



Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Quack #1

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1st edition

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Stories:

- 2 - Blah, Blah, Quack, Quack
- 3 - Duckaneer
- 14 - The Wraith
- 19 - The Inedible Exploits of You-All Gibbon,
The Junk-Food Monkey
- 26 - E.Z. Wolf "Smokey Mountain High"
- 27 - E.Z. Wolf "Vincent VanHogh"
- 28 - On The Skids
- 38 - Duckula
- 39 - Kosmo Cat in "The Case of the Purloined
Periodicals"
- 51 - Star*Reach Productions (Ad)
- 52 - untitled

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- Mark Evanier - 39-50(s)
- Dave Stevens - 39-50(a)
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#1

\$1.25

QUACK!



"DUCKANEER"



"KOSMO KAT"



"DUCKULA"



"YOU-ALL GIBBON"

STAR REACH PRODUCTIONS

BOX 385, HAYWARD, CA 94543 • (415) 886-1923

BLAH BLAH, QUACK QUACK

a funny-animal editorial by
FRANK BRUNNER

Some of you might say, "why?...why funny animals?" "Why QUACK?" Well, I could hand you some witticisms about the time being right and readers ready for a resurgence of this genre, but rather than sounding like some burnt-out N.Y. comics hack, I'll simply say: I want to do this. I like doing it.

QUACK created itself in an atmosphere of spontaneity surrounding my poster "The Duckaneer", which sparked the imagination of our publisher Mike to present the comic which you now hold. The title was a flash in the mind of Jan, my wife. And the many creative people who contributed their ideas and work to this first issue of QUACK saw, too, an opportunity to do what they like to do. This is something the East Coast publishers do not seem to grasp. After all, it's not supposed to be fun, it's work. I mean, comics are serious business, right? Well, despite the long, laborious hours, to me comics are fun. Otherwise, why would we stay in this crazy racket? I like to have fun and I think you do too. Actually, QUACK comes as a direct result of the "big" publishers ignoring a pool of talent and ideas simply because of geography and their preconceived-formula methods; yes, a reaction on our part in one way, but more an advance market on the road to a new and more open-minded way of thinking about comics.

If you think that comic books are fun and you enjoy what we're trying to do here, give us the kind of support you give the "establishment" comics and we'll continue giving you our alternative--QUACK!

So just thanks,

Frank

Oakland, CA
May, 1976

7 June 1976
N.Y., NY: in transit

Okay, people, these are Frank's personal beliefs and not necessarily my own or the other people's in this book. While I agree with many of his expressed sentiments, I'm not personally so negative these days about "big publishers" and the "East Coast" mentality. They have their ways, we at Star*Reach have ours--and that includes such N.Y.-based talents as Alan Kupperberg and Howie Chaykin.

Still, I'd like to reaffirm that a major motivation for all of us on this book has been fun - our own and hopefully yours as well.

We well and enjoy letters. Write us. We even answer upon occasion.

Mike Friedrich

For her creation of the title "Quack," her expert cover-coloring assistance, but more for her many ideas and intense spiritual support, we want to publicly thank



Jan Brunner

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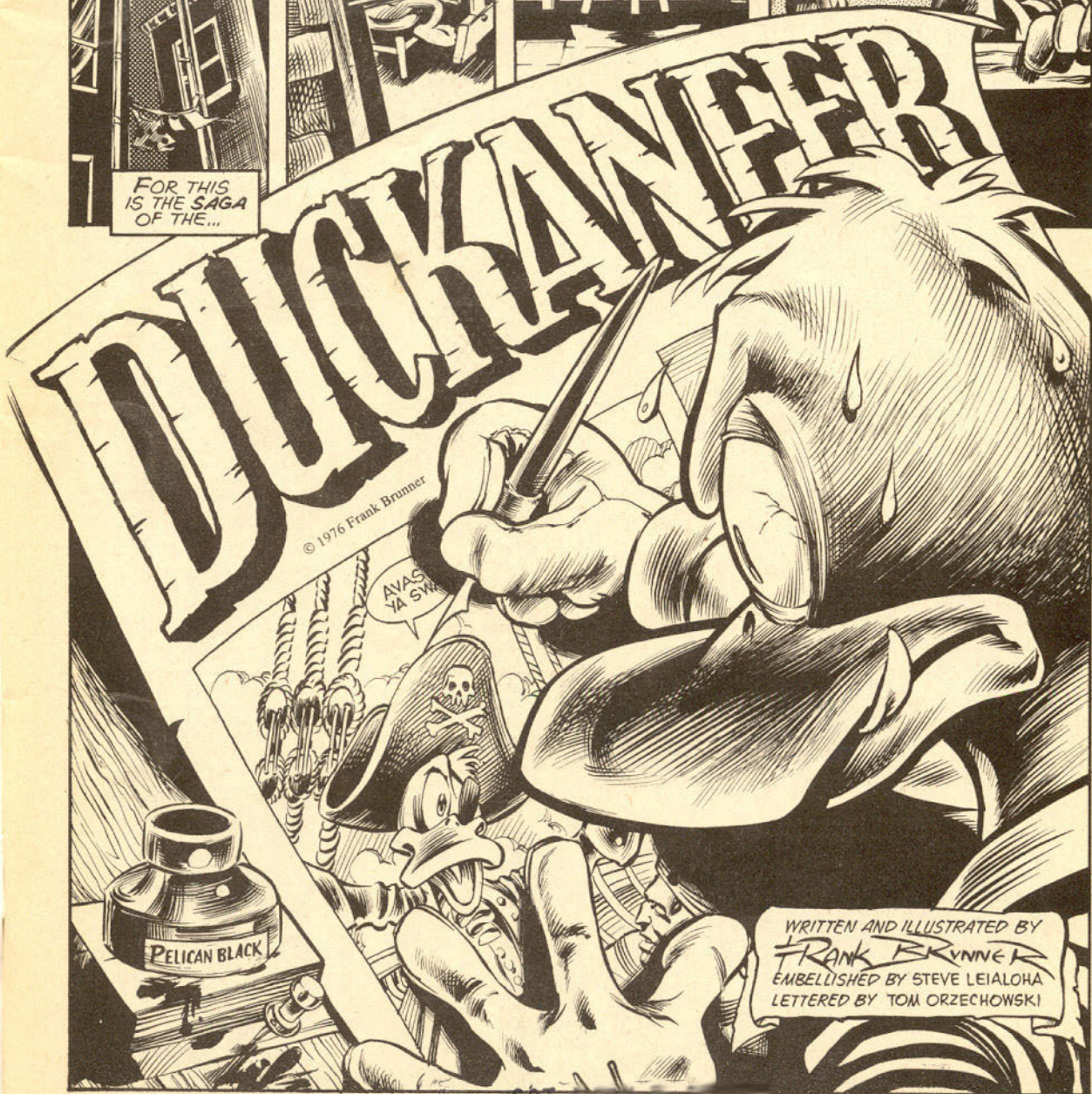
ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, OR REAL ANIMALS, EXCEPT FOR PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

QUACKERSVILLE,
3 A.M.: A TIME
WHEN MOST
DECENT DUCKS
ARE ASLEEP.

HOWEVER, THIS
STORY IS NOT
ABOUT THEM. THIS
IS A TALE OF
A WEIRDO...

A NONCONFORMIST...
A NIGHT TRIPPER
DOWN THE STREETS
OF FANTASY... A
COMIC ARTIST!

... EVEN NOW AS DAWN
AND IMPENDING DEADLINE
APPROACH, THIS ONE
IS LABORING TO
MAKE IT REAL!





7 A.M. NOW... AND DEXTER TAKES THE SUBWAY INTO HIS OFFICE TO DELIVER HIS LABOR OF LOVE...

DEXTER'S MIND WANDERS AS HE MECHANICALLY CLIMBS THE STEPS...

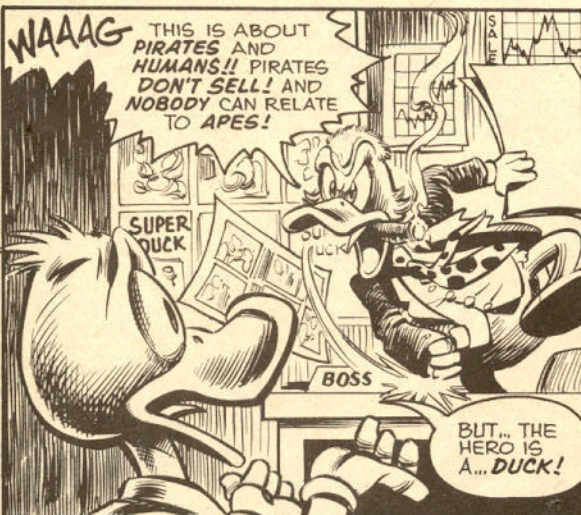


MAYBE THIS IS IT... HE'LL LIKE THIS STRIP...

HE'S JUST GOT TO LIKE IT AND I'LL GET A RAISE...



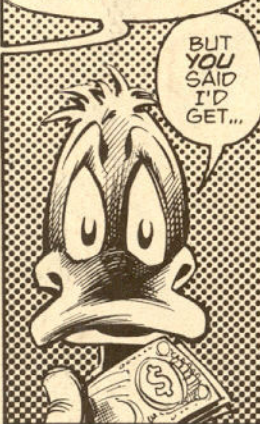
MR. GOOSE-BERG WILL SEE YOU NOW!



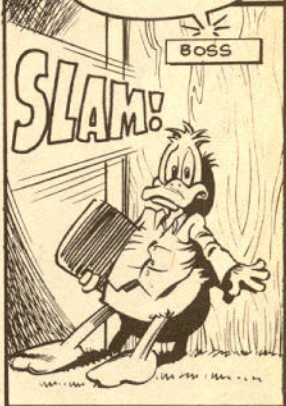
THIS IS ABOUT PIRATES AND HUMANS!! PIRATES DON'T SELL! AND NOBODY CAN RELATE TO APES!

BUT... THE HERO IS A... DUCK!

TELL YOU WHAT, HERE'S FIFTY BUCKS, I'LL USE IT AS A BACK-UP FEATURE! NOW GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!



KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, AND DON'T BE LATE WITH THE FOLLOW-UP!



EVERY STEP IS AN EFFORT NOW, BUT IT'S ONLY A FEW MORE FEET... AND THEN SOME SLEEP...



... JUST GET THAT KEY IN THE LOCK AND YOU'RE SAFE... EXCEPT THAT...



... DAD'S HOME TOO!

SO, YOU'RE BACK! I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T GET PAID! WHY DON'T YOU GET A REAL JOB?



AND WHY DON'T
YOU GO OUT
WITH *GIRLS*
LIKE A *NORMAL*
DUCK?

THAT'S
RIGHT! I
FORGOT TO
CALL
SHIRLEY!

YEAH, SURE... I
UNDERSTAND...
HE'S GOT A
CAR, Huh... YEAH,
GOODBYE.

**DEXTER RETREATS
TO HIS STUDIO...**

MIGHT AS WELL
START LAYING
OUT THE NEXT
DUCKANEER
STORY... AND
TRY TO *FORGET*
ABOUT SHIRLEY.

HOBOY... GETTIN'
FOGGY... CAN'T
CONCENTRATE...

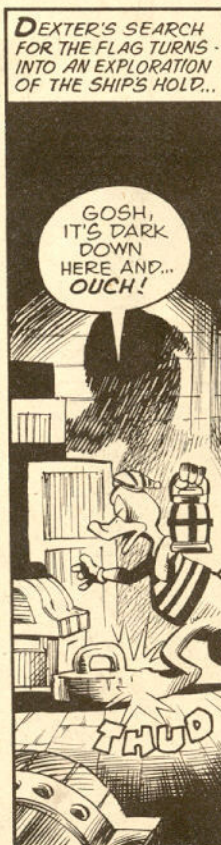
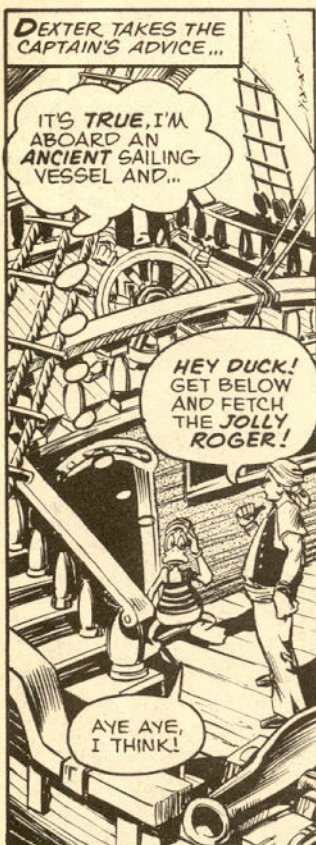
**BACK... BACK DEXTER'S MIND
DRIFTS IN TIME, BACK BEFORE
DUCKS RULED THE WORLD... TO
THAT HALF-MYTHICAL TIME WHEN
HUMANS REIGNED SUPREME
AND PIRATES RULED THE WAVES!**

HEY...
WUT'S
HAPPIN'...

FEEL
LIKE I'M
FALLING!

HERE'S YOUR
GROG, SIR...
OOPS!

**YOU FOOL!
I'LL HAVE YOU
KEELHAULED
FOR THIS! I'LL
NEVER TAKE ON
A DUCK FOR
A CABIN BOY
AGAIN!**





BOY, AM I GLAD YOU STOPPED ME! I MIGHT HAVE SUNK THE WHOLE SHIP!

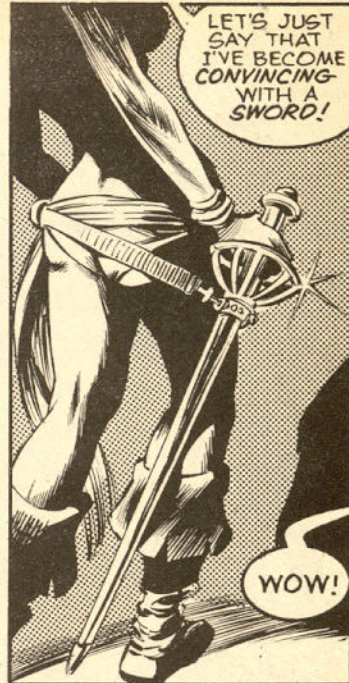
DON'T THANK ME, I'VE THOUGHT OF DOING IT MYSELF! BUT YOU DIDN'T LOOK LIKE YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOING!

THANKS ANYWAY... MY NAME'S DEXTER. WHO ARE YOU?



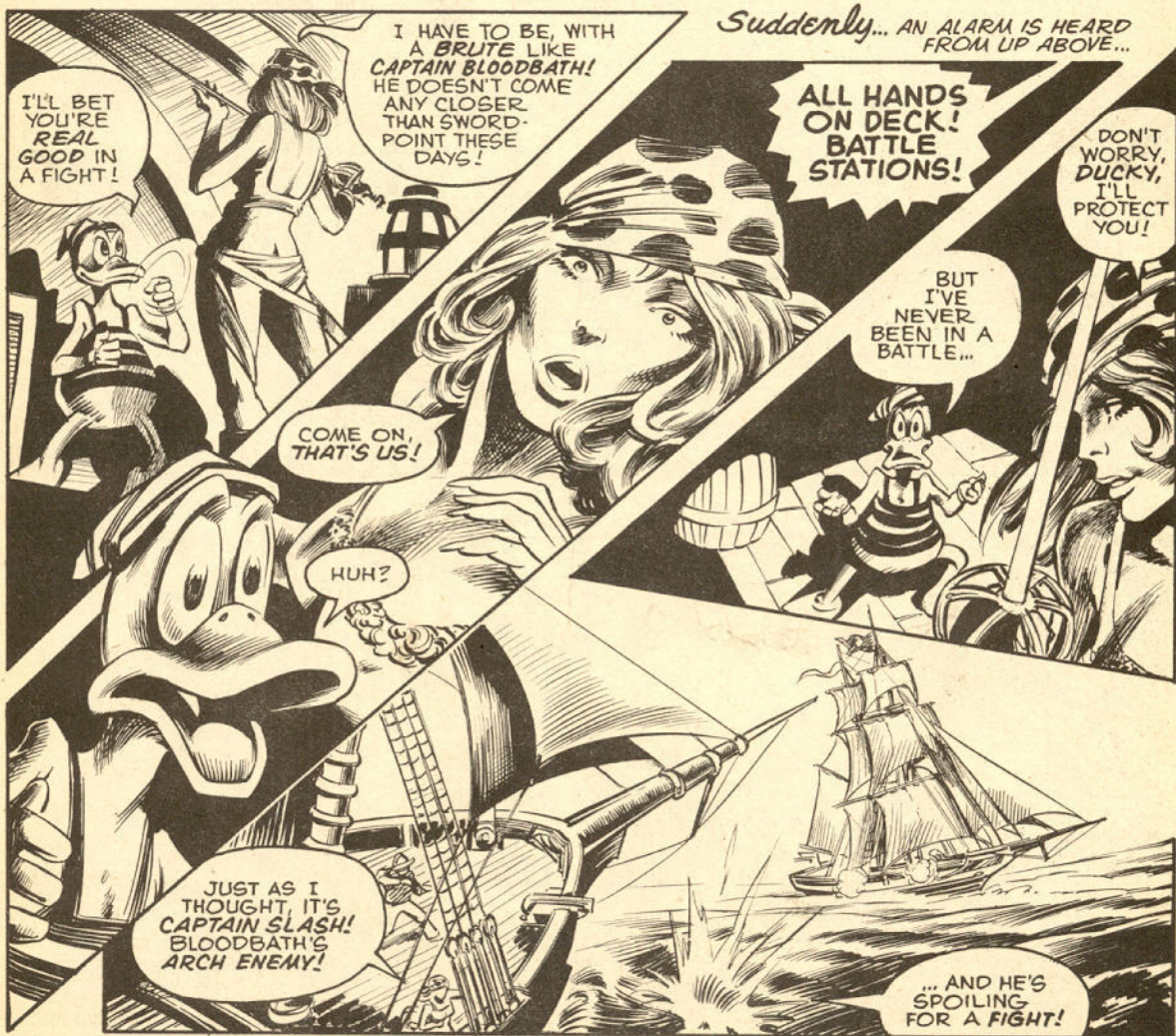
I'M KATRINA HAWKINS, CAPTAIN'S MATE... BUT YOU CAN CALL ME KITTY. I WAS TAKEN PRISONER TWO YEARS AGO AND HELD FOR RANSOM. IT NEVER CAME, SO, WISELY, I ELECTED TO JOIN THE CREW!

FAR OUT! YOU MEAN YOU'RE A PIRATE TOO?



LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'VE BECOME CONVINCING WITH A SWORD!

WOW!



I HAVE TO BE, WITH A BRUTE LIKE CAPTAIN BLOODBATH! HE DOESN'T COME ANY CLOSER THAN SWORD-POINT THESE DAYS!

I'LL BET YOU'RE REAL GOOD IN A FIGHT!

COME ON, THAT'S US!

HUH?

JUST AS I THOUGHT, IT'S CAPTAIN SLASH! BLOODBATH'S ARCH ENEMY!

Suddenly... AN ALARM IS HEARD FROM UP ABOVE...

ALL HANDS ON DECK! BATTLE STATIONS!

BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A BATTLE...

DON'T WORRY, DUCKY, I'LL PROTECT YOU!

... AND HE'S SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!

FIRE AT WILL, ME BUCKOS! LET'S SHOW THOSE BILGE RATS HOW TO FIGHT!

STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS!

ZIG WILL DECIDE ONCE AND FOR ALL WHO IS ZE BETTER BUCCANEER!

DEATH TO CAPTAIN BLOODBATH!

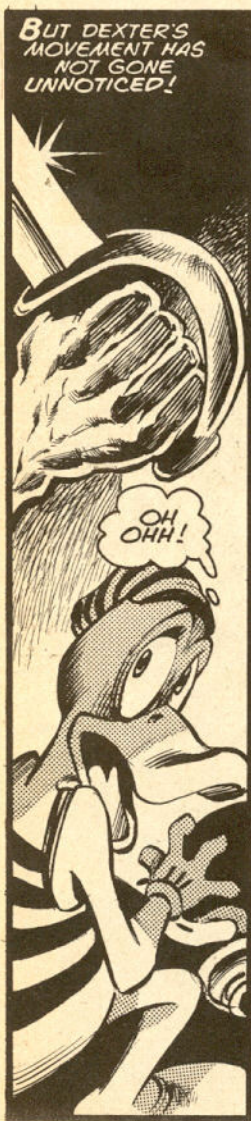
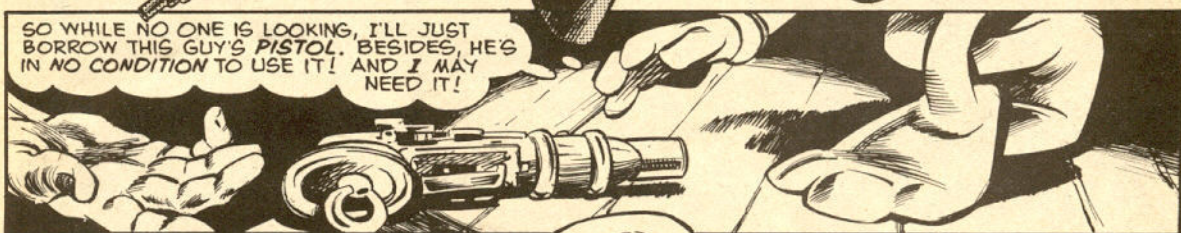
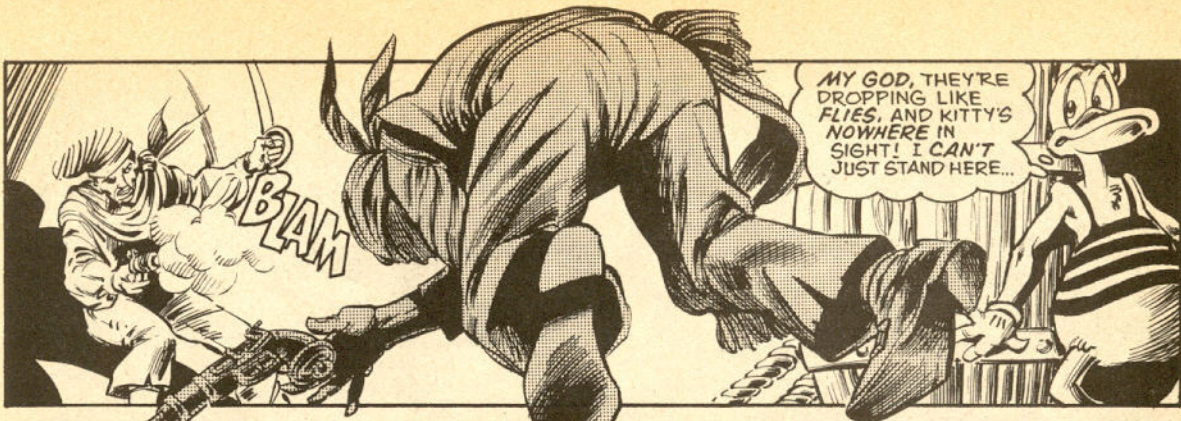
AMIDST BELCHING CANNON SMOKE, GRAPPLING HOOKS FLY! AND WITH DIRKS IN HAND AND PISTOLS PRIMED, THE RIVAL CREWS BEGIN THE DEADLY CONTEST! FIGHTING IS BITTER WITH NO QUARTER ASKED AND NONE GIVEN!

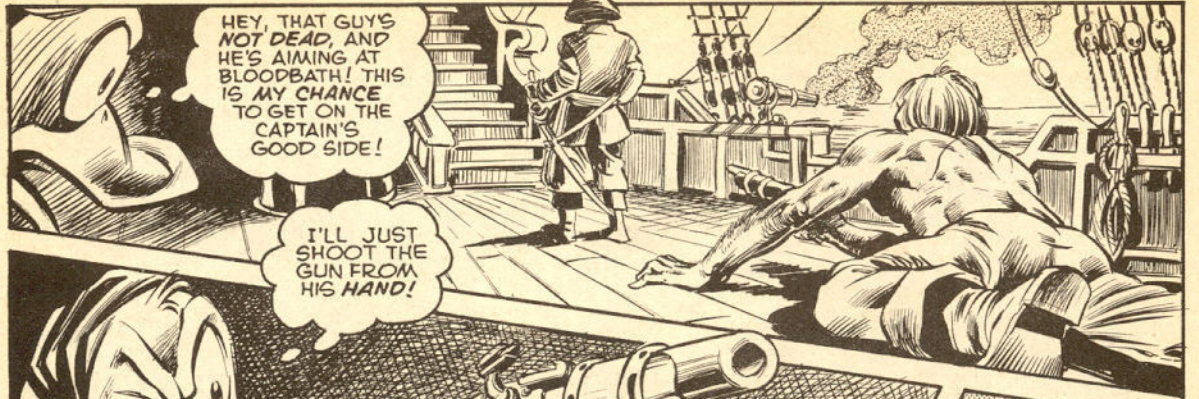
A FILTHY DECK IS WASHED RED WITH SPILT BLOOD IN A VERITABLE MAELSTROM OF INSENSIBLE VIOLENCE THAT CAN ONLY END WITH ONE MASTER OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA LANES!

MEANWHILE, DEXTER IS LAYING LOW...

I DON'T KNOW WHO THESE GUYS ARE... BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS!

"I'D ASK KITTY WHO'S WINNING, BUT I GUESS SHE'S BUSY RIGHT NOW!"





HEY, THAT GUY'S NOT DEAD, AND HE'S AIMING AT BLOODBATH! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET ON THE CAPTAIN'S GOOD SIDE!

I'LL JUST SHOOT THE GUN FROM HIS HAND!

MY PRACTICE AT CONEY ISLAND SHOOTING GALLERIES HAS FINALLY PAID OFF. I'LL BE A HERO!

HOWEVER, DEXTER'S AMUSEMENT PARK MARKSMANSHIP LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED, AND HIS SHOT IS DEFLECTED OFF A PULLEY...

BLOODBATH WHIRLS TO SEE ONLY DEXTER STANDING, PISTOL STILL SMOKING!

...CREASING THE CAPTAIN'S SKULL IN A MOST UNAMUSING FASHION!

YOU LITTLE BAG OF SEAGULL DROPPINGS! I'M GOING TO SPLIT YOU DOWN THE MIDDLE!

BUT, CAPTAIN... THIS GUY WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT YOU, AND...

HE'S AS DEAD AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE, DUCK!

BUT...

JUST MY LUCK, HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD FIRE! AND I'M COOKED IF I DON'T HIDE... AND FAST!

CAPTAIN BLOODBATH!
I'M SURE IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT! BESIDES,
HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY
HAVE COME THAT
CLOSE IF HE WAS
AIMING AT YOU!

OUT OF
MY WAY, OR
YOU'LL BE
NEXT! THE
LITTLE COWARD'S
GONE BELOW
DECK!

NO USE
TRYING TO
REASON WITH
HIM NOW... BUT
I'LL TAG-
ALONG!

SAY YOUR
PRAYERS,
CABIN
FOWL!

IN THE DARK,
DEXTER MANAGES
TO STUMBLE OVER
THE PLUG AGAIN...

OOOPS

AHA!

I'M GONNA RUN YA
THROUGH LIKE A
SAUSAGE!

DEXTER MOVED FASTER THAN
HE HAS EVER MOVED AND
CAPTAIN BLOODBATH'S SWORD
PENETRATES SOFT CORK!

BLAST, MY
SWORD IS
STUCK!

AWK!

QUICK, DEXTER,
TAKE MY DIRK
AND WHEN HE
TURNS AROUND,
LET HIM
HAVE IT!

YOU MEAN...
I SHOULD JUST
STAB HIM?

LOOSENED BY DEXTER'S
PREVIOUS TAMPERING,
THE SEA PLUG FLIES IN
BLOODBATH'S FACE!

WHOOSH!

THE INITIAL GUSH OF
WATER SENDS HIM
HURLING ACROSS THE
HOLD...

...AND
SMACK
ONTO
DEXTER'S
TREMBLING
BLADE!

I DIDN'T
MEAN
TO DO IT!

NONSENSE! YOU
DEFEATED HIM,
FAIR AND SQUARE!

BLOODBATH STAGGERS
A MOMENT IN TOTAL
DISBELIEF OF WHAT HAS
HAPPENED, THEN
COLLAPSES, DEAD.

KITTY AND
DEXTER MANAGE TO RE-PLUG
THE SHIP AND COME ON DECK,
WHERE THE CREW IS WELL INTO
THEIR VICTORY CELEBRATION...

HEY, MATES!
BLOODBATH IS
DEAD! MEET THE
NEW CAPTAIN...
DEXTER!

HIP HIP
HOORAY!

GEE, AM I
REALLY THE
CAPTAIN
NOW?

YOU'VE
GOT THE
CAPTAIN'S
HAT, IF
THAT MEANS
ANYTHING!

WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
ME?

TO THE CAPTAIN'S...er
YOUR CABIN, SIR! YOU MUST
BE TIRED, I KNOW I AM!

AND SO AMID DRUNKEN
REVELRY, A LONG AND
STRANGE DAY ENDS. DEXTER
AND HIS MATE RETIRE.



By morning, the crew has dried out and Captain Dexter addresses them...

OUTSIDE OF A FEW MINOR POLICY CHANGES, EVERYTHING WILL BE THE SAME, BOYS...

AND UNTIL I LEARN THE ROPES, KITTY WILL GIVE THE ORDERS...

WE'RE NOT TAKING ORDERS FROM A DUCK OR A WENCH! WE'D BE LAUGHED OUT OF EVERY PORT AND OUR SHIP WOULD BE TARGET FOR ANY PRIVATEER!

IN FACT, MR. DUCKANEER, YOU AND YOUR MATE ARE LEAVING US... BY WAY O' THE PLANK! LET'S SEE HOW GOOD THEY FLOAT... MATES!

SHORTLY...

I GUESS WE BLEW IT, DUCKY!

SHADDUP AND MOVE!

WELL, AT LEAST I WAS CAPTAIN FOR A NIGHT!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN A DUCK COULD NEVER FIND ACCEPTANCE IN A WORLD OF SAVAGE APES!

GOODBYE, DEXTER!

GOODBYE... WAAAGH!

I'M SINKING, BUT I'M A DUCK... WAAAGH!

WAKE UP, DEXTER!

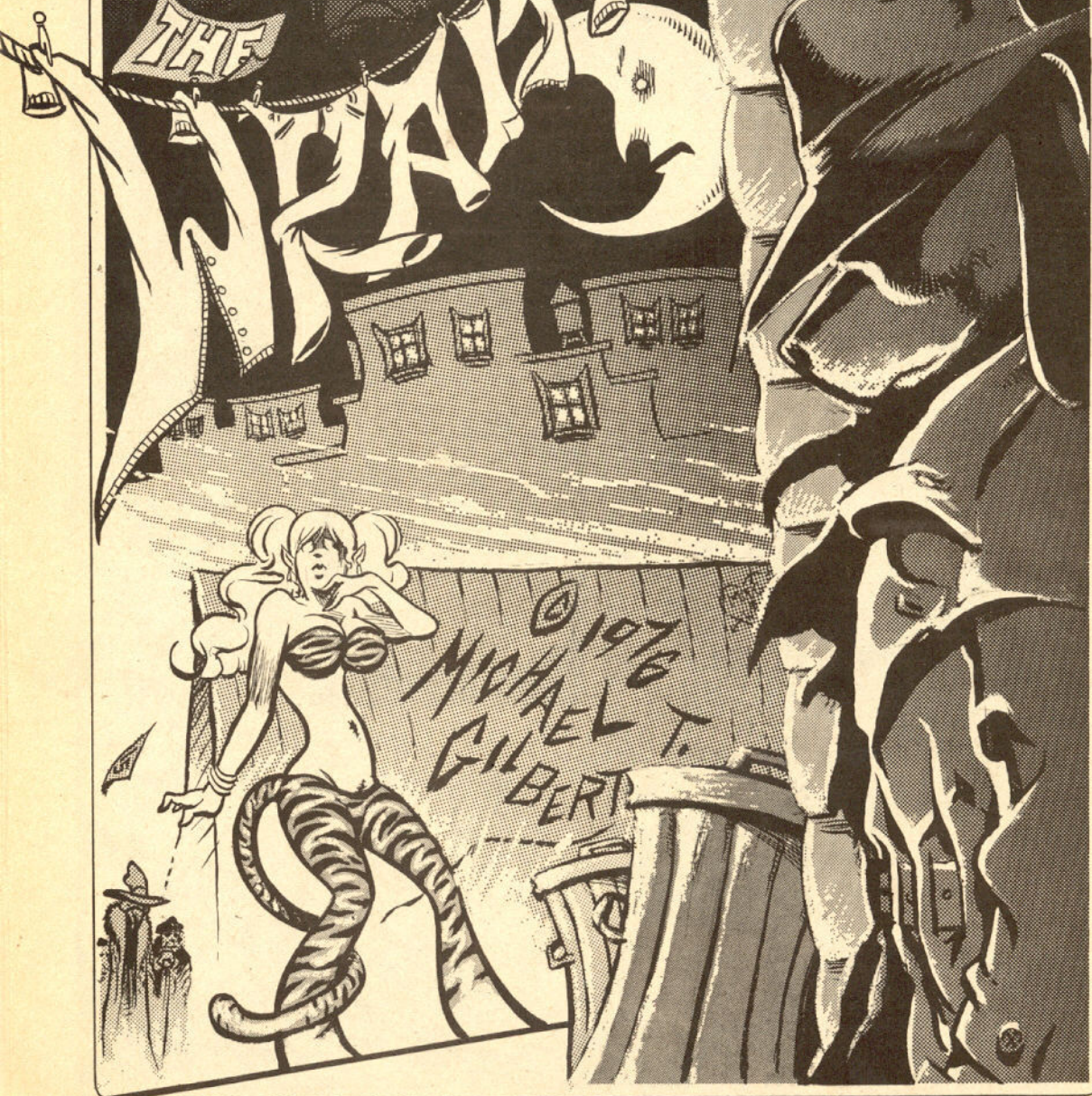
CRAZY KID, YOU WERE RAVING IN YA SLEEP! I HADDA THROW THIS BUCKET A WATER ON YA!

HEY, YOU ON GOOFBALLS OR SUMPIN'?

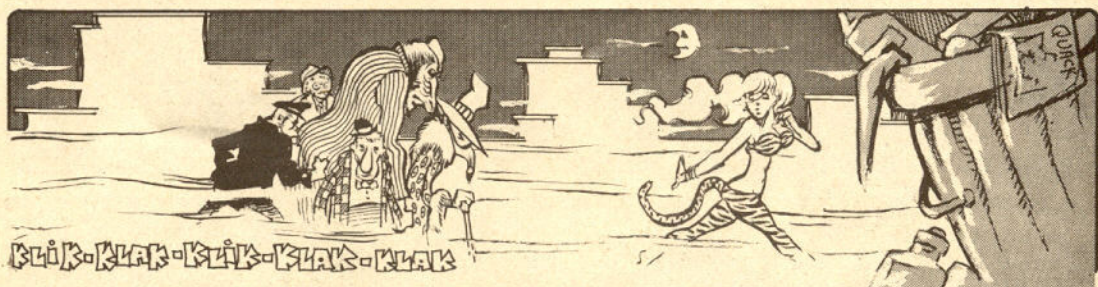
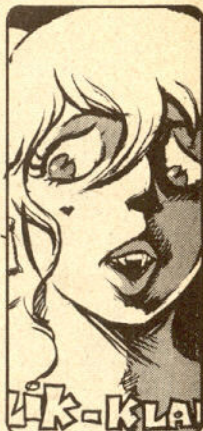
Whew, ONLY A DREAM... I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS BUSINESS.

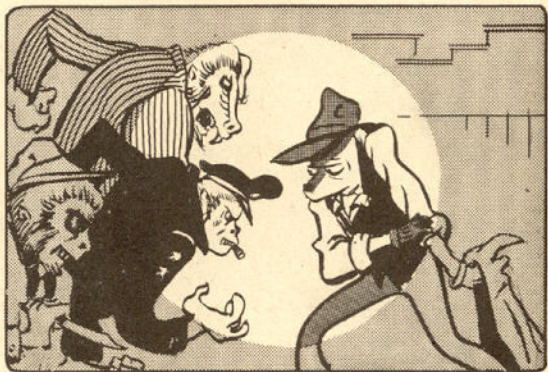
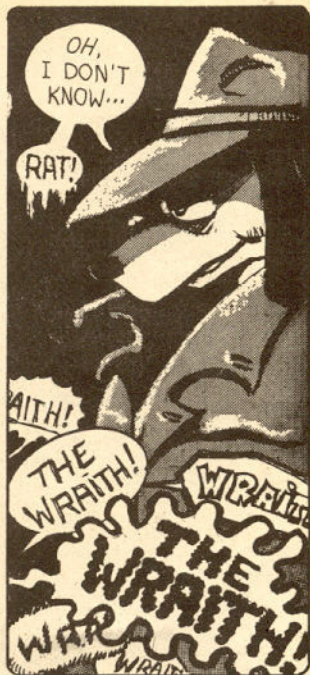
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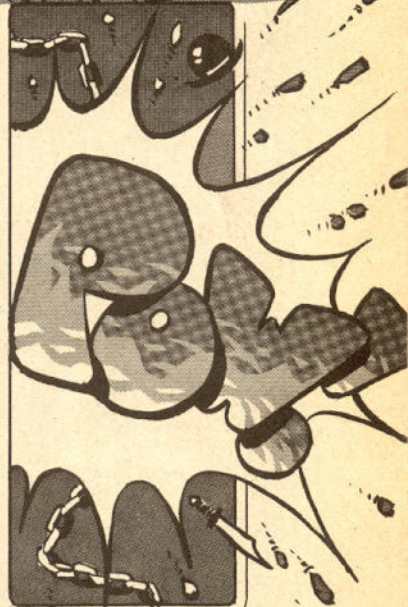
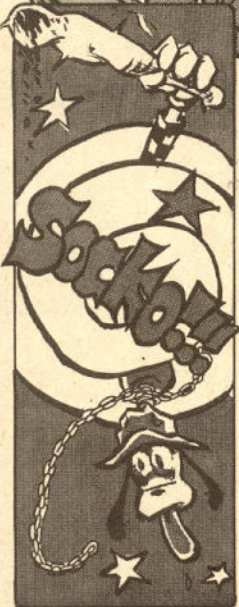
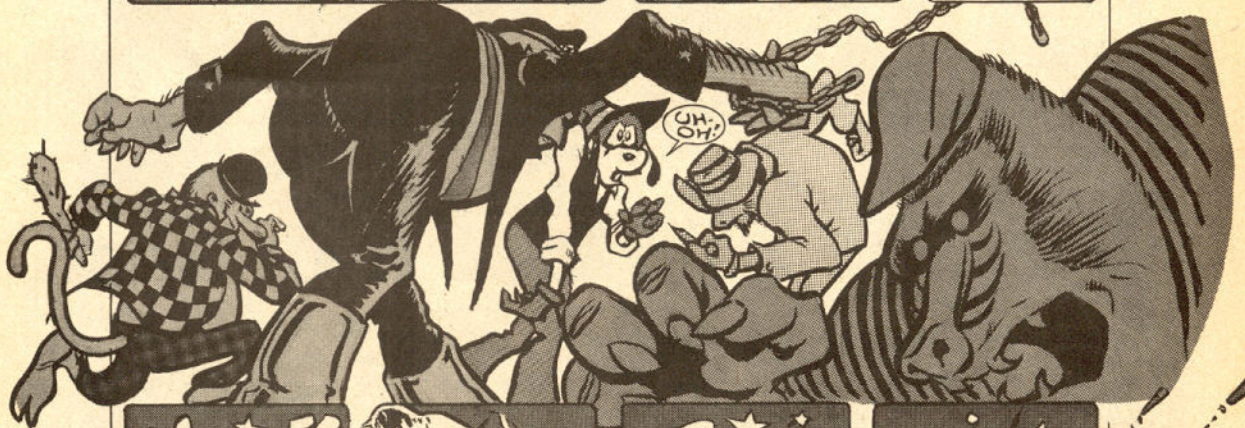
WHEN HOPE IS GONE,
DESPAIR SUBMERGING FAITH—
LOOK TO THE SHADOWS
AND REJOICE!
FOR THERE YOU'LL FIND...

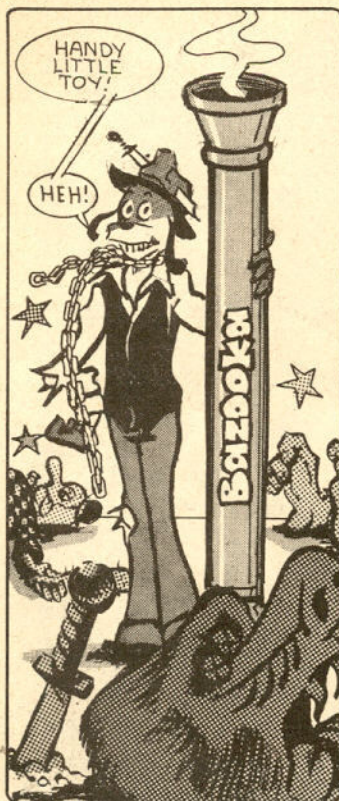


TWILIGHT IN SLUM CITY.
A LONELY NIGHT, DISTURBED ONLY BY THE RHYTHMIC PATTERN OF FEET ON PAVEMENT.
THE SOUND OF FEAR!

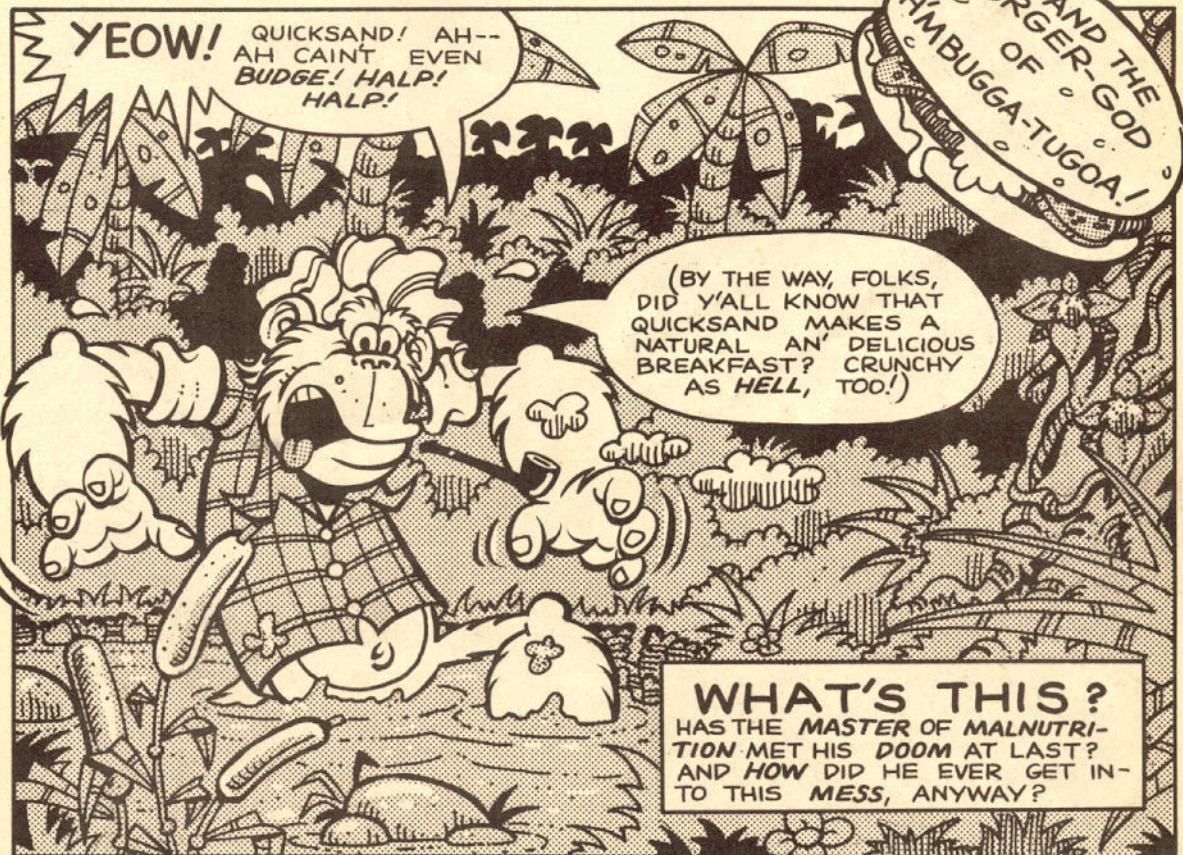








THE INEDIBLE EXPLOITS OF **YOU-ALL GIBBON** THE JUNK-FOOD MONKEY!!

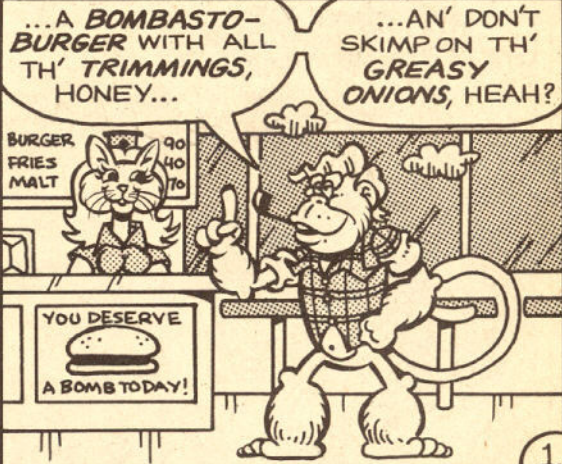


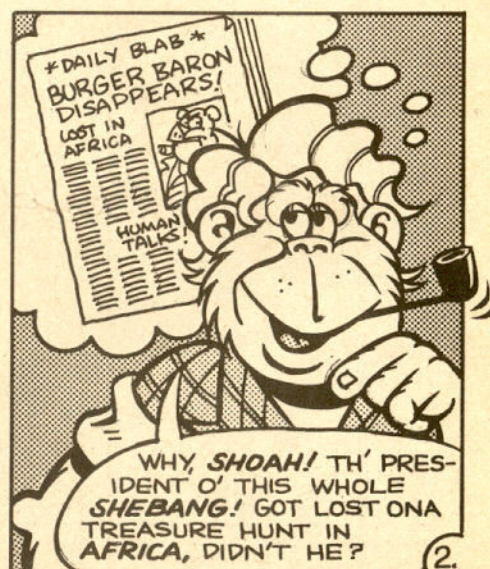
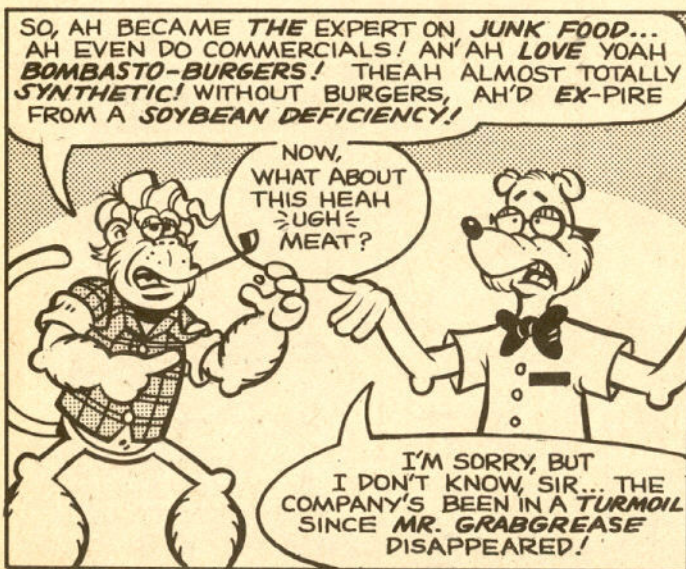
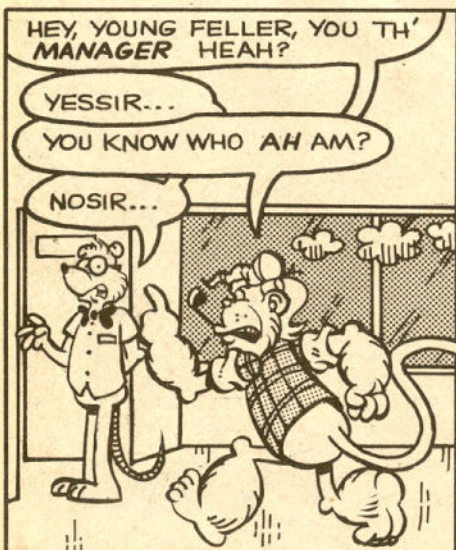
WHAT'S THIS?

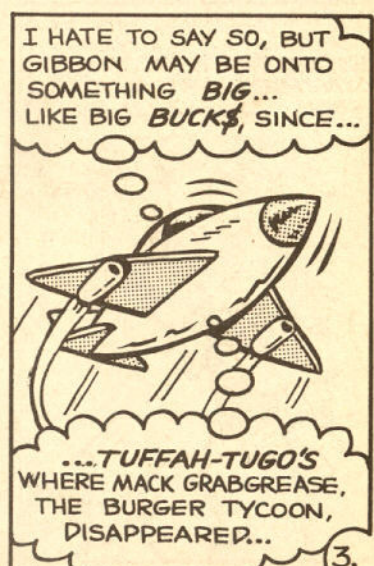
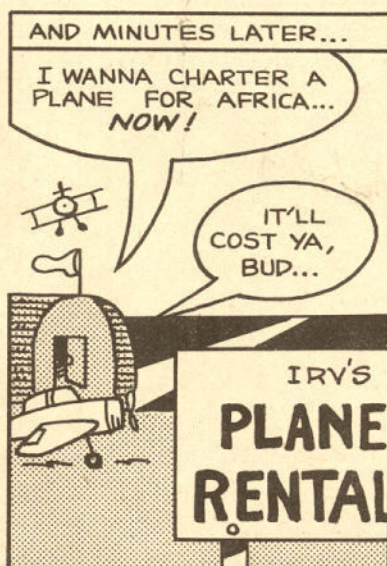
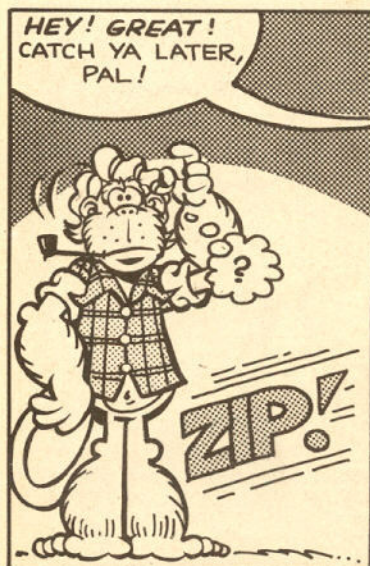
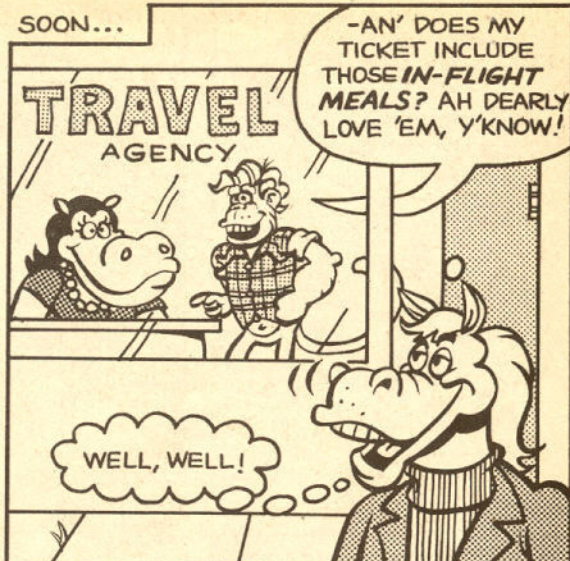
HAS THE MASTER OF MALNUTRITION MET HIS DOOM AT LAST? AND HOW DID HE EVER GET INTO THIS MESS, ANYWAY?

IT ALL BEGAN AT ONE OF THE NUMEROUS **MACK'S BIG-BOY-IN-THE-BOX** DRIVE-IN HAMBURGER RESTAURANTS...

...WHERE THE NOTORIOUS FAST-FOOD FANCIER, **YOU-ALL GIBBON**, IS ABOUT TO ENJOY HIS FAVORITE TREAT...







TUFFAH-TUGO,
ONE WEEK LATER...

I'M SORRY, BWANA GIBBON,
BUT ANOTHER AMERICAN
SHOWED UP LAST WEEK
AND TOOK OUR ONLY
GUIDE WITH HIM!

...AN' THEY HAVEN'T
RETURNED! SOME-
THING SMELLS ROTTEN
-- AN' IT AIN'T
MAH BREATH!

BUT BWANA! PLEASE...
WAIT! FOUR PEOPLE
HAVE ALREADY VANISHED
OUT THERE!

FOUR, EH?
AH'M ON THE
RIGHT TRACK! AN
AH BET ONE OF
'EM'S THET RASCAL
CRACKUHS!

AND SO, THE
INSATIABLE
SIMIAN SETS
OUT ALONE
INTO THE
WILDERNESS,
HACKING HIS
WAY THRU
THE DENSE
VEGETATION...

WHAT AH
WOULDN'T GIVE FOAH
A BOMBASTO-BURGER
RIGHT NOW!

AN' A
PEPSI!

AN' SOME
CHEEZ-ITS!

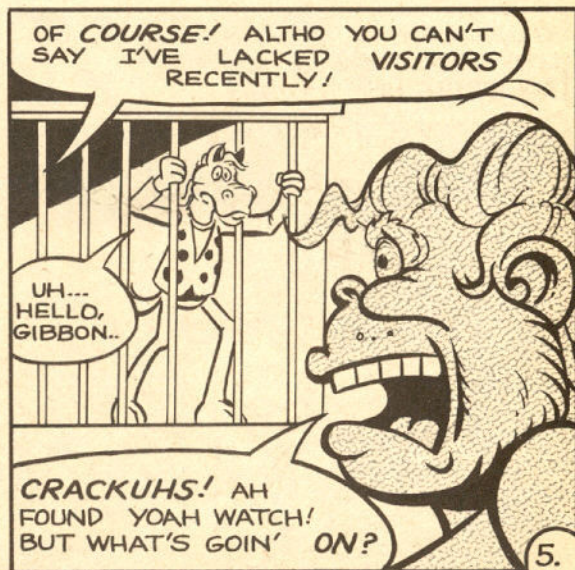
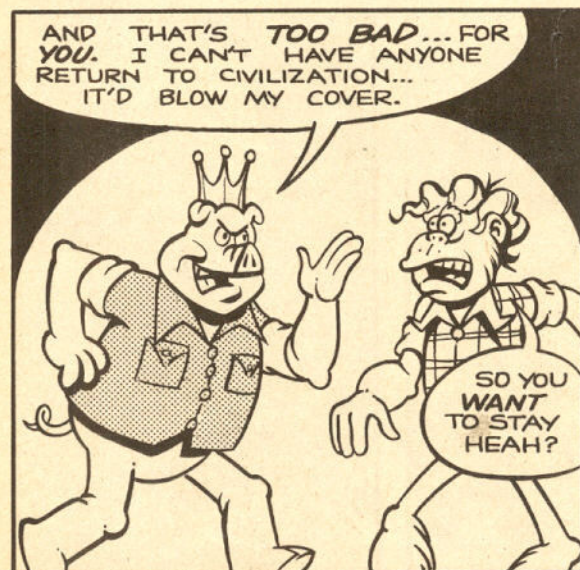
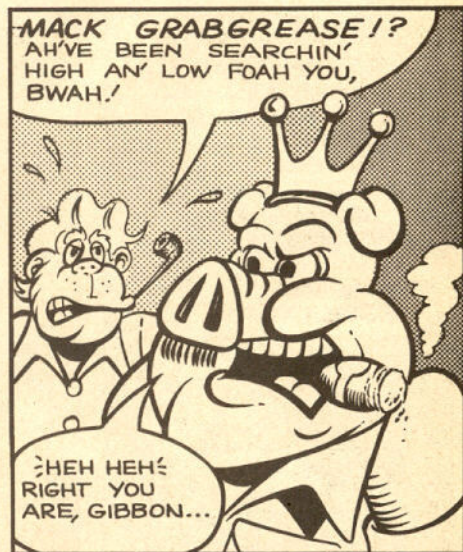
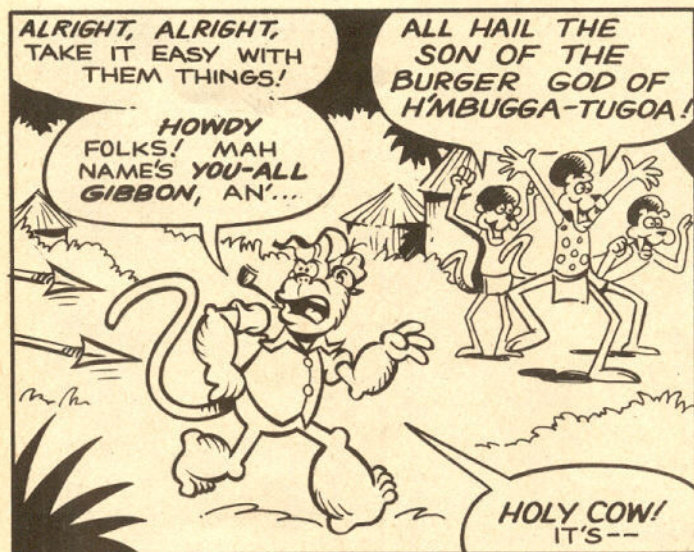
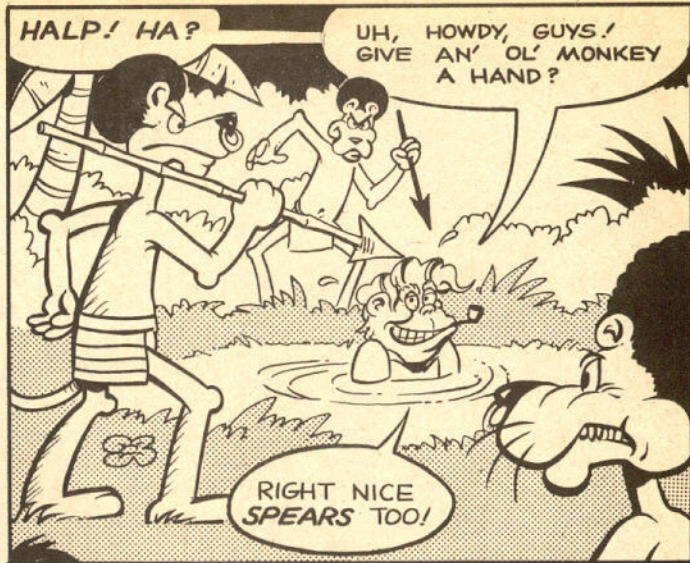
AN' MEBBE
A COUPLE O'
PEANUT BUTTER
CUPS...

WAL, NOW...WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE
DROPPED HIS WATCH...

YEP... AN' IT'S BEEN
ENGRAVED TO...

HEY!

QUICKSAND! OKAY,
YOU-ALL, DON'T PANIC!
WHAT DO YOAHH WILEY
ANIMAL INSTINCTS TELL
YOU TO DO?

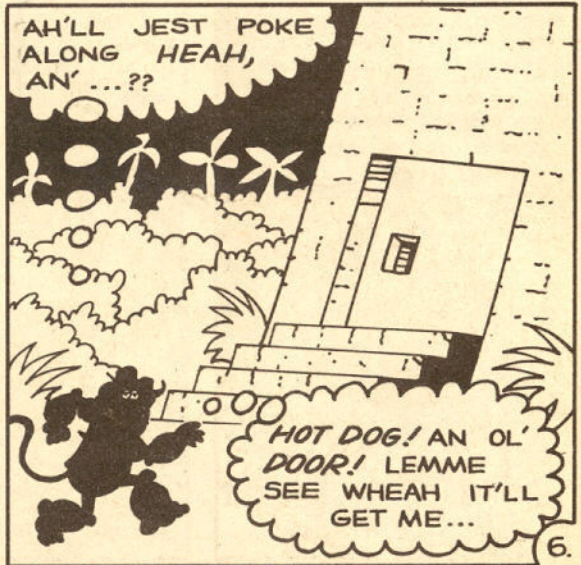
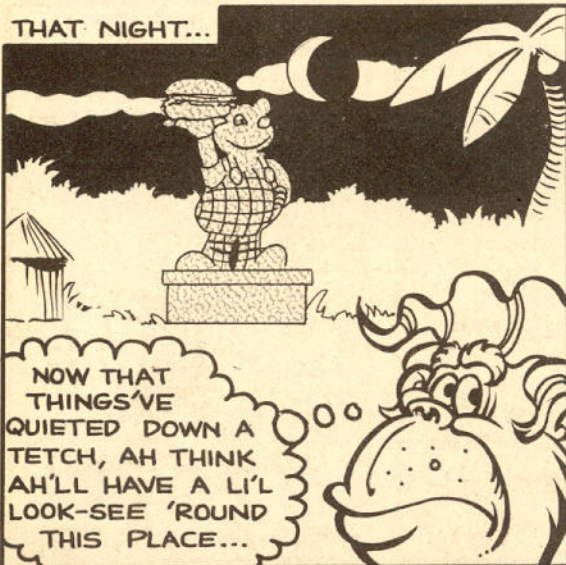
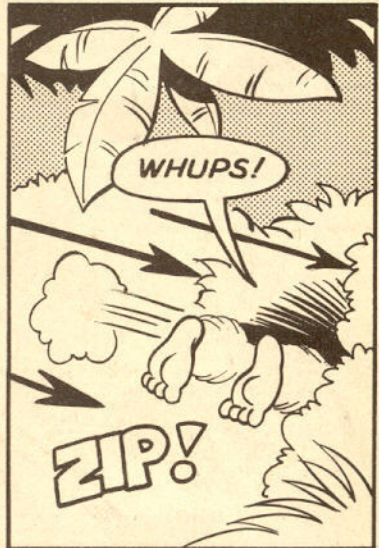
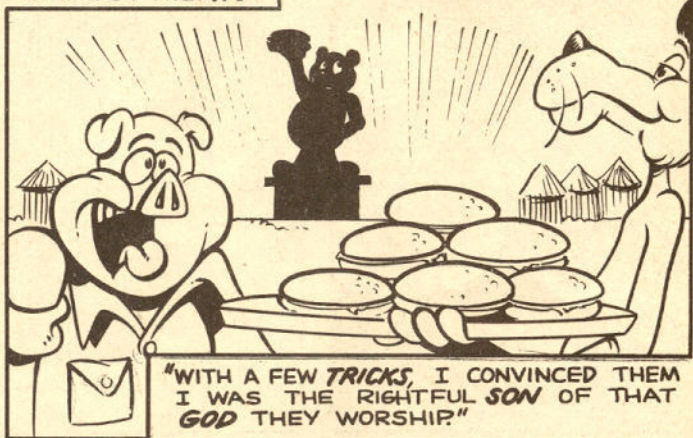


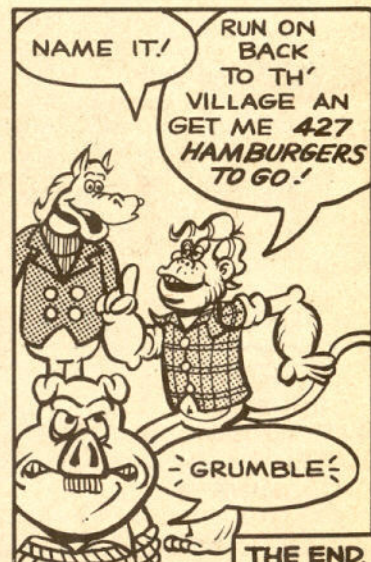
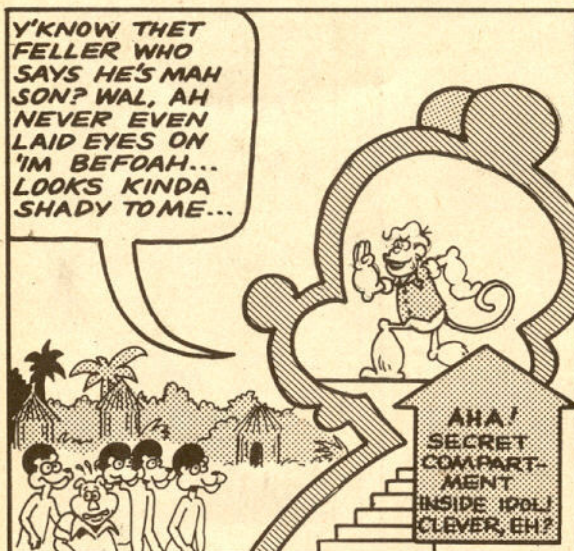


"JUST SHUT UP AND LISTEN, GIBBON. I'D HEARD RUMORS OF A LOST TRIBE WITH AN EXOTIC RECIPE FOR HAMBURGERS. I CAME HERE TO INVESTIGATE..."



"BY SHEER LUCK, I STUMBLED UPON THIS... THE LOST VILLAGE OF H'MBUGGA-TUGOA! THEY'VE GOT THE MOST FABULOUS HAMBURGERS I'D EVER TASTED! AND THEY MADE THEM WITHOUT MEAT!"



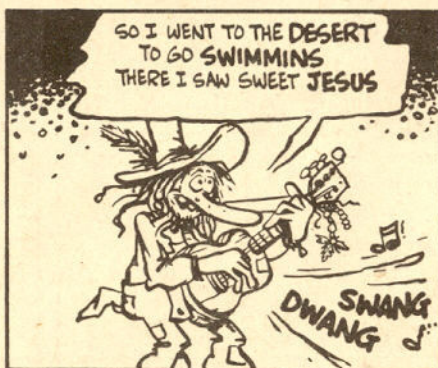
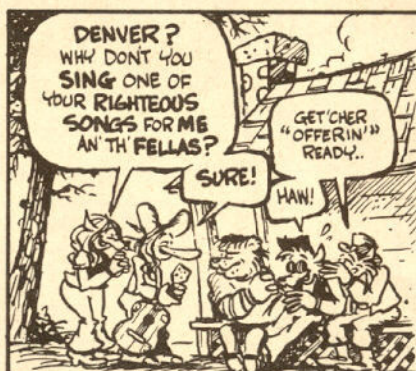
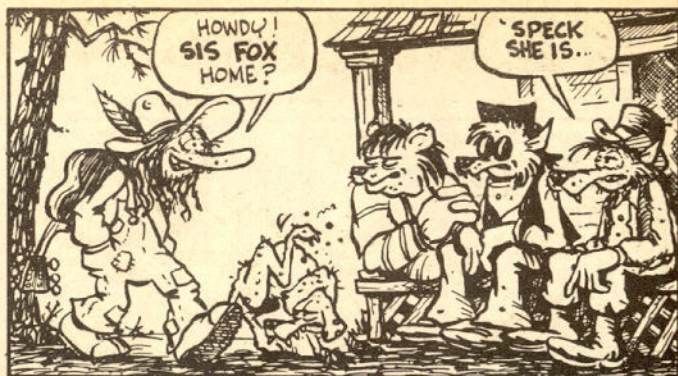


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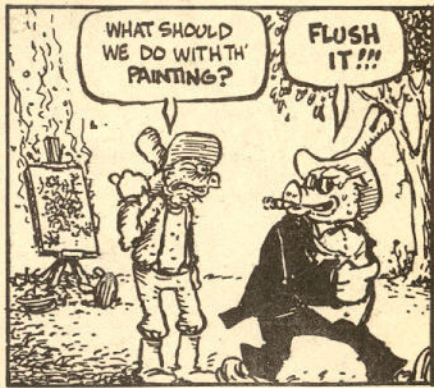
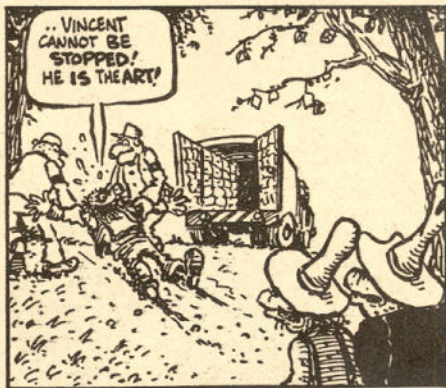
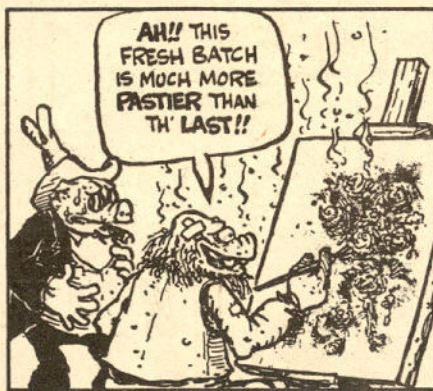
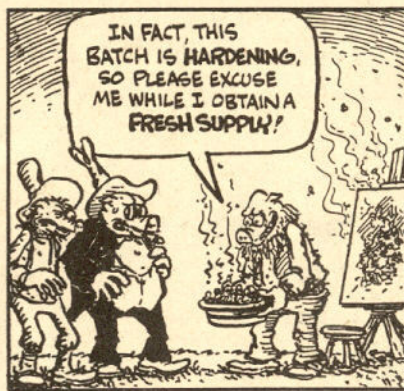
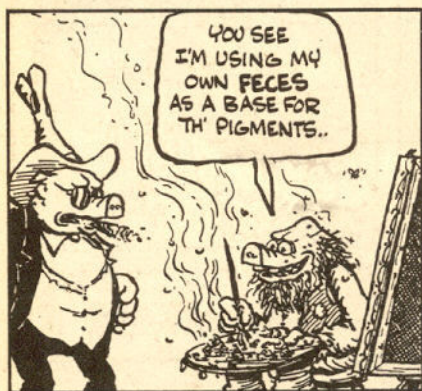
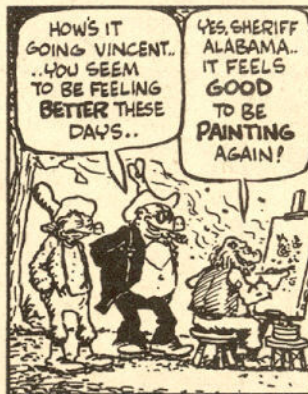
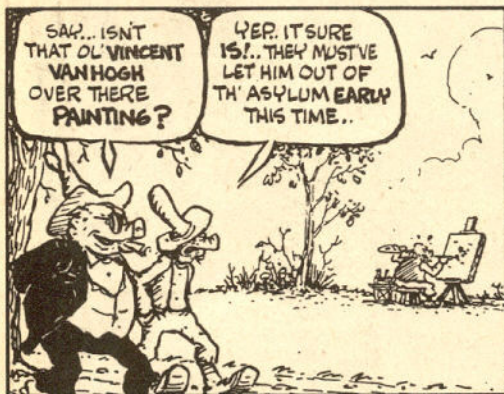
... THANKS TO THE HUBNER ROAD IRREGULARS FOR THE BRAINSTORMING!

E.Z. WOLF

"SMOKEY MOUNTAIN HIGH"



E. Z. WOLF By Ted Richards



ON THE SKIDS

CHAPTER ONE :

THE *Stratton* OR SLATTERNRY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.

NO I'VE GOT ONE

IF IT'S KN NOT TOLD

QUIANA

SO ROBERT E. LEE SAYS--

NO PROBLEM

JOHNNY CARSON LAST NIGHT

"ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH"

SLOW SOUTHERN SCREW

FAGS

LEAVE ME ALONE!

"SUH ...

STOP--GO AWAY--

BRENDA SHOULD HAVE HER OWN SERIES

DOWN FOR PEANUTS

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, FUCK-HEAD

FRIZZIES

"HAVE YOU SEEN MY REGIMENT?"

PLEASE DIE!

WHO'S CARL JUNG

POOR TOTIE FIELDS

SHE'S DEAD

THESE KIDS

BEN WELDON

GERALDO RIVERA

5 MILLION

PEOPLE MAGAZINE

CO-CREATOR AND WRITER

HOWARD CHAYKIN

ARTIST AND LETTERER

ALAN KUPPERBERG



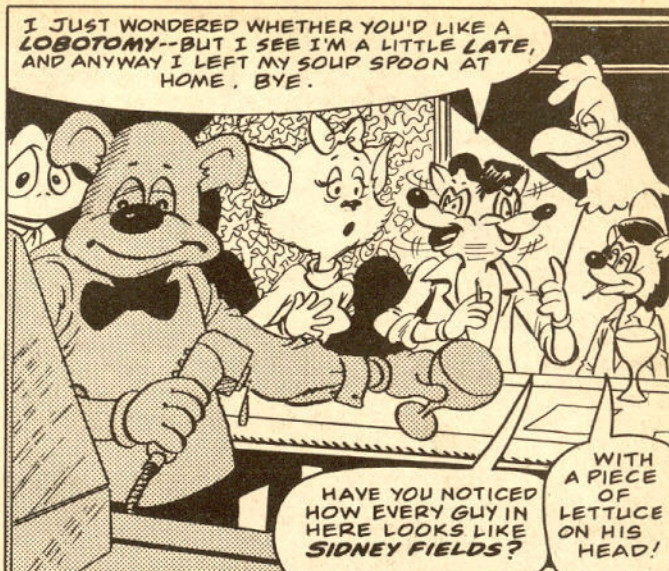


HI! I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL, AND'D BE **THRILLED** IF YOU FELT THE SAME WAY!

HUH!?!

I---

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT? HUH?



I JUST WONDERED WHETHER YOU'D LIKE A **LOBOTOMY**--BUT I SEE I'M A LITTLE LATE, AND ANYWAY I LEFT MY SOUP SPOON AT HOME. BYE.

HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW EVERY GUY IN HERE LOOKS LIKE **SIDNEY FIELDS**?

WITH A PIECE OF LETTUCE ON HIS HEAD!



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING ...

JESUS FUCK A SHIT SOUFFLE! ROCK'N' ROLL FOR THE GERITOL GENERATION!

D'YOU WANNA **DANCE**?

I'M FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY ALLOW MYSELF TO TOUCH THOSE MORBIDLY INFIRM.

HAH?

"HEY HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY SWEET GYPSY ROSE ..."

...ROSE ♪
...ROSE...

WANNA DANCE

HEY, WHY YOU AND

HOLY COW, BABY, I DON'T WANT A DOSE DAMPENING MY ONE-EYED SNAKE.



MAM'SELLE, MAY I, IN A PREHENSILE MANNER FAMILIARISE WITH A CHOICE CONTOUR OF YOUR **ARSE**?

I WORK FOR THE NATIONAL LAMPOON.

YUUCCH! I HATE THOSE JOKES-- SO GROSS--!

WATCH THE MERCHANDISE AND SPEAK **ENGLISH**, YOU LITTLE SHIT.

AH! AN **INTELLECTUAL**!



I BEG YOUR **PARDON**-- I HAVE A HIGHLY CULTIVATED AFFECTION FOR WOMAN WHO CAN RAISE A BETTER **MUSTACHE** THAN I CAN!

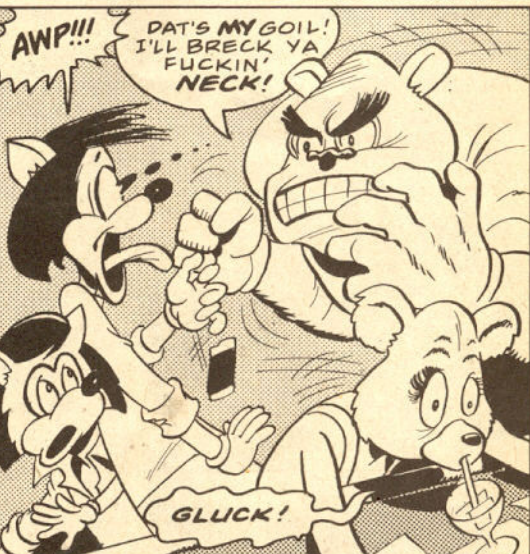
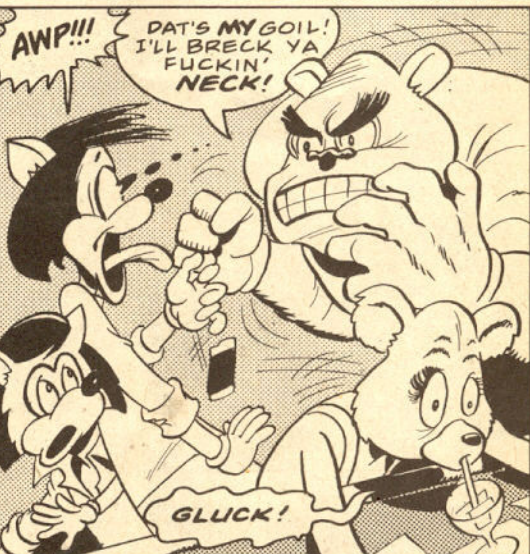
STOP THIS BULLSHIT! YOU'RE WASTING TIME!

... SO ADMIRAL PERRY IS BEING HELD PRISONER BY THESE PENGUINS WHO HE HAS EQUIPPED WITH CANES AND TOP HATS MADE OF AMBERGRIS... NATO SENDS IN A CRACK STRIKE FORCE OF GIANT BERSERKER CHICKENS. BUCK BUCK BUCK!

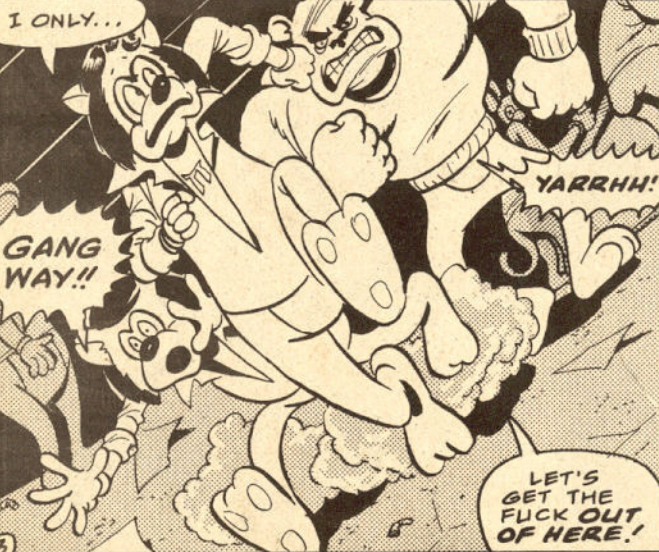
BASSO PROFUNDO CHICKENS!



ALLOW ME...



I ONLY...



LET'S GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

JESUS CHRIST!

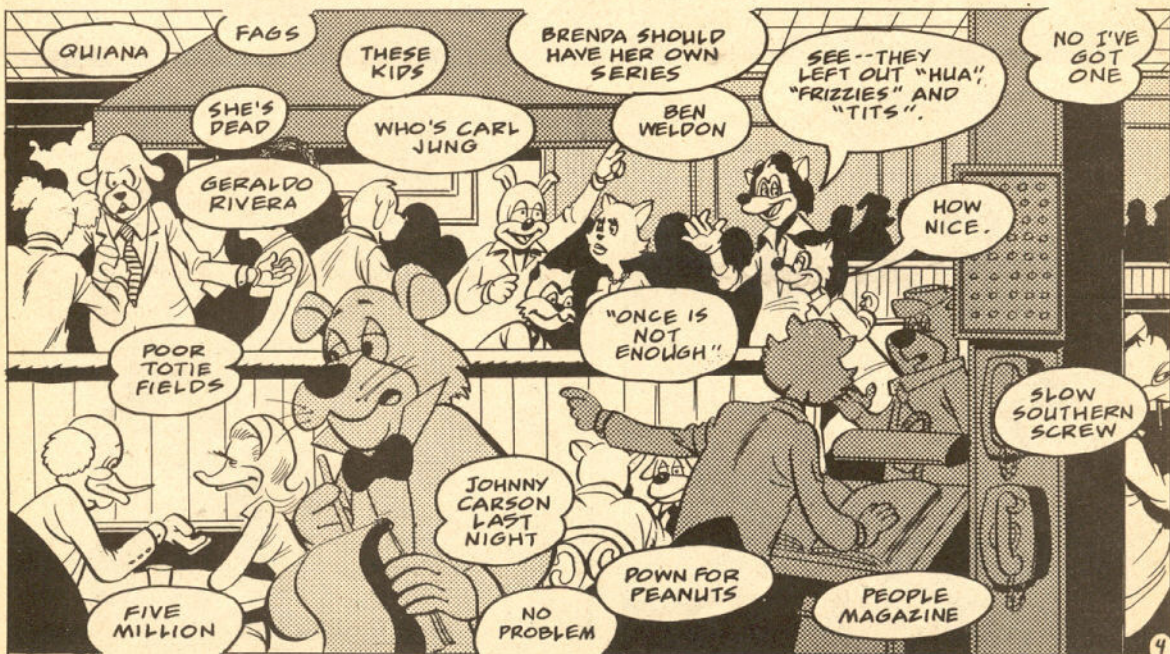
AH WELL, WATSON. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG AND I GROW OLD. THE CITY PROPER, MY SHORT FRUITY FRIEND?

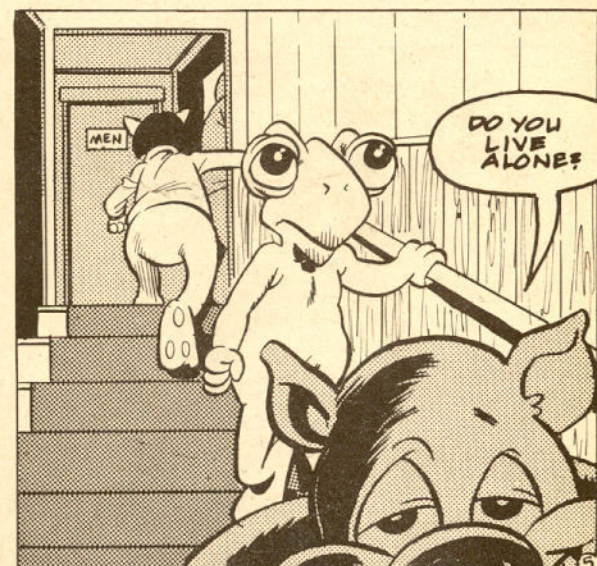
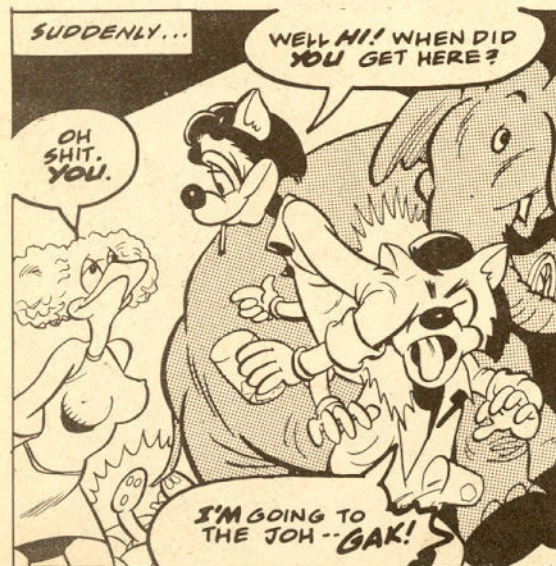
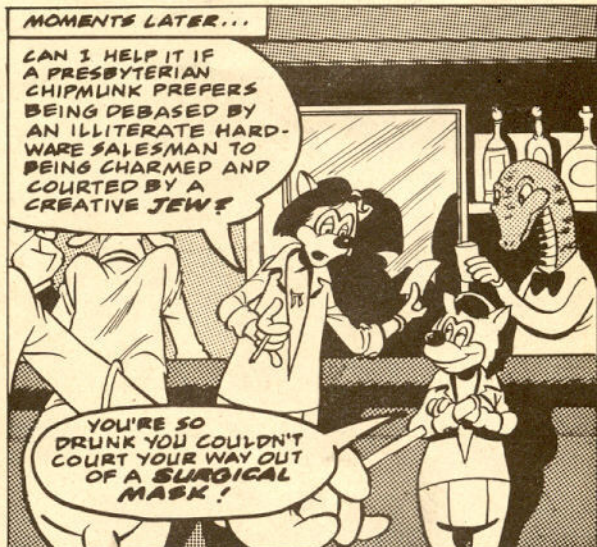
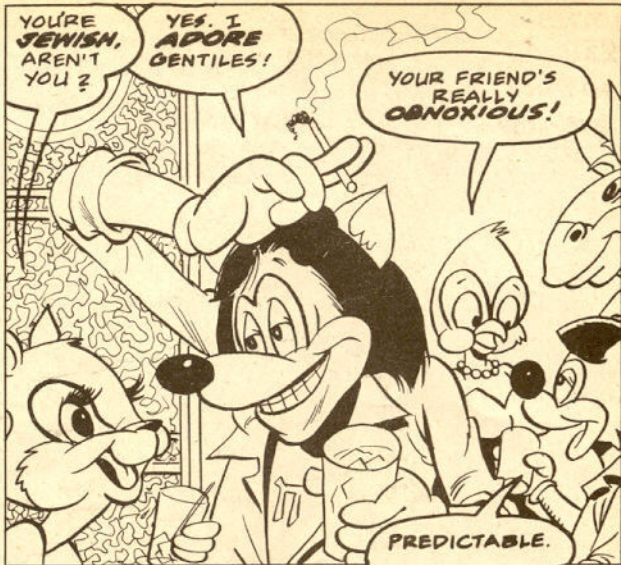
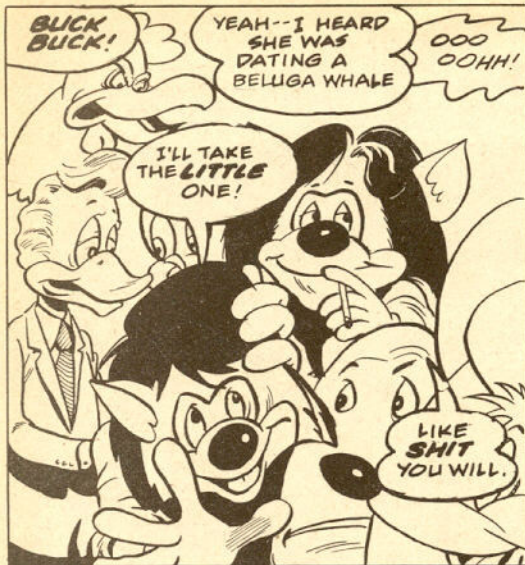


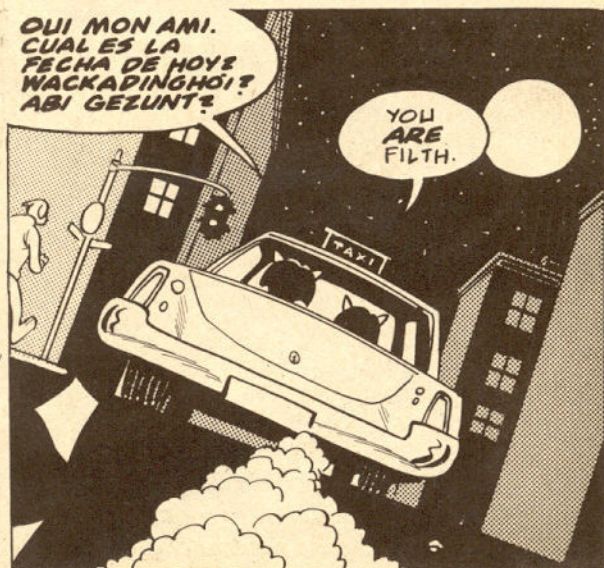
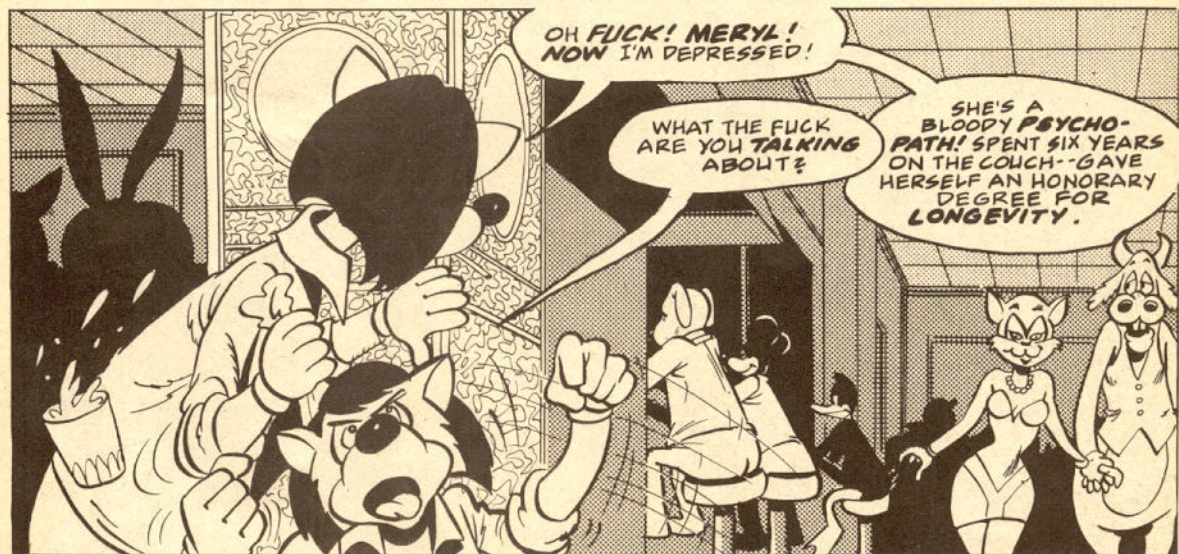
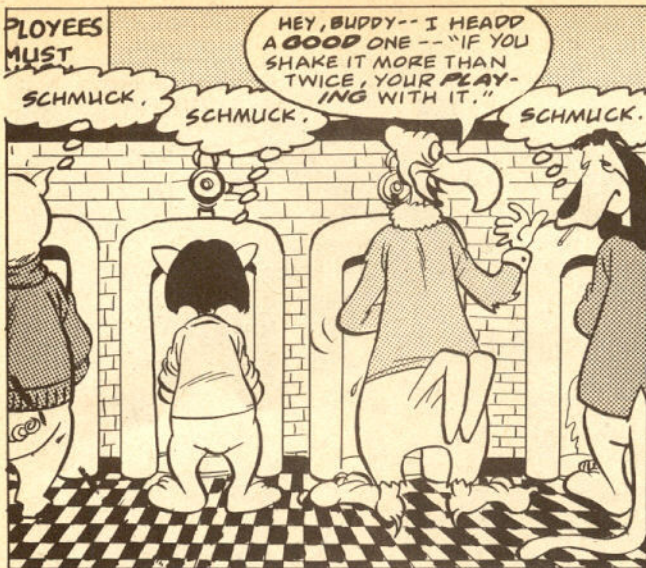
CHAPTER 2 BEGINS WITHOUT DELAY.

MAXWELLS OR:

"CARL JUNG?"







ONES

"THE OBJECT
OR: OF MY AFFECTION
WILL ALTER MY
PERCEPTION."

WHERE ARE THE
HIPPIES OF YESTERYEAR,
I SAY? A COVER CHARGE
TO LISTEN TO THE DISCO
VERSION OF BEETH-
OVENS NINTH ON
A LOOP.

QUIANA

FAGS

TITS

PLUTARCH

NIETZCHE.

AHA!
ELITISM.

BRENDA
SHOULD HAVE
HER OWN
SERIES

PLUTARCH AND
NIETZCHE? DON'T
THEY DO "ROCK
THE BOAT?"

WHO'S
CARL
JUNG

BEN
WELDON

FIVE
MILLION

PEOPLE
MAGAZINE

WATCH
YOUR LANGUAGE
FUCKHEAD

FRIZZIES

SHE'S
DEAD

HUA

JOHNNY
CARSON
LAST
NIGHT

POOR
TOTIE
FIELDS

GERALDO
RIVERA

DOWN FOR
PEANUTS

ALAN
KUPPERBERG
HOWIE
CHAYKIN
S-76

"ONCE IS NOT
ENOUGH"

NO PROBLEM

Y'KNOW, I HAVE THIS
CONTINUAL FANTASY
--OF GATHERING ALL THE
WOMEN I HAVE EVER GONE
OUT WITH, IN AN AUD-
ITORIUM...

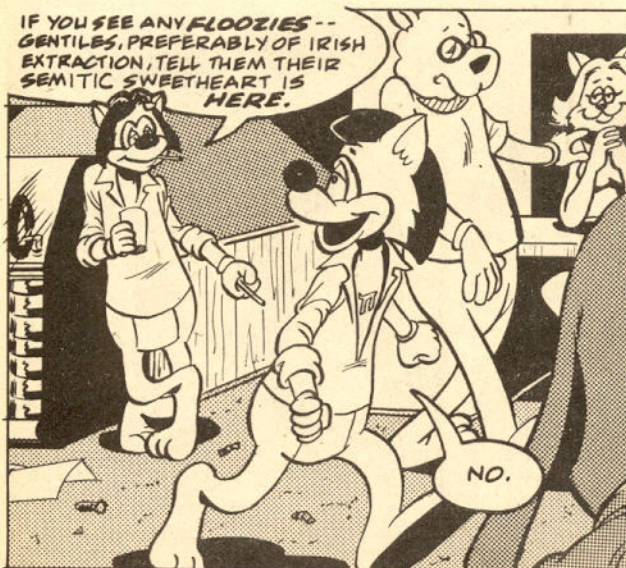
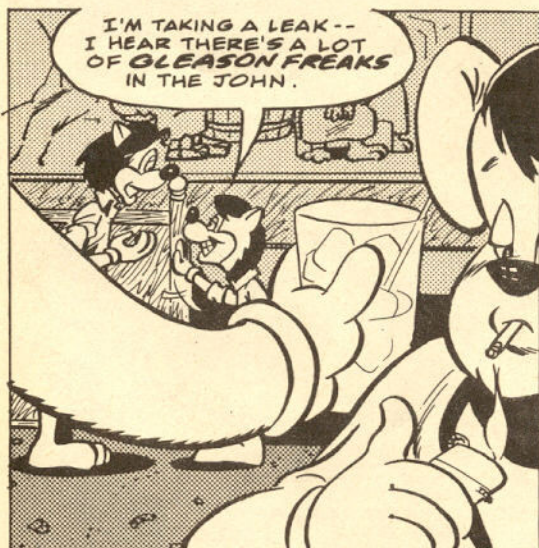
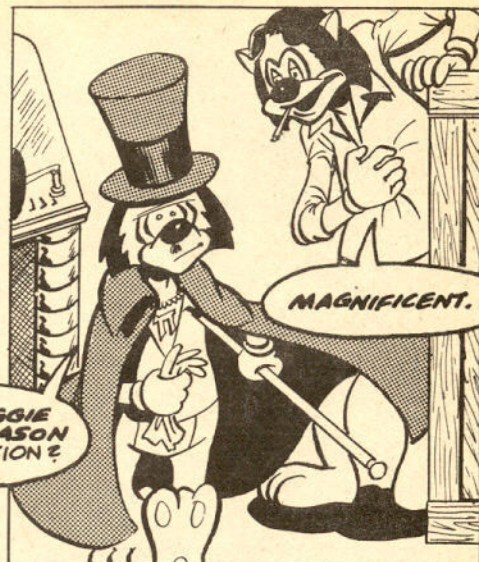
WE DO
FLATTER
OUR-
SELVES!

HUSH, PEON--
AND ADDRESSING THEM
FROM THE PODIUM--"NOW
HERE'S WHERE YOU FUCKED UP--"

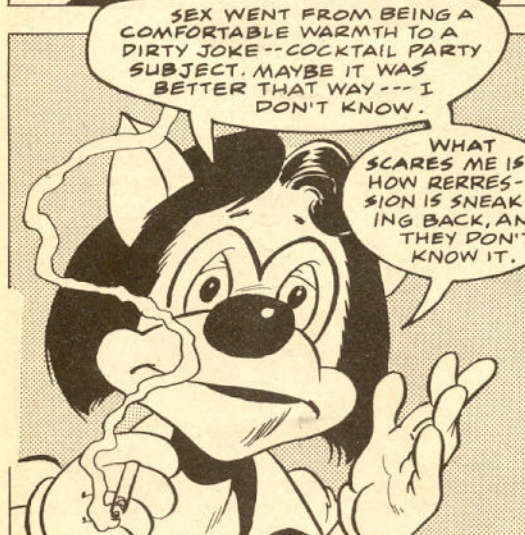
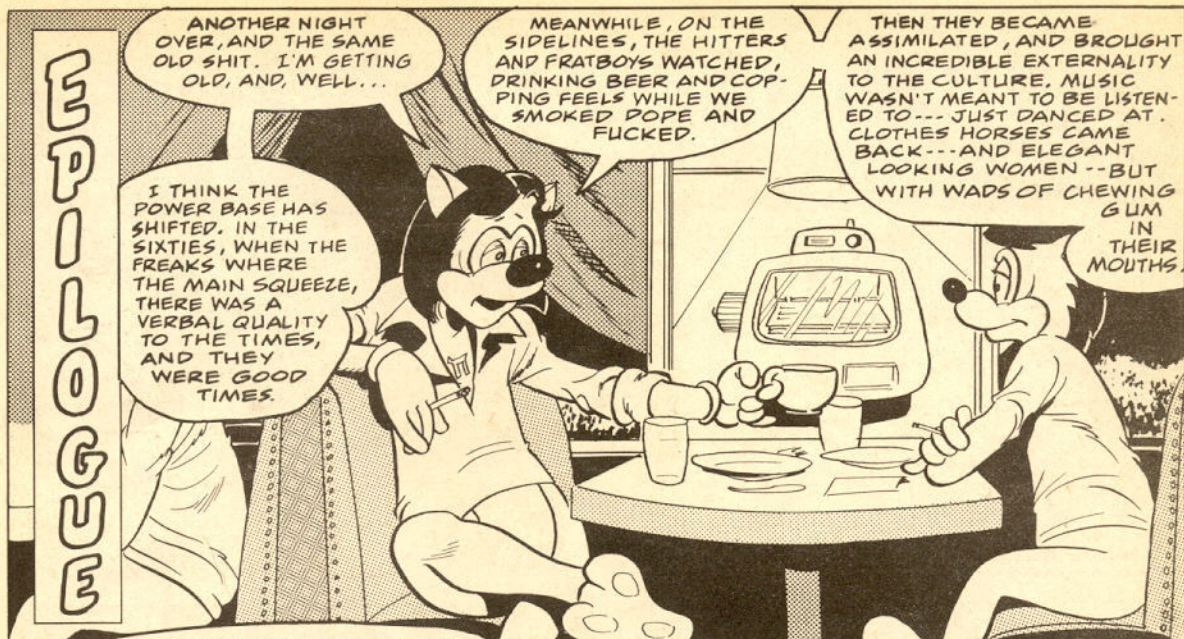
AND WHAT
ABOUT ALL THE
TIMES YOU
BLEW IT?

FUCK THAT! IT'S MY
STRIP! I CAN WARP
REALITY ANY WAY
I CHOOSE.

THAT'S
COMICS
FOR YOU--
RIGHT
KIDS?





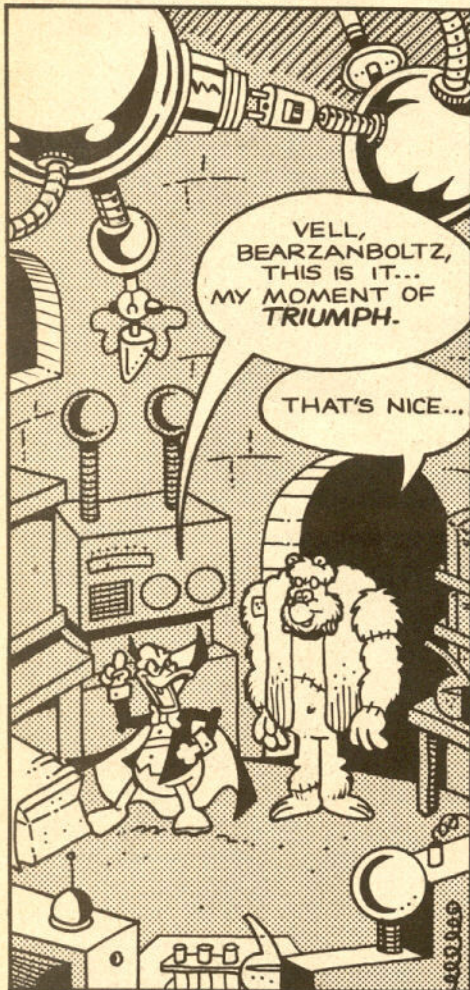


DUCKULA

...AND HIS HAIRY HENCHMAN, BEARZANBOLTZ



STORY AND
ART © 1976 BY
SCOTT SHAW!
LETTERING BY
BUD GUTZ•LOGO
BY JAN TONNESEN



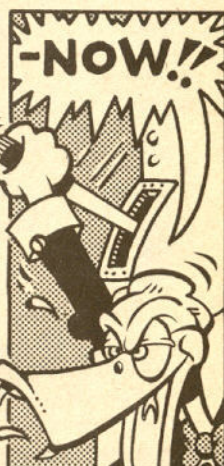
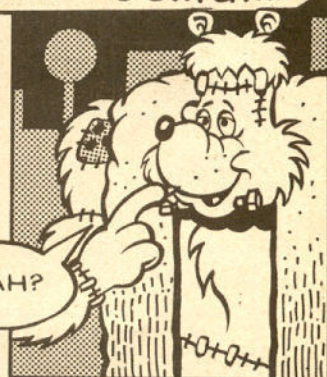
VELL,
BEARZANBOLTZ,
THIS IS IT...
MY MOMENT OF
TRIUMPH.

THAT'S NICE...

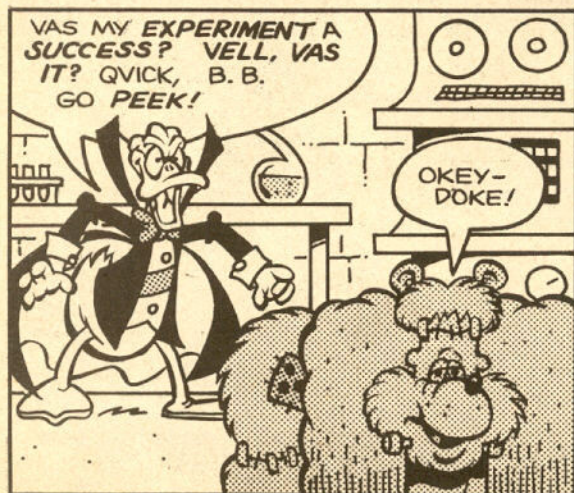
MY FRAND, YOU VERE SPAWNED BY A
FREAK EXPLOSION IN A TOY FACTORY! BUT
I, DUCKULA, THRU THE MANIPULATION OF
COLDLY LOGICAL SCIENCE, SHALL RE-CREATE
LIFE VHEN I PULL THIS SWITCH...



YEAH?

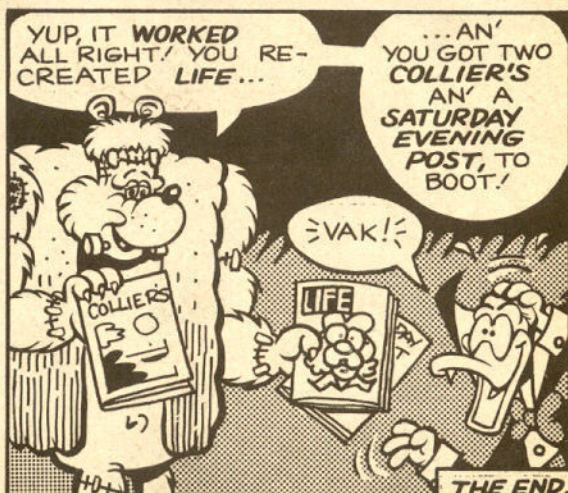


-NOW!!



VAS MY EXPERIMENT A
SUCCESS? VELL, VAS
IT? QVICK, B. B.
GO PEEK!

OKEY-
DOKE!



YUP, IT WORKED
ALL RIGHT! YOU RE-
CREATED LIFE...

...AN'
YOU GOT TWO
COLLIER'S
AN' A
SATURDAY
EVENING
POST, TO
BOOT!

≡VAK!≡

THE END.

KOSMO CAT



in 'THE CASE OF THE
PURLOINED
PERIODICALS'

MONEY NEVER CAUSES CRIME. IT'S WHAT YOU CAN **BUY** WITH MONEY THAT CREATES THE PROBLEM. SOME FOLKS JUST WANT THE SIMPLE PLEASURES A HOME, A JET CAR, ENOUGH FOOD MODULES ... BUT OTHERS WANT LUXURIES -- THINGS LIKE RARE ANTIQUES. AND IF THEY DON'T HAVE MONEY, THEY EITHER HAVE TO DO WITHOUT OR STEAL. WHEN THEY DO THE LATTER, THAT'S WHEN **I** GET CALLED IN. WHAT A CRUMMY WAY TO MEET PEOPLE...



MARK EVANIER, story * **SCOTT SHAW**, layout & character design
* **DAVE STEVENS**, pencils & inks * **BUD GUTZ**, lettering

JUST LIKE THIS IT STARTED:
IF THE MERCHANT HADN'T
FORGOTTEN HIS PARCEL, HE'D
NEVER HAVE RETURNED AFTER
HOURS...

BRILLIANT, KELLY,
SIMPLY BRILLIANT--
YOU PUT THE
PACKAGE RIGHT
BY THE DOOR SO
YOU WON'T FORGET
IT WHEN YOU
LEAVE.

AND WHAT
DO YOU DO ?

ALVIE! YOU HEAR
SOMETHING OUTSIDE?
SOME NOISE ?

SHUT UP! HOW
D'YA EXPECT ME TO
HEAR ANYTHING
WITH YOU
TALKIN' ?

...YOU WALK RIGHT BY
IT, STUPID!

Sorry we
missed
you

HAVE TO GET OUT THE
OLD TIME-LOCK **OVER-
RIDE** AND COME BACK
IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT!

COME ON, COME ON--THAT
ILLUMINATOR PANEL'S
RIGHT AROUND HERE!
IT'S **GOTTA** BE...

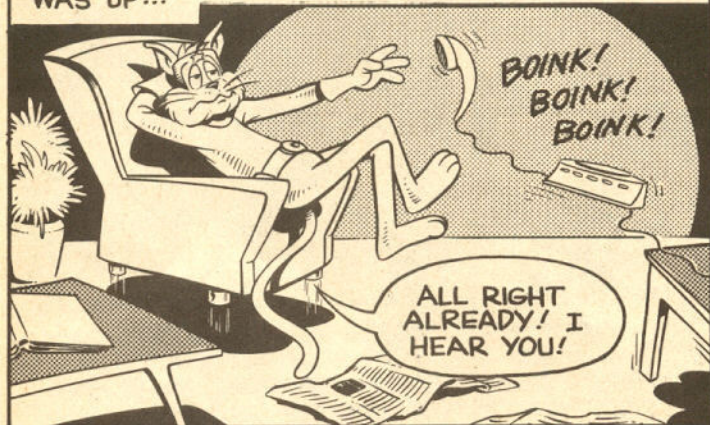
NO! DON'T! PLEASE,
I HAVE A WIFE AND--

HERE IT IS--RIGHT BY
THE DOOR! LET'S
GET OUT OF
HERE!

THE SOONER
THE BETTER!

JUST LIKE THIS, IT
ENDED. WALDO SPANIEL,
LOCAL ANTIQUE DEALER,
EVAPORATED AT AGE
44...

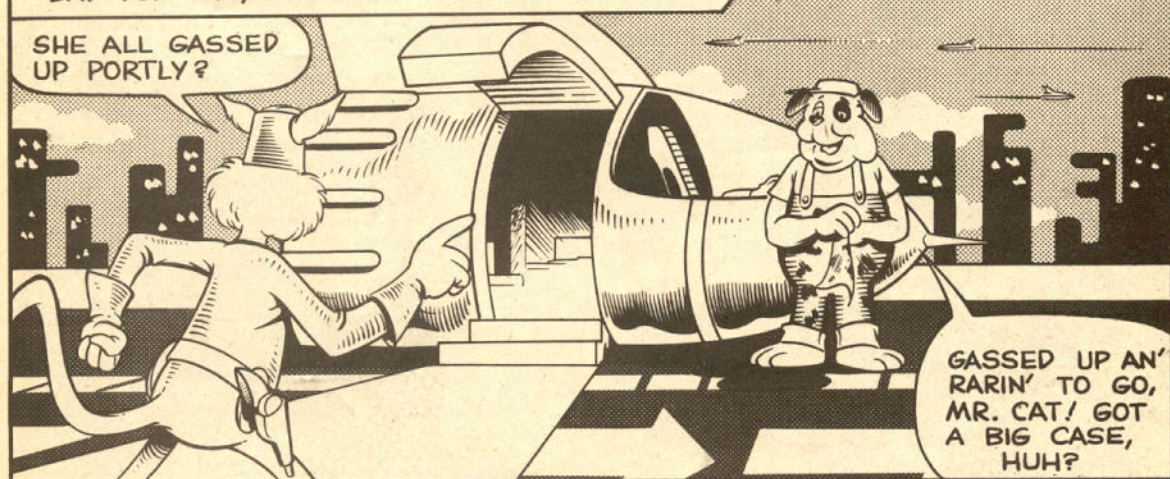
FOR ME, IT BEGAN THE NEXT MORNING. THE NAME'S CAT-- FIRST NAME, *KOSMO*--OCCUPATION, PRIVATE EYE. WHEN THE PHONE STARTED DOING CONNIIPTION FITS, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS UP...



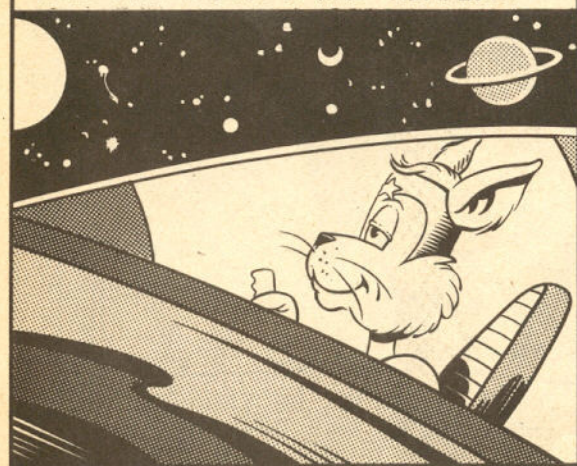
IT WAS INTERWORLD INSURANCE. I COULD GUESS WHAT *THEY* WANTED. NOTHING THEY LIKE LESS THAN PAYING OFF A POLICY...



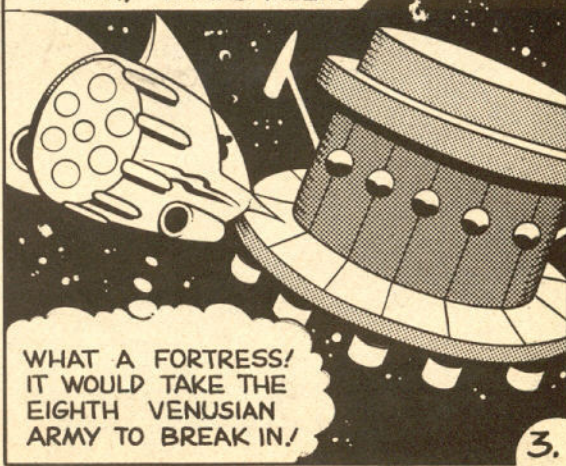
HOUNDSTOOTH HAD THAT OLD 'WE GOT TROUBLE' RESONANCE IN HIS VOICE. BAD FOR HIM, BUT GOOD FOR MY WALLET...



POOR PORTLY. WANTED TO BE A GUMSHOE SO BAD... I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL HIM WHERE I WAS HEADED...

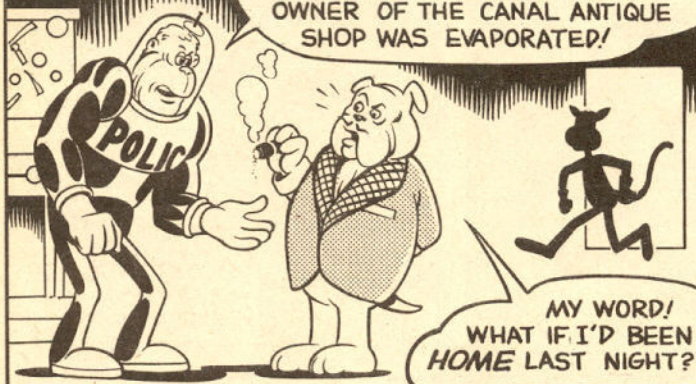


GREGORY VANDERGELT WAS *ONLY* ONE OF THE FIVE RICHEST FOLKS IN THE GALAXY, THAT'S ALL...



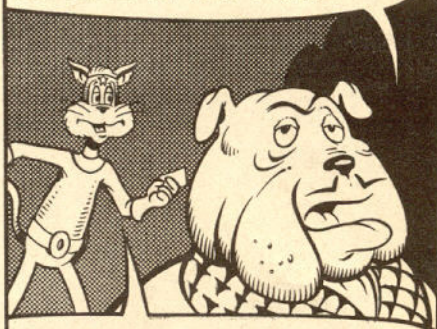
VANDERGELT HAD A SNAZZY HOME, I HAD TO ADMIT IT-- THE BEST COLLECTION OF 20TH CENTURY MEMORABILIA, THIS SIDE OF ALPHA CENTAURI, SOME SAID...

ANOTHER *TV GUIDE* ROBBERY WENT DOWN LAST NIGHT! THE OWNER OF THE CANAL ANTIQUE SHOP WAS EVAPORATED!



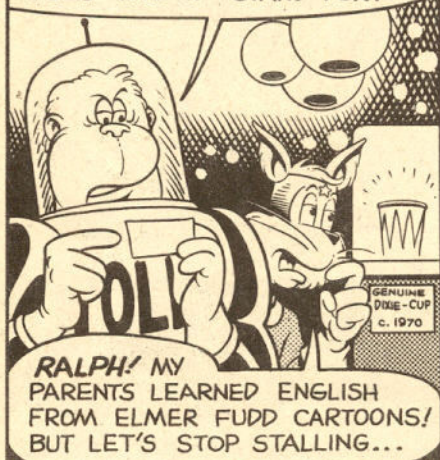
MY WORD! WHAT IF I'D BEEN HOME LAST NIGHT?

DID YOU KNOW MY TV GUIDE WAS ON DISPLAY FOR *TWELVE YEARS* UNDER FULL SECURITY AT THE LOUVRE II IN NEW PARIS?



PARDON ME-- MR. HOUNDSTOOTH OVER AT INTERWORLD INSURANCE WANTS ME TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE AROUND!

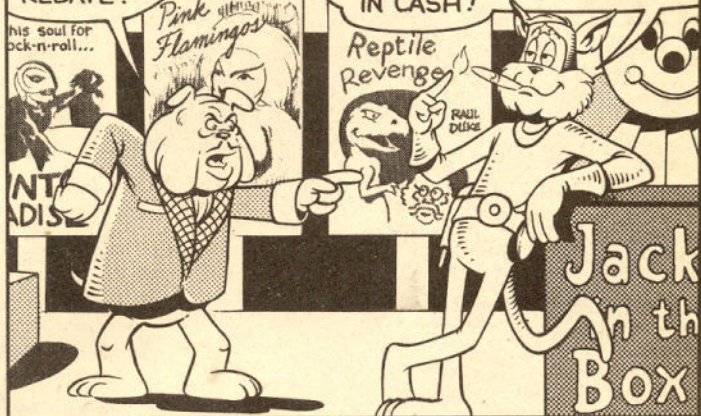
CAT, KOSMO W, PERSONAL INVESTIGATIONS! HEY, WHAT DOES THE 'W' STAND FOR?



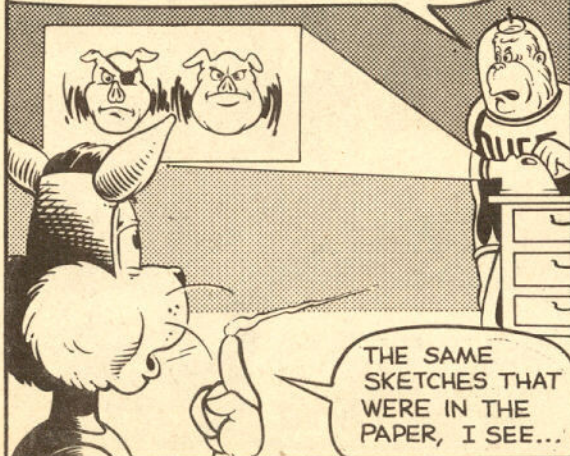
RALPH! MY PARENTS LEARNED ENGLISH FROM ELMER FUDD CARTOONS! BUT LET'S STOP STALLING...

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE *HERE*, ISN'T IT? TO STALL MY INSURANCE REBATE?

IT'S NOT AS IF YOU NEED THE CASH, MR. VANDERGELT! IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE YOU'RE UP TO YOUR ASTEROID IN CASH!

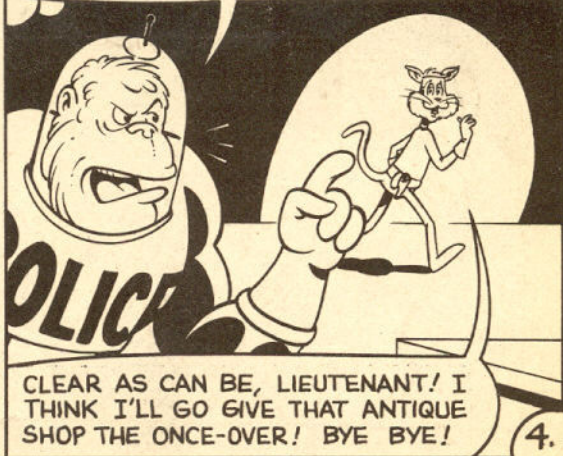


THESE ARE OUR SUSPECTS, CAT! MR. VANDERGELT SAYS HE SAW THEM LURKING AROUND, LAST NIGHT, BEFORE HE LEFT!



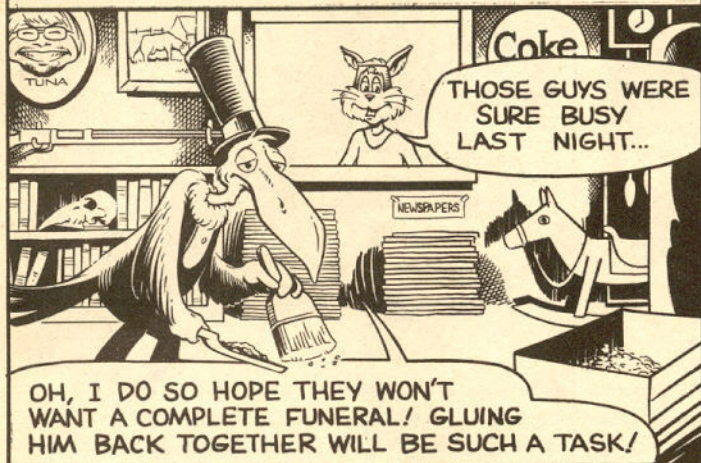
THE SAME SKETCHES THAT WERE IN THE PAPER, I SEE...

AND LET ME WARN YOU, CAT-- THIS IS AN OPEN POLICE INVESTIGATION! THAT MEANS NO MEDDLING, UNDERSTAND?



CLEAR AS CAN BE, LIEUTENANT! I THINK I'LL GO GIVE THAT ANTIQUE SHOP THE ONCE-OVER! BYE BYE!

WHEN I GOT TO THE CANAL ANTIQUE SHOP, THE MORTICIAN WAS JUST TAKING AWAY WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE OWNER. ASHES TO ASHES...



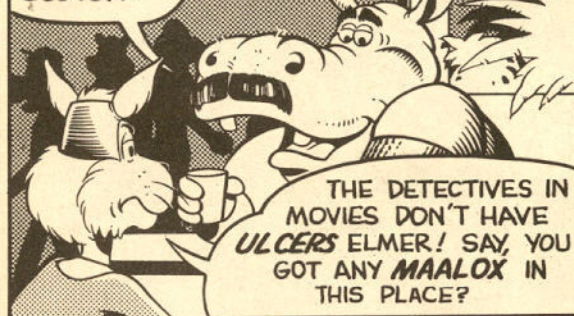
THOSE GUYS WERE SURE BUSY LAST NIGHT...

...BUT THEN, THEY'VE BEEN BUSY FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS--TEN *TV GUIDE* RIP-OFFS IN EIGHTEEN DAYS!

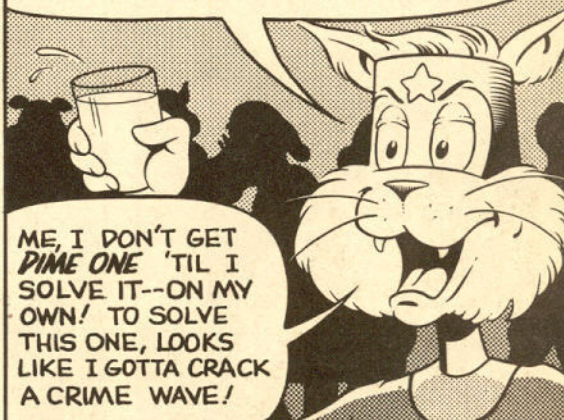


I CASED THE PLACE BUT GOOD. THEN, I FIGURED, I OUGHT TO GO CASE THE ORION BAR AND GRILL (COULDN'T HURT TO LOOK)..

AW, COME ON, KOSMO-- *MILK*? THE DETECTIVES IN MOVIES DRINK STRAIGHT SCOTCH!



ELMER, YOU KNOW HOW THE COPS SOLVE EIGHTY PERCENT OF THEIR CASES? *TIP-OFFS!* SOME SCHMUCK CALLS UP AND TELLS THEM WHO-DUNNIT!



HI, KOSMO! BUY ME A DRINK? CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL?

SORRY, PUSSY WILLOW, I'M FLAT BUSTED--SOMETHING *YOU'LL* NEVER BE!

I'VE GOTTA GO TALK TO LUBETZSKY--!



MORNING, LUBETZSKY! YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT STOLEN *TV GUIDES*?

I DON'T KNOW *ANYTHING* 'TIL I HAVE MY MORNING BEER--GET THE HINT?



IF THERE'S ONE THING YOU LEARN IN THIS BUSINESS, IT'S TO TAKE SUBTLE HINTS. LUBETZSKY WAS AS SUBTLE AS A PREGNANT PLUTONIAN SNOWMAN...

OKAY, *HERE!* NOW, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

I KNOW *LOTS* OF STUFF! THE CAPITAL OF OREGON IS SALEM... THE CAPITAL OF SATURN IS RELBOIN... THE CAPITAL OF VIRGINIA...

YEAH, I KNOW-- RICHMOND!

CRIME IN THE STREETS AND HE'S GIVING ME A GEOGRAPHY LESSON!

I WAS GETTING NOWHERE, BUT AT LEAST I WAS GETTING THERE *FAST!* I NEEDED MORE INFO ON VINTAGE TV GUIDES... THAT MEANT A TRIP TO SEE MAURY...

MAURY RAN THE BIGGEST ANTIQUE SHOP IN THE SOLAR SHIFT. IF HE DIDN'T KNOW, NO POINT ASKING ANYONE ELSE...

... A REAL BUY, KOSMO-- HOWARD THE HUMAN, NUMBER ONE, ONLY THIRTY CENTS! ANY OTHER COMIC FROM 1975 GOES FOR A HUNDRED TIMES THAT!

NO WAY, MAURY-- I KNOW YOU'VE GOT A THOUSAND OF THOSE STASHED AWAY! EVERY DEALER DOES!

OKAY-- YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE STOLEN TV GUIDES, RIGHT? HERE'S WHAT I KNOW...

THE ONE STOLEN FROM THE CANAL SHOP WAS A *FAKE*-- A COUNTERFEIT JOB RIGGED UP BY CHARLES DELLA ZEBRA!

DELLA ZEBRA? THE FAMOUS FORGER? YOU GOT IT! FIVE YEARS AGO, HE KNOCKED OFF A BATCH-- SOLD THEM FOR A *FORTUNE*-- BUT HE GOT CAUGHT... SPENT A YEAR IN JAIL!

HE'S OUT OF PRISON NOW, I HEAR--AND GONE STRAIGHT!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE WELL WORTH TALKING TO! DIG UP HIS ADDRESS, WILL YOU?

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO MAURY -- IT ONLY TOOK HIM EIGHT MINUTES TO DIG UP DELLA ZEBRA'S CURRENT WHEREABOUTS...

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR THIS WAS PUSSY WILLOW, SILICONE AND ALL!

MR. DELLA ZEBRA TURNED OUT TO BE A 'CHARMING' HOST, IF YOU LIKE THAT KIND. I DON'T...

YES, IT'S REALLY TRUE--I AM **TOTALLY** AND **COMPLETELY** OUT OF THE FORGERY BUSINESS! THOSE GUIDES I DID, FIVE YEARS AGO WERE MY FINALE!

ONE OF THEM'S TURNED UP YOU KNOW...

ONE OF YOUR FAKES WAS STOLEN LAST NIGHT! THE ROBBERS HAD TO KILL THE PERSON WHO HAD IT!

KILL? OH DEAR GOD -- WHAT SOME PEOPLE...

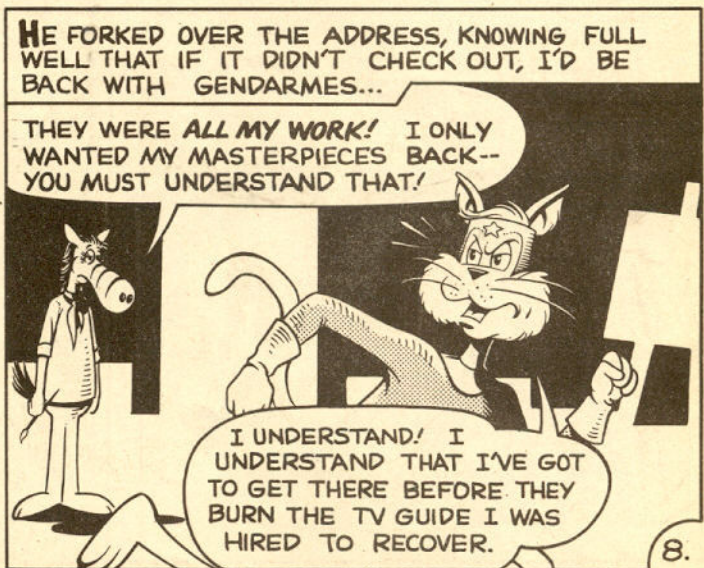
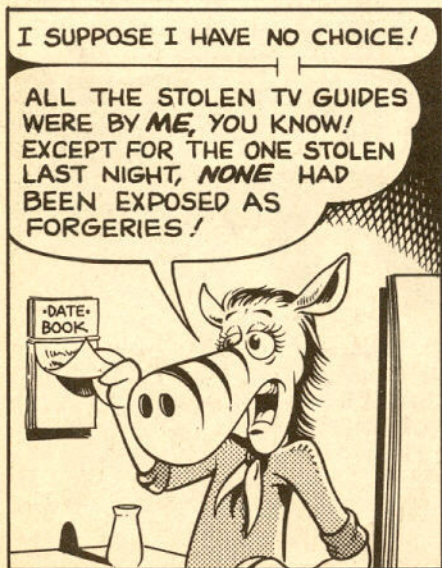
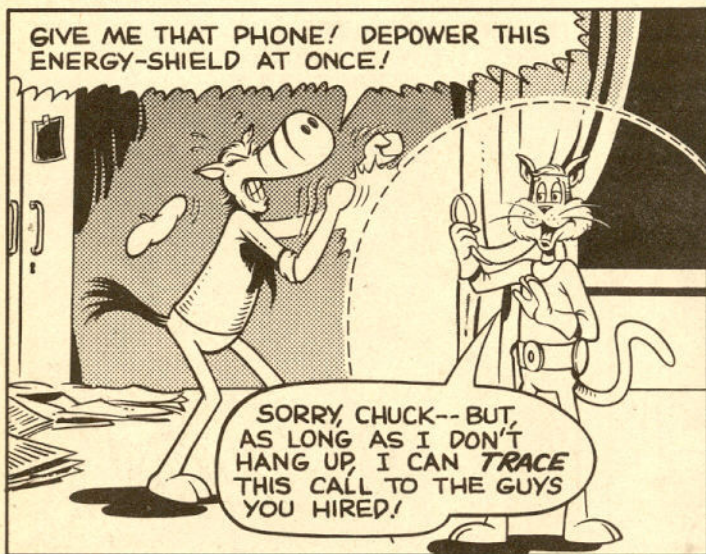
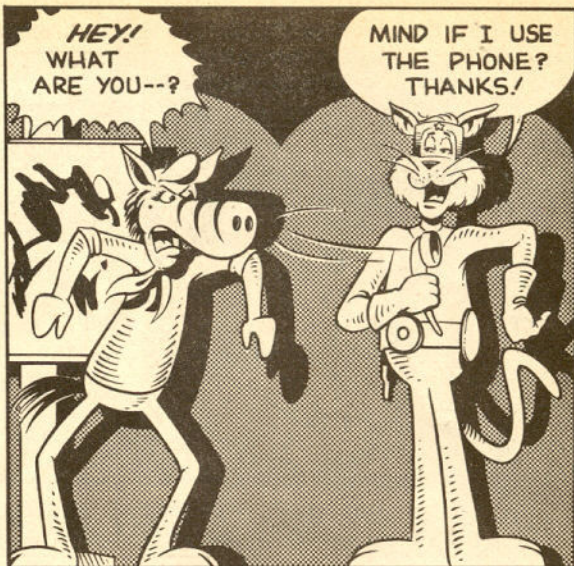
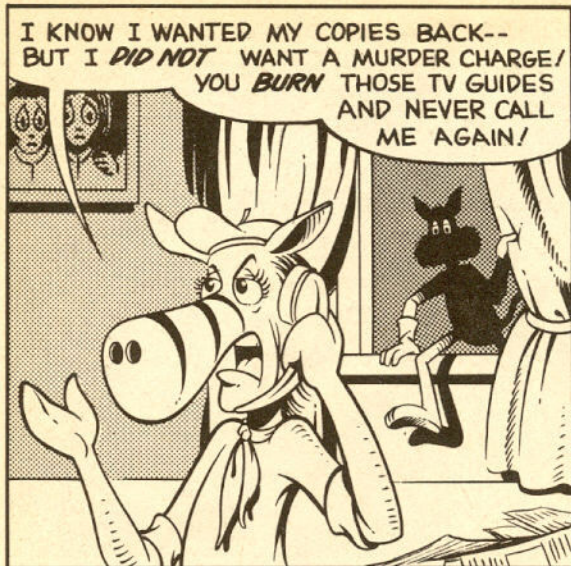
THIS WAS **LAST NIGHT**, YOU SAY?

YOU LOOK UPSET, CHARLIE! I'LL STOP BY LATER... WHEN YOU'VE HAD A CHANCE TO COMPOSE YOURSELF!

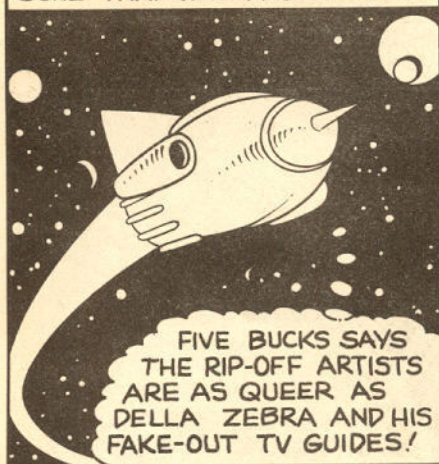
I DID LEAVE, ALL RIGHT-- BUT ONLY SO FAR..

THE MINUTE I GO--
BAM! HE'S ON THE PHONE!

DON'T YOU TELL **ME** TO BE CALM! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT I'M A PARTY TO, NOW? HAVE YOU ANY IDEA--?



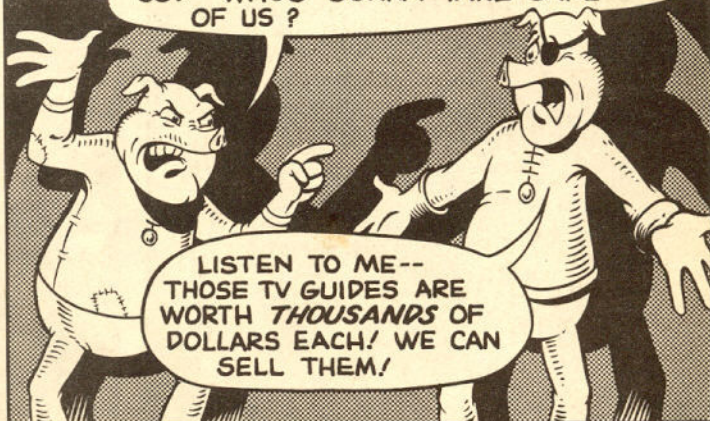
I HAD IT IN *FULL-WARP* ALL THE WAY. BUT I WASN'T SURE THAT WAS FAST ENOUGH..



FIVE BUCKS SAYS THE RIP-OFF ARTISTS ARE AS QUEER AS DELLA ZEBRA AND HIS FAKE-OUT TV GUIDES!

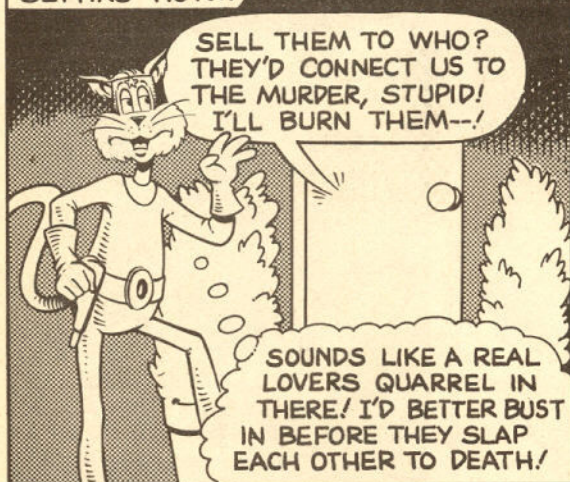
THINGS WERE FAR FROM PEACEFUL AT THE DOPPLER ARMS

YOU *HAD* TO KILL THAT GUY AT THE SHOP! NOW DELLA ZEBRA WON'T HAVE A THING TO DO WITH US! WHO'S GONNA TAKE CARE OF US?



LISTEN TO ME-- THOSE TV GUIDES ARE WORTH *THOUSANDS* OF DOLLARS EACH! WE CAN SELL THEM!

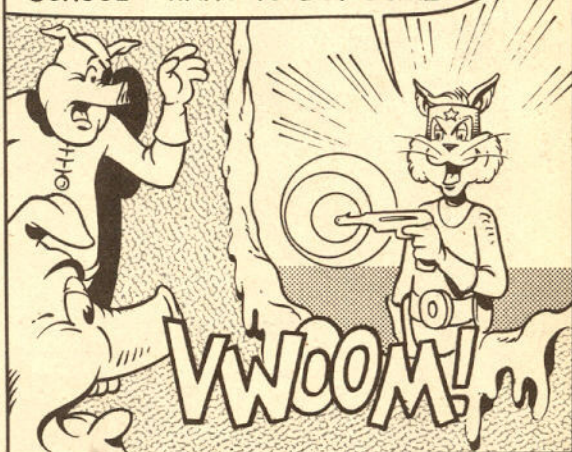
I GOT THERE JUST AS THINGS WERE GETTING HOT...



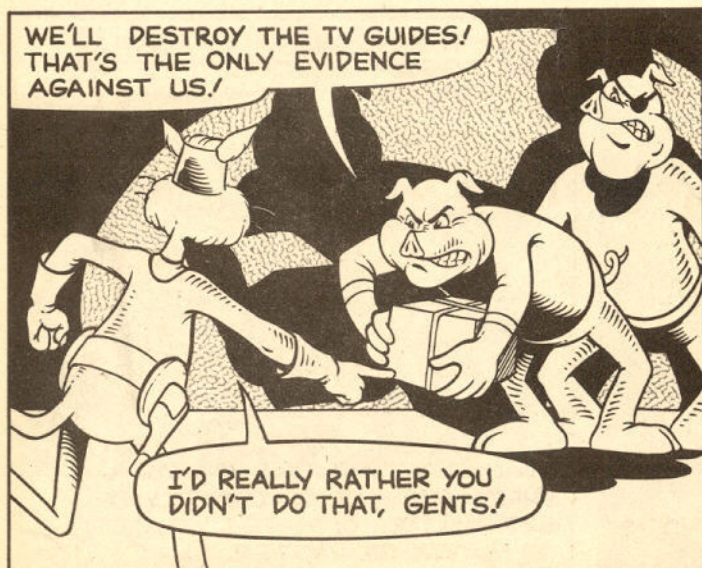
SELL THEM TO WHO? THEY'D CONNECT US TO THE MURDER, STUPID! I'LL BURN THEM--!

SOUNDS LIKE A REAL LOVERS QUARREL IN THERE! I'D BETTER BUST IN BEFORE THEY SLAP EACH OTHER TO DEATH!

HOWDY, GUYS! I'M SELLING CANDY TO WORK MY WAY THROUGH DENTAL SCHOOL. WANT TO BUY SOME?



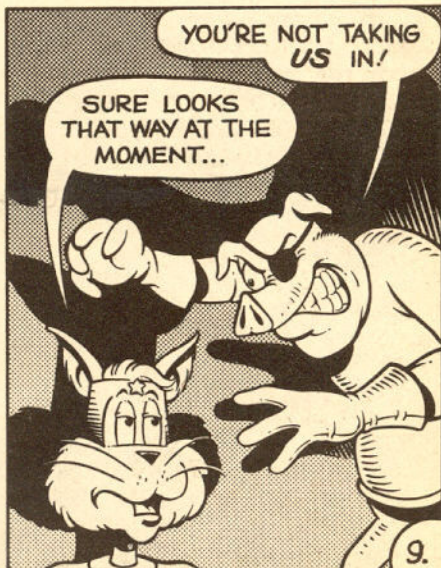
WE'LL DESTROY THE TV GUIDES! THAT'S THE ONLY EVIDENCE AGAINST US!



I'D REALLY RATHER YOU DIDN'T DO THAT, GENTS!

YOU'RE NOT TAKING *US* IN!

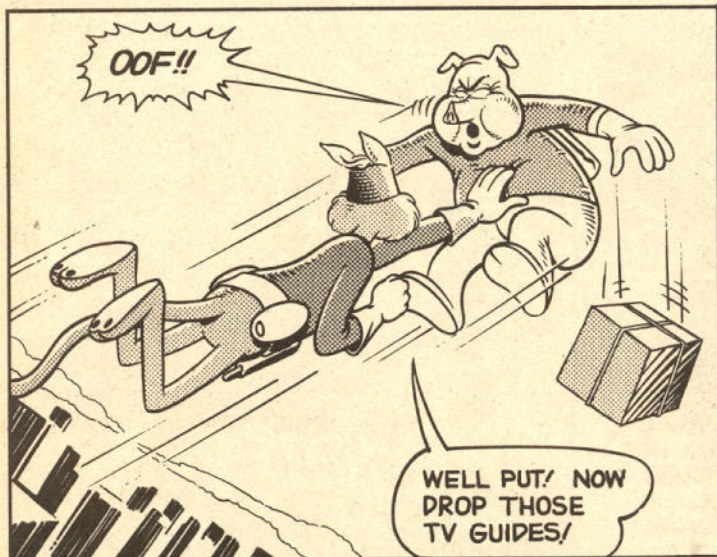
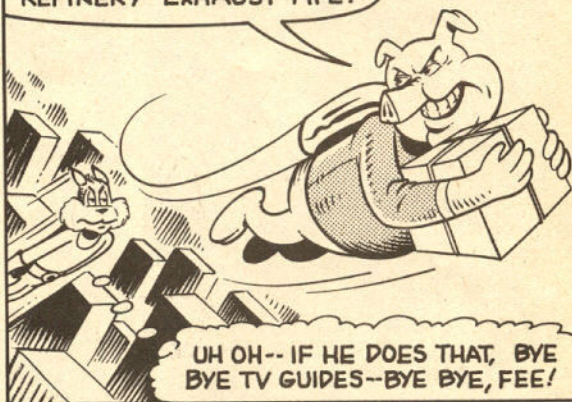
SURE LOOKS THAT WAY AT THE MOMENT...



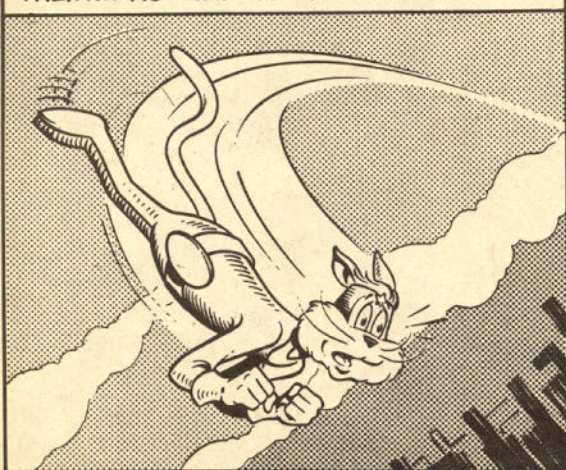


THE SCORE WAS ONE DOWN, ONE TO GO.
THE TROUBLE WAS-- THAT ONE WAS
GOING ... WITH THE TV GUIDES...

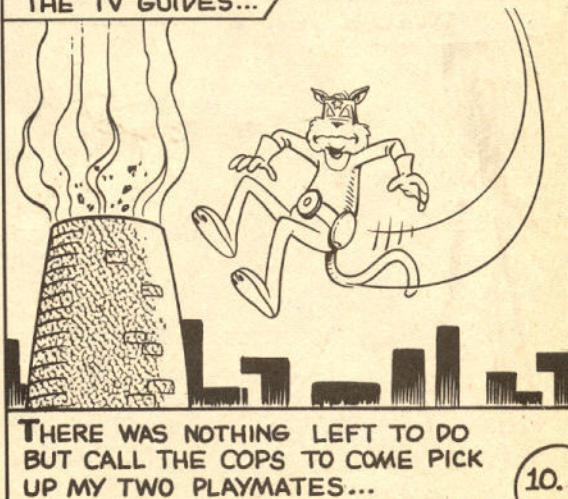
I'LL DUMP THEM IN THE
REFINERY EXHAUST PIPE!



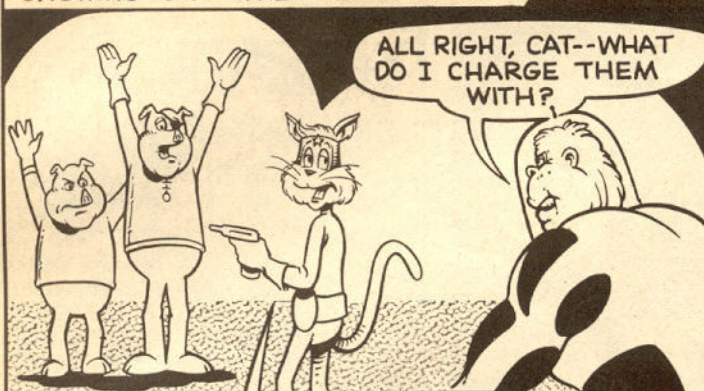
GALILEO COULD HAVE TOLD YOU-- THERE
WAS NO WAY I COULD HAVE CAUGHT
THEM... NO WAY IN THE WORLD...



DAMN THAT GALILEO. SO MUCH FOR
THE TV GUIDES...



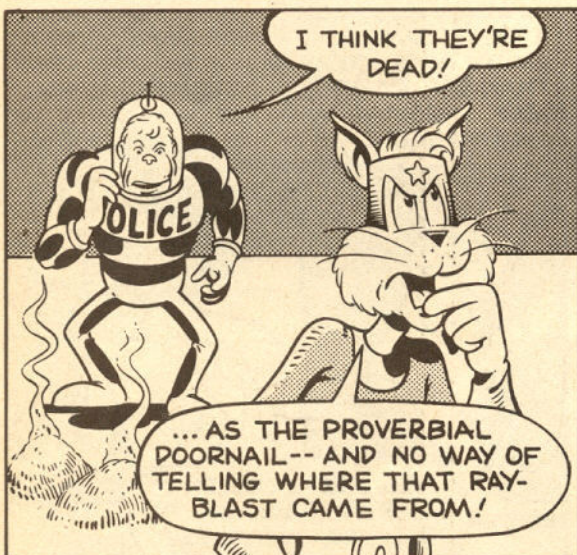
THE COPS TOOK THEIR OWN SWEET TIME ABOUT SHOWING UP. THEY USUALLY DO...



ALL RIGHT, CAT--WHAT DO I CHARGE THEM WITH?

YOU'LL THINK OF SOMETHING! JUST GRILL THEM-- THE OLD THIRD DEGREE OUGHT TO OPEN THEM UP...

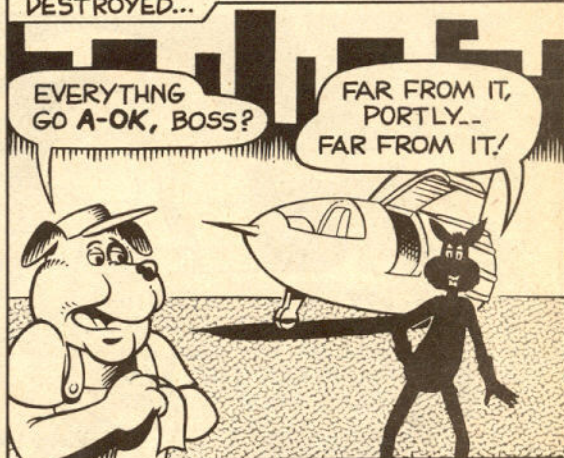
BUT THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE ANY THIRD DEGREE. JUST THEN...



I THINK THEY'RE DEAD!

...AS THE PROVERBIAL DOORNAIL-- AND NO WAY OF TELLING WHERE THAT RAY-BLAST CAME FROM!

THIS WAS WHAT YOU CALL YOUR BASIC BOMB-OUT: CROOKS DEAD, PLUS THE THING I WAS SUPPOSED TO RECOVER, DESTROYED...



EVERYTHING GO A-OK, BOSS?

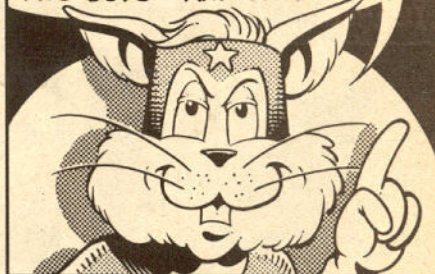
FAR FROM IT, PORTLY-- FAR FROM IT!

FIRST ONE YOU'VE BLOWN IN ALL THE TIME YOU'VE BEEN IN THE BUSINESS--WHAT IS IT? TWELVE YEARS?



YES, TWELVE YEARS-- I HAD TO LOSE ONE, SOONER OR...

HOLD EVERYTHING! ALL MAY NOT BE LOST, PORTLY! I'LL BET I KNOW WHO KILLED THOSE TWO GUYS-- AND **WHY!**



OKAY, READER--YOUR TURN! MATCH MINDS WITH THIS SPACE-AGE ELLERY QUEEN. YOU HAVE ALL THE CLUES YOU NEED-- IF YOU KNOW HOW TO PUT THEM TOGETHER...

IF YOU GUESSED IT WAS MR. VANDERGELT, GIVE YOURSELF TEN POINTS. I HUSTLED BACK TO SEE HIM...

YOU'VE COME WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY FOR MY STOLEN TV GUIDE, I PRESUME!

HARDLY! I'M ADVISING INTERWORLD INSURANCE **NOT** TO PAY OFF YOUR CLAIM--HOW MUCH IS IT? FIFTY THOUSAND?

SIXTY THOUSAND--AND WHY NOT?

THOSE TWO CROOKS NEVER CAME **NEAR** HERE, DESPITE THE FACT YOU 'SAY' YOU SAW THEM! THEY WERE STEALING **FAKE** TV GUIDES, MADE FIVE YEARS AGO...

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, VANDERGELT--**YOURS** WAS ON DISPLAY FOR TWELVE YEARS, SOMEWHERE! IT WAS A **REAL** ONE!

YOU INCINERATED THE TWO CROOKS! IF THEY'D TALKED, WE WOULD'VE FOUND OUT THEY NEVER STOLE YOUR TV GUIDE!

I CHECKED AROUND--YOUR BANK ACCOUNT'S EMPTY AND YOU'RE IN HOCK TO NO LESS THAN **SIX** GAMBLING STATIONS! SO YOU **HID** THE MAG AND PUT IN FOR INSURANCE CASH!

ANTIQUE GUN

YES, **YES**--I COULDN'T **BEAR** TO SELL MY BELOVED ANTIQUES!

WHEN I HEARD ABOUT ALL THE TV GUIDE ROBBERIES, I DECIDED TO PRETEND MINE WAS TAKEN, ALSO! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE!

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T TAKE YOUR ANTIQUES WHERE **YOU'RE** GOING, VANDERGELT! YOUR ESCORT WILL BE ALONG, MOMENTARILY!

MEANWHILE, I'M GOING TO GO SEE IF PUSSY WILLOW KNOWS ANY SCULPTORS! TA TA!

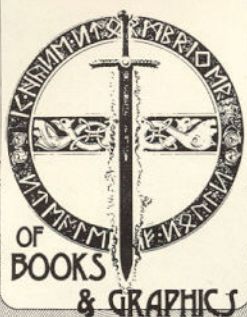
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WUNK!

END.

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