Episode I
AND SO, PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST IS CAST ADRIFT IN A WORLD SHE NEVER MADE.

THERE IS A LESSON TO BE LEARNED HERE AND IT IS AS FOLLOWS: NOT BEAUTY NOR WEALTH NOR POSITION CAN STEM THE STRANGE AND UNFathomABLE TIDES THAT SHAPE OUR LIVES. IN THE MIDST OF SOCIETY'S NOTABLES, SURROUNDED BY SCORES OF LIVERIED FOOTMEN, OUR ILL-FATED DEBUTANTE SIPS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PERFECTLY ORDINARY POUSSE-CAFE. SHE COMES TO, SCANT HOURS LATER, AT AN OASIS IN DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, THE PRISONER OF A PORTRAITOUS STRANGER.

UNDER A FULL MOON, HE REMOVES HER BLINDFOLD...

PHOEBE FIGURES HIM FOR AN EX-NAZI BECAUSE HE'S WEARING A FADED BLUE AND OLIVE LUFTHAFSE UNIFORM...

"TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS!"

BUT BEFORE SHE CAN REACT TO HER CAPTOR'S LOATHSOME COMMAND, HE BRUTALLY RIPS THE FLORAL-PATTERNED STARCH SILK CHIFFON ORIGINAL FROM HER LUMPY BODY AND TEARS IT TO SHREDS...

NOW THE BRA!

SHE IS GROGGY. COBWEBBS CLOG HER BRAIN. JUDGING FROM ALL THE SAND AND CACTUS, IT WOULD SEEM SHE IS IN SOME KIND OF DESERT...

YOU WILL DO AS I SAY! DO NOT BE SO INSOLENT AS TO HYPOTHETICALLY SHOW ANYTHING BEYOND A FLEETING DISINTEREST IN YOUR MISERABLE BODY, SWINE!

YOUR BRA!

THE PAIN CUTS THROUGH THE COBWEBBS LIKE A LEAP SPIDER, SHE NOW KNOWS THAT RESISTANCE IS FUTILE AND SUBMITS TO HIS DEMANDS, MERELY UNHOOKING HER BRA TO REVEAL HER FULL, THRUSTING BREASTS...

YOUR PANTIES!
She slides the silk panties down her creamy thighs into the mud...

Your high-heeled shoes!

Phoebe complies, her white body trembling in the moonlight, he deftly binds her hands with one end of a long rope. The raw hemp slices into her wrists...

And steps out of her toffee-toned calfskin pappagallo's...

Normally, I would disembowel this man with a few simple oriental combat maneuvers, but the drug has left me weakened, powerless to resist.

You are ready! Place your hands above you!

Grabbing the scruff of her neck, he forces her to kneel in the mud...

And now, slut, I have arranged a most unique... demise for you! A demise, I might add, involving not an inconsiderable amount of pain! In a few moments, I shall attach the other end of this rope to a helicopter!

Phoebe notes a triangle of lights approaching in the distance. They are almost lost among the stars...

And you, like, how do you say... Peter Pan, shall fly through the air, until I sever the rope and you drop... into the la brea tar pits! Ha! Ha! Ha! There you shall take your place in history!

HAW!
The helicopter is nearing them...

Ach! I see my boots have been dirtied! Perhaps I may show you some mercy if you would lick them clean! Perhaps you could go free if your pretty tongue would lick off all this mud!

He lashes Phoebe's defenseless breasts and loins, making the whip bite cruelly into the soft, supplicating skin...

Tar pits save only the bones! The flesh is of no consequence!

When he finishes, he is sweating profusely...

Phoebe suffered the abasement without uttering a sound.

In time, I would make you beg to obey me, no matter how distasteful the command! A pity my time is limited!
The helicopter hovers above them. The ex-Nazi must shout to make her hear his final mockery...

*Your reprieve is a short one! Soon it will just be you... and all those saber-toothed tigers!* 

He vanishes into the helicopter...

*Sieg heil!!*

Is this the end for Phoebe? Will it just be her and all those saber-toothed tigers? Does depravity triumph?

Be with us next issue for "Signs of Torment," another thrill-packed episode in the Adventures of Phoebe Zeitgeist. When we'll answer all these questions and more!
Episode II

SIGNS
OF
TORMENT

Burnet-Shaver
AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST, WEALTHY 24-YEAR-OLD SOPHISTICATE, WAS ADMINISTERED A DRUGGED POUPEE-CAPPE AT A FASHIONABLE ANTWERP GARDEN PARTY AND AWAKENS HOURS LATER IN DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN A FORCED TO SUBMIT TO THE DEPRAVED CAPRICES OF A DEMENTED EX-NAZI WHO STRIPPED AND BOUND HER TO A 28' ROPE SUSPENDED FROM A HELICOPTER. OUR STORY OPENS AS PHOEBE PANGLES helplessly FROM THE SPEEDING COPTER COMME UNE POUPEE DE PARIS, DESTINATION? THE LA BREA TAR PITS! HER IRREVOCABLE ANNihilation awaits PHOEBE WHEN THE EX-NAZI CUTS THE ROPE PLUNGING HER INTO PREHISTORIC DOOM...

BElOW HER, LIFE GOES ON AS USUAL...

ANOTHER HOT DOG, GRAMMY?

FOR THEM, LIFE WOULD CONTINUE TO GO ON AS USUAL...

NO HITTER, ERNIE BABY! NO HITTER! NO HITTER HERE! LAY IT RIGHT IN THERE, BABY! NO STICK!
As Phoebe looks down on all those peaceful, pink houses nestled in the gentle hills and valleys of Los Angeles, she reflects upon life...

What does it all mean?

Her search for order in a world of chaos is abruptly terminated by a drop in altitude, smashing her into a billboard...

It appears as if her warped captors are about to have sport with the hapless girl by flying low along a highway and bumping her into the roadside advertisements...

Phoebe recovers swiftly to deftly ward off the next billboard, aware that anything less than split-second timing will result in serious injury...

She narrowly misses a traffic light...

Flushed with success, Phoebe fails to notice a low sanitation sign which strikes her squarely in the crotch...
The helicopter pulled up ending the menace of the signs but stressing the imminence of a new and more impregnable menace that looms ahead: they must be nearing the tar pits.

In her final desperate moments, Phoebe recalls a poem Mother once told her when she was a little girl. Odd, the little things one clings to when faced with destruction...

Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce, And whether he's slow or sly, it isn't the fact that you're dead that counts, But only how did you die?

There and then Phoebe vows to die with dignity...

No amount of tar pits and ex-nazis will ever tarnish the name of Zeitgeist!
Suddenly, hundreds of feet below, comes a strange cry:

Die Yankee Pig! Fog Babe Ruth!

Now she is really done for, hurtling 400 feet to certain death...

Cut loose from her tether, she drops like a stone...

On the slim chance she may be over water, Phoebe executes a flawless 10-point triple-jackknife full-gainer and...

Why did we end here? Is it because the next panel will be so repulsive and blood-splattered that only the National Enquirer would dare print it? And, as Phoebe queried, "What does it all mean?"

These seemingly imponderable questions answered in the next mind-staggering episode of The Adventures of Phoebe Zeit-geist entitled "Peril Diver!"
Episode III

PERIL DIVER
The Adventures of Phoebe Zeit-Geist

Episode III – "Peril Diver"

Written by Michael O'Donoghue – drawn by Frank Springer

You will recall that wealthy 24-year-old aristocratic Phoebe Zeit-Geist, through a fantastic chain of events, is now plummeting 400 feet down to what appears to be nothing less than certain death, hurtling into darkness, unable to see where she might land. It seems as if her rescue is not going to pan out, perhaps the helicopter had reached the tar pits. If not that, she’ll be dashed to bits when hitting solid ground. Phoebe’s indomitable spirit blossoms even in the grim face of these adversities. She spends what may be her final seconds pondering the raison d’être and then, on the remote chance she may be ever water, executes a flawless 10-point triple jack-knife full gainer and...

Diving shallow, she attempts swimming to the bank, but her body is numb from shock and the current is strong. Phoebe’s struggles are to little avail. The raging river sweeps her toward the falls... and oblivion...

Splits the icy water of the Ventura river. The jolt nearly rips her skin away...

As Phoebe is pulled beneath the frothing surface of the churning waters, tossed about like a rag doll...

Her life flashes before her eyes...

It’s no use, little one! There are too many wolves and too few bullets!!

Ed Note: lest our heroine’s dazed state serve to confound the reader, let us point out that each of the following scenes are separate highlights from Phoebe’s life and are in no way related to each other.
I, COMTESSA DE PAZZINOTTE, will pay you 10,000 Gold Zlotych if you... If you will just... Force me to kiss your shoes!!

After Sandro has glued those dead beetles to your armpits, I shall release these half-starved gila monsters! The results should prove amusing!!

It’s up to you, Phoebe! I shudder to think what will happen if those zeppelins reach Estonia!!
MON DIEU! WHAT COULD HAVE DONE THIS GHASTLY THING?

THE NATIVES SAY SHE WAS SET UPON BY... BY AN ENORMOUS SPIDER!!

MUSTERING ALL HER REMAINING STRENGTH, PHOEBIE TRIES DESPERATELY TO REACH SHORE. IT'S TOO LATE however, SHE PLAYED HARD BUT THE DECK WAS STACKED.

AND NOW YOU WILL KNOW THE WRATH OF RABBI RABBINOWITZ!

...A STRONG YELLOW ARM DARTS OUT FROM THE BANK AND PULLS HER EFFORTLESSLY TO SAFETY...

THE POWERFUL CURRENT PUSHERS HER TO THE EDGE WHERE THE BLACK WATER DROPS AWAY TO THUNDER DOWN ON THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW. THEN, AS SHE HOVERS ON THE BRINK OF ETERNITY....

SO SALLY NICE LADY WAS INCONVENIENCED! PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE HUMBLE SELF, AM NAUCHI KOTO-ZEN ARCHER.
YOU SHOT THE ARROW THAT SPLIT THE ROPE?
IT WAS MY GREAT HONOR!

BUT... HOW DID YOU HIT A MOVING TARGET 400 FEET AWAY IN TOTAL DARKNESS?
VELLY SIMPLE! DARKNESS, NICE LADY, IS NOT UNKNOWN TO ME! I HAVE BEEN BLIND SINCE BIRTH!

I... I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY DID YOU SAVE ME?
I SAVED YOU ONLY SO I COULD KILL YOU MYSELF!

HE SENDS A SHAFT INTO PHOEBE'S VITAL PARTS...
TAKE THAT!

PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST GIVES ONE SCREAM OF COSMIC ANGUISH...

HERE OUR STORY ENDS ON WHAT MANY MAY CONSIDER A SOMBER NOTE. ONE IS ONCE AGAIN REMINDED THAT THE EAST TRULY DOES HAVE MYSTERIES THAT THE WESTERN MIND CAN'T COMPREHEND. AS FOR THIS UNTIMELY IMPASSE IN PHOEBE'S SEARCH FOR LIFE'S MEANING, PERHAPS THE READER CAN FIND CONSOLATION IN THE WORDS OF AN ANCIENT ORIENTAL POET WHO HAS WRITTEN IN THE HOLY SCROLLS OF KYOTO--

DON'T MISS "LIQUIDATED ASSETS" THE NEXT DYNAMIC EPISODE IN THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST WHEN WE FOLLOW OUR HEROINE TO THE GRAVE AND BEYOND!
Episode IV

Liquidated Assets
THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST
Episode II—"LIQUIDATED ASSETS"
written by MICHAEL O’DONOGHUE—drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

Our last episode ended on what might be considered a despotic note when Phoebe Zeit-Geist, wealthy 24-year-old sophisticate, was slain by a blind Zen Archer who, for inscrutable reasons, sent a shaft into her breast, piercing her vital parts. Many readers of this strip might believe that Phoebe isn’t really dead; that at the last moment we’re going to pull some shoddy trick like an emergency operation and that Phoebe is only severely wounded. Wrong!!! Phoebe Zeit-Geist is dead! Defunct! Morte! Kaput! Sorry, but that’s the way things turned out. Our story opens hours later. The Zen Archer has departed leaving Phoebe alone in death even as she was in life...

Late that afternoon, a pair of scarlet Tanagers build a nest under her chin.

At twilight, strange hooded figures lurk in the shadows...

Under cover of night, they make their move, stowing Phoebe in the trunk of a silver 1934 Weyman Topped-Phaeton Duesenberg, model "SJ".

The huge motor car roars off into the darkness...
After rolling for hours over treacherous roads at breakneck speeds, the enormous touring vehicle pulls up in front of the Terre Haute Federal Bank & Trust Co., Inc.

Pressing a secret button artfully concealed under the night deposit slot opens up the whole wall...

Once inside, Phoebe's ghoulish abductors remove their disguises to reveal themselves for what they are—the Moon Squad, a band of debauched midwestern businessmen pledged to worship sex and death in that order...

Only two things in this world worth botherin' your head about and them's sex and death!

After sandpapering his fingertips, a sinister man wearing a wide tie featuring a painted peacock with a real feather tail approaches the safe and spins the dial to 68 right, 47 left, three times right to 68, left twice to 189, right to zero and...

Before pressing through the circular entrance, all give a weird incantation accompanied by an unnerving death salute...

North is home! South is Rome! Good is evil! Death is home!

Little would the casual observer suspect that this stolid looking bank vault is actually the door to a dread temple of...
NECROPHILIA
THE LOVE THAT CANNOT SPEAK ITS NAME

DEATH IS NO DREAM FOR IN DEATH I'M CARESSING YOU.

DEAD MEN TELL NO SORROW.
In torchlit grottos, preserved corpses are displayed caught at the peak of erotic frenzy.

One such corpse has an electric motor designed to simulate the throes of ecstasy installed in her pelvis.

Known as "Our Lady of Perpetual Orgasm," she has not ceased operating since she was turned on in 1911...

Phoebe is taken to the altar of despair where she will be stuffed...

And mounted...

But first she must be married to Thanatos, god of death. Grim-faced acolytes prepare her for the ceremony by garbing her in a wedding dress of traditional black...

The grand wizard surreptitiously examines Phoebe's mouth. A Sioux City dentist by trade, he finds especial glee in anticipating the fun he will have with the dead girl's teeth...
The organist strikes up a wedding dirge.

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvet saeculum in...}

The ceremony commences...

A great scholar once wrote: "Life's a short summer, man is but a flower. " When we pick roses, do we hide them in the ground and cover them with dirt? We do not! We put them in vases and display them! Is it not fair that we extend to people, to human beings, the same honors we give insignificant posies?"

Death calms the passions, restrains desire, purifies both body and mind! Chastity is reborn! Only in the tomb do women, wanton and shameful when alive, become fit brides for our beloved Thanatos! If there be any among you with good reason why this marriage should not take place, speak now or forever hold your peace!

Did someone come up with good reason why this marriage should not take place? Will the grand wizard succeed in plying his unthinkable perversions on Phoebe's teeth? How long can all this go on before our heroine starts to decompose?

Brace yourselves for the soul-shattering revelations that are coming your way in "The Jaws of Death." The next episode in The Adventures of Phoebe Zeit-Geist!