

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Quack #2

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Stories:

2 - Editorial

3 - Newton, The Rabbit Wonder

13 - The Wraith in "The Cure"

20 - Be True To Your School

23 - On The Skids in "A Day At The Rat-Race"

30 - On The Skids in "A Night At The Circus"

33 - How To Recognize An Oregon Bobcat

34 - Tales Of The Oregon Bobcat

36 - You-All Gibbon, The Junk-Food Monkey in
"The Incredible Edible Invasion Of Earth"

46 - A Job Well Done

51 - Star*Reach Productions (Ad)

52 - Duckula

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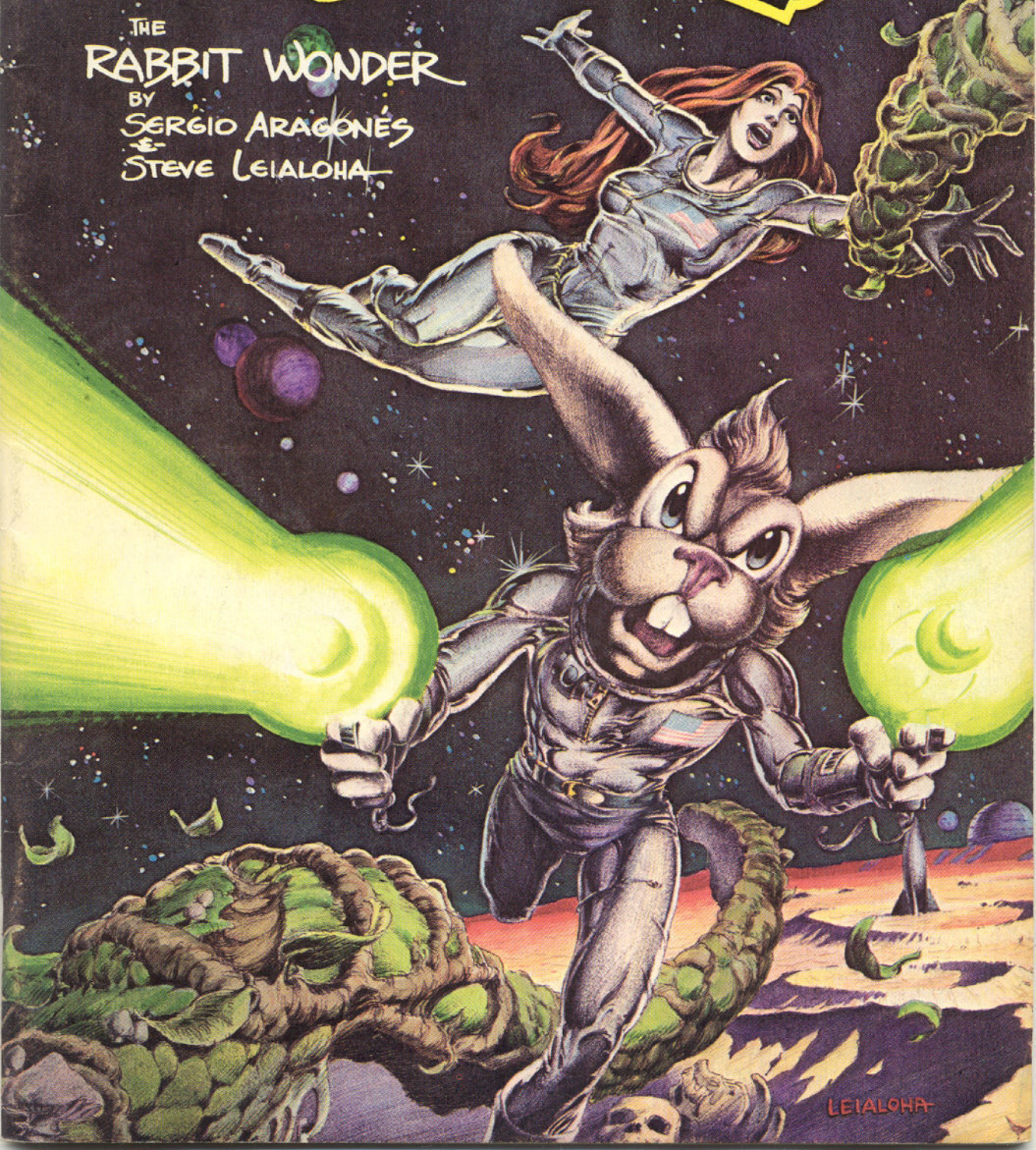
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#2

\$1.25

QUACK!

THE
RABBIT WONDER
BY
SERGIO ARAGONES
STEVE LEIALOHA





7 January 1977
Hayward, CA

Right off the top, I want to take the bull by the horns, or perhaps more appropriately, the duck by the bill, and say, yes, this comic is called QUACK! and yes, there are NO duck strips in this issue. But I think you're gonna enjoy yourselves regardless, because the stories and art in this issue are all well done. I believe you people are going to respond to "grown-up" funny-animals no matter what kind of fur (or feather) they happen to have. This is the intention of QUACK!

However, for all you absolutely unrehabilitated, totally regressive duck-freaks, rest assured that your favorite (and mine) Frank Brunner is presently at work on what he terms "the ultimate duck story"; which we will hopefully publish next issue or soon thereafter.

Before I let you go read the stories, I thought you might be interested in a bit of personal correspondence between MAD cartoonist Sergio Aragones and artist Steve Leialoha when Sergio sent Steve the script for their story

Mike Friedrich

13 SEP 76.

DEAR STEVE -

SORRY for the delay, but AS SOON AS I WAS
HERE FROM MY BRASILIAN TRIP. STARTED ON YOUR
STORY.. HOPE IT HAS ALL THE SEGMENTS YOU ASKED
FOR..

I'M LEAVING TOMORROW TO ENGLAND AND FRANCE WITH
THE MAD GROUP.. I'LL BE BACK IN CALIF IN THE
BEGINNINGS OF OCT...

AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE.. DON'T PAY ANY ATENTION TO
THE LAYOUTS IT'S JUST EASY FOR ME TO DRAW THE
STORY RATHER THAN WRITE ALL THE DESCRIPTIONS.. ALSO
YOU CAN CHANGE THE TITLE OR DIALOGUES TO FIT YOUR
DRAWINGS BETTER.. OK? HOPE YOU LIKE IT.. I THOUGHT
ABOUT IT FOR LONG TIME SO IT WAS EASY TO DRAW IT WHEN
I CAME BACK.

TALK TO YOU SOON -



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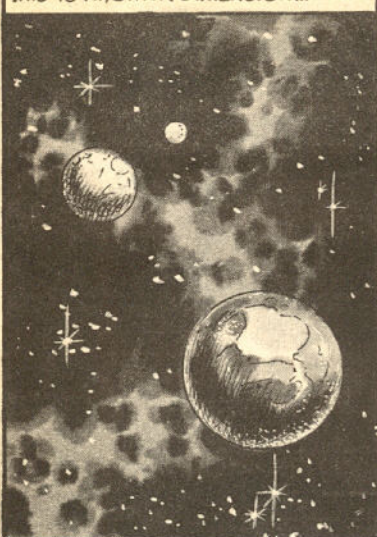
Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read; warning: no return postage and it'll be trashed.
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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD (OR REAL ANIMALS), EXCEPT FOR PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

THIS IS ANOTHER DIMENSION...



AND, OF COURSE, IT'S PARALLEL TO OURS...



SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT THOUGH...



THAT STUPID MONKEY! IT WAS A STUPID IDEA TO GO INTO THE PARALLEL UNIVERSES! WHAT GOOD IS IT, ANYWAY? ALL THE ANIMALS THERE ARE EVOLUTIONARY THROWBACKS!



YES, ONLY THE HUMAN ANIMALS SHOW ANY INTELLIGENCE, IF YOU CAN CALL IT THAT. AND THEY'RE DANGEROUS!



WE CAN'T SEND ANYONE TO THAT PLACE! IT'S POLLUTED!

Er... WHY DON'T WE... ah... WAIT, JUST TO... er... BE SAFE?

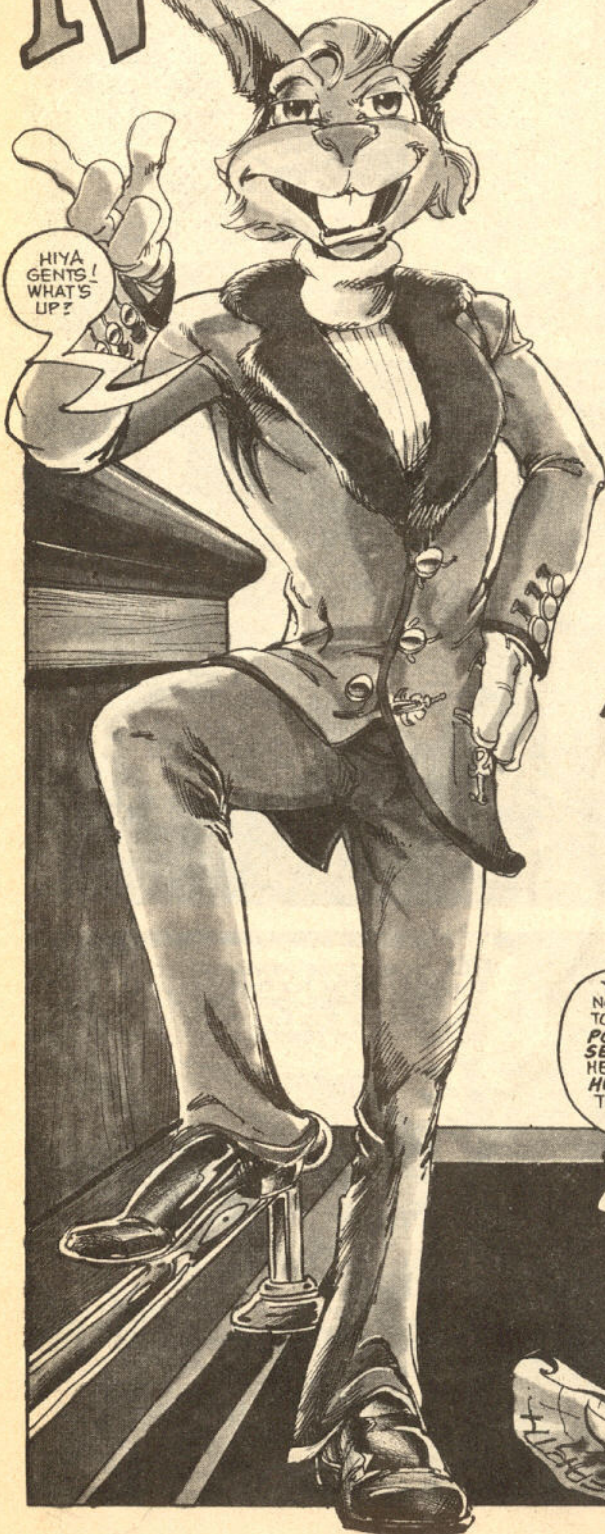


NO PLEASE! WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE! YOU KNOW THERE'S ONLY ONE WHO CAN HANDLE A JOB LIKE THIS! OK PLEASE GET MY FENTON BACK! *sob*

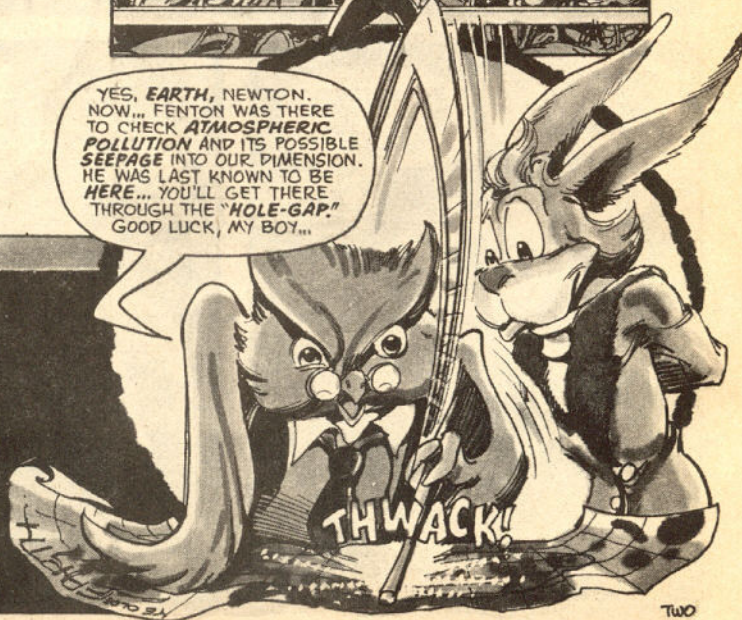


"Newton THE RABBIT WONDER!"

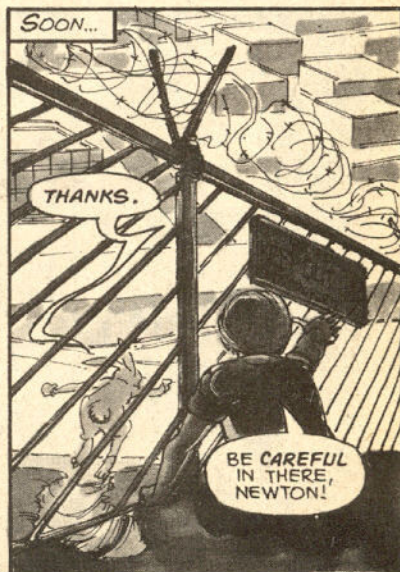
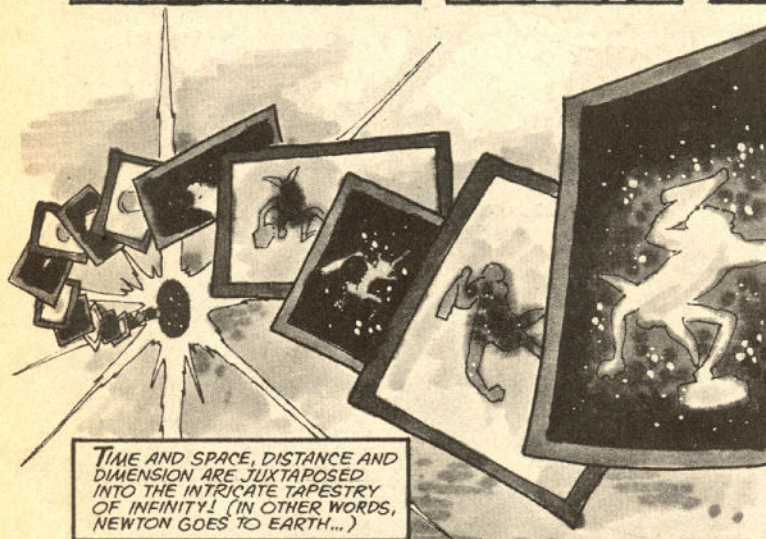
STORY & ART BY
SERGIO ARAGONÉS & STEVE LEIALOHA
LETTERING: TOM ORZECZOWSKI



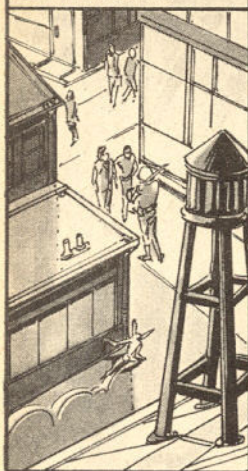
YES, EARTH, NEWTON. NOW... FENTON WAS THERE TO CHECK **ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTION** AND ITS POSSIBLE **SEEPAGE** INTO OUR DIMENSION. HE WAS LAST KNOWN TO BE **HERE...** YOU'LL GET THERE THROUGH THE "**HOLE-GAP.**" GOOD LUCK, MY BOY...



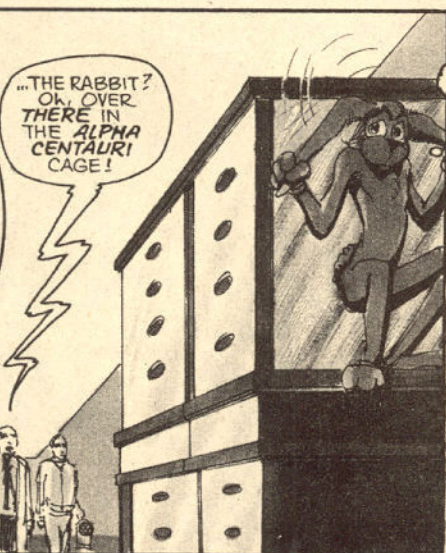
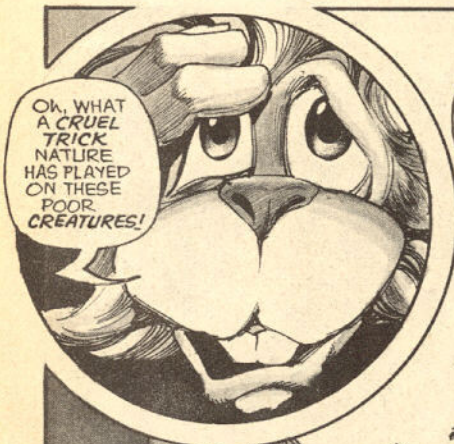
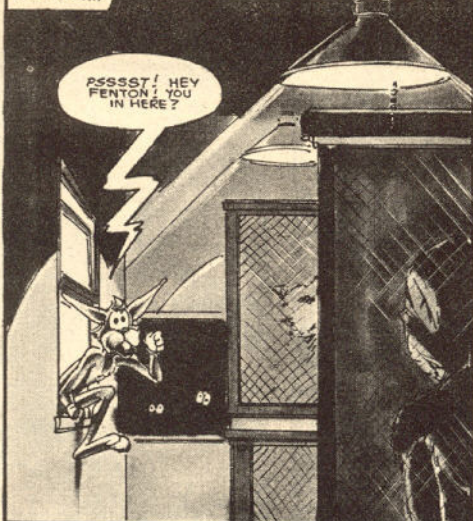
THE DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY...



THE UNUSUALLY TIGHT SECURITY PROVES TO BE NO MATCH FOR AN INCONSPICUOUS LITTLE BUNNY RABBIT...



IT'S A SHORT HOP TO THE ANIMAL RESEARCH CENTER...



THE READY ROOM...

I HOPE
THIS
RABBIT
DOES
BETTER
THAN THAT
MONKEY
WE SENT TO
ANTARES!

ANTARES?

THERE SHE IS,
MONICA! AIN'T SHE
A BEAUTY? AND
JUST THE TWO OF US
TO ALPHA CENTAURI!

AND THAT
RABBIT,
RALPH.

THE LIFT-OFF GOES
WITHOUT A HITCH...



... I KNOW THIS
NICE QUIET LITTLE
SPOT OUT
ALDEBAREN WAY...

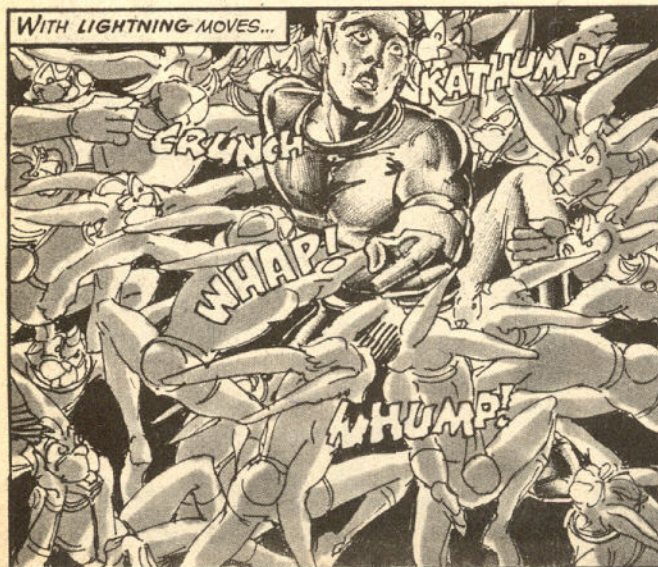
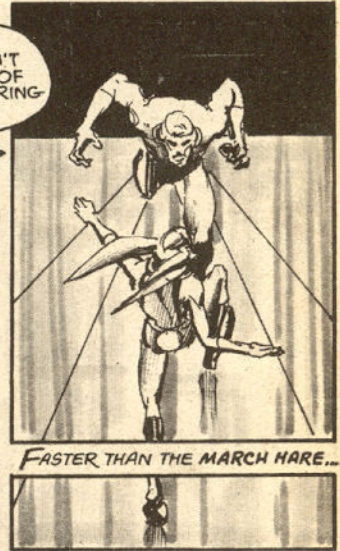
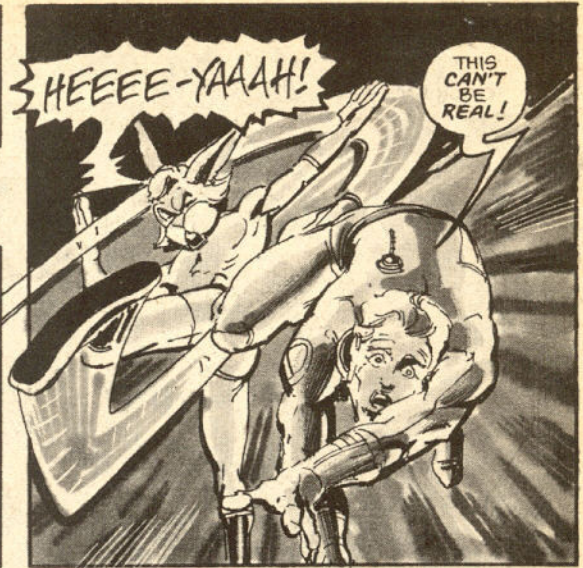
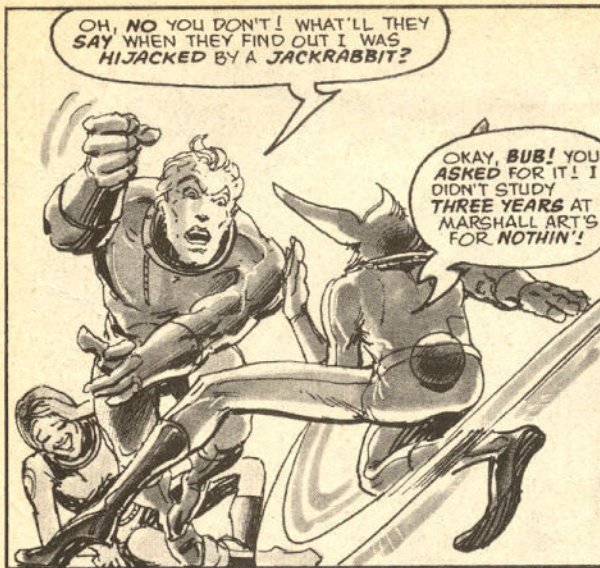
I'M SURE YOU DO,
RALPH... HEY! DID
YOU SEE SOMETHING
MOVE BACK THERE?
GO CHECK IT OUT!

10-4,
CAPTAIN!

YOU'LL GO NOWHERE
EXCEPT TO ANTARES!

HOLY
SHIT!
A TALKING
RABBIT!

I'VE RESET THE
CONTROLS... SO
YOU JUST SIT
TIGHT AND WE'LL
ALL ENJOY THIS
TRIP TOGETHER!



SO YA SEE, MONICA,
I'VE GOT TO GET POOR
FENTON BACK HOME.

BUT, NEWTON,
ANTARES IS A
DANGEROUS
UNCHARTED AREA!
THAT'S WHY ONLY
ANIMALS ARE
SENT. I MEAN,
THE DUMB ONES...
er... FORGET IT...

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE
FENTON'S SPACECRAFT, THE ANTAREAN
XLS, IS LOCATED...

GOOD NAVIGATING,
MONICA! THE XLS'S
'HOMER' IS LOUD
AND CLEAR.

WE SHOULD BE
ABLE TO FIND
HIM WITH NO
TROUBLE AT ALL.

AND THE ATMOSPHERE
CHECKS OUT OKAY TO
THREE DECIMALS...

HAAAAA...
TRACKS.

CAREFUL, NEWT!
DON'T DO ANYTHING
TO ATTRACT ANY
ATTENTION!

FENTON!
WHERE THE
HELL ARE YA?!

C'MON.



"GREAT, MONICA! I'LL PUT IT IN MY MEMOIRS... IF I HAVE ANY."

SAY!
ANY OF
YOU GALS
SEEN A
TALKING
MONKEY?

NEWTON!
THEY DON'T
SEEM TO
BE ABLE
TO TALK!

AND SPEAKING OF
TALKING, THIS IS THE
LAST TIME I'LL LET
YOU TALK ME INTO
ANYTHING!

Oh, MONICA,
YOU'RE SO
CONSERVATIVE!

RAIN!
AT LEAST
THEY CAN'T
BURN US!

SWELL. IT'S BEEN
GRAND, MONICA.
I DO WISH WE HAD
HAD MORE TIME
TO GET BETTER
ACQUAINTED!

WAIT! HOLD
EVERYTHING!

FENTON!

NEWTON! WHAT
ON EARTH... er...
ANTARES ARE YOU
DOING HERE? IN
TROUBLE AGAIN,
I SEE!

I COME ALL THIS WAY
TO RESCUE YOU, JUST
TO FIND YOU'RE HEAD
HONCHO!?

NICE GOIN' THERE, FENT!

YEAH, FUNNY
THING HAPPENED--
I GOT HERE,
TRAPPED ABOARD
THAT STUPID
SPACESHIP, WHEN...

... I RAN ACROSS
THIS ANCIENT
CIVILIZATION OF
MONKEYS--AND--
THEY'RE ALL WOMEN!

I DON'T REALLY
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO ALL OF THEIR MEN,
BUT I DO KNOW I'M
NOW THE ONLY MAN
AROUND HERE. SO, I
GOT ELECTED HEAD
MAN, IN A MANNER
OF SPEAKING!



THIS ALL SUITS ME FINE. AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO MIND... THEY'RE CRAZY ABOUT ME, NEWT.

WITH NO MEN AROUND, THEY COULDN'T REPRODUCE. THEIR CIVILIZATION WAS DYING. THEY NEEDED NEW BLOOD! I MEAN, IT WAS MY CIVIC DUTY TO HELP IN EVERY WAY I COULD. YOU DO UNDERSTAND MY... er... PREDICAMENT...



CLEARLY, MY FRIEND. YOU'RE TALKING TO A RABBIT!

OH, BROTHER!

SO, WHEN I'VE HELPED TO RESTORE THE MALE PORTION OF THIS LOVELY CIVILIZATION TO ITS PROPER BALANCE, I'LL RETURN... MAYBE!

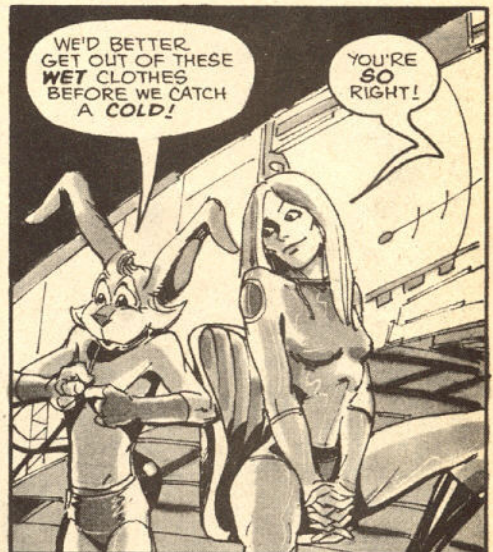
SAY, DO YOU DO BABYSITTING?



GOOD LUCK, OL' BUDDY! I MEAN-- YOUR MAJESTY! TILL WE MEET AGAIN!



ADIOS, AMIGOS!



WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THESE WET CLOTHES BEFORE WE CATCH A COLD!

YOU'RE SO RIGHT!



YOU KNOW, I LOVE RABBITS!

NEWTON, YOU'RE WONDERFUL.

YES, I KNOW.

BYE!





ONLY
NOW...

"WHAT
DO I DO
WITH IT?

THE

GORE

©

--1976--

Michael T.
Gilbert

17

LOOKIT THIS PAPER!!
FLYING SAUCER
CULTS! MOONIES!
SCIENTOLOGISTS!
I TELL YA, WRAITH—
THIS BURG IS JUST
CRAWLIN' WITH
LOONIES LATELY.

---AH INSPECTOR—
WHO IS TO SAY??
"THERE IS INDEED A
FINE LINE BETWEEN
GENIUS AND INSANITY."

MANY GENIUSES— AHEAD OF
THEIR TIME—WERE THOUGHT INSANE.

BULL!
NAME ONE!

EDISON.

ANOTHER...

GALILEO

ANOTHER

PARVA

I KNOW!!
I'LL HAVE A
PHARMACEUTICAL
COMPANY
MANUFACTURE
MY SERUM.

I'LL PUT ON MY
COAT AND HOP
RIGHT DOWN!

OH COME OFF IT, WRAITH! YER GOIN'
"SQUIRRELY" TOO. THOSE GUYS ARE IN TH'
PAST. SHOW ME A GENIUS NOW, WHY DONTCHA?

OH!
excuse
me!

USELESS
INSPECTOR.

WATCH IT,
PERCY...

BUM!

WITH YOUR THIMBLE MIND, YOU
WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE A GENIUS
IF YOU BUMPED INTO HIM...

I'LL
TRY DOW
CHEMICALS
FIRST, SINCE

DROWN
CAT

Glub!

THEY'RE
ONE OF
THE LARGEST
COMPANIES
LOCATED

WAS
AAAAKKK!!

NEARBY.
I'LL ASK
FOR A
REASONABLE
PERCENTAGE

SPASH!

OF THE
GROSS PROFIT
SIXTY PERCENT
SOUNDS LIKE
A FAIR NUMB

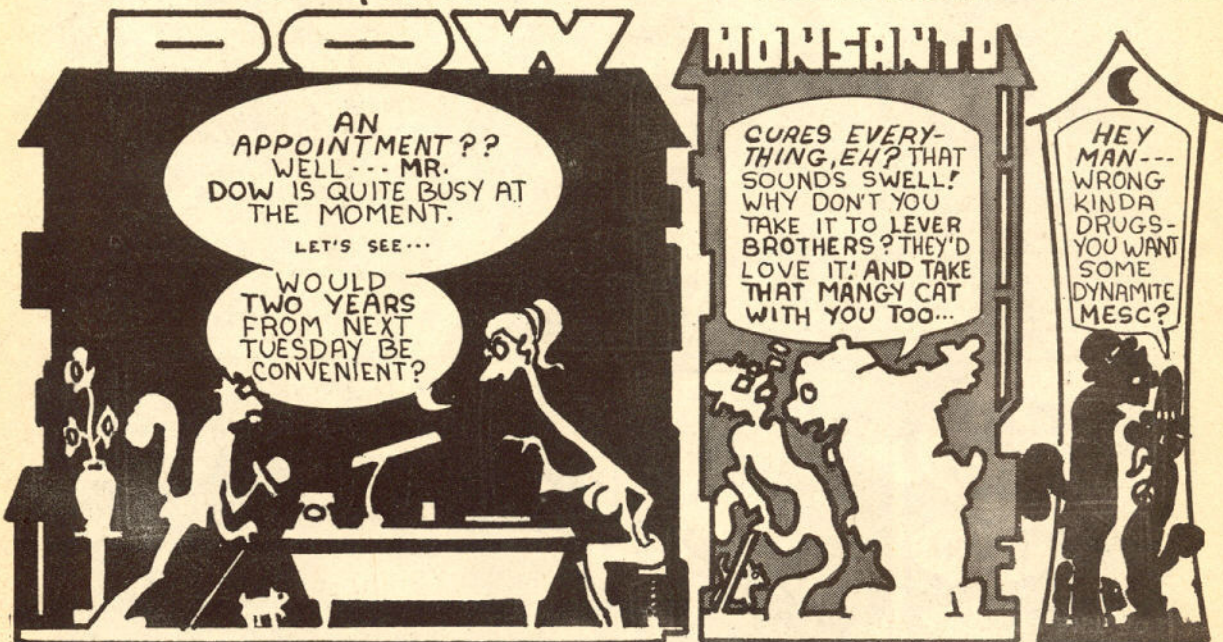
SQUIRT!
SQUIRT!
meow

And so, filled with hope, Izzy visited the chemical manufacturers, large and small.

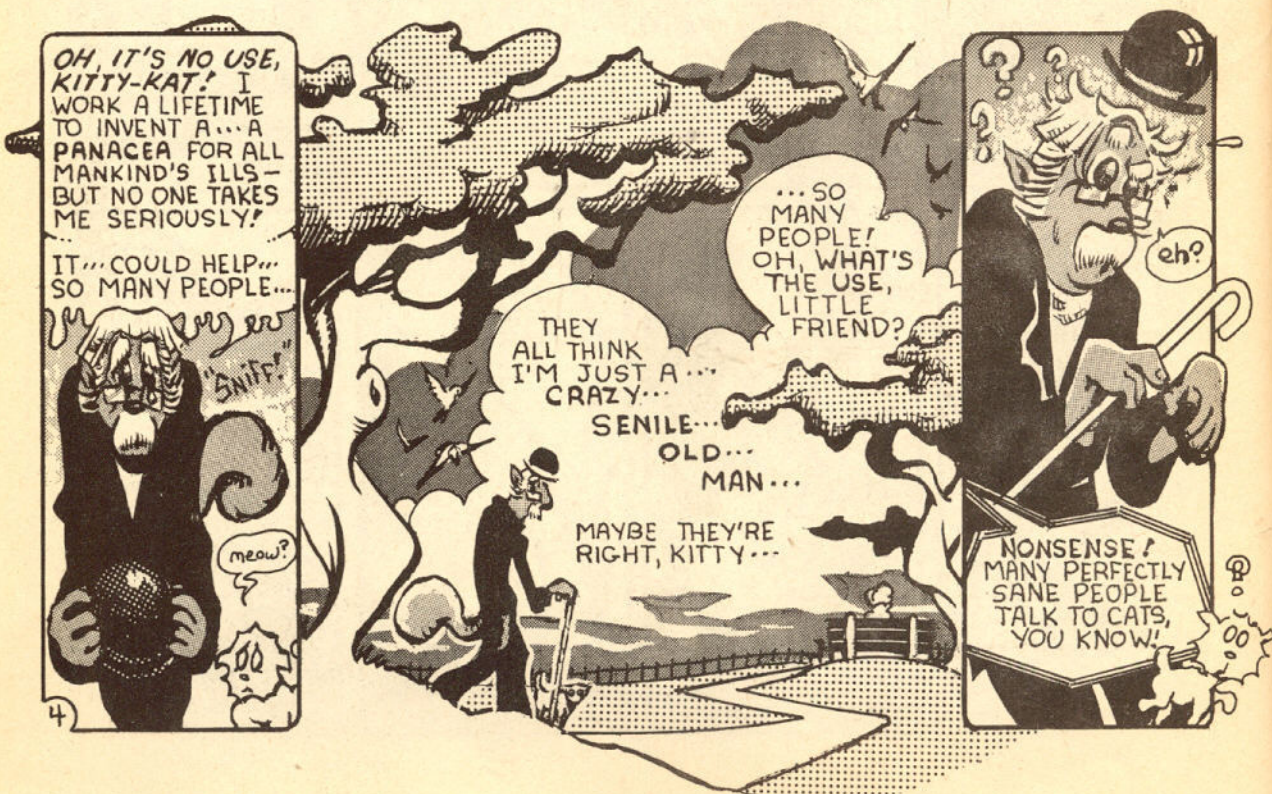
AND, ONE BY ONE, IZZY DEMONSTRATED THE PRODUCT OF HIS GENIUS TO ALL THE COMPANIES

from the largest...

to the mediumest... to the smallest...

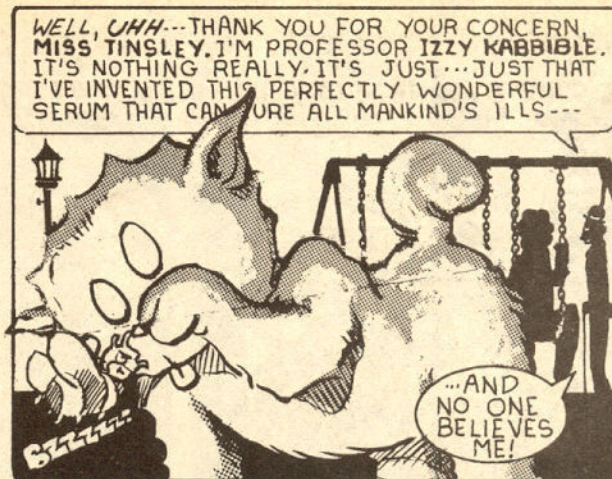


with no success





SORRY I STARTLED YOU, MISS CYNTHIA TINSLEY'S MY NAME. YOU SEEM SO SAD. CARE TO TALK ABOUT IT?



...AND NO ONE BELIEVES ME!

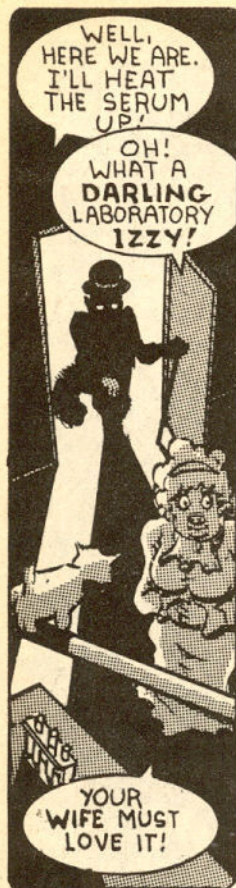


...AND FURTHERMORE, AS A MAJOR STOCKHOLDER IN DOW CHEMICALS — I MAY BE IN A POSITION TO ASSIST YOU "IZZY-POO" {IF I'M NOT BEING TOO FAMILIAR??}

NOT AT ALL, MISS CYNTHIA — {IF I'M NOT BEING TOO BOLD?} A STOCKHOLDER, YOU SAY?

...51% OF THE COMPANY, IZZY. BUT WE MUSTN'T DELAY — FOR YOU SEE ---

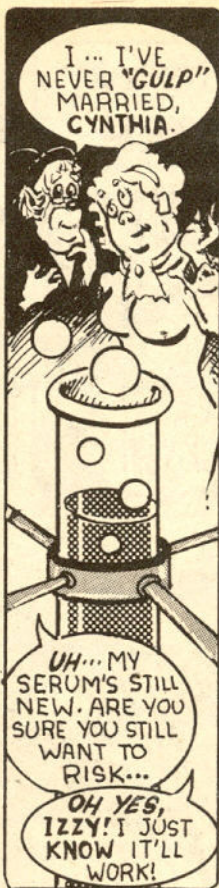




WELL, HERE WE ARE. I'LL HEAT THE SERUM UP!

OH! WHAT A DARLING LABORATORY IZZY!

YOUR WIFE MUST LOVE IT!



I ... I'VE NEVER "GULP" MARRIED, CYNTHIA.

UH... MY SERUM'S STILL NEW. ARE YOU SURE YOU STILL WANT TO RISK...

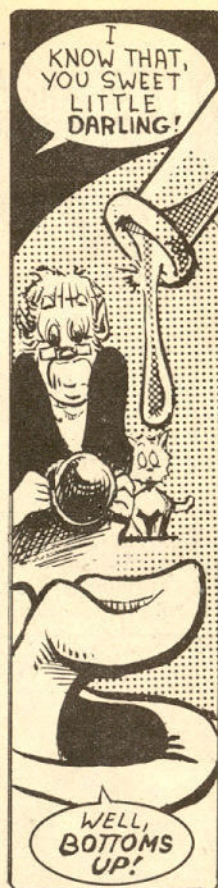
OH YES, IZZY! I JUST KNOW IT'LL WORK!



THEN WE'LL HAVE IT MANUFACTURED. YOU'LL BE RICH! FAMOUS!

OH, PSHAW!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT! I JUST WANT TO HELP PEOPLE.



I KNOW THAT, YOU SWEET LITTLE DARLING!

WELL, BOTTOMS UP!



HMMM!! NOT BAD-KIND OF TASTY.

GOOD! DO YOU FEEL ANYTHING YET?

WHY YES! KIND OF... TINGLY INSIDE. AND...



...AND KIND OF... DIZZY, IZZY~ IZZY!!

AAAAA!
MY THROAT!!

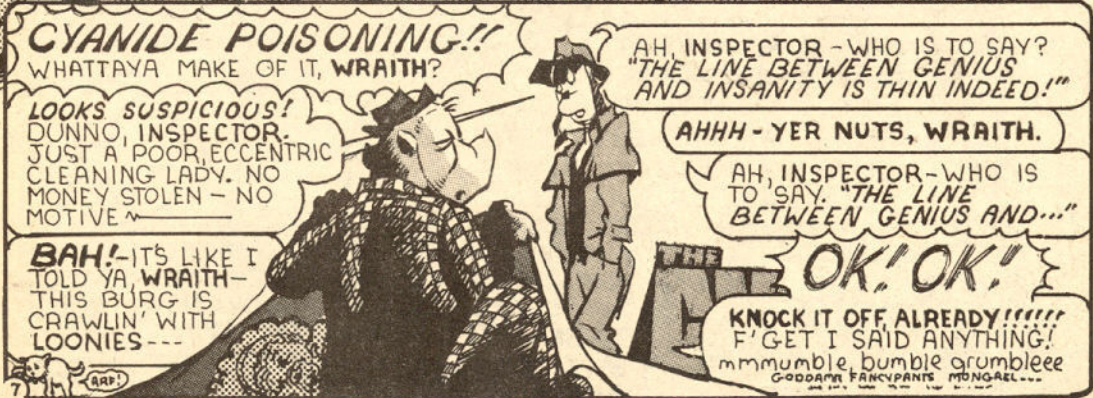
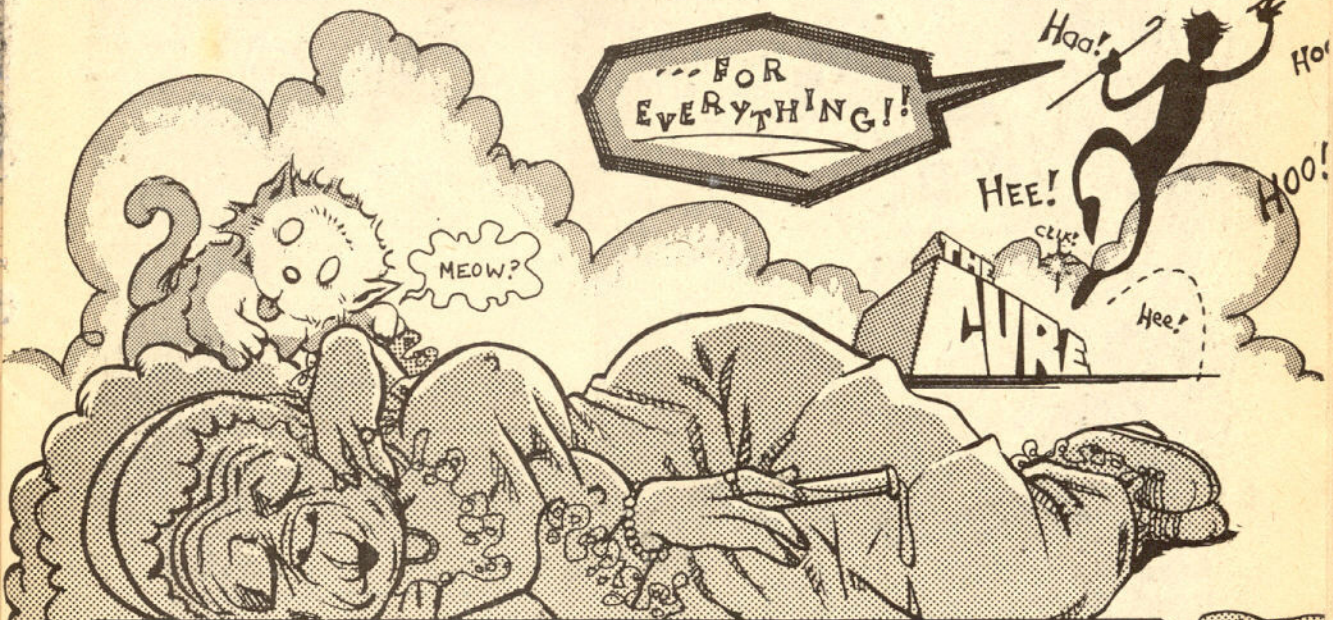
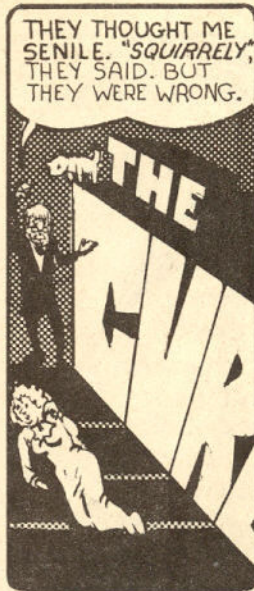


...POISON...



meow P

THUD!



BE TRUE to Your School

A FISH SHTICK

I gotta get outta here!

I just can't stand it anymore, cooped up in this stuffy little cubicle like I was a common criminal or something!

Doing the same goddam stupid things, day after day, after day, after d--

No! No!
No!

MY MIND ISN'T REAL;
I MADE UP MY MIND.

©1976 by Steve Skeates

THIS IS THE SCHOOL,
OUR SCHOOL --

PHISCH UNIVERSITY, A
CLEVER AND CRAFTY
LITTLE COLLEGE NESTLED
AWAY AMID THE MAJESTIC
CORAL-ENCUSTED ROCKS
JUST EAST OF THE GREAT
OIL SLICK

THERE ARE NUMEROUS SUBJECTS
ONE CAN STUDY HERE -- EVERY-
THING FROM CAVIAR PRODUCTION
TO SEA WEED ARRANGEMENT...
BUT I DON'T STUDY
ANYTHING AT ALL!

MY NAME IS FISH
FRIDAY -- AND I'M
A CARP!

P.U.

IT WAS TUESDAY THE 23rd. I WAS OUT WALKING WITH SWEET BESSIE THE PIKE, MY INTENDED...

THE TWO OF US TAKING A PLEASANT STROLL AMONG THE ROLLING REEFS WEST OF THE CAMPUS...WHEN SUDDENLY...

Uh-oh! This is a new one on me!

I can almost smell the danger wafting through the brine...

I'd better be on the look out for...

...for something!

THEN, WITHOUT FURTHER WARNING...

Oh my God!
It's a female orgasm!

Get thee behind me, Sweet Bessie! That thing means business!

Aww, C'mon now, Fish! Whaddaya getting so upset about? I mean ... who's afraid of a little orgasm?

Bessie, look out!

Oh no! It's got her--
grabbed her up in
its merciless grasp!

Good God! She's
been completely
enveloped by
that thing!

mmmm...
yesssss...

Oooooh!
Ahhhh!
Eeeee!
Ummm!

No way I can
save her now!

I FINNED BACK TO THE CAMPUS, DEEPLY LOST IN SAD THOUGHT...

It's too bad about poor Sweet Bessie!

Good thing she's not the only fish in the sea, but still I'm gonna miss her!

CAMPUS

BUT JUST THEN...

Hey, Fish! How about waiting up for a second, will ya? Then you can...mmm ...walk me back to the dorm!

Bessie! You escaped!

Escaped? Hell, there was nothing to escape from! I told you that cute little orgasm wasn't worth worrying about!

Besides, that wasn't a real orgasm!

wha-?

You mean...?

Yes!

Gee Whiz, Bessie! I'm surprised at you! I thought our relationship was based on honesty!

I know you did it for me, so that I'd feel more like a man! But still--

FINNY

HEY, LOOK, GANG!
NOW YOU CAN
HAVE YOUR OWN
ORGASM!

JUST CUT HER
OUT AND FOLD
ALONG DOTTED
LINES TO STAND!

FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

TRAPPED ON A WORLD THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT !!!

ON THE SKIDS!

© 1977

FEATURING THOSE
COOL CATS FROM
QUEENS STARRING IN:

"A DAY AT THE RAT-RACE"

STORY-ART
LETTERS
ALAN
KUPPERBERG
© 1977

575

...MUMBLE...
...MUMBLE...

SO WHAT'S
HAPPENING, SHORT,
FAT AND
HOPELESS?

"SO WHAT'S HAPPENING?"
YOU CALLED ME,
ALPHONSE!

"BIG RUSH!"
"COME QUICK!"
"MEET ME AT THE
COMIC COMPANY."
Y SAID!

AND I'D LOVE
TO THANK:
MARY SKRENES
STEVE GERBER+
ALAN WEISS
FOR A WRITING
ASSIST AND FOR
BRINGING THE
SNACKS.
-Kupfer-

SO, HERE
I AM! NOW
WHY AM
I?

WELL,
YOU KNOW HOW I
HATE TO GO UP THERE
ALONE, GASTON!

OH GOD!
BABYSITTING AGAIN!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
YOU KNOW THEY CAN'T
STAND ME UP THERE!

BUT YOU
WORK
FOR
THEM!

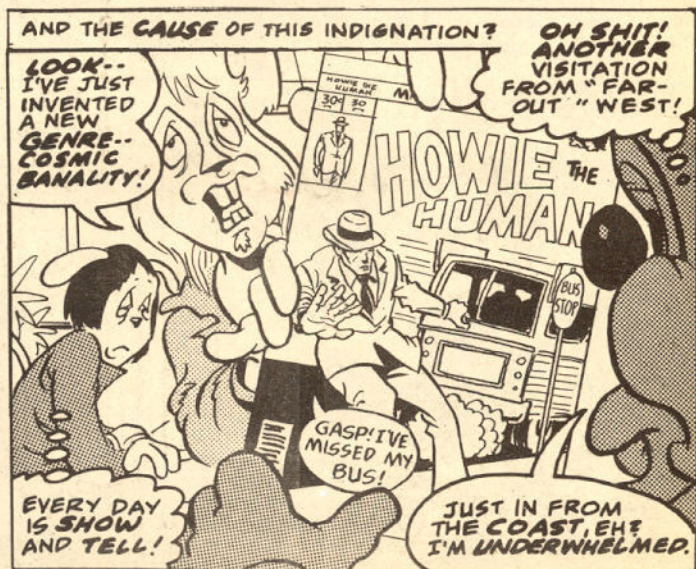
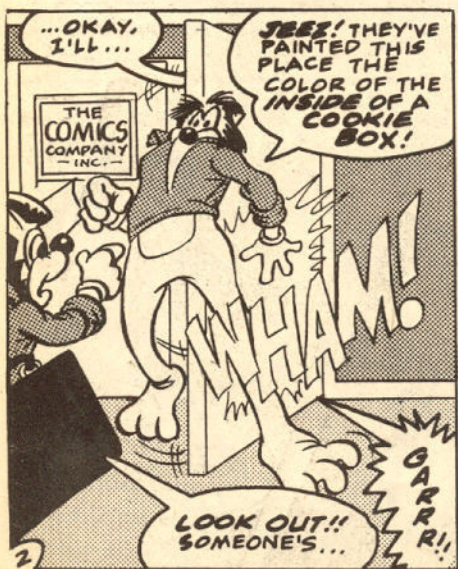
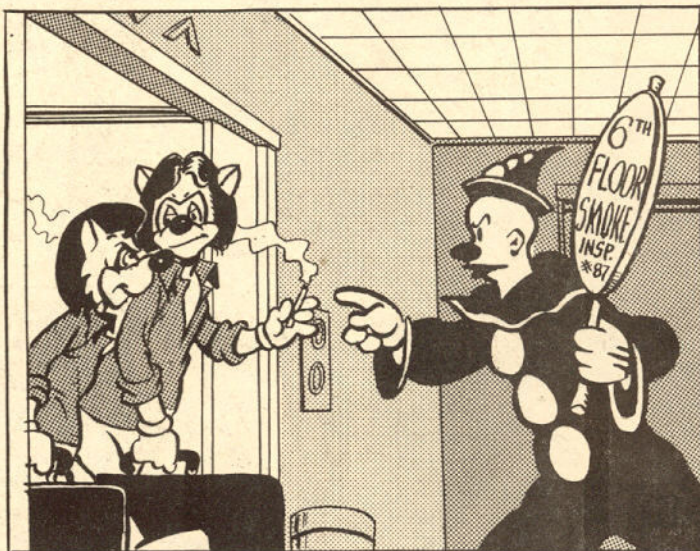
HEY... GOT A SMOKE?
I'M TOO LAZY TO
GET MINE.

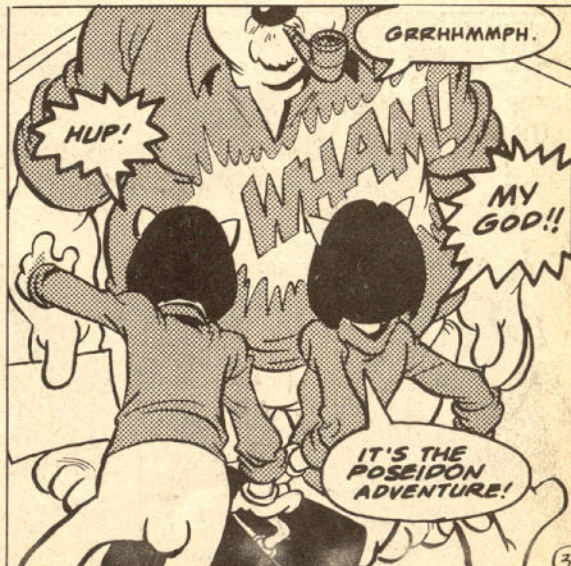
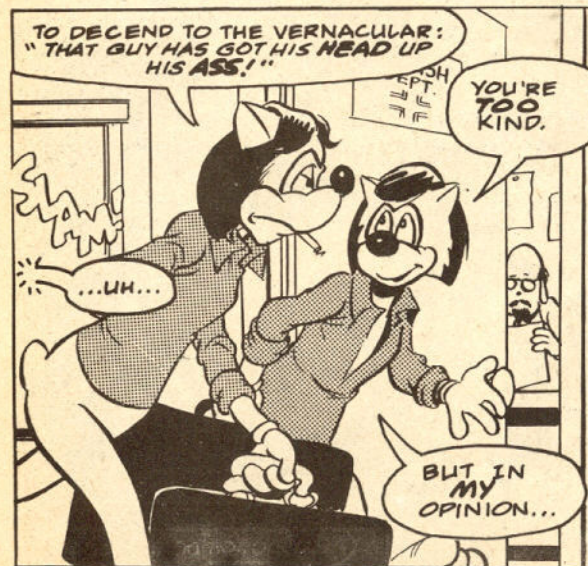
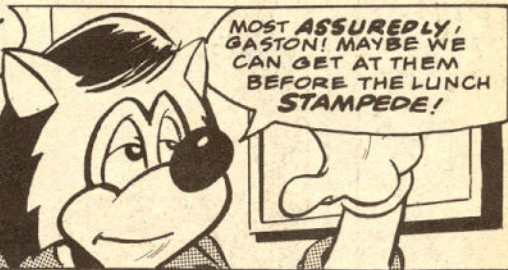
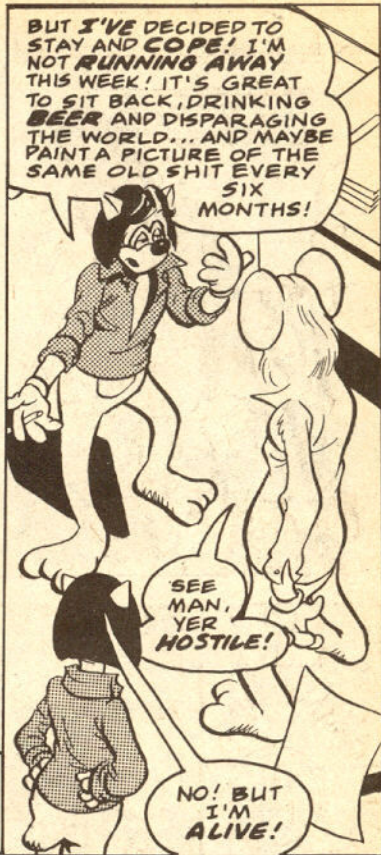
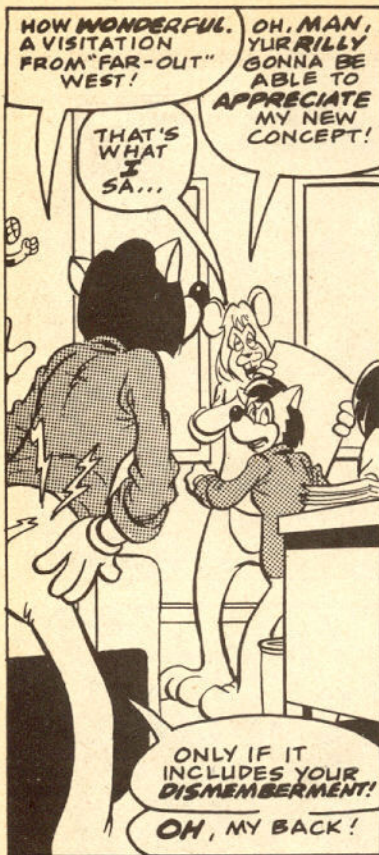
PLAYING ON MY
SYMPATHIES AGAIN,
EH?

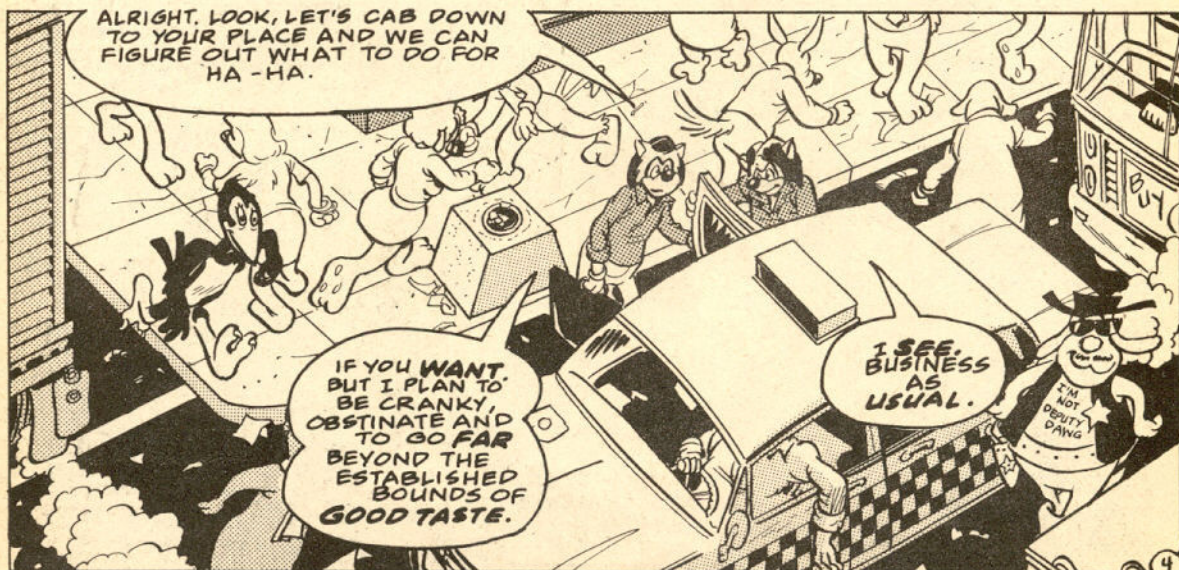
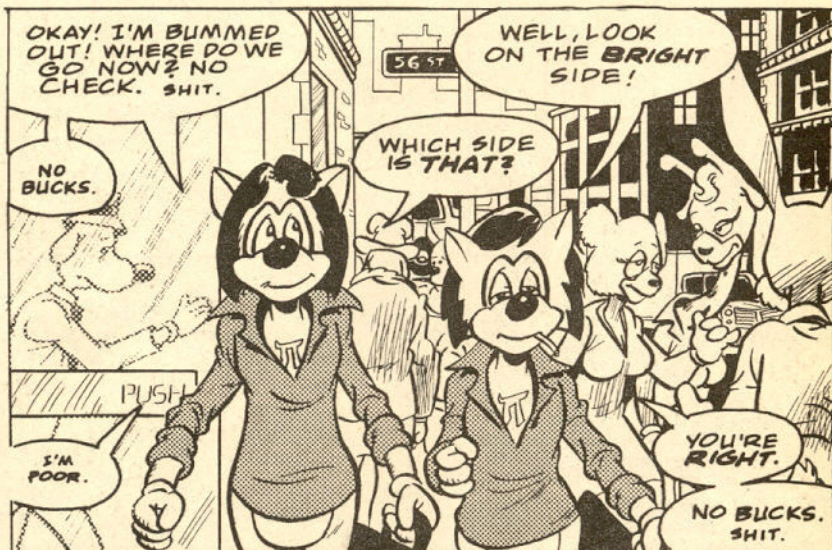
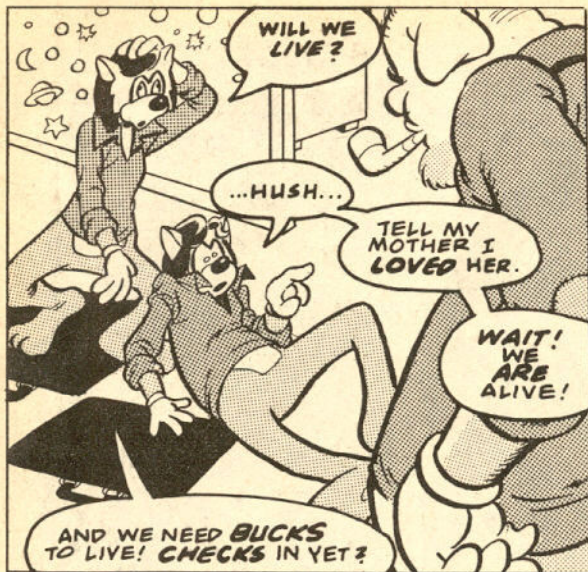
HERE.

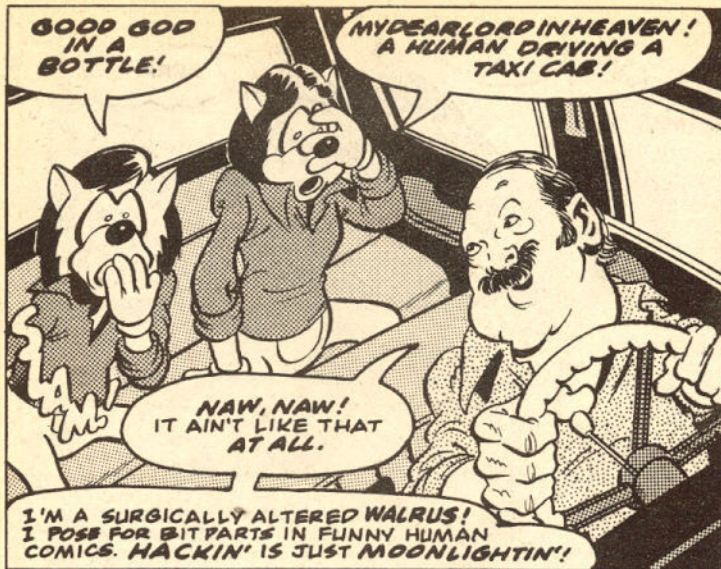
WHY BE NICE TO TALENT?
BESIDES, IF THEY WERE
NICE, THEY MIGHT FIGURE
I'D BE ASKING TO BE
PAID NEXT.

GRACIAS.









AS AN AGING DRAG QUEEN IN "THE DECO DESPERADOS" IN THE NATIONAL LAPOON ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HUMOR SEPT., 1973

AND, WHEN IT CAME DOWN AGAIN, "COUNT BARSAC" REALIZED AT LAST...



THE VAMPIRE SLAYING MAYOR IN "THE LIVING DEAD" FROM VAMPIRE TALES. JAN., 1973

AS SEEN IN THE AUG. 14, 1972 EPISODE OF "CANNON" IN THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY.

YEAH, YEAH... I WUZ ALL OF DEM! I'M GOIN' FOR SOME BIG PARTS SOON TOO.

MY AGENT SAYS IF I'M REAL CAREFUL WIT' DIS FACE O'MINE I KIN MAKE A FORTUNE!

YEAH---WELL THAT'S REAL INTERESTING, BUT...

HEY-- D'YA REMEMBER WHEN I PLAYED...

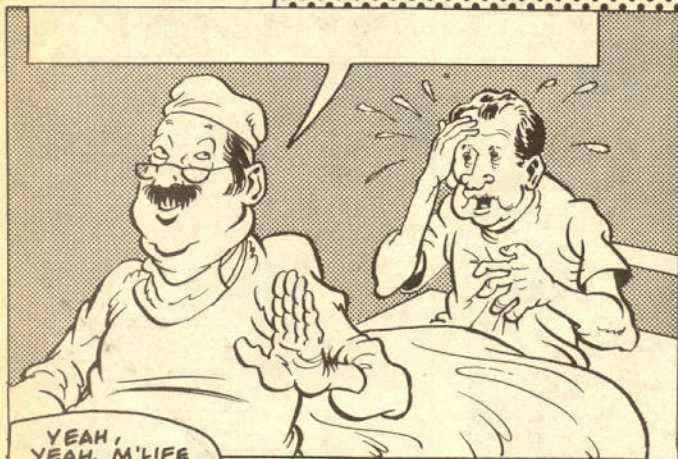
MOORE RELATES THE BIZARRE EVENTS...

MY FAULT, SIR! BUT ALL THE OTHER ROOMS WERE BOOKED OR C'D NEVER HAVE RENTED YOU THAT CHAMBER, WHICH SOMETIMES IS HAUNTED!

BY WHOSE GHOST?

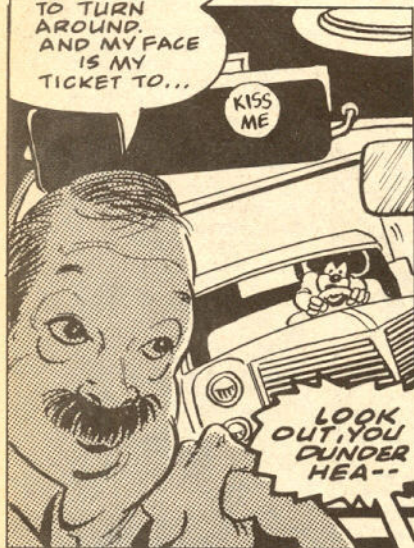
THE KINDLY INNKEEPER IN "THE FIREPLACE", RIPLEYS BELIEVE IT OR NOT. APRIL 1974.

NOT SO KINDLY DOCTOR IN "TURNING THE TABLES!"
CRAZY MAG. MAR., '77.



YEAH,
YEAH, M' LIFE
IS STARTIN'
TO TURN
AROUND.
AND MY FACE
IS MY
TICKET TO...

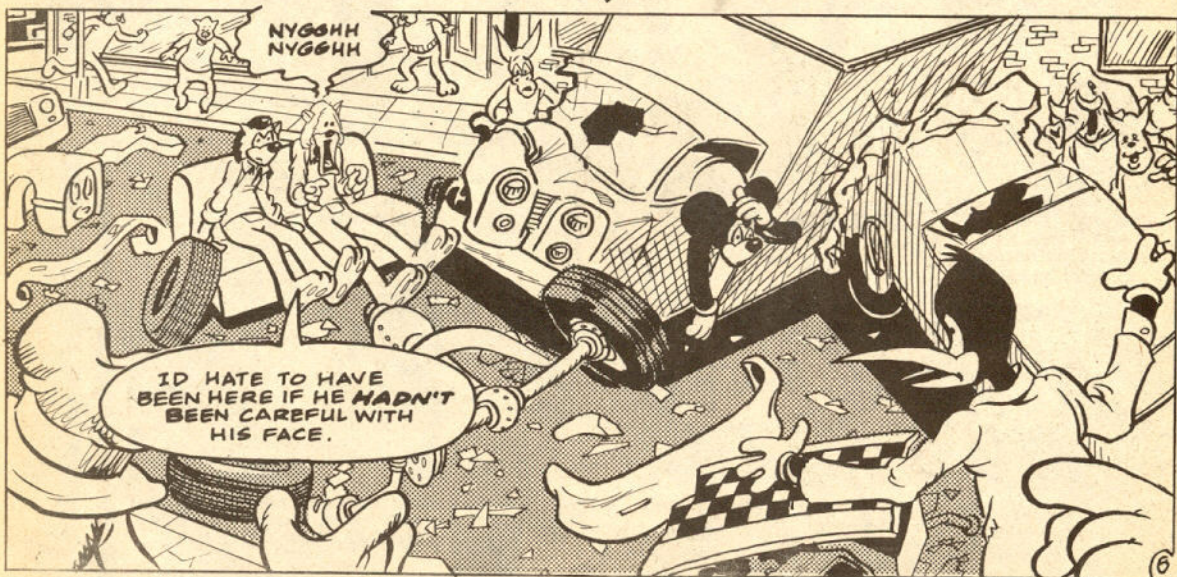
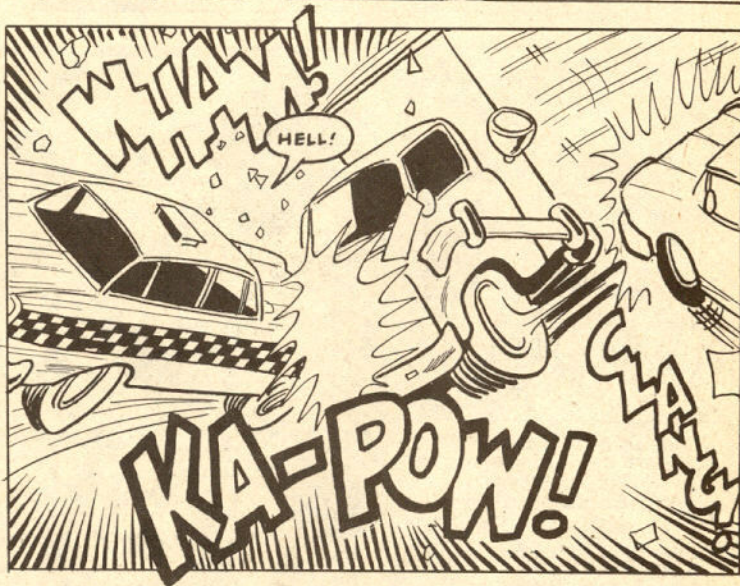
KISS
ME



LOOK
OUT, YOU
DUNDER
HEA--

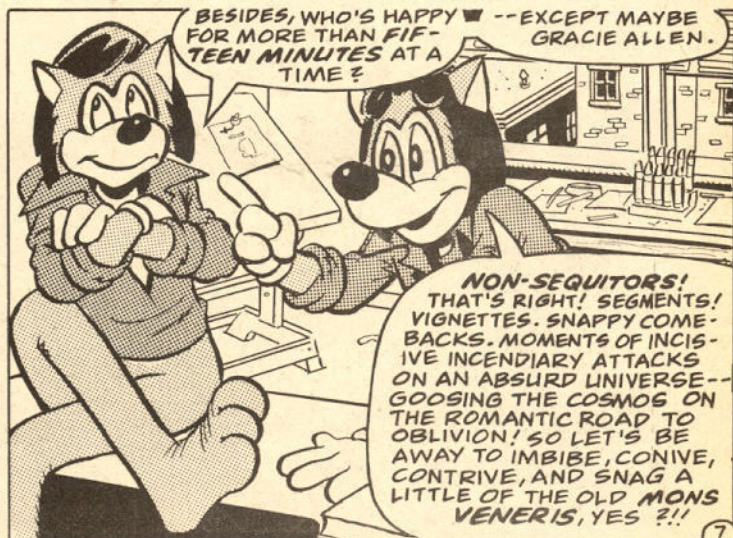
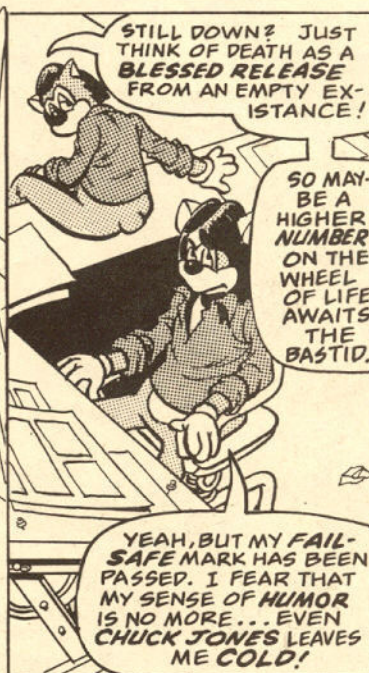
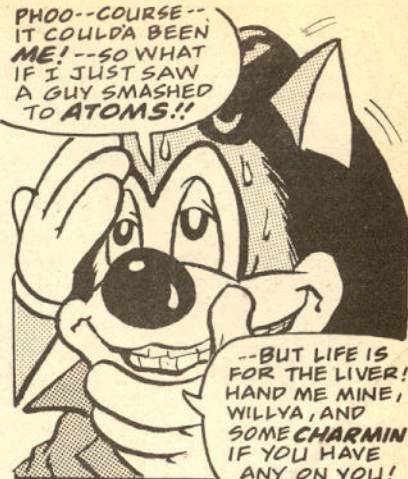


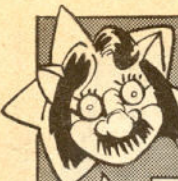
IN "AN INTERVIEW WITH A TAXICAB
FLEET OWNER." FROM PARODY
MAGAZINE. FEB., 1977.



NYGGHH
NYGGHH

ID HATE TO HAVE
BEEN HERE IF HE HADN'T
BEEN CAREFUL WITH
HIS FACE.





On The Skids



OH SHIT.

CHAPTER TWO:

A NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS!!

I CAN MAKE YOU DO ANYTHING.

THAT GORILLA'S CUTE... SO BIG... COULD CRUSH ME... HMM... LIKE TO CLIMB HIM... 'CAUSE HE'S THERE.

NOW TO PROJECT CONFIDENCE... SEXY BUT NOT CHEAP-- HE MAY HAVE BUCKS.

VODKA AND TRIX.

FEH! IT'S NOT LIKE THE MOVIE!

--IT'S COMPLEX, MAN.

A SHOT OF SWINE FLU, SON.

EVERYONE IN THIS STRIP IS SO INTO THEMSELVES. I DON'T MIND BEING ALONE...

IT NEVER CHANGES!

...SO I SEE...

SAME GODDAMN ANIMALS IN HERE! ANIMALS, ALLOF 'EM. 'SPECIALLY THE "FEMALES". THE ONE TO MY RIGHT IS A YAWN OF THE HELEN REDDY SCHOOL.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR FIVE HOURS! IT'S ALMOST 3:30.... A.M.!! I'M BORED!

HE'S BOARD.

OH, PIG LEAVINGS...

HUH?

...I DO MIND NOT GETTING ANY LINES THOUGH.

I'M LEAVING!

I'LL KILL YOU.

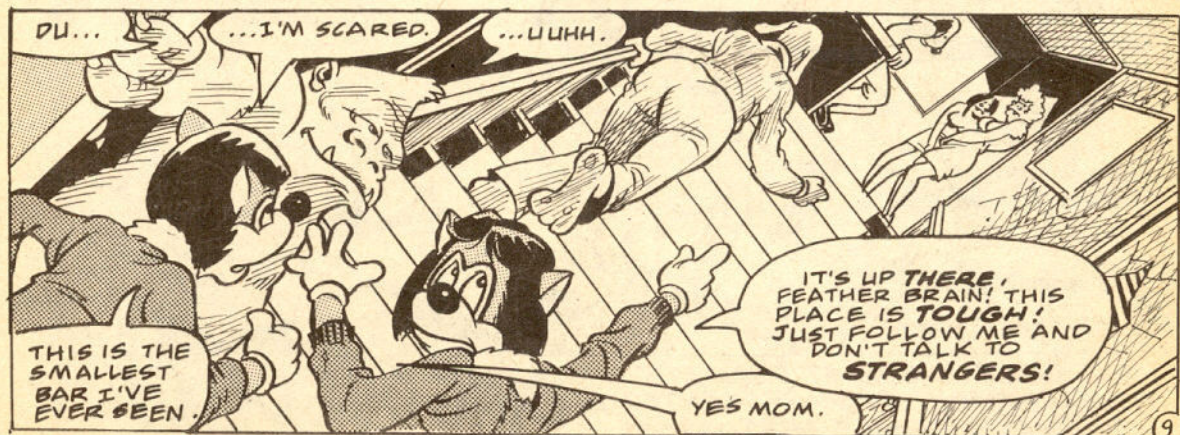
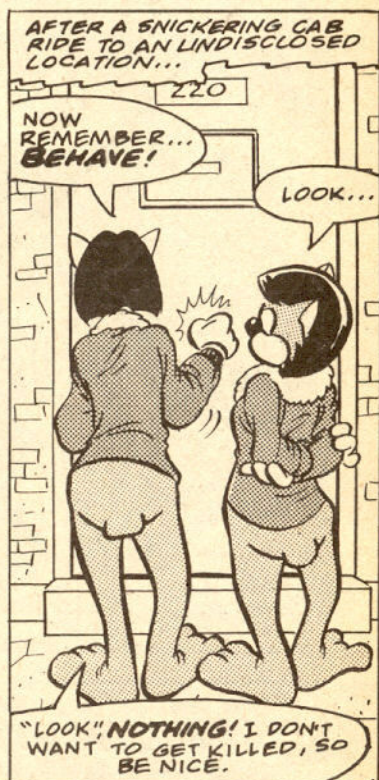
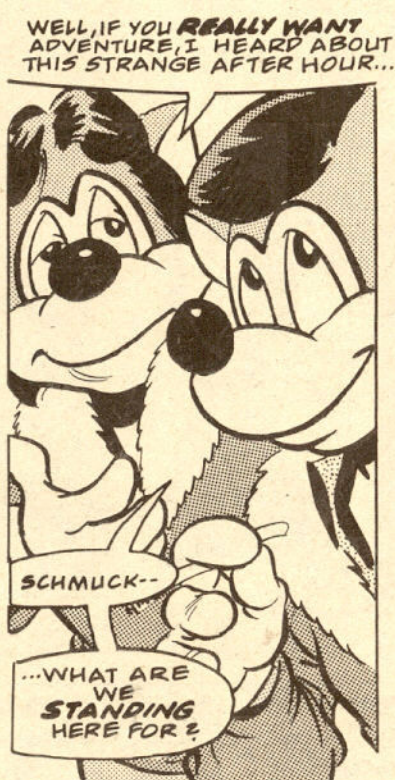
HE'S BORED. HOW'D YOU LIKE HIM TO MASTERFULLY MANIPULATE YOU. HE'S A WALKING COMPENDIUM OF FOSSIL HUMOR-- MINE PAL!!

I TAKE A LOT.

YO, MAN.

--BUT HE TAKES MORE. OH WELL.

LOOSE JOINTS.



OKAY--ACT LIKE A TWIT!!
I'M GOING UP TO HA-HA-
WHEEZERLAND.

HEY!!

DON'T
FORGET YOUR
TOUR
GUIDE!

BUY ME
A
DRINK?

WHO...
WHO...
WHO...

OOH. AN
OWL IN **CAT**
DRAG. I NEVER
MADE IT WITH AN
OWL.

BLACK BEAUTIES

HMMM

GOT ANY
LUDES
SUN
SHINE

LOOSE
JOINTS

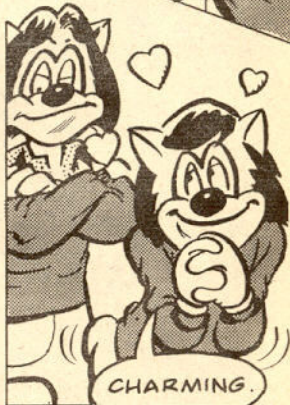
I'LL XEROX
YOUR--

HEY...

COULD YOU
XEROX ME
A COPY?

YOU KNOW--ONE OF
THESE DAYS YOU ARE GOING
TO TRANSGRESS THE UNWRITTEN
LAW!

ALL-RIGHT!



CHARMING.

I'D BREAK YOUR **ARM**...
BUT I MIGHT NEED YOU TO
HOLD ME **UP** LATER!

LUDES

GOOD
SMOKE

NOW BE
CALM.

RRRHHH

CALM? AFTER
THE HORROR STORIES
YOU TOLD ME ON THE
WAY OVER HERE?

OH, I'M CALM.

GOT ANY
DRAMAMINE?

KA-KRIK
KA-KRIK

SHUDDUP!

HOOT
HOOT

...BECAUSE...

...WE'RE...

...GOING
IN!!

BREET
GROOT

CHITTER
CHITTER

CHIRP
CHIP

I THINK.

NEXT ISSUE--THE MOST DRAMATIC
DEVELOPEMENT EVER PRESENTED IN **DING DOG DADDY**--WITH
IN QUACK COMICS HISTORY--DAISY!



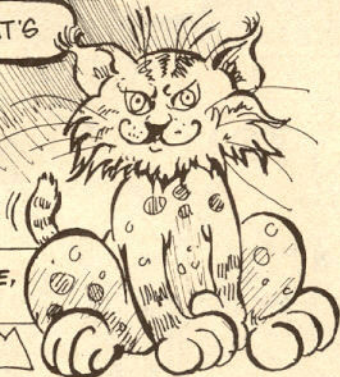
HOW TO RECOGNIZE AN Oregon Bobcat

(TO PRESERVE LIFE & LIMB!) *By Dot Buckner*

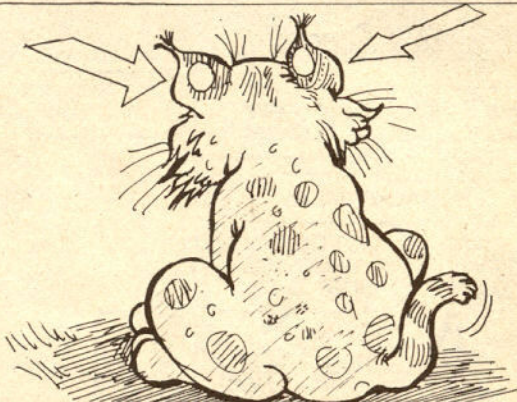
LYNXUS RUFUS, OR BOBCAT, IS A NATIVE OF WASHINGTON AND OREGON STATES...

YEAH, THAT'S ME!

NOTICE: HUGE, SOFT PAWS!



ALSO, NOTICE THE WHITE SPOTS BEHIND THE EARS. THIS IS A GENUINE IDENTIFICATION MARK!



ALSO, NOTICE THE SPOTS AND STRIPES; THE LARGE SIDE WHISKERS; THE TUFTS ON THE EARS.

WHISKERS

TUFTS

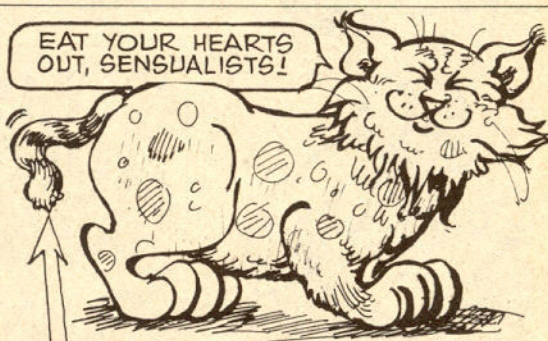
YIPES, SPOTS!



... AND THE LUXURIOUS, SOFT, DOWNY, STRIPED TAIL!

EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT, SENSUALISTS!

SUPER-SOFT



BUT ESPECIALLY BE AWARE OF THE HUGE, GREEN EYES... INTELLIGENT AND VERY CURIOUS...



...FOR SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE THE BOBCAT CAN READ YOUR MIND!

YEECH! I JUST DID! WHERE'S THE GARBAGE MAN?!

GICK, GICK!



TALES (OF)

THE OREGON BOBCAT!

BY
Dot
(THE
NATIVE)
Bucher

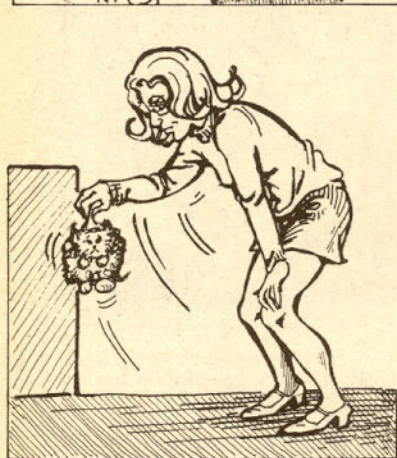
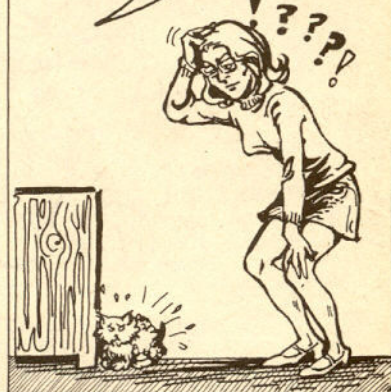
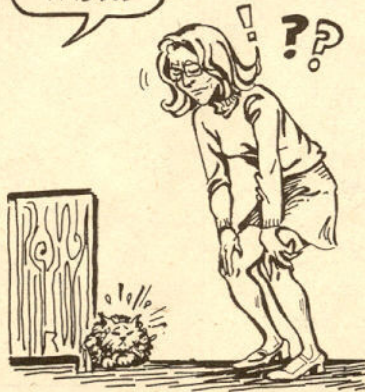
ONE EVENING, A FEW
YEARS AGO, IN EUGENE,
OREGON...

HEY, I'M BACK FROM
BOWLING -

DOTTIE, LOOK
WHAT WE
JUST GOT!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT
IT IS?!!

GUESS! GUESS!



AND THE BABY BOBCAT
GREW...

...AND GREY...

...AND GREW!

MICE,
WATCH OUT!

NAK!
NAK!

HORSES
AND COWS,
WATCH
OUT!

NOBODY'LL EVER CALL
ME BABY AGAIN!

(--EXCEPT
MY MOMMY,
OF COURSE!)

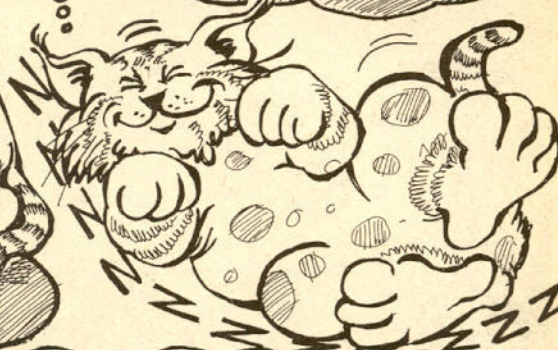
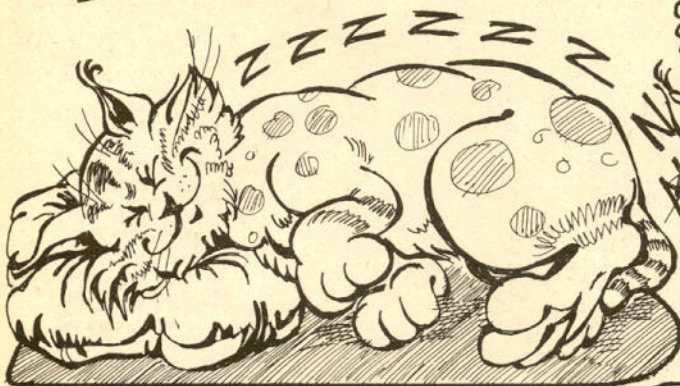
SEE CONTINUED
ADVENTURES!

Tales
of The

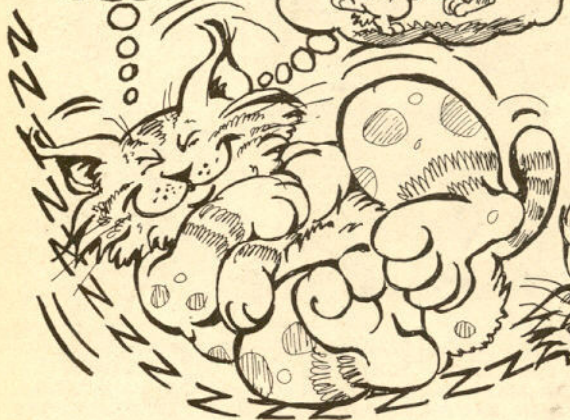
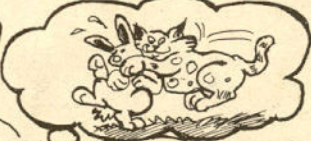
OREGON BOBCAT

by Dot Bucher ©1976

GINGER MUST BE DREAMING!

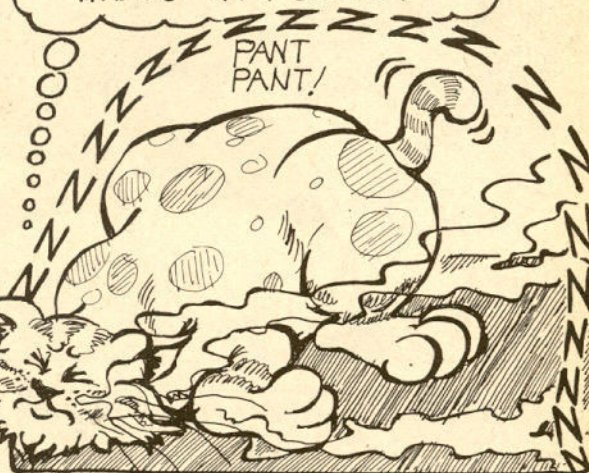


GOTCHA!



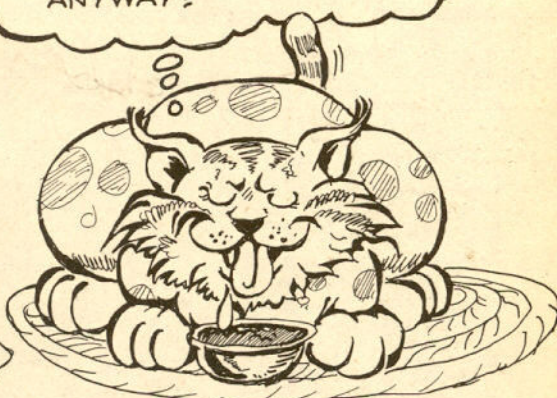
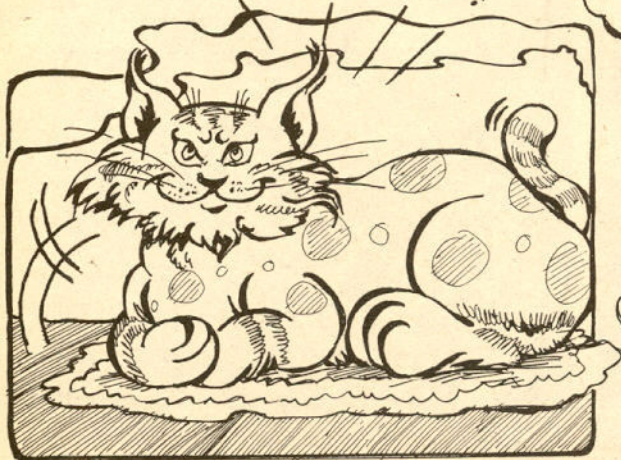
WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

PANT
PANT!



BOING!

WHO NEEDS RABBITS,
ANYWAY?



THE END

YOU-ALL GIBBON



HEAD
FOR TH' HILLS!
WE GOTTA E-VACUATE
THIS HEAH
CITY - RIGHT
NOW...

THRILL
AS SILLY SIMIANS
BATTLE
ALIEN APPETITES
in "THE
INCREDIBLE,
EDIBLE
INVASION OF
EARTH!"

HOLY COW!
THEY'VE ALL BEEN
TURNED INTO YECHH
VEGETABLES!

EVERYONE NEEDS A BIT OF RELAXATION
NOW AND THEN, AND YOU-ALL GIBBON,
KULTURE KING OF KITSCH, IS NO EXCEPTION...

Y'KNOW, THIS HEAH
"NATIONAL ANNOYER"
IS A GREAT LI'L
PUBLICATION...
REAL NEWSY...

FROM
K-SELL RECORDS,
21 RECENTLY
EXHUMED
HITS, ONLY
\$17.95

WHAT'S THIS? "HOW JUNK-FOOD
CAN RUIN YOUR HEALTH"!! LESSEE...
"A HEALTHFUL DIET OF ACORN-MEAL
AND PINE-NEEDLE PIE STICKS TO
MY RIBS, NOT TO MENTION MY TONGUE,
SAYS BUFFALO CHIMPS!"

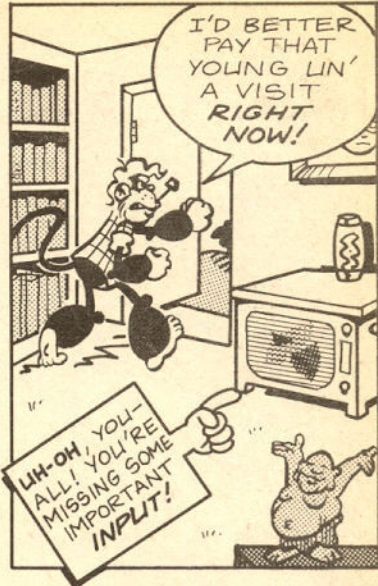
AH
CAIN'T
BELIEVE
IT!!!

STORY AND
ART © 1976

by **SCOTT SHAW!**

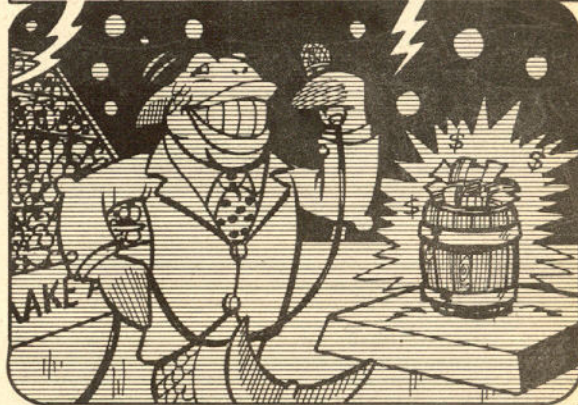
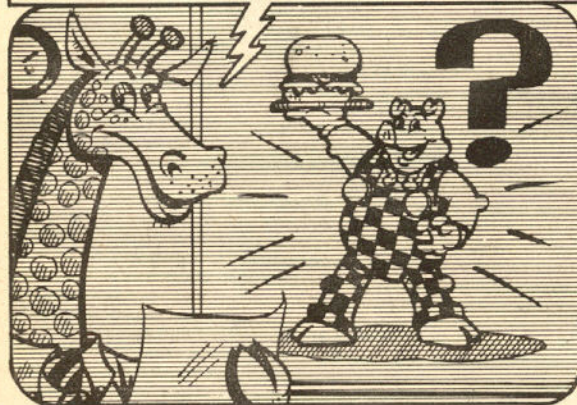
LETTERING:
R. DUKE

THIS ONE'S FOR CARL BARKS, ROSS
ANDRU, AND, OF COURSE, SHELLEY
... FAVORITES ALL!



... AND THIS FINAL ITEM... FRANCHISE RESTAURANTEUR AND EMBEZZLER, **HOG'S PIG BOY**, IS STILL MISSING, FOLLOWING HIS PRISON ESCAPE LAST FEBRUARY. THIS IS **WALTER LONGHEIGHT**, AND THAT'S THE NEWS. STAY TUNED FOR "LET'S MAKE A MESS"

... WITH YOUR HOST, **MONTY HALI-BUT!** THANKS, JAY! AND A SPECIAL 'HI' TO TODAY'S VISITING FOLK FROM THE **IDAHO FARMERS' COUNCIL!** FIRST, I'VE GOT THIS BARREL OF MONEY FOR ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE DRESSED AS ≡ HAH HAH ≡ A **POTATO!**



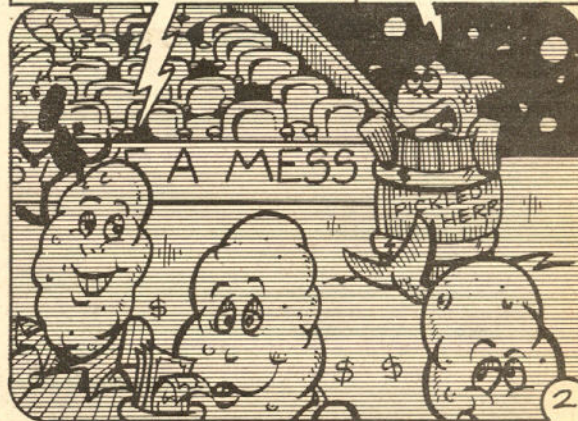
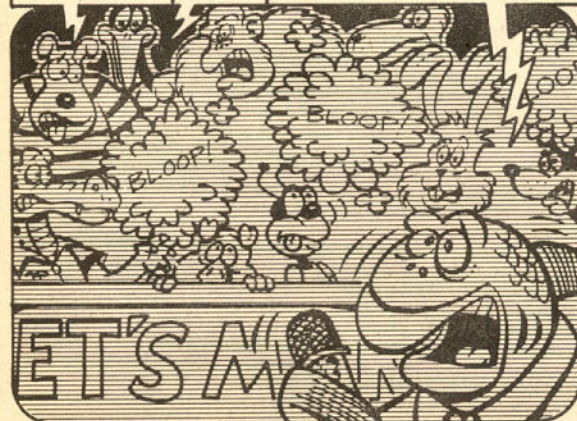
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON!?? THEY'RE... **EXPLODING!** GOOD LORD!

EK! LET ME OUTTA HERE!

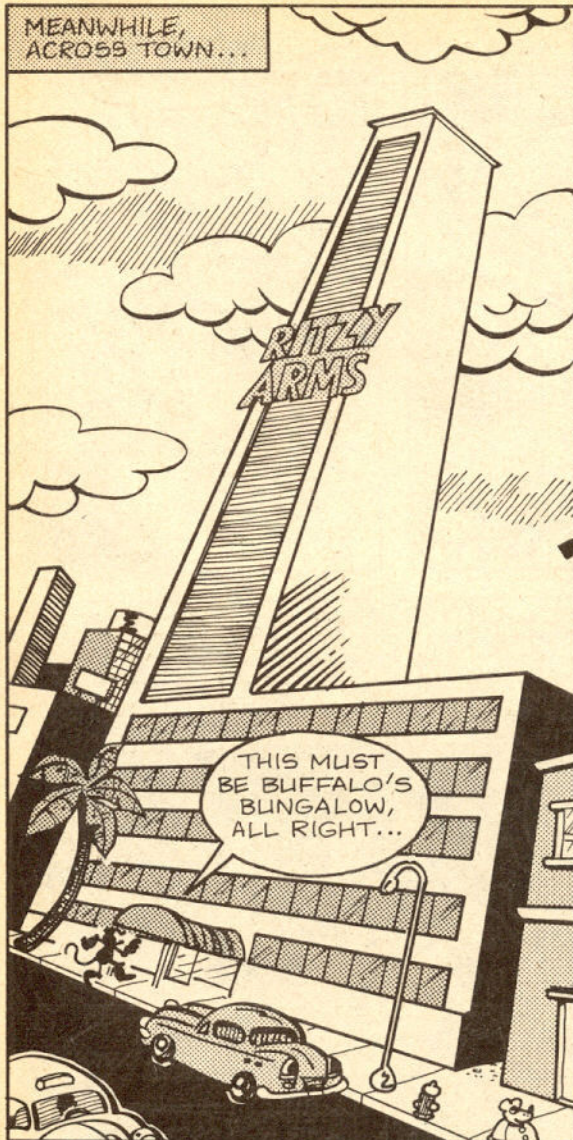
THIS IS INCREDIBLE, FOLKS... MEMBERS OF OUR STUDIO AUDIENCE ARE CHANGING... INTO...

(I DUNNO WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT IF IT'LL WIN ME ALL THIS **CAB-BAGE**, JUST CALL ME **MR. POTATO-HEAD!**)

GEE, FOLKS! ... THIS WASN'T IN MY SCRIPT! JAY? JAY???

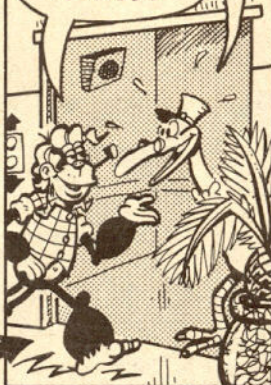


MEANWHILE,
ACROSS TOWN...



WOW! YOU-ALL
GIBBON! I JUS'
LOVE YOUR TEE-
VEE COMMER-
CIALS!

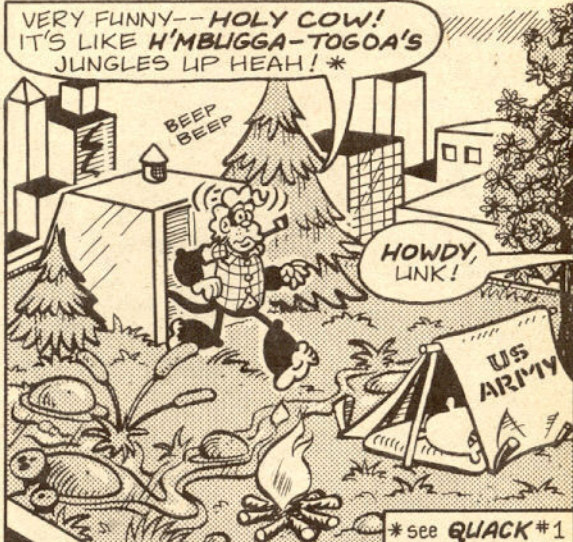
PENTHOUSE,
PLEASE!



YESSIR! AN' BE
SURE TO CHECK
OUT THIS ISSUE'S
WILD AN'
WOOLY PICTORIAL,
"BEAVER
VALLEY,
'77!"



VERY FUNNY-- HOLY COW!
IT'S LIKE H'MBUGGA-TOGOA'S
JUNGLES UP HEAH! *



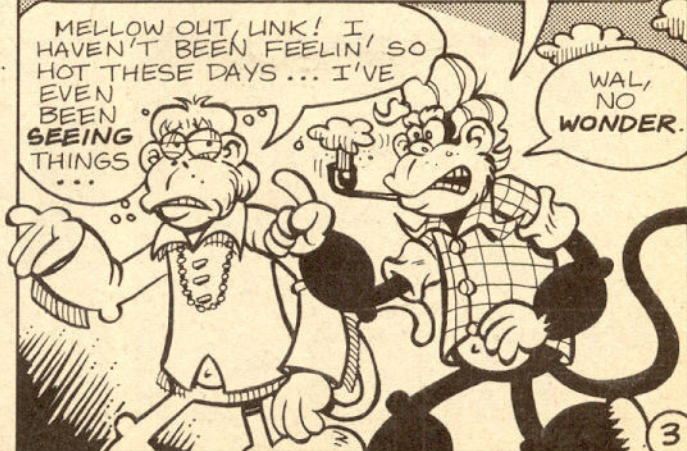
* see QUACK #1

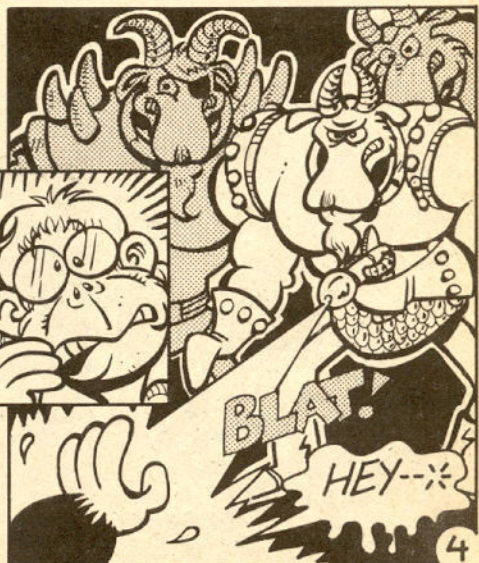
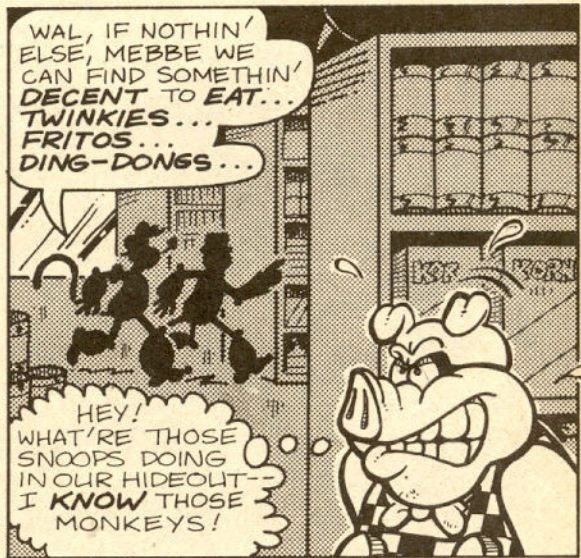
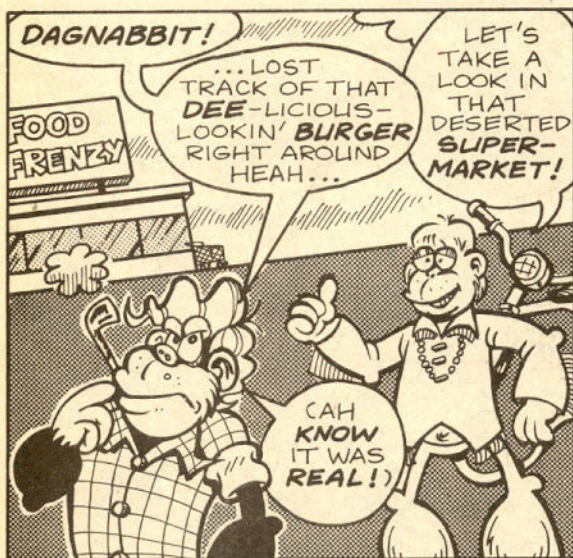
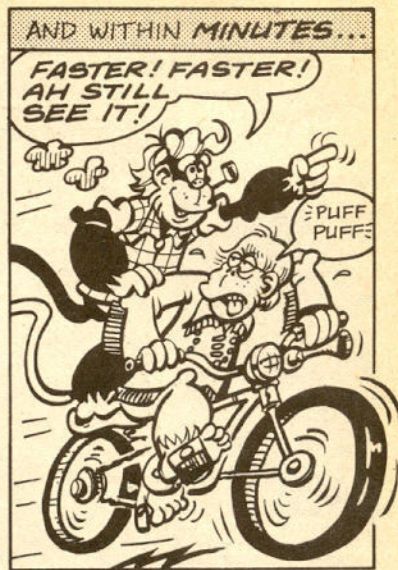
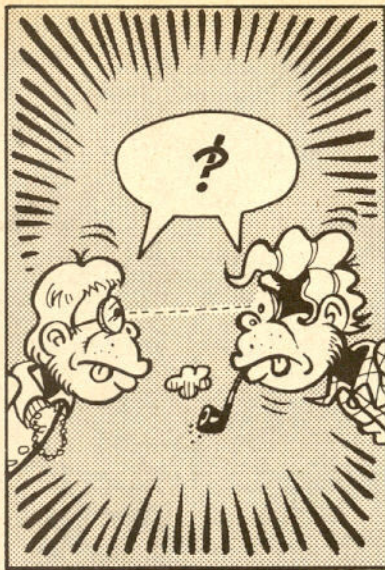
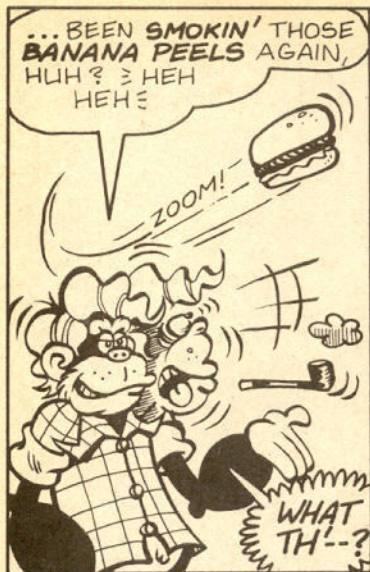
WELCOME TO
MY FAR-OUT
HAVEN OF
HEALTHFULNESS,
UNCLE
YOU-ALL!



NOW LISTEN HEAH, NEPHEW! YOU'VE GOTTA
STOP AIRIN' THESE LOONY IDEAS O' YOURS
... 'SPECIALLY IN A HIGHLY RE-SPECTED
PUBLICATION LIKE THE ANNOYER!!!

MELLOW OUT, LINK! I
HAVEN'T BEEN FEELIN' SO
HOT THESE DAYS ... I'VE
EVEN
BEEN
SEEING
THINGS

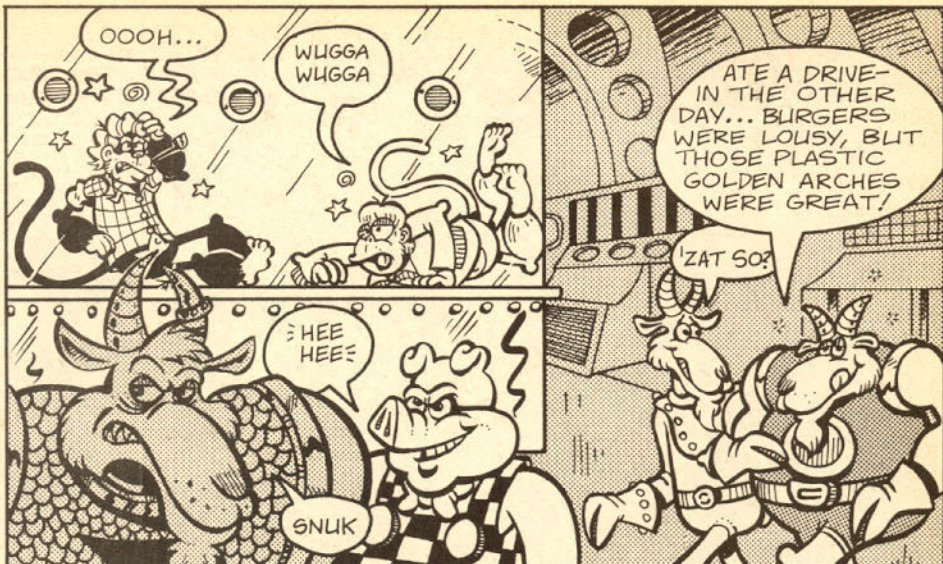




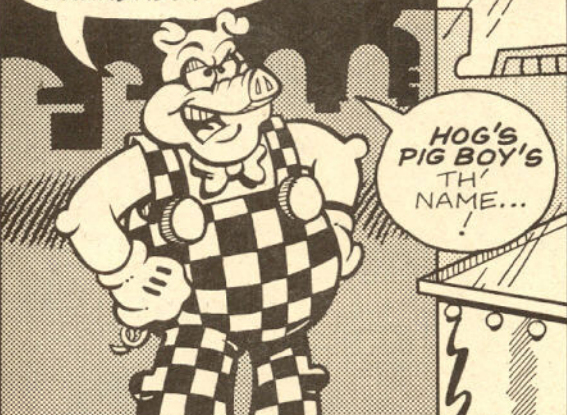
GEE, LINK... AT LEAST TH' SKY'S CLEAN 'ROUND HERE... I CAN SEE TH' STARS TONITE!



OBLIGATORY BLACKOUT PANEL

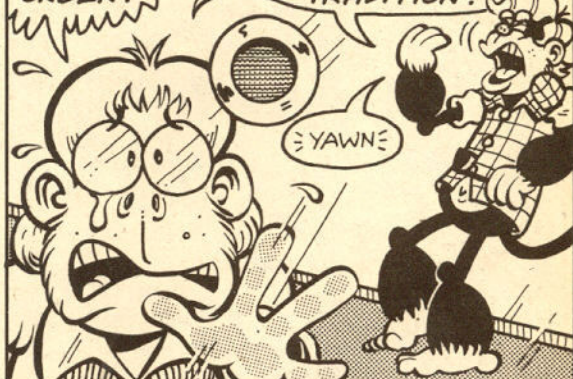


WELL, WELL... IT'S NONE OTHER THAN YOU-ALL GIBBON AND BUFFALO CHIMPS! I SEE YOU'VE FINALLY AWAKENED!



WHAT DO YOU WANT? CASH? CHECK? MONEY ORDER?

TAKE IT EASY, SON! THESE VILLAIN-TYPES ALWAYS GOTTA SPILL TH' BEANS ABOUT THEIR SCHEMES... OR DON'T Y'ALL BELIEVE IN TRADITION?



"OH, I'D HATE TO KEEP YOU IN **SUSPENSE!** YOU SEE, UP TO A FEW WEEKS AGO, I WAS COMPLETELY **WASHED UP!** RUNNING... HIDING... STAYING ALIVE ON A DIET OF **TRIPLE-THICK SHAKES...**

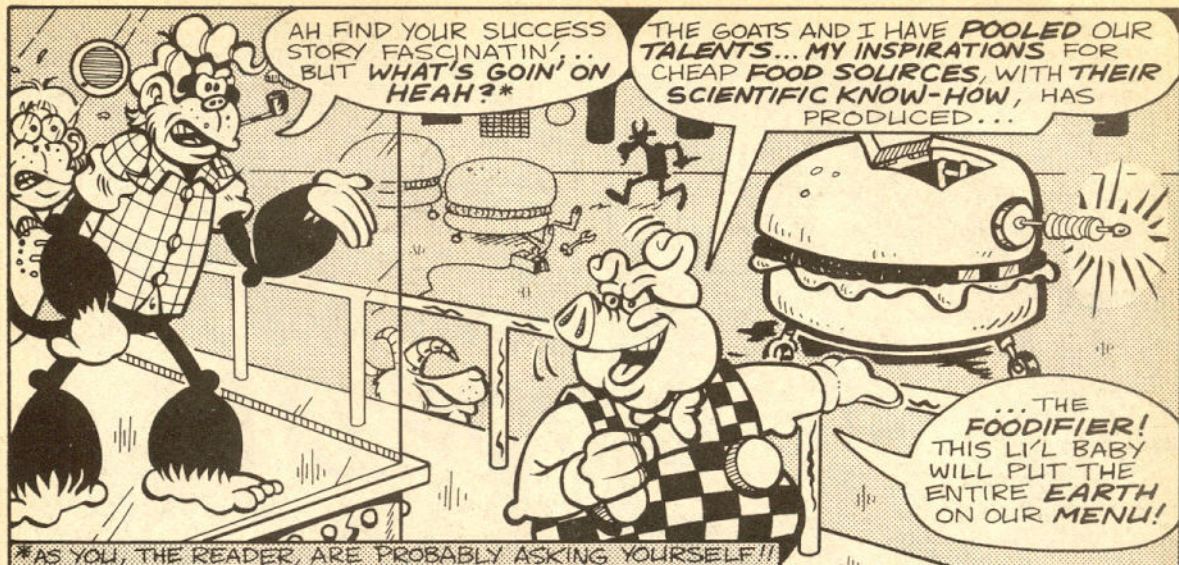


"BUT ONE DAY I WAS APPROACHED BY **MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.** I HAD NO IDEA THAT...

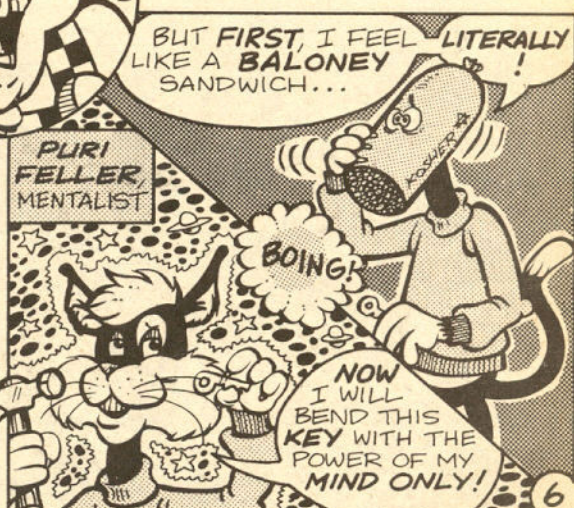
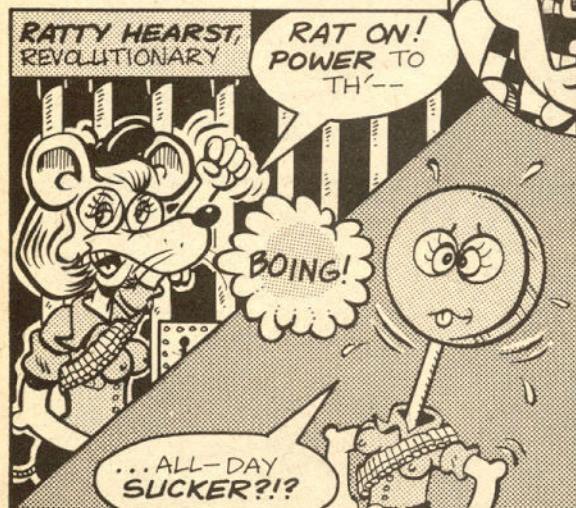
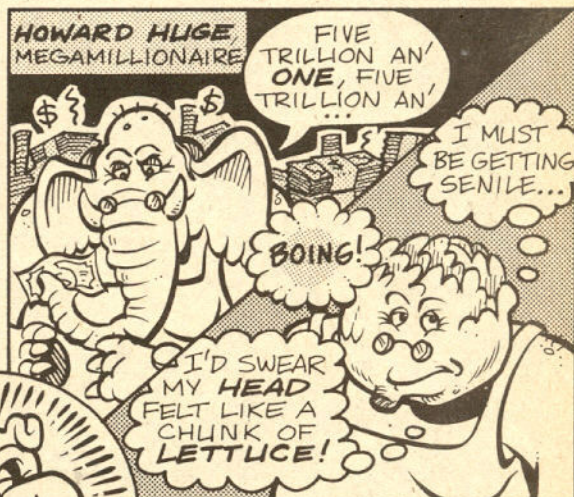
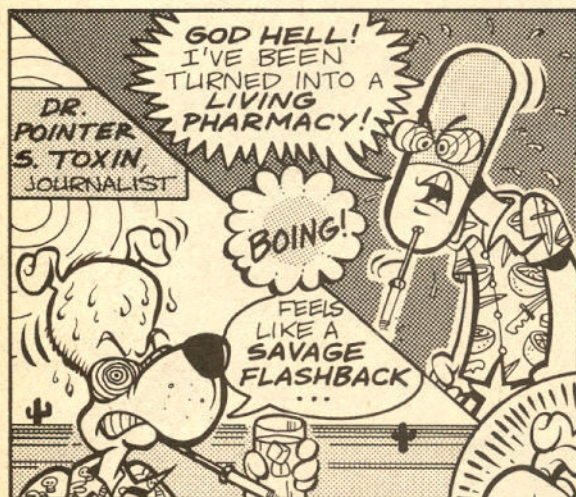


"...THEY WERE THE **SCOUT PARTY** FOR THE INVADING FORCE OF ALIEN **GOATS** FROM THE PLANET **GLOAT**... INSATIABLE INTERSTELLAR **MARAUDERS** WHO **LIVE TO EAT...**





THE **FOODIFIER** OPERATES ON THE METAPHYSICAL PRINCIPLE 'YOU-ARE-WHAT-YOU-EAT!' AFTER BEING EXPOSED TO THE FOODIFIER'S RAYS, THE EARTH'S POPULATION...



...WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO COUNTLESS LIVING SNACK BARS! AND NO ONE CAN RESIST ITS EFFECTS... EVEN THE MOST FAMOUS FOLK WILL ASSUME EDIBLE IDENTITIES!!

EGAD! WHAT **DELIGHTFUL VENGEANCE**
UPON THOSE WHO MOCKED ME...
EVEN THOUGH I ALWAYS GAVE
AWAY **FREE COMIC**
BOOKS TO
ALL OF MY
CUSTOMERS!

WANT
RAVE

PSST... IF
YOU CAN START
SOME O' YOUR
GAWDAWFUL
CATERWALLIN'!

...TH' **FEEDBACK**
THRU THESE
HERE **MICRO-**
PHONES JUST
MIGHT SHATTER
THIS **GLASS CAGE**

YOU FILL UP MY
SINUS...

...LIKE A FACE-
FULL O' FLINGUS...

ALL
RIGHT!
IT'S
WORKIN'!
(BUT MAH
POOR EARS!)

HEY, YOU--!

CRASH!

YANK!

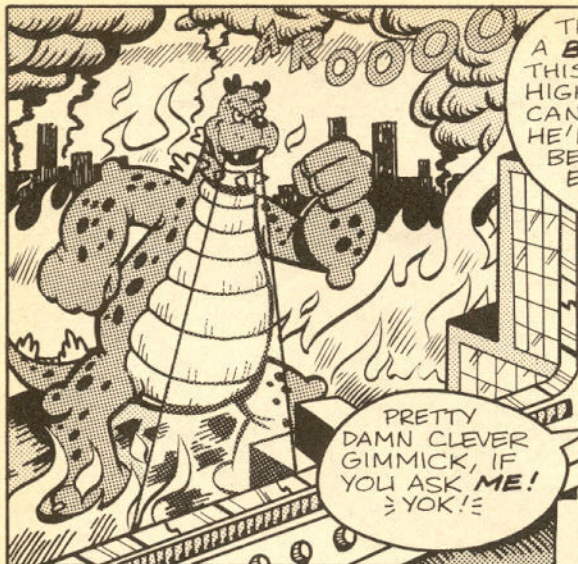
...VERY
ENTERTAINING
...BUT TOO
LATE!!!

...THE **LEVER**
I JUST PULLED
JUST UNLEASHED
THE EXTRA
"MUSCLE" WE
BROUGHT IN FROM
JAPAN! WHO'S
GONNA MESS WITH
OUR PLANS NOW...
SINCE WE **NOW**
CONTROL...



DOGGZILLA!

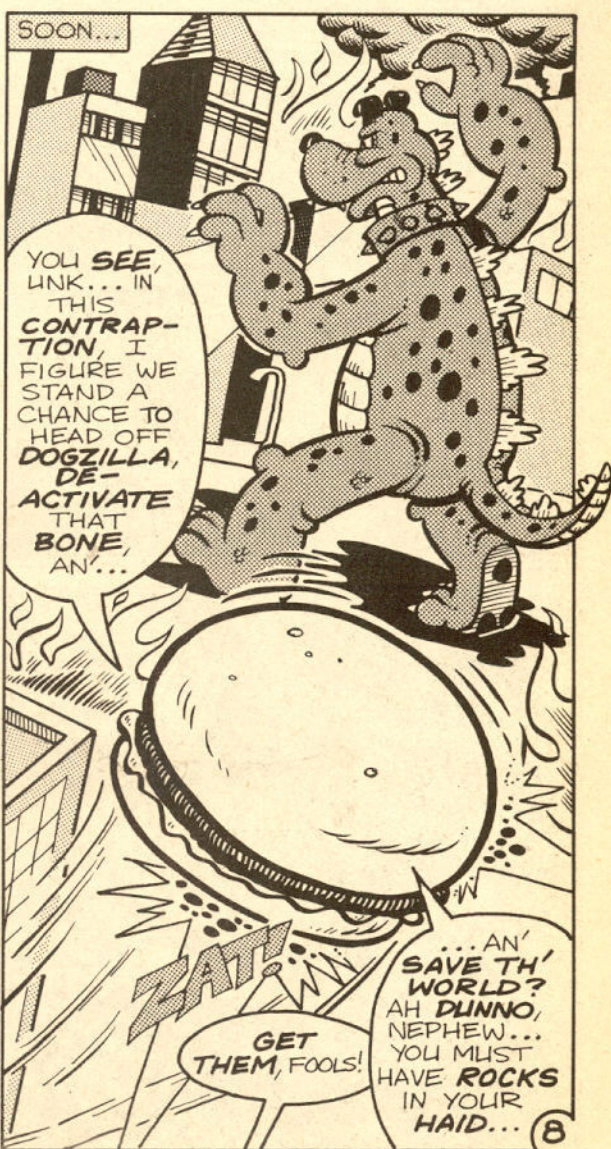
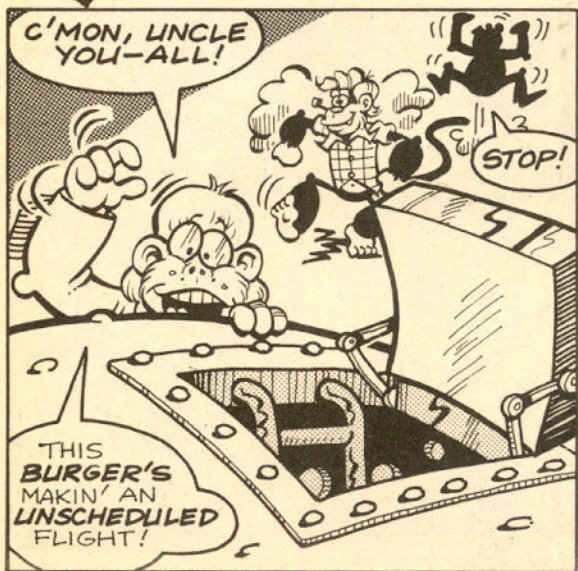
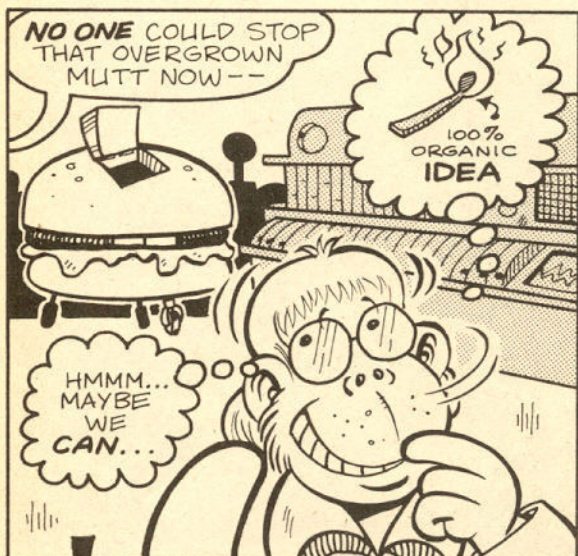
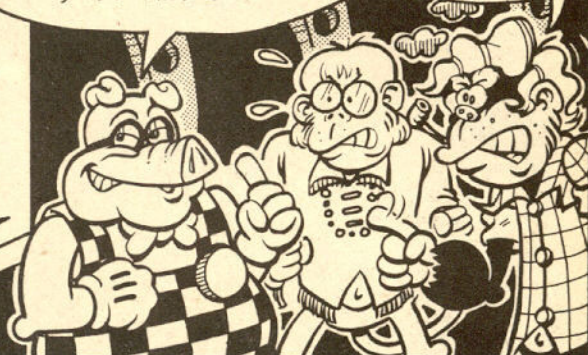


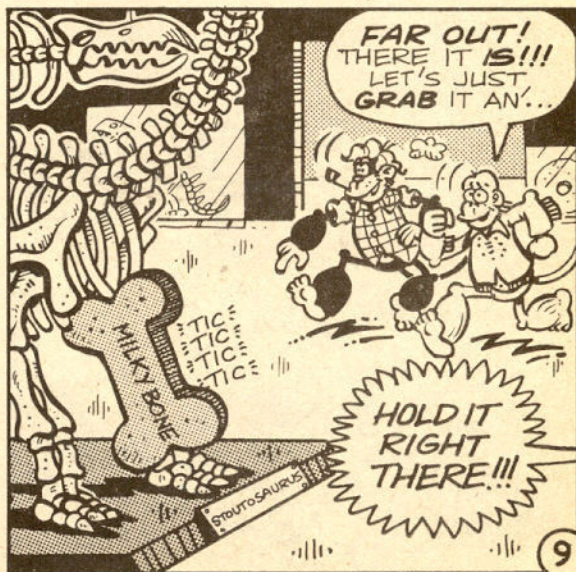
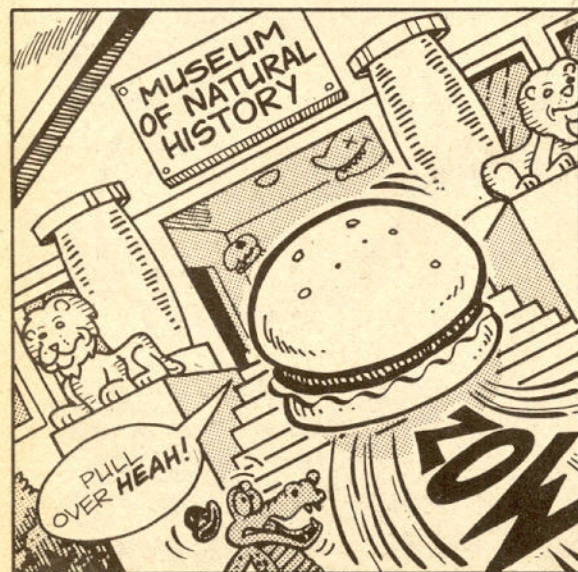
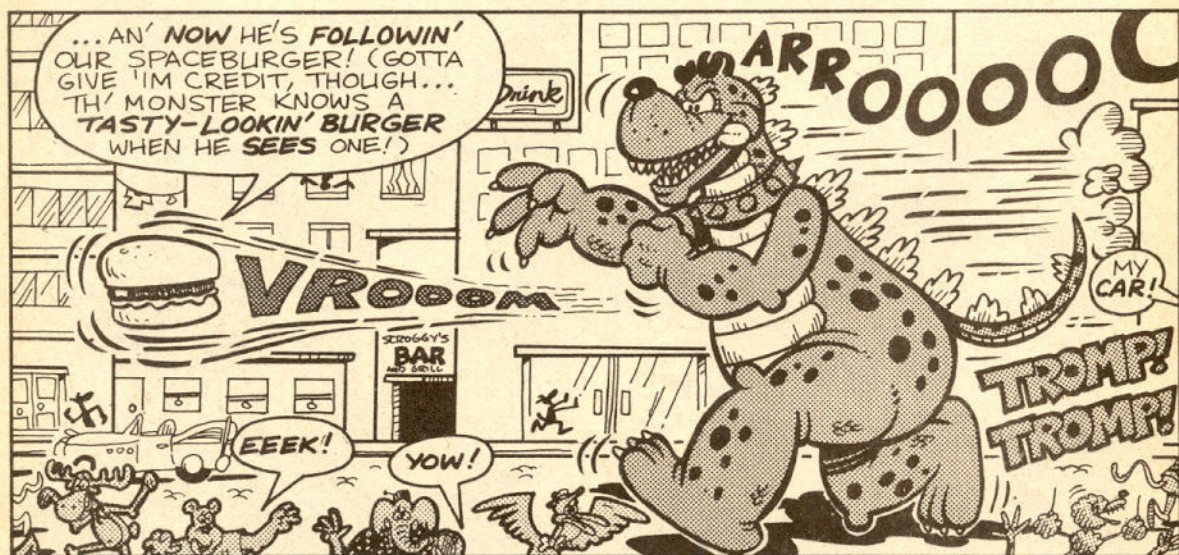
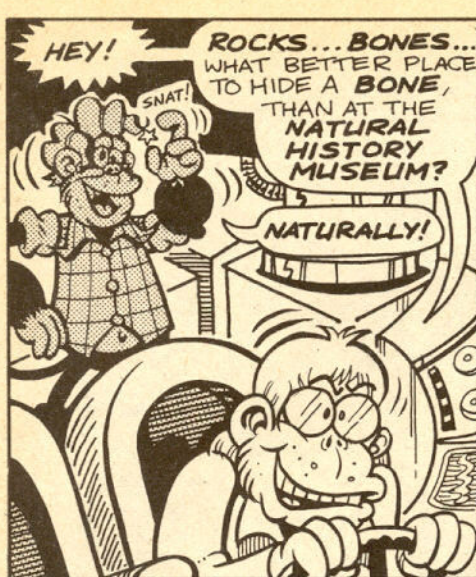


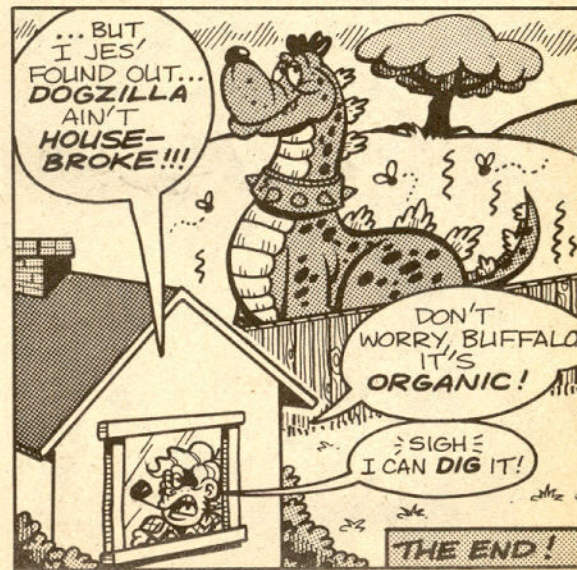
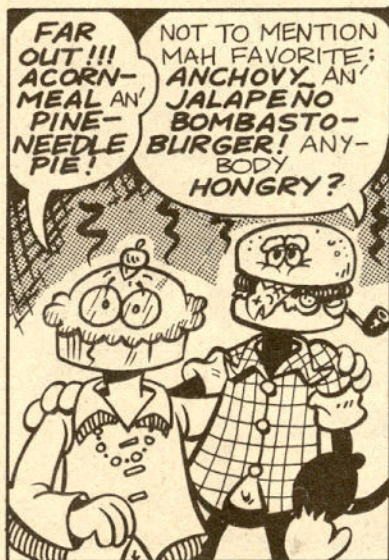
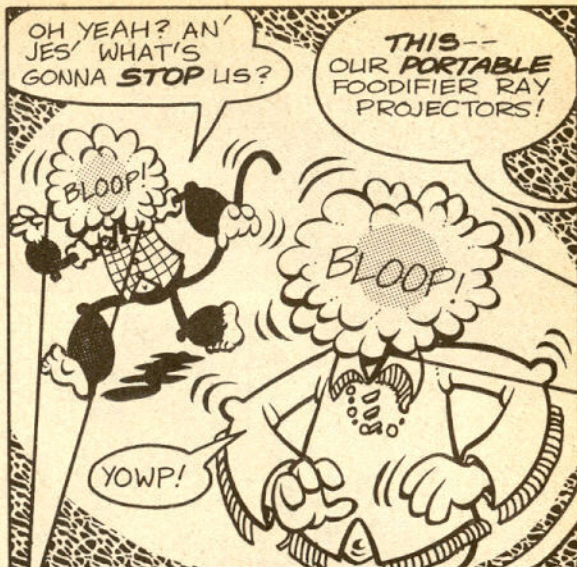
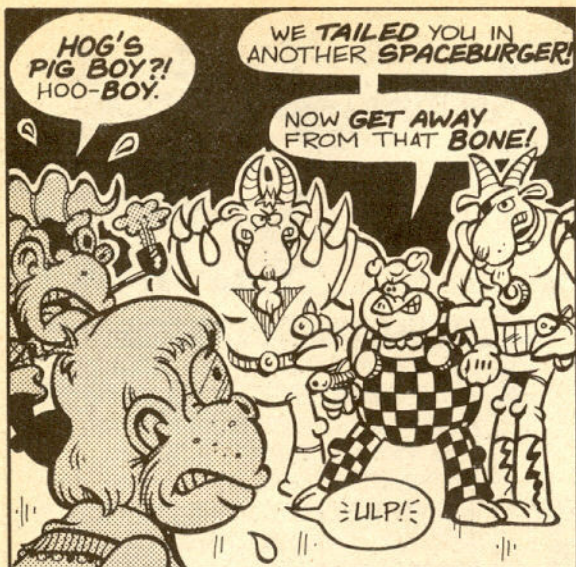
THE GOATS AND I HAVE HIDDEN A **BIONIC BONE** SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY... IT EMITS AN ULTRA-HIGH **SIGNAL** ONLY **DOGZILLA** CAN DETECT AND RESPOND TO! HE'LL **TEAR THIS TOWN APART** BEFORE HE -- OR ANYONE ELSE -- CAN **FIND IT!**
≥ HEE HEE ≥

YOU...
YOU **SWINE!**

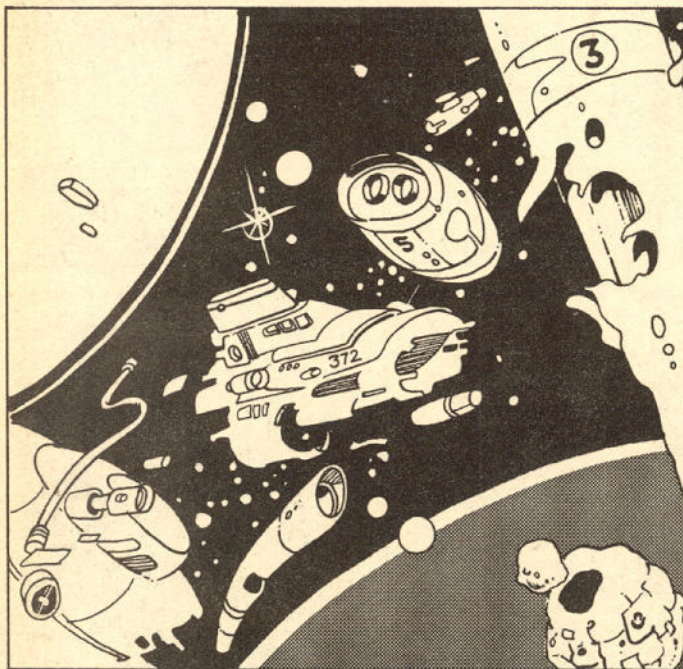
PRETTY DAMN CLEVER GIMMICK, IF YOU ASK **ME!**
≥ YOK! ≥







THE ANTARES WAR, AS MOST DISPUTES, AROSE OUT OF A SERIES OF MINOR MISUNDERSTANDINGS AND A GENERAL NEED FOR AMUSEMENT.

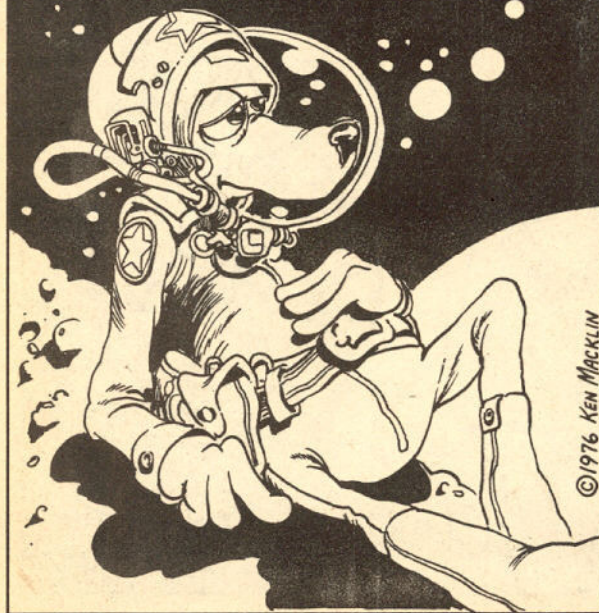


AFTER THE HIGHLY LIMITED SUCCESS OF THE PRIMARY ENGAGEMENTS, THE KOZBI (A BIRD-LIKE RACE FROM A B-RUN PLANET) WERE PRESSED TO ADOPT A MORE CONSERVATIVE STRATEGY.

BEING THE CHICKENS THAT THEY ARE, THE KOZBI RESORTED TO MINING (AS IN BOOBY-TRAPPING) ZONES OF STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE. SECTORS OF SPACE ALREADY CHOKED WITH SUB-PLANETARY DEBRIS WERE PARTICULARLY FAVORABLE FOR MINING BECAUSE THE MINES COULD BE DISGUISED TO RESEMBLE OTHER HARMLESS FLOTSAM.

TO FULFILL THE NEED FOR A SPECIALIZED TASK FORCE TO CONFRONT THE PROBLEM, A MINESWEEPING CONTINGENT OF THE SOLAR LIGHT LEAGUE CAME INTO BEING.

ALL BOLD FEARLESS LOYAL CADETS WITH A NEED FOR QUICK CASH WERE IMMEDIATELY COMMISSIONED FOR SERVICE. BOTH OF THEM.

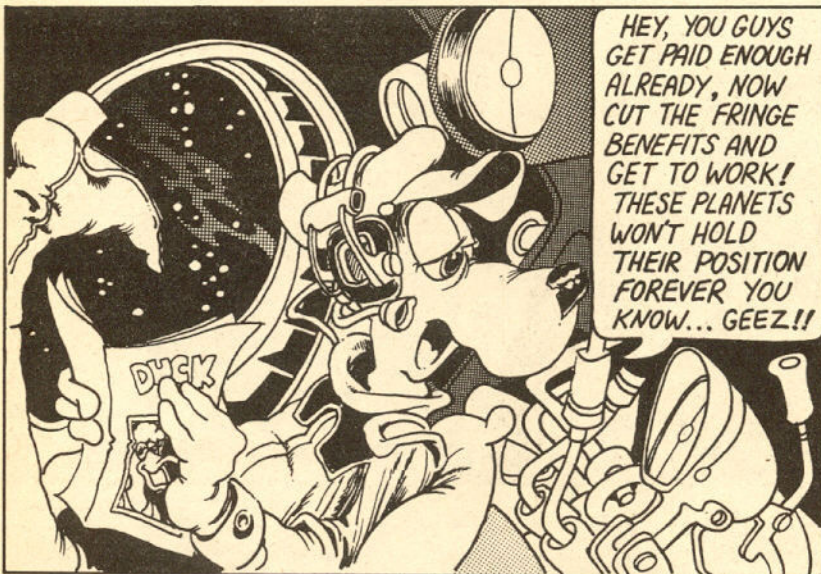
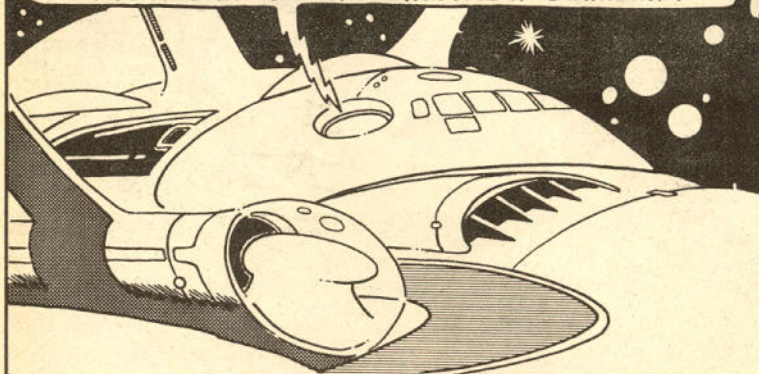


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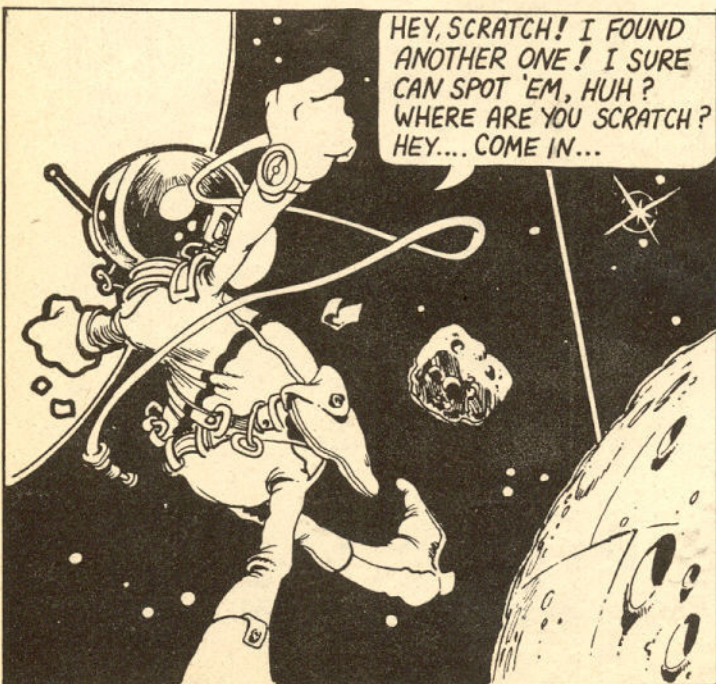
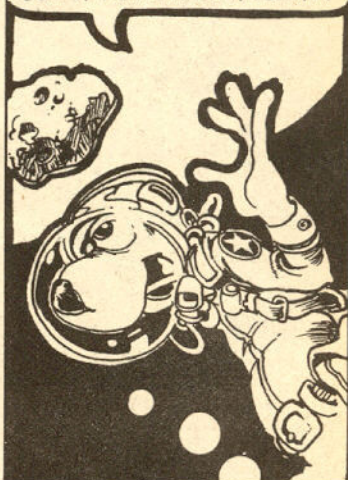
AH..THIS IS LIEUTENANT HUNTLY...THE GUYS HERE IN THE SHIP ARE GETTING A LITTLE IMPATIENT, SCRATCH... HOW IS IT GOING OUT THERE...COME IN SCRATCH...

I'M ON MY LUNCH HOUR.

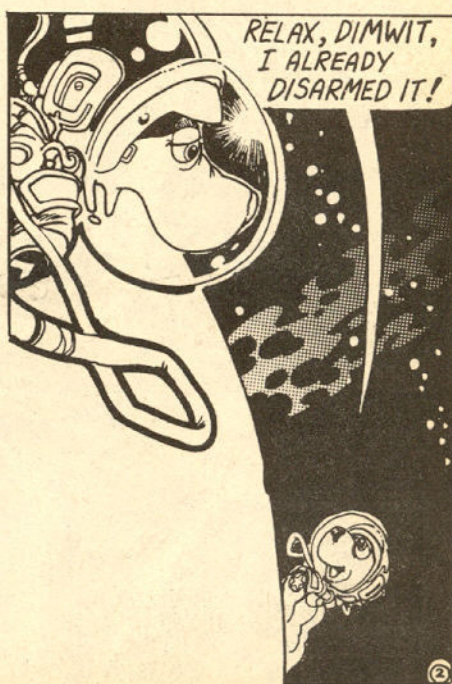


HEY, YOU GUYS GET PAID ENOUGH ALREADY, NOW CUT THE FRINGE BENEFITS AND GET TO WORK! THESE PLANETS WON'T HOLD THEIR POSITION FOREVER YOU KNOW... GEEZ!!

SO WHAT'S TIME TO THE UNIVERSE? DID YA EVER SEE A ROCK WITH A CLOCK?

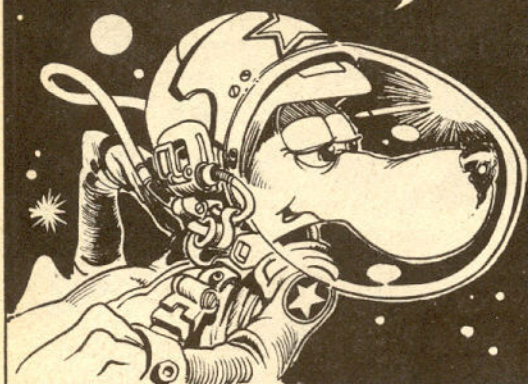


HEY, SCRATCH! I FOUND ANOTHER ONE! I SURE CAN SPOT 'EM, HUH? WHERE ARE YOU SCRATCH? HEY.... COME IN...

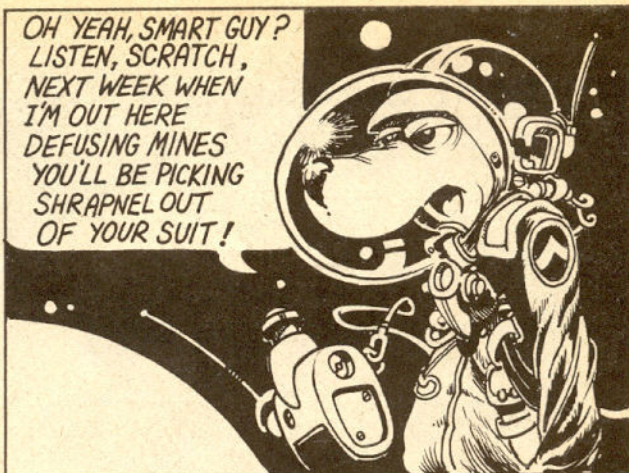


RELAX, DIMWIT, I ALREADY DISARMED IT!

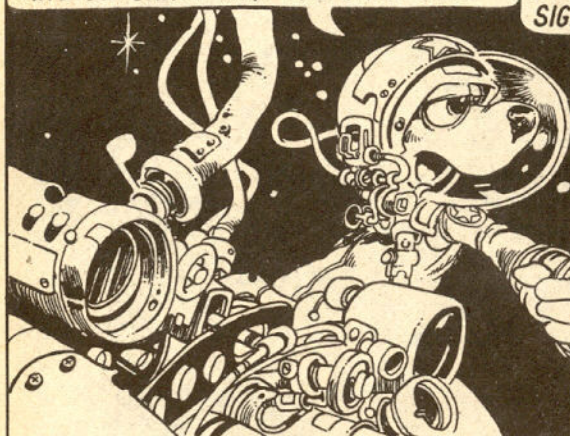
LET'S FACE IT, SAM, YOU COULDN'T
RECOGNIZE A LIVE MINE IN AN EGG BASKET.



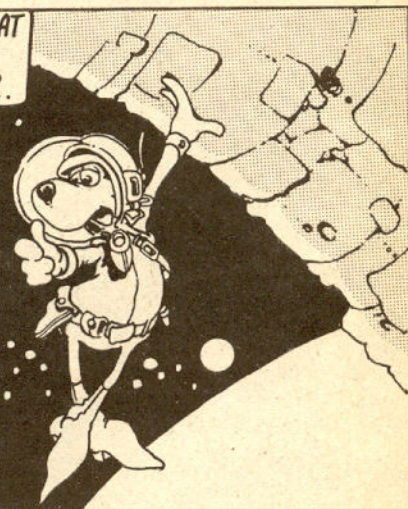
OH YEAH, SMART GUY?
LISTEN, SCRATCH,
NEXT WEEK WHEN
I'M OUT HERE
DEFUSING MINES
YOU'LL BE PICKING
SHRAPNEL OUT
OF YOUR SUIT!



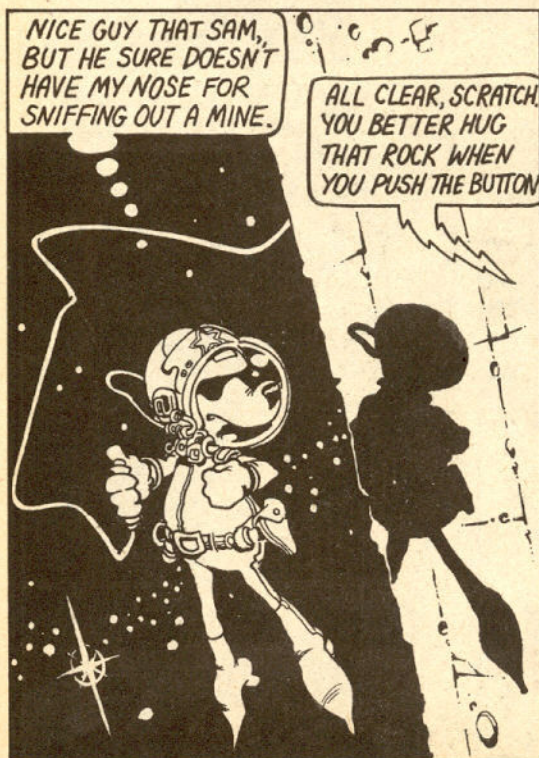
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT. LET'S GET TO WORK
AND DETONATE THAT THERMAL MINE.



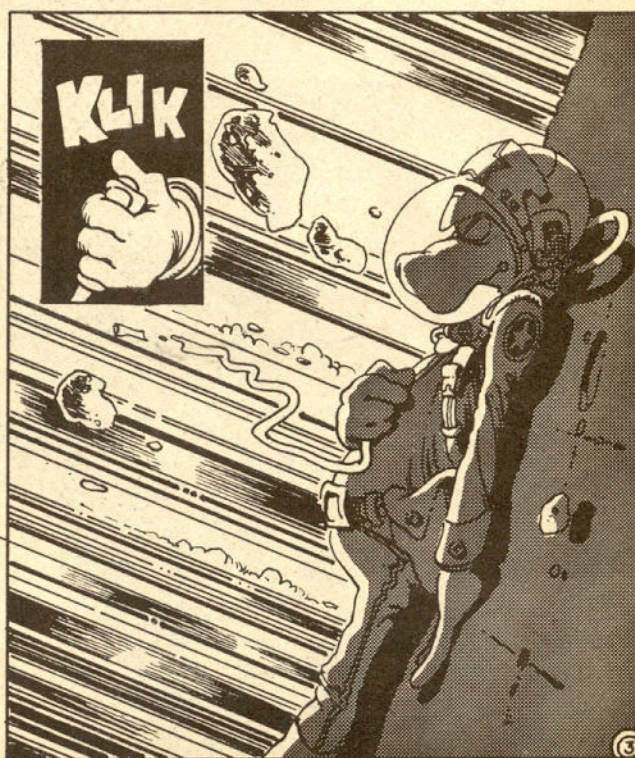
OKAY, GET BEHIND THAT
STONE SLAB AND I'LL
SIGNAL THE ALL CLEAR.

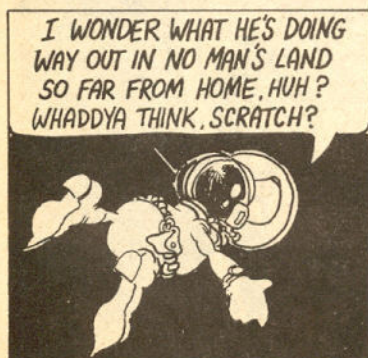
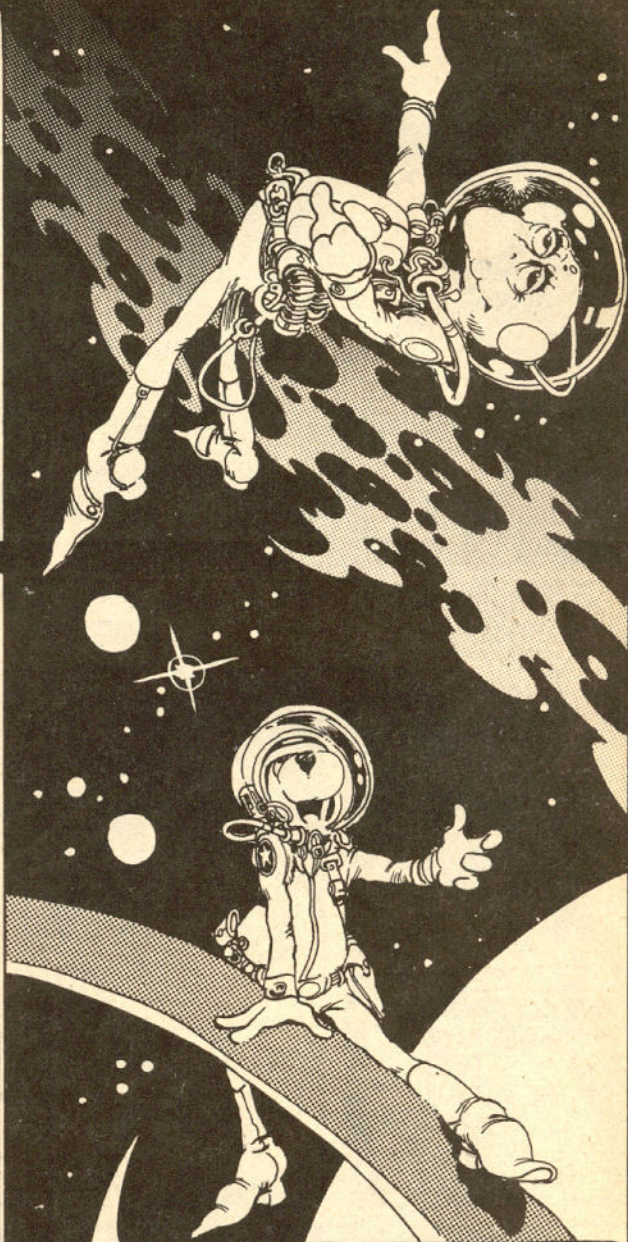
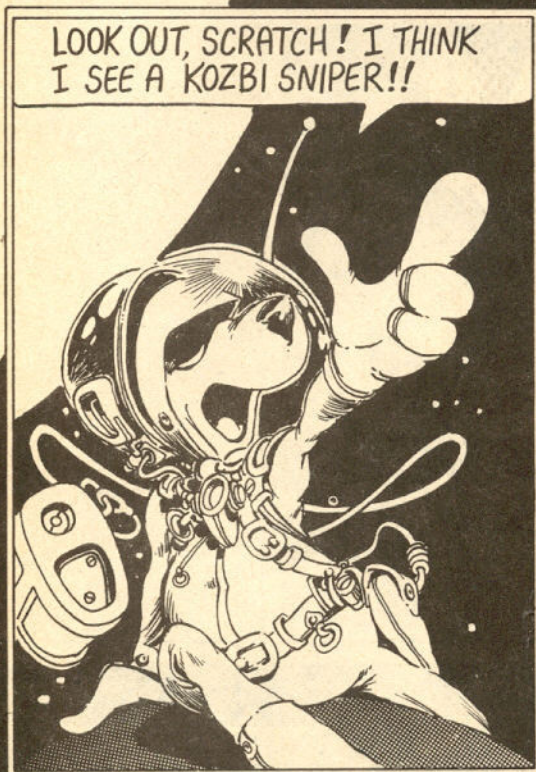


NICE GUY THAT SAM,
BUT HE SURE DOESN'T
HAVE MY NOSE FOR
SNIFFING OUT A MINE.



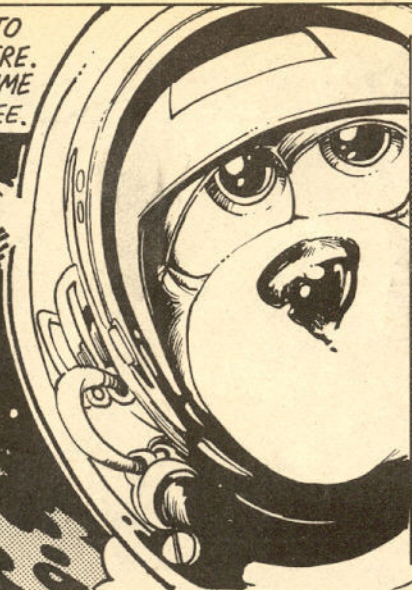
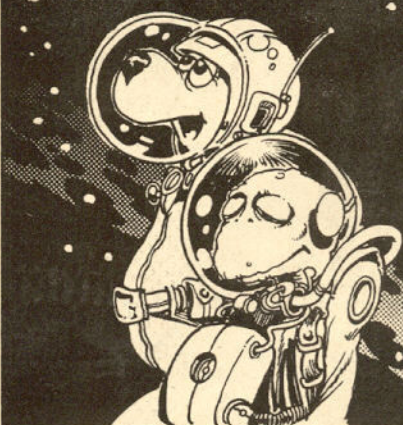
ALL CLEAR, SCRATCH.
YOU BETTER HUG
THAT ROCK WHEN
YOU PUSH THE BUTTON.





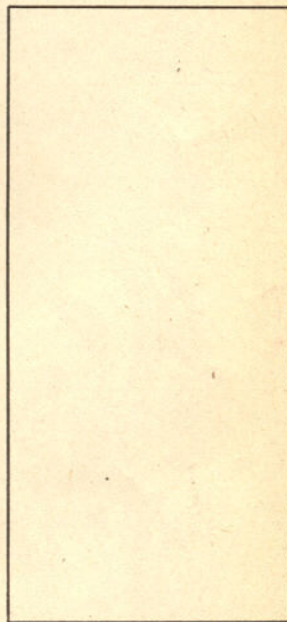
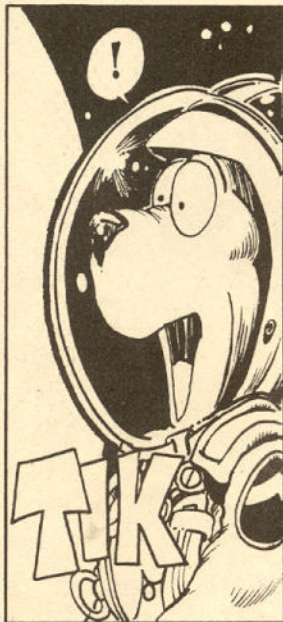
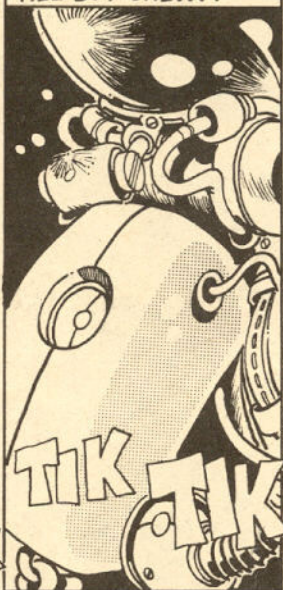
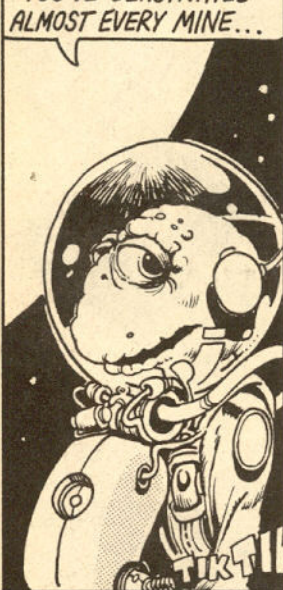
TAKE IT EASY CHUM...WE'LL GET YOU TO THE SHIP AS SOON AS WE'RE DONE HERE. WE'LL HAVE THIS SECTION CLEAR IN NO TIME 'CAUSE ME AND SCRATCH ARE THE BEST, SEE.

YOU TWO FELLOWS HAVE VERY DANGEROUS WORK AND YOU DO IT WELL.



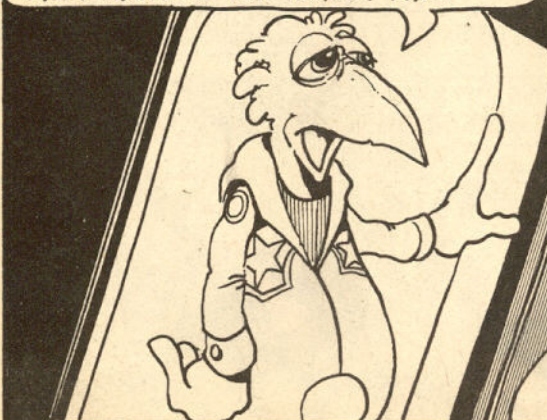
YOU'VE DEACTIVATED ALMOST EVERY MINE...

ALL BUT ONE....



COMMANDER! THE LEAGUE ADVANCE HAS BEEN HALTED! THEIR TWO MINESWEEPERS ARE HOLDING OUT FOR HIGHER PAY!

GOOD WORK, NUMBER TWO.



END
5

A new
genre...

The
unique
synthesis
of
underground
and
overground...

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CHEEE,
DUCKULA, WHAT'S
TH' MATTER?

NEWSSTAND



RRIP!
TEAR!
REND!

...OUTRAGEOUS!!!
NOT A SINGLE
DUCK
IN THIS ISSUE
OF **QUACK!**
= VAK! =