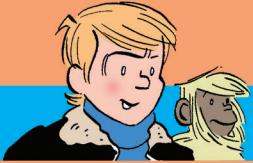
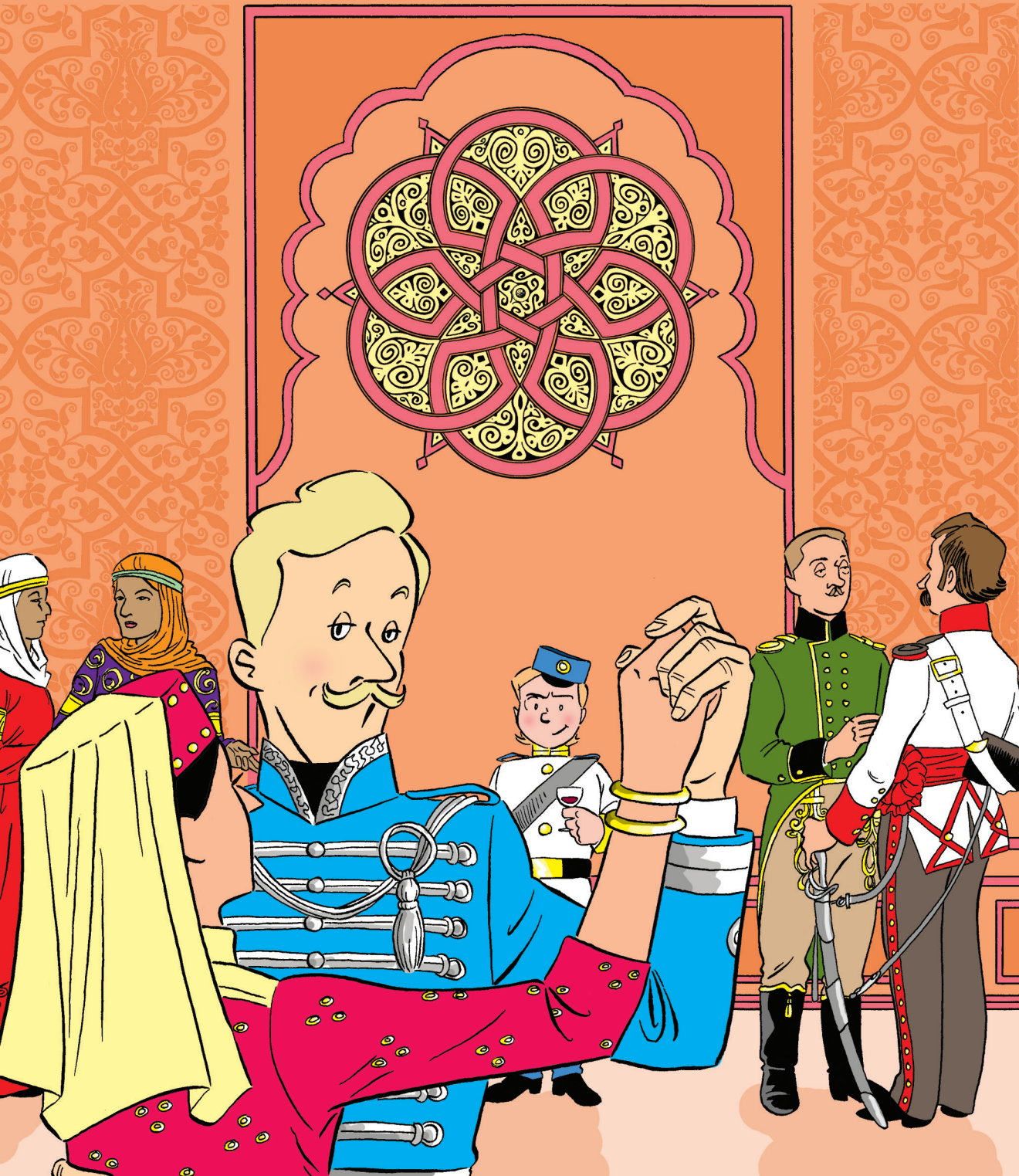


CHIKI



AUK BRAND COMICS

WUNDERKAMMER IV







Number Four

Summer, Twenty-eleven

John Tern manuscript- fourth rewrite

P2 forked a clump of Quesadilla Explosion into his mouth and eyed the man sitting alone at the front corner window booth, browsing through a USA Today and picking at a beef fajita platter. Penny sipped her Margarita and then licked the stray morsels of salt from her lips.

“His name’s DeSelby. I’ve been tracking him since Riga,” she said. “In Delphi, I ran into Voxy Lou, and almost lost him.”

“Voxy Lou. Hmmm,” a slight smile curled his lips as he chewed. “I heard she’s trouble.”

“Hrmp. Maybe. I’m not sure what she was doing there. It might have been coincidental. Maybe not. We ended up in a bit of a scuffle.”

P2 smiled and arched an eyebrow as he chewed, his mind occupied with the delightful images of the two agents engaged in hand-to-hand combat.

“Anyway, I managed to incapacitate her and pursue DeSelby here.”

“You killed her?” P2’s fork fell limply to the table’s varnished surface.

“No. That wasn’t part of my directive... but I could have.”

“Hmmm,” P2 smiled and hungrily plunged his fork back into his salad. “Are you sure you don’t want some of this? It’s fantastic.”

“DeSelby just checked in this morning. His room is 35B. The adjoining room, 35A, is where his transfer is staying- a man by the name of Ernst Fomalhaut.”

“Fomalhaut... why does that sound familiar?”

“He was a member of the Baden group. Disappeared during the March Crusade.”

“Now he’s with ZEPO.”

“Apparently. His next port of call is Guadalupe. You’re to be his shadow until Buenos Aires. The rest of the details are here.”

She slid a small mint tin across the table, took one last sip of her Margarita and made to leave.

“Going so soon?”

“I’m expected in Belgium tomorrow.”

“I was hoping you could go over the details with me personally, in a place a little less noisy... and more private.”

The piped music droned nearly audible.

“Keep your mind on the directive. And I’ll send a good report back to our masters.”



Note: *The Transparent* will continue online only. You may read past and future installments at-
www.aukbrandcomics.com

Past issues of *Wunderkammer* are also available through the above web address and all correspondence may be directed to-
sean.chiki@gmail.com



...WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. SANCLAIRE HAS PLAYED HIS MOVE.




LET ME GUESS...

A HAWK?



HARDLY. A SPARROW.
A TIMID OPENING.



DON'T BE DECEIVED.
A MEEK OPENING IS OFTEN
MASKING A CUNNING
SUB-PLAY.



BESIDES, THE
ENDGAME IS
STILL FAR OFF.



SO, HOW WILL YOU COUNTER?



WHAT I ALWAYS
DO:
HOLD MY PREDATORS
IN RESERVE ...



AND SEND IN
A LOON.

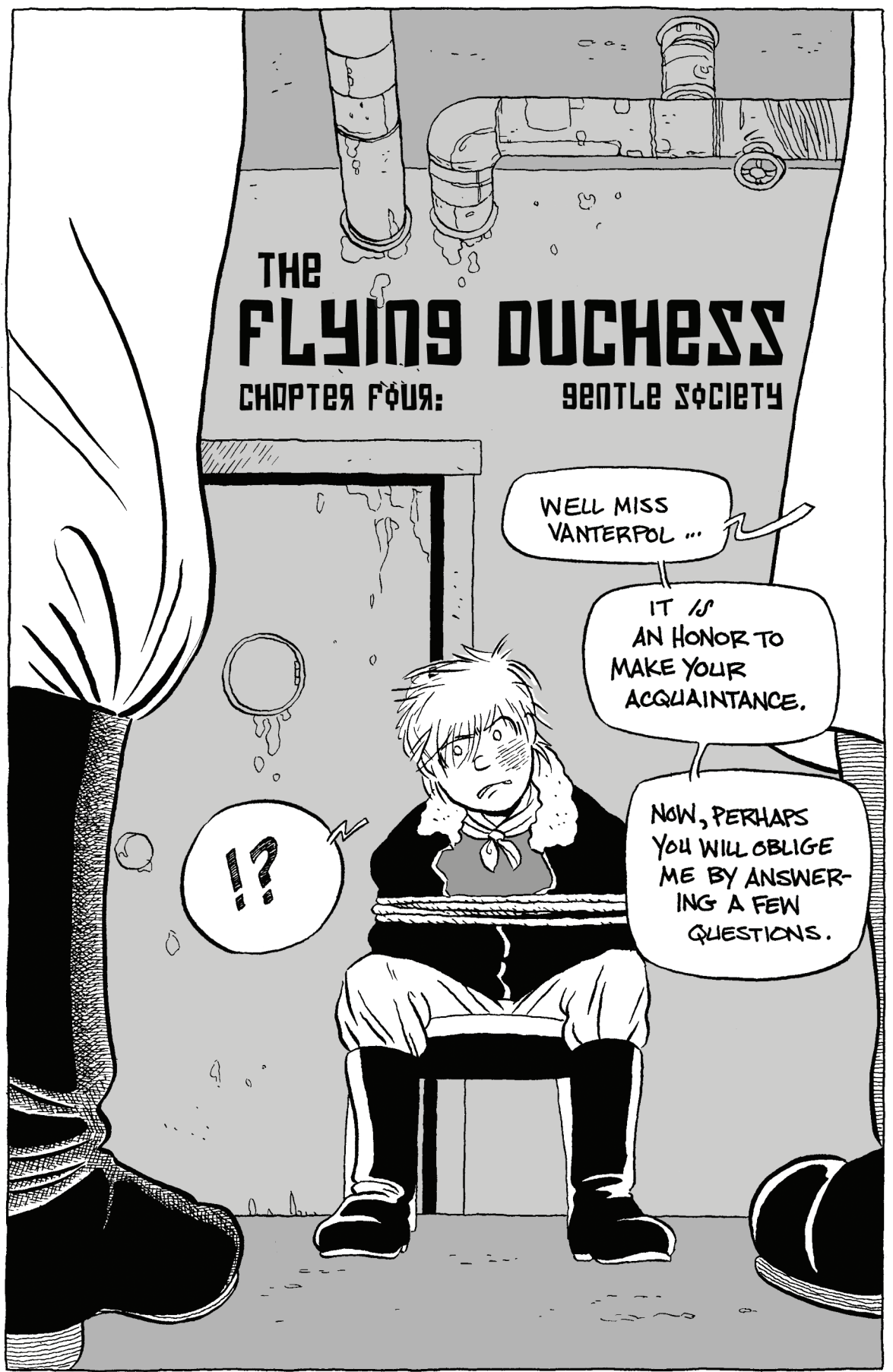
**THE
FLYING DUCHESS**
CHAPTER FOUR: GENTLE SOCIETY

WE'LL MISS
VANterPOL ...

IT IS
AN HONOR TO
MAKE YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE.

NOW, PERHAPS
YOU WILL OBLIGE
ME BY ANSWER-
ING A FEW
QUESTIONS.

!?





TIMUR...

LEAVE US.

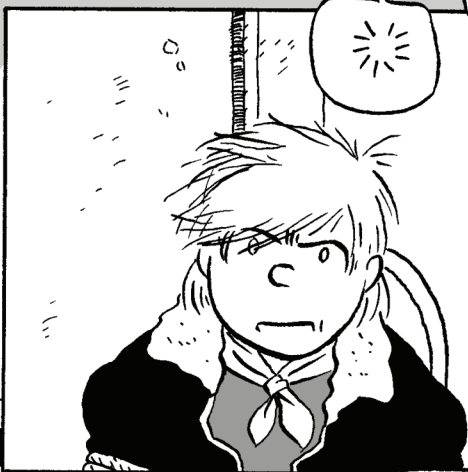
FIRST... LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. I... AM VADSLAV BLOK!



I EXPECT YOU'VE HEARD OF ME ?

No?

WELL, WE CAN SKIP THE NICETIES AND JUMP RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER!



I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE.

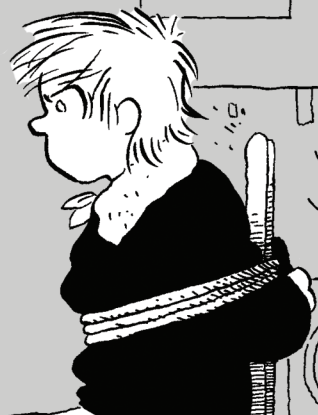


THE SAME REASON I'M HERE.

WE BOTH KNOW IT'S RE-SURFACED...

AND WE KNOW IT'S WITH MARTIN...

DON'T WE ?



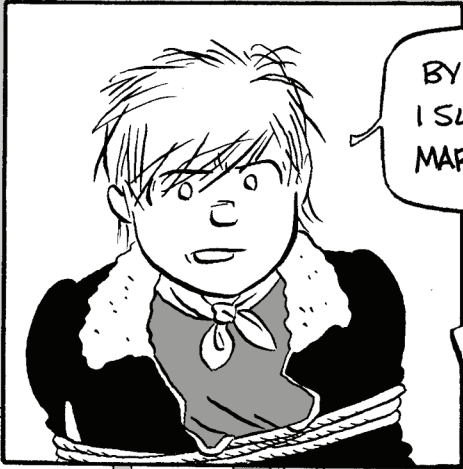
THINGS THAT ARE...
WHY NOT...
A HOT PLAN...

THE...
OF THE...

POSSIBLY...

FORMULA

47657



BY MARTIN ...
I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN
MARTIN ARGENTINA.

OF COURSE I
MEAN MARTIN
ARGENTINA!

WHO ELSE WOULD
I MEAN ?!

NOW LOOK
HERE ...

DON'T
PLAY GAMES
WITH ME!

I HAVEN'T THE
SLIGHTEST IDEA
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT.

I
HAVEN'T SEEN
MARTIN FOR YEARS.
I WORK FOR THE
RESIDENCY SERVICE...

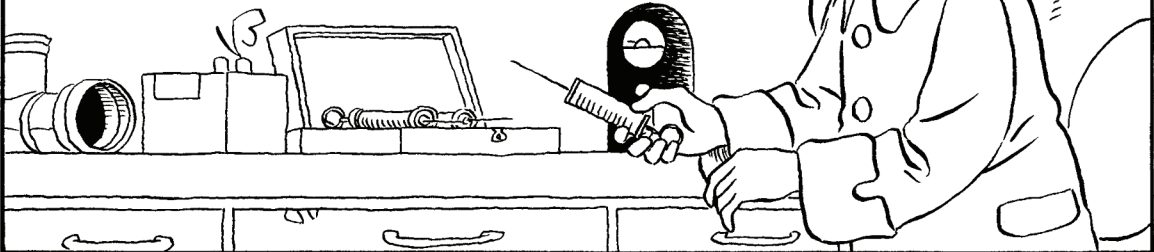
YES YES..

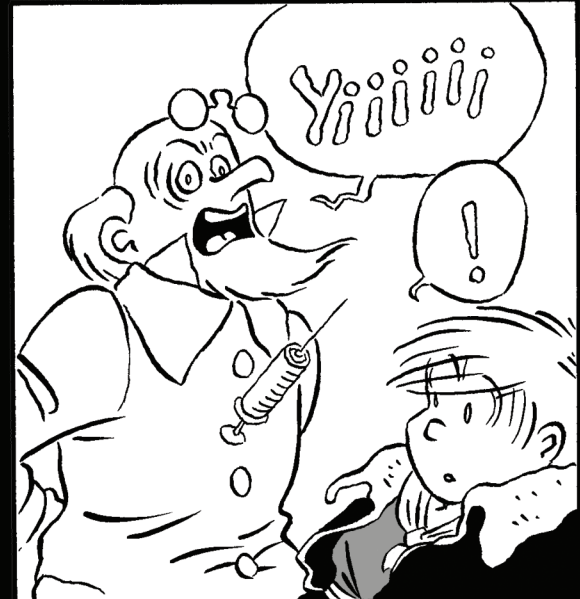
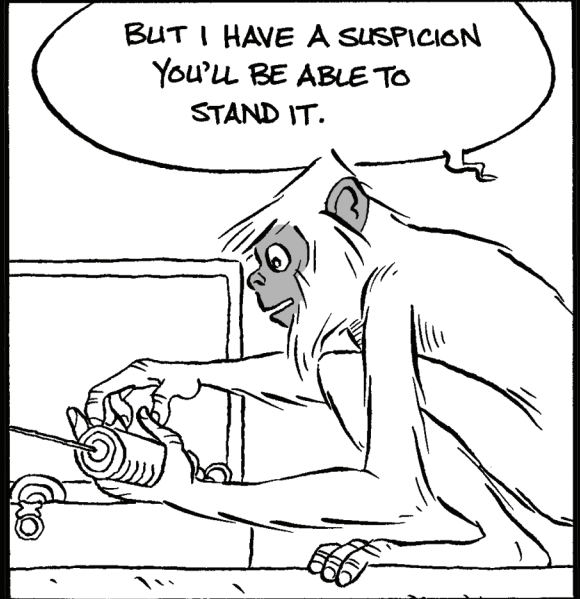
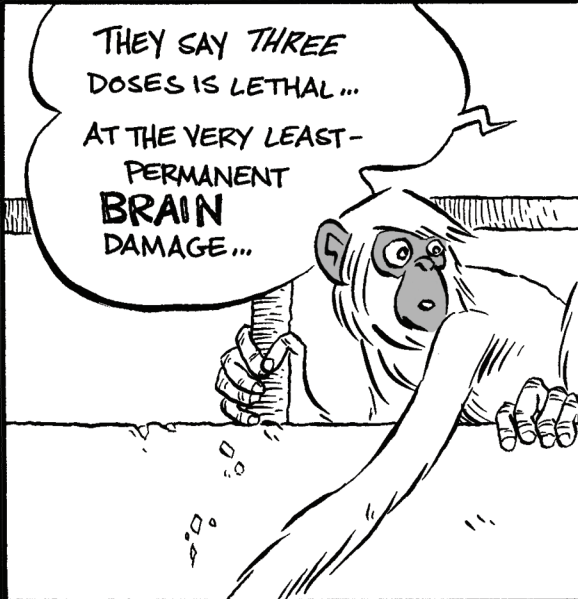
I EXPECTED
YOU'D BE LIKE
THIS ...

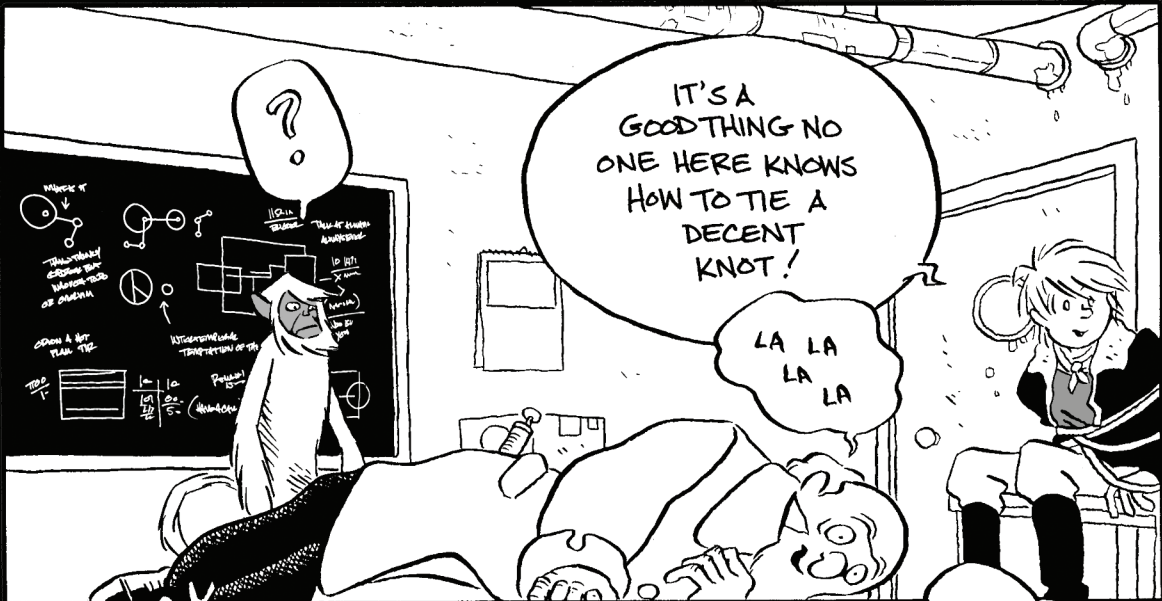
YOU, HOWEVER,
MAY NEED EXTRA
PERSUADING.

WHICH IS WHY
I'M PREPARED, YOU
SEE ?

ONE OF THESE...
AND ANY NORMAL PERSON
WILL BE TELLING ME ANY-
THING I WANT TO KNOW.



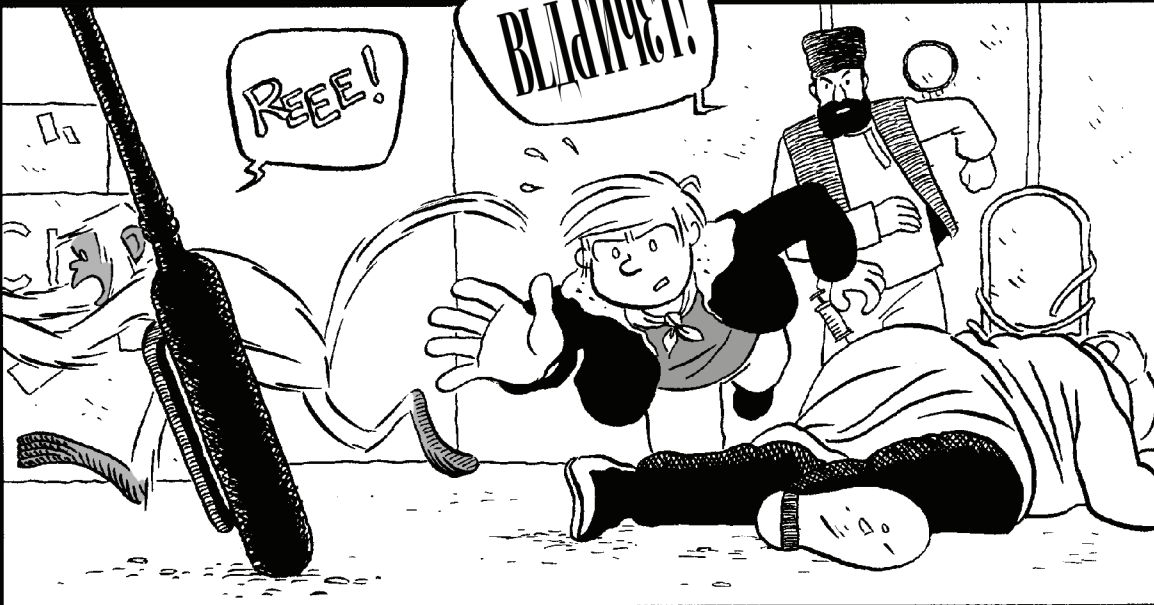
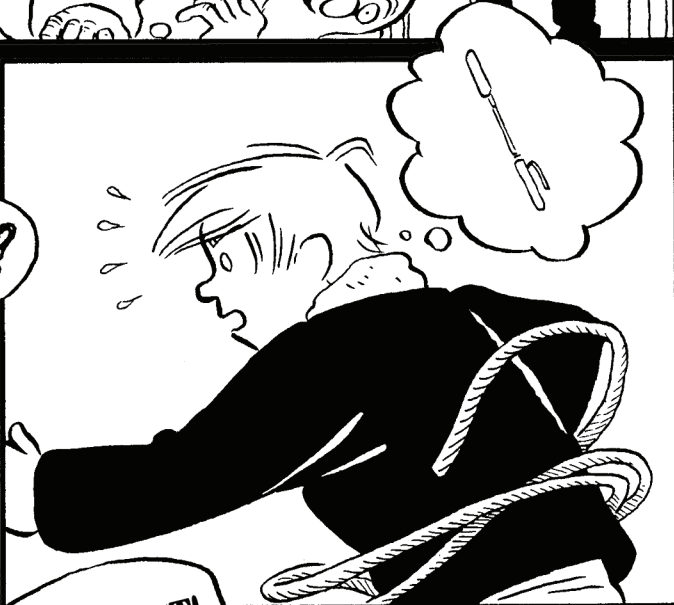


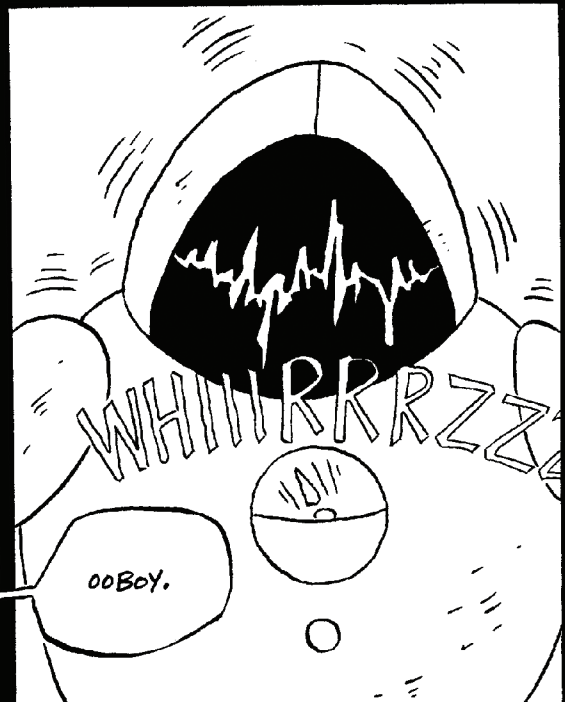
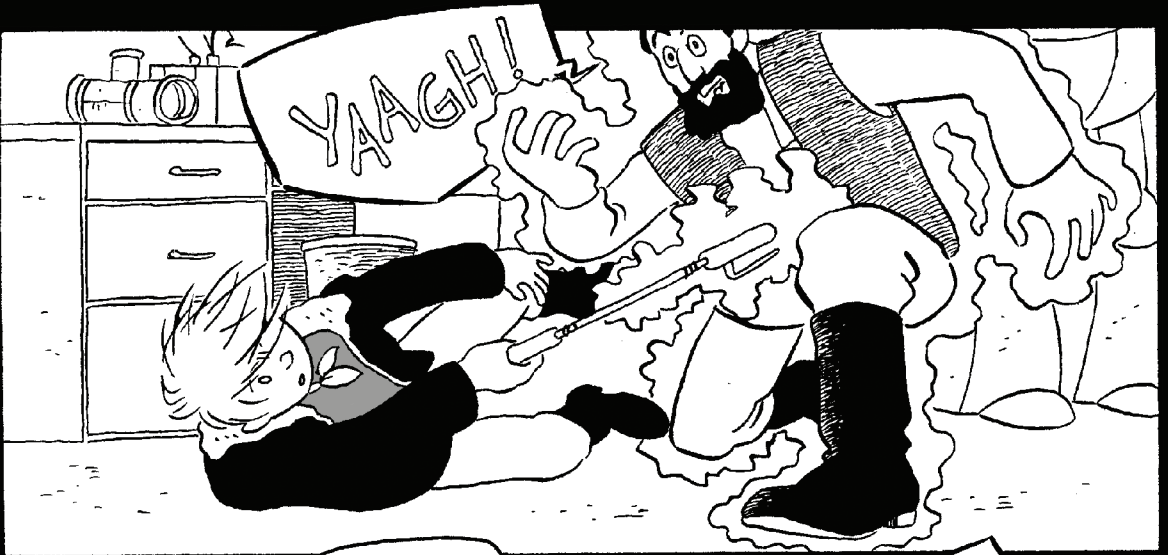


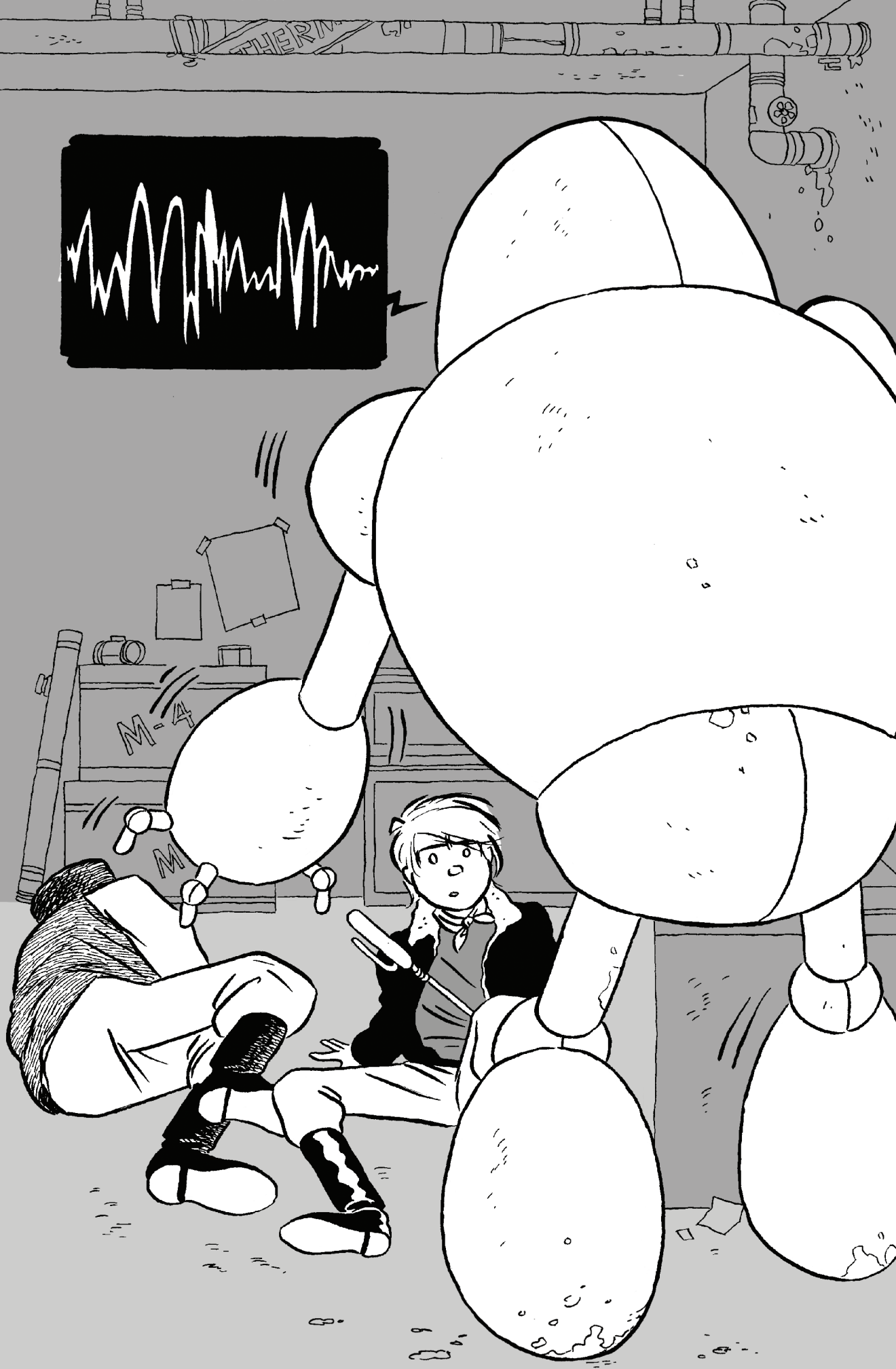
CLACK

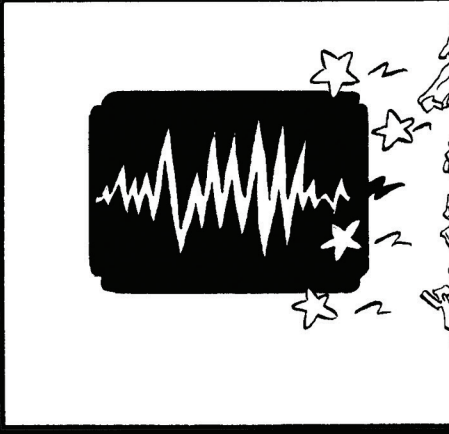
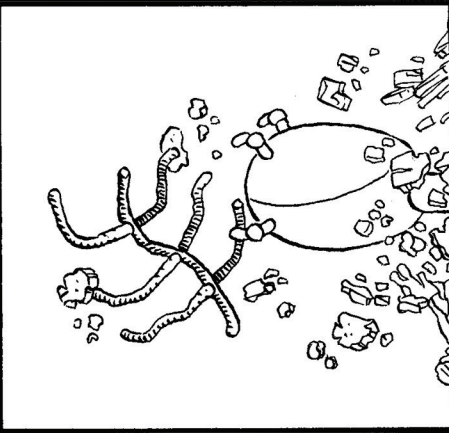
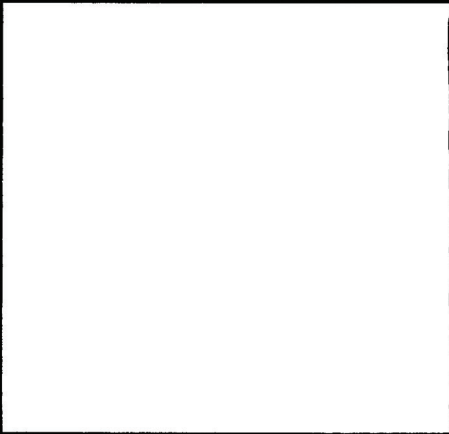
I HEARD A NOISE...

WHAT?









continued in this issue...

Wunderkammer fun fact page

Countess Marguerita Raårdsoff (Margaret Conveigh),
1812-1879

Although a poet and dramatist, Countess Raårdsoff is mostly known to us these days through *The House on Queenswood Street*, her chronicle of the 'Queenswood Group', that circle of notables, centered on the Queenswood Street residence of James Langley and Jocasta Wintern, during the 1840's.

Born in Ireland to a Catholic mother and a Protestant father, Margaret was the oldest of three sisters. While still in her teens, she fled her alcoholic and abusive father. Through a combination of cleverness, wit and charm, she made her way to Paris and became the favorite of Count Raårdsoff, a Russian nobleman of possibly Swedish ancestry.

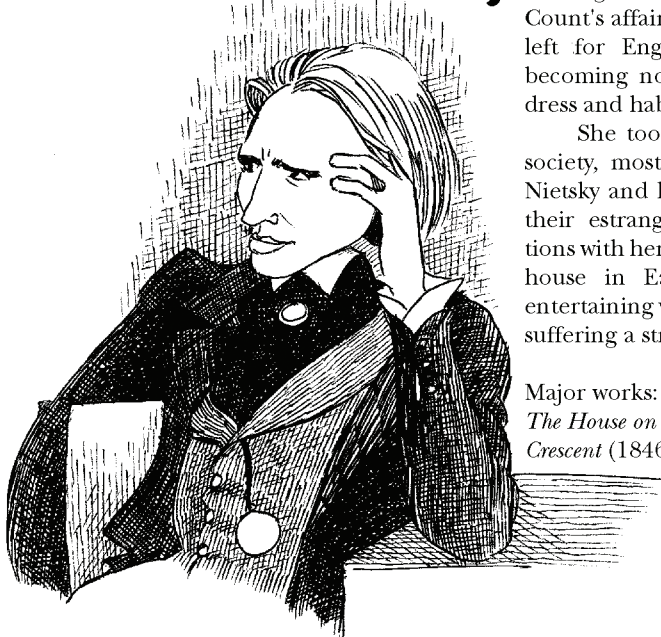
They married and lived for some time in Paris, Margaret's sisters, Eavan and Brigid joining them. The marriage did not last long, however, due in some part to the Count's affair with Eavan, and they separated. Margaret left for England, settling in London and then Epslow, becoming notorious for her flamboyant masculine style of dress and habits.

She took delight in flouting convention and shocking society, most notably her affair with the Polish composer Nietsky and her open use of Opium. The Countess, despite their estrangement, maintained considerably cordial relations with her husband and he even bought her a comfortable house in Eastmarch, where she lived for many years, entertaining visitors and literary pilgrims. She died there after suffering a stroke.

Major works:

The House on Queenswood Street (1863), *The Madonna of Magpie Crescent* (1846) Currer, Ellis & Acton, London

Who's Who in Eastmarch

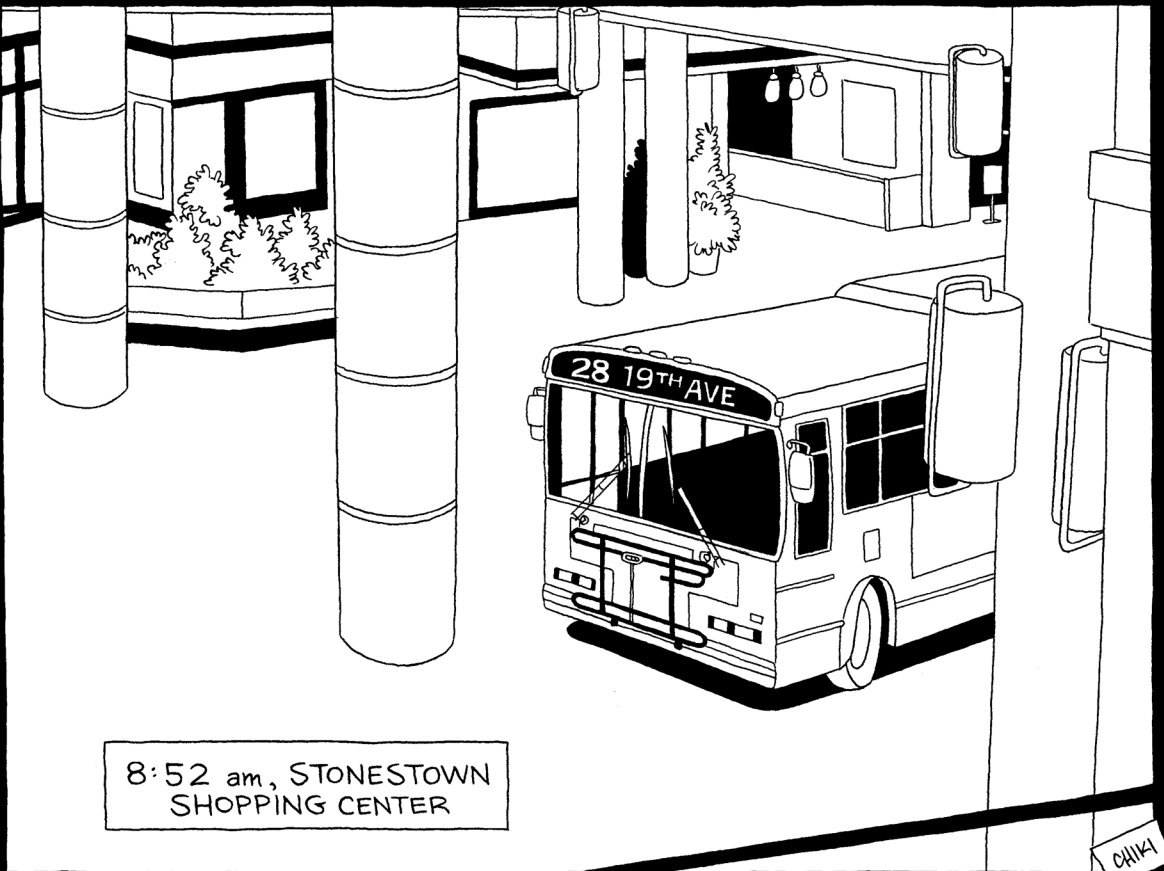
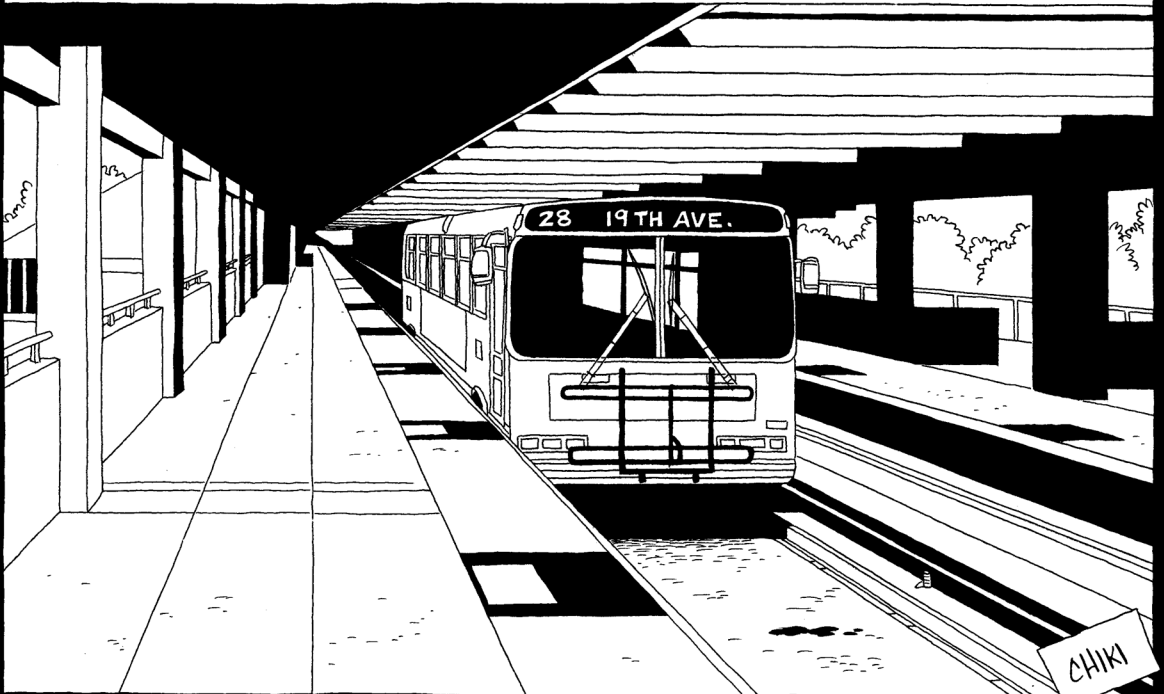


very interesting illustrations

may be found in many books of arcane lore. Termed *Emblem Books*, these instructional keys were popular among devotees of reformist religion during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The method of instilling complex, philosophical ideas in the symbolic placement of objects in an image was further developed in the *Memory Theater* of Giulio Camillo and the symbolic art and architecture of the secret fraternities, which seemed to proliferate during the years of the Enlightenment. Relics of such methods may still be found in the cards of fortune-seers. Noted emblem books included *Atalanta Fugiens* (Michael Maier), *Philosophia Reformata* (Mylius) and *Fire Without Ash* (Janic of Effizzo), of which an example is here presented. The last mentioned also influenced, to a great degree, the performance and theory of Ephraim Peacocke's *Avian Theater*.



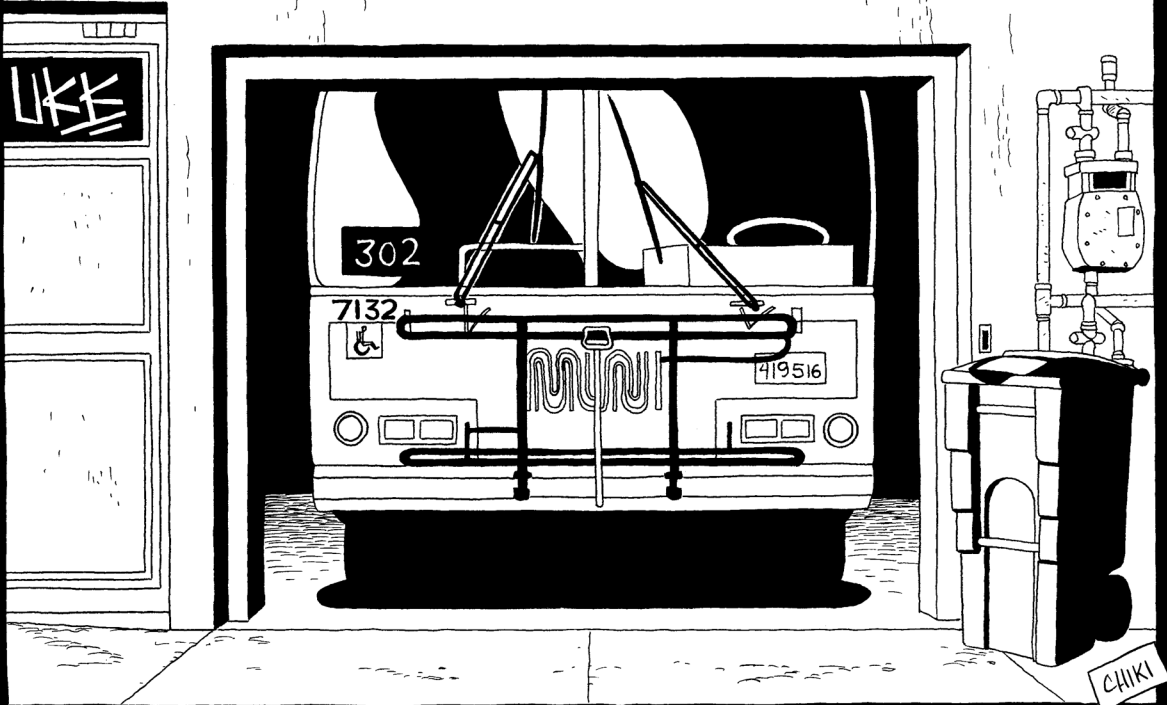
6:05 am, DALY CITY BART STATION



8:52 am, STONESTOWN SHOPPING CENTER

CHIKI

3:31 pm, 19TH AVE.



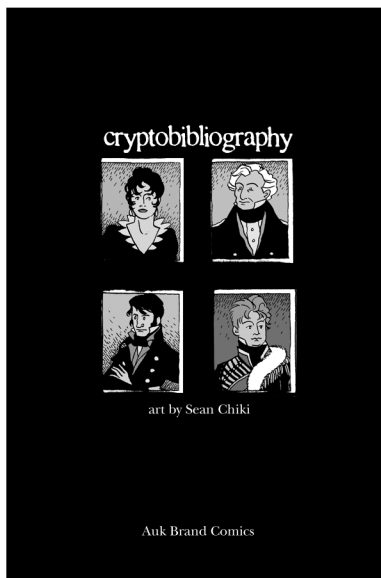
5:30 pm, PALACE
OF FINE ARTS



7:00pm, ALCATRAZ



also available from Auk Brand Comics...



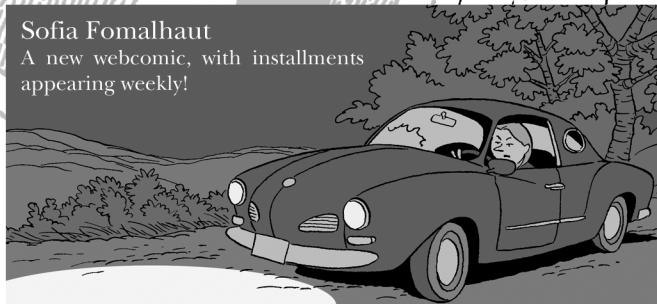
Cryptobibliography: Art by Sean Chiki

40+ pages, full color, limited number available.

featuring Warped Fictions, historical literary comics, lots of new art, sketches and miscellaneous bits.

Sofia Fomalhaut

A new webcomic, with installments appearing weekly!



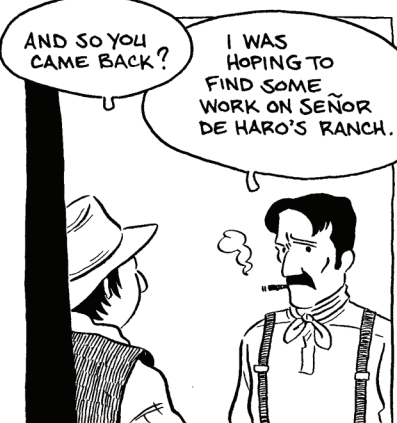
please visit www.aukbrandcomics.com



MISSION CREEK SETTLEMENT 1846 ...

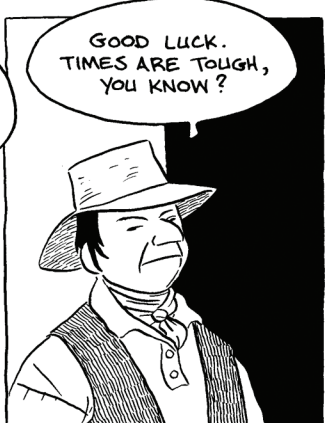
MANÉ, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN MONTHS.

I WAS UP IN SONOMA WITH BERREYESA AND HIS MEN. WE HEARD THAT FRÉMONT HAD THE ALCIADE'S BOYS KILLED.



AND SO YOU CAME BACK?

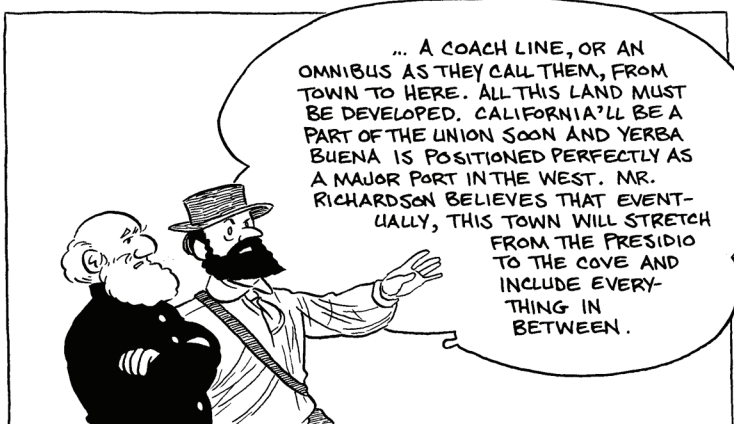
I WAS HOPING TO FIND SOME WORK ON SEÑOR DE HARO'S RANCH.



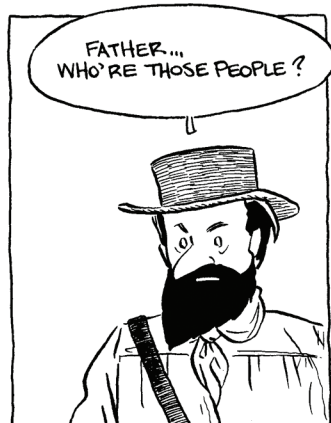
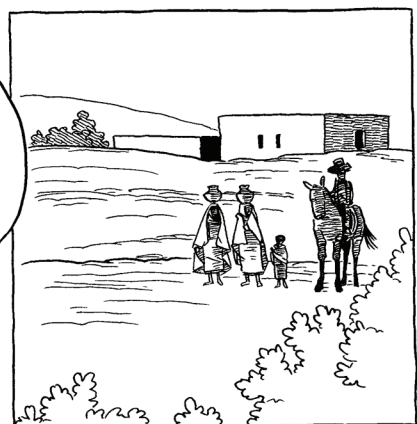
GOOD LUCK. TIMES ARE TOUGH, YOU KNOW?



~~~~~



... A COACH LINE, OR AN OMNIBUS AS THEY CALL THEM, FROM TOWN TO HERE. ALL THIS LAND MUST BE DEVELOPED. CALIFORNIA'LL BE A PART OF THE UNION SOON AND YERBA BUENA IS POSITIONED PERFECTLY AS A MAJOR PORT IN THE WEST. MR. RICHARDSON BELIEVES THAT EVENTUALLY, THIS TOWN WILL STRETCH FROM THE PRESIDIO TO THE COVE AND INCLUDE EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN.

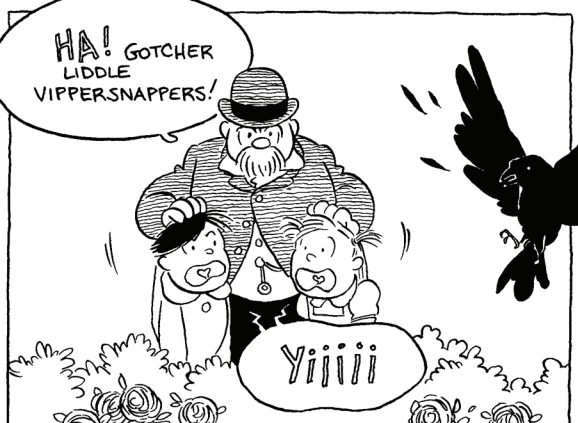
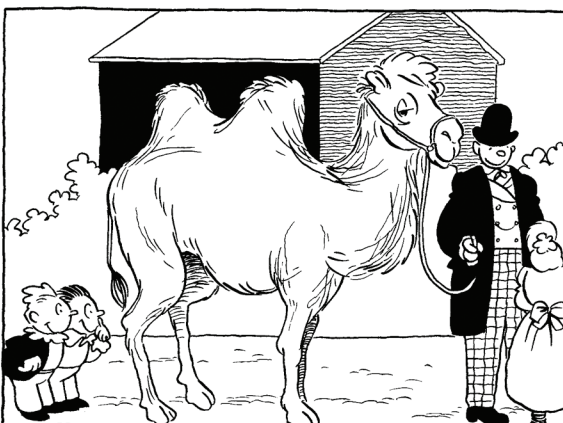
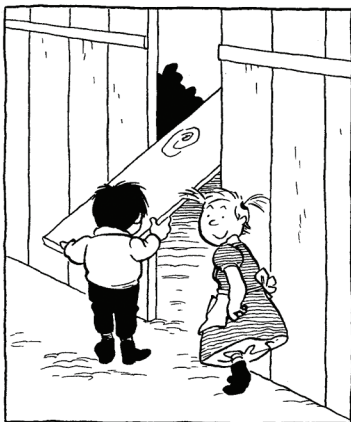
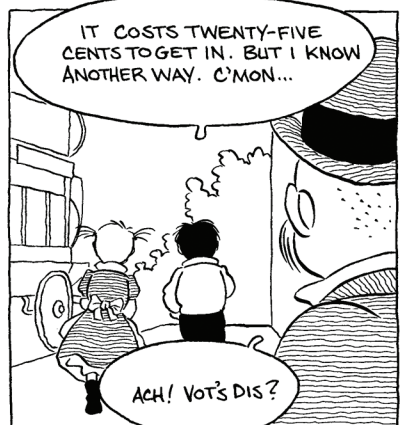
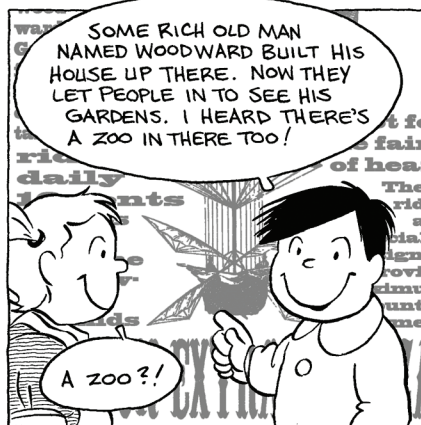
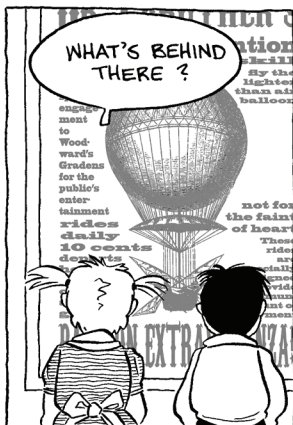
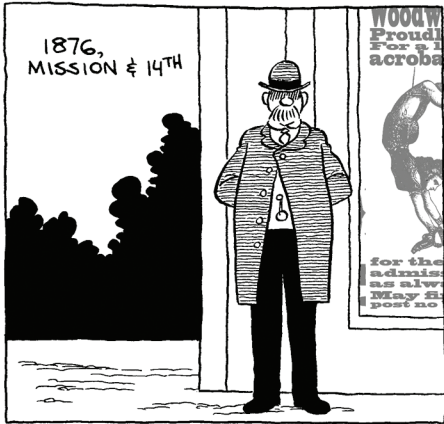


FATHER... WHO'RE THOSE PEOPLE?

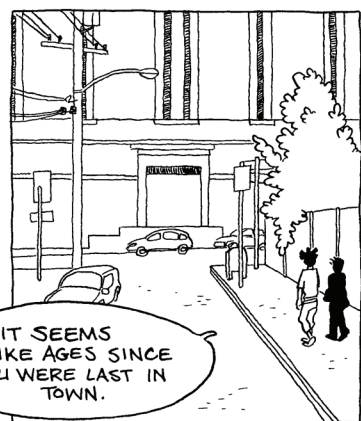
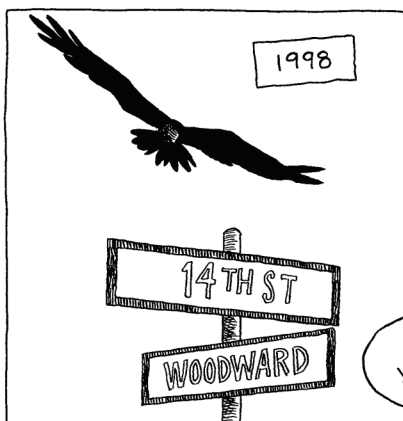


OHLONE. THEY WERE HERE BEFORE ANY OF US.









# Starling Hall

1681

... ADVISES THAT YOU REMAIN ON THE DOGGER ISLE, UNTIL THIS LATEST MATTER WITH THE DUKE OF YORK BLOWS OVER.

SIR WILLIAM MENTIONED YOU WERE WORKING ON A NEW PLAY.

YES.

AN ALLEGORY... FOR THE AVIAN THEATER.

CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS.

IT'S BASED ON A PERSIAN LEGEND.

MARVELOUS TITLE, DON'T Y' THINK?

IS ANOTHER ALLEGORY WISE...

WITH THE FASHION FOR COMEDY?

MY DEAR BOY...

THE MOMENT I BEGIN WORRYING WHAT THE CRITICS THINK

YOU MAY LOCK ME IN A PADDED ROOM, BEFORE I DO ANY MORE HARM TO MYSELF.



YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF HIM.

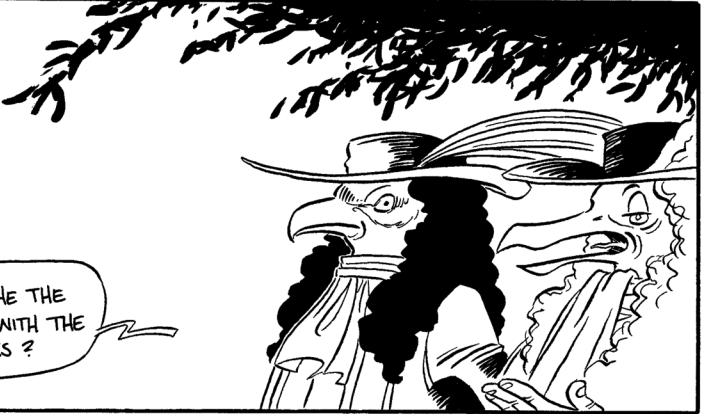
HE FLED HERE AFTER CROMWELL SHUT DOWN THE THEATERS, AND STAYED UNTIL THE DAY HE DIED.



YES.

I RECALL, DURING MY YOUTH, HIS PLAYS WERE SOMETHING OF A RAGE AMONG SCOFFLAWS AND THAT SORT.

HADN'T HE THE THEATER WITH THE MASKS?

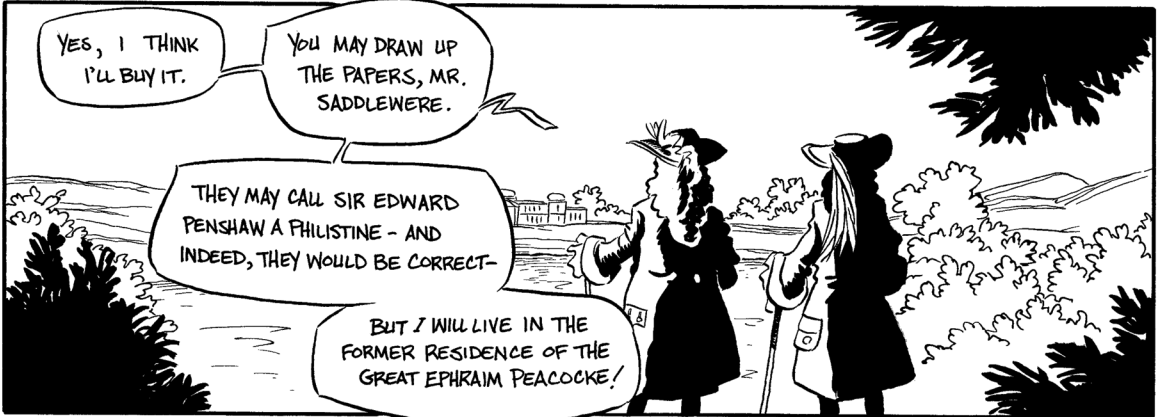


YES, I THINK I'LL BUY IT.

YOU MAY DRAW UP THE PAPERS, MR. SADDLEWERE.

THEY MAY CALL SIR EDWARD PENSRAW A PHILISTINE - AND INDEED, THEY WOULD BE CORRECT-

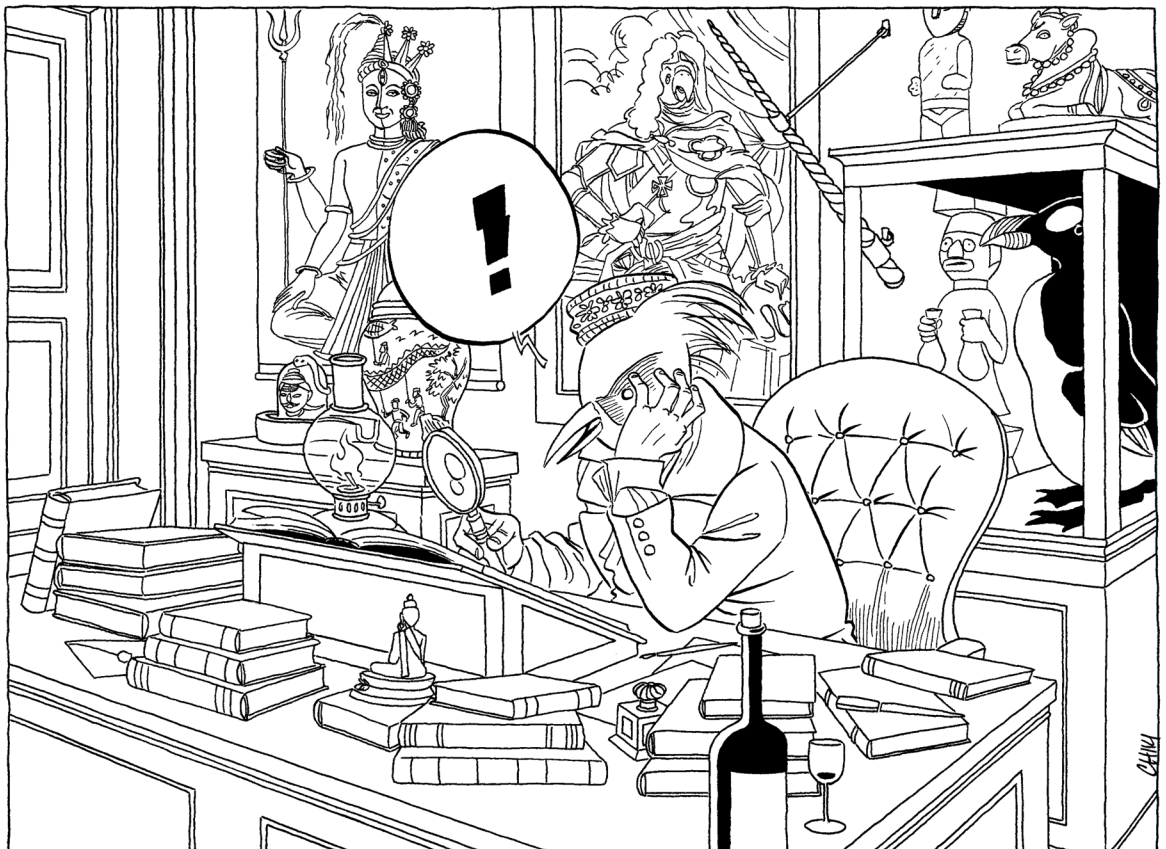
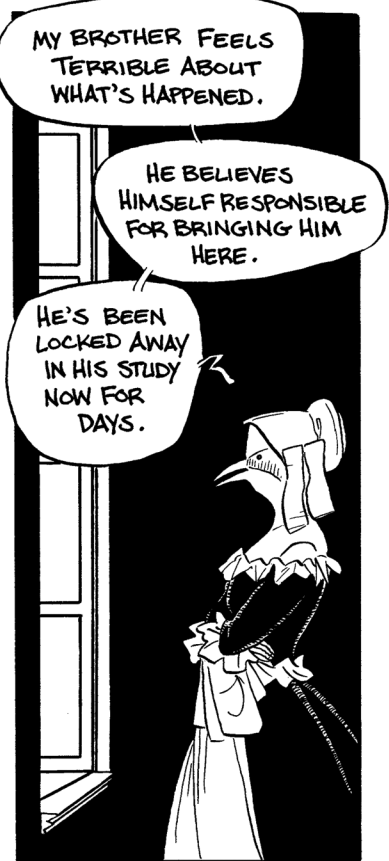
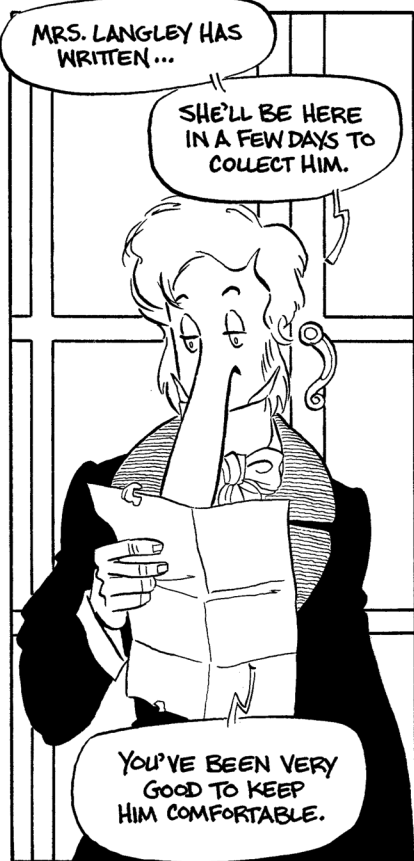
BUT I WILL LIVE IN THE FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE GREAT EPHRAIM PEACOCKE!





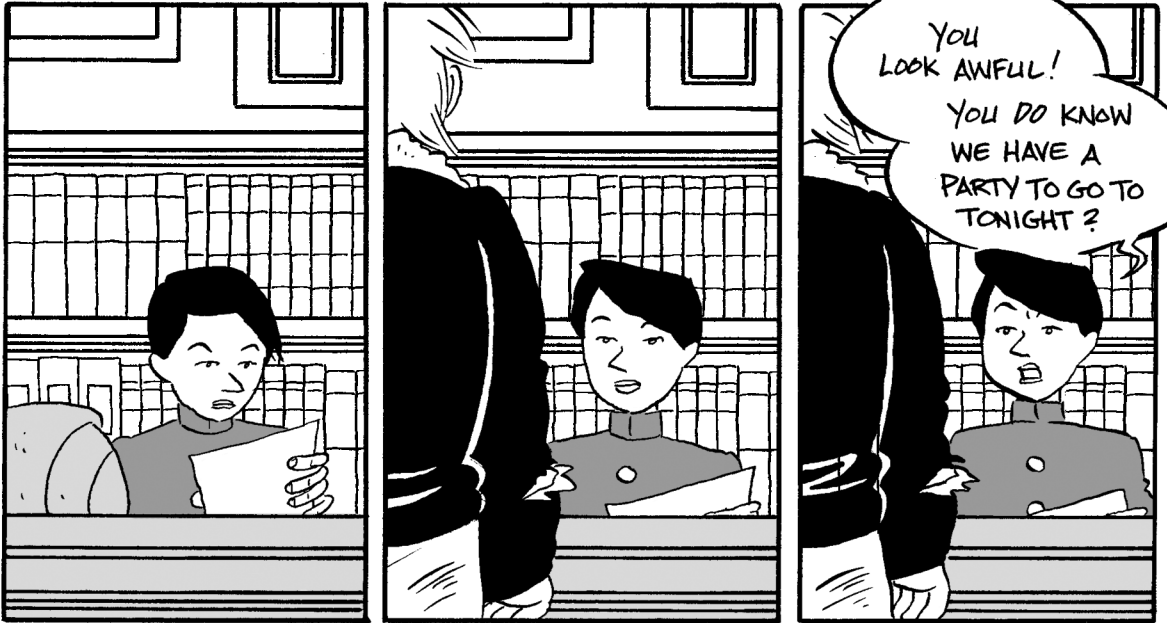
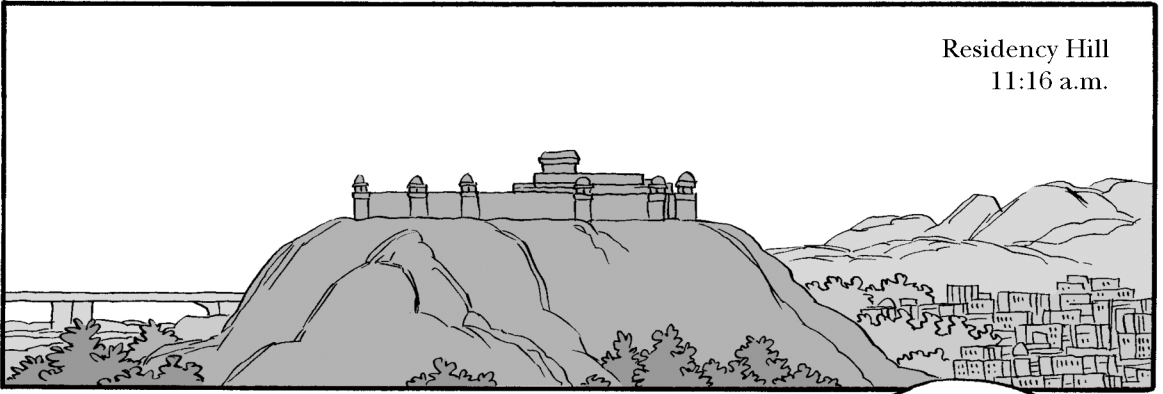




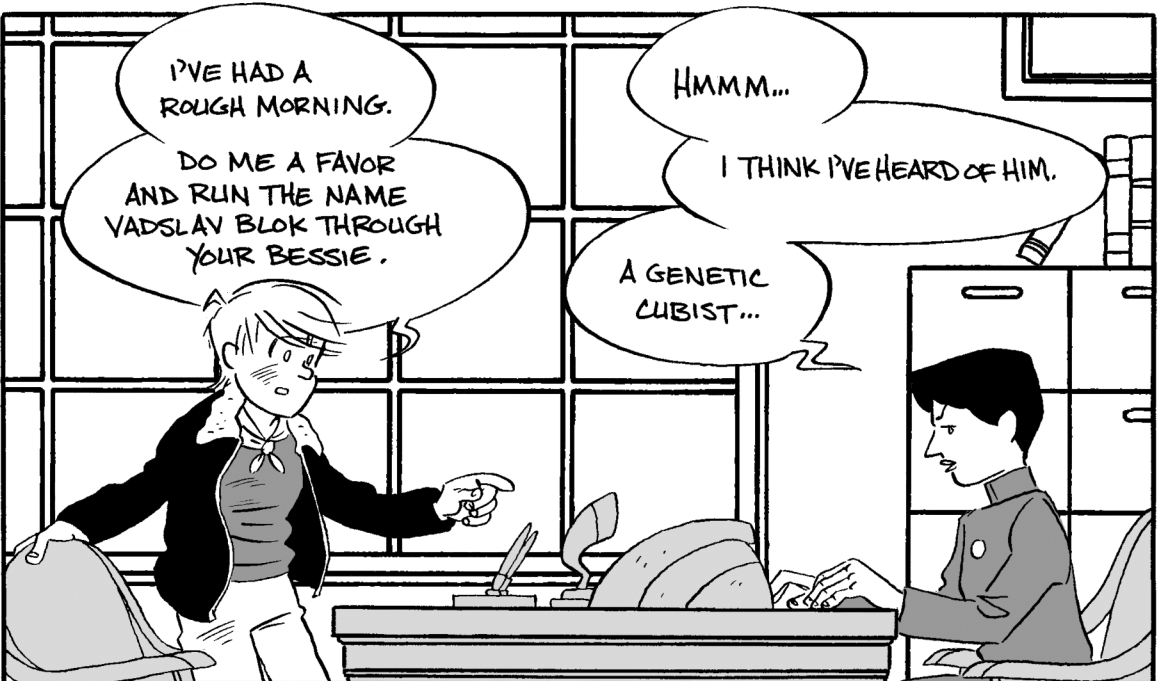


continued next issue...

Residency Hill  
11:16 a.m.



YOU  
LOOK AWFUL!  
YOU DO KNOW  
WE HAVE A  
PARTY TO GO TO  
TONIGHT?



I'VE HAD A  
ROUGH MORNING.

DO ME A FAVOR  
AND RUN THE NAME  
VADSLAV BLOK THROUGH  
YOUR BESSIE.

HMMM...

I THINK I'VE HEARD OF HIM.

A GENETIC  
CUBIST...





DISAPPEARED...

WENT VEM...

WORKS FOR...

dossiers  
personnelles

BLOK, VADSLAV

It's not bad does it seem this guy  
is ok i one bad note have no doubt  
there about this guy was indeed  
classic villain i don't need to  
say anyone really alone cold



LET ME GUESS...

SERAFINA  
GIOTTO.

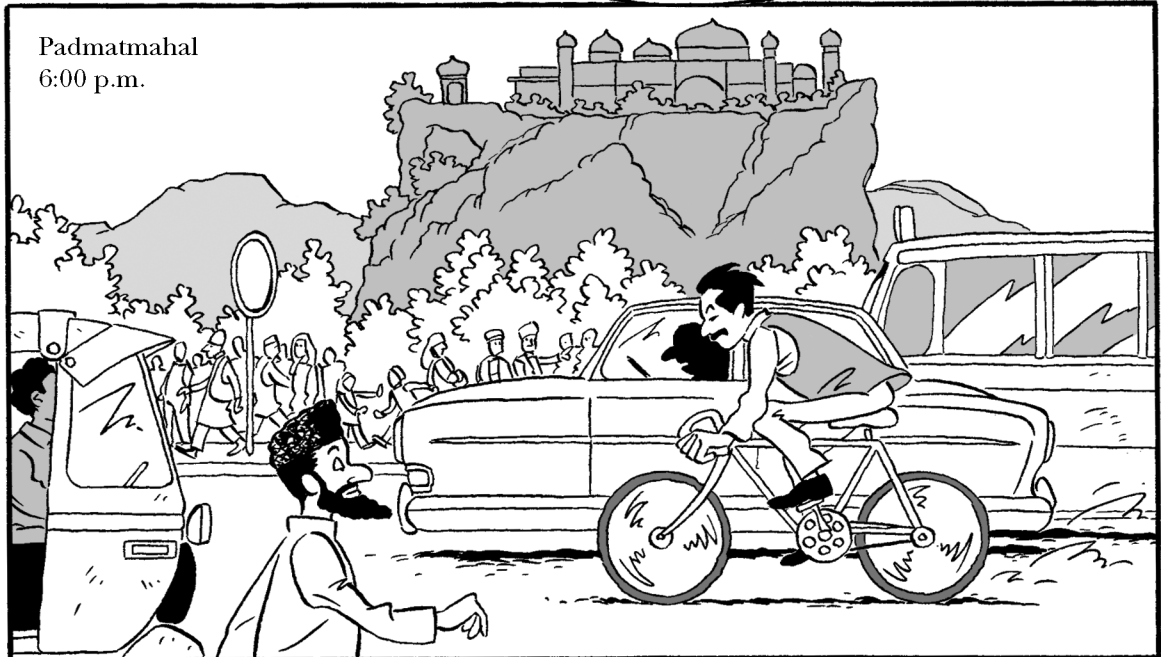
SOMETIMES  
THE PIECES FIT  
TOGETHER.  
BY THE WAY...



HOW'D YOU  
KNOW?

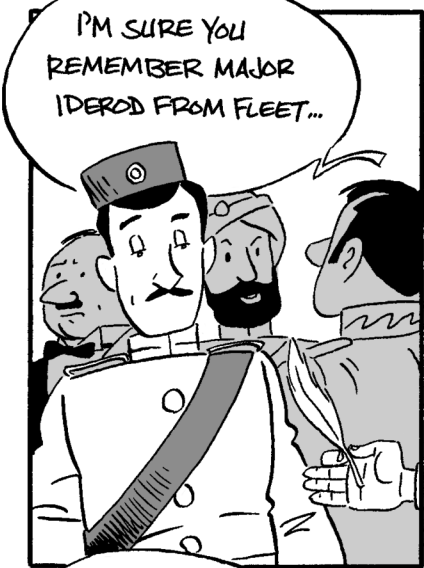


I HAVE A  
DATE TONIGHT.  
IDEROD'S ALL  
YOURS!



Padmatmahal  
6:00 p.m.

Iderod and I were all dandied up nice and flash in our Fleet dress whites. Arti was dolled in a fashionable local drag, as was the custom in the Residency Service. Basalmo, of course, was there, greeting the guests as they filed their way to the staircase. He seemed just as Arti had described him, every bit the brainless swell, standing there in a tunic with about ten pounds of gold braiding and an impossibly huge crack of a smile threatening to expand past the limits of his face.

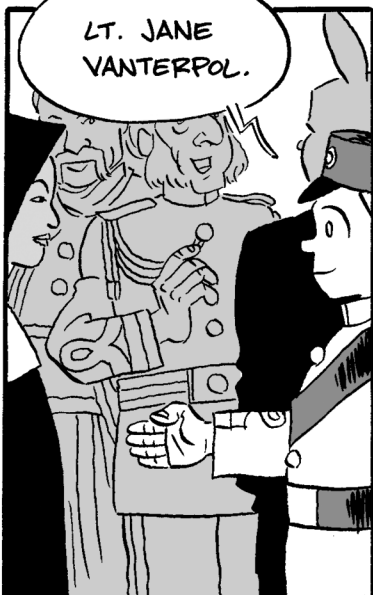
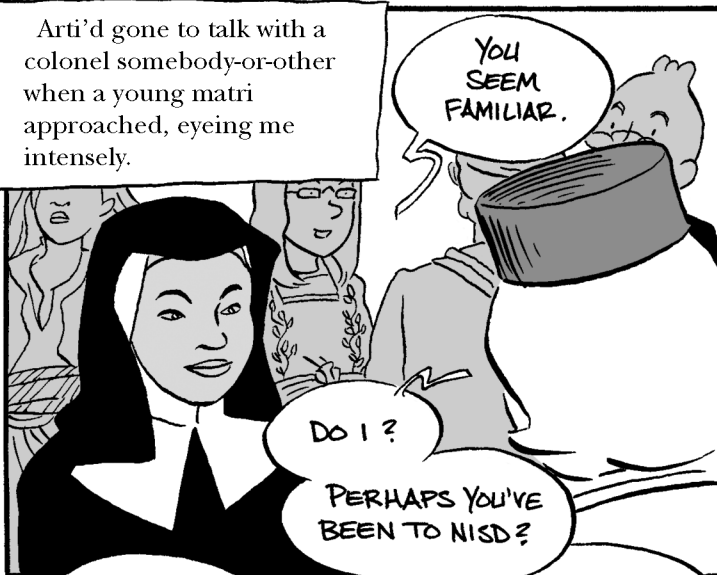




Iderod lost no time abandoning Arti and me to go mix with a group of ladies of quality he'd espied across the ballroom. He was what we in Fleet called an *office tar*—hardly any real experience to speak of behind a helm, but fine adept at pushing pencils. He'd risen through rank by purchasing commissions and he didn't think much of likes of me, as evidenced by the poisonous looks he gave me all evening.



Arti'd gone to talk with a colonel somebody-or-other when a young matri approached, eyeing me intensely.

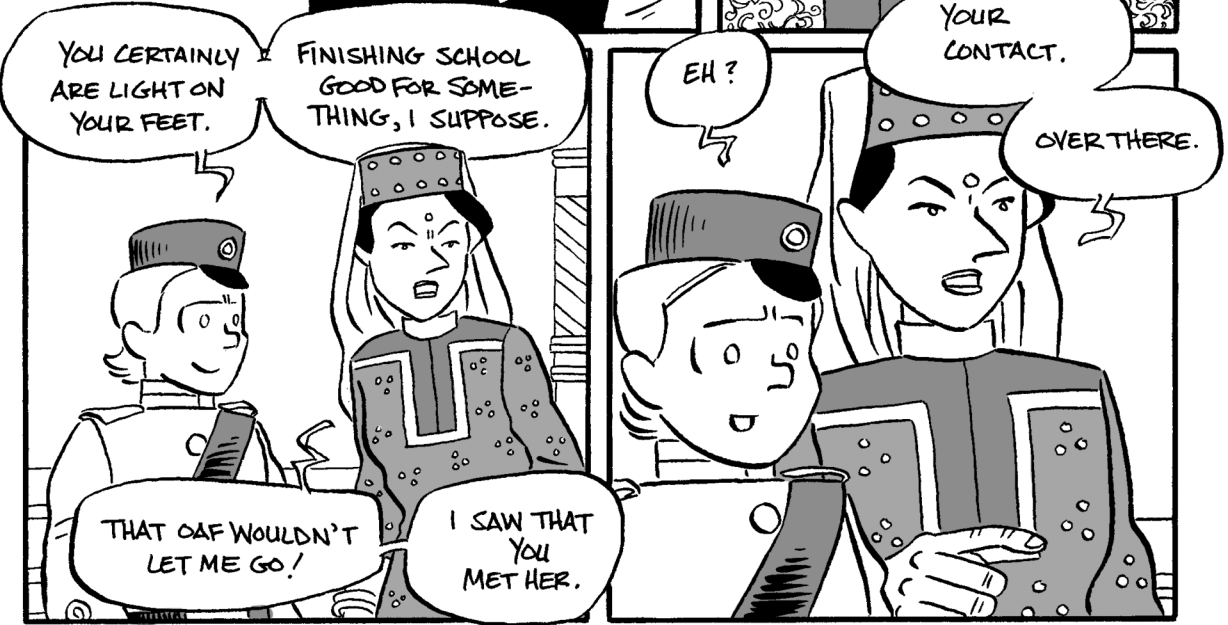
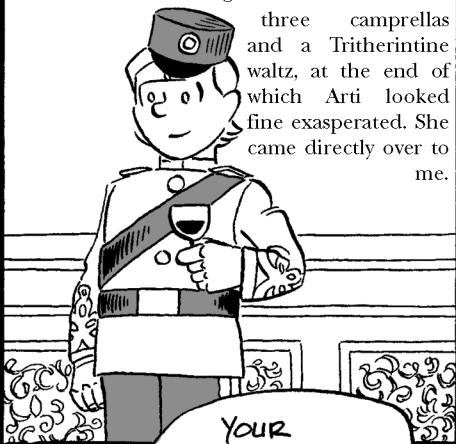




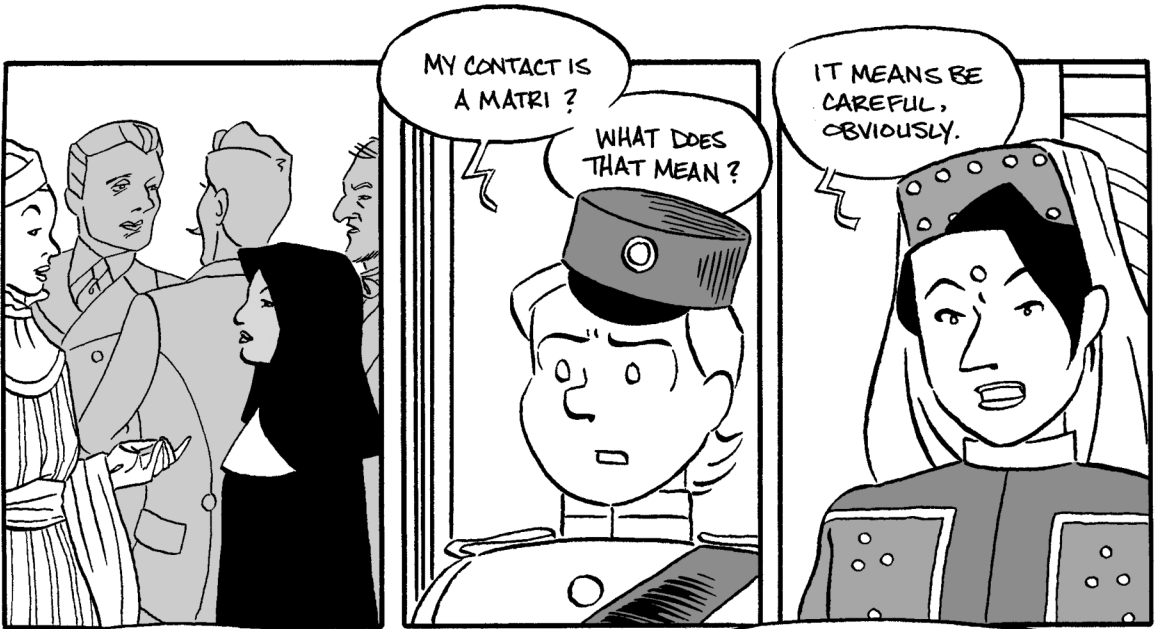
The orchestra struck up its commencement piece: a light air, something by Rimaalzi, or one of those Tertull concertellos that I could never stand. I've always been partial to Romantics like Nietsky, but that could be because of the affair we once had (another story).

I grabbed a glass of wine from a passing tray and watched with delight as Basalmo and a not entirely enthusiastic-looking Arti took the floor for the inaugural dance. Somehow he managed to rope her into not two but four dances before releasing her...

three camprellas and a Tritherintine waltz, at the end of which Arti looked fine exasperated. She came directly over to me.



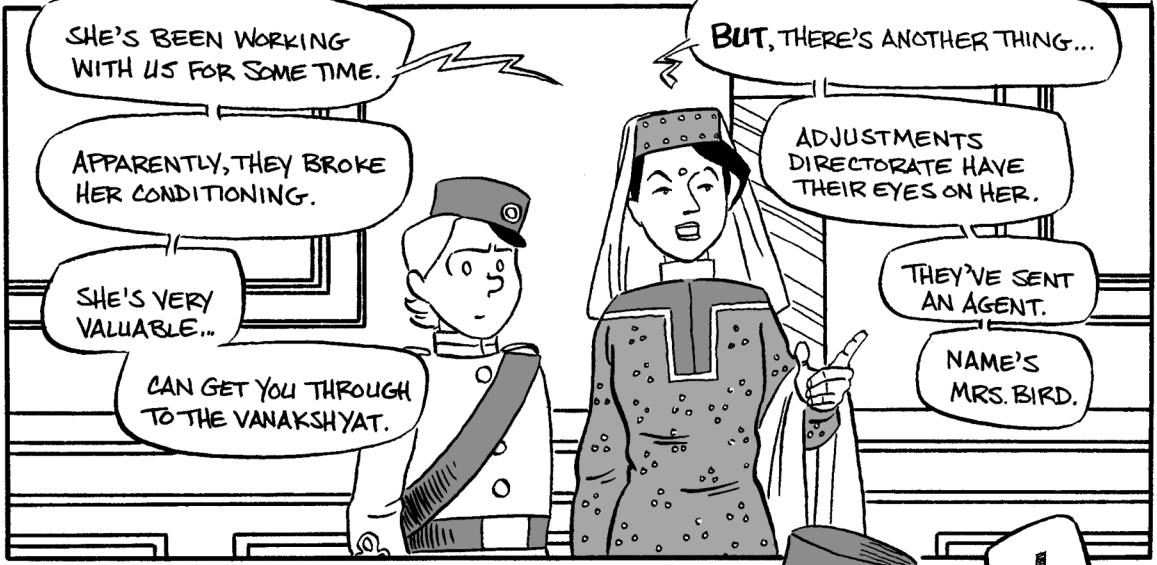




MY CONTACT IS A MATRI ?

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN ?

IT MEANS BE CAREFUL, OBVIOUSLY.



SHE'S BEEN WORKING WITH US FOR SOME TIME.

APPARENTLY, THEY BROKE HER CONDITIONING.

SHE'S VERY VALUABLE...

CAN GET YOU THROUGH TO THE VANAKSHYAT.

BUT, THERE'S ANOTHER THING...

ADJUSTMENTS DIRECTORATE HAVE THEIR EYES ON HER.

THEY'VE SENT AN AGENT.

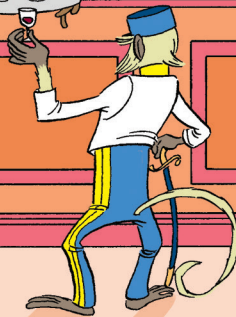
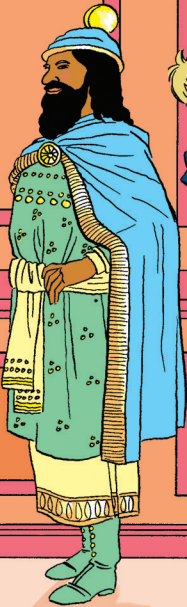
NAME'S MRS. BIRD.



continued next issue...



GET THESE THREE BELOW WITH THE MATRII AND THEN MOVE THEM ALL OUT. I'VE SET 'ER TO BLOW IN TWENTY MINUTES.





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