

FROM OFF THE STREETS  
OF CLEVELAND COMES:

#11

\$3.00

# AMERICAN SPLENDOR

O.K., THAT'S THE LAST  
BOX. I'M ALL LOADED UP  
SO I GUESS I WON'T SEE  
YA TILL NEXT YEAR...  
THANKS A LOT.

CAUTION  
DOCK CLEARANCE  
12' 8"

DON'T MENTION IT MAN,  
S'WHAT THEY PAY ME FOR.

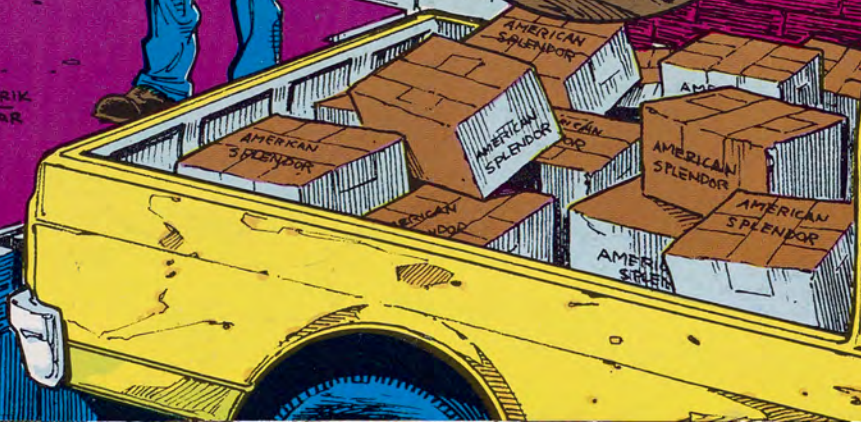
OH, HEY I GOT A  
LITTLE 'BUSINESS ON THE  
SIDE. TAKE ONE 'A THESE  
IN CASE YOU OR ANY 'A  
YER FRIENDS MOVE OR  
ANYTHING LIKE THAT.

O. HURD  
LIGHT HAULING  
4428 QUIMBY  
-778-4989

In This Issue:  
**LIFE** as a **WAR**  
of **ATTRITION**

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PEKAR





# A CASE QUARTER

STORY - HARVEY PEKAR  
ART - SPAIN



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## A MATTER OF LIFE AND...

STORY BY  
HARVEY PEKAR  
ART BY  
VAL MAYERIK  
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BY HARVEY PEKAR

IT'S HARD TO SAY WHAT WERE THE WORST YEARS OF MY LIFE. ONE THING IS THAT I NEVER BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY. I ALWAYS WAS ABLE TO KEEP GOING. WHEN I HIT A BRICK WALL IN ONE AREA OF MY LIFE I'D TRY TO DO SOMETHING ELSE. AFTER I GOT OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL I QUIT A LOT OF THINGS I STARTED.

FROM 1957 WHEN I GOT OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL TILL 1965 WHEN I GOT MY CIVIL SERVICE GIG, WERE AWFUL YEARS FOR ME. I HAD NO SALEABLE SKILLS - COULDN'T EVEN TYPE. I HAD NO MECHANICAL ABILITY. ALL I COULD DO WAS BE A LABORER OR A SHIPPING CLERK OR STOCK CLERK. THIS KIND OF WORK IS A DRAG SO IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT I HAD ABOUT A MILLION JOBS DURING MY FIRST YEAR OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL.



I EVEN TRIED THE NAVY BUT I GOT KICKED OUT BECAUSE, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I COULDN'T PASS INSPECTIONS. I'VE ALWAYS HAD DIFFICULTY WHEN PEOPLE TOLD ME HOW TO DO STUFF I WASN'T INTERESTED IN DOING. I BLANK OUT. SO THEY TOLD ME HOW TO FOLD A PAIR OF PANTS AND WHAT SIDE OF WHAT THEY WANTED FACING WHAT DIRECTION AND IT WENT IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER. I COULDN'T ABSORB THE INFORMATION, BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

I REMEMBER THE DAY I CAME BACK FROM THE NAVY WALKING ACROSS A DESERTED SCHOOL YARD IN SECOND HAND CLOTHES I'D BEEN PROVIDED WITH.

(MY OWN CLOTHES HAD BEEN SENT BACK HOME A FEW DAYS AFTER I GOT TO GREAT LAKES TRAINING CENTER). THE NAVY WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MY LAST RESORT; NOW IT WAS GONE. I WAS DEVASTATED.



I WENT BACK TO WORKING FLUNKY JOBS THAT I HATED AND KEPT QUITTING. FINALLY, I DECIDED, WITH NOWHERE ELSE TO GO, TO GO TO COLLEGE FULLTIME AND WORK PART TIME. I DID WELL IN SCHOOL BUT THE BETTER I DID, THE MORE PRESSURE I PUT ON MYSELF TO DO BETTER. I GOT SO NERVOUS I COULDN'T STUDY, SO I QUIT SCHOOL TOO.





# TIME FLIES... TIME DRAGS

STORY BY HARVEY PEKAR · ART BY BILL KNAPP

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6:00 P.M. OUR MAN AND HIS WIFE, JOYCE, WHO'S BEEN ILL WITH A VIRUS, ARE EATING WITH DAVE, A FRIEND, AT A WASHINGTON, D.C. RESTAURANT. THEY'RE STAYING WITH HIM THERE. THEY MUST LEAVE IN THREE HOURS TO GET BACK TO CLEVELAND IN THE MORNING.



OUR MAN MUST DRIVE. HIS WIFE IS SICK. HE KNOWS HE'S A TERRIBLE DRIVER WITH A ROTTEN SENSE OF DIRECTION. HE'S NOT AT ALL FAMILIAR WITH WASHINGTON D.C. STREETS SO HIS WIFE, WHO IS, IS GOING TO HAVE TO GUIDE HIM.



TURN LEFT AT THE NEXT CORNER.



9:00 P.M. LOADING THE CAR AND SAYING GOODBYE



HE'S EXTREMELY NERVOUS, EXPECTING TO BLUNDER ... AND HE DOES.

STAY TO THE LEFT, STAY TO THE LEFT... OH, HARVEY... NOW WE'VE GOT TO GO AROUND THE CIRCLE AGAIN.

OUR MAN IS SCARED. HE'S HAD VERY LITTLE EXPERIENCE DRIVING ON INTERSTATE HIGHWAYS AND HAS NEVER HAD TO DRIVE FROM ONE CITY TO ANOTHER ALONE.



ON THE D.C. BELTWAY.

OK, NOW, GET IN THE RIGHT LANE, THE RIGHT LANE. WE GET OUT AT THE NEXT EXIT SO PAY ATTENTION.



I'M PAYING ATTENTION, I'M PAYING ATTENTION.

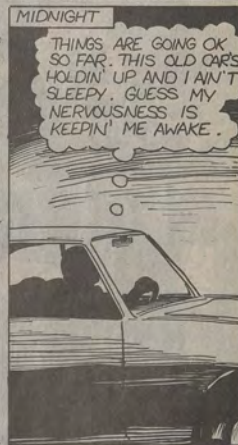


FINALLY THEY'RE ON THE HIGHWAY.

AH, THIS IS BETTER. TRAFFIC'S STRETCHED OUT. I CAN RELAX A LITTLE.

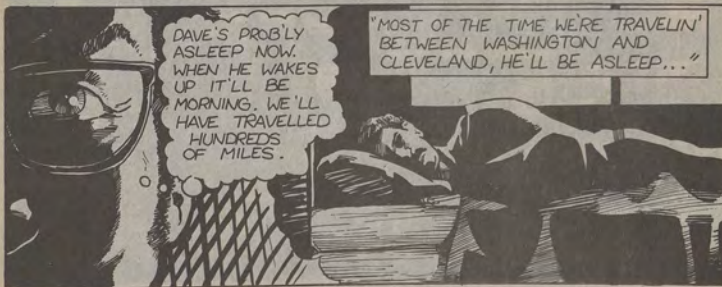


HONEY, I'M GONNA TAKE A NAP. WAKE ME UP IF ANYTHING CONFUSING HAPPENS. OTHERWISE I'VE GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP.



MIDNIGHT

THINGS ARE GOING OK SO FAR. THIS OLD CAR'S HOLDIN' UP AND I AIN'T SLEEPY. GUESS MY NERVOUSNESS IS KEEPIN' ME AWAKE.



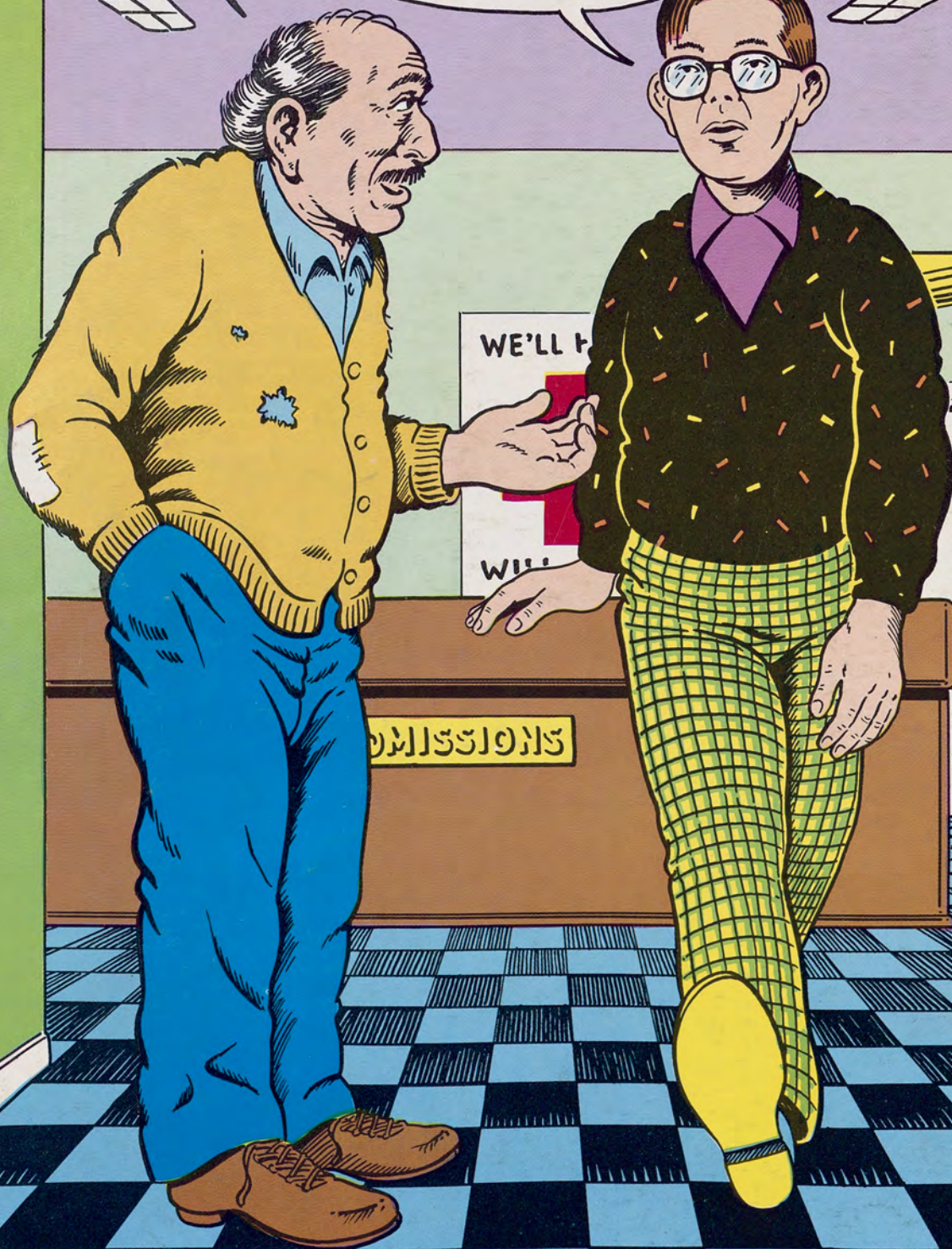
DAVE'S PROBABLY ASLEEP NOW. WHEN HE WAKES UP IT'LL BE MORNING. WE'LL HAVE TRAVELLED HUNDREDS OF MILES.

"MOST OF THE TIME WE'RE TRAVELIN' BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND CLEVELAND, HE'LL BE ASLEEP..."



HIYA,  
TOBY.

'LO, JOHN...SORRY I  
COULDN'T LEND YA ANY  
MONEY YESTERDAY—  
I'M NOT A BANK, Y'KNOW.



CONCEPT  
AND  
WRITING  
BY  
HARVEY  
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ART BY  
GREG  
BUDGETT  
AND  
GARY  
DUMM

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