



Superman: True Brit

Kim Howard Johnson , John Cleese , John Byrne (Illustrator) , Mark Farmer (Illustrator) , Alex Bleyaert (Illustrator)

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Get ready for SUPERMAN: TRUE BRIT, an original hardcover graphic novel with a humorous new take on the Superman legend, courtesy of writer Kim "Howard" Johnson (Monty Python: The First 280 Years) with some help in his comics debut from Monty Python's John Cleese (Fawlty Towers, A Fish Called Wanda)! And with art by fan-favorites John Byrne (JLA, DOOM PATROL) and Mark Farmer (JLA: ANOTHER NAIL), this book is sure to be Super! In this veddy British tale, the Last Son of Krypton's rocket ship crash-lands in an English town even smaller than Smallville, where the infant Kal-El is taken in by adoptive parents - the Clarks - who raise their son Colin to hide his powers, because the worst thing anyone can do is stand out in the crowd. But when Colin grows up to become a mild-mannered reporter working for the Daily Smear, a powerful tabloid newspaper dedicated to uncovering the biggest story of the century, he finds that the key to his success may be in going public. What will the neighbors think?

Superman: True Brit Details

Date : Published January 1st 2006 by DC Comics (first published 2004)

ISBN : 9781401200237

Author : Kim Howard Johnson , John Cleese , John Byrne (Illustrator) , Mark Farmer (Illustrator) , Alex Bleyaert (Illustrator)

Format : Paperback 96 pages

Genre : Sequential Art, Graphic Novels, Comics, Dc Comics, Superman, Humor, Superheroes, Comic Book, Fiction

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Download and Read Free Online Superman: True Brit Kim Howard Johnson , John Cleese , John Byrne (Illustrator) , Mark Farmer (Illustrator) , Alex Bleyaert (Illustrator)

From Reader Review Superman: True Brit for online ebook

Meghan says

A lot of Cleese's humor is enhanced by/dependent upon the nuance of the performance. Unfortunately, with comic books you don't get a nuanced performance, you get a motionless panel. Cleese is also very gifted with pseudo-intellectual babble, also not a comic book attribute. I'm sure that the same or similar jokes about British culture would have worked much better in a live performance, but this medium doesn't play to Cleese's strengths at all!

Mo says

I had high hopes for this book after seeing John Cleese's name on the cover. I was severely disappointed. May be because I'm not British and didn't pick up on a lot of jokes -- regardless, the book sucked.

Allegra Byron says

¿Cómo hubiera sido Superman si su nave se hubiera estrellado en Inglaterra?
De mano de uno de los integrantes de Monty Python, con su humor inglés tan característico, aumenta mi maravillosa colección de Otros Mundos.

Anne says

Awwwww. I was looking forward to this one.
Too bad it sucked. Where was the *Funny* that I was promised? It wasn't between the pages of **True Brit**, that's for sure. This thing was just stoopid.
Unless you like getting whacked upside the head with *subtle satire*, then skip this.

See?! See?! The English are reserved! They don't like drawing attention to themselves! Oh! And Brittish tabloids are smarmey!

chortle, chortle

And that was the entire story.
Yeah, I'm not kidding.
Go find something else to read.

Sam Quixote says

John Cleese has a long line of credit with me for creating Fawlty Towers alone - that sitcom is perfection! I watched it when I was a kid and an adult and loved it both times, it's a comedy masterpiece. Then there's Monty Python which I came to later but still loved and the Holy Grail is one of my favourite movies. Even his lesser-known work like A Fish Called Wanda was superbly written by him (and Kevin Kline steals the show with his insane performance!).

So I have a lot of love for Cleese even though Wanda may have been the last great thing he did and that was some 25 years ago!

That said, it's really, really hard to reconcile that brilliance with this comic - Superman: True Brit - which might be the worst Superman comic ever created. It's certainly the worst I've read!

Like Mark Millar's Red Son, which wonders what would have happened if Superman's Kryptonian vessel had landed in Soviet Russia than American Kansas, True Brit wonders what would have happened if Superman had been raised in England. The difference is that Millar's story was told totally straight, and superbly, while Cleese and co-writer Howard Johnson's is told comedically. The only reason I can fathom that it's meant to be comedy is the inclusion of Cleese because there is no humour in this book.

Where do I even begin with this tripe? Let's start with Superman's appearance which should be fairly easy to establish but Cleese and co. totally botch.

Apparently Cleese thinks Superman is Cyclops because his heat vision is only contained when he wears specially designed glasses - and that's why he wears glasses! Oh and his farmer dad is also a whiz at creating heat-resistant lenses in his shed, apparently!

Then there are the other aspects of his uniform - the S on his chest is the family's coat of arms, because everyone in Britain has a bloody coat of arms! That's the only bit of origin that Cleese bothers with because the rest of his outfit materialises out of nowhere. After being told by his parents repeatedly not to use his powers (because what would the neighbours think? AHAHAHA THAT'S SO BRITISH ISN'T IT!!) he suddenly decides to help some Beatles-lookalike musicians (even though this is the '00s!) and voila! he appears fully costumed.

Cleese also writes Superman as both retarded and without values. When he's not smashing his head around indoors because he doesn't know how to control his flying, he's lobbing tree stumps through houses (duh, how do I use my super-strength again?), or killing cattle accidentally. But that's probably the comedy right? Look, Superman destroyed some property AND he's got a dumbass grin on his face - FUNNY.

He kowtows to his Rupert Murdoch/J Jonah Jameson-type newspaper boss and comes up with trashy stuff for his tabloid newspaper, because he's a total buffoon who can't think for himself. Duh, should I become an investigative reporter or should I just take nudie shots of celebs? Well, of course the latter because my boss told me to and I'm a tool! He also doesn't understand basic economics because he's a clod through and through, for no reason besides, I guess, Cleese thought it would be a riot to write him that way.

His parents seem to hate him - they're constantly moving without telling him, trying to escape this powerful alien who's embarrassing them by doing good - and are always, always telling him to fit in and not stand out. Along with Kevin Costner's Jonathan Kent in Man of Steel, these were the worst versions of Superman's parents ever.

Oh and then there's the guy he manages to impale with a cricket bat because isn't that hysterical? The guy

doesn't die (because Cleese needs this pun so badly) but grows up to be his enemy - Bat-Man. Oh, my fucking sides! They've fucking split from laughing so much - Bat-Man, and he's a man got a cricket bat sticking out of his chest! AHHAH...

I've gotta stop there because the litany of crap that makes up this book could fill a book of the same length. Every page is a disaster. I kept reading because I couldn't believe how every single page got worse and worse. I wondered how this got published, then realised it was DC, but still couldn't believe a comedy legend like John Cleese could produce something so unfunny. Moreover, as a Brit, like Cleese, I'm stunned he could write something so full of bad stereotypes and clownish pandering to foreigners' views of British culture - is he honestly this out of touch or does he just hate Britain now?

This book is bad on every level. I hated it so much.

It's such a shocking mess it makes me wonder if Cleese really was as funny as I thought or whether it was his co-writers - like Connie Booth on Fawlty Towers, or Graham Chapman in Monty Python - who propped up his writing, and he's just a great comedic actor. Either way, avoid, avoid, AVOID, Superman: True Brit.

Superman fans will hate it for mangling Superman, British readers will hate it for how the British are portrayed, and comics readers will hate it because it's so dumb. If you see a copy on the shelf, punch it in the cover for me.

Greg says

An overlong, second-tier Monty Python skit -- starring Superman.

Amber Ditullio says

What if Kal-el had landed in Britain instead of the USA? This book is a hilarious look at that What-if, showing what Superman would have been like if it's followed his parents' motto: WWTNT (What would the neighbors think?) I'd seen this graphic on the shelves at the library for awhile, but hadn't picked it up. Then today, on a whim, I decided "Why not?" And I'm so glad that I did.

The writing is witty (but what would you expect from something co-authored by John Cleese) and there were far too many parts where I needed to stop and explain my laughter to Rich. Seeing the British versions of some of the iconic characters of Superman had me rolling with laughter - Perry White, respected editor, has turned into Peregrine Whyte-Badger, the owner of most of the tabloids in Britain and the King of Sneeze. Lois Lane's counterpart is Louisa Layne-Ferret and rather than the hard-nosed reporter, she is a Page 3 girl and Whyte-Badger's secret agent trying to ferret out information from Colin Clark (aka Superman). I do like the fact that they didn't completely ignore those icons, though. Louisa's cousin, Lois, is a newspaper reporter in Metropolis and comes over to do a story on Superman. When things start to fall apart for Supes at the end of the book, I think she's a large part of the reason why he decides to relocate to America.

The book has a perfect set-up for more comics in this alternate world, seeing several of the British Characters coming to America, all unaware of the others' arrivals. I could imagine a lot of fun with it, honestly.

I'd definitely recommend this to anyone who likes comics and has a sense of humor. Because it will tickle both of those quite nicely (especially when you meet the Bat-Man. ;))

Nocheevo says

A fairly weak satire with Superman arriving in the UK rather than the US. Cleese's send up of the British way lacks the subtle touch.

Ross Vincent says

What if Kal-El hadn't landed in Kansas. But in the farmlands of merry o England. And been raised not to fight for Truth, Justice & the American way, but with the mores of WWTNT. (What Would The Neighbors Think).

Push, throw in the unique humor of John Cleese...

Well, you have one hell of an Elsewheres story.

Jake says

This book was meh, for sure, but it was earnest. It wanted to be exactly what it was: a quick, goofy read with light-hearted jabs at life in Britain. Superman is Colin Clark, a dopey, lovable guy in love with everything. He's just stoked on things and he gets down a lot because of it. He's Superman as well as a journalist for The Daily Smear. There's inside jokes about Superman and Britain, but what really turns out to be a main theme is how dreadful tabloid magazines are and how unabashedly horrendous British newspapers have gotten. Shrug. This book was goofy and fun, even when it wasn't very good. Also, John Cleese was a writer for it? Whaaaaaaaaaat?

Tvrtko Bali? says

Most people obviously don't like this book and that had me a bit worried. But I also like alternative versions of different characters and a humorous comic about a British Superman had me interested since the first time I heard of it, so I finally decided to read it. And I actually liked it. What you'll find here is a funny little satirical comic about Superman and about Britain. I enjoyed it, I thought it was funny. I guess the jokes just don't land for everyone, so you will either like it or it just won't be your cup of tea.

Is there anything more meaningful in the story? Not really, which is why I only gave it 3 stars. Of course, any satirical depiction of a character or a society is also commenting on the same, but the comments don't go to God knows what kind of depths and when they try they just get drowned in more silly jokes which stop you from taking anything in it seriously. That's not necessarily a bad thing, it at least means that the enjoyable tone of the book stays throughout, but it does mean that the book was possibly aimed at more and ends up as nothing more than a comedy sketch. A common criticism is that it is too long, but that is only a criticism if you don't enjoy it and are dragging along through it, if you do enjoy it you will be delighted to constantly find elements of Superman's life taken to new absurd interpretations where your expectations are

subverted and Superman constantly screws up.

In conclusion, this book will make you say "What a joke!" for sure, but what that will mean depends on the individual reader.

Michael Mills says

I enjoyed this reimagining of Superman in the style of British kids comics... for a bit. It's over-extended and the moralising a bit obvious (John Cleese has an axe to grind against the British press and boy does he grind it).

The comics the book is apeing would have done it all a lot quicker and (not coincidentally) better. Hell, they already have and I'd've been much better rewarded if I'd gone up to my parents' attic and dug through a few boxes.

I can only imagine how bizarre the whole thing is for American readers who didn't grow up on *The Beano*, *The Dandy* or *Buster*. Dear cousins, if you're reading, forgive us this - go and try some Bananaman instead.

Reverenddave says

Very English

Bryan says

A waste of paper. Not sure why John Cleese let his name be attached to this painfully unfunny, awkwardly paced, and ultimately pointless tripe.

Chuppachup says

Didn't enjoy it. It's far too goofy. I know that's the point but it's almost to the point of overkill.
