

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



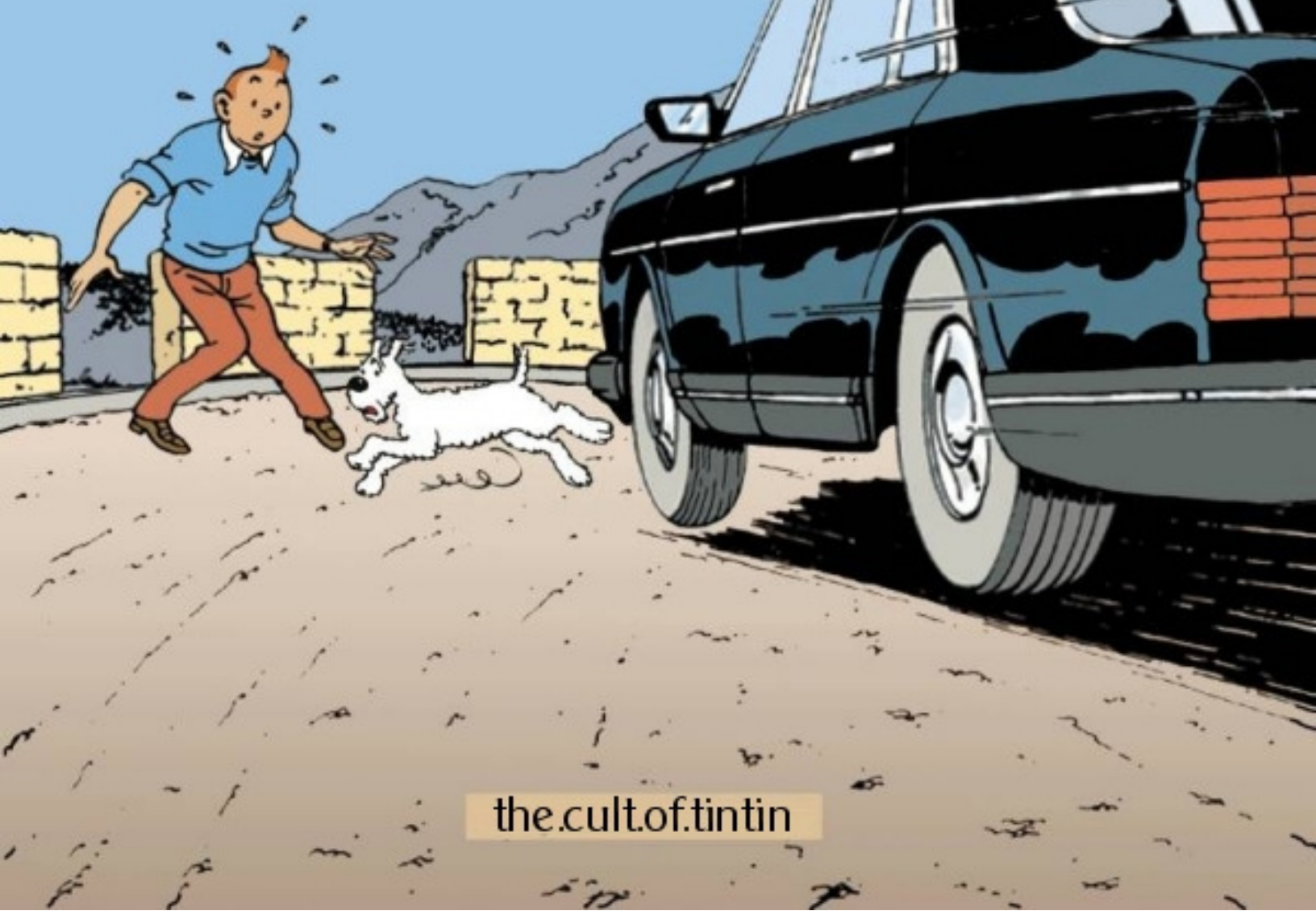




HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin



- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

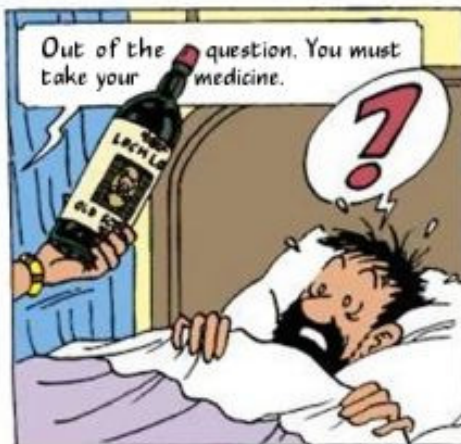
# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



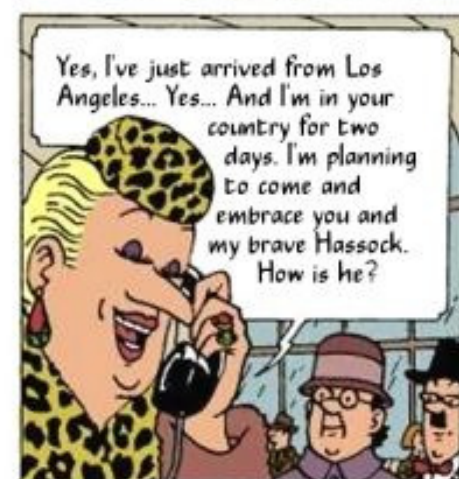
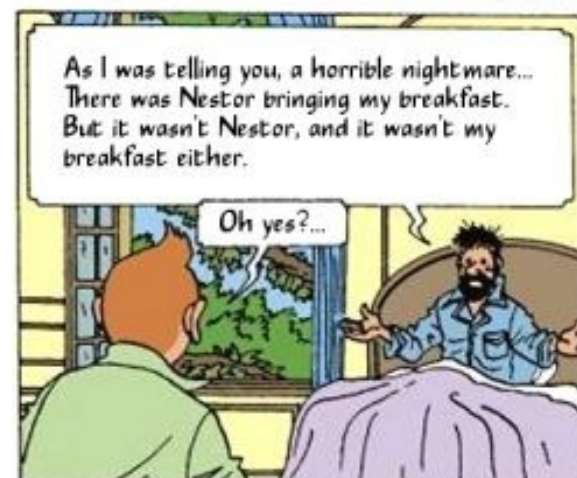
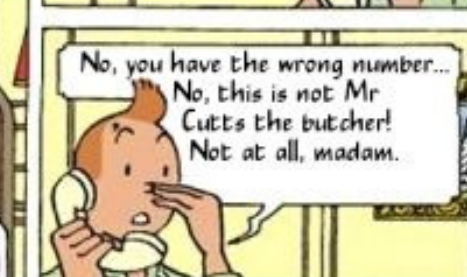
the.cult.of.tintin



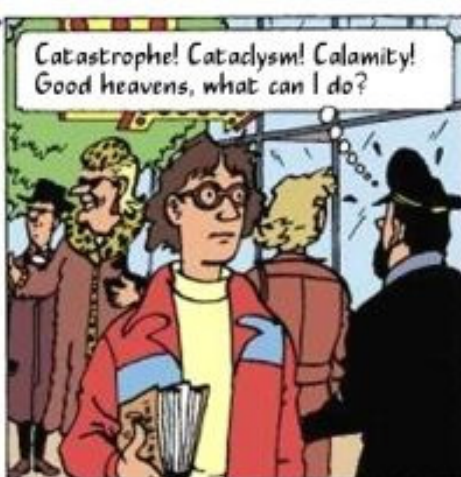
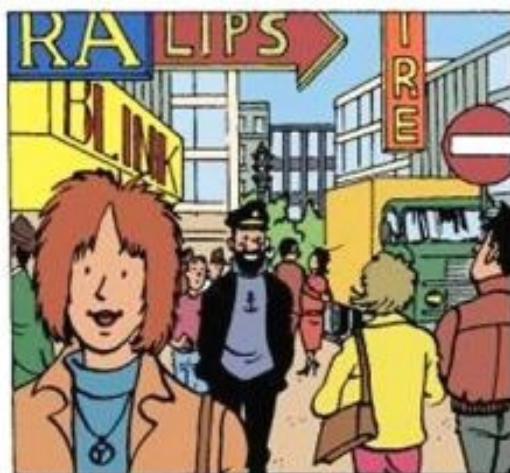
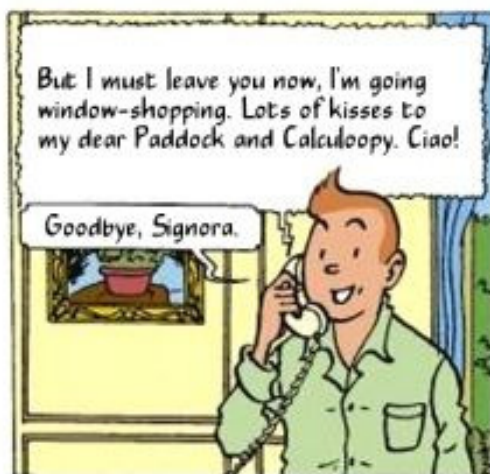
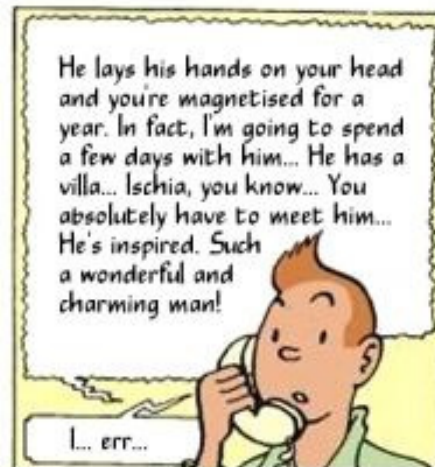
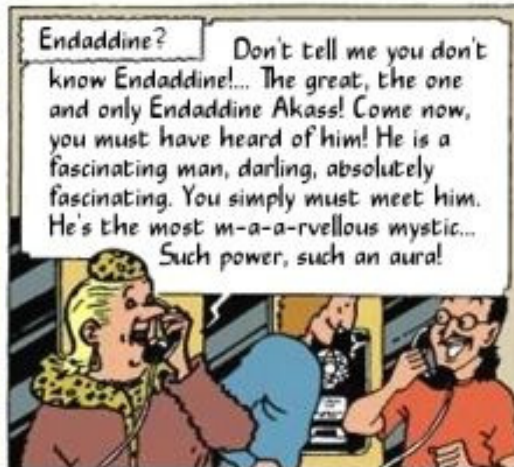
# TINTIN and ALPH-ART



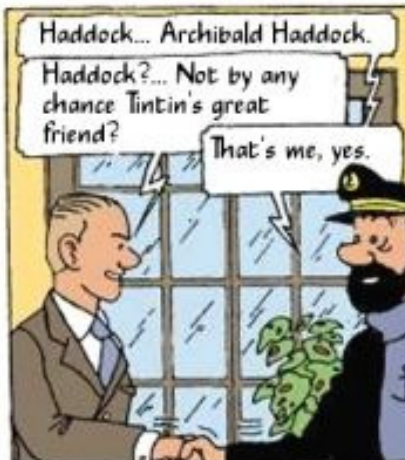
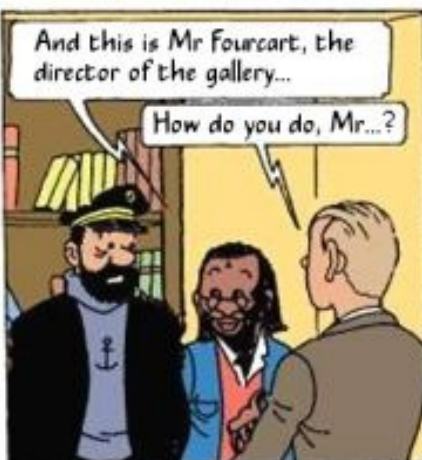
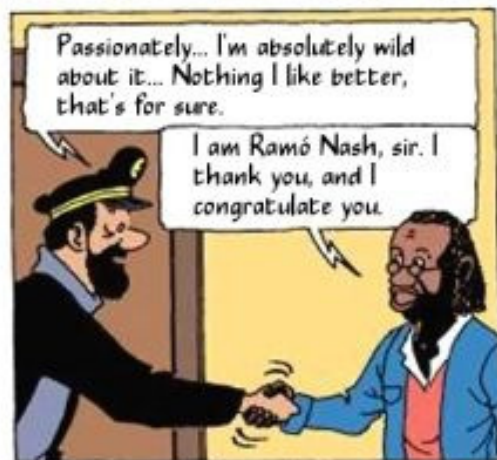
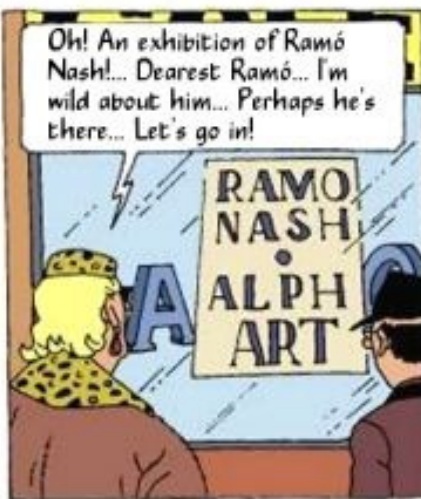




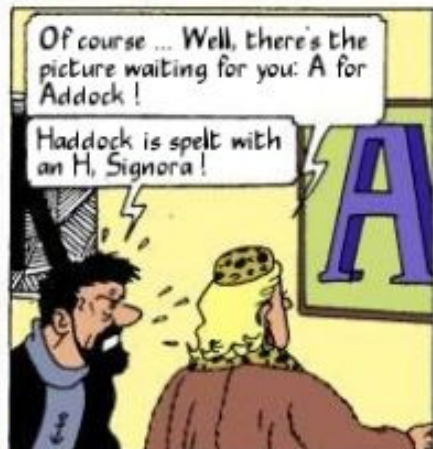
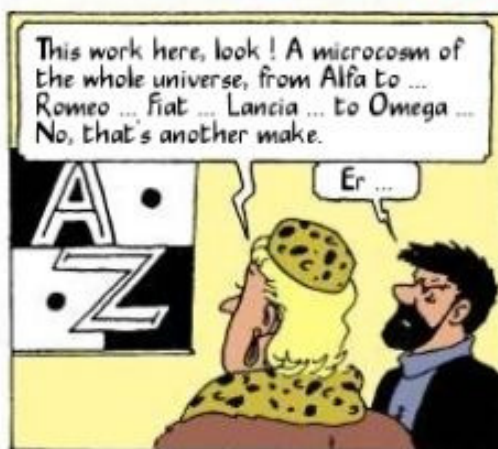
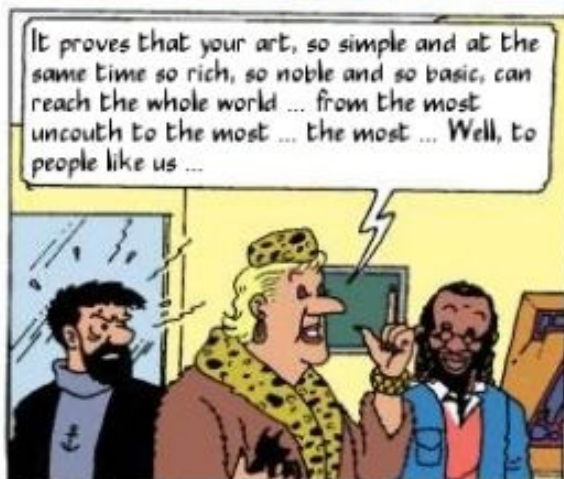
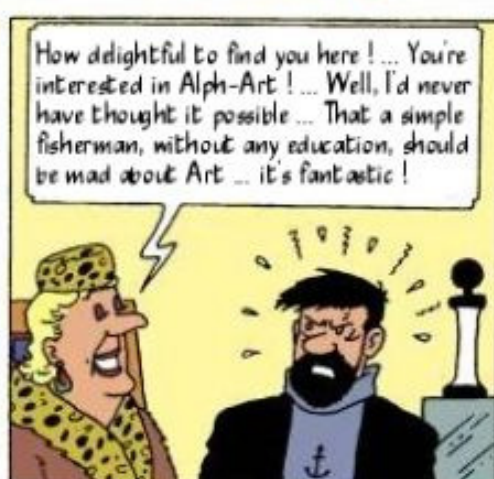




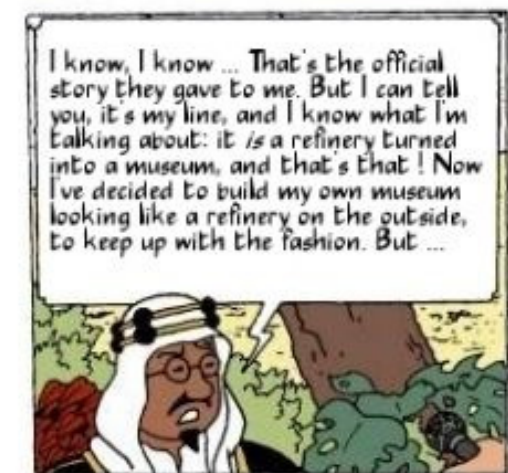
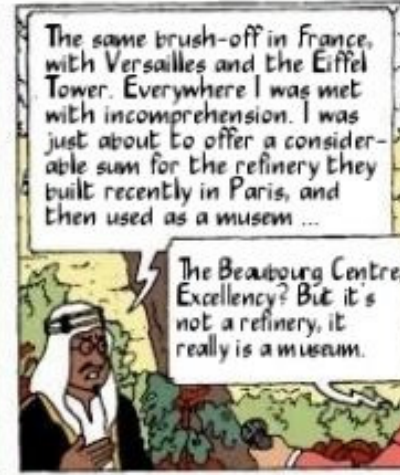
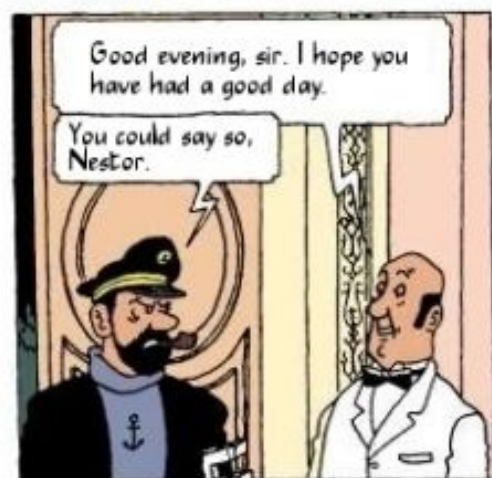
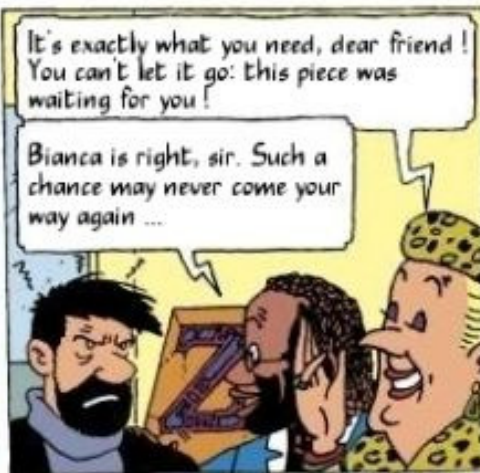
















Abdullah, my darling sugar-candy duckling ... Aren't you ashamed of frightening the gentleman?



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



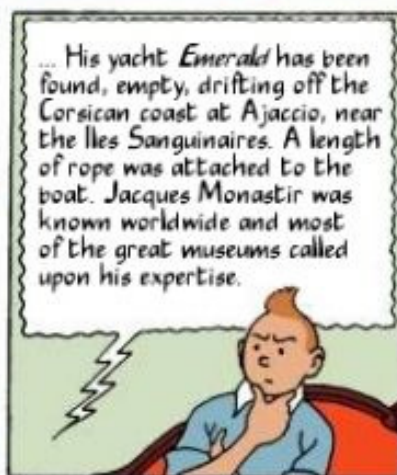
Well, as I was saying, I'm going to build a museum of Art at Wadesdah. I want to make Khemed into a modern country resolutely moving into the future. The plans are already drawn up.

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 ...

M. Jacques Monastir



... 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 ...

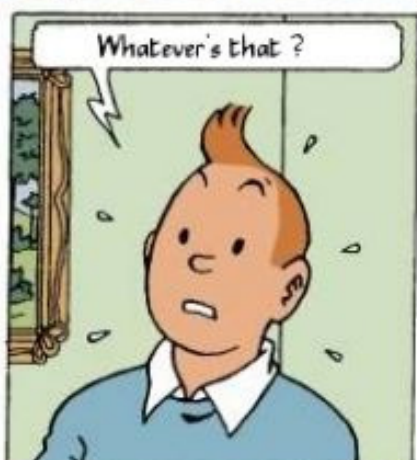


The Captain interested in art? He never fails to surprise me!



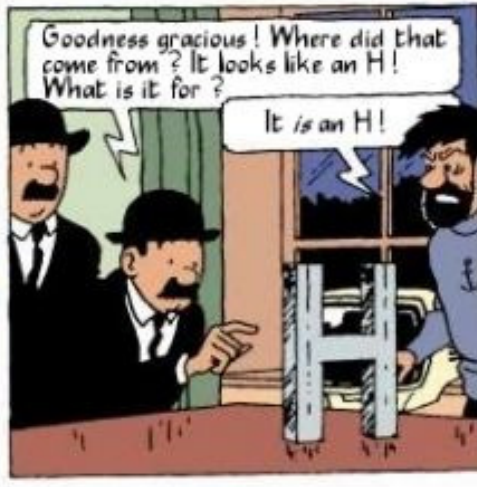
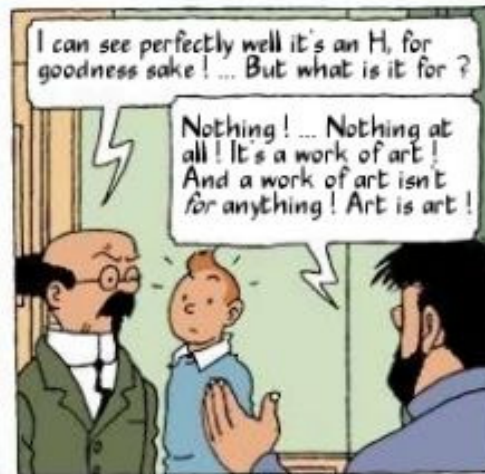
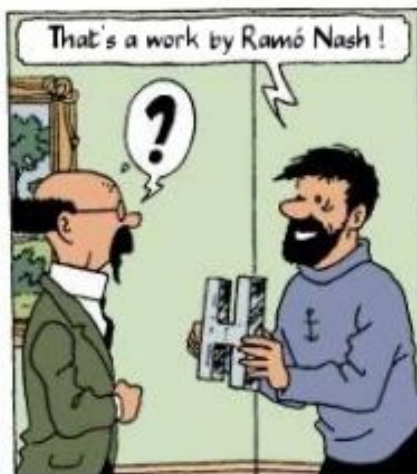
There!

?

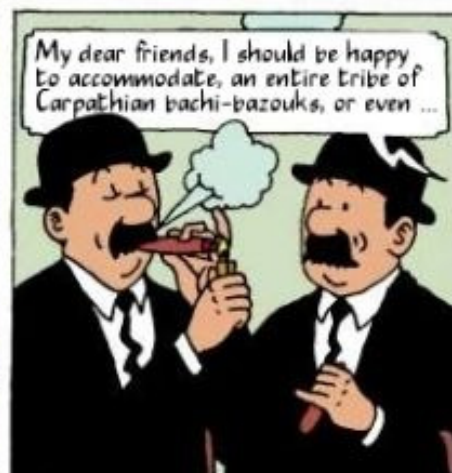
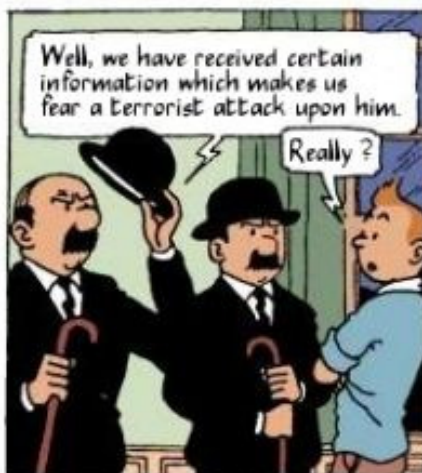
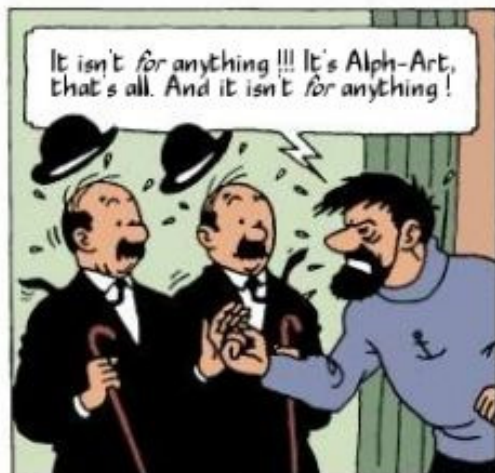


Whatever's that?

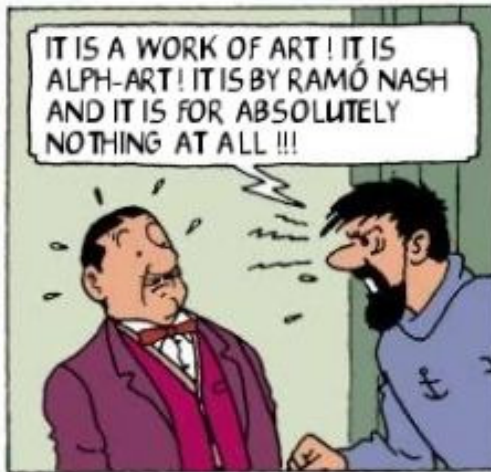
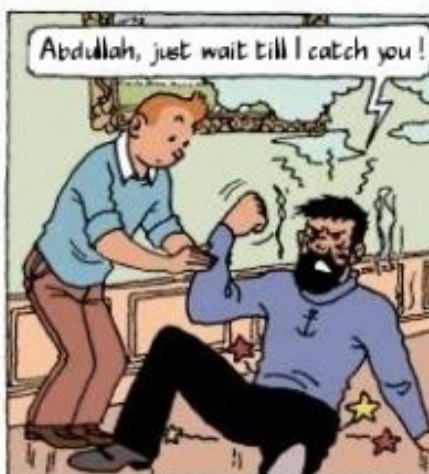




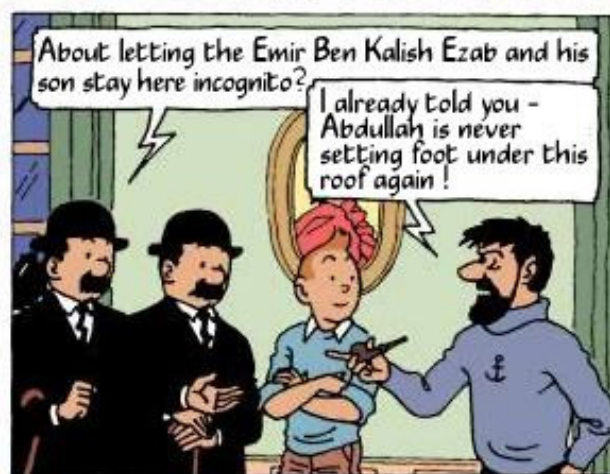
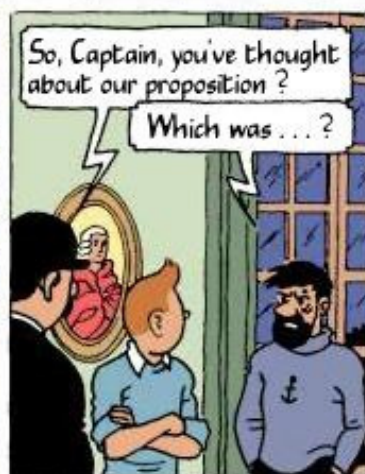
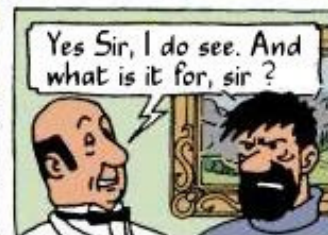
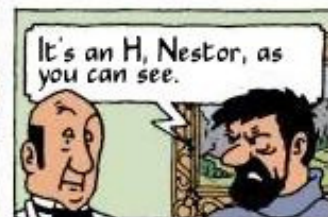
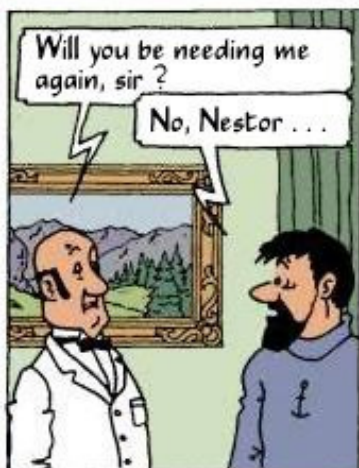
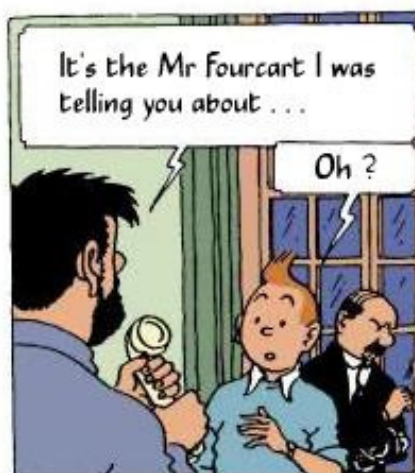




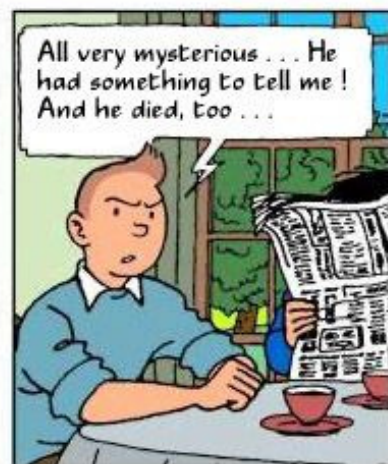








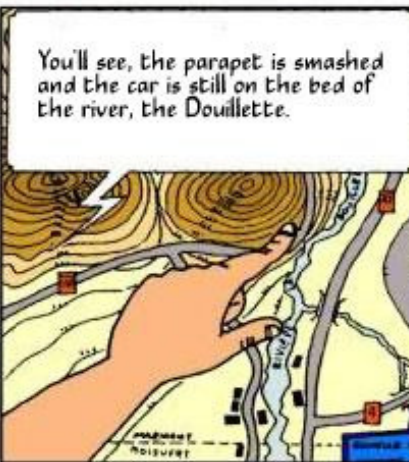








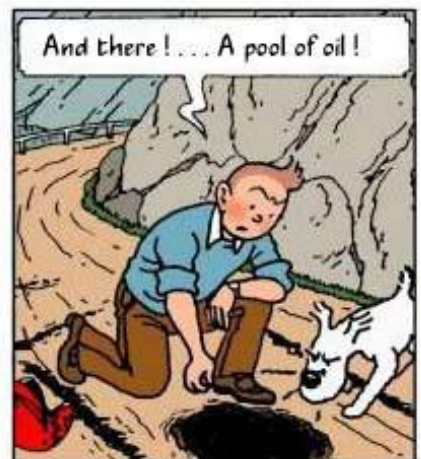
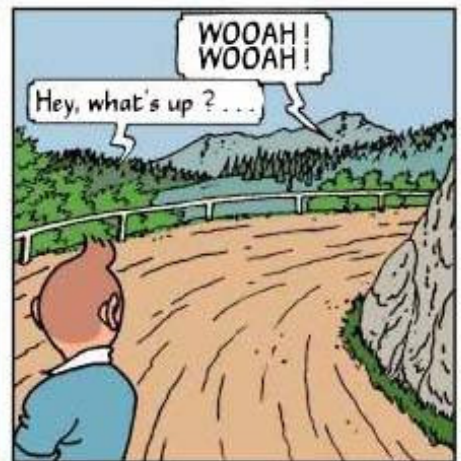
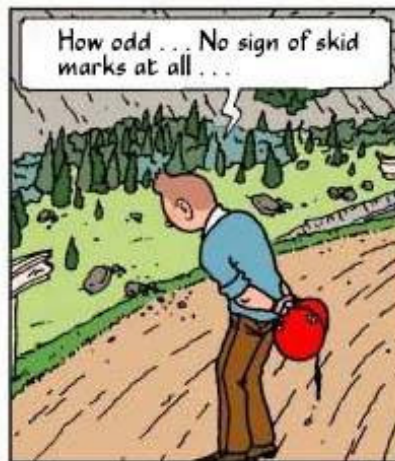
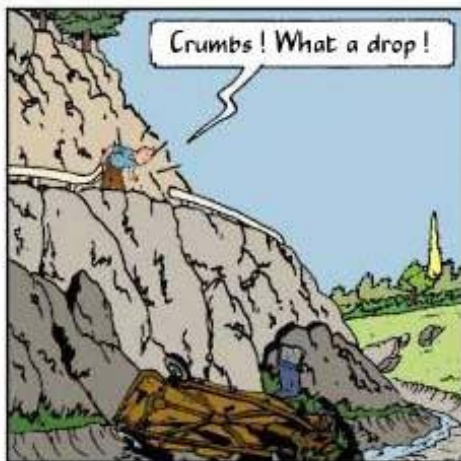




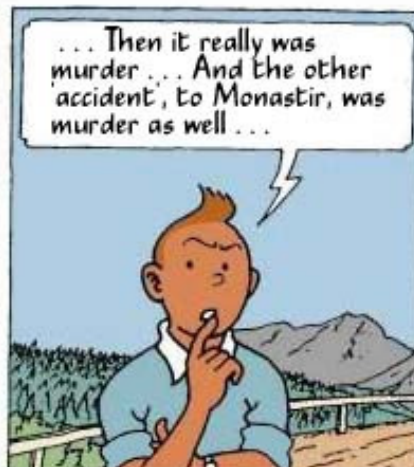
















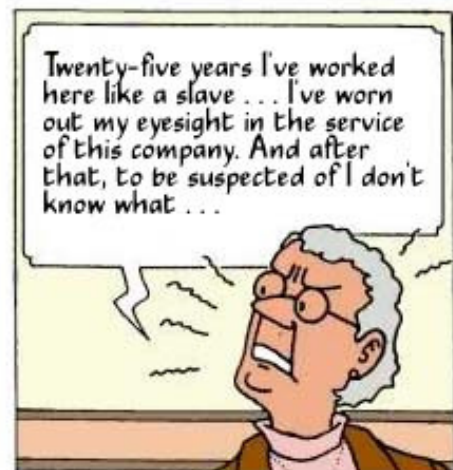




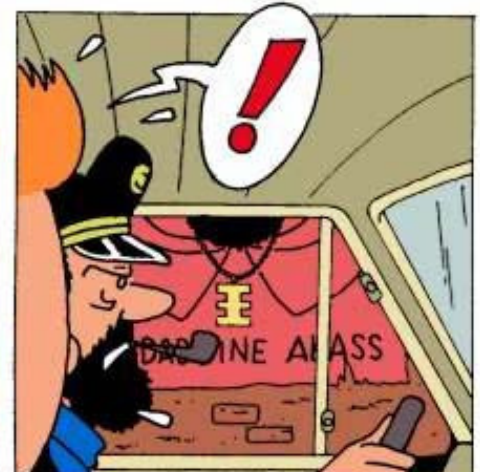
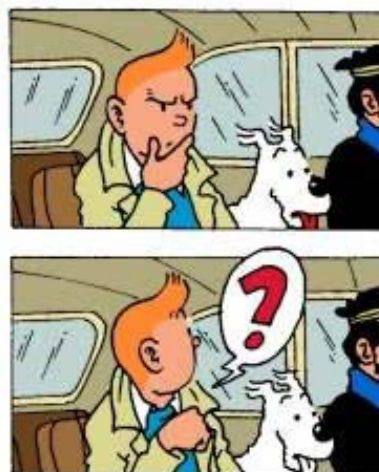
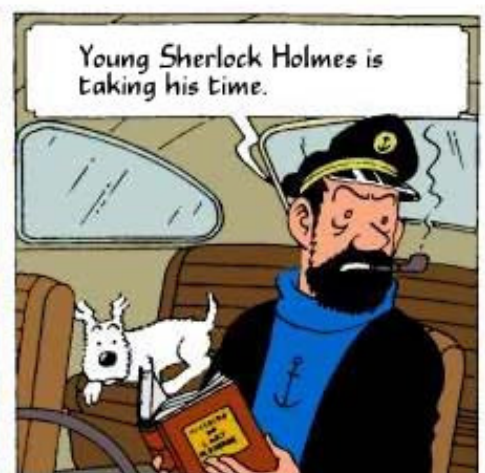




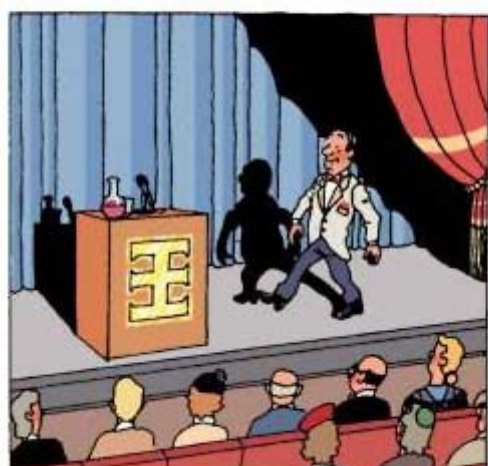
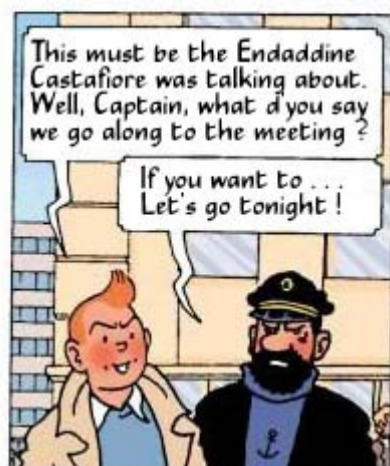
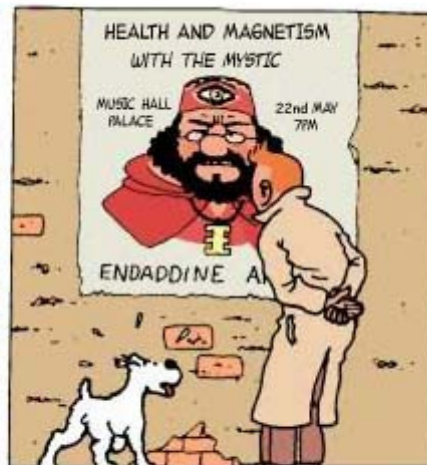




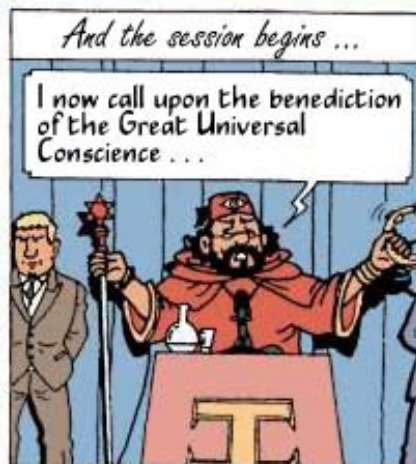
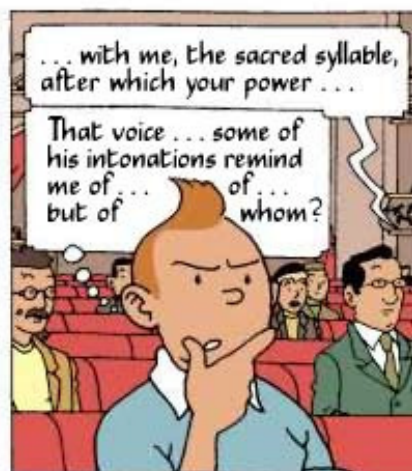
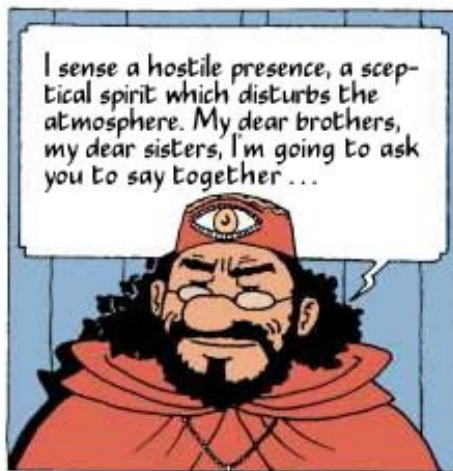






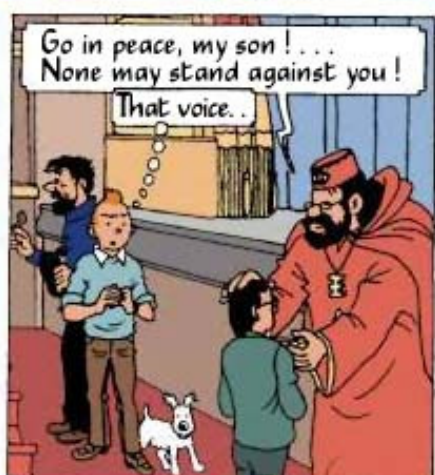
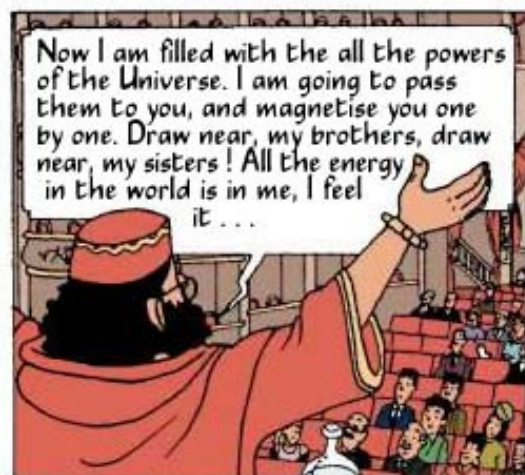






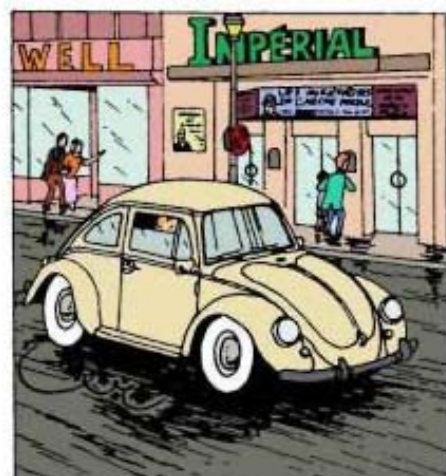
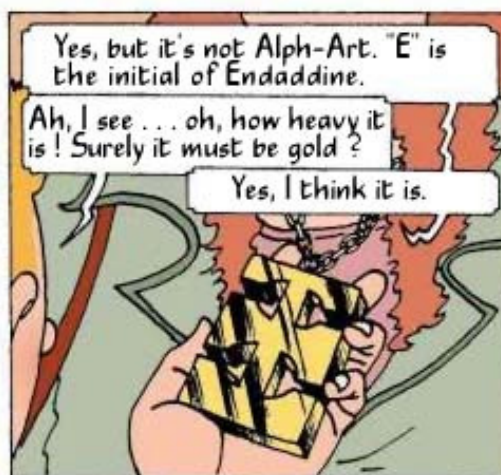
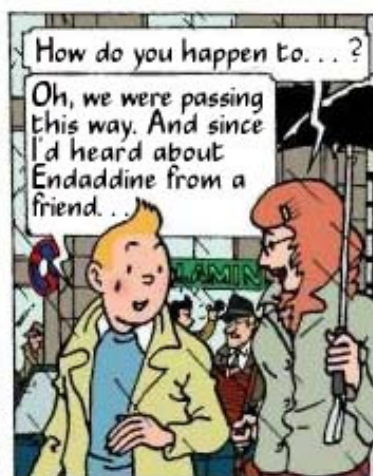
(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn





(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls









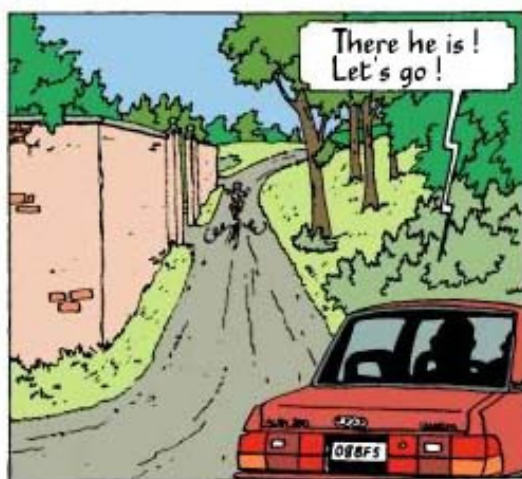




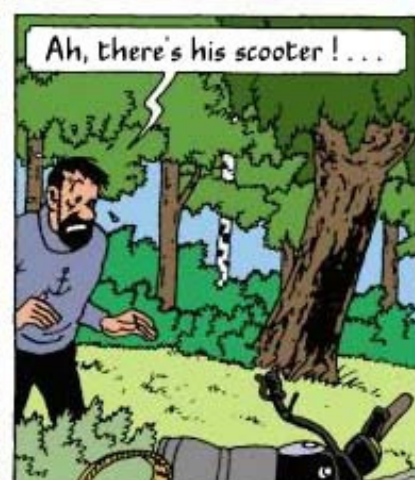
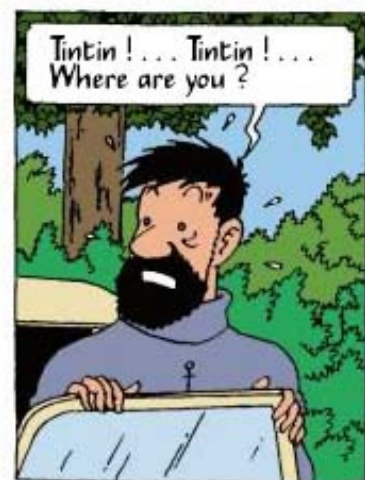
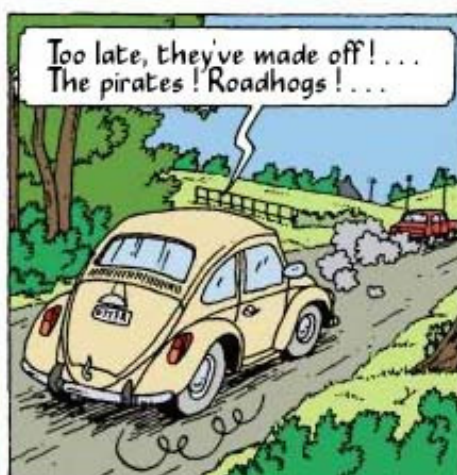
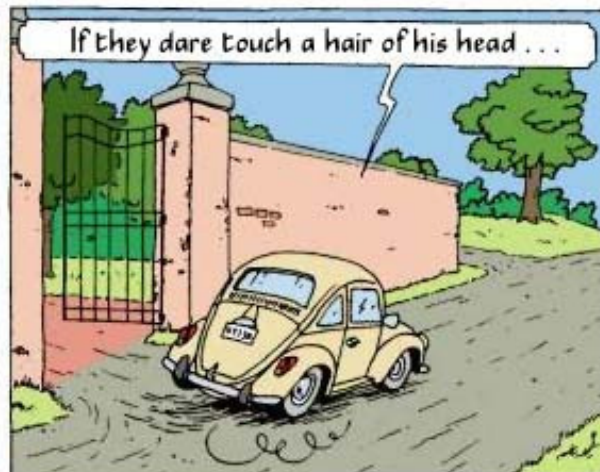




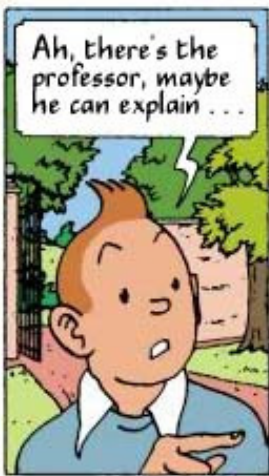




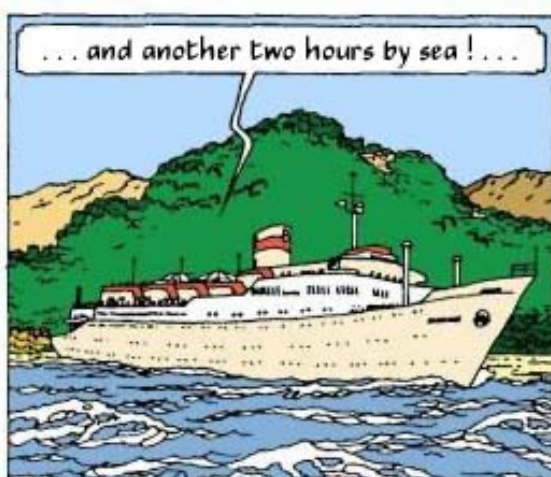
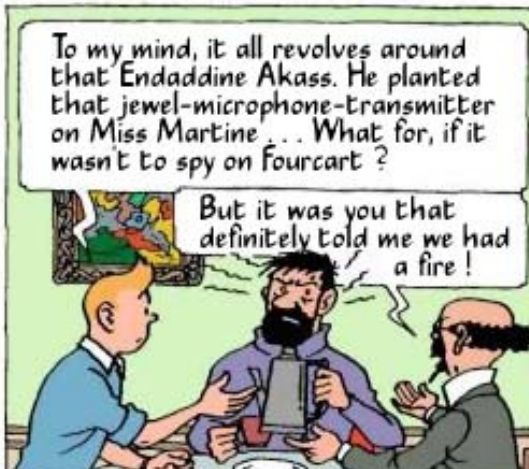




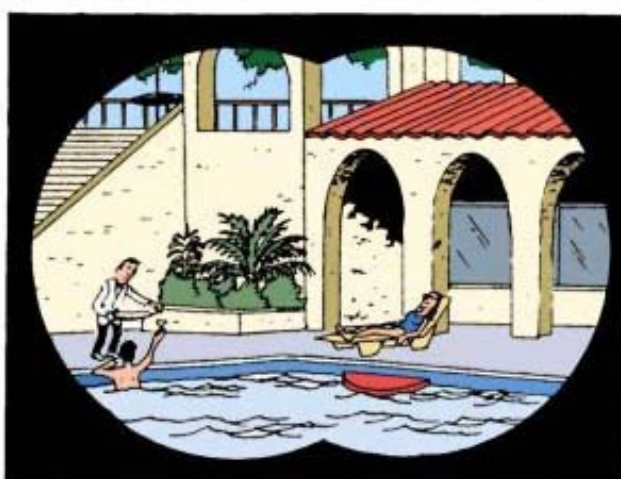
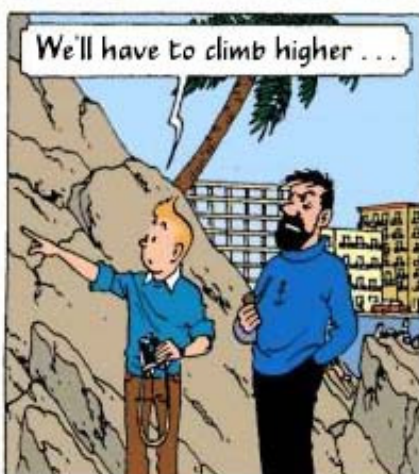
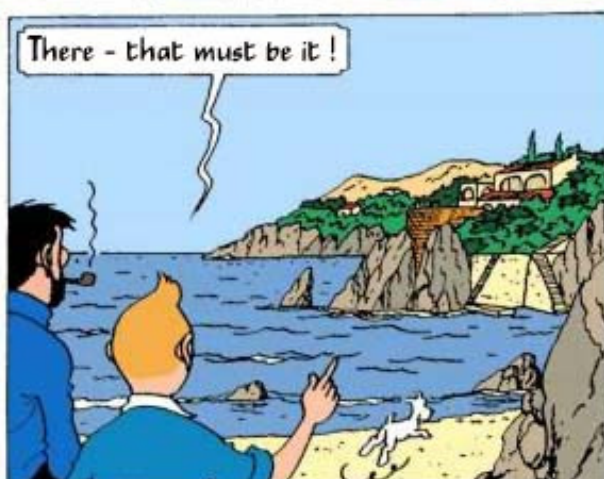
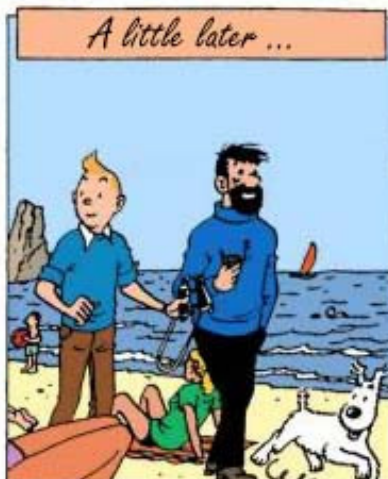
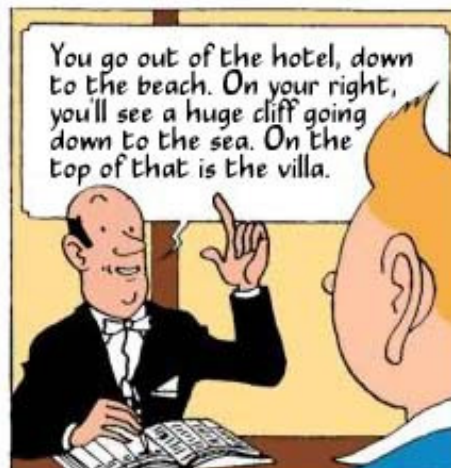
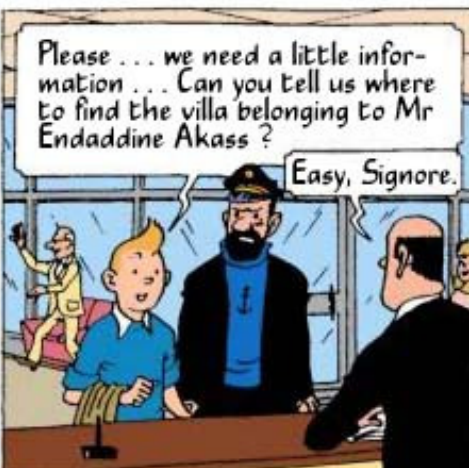














Ramo Nash!

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.

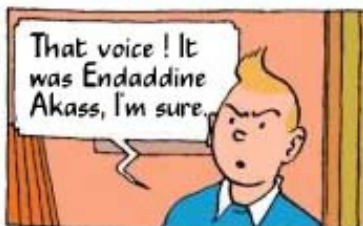
But ...



**CLICK!** Crumbs! ...



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



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



**KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK**



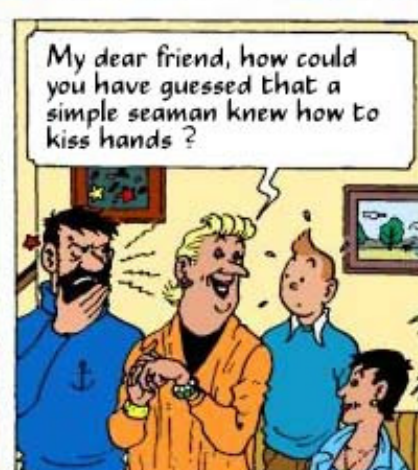
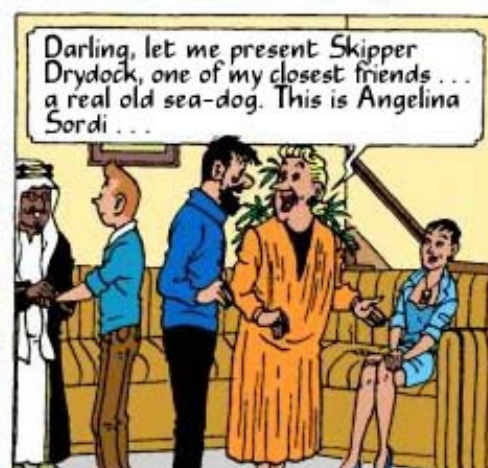
No answer ... and no noise from inside either! Has something happened?



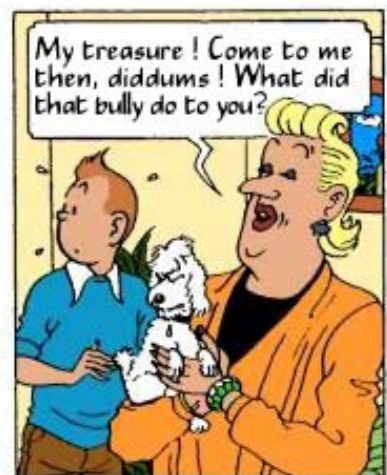












(1) See The Blue Lotus  
(2) See The Broken Ear

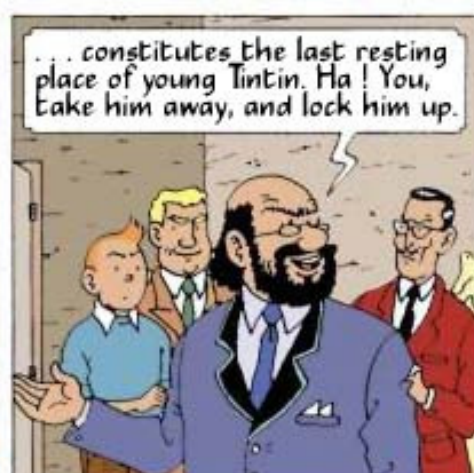
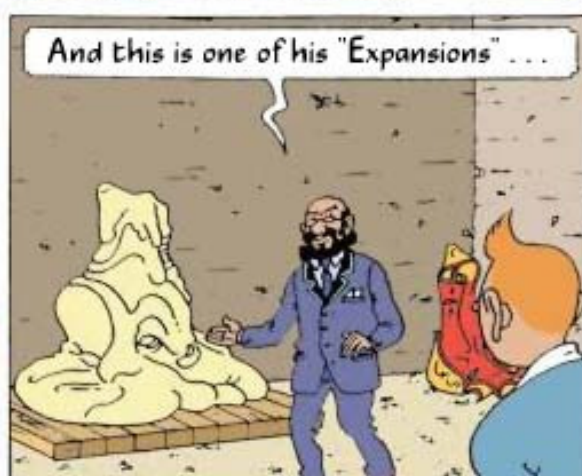
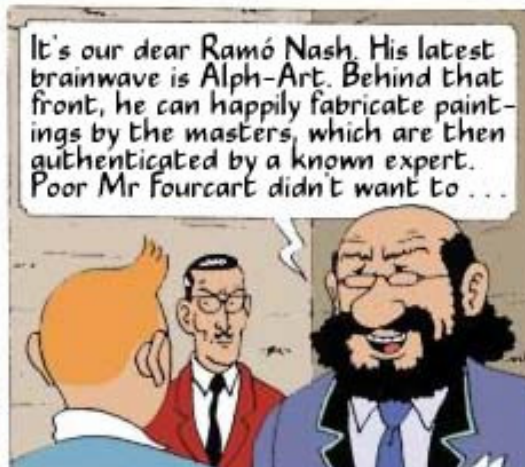




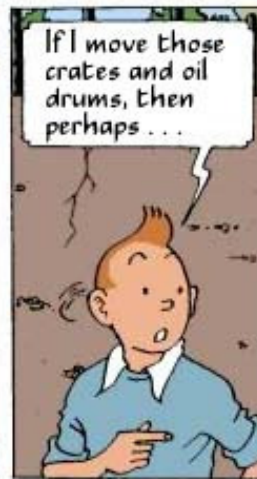














Time passes ...

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 ...

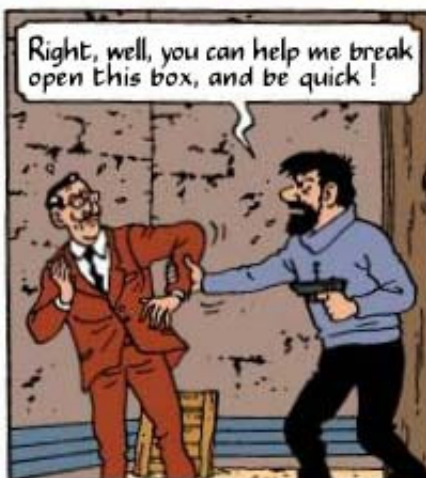
Oh, no! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods ...  
Ha! Ha! Ha! ...

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













**TINTIN!**

Wooah!



Tintin! ... Lad! ... In Heaven's name, say something! ...

WOOOUAW...



Captain ...

Hurray! ...  
He's alive!



The bandits ...

WOOAH!



Sea-gherkins! Pyrographers!  
Turncoats! Zapotecs! ...

Captain ...



We've got to get out of here ...

You think that you'll  
be alright to run?



Argh! ... They're barricaded  
the door with a plank of  
wood!

We'll do it, boss!



BANG  
BANG  
BANG



CRASH



They've gone!



There! They're getting away!



I'll stop them, boss,  
don't worry! ...

BANG!

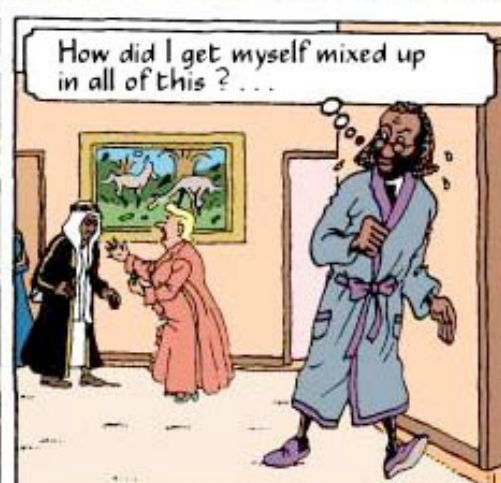
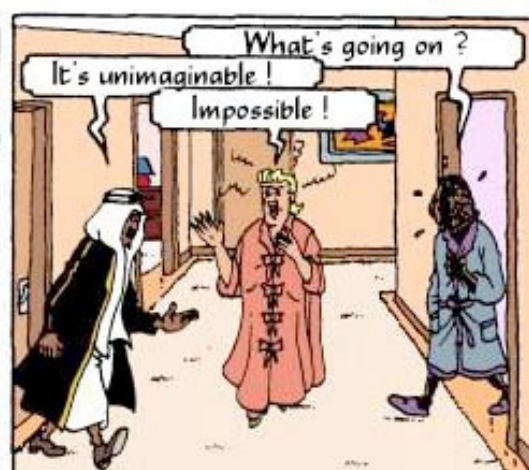
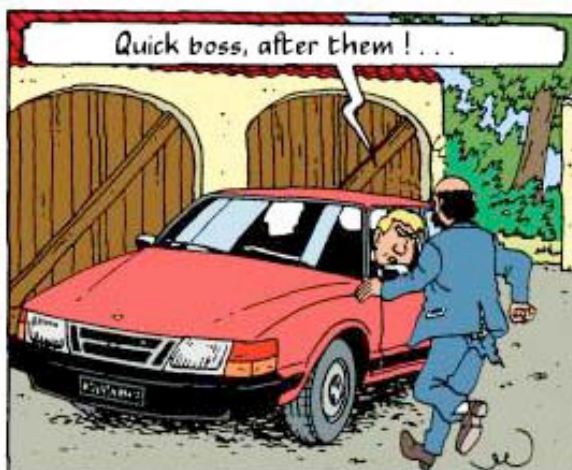
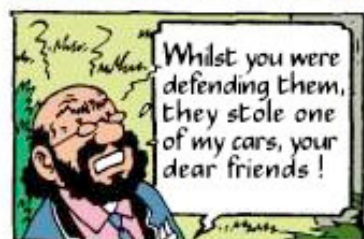
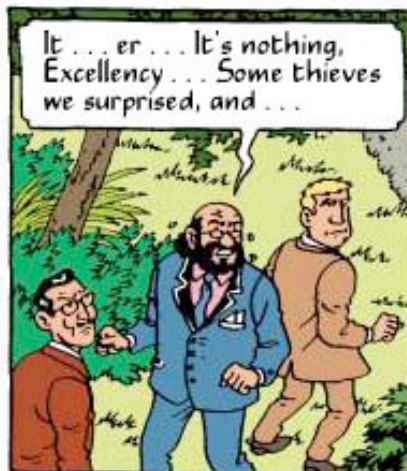


Are you crazy?! ...  
The villa is full of  
their friends!!!

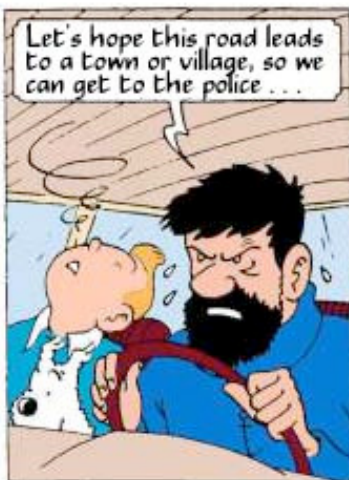
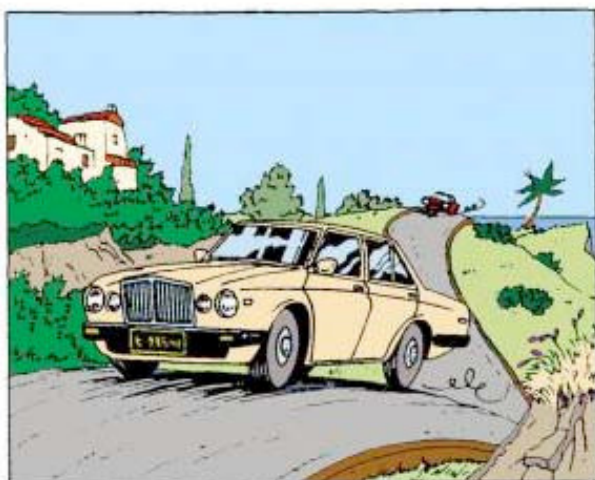


What's going on out here?!









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



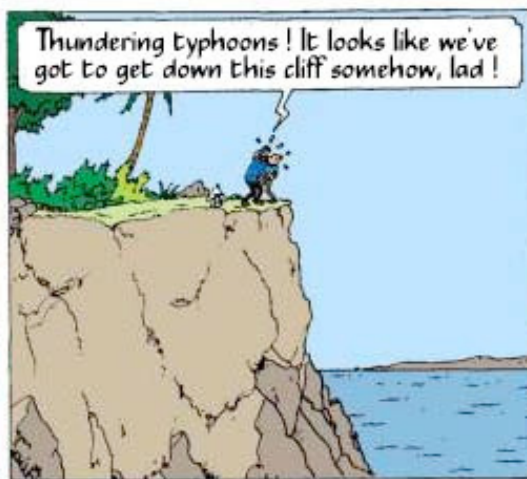
It's a dead-end, we've got them! Ha! Ha!



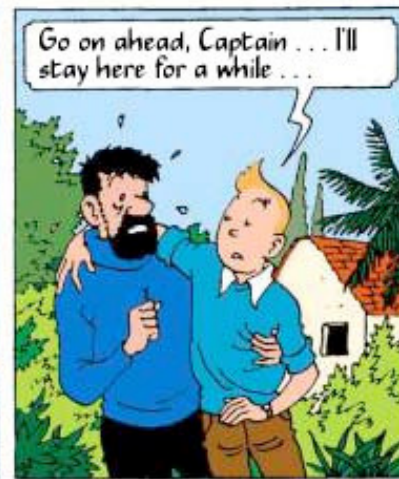
Come on! Tintin, make an effort, they're coming!



Woah!



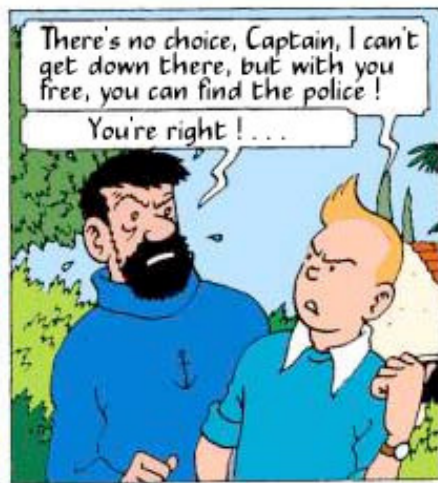
Thundering typhoons! It looks like we've got to get down this cliff somehow, lad!



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 ectoplasms again, thundering typhoons!



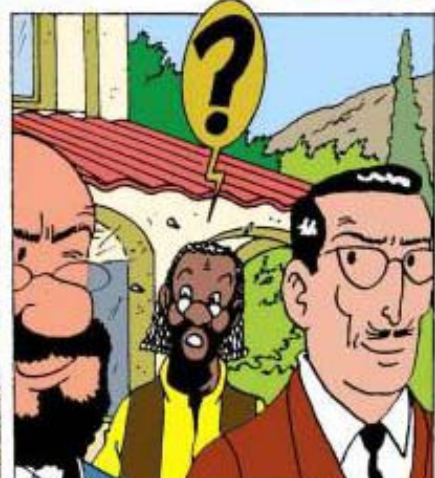
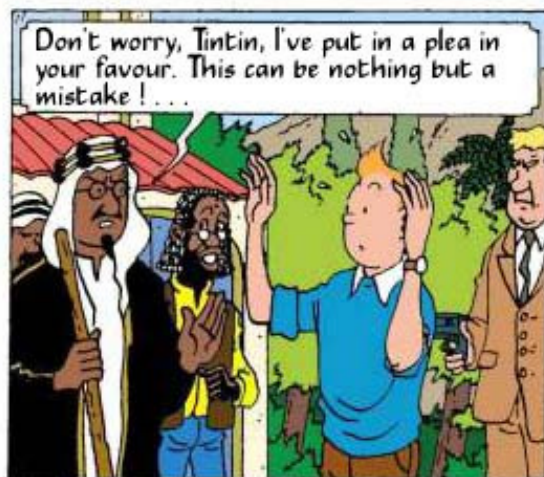
There's no choice, Captain, I can't get down there, but with you free, you can find the police!

You're right! ...

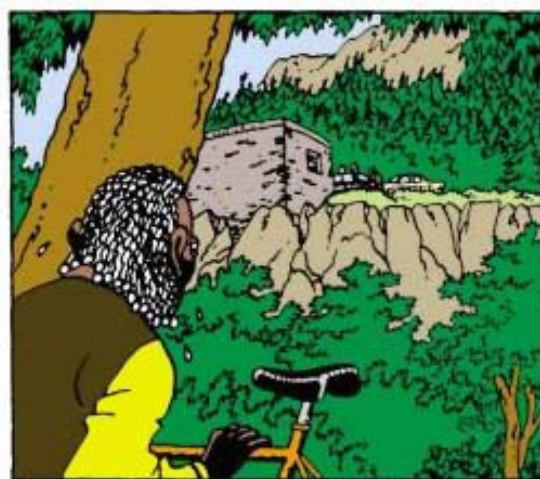
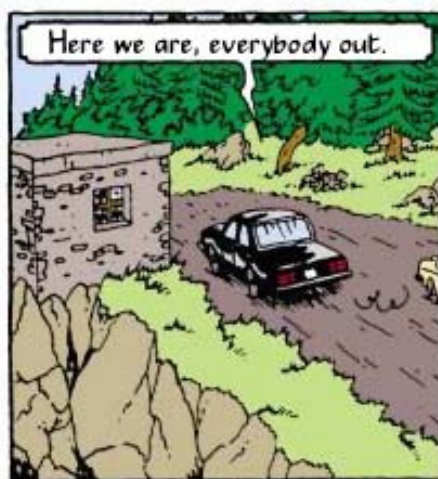
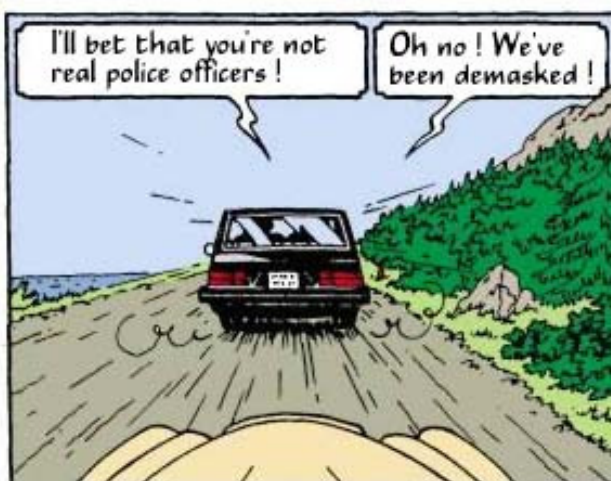
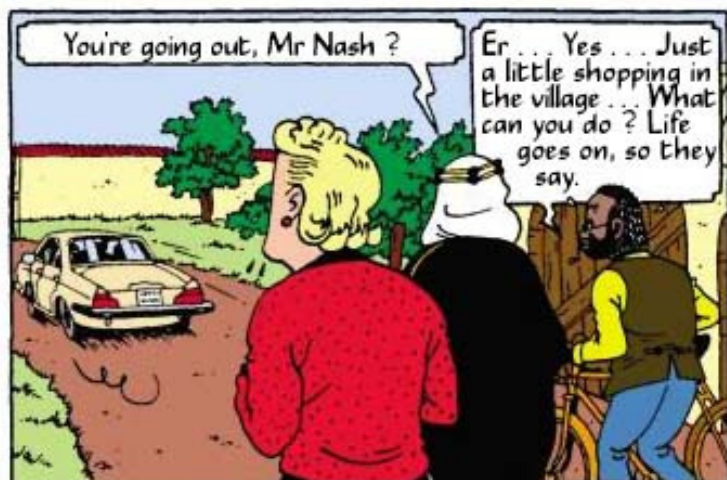
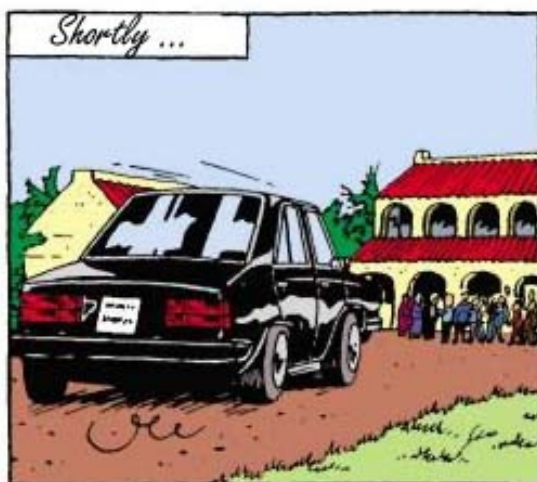


A bit late for that, my friends ...

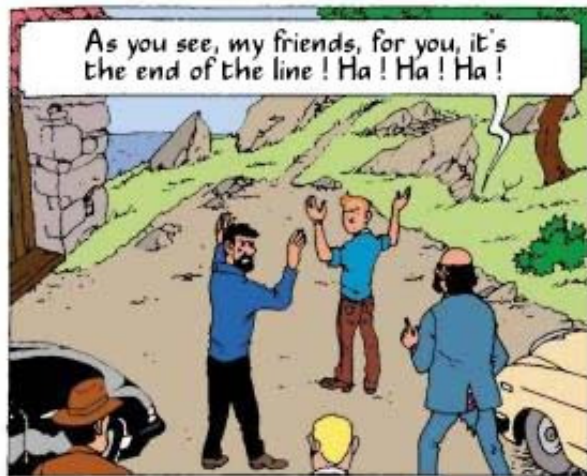








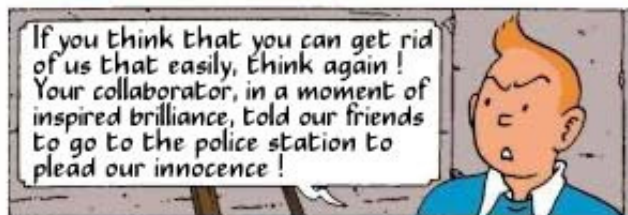




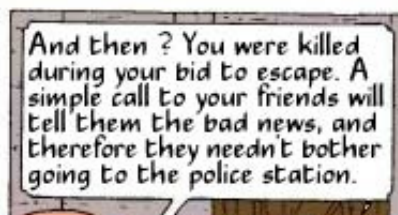
As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



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



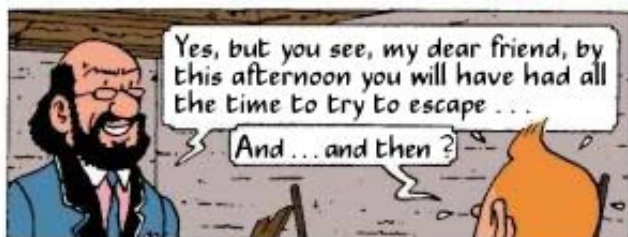
If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



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?

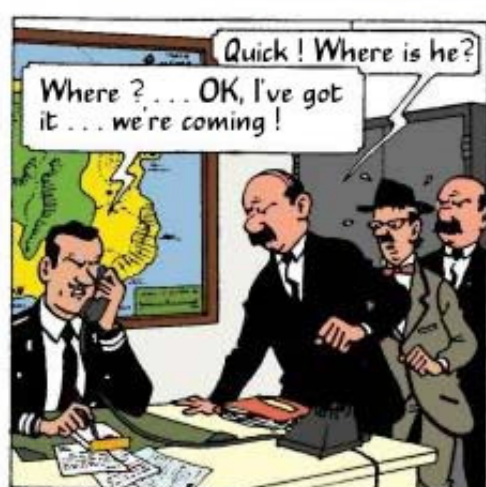


Hello, yes? ... What? A death?! ... Two deaths! ... OK, go on...



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 kid-  
napping of the famous millionaire  
Lazslo 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 des-  
troyed 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 recrui-  
ting a few men to work  
for me, the project took  
off very quickly ...

And Allan, the fresh-  
water 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 ques-  
tions, young man!

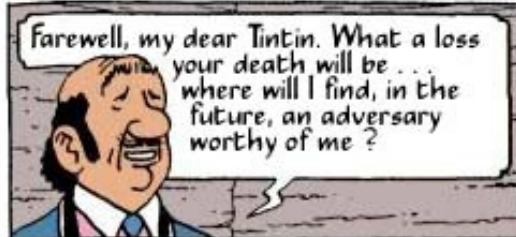
Allan ? That idiot  
refused to help !  
He's in the United  
States now, after  
some peace and  
quiet...

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!

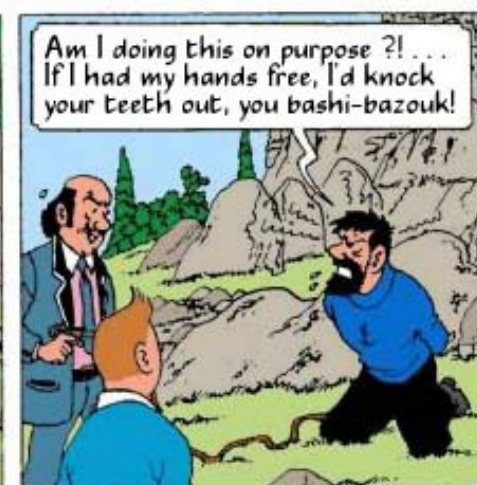
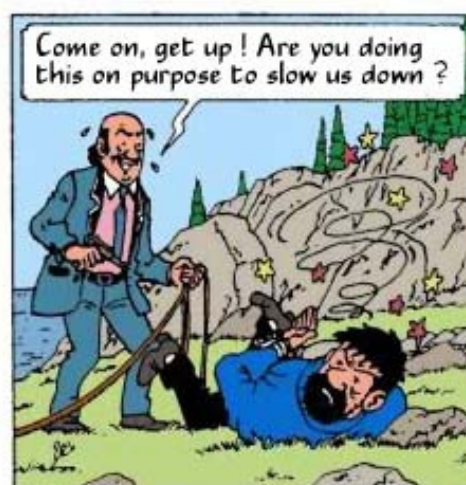
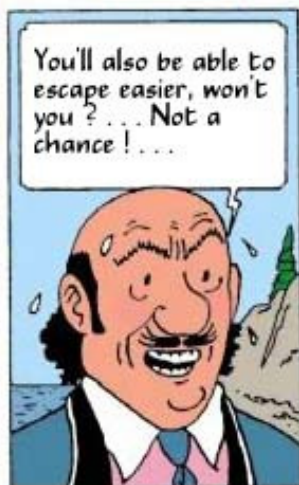
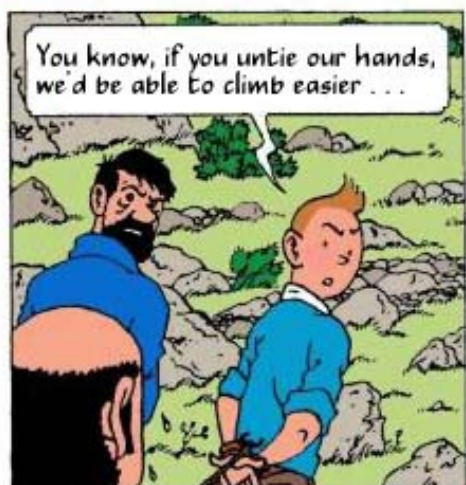
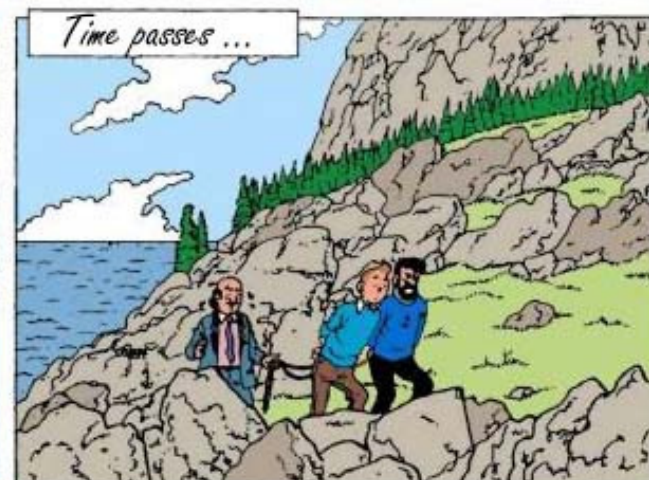
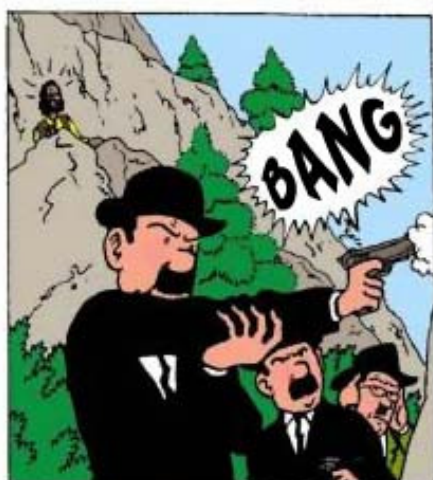
We've wasted enough time! Finish them!  
With pleasure, boss !...

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

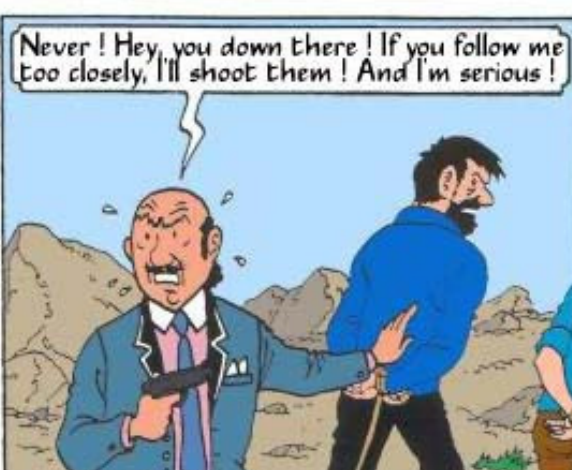
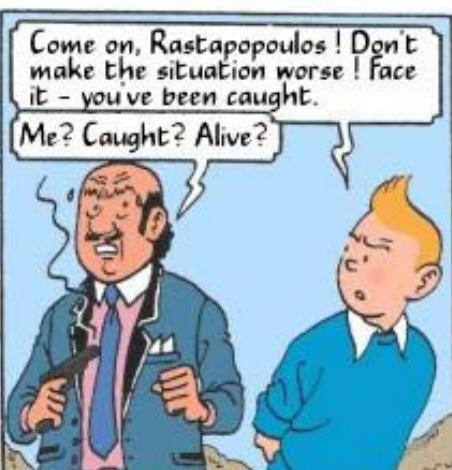
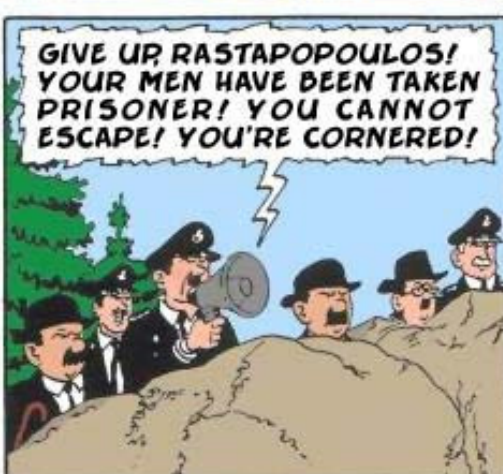
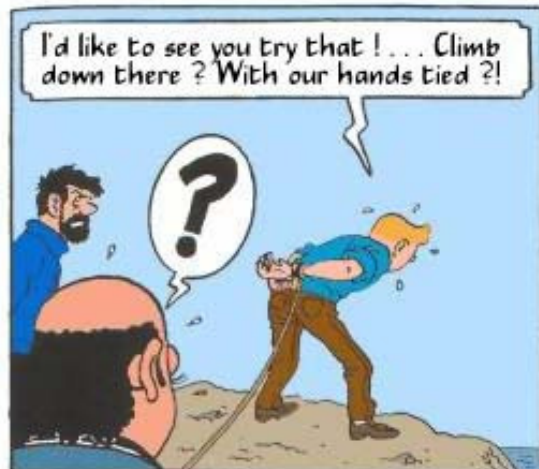




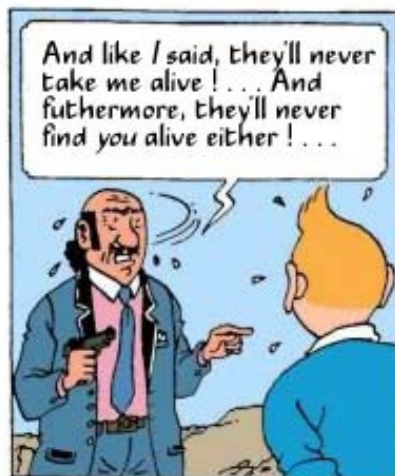
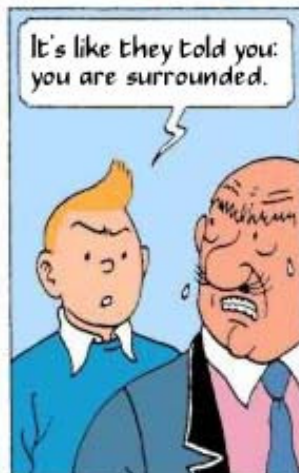
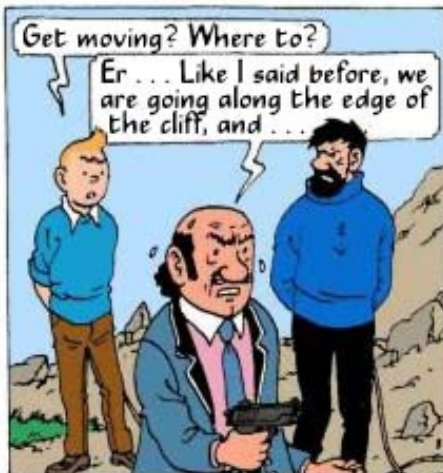
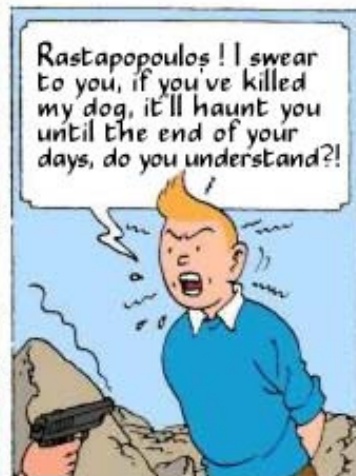
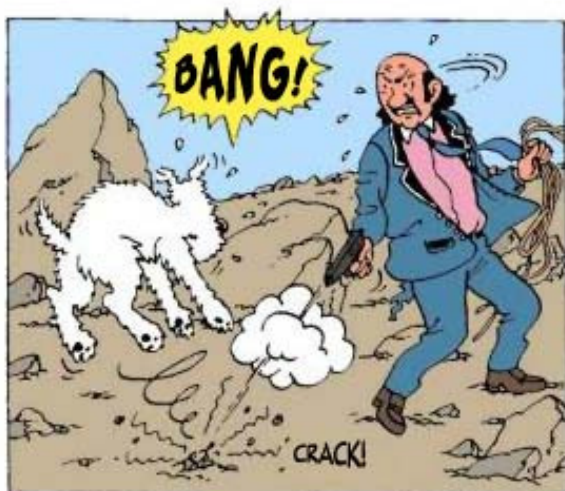




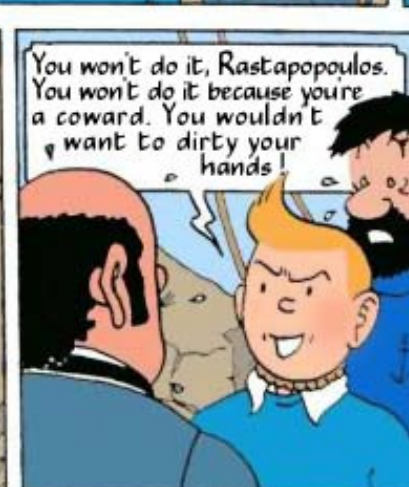




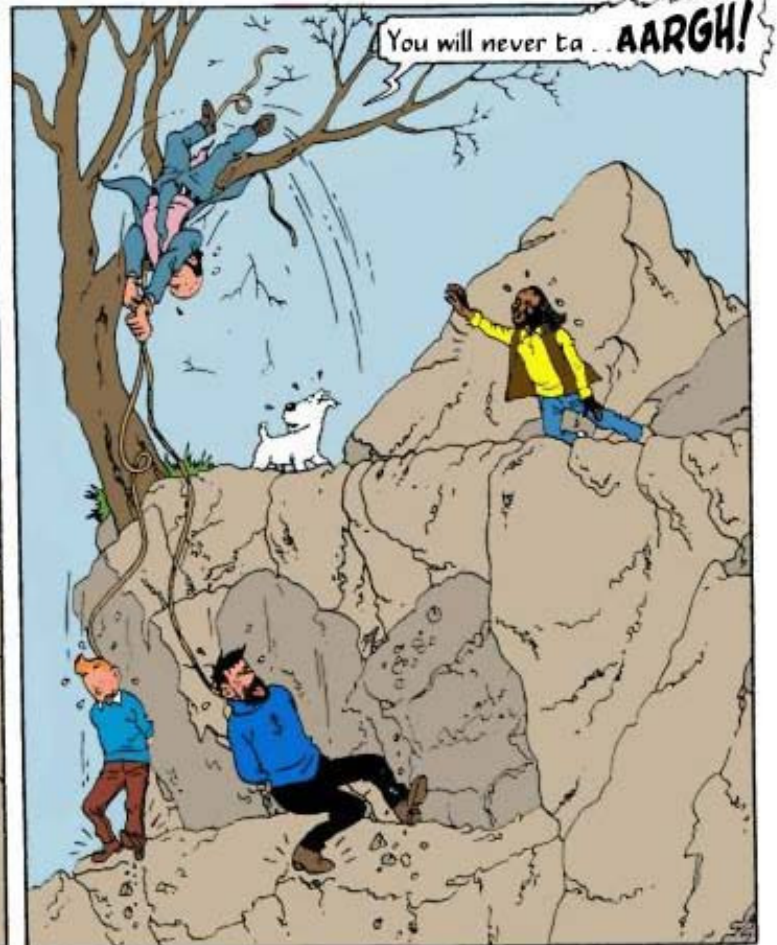




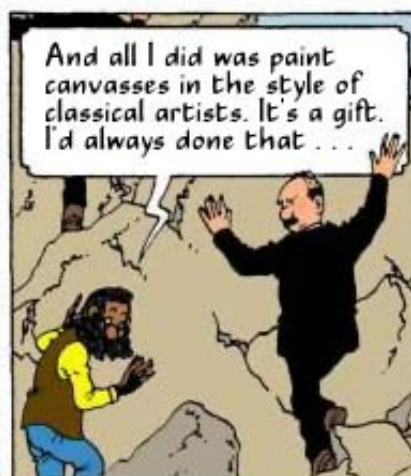
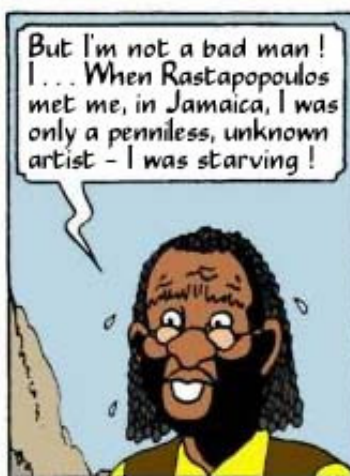
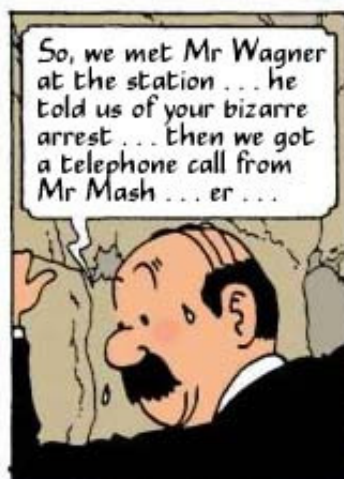
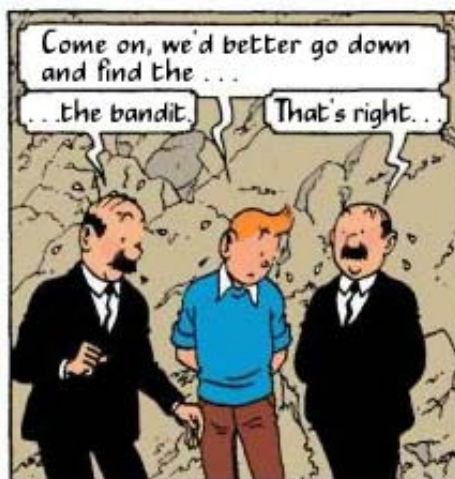
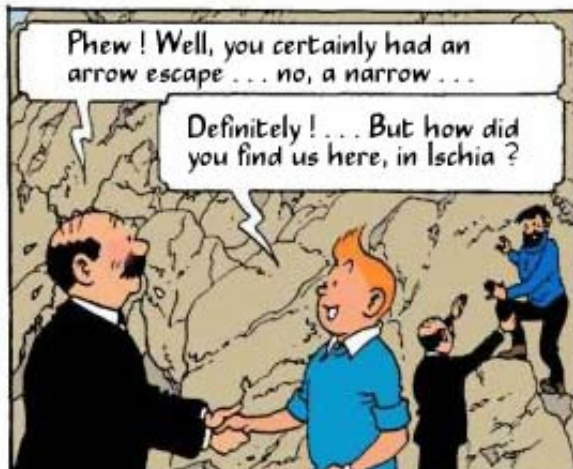
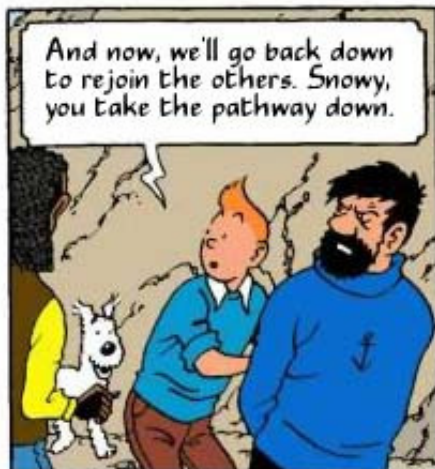
















**h-Art: the**

**KASTAPOPOULOS: TALENTED FRAUD**  
Robert Kastapopoulos, who the entire world has known since the "Red Sea Sharks" affair, as it has come to be known, when his private launch sank in the Red Sea, and it was believed he died. However, he had faked his death. The guise of Euphrosyne Kassis, thanks to "The Master" and plastic surgery. "The Master" used this as a cover for a more sinister business - art forgery on a grand scale.



Rand Nash, the artist behind the forging ring which has rocked the art world to the core, spoke to the 'Daily Reporter' about his part in the business.

"I was the artist who produced the paintings, but I'm not a forger," he said, "and I want to tell people

When asked about recent events, the Emir said: "I knew that Tintin and Captain Haddock were innocent. They are close 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 duck when I was in hiding in the Djebel mountains. But I now have absolute no intention of building art galleries in Wadnad.

"The future of Kheerd is in art, but in oil. I am planning to build some derricks when I return. I want to expand the current oil fields - there are

The reporter Tintin foils an international



FROM LEFT : HADDOCK,  
SNOWY & TINTIN

PICASSO, MONET, AND MODERNISM

In the cellar of the villa belonging to Restapoulou, the police found a large number of canvases ready for dispatch. There was nothing remarkable about this - Nass Nash often visited the villa. However, the matter became somewhat more curious when the paintings were signed by Modigliani . . . and all looked genuine. They were, in fact, painted by Nash, who supplied the forging king with duplicate masterpieces. They were then passed off as originals by Restapoulou, by having them authenticated by a well-known expert such as the unfortunate Jacques Monastir and Henri Fourcaud. These men were murdered by the gang, to protect the business that was being run.

Each was produced to the style of the original piece, and was then signed by Nash - with whose name was required. It believed that



One of the most inf-  
amous terrorists of  
our time, the criminal  
stermind Roberto  
Stepopoulos, was  
led yesterday on  
island of Ischia-  
aly.

TIMOTHY JAMES

It was at this  
that the young rep  
intervened. Accord  
to Mr Tintin, Mr

...losing under the guise  
of mystical guru  
Sudaddine Akase  
Rastapopoulos  
the head of  
national  
forger

The reporter Timin, famous for his adventures around the world, and even to the Moon, has foiled the schemes, for the final time, of the criminal mastermind, Kastapopoulos. It was he that, during an attempt on the lives of the young reporter and his friend, Archibald Snodcock, retired merchant shipping captain, that Kastapopoulos was thrown off balance by the timely intervention of Sam Nash, the creator of Alph-Art, who was

RASTAPOPOULOS, BEFORE  
KASS, THANKS TO P  
the money  
ES  
What will  
of us,

At times, the fact that each day would bring three million calls to the Wash usually compels new paintings we own. during a fight one is lost his footing. ersity and fell to his is no report indicates off; body will be factly hurt. he was in the them."

**ACCOMPLICE?**  
Allan Thomson, the right hand man to the assassins in the "Sea Sharks" case, has been

Two days later...

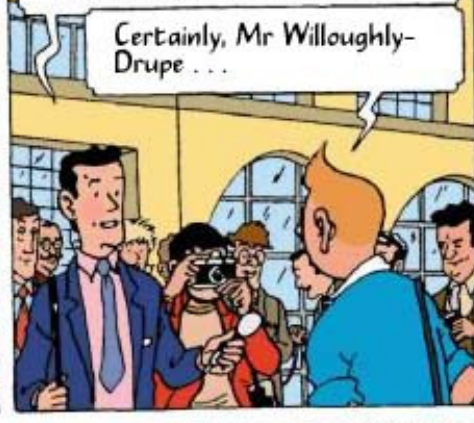


By thunder ! More journalists



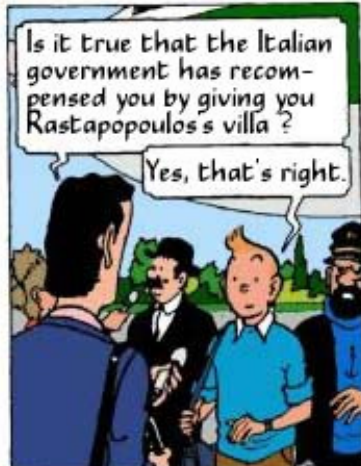
Mr Tintin, a few words ? ...

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-  
Drupe . . .



Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Bastagnonoulas villa?

Yes, that's right.



Do you plan to stay there?

Blistering barnades!  
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?

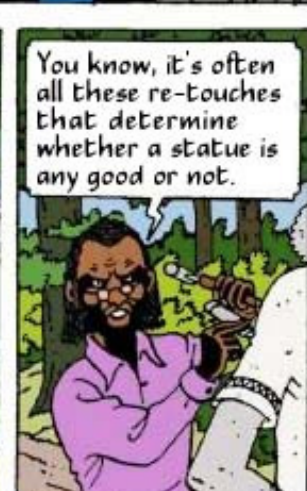
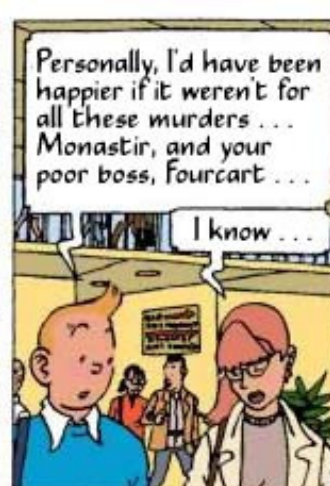
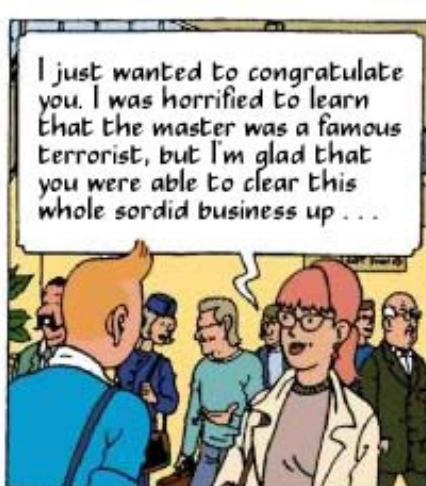
Yes, that's true



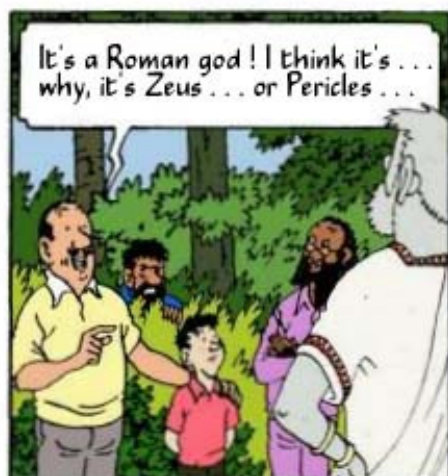
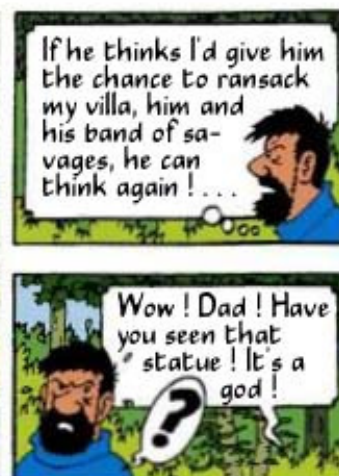
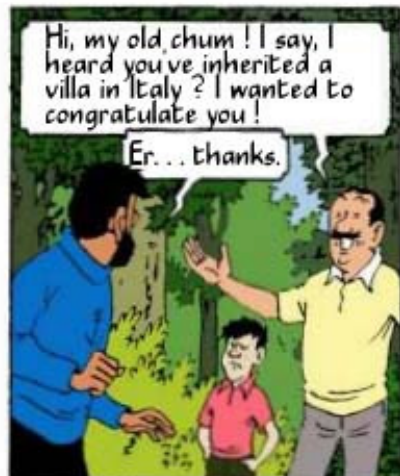
Mr Tintin . .















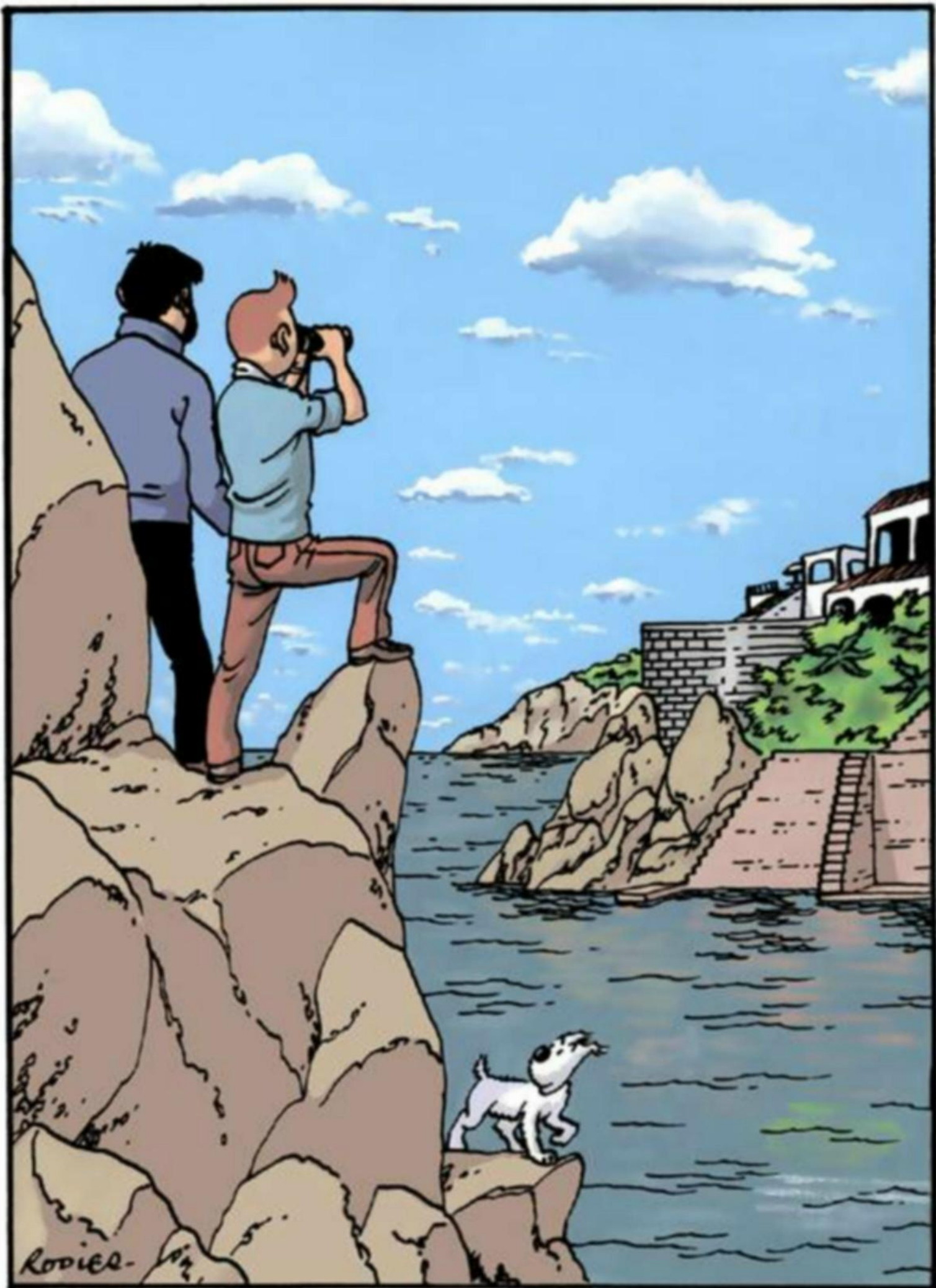
























# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

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.