THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST
Episode X PAIN AND INK
written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

MACAO - sprawling city of 2 million, fleshpot of the enigmatic East!

MACAO - where every narrow, twisting alley leads to an unmarked grave and a man's shadow is seldom his own!

MACAO - where pestilence, famine, and carnage are not disasters but a way of life.

MACAO - where a woman costs less than a cigarette and there is no word for virtue.

Near the Hwang Schang waterfront, where only fools and lepers venture out past sundown, a scurvy figure moves almost imperceptively through the thick yellow fog that rises off the Canton harbor like visible despair.

All is silence, save for the measured slap of the sea that heaves against the rutting planks, an occasional football, and the plaintive cry of a loon...
THREADING HIS WAY DOWN THE WINDING RONS OF OPium DENs, BORDELLOs, CHARnel HOUSES, AND ILL-LIT SAs-FONGs...

HE STOPs FINALLY UNDER THE SWAYING SIGNS OF 'THE SILK COCKATOO,' A SAILMEN'S TAVERN BETTER KNOWN TO THE TRAde AS 'ROARING SAM's'...

...AND ENTERS...

AS IF BY MAGIC, THE KAUCOUs LAHTER DIES AWAY AND A GRASTy PAH SETTLES OvER THE CROWD: WITH A DREADFUL MOAN, A CONCERTINA DOGS UNNOSTED TO THE FLOOR...

WIThOUT HESITATION, HE CROSSES THE Hushed ROOM AND FLINGS HIS BURDEN ON THE BAR...

EVEN THE MOST HARDENED PAIL TO STILE A SHIVER OF APPREHENSION, EVEN THE MOST JADEP AVOID HIS GLANCE... FOR THE MAN HAS THE EYES OF ONE WHO HAS SEEN TOO MUCH... AND FORGOTTEN TOO LITTLE...

WHAT WILL IT, BE STRANGER?

FLASHING A COLD SMILE THAT SPARKS A THOUSAND NAMELESS FEARS, HE UTTERS BUT A SINGLE WORD...

...TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND VANISHES INTO THE CHURNING FOg...
"XHIOHUNIA P??
ISN'T THAT SERBO-
CROATIAN FOR
EXACTLY!"

I REMEMBER
ONCE WHEN I WAS
ON THE 'GOTTERDAMM'
OUT OF BREMERHAVEN...

WELL I'LL BE JIGGERED!
THEN THAT MAN
WAS NONE OTHER THAN...

THE OLD TAR PAUSES AS IF STRUCK DUMB BY THE
IMPLICATIONS OF WHAT HE IS ABOUT TO SAY, OR AS IF HE FEARED TO MOUTH THE VERY WORDS THEMSELVES.

OR WAS IT THE
"BREMERHAVEN" OUT
OF GOTTERDAMM?..?

THEN TOPPLES
FORWARD INTO
THE SAWOIST,
HIS FEATURES
HIDEOUSLY
CONTOURED.
THE CAUSE
FOR HIS REFEC-
ENCE WAS
SIMPLER THAN
FIRST SUS-
PECTED, STEMMING MAINLY
FROM A MOON-
STONE-STudded
DAGGER THAT
IS BURIED TO
THE HILT SLIGHTLY
BELOW HIS
LEFT SHOULDER.
BLADE...

THIS MUCH IS CERTAIN: THE SHARKS IN CANTON
HARBOR WON'T GO HUNGRY TONIGHT...

IT IS SAID THAT MANY YEARS AGO, THE PEOPLE
OF MACAO BUILT A STATUE TO
SHI HUAN, THE TAOIST
GODDESS OF HOPE,
BUT THE MONSOONS
WORE THE STATUE
AWAY UNTIL ALL
TOO SOON, IT
WAS LITTLE
MORE THAN A
SHAPELESS
MASS, AND SO
THE MAYOR
COMMISSIONED
A BRASS PLAQUE
TO BE AFFIXED TO
THE BASE OF THE
STATUE, A PLAQUE
THAT WITHSTOOD TIMES PLAGUES,
EVEN AS THE STATUE WORE AWAY TO NOWTHING... TO
THIS DAY, ONE MAY STILL VIEW THIS ANCIENT PLAQUE
WITH ITS INSCRIPTION THAT EMBODIES MACAO'S HIS-
TORY AND MACAO'S DESTINY. THE INSCRIPTION, WITH
A TYPICAL ORIENTAL RESERVE, READS SIMPLY "SO MUCH THE WORSE."
Moments later, at a run-down pagoda on the outskirts of town...

This just came for you at Roaring Sam's! I was flung on the bar by a stranger who had the eyes of one who has seen too much... and forgotten too little!

Stop me if I'm wrong, but before departing did he not utter but a single word and was not that word 'whonock?'?

Exactly!

The unkempt resident drags the sack inside and dumps its contents, the limp body of an uncommonly attractive woman, on the rug...

After securing Phoebe's wrists with beryllium steel manacles, he uncorks a vial of amyl nitrate and revives her...

What happened? I was about to be molested by some sort of giant lizard and then -- I don't remember any more! I must have blacked out!

There, there! Let's not dwell in the past! Take comfort that you are now in the skilled hands of a refined and sensitive artist; that is to say, me!

Not surprisingly, the woman is Phoebe Zeitgeist...

An artist? Isn't that nice! I love art!

It is not enough to love art; one must be art!

I beg your pardon!

By midnight, you will be a masterpiece of a most obscure and maligned media -- tattoos!

Come with me!

But...

He leads the shackled damne up a lacquered staircase to his studio...
WHERE SHE IS GREETED BY A SINGULARLY UNNERVING SIGHT...

UGH! WHAT ARE THOSE?

SOME OF MY EARLIER PIECES Filled with mistakes as you may note! In my line of work, it's not as though you can just erase and start over—what's the pity?

OF COURSE, ONE CAN ALWAYS "TOUCH UP" WITH A SCISSORS BUT IT'S A BIT MESSY?

ON YOU, I SHALL CREATE MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT, A WORK OF UNPARALLELED MAGNIFICENCE WHICH I HAVE BEEN PLANNING SINCE MY STUDENT DAYS IN SIENA! UNTIL NOW, I'D NEVER FOUND A FORM WORTHY OF MY CONCEPTION! FOR YEARS, I HAVE HAD TO GET BY WITH SECOND-RATE MATERIALS—HOOKERS OUT OF HONG KONG, AGING RED CROSS NURSES, SCHOOLGIRLS WITH RICKETS, AND THE LIKE! BUT YOU, MY DEAR, ARE FLAWLESS! WITH SUCH A BODY, I WILL RISE TO NEW HEIGHTS AND WIN AT LAST THE KUDOS AND PLAUDITS OF THE ART WORLD WHICH HAVE SO LONG BEEN OVERDUE!

YOU'RE GOING TO DRAW ON... ME?

"DRAW" IS SCARCELY THE WORD! I DON'T THINK YOU FULLY APPRECIATE WHAT A BREAK THIS IS FOR YOU!
ON ME?
YOU'RE GOING TO DRAW ON ME?

Perhaps I can allay your misgivings by briefly describing the composition I have in mind — your face will be a still-life delicately balancing a clay pipe, a deck of tarot cards, a bowl of refreshments and a dead grouse; your neck will be given to religious subjects such as "the annunciation," "the martyrdom of st. sebastian" and "the old rugged cross" to name but a few; "the defenestration of Prague (July 30, 1419)," "attack of the Visigoths under alaric II" and "the demise of warren Harding" are just some of the events of historical significance which grace your back; your shoulders and breasts will be covered with scenes of pagan mythology which I won't go into at this time; your midriff and loins will be done in landscapes — picturesque windmills and the like; your buttocks will be devoted to lyrical themes such as "fortitude" slaying avarice with the lance of sagacity; dancing Silesian weavers and other rustic motifs will enhance your legs; studies of songbirds of the southwestern United States will run up your arms ending with a flourish of floral filigree work in your armpits! I haven't yet decided what to do with your feet or your ears! In any case, the whole thing shall be set off by this stirring motto emblazoned on a flowing banner: "born to lose!!"

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT A PRUDE, BECAUSE FOR THE DURATION OF YOUR LIFE, YOU MUST EXPOSE YOURSELF CONSTANTLY!

WILL I BE ALLOWED TO BATH?
ONLY IN UNSEED OIL! LET US BE DONE WITH SMALL TALK, HOWEVER! THE MUSE BECKONS!!

THE DISHEVELED TATTOOER PREPARES TO MAKE THE INITIAL STROKE WITH HIS VIBRATING SILVER NEEDLE ON THE FETTERED FEMALE'S UNBLEMISHED SKIN WHEN THE ROOM IS SUDDENLY PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...

WHAT NOW?

I'VE BEEN SOMEWHAT TARDY IN PAYING MY BILL AT M.G.B.E. — MACAO GAS AND ELECTRIC — AND IT APPEARS AS IF THEY'VE JUST DISCONNECTED MY SERVICE! QUITE FRANKLY, IT'S MY OWN FAULT FOR IGNORING THEIR THIRD WARNING PRINTED ON SPECIAL RED RICE PAPER, BUT AS ARE MOST CREATIVE PERSONS, I'M IMPRACTICAL, PREFERING TO BUILD CASTLES IN THE AIR RATHER THAN FACE UP TO HARD REALITIES OF LIFE ITSELF! NO MATTER! I'LL SWITCH TO MY MANUALLY-OPERATED NEEDLE AND USE A FLASHLIGHT!
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHO IS IT?

IT'S ME, THE LANDLORD! I'VE COME TO EVICT YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE A WEEK AND A HALF BEHIND IN THE RENT!

I PROMISE TO GIVE YOU THE MONEY ON THURSDAY! PROMISES! I'M FED UP TO HERE WITH PROMISES!

WOULD TOMORROW BE O.K.?

GET OUT!

LISTEN, I CAN CALL MY COUSIN WHO'LL LEND ME THE CASH AND HE'LL DRIVE RIGHT OVER, AND YOU'LL HAVE IT IN YOUR HANDS IN TEN MINUTES!

OUT!

OUT!

OH, THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME, SIR! DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO TO ME?

I NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO TO YOU! MY SOLE CONCERN IS WHAT I AM GOING TO DO TO YOU!

PHILOSTINE!
YOU MEAN I'M NOT RESCUED?

HARDLY! IT IS MY INTENTION TO TRANSPORT YOU TO JAPAN, THERE TO Tie YOU TO THE RAILWAY TRACKS, WHEREUPON YOU'LL BE MASHED BY A SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE!

WHY? WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO YOU?

POOR CHILD! BE NOT SO NAIVE AS TO BELIEVE THAT CRUELTY AND VIOLENCE MUST NECESSARILY BE MOTIVATED! THE MALICIOUS ACT, SET APART FROM THE COMMONPLACE, LACKLUSTRE, TRENDY, MILL OF GOAL ORIENTED DRIVES, ATTAINS A CERTAIN PURITY OF ITS OWN BEING!

WOULDN'T YOU MIND RUNNING OVER THAT AGAIN?

NEE!

NOT TOO MANY HOURS PASS BEFORE PHOEBE HAS BEEN SMUGGLED ACROSS THE SOUTH CHINA SEA...

TO DOWNTOWN TOKYO WHERE, HIGH ATOP A TRESTLE, SHE Is FIRMLY LASHED TO THE HANEDA MONORAIL....

WON'T YOU RECONSIDER?

I'VE MADE MY DECISION!

THE 9:03 FROM HAMAMATSUCHO STATION ROUNDS THE BEND, BEARING DOWN ON THE TRUSSSED INNOCENT AT A BREATHTAKING 160 K.P.H. EVEN IF THERE WERE SOMEONE WILLING TO HELP HER; EVEN IF A WHOLE CONTINGENT OF BOY SCOUTS WERE AT THE READY, IT WOULD BE TOO LATE. BEFORE THEY COULD REACH HER, PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST WOULD BE NOTHING MORE THAN A RAW HAMBURGER...

Perhaps it's better this way. That Phoebe should die here and now rather than live out her days uncertain of whether or not she was molested by some sort of giant lizard. Whatever the outcome, you won't want to miss "One Track Mind" the next surprising episode in "The Adventures of Phoebe Zeit-Geist!"
One Track Bind

Episode XI
THE ADVENTURES OF
PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode XI One Track Bind

written by MICHAEL O’DONOGHUE

drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

IT APPEARS AS IF THE THREE
FATES SPINNING THE WEB OF LIFE
HAVE DROPPED ANOTHER ONE OF
PHOEBE’S STITCHES. IN FACT, IT
LOOKS LIKE THEY’VE RUN OUT
OF YARN.

LASHED TO A RAILWAY TRESTLE,
SCANT INCHES FROM UTTER
DESTRUCTION UNDER THE WHIRLING
WHEELS OF A STREAMLINED LOCO-
MOTIVE BARRELING DOWN THE
SINGLE TRACK AT TREMENDOUS
SPEED, PHOEBE CRIES A CRY
REPOLENT WITH ANGUISH, ECHOING
NOT MERELY HER OWN PLIGHT BUT
THE PLAGUES OF ALL UNFORTUNATES
EVER FACED WITH INEXORABLE DOOM:

Nevertheless, in an astounding
turn of events, the supposed
‘BEGGAR’ FLINGS OFF HIS
DISGUISE REVEALING HIMSELF
TO BE NONE OTHER THAN

NAGUCHI KOTO,
BLIND ZEN
ARCHER!!!

THE STREETS ARE EMPTY, NO ONE NEEDS OR EVEN HEARS
PHOEBE’S LAMENT, DISCOUNTING, OF COURSE, A SHABBY
BLIND BEGGAR WITH TAPPING CANE AND RATTLING CUP
WHOSE BEARING ON OUR TALE CAN SURELY BE NOTHING
MORE THAN A MACABRE SHADOW AGAINST A FLEETING
BACKGROUND ON WHICH TO RING DOWN THE FINAL CURTAIN
OF AN INEVITABLE TRAGEDY...

AND

AWRK!

WHAT IS TO SAY TO THE AVERAGE UNENLIGHTENED OBSERVER, HE
MISTAKES, ACTUALLY, THE ARROW IMPALE A NEARBY YANG BIRD...
And so profound is the sightless Archer's celestial oneness, so absolute his transcendence over temporal planes, so supreme his unity of being, that he has flawlessly gauged the spent bird's trajectory, so its razor-sharp beak slices the ropes, freeing Phoebe, who plummets downward...

But Phoebe never hits ground. Instead, she plunges through the vinyl top of a speeding Toyota "Land Cruiser."

Where a masked man silently clouts her with a spanner... "Vhop!"

And drives on...
At that very moment, on a sleazy Le Havre sidestreet, a battered Citroën 2-CV pulls into a garage-strewn alley that adjoins a down-at-the-heels retread and used tire outlet, and the driver, lean, swarthy, handsome despite the countless scars that lace his aquiline features, steps out...

He casually reaches into the pocket of his custom-tailored ScaLamandre silk suit and removes a crumpled pack of Gauloises "Disque Bleu," noting, with mild irritation, that only one cigarette remains, which he lights, dropping the empty package on the cobblestone pavement...

After scanning the street, or "La rue" as the French say, the man enters a zinc door marked "Défense d'Entrer"... Where a private elevator whisks him down to an enormous subterranean conference room, the comptroller awaits...
ALONG WITH A CAT-LIKE GRACE THAT UNDERSORES HIS UNDENIABLE ANIMAL VIRILITY, THE MAN SINKS INTO ONE OF THE SEVERAL "WASSILY" LOUNGE CHAIRS THAT FILL THE COMPTROLLER'S SLEEK TULIPWOOD DESK...

THIS IS YOUR DOSSIER! I SHALL BRIEFLY RUN THROUGH IT JUST TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS CORRECT! "NAME: DIRK G. SAVAGE"? WHAT DOES THE "G" STAND FOR?

SAVAGE REPLIES IN A VOICE CHARGED WITH QUIET INTENSITY.

"GRANITE"? IT WAS MY MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME!

THE COMPTROLLER SCRIBBLES "STANDS FOR GRANITE" - MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME - IN THE MARGIN AND GOES ON...

"PROFESSION: COUNTERSPY, CLASSIFICATION: TRIPLE K"? IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, YOU'RE THE ONLY AGENT IN THE HISTORY OF OUR OPERATIONS TO WHOM WE'VE EVER ASSIGNED A TRIPLE K CLASSIFICATION, A CLASSIFICATION WHICH NOT ONLY GIVES ONE LICENSE TO KILL BUT TO MUTILATE AS WELL!

IN THE DISTANCE, SPINNING REELS OF HIGHLY SENSITIZED TAPE TRIGGER BATTERIES OF PULSING RUBY LIGHTS AS REAMS OF PROCESSED DATA ARE FED INTO BANKS OF ADVANCED COMPUTERS BY WHITE-SMOCKED TECHNICIANS...

PAST EMPLOYMENT SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER - '32 TO '36: DROVE FOR BUGATTI; '36 TO '39: LOYALIST AIR FORCE; '39 TO '41: BERLIN CORRESPONDENT FOR PARIS-SOIR, VOLUNTEERED FOR O.S.S.; '41 TO '46: FOUGHT WITH YUGOSLAV PARTISANS, EXPELLED FROM O.S.S. FOR SIDING WITH MIHAELIČ, '47: RAN GUNS TO PANCAKES; '48 TO '50: OWNED AND MANAGED BOCOTA NIGHTCLUB; '50 TO '54: DEUXÈME BUREAU ATTACHED TO NEAR EAST; '54 TO '61: INFILTRATED THE INJ SECTION OF THE KGB FOR M.I.6, JOINED US IN '61!

A FEW MONTHS IN '47 WHEN I WAS A BUSH PILOT IN VENEZUELA!
I'll make a note of that! As for qualifications, you are skilled in all weaponry and combat systems, speak 14 languages and over 30 dialects fluently, and are considered an authority on toxicology, cryptanalysis, cionology, underwater demolition, and medieval poetry!

According to reports, you are bold...

You don't fool me, Manfred! Take away that laser beam and you're nothing but another, sniveling two-bit hood!

...unyielding...

...and ruthless!

I'm afraid you won't get much out of him, Inspector! He should have known better than to pull that thing on me!
Suddenly, the mood has changed. A certain elusive grimness settles in the corners of the comptroller's mouth, like a flickering candle, his piercing grey eyes falter, and when he finally continues, his voice is tinged with a soupcon of despair...

Very well, then, here are your instructions. We have reason to believe that a Miss Phoebe Zeitgeist is in trouble! Rescue her! Use any means you care to, bearing in mind, naturally, that we do not officially exist and are powerless to intervene in your behalf! Dismissed!

Without a word, Dirk leaves the room and rides the elevator up to the street. However, as he returns to his car, a passing flower vendor shoots him in the head...

Reacting with all the speed and precision of a coiled spring, Dirk instantly drops to the pavement and dies...

Within seconds, the body, the car, have vanished. Nothing remains to show that he was ever there... Nothing...save for a crumpled pack of Gauloises "Pique bleu" that, all too soon, is kicked by a stumbling Clochard into the gutter...

"As leaves on the trees, such is the life of man."

-- Homer
Episode XII

LETHAL WOMEN
THE ADVENTURES OF
PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode XI LETHAL WOMEN

written by MICHAEL O'DONOSHE; drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

WHEN PHOEBE REVIVES, SHE IS DISMAYED TO FIND HERSELF LOCKED IN A CAGE ON THE ROCKY SOUTH COAST OF EASTERN NEW ZEALAND, ENCIRCLED BY UNUSUAL FEMALES.

DESPAIR, FOR I AM THE BLOB PRINCESS AND THIS IS THE BAND OF INCREDIBLE LESBIANS!

THE BLOB PRINCESS, AN ELEVEN-HUNDRED-POUND PUERTO-RICAN WEARING A RUBBER PEIGNOIR CINCHED BY A DIAMOND-SPANGLED GARRISON BELT, PROCEEDS TO INTRODUCE THE BUNNY MEMBERS OF HER TRIBAL COTÉRIE...

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, MEET:

CRIPPLED EX-ROLLER DERBY STAR "MOMS" VENUS...

DISMEMBERED BATON TWIRLER FROM WINSTON, SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, "CURLY" FLAP...

"MATTY"...

34-YEAR-OLD SYMBOLIST FORTRESS AND SECRET ARABINE ADDICT BETTY NOIRE...

"HI-FI" "DIZZY"

"MELVIN" "HUNK" "MOOSE" "RAGS" "FOO" "BOOT"

"BENNY"

AND "PACKY"
SILENCE! IT IS I WHO ASK THE QUESTIONS AROUND HERE!

BUT-

HOLD YOUR TONGUE! I WILL TOLERATE NO INSOLENCE! NONE MAY DEFY THE EGO PRINCESS!

PLEASE-

PERHAPS A LESSON IN MANNERS MIGHT NOT BE AMISS! YOU ARE FORTUNATE THAT I AM IN A MERCIFUL MOOD! I SHALL CONTENT MYSELF WITH A MUD REBUFF!

SO! YOU PERSIST IN VIOLATING MY COMMANDS!
I GAVE YOU NO PERMISSION TO SPEAK AND YET YOU DISTINCTLY SAID "MUMBLED..." IT IS INDEED A PITY THAT YOU WERE SO CARELESS AS TO INCUR MY DISPLEASURE NOW I AM COMPelled TO CHASTISE YOU!

WHAT'S THIS? A DROP OF YOUR EXECELABLE BLOOD ON MY HITHERTO INSULLED HIST?
REST ASSURED, YOU SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR THAT EFFRONTERY! STERN MEASURES ARE IN ORDER!

ZWIK! QUESH!

UNPARDONABLE! MORE BLOOD, BRAZENLY SPLATTERED ABOUT THE CAPE! IS THERE NO END TO YOUR AUDACITY?!
FRANKLY, YOUNG LADY, MY PATIENCE WEARS THIN! YOU FORCE ME TO ADMINISTER A SOMEWHAT MORE STRINGENT REPRIMAND!

"BOOT, FETCH THE WHIP!"

BRomp!
BY HAUNTING MY
DICTATES, YOU ONLY
HURT YOURSELF!

SMAQUE! SMAQUE!
CRAC!

CRAC!
SMAQUE!
SMAQUE!

Perhaps you begin to realize the absurdity
of resisting my will! I demand nothing less
than unwavering obedience! Soon, you will
realize merely to grovel at my feet! You'll
beg to perform unspeakable indignities!
I shall not rest until you are
reduced to absolute subjugation!
I note that you're cringing!
Since I gave you no permission
to cringe, our lesson in
discipline proceeds.

The hefty sapphist prepares to flail the comely captive relentlessly, when...
... BETTY ACCUSES "RAGS" OF SWIPING HER 14 K. GOLD SLAVE BRACELET WITH ITS CRESCENT LOCKET THAT HIDES A FACED TINTYPE OF ALLA NAZIMOVA...

HAND OVER THAT BRACELET, YA CRUDDY SLUT, OR I'LL SLAM YER GODDAM FACE IN!

YEAH? YOU AN' WHO ELSE?

UNNOTICED IN THE CONFUSION, PHEBELE LEAPS ON "HI-FI'S" 1928 "SLOPER" O.H.V. 493 C.C. BSA AND RIDES LIKE THE WIND.

BLUNCH!

... FOR ABOUT 65 FEET, WHEN SHE STRIKES A CONCRETE ABUTMENT...

UPON REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, SHE IS GREETED BY AN UNUSUAL PERSONAGE...

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING JUST WHO I AM!

SPURRED ON BY ABJECT FEAR, SHE STUMBLIES TO HER FEET AND RUNS AS SHE HAS NEVER RUN BEFORE...

PHYOOOM!
Jagged promontories...

Over blazing dunes...

Through miassic quagmires...

Across saps ravines...

Until, at length, overtaken by exhaustion, she seeks respite on a gentle knoll beneath a blossoming pohutukawa tree...

But her serenity is short-lived. Phoebe, the geist, tempest-tossed waif, dupe of destiny, winsome pawn of the warped, the unhinged, the perverse, and the maniacal, beholds a sight that chills the blood and sends the heart reeling...

...C.C. comes...
EXPUNGE THE ACCUSED CAPITALIST SCUM!

ERADICATE THE LEGENDARY ICE PRINCESS!

PSEMBOWEL!

DIBS ON HER TEETH!

LET'S GIVE THE JEZEBEL A REAL GOIN' OVER BEFORE WE FINISH HER!

KALI! KALI!

WE'RE GOING TO PISH YOU, DEARIE, LIKE YOU NEVER BEEN DISHD BEFORE!

STRIKE DOWN THE SHAMELESS HUSY, PLEASE!

THE DIE IS CAST!

YOU'RE A GONER!

I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOUR IMPUDENCE, MY SWEET!

YOU HAVE PLAYED THE FINAL GAMBIT—AND HAVE LOST!

WE'RE NOT DONE WITH YOU YET, SISTER!

FAR FROM IT!

ATTACK!

I'M GONNA JAM YOU, HONEY!

DESOIL!
The Flunky Lass struggles gamely...

... Holland, Denmark, Norway...

But to no avail...

... France, England...

... Africa, Asia...

This is it—La Débâcle, Der Zusammbruch, the last snarl in life's tangled skein...

Kromp! Whang! Flug!

Ed Note: Let us, you and I, dear reader, face up to the inescapable and join face to face in bidding our pretty protagonist a fond farewell.

'Adieu, Phoebe! There'll be a new star in heaven tonight...'

Thek! Grung!
THE ADVENTURES OF
PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST
written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

Episode XIII
ABJECTION
OVERRULED

However, right at the last second,
when disaster appears imminent,
a big weird machine swoops down
from the sky, snatches Phoebe...

...and drops her at
another Antwerp
Garden Party...

RAKKK!

IT POURED THE ENTIRE MONTH.
I STAYED IN PUNTA DEL ESTE
WE WERE REDUCED TO
IN THE BALLROOM.

IT'S NOT SO MUCH THAT
I'M BORED, MAHARAN!
BUT THAT I FIND LIFE
ITSELF RATHER

OF COURSE AFRICA
ISN'T READY FOR SELF-
GOVERNMENT YET, BUT
THEN, WHO IS?

...therefore you can well imagine my surprise
when Cristobal and I stopped by Ziggy's to see
Alfonso and ran smack into Sunny and Tina who
were supposed to be in Puerto Vallarta except
that Merle got a call from Winston and Ceezle
to spend Tuesday at Lyford Cay with Bubbles who's
still laid up from that accident at St. Moritz so she
flew back to Acapulco to pick up Gloria and Loll
only to find that they had joined Marella, Gianni,
Karina, Freddie and Isabel in New York for Kitty
and Gilbert's party at P.J.'s for Stavros but he
never left Deauville because Charlotte had asked
Grace, Luis, Aline, Soraya, Peggy, Doug, Mary Lee,
Harry, Ronnie, Marietta, Alexis, Peter, Pat, Fiona...

FOOM!

Phoebe's arrival
is lost among the
smart talk and
witty repartee...
Finally... My, my, if it ISN'T Phoebe Zeit-Geist! Where have you been keeping yourself? It's been AGES!

Oh, how precious! It's Phoebe in some kind of topless dress! Quite daring, my dear, but then you always were a pace-setter.

For the moment, our married heroine is safe...

Truth and Justice are REAFFIRMED!!

But who knows what unseemly dangers lurk in Phoebe's future? Who but Madame Izany and she is as silent as the grave. In fact, she is in the grave, having succumbed to...
...Brain tumor in 1955...

the end.