

FIRST
COMICS
DELUXE SERIES

THE FIRST COMPUTERIZED COMIC

APR. \$1.75
NO. 8
\$2.45 CANADA

SHATTER

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PERIOTE MONITOR 3

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, utilizing various commercially available software, including: Microsoft Word, FullPaint from Ann Arbor Software, and Apple's own MacPaint and MacDraw.

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.

Now everybody wants Shatter's brain.

Shatter has the capability to become a virtual superhero. He has already absorbed the RNA talents of a concert pianist, an artist, and a martial arts expert. Only trouble is Shatter has no intention of killing anyone just to gain their abilities. But there are others who feel no such reservations...

LAST ISSUE: Shatter escapes the Third World War (being fought in the Third World) in the company of **Ravenous**, a former employee of IBM (Indian Basin Movement) and Dr. **Chuang Tzu** -- who has just informed our hero that he is... pregnant?

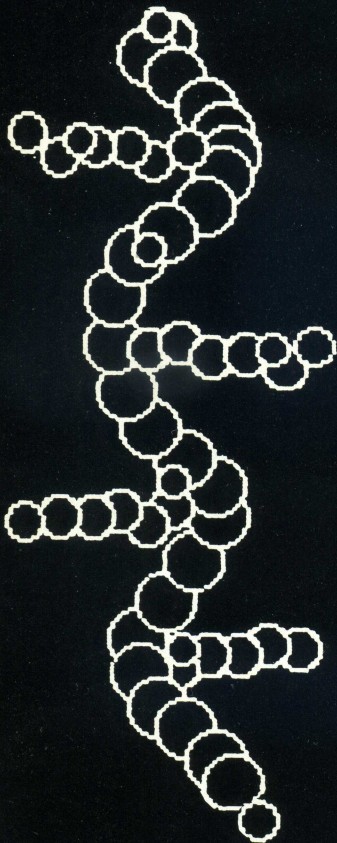
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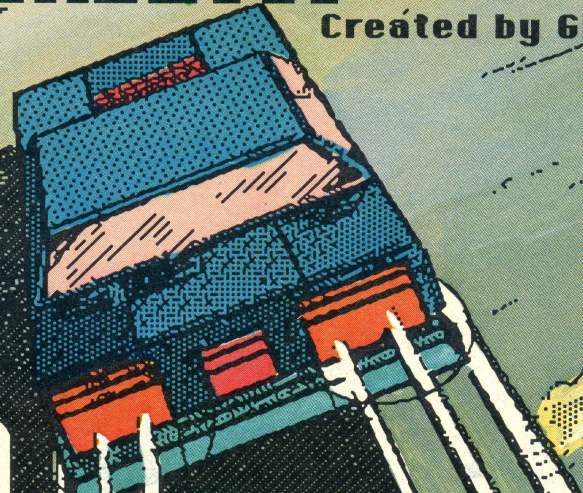
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SHATTER™

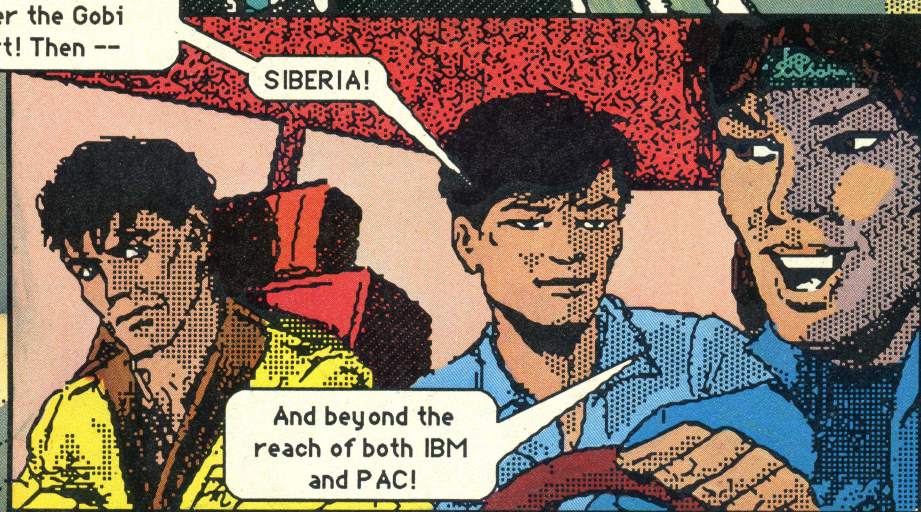
RED DAWNS, WHITE NIGHTS & BLUE MONDAYS!

P. B. Gillis/Script
P. Abrams/Artist 1
C. Athanas/Artist 2
L. Dorscheid/Colors
R. Oliver/Other
Created by Gillis & Saenz

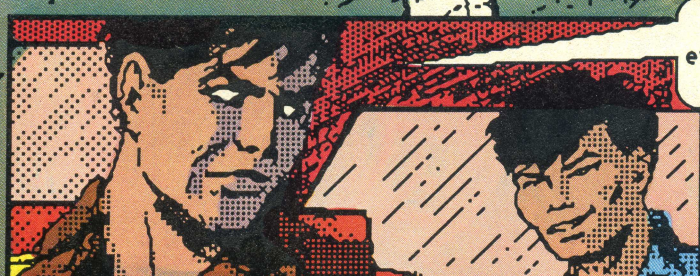


There it is! Soon as we enter that pass, we'll be over the Gobi Desert! Then --

SIBERIA!

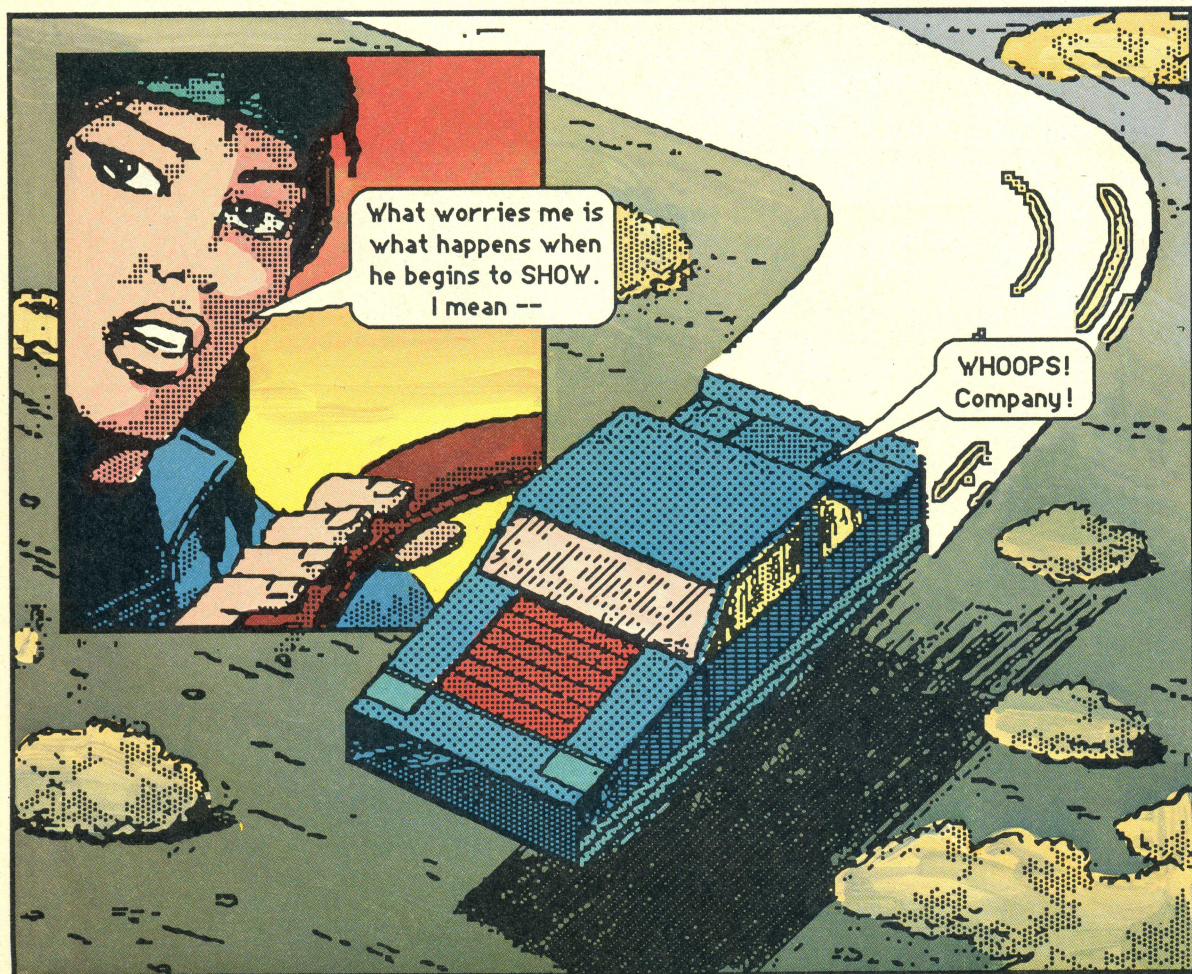
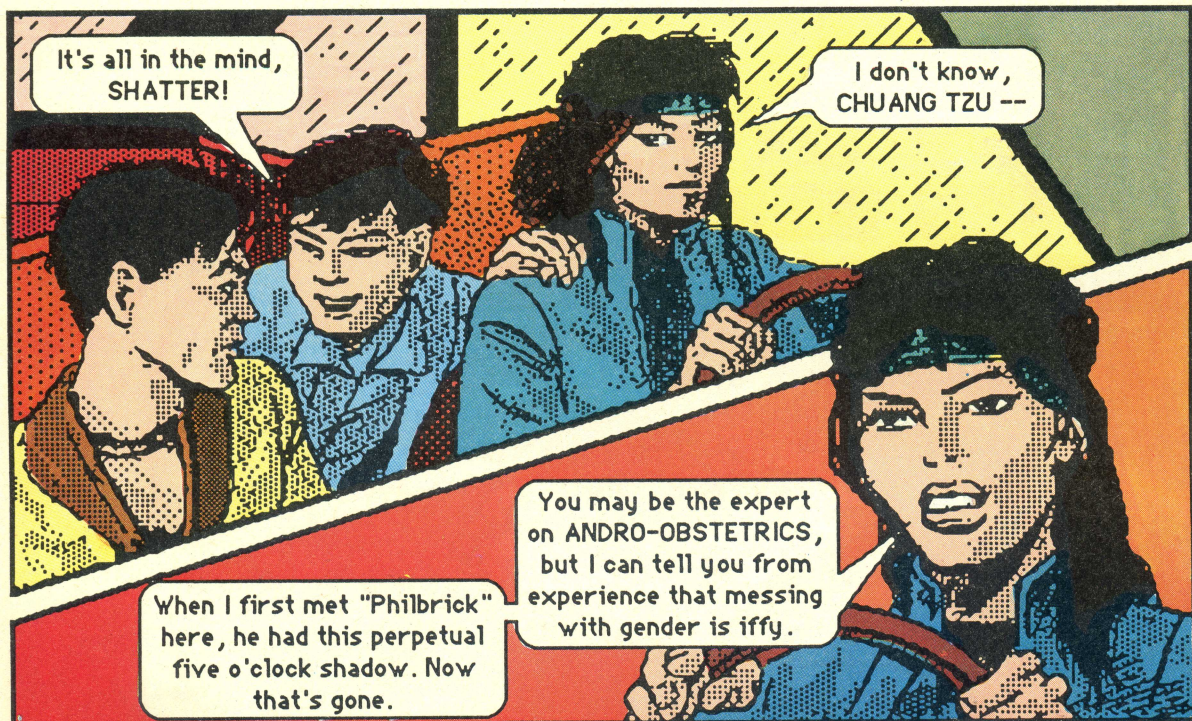


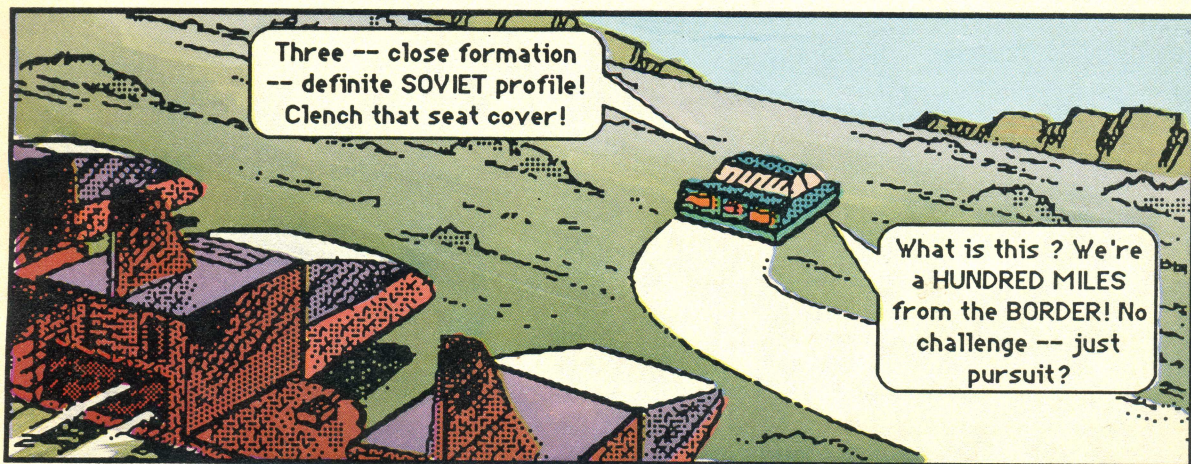
And beyond the reach of both IBM and PAC!



I'M the guy who everybody on earth wants as a SPECIMEN --

-- and I think my PREGNANCY is making me ill!



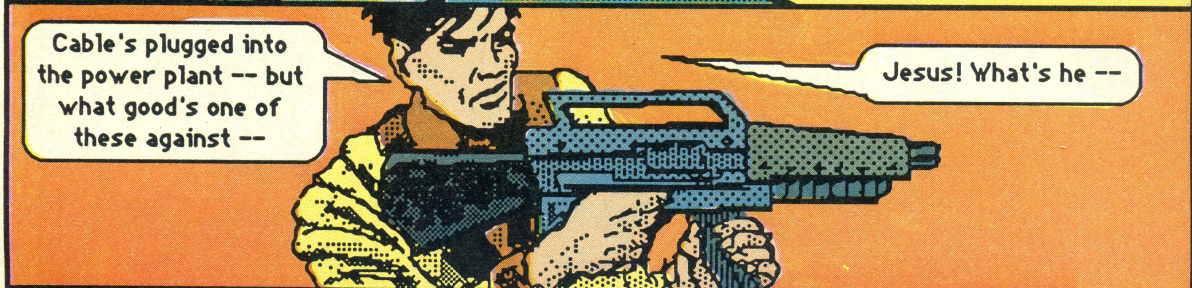


Three -- close formation
-- definite SOVIET profile!
Clench that seat cover!

What is this? We're
a HUNDRED MILES
from the BORDER! No
challenge -- just
pursuit?

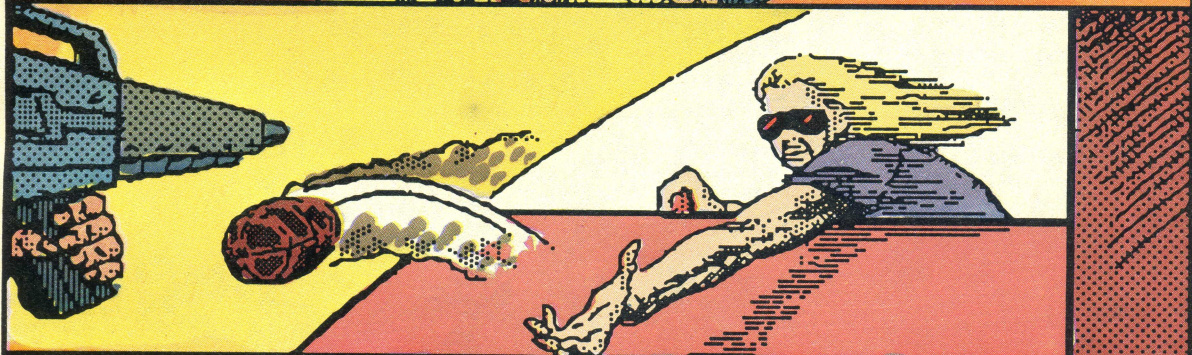


That's what it looks like.
Philbrick, get out the
PORTABLE.



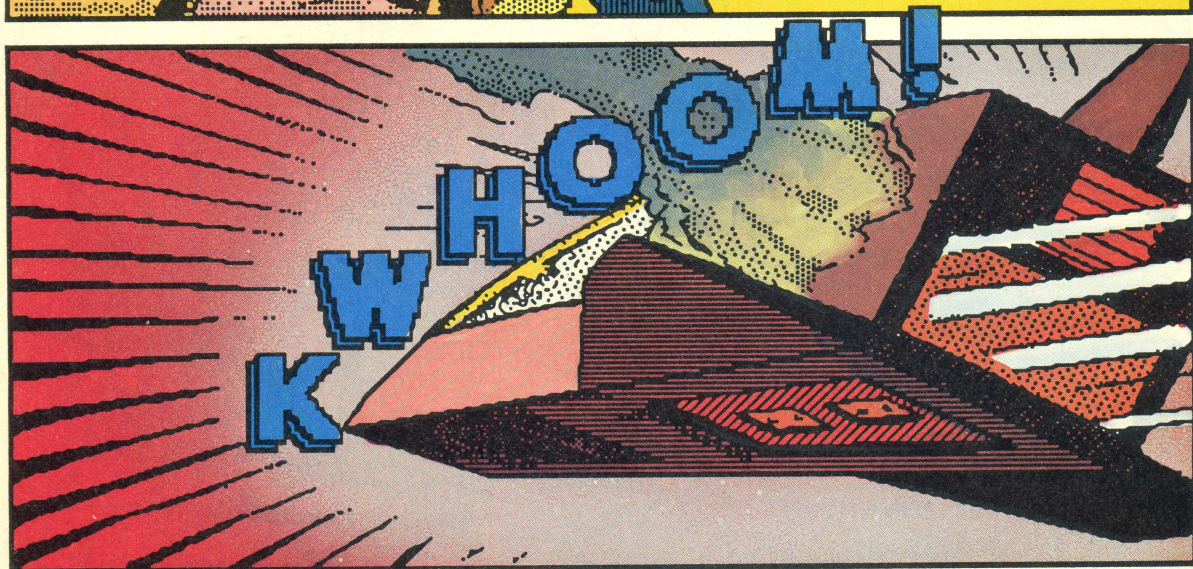
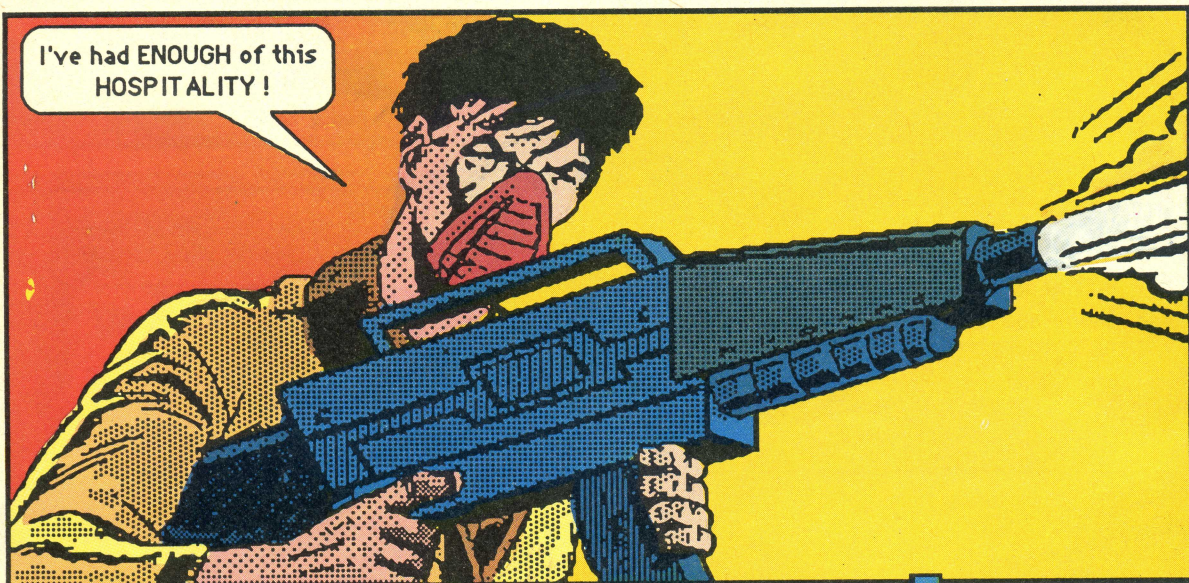
Cable's plugged into
the power plant -- but
what good's one of
these against --

Jesus! What's he --



**GAS
GRENADE!**

Everybody
MASK UP!



This is
NUTS!

SKREEECH!

I couldn't have
DOWNED a ship with
one shot from a
lousy portable!

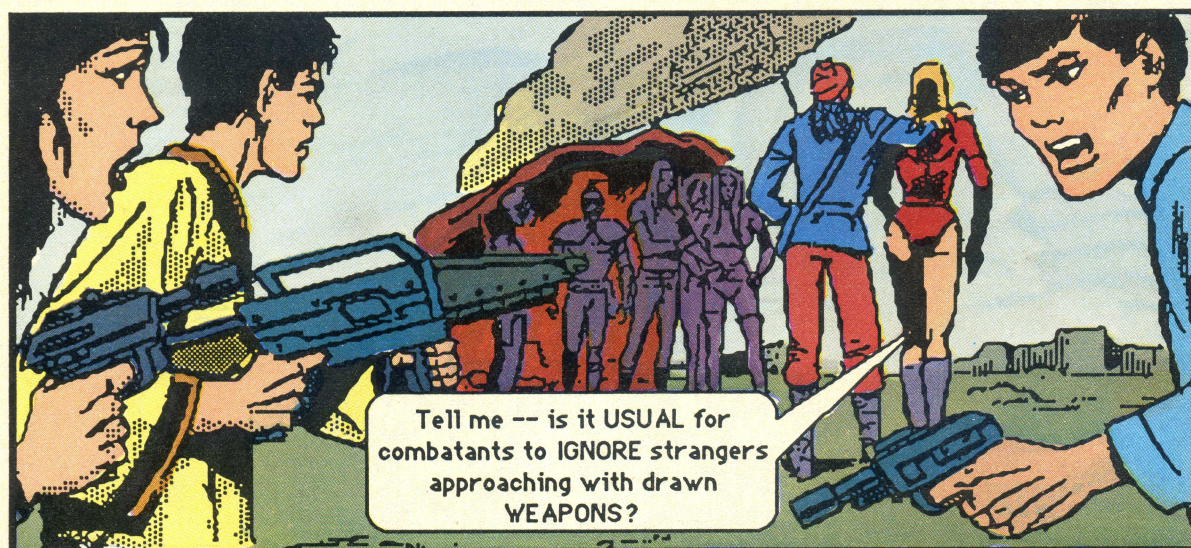
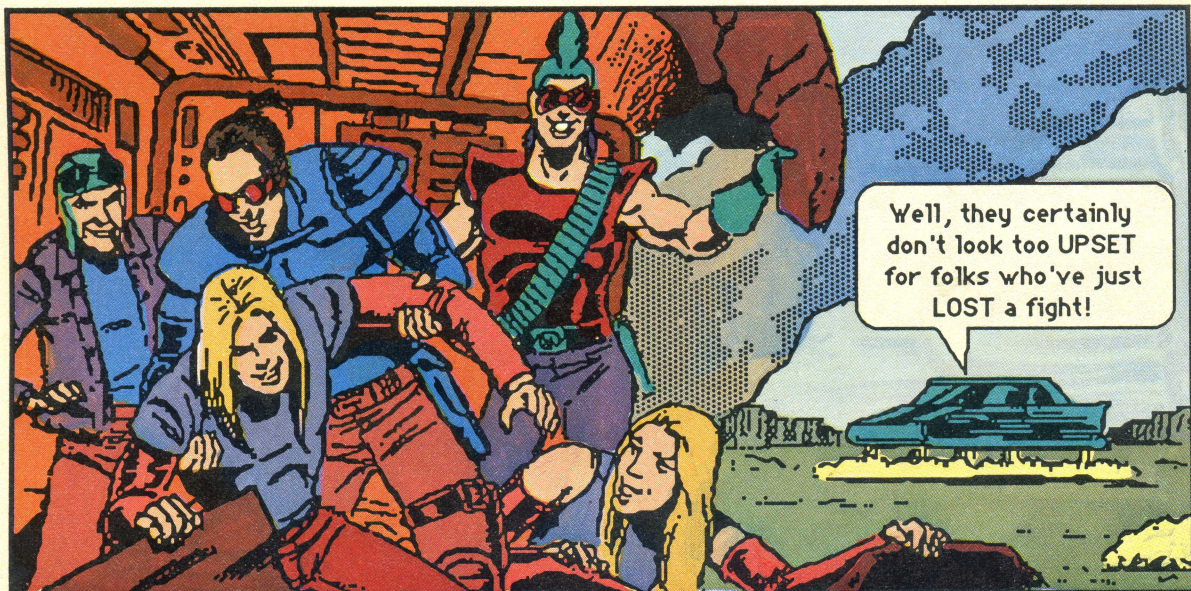
It doesn't
make sense!

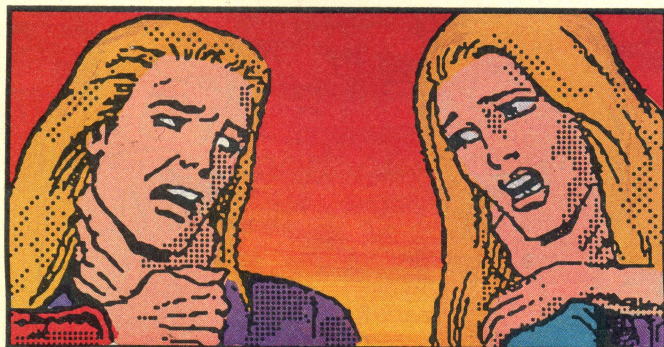
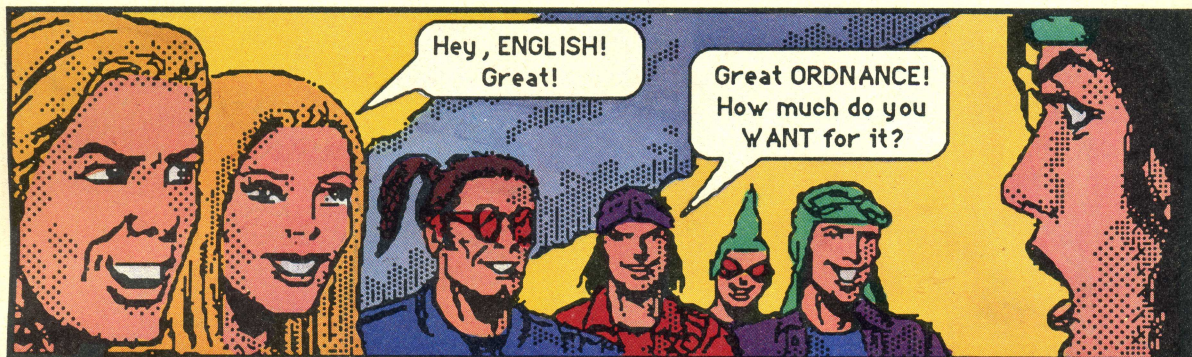
It would if the FLYER happened to made
of STEEL instead of COMPOSITE or
MACROCERAMIC!

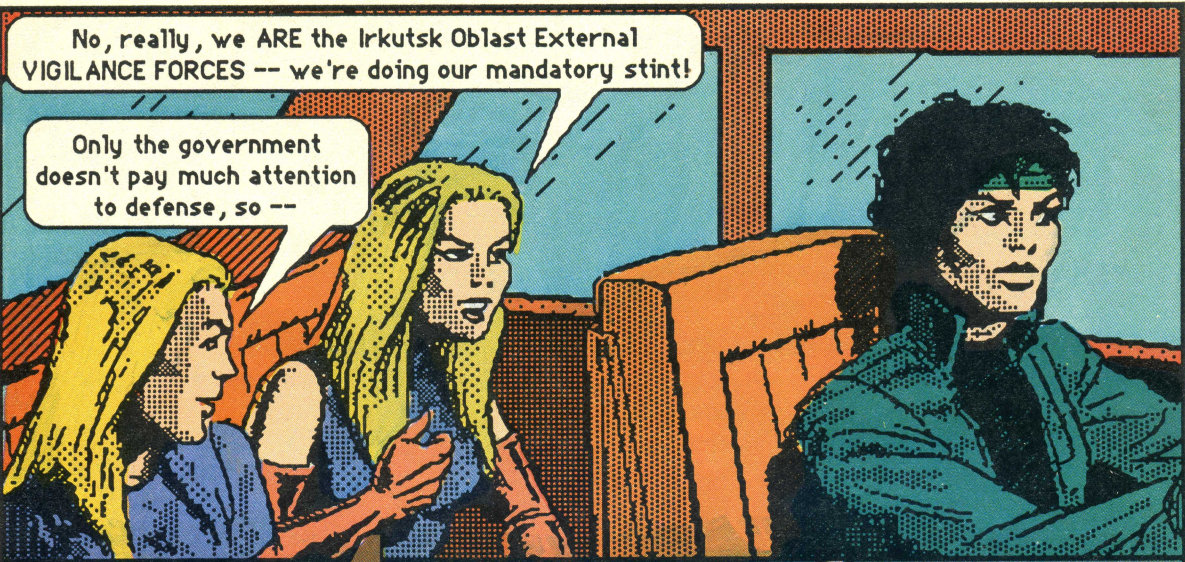
STEEL? Who the hell builds
anything out of STEEL
anymore?

The same people, I suspect,
who'd throw an ordinary
SMOKE bomb in our window!

I think this bears
looking into, hmm?

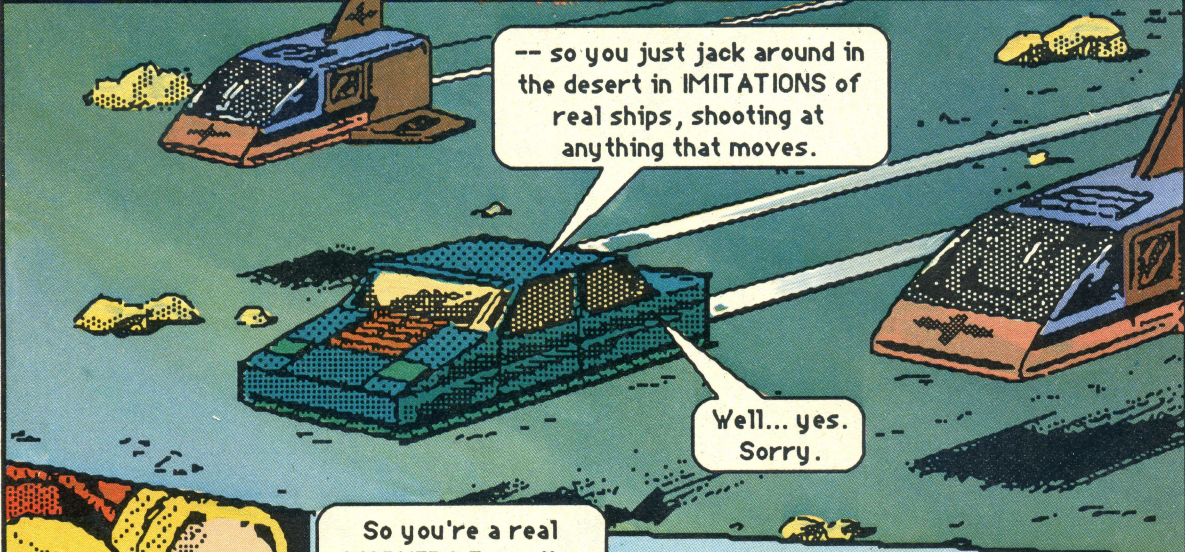







No, really, we ARE the Irkutsk Oblast External VIGILANCE FORCES -- we're doing our mandatory stint!

Only the government doesn't pay much attention to defense, so --



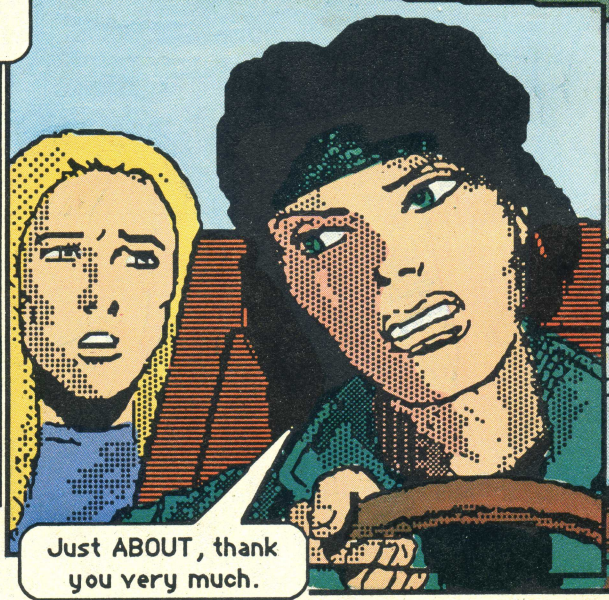
-- so you just jack around in the desert in IMITATIONS of real ships, shooting at anything that moves.

Well... yes. Sorry.

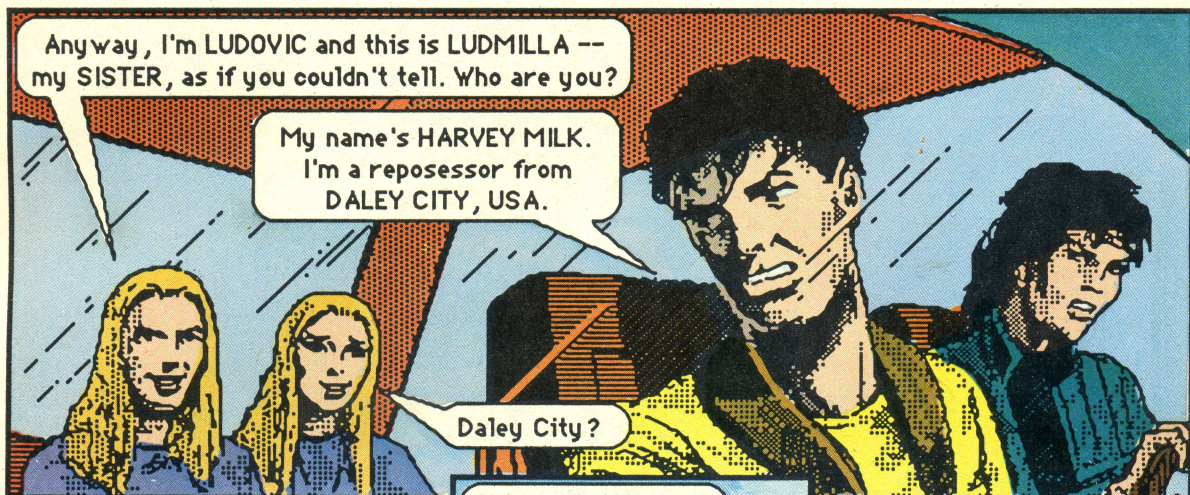


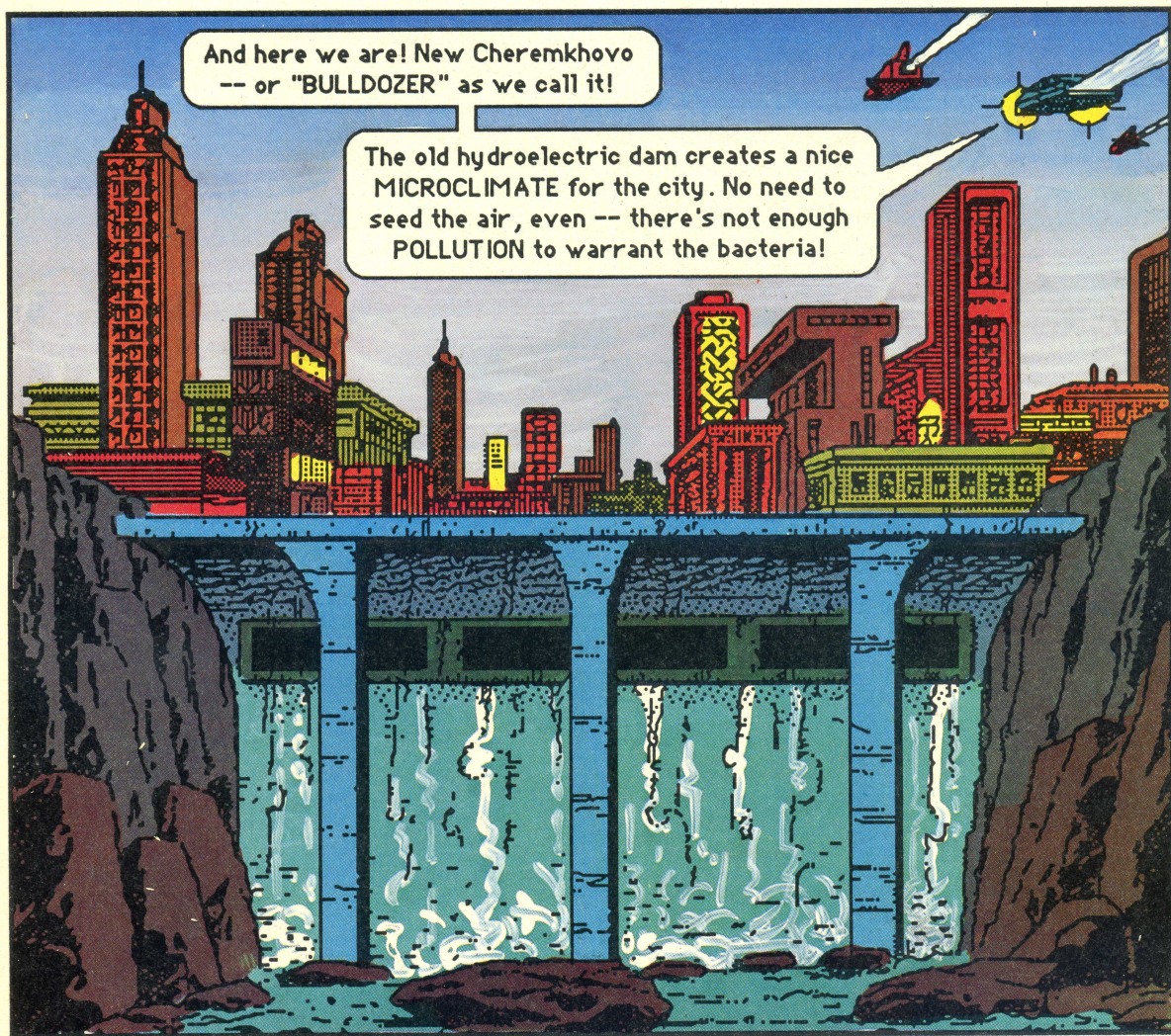
So you're a real WORKER? From the FUTURE STATE?

I thought they were all DEAD!



Just ABOUT, thank you very much.



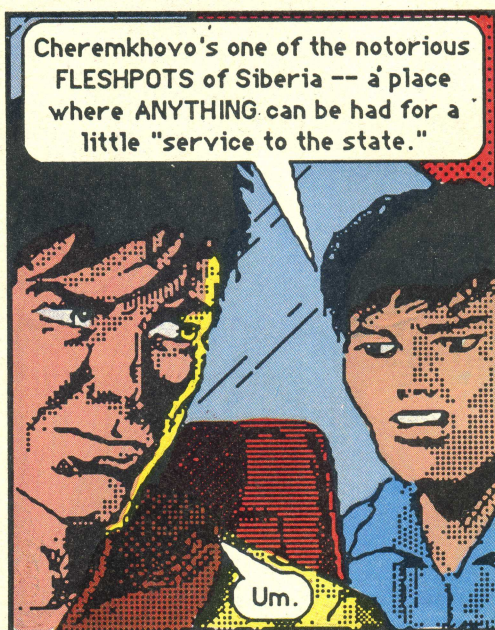


And here we are! New Cheremkhovo
-- or "BULLDOZER" as we call it!

The old hydroelectric dam creates a nice
MICROCLIMATE for the city. No need to
seed the air, even -- there's not enough
POLLUTION to warrant the bacteria!



Looks awfully BIG and
flashy for the middle of
NOWHERE.



Cheremkhovo's one of the notorious
FLESHPOTS of Siberia -- a place
where ANYTHING can be had for a
little "service to the state."

Um.

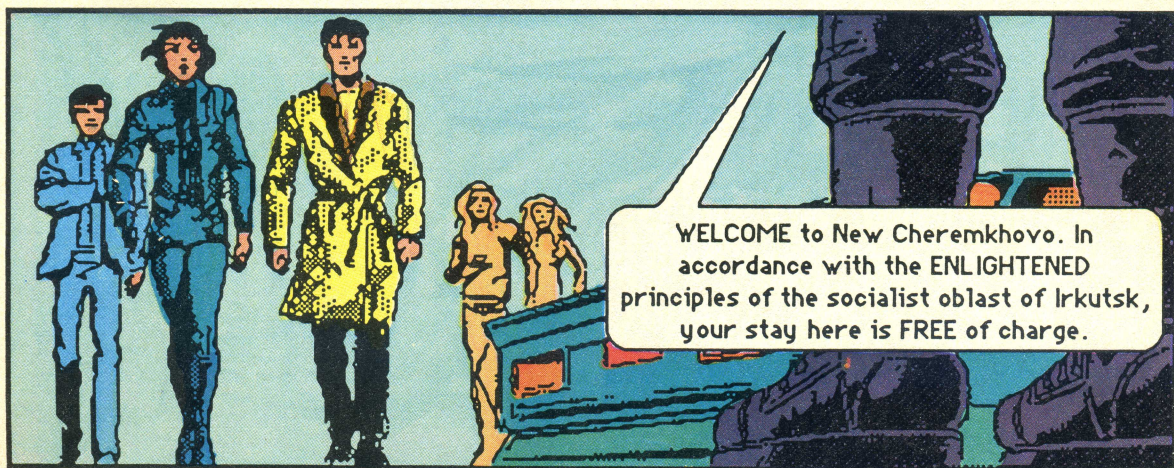


It's true! These towns just busted wide open when the PRODUCTION WARS fragmented the old Soviet Union!

They were always FRONTIER towns, but now they cater to the DARK side of the PACIFIC TRADE.

We'd never get away with one tenth of this stuff anywhere in PAC -- but now that there's no longer a billion people in CHINA, these places are too FAR AWAY for the grand poobahs to bother with.

They're WILD towns, uh... HARVEY.

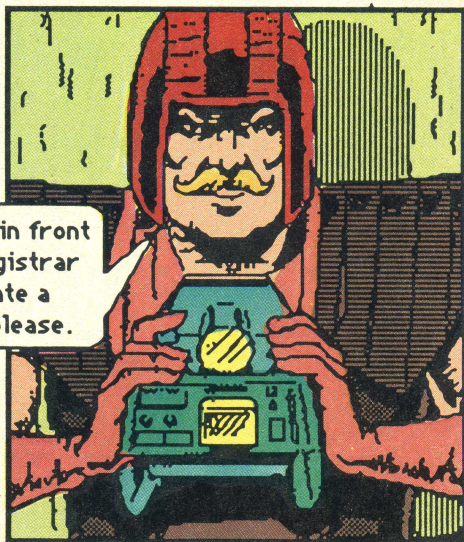


WELCOME to New Cheremkhovo. In accordance with the ENLIGHTENED principles of the socialist oblast of Irkutsk, your stay here is FREE of charge.



You DO speak English?

Um.



Now step in front of the registrar and state a NAME, please.

FIRST NOTES

Okay, I'll admit it. I'm confused. All right, I'm easily confused. But this one's really got me stumped. Let's see if you can shed a little light on the subject:

There is more comics material on the market today than ever before -- which is good; it's nice to have choices. According to one distributor (the people that get the comics from our printer to your local store), 376 titles are scheduled to come out this month, compared to 199 the same time last year, with much of this growth due to an incredible expansion of the black-and-white market -- which is also good; b&w comics have been treated like the bastard stepchild of color comics for far too long. They deserve some recognition. *Cerebus*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, and *Fish Police* come to mind. But that's not what puzzles me. What does? Hold on a second...

Oh yeah, that same distributor, Capital City, commented in their newsletter, *Internal Correspondence*, that "Many [comics] products that could not have reached the stands in the past are now being prominently sold as the next 'hot book.' This will inevitably produce a shake-out as consumers realize that there's a lot of comics out there that do not provide a good entertainment experience."

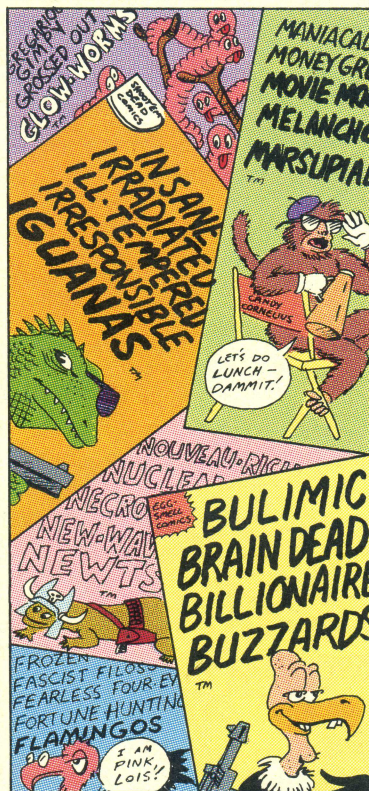
That last bit is the key. "Good entertainment." That's what we strive for in every book we publish. But throwing all professional courtesy out the window (actually, all I had to do was bash its fingers where it clung half-heartedly to the ledge), I have to say that I think a hefty chunk of this "hot" stuff is pure, unadulterated dreck. It's not that it's tasteless, or vulgar, or crude. It's just bad. Worse than that, some of it is *intentionally* bad -- the apparent theory being the more inept the art and the more transparent the plagiarism, the better the sales will be.

So what am I confused about? It's coming up right on the other side of this colon: WHO'S BUYING ALL THIS STUFF? AND WHAT DO THEY DO WITH IT? Insulate their ceilings? Train puppies? They can't be reading it. Or looking at the pictures. Can they? Has there been heavy trading in pure dreck on the Commodities Exchange recently? Should I contact my broker?

I feel a little foolish asking you to explain this to me. After all, I am supposed to be the *expert*. But my head hurts too much from thinking about it. I go home at night and have nightmares about hideously deformed rodents badly rendered by autistic quadruplegics, and next week it'll probably be the name of a new hit series from Frog Comics or Geewhiz Productions.

And if I'm not having any fun at

Christmas time, why should you? So I want you to write down your answers and send them to me no later than... well, pretty gosh darn quick. Because if I'm going to cancel our whole line and get all our artists and writers to start cranking out lame imitations of bad parodies before the first of the new year, I've got a lot of serious brain damage to inflict in a very short period of time. You see, I figure if I make them all really stupid -- maybe throw in some motor function damage for the artists -- we can come out with the most pathetically awful books on the market.



And we'll make millions. We'll start with that **Steve Rude** guy. He won the **Kirby Award** for best artist this year. He's way too good to be popular! Now where'd I put that balpeen hammer?

-- Rick Oliver

FIRST IN DECEMBER

American Flagg! #39: Reuben Flagg quits the Plexus Rangers and hits the road. But someone else is trying to "hit" Reuben! By **J. Marc DeMatteis**, **Mark Badger** and **Randy Emberlin**. And Bob Violence by **Steven Grant** and **Joe Staton**. Cover by **Howard Chaykin**.

Badger #22: Who would possibly be crazy enough to ask the Badger to be their TV spokesman? Only two crazy appliance store owners, that's who! Stay tuned for "Range Wars," by **Mike Baron**, **Bill Reinhold** and **Chuck Beckum**. And *Clonezone* by Baron and **Mark A. Nelson**. Deluxe series.

Dynamo Joe #6: Wolf 1 goes into action against the enemy, while Sigma Base is attacked by an ominous "Enemy Within." By **Doug Rice**, **Phil Foglio**, and **Brian Thomas**. Plus *Cargonauts*, by Foglio, **Paul Guinan**, and **Sam Grainger**.

Elric: Weird of the White Wolf #4: Part two of **Michael Moorcock's** *The Singing Citadel*. By **Roy Thomas**, **Michael T. Gilbert** and **George Freeman**. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

Ghostbusters #3: The Ghostbusters investigate "A Haunting Christmas." By **Hilarie Staton**, **Howard Bender**, and **Rick Burchett**. Based on Filmation's new animated cartoon show on the air in over 80% of the U.S. television markets.

Grimjack #33: Gaunt has vowed to help Spook avenge her death in another dimension. But her uncontrollable lust for vengeance may kill Grimjack, too! By **John Ostrander** and **Tom Mandrake**. And a special Munden's Bar Christmas tale by Ostrander, **William J. Norris**, and **Joe Staton**.

Jon Sable, Freelance #46: Creator/writer **Mike Grell** welcomes new JSF artist **Mike Manley** in a tale of love, betrayal, and murder, when Jon is asked to save a woman's husband caught in a hostage crisis. Part one of "The Tower." Deluxe series.

Nexus #31: Nexus' list leads him to the execution of a mass murderer, which inadvertently sparks a worldwide rebellion in which millions more may die. By **Mike Baron** and guest artist **Gerald Forton**. Plus *Tales of Judah* by Baron and **Bill Jaaska**. Deluxe series.

Shatter #8: He's a wanted man everywhere in the free world and the third world. So Shatter heads straight for... the Soviet Union. By **Peter B. Gillis**, **Paul Abrams**, and **Charlie Athanas**. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

Whisper #6: Whisper exacts her final revenge against Eckart and his insidious computer network, and Alexis Devin is gone forever. So who is that wearing the Whisper costume? By **Steven Grant** and **Norm Breyfogle**. Bi-monthly.

Did you MISS last month's issue?

Too bad! We're probably sold out by now. Maybe you can borrow a friend's copy and find out what happened.



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- ☐ SHATTER

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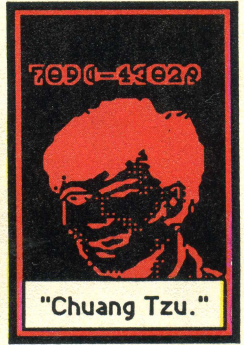
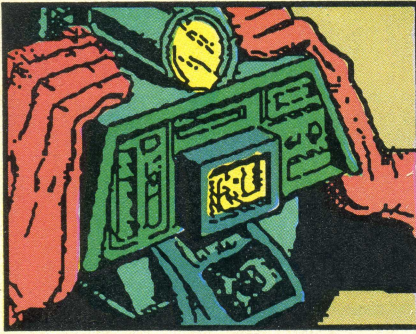
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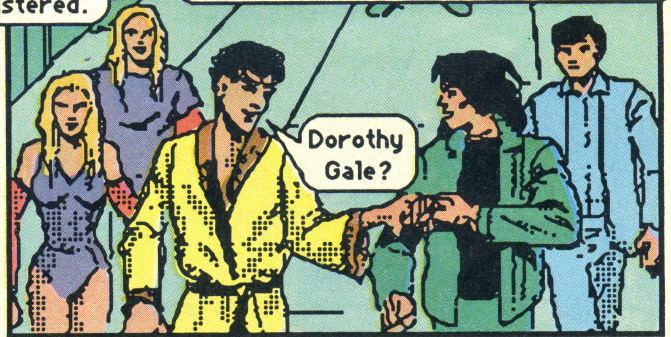
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Good. You've been registered.

Please have these ready for presentation at any time. Enjoy your stay.

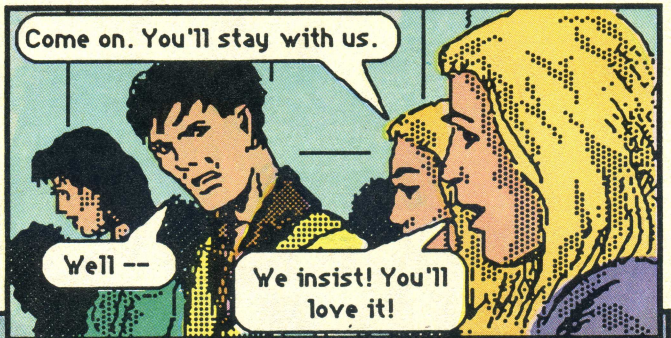


Dorothy Gale?



My favorite FILM in English class.

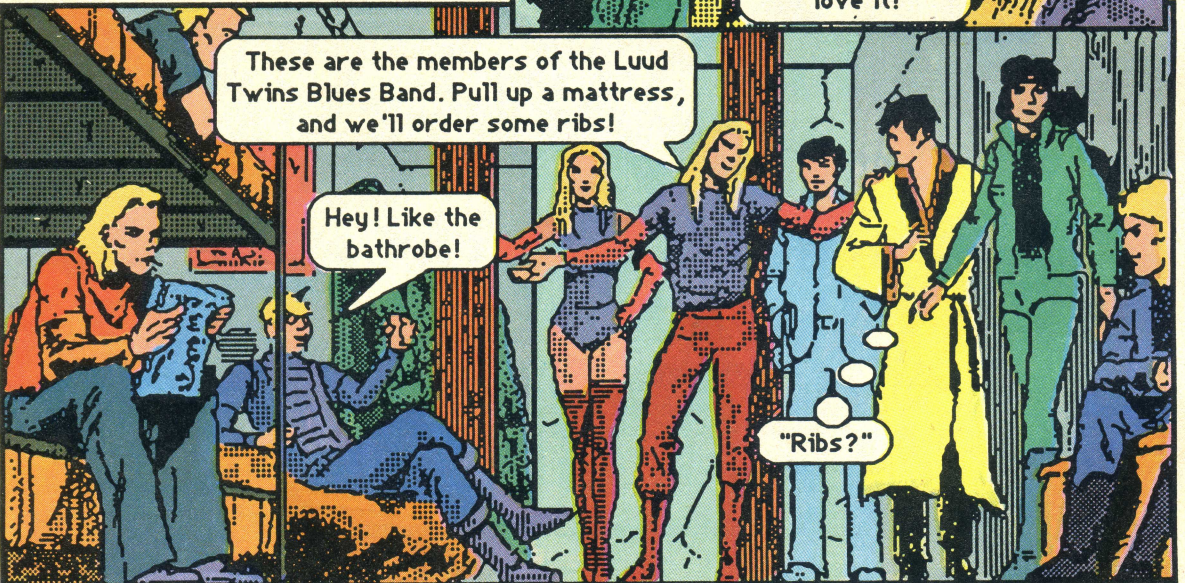
This jungle amazon's got SOME culture, Philbrick.



Come on. You'll stay with us.

Well --

We insist! You'll love it!

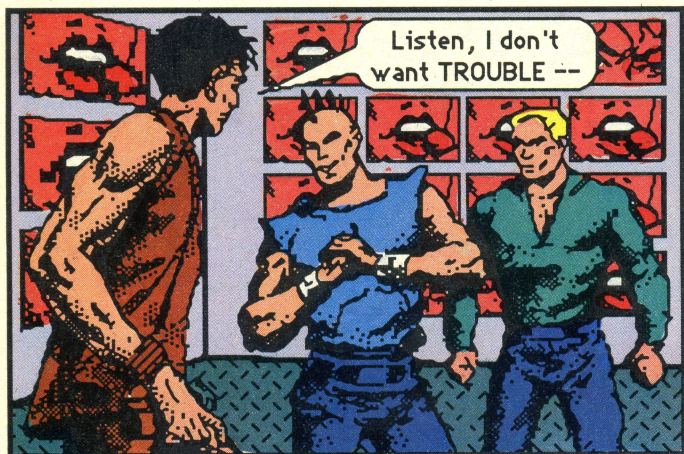


These are the members of the Luud Twins Blues Band. Pull up a mattress, and we'll order some ribs!

Hey! Like the bathrobe!

"Ribs?"





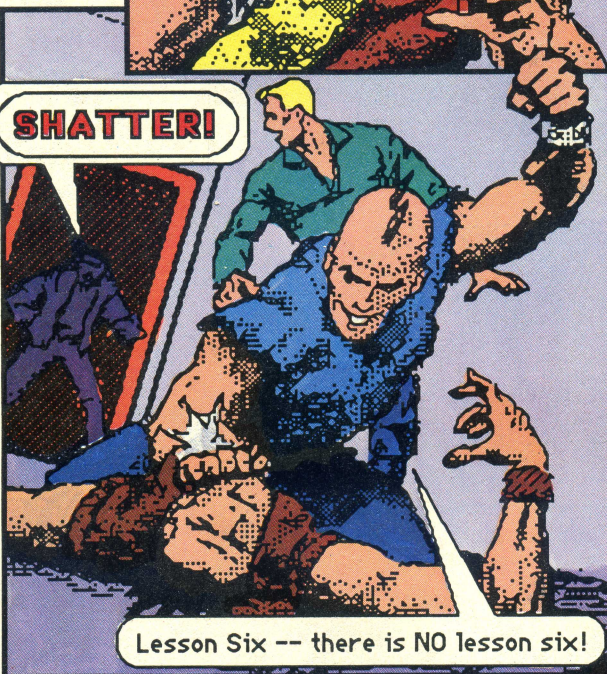
Listen, I don't want TROUBLE --



No fair reaching for the gun!

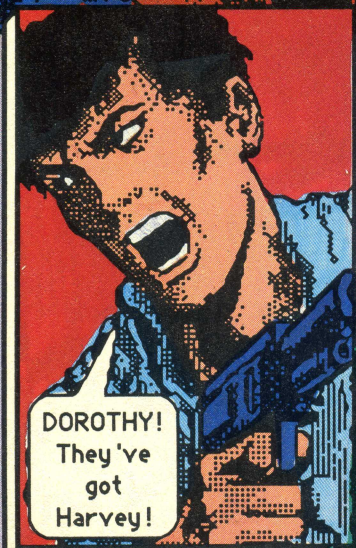


We'll just have to teach you a LESSON, yank. Or TWO!



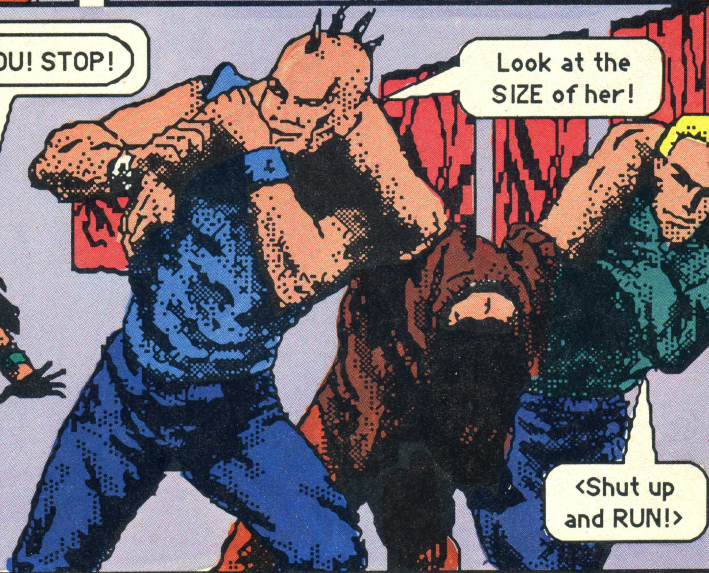
SHATTER!

Lesson Six -- there is NO lesson six!



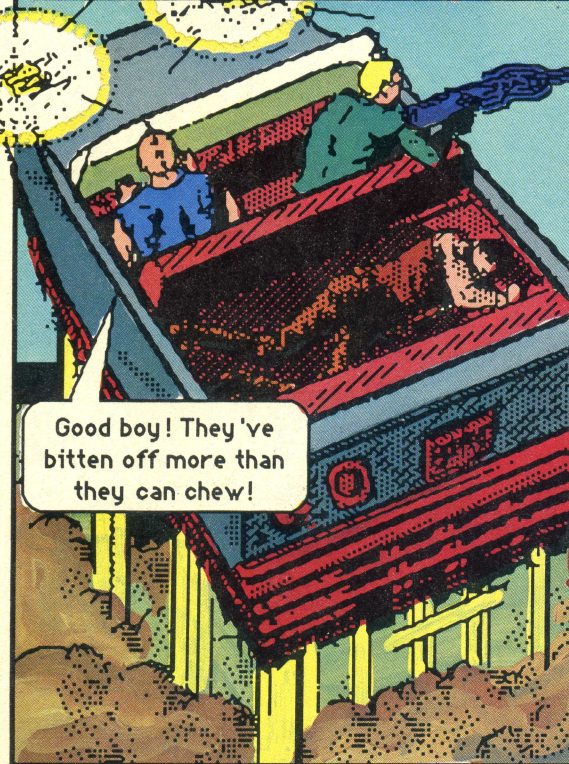
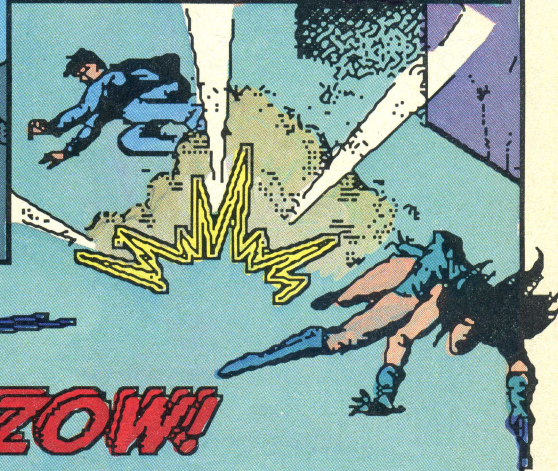
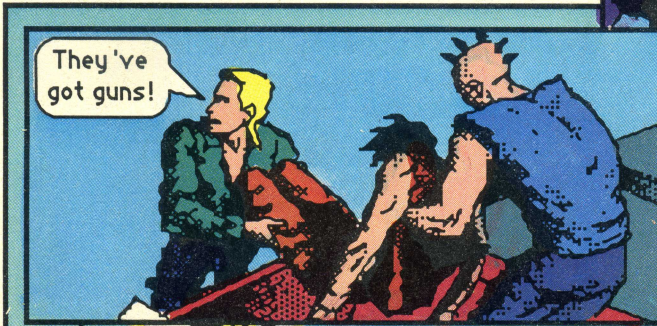
DOROTHY!
They've got Harvey!

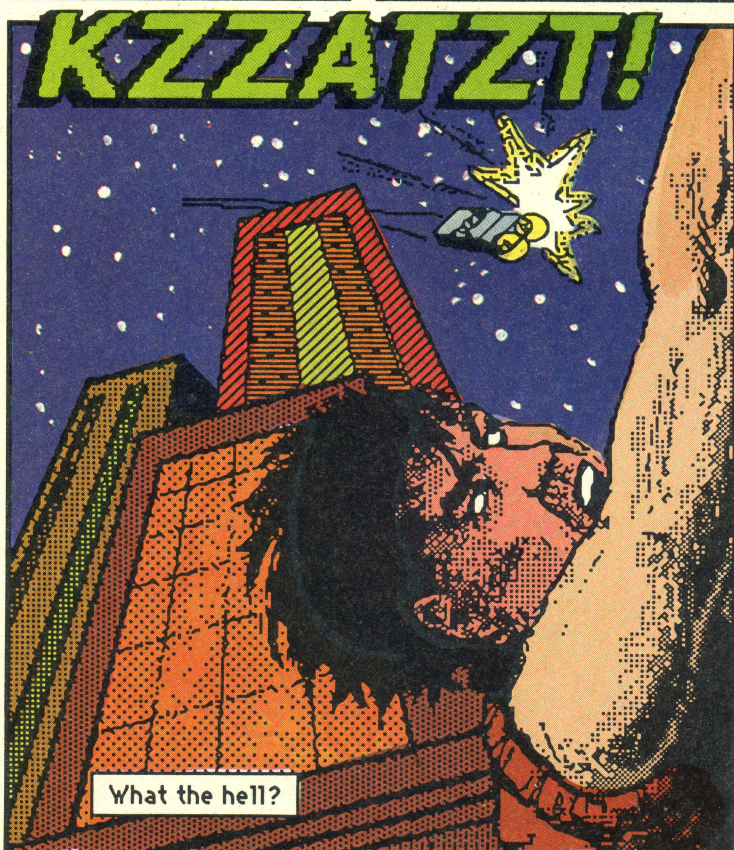
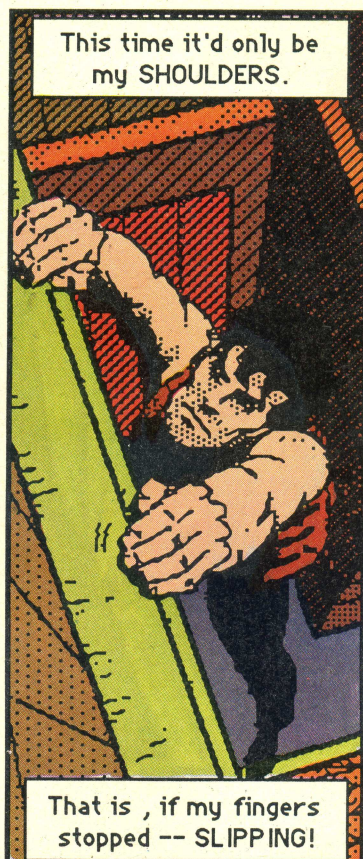
YOU! STOP!

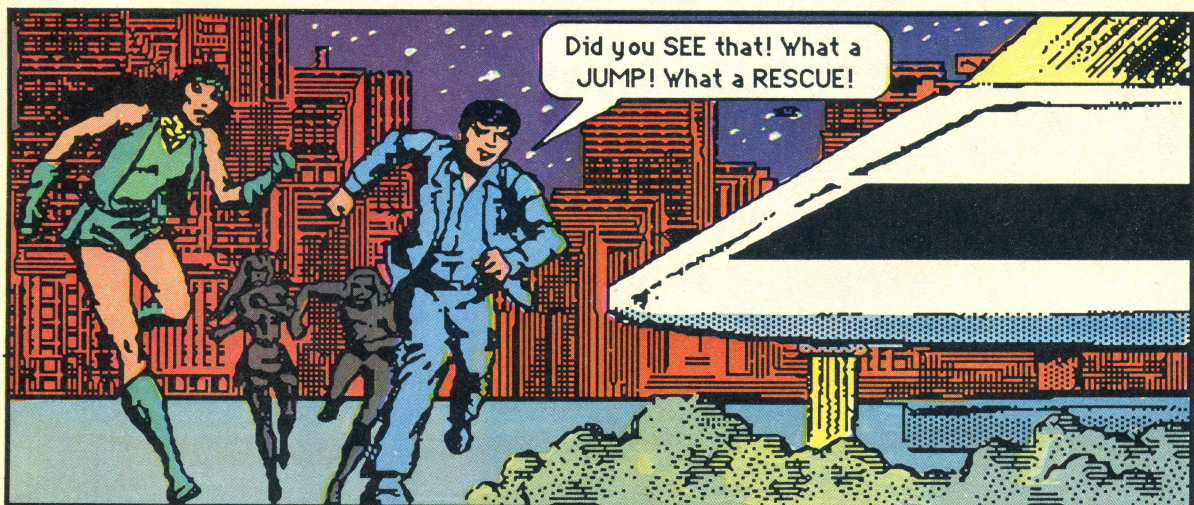
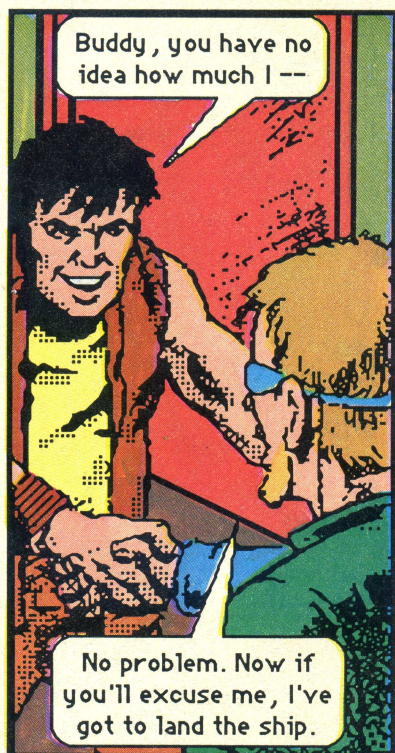


Look at the SIZE of her!

<Shut up and RUN!>







THE FIRST CHOICE KEEPS GETTING BETTER!

AMERICAN FLAGG!

BADGER

CORUM

DREADSTAR

DYNAMO JOE

ELRIC

GHOSTBUSTERS

GRIMJACK

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NEXUS

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WHISPER

COMING SOON: EVANGELINE

GRAPHIC NOVELS

AMERICAN FLAGG!: HARD TIMES

BEOWULF

ELRIC OF MELNIBONÉ

THE ENCHANTED APPLES OF OZ

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THE ORIGINAL NEXUS

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

TIME BEAVERS

TIME ²

Count On It!

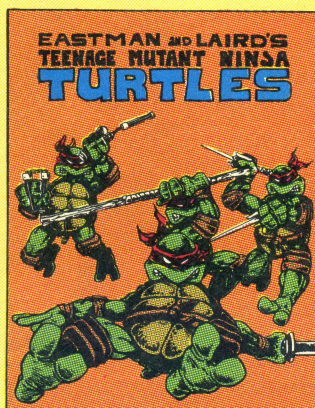
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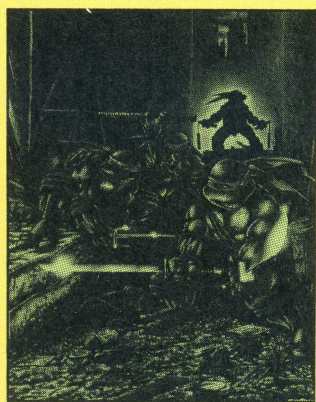


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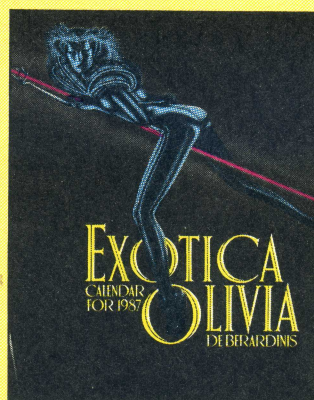


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COUNT ON US.



Nice move, Philbrick.

I thought you were dead, Harvey.

Would've been too, except for this guy.

Do you have any idea WHO those men were or WHAT they wanted with you?



None whatsoever. I'm just a simple TOURIST, officer.

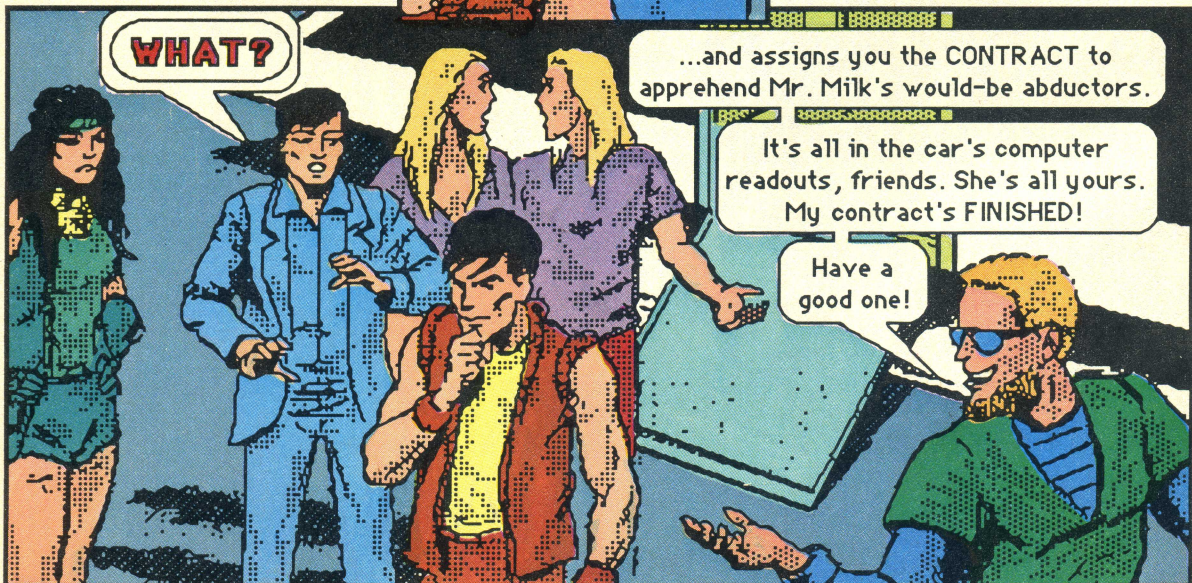


Too bad. It makes your JOB all the tougher.

Yes, well, I'm -- what do you mean, MY job?



I mean that effective immediately, the Workers' Socialist State hereby designates you, Harvey Milk, you, Chuang Tzu, and you, Dorothy Gale, as PUBLIC SAFETY GUARDIANS...




WHAT?


...and assigns you the CONTRACT to apprehend Mr. Milk's would-be abductors.

It's all in the car's computer readouts, friends. She's all yours. My contract's FINISHED!


Have a good one!



Well, this is certainly
UNUSUAL. I've never been
a policeman before.




I'm used to TEMP
assignments. But I'm
starting to get tired
of having NO CHOICE
in the matter.




REAL tired.



Come on!



We've got some
RIGHTEOUS
TAIL-STOMPING
to do!

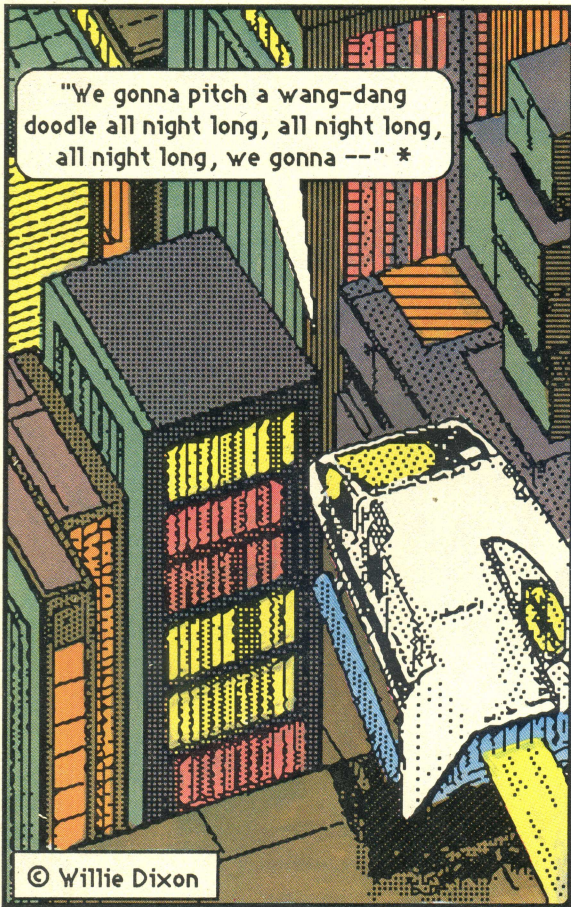


We SHOULD go after those
guys. If they're associated
with -- um --



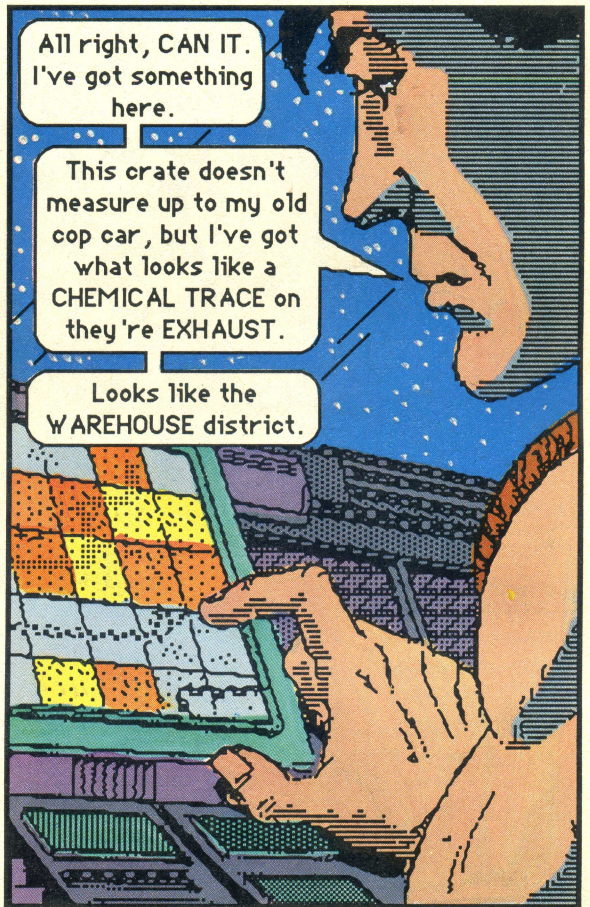
"Tell ole Automatic Slim, tell
ole Razor-Totin' Jim, tell ole
Butcher Knife-Totin' Annie, tell
ole Fast-Talkin' Fanny --

-- We gonna pitch a ball
down at the union hall,
gonna romp and tromp till
midnight, gonna fuss an'
fight till daylight --"



"We gonna pitch a wang-dang doodle all night long, all night long, all night long, we gonna --" *

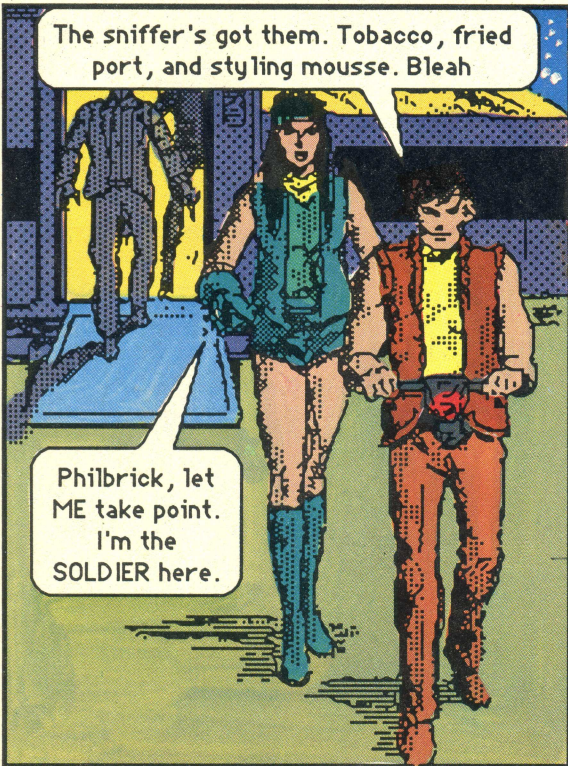
© Willie Dixon



All right, CAN IT. I've got something here.

This crate doesn't measure up to my old cop car, but I've got what looks like a **CHEMICAL TRACE** on they're **EXHAUST**.

Looks like the **WAREHOUSE** district.



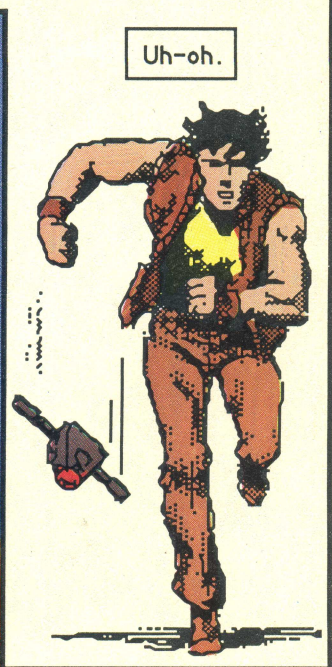
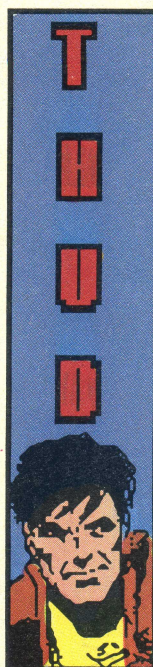
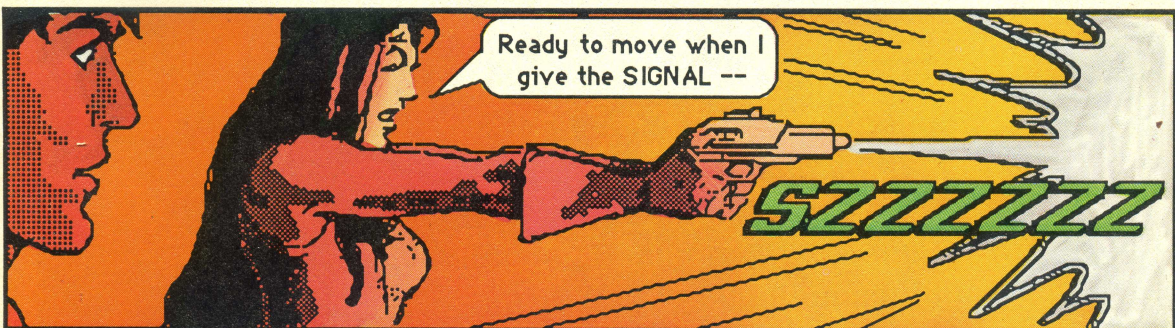
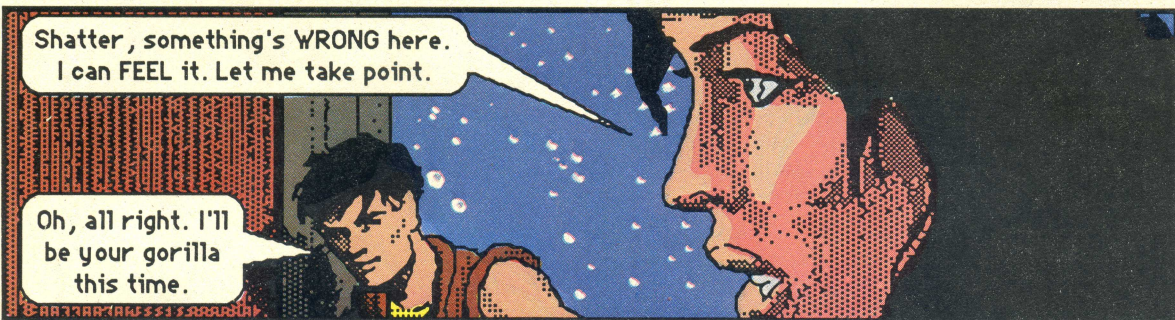
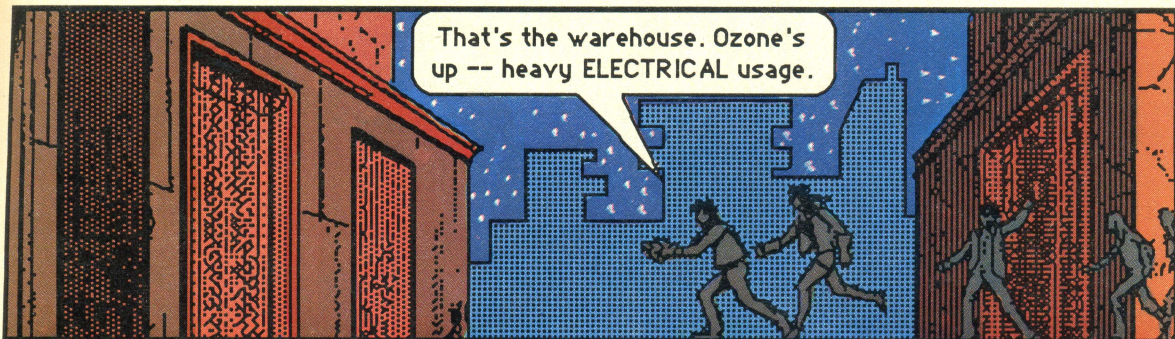
The sniffer's got them. Tobacco, fried port, and styling mousse. Bleah

Philbrick, let ME take point. I'm the **SOLDIER** here.



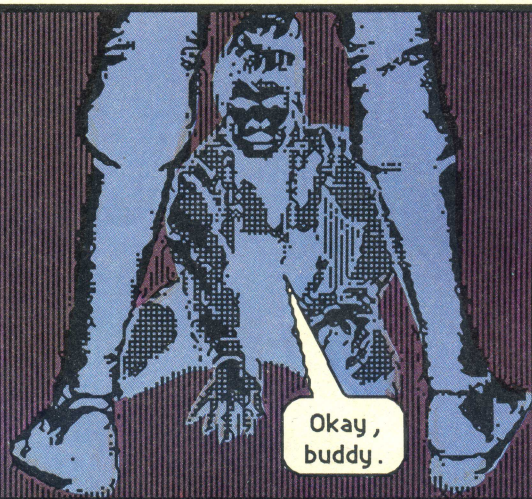
Not a chance, Ravenant. These boys are **MINE**.

And **STOP** calling me Philbrick. That was **TWO** I.D.s ago.



Tripped!

What the hell was --



Okay ,
buddy .



Let's see that ugly
mug of yours the
way I want to see
it -- on the FLOOR.

Hm. Not Mr.
Mohawk after all.

A WOMAN.

And coming around.



Your friend -- she is -- in the name of ALLAH, I have never seen one of them!



Allah. Good. I love a mystery.

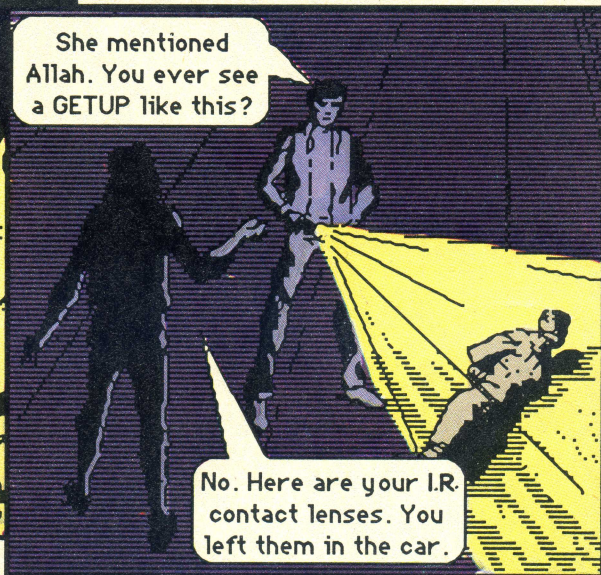
Well, you can EXPLAIN yourself later.

Ooooooh...



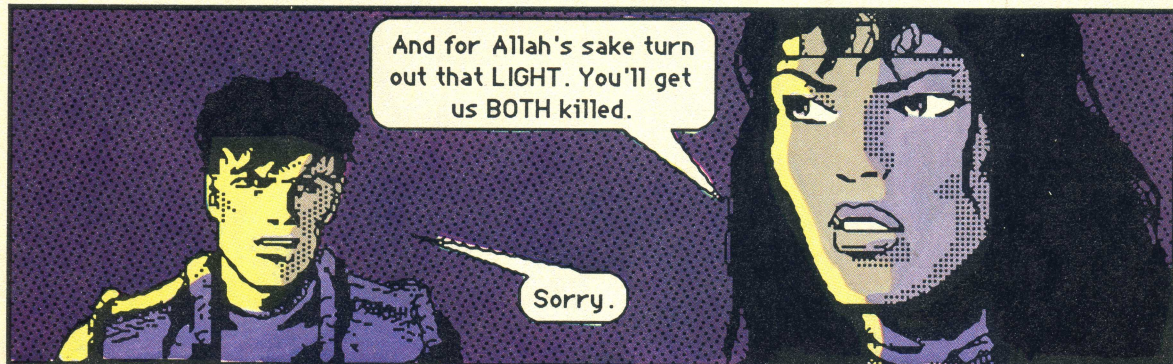
Damn, he was FAST!

He's a she. You okay?



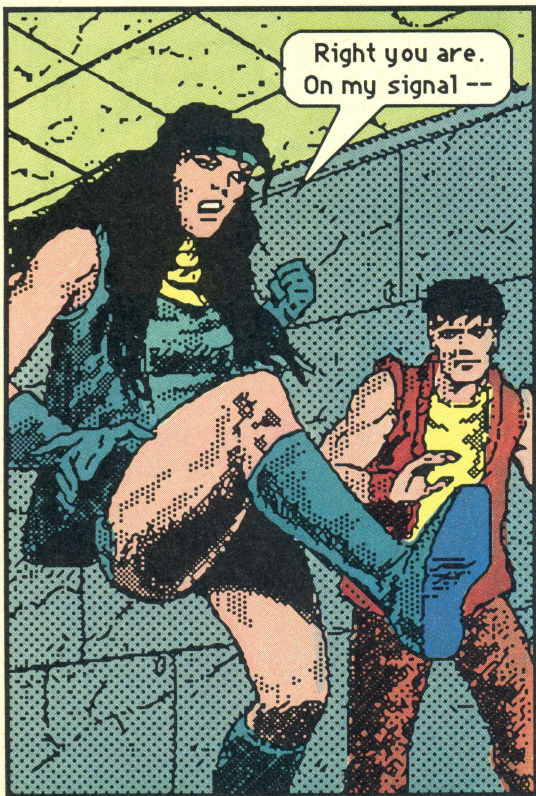
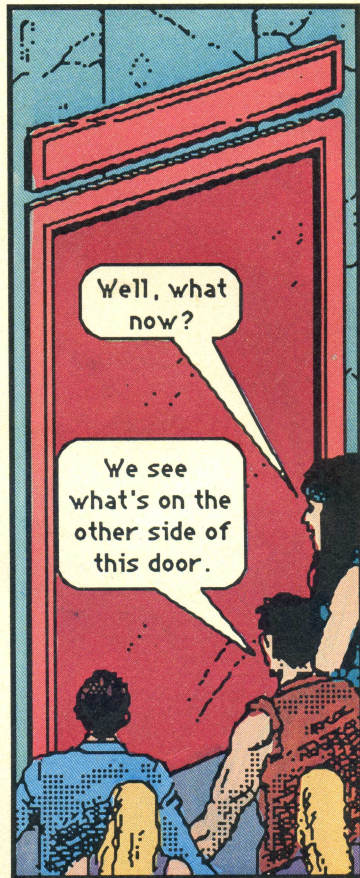
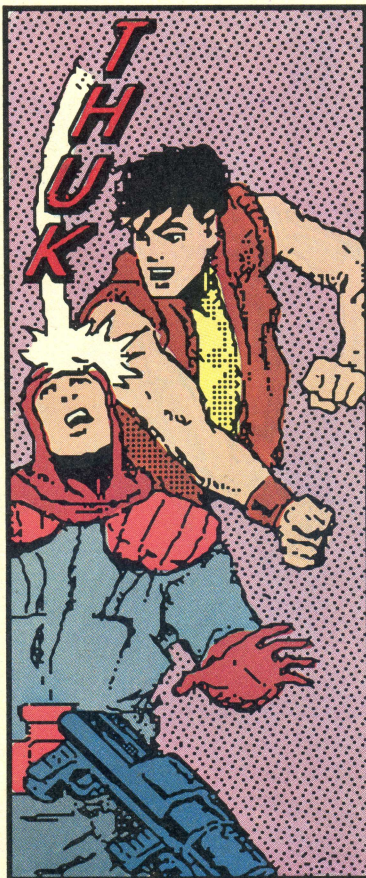
She mentioned Allah. You ever see a GETUP like this?

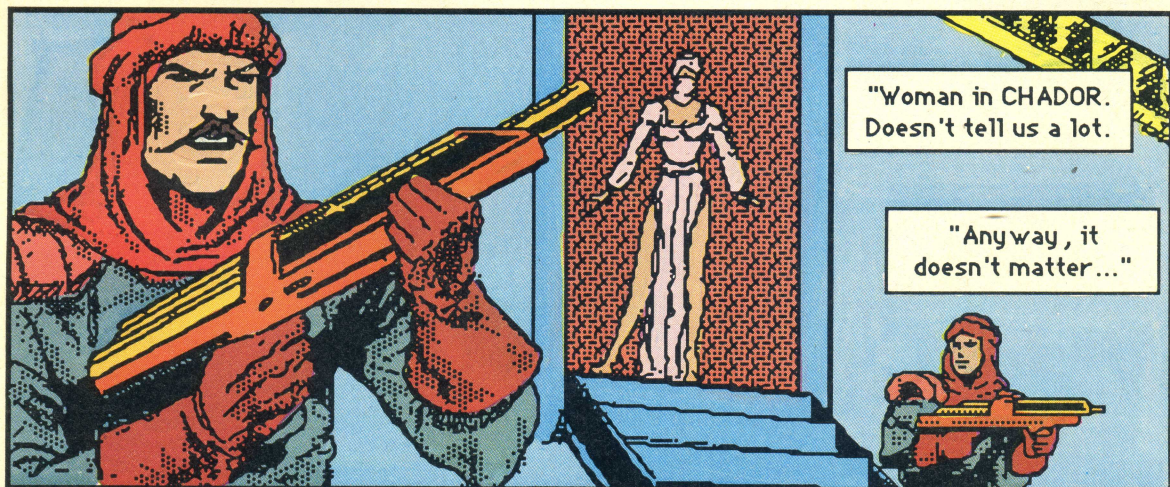
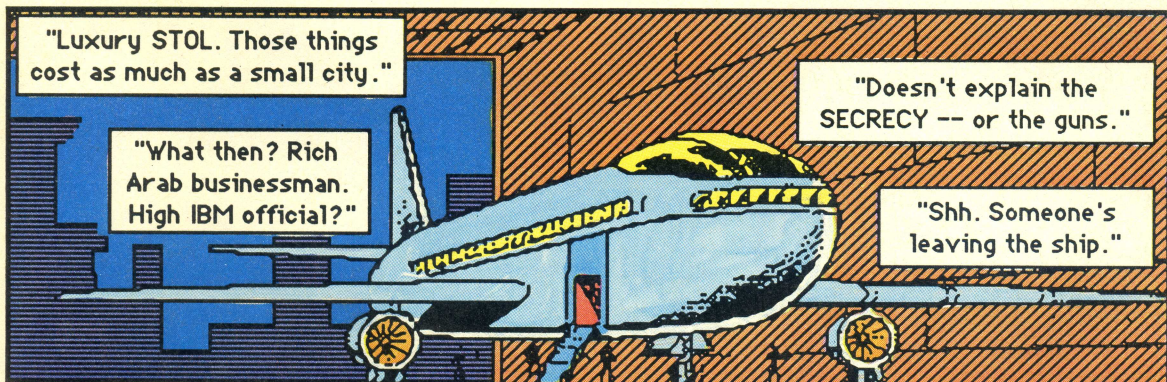
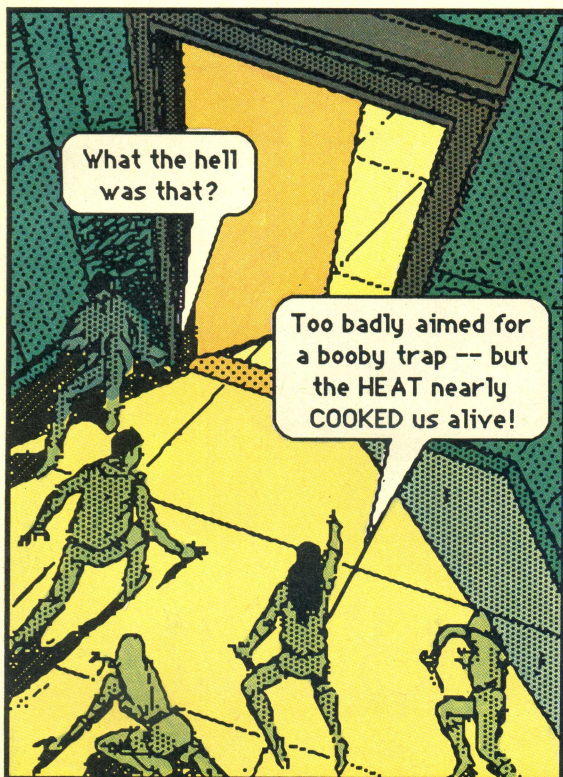
No. Here are your I.R. contact lenses. You left them in the car.

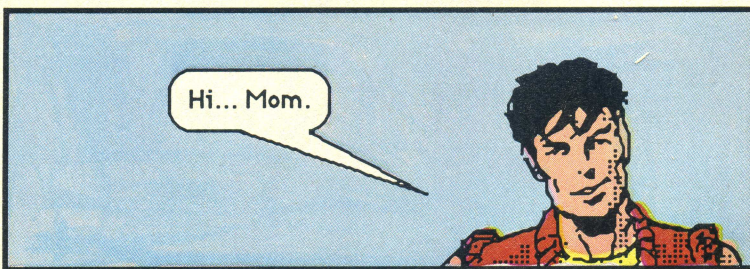
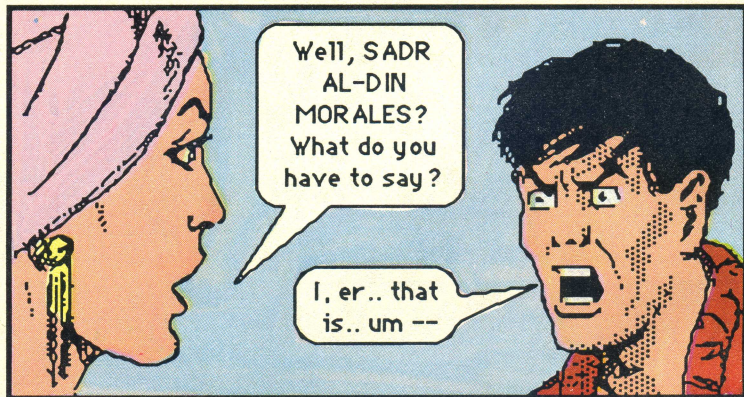
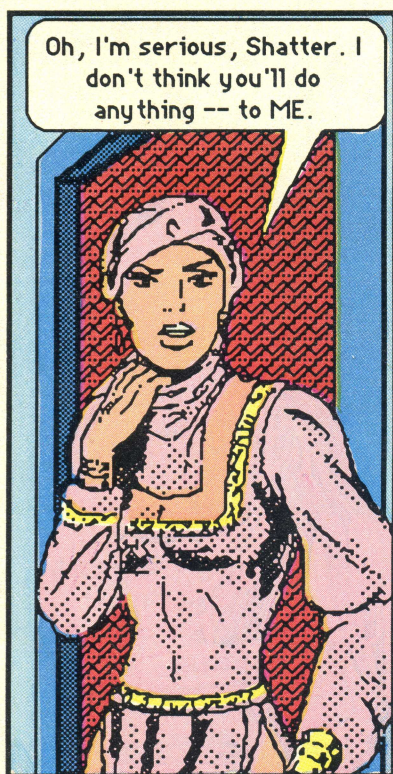
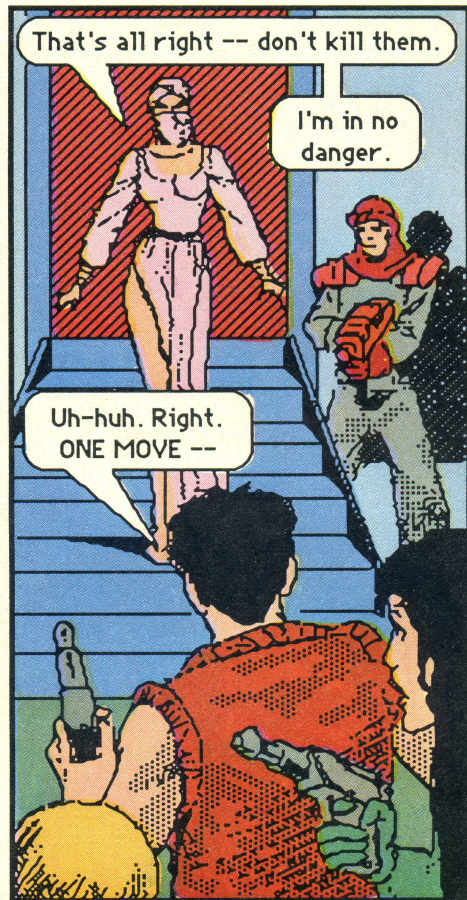


And for Allah's sake turn out that LIGHT. You'll get us BOTH killed.

Sorry.







**NEXT: OLD
ACQUAINTANCES**

HE RAISED THE FLAGG. THEN RESURRECTED THE SHADOW.
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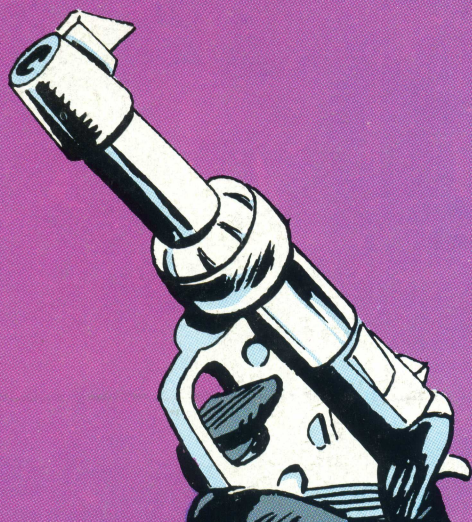


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