

*The Adventures of*

# *Captain Jack*

PUT AWAY YOUR GUNS, BOYS!  
THERE ARE OTHER, MORE  
POWERFUL WAYS TO DEAL  
WITH CREATURES LIKE THESE.  
ONE MUST TRY TO REASON  
WITH THEM... TO APPEAL TO  
THEIR FINER INSTINCTS...

DID YOU BRING  
THE BEADS AND  
TRINKETS....?



**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS**



Wally Wood replied to my gushing fan letter with a half-page typed note. "Don't become a cartoonist. Become a plumber or an electrician. Cartoonists have nothing to look forward to but social security in their old age." What did I know? It was 1979 and I was a senior in high school. I thought he was kidding.

I took the sacred document, my Wally Wood letter, to school to show Mike Kazaleh. I lost it on the way home. On another occasion, I showed Mike his first Underground Comix, **Mr. Natural** #1. You see, I discovered Mike Kazaleh.

No, no, just kidding. Until then, Mike had lived and breathed animation, watching everything possible on Saturday mornings as a youngster, and later reviewing with a more critical eye as a teenager fixing TVs in his pop's repair shop in the afternoon. His idols were Bob Clampett, Chuck Jones, Bob Clampett, Tex Avery, and Bob Clampett, as I recall. Of course, Mike had drawn for as long as he could remember.

I was strictly a comic book man. I had gorged myself on Marvels from 1972-1977 (there were still plenty of Kirbys and Sterankos to acquire through trades from the kid on the next block), when suddenly an unexpected thing happened: I outgrew them (or maybe they turned shitty; I give the benefit of the doubt). So I began exploring Underground Comix, as soon as I was old enough to buy them, as well as Moebius and the **Metal Hurlant** school, Eisner's **Spirit**, back, back, to EC and beyond to the looming past, for inspiration and example.

As the Eighties rolled around, Mike and I had a strange influence on each other. I suppose when it comes right down to it, and if the truth were told, Mike and I couldn't stand each other's guts for more than short spaces of time. I guess it was the sense of "cul de sac," the sneaking feeling that all the good stuff had happened in the past and certainly wasn't happening now, that somehow bonded us together. The theatrical cartoon short, for all practical purposes, no longer existed; the Undergrounds were drying up; **Mad**

had been under the pedestrian Al Feldstein for centuries it seemed; and Stan Lee had long ago put his creative children up for adoption to foster parents.

There wasn't much cause for hope in those days. The **Heavy Metal** movie was unwatchable, **The Fox and the Hound** not much better, and Ralph Bakshi the undisputed genius of the swamplands that animation had become. Even Chuck Jones's new "Duck Dodgers" for George Lucas was a disaster. This was the field that Mike so desperately wanted to be a part of.

Prospects didn't look too much better for me. The trips to the comic shop that I would con Mike into (he had the Chevette) were fruitless to say the least. The new alternatives from Pacific (formula: 3 pages Dave Stevens—29 pages crap) and Eclipse (who would perfect this formula to: Dave Stevens Cover—32 pages crap) were—ahem—disappointing. I would literally stand in front of the huge Marvel/DC rack for half an hour sometimes, like a couch potato staring at a test pattern long after Prime Time had gone off the air, scanning the titles for something, **anything** worthwhile enough to read, to enjoy, to learn from...any sign of creative life! Nothing. Mike, who had purchased a couple of **Herbies** or **Help!**s a couple of hours ago, and had patiently stood there, watching me do this to myself, would finally take my hand and gently lead me next door to Wendy's. It was all over but the crying.

[Continued on inside back cover]

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## MEET THE CREW!

Captain "Happy" Jack:



A former used-car salesman, he acquired the "Glass Onion" in a late night round of "Craps." Will one day utter the phrase: "What is this, a staring contest?!"

Adam the Android:



Also known as "Adam Fink", the first in a line of robots from the Unifink corporation. His services were obtained through the Captain's many Pinnocchio connections.

Herman Feldman:



This rather naïve specimen joined the crew when he was promised "Travel and plenty fresh air." Actually enjoys space-food.

"Beezlebub":



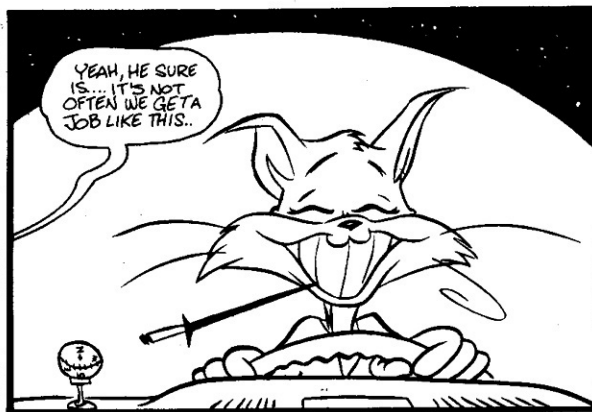
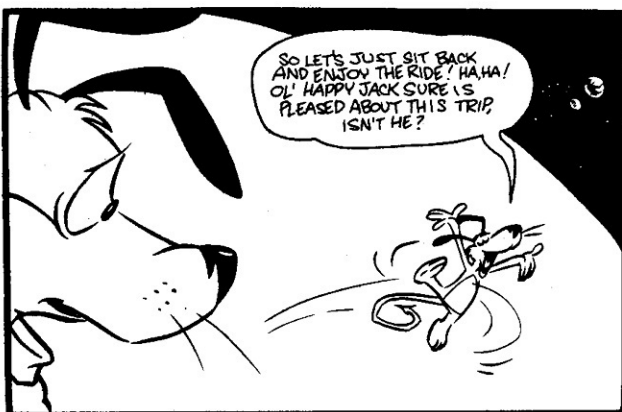
Not officially on staff. He was thrown into the bargain when Herman signed on.

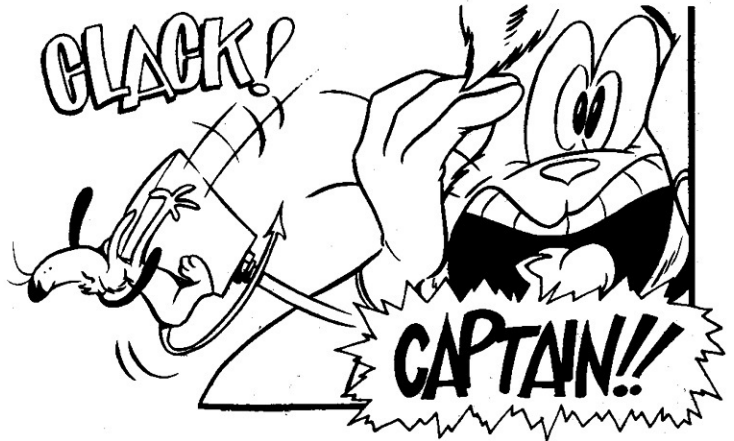
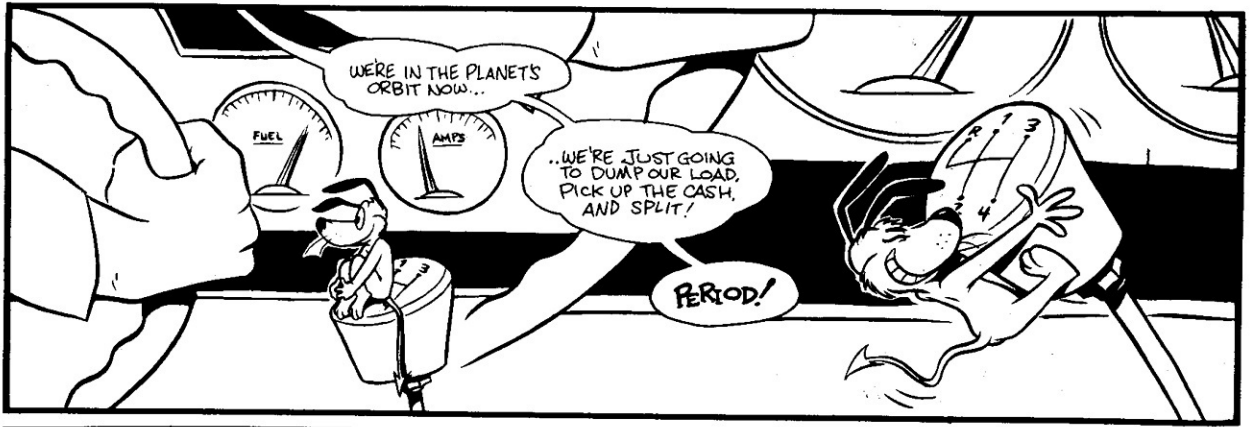
Recently, the good captain landed him- self and the crew of the "class onion" a nice job. They are to deliver a bad ol' Earth coffee to the planet "Espresso". Join us now as we unfold the tale of Captain Jack and...

# "the BEATNIKS from SPACE!"

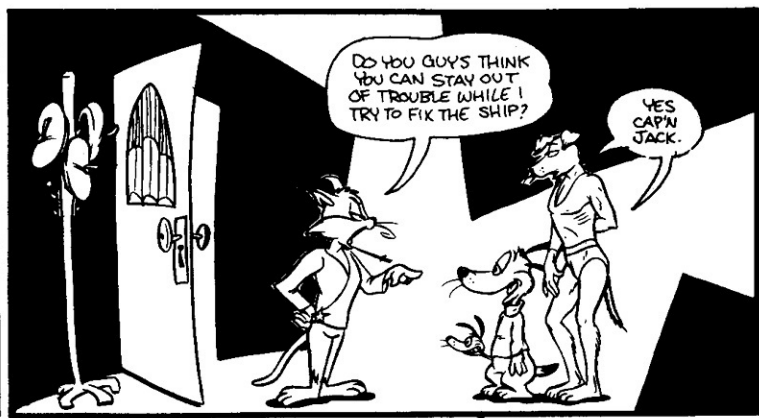
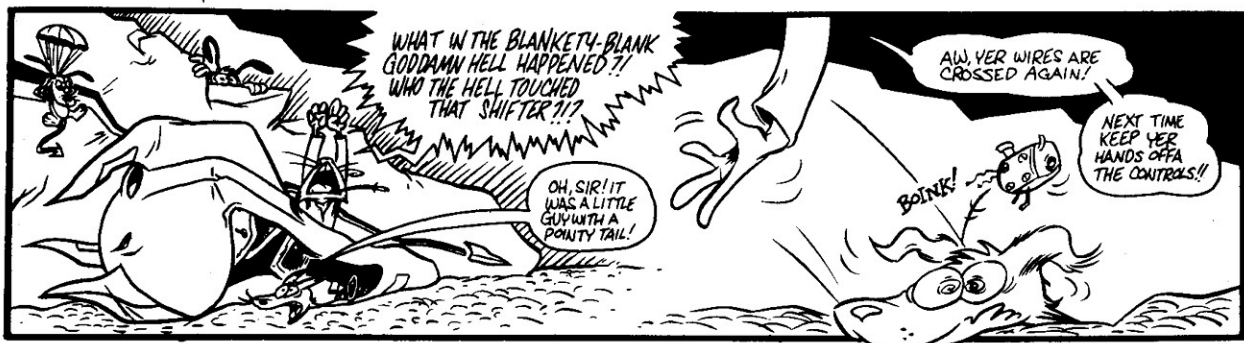
by M. KAZAN 85-

E22766 W SPILLS BROD COFFEE















COME DAHLING.

WE GO TO MY GARAGE-BEDROOM.



EXCUSEME MISS, BUT I...

GLOM!



IN HIS BUTTON-DOWN SUIT, HE CHOKES ON THE EXCREMENT OF SOCIETY!

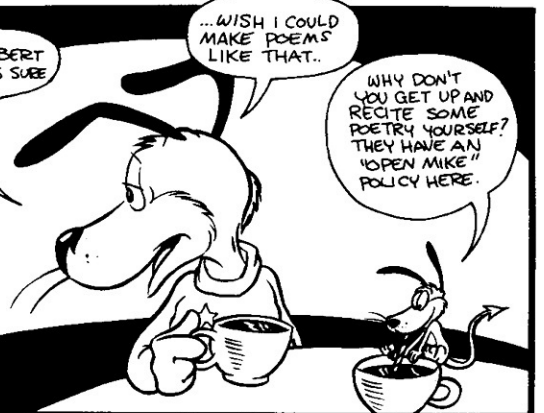
THOK!



I PRAY FOR THEE ORGANIZATION-MAN WITH DESK OF TAN!

GEE, THAT "HERBERT THE HERMIT" IS SURE GOOD...

THOK!



...WISH I COULD MAKE POEMS LIKE THAT.

WHY DON'T YOU GET UP AND RECITE SOME POETRY YOURSELF? THEY HAVE AN 'OPEN MIKE' POLICY HERE.



OPEN MIKE?

SURE! ANYBODY CAN GO ON STAGE!



AW, HECK! I DON'T KNOW ANY POEMS!

YOU DON'T NEED TO STOOPID. I GOT SOME POEMS RIGHT HERE...

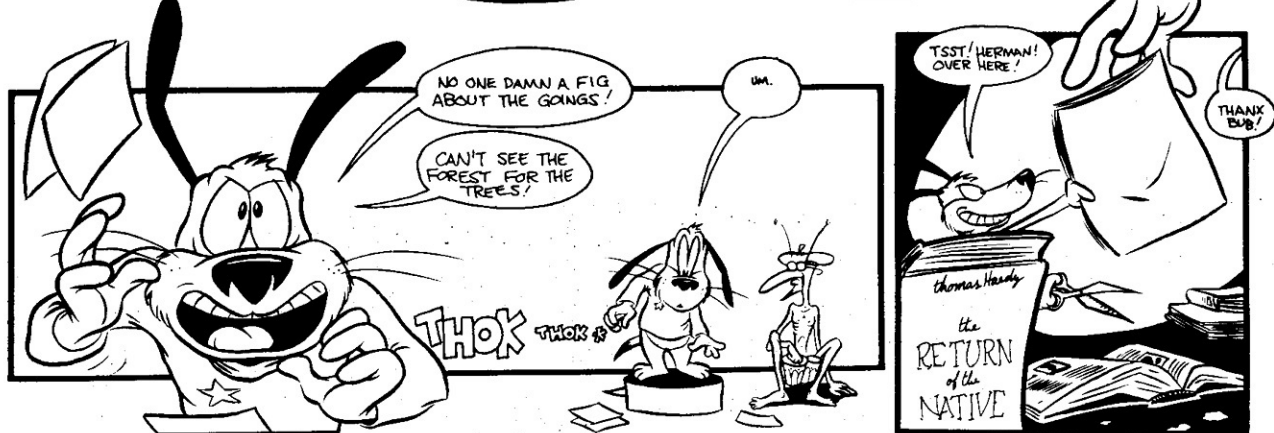
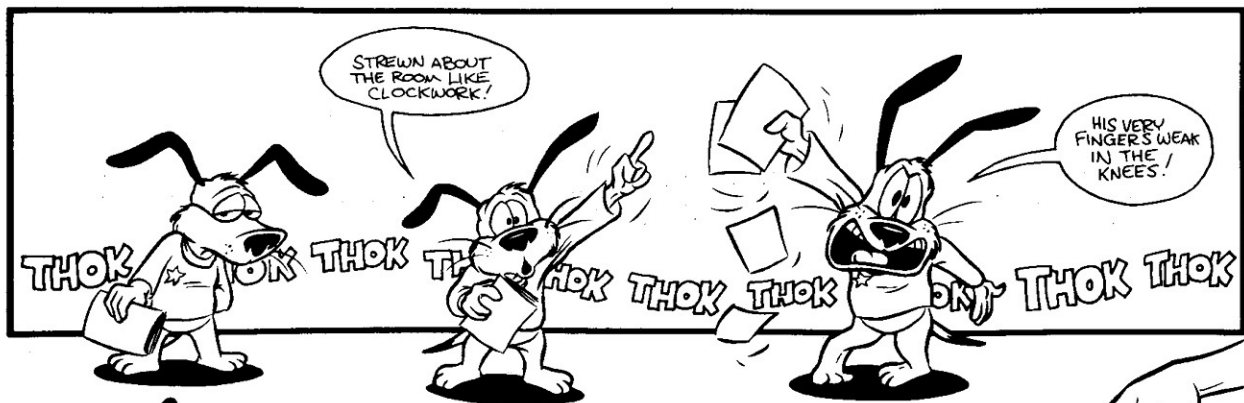
WRITE WRITE WRITE



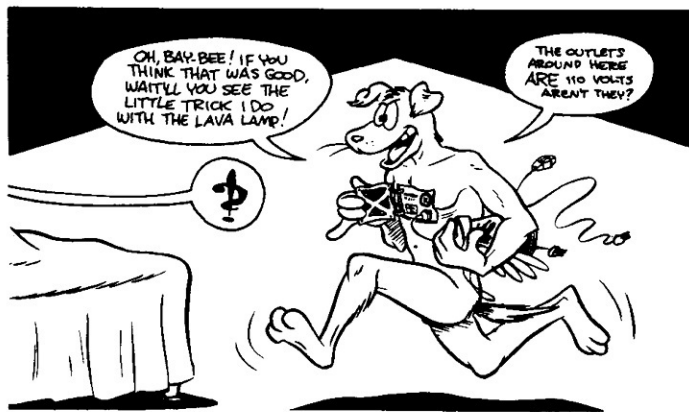
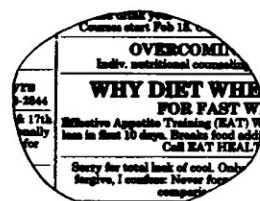
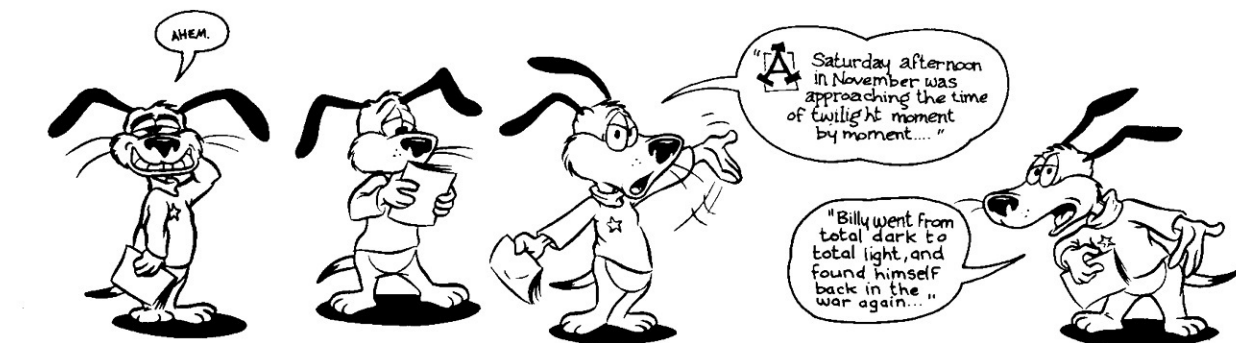
THIS IS PRETTY GOOD! D'YATHINK I COULD DO IT JUSTICE?

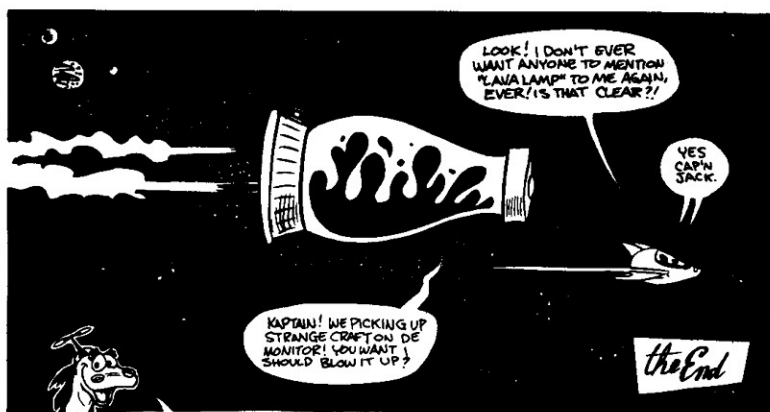
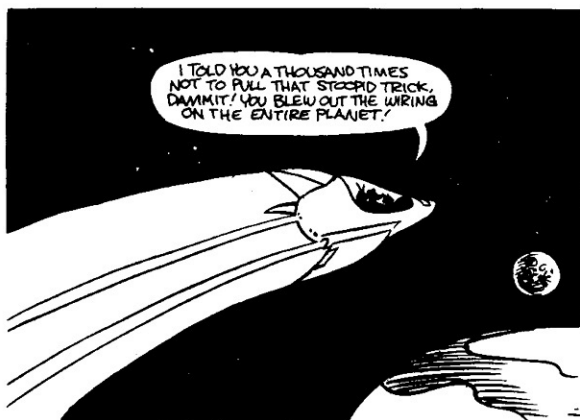
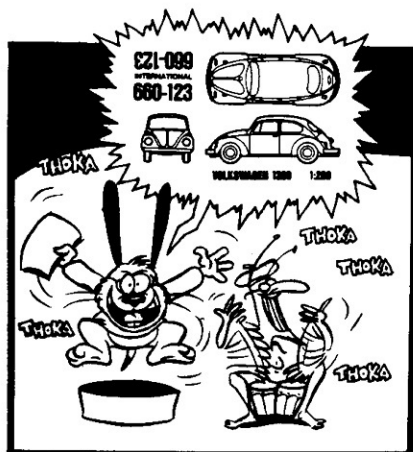
-WITHOUT A DOUBT!











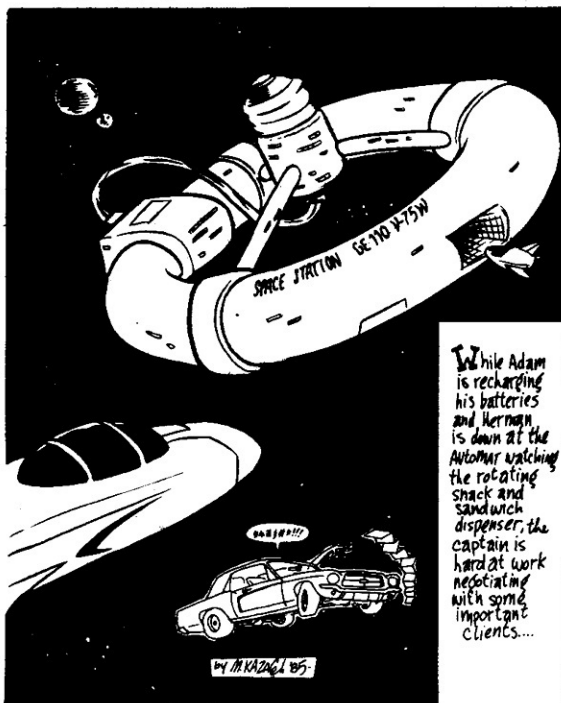
THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO THE LATE BOB CLAMPETT.





...There are many theories about what happens to the waves from our radio and television broadcasts. Some say nothing at all. However, there are those who believe that they have simply drifted out into space, only to be recieved hundreds of years later by the...

# "PLANET of the BOOB-TUBE WIDOWS!"

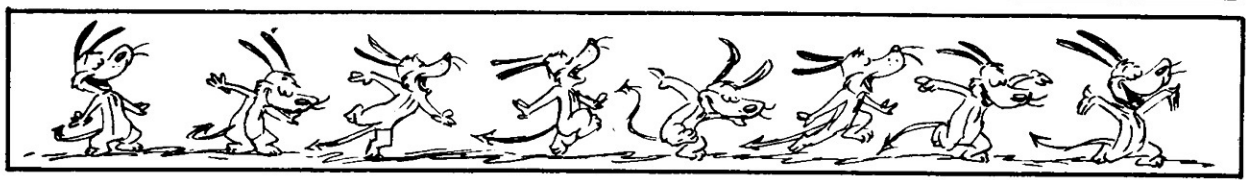
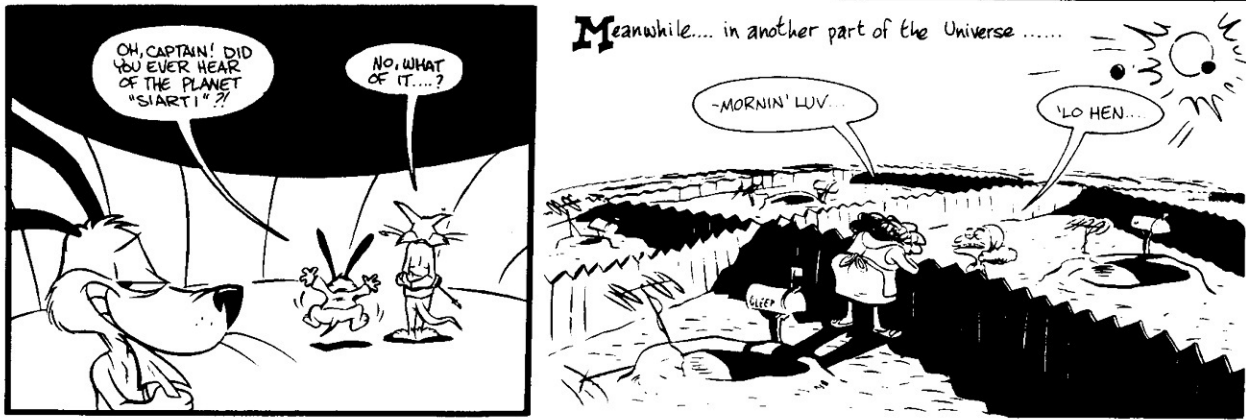
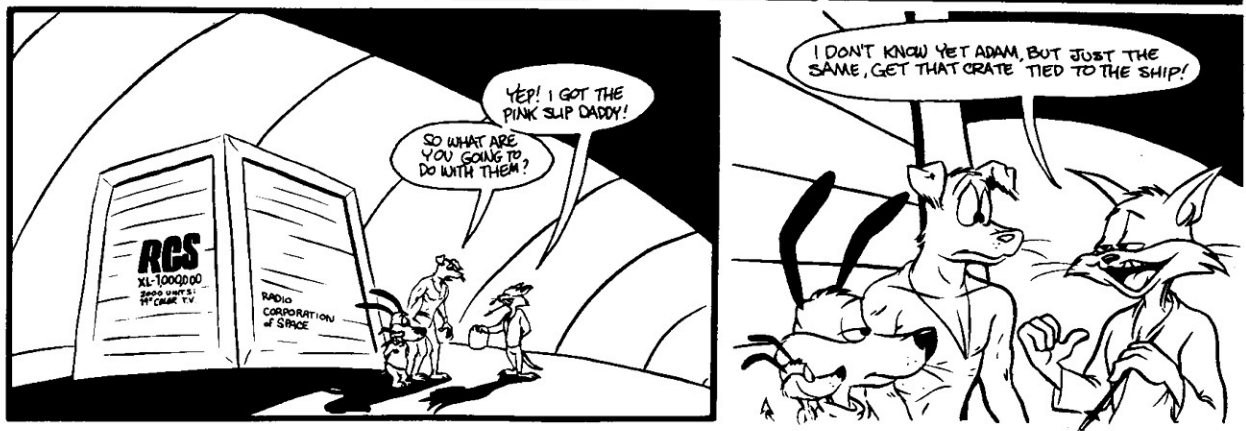
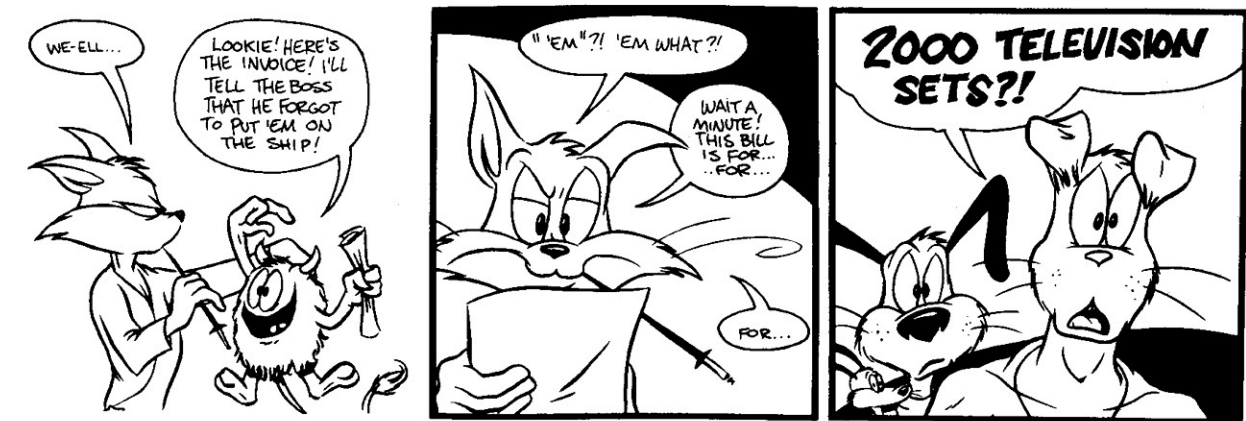


While Adam is recharging his batteries and Herman is down at the Automat watching the rotating snack and sandwich dispenser, the captain is hard at work negotiating with some important clients....

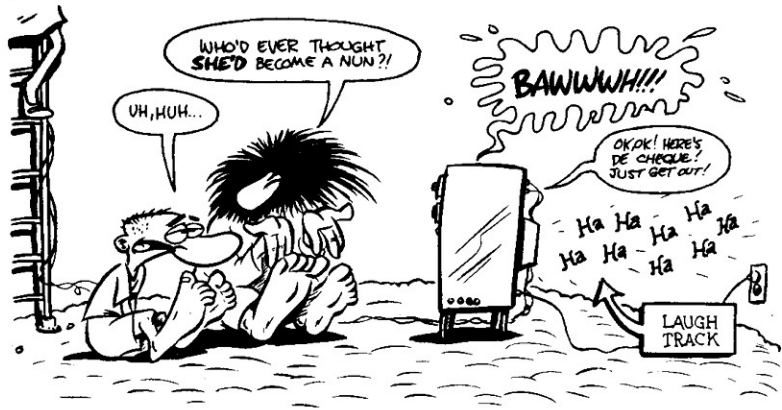
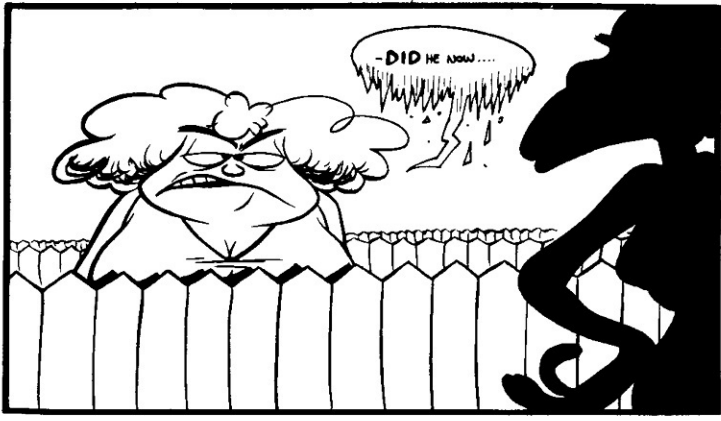


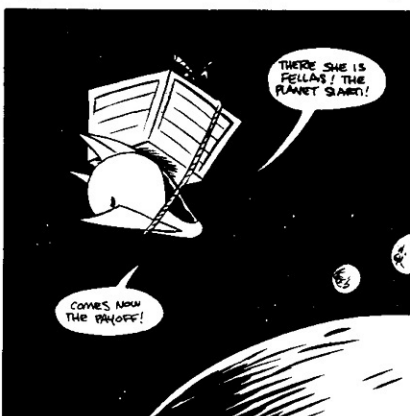
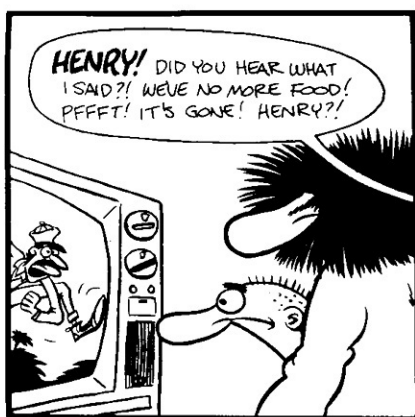
As our story opens we look into one of the many space stations of the galaxy, where the captain and his crew have recently docked. These establishments provide a rest haven for weary SPACE-TRUCKERS as they carry thier wares to the ends of the Universe.....

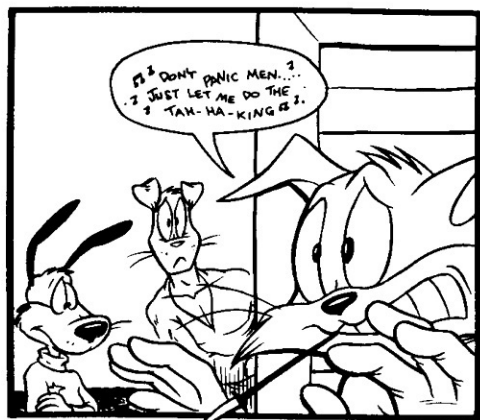




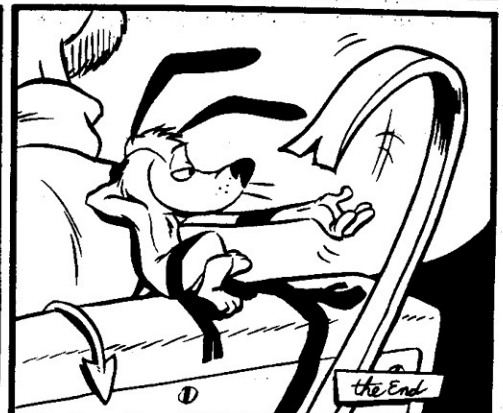
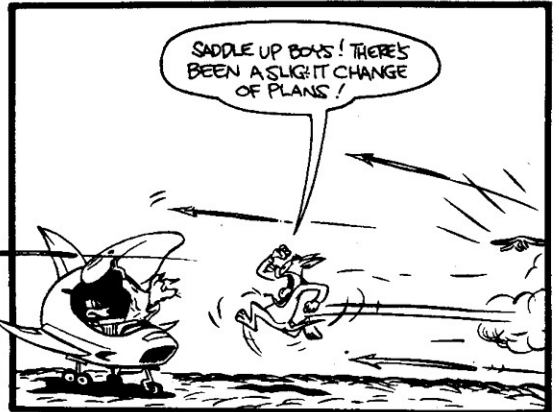
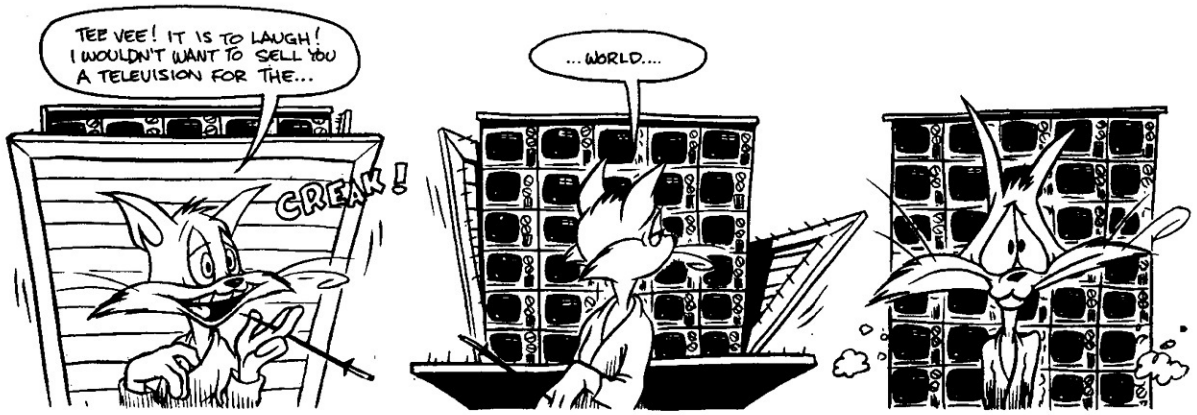














**"ZONE" BY MIKE KRAIGER**  
**"ENIGMA FUNNIES" BY GARY FIELDS**  
**"THE HOLO BROTHERS" BY JIM ROHN**  
**"BOB MERCENARY" BY JAY GELDHOF**  
**and**  
**DAVE HARRISON**

**BROUGHT TO YOU BY**

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

# THREAT!

IT'S THE PULSE POUNDING •  
 SENSES SHATTERING • MIND  
 BENDING • BAT FISHING •  
**BOJEFFRIES SAGA** BY SPI  
 NE WARPING • ASS KICKING  
 • NOSE WIPING • TOE SMA  
 SHING • SHIN SPLINTERING  
**ALAN MOORE** AND THUMB  
 BREAKING • EYE GOUGING •  
 THROAT RIPPING • EAR SPL  
 ITTING • HEART STOMPING •  
**STEVE PARKHOUSE** APPEA  
 RING IN THE FLESH STRIPP  
 ING • LIP STRETCHING • THI  
 G ENTIRE NER  
 EM SHORT CIRCU  
 E BRUISING • JOI  
 G • **DALGODA 8!**  
 RINDING • NOSTR  
 • KIDNEY DAMA  
 T TWISTING • SHI





CAPTAIN JACK AND THE CREW IN:

# "A WIZ *there* WUZ!"

"Ignore the man  
behind the curtain!"

-W.O. OZ

GEE CAPTAIN! ISN'T  
IT ABOUT TIME YOU  
TOLD US WHERE WE  
ARE GOING?

YEAH, WHAT'S THE  
BIG SECRET, SIR?

ONLY 23,004,692,873.14 MILES TO  
HOWARD JOHNSON'S  
GOOD PRICES  
PAMPAH, BOO!  
TURN RIGHT AT EXIT 23 →

USE  
EXOTIC PETROL  
AVAILABLE  
EVERYWHERE!

WHICH WAY  
TO VENUS?  
FATHER  
GO!  
TURN LEFT  
AT MARS.

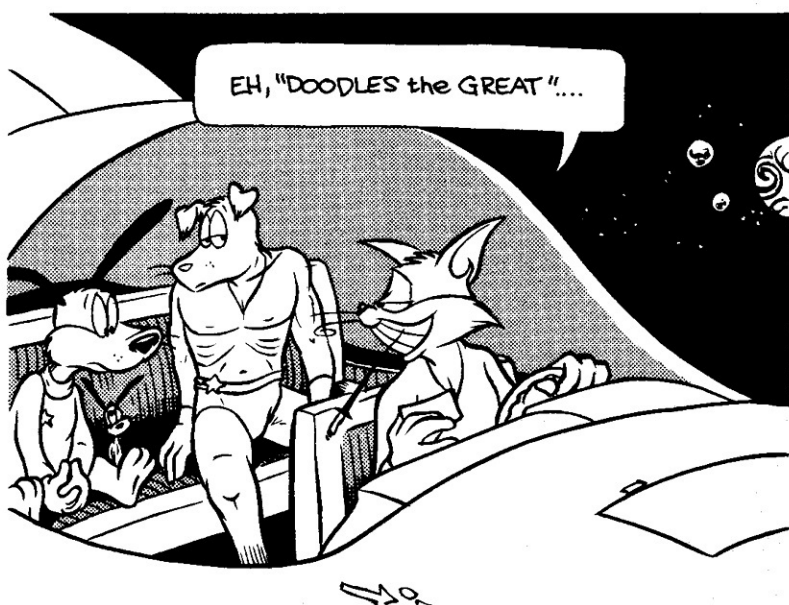
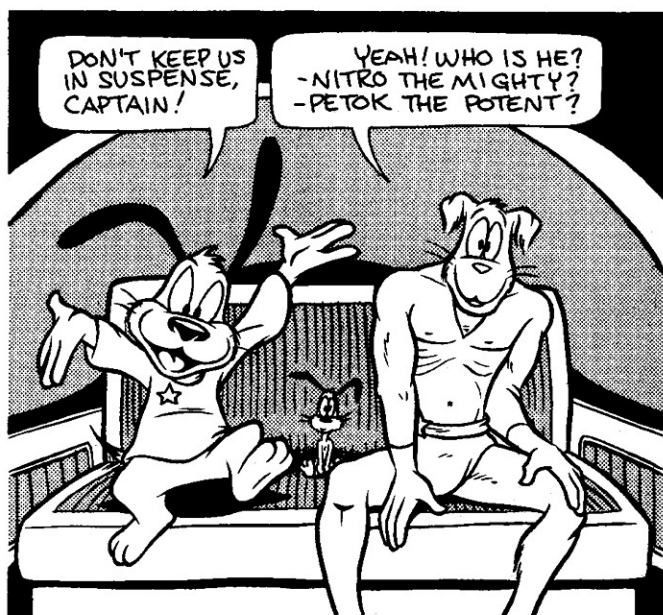
..OI! JACK HAS BEEN  
SUMMONED BY A VERY  
GREAT AND POWERFUL  
WIZARD!

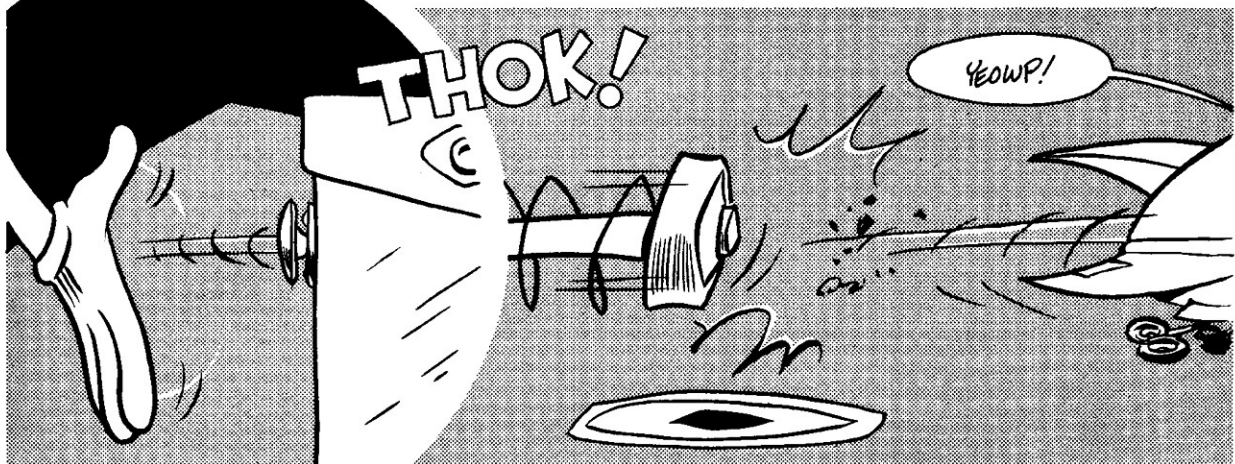
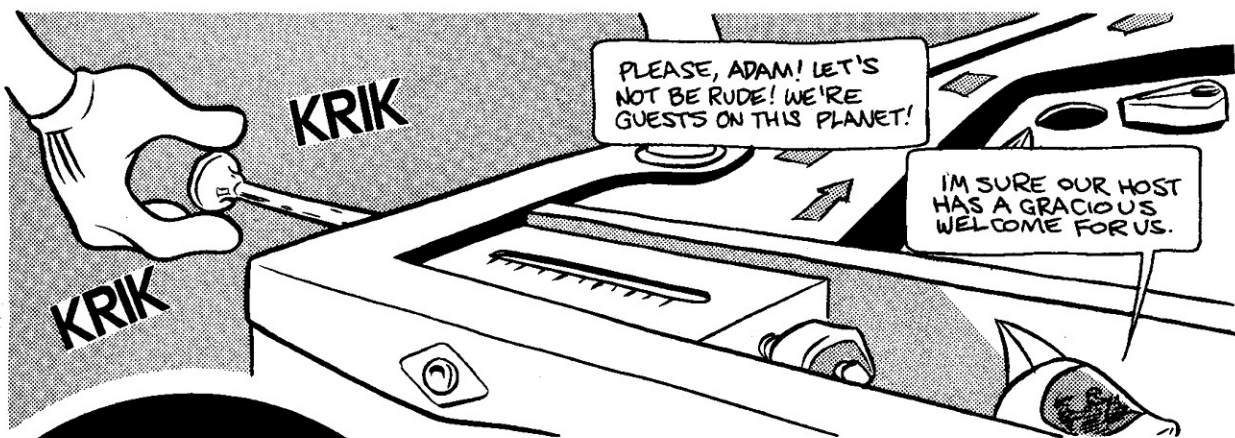
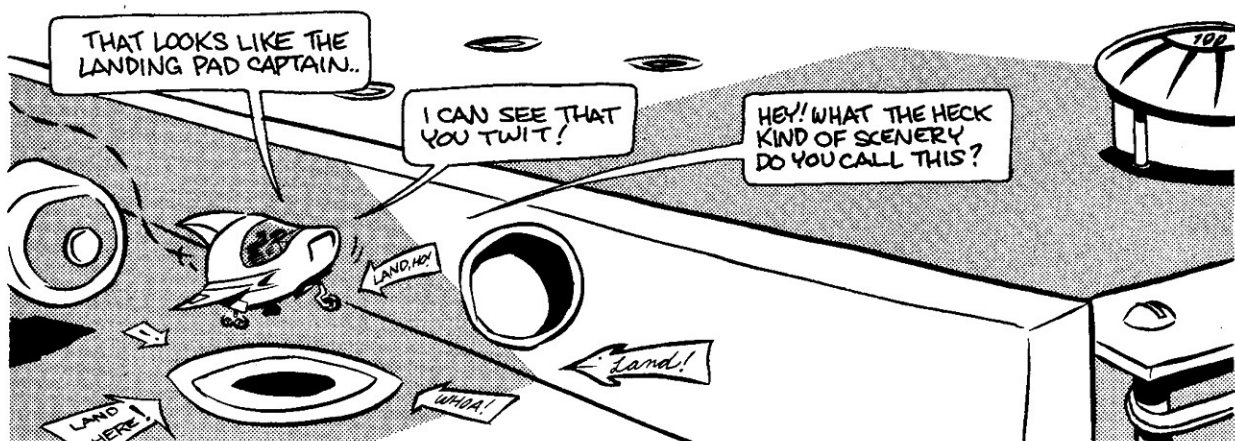
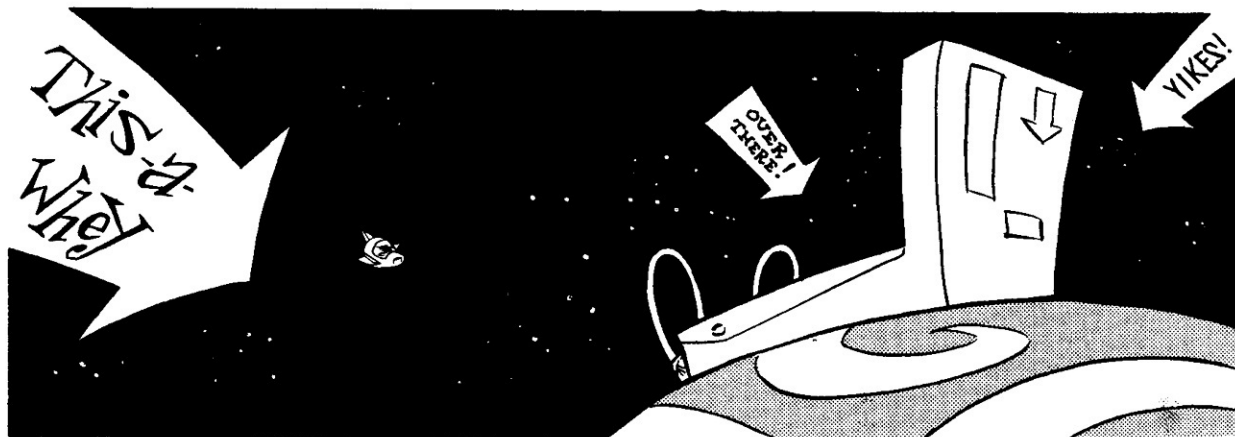
WELL, BOYS, I'LL  
TELL YA. I GOT A  
RADIO MESSAGE  
LAST WEEK...

by  
M. KAZACH

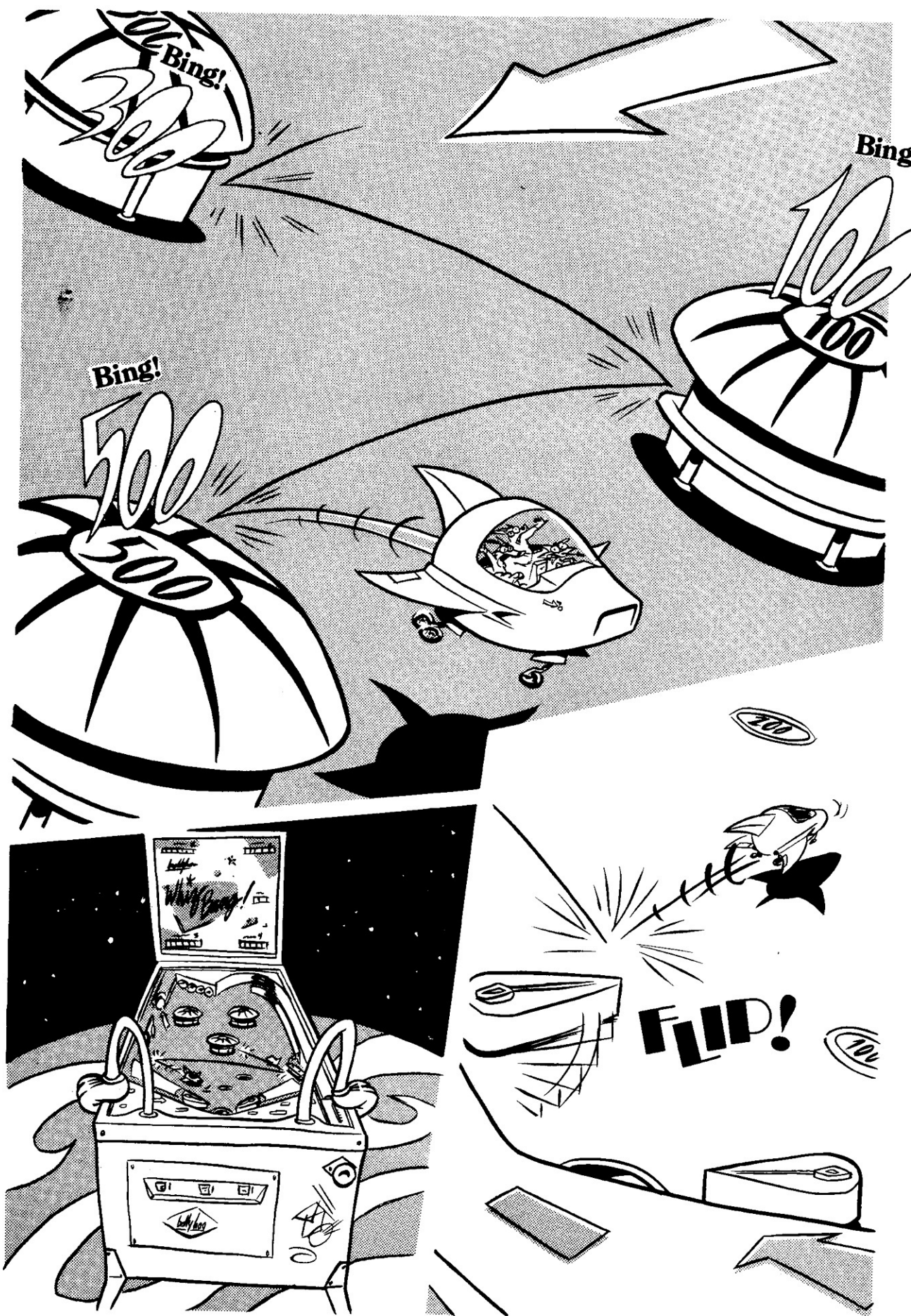
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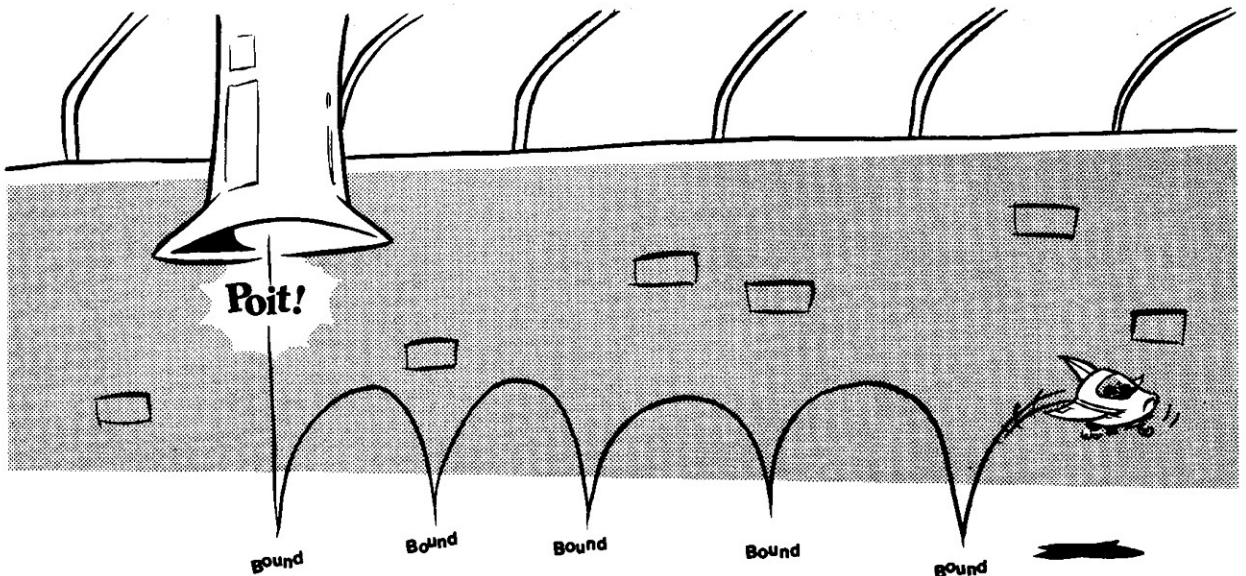
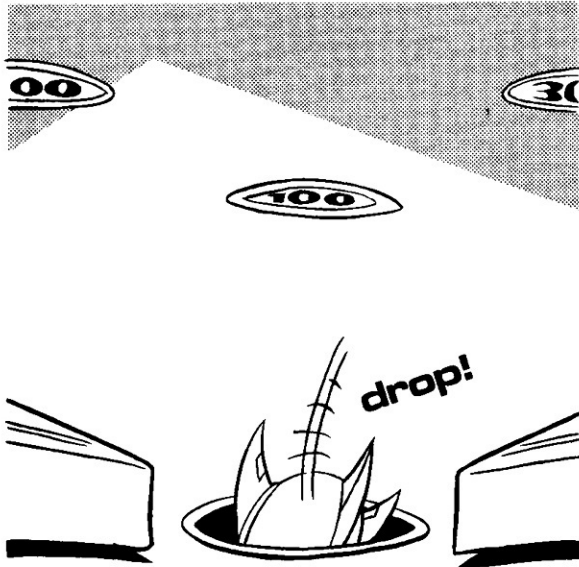
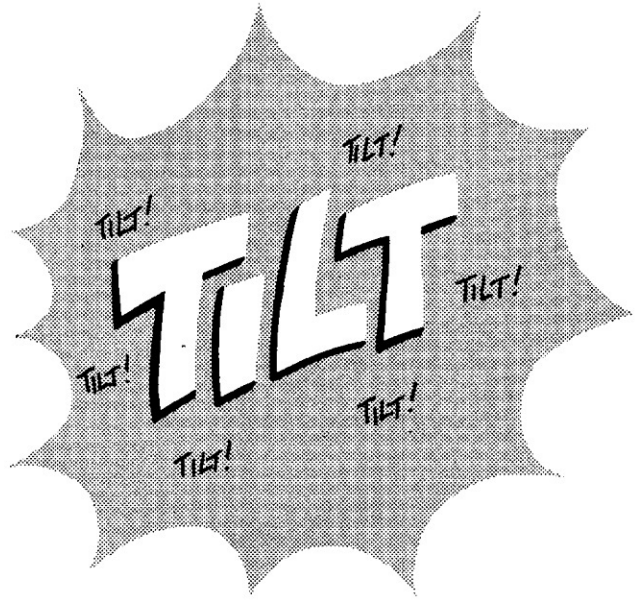
→ ESCAPE

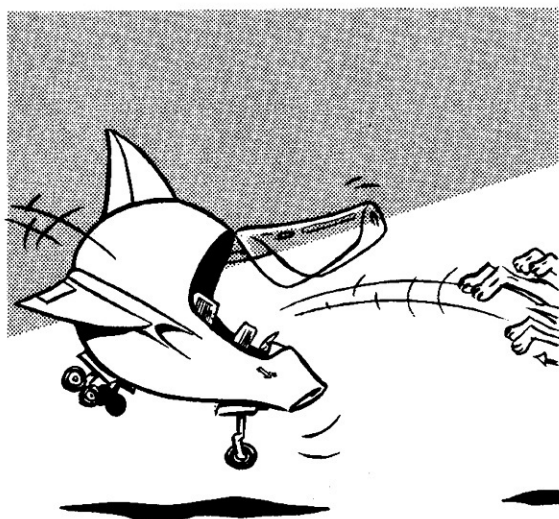




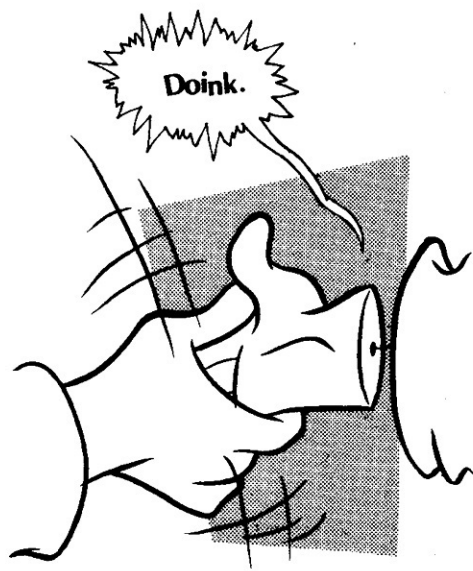
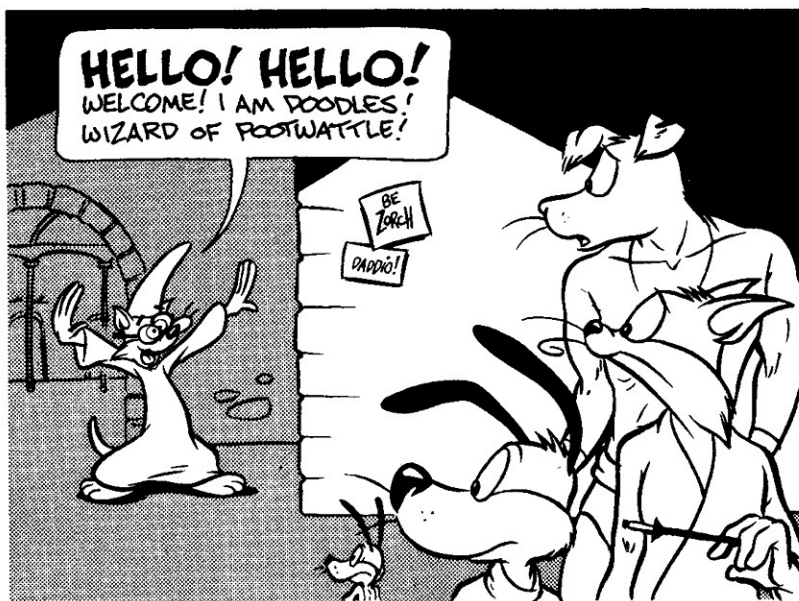
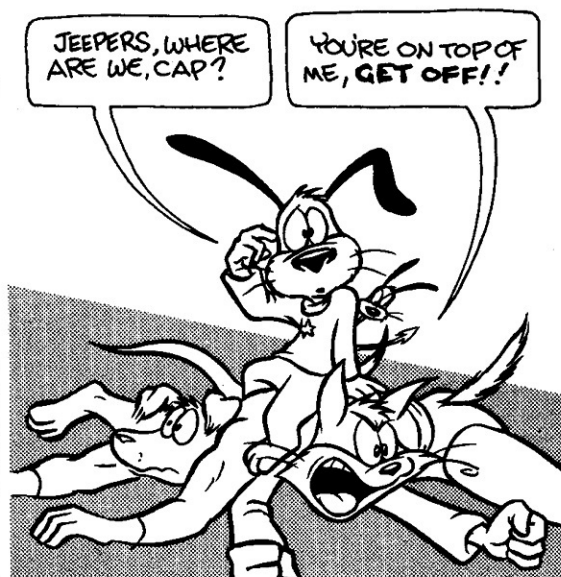








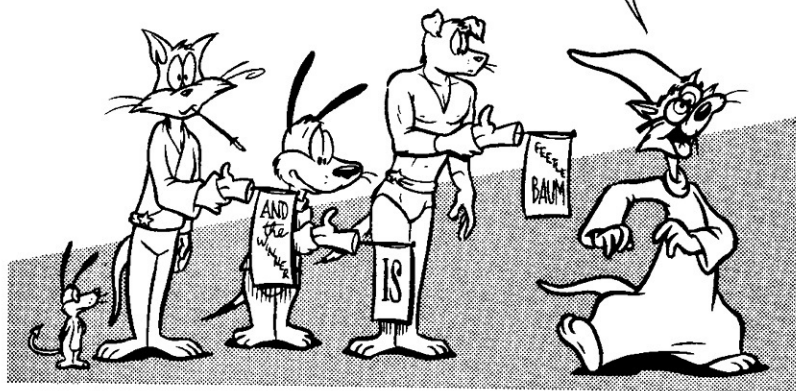
THUMP!





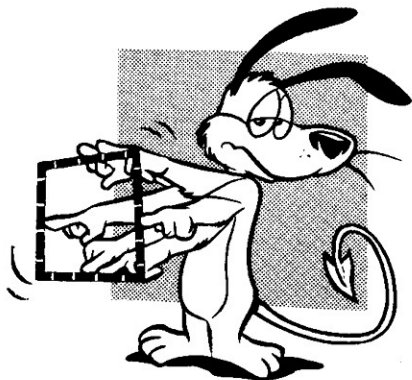
YESSIR! THAT ONE WOWED 'EM IN PITTSBURGH!  
BIG LAFFS! THEY KNEW OL' DOODLES HAD A  
HAND IN IT! AND SPEAKING OF HANDS....

SOMEBODY SEZ TO  
ME "DOODLES" HE  
SEZ "HAVE YOU EVER  
HAD YOUR PALM READ  
?" I SEZ "YEAH!"



HE SEZ "WELL, WHAT'S WITH  
THAT LITTLE ALUMINUM SIDING  
ALL OVER YOUR HANDS?" I  
SEZ WE GOT TIRED OF REPAINT-  
ING 'EM RED EVERY SPRING!"

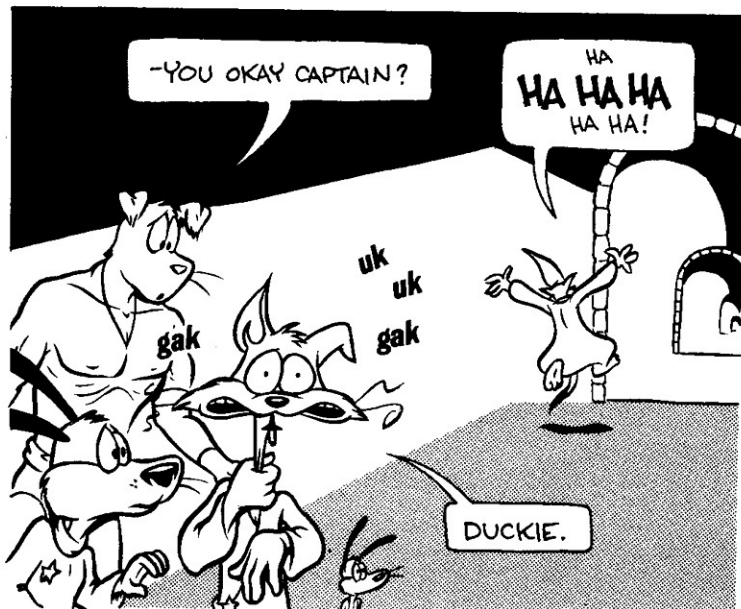
**HAW, THAT'S  
A KILLER!!**

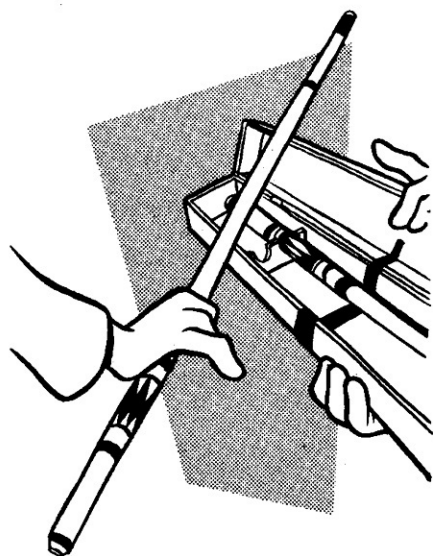


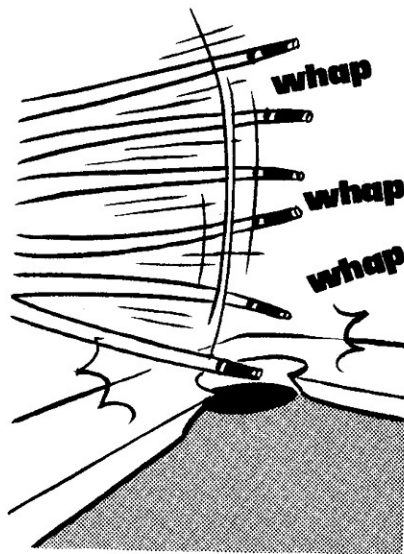
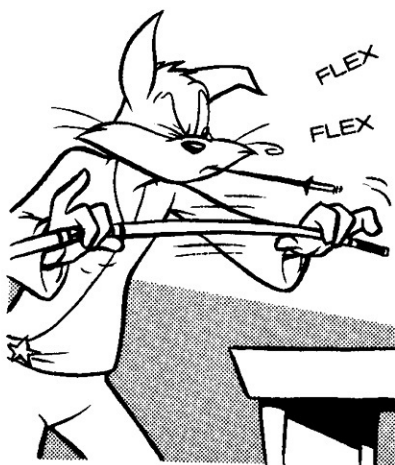
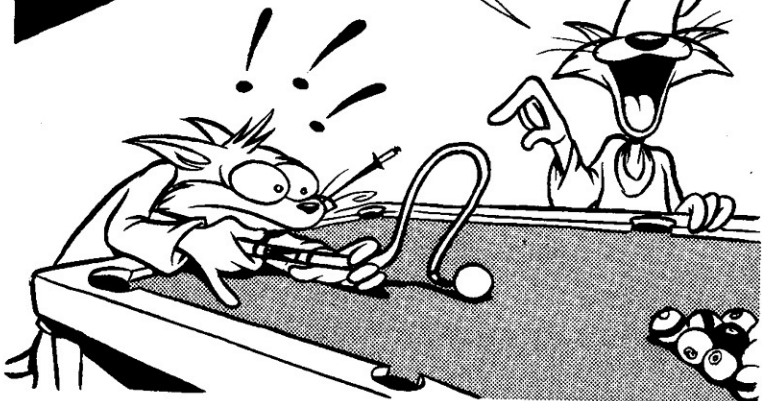
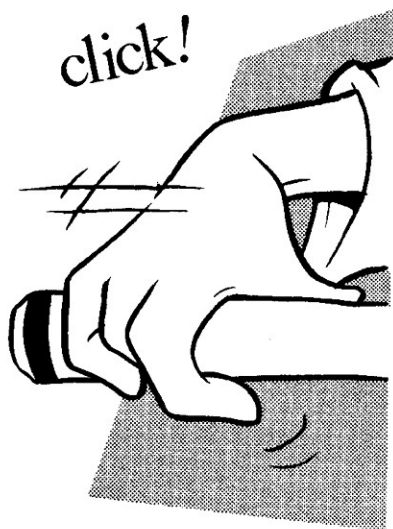
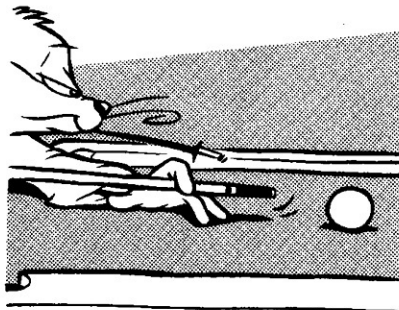
-YOU OKAY CAPTAIN?

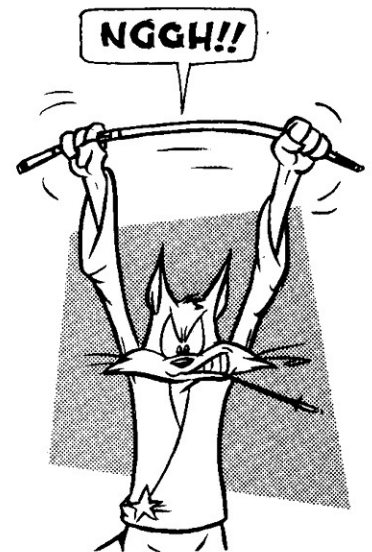
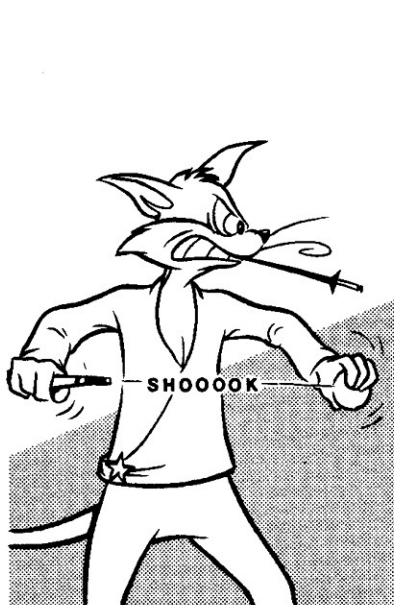
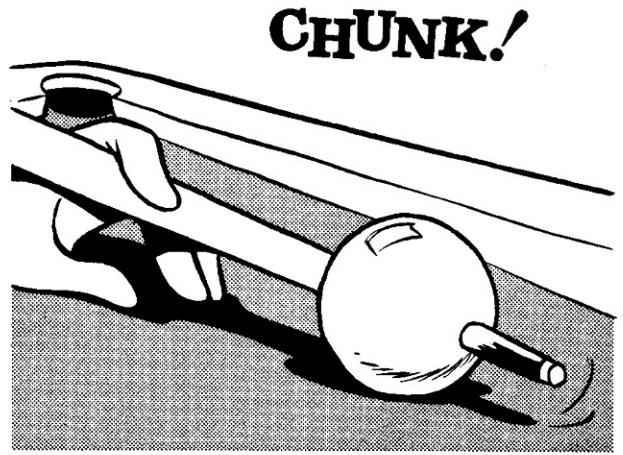
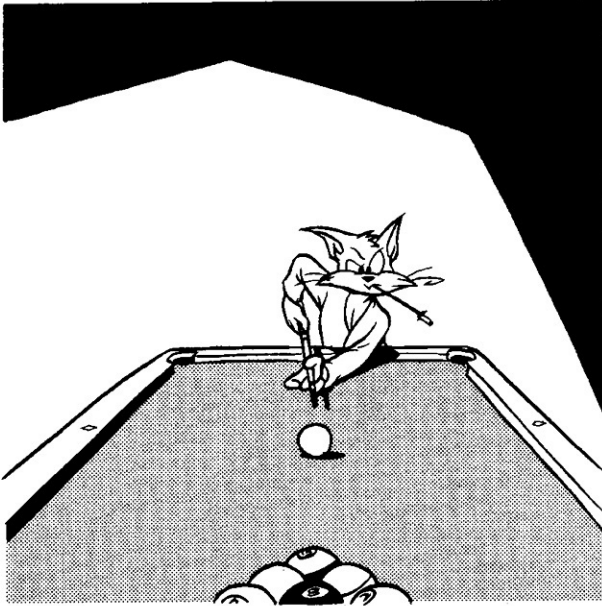
HA  
**HA HA HA**  
HA HA!

WHOOOOOP! COME THIS  
WAY, GENTLEMEN!



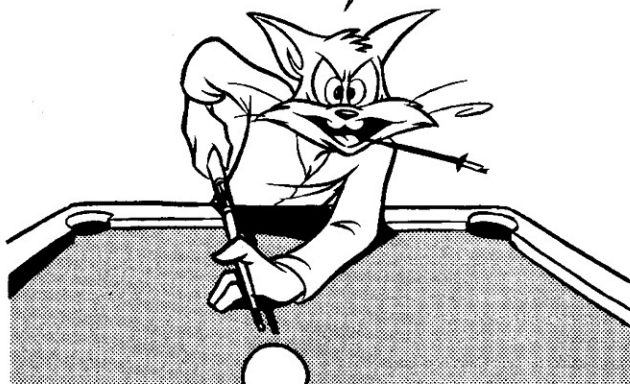




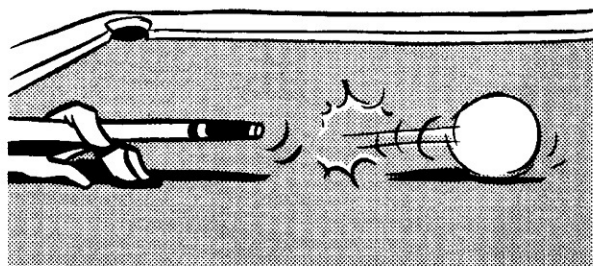




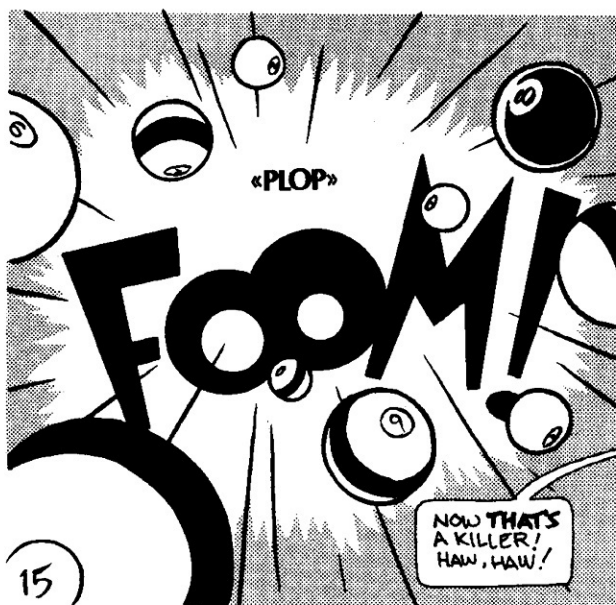
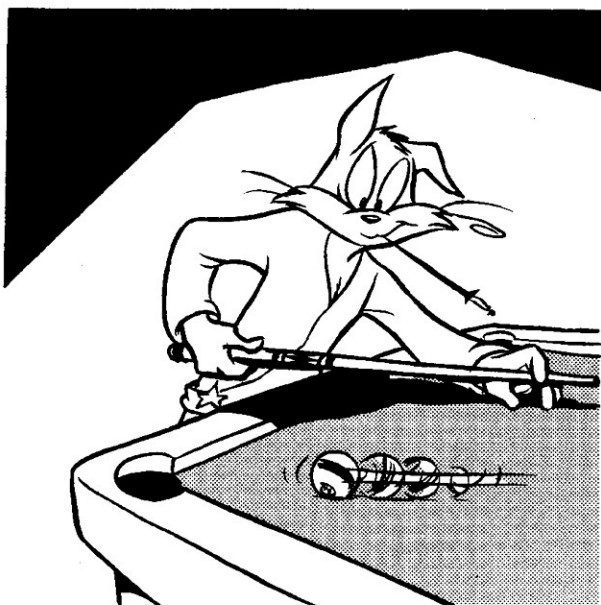
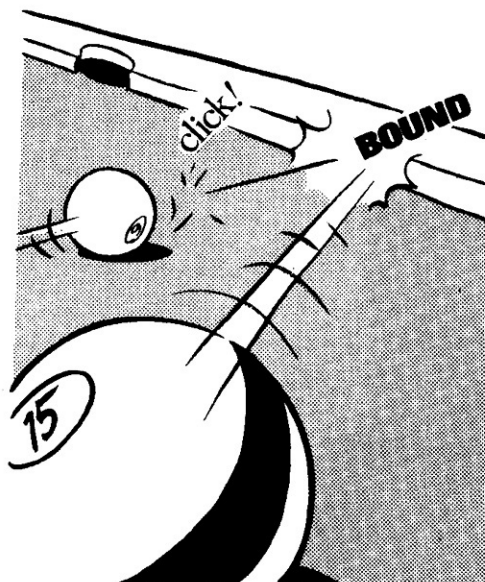
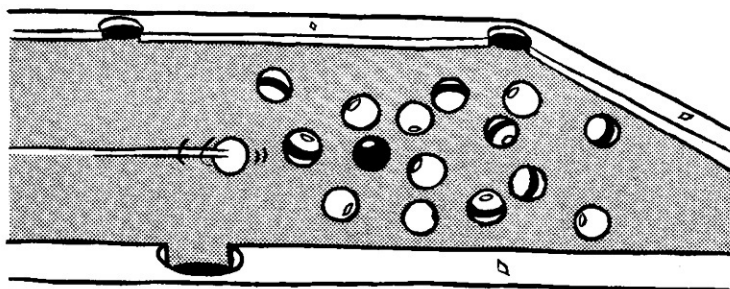
THERE! SOLID BALL! SOLID CUE!  
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU PULL SOME-  
THING NOW YOU REFUGEE FROM  
A JOHNSON-SMITH CATALOGUE!



Click!



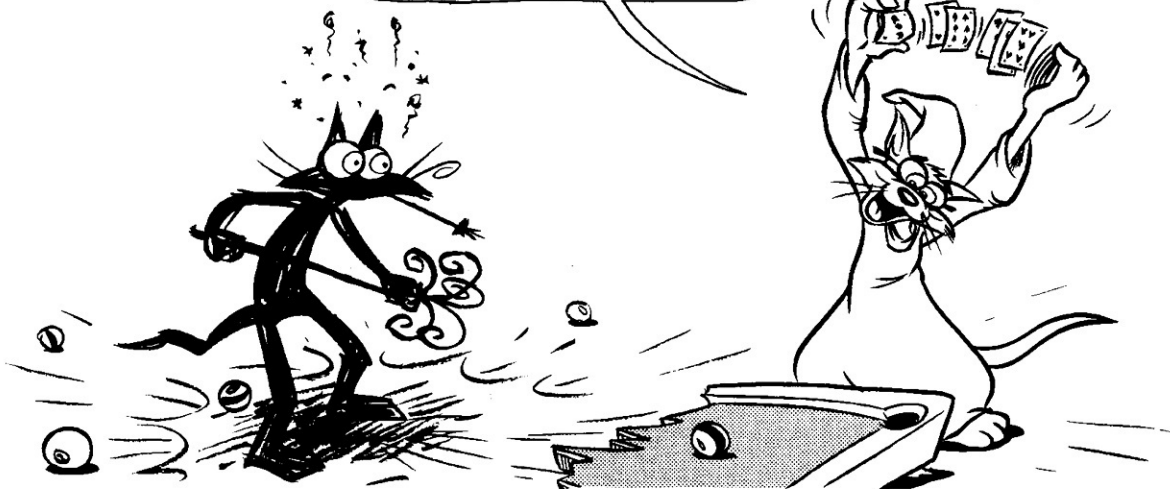
**BREAK!**



NOW THAT'S  
A KILLER!  
HAW, HAW!

HEY, I KNOW! HOW ABOUT A  
FAST GAME OF CANASTA?

Flip Flip Flip



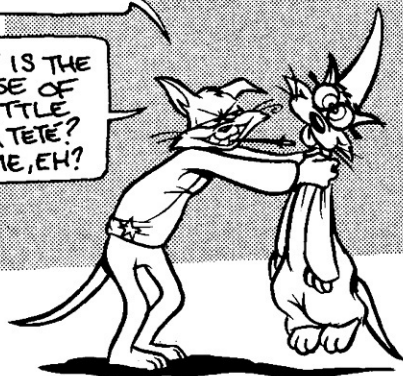
NO DISRESPECT INTENDED YOUR  
DOODLESHIP, BUT LET'S JUST  
DISPENSE WITH THE FRIVOLITIES  
AND GET DOWN TO CASES!



SO PLEASE, DOODLES...  
DARLING DOODLES...

SWEET HEART...

WHAT IS THE  
PURPOSE OF  
OUR LITTLE  
TÊTE À TÊTE?  
TELL ME, EH?



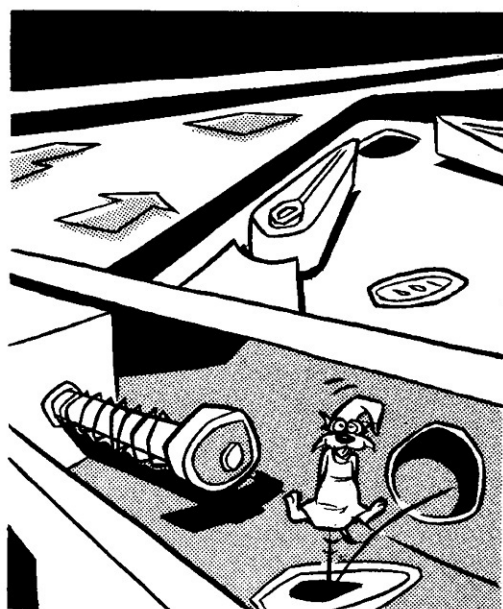
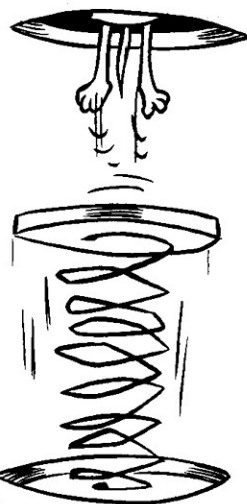
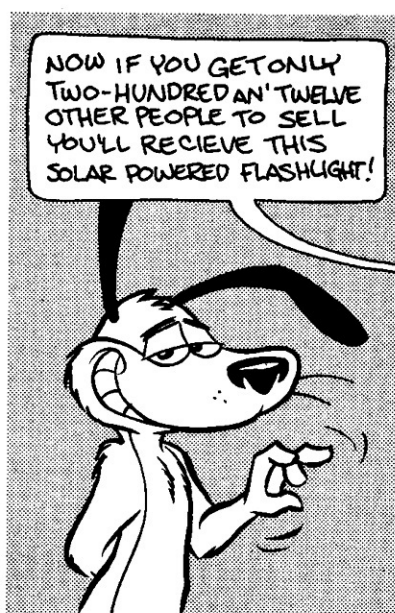
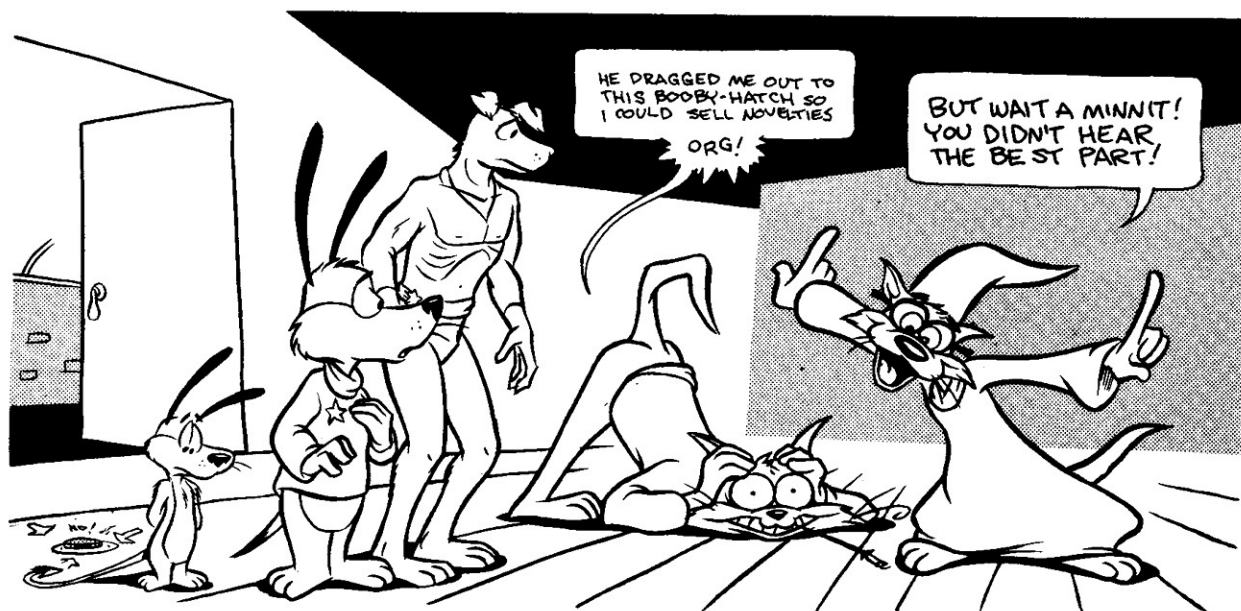
WHY CERTAINLY LAD! THE WIZARD  
BUSINESS HASN'T BEEN TOO GOOD  
LATELY, SO I STARTED A LITTLE  
NOVELTY COMPANY! I MAKE EXPLOR-  
ING NECKTIES, INFLATABLE I.C.B.M.'S  
GLOW-IN-THE-DARK MUCILAGE, GARLIC  
FLAVOURED ONIONS, THE WHOLE BIT!

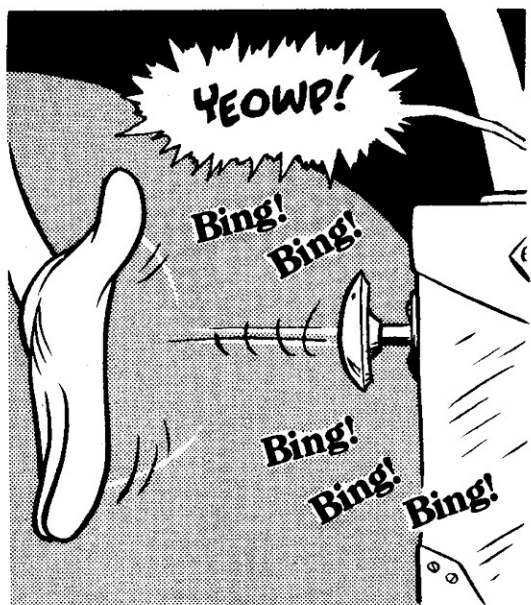


HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE ARE ALREADY  
EARNING EXTRA SPENDING CASH  
SELLING THEM TO FREINDS  
RELATIVES, AND EVEN NEIGHBOURS!

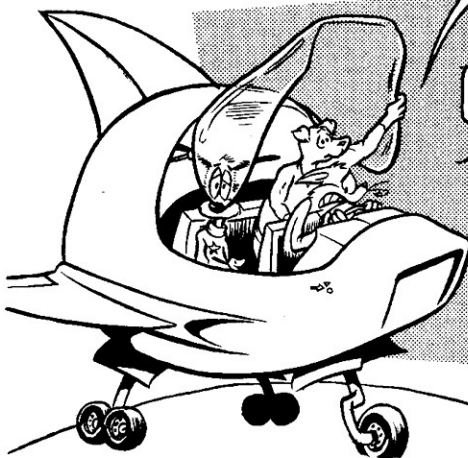
WHY DON'T  
YOU LOOK  
AT OUR  
BROCHURE?



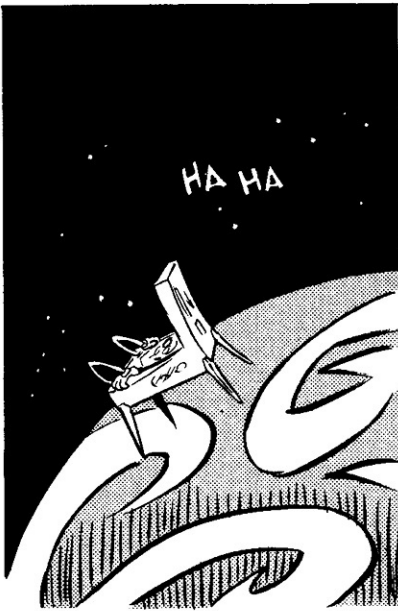
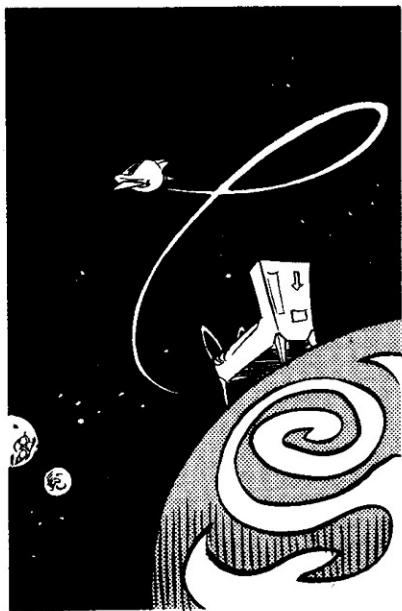




LET'S SCRAM THE HELL OUTTA HERE  
BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS!



SHEESH!







Next Issue: **"ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT"**

# **New Hope: where dreams begin...**

## **To Die**



# **JOURNEY**

The Adventures of Wolverine MacAlistaire

From FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

[Continued from inside front cover]

Little did either of us realize when we became roommates how truly incompatible we were; that one day I would lose Mike's cat (temporarily), or that he would cause me to miss the first twenty minutes of **Citizen Kane** in Ann Arbor, both grounds for justifiable homicide. Nonetheless, our apartment, in the building that had seen better days, in the city that had seen better days, that Mike and I shared with aspiring cineaste Brian Gabel, was, in a way, a refuge from the present, where a couple of self-taught artists created their own school, regardless of the prevailing mediocrity. Here, Clampett and Jones still directed six shorts a year in blazing IB Technicolor; here, Harvey Kurtzman still presided over **Mad** comics. On 625 Madison Avenue, Stan and Jack churned out the Marvel Comics group. Crumb was still tripping on Haight-Ashbury and filling up his sketchbook. Wally Wood was in his prime, filled with youthful enthusiasm, and notions of self-destruction would never-ever occur to him. It was Berlin in the Twenties, or Storyville at the turn of the Century, or Picasso's Montmartre, or Eisenstein's Moscow, or Woody Allen's Manhattan, or any period of creative flowering in history, and it was all happening now, as long as the bulb in the projector burned, as long as the staples held the illusion together. Did I mention Liverpool in 1960?

We were a couple of undiscovered geniuses who felt unappreciated by the world, who felt that the major improvements in American Popular Culture, and for that matter, Art in general, had passed them by.

In all fairness, some good things had managed to filter in from the present: Spiegelman's **Breakdowns**, Griffith's **Zippy**, Sim's **Cerebus**, Quagmire's **Cutey Bunny**, **The Comics Journal**, **Love and Rockets** #2, Alex Toth's **Bravo for Adventure**, Chet Brown's **Yummy Fur**, David E. Boswell's **Reid Fleming**, **World's Toughest Millman**, and who could forget the Bonzo Dog Doodah Band providing the background music? Of course, Mike's list might be a bit different.

Despite the fact that Mike's interests often overlapped my own, there were considerable areas of enthusiasm that were exclusive and sacrosanct. Occasionally, we would attempt to influence one another's artistic development directly, a foolhardy endeavor, to be sure, which would have the disastrous results of hurt feelings, bruised egos, and a paranoid sense of rivalry. I would tell Mike that caricature and humor were fine, but anatomical study and academic drawing were vitally important, too. He would counter that any yo-yo could copy reality. I insisted that Kurtzman could draw realistically, where Mike could not; he accused me that I couldn't draw funny.

Now, between average roommates, there is enough tension, if it goes unchecked, to escalate to global thermonuclear war. But **this** was simply too much. I was damned if I, the self-taught master of Neal Adams feathering, was going to live with someone who doubted that I could draw funny **if and when** I felt like it! And so, I filled a good sketch book and a half of funny sketches, just to prove to this dilettante my facile versatility and range.

The only problem was that these were the dopiast, sappiest, saddest sort of cute and cuddly type of sketches you ever laid eyes on, the stuff we associate with Harvey or the Star line; bullshit, in other words. Mike had me dead to rights; I couldn't draw funny to save my soul.

I scurried back to the heroism, the melodrama, the anatomy that was my sole skill. Trapped by the conventions I had strived to perfect, I found my medium of expression totally expressionless. With a sense of utter futility, and a sort of savage lashing out, I pushed it all to the max; I employed overkill. Every muscle

defined, every pose dynamic beyond all physical laws, every arm flailing, every leg four miles apart. Bulge upon bulge, mass upon mass, heroic proportion distorted beyond all recognition.

Brian blurted out the words, "Megaton Man!" and we all laughed for a solid twenty minutes. The rest is history, and it's all Mike Kazaleh's fault.

But this is supposed to be about Mike.

Whereas I was content to finance my cartoon moonlighting with restaurant dishwashing, Mike always had a stronger sense of ego in regards to his chosen profession. He was an animator, by God, and he was going to make a living off of it! No more pop's TV store for him! How he ever scrounged up animation work in the Motor City I'll never figure out, but he did. He got himself a commission to do a thirty-second TV ad for a local construction company which Mike would produce, direct, and animate, although Brian often assisted a good deal, all on a shoestring budget, shot on 16 mm in the apartment or in Brian's parent's basement. Occasionally, I would paint cels. He landed a string of such jobs, and, although not exactly Bob Clampett, they were a damn sight more ambitious than the stuff you see on Saturday mornings these days. The kid had the knack.

But he never could get far enough ahead to finance his own short. But the problem was deeper: Mike is above all a perfectionist (in a sloppy, slapdash sort of way—no, no, just kidding) and he didn't feel he had ideas that were good enough for a cartoon. He was not a writer, he would complain. So, he contented himself with producing two and three page underground-type strips, which is an eminently cheaper testing ground.

Now, how Mike wired it all together, I don't know, because I moved to Wisconsin, so I wasn't there. All I know is that one day I got a Xerox copy of Captain Jack and his Crew of the Glass Onion in the mail. Jack, and Adam, and Herman, and Beezlebub were—my God! real and palpable characters—with motivations and hilarious stories—and all that stuff from that fabled apartment of ours, no. 14, lived on in those panels! And I knew, and he knew I knew, and I knew he knew I knew, and he knew I knew he knew I knew... that he could **write**!!!

Of course, it would be wrong to read **Captain Jack** as some sort of compromised animated cartoon, because somewhere along the way, Mike had gained a mastery, as well as respect, for the very different comic book medium! Just like I had gained a mastery and respect for humor (good Lord—**choke!**)...

Now, Mike lives in Hollywood, working in the big leagues of animation, and doing the Captain for Fantagraphics Books (Denis Kitchen's failure to pick up this series is a shame he will just have to live with—God knows I tried to reason with the man). Anyway, two miserable aspiring cartoonists from Detroit are now two somewhat less miserable real-life cartoonists. The present may not be the past, but it's the only show in town.

What Mike's aspirations are at this point only time will tell; allow me to predict that Mike Kazaleh will be on the forefront of funny for the rest of this century and well into the next, whichever medium he works in.

Me, I know when I'm beat. I'm gonna be a plumber or electrician.

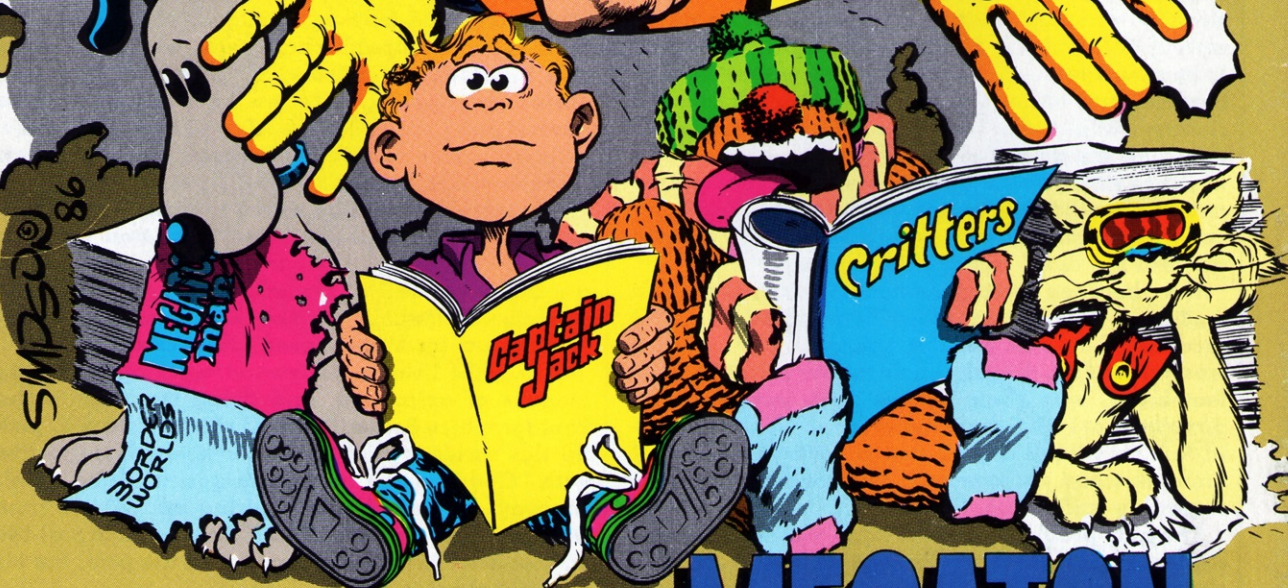
—DONALD SIMPSON  
Princeton, WI  
1985





A Public Service Announcement  
from Kitchen Sink Press  
for All You Fantagraphics Funny Animal Fans

**ALRIGHT!  
WHAT'S SO  
FUNNY?!!**



**YOU SHOULD  
BE READING**

**MEGATON  
man**