

ALL★
STAR

SUPERMAN™

THE DELUXE EDITION



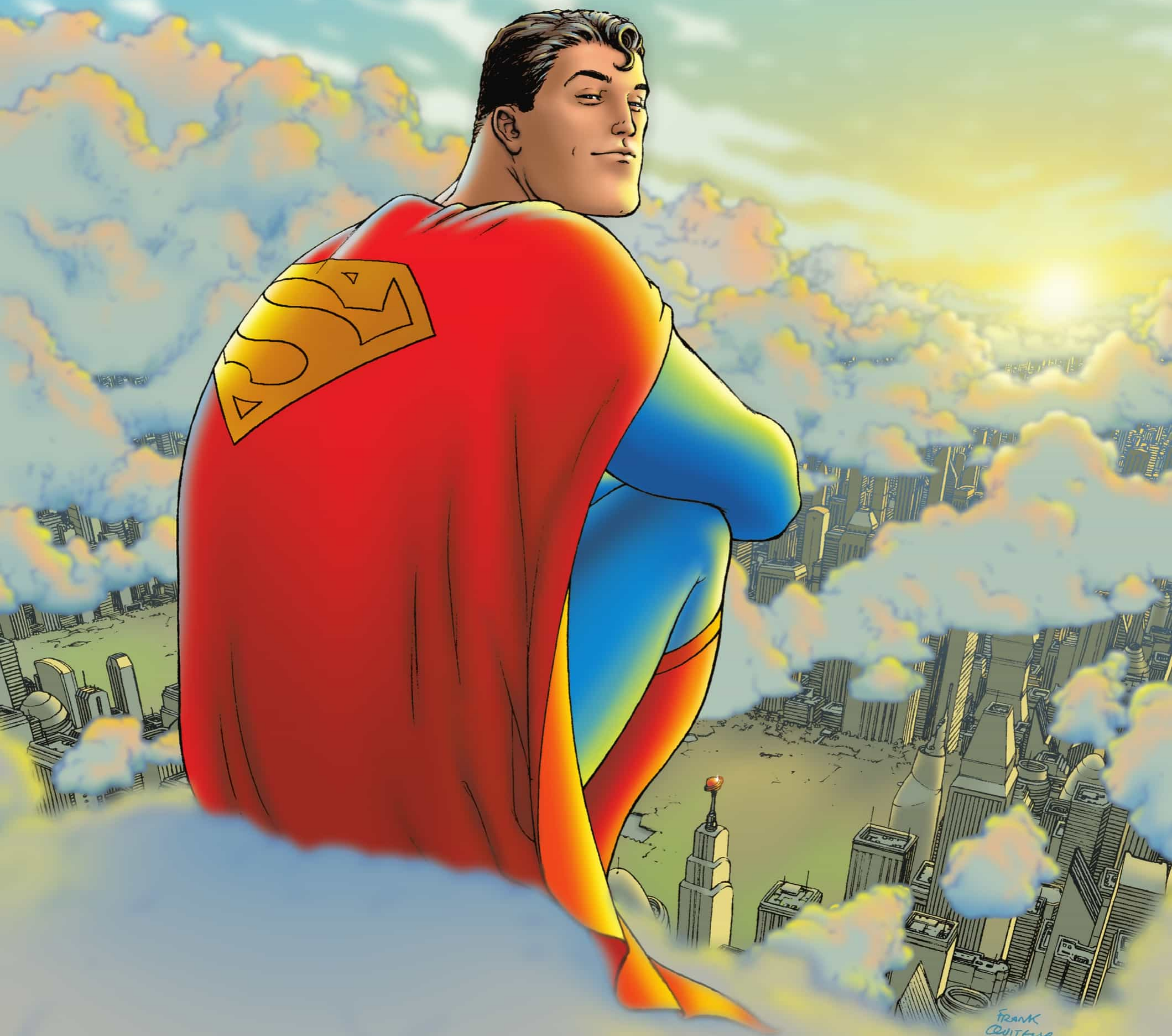
GRANT MORRISON ★ FRANK QUITELY ★ JAMIE GRANT



SUPERMAN

ALL-STAR SUPERMAN

THE DELUXE EDITION



FRANK
CHITTY
JAMIE
GRANT



ALL★STAR

SUPERMAN

THE DELUXE EDITION

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pencilled by **FRANK QUITELY**
digitally inked and colored by **JAMIE GRANT**
lettered by **PHIL BALSAMAN** and **TRAVIS LANHAM**
collection cover by **FRANK QUITELY**

Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family



NO TIME TO LOSE.

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ALL-STAR SUPERMAN: THE DELUXE EDITION

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A journey into the heart of the Sun. A devastating diagnosis.

A kiss on the Moon. Twelve mythic labors.

The ultimate sacrifice.

Superman.

What if The Man of Steel were dying? Really, truly dying—and not in the rock'em-sock'em Doomsday fight-to-the-death manner—but slowly and privately, as you or I might, from what amounts to a fatal cancer. What does the most powerful being on the planet do with the precious little time he has left?

This is the question that master comics writer Grant Morrison, illustrator Frank Quitely, and digital artist Jamie Grant explore in this book. And the unforgettable answer is glorious four-color proof that with enough talent, skill, and ingenuity, even one of the most familiar and endlessly chronicled folk heroes of the last seven decades can be reinvented to make readers fall in love with him and his world all over again.

And yet “reinvent” really isn't the right term. Yes, all of the familiar tropes (along with the obscure, delightfully geeky ones) are here: The Daily Planet, Lois Lane, Perry White, Jimmy Olsen, Bizarro, Ma and Pa Kent, the Fortress of Solitude, Krypto the Superdog, and of course, the fiendish Lex Luthor.

But here they seem reawakened, as if Morrison and Co. have somehow snapped their fingers and presto: all of the characters are now the very essence of what makes them great, without becoming clichés.

Perry, every bit the crank, is also the epitome of integrity in journalism; Jimmy is a goofball, but nonetheless a paragon of loyalty, enthusiasm, and especially quick thinking; Lois is as independent and unattainable to Clark as ever, but as Superman's girlfriend she's living proof that Wonder Woman doesn't stand a chance. And Lex is pure evil, but with great swaggering style and a thoroughly reasoned rationale for what he's doing—we don't really root for him, but we understand all too well where he's coming from. And then there is the book's original creation, Professor Leo Quintum. With his P.R.O.J.E.C.T.S. laboratory complex on the moon,



he is the comics' Silver Age incarnate, his intellect exploding with science-fictional inventions such as the Anaerobic Meganthropes, Nanonauts, and the Infinitesimal Yoctosphere. Leo is the Virgil to Superman's Dante, his guide through the fatal underworld of Apoptosis (solar radiation poisoning) he now inhabits. For it is in saving Leo's manned mission to the sun at the very start of the story that all that follows is set in motion.

Much has already been written about the work you hold in your hands, and certainly there will be more. Chapter (issue) ten alone is worthy of a doctoral Lit thesis on narrative construction and causal connectivity in fiction. The entire series is so carefully woven that even after dozens of readings I still find new connections that I hadn't noticed—for example, Superman casually refers to something in panel one of page 21 of issue two that's actually incredibly important and isn't mentioned again until panel three of page 12, issue twelve, and with devastating effect.

Some more of my favorite details:

- When at rest, Superman's spit-curl makes a perfect "S" shape to complement his chest symbol.
- In the first chapter, when Professor Quintum's assistant Agatha the Sensitive places her hand on Superman's forehead to read his DNA, she swoons: "Oh, it's like Bach."
- In the Bizarro World (a cube!), the continents and oceans are reversed from ours, and backward (hold chapter seven pages 4 and 5 up to a mirror to see it). Very cool.
- More than once, Clark's glasses are knocked off his face, but because of the way he's altered his posture and bearing, he's not exposed as Superman. Not even to Lex Luthor! (The mere fact that I'm giving the credit to Clark and not Frank Quitely is yet another testament to Mr. Quitely's extraordinary talent.)
- And, of course, the already legendary moment at the end of Chapter Ten when Superman creates—wait for it—Joe Shuster and Jerry Siegel, so that they in turn can create him here on our Earth Q.

So, what does it say that this treatment of one of the most iconic of American myths is the product of three, ahem, Scotsmen? Perhaps it's some sort of Pict Bizarro coincidence, but it's also tempting to posit that Glaswegians seem keenly equipped to make one fully appreciate and render The Man of Steel. Or more to the point: sometimes it takes an outsider to fully appreciate what we have in our own backyard. Morrison has said that his Superman is a metaphor for America at its best. He is the embodiment of basic human goodness despite the fact (or because of it) that he isn't even human. So: outsiders to America apply their talents to an American icon who is an outsider to Earth.

At this point I don't think I'm giving anything away by saying that the truly extraordinary thing about this story of Superman's mortality is that

at the end of it... he dies. True, there is the promise of a second coming, but the Kal-El we have known and loved is gone.

But that *can't* be, can it? Finishing the last issue, what I suddenly realized to my great relief, is: no, it can't. Even if DC were right now to stop publishing any more Superman stories for the rest of eternity (oh, as if), Superman would live forever, and not just because he is a masterful design of red, yellow, and blue. He is an Idea, and a truly great one: the ultimate superpower who wants to serve the world, not rule it. What better lesson to teach our children for generations to come?

Towards the end of the last chapter, our hero uses the thwarted villain's very words against him: "Brain beats brawn every time!" Indeed, but to that I would add that pure heart can trump them both.

As it does here. And so:

A brilliant writer. A master draughtsman. A magical color-artist. The last son of Krypton. A kiss goodbye.

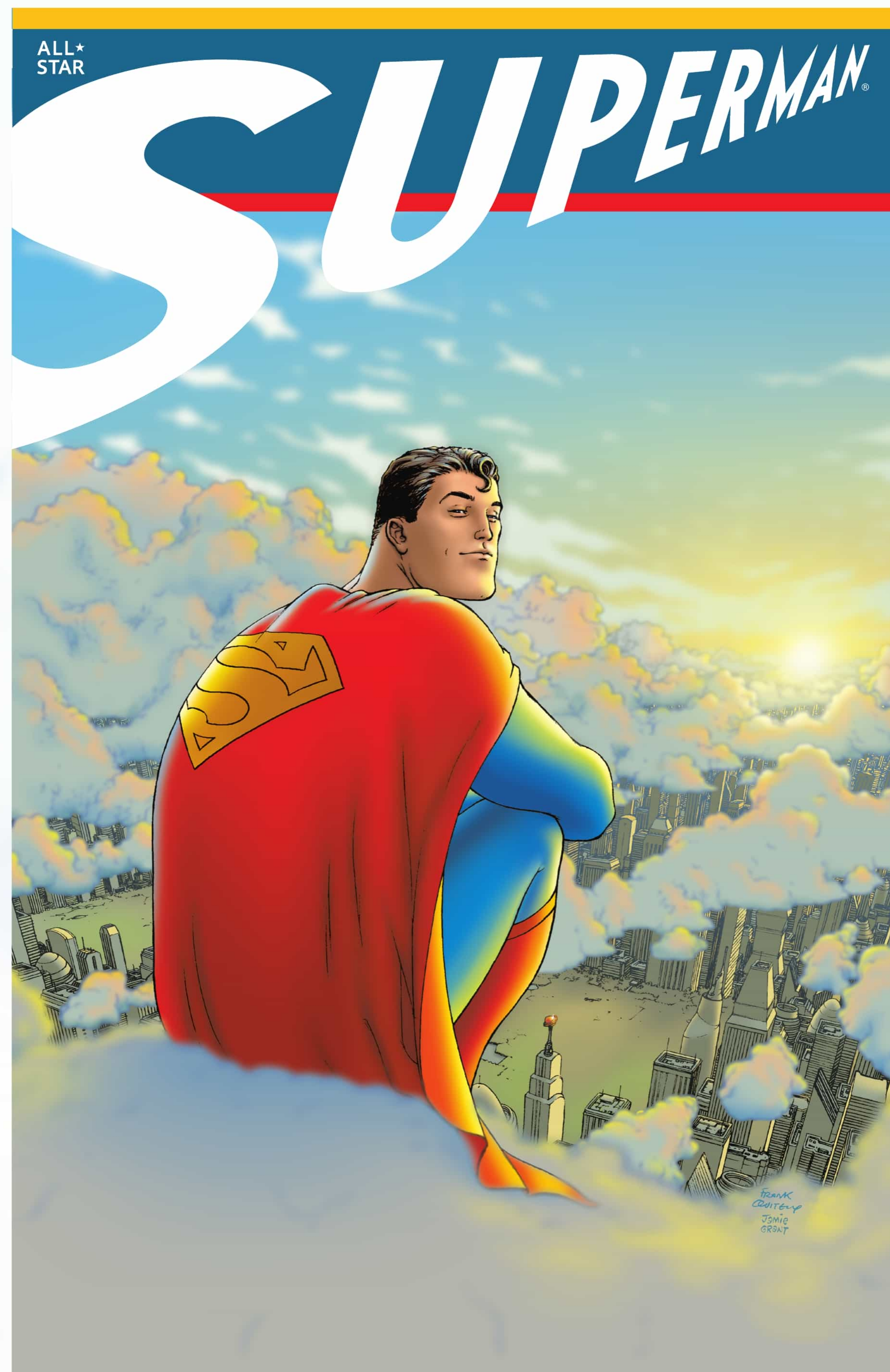
An enthralling triumph.

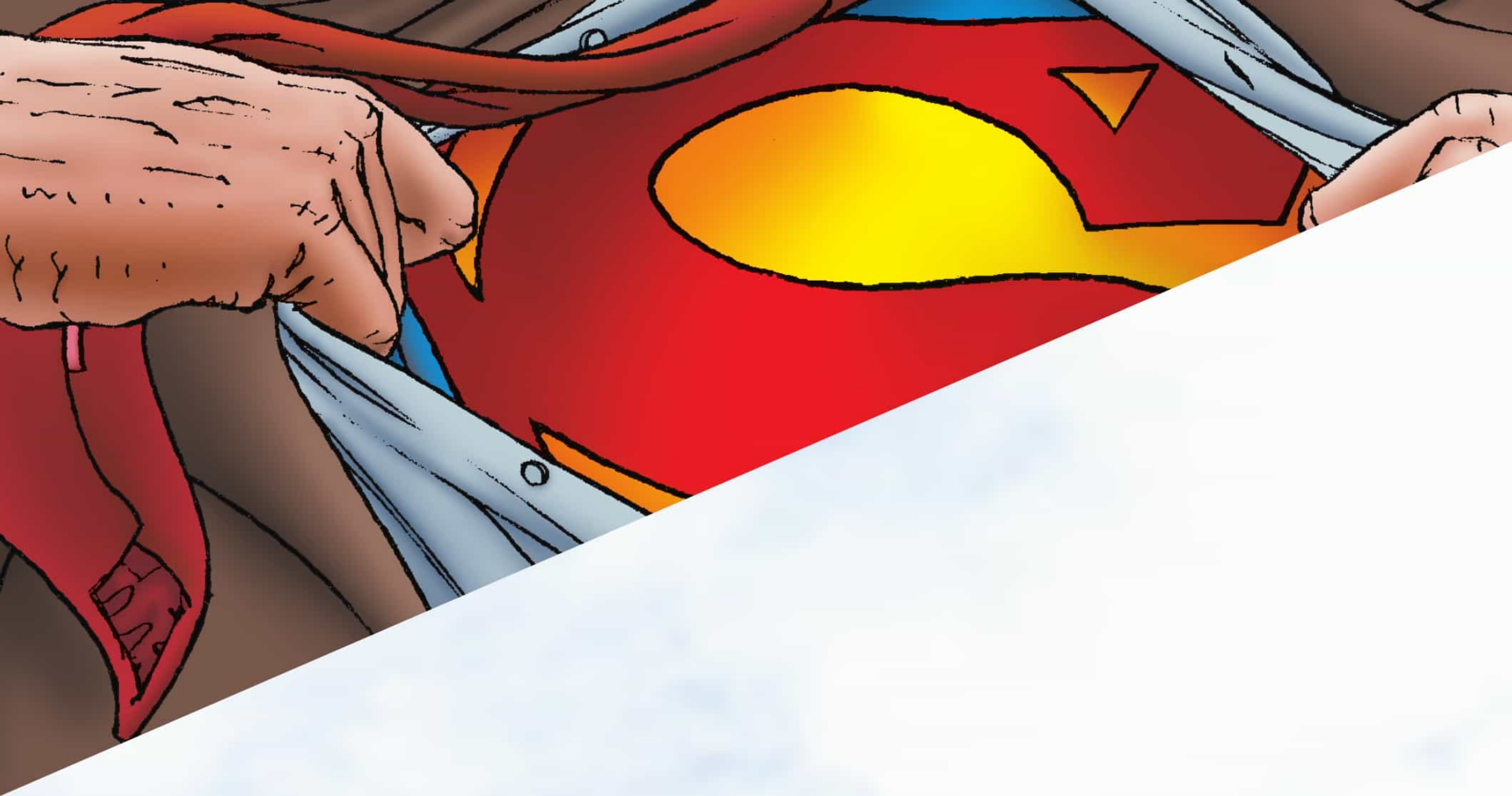
—**Chip Kidd**, superfan
(and proud logo designer for *All-Star Superman*)
2010

Chip Kidd is a designer, writer and editor in New York City. His work on Batman Animated, Peanuts: The Art of Charles M. Schulz, and Mythology: The DC Comics Art of Alex Ross has earned him three Eisner awards. He is also the author of Batman Collected and Bat-Manga! The Secret History of Batman in Japan.

For Agnes and Walter, my mum and dad.
—Grant Morrison

For Ann Jane, Vin, Joe & Orla.
—Frank Quitely



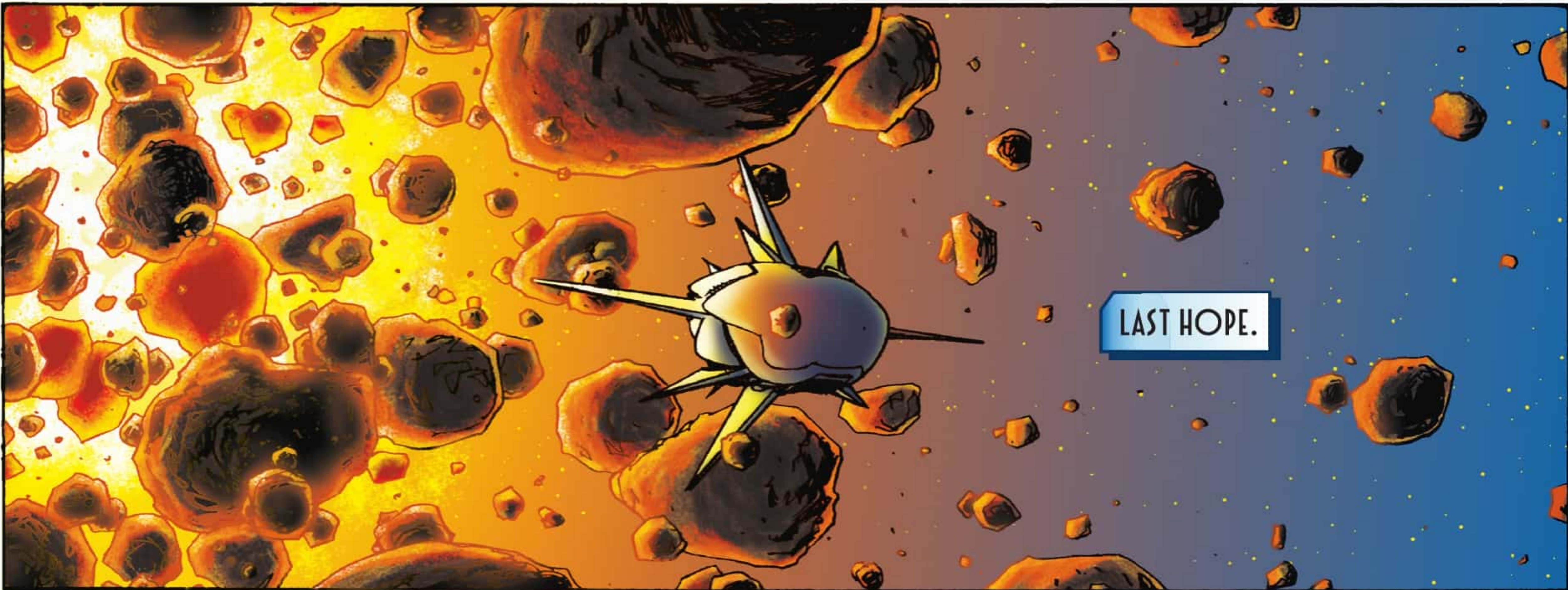




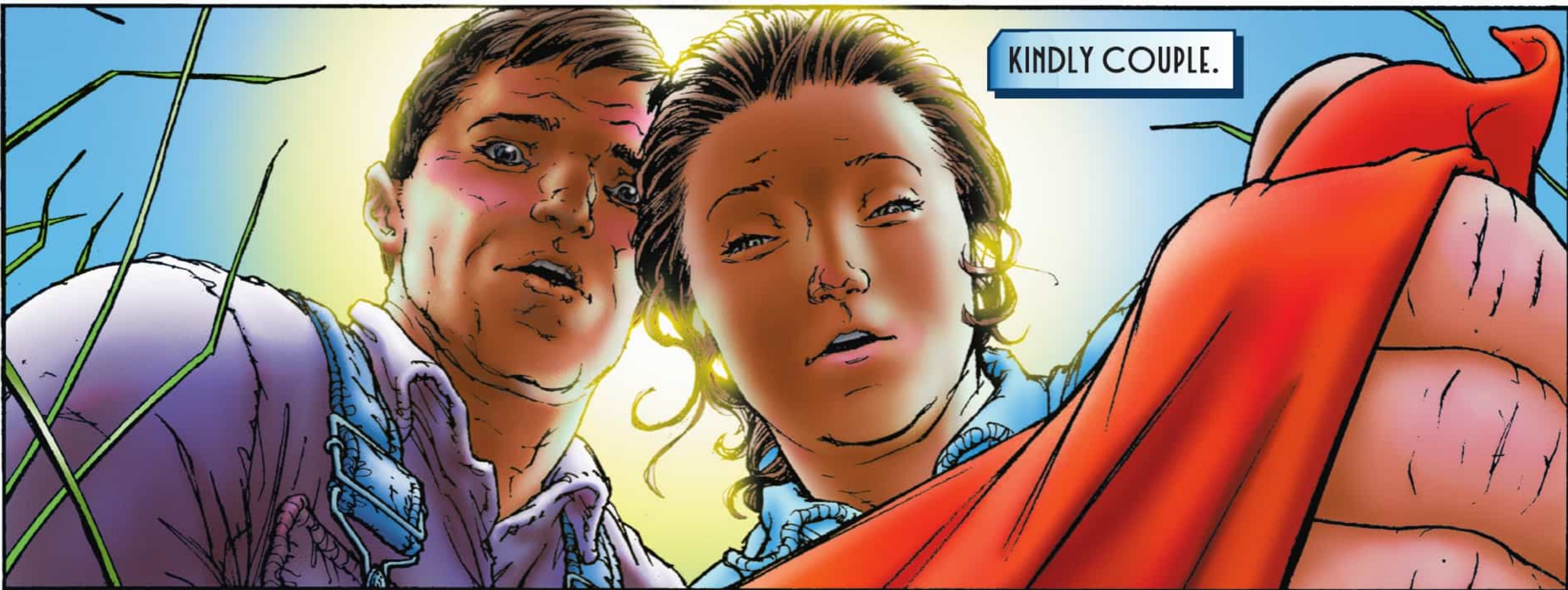
DOOMED
PLANET.



DESPERATE
SCIENTISTS.



LAST HOPE.



KINDLY COUPLE.



GRAVITY SHIELDS ARE SHATTERING!

WE'RE FALLING INTO A SUNSPOT THE SIZE OF SOUTH AMERICA!



TEMPERATURES WILL REACH 40 MILLION DEGREES WHEN WE HIT THE CONVECTION ZONE!

WE WERE GROWN WITH ZERO FEAR GENES, MISTER QUINTUM, BUT YOU...

FEAR IS THE SAUCE ON THE STEAK OF LIFE, FLORAL!

I PROMISED I'D BRING BACK A SPOONFUL OF SUN AND I REFUSE TO LET A LITTLE THING LIKE ENGINE FAILURE HOLD ME BACK!

PERHAPS NOT.

BUT I AM.

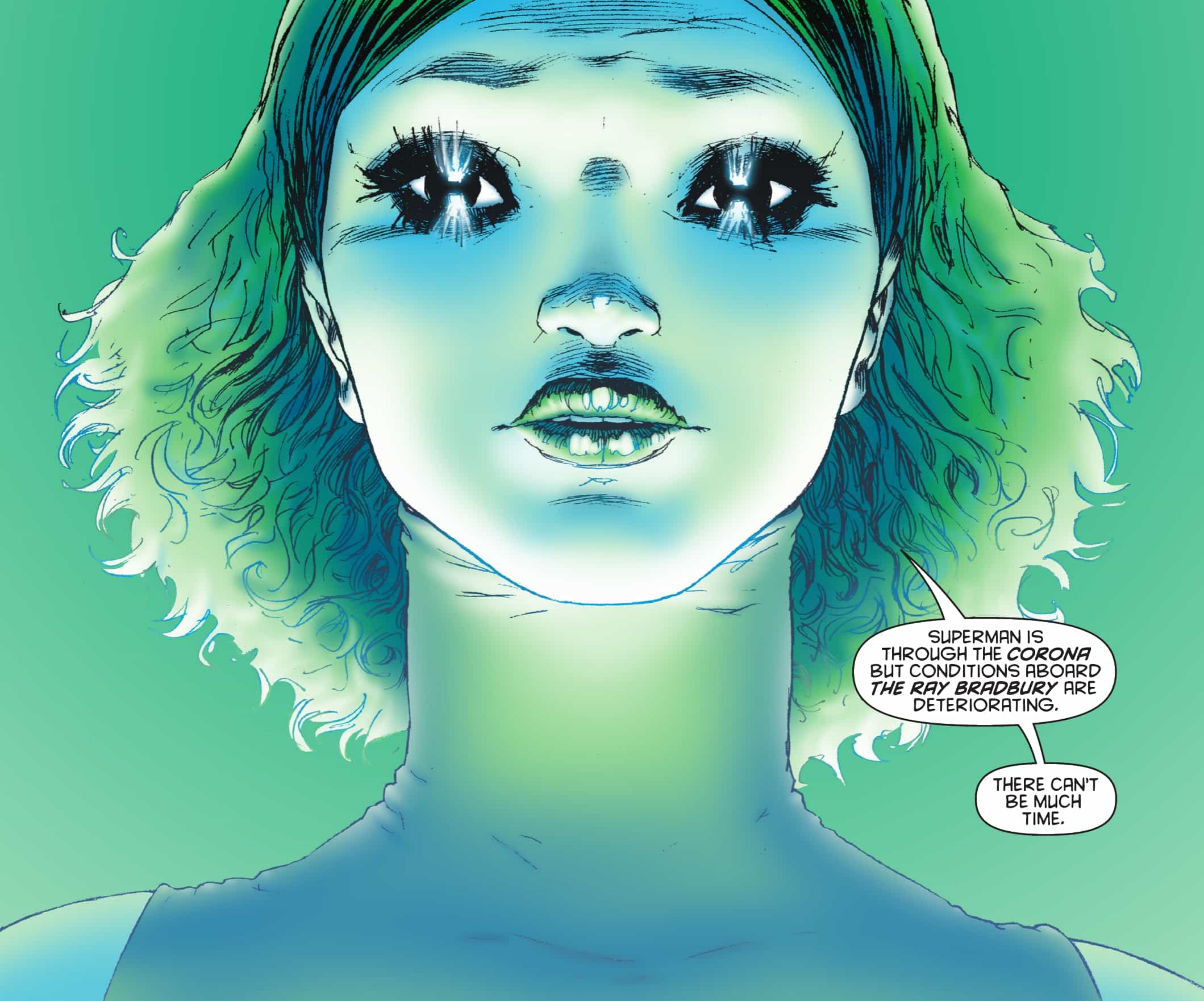
LEO'S NOT QUITE READY TO DIE YET!

SEE, I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING.

I'M A GENETICALLY MODIFIED SUICIDE BOMB IN HUMAN FORM.

DEATH.

COURTESY OF LEX LUTHOR!



SUPERMAN IS THROUGH THE *CORONA* BUT CONDITIONS ABOARD *THE RAY BRADBURY* ARE DETERIORATING.

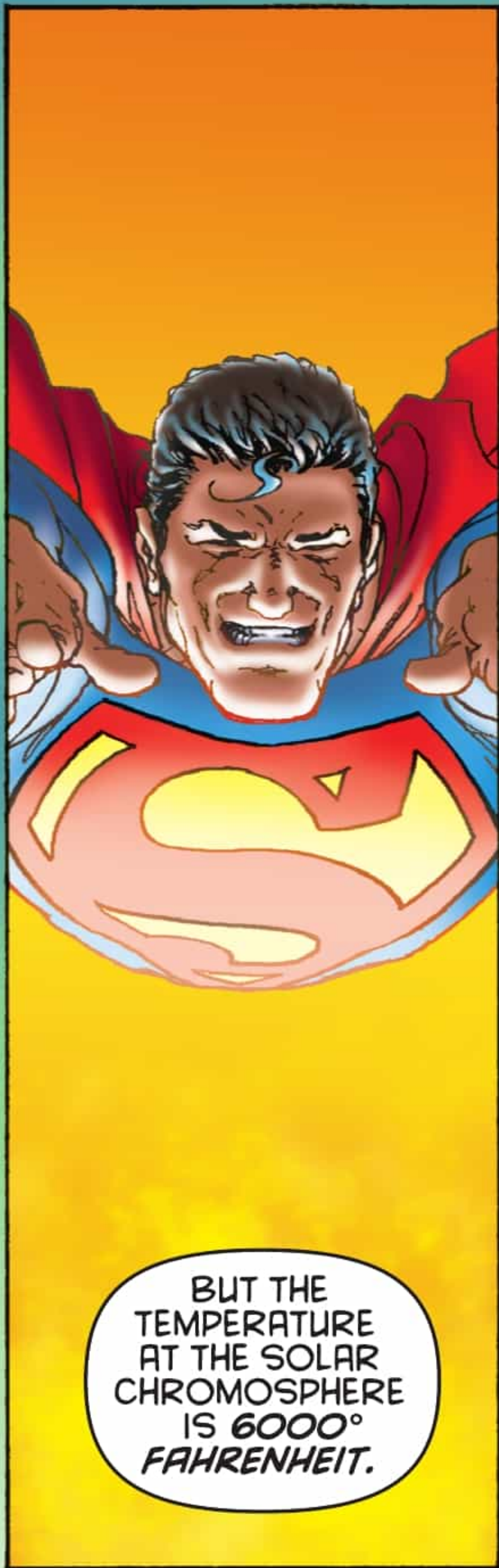
THERE CAN'T BE MUCH TIME.



I KNOW HE ARRIVED ON EARTH FROM THE PLANET *KRYPTON*.



I KNOW EVERY CELL IN HIS BODY IS A LIVING *SOLAR BATTERY*, EVOLVED TO STORE RAW ENERGY FROM THE SUN.

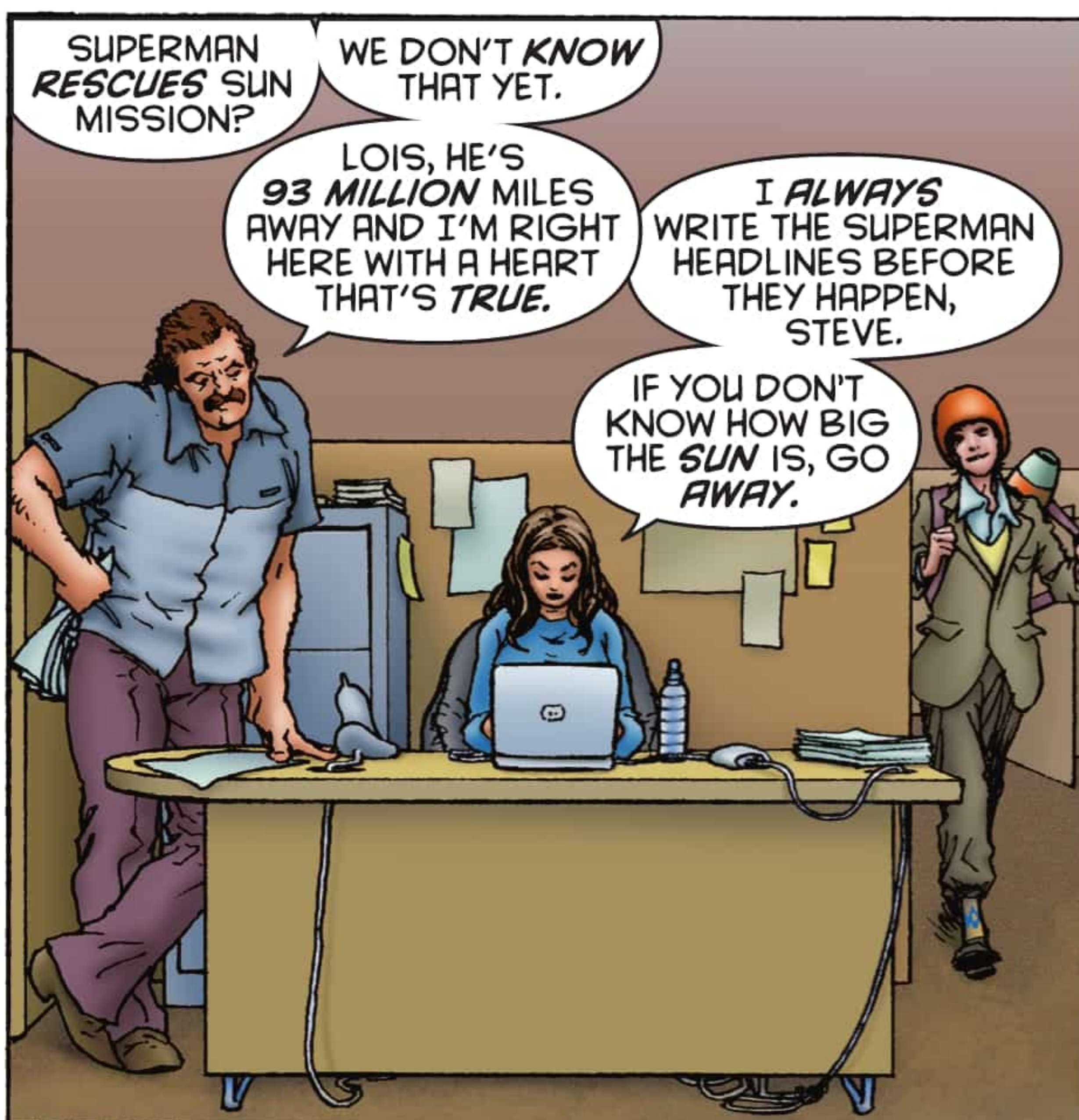
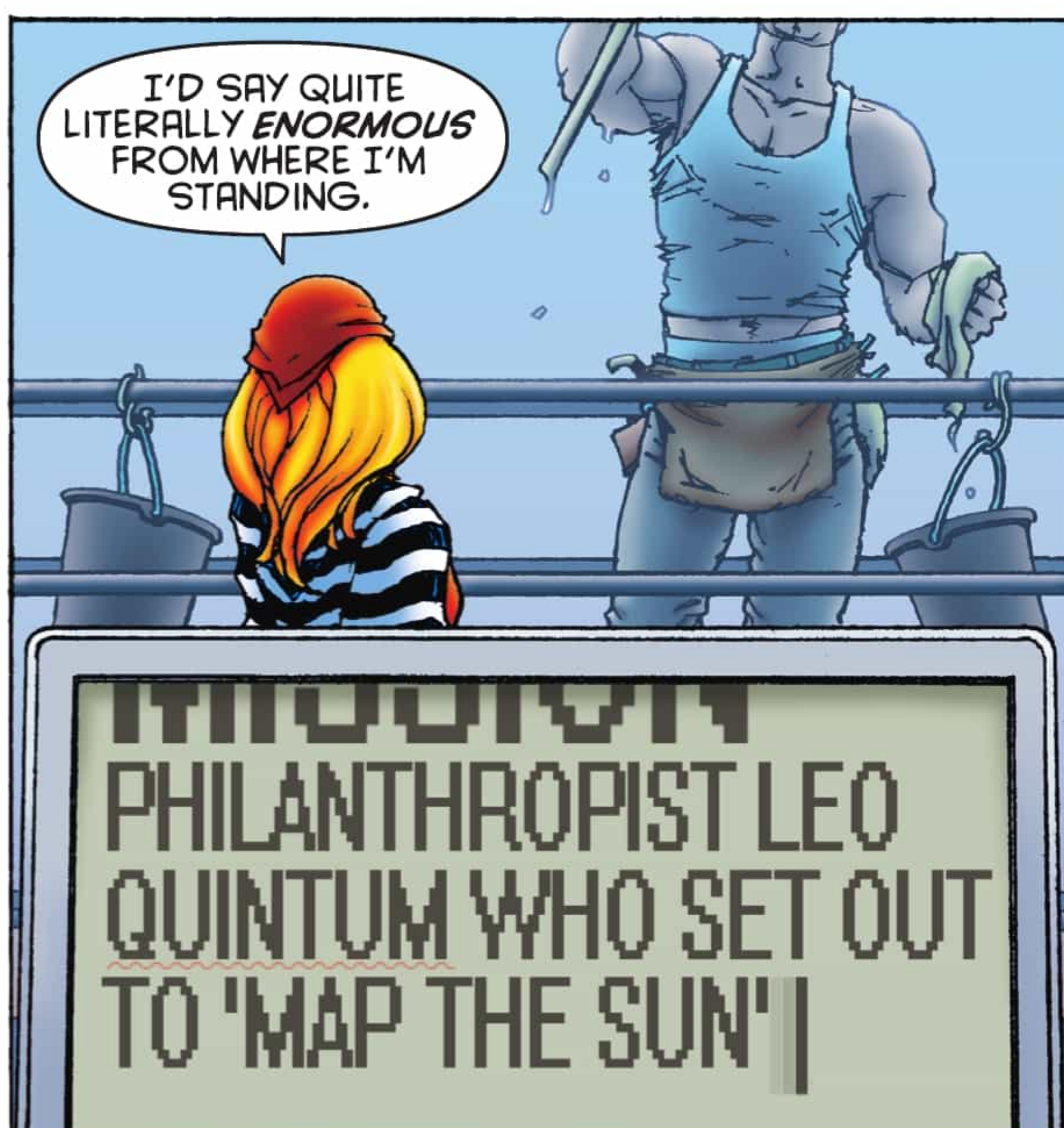


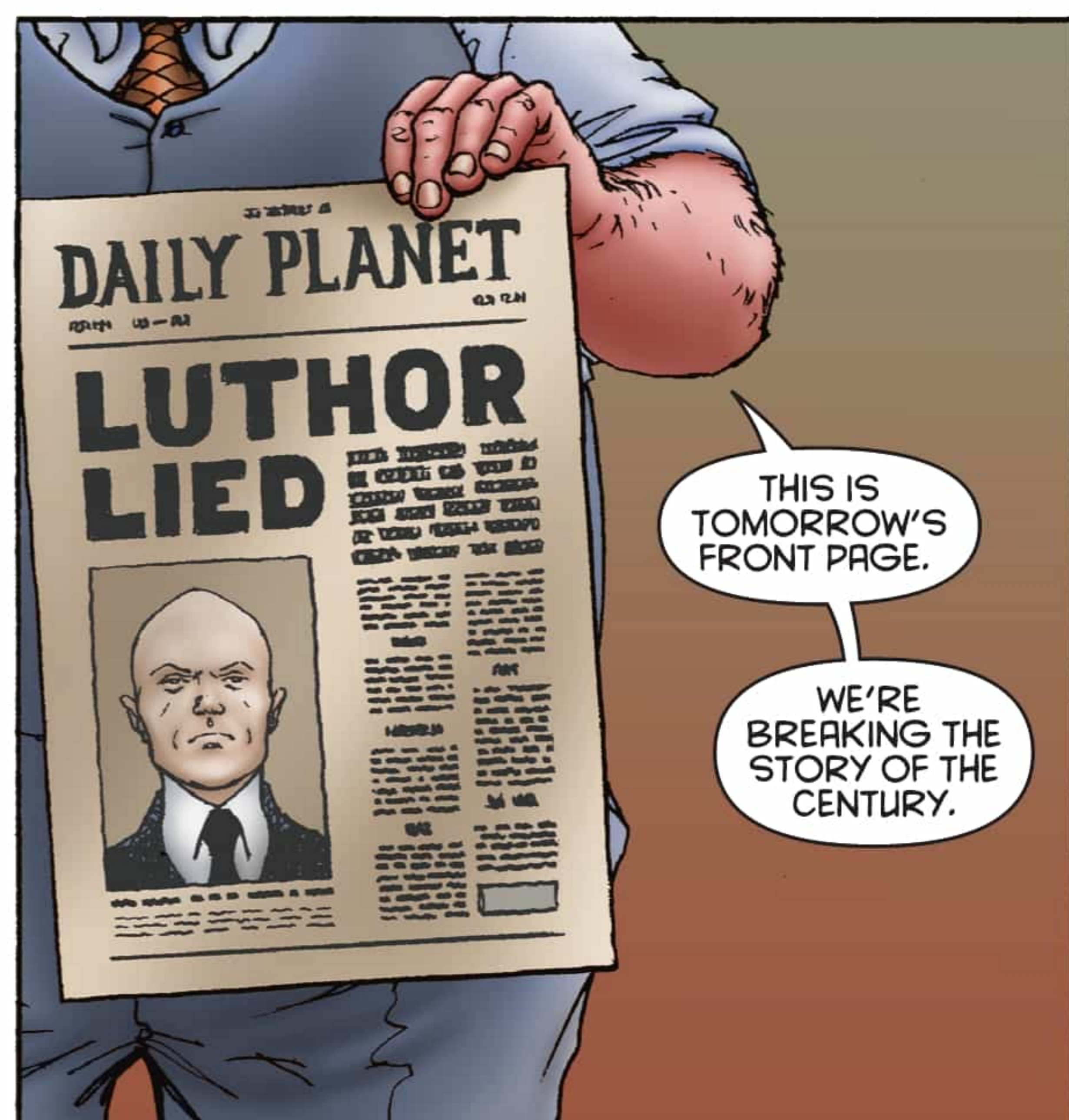
BUT THE TEMPERATURE AT THE SOLAR CHROMOSPHERE IS *6000° FAHRENHEIT*.

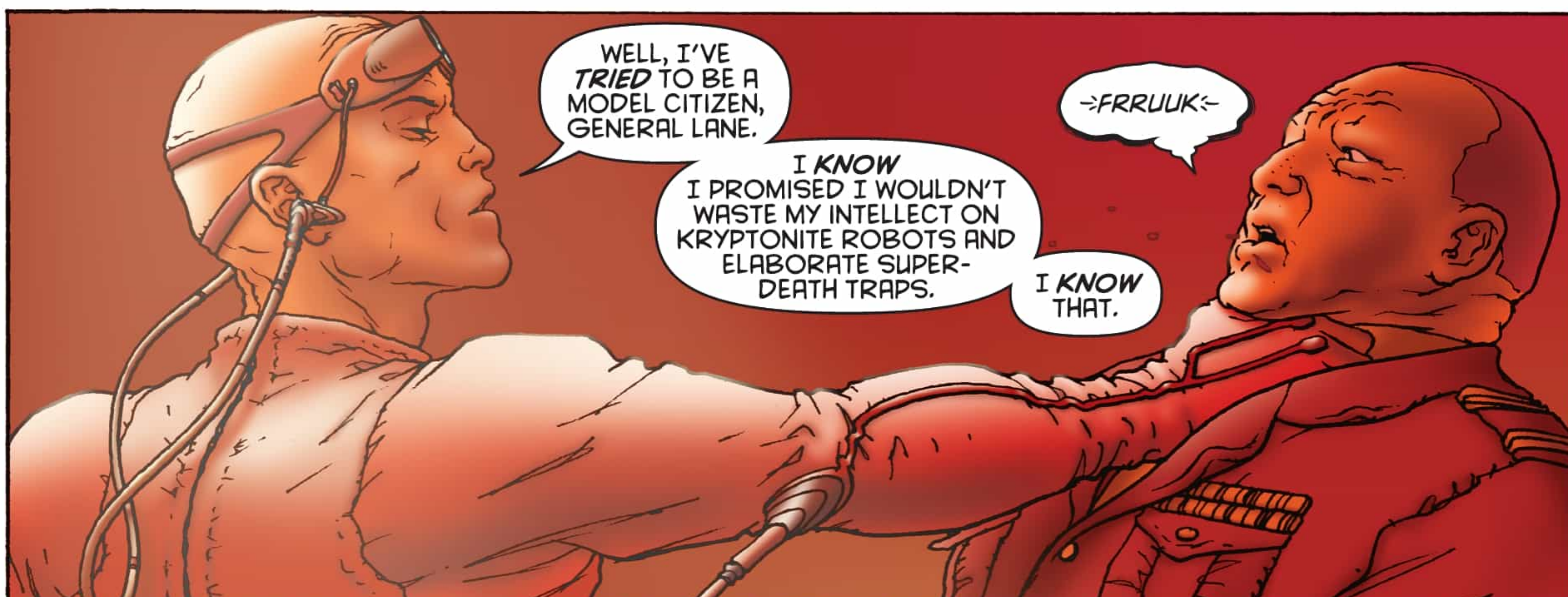
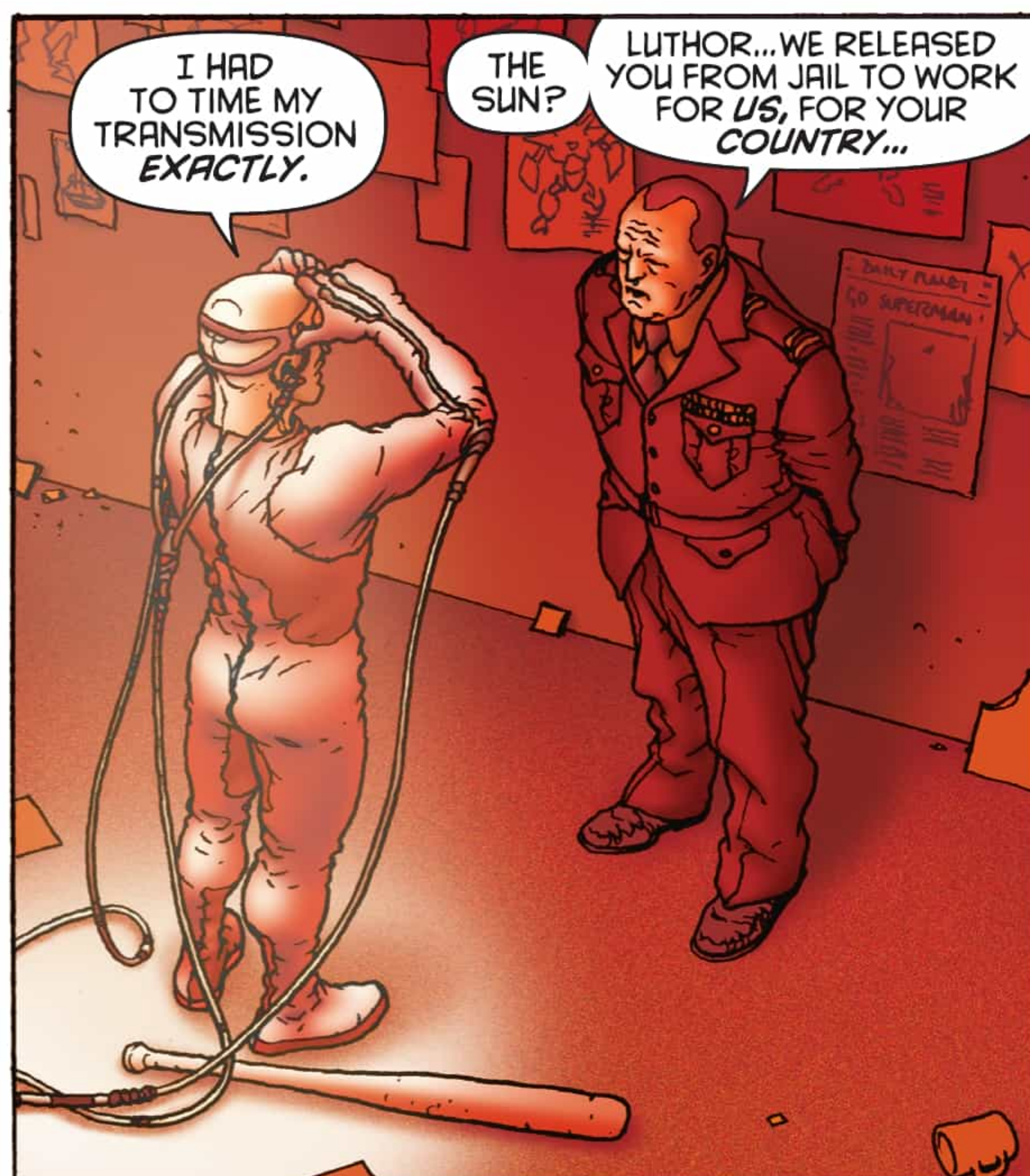
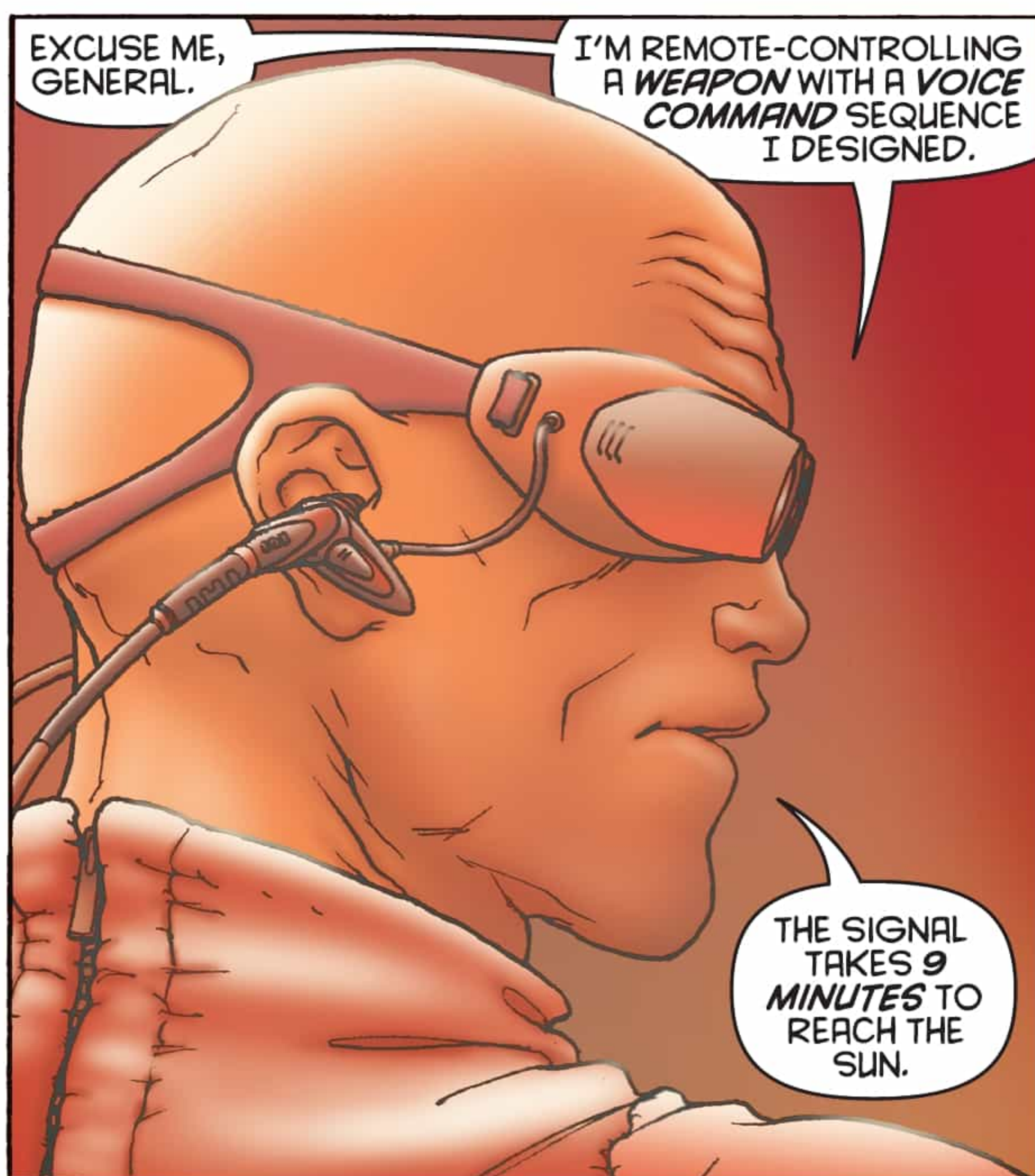
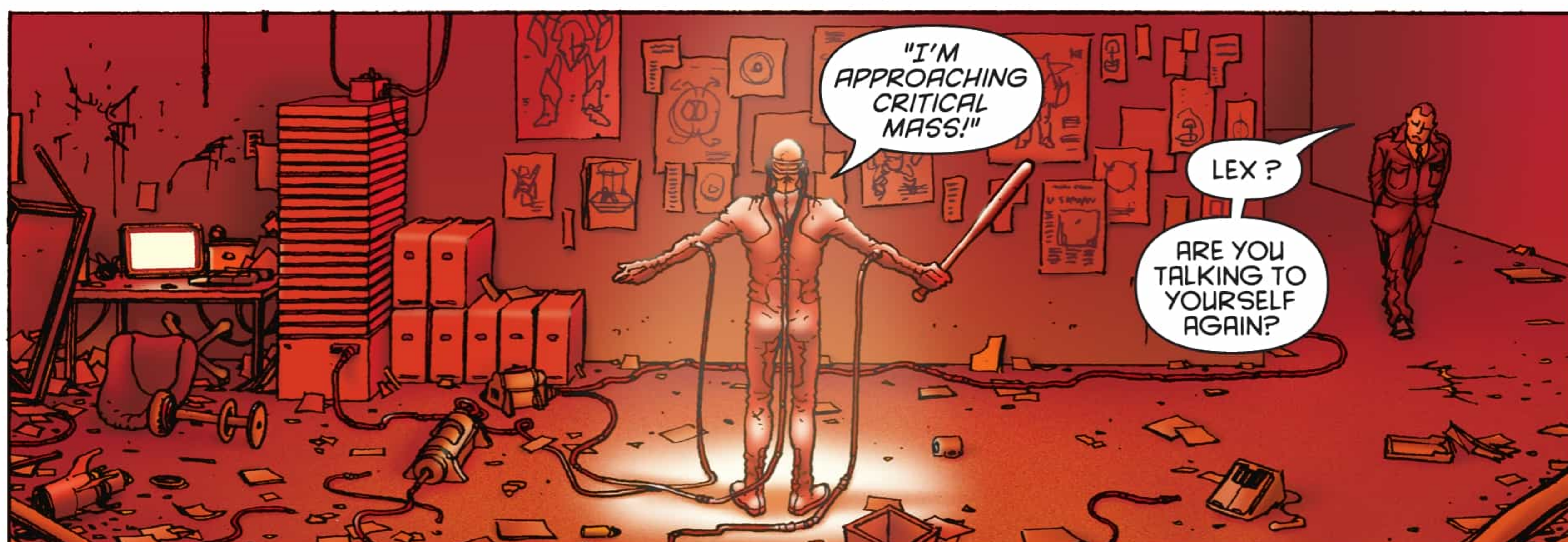


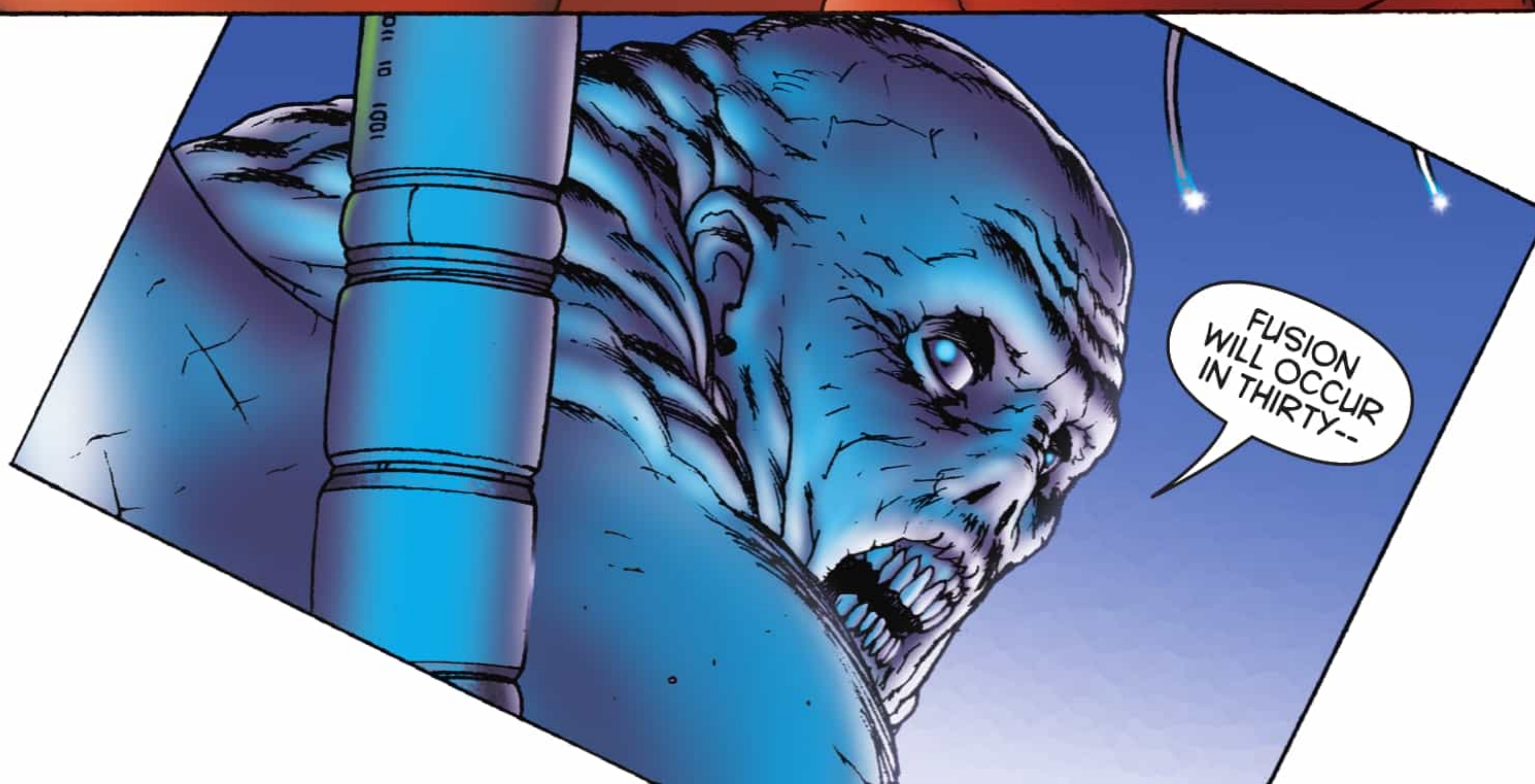
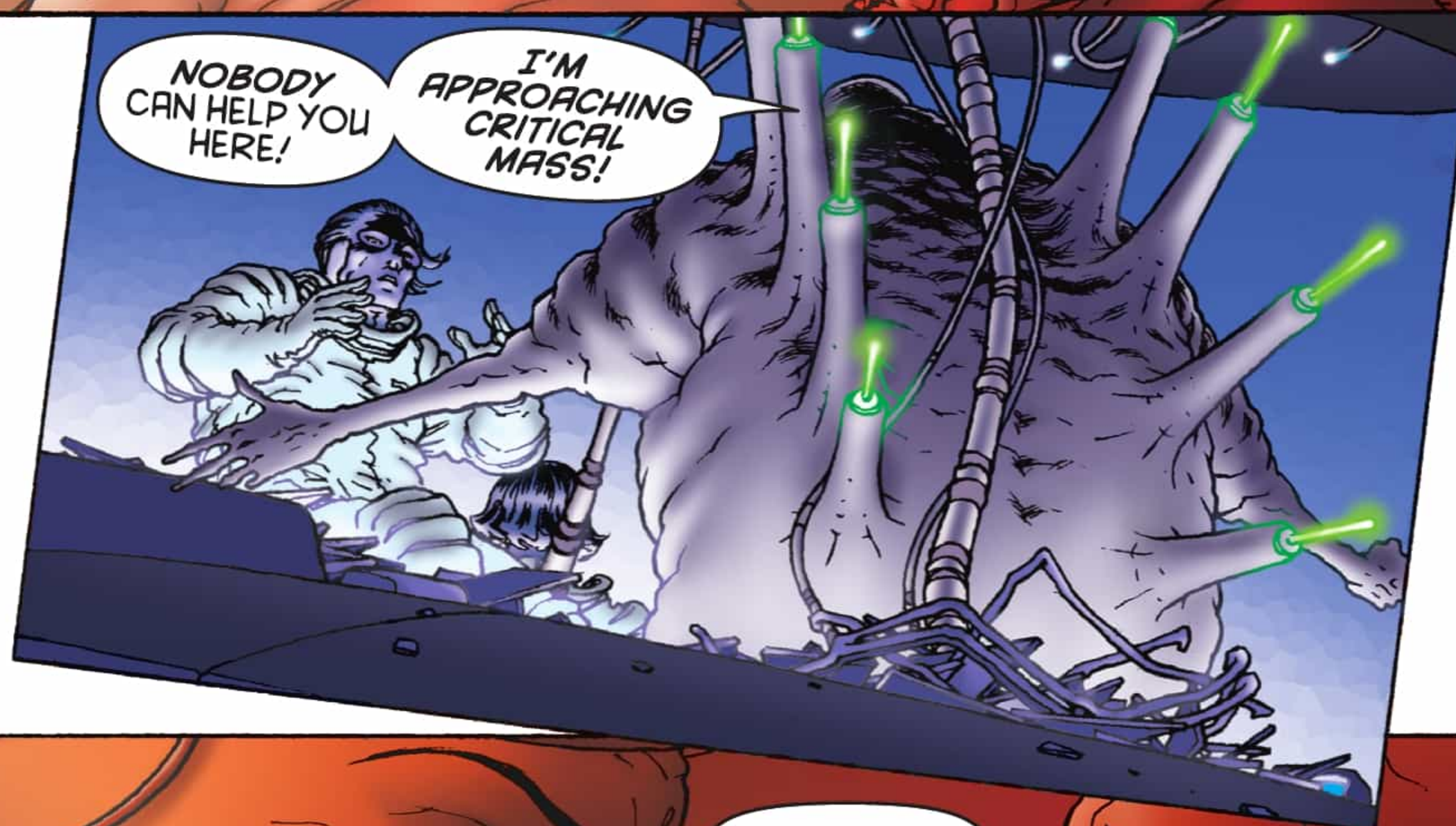
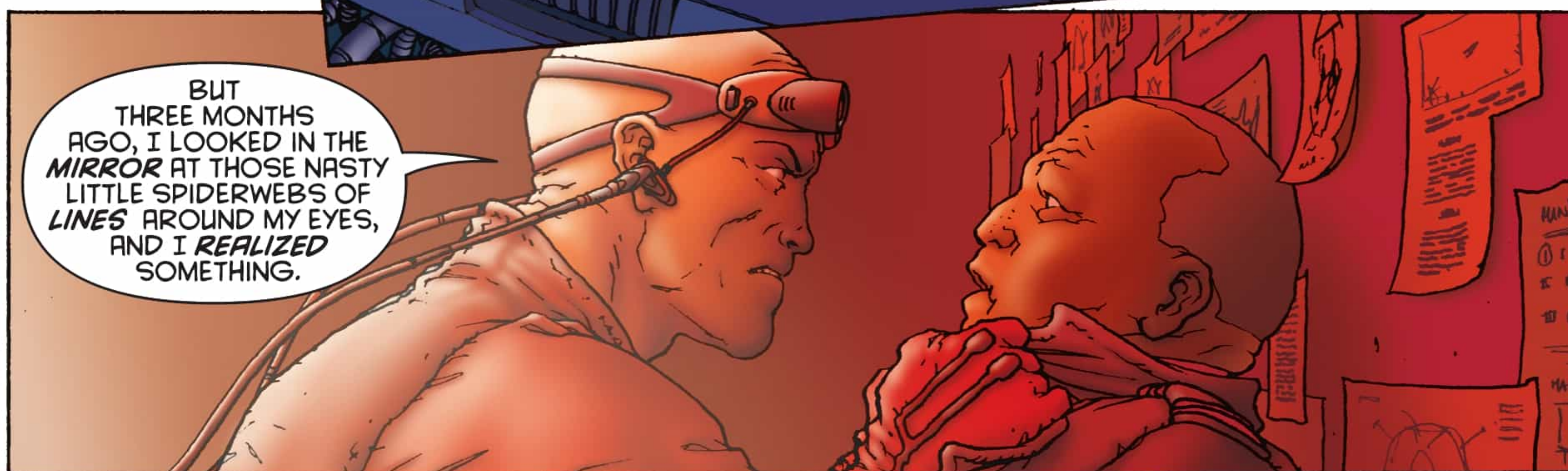
SUPERMAN SAVES FIRST MANNED SUN- MISSION!

HMMM?



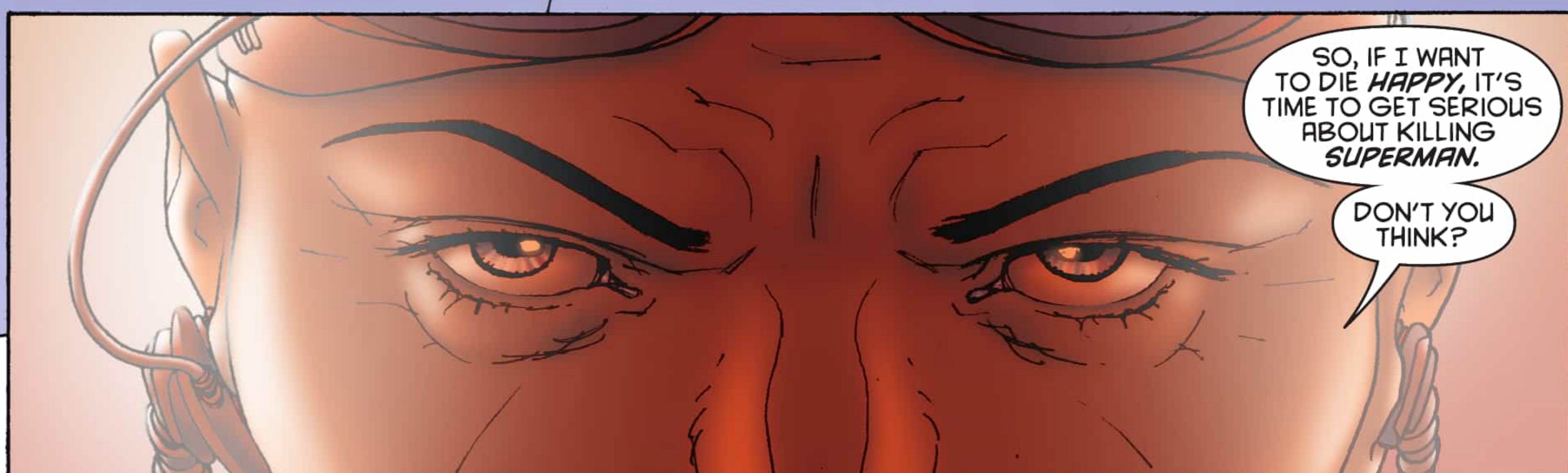






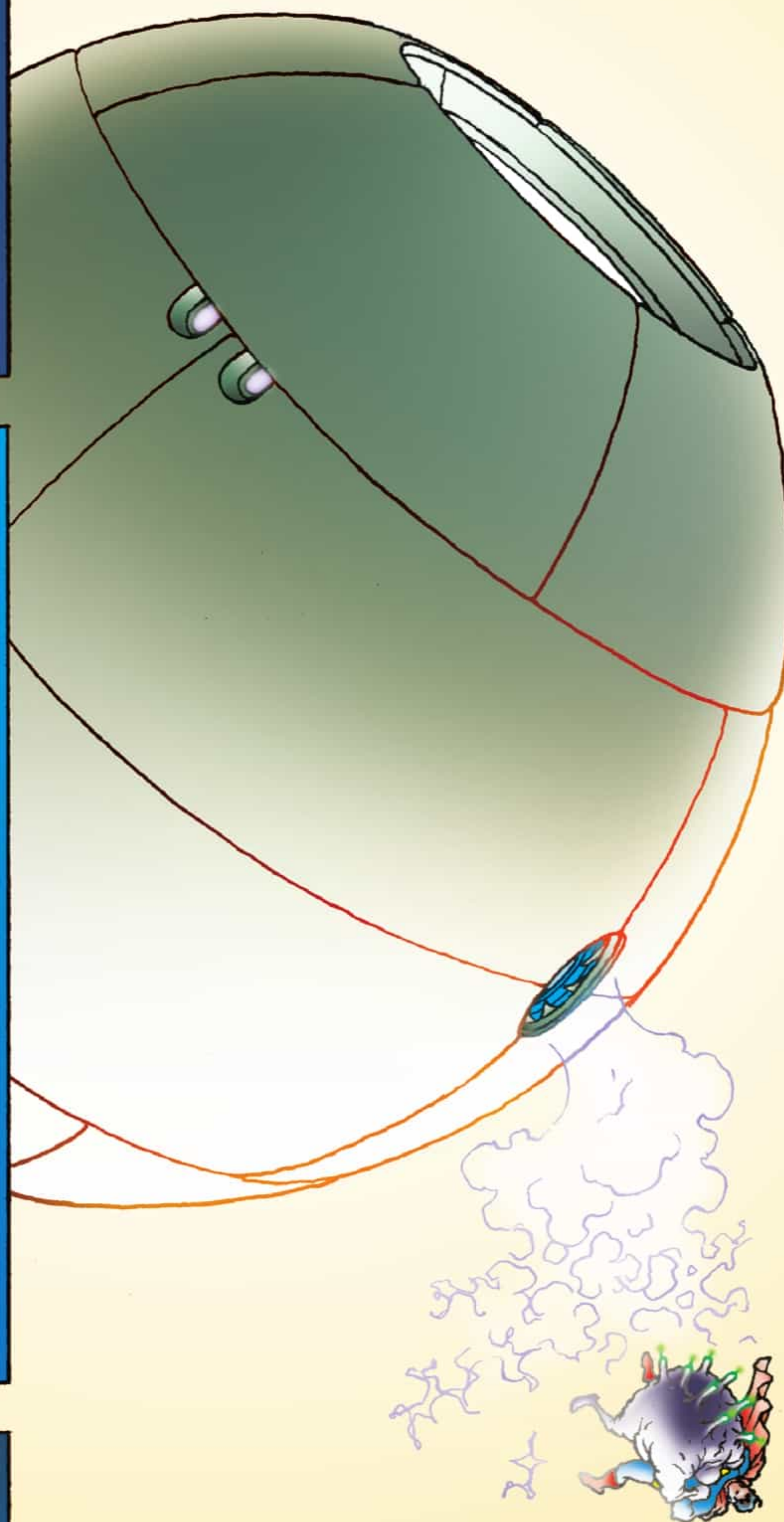


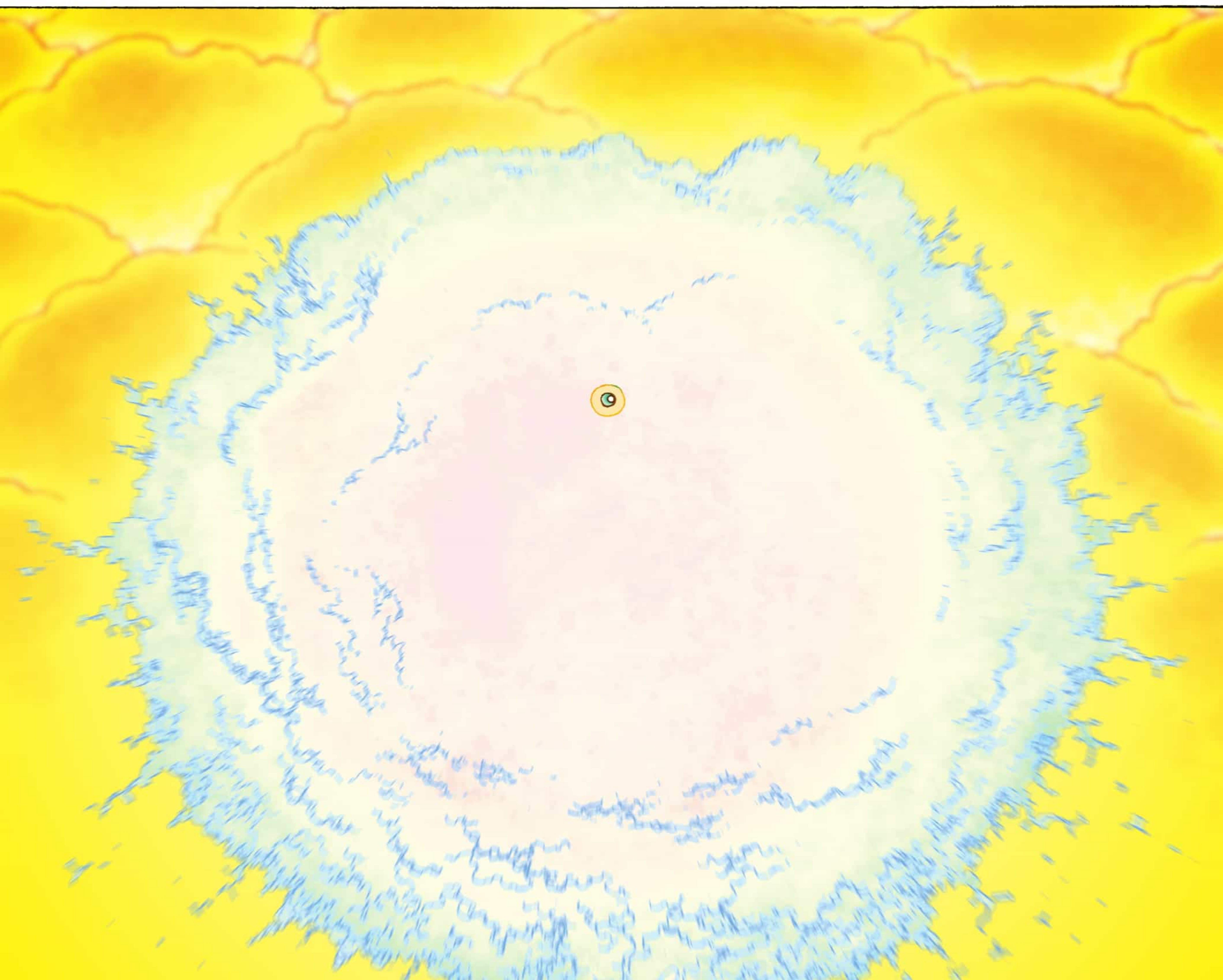
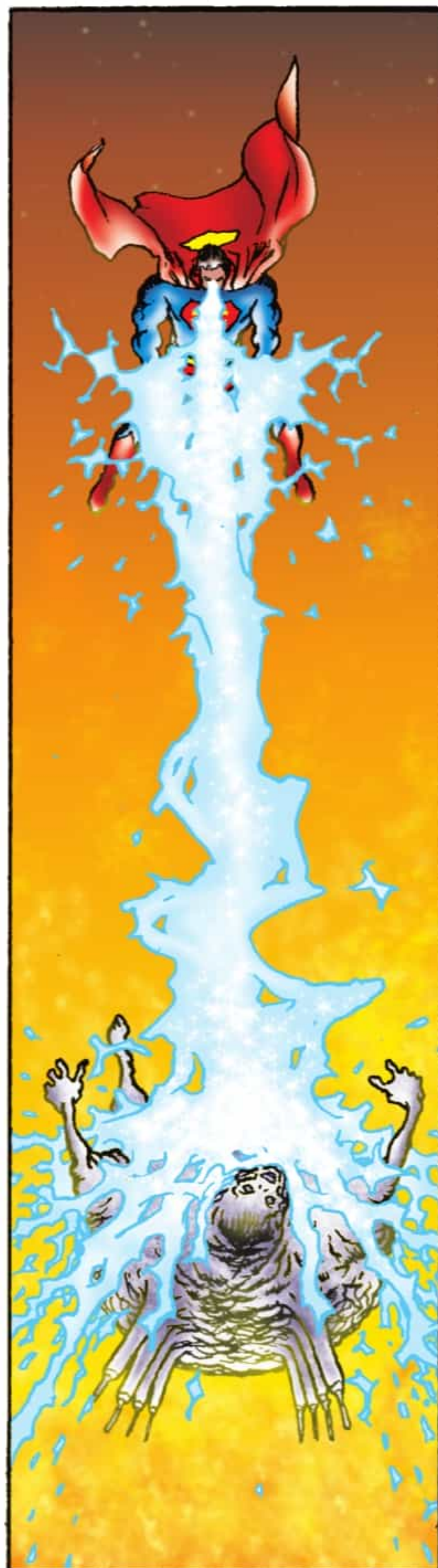
NOT
IF *I* CAN
HELP IT.



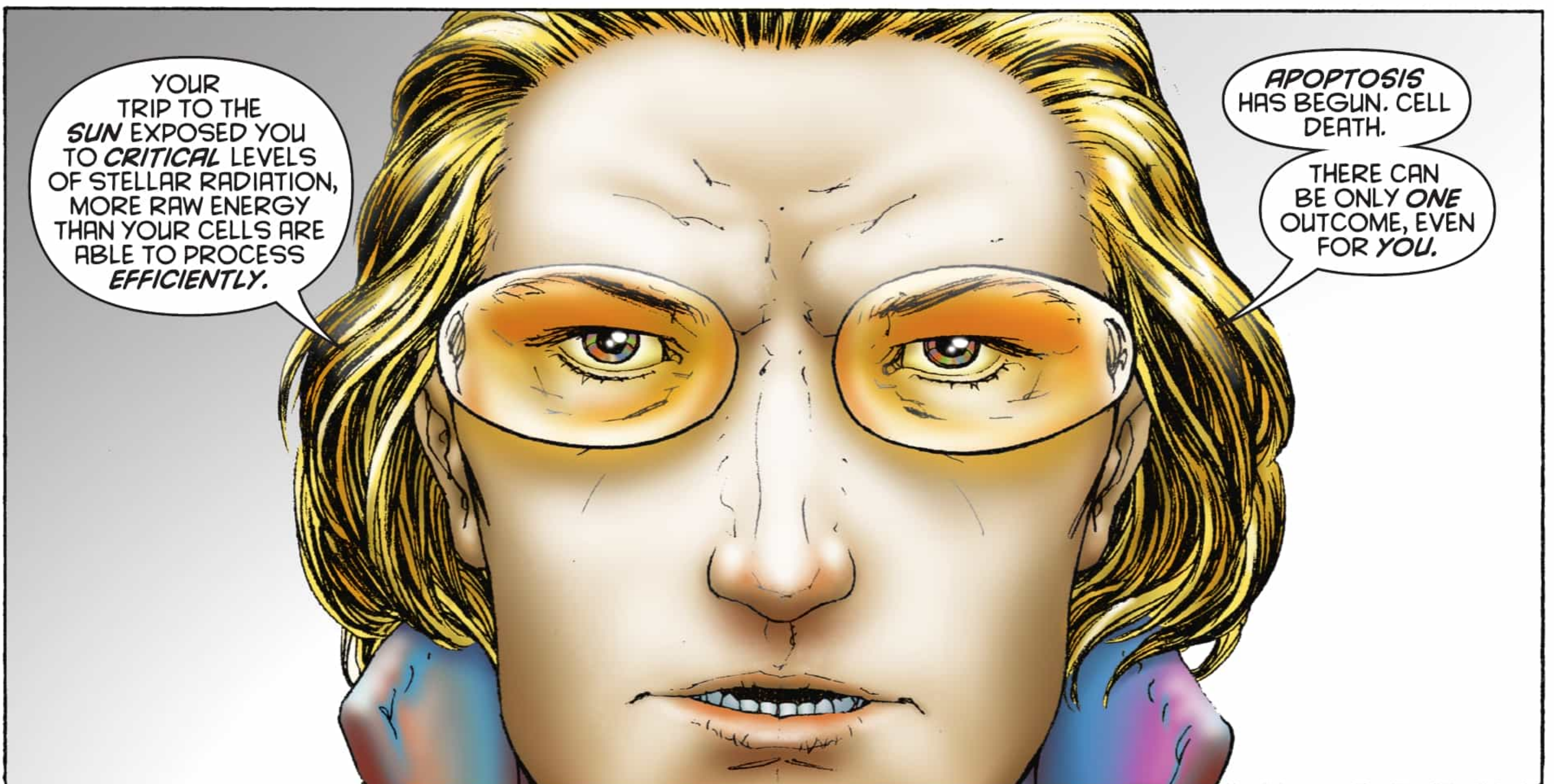
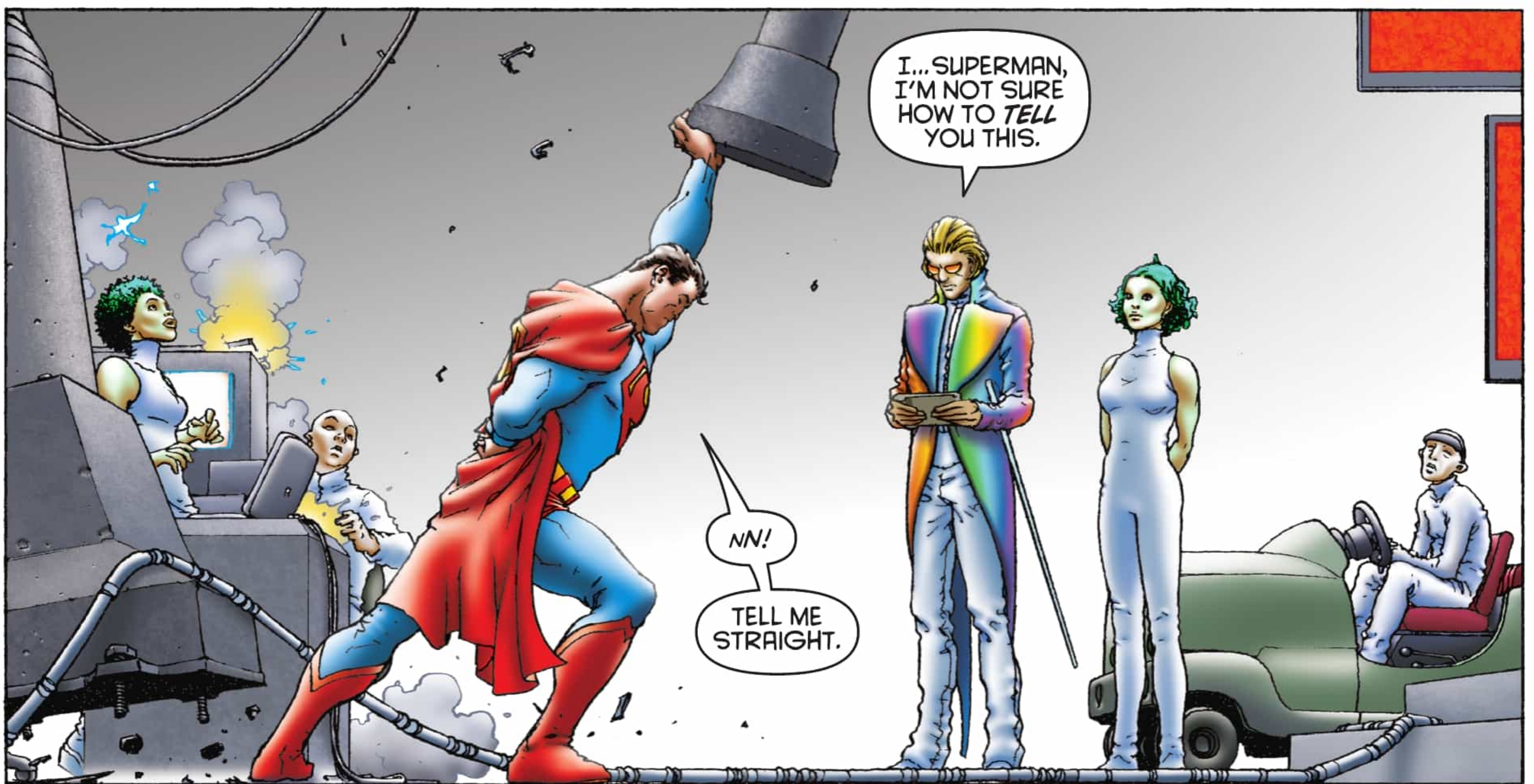
SO, IF I WANT
TO DIE *HAPPY*, IT'S
TIME TO GET SERIOUS
ABOUT KILLING
SUPERMAN.

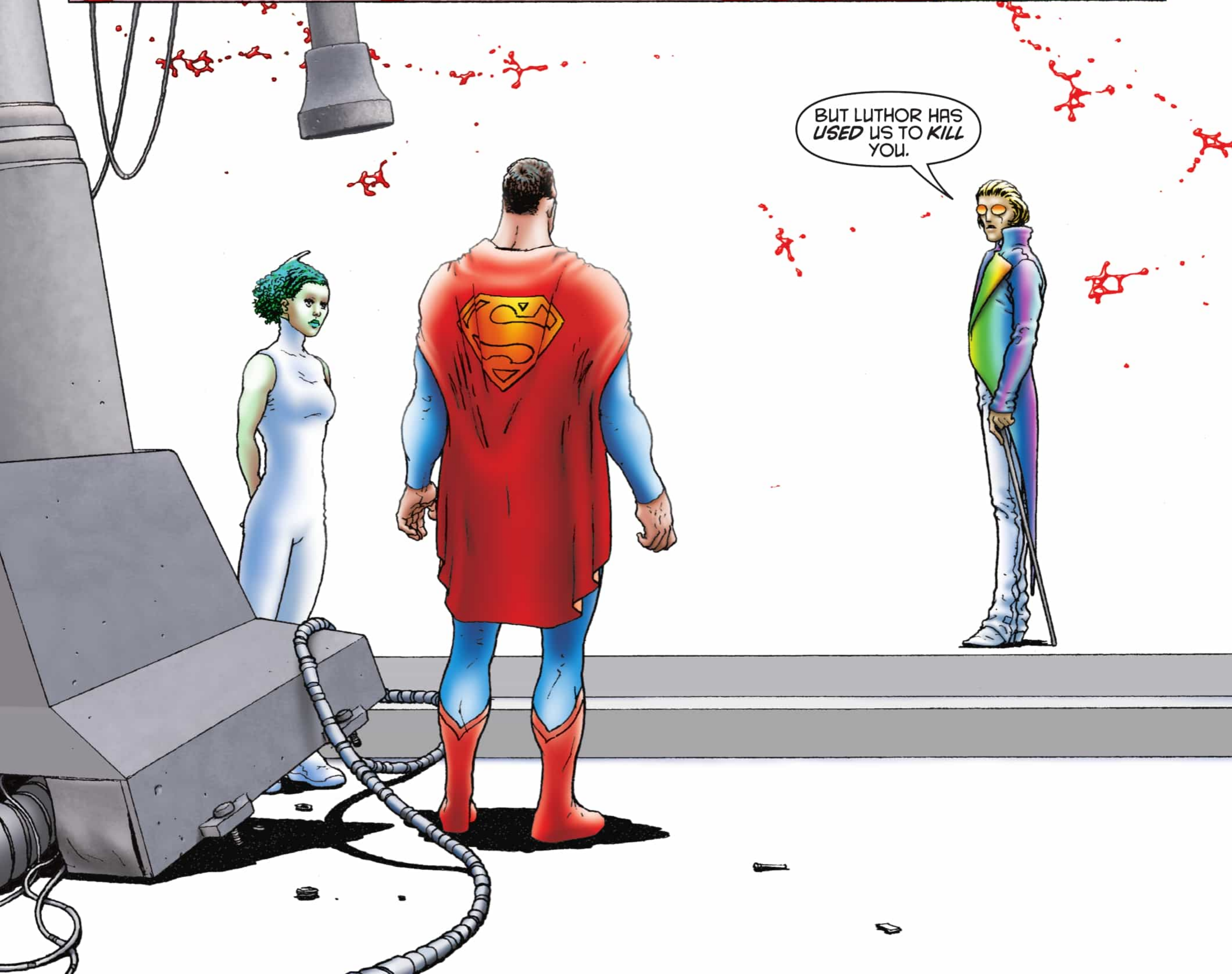
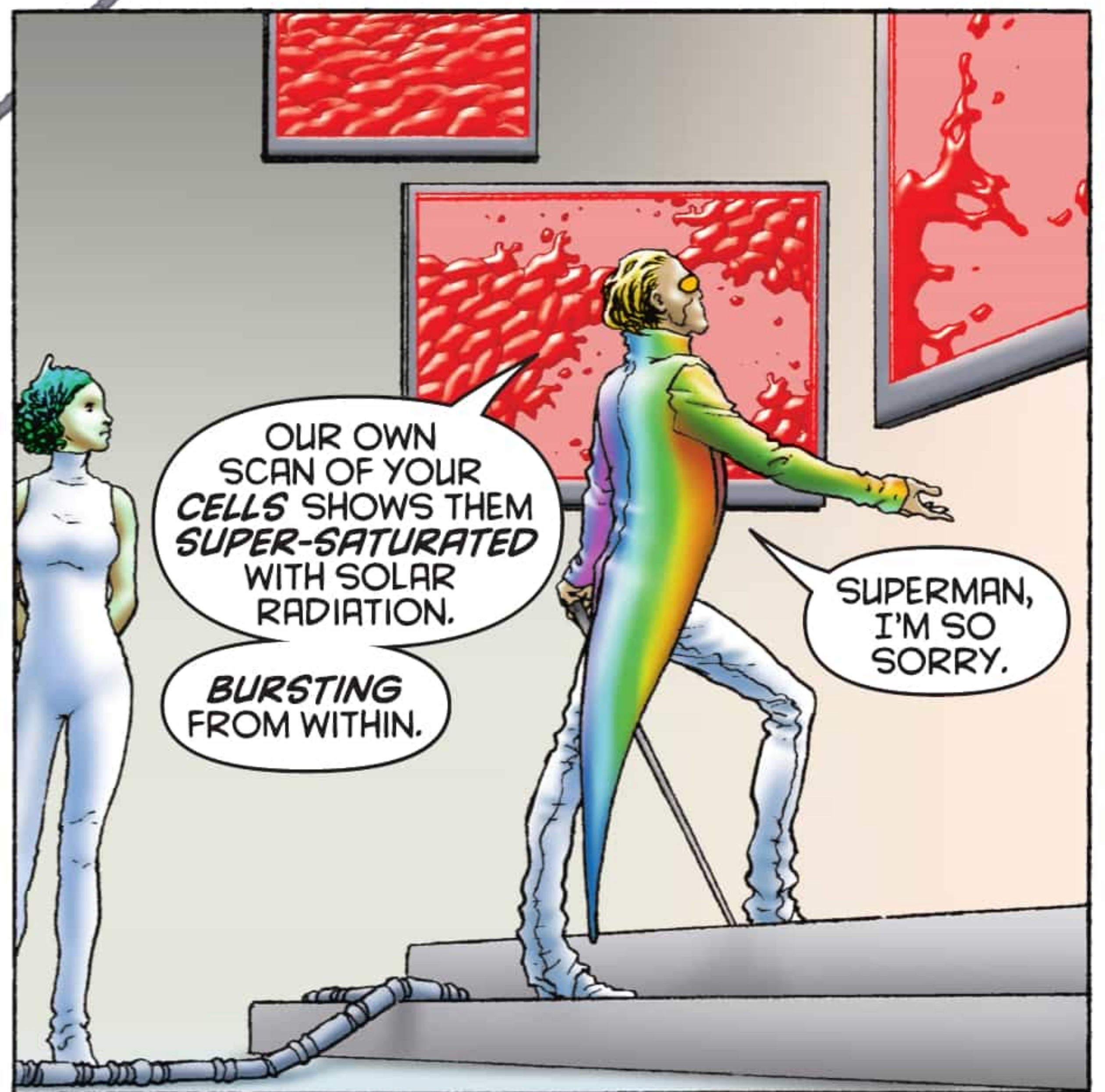
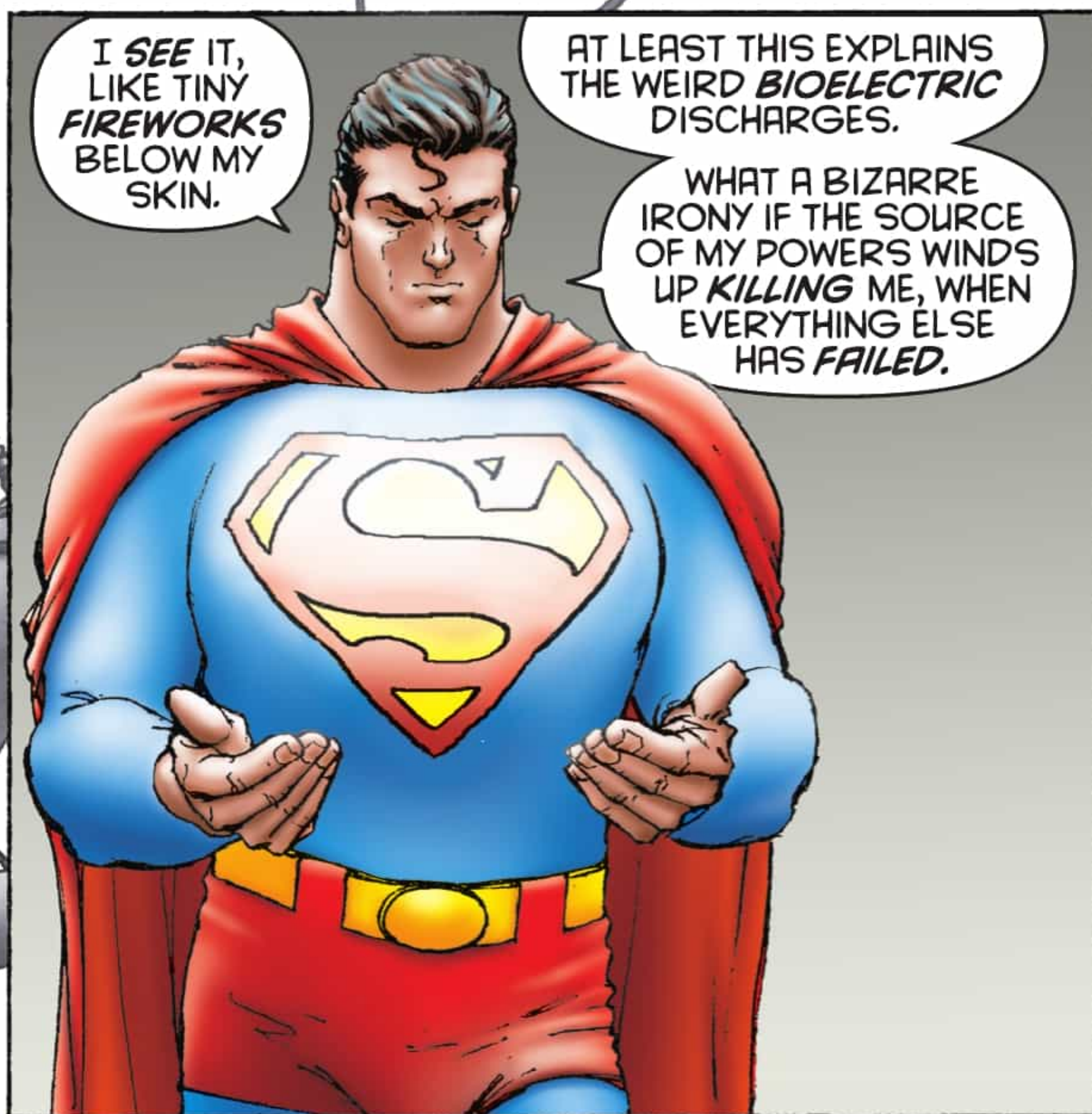
DON'T YOU
THINK?



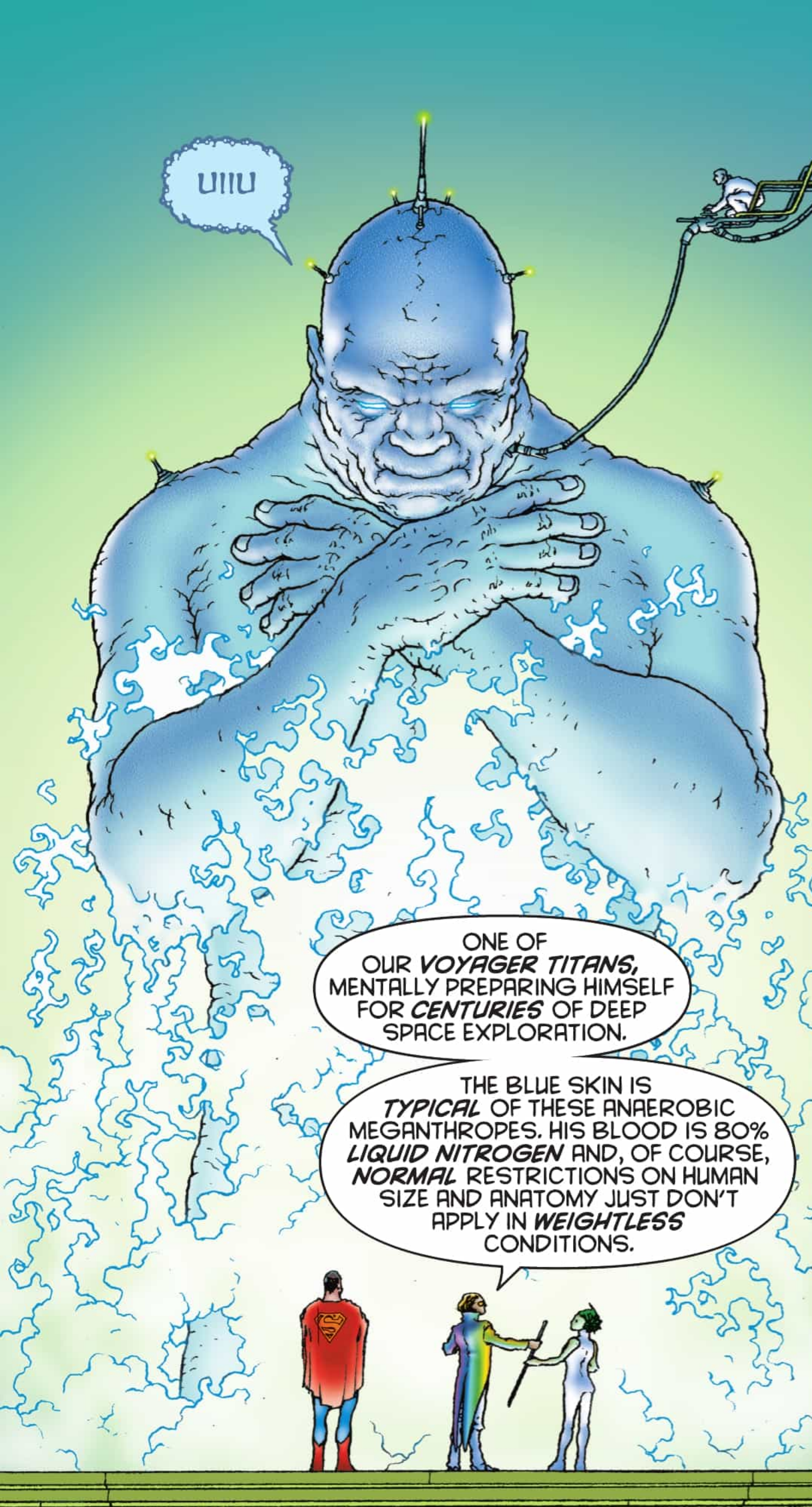












ONE OF OUR *VOYAGER TITANS*, MENTALLY PREPARING HIMSELF FOR *CENTURIES* OF DEEP SPACE EXPLORATION.

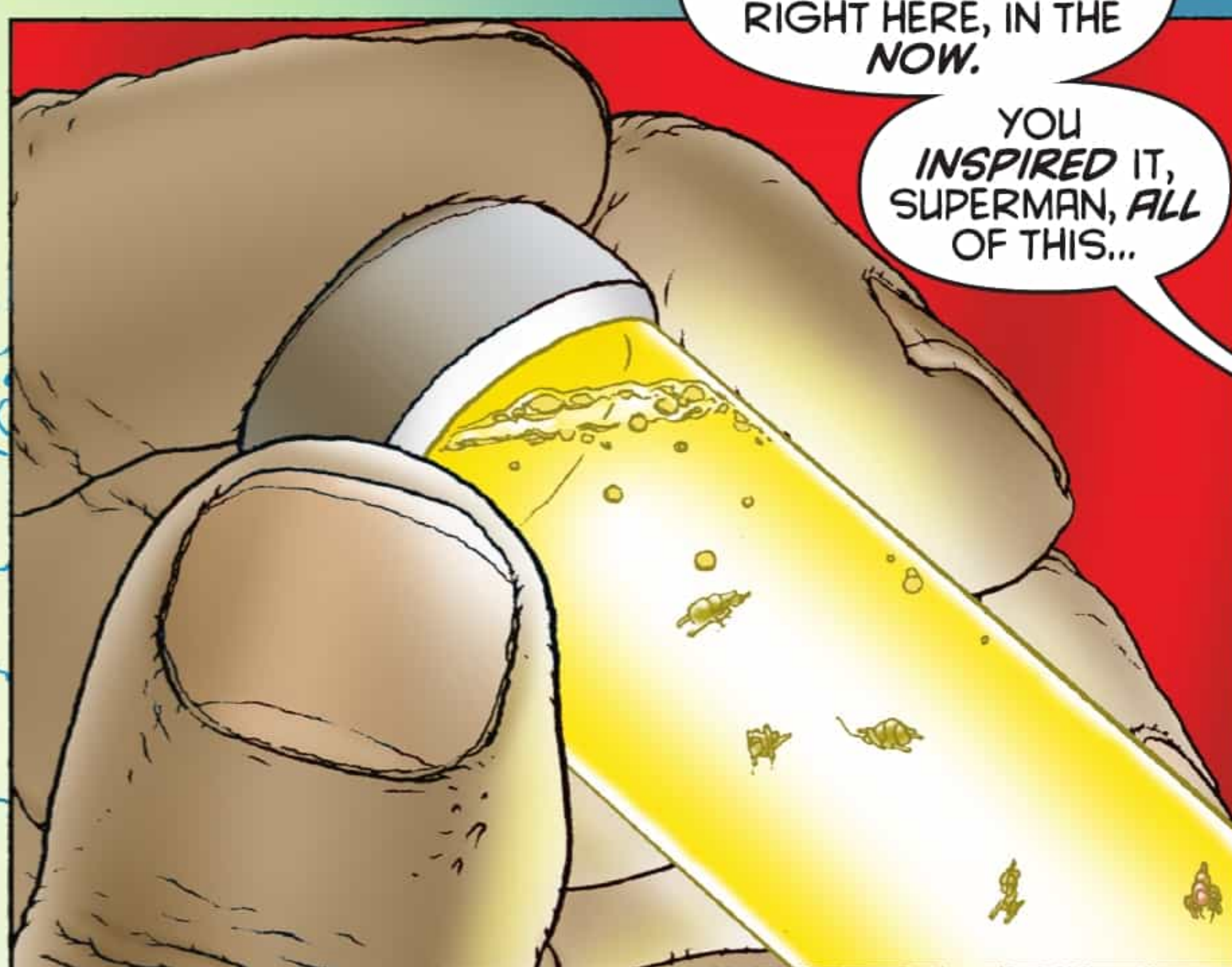
THE BLUE SKIN IS *TYPICAL* OF THESE ANAEROBIC MEGANTHROPES. HIS BLOOD IS 80% *LIQUID NITROGEN* AND, OF COURSE, *NORMAL* RESTRICTIONS ON HUMAN SIZE AND ANATOMY JUST DON'T APPLY IN *WEIGHTLESS* CONDITIONS.



AT THE OTHER END OF THE SCALE, GENETICALLY MODIFIED P.R.O.J.E.C.T. *NANONAUTS* ARE UNLOCKING THE MYSTERIES OF THE *CELL*, THE *ATOM* AND THE INFINITESIMAL *YOCTOSPHERE*.

WE'RE BUILDING OUTPOSTS OF *TOMORROW* RIGHT HERE, IN THE *NOW*.

YOU *INSPIRED* IT, SUPERMAN, *ALL* OF THIS...



AND I PROMISE, WE'LL FIND A WAY TO *SAVE* YOU.

OR TO REPLACE YOU, IF WE HAVE TO.

THANKS.

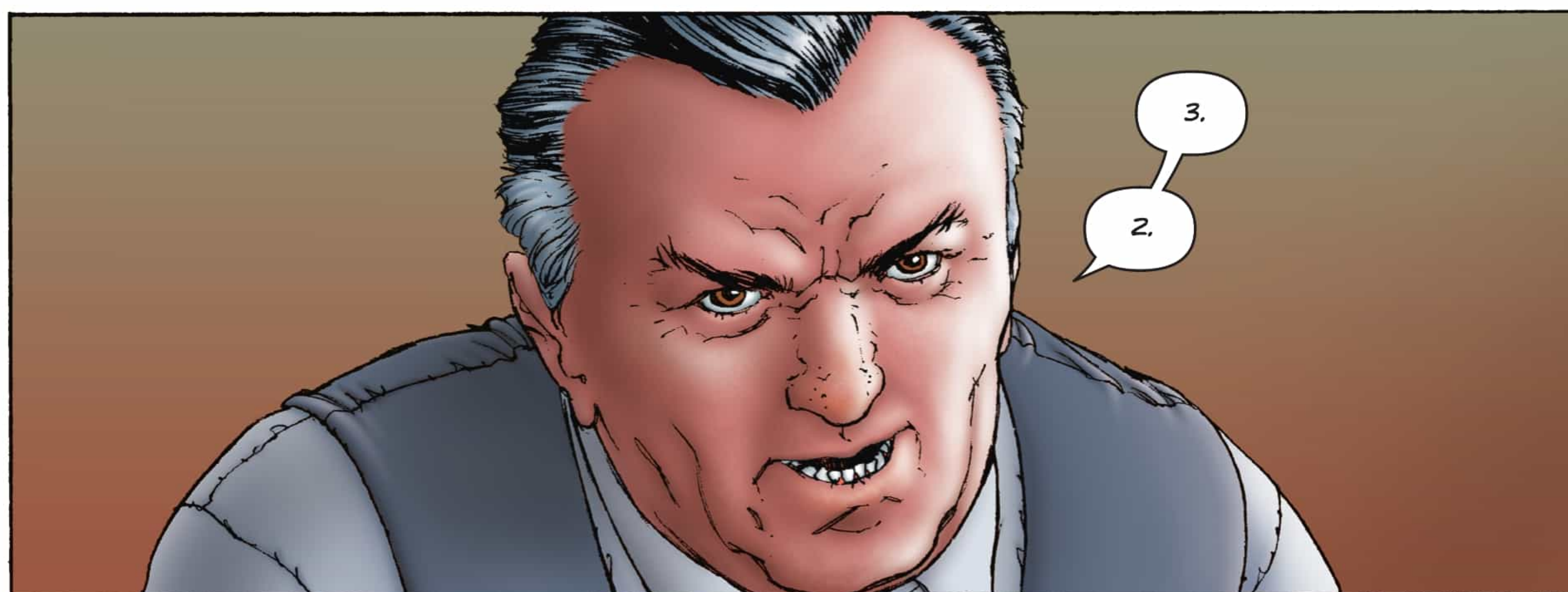
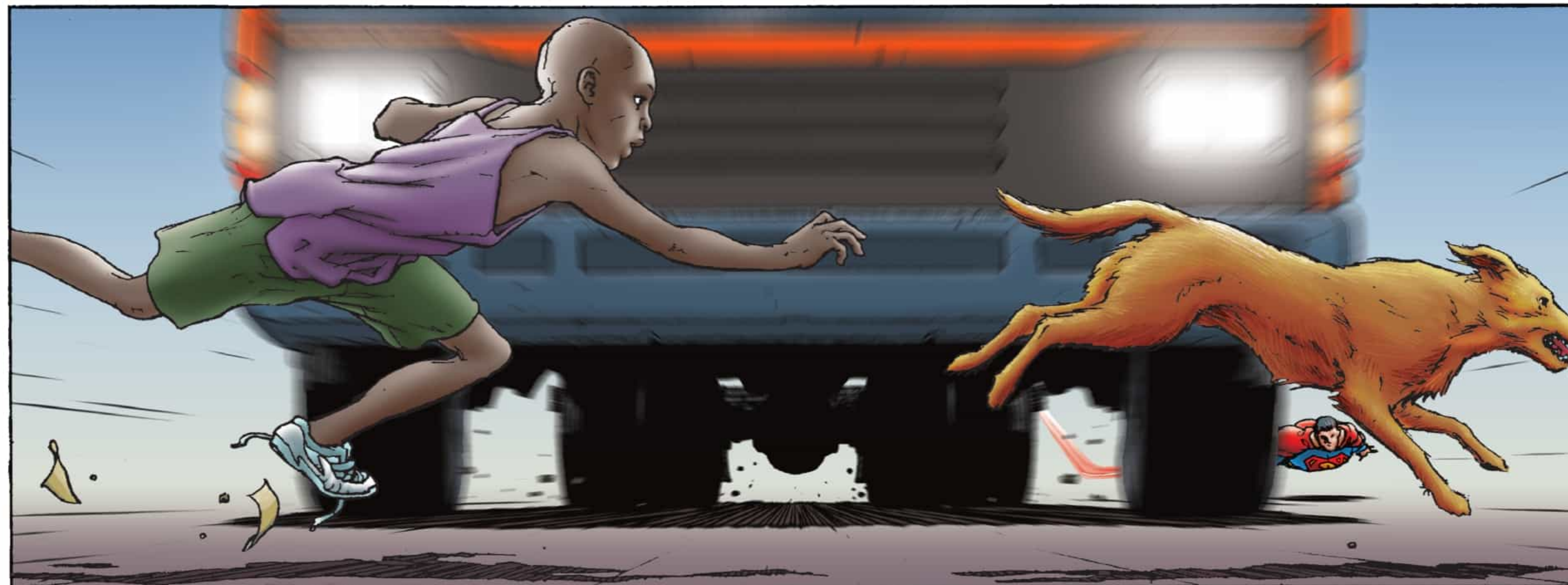
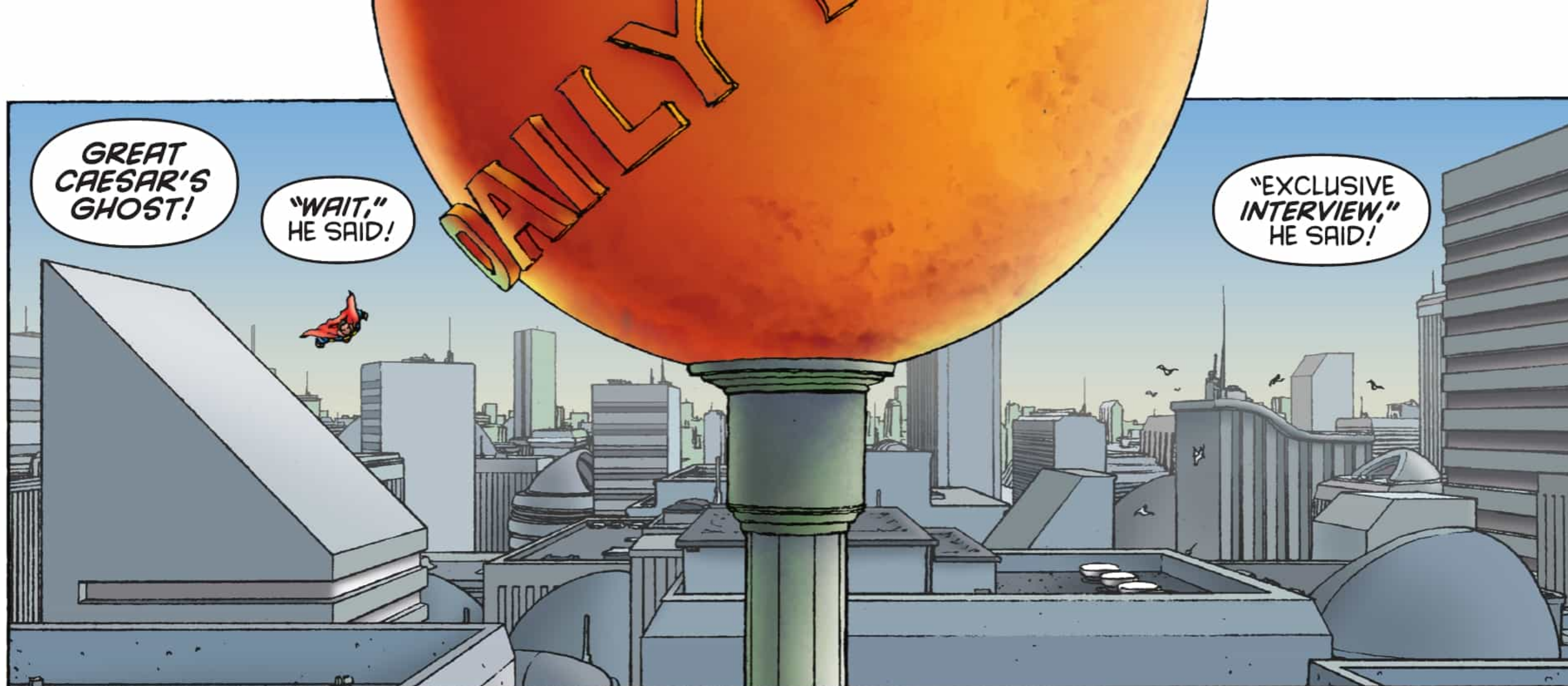
THERE'S *ALWAYS* A WAY.



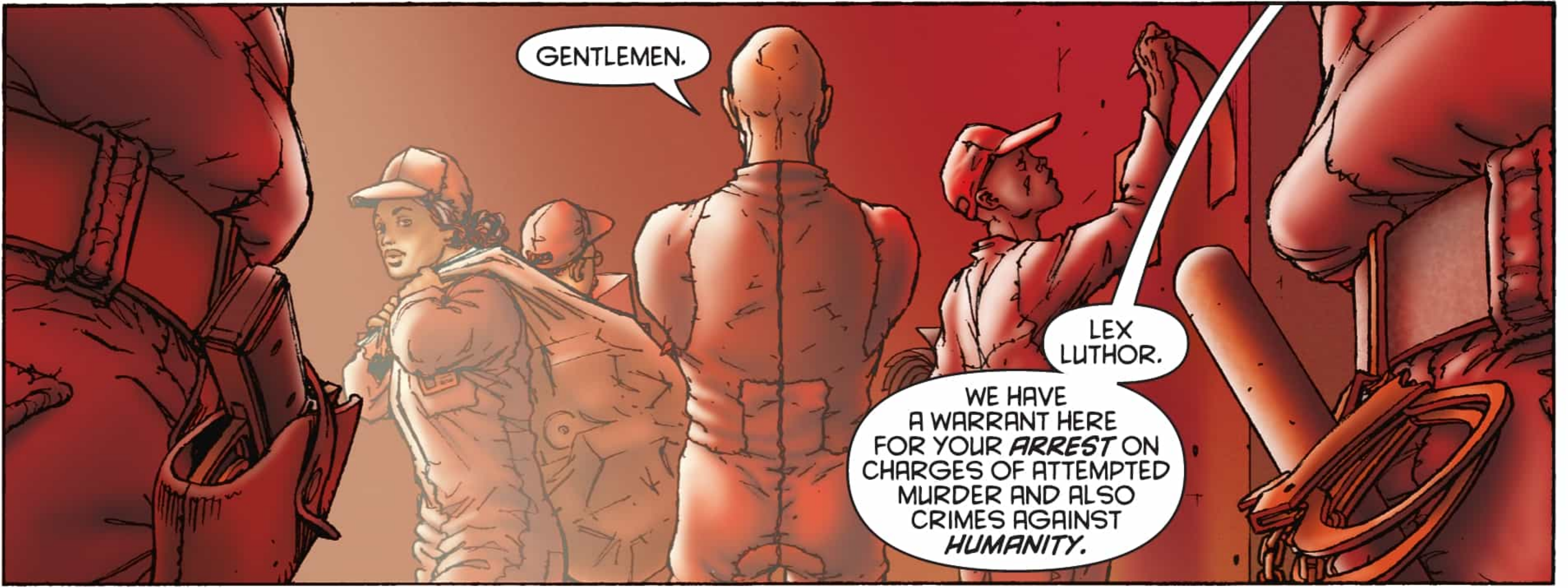
NO ONE MUST KNOW.

NOT YET.

THERE ARE... *THINGS* I HAVE TO DO FIRST.

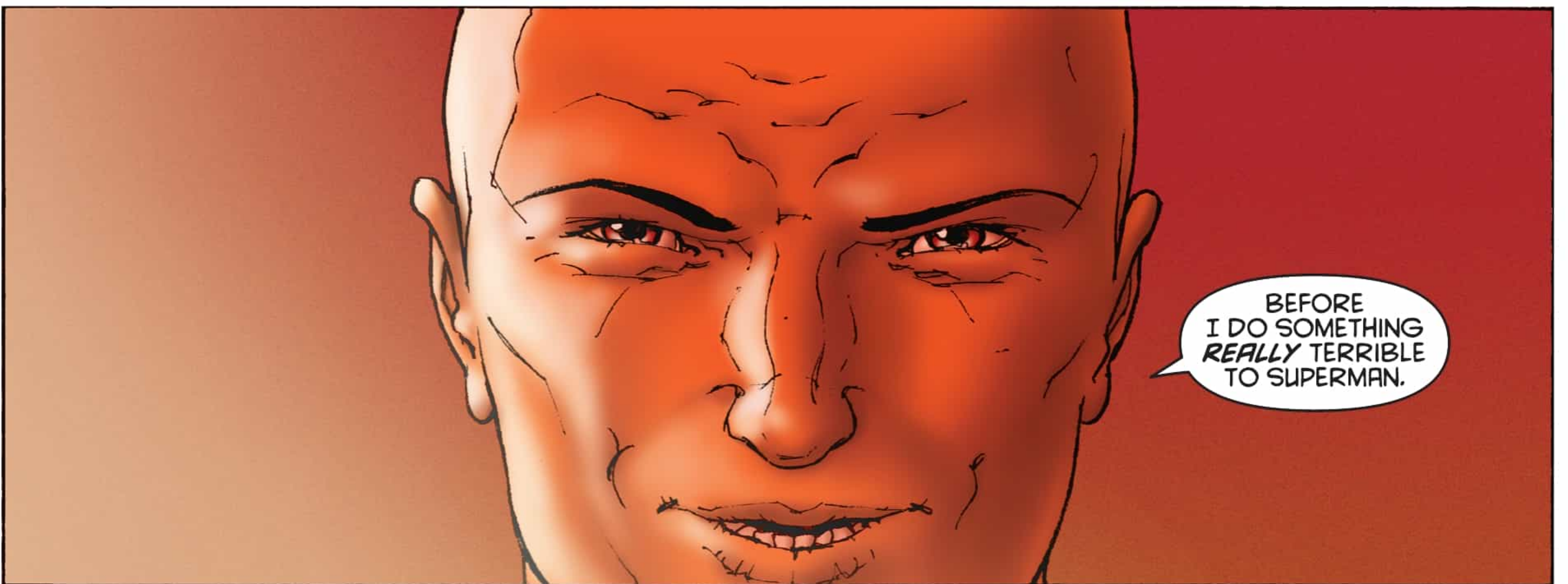






DC COMICS PRESENTS ALL-STAR SUPERMAN EPISODE 1
WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON PENCILLED BY FRANK QUITELY
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COVER LOGO DESIGN BY CHIP KIDD
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
A DC COMICS PRODUCTION

DC GENERAL AUDIENCES
PULSE-POUNDING, RIP-ROARING ACTION TO BE ENJOYED BY ALL



...**FASTER**...

EPILOGUE:
LOIS & CLARK

