

SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS



DOOM
FORCE

1

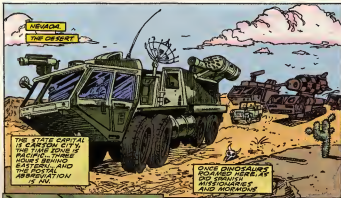
US \$2.95
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DOOM FORCE

COLLECTIBLE
FIRST
APPEARANCE!

WHICH ONE OF
THESE HEROES WILL
DIE?





NEVADA
THE DESERT

THE STATE CAPITAL
IS CARSON CITY,
THE TIME ZONE IS
PACIFIC—THREE
HOURS BEHIND
EASTERN... AND
THE POSTAL
ABBREVIATION
IS NV.

ONCE DINOSAURS
ROAMED HERE, AS
DID SPANISH
MISSIONARIES
AND MORMONS

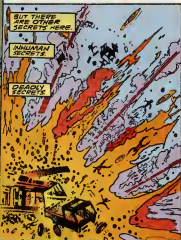
NOW THE UNITED STATES ARMY
DOES MOST OF THE ROAMING

BEHIND THE NEVADA DESERT
LIE SECRET BUNKER-HIDDEN
EXPERIMENTAL FACILITIES
TESTING GROUNDS FOR NAME-
LESS WEAPONS.

BUT THERE
ARE OTHER
SECRETS HERE.

INHUMAN
SECRETS

DEADLY
SECRETS



A PALL OF SMOKE AND SILENCE
FALLS ACROSS THE ARID LAND-
SCAPE.

A SILENCE THAT IS
QUITE UNLIKE THE
LOUD NOISE
OCCURRING ELSE-
WHERE...



1

IN THE TOP-
SECRET HEAD-
QUARTERS OF

d&M FORCE

ONCE THEY SMILED, NOW THEY ARE GRIM--
CHILDREN OF THE CATASTROPHE, BLESSED--OR CURSED--
WITH FANTASTIC POWERS AND TERRIBLE MOODS.

SHASTA,
THE
LIVING
MOUNTAIN

THE
CRYING
BOY

FLUX

\$250000

Photo

d&M FORCE

But you never see him on the
columns of the newspaper. He's the only
one around who can do it. He's the only

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

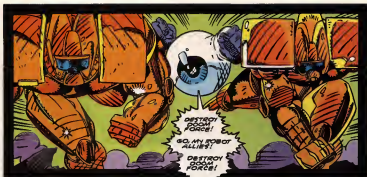
He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.

He's the only one who can do it.



Writer: GRANT MORRISON
Artists: STEVE PUIG: page 1, 28-36
IAN MONTGOMERY & BRAD VANCATI:
pages 7-11
RICHARD CASE & WALTER SIMONSON:
pages 12-17
PARIS CULLING & RAY KRYSSING:
pages 18-27
DUKE MIGHTEN & MARK McKENNA:
pages 37-40, 50-52, 54-56
KEN STACY: pages 41-45, 53
Letterer: JOHN MCKONNAN/KEITH STACY
Colorist: DANIEL VOZDO
Editor: TOM PETER



HER NAME IS SPINNER. BORN A HALF-HUMAN, HALF-TUMAH BREAK WITH POWERFUL PSYCHIC ABILITIES, SHE LIVED THE LIFE OF A TERRIFIED, FRIGHTENED CHILD SHUNNED BY ALL.

NOW SHE IS
A WOMAN.



REACHING INTO THE ELECTRONIC
MINDS OF THE ROBOTS, SHE
LATCHES ONTO THEIR DEEPEST
NIGHTMARES AND GIVES THOSE
NIGHTMARES FORM!



MOOOOO

EEEEEE
EEEEAAA

RENNETH MUST BE
SAVED THE CRYING BOY
WHEN HE ABSORBED
THE MYSTERIOUS
SUBJECT OF A CHEAP
PAINTING

ONCE HE WAS
THE MOST
POPULAR KID
IN SCHOOL



NOW HE IS
CURSED WITH
THE BAD LUCK
POWER OF
THE PAINTING

WHATEVER
HE DOES
MISFORTUNE
IS SURE TO
FOLLOW



AS THE MYSTERY
ROBOTS ARE
ABOUT TO
DISCOVER.



YES? YES,
THAT'S ME.

WHAT?
I...

OH NO.

IS IT
BAD
NEWS?

IT'S MY HELD-MATE...
I... I'VE KNOWN HIM
SINCE WE WERE BOTH
ORPHANS...

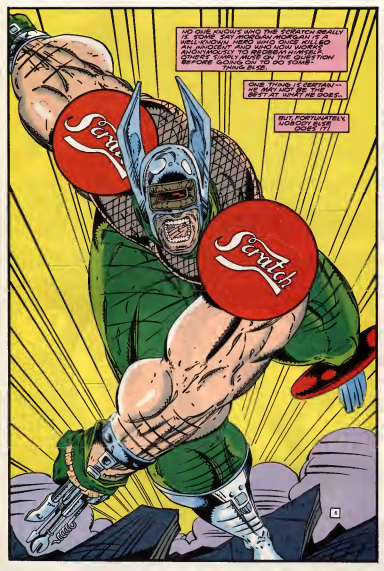
HE... HE'S BEEN
HELTED DOWN... THERE
WAS NO REASON...
WHY?

OH, LORD,
WHY...

LET IT
OUT. JUST
LET IT
OUT.

MY
POWER
CAN BE
A CURSE AS
WELL AS A
BLESSING.

I CAUSE
SO MUCH
HEART-
ACHE.

A full-page comic book illustration of the character Scratch the Clown. He is depicted in a dynamic, mid-air pose, wearing his signature green suit and a blue mask with a wide, toothy grin. He has two large red balloons with the word "Scratch" written in white cursive script. The background is a bright yellow with radiating lines, suggesting a powerful or explosive moment. The character's body is covered in a grid-like pattern, and he has a large, muscular build. The overall style is classic comic book art with bold lines and vibrant colors.

NO ONE KNOWS WHO THE SCRATCH REALLY IS. SOME SAY MORGAN MORGAN IS A WELL-KNOWN HERO WHO ONCE KILLED AN INNOCENT AND WHO NOW WORKS ANONYMOUSLY TO REDEEM HIMSELF. OTHERS SIMPLY MUSE ON THE QUESTION BEFORE GOING ON TO DO SOMETHING ELSE.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN -- HE MAY NOT BE THE BEST AT WHAT HE DOES..

BUT, FORTUNATELY, NOBODY ELSE DOES IT!



NOTHING EXISTS
WHICH HE CANNOT
DEMOLISH!

"THE
USELESS...
EVERYONE
HATES ME
BECAUSE ALL
I CAN DO IS
TURN INTO A
MOUNTAIN!"

"IF ONLY I
COULD HELP
IN SOME WAY."

ANY MORE FOR
ANY MORE?

NO
WORRIES,
MORGAN!

LET ME
TAKE CARE
OF THESE
DAGS!

ENCHANTED BY DRAGONS IN
THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK,
THE BABY DANNI HELVIN
WAS RAISED BY AN
ORIGINAL WITCHDOCTOR
WHO TAUGHT HER THE
SHAPE-SHIFTING POWERS
OF THE DREAMTIME.

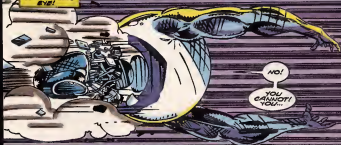
NOW SHE IS FLYING
ABLE TO ASSUME
ANY FORM.

LIKE THIS MOLE
IN THE FLOOR
INTO WHICH
ROCKS FLUMBER
LIKE NINEPINS.

YOU
GOT 'EM,
DANNI!
NOW IT'S UP
TO ME TO TAKE
OUT THEIR
BOSS!

WITH UNERRING
ACCURACY, THE
SCRATCH UNHOOKS
A CYBER TOOL
KIT FROM HIS
BELT...

AND FURLY IT
TOWARD THE
COMMANDING
EYE!



NO!

YOU
CANNOT!
YOU...



WE
GOT 'EM
ALL.



THE HEADQUARTERS
MAY BE CLEARED OF
INFILTRATORS, MORGAN.
BUT WHERE IS
ALBERT?

WHERE'S
THE
HEAD?



I'M
RIGHT
HERE,
TEAM.





NILES CAULDER:
FOR MANY YEARS
THE GENIUS LEADER
OF THE DOOM
PATROL. NOW THE
HEAD OF DOOM
FORCE.

AND
BEFORE YOU
ASK, THOSE ROBOTS
AND THE EYE, THEIR
MASTERS WERE
ALL CREATED BY
ME.



I HAD TO
MAKE YOU THINK
THAT OUR HEAD-
QUARTERS HAD
BEEN OVERRUN
BY MYSTERIOUS
INTRUDERS.

IF
YOU BEAR
WITH ME FOR A
MOMENT, MY
FRIENDS, YOU WILL
UNDERSTAND
WHY I HAD TO
DECEIVE
YOU.



WITH THE
HELP OF THE
THINK TANK AND
THE BODY SHOP
I DESIGNED
AND BUILT THE
ROBOTS TO
ENGAGE YOU IN
BATTLE.

THEY WERE
PROGRAMMED
TO STOP YOU
USING ALL THE
MEANS AT THEIR
DISPOSAL.



WAS
THAT
REALLY
WISE?

YOU
COULD
HAVE
INJURED
NILES.





I HAD
TO TEST
THE TEAM'S
FIGHTING
ABILITIES.
DOROTHY.

AFTER
YOUR RECENT
CONFRONTATION
WITH CARNYGE
AND HIS HELLE-
BORE COVEN,
I HAD FEARS
FOR MORALE
AND TEAM
SPIRIT.

AIN'T
NOTHIN'
WRONG
WITH MY
FIGHTIN'
ABILITIES
NIBS.

YOU
OUGHTTA
KNOW THAT
BY NOW.



YOU MAY BE A
KILLING MACHINE,
SCRATCH, BUT EVEN
MACHINES NEED OILING
NOW AND AGAIN.

I HAD TO ENSURE
THAT YOU WERE IN
TOP FORM BECAUSE
NOW WE FACE AN
EVEN GREATER
CHALLENGE.



BUBBLES RISE TO THE SURFACE OF THE THINK TANK. THE HEAD'S LIQUID NEURAL NET COMPUTER

THIS IS THE MOST POWERFUL COM-PUTER EVER CREATED AND IS LINKED DIRECTLY TO THE HEAD'S ORBITAL CRYONIC FLOTATION CHAMBER

KINES CALLOER'S MIND IS THIS INTERFACED WITH A VIRTUAL REALITY CYBERSPACE OF RAW INFORMATION

NOW THE THOUGHTS OF THE HEAD COMBINE WITH THE NEURAL NET MEMORY, GENERATING IMAGES ON THE GIANT SCREEN

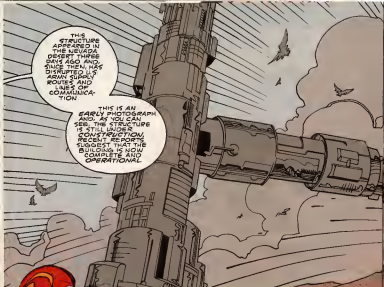
INCOMING DATA LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT WE ONCE AGAIN CONFRONT ANTON ZERO. I'M SURE YOU ALL REMEMBER OUR LAST BATTLE WITH THE SELF-STYLED COUNT ZERO WHEN HE TOOK COMMAND OF THE OMEGA HELIX.

NOW LET ME SHOW YOU THE NATURE OF THIS LATEST THREAT

CASE 4

BY THE GODDESS!

WHAT IS IT?



THIS
STRUCTURE
APPEARED IN
THE NEVADA
DESERT THREE
DAYS AGO AND,
SINCE THEN, HAS
DISRUPTED U.S.
ARMY SUPPLY
ROUTES AND
LINES OF
COMMUNICA-
TION

THIS IS AN
EARLY PHOTOGRAPH
AND, AS YOU CAN
SEE, THE STRUCTURE
IS STILL UNDER
CONSTRUCTION.
RECENT REPORTS
SUGGEST THAT THE
BUILDING IS NOW
COMPLETE AND
OPERATIONAL



JEEZ.

IT LOOKS
GINORMOUS!



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT
US TO
DO?





IF ANTON ZERO
IS IMPLICATED IN THE
APPEARANCE OF THIS
STRUCTURE, WE ARE ALL
IN SERIOUS DANGER.
HE WILL STOP AT
NOTHING IN HIS PURSUIT
OF REVENGE AND
TO FURTHER HIS
GRANDIOSE SCHEMES
OF WORLD
CONQUEST.

SAY
NO MORE,
NILES!

I'VE BEEN
WRITIN' FOR
ANOTHER
CRACK AT THIS
CREEP!

YOU ARE ALL THAT
STANDS BETWEEN HIM
AND THE REALIZATION OF
HIS MAD DREAMS!

JUST POINT
ME IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION!



NEVADA

THE SUN BEATS DOWN
ON THE SANDS OF
THE SOUTHWESTERN
DESERT, BUT IT
CANNOT DISPEL THE
SHADOWS THAT LURK
WITHIN THE SOULS OF
THESE DARK TWINS.

COUNT ANTON ZERO
AND UNA, HIS SISTER--
CHILDREN OF DOCTOR
ZERO, HEIRS TO A
HERITAGE OF EVIL.

EVERYTHING
IS PERFECT,
UNA.

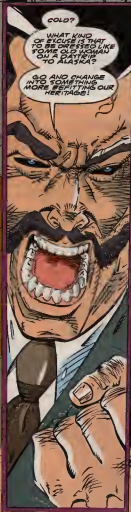
YOUR
POWERS HAVE
SERVED US WELL
IN TAKING CONTROL
OF THIS VAST
CITY.

I HAVE ONLY ONE
QUESTION, MY
SISTER.

WHY, WHY, WHY
MUST YOU INSIST
UPON COVERING
YOURSELF UP?

WHAT?... I...
I WAS A LITTLE
COLD, ANTON...

SURELY
THIS DRESS
IS SUFFICIENTLY
REVEALING FOR...



COLD?

WHAT KIND
OF EXCUSE IS THAT
TO BE OFFSTED LIKE
SOME OLD LUCKYMAN
ON A DAYTRIP
TO ALASKA?

GO AND CHANGE
INTO SOMETHING
MORE BEFITTING OUR
HERITAGE!



LEAVE
ME TO MY
THOUGHTS.

AND WHAT THOUGHTS THEY ARE! AFTER YEARS OF FAILURE, I HAVE FINALLY FOUND THE IDEAL MEANS BY WHICH TO IMPLEMENT MY DREAMS OF CONQUEST WITH THIS CITY AT MY COMMAND. EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER DESIRED WILL SHORTLY BE MINE!

IF ONLY I WAS NOT SO NERVOUS... WAITING TO FIND OUT IF I'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN MY ATTEMPTS TO PURCHASE THAT BEACH HOUSE IN BIG SURF. SURELY MY BID MUST TOP ANY OTHER...

COUNT ZERO?

WHAT IS IT?

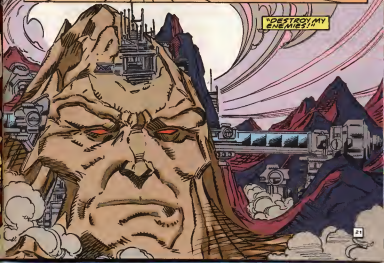
EVIDENCE OF BATHING OF ENERGIES ON THE SUBTLE PLANE. OUR ROOT SYSTEMS DETECT SUPERNATURAL PRESENCE.

BELIEVE WE IT IS THE BEINGS YOU CALL DOOM FORCE.

DOOM FORCE! JUST AS I ANTICIPATED, HOW PREDICTABLE ARE THOSE BUFFOONS.

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

LET NOTHING REMAIN OF THEM BUT CHARRED BONES AND BURNED FLESH!







"WE'VE TRIED AIR STRIKES
AND GROUND ASSAULTS,
AND EVERY TIME THEY'VE
WHUPPED THE HELL OUT
OF US.

"TROUBLE IS,
WHATEVER THAT
THING IS, IT'S
GOT DEFENSES
OF ITS OWN.



"IT'S GOT ITS OWN
ARMY, TOO, AND I
HOPE TO GOD WE
DON'T SEE THOSE
MONSTROSITIES
AGAIN..."

"NOOK'S LIKE YOU
SPOKE TOO SOON.
WATE BIT OF A
CLOUD OUT THERE
AT THE BASE OF
THE HEAD.

"SOMETHING
COMING.



"OH, MY GOD!"

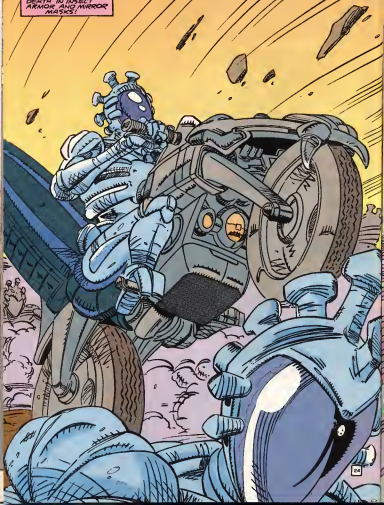


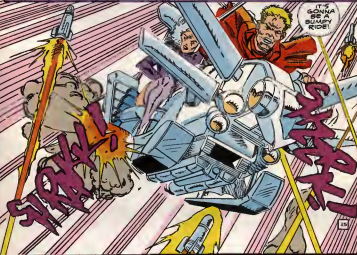
"IT'S
THEM!"

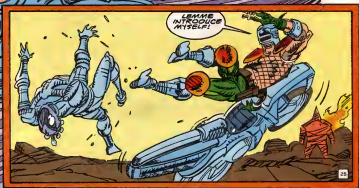
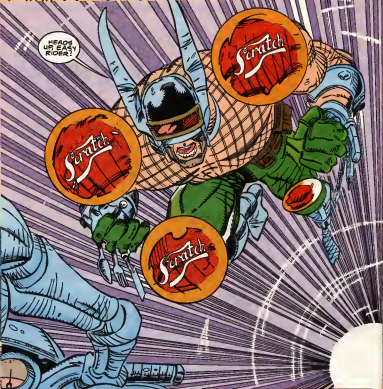
"THEY'RE
COMING
BACK!"

THE AIR IS ALIVE WITH THE
THROBBING OF ENGINES
AS A HORDE OF NIGHT-
MARE RIDERS THUNDERS
ACROSS THE SANDS.

THE PALE RIDERS OF
DEATH IN INSECT
ARMOR AND MIRROR
MASKS!







THE RIDERY PAUSE, CONFUSED, AS THE DESERT LANDSCAPE SUDDENLY VANISHES



AND THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A MODERN, AIR-CONDITIONED MALL, COURTESY OF THE SHAPE-SHIFTING TALENTS OF FLUX!



NICE WORK, GIRLY.

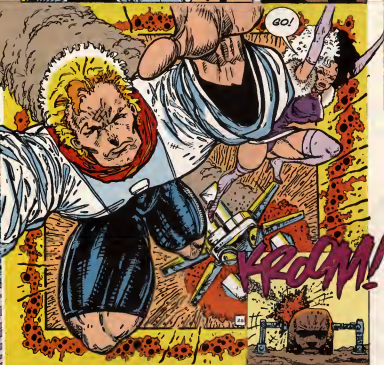
RECKON WE GOT 'EM CONFUSED NOW!

MORGAN? I...WELL... IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP?

YEAH.

WHY DON'T YOU DIE, SHASTA? MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL.









WE'LL
GONE
SPINNER

BUT
I DON'T
NEED THE
GUN TO
STOP
YOU



I CONTROL THE
WORLD OF PLANTS
AND MINERALS.
REMEMBER?

THIS ENTIRE
ORGANIC CITY
IS MINE TO
COMMAND!



BRING
THEM, MY
PLANTS



YOU ALWAYS WERE
NOTHING BUT THE
LOWEST OF THINGS.
ZERO.

MONEY
MIGHT BUY YOU
EXPENSIVE SUITS,
BUT IT CAN NEVER
BUY THE SOCIAL
STANDING YOU
CRAVE.

WE'LL SEE
HOW DEFIANT
YOU ARE WHEN
YOU'RE DRESSED
IN SOME
PROPERLY
FEMININE
ATTIRE.
SPINNER.

AND AS FOR
THE BOY, WELL,
I'M SURE I CAN
FIND SOME
THING FOR
HIM IN MY
WARDROBE.

YOU'RE
SICK,
DUDE!

SOCIETY IS
SICK. I SIMPLY
REPRESENT THE CURE.
LET ME TELL YOU SOME
THING ABOUT THIS
STRUCTURE IN WHICH
YOU NOW FIND
YOURSELF.

THE HUMAN BODY HAS WITHIN IT
DEFENSIVE MECHANISMS--ANTI-
BODIES, FIGHTING CELLS, WHICH
MOBILIZE WHENEVER THE BODY IS
THREATENED BY AN INVADING VIRAL
OR BACTERIAL FORCE. THESE
CELLS ARE THE SOLDIERS OF THE
BODY AND THEY WORK WITHOUT
REST TO PROTECT US FROM
INVADING ORGANISMS. ALL
LIVING SYSTEMS ARE
EQUIPPED WITH SUCH
DEFENSES, YES?

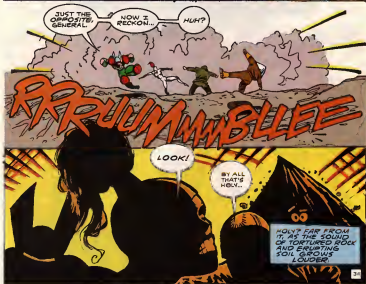
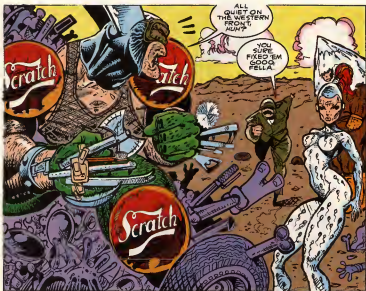
NOW APPLY THIS
FACT TO A MUCH
LARGER LIVING
SYSTEM. IN HIS
BOOK, *GATA*,
PUBLISHED IN 1979,
JAMES LOVELOCK
PUT FORWARD THE
THEORY THAT OUR
PLANET IS ONE
VAST, INTERACTIVE
SYSTEM--A COMPLEX
LIFEFORM ON A
GLOBAL SCALE.

CONSIDER, THEN, THE
HERETICAL NOTION THAT WE
HUMANS, WITH OUR POLLUTION
AND OUR MINING HAVE BECOME
THE SAME SORT OF THREAT TO
THE EARTH AS CANCER IS TO
A SINGLE HUMAN BODY. WE
HUMANS HAVE BECOME THE
INVADING, LIFE-THREATENING
ORGANISM WHICH INFIL-
TRATES THE PLANETARY
BODY. HOW, THEN, IS OUR
POOR WORLD TO
RESPOND TO THIS
SICKNESS?

THIS CITY IS THE FIRST
OF MANY--OFFENSIVE
SYSTEMS ACTIVATED BY A
SICK PLANET. EACH ORGANIC
CITY WILL RELEASE ITS OWN
"ANTI-BODIES," SUCH AS
THE CREATURES YOU
HAVE SEEN.

THEY WILL
STREAM FROM THE
CITIES TO
DESTROY ALL
HUMAN
LIFE!





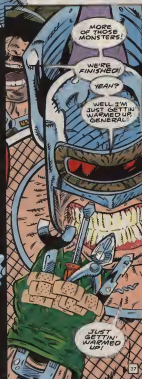
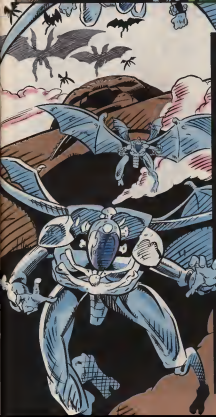
AND THE TITANIC
HEAD TEARS
ITSELF FREE FROM
THE EARTH!

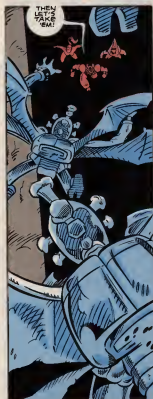
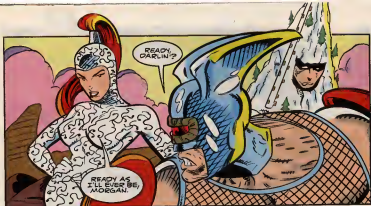


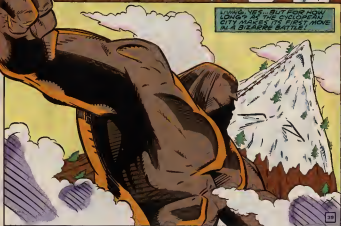
AND RISES,
HIGHER AND
HIGHER,
TOWARDS THE
CLOUDS!

REVEALING
THE TRUE
EXTENT OF
ITS MIGHT!









AAAAA

THOOM



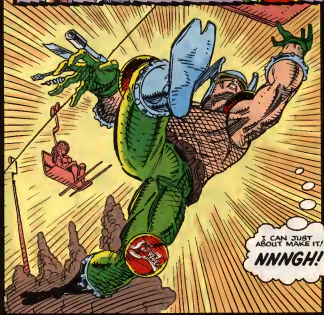
WE'VE GOT TO GET UP TO THAT HEAD!

SPINNER AND THE CRYING BOY LOOK LIKE THEY NEED SOME HELP!

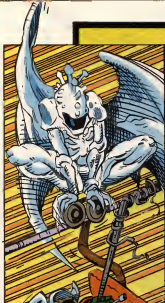


MAYBE THE KID'S GONNA COME IN USEFUL AFTER ALL.

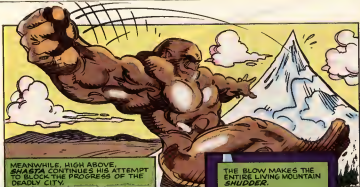
WATCH OUT FOR THOSE FALLING ROCKS!











MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE,
SHASTA CONTINUES HIS ATTEMPT
TO BLOCK THE PROGRESS OF THE
DEADLY CITY.

THE BLOW MAKES THE
ENTIRE LIVING MOUNTAIN
SHUDDER.

THERE IS A GROAN OF
PAIN, THAT GROWS TO
THE RUMBLE OF SLIDING
ROCK AND SNOW...



WHOOOOOM!



AVALANCHE!



THE FIRST WAVE OF SNOW AND SOIL HITS WITH THE FORCE OF A *PILEDRIVER* AND ONLY THE SCRATCH'S DAMAGE RESISTANCE POWERS SAVE HIM FROM IMMEDIATE DEATH!



METAL GRINDS AND SNAPS AS THE CHAIRLIFT IS SWEEP AWAY IN THE TIDE OF SNOW!

SURFING AN
ICY WAVE, THE
SCRATCH HANGS
ON FOR DEAR
LIFE...

YYYAAAAA



AS DEATH REVEALS
ITS ROCKY FACE!

IAAAA









"THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!"



THEY'RE ESCAPING!

IT'S UP TO ME!

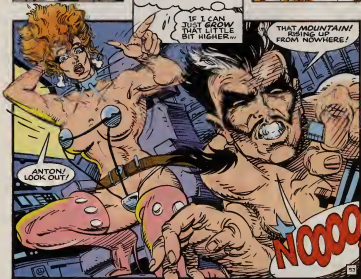
IF I FAIL NOW, MY TEAM-
MATES WILL NEVER
RESPECT ME AGAIN.

IF I CAN
JUST GROW
THAT LITTLE
BIT HIGHER...

THE STRAIN!... I CAN'T
FAIL... I MUST GROW
HIGHER...

LORD... IT HURTS...
IT HURTS SO MUCH!

BUT I HAVE TO MAKE
THEM SEE... I'M NOT
JUST A FAILURE...



ANTON!
LOOK OUT!

THAT MOUNTAIN!
RISING UP
FROM NOWHERE!

Nooooo!



LATER

HE'S DEAD.

SHASTA'S DEAD.

THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIM.

HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE US ALL.

POOR SHASTA.

AND NOW THE ORGANIC CITY HAS AGREED TO STOP AGGRESSIVE IN ITS RAMPAGE IN RETURN FOR HIGH-LEVEL DISCUSSIONS WITH EARTH'S LEADERS, ABOUT POLLUTION AND DEFORESTATION.



READERS: WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MORE
OF AMERICA'S NEAREST BAND OF SUPER-POWERED MISFITS?
IF SO, DROP US A LINE AT:
GODM FORCE
DC COMICS
1325 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
NEW YORK, NY 10019



A FORCE IS BORN!

—OF—
BIRTH OF A FORCE!
by Tom Feyer

We didn't set out to revolutionize comics.

No, our aims were much more modest than blustery Friday last January when a jet-lagged Grant Morrison, just in from Glasgow, met me at the DC offices. Drained from another long and grueling (and fun!) day editing ANIMAL MAN, DOOM PATROL, and several top-secret new projects (hint: one of them features a certain Golden Gorilla), I shared the Scottish writer's temporary lack of creative ambition. All we wanted was to kick back, let our hair down, mellow out, ease off, relax, drink some liquid refreshment and belt out a few of our old favorite songs.

To that end, we rode the elevator 28 floors down to West 53rd Street, hailed a Yellow Cab and sped 19 blocks south to an intimate karaoke bar just off the lobby of one of New York's most famous hotels, the Remada Inn.

We settled into the dimly lit, luxuriously upholstered fantasy world of the tavern and before long the soft drinks flowed freely and the old, familiar songs came easily. We kept the conversation light, with easy quips and boisterous laughter punctuating long, finger-drumming silences, until Grant rose to quiet the karaoke-crazed crowd with his sensitive interpretation of Lulu's 1968 hit ballad, "Ib Sir With Love."

Knowing Grant as I do, I could clearly distinguish a certain longing, a quiet frustration, an unmet need, lurking just beneath his phrasing, his tempo, his harmonies. I seriously doubt that any of the other revelers in attendance picked up on it; let's just say that you get to know a man very well by editing his DOOM PATROL scripts. As his editor, I couldn't let a secret sorrow consume him if I could help it. When he returned to the table, I called him on it.

Grant admitted to serious doubts about the direction his career seemed to be taking. Not that he wasn't proud of his body of work; he loved every four-color,

saddle-stitched page of it, particularly DOOM PATROL, which just last year became the first mainstream comic ever to win a Grammy Award. It was the future that worried him. He believed that he had mined the veins of horror, humor, surrealism, realism and drama for all they were worth. It was now time to stake out new territory. Would the comics market ever allow him to drastically shift his approach? Or would editors, distributors, retailers and fans demand more and more and more and more and more of his familiar old tricks until the sheer repetition beat and struck and hit and bludgeoned his creativity to death?

I leaned back and bit into a complimentary cheese-flavored goldfish cracker. "If you have a new idea, then let's hear it," I said.

In the hours that followed, Grant breathlessly painted a vivid word-picture of a colorful band of super-outcasts who bravely battle the world's most powerful menaces on behalf of the very same human race that rejected them. Ironically, these youthful warriors have much more in common with their enemies than with those they fight to protect, but their basic decency leads them to struggle for the cause of justice in a world they barely understand. Their grim, wisecracking demeanor and their good-natured bickering may fool you, but when the chips are down, they're prepared to sacrifice their very lives to protect the innocent—and each other.

"That's very good," I said, "but it needs something. Something really special. A distinctive element to push it over the top and make it great. An extra twist the readers won't expect."

The canny Scot's eyes twinkled, and I knew that my keen editorial prompting had given him the answer right then and there.

"Well," I demanded, "what is it? What's the certain something? What's the special twist?...and in the softest voice I've ever heard, he whispered three little words that would literally knock me out of my chair.

"They're not mutants."

That was the end of our impromptu business meeting. I

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JANETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief

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immediately knew we had something amazing on our hands. It remained for me to line up the artists and for Grant to come up with a story, but the serious work was already done. Whatever early bonds were holding Grant and the comics medium down to earth, I had just seen them snapped in two, and no known power on this planet could glue them back together.

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THE ARTISTS

If we ever had any doubts about DOOM FORCE, and we didn't, they vanished when the art came in. Our pencilers and inkers and penciller/inkers seemed inspired to artistic heights they had never previously reached. If you doubt that, go back and look again at the sheer number of lines they put into each panel and onto every figure...then sit there and tell me they didn't work harder than they ever have in their lives.

Is this Dan Vozzo's best coloring job ever? Count the colors in each panel and see. Has John Workman ever lettered a panel with as many balloons as the one on the bottom of page 32? Not that I know of, and I know an awful lot about comics.

Will any of these artists ever put this much sweat into their work again?

That's the real question, all right.

To determine the answer, save the alphabetical guide below and see if the art, coloring and lettering in other comics comes up to the high standards of the issue you hold in your hands.

Remember: only DOOM FORCE dares to compare.

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THE CREDITS

Richard Case pencils, lays out, breaks down and sometimes even inks the monthly DOOM PATROL. The Darkhold, his new series for Marvel, debuts this summer. DOOM PATROL: CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE, a trade paperback reprinting Richard and

Keith Giffen is plotting and pencilling THE HECKLER and a soon-to-be-released AMBUSH BUG SPECIAL.

Ray Kryssing is new to comics, but we're sure you'll be seeing his name in a credit box again soon.

Mark McKenna inks everything, including part of the latest issue of DOOM PATROL. The *Darkhold*, *Nomad*, and an upcoming surprise miniseries featuring a certain Golden Gorilla.

Duke Mighten drew Brats Bizarre for the British publication *Toxic*, and is working on a forthcoming installment of *Accident Man* with writer Pat Mills.

Mike Mignola's current DC work includes an IRON WOLF hardcover, a LEGENDS OF THE DARK KNIGHT installment, and the COSMIC ODYSSEY trade paperback.

Ian Montgomery plots LOBO.

Steve Pugh is drawing Jamie Delano's first ANIMAL MAN storyline.

Walt Simonson wrote and drew a magnificent SUPERMAN SPECIAL (but still not as great as DOOM FORCE) that will ship later this year.

Ken Steacy pencilled and inked the Lee-Kirby tribute in DOOM PATROL #53. He's currently serving as art director for a company that develops cool CD-ROM interactive software, and has been spotted lurking with the Image Comics gang.

Brad Vancata is inking ACTION COMICS ANNUAL #4, part of DC's Summer Annuals event, ECLIPSO: THE DARKNESS WITHIN.

Dan Vozzo wants you to know that his colors for DOOM PATROL, SHADE THE CHANGING MAN and SANDMAN don't look anything like his colors for DOOM FORCE.

John Workman letters 450 comic books a month, including DOOM PATROL and LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES.

THE HEROES

Just as the ideas that drive the DOOM FORCE SPECIAL are so much more immense than the contributions of any single person who worked on it who's not on staff, so too is the potential of Doom Force itself larger than the sextet of characters whose debut adventure you have just read. Grant is well known in professional circles as the most prolific and compulsive character-creating machine in the history of comics. In preparing the script for this Special, he conceived, christened and developed dozens

upon dozens of characters for Doom Force before weeding the membership down to our core group. Here are a few of the characters you might be seeing if our outcast band of misfits returns:

Air Gun™
All-Night™
Basement™
Blender™
Bludgeon™
Boilermaker™
Brain-Pan™
Buck™
Burn-Through™
Campfire™
Chain Link™
Condiment™
Cross-Hatch™
Diaphragm™
Eight-Track™
Figurine™
Flatline™
Fledgling™
Fortress™
Gastex™
Gridlock™
Grimace™
Hairline™
Head-Butt™
Headache™
Homeboy™
Hourglass™
Hud™
Hurl™
Hutch™
Kennel™
Lock™ and Load™
Lube™
Magazine™
Menthol™

Mimosa™
Nubian™
Off-Ramp™
Pistola™
Plaque™
Pose™
Postage™
Post-Script™
Prop™
Quasi™
Ratchet™
Rim Shot™
Rivet™
Rosekie™
Sassy™
Seizure™
Severe™
Shaker™
Shot-Put™
Spear™
Spot™
Spatula™
Spinal™
Style™
Swing Shift™
Timesheet™
TM™
Toboggan™
Toujan™
Tosser™
Tree™
Utensil™
Vicious™
Xylophone™
Yahoo™
Zone™

We'd share more of Grant's creations with you, but we have just about enough room left to mention a few other comics with the word "Doom" in the title.

NOW ON SALE: You really don't know the story of the Doom Patrol until you've heard it from Niles Caulder's point of view. A paralyzed Cliff Steele is compelled to listen...and what he hears will change his life forever. DOOM PATROL #57, an important, double-sized turning point in the DP saga, is by Grant Morrison, Richard Case, Stan Woch, Dan Vozzo and Letterin' John Workman, with a cover by Simon Bisley.

NEXT MONTH: The much-requested DOOM PATROL: CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE trade paperback reprints Grant and Richard's earliest DP stories (#19-25), including the first appearance of Crazy Jane and Rebis. It also features some of Grant's never-before-published character designs and a brand-new cover by Simon Bisley. If you missed these issues the first time around, this is your chance to finally learn everything about the DOOM PATROL's thoughts, their feelings, their weapons, their origins, their gadgets, their gimmicks, their secret headquarters, their code names, their souped-up vehicles, and the hospitals they check themselves into when things get tough.

SKIP THIS HERE NEXT-ISSUE BOX IF YOU HAVEN'T READ DOOM PATROL #57 YET: Rigor mortis sets in for poor dead Josh as the Chief's severed head just lies there and Cliff's brains do the same. DOOM PATROL #58 is 24 pages of action-packed fun from Grant and guest artist Sean Phillips. Sean's work is familiar to HELLBLAZER fans; if you haven't seen it yet, you're in for a treat.