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ABOARD SCANNER ONE, SOMEWHERE IN THE MULTIVERSE...

OUR UNIVERSE IS GONE. THE DARK DESTROYERS ANTI-MATTER BOMB WIPED IT OUT. WE PHASED OUT JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE FULL FORCE OF THE BLAST.

I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STOP HIM. INSTEAD, I RAN AWAY.

MARTIN, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.

MY SON CHAS. MONTANDA, LISAN, DOC ORION, ALL GONE.

YOU MUSTN'T BLAME YOURSELF.

GOOD ADVICE. MORPHEA. VERY SOUND ADVICE.

I'M GOING TO MISS ICE CREAM.

BUT WE'VE GOT ICE CREAM.

WE'LL RUN OUT.

HE FASHIONED HIMSELF IN MY IMAGE—DESTROYED A UNIVERSE TO GET AT ME. IF WE'D NEVER BUSTED INTO HIS ODD ASS WORLDS...

MARTIN, THERE IS A CHOICE YOU MUST MAKE. YOU CAN ENGAGE IN AN OGRY OF SELF-RECRIMINATION, OR YOU CAN TURN YOUR CONSIDERABLE TALENTS TOWARD HELPING THE LIVING. WE WILL NEED A PLACE TO GO. EVENTUALLY.

HMM. WHAT'S THIS SLIP?

WRITE: MIKE BARON
PENCILLER: ED BARZETTO
INKER: RICARDO VILLALOBOS
LETTERER: TAB LOPEZ
COLORIST: TOM ZIUKO
EDITOR: ANDY HEEFNER

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SOME FORM OF RADIATION... SCANNEr ONE WAS JUST PHASING AWAY WHEN THE BOMB CAUGHT US. KNOCKED OUR INSTRUMENTS ALL TO HELL AND GONE...

BUT IF I CAN FIX ON THE SOURCE OF THIS RADIATION, MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHERE WE ARE.

IN RELATION TO WHAT?

IN RELATION TO OTHER PARTS OF THE MULTIVERSE THAT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN DESTROYED.

LOOK OUT! LET ME THROUGH! WHAT BLIP?

QUIT PUSHING.

COME ON, YOU BIG PILE OF CRAP! OUTTA THE WAY! PAKRAT COMING THROUGH!

BABE CAN'T MOVE FAST.

COME ON, DAD, MOVE OVER.

DON'T PUSH! BABE IS TRYING TO MOVE...

NOT FAST ENOUGH, YOU BIG BLUE OX.

OWW!

DON'T PUSH!
BABE -- I AM SORRY. BUT BABE TRIED TO MOVE.

YOU ARE SO MUCH STRONGER THAN THE OTHERS! YOU MUST NEVER LET YOUR HAND AGAINST YOUR FRIENDS! YOU COULD HAVE KILLED PAKRAT!

BABE SAID HE WAS SORRY? SNIFF!

THIS ONE UNDERSTANDS, BUT YOU MUST GROW WISE NOW.

MORPHA PLAY WITH BABE?

NO, NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR PLAY.

MORPHA MAD AT BABE?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER, KID—YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. PAKRAT RESPECTS YOU NOW. YOU'LL BE BETTER FRIENDS BECAUSE OF IT.

YOU ARE WELL?

YEAH, YEAH...

WAIT A MINUTE! THE INSTRUMENTS ARE GOING CRAZY!
THE BLIP IS REGISTERING ACROSS THE RADIO FREQUENCY BAND. IT'S ON THE ULF* SCANNER. IT'S IN THE GRAVITY ROG.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? NOTHING... PROBABLY.

IT'S LIKE A RIPPLE RUNNING RAMPANT THROUGH THE MULTIVERSE...A MURMUR...IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE...BEFORE THE BOMB...

"ULTRA LOW FREQUENCY"—Andy

IT CHANGES THINGS. MAYBE EVERYTHING.

IT MAY ALTER THE PATTERN OF LIFE ITSELF, GIVING RISE TO CREATURES WE CANNOT IMAGINE.

OR PERHAPS IT INDICATES INSTABILITY WITHIN THE MULTIVERSE AND IS A PRECURSOR TO AN ULTIMATE COLLAPSE... ALL MATTER, ALL SPACE, AND EVERYTHING.

GOT ANY GOOD NEWS, MARTIN?

LET ME THINK ABOUT IT...

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION—I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!

(Continued on 3rd page following.)
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THE CHASE GOES ON

--KEEP UP WITH US!
THOSE PODS CAN SIT AROUND TWISTING PRELOCKES. I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO—LIKE RAID THE HOLD! THERE'S STUFF IN THERE THAT HASN'T BEEN TOUCHEO IN TWENTY YEARS!

BAUBLES, BANGLES, BRIGHT SHINY BEADS... DUM DE DUM DUM...

...HEY!

DO MY BEADDY PINK EYES DECEIVE ME? THERE'S THAT LITTLE PEST, TAZ!

He's sitting smack dab in front of that cargo gate! The little pest!


BLARS!!

No! No!
--AAARG! OOGGA W.A.R.N. MARTY...

GOTTA WARN MARTY...

ON THE BRIDGE.

WHO LET HIM OUT OF THE LOCK-UP? I DID. I'LL TAKE RESPONSIBILITY.

DART, ARE YOU CRAZY? HE TRIED TO KILL YOU ONCE.

T.W.I.C.E. DON'T REMIND ME.

NOW WHAT? TWO BLIPS SMASHING AROUND THE CARGO BAY LIKE BUMPER CARS.

I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!

ON SECOND THOUGHT...

YOU FIGURE OUT WHERE WE ARE YET?
MUST BE THE IRREPRESSIBLE PAKZAT
IN HOT PURSUIT OF TAZ....
AT LEAST THEY'RE ENJOYING
THEMSELVES.

NOW ABOUT
BLACKJAK...

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE CAN TRUST
HIM? WHAT IF THE DARK DESTRUCTOR
SOMEHOW PROGRAMMED HIM TO
DESTROY US? BLACKJAK HIMSELF
WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW.

YOU KNOW ABOUT
MY VISIONS.

YES,
PRECOGNITIVE ABILITY.
IF WE WERE BACK AT ATARI H.Q.,
I'D RUN SOME TESTS, TELL ME
ABOUT THE VISION.

IT WAS OF
BLACKJAK...PILOTING
SCANNER ONE INTO
ATARI H.Q....AND HE
HAD TWO EYES!

WHAT?!

SIT DOWN AND
SHUT UP, YOU.

DART,
WE KNOW
THAT YOUR
VISIONS ARE
NOT ALWAYS
ACCURATE.

TRUE,
BUT LOOK AT
MY BATTING
AVERAGE.

IF... ATARI
STILL EXISTS...
CHRIS--MY SON--
COULD STILL BE
ALIVE!!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE
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DEAD END! I'M CORNERED... UNLESS... -- ONE CHANCE -- THE ESCAPE SHUTTLE!

YY/EEEE!

HAHA HAHA

ERRR--EH?

SLAM

HEH HEH HEH

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. HE RIpped THROUGH THAT HATCH LIKE IT WAS CARDBOARD!

BRIDGE! BRIDGE! HELP! MORPHEA! MARTY! ANYBODY!!
HMM, WHAT'S THIS?
SOMEONE'S OCCUPYING #2 SHUTTLE. HELLO?
PAKGAT? RADIOS OUT.

Want me to check it out?

MORPHA! MORPHA!

WHAT IS IT, CHILD?

Look! Taz hurt!

I'LL GET THE MEDICOMP.

THIS ONE WILL TRY TO SOOTHE THE POOR CREATURE'S ANGISH AND LEARN WHAT HAS TRANSPIRED.

PUZZLING... THE SOURCE OF TAZ'S PAIN IS INTERNAL-- A TUMOR, PERHAPS, OR A-- OH, OH!!

WAIT! THE THOUGHTS ARE COMING! KARGO DID THIS-- AND HE'S ON THE SHIP!

HIS OUT FOR BLOOD! THERE'S NO CHOICE; I HAVE TO EJECT.
DAMNATION! THAT ESCAPE SHUTTLE JUST LAUNCHED!

WHAT'S ITS HEADING?

"IT'S BEEN PROGRAMMED TO SEEK THE NEAREST PLANET WITH A MASS OF 0.2 NEW EARTH OR BETTER."

"CART--TAKE THE NAVCOM BEAT, EVERYBODY STRAP IN, WE'RE GOING AFTER PAGGAT, SEAL THE BRIDGE!"

AND JUST TO BE SAFE--

"I'M SURE BLACKJACK WON'T MIND IF I LOCK HIS SAFETY HARNESS."

IT WILL TAKE US TIME TO CHANGE COURSE, I DON'T WANT ANY MORE NASTY SURPRISES.

"- - EATCOMxeeAT,
MOMENTS LATER, ON A WORLD WITH A MASS OF 0.5 OF NEW EARTH...

I'M DOWN. I'M ALIVE! I'M SO SO CLEVER! PHHEW!

HMM. NO ATMOSPHERE. NO RESPONSE FROM SCANNER ONE. STUCK ON A DEEP CHUNK. THIS MAY NOT BE SO CLEVER.

I'D BETTER CHECK THE TRANSMISSION PLATES. THEY HAVE LIMITED RANGE...

IF I DON'T MAKE CONTACT WITH SCANNER ONE SOON, I COULD BE STUCK HERE FOREVER.

WELL, AT LEAST I MANAGED TO GIVE OLD RAND A FACE THE GLIIP--THOUGH HOW HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE THE DARK DESTROYER'S HOMEMADE BIG BAND I'LL NEVER KNOW.

NO!
THIS IS SHAPING UP TO BE THE LONGEST DAY I'VE HAD SO FAR!

AND THE WORST THING IS --

IT ISN'T OVER YET!

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT IS!! GULP!

WRRZZZZ...

YEARGH!!

YOU??!!
GREETINGS, LITTLE BROTHER! GET OUT OF MY LINE OF FIRE!

LASER DONT STOP HIM. I'LL TRY A RADULM BULLET.

ARRRRRRRR!!!

YES, A RADULM BULLET IS JUST THE TICKET.
Brother Rident, I never thought I'd say this, but... am I glad to see you!

Not for long, I promise.

Nahz-Aat! Thank God you're all right!

No thanks to you guys, but look, who I found—my brother Rident! He's with Atari Security!

Someone from Atari's alive? How is that possible?

I don't understand your confusion, Champion. Why shouldn't I be alive? I've been trailing Scanner One for weeks, observing your every illegal move.

Now the game is over. I'm taking you in.

Officer, you don't seem to understand.

Whenever you phased, my tractor beam dragged me along but the beam broke about 20 hours ago when some massive explosion nearly knocked my ships to pieces. I crash-landed here.

No, Champion. You don't understand. The whole bunch of you are under arrest for theft of government property, sedition, and conspiracy, and I intend to investigate your involvement in the explosion. Once we return to New Earth, you're far too late, Rident. There is no New Earth anymore. That 'explosion' you witnessed—the Dark Destroyer's wiped out an entire universe!

I don't know what you hope to gain by such an outrageous lie, Champion. Just let me assure you—your troubles are just beginning!

NEXT

SIEGE
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Well, for a change, everything’s stable here at Atari Central—and no news is good news! Mike Baron’s still here, Ed Barreto’s still here, and we just spoke to Ricardo Villagran in Buenos Aires, and he reports that he’s still there. Same goes for Bob “letters” Lappan and Tom “nothing rhymes with Z” Ziuko. And you just know ye olde letter column writer is here, or you wouldn’t be reading this nonsense in the first place.

That being said, we can fulfill a promise we made to you last issue—printing more letters! And with what all the revelations going on in the Multiverse, we decided on giving you a sampling of reactions to issue #10, with a smattering of early comments on issue #11. The cards and letters on Blackjak’s keep flowing in; so we’ll continue printing them next issue. Until then—

Here goes...

*****

Dear Andy:

I’m a big comic book collector and ATARI FORCE is up at the top with the TEEN TITANS. I picked up ATARI FORCE #10 yesterday and I thought the story and artwork were fantastic. Keep up the good work!

Chris Cardwell
406 Tar Landing
New Bern, NC

(We’re doing our best, Chris—keep on reading and let us know how we’re doing!)

*****

Dear ATARI FORCERS,

I just read issue #10, and you’re getting better and better! I don’t entirely trust Blackjak, though. Please don’t let him be a spy—he’s your best character. A couple of things I wanted to ask about:

1. In the original mini-comics, the computer on Scanner One had a voice. There must still be a computer on board, so why doesn’t it talk? And how does it “feel” about being kidnapped?

2. I loved Babe’s solo story, but the big blue fellow is learning English too fast. At the rate he’s going, by #10 he’ll have qualified for a PhD in speech. Don’t let Taz learn this quickly, if at all.

3. Reprint the mini-comics soon! You could do this as a graphic novel, as part of a high quality reprint program, as back-ups in this mag, or as a limited series.

4. Speaking of graphic novels, how about a guest shot for the STAR-RAIDERS cast?

5. Will the ATARI FORCE characters be included in the upcoming WHO’S WHO?

Joe Walker
2622 Overhill Road
Peoria, IL

(Sorry about Blackjak, Joe—by now you see that the mini’s true motives were—hardly noble. But don’t give up on the old pirate yet—we’ve got more than a few shocks in store for you as far as he’s concerned.)

To answer your other questions and comments:

1. True, Scanner One’s original computer had a voice—but that was transmitted through the mainframe computer on “Old” Earth. You might remember a “fellow” named the Director in the old in-packs—that was the computer’s Visual Heleoptic representation of itself. A better question might be “Whatever happened to the ATARI 260000 computer back on Old Earth?”—and that’s a question we’ll get to answer in a future issue!

2. As you may have noticed in this very issue, Babe is starting to exhibit a bit more complex than infantile behavior—and it’s true, he is growing up a bit, as all good comic characters should. As for Taz... wait and see.

3. We’ve already gone over all the mini-comics material in flashbacks over the past few issues. To reprint them now might seem both redundant and exploitive, I agree.

4. Although we toyed with the idea of re-introducing the STAR-RAIDERS team, those plans are on hold until José Luis Garcia Lopez returns to pencil the book. He created them (along with writer Elliot S! Maggin), so we’re waiting.

5. YES! The whole crew will be featured in a double-page spread in the very first issue of WHO’S WHO? Ed Barreto’s penciling, and José Luis Garcia Lopez is inking! WHEW! Hey, Joe—you sure ask a lot of questions!

Dear Gerry and José:

I just read ATARI FORCE #11 and I breathed a trembling sigh of relief. Each issue, you people play closer and closer to some of the oldest clichés in comics history, and every issue you manage to come out of a nose dive virtually reeking of originality!

Ah, how I trembled inside when I saw the cover! “BY BLACKJAK BETRAYED!” I almost moaned! I saw only doom after such an unbelievably cliché cover blur! But despite the fact that a bare summary of the plot reads like suchوف recycled oatmeal, the particulars saved it completely. Morpha’s comic strip, for Babe, Dr. Orin’s riveting and tortured retelling of Tempest’s birth, the chilling possibility that genuine fear of death (no mind-altering drugs or powers, no Cyborg duplications), the fact that all of Blackjak’s courage to break, and most of all, Dr. Venture’s concern for Chris. Panels 4 and 5 of page 6 stand out in my memory as two of the most touching in DC history... again, I must compliment you, José, on being the greatest single-panel artist of all time.

Well, my trembling is over for this issue. But it’ll return. This book has been compared numerous times with Marvel’s MICRONAUTS, and that comparison is largely valid. Certainly, that book was the last intensely good S.F. to come out of either company until the ATARI FORCE. And here’s where the trembling comes in: THE MICRONAUTS was only great for the first 12 issues... then artwork changed, and the resolution of the original plotline left a bunch of great potentials drifting in a thousand directions. How can I help but tremble?

You’re only one issue away from #12, and you’re promising a resolution to the original plotline! Why, José’s walking papers are probably in the mail!

So please, for me and for all the other Morpha addicts out there, not to mention the young girls suing over the fact that Chris hasn’t had a shirt on for months now, avoid that one big cliché—stay great.

Yours sincerely,
J.L. Donoghue
University of Iowa
Iowa City, IA

(Well, J.L., although José is taking a leave of absence for the present, he’ll be back. It’s not exactly walking papers he was served with—just the opportunity to let other comic readers see the brilliant artwork we ATARI FORCE fans have seen for over a year now. In the meantime, we’ll do our best to live up to your expectations: as you have already seen if you’ve read this issue, the ballgame isn’t over yet P.S.: About that...
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Dear ATARI FORCE:

I’ve never been much for collecting comics before. I’d buy one, read it a couple of times, and set it aside. After a few weeks of this, all I’d have left would be a pile of confetti. But then ATARI FORCE came out, and I admit that it was the word ATARI that first attracted me. But it’s the great art and stories that bring me back again and again! I love to draw, and am in awe of Mr. Garcia Lopez and the rest.

Anyway, I just bought issue #10 and finally, you’ve brought Blackjak back! He was one of my favorite characters when AF first came out, but after he “died” Pakrat became my favorite. Anyway, do you think you could answer some troubling questions for me?

2. Why is food still on board Scanner One if it was a museum piece?
3. Blackjak said he only had enough power to follow Scanner One. How’d he catch up and get on board Scanner One then?
4. How is Scanner One going to get back home?

Thanks a lot,
Dave Kapple
18070 Falls City Road
Dallas, OR

(Simple questions deserve simple answers, right? Well, here goes, Dave:

1. If you’ve read this issue, you have some idea—stay tuned for more details.
2. Martin suspected Scanner One might be needed someday—he kept it stocked with dehydrated rations.
3. Why should anyone believe Blackjak—his whole story might have been made up! 4. GOOD QUESTION!!!)

Dear Andy:

I just wanted to tell you that the other day as I sat watching Tom Brokaw, Chris Champion phased into our den. He sat down in a recliner and after I got him a Diet Coke (it was all I had!) he said that you people had gotten him to go around to all the ATARI FORCE subscribers to encourage us to renew our subscriptions in time so as not to miss an issue.

Well, he certainly was convincing! But he just wouldn’t tell me what’s coming up in the next few issues (something about you folks threatening to tell Hunter his whereabouts, shame on you!). So anyway, I’ve sent in my renewal money, I mean, how can you let a handsome super-hero down?

I know you really do care enough to send a main character to my house, but, I’ve been reading your books since ’83...21 of my 27 years, do I have to wait another 21 years before I get another visit? There’s only one drawback: PLEASE don’t send Firestorm or Metamorpho or Starfire or Konor or Blok or Tigor or Gann Capiut to remind me of my other subscriptions’ renewals!!

Till you send the Dark Destroyer:  
Jaynie Marie Fisher 802 Barnes Street Lonoke, Arkansas

P.S: But seriously, AF is my second favorite comic, the LEGION being the first, and the Legion was the first comic I ever read!!

(What can we POSSIBLY say in response to a letter like yours, Jaynie. except—huh?)

Dear People:

I have been collecting comics for over eleven years, but until recently old habits of “brand loyalty” kept me from doing much more than occasionally glancing at the covers of any DC publications. Four months ago one of those glances landed on the cover of ATARI FORCE #6. The cover of the book intrigued me; I picked it up and leafed through it. I immediately recognized Gerry Conway’s name as the author of several other comics I’ve enjoyed, and the art was by far some of the best I’ve seen of late. What the hack, I bought it.

By the time I finished reading the comic, I was sold. I sought out copies of issues 1-5, and waited for #7, which turned out to be as good as the six before it. The next two issues seemed to lag a bit, but my faith has been rewarded with the latest issue, #10.

As a rule, I don’t think much of “return of” stories. Most seem too contrived, and the sheer number of poorly handled stories of this type have fed many to a “don’t believe it until you see the body” philosophy. At the end of issue #9 I was hoping to learn that “Blackjak” wasn’t really alive, because I was afraid of the way his return would be handled; one issue later, I’m totally convinced that Blackjak is back, thanks to a very plausible “rescue.” Gerry took the story format that I hate the most and turned it into one of the best stories I’ve read in months.

The art was terrific, as usual. I look forward to Ricardo Villagran’s return to the book’s inks, but would welcome another guest-shot by Mr. Barreto any time. And, of course, equal credit to the rest of the team for creating the most exciting comic that I’ve collected in years. I don’t know how you’re going to top this, but I’m dying to find out.

Thanks,
Dwight Deur
2022 Longyear, Apt. 1C
Marquette, MI

(Don’t die yet—you’ll miss the best parts!)

Dear Andy:

I just wanted to tell you that the other day as I sat watching Tom Brokaw, Chris Champion phased into our den. He sat down in a recliner and after I got him a Diet Coke (it was all I had!) he said that you people had gotten him to go around to all the ATARI FORCE subscribers to encourage us to renew our subscriptions in time so as not to miss an issue.

Well, he certainly was convincing! But he just wouldn’t tell me what’s

...
THE PLANET EGG...

...A LUSH, SMALL WORLD KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY FOR ITS TALL, MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS.

ITS INHABITANTS, APPROPRIATELY CALLED EGGITES, ARE MORE THAN RESIDENTS HERE. THOUGH FOR IN THE NATURAL COURSE OF THEIR LIVES THEY GROW TO BECOME EGG'S MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS.

...AND THEN GET ON TO THE BUSINESS OF PROCREATION!

NESTLED IN THEIR MOTHER'S ARMS, A BLOOD OF INFANT EGGITES SEEK THE ONLY SECURITY THEY HAVE EVER KNOWN!

BUT ONE BABY HAS BECOME, PERHAPS...

...A LITTLE TOO SECURE!

Zzzzz... Mmmm...

Ahhhh... Love Mamma...
HE WAS SAWNED AS A BOULDER, FLUNG FROM HIS ANCIENT PARENT...

...AND NOW HE MUST MAKE WAY FOR ANOTHER!

...UNTIL ONE OF HIS BROTHERS SHUFFLES FOR SPACE IN THE CROWDED NEST AND...

...HE GOES!

BUT THIS INFANT HAS NO INTENTION OF LEAVING...

STAY WITH MOMMA!
Suddenly, he is witness to something that was until now of little importance to him...

...the real world!

"Boom?"

(Continued on the next page.)
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Don Newton died on August 19, 1984, four days after suffering a massive heart attack. Although his work was known by everyone in the business, along with most others, I never got to know Don Newton very well. He lived and worked in his home in Arizona and hated big cities, so he didn't like coming to New York very much, although we invited him several times. I met him just twice. The first time was at the 1982 San Diego comic convention ... the second time in 1983 at the same place. I met his son and his friend John Clarke there, too. Those were the only two times I had an opportunity to touch Don Newton, the man.

Don Newton, the artist, is another story, though. I consider myself fortunate and privileged to have been in a position to be able to work with this extremely talented and professional artist in the four years that I've been back at DC Comics. His penciled pages were, in and of themselves, works of art. They were complete when they left his drawing table. One did not have to visualize the finished inking page ... everything you (and the inker) needed to know was there. Don lived far enough away from where most of the action is not to want to take chances with the skill level of the people who finished up his work, so he intimidated all with the wizardry of his skill, rendering all elements in his drawing completely. I also suspect he felt that since he couldn't see the finished page until it was printed, he needed to have his artistic needs satisfied before the page left his hands. When Don's work arrived at the office, it was an event. We crowded around to have a look and to marvel at the talent. He never disappointed.

As an inker (in my spare time), I hustled after inking his pencils and consider myself fortunate to have been able to ink a handful of his Batman stories and covers. (He became identified with the Batman character, though his real love was the big red cheese from Shazam!) He always enjoyed drawing Captain Marvel.

Shazam was the first regular series he drew for us and would have been an upcoming mini-series (with Roy Thomas) had he lived. As a matter of fact, meeting with Roy and myself to okay that mini-series concept was the reason, maybe the only reason, Don came to the 1983 San Diego convention I mentioned earlier.

Don was a true professional. He made his deadlines, was completely absorbed in his work, never complained or made excuses, and didn't spend a lot of time on the phone either to the office or to his fellow professionals. When he had to, he phoned. Otherwise, he preferred to spend his time drawing. To my mind, Don's final statement was the Green Lantern Corps story he penciled and inked that appeared in Green Lantern #181. He showed us how to do it right.

All Don ever wanted to be a cartoonist. He did it well. I wish he could have done it longer. Good-bye, Don. We'll all miss you.

-Dick Giordano

In my capacity as Editorial Coordinator, I became very well acquainted with Don Newton the past few years via the telephone. We had many a conversation about the Batman pencils he did so well and his ideas and thoughts on other projects. Just recently he professed a desire to change books, having felt burned out on Batman and eager to try something new but not wishing to offend anyone involved. His move to INFINITY, INC. gave him the chance to express his penciling style in other ways. He was looking forward to a long run on the book. One of the last times I spoke to Don, he was enjoying the change and, having recently finished a GREEN LANTERN, was feeling quite content with himself.

The comic book industry will greatly miss Don Newton the artist, but for those who knew and loved him as I did, there will be no greater personal loss.

-Pat Bastienne
C'MON, YA NO-GOOD OXIDIZED PIECE OF SPACE FLITSAM... JUST GET ME DOWN IN ONE PIECE!

BOOM? BOOM?

YOU FILTHY LITTLE CANNIBALS! DON'T GIVE UP, DO YOU?

AND NEITHER DO CURIOUS BABIES!

BOOM... BOOM... BOOM... BOOM...

EAT! EAT!

MEAT!

FRESH MEAT!

LUNCH IS SERVED. YOU WALKING MEAT GRINDERS... YOU WANT TO EAT ME - COME AND GET ME!

BOOM-BOOM!

WHA...?

HUH?

WHAT TH' DEVIL?
HAHA... NEW FOOD!
BIG FOOD!
SNIFF
SNIFF
EAT! EAT!
EAT!

EAT?

OORR!!

AHH!!

YEE!!

AAAHH!

YEEEE!

PLAY MORE HEE-HEE, CRAWLIES!

AAA!!!

HEE-HEE-HEE

SHUT, GO TO SHIP!
PLAY HEE-HEE, PLAY HEE-HEE!
MONSTA ATTACKS!

OOOOGH!!

MONSTA, MONSTA!

MONSTA EAT US!
PLAY HEE-HEE... PLEASE?

WHERE PLAY-CRAWLIES GO?

MONSTA!

THERE PLAY-CRAWLIES! HEE HEE-HEE!

GO! GO!

TAKE OFF!

AND AS THE ALIEN SHIP COMPLETES A SHAKY BUT SUCCESSFUL LAUNCH, THE YOUNG EGGITE ONCE AGAIN TAKES TO THE AIR...

...ONLY TO BE SUPERBLY REACQUAINTED WITH THE LAND!

NO PLAY?

SNIFF:

WELL, MY BIG FRIEND, IT LOOKS LIKE WE SHOWED 'EM...

WAIT A NANO-SEC... YOU, YOU'RE JUST A BABY, AREN'T YOU?

M-M-MOMMA...

SO, THAT'S YOUR OLD LADY, HUH?

I HEARD TALES ABOUT EGGITE MOUNTAIN MOMMYS, BUT I WOULDN'T'VE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT!
There, there, it's okay, lil' 'Babe'...C'mon back to the ship and I'll see what I can do to get you back where you belong!

There! That ought to do it!...believe me, it's the least I can do for you, 'Babe'!

'Babe'?

Momma! Momma!

Hold on, 'Babe', we're almost there!

Sniff, M-Momma, Sniff, M-Momma, Sniff, M-Momma...

Eh-heh...easy does it, now!

MOMMA!

So, as 'Babe' waves farewell to his newfound friend, he once again settles into the comfort and the safety of his mother's arms...

...with no intention of ever leaving!
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