

THE BIRTH OF THE DEFIANT UNIVERSE™



**COMMEMORATIVE
EDITION**

Presented at the
Sixth Annual
CAPITAL CITY
Sales Conference
1993

Chris

637/1000





In the beginning,
the Earth was empty and without form.

Four billion years ago,
life was conceived, and the first tiny
organisms danced their Brownian Motion
dance in the primordial ooze – shattering
the dark tranquility of the unliving world.

The Earth offered harsh resistance
to life's intrusion. Again and again,
catastrophe wrought mass extinction,
threatening to restore the utter peace
of emptiness.

But life is *defiant*.
It strives. It fights. It endures.
It renews itself. It drives itself into new
niches, conquers new environments,
and invents new forms.

Life creates.
The Earth exists in a universe
where matter and energy are one,
where Relativity and Uncertainty are
fundamental principles, where waves
become particles if they are observed –
a quantum universe where reality is but
a work in progress, waiting to be shaped
by a creative force.

What a dangerous place for life to arise!

Six million years ago,
humankind evolved on earth,
bringing vast new creative power to life.

Our thoughts and dreams
are potent forces in a quantum universe.

Humankind's meager senses glean
but scant bits of chemical, mechanical,
and electromagnetic data, providing only
a hazy impression of the quantum world
around us. We live in this world
unaware of all that is in it.

We can conceive far more than we can
perceive. Blind to quantum reality,
we can only imagine.

All we imagine is real.

Only the limits are imaginary.

PLASM

Lots of people disappeared recently. People disappear all the time, but this is different. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of people just vanished, all at the exact same minute of the exact same day. There's no other connection—it's as if they were randomly chosen from all over the world.

Five of these folks suddenly turned up again yesterday—one Reverend Martin Gilbert, a Mrs. Louise Johnson, a Richard Tietz, a Catherine Wazzenegger, and one yet unidentified.

These people were dressed very strangely. If I had to say, it looked like their clothes had *grown* on them. No zippers. No buttons. Looked more like skin and tree bark than cloth or leather. I mean skin still on the animal and bark still on the tree. I've never seen anything like it.

Then some weird types popped up, as if out of thin air. About thirty of them. This is the part that's hardest for me. They were wearing weird clothes, similar to the five. They were armed with weapons totally unfamiliar to me, and except for their leader, they were all identical. *Absolutely* identical.

They seized the five and left. I followed with backup coming right behind.

Apparently, the five broke loose just outside of Elizabeth. I arrived in time to see the tail end of a fight I can't describe. You'd think I was crazy. The cookie-cutter weirdos had backup of their own—about a thousand, I'd estimate, with heavy weapons that, again, I can't describe.

Those five people, alone and unarmed, won big time. I know I've lost all credibility at this point anyway, so I'll tell you this—I saw them do things that were miraculous—especially Louise Johnson. This is a woman in her fifties. I saw her stuff her hand down the mouth of a cannon, or what seemed to be a cannon as it fired, and walk away unhurt from an explosion that left a forty-foot-wide crater. I can't explain it, but I saw it.

The bulk of the cookie-cutter army vanished after the fight. I mean vanished, as in magic tricks. The five did, too. I suspect they were pursuing the weirdos.

I believe that some of the weirdos were scattered during the fight, and I suspect there are a number of them still out there in the swamps. I hope somebody finds them before I lose my badge over this.

I'm not crazy. I saw what I saw.

Lt. Joseph Nicoletti

Lt. Joseph Nicoletti
Elizabeth, NJ Police





THE GOOD GUYS™

Imagine that something happened that made the wishes come true for everyone within a mile or so, and let's say whatever it was happened at a big comic book convention downtown.

Well, something did happen. The kids aren't sure what it was, or maybe they're just not telling me, but I've looked into this quite a bit and I've got a pretty good idea of what the results were.

Mostly, it was nothing. At any given moment, I suppose, most people aren't fervently wishing for anything. Some people within range were, though.

Like I said, it happened at a comics convention. I'm a grandmother, and I've been to several of these with little Keith and Kevin, so I'm very up-to-date on things. Here's what took place:

Probably, a few hungry people found themselves compelled to rush out for a Big Mac. Probably several fans who wouldn't otherwise have gotten Todd McFarlane's autograph were surprised when he walked up to them and volunteered it. And probably dozens of collectors were astonished when dealers offered them *Harbinger* #1 at cover price.

I think also, in years to come, an unusual number of children from that area will grow up to be ballerinas, baseball players, rock stars, firemen, and the President.

A very special few have become a lot like their favorite characters... which in some cases is a real problem.

But seven that I know of, ages eight to sixteen, who dreamt of being comics heroes are really trying to be good guys.

I'm going to look after them the best I can.

Louise Johnson

Louise Johnson

DARK DOMINION™

There's a guy on the West Side who looks out his window every morning at this huge, ugly *thing* looming over midtown. He calls it The Growth.

Hey, I live in midtown. All I see are buildings, litter, crowds, and the occasional mugging.

This guy, Michael Alexander, who I run into at McDonald's sometimes and have talked to a little, insists The Growth is there. But it's just a symptom, he says—a manifestation of the fear hanging over the city. Now, *that* I know about. Do *you* feel comfy and safe walking around here? At night?

There's a bag lady in the ATM place at my Citibank branch who talks to thin air. I can't help listening to her ranting while I'm using the machine. She talks a lot about the darkness and the horrible things in it—and about Michael. He kills them, she says.

Michael? Michael Alexander?

Michael's an older guy. Not big. Thin-ish. Ordinary-looking. Not the killer type.

She says that, to *them*—whoever or *whatever* them is—he's a holy terror. A barehanded butt-kicker. They scatter when they see him coming. He's a powerhouse.

Michael?

She calls him "Glimmer" sometimes, as in glimmer of hope. She says there's someone or *something* out there called "Chasm" that wants him snuffed. If that happens, she says we're all in for it.

Yesterday I saw Michael talking to the bag lady. I looked away for a second—just a second—and when I looked back, he was gone. But the lady kept up her side of the conversation for a couple more minutes. Then she waved good-bye. She was crying.

I asked her what was wrong, and she told me that somebody else is after Michael now. Somebody very dangerous. Somebody not from here. I have a funny feeling she doesn't mean a guy from Chicago.

This is all very weird. Why am I letting it worry me, though? It's all psycho-babble. Right?

Late at night, when you're tired, did you ever see something move out of the corner of your eye, but when you look, there's nothing there? I just did, and it sort of made me think about Michael.

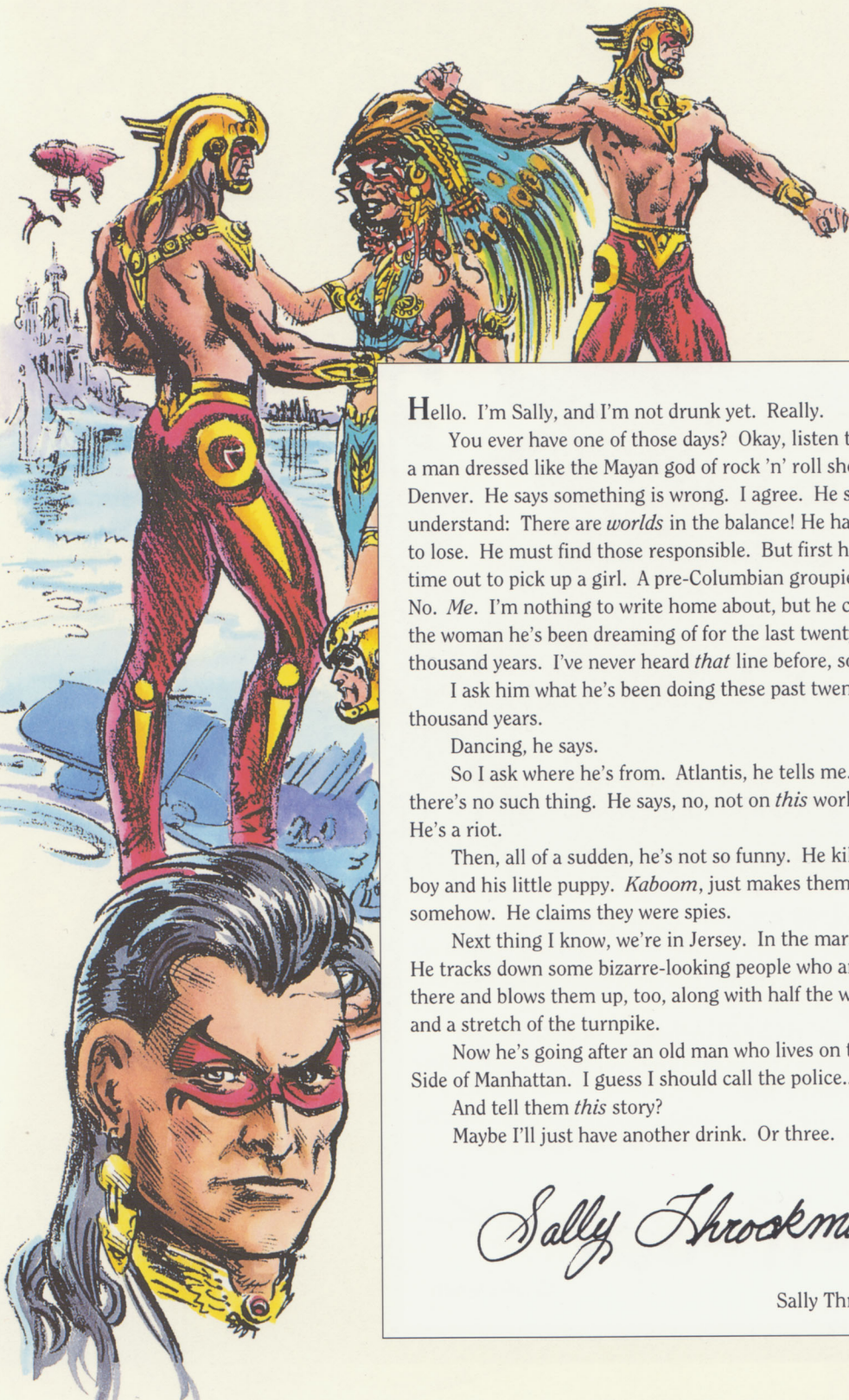
Man, I hope he's all right.

Adam Corcoran

Adam Corcoran



WarDancer™



Hello. I'm Sally, and I'm not drunk yet. Really.

You ever have one of those days? Okay, listen to *this*: a man dressed like the Mayan god of rock 'n' roll shows up in Denver. He says something is wrong. I agree. He says I don't understand: There are *worlds* in the balance! He has no time to lose. He must find those responsible. But first he takes time out to pick up a girl. A pre-Columbian groupie, maybe? No. *Me*. I'm nothing to write home about, but he claims I'm the woman he's been dreaming of for the last twenty-five thousand years. I've never heard *that* line before, so...

I ask him what he's been doing these past twenty-five thousand years.

Dancing, he says.

So I ask where he's from. Atlantis, he tells me. I say there's no such thing. He says, no, not on *this* world. He's a riot.

Then, all of a sudden, he's not so funny. He kills a young boy and his little puppy. *Kaboom*, just makes them blow up somehow. He claims they were spies.

Next thing I know, we're in Jersey. In the marshes. He tracks down some bizarre-looking people who are hiding there and blows them up, too, along with half the wetlands and a stretch of the turnpike.

Now he's going after an old man who lives on the West Side of Manhattan. I guess I should call the police....

And tell them *this* story?

Maybe I'll just have another drink. Or three.

Sally Throckmorton

Sally Throckmorton

CHARLEMAGNE™



I've heard about the Dancer. I understand that he's here to bring an end to the world, and that he's capable of doing it.

Then, that's why I'm here and why I became what I am. I will stop him.

I know I can. Once I set my mind, I can do anything. Doc Nguen calls me Charles the Great, usually in French. I yell at him when he does.

After I stop the Dancer, *then* he can call me that.

Charles Smith

Charles Smith

Prudence & CAUTION

TM



GLORY

TM



I can't believe what we're going through here. I just can't believe it. This world is called PLASM, or maybe that's just the name of the particular country we're in. It's also what they call the slime-stuff that's the lifeblood of this place. I hate it.

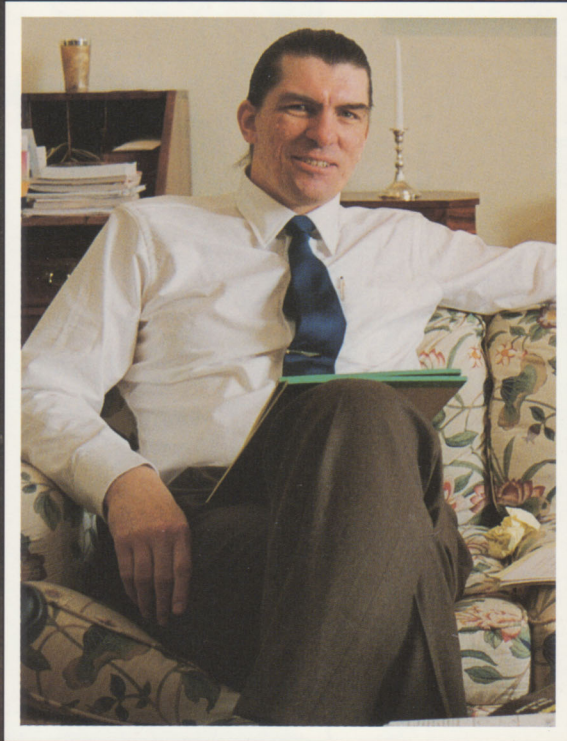
Mazeroz calls me Mouse, but I'm not scared. I'm just cautious.

I'm glad Mrs. Johnson is here. Preach calls her Glory, because she's like an angel.

We're going to get through this. I hope. Thank god for Mrs. J.

Rick Tietz

Rick Tietz



The DEFIANT™ Universe begins to unfold in June with the release of the *PLASM ZERO ISSUE™* Trading Card Set and Album from The River Group. It continues in August with the launch of *PLASM™*, a monthly comics series, followed in subsequent months by *The Good Guys™*, *War Dancer™*, *Dark Dominion™*, *Charlemagne™*, *Prudence & Caution™*, *Glory™*, *Mongrel™*, *Truth and Beauty™*, and *Dogs of War™*, all monthly series. More will follow (but not too many more).

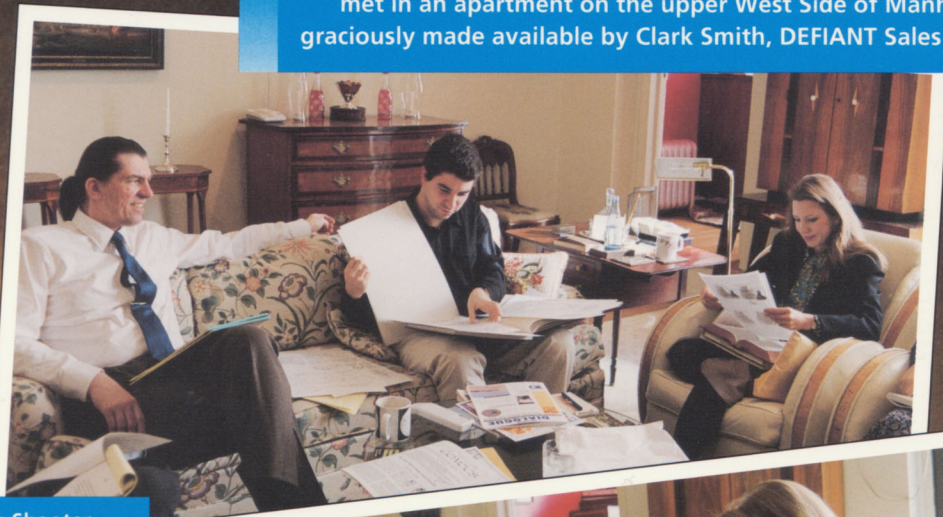
We live in a universe rife with the improbabilities life creates. As you enter the DEFIANT Universe, please remember the following:

The stories you are about to read are true—as true as the story you believe you are living. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent. Some of them, anyway.

All things are possible.

Jim Shooter

In the beginning, the founders of DEFIANT met in an apartment on the upper West Side of Manhattan, graciously made available by Clark Smith, DEFIANT Sales Manager.



Jim Shooter, David Lapham, and Deborah Purcell discuss early PLASM™ designs.
Photo by JJ



David Lapham, Janet Jackson, and Deborah Purcell discuss logo designs.
Photo by Maria Lapham

Present at those first meetings were:

Jim Shooter, President and Editor in Chief
Winston Fowlkes, COO and Publisher
Deborah Purcell, Editorial Director
Janet Jackson, Creative Director
Debbie Fix, General Manager
Clark Smith, Sales Manager

David and Maria Lapham, Artist and cocreators

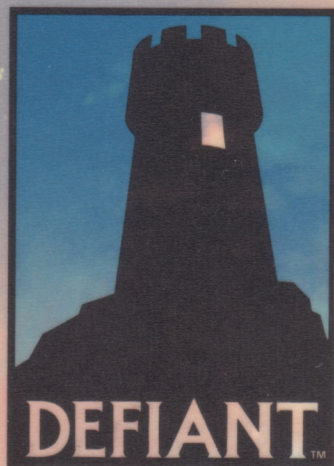
In addition, these creators are contributing to building the DEFIANT Universe:

Mike Barr, Chris Claremont, Steve Ditko, Ken Hooper, David Klein, Ken Lopez,
Steve Leialoha, Mike Witherby, Alan Weiss

Together we can conceive far more than we can perceive,
and, believe me, we will.

All we imagine is real.

Only the limits are imaginary.



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