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KNOCK KNOCK

MISTER OR MRS. BARKER? NYPD. OPEN UP, PLEASE.

FOLKS, I HATE TO INSIST, BUT I REALLY HAVE TO. MISTER OR MRS. BARK--

"MISTER" BARKER WALKED OUT WITH THE NEIGHBORHOOD FLOOZY YEARS AGO! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

MRS. BARKER, WE'RE SORRY FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE, BUT WE--

ALL RIGHT, MRS. BARKER. WE RECEIVED CALLS FROM YOUR NEIGHBORS ABOUT A "DISTURBANCE" OF SOME KIND.

MY NEIGHBORS ARE PIGS WHO DON'T MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOUTING, AND THINGS BEING BROKEN. IF I COULD COME IN...?

OFFICER, I JUST CAME OFF A DOUBLE SHIFT AT THE PANCAKE HOUSE. CAN WE CUT TO THE CHASE?

WAIT, WAIT, WAIT, JUST WAIT, OKAY?

GOD, I NEEDED THIS!

TWO HOURS OF GUYS PINCHING MY BUTT, FOOD GETTING SPILLED ON ME, AND NOW I HAVE TO COME HOME AND DEAL WITH KOJAK.

MRS. BARKER, I'LL TRY TO KEEP THIS AS BRIEF AS POSS--

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR IS HAVING A FLING WITH THE MAILMAN. KEEPS THE BLINDS OPEN. DID I CALL THE POLICE? NO.

YOU HAVE A WARRANT?

THIS ISN'T A SEARCH, MRS. BARKER, ALTHOUGH IF YOU WANT TO BE DIFFICULT, I CAN--

WANT TO BE DIFFICULT, I CAN--

MRS. BARKER, I'LL TRY TO KEEP THIS AS BRIEF AS POSS--

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR IS HAVING A FLING WITH THE MAILMAN. KEEPS THE BLINDS OPEN. DID I CALL THE POLICE? NO.

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MRS. BARKER, I'LL TRY TO KEEP THIS AS BRIEF AS POSS--

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR IS HAVING A FLING WITH THE MAILMAN. KEEPS THE BLINDS OPEN. DID I CALL THE POLICE? NO.

WANT TO BE DIFFICULT, I CAN--

THE FOLKS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF ME SNORT AT LEAST TWO LINES OF COKE EVERY EVENING BEFORE SUPPER. DO I LIGHT THE BAT-SIGNAL? Uhh-uh. I MIND MY OWN BUSINESS.

THE BAT-SIGNAL'S GOTHAM, MA'AM. THIS IS BROOKLYN.

WHATEVER. SCOTCH?

NO, THANK YOU. MA'AM, WAS THERE BREAKAGE GOING ON HERE EARLIER?

ARTHURRR!

MA'AM, COULD YOU LOWER YOUR VOI--

YEAH, MOM? OH, AM I, LIKE, IN TROUBLE?

ARTHUR, THIS IS KOJAK. KOJAK, MY SON, ARTHUR.

OFFICER ARUNDEL, ACTUALLY.

WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR HANDS, ARTHUR?

OH, SORRY. THAT'S, UH, CLAY. I WAS DOWN IN THE BASEMENT MAKING, UH...

...STATUES.

EVIL.

MA'AM...?

MOM, UH... DOESN'T LIKE MY WORK.

OF WHAT?

MOM DOESN'T LIKE ME, UH...
MAKING STATUES. SHE SAYS IT'S,
UH... A WASTE OF TIME. SOMETIMES
SHE LETS ME DO ASHTRAYS AND
STUFF, BUT NOTHING BEYOND THAT.
BUT SHE CAME HOME
AND I'D JUST HAD THIS
IMAGE IN MY HEAD,
AND SHE, UM...

WELL...
SHE DIDN'T
LIKE IT.

I... SEE.

YOU DON'T SEE
SQUAT, KOJAK.

AND YOU
DON'T KNOW
SQUAT.

BUT ME... I KNOW
THERE'S NO LAW
AGAINST SMASHING
UP SOME CRUDGY
STATUES IN THE
PRIVACY OF YOUR
OWN HOUSE.

NOW
VAMOOSE.

WELL?

I DON'T KNOW
WHO I FEEL
MORE SORRY FOR...
HER OR HIM.

HER
OR HIM
WHO?

NEVER MIND. I
TOLD HER TO KEEP
IT QUIET. NOT MUCH TO
DO BEYOND THAT.

MOM, I'M YAWNIN' I'M
SORRY. I KNOW YOU DON'T
WANT... I MEAN...

I'M JUST
YAWNIN' SORRY.
CAN I... GO TO
BED NOW?

ARTHUR...?

YES.
NOW YOU
CAN.

YEAH,
MOM?

YOU MAKE SOMETHING
LIKE THAT IN THE BASEMENT
AGAIN, I SWEAR TO GOD
YOU'RE DEAD.

I STILL CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU'RE NOT
DEAD. I THOUGHT...

I KNOW,
I KNOW...

I SPOKE
AT YOUR
MEMORIAL
SERVICE!

I READ THE
TRANSCRIPT.

I ESPECIALLY
LIKED THE PART
ABOUT, "SHE WAS
LIKE A BELOVED
COUSIN TO ME."

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

PETER DAVID, writer
LEONARD KIRK &
ROBIN RIGGS, artists
GENE D'ANGELO, colorist
DIGITAL CHAMELEON, seps
BILL OAKLEY, letters
MIKE McAVENTIE, editor

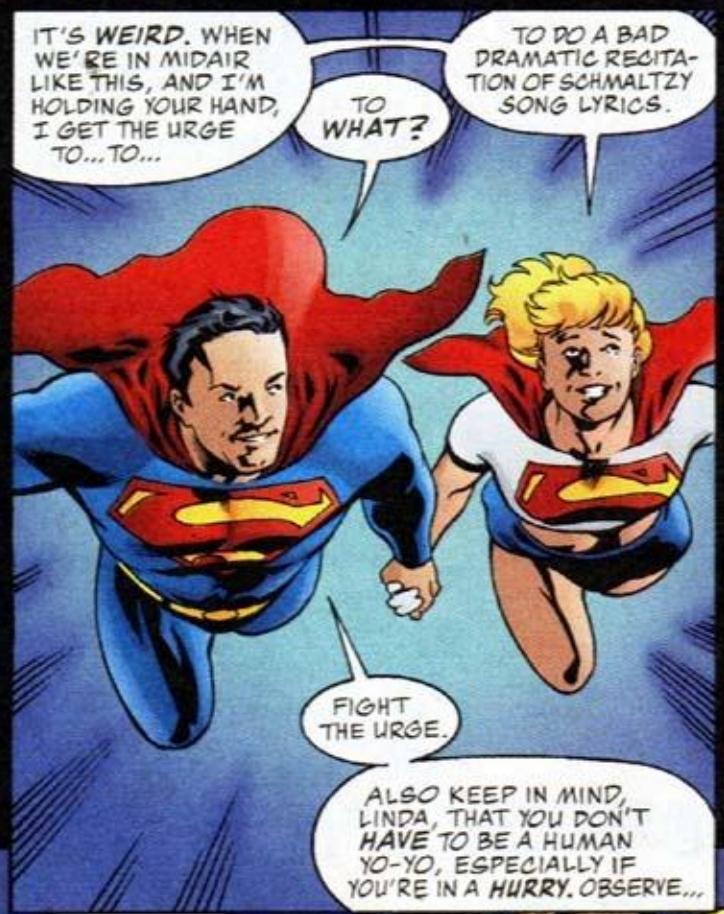
SUPERMAN
created by
JERRY
SIEGEL
& JOE
SHUSTER

OKAY, HERE
COMES THE PART
I'M SHAKY ON: THE
LANDING.

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SO YOU'RE SEARCHING
FOR... THE REST OF
YOURSELF?

ALIVE PLANET!

AND YOU DON'T
WANT ANY SORT OF
MAJOR PUBLIC
ANNOUNCEMENT
THAT YOU'RE
ALIVE...

I CAN KEEP
THE BELIEF IN
SUPergirl, AND IN
WHAT SHE STANDS FOR,
ALIVE JUST BY DOING
WHAT I'M DOING. IF
NOTHING ELSE, I DON'T
WANNA HOLD A PRESS
CONFERENCE AND EXPLAIN
TO A ROOMFUL OF
REPORTERS--

BASICALLY,
YEAH. THE PART OF
ME YOU USED TO CALL
"MAE"... THE EARTH ANGEL
ASPECT... AND SOMEHOW
THE CHAOS STREAM IS
SUPPOSED TO LEAD ME
TO HER. AT LEAST,
THAT'S WHAT I UNDER-
STAND OF IT.

SOUNDS
TO ME LIKE
YOU'RE
TAKING A
LOT OF
THIS ON
FAITH.

WELL,
THAT KINDA
COMES WITH
THE WHOLE
"ANGEL"
TERRITORY,
Y'KNOW?

--WHY "SUPergirl"
IS SUDDENLY SIX
INCHES SHORTER AND
CONSIDERABLY LESS,
UH...

...SHAPELY.

DON'T SELL
YOURSELF
SHORT. YOUR
"SHAPE" IS
JUST FINE.

THANKS. I'M
FLATTERED.

IF THERE'S
ANYTHING I CAN
DO TO HELP... ANY-
THING YOU NEED...

IT'S...
SORT OF A PERSONAL,
SELF-DISCOVERY KINDA
QUEST THING, Y'KNOW?
PROBABLY BEST IF I
MANAGE ON MY OWN
AS MUCH AS I CAN.

ALTHOUGH,
LOOK, DO ME ONE
FAVOR, WOULD
YA?

NAME
IT.

GODSPEED.

I'LL TELL
HIM YOU SAID
SO IF I SEE
HIM AGAIN.

SPREAD THE WORD
TO THE BRETHREN, OKAY?
TO THE REST OF THE MASK
PACK, I MEAN. TELL 'EM IF
THEY ENCOUNTER A SHORTISH
BLONDE WITH A WHITE TEE
AND A BLUE SKIRT, THAT I'M
KINDA SORTA THE REAL SUPER-
DEAL, SO I DON'T HAVE TO
EXPLAIN OVER AND OVER.

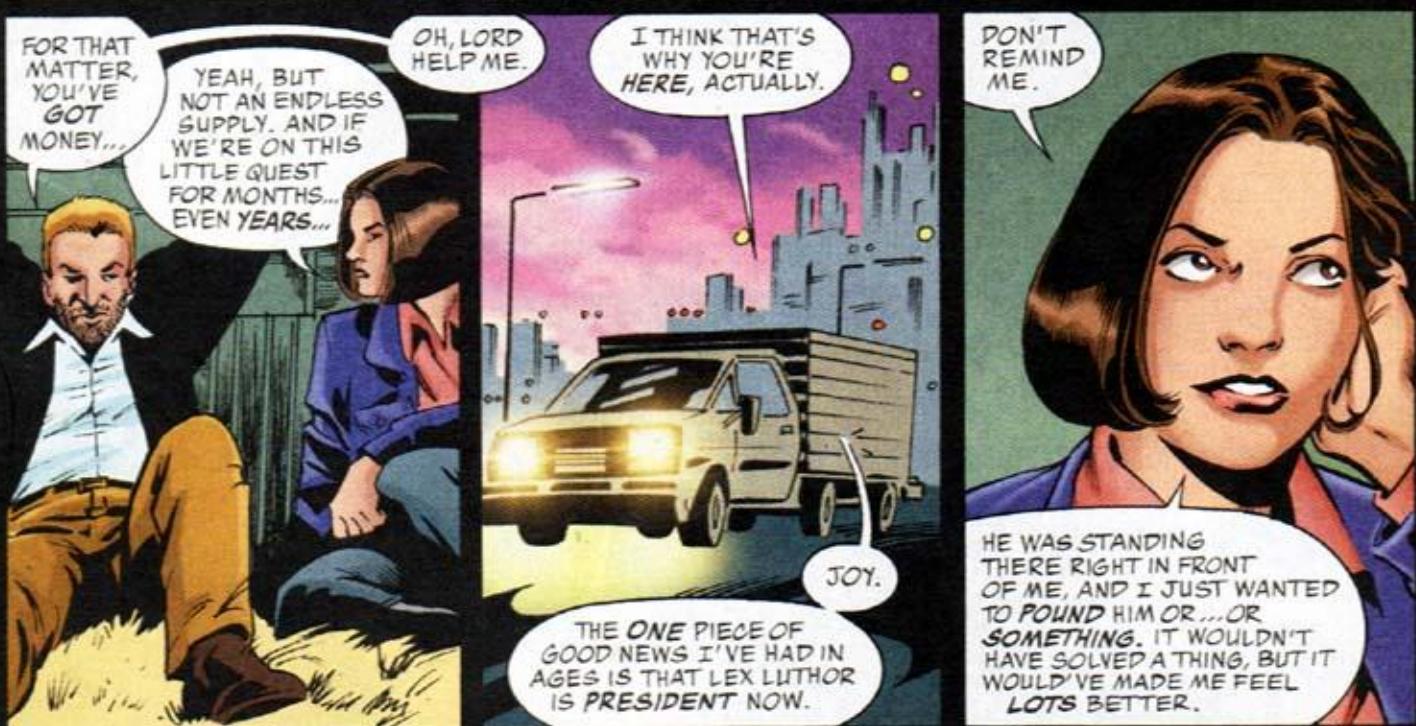
I
FIGURE,
IF YOU
VOUCH FOR
ME...

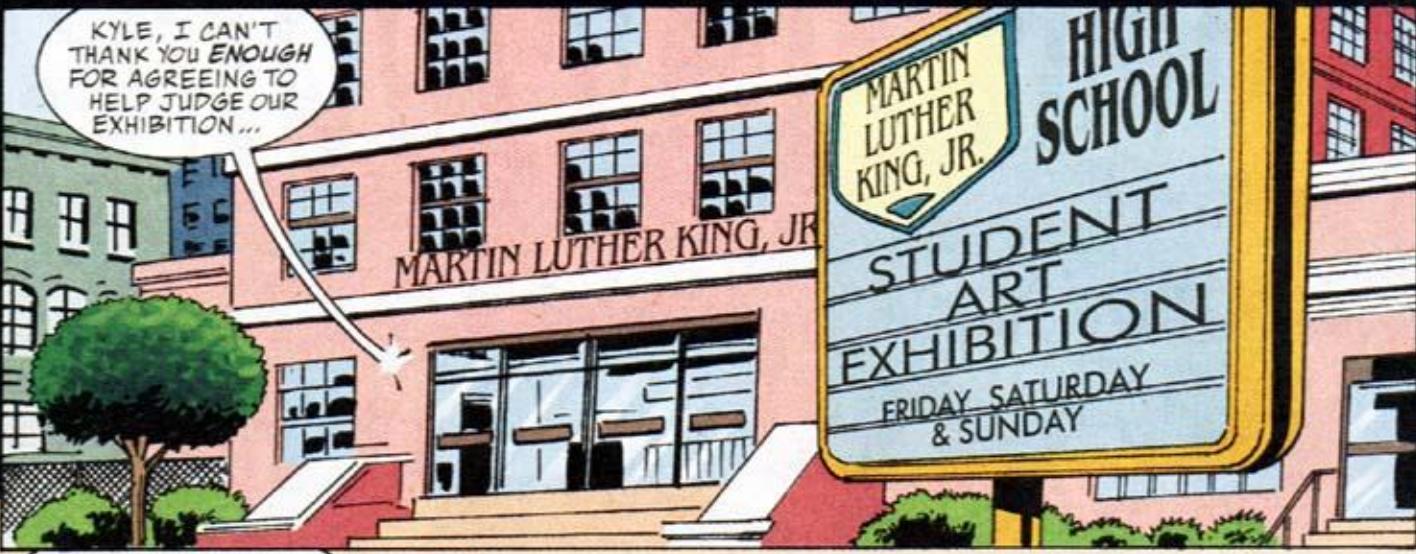
CONSIDER
IT DONE. AND
SUPergirl...

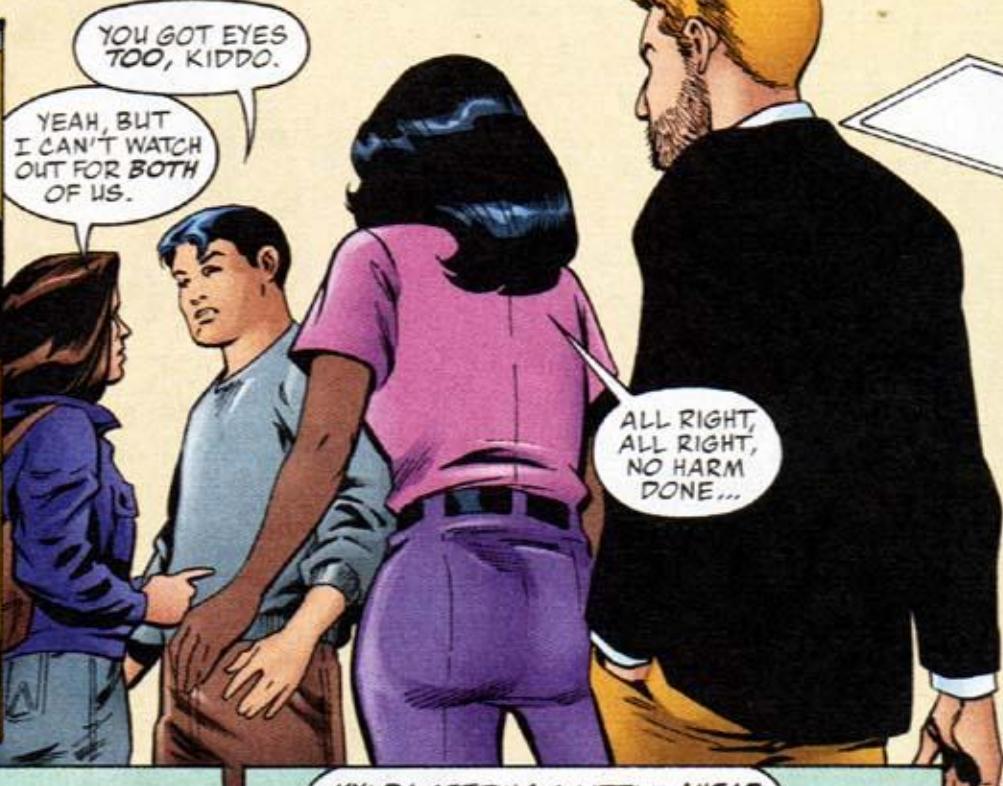
YEAH?











It's so hard to believe Buzz's claim that there's a Chaos Stream under here. Everything looks SO... SO NORMAL.

I'm glad I spotted this art show. It's nice to see the efforts of young artists...

Sounds like a whacked sequel to "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" -- "A Chaos Stream Flows in Brooklyn."

...although I think some of them are taking it just a little too seriously.

I'LL BE DOING AUTOGRAPHS LATER. ONE PER CUSTOMER. FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Wow. I mean... wow...

"WASN'T SURE"? HOW CAN YOU NOT BE SURE? THIS STUFF IS GREAT! IT'S... IT'S EXQUISITE!

THEY'RE AMONG MY FAVORITE PEOPLE. YOU SPECIALIZE IN 'EM?

YOU LIKE ANGELS?

JUST STARTED.
I'VE DONE OTHER STUFF THAT'S--

YOU... YOU THINK THEY'RE NICE?

THE JUDGES HAVEN'T COME AROUND YET, SO I WASN'T SURE...

OHHH, THIS IS GONNA BE BAD...

ART!!

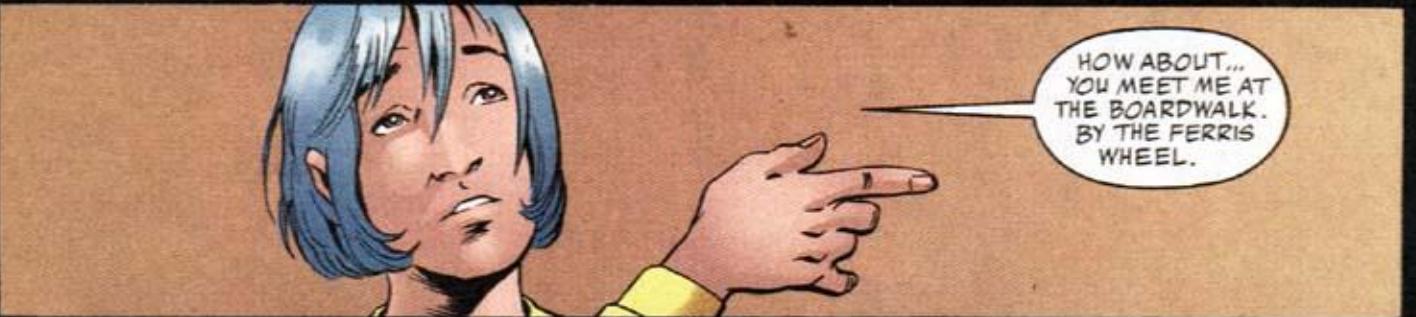
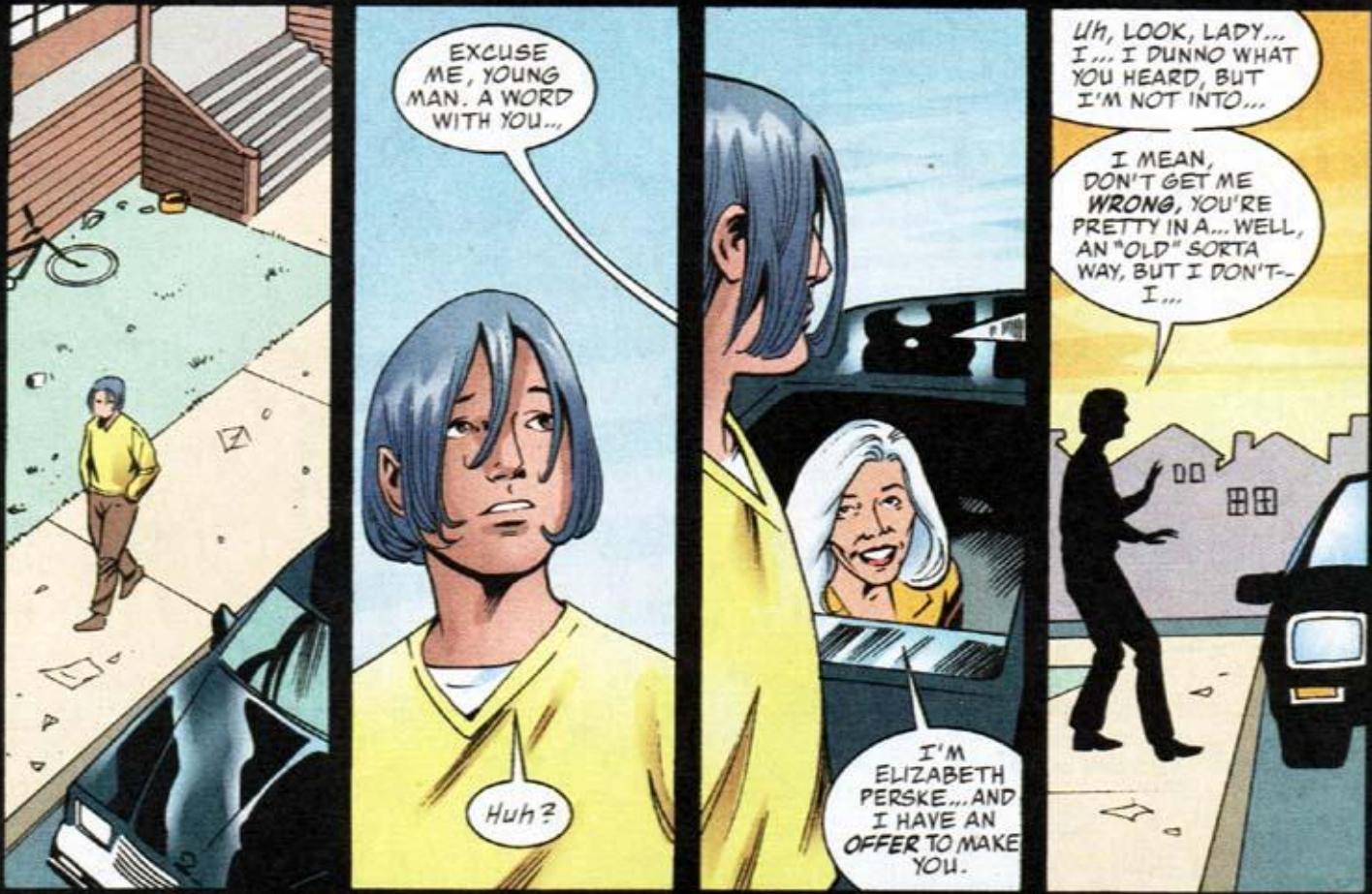
WHO THE HECK IS--?

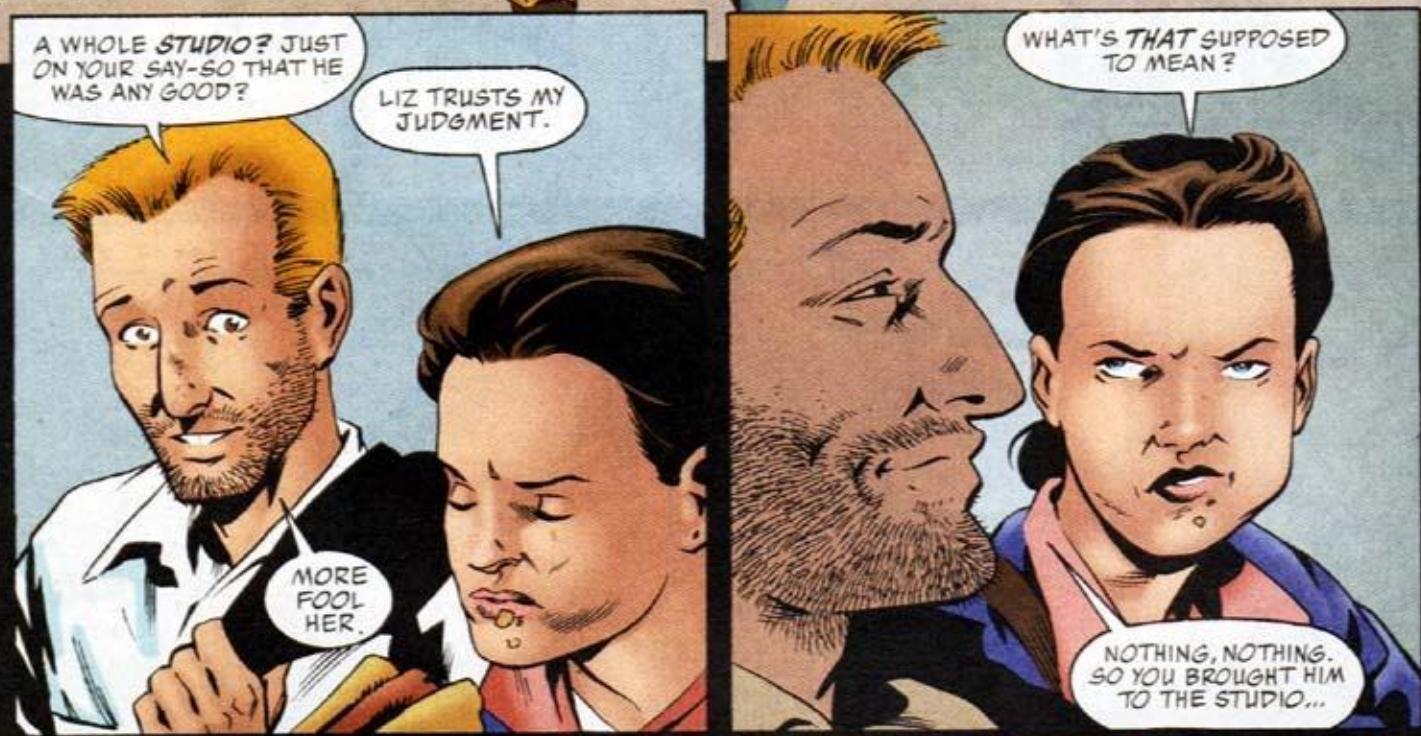
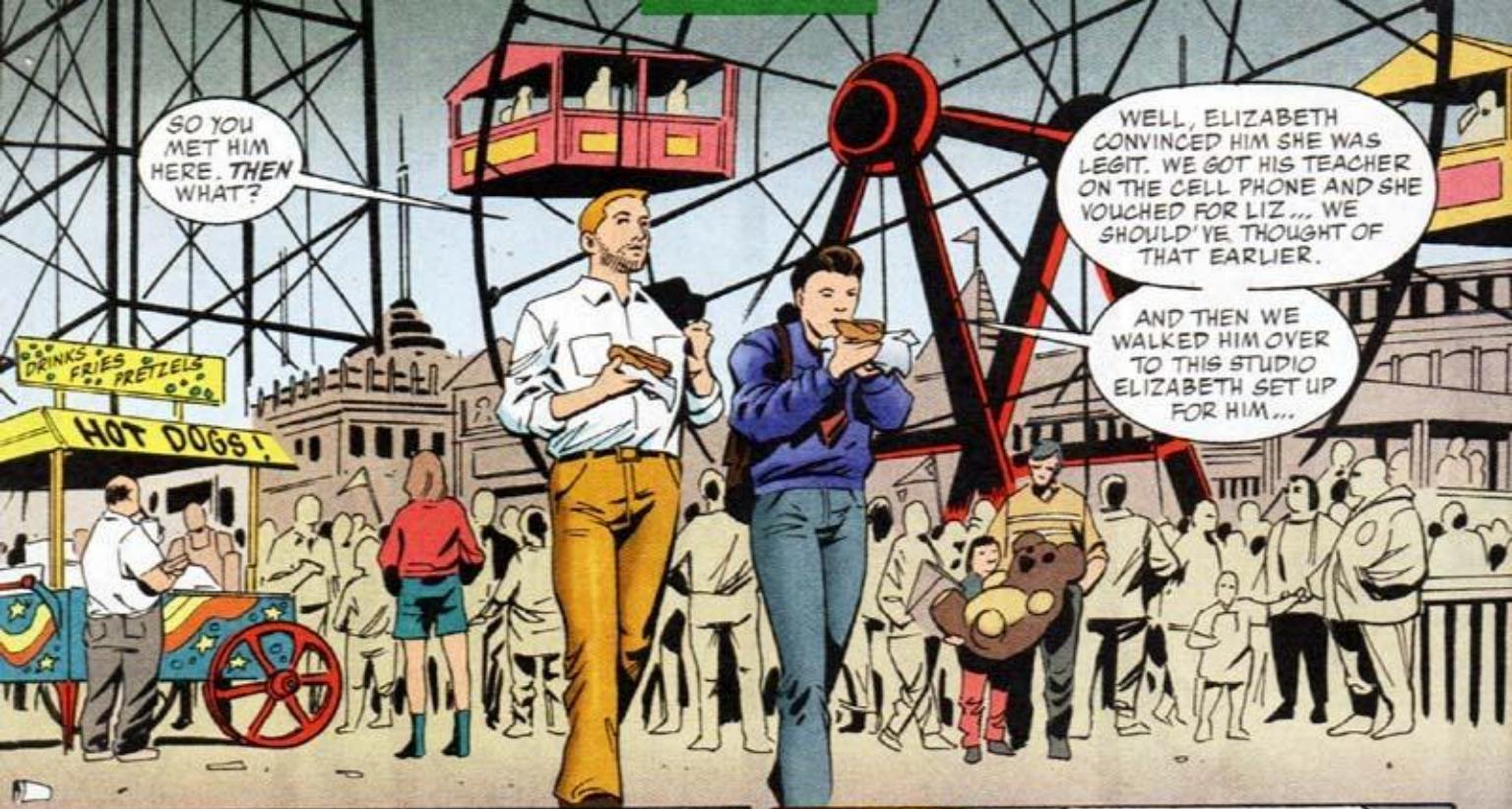












NO, BUT ELIZABETH INSISTED THAT WE KEEP IT A SECRET AS BRIEFLY AS POSSIBLE. SHE SAID ART'S MOM HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW.

NOW THAT ART IS SETTLED IN, LIZ IS TAKING HIS MOM OVER TO THE STUDIO. SHE'S COUNTING ON HER "WAY WITH PEOPLE" TO BRING HER AROUND. SHE'LL PROBABLY WAVE A TON OF CASH IN HER FACE AND THAT'LL BE THAT.

AS FOR ARTIE, YOU BETTER HOPE THAT... OH, NEVER MIND.

WHAT? IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, SAY IT.

LOOK... KID... I KNOW YOU'RE TRYIN' T'HELP AND ALL...

...BUT Y'ASK ME, YOU'RE LETTIN' YER EGO GET IN THE WAY.

MY "EGO"? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

GOOD. THE SOONER WE LEAVE THIS BURG, THE BETTER. I FEEL LIKE SOMEONE'S WATCHING ME.

YOU'RE SO SURE YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THE MOTHER. THAT SHE'S A BIG, ANGRY BULLY WHO WON'T LET LITTLE ARTIE HAVE FUN WITH PLAY-DOUGH, JUST TO BE MEAN, 'CAUSE SHE HATES THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE.

WHAT'S YOUR POINT HERE, BUZZ?

"MY POINT, LUV, IS THAT I LOOKED IN THE MOTHER'S EYES WHEN SHE WAS SMASHIN' THOSE THINGS. WHEN SHE WAS DRAGGING HER SON AWAY. AND I DIDN'T SEE ANGER, OR HATRED, OR MEANNESS. NO, WHAT I SAW...

"... WAS PURE, GUT-WRENCHING, MIND-NUMBING TERROR.

"SHE'S AFRAID OF HER SON, LUV. OF HIS SCULPTING. AND IF I WAS YOU... I'D BE BUSY ASKING--"

WHY?! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO INTERFERE?!



WHY DID YOU HAVE TO
MIX IN? YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

YES, I DO. I'VE
GIVEN A TALENTED
ARTIST A CHANCE TO
SHOW WHAT HE CAN
ACCOMPLISH.

BELIEVE ME, LADY,
I KNOW WHAT HE CAN
DO. IT'S WHY WE HAD
TO MOVE, WHY MY
HUSBAND IS GONE,
WHY...

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

WELL, GREAT. NEXT
TIME DON'T MESS
WITH THINGS YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND.

ARE WE
ALMOST
THERE?

IT'S JUST UP
AROUND THE
BLOCK.

THANK GOD.
MAYBE IT'S NOT
TOO LATE.

"BY NOW, IT'S PROBABLY
TOO LATE."

YOU'RE...
YOU'RE JUST
SAYING THIS TO
MAKE ME...

I DON'T KNOW
WHY YOU'RE SAY-
ING THIS.

BECAUSE YOU ASKED
ME. LOOK, MAYBE I'M
WRONG. I HOPE I AM,
BECAUSE I DON'T NEED
THE GRIEF ANY MORE THAN
YOU DO. BUT IF I'M
CORRECT... THEN LIZZIE AND
MUMSY ARE PROBABLY
SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF
SOMETHING NASTY RIGHT
ABOUT NOW. ME, I
DON'T CARE. DO YOU?

OHHHHH,
CRUD...

AMATEURS.





HELLO, MOTHER.
HELLO, MS. PERSKE.
YOU KNOW... ALL
ARTISTS HAVE TO BE
WILLING TO MAKE
SACRIFICES FOR THEIR
WORK... AND SO I'VE
DECIDED...

..THAT I'M
GOING TO
SACRIFICE THE
TWO OF YOU. BUT
YOU CAN TAKE
COMFORT IN THE
FACT THAT IT'S
ALL IN THE
NAME...

...OF
ART.

To Be Continued!