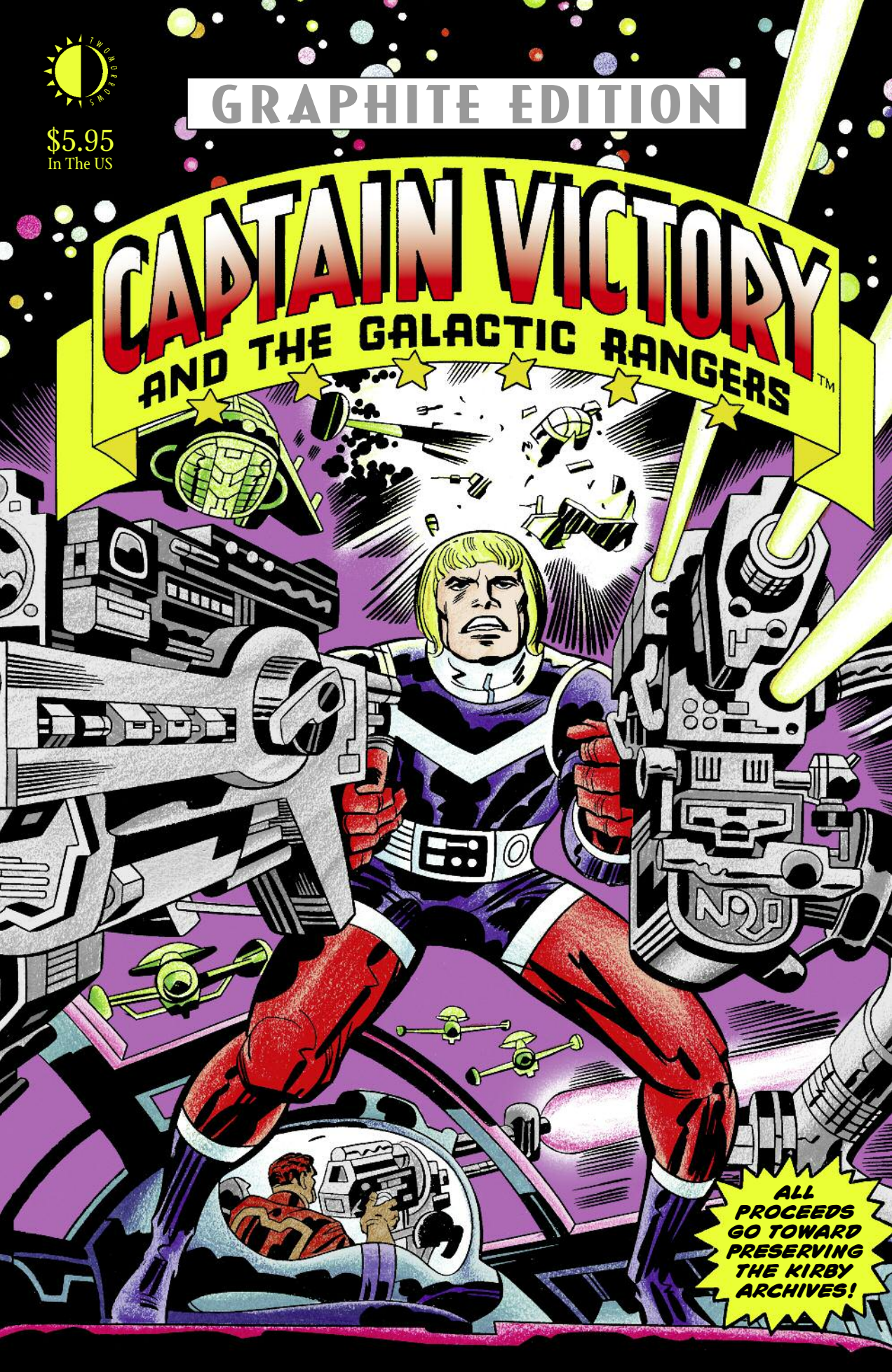




\$5.95  
In The US

GRAPHITE EDITION

# CAPTAIN VICTORY AND THE GALACTIC RANGERS™



**ALL  
PROCEEDS  
GO TOWARD  
PRESERVING  
THE KIRBY  
ARCHIVES!**

"Life is battle! Death is destiny!" These words, uttered by an Insecton in the story you're about to read, in many ways sum up the artist who wrote them. Jack Kirby (1917-1994) is known as the King of Comics due to his voluminous output during a 50-year career in comic books. His battles were many; from service in World War II and dealing with comics censorship in the 1950s, to struggles over creative control of his work and ownership of his original artwork, Kirby was a fighter. He was also a wellspring of ideas, constantly amazing readers with wild, new concepts and characters every issue, and creator or co-creator of Captain America, Romance comics, Kid Gang comics, the Marvel Universe (including the Fantastic Four, Hulk, Thor, Silver Surfer, and many more), the New Gods, and so many others. But in 1978, he surprised everyone by making a sudden departure from comics to the field of animation. Then, a mere



three years later, he just as suddenly returned to comics with a new character for the fledgling Pacific Comics company, inaugurating Direct Market distribution with *Captain Victory & The Galactic Rangers* #1 (Nov. 1981), the first mainstream comic book sold directly and only to comic book stores (the model today's comic book distribution is based on).

Captain Victory began as a name on a 1960s character concept drawing (shown above, and later renamed Captain Glory). With the release of *Star Wars* in 1976—some concepts of which Kirby felt were appropriated from his own 1970s Fourth World comic book series—Jack decided to resurrect the name and go George Lucas one better, creating his own property using *Star Wars* as his inspiration. He penciled a 17-page Captain Victory story meant for a new start-up comics imprint called Kirby Comics. The line would've included *Satan's Six*, *Thunderfoot*, and others, but funding for the entrepreneurs who were spearheading the line fell through. Jack then expanded it into a 50-page graphic novel with inks by Mike Royer, the first of a planned three-part saga, but there were no takers, so the pages languished in his files. With the help of assistant Steve Sherman, he prepared a *Captain Victory* movie screenplay in 1977 (see page 46), but nothing came of it, so the character

remained grounded until Pacific Comics came calling in 1981. Kirby split-up his 50-page novel to make Pacific's *Captain Victory* #1 and #2, adding new filler art, and jettisoning one page that made it into issue #3.

(Jack would go on to produce a total of 13 issues and one *Special of Captain Victory* over a two-year period at Pacific Comics. In that span, he managed to surprise readers once again by linking the series with—and even offering a craftily-disguised conclusion to—his unfinished Fourth World epic, which he felt was the inspiration for *Star Wars* in the first place.)

Since the early 1970s, Jack made it a habit to photocopy his penciled pages before they were inked, and *Captain Victory* was no exception. Presented here is Kirby's original graphic novel, still in pencil form, taken from the photocopies he made before Royer's inking. A number of things changed between this version and its final published, inked form, but what you have here is pure, undiluted Kirby in his penciling prime. The pencils are almost totally intact, with a couple of exceptions: One pencil page and a photo-collage page weren't in the files, so we replaced them with the best repros we had available. Also, Jack rarely photocopied his knock-out two-page spreads (probably because of their over-size nature, and not easily fitting onto single 11" x 17" copies). Since those spreads weren't copied, we've included smaller inked versions of those on the inside back cover.

Besides presenting this great story in pencil form, this book serves a higher purpose. To copy his pencils, Jack had a machine that, in those pre-xerox days, utilized technology similar to old thermal fax machines. More copies exist dating back to his Marvel Comics work in the 1960s, and the archive of photocopies totals nearly 5000 pages. But like thermal faxes, they're destined to fade to white over time. TwoMorrows Publishing is undertaking the enormous task of digitally archiving all the photocopies, so future generations will have access to this remarkable record of Kirby's work before it was altered by inkers, editors, and publishers. This book is being produced with the full cooperation of the Kirby family, and proceeds are going toward the scanning and archiving of the 5000 pages of pencil photocopies.

By scanning, preserving, and archiving those pages, we hope more projects of this sort will be possible. We feel it's particularly appropriate (maybe even destiny) that the story that began the current Direct Market—a move credited by many for saving the comics industry—would in turn be the one to facilitate the saving of so many pages of Kirby's art, years after his passing. ★

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For more on Jack Kirby, check out **THE JACK KIRBY COLLECTOR** magazine, available from TwoMorrows Publishing. Read excerpts and order at: [www.twomorrows.com](http://www.twomorrows.com)

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**THIS IS HOW IT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE STAR WORLDS COME TO EARTH!!!  
DON'T LOOK FOR GODS OR GURUS OR BENEVOLENT GIFT GIVERS... PREPARE TO MEET**

# **CAPTAIN VICTORY**

## **AND HIS GALACTIC RANGERS!!**

IF OUR VAST UNIVERSE  
SPAWNS AN INFINITE  
VARIETY OF PLANETS AND  
MEN --- IT MUST ALSO  
BREED SPECIAL DANGERS  
WHICH ONLY A FORCE, UNIQUE  
IN PURPOSE AND METHOD  
CAN DEAL WITH.....  
WHERE THIS FORCE ARRIVES,  
A SAGA BEGINS!!

YOU HEARD MY ORDER!  
I WANT ANOTHER COMPUTER  
CHECK ON THE POSITION  
OF THIS SOLAR SYSTEM!!

WHAT WE'RE LOOKING  
AT MAY BE A SERIOUS  
BREACH OF GALACTIC  
LAW!



Atop this page is a paste-up of Mike Royer's lettering, originally done for the splash on page 20 of this book.



COME ON, KLAUS! WE KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE... BUT, I CAN'T TAKE OFFENSIVE ACTION UNTIL ALL DOUBT IS REMOVED!!!

SURE--SURE--!

RUN IT THROUGH THE "TIN BRAIN" AGAIN, FELLAS!! --CAPTAIN'S ORDERS!!!



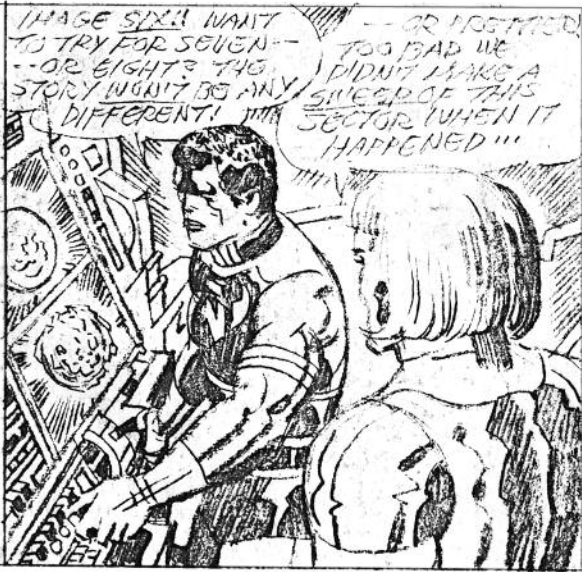
-- AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY "SONGS AND DANCE" ABOUT THAT MACHINE'S PERFECT SCORE!!! CHECK ITS ACCURACY AND SEND UP ANOTHER VISUAL!

IT WILL ONLY LOOK LIKE THE LAST FIVE WE FLASHED TO YOU!!



HE'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN!! WE'RE GOING TO GET THE SAME ANSWER!!-- WE'VE FOUND A PLANET WHICH HAS SUFFERED A "TAKEOVER!!"

THE BOARDS "ALIVE"!! WE'RE GETTING A PICTURE!!



PHASE SIX!! WANT TO TRY FOR SEVEN-- OR EIGHT? THE STORY WON'T BE ANY DIFFERENT!

-- OR I'VE GOT TOO BAD WE DIDN'T LEAVE A SLICE OF THIS SECTOR WHEN IT HAPPENED!!!



LET'S CLEAN IT UP! THERE'S NO GAME WAY!!-- IT'S OUR JOB!!

DESTROY THE DESTROYERS AND THEIR HANDWORK!! IT'S A ROUGH GAME TO PLAY!!



THE ENEMY HASN'T LEFT YET, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE STILL DOWN THERE,-- THIRVING IN IN THOSE PITS!! I SAY,-- "LET'S GET 'EM!"

WE'LL DO THIS MY WAY, "HOT- THE ADM"-- IN THE ORDERLY, "TRADITION OF THE GALACTIC FANEGRS!!"



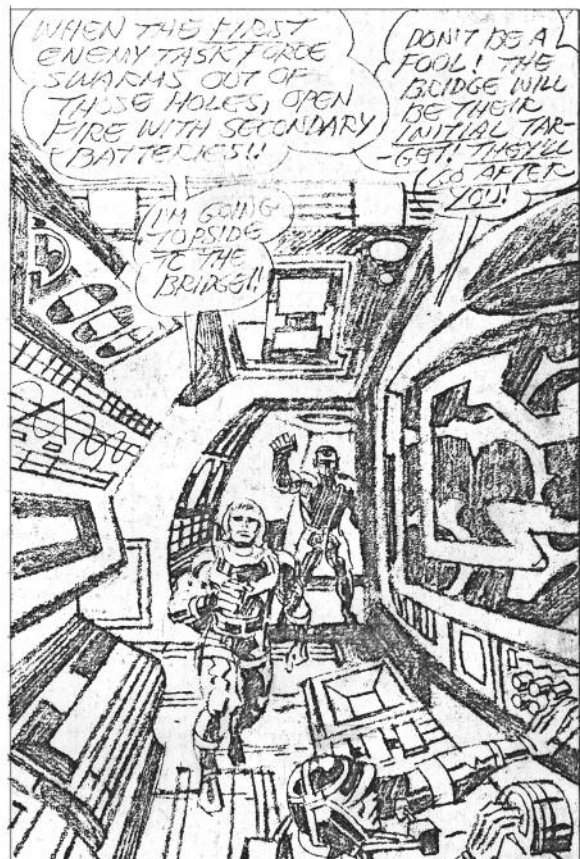
BESIDES, THE CHOICE OF ACTION MAY BE OUT OF OUR HANDS... THE ENEMY IS WELL EQUIPPED TO DETECT AND REPEL TH-- "VADERS"

MY SENTI-MENTS EXACTLY!! THEY'LL ATTACK US BEFORE YOU'RE FINISHED RECITING THE MILITARY MANUAL!



SHALL WE HIT THEM, SIR? -- SHALL I SOUND THE CALL FOR "BATTLE ORDERS?"

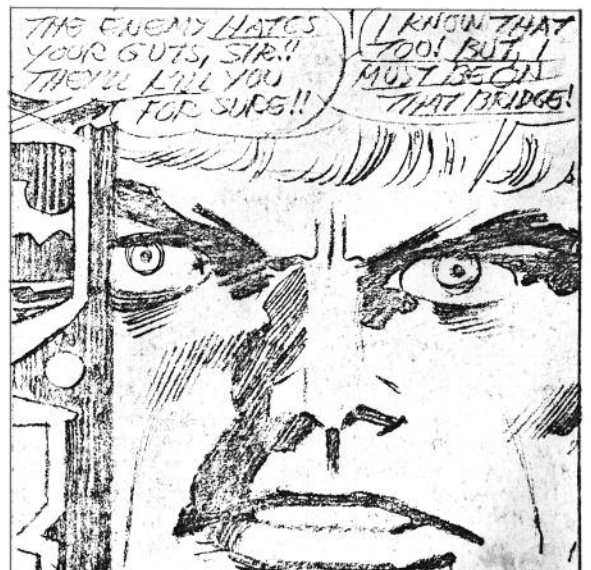
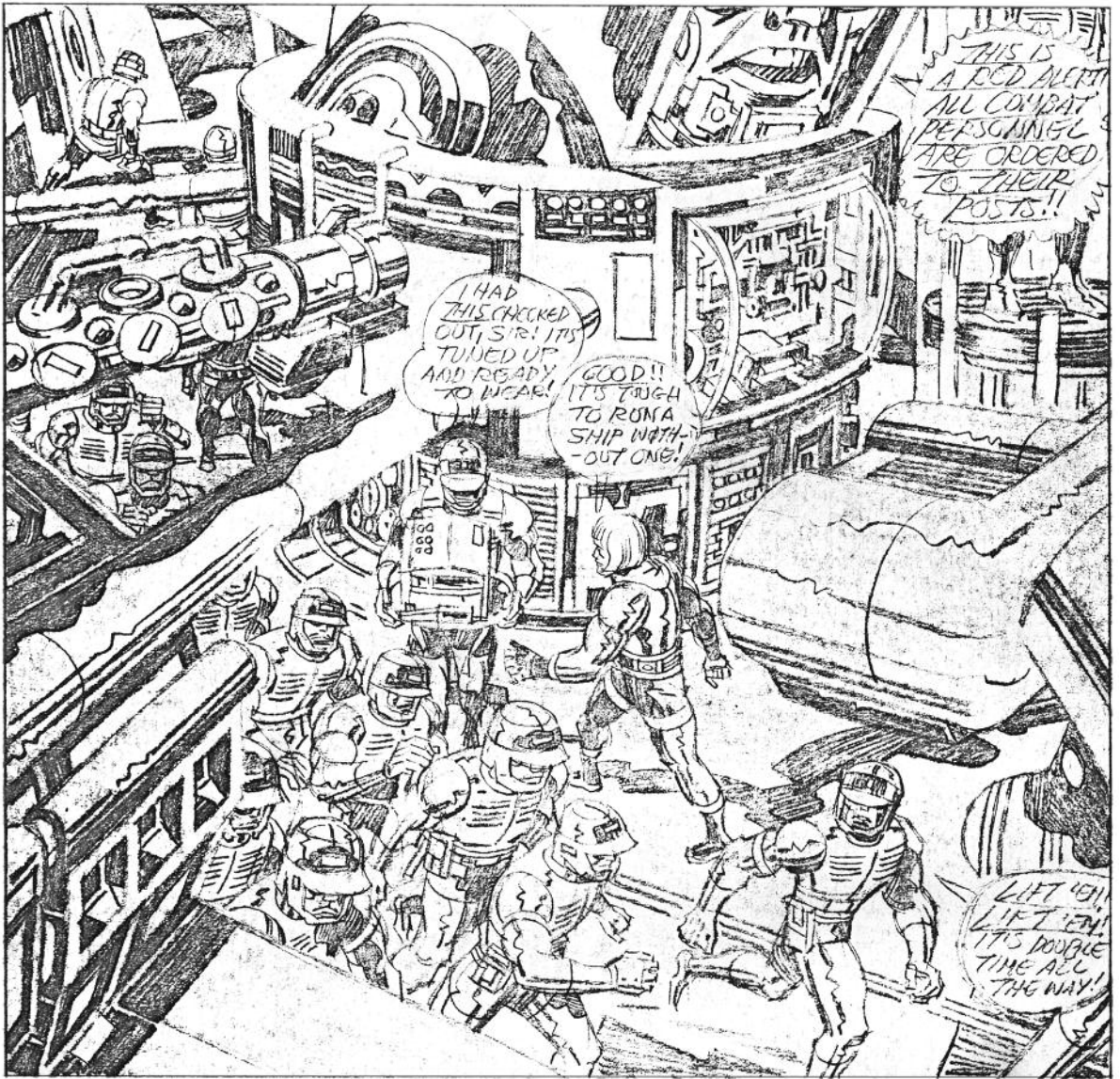
NO!! MERCY, PUT ALL COMBAT PERSONNEL ON ALERT-- AND KEEP THOSE PITS UNDER CLOSE SCRUTINY!!!



WHEN THE FIRST ENEMY TASKFORCE SWARMS OUT OF THOSE HOLES, OPEN FIRE WITH SECONDARY BATTERIES!!

DON'T BE A FOOL! THE BRIDGE WILL BE THEIR INITIAL TARGET, THEY'LL GO AFTER YOU!

I'M GOING TOPSIDE TO THE BRIDGE!!



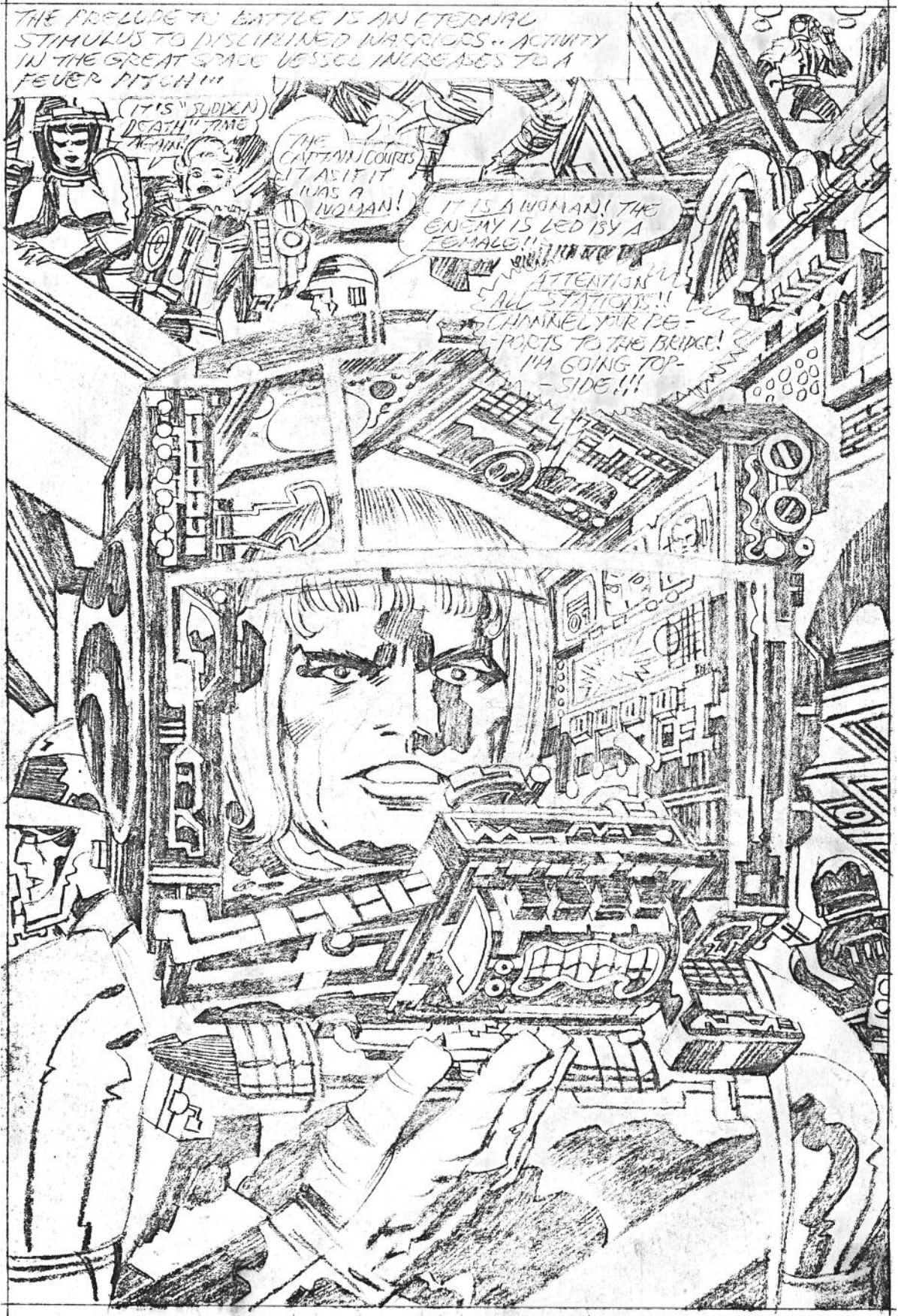
THE PRELUDE TO BATTLE IS AN (ETERNAL)  
STIMULUS TO DISCIPLINED WARRIORS.. ACTIVITY  
IN THE GREAT SPACE VESSEL INCREASES TO A  
FEVER PITCH!!!

(IT IS "RUDIX")  
"DEATH" TIME  
AGAIN!!!

THE CAPTAIN COURTS  
IT AS IF IT  
WAS A  
WOMAN!

IT IS A WOMAN! THE  
ENEMY IS LED BY A  
FEMALE!!!

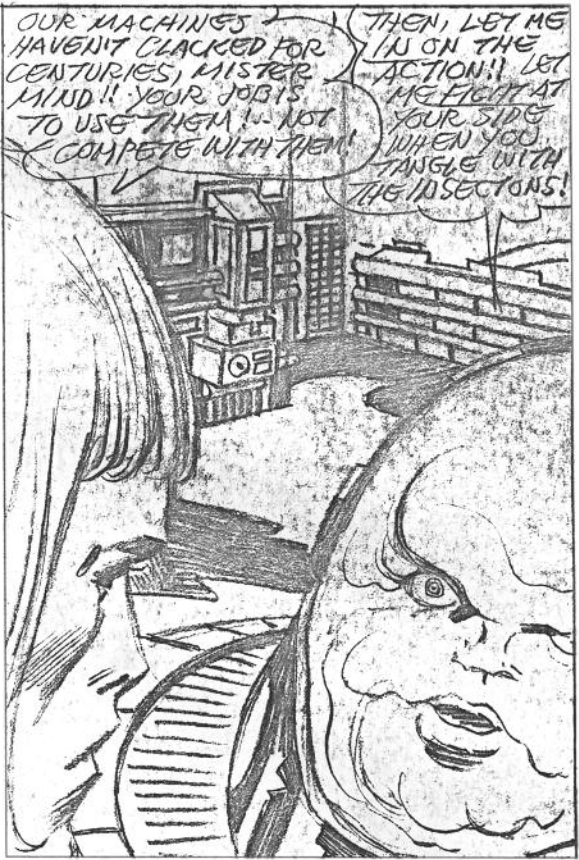
ATTENTION!!  
ALL STATIONS!!  
CHANGELY YOUR DE-  
PORTS TO THE BRIDGE!  
WE ARE GOING TOP-  
SIDE!!!





WE CAN MAKE THAT JUMP TOO!! WHAT'S MORE, WE'LL BEAT THE BUSHES UNTIL WE FIND THE SOLAR SYSTEM WHICH HOLDS THAT PLANET!!

OH, LET ME DO IT, CAPTAIN. DON'T LEAVE SUCH A DELIGHTFUL TASK TO CLACKING COMPUTERS!!



OUR MACHINES HAVEN'T CLACKED FOR CENTURIES, MISTER MIND!! YOUR JOB IS TO USE THEM!! NOT COMPETE WITH THEM!

THEN, LET ME IN ON THE ACTION!! LET ME FIGHT AT YOUR SIDE WHEN YOU TANGLE WITH THE INSECTIONS!



YOUR JOB IS TO STAY IN THAT LIFE-SUSTAINING UNIT AND PLAY WITH MATH, NOT MAYHEM!!

NO CAPTAIN IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD RISK A LIVING MIRACLE IN BATTLE!!

GO TO YOUR POST AND TRACK THE LIGHTNING LADY!!

YES SIR!



I WASN'T PUTTING HIM ON! MISTER MIND IS OF A SPECIES AS MYSTERIOUS AS THE COSMOS!! IF ANY ONE CAN GUIDE US THROUGH THE GALAXY RIM, IT'S OUR NAVIGATOR!!!

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, THE PLANET WE SAW IS ORBITING ITS SUN WITHOUT AN INK-LING OF WHAT'S IN STORE FOR IT!







AT THAT MOMENT, IN A NEARBY AREA--  
WE FOUND THE HIVE! CAPTAIN!!  
HAVE THEY TAKEN HOSTAGES?  
YES! THE CAPTIVES WILL DIE IF WE BOMB THE HIVE!



THAT'S HOW IT IS.. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM THE HARD WAY!!  
YOU MAY AS WELL GET TO KNOW OUR DETAIL SHERIFF! WE'RE GOING TO SAVE YOUR PLANET! OR PERISH WITH IT!  
WE'LL BE EYEBALL TO EYEBALL WITH THE INSECTIONS!



I'VE SEEN ENOUGH TO BELIEVE EVERY WORD... I'M BILL FAVOR!!  
MAJOR KLAVUS! -- ENERGY DYNAMICS!  
JUST CALL ME ORCA! MY JOB IS CLASSIFIED AS "SPECIAL SERVICES!"  
-- GUNNERY OFFICER TARIN -- OF THE STAR YOU CALL ALPHA CENTAURI!



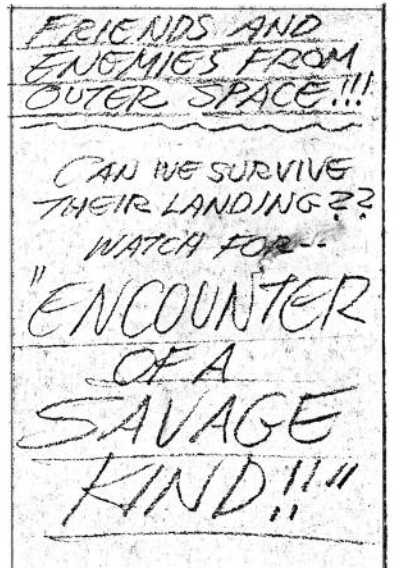
IT WILL ALL BEGIN HERE, WITH US! SHERIFF.. BUT, BEFORE THIS BATTLE IS OVER, YOUR COUNTY WILL BE QUARANTINED, OVERRUN AND BATTERED BY FORCES STILL UNKNOWN TO YOU!  
WHAT ARE OUR CHANCES?



GOOD! -- IF WE CAN CONTAIN THE EXPANSION OF THE HIVE.  
WE HAVE OUR METHODS TO DEAL WITH IT... BUT, IF THEY FAIL--!



THAT STRUCTURE WILL GROW!!! -- AND THE WORLD AS YOU KNOW IT, WILL BE SWALLOWED BY THE HIVE!



FRIENDS AND ENEMIES FROM OUTER SPACE!!!  
CAN WE SURVIVE THEIR LANDING??  
WATCH FOR--  
"ENCOUNTER OF A SAVAGE KIND!!!"

When Jack expanded this story into a graphic novel, the last panel of this page was pasted over with new art and inked by Mike Royer.

CAPTAIN VICTORY AND HIS MEN  
TURN ONCE AGAIN TO FACE THE TASK  
WHICH LIES AHEAD OF THEM...

IT'S GOING TO  
BE A BRUTAL, ROUGH  
AND TUMBLING EFFORT  
TO TEAR THE INSECTION  
CLANS LOOSE FROM THIS  
WORLD!!!

IT'S TOO BAD THEY'RE  
GOING TO GET THEIR  
COSMIC EDUCATION THE  
HARD WAY!!! BUT WE'LL  
STAND WITH THEM AND  
LET THEM KNOW THAT  
THE GALAXY BREEDS  
FRIENDSHIP AND COURAGE  
AS WELL AS DANGER!!

DO YOU THINK IT'S  
WORTH IT? PERHAPS, WE  
SHOULD LEAVE THEM WITH  
THEIR PRIZE!! -- AFTER  
ALL THIS PLACE WILL  
BE OUT OF HEAVILY POPULA-  
-TED GALACTIC AREAS!!

THE IN-  
-INHABITANTS  
HERE, MAY  
NOT PAY DUES  
TO THE  
FEDERATION  
BUT THEY  
DESERVE  
ASSISTANCE!

NO! WE  
CAN'T LET  
THEM  
GET  
AWAY  
WITH  
THIS!



When printed at Pacific Comics, this page was cut from the original story, but was finally used in *Captain Victory* #3.

# CAPTAIN VICTORY AND THE LIGHTNING LADY

The Original Screenplay ©1977 Jack Kirby & Steve Sherman

*(The concept of Captain Victory evolved in the mid-1970s as this movie screenplay by Jack and Steve Sherman. This first draft story treatment was initially submitted on March 11, 1977, and while a number of things changed from when Jack produced it in comics form, the character of the Lightning Lady is remarkably well-defined. Our thanks to Steve Sherman for sharing this rare gem with us.)*

The film opens with a weirdly-diffused lighting effect which leaps busily across the screen, accompanied by a soft, droning, musical hum, the strange embodiment of what is happening on the screen. The formless, shifting light begins to resolve itself in more meaningful terms to the viewer. The humming sound has grown louder. It is recognizable as a human chorus imitating the collective buzzing of an insect swarm. In effect, what we are witnessing, as the image is brought into sharper focus, is the human equivalent of a beehive in the heat of furious activity. Men and women, in sharply animated condition, jostle past each other in endless haste to accomplish some nameless task in an alien structure, which is not unlike the natural environment of a bee colony as visualized by the average audience.

This, in fact, is just what a larger overall shot of this scene communicates to the viewer, as the sound, having reached crescendo, blends with the devastating impact of the entire image: A sight, similar to the startling and intriguing sensation achieved by one who has sliced away the section of a hive to reveal the massive turmoil within. The people, in a far shot, ape the seething movement of an insect horde, in tightly packed numbers, diligently engaged with some universal purpose, undefinable and alien to the human mind.

We begin to rise above this scene, for a larger view of the structure, as it breaks through the surface of the Earth in an ugly lumpish design, like some monstrous mouth emerging from the soil, its giant, bony teeth poking through the cracked surface of the wide circular heap caused by the force of its thrust.

On the surface, the buzzing has subsided and become a tolling bell which echoes in the deserted streets of a fair-sized town. The buildings and stores look unoccupied. Traffic vehicles are not to be seen. A rooftop shot of the surrounding countryside accents the complete absence of life. It is a place sucked clean of all moving things—an empty husk, a past tense existing in the present.

We are now on a road, moving like a car, past billboards leading out of town. It is on the progression of these signs that the film's title and credits are brought into view. This is accompanied by appropriate music, which increases in pace as the speed of movement accelerates with each passing sign. The last billboard rushes out of view as the road and billboards become a moving blur, hurtling at the audience at breakneck speed.

The lighting starts to fade as we barrel through the growing darkness. We hear the roll of thunder, and the first flashes of lightning make an eerie web of the sky. A moment later, the sky becomes alive with the continuous traces of fiery brilliance, which now forms a permanent curtain of lightning across the black horizon. As this elemental draws rapidly closer, it becomes more violent in nature, until we find ourselves swept into its blinding fury. When we are inside its chaotic core, our senses are assaulted by naked light and frightening, unbearable sound. This nightmarish experience ends at its most terrifying peak and, abruptly, we plunge through to face a startled policeman and a crowd of onlookers.

The viewer begins to understand what this movement through the barrier represents when we see the policeman confronted by a smiling young man attired in a costume—a costume common to the super-hero genre. Although it is apparently of some kind of fabric, it has a dull, metallic sheen and is molded extremely well to his body. This man is capable of guided levitation and it was his flight through the barrier the viewer experienced.

"How did you get in there?" asks the policeman. "How did you get out of there?"

This, of course, embodies the theme of the film—that man's game is not the only game in town. The universe is large and diverse in social pathology. There are others with their own pattern of existence who must thrive and expand, irregardless of the effect this will have on the host society.

Even as the Spaniards plunked themselves down among the Aztecs without invitation, a similar operation has begun in the heart of the US. However, this intrusion is of a completely alien nature and is inexplicable to the onlookers.

In essence, what has happened is that destructive, insectlike creatures, human in form, with the power to unleash vast amounts of raw energy, have begun to build the nucleus of a colony which will eventually extend throughout the entire Earth and make of it a planetary hive. This process repeats whenever a queen is born and seeks another planet to begin a new hive.

Although the premise has the surface look of simple science-fiction with comic strip ingredients, it also contains all the elements to be utilized for suspenseful, human drama, resolved in the happiest of feelings. The finished script is intended to emerge as a product pleasing to a wide range of age groups.

The young man (described earlier) is a member of a three-man galactic team, assigned by unseen superiors to contain and drive out the planet-hopping "bee-people," who, it seems, have broken through the cordon of an area in space where their kind are permitted to breed in peace. In short, if they are allowed the freedom to roam unmolested, they could easily overwhelm entire star systems and leave their planets empty, tunnel-ridden husks, abandoned for new places of habitation. Not only Earth, but every planet in our galaxy is in danger of falling victim to this weird life process.

Indeed, the vastness beyond Earth is as chancy in structure as our own space pebble.

Thus, the appearance of this young man and his companions in answer to this strange situation. He faces the policeman and a crowd of anxious onlookers—a variety of people caught by fate on the scene of an incident which will try them psychologically, spiritually and physically. Oddly enough, like the "bee-people," confined by authority to a specific domain, these citizens are now in a quarantined area, surrounded by American troops assigned to control this bizarre situation.

To avoid an embarrassing brush with the policeman and those present on the scene, the young man presses one of a symmetrical series of studs on his chest plate and vanishes into a color range which cannot be detected by the human eye. This act generates confusion and fear, but in concentrating on his progress, we find him reappearing to join the other two members of his team who have become part of a circus, stalled in its journey by this unforeseen turn of events, which has engulfed in its perimeters a small army of motorists.

In this manner, we meet the three principal characters, Captain Victory, The Human Missile and Razzle-Dazzler. Of course, these names suggest special powers peculiar to super-heroes. However, despite the fact that these men do possess them, these powers have a sober purpose in relation to their assigned task—a Herculean task—a dangerous, but spectacular removal of the bee people from their entrenched and almost impregnable position.

The leader of the galactic trio is Captain Victory, a truly heroic figure who projects authority, decisiveness and confidence with a likable human quality in his manner. The young man we've already been introduced to at the beginning of the film is The Human Missile. He can, naturally, levitate with accomplished skill and speed. Razzle-Dazzler is a super-illusionist who can induce visions in the mind which are fantastically real and offer some opportunities for entertaining special effects during the circus sequences and dramatically utilized in the terrifying climax of the film.

These talents have earned these men a place in the circus where their costumes are accepted as show business accouterments and their skills as part of a clever gimmickry all their own.

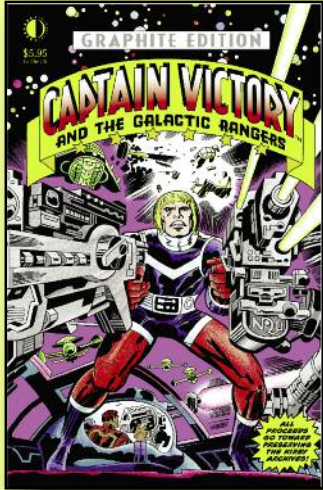
Captain Victory, though, truly confounds witnesses to his feats because of their overwhelming nature. He is a powerhouse of strength, a dynamo of unending stamina and instant reflex. He can lift a bull elephant with ease, snatch a man from sudden death in the path of a speeding car and absorb enough electrical current to light up a city.

In a preliminary conversation, The Human Missile reveals that he's penetrated the barrier and made a survey of the situation. The "bee-people" have repeated here what they've done on many other worlds. They've occupied a populated site, pressed the natives into service with mind-control and established the nucleus of what is to be a planet-spanning network of tunnels. These creatures are capable of releasing mammoth amounts of energy from which they create the material for their structure and form the protective barrier to insure the safety of their operation. As their structure expands, so will the barrier, not only in circumference, but in killing intensity. Expansion will, of necessity, generate increased energy power and render new penetration almost impossible. The source of this power is the queen of the hive, a female giantess, a biological marvel of a female who overpowers the senses by her very presence. It is she and a small escort of males, driven by a ritual perpetuated somewhere in outer space, who must seek and find a host world in order to continue their existence. When new queens are born in this new hive, they will be forced to fight for the Earth-hive or be driven in turn to seek another suitable world for their purposes.

The present queen will be identified in the script as the "Lightning



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## **CAPTAIN VICTORY: GRAPHITE EDITION**

For the first time, JACK KIRBY's original CAPTAIN VICTORY GRAPHIC NOVEL is presented as it was created in 1975 (before being broken up and modified for the 1980s Pacific Comics series), reproduced from copies of Kirby's uninked pencil art! This first "new" Kirby comic in years features page after page of prime pencils, and includes Jack's unused CAPTAIN VICTORY SCREENPLAY, unseen art, an historical overview to put it in perspective, and more!

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