



HERGÉ · ROSSIGNOL ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



THE CULT OF
TINTIN

- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

TINTIN and ALPH-ART



NO! NO! NOOO!

Captain!



Oh... Good heavens! But... Tintin...
What are you doing here?...
What a nightmare!

What a horrible nightmare...
Just imagine...

**RING
RRRING**

Hello? Yes...
No, madam...

No, you have the wrong number...
No, this is not Mr
Cutts the butcher!
Not at all, madam.

As I was telling you, a horrible nightmare...
There was Nestor bringing my breakfast.
But it wasn't Nestor, and it wasn't my
breakfast either.

Oh yes?...

Then suddenly...

RRRING

Again?

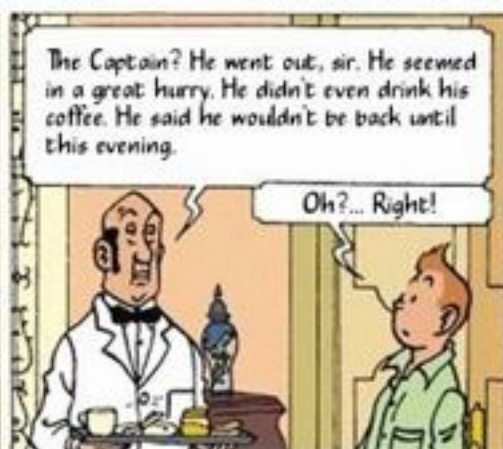
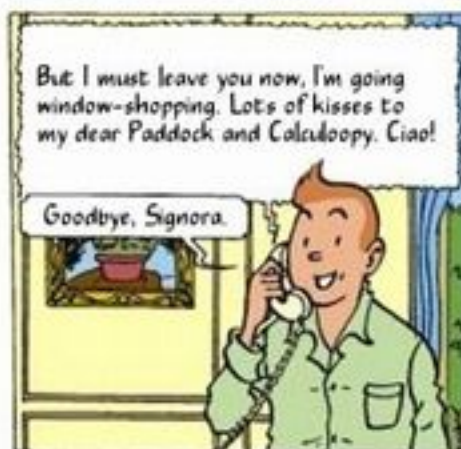
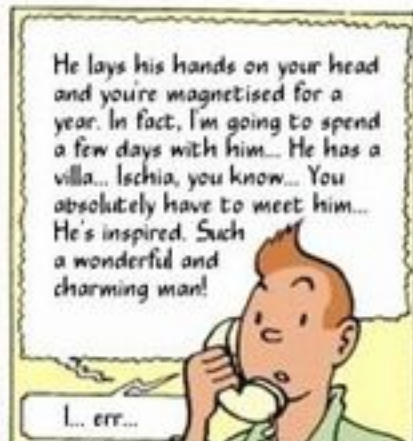
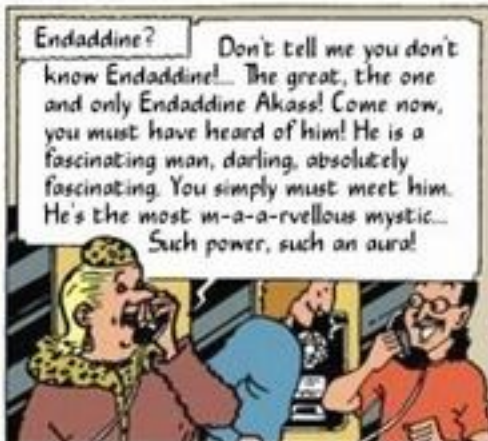
Hello? Yes... Wh-wh... what?... Who?...
Signora Castalfiore?

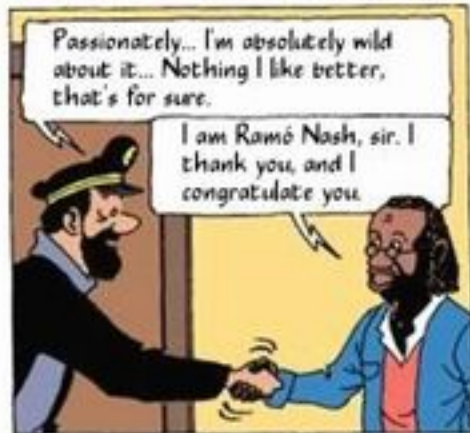
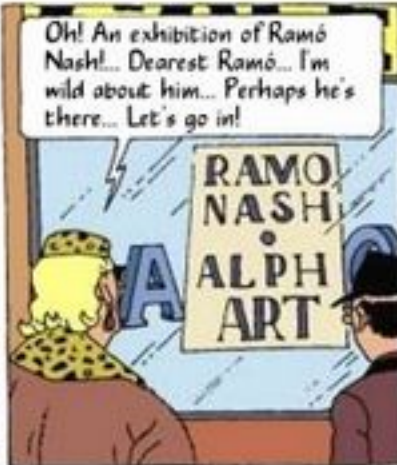
NOO!

Yes, I've just arrived from Los
Angeles... Yes... And I'm in your
country for two days. I'm planning
to come and
embrace you and
my brave Hassock.
How is he?

Very well, Signora, I... He's just gone
out!... He will be most upset to have
missed you...

Where are you calling from?
From the airport, caro mio...





Dearest Bianca!

Ramó! ... Darling, what a surprise!
My goodness me!



SMACK



My dear friend, allow me to
present an art lover ...



Captain Stopcock! ... You here!
What a surprise!

Bianca! ... You here!
What a surprise!



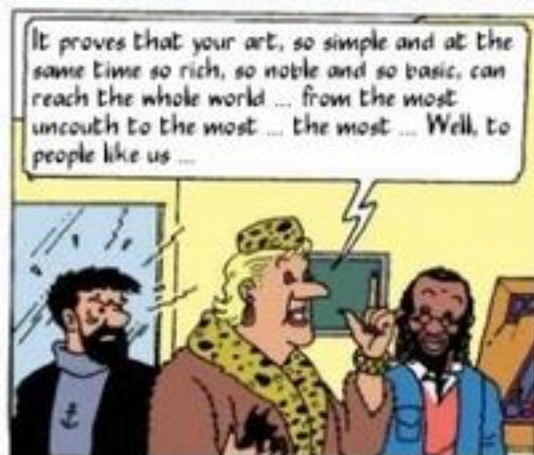
SMACK SMACK



How delightful to find you here! ... You're
interested in Alph-Art! ... Well, I'd never
have thought it possible ... That a simple
fisherman, without any education, should
be mad about Art ... it's fantastic!



It proves that your art, so simple and at the
same time so rich, so noble and so basic, can
reach the whole world ... from the most
uncouth to the most ... the most ... Well, to
people like us ...

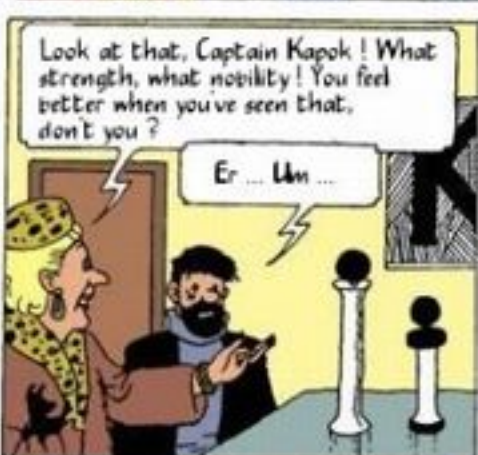


Ah, Alph-Art! A
genuine return to
sources, to the
origins of civilisation,
yes? The wheel, fire,
the hard-boiled egg...



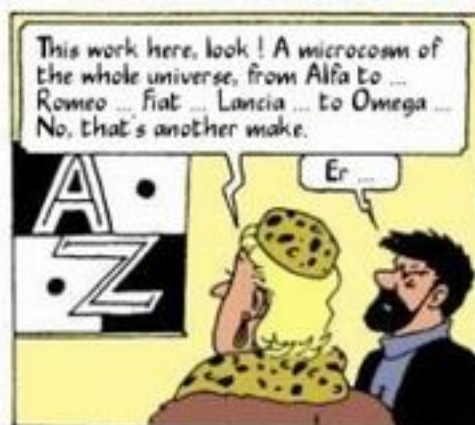
Look at that, Captain Kapok! What
strength, what nobility! You feel
better when you've seen that,
don't you?

Er ... Um ...



This work here, look! A microcosm of
the whole universe, from Alfa to ...
Romeo ... Fiat ... Lancia ... to Omega ...
No, that's another make.

Er ...



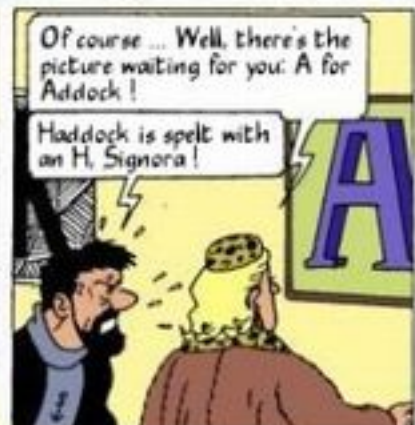
Oh, this one! Especially for you,
Captain ... K, for Kapok!

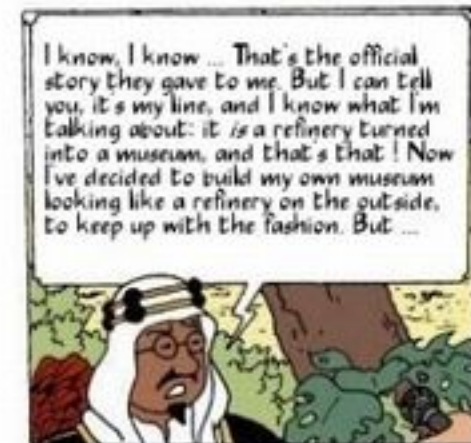
My name is Haddock,
Signora Bianca!



Of course ... Well, there's the
picture waiting for you: A for
Aaddock!

Haddock is spelt with
an H, Signora!







Abdullah, my darling sugar-candy duckling ... Aren't you ashamed of frightening the gentleman?



Don't scold him, Excellency. Think nothing of it. Just a little banger! Let's proceed with the interview.



Well, as I was saying, I'm going to build a museum of Art at Wadesdah. I want to make Khemed into a modern country resolutely moving into the future. The plans are already drawn up.

Thank you, Excellency.



And we stay with the world of art to report that Jacques Monastir, the renowned French expert, has disappeared in dramatic circumstances. An experienced yachtsman, he left a small port in Sardinia three days ago ...



... His yacht *Emerald* has been found, empty, drifting off the Corsican coast at Ajaccio, near the Iles Sanguinaires. A length of rope was attached to the boat. Jacques Monastir was known worldwide and most of the great museums called upon his expertise.



It seems probable that Mr Monastir decided to go for a swim and, for safety, attached himself to the boat by a line. Then disaster must have struck.



Talking of experts, I met a Mr Fourcart who told me he had something interesting to say to you. He'll ring you up some time.

Oh yes? ... Are you getting interested in art, Captain?



Er ... yes ... I mean ... I've got something to show you ...



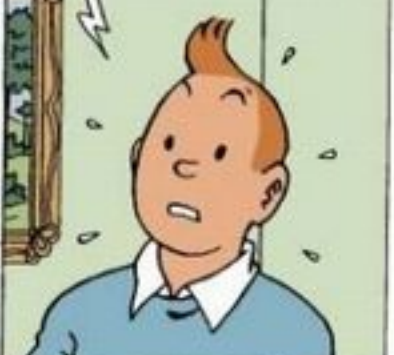
The Captain interested in art? He never fails to surprise me!

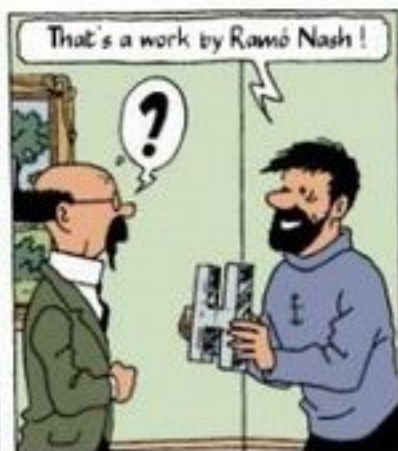


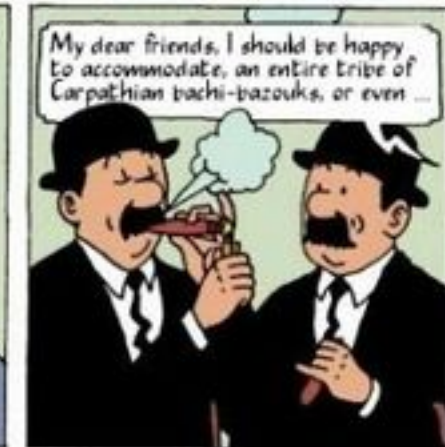
There!



Whatever's that?









What did I tell you? Ha, ha!
I know that little fiend!



Are you okay, my poor friends?
Ha, ha, ha!



Abdullah, just wait till I catch you!



Have we got a war on here?



No, no war ... Exploding cigars ...
Someone played a joke on us ...

Aha, exploding cigars! They
were a specialty of my Uncle
Anatole. Then and the
dripping glass.

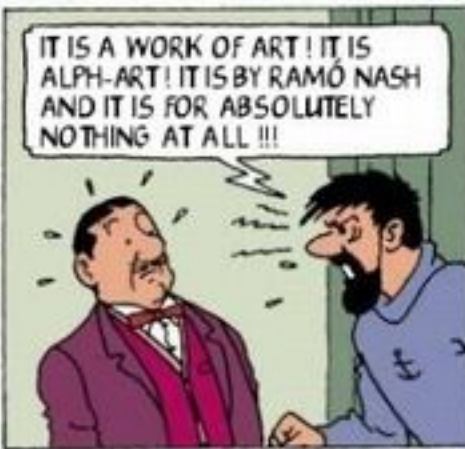


My, my, what's this thingummy?
Looks like an H, eh?



Yes, it is an H.

So what's that
what'sit for, then?



IT IS A WORK OF ART! IT IS
ALPH-ART! IT IS BY RAMO NASH
AND IT IS FOR ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING AT ALL!!!



Calm down, Captain.



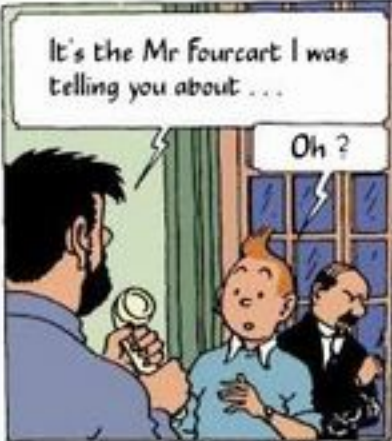
RRRING
RRRING!



Hello? No, this is
not Mr Cutt's the
butcher ...



I ... err ... What? Ah, I beg
your pardon. Just a moment,
and I'll pass you over to him.



It's the Mr Fourcart I was telling you about ...

Oh ?



Hello, yes ... Yes, I'm Tintin ... Gladly ... Tomorrow, late afternoon? ... Certainly, about six o'clock ... Fine! ... Till tomorrow then, Mr Fourcart.



We're really upto our necks in art! ... You meet Ramó Nash. You buy some Alph-Art. An expert disappears off Ajaccio. Another expert has something to tell me. Ben Kalish Ezab wants to build an art museum ...



Ahem ...

Yes ?



Will you be needing me again, sir ?

No, Nestor ...



Tell me, Nestor, what do you think of this ? Honestly, now ...

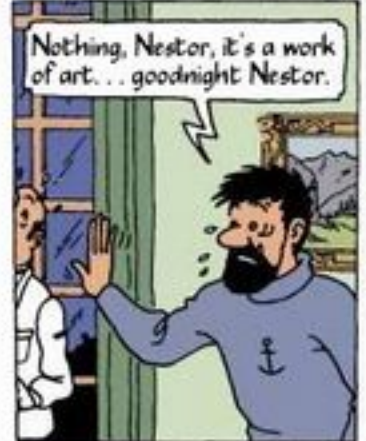
What is it, sir ?



It's an H, Nestor, as you can see.



Yes Sir, I do see. And what is it for, sir ?



Nothing, Nestor, it's a work of art ... goodnight Nestor.



So, Captain, you've thought about our proposition ?

Which was ... ?



About letting the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab and his son stay here incognito?

I already told you - Abdullah is never setting foot under this roof again!



That's fine, but if you ever change your mind, you will let us know, won't you ?



Of course. Good-night, gentlemen.



The next evening...

Ten to six ... Mr Fourcart should be here soon.



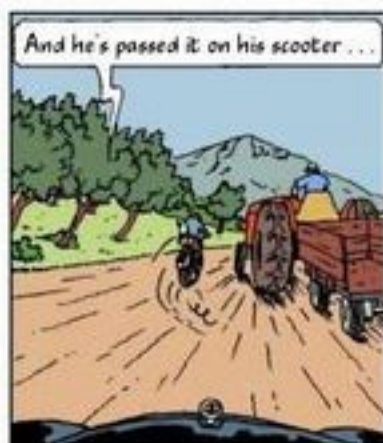
Half past seven ... Our Mr Fourcart surely won't come now ... funny ... Has he forgotten our meeting ?

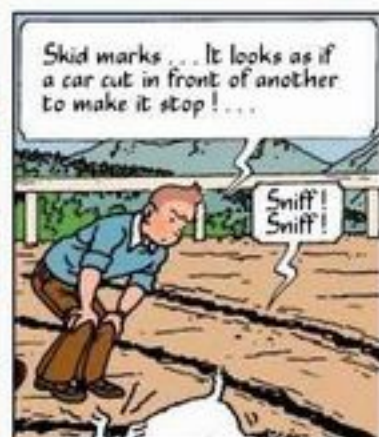
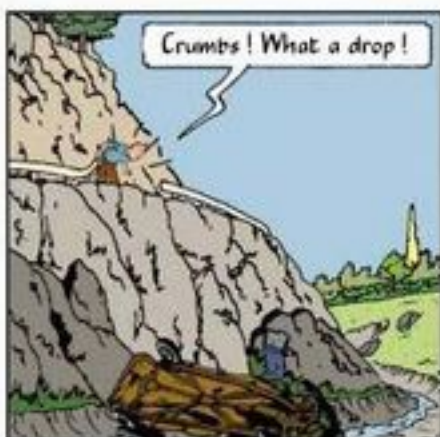




GARAGE DE L'AVENIR







Let's see ... the garage man talked about a small oil leak - but perhaps the car was standing for quite a long time ... And if someone forced fourcart to stop ...



... Then it really was murder ... And the other accident, to Monastir, was murder as well ...



There he is! ... This time, don't miss! ...



Look out!
Another car!



He must be crazy!

Missed!



Stop here and reverse back ... This has taken too long already! It needs to be finished now!



This time he won't escape ... and too bad it won't look like an accident!



That's dangerous! Reversing in a place like this! ...

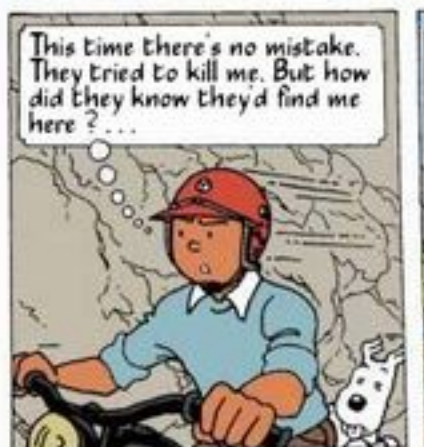


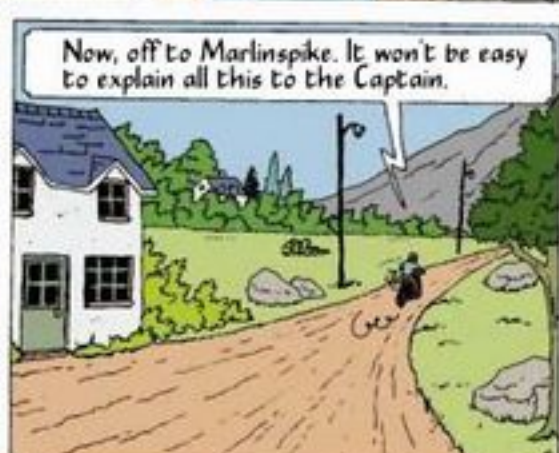
LOOK OUT!



BANG!







The next morning ...

I'll wait for you in the car ...

See you later.



Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin. To what do we owe the pleasure ?

Not so much a pleasure, Miss Martine ...

You see, I am more and more convinced that Mr Fourcart's death was not an accident.

Mr Tintin, you really believe ... ?

Yes, I do. And the proof is that yesterday, someone tried to kill me too.

What did you say ? It can't be true !

Alas, yes ... only too true. Now, one single person knew that I was going to see Fleurette at the garage.

Oh, yes ... And you know who that person is ?

Absolutely, Miss Vandezande ... And that person is ...

YOU !

Me ?

Yes, you ! ... Who did you tell I was going to Leignault ?

But ... but I told no one, I swear to you ! ...

Yes ?

It's dreadful ! ... You dare to suspect me ... Me who ... Me who ... No ! ... Sniff ... sniff ...

She seems sincere, this girl ... But who, then ? ... Who ? ... I wonder ... Who ? ... Wait ... Unless ...

Oh, it's obvious, why didn't we think of it before ?



There, there! Don't cry any more!... I've thought of something. What if there are microphones hidden somewhere in the office? Bugs which record all conversations?

But why? ... Whatever for?

I don't know any more than you, but we'll look all the same ...

Young Sherlock Holmes is taking his time.

Half an hour later ...

Ah, there he is.

Well? ...

Nothing! ... I don't understand it at all.

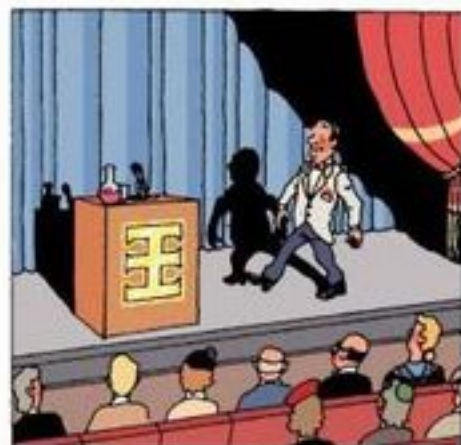
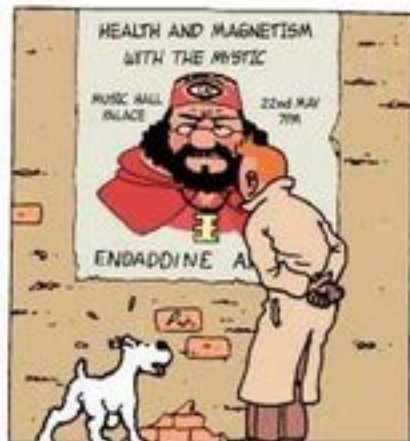
Good. We'll go home.

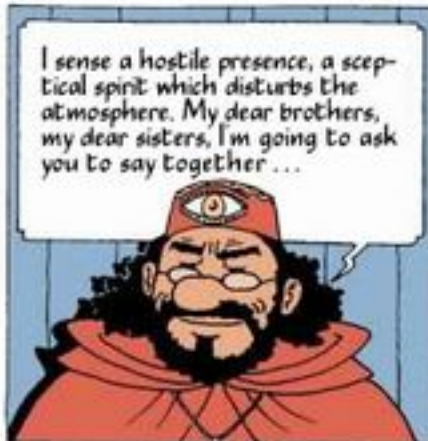
Alright.



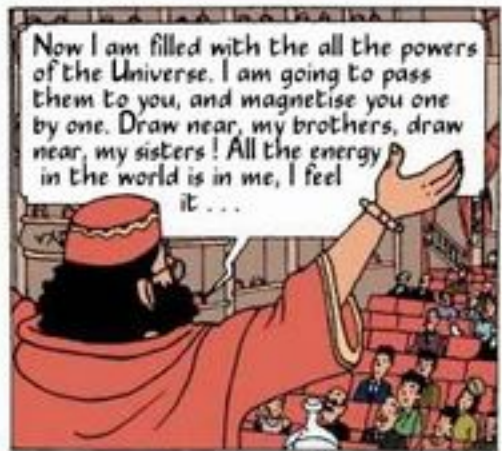
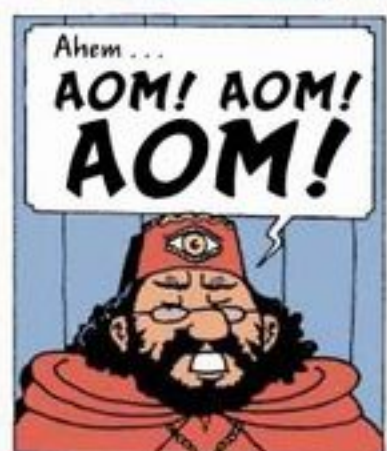
Stop, Captain! Stop!



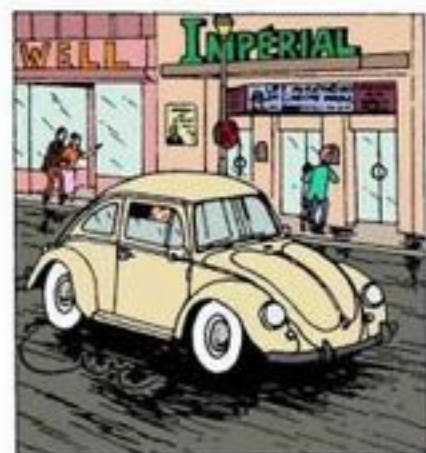


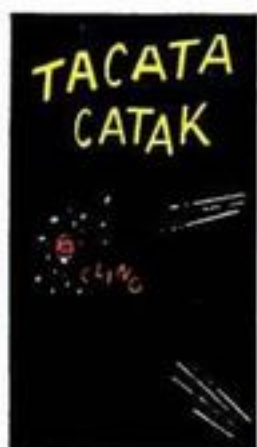


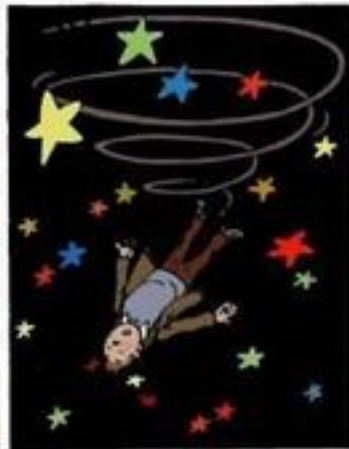
(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn



(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls







We'll start with the other tenants ...



RRIING



Good morning, Madam. I am conducting a survey about solar-powered heating. Would you be willing to answer a few questions?



Come in, come in, young man!

Nothing there, I think ...



A little later ...

Now for the next flat ... patience, Snowy!



RRIING



Er ... What d'you want?

It's an opinion survey, sir ... About ...



I don't have an opinion. Not on anything! ... Now leave me alone!



BLAM



Where have I seen him before? ...



Oh yes! At that Endaddine Akass meeting ... One of the master's assistants ...



I wonder if he recognised me ... In any case, there must be a connection between Endaddine, the microphone ...



He certainly suspects something ... He came knocking on my door on the pretext of some opinion survey ... I understand ... We'll take care of him ... Yes, properly this time.



TO BE CONTINUED...

The next morning ...

Take care! ... You never know, with these sort of people ...

Don't worry, I'm only going into the village.



There he is!
Let's go!

GRRRRR
WOOAH!



!

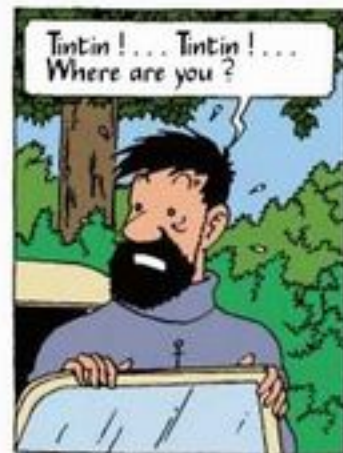
They're going to catch me!

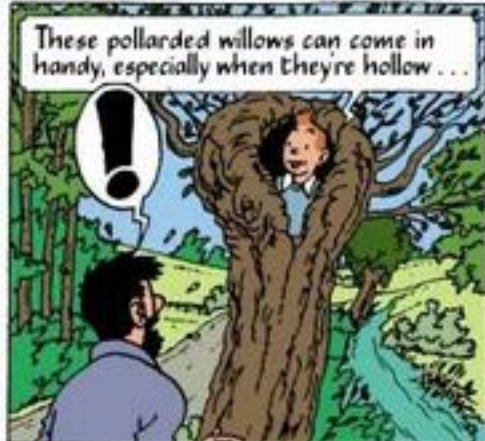


This time, I'll finish the job! ...

My poor Tintin, this could well be the end! ...

BANG BANG
SKRRRR!!!
CRASH!





But who is trying to get rid of you?
And why? ...

That's what I'm
wondering, too ...



To my mind, it all revolves around
that Endaddine Akass. He planted
that jewel-microphone-transmitter
on Miss Martine ... What for, if it
wasn't to spy on fourcart?

But it was you that
definitely told me we had
a fire!



We must find out more
about this mystic ...

Yes, but where
can we find the
overdressed
windbag?



Yes, where?



When Bianca Castafiore telephoned
last week, she told me that she
was going to spend a few days with
him, on Ischia ...

Where's Ischia?

It's an island
just off Naples.



I've got it!



The next day, at dawn ...



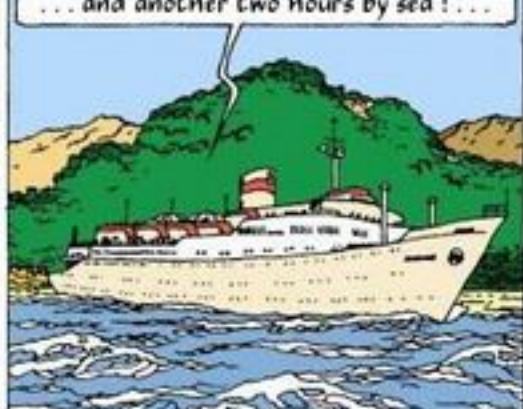
10.30am, at Naples airport ...



This is sheer, deliberate,
unqualified masochism.
To come 2000
kilometres by air ...



... and another two hours by sea! ...



All to find Castafiore! ...
We must be stark raving mad!

Taxi!



Here we are.



?



Tintin and Haddock. We made a reservation.

Indeed... Welcome to Ischia, Signore!

Please... we need a little information... Can you tell us where to find the villa belonging to Mr Endaddine Akass?

Easy, Signore.

You go out of the hotel, down to the beach. On your right, you'll see a huge cliff going down to the sea. On the top of that is the villa.

Thank you. So, Captain, what'd you say to putting our luggage in our rooms and going for a walk?

If you want...

A little later...

There - that must be it!

Hmm, I can't see anything...

Handy to take a dip from...

We'll have to climb higher...

Ah, we've got a good view here. Snowy, don't move.

Thundering... ?

Ramo Nash!

Ramo Nash?



Yes, the high priest of Alph-Art, the creator of that Perspex H which I bought ...

Oh yes ...



We must try to get into the house. I have a feeling ... in there lies the key to this whole mysterious business.



Yes, but how? We can't just break in like common thieves!



Back at the hotel ...

Right, here's what we'll do. We'll go back to our rooms and rest for a while, and try to think up a plan. We'll meet back here at midnight, to compare ideas ... and then we'll decide upon a course of action! Agreed?

I hear you.



Goodnight, lad.

Night, Captain, until later ...



What a marvellous view!



RRRIING



The Captain, I expect. Has he thought up a plan already? ...



Hello ... Yes ... Yes, it is ...



Listen carefully ... There's a boat leaving in two hours. I strongly advise you take it ... The climate on Ischia doesn't suit you at all. It could even become very unhealthy for you.



But ...



Crumbs! ...



That voice! It was Endaddine Akass, I'm sure.

I'd better discuss this with the Captain ...



**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**



No answer ... and no noise from inside either! Has something happened?



The door's not locked!
I don't like this one bit.

332

332

?

Captain!!!... Captain!!!... In
Heaven's name, say something!...

What? Can't I sleep now?
Phew! That's all!

No, you can't sleep now. I've
got some news. I've just
received an anonymous tele-
phone call. Someone stongly
advises us to leave here, and
fast...

But who knows we're
here?

I've no idea,
but news can
travel very
quickly on an
island.

The one thing we must
avoid at all costs is for
Castafore to find out that
we're here!...



Hello... Yes... Who?

It's HER!
CASTAFORE!

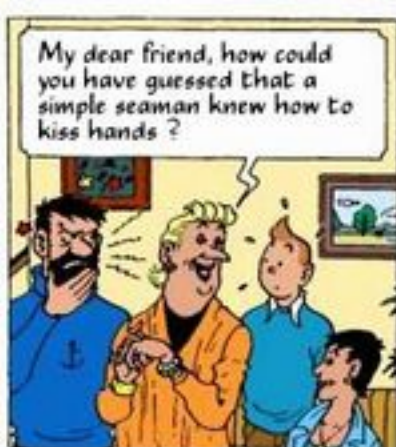
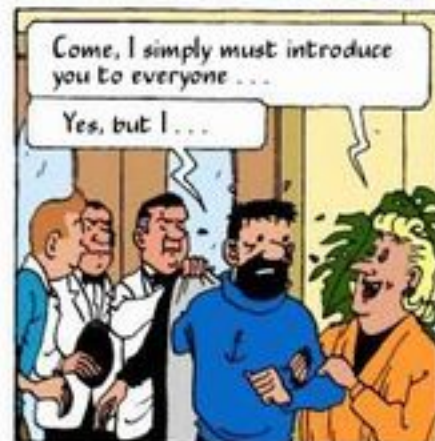
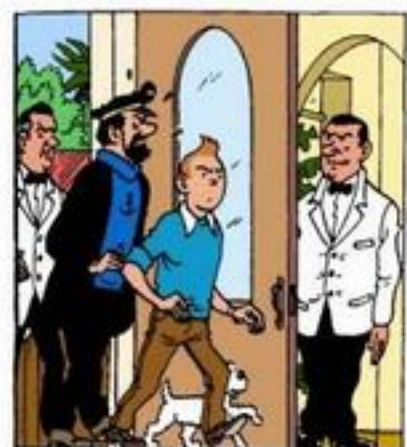
My dear friend... but
how did you know that
we were here...?

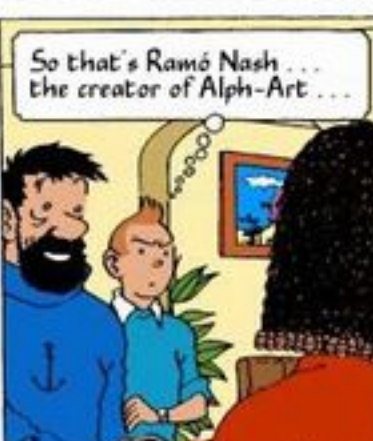
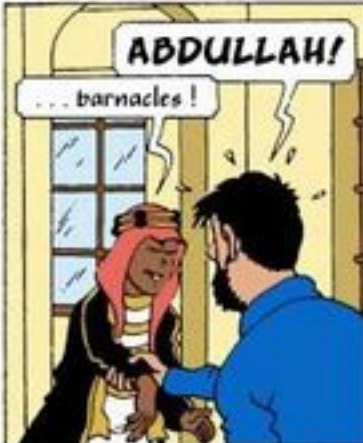
You old slyboots! Irma
recognised you! She was
taking a walk... You
absolutely have to come
here, Captain Karlock...
The Master is ado-o-o-able...

I... I'm sure... But... No, it's
impossible, we have to... Yes...
yes... yes... I promise...

We have been officially invited,
tomorrow afternoon, to see the
Master, Endaddine Akass...

That alters everything!





(1) See The Blue Lotus
(2) See The Broken Ear





Er... Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.

But you know him!

It's our dear Ramó Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to...

Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monastir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!

You got rid of him!...

I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?

Ah, César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see...

And this is one of his "Expansions"...

Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you... you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert...

Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector... You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.

And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled 'Reporter'...

...constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.

Come on, move!

Where's Snowy?

BLAM



Time passes ...



And at dawn ...



Get up! On your feet!



Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a 'César' ...



It's in there ... after you, my friend.



Good morning, my dear Tintin! Allow me to show you your last resting place ...



Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time; this leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it 'César'.



Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing ...

Must play for time!



But ... ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramó Nash? ... After all, it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in ...



Oh, no! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods ... Ha! Ha! Ha! ...



Now the formalities are over with ... get in! Let's go!



Don't worry, you won't be burnt alive...



The plastic will be at the same temperature as a warm bath. A bath in which you shall drown!



BANG BANG BANG



OK! We're ready to go!



Finally! ... Tintin, I have beaten you! Ha! Ha!



AAAAAH!



AAAAAH... Come here!



OK, game over! ... Hands up! Now, where's Tintin?



Is that you, Captain?

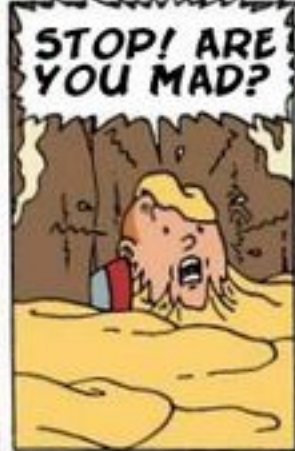


Yes, it's me! I got your note and ... Hurry, help me!

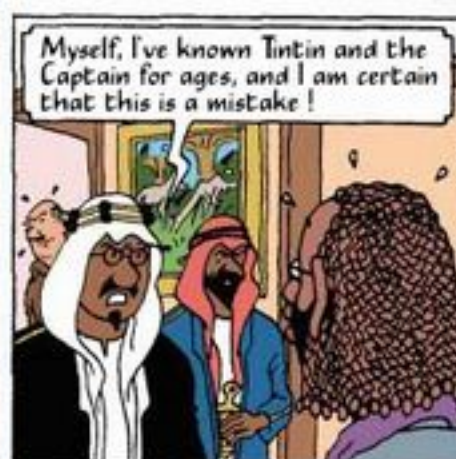
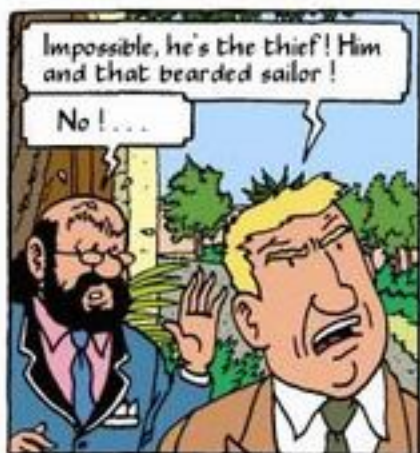
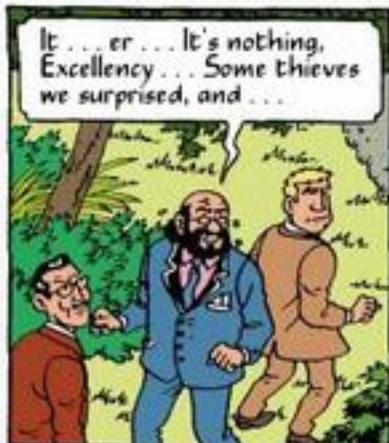


Stop the machine! Quick! ... Stop it? ... How? ...











Let's hope this road leads to a town or village, so we can get to the police ...



It's a dead-end, we've got them! Ha! Ha!



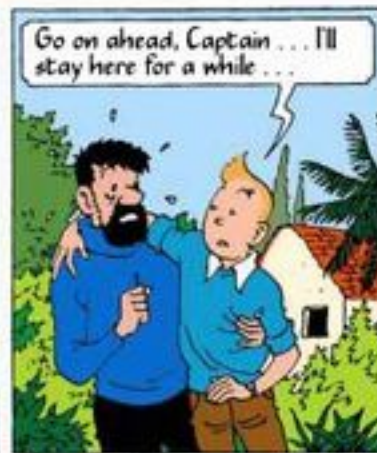
Come on! Tintin, make an effort, they're coming!



Wooah!



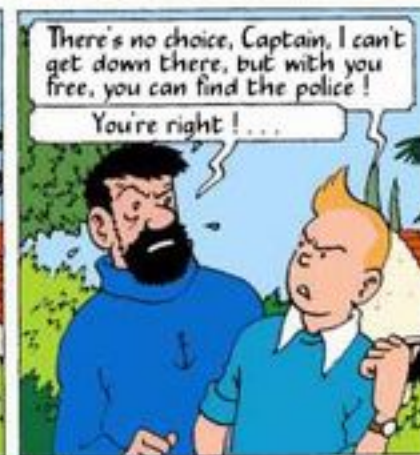
Thundering typhoons! It looks like we've got to get down this cliff somehow, lad!



Go on ahead, Captain ... I'll stay here for a while ...



What?! ... I'm not leaving you here to fall into the clutches of those ectoplasmis again, thundering typhoons!

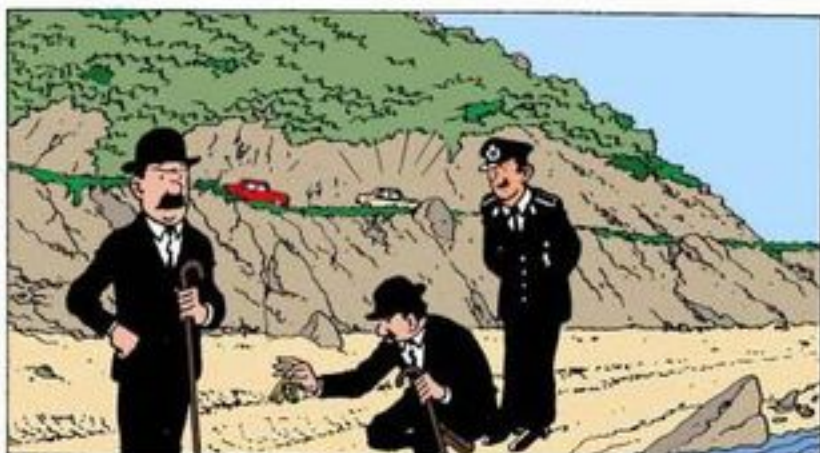


There's no choice, Captain, I can't get down there, but with you free, you can find the police!
You're right! ...



A bit late for that, my friends ...

This time, my dear Tintin, there's no point hoping - no one can help you now.



A few minutes later...



Captain Hardrock! It's impossible!
There must be some sort of mistake!



Don't worry, Tintin, I've put in a plea in your favour. This can be nothing but a mistake! ...



Have you called the police?

!... I was just going to ...



No one can help us now, eh?



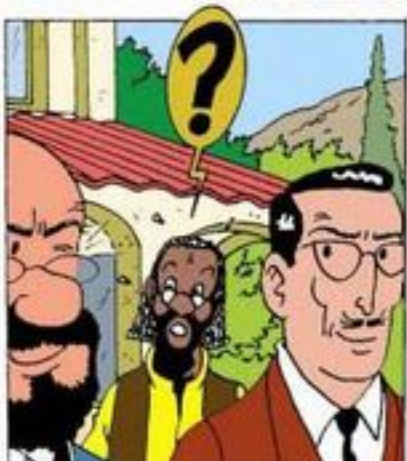
You tell us your version, Tintin, whilst we wait.

Sorry, but they can't speak until the police arrive ... Er, it's a legal technicality ... you understand?



OK then.

Right, the police are on their way.



Shortly ...



Mr Akass? Can you come with us to make a statement?

Of course ...



You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station.



You're going out, Mr Nash?

Er ... Yes ... Just a little shopping in the village ... What can you do? Life goes on, so they say.



Ah, the artists are truly blessed. Always above the problems of everyone ... But our poor friends ...

Don't worry ...



The police won't find anything on Tintin and Haddock ...

May the Madonna protect them ...



After all these years, how nice it is to see Tintin ... on his way to jail! Revenge is sweet!

I'll drink to that!



Blistering Barnacles in jail?



And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives! What a waste!



I'll bet that you're not real police officers!

Oh no! We've been demasked!



Well done, kid. And I'll bet that you two haven't got long left to live ...



Here we are, everybody out.



As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



Well, gentlemen, won't you sit down? I insist!



If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



And then? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

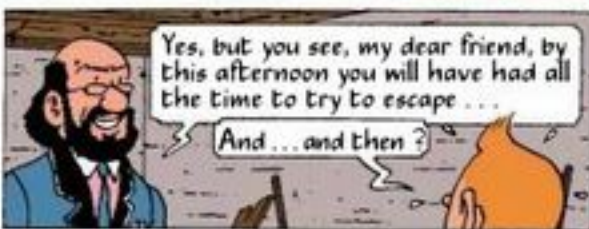


Quick! I must find help to save Tintin!



Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape...

And... and then?



Hello, yes? ... What? A death?! ... Two deaths! ... OK, go on...



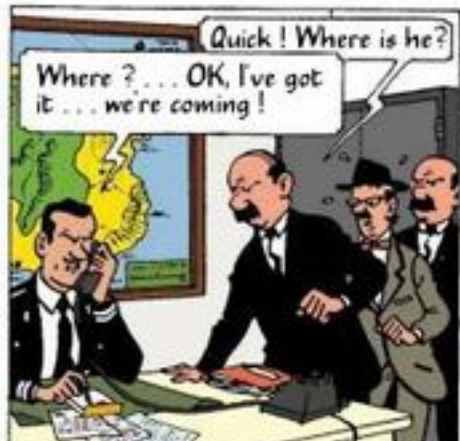
Tintin and Haddock...

TINTIN?!



Quick! Where is he?

Where? ... OK, I've got it ... we're coming!



You seem to have won, Akass. But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!



For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue...



NO!..



RASTAPOPOULOS!

Ha! Ha!

But! ... But? ... It's impossible! I saw you go down with your launch in the Red Sea (1) ... You're dead!

Ha! That's what I wanted you to think! But you know, we've met since that day, although you don't remember ...

Some years ago, I organised the kidnapping of the famous millionaire Laszlo Carreidas, just before the International Astronautical Congress, to which you were invited as guests of honour ... (2)

Unfortunately for me, the island we were on was destroyed by a volcano ... I managed to escape, but I'm not sure how, since at the time of the eruption, I became amnesic ...

After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica. I was impressed by his talent. It was then that I had the idea of dealing in forged art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories and I became Akass. After recruiting a few men to work for me, the project took off very quickly ...

And Allan, the freshwater pirate? Is he not with you? ... Or is he disguised as one of these gorillas?

Meanwhile, in the United States ...

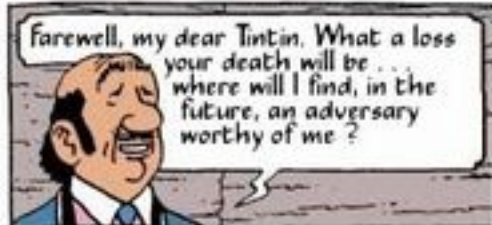
And how did you persuade an artist like Nash to ... You ask too many questions, young man!

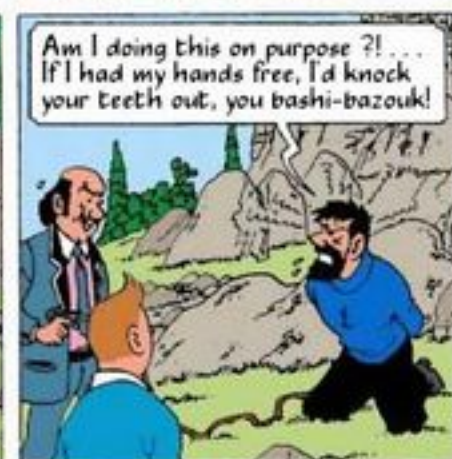
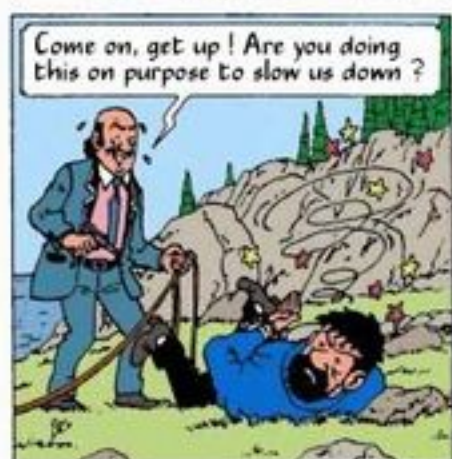
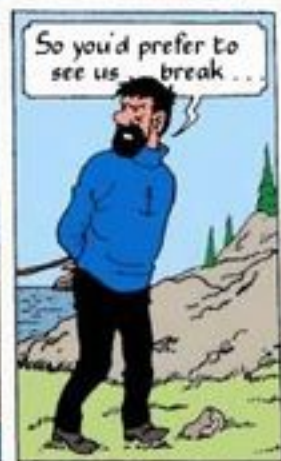
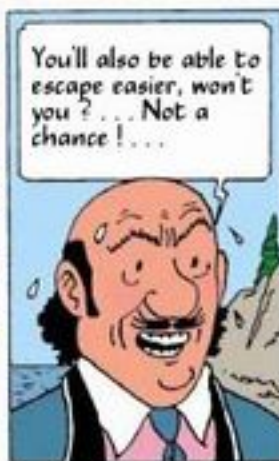
Allan? That idiot refused to help! He's in the United States now, after some peace and quiet ...

But I'm not a fool, all these questions are just a ruse to gain some time, aren't they? Well, game over, my friend!

We've wasted enough time! Finish them! With pleasure, boss! ...

(1) See The Red Sea Sharks
(2) See Flight 714





I'd like to see you try that! ... Climb down there? With our hands tied?!



That's true ... any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff ... and we can't turn back.



We'll follow the edge of the cliff round ... We should find a path that we can climb down ...



Right, let's move.



You're caught, Rastapopoulos!

Shh! Captain!



**GIVE UP RASTAPOPOULOS!
YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN
PRISONER! YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!**



BANG BANG



Come on, Rastapopoulos! Don't make the situation worse! Face it - you've been caught.

Me? Caught? Alive?



Never! Hey, you down there! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them! And I'm serious!



**OK! GO AHEAD!
WE WON'T FOLLOW!**



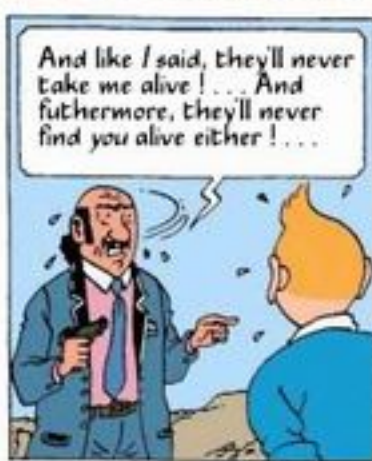
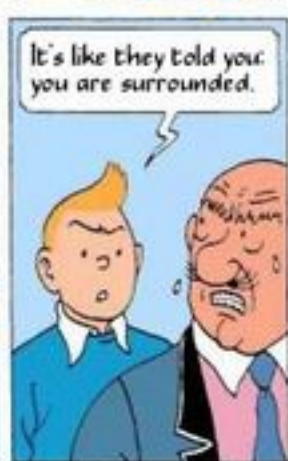
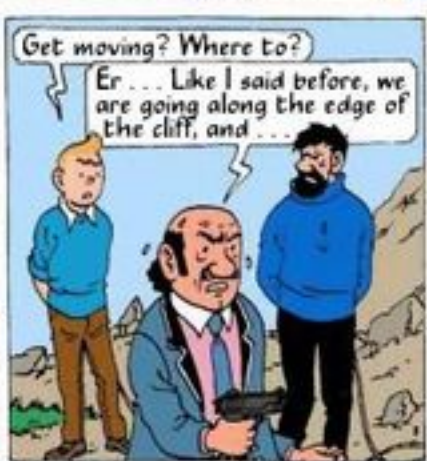
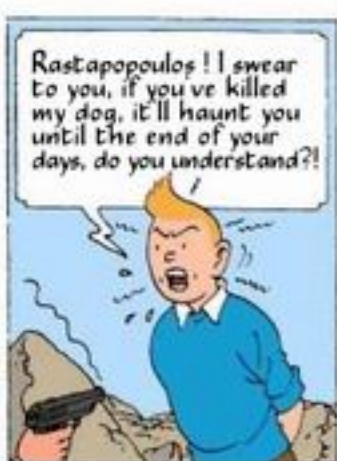
Good, now let's go! And no trying to escape, now, you understand?



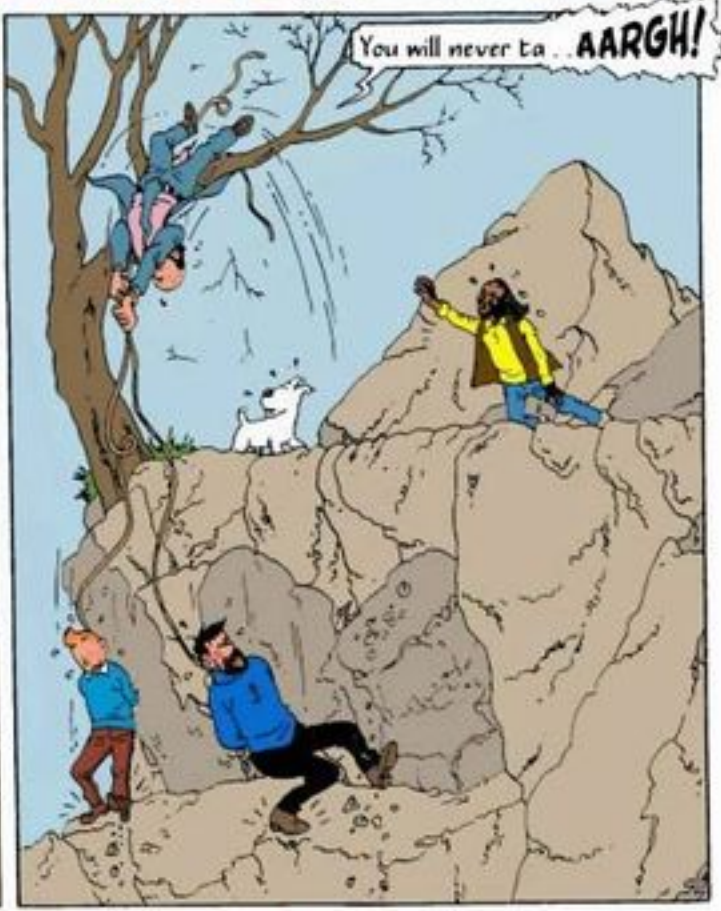
ARGH!

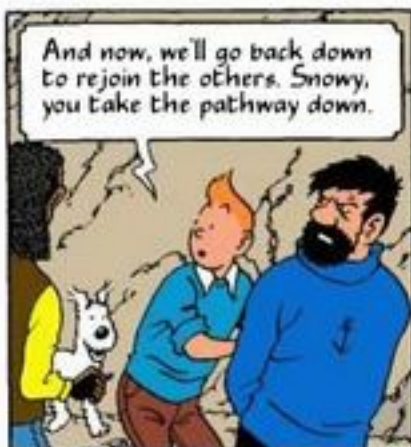
SNOWY!











And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.



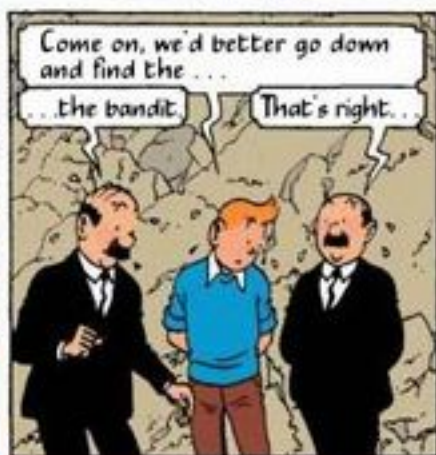
Phew! Well, you certainly had an arrow escape ... no, a narrow ...

Definitely! ... But how did you find us here, in Ischia?



For some time, Akass had been suspected of an illegal traffic of old paintings ... We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.

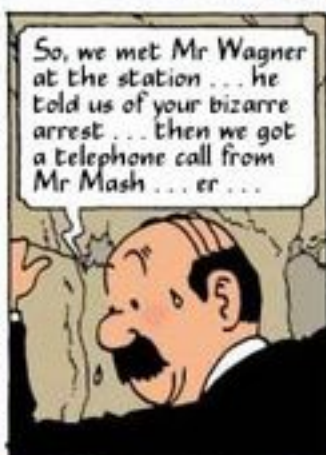
Ah? ...



Come on, we'd better go down and find the ...

... the bandit.

That's right.



So, we met Mr Wagner at the station ... he told us of your bizarre arrest ... then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash ... er ...



Nash ... But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings, they were fakes.



Isn't that right, Mr Nash?

Er ... that's right...



But I'm not a bad man! I ... When Rastapopoulos met me, in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist - I was starving!



... then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition!



And all I did was paint canvasses in the style of classical artists. It's a gift. I'd always done that ...



Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.



Ah! There! I ... I think I see him.



Is ... is he ... ?



Yes ... dead. God rest his soul!

MORE in AD Art Museums in Khemed

Alph-Art business
Shanghai, staying with End

Madame

Alph-Art: the truth behind the cover

THE FUTURE OF KHEMED
to art, but in oil. I am planning to build some galleries when I return. I want to expand the oil fields - there are

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

Each was produced to the style of the original piece, and was then signed by Nash - with whose name was required. It believed that the paintings were sold to rich American collectors. A list of names was compiled at the end of the project.

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

In the cellar of the villa belonging to Rastapopoulos, the police found a large number of canvases ready for dispatch. There was nothing remarkable about this. Rastapopoulos often visited the villa. However, the matter became somewhat more curious when the paintings were signed by 'Viceroys, Monets and More' and all looked genuine. They were, in fact, painted by Nash, who supplied the forging ring with duplicate masterpieces. They were made by Rastapopoulos, by having them substituted by a well-known expert, such as the unfortunate Jacques Moussier and some other members of the gang. These men were murdered by the gang, the 'business' that was being run.

TINTIN TAKES UP THE CASE
It was at this time that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, the

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

When asked about recent events, the Emir said: "I know that Tintin and Captain Haddock were innocent. They are old friends of mine, and they helped me get my son back when he had been kidnapped by the dastardly Doctor Miller, and they also looked after my little ducky when I was in hiding in the Djebel mountains. But I now have absolutely no intention of boiling art galleries in Khemed."

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

Some of the most interesting news items came from the island of Izoala.

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

Working under the guise of a Swedish agent, Rastapopoulos had been in the

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

Each was produced to the style of the original piece, and was then signed by Nash - with whose name was required. It believed that the paintings were sold to rich American collectors. A list of names was compiled at the end of the project.

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

In the cellar of the villa belonging to Rastapopoulos, the police found a large number of canvases ready for dispatch. There was nothing remarkable about this. Rastapopoulos often visited the villa. However, the matter became somewhat more curious when the paintings were signed by 'Viceroys, Monets and More' and all looked genuine. They were, in fact, painted by Nash, who supplied the forging ring with duplicate masterpieces. They were made by Rastapopoulos, by having them substituted by a well-known expert, such as the unfortunate Jacques Moussier and some other members of the gang. These men were murdered by the gang, the 'business' that was being run.

TINTIN TAKES UP THE CASE
It was at this time that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, the

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

Some of the most interesting news items came from the island of Izoala.

THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEM
VICEROYS, MONETS AND MORE

Working under the guise of a Swedish agent, Rastapopoulos had been in the

Two days later ...

By thunder! More journalists!

Mr Tintin, a few words? ...

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-Drupe ...

Look here, Mr Tintin! Here

Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastapopoulos's villa?

Yes, that's right.

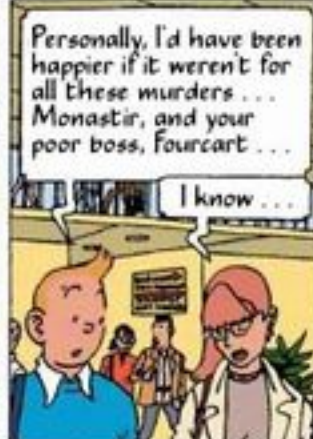
Do you plan to stay there?

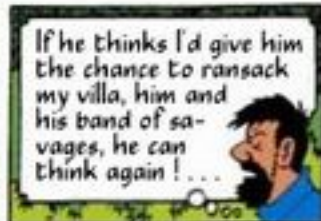
Blistering barnacles! Out of the question! We're going back to Marlinspike! I will never set foot in Italy again!

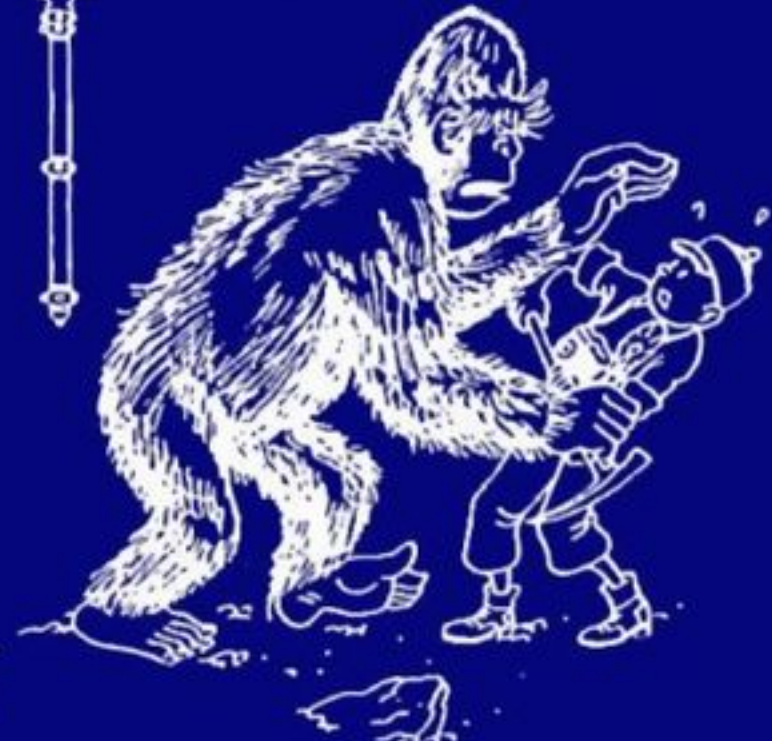
Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting?

Yes, that's true.

Mr Tintin ...

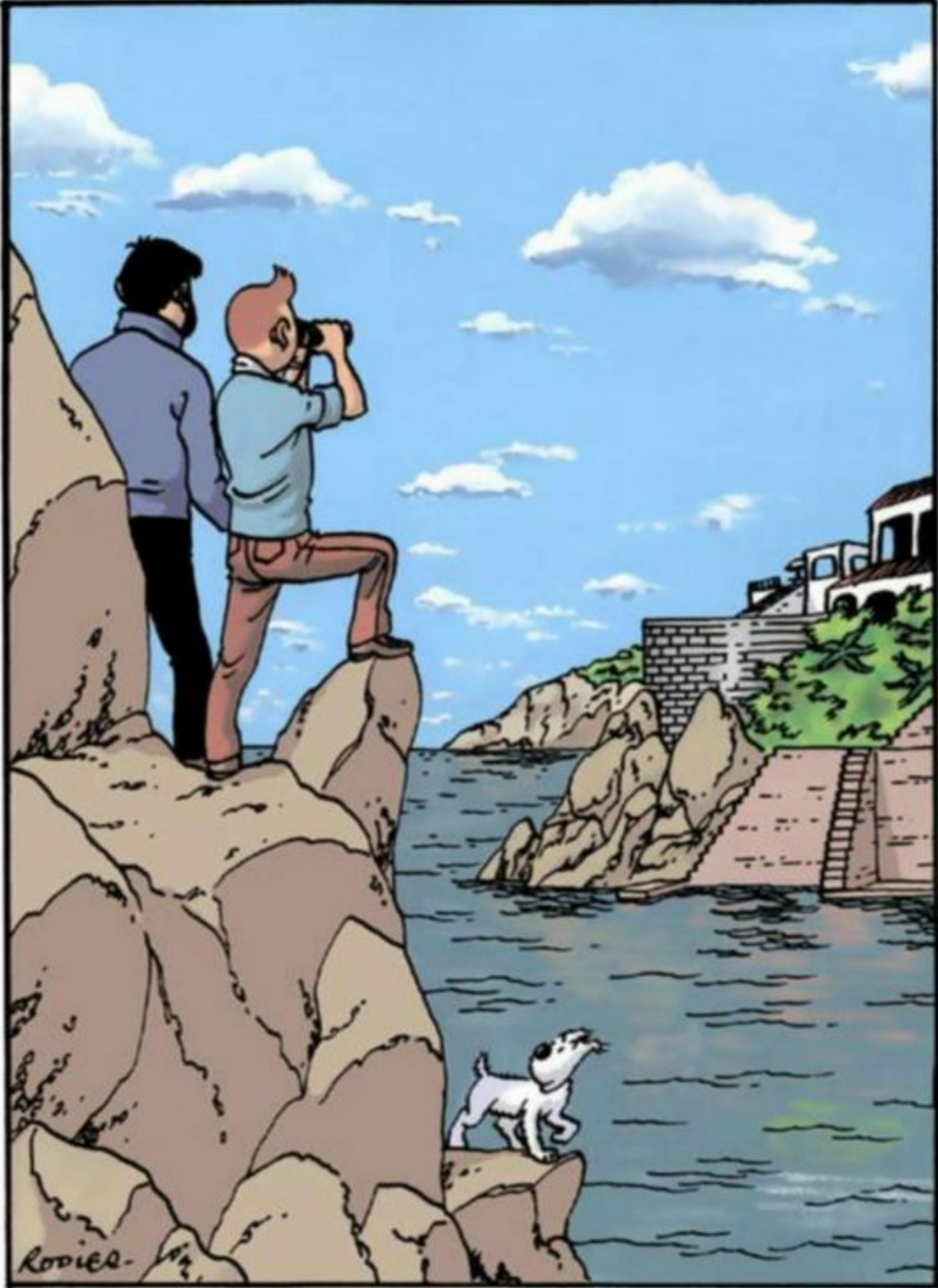


















TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.