

# A Tale of Three Jeffreys

To steal from and then bastardize Forrest Gump's mantra, every new connection is like a box of chocolates, you never know where it will lead. Despite my website being both archaic and an eyesore, I still get interesting emails on a fairly regular basis. Most turn into a few emails, some into deals but several have turned into interesting adventures in art and a few have turned into friendships. I approach all these new emails with a very open mind as I have had such good experiences with their outcomes. The worst that happens is I spend a few minutes replying and that is the last I hear from them. Before I get to the main portion of my article and since I am on this topic, I am going to wander off the path for a moment to share a recent example of these types of encounters and share with you some cool new art. Stories like this justify me keeping my website alive.

In November of 2018, just over a year ago of you reading this article, an email shows up in my inbox from a B. Lehner. This email shows me a picture of a unrolled illustration by Caniff. It was done large size as one of his "chalk talk" demonstrations in 1956



when Caniff was visiting his old fraternity at Ohio State University, Sigma Chi. The piece was then given to the then chapter president of the fraternity, Robert Lehner. He kept the piece all these years and since having passed, his family was trying to figure out what to do with this piece. The piece is aged and having been rolled for decades, it was not an easy piece to get pictures of due to it wanting to roll up again.

That email could not have found a more perfect inbox to end up in. This was a much loved piece by the former owner that needed a home and someone to take care of this. I knew it was big, but at 40 by 60 inches it has to be seen in person to appreciate the scale. After a few months of talking and waiting for another family member to pull it out of storage, the piece arrived in a huge 6 foot tall tube on my doorstep. Being chalk on paper, it is very delicate but the board was a lot thicker than the drawing pads paper I had been expecting and so the roll was quite noticeable. I spent a few months trying to flatten this out under weights but it still wanted to keep its curl. I knew I would eventually get it framed because it needed that frame to protect the art. The risk of the chalk rubbing off more or damage due to size and the curl in the art made me decide to move on to a frame a bit sooner.

I got the piece back about a month ago from the framer and here it is framed in my basement bathroom. The correspondence with the family was also great. In addition to context and the background, I got a sense of their father and how he cherished this piece and also the relief from the family that the art was moving on to someone who would care for it. I did tell them that the eventual plan at this time



## CANIFF SKETCHES GIANT 'POTEET'

Milton Caniff, center, creator of The Dispatch comic strip, "Steve Canyon," sketches a giant-sized "Poteet Canyon" for two appreciative Sigma Chis at the Athletic Club Friday night. Left is Algie Clark, Dayton, president of the

Ohio State University chapter in 1926 when Caniff was an OSU student, and at right, Robert Lehner, 367 Brynhild Rd, current president of the OSU chapter.—(Dispatch Staff Photo)



for my Caniff art is for it to go to the Billy Ireland Museum one day and they seemed to like that ultimate plan too having strong ties to OSU with their father. Note the Sigma Chi pin Poteet is sporting. There was also a small newspaper clipping

documenting Caniff's visit and the art plus Robert Lehner in his youth. Columbus Evening Dispatch.

The same week this piece arrived I get an email regarding the Jeff Jones statue I own of a young girl. I bought this statue from a local comic book store owner about 4 years ago. It was an odd item and he didn't know what to do with it but it came as part of a collection and so he offered it to me. I didn't know what to do with it either but I took it. It is from Jeffrey Catherine Jones and was produced in 1970. There were three castings of this to my knowledge. The first was a very limited run of 10 in plaster that were given to friends and to promote his skill. A larger casting of 75 was made in 1970 in Vatican stone and are signed by Jones. This is from that 1970 casting. It is my understanding some did not

Jones and the 1970 on the cast was altered to look like 1976. There were 100 of the final castings made, also in Vatican stone. This piece predated Idy'll and some have speculated



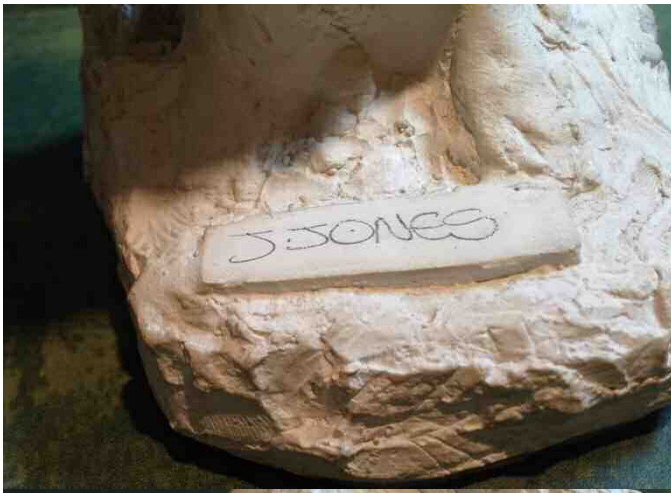
that this girl was a prototype for her. My example was double signed and so from the first Vatican stone example. I have taken the liberty of including several large images so that there is a decent photo reference for this statue if anyone ever needs it for other reasons. It is a great looking statue. It certainly grew on me during the time I had it but in the end it is outside of what I collect and I was always worried about it falling over or off my cabinet and having it damaged. It was meant to move on to another

collection. The last 2 images are from eBay of the 1976 casting.

survive shipping and a number have not survived the years so there are certainly less than 75 of these in world today. A final casting was done in 1976 but these were not signed by

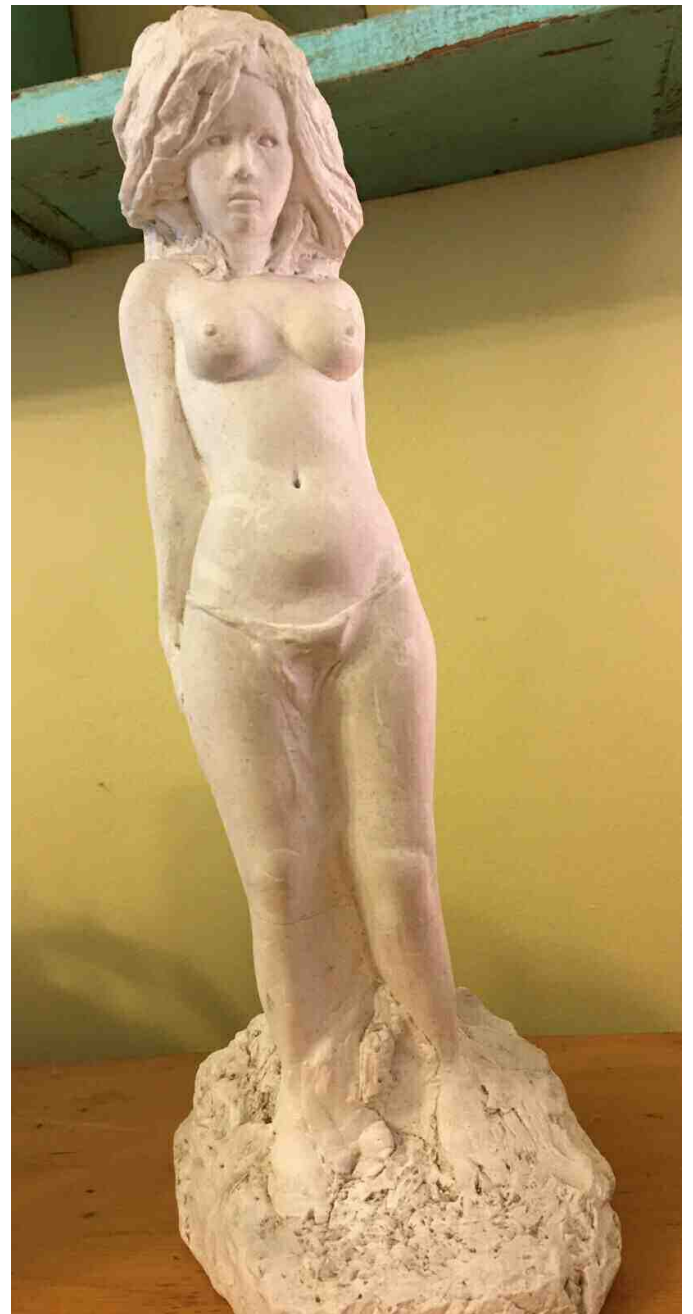






So, when I got an email about this statue I was already on the fence about parting with it. It is a rare vintage Jones masterpiece that I had grown quite fond of but also at the same time something I wasn't taking care of properly. I figured we could discuss it. It turns out the person contacted me because he recognized my email as being local to Toronto where he lives too. This is how I met Jeffrey Morgan.

We email back and forth a bit and a deal is quickly agreed upon. I then get some further emails in which Jeffrey tells me a bit about his comic history and tells me has some art that he collected over the years that just sits in storage or in files and is not being enjoyed. He feels bad about this



and sends me a few scans of a few pieces. He wants to pass on all of the art he has so that it is enjoyed by someone rather than sitting in storage and even if I am just a means for getting that art to the right people, he offers me the pages. We renegotiate our statue deal into a trade cash deal and we set up a meet time. Jeffrey lives in the downtown core of Toronto and I am not down that often but the first email arrives just 4 or 5 days before TCAF and I am going to be downtown and so I make arrangements for a quick drop off of the statue and exchange of the artwork in front of his condo. We communicate by phone and as I am returning from TCAF in the early evening we meet. I have Mark Nevins in the car along with his two kids and my eldest who was just looking for a ride home from a day of hanging out downtown. Mark is from NYC and staying with us for the TCAF weekend to attend the convention. The quick hand off ends up being about a 20 minute interaction in a little pull out off of Yonge street.

Jeffrey, Mark and I hit it off right away. We talked more about music than comic art as Jeffrey has a background in that field but more on that in a moment. The stack of art I got from Jeffrey was bigger than I expected and he added other pieces I had no idea would be included, plus he paid me more cash than we had agreed upon too. How many trade deals have that happened to you with? I didn't have time to look at the art standing there on a busy Saturday on a main downtown artery and so we put the art in the car, shook hands and off we went. It wasn't until we got home that Mark and I went through the booty. I will share the art that was in that package with you throughout the rest of this article.

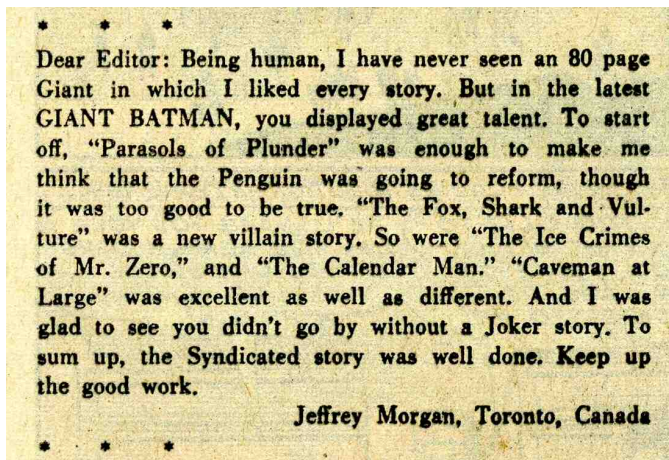
The one piece I was most excited about seeing was a vintage Jeffrey Jones illustration. Jeffrey later told me that he bought it from Jones directly in Toronto at a comic convention around 1972. It was \$20 at the time and Jones had several there for sale. The next year when Morgan went back, Jones had art for sale but no longer figurative work, there were florals and the price had gone up substantially so this is the only piece he ever ended up getting from Jones.

So far, here is a deal that involved two pieces of art by Jeffrey Jones changing collections between two Jeffreys and hence the terribly awkward title to this article.

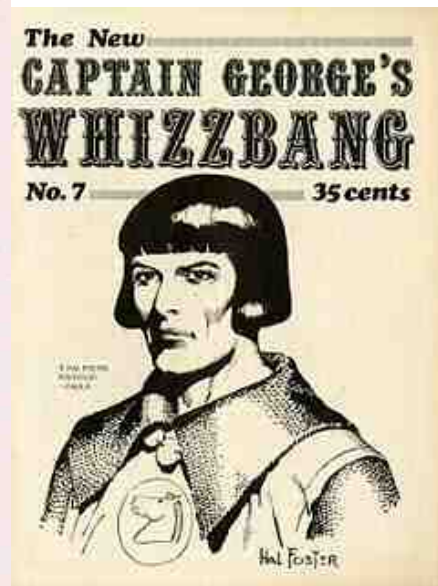
Through my emails and lunches with Jeffrey we became acquainted. He was born in the mid 1950's and grew up locally in Toronto. Having been exposed to comics at an early age, he was already a fan in his teens and had a letter published in 1966 in Batman #182, the first of many including two in the same issue of Captain America #122. The first was under his name and second sent from a different address under Baron Zemo. His frequent letter publications became well known and National Lampoon did a spoof of his letters, in his writing style and signed it as Stan Spooner from Toronto.

In addition to the many letters sent to Marvel, Jeffrey would also frequently haunt one of the first comic

specialty stores in North America, Memory Lane. Memory Lane was famous for more than just comics and their flamboyant owner Captain George Henderson. The store was also a comic art gallery, an organizer of early comic conventions and also the publisher of comic strip reprints



in his Captain George's Whizzbang. Within its pages were the first time many strips had ever seen reprinting since they started in the 20's and 30's. Whizzbang was the first time most readers had seen Krazy Kat, Little Nemo, Rarebit Fiend, Popeye, Flash Gordon and many others we take for granted as being well known now. Whizzbang is credited by many as being what saved some strip art from disappearing into obscurity. The press also put out two other reprint zines, Captain George's



Penny Dreadful and Captain George's Comic Book World. The influence of Memory Lane on the comic scene in Toronto cannot be overstated. The CBC did a television spot on the store in the late 60's. Memory Lane also displayed comic art on its walls and was a gallery of sorts for this material. The store closed long before I was in the comic scene in

Toronto but I have heard so much lore about this place that sometimes I feel like I could have been there.

Memory Lane is also where Jeffrey Morgan got involved in comics as more than an avid reader. As a teen he started



Memory Lane circa 1969

to work there.

Memory Lane was well known and many artists would visit the shop when they were in town and Jeffrey met quite a few this way. When the store put on street conventions and more formalized conventions, artists would often attend as guests and being on staff meant Jeffrey got to meet many of them including multiple encounters with The Studio artists over many years. Later, Jeffrey helped organize a bigger series of conventions up at York University in Toronto called Cosmicon in the early 70's.

As a teen, Morgan was a budding comic artist. He had met Stan Lee on several occasions in the 60's in Toronto. Jeffrey's father had taken him on a trip to New York City to the Marvel offices with an appointment to meet with Stan about becoming a Marvel Artist in the early 70's. A bit more on that later.

Jeffrey went on to work in comics on and off for through the 80's and 90's. His first writing was for Star Reach Comics in 1979 in a 16 page story illustrated by Ken Steacy. In the 80's Jeffrey wrote issues and then a 12 issue arc for Mister X printed by Vortex Press. He has since written several introductions to collected comic works.

Jeffrey also drew some published comic work in Vortex comics.

Although busy in comics, this was not Jeffrey's biggest interest. He was a rock music fan and had a long career as a rock critic. This began with letters to CREEM Magazine in 1973 and led to him being hired in 1974 by the editor. He would move on to become the Canadian editor of the magazine and continued to write monthly articles until the magazine folded in 1988. When it resurfaced for 5 years in 2003, Jeffrey was again a monthly contributor.

During his university years, Jeffrey wrote for York University's newspaper and did a radio show. Morgan had a very industrious, consistent and long career in being a rock critic and also writing and hosting radio programs. There are too many things to talk about here but he did write the authorized biography for Alice Cooper which appeared in a special edition box set of the album. Alice has been a long-time friend of Jeffrey's. This was followed by an authorized biography of Iggy Pop and the Stooges.

In addition to writing about music, Jeffrey was a musician himself and had recorded an album with Dean Motter, the comic book writer and artist.

As a Blue Blazer Irregular since 1987, he also has been writing for the Buckaroo Bonsai fanzine World Watch One. As many of you have guessed, my monkeyb0y email handle is a BB reference so another bonding point for us.

There is more...Jeffrey was also a photographer and many of his photos have been published in the rock journals he worked for. He also took pictures of artists and conventions that have never been seen before. Over this issue, I will share with you some of Jeffrey's pictures with his permission.

All of the above you have read about was what Jeffrey did in his spare time. He had a regular 9-5 salary job working for the government. It was a way to make sure he had financial stability, as a career as a writer and artist may not always pay the bills. Smart, creative and driven.

Here are some questions Jeffrey answered for me during an email interview that you might enjoy. It is readily apparent that he is a much better writer than yours truly.

***Tell us about your first introduction to comics and how things progressed from there.***

As far as I can remember, dating back to the late '50s and early '60s, the three mainstays of my childhood were the records played on the Morgan family Nordmende Hi-Fi; the cartoon shows broadcast on television; and the comic books on sale in the corner United Cigar Store.

The records—which, in addition to the standard 45 and 33½ RPM formats, also included the faster 78s and the even the larger disc slower 16s—were courtesy of my father, Joe Morgan (who was at the time the Sports Director at Foster Hewitt's radio station CKFH, and later became the News Director at radio station CKEY), and

proved to provide an invaluable latent indoctrination for my later career as a rock critic and *de facto* Canadian Editor at CREEM: America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine for twenty years—but that was a decade in the future.

Right from the very beginning, however, I had my sights set on being a comic book artist. Indeed, according to a letter that my father wrote to William Hanna and Joseph Barbera in 1961, I was drawing cartoons since I was four years old. Needless to say, when I received a letter that year from none other than Fred Flintstone himself, telling me that my drawings were “marvelous” and “wonderful” I was, at seven years of age, only



Stan Lee and Jeffrey Morgan 1968

encouraged to continue with my chosen career.

I gave up that dream nine years later in 1970 when, while sitting in his New York office at Marvel, none other than Stan Lee himself advised me not to get into comics, saying: “I wouldn’t if I were you. It’s not a very nice business.” ’Nuff said!

***You’ve attended some of the oldest comic conventions in Canada and the world. Take us back and describe them to us and tell us about your impressions and experiences.***

Back in the mid ‘60s, “Captain” George Henderson had a used book store in Toronto at Queen and University called Viking Books. My father took me there one day and allowed me to buy an old comic book for price of one dollar—a huge sum of money in those days, especially when regular comic books were selling all in color for a dime. I had the choice between a Batman comic and a Superman comic. I chose the sixtieth issue of Superman, which I still have. A few years later, George moved his store to “Honest” Ed Mirvish’s own Markham Street Village and renamed it Memory Lane, where the emphasis was split between old movie posters and old comic books.

Thus it was on the long July first weekend in 1968 that Markham Street was host to the Triple Fan Fair, which was nothing less than Canada’s first convention celebrating comic art; science fiction; and movies. However, unlike today’s conventions, what made the Triple Fan Fair truly unique was that it was held almost entirely on the street, like an actual street fair. And although it may have seemed visually unwise to screen movies outside on a bed sheet

under the cloudless noontime sun, it was worth it to just catch a fleeting flickering glimpse of films like *The Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari*, which I had read about in *Famous Monsters Of Filmland*, but never had the opportunity to see.

The guest of honor and star attraction of the Triple Fan Fair—“In Person” said the promotional flyer which I also still have—was Stan Lee who, in 1968, was indeed “The Man” both literally and figuratively. On top of the pop culture and comic book mountain, Stan spent the



Stan Lee Cosmicon 1975

afternoon signing autographs and talking with fans as he walked through the Village and along Bloor Street. It wouldn’t be too much of an exaggeration to say that I monopolized most of his time and, to his credit, Stan treated me as a peer—a gracious trait he would repeat when I met him a second time in 1970 as mentioned, and again in 1975 at Cosmicon Three.

Because of my nascent participation in Toronto’s comic book fandom, including working at Captain George’s Memory Lane store during the summers months, I helped to organize the first Cosmicon, short for Cosmic Convention, which was held in Downsview at York University’s Winter College in January of 1973. Once again Stan Lee was a guest of honor, but this time, he wasn’t the only star attraction. Sharing equal billing with him was Jim Steranko, who designed the first Cosmicon poster, French film director Alain Resnais. I’ve had many a great memory over the years, and one of my fondest ones is sitting with Steranko at the convention’s Saturday night staff dinner and watching as Stan and Alain discussed how they could collaborate on a film together. A few hours after that, Ted Nugent and The Amboy Dukes drove in from Detroit to play an evening set. A decade later, when I told Ted that he’d played a comic book convention, he didn’t believe me at first, but I convinced him by telling him what songs he’d played.

***You mentioned working at Memory Lane, which was ahead of its time displaying original art. Tell us about the shop, the set up, and the customer reactions to all of this.***

I first met artist and photographer Tom Robe at Triple Fan Fair in 1968. Tom, who is a year or so older than myself, was already working at Memory Lane. When Tom left in the early ‘70s, I took over his position and working there during the summer months for several years. My



Stan Lee and Jeffrey Morgan 1970



duties included getting coffees for George; doing the banking; sorting out the inventory and, when George wasn't there, making sales behind the counter. The customers loved the unpretentious ambience and being surrounded by walls of comics selling for fifteen cents each and posters selling for a dollar each.

George was also a comic arts publisher, responsible for the weekly *Captain George's Penny Dreadful* ("A Weekly Review Of The Arts"); the monthly magazine *Captain George's Whizzbang*; and the folded broadsheet *Captain George's Comic World*.

The display of original comic book art in Memory Lane began when Tom Robe went to the 1970 New York comic book convention to sell a mint condition copy of Action Comics number one—the same issue that Tom now believes to be the one that actor Nicholas Cage sold for over two million dollars in 2011. While he was at the convention, Tom bought a *Johnny Comet* daily from Frank and Ellie Frazetta for seventy bucks; an original drawing from Roy G. Krenkel for seventy bucks; and a signed limited edition sculpture of a young girl from Jeff Jones for, you guessed it, seventy bucks, which seems to have been the going rate back then.

Upon Tom's return, George framed and hung the Frazetta and Krenkel art on the hallway wall, just inside the front door. As for the Jones statue, which is the only one that ever crossed the border into Canada, George displayed it on the Memory Lane front counter for several decades until it was given to a friend. And as you know, Jeff, it's the same Jeff Jones statue that you recently sold to me fifty years later, completing the circle of acquisition.

A few years later I helped George open The Whizzbang Gallery, which was in the lower level of the store next to Memory Lane. True to its name, the Gallery had rotating art displays, ranging from comic book art to rare Canadian pulp cover paintings. Special guests would sometimes hold talks there, one such notable occasion being when Harvey

Kurtzman, who spent an afternoon at the Whizzbang in 1975, gave me an impromptu dissertation on the difference between '50s comics which were printed in Canada on plastic plates and American comics which were printed on metal plates—a result of my giving Kurtzman an inferior Canadian copy of MAD number three to sign.

Captain George Henderson will forever remain the pioneering Godfather of Canadian Comics, even though he isn't officially recognized for his innovative accomplishments in the field.

***You collected sketches and art for a number of years. there are still two pieces you held on to when you passed on everything to me. What are those and why did you keep them?***

Like any writer, I can't resist telling a good story and the story behind one of them is too good to keep to myself. So it's around one in the afternoon on Saturday January 26, 1974, and I'm sitting by myself at a desk in the Cosmicon Two comic book convention office at York University when who should come sauntering in, fresh from lunch, but the lay down the law firm of Wrightson, Kaluta, and Jones.

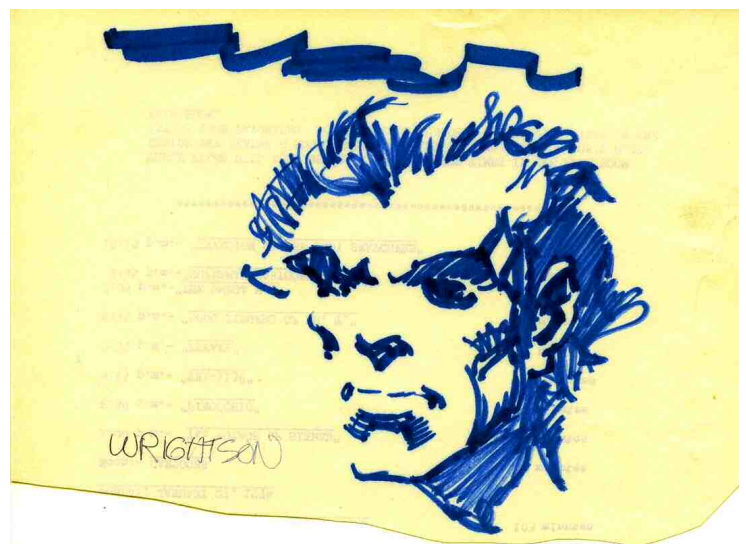
Seeing me there alone in the empty office, Wrightson holds out a piece of paper to me and says: "You want a drawing?"

"Sure," says I, taking the blue magic marker sketch.

Whereupon Kaluta looks at Wrightson and says: "You could at least *sign* it for the kid."

At which point Jones takes the drawing from my hand, puts it on the desk, picks up a ball point pen, signs it "WRIGHTSON" in a perfect forgery, and hands it back to me.

A true story about three of the greatest graphic artists who ever lived.



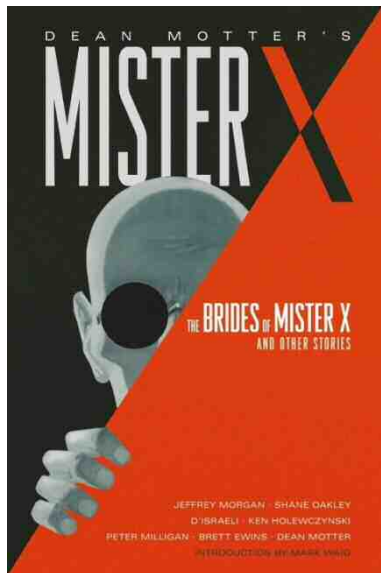
As for the second piece of art, it was an illustration by my good friend Dean Motter that I originally saw on display in the mid '70s at a showing of Canadian comic book art at Hart House on the University of Toronto campus. Knowing how much I liked it, Dean was kind enough to give it to me as a birthday present several years later while we were recording an album together.



**You were involved in publishing as well as a writer, artist, and editor. What were your impressions of that process and why did you not pursue it further?**

Although I still fool myself into believing that I know more about comic books than I know about rock music, as mentioned earlier, I ended up spending over twenty years as the longest-serving writer at CREEM: America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine. I'm also the authorized biographer of both Alice Cooper and Iggy Pop & The Stooges. That and a token will get me into the subway.

And although Stan Lee, to whom I admitted having influenced my entire rock critic writing style, did advise me not to become a comic book artist, he didn't say anything about my not becoming a book writer. Which is why it continues to amuse me to no end that in 2011 Dark Horse Comics published my graphic novel *The Brides of Mister X* in a deluxe hardcover edition, complete with dust jacket and two color die-cut cover. I'm a blessed man.



**Tell us about your involvement with vortex comics and what happened to the company**

When Dean Motter created the comic book *Mister X* for Bill Marks' Vortex Comics, he was also managing a design studio that specialized in art direction for record companies, primarily trade advertisements, store posters,

and album cover designs—the latter of which earned him two Juno Awards.

However, the combined workload of both running a major design studio and writing and designing a monthly comic book was too much for Dean to handle and, as a result, the monthly *Mister X* comic book was already at times a bi-monthly due to too many missed deadlines. Rather than see it become a quarterly, Dean reluctantly had to choose between managing his studio and maintaining *Mister X*.

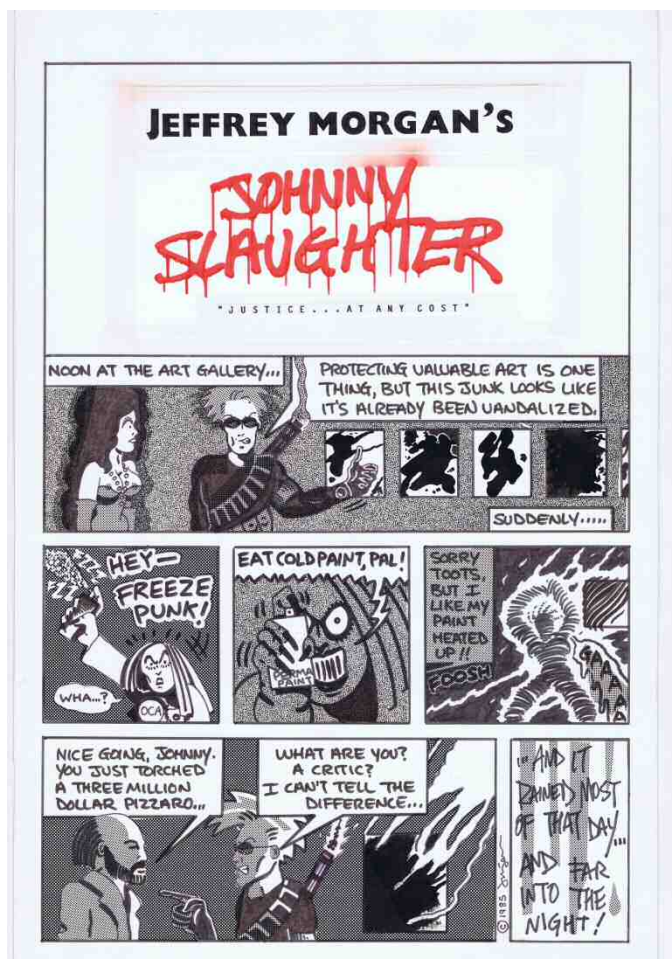
That's when Bill Marks requested that I take over the writing chores to ensure that the book would come out every month. Having known Dean since 1975, I knew how much *Mister X* meant to Dean, I accepted to keep the book "in the family" so to speak. A few years later, the collapse of the independent comic book market claimed Vortex as well.

**Are the Johnny Slaughter pages the only pages you have drawn that were published or did you do more work? I know you have tried your hand at writing too.**

Actually, the three "Johnny Slaughter" strips that I wrote and drew for Vortex were the culmination of a Vortex mini-series that I wrote and drew for *Vortex* magazine called "The Studio." It was an obvious satire on the daily workings of a design studio run by "Dean Modern"



featuring fellow artists "Paul Revox" and "Ken Spacey." The high point of the strip was when Marvel's very own "Fabulous" Flo Steinberg actually wrote in to the *Vortex* letters section praising the series. Prior to that, I had written or drawn one or two short stories for a few anthology comics, the most prominent being a Star\*Reach cover story that I wrote which was illustrated by Ken Steacy.

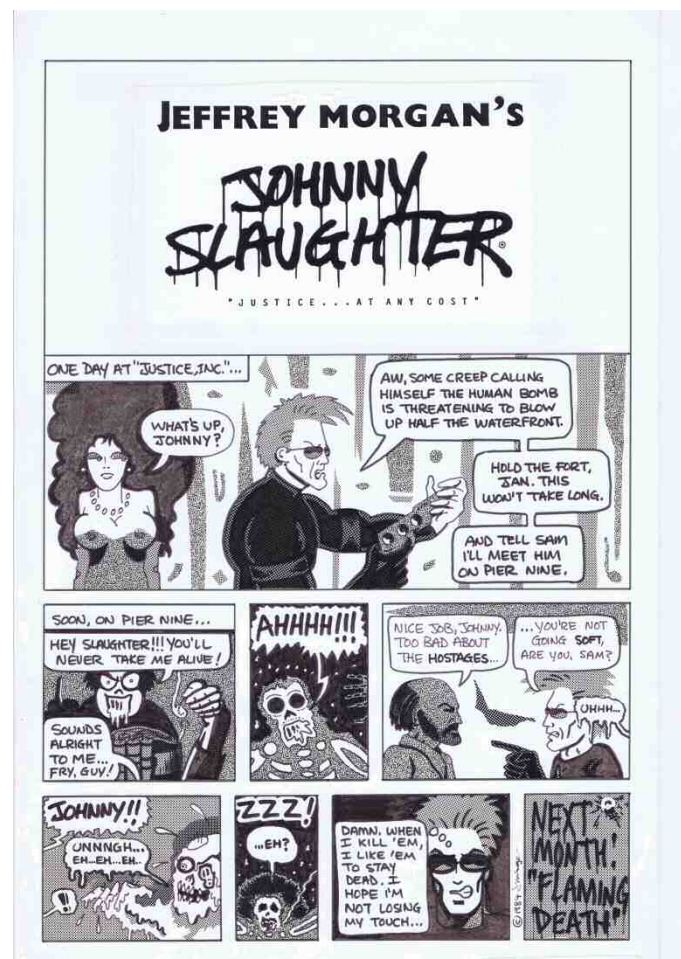


*You have read comics quite widely, what are some of your favorite storylines and some of your favorite artists or artist combos.*

Instead, how about if I list every single comic creator who most influenced my rock critic writing style? Stan Lee. That's it. Indeed, back in 1975, I even went so far as to give Stan an autographed photo of the two of us in 1968, on the back of which I thanked him for being my number one writing influence. As for the 95,000 word novel that I just finished writing and have yet to publish, I'm additionally indebted to the structure and style of Chester Gould, Jim Steranko, Frank Miller, Jeff Jones, Ann Nocenti, Vaughn Bodé, and Howard Chaykin.

*In our deal with the Jeffrey Jones statue you passed on a big package of art to me. i know a lot of that was very personal material but you had a rational for giving it all up that i found inspiring, can you reiterate your thoughts.*

Although I had a small collection of original comic art drawings and sketches, none of them were hanging on my walls. It irked me to no end that for decades they were all filed away in a storage locker rather than being in a good home where they'd have the opportunity to be appreciated and passed on to other like-minded owners instead of being doomed to be destined for destruction after my death. And you thought I was kidding about that Stan Lee-influenced alliterative run-on-sentence bit, didn't you?



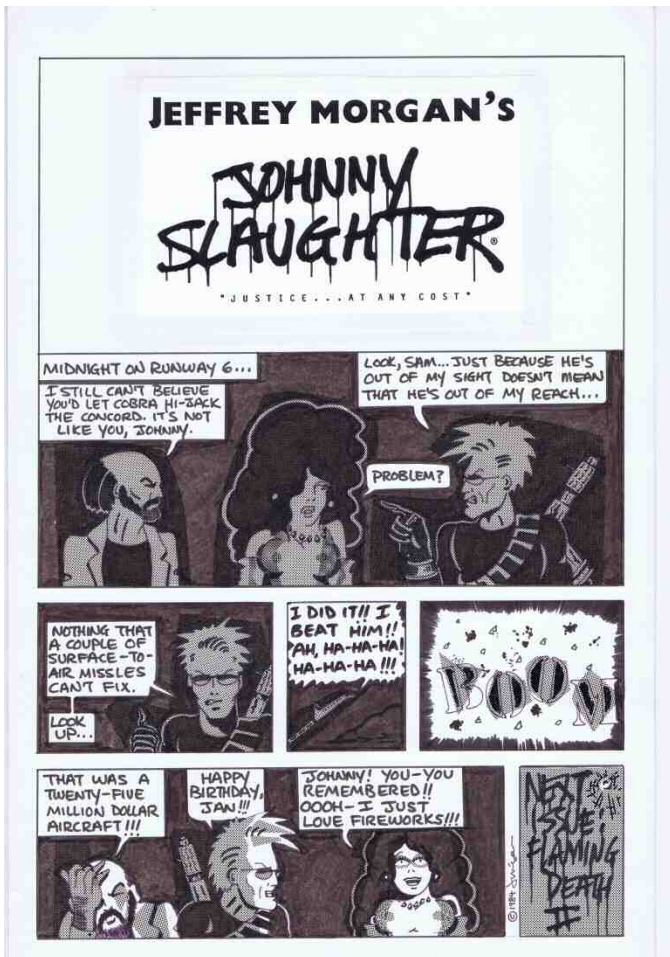
*We all love to hear Stan stories. any good anecdotes from the times you met up with Stan?*

So it's 1970 and I'm sitting on the couch in Stan's office at Marvel Comics in New York, showing him samples of my artwork. I'm sixteen-years-old and the artwork looks like it was drawn by a sixteen-year-old. When he was finished, Stan looked up at me. "So you want to work in comic books," he said. "Well, I wouldn't if I were you. *It's not a very nice business.*" And I realized that what he was saying had nothing to do with the quality of my art because, oddly enough, even during our first meeting in 1968, Stan always talked to me as a peer.

Then he paused and leaned forward. "You know, my wife and I recently moved out to a new place in Long Island," he confided. "And every month the office sends out to the house a big box containing all of the comics that we put out that month. And they *keep* sending them out, month after month, and the boxes are piling up, unopened, and my wife is always after me to get *rid* of them. But I *can't* because *they've all got my name in them!*"

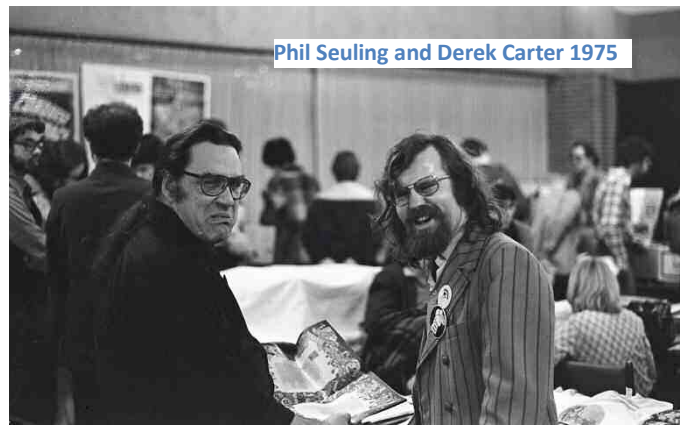
*You met the studio guys a few times in their early days, what were your impressions of them?*

For a buncha guys who were on top of the comic art world, they were as gracious as you'd want them to be. The first time I met Barry Windsor-Smith, he gave me one of his signed limited edition prints, for no other reason than I was a big fan of his and he was a nice guy. Decades later,



when I met him a second time, he actually recognized me. Actually, what he said was that he recognized my long rock critic hair. Back then, I'd get that a lot—and I still would, if I didn't keep it short. As for the other three, I already told you about their stand-up comedy routine over that unsigned drawing that Wrightson gave me. In fact, of all the comic book people I met, every single one of them was kind to me—even Phil Seuling!

One thing about Vaughn Bodé, however. You know the old cliché about someone having eyes that are a thousand years old? Well, when I looked into Bodé's eyes, they literally looked like they were a thousand years old. As in ancient. I'll never forget that, and I've never seen it since with anyone else. But when it came time for me to interview him via long-distance mail, da Bodé was probably the most gracious of them all. I mean, who else



but the Cartoon Gooroo would take his valuable time to write out answers to my typed questions and then mail them back to me at his own expense?

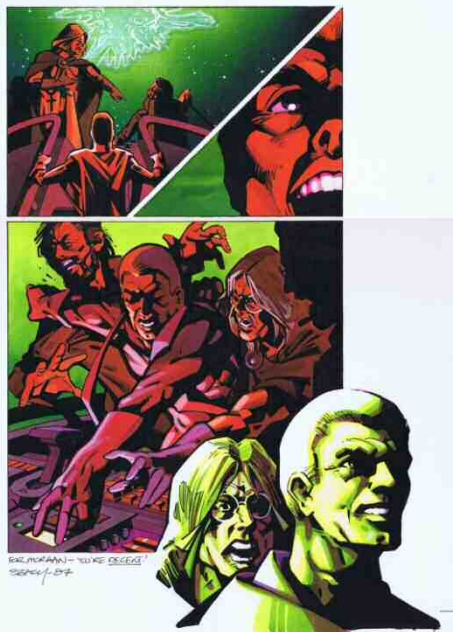
Now to finish of the story that started this article. Imagine young Jeffrey in Memory Lane looking at that Jeff Jones statue for months and then it being sold off. The impact of that statue on his 15 year old psyche would follow him for the next almost 50 years until he stumbled upon my statue. After the exchange, he cleaned up the statue and was very happy to have it in his collection. At Jeffrey's bequest, I asked the comic shop owner I acquired it from if the statue had come from a certain collector who was known to be the one who bought the statue back in 1970. It had. This was the exact same statue that Jeffrey had seen and it has spent the last 49 years trying to find him. I got to participate in that and couldn't be happier that the statue is now where it belongs. I got to enjoy it for a few years but I have no doubt that I was never its intended owner, just a conduit to getting it to where it belongs. Indeed, a Tale of Three Jeffreys.

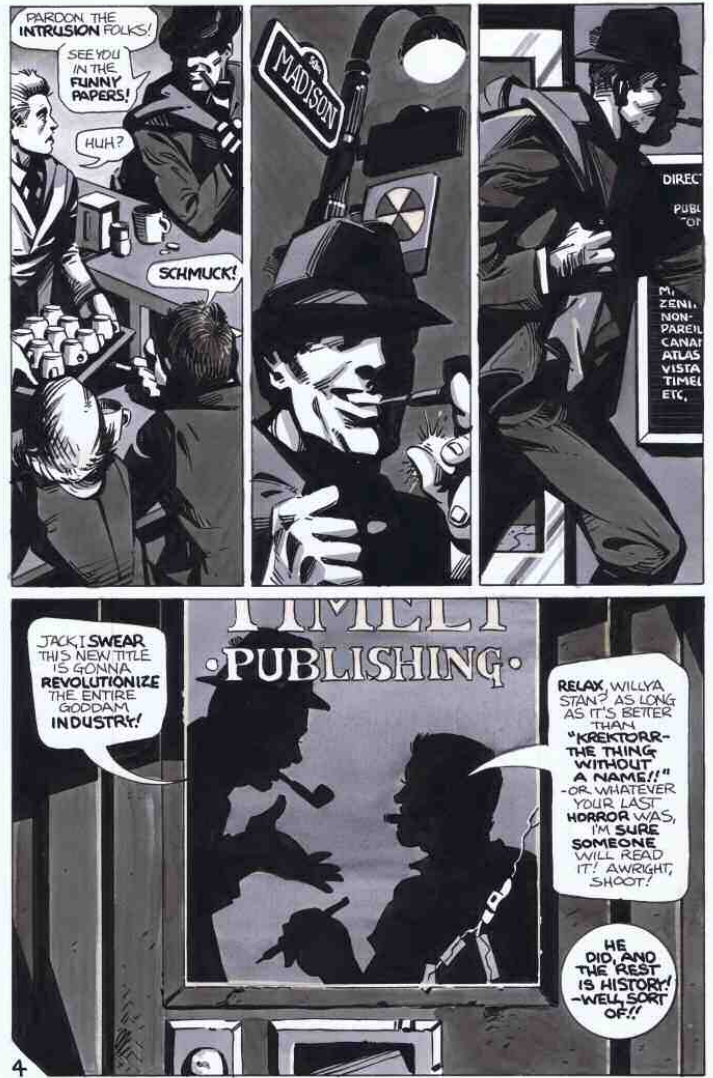
I talk a lot about collecting karma and how some pieces just belong with some people and even if I have a piece I love, it really belongs somewhere else I will not stand in its way. I have done this many times for others and I think it is the right thing to do when you. Perhaps one day



someone will return the favor.

**Other Pieces from the Jeffrey Morgan collection.** Four page Ken Steacy story, the Fantastic Fear suggesting a possible inspiration for the Fantastic Four. Epic comics page and A Steranko spoof, Epic page from the Sacred and Profane and a Dawn Pharoah pin-up all by Steacy.

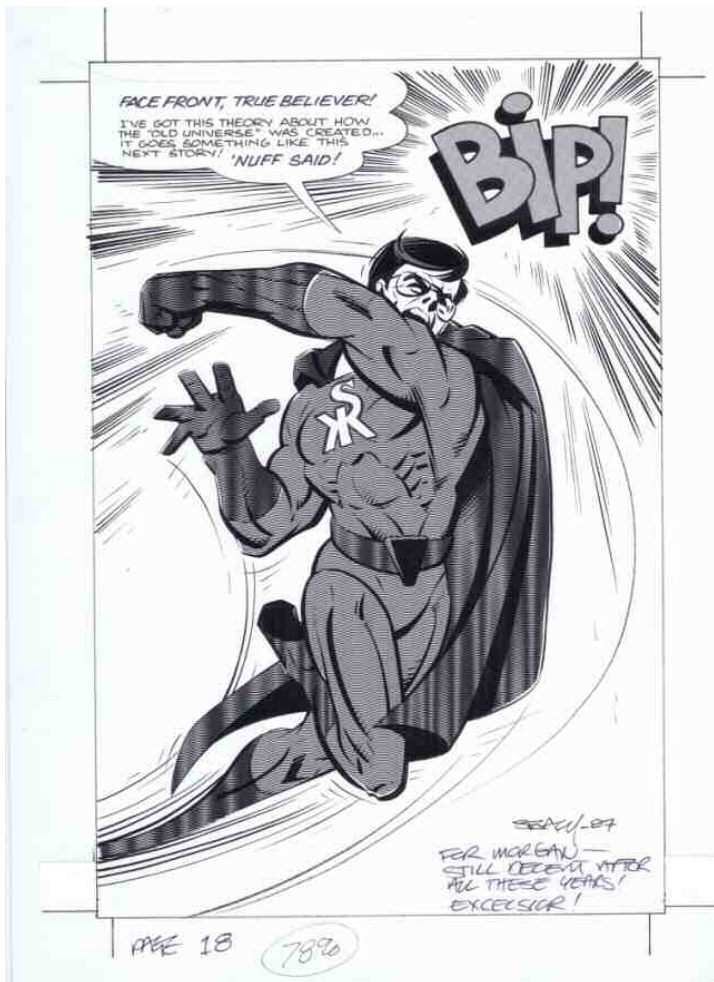
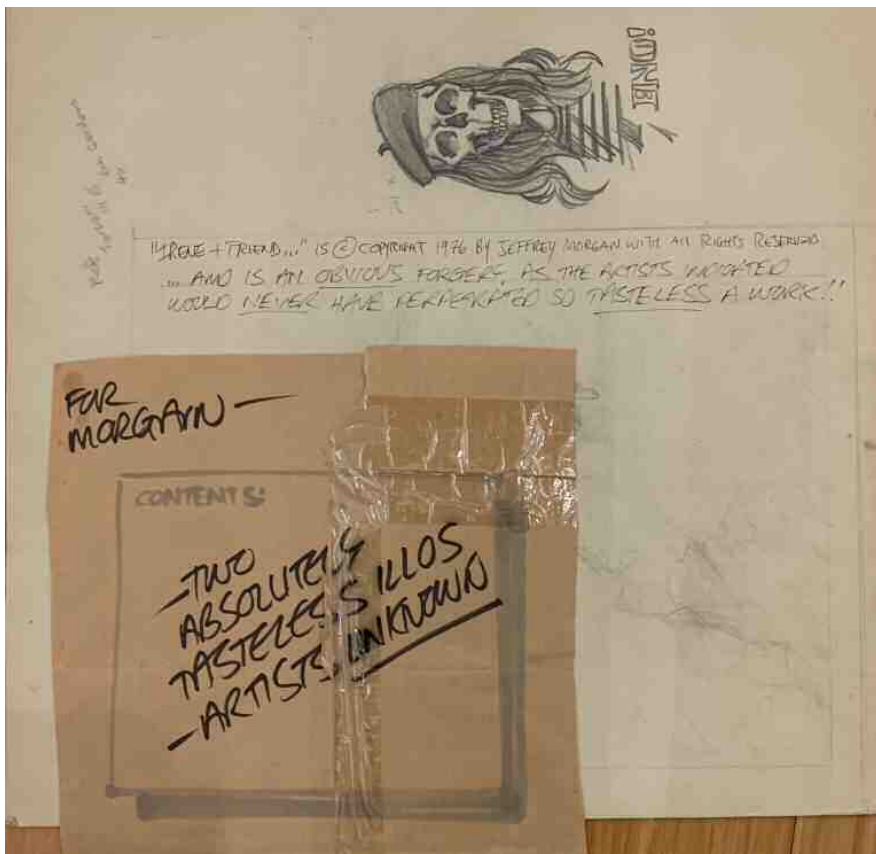




Lots more art including a Ken Steacy commission with characters from the Sacred and Profane which I have kept the

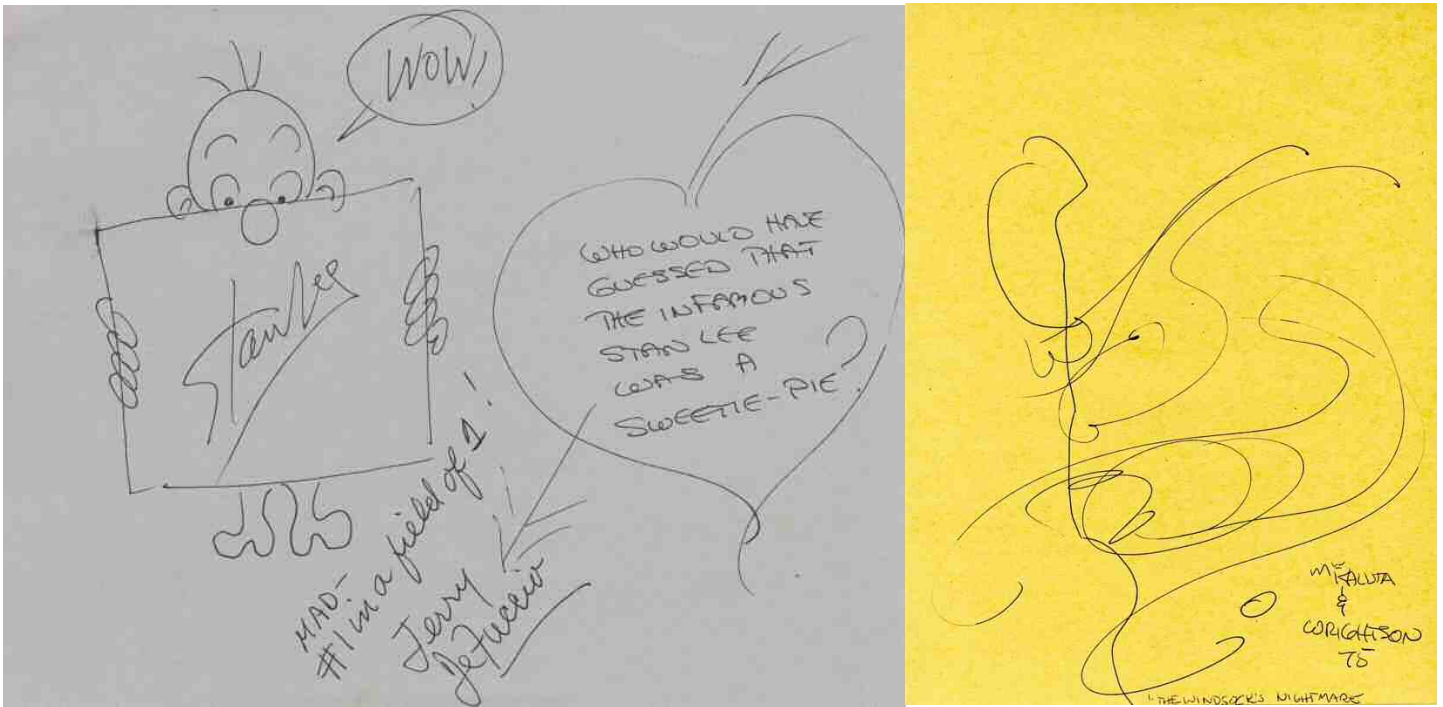
image small on purpose and have included a scan of the back of the art and the artist's inscription. On the following pages a David Bowie with sunglasses illustration, a page from a Steacy special comic and the wrap around cover to the Sacred and Profane Graphic Novel/TPB. Also, a stand-alone one page story written by Jeffrey and drawn by Ronn Sutton.



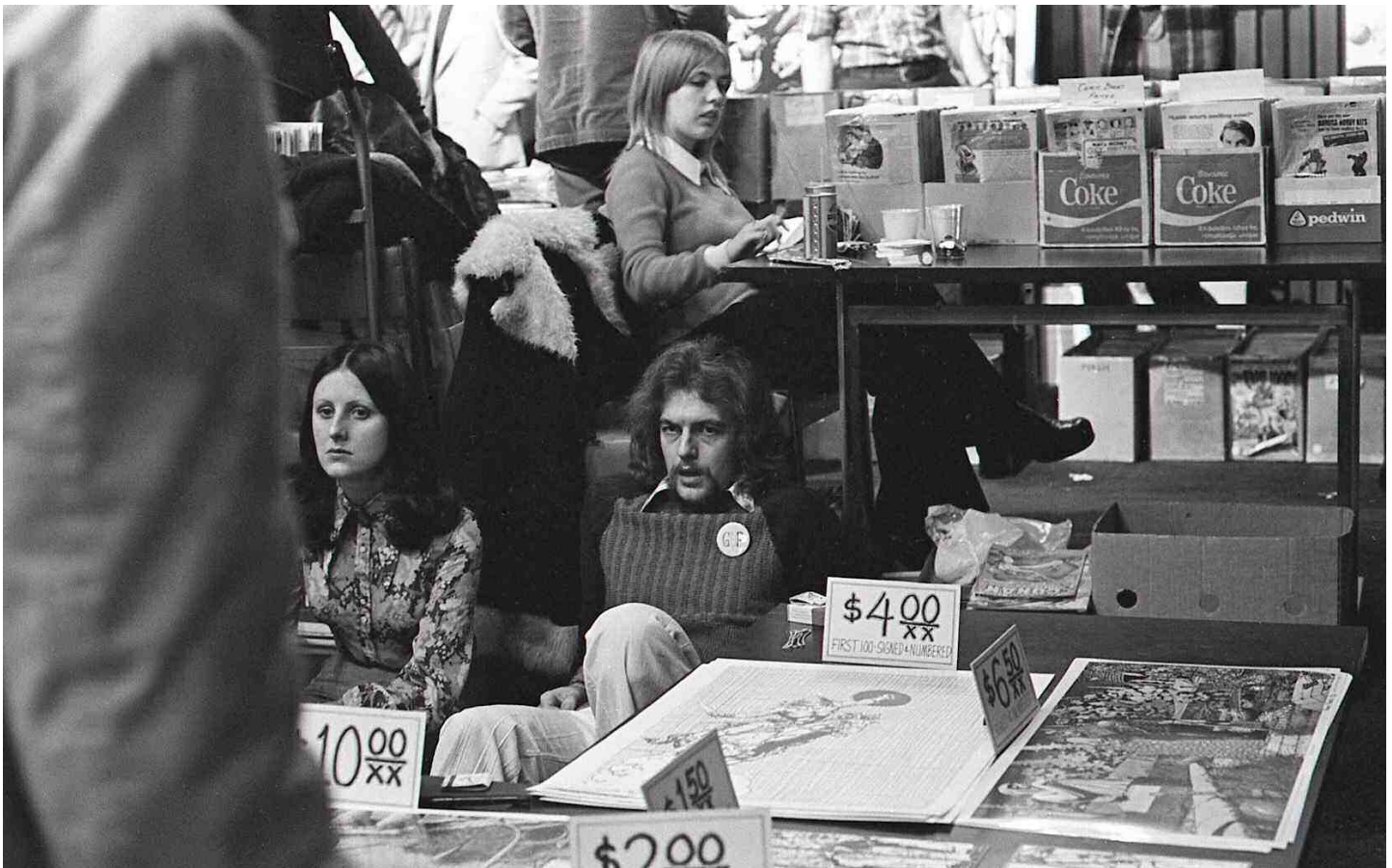








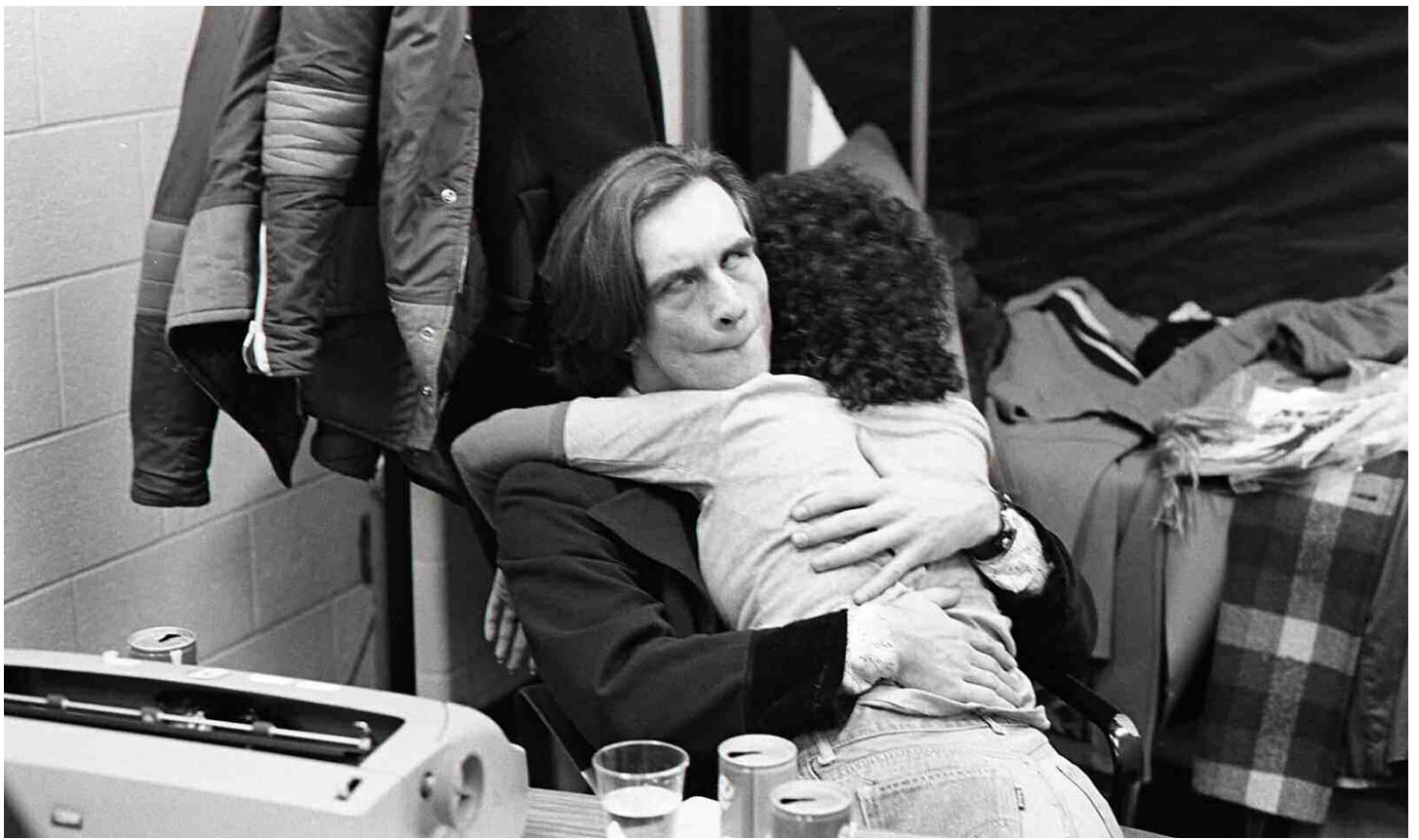
Last but not least, two sketches. One is from a dinner Jeffrey had with Stan Lee, Jerry De Fuccio and Michele Urry in 1975. The second is by Wrightson and Kaluta and still not quite sure what it is other than fun.

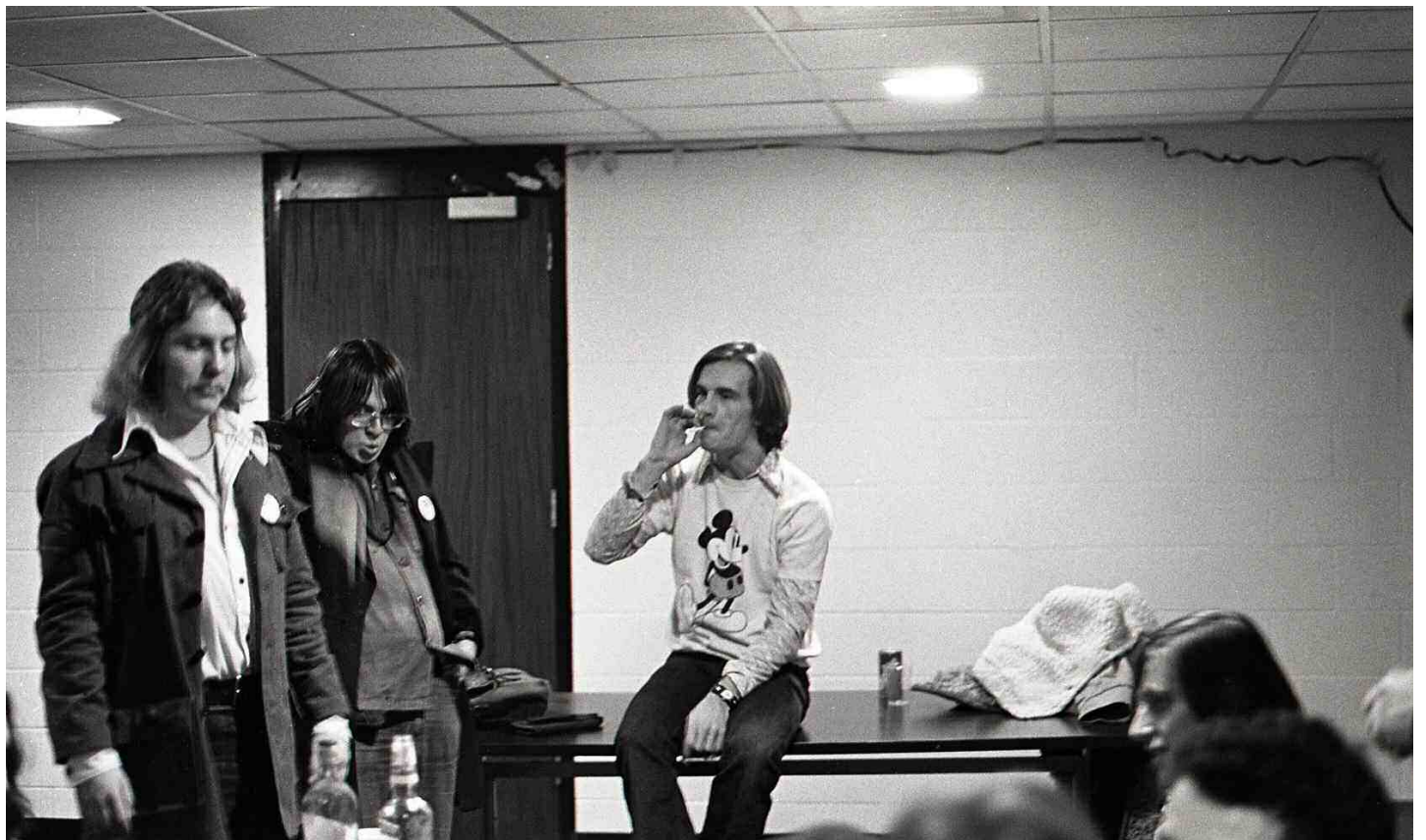
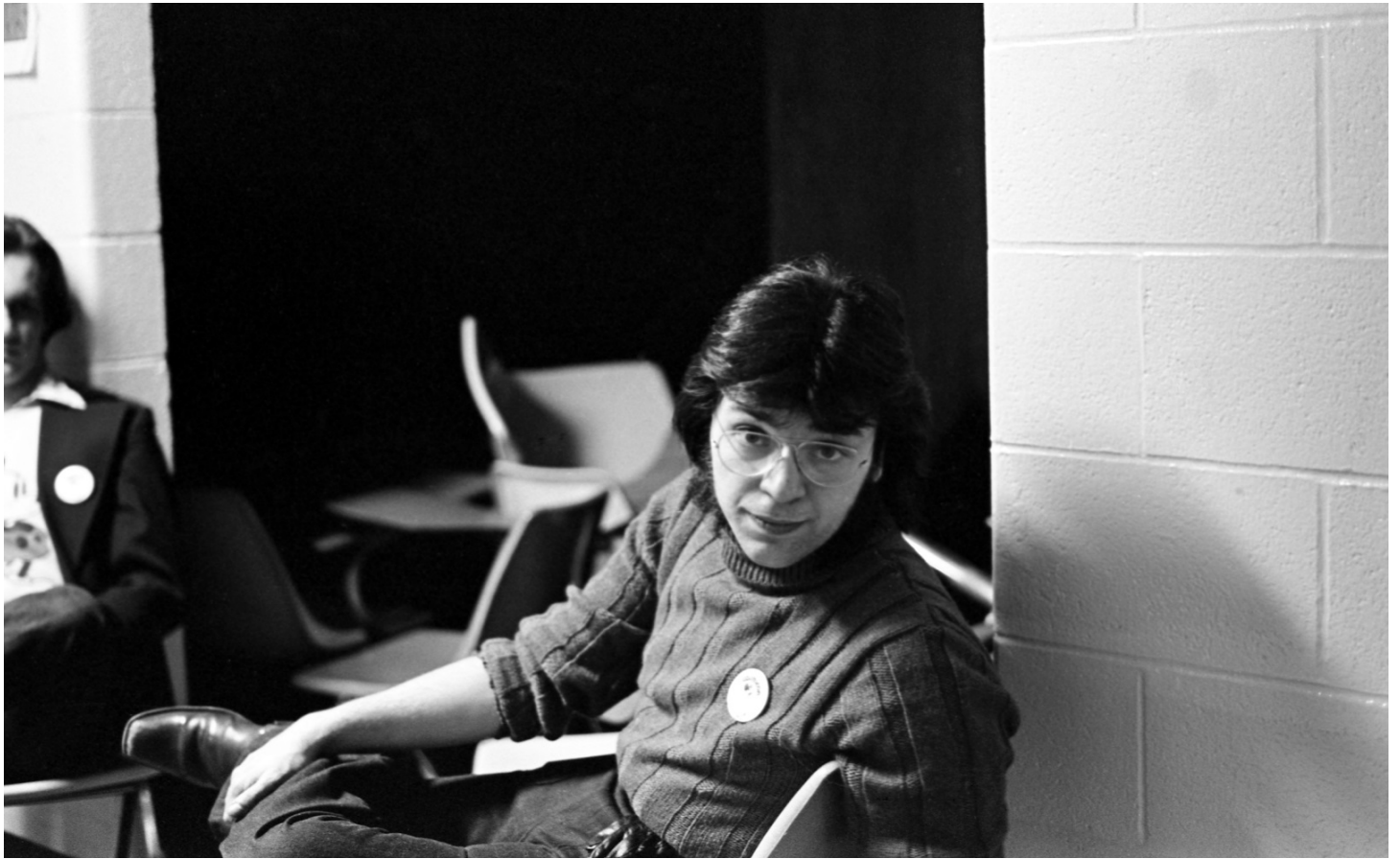


A few more convention pictures. 1975. Barry Smith, Rob MacIntyre, Tom Robe, Bernie Wrightson and Howard Chaykin.

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Last image, Bernie Wrightson and Ken Steacy. 1975.