

JACK KIRBY COLLECTOR SIXTY-ONE \$10.95



Jack Kirby '76

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("Mechanoid" and Kirby Unleashed mailing envelope art)

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(above) In *TJKC* #56, we showed Jack's concept piece for She-Demon, with full notations. Here's an additional money-shot meant to help sell the 1979 idea.
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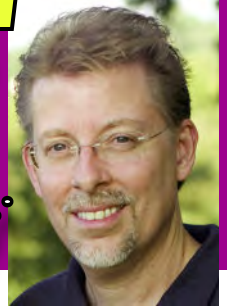
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OPENING SHOT

KIRBY HAD AN ODD, OPERATIC STYLE TO HIS WRITING, WITH A LOT OF PURPLE PROSE, INEXPLICABLE "QUOTATION MARKS," & EXCLAMATION MARKS!! I CALL IT...

THE "!!" EFFECT

by editor John Morrow



TERMS LIKE "ARTIST," "SCRIPTER," "WRITER," "ILLUSTRATOR," DON'T ENCAPSULATE WHAT KIRBY WAS: A "STORYTELLER!"

IN THE SAME WAY HE DIDN'T APPROACH DRAWING LIKE ANYONE, HE DIDN'T APPROACH "CONCEPTING" LIKE ANYONE ELSE.

A TRAINED WRITER OR NOVELIST WILL PICK UP KIRBY'S PROSE AND SAY, "THIS GUY IS RAW AND UNTRAINED," AND MISS THE WHOLE POINT OF WHAT JACK IS DOING.

I WILL NEVER, EVER SAY THAT KIRBY WAS A GREAT "WRITER." I WILL SAY KIRBY WAS A GREAT WRITER. IT'S THE SAME WORD, BUT IN MY HEAD THEY MEAN TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.

HE WAS BETTER ABLE TO GET HIS IDEAS ACROSS BY DRAWING SHAPES WITH A PENCIL, THAN BY PUNCHING KEYS ON A KEYBOARD.

HIS WRITING WAS AS BIG, PUNCHY, AND POWERFUL AS HIS ARTWORK!!

IN THE SAME WAY HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME OR INTEREST FOR DRAWING PHOTO-REALISTIC IMAGES, HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME OR INCLINATION TO FUSS AROUND WITH "FLOWERING-UP" HIS WRITING. HE HAD DEADLINES TO MEET; WAY MORE THAN ANY OTHER ARTIST OR WRITER. EVEN WHEN HE WASN'T WRITING THE ACTUAL WORDS IN THE BALLOONS, HE WAS DOING MUCH OF THE WRITING, TAKING THAT DEADLINE OFF THE "WRITER'S" SHOULDERS.



HE CAME FROM GERMANIC ANCESTRY, WITH WAGNERIAN OPERAS IN HIS HEAD, WHICH HE PLAYED OUT ON PAPER. HIS WRITING/DIALOGUE/ WORDS ON A PAGE MAY NOT APPEAL TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC, MUCH THE WAY OPERA DOES NOT APPEAL TO THE MASSES. OPERA IS AN "ACQUIRED TASTE," AND ONE THAT TO THIS DAY IS FOR A MORE MATURE, KNOWLEDGEABLE AUDIENCE, NOT YOUR AVERAGE GUY ON THE STREET.

THINK BACK: THE FIRST TIME YOU SAW KIRBY'S ARTWORK, WASN'T IT RATHER OFF-PUTTING, WITH SQUARE FINGERS AND KNEES, AND ALL OF HIS LONG-HAIRED BLOND CHARACTERS LOOKING VIRTUALLY THE SAME? MOST OF HIS WOMEN LOOKED ALIKE TOO—THE SAME BIG, BUXOM BODY TYPE. BEGINNING COMICS READERS DISMISS HIS ART WITH "THIS GUY CAN'T DRAW," IN MUCH THE WAY THAT NEOPHYTE COMICS READERS WILL DISMISS HIS DIALOGUE AS "THIS GUY CAN'T WRITE." BUT AS YOU GET INTO IT, IN THE SAME WAY YOU LEARN TO APPRECIATE HIS ART STYLE AS VISUAL SHORTHAND, YOU LEARN TO APPRECIATE HIS SCRIPTING/DIALOGUE AS VERBAL SHORTHAND FOR TELLING A POWERFUL STORY.

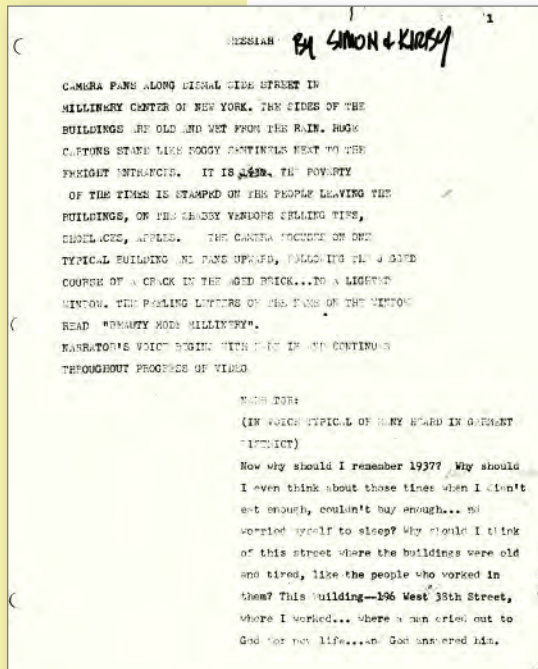
YOU CAN'T TELL ME HIS NEXT-ISSUE BLURBS DON'T LEAVE YOU WITH ANTICIPATION FOR NEXT MONTH, OR HIS COVER BLURBS DON'T MAKE YOU WANT TO BUY THAT ISSUE...

(right) David Folkman watches Jack in his studio, following a swim in the Kirbys' pool in 1981.

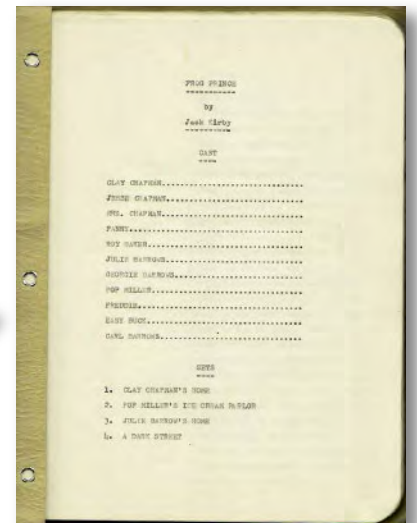
(next page, top) Jack at work in his studio, July 23, 1991.

Photos courtesy of & © David Folkman.

(below) Jack worked with Joe Simon on several screenplays in the 1940s and '50s, including *Fish In A Barrel*, and *Messiah* (first page shown here).



(below) Jack's grandson Jeremy Kirby is raising funds for a coffeetable book that will include a never-before-seen play by Kirby titled "The Frog Prince." See more at: <http://www.kickstarter.com/projects/1478125734/personal-look-into-the-life-of-jack-kirby-the-king>



THAT IS STRONG TALK... WHOEVER YOU ARE

by Mike Breen

QUICK QUIZ - CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE SOURCES OF ALL THESE TYPICAL KIRBY QUOTES?

1. IT'LL SURE GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT WITH HIS FELLOW "SHUT-INS!"
2. THAT IS STRONG TALK... WHOEVER YOU ARE!
3. MY WRATH CAN EASILY REAWAKEN THEIR FEARS!
4. EASY! DON'T BORROW TROUBLE BEFORE IT STARTS!
5. FATE HAS GRANTED YOU A REPRIEVE, _____! ... NOW SPEAK... OR GIVE BATTLE!
6. AND NOW THE WORD IS... GO! GO! GO!
7. I ABSORBED IT, STORED IT, AND NOW... I'M RETURNING IT!
8. _____ NOW HAS ALL OF ETERNITY TO SCHEME IN A MUCH LARGER DOMAIN!
THE UNIVERSE ITSELF!

(previous page)
Pencil detail from
Jimmy Olsen #145
(Jan. 1972, top) and
Mister Miracle #7
(Feb. 1972, bottom);
note Jack's designa-
tion in the margin.

I was stumped the first time I was presented with these. #1 has got the trademark quotation marks around a very singular expression. #3 could be any number of bad guys, from Darkseid to any number of less memorable '70s villains. #4 I would have sworn was from "The Losers"—it just sounds like Sarge giving the benefit of his experience to Gunner. #5 I thought was a typically aggressive challenge from someone like Orion, and #6 has got to be from Kirby's '70s run on *Captain America*, hasn't it?





This question's from Jan Bradshaw:

You wrote that Jack attended every Comic-Con International except one during his lifetime. What do you remember about the first one?

The first one was the first real comic book convention in San Diego. Matter of fact, I believe it was the first multi-day comic convention west of the Mississippi River. It wasn't called Comic-Con International then. They had to go through several names before we got to that. We convened at the Golden State Comic Book Convention, held August 1-3, 1970 in the basement of the U.S. Grant Hotel in San Diego.

That convention was preceded by a one-day "dry run" event in the same place on March 21 of that same year. The big comics guest of honor that day was Mike Royer, who was

then working for Warren Publishing on *Creepy*, *Eerie* and *Vampirella*, as well as working for Gold Key Comics and with Russ Manning on the *Tarzan* newspaper strip. At the time, Mike was still a year or two away from becoming Jack's full-time inker, though he did ink a few random pieces for Jack either shortly before the one-day con or shortly after. You all know the famous self-portrait of Jack at the board.

I did not attend the one-day affair and neither did Jack. He and Roz were present for at least a few days of every one of his lifetime except for the year he had his heart attack. He was probably the first important person in comics to support the convention and the only one I ever heard who accurately predicted how big it would become. He said to me back in the days when attendance at the annual events seemed stalled at about three thousand, "This convention will someday take over the entire city. It will be the place where Hollywood comes to sell the movies they made last year and to find out what they're going to make next year."

That's not an exact quote but it's close. I didn't believe it at the time but now, every year, there's a moment when I especially recall it. It's when I'm driving through San Diego, en route to that year's congregation, still a mile or two from the convention center. I see banners and welcoming signs and people in costume and I think, "Just like Jack said..."

I only went to one day of that first one... Saturday. Early that morning, four of us drove down there. My then-collaborator Steve Sherman was behind the wheel of his Plymouth. I was in the passenger seat. In the back were Steve's brother Gary and our friend, cartoonist Bruce Simon. Steve picked me up at my house at 8 a.m. He pulled up out front and I ran out and jumped in, not noticing that my father's car was not in its usual place in the driveway.

My father was not up and out of the house at that ungodly (for a Saturday) hour. He was sound asleep inside. It wasn't until I got home that night that I learned his car had been stolen overnight. That has nothing to do with the con or Jack, but it was all part of that surreal (for me) day.

We made it down to San Diego by around 10:30 as I recall. I believe Jack and his family just came down for the day also and they got there around Noon or 1 p.m. Shel Dorf, the most visible founder of the convention, kept coming up to me before their arrival, nervously asking if I had any word. In the era before cell phones, that was a much sillier question than it is now.

The main thing I remember was the sense of excitement that the con existed at all. Most reports say there were 300 attendees. I had the feeling there were more... but not many more. Whatever the turnout was, it was minuscule compared to a Comic-Con of this century. Today, there are more people than that at the con dressed as Zatanna.

The big event of the convention was a talk by Jack and pretty much everyone attending the con that day was there for it. They may even have closed down the Dealers' Room so the dealers could attend. I would guess about 200 people turned out to hear Jack.

We were not in a meeting room. The hotel's basement was undergoing extensive renovation and to go, say, from the Film Room to the Dealer's Room meant passing a lot of temporary plywood walls and walking on painters' plastic sheeting. I

don't think there even was a formal room for panels.

There was a large lobby-type area there in the basement and a small platform about six inches high. On the platform, there was an easel with a drawing pad.

About fifty chairs had been set out in rows and most folks stood or sat on the floor. I asked a teenaged fan to give up his seat for Roz and he looked at me like no one in the history of mankind had ever suggested



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(above, l to r) Kirby gives the keynote speech at a 1967 convention in New York. Photo by Mark Hanerfeld.

(right) Jack drew this quick sketch for Bob Beerbohm's wife in the 1980s. Bob has posted a fact-filled treatise that every Kirby/Lee fan should read on the Kirby Museum's site at: <http://kirbymuseum.org/blogs/dynamics/2012/02/11/goodman-vs-ditko-kirby-by-robert-beerbohm/>



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anything of the sort.

A few minutes before he was scheduled to speak, Jack asked me to get up there and introduce him. Whereupon I looked at him like no one in the history of mankind had ever suggested anything of the sort.

Today, I do panels in front of thousands of people at Comic-Con but back then, the idea of being before a crowd—even one that small, even for twenty seconds—terrified me. After all, no one knew who I was so I figured I'd get up there and everyone who'd convened to see Jack Kirby would wonder, "Who's *that* clown?" Which is certainly what I would have thought.

I probably need to supply some historical context here. This was August of '70. The news that Jack had left Marvel rocked the comic book industry the previous March... though in those days before the Internet or publications like *Comics Buyers Guide*, it hadn't travelled as far in that time as it would today in two minutes of Twittering. Many who showed up at the con were unaware Jack wasn't still happily banging out stories for *Fantastic Four* and *Thor*. One kid who'd brought his favorite issues of those and other Marvel titles to get signed asked me, "Does that mean he's not allowed to sign these?"

Apart from Jack, Steve and myself, there was really only one other person in attendance who was even vaguely in the comic book industry. His name was Mark Hanerfeld. Lemme tell you a little about Mark...

He was a very sweet guy who loved comics, especially DC Comics. A year or so later, he was an assistant editor at DC, working mainly with Joe Orlando. He did not work out



This Black Bolt pencil piece was used as the cover of *Marvelmania Magazine* #1 (1970), just as Jack left Marvel for DC Comics.



(above) A photo of Mark Hanerfeld, from a New York convention in the mid-Seventies, and (below) dressed as Abel at a Halloween party. Top photo by and courtesy Mark Evanier.

in that position but everyone around loved him... and Orlando immortalized him in comics. When it came time to design a host for the *House of Secrets* book, Joe based the look of that character, Abel, on Mark Hanerfeld.

At the time, Mark was hanging around the DC offices as a kind of unpaid intern. This was in the days before every company in America discovered the financial convenience of having unpaid interns do things that otherwise would require paying someone a salary. Mark had been publishing the most important fanzine then disseminating news of the industry, *The Comic Reader*. That had led to him visiting the DC offices often which in turn led to them giving him little odd jobs. Sometimes, they paid him a few bucks; sometimes, they didn't. It didn't seem to matter to Mark.

Mark had a source of money from his family. I don't mean he was wealthy. He wasn't by any definition. But he seemed to always have sufficient funds to buy two copies of every comic book that came out plus plenty of old issues, and he didn't need just then to find a paying job. Thus he was able (no pun intended) to hang around the DC corridors and to occasionally assemble a letters page or do research.

Steve and I had met him when we first visited the DC offices in July of '70 and we became instant friends. It was hard to be in the same room with Mark and not be his friend.

GREEK
GOD...

...TO
HIPPIE!

INCIDENTAL ICONOGRAPHY

An ongoing analysis of Kirby's visual shorthand,
and how he inadvertently used it to develop his characters,
by Sean Kleefeld



Jack was, as I'm sure you know, a very prolific creator. He produced powerful and memorable comics for decades on end; one of the reasons we can see an ongoing magazine like *The Jack Kirby Collector* is simply because there is such an enormous volume of work to examine. All of which is to say, somewhat apologetically, that despite being a Jack Kirby fan for over a quarter century myself, I only just got around to reading his 1976-78 *Eternals* run for the first time this year.

The character designs for the Eternals, particularly the males, are almost stereotypically Kirby: Lots of bold lines punctuated with circular elements, together forming some very modern art style costumes. It's particularly noticeable on the male characters; just look at all the figures surrounding the Uni-Mind sequence.

But what's more striking to me is that, despite some fairly complex designs and having little editorial oversight, Jack remained amazingly consistent in how he drew everyone's costumes. A large part of where this column comes from is that Jack had a tendency to remember character designs

in broad strokes, and he tended to unintentionally modify them over time based around a handful of key elements. But with the Eternals—from the simple design scheme of Sersi to the unnecessarily fiddly Ikaris—there's very little variation from their respective introductions through the end of Jack's run on the book. I kept jumping back and forth between early and later issues, thinking that I must be missing some details.

That said, there are a couple minor changes to Ikaris. The character was first presented to readers in *Foom*, Marvel's in-house fanzine of the time, several months before the first issue debuted. That image was then used in the corner box of the series, but Ikaris remained in street clothes in the story until #3. In a sequence there, his very short, classic Greek-style haircut is blown around when he leaps out of a plane and afterwards, he's shown with more flowing locks which grew to a more Kamandi length over the next ten or twelve issues.

The only other real change I can spot is that the lightning bolt motif on his front tunic becomes fully connected between issues #7 and #9, and it disappears from the back of his tunic entirely in #17. His midriff belts shrink a bit from the original *Foom* drawing, but they remain remarkably consistent once Jack starts drawing the costume in the story. These changes are barely noticeable, and are

especially surprising given Jack's penchant for not worrying about visual details.

It's not just Ikaris either. The only real differences seen in Thena's and Makarri's headgear are the level of detail Jack put in, depending on how much of a close-up he was depicting. And the Celestials themselves don't see any alterations. (Though, to be fair, Jack didn't draw any one Celestial more than a few times and tended to only show their heads to emphasize their size.)

Part of the reason for Jack's consistency here showed itself to me when I was at a recent convention while in the midst of reading *The Eternals*. There were several original art dealers selling some Kirby work in booths next to one another. They ranged from the Sandman of the 1940s to Silver Star of the 1980s. I'd never really studied that many Kirby originals from that wide a time period in one viewing before, and I caught something that does not show up well, even in high quality scans: confidence.

It seems a strange notion to suggest Jack was ever not supremely confident, especially in his artistic capabilities, but over the decades there was a pretty clear increase in his ability to throw down a line exactly where he wanted. I've heard anecdotes from other creators who claim he was just tracing what he already saw on the page, or that he wouldn't bother with layouts and just started working in the upper left and somehow finishing in the lower right with a perfectly paced story.

But as I think back on it, those people were commenting on work Jack was doing in the 1970s. I don't see evidence of that in his earlier work. It wasn't bad, by any means, but you could see some effort go into the page. There are sketch marks still visible, and rough layout notes, and small indentations where a line used to be before it was erased. I saw almost none of that in his later work. It looks as if the lines just appeared on the page. Jack didn't seem to need to plan his work any more; he had been doing comics for so long, it must have been a form of muscle memory that allowed him to draw almost autonomically.

I suspect that speaks to why there were so few visual changes in the Eternals, even with their complex designs. And although I haven't done an extensive analysis, I suspect that holds for most of Jack's Fourth World books as well. By that point in his career, Jack knew exactly how they should look and was pretty happy with those designs from the outset. The characters he'd been coming up with previously would land on their iconic looks almost incidentally while he worked out the story. Working on the Eternals, they were much more deliberate right from the start with nothing incidental about them! ★



WHO IS HE?
Keep watchin', Marvelite, the answer is forthcoming.

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GALLERY 1

TALK THE TALK

Art from some prime Kirby-scripted issues

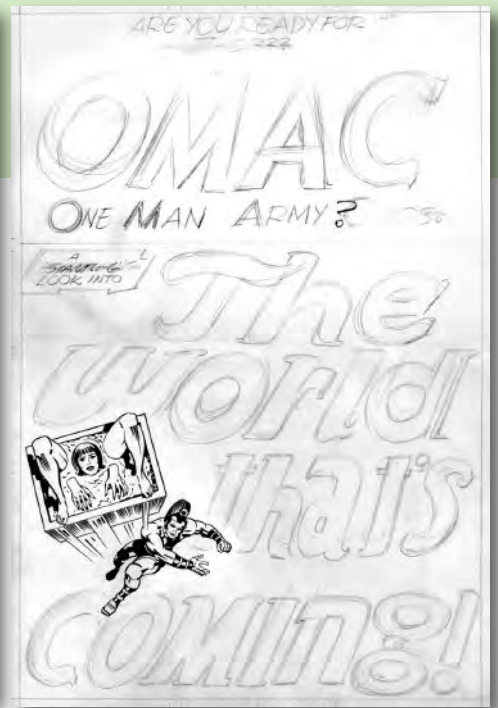
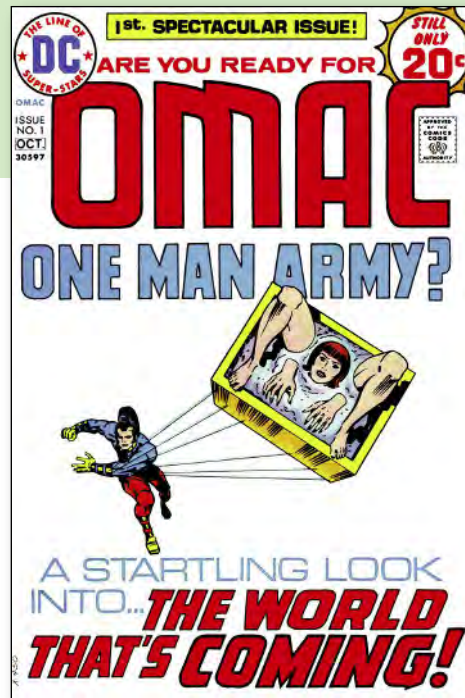
(this page) Sometimes little needs to be said, as these power images will attest, from *OMAC* #1 (pencil art and finished cover, Sept. 1974) and *Our Fighting Forces* #151 (Oct. 1974; Jack hand-colored this stat of the finished cover).

(next page) Page 13 pencils from *Super Powers* (1st series) #5 (Nov. 1984). Jack had Greg Theakston ink on overlays to preserve the pencil art.

(page 16) Kirby knew war firsthand, and used that to good effect writing the "Losers" strip. Pencils to *Our Fighting Forces* #153 (Feb. 1975).

(page 17) Early issues of *Kamandi* were often fairly copy-heavy, as Jack put a lot into his new concept. Pencils here are from #5 (April 1973).

(page 18) Jack could fit the equivalent of two regular pages of action on one double-page spread, with room left over for corny dialogue and sound effects! Pencils from *Captain America* #199 (July 1976).



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TM & © DC Comics.



During Kirby's 1970s tenure at Marvel Comics, he felt, rightly or wrongly, that there were those in the Marvel offices that were out to sabotage his work, by making editing changes and stacking the letter columns in his comics with negative comments. He also felt pressure from Marvel to bring his *Eternals* series into regular Marvel Universe continuity, rather than have its characters operate in their own world—something he felt strongly about. Here's cover pencils for his final *Eternals* issue (#19, January 1978), showing Marvel's inclination at the time to clutter covers with unnecessary word balloons and captions—which weren't written by Jack.



COPY AREA

COPY AREA

TRIM

THEY UNLEASHED A FORCE ROAD

POETRY IN MOTION

Jack Kirby and the Death of JFK, by Kevin Ainsworth



(above) President John F. Kennedy at Rice Stadium on September 12, 1962, when he challenged Americans to put a man on the Moon. He was assassinated on Friday, November 22, 1963.

Mark Evanier said the following in his column in *TJKC* #46:

“One time we got to talking about the assassination of President Kennedy. That event had an impact on everyone who was around at the time, at least on their personal lives, so I was not surprised to hear Jack say that it had a profound effect on him. My little eyebrows shot up, however, when he said that it had a major impact on his work.”

Mark then mentioned the comics Jack would probably have been working on when JFK was assassinated and asked what that impact had been, which may have inadvertently answered another question I have been wondering about for years.

What had Jack been producing prior to the death of John F. Kennedy? For starters he had produced 24 issues of *Fantastic Four*. These had all been tightly plotted and scripted one-issue stories with a beginning, middle and end. At the end of each of those comics, one has a satisfaction that one has read a story with a lot of twists and turns and a sense that a lot has happened within the twenty-odd pages before the resolution. There was no sense that the ending had been rushed or that there was no ending prior to the final page.

Jack did two separate Hulk stories in *Fantastic Four* in that comic's first couple of years. The first one in issue #12 is tightly plotted and written and paced. The *Fantastic Four* do meet the Hulk, but the battle is in the style of other *Fantastic Four* and *Hulk* comics

Jack was doing at the time. The story is paramount and the art is subservient to telling the story. In *Fantastic Four* #25 and 26, this is turned on its head. The story is secondary to the art.

And I have always wondered why this was. What on Earth happened over twelve months to produce this complete turnaround? Looking back from the vantage point of today, those two comics are not out of place because we are used to those types of battle over a whole issue, or more than one issue, from Jack. Generations have grown up with it being the norm. Yet looking forward from before those issues, they are not typical. They are totally out of place to what Jack produced before and for a while afterwards. Why? Why are *Fantastic Four* #25 and 26 so revered, and why do they have such a reputation?

The answer, I think, is found in the composite interview, circa 1989, with Jack and Roz in *TJKC* #46, where Roz says:

“I remember when he used to draw the Hulk, he would have the expression on his face. Or the Thing, as he was drawing, he would act out, the expressions all came out on his face, he was acting them out while he was drawing. But I always felt he was the Hulk anyway, because he would sometimes be Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He could be very sweet and then he would lose his temper and break a couple of walls. That is the way he would get his frustrations out. Jack has very strong hands, and especially back in New York he would take his fists and kick it into the wall.”

(Roz Kirby, Page 9, *TJKC* #46)

We know that Stan often did not know what Jack was going to draw until it arrived, and Roz confirmed that Jack used to act out his characters. He would, in acting terms, become that character. Yet why did she mention the Hulk and the Thing? Why did she mention them together in virtually the same sentence? Jack had not drawn the Thing regularly since 1969 and had not drawn the Hulk regularly since 1966 when he had been doing very rough layouts for the series. The last time he had drawn the Thing and the Hulk together was in *FFs* #25 and 26. What was it about those two comics at that time which had imprinted itself in her mind, so that those were the two characters she thought of in an interview conducted between 1989 and 1992, nearly 30 years after the event? Why those two characters when Jack had created and drawn several hundred in the period since then?

This is very important when we look at *Fantastic Four* #25 and 26, which are the two issues Mark Evanier thinks Jack would have had on his drawing board when JFK was assassinated.

The story starts off in a similar style to previous *Fantastic Fours* and *Avengers*, but then it suddenly changes. Perhaps *Fantastic Four* #25 had always been intended to be an *Avengers/Hulk* crossover but as just a single-issue story? This would be in keeping with previous *FFs* and *Avengers* where a lot of story had been packed into one issue (including the Hulk teaming up with Sub-Mariner against the *Avengers* in issue #3).

But then JFK is shot and it all changes.

I wonder if page 6 or 7 of *Fantastic Four* #25 is the page Jack was working on when JFK was shot? Because page 7 is where it all changes. Reed Richards, the leader and the *Fantastic Four's* version of JFK, suddenly collapses with a fever



THE TWIN

Jack Kirby hit the ground running when he went to DC Comics in 1970, with a head full of ideas and a new publisher that, on the surface at least, was willing to give new things a try. One of his ideas was a slick glossy color magazine about a hot topic of the day: Divorce. *True Life Divorce* was sort of an anti-romance comic, and Jack drew five complete stories intended for it:

- "The Maid"
- "The Twin"
- "The Model"
- "The Other Woman"
- "The Cheater"

plus, he had his assistants Mark Evanier and Steve Sherman prepare two filler features:

- "The Babies" (a photo-feature about trouble among young couples)
- "Hollywood Divorce" (a two-page article by Mark and Steve)

The idea was scrapped, and "The Model" was used as a springboard for *Soul Love*, a black romance mag, which was also soon scuttled. But here is one of the *True Life Divorce* stories, partially inked by Vince Colletta.



TOP TEN KIRBY BLURBS



THEY BELONG TO
SUNRISE--
THEY'RE HERE IN
MID-DAY--
TO STOP THE
DARK SPREAD
OF **NIGHT!**

10

When the OLD blurbs died, there arose the NEW BLURBS! And now I, Robby Reed of dialbforblog.com, have selected the TOP TEN greatest blurbs from the covers of Kirby's DC Fourth World titles. The blurbs were written and pencil-roughed by Kirby, and most if not all were finished by Gaspar Saladino. Enough talk! Activate BLURB TUBE!

10. FOREVER PEOPLE #1
February-March 1971

BOOM! In one fell swoop, DC went from "Lois exposes Superman's identity!" to the breakthrough blurb seen on the left. "They belong to sunrise and get up at mid-day?" Dig it, man! Cosmic hippie super heroes!



MEET
GRANNY GOODNESS
SHE REACHES
OUT OF THIS
WORLD TO MAKE DEADLY LITTLE
THINGS
LIKE THE...

9

THE
**SINISTER
WARLORDS OF
APOKOLIPS
STRIKE AT
EARTH!**

9. NEW GODS #2, April-May 1971

In one small yet sinister space, Kirby summarizes his entire Fourth World theme in a single blurb! The planetary name "Apokolips" invokes frightening Biblical imagery of the end of the world, while jagged electrical bolts add a touch of menace.

X-PIT!

8

8. MISTER MIRACLE #2
May-June 1971

This issue introduced a sadistic, freaked-out orphanage head mistress named Granny Goodness, and her deadly little "X-Pit." Toto, it's possible that we are not in Kansas anymore.

7

IT'S THE
**VAMPIRE
BIT!**
BUT LIKE YOU'VE
NEVER SEEN IT
BEFORE!



6

7. JIMMY OLSEN #142
October 1971

The (big) vampire bit! Like we've never seen it before! Oh, come on, is that even possible? Yes! Under the



TM & © Simon & Kirby Estates.

A regular column focusing on Kirby's least known work, by Barry Forshaw

Next up in Titan's *S&K Library* series is "Horror" in October, which will include stories from *Black Magic* and *Strange World of Your Dreams* published from 1950 to 1954—320 pages, with more great art reconstruction by Harry Mendryk.

We printed "This World Is Ours" in *TJKC* #45. *Black Magic* #24 hasn't been reprinted yet, but "Master of the Unknown" was rerun in *House of Mystery* #225 (1974).

WALKING ON WATER

For many readers of this magazine, Jack Kirby walked on water. But we all need backup—and The King's miraculous abilities were often finessed and developed by the highly talented people he worked with. Principal among these, perhaps, was the late Joe Simon—and it is heartening to note that Simon lived as long as he did (far outliving his cigar-chomping, workaholic partner) so that he might see the duo's prodigious achievements celebrated in the first few volumes of Titan's Simon and Kirby library, with their magnificent artwork sumptuously reproduced and restored by Harry Mendryk.

The "walking on water" notion mentioned above was prompted by my re-reading of a wonderfully inventive book that the team produced for Harvey in January 1958, the third issue of *Alarming Tales*. On the cover, the strapline "Before our very eyes... they walked on water!" heralds an image of an eerie, scarlet-colored lake on which two men stare in amazement at a remarkable sight: a young boy and an elderly man are walking on the surface of the water. The man is an interesting post-code, "softened" creation; recognizably human, but given a bizarre blue complexion to suggest his supernatural nature. Four years earlier (in the team's vintage *Black Magic* days), the old man would have been considerably more grotesque, but the tactics employed here were a canny way of negotiating the rigorous demands of the Comics Code (nothing too frightening!) while still suggesting to youthful readers that they were being offered something strange and disturbing. The cover, in fact, is the work of Joe Simon *solus* rather than Jack Kirby, but so symbiotic was the team's relationship that it certainly suggests Kirby's influence in conjuring the image.

THIS WORLD IS KIRBY'S

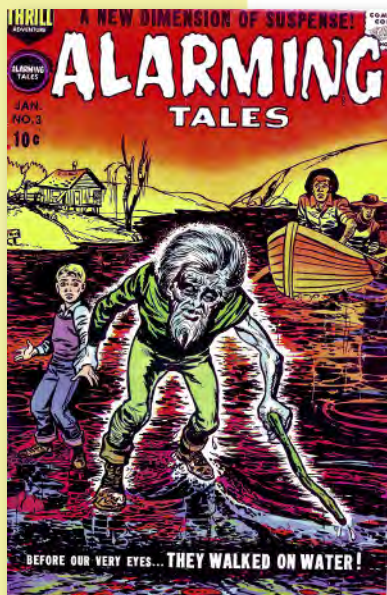
However, the splash panel of the first story, "This World is Ours", could *only* be Jack Kirby. Essentially utilizing only two colors, orange and blue, we are shown a scene of massive futuristic destruction and Armageddon. In the foreground, terrified figures, dressed in costumes that suggest another planet (or the far future) stagger towards us, while behind them their city is destroyed by plummeting fireballs. It's worth looking at this image for a minute or two, if only to figure out just why it could only be Kirby. Four reasons: (1) there is

the design of the buildings, with the familiar stylizations that are Kirby's trademark; (2) there are the fireballs raining destruction, complete with Kirby Krackle (and no regular reader of *The Jack Kirby Collector* will need that particular phrase explained); (3) there are the striking designs of the costumes of the doomed figures—costume designs, in fact, that are not seen again in the story, showing how prodigal Kirby's casual invention was in such areas—creating a new and imaginative costume for a character was something he did page after page, panel after panel—without ever once repeating himself; (4) the rendering of the physical positions of the characters, where his mastery of the human form (and willingness to exaggerate for dramatic effect) looked like no other illustrator.

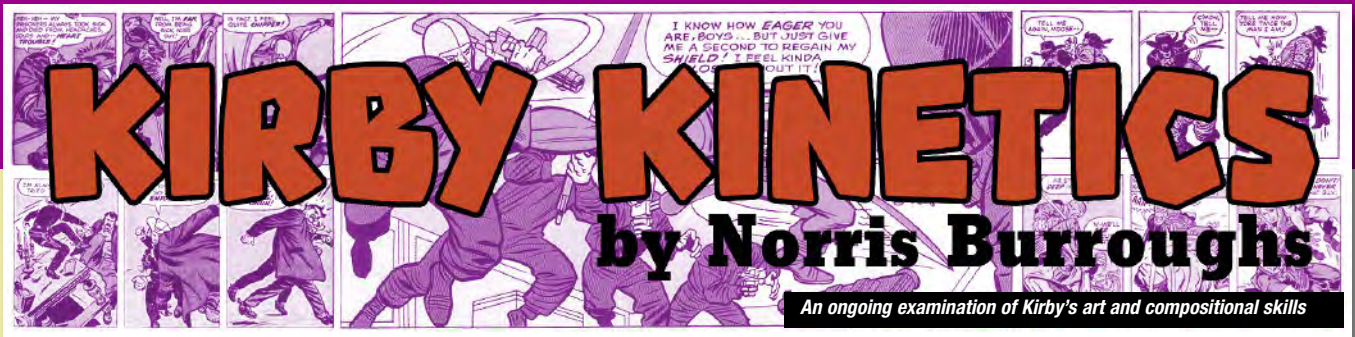


CLASSIC CURTAIN OPENING

The story begins with a man chipping at the wall of a prehistoric cave which dates back at least a million years and discovering two living giants from a vast Atlantis-style civilization (what we see of these powerful giants and the civilization that produced them is sometimes reminiscent of—or, more precisely, predicts—character and backdrop design that Kirby utilized for the Asgard scenes in his *Thor* days. To their human discoverer's dismay, the two gigantic revived figures have only the worst, most megalomaniac aims and are convinced they can use their powers to take



TM & © Harvey Comics.



THE PEAK

Although opinions differ on the subject, many of Kirby's fans believe that the King reached his artistic peak in 1972 with a sequence of three issues of *The New Gods* from issues #6 through #8. Kirby had recently returned to DC Comics in 1970, after the "glory days" of '60s Marvel came to an end. The artist was bursting with concepts that he had held in check during his gradual estrangement from Marvel.

Kirby had become preoccupied with the idea of the death of the elder gods as represented by *Thor's* Asgardian pantheon, and the emergence of a new race of god-like beings. He also clearly wanted to explore the relationship of the new younger gods to their elders, as

adopted him.

To be assured that his ideas would not be meddled with while developing what would be his *magnum opus*, Kirby insisted that he be allowed to write, draw and edit these stories alone. He had been working for the company for more than a year, when suddenly all of his various plot threads and concepts seemed to jell in one glorious moment. It was as if Kirby, essentially on his own for the first time, had been treading water for the first several months of his tenure with DC, attempting to find his footing. In *New Gods* #5, as Mike Royer fortuitously took over inking chores from Vince Colletta, the latent power of Kirby emerged.

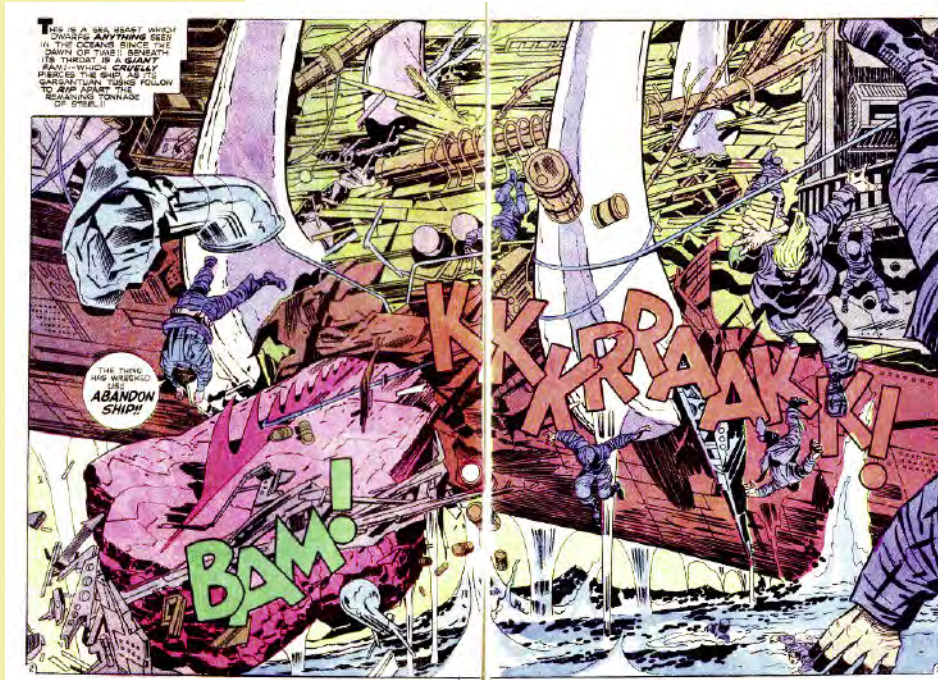
The vast conflict on a cosmic scale that was the Fourth World saga had been building in intensity, and this series of three books beginning with #6 would define and explain the awesome depth of the field that Kirby was exploring, as the War of the gods spilled onto Earth and then to the vastness of the great oceans.

The story entitled "The Glory Boat" in *New Gods* #6 begins with the spectacular demolition of a freighter by a demonic whale-like creature. The two-page spread (left) showing the boat's destruction is an amazing display of a cataclysmic fragment of time, as the Leviathan's battering ram smashes through the hull, flinging scores of bodies into the sea. The viewer's eye, sweeping down the shape of the protruding tusk, immediately focuses on the ram and the figure suspended above it. The serrated spine of the ram draws the eye to the rent in the ship's hull, and the lettered sound effect "KKKR-RAAKK!" sweeps the eye rightward to the other suspended figures. In this tableau, we can imagine the entirety of this horrific incident, from impact to penetration, to the ejection of human and other debris.

Like Melville's *Moby Dick*, the sea beast here is a personification of destructive nature. It sets off a tale of division, loss and finally redemption within a nuclear family that represents the whole of humanity.

The battle later waged aboard the small wooden vessel is also cataclysmic. The panoramic first panel on page 21 (next page, top) is a whirling maelstrom of violence, as Orion savagely smashes his Deep Six foes. The hero's three-quarter back shot used here is one of Kirby's favorite action poses. It is so effective, because although the striking right arm is actually obscured by the diagonal rotated torso, the impact is suggested more by the extended left arm and by the sweep of the curving motion lines that indicate the right arm's trajectory.

Kirby uses the motion of the lanyard attached to



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well as the relationship of the son to his more powerful father. In the Marvel series, the thunder god had often been at odds with his father, Odin, lord of the Norse gods. Kirby seemed interested in the classic and archetypal transition of the son inheriting the father's power, portraying Thor often times at odds with the establishment that Odin had built. Interestingly, these would be concepts that would also later be explored by such filmmakers as Francis Ford Coppola, George Lucas and John Milius in the 1970s and '80s.

In the case of his new main character Orion, Kirby wanted to examine the portrayal of the hero torn between the twisted legacy of his real father, Darkseid and the positive light of Highfather, the god that had

GERBER, BABY!



Steve Gerber's February 18, 1983 panel breakdowns and partial dialogue for *Destroyer Duck* #3

The walls are virtually papered with pictures -- newspaper clippings, Beryl's own drawings, etc. -- of Godcorp employees! (Medea, Wobolina Strangelegs, Ned Packer, Sidney Upwind, etc.) On one wall hangs a picture of Vanilla Cupcake's mother. A dagger is stuck between the woman's eyes!

(Obviously, we won't see all of this, but try to convey the flavor.)

We are looking into the apartment through the eyes of someone standing in the doorway. This "someone" is holding TWO MAMMOTH PISTOLS, one in each exceedingly large male hand. So, in effect, we are looking down the barrels of these guns.

The guns are pointed at DUKE, BRAD, and CHERRIES JUBILEE (in costume), who are the central figures of the cover.

DUKE and CHERRIES are starting to charge at the man holding the guns. BRAD is frozen with fear, clutching the VANILLA CUPCAKE TELEPHONE to his bosom!

After leaving DC Comics in 1975, Kirby almost universally refused to work with any writers, with one exception: Steve Gerber. In Jack's files are copies of several Gerber scripts he drew for various projects in the 1980s. The most high-profile is, of course, *Destroyer Duck*, which helped fund Gerber's legal battle with Marvel Comics over ownership of Howard the Duck. Here's some examples of how Jack very faithfully interpreted another writer's ideas on that strip. Above is Gerber's cover description.



All Destroyer Duck images TM & © Steve Gerber and Jack Kirby Estates

(1)

ANGLE - DRAWING BOARD AND CHAIR

Beryl sits in secretarial chair, shoulders slumped, grenade still in one limp hand

BERYL: (MY SISTER OPAL AND I ARE FREAKS. OUR BODIES PRODUCE AN UNUSUAL PHEROMONE...A GLANDULAR SECRETION.)

BERYL: (SOMETHING LIKE A MATING ODOR. IN MOST HUMANS, IT'S BARELY PERCEPTIBLE, BUT THERE'S A THEORY THAT'S WHY SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO BE UNNATURALLY ATTRACTIVE TO THE OPPOSITE SEX. THEY PRODUCE MORE PHEROMONES.)

(2)

FLASHBACK: HOSPITAL ROOM - SAN CLEMENTE, CA - 1963

Pearl (Vanilla Cupcake and Beryl's mother) is sitting up in the hospital bed, distraught, pleading -- both arms extended toward A YOUNG NURSE who is holding her newborn daughter Beryl. Pearl wants to hold the baby, but the Nurse won't let go! Pearl's HUSBAND, (whom we'll call LLOYD) is moving toward the Nurse to try to wrest the baby away from her. Lloyd is a nondescript fellow, medium build, slightly balding, dressed in a business suit.

BERYL: (NARRATING: PECULIAR EFFECT FIRST NOTICED WHEN I WAS ONLY DAYS OLD. MATERNITY WARD NURSES BECAME VERY POSSESSIVE OF ME, REFUSED TO LET ANYONE ELSE -- EVEN MY MOTHER AND FATHER -- HOLD ME.)

BERYL: (I SMELLED JUST LIKE CHERRIES, THEY SAID -- SWEET, LUSCIOUS, ADORABLE CHERRIES)

(3)

A KINDERGARTEN SCHOOLROOM - 1968

Beryl as a five-year-old, looking very much like Vanilla Cupcake, but dressed in a tee-shirt and jeans, and tennis shoes, rather than the silly fantasy costume. She is trying to fingerpaint, but other kids and the teacher won't let her alone. They are hovering over her, touching her arms, hands, face.

(3, cont)

All are wearing the same insipid smile we saw on the Reporters in the Vanilla Cupcake merchandise room.

BERYL: (NARRATING: PROBLEM CONTINUED AS I WAS GROWING UP...SCHOOLMATES, TEACHERS, UNCLAS, AND AUNT'S WOULD NEVER LEAVE ME ALONE! EVERYONE WANTED TO TOUCH ME, BE NEAR ME, ALL THE TIME)

(4)

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF SUBURBAN CALIFORNIA HOME - DAY - 1973

Ten-year-old Beryl is deliberately swinging a baseball bat into the headlight of a NEIGHBOR'S car, smashing the light to smithereens! The Neighbor (fortyish, pot belly, moustache) wearing a Hawaiian flower shirt and Bermuda shorts, looks on -- with the same stupid smile!

BERYL: (I COULD DO NO WRONG. MOTHER & FATHER COULDN'T BEAR TO SPANK ME...NEIGHBORS ONLY SMILED AS I DESTROYED THEIR PROPERTY, ETC.)

(5)

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF BERYL'S HOME - DAY

The formerly smiling Neighbor from the previous panel is now outraged. He is holding a bill for the damage to the car in one hand, grabbing Lloyd by the lapels, pulling him out of the door with the other. Pearl looks on in horror.

BERYL: (OF COURSE, AS SOON AS I WAS GONE, EFFECT WORE OFF! THEN THINGS GOT ROUGH FOR PARENTS...)

(6)

INT. BEDROOM OF MUDGE HOME - 1977

In f.g., we see a suitcase open on the bed, and Lloyd stuffing it with clothing. In b.g., Pearl, obviously pregnant, wearing a maternity dress, watches in tears, begging him not to go. Lloyd looks half out of his mind.

(6, cont)

BERYL: (WHEN MOTHER GOT PREGNANT WITH OPAL, IT WAS MORE THAN MY FATHER COULD BEAR. HE LEFT US.)

(7)

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 1977, FEW MONTHS LATER

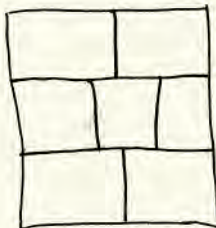
It's a virtual duplication of the scene in Panel Two. Pearl is sitting up in bed, arms extended to a Young Nurse, holding the newborn Opal (Vanilla Cupcake). The Nurse is clutching the infant tightly, refusing to give it up. Beryl, now 15, stands where her father stood in Panel Two, horrified. In b.g., rushing into the room, is DOCTOR MANUEL HOGLUM, mid-forties, dark-haired with some grey at the temples, handsome -- almost a Reed Richards type -- but with foreboding gleam in his eye. This bizarre little scene fascinates him.

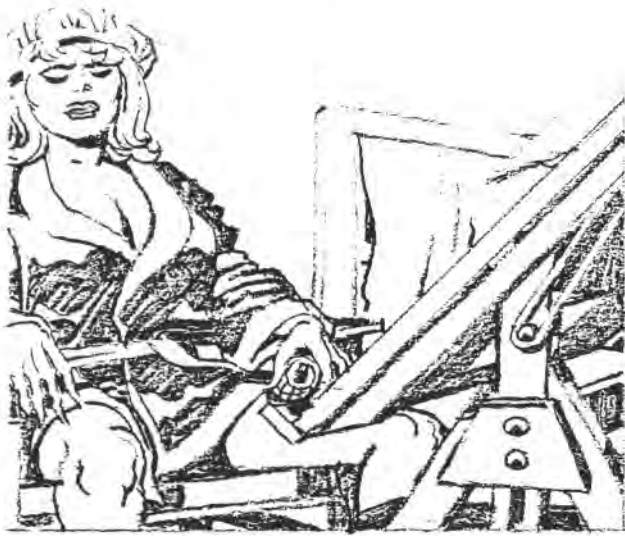
(NOTE: Beryl's physique in this panel is nothing like the muscular body she possesses in the present. She is thin, angular, wiry.)

BERYL: (MOTHER NEARLY CRACKED WHEN IT HAPPENED ALL OVER AGAIN WITH OPAL. SHE SMELLED LIKE VANILLA)

BERYL: (BUT EVENTS TOOK A DIFFERENT TURN -- THANKS TO DR. HOGLUM...)

Layout



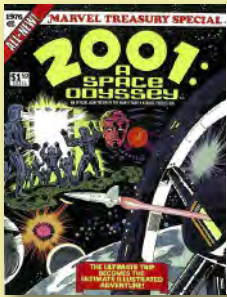


JACK KIRBY & OUTLAND

by John Workman © John Workman

(right) Original movie poster for the 1981 film *Outland*, starring Sean Connery.

(below) Kirby had prior experience adapting sci-fi films to comics, in 1976's *2001: A Space Odyssey* Treasury Edition (page 22-23 pencils are below).



TM & © Time Warner.

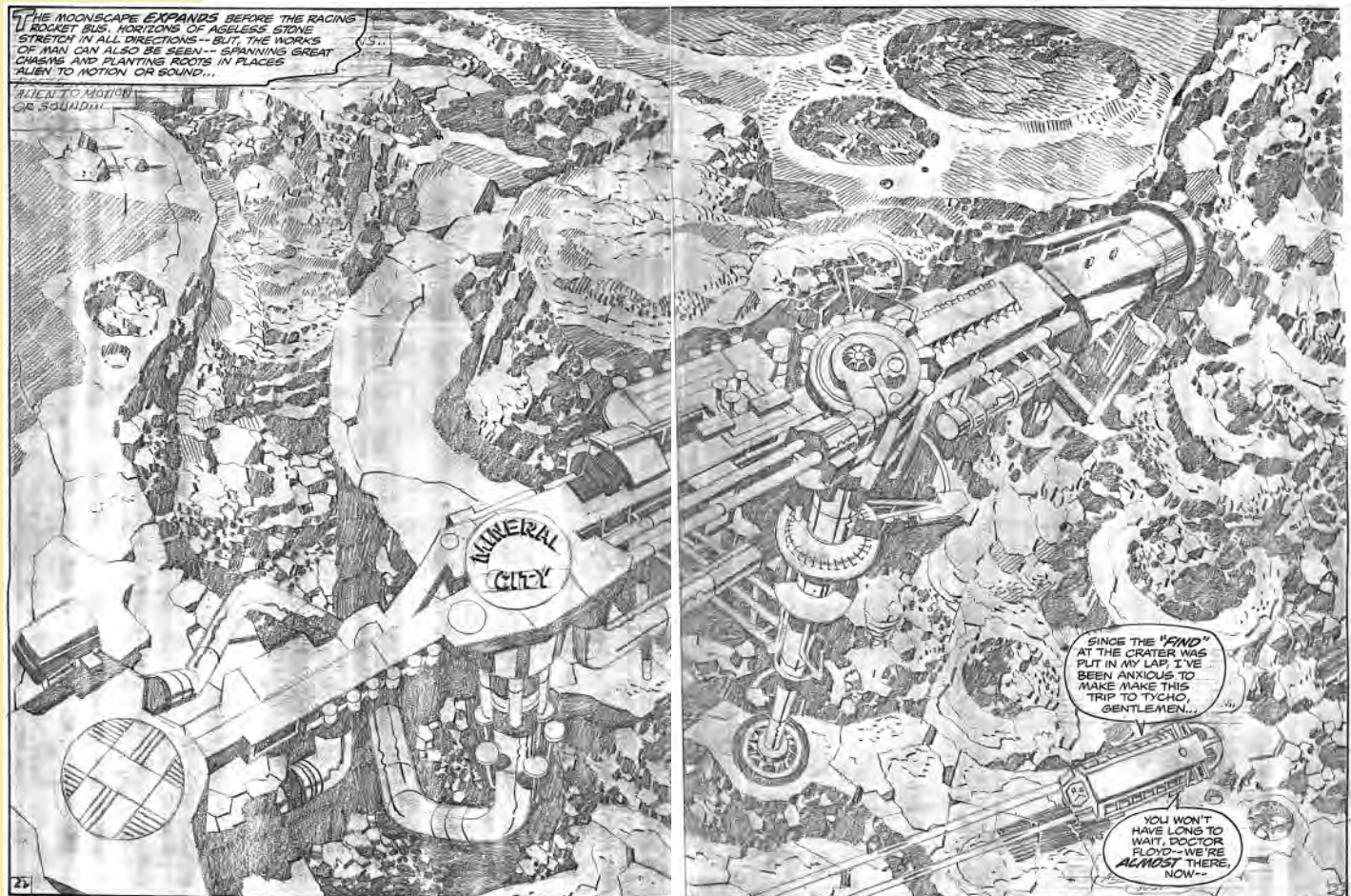
Whenever I think of Jack Kirby, chances are that my mind will also wander to critic/screenwriter James Agee and novelist/short-story-writer extraordinaire Ray Bradbury. This happens because, though I have a deep respect for each of them and despite the fact that their works had profound and true impacts on my life, I wound up offering each of those worthwhile gentlemen a rejection slip.

In each case, my “thanks-but-no-thanks” proffered to every one of those men of genius was a part of my duties at *Heavy Metal* magazine during the time from late 1977 to mid-1984 when I was that publication’s art director. I learned long ago to approach any listing of credits (whether at the end of a theatrical film or in the only-occasionally-read-by-the-public listings that appear in magazines and books) with suspicion. Some parts of such credits are, in reality, pure baloney, as anyone who has seen a film directed by Alan Smithee knows. Such was the case with my job title during a part of the *Heavy Metal* days. I really was the art director under editors Sean Kelly and Ted White. After that, I was the art director-production manager-co-editor-writer-artist-designer-letterer and everything else that involved getting at least one (and sometimes more than one)



TM & © Time Warner.

nationally-distributed magazine produced each month. At some time during those post-Ted days, the success of the theatrical *Heavy Metal* film brought the magazine’s handful of honchos—publisher (and not-really-editor) Len Mogel, submissions editor (and actual co-editor) Julie Simmons, music editor (and producer of the Dossier Section) Lou Stathis, contributing writer (and editor of the revered *Castle of Frankenstein*) Bhub Stewart, and me—together in Len’s office for an ongoing series



Know of some Kirby-inspired work that should be covered here? Send to:

Adam McGovern
PO Box 257
Mt. Tabor, NJ 07878

KIRBY

As A Genre

A regular feature examining Kirby-inspired work, by Adam McGovern



(above) Lord of light-show: Barry Ira Geller looks back (from the *Science Fiction Land* documentary).

Courtesy of & © Flatbush Pictures (scifilandmovie.com)

(bottom right) Gods and Mad Men: Retro-futurist artist Josh Siegel's brilliant post-mod design for the new movie poster. See more at <http://bigvisual.net/>

© Flatbush Pictures

(below) Classified: Actor Michael Parks portraying Jack Kirby, in a scene cut from the film *Argo*.

© Warner Bros. Pictures.

(next page, top) Map of the stars' home: Kirby's concept drawing for Science Fiction Land.

© Barry Ira Geller.

(next page bottom) Predicting the past: Original newspaper clipping from the *Rocky Mountain News*, November 30, 1979.

© Rocky Mountain News, courtesy Flatbush Pictures.



Lights On

A filmmaker's quest to uncover the truth of Argo's story and the way Kirby changed the world

Every movie fan knows about the scam to smuggle six American hostages out of Iran posing as a film crew, from the real movie made about it, 2013's "Best Picture," *Argo*. And every comic fan knows how they did it—with a full script whose convincing concept designs were drawn by Jack Kirby.

Kirby's images helped sell the seriousness of the sci-fi

spectacle that the crew supposedly needed Iran's "exotic" Near Eastern location for, and these drawings were left over from the most serious of attempts to change the world in a different way: an ill-destined dream to revolutionize filmmaking with an adaptation of Roger Zelazny's novel *Lord of Light* (concerning a high-tech prophet's campaign against a future elite modeled falsely on Hindu gods), and leave its lavish spacey-spiritual sets up as a combined theme-park and laboratory for innovative architectural and cultural ideas, "Science Fiction Land."

This plot failed and its proposal was later used in the hostage-rescue scheme whose success was a secret for 20 years (even from most of its creative team, Kirby included). But now the original version will have a real movie of its own, documentary filmmaker Judd Ehrlich's *Science Fiction Land*. I spoke with Ehrlich by phone on May 23, 2013 about his search for the real details of a story that elusively crossed truth and impossibility and deception and hope even before CIA stagecraft was involved, and how he travelled back to find out what happened in a drama whose own players barely knew what was happening the first time.

Ehrlich (in-between award-winning other projects) has been working on this film for more than a decade, and a resounding Kickstarter response is expected to finally put his production past the finish line late this year or early next. I wondered what initially interested him, and what has held him for so long.

"The project just involves so many different types of people, so many strains in our pop culture, and ideas about who we are as Americans and how we interact with that culture,"

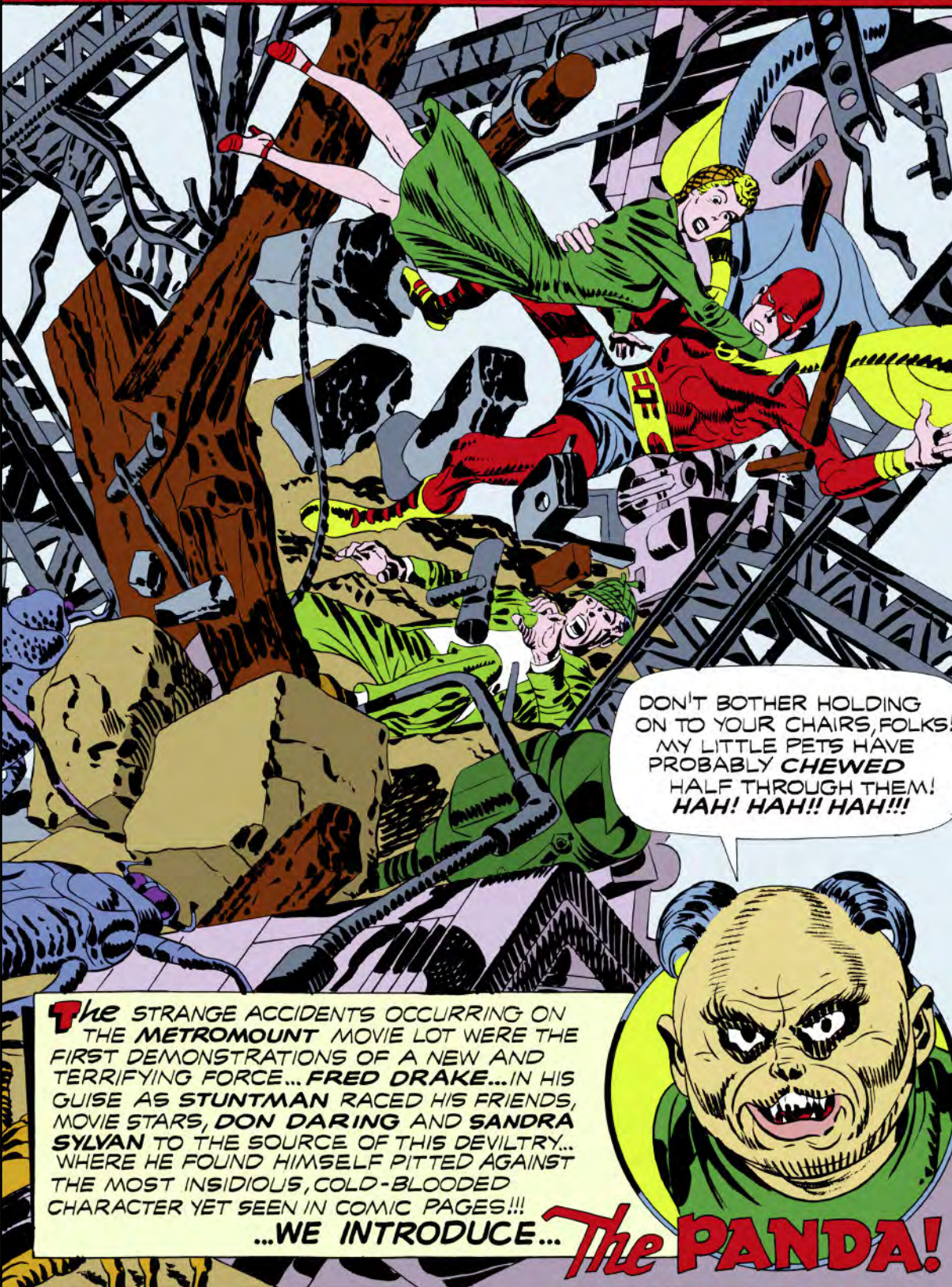
he said. "In this story, life and art imitate each other, and it's hard to know what is fact and what is fiction, among creators who lived between fantasy and reality and were very much involved in both. I wanted to do justice to these complex characters, to show who these creators are, and write them back into history."

Science Fiction Land, the park, put me in mind of various temporary realities like World's Fair terrains, and I wondered if Ehrlich was fascinated about reclaiming this lost place of possibility, vivid but never here.

"These things were very real to the creators," he replied. "To the people involved in making the film and building the park, it had to be real to them, and I want to make Science Fiction Land real for the viewer. People like Kirby, and [utopian



velette EXTRA!



The STRANGE ACCIDENTS OCCURRING ON THE METROMOUNT MOVIE LOT WERE THE FIRST DEMONSTRATIONS OF A NEW AND TERRIFYING FORCE... **FRED DRAKE**... IN HIS GUISE AS STUNTMAN RACED HIS FRIENDS, MOVIE STARS, **DON DARING** AND **SANDRA SYLVAN** TO THE SOURCE OF THIS DEVILTRY... WHERE HE FOUND HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST THE MOST INSIDIOUS, COLD-BLOODED CHARACTER YET SEEN IN COMIC PAGES!!!

...WE INTRODUCE... **The PANDA!**

The first half of an unpublished Stuntman story (1946). Color by Harry Mendryk on pages 1-2 spread, and by Glenn Whitmore on pages 3-7.

The post-war paper glut left a lot of new comics without proper distribution, resulting in quick cancellations. One sad victim was Simon & Kirby's *Stuntman*, which made it only two issues at Harvey Comics, with a truncated third issue sent just to subscribers, containing a single story. This is prime S&K superheroics, with all the rubbery Kirby limbs stretched to impossible lengths for the sake of action, and beefy black brush work adding just the right weight to S&K's lean, lithe figures. The remaining stories stayed unpublished until recently, when *TJKC* and the Jack Kirby Museum tracked down the art to "Jungle Lord," which was finally printed in Titan's *Simon & Kirby Superheroes* book.

The Kirby Museum, whatifkirby.com, and *TJKC* have also tracked down most of the art from another story, "Terror Island" (featuring the villainous Panda), and proudly present pages 1-7 here. We're missing pages 8 and 14, so if you have copies of those, please send them in, so we can present the conclusion of this story in a future issue! And if you have any pages for "The Evil Sons of M. LeBlanc" (the other unpublished *Stuntman* story), send those too! ★

WHERE KIRBY STOPPED

by Glen Gold

(below) Splash page original art for *Fantastic Four* #74 (May 1968), the start of where Kirby stopped.

More than any other Silver Age story, the Microverse has always bothered me—maybe because Kirby was on an incredible roll at that point, never leaving concepts alone, but deepening them when he revisited them. The Microverse—a whole new universe!—should have been great. And on its surface, it is great. But something is just plain *off* about the whole affair, and it's only now dawning on me what's wrong—this is the place that Kirby left the Marvel train.



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NOVEL GRAPHICS, PART TWO

by John Morrow



Continuing from last issue, here are more examples of the scripting from Stan Lee and Jack Kirby's 1978 *Silver Surfer* Graphic Novel. For the 2011 TwoMorrows book *The Stan Lee Universe*, Danny Fingeroth traveled to the University of Wyoming's American Heritage Center, spending a week exploring Stan's personal archives, which included materials from the first 20 pages of the *Silver Surfer* Graphic Novel, with letters from Jack to Stan about the project, Jack's typewritten notes (in lieu of the type of margin notes he put on pages in the 1960s), plus Stan's typewritten script pages, and copies of Jack's pencil art marked up with notations by Stan.



In *The Stan Lee Universe*, we presented the materials from pages 1, 2, 11, 14, and 15, as well as Jack's letters to Stan explaining his motivations behind his penciling choices. Last issue we showed pages 3-8, and pages 9-10, 12-13, and 16-17 are presented here. We'll have the rest of them in a future issue.

On the following pages, the top notes are Jack's, and the bottom ones are Stan's script. ★



(above) Jack's concept drawing for Galactus' new foil in the 1978 *Silver Surfer* Graphic Novel. Perhaps still stinging from having the Surfer taken away from him in the 1960s, Kirby went out of his way to document this as *his* creation, not Stan's.



Panel One--- Girl, still running says, shouts "I don't know you. Your voice sounds like the guy I once knew, but your image is that of an alien." The Surfer won't have that. He insist that she's wrong.

Panel Two--He wrestles her to a halt. He tells her how he's longed to see her again. She says how can an alien creature long for anything.

Panel Three---Surfer says he's changed. He follows new ways, But essentially he's the same guy. Girl says he can't be. He sold his soul to fly through space.

Panel Four--- Girl says that now he's something different and can never return.

Panel Five--- Girl shouts, "Let me alone! I don't know you!" Surfer is heartbroken. He tries desperately to talk to her.

1. SS: I know he has ~~trist~~ erased my memory from within your brain!
 SS: But ~~you~~ not one tiny ember of love still linger-- deep within your heart?

2. SS: LOOK at me! HEAR me! REMEMBER! You MUST remember!
 GAL: Your VOICE! It is the voice of-- ANOTHER! But NO! It cannot be! He is GONE! He is gone FOREVER!

3. GAL: I REMEMBER him now! He ABANDONED me! He abandoned all who loved ~~him~~ him-- to join GALACTUS-- to roam the cosmos!
 SS: NO!

4. GAL: If-- by some miracle-- you HAVE returned-- you ARE Horrriin Radd-- you've CHANGED! You're a bloodless, soulless MONSTER! You're not the man I once loved!

5. SS: Can't you see-- I did it for YOU! ~~I did it for you!~~ I gave up my LOVE, my WORLD, my own mortal BODY-- to save ~~your~~ Zenn-La from Galactus!
 SS: It was the price he demanded!

Panel One--- Surfer's pleas go unheeded. Girl slips away and runs off. She yells, "You're doomed to remain what you are--an alien among all other creatures."

Panel Two---Girl vanishes as Surfer's pleas fail. His Earth surroundings return. He realizes he's been chasing a phantom and probably frightened the Earth gal to boot.

Panel Three--- Surfer feels rejected and dejected. Was the phantom right? Has he paid too high a price to roam the stars?

Panel Four--- He turns to earth-crowd watching him. Will they pay a high price for his visit to their planet?

Panel Five--- Surfer looks to the sky. He knows that Calcutus will momentarily be upon these poor creatures. Somewhere above a great ship has followed in his wake and has made orbit with terrifying equipment.

Panel Six--- That equipment will strip this world of all it has. The Surfer takes to his board. He can't let it happen.

1. GAL: ~~Stay~~ Stay BACK! Whoever-- ~~whoever~~ you are-- you cannot trick me with LIES!
 SS: I LOVE you, Shalla Bal! Now more than ever!

2. CAPTION: Slowly, the past seems to ~~fade~~ melt, leaving only the lonely present-- ~~figure crying hopelessly in the smog-filled street...~~
 SURFER: ~~Don't~~ leave me, Shalla Bal!
 Do we?

3. SS: My tortured mind, my ~~haunting~~ haunting memories which refuse to die-- have deceived me!
 SS: Here, on this alien world, I've been pursuing-- a phantom!

4. SS: And what of ~~them~~ the earthlings? Have I so soon forgotten their fate?
 SS: Have I forgotten what my coming will MEAN?

5. SS: Somewhere up there-- HE is waiting! Waiting to DESTROY them!

6. SS: And I am his instrument-- his herald-- his PRESAGER OF DEATH!

THE ARK INTERVIEW

Conducted by Paul Duncan, and first published in ARK #33 (1990) ©1990 Paul Duncan, all rights reserved



(above) Jack and Roz at the San Diego Comic-Con in 1991, the year (and day!) this mag's editor finally got to meet him.

Photo by and courtesy David Folkman.

(right) Jack's collage for the cover of Jimmy Olsen #138 (June 1971).

(below) An early, unfinished Abdul Jones strip, circa 1939.

(Jack Kirby was born in New York City on August 28, 1917 and since then has written, drawn and created hundreds of strips and comics. It is impossible to quantify the enormous contribution Jack Kirby has made to the comics industry.)

Paul Duncan was driven to Jack's house near Hollywood by Aimee, and they were immediately made to feel at home with a never-ending stream of drinks and food supplied by Jack's wife Roz. They were given a guided tour of the house, where every wall was covered in giant pencil, ink and painted artwork of Jack's favorite characters from his fifty years in the comics business. The true power of Jack's drawing

becomes apparent when his artwork is seen at its original size. Among the pictures on display are some collages (Jack used collage to good effect in Fantastic Four and Thor) for which Jack expressed a fondness. He also had pencil sketches of scenes from his childhood in Depression America and a series of penciled images from The Bible. Jack pointed to a face on the wall and said, "This is God," and Paul believed him.

After the tour, Aimee swam in the pool and played with Jack and Roz's grandson, whilst Paul sat in Jack's studio and conducted the following interview. Roz helped fill in any gaps in Jack's memory.

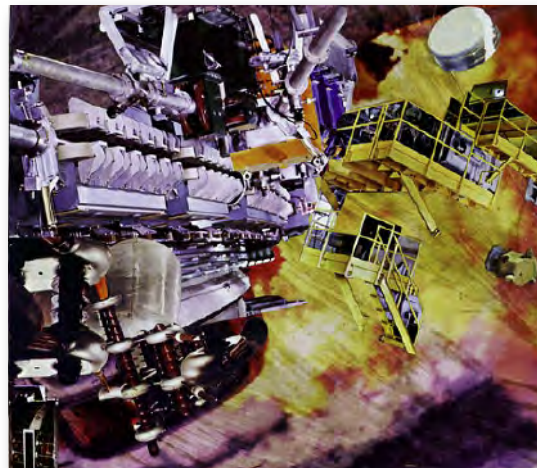
Paul would like to thank Aimee for driving him, Nick Miller for supplying tons of reference material, and especially Roz and Jack Kirby for their kind help and hospitality.)

PAUL DUNCAN: The first thing I wanted to know was what sort of atmosphere you grew up in.

JACK KIRBY: It was very rough. I was born in 1917 and it wasn't long before that that the immigrants started to pour into New York. My parents came from Austria and

my surname is Kurtzberg, not Kirby. We lived on New York's Lower East Side, which was a tenement district filled with people from a variety of countries. Our community was full of people from the same part of Europe. If you kept walking uptown you would find different communities who came from different parts of the world.

The immigrants had a tendency to move to where their own kind are, so you had entire districts where people would speak the same language. We lived a pretty poor existence. We had three or four rooms in a tenement and the washtub would be in the kitchen. Conditions were very crowded all the time.



TM & © DC Comics.

PAUL: Was there a lot of tension between the people?
JACK: Always. At that time there was a lot of animosity between the people of Europe because of the First World War and so on, and all those feelings became sharper when all those nationalities clashed in New York. It was very volatile.

I got to know all the nationalities: the Irish and the Germans and so on, in school. We had to fight the Irish every morning, and then play basketball with them later on.

PAUL: Did you always fight?

JACK: Yes. I had to. We didn't have a choice. We had to watch out though, and do it away from our mothers. And after the fight we'd have to tidy ourselves up so that we looked presentable.

I often took walks because I hated the crowded conditions of the Lower East Side. I just wanted to get away. I used to walk up to 42nd Street to see the cartoonists at a newspaper. I met one called Walter Berndt who would do some work and then play golf in his office. I thought 'Oh boy! That's the sort of job I want.' I went up there regularly to meet the cartoonists and orientated myself to that kind of life.

PAUL: Did you always want to draw?

JACK: It wasn't that I particularly wanted to draw cartoons, but I knew that if I tried I would become good at it. I was instinctive and aggressive—everyone was at that time—so if anyone asked I'd say, "I can do it. What's the job?" You had to be pushy and aggressive to get the job in that environment. You didn't consider



TM & © Jack Kirby Estate.

anyone else. I took on guys that were twice my size without hesitation. I knew where to hit them so that they stayed down.

PAUL: You had a good education.

JACK: It's all a matter of watching other people and learning from that.

PAUL: You moved on to work on *Betty Boop* for the Fleischer Brothers animation studio.

JACK: They had a very large studio. I'd draw six Betty Boops and pass them on to the next guy, who'd draw six more and then pass them on to the next guy. One day I suddenly realized that I was working in a factory, which I didn't like. My father was working in a garment factory and I was working in a cartoon factory, see, and I didn't want that. I wanted to do what I liked. What sort of cartoons and how many of them should be up to me, I thought. So I began to look for other cartoon work.

PAUL: I read somewhere that your mother stopped you from going to Florida when the Fleischer studios moved down there.

JACK: That's right. I always did what my mother wanted. I wanted to go to Hollywood one time, but she stopped me. When I asked her why she said it was because there were a lot of naked women in Hollywood and she didn't want me to fool around with naked women. So I didn't go to Hollywood.

PAUL: But you're here now.

JACK: True, but I'm here legitimately

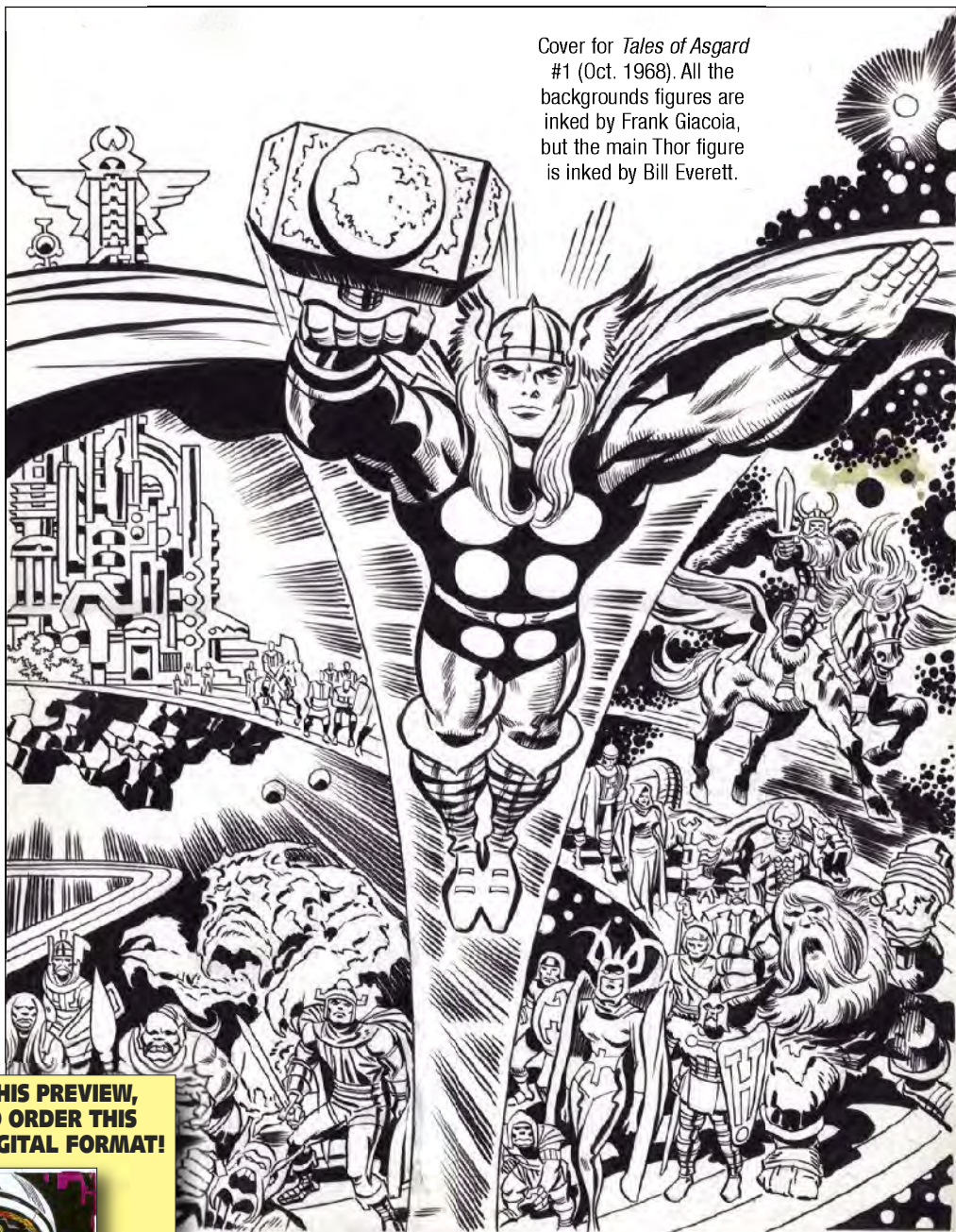
now. She didn't want James Cagney, a wonderful actor, to play the fast-talking villain Boris Karloff. When she saw the pictures, even in life. They probably

PAUL: So you would

JACK: Anything as quickly as possible because I spent a year in *King Arthur*, and in school I'd get up to my teachers. I read a book and tried to use and

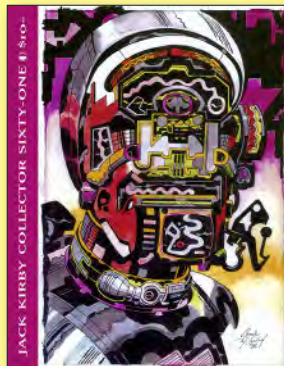
PAUL: I love all the main aspects of the Fourth World

JACK: Darkseid because the hero where the French order to ensure peace between the two countries. Of course, that's what Darkseid did with Highfather. So I based all my work on a realistic



Cover for *Tales of Asgard* #1 (Oct. 1968). All the background figures are inked by Frank Giacoia, but the main Thor figure is inked by Bill Everett.

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premise which is why, I believe, my stories worked.

PAUL: No matter how grand or imposing the people looked, they had human emotions.

JACK: I always thought that it would be presumptuous of me to go beyond people. I've given these gods great powers and grand palaces and gardens to live in, but their actions were always human. The Greek and Egyptian legends were the same. Zeus would be angry all the time. He may split a mountain in two, or wipe out an entire continent, but he'd still be angry and feel love for a woman like every other spontaneous human being. The difference was that his actions were superhuman.

PAUL: The myths and legends were the superhero comics, the popular culture, of their day.

JACK: I believe they were. Other popular cultures, like horror stories, came from Eastern European people sitting around the campfire at night after a hard day working in the fields. They had to entertain themselves and stories like *Count Dracula* came out of it.

My mother and father used to tell me stories that they heard when they lived in Europe. So I got a rich mixture of Mark Twain at