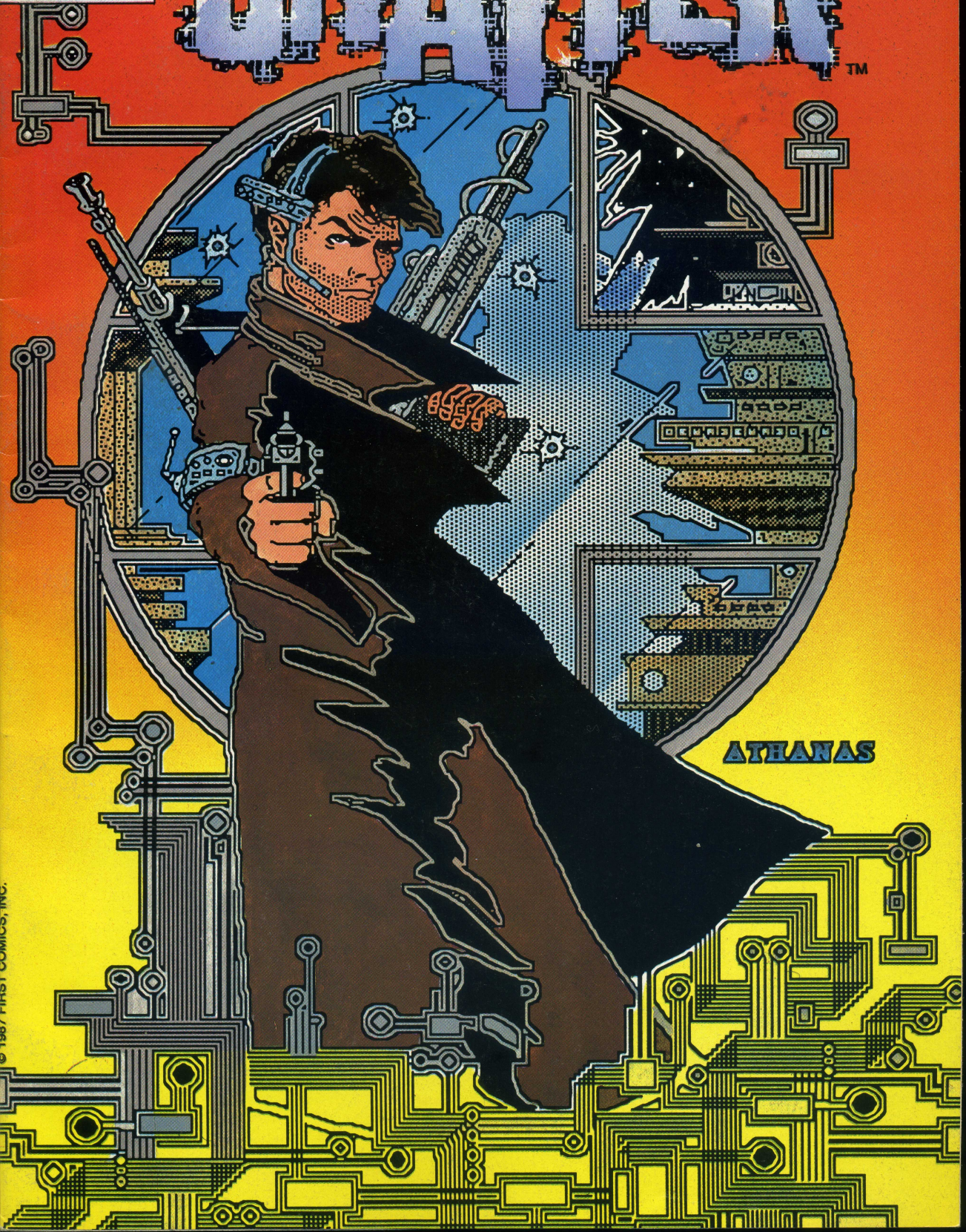


THE FIRST COMPUTERIZED COMIC

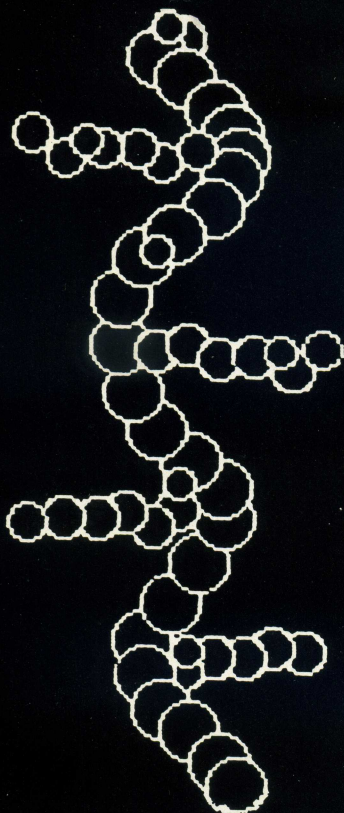
FIRST
COMICS
1982 1987
FIFTH
ANNIVERSARY
APR 1988
14
\$1.75 \$2.45
CANADA

SHATTER™



ATHANAS

WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?



Shatter is the first computerized comic. Everything you see (except the coloring), including the type on this page, was created on an Apple Macintosh computer and the Apple LaserWriter printer.

Shatter is **Sadr Al-Din Morales**, a.k.a. **Jack Scratch**, a.k.a. **Herbert Philbrick**, a.k.a. any other identity cards he happens to be carrying at the time. Shatter was a cop in Daley City (located in the state of Chicago-land) — until he stumbled across a scheme to transfer one person's skills to another instantaneously by means of RNA injections.

Only trouble was you had to *remove* the person's brain in order to get the RNA. Only trouble was the skill transfer was only *temporary*; it didn't last. Only trouble was the effects were *permanent* on just one person in the entire world — Shatter.

Used to be everyone wanted a piece of Shatter — until his RNA-enhanced brain figured out a way to produce a diluted transfer method that works on anybody, without killing the donor.

LAST ISSUE: Shatter and his partner, **Ravenous**, had a run-in with some **Sewer Dogs** — electronic watchdogs designed to seek and destroy any source of illegal pollution, even though there *isn't* any pollution anymore. The sewer dogs took off with Ravenant, and now Shatter is in pursuit...

Rick Obadiah, Publisher
Kathy Kotsivas, Operations Dir.
Kurt Goldzung, Sales Mgr.
Ralph Musicant, Finance Dir.

Rick Oliver, Editorial Director
Alex Wald, Art Director
Rich Markow, Ed. Coordinator
Rick Taylor, Production Mgr.

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A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

FIRST
COMICS

SHATTER™

Why am I walking an ELECTRONIC DOG
in the SEWERS of Daley City?

Well, there was this guy you see... and these sewer dogs--programmed
to seek and destroy POLLUTERS--broke into his place and KIDNAPPED
his partner.

And my job is to get
her back.

Conclusion

"I hope nobody calls me with
a dumb job today."
Matt Feazell, Cynicalman

Story
Jay Case and
Charlie Athanas

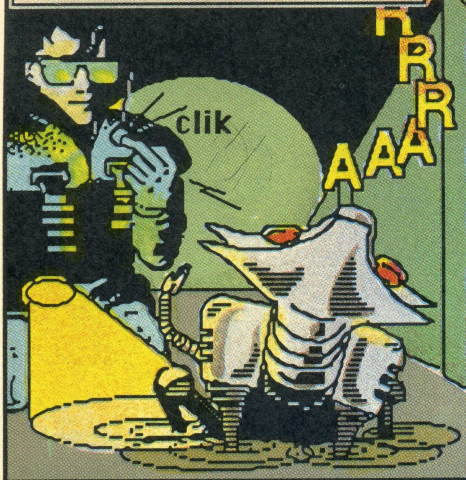
Script
Jay Case

Art
Charlie Athanas

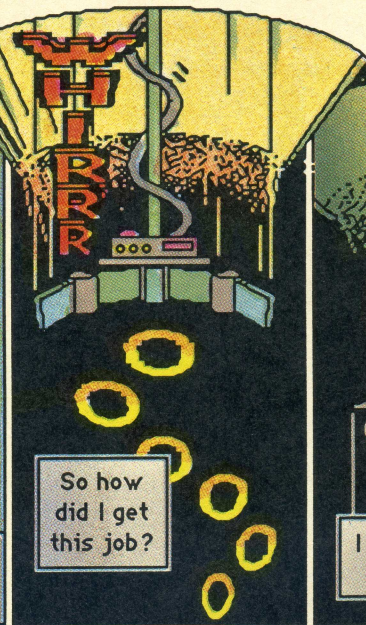
Colors
Olyoptics

Edits
Rick Oliver
Laurel Fitch

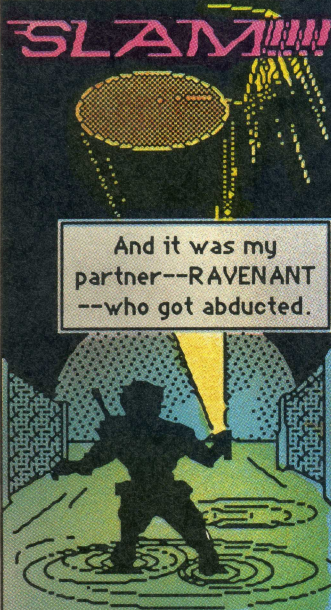
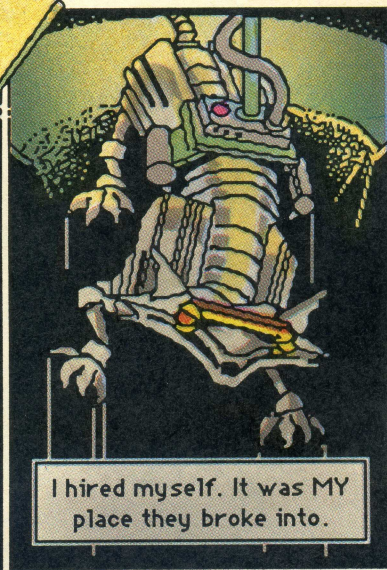
The "dog" emits a signal to a
VOICE-ACTIVATED repair station.



So how
did I get
this job?

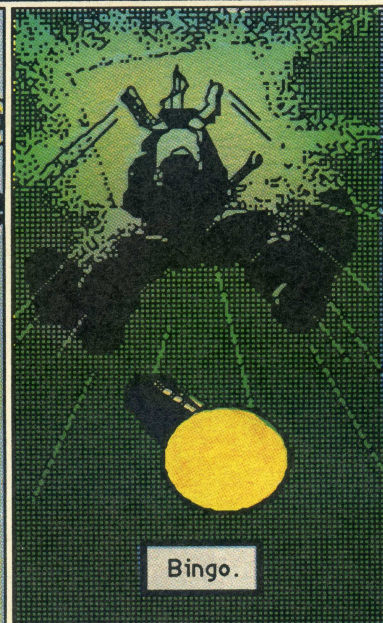


I hired myself. It was MY
place they broke into.



And it was my
partner--RAVENANT
--who got abducted.

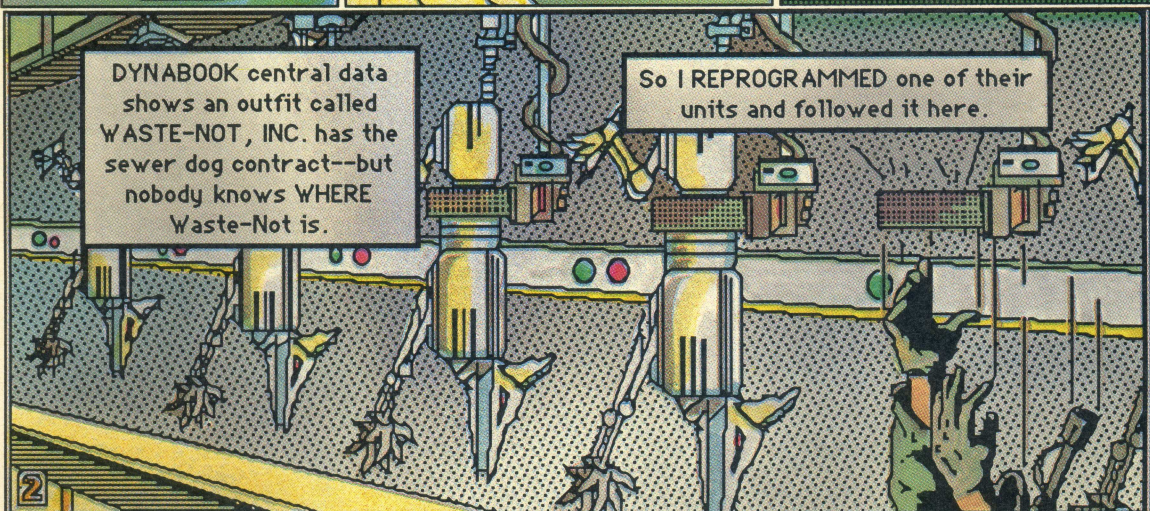
Now let the DIGITAL SAMPLER
do its job...



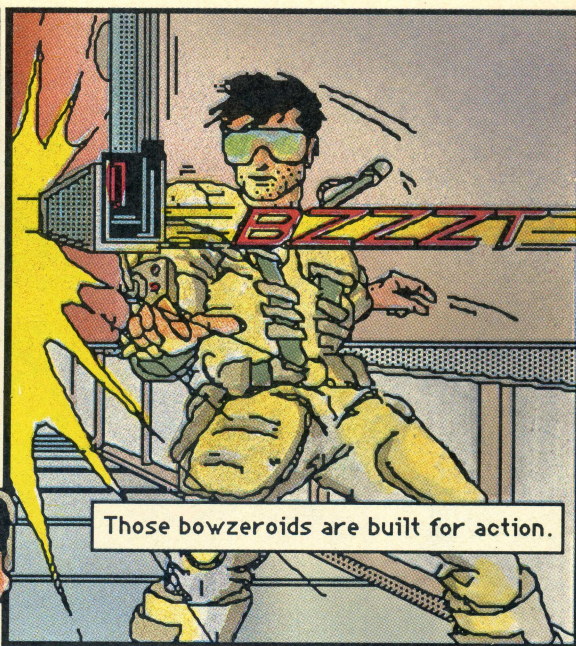
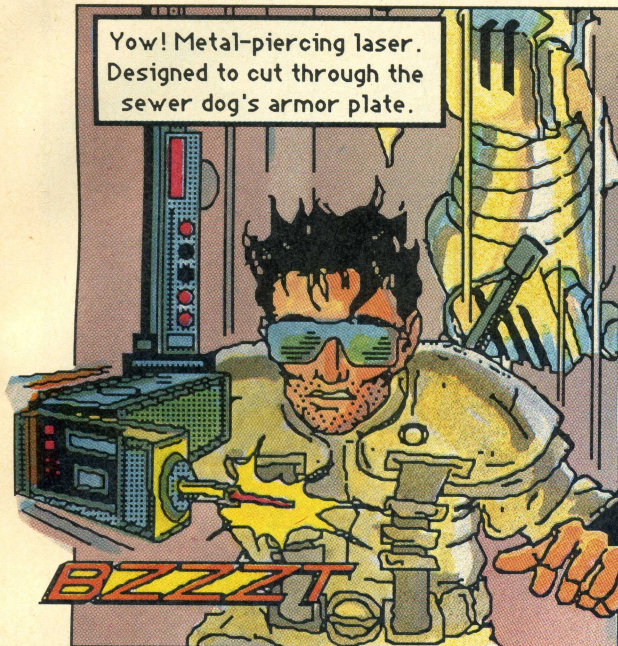
Bingo.

DYNABOOK central data
shows an outfit called
WASTE-NOT, INC. has the
sewer dog contract--but
nobody knows WHERE
Waste-Not is.

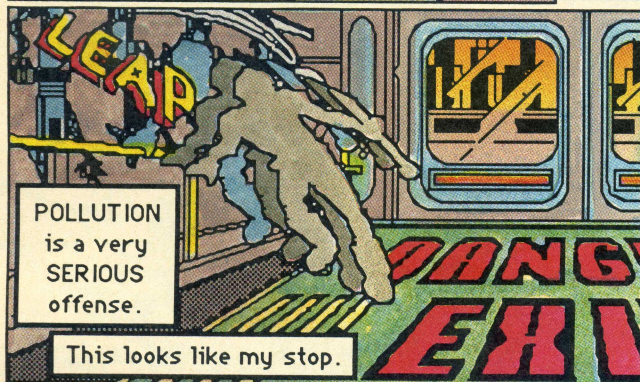
So I REPROGRAMMED one of their
units and followed it here.



Yow! Metal-piercing laser.
Designed to cut through the
sewer dog's armor plate.

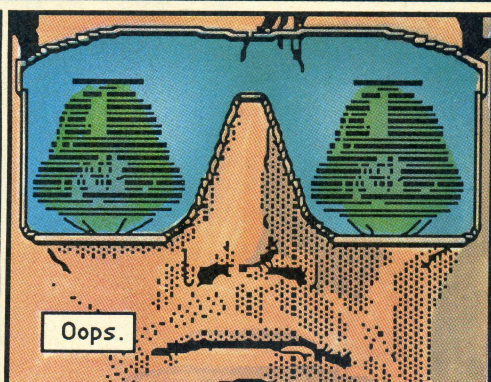


Those bowzeroids are built for action.

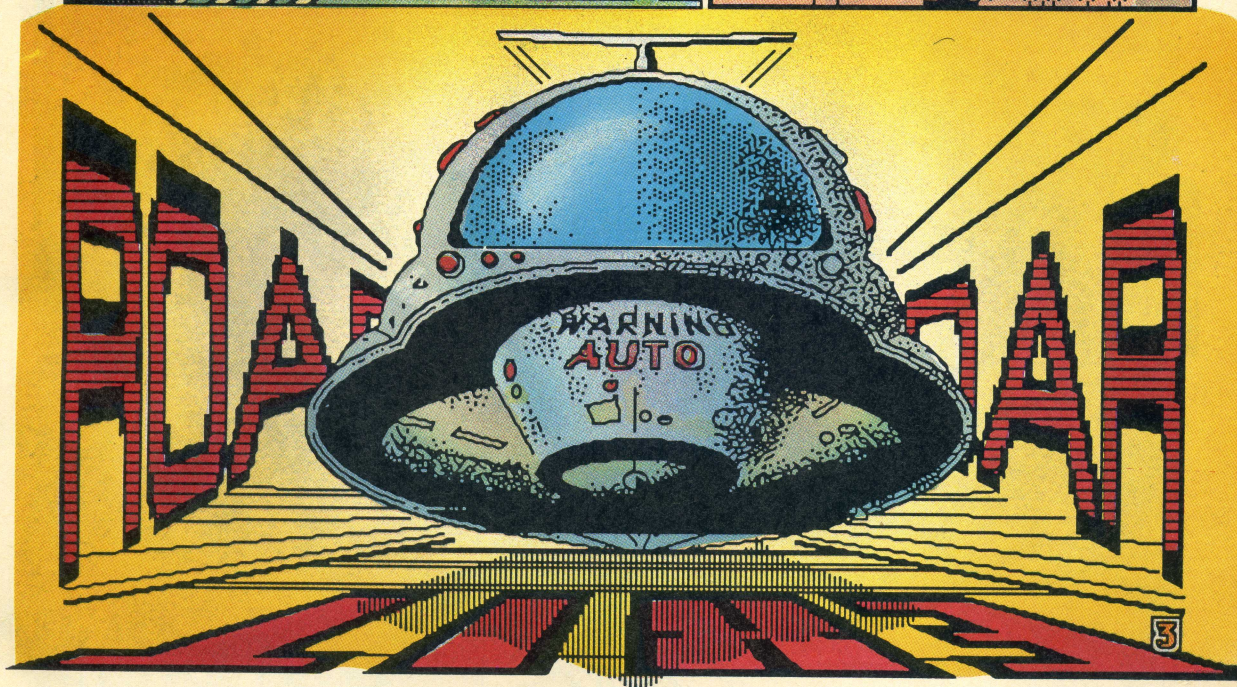


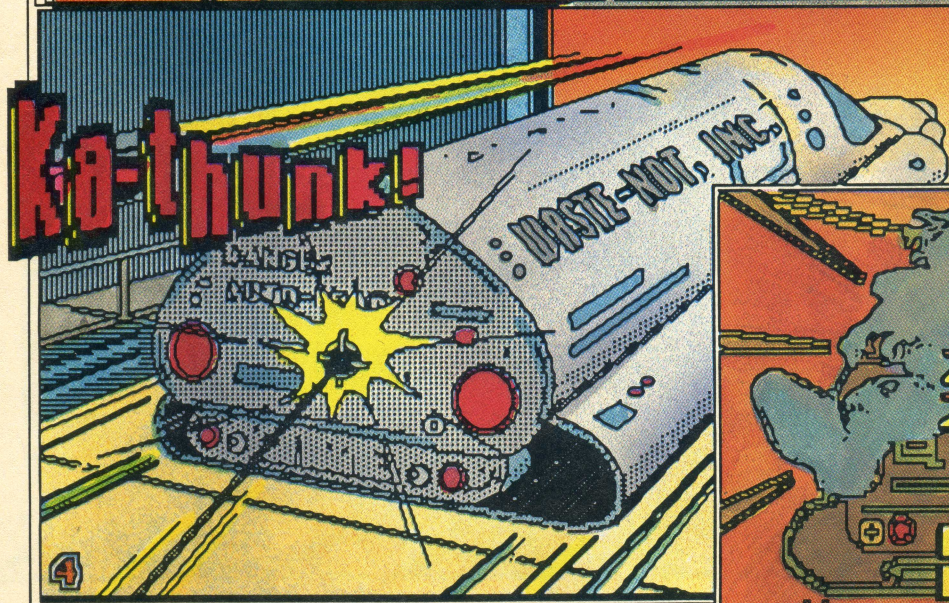
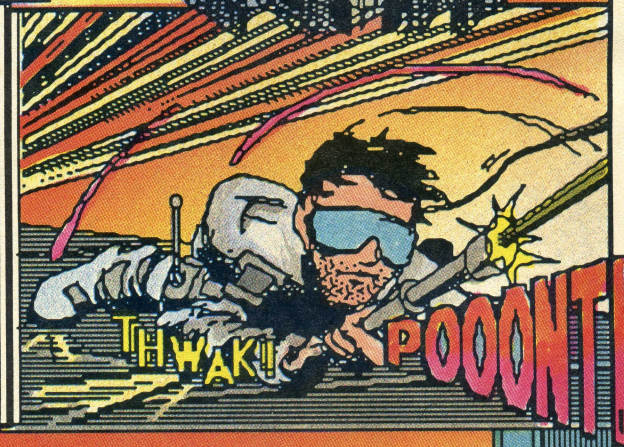
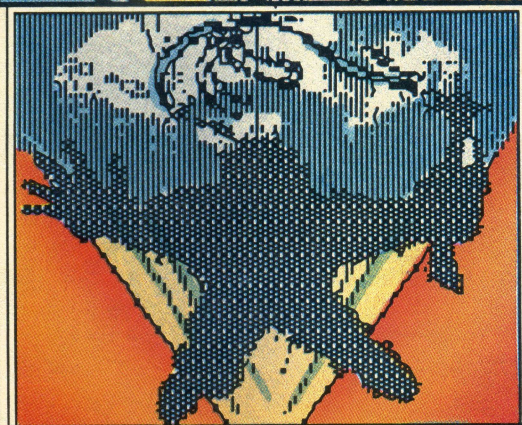
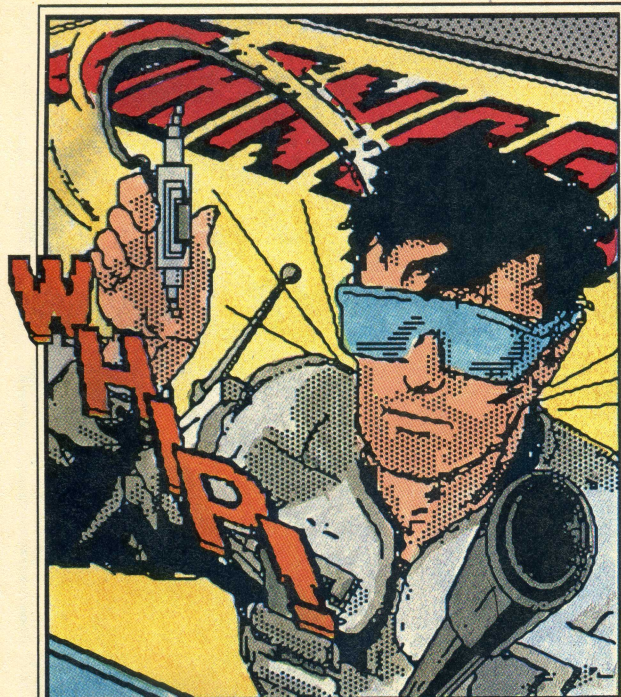
POLLUTION
is a very
SERIOUS
offense.

This looks like my stop.



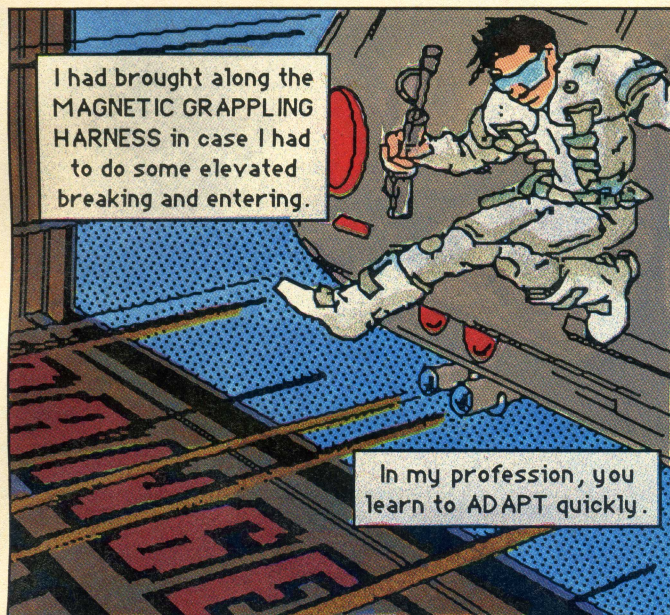
Oops.





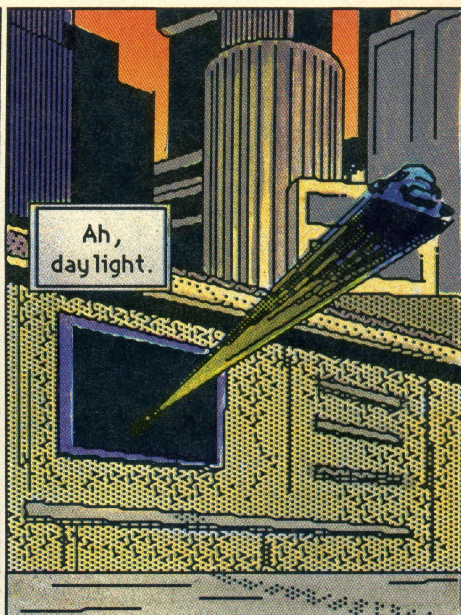
Oh, well.
It beats
WALKING.



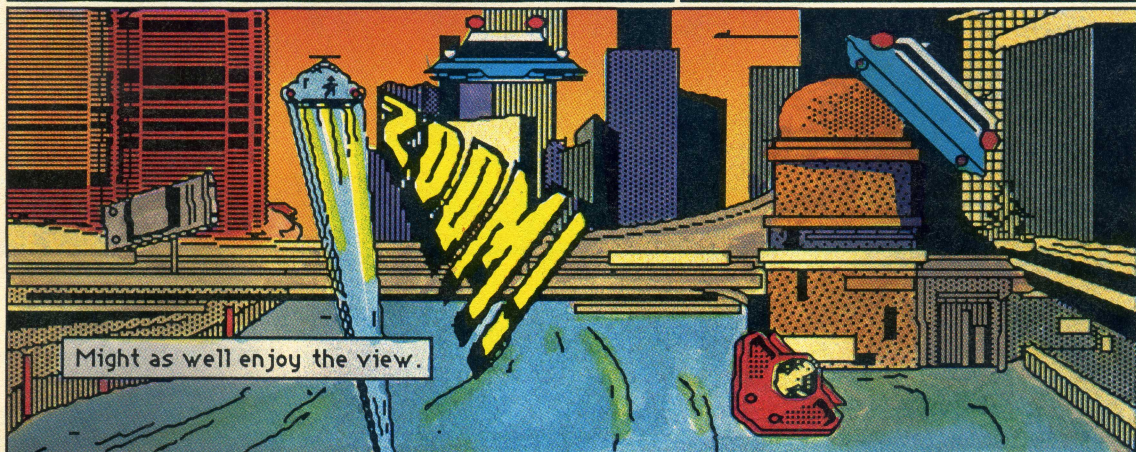


I had brought along the MAGNETIC GRAPPLING HARNESS in case I had to do some elevated breaking and entering.

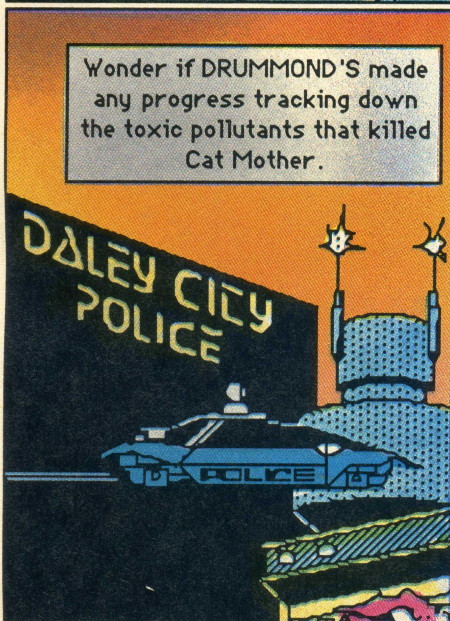
In my profession, you learn to ADAPT quickly.



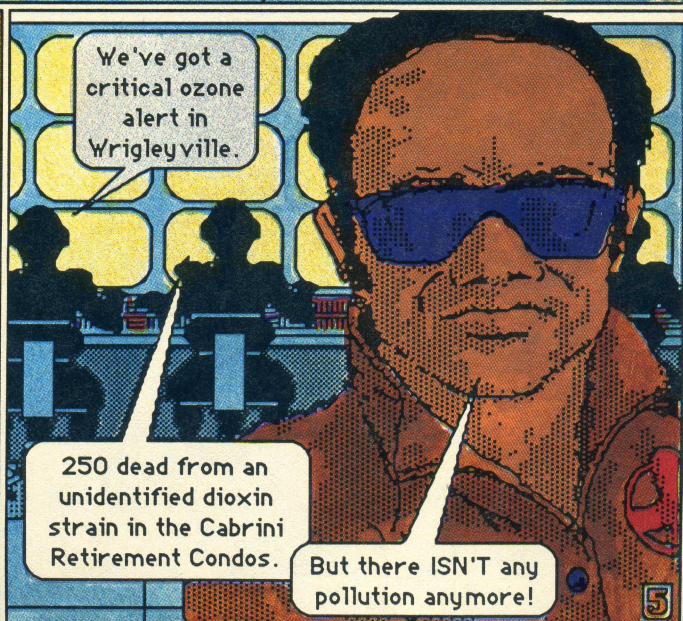
Ah, daylight.



Might as well enjoy the view.



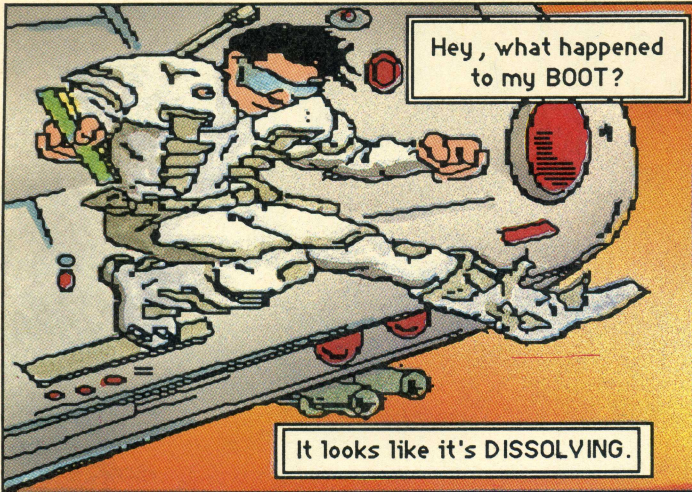
Wonder if DRUMMOND'S made any progress tracking down the toxic pollutants that killed Cat Mother.



We've got a critical ozone alert in Wrigleyville.

250 dead from an unidentified dioxin strain in the Cabrini Retirement Condos.

But there ISN'T any pollution anymore!

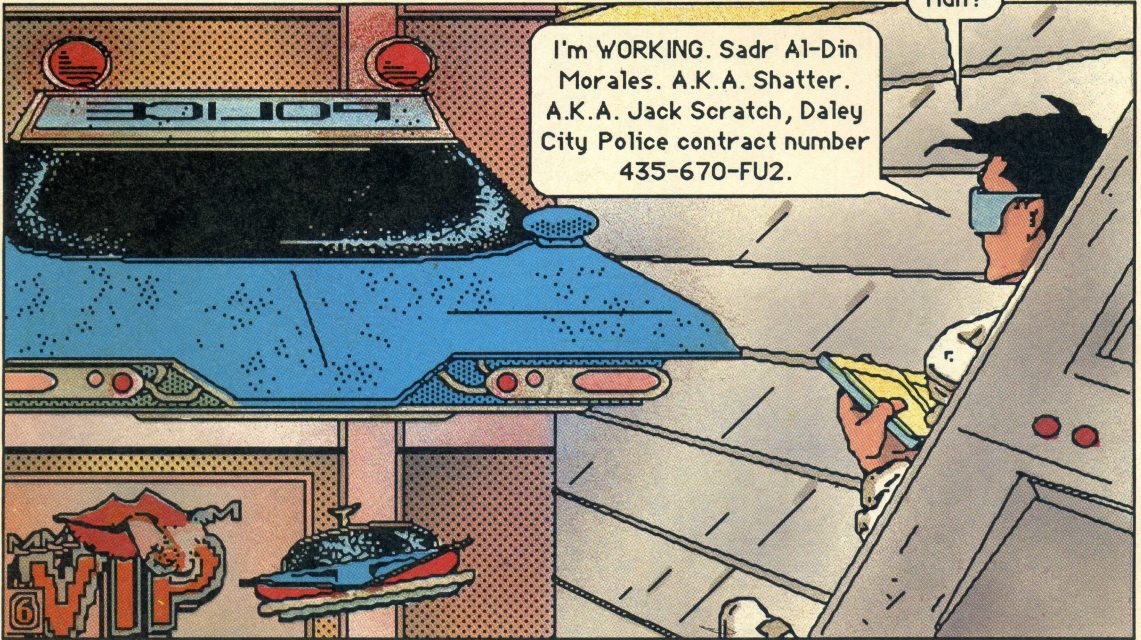
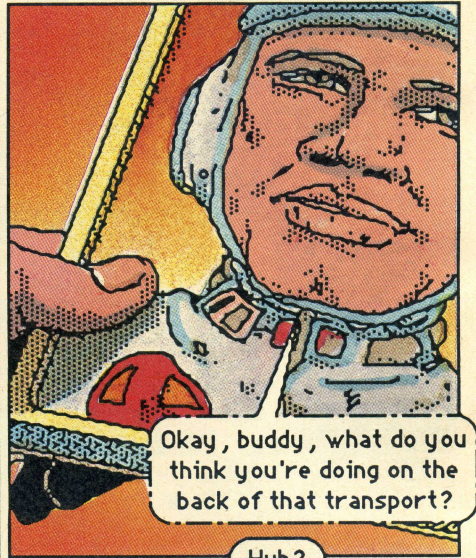
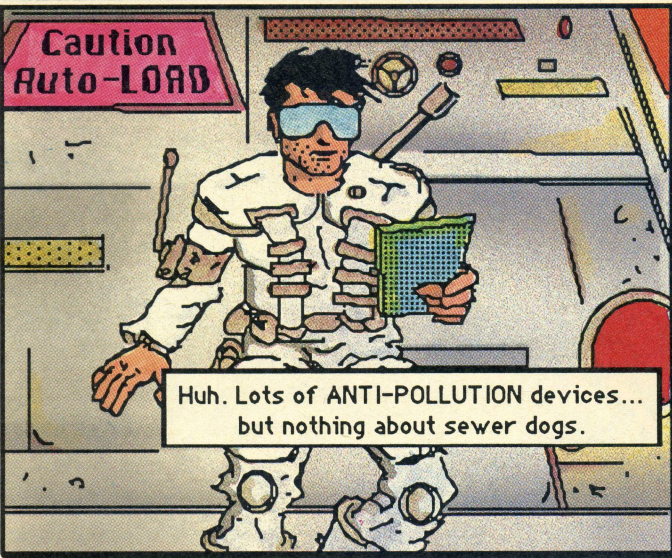


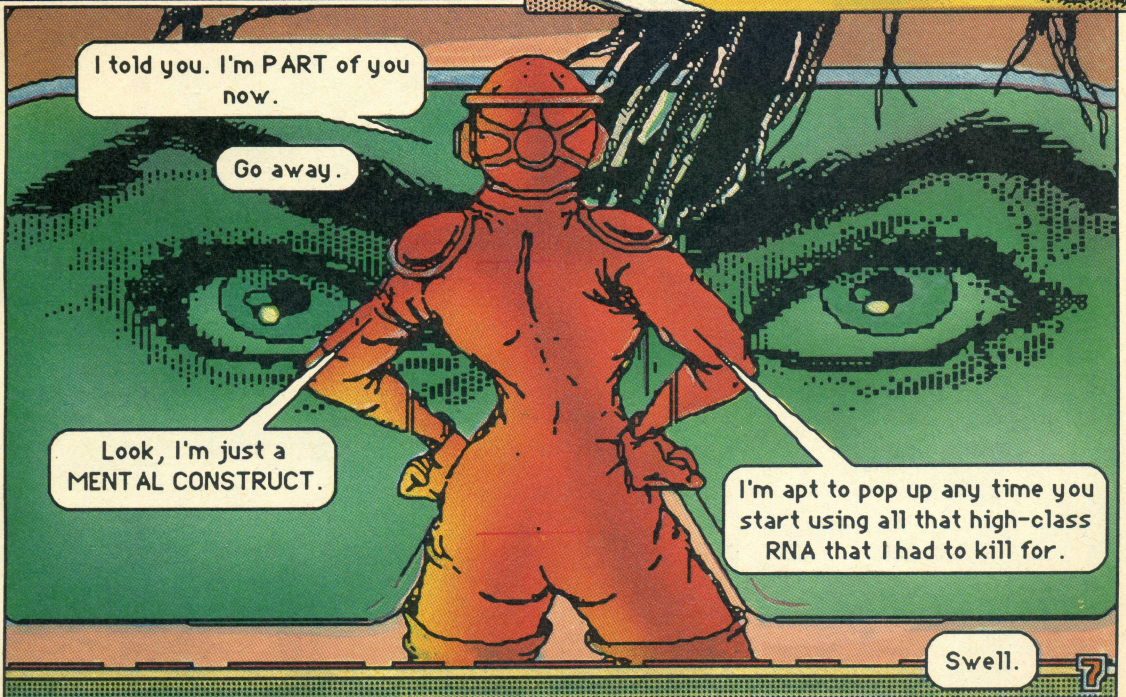
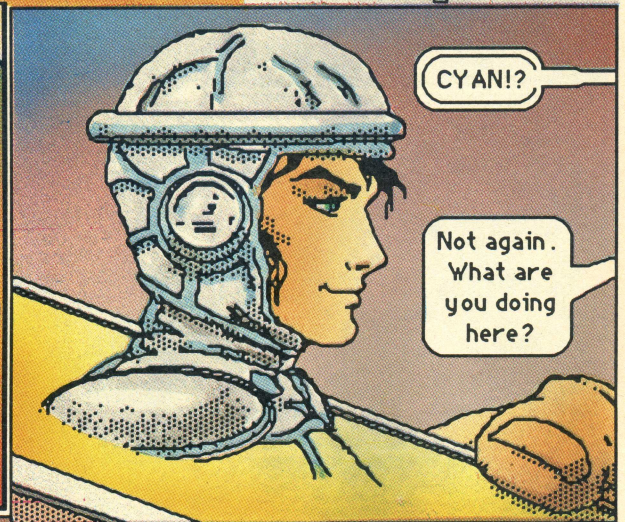
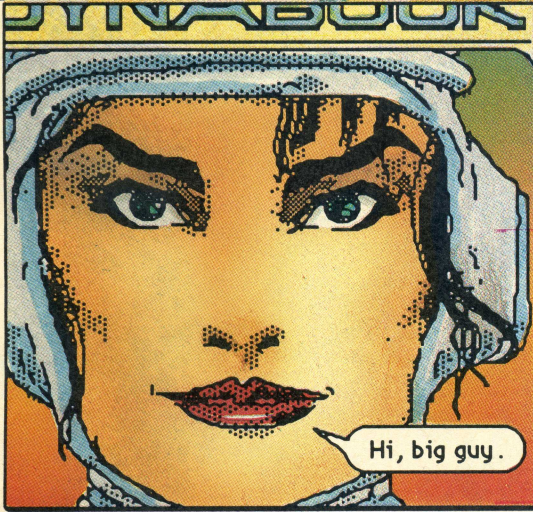
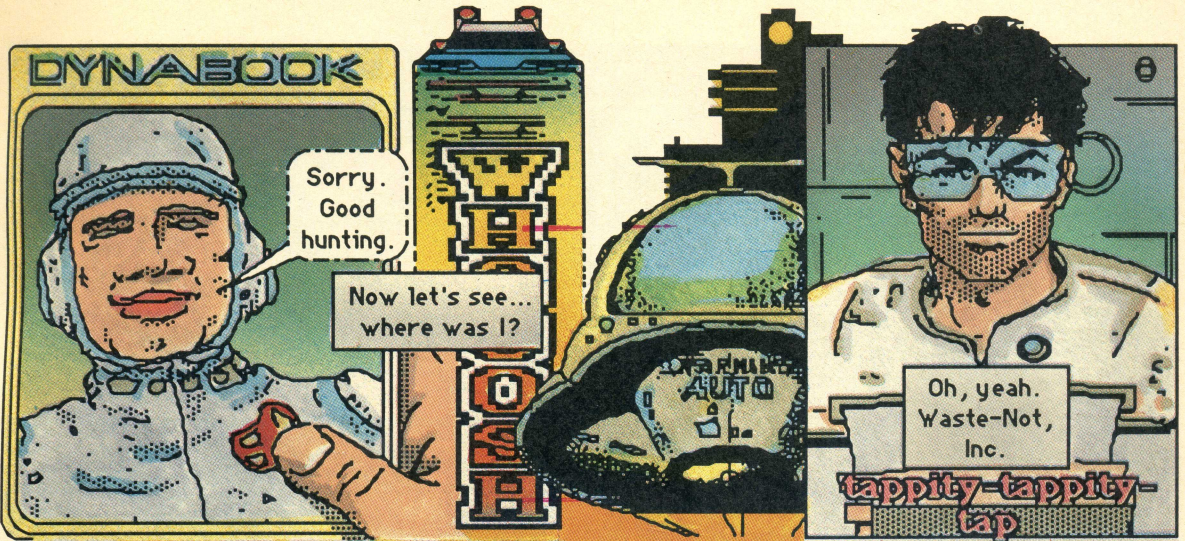
NABOOK

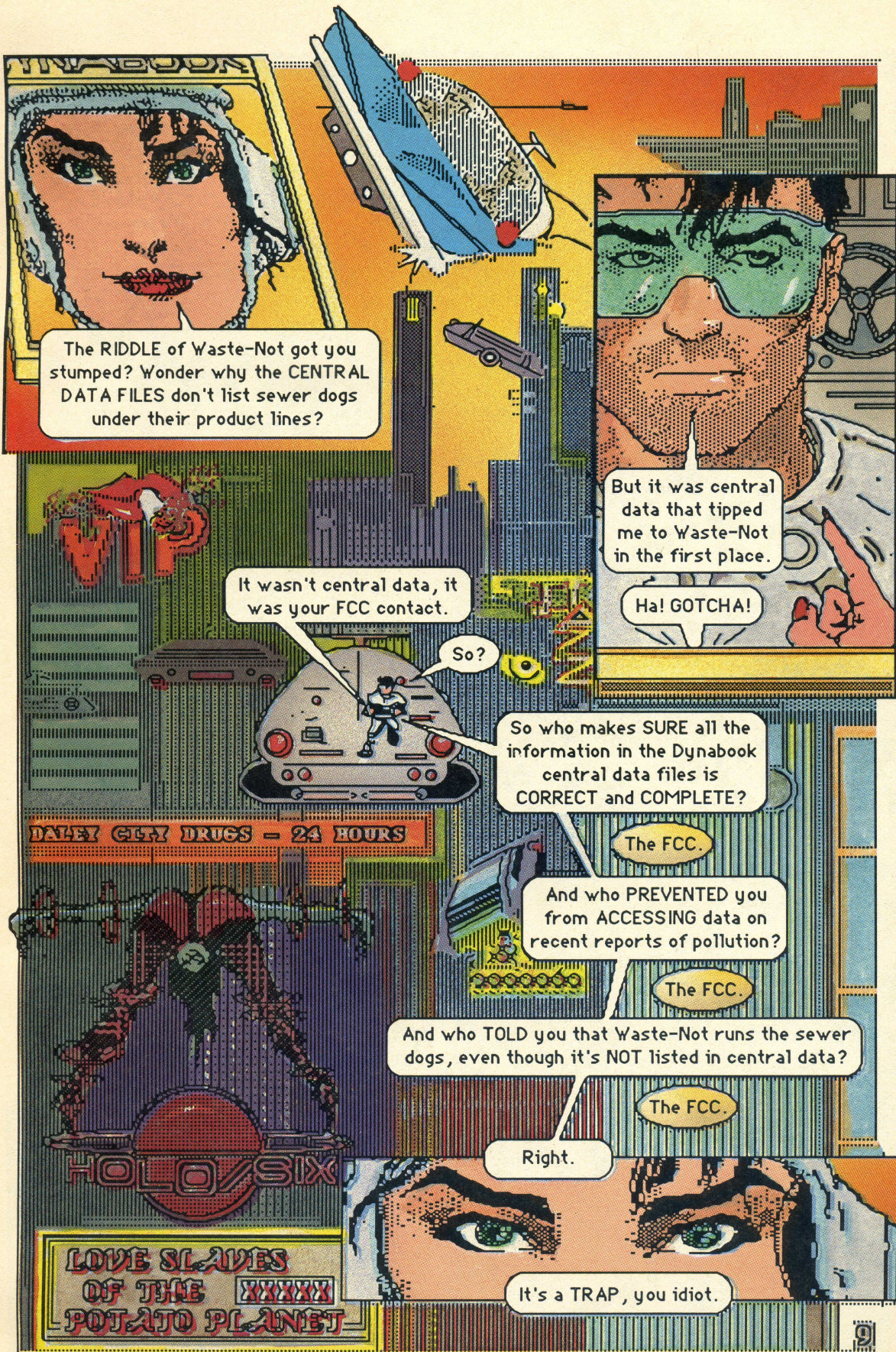
Oh, well. Time to do some more homework on Waste-Not.

Waste-Not, Inc.

Recycling equipment for the post-nuclear world!
Solid Waste Converters
Air Purifiers
Transpos-Alls







The RIDDLE of Waste-Not got you stumped? Wonder why the CENTRAL DATA FILES don't list sewer dogs under their product lines?

But it was central data that tipped me to Waste-Not in the first place.

Ha! GOTCHA!

It wasn't central data, it was your FCC contact.

So?

So who makes SURE all the information in the Dynabook central data files is CORRECT and COMPLETE?

The FCC.

And who PREVENTED you from ACCESSING data on recent reports of pollution?

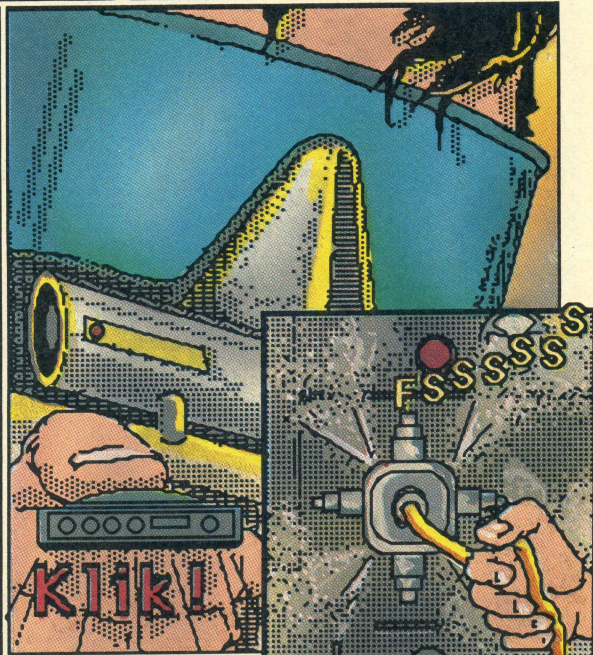
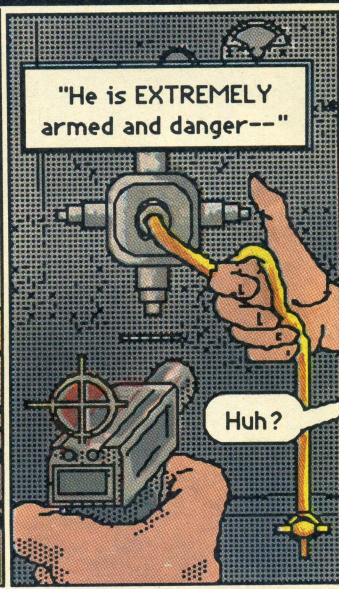
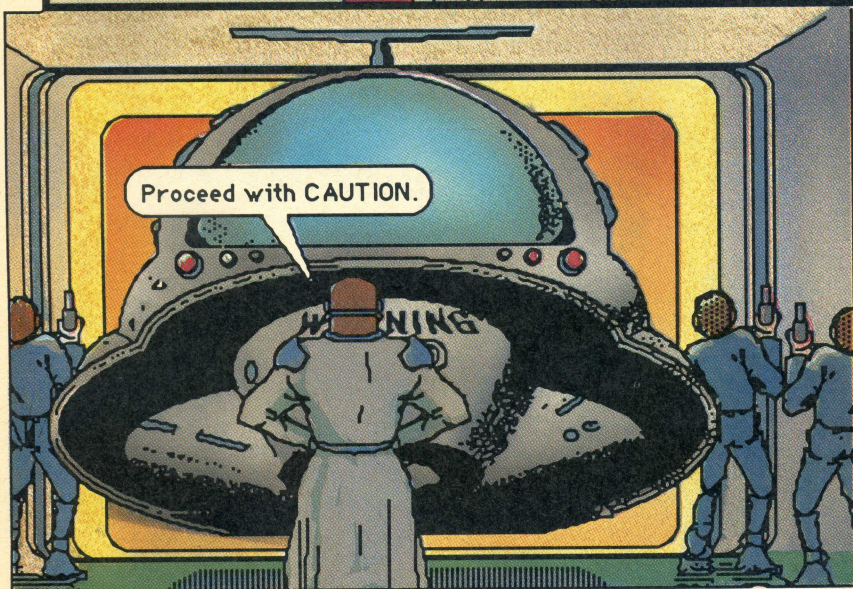
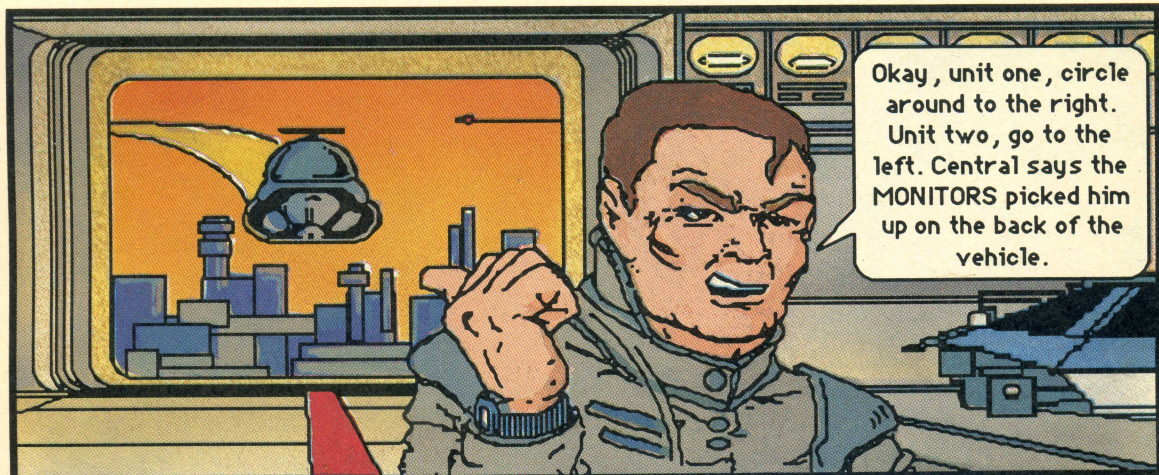
The FCC.

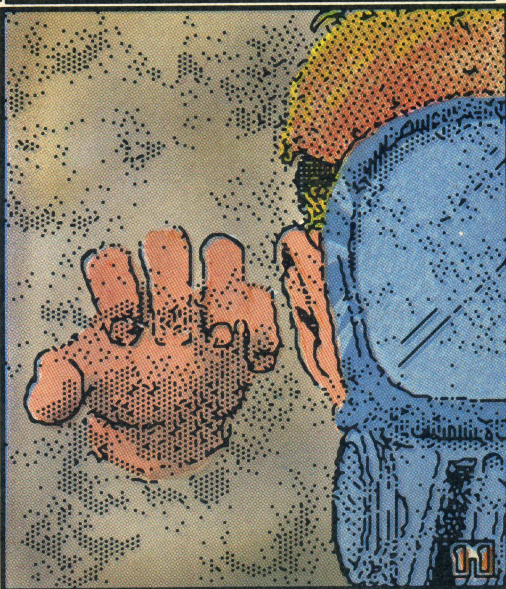
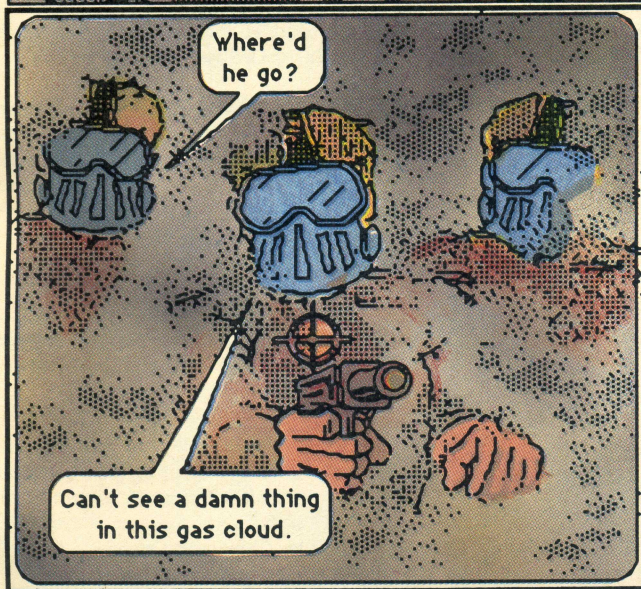
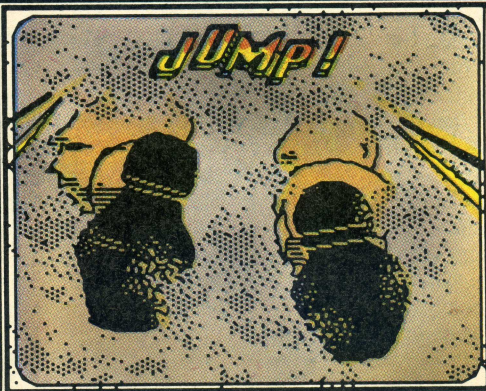
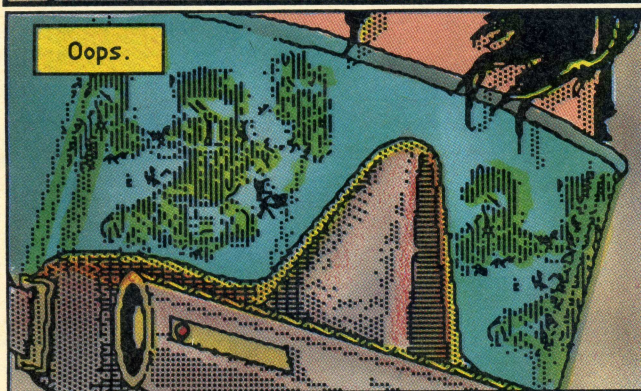
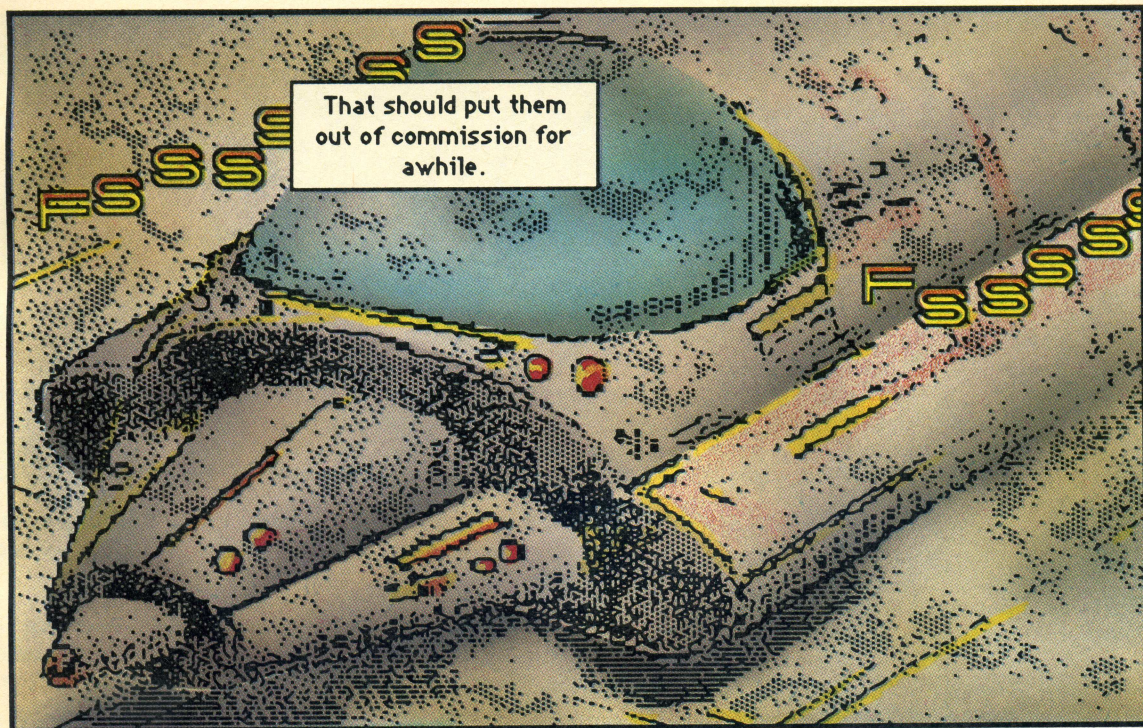
And who TOLD you that Waste-Not runs the sewer dogs, even though it's NOT listed in central data?

The FCC.

Right.

It's a TRAP, you idiot.





FIRST NOTES

Do you have as much fun as I do at Christmas time? Do you spend 364 days anticipating the great event, with 363 of them spent avoiding the holiday shopping crowds? Do you go to the nearest shopping mall on December 24 with a list of 30 or 40 friends and associates for whom you're *really* going to get a present this year for sure, but with absolutely no idea what it will be, hoping to be inspired by some truly fascinating do-hickey in an obscure little shop? Do you pare the list down to your three closest relatives in desperation as the day wears on, trying to concoct some plausible explanation as to why you thought your father might actually want a pair of women's shoes? Do you feel it's a strong possibility that you may well strangle the next person who says "Surprise me" when you ask just what the hell it is they want for goddamn Christmas!?

Well, unlax, joyous holiday reveller. Your yuletide woes are a thing of past. Using the latest marketing focus group techniques and rigid scientific random sampling, we have compiled the Complete Christmas Checklist, guaranteed to make all your Christmas gifttees gasp in wonder. Of course, the focus group consists entirely of my one year old daughter, Kendall, and the random sample consists of books randomly strewn about my office. But it's probably better than what you've got so far . . . which most likely is nothing.

COMPLETE CHRISTMAS CHECKLIST

Cynicalman . . . The Paperback!

By **Matt Feazell**.

In which Cynicalman battles a giant slug, foils the diabolical Dr. Pweent, teams up with the irrepressible Antisocialman, and spouts great dialog like, "Yikes, that's a *real* giant slug!" and "I hope nobody calls me with a dumb job today." The first 12 issues of **The Amazing Cynicalman** complete in one volume, plus guest appearances by Cutegirl, Stupid Boy, and the aforementioned Antisocialman. Who could ask for more? The perfect gift for anyone with anything resembling a sense of humor. From Thunder Bass Press.

Eddy Current

"A twelve hour book" by **Ted McKeever**.

Eddy sent away for the Dynamic Fusion Suit. It's guaranteed to magnify Eddy's strength "lots of times." Eddy has twelve hours to save the world. Eddy knows his mission is difficult. ("I attempt to still their hearts with fear . . . I must look like a real jerk.") Eddy hates Elvis movies. Eddy just escaped from the asylum. He's my kinda guy. This is not a comic for everyone . . . but it *should* be. Guaranteed to alienate *X-Men* fanatics. From Mad Dog Graphics.

Sam & Max, Freelance Police

By **Steve Purcell**.

Sam is a dog, and Max is a bunny . . . sort of. They're real cute. They have real big guns. They fight urban crime. They park illegally because Max can't see over the top of the steering wheel. A tightly plotted comic masterpiece in which the villainous psychic surgeon spontaneously combusts just when you thought there was no possible escape for our heroes. Well, it's better than waking up from a horrible dream in which you're married to both Lois Lane and Lana Lang, isn't it? Guaranteed to outrage the medical community. From Fishwrap Graphics.

Space Ghost

By **Steve Rude** and **Mark Evanier**

The cartoon character that inspired the Dude to create the visual image of **Nexus**, possibly the greatest comic book of all time. Guaranteed to prevent Steve from rendering me senseless. From Comico.

Munden's Bar Annual

By Mike Baron, Hilary Barta, Brian Bolland, Del Close, Matt Feazell, Steve Moncuse, Jerry Ordway, John Ostrander, Steve Rude, and Joe Staton. Three classic favorites, three brand new stories, 48 full-color pages, all for only \$2.95. On sale now! From First Comics.

Hey, you didn't think I'd get out of this without plugging at least one of *our* books, did you?

—Rick Oliver

FIRST IN DECEMBER

Lone Wolf and Cub #8: By **Kazuo Koike** and **Goseki Kojima**. Cover and introduction by **Frank Miller**. 64 pages. Black-and-white. \$2.50.

Badger #34: Ham and Badger square off against a horde of biker demons from hell! Part one of two by **Mike Baron**, **Ron Lim**. Cover by **Mike Zeck**. \$1.75.

Nexus #43 : Guest artist **Paul Smith** joins writer **Mike Baron** and paints a "Portrait of Death." \$1.75.

Grimjack #45: The Demon Gate is open and the Dancer's reign of terror begins. By **John Ostrander** and **Tom Mandrake**.

Psychoblast #6: Can Psychoblast survive "Psych-Out?" By **Steven Grant**, **Robb Phipps** and **Al Vey**. \$1.75.

Whisper #12: Christmas cheer turns to fear when a psychotic killer makes a list and checks it twice — steal the Whisper costume and murder Di Young! By **Steven Grant** and **Rich Larson**. Cover by **Bill Sienkiewicz**.

Munden's Bar Annual #1: Hey, how about that? Two plugs on one page. Look over to your left and down for more exciting info of this extravaganza. Cover by **Jerry Ordway**. \$2.95.

Elric #5: The Albino Prince must fight his way through the Beggar Army, the mystical Horsemen of Tanelorn and the vampiric Elenoi, to reclaim his stolen Ring of Kings. By **Roy Thomas** and **Jan Duursema**. Bi-monthly series. \$1.75.

Sable: Return of the Hunter #2: In war torn Tehran, Sable seeks revenge fro the death of a friend. By **Marv Wolfman** and **Bill Jaaska**. \$1.75.

Shatter #14: Daley city is dying, and only those in self-contained, sealed biospheres will survive — and only Shatter can save the rest of the world! By **Jay Case** and **Charlie Athanas**. Bi-monthly series. \$1.75

AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE PSYCHO IN HIS FIRST GRAPHIC NOVEL **HEXBREAKER**

A BADGER GRAPHIC NOVEL

BY MIKE BARON

AND BILL REINHOLD

64 PAGES

FULL COLOR

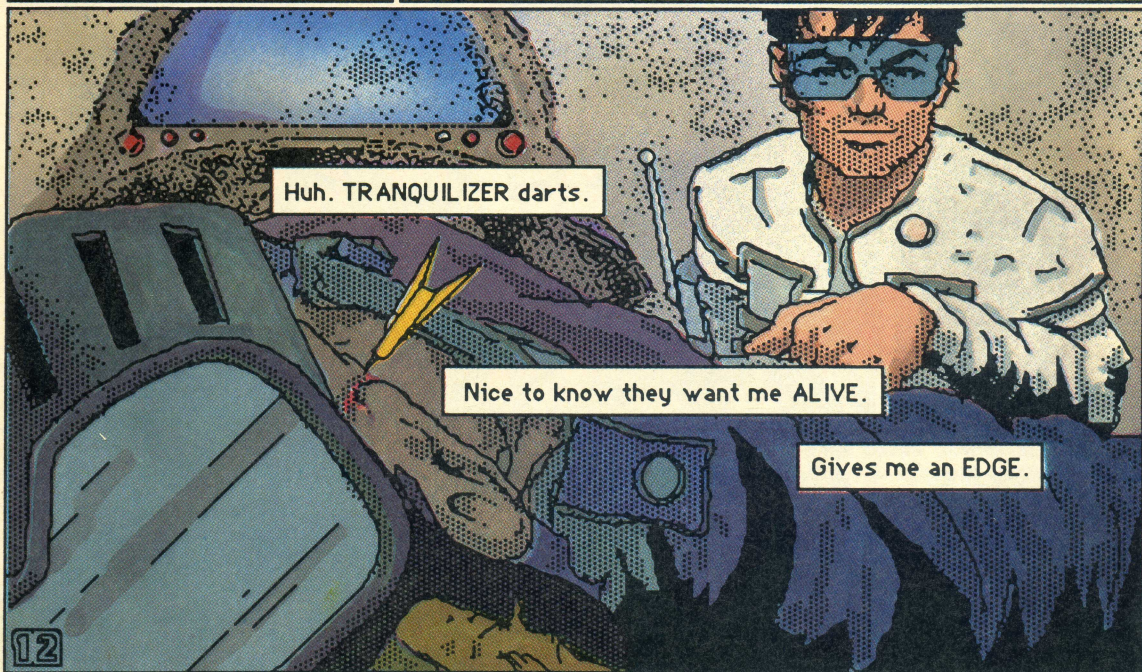
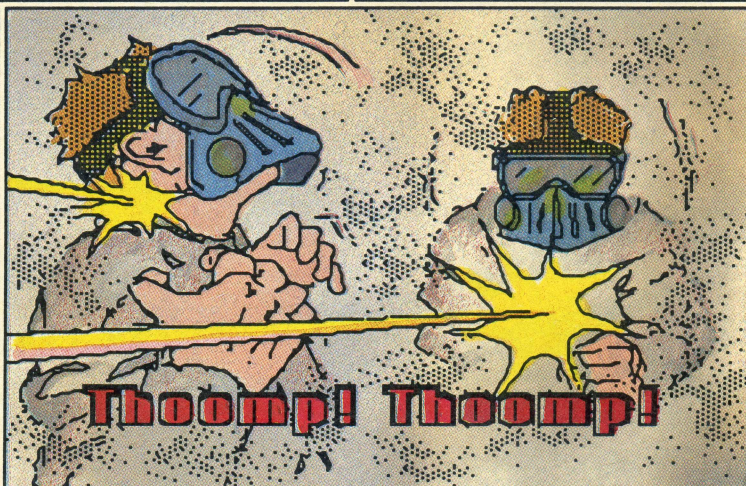
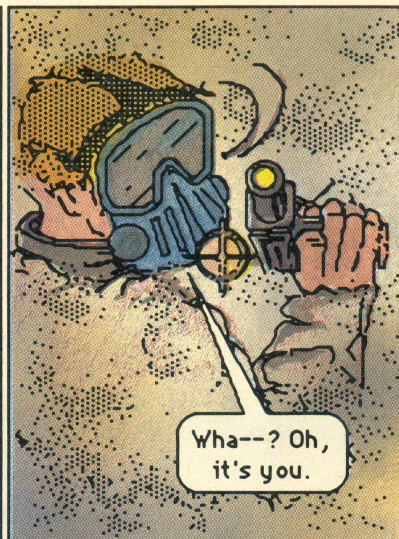
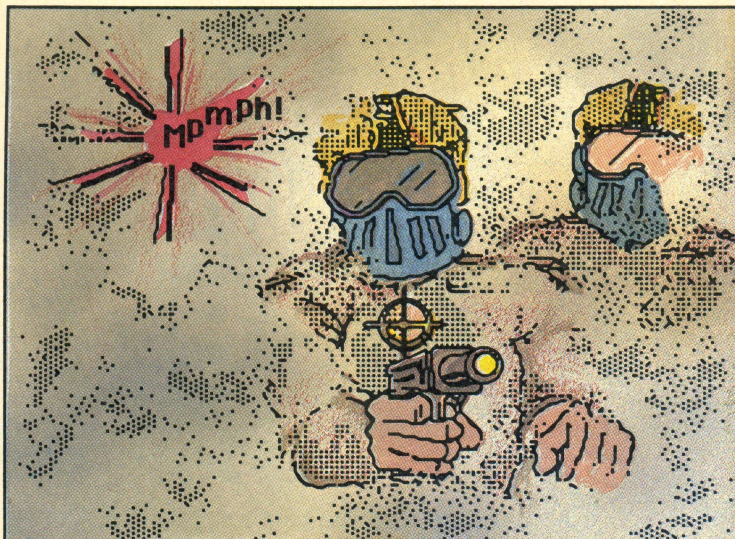
ALL NEW



COMING SOON FROM

FIRST
PUBLISHING
COUNT ON US.

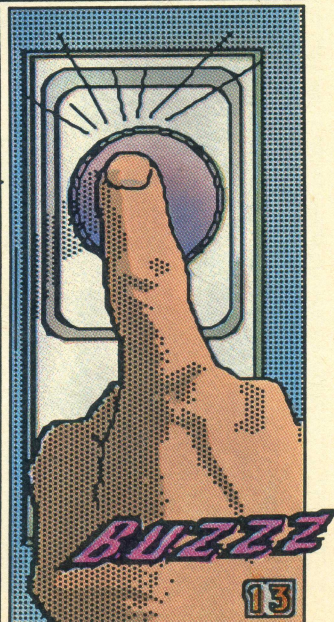
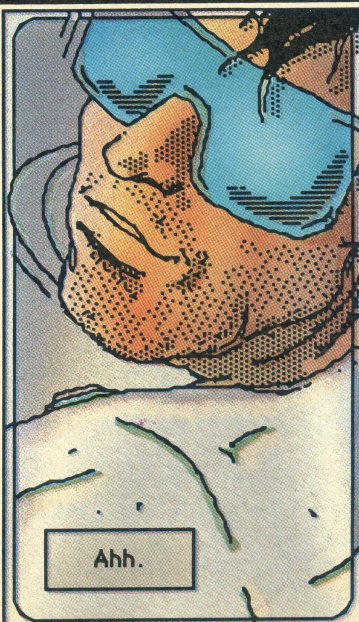
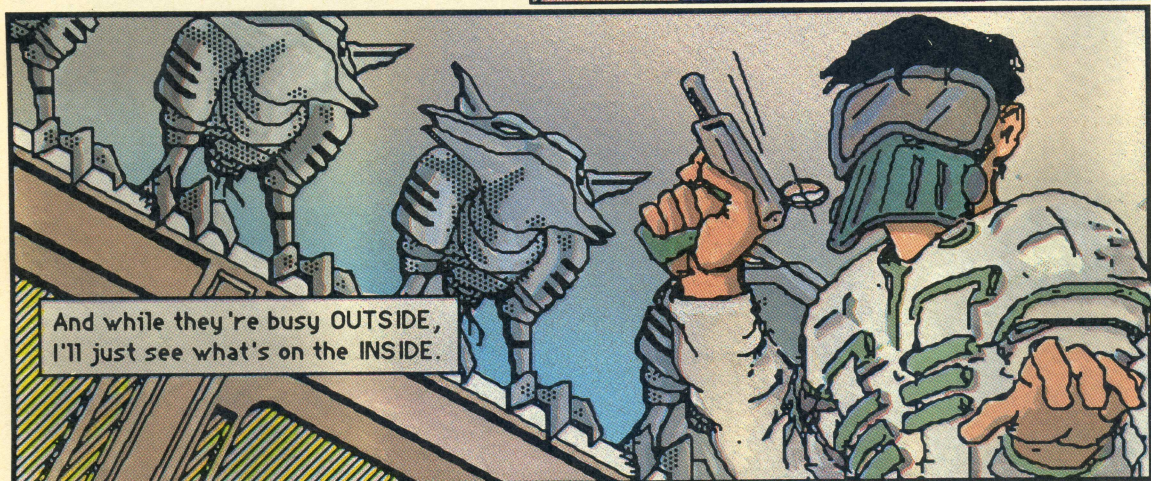
TM & © 1987 FIRST COMICS, INC.

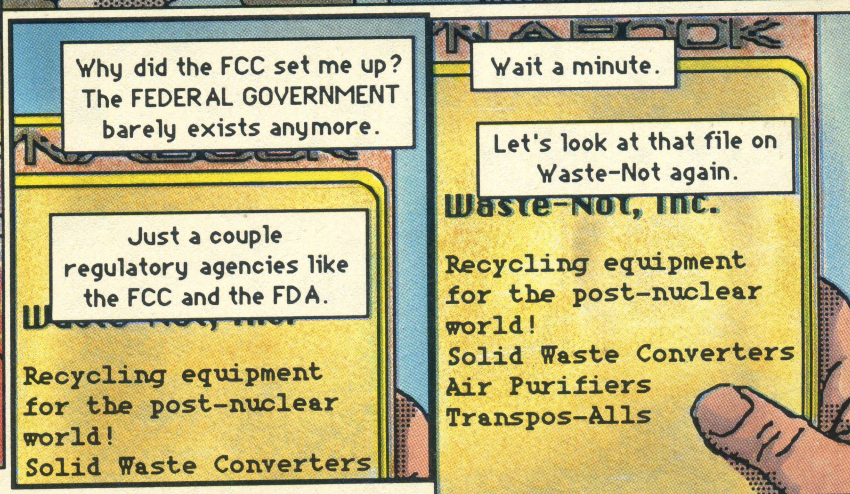
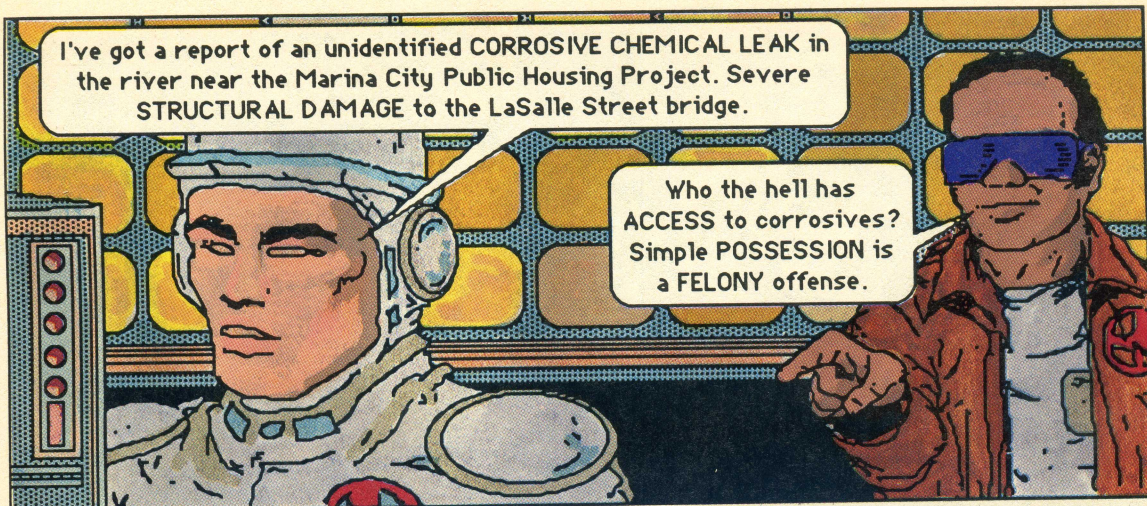


Huh. TRANQUILIZER darts.

Nice to know they want me ALIVE.

Gives me an EDGE.





Let's check one of these out.

Waste-Not, Inc.

Waste-Not Transpos-All®

Garbage in, pure water and
inert solids out!
Complete safety
guaranteed!

All Waste-Not products
FDA approved.

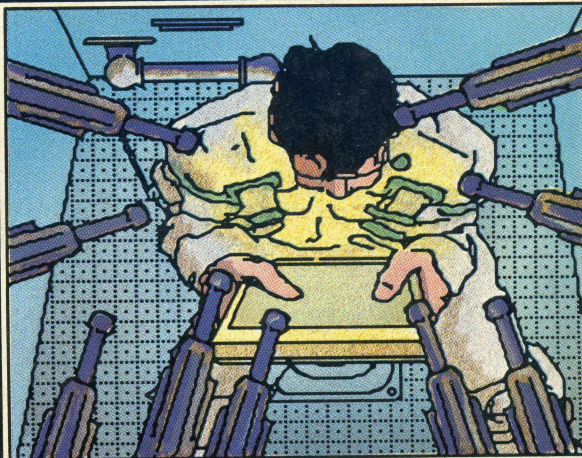


That's what
Cyan was
trying to tell
me. All
recycling
equipment
has to be FDA
APPROVED.

That's TWO federal
agencies in one day--
and that's two too many.
Why didn't I think
of that?



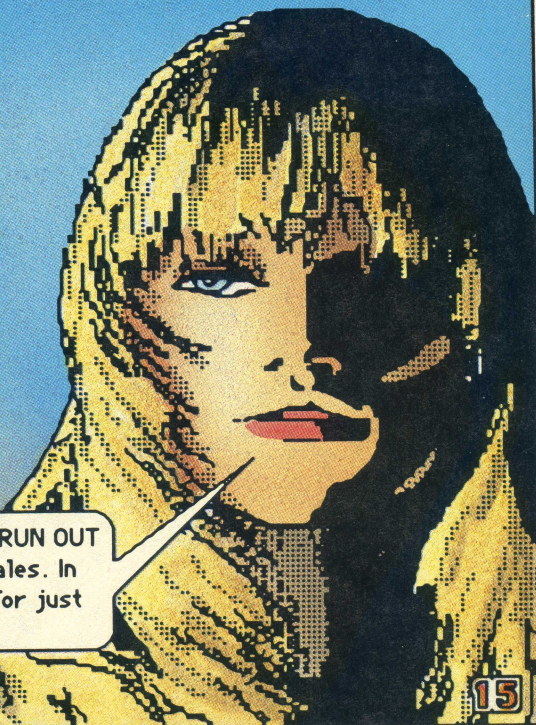
You just did!



Assume the position!

You're KIDDING,
right?

Up until NOW, yes. But we've RUN OUT
of time for games, Mr. Morales. In
fact, we've run out of time for just
about EVERYTHING.



They put me in a transport and flew me out to one of the BIOSPHERES in the lake.

Back around the turn of the century, it looked like the EARTH'S biosphere was going to COLLAPSE from the weight of human pollution.

So the very wealthy created their own SELF-CONTAINED biospheres--complete with deserts, oceans, forests, and farms--all in glass-enclosed domes.

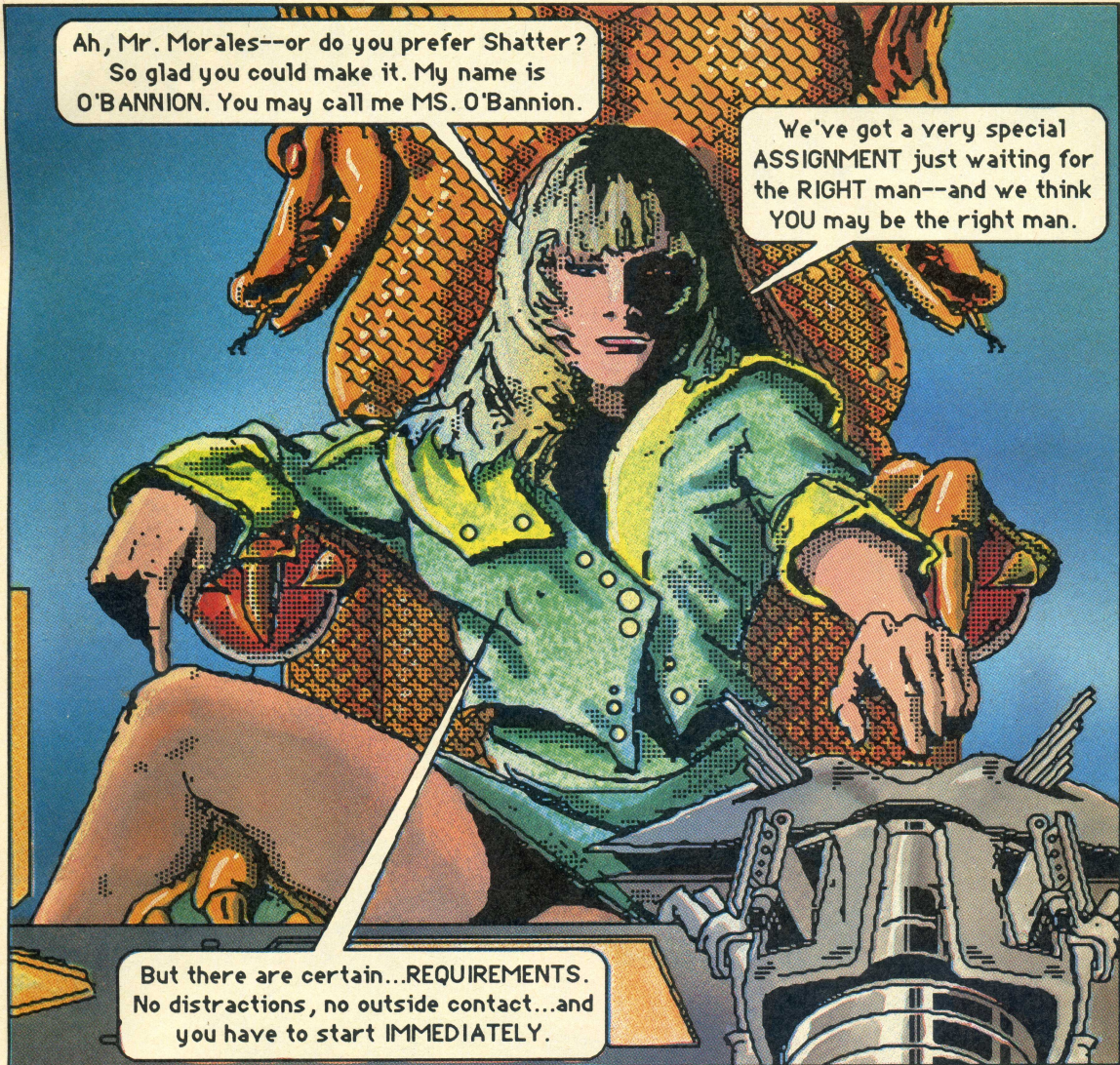
I had never been in one before. Never knew anyone RICH enough to AFFORD one.

Just my lucky day, I guess.

Besides, they were something of an ANACHRONISM.

There wasn't any pollution anymore.

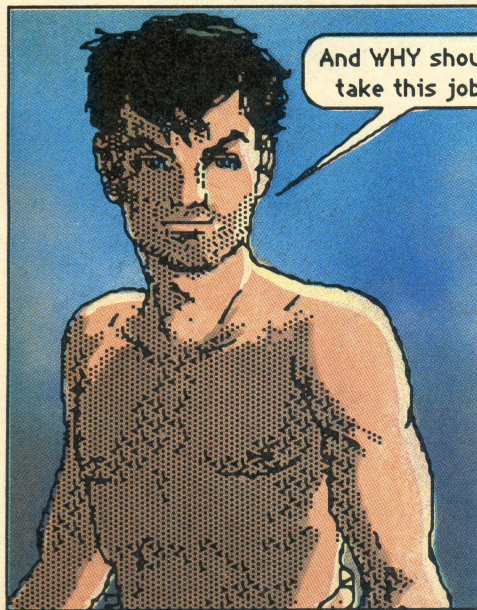
I wonder what kind of people live in these things now.



Ah, Mr. Morales--or do you prefer Shatter?
So glad you could make it. My name is
O'BANNION. You may call me MS. O'Bannion.

We've got a very special
ASSIGNMENT just waiting for
the RIGHT man--and we think
YOU may be the right man.

But there are certain...REQUIREMENTS.
No distractions, no outside contact...and
you have to start IMMEDIATELY.



And WHY should I
take this job?



THIS is why.

KLOR

A NUMBER YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

HOWARD CHAYKIN'S

AMERICAN FLAGG!

NUMBER

ONE!

a new year.

a new beginning.

a new series.

Coming in
January
from



TM & © 1987 FIRST COMICS, INC. and HOWARD CHAYKIN INC.

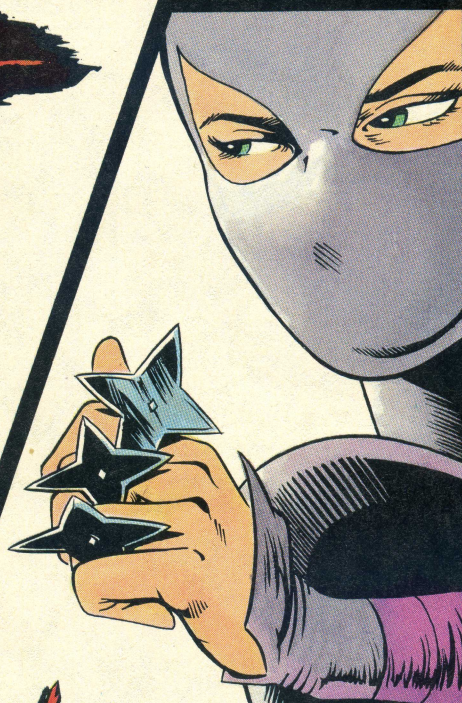
CHECK OUT THESE NUMBERS

EVANGELINE

NUMBER **7**

NEW ART TEAM
JOHN STATEMA
& JIM BAUER

COMING IN JANUARY



Whisper

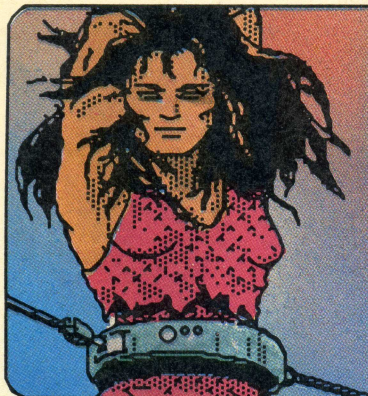
NUMBER **13**

NOW MONTHLY

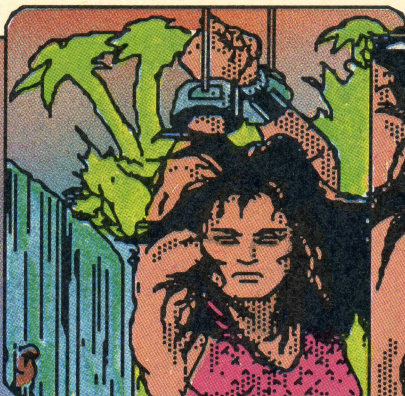
NEW ARTIST
SPYDER

COMING IN FEBRUARY

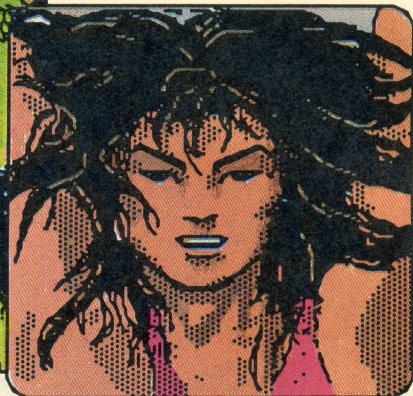
FIRST
COMICS
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"We've got your friend,
Ravenant."



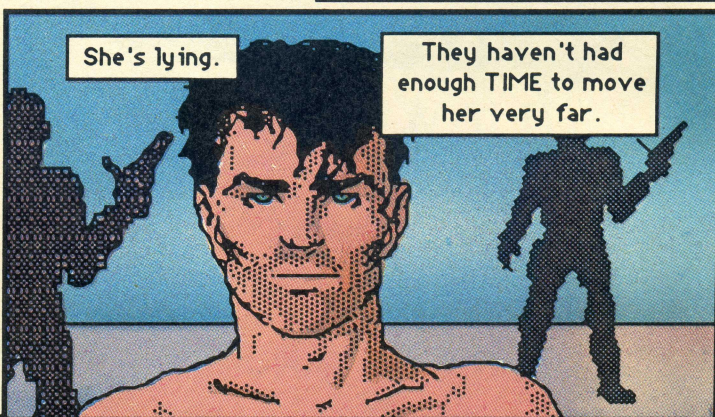
"We've removed her to an
obscure location."



"You don't have a chance of finding
her if you don't cooperate."

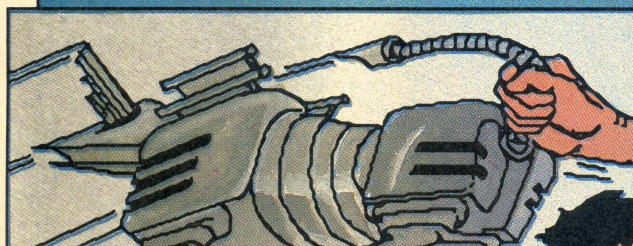


She's lying.

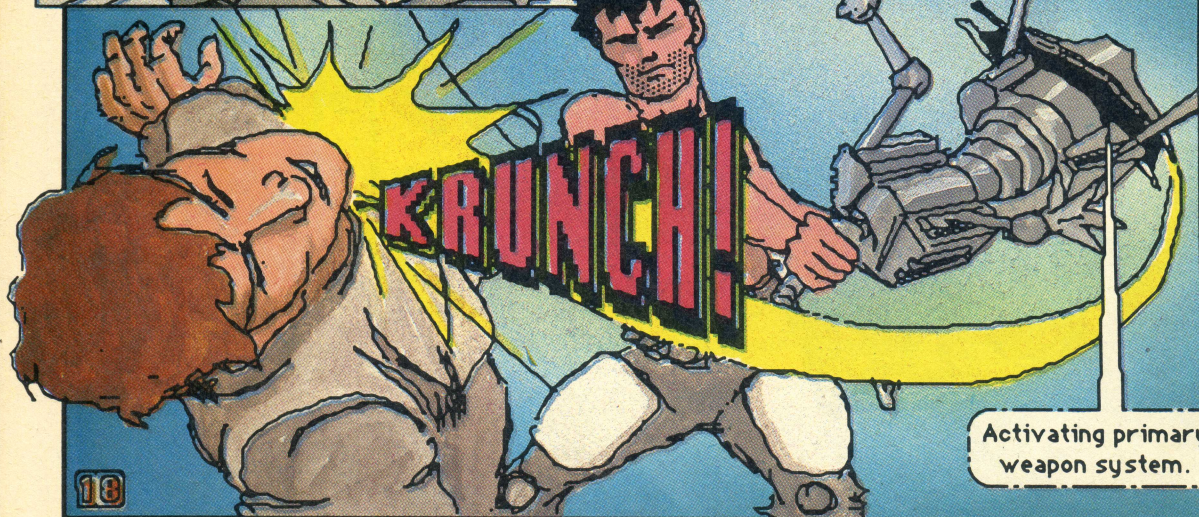


She's lying.

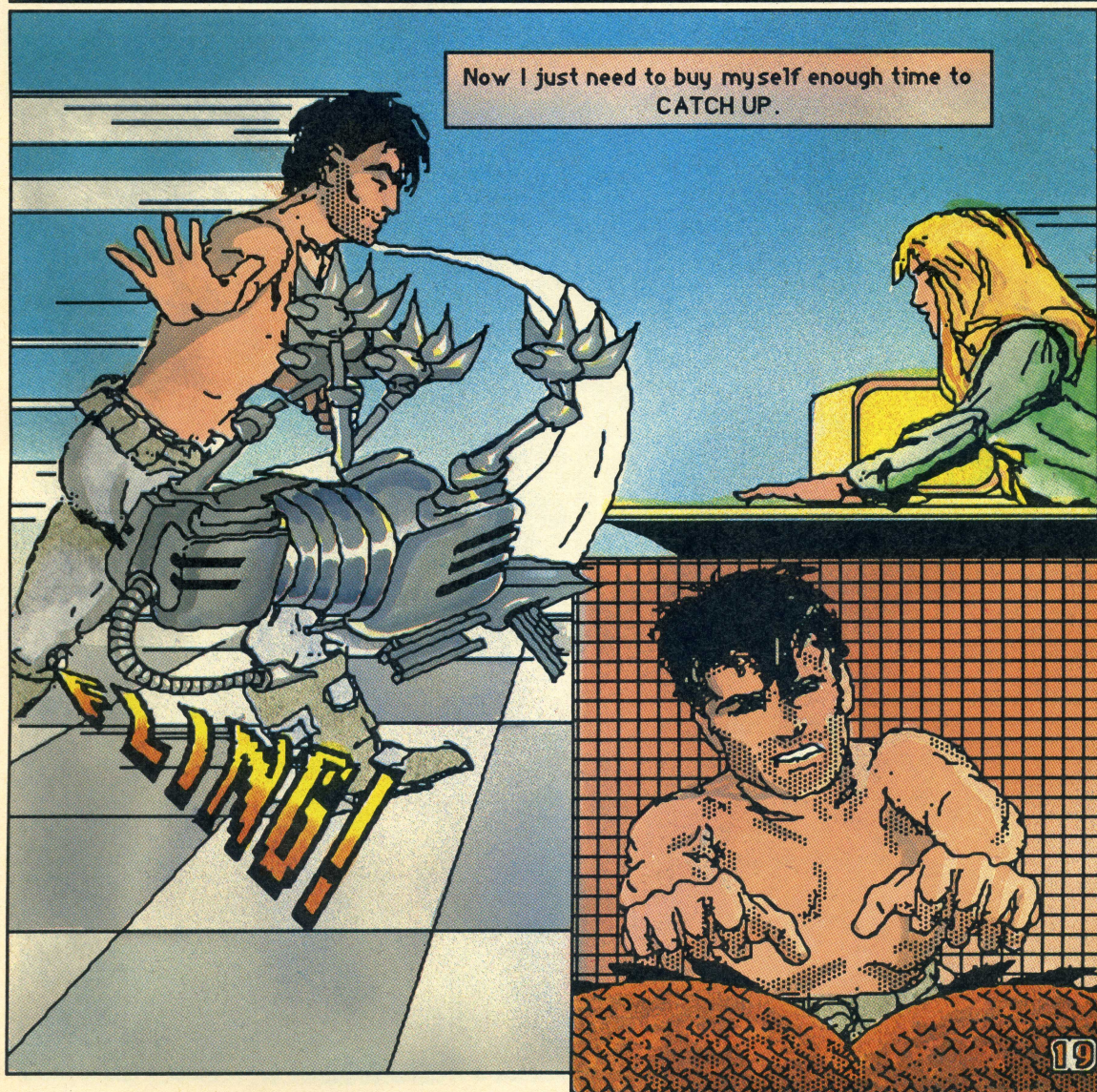
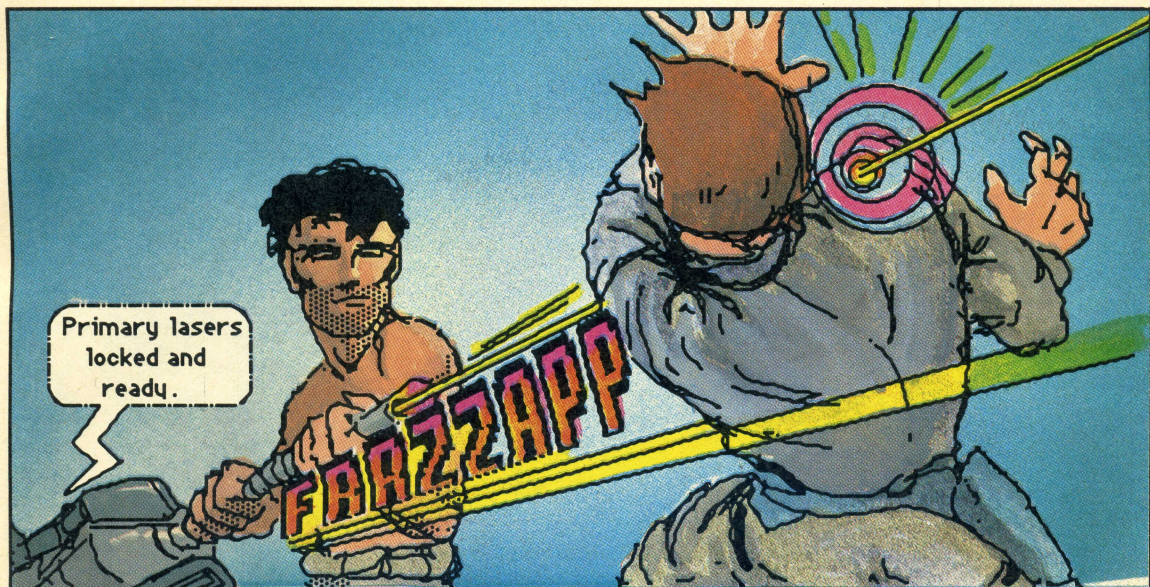
They haven't had
enough TIME to move
her very far.

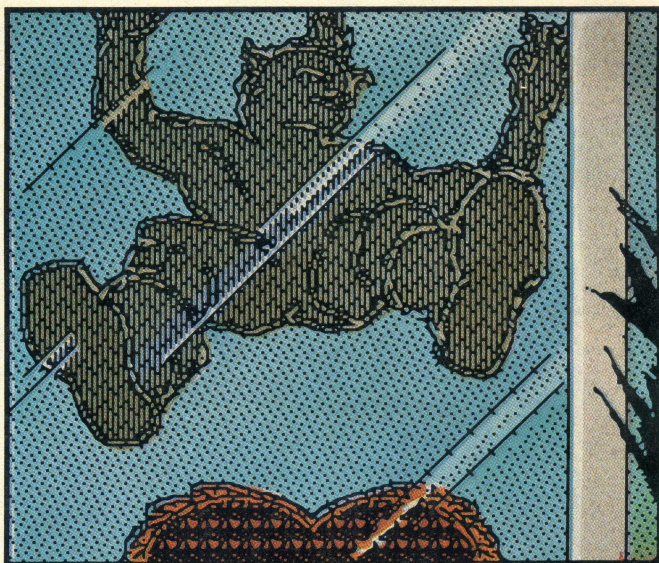
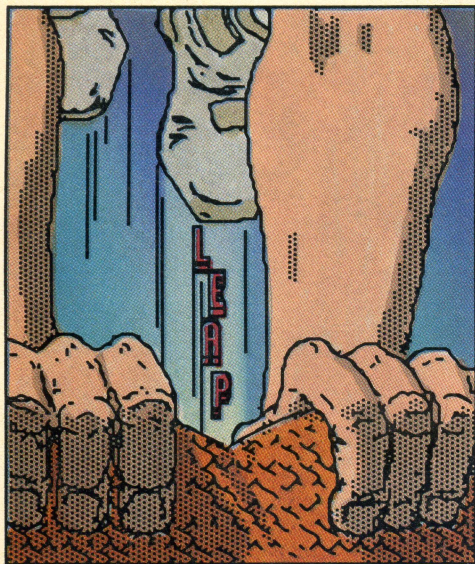


They haven't had enough
time to plan much further
ahead than I have.



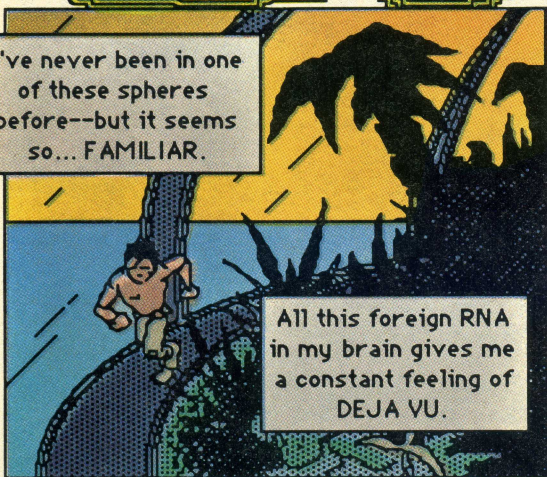
Activating primary
weapon system.





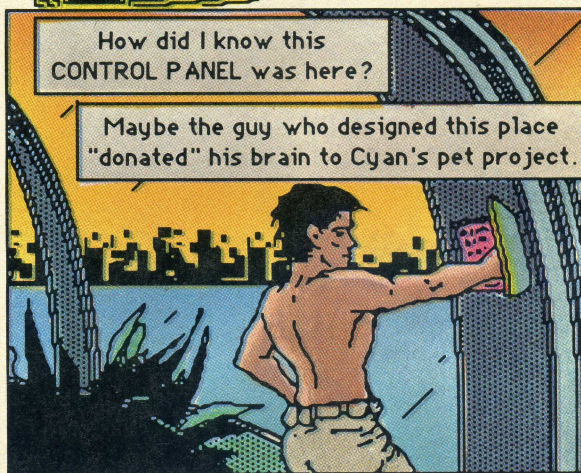
CRASH!

I've never been in one of these spheres before—but it seems so... FAMILIAR.



All this foreign RNA in my brain gives me a constant feeling of DEJA VU.

How did I know this CONTROL PANEL was here?

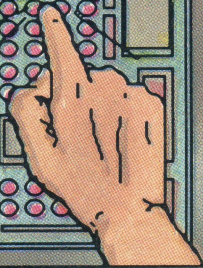


Maybe the guy who designed this place "donated" his brain to Cyan's pet project.

Or maybe I was tipped by the large, red letters that said, "Security Control Panel."

There he is!

Blip!



SAM!!

Where I'm going I won't need these fliers.

But it seems such a shame to leave them just sitting here.

I'll just set the HOMING BEACON on this one...

And the AUTO-PILOT on this one, and...



Ravenant's got to be close by.

Most likely location?

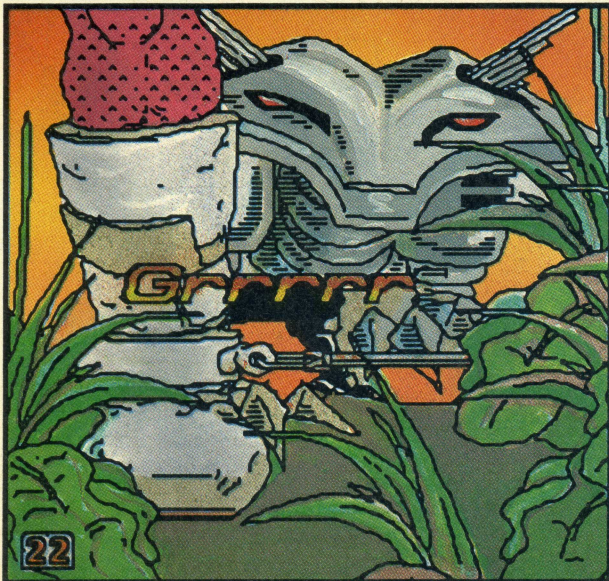
The only other biosphere in the immediate area.



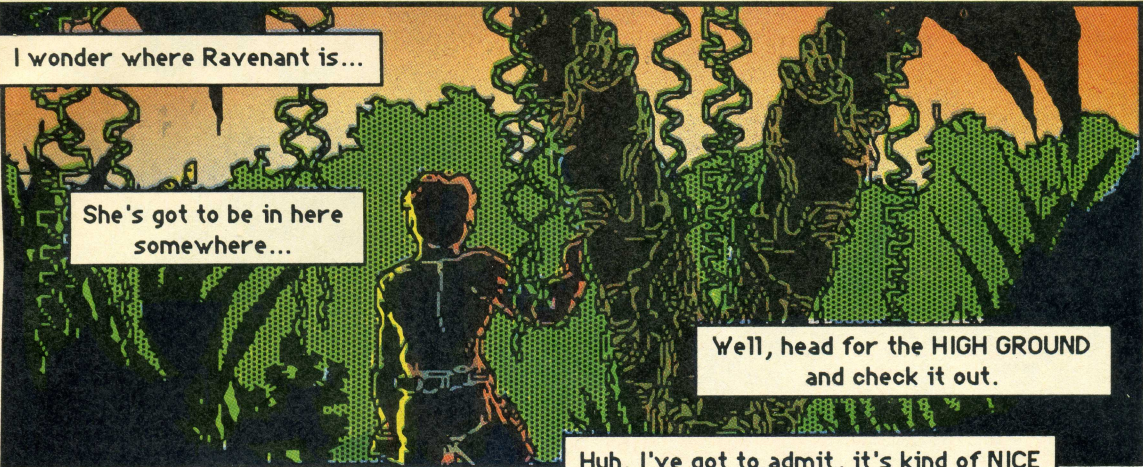
One thing about hanging with Philb--I mean, Shatter--I sure get to see a lot of INTERESTING places.

Kind of reminds me of the JUNGLES in Vietnam--without any BUGS.

But it does have other... INCONVENIENCES.



"I wonder where Shatter is now?"




I wonder where Ravenant is...

She's got to be in here
somewhere...

Well, head for the HIGH GROUND
and check it out.

Huh. I've got to admit, it's kind of NICE
here. I could think of WORSE things
than living in one of these biospheres.



It kind of reminds me of
the jungle where I met
Rav--without any bugs.

But a little VOICE is telling me
this is all too EASY...

Shut up, Cyan.



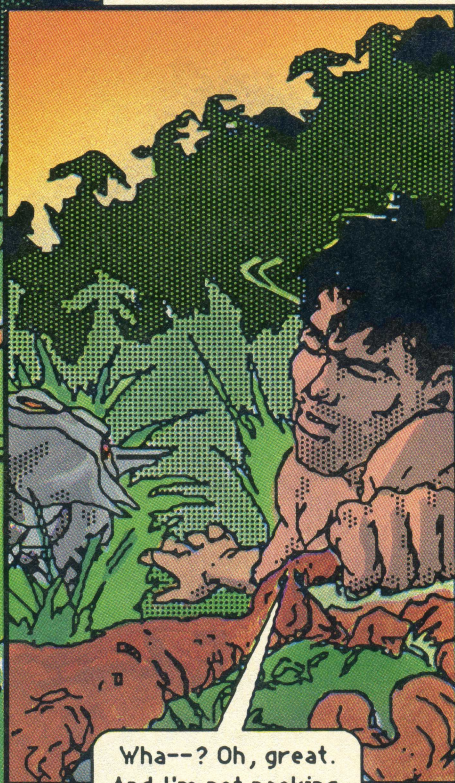
There's a **WATERFALL** at the top of this "mountain"--it creates **MOISTURE** and weather systems for the miniature **RAIN FOREST**.

It also provides a great **VIEW** of the entire sphere.



Hey Rav, how am I supposed to **FIND** you if you're **BLOCKING** my view?

Philb--I mean, Shatter! **LOOK OUT!**

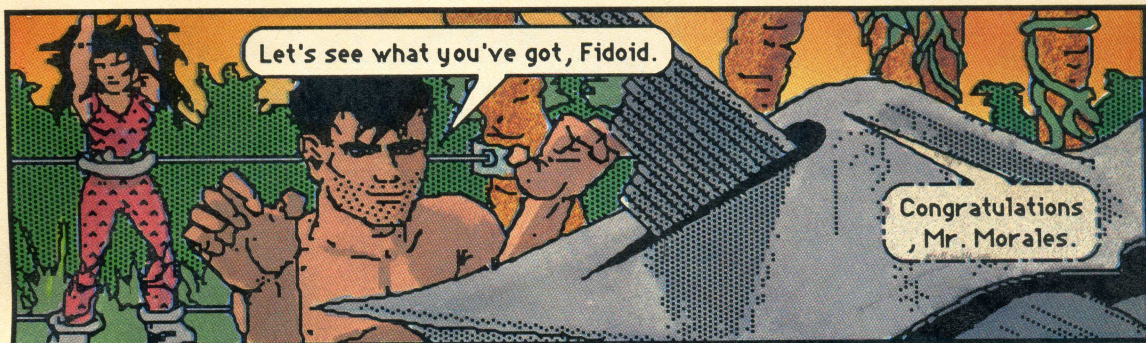


Wha--? Oh, great. And I'm not packing.

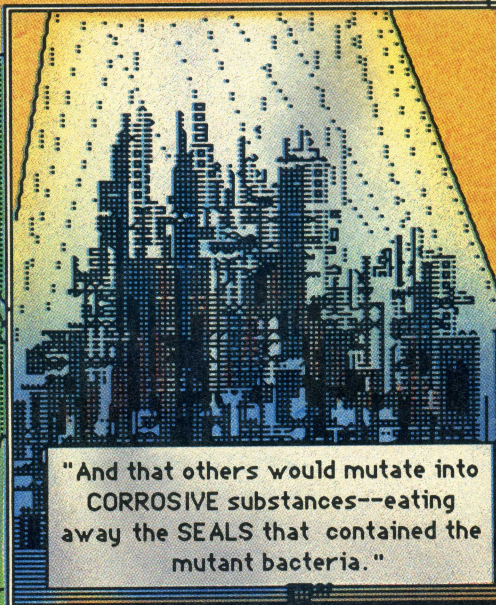
Well (Ooof!) I've gotten this far, I might as well play out my hand.

Hold on, Rav, I can **TAKE** that sucker!

Who am I **KIDDING**?



You've **CONFIRMED** our hopes that your **RNA-ENHANCED** brain has the **RESOURCES** to complete our "special assignment."




"And now, the city is **DYING**, Mr. Morales."



Everyone knows that all the in-home **ANTI-POLLUTION** devices run on **GENE-ALTERED** bacteria, designed to eat toxins and excrete inert substances. What very few know, however, is that these devices were only intended as a **STOP-GAP** measure.

You see, we knew that those bacteria would continue to **MUTATE**, and sooner or later the systems would **BREAK-DOWN**.


But what no one foresaw was that some would mutate into even more **DEADLY** toxins...



"Use your BRAINS, Mr. Morales--and
the biosphere's complete
LABORATORY--to find a SOLUTION."

Great. Where
do I START?

How about starting with cutting
me LOOSE?



Nah...LEAVE her there, Shatter.
She never could get your NAME
right, anyway.

SHATTER™

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Dear Rick,

My gosh, I can't believe people are not enjoying Shatter as much as I have been lately. I read the letters page of #12 and it was over half complaints. That normally wouldn't bother me, but the book has gotten better recently. I'll admit, I didn't particularly enjoy issues 4 through 8, but the series did a turnaround when Charlie Athanas came on board. Sure, it's still got a ways to go yet, but I still think the issues since Charlie started have been some of the best in the series.

"Singing the Alien Nation Blues" in Shatter #12 was a satisfactory conclusion to the current storyline and a fine farewell performance from Peter. I'll be sorry to see him go, but what must be, must be. I hope you'll get somebody in here who's worthy of filling Peter's shoes as writer. The only other writer who ever did justice to Shatter, other than Peter, was Mike Saenz. I don't suppose you could find a way to convince him to return? I'd suggest Mike Baron, but it seems he's got more than enough work these days without another book added to the list.

There is one point another reader brought up that I must agree with. Shatter should be more experimental, in storylines as well as in art. It's got to do for comics what "Max Headroom" does for television. The book should push at the limits of what can be done in a comic book. The computer art was the first step, but that's been about the only thing that's given the book a

distinct identity thus far. The novelty has worn off. If you want the series to survive, the stories have to be even better than they are now. Even if you have to get controversial. Anything to draw attention to the series and keep people interested.

That's all for now. But I'll probably be writing again. I do enjoy this series and I don't want to see it die.

T.J. Campbell
1225 Bay Ridge Road
Madison, WI 53716

Dear Rick and Laurel,

I think that the new team of Case/Athanas is an improvement; they don't seem to take themselves quite as seriously as Peter Gillis did. Small touches like Sadr's improvised F.C.C. override access code : IQ-TKO-LSMFT, or the sewer dogs: Model THX 1138, showed a lightness and humor that I didn't expect.

The dream sequence with Cyan was a gas! Polluting the water with costly Coke. Shatter leaving Ravenant to deal with the sewer dogs herself, lots of timely "comic" relief. Maybe there *is* a reason I've stuck with this title since the summer of '85!

Charlie Harris
Tucson, AZ

Dear Rick,

Guess what... Shatter #13 didn't ruin my day (in answer to your letter column question). In fact, I liked it. Of course, like all things, this is just the beginning, and the quality of Jay's and

Charlie's work will truly be apparent after four or five issues. One issue does not a series make. (Remember, even I actually liked — cough — the first issue of Superman by John Byrne... well, almost.)

Aside from that, I'm actually liking Charlie's visuals more. What I noticed is — for the most part — his faces are more consistent. Shatter looks like Shatter and Ravenant looks like Ravenant (except for the cover, unfortunately). And that's good. Speaking of Ravenant, Shatter #13 presented her more like she should be presented. Instead of a man with boobs — sorry, "breasts" — she looks like a strong and conditioned woman. There's a difference, you know. I especially like her appearance (but not Shatter's) on page 15 — but watch the half-shirts (we were talking about Byrne a minute ago, weren't we?).

So I guess that's all I've got to say... wait a minute, there are no complaints in this letter. This can't be! Hold on, let me flip through the book for a second. I'm sure I'll find something — pause — here we go! I found one, I found one.

Now that comics are considered a "valid" art form, I think it's time we as a concerned comic society decided what is and what is not necessary in comics. Should we continue with the traditional and put out stuff that everyone expects of us, or should we actually go out and think up something new and interesting? Original, even. Am I making sense? Here, let me clarify. The difference between

"Should we continue with the traditional and put out stuff that everyone expects of us, or should we actually go out and think up something new and interesting? Original, even."

good science fiction and comics is that — for the most part — good science fiction alleviates itself from cheesy, cliché ideas. This is the difference between say, *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. One is powerful and somewhat original, while the other is just a pathetic, bland copy.

What I'm referring to, specifically, are the sewer dogs in *Shatter* #13. COME ON! These sewer dogs remind me of comics like DC's *Hex*. Just because they're watchdogs doesn't mean they have to look like dogs. COME ON! Show some originality, guys. What did the "dogs" look like in Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*? Originality... or at least some sort of pondering... that's the key, man. Don't forget it.

I'll let it go this time, but next time...

P.S. Did you ever think about naming the letter column?

Chris Romano
Pacific Palisades, CA

Yes, we're going to name it "Complaints from Chris," beginning with our very next issue.

Regarding your Star Trek analogy, someone once described The Wrath of Khan as "the best Star Trek movie they could make." Maybe the new Star Trek television series just points out the inherent limitations of the basic concept. We'd like to think we have yet to discover the limitations of

computer graphics, which theoretically means we can continually do new, interesting, and original stuff with a computerized comic book, which just bolsters your basic argument, I guess. Oh well, never mind.

And, yes, I know I'm going to alienate a lot of Star Trek fans with my comments, and they'll probably stop buying the book. But I don't think that's going to be much of a problem.

Dear Mr. Obadiah,

When *Shatter* first appeared several years ago I purchased the issue as a collector's item. After all, it was (and still is) the first comic generated by a computer. Unfortunately, at the time, my budget could not allow the purchase of another book. The use of a Macintosh to produce *Shatter* always kept my interest. The recent purchase of my own Macintosh, and my joining a user's group, has further fanned my interest in how the book is produced.

Would it be possible to obtain some information about the production of *Shatter* from First Comics? Or, could you steer me to someone who could provide this information? I would like to present a program about this particular application of the Macintosh to our user's group at some time. Any information you could provide, either published, written, drawn, or digitized on a Mac disc (I'll even provide the disc!), would be of great help. I know most of these Mac users are completely unaware of this

type of application of their beloved Mac. I would like to open their eyes a bit.

Randall D. Williams.
Macintosh User's Group
of Siouxland, Inc.
2730 So. Cornelia
Sioux City, IA 51106

When Shatter first appeared it was produced solely with the software that came packaged with the Macintosh: Apple's own MacPaint. More recently, we have also incorporated MacDraw, Word, Switcher, MacBillboard, and FullPaint. This letters column and the First Notes page were produced with Word and XPress, an electronic page make-up program.

There are more new graphics programs available every day, each more sophisticated than the last, and there's no telling where it will all lead.

But for now, Shatter has served its purpose, and it's time to move on. Thanks to all our loyal readers who stuck it out through both the great and the not-so-great issues. Thanks to Peter Gillis and Mike Saenz for starting the ball rolling, Steve Erwin and Bob Dienethal for keeping it going, and finally, let's all give a big hand for Charlie Athanas for revitalizing the book for a classy finish.

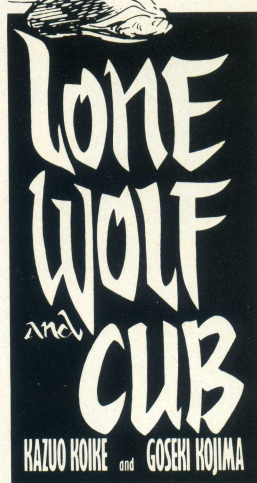
— Rick Oliver

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