

FIRST
COMICS
DELUXE SERIES

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NO. 1
\$2.45 CANADA

SWATTER™

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M. SAENZ

SHATTER™

100% FIRST COMICS

1014 DAVIS STREET

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS 60201

Well, of course it *had* to happen.

When we released the first **Shatter Special** last February, we thought it would do well — after all, nobody had ever done an entire comic book on a computer before.

But curiosity value wears thin pretty fast. We took a chance with the **Shatter Special** and printed higher than our distributor's orders might indicate — something that is very, very rare for First Comics (when our books are gone, they're gone; we're not in the back issue business and nearly all of our comics "sell out.")

Those extra copies sold out very, very quickly. The distributors could not keep the book in their warehouses. In fact, we were under a lot of pressure to do a second printing.

"What the hell," we figured. "It's not a regularly published comic book, let's do a second printing."

That second printing "sold out" four days before it shipped from the printer — every copy we had was committed to the various distributors' warehouses all across North America and England.

So as we were thinking about doing a third — and final — printing on the **Shatter Special**, Mike Saenz and I started talking about what we'd do about **Shatter** after our experimental six-issue back-up series in **Jon Sable, Freelance**. We couldn't stay there — **Mike Grell** wanted his book back!

Mike (Saenz, not Grell) and I had a lot of time to discuss **Shatter**: we were flying to a comics convention in Victoria B.C. when the plane fell apart in Vancouver and we had to be bussed over to a ferry for a lengthy boat ride to Victoria. Overall, Mike and I spent almost 24 hours getting from Chicago to Victoria, so we had more than enough time to work out **Shatter's** fate.

Actually, there was only one possible solution: **Shatter** would have to appear in his *own* book.

The only question was how we would approach the project. We learned a lot from our six short experiments, and computer technology — particularly as it relates to Apple's Macintosh — evolved quite a bit since we started working on **Shatter**.

What you are seeing in this issue is a far cry from what you saw in the **Shatter Special**. The library of type fonts has expanded greatly, so the words in the balloons should be a lot more readable. We learned when to use digitizers and special effects, and — just as important — when not to use them.

Apple came out with two giant leaps forward: they perfected MacDraw, a new graphic arts program that can be used along with their MacPaint. MacDraw is fantastic: among other things, it allows Mike to draw each object as a separate entity which he then can place behind or in front of other objects. **Shatter** is no longer simply dots on paper.

Better still, Apple came out with their LaserWriter, an unbelievable printer that produces crisp, sharp printouts of Mike's work. For graphic art reproduction, the difference between the LaserWriter and traditional dot-matrix printers is like the



difference between glossy coffee-table art books and paintings on cave walls.

And even better still, the folks up at Apple gave us a LaserWriter. That sucker isn't exactly cheap; it's nice to know you're appreciated. Thanks, Apple!

Once we had the high-tech aspects of **Shatter** straight, Mike and I could concentrate on the actual story itself. I'm not exactly thrilled to admit we paid more attention to the computer than we did to the story during those half-dozen experimental shorts. The Mac is an extremely seductive machine, and we had a lot to work with on the graphics end.

With a full 28 pages in which to tell his story, you'll see a lot more going on in **Shatter**, and you'll understand a lot more about what makes the characters tick.

One point deserves mention: co-creator **Peter B. Gillis** has moved on to a pair of new projects: **Blaze Barlow** and the **Eternity Command**, appearing in our new anthology title **First Adventures** (on sale this month!), and an as yet unnamed

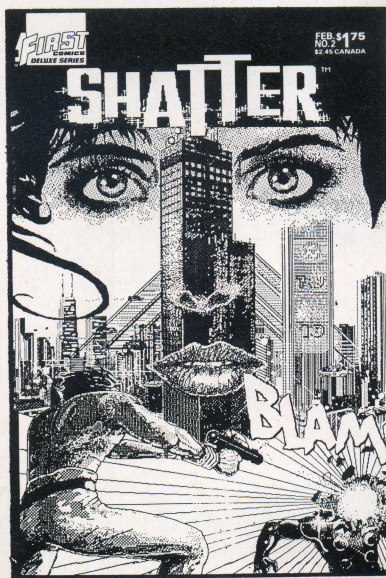
series coming from Marvel. And there's only so many hours in the day.

But while creating **Shatter** with **Mike Saenz**, Peter came up with what has to be the precognizant event of the decade.

In **Shatter Special** #1, Peter wrote about **Shatter's** desire for Coca-Cola syrup — how **The Real Thing®** was hard to get and how it commanded top dollar.

Shortly after the **Shatter Special** came out, Coca-Cola announced a major alteration in their formula, and suddenly the "real" Coke syrup became extremely hard to get — and much in demand!

Hey, you read it here first!



NEXT ISSUE — the **Shatter** saga continues ... in just two short months.

— Mike Gold

Rick Obadiah, Publisher

Mike Gold, Managing Editor
Rick Oliver, Editorial Coordinator
Alex Wald,
Production Manager

Ralph C. Musicant,
Operations Director
Kathy Kotsivas,
Direct Sales Manager

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**A FIRST COMICS
PUBLISHING PRODUCTION**

The Artist's Underground...

The violins swell--
now the kettle
drums. Got it. Fade
in the chimes
and...

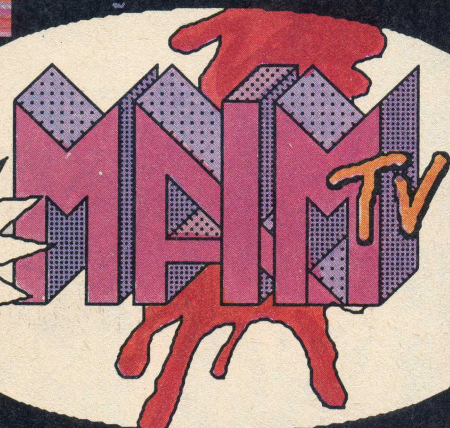
BOOM
Shakkka
BOOM
Shakkka

ding
ding
ding

AAACKKK!
Doog!
Ngnngng.

Boy! That looks like
real pain! But then
again--she looked like
she deserved it!

We'll be right
back with more
torture after
this message!



The Utah Salt Flats,
The Sahara's sands...
If you encounter nature's
dryness-- get
LUSTY LUBE!

Good
stuff!

How can I finish this gig
with Rappo's box blaring that
warped crap?

Rappo!



Hello, boys--
our guest is back
among the living.

Now, Lughead--
if you can **drag** yourself
away from that dreck--
we can find out what's up
in the Plott room.

If you're not
too busy, we're
meeting in the
Plott room.

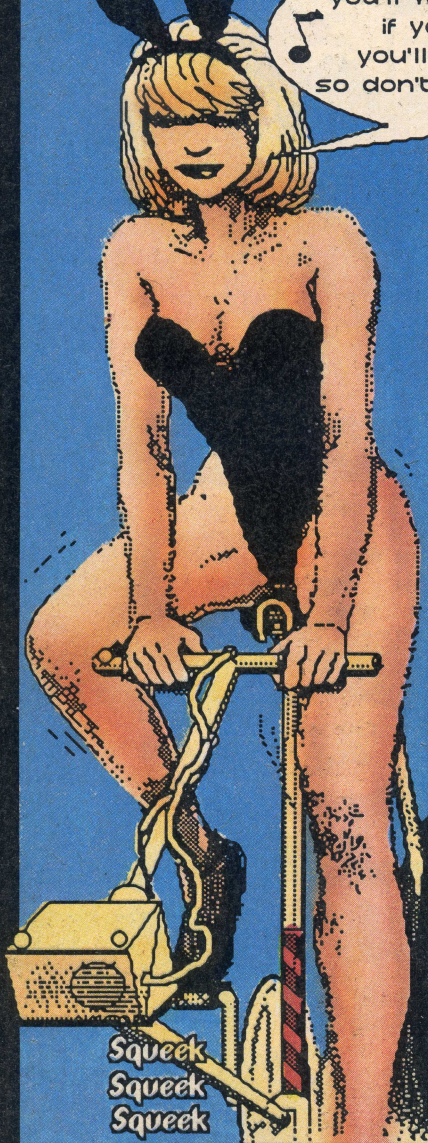
I only watch it
for the music...

Nearby. . .

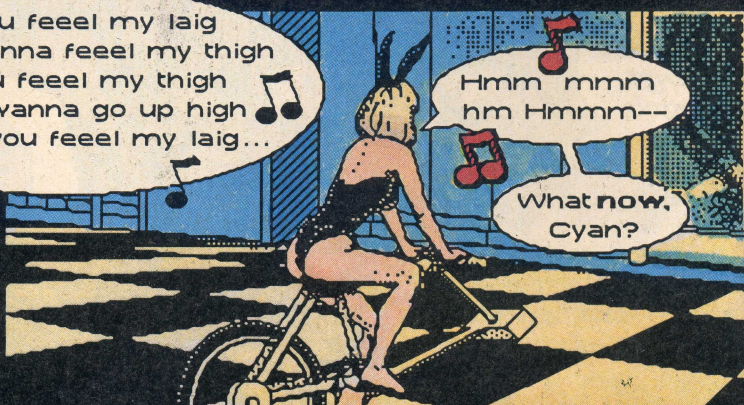
If you feeel my laig
you'll wanna feeel my thigh
if you feeel my thigh
you'll wanna go up high
so don't you feeel my laig...

Hmm mmm
hm Hmmm--

What now,
Cyan?



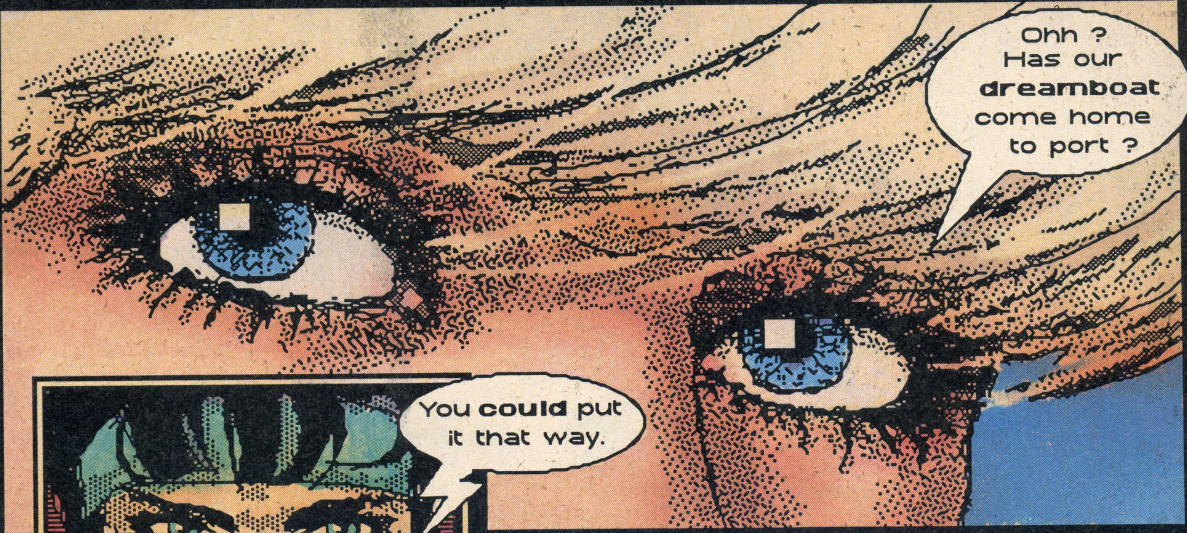
Squeek
Squeek
Squeek




What
coordination!
Singing and peddling
at the same time.
You think you could
handle a stick
of gum ?

What a kind offer!
Why don't you
bring some up?

Why don't we meet
halfway -- let's say the
Plott room in five?



Ohh ?
Has our
dreamboat
come home
to port ?



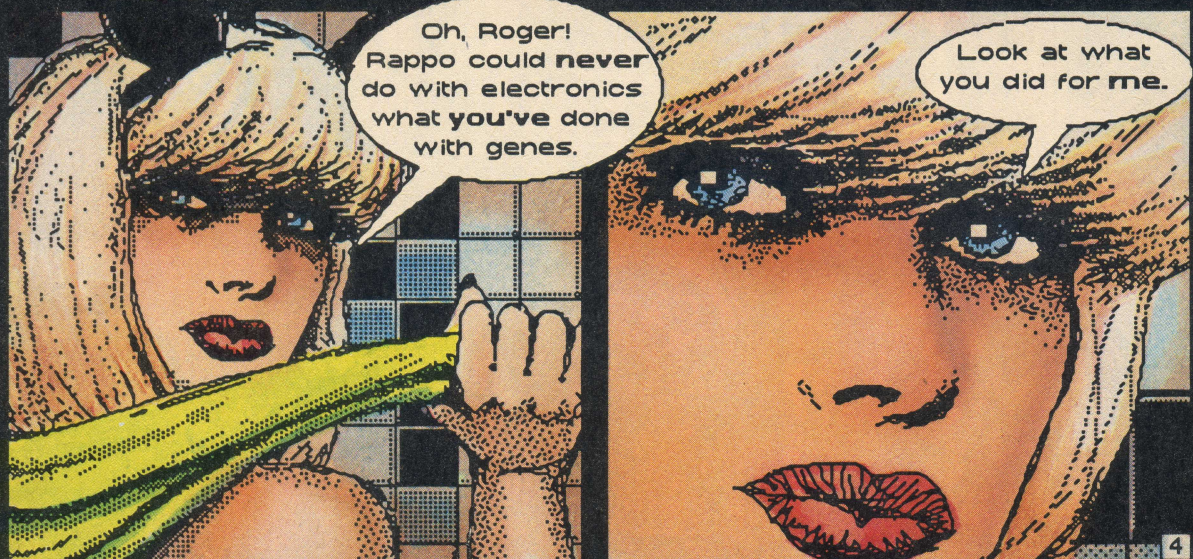
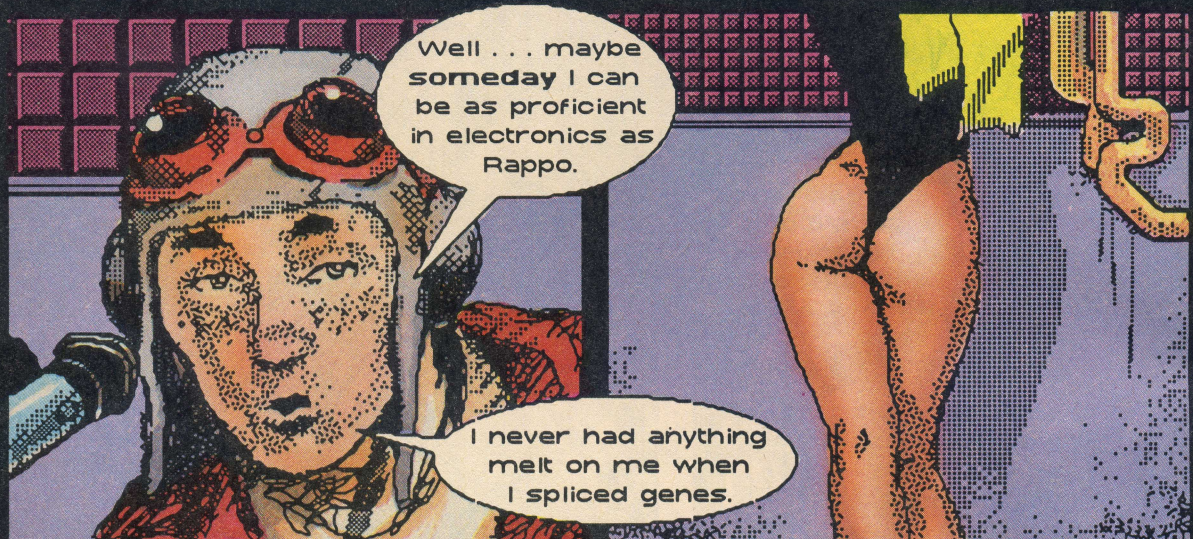
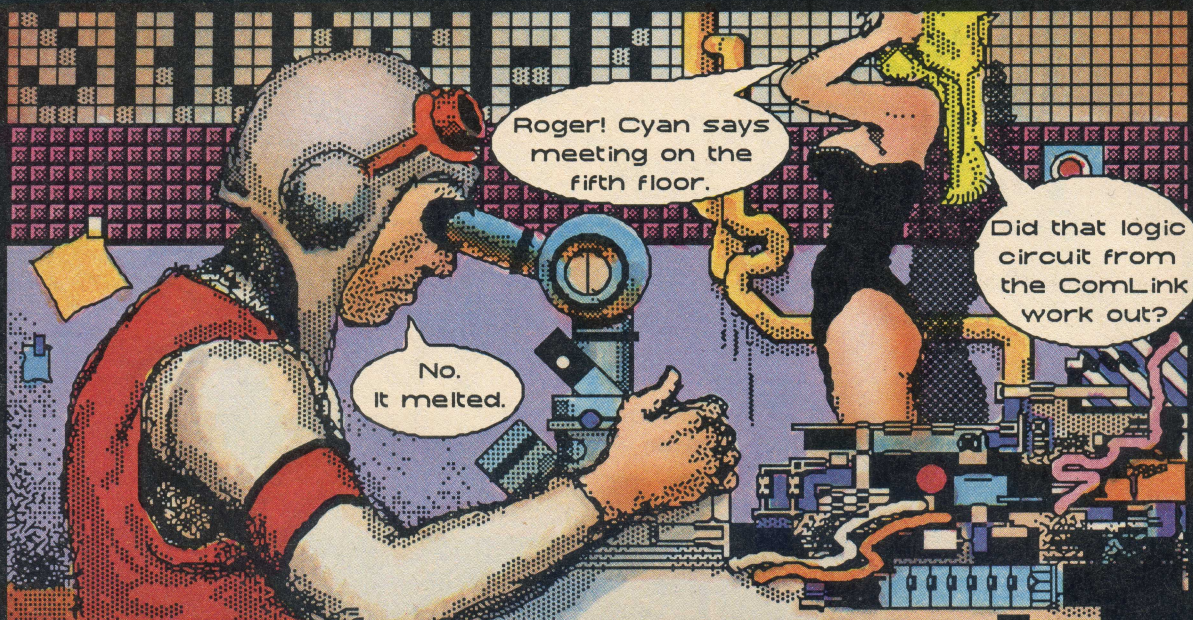
You could put
it that way.

I already tried
Roger's ComLink.
He must've
cannibalised it for
parts again.

Pick him up on
your way down.
Bye, toots.



ROGER !



SHATTER™

I was in the fold of the Artists' Underground -- a militant group of creative misfits banded together to fight those who would make their talents commodities.

Their home and base of operations was an old run down factory masked by one of those cheap plastic facades of a pre-20th century church.

It was my last refuge from the guns of the Executariat. The very same characters whose business threatened the existence of my hosts.

But I had my doubts. I never found safety in numbers. I usually do things alone.

Time to see how these numbers add up.

Morning, Shatter. Let me introduce you to everybody.

MIKE SAENZ
ART AND STORY

MARK PIERCE
ASST. ART/STORY

MIKE GOLD
EDITOR



Roger,
Genetic artist.



Nat,
Audio genius.

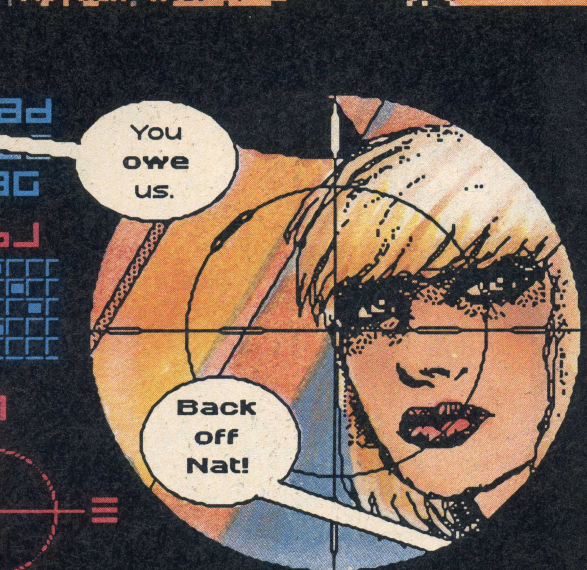
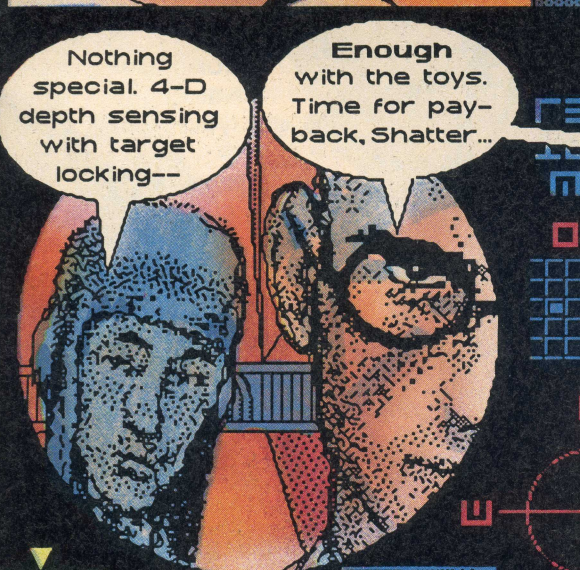
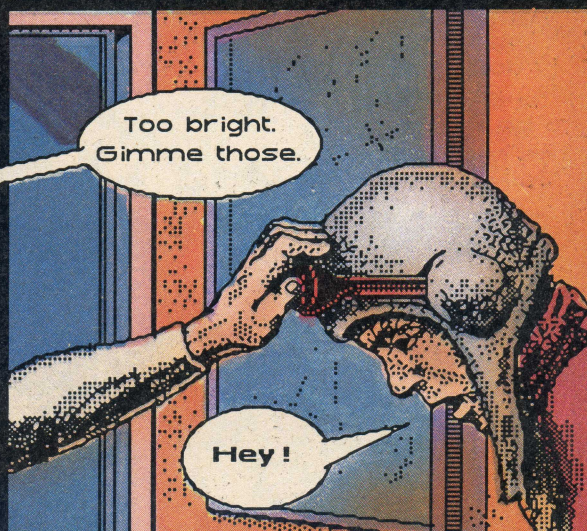
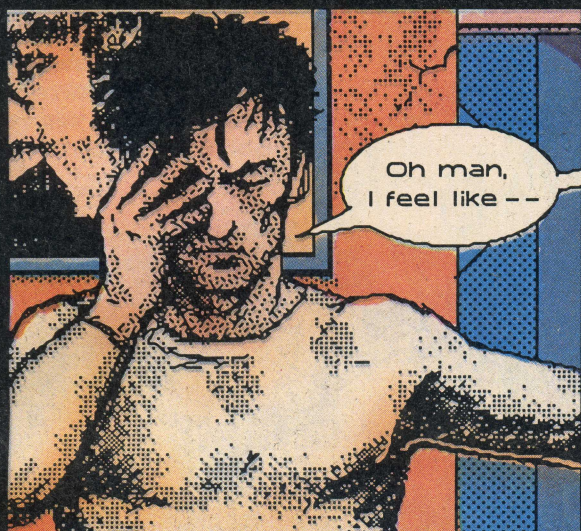


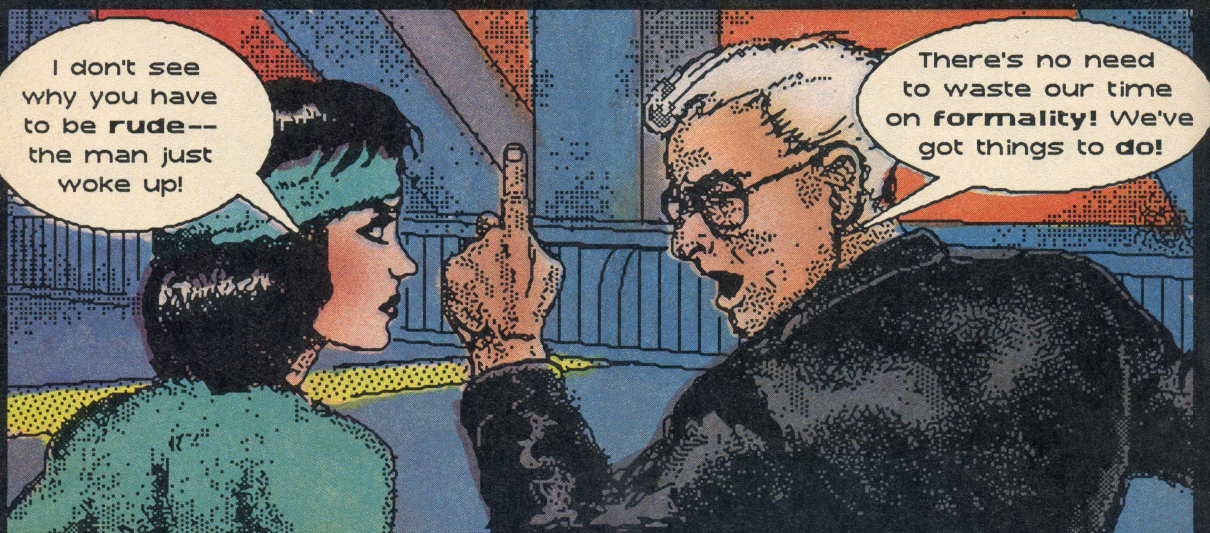
Kile,
Roger's latest
piece.



Rappo,
Robotics.

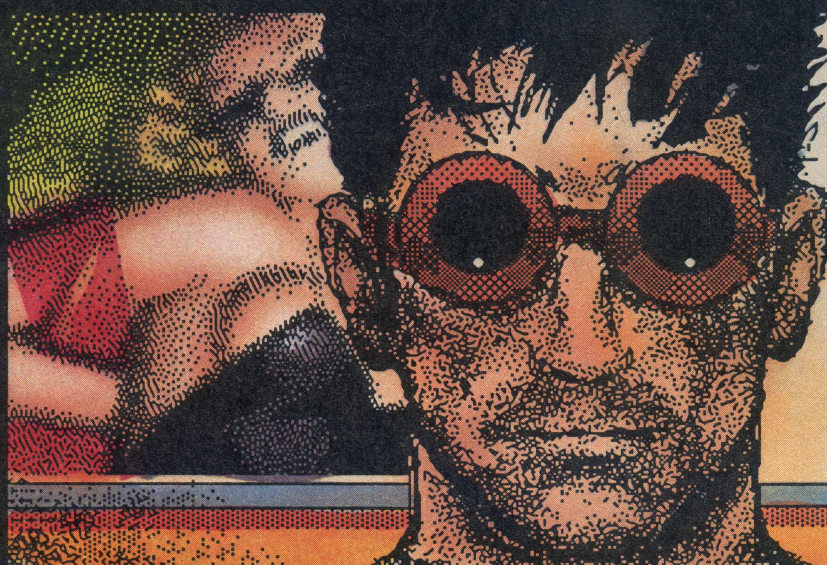






I don't see why you have to be **rude**-- the man just woke up!

There's no need to waste our time on **formality**! We've got things to **do**!

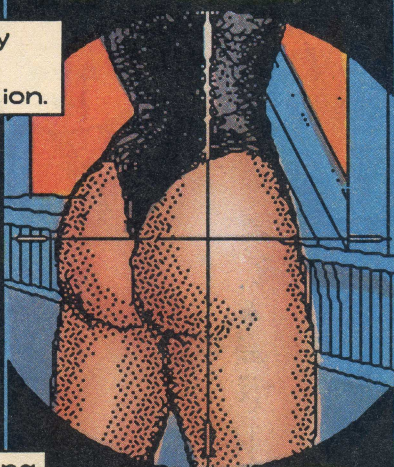


At that, Nat and Cyan launched into some heated garbage. I didn't pay much **attention** to it.

Nat was eager to get moving on some sort of **mission** to reclaim the R.N.A. of fallen **comrades**.

KOWABUNGA

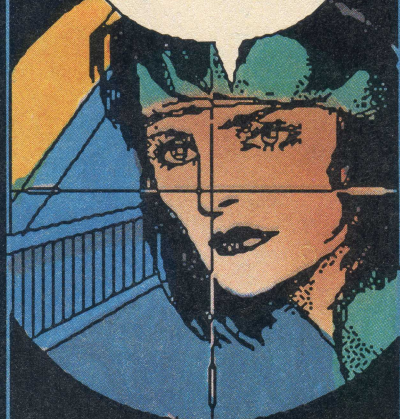
I'd been out for what they told me was 2 days and was ready for a little action.




MAGNIFY

I didn't see anything wrong with getting on with it.

I concede. Shatter -- get your gear.



HOLD

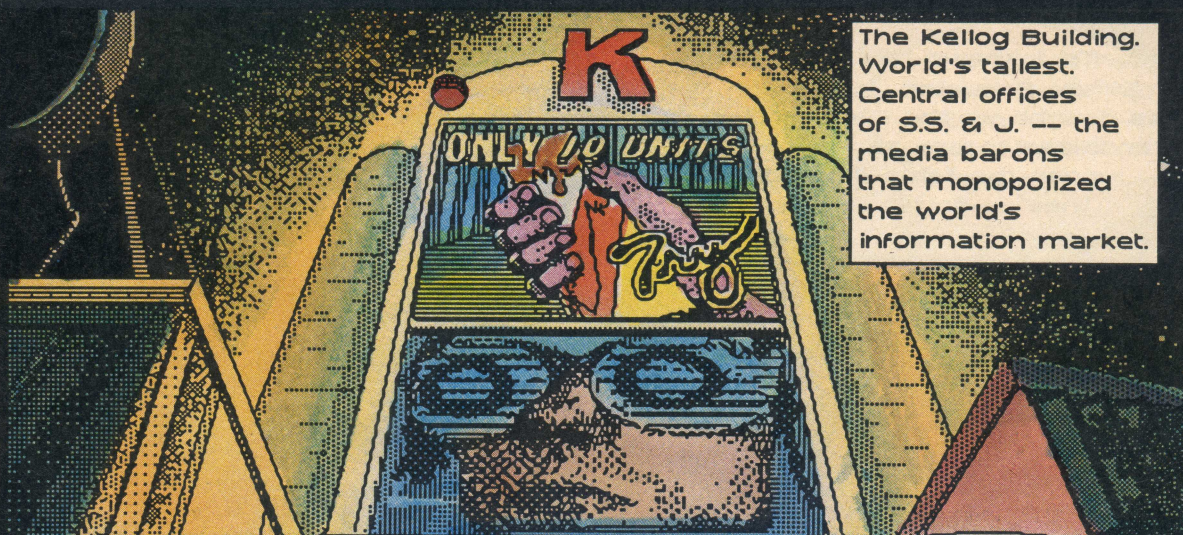


It's a known fact that Simon Schuster Jovanovich has bought out the Genetic Data franchises to use as fronts for under-the-table sales of their ill-gotten R.N.A.

Nat's plan covers seven Loop targets.

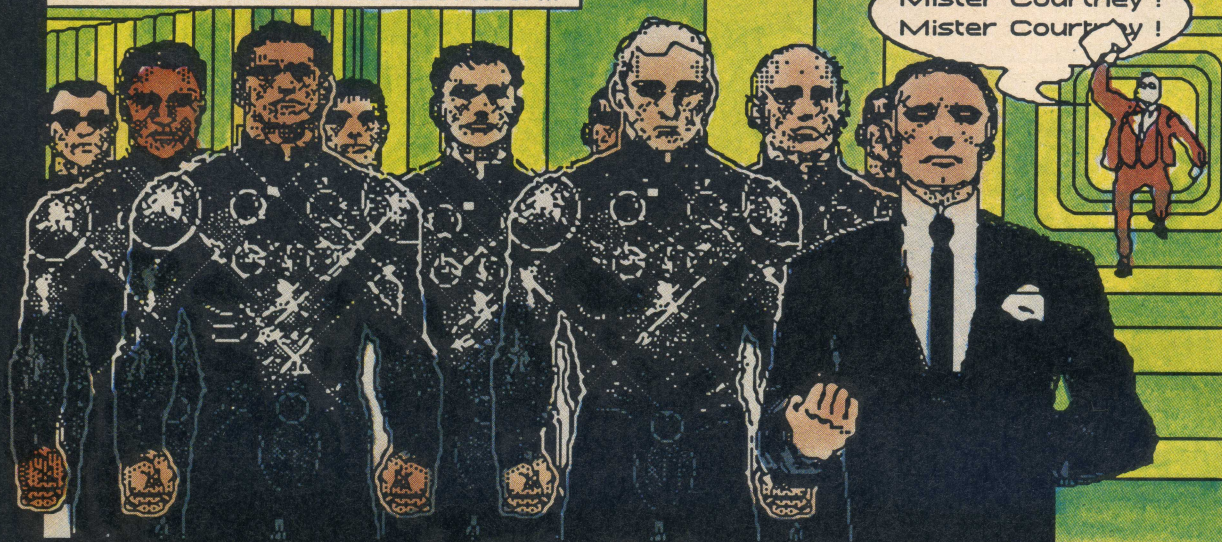
Downtown Daley City.

As a patrolman-- you should find these easy to hit.



The Kellogg Building.
World's tallest.
Central offices
of S.S. & J. -- the
media barons
that monopolized
the world's
information market.

In the corridors of the 95th floor...



Mister Courtney !
Mister Courtney !



What's this,
Floydd?

The reports on the
underground operations
that have cut our lines
of RNA acquisition.

FIRST NOTES

A PUBLIC SERVICES MESSAGE

Did you ever have to pull yourself away from something really important to answer the telephone, only to discover you were the victim of one of those obnoxious taped solicitations? You say "hello" and the voice on the other end starts to ramble on about the virtues of purchasing some sort of product or service, but you're so angry you can't listen because you know there is absolutely nothing you can do to get back?

Well, there *is* something you can do. Most large "tele-marketing firms" belong to the Direct Marketing Association, and if you write the DMA and tell them you don't want to be bothered with these calls, your name and phone number will be removed from their lists. You may continue to receive calls from local or nonmember firms, but those are comparatively few in number.

So write these folks and tell them to have their members stop bothering you. Be sure you include your name, address,

area code and phone number.
Telephone Preference Service
Direct Marketing Association
6 East 43rd Street
New York, NY 10017

AND SPEAKING ABOUT OBNOXIOUS PESTS...

For years now, I've been listening to a great many comics professionals complain about how *Comics Journal* editor **Gary Groth** is a real \$*#@! Whereas I often have been sympathetic to both the complaints and the complainants, I had grown weary of this bitching — as justified as it may be, I'd heard enough. Go and do something about it, I say. A few have.

The most recent response to Mr. Groth and that for which he claims to stand is, in my opinion, among the most courageous acts I have seen in the comics field.

It comes from the pen of **William Messner-Loebs**, the gifted writer/artist of *Journey*. On pages six through nine of the September, 1985 issue of *Journey*

(#20), Bill turns in a truly fine work of satire, cutting Mr. Groth and his editorial philosophy right to the quick.

This is an extreme act of courage because *Journey* is published by Fantagraphics Books; the "editorial co-ordinator (sic)" is Gary Groth.

I don't know too many people who have the guts to lambast their boss on the boss's own turf. My hat's off to you, Bill.

And my hat's off to Gary Groth as well. After all, he published the story, and that takes a certain security of ego that I never before had reason to believe the man possessed.

Check out *Journey* #20 and see what I mean. Who knows — you just might like what I consider to be one of the finest comics being published today.

NEXT MONTH...

...we're going to tell you about a new project that takes First off on an entirely new direction...

...And we're going to tell you all about our new offices and expanded staff!

—Mike Gold



FIRST IN AUGUST

American Flag! #27 — The book-length conclusion to **Alan Moore's** Kansas saga, as our entire cast of characters — including Reuben Flagg himself — join forces to try and put an end to the strangest phenomenon to hit Kansas since Toto was a kite! **Don Lomax** draws; **Howard Chaykin** cover.

Elric: Sailor on the Seas of Fate #4 (limited series) — The midway point in the **Roy Thomas-Michael T. Gilbert-George Freeman** adaptation of the **Michael Moorcock** classic!

First Adventures #1 — The continuation of *Whisper*, by **Steven Grant** and **Rich Larson**! The return of **Dynamo Joe**, by **John Ostrander** and **Doug Rice**! And ...

introducing ... **Blaze Barlow** and the **Eternity Command**, by **Peter B. Gillis**, **Kelley Jones** and **Barry Crain**! All in the first issue of First's heroic anthology monthly, **First Adventures**!

Grimjack #17 — **John Ostrander** and **Timothy Truman's** conclusion to *Wolfpac* — and the start of the most epic battle ever to hit the multidimensional city of Cynosure! All this ... and *Munden's Bar*, too!

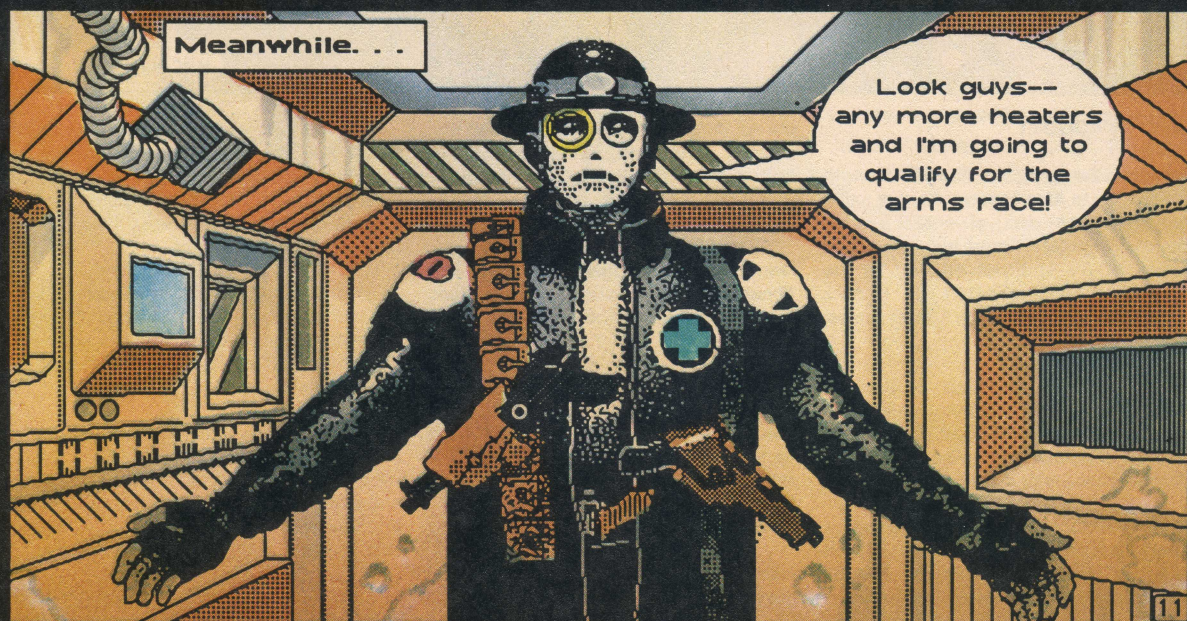
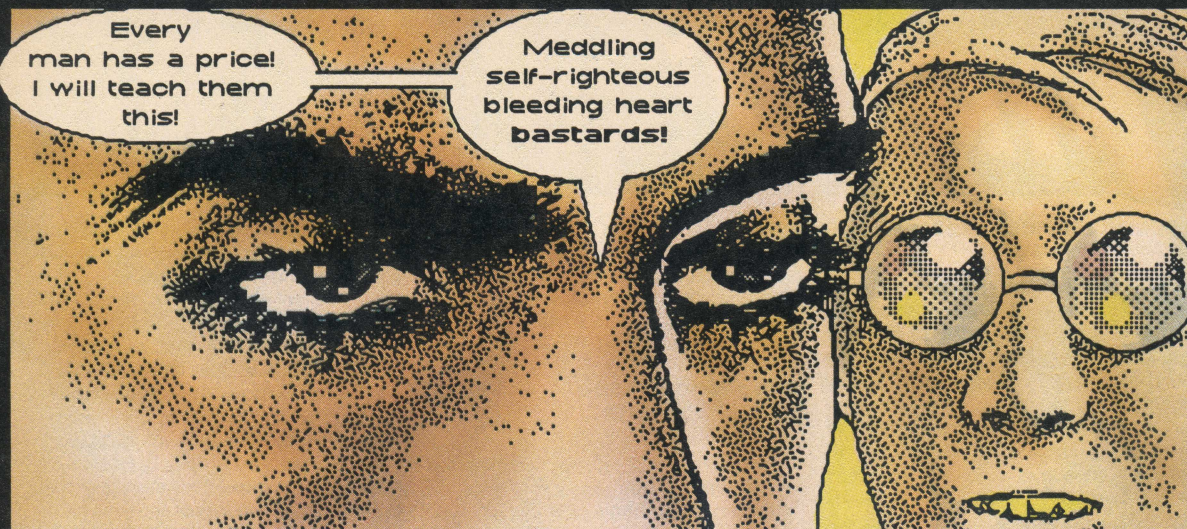
Jon Sable, Freelance #31 — Back to 28 pages of all-Mike Grell action, as Sable and friends hit Central America! Ripped from today's headlines, be sure not to miss "The Gauntlet!"

Nexus #15 — Nexus emerges from the tank, "cured" and ready for action! But ...

is the universe ready for Nexus? Don't be too certain! **Mike Baron**, **Steve Rude** and **Eric Shanower** provide the thrills ... and Baron teams up with **Mark A. Nelson** for another chapter in the warped career of Clonezone the Hilariator!

Original E-Man and **Michael Mauser** #3 (limited series) — Re-presenting three **Nicola Cuti-Joe Staton** classics, including two hard-to-find Mike Mauser solo stories!

Shatter #1 — Now in his own bi-monthly book, the most talked about new comics series in decades! **Michael Saenz** writes and draws the continuing adventures of **Shatter**, with a little help from Apple Macintosh!

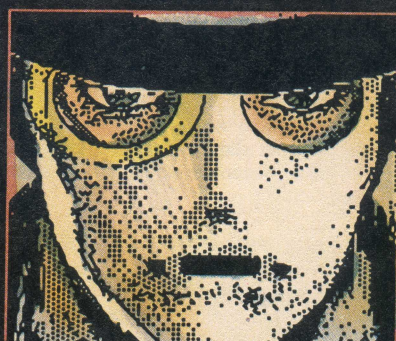




Nat produced a signaling beeper for my helmet.

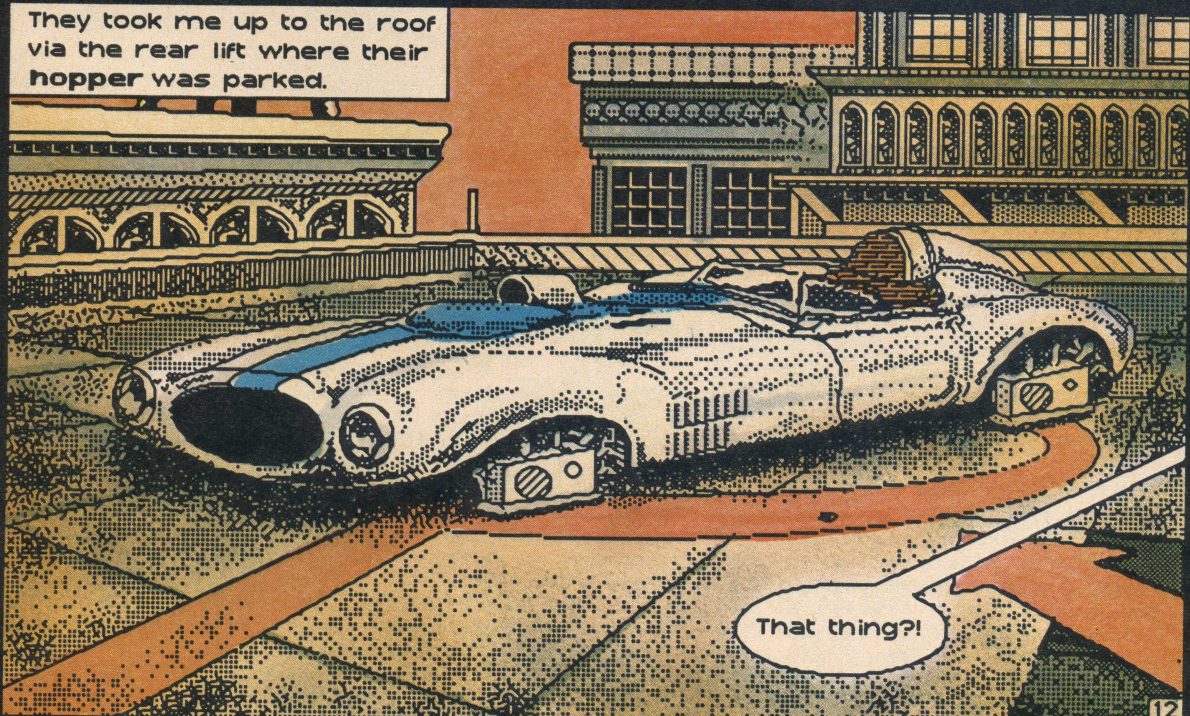


He explained my role in the Data heists.



As a Temp Cop -- I was not thrilled to be on the other side of the fence. But-- a deal is a deal.

They took me up to the roof via the rear lift where their hopper was parked.



Collecting DUST:

A Guide to Preserving Comic Books by Charles Meyerson Part 3

So far this series has examined ways to preserve your comics by managing their environment: storing them in plastic bags and acid-free boxes or envelopes, keeping them away from heat, light, humidity extremes and food. Meanwhile, ticking away within your comics is the time bomb known as "inherent vice" — the chemical instability of most paper used for comic books.

The tree pulp used to make most comic-book paper includes lignin, which holds tree cells together. Exposed to air, lignin turns paper brown and releases acid. The acid, eating away at paper fibers, makes paper turn brittle and crumble.

The experts agree that once paper reaches that stage, you're too late. You can take preventive action, but it's not cheap.

DEACIDIFICATION CAN NEUTRALIZE the acid in pulp paper. **Jim Saunders**, a chemical engineer who's been treating comic books commercially for about two years, notes that the materials are generally available to the public. He says he uses Wei T'o products: sprays and solutions that neutralize acids and leave behind an alkaline buffer to prevent further decay.

"The active ingredient is magnesium carbonate," he says. "I prefer the spray. It dries a lot quicker and there's less chance for the ink to run. If I'm going to dip a comic in solution, I'll test it — on a little spot on the back of the cover or something. Then I look at the color of the remaining solution, and if I see a little red trace, I know it's leached out some of the red ink, and I don't use it."

One of the earliest scholars of comic book preservation, **William Sarill** — a physicist who now works under the title "Conservator of Ephemera" — warns that deacidifying solution can "greatly damage covers, if it's not applied the right way." Sarill says he's found a way around the problem; but, he says, "Nobody who has not been trained by me should attempt it."

IF YOU DO ATTEMPT it, **Bill Cole Enterprises** is offering a can of deacidification spray for about \$15, but it's only enough to treat a few pages. To treat large numbers of books, Saunders says, "you're going to need a compressor, a spray gun, and some sort of commercial space. It makes a mess. The organic solvent is somewhat toxic. You don't want to be breathing it or using

it inside your room. You want to have a spray booth or some sort of a hood."

At Chicago's Newberry Library, paper conservator **Cathy Atwood** says that, for all but the most valuable items, deacidification may not be worth the trouble. Depending on the method, the difficulty and the size of the job, costs per page can run from 10 cents to about a dollar for Sarill's services.

Deacidification will help protect your collection against the ravages of time. But has time already taken its toll? Have the front and back covers begun to separate? Has the cat used your books as a scratching post? In youthful enthusiasm for comics collecting — did you reinforce the spine with (sigh) Scotch tape? You may want to consider the art of restoration.



"**THE WORST THING** you can do is use Scotch tape to repair a tear," Saunders says. "The whole area where the tape has been will just turn brown."

Another common mistake, according to Atwood, is using a dilute solution of Elmer's Glue to make a worn cover look glossy. "It does put some gloss back in your cover, but even in a very thin solution, it's going to become brittle. Then your cover's going to crack up a lot."

Doing restoration yourself is *not* advised. Sarill says, "I still see a great deal of the damage done to books by people attempting to make their own repairs. It's better to leave a book unrepaired than to do a bad repair job."

HOW DO THE experts handle it?

Holes in the cover? Saunders: "First, you try to pick the right paper for repairs, something with the same overall background color. I mix up a batch of paper pulp and sort of work it into the hole and let it dry. Then, I'll re-ink it by hand, to try to match the original artwork. But there are some things I can't reproduce. I can handle Mickey Mouse's foot. But really small lettering, in an advertisement or something — that gets out of control. Sometimes, if there's a great big piece missing, gosh, you don't

know *what's there!*" (Sarill says he's developed a photographic technique for replacing small lettering precisely.)

Ripped page? Atwood: "We repair it with a long-fiber, hand-made Japanese paper and a conservation adhesive." Even then, the patch may prove stronger than the surrounding material, causing a fragile page to crack.

Of course, expert restoration doesn't come cheaply. Saunders says repair and deacidification of a typical comic book — with say, a torn spine, a crease-marked cover, rounded corners, a loose centerfold page — could run as much as \$60. For restoring a comic afflicted by mold, surface dirt, discoloration, tears, missing pieces, rusted staples ... Sarill's charges can run as high as \$2,000 a book.

IF YOU'RE SERIOUS about this, Sarill offers private instruction in restoration of old comics: \$1,500 for five days.

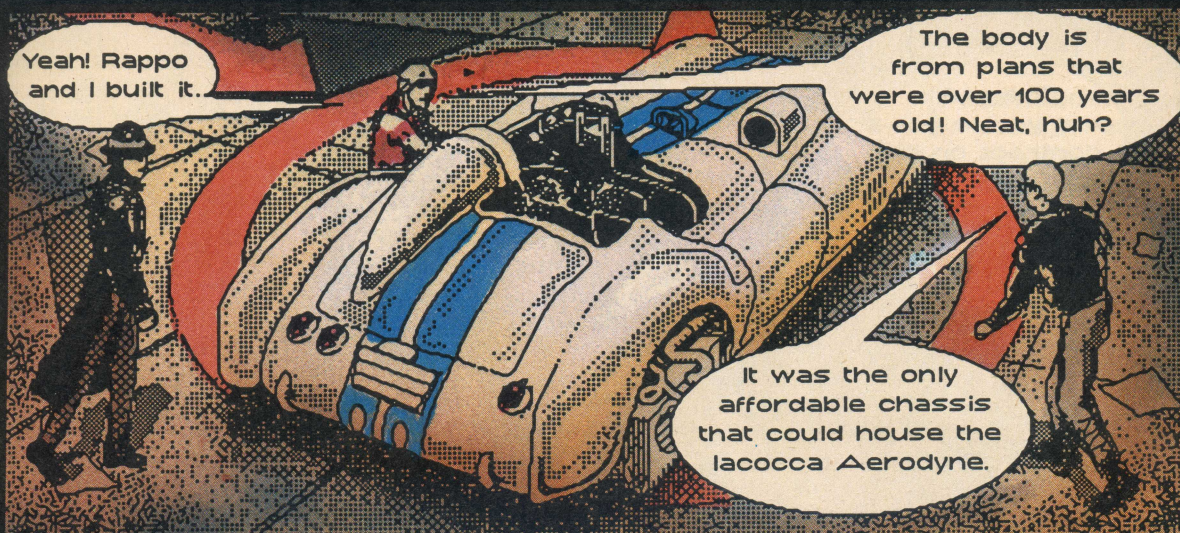
Once you've restored and deacidified a book, you may want to isolate it from a harsh and uncaring world once and for all. Bill Cole Enterprises has just the answer: it'll *seal* your comics individually in polyester bags, for prices ranging up to \$3 per book, depending on the number of books and the thickness of the plastic. Under development: a process that would seal comics inside bags and replace the air in the bags with an inert gas.

Of course, that makes comics impossible to read, which may explain why Cole characterizes demand as "very, very moderate."

NEXT TIME: Fires, floods, earthquakes and nuclear holocaust. Until then, you may want to contact the experts for more information:

Cathy Atwood, Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton, Chicago, IL 60610
Bill Cole, P.O. Box 60, Dept. 595, Wollaston, MA 02170
William Sarill, "Conservator of Ephemera," P.O. Box 729, Cambridge, MA 02139
Jim Saunders, "Restorations," P.O. Box 1194, Minden, NV 89423
... or, your friendly neighborhood librarian

(Charlie Meyerson awakes each weekday at 4:23 a.m. to deliver the morning news on WXRT Radio (93.1 FM) in Chicago.)

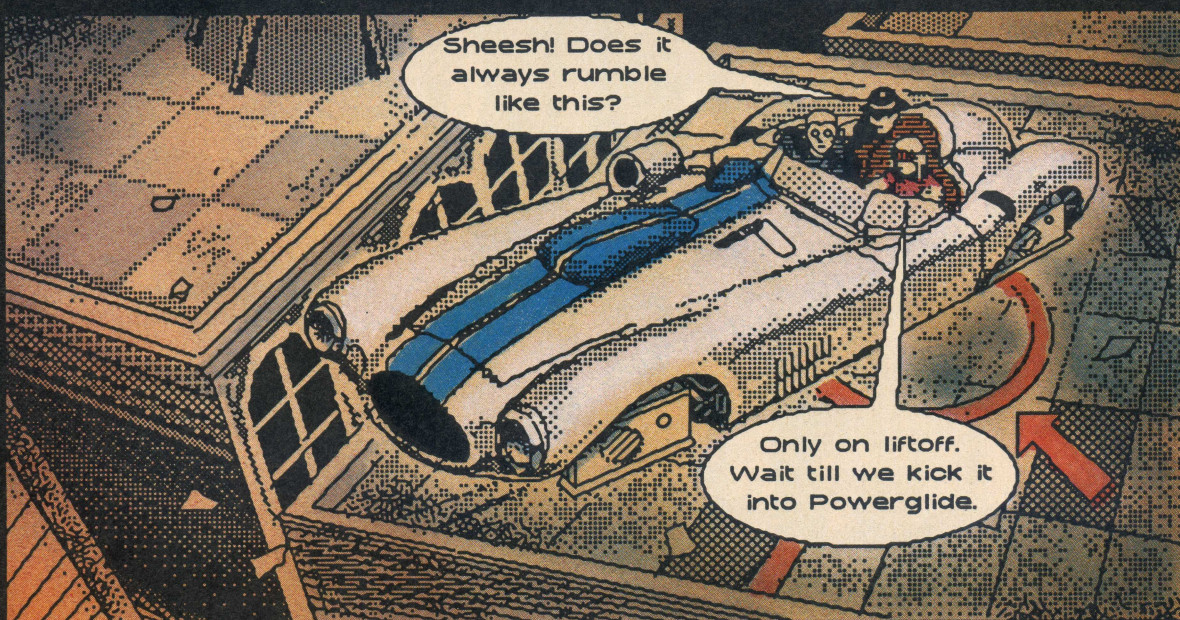


Yeah! Rappo and I built it.

The body is from plans that were over 100 years old! Neat, huh?

It was the only affordable chassis that could house the Iacocca Aerodyne.

Sheesh! Does it always rumble like this?

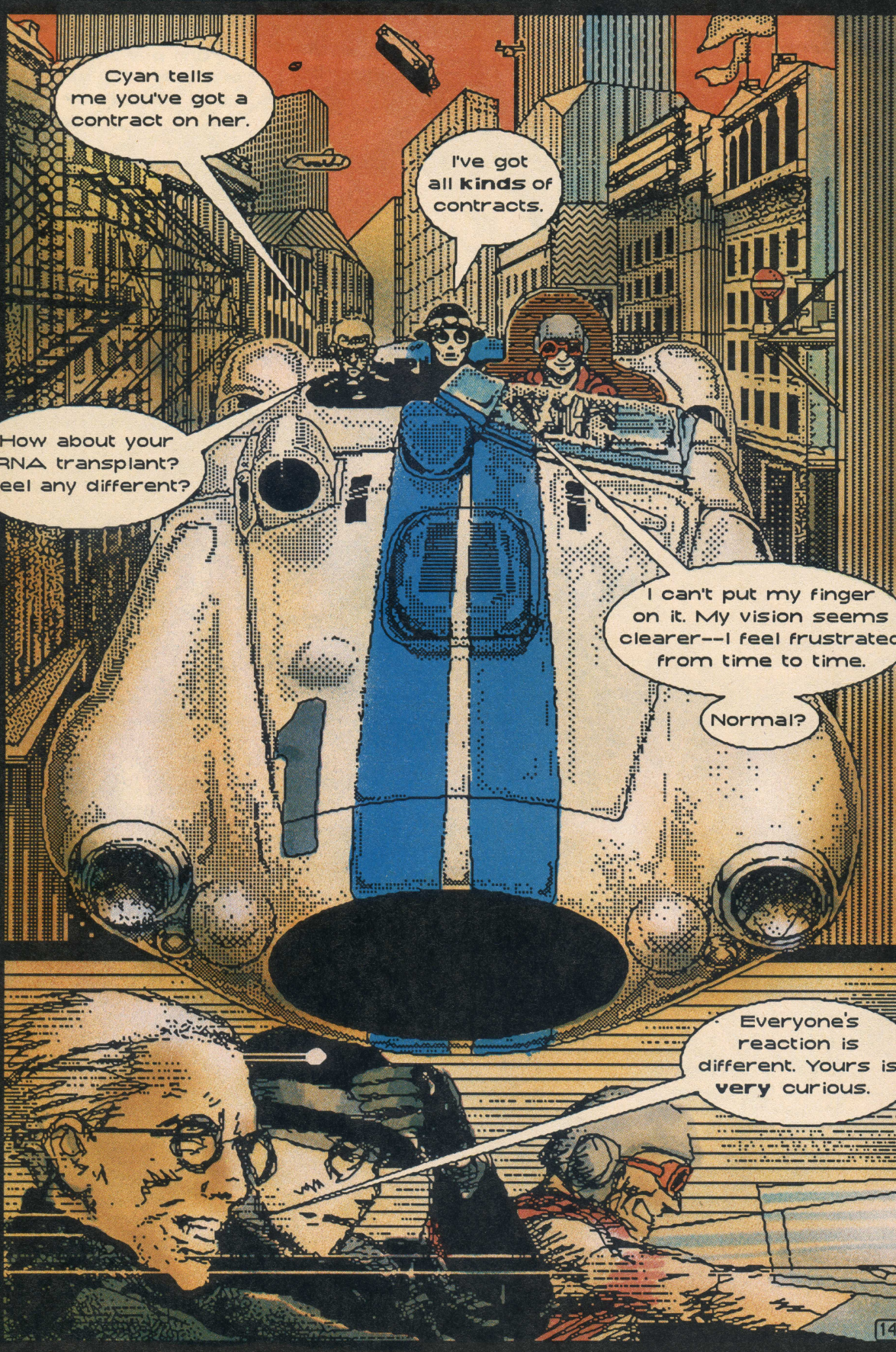


Only on liftoff. Wait till we kick it into Powerglide.



I put over 900 man-hours into this bitch!

We'll be lucky if this sled can hold together 90 minutes.



Cyan tells
me you've got a
contract on her.

I've got
all kinds of
contracts.

How about your
RNA transplant?
Feel any different?

I can't put my finger
on it. My vision seems
clearer—I feel frustrated
from time to time.

Normal?

Everyone's
reaction is
different. Yours is
very curious.

Under normal conditions RNA, being a foreign protein, is rejected.

Your brain then could hold the secret to permanent transplanting.

NOBLE

BLAP BLAP!

PIZZITTO

Under normal conditions RNA, being a foreign protein, is rejected.

Your brain then could hold the secret to permanent transplanting.

NOBLE

BLAP BLAP!

PIZZITTO

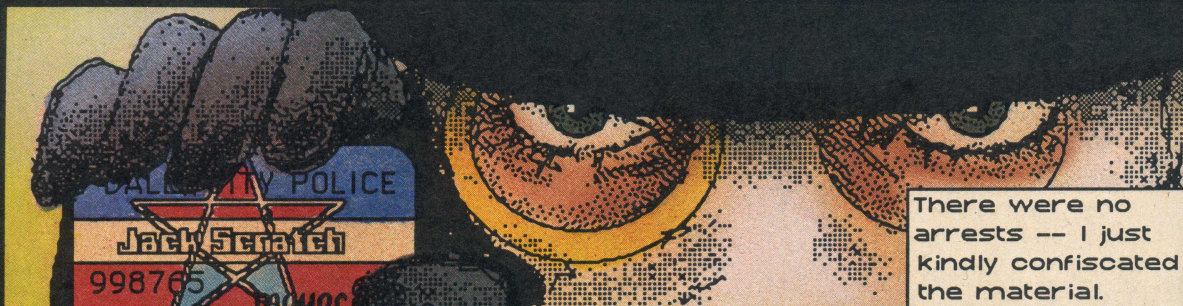
WIN

Nat lined the
up in a sim
fashion.

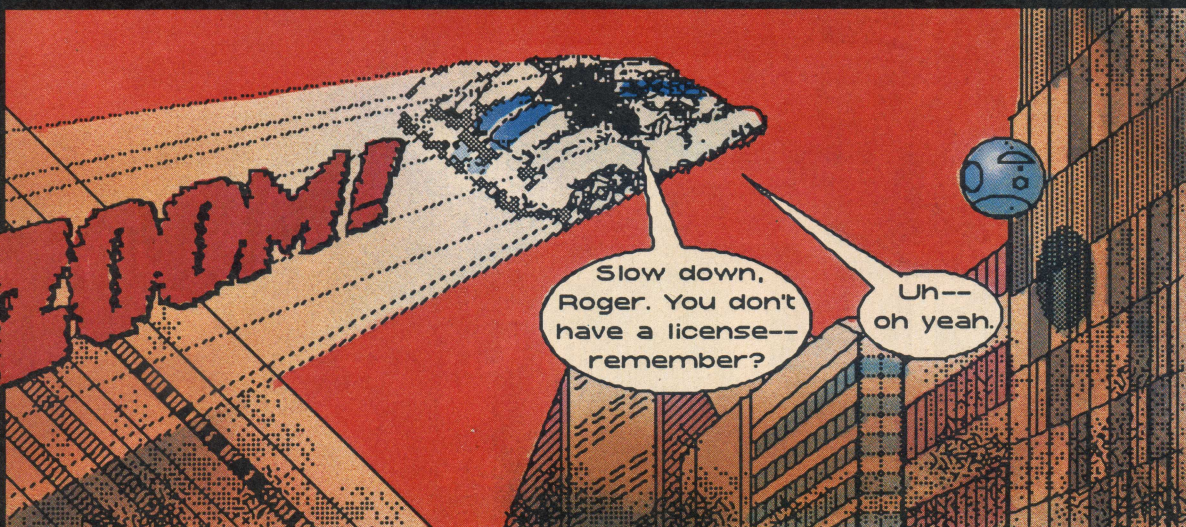
WIN

Nat lined the
up in a sim
fashion.

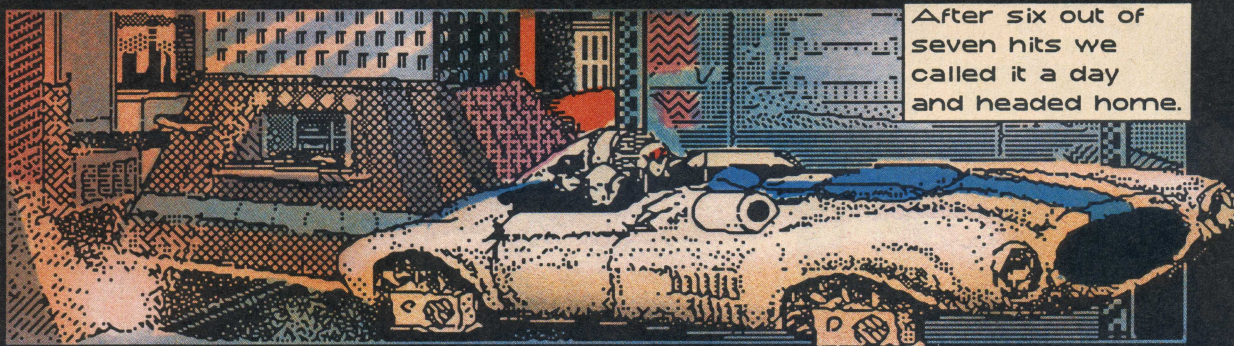
Most clerks were eager to unload their "hot" RNA.



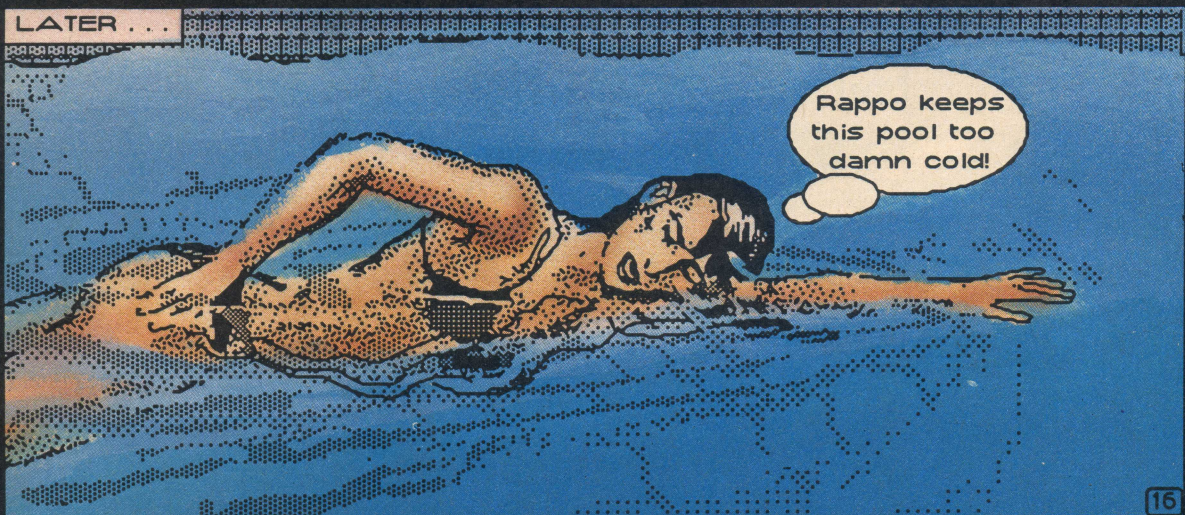
There were no arrests -- I just kindly confiscated the material.



Uh-- oh yeah.



After six out of seven hits we called it a day and headed home.



LATER ...

Rappo keeps this pool too damn cold!

WHAT!?

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AH!

Ironio. Shatter
thinks he has me
over a barrel . . .

Letting me go
free was a
bigger gamble
than he realizes!

Wyatt will pay
a handsome
ransom for
his head!

Ten vials
of RNA!

All of them
from class
A brains!

That amount
of RNA and
a clean slate
with Wyatt--

--is enough to
test anyone's
loyalty . . .

--even if that
loyalty sometimes
borders on lust!

So once again,
Cyan baby, it boils
down to **your** ass
or someone else's!



Wyatt?

Cyan! It's about time!

There's going to be, shall we say, a slight delay in my delivery.

I don't know what you're up to--



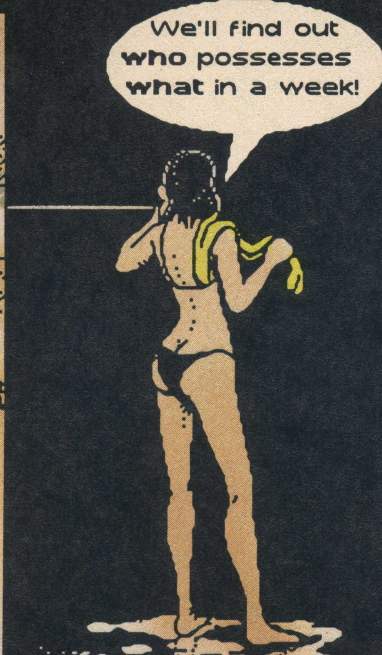
--but I hope you're up to handling it.

20 more seconds and we'll have her location!

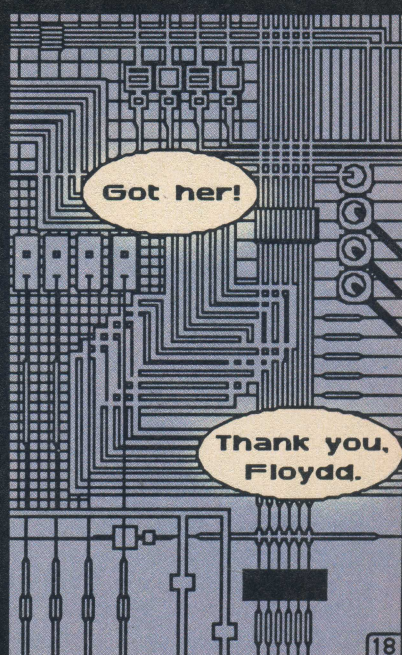


Playing both sides requires a level of skill and sophistication--

--that not all of us possess!



We'll find out who possesses what in a week!



Got her!

Thank you, Floyd.

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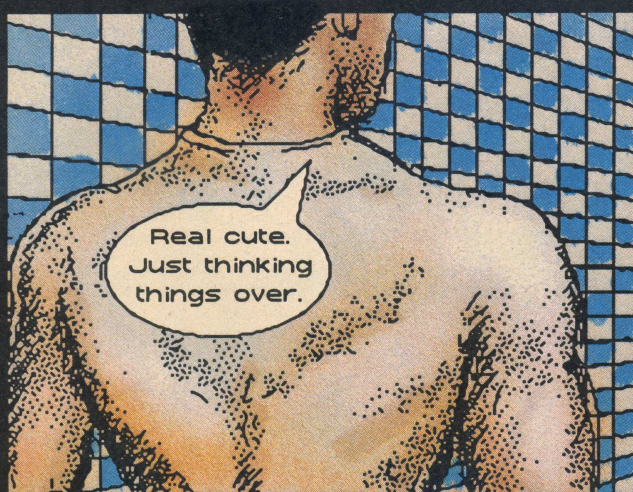


Look at you.
Reduced to
pulling heists
with junkies---

--and letting
murderers
go free.



Hi, Shatter.
What are you
doing in the
John?



Real cute.
Just thinking
things over.

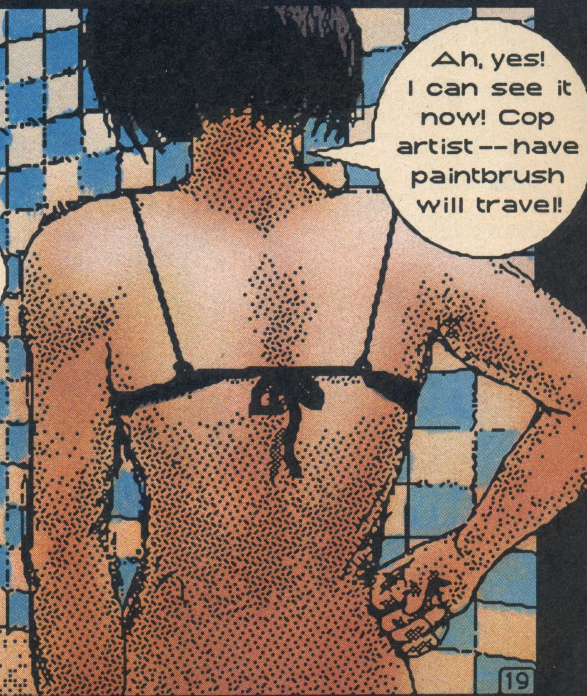


What are
you reading?

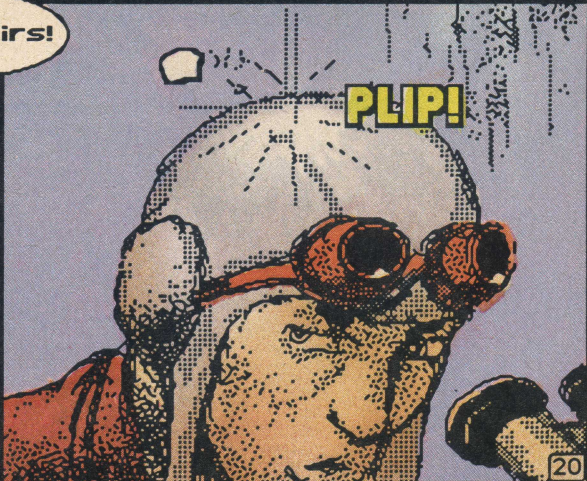
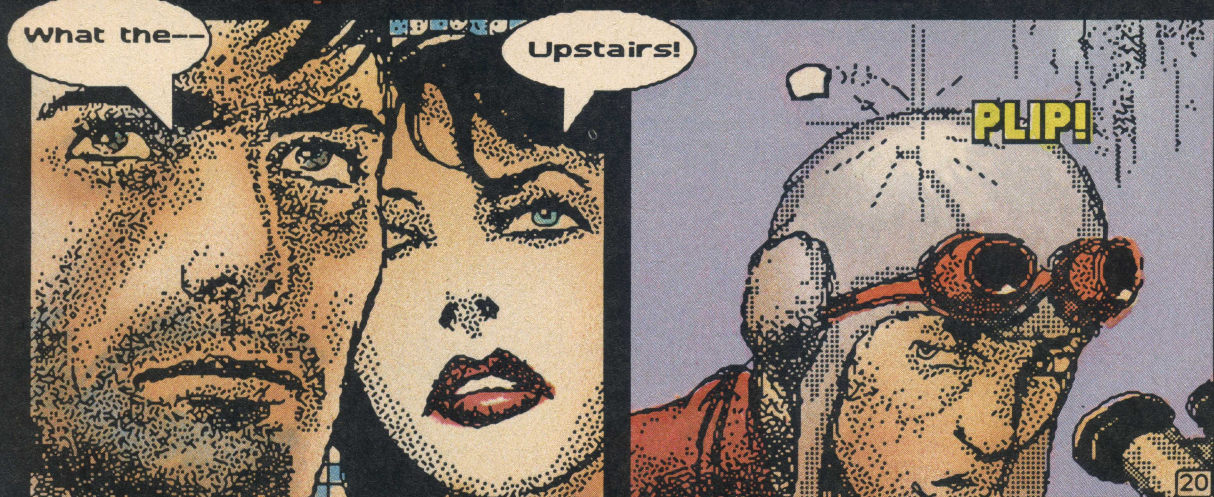
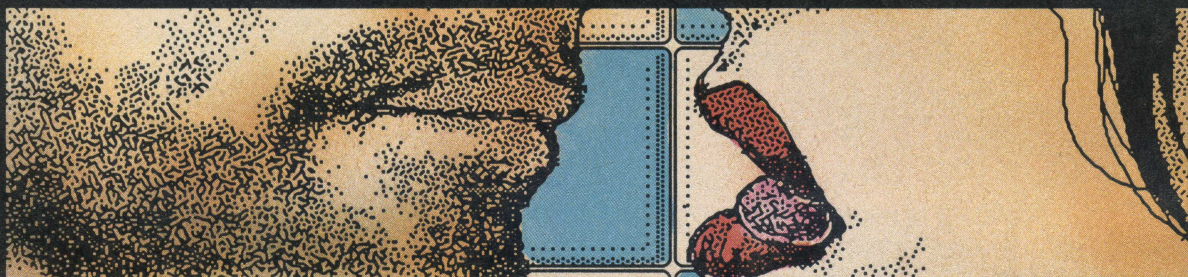
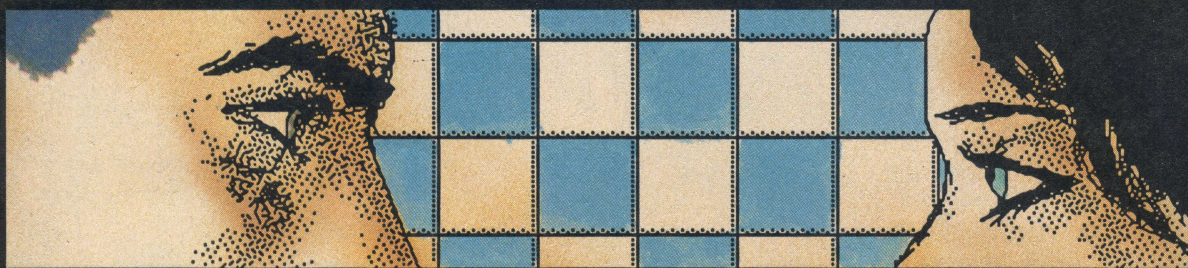
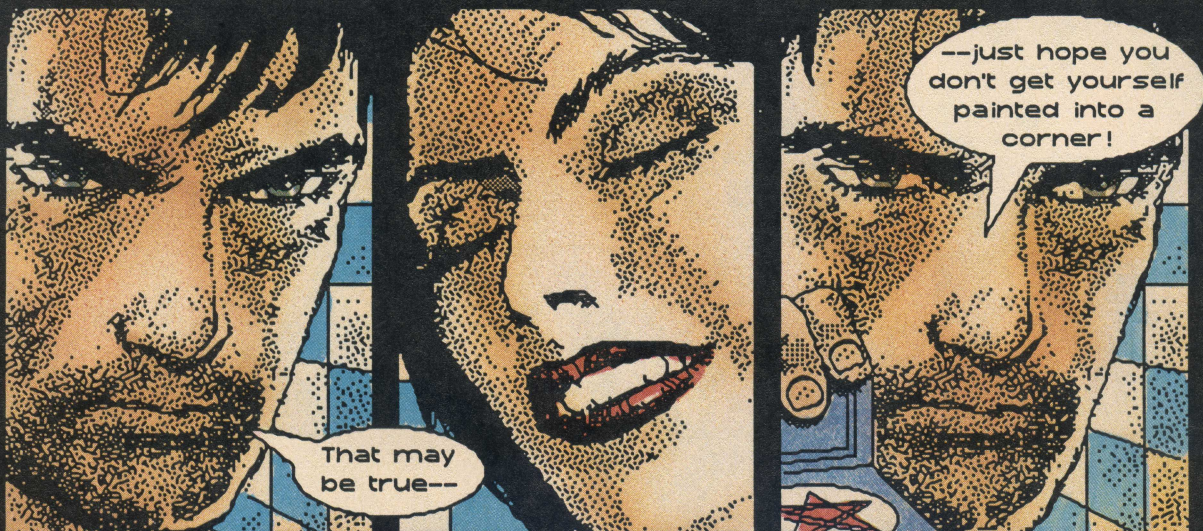


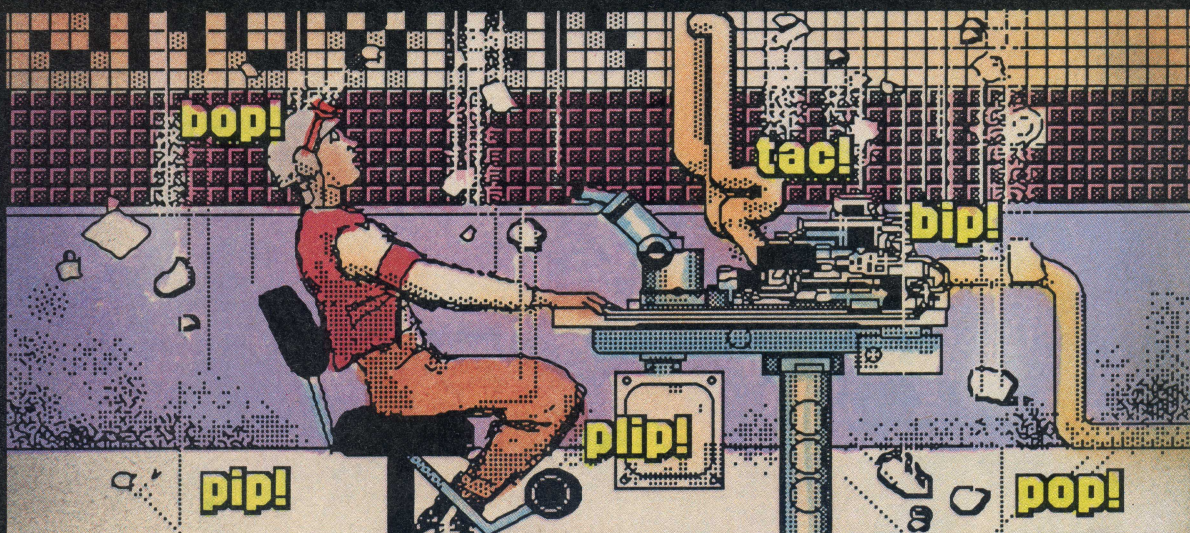
△ Dynabook
on the dead
art of painting.

Trying to find
an application
for my recently
acquired skills.

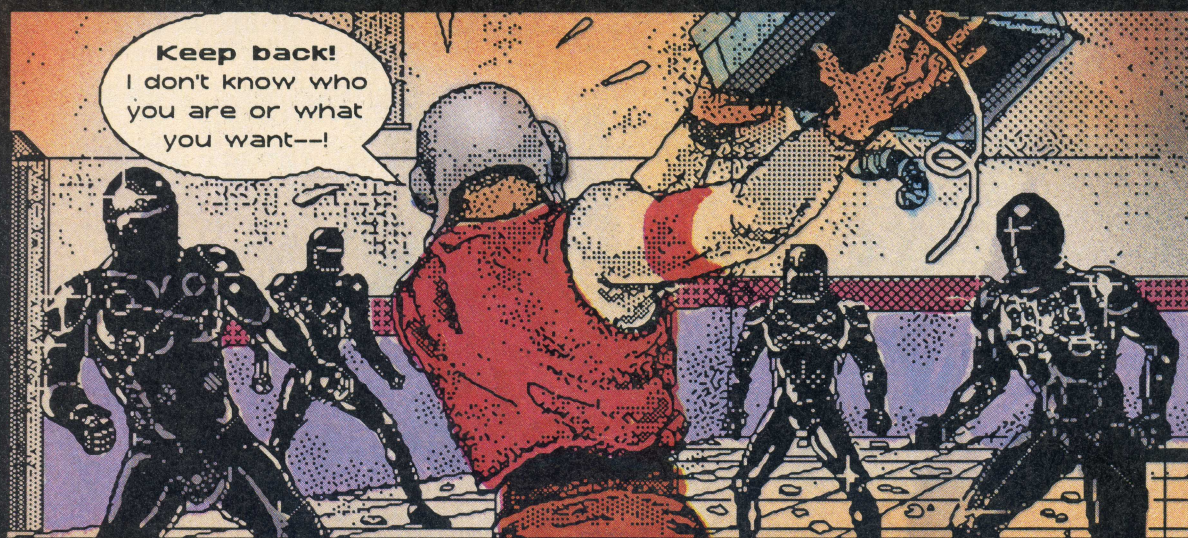


△h, yes!
I can see it
now! Cop
artist -- have
paintbrush
will travel!!

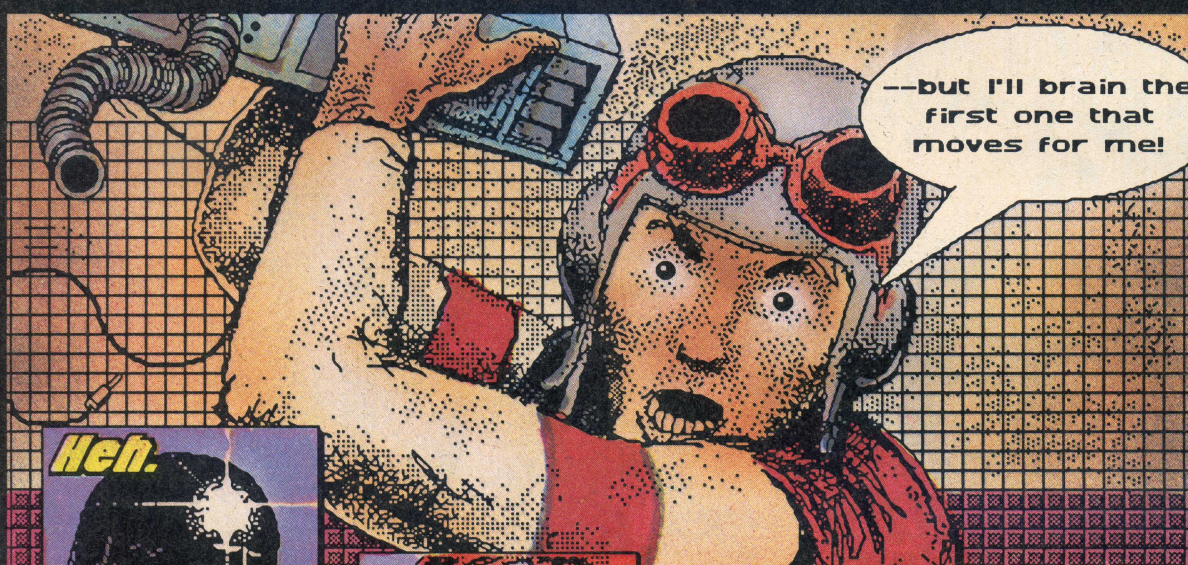




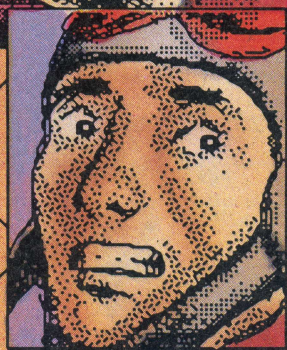
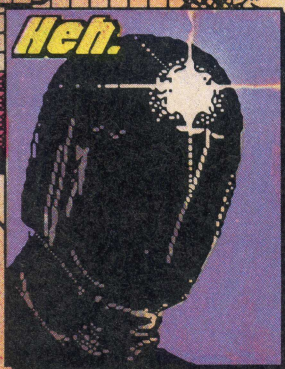
Keep back!
I don't know who
you are or what
you want--!



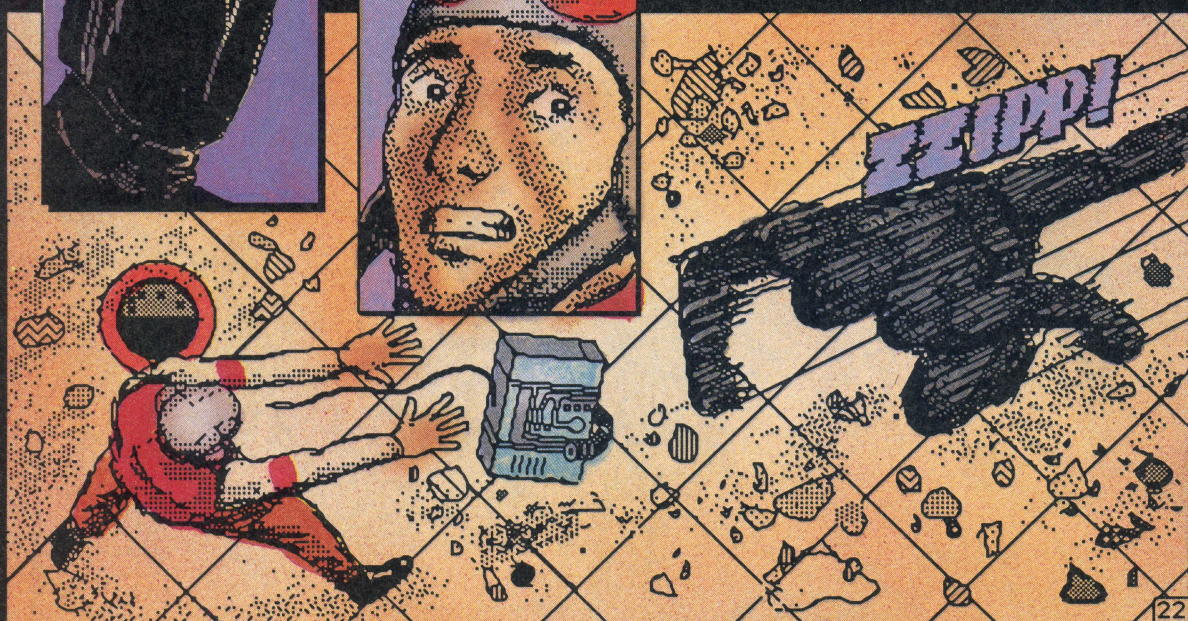
--but I'll brain the
first one that
moves for me!

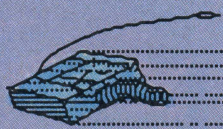


Heh.

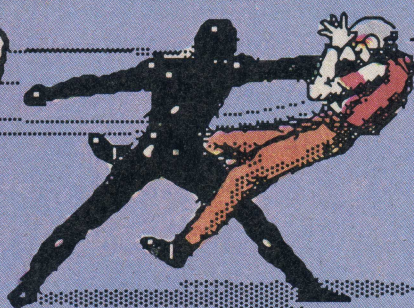


FLIPP!





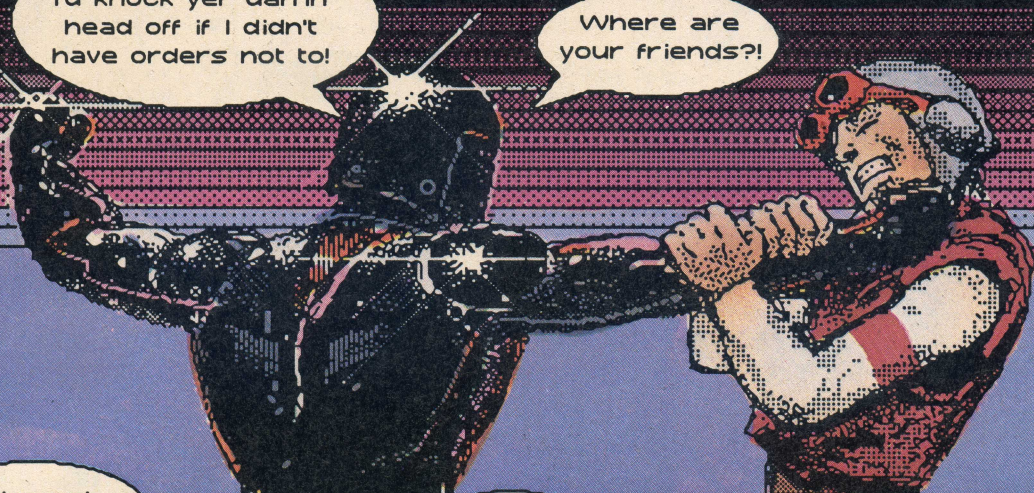
BLAP!



Ack!

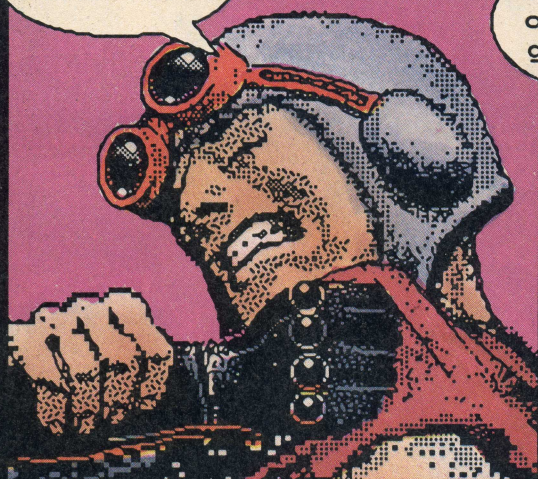
You little **twirp**!
I'd knock yer damn
head off if I didn't
have orders not to!

Where are
your friends?!

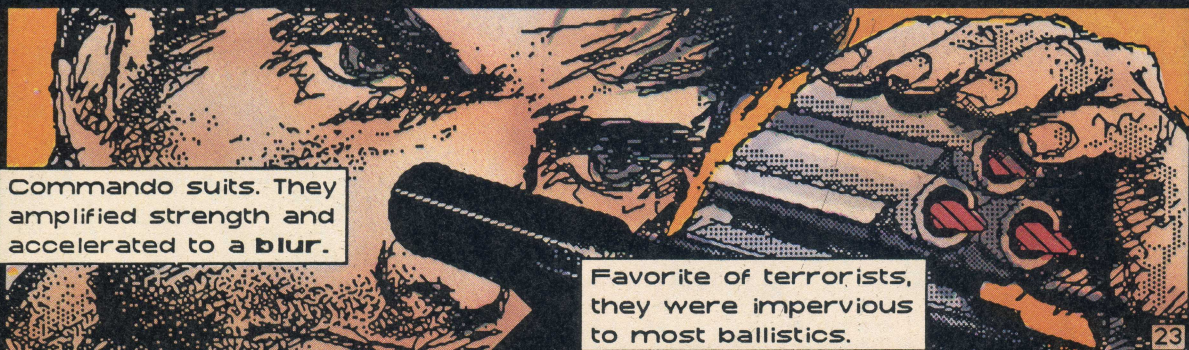


They're not--
unhh--here!

Go tell the
others to
get gone!

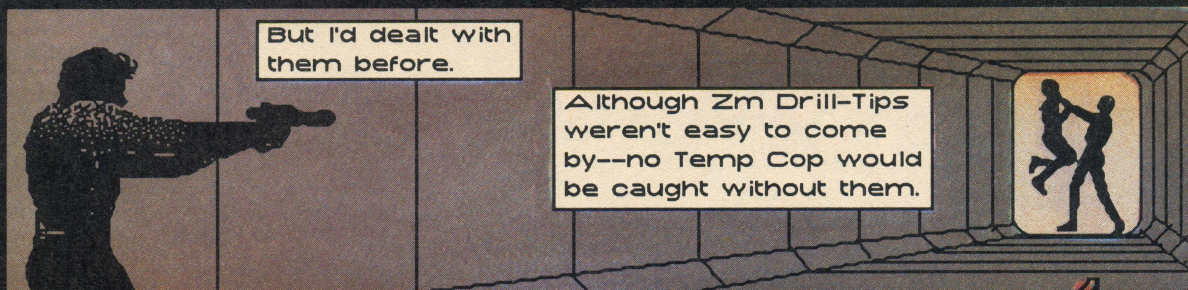


Go girl!!



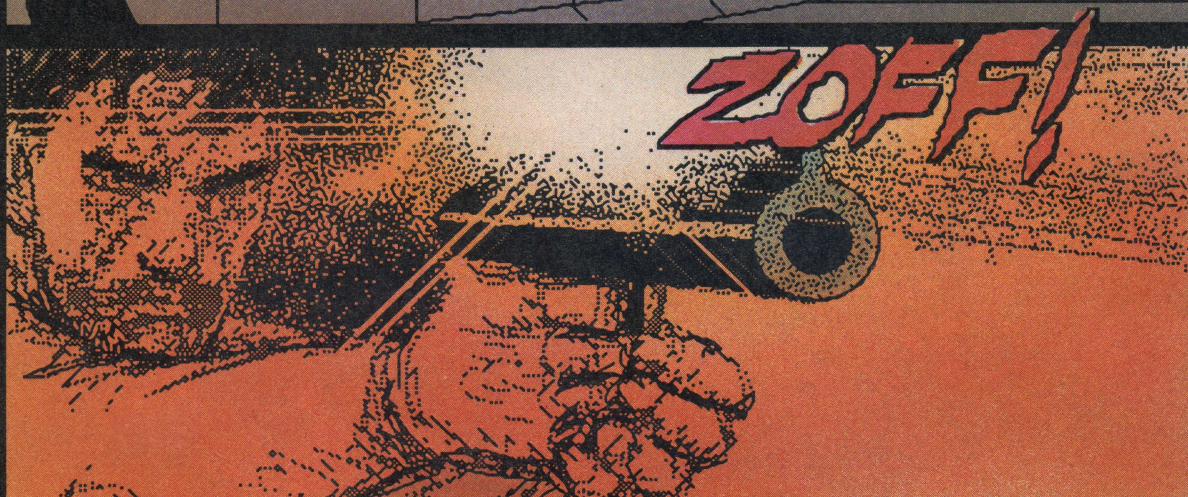
Commando suits. They
amplified strength and
accelerated to a **blur**.

Favorite of terrorists,
they were impervious
to most ballistics.



But I'd dealt with them before.

Although Zm Drill-Tips weren't easy to come by--no Temp Cop would be caught without them.

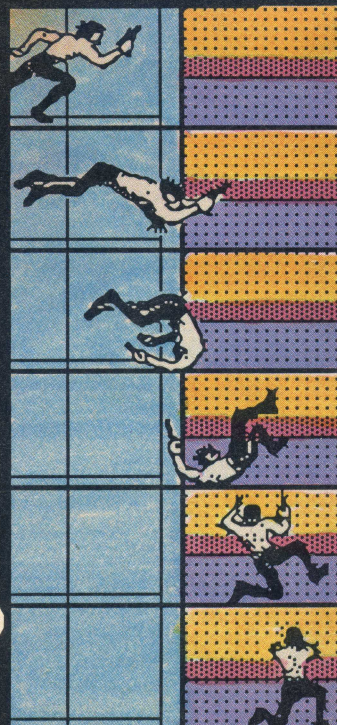


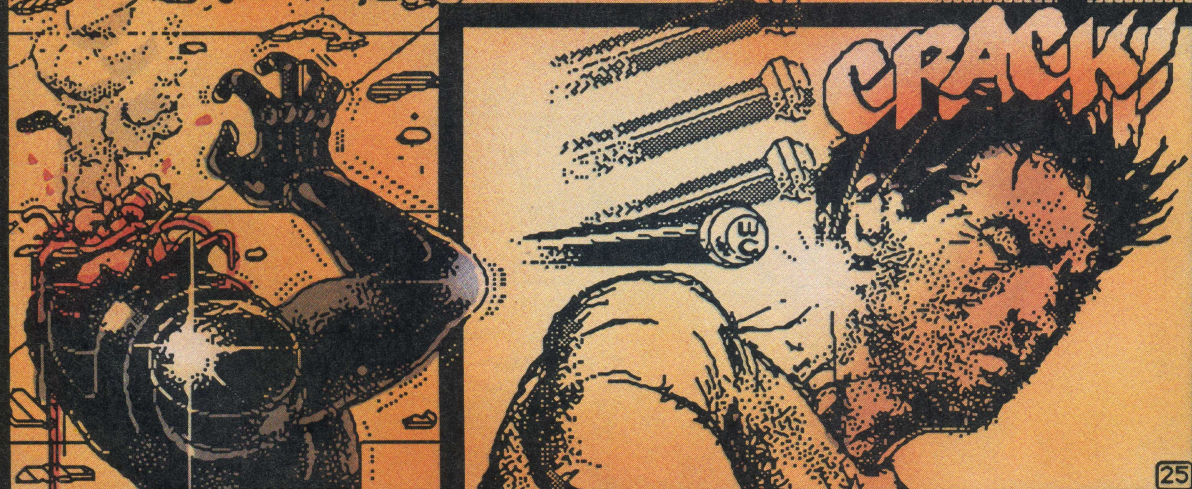
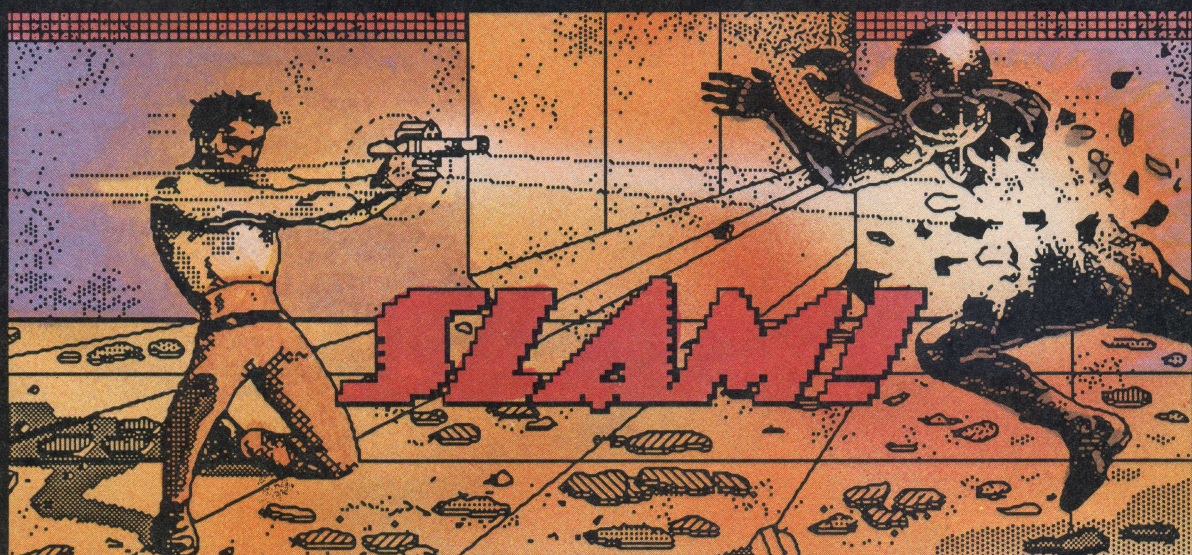
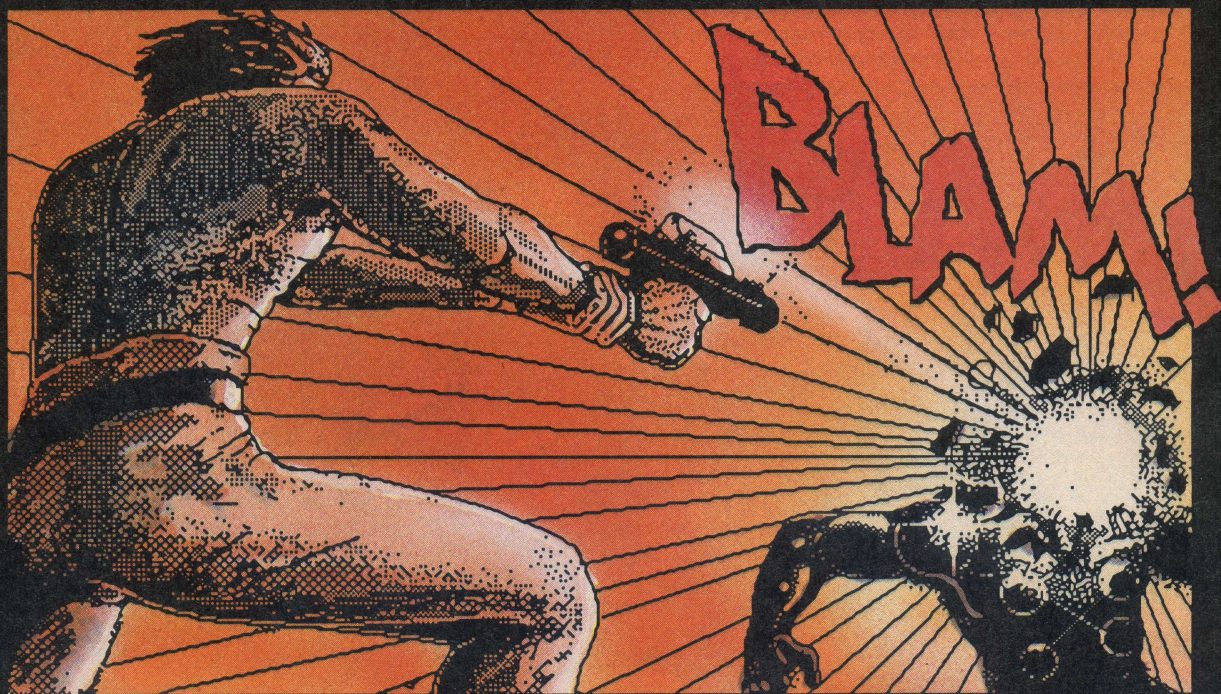
WAAAAA!



Roger!
Where are they?

Eah! Gag!
B-Behind me!





I didn't know how long I had been out for since the last Drill-Tip.

I woke up seeing stars--but it was only the hole in the ceiling.

Glad to see you're back.

Had I known you were the man with the golden brain I would have subdued you by other means.

You've made quite a mess--and cost me a good deal of money in the process.

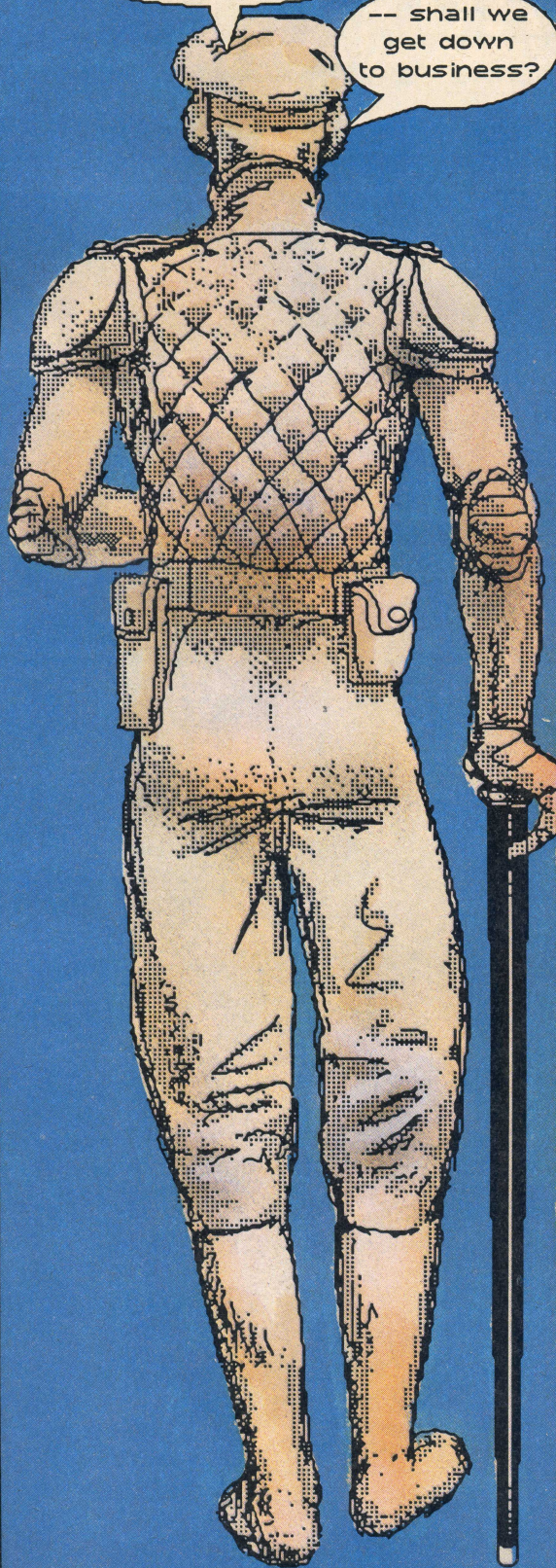
Who're you?

I am Wyatt Clyver Courtney--

I owned those powersuits.

Well -- we've all
had an exciting time --

-- shall we
get down
to business?



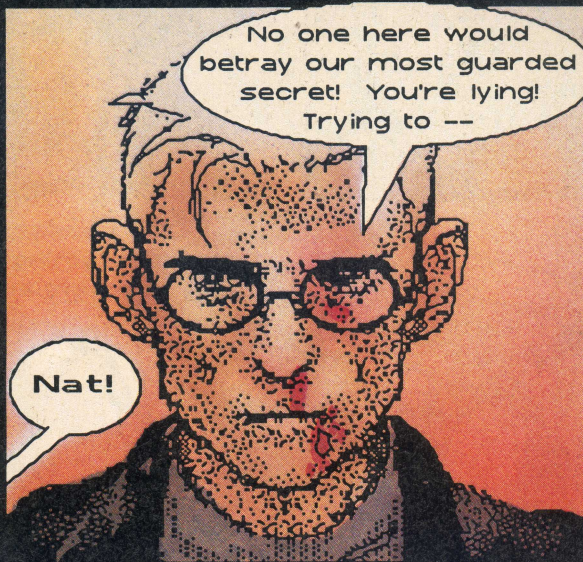
I have been offered
this man in exchange
for 10 class A
units of RNA.

Impossible!



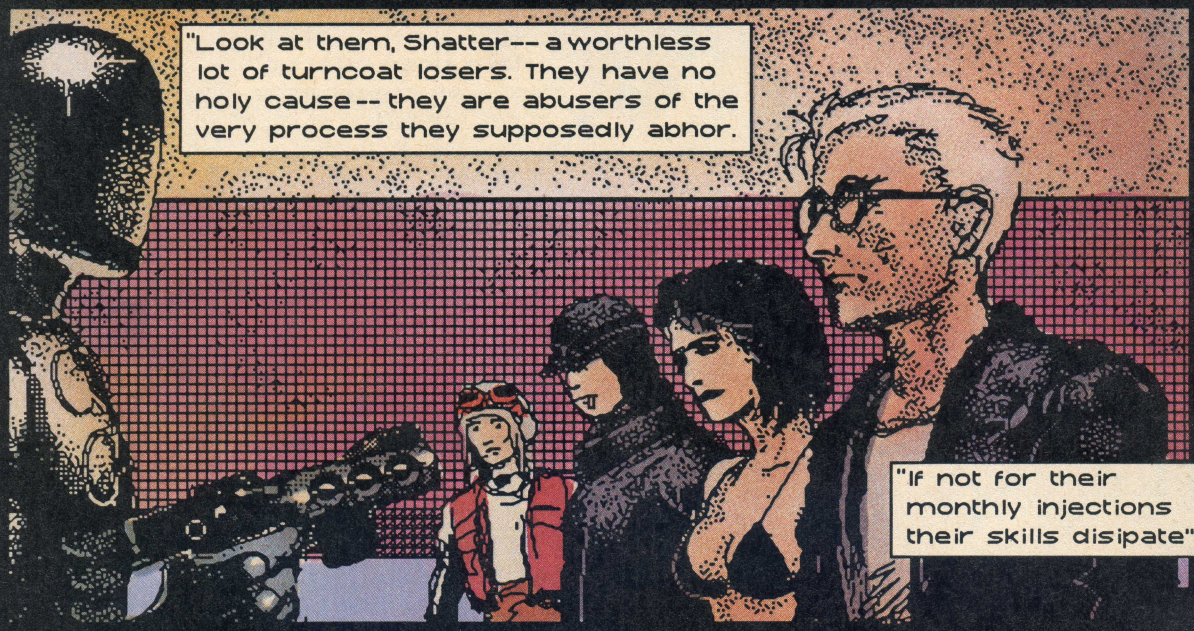
No one here would
betray our most guarded
secret! You're lying!
Trying to --

Nat!



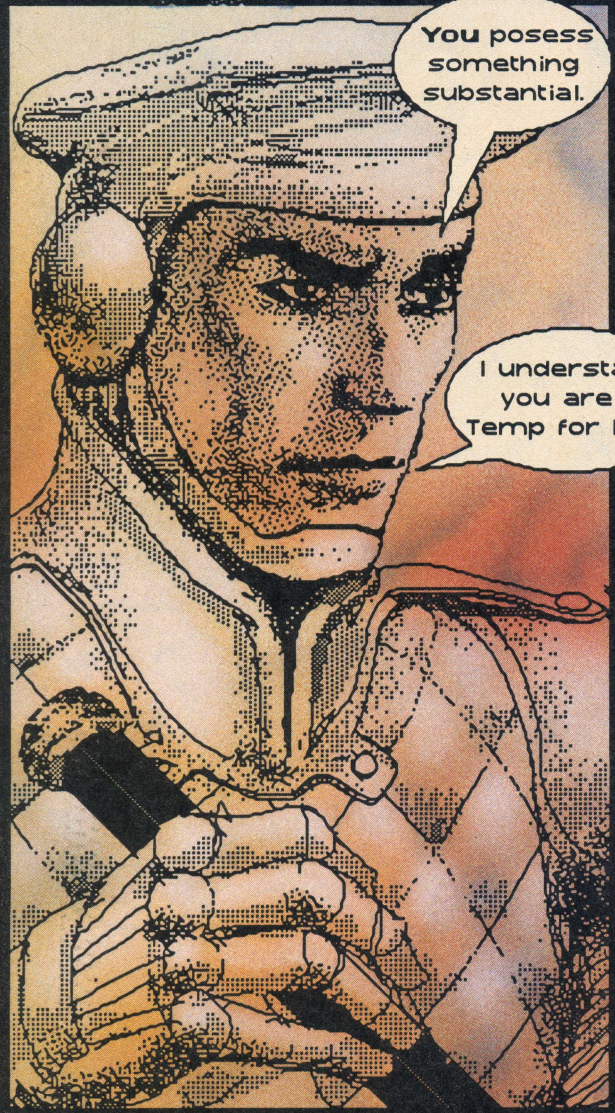
I'm
sorry.





"Look at them, Shatter-- a worthless lot of turncoat losers. They have no holy cause-- they are abusers of the very process they supposedly abhor."

"If not for their monthly injections their skills disipate"



You posses something substantial.

I understand you are a Temp for Hire.



What's your price?

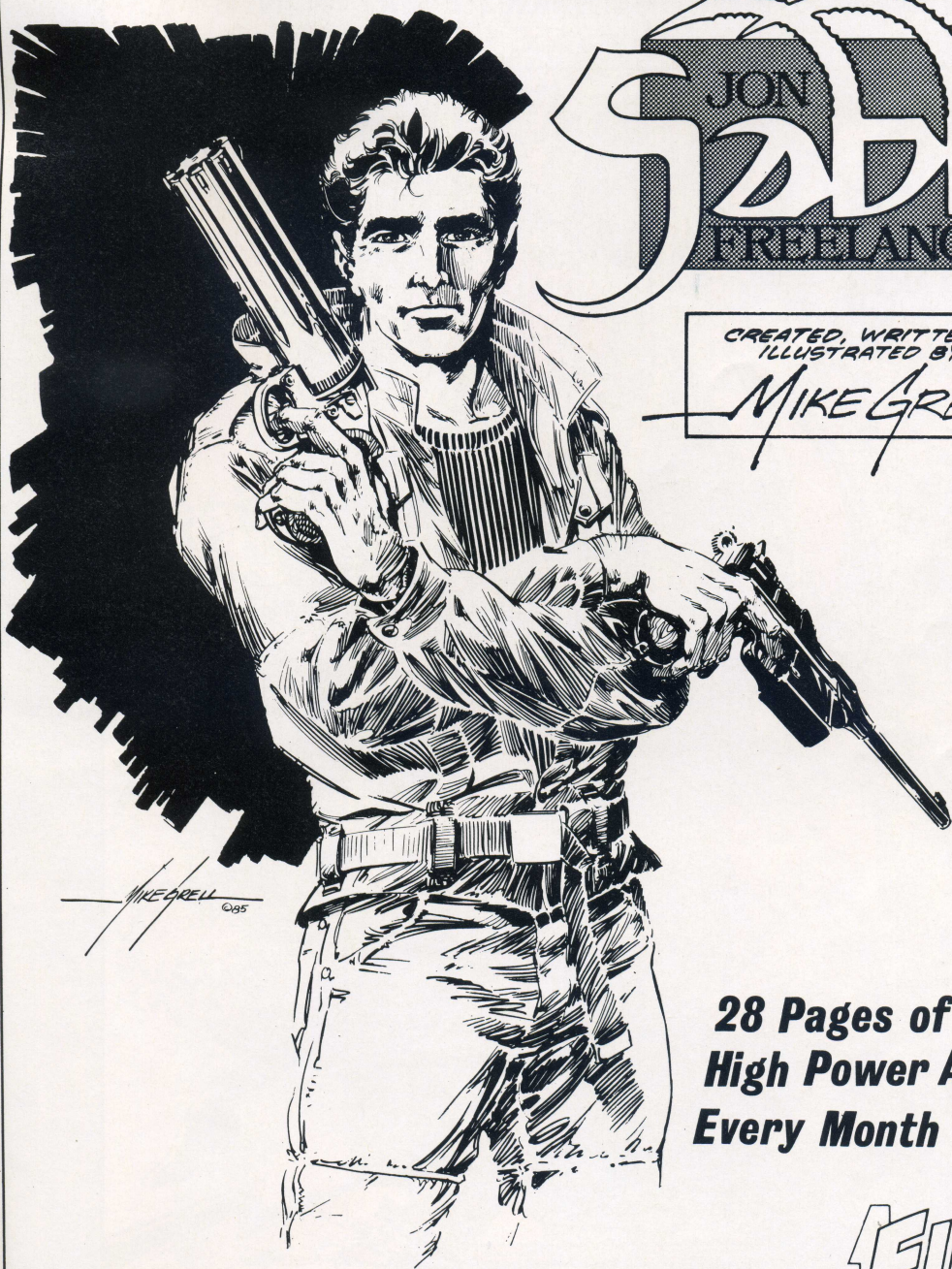
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