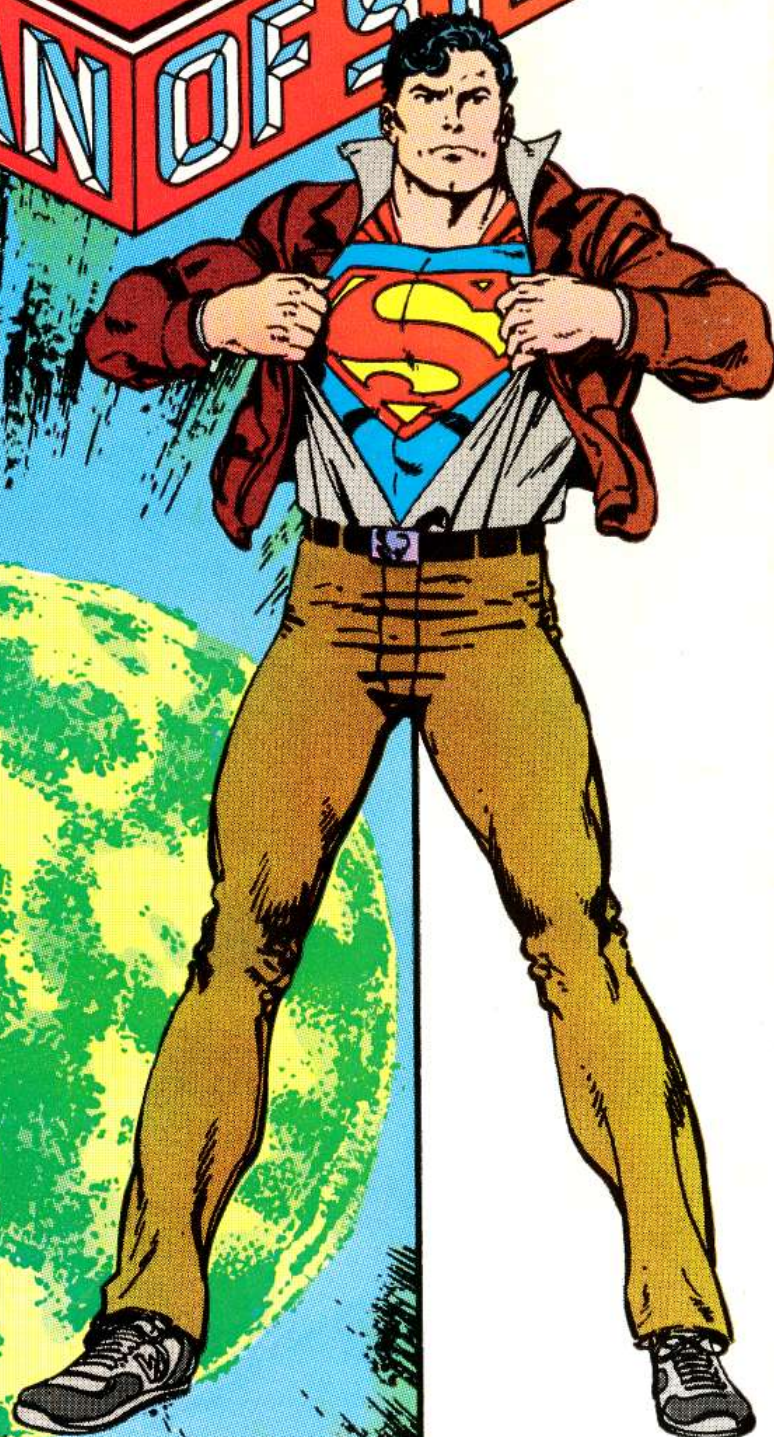
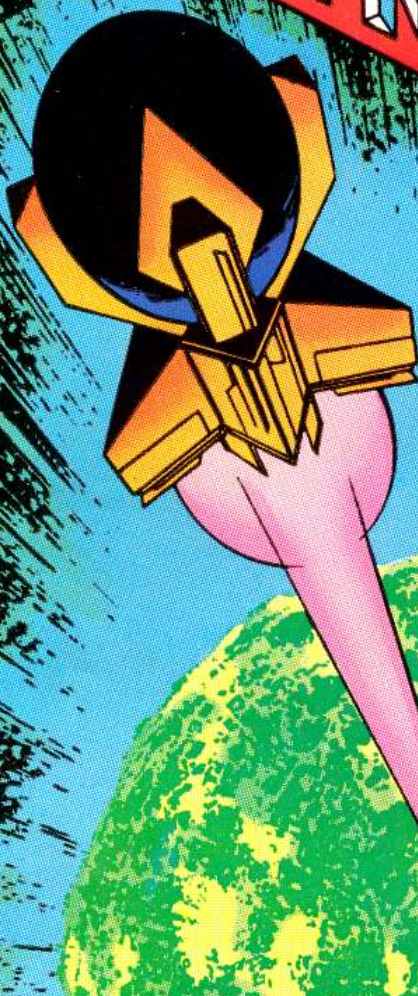
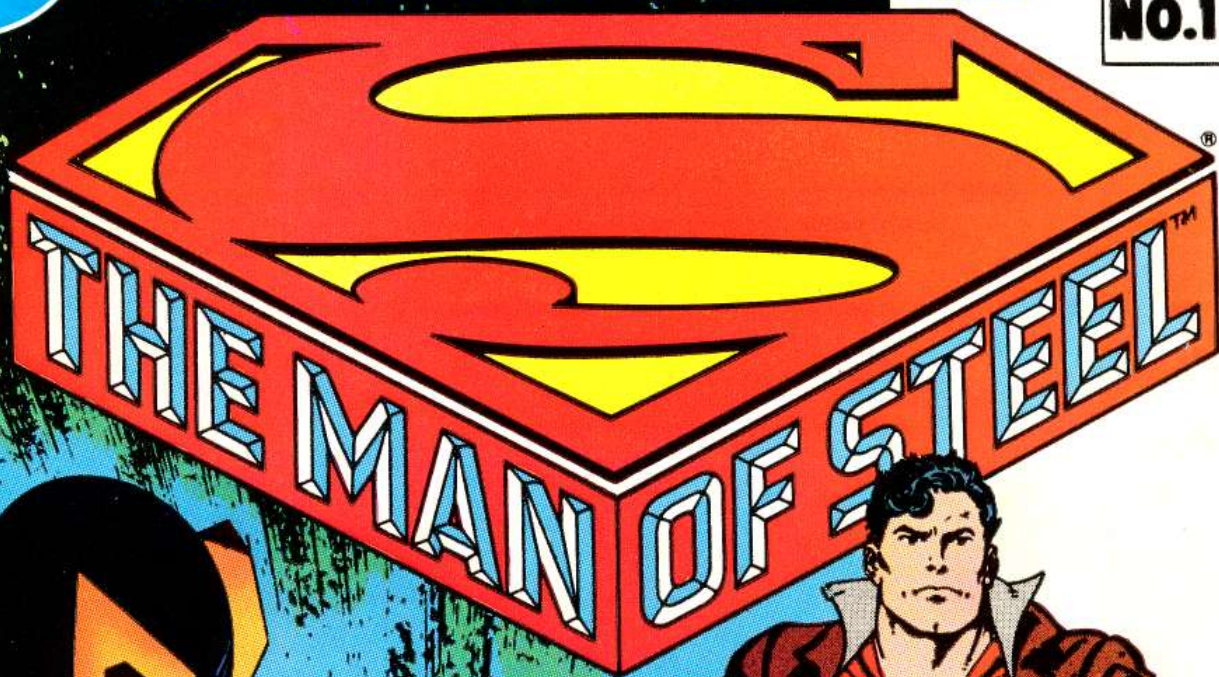




A 6 PART MINI-SERIES BY BYRNE & GIORDANO

THE COMICS EVENT OF THE CENTURY!

75¢
NO.1

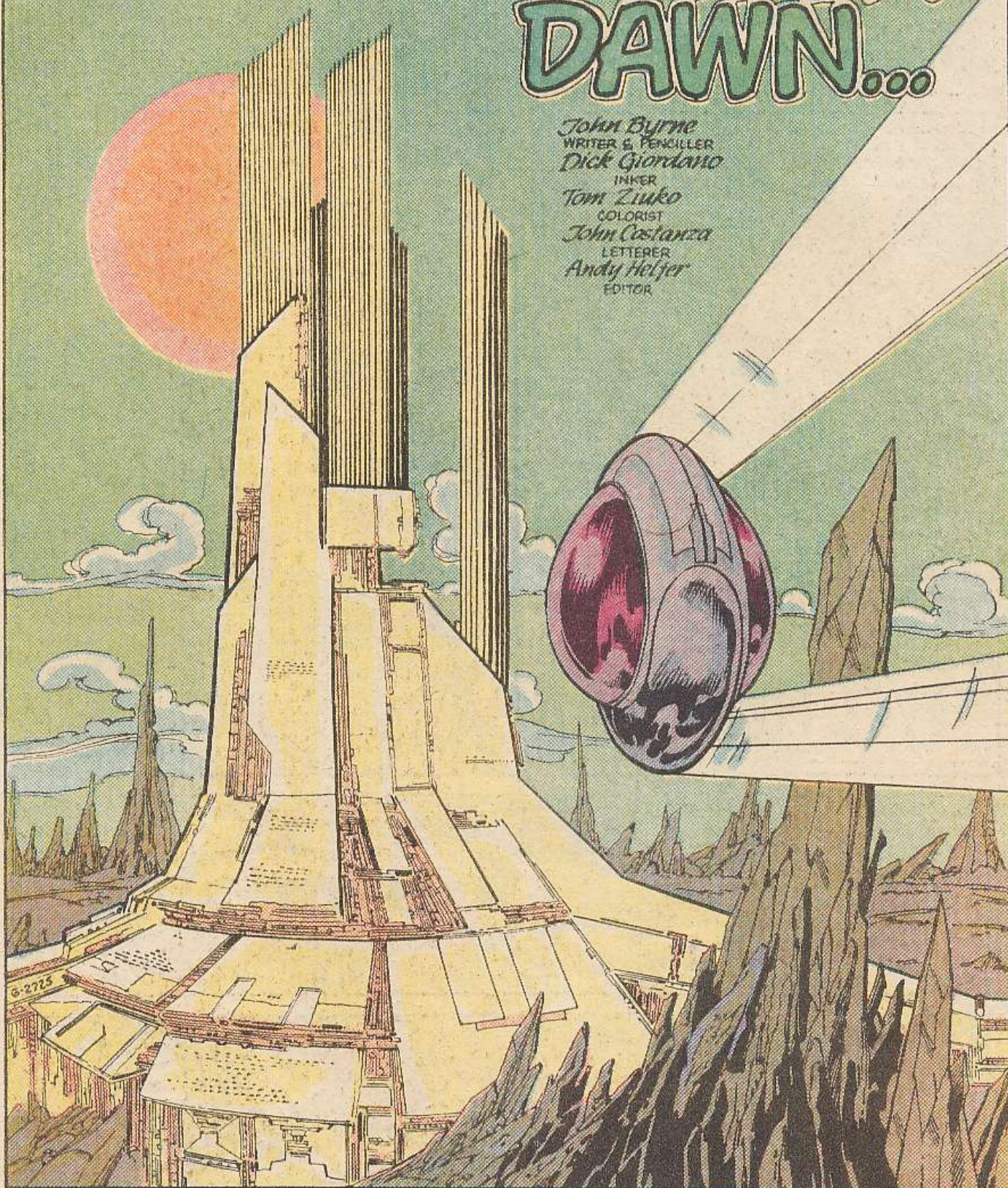


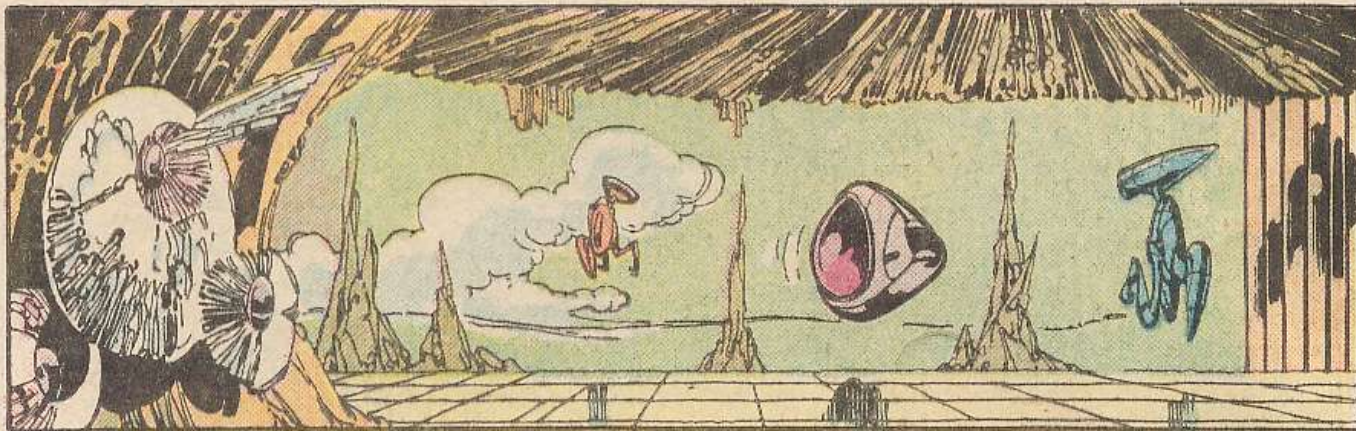
SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

PROLOGUE: FROM OUT THE GREEN DAWN...

John Byrne
WRITER & PENCILLER
Dick Giordano
INKER
Tom Zuko
COLORIST
John Costanza
LETTERER
Andy Helfer
EDITOR





WELCOME HOME, MY LORD. I TRUST YOUR JOURNEY WAS A SUCCESSFUL ONE?

IT WAS, AND IT WAS NOT, KELEX. I HAVE LEARNED WHAT THERE IS TO LEARN. I ONLY WISH I HAD NOT.

WHERE IS THE CHILD?



FOLLOWING YOUR EARLIER INSTRUCTIONS, I HAVE PLACED THE MATRIX IN THE THIRD LEVEL LABORATORY, SIRE.

GOOD. I WILL GO STRAIGHT THERE.

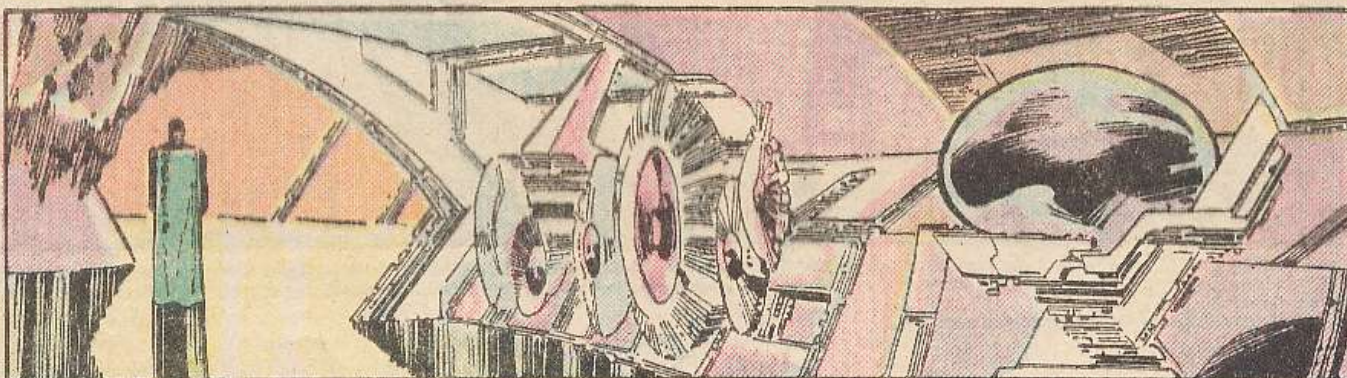
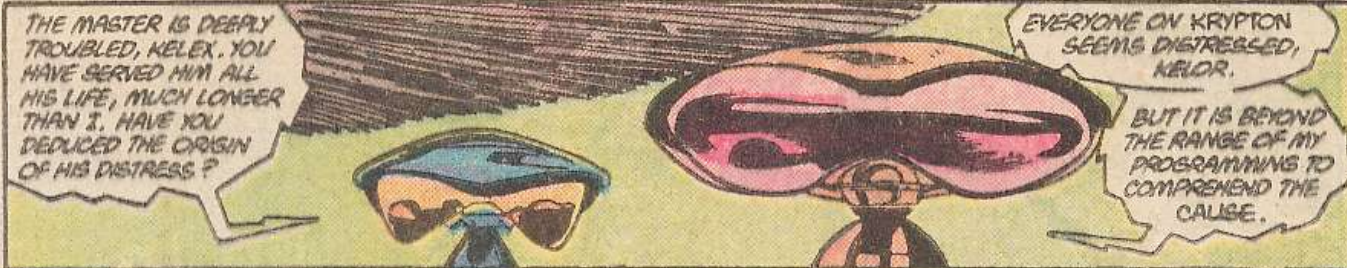
IF... WHEN THE LADY LARA CALLS, PLEASE GUIDE HER TO ME.



THE MASTER IS DEEPLY TROUBLED, KELEX. YOU HAVE SERVED HIM ALL HIS LIFE, MUCH LONGER THAN I. HAVE YOU DEDUCED THE ORIGIN OF HIS DISTRESS?

EVERYONE ON KRYPTON SEEMS DISTRESSED, MY LORD.

BUT IT IS BEYOND THE RANGE OF MY PROGRAMMING TO COMPREHEND THE CAUSE.





THEN IT IS TRUE!
WHEN I HEARD...
WHEN I WAS TOLD,
I COULD NOT
BELIEVE IT!



BUT YOU REALLY DID IT!
YOU REALLY SENT ONE OF
YOUR SERVANTS TO REMOVE
THE MATRIX FROM THE
GESTATION CHAMBERS!

I DID. AM I NOT
ENTITLED TO DO
SO IF I WISH, LARA?
I AM THE CHILD'S FATHER.
BY KRYPTONIAN LAW I
HAVE THE RIGHT TO
REMOVE HIM.

YOU SPEAK OF
A LAW THAT HAS
NOT BEEN INVOKED
FOR CENTURIES,
JOR-EL.

WHY DO YOU INVOKE IT
NOW? HAS THE TRAGEDY
THAT BESETS OUR WORLD
ROBBED YOU OF YOUR
SANTITY? IS THIS WHY YOU
ENDANGER THE LIFE OF
OUR UNBORN CHILD?



"ENDANGER"?

WHAT I MEAN
TO DO WILL NOT ENDANGER
HIM, LARA. HE WILL
SURVIVE. LONG AFTER
ALL OF KRYPTON IS A
SHATTERED RUIN, OUR
SON WILL SURVIVE.



WH-WHAT?

EVEN NOW OUR GREATEST PHYSICIANS SEEK A CURE FOR THE PLAGUE WHICH IS DESTROYING US. WITHIN DAYS...

... KRYPTON WILL BE NO MORE. I, TOO, HAVE BEEN SEEKING THE ANSWER, THE TERRIBLE SECRET BEHIND THIS GREEN DEATH WHICH HAS ALREADY CLAIMED UNCOUNTED MILLIONS OF US, LARA.

NOT ONE HOUR AGO I RETURNED FROM A JOURNEY THAT HAD TAKEN ME ALL ACROSS THE FACE OF OUR WORLD, AND I HAVE DISCOVERED THE CAUSE OF OUR CALAMITY.

A CHAIN-REACTION WITHIN THE CORE OF KRYPTON HAS CAUSED VAST PRESSURES TO BUILD WITHIN THE PLANET'S CRUST. THOSE UNNATURAL PRESSURES ARE FUSING THE NATIVE ELEMENTS INTO A NEW METAL. A RADIO-ACTIVE METAL.

THAT SAME PRESSURE, AS IT BUILDS AND BUILDS WITHIN OUR WORLD, WILL SOON BE TOO MUCH FOR THE ROCKY MANTLE TO CONTAIN.

WITHIN A DAY, PERHAPS WITHIN AS LITTLE AS AN HOUR, KRYPTON WILL EXPLODE!!

IT IS THAT RADIATION THAT IS KILLING US ALL, LARA.

AND AS IF THAT WERE NOT ENOUGH...

N-NO!! THAT CANNOT BE! WE HAVE BEEN ABSOLUTE MASTERS OF THIS WORLD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS! IT DOES NOT RAIN, BUT THAT WE PERMIT IT! NOW YOU SAY THE WORLD WILL DESTROY US??

PERHAPS IT IS FITTING, LARA.

AS YOU SAY, WE CONTROL THE PLANET. WE HAVE FILLED EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY, CONQUERED AND HARNESSSED EVERY FORCE OF NATURE...

AND IN THE END, WHAT HAVE WE ACHIEVED? STERILITY. A COLD AND HEARTLESS SOCIETY, STRIPPED OF ALL HUMAN FEELING, ALL HUMAN PASSION AND LIFE.

Y-YOU... YOU SPEAK OBSCENITIES!

NO, LARA.

I SPEAK OF WHAT WAS A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

I SPEAK OF A FULLNESS OF LIFE WE HAVE DENIED OURSELVES... BUT WHICH I SHALL GIVE BACK TO OUR SON!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IF KRYPTON IS DOOMED AS YOU SAY, OUR CHILD IS DOOMED ALSO.



NO, LARA. NO.



SEALED WITHIN THE MATRIX ORB, HE HAS BEEN SHIELDED FROM THE POISONOUS RADIATION. TRUE, THE ORB COULD NOT SURVIVE THE EXPLOSION OF OUR PLANET...

... BUT IT IS RESILIENT ENOUGH TO SURVIVE A JOURNEY THROUGH HYPER-SPACE!

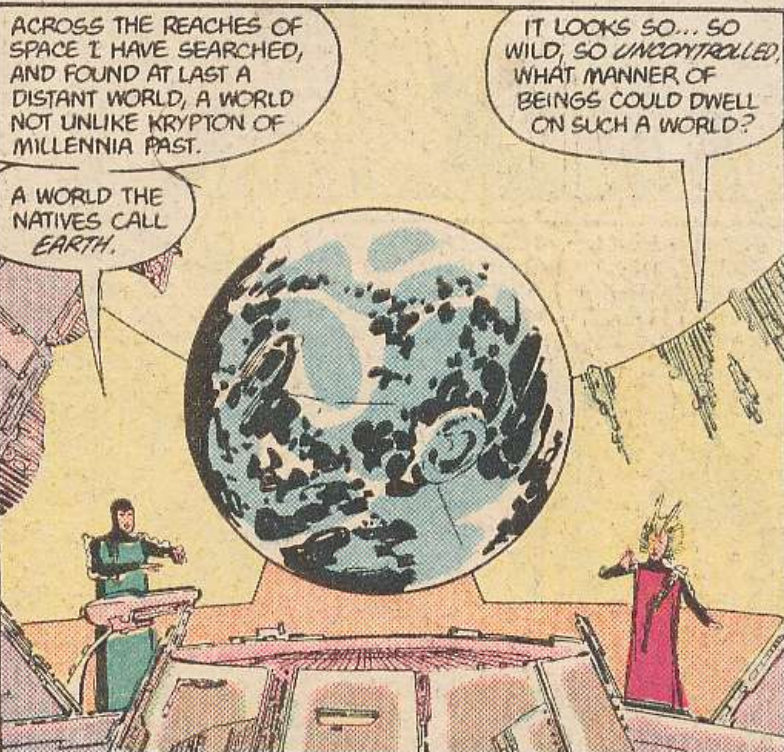
WHAT!?!?

COME, SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT HAS OCCUPIED MY EVERY WAKING HOUR, SINCE FIRST I SUSPECTED THE FATE OF OUR WORLD, MONTHS AGO.



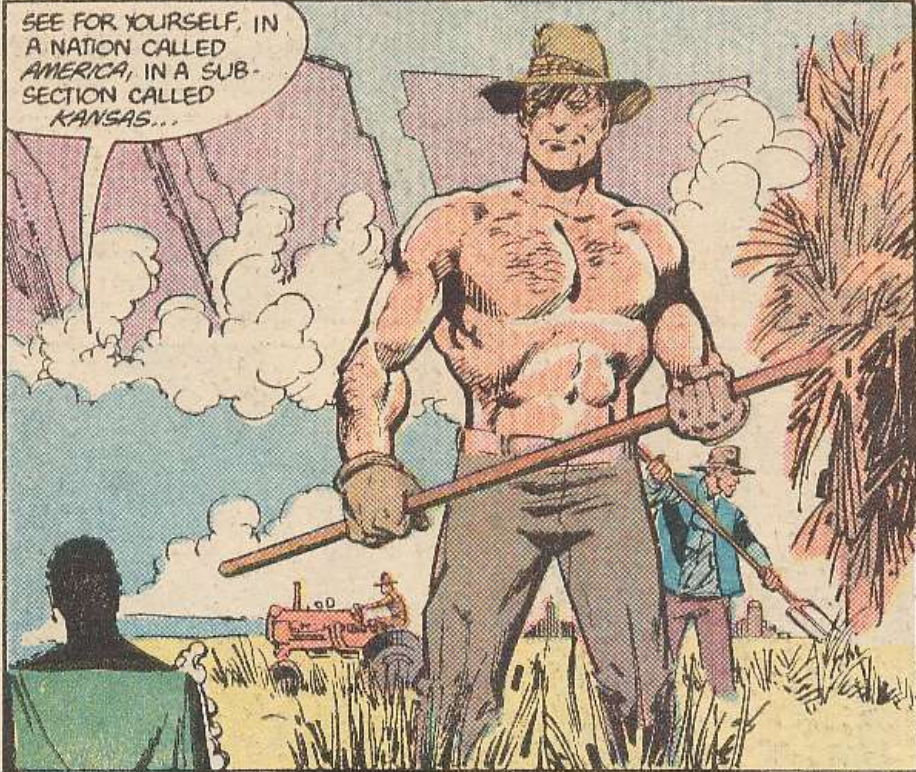
ACROSS THE REACHES OF SPACE I HAVE SEARCHED, AND FOUND AT LAST A DISTANT WORLD, A WORLD NOT UNLIKE KRYPTON OF MILLENNIA PAST.

A WORLD THE NATIVES CALL EARTH.



IT LOOKS SO... SO WILD, SO UNCONTROLLED, WHAT MANNER OF BEINGS COULD DWELL ON SUCH A WORLD?

SEE FOR YOURSELF, IN A NATION CALLED AMERICA, IN A SUB-SECTION CALLED KANSAS...



OH-HHHH!!!





LARA... WHAT'S WRONG?

TH-THAT SAVAGE!

HE... HE BARES HIS NAKED FLESH... HIS HAIRY FLESH... BARES IT TO THE AIR! HE... TOUCHES UNPROCESSED SOIL!

OH, JOR-EL, WHAT KIND OF HELL DO YOU SEEK TO SEND OUR CHILD INTO?

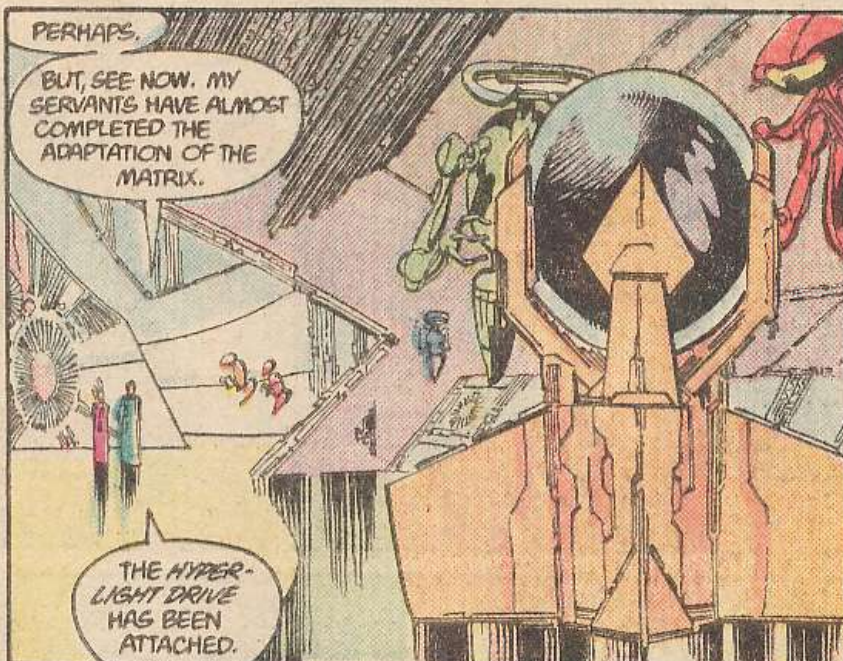
NOT A HELL, LARA. FOR HIM AT LEAST, MORE OF A HEAVEN. FOR THE PLANET CALLED EARTH ORBITS A YELLOW STAR.

EXPOSED TO THE RADIATION OF THAT STAR, HIS KRYPTONIAN CELLS WILL BECOME LIVING SOLAR BATTERIES, MAKING HIM GROW EVER MORE POWERFUL.



IN TIME HE WILL BECOME THE SUPREME BEING ON THAT PLANET, ALMOST A GOD!

THEN... HE WILL RULE THEM? HE WILL SHAPE THEM TO PROPER KRYPTONIAN WAYS?



PERHAPS.

BUT, SEE NOW. MY SERVANTS HAVE ALMOST COMPLETED THE ADAPTATION OF THE MATRIX.

THE HYPER-LIGHT DRIVE HAS BEEN ATTACHED.



BUT... JOR-EL, IS THERE NO TIME FOR RECONSIDERING? IS THERE NO OTHER WAY FOR OUR CHILD TO...

NO, LARA.

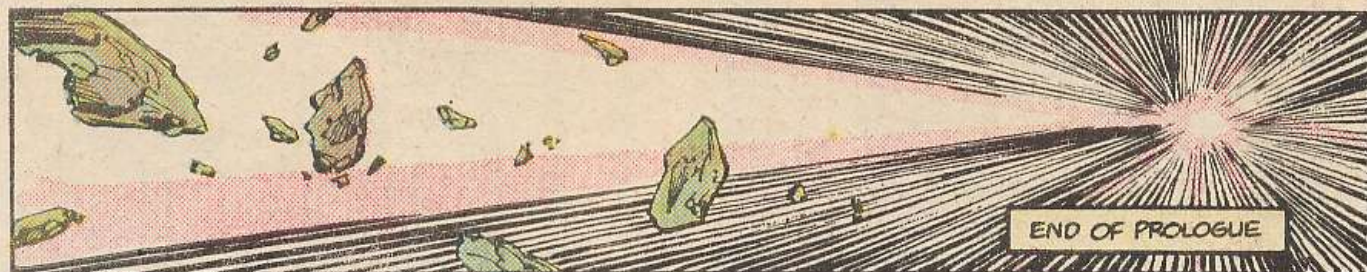
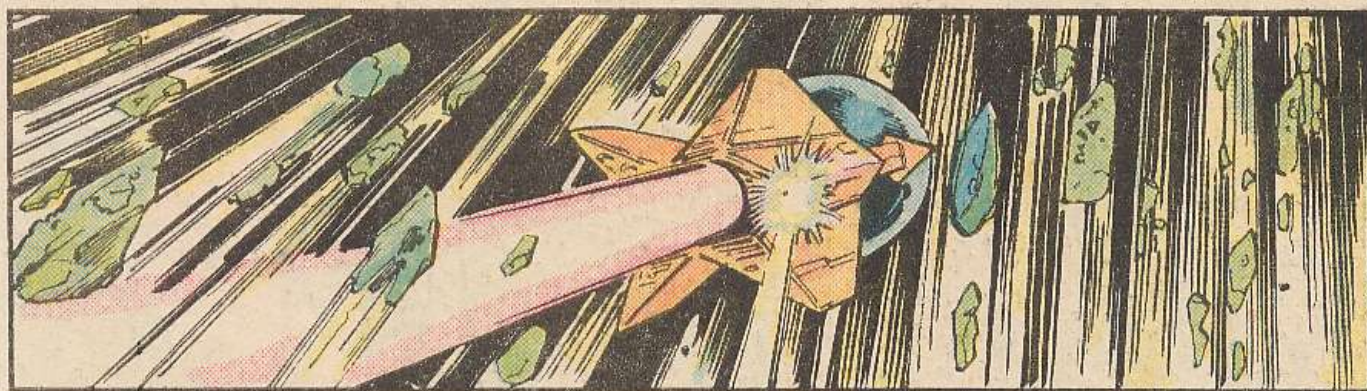
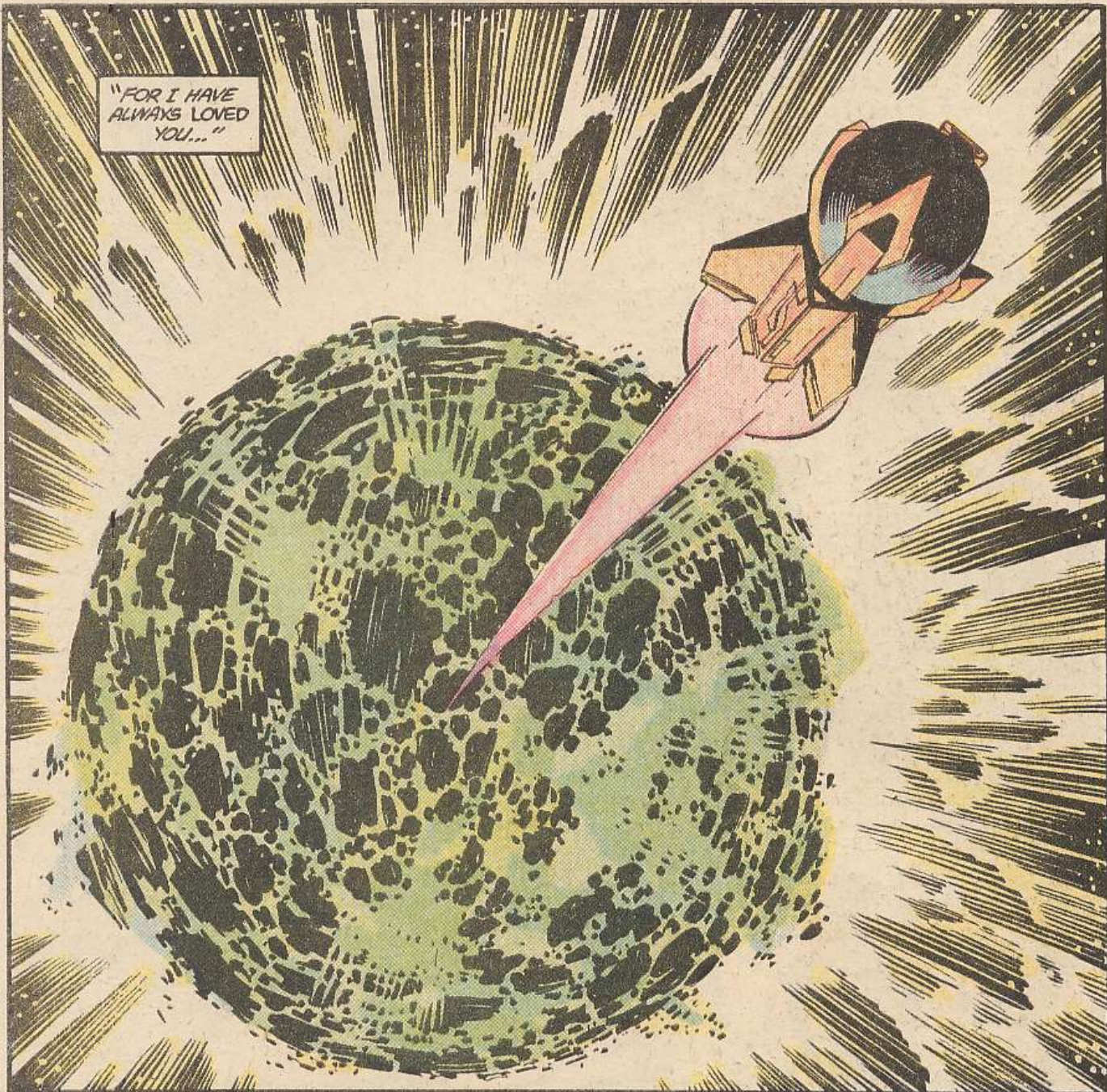
THERE IS NO MORE TIME FOR ANYTHING AT ALL.



"THE ERUPTIONS HAVE BEGUN!"



"FOR I HAVE
ALWAYS LOVED
YOU..."



END OF PROLOGUE

SUPERMAN
Created by
JERRY SEIBEL &
JOE SHUSTER

CHAPTER ONE: **THE SECRET**

... AND THIS SMALLVILLE CROWD IS GOING ABSOLUTELY WILD AS NUMBER 15 RACES DOWN THE FIELD FOR HIS TENTH TOUCHDOWN!

SMALLVILLE HIGH HAS JUST NEVER SEEN A FOOTBALL PLAYER LIKE THIS AMAZING, ALL-ROUND CHAMPION, YOUNG CLARK KENT!

GO! GO! GO,
CLARK, GO!

GO! GO! GO,
CLARK, GO!

YAY!

CLARK!!!







WE'RE GOING *BACK IN TIME*, SON. IT'S BEEN *EIGHTEEN YEARS* SINCE YOUR MA AND ME LAST CAME TO THIS FIELD.

I'VE LET IT LAY FALLOW EVER SINCE.

THIS... THIS IS THE FIELD YOU TOLD ME NEVER TO PLAY IN, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID.

THAT'S RIGHT. AND I POSTED "*NO TRESPASSING*" SIGNS ALL 'ROUND, AND PUT UP THE *WASSTEST* BARBED WIRE FENCE I COULD FIND.

ALL TO HIDE *THIS*. LIFT IT AWAY, SON.

YOU SHOULD BE MORE THAN STRONG ENOUGH BY NOW.

BUT, PA, WHAT...?

OMIGOSH!

P-PA...?

WHAT IS IT??

IT'S WHERE YOU CAME FROM, SON.

IT'S WHERE YOUR MA AN' ME FOUND YOU.



THOSE... THOSE MONSTERS!! THEY PUT A POOR LITTLE BABY INTO A ROCKET-SHIP!

AND THEN THEY SHOT HIM OFF TO THE MOON OR SOMEWHERE!! WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE ARE THEY??



NOW... YOU BE CAREFUL, MARTHA! WE DON'T KNOW THIS BABY CAME FROM EARTH! HE COULD BE SOME KIND OF... MARTIAN!!

OH, NOW YOU HUSH, JONATHAN KENT! YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY OF THOSE SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES!



HE'S AS HUMAN AS YOU OR ME!

AND I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THAT WHOEVER THE MONSTERS WERE WHO SHOT HIM UP IN THAT TIN CAN...

...WELL, THEY'RE NEVER GOING TO GET THEIR HANDS ON HIM AGAIN!

MARTHA!



"BUT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE. SHE'S A STUBBORN WOMAN, YOUR MA, AND SHE'D DECIDED RIGHT AT THE MOMENT SHE FIRST SAW YOU THAT SHE WAS GOING TO KEEP YOU."



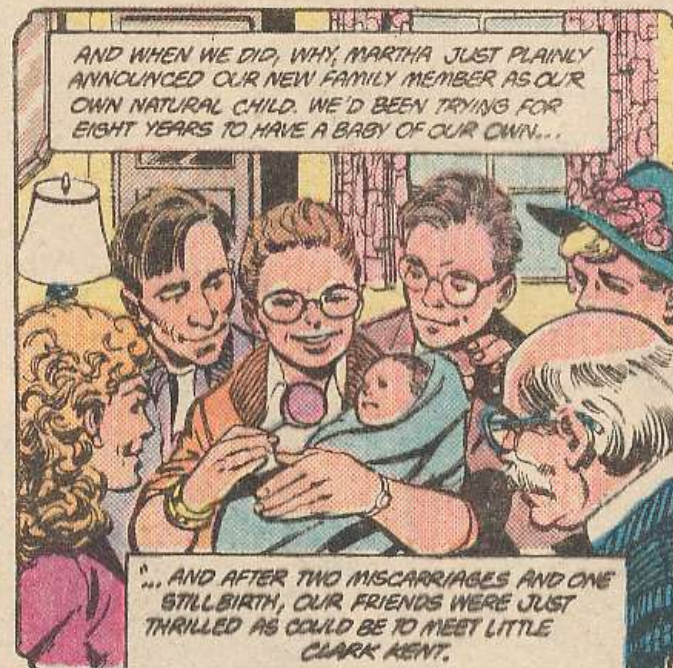
"BY THE END OF THE DRIVE HOME, I AGREED."

"AND THAT WAS WHEN NATURE HERSELF CLINCHED THE BARGAIN. WE'D NO SOONER PULLED INTO THE YARD THAN THE GRANDFATHER OF ALL BLIZZARDS SLAMMED DOWN."



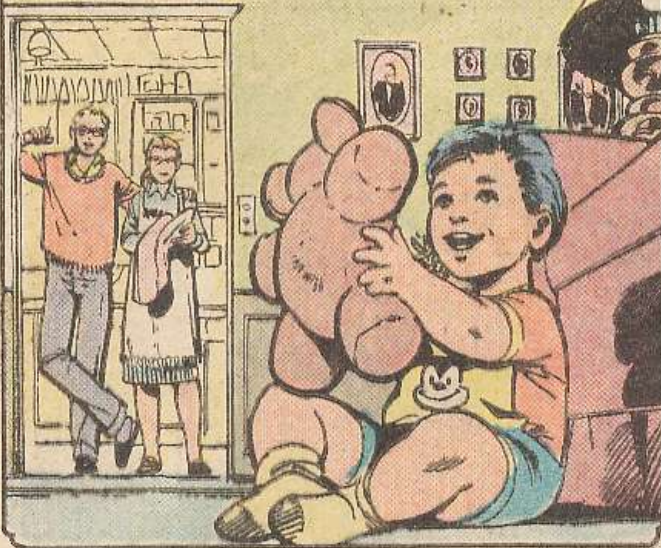
"IT WAS THE WORST STORM OF THE CENTURY, AND WE DIDN'T GET BACK INTO SMALLVILLE FOR FIVE MONTHS!"

AND WHEN WE DID, WHY, MARTHA JUST PLAINLY ANNOUNCED OUR NEW FAMILY MEMBER AS OUR OWN NATURAL CHILD. WE'D BEEN TRYING FOR EIGHT YEARS TO HAVE A BABY OF OUR OWN...



"... AND AFTER TWO MISCARRIAGES AND ONE STILLBIRTH, OUR FRIENDS WERE JUST THRILLED AS COULD BE TO MEET LITTLE CLARK KENT."

"YOU SEEMED IN EVERY WAY TO BE THE
BABY WE'D SO OFTEN PRAYED FOR,
BEAUTIFUL, BRIGHT...PERFECT."



"AND WHEN IT CAME TIME TO START
SCHOOL, YOU FIT RIGHT IN WITH THE
OTHERS--ESPECIALLY LITTLE LANA
LANG, SEEMED LIKE YOU TWO WERE
KINDRED SPIRITS RIGHT FROM GO!"

I LIKE YOU!
YOU CAN BE MY
BOYFRIEND!



"ALTHOUGH, I GUESS YOU DIDN'T
THINK SO AT THE TIME!"

"EVERYTHING WENT ALONG JUST FINE, UNTIL
THAT DAY WHEN YOU WERE EIGHT, AND YOU
DECIDED TO TAKE A SHORT-CUT ACROSS OLD
MAN McCULLOUGH'S PASTURE."

"I WAS DRIVING
BY. I SAW YOU. I
ALSO SAW McCULLOUGH'S
PRIZE BULL."



"BUT THERE WAS NO WAY TO GET
TO YOU BEFORE..."



"I FELT LIKE I'D SEEN MY OWN LIFE END AT THAT
MOMENT, CLARK. I RAN TO WHERE YOU'D FALLEN,
FULLY EXPECTING TO FIND YOU ALL CRUSHED AND
BLOODY, THE WAY MY BIG BROTHER HARRY HAD
LOOKED AFTER HE FELL UNDER MY PA'S THRESHER."



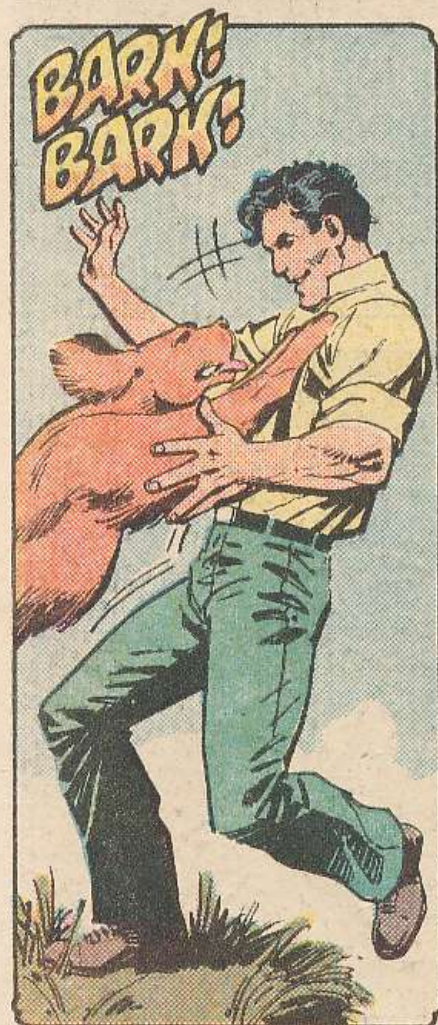
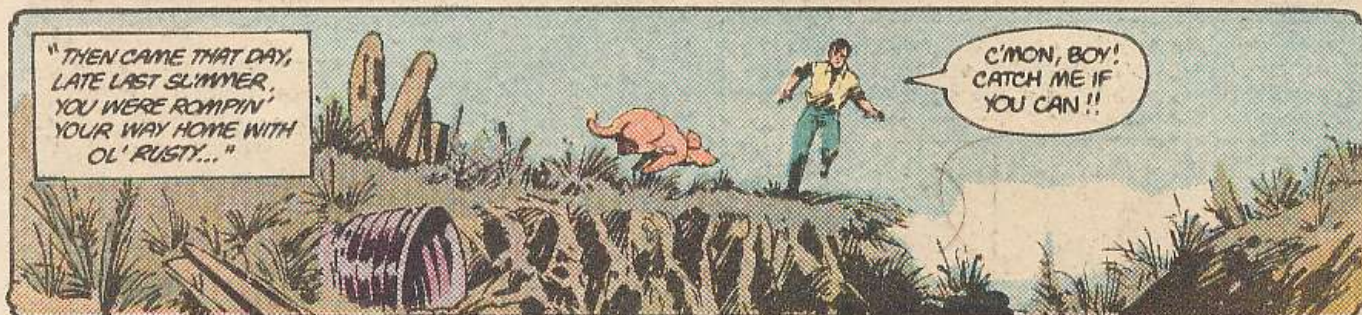
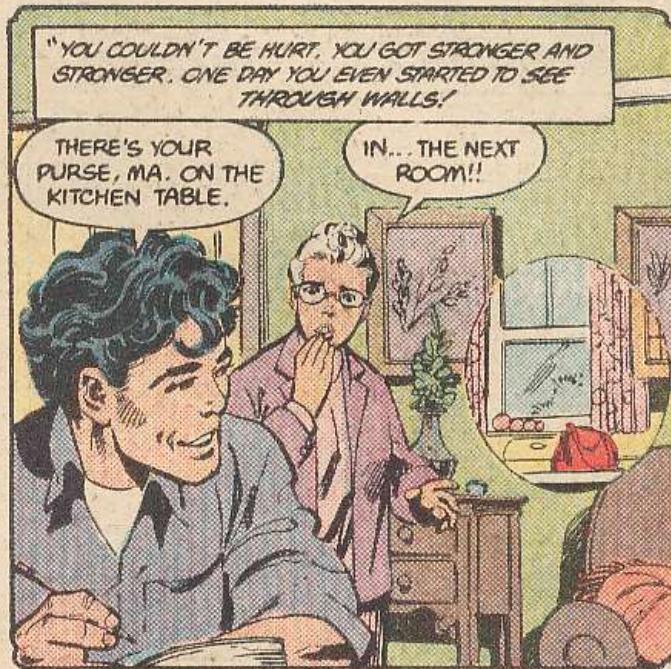
"BUT
INSTEAD..."

P-PA...?

CL-CLARK?!?!

YOU'RE...YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT??





I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW YOU CAME *SHOOING* HOME, HAPPIER, I GUESS, THAN ANYONE IN THE WORLD HAD EVER BEEN.



BUT... WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL THIS, PA? I MEAN, MOST OF IT I *KNOW*.

EXCEPT ABOUT THIS ROCKET-SHIP...

IF THAT'S WHAT IT IS, HOW DO WE *KNOW*, PA? HOW CAN WE KNOW?

MAYBE WE JUST WEREN'T MEANT TO KNOW, SON. MAYBE WE'LL *NEVER* KNOW.

AND MAYBE IT DOESN'T MATTER. WHATEVER THIS THING REALLY IS, WHEREVER YOU CAME FROM, YOU'RE OUR SON NOW.

YOU'RE AN AMERICAN CITIZEN-- AND THAT MEANS YOU'VE GOT RESPONSIBILITIES!



I KNOW THAT, PA. BUT I CAN'T HELP...

HELP...

OHHHHH



CLARK! CLARK! WHAT IS IT, SON? WHAT'S WRONG?

DON'T... KNOW...

JUST... FEEL SO... WEAK... ALL OF A SUDDEN. SO... DIZZY...



COME ON, SON. LET'S GET YOU BACK HOME.

I *SHOULD* HAVE TOLD YOU ALL THIS MORE GENTLY.

NOT EVEN SOMEONE WITH YOUR CONSTITUTION CAN TAKE SO MANY SHOCKS IN ONE DAY!





YOU TOLD HIM?

I TOLD HIM.

HE TOLD ME.

CLARK... HONEY, DON'T ~~WASTE~~ US FOR KEEPING THIS SECRET FROM YOU ALL THESE YEARS...

I DON'T ~~HATE~~ YOU, MA! I COULD ~~NEVER~~ THINK BADLY OF YOU OR PA.

HE AND I HAD A LONG TALK ON THE WAY HOME.

HE'S ~~RIGHT~~ TO SAY HE'S DISAPPOINTED IN ME. AFTER ALL THE TIMES YOU AND HE HAVE TALKED TO ME OVER THE YEARS, AS EACH NEW ~~POWER~~ CAME ALONG...

YOU TOLD ME ALL THOSE TIMES THAT I SHOULD NEVER USE MY SPECIAL ABILITIES TO MAKE MYSELF ~~BETTER~~ THAN OTHER PEOPLE -- TO MAKE OTHER PEOPLE FEEL ~~USELESS~~.

BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE ~~BEEN~~ DOING.

AND... IT'S TIME TO ~~STOP~~. IT'S TIME FOR ME TO ~~FACE~~ MY RESPONSIBILITIES.

I HAVE TO LEAVE SMALLVILLE. I HAVE TO SEEK OUT THE PEOPLE AND PLACES THAT ~~NEED~~ SOMEBODY WHO CAN DO THE THINGS I CAN DO.



BUT I HAVE TO DO IT IN ~~SECRET~~. THE WORLD MUSTN'T EVER ~~KNOW~~ IT'S ME. IT MUST ALWAYS SEEM LIKE GOOD LUCK, OR NATURE.



SO... TOMORROW I'M HEADING OUT, OUT INTO THE WORLD.

BUT... BEFORE I GO THERE'S SOMEONE I HAVE TO ~~SEE~~...

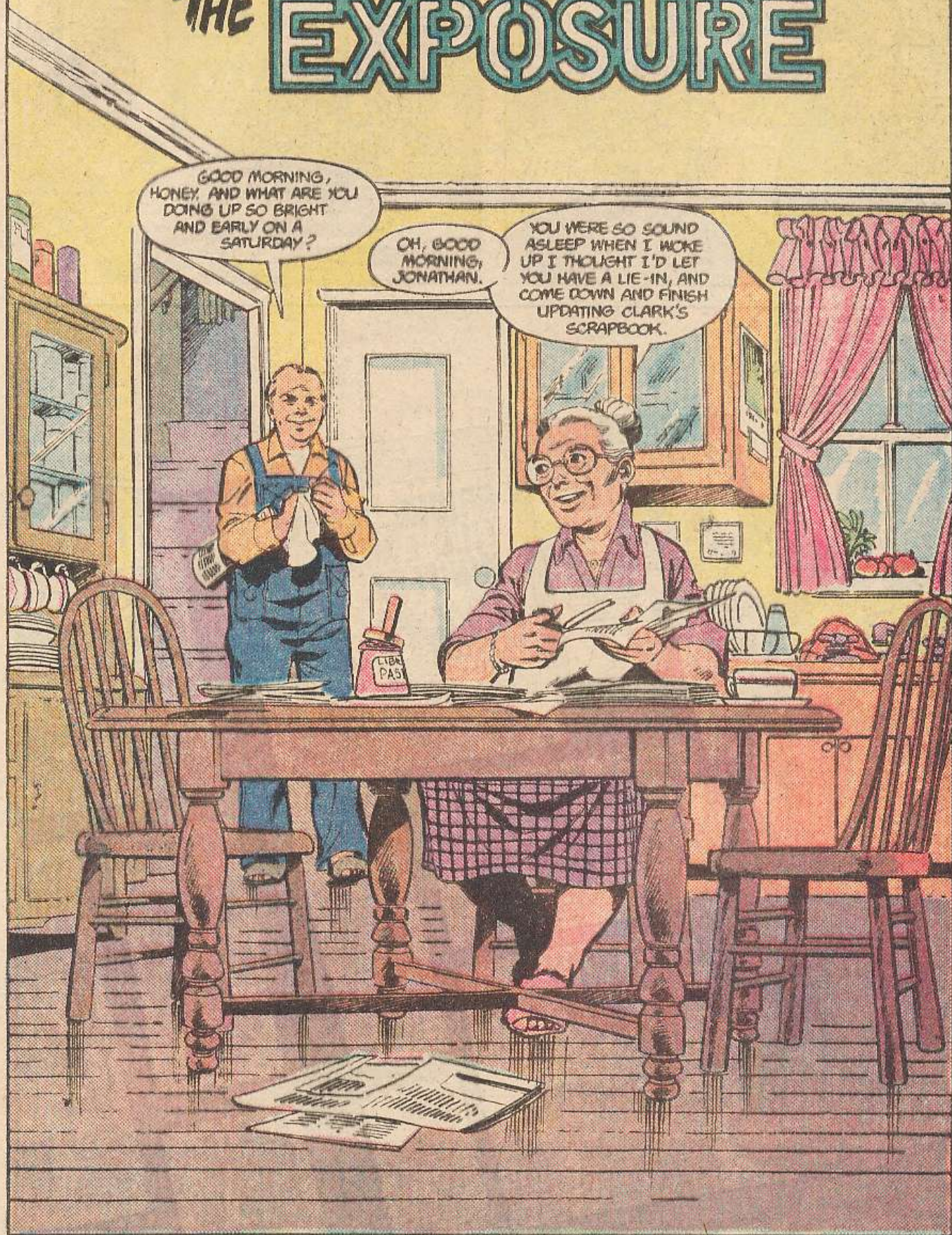


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JOE SHUSTER

CHAPTER TWO:

THE EXPOSURE



YOUR SCRAPBOOK, YOU MEAN. I STILL HAVE MY DOUBTS THAT CLARK WOULD EVEN APPROVE OF THIS.

OH, TISH TOSH, JONATHAN! A MOTHER'S GOT THE RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF HER OWN SON, HASN'T SHE?

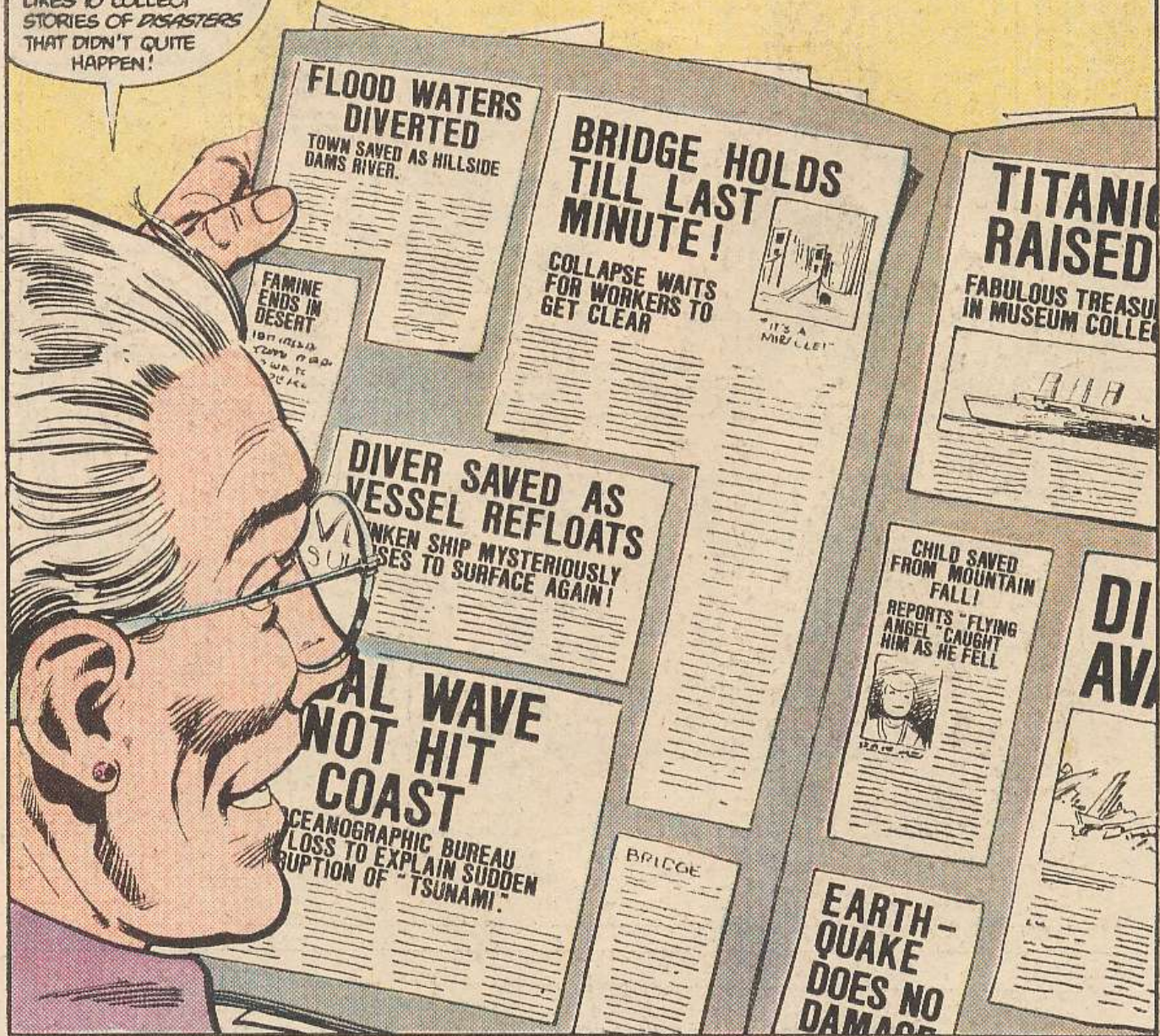


MAYBE. BUT WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD HAPPEN IF SOME BURGLAR BROKE IN HERE AND FOUND THIS SCRAPBOOK? WHAT WOULD HE MAKE OF IT, MARTHA?

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP READING ALL THE BIG CITY NEWS IN THESE PAPERS, JONATHAN. THINGS LIKE THAT JUST DON'T HAPPEN IN SMALLVILLE.



AND IF ONE DID... WHY, ALL HE'D FIND IS THE SCRAPBOOK OF A STRANGE OLD LADY WHO LIKES TO COLLECT STORIES OF DISASTERS THAT DIDN'T QUITE HAPPEN!



FLOOD WATERS DIVERTED
TOWN SAVED AS HILLSIDE DAMS RIVER.

BRIDGE HOLDS TILL LAST MINUTE!
COLLAPSE WAITS FOR WORKERS TO GET CLEAR

TITANIC RAISED
FABULOUS TREASURE IN MUSEUM COLLECTION

FAMINE ENDS IN DESERT
100,000 PEOPLE SAVED BY NEW IRRIGATION PROJECT

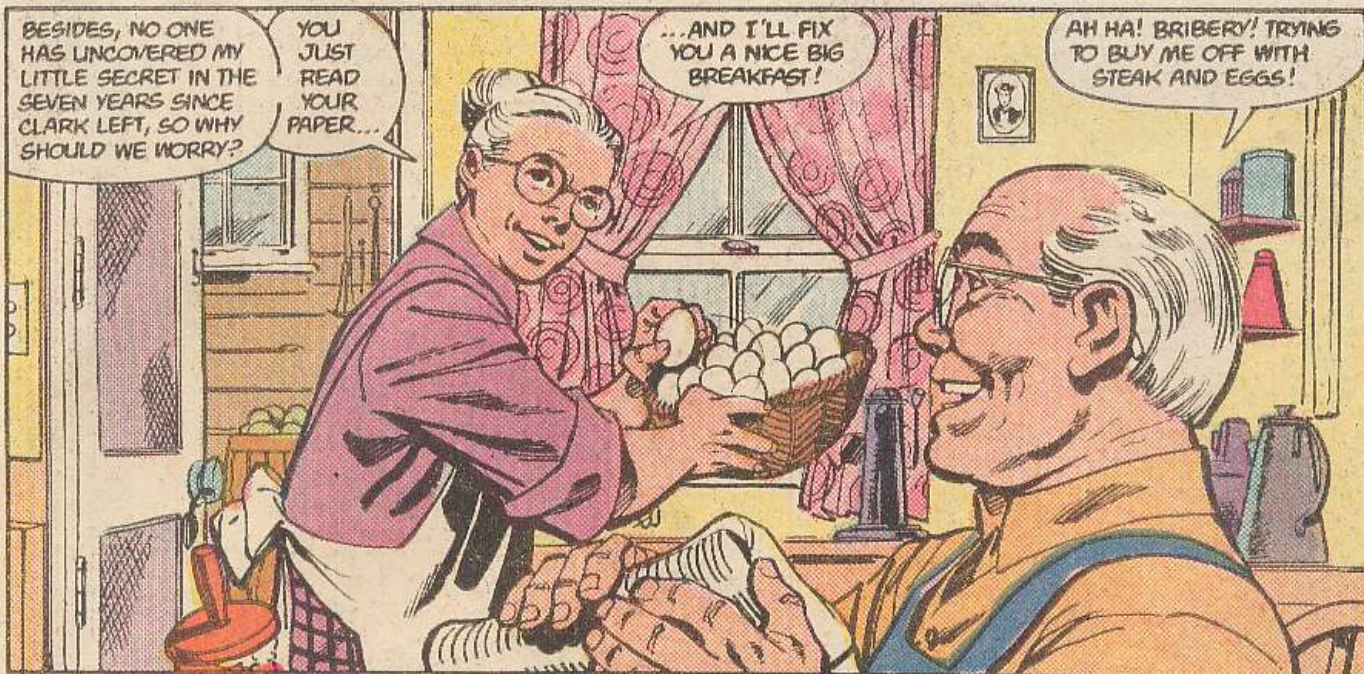
DIVER SAVED AS VESSEL REFLOATS
SUNKEN SHIP MYSTERIOUSLY RISES TO SURFACE AGAIN!

WAVE NOT HIT COAST
OCEANOGRAPHIC BUREAU LOSS TO EXPLAIN SUDDEN RUPTION OF "TSUNAMI."

CHILD SAVED FROM MOUNTAIN FALL!
REPORTS "FLYING ANGEL" CAUGHT HIM AS HE FELL

DI AVA

EARTH-QUAKE DOES NO DAMAGE







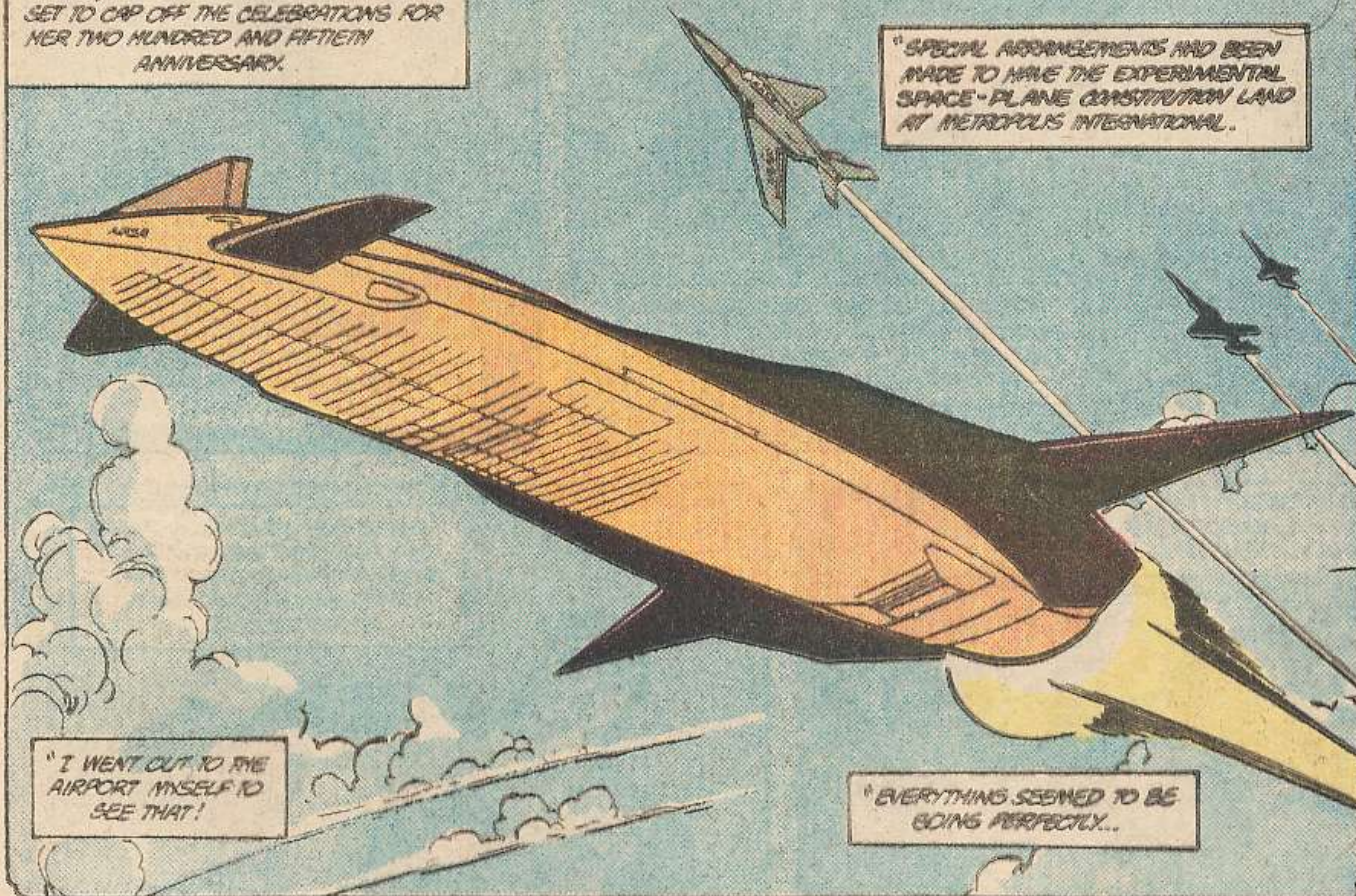
"YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN MAKING METROPOLIS
MORE OR LESS MY HOME BASE FOR ABOUT
THREE YEARS NOW, PA.

"IT'S A GREAT TOWN. BIG, EXCITING.
IT REALLY FEELS LIKE HOME.



"WELL, YESTERDAY METROPOLIS WAS ALL
SET TO CAP OFF THE CELEBRATIONS FOR
HER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY.

"SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS HAD BEEN
MADE TO HAVE THE EXPERIMENTAL
SPACE-PLANE CONSTITUTION LAND
AT METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL.

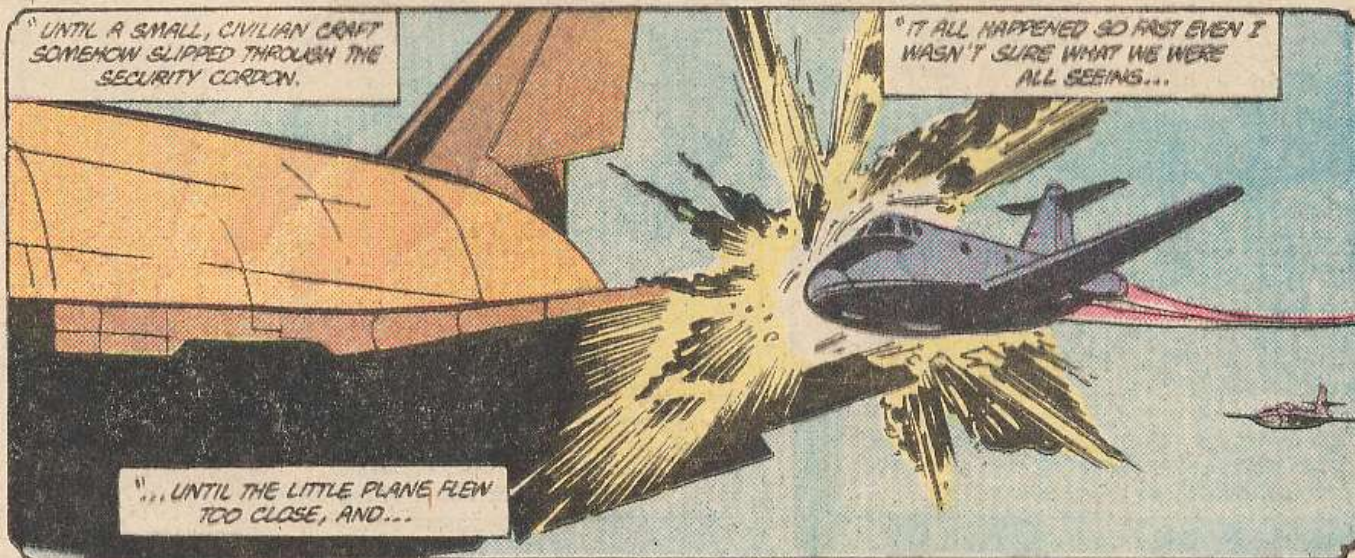


"I WENT OUT TO THE
AIRPORT MYSELF TO
SEE THAT!

"EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE
GOING PERFECTLY...

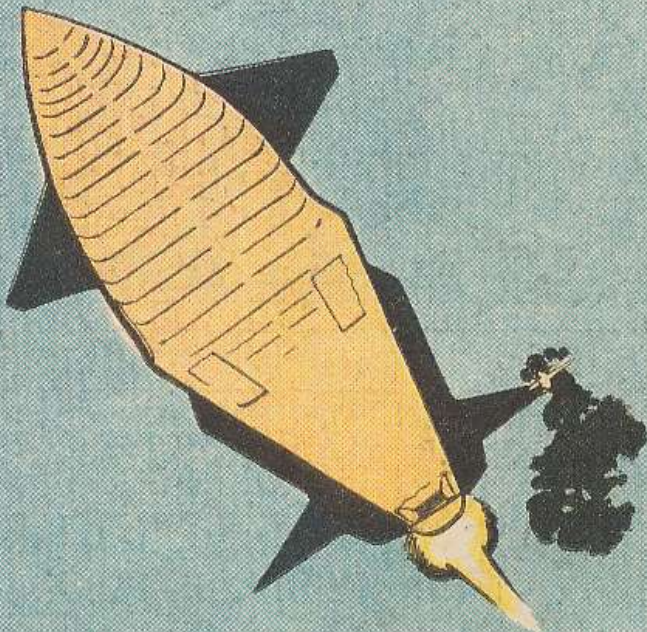
"UNTIL A SMALL, CIVILIAN CRAFT
SOMEHOW SLIPPED THROUGH THE
SECURITY CORDON.

"IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST EVEN I
WASN'T SURE WHAT WE WERE
ALL SEEING...



"...UNTIL THE LITTLE PLANE FLEW
TOO CLOSE, AND...

"FOR ONE LONG, TERRIBLE MOMENT THEY JUST SEEMED TO HANG THERE, IN MID-AIR, FUSED TOGETHER, NOT SEEMING EVEN TO MOVE..."



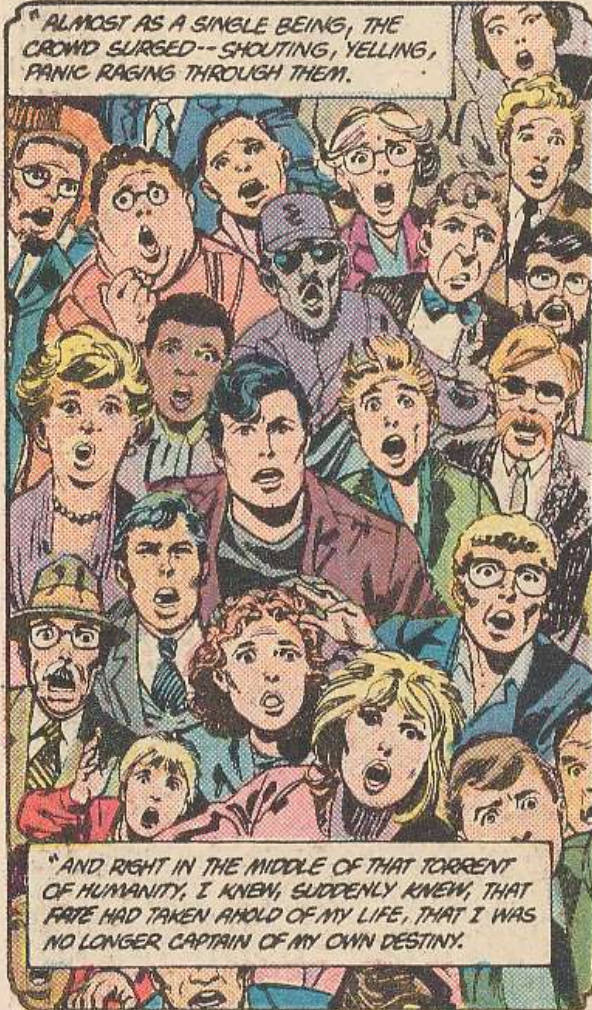
"IT WAS AS IF A MOVIE PROJECTOR HAD SUDDENLY STOPPED ON ONE FRAME OF FILM, FREEZING A FRACTION OF A SECOND INTO AN ETERNITY."

"THEN THE PROJECTOR STARTED UP AGAIN, AND THE TWO SHIPS WERE PLUNGING, SCREAMING OUT OF THE SKY..."



"...STILL LOCKED TOGETHER, LIKE DANCERS IN SOME OBSCENE BALLET."

"ALMOST AS A SINGLE BEING, THE CROWD SURGED--SHOUTING, YELLING, PANIC RAGING THROUGH THEM."



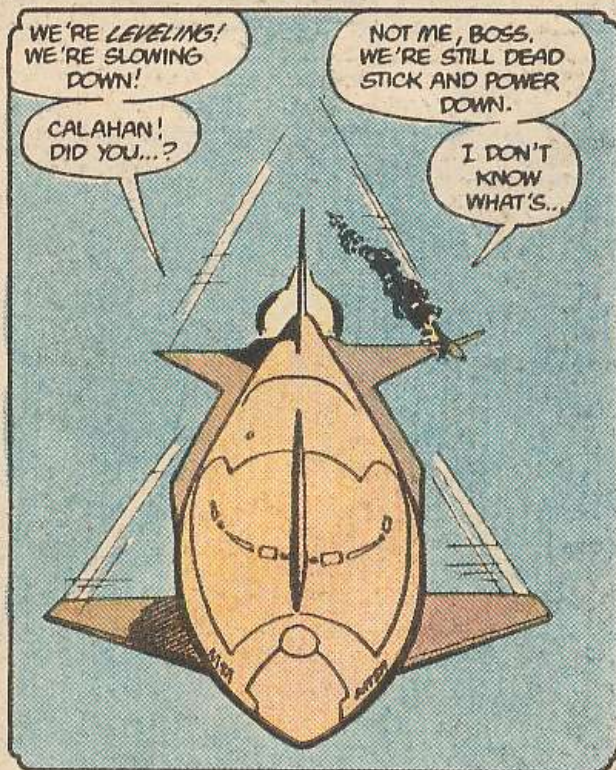
"AND RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT TORRENT OF HUMANITY, I KNEW, SUDDENLY KNEW, THAT FATE HAD TAKEN A HOLD OF MY LIFE, THAT I WAS NO LONGER CAPTAIN OF MY OWN DESTINY."

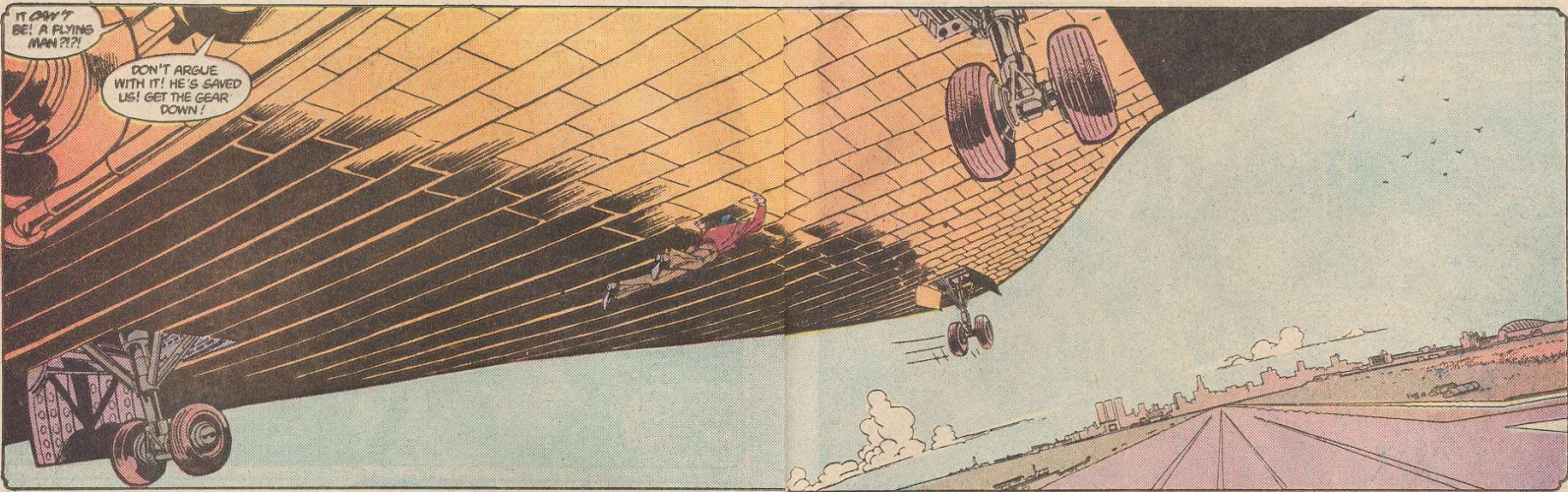
"I TOOK OFF."



"THERE WAS NO POINT IN TRYING TO BE SECRETIVE ABOUT IT. I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO CATCH THAT SHIP AND GUIDE IT SAFELY TO THE GROUND."

"THERE WAS NO HOPE AT ALL OF PULLING THAT OFF, UNSEEN, UNPHOTOGRAPHED. I COULD ONLY MOVE FAST ENOUGH SO THAT MY FEATURES WOULD BE A BLUR."





IT CAN'T BE! A FLYING MAN???

DON'T ARGUE WITH IT! HE'S SAVED US! GET THE GEAR DOWN!



"I BROUGHT THE CONSTITUTION DOWN TO THE SMOOTHEST LANDING I COULD MANAGE."



"AND BEFORE I COULD DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT..."

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUSTER!!!



"IT WAS LOIS LANE. I'D SEEN HER ON TALK SHOWS, BEEN READING HER COLUMNS IN THE DAILY PLANET. NOW SHE WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, AND I KNEW I COULDN'T ESCAPE HER QUESTIONS."



"AND... SOMEHOW I DIDN'T WANT TO."

"FOR JUST A MOMENT IT SEEMED AS IF SOMETHING PASSED BETWEEN US. A SPARK..."

"SHE'S... I DON'T KNOW... NOT AS BEAUTIFUL AS A MOVIE STAR, BUT SHE HAS... A QUALITY SOMETHING I'VE NEVER SEEN IN ANY OTHER WOMAN. ALMOST A FIRE IN THOSE BIG, DARK EYES."



"WHATEVER IT WAS,
NEITHER OF US HAD
THE OPPORTUNITY TO
REACT TO IT."

"BECAUSE THAT WAS WHEN
THE MOB ARRIVED."



THEY WERE ALL
OVER ME! LIKE WILD
ANIMALS. LIKE
MAGGOTS. CLAWING.
PULLING. SCREAMING
AT ME.

AND IT WAS ALL
DEMANDS!
EVERYBODY HAD
SOMETHING THEY
WANTED ME TO DO,
TO SAY, TO SELL!

IT WAS AS IF MY
FIRST PUBLIC APPEAR-
ANCE HAD UNLEASHED
THE WORST, THE GREEDIEST,
THE MOST COVETOUS
PART OF EVERYONE.



SO I FLEW AWAY.
FAR, FAR AWAY. I
SAT ON-A MOUNTAINTOP
IN TIBET, AND JUST
SHOOK WITH OUTRAGE
WITH FEAR!

THEY'D TAKEN EVERYTHING
YOU'VE EVER TAUGHT ME
AND RIPPED IT APART.

I... I KNOW I STILL
HAVE TO USE MY POWERS
TO HELP PEOPLE WHO
REALLY NEED ME... BUT NOW
THEY'RE GOING TO BE
LOOKING FOR ME.
EXPECTING ME.

AND I JUST
DON'T KNOW HOW
TO DEAL WITH IT!

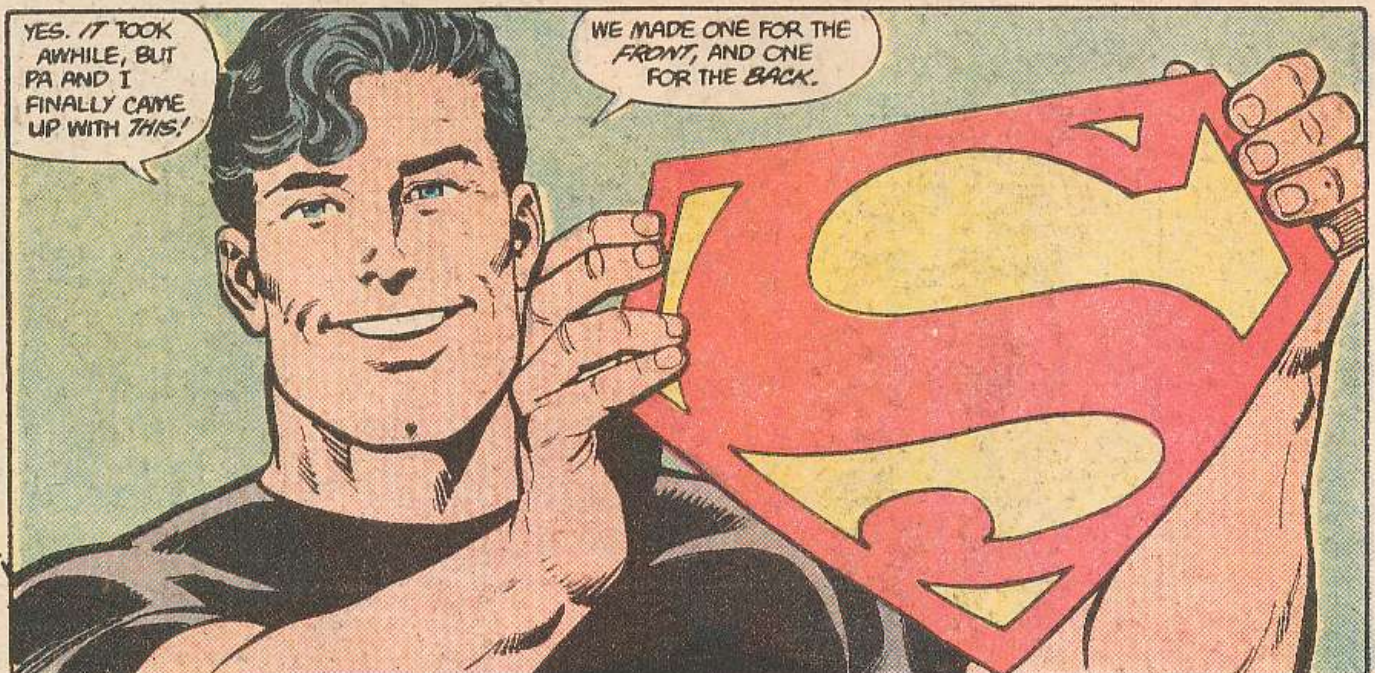
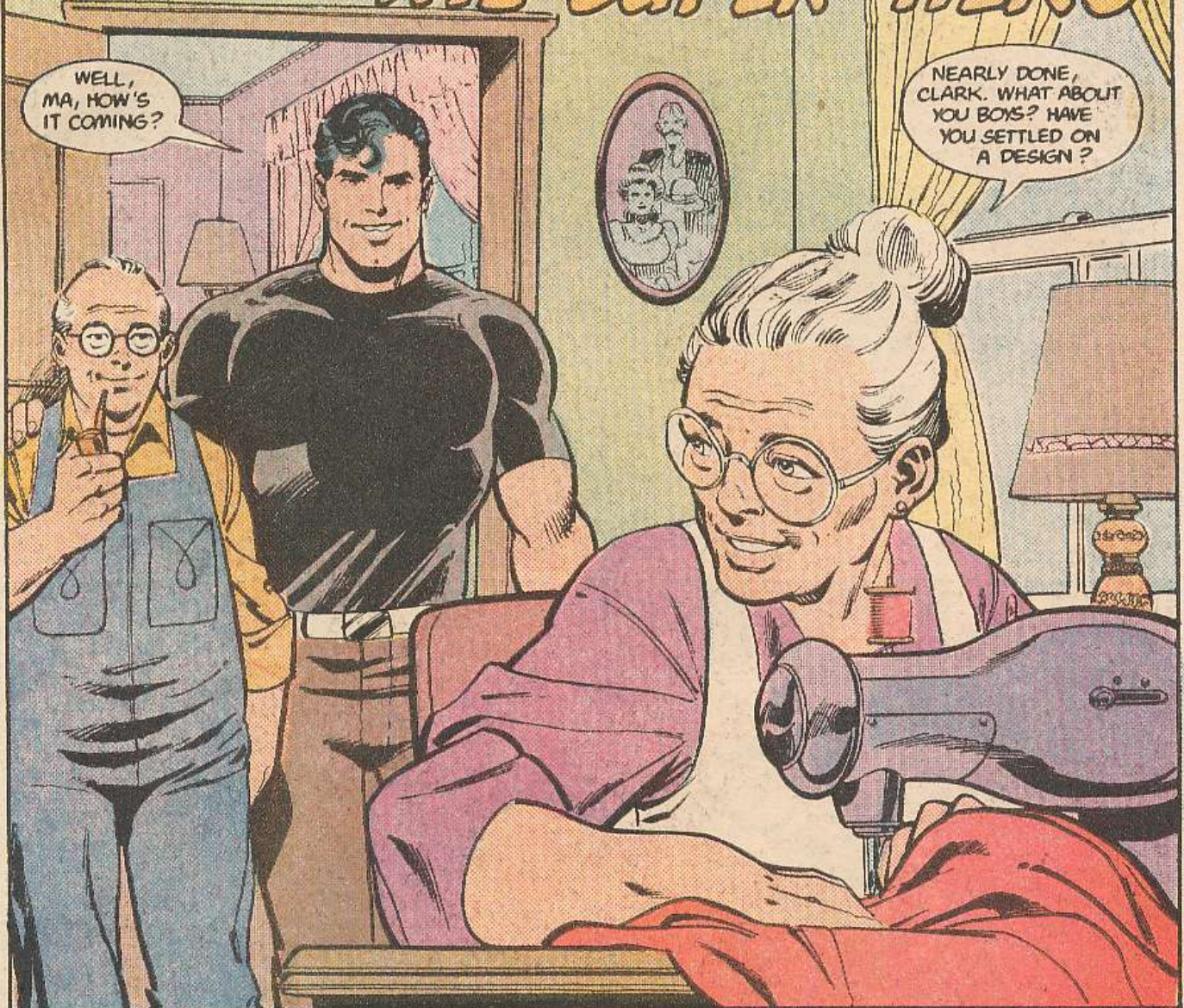


I THINK
I DO.

SUPERMAN.
Created by
JERRY SEIBEL &
JOE SHUSTER

EPILOGUE:

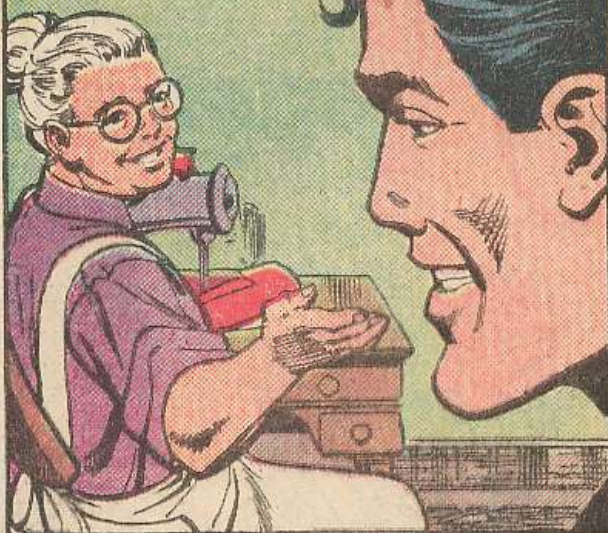
THE SUPER-HERO



THAT'S JUST PERFECT!
ABSOLUTELY PERFECT! LET'S
HAVE IT, AND I'LL STITCH IT
RIGHT ON!

BUT...WHAT ABOUT
THE OTHER MATTER?

PA'S SOLVED
THAT ONE TOO!



OBVIOUSLY I CAN'T BE
"ON CALL" TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS A DAY. EVEN I
NEED TIME TO RELAX AND
UNWIND. TO BE *HUMAN*
FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

THAT'S WHY IT'S LUCKY I DIDN'T
GET THE CHANCE TO TELL ANYONE
MY *NAME* AFTER I SAVED THE
SHUTTLE. NOW, WITH A FEW MINOR
ALTERATIONS, I CAN HAVE A
PRIVATE PLACE WHERE NO ONE
WILL EVER THINK TO LOOK FOR ME--
A "FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE,"
SO TO SPEAK.

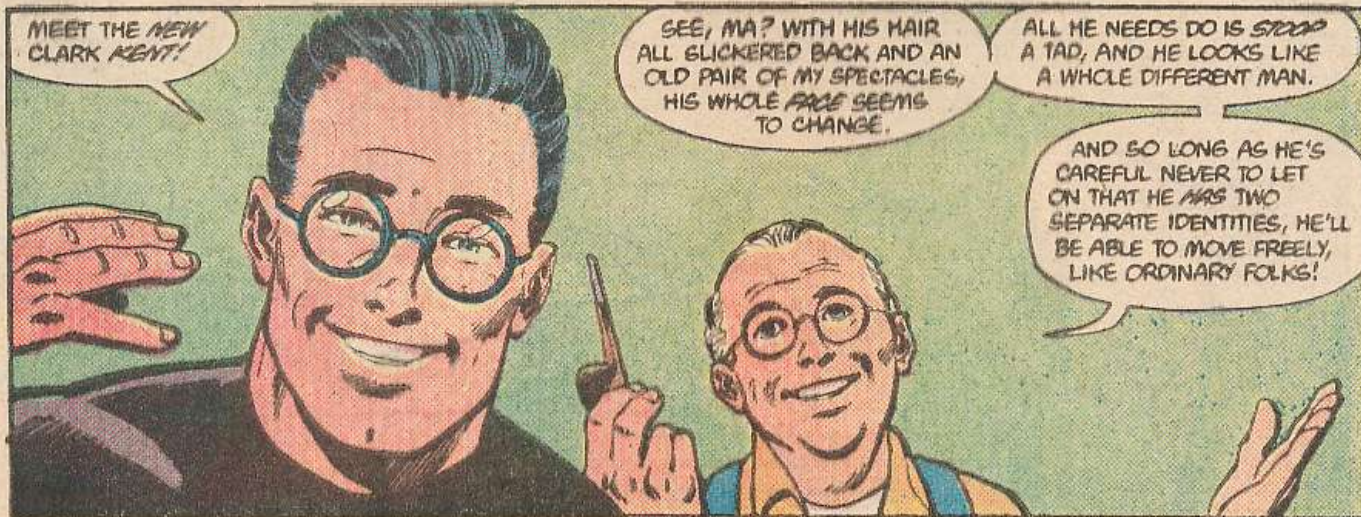


MEET THE NEW
CLARK KENT!

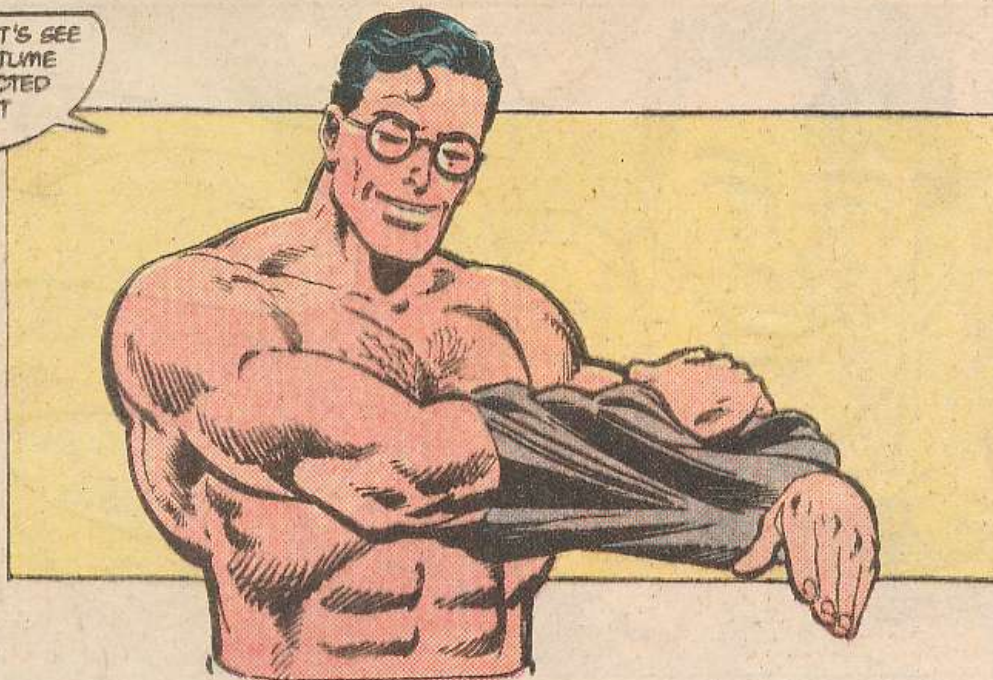
SEE, MA? WITH HIS HAIR
ALL SLICKERED BACK AND AN
OLD PAIR OF MY SPECTACLES,
HIS WHOLE *FACE* SEEMS
TO CHANGE.

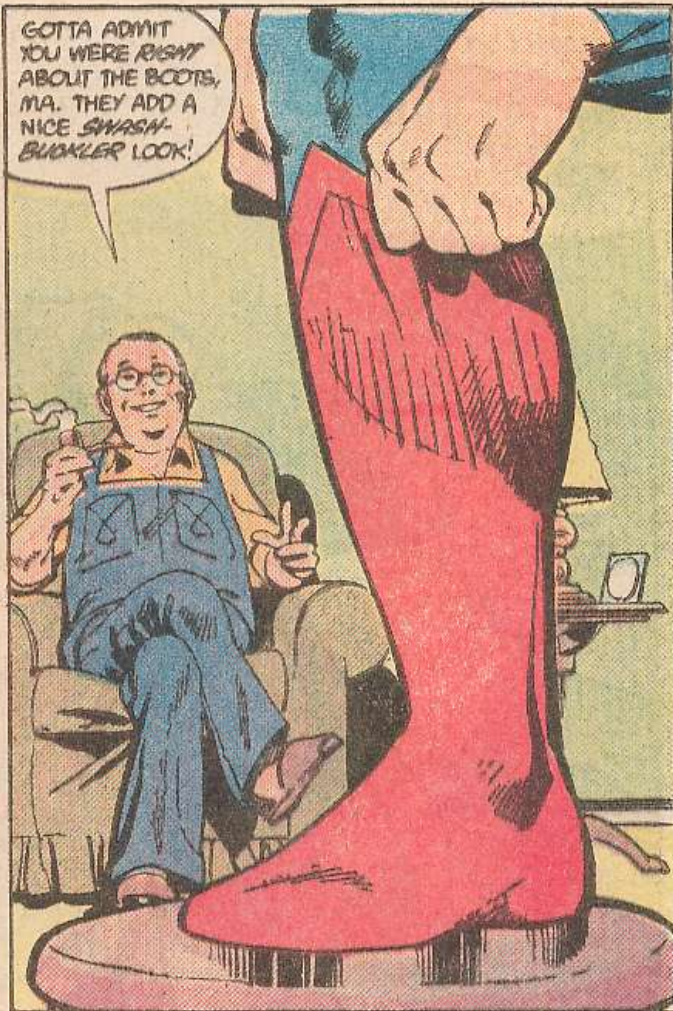
ALL HE NEEDS DO IS *STOOD*
A TAD, AND HE LOOKS LIKE
A WHOLE DIFFERENT MAN.

AND SO LONG AS HE'S
CAREFUL NEVER TO LET
ON THAT HE *AKES* TWO
SEPARATE IDENTITIES, HE'LL
BE ABLE TO MOVE FREELY,
LIKE ORDINARY FOLKS!

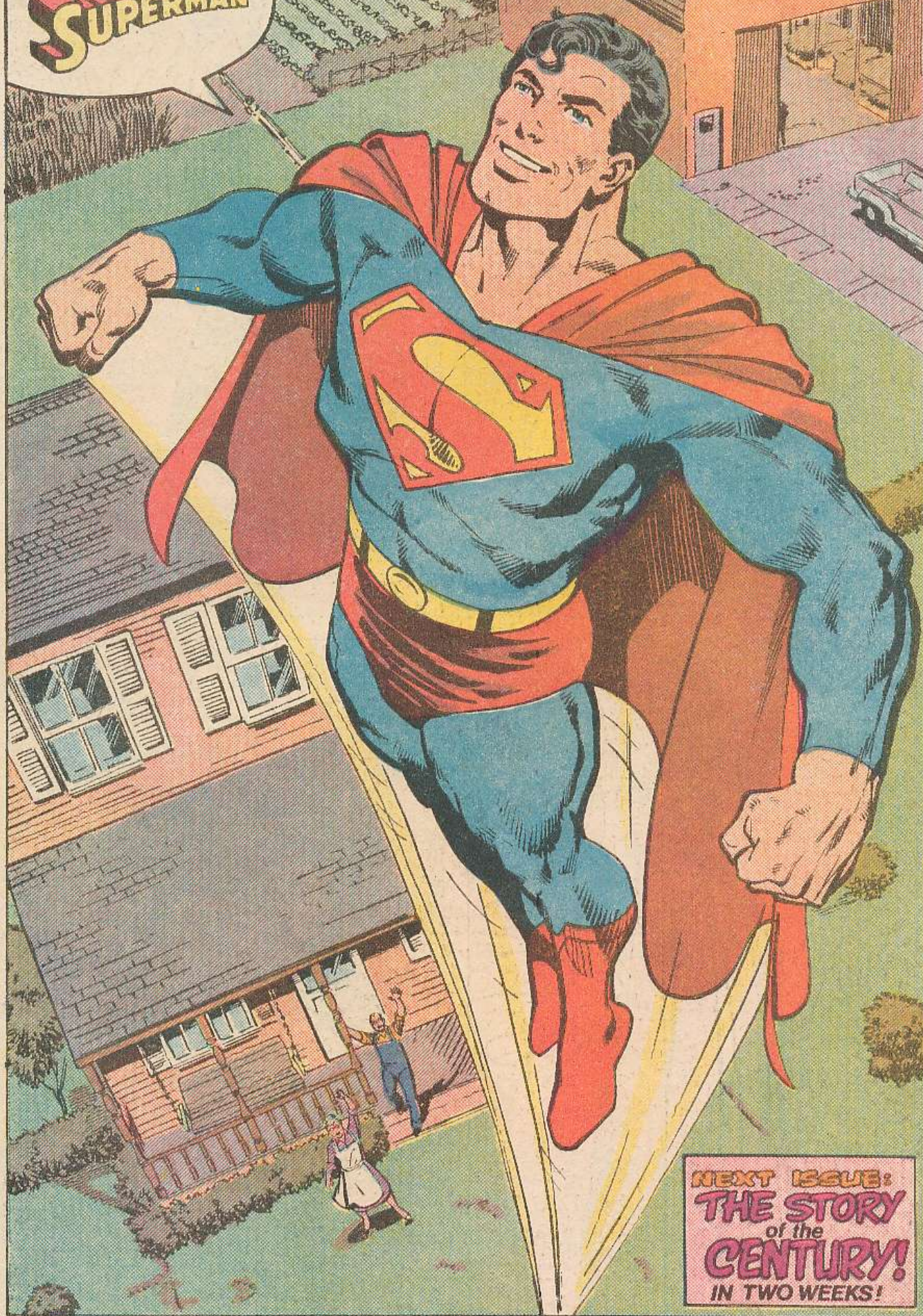


BUT NOW...LET'S SEE
HOW THIS COSTUME
WE'VE CONGOOTED
LOOKS ALL PUT
TOGETHER.





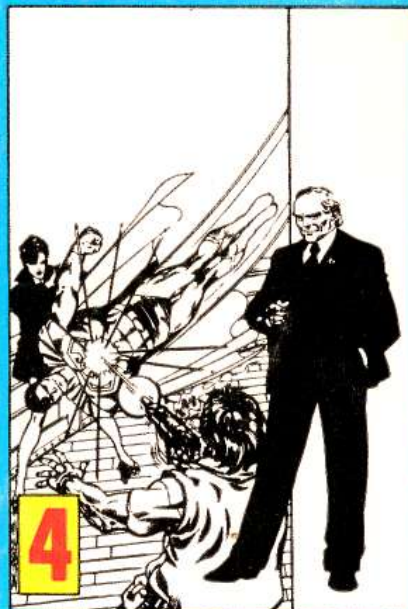
...IT'LL BE A JOB FOR
SUPERMAN



NEXT ISSUE:
THE STORY
of the
CENTURY!
IN TWO WEEKS!

COMING EVERY TWO WEEKS!

**Collect
the Entire
Legend of
the Man
of Steel...**

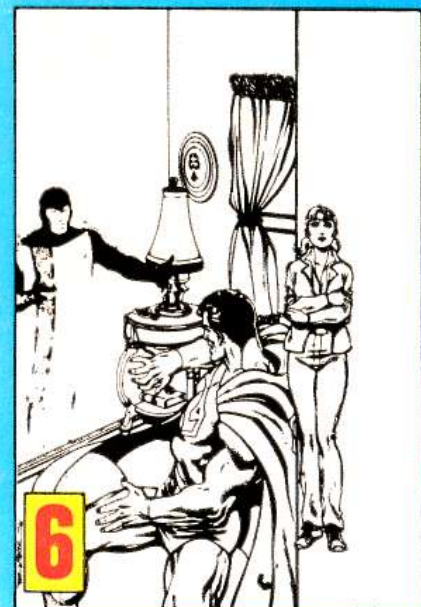


▲ ▲ **ON SALE
IN JULY**

◀ | **ON SALE
IN AUG**

▼ ▼ **ON SALE
IN SEPT**

**Catch the
Summer
Excitement!**



SUPERMAN: A Personal View

by JOHN BYRNE

Superman began as a television series starring George Reeves. It was first aired around 1957, and the first episode was "Superman and the Haunted Lighthouse." Then the character turned up in hardcover black-and-white annuals featuring several Superman adventures, along with such luminaries as Rex, the Wonder Dog. Later, as Superboy, he appeared in a three-story one-shot that also featured Johnny Quick and Batman and Robin.

Does this sound wrong to you?

Maybe you've heard that Superman was created in the mid-1930s by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster. That he first appeared in *Action Comics* number one, cover dated June 1938. That he went on to claim his own title a few months later, and over the subsequent years appeared in dozens of different titles, including *Adventure Comics*, *World's Finest Comics*, and *The Justice League of America*. This in addition to a couple of successful movie serials, starring Kirk Alyn, and some simply spectacular animated outings from the Fleischer Studios. Most of this long before George Reeves first put on the cape.

Well, that's all very true, too. But that's not how I first encountered the Man of Steel, and that's what I'm here to talk about today. Superman. My personal view of a Legend.

I was something on the order of seven years old when I first saw Superman. My family was still in England, where I was born and spent most of the first eight years of my life. We lived upstairs in my maternal grandparents' house, in the town of West Bromwich, Staffordshire. My father had a pretty good job, as a planner with the Midlands Electricity Board, and things were not exactly tight, but television was still something of a luxury. We had a tiny little black-and-white set in one corner of our living room. Can any of our modern readers conceive of a time when black-and-white was the only option? It was a window into another world.

Most of the programs were British, of course. At least the ones I watched and loved. *Muffin the Mule*. *Bill and Ben*, the *Flowerpot Men*. *Billy Bean and his Magic Machine*. *Sooty and Sweep*. Kiddie shows. Then there were the more grown-up adventure programs. *Sir Lancelot*, with a very pre-James Bond Roger Moore. *Ivanhoe*, with William Russel in the lead. He went on to another kind of fame, as one of the first assistants to the mysterious *Doctor Who*. *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, with Richard Greene.

Then there were the American imports. And the ones I remember were very different from the British shows that surrounded them. *I Married Joan*. *I Love Lucy*. *Dragnet*. *Jungle Jim*. And one day, *The Adventures of Superman*.

It didn't exactly leap off the page when I read the listing in the TV Times. I recognized it as a show I hadn't heard of, and asked my parents what it might be. They seemed not to know either, though I now suspect their reticence in discussing the subject probably had to do with the subject matter suggested by that "Haunted Lighthouse" title. I was what is sometimes known

as a "sensitive child." The hyperactive imagination that lead me eventually to seek out a career in comics used to give me some world-class nightmares when I was a wee lad. There had been an episode of *Jungle Jim* that featured a fake haunting in the jungle. Nothing more innovative than draping a sheet over a basketball and hanging it from a tree. But that scared the willies out of me.

So, naturally, my parents did what they could to deflect my interest in this new show. Thus I never did see "Superman and the Haunted Lighthouse." Not until I was thirty-four, and I caught it in syndicated reruns one Saturday morning. But I saw the next episode. And not a week later I saw one of those black-and-white hardcover "annuals" in a local shop. That was how I first discovered the colors of Superman's costume. The front cover was a full-color painting of a scene from one of the interior stories. Superman fighting a sea-serpent, as I recall.

Curiously, although I had learned to read by then, and had no trouble with the captions and speech balloons, it was nearly a year after I first started reading those stories before I realized the emblem on Superman's chest was a stylized "S." Largely because of this, to this day I still render the emblem by drawing the "negative spaces," the yellow shapes as independent forms. I used to see them as two funny-looking fish, swimming past each other. That's still what I draw.

That was the beginning, then. The beginning of a fascination with comic books in general, and Superman in particular, that has persisted more or less consistently to the present day. I grew up reading comics. Probably I was not a steady consumer for more than six or seven years, but that amounted to a good third of my life, then. Comic books were a very important part of the shaping of my imagination, and DC Comics in particular.

Imagine, then, my overwhelming jubilation when my family moved to Canada in 1958, and for the first time I was exposed to the full range of American comic books. *Superman*. *Action Comics*. *Adventure Comics*. *Batman*. *Detective Comics*. *World's Finest Comics*. *Superman's Girlfriend, Lois Lane*. *Superman's Pal, Jimmy Olsen*. And, later, *The Flash*, *Green Lantern*, *The Justice League of America*, *Hawkman*, *The Atom*, *The Metal Men*.

Most of them contained two and sometimes three stories per issue. Six- and seven-page yarns that somehow, for my eight-plus-year-old mind, contained all the thrills and wonder of the multi-part sagas that fill modern comics (not a few of which I have been myself responsible for!). Superman was threatened by some master plan of the villainous Lex Luthor a minimum of once per issue. Aliens landed on earth with clockwork regularity. Red Kryptonite would send out its mutated radiation to cause Superman to grow to giant size, or shrink, or get super-fat, or super-stupid, or super-ugly.

The Super-Family began to grow. There was already Krypto, the superdog. Now came Kara, Superman's cousin, who called herself Supergirl. She won her own series, and gave the world Streaky the supercat, and Comet the super-

horse. Beppo, the supermonkey. Titan, the superape, with his lethal Kryptonite vision.

And the villains! Only The Batman (or possibly Dick Tracy) could lay claim to a more bizarre Rogues' Gallery. Metallo, the man with the Kryptonite heart. The Prankster. The Toyman. The Thing from 30,000 AD! Brainiac. Bizarro. Mr. Mxyzptlk. And, of course, the mad Luthor, scientist gone wrong.

Then there were the ladies. For a guy with no regular, ongoing romance, Superman had a lot of beautiful women in his life. Lois, of course. Lana Lang, originally Superboy's girlfriend, later Lois' rival for the affections of the adult Man of Steel. Lori Lemaris, always my favorite, separated forever from Superman by the boundary of species! And trips across the Time Barrier even allowed Superman to get involved, briefly, with the likes of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy.

The stories were always simple, and by today's standards simple-minded. I remember a Lori Lemaris story in which Superman was carrying the wounded Lori (a mermaid, by the way) back to Atlantis. Suddenly up swam a gigantic dragon, which zapped Superman with radioactive vision, and promptly swam away. Today we'd get at least three issues worth of story out of that dragon. Where it came from. How it got there. Why it was attacking Superman. Back then it was not only incidental, not even part of the whole story, but it rated about three panels. And you know something, I wasn't the least disturbed by that.

I was also about ten years old, and they do say ten-year-olds are more sophisticated nowadays. They probably are.

But I sure did have a lot of fun reading those old stories. And even today, when I pull out my dog-eared collection, some of those tales can still bring a nostalgic tear to the eye.

And now, nearly thirty years after I saw that listing for a new television program, DC Comics has hired me to guide the reshaping of the Superman Legend. To try to pare away some of the barnacles that have attached themselves to the company's flagship title. To try to make Superman of today as exciting in his own right as was that primal Superman of yesterday. To try to re-create Superman as a character more in tune with the needs of the modern comic book audience. A much smaller audience than when I was ten years old. But a much more demanding one, too.

So, with Marv Wolfman and Jerry Ordway at the helm of the newest Superman title, *The Adventures of Superman*, with yours truly trying his darndest to generate all kinds of wonderment in the newly numbered *Superman*, and the redefined *Action Comics*, and with Andy Helfer keeping a beady eye on all of us, Superman sets forth into the eighties, the nineties, and with any kind of luck, on into the Twenty-first Century.

And who knows, maybe in thirty years or so someone will sit down at a word processor and write about how Superman began with a miniseries called *The Man of Steel*, which was an introduction to a world of wonder and a fascination that lasted a lifetime.

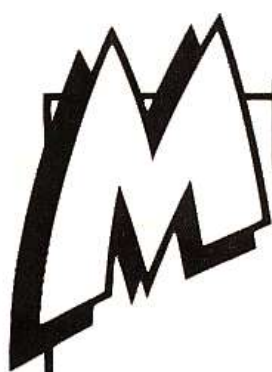
And maybe that someone will be you!

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L-2472



MEANWHILE...

"Faster than a speeding bullet! More powerful than a locomotive! Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound!"

There was something in the announcer's voice ... a sense of urgency, of great excitement, that made those words magic. I was 11 or 12 years old. Both my parents worked and each weekday I'd be home alone, sitting in front of the family radio, armed with a glass of milk, a cupcake, and a stack of comics. And I waited. Waited for the radio serials to start, waited for the excitement in the announcer's voice that started my afternoon's excursion to fantasyland. To that day's action and adventure.

Fond memories of another time, another age. Where nothing tasted quite as good as a Drake's cupcake, washed down with a large, creamy glass of milk, and nothing made the time till my parents got home go faster than the serialized adventures of the world's first comic book super-hero ... unless it was that month's issue of **SUPERMAN, ACTION COMICS, or WORLD'S FINEST COMICS** (the latter title had loads more pages and cost only 15¢, a real bargain in those days).

Of course, my addiction to heroic fantasy began years earlier when I became aware of the presence of comic books. For me, **Famous Funnies** was first, then came the adventures of Superman in **ACTION COMICS**, followed closely by **BATMAN** and **WONDER WOMAN** and then a whole slew of bright new super-heroes! I pigged out on comics. Read 'em all and then traded the comics I bought with my friends, for comics they had that I hadn't yet read. My interest in comics never waned (to this day!), but Superman comics were always on top of the heap.

My little story is not unique. If asked what lured them into becoming comic writers, artists, or editors, most will tell you a variation of my little tale. I'll bet most of you readers can find a point or two in my youthful addiction to the fantasy worlds of super-heroes that parallels your own experience and explains why comics mean so much to you. I know it was true for at least a few other youngsters.

One in particular, years after my induction into the ranks of Superman freaks, read his first copy of **SUPERMAN** and was instantly smitten. I don't know if he made his decision that day or later, but that lad was born to write and draw the adventures of the Man of Steel. From that day forward, he made plans ... plans that he knew, in the future, would bear fruit. He prepared in whatever ways that he could so that when the day came that his dream could be realized, he was ready.

That was John Byrne, the boy.

And John Byrne, the man, has reached his dream. He is the writer and penciller of the new adventures of Superman ... first in a six-issue biweekly mini-series, **MAN OF STEEL**, which will be followed in October by issue number one of the new **SUPERMAN** title.

In various interviews over the years, John has told people that everything he has drawn, first at Charlton and then at Marvel, has been in preparation for taking on the most prestigious assignment in the business—Superman.

Over those years, after I assumed my responsibilities as DC's Executive Editor, John has playfully suggested that he was the only person who could do Superman correctly. I, in an equally playful manner, always suggested that we talk about the possibility of making that dream a reality. But only when he was free to do so. I pride myself on not talking business with people from other companies while they are under contract.

Last year, during our 50th Anniversary celebration, John, for reasons of his own, was no longer under contract. We then began to talk, although this time it was not so playful.

John had many ideas on how to streamline Superman. He expanded on our own housecleaning ideas, as witnessed in **CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS**, and we held many meetings. Meantime, he sketched and sketched, trying to get a good feel for Superman, since he would begin drawing him regularly in the near future.

We shared a common goal: to return Superman to his rightful place in the universe. He is one of the most recognizable figures around the world, certainly the most recognizable super-hero, and has influenced generations of people.

One of those people influenced—by the 1950s television series, oddly enough—was another youngster immediately smitten by Superman. From the filmed adventures, this youngster went on to find the comics and he decided right then and there that he was going to write the adventures of Superman one day.

That boy was Marv Wolfman.

Naturally, we invited Marv to join the Superman creative team and bring his special view of the world's first super-hero to the writing chores on **The**

Adventures of Superman, the title that will continue the numbering system of the old Superman series. (More on this in a future **Meanwhile**!) Illustrating this series will be Jerry Ordway. I didn't know how much of a Superman fan Jerry was until he declined our offer to draw a certain caped crusader in favor of having the opportunity to be one of the Superman artists. "I've always wanted to draw Superman", Jerry said, "I'd give up any other assignment for that one..." After dragging editor Andy Helfer, yet another ex-boy smitten by Superman, into the mix, we started a non-stop brainstorming session to find ways to make Superman greater than ever.

John had ways to update him for the 1980s and Marv had some thoughts about modern-day threats that would truly challenge the last survivor of Krypton. When we all compared notes, we were surprised at how much we agreed on matters point after point.

John's vision of Superman remains true to the original series of stories, as created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster. Over the years, Superman got more and more powerful and interesting challenges were hard to come by. We're taking him down a peg, as you will notice immediately. As John likes to put it, he will have to sweat a bit to get the job done.

Gone, too, are the numerous survivors of Krypton that have cropped up since Superman's introduction. We all agreed it was time to send them back to oblivion and keep Superman unique. He truly is the Last Son of Krypton.

After all the meetings ended and work began, I felt that same excitement all over again. And now I am a part of it, inking John on **MAN OF STEEL** and **SUPERMAN**. Working with these fellow Superman-maniacs is a pleasure.

More than that, it's the ultimate assignment. We're committed to bringing you today's adventures of Superman. I can only hope that in homes around the world, kids come home from school and settle down with a Drake's yankee doodle, a tall glass of milk, and **SUPERMAN**, and get captured by the majesty of the Man of Steel.

And some of them will be so caught up they will want to continue the tradition in the years to come.

They, too, will feel their pulses quicken when they hear an announcer cry:

"Look! Up in the sky! It's a Bird! It's a Plane! No, it's ... **SUPERMAN!**"

Thank You and Good Afternoon

Dick