

*The Adventures of*

# Captain JACK

NUMBER ELEVEN

THIS IS  
DEFINITELY  
FOR MATURE  
READERS ONLY!

AND IT'LL COST  
YA TWO DOLLARS  
IN AMERICAN LOOT,  
TWO-SIXTY  
CANADIAN.



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



# HEY, GROUP!

A LOT OF OUR FRIENDS HAVE TOLD US THAT THEY'VE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE FINDING CAPTAIN JACK AT THE STORE. SO, IN ORDER TO CORRECT THIS PROBLEM, WE'RE GOING TO ASK EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU TO HELP US OUT! SO LISTEN UP, AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN BECOME A **JACK WATCHER!**



GO TO YOUR FRIENDLY, LOCAL COMIC BOOK SHOP. IF YOU DON'T SEE CAPTAIN JACK ON THE SHELF, ASK FOR IT!

IF YOUR STORE OWNER REFUSES TO STOCK IT, MAKE YOURSELF HEARD! STATE YOUR POSITION FIRMLY, YET POLITELY!



IF MORE PEOPLE DEMANDED CAPTAIN JACK, RETAILERS WOULD BE MORE ANXIOUS TO CARRY IT. SO GET ALL YOUR FRIENDS TO READ CAPTAIN JACK. THEY'LL LOVE YOU FOR IT!

AND DON'T FORGET! WE'LL SEND YOU A FREE CAPTAIN JACK FOR EVERY CHECK AMOUNTING TO \$250 YOU SEND IN!



"IRONWILL" KAZALEH '88 -

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Printed at: **PORT PUBLICATIONS, Wisconsin**







"I DON'T KNOW, JAN.  
PROBABLY NOT FOR A  
WHILE. CAP SOUNDED  
LIKE HE HAD SOMETHING  
REAL IMPORTANT TO DO..."

WOW! WHAT AN ENORMOUS HOUSE!  
WHO DID YOU SAY LIVES HERE?

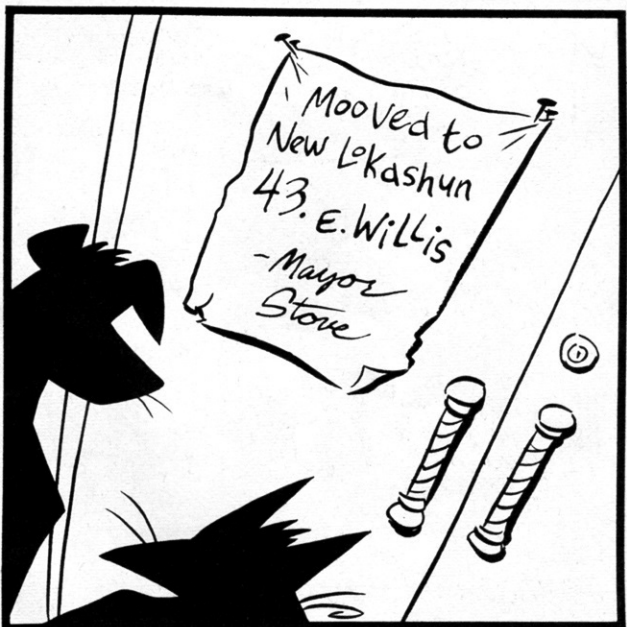


# "Good Connections!"

-a Captain Jack adventure! by M.KAZAGH'88-



THE MAYOR...?! OF DETROIT?  
I DON'T MEAN THE MAYOR OF PARMA!  
HE OWES ME A FAVOR. I THOUGHT HE  
COULD GIVE US A LOAN.



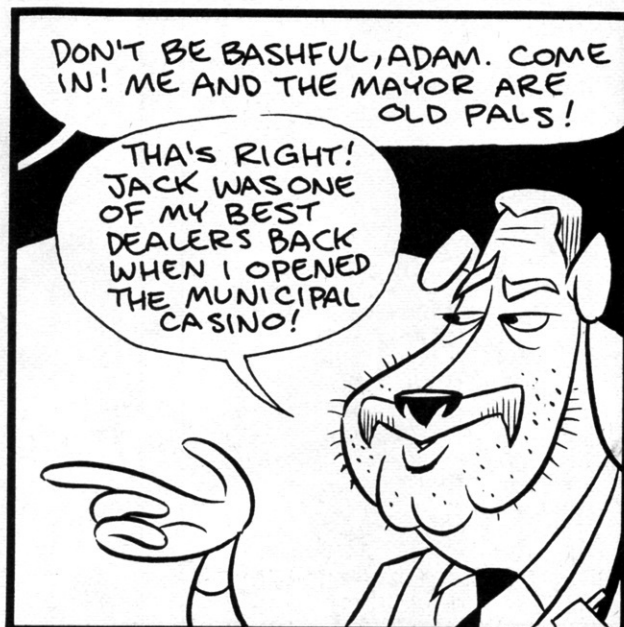








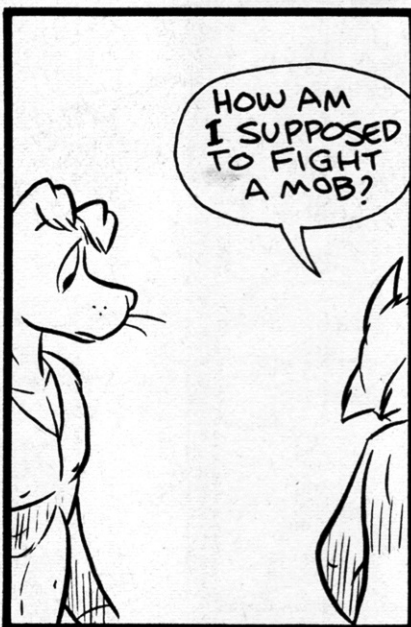
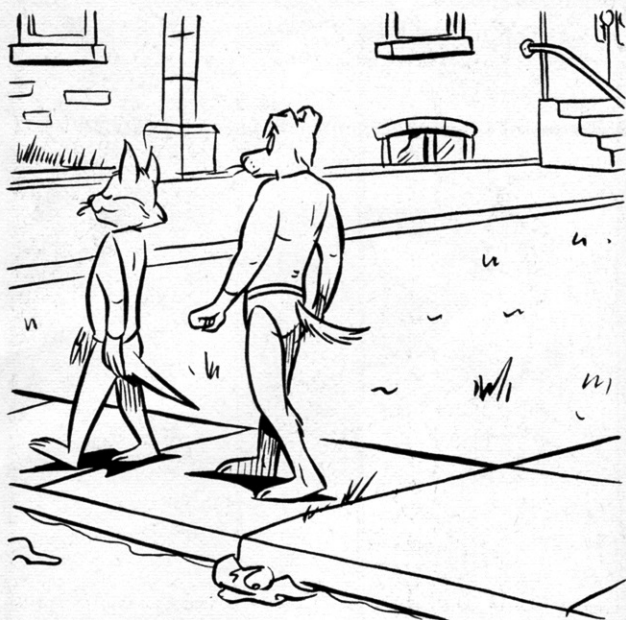




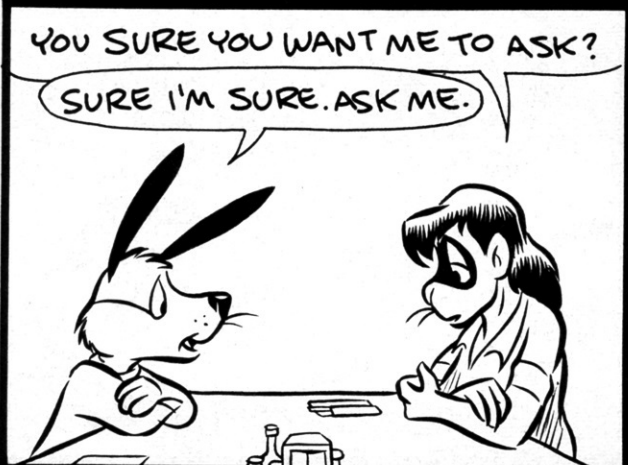
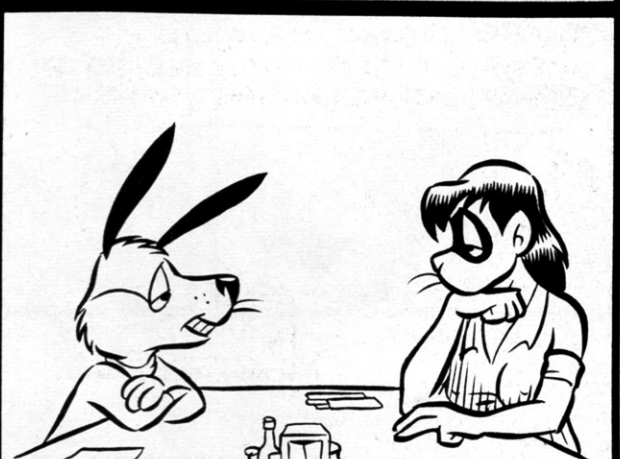
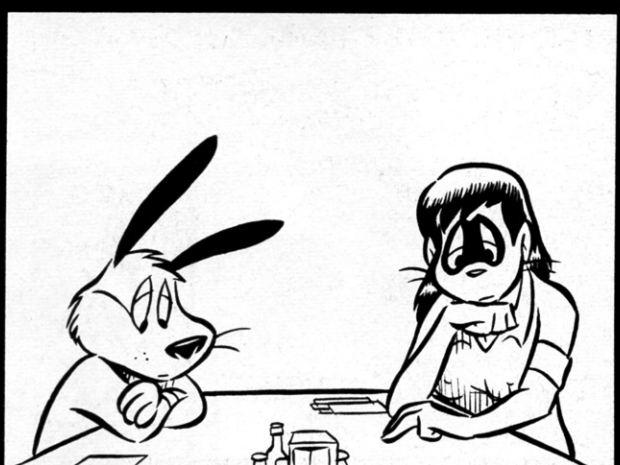




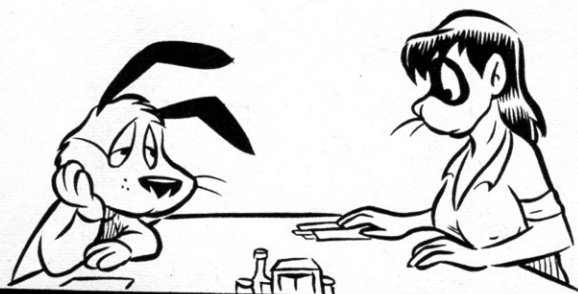
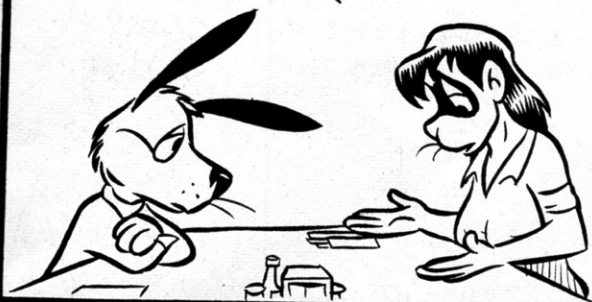








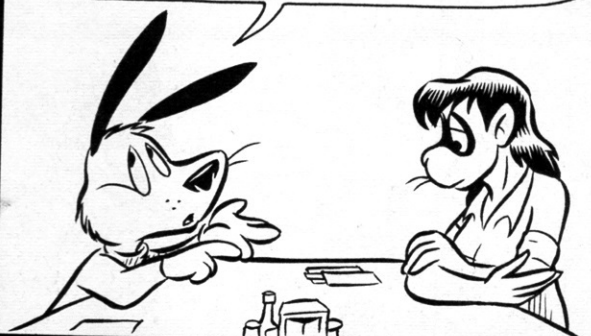
I MEAN, SO FAR IT SEEMS LIKE  
WE'VE JUST BEEN TAGGING ALONG.



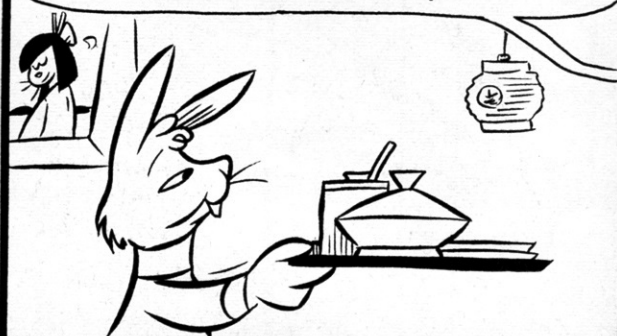
THE WEATHER HERE SUITS ME FINE.  
I DO LOTS OF THINGS  
FOR THE CAPTAIN...



THERE WAS THE TIME ON PLANET  
EXPRESSO WHEN I...NO, WAIT!  
THAT ISN'T A GOOD ONE....

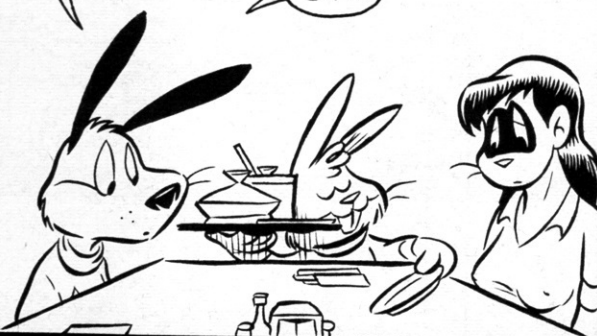


THERE WAS THE TIME WE MET A  
WIZARD...NO, NO...UM, I HELPED CAP  
RESCUE AN ASTRONAUT, SORT OF..



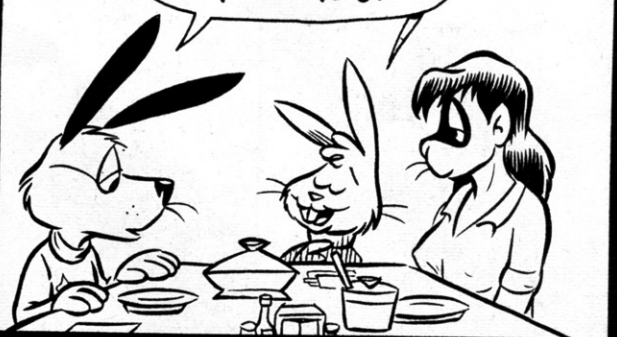
AND, UM... UHHHHH...

OH.



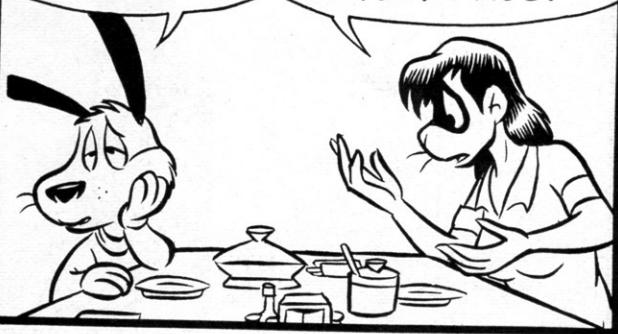
ANYTHING ELSE?

NO, THAT'S FINE,  
THANK YOU.



I GUESS I'M  
REALLY NOT  
VERY USEFUL,  
AM I?

OH, DAMN! LOOK,  
HERM, THAT ISN'T  
WHAT I MEANT TO  
IMPLY AT ALL!
















THERE ARE SOME THINGS BIGGER THAN  
MERE MONETARY CONSIDERATIONS! THE  
QUESTION HERE ISN'T ONE OF  
MONEY, BUT RATHER LOYALTY!




HERMAN, TRUSTING SOUL  
THAT HE IS, HAS PUT HIS  
COMPLETE FAITH IN JACK...  
.. DESPITE NUMEROUS FIASCOS,  
FARCES, AND FOUL-UPS.



THE CAPTAIN IS CONFIDENT  
THAT NO MATTER HOW INSANE  
HIS PLANS, NO MATTER HOW  
QUESTIONABLE HIS MOTIVES...

.. NO MATTER HOW  
APPALLING HIS MEANS,  
HE CAN COUNT ON  
SUPPORT FROM  
MISTER FELDMAN.



AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS WHY HERMAN IS  
SO VALUABLE TO JACK. NOW IF YOU'D BE  
SO KIND AS TO REPLACE THE LID, I'LL  
BE GETTING BACK TO MY STEAMBATH..











**DAMMIT, ZIGGY!**

- GOTTA HANDLE  
THINGS M'SELF LIKE  
ALWAYS, DON'T I?



OL' ZIG'S ABOUT AS  
USEFUL AS A COAL  
BUNKER IN A DESERT!  
OUGHTA FIRE HIS ASS  
OUTTA HERE.. BE THE  
THIRD TIME THIS  
WEEK, TOO.



SO WHO THE  
HELL ARE YOU?



JACK IS THE NAME!  
HAPPY JACK! I WANT  
TO SPEAK TO B.O.  
PATE! IS HE IN?!



PATE'S IN, BUT I DON'T  
THINK HE'S REAL  
TALKATIVE AT THE  
MOMENT.



IS THIS A SOCIAL  
CALL, OR BUSINESS?

BUSINESS.



WELL, I HANDLE  
THE BUSINESS IN  
**THIS** FAMILY. I'M  
HIS WIFE, DOTTY.

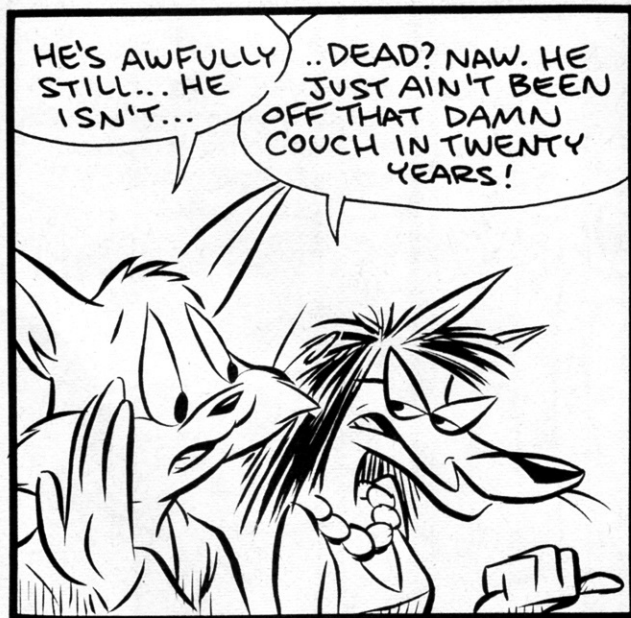
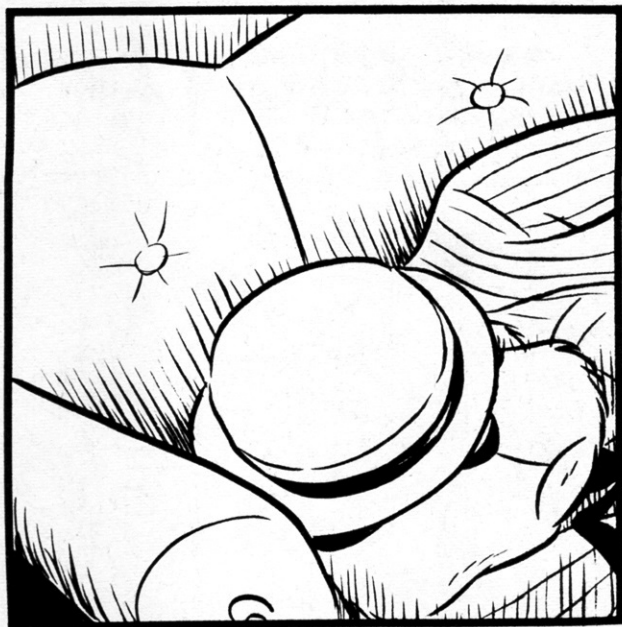
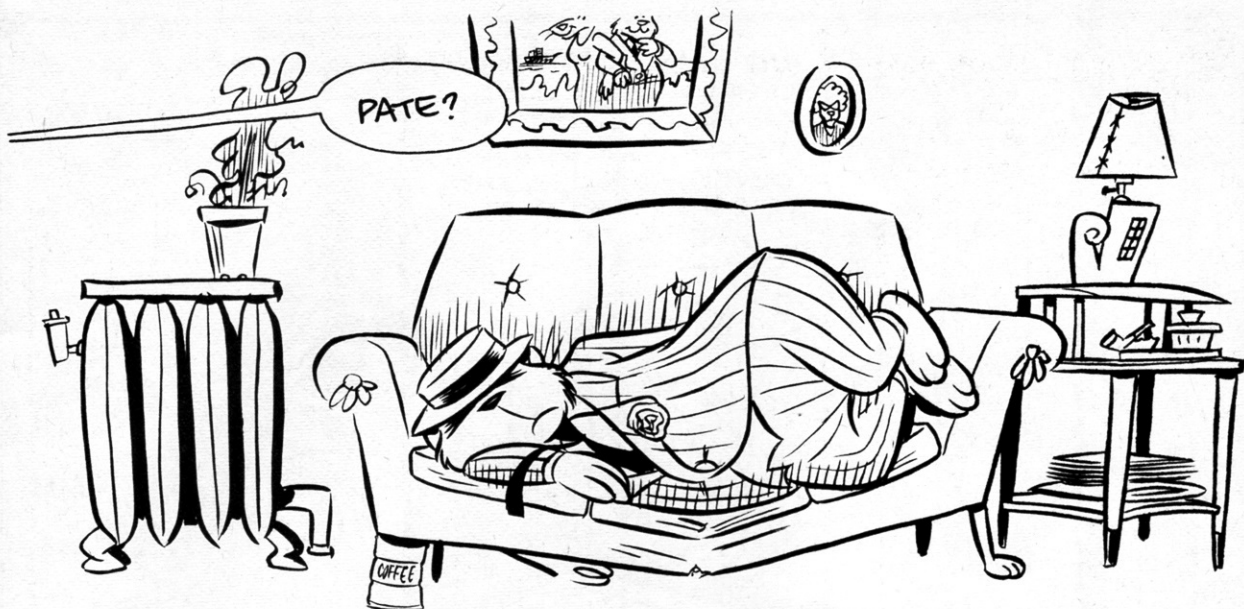


C'MON IN AND SET  
A SPELL, MISTER JACK.



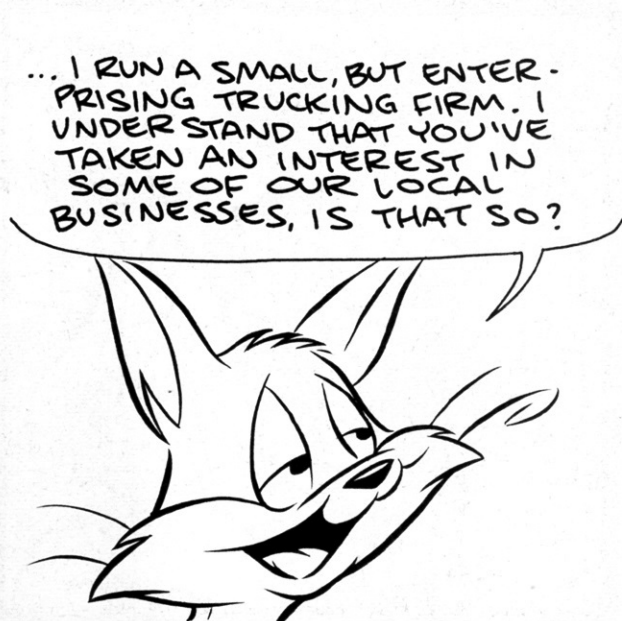
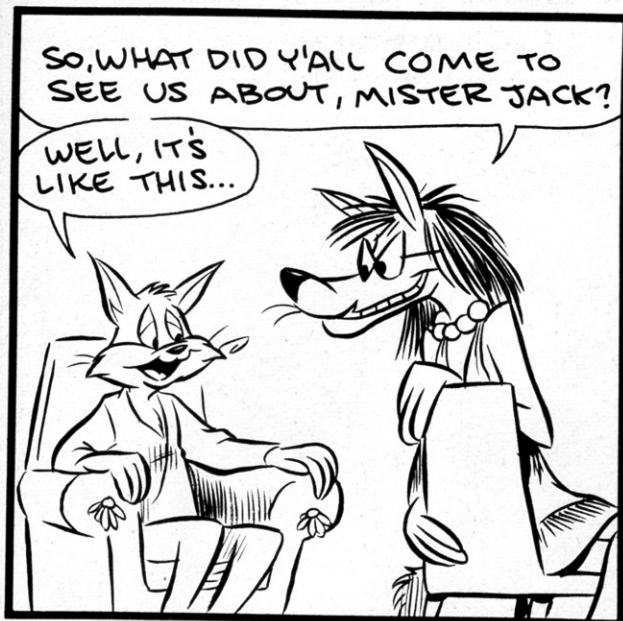
ARE WE GON' TALK  
BUSINESS OR ARE YOU  
GON' JUST SIT THERE  
LIKE A SACK O'  
OATMEAL? GET  
IN HERE!



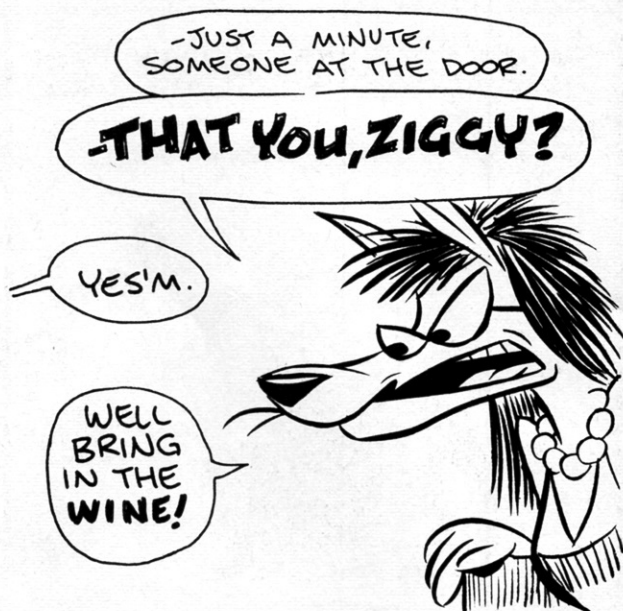












**I MEANT PUT IT IN A GLASS FIRST!!**



**Gock!**  
**POW!**  
**Thud!**  
**Kretch!**



SORRY 'BOUT THAT... OL' ZIG'S GOT AS MUCH SENSE AS A POSSUM INNARD AT A ALLIGATOR CONVENTION..

Memo:

Hit list:

Joe Barbera  
Bill Hanna  
Kon Spears  
Joe Ruby



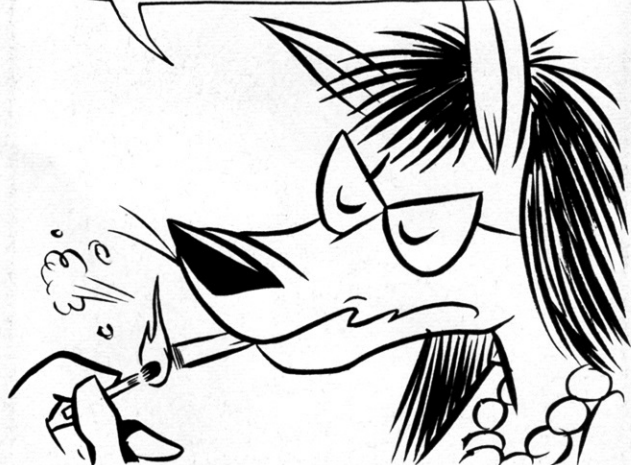
I COULD PUT UP MY PROPERTY.

PROPERTY, EH? IS IT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD?

OH, YES!



AIN'T WORTH NUTHIN' IF IT IN THIS HERE NEIGHBORHOOD. WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?



REFRESHMENTS, ANYONE?

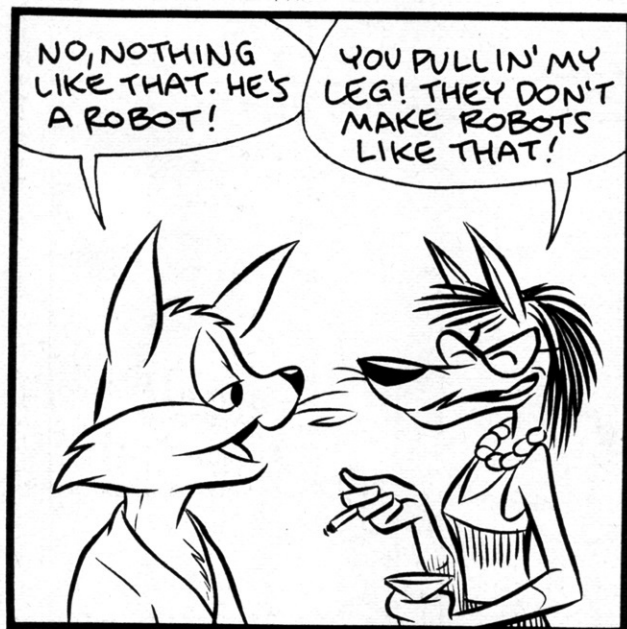
Memo:

Hit list:

Oh, heck!  
-just wipe out every cartoon producer in Hollywood.

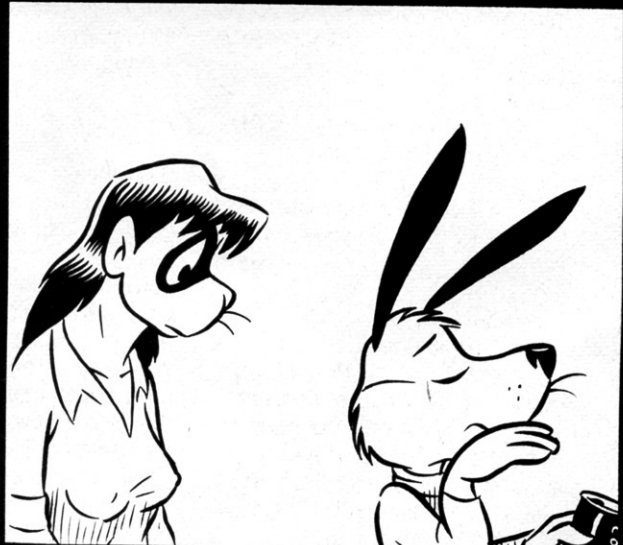
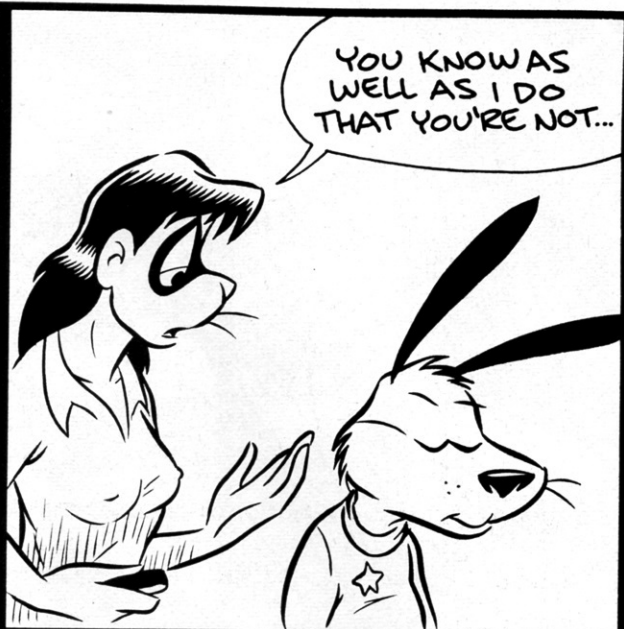












-to be continued...



# the Captain's LETTER BOX

Send all letters to: THE CAPTAIN'S LETTERBOX, 1800 Bridgegate Street #101, Westlake Village, CA 91361

Dear Mikeepoo:

I read it, but I didn't believe it. How can you have low sales?! You're such a great animator, and great everything! I think, in Steven McAllister's letter (issue #10), he had the right idea: you're gonna be big, big, big, I tell you! Why, if you quit doing these comics, I'd be lost. Not to mention, I would camp out on your doorstep until you produce more *Captain Jacks*. What would the neighbors think then?

The problem with you is you're too too great. Remember Mozart? Van Gogh? Great minds take at least 100 years' delay before the normal human being can comprehend it as great (or a great sense of humor).

In essence, all of your readers are great, too! They know a good thing when they see it and so do I. By the way, did I tell you you're great?

Love,

NORMA JEAN KAZALEH  
Santa Monica, CA

*I think everyone should have a sister like this, don't you? That's my Normy!* —MK

Dear Mike:

It's like this, see?

I'm buzzing through my local comics store (World of Fantasy, San Jose) surveying the ruins of the B&W shakeout, when I happen upon *Captain Jack* #10. "Now, I've heard of this," sez I, "but I've not looked into it myself." So, buy. Look. Look again. Ask stupid question, "Why have I not been reading something

this good?!" Back myself into the ass-kicking machine (a B-29 engine with a boot on each propeller blade) again.

But, mistakes can be rectified. I have a back-issue order in with Fantagraphics, and, for issues #1 and #2, I have baited a large pit trap with a copy of *Albedo* #2. I'll get 'em eventually, and my supplier now has it on my list (must encourage the dealer/distributor/etc., capitalism and all that).

I see from your letters page that you're having censorship and publication problems. I recall chasing *Omaha* through various magazines, formats, and publishers for years, concerned that each issue would be the last. Now there's no stopping it.

So, you and the Cap'n hang tough. You have the tools; you have the talent. The rest is time.

Sincerely,

DAVE WHITE  
Cupertino, CA

Dear Mike:

I was deeply afraid that the good Captain and his madcap crew had gone to comic book heaven. You know—where all good entertaining literature (a.k.a.: graphic novels) departs to when sales are below the publisher's projections. I just want to say for the record now that I'm cheering for Fantagraphics to keep a stiff upper lip in the face of dismal sales. While I realize that what the Cap says on the inside cover of #10 is truly depressing, I'm more than willing to put up with a reduced page count, as long as it

will mean continued adventures. All you have to do is ask my local bookstore about the withdrawal symptoms I've had while waiting for #10 to arrive. Even if worst comes to worst and you go semi-annually, (shudder), *don't stop now!!!* Heck, if it were possible, I'd buy stock in Fantagraphics to keep *Captain Jack* going!

A side note about the story "When is a Dog... Not a Dog?" Ouch. That one hit a little close to home. I've heard stories from my friends about having to give up their best friend because of conflicts with parents. I hope it's only a story, because it hurt. Do a follow-up where the kid grows up, gets a pit bull, and sics it on her parents.

Anyway, keep up the good work with Happy Jack.

Sincerely,

JOE NICKENCE  
Chicago, IL

Dear Cap:

Issue #10. What can I say? I'd better come up with something or this is going to be one short letter.

*Captain Jack* has become one of those comics that I cannot wait to read. This is a limited company shared only with *Albedo*, *Fusion*, *Critters*, and *Southern Knights*. Like that company? Oh, I read a lot of comics; my bank account (or lack of) proves that, but the above-mentioned along with the Captain's magazine constitute the "hard core" of my reading. (And I'll have no stupid puns from the peanut gallery about the double-entendre meanings of "hard



core!" Have some respect, people!)

What do you have in common with all of the above? In a word, you all have character. You don't bend to either the Comics Code banalities, or the general opinions of what comics are supposed to be about (i.e., 10-14 year-old mentality, and mores), but, instead, have the courage to go after a more adult world view of subjects such as love, personal relationships, "human?" rights (I know, that one gets me every time I try to explain it in the context of these particular publications), and how to get along in this shared cosmos without killing ourselves off.

Wow! *Captain Jack* a modern morality play? Ponder the scenario, please. You have three different species, one robot, and a supernatural whatever-he-is living and working together, each concerned with the other's welfare and trying to do their best under a bureaucracy that is not always kind to individuals trying to do their best. You accomplish the story's atmosphere without resorting to soap opera or melodrama, and always let the characters' feelings come through as if they are telling the tale (sorry, had to do that) themselves. You maintain an honesty in their interactions which draws the reader to them as to old friends. That is the measure of *Captain Jack's* success and it is not a measure of sales or critical acclaim (ask Steve Gallacci how I feel about art critics in general), but of honesty and empathy.

This is good stuff.

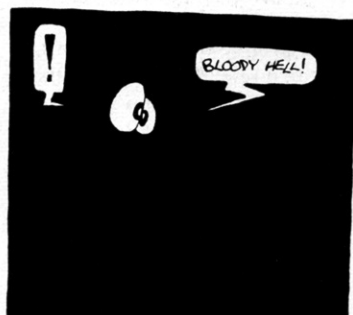
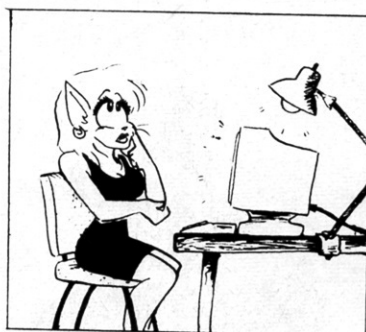
Sincerely,

JIMMY M. HINES  
West Monroe, LA

Aaaaay!

Jack's back! Oh, goodie!

I was afraid he was dead 'n' gone forever. Real glad to see it ain't so! The message at the front was depressing—but what the hell, almost all the world's great artists starved at the start (and often the end, too) of their careers. So buck up! 100 years after you're dead, you'll be hailed as a genius. Anyhoo, as I was saying—I'm glad I see that Jack will still be around, even if it is only now 'n' then. So they all went home, huh? "Good ol' Detroit, it hasn't changed a bit!"



This sort of thing makes my day. —MK

Cruel, Mike, Cruel. Good story, tho! How will the Cap'n'crew expand with no money to do it with? (The cash getting eaten up by forgotten bills is sorta like the ending of my space opera, "The Diet"—it's about a klutz and his robots trying to recover a stolen diet plan for the fattest man in the Universe—but back to business.)

I'm looking forward to the next issues with customary eagerness—leavened with patience, for who knows when it will appear. . . durn! "When Is a Dog—Not a Dog?" was very touching. I admire your ability to sucker-punch the reader with such an (apparently) simple story and illustrations.

Ummm. . . and as for any accusations that you're a smut peddler—ignore 'em. Your comics don't bear the faintest resemblance to smut. Just compare 'em to the enclosed mini-comic. . . now *that's* smut! (I wonder where the word "smut" came from. . .

perhaps the German "schmutz"? Anyhoo. . .

The back-page strip of the flying dream reminded me sharply of a couple of similar dreams that I had back in Iceland. With differences, though: I was keenly aware of the fact that I was flying. Also, my flight was not easy to control. I sort of had to "fling" or "push" my body around to avoid bumping into buildings. I got around it by going up so high that I was above all the buildings. Sorta scary—if my flying ability suddenly quit, I'd fall down and go "splat." I must have a good imagination, for the aerial view of the town was very realistic—and I've never been above the town in real life, so I couldn't have *known* what it looked like. Ah, I'm probably boring you. Still, I wish I could have one of those dreams here—I'd like to see Boston from the air.

Ummm. . . just one last question. In the pages with Zip-a-tone, did you use the stick-on stuff, or



ILLUSTRATION BY KJARTAN ARNORSSON

the kinda paper where you bring out the tone with brush-on solvent? Just curious.

Well, that's about it for this time. I greeted #10 with glee, and look forward to the next issue, whenever it may appear.

Yours sincerely... the comics fiend!

KJARTAN ARNORSSON  
Allston, MA

*Gad! This mini-comic really is vile! Fun, though. For those of you taking note, the gray tones that sometimes appear in the stories is done with "cut and stick" adhesive-backed dot pattern stuff.*

—MK

Dear Mike & Co.:

It's great to see you back in the saddle again, Mike. "Homeward Bound" is one of your best works yet. From the dream life the Captain described to the others to their crash into reality (dreams are only that, right?) when they reached Earth, which goes to show that dreams are sometimes better than real life.

I'm hoping to see in future issues: 1) a look at Captain Jack's background and/or past lives, and 2) a look at the group through the eyes of Janet, 3) what would happen if Jack had a girl friend who decided to pop out of nowhere on them. The second story, "When Is a Dog... Not a Dog?" is a tragedy within a tragedy. When a little girl's happiness of life becomes shattered pieces of dreams that's all left for her to cling to.

Last, but not least, I enjoyed the back comic one-page gag, which I believe was one of the funniest one-pagers you've done since the one in *Critters* #21 titled

"Pgog." All I can say is, "When you have dreams while you sleep, please leave your logic at home." One last question: what is hatching in that brain of Beezlebub (besides video-taping people in the shower?) What does the future hold for Herman & Janet's relationship (okay, that's two questions)? I hope to see more of Captain Jack in the near future. (Captain Jack #11 to be exact.) Happy space trails.

Sincerely yours,  
SCOTT ALSTON  
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Mike:

I've figured a way you could be even more in the forefront of today's comix with your *Captain Jack*: forget color covers (who needs 'em?!) Forget newsprint, just draw it smaller so two pages will fit on one 8½" x 11" page, and Xerox it! This would bring down cost, I'm sure, and you might even raise the price for the privilege of owning a copy of this bold experiment. Sound good? Till then, I'll still keep up with this big oversized giant you put out.

*Captain Jack* #10 was great. The facial expressions these guys pull, such as Jack's on the inside cover, and his "I'm about to explode into violence" look on p. 15, 4th panel just keep getting better and better (and speaking of that "art" dealer, don't think I didn't recognize his "literature"!)

The story has taken a twist for the even-more-serious, more "down to earth" if you'll pardon the expression. I can't wait till your erratic schedule allows another issue out. It seems its always the best comix that leave you waiting, and then take three months to show.

Also, in the interest of helping you discern what works, I'll tell you what made me laugh most: 1) inside front cover message, 2) p. 8, top 3 panels, 3) p. 20, "—have one, Cap?", 4) p. 25, "A plan! I must have a plan!" I also liked the little girl in "When Is a Dog... Not a Dog?"

Speaking of non-Jack stuff, "De Woolf and De Leetle Boy Witt Lung Hair" [*Critters* #23] was very nice, but I found it too difficult to read easily (which is what killed that form of writing when it first appeared in America). Pretty cool, tho'. Vurry Nize.

Anyway, that's all for now.

P.S.: I love *Mighty Mouse*! What do you do on the slow? How much are you involved in its creative process? Any?

P.P.S.: Thanks for printing my letter in whatever ish it were.

CHRIS LARASON  
Monroe, LA

*Kim seemed to think that this would be an opportune time to plug *Amazing Heroes* #129 for its in-depth article about the *Mighty Mouse* program. However, I don't think I could stoop to such crass commercialism as that. As this reply is being written, all of us at *Bakshi's* are scrambling about trying to bring you six new half-hours! Wow!*

*My job on the show is mainly layout, which involves designing scenery, drawing character poses, and breakdown drawings and blocking out camera moves. Double wow!*

*I'm afraid that's all I have time for now. See you all next time for the big boffo-smasho-finale (cover below). Adios and be zorch daddio!*

—MIKE KAZALEH





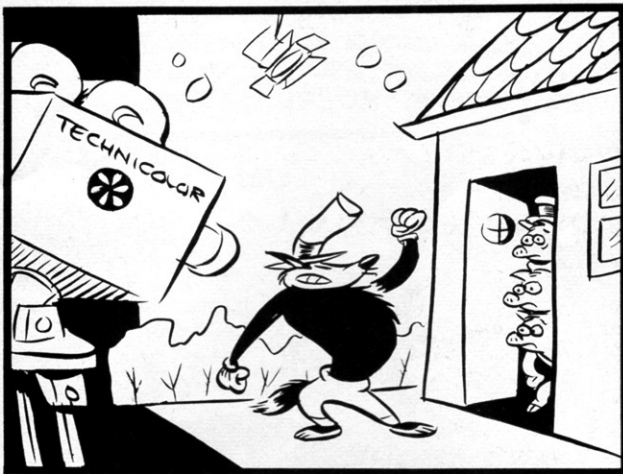
# "Big Bad Love!"



by MICKEY "HIMSELF" KAZAGAKI  
~1988~



"YOU REMEMBER I TOLD YOU I WAS IN THE MOVIES IN THOSE DAYS...? JUST A KID FROM THE STICKS WHO GOT HIS BIG BREAK."



"WELL, SIR..THAT FIRST PICTURE WON ME THE ACADEMY AWARD. I MET MRS. WOLF AT THE PARTY I THREW TO CELEBRATE."



"FROM THAT MOMENT ON WE WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER. I WAS CRAZY ABOUT HER!"



"OUR WEDDING WAS COVERED BY ALL THE PAPERS. ANYONE WHO WAS ANYONE WAS THERE."



"THEN L.B. WAS BORN!"



"BUT BY THAT TIME, THE PUBLIC'S INTEREST IN MY FILMS HAD VANISHED. A YEAR WENT BY WITHOUT ME MAKING A PICTURE..."

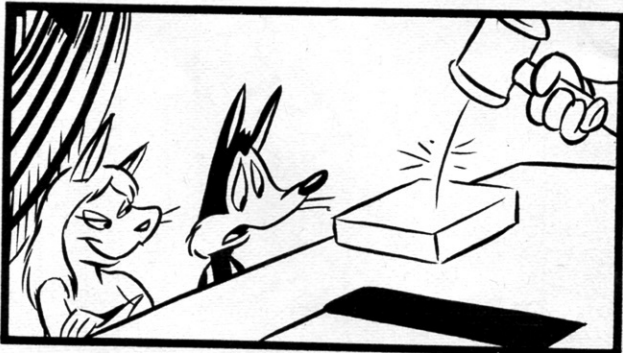




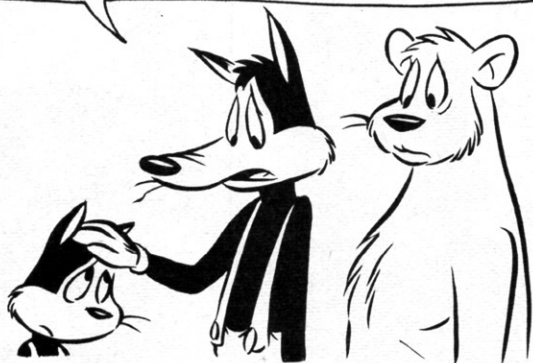
"WE WERE GOING BROKE. SHE TOLD ME TO GET A JOB. ANY JOB. I TOLD HER I WANTED TO GO BACK TO THE WOODS. THIS LED TO A BIG FIGHT."



"WE WERE SOON DIVORCED. I TOOK L.B. WITH ME WHEN I LEFT. BUT HIS MOTHER STAYED BEHIND AND WENT TO COURT IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET CUSTODY OF HIM. IT WAS A LONG AND UGLY BATTLE. AND NOW, AFTER SIX YEARS, THE JUDGE HAS RULED IN HER FAVOR!"



THE DECK WAS STACKED AGAINST ME. THEY SAID THE WOODS WERE NO PLACE TO RAISE A KID. AND BECAUSE OF THAT MOVIE I WAS IN, EVERYONE THOUGHT I WAS A PIG KILLER. THE FINAL BLOW CAME WHEN SHE RE-MARRIED RECENTLY.



**HONK,  
HONK!**

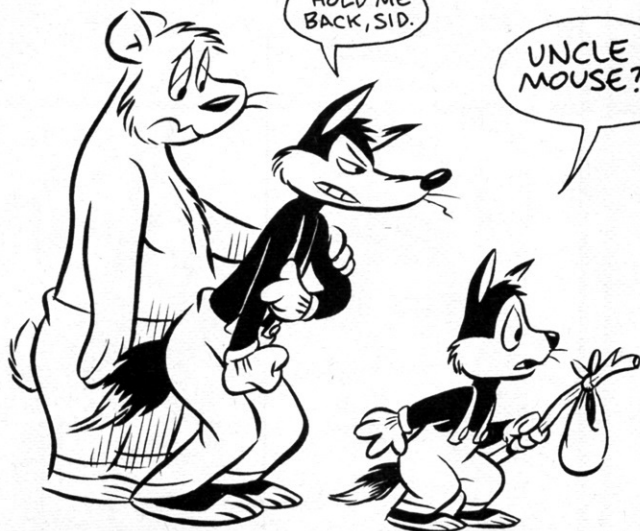
OH, BUGGERS!  
THAT'S THEM NOW!  
THEY SURE  
DIDN'T WASTE  
ANY TIME  
GETTING HERE!



HOLD ME  
BACK, SID.

UNCLE  
MOUSE?!

CALL ME  
"DADDY",  
PUNK.



**The End**

# KEIF LLAMA

**XENO-TECH**

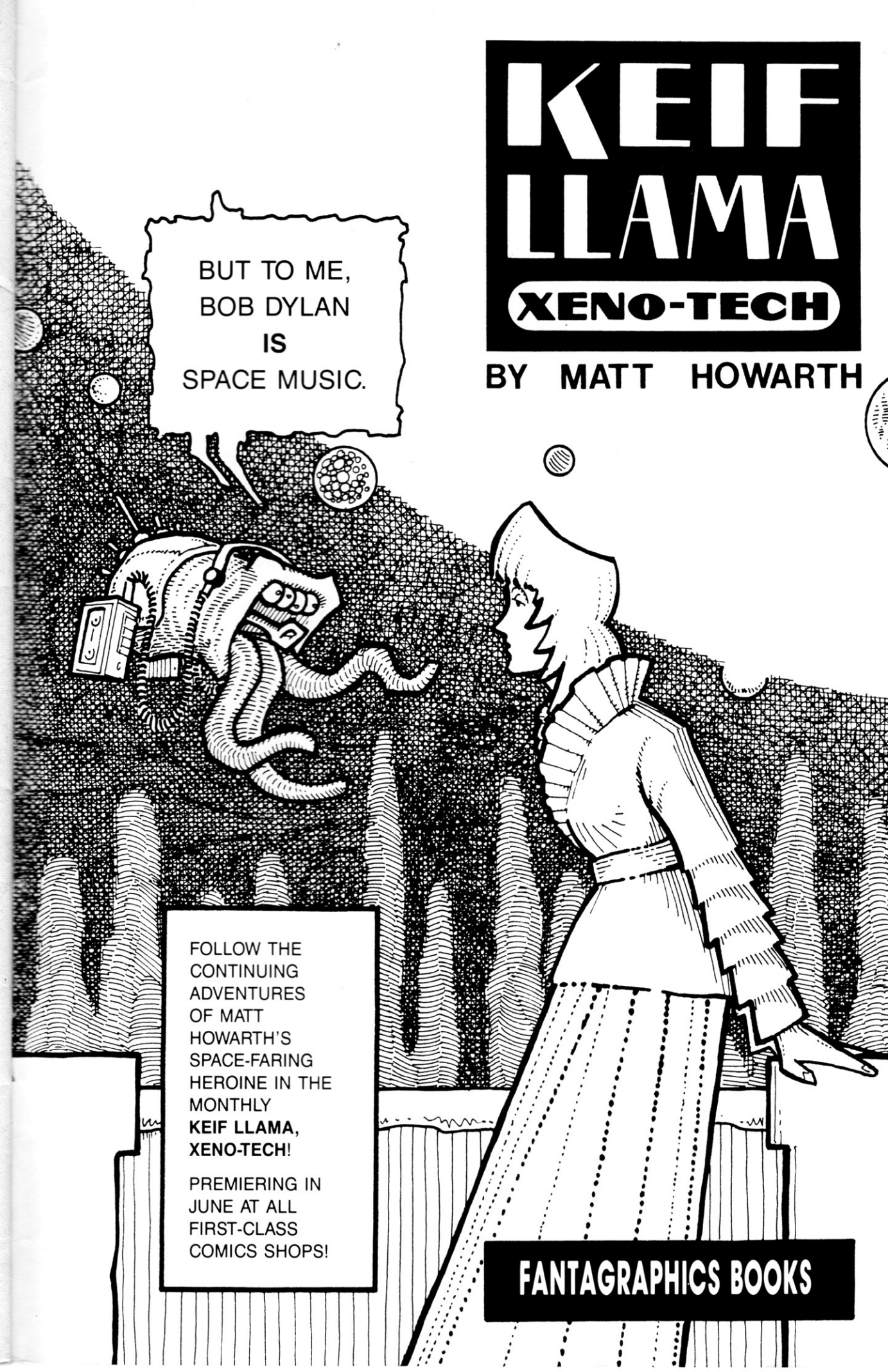
BY MATT HOWARTH

BUT TO ME,  
BOB DYLAN  
IS  
SPACE MUSIC.

FOLLOW THE  
CONTINUING  
ADVENTURES  
OF MATT  
HOWARTH'S  
SPACE-FARING  
HEROINE IN THE  
MONTHLY  
**KEIF LLAMA,**  
**XENO-TECH!**

PREMIERING IN  
JUNE AT ALL  
FIRST-CLASS  
COMICS SHOPS!

**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS**





# Now!

-with

# X-K ENZYMES

*added!*

