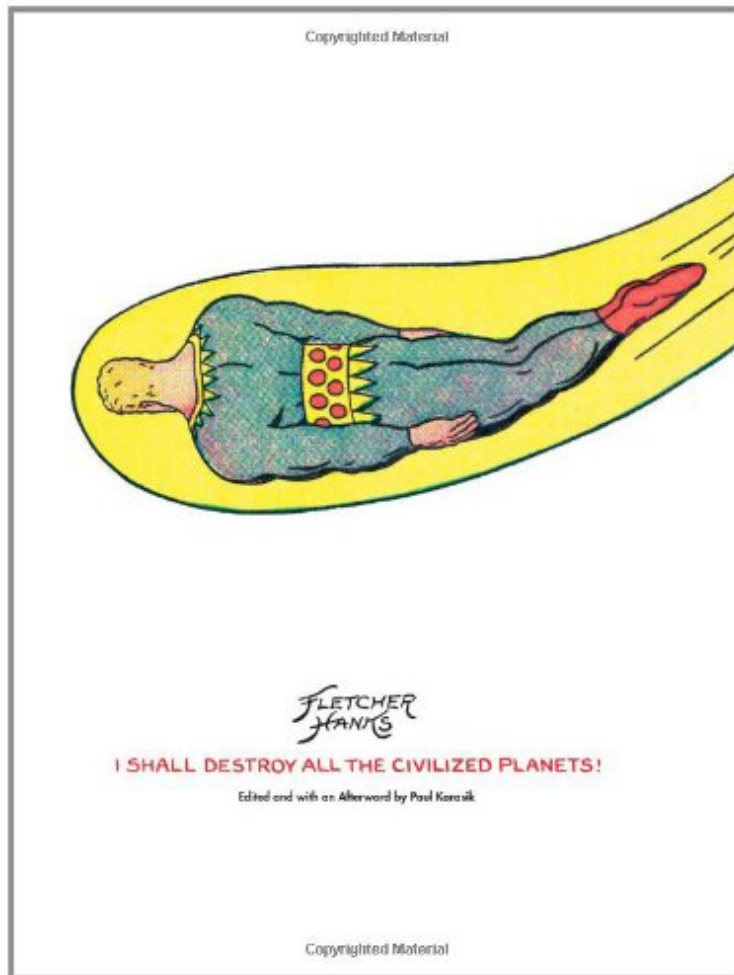


(Mobile pdf) I Shall Destroy All The Civilized Planets!

I Shall Destroy All The Civilized Planets!

Fletcher Hanks

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Fletcher Hanks : I Shall Destroy All The Civilized Planets! before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised I Shall Destroy All The Civilized Planets!:

5 of 5 people found the following review helpful. Uniquely awful and unintentionally humorous. A classic collection of a true hack. By pilooAlmost every story from the golden age of superhero comic books will be very predictable and formulaic to the point of putting you to sleep. But then there is Fletcher Hanks. What really distinguishes Fletcher Hanks creations is not that he is innovative, which he is in the oddest sense, it's that his stories are so absurd and lacking in professional aptitude that they become this strangely engaging humorous spectacle. His drawing is terrible, his stories make no logical sense, and lucky for us his concepts reach the upper echelons of complete and total absurdity. This is the kind of crap that we connoisseurs of "bad" pop culture live for. The stories are completely one dimensional with no substantiation of any kind. The characters choose pointless or random actions that serve no

purpose other than to supply the story with weird stuff that would supposedly generate points of interest. Often what is written in the captions doesn't even really connect with what is drawn in the panels. But perhaps what I enjoy the most are the utterly hokey descriptions of scientific and technological devices, using such jargon such as "blood drying guns", "black light bombs", "flexible star metal skin controlled by rays" or "head guns with intensified comet fire". There are literally hundreds of these absurd devices of "science" to send chills of excitement down your spine. Some people compare Fletcher Hanks to Ed Wood, which is a very applicable comparison, but if you had a contest of who was the least capable yet most entertaining I honestly think Mr. Hanks would win. Some people compare Fletcher Hanks to Ed Wood, which is a very apt comparison, but Ed seems like a certified professional compared to Fletcher Hanks. So you might wonder what in the world of comic book creations compares to Fletcher Hanks? Two things come to mind. First would be *The Flaming Carrot*. Second would be *Tales Designed to Thrizzle*. But what these guys do intentionally, Fletcher Hanks does by a sheer lack of writing talent or artistic ability.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Buy it for the afterword, if nothing else. By Logan Carroll If you're looking at this, you probably know at least a little about Fletcher Hanks and Stardust. I think the amazing thing about Fletcher Hanks is that, at his best, he is John Romita Sr. twenty years early. He elevates hack art to high art. At his worst, he was just a hack. This collection has a fair amount of his hack work. Before I read this, I had only read a few of the highlights of Stardust, I thought it would all be of that calibre. I was a little disappointed. But the afterword by the editor, Paul Karasik, is a beautiful little comic essay about Fletcher Hanks, it's beyond words how good it is. It's a biography, an indictment, a disappointment, and a tribute to the ability of art and time to transform a violent hack into a hero.

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. "Our Anti-Solar Ray Will Check All Motion and Thereby Destroy the Power of Earth's Gravity!" By Leghorn Faust If anything, Fletcher Hanks proves that there is no limit in the medium known as the comic book. In "I Shall Destroy All the Civilized Planets" Hanks' array of Godly superheroes which include Stardust the Super Wizard and Fantomah the Mystery Woman of the Jungle combat evil in all its forms, whether they're racist stereotypes trying to rob Fort Knox or Gyp Clip and his Anti Gravity Ray which is used to send the entire population of Earth floating into space. The exploits of Hanks' villains are only outdone by the Biblical punishments inflicted upon them by the heroes, such as turning the villain into a caveman and sicking panthers on him, or turning gangsters into rats and having a panther (again) attack them, or enlarging the head of one criminal and having the head absorb the body, then transport the head to a headless headhunter who's body absorbs the head ad nauseam. Oh, and one thing that I have to mention is how of all of Stardust's abilities come in the form of "rays." There's the "anti-gravity" ray, "boomerang" ray, "secret" ray, "magnetic" ray, "suspending" ray, "fusing" ray, "disintegrating" ray, everything is a ray with this guy. I started reading stories just to see what type of ray he would use next. Also included for your reading pleasure are stories featuring Big Red McLane the King of the Northwoods and Buzz Crandell of Space Patrol. The art contained in these two stories are among my favorites in the collection. Don't ask why, I honestly can't explain it. Perhaps it's the weird looking villain in the Buzz Crandell story, (as well as that story's complete anti-climax) or the really memorable fight scene in the Big Red story which probably has the most laughably drawn fight scene I have ever seen in a comic. (But I'm not saying that in a bad way.) It's like Hanks didn't even try with that one. Which leads me to the art itself. Despite its over-the-top violent content, there's an overall innocence to it the same way there is to a drawing that a small child may have drawn. The art is definitely eye catching, perhaps even more so thanks to the very loud and sometimes garish coloring job. (This is the first time I've ever seen the floors and halls of a subway painted green, red and yellow.) One little detail that I noticed was that his characters never seem to wear more than two to three facial expressions per story. Whether this was some sort of joke or done out of laziness we will probably never know, but I somehow found it comforting to know the facial expression the hero would be wearing the next time that New York would be bombed by a fleet of bomber planes. (Every villain in this seems to have a legion of bomber planes.) While Hanks' writing style isn't the comic book equivalent of say Moby Dick or Crime and Punishment, his simple and strange illustrations are decent enough, and I would consider them right on par with likes of Crumb and Seth in an outsider art kind of way. Overall this is a splendid book, and one that any serious comic book collector wouldn't be without.

Welcome to the bizarre world of Fletcher Hanks, the mysterious cartoonist who created a hailstorm of tales of brutal retribution from 1939-1941...and then mysteriously vanished. His obscure and hard to find stories are finally collected here. Welcome to the bizarre world of Fletcher Hanks, Super Wizard of the Inkwell. Fletcher Hanks worked for only a few years in the earliest days of the comic book industry (1939-1941). Because he worked in a gutter medium for second-rate publishers on third-rate characters, his work has been largely forgotten. But among aficionados he is legendary. At the time, comic books were in their infancy. The rules governing their form and content had not been established. In this Anything Goes era, Hanks' work stands out for its thrilling experimentation. At once both crude and visionary, cold and hot as hell, Hanks' work is hard to pigeon hole. One thing is for certain: the stuff is bent. Hanks drew in a variety of genres depicting science-fiction saviors, white women of the jungle, and he-man loggers. Whether he signed these various stories "Henry Fletcher" or "Hank Christy" or "Barclay Flagg" there is no mistaking the unique outsider style of Fletcher Hanks. Cartoonist Paul Karasik (co-adaptor of Paul Auster's *City of Glass*, and co-

author of *The Ride Together: A Memoir of Autism in the Family*) has spent years tracking down these obscure and hard to find stories buried in the back of long-forgotten comic book titles. Karasik has also uncovered a dark secret: why Hanks disappeared from the comics scene. This book collects 15 of his best stories in one volume followed by an afterword which solves the mystery of "Whatever Happened to Fletcher Hanks," the mysterious cartoonist who created a hailstorm of tales of brutal retribution...and then mysteriously vanished. 2008 Eisner Award WINNER: Best Archival Collection/Project Comic Books 2008 Eisner Award Nominee: Best Short Story, "Whatever Happened to Fletcher Hanks?" by Paul Karasik Full-color comics throughout

From Publishers Weekly One of the strangest cartoonists of American comics' Golden Age, Hanks had a short career the 15 stories collected here were all published between 1939 and 1941 but the deranged, nightmarish vigor of his work has made it something of a cult item. Hanks created pulpy characters like Stardust the Super Wizard, the scientific marvel whose vast knowledge of all planets has made him the most remarkable person ever known and the jungle heroine Fantomah, whose face becomes a snarling skull when she uses her magic powers. The artist's manic obsessions turn up again and again: global-scale atrocities, miraculous rays and, most of all, poetically apt punishments. In a typical story, Master-Mind De Structo tries to suffocate America's heads of state with an oxygen-destroying ray, so Stardust turns him into a giant head, then hurls him into a space pocket of living death occupied by a headless headhunter. Hanks's artwork is crude and technically limited (each of his characters has exactly one, wildly caricatured, facial expression), but nearly every page has some image that sings out with deep, primal power. In an afterword, editor Paul Karasik explains how he tracked down Hanks's son and learned a bit more about the artist's sad life and death. (July) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Booklist Hanks, who plied his trade in the late 1930s and early 1940s, has been called the Ed Wood of comic books, but his narratives are far more bizarre than Wood's film scenarios, and his naive artwork resembles that of outsider artists like Henry Darger. His creations include jungle queen Fantomah, who morphs into an all-powerful, skull-faced avenger; he-man lumberjack Big Red McLane; and his chef d'oeuvre, Stardust, "master of space and interplanetary forces," a tiny-headed, barrel-chested, eight-foot superhero with limitless powers. Hanks definitely had a vision, albeit a loopy one. In every story here, justice is meted out in cruelly imaginative ways to "spies and grade-A racketeers," "a gigantic fifth column," and other miscreants. Stardust transforms them into icicles that melt away, or giant rats he then drowns. Hanks' crude but powerful draftsmanship makes such grisly executions laughably nightmarish. In a comics-format afterword as sensitive and nuanced as Hanks' work is harsh and blunt, compiler Karasik tracks down the fate of the elusive Hanks, who vanished from the scene after producing a handful of hauntingly demented works. Flagg, Gordon Awkward, weird and just a monkey ball of visual fun. - Chris Reilly, Bookslut These are comic books in their unfiltered, prewar form, a superheroic fever dream, the sort of deliciously salacious stores that made Mom chuck all the comics out. - Aaron Ragan-Fore, Eugene Weekly A perfect example of publishers saving comics from obscurity great stories, incredibly trite but lively with a passionate definition of right and wrong, which gives them an infectious dynamism and excitement. - Christian Zabriskie, Graphic Novel Reporter An unrecognized genius of the form one of comics ultimate outside artists unquestionably distinctive. - Brian Heater, New York Press "These stories of weird justice were illustrated in a style of studied primitivism that seems to mix Basil Wolverton with Grandma Moses. And while the best way to discover Hanks is the way I did in Golden Age comic reprints, sticking out like a weird sore thumb in between the adventures of tough-guy lugs like Shark Brodie and Hooks Devlin the concentrated dosage in this collection is still a fascinating picture of a truly one-of-a-kind artist whose view of existence as a perpetual penal sentence was evidently borne out by his miserable life and bleak death... while Hanks may not have been an exemplary human being, he was driven by a force of imagination that few of his era could match. - Rack Raids Hanks may have been the most bat-shit insane cartoonist to ever wield a pen...almost every panel here feels as if it has been rescued from a majestic nightmare. - Douglas Wolk, Salon Bold and eccentric, truly the work of a visionary. - Joshua Glen, The Boston Globe Beautiful and thrilling and terrifying. - Tom Spurgeon, The Comics Reporter The grotesque physiognomies of Hanks's criminal masterminds and the overamped colors are as trippy as anything that appeared in 70s underground comics. - R. C. Baker, The Village Voice I Shall Destroy All the Civilized Planets is probably the archival project of the year, in that (a) these comics were not readily available in any format other than their original printings, and (b) this is an essential book for any comics library. - Dick Hyacinth Fletcher Hanks was this old guy back in the old days who made magic jellybeans. The magic jellybeans looked like comics, but they were magic jellybeans. - Gary Panter There is something cracked here. The feeling is that of a third grader in the back row drawing unbelievably complex destructo-machines while inside of him a grown man boils with hate and rage: Kill them all! And where did those jaws come from? - Greil Marcus Hanks is a wild card original who very nearly slipped through the cracks of art history. To those among us who spend years sifting through the cultural chaff looking for those tiny flecks of art gold, this book is truly a miraculous dream come true. - Kim Deitch [The] recovery from oblivion of these treasures is in itself a major work of art. - Kurt Vonnegut Fletcher Hanks was one strange, f-ed up bastard who created some of the weirdest, creepiest, and (entirely by accident) most revealing comics of the Golden

Era. - Steve Hockensmith, author of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Zombies*