

*Upshot*

GRAPHICS

PART 1 OF A  
4-PART SERIES

\$2.00  
(\$2.85 in Canada)

JAN STRNAD & DENNIS FUJITAKE

# FRESH & BONES

F E A T U R I N G

*Dalgoda*





# FLESH & BONES

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**Upshot**  
GRAPHICS

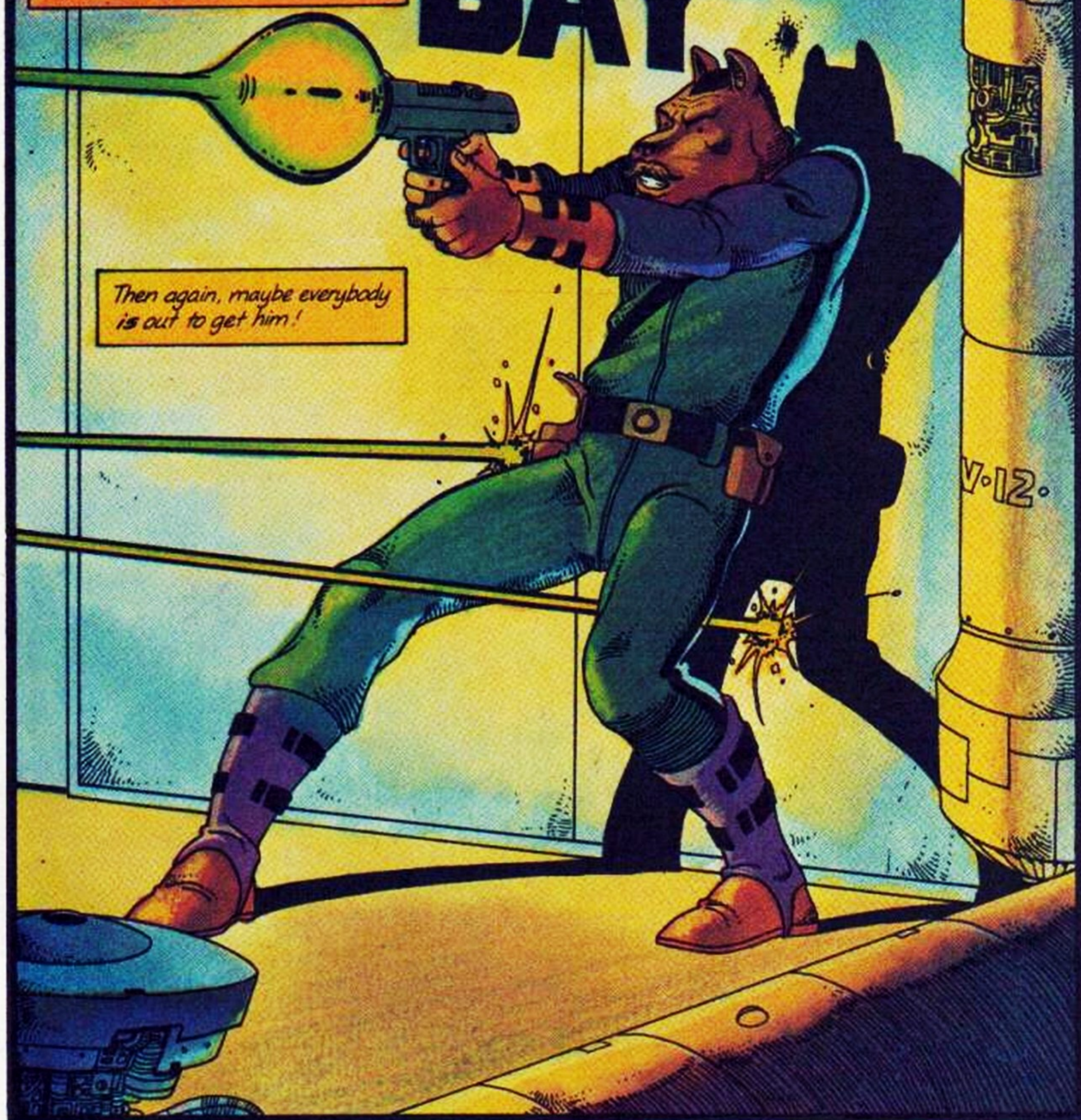


Why did he do it? Is he really crazy like everybody says?

# SHUTTLE BAY

Maybe the attempted mutiny threw him over the edge—so now he sees enemies behind every door and around every corner!

Then again, maybe everybody is out to get him!





It's deathly quiet in these cells. All the prisoners are on edge, too wrapped up in their own bewildered thoughts to talk.



The last few days keep playing in my mind, overlayed with a faraway, nightmarish quality—over and over.



I keep hearing Dal's voice...the way it used to be...

...so deep and soft—it excited me just to hear him issue the most ordinary commands! "Navigator Stark," (he said), "plot a course for Demmeon."

Has anyone ever made a sub-space jump this long before, Dal? A hundred light years...!



Just once, Posey...



...an experimental flight. The ship came back on "automatic"—without the pilot.

Then, halfway to Demmeon, Dal seemed to go completely crazy!



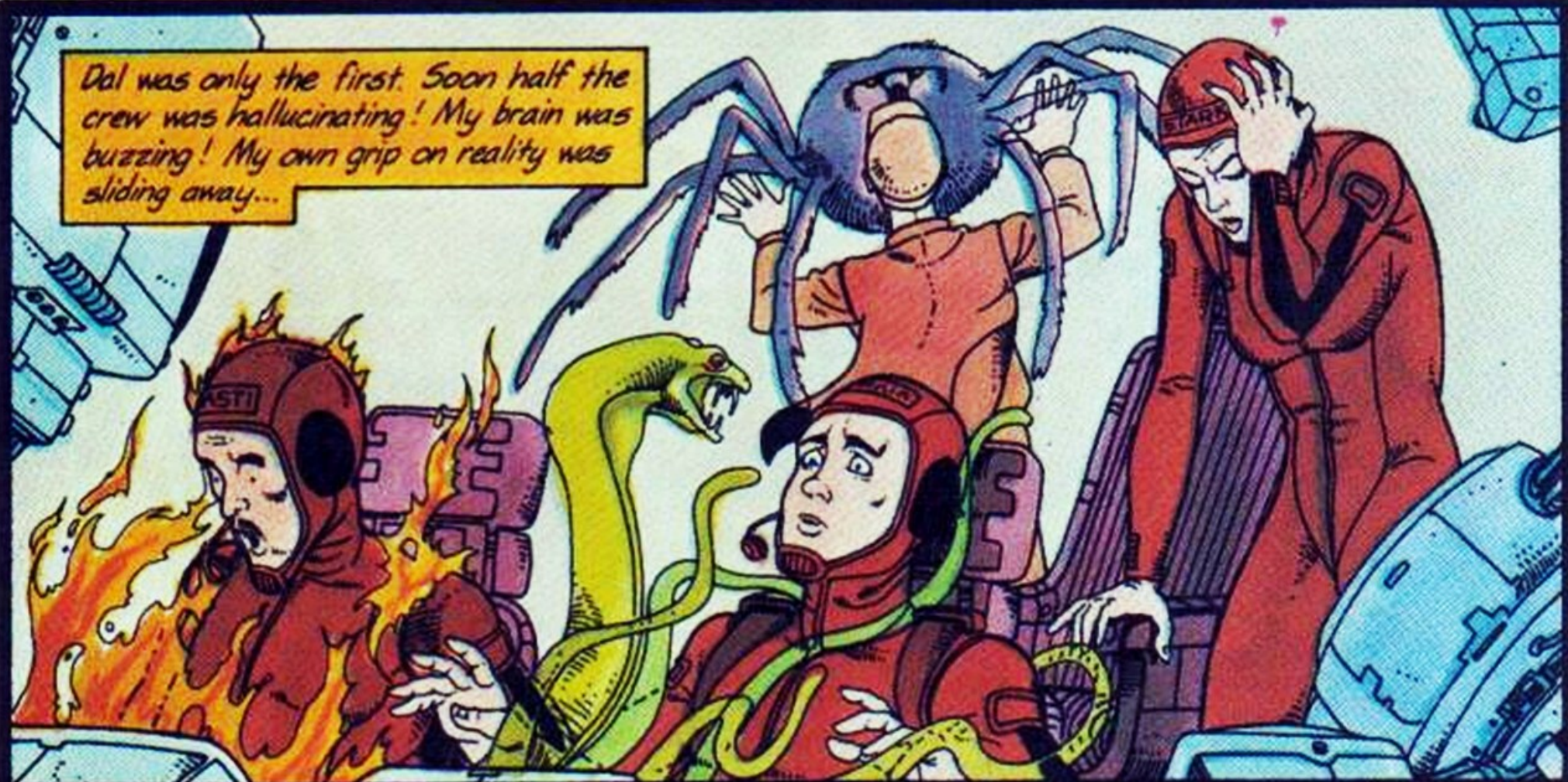
What's the matter with you all? Can't you see I'm melting?!

Dal! Take it easy! Everything's okay!

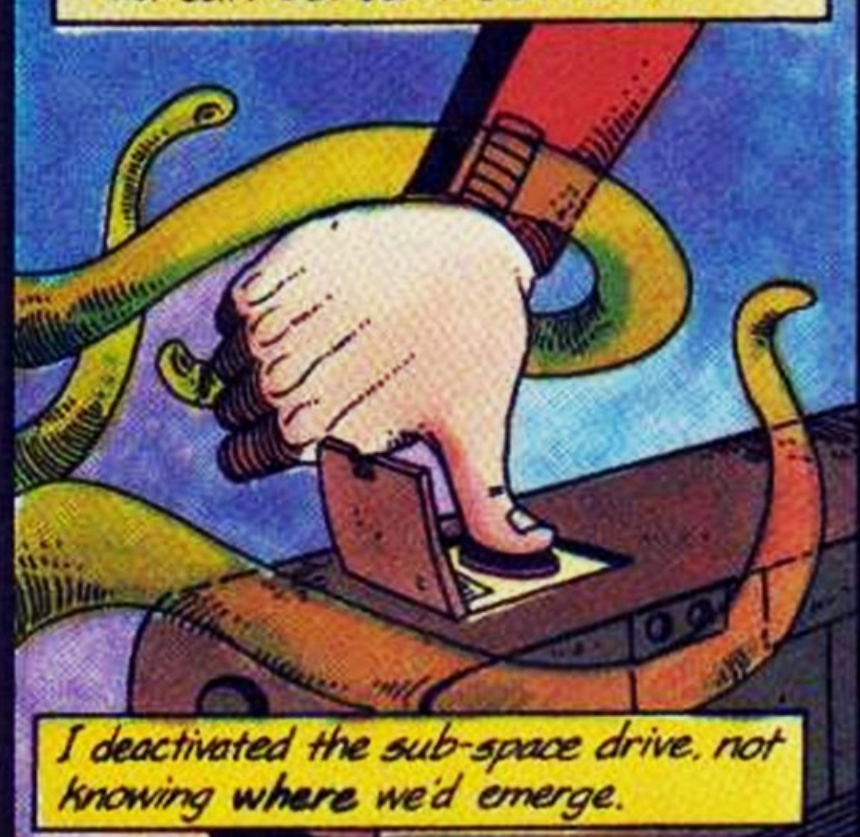




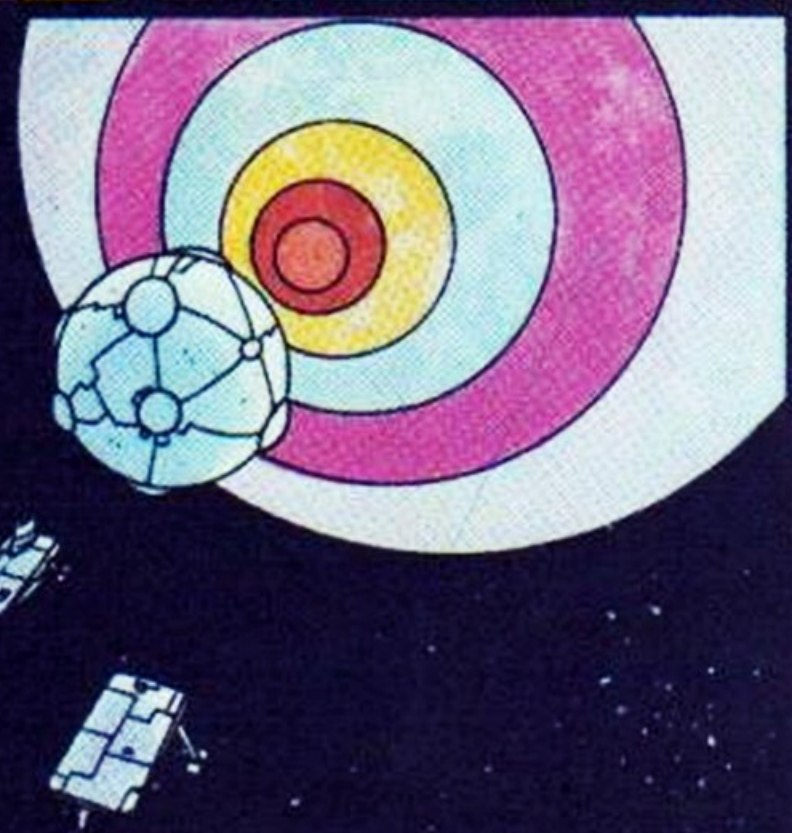
Dal was only the first. Soon half the crew was hallucinating! My brain was buzzing! My own grip on reality was sliding away...



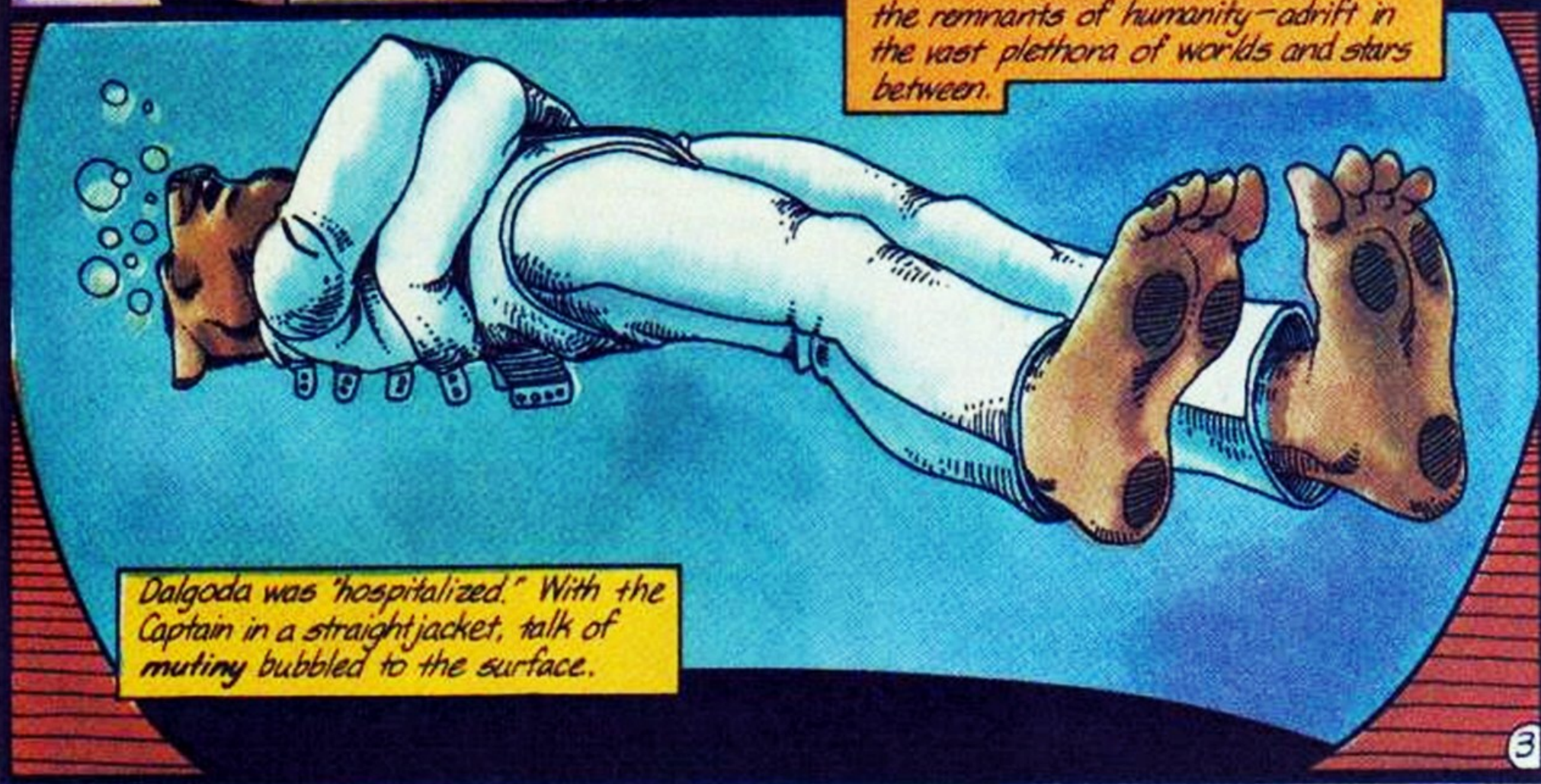
Just one thought out of the hundreds spinning inside my head made any sense - "Get out! Get out! **GET OUT!**"



I deactivated the sub-space drive, not knowing where we'd emerge.

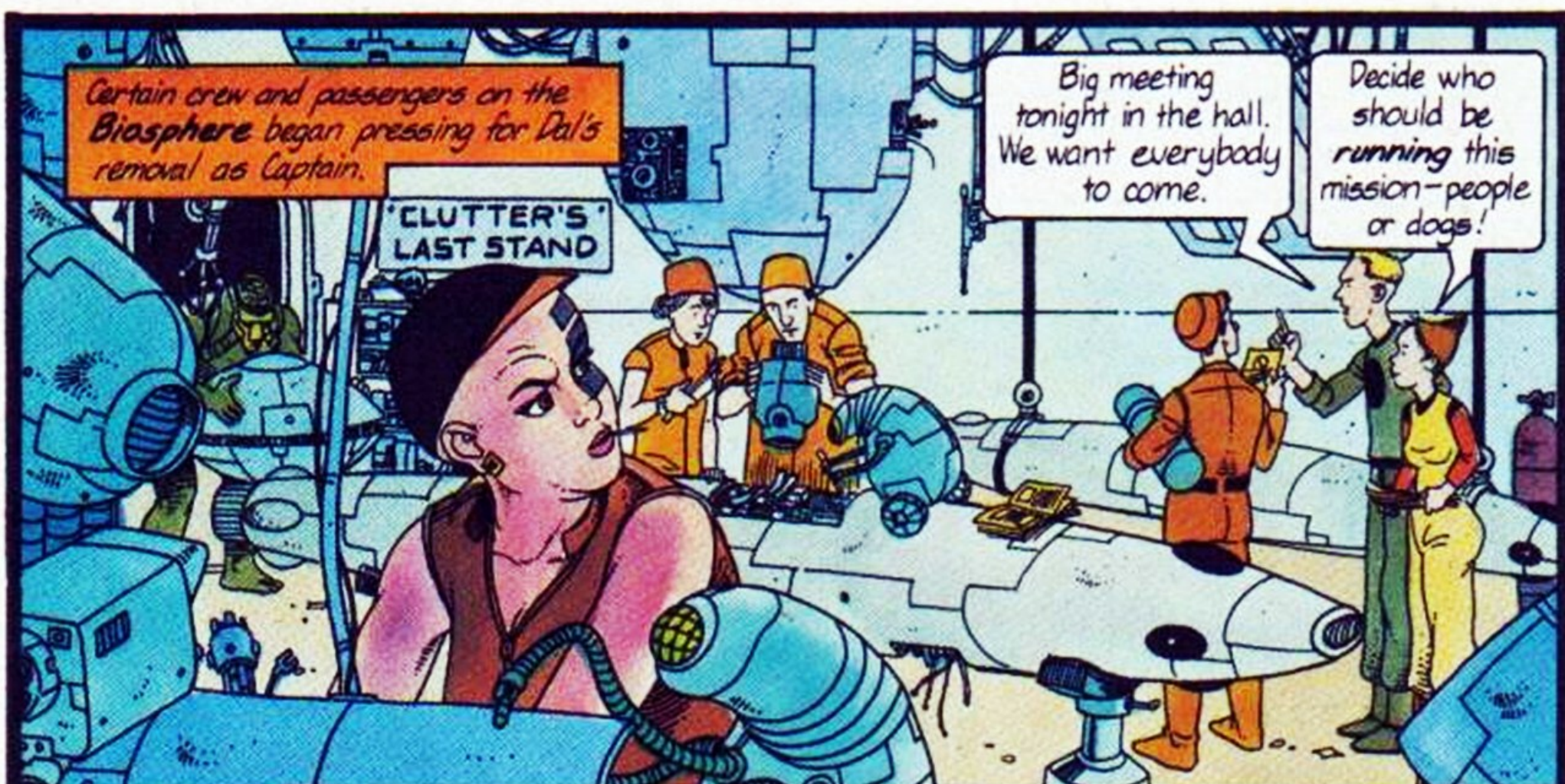


We de-warped, Canada to the rear, Demmeon somewhere ahead...and us - the remnants of humanity - adrift in the vast plethora of worlds and stars between.



Dalgoda was "hospitalized." With the Captain in a straightjacket, talk of mutiny bubbled to the surface.





Certain crew and passengers on the *Biosphere* began pressing for Dal's removal as Captain.

CLUTTER'S  
LAST STAND

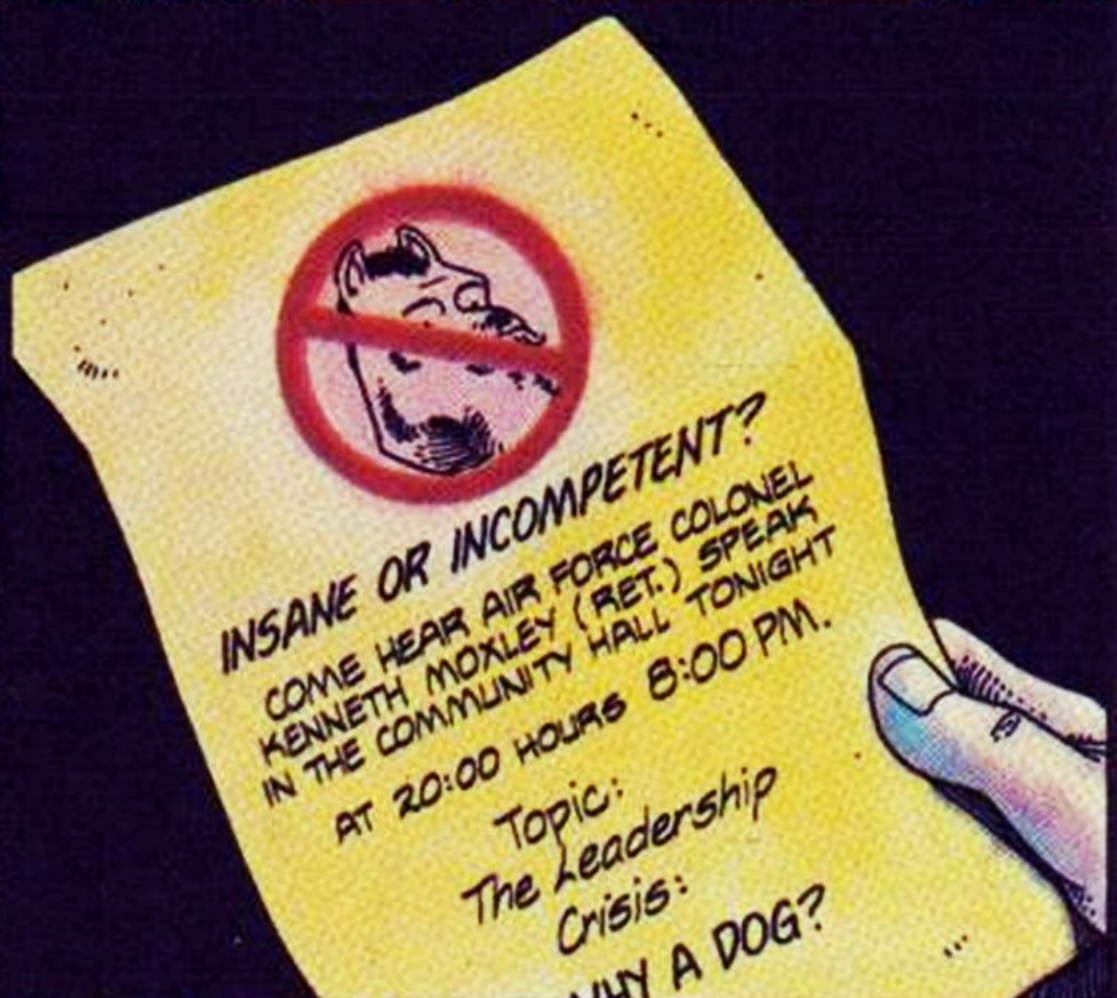
Big meeting  
tonight in the hall.  
We want everybody  
to come.

Decide who  
should be  
*running* this  
mission—people  
or dogs!



Let me  
*see* that!

Hey! You  
got no right....!



INSANE OR INCOMPETENT?  
COME HEAR AIR FORCE COLONEL  
KENNETH MOXLEY (RET.) SPEAK  
IN THE COMMUNITY HALL TONIGHT  
AT 20:00 HOURS 8:00 PM.  
Topic:  
The Leadership  
Crisis:  
WHY A DOG?



The Captain had his supporters, of  
course, like Gunner Hathaway...

This meeting's  
a bunch of  
horse manure.  
You have two  
seconds before  
I lose my  
temper.

One two.



You can't *stop* us!  
This is a *lawful*  
*assembly*! OW!

You'll need some  
"assembly" if you  
don't get your  
butt out of my  
workroom!





As for *you*,  
thatch-head,  
you've got...

I'm goin'!  
I'm goin'!

That night, Colonel Kenneth Moxley crawled out of the woodwork. A visiting dignitary, he wasn't even supposed to be on board when the Biosphere took off from Earth...

...and that's why Dalgoda should be removed from command *immediately*! Not that I have anything against the foreign Canidan *race* of our Captain....!



...even though they *have* proven themselves to be a craven and *cowardly* lot!

What did they do when they learned of the Nimp armada approaching their planet? They sent Dalgoda to Earth to beg us to *save* them!

And when we couldn't help, they *ran*! *RAW* to some unnamed planet with their tails between their legs....!

They ran like curs!



I say, *Who needs 'em*? If Dalgoda's lost his people—so what? That's *his* problem...not ours!

Damn straight.

GRRRR!

Yeah! We got our *own* troubles!



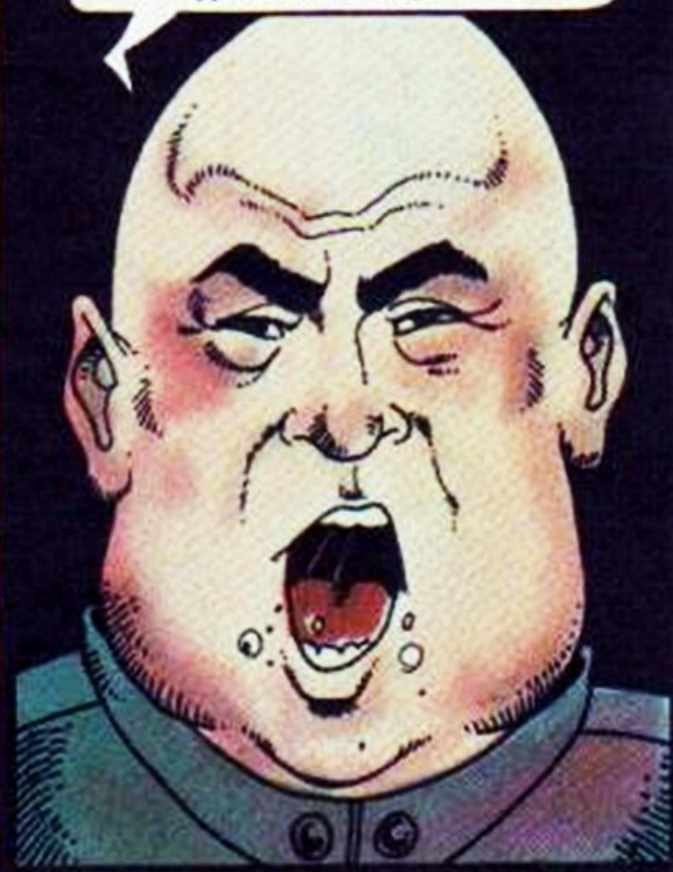
You decide. Do we follow an alien mongrel all over the cosmos on some wild goose chase?

Or do we pursue our own destiny?

Dozens of you have already signed the petition to depose Dalgoda! Those who haven't signed...

What in the hell are you waiting for?

I say *throw the dog out!* Throw him out and elect a *true leader* to command us!



Stark—come back! We have to shout this bastard down!

I'm sorry, Gunner! I just couldn't take it anymore!

I couldn't stand hearing that man talk about *Dal* that way...and all those people *cheering* him!

I know. It's rough.





But crying about the unfairness of it all isn't going to help. We have to take *action*.



I'm going to bust Dal out of confinement. He can't defend himself locked up in a *float room*.



But before Gunner could act...

Red alert! Either we're under attack by the Nimp, or....!

Muting!

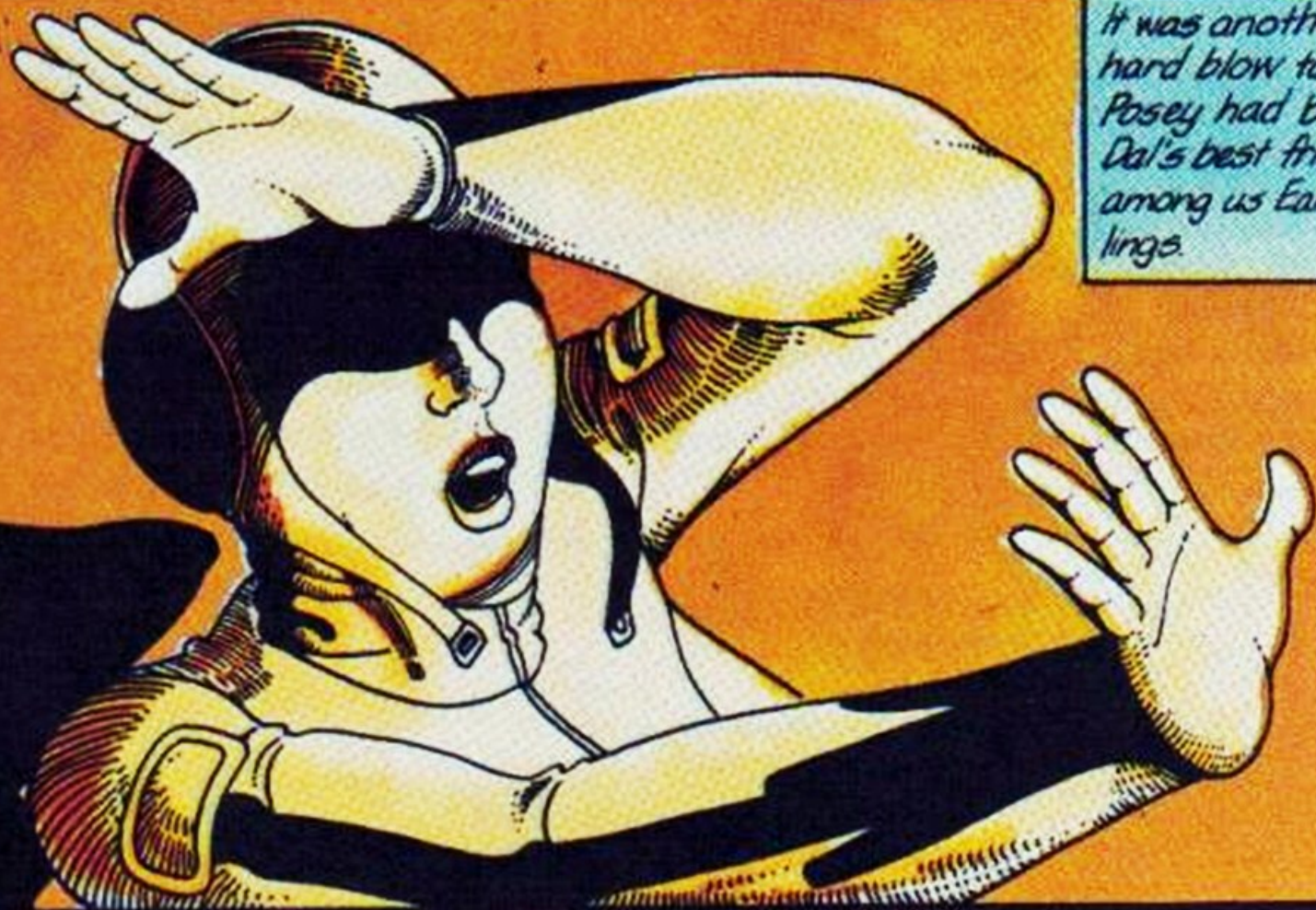


Posey Ravenscraft broke the news—maintenance techs had broken into a weapons locker. It was mutiny, all right.



That was the last time I saw Posey alive.

He died less than an hour later, sacrificing himself to save the ships from a saboteur armed with a fris-son bomb.



It was another hard blow to Dal. Posey had been Dal's best friend among us Earth-lings.



# SO WHO WANTS TO READ ONLY COMIC BOOKS ABOUT PEOPLE?

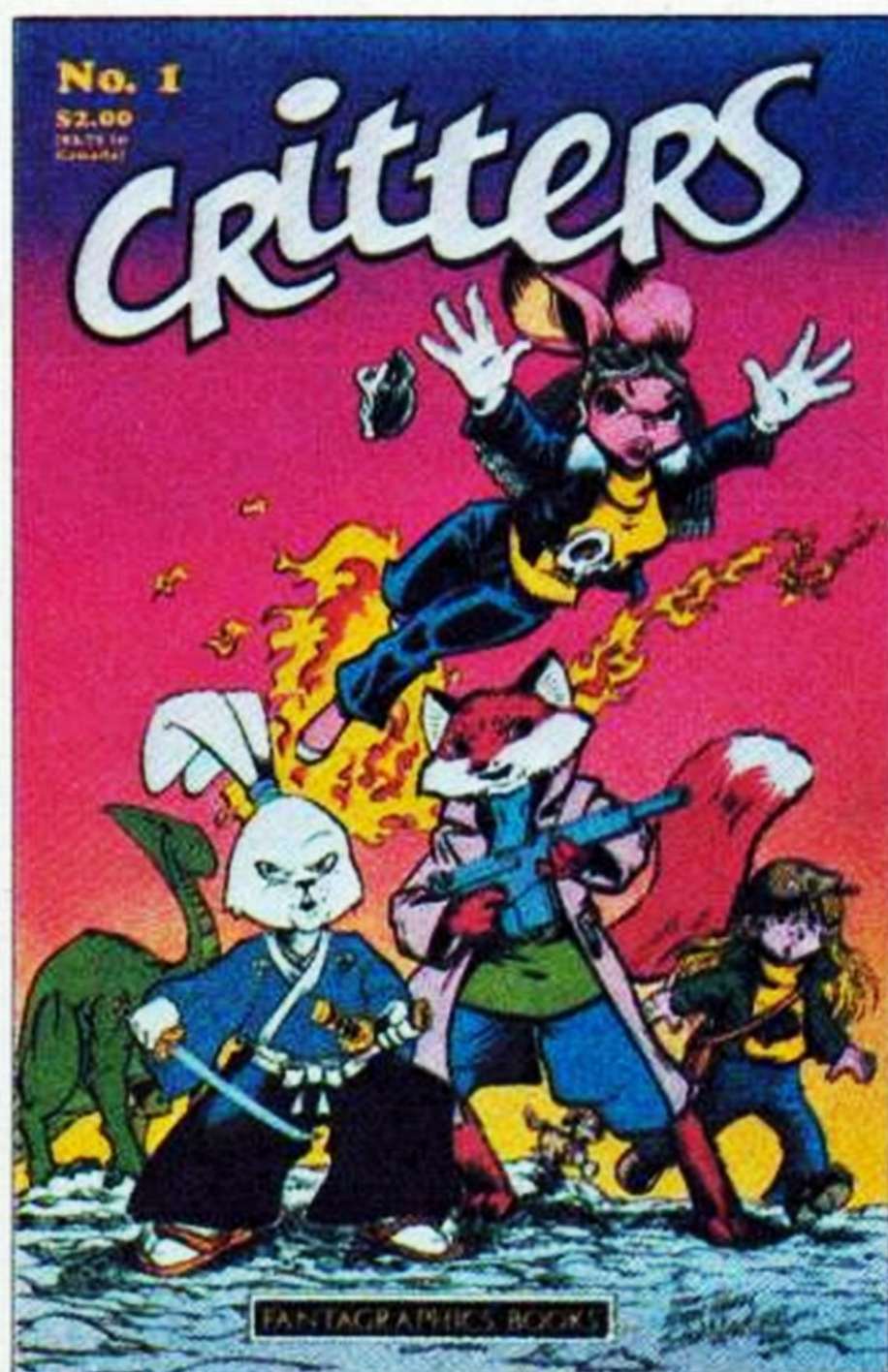


© 1986 Mike Kazaleh

Sure, comic books about humans can be fun...for a while. But eventually, people start to look pretty much the same. You know? They've all got two arms and two legs, and big muscles. Very few of them have big, floppy ears, and only a couple of them are furry.

Well, if you're as tired as we are of all those hairless, pink mercenaries/superheroes/crimefighters/barbarians... we think we might have something for you.

Take **Captain Jack**. He's a cat. His crewmates are all dogs—a big, strapping one (who's actually an android), and a little, goofy one, who is bedeviled by a tiny demon sidekick. Together they roam across the universe, raising hell and getting drunk and otherwise enjoying themselves. Now how many humans do you know who can boast that?



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Dal went to his cabin and closed the door. It stayed closed for three days.

But I have to talk to him! He has to know that *some* of us are still behind him!



He knows. We're here, aren't we?

When Dal did emerge, it was plain that he'd undergone some kind of... transformation.

Dal?! Are...are you all right?



He'd never worn a sidearm on board the ship before - or a Canadian battle uniform.

I'm fine. I'm ready to take command of the ships, now...



...real command, as I should have done from the start!



Dal took as his assistant a former space pilot named "Victor Kneedam." Victor embodied the word "toady."



Yes, Captain, sir!

These corridors *stink*! I want them wiped down with disinfectant - by hand!









Mister Kneadam, have all this...  
this *stuff* hauled out of here!  
Hathaway can conduct her  
researches *elsewhere*...

...preferably *off*  
the Biosphere!

Yes, Captain,  
sir!

Up yours,  
Captain,  
sir!



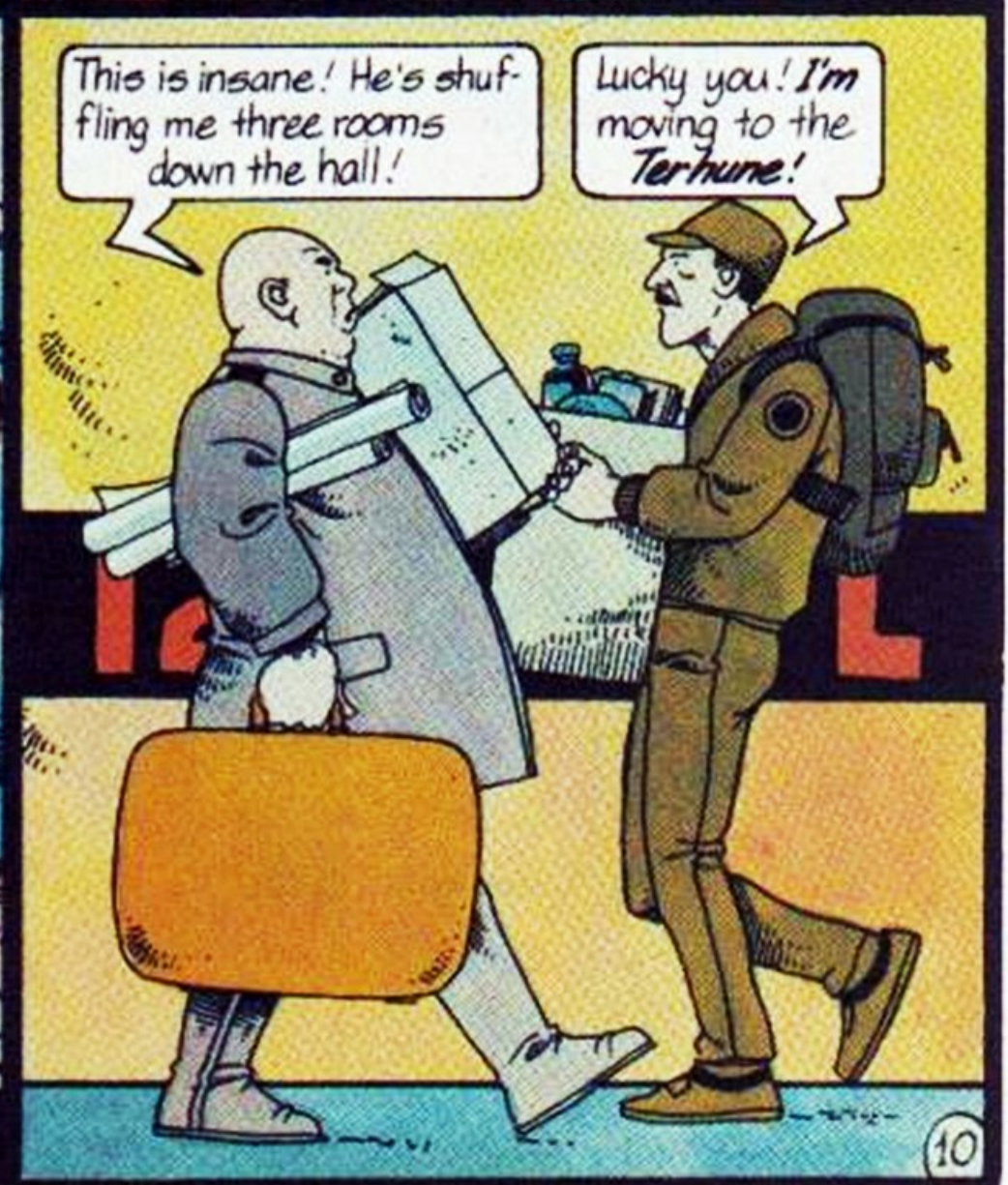
I don't believe it! He's  
transferred us to the  
*Lady*!

Move to a *warship*? But  
we're *doctors*, not  
*soldiers*!



The incident with Gunner was only the beginning.  
Dal's next order stirred up *everybody*...

Attention, all passengers and crew.  
New room assignments have been  
made. Relocation commences  
immediately.



This is insane! He's shuf-  
fling me three rooms  
down the hall!

Lucky you! I'm  
moving to the  
*Terhune*!



Dal... Captain... this is senseless! I won't have *half* the room to work on the *Lady* as I have here!

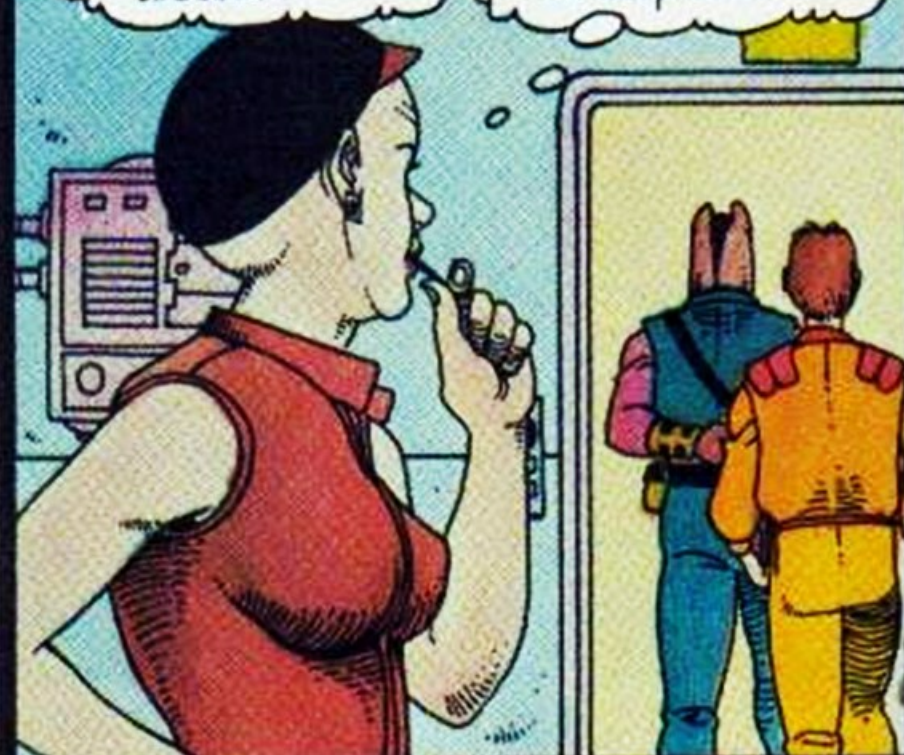
You'll have *none at all* if you don't stop challenging my orders, Hathaway!

By rights, I should be locking you up for *insubordination*!



I sure can't figure it. Dal seems *driven* to throw his weight around!

Hell, maybe Moxley's right about him. Maybe he *has* gone off the deep end!



Oh, Dal—this is wrong! We shouldn't be doing this!

Nonsense! Love between two consenting adults *can't* be wrong!

When are you going to shed these ridiculous *inhibitions* of yours?

But I was raised to be a *good* girl, and the Bible says...

*You shall not lie with any beast and defile yourself with it! It is perversion!*



I wish I *could* get rid of them so easily!



I see. But then, I'm not quite a "beast", am I?



And your Bible could hardly be expected to anticipate the discovery of intelligent life on other planets!





Besides—you can't say "no" to your Captain!

Oh!



Oh my god!

What...what am I... where... Dal?



Uuh—that obscene dream again!

Why am I letting him get to me this way? What's wrong with me?



NAVIGATOR STARK!

(gasp!)



Get up! You're under arrest for mutiny!

Mutiny!? But, Captain... I never...!



You took it upon yourself to initiate de-warp before we reached our destination... *Demmean!*

Only *I* could make that decision! You were trying to subvert my command of these ships!

You've got it all wrong! I was only....!

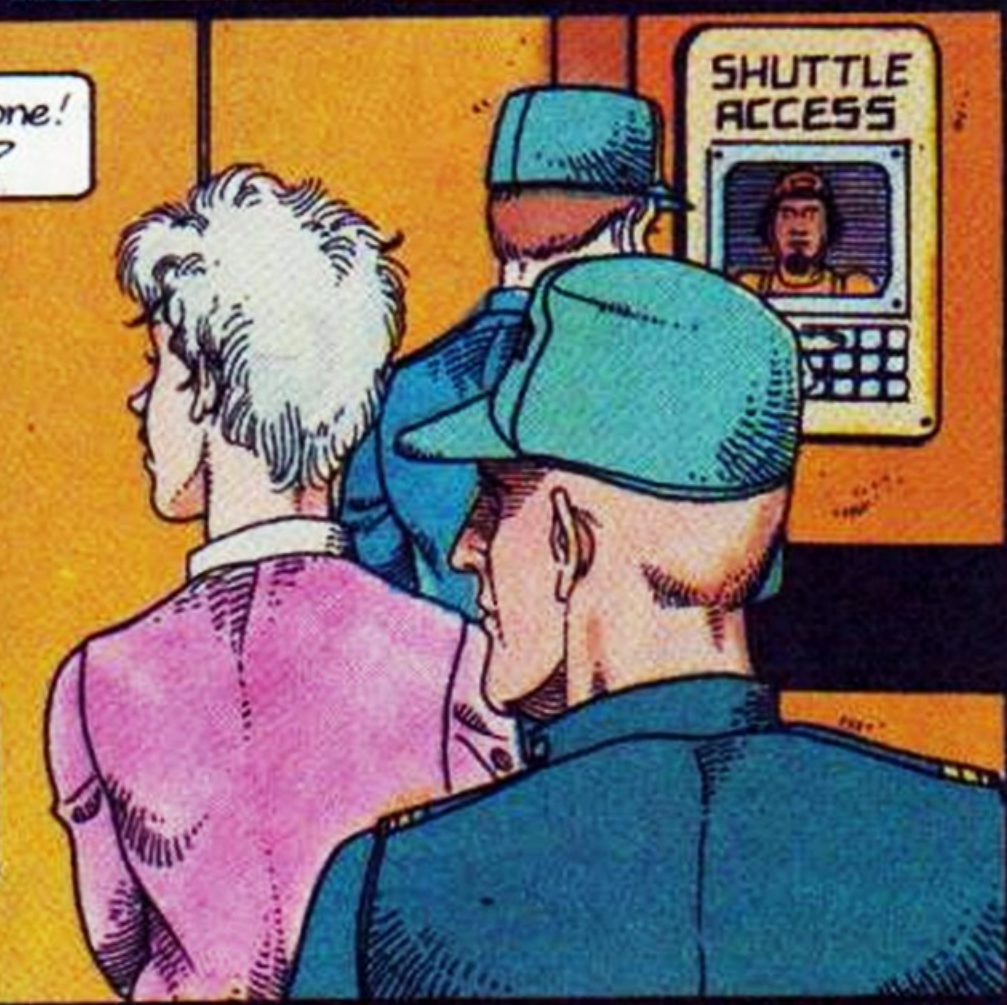
Quiet! Guards—put her in maximum security aboard the *Lady!*

Yes, Captain.



Mister Trione! You too?

Yes, damn him! Straight to my face, he called me a *traitor!*



I've been trying to keep Moxley in check, stalling him with legal rigamarole to give Dal time to respond....!

...and what happens? The hound arrests me for *collusion with the enemy!*



Is it true what Moxley says, then? Has Dal...gone crazy?

I could make a good case for it.



Headache, Captain?

Yes. Splitting.

Summarize  
for me,  
please.

Gunner, Trione, and Stark have  
been transferred to the *Lady*,  
as has Gunner's weaponry lab.

All the food supplies  
we could smuggle out  
have also been  
transferred...

...along with spare  
power cells, main-  
tenance equipment,  
parts, etc.

I've double-  
screened the  
other transferees.  
We've been able  
to assemble  
a fairly impres-  
sive crew from  
your remaining  
supporters.

Some of them may.  
Most are just baffled.

Do they suspect *why*  
they've been placed  
aboard the *Lady*?

Yes—poor Stark!  
I'll have to make  
it up to her some-  
how, when it's all  
over.

Well...final phase. Take  
care of things in the  
Shuttle Bay and wait  
for me there.

I have one more  
show to give,  
then I'll join  
you.

Right





And to think I once wanted to be an actor! *Never again!*



All right—everybody out! *Right now!*

Huh?

What's wrong, Captain?



I know what you're doing! You're trying to *take over this ship!*

No, I wasn't! I was just monitoring channels for....!

Don't lie to me!



This ought to inhibit ship-to-ship communication for awhile....!



You're *traitors*, all of you! Get out! Get out before I have you shot for *mutiny!*

Yes, Captain! Right away, sir!



Computer—record this message to broadcast over the inter-ship channel in one hour.

Recording.



This is Dalgoda, your former Captain. By now you know that I have relinquished command of the Biosphere. My "reign of terror" is ended.

I have transferred selected materials to the warship *Lady*, which I now claim in lieu of the armada originally promised to me.

I was also promised a legion of soldiers. I'll make do with a few close friends and a small but loyal crew.

I never deluded myself into believing that humans would accept a Canidan as their commander...

...and I'm sorry that we part on less-than-cordial terms. You are a clever and energetic species...

...whom I hope Canida may, in the future, count as an ally against the Nimp aggressors.

I apologize for the inconveniences I've caused you and bid you farewell. May we meet again as friends.

Commendable sentiments, Dalgoda. But you know...

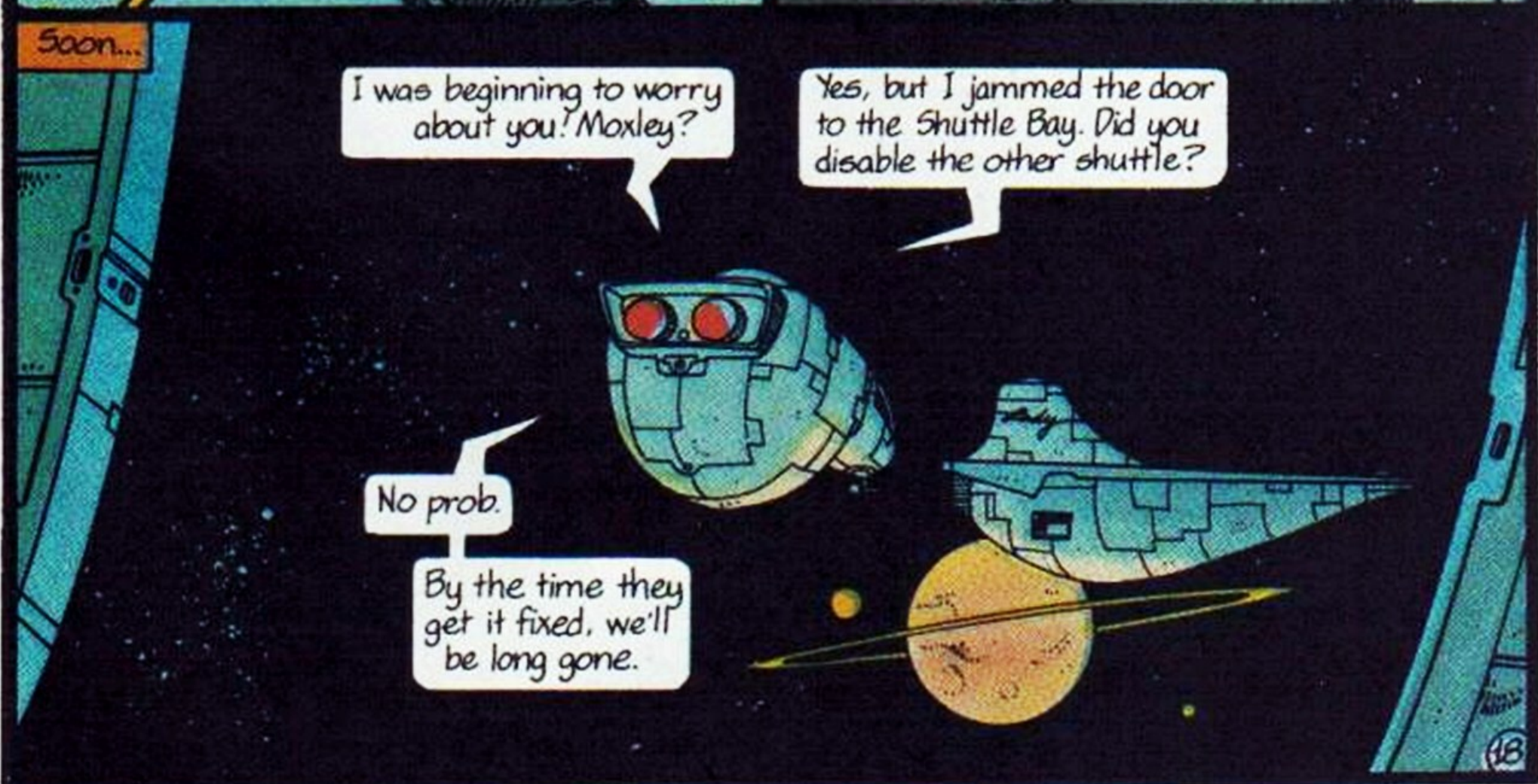
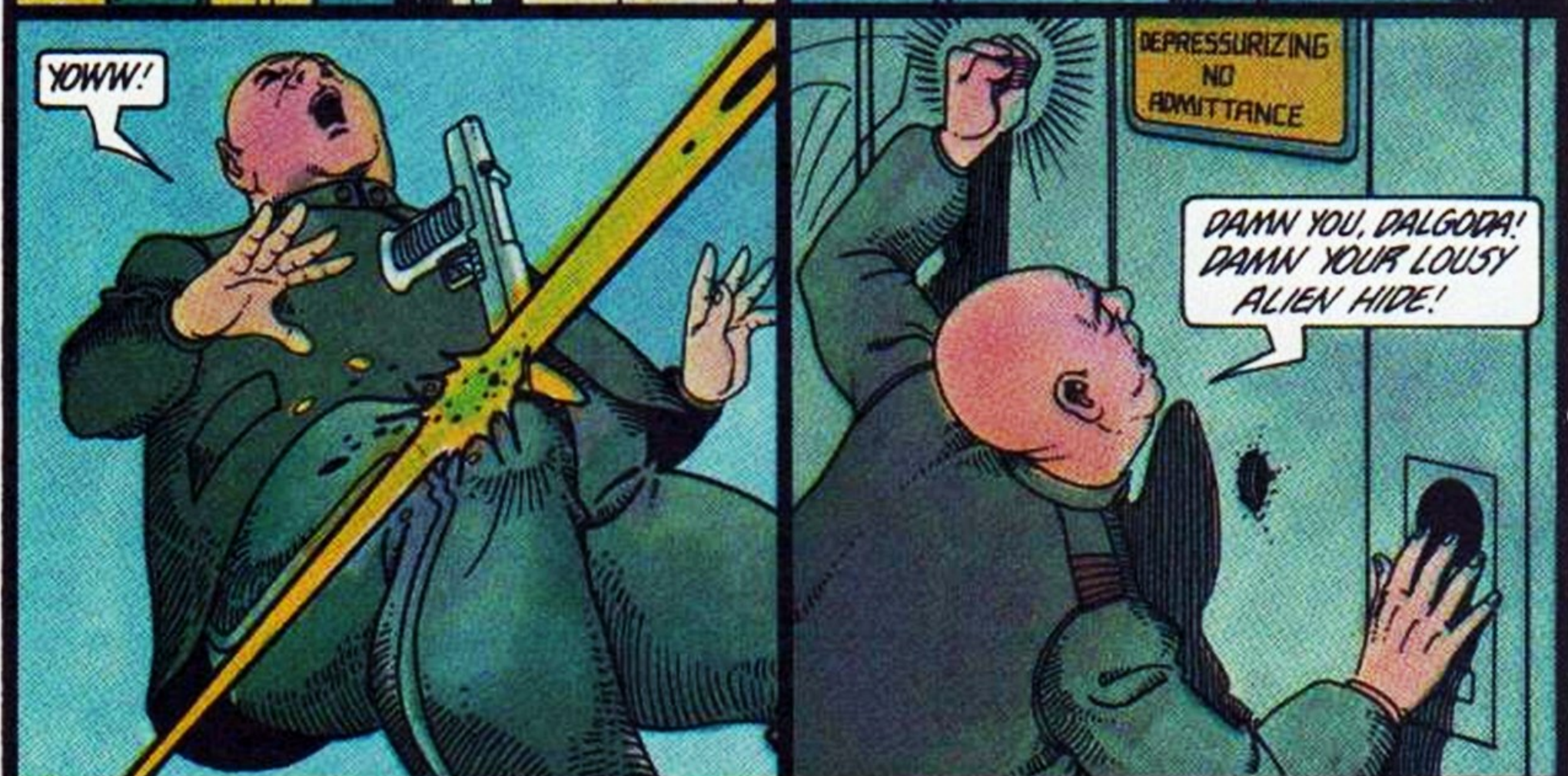
I can't possibly let you steal the *Lady*.

Wrong, Moxley...!











So...we're off!  
To Demmeon?

Demmeon—yes. I'm  
worried about the sub-  
space jump, but we'll  
just have to risk it.

We can divide it into two or three little  
hops. Gods! You can't imagine what I'd  
give for a good, long *nap* right now!



I definitely need to  
recharge my bat-  
teries before we  
engage the Nimp.  
There's sure to be  
a squadron or two  
hanging around  
Demmeon.

Huh! You'll be lucky to reach  
Demmeon alive...or did you  
forget?

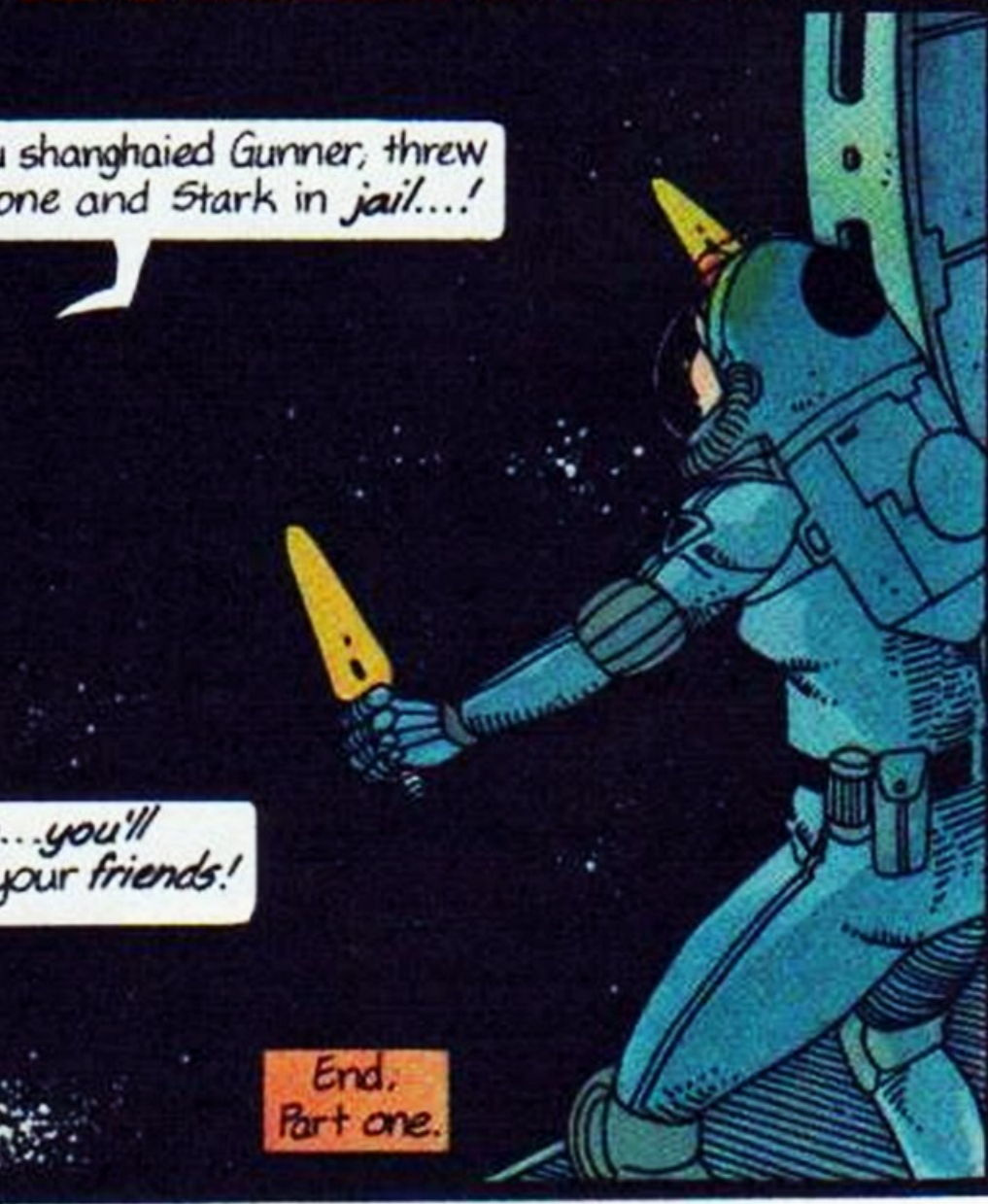
Forget  
what?



You shanghaied Gunner, threw  
Trione and Stark in *jail*...!

Never mind the Nimp...*you'll*  
be lucky to survive your *friends*!

End.  
Part one.





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# The King of Power

By Heidi MacDonald

Jack Kirby, Hergé, Osamu Tezuka: they are the gods of comics. In their respective cultures, their influence on comics has been all-pervasive, and all powerful.

And each has pioneered a unique aspect of sequential art, confirming and reveling in the wonders of this too-often misunderstood art-form. "King" Kirby has been a trailblazer in every genre of comics from World War II on up with the sheer force of his artwork and the clear-cut American archetypes of his characters. Georges Remi, better known as Hergé, with his world famous character Tintin, created a style of narrative richness and clean, bold art that founded the so-called "Brussels school" of art and made him perhaps Europe's most beloved storyteller until his death in 1983. And "Doc" Tezuka, the Walt Disney of Japan, single-handedly created the look of 'manga' after World War II, combining cartoony splendor with pure graphic dynamism to tell stories as only comics can.

I call them gods not because of the immense artistry of their work—there are after all, other geniuses of comics: Eisner, Barks, Toth, Moebius, Crumb—but because their work has had a fundamental influence on everything that has followed them. Without Kirby, Hergé, and Tezuka, comics the world over would look far different than they do now.

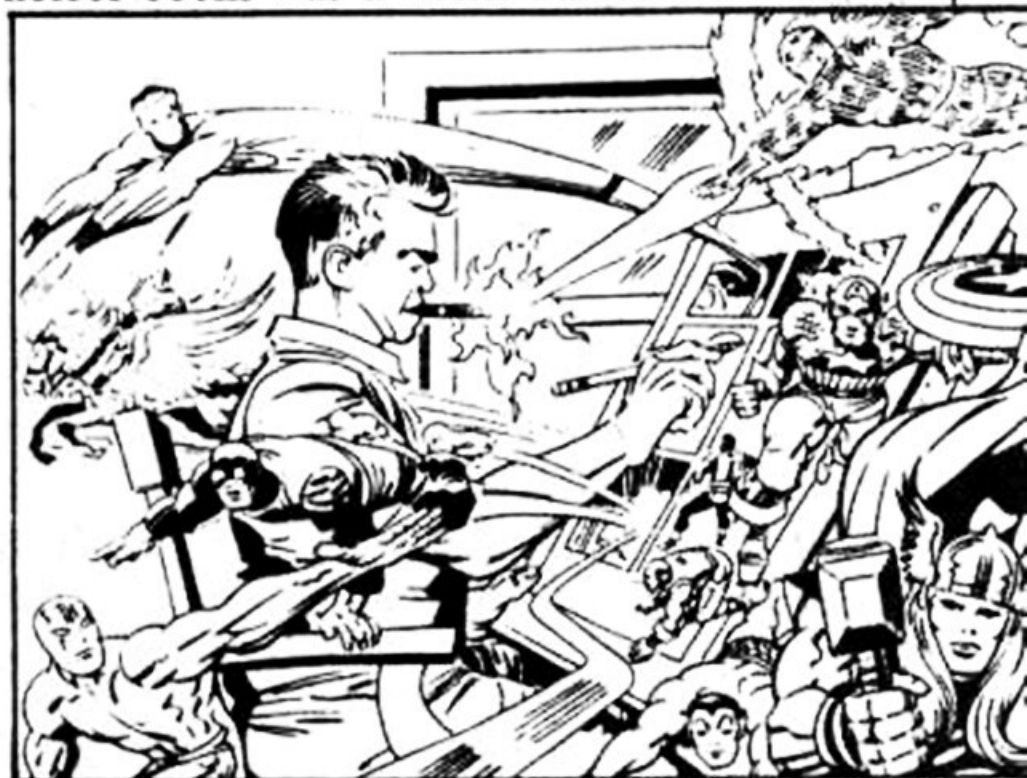
Jack Kirby was born in New York in 1917. While still a teenager he started to work for an animation studio, but he soon turned to comics, beginning with Fox. But it was at Timely Comics that he had his first success, working in a unique collaboration with writer-artist Joe Simon in a partnership that was to last until 1956. In 1941, the two created the first in a long line of comics icons to appear from Kirby's pen—Captain America, whose gloriously gaudy red, white and blue costume struck terror into the hearts of America's enemies (in the pages of the comics, at least) through the Second World War and beyond.

But *Captain America* was only the beginning for these two innovators. As has been pointed out many times, Kirby has had a hand in the introduction of an astonishing variety of comics genres. Soon after *Captain America*, Kirby and Simon created *The Young Commandos*, a series about a kid gang who banded together to fight crime. It was followed by a legion of

imitators. Soon after, in *Boy's Ranch*, they pioneered the Western genre, and they did it again in 1947 with *Young Romance* for Prize comics, the first real romance comic book (a genre which, in its heyday, was as popular as superheroes or crime comics have ever been.) Through all this, Simon and Kirby's work was not just the first—it was usually the best, too.

But as important as all Kirby's previous efforts had been towards shaping the face of comics publishing in America, his greatest achievements were still to come.

In the mid-50s, superhero comics had all but died out. Kirby went back to Timely, which was now publishing horror comics, although after the installation of the Comics Code even these were having a hard time of it. It was probably the lowest ebb since the comic book industry began. Kirby's collaborator on these horror books was a writer named Stan Lee.



In 1961, Lee and Kirby began to create what is now known as the Marvel Universe—Thor, the X-Men, the Hulk, Iron Man, Daredevil, Dr. Strange, the Avengers, and, of course, the Fantastic Four—characters whose popularity hasn't waned in over 20 years (though the quality, alas, has had many ups and downs.)

*The Fantastic Four* was Kirby's greatest achievement of this period, a strip full of mind-boggling science-fiction machinery, vicious alien races, and truly larger-than-life villains. Lee and Kirby stayed together on the series for 102 issues, a record of consistency and longevity which has never been surpassed in Marvel's history. The list of characters in those 102 issues is formidable: Dr. Doom, the



Silver Surfer, Galactus, the Black Panther, the Kree, the Skrull, The Watcher, the Inhumans and other mainstays of the Marvel line.

The exact nature of the Lee-Kirby collaboration is in dispute to this day, with both claiming to have done the bulk of the plotting. Whatever its exact nature, Lee may have supplied the snappy, pseudo-epic dialogue, but it was Kirby who supplied the power. No other word is necessary to describe Kirby's work throughout his career. Power, sheer, unmitigated power. His characters have marble spars for jaws, lasers for eyes, granite for muscles—under Kirby's pen, speed lines have never been so fast, force lines have never been so shattering. The panel borders are barely strong enough to contain the hurricane force of his art.

Kirby left Marvel for DC in 1970—a move which for Marvel fans was as shocking as the Dodgers leaving Brooklyn. But it was at DC that Kirby created his most incredibly imaginative work ever, this time as the sole creative force, writing, drawing, and editing his own work. His immense New Gods Saga filled four series—*The New Gods*, *Jimmy Olsen*, *Mr. Miracle* and *The Forever People*, which all told the story of the struggle between the forces of good—New Genesis—and Darkseid of Apokolips, the most cosmically dark villain of all. (Commentators often remark on the resemblance between the later *Star Wars* and Kirby's "The Source," and Darkseid is a direct forebear of Darth Vader.) Kirby's work is tumultuous in its massiveness, overwhelming in its pounding action.

After a rather unsuccessful return to Marvel in the Seventies, as well as a return to animation, Kirby pioneered yet another revolution in the world of comics—his *Captain Victory* for Pacific was one of the very first independent comics series, and he was at the forefront in the fight for creators' rights with his collaboration with Steve Gerber on *Destroyer Duck*.

Today, the matter of Jack Kirby's original art and his treatment by Marvel has become one of the most shameful pages in comics history. The story need not be repeated here (for the sordid details see *Comics Journal* #105). [Editor's note: *Journal* #105 is available from Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura CA 91301, postage-paid for \$4.00.]

With well over forty years of laurels to rest on, and with his place in comics history secured many times over, "The King" hasn't chosen to retire. Nearing 70, Kirby is still

working on new projects, creating new universes.

To catalogue the comics artists who have been influenced by Kirby would be a list of virtually every person who has drawn comics in the past 40 years. His was *the* house look at Marvel during the company's most formative decade: the story goes that Marvel artists of the '60s and '70s were simply handed pages of Kirby art and told to "draw like this." Artists have made entire careers out of being able to imitate Kirby.

Even among styles very different from arch-Kirbyism, you'll find his influence at the base. Jim Steranko, who contributed numerous innovations of his own to comics storytelling, is a true Kirby disciple. Barry Smith is now known as the leader of the delicate "Pre-Raphaelite" school, but his early work was little more than crude Kirby imitations. In recent years, John Byrne and Walt Simonson have won widespread fan adulation simply for returning to the Kirby basics on *Fantastic Four* and *Thor*.

The fact is that Jack Kirby *created* the stylistic conventions which we associate with superhero comics. Others may have used speed lines and drawn explosions before Kirby, but it was he who gave them force. It was Kirby who truly showed comics how to be faster than a speeding bullet, stronger than a locomotive, and able to leap tall buildings in a single bound.

I've stated numerous times my personal distaste for the tyranny of the superhero genre in today's comics. Am I in fact, being hypocritical in heaping all this praise on Kirby?

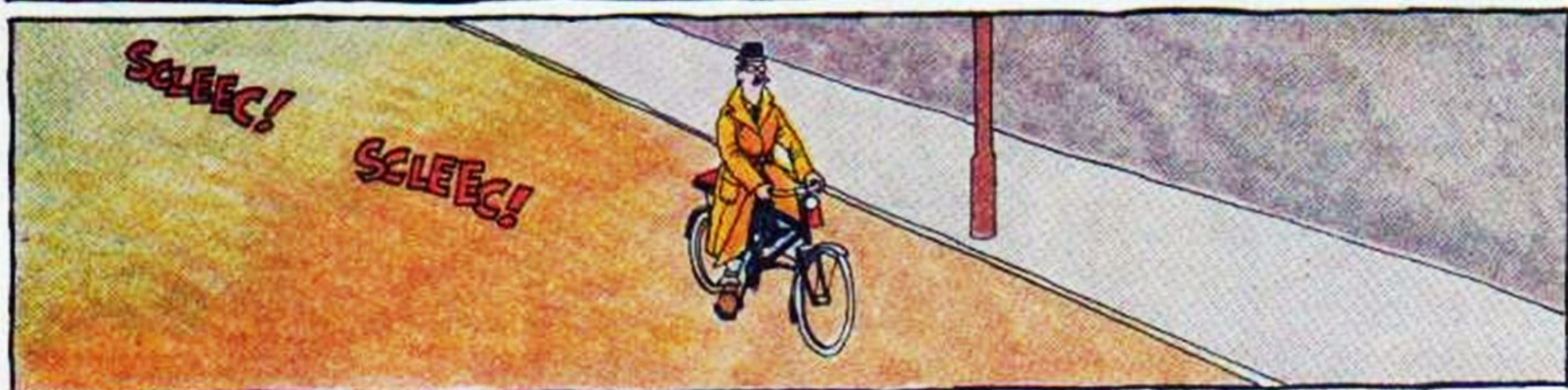
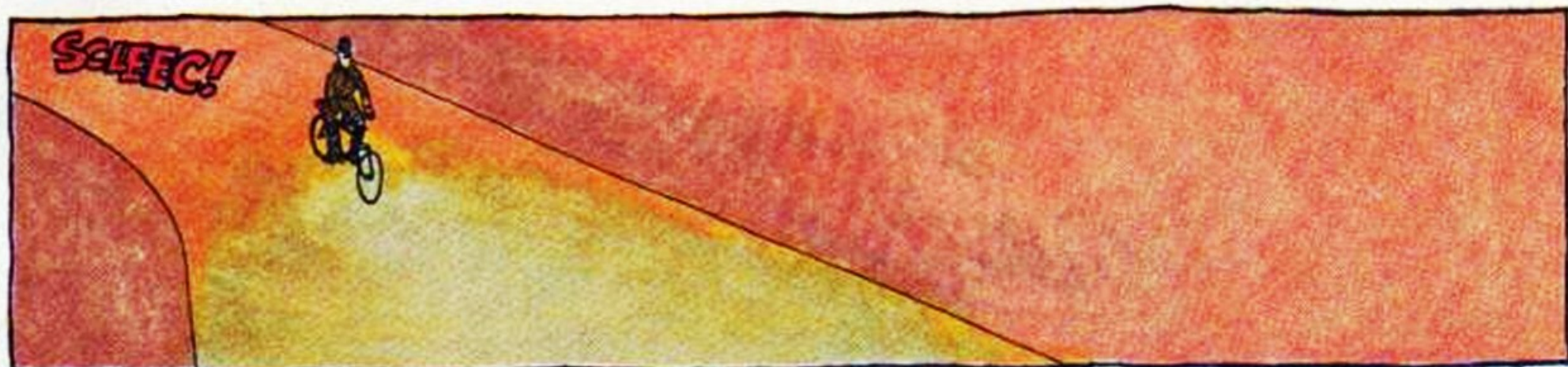
No. My objection is to the incestuous pervasiveness of the superheroes and the absurd limitations which are constantly placed on them, not with the genre itself. The truth is, Jack Kirby was *too* successful. The power (I know I'm overusing the word, but it's the only one that comes close) of his art was completely overwhelming. Barks may have made you laugh, Eisner may have made you cry, but Kirby hit you right between the eyes. Smash. Pow. Bam. It is both his triumph and his curse that the spectacle of his work has locked comics into a kind of perpetual adolescence.

There were romance comics in America. There were kid comics. There were horror comics. There were funny animals.

But Jack Kirby just plain *overpowered* them. And that is why Jack "King" Kirby is the American God of Comics.

Next: Hergé.





AN URBAN ROMANCE BY STEVE PARKHOUSE & ALAN MOORE



# THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA





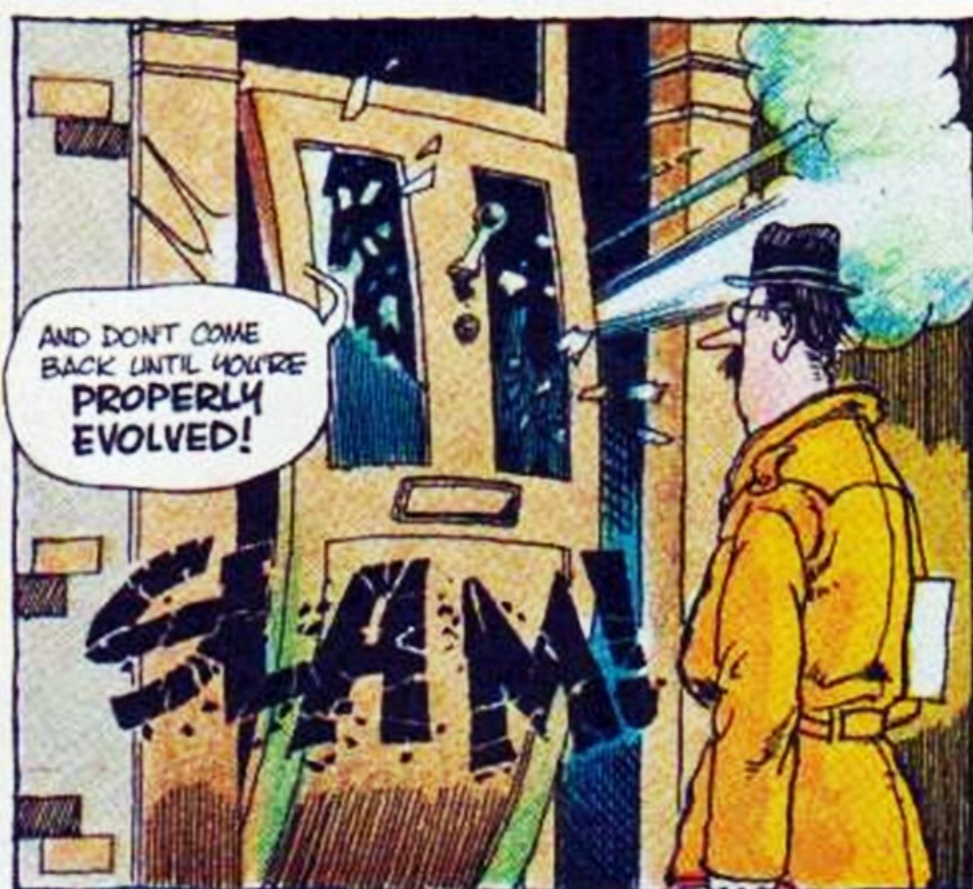


Pittman 82





# THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA







I'LL BE BACK. DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT, SWEETHEART.

I'LL BE BACK.



END OF CHAPTER ONE. FRESH SHEET OF PAPER.

SORRY?

TREVOR INCHMALE WAS ONE OF THAT BREED WHO, ONCE THEIR STEEL TRAP MINDS HAVE FASTENED ONTO A SUBJECT, CANNOT LET IT GO. DAYS PASSED.



NOT PAID A PENNY RENT IN ALMOST A CENTURY. NO NATIONAL INSURANCE NUMBER. NO MEDICAL RECORDS. NO TAX RECORDS. NO BIRTH CERTIFICATES REGISTERED...

"I BATTLED THE SQUATTERS FROM HELL." "INCHMALE INVESTIGATES." "THEY RAPED THE REGULATIONS."



WEEKS PASSED.

GOOD DAY, INCHMALE OF THE BOROUGH COUNCIL. I'VE COME ABOUT THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR.

MISS. POLISH PEOPLE, I THINK, OR IRISHMEN. LOVELY PEOPLE, EXCEPT HER. I SAW THEIR BABY ONCE. MY WORD IT WAS BIG. THEY KEEP IT IN THE CELLAR.



THE CELLAR.

THEY WEREN'T IN. I KNEW THEY WOULDN'T MIND IF I BORROWED SOME COAL. MY WORD IT WAS BIG. FOR A BABY, LIKE...

VERY LARGE INDEED.

MOTHER, COME INDOORS. IT'S TIME FOR YOUR REST. DON'T YOU DARE UPSET YOURSELF AGAIN.



CHILD CRUELTY. ILLEGAL IMMIGRATION. ACTING IN A MANNER THAT WOULD BE LIKELY TO OFFEND OR DISTURB THE NEIGHBOURS...



MONTHS PASSED.



# THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA









# THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA





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ALAN MOORE & STEVE PARKHOUSE

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*Upshot*  
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