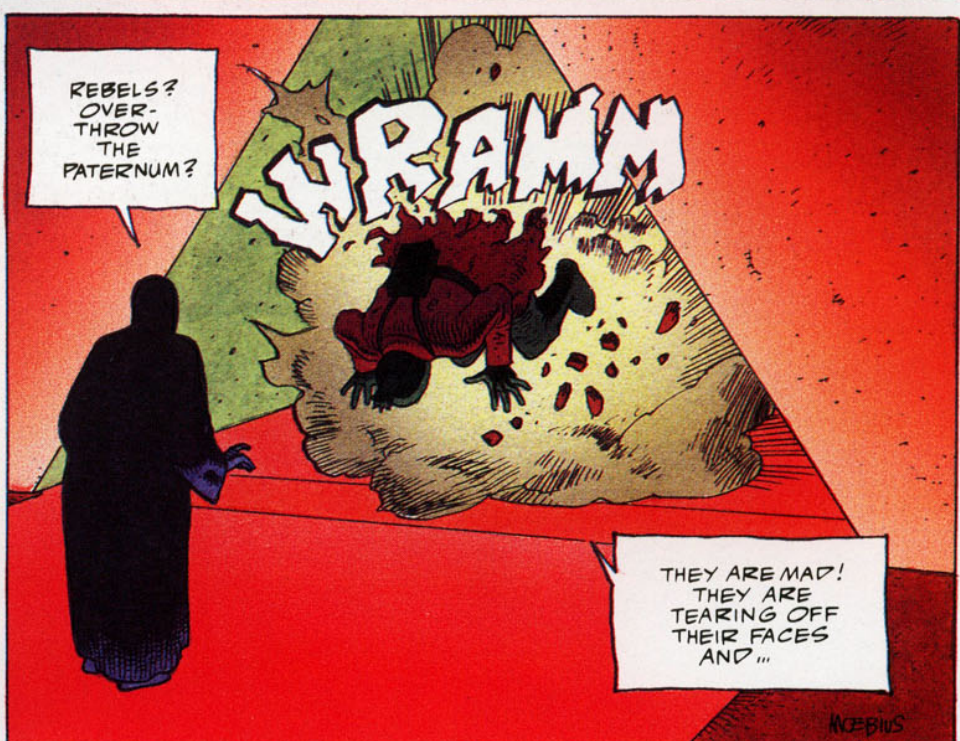
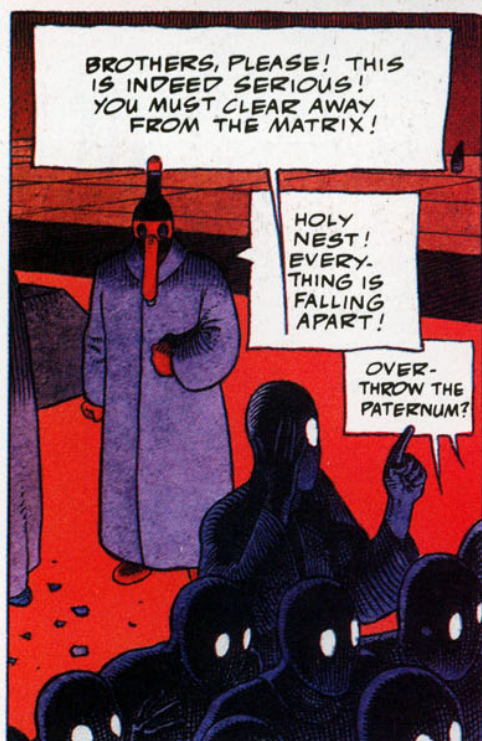
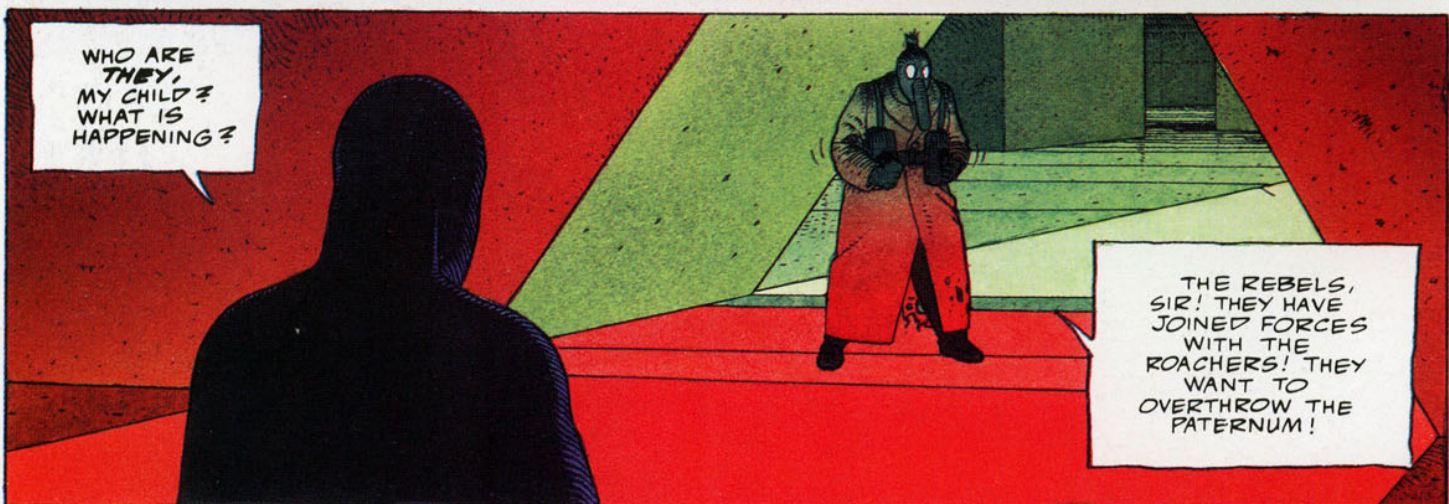
?

?

?

?

?



WAKMMM

LAAAMM

SIR!
I HAVE
NO
MORE
TEAR
GAS!

WHAT IS
THE PATER-
NUM WAIT-
ING FOR?

THEY ARE
MAD! THEY
WOULD
RATHER DIE
THAN RE-
TREAT AN
INCH!

WHY
DOES THE
PATERNUM
NOT IN-
TERVENE?

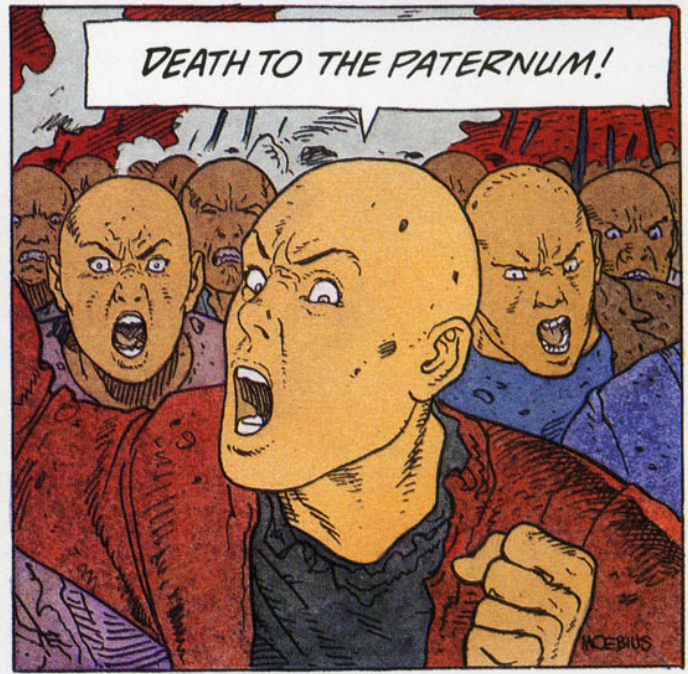
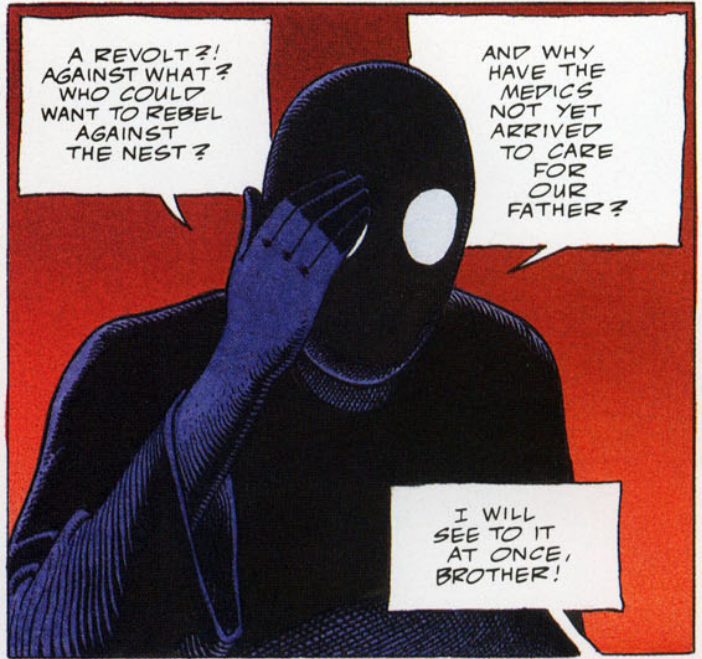
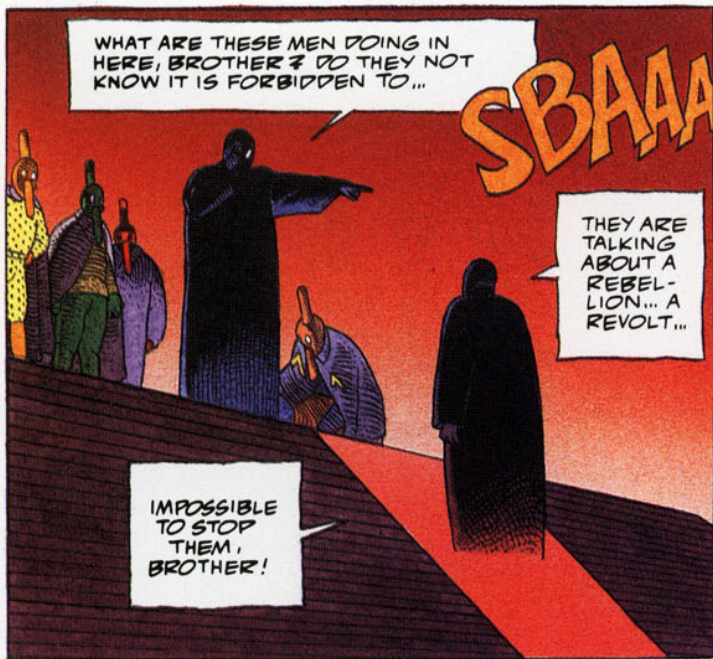
ME
EITHER!

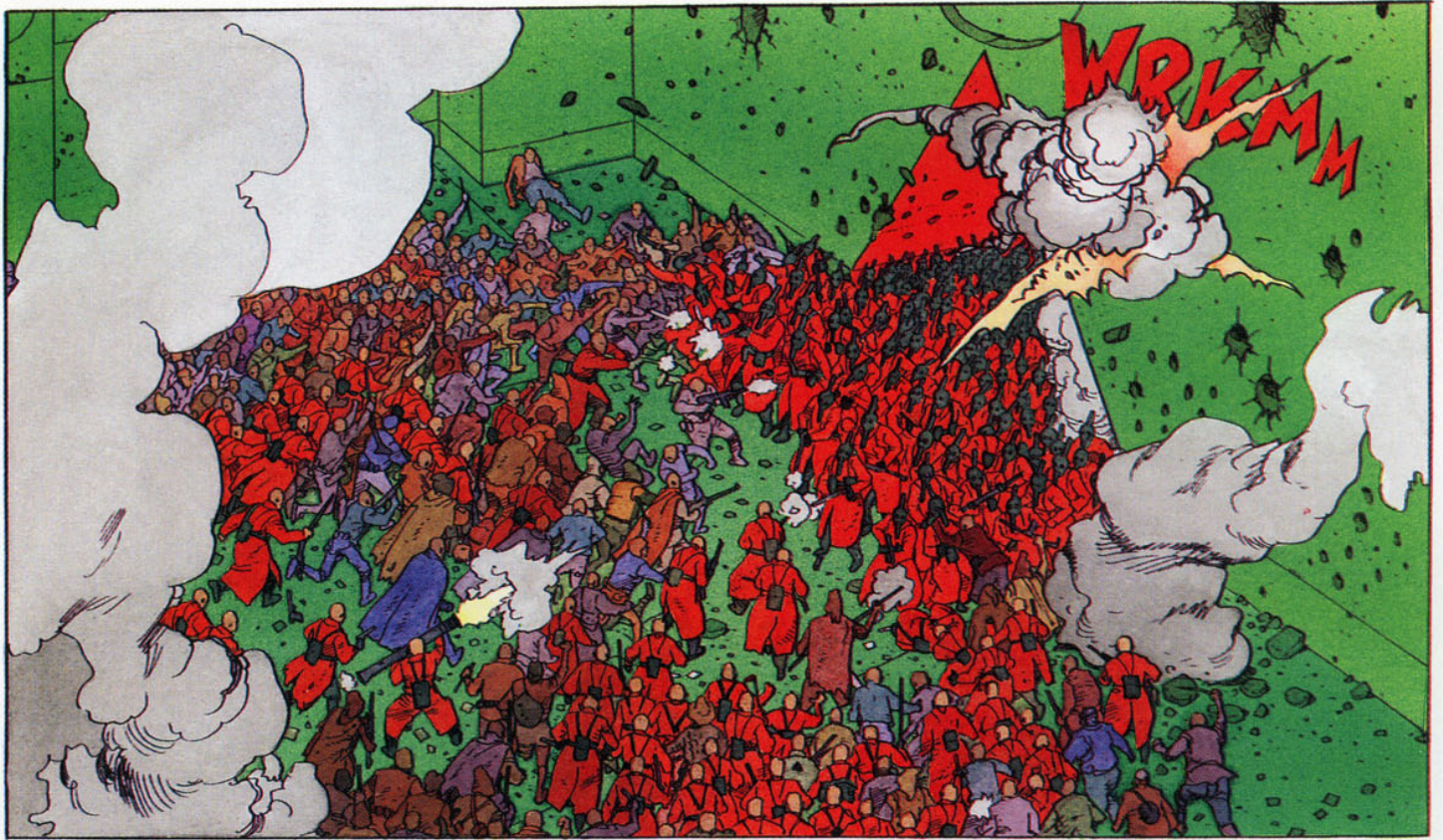
THEY
HAVE
GUNS!

I...
I AM
HURT!

THEY
ARE
WINNING,
SIR!

LET US
WITHDRAW TO
THE PATERNUM'S
CHAMBERS!



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue hooded cloak, is looking at a figure wearing a red mask with a single eye. The figure is holding a red object, possibly a weapon or a piece of clothing.

SEE FOR YOURSELF!
THIS SO-CALLED GODDESS
IS NOTHING BUT A FREAK
MUTANT! EVEN THOUGH
IT IS ASLEEP, IT
TRIES TO USE ITS
MAGIC TO
DESTROY US!

IT IS
FACE-
LESS!
HOW
HORRIBLE!

ALL
THAT
FUR
ON ITS
HEAD!

THAT IS A LIE!

A red-masked figure with a long, pointed nose is shown in profile, looking towards the right. The figure is wearing a blue hooded cloak.

BROTHER, IN THE
ABSENCE OF THE
FATHER YOU MUST
DECIDE: WHO SHOULD
WE FOLLOW? THE
GODDESS OR
THE PATERNUM?

HOLY NEST! I DO
NOT KNOW... I...
I NEED TO
CONSULT THE
PATERNUM...

A woman in a blue hooded cloak is standing next to a red-masked figure with a long nose. The figure is holding a red object.

THIS MAN IS IN A
STATE OF SHOCK!
HE IS INCAPABLE OF
MAKING A DECISION!

I SHALL
ACT
IN HIS
STEAD!

ACT?

A red-masked figure with a long nose is holding a red object. Another red-masked figure is visible in the background.

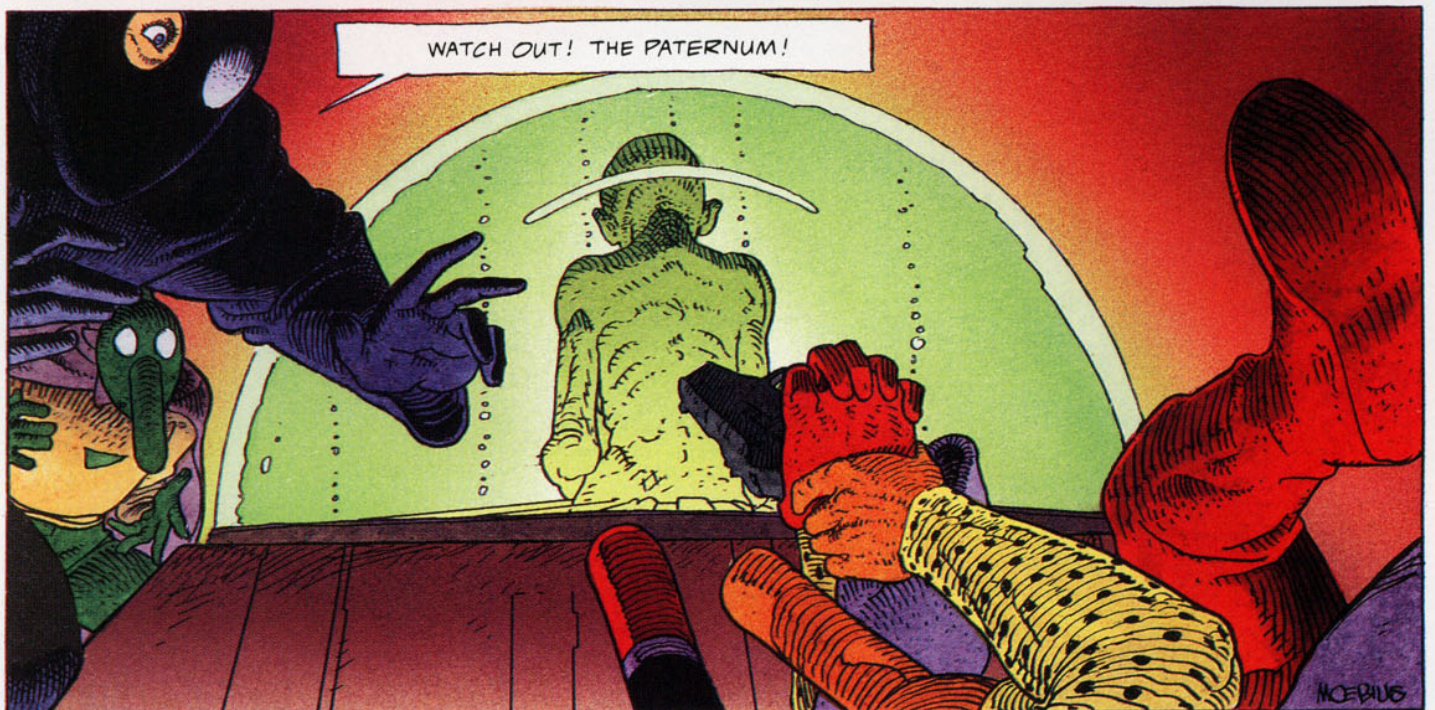
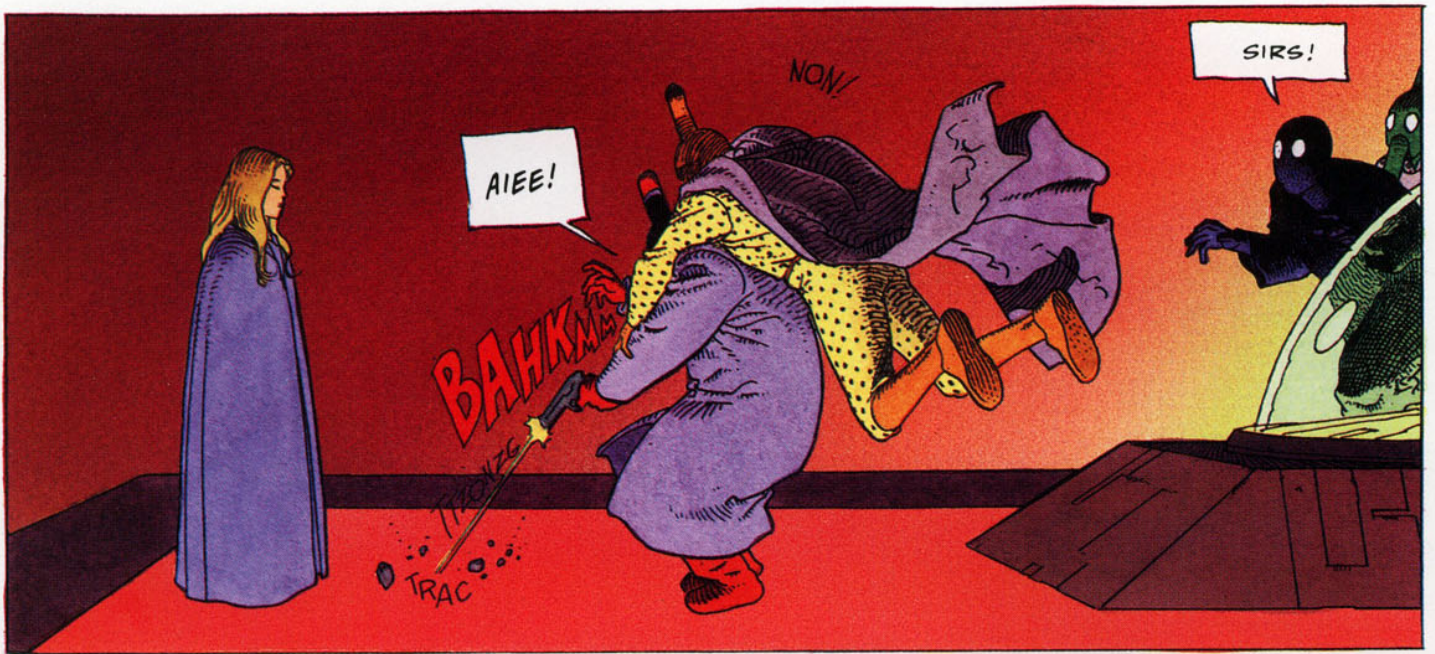
AS NEST COOR-
DINATOR...

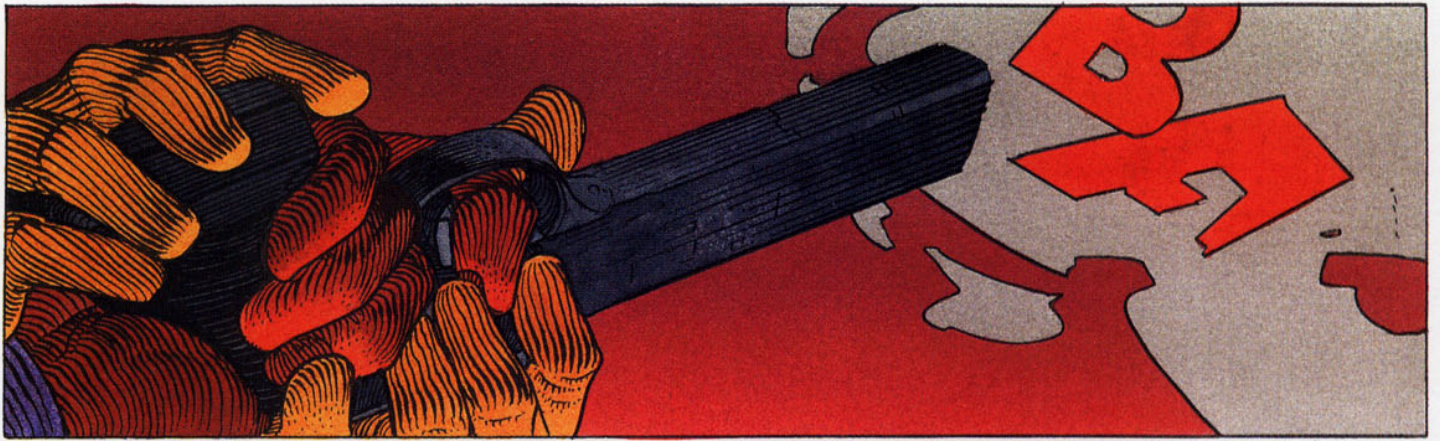
SIR!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
YOU
CANNOT...

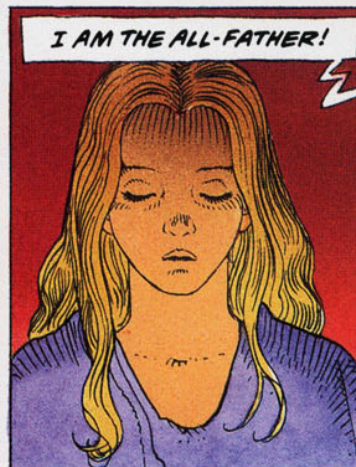
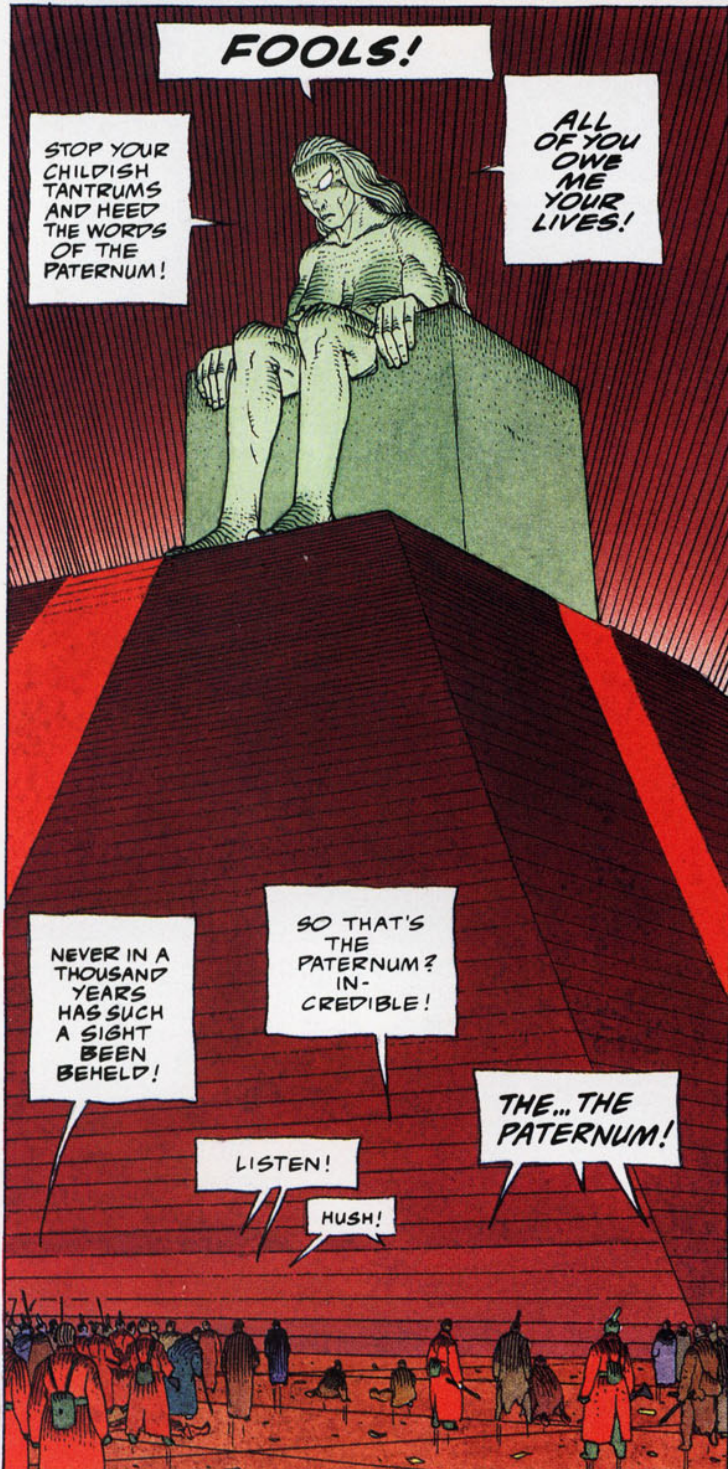
A red-masked figure with a long nose is holding a gun. Another red-masked figure is visible in the background.

NO!

MOBAUS





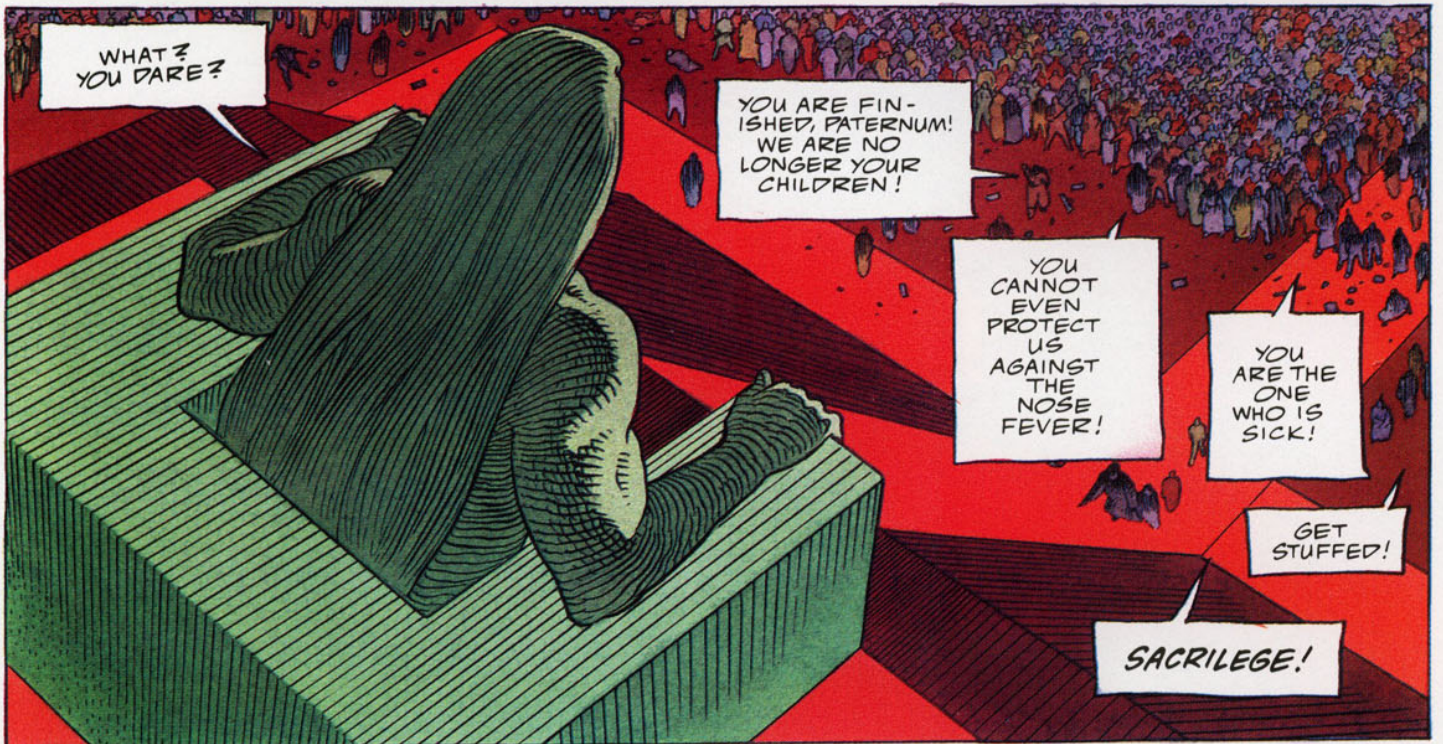




YOU REBEL
AGAINST
MY WILL!
YOU IGNORE
MY ORDERS!
YOU DARE
BRANDISH
YOUR
WEAPONS IN
MY SANCTUM!
BUT YOU CANNOT
HARM ME! I AM
THE MASTER OF
TIME! I AM BEYOND
YOUR REACH! YOU
ARE NAUGHTY
CHILDREN! MIS-
GUIDED FOOLS! IF
YOU DO NOT OBEY
ME, I SHALL
PURSUE YOU WITH
MY DIVINE
WRATH!



NEVER!



WHAT?
YOU DARE?

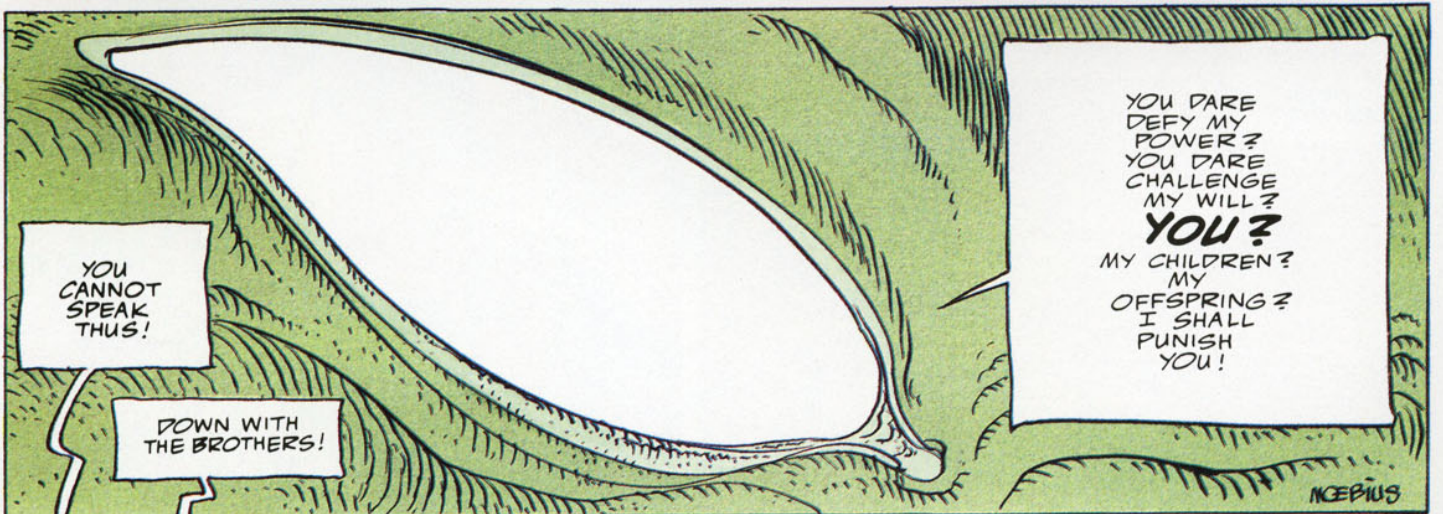
YOU ARE FIN-
ISHED, PATERNUM!
WE ARE NO
LONGER YOUR
CHILDREN!

YOU
CANNOT
EVEN
PROTECT
US
AGAINST
THE
NOSE
FEVER!

YOU
ARE THE
ONE
WHO IS
SICK!

GET
STUFFED!

SACRILEGE!

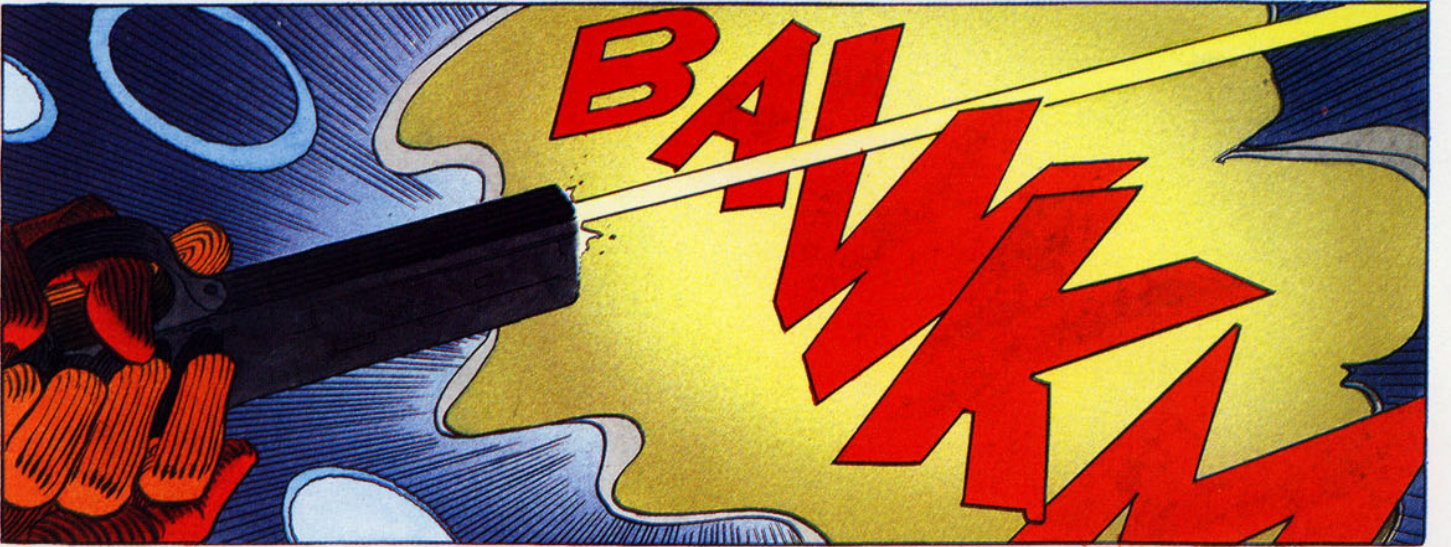
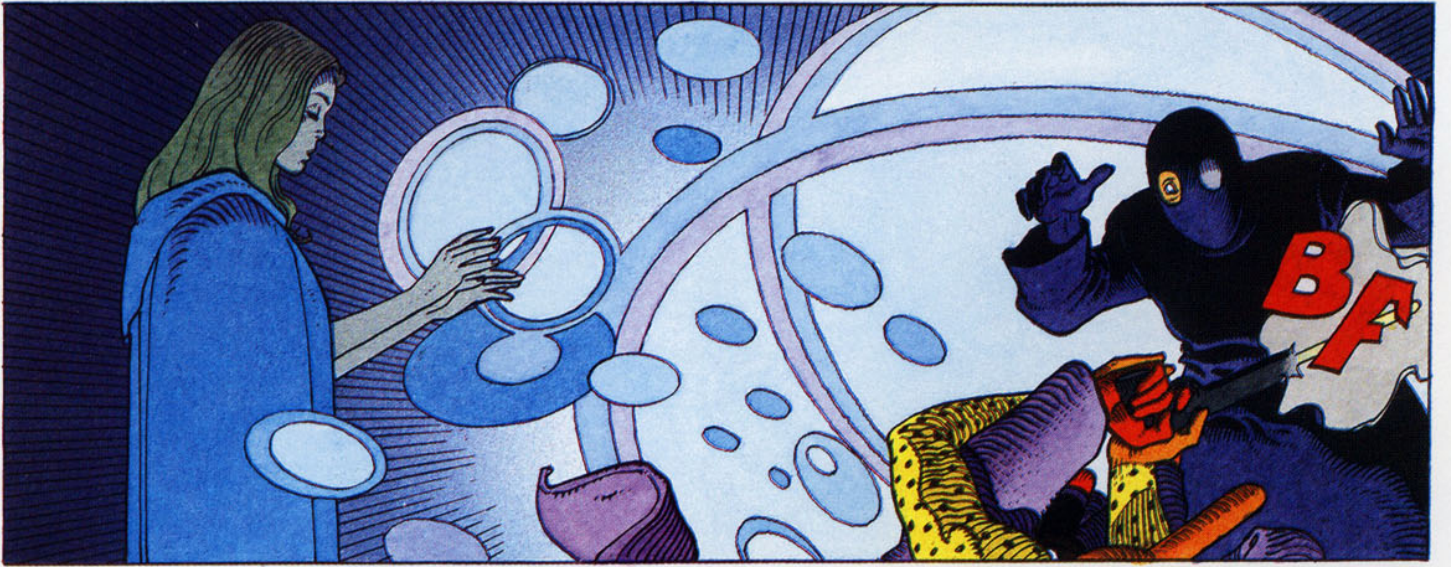


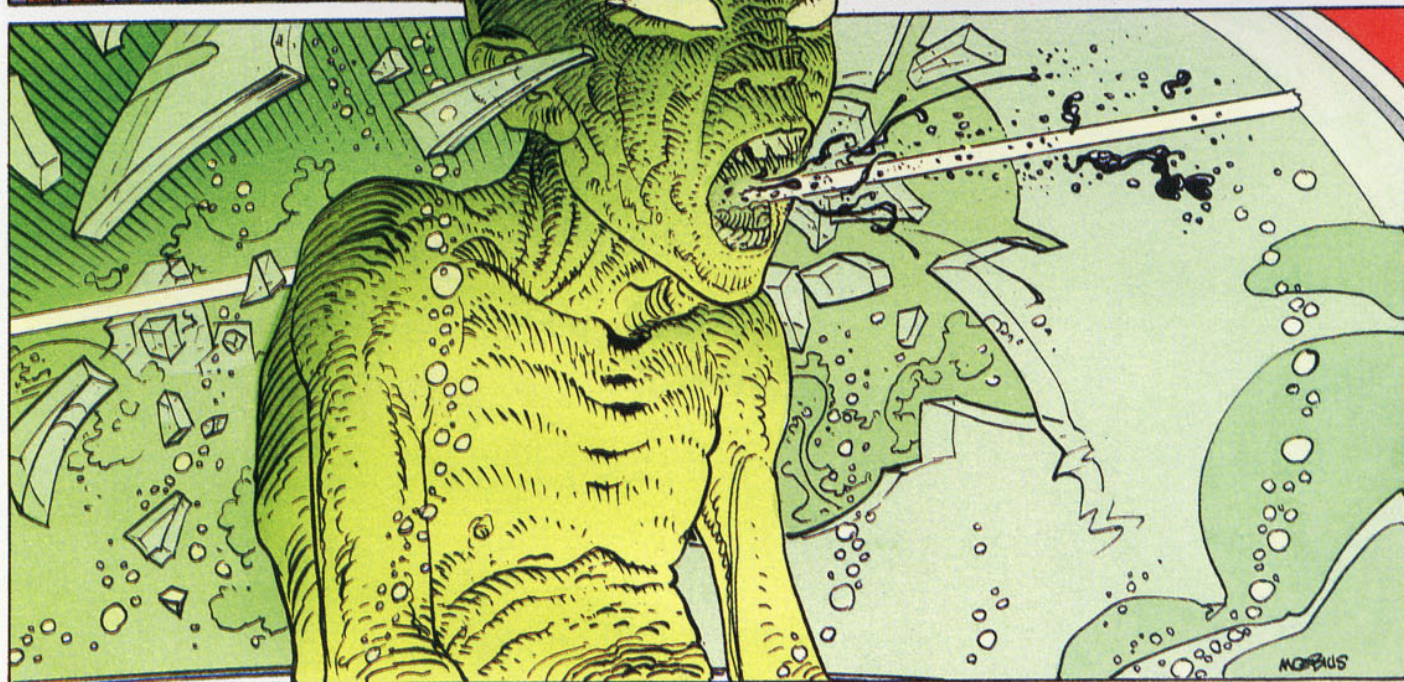
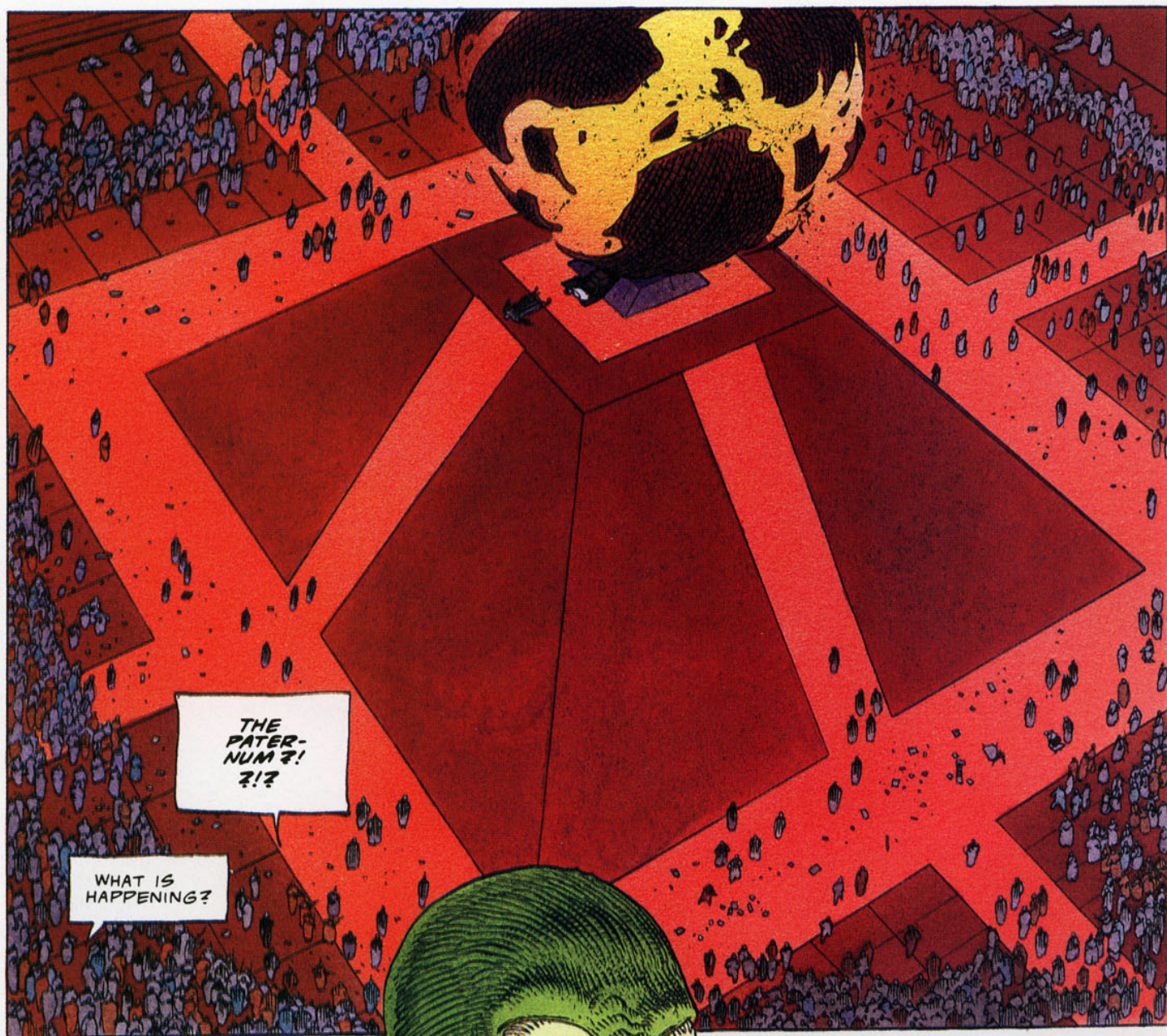
YOU
CANNOT
SPEAK
THUS!

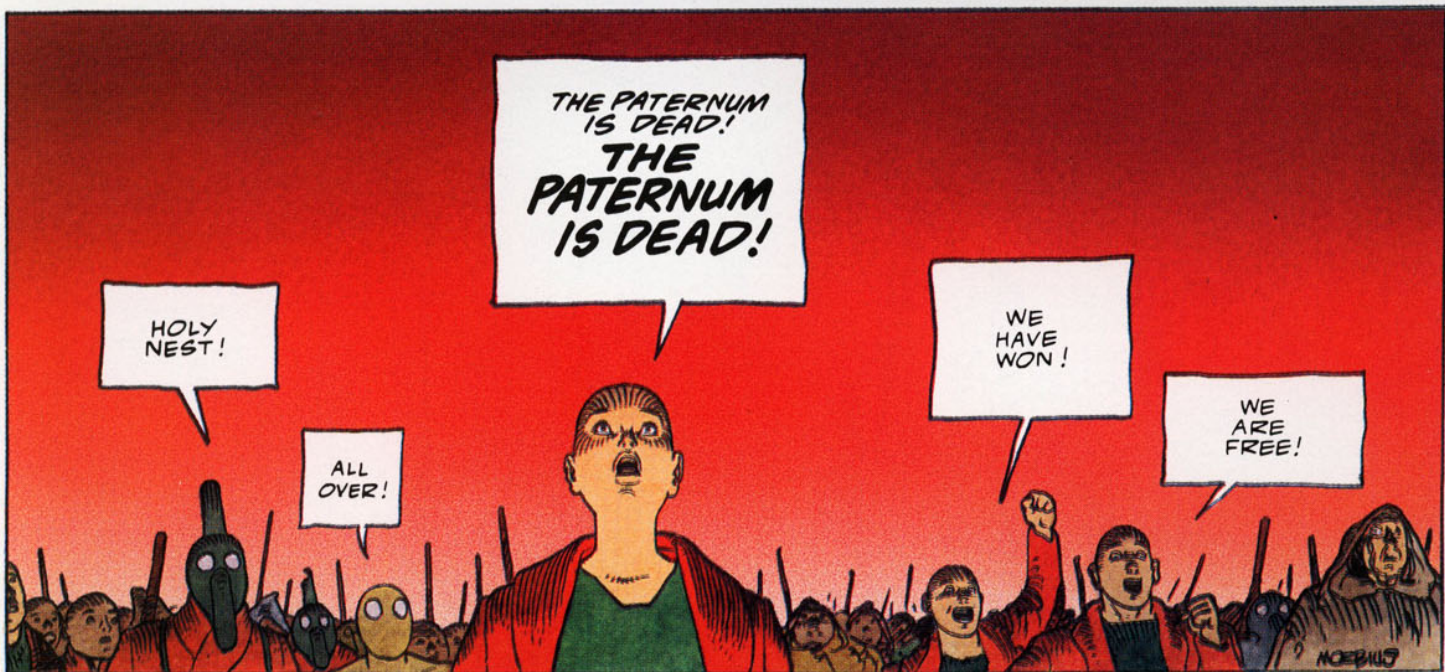
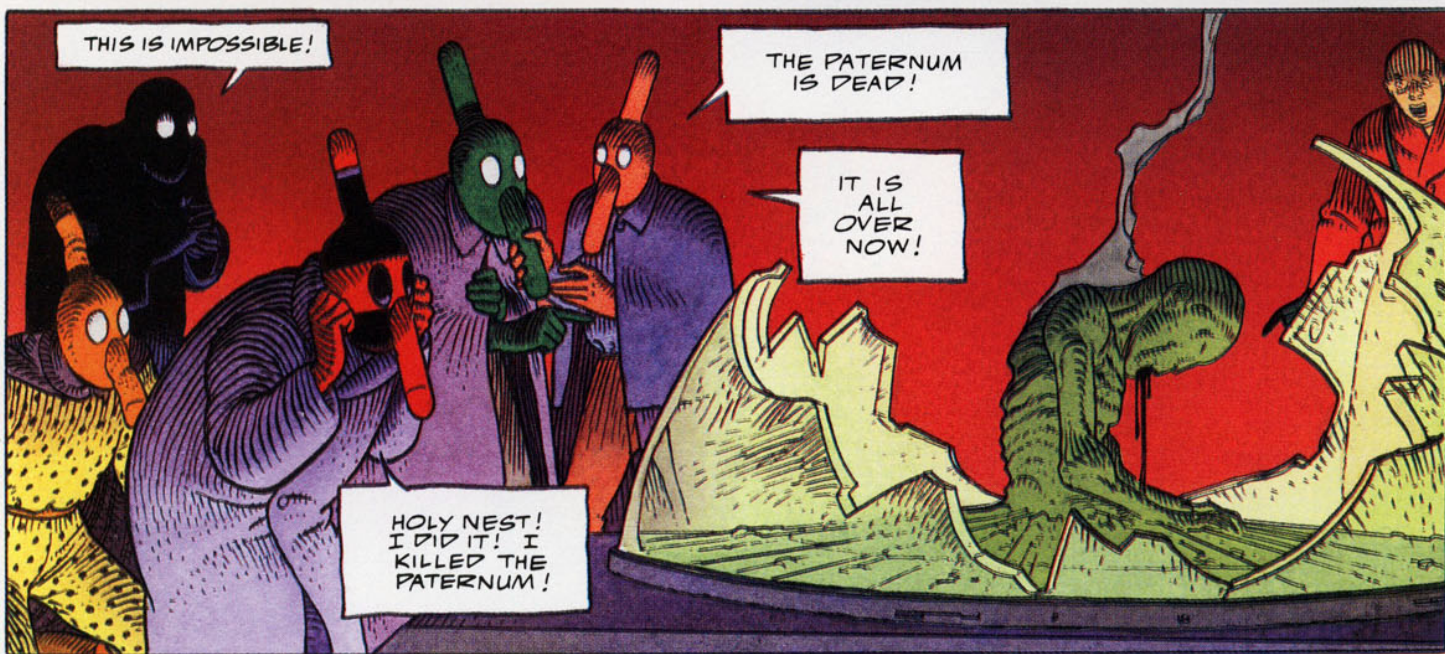
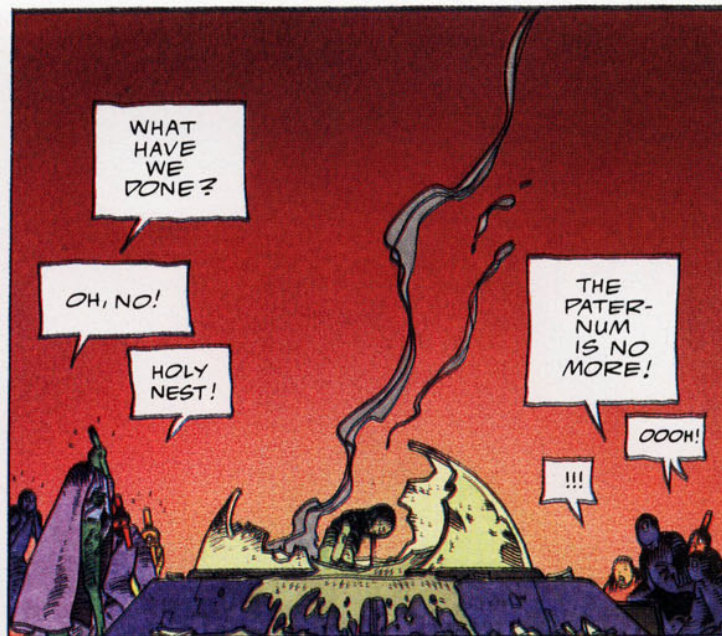
DOWN WITH
THE BROTHERS!

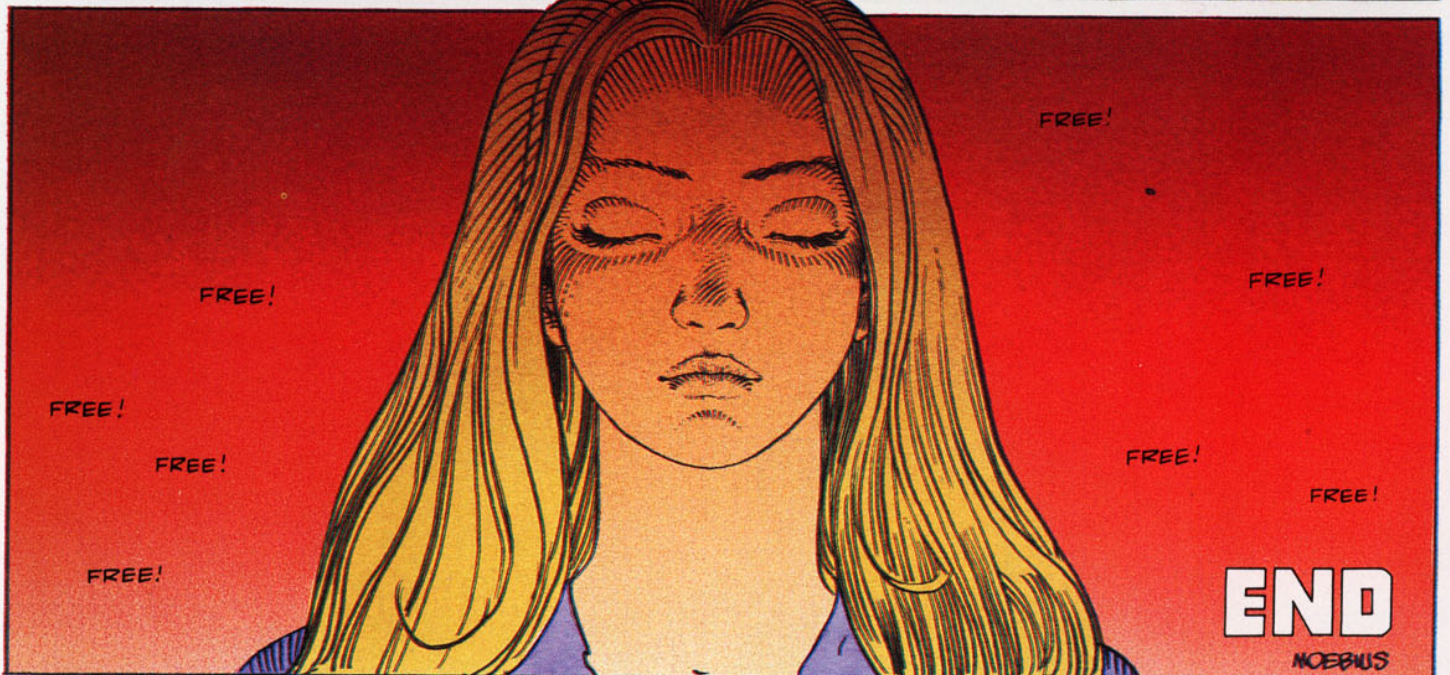
YOU DARE
DEFY MY
POWER?
YOU DARE
CHALLENGE
MY WILL?
YOU?
MY CHILDREN?
MY
OFFSPRING?
I SHALL
PUNISH
YOU!

KEBBIUS



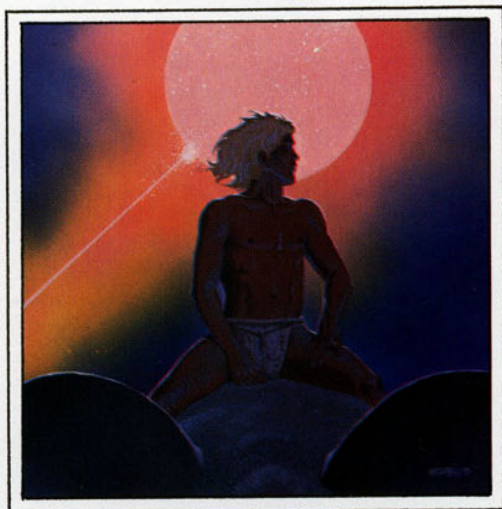






AFTERWORD TO "THE GODDESS"

by MOEBIUS



drew **The Goddess** in late 1988, early 1989. It took me about four or five months to complete the story. I started on it in France, then I came to the United States in January '89, and finished it in California. You can tell the place where I stopped, because I changed pens. My last "French" page is page 50; on page 51, my lines become thinner, more detailed.

Also, originally, my intention had been to finish the story with Atana's disappearance, but it was Jean-Marc Lofficier who told me that, in his opinion, the story needed a bigger payoff. So, we began discussing the ending. Like most authors, I like to have sympathetic listeners to whom I can tell my stories. His remarks made their way through my mind and, as a result, I added about twenty pages to reveal the identity of the Paternum and show his overthrow.

Since my last book in the series, **The Gardens of Aedena** I have undergone not as much a philosophical evolution as a variety of new life experiences. These changes that have occurred in my life have found their way into my story. One could remark that my stories often say everything about myself without revealing anything.

The Goddess grew in length and relevance as some of the preoccupations that had always been part of its inspiration started taking a greater importance in my life. It represents the maturing of concepts that had been seminally present in my work of the last few years. For example, the long-nosed inhabitants of the Nest (which was itself a much smaller place to begin with) already appeared in a short story entitled **To See Naples**, which I drew in 1987.

To me, these characters symbolize persons cut off from their environment, both physically and spiritually. The deliberate formality with which they speak, their masks, are like impenetrable shells behind which they hide. It is like certain types of neuroses that we develop during childhood, where false layers of personality are created to cover all systems of communication with the outside world.

The coloring of **The Goddess** was done not on blue lines as usual, but directly on black-line prints of the original art. At first, I thought it would be a good idea, but now I find the result a little disappointing, in spite of Florence Breton's marvelous work. My black lines have turned gray and are a little washed out by the colors and the intensity of the black lettering, which was superimposed later.

Black Thursday

by MOEBIUS of the INSTITUTE

AT THAT TIME, JERMAN CLOSER WAS ONLY A SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT MESSENGER ...

I'M BEARING A BOX FROM THE GREAT COUNCIL OF CALMEL! (*)

(*) SMALL COUNCIL OF THE PERIPHERY.

AT THAT TIME, HE WAS INTIMIDATED BY THE GODS...

WHAT SPLENDOR!

THE GAME HAD BEGUN...

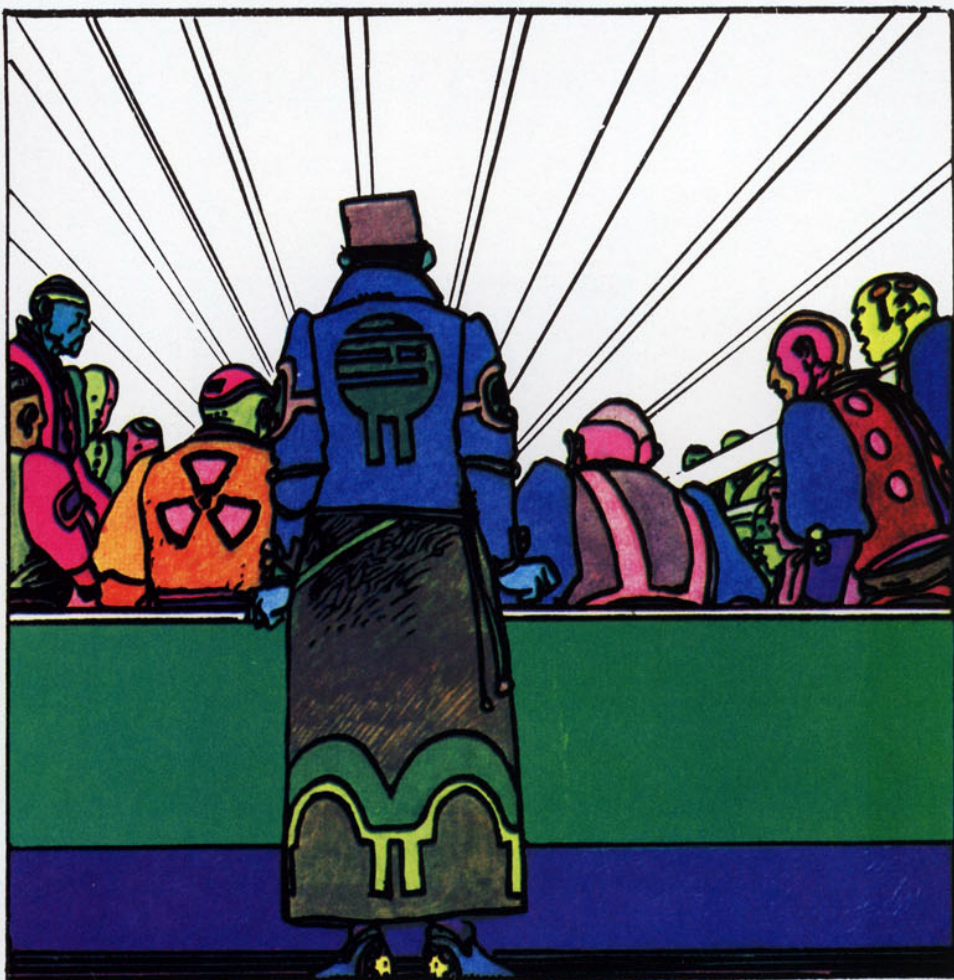
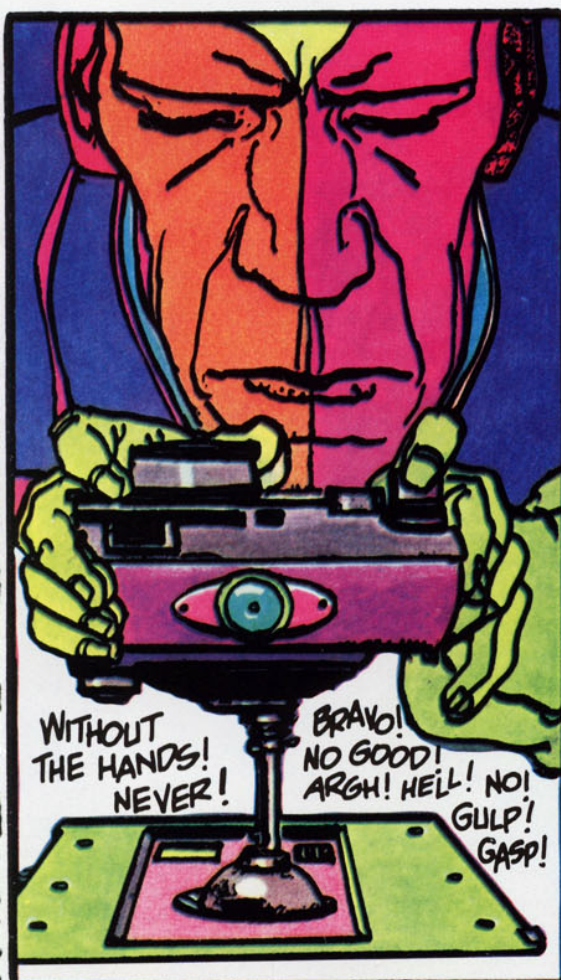
EVERYONE WAS HOLDING HIS BREATH...

DEAL!

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

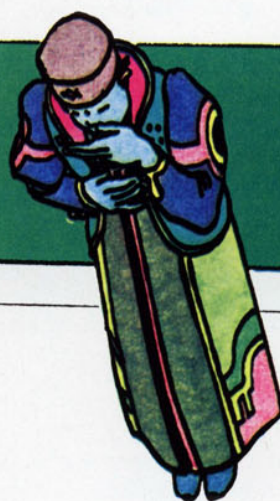
HUSH!

MOEBIUS 74



SUDDENLY, AN ARROW OF LIGHT PIERCED THE UNFORTUNATE CHAMPION, WHO EXPIRED...

IT'S DISGUSTING!
BELARK!



LATER THAT MONTH, ABOARD HIS FLYER, **JERMAN CLOSER** REACHED THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISION OF HIS LIFE...

THE GAME OF THE GODS IS REALLY **TOO** CRUEL! I'LL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO PUT A STOP TO IT!



BUT THAT DECISION HAD **NO** EFFECT ON THE **GAME OF THE GODS**, WHICH CONTINUES TO THIS DAY.



B

lack Thursday is a story drawn

during the early days of **Metal Hurlant**. It shows the influences of two of my favorite SF authors: Roger Zelazny and Philip K. Dick. Their themes are intermingled and condensed in two pages, full of elucubrations and graphic tricks. It is really a failed attempt at doing a "chic" SF story, which is okay because I believe now that it is that very failure which prevents those two pages from looking old-fashioned and helps them retain their freshness.

Fantasy and SF, like comics, were accepted earlier in Europe as a valid form of expression. When I look at the history of the genre, I see a garden. It began in a very small fashion, with a few, very beautiful flowers—Jules Verne, H. G. Wells—then it bloomed. Now, it looks like an incredibly beautiful jungle! And I eat the fruits of that garden, I do my best to be part of it.

In our century, imagination bloomed because everything else bloomed too: technology, science, human rights, the quality of life. We live in a period of incredible wealth, in all fields, and if sometimes we can have the feeling that something's bad, it's only because we've learned to recognize it that way. Before, we accepted things as normal that now we consider bad. For example, a couple of centuries ago, a government killing three thousand people because they asked for their rights would have been deemed normal, or ordinary. Now, we know it's not.

I never give the keys to my stories. My stories are not like a box of spaghetti, they don't come with the instructions on them on how long you must put them in boiling water before you eat. I deliberately never help anyone, because if I do that, I feel I'm undercutting the pleasure of the reader, his freedom to find in my story what **HE** finds interesting. Besides, if I'm so proud of my work, it must be allowed to stand alone. I must tell the reader: "I've done my part, now it's your turn to be creative!"

However, we artists can only go so far as the people can follow us. We are not alone, we are part of the system. We can take risks, but if you want to go to the peak of your consciousness, you may very well find yourself alone. Even if you know how to translate what you saw, maybe only ten people will be able to understand what you tell. But, if you have faith in your vision, and retell it again and again, you will start noticing that, after a time, more people will begin to catch up with you. I certainly found that with my stories. It is a little bit the same in science and technology: a discovery begins with a scientist alone in his laboratory; then ten years later, everybody has "it" in their living-rooms.

