

THE JACK KIRBY COLLECTOR

SPECIAL EDITION

COLLECTOR

Compiling all the "extras" from Collected Jack Kirby Collector Volumes 1-7



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Silver Surfer, Ikaris, The Thing, and Captain America TM and © Marvel Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved. Photograph by Susan Skarr. All artwork is © Jack Kirby.

BATTLING THE KIRBY BUG

An introduction, by John Morrow

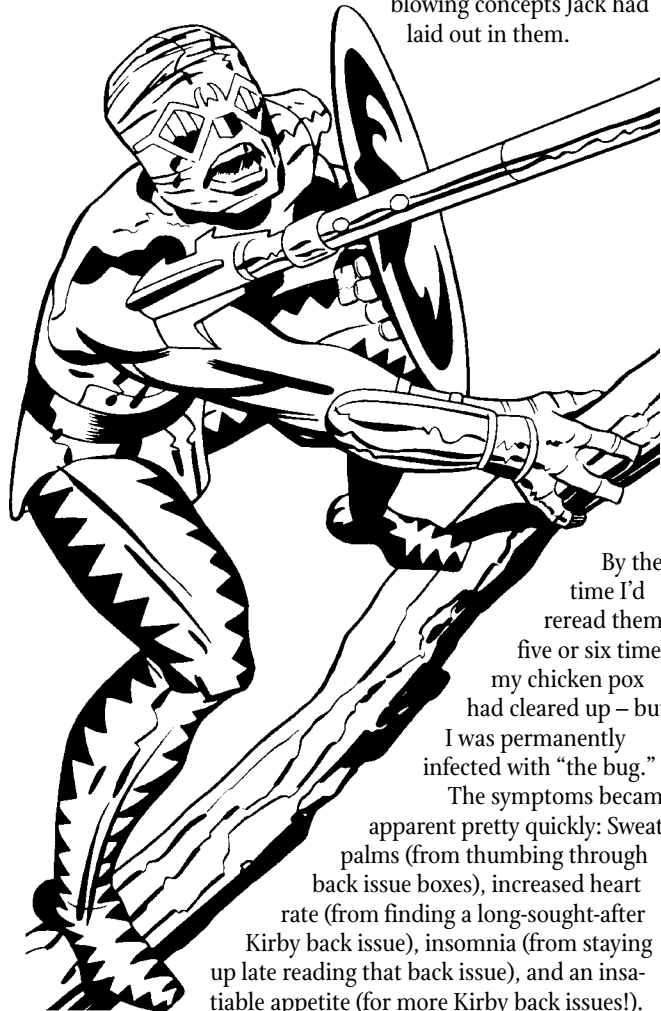
When I was twelve years old, I spent a lot of time hoping I would catch a fatal disease.

Okay, maybe not a *really* fatal disease; just one semi-fatal enough to make me terribly sick, which would naturally make people feel sorry for me, so I'd get my picture in the local newspaper, which would somehow find its way out to California to Jack Kirby's house, so Jack would read the article and find out what a big fan of his I was, and *he'd* feel sorry for me and travel all the way to Alabama to draw a huge mural of all his Fourth World characters on my bedroom wall.

Unfortunately, I grew to adulthood relatively germ-free, and hence, mural-free, too. It's probably just as well; I could never have moved out of that bedroom – after all, how do you take a whole wall with you? But little did I know I was already the victim of a serious, chronic disease for which there is no known cure.

I call it the *Kirby Bug*. (No, I'm not talking about the character from *New Gods* #9-10, although he made a very fitting illustration for this introduction.)

It all started a few months earlier when I'd come down with chicken pox. A couple of days into the horrible itching and scratching, my mailman delivered a huge box of Kirby back issues I'd ordered from *The Buyer's Guide For Comic Fandom*. I'd been enjoying *Kamandi* for awhile, and had heard that the Fourth World – whatever that was – was supposed to be pretty incredible, so I'd taken a gamble with my first mail-order dealer. The timing was opportune, since those books did what no Calamine lotion was able to do; they made me forget how miserable I was, by distracting me with all the mind-blowing concepts Jack had laid out in them.



By the time I'd reread them five or six times, my chicken pox had cleared up – but I was permanently infected with “the bug.” The symptoms became apparent pretty quickly: Sweaty palms (from thumbing through back issue boxes), increased heart rate (from finding a long-sought-after Kirby back issue), insomnia (from staying up late reading that back issue), and an insatiable appetite (for more Kirby back issues!).

Try though I might in the years since, I haven't been able to shake “the bug.” Oh sure, I went into remission for a few years in the late '80s, when there were no new Kirby comics on the stands. But although my trip to the 1991 San Diego Comic Convention finally gave me a chance to meet Jack, that meeting gave me what now appears to be a permanent relapse.

I'm currently getting treatment for my ailment in the form of *The Jack Kirby Collector*. By publishing this 'zine every couple of months, I'm in the fortunate position of having other victims of “the bug” send me copies of Kirby art from their collections for publication. I also get the thrill of rubbing shoulders and doing interviews with a lot of my idols from comics, who, as it turns out, have varying degrees of “the bug” themselves. Wonderful folks like Mark Evanier, Greg Theakston, Steve Sherman, Mike Royer, Jim Steranko, Joe Sinnott, Richard Howell, Steve Gerber, Shel Dorf, Tony Isabella, Chic Stone, Dick Ayers, Steve Rude, Jerry Ordway, Barry Windsor-Smith, Mike Thibodeaux, Steve Bissette, Walt Simonson, Terry Austin, Al Williamson, Frank Miller, Will Eisner, Karl Kesel, and so many more have gone out of their way to help make this publication better with each issue.

Maybe the best thing about publishing *TJKC* is having a support group of several thousand people who all have “the bug.” Just knowing there are others out there with the same affliction makes all the effort worth it – and I won't kid you; publishing *TJKC* is really hard work. But I'm not complaining; it's probably the most fun and rewarding thing I've ever done, and I have lots of help. There are plenty of people behind the scenes who deserve all our thanks, beginning with my wife Pamela. Pam now knows more about Jack Kirby than she ever wanted to (or should have to), but she still continues to volunteer to copy subscription envelopes, fill back issue orders, make trips to the Post Office, proofread, and sit for hours at the *TJKC* booth at comic conventions. She may not have “the bug” herself, but her sweetness, warmth and kindness are just as contagious.

Also, big thanks to Glen Musial, Ed Stelli, and Pat Varker: “The Guys” in Raleigh, NC who continually sacrifice their free time to stuff each new issue into envelopes. We couldn't do it without you!

I want to especially thank Mark Evanier and Greg Theakston, the two people who've gone out of their way to help *TJKC* more than anyone else. Also, special kudos to fellow “bug” sufferers Jon B. Cooke, Mike Gartland, David Hamilton, Chris Harper, Randy Hoppe, Richard Howell, Steve Robertson, Mike Thibodeaux, R.J. Vitone, and Tom Ziuko. Their expertise, support, encouragement, and Kirby art collections are largely responsible for this publication being where it is today.

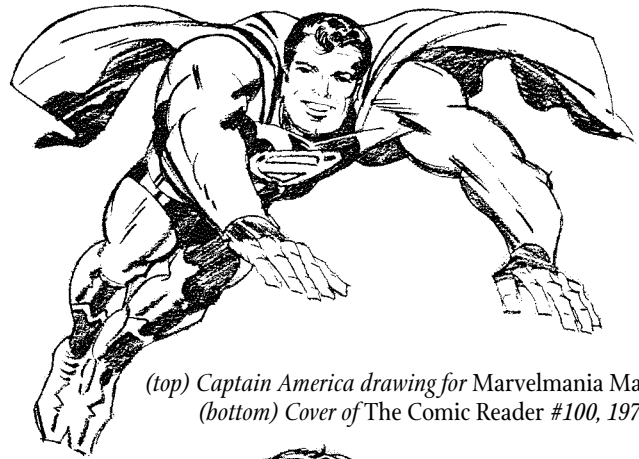
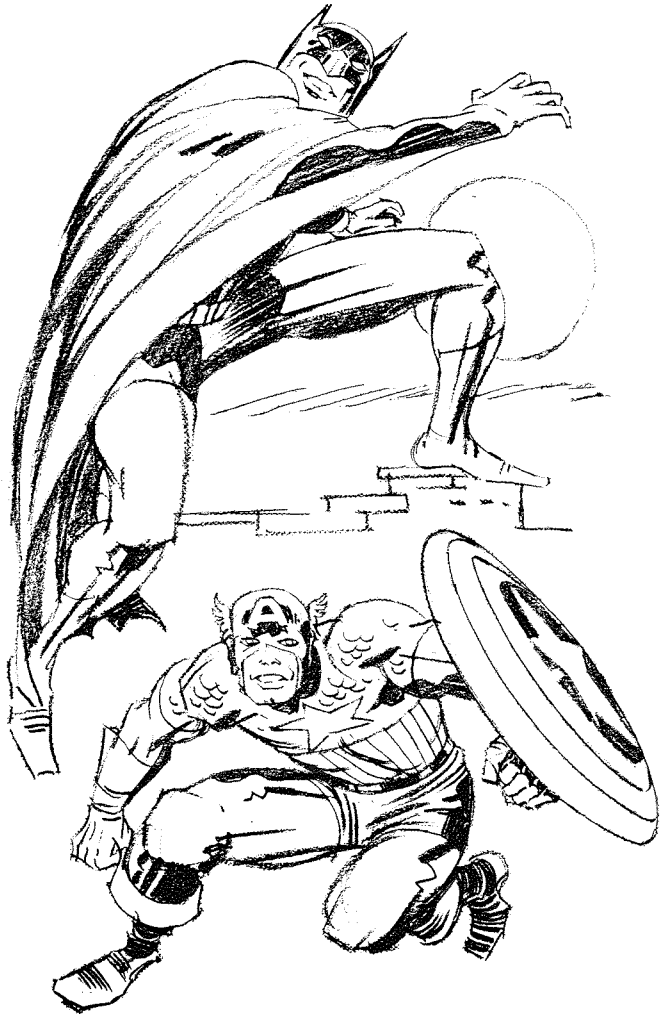
Finally, let me extend a special thanks to Rosalind Kirby for her support from the very beginning, and her continued indulgence when we occasionally manage to stick our foot in our mouth. If you've wondered if all the stories about what a fabulous person she is are true, stop wondering. They are. It's an honor to know you, Roz.

This book is a compilation of the first nine issues of *TJKC*. Everything I felt was important about those issues is here; I didn't omit any of the art or articles, only some ads and in-house pages. This made room for a special portfolio section with lots of Kirby pencils we've never published (some sneakily scattered throughout the old issues, so you longtime readers would have to rediscover the old stuff!). Plus it gave me a chance to rescan much of the art from the early photocopied issues, and let me tweak the original layouts a bit.

When I started *TJKC*, I told Pam that if only ten people wanted to get it, it'd be worth doing. It's a testament to Jack's genius that it's gone way beyond that in the last three years; “the bug” continues to spread, and I can see *TJKC* continuing indefinitely with your help. If you've ever had an urge to write something about Jack, send it in! And if you have a piece of Kirby art in your collection, make a photocopy and send it.

But be warned: You'll probably catch “the bug” too – and once you get it, it's for life!

John Morrow, Editor
Raleigh, NC, 1997



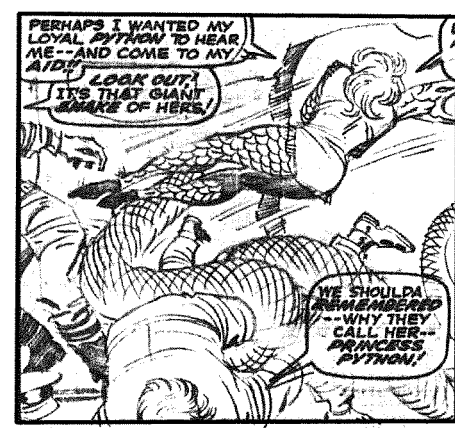
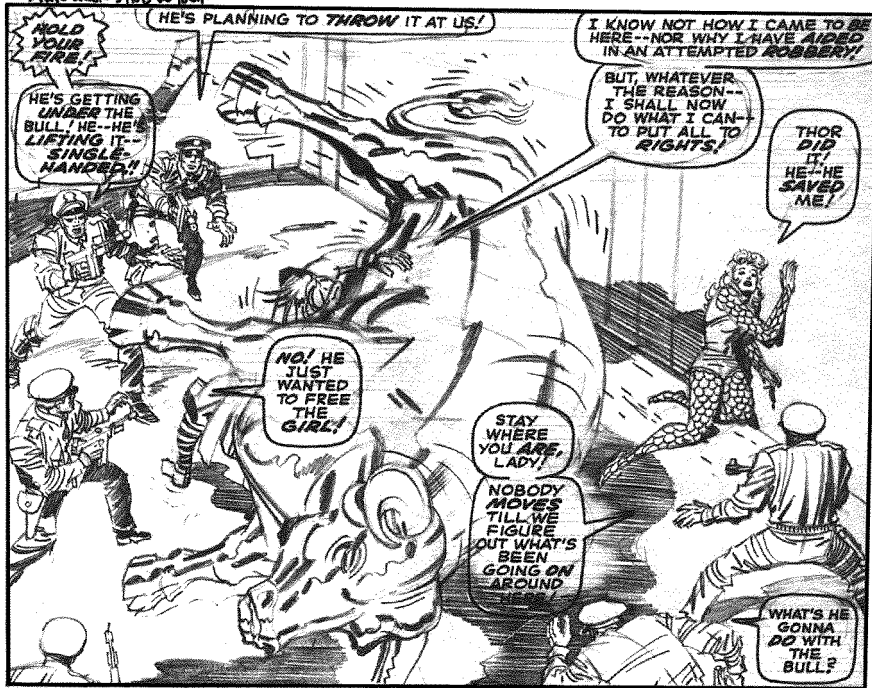
(top) Captain America drawing for Marvelmania Magazine.
(bottom) Cover of The Comic Reader #100, 1973.



START AFTER
LETTERING. SEND
STORY TO JACK K.
ALL
TALK WITH STUBS & BOB

WHEN WEDGED TO WALL BY GIANT
YES CLOSE IN AND MARVEL AS THOR
LIFTS BULL

WHAT'S THE DEAL HERE? WHERE
ARE YOU CONFEDERATES? WE'LL ROUND THEM UP!

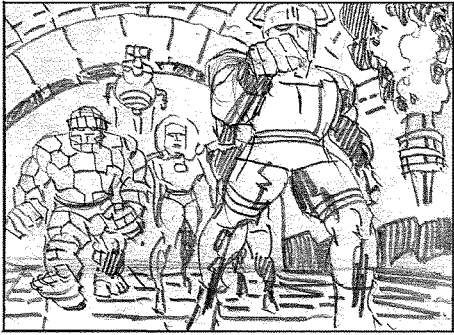


THOR RESTORES BULL
TO ITS PAVILION

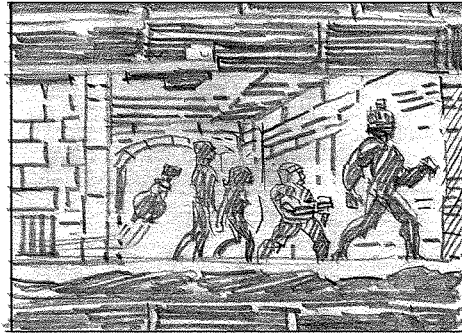
THOR CAN'T REMEMBER
BEING HYPNOTIZED -- TO STG
BY RINGMASTER

UPSETS COPS AND
SNATCHES THE MADAME TO
SAFETY

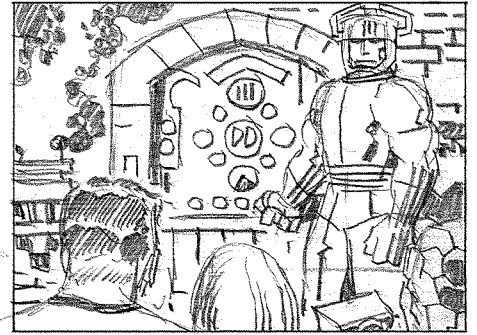
SHE-HE GOTTA HELP
THOR! HE-- NO TIME-- WE
GOTTA BLOW--



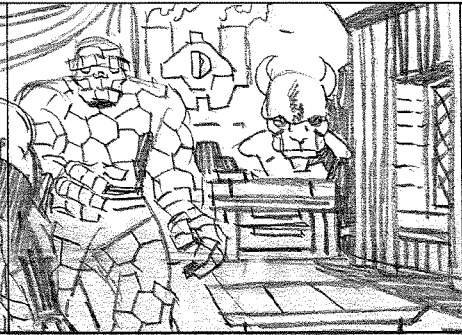
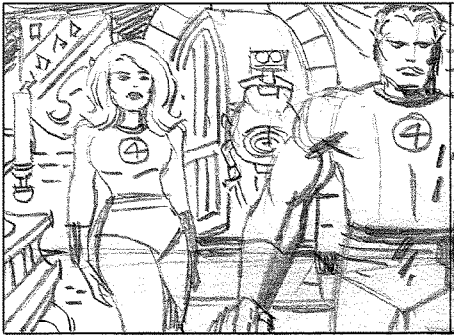
F.F. OBEY



WALK THRU MANY CORRIDORS



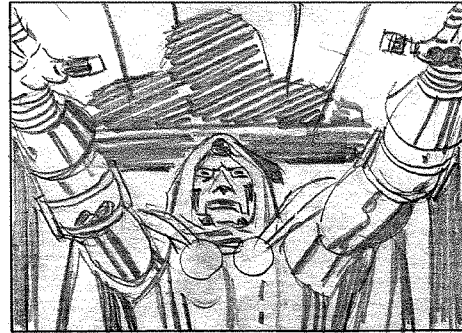
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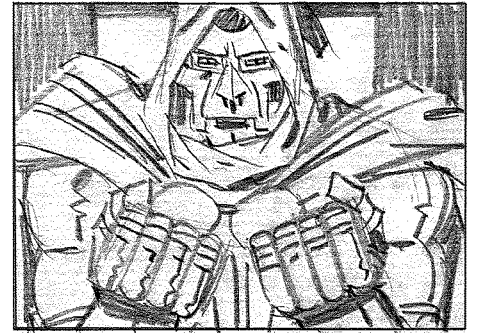
F.F. FACE DOCTOR DOOM...



I'LL TELL YOU MY PLAN.



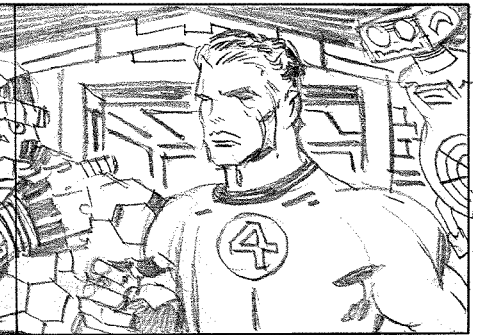
I'M READY--



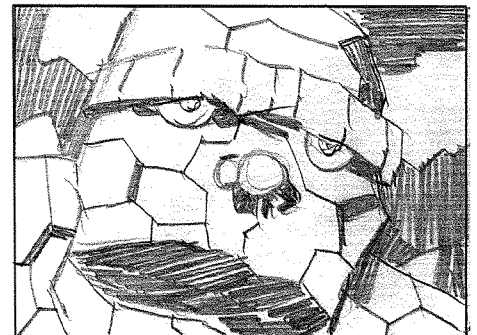
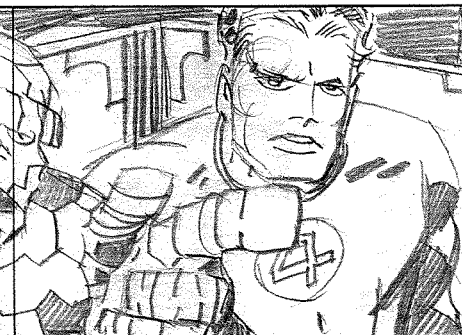
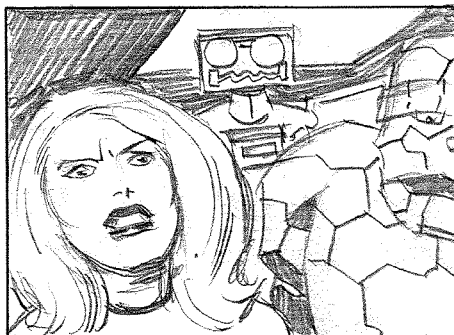
--TO TAKE OVER WORLD..



I WANT BLACK BEARD'S TREASURE.



YOU'LL GET IT FOR ME.



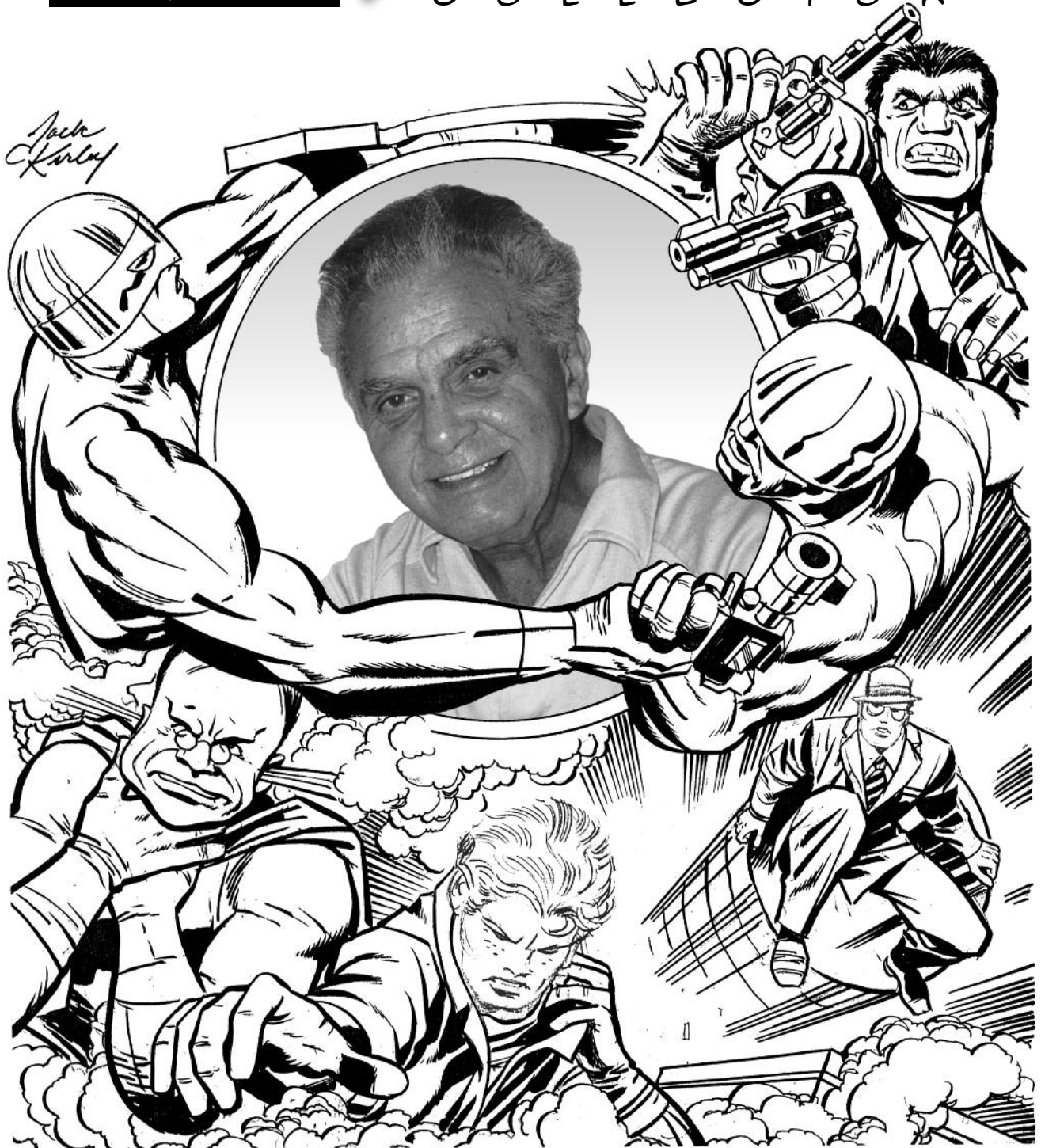
IMPOSSIBLE.

NOBODY'S SEEN THE TREASURE...

Jack's storyboards from "The F.F. Meet Doctor Doom" episode of The New Fantastic Four animated series. More storyboards can be found on page 238 of this book, and in TJKC #11.

KIRBY SAYS -- "DON'T ASK!!!"
JUST BUY AND READ TOTAL "SUSPENZYANISM!!!"

THE
COLLECTED
JACK KIRBY
VOLUME TWO COLLECTOR



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

A British Fan's Visit To The Kirby Home, by Glenn B. Fleming of Manchester, England

The following is an account of a personal experience with a genius.

Almost single-handedly, the late Jack Kirby wrote, designed and illustrated the look of the American comic book and from 1937 until 1983, Jack created an multitude of mythical and magical characters, the likes of which had never been seen in the medium. In his half-century career, it is estimated that Jack drew almost 40,000 pages of comic book art—a truly staggering achievement added to the fact that he continually changed his style to produce fresh and exciting work, never equalled to this day.

I was privileged to meet the man and his wife on two separate occasions at his home in California. Upon our first meeting they did not know me but still welcomed me into their home with friendship and openness; but that was typical, because all Jack ever gave was himself.

That he was treated shabbily by others and that his work was jealously guarded—but not for his benefit—is testament to his enormous impact on the world of comic books. His talent was



unmatchable and we are strengthened by his life's work and weakened upon his leaving.

Jack simply gave us everything he had.

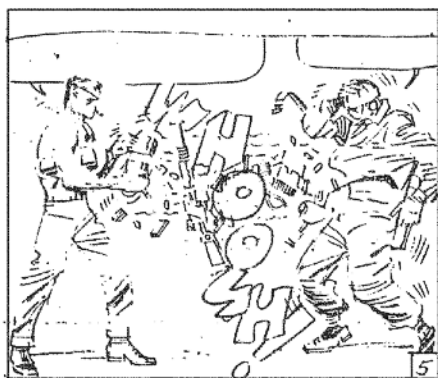
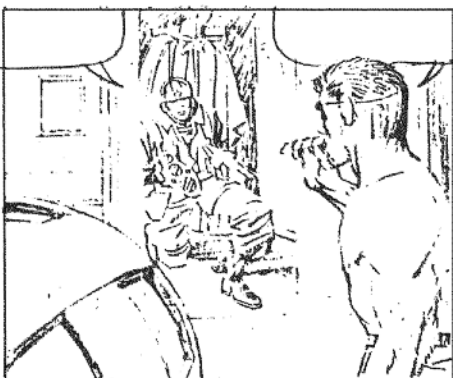
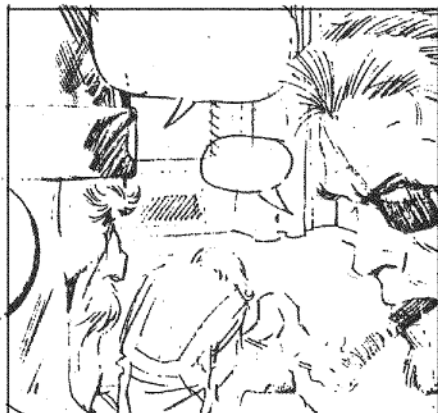
Jack Kirby died in February 1994, leaving a legacy that none will ever echo in the comics field. Roz, his lovely wife and partner for fifty years, joined him in December 1997. This tribute is dedicated to them both with deep love and great thanks.



I first met Jack Kirby in August 1965 when my brother brought home *Strange Tales* #135, the first appearance of Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D. It was hard to miss those funny little credits, so it was the first time I knew who had written and drawn the stories we were reading. As far as I was concerned, Marvel comics were new, better than any of the "Superman" comics around, and definitely worth reading. It was my opinion that DC only had two decent artists then, and I didn't know their names (they turned out to be Gil Kane and Curt Swan). In the S.H.I.E.L.D. comic, *The Man from UNCLE*—one of my favorite TV shows—was obviously being ripped off (with a little 007 thrown in) but I didn't mind. The strip was brilliant, the artwork so powerful and dynamic. At the back of the book was a weirdo called Doctor Strange. That strip had strange artwork too, and even the artist's name, Ditko, was one I'd never heard of before, anywhere. (How many people do you know called 'Ditko?') Despite all this newness—and it did unsettle me somewhat—I was hooked. I searched for other comics that Jack "King" Kirby had drawn and, sure enough, there were many. As an ten-year-old aspiring comics artist myself, I couldn't help but be impressed. I was soon drooling over *Fantastic Four*, *Mighty Thor*, *Captain America*, and all the rest. I just couldn't get enough. I discovered the fabulous work of the above Steve Ditko in *Spider-Man* (just before he left the strip!) and John Romita and all the others. Stan was the man, of course, if only because he kept on telling me so.

For the next eight years I lived in another universe, usually a Kirby universe, full of bad aliens and good aliens who all behaved like bad humans and good humans. Reaching sixteen, with my mother on my back telling me to "stop reading this junk—get rid of it—it clutters up your bedroom," I discarded comics. (Yes, I had all the number ones and sold them. Mine went for a penny each!) Although I would listen to my mother, I got rid of them mainly because I was dissat-

SHE NEEDS TO KNOW IT WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM



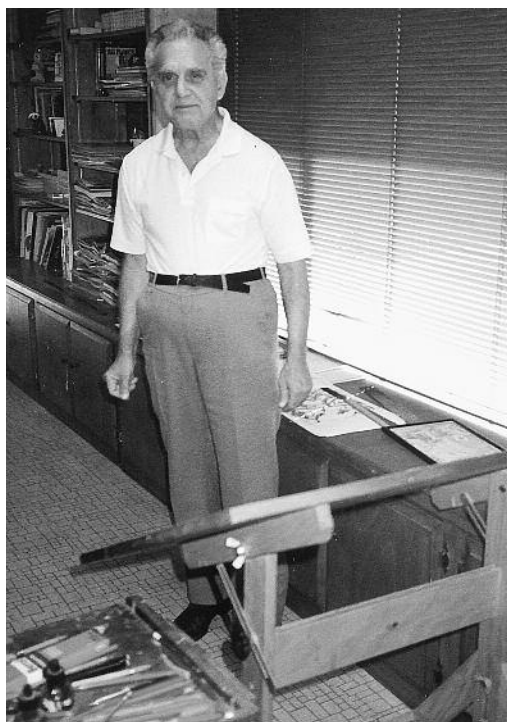
(this page and next) Pencils from *Strange Tales* #141. (following pages) *The Prisoner* by Kirby.

ified with the quality then being produced. I could see, even at that tender age, that the best times were gone and the writers and artists that had followed Kirby were no match for him, and appeared to be treading water, even stooping to rehashing Jack's old stuff. Jack himself had gone off the boil. I lost interest and moved on.

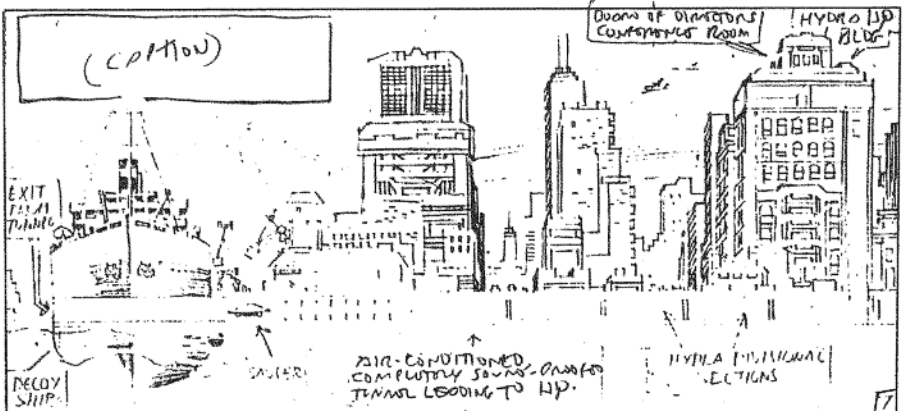
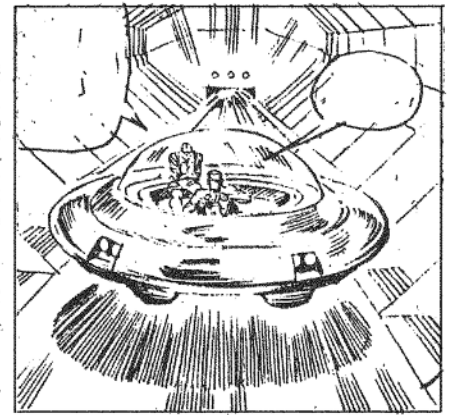
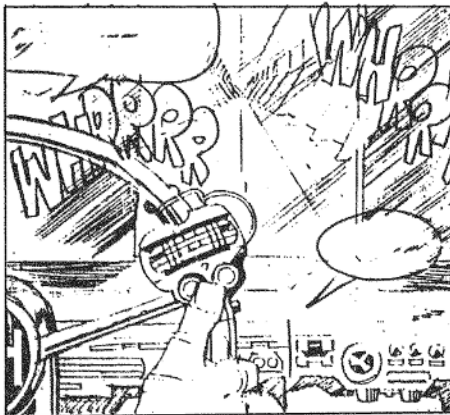
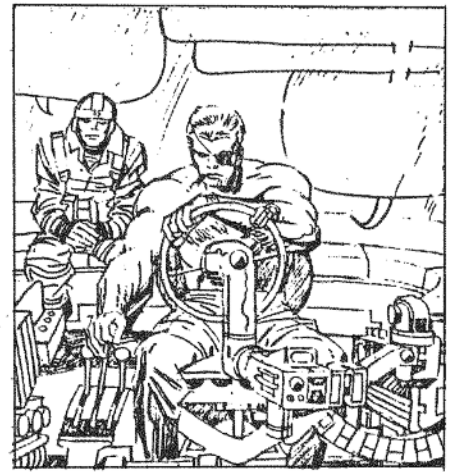
Ten years later, I went into a comics shop and saw that Jack Kirby was still alive and producing comics. The comic in question was *Captain Victory*. Though not Jack's best work, it rekindled a spark in me and I decided to see what had happened in the decade since I'd stopped reading and collecting.

I became aware that Jack Kirby (and others) was fighting to get his original art back from Marvel, with no success. I followed with interest and disgust how they were treating this genius of comics. Surely the artist could have his lousy drawings back! Hadn't Jack created the whole line with Stan Lee? (No, not really; Stan had created the whole thing, on his own... hmm, I don't think so. Stan was a master wordsmith, there is no doubt; but the best thing he did was promote Stan Lee and that was obvious to me when I was barely 12 years old. Did Jack and the other "Bullpenners" not contribute anything? As Jack said to me years later, "Stan wrote the credits." That sums it all up, really. The only thing Jack Kirby did was rejuvenate the entire comics industry and create an entire line of fresh, beautiful artwork, characters, and stories. Stan wrote the credits. 'Nuff said.)

By now, I was anxious to meet my hero, but where the hell did he live? California, yes, but California is bigger than England, and I bet there were a few Kirbys—and more than one Jack—living there. I remembered an address in one of my comics that you could write to concerning Jack's work: Thousand Oaks. That was it; but where the hell was Thousand Oaks? I fought about it until 1987, when I went on holiday to



The King stands next to his throne. (previous page) Glenn undaunted (?) in the presence of Jack.



Barbados with my ex-partner.

After flying over the Atlantic for nine hours and a thirty-minute cab drive to the hotel, we found our room, dumped the bags, and hit the bar.

There is something about Americans that you cannot miss. Maybe it's their generosity—loud "hi!"s and "come and join us!" met our ears. We wondered who they were talking to—it turned out to be us. Drinks were ordered and quickly paid for, Bajan dollars landing on the bar followed by "I'll get those!". Barely drawing breath, you get the history: Names ("Hi! I'm Bob and this is Suzanne"), places ("We're from Orange County, California"), and why ("We're here to get married—tomorrow!").

I love Americans and I love most things about America. They talked. They talked some more; and then they talked some more. They were good people, warm and affectionate, loving our English accents. Suzanne's family originally came from England and Bob's people originally came from Austria—neither were sure when—so really Bob and Suzanne were at least European (according to them anyhow!). Most Americans are, and most Americans love the English or the British. In fact, if the TV news is anything to go by, Americans are the only people who do like us—but that's another story.

We took to them immediately and the four of us went on a cruise that night. The "Bajan Queen" was the steamer we boarded. Four miles out from Bridgetown into the calm Caribbean sea, it was a beautiful 84° evening. All the evenings in Barbados are beautiful.

The day after their wedding, at which we were Best Man and Matron-of-Honor, Bob and

I felt like an idiot. Here I was, 33 years old achieving one of my greatest dreams, and I felt like a little kid.

Jack was great, though. He leaned over and asked me what my name was over and over again! I don't know if he'd actually forgotten or was joking, but he kept bringing me back into the conversation.

"I got thrown out of art school in New York because I wouldn't wait around 30 days to draw a head. They threw me out. I didn't have time to waste. There was so much to do."

His audience, gripped by now, listened as Jack took us back through his life.

Jack Kirby was born Jacob Kurtzberg on August 28, 1917 in New York, in the mean streets of Manhattan's Lower East Side. His parents were immigrants from Eastern Europe and his father was a tailor who later worked in a garment factory. Young Jack, a voracious reader, would hide himself away, digesting the works of Edgar Rice Burrows, H.G. Wells and, later, leading science-fiction writer Ray Bradbury. Shortly after immersing himself in this literature, Kirby became a fan of Chester Gould's *Dick Tracy*, Milton Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates* and Alex Raymond's *Flash Gordon*. At the same time, most of Jack's peers were becoming small-time thugs and thieves in an effort to survive the cauldron of cultures so prevalent of '20s and '30s New York.

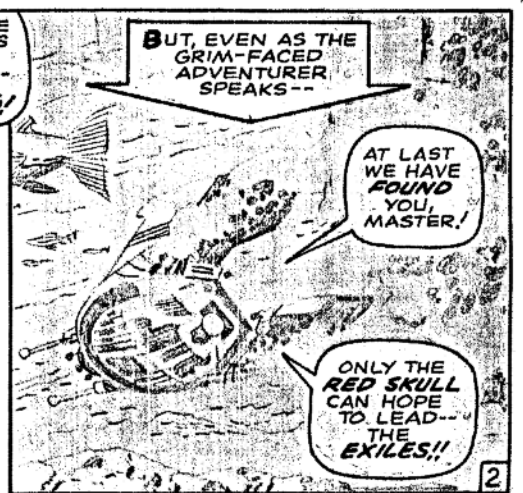
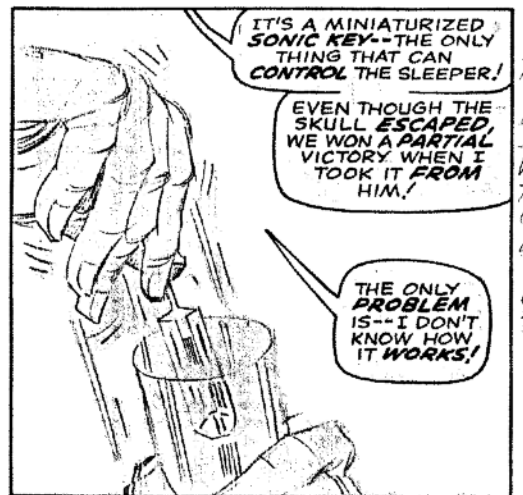
Jack was Jewish, and this was a good enough reason for him to fall foul of several street gangs who would let him know just what they thought of Jews. At the age of



Shy Roz!

YS GET THE
OPER-- THAT'S YOUR
MISSION

CAP SAYS I'D FEEL BETTER
IF I THOUGHT FOD SKULL
WAS DEAD--



... I HAD TO FIND ITS MARK

MEANWHILE

(here and next three pages) Pencils from Captain America #102.

eleven, Jack began studying "How to Draw" books from the library. At 14, he enrolled at the Pratt Institute in an effort to learn more about art. The young Kirby never attended. The day before he was due to begin his course, his father lost his job and so couldn't pay the enrollment fees.

"I did attend the Education Alliance for one day, though. They threw me out for drawing too fast with charcoal!"

Undaunted, Jack landed his first professional art job at the age of 18, working for a small newspaper syndicate. He worked his way through newspaper strips and animation to become the leading light in comic book history—but that was later. After answering an ad in the newspaper, Jack secured a job at the Max Fleischer studios in New York, working on animation as an "in-between" artist. The main artist would draw

FFs with the Inhumans, Galactus, the Silver Surfer, Ronan, the Sentry; that beautiful inking by Joe Sinnott, still in my opinion the best inker of Jack's work, bar none; those Cap stories in *Tales of Suspense*, with the Black Panther and Zemo, Sharon Carter, the Cosmic Cube; *Thor*, with Tana Nile and Ulik.

I was wrong. Jack Kirby's best work hung on the walls of his home.

I'll never forget the large pencil drawing of Moses set in the lounge, the lines of wisdom etched into his face, the way it peered back into your skull. Turns out, when Jack had finished this particular drawing, it reminded him of his father.

So there you have it: Not only is Jack king of the comics, his father was "king" of the Jews for a while! (This follows; as mentioned previously, Jack was of Jewish descent!)

On another wall was "Joshua at the Walls of Jericho," only this Joshua was a 300-foot-high alien, similar in appearance to the Sentry, standing abreast of a sonic disrupter that beats all sonic disrupters. The walls were not "tumbling down" and the people were not "running away." The walls were literally disintegrating before your eyes, yes, and the people were, as Jack put it, "getting the hell out of there!" An understatement if there ever was one; as they come toward you on horseback, they were moving, spilling out over you—a truly fabulous piece of work.

Next to this work was a pencil and ink rendering of two



(above) "Joshua at the Walls of Jericho" (below) "Moses"

First thoughts went to Michelangelo's drawing on the Cistine chapel. They were sitting on clouds, reaching out to each other. I found the illustration stunning, the inking superb. If, 50 years ago, Jack had decided to be an inker, he'd have been the best around—then and now.

You've probably noticed by now that I'm a little biased toward this man's work. I offer no apology for that. Jack Kirby created the "look" of comics within a short period of time at the beginning of his career and that "look" is still here today. A friend once told me that, because Jack was so brilliant in his time, he actually harmed comics.

What a ridiculous statement! Even though some come close, no one has proven to be as farsighted or innovative as Jack Kirby—period. I can't condemn a person for giving me the best of something that I, and many others, have ever seen—something, I believe, that will not be bettered.

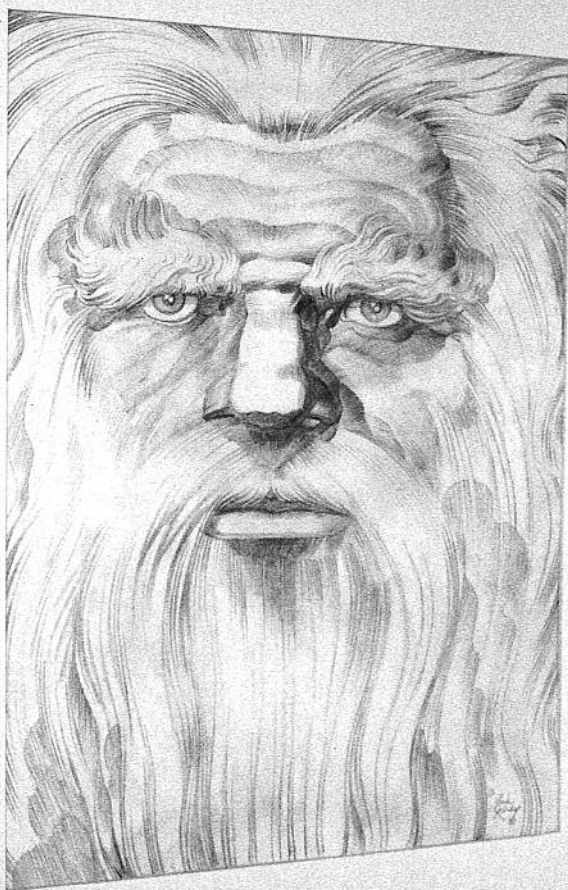
Not only has he done it all, but by and large, Kirby created it all.

In the mid-Fifties, comic books were doing poorly, due mainly to Dr. Frederic Wertham, whose book *Seduction of the Innocent*, published in 1954, was blaming America's growing juvenile delinquency on the impact of comic books on the minds of the nation's young. Publishers were wary, and with good reason. With no censorship to curtail the increasingly graphic violence being published, the eyes of American intellectuals were turned upon them. Something had to give. The United States Senate Subcommittee on the Judiciary held many long hearings on the influence of comic books on the young. The hearings, held in Manhattan, finally introduced the self-regulatory Comics Code Authority, a body of people who would in the future censor all comics material. Fortunately for the publishers, Wertham's argument could not be used as a reason for the increase in crime in the United States and his endeavors were not totally successful in getting comics banned. The Code was useful, as some of the comics of the mid-Fifties were a little near to the knuckle. Wertham did, however, manage to give comics a bad name. Sales fell dramatically, DC alone dropping from over 10,500,000 per month in 1955 to just over 6,000,000 in 1957. (This author would suggest that television and the popularity of a certain Elvis Presley would have had something to do with that also.) The times, indeed, were a'changing and the so-called Golden Age of Comics was over. Jack, along with co-creator Joe Simon, struggled through the '50s, and as Marvel was reviving their biggest seller *Captain America*, Kirby and Simon were producing several other similar characters. They were

all short-lived, however, some only surviving three or four issues.

Jack turned his talents to the creation of monster comics. His work appeared in *Tales to Astonish*, *Strange Tales*, and *Journey Into Mystery*.

Joe and Jack separated.



angels. As before, I can't stress the illustration's beauty enough; you've never seen angels like these.

MAGNIR MARVELS AT THOR'S STRENGTH-- THOR MARVELS AT SWORD WHICH CONTAINS POWER OF HIS HAMMER

THOR PUTS MORE POWER BEHIND BLOW



HAVING BEEN HONED BY MY ENCHANTMENT, THE BLADE OF MAGNIR CAN HALT THE THRUST OF THINE OWN URU HAMMER!

MAYHAP... BUT THE ARM OF MAGNIR WILL NE'ER BE THE EQUAL OF THE THUNDER GOD'S LIMBS!



SO SAYING... AGAIN I STRIKE FOR ASGGAARD!!



WHAT UNMENTIONABLE WIZARDRY IS THIS..??!

MY FOE HATH TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A FIGURE OF PULSATING ENERGY!!

---ENERGY WHICH DOTHS GRIP MY MALLET... ENTRAPPING IT AS IN A VISE!



STRUGGLE AS THOU WILT, THUNDER GOD... THE GAME IS ENDED.. THE VICTORY WON!

AND NOW... FROM THE MACE OF BRONA, THOU SHALT RECEIVE THE FINAL BLOW!

BRONA COLD CREEPING UP THRU HAMMER TO HIS BODY BRONA COMES UP BEHIND HIM



IT IS DONE! THE GOD OF THUNDER IS FALLEN!

SO TOO SHALL ASGARD FALL... NE'ER TO RISE AGAIN!

MAGNIR HAS TURNED TO ICE HAMMER LODGES IN ICE-- HE HELD BY ITS FREEZING OLD

THOR ROCKED OFF HIS FEET BY POWER OF BLOW

THE
COLLECTED
JACK KIRBY
VOLUME THREE COLLECTOR

CELEBRATING THE LIFE
AND CAREER OF *THE KING!*



INTRODUCTION

by Steve Bisette

The three issues collected in this volume offer in-depth coverage of a trio of Kirby's genre works (specifically horror, science-fiction, and mythology). Much as I savored Kirby's work in other genres, these three include a few of my favorite Kirby works.

My personal bent toward all things that go bump in the night was fostered at a tender age by a steady diet of monster movies, monster magazines, and monster comics—preeminent among them, the beloved Marvel monster sagas of Kirby and Lee.

The splendors of Goom, Sporr, Sserpo, Fin Fang Foom, and

Googam (Son of Goom) were formative influences on my shaky drawing hand, which never seemed skilled enough to capture that absolutely elemental power that fueled even the most ridiculous of Kirby's creatures. By day, my friends and I would laugh at the blocky fingers, the impossibly-wide gaping maws, the pin-prick eyes; by night, I tried time and time again to produce my own feeble copies of them, hoping to figure out why Kirby's monsters seemed so alive on the page.

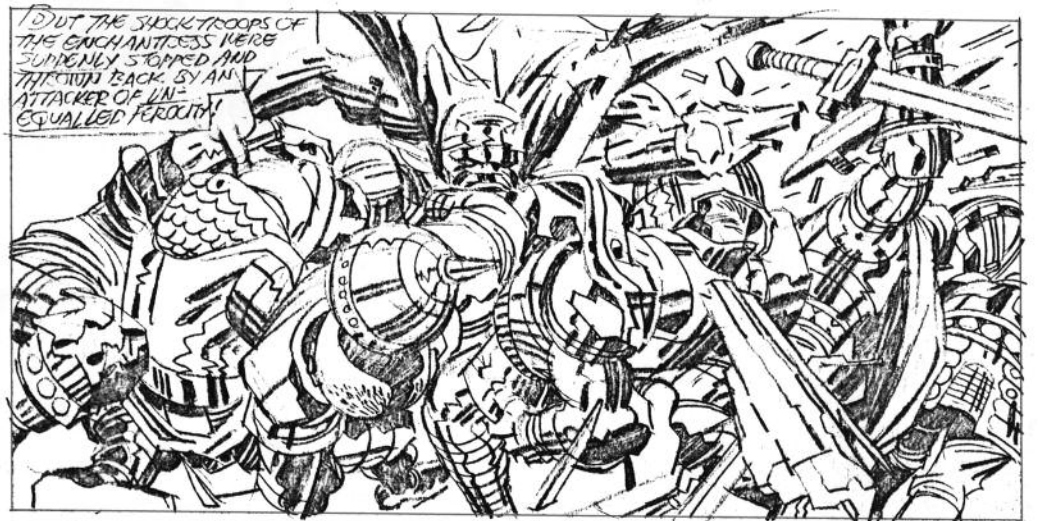
Of all the monsters that creeped, crawled, swam, and flew across the pages of comic books, Kirby's were the most primal.

I later sought out Kirby's genuine horror comics, from the pre-Code *Black Magic* to *The Demon*'s explosive run and the haunting *Spirit World* (and its remnants, which I scouted out high and low in the DC four-color comics). It wasn't in Kirby's nature to revel in the excesses of the genre, but his excursions into the genre had their own unique gravity and atmosphere. One particular Simon & Kirby *Black Magic* tale—in which a mutant family has genetically divided the tasks of a whole human individual between their members (head, legs, arms, etc.)—sparked numerous imitations, including an Archie Goodwin/Angelo Torres collaboration in *Creepy*'s heyday and a recent Charles Band film, *Head of the Family*.

In fact, I have often been struck by unmistakable eruptions of Kirby's imagery and concepts in the mainstream pop culture. From *Star Wars* to *The Matrix*, surprisingly specific images from Kirby's visionary science-fiction comics have illuminated cinema and video screens for two generations. When RoboCop removed his faceplate and sat in the squalor of an abandoned factory, pausing to ponder his fate, there sat Machine Man; the kinetics of RoboCop's showdown with the top-heavy ED-209 and the hair-raising assaults of the "bugs" in Verhoeven's later *Starship Troopers* echo Kirby. Charles Band has produced a stream of direct-to-video product drawn from the shadows of Kirby's career, though none of them can hold a candle to the legacy they so recklessly plunder.

In later years, my passion for the power and absurdity of Kirby's monsters and horror comics never abated. When I tried to sell a series of short ghost stories to DC for their *Secrets of Haunted House* title, my intention was to recreate the atmospheric of the Kirby horrors of *Spirit World*. I had the rare pleasure of working with Alan Moore and my dear friend John Totleben recreating two of my favorite Kirby creations, the Demon and the Monkey King, during our run on *The Saga of the Swamp Thing*. It was my suggestion to bring the Monkey King into the fray; the creature embodied one of Kirby's most persistent genre themes, that the most terrible monsters are those we infuse with our own fears.

Like Alan, John, and I, countless comics creators have paid tribute to this aspect of Kirby's work in their own way. At every opportunity,



Kirby's uninked pencils from *Demon* #1 (August 1972).

CAP REACHES DEADLY KELP BED AND
IS SEIZED BY ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED KELP--
ITS ARTIFICIAL--



A THOUGHT THE SKULL
WOULD HAVE A DEFENSE
AGAINST UNDERSEA
ATTACK--!

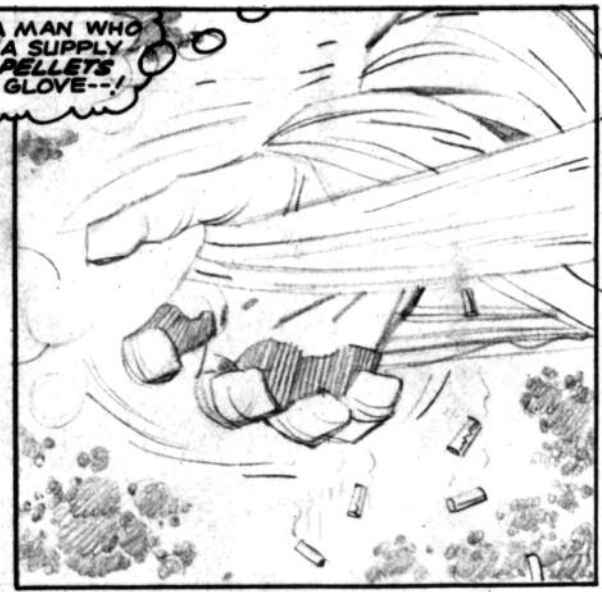
A BED OF
ELECTRONICALLY-
CONTROLLED KELP--
SNARING ME IN ITS
ARTIFICIAL
TENTACLES!



CAP
FIGHTS
BUT
CAN'T
GET
FREE

ANY OTHER MAN--
UNPREPARED FOR
SUCH A TRAP--
WOULD BE DROWNED
WITHIN SECONDS!

--BUT NOT A MAN WHO
HAD HIDDEN A SUPPLY
OF SHOCK PELLETS
WITHIN HIS GLOVE--!



CAP
SHAKES
OUT
SHOCK
PELLETS
FROM
GLOVE
THEY
PULL
TIGHT
KELP



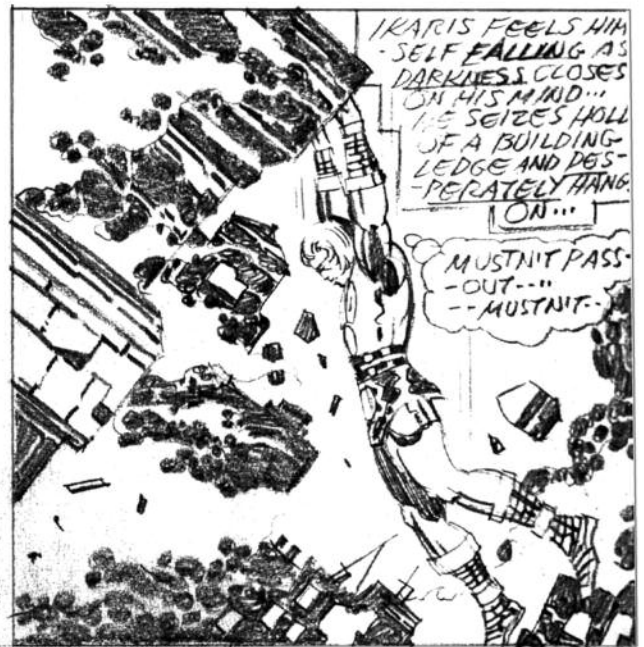
ALERT
THE
MASTER!
SOMETHING
IS AMISS
WITHIN THE
KELP BED!

MAN THE
ATTACK
CRAFT--
FOR
INSTANT
LAUNCHING!

SHOCK PELLETS GO OFF
AND BREAK GRIP OF KELP

ON HIDDEN ISLAND
DISTURBANCE IN WATER
IS SPOTTED

(these two
pages)
Uninked
pencils from
Captain
America
#103 (July
1968).



(these two pages) Uninked pencils from Eternals #4 (October 1976).

LATE-BREAKING KIRBY NEWS!

THE JACK KIRBY COLLECTOR

EXTRA!

RARE KIRBY BOOKS DISCOVERED

by Richard Kolkman

In the course of compiling the updated *Kirby Checklist*, I've uncovered four previously unknown books featuring Kirby art. All were published between the late 1960s to early '70s, but various problems kept them from reaching the newsstands.

These books are so rare, you won't find them in Overstreet's *Price Guide*. But they're not ashcans or reprints; these are full, complete books with new Kirby stories. Each had extremely low distribution, and in some cases only file copies of each exists, stored in Marvel's and DC's vaults.

DC and Marvel have released several file copies of *Infinity Man #1* and *Captain America And Hulk #1*, which will be up for bid at the Sotheby's and Christie's auction houses this year. When the time comes, we'll have a full report of what these extremely rare collectibles sold for. We'll feature some of the previously unseen art from these books in our next issue of *TJKC*.

INFINITY MAN #1 (July 1972)

Remember how Infinity Man disappeared from *Forever People* #4, only to turn up again in #11? While many thought Jack had simply forgotten about the character, he actually was saving him for his own comic, which would have been the fifth book in his Fourth World series. #1 was published at the tail end of DC's 52-page 25¢ books, but was pulled from circulation

when the decision was made to drop all their books to 20¢. Some of the material from this issue was recycled and later used in *Forever People* #11.

"The Bat and the DNA Project" 24 pgs.
Script, pencils: Jack Kirby
Inks: Mike Royer
Faces: Murphy Anderson



STORY SYNOPSIS:

After spending months in limbo (a result of being zapped by Darkseid in *Forever People* #3), *Infinity Man* temporarily materializes in the DNA Project. He's confused by his surroundings, and begins destroying everything in sight looking for Darkseid. Jimmy Olsen is there, and in his search for help stumbles across a Batman clone being held in a life preserving solution. After being released by Jimmy, the Batman clone delivers the first blow to *Infinity Man*. Into this standoff scene stumbles the Golden Guardian and Goody Rickels, who proceeds to taunt and goad *Infinity Man* into action. They undergo a heated battle, and the resulting chaos endangers the Project's power core. Darkseid witnesses this scene and comments on the futility of *Infinity Man*'s search. After everyone escapes, *Infinity Man* comes to his senses.



He flies into the power core and succeeds in stopping the atomic reaction, and then fades out again.

BACK-UP FEATURE:

"The Krypton Equation" 2 pgs.
Script, pencils: Jack Kirby
Inks: Vince Colletta

STORY SYNOPSIS:

Superman's electronic file at the Evil Factory goes berserk, halting all machinery and disrupting all electrical activity. Eventually, Makkari enters the "Healer Code" and normal business resumes.

CAPT. AMERICA & HULK #1 (April 1968)

Like *Iron Man* and *Sub-Mariner* #1, this book was a one-shot used to bridge the gap between when Cap left *Tales of Suspense* for his own mag, and Hulk left *Tales to Astonish*. Jack provided the cover and Captain

America story (inks by Giacoia), while Herb Trimpe did the art for the Hulk story. A scheduling mix-up had this issue shipping AFTER *Captain America* #100 and *Incredible Hulk* #102. Since this would have

ruined the continuity of the continued stories in the new solo books, at the last minute Marvel pulled it from circulation to avoid confusing readers.

"The Mighty Will Inherit the Moon" 10 pgs.
Co-plot, script: Stan Lee
Co-plot, pencils: Jack Kirby
Inks: Frank Giacoia

STORY SYNOPSIS:

The Hulk lays in a suspended state in the Leader's lair on the moon. A highly dangerous Cosmic-Powered Hulk android discarded by the Mad Thinker is found and activated by the Leader.



THE
COLLECTED

JACK KIRBY

VOLUME FOUR

COLLECTOR

CELEBRATING THE LIFE
AND CAREER OF *THE KING!*



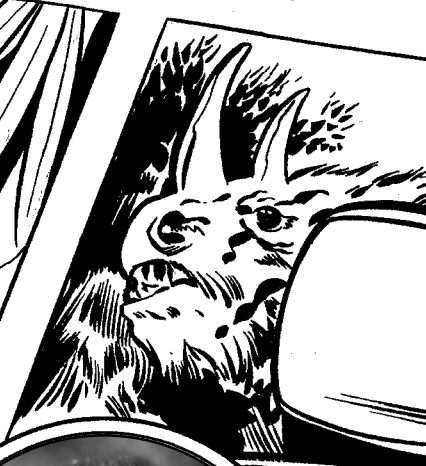
TJKC

SPECIAL
ISSUE

30 PAGES OF ART
NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

TAKEN BY U.N.
EXPEDITION IN THE
HIDDEN JUNGLE OF

KIRBY



FULLY AUTHORIZED BY THE KIRBY ESTATE

INTRODUCTION

by John Morrow, editor of
The Jack Kirby Collector

Well, here we are back again, with a fourth collection of sold out issues of *The Jack Kirby Collector*, the magazine for fans of the King of comics. It's been awhile since we last issued one of these compilations; Volume Three first appeared back in 1999, containing the last of what I thought of as our "low print run" issues. I figured, after *TJKC* #15 (the last issue reprinted in Volume Three), we had more or less reached the majority of the hardcore Kirby fans out there, and were ordering enough extra copies to keep in stock as back issues, thus eliminating the need to ever do another of these books.

Then along came Alex Ross.

You've probably heard of him, and seen his amazing painted images of super-heroes. When he offered (free of charge, I might add) to do a painting based on one of Jack's pencil drawings, how could I resist? His stunning piece graced the cover of *TJKC* #19 (and is on the back cover of this book), and caused quite a hubbub in the comics industry. The issue literally flew off store shelves, getting Kirby's work into the hands of new, younger fans who weren't that familiar with him. #19 sold out quicker than any issue to date, and really helped solidify *TJKC* as more than just a niche item, but a true medium for documenting comics history.

The other issues in this volume (#16-18) quickly sold out as well, as did our first three *Collected* volumes, proving to me two things: 1) that we were achieving our goal of exposing new people to the genius of Jack Kirby, and 2) we weren't printing enough extra copies each issue! So in this, our tenth year of publishing (and the tenth anniversary of Jack's passing), I'm proud to see these issues back in print, as well as our first three *Collected* volumes. It's a great testament to the value of Jack's amazing legacy.

Long live the King!

John Morrow, editor
Raleigh, NC, June 2004

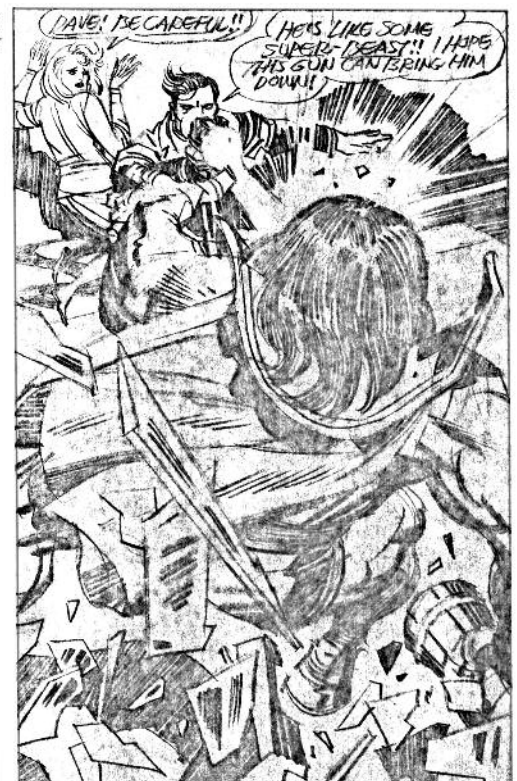
(right) Kirby's uninked pencils from
New Gods #8 (April 1972).

A MAN AMONGST GODS, A GOD AMONGST MEN

Foreword by *TJKC* colorist Tom Ziuko

Who is Jack Kirby?

From the perspective of the 21st century, looking back through at the 20th, we know that Jack Kirby is without a doubt the single most important and influential creator and artist to have worked in the comic book field. In this uniquely American form of storytelling, with ideas and imagination disseminated on pulp for the masses, Jack Kirby reigned supreme. He created, molded and mastered so many different genres of comics; from super-hero to romance, war and mystery. His artwork and visual style, always evolving, became the virtual template from which super-hero comics in general are forever fashioned. He helped invent, change and perfect the visual vocabulary we use in comics to this very day. His journeys on paper took us from the icy depths of the oceans to the chilling expanse of outer space; from sub-atomic



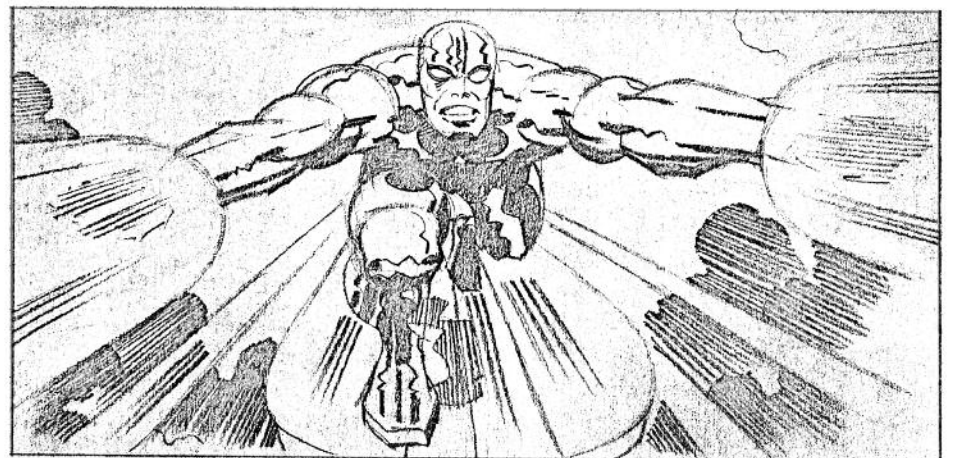
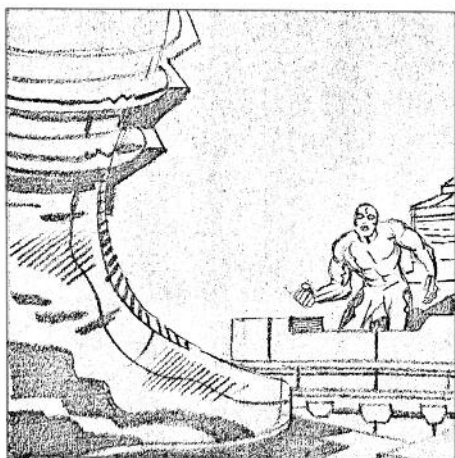
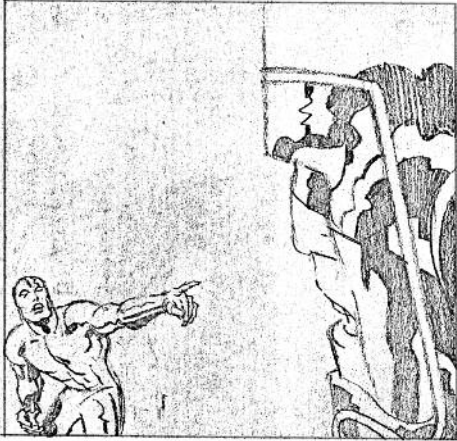
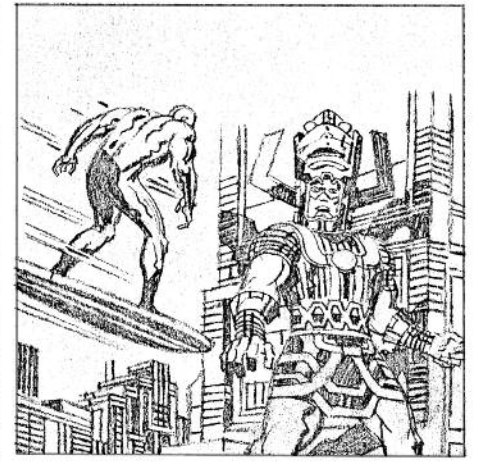
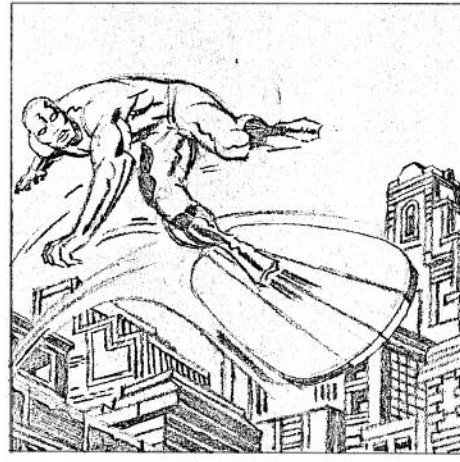
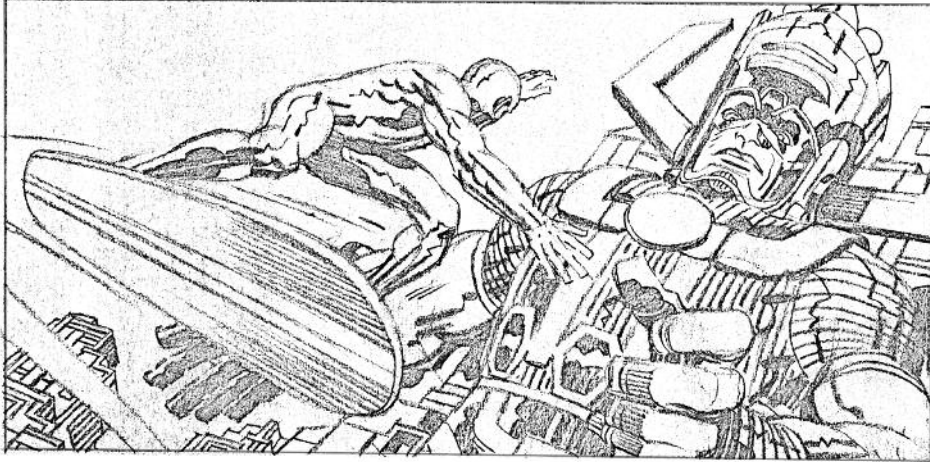


SOUND--WHAM!!

Darkseid's Omega Effect takes effect in these pencils from Forever People #6, page 17 (Dec. 1971) and #7, page 15 (Feb. 1972).



Pencils from Jack's longest-lived 1970s series Kamandi (#40, page 15, April 1976) and one of his shortest, "Atlas" from First Issue Special #1 (page 14, April 1975).



A couple of splendid examples of Jack's work from the Silver Surfer Graphic Novel (1978).

THE COLLECTED
JACK KIRBY
VOLUME FIVE COLLECTOR



CELEBRATING THE
LIFE AND CAREER
OF *THE KING!*

*Your Pal
Jack Kirby*

INTRODUCTION

by John Morrow, editor of
The Jack Kirby Collector

I get continually asked by our readers, “When’s the next *TJKC* Collection coming out? And when are you going to collect the Tabloid issues?”

Longtime readers will understand they’re referring to issues starting with #31, when I switched this magazine’s format from a standard size up to a whopping 10" x 14" tabloid format, to better show off Jack’s gorgeous pencil art. The bigger size was a big hit with most of our readers, but a few longed for us to go back to the smaller size (the size of the book you’re holding in your hands).

Kirby fans are a very passionate group, and I hate to disappoint a single one, but sometimes you have to make tough choices. Beside the fact that I really *like* our giant tabloid format, it has been overwhelmingly popular with most readers. So it’s here to stay, as far as I can see into the future.

However, the minority that prefers the smaller size can take heart: this collection re-presents three of those smaller-size issues (#20-22) at their original size, with better reproduction on a lot of the images, and lots of new extras that weren’t in the original issues, and haven’t been published elsewhere. I hope this compromise can make all the people happy, some of the time (as the saying goes).

As for pleasing fans who want us to collect the tabloid issues in this style of trade paperback? Well, assuming we do more of these *Collected* volumes (and only continuing sell-outs of *TJKC* back issues will insure it), at our present rate of one volume every 1-2 years, it’ll be at least 2010 before we’re up to reprinting issue #31. (How to deal with the logistics of assembling a 10" x 14" book is something I think I’ll just worry about when the time comes!)

Long live the King!

John Morrow, editor
Raleigh, NC, March 2006

(above) Drawings Kirby did in David Hamilton’s copy of *Kirby Unleashed*.

MY ENCOUNTERS WITH THE KING!

Foreword by David Hamilton

ENCOUNTER #1

I must’ve been all of 17 years of age and—beyond having left the family nest only a handful of times (Boy Scout trips into the mountains above Los Angeles: Lake Arrow Head, Yellow Stone, and a few near-death hikes by the Pacific Ocean)—this San Diego Comic Convention was, for me, a *big deal*. On my own... and meeting Jack Kirby, the king of all things comics!

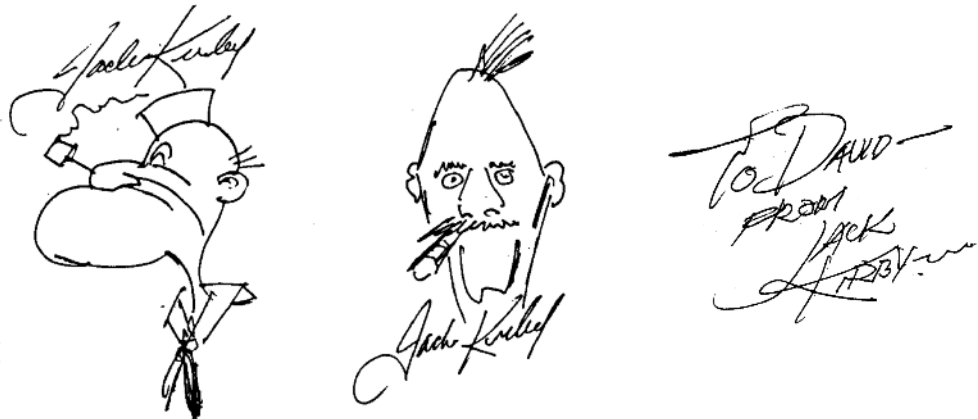
Now, you’ve gotta understand that Jack’s *Kirby Unleashed* was just published—I’d purchased a copy through the mail a good month prior to the con—and upon leaving for San Diego I hadn’t received my copy yet!

So, here I find myself, standing in a line waiting to meet Mr. Kirby (and with his son Neal, wife Roz, and daughter Barbara) and *everyone* in this line was buying the hot-off-the-presses stack of *Kirby Unleashed*—but I wasn’t! Of course, by the time I reached the table and saw that only one lone copy remained, I flip-flopped and purchased it; *another* “big deal,” because the three or four dollars was big money to a teen (especially paying it *twice*).

Shortly after, I approached Mr. Kirby and asked him to please sign my copy—but unlike all the other fan copies I’d observed him sign, I wanted mine *printed*.

As Jack wrote “To David — From...” I stopped him and directed him to please *print* his name: “Jack Kirby.” I then asked him for a tiny sketch inside the front cover of the Four-Armed Terror vs. the Hulk (see *TJKC* #13, cover and page 17). Just then, Neal Kirby stepped up and *stopped* Jack from following through with that sketch! Neal: “You can’t give drawings away, Dad!” or something like that. I was crushed.

Damn you, Kirby’s son! Nevertheless, Kirby did draw *two* head shots: one of Popeye and one of what I believe is Jack, himself, smoking a cigar. (I even got Barbara Kirby and Neal Kirby to sign the same inner cover.)



ENCOUNTER #2

Twelve months later, I met Jack again at the San Diego Con. Fans were everywhere asking him, well, “fan questions.” But when my moment came, I asked Kirby two questions that (*both*) went over like stink balloons—to the crowd and to Jack!

I asked why he *really* left Marvel Comics Group, because I’d heard through comments by various comic pros that he wasn’t happy at Marvel—for quite some time—and that this unhappiness was why he’d moved to the West Coast, then later quit Marvel.

Jack looked me straight in the eyes, with a “how dare you” look on his face, and went on to tell me and all around me that whatever I’d heard was untrue!

“But,” I said, “Steve Englehart said...”

Jack: “Steve doesn’t speak for me!” Well, that didn’t go too well (as all around laser-eyed me with disdain).

ENCOUNTER #3

Probably the juiciest encounter I ever had with Jack was, again, during another San Diego Comic Convention. This one, probably 1973 or 1974, happened during the early morning hours of the third day—a Saturday morning around 2:30 a.m., in fact.

I was wandering around the El Cortez Hotel’s swimming pool area, pretty charged up (as I *did* inhale during those days) and quite stoned out of my mini-mind. Up walks Jack “King” Kirby—just me and Jack! My gawd!

ORDINARILY, THIS TYPE OF SCARE STORY IS GOOD FOR A FEW SPECULATIVE ARTICLES UNTIL IT FADES OUT ON THE BACK PAGES OF THE WORLD PRESS!! BUT THIS TIME THINGS ARE DIFFERENT! FOR LOCH TREVOR AND ITS BEASTIE HAS A MORE SINISTER MEANING -- WHEN IT FITS IN WITH THE PLOTTINGS OF MORGAN EDGE, THE SLY AND GUARDED CAPTAIN OF THE GALAXY BROADCASTING SYSTEM!! -- AND BOSS OF

JIMMY OLSEN

SUPERMAN'S PAL!

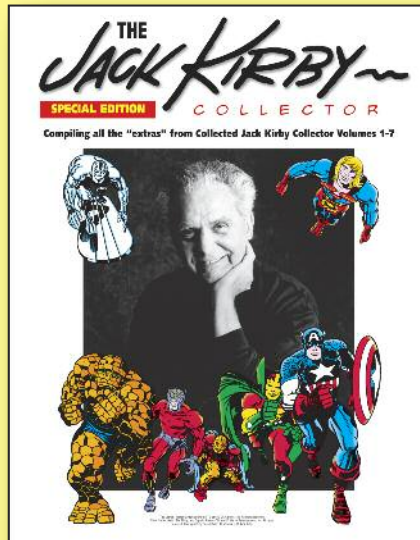
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WEATHER FAIR

MO
SEE
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IN THE...
3