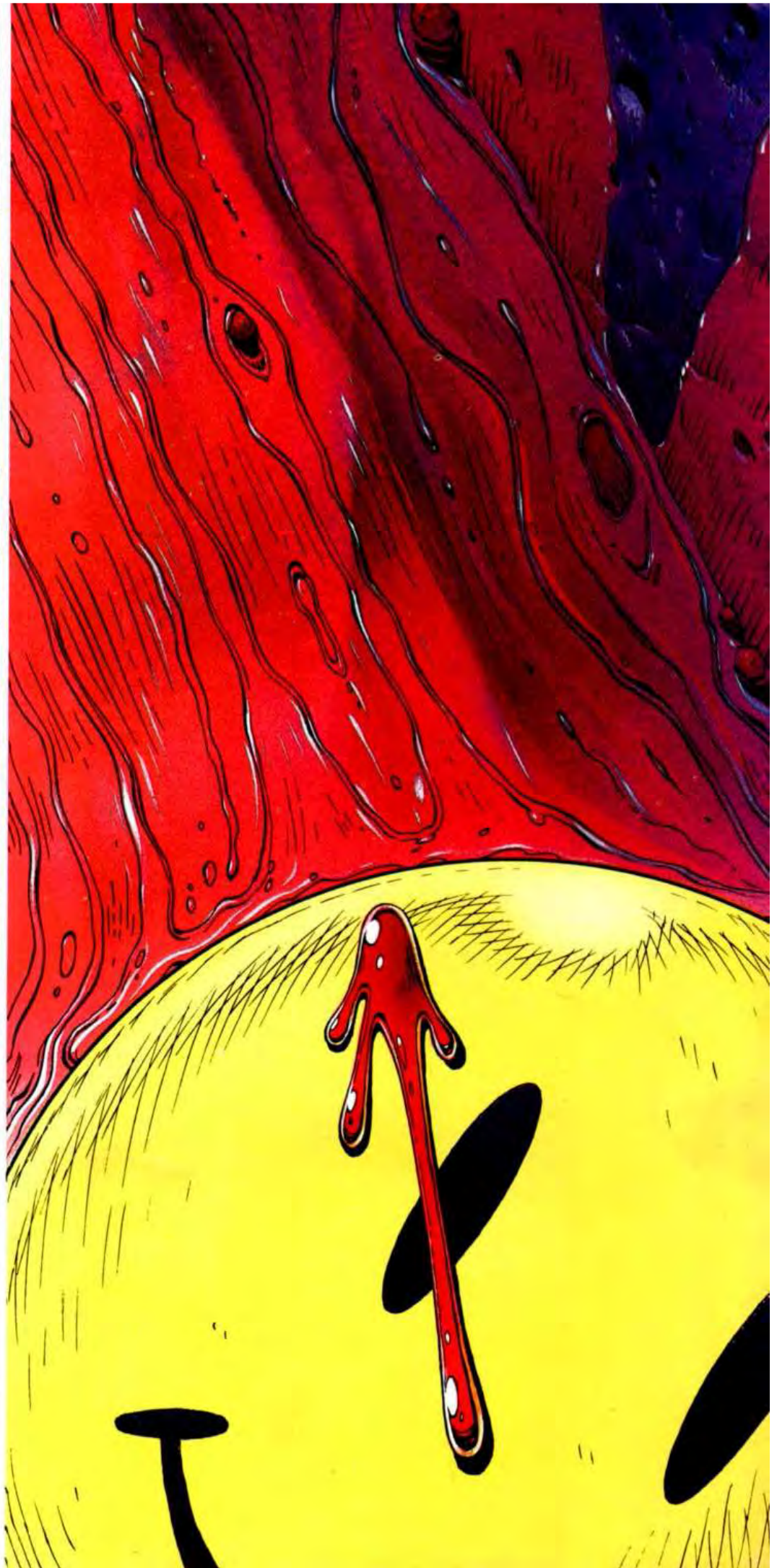


WATCHMEN

No.1 of 12 \$1.50 \$2.10/CAN.



SEPTEMBER 1986



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WATCHMEN 1

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RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL.
OCTOBER 12 TH, 1985.:

DOG CARCASS IN ALLEY
THIS MORNING, TIRE TREAD
ON BURST STOMACH. THIS
CITY IS AFRAID OF ME.
I HAVE SEEN ITS
TRUE FACE.



THE STREETS ARE EXTENDED
GUTTERS AND THE GUTTERS
ARE FULL OF BLOOD AND
WHEN THE DRAINS FINALLY
SCAB OVER, ALL THE
VERMIN WILL
DROWN.

THE ACCUMULATED FILTH
OF ALL THEIR SEX AND
MURDER WILL FOAM UP ABOUT
THEIR WAISTS AND ALL THE
WHORES AND POLITICIANS
WILL LOOK UP AND
SHOUT "SAVE US!"

...AND I'LL
LOOK DOWN,
AND WHISPER
"NO."

THEY HAD A CHOICE,
ALL OF THEM. THEY COULD
HAVE FOLLOWED IN THE
FOOTSTEPS OF GOOD MEN
LIKE MY FATHER,
OR PRESIDENT
TRUMAN.

DECENT MEN
WHO BELIEVED
IN A DAY'S
WORK FOR A
DAY'S PAY.

INSTEAD THEY FOLLOWED
THE DROPPINGS OF LECHERS
AND COMMUNISTS AND
DIDN'T REALIZE THAT
THE TRAIL LED OVER
A PRECIPICE UNTIL
IT WAS TOO
LATE.

DON'T TELL
ME THEY
DIDN'T HAVE
A CHOICE.

NOW THE WHOLE WORLD
STANDS ON THE BRINK,
STARING DOWN INTO
BLOODY HELL, ALL THOSE
LIBERALS AND
INTELLECTUALS
AND SMOOTH-
TALKERS...

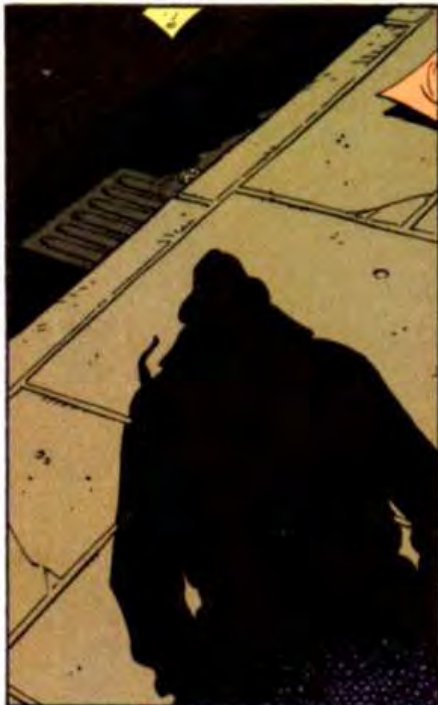
...AND ALL
OF A SUDDEN,
NOBODY CAN
THINK OF
ANYTHING
TO SAY.

HMM.

THAT'S
QUITE A
DROP.









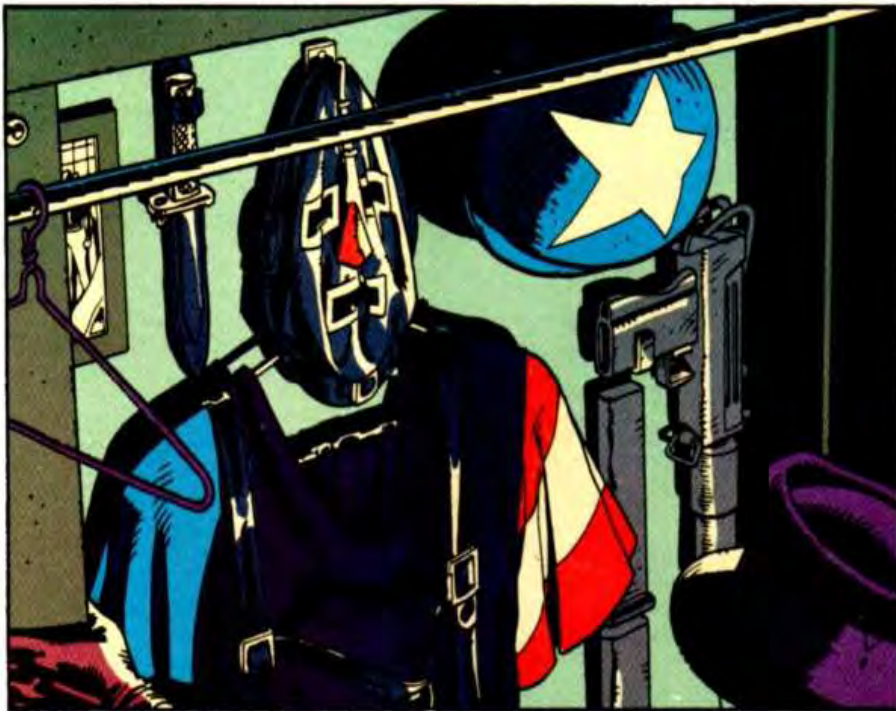
“AT MIDNIGHT, ALL THE AGENTS...”

Created by ALAN MOORE writer &
DAVE GIBBONS illustrator & letterer

JOHN HIGGINS colorist
LEN WEIN editor



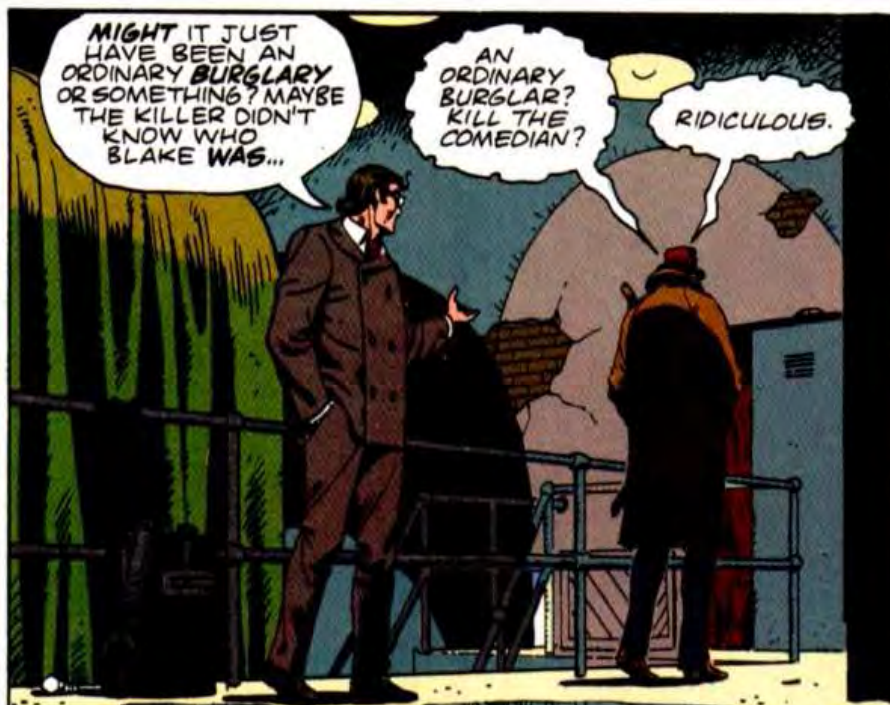


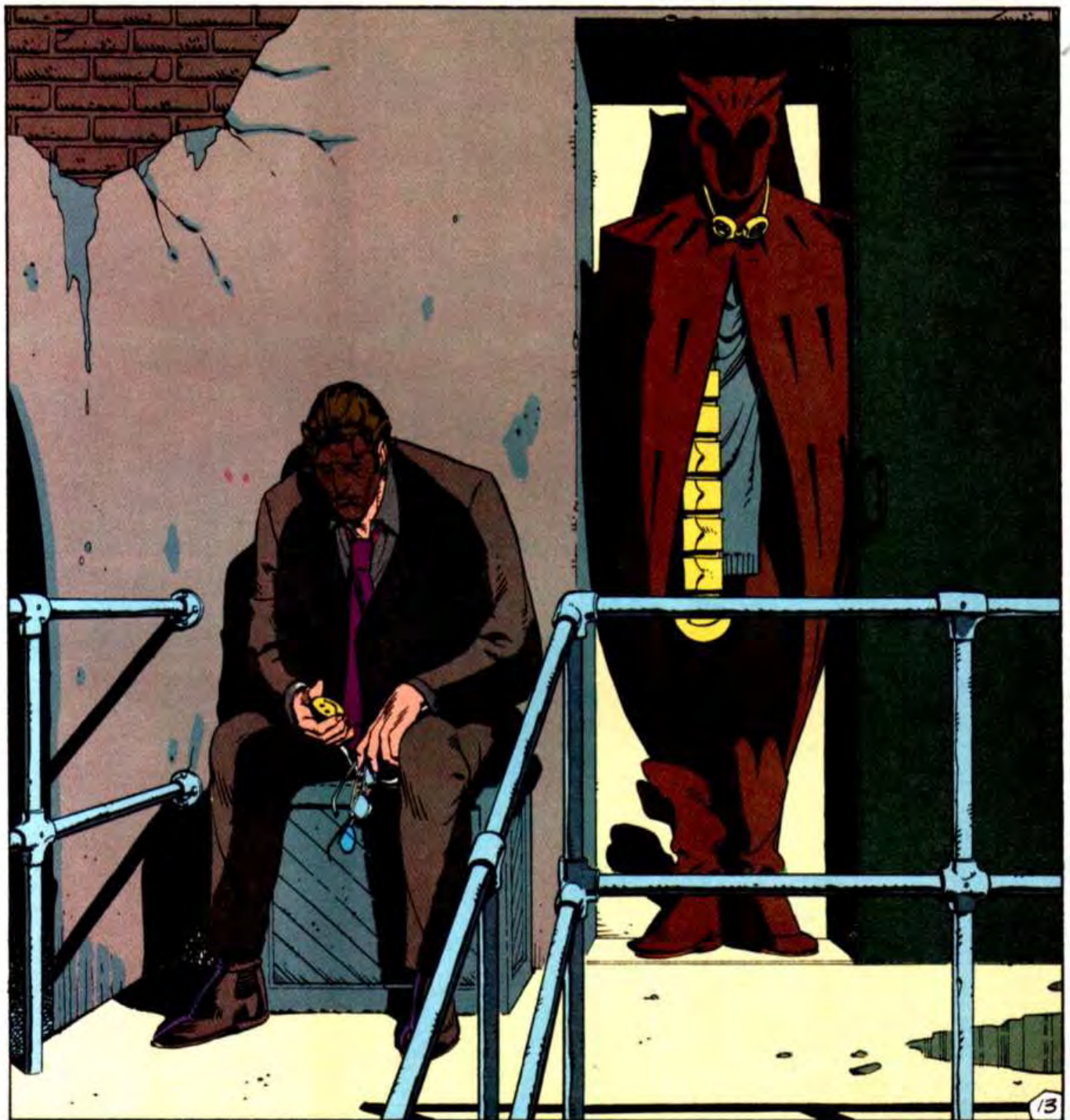




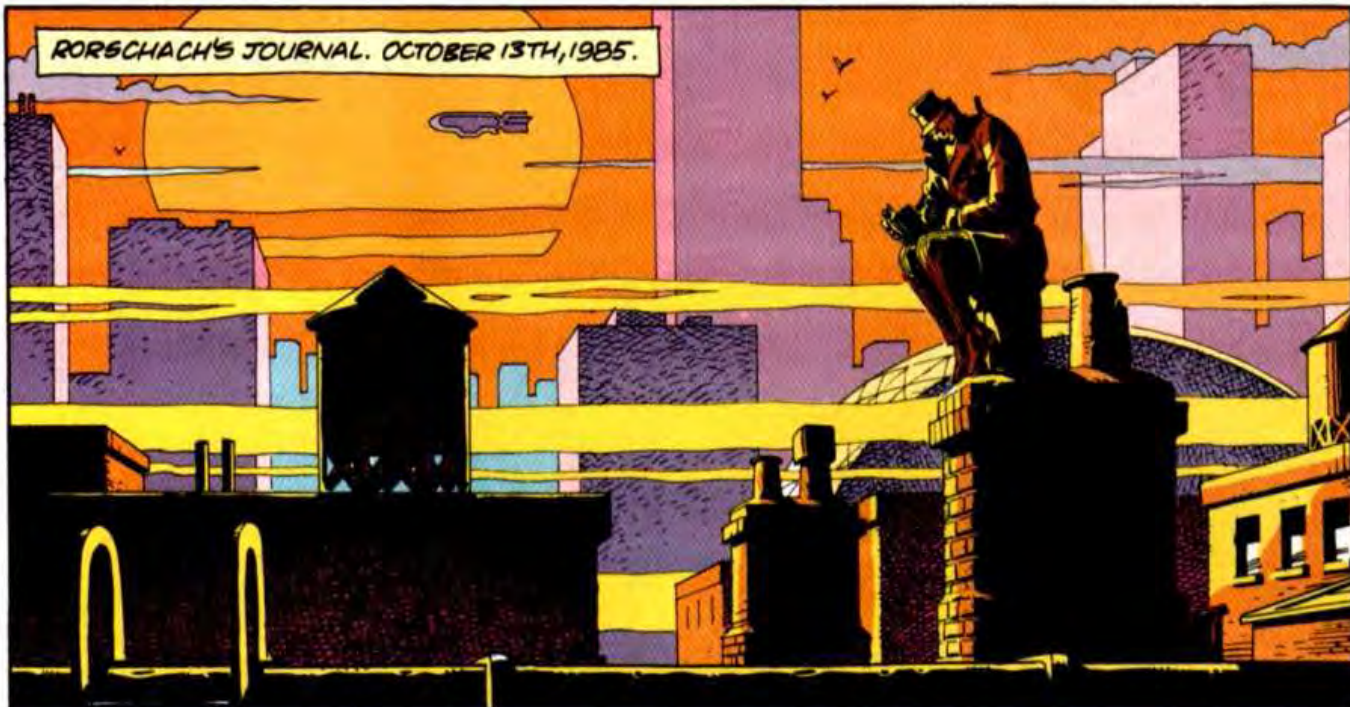








RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL. OCTOBER 13TH, 1985.



SLEPT ALL DAY. AWOKEN AT 4:37. LANDLADY COMPLAINING ABOUT SMELL. SHE HAS FIVE CHILDREN BY FIVE DIFFERENT FATHERS. I AM SURE SHE CHEATS ON WELFARE.

SOON IT WILL BE DARK.



BENEATH ME, THIS AWFUL CITY, IT SCREAMS LIKE AN ABATTOIR FULL OF RETARDED CHILDREN. NEW YORK.

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, A COMEDIAN DIED IN NEW YORK.



SOMEBODY KNOWS WHY.

DOWN THERE...

SOMEBODY KNOWS.



THE DUSK REEKS OF FORNICATION AND BAD CONSCIENCES.

HAPPY HARRY'S

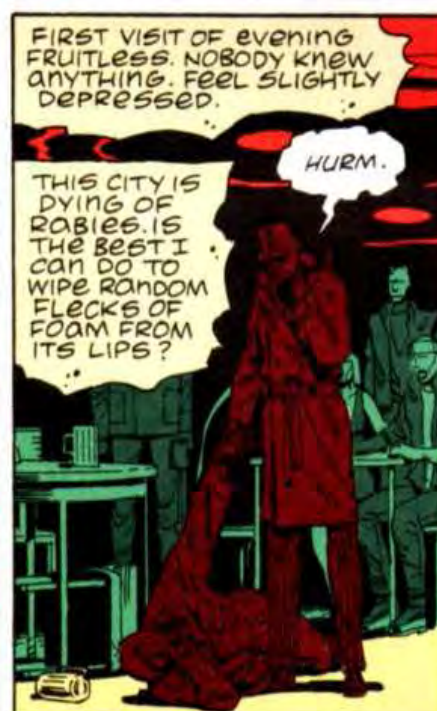
BAR GRILL



I BELIEVE I SHALL TAKE MY EXERCISE.









THE COMEDIAN DEAD?

BUT WHY?



YOU WERE ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN, VEIDT.

YOU TELL ME.



I NEVER CLAIMED TO BE ANYBODY SPECIAL, RORSCHACH. I JUST HAVE SOME OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC P.R. MEN.

LISTEN... COULD IT HAVE BEEN A POLITICAL KILLING? MAYBE THE SOVIETS...



DREIBERG SAID SAME THING. DON'T BELIEVE IT.

AMERICA HAS DR. MANHATTAN. REDS HAVE BEEN RUNNING SCARED SINCE '65. THEY'D NEVER DARE ANTAGONIZE US.

I THINK WE'VE GOT A MASK-KILLER.



NOT NECESSARILY.

THE COMEDIAN HAD PLENTY OF OTHER POLITICAL ENEMIES TO CHOOSE FROM, EVEN DIS-COUNTING THE RUSSIANS...

THE MAN WAS PRACTICALLY A NAZI.



HE STOOD UP FOR HIS COUNTRY, VEIDT. HE NEVER LET ANYBODY RETIRE HIM.

NEVER CASHED IN ON HIS REPUTATION.



NEVER SET UP A COMPANY SELLING POSTERS AND DIET BOOKS AND TOY SOLDIERS BASED ON HIMSELF.

NEVER BECAME A PROSTITUTE.

IF THAT MAKES HIM A NAZI, YOU MIGHT AS WELL CALL ME A NAZI, TOO.



HM.



RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL.
OCTOBER 13TH 1985. 8.30 P.M.:

ROCKEFELLE
MILITARY
RESEARCH
CENTER

FOUNDED
1941

ESTABLISHED
1941

MEETING WITH VEIDT LEFT
BAD TASTE IN MOUTH. HE IS
POMPERED AND DECADENT,
BETRAYING EVEN HIS OWN
SHALLOW, LIBERAL
AFFECTATIONS.

POSSIBLY
HOMOSEXUAL?
MUST
REMEMBER
TO INVESTIGATE
FURTHER.

DREIBERG AS BAD.
A FLABBY FAILURE
WHO SITS WHIMPERING
IN HIS BASEMENT.

WHY ARE SO
FEW OF US
LEFT ACTIVE,
HEALTHY AND
WITHOUT
PERSONALITY
DISORDERS?

THE FIRST
NITE OWL RUNS
AN AUTO-
REPAIR
SHOP.

THE FIRST
SILK SPECTRE
IS A BLOATED,
AGING WHORE,
DYING IN A
CALIFORNIAN
REST RESORT.

CAPTAIN
METROPOLIS WAS
DECAPITATED
IN A CAR CRASH
BACK IN '74.

MOTHMAN'S
IN AN
ASYLUM
UP IN
MAINE.

THE SILHOUETTE
RETIRED IN
DISGRACE,
MURDERED SIX
WEEKS LATER
BY A MINOR
ADVERSARY
SEEKING
REVENGE.

DOLLAR BILL
GOT SHOT.
HOODED
JUSTICE
WENT
MISSING
IN '55.

THE COMEDIAN
IS DEAD.

SPECIAL
TALENT
QUARTER
PRIVATE

ONLY TWO NAMES
REMAINING ON
MY LIST.

BOTH SHARE
PRIVATE
QUARTERS AT
ROCKEFELLER
MILITARY
RESEARCH
CENTER.

I SHALL
GO TO
THEM.

I SHALL GO AND TELL
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE
MAN THAT SOMEONE
PLANS TO MURDER
HIM.

GOOD
EVENING,
RORSCHACH.



GOOD
EVENING, DR.
MANHATTAN.



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE,
RORSCHACH?
THIS IS A
GOVERNMENT
BASE AND I
HEAR YOU'RE
WANTED BY THE
POLICE.

EHH.

GOOD
EVENING,
MISS
JUPITER.



THAT'S
JUSPECZYK.
"JUPITER" WAS
JUST A NAME
MY MOTHER
ASSUMED
BECAUSE SHE
DIDN'T WANT
ANYONE TO
KNOW SHE WAS
POLISH.

YOU HAVEN'T
ANSWERED MY
QUESTION.



APOLOGIES.

CAME TO
WARN YOU
BOTH AND
BRING BAD
NEWS.

THE
COMEDIAN
IS DEAD.



YES. SINCE HE AND I ARE THE ONLY TWO **EXTRANORMAL** OPERATIVES CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY THE GOVERNMENT, I WAS INFORMED ON SATURDAY MORNING.

I UNDERSTAND THE C.I.A. SUSPECTS THE **LIBYANS** WERE RESPONSIBLE.



HAVE MY OWN THEORIES ON THAT.

TAKE IT YOU'RE NOT TOO CONCERNED ABOUT **BLAKE'S** DEATH.



A LIVE BODY AND A DEAD BODY CONTAIN THE SAME NUMBER OF **PARTICLES**.

STRUCTURALLY, THERE'S NO DISCERNIBLE DIFFERENCE.

LIFE AND DEATH ARE UNQUANTIFIABLE ABSTRACTS. WHY SHOULD I BE CONCERNED?



ENNK.



ANYWAY, IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED TO A NICER PERSON.

BLAKE WAS A BASTARD. HE WAS A MONSTER. Y'KNOW HE TRIED TO RAPE MY MOTHER BACK WHEN THEY WERE BOTH MINUTEMEN?



UHM.

SO YOU SUPPORT THE ALLEGATIONS MADE IN **HOLLIS MASON'S** BOOK CONCERNING **BLAKE**?



WHAT **MASON** SAID IN "**UNDER THE HOOD**" IS WHAT HAPPENED. GOD KNOWS I'M NOT MY MOTHER'S **BIGGEST** ADMIRER, BUT SOME THINGS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO ANYBODY.

WHY DO YOU THINK **BLAKE** NEVER SUED **MASON**?



CRONCH. CRONCH?

I'M NOT HERE TO SPECULATE ON THE MORAL LAPSES OF MEN WHO DIED IN THEIR COUNTRY'S SERVICE. I CAME TO WARN...

MORAL LAPSES?



RAPE IS A MORAL LAPSE? YOU KNOW HE BROKE HER RIBS? YOU KNOW HE ALMOST CHOKED HER?

JON, GET THIS CREEP OUT OF HERE.



YOU
SEEM TO BE
UPSETTING
LAURIE.

I
THINK
YOU OUGHT
TO GO.



WITH RESPECT,
DR. MANHATTAN,
I WARNED VEIDT
AND DREIBERG
AND I INTEND
TO WARN YOU
AND YOUR
LADY
FRIEND.

I BELIEVE
SOMEONE IS
ELIMINATING
MASKED
ADVENTURERS,
POSSIBLY
SOME OLD
FOE WITH A
GRUDGE. I
BELIEVE...



I SAID I
THINK YOU
OUGHT TO
GO.



SPENT A
LOT OF TIME
GETTING IN
TO SEE
YOU.

NOT
LEAVING
BEFORE
I'VE...



...HAD
MY SAY.



HURM.



HE'S GONE.

ARE YOU STILL UPSET?



YEAH. I JUST DON'T LIKE RORSCHACH. HE'S SICK. SICK INSIDE HIS MIND.

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE SMELLS OR THAT HORRIBLE MONO-TONE VOICE OR ANYTHING.

THE SOONER THE POLICE PUT HIM AWAY, THE BETTER.



JON?

YES, LAURIE?



I WAS JUST THINKING THAT I MUST BE REALLY EGGY TO LET A MAGGOT LIKE RORSCHACH GET TO ME LIKE THAT.

I JUST FEEL COOPED UP SOME-TIMES. MAYBE I COULD USE A NIGHT OUT.



YOU KNOW, RORSCHACH MENTIONED DAN DREIBERG. WE HAVEN'T SEEN DAN IN YEARS.

MAYBE I'LL CALL HIM UP, ASK HIM OUT TO DINNER.

IF YOU DON'T MIND, THAT IS.



OF COURSE NOT.

THAT'S FASCINATING.

I'LL CALL DAN.

I'D JOIN YOU, BUT I THINK I'M CLOSE TO LOCATING A GLUINO, WHICH WOULD COMPLETELY VALIDATE SUPERSYMMETRICAL THEORY IF WE COULD INCLUDE IT IN THE BESTIARY.



HELLO, DAN? LAURIE. LAURIE JUSPEZYK. I'M FINE. HOW ARE YOU?

GREAT. LISTEN, I JUST REMEMBERED I HADN'T SEEN YOU IN AGES AND WONDERED IF WE COULD HAVE DINNER SOMETIME.

WELL, HOW ABOUT TONIGHT? RAFAEL'S AT 9:30?



THAT'S TERRIFIC.

JON? OH, YEAH. YEAH, JON'S IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE.

SEE YOU LATER, DAN.

'BYE.



ON FRIDAY NIGHT,
A COMEDIAN DIED
IN NEW YORK.



SOMEONE THREW HIM
OUT OF A WINDOW AND
WHEN HE HIT THE
SIDEWALK HIS HEAD
WAS DRIVEN UP
INTO HIS
STOMACH.



NOBODY
CARES.

NOBODY
CARES BUT
ME.



ARE THEY
RIGHT? IS IT
FUTILE?

SOON THERE
WILL BE WAR.
MILLIONS
WILL BURN. MILLIONS
WILL PERISH IN
SICKNESS AND
MISERY.

WHY DOES
ONE DEATH
MATTER
AGAINST
SO MANY?



BECAUSE THERE IS GOOD
AND THERE IS EVIL, AND
EVIL MUST BE PUNISHED.
EVEN IN THE FACE OF
ARMAGEDDON I SHALL
NOT COMPROMISE
IN THIS.

BUT THERE
ARE SO MANY
DESERVING OF
RETRIBUTION...



...AND THERE IS
SO LITTLE TIME.





HEY, YOU REMEMBER THAT GUY? THE ONE WHO PRETENDED TO BE A SUPER-VILLAIN SO HE COULD GET BEATEN UP?

OH, YOU MEAN CAPTAIN CARNAGE. HA HA HA! HE WAS ONE FOR THE BOOKS.



YOU'RE TELLING ME! I REMEMBER, I CAUGHT HIM COMING OUT OF THIS JEWELERS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIS RACKET WAS.

I START HITTING HIM AND I THINK "JEEZ! HE'S BREATHIN' FUNNY! DOES HE HAVE ASTHMA?"

HA HA HA.



HE TRIED THAT WITH ME, ONLY I'D HEARD ABOUT HIM, SO I JUST WALKED AWAY.

HE FOLLOWS ME DOWN THE STREET ... BROAD DAYLIGHT, RIGHT? HE'S SAYING "PUNISH ME!" I'M SAYING "NO! GET LOST!"

HA HA HA.



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM?

UH, WELL, HE PULLED IT ON RORSCHACH AND RORSCHACH DROPPED HIM DOWN AN ELEVATOR SHAFT.



PHAAA HA HA HA!

OH, GOD, I'M SORRY, THAT ISN'T FUNNY. HA HA HA HA HA!

HA HA HA! NO, I GUESS IT'S NOT...



AHUh.

AHUUUUH...

JEEZ, Y'KNOW, THAT FELT GOOD. THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE SO MANY LAUGHS AROUND THESE DAYS.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?



THE COMEDIAN IS DEAD.



UNDER THE HOOD

I.

We present here excerpts from Hollis Mason's autobiography, UNDER THE HOOD, leading up to the time when he became the masked adventurer, Nite Owl. Reprinted with permission of the author.

The lady who works in the grocery store at the corner of my block is called Denise, and she's one of America's great unpublished novelists. Over the years she's written *forty-two* romantic novels, none of which have ever reached the bookstores. I, however, have been fortunate enough to hear the plots of the last twenty-seven of these recounted in installments by the authoress herself every time I drop by the store for a jar of coffee or can of beans, and my respect for Denise's literary prowess knows no bounds. So, naturally enough, when I found myself faced with the daunting task of actually starting the book you now hold in your hands, it was Denise I turned to for advice.

"Listen," I said. "I don't know from writing a book. I have all this stuff in my head that I want to get down, but what do I write about first? Where do I begin?"

Without looking up from the boxes of detergent to which she was fixing price tags, Denise graciously delivered up a pearl of her accumulated wisdom in a voice of bored but benign condescension.

"Start off with the saddest thing you can think of and get the audience's sympathies on your side. After that, believe me, it's a walk."

Thank you, Denise. This book is dedicated to you, because I don't know how to choose between all the other people I should be dedicating it to.

The saddest thing I can think of is "The Ride of the Valkyries." Every time I hear it I get depressed and start wondering about the lot of humanity and the unfairness of life and all those other things that you think about at three in the morning when your digestion won't let you sleep. Now, I realize that nobody else on the planet has to brush away a tear when they hear that particular stirring refrain, but that's because they don't know about Moe Vernon.

When my father upped and left my Granddad's farm in Montana to bring his family to New York, Moe Vernon was the man he worked for. Vernon's Auto Repairs was just off Seventh Avenue, and although it was only 1928 when Dad started working there, there was just about enough trade for his wages to keep me and Mom and my sister Liantha in food and clothing. Dad was always really keen and enthusiastic about his work, and I used to think it was just because he had a thing about cars. Looking back, I can see it was more than that. It must have meant so much to him, just to have a job and be able to support his family. He'd had a lot of arguments with his father about coming east rather than taking over the farm, like the old man had planned for him, and most of the rows had ended with my grandfather predicting poverty and moral ruination for my dad and mom if they so much as set foot in New York. To be living the life that he himself had chosen and keeping his family above the poverty line in spite of his father's warnings must have meant more to my dad than anything in the world, but that's something I only understand now, with hindsight. Back then, I just thought he was crazy for crankshafts.

Anyway, I was twelve years old when we left Montana, so during those next few years in the big city I was just the age to appreciate the occasional trips to the auto shop with my dad, which is where I first set eyes on Moe Vernon, his employer.

Moe Vernon was a man around fifty-five or so, and he had one of those old New York faces that you don't see anymore. It's funny, but certain faces seem to go in and out of style. You look at old photographs and everybody has a certain look to them, almost as if they're related. Look at pictures from ten years later and you can see that there's a new kind of face starting to predominate, and that the old faces are fading away and vanishing, never to be seen again. Moe Vernon's face was like that: three chins, a wiseacre cynical curl to his lower lip, a certain hollowness around the eyes, hair retreating back across his head, attempting a rendezvous with the label on his shirt collar.



Vernon's Auto Repair c. 1928. (left to right) My father; myself, age 21; Moe Vernon; Fred Motz.

I'd go into the shop with my dad and Moe would be sitting there in his office, which had glass sides so he could watch the men working. Sometimes, if my father wanted to check something out with Moe before going ahead with his work, he'd send me over to the office to do it for him, which meant that I got to see the insides of Moe's inner sanctum. Or rather, I got to hear them.

You see, Moe was an opera buff. He had one of the new gramophones over in the corner of his office and all day he used to play scratchy old seventy-eight recordings of his favorites just as loud as he could manage. By today's standard, "as loud as he could manage" didn't amount to a whole lot of noise, but it sounded pretty cacophonous back in 1930, when things were generally quieter.

The other thing that was peculiar about Moe was his sense of humor, as represented by all the stuff he used to keep in the top right side drawer of his desk.

In that drawer, amongst a mess of rubber bands and paper clips and receipts and stuff, Moe had one of the largest collections of tasteless novelty items that I had seen up until that point or have seen at any time since. They were all risqué little toys and gadgets that Moe had picked up from gag shops or on visits to Coney Island, but it was the sheer range of them that was overwhelming: every cheap blue gimmick that you can remember your dad bringing home when he'd been out drinking with the boys and embarrassing your mom with; every ballpoint pen with a girl on the side whose swimsuit vanished when you turned it upside down; every salt and pepper crewet set shaped like a woman's breasts; every plastic dog mess. Moe had the works. Every time anybody went into his office he'd try to startle them by displaying his latest plaything. Actually, it used to shock my dad more than it did me. I don't think he liked the idea of his son being exposed to that kind of stuff, probably because of all the moral warnings my grandfather had impressed upon him. For my part, I wasn't offended and I even

found it kind of funny. Not the things themselves...even by then I was too old to get much amusement out of stuff like that. What I found funny was that for no apparent reason, a grown man should have a desk drawer full of such ludicrous devices.

Anyway, one day in 1933, a little after my seventeenth birthday, I was over at Vernon's Auto Repairs with Dad, helping him poke around in the oily innards of a busted-up Ford. Moe was in his office, and although we didn't find out till later, he was sitting wearing an artificial foam rubber set of realistically painted lady's bosoms, with which he hoped to get a few laughs from the guy who brought him the morning mail through from the front office when it arrived. While he waited, he was listening to Wagner.

The mail arrived in due course, and the guy handing it over managed to raise a dutiful chuckle at Moe's generous cleavage before leaving him to open and peruse the morning's missives. Amongst these (again, as we found out later) there was a letter from Moe's wife Beatrice, informing him that for the past two years she'd been sleeping with Fred Motz, the senior and most trusted mechanic employed at Vernon's Auto Repairs, who, unusually, hadn't shown up for work on that particular morning. This, according to the concluding paragraphs of the letter, was because Beatrice had taken all the money out of the joint account she shared with her husband and had departed with Fred for Tijuana.

The first anyone in the workshop knew about this was when the door of Moe's office slammed open and the startlingly loud and crackling rendition of "Ride of the Valkyries" blasted out from within. Framed in the doorway with tears in his eyes and the crumpled letter in his hand, Moe stood dramatically with all eyes turned towards him. He was still wearing the set of artificial breasts. Almost inaudible above the rising strains of Wagner swelling behind him, he spoke, with so much hurt and outrage and offended dignity fighting for possession of his voice that the end result was almost toneless.

"Fred Motz has had carnal knowledge of my wife Beatrice for the past two years."

He stood there in the wake of his announcement, the tears rolling down over his multiple chins to soak into the pink foam rubber of his bosom, making tiny sounds in his chest and throat that were trampled under the hooves of the Valkyries and lost forever.

And everybody started laughing.

I don't know what it was. We could see he was crying, but it was just something in the toneless way he'd said it, standing there wearing a pair of false breasts with all that crashing, triumphant music soaring all around him. None of us could help it, laughing at him like that. My dad and I were both doubled up and the other guys slaving over the nearby cars were wiping tears from their eyes and smearing their faces with oil in the process. Moe just looked at us all for a minute and then went back into his office and closed the door. A moment or two later the Wagner stopped with an ugly scraping noise as Moe snatched the needle from the groove of the gramophone record, and after that there was silence.

About half an hour passed before someone went in to apologize on behalf of everybody and to see if Moe was all right. Moe accepted the apology and said that he was fine. Apparently he was sitting there at his desk, breasts now discarded, getting on with



I graduate from Police Academy (1938)

normal routine paperwork as if nothing had happened.

That night, he sent everybody home early. Then, running a tube from the exhaust of one of the shop's more operational vehicles in through the car's window, he started up the engine and drifted off into a final, bitter sleep amongst the carbon monoxide fumes. His brother took over the business and even eventually reemployed Fred Motz as chief mechanic.

And that's why "The Ride of the Valkyries" is the saddest thing I can think of, even though it's somebody else's tragedy rather than my own. I was there and I laughed along with all the rest and I guess that makes it part of my story too.

Now, if Denise's theory is correct, I should have your full sympathy and the rest will be a walk. So maybe it's safe to tell you about all the stuff you probably bought this book to read about. Maybe it's safe to tell you why I'm crazier than Moe Vernon ever was. I didn't have a drawer full of erotic novelties, but I guess I had my own individual quirks. And although I've never worn a set of false bosoms in my life, I've stood there dressed in something just as strange, with tears in my eyes while people died laughing.

II.

By 1939 I was twenty-three years old and had taken a job on the New York City police force. I've never really examined until now just why I should have chosen that particular career, but I guess it came as a result of a number of things. Foremost amongst these was probably my grandfather.

Even though I resented the old man for the amount of guilt and pressure and recrimination he'd subjected my dad to, I suppose that the simple fact of spending the first twelve years of my life living in my grandfather's proximity had indelibly stamped a certain set of moral values and conditions upon me. I was never so extreme in my beliefs concerning God, the family, and the flag as my father's father was, but if I look at myself today I can see basic notions of decency that were passed down direct from him to me. His name was Hollis Wordsworth Mason, and perhaps because my parents had flattered the old man by naming me after him, he always took a special concern over my upbringing and moral instruction. One of the things that he took great pains to impress upon me was that country folk were morally healthier than city folk and that cities were just cesspools into which all the world's dishonesty and greed and lust and godlessness drained and was left to fester unhindered. Obviously, as I got older and came to realize just how much drunkenness and domestic violence and child abuse was hidden behind the neighborly facade of some of these lonely Montana farmhouses, I understood that my grandfather's appraisal had been a little one-sided. Nevertheless, some of the things that I saw in the city during my first few years here filled me with a sort of ethical revulsion that I couldn't shake off. To some degree, I still can't.

The pimps, the pornographers, the protection artists. The landlords who set dogs on their elderly tenants when they wanted them out to make way for more lucrative custom. The old men who touched little children and the callous young rapists who were barely old enough to shave. I saw these people all around me and I'd feel sick in my gut at the world and what it was becoming. Worse, there were times when I'd upset my dad and mom by loudly wishing I was back in Montana. Despite everything, I wished no such thing, but sometimes I'd be mad at them and it seemed like the best way to hurt them, to reawaken all those old doubts and worries and sleeping dogs of guilt. I'm sorry I did it now, and I wish I could have told them that while they were alive. I wish I could have told them that they were right in bringing me to the city, that they did the right thing by me. I wish I could have let them know that. Their lives would have been so much easier.



Masked adventurers make the front page. (New York Gazette, October 14th, 1938) Note artist's impression of "The Hooded Vigilante."

When the gap between the world of the city and the world my grandfather had presented to me as right and good became too wide and depressing to tolerate, I'd turn to my other great love, which was pulp adventure fiction. Despite the fact that Hollis Mason Senior would have had nothing but scorn and loathing for all of those violent and garish magazines, there was a sort of prevailing morality in them that I'm sure he would have responded to. The world of Doc Savage and The Shadow was one of absolute values, where what was good was never in the slightest doubt and where what was evil inevitably suffered some fitting punishment. The notion of good and justice espoused by

Lamont Cranston with his slouch hat and blazing automatics seemed a long way from that of the fierce and taciturn old man I remembered sitting up alone into the Montana night with no company save his bible, but I can't help feeling that if the two had ever met they'd have found something to talk about. For my part, all those brilliant and resourceful sleuths and heroes offered a glimpse of a perfect world where morality worked the way it was *meant* to. Nobody in Doc Savage's world ever killed themselves except thwarted kamikaze assassins or enemy spies with cyanide capsules. Which world would you rather live in, if you had the choice?

Answering that question, I suppose, was what led me to become a cop. It was also what led me to later become something more than a cop. Bear that in mind and I think the rest of this narrative will be easier to swallow. I know people always have trouble understanding just what brings a person to behave the way that I and people like me behave, what makes us do the sort of things we do. I can't answer for anybody else, and I suspect that all our answers would be different anyway, but in my case it's fairly straightforward: I like the idea of adventure, and I feel bad unless I'm doing good. I've heard all the psychologists' theories, and I've heard all the jokes and the rumors and the innuendo, but what it comes down to for me is that I dressed up like an owl and fought crime because it was fun and because it needed doing and because I goddam felt like it.

Okay. There it is. I've said it. I dressed up. As an owl. And fought crime. Perhaps you begin to see why I half expect this summary of my career to raise more laughs than poor cuckolded Moe Vernon with his foam teats and his Wagner could ever hope to have done.

For me, it all started in 1938, the year when they invented the super-hero. I was too old for comic books when the first issue of ACTION COMICS came out, or at least too old to read them in public without souring my promotion chances, but I noticed a lot of the little kids on my beat reading it and couldn't resist asking one of them if I could glance through it. I figured if anybody saw me I could put it all down to keeping a good relationship with the youth of the community.

There was a lot of stuff in that first issue. There were detective yarns and stories about magicians whose names I can't remember, but from the moment I set eyes on it I only had eyes for the Superman story. Here was something that presented the basic morality of the pulps without all their darkness and ambiguity. The atmosphere of the horrific and faintly sinister

that hung around the Shadow was nowhere to be seen in the bright primary colors of Superman's world, and there was no hint of the repressed sex-urge which had sometimes been apparent in the pulps, to my discomfort and embarrassment. I'd never been entirely sure what Lamont Cranston was up to with Margo Lane, but I'd bet it was nowhere near as innocent and wholesome as Clark Kent's relationship with her namesake Lois. Of course, all of these old characters are gone and forgotten now, but I'm willing to bet that there are at least a few older readers out there who will remember enough to know what I'm talking about. Anyway, suffice it to say that I read that story through about eight times before giving it back to the complaining kid that I'd snatched it from.


It set off a lot of things I'd forgotten about, deep inside me, and kicked all those old fantasies that I'd had when I was thirteen or fourteen back into gear: The prettiest girl in the class would be attacked by bullies, and I'd be there to beat them off, but when she offered to kiss me as a reward, I'd refuse. Gangsters would kidnap my math teacher, Miss Albertine, and I'd track them down and kill them one by one until she was free, and then she'd break off her engagement with my sarcastic English teacher, Mr. Richardson, because she'd fallen hopelessly in love with her grim-faced and silent fourteen-year-old savior. All of this stuff came flooding back as I stood there gawking at the hijacked comic book, and even though I laughed at myself for having entertained such transparent juvenile fantasies, I didn't laugh as hard as I might have done. Not half as hard as I'd laughed at Moe Vernon, for example.

Anyway, although I'd occasionally manage to trick some unsuspecting tyke into lending me his most recent issue of the funnybook in question and then spend the rest of the day leaping tall buildings inside my head, my fantasies were to remain as fantasies until I opened a newspaper in the autumn of that same year and found that the super-heroes had escaped from their four-color world and invaded the plain, factual black and white of the headlines.

The first news story was simple and unpresupposing enough, but it shared enough elements with those fictions that were closest to my heart to make me notice it and file it in my memory for future reference. It concerned an attempted assault and robbery that had taken place in Queens, New York. A man and his girlfriend, walking home after a night at the theater, had been set upon by a gang of three men armed with guns. After relieving the couple of their valuables, the gang has started to beat and physically abuse the young man while threatening to indecently assault his girlfriend. At this point, the crime had been interrupted by a figure "Who dropped into the alleyway from above with something over his face" and proceeded to disarm the three attackers before beating them with such severity that all three required hospital treatment and that one subsequently lost the use of both legs as a result of a spinal injury. The witnesses' recounting of the event was confused and contradictory, but there was still something in the story that gave me a tingle of recognition. And then, a week later, it happened again.

Reportage on this second instance was more detailed. A supermarket stick-up had been prevented thanks to the intervention of "A tall man, built like a wrestler, who wore a black hood and cape and also wore a noose around his neck." This extraordinary being had crashed in through the window of the supermarket while the robbery was in progress and attacked the man responsible with such intensity and savagery that those not disabled immediately were only too willing to drop their guns and surrender. Connecting this incidence of masked intervention with its predecessor, the papers ran the story under a headline that read simply "Hooded Justice." The first masked adventurer outside comic books had been given his name.

Reading and rereading that news item, I knew that I had to be the second. I'd found my vocation.



(In the next chapters to be reprinted from his biography, Hollis Mason discusses life with the Minutemen and gives his impressions of the various personalities comprising that colorful group.)

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DAVE GIBBONS

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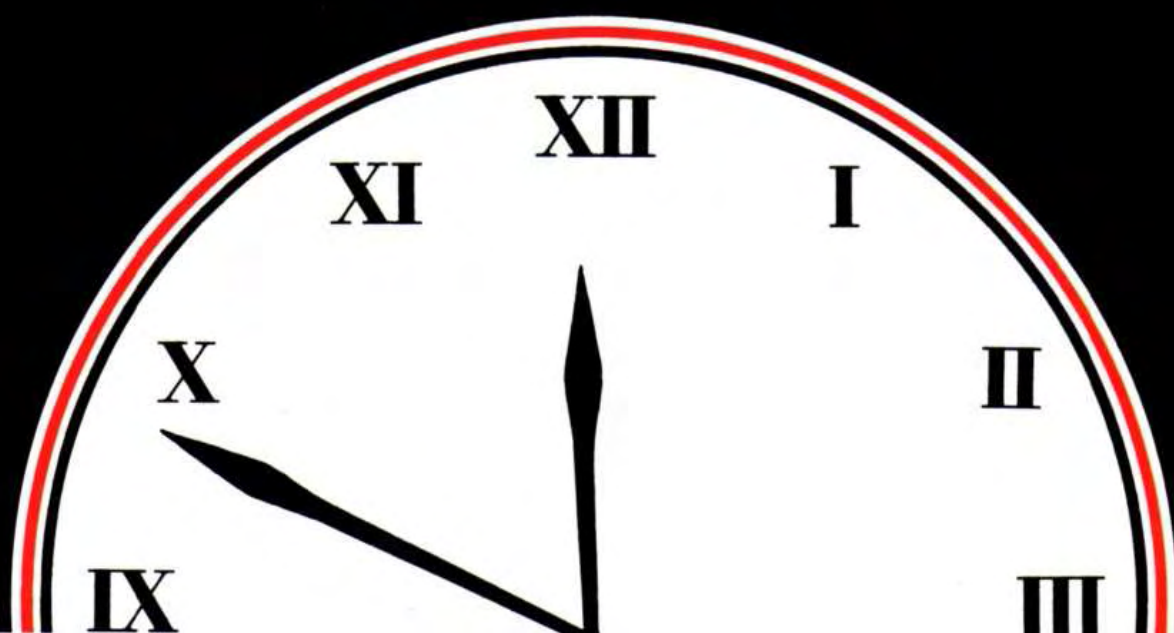
vp-circulation

BRUCE BRISTOW

marketing director

PATRICK CALDON

controller





CHAPTER





"AW, WILL YA LOOK AT HER? PRETTY AS A PICTURE AN' STILL KEEPIN' HER FIGURE!"

"SO, HONEY, WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE CITY OF THE DEAD?"



MOM, BEING LAZY ISN'T A TERMINAL CONDITION, SO SPARE ME THE "CITY OF THE DEAD" CRAP. BROUGHT YOU SOME FLOWERS.

OH! BIG SPENDER!

WHERE'S JON?



"JON'S AT SOME FUNERAL. I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE ATTENDING, SO HE TRANSPORTED ME HERE, TO CALIFORNIA."

"I JUST GOT THROUGH THROWING UP IN THE LADIES' ROOM."



ALWAYS GETS ME THE SAME. ONE SECOND NEW YORK, THE NEXT, WHAM, CALIFORNIA! SO LONG BREAKFAST.

POOR BABY.

SO, THIS FUNERAL: ANYONE I KNOW?



"THE FUNERAL? OH, NO, THAT'S JUST, Y'KNOW, SOME LITTLE OFFICIAL THING."

"JON HAD TO GO. PROTOCOL. THEY MADE HIM PUT CLOTHES ON AND EVERYTHING..."



IT'S EDDIE BLAKE'S FUNERAL, RIGHT?

MOM...

LAURIE, DON'T TREAT ME LIKE A KID! I CAN STILL READ. I SAW IN THE PAPER HE GOT MURDERED.



"I GUESS HE FINALLY REACHED THE PUNCH-LINE, HUH?"

"POOR EDDIE"



POOR EDDIE? MOM, HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? AFTER HE ALMOST...

LAURIE, YOU'RE YOUNG, YOU DON'T KNOW THINGS CHANGE.

WHAT HAPPENED, HAPPENED FORTY YEARS AGO...



"IT'S HISTORY."





ABSENT FRIENDS





YEAH? WELL, JON TOLD ME ABOUT SOME OF THE STUFF BLAKE DID IN 'NAM. SOUNDS LIKE HE HAD A STRANGE SENSE OF HUMOR.

OH! SPEAKING OF WHICH, THAT REMINDS ME...



YOU REMEMBER THAT GUY WHO WRITES ME LETTERS? WELL, HE SENT ME AN ITEM OF MEMORABILIA

THE ONE WHO ASKED FOR YOUR OLD COSTUME? HONESTLY, MOM, YOU ENCOURAGE THESE GUYS...

WHAT IS IT?



IT'S A TIJUANA BIBLE... A LITTLE EIGHT-PAGE PORN COMIC THEY DID IN THE '30S AND '40S...

THEY DID 'EM ABOUT NEWSPAPER FUNNIES CHARACTERS LIKE BLONDIE, EVEN REAL PEOPLE LIKE MAE WEST.

THIS ONE'S ABOUT ME.



ABOUT...?

OH, GOD! MOTHER, THIS IS JUST GROSS! SOMEBODY SENT YOU THIS?

SURE. LISTEN, THOSE THINGS ARE VALUABLE, LIKE ANTIQUES, EIGHTY BUCKS AN' UP. I THINK IT'S KINDA FLATTERING.



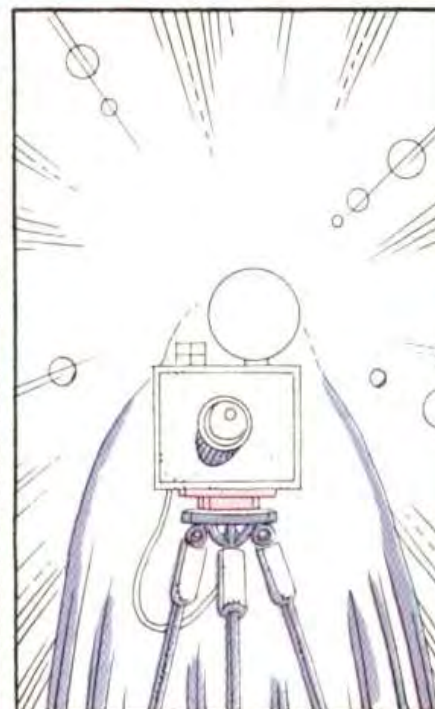
FLATTERING...?

BEING REMINDED THAT PEOPLE USED TO SLOBBER OVER ME? SURE, FLATTERING. WHY NOT?

Laurie, I'm 65. Every day the future looks a little bit darker. But the past, even the grimy parts of it...



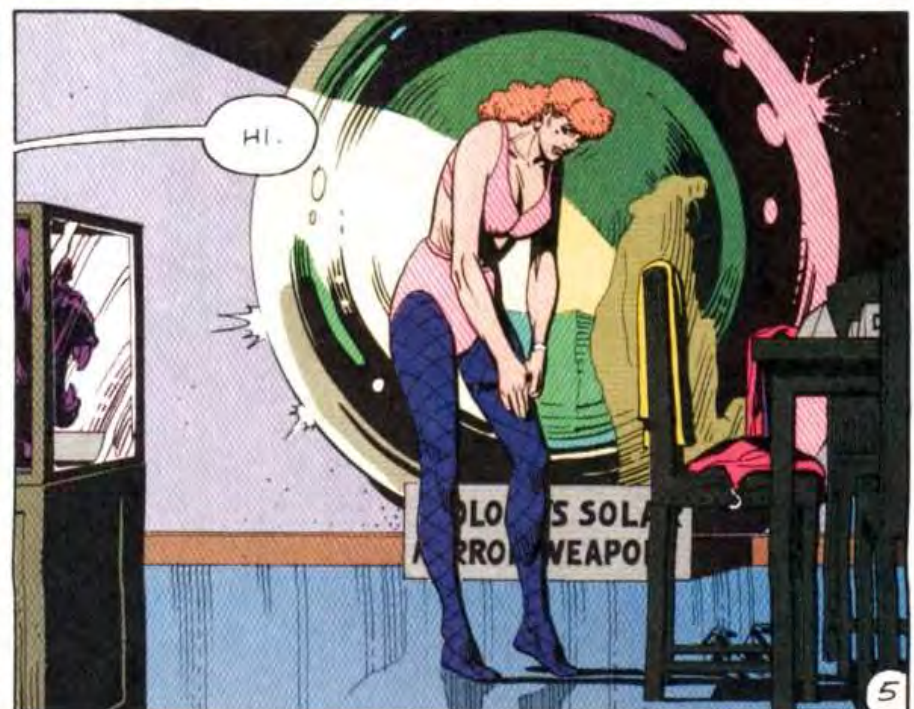
... WELL, IT JUST KEEPS ON GETTING BRIGHTER ALL THE TIME.



OKAY, THAT'S IT! NICE PICTURE, FOLKS!

WE CAN MOVE? I CAN FINALLY SCRATCH MY ARMPIT?

OOOH! I GOT SPOTS IN MY EYES...















I THINK I'M AS WELL-INFORMED AS ANYONE. GIVEN CORRECT HANDLING, NONE OF THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS ARE INSUR-MOUNTABLE.

ALL IT TAKES IS A LITTLE INTELLIGENCE.

WHICH YOU GOT IN SPADES, RIGHT?



YOU PEOPLE ARE A JOKE. YOU HEAR MOLOCH'S BACK IN TOWN, YOU THINK "OH, BOY! LET'S GANG UP AND BUST HIM!"

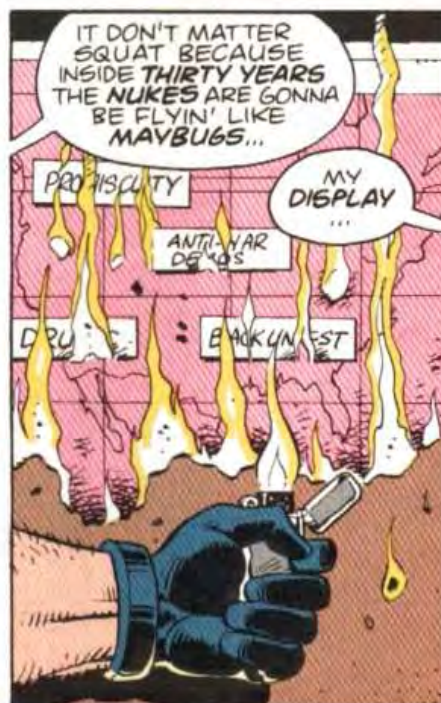
YOU THINK THAT MATTERS? YOU THINK THAT SOLVES ANY-THING?

WELL, OF COURSE IT MATTERS. IF...



IT DON'T MATTER SQUAT. HERE --LEMMIE SHOW YA WHY IT DON'T MATTER...

HEY! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



IT DON'T MATTER SQUAT BECAUSE INSIDE THIRTY YEARS THE NUKES ARE GONNA BE FLYIN' LIKE MAYBUGS...

MY DISPLAY



...AND THEN OZZY HERE IS GONNA BE THE SMARTEST MAN ON THE CINDER. NOW, PARDON ME, BUT I GOT AN APPOINTMENT.

SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAPERS.



JON, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW, PLEASE.

LISTEN, UH, NELSON... THIS ISN'T WORKING OUT. MAYBE...

PLEASE! DON'T ALL LEAVE...

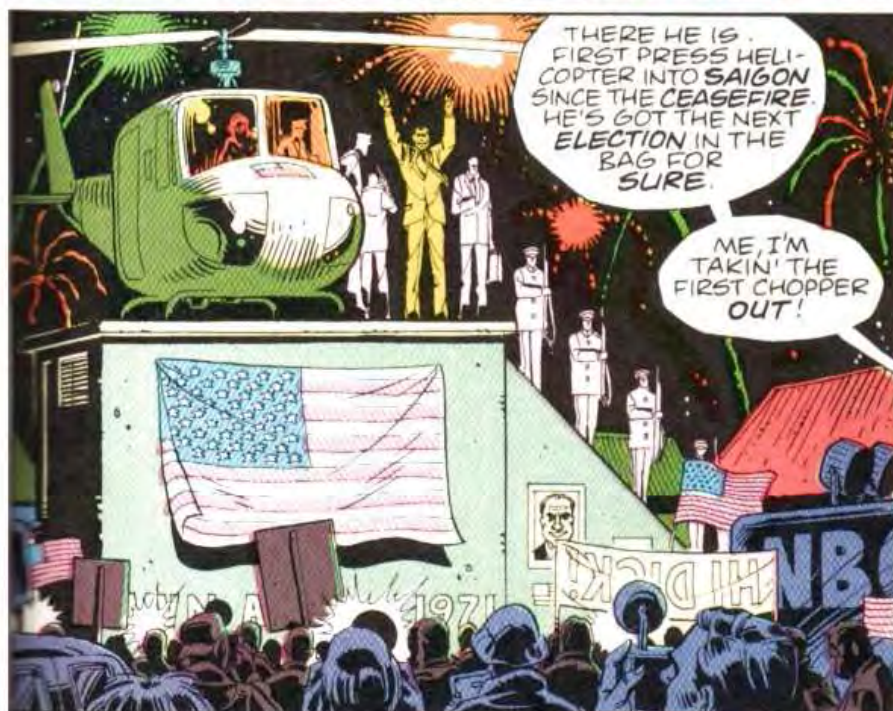


SOMEBODY HAS TO DO IT, DON'T YOU SEE?

SOMEBODY HAS TO SAVE THE WORLD...



... O LORD MOST MIGHTY, O HOLY AND MOST MERCIFUL SAVIOR, DELIVER US NOT INTO THE BITTER PAINS OF ETERNAL DEATH.











THERE'S NO NEED FOR PANIC. THE POLICE STRIKE IS BEING NEGOTIATED RIGHT NOW...

AAK!

OKAY THAT DOES IT.



YOU PIG! YOU CALL YOURSELF A COMEDIAN? YOU'RE A PIG ANNA RAPIST!

WE DON'T WANT VIGILANTES! WE WANT REG'LAR COPS!

MY SON IS A POLICE OFFICER, YOU FAGGOTS!

...TWO POTATO, THREE POTATO...



...FOUR POTATO. HEADS UP!

GOD, LOOK, I'M SORRY, YOU HAVEN'T LEFT US ANY CHOICE. THIS STUFF IS DANGEROUS. PLEASE CLEAR THE STREETS...



COMEDIAN, THIS IS A NIGHTMARE! THE WHOLE CITY IS ERUPTING. HOW LONG CAN WE KEEP THIS UP?

HA! LOOK AT 'EM.

RUN, YOU SUCKERS!



COMEDIAN? I SAID...

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID. MY GOVERNMENT CONTACTS TELL ME SOME NEW ACT IS BEING HERDED THROUGH.

UNTIL THEN, WE'RE SOCIETY'S ONLY PROTECTION. WE KEEP IT UP LONG AS WE HAVE TO.



PROTECTION?

WHO ARE WE PROTECTING THEM FROM?



FROM THEM-SELVES. WHATSA-MATTER? DON'T YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE UNLESS YOU'RE UP AGAINST SOME SCHMUCK IN A HALLOWEEN SUIT?

SPEAKIN' O' WHICH, WHERE THE HELL ARE RORSCHACH AN' THE OTHERS?



JON AND LAURIE ARE HANDLING THE RIOTS IN WASHINGTON. RORSCHACH'S ACROSS TOWN, TRYING TO HOLD THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

HE, UH, HE WORKS MOSTLY ON HIS OWN THESE DAYS...



RORSCHACH'S NUTS. HE'S BEEN NUTS EVER SINCE THAT KIDNAPPING HE HANDLED THREE YEARS BACK.

HIM, BYRON LEWIS, JON SODDAMN WALKING H-BOMB OSTERMAN ... ALL NUTS.

BUT NOT YOU?



NO. NOT ME. I KEEP THINGS IN PROPORTION AN' TRY TA SEE THE FUNNY SIDE...

DROP THAT CAN, YOU LITTLE FREAK!



HA! YOU SEE THIS?

I SEEN THAT WRITTEN UP ALL OVER DURIN' THIS LAST TWO WEEKS! THEY DON'T LIKE US AN' THEY DON'T TRUST US.

THIS WHOLE SITUATION ... IT'S HORRIBLE ...



WELL, ME, I KINDA LIKE IT WHEN THINGS GET WEIRD, Y'KNOW? I LIKE IT WHEN ALL THE CARDS ARE ON THE TABLE.

BUT THE COUNTRY'S DISINTEGRATING. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO AMERICA? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE AMERICAN DREAM?



IT CAME TRUE.

YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT IT.

NOW C'MON ... LET'S REALLY PUT THESE JOKERS THROUGH SOME CHANGES.

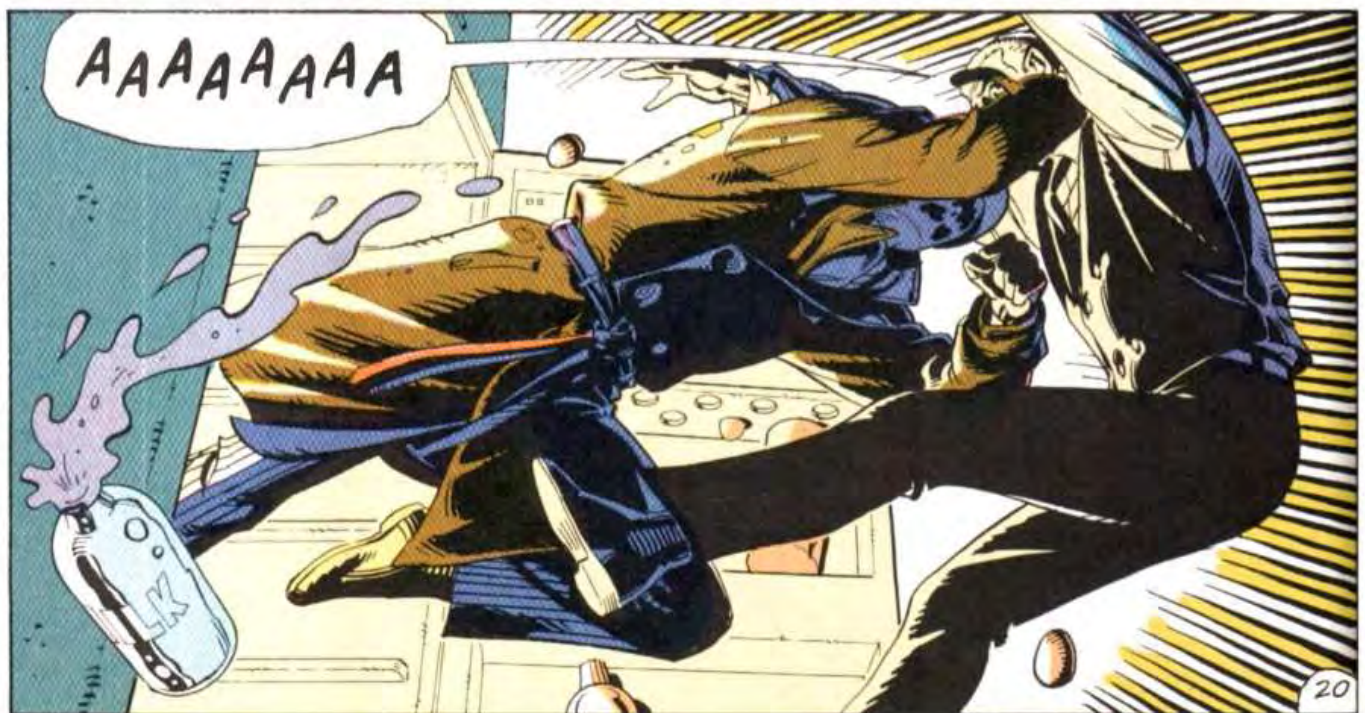


"...WHO SHALL CHANGE OUR VILE BODY THAT IT MAY BE LIKE UNTO HIS GLORIOUS BODY, ACCORDING TO THE MIGHTY WORKING..."



"...WHEREBY HE IS ABLE TO SUBDUE ALL THINGS UNTO HIMSELF."









IT'S A JOKE.

S'ALL A JOKE.



I MEAN, LEMME TELLYA, WHEN I STARTED OUT, WHEN I WAS A KID, CLEANIN' UP THE WATER-FRONT, IT WAS, LIKE, REAL EASY.

THE WORLD WAS TOUGH, YOU JUST HADDA BE TOUGHER, RIGHT?

NOT ANYMORE.



I MEAN, I THOUGHT I KNEW HOW IT WAS, HOW THE WORLD WAS. BUT THEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS GAG, THIS JOKE...

YOU'RE PART OF IT, MOLOCH OL' PAL. Y'KNOW THAT?



IF I THOUGHT YOU DID KNOW ... I SAW YOUR NAME ON THE LIST, YOU AND JANEY SLATER, BUT IF I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN ON THIS...

...I'D KILL YOU. YOU UNDER-
STAND?

KILL YOU.



I MEAN, YOU FOUGHT THAT BIG BLUE GEEK! YOU KNOW WHAT HIS HEAD'S LIKE!

I TELLYA, WHO KNOWS WHICH WAY HE'LL JUMP IF ANYBODY MESSSES WITH HIM ...

HE MIGHT... HE MIGHT JUST...



NAH. I DON'WANNA THINK. I DON'WANNA THINK ABOUT IT.

DON'TCHA GOT ANY BOOZE IN THIS PLACE?



I MEAN, WHAT GETS ME, RIGHT? WHAT GETS ME, I NEED NEVER HAVE LOOKED OUTTA THE AIRSHIP WINDOW AT THAT MOMENT, NEVER SEEN THE GODDAMN ISLAND, NEVER GOT INVOLVED...

HAH! THERE Y'ARE, YA SUMBITCH



NK NK NK



PAHH

IT STINKS.

IT ALL STINKS.



I MEAN, THIS JOKE, I MEAN, I THOUGHT I WAS THE COMEDIAN, Y'KNOW?

OH, GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I CAN'T BELIEVE ANYBODY WOULD DO THAT...



I CAN'T ...

I CAN'T BELIEVE ...



AHHH.

AHHH
AHHH
AHHHHH.



OH, JESUS, LOOK AT ME. I'M CRYIN'. YOU DON'T KNOW. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

ON THAT ISLAND THEY GOT WRITERS, SCIENTISTS, ARTISTS, AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING ...



I MEAN, I DONE SOME BAD THINGS. I DID BAD THINGS TO WOMEN.

I SHOT KIDS! IN 'NAM I SHOT KIDS ...

BUT I NEVER DID ANYTHING LIKE, LIKE...



OH, MOTHER. OH, FORGIVE ME.

FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME...



I MEAN, WHAT'S FUNNY? WHAT'S SO GODDAMNED FUNNY?

I DON'T GET IT. SOMEBODY EXPLAIN...



SOMEBODY EXPLAIN IT TO ME.

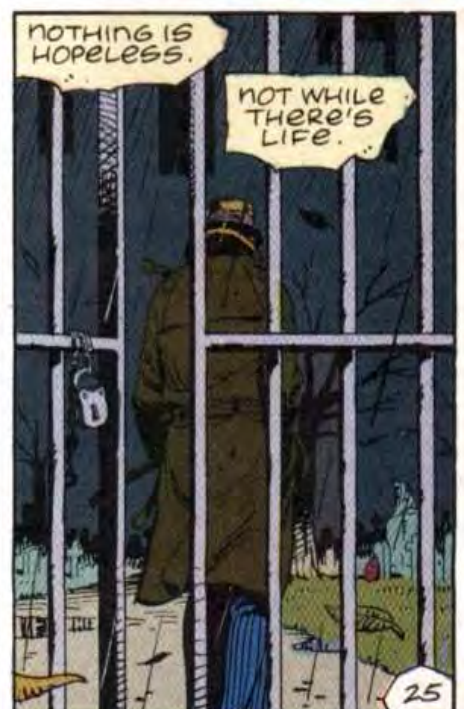
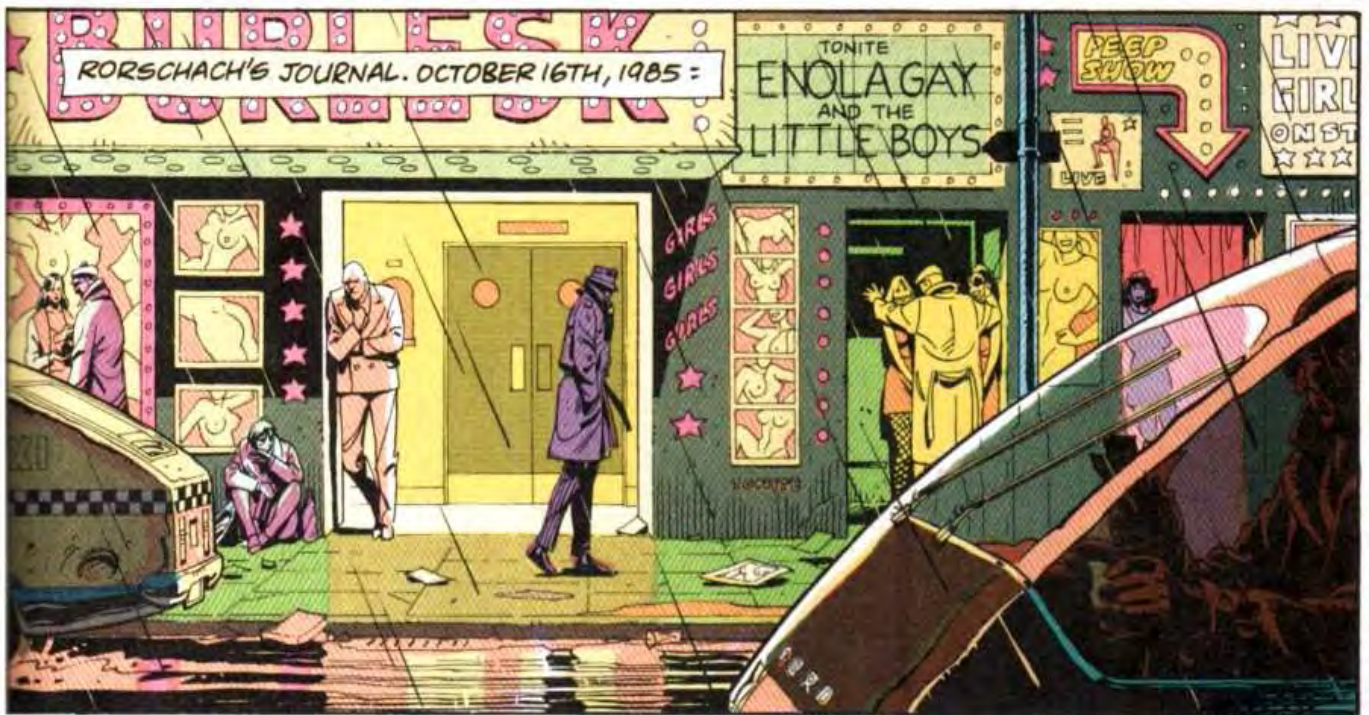


... AND THEN HE LEFT.

I DON'T KNOW.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IT WAS ABOUT...







IN THE CEMETERY, ALL THE WHITE CROSSES STOOD IN ROWS, NEAT CHALK MARKS ON A GIANT SCORECARD.

PAID LAST RESPECTS QUIETLY, WITHOUT FUSS.



EDWARD MORGAN BLAKE. BORN 1924. FORTY-FIVE YEARS A COMEDIAN, DIED 1985, BURIED IN THE RAIN.

IS THAT WHAT HAPPENS TO US? A LIFE OF CONFLICT WITH NO TIME FOR FRIENDS...



...SO THAT WHEN IT'S DONE, ONLY OUR ENEMIES LEAVE ROSES.



VIOLENT LIVES, ENDING VIOLENTLY. DOLLAR BILL, THE SILHOUETTE CAPTAIN METROPOLIS... WE NEVER DIE IN BED.

NOT ALLOWED.



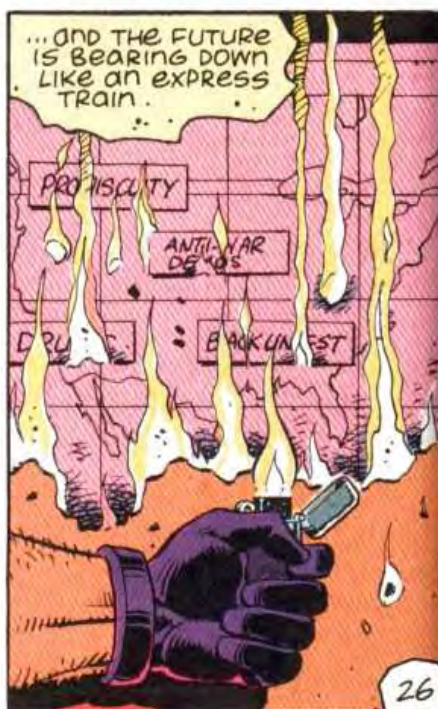
SOMETHING IN OUR PERSONALITIES, PERHAPS? SOME ANIMAL URGE TO FIGHT AND STRUGGLE, MAKING US WHAT WE ARE?

UNIMPORTANT. WE DO WHAT WE HAVE TO DO.



OTHERS BURY THEIR HEADS BETWEEN THE SWOLLEN TEATS OF INDULGENCE AND GRATIFICATION, PIGLETS SQUIRMING BENEATH A SOW FOR SHELTER...

...BUT THERE IS NO SHELTER...



...AND THE FUTURE IS BEARING DOWN LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

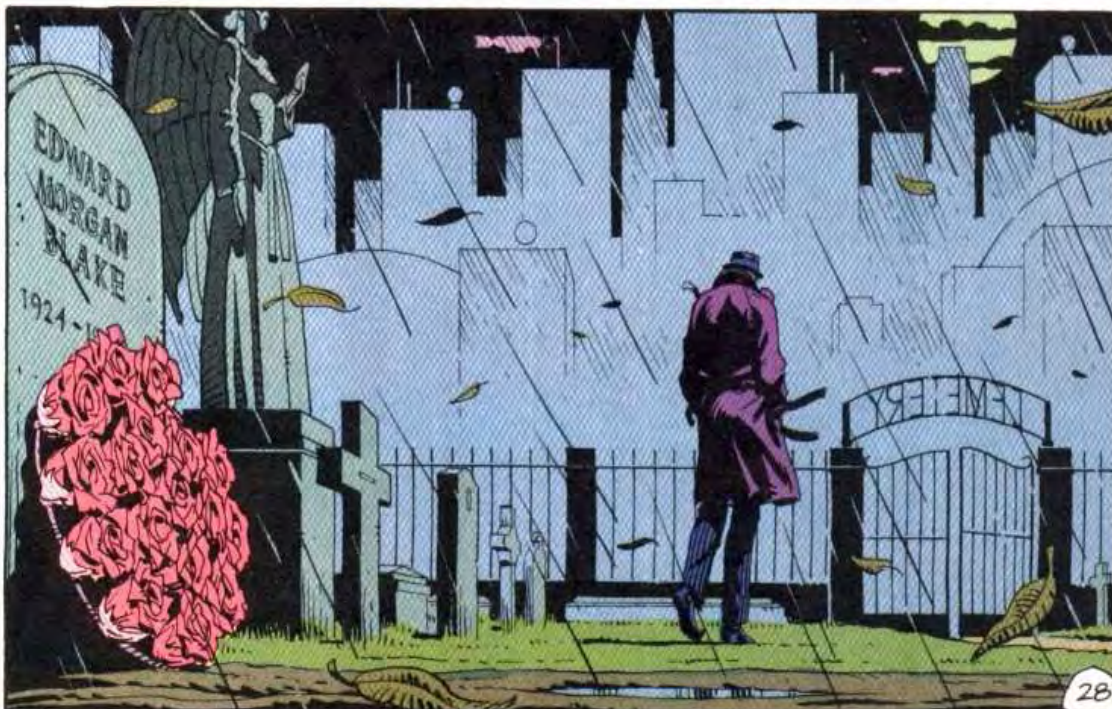
PROFISCUITY

ANTI-WAR DEMOS

DRUGS


BACKLUNEST





And I'm up while the dawn is breaking, even though my heart is aching. I should be drinking a toast to absent friends instead of these comedians.

—Elvis Costello



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III.

Presented here are the excerpts from UNDER THE HOOD. In these next chapters Hollis Mason discusses the formation of the Minutemen. Reprinted with permission of the author.

From the moment that I decided somewhere deep inside myself that I wanted to try my hand at being a costumed adventurer, to the moment I first stepped out into the night with a mask on my face and the wind on my bare legs, took about three months. Three months of self-doubt and self-ridicule. Three months of self-conscious training down at the Police Gymnasium. Three months figuring out how the hell I was going to make myself a costume.

The costume was difficult, because I couldn't start designing it until I'd thought of a name. This stumped me for a couple of weeks, because every name I came up with sounded stupid, and what I really wanted was something with the same sense of drama and excitement as "Hooded Justice."

Eventually, a suitable handle was provided inadvertently by one of the other cops that I worked with down at the station house. He'd invited me out for a beer after work two or three times only to be turned down because I wanted to spend as much of my evenings working out in the Police Gymnasiums as possible, after which I'd usually go to bed around nine o'clock and sleep through until five the next morning, when I'd get up and put in a couple of hours workout before donning my badge and uniform in readiness for my day job. After having his offer of beer and relaxation turned down yet again by reason of me wanting to be in bed early, he finally gave up asking and took to calling me "Nite Owl" out of sarcasm until he finally found somebody else to drink with.

"Nite Owl." I liked it. Now all I had to come up with was the costume.

A masked adventurer's costume is one of those things that nobody really thinks about. Should it have a cape, or no cape? Should it be thick and armored to protect you from harm, or flexible and lightweight to allow maneuverability? What sort of mask should it have? Do bright colors make you more of a target than dark ones? All of these were things that I had to consider.

Eventually, I opted for a design that left the arms and legs as free as possible, while protecting my body and head with a tough leather tunic, light chainmail briefs, and a layer of leather-over-chainmail protecting my head. I experimented with a cloak, remembering how the Shadow would use his cloak to misguide enemy bullets, leading them to shoot at parts of the swirling black mass where his body didn't happen to be. In practice, however, I found it too unwieldy. I was always tripping over it or getting it caught in things, and so I abandoned it for an outfit that was as streamlined as I could make it:

With the mail and leather headpiece hiding my hair, I found I only really needed a small domino mask to conceal my identity, but even this presented problems that weren't obvious at first glance. My first mask was attached to my face by the simple expediency of a string, but this nearly got me killed during my first ever outing in full costume, when a drunk with a knife hooked his fingers into the eyeholes of the domino and pulled it down so that I could only see out of one eye. If I'd been less fit and alert or he'd been less drunk my career might well have ended then. As it was I was able to tear off the mask completely and then disarm him, trusting that the alcohol would fog any clear recollection of my face. After that, I dispensed with the string and stuck the mask to my face using spirit gum, such as actors use to attach false beards or mustaches.

I first became Nite Owl during the early months of 1939, and although my first few exploits were largely unspectacular, they aroused a lot of media interest simply because by 1939, dressing up in a costume and protecting your neighborhood had become something of a fad, with the whole of America at least briefly interested in its development. A month after I made my debut, a young woman who called herself The Silhouette broke into the headlines by exposing the activities of a crooked publisher trafficking in child pornography, delivering a punitive beating to the entrepreneur and his two chief cameramen in the process. A little after that, the first reports of a man dressed like a moth who could glide through the air started to come in from Connecticut, and a particularly vicious and brutal young man in a gaudy yellow

boiler suit started cleaning up the city's waterfronts under the name of The Comedian. Within twelve months of Hooded Justice's dramatic entrance into the public consciousness, there were at least seven other costumed vigilantes operating on or around America's West Coast.

There was Captain Metropolis, who brought a knowledge of military technique and strategy to his attempt at eradicating organized crime in the inner urban areas, and who is still active to this day.

There was The Silk Spectre, now retired and living with her daughter after an unsuccessful early marriage, who in retrospect was probably the first of us ever to realize that there could be commercial benefits in being a masked adventurer. The Silk Spectre used her reputation as a crimefighter primarily to make the front pages and receive exposure for her lucrative modeling career, but I think all of us who knew her loved her a little bit and we certainly didn't begrudge her a living. I think we were all too unsure of our own motives to cast aspersions upon anybody else.

There was Dollar Bill, originally a star college athlete from Kansas who was actually employed as an in-house super-hero by one of the major national banks, when they realized that the masked man had made being able to brag about having a hero of your own to protect your customer's money a very interesting publicity prospect. Dollar Bill was one of the nicest and most straightforward men I have ever met, and the fact that he died so tragically young is something that still upsets me whenever I think about it. While attempting to stop a raid upon one of his employer's banks, his cloak became entangled in the bank's revolving door and he was shot dead at point-blank range before he could free it. Designers employed by the bank had designed his costume for maximum publicity appeal. If he'd designed it himself he might have left out that damned stupid cloak and still be alive today.

There was Mothman and The Silhouette and The Comedian and there was me, all of us choosing to dress up in gaudy opera costumes and express the notion of good and evil in simple, childish terms, while over in Europe they were turning human beings into soap and lampshades. We were sometimes respected, sometimes analyzed, and most often laughed at, and in spite of all the musings above, I don't think that those of us still surviving today are any closer to understanding just why we *really* did it all. Some of us did it because we were hired to and some of us did it to gain publicity. Some of us did it out of a sense of childish excitement and some of us, I think, did it for a kind of excitement that was altogether more adult if perhaps less healthy. They've called us fascists and they've called us perverts and while there's an element of truth in both those accusations, neither of them are big enough to take in the whole picture.

Yes, some of us were politically extreme. Before Pearl Harbor, I heard Hooded Justice openly expressing approval for the activities of Hitler's Third Reich, and Captain Metropolis has gone on record as making statements about black and Hispanic Americans that have been viewed as both racially prejudiced and inflammatory, charges that it is difficult to argue or deny.

Yes, I daresay some of us did have our sexual hang-ups. Everybody knows what eventually became of the Silhouette and although it would be tasteless to rehash the events surrounding her death in this current volume, it provides proof for those who need it that for some people, dressing up in a costume did have its more libidinous elements.

Yes, some of us were unstable and neurotic. Only a week ago as of this writing, I received word that the man behind the mask and wings of Mothman, whose true identity I am not at liberty to divulge, has been committed to a mental institution after a long bout of alcoholism and a complete mental breakdown.

Yes, we were crazy, we were kinky, we were Nazis, all those things that people say. We were also doing something because we believed in it. We were attempting, through our personal efforts, to make our country a safer and better place to live in. Individually, working on our separate patches of turf, we did too much good in our respective communities to be written off as a mere aberration, whether social or sexual or psychological.

It was only when we got together that the problems really started. I sometimes think

without the Minutemen we might all have given up and called it quits pretty soon. The costumed adventurer might have become quietly and simply extinct.

And the world might not be in the mess that it's in today.

IV.

There's no mystery behind how the Minutemen first got together. Captain Metropolis had written to Sally Jupiter care of her agent, suggesting that they might meet with a view to forming a group of masked adventurers who could pool their resources and experience to combat crime. The Captain has always had a strategic approach to crimefighting, so I can see why the idea would appeal to him, although back then I was surprised that he'd made an effort to get in touch with Sally. He was so polite and reserved that Sally's drinking, swearing and mode of dress were guaranteed to shock him speechless. Later, I realized that Sally was simply the only costumed vigilante forethoughtful enough to have an agent whose address was in the phone book.

Sally's agent (and, much later, her husband) was an extremely shrewd individual named Laurence Schexnayder. He realized that without the occasional gimmick to revitalize flagging public interest, the fad for long underwear heroes would eventually fade, reducing his girl Sally's chances of media exposure as *The Silk Spectre* to zero. Thus it was Schexnayder, in mid-1939, who suggested placing a large ad in the *Gazette* asking other mystery men to come forward.

One by one we came, over the next few weeks. We were introduced to Sally, to Captain Metropolis, to each other and to Laurence Schexnayder. He was very organized and professional, and although only in his mid-thirties he seemed very mature and respectable to us back then. Maybe that was just because he'd be the only person in the room not wearing their boxer shorts over their pants. By the fall of '39 he'd arranged all the publicity and the Minutemen were finally born.

The *real* mystery is how the hell we managed to *stay* together.

Dressing up in a costume takes a very extreme personality, and the chances of eight such personalities getting along together were about seventy-eleven million to one against. This isn't to say that some of us didn't get along, of course. Sally attached herself pretty swiftly to Hooded Justice, who was one of the biggest men I've ever seen. I never found out his real name, but I'd be willing to bet that those early news reports weren't far off in comparing him to a wrestler. Strangely enough, even though Sally would always be hanging onto his arm, he never seemed very interested in *her*. I don't think I ever saw him kiss her, although maybe that was just because of his mask. Anyway, they started going out together, sort of, after the first Minutemen Christmas Party in 1939, which is the last time I can remember us all having a real good time together. After that, things went bad. We had worms in the apple, eating it from inside.



*The first Minutemen Christmas party, 1939
(from left to right; The Silhouette, Silk Spectre,
Comedian, Hooded Justice, Captain Metropolis
(in mirror), Nite Owl, Mothman, Dollar Bill)*

The worst of these was the Comedian. I'm aware that he's still active today and even respected in some quarters, but I know what I know, and that man is a disgrace to our profession. In 1940 he attempted to sexually assault Sally Jupiter in the Minutemen trophy room after a meeting. He left the group shortly thereafter by mutual consent and with a minimum of publicity. Schexnayder had persuaded Sally not to press charges against the Comedian for the good of the group's image, and she complied. The Comedian went his way unscathed...even though he was badly wounded in an unconnected stabbing incident about a year later. This is what made him decide to change his flimsy yellow costume for the leather armor he wears at present. He went on to make a name for himself as a war hero in the Pacific, but all I can think of is the bruises along Sally Jupiter's ribcage and hope to God that America can find itself a better class of hero than *that*.



Newsreel footage of the Comedian in the South Pacific, 1942

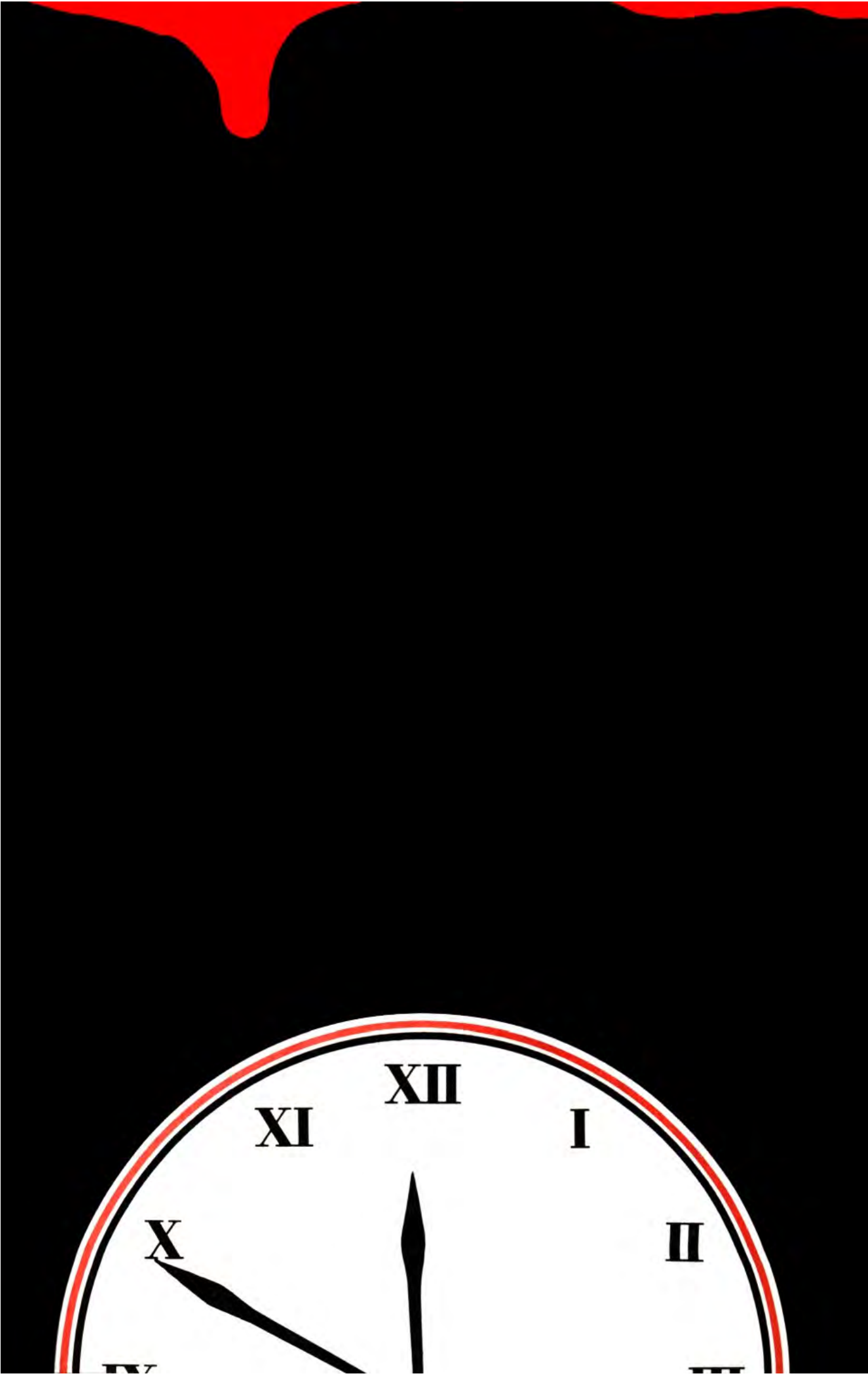
After that, things deteriorated. In 1946, the papers revealed that the Silhouette was living with another woman in a lesbian relationship. Schexnayder persuaded us to expel her from the group, and six weeks later she was murdered, along with her lover, by one of her former enemies. Dollar Bill was shot dead, and in 1947 the group was dealt its most serious blow when



Early publicity poster of Moloch, 1937

Sally quit crimefighting to marry her agent. We always thought she might come back, but in 1949 she had a daughter, so that clinched that. Eventually, those of us who were left didn't even fight crime anymore. It wasn't interesting. The villains we'd fought with were either in prison or had moved on to less glamorous activities. Moloch, for example, who had started out aged seventeen as a stage magician, evolving into an ingenious and flamboyant criminal mastermind through underworld contacts made in his world of nightclubs, had moved into impersonal crime like drugs, financial fraud and vice clubs by the late '40's. Eventually, there was just me, Mothman, Hooded Justice and Captain Metropolis sitting around in a meeting hall that smelled like a locker room now that there weren't any women in the group. There was nobody interesting left to fight, nothing notable to talk about. In 1949, we called it a day. By then, however, we'd been around long enough to somehow inspire younger people, God help them, to follow in our footsteps.

The Minutemen were finished, but it didn't matter. The damage had already been done.







THE JUDGE OF ALL THE EARTH





HUH?

OH! YOUR COPY O' THE NEW FRONTIERS-MAN! SURE IT'S HERE. I KEEP IT FOR YA EVERY DAY, DON'T I?

HOW'S THE ENNA THE WORLD COMIN' ALONG?



IT'LL HAPPEN TODAY. I'VE SEEN SIGNS. NATIONAL EXAMINER REPORTED A TWO-HEADED CAT BORN IN QUEENS.

TODAY FOR CERTAIN.

YOU'LL KEEP MY PAPER FOR ME TOMORROW?



UHH... SURE. SURE I WILL. NO SWEAT.

HAVE A NICE DAY.



YOU WON'T FORGET?

≡ FFFFFF ≡

I HAD A SUDDEN MEMORY OF CLINGING FAST TO SOMEONE THROUGH THE TEMPEST. THE FIGUREHEAD LAY AT MY FEET, BLINDFOLDED BY SEAWEED. ALONE UPON THAT DREADFUL SHORE, SHE SMILED.



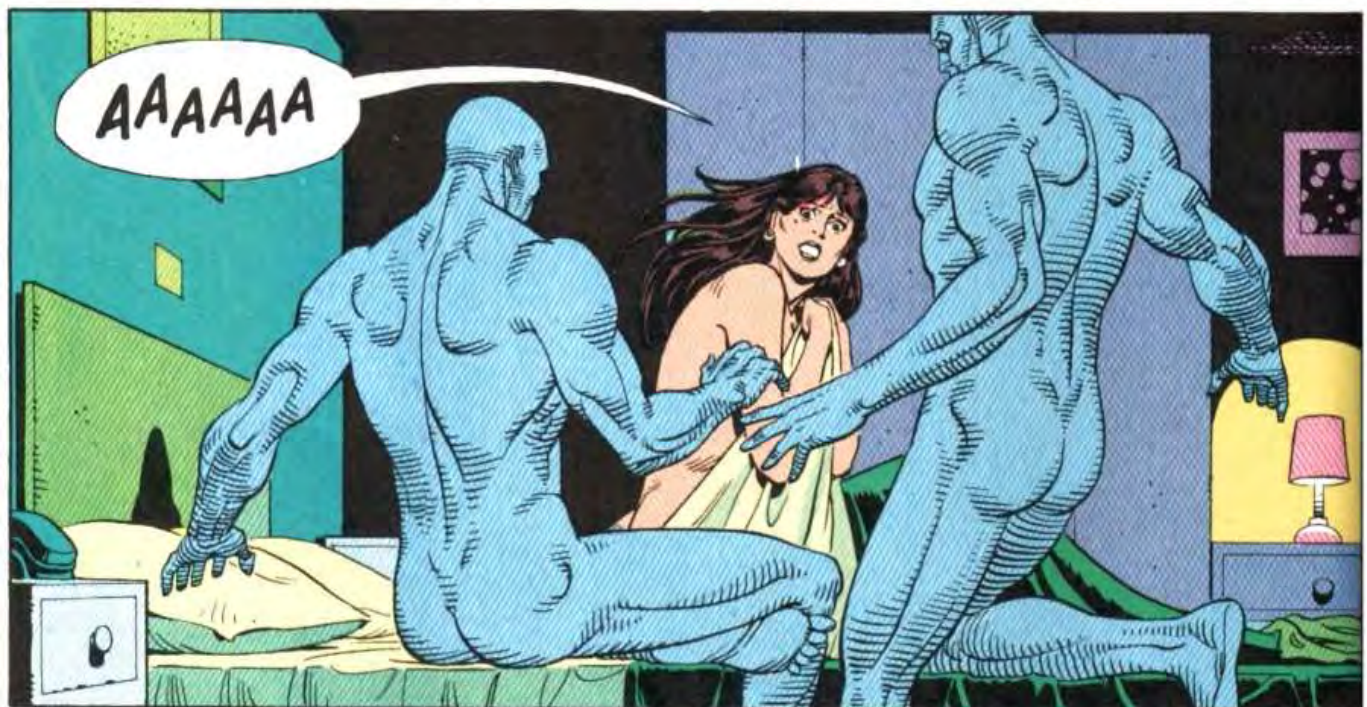
I MADE TO TAKE THE RIBBON OF KELP FROM OFF HER PAINTED EYES, THEN THOUGHT BETTER OF IT. NOT WISHING HER TO SUFFER THE TERRIBLE DISTRACTIONS OF THAT GRIM TIDELINE.



IT WAS ALL I COULD DO FOR HER, THOUGH SHE HAD BORNE ME THROUGH SEAS OF BLOOD, THOUGH HER COLD, WOODEN BREAST HAD NOURISHED ME IN THE HEART OF THE STORM.



HER DAMP EMBRACE HAD PREVENTED ME FROM DRIFTING BEYOND REACH, YET THIS SMALL COMFORT WAS ALL I COULD OFFER...







HE COULDN'T
RELATE TO ME.
NOT EMOTIONALLY.
CERTAINLY NOT
SEXUALLY.

WITHIN THREE
YEARS HE'D
DUMPED ME
FOR SOME
SIXTEEN-YEAR-
OLD WHO RAN
AROUND IN HER
UNDERWEAR.



"ONE DAY, HE'LL
FIND OUT. HE'LL
FIND OUT WHAT
IT FEELS LIKE."

"I SEE, SO, MS. SLATER,
HOW DO YOU FEEL, NOW
THAT YOU'VE LEARNED
ABOUT YOUR CONDITION?"



BITTER.
BITTER AS
HELL. I
STARTED
SMOKING...
THREE PACKS
A DAY! I
FIGURE,
"WHY NOT?"

I MEAN,
I HAVE NO
ILLUSIONS...



"I MEAN, NOBODY'S
GONNA MISS ME!
AFTER I'M GONE,
NOBODY'S GONNA
MISS ME. I
KNOW THAT."

"ESPECIALLY
NOT HIM."



Y'SEE, HE
DOESN'T CARE!
HE DOESN'T
HAVE TO
GET OLD!
THAT'S...
AHH-HUH!
EXCUSE
ME...

THAT'S WHY
I'M TALKING
TO YOU PEOPLE.
I WANT THE
WORLD TO
KNOW ABOUT
HIM, WHAT HE
DID TO ME...



"I KEPT QUIET ALL THESE YEARS,
BUT THEN THIS LATEST THING
HAPPENED AND I HAD TO
LET IT ALL OUT..."

"AHHUK"

"EXCUSE
ME."





WELL, LOOK, I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH OUT OF ONE ARGUMENT OR SOMETHING...

YOU THINK THIS IS OUR FIRST ARGUMENT?

DAN, LIVING WITH HIM, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE...

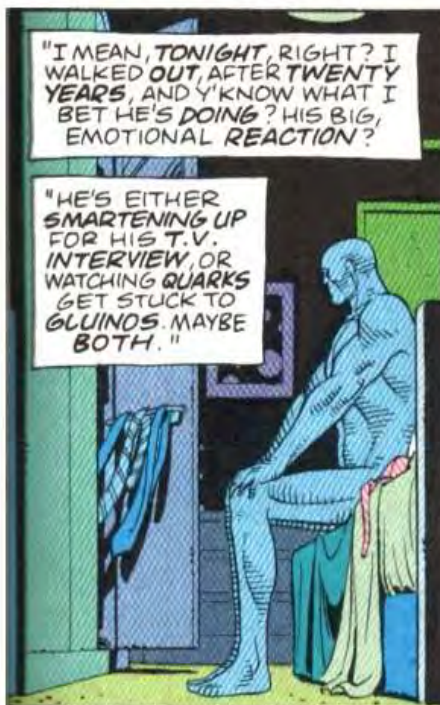


"THE WAY HE LOOKS AT THINGS, LIKE HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT THEY ARE AND DOESN'T PARTICULARLY CARE..."

"THIS WORLD, THE REAL WORLD TO HIM IT'S LIKE WALKING THROUGH MIST, AND ALL THE PEOPLE ARE LIKE SHADOWS..."



JUST SHADOWS IN THE FOG.



"I MEAN, TONIGHT, RIGHT? I WALKED OUT, AFTER TWENTY YEARS, AND Y'KNOW WHAT I BET HE'S DOING? HIS BIG, EMOTIONAL REACTION?"

"HE'S EITHER SMARTENING UP FOR HIS T.V. INTERVIEW, OR WATCHING QUARKS GET STUCK TO GLUONS. MAYBE BOTH."



SO, UH, WHERE WILL YOU GO? DO YOU HAVE ANY PLACE TO STAY TONIGHT?

YEAH, WELL, I GUESS I'LL SPLASH OUT ON SOME OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATION AND THINK THINGS THROUGH. JUST A HOTEL OR SOME-PLACE...



"SOMEWHERE NORMAL."



HAHHH

DAN, I'M SORRY. I'VE TURNED UP IN HYSTERICIS WHEN YOU WERE PROBABLY ABOUT TO DRESS FOR GOING OUT.

LISTEN, I JUST WISH YOU'D DROP IN MORE OFTEN. AS FOR TONIGHT, I'M ONLY CALLING ON HOLLIS...



"... AND HE DOESN'T CARE HOW PEOPLE DRESS."



NOW, YOU DRINK THIS WHILE IT'S HOT.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID.



YEAH. HERE'S LOOKING AT ME.

Y'KNOW, SOMETIMES I LOOK AT MYSELF AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



"SOMETIMES I LOOK AT MYSELF AND THINK, 'HOW DID EVERYTHING GET SO TANGLED UP?'"



ANYWAY, YOU DON'T WANT TO GET INTO ALL THAT STUFF.

C'MON ... I'M HOLDING YOU UP FROM VISITING HOLLIS. GRAB YOUR COAT AND I'LL WALK OVER THERE WITH YOU.

DON'T YOU WANT YOUR COFFEE?



"NAH, I'M SORRY... IT'S TOO BITTER."

"ANYWAY, I'D RATHER BE SOMEWHERE ELSE THAN SITTING HERE FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF."



WELL, LOOK, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WOULDN'T RATHER SIT AND TALK, HOLLIS WOULD UNDERSTAND IF I WAS LATE...

DAN, LISTEN, IT'S ALMOST SIX FIFTEEN ALREADY, AND YOU KNOW NEW YORK ON A SATURDAY NIGHT...



"SOMETIMES THE CABS JUST DIS-APPEAR AND GETTING FROM A TO B TAKES FOREVER."



WELL, I'M ALL THROUGH HERE. YOU'RE SAFE AS HOUSES. WHAT HAPPENED ANYWAY? Y'GET ROBBED?

UH, NO. NO ... A FRIEND. HE CALLED WHEN I WASN'T EXPECTING HIM...

HAH! I GOT BUDDIES LIKE THAT, ALWAYS TURNIN' UP DRUNK...



"COMPLETELY OUTTA THE BLUE!"

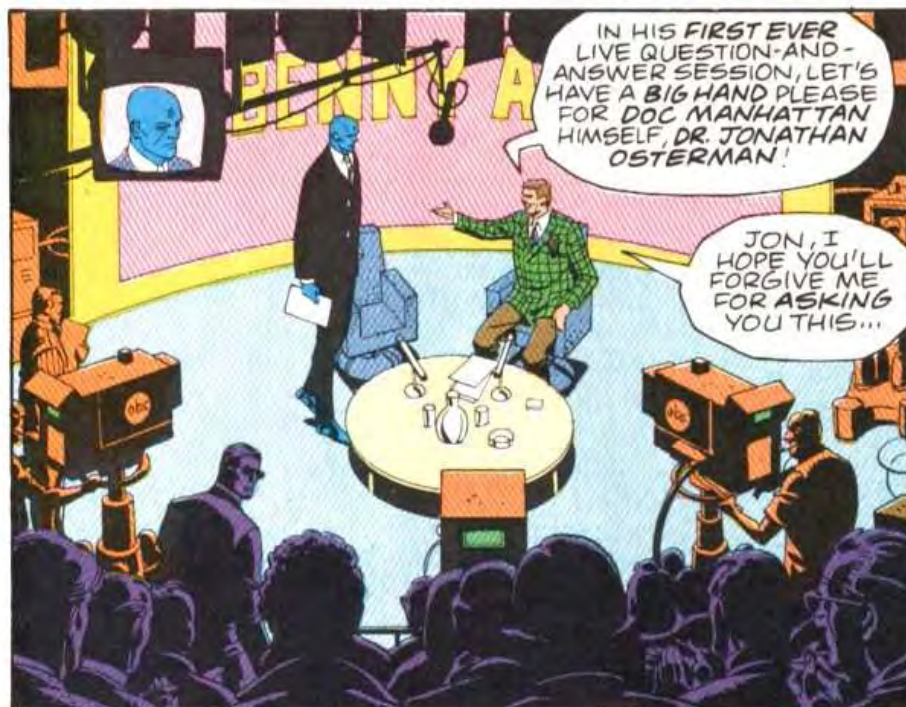


INCIDENTALLY, LADY, I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, ABOUT CABS. WHY DON'T YOU CALL MY BROTHER'S COMPANY, THE PROMETHEAN? IT BEATS WALKIN'. THESE ARE BAAAD NEIGHBORHOODS.

THAT'S OKAY.

I'M IN A BAAAD MOOD.

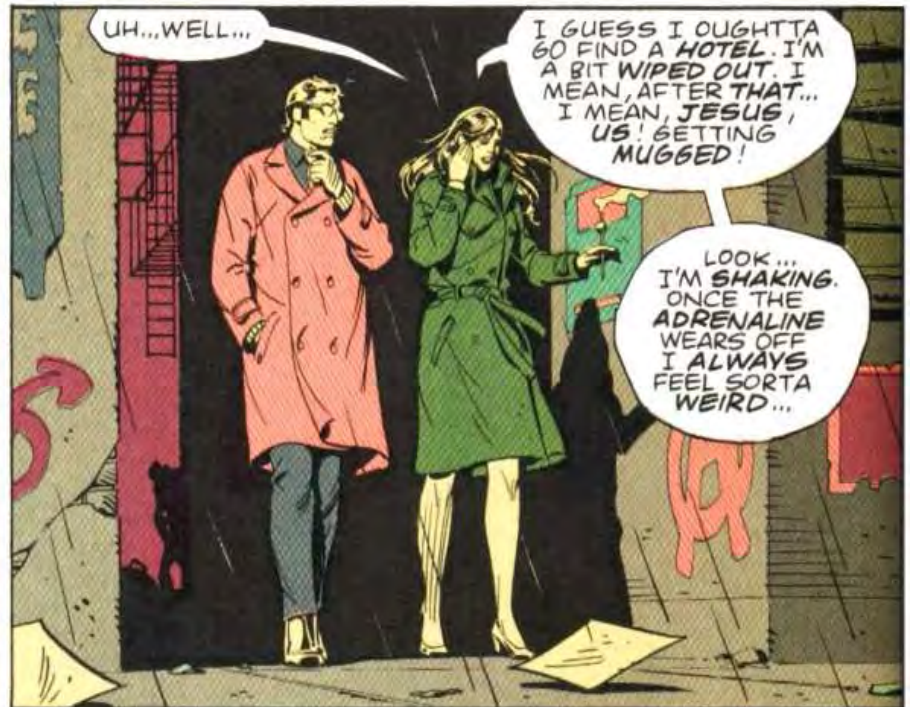




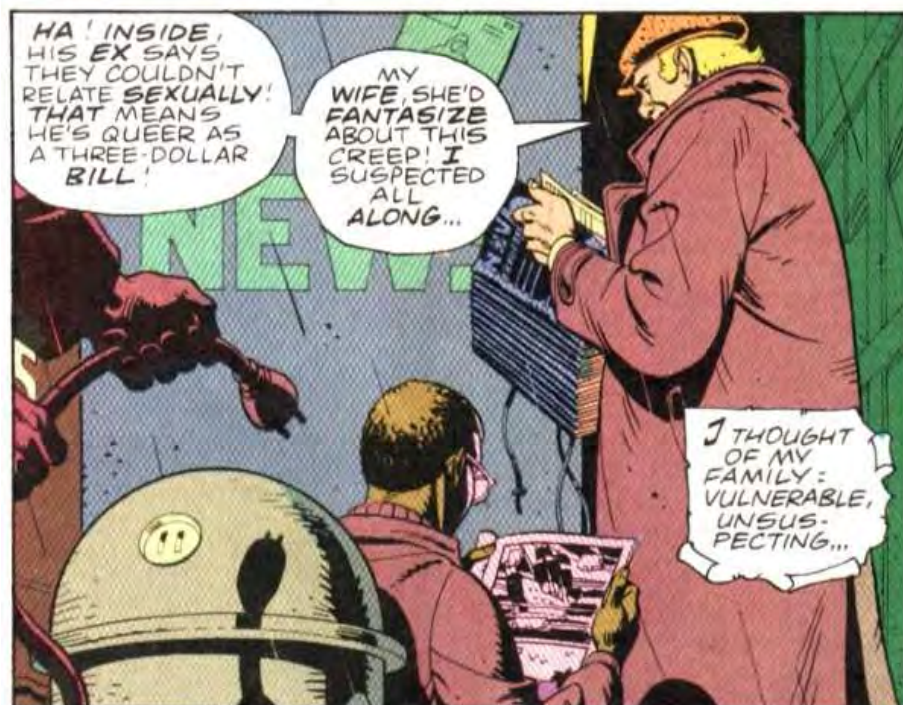


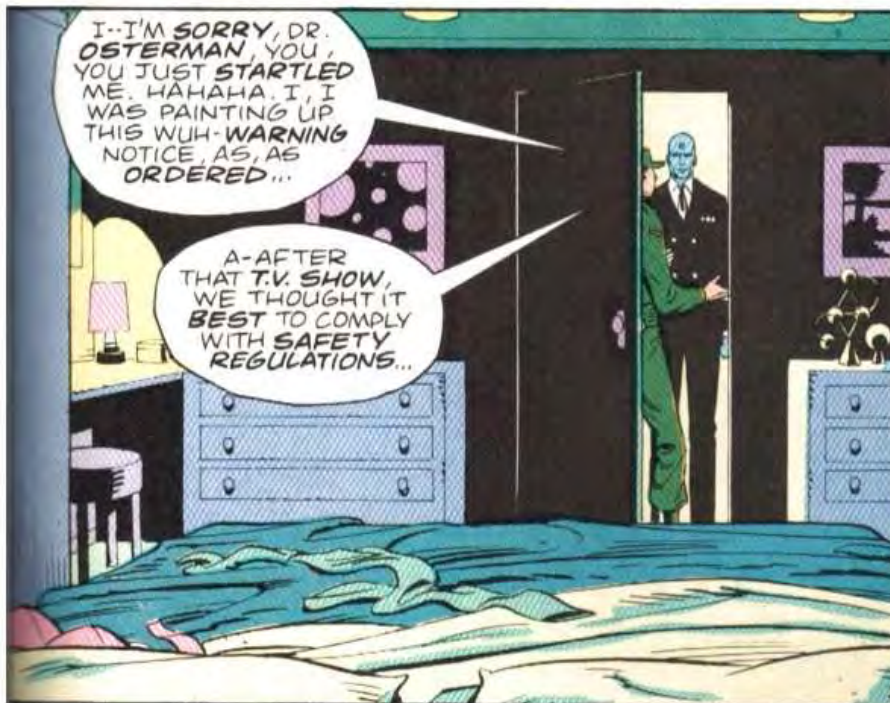
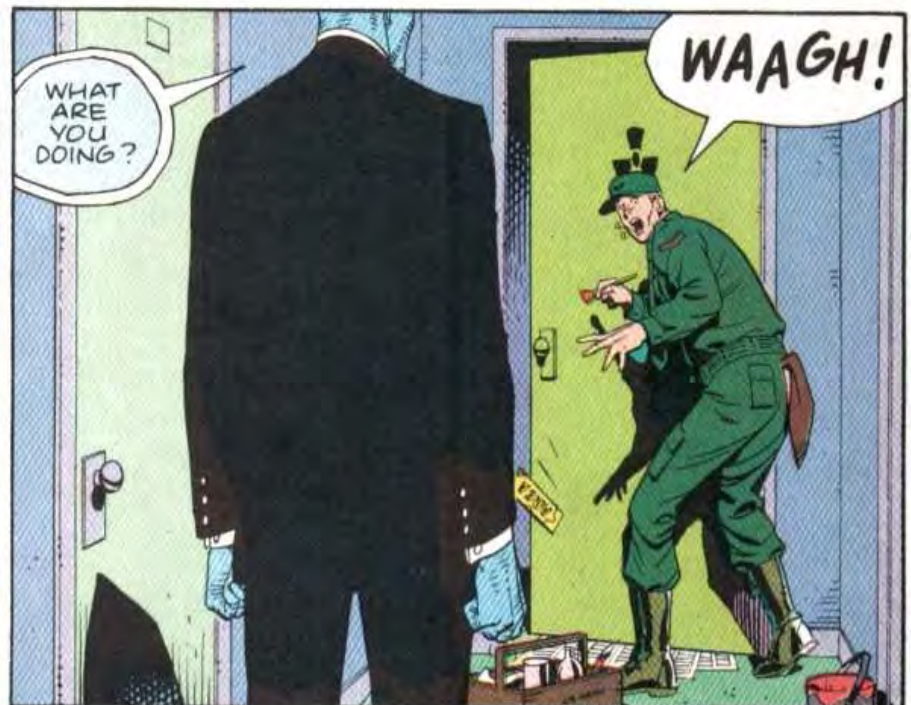




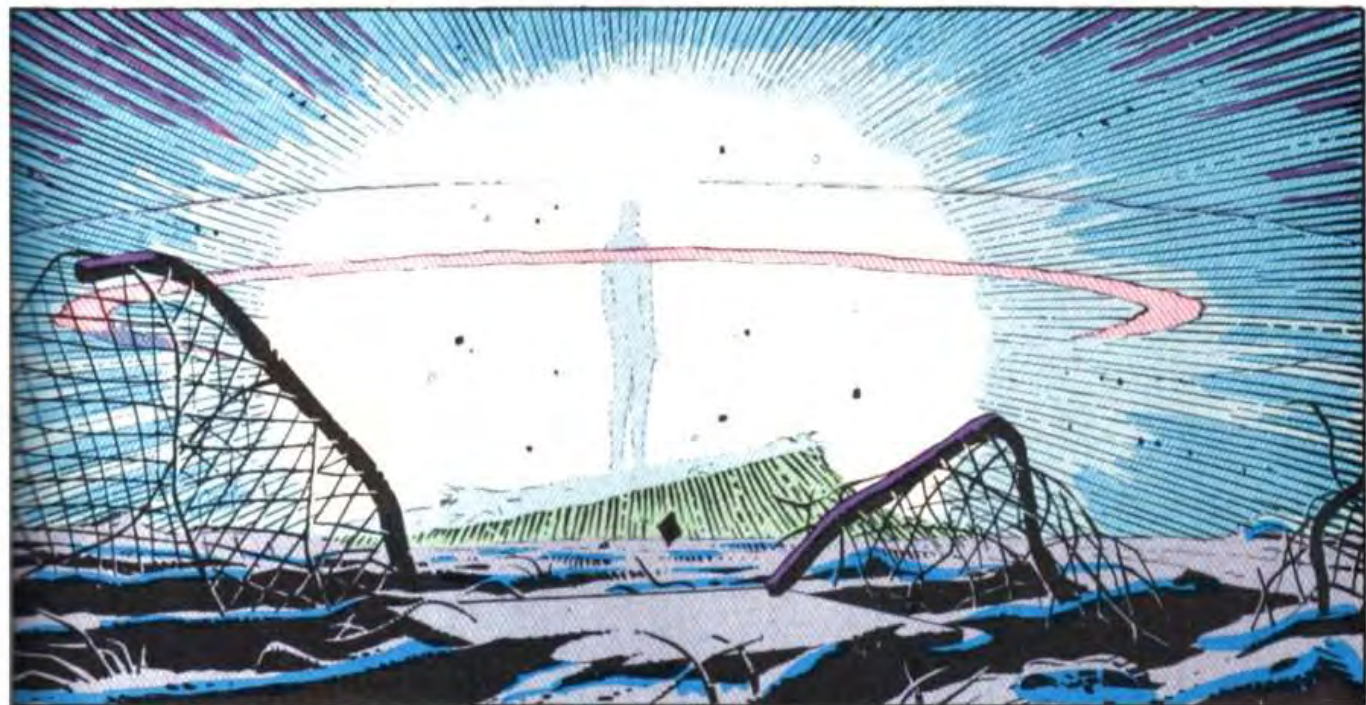








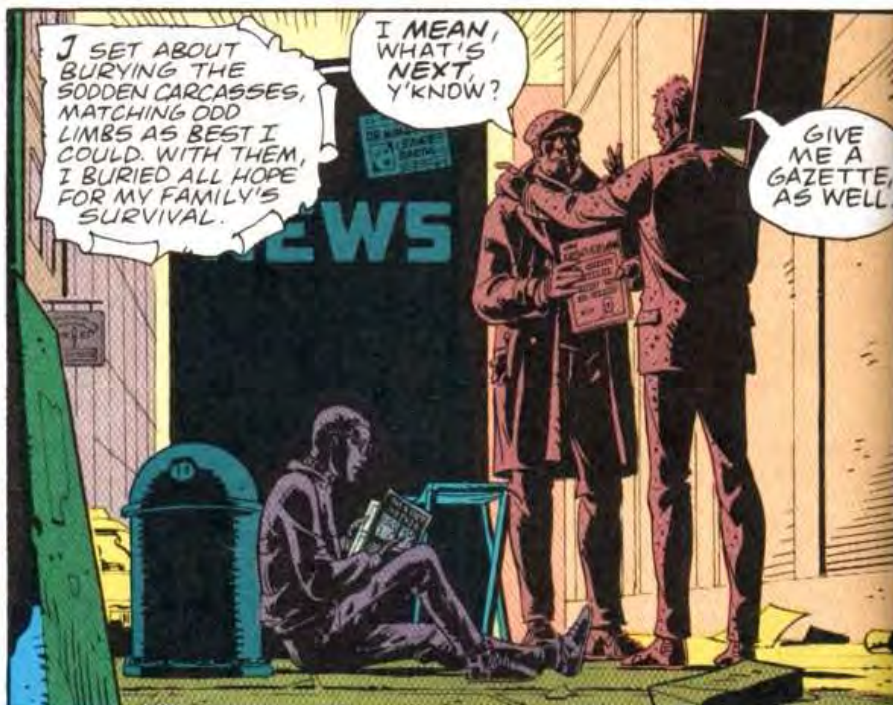






THE MORNING SUN FOUND ME NO MORE WISE, NO LESS TROUBLED. FURTHER DOWN THE SHORE, SEVERAL OF THE BEACHED CORPSES HAD BECOME INFLATED BY GAS.

YOU SEEN THIS? HE'S GONE! NEW FRONTIERSMAN SAYS IT'S THE RUSSIANS!



I SET ABOUT BURYING THE SODDEN CARCASSES, MATCHING ODD LIMBS AS BEST I COULD. WITH THEM, I BURIED ALL HOPE FOR MY FAMILY'S SURVIVAL.

I MEAN, WHAT'S NEXT, Y'KNOW?

GIVE ME A GAZETTE, AS WELL.



SURE. THERE Y'ARE. Y'KNOW, I HAD IT TAGGED FOR A RED SMEAR FROM THE START. I'M A NEWS-VENDOR.

HOW ABOUT YOU? I SEE THE WORLD DIDN'T END YESTER-DAY.

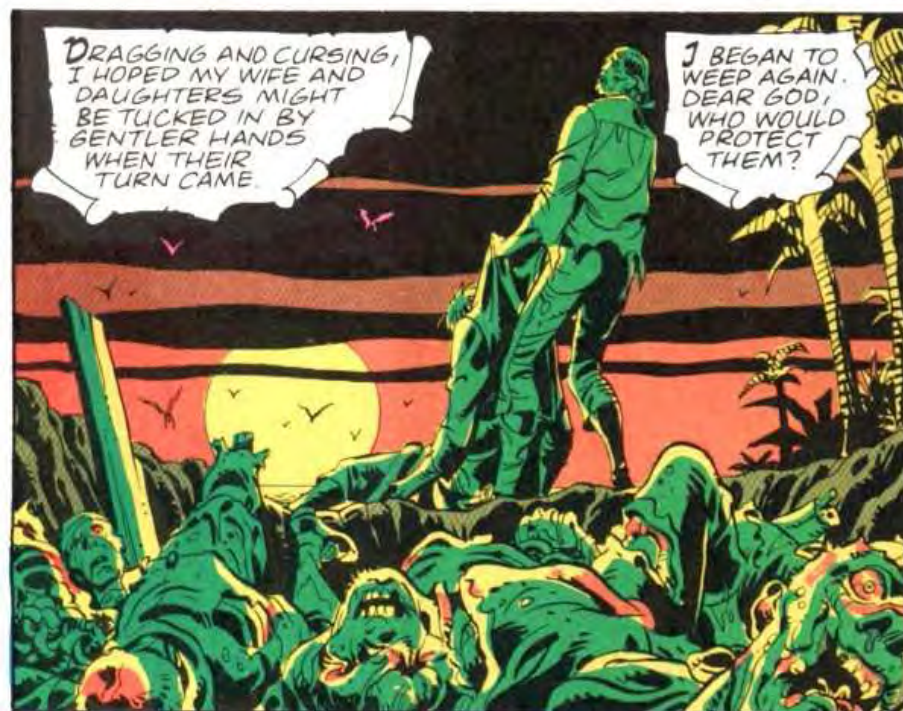


ARE YOU SURE?

USING DRIFT-WOOD, I BEGAN A PIT, DEEP AND WIDE. I HAD NEVER SEEN NOR IMAGINED SO MANY DEAD PEOPLE.



NOON CAME AND WENT. BY DUSK, THE CRATER WAS DEEP ENOUGH AND I COMMENCED HAULING THOSE COLD, MAIMED, WRETCHED THINGS INTO THE BED I HAD PREPARED.



DRAWING AND CURSING, I HOPED MY WIFE AND DAUGHTERS MIGHT BE TUCKED IN BY GENTLER HANDS WHEN THEIR TURN CAME.

I BEGAN TO WEEP AGAIN. DEAR GOD, WHO WOULD PROTECT THEM?



HEY! ARE YOU BACK AGAIN? LISTEN, WHEN ARE YA THINKIN' O' PAYIN' FOR THAT FUNNY BOOK?

THE FREIGHTER WAS ALMOST UPON THEM. WHO WOULD CARE FOR THEM, NOW I WAS GONE?



GONE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HE'S GONE?



I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU SPENT LAST NIGHT, MS. JUSPECZYK, BUT HAVEN'T YOU READ THE PAPERS? DR. MANHATTAN LEFT EARTH.

NOW, PLEASE... WE HAVE TO GIVE YOU A CANCER SCAN AND ASK SOME QUESTIONS...



CANCER SCAN? WHAT IS THIS? WHO'RE ALL THESE PEOPLE?

LEAVE THAT ALONE! THAT'S MY MOTHER'S!

MS. JUSPECZYK, WE HAVE TO ASK... DID YOU PLACE DR. OSTERMAN UNDER ANY EMOTIONAL STRESS LAST NIGHT?



WHAT? ARE... ARE YOU BLAMING ME FOR SOMETHING?

WH-WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? LISTEN, WHEN JON GETS BACK, YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE...

JESUS CHRIST, I HAVE TAKEN ENOUGH OF THIS.



LISTEN, LADY, IF OUR PSYCHOLOGISTS ARE RIGHT, "JON" IS QUITE POSSIBLY NEVER COMING BACK! YOUR MEAL TICKET HAS FLOWN THE COOP!

THE LINCH-PIN OF AMERICA'S STRATEGIC SUPERIORITY HAS APPARENTLY GONE TO MARS!

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT...



I AM IN BIG TROUBLE...

... AND YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE...





Y'KNOW, SUPER-HEROES ARE FINISHED. THESE DAYS, IT'S ALL PIRATES.

EXHAUSTED, I SLEPT ATOP THE GRAVE, DREAMS RINGING WITH THE HORRIBLY FAMILIAR SCREAMS OF CHILDREN. I SAW THE BLACK FREIGHTER BEARING DOWN ON ALL I LOVED...



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

NEWS

BACK IN '39, BEFORE THE REAL MASKED MEN SHOWED UP, SUPER-HERO COMICS WERE ENORMOUS. GUESS THEIR APPEAL WORE OFF...

...BUT I WAS POWERLESS TO STOP IT.



I REMEMBER THERE WAS SUPER-MAN, FLASH-MAN...

UH-OH! HERE'S THE EVENIN' EDITION DELIVERY...

HEY, MAN, I AIN'T BUYIN' THIS! RIPOFF STORY AIN'T GOT NO ENDIN'!



GIMME A BREAK, WILLYA? I'M ACCEPTIN' A CONSIGNMENT!

THANKS, CHUCK.

JUST LEFT HANGIN' WITH THAT SHIP COMIN' IN GONNA KILL EVERYBODY. SHEE-IT. I'M GOIN' HOME.



LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENIN' IN THE WORLD THIS FINE SUNDAY NI...

OH, JESUS.

JIVE PIRATES, MAN. YOU CAN KEEP IT.



WHAT?

NO... NO, YOU... YOU CAN HAVE IT...

AN' Y'CAN HAVE MY CAP, TOO. LISTEN, YOU GET HOME TO YOUR MOM, OKAY? YOU BE GOOD TO HER...



I MEAN... I MEAN WE ALL GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR EACH OTHER, DON'T WE?

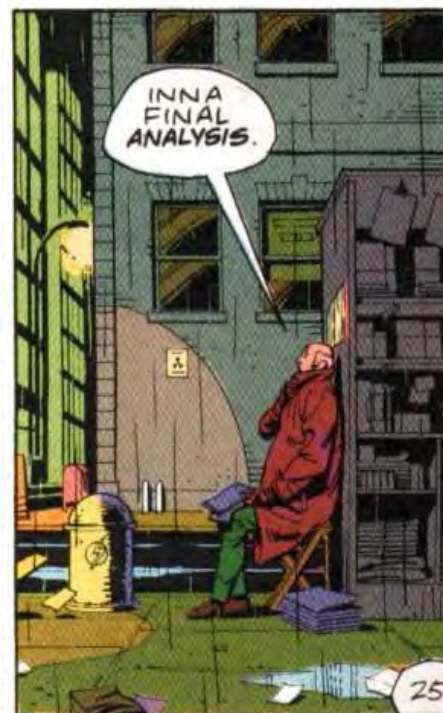
I MEAN, THAT'S MY PHILOSOPHY...

UHH... SURE! HEY, THANKS FOR THE STUFF, MAN. LISTEN, I GOTTA GO. YOU TAKE CARE, MAN.

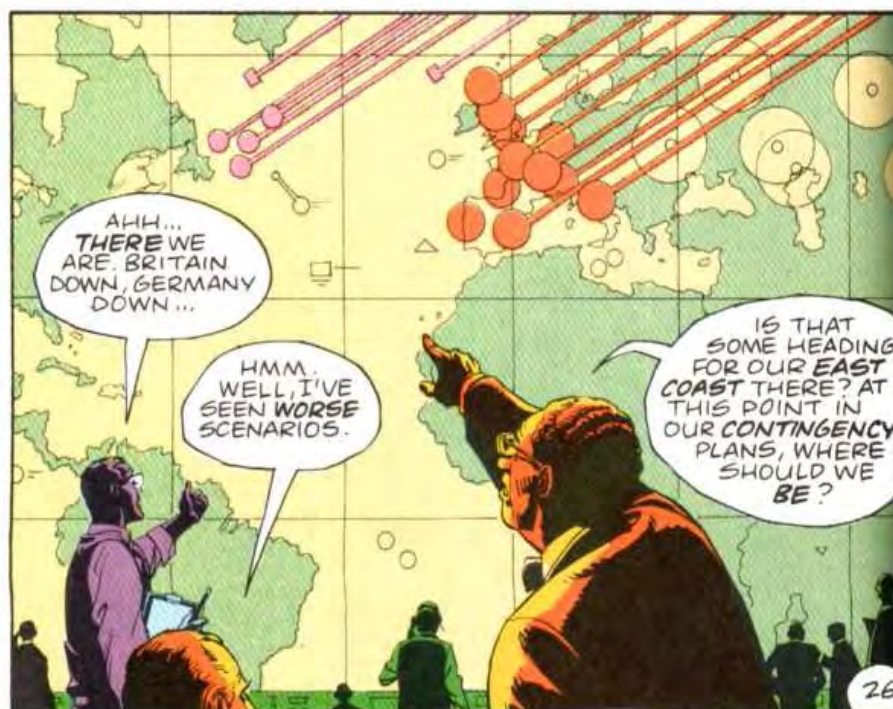


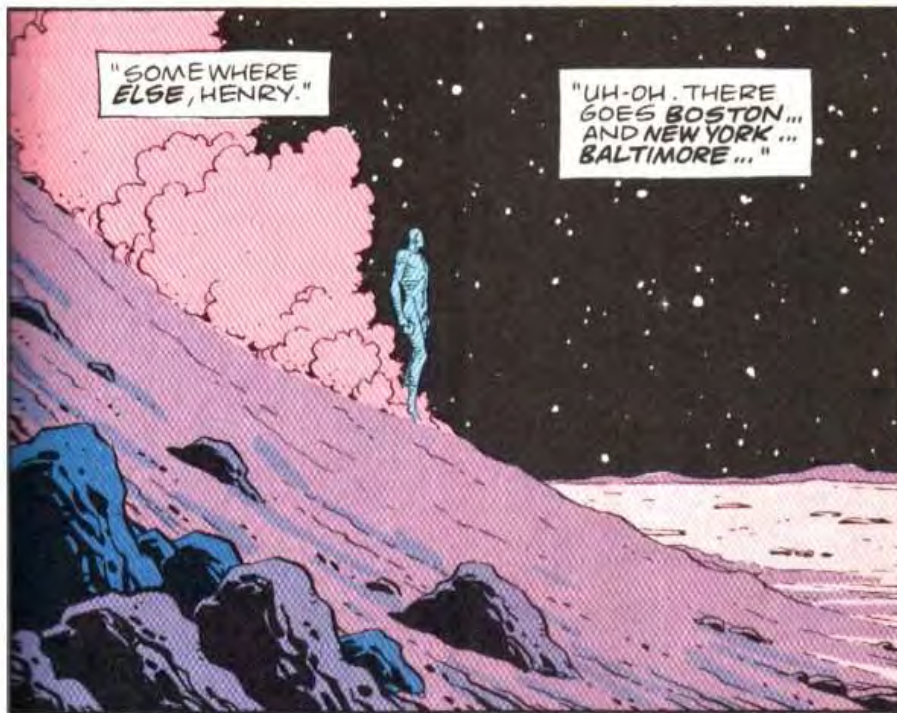
YEAH. YEAH, YOU TOO.

A-AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT PAYIN' FOR THAT BOOK, I MEAN, LIFE'S TOO SHORT...



INNA FINAL ANALYSIS.





"SOMEWHERE ELSE, HENRY."

"UH-OH. THERE GOES BOSTON... AND NEW YORK... BALTIMORE..."



...WASHINGTON...

WOW. THAT'S, UH...



"...THAT'S PRETTY BREATH-TAKING."

"I'LL SAY. DO YOU HAVE A PROJECTION OF THE FALL-OUT DRIFT FROM THAT?"



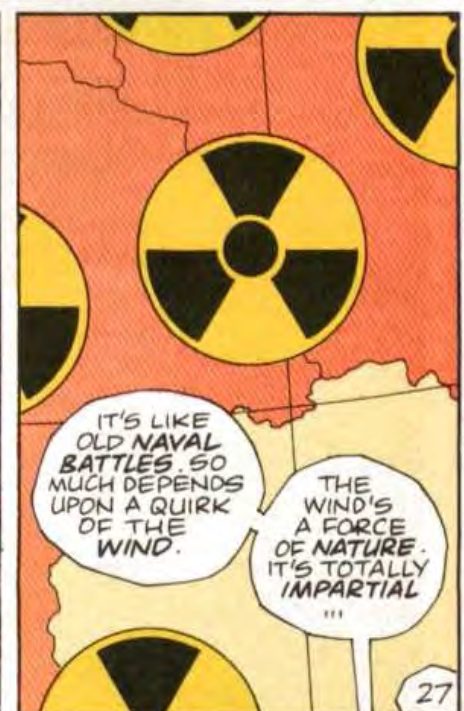
COMING UP NOW, WITH ANTICIPATED WIND PATTERNS, LOOKS LIKE MEXICO WOULD CATCH THE WORST. WE COULD PROBABLY SALVAGE A LOT OF THE FARM-BELT...

LOSING THE EAST COAST, WE'D NEED TO. I DON'T KNOW...



"I'D ALWAYS KIND OF HOPED THAT THE BIG DECISION WOULD REST WITH SOMEBODY ELSE."

"THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME THINKING ABOUT."



IT'S LIKE OLD NAVAL BATTLES. SO MUCH DEPENDS UPON A QUIRK OF THE WIND.

THE WIND'S A FORCE OF NATURE. IT'S TOTALLY IMPARTIAL...

"TOTALLY INDIFFERENT."



I
THINK WE'LL
GIVE IT A WEEK,
GENTLEMEN,
BEFORE
BRINGING OUT
OUR BIG
GUNS...



"AFTER THAT, HUMANITY
IS IN THE HANDS OF A
HIGHER AUTHORITY
THAN MINE."



"LET'S JUST HOPE
HE'S ON OUR SIDE."



Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? —GENESIS chapter 18, verse 25



UNDER THE HOOD

Presented here are the excerpts from UNDER THE HOOD. In this next chapter Hollis Mason discusses the traumas of the 1950s and the emergence of the new super-heroes. Reprinted with permission of the author.

V.

The Minutemen didn't get to usher in the 1950s with a Christmas celebration the way we'd ushered in the '40s, and perhaps that's appropriate. The decade following the disbanding of the group was cold and bleak, both for me in particular and for masked adventurers in general. Plus, it seemed to go on forever.

I think the worst thing was the belated realization of just how much a fad we'd always been, something to fill the dead columns of the newspapers right alongside the Hula Hoop and the Jitterbug. Ever since Sally Jupiter married her manager, his tireless, shrewd efforts as a publicist had been noticeably absent. He'd recognized that the day of the costumed hero was over — even though we hadn't — and he'd gotten out while the getting was good. Consequently, we found our exploits being reported less and less frequently. When they were reported, the tone was often derisive. I can remember a lot of hooded vigilante jokes coming into circulation during the early fifties. The mildest was one that suggested we were called The Minutemen due to our performance in the bedroom. There were an awful lot of bright blue gags about Sally Jupiter. I know, because she told me most of them herself the last time I saw her.

Sally had a baby girl named Laurel Jane in 1949, and it seemed to be right about then that her marital problems started. These were widely discussed, so I don't think I need repeat them here. Suffice it to say that the marriage ended in 1956, and since then Sally has done a first rate job of bringing her daughter up into a bright, spunky youngster that any mother could be proud of.

The thing about that particular decade is that things first started getting *serious* then. I remember thinking at the time that it was funny how the more serious things got, the better the Comedian seemed to do. Out of the whole bunch of us, he was the only one who was still right up there on the front pages, still making the occasional headline. On the strength of his military work he had good government connections, and it often seemed as if he was being groomed into some sort of patriotic symbol. At the height of the McCarthy era, nobody had any doubts about where the Comedian's feet were planted politically.

That was more than could be said for the rest of us. We all had to testify before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee, and were all forced to reveal our true identities to one of its representatives. Galling though this was, it didn't present any immediate problems for most of us. With Captain Metropolis having such an outstanding military record and with my own service in the police force, we both were more or less cleared of suspicion right away. Mothman met with more difficulty, mostly because of some left-wing friends he'd cultivated during his student days. He was eventually cleared, but the investigations were both lengthy and ruthless, and I think that the pressure he was under at that time prompted the beginnings of the drinking problem that has contributed so much to his later mental ill-health.

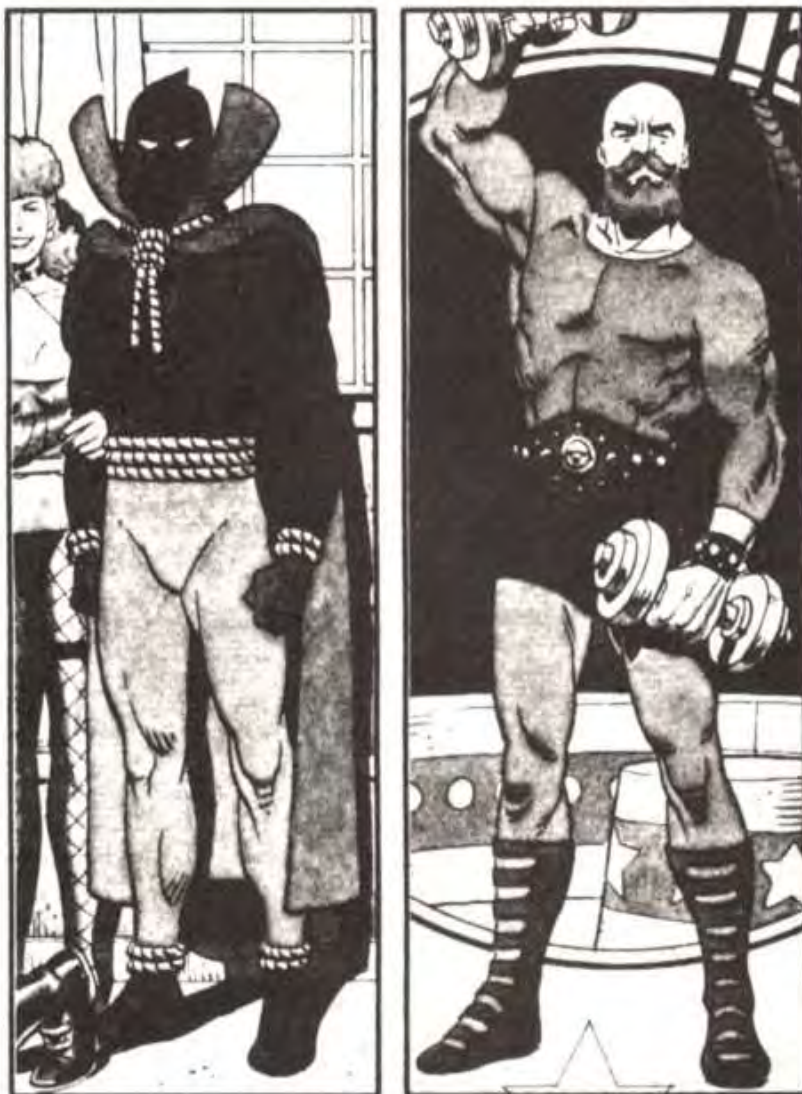
Only Hooded Justice refused to testify, on the grounds that he was not prepared to reveal



1947: Sally Jupiter marries Laurence Schexnayder. Can you spot the famous faces in the crowd?

his true identity to anyone. When pressed, he simply vanished...or at least that's how it seemed. Vanishing is no big problem when you're a costumed hero — you just take your costume off. It seemed quite likely that Hooded Justice had simply chosen to retire rather than reveal his identity, which the authorities seemed perfectly happy with.

The only detail concerning the disappearance of America's first masked adventurer that still nags at me was trivial, and maybe not even connected at all; it was brought up in an article that appeared in *The New Frontiersman*, almost a year after Hooded Justice vanished. The author mentioned the disappearance of a well known circus strongman of the day named Rolf Müller, who had quit his job at the height of the Senate Subcommittee hearings. Three months later, a badly decomposed body that was tentatively identified as Müller's was pulled from the sea after being washed up on the coast of Boston. Müller, assuming the



(left) Hooded Justice (right) Rolf Müller.
Were they the same man?

body actually was that of the renowned weightlifter, had been shot through the head. The inference of the article was that Müller, whose family was East German, had gone on the run for fear of being uncovered while the Communist witch hunts were at their most feverish. The piece also implied that Müller had probably been executed by his own Red superiors.

I always wondered about that. Müller disappeared at almost exactly the same time as Hooded Justice was last seen, and the two men had corresponding builds. Whether the body washed up on that Boston shoreline belonged to Müller or not, neither he nor Hooded Justice were ever seen or heard from again. Were they the same man? If they were, were they really dead? If they were dead, who killed them? Was Hooded Justice really working for the Reds? I don't know. Real life is messy, inconsistent, and it's seldom when anything ever really gets resolved. It's taken me a long time to realize that.

One of the big problems that faced costumed heroes at the time was the absence of costumed criminals of any real note. I don't think any of us realized how much we needed those goons until they started to thin out. You see, if you're the only one who'd bothered to turn up for a free-for-all in costume, you tended to look kind of stupid. If the bad guys joined in as well, it wasn't so bad, but without them it was always sort of embarrassing. There had never been as many costumed criminals as heroes, but with the end of the 1940s the trend grew much more pronounced.

Most of the crooks turned in their costumes along with their criminal careers, but some just opted for a less extroverted and more profitable approach. The new breed of villains, despite their often colorful names, were mostly ordinary men in business suits who ran drug and prostitution rackets. That's not to say they didn't cause as much trouble...far from it; I

just mean that they weren't as much fun to fight. All the cases I ended up investigating during the '50s seemed sordid and depressing and quite often blood-chillingly horrible. I don't know what it was... there just seemed to be a sort of bleak, uneasy feeling in the air. It was as if some essential element of our lives, of all our lives, was vanishing before we knew entirely what it was. I don't think I could really describe it completely except maybe to somebody who remembered the terrific elation we all felt after the war: we felt that we'd taken the worst that the 20th century could throw at us and stood our ground. We felt as if we'd really won a hard-earned age of peace and prosperity that would see us well into the year 2000. This optimism lasted all through the '40s and the early '50s, but by the middle of that latter decade it was starting to wear thin, and there was a sort of ominous feeling in the air.

Partly it was the beatniks, the jazz musicians and the poets openly condemning American values whenever they opened their mouths. Partly it was Elvis Presley and the whole Rock 'n' Roll boom. Had we fought a war for our country so that our daughters could scream and swoon over young men who looked like *this*, who sounded like *that*? With all these sudden social upheavals just when we thought we'd gotten everything straight, it was impossible to live through the 1950s without a sense of impending catastrophe bearing implacably down upon the whole country, the whole world. Some people thought it was war and others thought it was flying saucers, but those things weren't really what was bearing down upon us. What was bearing down upon us was the 1960s.

The '60s, along with the mini-skirt and the Beatles, brought one thing to the world that was significant above all others — its name was Dr. Manhattan. The arrival of Dr. Manhattan would make the terms "masked hero" and "costumed adventurer" as obsolete as the persons they described. A new phrase had entered the American language, just as a new and almost terrifying concept had entered its consciousness. It was the dawn of the Super-Hero.

Manhattan's existence was announced to the world in the March of 1960, and I don't think there can have been anybody on the planet who didn't feel that same strange jumble of emotions when they heard the news. Foremost amongst this assortment of sensations was disbelief. The idea of a being who could walk through walls, move from one place to another without covering the intervening distance and re-arrange things completely with a single thought was flat-out impossible. On the other hand, the people presenting this news to us were our own government. The notion that they might simply have made it up was equally improbable, and in the face of this contradiction, it became gradually easier to accept the dream-like unreality of those first newsreel images: a blue man melting a tank with a wave of his hand; the fragments of a disassembled rifle floating there eerily in the air with nobody touching them. Once accepted as reality, however, such things became no easier to digest. If you accept that floating rifle parts are real you also have to somehow accept that everything you've ever known to be a fact is probably untrue. That peculiar unease is something that most of us have learned to live with over the years, but it's still there.

The other emotions that accompanied the announcement were perhaps harder to identify and pin down. There was a certain elation... it felt as if Santa Claus had suddenly turned out to be real after all. Coupled with and complementary to this was a terrible and uneven sense of fear and uncertainty. While this was hard to define precisely, if I had to boil it down into three words, those words would be, "We've been replaced." I'm not just talking about the non-powered costumed hero fraternity here, you understand, although Dr. Manhattan's appearance was certainly one of the factors that led to my own increased feelings of obsolescence and my eventual decision to quit the hero business altogether. You see, while masked vigilantes had certainly been made obsolete, so in a sense had every other living organism upon the planet. I don't think that society has fully realized yet just exactly what Dr. Manhattan's arrival means; how much it's likely to change every detail of our lives.

Although Dr. Manhattan was the most prominent by far of the 'New Breed' of costumed heroes, he wasn't quite the first nor by any means the last. In the closing months of 1958, the papers mentioned that a major opium and heroin smuggling racket had been busted by a

young adventurer named Ozymandias, who seemed to have quickly gained a reputation amongst the criminal fraternity for his boundless and implacable intelligence, not to mention a large degree of athletic prowess.

I met both Dr. Manhattan and Ozymandias for the first time at a charity event in the June of 1960. Ozymandias seemed to be a nice young fellow, although I personally found Dr. Manhattan to be a little distant. Maybe that was more my fault than his, though, since I found it very difficult to feel easy around the guy, even once I'd got used to the shock of his physical presence. It's a strange feeling...the first time you meet him your brain wants to scream, blow a fuse and shut itself down immediately, refusing to accept that he exists. This lasts for a couple of minutes, at which time he's still there and hasn't gone away, and in the end you just accept him because he's standing there and talking to you and after a while it almost seems normal.

Almost.

Anyway, at that charity event...I think it was Red Cross relief for the ongoing famine in India...a lot of things became apparent to me. Looking around at the other adventurers there, I wasn't happy with what I saw: The Comedian was there, imposing his overbearing personality and his obnoxious cigar smoke upon anyone within reach. Mothman was there, a glass in one hand, slurring his words and letting his sentences trail off into incoherence. Captain Metropolis was there, his paunch starting to show despite a strict regimen of Canadian Air Force Exercises. Finally, leaving the two younger heroes aside for a moment, there was me: Forty-six years old and starting to feel it, still trying to cut it in the company of guys who could level a mountain by snapping their fingers. I think it was when that moment of self insight hit me that I first decided to finally hang up my mask and get myself a proper job. I'd been about due to retire from the police force for some time, and I started wondering about what I wanted to do now that the thrill of adventure had finally started to pale. Looking back over my life, I tried to work out what I'd been doing during my existence's happier stretches, in order to form a basis for my future contentment.

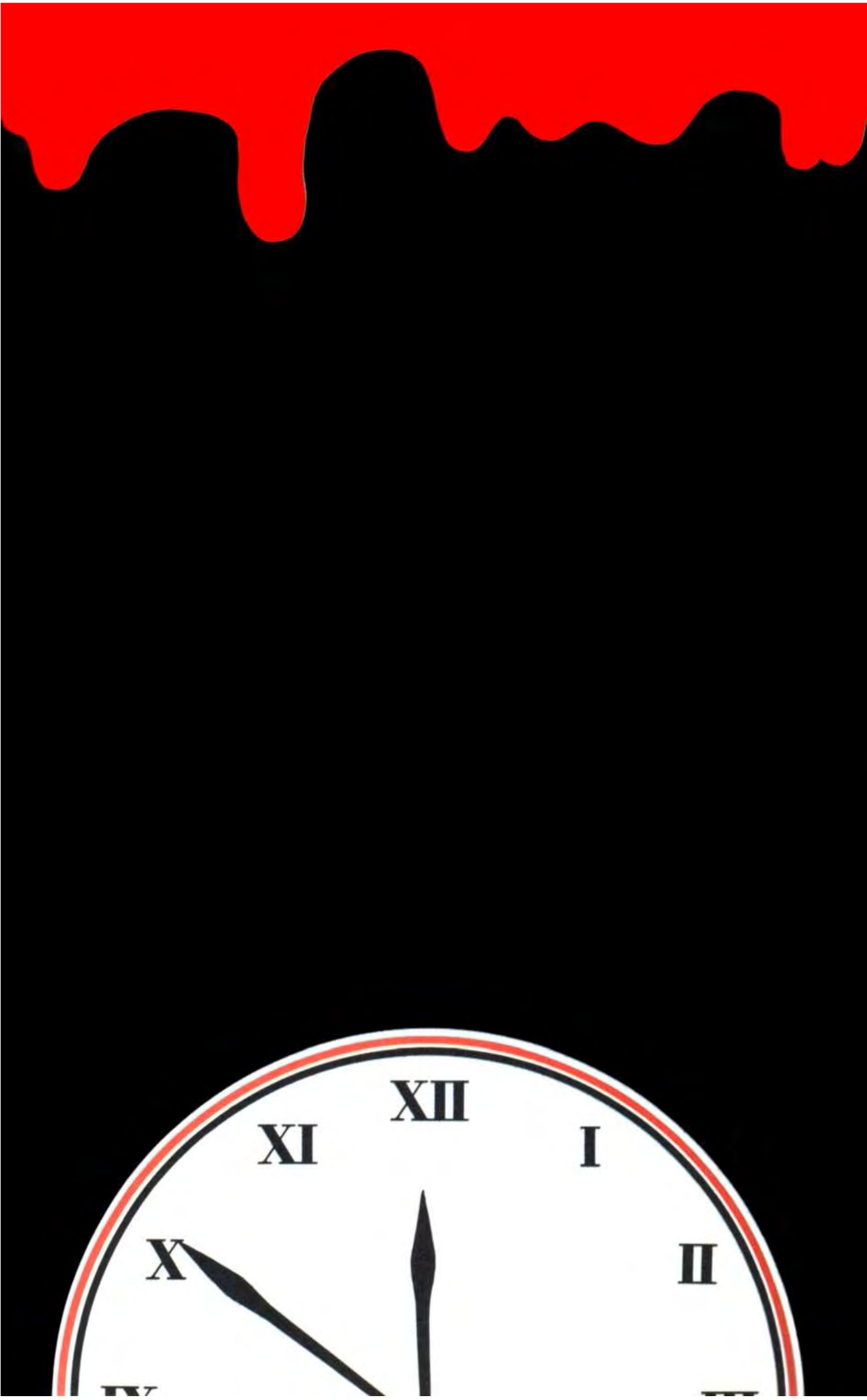
After much deliberation, I concluded that I'd never been happier than when helping my dad beat some sense into an obstinate engine down at Moe Vernon's yard. After a life of crime-fighting, no notion seemed sweeter to me than that of spending my autumn years contentedly making dead vehicles run again in the confines of my own auto repair shop.

In the May of this year, 1962, that's exactly what I opted to do.

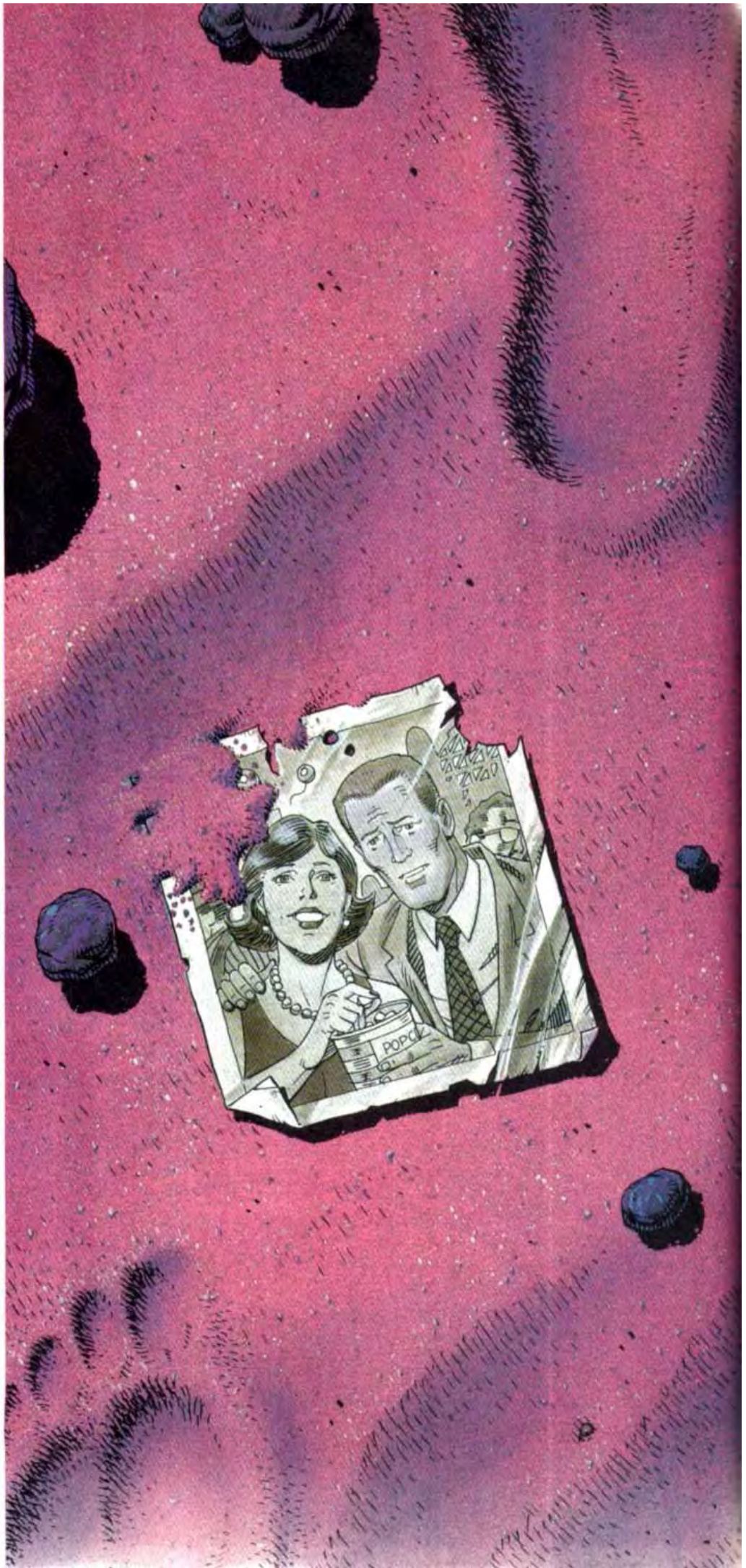
I retired. To mend cars. Probably for the rest of my life. As I see it, part of the art of being a hero is knowing when you don't need to be one anymore, realizing that the game has changed and that the stakes are different and that there isn't necessarily a place for you in this strange new pantheon of extraordinary people. The world has moved on, and I'm content to watch it from my armchair with a beer by my side and the smell of fresh oil still on my fingers.

Part of my contentment comes from knowing that there have maybe been some overall consequence of my twenty-three years behind the mask. This knowledge came to me in the shape of a letter from a young man whose name I'm not at liberty to reveal. He told me of his great admiration for my efforts as Nite Owl and proposed that since I'd retired and would no longer be using the name, perhaps he could borrow it since he intended to follow my example and become a crime-fighter. I've visited his home since then and seen some of the fabulous technology he intends to bring to bear on the war against crime. I was certainly far too impressed to refuse him the use of what I'd always thought was a dumb name to begin with, so by the time this sees print there may well be a new Nite Owl patrolling the streets of New York. Also, Sally Jupiter tells me that as soon as little Laurie's old enough she wants to be a superheroine just like her mom, so who knows? It seems as if from being a novelty nine-day wonder, the super-hero has become a part of American life. It's here to stay.

For better, or for worse.



CHAPTER 2



THE PHOTOGRAPH
IS IN MY HAND.

IT IS THE
PHOTOGRAPH
OF A MAN AND
A WOMAN. THEY
ARE AT AN
AMUSEMENT
PARK, IN 1959.



IN TWELVE SECONDS TIME,
I DROP THE PHOTOGRAPH
TO THE SAND AT MY
FEET, WALKING AWAY. IT'S
ALREADY LYING THERE,
TWELVE SECONDS INTO
THE FUTURE.

TEN
SECONDS
NOW.



THE PHOTOGRAPH
IS IN MY HAND.

I FOUND IT IN A
DERELICT BAR AT THE
GILA FLATS TEST
BASE, TWENTY-SEVEN
HOURS AGO.



IT'S STILL THERE, TWENTY-
SEVEN HOURS INTO THE
PAST, IN ITS FRAME, IN
THE DARKENED BAR.

I'M STILL
THERE,
LOOKING
AT IT.



THE PHOTOGRAPH IS IN MY
HAND. THE WOMAN TAKES
A PIECE OF POPCORN BETWEEN
THUMB AND FOREFINGER.
THE FERRIS WHEEL PAUSES.

SEVEN
SECONDS
NOW.



IT'S OCTOBER, 1985. I'M ON
MARS. IT'S JULY, 1959. I'M
IN NEW JERSEY, AT THE PAL-
ISADES AMUSEMENT PARK.

FOUR
SECONDS.
THREE.



I'M TIRED OF LOOKING AT
THE PHOTOGRAPH NOW.

I OPEN MY FINGERS.
IT FALLS TO THE SAND
AT MY FEET.

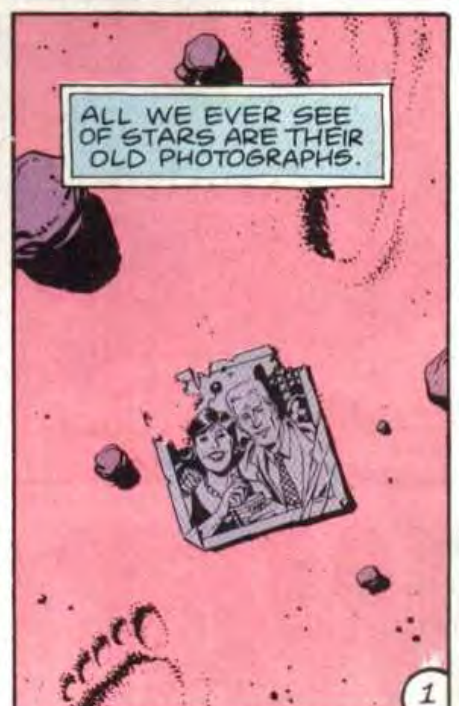


I AM GOING
TO LOOK AT
THE STARS.

THEY ARE SO
FAR AWAY,
AND THEIR
LIGHT TAKES
SO LONG TO
REACH US...



ALL WE EVER SEE
OF STARS ARE THEIR
OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.



I AM TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN MILLION KILOMETERS FROM THE SUN.

ITS LIGHT IS ALREADY TEN MINUTES OLD. IT WILL NOT REACH PLUTO FOR ANOTHER TWO HOURS.



TWO HOURS INTO MY FUTURE, I OBSERVE METEORITES FROM A GLASS BALCONY, THINKING ABOUT MY FATHER.

TWELVE SECONDS INTO MY PAST, I OPEN MY FINGERS. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS FALLING.



I AM WATCHING THE STARS. HALLEY'S COMET TUMBLES THROUGH THE SOLAR SYSTEM ON ITS GREAT SEVENTY-SIX-YEAR ELLIPSE.



MY FATHER ADMIRED THE SKY FOR ITS PRECISION. HE REPAIRED WATCHES.

IT'S 1945. I SIT IN A BROOKLYN KITCHEN, FASCINATED BY AN ARRANGEMENT OF COGS ON BLACK VELVET. I AM SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.



IT IS 1985. I AM ON MARS. I AM FIFTY-SIX YEARS OLD.



THE PHOTOGRAPH LIES AT MY FEET, FALLS FROM MY FINGERS, IS IN MY HAND.

I AM WATCHING THE STARS, ADMIRING THEIR COMPLEX TRAJECTORIES, THROUGH SPACE, THROUGH TIME.

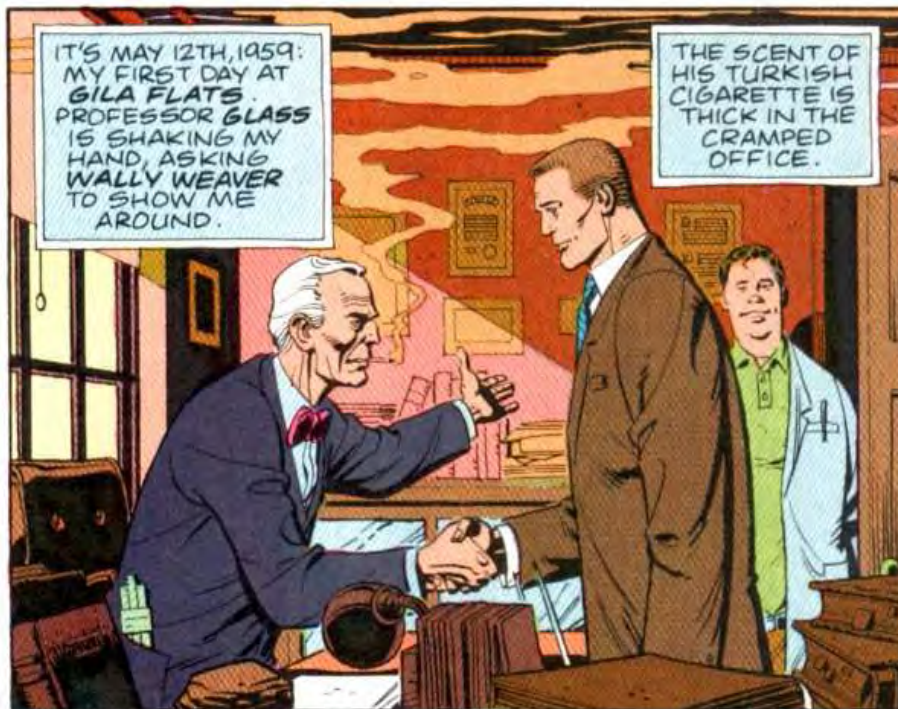


I AM TRYING TO GIVE A NAME TO THE FORCE THAT SET THEM IN MOTION.



WATCHMAKER







IT'S RIGHT THROUGH HERE ...

WALLY STEERS ME FROM THE ARIZONA SUNLIGHT INTO THE CROWDED BAR. THERE'S A SUDDEN SENSATION OF DÉJÀ VU: I'VE SEEN THIS PLACE BEFORE...



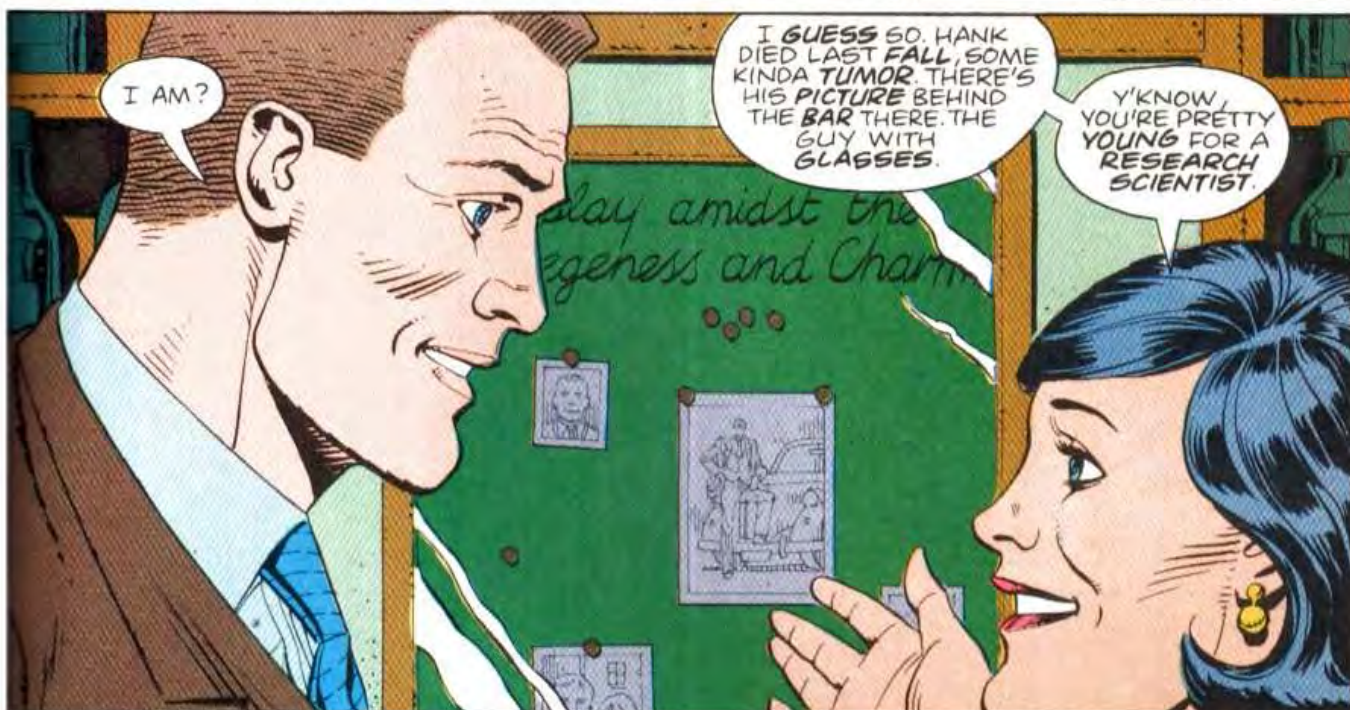
... EXCEPT THAT IT WAS DESERTED THEN, DERELICT, WITH STARLIGHT SHINING DOWN UPON ITS ROTTED FLOORBOARDS, THROUGH THE COLLAPSED CEILING...



THE ILLUSION VANISHES, ALMOST BEFORE IT HAS REGISTERED. IT'S MAY 12TH, 1959. WALLY IS INTRODUCING ME TO SOMEONE...

JANEY SLATER, MEET JON OSTERMAN. JON'S FROM PRINCETON.

OH... THE NEW GUY! YOU'RE REPLACING HANK MEADOWS, RIGHT?



I AM?

I GUESS SO. HANK DIED LAST FALL, SOME KINDA TUMOR. THERE'S HIS PICTURE BEHIND THE BAR THERE. THE GUY WITH GLASSES.

Y'KNOW, YOU'RE PRETTY YOUNG FOR A RESEARCH SCIENTIST.



WELL, YOU KNOW... MY DAD SORT OF PUSHED ME INTO IT. THAT HAPPENS TO ME A LOT. OTHER PEOPLE SEEM TO MAKE ALL MY MOVES FOR ME.

MM. I'LL BET.

CAN I GET YOU A DRINK?



SHE BUYS ME A BEER, THE FIRST TIME A WOMAN HAS EVER DONE THIS FOR ME. AS SHE PASSES ME THE COLD, PERSPIRING GLASS, OUR FINGERS TOUCH...



IT'S 1963. WE'RE MAKING LOVE AFTER AN ARGUMENT, OUR TENDERNESS IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO ITS VIOLENCE...

IT'S 1966, AND SHE'S PACKING: TEARFUL, CARELESS WITH ANGER...

THE PHOTOGRAPH LIES IN THE SAND AT MY FEET.

IT'S JULY, 1959. I'M RETURNING TO NEW JERSEY ON VACATION, VISITING OLD UNIVERSITY FRIENDS.

JANEY SHARES THE TRIP FROM ARIZONA. HER MOTHER LIVES IN JERSEY.



SHE CALLS HOME FROM THE STATION, BUT NOBODY ANSWERS. WE VISIT THE AMUSEMENT PARK, KILLING TIME UNTIL HER MOTHER RETURNS.

HEY, YOUNG LOVERS! HOLD IT!



BUT WE'RE NOT...

THERE! THAT'S JUST BEAUTIFUL! A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, PARTICULARLY OF THE LADY...



HE GIVES US AN ADDRESS WHERE WE CAN PICK UP 75-CENT PRINTS, AND WE WALK OFF TOWARDS THE TILT-A-WHIRL, LAUGHING AT HIS MISTAKE.



BY THE SHOOTING GALLERY, JANEY'S WATCHBAND SNAPS. BEFORE I CAN PICK IT UP, A FAT MAN STEPS UPON IT. I TELL HER I CAN FIX IT.



HER MOTHER STILL ISN'T ANSWERING. WE DECIDE TO CALL AGAIN FROM MY HOTEL. WE BOTH KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. EVENTS MESH TOGETHER WITH SOFT PRECISION...



WE REACH THE HOTEL. SHE CALLS AGAIN. HER MOTHER STILL ISN'T HOME.



SHE ASKS IF I CAN REALLY FIX HER WATCH. WE SIT TOGETHER ON THE EDGE OF THE BED, EXAMINING THE DAMAGE.



IT'S 1959. A PULSE FLUTTERS IN HER BELLY, BENEATH MY CHEEK.



IT'S 1966. THE SUITCASE WON'T SHUT AND SHE'S CRYING.

IT'S 1985. IN ONE HUNDRED MINUTES, THE METEORITE SHOWER BEGINS.



IT'S AUGUST, 1959. WE'VE BEEN BACK FROM JERSEY A MONTH. IN MY FUTURE, THE ACCIDENT IS WAITING FOR ME.

JON? DID YOU FIX MY WATCH YET?

YES! MATTER OF FACT, I DID! IT'S RIGHT ...

OH.



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

NOTHING. I LEFT IT IN MY LAB COAT WHEN WE WERE RESETTING THE I.F. CHAMBER THIS MORNING. YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE.



I CROSS THE SQUARE TO THE INTRINSIC FIELD CENTER. MY COAT'S INSIDE THE TEST CHAMBER. I CAN SEE IT THROUGH THE FOOT-THICK WINDOW...



THE ACCIDENT IS ALMOST UPON ME NOW.



THE OTHERS RETURN FROM LUNCH AND I ASK THEM TO LET ME OUT, LAUGHING AT MY OWN STUPIDITY.

NOBODY ELSE LAUGHS. DR. GLASS IS TURNING WHITE.



HE EXPLAINS THAT THE DOOR HAS LOCKED AUTOMATICALLY WHILE THE GENERATORS WARM UP FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S EXPERIMENT: REMOVING THE INTRINSIC FIELD FROM CONCRETE BLOCK FIFTEEN.

I ASK HIM WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER FOURTEEN...



...AND HE TELLS ME.

NO! NO, NO, NO!



I-I'M SORRY, OSTERMAN. THE PROGRAM'S LOCKED IN AND WE CAN'T OVERRIDE THE TIME-LOCK. IT ...

...IT'S A SAFETY FEATURE.

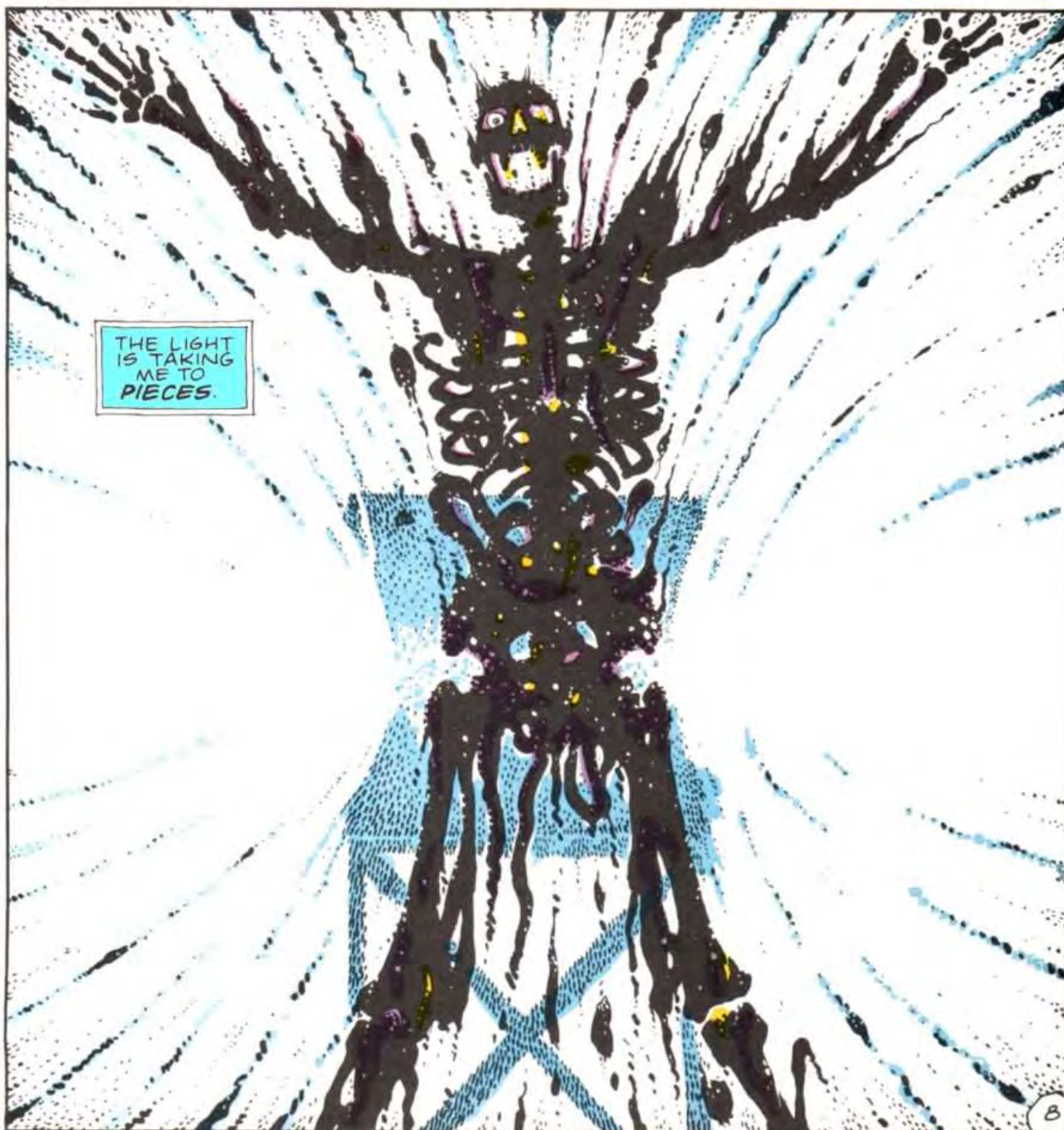
OH, GOD, LET ME OUT. LET ME OUT OF HERE...



JANEY? DON'T GO! I NEED ...

NO! DON'T ASK ME! OH, GOD, I CAN'T STAY AND WATCH. PLEASE, I...

I JUST CAN'T, OKAY?







IT'S NOVEMBER 22ND...

Y'KNOW, I'M THINKING OF QUITTING THIS PLACE. SOMETHING'S HAUNTING US...

WALLY, PLEASE. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT.



GEE, I'M SORRY, BUT...

HEY, CAN YOU HEAR THAT? THAT WHISTLING? IS IT IN MY EARS, OR WHAT...?

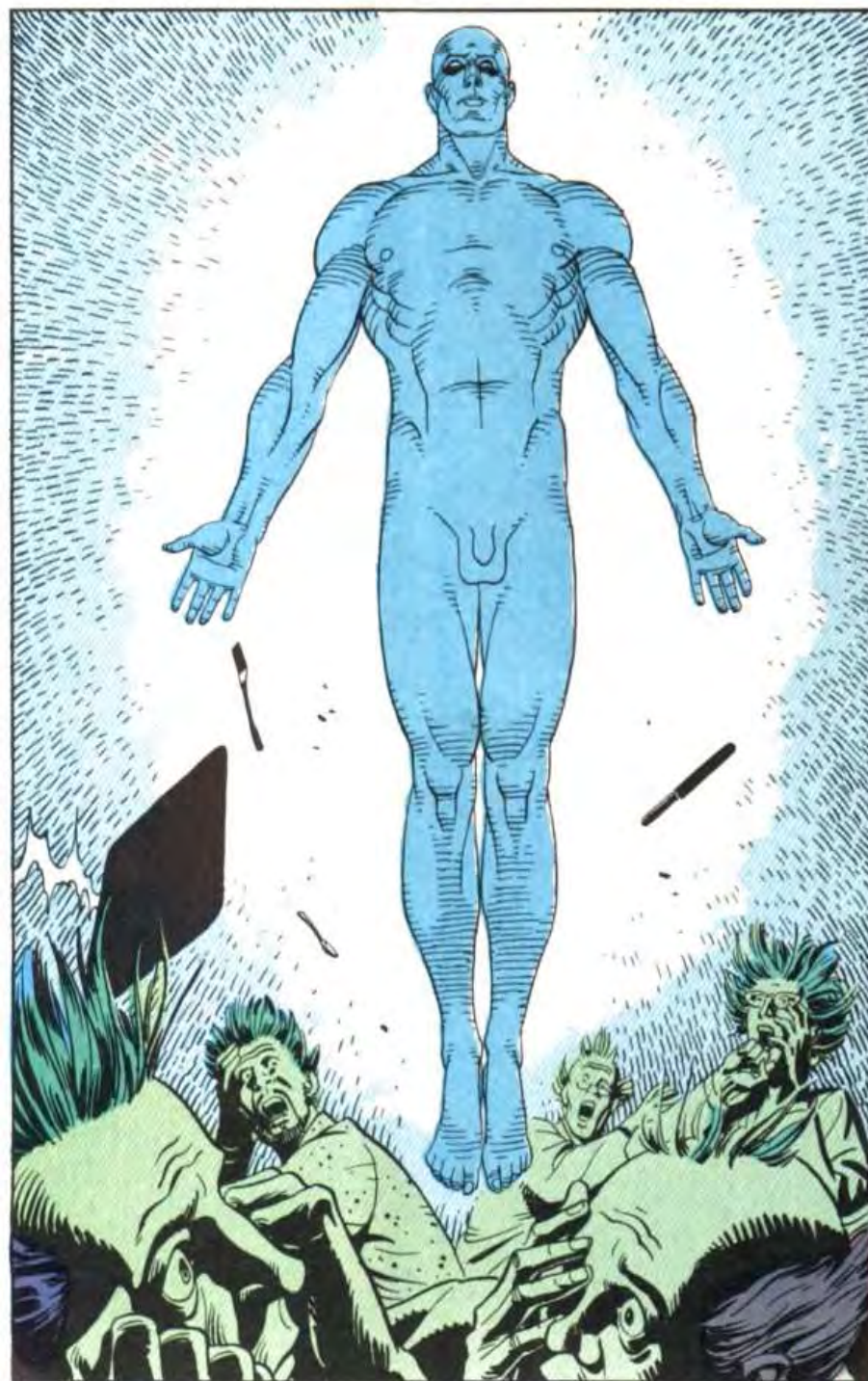
NO. NO, I CAN HEAR IT. IT'S... HEY! MY ARM! ALL THE HAIRS ARE STANDING UP...



DON'T PANIC! NOBODY PANIC!

AAAA! WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE CUTLERY, IT'S SPARKING...

OH, HOLY GOD. WILLYA LOOK AT THAT...



JON?

THEIR BLEACHED FACES STARE UP AT ME, PALE AND INSUBSTANTIAL IN THE SUDDEN FLARE OF ULTRAVIOLET.

SUNBURN IN NOVEMBER.



IT'S OCTOBER, 1985. I'M BASKING IN THE TWO-MILLION-YEAR-OLD LIGHT OF ANDROMEDA. I CAN SEE THE SUPERNOVA THAT ERNST HARTWIG DISCOVERED IN 1885, A CENTURY AGO.



IT SCINTILLATES, A WINK INTENDED FOR THE TRILOBITES, ALL LONG DEAD.

SUPERNOVAS ARE WHERE GOLD FORMS; THE ONLY PLACE. ALL GOLD COMES FROM SUPERNOVAS.



IT'S CHRISTMAS, 1959...

DO... DO YOU LIKE IT? I MEAN, IS THAT THE SORT OF THING THAT YOU LIKE, NOW THAT YOU'RE, UH...

YOU KNOW.



I LIKE IT VERY MUCH. ITS ATOMIC STRUCTURE IS A PERFECT GRID, LIKE A CHECKERBOARD. IT'S...

JANEY? WHAT'S UP? ARE YOU COLD? I CAN RAISE THE TEMPERATURE



NO... I'M NOT COLD.

I'M SCARED.



OF ME?

NO. YES. OH, GOD, LOOK, I...

I'M JUST SCARED BECAUSE EVERYTHING FEELS WEIRD. IT'S AS IF EVERYTHING'S CHANGED. NOT JUST YOU: EVERYTHING!



I MEAN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE. NOBODY DOES. YOU WERE DISINTEGRATED, YOU PUT YOURSELF BACK TOGETHER

THEY SAY YOU CAN DO ANYTHING, JON. THEY SAY YOU'RE LIKE GOD NOW.



I DON'T THINK THERE IS A GOD, JANEY. IF THERE IS, I'M NOT HIM.

I'M STILL THE SAME PERSON. NOTHING'S CHANGED. I STILL WANT YOU...



I'LL ALWAYS WANT YOU.

AS I LIE I HEAR HER SHOUTING AT ME IN 1963, SOBBING IN 1966. MY FINGERS OPEN. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS FALLING...



MARCH, 1960...

...STILL REELING FROM THIS MORNING'S ANNOUNCEMENT, POSSIBLY THE MOST SIGNIFICANT EVENT IN RECENT WORLD HISTORY.

WE REPEAT: THE SUPERMAN EXISTS, AND HE'S AMERICAN



ACCORDING TO PENTAGON SOURCES, THIS ASTONISHING INDIVIDUAL CAN CONTROL ATOMIC STRUCTURE ITSELF. WE SEE HIM HERE DISMANTLING A RIFLE WITHOUT TOUCHING IT...



...AND HERE, DEMONSTRATING THAT A PATTON TANK POSES HIM NO GREATER DIFFICULTY.



THERE HAS BEEN NO RESPONSE FROM THE KREMLIN AS OF THIS TIME...

...AND INDEED, HOW THIS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE DEVELOPMENT WILL AFFECT THE RACE IN WEAPONRY AND SPACE TECHNOLOGY HAS YET TO BE ASSIMILATED.



ALTHOUGH PHOTOGRAPHED LATE THIS AFTERNOON AT THE GILA FLATS TEST BASE, THE SUPERHUMAN... CODE-NAMED DR. MANHATTAN ...HAS NOT SPOKEN TO THE PRESS.



INSTEAD, WE ASKED THOSE COSTUMED VIGILANTES REMAINING FROM THE 1940'S MASKED HERO FAD HOW THEY FELT.

WELL, UHH, WE'RE PLEASED, OBVIOUSLY.



VERY, VERY PLEASED.

WELL, YOU KNOW ...THEY SAY HE WALKS THROUGH WALLS AND STUFF.

I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT.

HA! YOU KNOCKED 'EM ALL DEAD!



I MEAN, YOU WEAR AN OLD DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT FOR THAT PHOTO SESSION, AND NEXT THING, EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT ITS FASHION SIGNIFICANCE! CAN YOU IMAGINE?

YOU'VE ARRIVED.

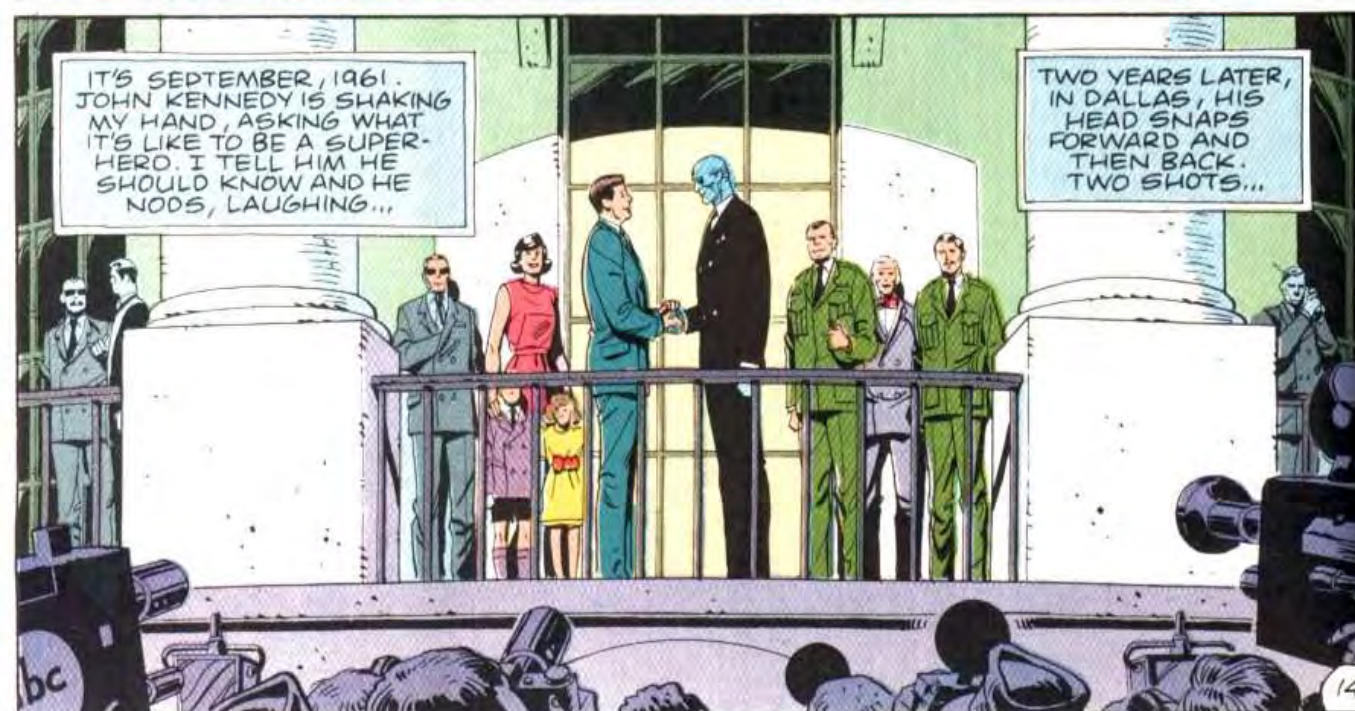


HAVE I?

SOMETIMES I FEEL AS IF I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME.



I'M THERE NOW, IN 1960, SAYING THOSE WORDS, WATCHING THAT T.V. SET...





IN MAY, 1962, A MASKED MAN RETIRES TO OPEN AN AUTO BUSINESS. HIS REAL NAME IS **HOLLIS MASON**. WE ARE TALKING AFTER A CIVIC BANQUET IN HIS HONOR.

DALLAS IS STILL EIGHTEEN MONTHS AWAY...



SEE THIS? ALMOST MAKES ME SORRY I'M **QUITTING** THIS RIDICULOUS BUSINESS.

THEN WHY HAVE YOU CHOSEN TO RETIRE NOW? IS IT YOUR AGE?



PARTLY. PARTLY, I GUESS IT'S YOU...

WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU AROUND, THE WHOLE SITUATION CHANGES. YOU CAN DO ANYTHING. ALL I GOT TO OFFER IS A GOOD LEFT HOOK.



NAH, I'M BETTER OFF **RE-TIRING**, WRITING MY **AUTOBIOGRAPHY**. REPAIRIN' FOLKS' CARS FOR 'EM... CARS ARE SOME-THING I'M HAPPY WITH...

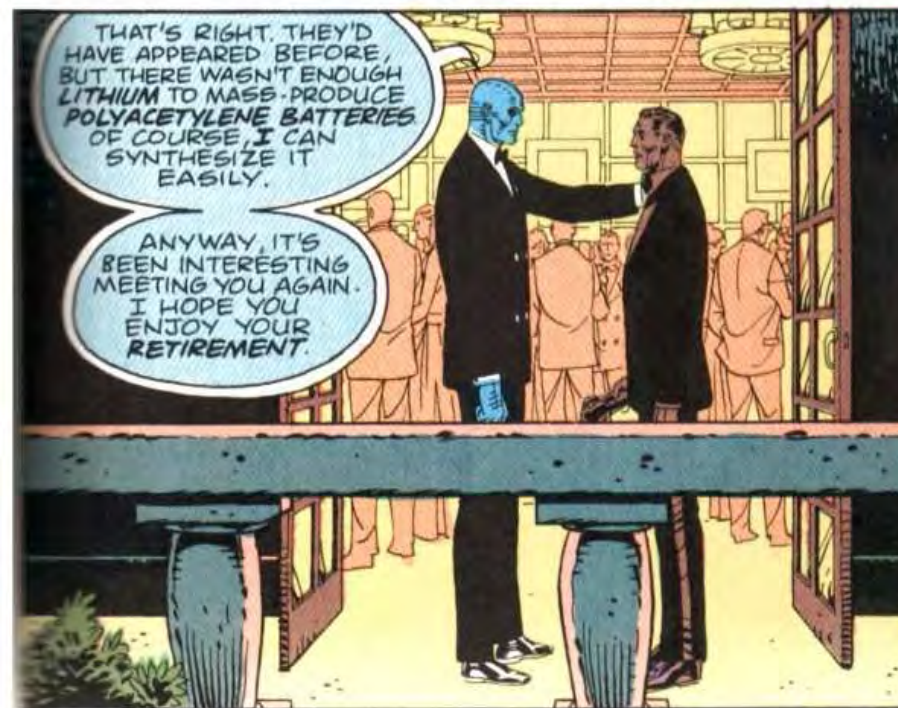
... AND IT'LL BE AWHILE BEFORE EVEN YOU AFFECT **GENERAL MOTORS**.



SEE, I UNDERSTAND CARS, HOW THEY WORK. THAT'S MORE'N I CAN SAY FOR THE REST O' THIS WORLD.

WELL, THE NEW **ELECTRIC CARS** SHOULD BE EVEN SIMPLER.

ELECTRIC?



THAT'S RIGHT. THEY'D HAVE APPEARED BEFORE, BUT THERE WASN'T ENOUGH **LITHIUM** TO MASS-PRODUCE **POLYACETYLENE BATTERIES** OF COURSE, I CAN SYNTHESIZE IT EASILY.

ANYWAY, IT'S BEEN INTERESTING MEETING YOU AGAIN. I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR **RETIREMENT**.



Y-YEAH.

YEAH, I HOPE SO TOO.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS AWAY, AN **ELECTRIC LIMOUSINE** IS PULLING ONTO **DEALEY PLAZA**...



SO, WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS YOU KNEW HE'D GET SHOT?

JON, I... I MEAN, IF YOU'RE SERIOUS, I MEAN, WHY DIDN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?



I CAN'T PREVENT THE FUTURE. TO ME, IT'S ALREADY HAPPENING.

JON, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT YOU KNOW THE FUTURE? ABOUT EVERYTHING? ABOUT US?



IN 1959, I COULD HEAR YOU SHOUTING, HERE, NOW, IN 1963. SOON WE MAKE LOVE...

JUST LIKE THAT? LIKE I'M A PUPPET? JON, YOU KNOW HOW EVERYTHING IN THIS WORLD FITS TOGETHER EXCEPT PEOPLE. YOUR PREDICTION'S WAY OFF, MISTER.



NO. WE MAKE LOVE RIGHT AFTER WALLY ARRIVES WITH THE EARRINGS I ORDERED FOR YOU...

SHUT UP! YOU'RE MESSING UP MY MIND, JON! SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE MESSING EVERYTHING UP!



I MEAN, ALL THIS NEW TECHNOLOGY, ALL BECAUSE OF YOU! THINGS ARE HAPPENING TOO FAST. THINGS SHOULDN'T...

WAS THAT THE DOOR-BELL?



JANEY? THE MAILMAN DELIVERED THIS TO ME BY MISTAKE. SORRY I DIDN'T DROP IT BY EARLIER. SAY HI TO JON FOR ME.

UH... UH, SURE. THANKS, WALLY.



JON? I-I'M SCARED. I FEEL LIKE THERE'S BIG INVISIBLE THINGS ALL AROUND ME.

WILL YOU HOLD ME, PLEASE?

IT'S 1963. AN HOUR INTO THE FUTURE HER SWEAT COOLS AND DRIES IN THE NOVEMBER BEDROOM.



IT'S 1964. I'M INFORMING THE PENTAGON THAT I'LL NO LONGER BE WEARING THE WHOLE OF MY COSTUME.

IT'S 1966. I'M IN A ROOM OF PEOPLE WEARING DISGUISES.



...THIRD, UH, I GUESS I SHOULD WELCOME EVERYBODY TO THE FIRST EVER MEETING OF THE CRIME-BUSTERS!

A VERY YOUNG GIRL SITS TO MY RIGHT. SHE LOOKS AT ME AND SMILES...



IN 1985, MY HANDS ARE ENCIRCLING HER FACE.

IN 1966, THE COSTUMED PEOPLE ARE ARGUING. JANEY IS TUGGING AT MY ARM...



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

YOU WERE STARING AT THAT GIRL IS THE MATTER! NOW PAY ATTENTION.

OBVIOUSLY, I AGREE... BUT A GROUP THIS SIZE SEEMS MORE LIKE A PUBLICITY EXERCISE...



SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. AFTER EACH LONG KISS, SHE PLANTS A SMALLER, GENTLER ONE UPON MY LIPS, LIKE A SIGNATURE.

IN 1966, THE MASKS ARE STILL SQUABBLING...



SOON, THE MEETING BREAKS UP. JANEY'S VOICE IS COLD, FURIOUS...

JON, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW, PLEASE.

PLEASE! DON'T ALL LEAVE...



OUTSIDE, JANEY ACCUSES ME OF "CHASING JAILBAIT." SHE BURSTS INTO ANGRY TEARS, ASKING IF IT'S BECAUSE SHE'S GETTING OLDER.

IT'S TRUE. SHE'S AGING MORE NOTICEABLY EVERY DAY...



...WHILE I'M STANDING STILL.



MAY, 1966...

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME OUT ON PATROL WITH ME. MY MOM TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING SHE KNEW, BUT I'M STILL PRETTY NEW TO ALL THIS.

UH... YOUR GIRL-FRIEND WON'T MIND, WILL SHE?



YOU PIG! I KNEW YOU WERE SEEING HER! I KNEW IT!

YOU'RE SICK! HOW OLD IS SHE? FOURTEEN? FIFTEEN?

PIG!



I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD CALL YOU. MY NAME'S LAURIE. DO YOU HAVE ANOTHER NAME, APART FROM DR. MANHATTAN?

YES.

MY NAME'S JON.



YOU TELL HER! YOU TELL HER WHAT IT'S GONNA BE LIKE WHEN HER FACE WRINKLES UP AND HER BOOBS START SAGGING AND YOU'RE STILL GODDAMNED THIRTY!

YOU TELL HER, AND SEE WHAT SHE SAYS TO THAT!



IT'S 1959. JANEY IS HANDING ME THE GLASS.

IT'S 1966, AND SHE'S PACKING: TEARFUL; CARELESS WITH ANGER...

THE PHOTOGRAPH LIES IN THE SAND AT MY FEET.

IN 1969, I'M RECEIVING NEWS OF MY FATHER'S DEATH.

IN 1959, HE'S OPENING A TELEGRAM FROM THE MILITARY INFORMING HIM OF HIS SON'S ACCIDENTAL DISINTEGRATION. I NEVER CORRECT THEIR MISTAKE.



GILA FLATS CLOSES DOWN IN 1970. ON LAURIE'S TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY, WE MOVE INTO OUR NEW WASHINGTON APARTMENT.

I'VE REVEALED MY TRUE NAME TO THE PUBLIC. AFTER FATHER'S DEATH, THERE SEEMS LITTLE POINT IN CONCEALING IT.



IN JANUARY, 1971, PRESIDENT NIXON IS ASKING ME TO INTERVIEW IN VIETNAM, WHILE TEN YEARS EARLIER, KENNEDY IS AVOIDING ANY MENTION OF CUBA.



LATER IN NOVEMBER, I'M TOLD THAT WALLY WEAVER HAS DIED OF CANCER, AGED 34.

IT'S MARCH. I'M IN SAIGON, BEING REINTRODUCED TO EDWARD BLAKE, THE COMEDIAN. HE WORKS MOSTLY FOR THE GOVERNMENT NOW. I SUPPOSE I DO, TOO.

BLAKE IS INTERESTING. I HAVE NEVER MET ANYONE SO DELIBERATELY AMORAL.



HE SUITS THE CLIMATE HERE: THE MADNESS, THE POINTLESS BUTCHERY...

AS I COME TO UNDERSTAND VIETNAM AND WHAT IT IMPLIES ABOUT THE HUMAN CONDITION, I ALSO REALIZE THAT FEW HUMANS WILL PERMIT THEMSELVES SUCH AN UNDERSTANDING.



BLAKE'S DIFFERENT.

HE UNDERSTANDS PERFECTLY...

...AND HE DOESN'T CARE.



IT'S MAY. I
HAVE BEEN
HERE TWO
MONTHS.

THE VIETCONG
ARE EXPECTED
TO SURRENDER
WITHIN THE
WEEK. MANY
HAVE GIVEN
THEMSELVES
UP ALREADY...

OFTEN, THEY ASK
TO SURRENDER TO
ME PERSONALLY,
THEIR TERROR OF
ME BALANCED BY
AN ALMOST
RELIGIOUS AWE.

I AM REMINDED OF HOW THE
JAPANESE WERE REPORTED
TO HAVE VIEWED THE ATOMIC
BOMB, AFTER HIROSHIMA.

IT'S JUNE, V.V.N. NIGHT, AND
THE COMEDIAN IS SLIDING
A GUN FROM ITS HOLSTER,
BLOOD STREAMING FROM
HIS LACERATED FACE...

IT'S OCTOBER, 1985. DECIDING
TO CREATE SOMETHING, I
TURN AWAY FROM STARS
THAT MAY HAVE BURNED
OUT AEONS AGO. I NO
LONGER WISH TO LOOK
AT THEM.

I NO LONGER
WISH TO LOOK
AT DEAD
THINGS.

IT'S 1975. THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSED **CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT**, ALLOWING HIM TO RUN NEXT YEAR FOR A THIRD TERM.

AMIDST ALL THIS, THE UNMASKING AND RETIREMENT OF **OZYMANDIAS** GOES ALMOST UNNOTICED.

SMART MAN QUITS
SMART MAN IN WORLD GOES PUBLIC



ADRIAN VEIDT ALIAS OZYMANDIAS

HIS REAL NAME IS **ADRIAN VEIDT**, A SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE. AFTER RETIRING FROM ADVENTURING HE INVITES LAURIE AND ME TO VISIT HIM AT HIS ANTARCTIC RETREAT.

OOH! WHAT IS IT? IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

THAT'S **BUBASTIS**. SHE'S A GENETICALLY ALTERED **LYNX**. THEY COST RATHER A LOT TO FEED, I'M AFRAID.

I HADN'T REALIZED THAT **EUGENICS** WAS SO ADVANCED NOW...

IT'S LEAPT FORWARD IN THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS. **EVERYTHING** HAS, FROM QUANTUM PHYSICS TO TRANSPORT.

FOR EXAMPLE, I UNDERSTAND THAT FAST AND SAFE **AIRSHIPS** MAY SOON BE ECONOMICALLY VIABLE...

...AND WE OWE IT ALL TO YOU. WITH YOUR HELP, OUR SCIENTISTS ARE LIMITED ONLY BY THEIR IMAGINATIONS

AND BY THEIR CONSCIENCES SURELY?

LET'S HOPE SO.

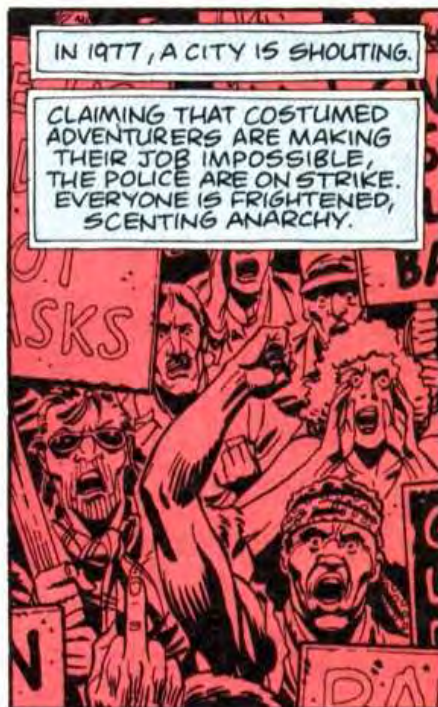
HIS EYES ARE SAD AND KNOWING. HIS SERVANTS BRING US **INDONESIAN FOOD** AND HE TALKS ABOUT HIS BUSINESS PLANS, ALL THE TIME FEEDING SCRAPS TO HIS BEAUTIFUL MONSTROUS CAT...

21



IT'S 1985. CHOOSING A SPOT TO BEGIN MY CREATION, I SIT DOWN. PINK SAND LIES POOLED IN MY BLUE PALM.

THIS DESERTED PLANET: IT IS SO WONDERFULLY, COMPLETELY SILENT.



IN 1977, A CITY IS SHOUTING.

CLAIMING THAT COSTUMED ADVENTURERS ARE MAKING THEIR JOB IMPOSSIBLE, THE POLICE ARE ON STRIKE. EVERYONE IS FRIGHTENED, SCENTING ANARCHY.



BELOW ME, LAURIE HAULS THE RINGLEADERS FROM THE CROWD, BUT THE PROCESS IS TOO SLOW...

LOOK AT HIM! LOOK AT THAT FREAK! IT'S AGAINST GOD!



I'D BEST DO SOMETHING...

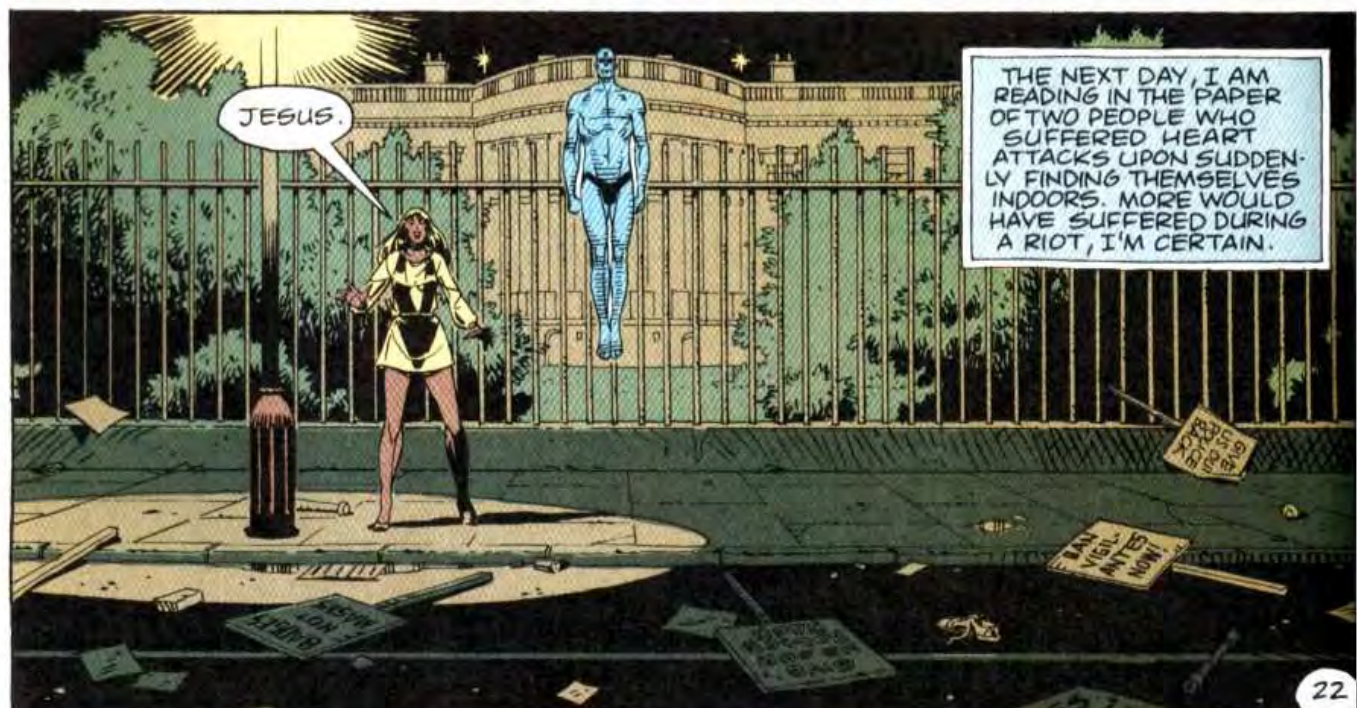
PAY ATTENTION. YOU WILL ALL RETURN TO YOUR HOMES.

OH, YEAH? AND WHAT IF WE DON'T YA BIG BLUE FRUIT?



YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME.

IT WAS NOT A REQUEST.



JESUS.

THE NEXT DAY, I AM READING IN THE PAPER OF TWO PEOPLE WHO SUFFERED HEART ATTACKS UPON SUDDENLY FINDING THEMSELVES INDOORS. MORE WOULD HAVE SUFFERED DURING A RIOT, I'M CERTAIN.

AUGUST 3RD, 1977:
THE EMERGENCY
BILL PROPOSED
BY SENATOR
KEENE HAS BEEN
PASSED.

VIGILANTISM IS NOW
ILLEGAL AGAIN, AS
IT WAS BEFORE THEY
ALTERED THE LAWS
TO ACCOMMODATE
STRATEGICALLY
USEFUL TALENTS
SUCH AS MYSELF.

AS LONG AS I CONTINUE
TO ACT UNDER U.S.
GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION,
I AM EXEMPT FROM THE
LAW. THEY CAN HARDLY
OUTLAW ME WHEN THEIR
COUNTRY'S DEFENSE
RESTS IN MY HANDS.



BLAKE IS ALSO
EXEMPT, SINCE
HE TOO WORKS
ENTIRELY FOR
THE GOVERN-
MENT.

LATER, AFTER HIS
HANDLING OF THE
IRANIAN HOSTAGE
SITUATION, EVEN
HIS HARSHTEST
CRITICS FALL SILENT.
LAURIE STILL HATES
HIM, HOWEVER.

SHE HERSELF HAS BEEN
FORCED TO RETIRE BY
THE KEENE ACT, BUT
HAVING NEVER REALLY
ENJOYED THE LIFE,
SHE DOESN'T MIND.

HER MOTHER
IS MORE
DISAPPOINTED
THAN SHE
IS.



THE NEW NITE OWL
HAS STATED THAT
HE WILL BE
RETIRED, ALTHOUGH
HE WILL NOT BE
MAKING HIS
IDENTITY PUBLIC.

LAURIE'S MET HIM
SEVERAL TIMES. SHE
SAYS HIS NAME
IS DREIBERG.

THE ONLY OTHER ACTIVE
VIGILANTE IS CALLED
RORSCHACH, REAL
NAME UNKNOWN.

HE EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS
TOWARD COMPULSORY
RETIREMENT IN A NOTE LEFT
OUTSIDE POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS ALONG WITH A
DEAD MULTIPLE RAPIST.





IT'S 1981 NOW. LAURIE AND I ARE SETTLING INTO OUR NEW QUARTERS AT THE ROCKEFELLER MILITARY RESEARCH CENTER IN NEW YORK.

IT'S WELL-EQUIPPED FOR MY WORK, BUT LAURIE FEELS WE'VE LOST OUR PRIVACY.



SHE'D LIKE IT HERE.

THROUGH MY BLUE FINGERS, PINK GRAINS ARE FALLING, HAPHAZARD, RANDOM, A DISORGANIZED STREAM OF SILICONE THAT SEEMS PREGNANT WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE SHAPE...



... BUT THIS IS ILLUSION. THINGS HAVE THEIR SHAPE IN TIME, NOT SPACE ALONE. SOME MARBLE BLOCKS HAVE STATUES WITHIN THEM, EMBEDDED IN THEIR FUTURE.



IN NEW YORK, WE GO WALKING.

THE STREETS SMELL OF OZONE RATHER THAN GASOLINE. FLAT INTANGIBLE BLOTS OF GRAY SLIDE ACROSS THE SUMMER SIDEWALKS, THE SHADOWS OF OVERHEAD AIRSHIPS.



IN 1959, A CHILD IS WEEPING FOR ITS LOST BALLOONS.

ANY MOMENT NOW, JANEY'S WATCHBAND WILL BREAK. SOMEWHERE, THE FAT MAN IS ALREADY LUMBERING TOWARD THE SHOOTING GALLERY, STEPS HEAVY WITH UNWITTING DESTINY.



IT'S AUGUST, 1985. I'M WALKING THROUGH GRAND CENTRAL STATION WITH LAURIE. WE STOP AT THE NEWSSTAND AND BUY A COPY OF TIME MAGAZINE, COMMEMORATING HIROSHIMA WEEK.



ON THE COVER THERE IS A DAMAGED POCKET-WATCH, STOPPED AT THE INSTANT OF THE BLAST, FACE CRACKED...



... HANDS FROZEN.



IT'S SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1985, AND WE ARE BEING INFORMED OF EDWARD BLAKE'S MURDER.

LAURIE'S MOOD SEEMS RESTLESS FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE WEEKEND.



WEDNESDAY THE 16TH. LAURIE IS VISITING HER MOTHER WHILE I ATTEND BLAKE'S FUNERAL.

A THIN MAN IN A BLACK COAT LEAVES ROSES, THEN WALKS AWAY. DO I KNOW HIM?



SATURDAY THE 19TH NOW. MY HANDS ENCIRCLE LAURIE'S FACE...

IN 1966, THE COSTUMED PEOPLE ARE ARGUING.

IN 1959, I AM TELLING JANEY I SHALL ALWAYS WANT HER.



IT'S LATER. LAURIE IS WALKING OUT ON ME.

ON A ROOFTOP IN THE PAST, I PULL HER SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BODY TO ME, BREATHING HER PERFUME, NEVER WANTING TO LOSE HER, KNOWING THAT I SHALL.



LATER STILL, AND IN THE CROWDED T.V. STUDIO, I AM BEING ACCUSED OF KILLING THOSE CLOSEST TO ME.

THE WORD "CANCER" RUNS THROUGH THE AUDIENCE ON A FIRECRACKER STRING OF ANXIOUS WHISPERS.



I AM TIRED OF THIS WORLD; THESE PEOPLE. I AM TIRED OF BEING CAUGHT IN THE TANGLE OF THEIR LIVES.

IN ARIZONA, I'M ENTERING THE RUINED BAR WITH A SENSATION OF DÉJÀ VU...



...AND I'M TAKING THE SNAPSHOT FROM ITS BROKEN FRAME...

...and I'm taking the snapshot from its broken frame...



... AND I'M GONE.

GONE TO
MARS.



GONE TO A PLACE WITHOUT
CLOCKS, WITHOUT SEASONS,
WITHOUT HOURGLASSES
TO TRAP THE SHIFTING
PINK SAND.



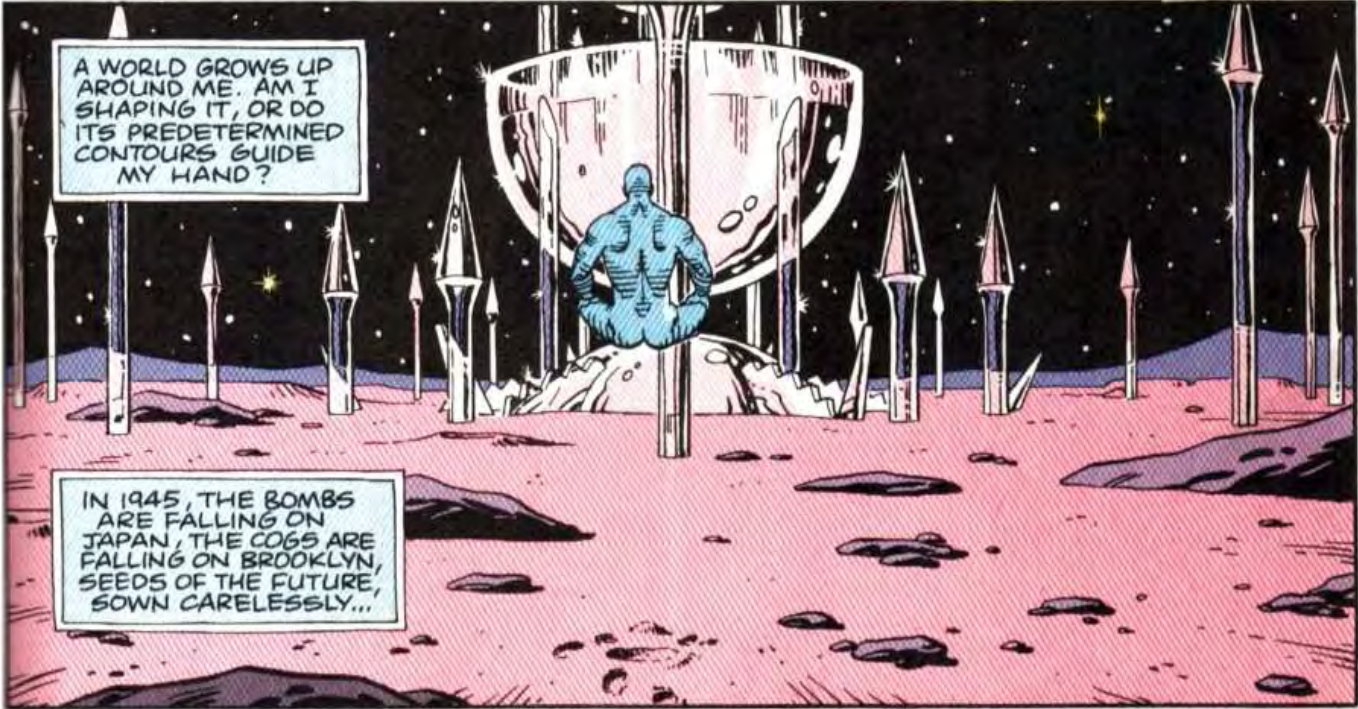
BELOW ME, IN THE
SAND, THE SECRET
SHAPE OF MY CREATION
IS CONCEALED, BURIED
IN THE SAND'S FUTURE.

I RISE INTO THE THIN AIR.



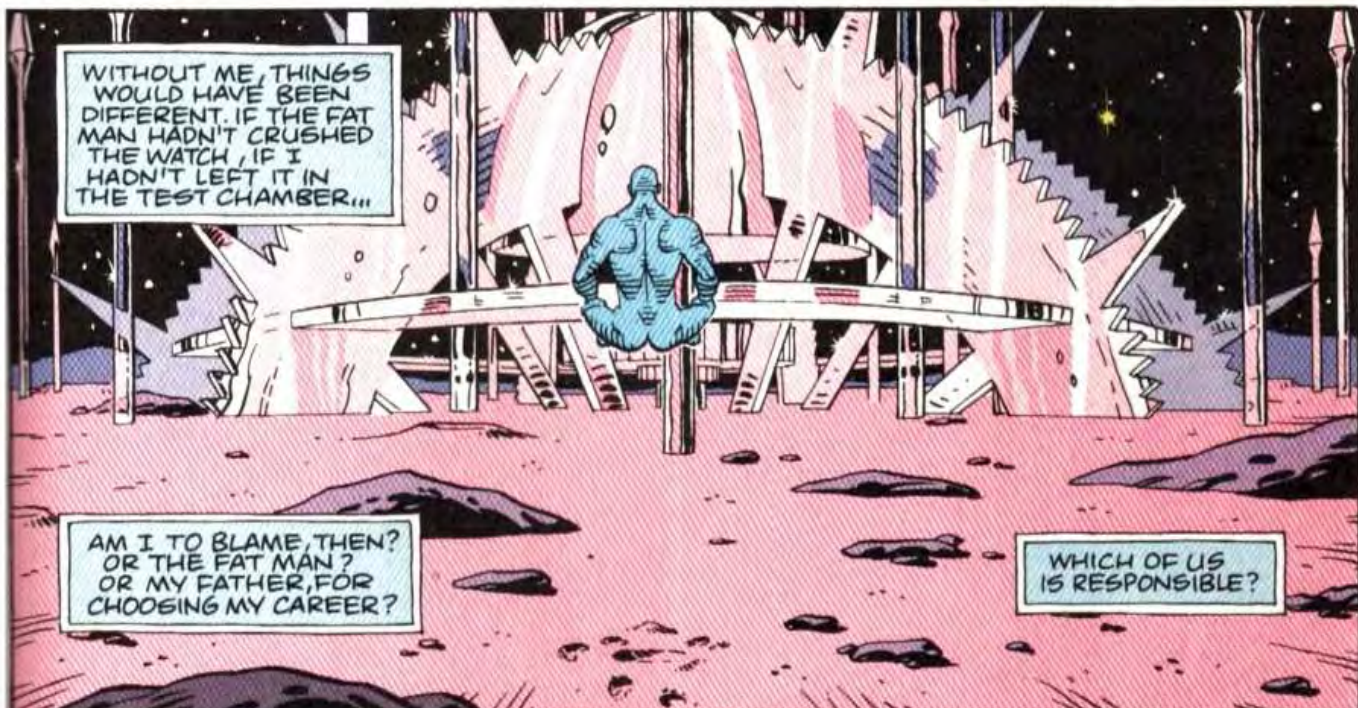
I AM
READY TO
BEGIN.





A WORLD GROWS UP
AROUND ME. AM I
SHAPING IT, OR DO
ITS PREDETERMINED
CONTOURS GUIDE
MY HAND?

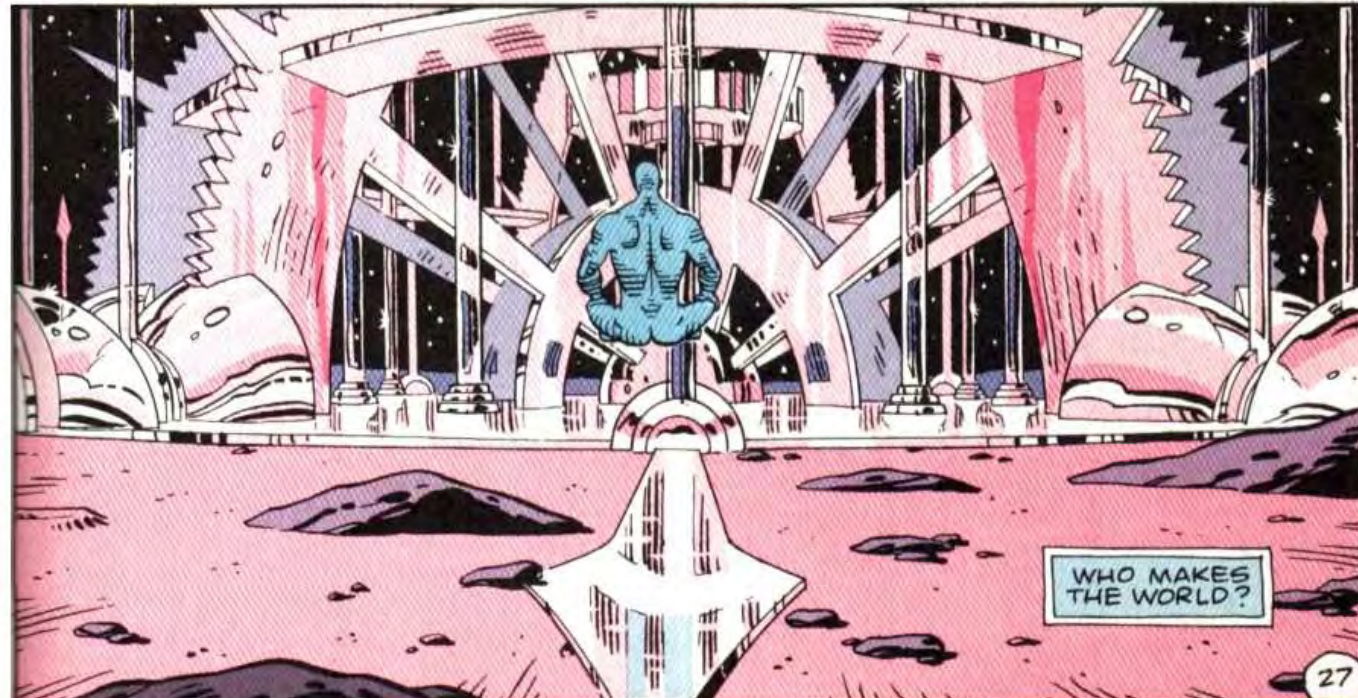
IN 1945, THE BOMBS
ARE FALLING ON
JAPAN, THE COGS ARE
FALLING ON BROOKLYN,
SEEDS OF THE FUTURE,
SOWN CARELESSLY...



WITHOUT ME, THINGS
WOULD HAVE BEEN
DIFFERENT. IF THE FAT
MAN HADN'T CRUSHED
THE WATCH, IF I
HADN'T LEFT IT IN
THE TEST CHAMBER...

AM I TO BLAME, THEN?
OR THE FAT MAN?
OR MY FATHER, FOR
CHOOSING MY CAREER?

WHICH OF US
IS RESPONSIBLE?



WHO MAKES
THE WORLD?

PERHAPS THE WORLD
IS NOT MADE. PERHAPS
NOTHING IS MADE.
PERHAPS IT SIMPLY
IS, HAS BEEN, WILL
ALWAYS BE THERE...

A CLOCK WITHOUT
A CRAFTSMAN.



I AM STANDING ON A
BALCONY OF PINK SAND,
HARDENED TO GLASS. IT
GLITTERS IN THE TEN-
MINUTE-OLD SUNSHINE.

THE LIGHT
OF TWO
HOURS PAST
WILL JUST BE
REACHING
PLUTO.



IF THEY HAVE STRONG
TELESCOPES THERE, THEY
CAN SEE ME; THE
PHOTOGRAPH IN MY
HAND, FALLING ...

LYING IN
THE SAND
AT MY FEET.



I AM STANDING ON A
FIRE ESCAPE IN 1945,
REACHING OUT TO STOP
MY FATHER, TAKE THE COGS
AND FLYWHEELS FROM
HIM, PIECE THEM ALL
TOGETHER AGAIN...

BUT IT'S TOO LATE, ALWAYS
HAS BEEN, ALWAYS WILL
BE TOO LATE.



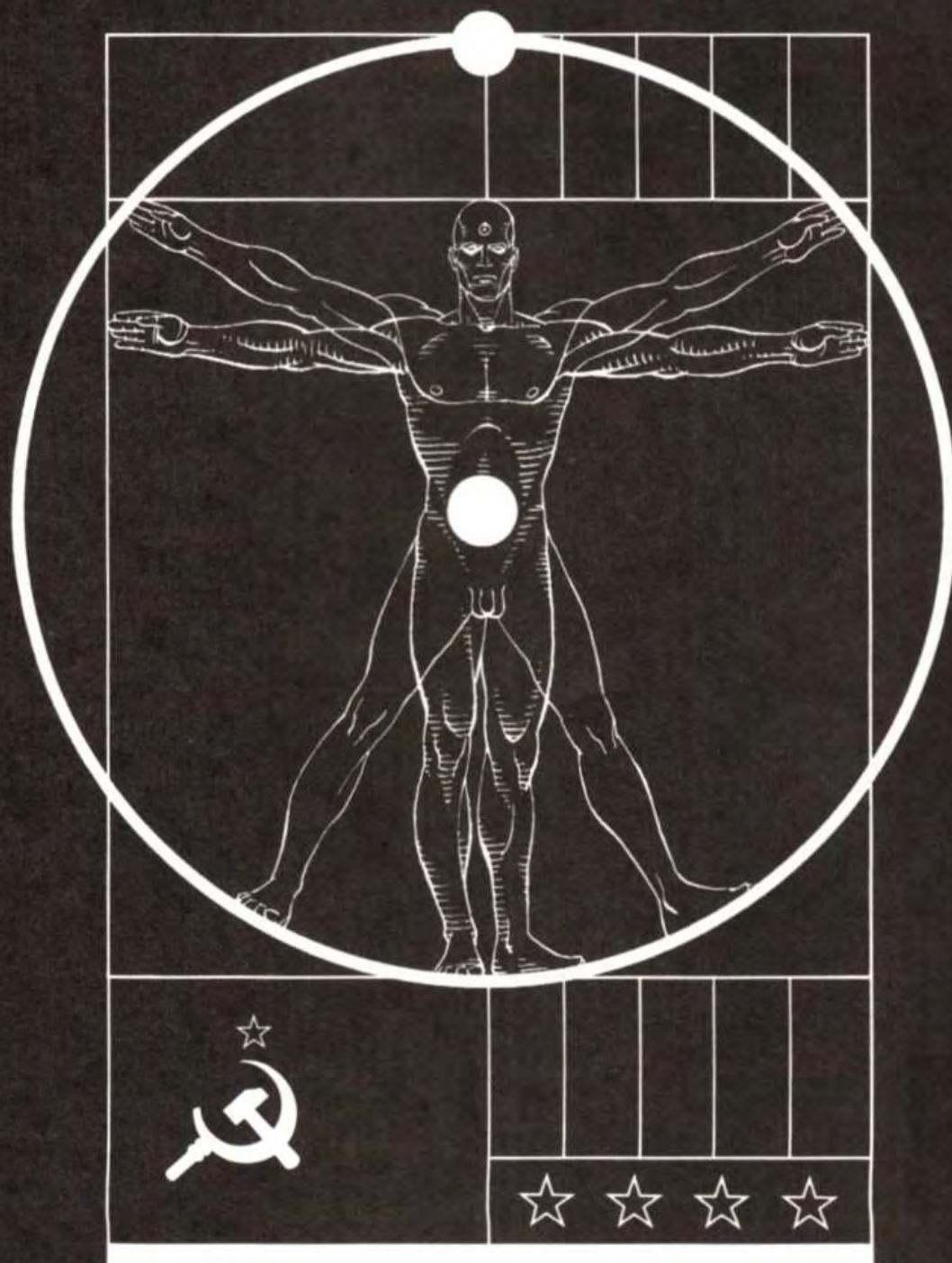
ABOVE THE NODUS
GORDII MOUNTAINS,
JEWELS IN A MAKER-
LESS MECHANISM, THE
FIRST METEORITES
ARE STARTING TO FALL.



The release
of atom power
has changed
everything
except our way
of thinking...
The solution
to this problem
lies in the heart
of mankind.
If only I had
known, I should
have become
a watchmaker.
—Albert Einstein



DR. MANHATTAN: SUPER-POWERS AND THE SUPERPOWERS



BY PROFESSOR MILTON GLASS

Introduction

For those of us who delight in such things, the twentieth century has, in its unfolding, presented mankind with an array of behavioral paradoxes and moral conundrums hitherto unimagined and perhaps unimaginable. Science, traditional enemy of mysticism and religion, has taken on a growing understanding that the model of the universe suggested by quantum physics differs very little from the universe that Taoists and other mystics have existed in for centuries. Large numbers of young people, raised in rigidly structured and industrially oriented cultures, violently reject industrialism and seek instead some modified version of the agricultural lifestyle that their forebears (debatably) enjoyed, including extended communal families and in some instances a barter economy in miniature. Children starve while boots costing many thousands of dollars leave their mark upon the surface of the moon. We have labored long to build a heaven, only to find it populated with horrors.

It is the oldest ironies that are still the most satisfying: man, when preparing for bloody war, will orate loudly and most eloquently in the name of peace. This dichotomy is not an invention of the twentieth century, yet it is in this century that the most striking examples of the phenomena have appeared. Never before has man pursued global harmony more vocally while amassing stockpiles of weapons so devastating in their effect. The second world war—we were told—was The War To End Wars. The development of the atomic bomb is the Weapon To End Wars.

And yet wars continue. Currently, no nation on this planet is not involved in some form of armed struggle, if not against its neighbors then against internal forces. Furthermore, as ever-escalating amounts of money are poured into the pursuit of the specific weapon or conflict that will bring lasting peace, the drain on our economies creates a run-down urban landscape where crime flourishes and people are concerned less with national security than with the simple personal security needed to stop at the store late at night for a quart of milk without being mugged. The places we struggled so viciously to keep safe are becoming increasingly dangerous. The wars to end wars, the weapons to end wars, these things have failed us.

Now we have a man to end wars.

Since my association with Dr. Jonathan Osterman and the being he eventually became are well documented elsewhere, I feel I need only recap them briefly here. In 1959, in an accident that was certainly unplanned and just as certainly unrepeatable, a young American man was completely disintegrated, at least in a physical sense. Despite the absence of a body, a form of electromagnetic pattern resembling consciousness survived, and was able, in time, to rebuild an approximation of the body it had lost.

DR. MANHATTAN:

Perhaps in the process of reconstructing its corporeal form, this new and wholly original entity achieved a complete mastery of all matter; able to shape reality by the manipulation of its basic building blocks. When news of this being's phenomenal genesis was first released to the world, a certain phrase was used that has—at varying times—been attributed both to me and to others. On the newsflashes coming over our tvs on that fateful night, one sentence was repeated over and over again: 'The superman exists and he's American.'

I never said that, although I do recall saying something similar to a persistent reporter who would not leave without a quote. I presume the remark was edited or toned down so as not to offend public sensibilities; in any event, I never said 'The superman exists and he's American'. What I said was 'God exists and he's American'. If that statement starts to chill you after a couple of moments' consideration, then don't be alarmed. A feeling of intense and crushing religious terror at the concept indicates only that you are still sane.

Since the mid-1960s, when the dazed and numbed mass consciousness first began to comprehend the significance of this new life form in humanity's midst, the political balance has changed drastically. Many people in this country feel that this is for the best. America's unquestioned military supremacy has also provided us with a certain economic leverage where we can dictate the economic policies of the western world and direct them to our advantage. There is little wonder, then, that the idea of a world run by an omnipotent God-King owing allegiance to the United States seems eminently desirable. By placing our superhuman benefactor in the position of a walking nuclear deterrent, it is assumed we have finally guaranteed lasting peace on earth. It is with this last contention that my most serious point of issue lies: I do not believe that we have a man to end wars.

I believe that we have made a man to end worlds.

The assumption that America's opponents are powerless before Dr. Manhattan, while comforting, begins to fail before closer examination. As I understand current Pentagon thinking, the conventional wisdom suggests that when faced with an insoluble problem, the Soviet Union will have no other option than acceptance of a loss of world influence culminating in its eventual defeat. It has been demonstrated, at least in well-supported theoretical terms, that Dr. Manhattan could at any time destroy large areas of Soviet territory instantly. It has been similarly theoretically demonstrated that, were a full scale nuclear assault to be launched upon America from Soviet bases in the U.S.S.R. and Europe, Dr. Manhattan would be able to deflect or disarm at least sixty percent of all incoming missiles before they had reached their targets. Against odds like that, it is argued, Russia would never risk instigating a full-scale global conflict. Since it is not in America's interests to promote such a conflict, does that mean that global peace is once and finally assured? No. It does not.

For one thing, it is an assumption based upon the belief that American psychology and its Soviet counterpart are interchangeable. To understand the Russian attitude to the possibility of a third world war one must first understand their attitude to the second. In WWII, none of the allied powers fought so bitterly or sustained such losses as did the Russians. It was Hitler's lack of success in his assault upon the

Soviet heartland that assured his eventual defeat, and though it was paid for mostly by Soviet lives, the entire world reaped the benefits. In time, the Russian contribution to the war effort has been downplayed and dismissed—most noticeably as our political differences became wider—as we glorified our own contribution while forgetting that of our estranged former allies. The Russians, however, have not forgotten. There are still those who remember the horror of a war fought on their soil, and almost certainly there are members of the Politburo in that category. From my reading of various pronouncements made by the Russian high command over the years, I am convinced that they will never again permit their nation to be threatened in a similar manner, *no matter what the cost*.

The presence of a deterrent such as Dr. Manhattan has doubtless curbed Soviet adventurism, as there have been numerous occasions when the U.S.S.R. has had to step down over some issue rather than risk escalation into a war it certainly could not win. Often, these reversals have been humiliating, and this has perhaps fostered the illusion that the Soviets will suffer such indignities endlessly. This is a misconception, for there is indeed another option available.

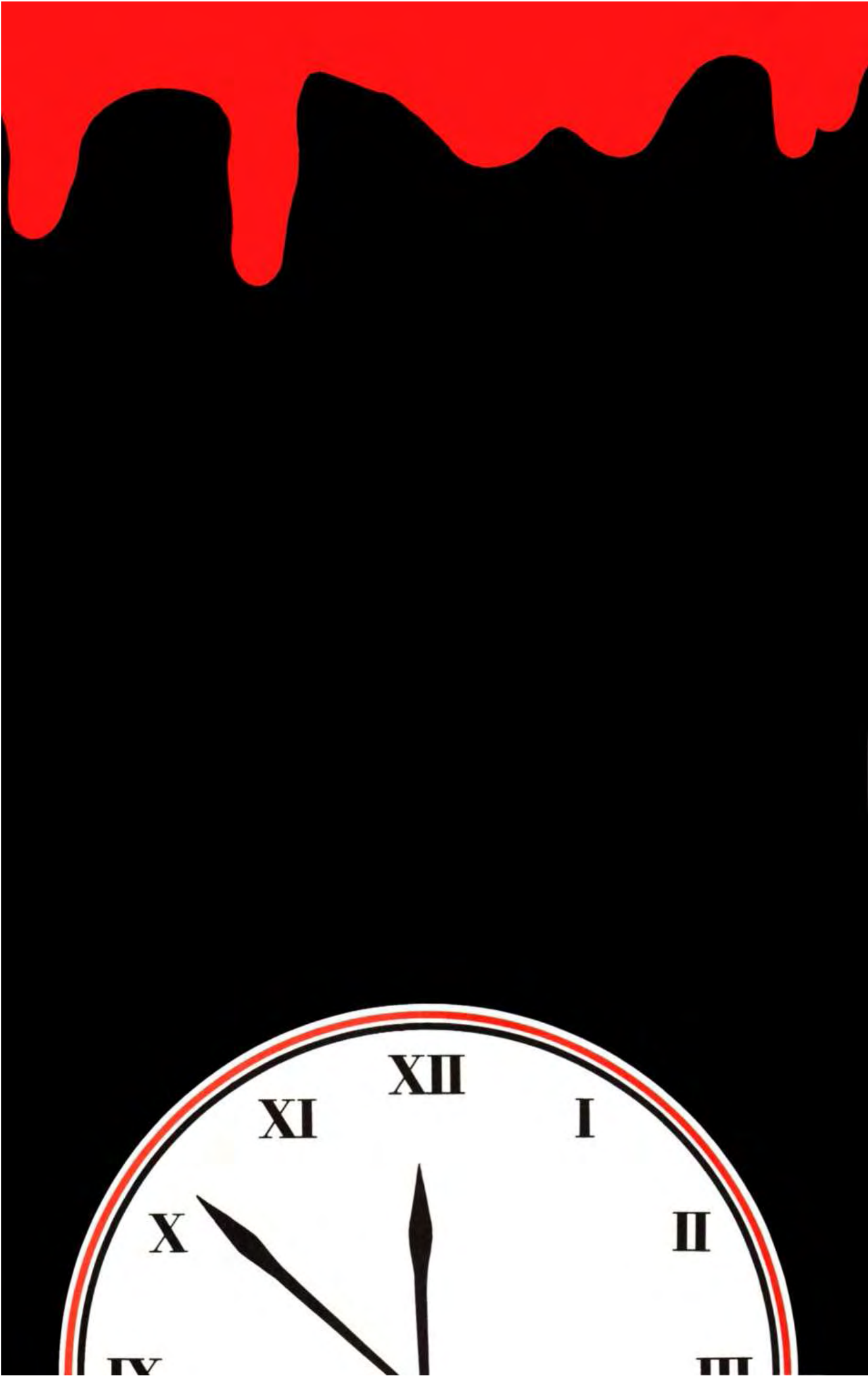
That option is Mutually Assured Destruction. Stated simply, Dr. Manhattan cannot stop all the Soviet warheads from reaching American soil, even a greatly reduced percentage would still be more than enough to effectively end the organic life in the northern hemisphere. The suggestion that the presence of a superhuman has inclined the world more towards peace is refuted by the sharp increase in both Russian and American nuclear stockpiles since the advent of Dr. Manhattan. Infinite destruction divided by two or ten or twenty is still infinite destruction. If threatened with eventual domination, would the Soviets pursue this unquestionably suicidal course? Yes. Given their history and their view of the world, I believe that they would.

Our current administration believes otherwise. They continually push their unearned advantage until American influence comes uncomfortably close to key areas of Soviet interest. It is as if—with a real live Deity on their side—our leaders have become intoxicated with a heady draught of Omnipotence-by-Association, without realizing just how his very existence has deformed the lives of every living creature on the face of this planet.

This is true in a domestic sense as well as a broader, international one. The technology that Dr. Manhattan has made possible has changed the way we think about our clothes, our food, our travel. We drive in electric cars and travel in leisure and comfort in clean, economical airships. Our entire culture has had to contort itself to accommodate the presence of something more than human, and we have all felt the results of this. The evidence surrounds us, in our everyday lives and on the front pages of the newspapers we read. One single being has been allowed to change the entire world, pushing it closer to its eventual destruction in the process. The Gods now walk amongst us, affecting the lives of every man, woman and child on the planet in a direct way rather than through mythology and the reassurances of faith. The safety of a whole world rests in the hands of a being far beyond what we understand to be human.

We are all of us living in the shadow of Manhattan.

DR. MANHATTAN:



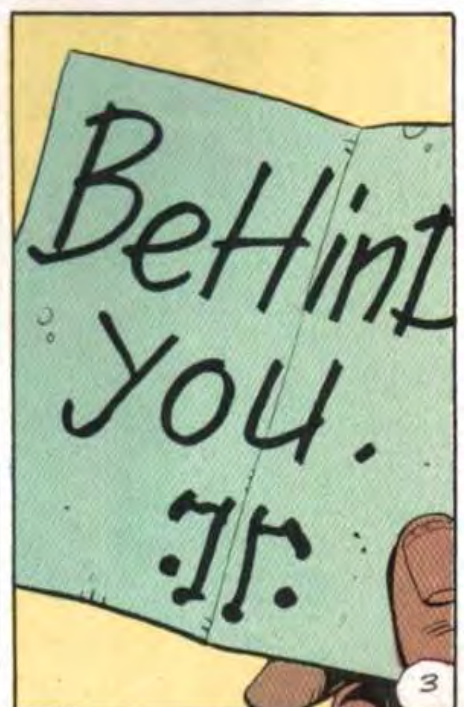


CHAPTER









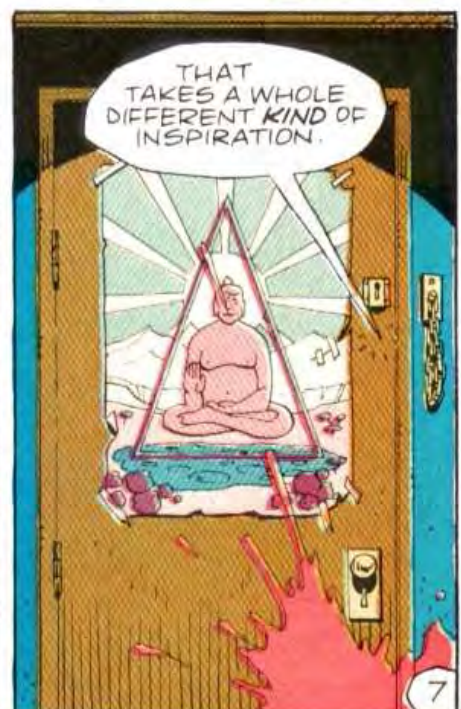


FEARFUL SYMMETRY











MY HOME AND FAMILY WERE DOOMED, MY WORLD REDUCED TO RUIN. FATE HAD DEALT ITS HAND CASUALLY, DESPITE MY BITTER PROTESTATIONS.

HEY, TURKEY! QUIT SPLASHING!



WHERE SHOULD I RECHARGE?

THE SAME WAVES GNAWED MY ISLAND AND DAVIDSTOWN ALIKE, YET SWIMMING WOULD SURELY BE MADNESS.

NOW QUIT OBSTRUCTIN' THE CURRENT...



S' BETTER. GOT TODAY'S GAZETTE?

SURE, THIS WAR'S LOOKIN' SERIOUS. MAKES A GUY START FIGURING ESCAPE ROUTES, Y'KNOW?

IT WAS THEN I CONCEIVED OF BUILDING A RAFT...



I MEAN, MY FATHER, WHEN THINGS DETERIORATED IN 'THIRTIES GERMANY, HE SPLIT.

SURE. IN WORLD WAR TWO. IN WORLD WAR THREE, WHERE'S TO SPLIT TO?

... ALTHOUGH INWARDLY I DOUBTED IT WOULD FLOAT.



ANYWAYS, THAT'S ENOUGH JUICE TO MAKE CONNECTICUT. SEE YOU NEXT DELIVERY DAY.

YEAH. SURE...

THE ISLAND'S TREES DID NOT LOOK BUOYANT ENOUGH TO REACH DAVIDSTOWN. NOT UNAIDED...



SUDDENLY, I RECALLED THE GAS-BLOATED STOMACHS OF THE BURIED MEN, THEN SHUDDERED AT THE IDEA I FOUND MYSELF CONSIDERING.

"WHERE'S TO SPLIT TO?"

HUMM.



I ATTEMPTED TO BANISH THIS REPULSIVE NOTION...

AHH, IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN. WONDER WHAT'S DELAYIN' THE NEW FRONTIERSMAN?

... BUT IT WOULD NOT LET ME BE.



NEXT MONTH'S COMIC BOOKS ARRIVE EARLY, TODAY'S FRONTIERSMAN ARRIVES LATE.

GODDAMN WAR'S SCREWIN' EVERYTHING UP.

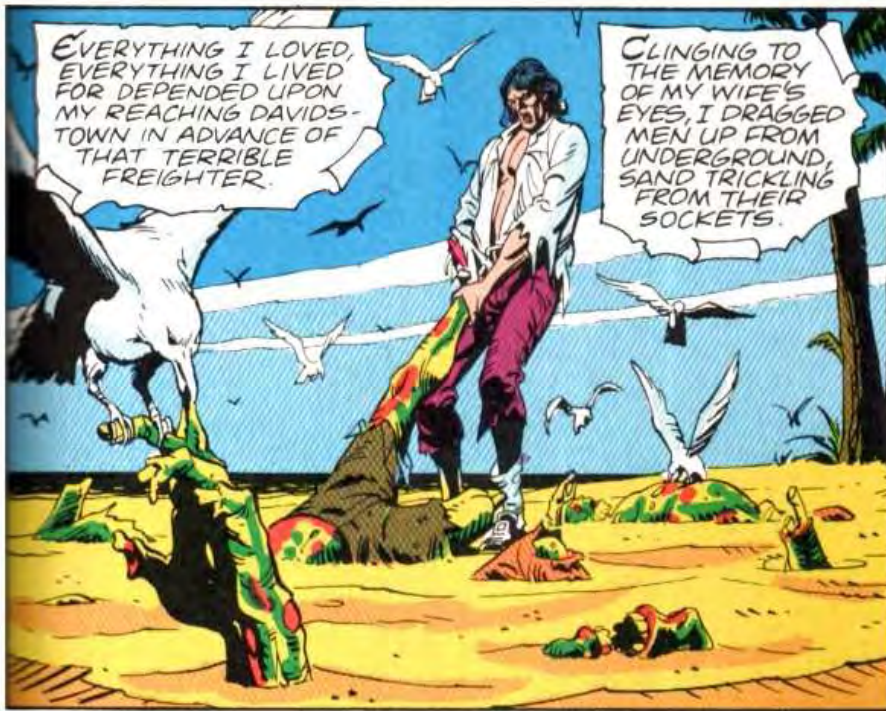
FINALLY APPROACHING THE SHALLOW GRAVE, I BEGAN DIGGING. MY SCHEME WAS LOATHSOME, BUT I HAD NO CHOICE



NOT WHEN I CONSIDERED THE NATURE OF MY SITUATION.

SHEE-IT!

ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING



EVERYTHING I LOVED,
EVERYTHING I LIVED
FOR DEPENDED UPON
MY REACHING DAVIDS-
TOWN IN ADVANCE OF
THAT TERRIBLE
FREIGHTER.

CLINGING TO
THE MEMORY
OF MY WIFE'S
EYES, I DRAGGED
MEN UP FROM
UNDERGROUND,
SAND TRICKLING
FROM THEIR
SOCKETS.



REMOVING THEIR CLOTHING,
I TORE IT TO RIBBONS,
BINDING THEM TOGETHER.

OCCASIONALLY,
I WOULD PAUSE
IN MY WORK,
ENTRANCED BY
THE STARTLING
BEAUTY OF A
TATTOO OR THE
ENIGMA OF AN
OLD SCAR.



BY AFTERNOON, I'D FELLED
ENOUGH YOUNG PALMS TO
BUILD THE DECK OF MY
CONVEYANCE, AFFIXING IT TO
THE HUMAN FLOAT BENEATH.

SATISFIED, I WAITED
FOR DUSK AND EBB TIDE,
THEN EMBARKED,
HEADING EAST.



EAST, ACROSS
THE NIGHT SEAS.

EAST, BORNE ON
THE NAKED BACKS
OF MURDERED
MEN.



WITH DAWN CAME
THE GULLS, DRAWN
TO THE CARRION
UPON WHICH MY
TRANSPORT
RESTED.

LENT SPEED BY
MY HUNGER, I WAS
ABLE TO RIP ONE
FROM THE AIR. I
HAD NOT EATEN
SINCE THE
SHIPWRECK.



STOMACH FILLED WITH
RAW MEAT; GULL BLOOD
CAKED UPON MY CHIN, I
DRIFTED ON TOWARDS
DAVIDSTOWN. MY HOME
WAS THERE.

NOTHING WOULD
TAKE IT FROM ME.



RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL.
OCTOBER 21ST, 1985:

WOKEN AT ELEVEN BY SHOUTING OUTSIDE. DISTURBED TO FIND I HAD FALLEN ASLEEP WITHOUT REMOVING THE SKIN FROM MY HEAD. TIREDER THAN I THOUGHT. SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL.



ACROSS STREET, BOYS WITH SPRAY CANS WERE DEFACING ABANDONED BUILDING. MEMORIZED THEIR DESCRIPTIONS, THEN PREPARED FOR WORK.



FIRST, PEELED OFF FACE, FOLDED IT, HID INSIDE JACKET. WITHOUT MY FACE, NOBODY KNOWS.



NOBODY KNOWS WHO I AM.

ON WAY OUT OF ROOM, MET LANDLADY. USUAL COMPLAINTS RE HYGIENE AND RENT. THERE WERE PURPLE BITE MARKS ON HER FAT WHITE NECK. FRESH ONES.

SHE REMINDS ME OF MY MOTHER.



OUT IN STREET, INSPECTED DEFACED BUILDING: SILHOUETTE PICTURE IN DOORWAY, MAN AND WOMAN, POSSIBLY INDULGING IN SEXUAL FOREPLAY.

DIDN'T LIKE IT. MAKES DOORWAY LOOK HAUNTED.



ON FORTIETH AND SEVENTH, SAW DREIBERG AND JUSPECZYK LEAVING DINER. THEY DIDN'T KNOW ME.



AN AFFAIR, PERHAPS? DID JUSPECZYK ENGINEER DR. MANHATTAN'S EXILE TO MAKE ROOM FOR DREIBERG? ALSO, SHE HATED COMEDIAN. MUST INVESTIGATE FURTHER.

ENTERING DINER, BOUGHT COFFEE, THEN SAT WATCHING MY MAILDROP, IMMEDIATELY ACROSS STREET.

PASSERS-BY MADE VARIOUS DEPOSITS: CANDY WRAPPERS, NEWSPAPERS, A PAIR OF KIDS STRANGLED BY OWN LACES, TONGUES LOLLING OUT HORRIBLY.



THIS CITY IS AN ANIMAL, FIERCE AND COMPLICATED. TO UNDERSTAND IT I READ ITS DROPPINGS, ITS SCENTS, THE MOVEMENT OF ITS PARASITES...



I SAT WATCHING THE TRASHCAN, AND NEW YORK OPENED ITS HEART TO ME.

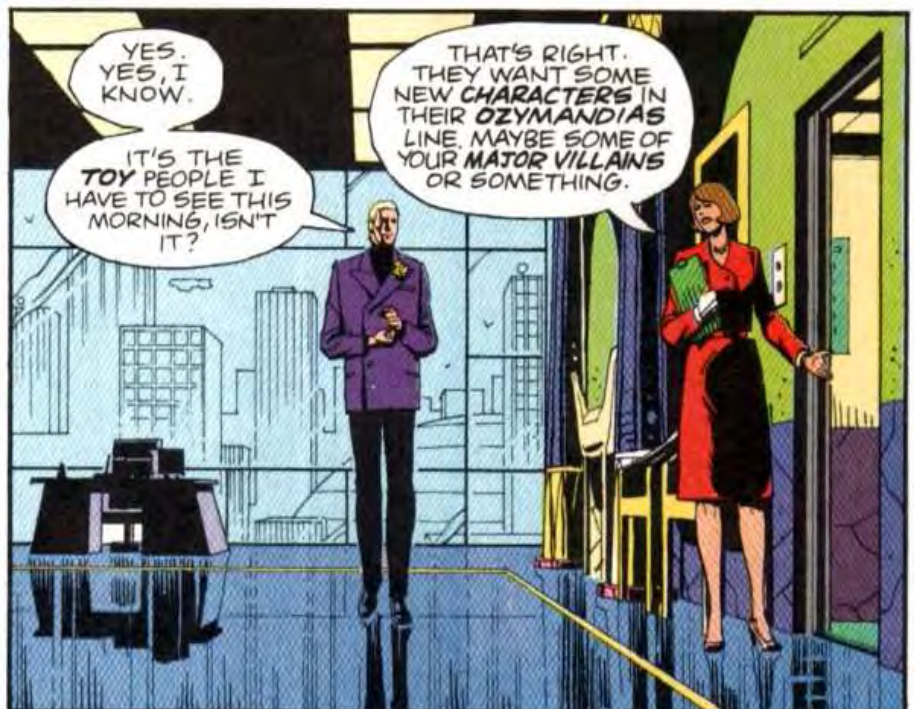






TIME'S RUNNING OUT, MR. VEIDT.

YOU BETTER HURRY.



YES. YES, I KNOW.

IT'S THE TOY PEOPLE I HAVE TO SEE THIS MORNING, ISN'T IT?

THAT'S RIGHT. THEY WANT SOME NEW CHARACTERS IN THEIR OZYMANDIAS LINE. MAYBE SOME OF YOUR MAJOR VILLAINS OR SOMETHING.



THE MAJOR VILLAINS ARE ALL DEAD.

OH WOW, WHAT IS IT WITH EVERYBODY TODAY? EVERYBODY'S ON THIS TOTAL DEATH TRIP.

LIKE ON THE NEWS THIS MORNING, SOME GUY WENT NUTS, KILLED HIS KIDS. YOU SEE THAT?



NO. NO, I DIDN'T.

APPARENTLY, HE WAS SCARED THERE WAS GONNA BE A WAR! ISN'T THAT DUMB?

NOBODY WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO START ONE, SO WHY'S EVERYBODY ON SUCH A DOWNER ABOUT IT?



PERHAPS THEY DON'T HAVE YOUR YOUTH AND OPTIMISM.

WELL, I DUNNO. I THINK MAYBE IT'S THE DECOR ROUND HERE. ALL THIS EGYPTIAN STUFF. IT'S VERY MORBID. VERY OBSESSED WITH DEATH.



DEATH WASN'T MORBID TO THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. THEY SAW IT AS LAUNCHING ON A VOYAGE OF SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY.

DON'T YOU FIND THAT A COMFORTING THOUGHT?

ARE YOU KIDDING?



I MEAN, LOSING TEN POUNDS, THAT'S A COMFORTING THOUGHT. MY NEXT RAISE IS A COMFORTING THOUGHT.

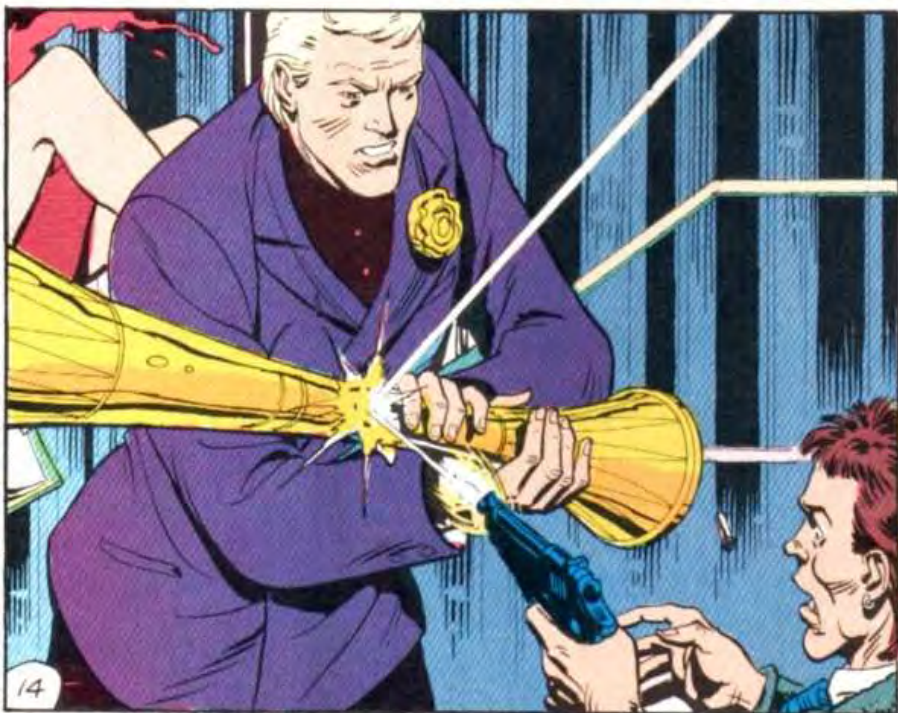
GLORIA VANDERBILT, M.T.V., THESE ARE COMFORTING THOUGHTS...

SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY, ON THE OTHER HAND, I CAN TAKE IT OR...



OH, GOD.

OH, GOD. LOOK OUT, HE'S...









RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL.
OCTOBER 21ST, 1985:

SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL VEIDT. PROVES 'MASK KILLER' THEORY. MURDERER IS CLOSING IN.

CHECKED MAILDROP MESSAGE FROM MOLOCH. CONNECTED PERHAPS?

R-
Call tonight, 1130pm.
Have information.
URGENT.
Jacobi

NEXT, WENT TO RETRIEVE FACE FROM ALLEY. OUTSIDE UTOPIA, POLICE RESTRAINED A YOUTH ON KT-285.

HE WAS SCREAMING SOMETHING ABOUT PRESIDENT NIXON. SOMETHING ABOUT BOMBS.

IS EVERYONE BUT ME GOING MAD? OVER 40TH STREET, AN ELEPHANT WAS DRIFTING.

BEYOND THAT, UNSEEN, SPY SATELLITES. IF THEY SO MUCH AS HARROW THEIR GLASS EYES, WE SHALL ALL BE DEAD.

THIS RELENTLESS WORLD: THERE IS ONLY ONE SANE RESPONSE TO IT.

THE ALLEYWAY WAS COLD AND DESERTED.

MY THINGS WERE WHERE I'D LEFT THEM.

WAITING FOR ME.

PUTTING THEM ON, I ABANDONED MY DISGUISE AND BECAME MYSELF, FREE FROM FEAR OR WEAKNESS OR LUST.

ON HOW THE GHOST OF MY CLOGS...

MY COAT, MY SHOES, MY SPOTLESS GLOVES.

MY FACE.

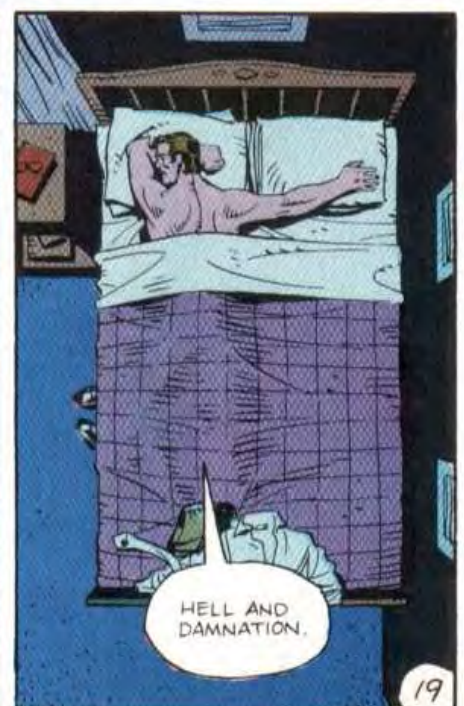
HAD THREE HOURS BEFORE CALLING ON MOLOCH.

AWAY DOWN ALLEY, HEARD WOMAN SCREAM, FIRST BUBBLING NOTE OF CITY'S EVENING CHORUS.

APPROACHED DISTURBANCE AN ATTEMPTED RAPE / MUGGING / BOTH.

CLEARED THROAT. THE MAN TURNED AND THERE WAS SOMETHING REWARDING IN HIS EYES.

SOMETIMES, THE NIGHT IS GENEROUS TO ME.





GOOD READERS, KNOW THIS: HADES IS WET. HADES IS LONELY.

TEETH THAT SEEMED TO MOVE INDEPENDENTLY OF THE LIPS TORE AT MY RAFT'S SUPPORTS. TINY PREHISTORIC EYES GLISTENED, SEEMING MAD WITH RAGE EVEN IN REPOSE.



WHATEVER WAS BENEATH MY BOAT COMMENCED A VIOLENT THRASHING, ALMOST SPILLING ME AMONGST THE GNAWING HORRORS.

I CLUNG TO MY MAST AS THE PLATFORM TILTED FURTHER. THE WATER BEGAN TO BOIL WHITE. SOMETHING WAS SURFACING.



HOW SHALL I DESCRIBE IT? IT WAS MASSIVE, LIKE NO SHARK I'D EVER HEARD TELL OF, WITH SKIN NEITHER BLACK NOR WHOLLY WHITE, BUT A PALE AND MOTTLED YELLOW.

FURTHER, IT WAS ENTANGLED IN MY ROPES.



TERRIFIED LEST IT SHOULD RE-SUBMERGE AND DRAG ME WITH IT, I FELL TO MY KNEES CLUTCHING A SPLINTER OF MAST THAT HAD SNAPPED OFF IN MY HAND.

THE SHARK'S STAINED MARBLE EYE LOOKED UP AT ME...



... AND, IN THAT INSTANT, WE KNEW EACH OTHER.



HALF BLIND; HALF DEAD; WHOLLY DERANGED BY AGONY; THE YELLOW LEVIATHAN ATTEMPTED TO SWIM AWAY, DRAGGING MY RAFT IN ITS BLOODY WAKE.

I HUNG ON DESPERATELY, CURSING IN THE BITTER, STINGING SPRAY.



THIS GODDAMN PAIN IN THE BUTT RAIN! DON'T IT EVER LET UP?

EVENUALLY, THE SHARK DIED...



... AND SHORTLY THERE-AFTER STOPPED SWIMMING.

WHO NEEDS IT? THIS WHOLE JOB'S LIKE PADDLING AGAINST THE TIDE!

WORKING THE STREETS THESE DAYS TAKES A REAL MENSCH.



MAN, CAB DRIVING'S BUSTING MY NUTS! GIMME A COPY HUSTLER.

HI, JOEY. HOW'S THE PROMETHEAN? STILL BRINGING LIGHT TO THE WORLD?

RELIEF WAS FLEETING, MY PROSPECTS STILL DARK.



WE SURE NEED LIGHT WITH THIS AFGHANISTAN CRAPOLA.

AHH, AFGHAN-ISTAN'S A LONG WAY AWAY.

WHO'S THIS MONTH'S CENTER-FOLD?

THE OTHER SHARKS CIRCLED, CLOSER THAN WAS COMFORTABLE.



IT'S PAKISTAN OUGHTTA WORRY. THEY'RE WIDE OPEN.

MMM.

WELL, WE'RE ALL PRETTY VULNERABLE.

THEY WORRIED THE MORSELS FROM MY RAFT, WHICH I PRAYED WOULD SATISFY THEM.



THAT REMINDS ME. I GOTTA POSTER MAYBE YOU COULD DISPLAY, SO IT WON'T GET TORN UP.

AFTER EATING, THEY DEPARTED, REPLETE FOR THE MOMENT, I WAS SAFE.



THAT NIGHT, EATING SHARK, I WOULD HAVE CHUCKLED AT THE INVERSION OF NATURAL ROLES HAD NOT MY PARCHED LAUGHTER SEEMED SO HATEFUL.

GAY WOMEN AGAINST RAPE?

IS THIS A JOKE?



IT'S A BENEFIT GIG. NOW YOU GONNA NAIL IT UP OR AM I GONNA ALTER YOUR LOOKS?

MY RAFT GREW INCREASINGLY GROTESQUE, REFLECTING MY OWN GRADUAL TRANSFORMATION.



WITH SUCH THOUGHTS TO COMFORT ME, I DRIFTED ON, MAST-LESS INTO THE DAWN.

"BRINGING LIGHT TO THE WORLD."

MY ASS.













...BUT AT LEAST
ACCORDING TO THE
FACT SHEETS HE DON'T
USUALLY GO ARMED.
HE...



AAAA!
JESUS
GOD, MY
EYES!

HELP ME,
MAN. I CAN'T
SEE...

GET OUT
OF THE WAY!
GET OUT OF
THE WAY, I
DON'T HAVE
ROOM TO...



...SHOOT...



CHARLIE, WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
MY EYES, MAN.
MY EYES...

WILLIS AND
GREAVES ARE
HURT. FORGET
THE FIRE AND
FOR GODSAKES
GET UP
HERE!

AAHUUH.

AAAHH-
HUHG.



HE'S IN THE
BEDROOM! WE'VE
GOT HIM!

CHARLIE?
IS CHARLIE
HURT? I CAN'T
SEE. WHAT'S
GOING ON?



WHAT'S
GOING ON
UP THERE,
STEVE?
THAT WAS
SOMEONE
SCREAMING

IT'S OKAY.
IT'S OKAY,
WE'VE GOT
HIM TRAPPED.
WE MUST
HAVE.



IT'S
A DEAD
END.

HE
CAN'T GET
OUT.



RRRAAARRL



Tyger, Tyger
burning bright,
In the forests
of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

—William Blake

As discussed in our last chapter, the close of the 1950s saw E.C.'s line of Pirate titles dominating the marketplace from a near unassailable position. The brief surge of anti-comic book sentiment in the mid-fifties, while it could conceivably have damaged E.C. as a company, had instead come to nothing and left them stronger as a result. With the government of the day coming down squarely on the side of comic books in an effort to protect the image of certain comic book-inspired agents in their employ, it was as if the comic industry had suddenly been given the blessing of Uncle Sam himself—or at least J. Edgar Hoover. Unsurprisingly, as one of the few companies to anticipate the coming massive boom in pirate-related material, E.C. flourished and their hold upon the field remained unchallenged.

Until May, 1960. That date saw the first publication of an extraordinary new title from National Comics, now DC. The book was called 'Tales of the Black Freighter', and while its sales never

A MAN ON FIFTEEN DEAD MEN'S CHESTS



quite topped those of the E.C. giants such as PIRACY and BUCCANEERS, in terms of critical acclaim and influence upon later books of the same type, TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER made an impression upon the comic book landscape that remains to this day. Indeed, with DC comics currently reprinting the first classic thirty issues of the title and apparently meeting with considerable success, it would seem that its impact remains undiluted despite the quarter century that has elapsed since the original publication.

What exactly was it that made TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER so special? Despite the fact that nowadays most people are attracted by the controversy surrounding the later issues of the book, it should be remembered that this title was very popular from the outset. So: What was it that fascinated all those thousands of readers in the first place?

Well, to begin with, it was almost certainly the artwork of Joe Orlando, who drew the entire book from its first issue through issue nine, with the exception of GALAPAGOS JONES, a rather insipid back-up feature that lasted until issue six. Orlando, having been successfully tempted away from his well-received run of 'SARGASSO SEA STORIES' in E.C.'s PIRACY by National editor Julius Schwartz, was regarded as a star amongst pirate artists, and a prize catch. Having adapted more smoothly from

The following is reprinted from chapter five of the Treasure Island Treasury Of Comics (Flint Editions, New York, 1984) with permission of the author and publishers.

science fiction and horror to the different atmospheric demands of pirate stories than many of his E.C. contemporaries, he was perhaps the best respected artist in a rapidly burgeoning field, and fans awaited the first issue of TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER with relish.

Nor were they disappointed. The first issue is classic Orlando. The script—by then-newcomer Max Shea—while sturdy enough, is clichéd and predictable in comparison with the work that Shea did later, and in that first issue was easily outshone by the darkly compelling majesty of Orlando's textures, shadows and faces.

The story served as an introduction to the vessel that lent the book its title, and which was itself apparently borrowed from a ship referred to in Brecht and Weill's 'THREEPENNY OPERA'. In that first story, three men with different paths through life have all been led to the same dockside tavern in search of work. The place is deserted save for a shadowy innkeeper who serves them ale in silence and the large, dark figure of a sea captain who sits at the next table and listens to them recount their stories to each other.

The stories are recounted as small, self-contained tales within the larger narrative that frames them, and are all effective if predictable twist-ending yarns that reveal the various tellers to be utterly unprincipled and worthless creatures capable of almost any act of treachery. Overhearing their stories, the sea captain says he is impressed and offers them passage upon his ship. By the time the men are aboard the ship and have noticed the dreadful, deathly smell that seems to exude from the ship's timbers, it is too late. The three hapless sailors learn that the ship is a vessel from Hell itself to take on board the souls of evil men so that they may walk its blood-stained decks for all eternity.

The identity of the captain is never made clear—is he meant to be Satan, or is he himself a victim of the ship? But this scarcely matters when confronted with Orlando's breathtaking rendition. From the marvelous scene in the first man's story where two ghouls fight to the death with shovels in the worm-infested tunnels beneath a churchyard, right through the haunting and evocative final shots of the horrible black ship drifting away into the white mist, the art is breathtaking, conveying a tangible sense of doom and evil even in those places where the writing fails to do so.

With the issues that followed, Orlando's art continued to shine while the scripts supplied by Shea

TREASURE ISLAND TREASURY OF COMICS

JOE ORLANDO, CIRCA 1953



CHAPTER 5



also began to gradually improve in quality as the writer became used to the medium. With rapidly increasing confidence, Shea began attempting ideas for stories which at the time seemed wildly radical and innovative. The third issue's story, "Between Breaths", is told from the viewpoint of a man who is drowning, alternating between memories of his past life as they flash before his bulging eyes and horrific descriptions of what it is like to drown. Even read today, the story induces an almost tangible sense of suffocation, so that finishing the story and putting the book down is actually a relief. The closing images, with a multitude of dead and drowned men walking across the ocean bed towards the anchor rope of the Black

Freighter which they climb to take their rightful positions on board the ship, remain some of Orlando's most haunting work on the series.

By issue five, reader reaction was obviously in favor of the title, and the praise seemed to be divided equally between Orlando and Shea. According to insiders, receiving fan mail for the first time in his life had an adverse effect upon the writer, who began to see himself as the driving force of the book, becoming increasingly resentful of Orlando's clearly important role and harassing the artist with impossibly detailed panel descriptions and endless carping requests for revisions of artwork already drawn.

Despite growing friction within the creative

team, both lasted on TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER until the ninth issue, when Orlando asked Schwartz to take him off the book, citing the ego of the writer as being the major factor in his decision. During those nine issues they crafted many memorable stories together, including the most famous of all, "The Shanty of Edward Teach", in issue seven. In this story, narrated in rhyme by the dead pirate Edward Teach (otherwise known as Blackbeard), we first begin to see the dark and pessimistic moral sensibilities showing that were later to form most of Shea's work on the series. These are more than adequately matched by Orlando's artwork, and there can be few readers of that period who will forget the heart-stopping close-up shot of Blackbeard, portrayed as violent and leering evil incarnate, in which he seems to look out at the reader and remind them that their own position is perhaps no more noble than Teach's own: "I tread a lurching timber world, a reeking salt-caked hell, and yet perhaps, no worse a world than yours, where bishops stroll through charnel yards with pomanders to smell; where vile men thrive and love crawls on all fours."

After Orlando's departure, the art for the series was taken over by a relatively unknown but supremely capable artist named Walt Feinberg, previously best known for his work upon numerous western titles where he would often provide excellent fill-in issues that nevertheless seemed





to go unnoticed when slotted in between the work of great western comic artists such as Gil Kane and Alex Toth. Despite having Orlando's early work on the series to live up to, on *TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER*, Feinberg was finally given a chance to shine. For some reason, there are few incidents on record relating friction between Feinberg and Shea, and indeed the two of them continued to work together on the book until issue thirty-one, at which point Shea quit (perhaps the moody and temperamental writer was making a deliberate effort to control his behavior, having been taught an expensive lesson by Orlando's departure).

In any event the next twenty or so issues of the book became every bit as much instant classics as the Orlando issues had, a fact not hindered by Shea's gradually developing skill as a writer.

The stories that came from his pen in this period are uniformly dark and sinister, balancing metaphysical terrors against an unnerving sense of reality, particularly when applied to matters of mortality or sexuality. Readers who came to the series expecting a good rousing tale of swash-buckling were either repulsed or fascinated by what were often perverse and blackly lingering comments upon the human condition. Tales such as "The Figurehead", which deal unflinchingly with male homosexuality, and the harrowing "Marooned" spring most readily to mind.

In "Marooned", a two-part story occupying issues twenty-three and twenty-four of the book's run, we see Feinberg and Shea at their blood-freezing best. Unusual in that it is a one-character story narrated mostly in captions, "Marooned" tells the story of a young mariner whose vessel is wrecked by the Black Freighter before it can return to its hometown and warn it of the hell-ship's approach. Cast adrift on an uninhabited island with only his dead shipmates for company, we experience the frantic mariner's torment at the knowledge that while he is trapped on his island, the bestial crew of the Freighter are surely bearing down upon his town, his home, his wife and his children. Driven by his burning desire to avert this calamity, we see the mariner finally

escape from the island by what may be one of the most striking and horrific devices thus far in pirate comic books: digging up the recently buried and gas-bloated corpses of his shipmates, the mariner lashes them together and uses them as the floats on an improvised raft on which he hopes to reach the mainland (hence the title of this chapter.) On reaching the mainland safely



upon his horrific craft we see the increasingly distraught and dishevelled mariner trying desperately to reach his home, even resorting to murder to acquire a horse for himself. In the final scenes, thanks to the skillful interplay of text and pictures, we see that the mariner, though he has escaped from his island, is in the end marooned from the rest of humanity in a much more terrible fashion.

Problems set in for the book around issue twenty-five, when Shea began his controversial

TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER

CHAPTER 5

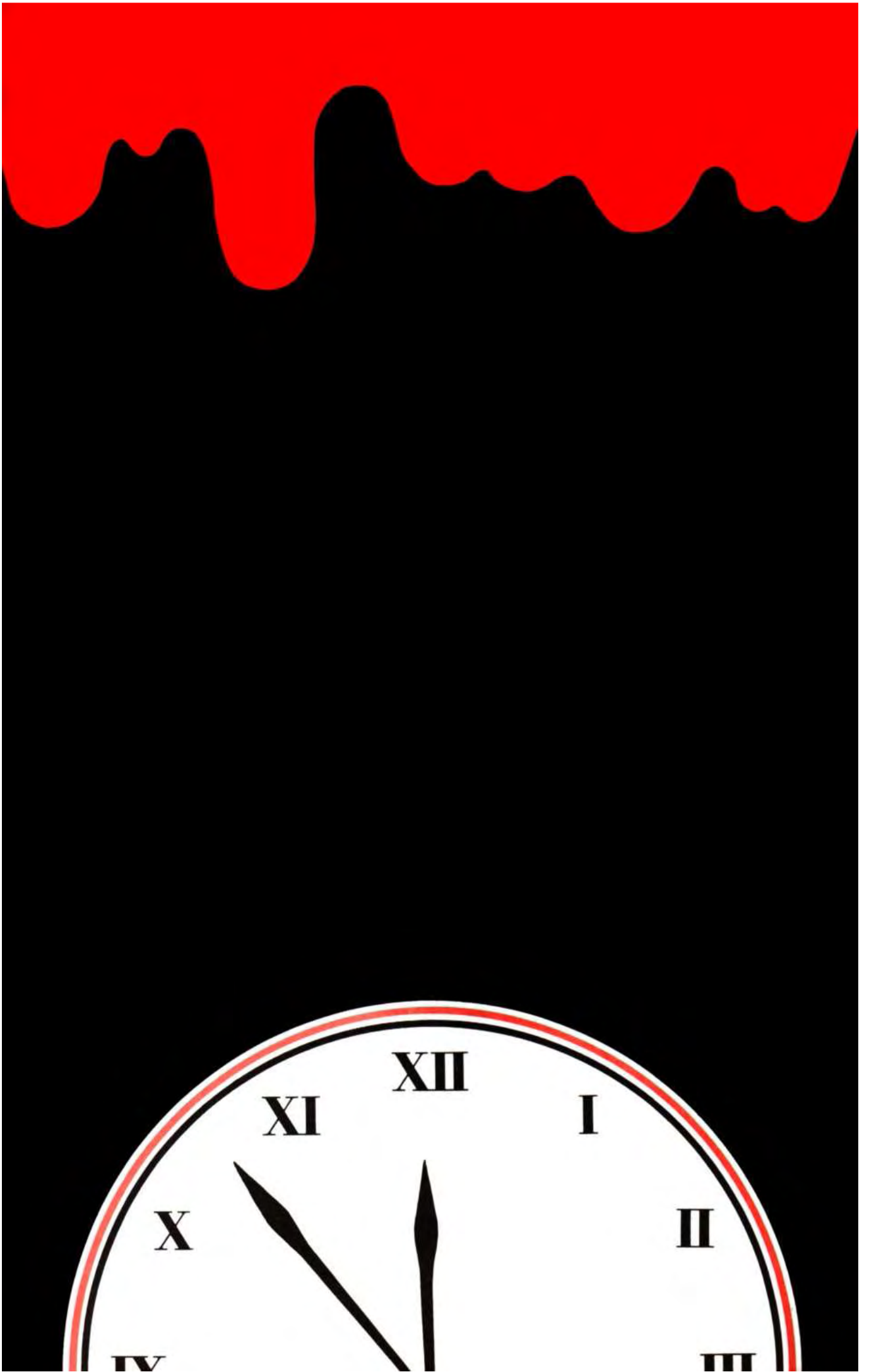


run of issues based around the contents of plundered books in the library of the Freighter's captain, including banned tomes supposedly originally headed for eternal suppression within the vaults of Vatican city when stolen en route by the pirates. Described as 'blatantly pornographic', four of the projected five stories were rejected by DC, which brought about the argument in which Shea quit the book and comics as well, going on to write such classic novels as the twice-filmed FOGDANCING.

At the time of this writing, Shea's whereabouts are unknown. In circumstances as strange

as those in any of his stories, the writer apparently vanished from his home one morning and has not been seen since, although police are continuing their inquiries. In his wake he leaves not only a string of excellent novels and screenplays, but also an exemplary run of pirate stories which today fetch mint prices of almost a thousand dollars according to the Overstreet Guide. Stories there to be rediscovered and reexamined, like so many of the fascinating sunken treasures lurking just beneath the surface of this fabulous and compelling genre.





CHAPTER



FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG, OCTOBER 25TH, 1985.

OKAY, NOW I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS...



FIRST INTERVIEW WITH KOVACS ...HE'S EVEN MORE DISTURBED THAN I'D HEARD, BUT I'M OPTIMISTIC. A SUCCESS HERE COULD MAKE MY REPUTATION.

I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT IT AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.



HE'S VERY WITHDRAWN, WITH NO EXPRESSION IN EITHER FACE OR VOICE. GETTING A RESPONSE IS OFTEN DIFFICULT.

WILL YOU LOOK AT IT, WALTER?

WILL YOU DO THAT FOR ME?



PHYSICALLY, HE'S FASCINATINGLY UGLY. I COULD STARE AT HIM FOR HOURS...EXCEPT THAT HE STARES BACK, WHICH I FIND UNCOMFORTABLE. HE NEVER SEEMS TO BLINK.



NEVERTHELESS, I'M CONVINCED I CAN HELP HIM. NO PROBLEM IS BEYOND THE GRASP OF A GOOD PSYCHOANALYST, AND THEY TELL ME I'M VERY GOOD. GOOD WITH PEOPLE.



WELL, WALTER? WHAT IS IT?

WHAT CAN YOU SEE?



A PRETTY BUTTERFLY.



HIS RESPONSES TO THE RORSCHACH BLOT TESTS WERE SURPRISINGLY BRIGHT AND POSITIVE AND HEALTHY. I REALLY THINK HE MIGHT BE GETTING BETTER.



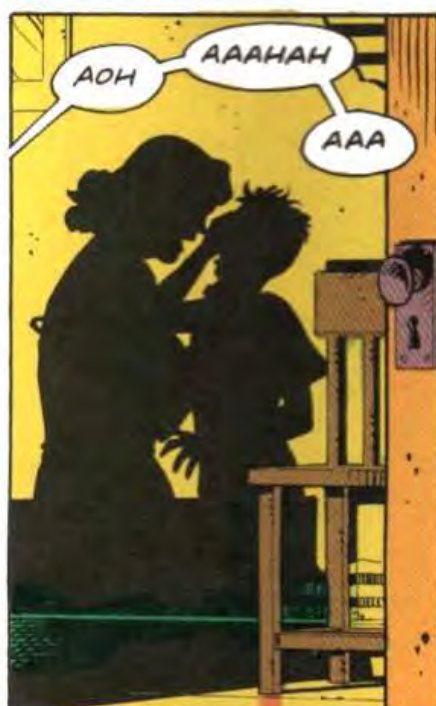
I JUST WISH HE WASN'T SO INTENSE.



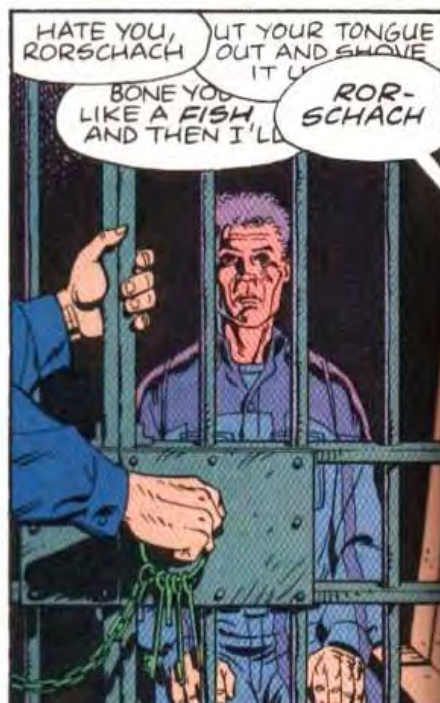
THE ABYSS GAZES ALSO















ONCE HIS HOME LIFE HAD BEEN INVESTIGATED, HE WAS REMOVED FROM HIS MOTHER'S CUSTODY AND PUT INTO CARE. AWAY FROM HER, HE SEEMED TO IMPROVE.



MAL?

EXCELLING AT SCHOOLWORK, KOVACS GREW INTO A BRIGHT BUT UNUSUALLY QUIET CHILD.

EVEN IN 1956, WHEN INFORMED OF HIS MOTHER'S BRUTAL MURDER, HE RESTRICTED HIS COMMENTS TO ONE WORD:



"GOOD."

MAL, IT'S LATE. ARE YOU DONE WITH THIS RORSCHACH CASE YET?

NOT RORSCHACH. WALTER KOVACS. RORSCHACH'S AN UNHEALTHY FANTASY PERSONALITY. Y'KNOW, HE WOULDN'T ANSWER TO ANYTHING ELSE DURING HIS BAIL HEARING?



ON THE NEWS HE SOUNDED FRIGHTENING. DON'T GET TOO WRAPPED UP IN THIS ONE, MAL. IT MIGHT RUIN YOUR CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.

GLORIA, I'M TOO FAT AND CONTENTED FOR ANYTHING TO RUIN MY DISPOSITION...



...ALTHOUGH SOME OF THE STUFF ABOUT HIS EARLY LIFE, FANTASIES ABOUT A FATHER HE NEVER KNEW...

SHH. LEAVE IT AT THE OFFICE. YOU GOT A NICE LIFE, I GOT A NICE LIFE. NOBODY ELSE MATTERS.



I GUESS NOT IT'S JUST THAT HE'S WITHDRAWN AND DEPRESSED, AND I REALLY FEEL I CAN GUIDE HIM OUT OF IT.

WELL, IF ANYBODY CAN, IT'S YOU...



YOU'RE THE NICEST, MOST POSITIVE PERSON I KNOW. THAT'S WHY YOU GOTTA LOOK AFTER YOURSELF. I MEAN, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE SAFE WITH THIS KOVACS GUY?



DON'T WORRY. WHILE HE'S AT SING-SING AWAITING TRIAL HE'S UNDER HEAVY GUARD. HE'S NO THREAT.

NOT ANY MORE.

WELL, LET'S HOPE NOT. NOW C'MON... FORGET WORK. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT...



...LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE IT LAST FOREVER.



GOOD MORNING, WALTER. TODAY, I'D LIKE...

SORRY, LATE NIGHT. TODAY, I'D LIKE TO DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT. FRANKLY, WALTER, I'D LIKE TO TALK.

HAAA-HHHORME

I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT RORSCHACH.

WILL YOU DO THAT FOR ME, WALTER?

WILL YOU TELL ME ABOUT RORSCHACH?

YOU KEEP CALLING ME WALTER.

I DON'T LIKE YOU.

UHH...

YOU...YOU DON'T LIKE ME. ALRIGHT. ALRIGHT.

WUR WHY IS THAT, EXACTLY?

FAT. WEALTHY. THINK YOU UNDERSTAND PAIN.

I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, DOCTOR.

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT RORSCHACH.



"1956. AGED 16. LEFT CHILDREN'S HOME. BECAME UNSKILLED MANUAL WORKER, GARMENT INDUSTRY."

"JOB BEARABLE BUT UNPLEASANT. HAD TO HANDLE FEMALE CLOTHING."



"1962. SPECIAL ORDER FOR DRESS IN NEW DR. MANHATTAN SPIN-OFF FABRIC. VISCOUS FLUIDS BETWEEN TWO LAYERS LATEX, HEAT AND PRESSURE SENSITIVE."

"CUSTOMER YOUNG GIRL, ITALIAN NAME. NEVER COLLECTED ORDER. SAID DRESS LOOKED UGLY."



"WRONG. NOT UGLY AT ALL."

"BLACK AND WHITE. MOVING. CHANGING SHAPE... BUT NOT MIXING. NO GRAY."

"VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL."



"NOBODY WANTED IT. MEANT FOR ME. TOOK IT HOME. LEARNED TO CUT IT USING HEATED IMPLEMENTS TO RESEAL LATEX."

"WHEN I HAD CUT IT ENOUGH, IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A WOMAN ANYMORE."



SOON, BECAME BORED. FABRIC HAD NO USE. LEFT IT IN TRUNK. FORGOT ABOUT IT."

TWO YEARS PASSED. MARCH, 1964. STOPPED AT NEWSSTAND ON WAY TO WORK, BOUGHT PAPER. THERE SHE WAS. FRONT PAGE."



"WOMAN WHO'D ORDERED SPECIAL DRESS."

"KITTY GENOVESE."

New York Gazette

WOMAN KILLED WHILE NEIGHBORS LOOK ON

"I'M SURE THAT WAS THE WOMAN'S NAME."



"RAPED. TORTURED. KILLED HERE. IN NEW YORK. OUTSIDE HER OWN APARTMENT BUILDING."

"ALMOST FORTY NEIGHBORS HEARD SCREAMS. NOBODY DID ANYTHING. NOBODY CALLED COPS. SOME OF THEM EVEN WATCHED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

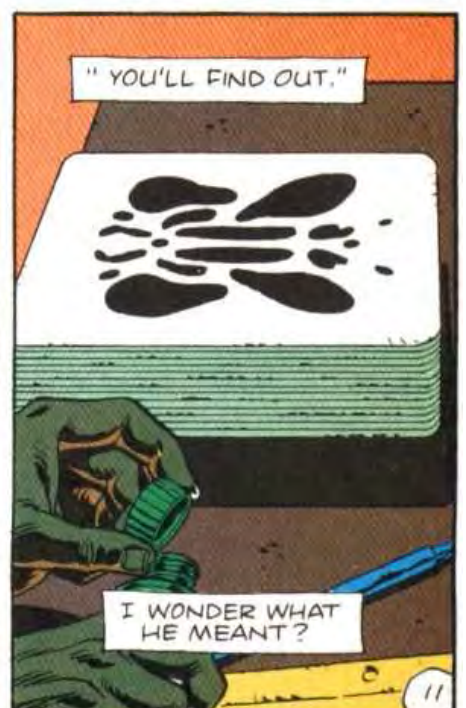


"SOME OF THEM EVEN WATCHED."

"I KNEW WHAT PEOPLE WERE, THEN, BEHIND ALL THE EVASIONS, ALL THE SELF-DECEPTION. ASHAMED FOR HUMANITY, I WENT HOME. I TOOK THE REMAINS OF HER UNWANTED DRESS..."



"...AND MADE A FACE THAT I COULD BEAR TO LOOK AT IN THE MIRROR"





THE GUARDS INTERVENED, DRAGGING KOVACS AWAY TO SOLITARY AND THE OTHER MAN TO THE PRISON HOSPITAL.

ACCORDING TO THE DEPUTY WARDEN, HIS BURNS WERE HORRIFIC. HOT COOKING FAT ... I DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT IT.



AS THEY DRAGGED HIM AWAY, RORSCHACH SPOKE TO THE OTHER INMATES.

HE SAID "NONE OF YOU UNDERSTAND. I'M NOT LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH YOU. YOU'RE LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH ME."



MY EARLIER OPTIMISM WAS OBVIOUSLY UNFOUNDED. HE'S GETTING WORSE.



SO AM I. JUST READ BACK WHAT I'VE WRITTEN ABOVE. THE SIXTH LINE DOWN SHOULD READ "KOVACS SPOKE TO THE OTHER INMATES."

KOVACS.

NOT RORSCHACH.



MAL? YOU'RE NEVER GONNA SLEEP WITH ALL THAT COFFEE INSIDE YOU.

OH, HI, GLORIA. ACTUALLY, I WASN'T PLANNING ON SLEEPING JUST YET.

THIS KOVACS CASE, YOU KNOW ... REQUIRES A LOT OF ATTENTION...



REMEMBER LAST NIGHT, MAL? WHEN I REQUIRED ATTENTION?



GLORIA, PLEASE! THEN WAS THEN, NOW IS NOW...

...AND FRANKLY I THINK IT'S UNFAIR OF YOU TO BRING UP SEX WHEN YOU KNOW I NEED TO WORK.

OH WELL, MAYBE I JUST SOMETIMES NOTICE HOW OFTEN YOU BRING UP WORK WHEN YOU KNOW I NEED SEX.

GOOD NIGHT, MAL.

WAIT! GLORIA, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? COME BACK HERE. WE CAN TALK...



"YOU'RE LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH ME," HE SAID.



HE'S RIGHT.

ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.



ALRIGHT, ROR...

ALRIGHT, WALTER... THIS AFTERNOON I WANT TO PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF...

AFTER THE MURDER OF KITTY GENOVESE, YOU DECIDED TO VENT YOUR HOSTILITY UPON THE UNDER-WORLD...



MAKING A MASK FOR YOURSELF, YOU DECIDED TO BECOME RORSCHACH AND ...

DON'T BE STUPID.

I WASN'T RORSCHACH THEN.



THEN I WAS JUST KOVACS.

KOVACS PRETENDING TO BE RORSCHACH.



"BEING RORSCHACH TAKES CERTAIN KIND OF INSIGHT. BACK THEN, JUST THOUGHT I WAS RORSCHACH. VERY NAIVE. VERY YOUNG."

"VERY SOFT."

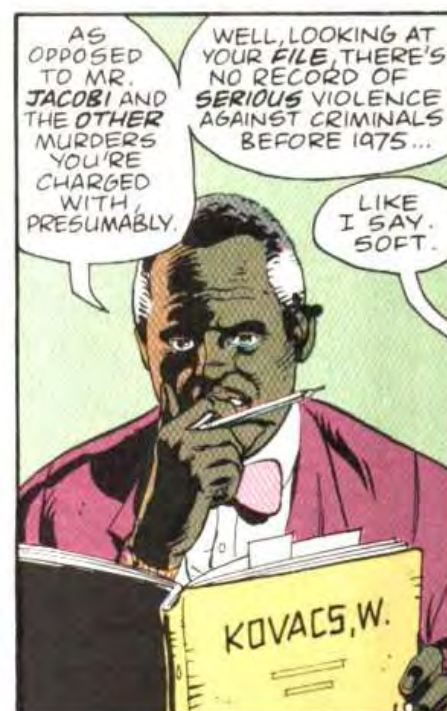


SOFT? HOW DO YOU MEAN?

SOFT ON SCUM. TOO YOUNG TO KNOW ANY BETTER. MOLLY-CODDLED THEM.



"LET THEM LIVE."



AS OPPOSED TO MR. JACOBI AND THE OTHER MURDERS YOU'RE CHARGED WITH, PRESUMABLY.

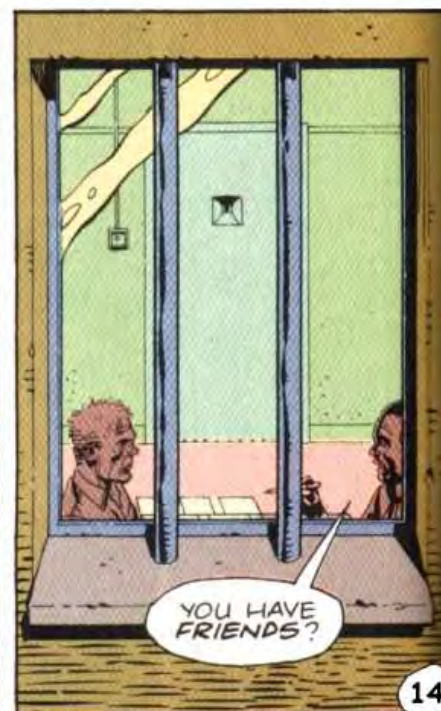
WELL, LOOKING AT YOUR FILE, THERE'S NO RECORD OF SERIOUS VIOLENCE AGAINST CRIMINALS BEFORE 1975...

LIKE I SAY. SOFT.



"HADN'T REALIZED THE STAKES WE WERE PLAYING FOR BACK THEN."

"ALL OF US... ME, MY FRIENDS: ALL SOFT."



YOU HAVE FRIENDS?



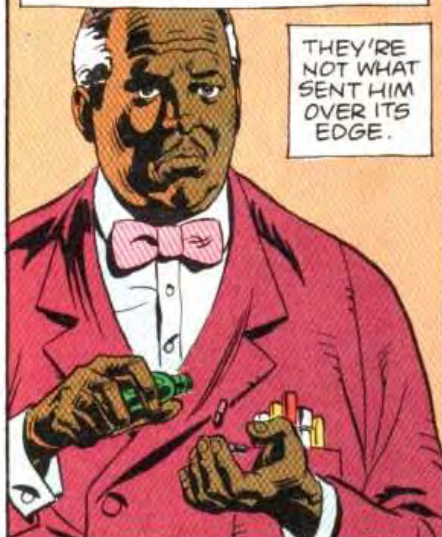
FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG. OCTOBER 27TH, 1985 =

HIS LAST WORDS TODAY WERE "WE DO IT BECAUSE WE ARE COMPELLED."



BUT HE NEVER SAYS WHAT IT IS THAT COMPELS HIM. IT'S NOT HIS CHILDHOOD, HIS MOTHER OR KITTY GENOVESE. THOSE THINGS JUST MADE HIM OVER-REACT TO THE INJUSTICE IN THE WORLD.

THEY'RE NOT WHAT SENT HIM OVER ITS EDGE.



THEY'RE NOT WHAT TURNED HIM INTO RORSCHACH.



IT'S AS IF CONTINUAL CONTACT WITH SOCIETY'S GRIM ELEMENTS HAS SHAPED HIM INTO SOMETHING GRIMMER, SOMETHING EVEN WORSE.

IF ONLY I COULD CONVINCE HIM THAT LIFE ISN'T LIKE THAT. THE WORLD ISN'T LIKE THAT.

I'M POSITIVE IT ISN'T.



BOUGHT A GAZETTE ON WAY HOME, INCLUDING A SMALL PIECE ABOUT KOVACS WHICH THE NEWSVENDOR POINTED OUT EXCITEDLY. I GUESS HE DOES THAT TO EVERYBODY.

APPARENTLY, KOVACS VISITED HIS NEWSSTAND REGULARLY.

THE COINCIDENCE IS TRIVIAL, BUT UNSETTLING.



SO WAS THE FRONT PAGE. RUSSIAN TANKS HAVE ENTERED PAKISTAN.

ON SEVENTH AVENUE, SOMEONE HAD SPRAYED SILHOUETTE FIGURES ONTO THE WALL. IT REMINDED ME OF THE PEOPLE DISINTEGRATED AT HIROSHIMA, LEAVING ONLY THEIR INDELIBLE SHADOWS.



AT HOME, GLORIA SEEMED ANXIOUS TO SWEETEN THINGS AFTER YESTERDAY AND TOLD ME SHE'D INVITED RANDY AND DIANA TO DINNER TOMORROW.

WAS TOO EXHAUSTED TO TAKE IN ALL THE DETAILS AND SUGGESTED AN EARLY NIGHT.



FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG, OCTOBER 28TH, 1985:

TODAY HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING.

HELLO, RORSCHACH. HOW ARE YOU TODAY?



IN PRISON.

YOURSELF?



UH... FINE. I'M FINE.

I THOUGHT WE'D TRY SOME MORE **BLOT TESTS**.

HOW ABOUT TAKING A LOOK AT THIS ONE FOR ME?



SEEN THIS ONE BEFORE.

YES. I KNOW. I... UH... I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN HOLDING **BACK** BEFORE AND I WANTED TO TRY IT AGAIN.

GO ON. TELL ME WHAT YOU **REALLY** SEE.



DOG.

DOG WITH HEAD SPLIT IN HALF.



I...I SEE.

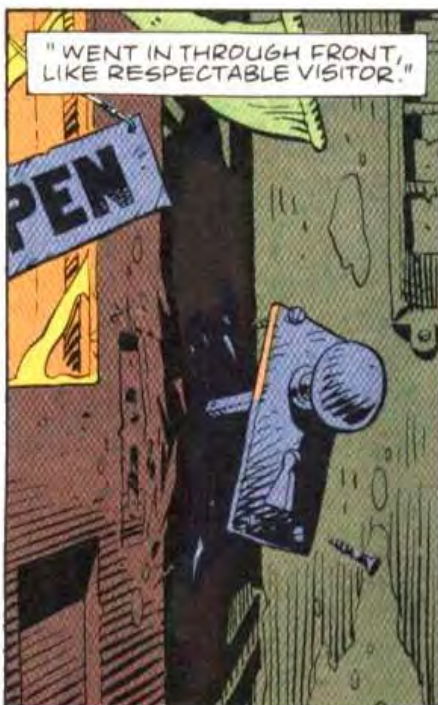
AND, UH, WHAT DO YOU THINK SPLIT THE, UH, SPLIT THE DOG'S HEAD.

IN HALF.



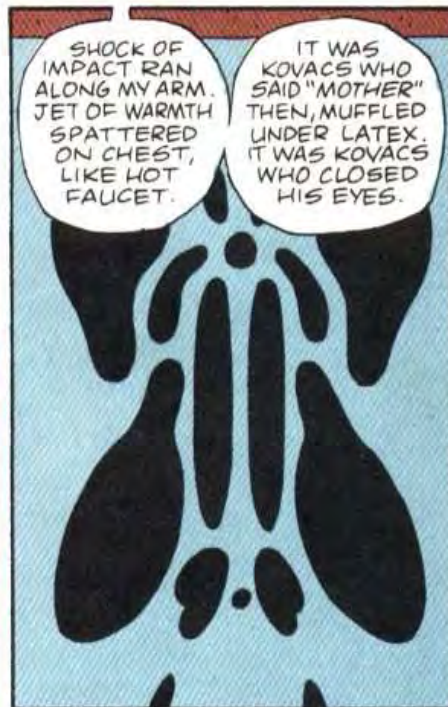
I DID.











SHOCK OF
IMPACT RAN
ALONG MY ARM.
JET OF WARMTH
SPATTERED
ON CHEST,
LIKE HOT
FAUCET.

IT WAS
KOVACS WHO
SAID "MOTHER"
THEN, MUFFLED
UNDER LATEX.
IT WAS KOVACS
WHO CLOSED
HIS EYES.



IT WAS
RORSCHACH WHO
OPENED THEM
AGAIN.



ACCORDING
TO MY INFOR-
MANT, MAN USING
PREMISES NAMED
GERALD
GRICE.

OUT
DRINKING
WHEN I
CALLED.
RETURNED TO
DRESSMAKERS
AT TEN FORTY-
FIVE.



DARK
BY THEN.

DARK AS
IT GETS.







EEEE-
YUUUGH!
GET OFF!

SOMEBODY
GET IT OFF
ME!



OOUGHH.

OH, NO.
OH, PLEASE...
I HAVEN'T
DONE ANY-
THING...



OOUHH. OH,
WAIT! WAIT,
PLEASE, PLEASE,
WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO...?



LOOK...LOOK,
I KNOW WHAT
YOU THINK...

YOU THINK I'M
SOMETHING TO
DO WITH THAT
LITTLE GIRL.

WELL,
WELL, I'M
NOT, OKAY?
OKAY?



OH, GOD,
PLEASE...
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

Y-YOU
CAN'T PROVE
ANYTHING. I
MEAN, WH-WHERE'S
THE EVIDENCE?
YOU CAN'T DO
ANYTHING
TO...



... ME...





"STOOD IN FIRELIGHT, SWELTERING. BLOODSTAIN ON CHEST LIKE MAP OF VIOLENT NEW CONTINENT.

"FELT CLEANSED. FELT DARK PLANET TURN UNDER MY FEET AND KNEW WHAT CATS KNOW THAT MAKES THEM SCREAM LIKE BABIES IN NIGHT.



"LOOKED AT SKY THROUGH SMOKE HEAVY WITH HUMAN FAT AND GOD WAS NOT THERE. THE COLD, SUFFOCATING DARK GOES ON FOREVER, AND WE ARE ALONE.



"LIVE OUR LIVES, LACKING ANYTHING BETTER TO DO. DEVISE REASON LATER.

"BORN FROM OBLIVION; BEAR CHILDREN, HELL-BOUND AS OURSELVES; GO INTO OBLIVION.

"THERE IS NOTHING ELSE."



EXISTENCE IS RANDOM. HAS NO PATTERN SAVE WHAT WE IMAGINE AFTER STARING AT IT FOR TOO LONG.

NO MEANING SAVE WHAT WE CHOOSE TO IMPOSE.



THIS RUDDERLESS WORLD IS NOT SHAPED BY VAGUE METAPHYSICAL FORCES. IT IS NOT GOD WHO KILLS THE CHILDREN. NOT FATE THAT BUTCHERS THEM OR DESTINY THAT FEEDS THEM TO THE DOGS.

IT'S US.

ONLY US.



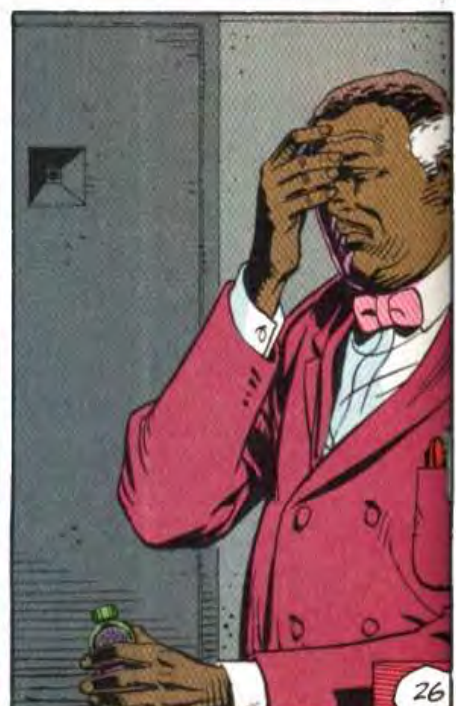
STREETS STANK OF FIRE. THE VOID BREATHED HARD ON MY HEART, TURNING ITS ILLUSIONS TO ICE, SHATTERING THEM.

WAS REBORN THEN, FREE TO SCRAWL OWN DESIGN ON THIS MORALLY BLANK WORLD.

WAS RORSCHACH.



DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS, DOCTOR?



FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG, OCTOBER 28TH, 1985:

WALKED HOME ALONG 40TH STREET. A BLACK MAN TRIED TO SELL ME A ROLEX WATCH. WHEN I KEPT WALKING HE STARTED SHOUTING "NIGGER! HEY, NIGGER!"

IGNORED HIM. BOUGHT PAPER. RUSSIANS CLAIM THAT FIGHTING SPILLING INTO PAKISTAN WAS ACCIDENTAL. NIXON SAYS U.S. WILL MEET CONTINUED SOVIET AGGRESSION WITH "MAXIMUM FORCE."

INSIDE ARTICLE ON NUCLEAR ALERT PROCEDURE.

FINAL
New York Gazette
**NIXON PROMISES
MAXIMUM FORCE**

IT SAYS THAT ANY DEAD FAMILY MEMBERS SHOULD BE WRAPPED IN PLASTIC GARBAGE BAGS AND PLACED OUTSIDE FOR COLLECTION.

ON 7TH AVENUE, THE HIROSHIMA LOVERS WERE STILL TRYING INADEQUATELY TO CONSOLE ONE ANOTHER.

HOME: GLORIA REMINDED ME THAT RANDY AND DIANA WERE COMING TONIGHT. LOOKED CROSS WHEN I CONFESSED I'D FORGOTTEN. WE DRESSED FOR DINNER IN SILENCE.

DINNER DIDN'T GO VERY WELL.

SO, MAL, HOW ARE THINGS GOING WITH THIS FAMOUS MASKED MANIAC OF YOURS?

OH, YES, TELL US. HAS HE TOLD YOU ANYTHING WEIRD OR KINKY YET?

YES, YES, HE HAS.

TODAY HE TOLD ME ABOUT A GIRL WHO GOT KIDNAPPED.

LOOK, MAYBE THIS ISN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA RIGHT NOW...

OH, BOY! WAS SHE TIED UP AND GAGGED AND HELPLESS?

RAN-DEE!

NO. SHE WAS SIX. HER ABDUCTOR KILLED HER, BUTCHERED HER AND FED HER TO HIS GERMAN SHEPHERDS.

GLORIA?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



DIANA REMEMBERED THAT THEIR BABYSITTER HAD TO BE HOME EARLY AND THEY LEFT SOON AFTER DINNER.

GLORIA WENT INTO THE BEDROOM. I FOLLOWED HER. SHE WALKED OUT AGAIN, INTO THE HALL.



I SAT ON THE BED.

SHE CAME IN, WEARING HER COAT, SUBJECTED ME TO A LOT OF CRUDE SEXUAL INSULTS, WENT OUT. THE FRONT DOOR SLAMMED.



NEXT WEEK, I COULD BE PUTTING HER INTO A GARBAGE SACK, PLACING HER OUTSIDE FOR COLLECTION.



I SAT ON THE BED.

I LOOKED AT THE RORSCHACH BLOT.

I TRIED TO PRETEND IT LOOKED LIKE A SPREADING TREE, SHADOWS POOLED BENEATH IT, BUT IT DIDN'T.



IT LOOKED MORE LIKE A DEAD CAT I ONCE FOUND, THE FAT, GLISTENING GRUBS WRITHING BLINDLY, SQUIRMING OVER EACH OTHER, FRANTICALLY TUNNELING AWAY FROM THE LIGHT.

BUT EVEN THAT IS AVOIDING THE REAL HORROR.

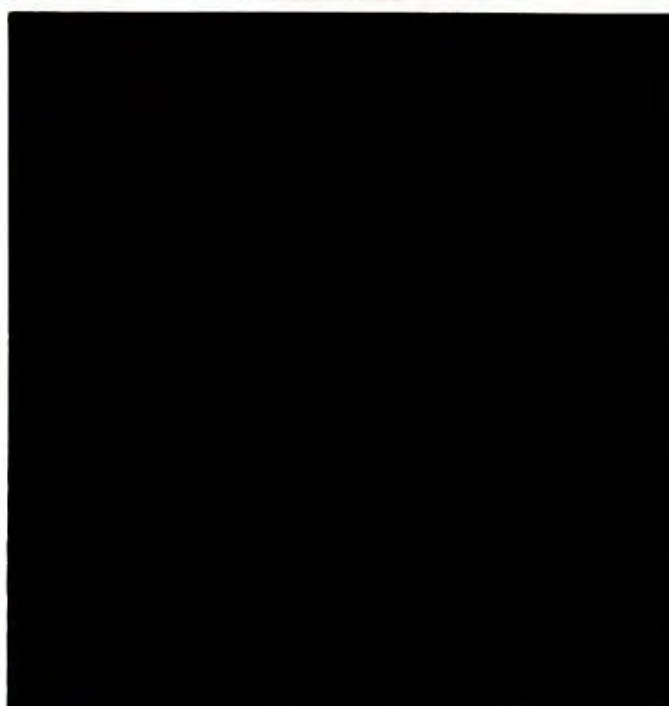


THE HORROR IS THIS: IN THE END, IT IS SIMPLY A PICTURE OF EMPTY MEANINGLESS BLACKNESS.



WE ARE ALONE.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE.



Battle not with monsters, lest ye become a monster,

and if you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.

— Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche



New York
Police Department
MANHATTAN



Form 2-18

WALTER J. KOVACS

FOR INTER-DEPARTMENTAL USE ONLY

(Please type or print clearly)

Name KOVACS, Walter Joseph

Address TRANSIENT

Born 3/21/40

Mothers name KOVACS, Sylvia Joanna (nee GLICK)

Fathers name Unknown



DETAILS OF ARREST

COPIES:

LEFT THUMB PRINT

RIGHT THUMB PRINT

Walter Joseph Kovacs, A.K.A. RORSCHACH, was arrested on the night of Monday, October 21st when a squadron of police officers led by Detectives FINE and BOURQUIN surrounded the house of EDGAR WILLIAM JACOBI, A.K.A. EDGAR WILLIAM VAUGHN, A.K.A. WILLIAM EDGAR BRIGHT, A.K.A. MOLOCH, following an anonymous tip: Kovacs, who was on the premises at the time, injured two police officers while resisting arrest. Officer SHAW was admitted to the hospital with minor burns, while Officer Greaves, who was shot at point blank range with a gas-powered grappling gun, has a shattered sternum and is still on the hospital's critical list as of this writing (10/22/85).

When the house was explored, the body of Edgar Jacobi was discovered in the kitchen, shot through the head. The murder weapon was found less than two feet away, and although there were no fingerprints on the gun it should be remembered that since Kovacs was wearing gloves when arrested, this lack of prints is hardly remarkable. Although Kovacs has denied the murder of Jacobi, given his previous history of violence against other criminals and his location in the murder house at the time, few other conclusions seem possible. Curiously, Kovacs has not denied the two other murders attributed to him, those of GERALD ANTHONY GRICE, unemployed, in the summer of 1975, and of wanted multiple rapist HARVEY CHARLES FURNISS two years later in the summer of 1977, immediately following the passage of the Keene Act into law.

At the time of his arrest, the contents of Kovacs' pockets were as follows: 1 battery powered flashlight; 5 individually wrapped cubes 'Sweet Chariot' chewing sugar; 1 map New York underground and subway system, dated 1968 with recent alterations drawn in with a red ballpoint pen; withered remains one red rose; one dollar fifty-nine cents in assorted loose change; one pencil; one notebook, pages filled with what is either an elaborate cypher or handwriting too cramped and eccentric to be legible; one broken bottle 'Nostalgia' cologne for men, possibly broken during leap from Jacobi's second story window during arrest; a residue of ground black pepper.

(If second sheet is needed refer to Form 6-2)



New York State Psychiatric Hospital West Branch

EARLY HISTORY: A SUMMARY:

Sylvia Kovacs came to New York from Ohio in the spring of 1935 with her husband, Peter Joseph Kovacs, whom she divorced in 1937 amidst mutual accusations of adultery and mental cruelty. After the divorce she had no further contact with her former husband, and for the next three years, she lived in a number of low-rent apartments, both alone and with a number of male acquaintances. Exactly when she drifted into prostitution as a means of meeting her mounting debts is uncertain, but it seems likely that her last semi-permanent relationship was with the true father of Walter Kovacs, who left her two months before the baby was born. Mrs. Kovacs was either unable or unwilling to provide any details concerning him other than that his name was 'Charlie'. Since shortly after the birth of her son we see Mrs. Kovacs' first arrest on charges of prostitution, we can perhaps assume that the additional cost of keeping an infant child may have been what necessitated this new occupation, and perhaps also speculate as to whether the above factors were the cause of the resentment and cruelty which Sylvia Kovacs showed to her son as he grew older.

In the July of 1951, the boy was admitted into care after viciously attacking two older boys in the street, partially blinding one of them. When questioned, Kovacs refused to talk about what had caused him to attack the boys, so it must be presumed that it was an unprovoked assault. Nevertheless, investigation of the circumstances the boy lived in revealed that he was regularly beaten and exposed to the worst excesses of a prostitute's lifestyle, and it was decided to place the child under care. He was admitted to the Lillian Charlton Home for Problem Children in New Jersey, where he remained until 1956, when it was decided that he was intelligent and stable enough to function in normal society. During his time at his home, removed from his mother's negative influence, Kovacs did very well at schoolwork, excelling particularly in the fields of literature and religious education as well as possessing an impressive skill in the areas of gymnastics and amateur boxing. While quiet and shy, especially with women, Kovacs was capable of long and well-reasoned conversations with his classmates and instructors, and struck most people as a serious but likeable child who was merely a bit withdrawn.

On this aside, it is clear that his loathing of his mother remained undiminished. Shortly before Kovacs left the Charlton home in 1956, news was received that his mother, who had never made any attempt to contact her child and who had continued to become further involved in the world of small-time vice, had been murdered. Her body had been found in a back alleyway in the South Bronx, the cause of death being the forced ingestion of Drano cleaning fluid. A man named George Paterson, Mrs. Kovacs' pimp, was later charged





New York State Psychiatric Hospital West Branch

with her murder. When the news was broken to Walter Kovacs, then aged sixteen, his only comment was 'Good.' Shortly after this, Kovacs left the home to take up residence in the first of a series of small apartments and also take up full employment in a menial capacity within the garment industry, an occupation he apparently remained in up until the mid-seventies, maintaining a dual life between his daytime employment and his nocturnal activities in the guise of 'Rorschach'.

Very little physical evidence exists that gives a clear insight into the psychology of this troubled man. Some police officers have tentatively identified him as a prophet-of-doom sandwich-board man seen locally over the last several years, but as Kovacs refuses to divulge his current address, if any, this is not provable at such an early stage in the investigation. Similarly, material relating to his early years is scarce, although I have been able to obtain photocopies of two pieces written by Kovacs during his stay at the Charlton Home, one being an essay written on the set topic of 'My Parents' when Kovacs was eleven, the other being a transcription of Kovacs' verbal recounting of a nightmare he suffered when he was thirteen.



**Charlton
Home**

CONFIDENTIAL

by Walter Kovacs

My Parents

I have two parents, although actually, I don't have any. I never see my mom, but that's okay, although I would like to see my dad sometimes. I have never met my dad and I would sure like to. He had to leave our house when I wasn't even born, I guess because he couldn't get along with my mother. I would of done the same if I was him.

I used to ask my mom about my dad, but she doesn't talk much about him. His name was charlie, which is short for Charles although it has the same number of letters. She says she doesn't know his second name although how can you live with somebody if you don't know who they are? It is just stupid.

My mom told me she threw my dad out because he was always getting into political arguments with her because he liked President Truman and she didn't. I think perhaps my dad was some sort of aide to President Truman, because he liked him so much. Most probably he was out of the country during the war when I was growing up on some sort of mission. I think he was the kind of guy who would fight for his country and what was right. Maybe he got killed fighting the Nazis and he's with God now and that's how come he never managed to find me.

I like President Truman, the way Dad would of wanted me to. He dropped the atom bomb on Japan and saved millions of lives because if he hadn't of, then there would of been a lot more war than there was and more people would of been killed. I think it was a good thing to drop the atomic bomb on Japan.

That is all I have to say about my parents.

FORM BEING STRUNG



Charlton
Home

CONFIDENTIAL

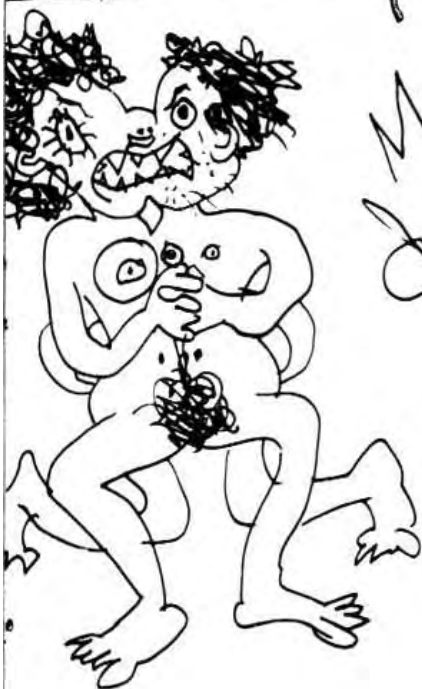
DREAM, 5/27/63

"A man was in my old house, with my mom. They were eating some stuff like raw dough, and my mom choked on a piece. The guy with her tried to fish it out of her throat. He got his whole hand in her mouth and then it was like he had his whole arm down her throat. He told me to get a doctor, so I ran out of the room but the house was all different and there wasn't any doctor there anyway, so I went back to find mom. I was walking down this sort of hallway, and it was dark and I saw what looked like my mom and this guy dancing, old fashioned dancing at the other end of the room, and they didn't have any clothes on. They were sort of clopping around like a horse in a pantomime with two guys in a suit. When they got nearer, I saw they weren't dancing at all, they were squashed together like siamese twins, joined at the face and chest and stomach. They didn't have any face, you could only see their ears, two on either side of the head facing towards each other. Their hands were growing into each other as well, but they had all four legs free and they were sort of dancing sideways towards me down the dark hall like a crab, and there was something tripping 'em up, wrapped around their feet, and I looked down and I saw it was trousers and underwear and stuff. They were coming towards me, and then I woke up. I had feelings when I woke up. Dirty feelings, thoughts and stuff. The dream it sort of upset me, physically. I couldn't help it. I feel bad just talking about it."

From the desk of: Dr. Malcolm

10/2.

Walter Joseph Kovacs promises to be a complex case, especially in light of the extreme nature of his vigilante activities. It may be possible to identify a new syndrome that will help us to understand those other people who have in the past shared Kovacs masked vigilante activities. In any event, keep notes with an eye to possible future publication. First interview with Kovacs is Friday afternoon. Looking forward to it.



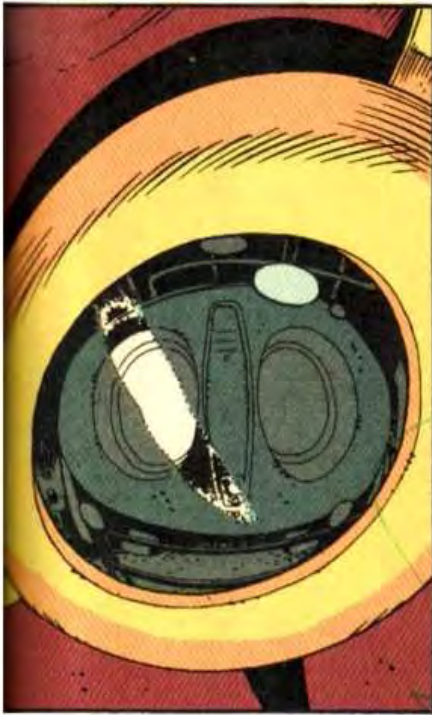
MY
DREAM
BY
W.J. KOVACS
AGE 13





CHAPTER







A BROTHER TO DRAGONS





OVER HERE.

LAURIE, WHAT HAPPENED? I THOUGHT...



LOOK, I'M REALLY SORRY. I WAS JUST POKING AROUND DOWN HERE. I SAW THE LIGHTS ON IN THE SHIP...

SEE, I WAS LOOKING FOR THE DASH LIGHTER...

I DON'T SMOKE. THAT WAS THE FLAME-THROWER.



YEAH, WELL, I KNOW THAT NOW. LOOK, DAN, I'M REALLY SORRY...

HEY, IT'S OKAY. MY FAULT. I WAS DOWN HERE CHECKING OUT THE SYSTEMS EARLIER. I LEFT EVERYTHING SWITCHED ON WHEN I WENT OUT TO THE STORE.

YOU'RE NOT HURT?



ME? I'M FINE... BUT LOOK AT YOUR BEAUTIFUL SHIP...

AHH, THAT'S MOSTLY JUST SOOT. IT'LL WIPE OFF. I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE OKAY.

WHEN YOU SCREAMED, I THOUGHT ... WELL, Y'KNOW. EVER SINCE THE COMEDIAN DIED...



OH, COME ON, DAN... YOU'RE NOT STARTING TO TAKE RORSCHACH'S 'MASK KILLER' BULL-SHIT SERIOUSLY?

I MEAN, HE'S PSYCHOTIC. TO HIM, EVERYTHING'S A CONSPIRACY.



I DON'T KNOW ...THE COMEDIAN MURDERED, JON EXILED, SOMEONE TRIES TO SHOOT ADRIAN, RORSCHACH HIMSELF GETS TAKEN BY THE POLICE...

IT JUST MAKES ME FEEL UN-EASY.

IS THAT WHY YOU WERE TUNING YOUR SHIP?



WHAT? OH, NO, NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT. I WAS JUST TINKERING, YOU KNOW, NOTHING SERIOUS...

YOU'VE GOT SOME WONDERFUL STUFF DOWN HERE. IT'S LIKE A MAGICIAN'S CAVE OR SOMETHING...



WHAT, WITH ALL THESE LEAKS AND PUDDLES?

NO... MAYBE IT USED TO SEEM LIKE THAT TO ME ONCE, BUT THESE DAYS IT'S SORT OF AN EMBARRASSMENT.

LOOKING BACK IT ALL SEEMS SO ...WELL, CHILDISH, I GUESS.



JUST A SCHOOLKID'S FANTASY THAT GOT OUT OF HAND.

...ON REFLECTION.

THAT'S Y'KNOW, WITH HINDSIGHT...







ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SYSTEMS FUNCTIONING ...YUP, EVERYTHING'S OKAY.

I ALREADY STOPPED A COUPLE OF TIMES BEFORE, BUT IT GOT SO BORING AROUND THE ROCKEFELLER BASE, MY WILL POWER NEVER HELD OUT LONG.

PROBABLY WON'T THIS TIME, EITHER.



WELL, Y'KNOW, THAT'S A VERY NEGATIVE ATTITUDE ...I MEAN, I HAD A DANGEROUS HABIT MYSELF ONCE.

YOU DID? WHAT HAPPENED?



I QUIT. NO PROBLEM.

OH, I MEAN, SURE, AT FIRST I USED TO GET CRAVINGS BUT I HELD ON IN THERE.

THESE DAYS IT HARDLY BOTHERS ME AT ALL.



YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, Y'KNOW, WHAT WE DID. YOU STILL MISS ALL THAT STUFF?

NO, NO, NOT REALLY. JUST SENTIMENT, I GUESS.

C'MON ... I'M FINISHED HERE. TAKE THE REAR EXIT SO YOU WON'T GET DIRTY CRAWLING UNDER ARCHIE.



ARCHIE?

OH, UH, WELL, IT'S SHORT FOR ARCHIMEDES, MERLIN'S PET OWL IN 'THE SWORD IN THE STONE'. I SAW THE DISNEY VERSION ONCE AND ... WELL, YOU KNOW, IT'S JUST A STUPID NICKNAME.

HERE'S THE EXIT. WATCH YOUR STEP.



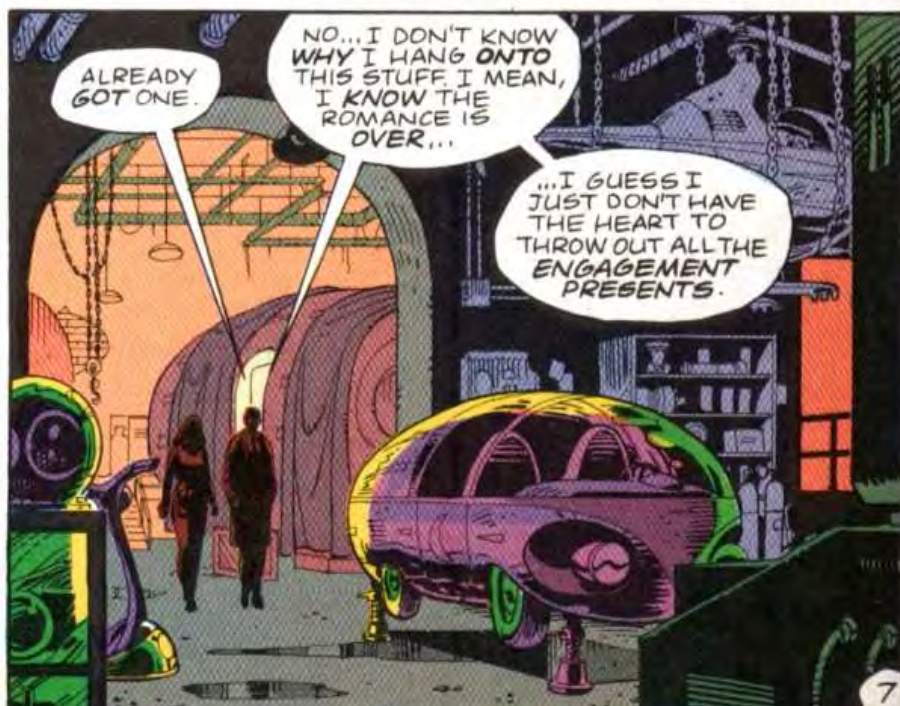
YOU WERE REALLY INTO ALL THAT KNIGHTS-IN-ARMOR FANTASY STUFF AS A KID?

YEAH. I GUESS IT FIGURES ... Y'KNOW, BEING A CRIMEFIGHTER AND EVERYTHING. IT WAS JUST THIS ADOLESCENT, ROMANTIC THING.



NOTHING WRONG WITH ADOLESCENT ROMANCE, ALTHOUGH MOST PEOPLE DON'T SPEND SO MUCH MONEY GETTING IT.

I MEAN, THIS BASEMENT, IT'S ENORMOUS. WHY NOT SELL SOME OF THIS OLD EQUIPMENT AND TURN IT INTO, I DUNNO, A GYM OR SOMETHING?



ALREADY GOT ONE.

NO ... I DON'T KNOW WHY I HANG ONTO THIS STUFF. I MEAN, I KNOW THE ROMANCE IS OVER ...

... I GUESS I JUST DON'T HAVE THE HEART TO THROW OUT ALL THE ENGAGEMENT PRESENTS.







DAN, THIS IS FABULOUS. THIS MUST BE WHAT IT'S LIKE HAVING POWERS...Y'KNOW, SPECIAL VISION AND LIKE THAT.

HM. WELL, IT'S GETTING LATE...

IT MUST BE SO STRANGE BEING JON. HE CAN SEE NEUTRINOS



OH, OKAY. I'M ALL THROUGH PLAYING WITH THEM, ANYWAY.

DEVO?

...THOUGH MAYBE I'LL BORROW THEM FOR PALE HORSE'S MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CONCERTS IN EARLY NOVEMBER. THEY'RE KINDA DEVO.

JUST A SECOND... LET'S PUT THE LIGHTS ON UPSTAIRS.



SURE. DEVO. "ARE WE NOT MEN?" BAND FROM OHIO. LATE SEVENTIES.

OH. WELL, I'M MOSTLY INTO BILLIE HOLIDAY, NELLIE LUTCHER, LOUIS JORDAN... STUFF LIKE THAT.

DO YOU MISS JON?



JON? NO... ALTHOUGH I KEEP THINKING I SHOULD.

BUT, YOU SEE, EVEN WHEN I WAS WITH HIM, HE WAS NEVER REALLY THERE. THERE WAS NO REAL HUMAN CONTACT; NO PHYSICAL CONTACT...

I WAS SO LONELY...



YES. I KNOW. LAURIE, SOMETIMES I'VE FELT ...

...AND, LIKE, IT WASN'T JUST THE ISOLATION. I USED TO WORK OUT IN A GYM A LOT AS A KID, ALL BY MYSELF, SO BEING ALONE'S NO BIG DEAL.



I MEAN, TAKE YOU, FOR EXAMPLE. YOU LIKE LIVING HERE ON YOUR OWN, SO...

DAN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

UHH, NOTHING. JUST TRYING TO KEEP THESE LICKS OF HAIR IN FRONT TIDY. PLEASE ... CARRY ON.



WELL, WHAT I'M SAYING IS THAT AT ROCKEFELLER I GOT THE BAD SIDE OF ISOLATION WITHOUT THE COMPENSATIONS, LIKE PRIVACY.

THERE WAS NOBODY TO TALK TO, BUT I'D ALWAYS FEEL LIKE I WAS UNDER OBSERVATION.

HMM.



IT MUST BE GREAT FOR YOU, HAVING A SECRET IDENTITY, A SECRET PLACE NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT.

YOU CAN JUST COME DOWN HERE TO HANG OUT AND THERE'S NOBODY CHECKING UP ON YOU...

NOBODY WATCHING YOU.



ISN'T THERE?

THESE DAYS, I FEEL LIKE SOMETHING'S WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE.



DAN, YOU SOUND LIKE RORSCHACH. THIS 'MASK KILLER' THING, IT DOESN'T HOLD UP.

WHERE'S THE CONSPIRACY?

I MEAN, JON LEFT EARTH OF HIS OWN FREE WILL; RORSCHACH WAS CAUGHT RED-HANDED COMMITTING MURDER, FOR GOD'S SAKE...



I WASN'T REALLY THINKING ABOUT THE MASK KILLER, BUT...

I DON'T KNOW. THAT RORSCHACH MURDER THING SOUNDED FUNNY. HE WOULDN'T JUST SHOOT SOMEBODY. IT'S TOO ORDINARY.

ANYWAY, IT'S ALMOST SIX O'CLOCK NEWS TIME. WANT COFFEE?



SURE. BLACK AS THE DEVIL AND SWEET AS A STOLEN KISS.

WHAT?

NO MILK: TWO SUGARS. POLISH FOLK SAYING. OH, INCIDENTALLY, DID YOU SEE THAT PACKAGE THAT ARRIVED FOR ME?



UH, NO. I DIDN'T.

JUST MY CLOTHES, FORWARDED FROM ROCKEFELLER. MY OLD COSTUME, STUFF LIKE THAT.

OH, YEAH, AND A LETTER TELLING ME I DON'T HAVE CANCER. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME USING YOUR ADDRESS.



LONG AS YOU LIKE. SEE, I'M NOT REALLY THAT SOLITARY BY INCLINATION.

WELL, I JUST DON'T WANT TO GET IN THE WAY OF YOUR WORK OR ANYTHING.

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO, ACTUALLY?



OH, WELL, Y'KNOW. NOT A LOT, I GUESS. I SOMETIMES WRITE PIECES FOR ORNITHOLOGICAL JOURNALS.

REALLY? YOU DO A LOT OF THAT?

... LATEST IN A SERIES OF TENEMENT FIRES ALLEGEDLY DESIGNED TO REMOVE SITTING TENANTS...



NO. NOT MUCH. I HAVEN'T WRITTEN ANYTHING SINCE LAST APRIL. MOST PEOPLE FIND IT ALL PRETTY BORING, I GUESS...

... MEANWHILE, INVESTIGATIONS INTO CAPTURED VIGILANTE RORSCHACH ARE CONTINUING ...



USUALLY, AS SOON AS I MENTION ORNITHOLOGY, FOLKS SORT OF SWITCH OFF AND...

SHHHH!

TODAY, POLICE ALLOWED NEWS CAMERAMEN INTO THE APARTMENT USED BY RORSCHACH. REAL NAME WALTER JOSEPH KOVACS.



HIS LANDLADY, MS. DOLORES SHAIRP, DESCRIBED KOVACS AS 'A NAZI PERVERT' AND SAID THAT HE'D FREQUENTLY PROPOSITIONED HER SEXUALLY...

HA! I KNEW IT!

SHE POINTED OUT STACKS OF RIGHT WING LITERATURE INCLUDING BACK ISSUES OF THE NEW FRONTIERSMAN.



WE ASKED **HECTOR GODFREY**, THE FRONTIERSMAN'S EDITOR, IF HE HAD ANY COMMENT...

FRANKLY, ISN'T IT TIME WE **REASSESSED** RORSCHACH, AS A PATRIOT AND AMERICAN?

...AND DID YOU **SEE** THAT ROOM? I MEAN, WAS THAT **GROSS**?



YEAH, HE'S NOT GONNA BE EASY FOR A JURY TO **SYMPATHIZE** WITH...

SYMPATHIZE? AFTER HE SHOOTS A COP WITH A **GRAPPLING HOOK GUN**?

FOLLOWING A TENSE **BAIL HEARING**, KOVACS AWAITS TRIAL, PENDING **PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION**.



DON'T **REMINDE** ME IT WAS ME WHO **MADE** THAT THING FOR HIM.

DR. MALCOLM LONG, CARRYING OUT THE EXAMINATION, HAS HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WITH KOVACS THIS AFTERNOON.

HE TOLD PRESSMEN HE FELT '**CONFIDENT AND OPTIMISTIC**'.

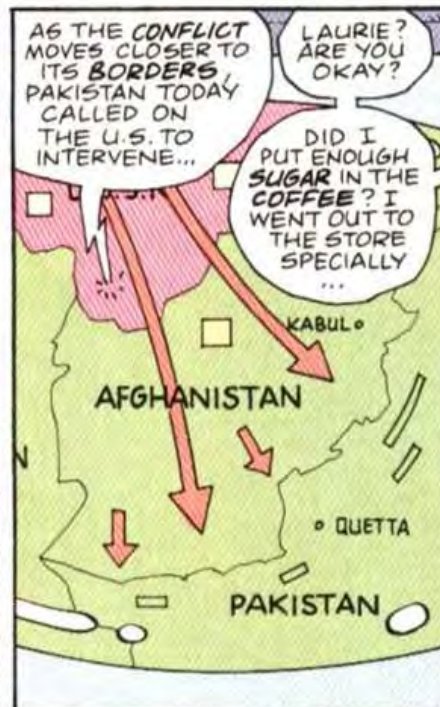


I NEVER DREAMED HE'D EVER **SHOOT** ANYBODY WITH IT.

WHAT REALLY WORRIES ME IS HIM BEING IN **JAIL**. THE OTHER PRISONERS'LL **KILL** HIM...

YEAH, WELL, THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER.

MEANWHILE, IN **AFGHANISTAN**, THE FIGHTING SPREADS



AS THE **CONFLICT** MOVES CLOSER TO ITS **BORDERS**, PAKISTAN TODAY CALLED ON THE U.S. TO **INTERVENE**...

LAURIE? ARE YOU OKAY?

DID I PUT ENOUGH **SUGAR** IN THE **COFFEE**? I WENT OUT TO THE STORE SPECIALLY



NO. NO, THE **COFFEE'S** FINE.

DAN, DOES THIS SORT OF STUFF ON THE NEWS SCARE THE HELL OUT OF YOU TOO, OR IS IT JUST ME?

ADDRESS-ING CONGRESS, PRESIDENT NIXON SAID THAT AMERICA WOULD '**CONSIDER** HER OPTIONS'...



THUS, WHILE RUSSIA CLAIMS TO BE MERELY **SECURING** HER BORDERS, WESTERN EXPERTS SEE ONLY **OPPORTUNISTIC HOSTILITY** IN THE WAKE OF **DR. MANHATTAN'S** DEPARTURE.

I MEAN, IS THIS ANOTHER **FALSE ALARM** OR HAS THE **BIG COUNTDOWN** FINALLY STARTED?



I DON'T LIKE **THINKING** ABOUT IT. DURING **HIROSHIMA WEEK**, I READ AN ARTICLE IN **TIME** MAGAZINE, WITH **PICTURES**: KIDS' BODIES, SKIN **BURNED BLACK**.

OUGH. DAN, DON'T

MEANWHILE, AMERICA'S EUROPEAN MILITARY INSTALLATIONS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON **FULL ALERT**...



SORRY. IT'S JUST **DISTURBING** THAT FACED WITH SUCH **HEAT**, PEOPLE REMAIN SO **COOL**, SO **APATHETIC**

AT ENGLAND'S **GREENHAM COMMON** BASE, WOMEN **PEACE DEMONSTRATORS** WERE **ARRESTED** DURING SCUFFLES WITH **POLICE**

ME, I WISH I COULD JUST **SPLIT**, LIKE **JON**.





NOSTALGIA
...BY VEIDT.

FOR UNFORGET-
TABLE YOU.

JESUS,
LAURIE, ARE
YOU SURE
YOU...

SHH.



AND NOW, IN A
REPEAT SHOWING OF
LAST JULY'S CHARITY
SPECTACULAR, WE BRING
YOU OZYMANDIAS
HIMSELF, ADRIAN
VEIDT, AT THE
NEW YORK
ASTRODOME.

M.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
PERFORMING LIVE IN AID OF
THE INDIAN FAMINE APPEAL
WE PRESENT ADRIAN VEIDT
THE ONE, THE ONLY...

... OZYMANDIAS!

HERE... LET
ME MOVE AROUND.
MY ELBOW'S PRESSING
ON YOUR CHEST...



THANK YOU. I HOPE
YOU'LL FORGIVE ME
WHILE I WARM UP. I
HAVEN'T DONE THIS
IN A WHILE.

HA HA HA HA

THAT
BETTER?

UH-
HUH.



...AND JUST LOOK AT THE
CONFIDENCE AS HE LEAPS
UP AND GRABS THE BAR,
BEGINNING HIS
MANEUVER.

OH, I'M
SORRY. AM
I CRUSHING
YOU?

NO, IT'S
OKAY. DON'T
WORRY.
EVERY-
THING'S
OKAY...

MMM...



MOVING UP INTO THE
HANDSTAND NOW...
NOTICE THERE'S NOT
THE SLIGHTEST
TREMOR OF EFFORT.
IT'S ALL ONE
SMOOTH, SEAM-
LESS FLOW
OF MOTION...

UH,
I CAN'T
SEEM
TO...

WHAT? OH...
HERE, LET ME
DO THAT...



...AND AS HE MOVES
INTO HIS FIRST SET
PIECE, THE AUDIENCE
IS ON THE EDGE
OF THEIR
SEATS.

BELIEVE
ME, THIS IS
ABSOLUTELY
BREATH-
TAKING

OH.

OHH,
DAN...



WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

NOTHING.
IF YOU COULD
JUST LIFT
YOURSELF A
LITTLE, I
COULD...

THAT'S
ENOUGH.
THAT'S
GREAT...

THE GRACE
OF EACH
MOVEMENT
IS EXTRA-
ORDINARY.
THIS IS A
MAN IN HIS
FORTIES...



OOOOOOHH

JUST
LISTEN TO
THAT CROWD
AS HE
SWITCHES
HIS GRIP
THERE...

UM. OOOOOOOO.



DAN?

IT'S OKAY. I JUST NEED A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO...

AW, HELL.

...SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR AGAINST THE LIGHTS, JUST PERFECT



...AND HE'S DOWN! A PERFECT HECHT DISMOUNT...

OH, LAURIE, I'M SORRY. IT ISN'T YOU, IT'S JUST...

HEY, RELAX. IT'S OKAY. WE DON'T HAVE TO RUSH THINGS...



WE'VE GOT AS LONG AS IT TAKES. AND DON'T WORRY. YOU'RE DOING FINE.

THANK YOU. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

KLAP KLAPKLAP KLAP KLAP



...AND WITH THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK NEWS COMING UP NEXT, THAT'S ALL WE HAVE TIME FOR.

SO FROM ME, BENNY ANGER, AND PALE HORSE'S REDD'EATH, IT'S THANK YOU AND GOOD NIGHT!

STILL NOTHING?

UH-UH.

HM.



NOW LET'S TAKE A BREAK FROM OUR MIDNIGHT MOVIE FOR THIS...

MMMMMM-MMMELTDOWNS...

WITH FRUITY FALLOUT AND A DELICIOUS MOLTEN CENTER, THEY'LL BLOW YOU ALL THE WAY TO CHINA...



AND THAT'S IT FROM ABC TONIGHT. WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW MORNING. BUT UNTIL THEN, TAKE A BREAK, TAKE A NAP, AND MOST OF ALL, TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER.

DAN?

MMHUH?

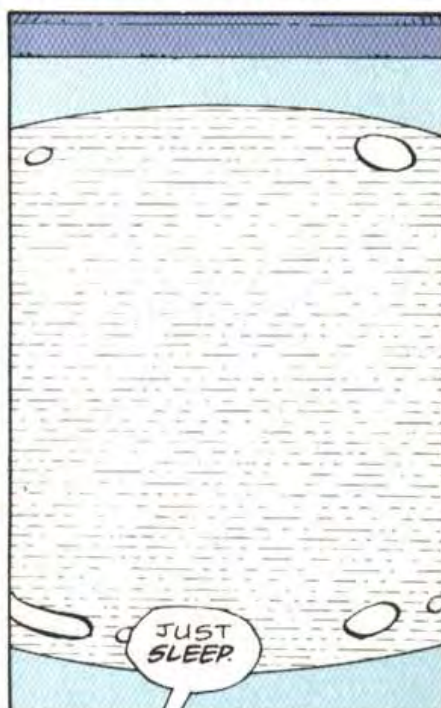
CAN YOU MOVE OVER A LITTLE?



UHM SURRY

IT DOESN'T MATTER. I KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.

WE'LL SLEEP NOW, OKAY?

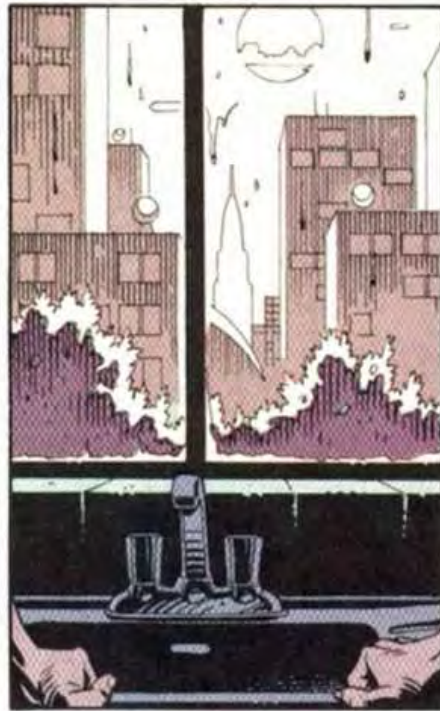


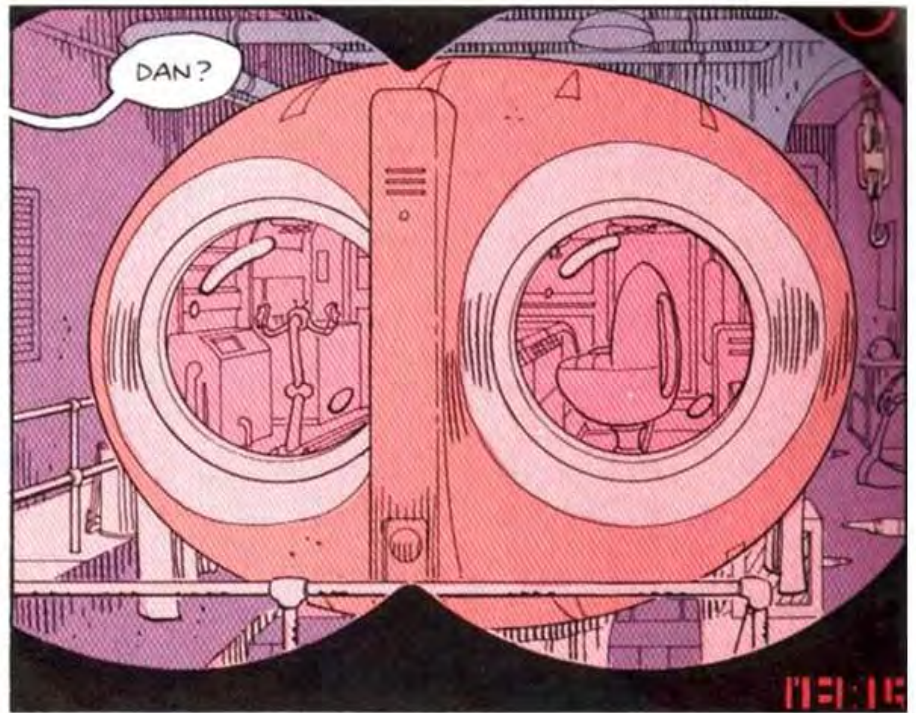
JUST SLEEP

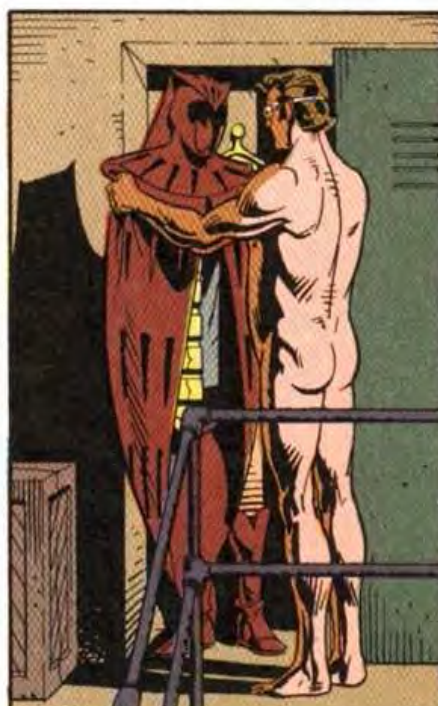


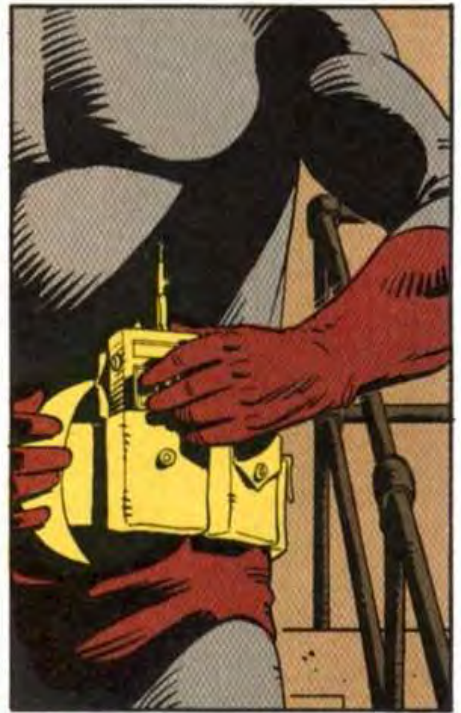














UH, WILL THIS THING STILL FLY OKAY AND EVERYTHING?

SURE. I RAN A SCAN ON ARCHIE EARLIER: NOT A FEATHER OUT OF PLACE. LET ME JUST PLUG THE STEERING COLUMN IN OVER HERE...

HMM. GOT 500T IN HIS EYES...



OH! WE'RE MOVING.

YES. I'M SORRY... HE ALWAYS GIVES THAT LITTLE LURCH WHEN HE STARTS UP. CAN'T SEEM TO IRON IT OUT.

BETTER WASH THESE WINDOWS DOWN BEFORE WE HIT THE EXIT TUNNEL...



WOW. IT'S LIKE BEING ON A GHOST TRAIN: THE DOORS BUMP OPEN, YOU ENTER THE TUNNEL...

HEH. ACTUALLY IT'S A FORGOTTEN SECTION OF SUBWAY I CONVERTED AFTER BUYING THE BUILDING ABOVE.

LET'S PICK UP A LITTLE SPEED HERE.



IS IT OKAY TO GO THIS FAST? WHERE DOES THE TUNNEL COME OUT?

A DERELICT WAREHOUSE TWO BLOCKS NORTH. I OWN THAT, TOO.

LET'S JUST HOPE THE STEEL FLOOD DOORS OVER THE END OF THE TUNNEL HAVEN'T RUSTED SHUT.



RUSTED SHUT? DAN! ARE YOU...?

RELAX. JUST KIDDING.

OKAY, IN A MOMENT I'M GOING TO TAKE HIM UP JUST HAVE TO ARRANGE SOME CLOUD COVER WITH THE FOG-SCREENS...



FOG-SCREENS?

DRY ICE. ARCHIE BREATHES SMOKE AS WELL AS FIRE.

OKAY NOW, HOLD TIGHT. I'M ROLLING BACK THE WAREHOUSE ROOF.

HERE WE GO...





THIS IS GREAT, REMEMBERING WHICH SWITCHES; WHICH SEQUENCES. IT'S LIKE THE OLD INSTINCTS ARE IMPRINTED ON MY FINGER-TIPS...

THERE'S THE ASTRODOME, LIKE A BUMPER ON A GIANT PINBALL MACHINE...

DAN? WHAT'S THAT DOWN ON OUR RIGHT?



WAIT A MINUTE. LET'S GET SOME CAMERAS ON THAT SO WE CAN...

HMM. TENEMENT BUILDING ON FIRE. LOOKS LIKE PEOPLE TRAPPED THERE ON THE UPPER STORIES.

OH, JESUS. I SEE KIDS. CAN YOU DO ANYTHING?



"LET'S HOPE SO. TAKING HIM DOWN NOW..."

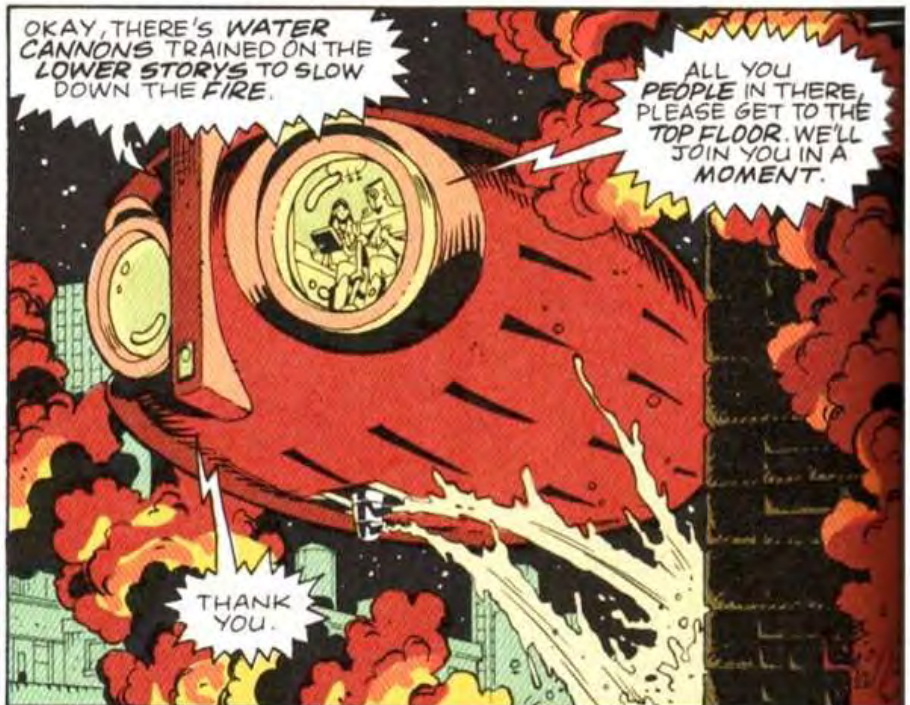
OUTTA MY WAY, BITCH, I CAN'T BREATHE...

OH, GOD, PLEASE SAVE US! WE AIN'T DONE ANYTHING! MY BABY, HE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'. OH JESUS, LORD, I'M PRAYING TO YOU...

MOMEEEEEE!



PLEASE STAY CALM. YOUR PREDICAMENT HAS BEEN NOTICED AND THE SITUATION IS BEING ATTENDED TO.



OKAY, THERE'S WATER CANNONS TRAINED ON THE LOWER STORIES TO SLOW DOWN THE FIRE.

ALL YOU PEOPLE IN THERE, PLEASE GET TO THE TOP FLOOR. WE'LL JOIN YOU IN A MOMENT.

THANK YOU.



I'LL EXTEND A RAMP FROM THE REAR DOOR TO A WINDOW, SO WE CAN SHEPHERD EVERYBODY ONTO THE SHIP.

HMM. IF I'M GOING TO BE WORKING CLOSE TO THE BLAZE, I WON'T NEED MY COAT.



WELL?

UH?

WUH, WELL WHAT?



WELL WHAT ABOUT THE RAMP? THERE'S A BUNCH OF PEOPLE STILL NEED THEIR ASSES HAULED OUT OF THE FIRE, REMEMBER?

OH, OH, RIGHT, SURE...



THE RAMP. ABSOLUTELY...

GET BACK! IT'S POKIN' SOMETHIN' AT THE BUILDING!

MOM? THAT GUY IN THE SPACE ROCKET, IS THAT JESUS?



OKAY, EVERYBODY. COMING THROUGH ...

OH, MAN, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...

SO WHY'S SHE DRESSED LIKE THAT? IT'S US WHO JUST GOT WOKE UP AT FOUR IN THE A.M.!



HI.

IF YOU COULD ALL FORM A LINE BY THE WINDOW, WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN JUST A MOMENT.

DA... UH, NITE OWL, THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF PEOPLE IN HERE.



NO PROBLEM. I CAN MAKE MORE SPACE BY TAKING THE STEERING COLUMN AND JACKING IT IN UP ON THE ROOF...

THESE FLAMES ARE CLIMBING PRETTY FAST. HOW'S THE EVACUATION COMING?



OH, YOU KNOW. THE USUAL. LADY, WILL YOU GO ACROSS, PLEASE?

ARE YOU WITH THE FIRE DEPARTMENT?

LISTEN, I'M SMOKEY THE BEAR'S SECRET MISTRESS. NOW WILL YOU PLEASE JUST MOVE OR THROW YOURSELF OVER THE SIDE OR SOMETHING?



WELCOME ABOARD.

PLEASE MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE, BUT TRY NOT TO TOUCH ANY BUTTONS. WE'LL BE SERVING COFFEE IN A FEW MOMENTS.

IS EVERYBODY OUT YET?



HERE'S THE LAST. LISTEN, I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR 'ALLERGIES' OR YOUR 'MEDICINE'. JUST GET IN THE SHIP, YOU ASS-HOLE.

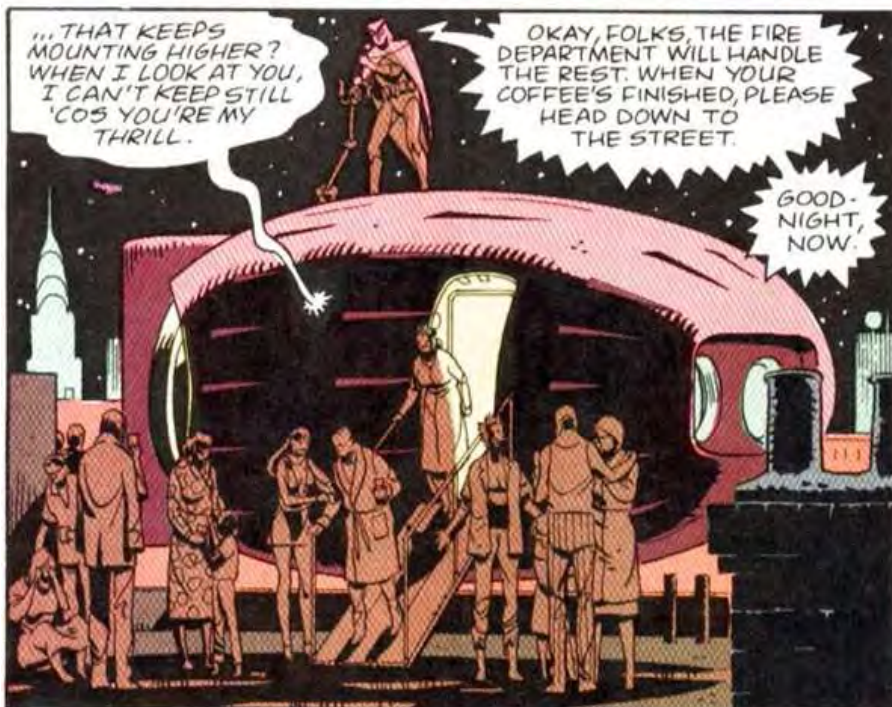
UHH, FINE. OKAY, LET'S RIDE.

I'LL PUT SOME MUSIC ON THE IN-SHIP STEREO...



YOU'RE MY THRILL YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME YOU SEND CHILLS RIGHT THROUGH ME WHEN I LOOK AT YOU, 'COS YOU'RE MY THRILL...

YOU'RE MY THRILL HOW MY PULSE INCREASES I JUST GO TO PIECES WHEN I LOOK AT YOU, 'COS YOU'RE MY THRILL.







I am a brother to dragons,
and a companion to owls.
My skin is black upon me,
and my bones are burned with heat.

JOB chapter 30, verses 29-30

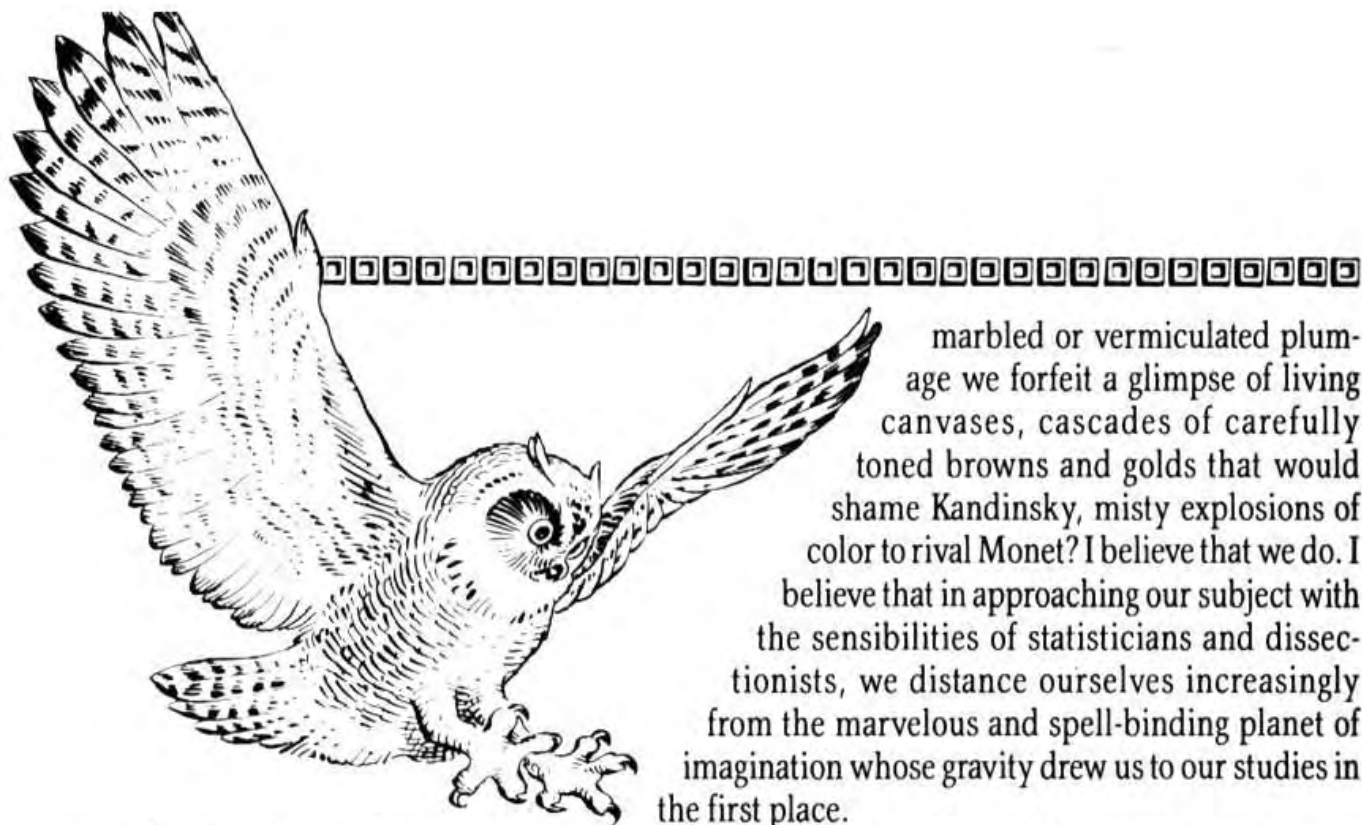
The following text is reprinted
from the Journal of The American
Ornithological Society, Fall 1983.



BLOOD FROM THE SHOULDER OF PALLAS

■■■■■■■■■■ BY DANIEL DREIBERG ■■■■■■■■■■

Is it possible, I wonder, to study a bird so closely, to observe and catalogue its peculiarities in such minute detail, that it becomes invisible? Is it possible that while fastidiously calibrating the span of its wings or the length of its tarsus, we somehow lose sight of its poetry? That in our pedestrian descriptions of a



marbled or vermiculated plumage we forfeit a glimpse of living canvases, cascades of carefully toned browns and golds that would shame Kandinsky, misty explosions of color to rival Monet? I believe that we do. I believe that in approaching our subject with the sensibilities of statisticians and dissectionists, we distance ourselves increasingly from the marvelous and spell-binding planet of imagination whose gravity drew us to our studies in the first place.

This is not to say that we should cease to establish facts and to verify our information, but merely to suggest that unless those facts can be imbued with the flash of poetic insight then they remain dull gems; semi-precious stones scarcely worth the collecting.

When we stare into the catatonic black bead of a Parakeet's eye we must teach ourselves to glimpse the cold, alien madness that Max Ernst perceived when he chose to robe his naked brides in confections of scarlet feather and the transplanted monstrous heads of exotic birds. When some ocean-going Kite or Tern is captured in the sharp blue gaze of our Zeiss lenses, we must be able to see the stop motion flight of sepia gulls through the early kinetic photographs of Muybridge, beating white wings tracing a slow oscilloscope line through space and time.

Looking at a hawk, we see the minute differences in width of the shaft lines on the underfeathers where the Egyptians once saw Horus and the burning eye of holy vengeance incarnate. Until we transform our mere sightings into genuine visions; until our ear is mature enough to order a symphony from the shrill pandemonium of the aviary; until then we may have a hobby, but we shall not have a passion.

When I was a boy, my passion was for owls. During the long summers of the early fifties, while the rest of the country was apparently watching the skies for incoming flying saucers or Soviet missiles, I would hare across the New England fields in the heart of the night, sneakers munching through the dried grass and bracken towards my watch, where I would sit peering upwards in hope of a different sort of spectacle, ears straining for the weird scream that meant an old bird was out combing the dark for sustenance, a mad hermit screech, glaringly distinct from the snoring hiss of a younger owl.

Somewhere over the years; sometime during the yawning expanse between those snug years in the afterglow of a war well won and these current times, huddled in the looming shadow of a war unwinnable; someplace along the line my passion got lost, unwittingly refined from the original gleaming ore down to a banal and lusterless filing system. This gradual tarnishing had gone unnoticed, unchecked, finally calcifying into unthinking habit. It was not until comparatively recently that I managed to catch a dazzling glimpse of the motherlode through the accumulated dust of methodical study and academia: visiting a sick acquaintance at a hospital in Maine on behalf of a mutual friend, walking back across the shadowy parking lot with my mind reduced to blankness by the various concerns of the day, I suddenly and unexpectedly heard the cry of a hunting owl.



It was a bird advanced in years, its shriek that of a deranged old man, wheeling madly through the dark and freezing sky against the ragged night clouds, and the sound halted me in my footsteps. It is a fallacy to suppose that owls screech to startle their prey from hiding, as some have suggested; the cry of the hunting owl is a voice from Hell, and it turns the scrabbling voles to statues, roots the weasel to the soil. In my instant of paralysis there on the glistening macadam, between the sleeping automobiles, I understood the purpose behind the cry with a biting clarity, the way I'd understood it as a boy, belly flat against the warm summer earth. In that extended and timeless moment, I felt the kinship of simple animal fear along with all those other creatures much smaller and more vulnerable than I who had heard the scream as I had heard it, were struck motionless as I was. The owl was not attempting to frighten his food into revealing itself. Perched with disconcerting stillness upon its branch for hours, drinking in the darkness through dilated and thirsty pupils, the owl had already spotted its dinner. The screech served merely to transfix the chosen morsel, pinning it to the ground with a shrill nail of blind, helpless terror. Not knowing which of us had been selected, I stood frozen along with the rodents of the field, my heart hammering as it waited for the sudden clutch of sharpened steel fingers that would provide my first and only indication that I was the predetermined victim. The feathers of owls are soft and downy; they make no sound at all as they drop through the dark stratas of the sky. The silence before an owl swoops is a V-Bomb silence, and you never hear the one that hits you.

Somewhere away in the crepuscular gloom beyond the yellow-lit hospital grounds I thought I heard something small emit its ultimate squeal. The moment had passed. I could move again, along with all the relieved, invisible denizens of the tall grass. We were safe. It wasn't screaming for us, not this time. We could continue with our nocturnal business, with our lives, searching for a meal or a mate. We were not twitching nervelessly in stifling, stinking darkness, head first down the gullet of the swooping horror, our tails dangling pathetically from that vicious scimitar beak for hours before finally our hind legs and pelvic girdle are disgorged, our empty, matted skin curiously inverted by the process.

Although I had recovered my motor abilities in the aftermath of the owl's shriek, I found that my equilibrium was not so easily regained. Some facet of the experience had struck a chord in me, forged a connection between my dulled and jaded adult self and the child who sprawled in faint starlight while the great night hunters staged dramas full of hunger and death in the opaque jet air above me. An urge to experience rather than merely record had been rekindled within me, prompting the thought processes, the self-evaluation that has led to this current article.

As I remarked earlier, this is not to suggest that I immediately foreswore all academic endeavor and research pertaining to the field in order to run away and eke out some naked and primordial existence in the woods. Quite the contrary: I hurled myself into the study of my subject with renewed fervor, able to see the dry facts and arid descriptions in the same transforming magical light that had





avored them when I was younger. A scientific understanding of the beautifully synchronized and articulated motion of an owl's individual feathers during flight does not impede a poetic appreciation of the same phenomenon. Rather, the two enhance each other, a more lyrical eye lending the cold data a romance from which it has long been divorced.

Immersing myself avidly in dusty and long untouched reference books I came across forgotten passages that would make me almost breathless, dreary-looking tomes that would reveal themselves to be treasure houses of iridescent wonder. I rediscovered many long-lost gems amongst the cobwebs, antique and functional stretches of descriptive prose which nonetheless conveyed the violent and terrible essence of their subject matter effortlessly.

I stumbled once more across T.A. Coward's engrossing account on an encounter with an Eagle Owl: "In Norway I saw a bird that had been taken when in down from the nest, but it not only assumed the typical terrifying attitude, but made frequent dashes at the wire, striking with its feet. It puffed its feathers out, framed its head in its wings, and fired off a volley of loud cracks from its snapping beak, but what struck me most was the scintillating flash of its great orange eyes."

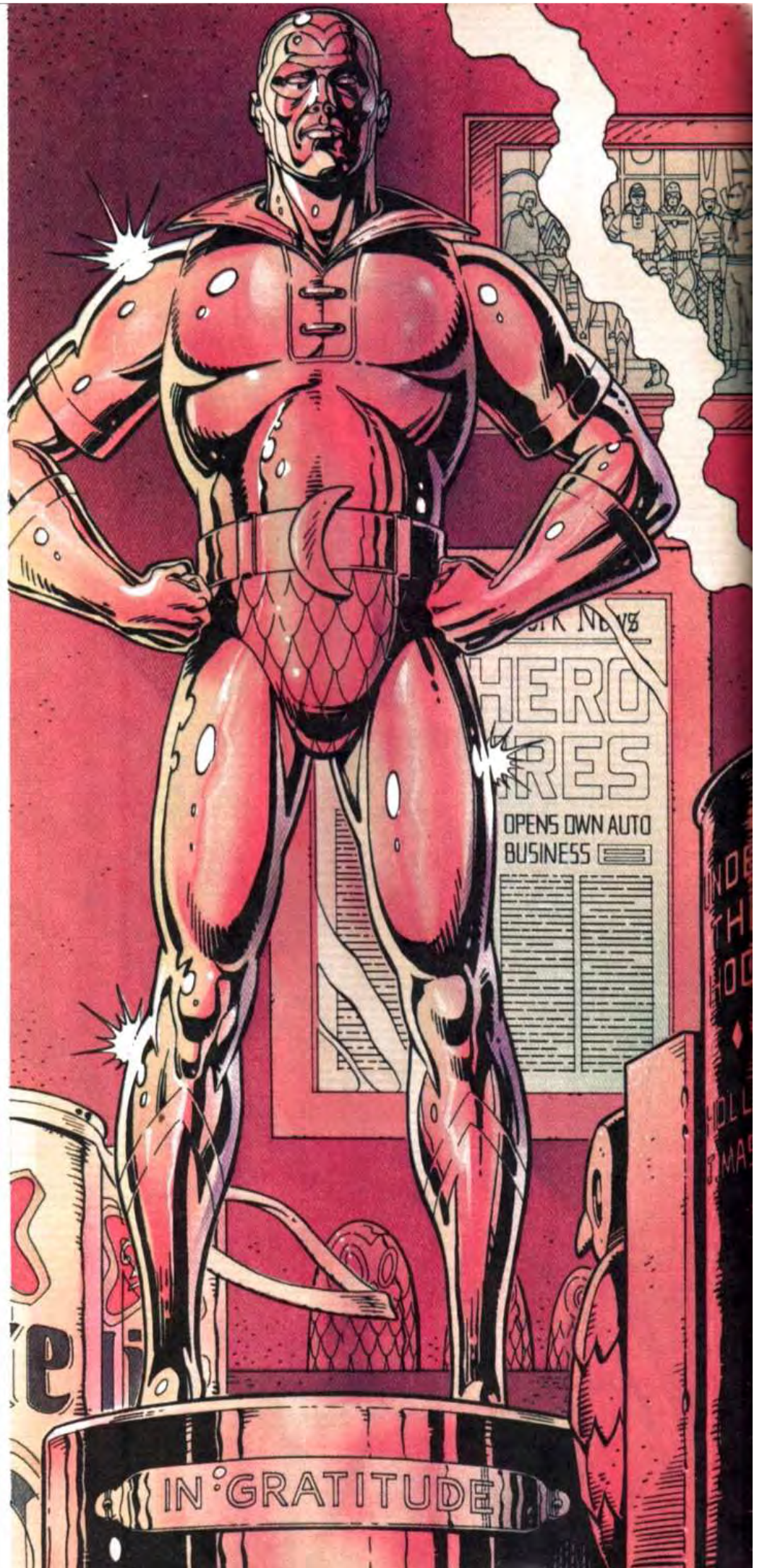
Then of course there is Hudson's account of the Magellanic Eagle-Owl which he wounded in Patagonia: "The irides were of a bright orange color, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air." In long-buried words such as the foregoing I caught some of the searing, apocalyptic intensity that I had felt in that wet hospital parking lot in Maine.

Nowadays, when I observe some specimen of *Carine noctua*, I try to look past the fine grey down on the toes, to see beyond the white spots arranged in neat lines, like a firework display across its brow. Instead, I try to see the bird whose image the Greeks carved into their coins, sitting patiently at the ear of the Goddess Pallas Athene, silently sharing her immortal wisdom.

Perhaps, instead of measuring the feathered tufts surmounting its ears, we should speculate on what those ears may have heard. Perhaps when considering the manner in which it grips its branch, with two toes in front and the reversible outer toe clutching from behind, we should allow ourselves to pause for a moment, and acknowledge that these same claws must once have drawn blood from the shoulder of Pallas.









HELLO?
HELLO, IS
THAT SALLY?
SALLY! HOW
ARE YOU?
I...

HOLLIS.

HOLLIS
MASON.



HOLLIS?
OH GOD, I'M
SORRY. I
DIDN'T RECOG-
NIZE YOUR
VOICE. IT'S
BEEN
AGES.

SO, HOW'S
THINGS? ALL
THIS TIME YOU
HAD MY
NUMBER;
YOU WAIT
TILL WE'RE
BOTH IN OUR
SUNSET
YEARS TO
USE IT!



WELL, I
RECKONED
THIS WAS
A SPECIAL
OCCASION,
SAL.

PAPERS REPORT
A TENEMENT FIRE
LAST NIGHT:
TRAPPED PEOPLE
RESCUED BY AN
AIRSHIP. THE
PILOT WORE
GOGGLES.

SEEMS
HE HAD A
WOMAN
WITH
HIM.



YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT THAT KID
WHO SUCCEEDED
YOU? SO WHO'S
THIS WOMAN?
I...

LAURIE? MY
DAUGHTER
LAURIE? BUT
SHE HATED
ADVENTURING!
WHY SHOULD
SHE...?

LIVING
WITH HIM? A
WEEK AFTER JON
SPLITS? JESUS.
FAST WORK.



HMM. WELL,
THE MEDIA
HAVEN'T
REALIZED
YET, BUT I
DID, SOON
AS I
HEARD.

DAN CONFIRMED IT
WHEN HE CALLED
CANCELLING TONIGHT'S
BEER SESSION.
DIDN'T SAY MUCH,
BUT HE'S PLANNING
SOMETHING...

TAKES
YOU BACK,
HUH?



TO OUR SORDID PAST?
YEAH, I GUESS IT DOES.
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT
OLD TIMES A LOT LATELY,
WISHING I'D KEPT IN
TOUCH WITH PEOPLE...

HOW ARE
YOU, HOLLIS?
BET YOU HAVEN'T
CHANGED A
HAIR.



OH, I'VE
CHANGED
SEVERAL
HAIRS. STILL,
I TRY TO
KEEP IN TRIM,
WORKING DOWN
IN THE
REPAIR SHOP
AND EVERY-
THING.

HOW
ABOUT YOU?
FROM YOUR
VOICE, YOU'RE
SOUNDING
YOUNGER
THAN
EVER.



WHY,
BLESS YOU,
HOLLIS,
BUT THAT'S
PROBABLY
JUST
SENILITY.

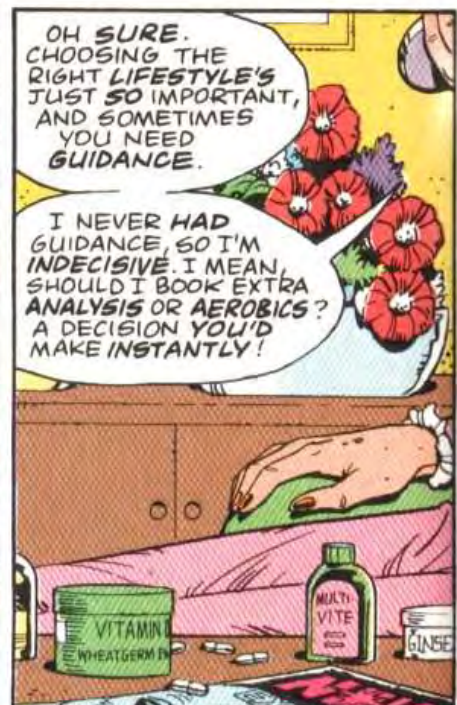
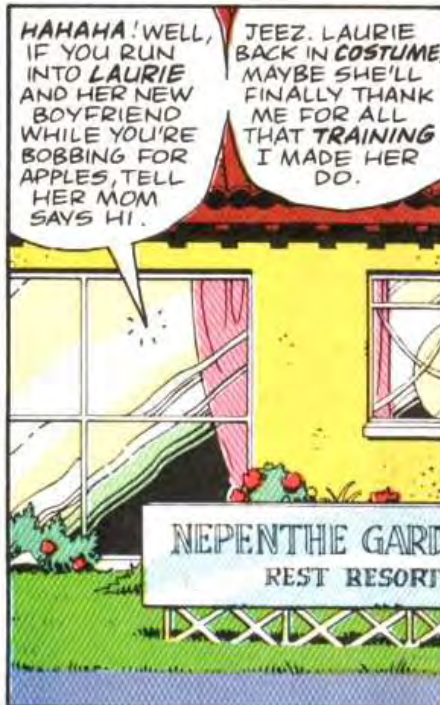
NO, I'VE GAINED
SOME WEIGHT,
BUT I CAN STILL
SQUEEZE INTO
THE OLD
COSTUME IF I
DON'T BREATHE
IN.

YOU EVER
TRY ON
YOUR OLD
DUDS?



NAH. IT'S
DIFFERENT FOR
GUYS. I'D FEEL
STUPID...

...ALTHOUGH
ALL THE KIDS
ROUND HERE ARE
PREPARING FOR
HALLOWEEN NEXT
WEEK, SO WHO
KNOWS? MAYBE
I'LL DIG OUT
THE OLD THREADS
AND GO TRICK-
OR-TREATIN'.



OLD GHOSTS





THIS IS INSANITY.

WE'RE YOUNG LOVERS, THE WORLD COULD END TOMORROW AND HOW ARE WE SPENDING SUNDAY EVENING? WE'RE PLANNING TO BUST A HOMICIDAL MANIAC OUT OF SING-SING!

LISTEN, I'LL LOAD THOSE HOVER BIKES AFTER THIS CIGARETTE, OKAY?



SURE.

AND IT'S NOT INSANITY. SOMETHING'S GOING ON: FOUR ADVENTURERS ATTACKED WITHIN ELEVEN DAYS ISN'T COINCIDENCE.

MAYBE THAT CANCER-SCARE MEDIA ASSAULT THAT PROMPTED JON'S EXILE WAS PART OF SOMEBODY'S PLAN. MAYBE SOMEONE INTENDED TO START WORLD WAR THREE.



OH DAN, COME ON...

LAURIE, YOU LIVED WITH JON. YOU DIDN'T CONTRACT CANCER FROM HIM. MAYBE NOBODY DID.

MY COMPUTER LISTS MOST PEOPLE NOVA EXPRESS MENTIONED AS EMPLOYED BY A RESEARCH COMPANY CALLED "DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS" BETWEEN '67 AND '85. WEIRD, HUH?



JANET SLATER, WALLY WEAVER... THEY EVEN GAVE MOLOCH A TEMPORARY JOB WHEN HE LEFT PRISON.

THEY FUND THE INSTITUTE FOR EXTRASPATIAL STUDIES; ANOTHER COMPANY, PYRAMID DELIVERIES, FUNDS THEM. THIS CORPORATE STRUCTURE STUFF'S A MAZE...



YEAH? WELL THAT AND YOUR LOGIC BOTH. I MEAN, WHY RISK SPRINGING A LIABILITY LIKE RORSCHACH? WE TOOK ENOUGH CHANCES WITH THAT TENEMENT RESCUE.

RORSCHACH'S BEEN INVESTIGATING THIS THING ALL ALONG. WE NEED HIS INFORMATION.



...AND WE MAY NOT HAVE LONG TO GET IT. TODAY'S GAZETTE MENTIONS DEATH THREATS FOLLOWING YESTERDAY'S HOT FAT INCIDENT.

IT'S IMPORTANT, LAURIE. IF JON'S EXILE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES WERE PREMEDITATED, MAYBE IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD.



SUPERHERO SAVES WORLD, HUH? THIS IS SOME ELABORATE SCAM TO GET ME BACK INTO MY COSTUME, RIGHT?

HA HA. LAURIE, THE COSTUME WAS YOUR IDEA...

WHAAAT? THAT'S RIDICULOUS! I LOATHE THAT HALLOWEEN SUIT. OBVIOUSLY, I WORE IT TO HELP YOU.



OH, OBVIOUSLY.

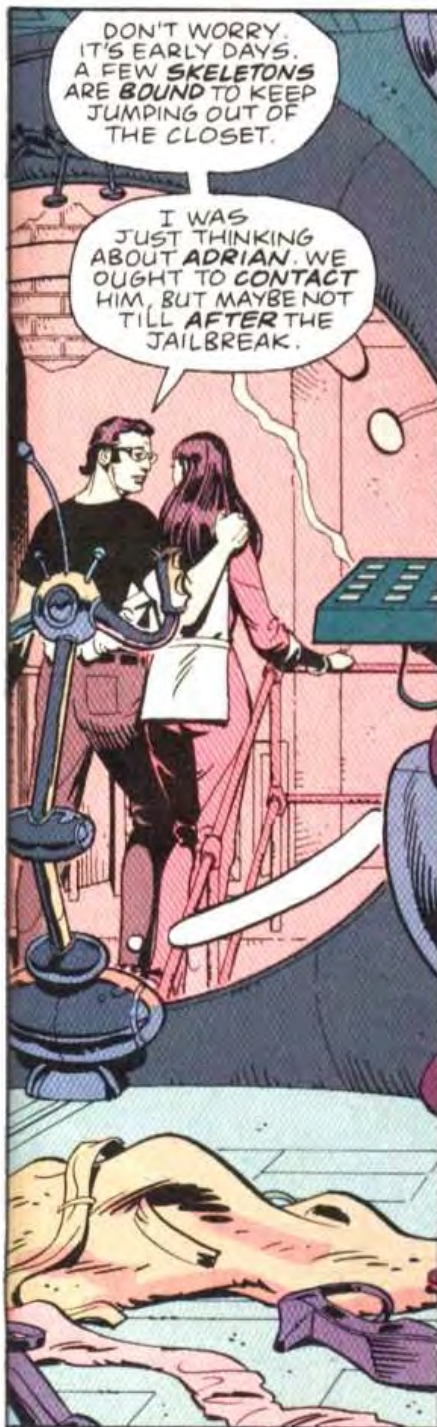
OWN UP, LAURIE: DOESN'T THIS BRING ALL THOSE OLD TIMES FLOODING BACK? NIGHT PATROLS: HAVING A SECRET...

WELL... YEAH, PATROLS WERE OKAY. I HAD NINE DIFFERENT ROUTES OVER WASHINGTON'S ROOFTOPS. ROUTE FIVE WAS BEST.



THAT HAD THE WHITE HOUSE, THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AND THEN HOME TO ME AND JON'S FABULOUS APARTMENT. WE WERE HAPPY THERE. WE...

OH DAN, I'M SORRY. I KEEP MENTIONING JON. HE JUST POPS UP WHEN I DON'T EXPECT IT.



DON'T WORRY. IT'S EARLY DAYS. A FEW SKELETONS ARE BOUND TO KEEP JUMPING OUT OF THE CLOSET.

I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT ADRIAN. WE OUGHT TO CONTACT HIM, BUT MAYBE NOT TILL AFTER THE JAILBREAK.



I MEAN, IN HIS POSITION, KNOWING BEFORE-HAND WOULD BE COMPROMISING. HE MIGHT FEEL OBLIGED TO STOP US.

DAN, SOMETIMES, I FEEL OBLIGED TO STOP US. I MEAN, A JAILBREAK. I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY.



ASSUMING SOMEBODY'S USING JON TO TRIGGER ARMAGEDDON, THEN HOW SHOULD WE TAKE IT? IT'S SERIOUS...

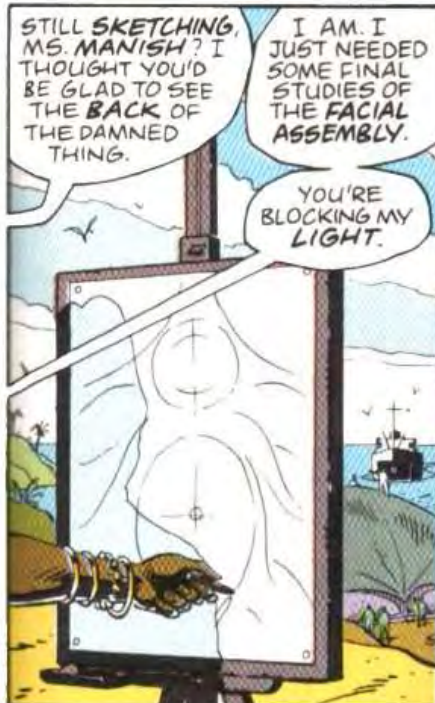
...AND FOR RORSCHACH, IF THE MOOD AROUND THAT PRISON GETS ANY UGLIER, IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH.

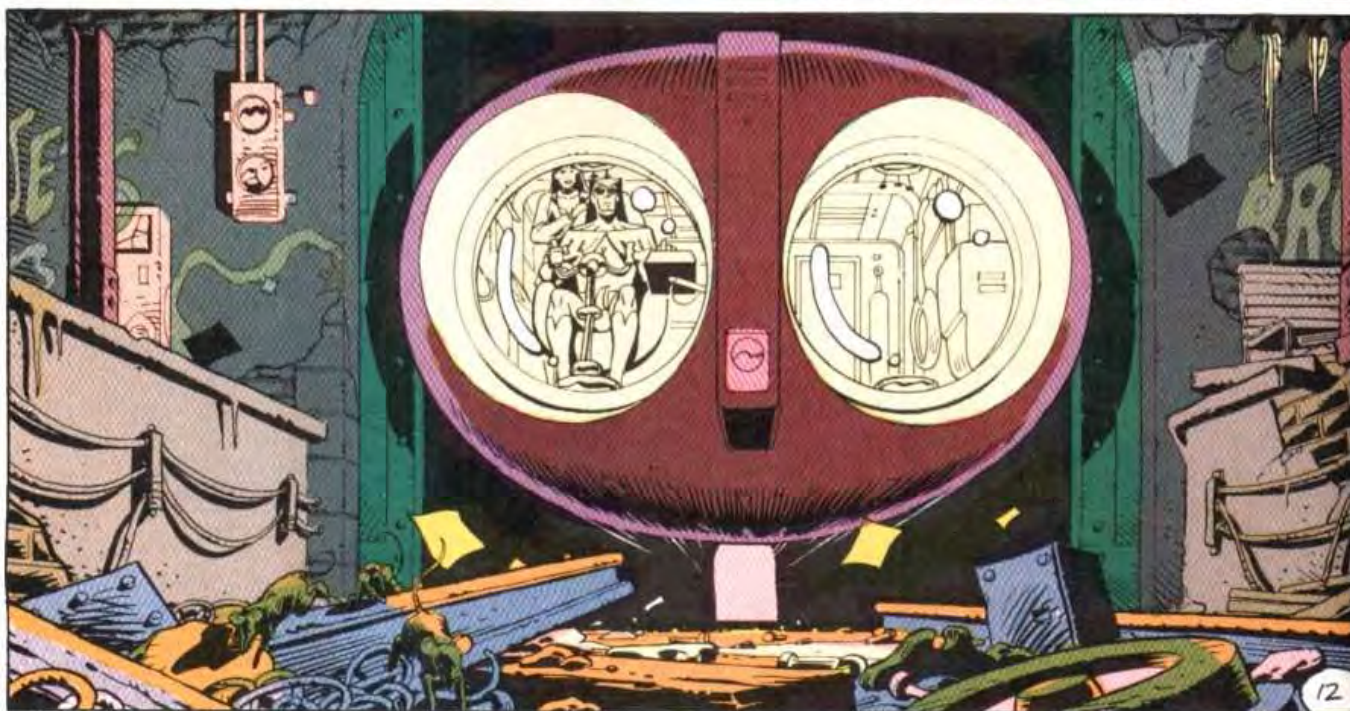






























INCIDENTALLY, GOOD SEEING YOU IN UNIFORM, DANIEL. LIKE OLD TIMES.

AND MISS JUSPECZYK. ALTHOUGH NEVER LIKED YOUR UNIFORM. NOTHING PERSONAL.

UH, MAYBE I BETTER KILL THE SCREECHERS SO ARCHIE DOESN'T DEAFEN YOU WHEN I BRING HIM UP.



HURRM. OWLSHIP. SCREECHERS. BELT CONSOLE. ALL THE OLD TOYS. I REMEMBER.

WHAT BROUGHT YOU OUT OF RETIREMENT? TAKING MASK KILLER SERIOUSLY AT LAST?

WELL...

NO. LEAST-WAYS, I'M NOT.



NO? BUT THEN YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ATTACKED YET. FUNNY. MOST EVERYONE ELSE HAS.

RORSCHACH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN, DON'T YOU EVER LET UP? SHE JUST RESCUED YOU...

WHAT'S HE IMPLYING? I JUST DON'T BUY THIS CONSPIRACY IS ALL!



I MEAN, TO ME, THIS WHOLE SITUATION'S GROTESQUE. DAN THOUGHT SPRINGING YOU MIGHT HELP; I PLAYED ALONG.

FRANKLY, I WISH I HADN'T. I WISH JON WAS HERE TO STRAIGHTEN EVERYTHING AND...

OH, DAN, I'M SORRY.

FORGET IT. HERE'S ARCHIE...



HURRY. WITHOUT THE SCREECHERS KEEPING FOLK AWAY WE'LL SOON START DRAWING FIRE.

ALSO, I WANT TO VISIT MY PLACE ONE LAST TIME BEFORE THIS CAPER BRINGS THE POLICE DOWN ON IT. THERE'S EQUIPMENT TO COLLECT.



Y'KNOW, THIS IS GETTING HEAVY. AS DAN DREIBERG, YOU'LL BE WANTED.

THE WORLD SHOULD LAST SO LONG. NO, IT'S OKAY. I SET UP EMERGENCY IDENTITIES YEARS AGO. THEY'LL CONCEAL US.

HOLD TIGHT. WE'RE GOING HOME TO ROOST...









COME ON, THE PLACE IS LIT UP, THEY COULD STILL BE HERE...



THEY BETTER BE! STEVE, YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU KNEW DREIBERG WAS THIS OWL-MAN AND YOU NEVER...

I MADE A MISTAKE, I THOUGHT A WARNING WOULD BE ENOUGH. HELL, I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS PLANNING HIS PAL'S ESCAPE...



DOWN THOSE STAIRS! I KNEW HE HAD SOMETHING HIDDEN BACK THERE FROM HIS ATTITUDE

STEVE, IF THOSE GUYS AREN'T DOWN THERE, YOU BETTER START THINKING ABOUT THE CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE

IT AIN'T GONNA BE SWEETNESS AND LIGHT



I'LL BE DAMNED.

OH SURE.

AT THE VERY LEAST.





... BUT THE WATER'S SURFACE SEEMED AS STONE BENEATH MY TIMBER-BLISTERED SOLES, AND THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS REFUSED TO SWALLOW ME.



WHAT NEW TORTURE WAS THIS? I STOOD UPON THE CALM SEA, A CHARNEL MESSIAH, UNABLE TO SINK BENEATH IT TO THE OBLIVION I CRAVED.



WHEN WOULD MY SUFFERING CEASE? WHEN WOULD DEATH DEIGN TO CALL UPON ME? HAD HIS TERRIBLE SHADOW PASSED ME BY?

I LIFTED MY UNCOMPREHENDING EYES TO THE HEAVENS...



... AND SAW INSTEAD THE EARTH

ACCUSTOMED TO A MISERABLE, SHIFTING LANDSCAPE OF IRON GREEN, MY MIND COULD NOT AT FIRST GRASP THE MEANING OF THIS SANDBAR, BLOND AND SOLID.



IT MEANT THAT MY LURCHING JOURNEY THROUGH DARKNESS WAS ENDED.

IT MEANT THAT I HAD REACHED MY DESTINATION.



THEY'D LEFT ME FOR DEAD, THE FIENDS WHO'D DOUBTLESS BUTCHERED MY KIN, BUT NOW I WAS RETURNED, UPON MY CORPSE BOAT...

A TERROR THEY'D IMAGINED THEMSELVES SAFE FROM...

A SPECTRE OF REVENGE, RIDING THE FLOW TIDE HOME.







On Hallowe'en the old ghosts come about us, and they speak to some; to others they are dumb.

—Hallowe'en
Eleanor Farjeon

Thursday, October 31st, 1985

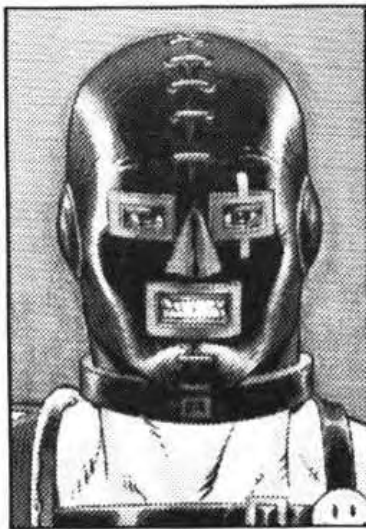
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NEW FRONTIERSMAN

Issue IVII
No. 21



HONOR IS LIKE THE HAWK: SOMETIMES IT MUST GO HOODED



Hector Godfrey, Editor

RED ARMAGEDDON!

In this, the eleventh hour, with the world poised on the brink of Red Armageddon, it is vital that we, as a nation, should rally around those symbols that are closest to the great, warm, red-white-and-blue beating heart of this beleaguered country. They are our hope and our inspiration, the legends that urge our people onward even in times of deepest crisis.

Would our sense of national identity, our

pride, our sense of honor; would these things be so enduring were it not for such great symbols of freedom as Paul Revere's midnight ride, or the Alamo, or the Gettysburg address? I think not. And yet, it seems there are those who, even in the dire adversity that besets us, see fit to ridicule and deride the very notions that have made America what she is today!

cont. on pg. 2

Honor is like . . . (cont.)**WHO THE HELL DO
THEY THINK THEY ARE?**

For any citizen who has been watching the newsstands over this last, unbearable month, there can be little doubt who I am referring to. In the current edition of pseudo-intellectual Marxist-brat rock-star monthly *Nova Express*, cocaine-advocating editor DOUGLAS ROTH makes a vitriolic and unfounded attack upon the tradition of the masked lawman in our culture and attempts to stir up old prejudices and hatreds into a bloody wave of civil disorder.

It is hardly necessary for me to remind readers that in a previous edition of his inflammatory publication, Roth had spearheaded the cancer-smear character assassination of Dr. Manhattan. This wild and hysterical attack led to our country's greatest tactical asset leaving this world for self-imposed exile upon another. Ultimately, it may lead to searing nuclear apocalypse or our subjugation as a nation beneath the cossack boot of the U.S.S.R.

Nova Express, heaping libel upon libel, has followed up this potentially catastrophic feature with an article in its current edition that attempts to draw tenuous links between recent news items involving former masked adventurers and work them into some wild-eyed conspiracy theory, apparently forgetting that most of the "news items" involved were generated as a direct result of *Nova Express* and its irresponsible scaremongering! Roth refers gloatingly in his article to the fact that back copies of the *New Frontiersman* were found in the rented apartment of captured vigilante Rorschach after his arrest, citing this as "proof" of the aforementioned hero's poor character. He seems to suggest, with typical pothead disregard for logic, that Rorschach must be bad if he reads the *New Frontiersman*, while simultaneously implying that the *New Frontiersman* must be slightly disreputable if someone like Rorschach reads it! The overall effect of the piece is that of a snotty-nosed and unsubstantiated attack not only upon this paper and upon the individual costumed adventurers themselves, but also upon a whole American institution! Who the hell do Roth and his cringing staff of pinko sycophants think they are???

RIPPED OUT GUTS

The institution that Roth and his cronies are so casually ripping the guts out of is that of hooded justice, of a force for righteousness that

dares to tread where the wimpy and useless laws laid down by the spineless dupes and fellow travellers in our judiciary forbid it to.

What about the Boston Tea Party? What about the spirit of the Lone Ranger? What about all those occasions when men have found it necessary to go masked in order to preserve justice above the letter of the law? *Nova Express* makes many sneering references to costumed heroes as direct descendants of the Ku Klux Klan, but might I point out that despite what some might view as their later excesses, the Klan originally came into being because decent people had perfectly reasonable fears for the safety of their persons and belongings when forced into proximity with people from a culture far less morally advanced.

No, the Klan were not strictly legal, but they did work voluntarily to preserve American culture in areas where there were very real dangers of that culture being overrun and mongrelized. Similarly, during our perfectly justified retaliatory bombing of Beirut in 1979, there were many of our so-called fair-weather-friend European allies who were bleating about supposed infringements of international law. Yet what are laws made for, if not to serve mankind? And if those laws through unforeseen circumstance become no longer applicable, is it not more noble to follow the course of right and justice; to serve the spirit of the law rather than its every dot and comma? In my book, anyone answering that question in the negative is someone without the moral backbone necessary to call himself an American. In the case of the *Nova Express* articles and their perpetrators, I would go so far as to call such a denial of time-tested patriotic virtues as being most definitely ANTI-American.

COKED-OUT COMMIE COWARDS

I've had it up to here with those coked-out commie cowards, and I think it's time we started to ask ourselves just who stands to benefit most from *Nova Express*'s ridiculing of American legends and the subsequent subversion and undermining of our national morale? Can there be any doubt that the only beneficiary is the cause of international communism? Should we not perhaps call upon our authorities to take a closer look at exactly who is funding this pernicious piece of propaganda in pop star's

open up
para. #

cont. on pg 3

Thursday, October 31st, 1985

NEW FRONTIERSMAN

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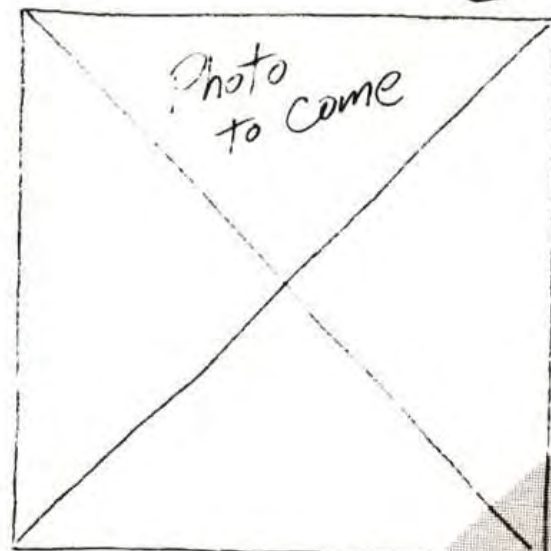
As we see it . . .



Honor is like . . . (cont.)

clothing that finds its way onto our newsstands each week? Regular readers will know that I have already voiced my suspicions concerning a red hand in the denunciation and subsequent exile of Dr. Manhattan (see *N.F.*, Sunday 20th October: "Our country's protector smeared by the Kremlin") and will no doubt join me in perceiving this renewed assault by *Nova Express* upon our traditions and values as further proof of where that magazine's interests lie: Due East, and don't you forget it.

Hector Godfrey, Editor



MISSING WRITER VANISHED PERSONS LIST GROWS AS HUNT CALLED OFF

Earlier this week, police called off their inquiry into the mysterious disappearance of author Max Shea, citing lack of evidence as a principal contributing factor in their decision. *New Frontiersman* would like to remind both the authorities concerned and our readers of the overwhelming evidence already tabulated by this paper to suggest that Shea's disappearance was part of a carefully orchestrated conspiracy, the roots of which may yet be traced back to sinister Cuban interests.

Although it is true to say that Shea did indeed vanish without trace, leaving no clue whatsoever as to his destination, by considering the extraordinary amount of similar disappearances reported at approximately the same time, it is possible to glimpse a larger and more frightening picture as it emerges. In the two months leading up to Shea's disappearance, no less than four prominent creative figures also seemingly dropped from the face of the earth. These included radical architect Norman Leith, surrealist painter Hira Manish, and respected "hard" science fiction author James Trafford March. Admittedly, the circumstances in each case are wildly different and seem to allow for a simple, meaningless coincidence of human destinies . . . Manish was apparently suffering profound difficulties with her marriage, making her apparent abandonment of her husband and two sons somewhat less than surprising. March owed massive debts to the IRS, who had frozen his earnings. Leith was reportedly depressed and even suicidal during the run-up to his disappearance, as was fellow missing person, avant-garde composer Linette Paley. As reasons for disappearance, these each seem individually credible enough to make any notion of conspiracy unnecessary, and yet a doubt still remains: Can *four* such prominent people simply dematerialize in the space of half as many months, leaving such bright and promising

careers and reputations behind them?

Added to this, we must consider those prominent people in other fields, who, although less prominent and thus less easy to gauge numerically, have also apparently melted into thin air during this period. I have on record an unusually high number of disappearances from amongst the scientific community, which, although consisting largely of semi-skilled menial workers, does include such notable names as that of Dr. Whittaker Furnesse, the brilliant eugenics specialist who according to his wife left the family home one evening to walk the family dog and quite simply never returned.

Odder still, and quite probably entirely unconnected, there is the disappearance of *part* of a person after his death, recorded on the same week Shea's vanishing act reached the public awareness. Parents and relatives of so-called psychic and clairvoyant Robert Deschaines, attending his funeral following the young medium's fatal stroke, were horrified to learn that ghoulish vandals or practical jokers had stolen the corpse's head from its body while it lay unattended upon a mortuary slab. Police voiced a few tenuous opinions concerning possible involvement by black magic cultists, but since then no further evidence has come to light.

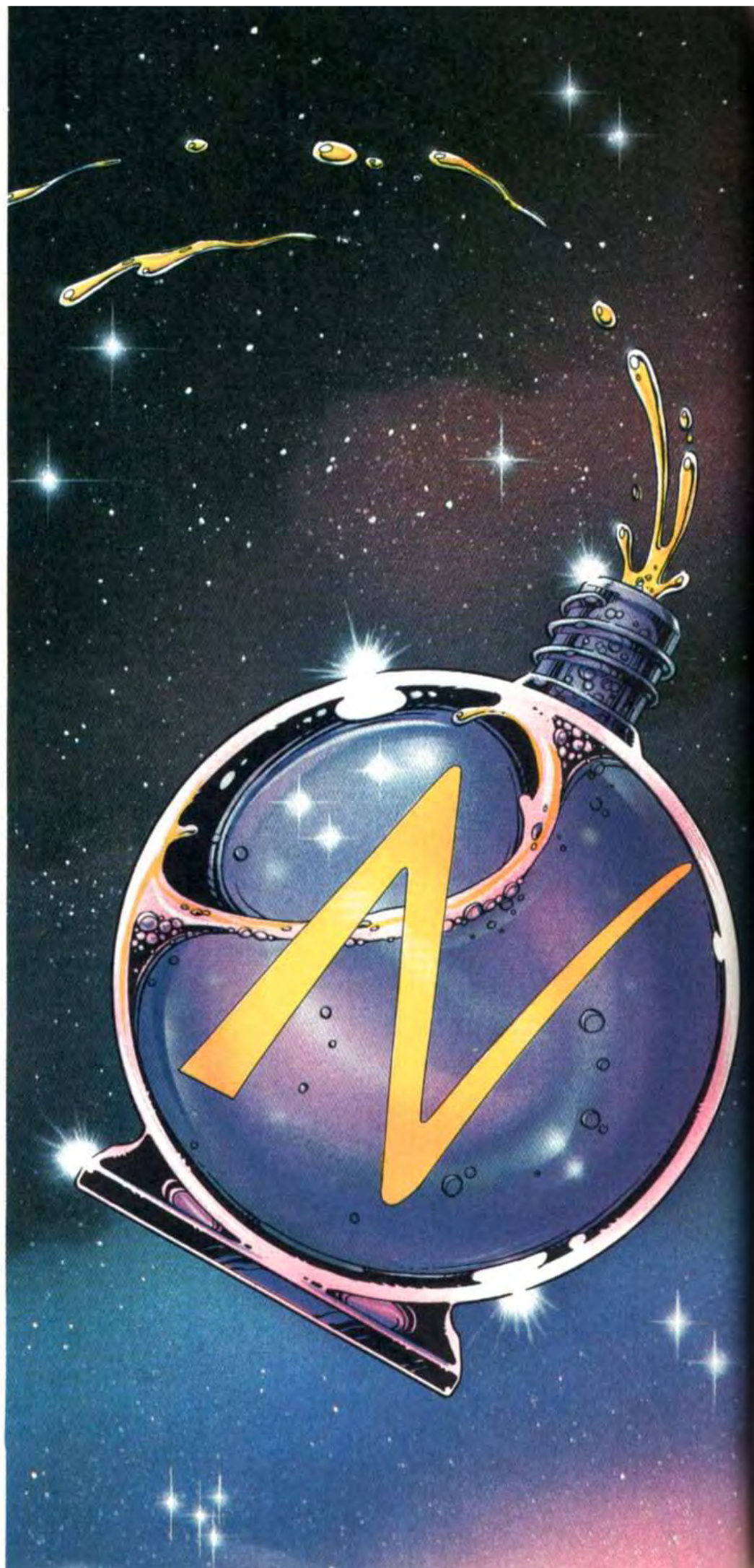
Even discounting this last curiosity, is there nobody who is prepared to look into this bizarre glut of disappearances and see what emerges? Can it be that our increasingly shrill and nervous judiciary are actually afraid to look too far under this particular rug for fear of what they might find hidden there? The *New Frontiersman* repeats it warning: Talented and prominent Americans are being spirited away from under our noses.

Isn't it time somebody found out just where they are going?

Photo
to Come

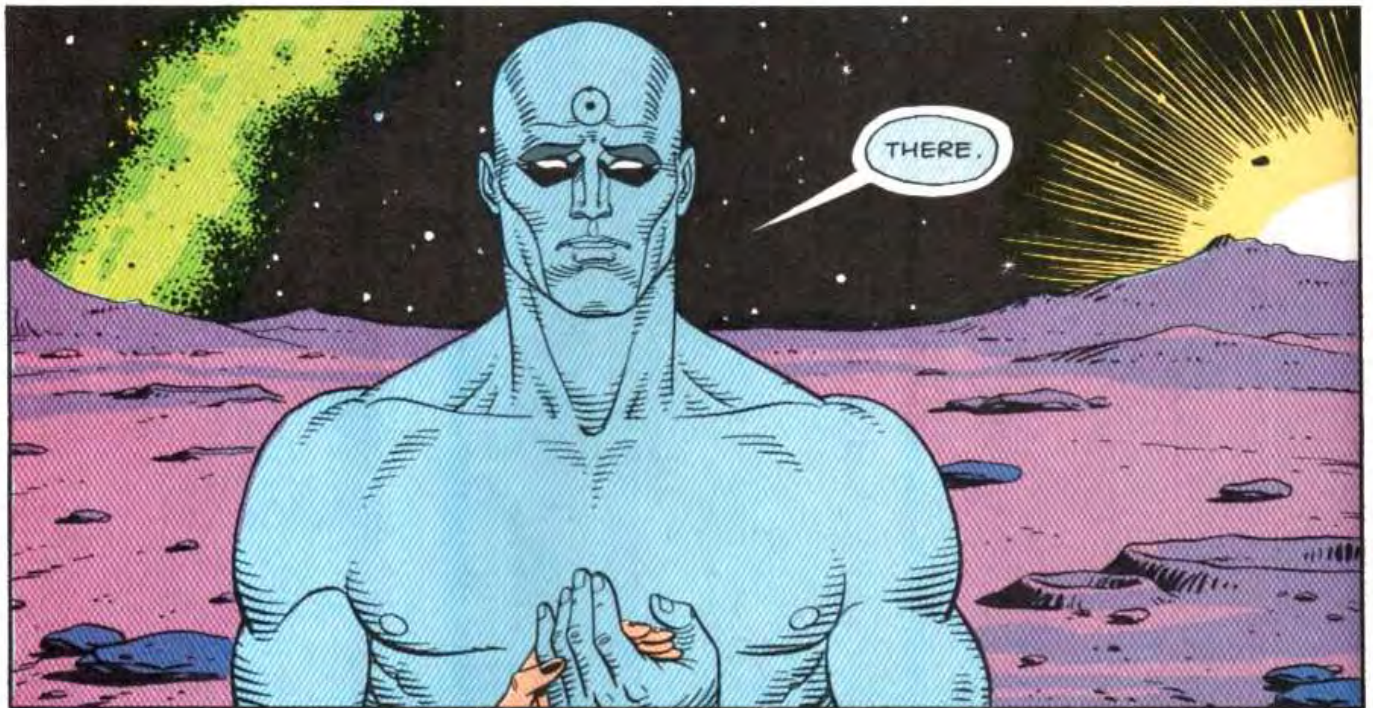


CHAPTER X





THE DARKNESS OF MERE BEING











THIS IS WHERE WE HOLD OUR CONVERSATION.

IT COMMENCES WHEN YOU SURPRISE ME WITH THE INFORMATION THAT YOU AND DREIBERG HAVE BEEN SLEEPING TOGETHER.



Y-YOU KNOW ABOUT ME AND DAN?

NO. NOT YET. BUT IN A FEW MOMENTS YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME.



AAAAAGH!

JON, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO TO ME? WHEN YOU'RE LIKE THIS I CAN'T EVEN TALK TO YOU, LET ALONE DEBATE THE WHAT WAS IT...

DESTINY OF THE WORLD.

DESTINY OF THE WORLD.



I MEAN, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WHY HOLD A DEBATE WHEN YOU ALREADY KNOW THE GODDAMNED OUTCOME?

BECAUSE...

"BECAUSE THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENS!" I KNOW, I KNOW...

OH GOD...



LISTEN, JON, OKAY, I'LL PLAY IT YOUR WAY... BUT YOU HAVE TO HELP ME UNDERSTAND. I MEAN, I CAN'T TELL THE FUTURE...

THERE IS NO FUTURE. THERE IS NO PAST. DO YOU SEE?



TIME IS SIMULTANEOUS, AN INTRICATELY STRUCTURED JEWEL THAT HUMANS INSIST ON VIEWING ONE EDGE AT A TIME, WHEN THE WHOLE DESIGN IS VISIBLE IN EVERY FACET.

WHAT IS YOUR EARLIEST MEMORY?

HUH? MY EARLIEST MEMORY?



I... I DUNNO. AROUND WHEN MY FOLKS SPLIT UP, I GUESS...

I CAN REMEMBER A TOY, ONE OF THOSE SNOWSTORM BALLS, BUT...

NO. NO, IT'S GONE.

IT ISN'T GONE. IT'S STILL HERE. LET YOURSELF SEE IT.



"WELL, I... I WAS FIVE, SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I MUST HAVE GOT WOKEN UP... THERE WAS SHOUTING DOWNSTAIRS..."

"MY MOM AND DAD. GOD, I CAN HEAR THEM NOW."



... SHOUTED AT HIM, HE LOOKED **SURPRISED**, COULDN'T IMAGINE WHY I'D BEAR A GRUDGE. SEE, IT'S **DIFFERENT** FOR HIM, AND I JUST COULDN'T **SUSTAIN** IT, THE **ANGER**...

GOD, YOU KNOW, REALLY, YOU NEED ANALYSIS, I'M SERIOUS...



HOW WOULD YOU KNOW HOW A WOMAN FEELS? SHIT, HOW A MAN FEELS, FOR THAT MATTER?

OH, THAT'S **CHEAP**, EVEN FOR YOU, THAT IS **CHEAP**!

WELL, C'MON, LET'S HEAR THE REST...



WHY? SO YOU CAN PUT IT IN A LETTER TO ONE OF THOSE **MAGAZINES** YOU READ? "MY WIFE DESCRIBED HOW HIS ROUGH HANDS SLOWLY SQUEEZED..."

STOP THAT!

YOU WANTED TO HEAR, SO OKAY, YOU LISTEN:



FIRST OFF, HE WAS **THERE**, RIGHT?

PLUS, HE WAS **GENTLE**. YOU KNOW WHAT GENTLENESS MEANS IN A GUY LIKE THAT? EVEN A GLIMMER OF IT?

OH SPARE ME.



IT MEANS YOU **REACHED** SOMETHING. IT MEANS YOU REACHED SOME OF THAT MAGICAL ROMANCE AND BULLSHIT THAT THEY PROMISE YOU WHEN YOU'RE A KID...

IT ALSO MEANS A **BROKEN MARRIAGE**; AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE FOR OUR CHILD...



MY CHILD. THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT, REMEMBER?

ANYWAY, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT **HER** FUTURE. THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF.



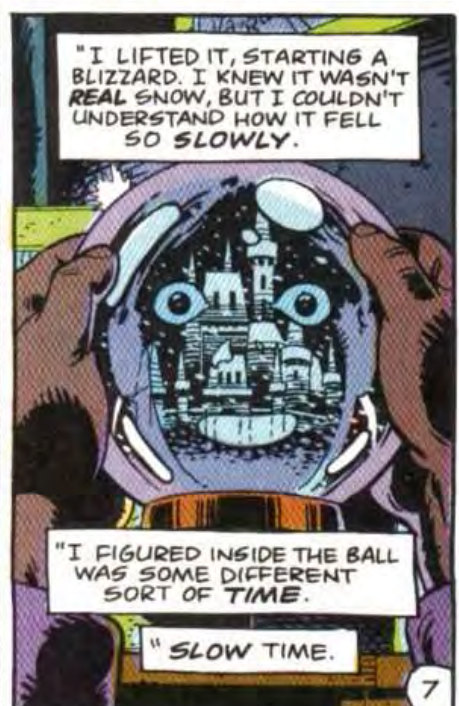
"I TIPTOED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE T.V. ROOM. IT WAS DARK AND NEXT DOOR THEY WERE SHOUTING..."

"NOBODY KNEW I WAS THERE. THESE MOMENTS WERE JUST MINE. EVERYTHING FELT **SECRET** AND **ENCHANTED**..."



"...AND THERE WAS THIS **TOY**, THIS **SNOWSTORM BALL**, WITH A TINY **CASTLE** INSIDE, EXCEPT IT WAS LIKE A **WHOLE WORLD**; A **WORLD** INSIDE THE **BALL**..."

"IT WAS LIKE A **LITTLE GLASS BUBBLE** OF SOMEWHERE ELSE."



"I LIFTED IT, STARTING A **BLIZZARD**. I KNEW IT WASN'T **REAL SNOW**, BUT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT FELL SO **SLOWLY**."

"I FIGURED INSIDE THE **BALL** WAS SOME DIFFERENT SORT OF **TIME**."

"**SLOW TIME**."





A-AND THIS IS SO I DON'T GET TRAVEL SICK?

I NEED A DRINK. WHAT'S IN THE BOTTLE?



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE IN THE BOTTLE?



WHAT DO...?

UH, WATER. JUST WATER.



AS YOU WISH.



JON, I...I JUST CAN'T TAKE THIS, SIGHTSEEING ON MARS, DRINKING INSTANT WATER WHEN DOWN THERE THE MISSILES COULD BE FLYING RIGHT NOW.

HUMANITY IS ABOUT TO BECOME EXTINCT. DOESN'T THAT BOTHER YOU? ALL THOSE PEOPLE DEAD...



ALL THAT PAIN AND CONFLICT DONE WITH? ALL THAT NEED-LESS SUFFERING OVER AT LAST? NO...

NO, THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME.

ALL THOSE GENERATIONS OF STRUGGLE, WHAT PURPOSE DID THEY EVER ACHIEVE?

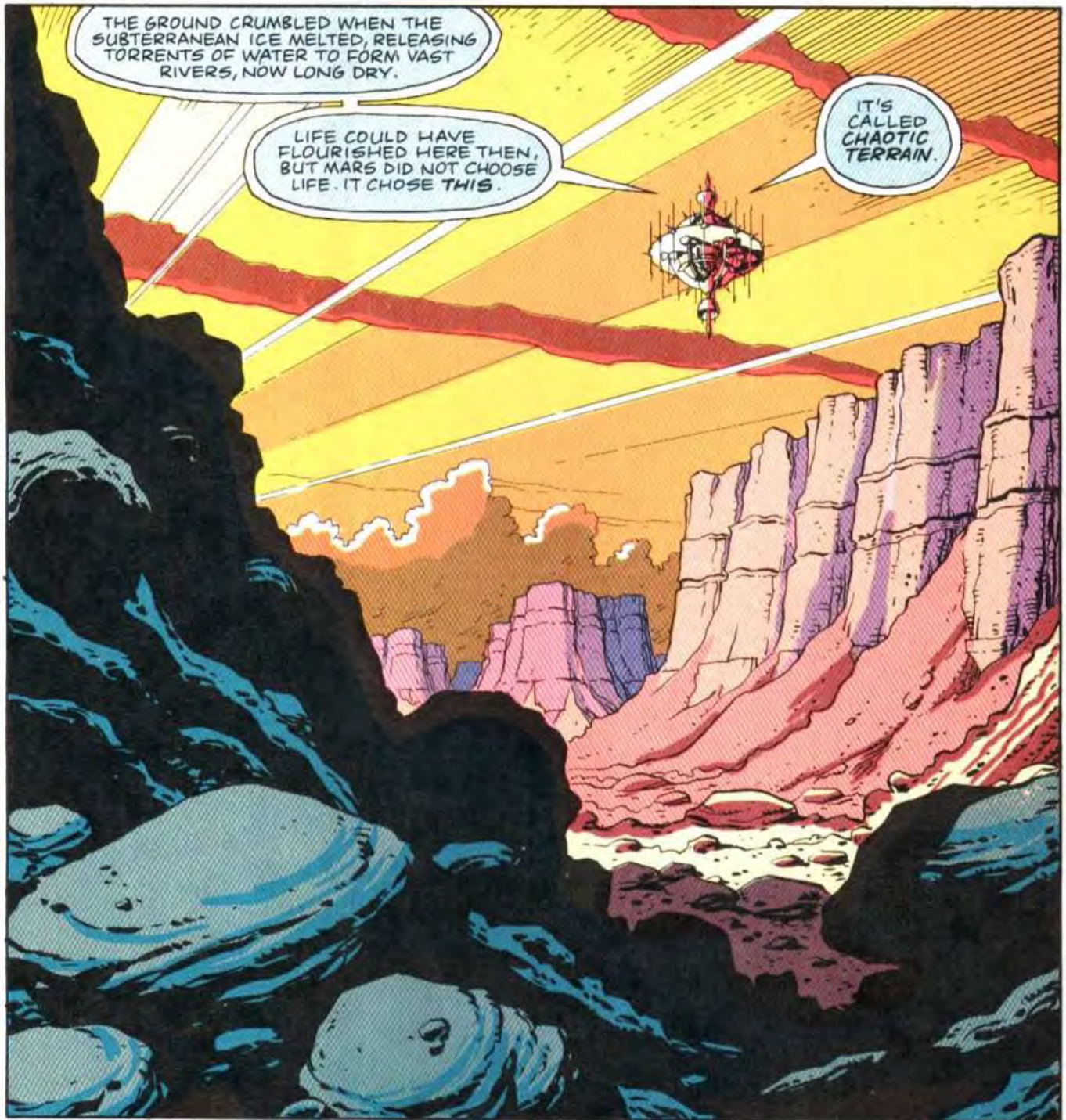


"ALL THAT EFFORT, AND WHAT DID IT EVER LEAD TO?"









THE GROUND CRUMBLLED WHEN THE SUBTERRANEAN ICE MELTED, RELEASING TORRENTS OF WATER TO FORM VAST RIVERS, NOW LONG DRY.

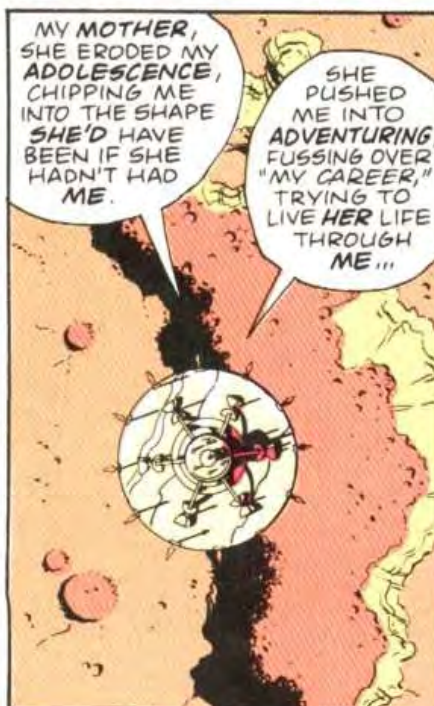
LIFE COULD HAVE FLOURISHED HERE THEN, BUT MARS DID NOT CHOOSE LIFE. IT CHOSE THIS.

IT'S CALLED CHAOTIC TERRAIN.



YEAH? WELL, ORDINARY LIFE; MY LIFE, THAT'S GOT "CHAOTIC TERRAIN" TOO... OR IS THAT TOO ABSTRACT, TOO UNQUANTIFIABLE?

I MEAN, YOU'RE SO FASCINATED BY ROCKS GETTING TWISTED INTO WEIRD SHAPES, JESUS CHRIST, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE I MET YOU!



MY MOTHER, SHE ERODED MY ADOLESCENCE, CHIPPING ME INTO THE SHAPE SHE'D HAVE BEEN IF SHE HADN'T HAD ME.

SHE PUSHED ME INTO ADVENTURING, FUSSING OVER "MY CAREER," TRYING TO LIVE HER LIFE THROUGH ME...



"REMEMBER THAT CRIME-BUSTERS THING IN THE SIXTIES? DID I TELL YOU SHE DROVE ME THERE IN A LIMO, AND WAITED OUTSIDE LIKE IT WAS MY FIRST SCREEN TEST OR SOMETHING?"

BLACK UNREST

"I WAS SIXTEEN. I FELT LIKE A JERK."



"I REMEMBER STARING AT YOU. I JUST COULDN'T GET USED TO YOU. I MEAN, YOU HAD A GREAT BODY, BUT, Y'KNOW, IT WAS BLUE.

"YOUR GIRLFRIEND, JANEY, SHE GLARED AT ME ALL THE WAY THROUGH.



"THEN IT COLLAPSED: EVERYBODY LEAVING EXCEPT NELSON AND ADRIAN. BIG DISAPPOINTMENT...

"I GUESS I SORTA WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE, SLEEPING WITH YOU, BUT YOU SEEMED KINDA SPOKEN FOR. NOBODY ELSE THERE INTERESTED ME.



"OUTSIDE, I WATCHED THEM GO: DAN IN HIS SHIP, RORSCHACH SNEAKING AWAY INTO THE BUSHES. HE GAVE ME THE CREEPS.

"I FELT LET DOWN, RESTLESS, HORNY AND I NEEDED A CIGARETTE. I WAS LEAVING NELSON'S MANSION...



"...WHEN SOMEBODY CALLED MY NAME."

LAUREL? LAUREL JANE, IS THAT RIGHT?

SO YOU'RE SALLY'S KID?



UH, YEAH. YEAH. YOU'RE THE COMEDIAN. I CAUGHT YOUR ACT IN THERE. YOU WERE PRETTY COOL.

WELL YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU GREW UP TOO BAD YOURSELF. HERE... LEMME TAKE A LOOK...



HEH. YEAH, THERE'S HER EYES... EVEN GOT THAT FUNNY LITTLE MOLE...

YOU AIN'T GOT HER HAIR, BUT OTHERWISE, YOU'RE LIKE HER. YOU'RE A LOOKER.

WELL, UH, THANK YOU.



UH, SAY, I NEED A CIGARETTE, BUT I DON'T HAVE A LIGHT. DO YOU...?

SURE. HEY, LISTEN, YOUR MOM: SHE TALK ABOUT ME MUCH?

NO. NOT MUCH.



HEH. IT FIGURES. HERE'S YOUR LIGHT. I...

HELL. GONE OUT. HERE, LEMME...

IT'S OKAY. I'LL STEADY IT.

THERE. THAT'S BETTER.

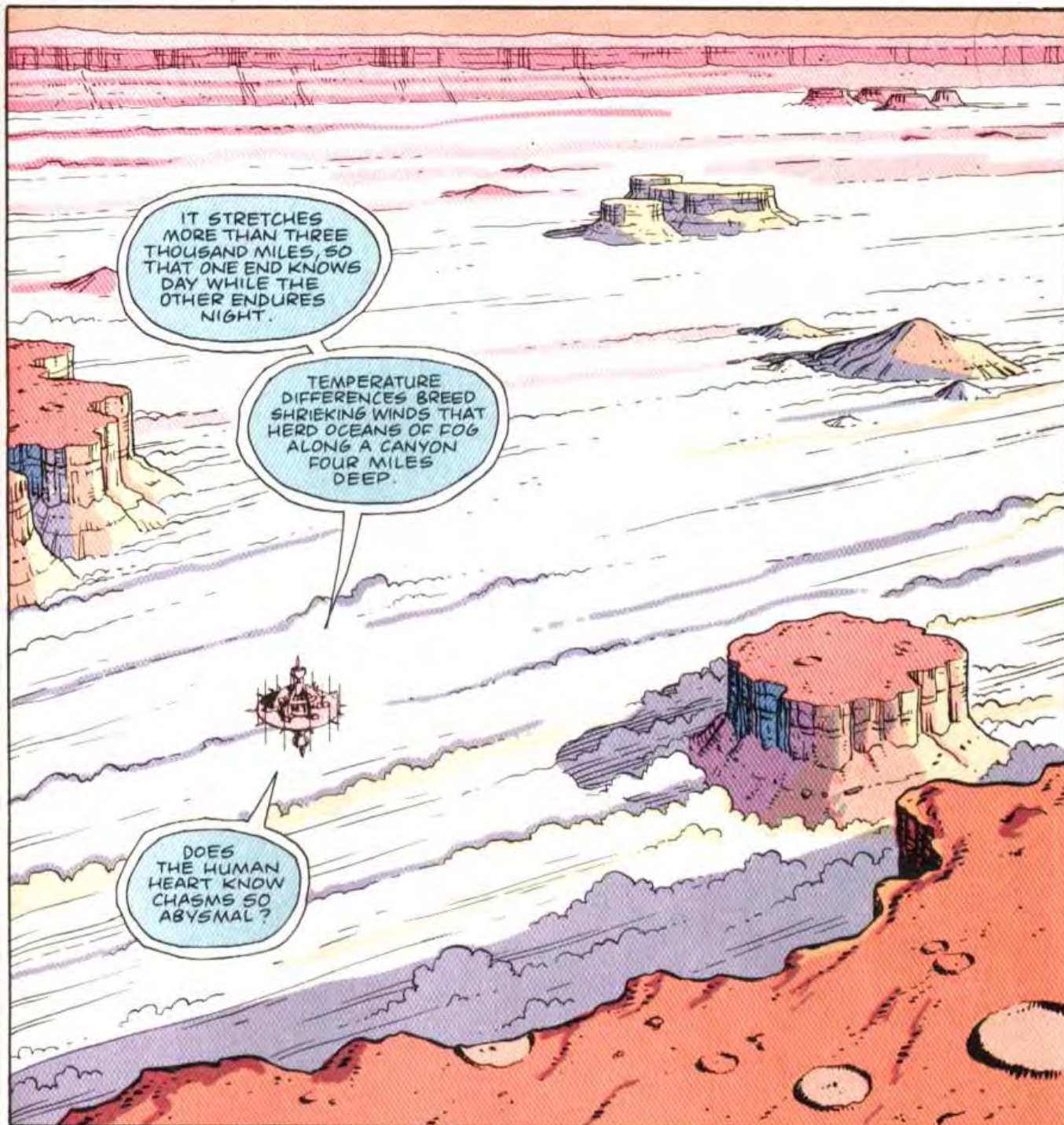


YOU TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER!









IT STRETCHES
MORE THAN THREE
THOUSAND MILES, SO
THAT ONE END KNOWS
DAY WHILE THE
OTHER ENDURES
NIGHT.

TEMPERATURE
DIFFERENCES BREED
SHRIEKING WINDS THAT
HERD OCEANS OF FOG
ALONG A CANYON
FOUR MILES
DEEP.

DOES
THE HUMAN
HEART KNOW
CHASMS SO
ABYSMAL?

YES! YES, MINE,
RIGHT NOW! JON,
YOU'VE SEEN PEOPLE
DEPRESSED ME, WHEN
I'M MISERABLE,
WHEN I'VE HAD
TOO MUCH TO
DRINK...

YES. I
REMEMBER
A BANQUET
IN 1973...

OH, DON'T
REMIND ME I
ACTED LIKE
AN IDIOT...

...BUT
I GUESS THAT'S
IN KEEPING WITH THE
REST OF MY LIFE, HUH?
I MEAN, YOU SAY IT'S ALL
WORTHLESS, RIGHT? THAT
WE'RE ALL BLIND,
STUPID THINGS,
STUMBLING THROUGH
OUR LIVES...

"...HOPELESSLY LOST
IN THE FOG."



"THE FOG I WAS LOST IN THAT NIGHT WAS SCOTCH MIST. I MUST HAVE DRUNK HALF A BOTTLE."

"IT WAS A DINNER IN HONOR OF **BLAKE**. I REMEMBER THINKING 'WHY?' Y'KNOW? JUST 'WHY?'"



"WHY ALL THIS SUDDEN POPULARITY? **NIXON** WASN'T THERE, BUT EVERYBODY ELSE WAS: **FORD**, **LIDDY**, **AL HAIG**... NO... WAIT, **HAIG** QUIT BEFORE THEN, DIDN'T HE?"

"THERE WERE CAMERAS. **FORD** SHOOK **BLAKE'S** HAND. EVERYBODY SEEMED REAL PLEASED WITH HIM..."



"... BUT NOT ME."

"SEE, BY THEN I'D READ 'UNDER THE HOOD,' ABOUT HIM ASSAULTING MY MOM. THAT BANQUET, IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN HIM SINCE I FOUND OUT..."

"...AND I WAS MEAN DRUNK."



"EVERYBODY WAS TALKING..."

SEE THOSE POST REPORTERS THEY FOUND IN THAT GARAGE? **WOODWARD** AND WHAT'S HIS NAME? JEWISH NAME...

BERNSTEIN. YEAH, I UNDERSTAND THE UNDERGROUND PAPERS ARE ALREADY YELLING CONSPIRACY.

WELL, **EDDIE**? ANY OPINIONS?



THAT PIECE IN THE **BERKELEY BARB**? WELL, I GUESS YOU SMOKE ENOUGH **WEED** YOU CAN IMAGINE ALMOST ANYTHING.

NAH... I'M CLEAN, GUYS. JUST DON'T ASK WHERE I WAS WHEN I HEARD ABOUT **J.F.K.**

HA HA HA HA HA!



HA HA HA! THAT'S GOOD! DICK'LL LOVE THAT.

Y'KNOW, **ED**, YOU'RE OKAY. SOMEBODY A GUY CAN RELAX WITH... NOT GIVING EVERYBODY THE CREEPS LIKE GODDAMN **MR. SPOCK** OVER THERE...

SHH.

MISS **JUSPECZYK** GOOD TO SEE YOU.



"**JUSPECZYK**," WHAT'S THAT? GRANDMOTHER'S NAME? DIDN'T LIKE **JUPITER**, HUH?

DIDN'T TAKE YOUR OLD MAN'S NAME EITHER...

WHAT'S MY NAME TO YOU?



NOTHING.

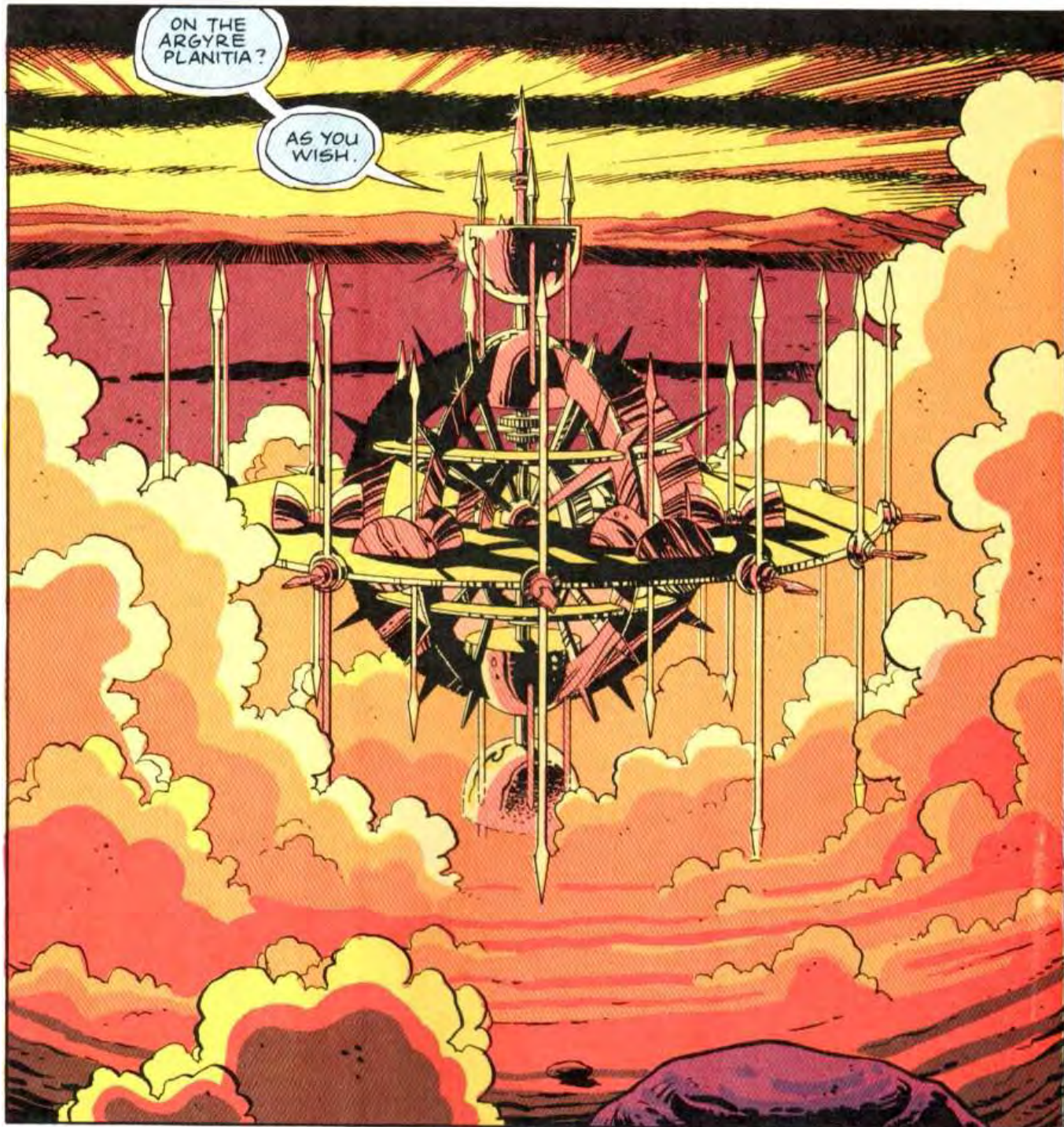
Y'KNOW, YOU'RE A PRETTY GIRL. I JUST GOTTA LOOK AT YOU, I SEE YOUR MOM. HEH...

Y'KNOW, YOUR MOTHER, SHE WAS A PEACH...



IS THAT WHAT YOU TOLD HER BEFORE YOU TRIED TO RAPE HER?





ON THE
ARGYRE
PLANITIA?

AS YOU
WISH.



THERE.
OKAY.
THAT'S
IT.

YOU CAN TAKE ME
BACK TO EARTH TO FRY
WITH DAN AND MY MOM
AND ALL US OTHER
WORTHLESS HUMANS.
THE CONVERSATION'S
OVER...



...AND LISTEN, YOU
WERE WRONG, SEE?
YOU SAID IT
ENDED WITH ME
IN TEARS, AND
LOOK AT ME:
NOT A MOIST
EYE IN
SIGHT!

YOU WERE
WRONG
ABOUT THAT.
MAYBE
ABOUT A
LOT OF
THINGS
...



I MEAN,
MAYBE YOU
WERE WRONG
ABOUT THE
STREETS FULL
OF CORPSES
TOO!

JON?

CAN
YOU
HEAR
ME?

PERFECTLY.



AA!
JESUS,
JON...

LAURIE, YOU COMPLAIN,
PERHAPS **RIGHTLY**, THAT
I WON'T SEE EXISTENCE
IN HUMAN TERMS...

...BUT YOU
YOURSELF
REFUSE TO
CONSIDER MY
VIEWPOINT,
LETTING YOUR
EMOTIONS
BLIND YOU.
LOOK AT
YOURSELF:
ANGRY,
SHOUTING



"... SHOUTED AT HIM, HE LOOKED
SURPRISED, COULDN'T IMAGINE
WHY I'D BEAR A GRUDGE.
SEE, IT'S **DIFFERENT** FOR
HIM, AND I JUST COULDN'T
SUSTAIN IT, THE **ANGER**..."



IF YOU'D
ONLY **RELAX**
ENOUGH TO SEE
THE **WHOLE**
CONTINUUM, LIFE'S
PATTERN OR LACK
OF ONE, THEN
YOU'D UNDER-
STAND MY
PERSPECTIVE.

YOU'RE
DELIBERATELY
SHUTTING OUT
UNDERSTANDING,
AS IF YOU'RE
AFRAID; AS
IF YOU'RE TOO
DELICATE...



"MOM, I'M **THIRTEEN**! WHY CAN'T
I READ UNCLE HOLLIS'S BOOK?
I DO ALL THIS **TRAINING** TO BE
A COSTUME HERO, I CAN'T
EVEN **READ** ABOUT THEM?"

"UH, NOW, HONEY, MAYBE
MOM KNOWS **BEST**. I GUESS
I WASN'T **THINKING**..."



I'M **THROUGH**
THINKING ABOUT
MY LIFE,
LOOKING BACK
ON ALL MY
STUPID
MEMORIES.

I DON'T
WANT TO
SEE IT. I
DON'T WANT
TO TALK
ABOUT
IT.

IT'S BEEN
A **DUMB** LIFE,
AND IF THERE'S
ANY **DESIGN**,
IT'S A **DUMB**
DESIGN.



"CHRIST, WE WERE JUST **TALKING**.
CAN'T A GUY TALK TO HIS, Y'KNOW,
HIS OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?"

"... HIS, Y'KNOW,
HIS OLD FRIEND'S
DAUGHTER?"

"WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?"



I
THINK
YOU'RE
AVOIDING
SOME-
THING.

DON'T BE
STUPID THERE'S
N-NOTHING TO
AVOID...

"... HIS, Y'KNOW, HIS
OLD FRIEND'S
DAUGHTER?
WHAT DO YOU
THINK I AM?"

I-I-VE
NEVER HAD
ANY OCCASION
TO AVOID THE
TRUTH...



"ONLY
ONCE."

"WHAT DO YOU
THINK I AM?"

"...OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER?"

"WHAT DO
YOU THINK..."

"... HIS,
Y'KNOW,
HIS ..."



"WHAT DO
YOU THINK
I AM?"

"... FRIEND'S
DAUGHTER?"

"... HIS, Y'KNOW,
HIS ..."

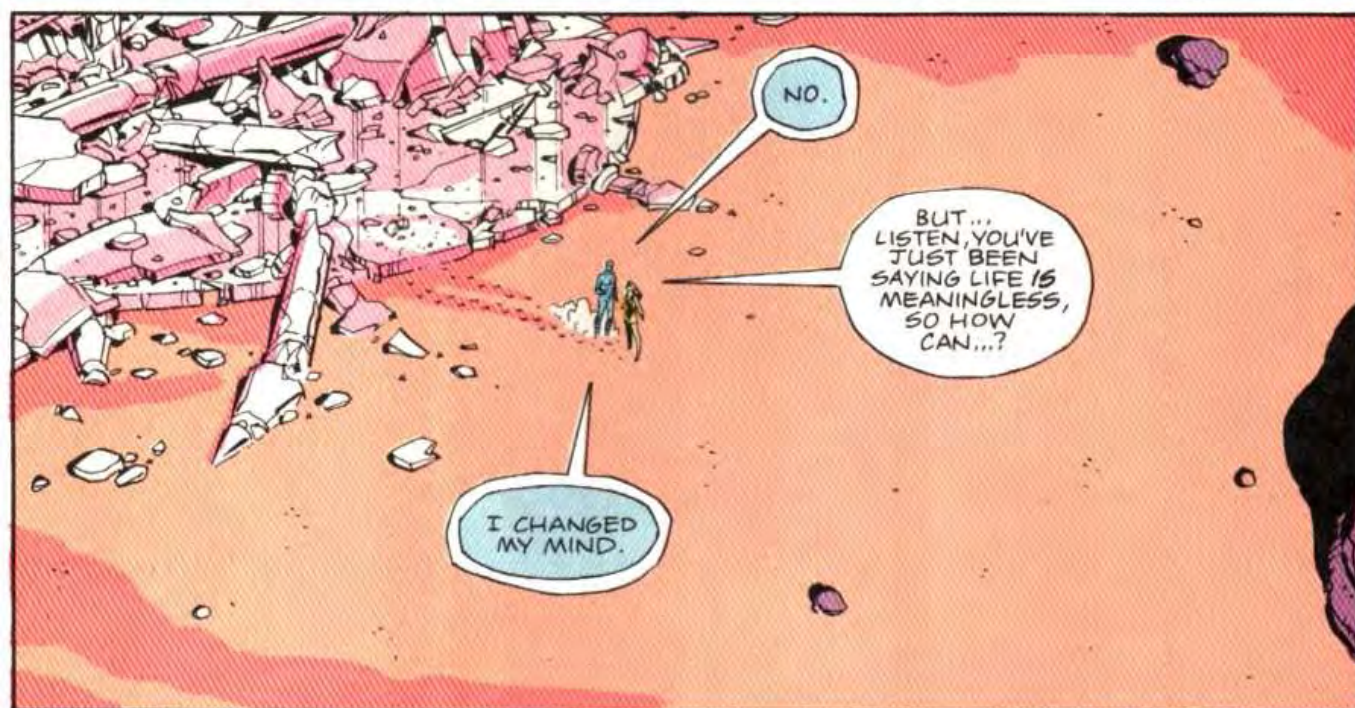
"ONLY ONCE."

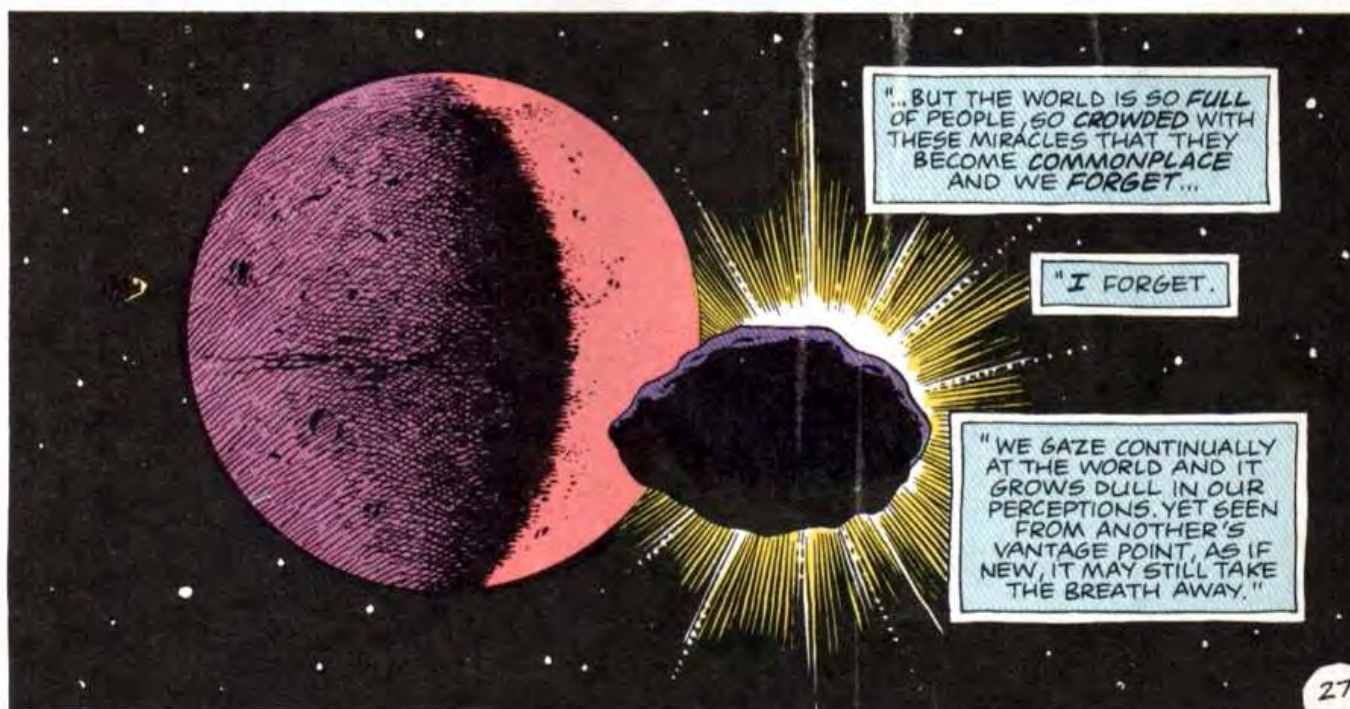
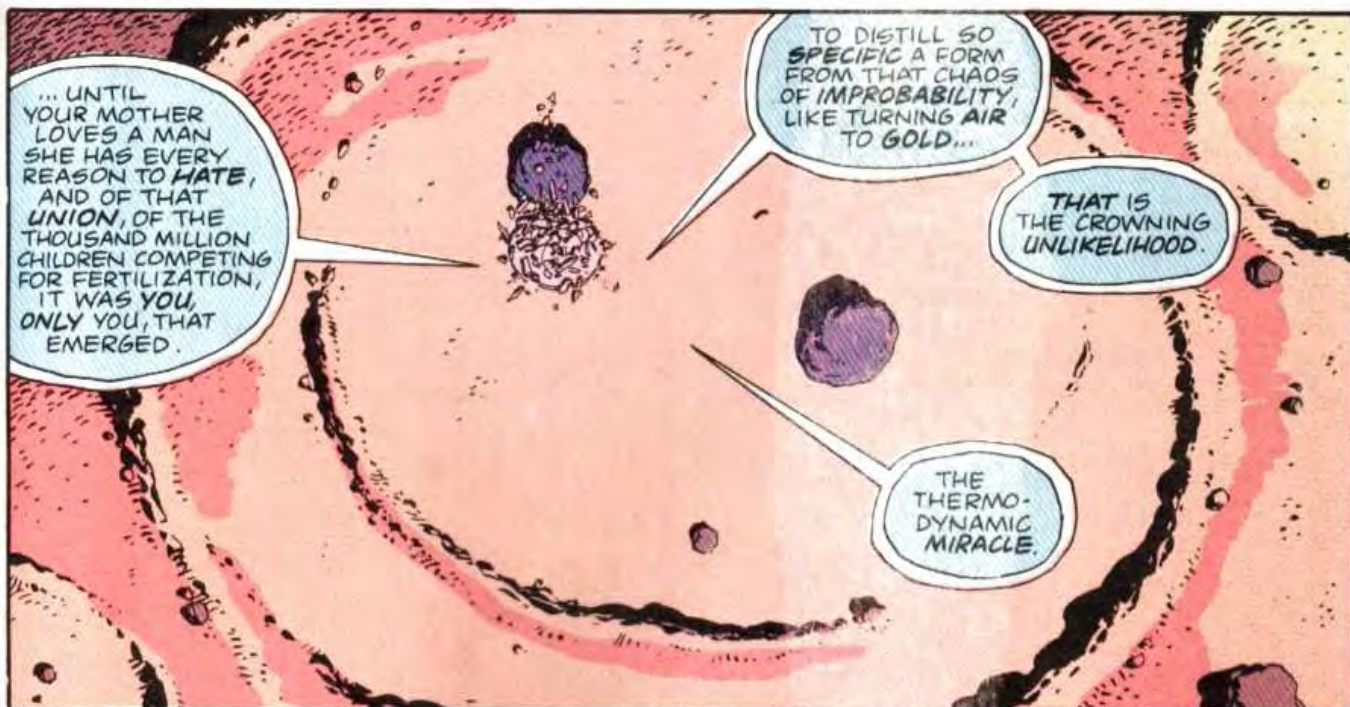
"... Y'KNOW, HIS
OLD FRIEND'S
DAU ..."

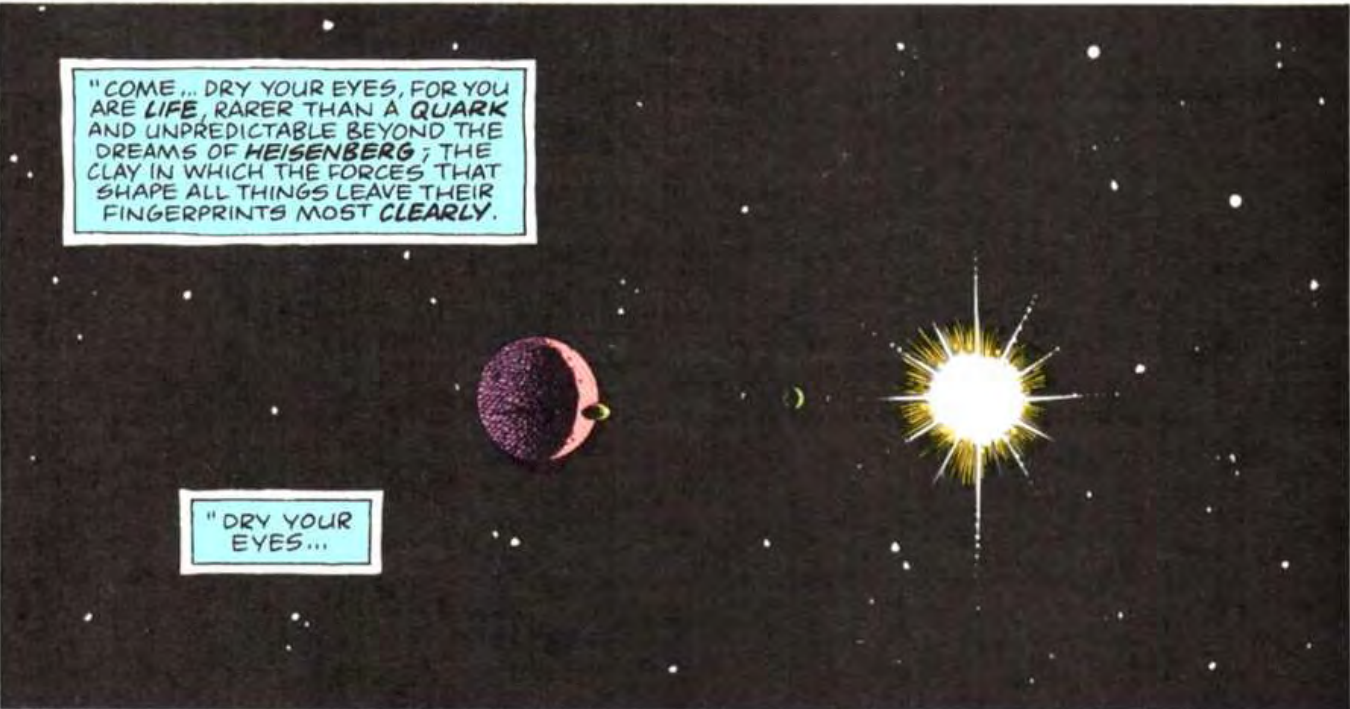
NO.











A cosmic scene set against a black background filled with numerous small white stars. In the upper right, a bright, multi-pointed star shines. To its left, a reddish-brown planet with a textured surface is partially visible. A small, crescent-shaped moon is positioned between the planet and the star.

"COME... DRY YOUR EYES, FOR YOU ARE *LIFE*, RARER THAN A *QUARK* AND UNPREDICTABLE BEYOND THE DREAMS OF *HEISENBERG*; THE CLAY IN WHICH THE FORCES THAT SHAPE ALL THINGS LEAVE THEIR FINGERPRINTS MOST *CLEARLY*."

"DRY YOUR EYES..."

A vast cosmic space with a black background and scattered white stars. A single, small, bright star is visible in the center-right area.

"...AND LET'S GO HOME."

A vast cosmic space with a black background and scattered white stars. A single, small, bright star is visible in the center-right area.

As far as we can discern, the sole purpose of human existence is to kindle a light of meaning in the darkness of mere being.

—C. G. Jung
MEMORIES,
DREAMS,
REFLECTIONS





Sal - thought you'd like this for your scrapbook

January 12, 1939

More than news!

5c

VILLAINS VIE FOR VOLUPTUOUS VIGILANTE

Goons are going ga-ga over the latest do-gooder to pull on a tight costume and jump aboard the masked vigilante bandwagon. Why? Well, maybe it's because *this* costumed cutie is a *girl*! Shapely 18-year-old redhead Sally Jupiter (36-24-36) has taken the alluring and mysterious monicker of "Silk Spectre" as she dons the shortest long underwear yet and becomes the first feisty female to join the fight against felony.

Miss Jupiter's agent, Mr. Larry Schexnayder, says that former waitress and burlesque dancer Sally is such a hit with the hoods that they're practically tripping over each other in the rush to get nabbed by her! In testimony, he produced Mr. Claude Boke of no fixed address, currently out on parole after Sally, who happened to be on hand, arrested him during an attempted liquor store robbery.

"She beat me fair and square, but I don't hold no grudges. She's a pretty-looking young woman and I'd rather have her take me in than two fat old cops anytime," says Claude, who received a light fine and has since quit drinking and taken a job pumping gasoline.

Sally, who eventually hopes to move on to modeling work or movies, tells us that there is already a movie about her life in the works.

"It's called 'Silk Spectre: The Sally Jupiter Story,'" enthuses Sally, "and it's already in the planning stages. Larry and I have met with Mr. King Taylor of Hollywood, and everybody's very excited about it all."

I'm sure we all wish spunky Sal luck in her future endeavors, and if the above movie gets made, who knows? Maybe Sally will have to organize a special premiere... just for the criminal fraternity!



reports are true, she certainly has some explaining to do to her hubby and two kids back home on the ranch.

Meanwhile, over with the cape-and-mask crowd, lips are buzzing and tongues are wagging about cheesecake crime-crusher **Sally Jupiter**, alias the **SILK SPECTRE**. It seems that she and veteran vigilante **HOODED JUSTICE** are something of an item, and seldom out of each other's company. Can wedding bells be too far away? If you want evidence, just look whose arm our Sal is hanging onto in the recently released publicity photographs of that tights-and-trunk-clad team, **The Minutemen**. Between you and me, your Zelda wonders: Does he keep that hood and noose on *all* the time?

Snotted dancing cheek to cheek

King Taylor Productions

6-22-45

Sal and Larry

He, kids! I know, I know, it's been ages, but I think things are finally moving with "She Devils In Silk" (That's the latest title, by the way. Maurie dreamed it up. Hope you like it. We decided that "Sally Jupiter Law In Its Lingerie" was too long after all.)

The latest version is looking good - we've retained a lot of the plot elements from the saturday morning Matinee approach we adopted after junking the documentary idea, and we've kept a lot of the footage we shot with you way back then. This new version has some added material to make it accessible to a more adult market, and I think you'll find it kinda fun. We have a young discovery named Cherry Dean that I'm very excited about, and she stands in for you in the new scenes. From the back, she's a dead ringer! It's phenomenal!

Anyway, I'll keep touching base with you as things progress.

Hugs and kisses,
King

MARINE LIEUTENANT USMC
NELSON GARDNER

FREE-LANCE CONSULTANT

KL5-220

Dear Miss Jupiter,

Having seen you in the news lately, I wished to introduce myself. My name is Captain Metropolis, and I too am a costumed adventurer, with a keen interest in stamping out crime and injustice wheresoever it should rear its ugly head. I am delighted to find that you share these inclinations.

I note also from my perusal of the press that there are several other people of our persuasion stepping forward to join the struggle across America, and, being a military man by nature and career it struck me that it might be a distinct strategic advantage if we were to organize ourselves into some sort of battalion, ready to do our country's bidding at a moment's notice.

I suggest that such a group might be called 'The New Minute Men of America', and I have already devised such things as codes and passwords and strategic exercises that would serve us well in our war on infamy.

If you are interested in this proposal, please contact me through my representative, former Marine Lieutenant Nelson Gardner, whose card is enclosed.

I look forward very much to hearing from you.

Your costumed Comrade in the campaign against crime,

Captain Metropolis

Lamy -
Jesus Christ! Are
you kidding -!



Sally - thought there might
be mileage in this - P. Rouse L.S.

February 3rd, 1948

Dear Sally,

Haven't been in touch lately because I thought you should have time to get over poor Bill's funeral. However, there's things that need talking over.

Nelly called last night, upset over yet another tiff with H.J. Those two are getting worse. The more they row and act like an old married couple in public, the harder they are to cover for. I know that you've provided a pretty steady alibi for H.J. up to now, and that the publicity we got from that hasn't exactly hurt you either, but it can't last much longer. Nelly says he's always out when Nelly calls, out with boys, and apparently there's a lot of rough stuff going on. One of these punks only has to go to the cops with a convincing story and some convincing bruises to back it up and it would be the Silhouette fiasco all over again.

I honestly wonder how long it can last. Lewis is drinking harder all the time, and has been very low since the thing with Bill. Mason is a big bouncy boy scout, same as ever, but with Nelly and H.J. acting up it's a pretty sorry spectacle at the meetings these days. Maybe now is the time to pull out and cut our losses. We've made quite a sum, you know, and I've often talked about a place out west somewhere; maybe now's the time we could take it on as a viable partnership proposition together? Anyways, at least think it over.

With fond regards,

Larry

*nearest thing I ever
got to a proposal*

SCREEN REVIEWS

SILK SWINGERS OF SUBURBIA

DIR: Edmund "King" Taylor

STARRING: Cherry Dean, Rod Donovan, Dana Young, Lola Booker, Harry J. Peters, Sally Juniper.

If you like tasteful and sensually artistic modern cinema, then I recommend that this film be avoided at all costs. Cheaply made even by "B"-movie standards, this appears to have started life as a children's adventure serial, complete with unconvincing and dated footage of a stuntwoman in an antique chorus girl costume engaging in poorly staged fights with stock heavies. Edited into this unpromising and juvenile scenario with astonishing clumsiness, we have scenes of Miss Dean—similarly attired and being tied up, whipped and fondled by "Rod Donovan," who must surely be a relative of well-known hack director "King" Taylor, so close is the resemblance between the two men. Too awful even to be dignified with the term "pornography," the only real act of sadism in this film lies in releasing it; the only masochism in watching it.

PROBE PROFILE: SALLY JUPITER

an interview with a forties glamour girl and the seamier side of her crimefighting career

PROBE: Sally, how much would you say that it's a sex thing, putting on a costume?

SALLY: No. I don't . . . Well, let me say this, for me, it was never a sex thing. It was a money thing. And I think for some people it was a fame thing, and for a tiny few, God bless 'em, I think it was a goodness thing. I mean, I'm not saying it wasn't a sex thing for some people, but, no, no, I wouldn't say that's what motivated the majority . . .

PROBE: There was Ursula Zandt, the Silhouette . . .

SALLY: Uh-huh. Well, sooner or later, okay, that's going to come up, so let me deal with that . . . First off, I didn't like her as a person. I mean, she was not an easy person to get along with. But, when the papers got hold of it, her being a—what is it—a gay woman they say nowadays, when that happened, I thought it was wrong. I mean, Laurence, who was my first husband, he got everybody to throw her out of the group to minimize the P.R. damage, but . . . I mean, I voted along with everybody else, but . . . well, it wasn't fair. It wasn't honest. I mean, she wasn't the only gay person in the Minutemen. Some professions, I don't know, they attract a certain type . . .

PROBE: Who else was gay?

SALLY: I'm not naming anybody. It was a couple of the guys, and they're both dead now. One died recently. I'm not saying who

it was, I'm just saying that we all knew, and we knew she wasn't the only one, and we slung her out just the same. When she got murdered like that . . . I mean, I never really liked her. Ursula. Was that her real name? I didn't know that. I didn't like her, but . . . throwing her out. We shouldn't have done that. I feel bad about that.

PROBE: On the subject of the Minutemen, in Hollis Mason's autobiography . . .

SALLY: Uh-oh! Here it comes.

PROBE: . . . he alleges that you were sexually assaulted by the Comedian, who, as you know, is still active. You've never said too much about this incident yourself . . .

SALLY: Well, why break a lifetime's habit?

PROBE: You won't comment upon that?

SALLY: I . . . Look, I don't bear any grudges. That's all. I know I should, everybody tells me I should but . . . look, I don't have to justify this, okay? It's just that nothing's that simple, not even things that are simply awful. You know, rape is rape and there's no excuses for it, absolutely none, but for me, I felt . . . I felt like I'd contributed in some way. Is that misplaced guilt, whatever my analyst said? I really felt that, that I was somehow as much to blame for . . . for letting myself be his victim not in a physical sense, but . . . but,

it's like what if, y'know? What if, just for a moment, maybe I really did want . . . I mean, that doesn't excuse him, doesn't excuse either of us, but with all that doubt, what it is to come to terms with it, I can't stay angry when I'm so uncertain about my own feelings . . .

PROBE: You're retired now, and it seems your daughter has been groomed to follow in your footsteps. Having seen the lifestyle for yourself, how do you feel about that?

SALLY: Mm. That's tough. I guess, in a lot of ways, it was me who pushed Laurie, that's my daughter, pushed her into this line of work . . . I know that when she's upset about something she always blames me for shoving her into such a weird career, but underneath somewhere, I think she secretly kinda likes it. She likes to bitch about it, but what else would she have done? Been a housewife? Got a job in a bank? So she didn't have a normal life! What's so great about normal life? Normal life stinks! You can ask anybody! No, no, of course, I'm her mother, I get worried about her. But in the end, I think she'll see what it was I gave her. I think she'll start to see her life next to the lives of other kids and she'll start thinking in terms of what I saved her from instead of what I condemned her to.

PROBE: You think so?

SALLY: I hope so.

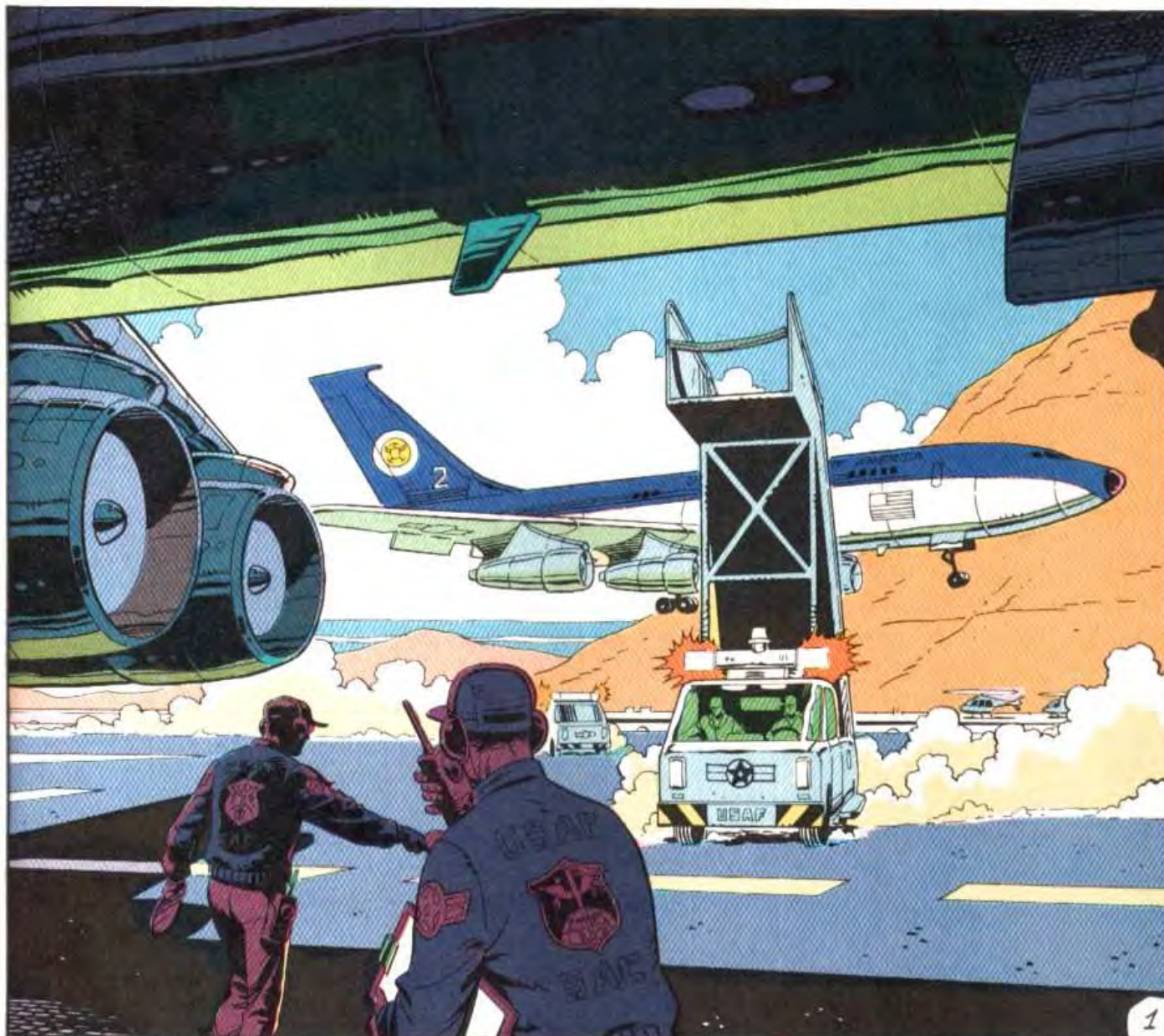


"You know, rape is rape and there's no excuse for it, absolutely none, but for me, I felt . . . I felt like I'd contributed in some way."



CHAPTER X

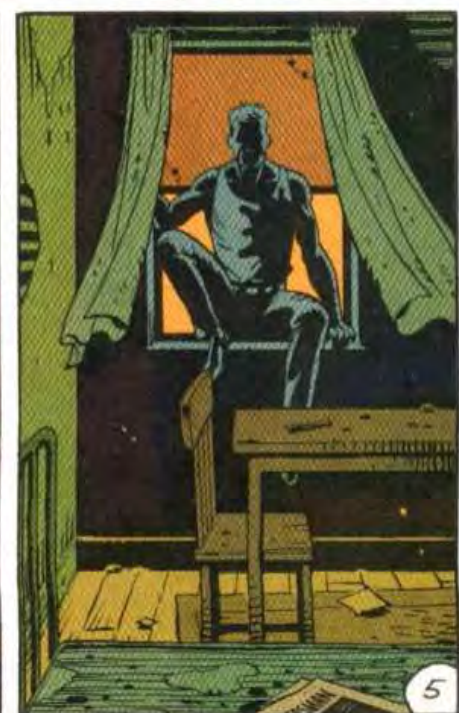




TWO RIDERS WERE APPROACHING...









HUNH.
STILL
HERE.
GOOD.
POLICE
DIDN'T
FIND
IT.

MPH?

EXACTLY
WHAT, UH,
PERSONAL
EFFECTS
WERE YOU
LOOKING
FOR?



SPARE
CLOTHES.
SPARE FACE.
FINAL DRAFT
OF JOURNAL.
POLICE ONLY
FOUND ROUGH
NOTES.

OH
GOD!

GLOVES.
HAT. SHOES.
THERE. THINK
THAT'S EVERY-
THING. WE
...



I--IT'S... OH GOD, WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE? I...
LOOK, PLEASE, I DON'T WANT
ANY TROUBLE, OKAY? I...

MRS.
SHAIRP.

LONG
TIME NO
SEE.



TOLD PRESS
I'D MADE
SEXUAL
ADVANCES
TO YOU. NOT
TRUE.

NO! I NEVER
SAID THAT! I
GOT MISQUOTED!
OH GOD, PLEASE,
DON'T...

VERY
BAD.

RORSCHACH?
COME ON, MAN.
LEAVE IT...



CAN'T.
SERIOUS
BUSINESS.
SLUR ON
REPUTATION.

HOW MUCH
DID THEY
PAY YOU
TO LIE
ABOUT ME,
WHORE?

OH
PLEASE,
DON'T SAY
THAT. NOT
IN FRONT
OF MY
KIDS...



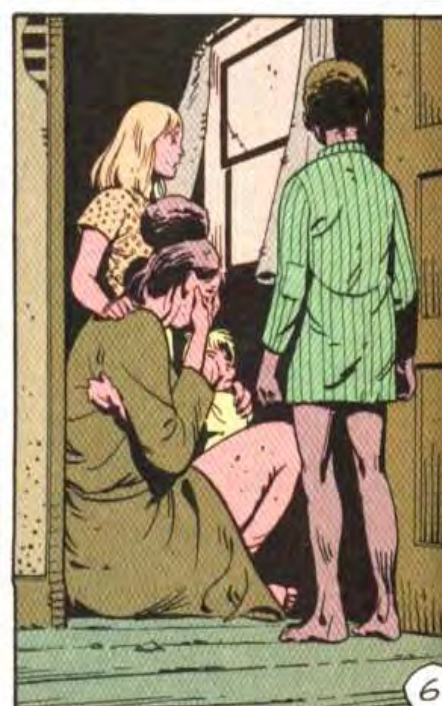
PLEASE.
THEY...

THEY
DON'T
KNOW.

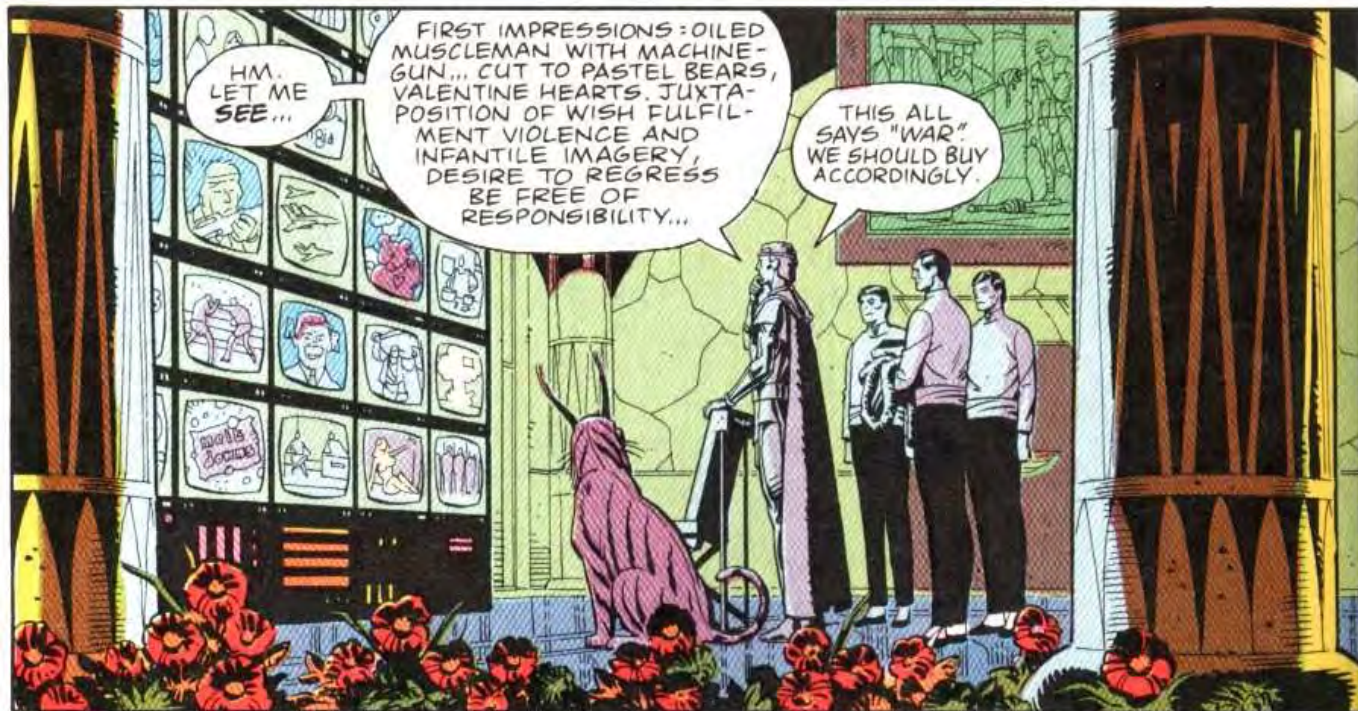


GOT WHAT
WE CAME FOR.
FINISHED HERE
NOW.

LET'S
GO.









HATE THIS. ALL DAY ON RIVER BED. DROWNED CORPSES MORE USEFUL. YOU SAID WE COULD PROCEED.

THESE COMPUTER SEARCHES I'VE BEEN RUNNING ARE PROCEDURE. WHEN IT'S DARK AGAIN, WE'LL GO UP.

THIS IS NO PICNIC FOR ME, EITHER.



IMPLYING SOMETHING?

ABOUT COAT PERHAPS? OLD. SLIGHTLY MUSTY. APOLOGIES. CAN'T ALL BE FASTIDIOUS. CAN'T ALL KEEP HANDS CLEAN.

I WASN'T... LOOK, I JUST MEANT WE TOOK ENOUGH UNNECESSARY RISKS RETRIEVING YOUR OUTFIT THIS MORNING...



UNNECESSARY?

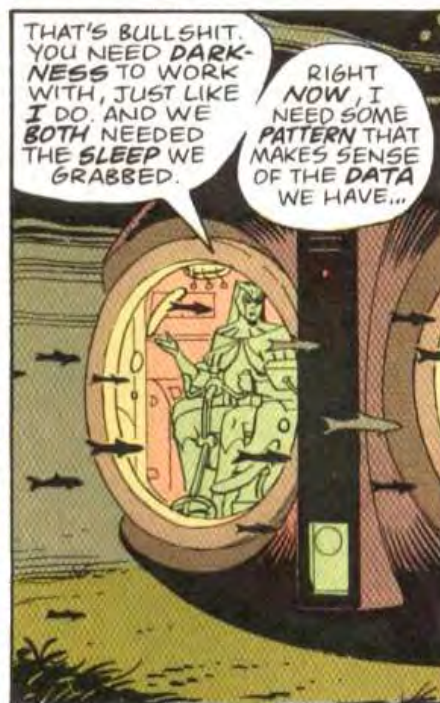
COWERING DOWN HERE IN SLUDGE AND POLLUTION, CONJURING NAMES ON SCREENS, LEARNING NOTHING: THAT IS UNNECESSARY.

GIVE ME SMALLEST FINGER ON MAN'S HAND. I'LL PRODUCE INFORMATION. COMPUTER UNNECESSARY.

THIS FACE ALL THAT'S NECESSARY...



ALL I NEED.



THAT'S BULLSHIT. YOU NEED DARKNESS TO WORK WITH, JUST LIKE I DO. AND WE BOTH NEEDED THE SLEEP WE GRABBED.

RIGHT NOW, I NEED SOME PATTERN THAT MAKES SENSE OF THE DATA WE HAVE...



THE COMEDIAN MENTIONED AN ISLAND AND SOME PLOT AGAINST JON. MY COMPUTERS SUGGEST JON COULD HAVE BEEN SET UP, POSSIBLY BY THE COMPANY ALL HIS SUPPOSED 'VICTIMS' WORKED FOR...

"POSSIBLY."

WE SHOULD ASK QUESTIONS IN THE UNDERWORLD.



ISN'T THAT WHAT I'M DOING?







I WAS RETURNED, SPLASHING NOISILY THROUGH THE ENCUMBERING SHALLOWS, SUN MULLING THE HORIZON BEHIND ME, A POKER IN A GLASS OF SACK.

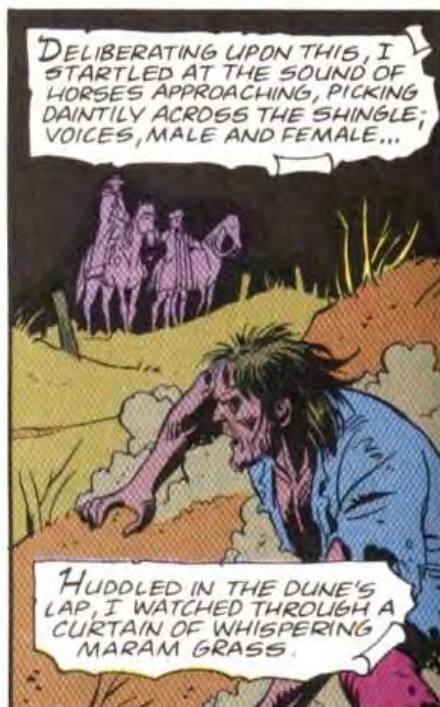
I COULD BE NO MORE THAN TWENTY MILES FROM DAVIDSTOWN.

I WAS HOME.



IN BROAD CHARCOAL STROKES, NIGHT SHADED THE SKY.

I SAT AMONGST SKULL-COLORED DUNES, SHARP GRASS CLINGING LIKE HAIR IN BLACK, OBSTINATE TUFTS. BY NOW, DAVIDSTOWN WAS OVER-RUN, MY FAMILY SLAUGHTERED. ONLY REVENGE REMAINED.



DELIBERATING UPON THIS, I STARTLED AT THE SOUND OF HORSES APPROACHING, PICKING DAINTILY ACROSS THE SHINGLE; VOICES, MALE AND FEMALE...

HUDDLED IN THE DUNE'S LAP, I WATCHED THROUGH A CURTAIN OF WHISPERING MARAM GRASS.



DISMOUNTING, THEY TETHERED THEIR STEEDS TO DARK WOODEN GROINS, TUTTING OUT LIKE CHARRED RIBS FROM THE BEACH.

I RECOGNIZED THE MAN: A MONEYLENDER FROM DAVIDSTOWN. LAUGHING, HE WALKED HIS WOMAN OVER PEBBLES, DOWN TOWARDS THE SURF.



WITH DAVIDSTOWN CAPTURED, WHY WOULD BRIGANDS ALLOW THIS SCOUNDREL FREE PASSAGE FOR HIS MIDNIGHT TRYSTS? HAD HE COLLABORATED?

THE RIBALD CHUCKLING REACHED THE WATER'S EDGE; CEASED; BECAME A SCREAM.

MY RAFT WAS DISCOVERED.



HE COMFORTED THE WEEPING, HYSTERICAL WOMAN, AND MY HEART GREW COLD. WAS MY WIFE COMFORTED BEFORE HER EXECUTION, WHILE THIS COLLABORATOR AND HIS PIRATE MASTERS SNEERED?

NOW THEY WOULD REPORT MY RAFT.

MY DECISION WAS HURRIED, BUT NOT DIFFICULT.



SCREAMING MY HATRED, I RUSHED DOWN THE NIGHT SLOPE TOWARDS THEM, BUT ALL THAT ESCAPED MY LIPS WAS THE BLACK LANGUAGE OF GULLS.

CLUTCHING THE ROCK, MY HAND FELT HUGE, DEFORMED. STARTLED, THEY TURNED.



OVER-RIPE, THE MONEYLENDER'S HEAD BURST WITH A SINGLE BLOW, EXPLODING AS IF PRESSURIZED BY THE GUILT WITHIN.

SUDDENLY SLICK, THE ROCK SHOT FROM BETWEEN MY RED FINGERS AND WAS LOST.



THE WOMAN I STRANGLER.

THIS TOOK CONSIDERABLY LONGER THAN I HAD ANTICIPATED.



Y'KNOW, I DIDN'T EXPECT ALL THIS TO TAKE SO LONG. DIDN'T EXPECT THIS WAITING...

LOOK: EVERYBODY'S SCARED THEY'LL DROP IT TONIGHT, GATHERIN' ON CORNERS, LOOKING FOR TROUBLE...

AT DEATH'S APPROACH, ALL CREATURES DISCOVER AN APPETITE FOR VIOLENCE.

THE VEIDT METHOD
I WILL GIVE YOU BODIES BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGINATION...



FLAILING, SCRATCHING, SHE WAS A BRIAR ROSE IN THE WIND. THE WIND DROPPED. HER THRASHINGS BECAME WEAKER...

THE HORSES WATCHED, UNDERSTANDING ONLY A LITTLE.

LIKE, IT'S TOO BIG TO TAKE IN, BUT PEOPLE KNOW SOMETHING BAD'S HAPPENING...



PEOPLE KNOW SOMETHING'S COMING.

ASK ME, IT'S DOOMSDAY, LIKE IN THE BOOK O' REVOLUTIONS. I MEAN, TANKS IN EAST GERMANY, THERE'S NO MISTAKIN' IT...

WHEN DEATH WAS ASSURED, RESIGNATION LENT HER EYES A CERTAIN MATURITY.

THE VEIDT METHOD
I WILL GIVE YOU BODIES BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGINATION...



THUMBS CROSSED, I CLOSED HER WINDOW. A BUCCANEER'S WHORE DESERVED NO PITY.

EVENTUALLY I STOOD, LEGS TREMBLING, BARELY SUPPORTING ME. IN THE FOAM ABOUT MY ANKLES, TWO WORLDS LAY ENDED.

MAYBE TODAY, MAYBE TOMORROW, BUT SOON FOR SURE.



GOOD DAY, SIR. I'D LIKE TO PURCHASE A GAZETTE, IF I MAY.

UH, SURE. THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR...

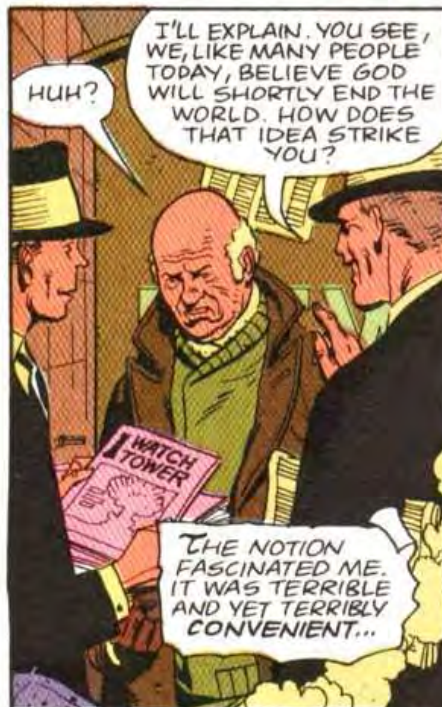
MY PURPOSE ALMOST FORGOTTEN IN THE GIDDY WHIRL OF MURDER ITSELF, I GAZED STUPIDLY AT THE HORSES.

THE VEIDT METHOD
I WILL GIVE YOU BODIES BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGINATION...



RECOVERING, I BECAME MORE RATIONAL. SEEKING VENGEANCE, MIGHT I TURN THIS UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCE TO MY ADVANTAGE? AN IDEA BLOSSOMED, PLAUSIBLE, TEMPTING...

THERE. NOW, WE'VE BOUGHT ONE OF YOUR PAPERS. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO TRY OURS?



HUH?

I'LL EXPLAIN. YOU SEE, WE, LIKE MANY PEOPLE TODAY, BELIEVE GOD WILL SHORTLY END THE WORLD. HOW DOES THAT IDEA STRIKE YOU?

THE NOTION FASCINATED ME. IT WAS TERRIBLE AND YET TERRIBLY CONVENIENT...



BALONEY! END THE WORLD? NO WAY, JOSÉ!

OH. I SEE. WELL, WE'RE JUST LEAVING...

THIS COUPLE LEFT DAVIDSTOWN UNHINDERED, DESPITE THE PIRATE SENTRIES THERE MUST BE. THEY'D BE ALLOWED BACK, ALSO...

TIED TO HER SADDLE, SHE LOOKED QUITE NATURAL.



GODDAMN FANATICS. ITCHIN' TO SAY "I TOLD YA SO!"

WOULDN'T GIVE 'EM THE SATISFACTION!

TWO FIGURES HAD RIDDEN HERE, NOW TWO RODE BACK. SOON, SOON I WOULD VENTURE AMONGST EVIL MEN, AND MAKE THEM FEAR ME...

THE VEIDT METHOD
I WILL GIVE YOU BODIES BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGINATION...

New York Gazette

EASTERN EUROPE: TANKS MASS AS CONFLICT ESCALATES





LISTEN, PLEASE, I JUST HANDED OVER THESE ENVELOPES TO THE GUY. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT AAAA!

WHAT ENVELOPES?



SEALED ENVELOPES, ONE WITH CASH, ONE WITH INSTRUCTIONS. I HAD TO FIND A RELIABLE CONTRACT HIT, GIVE HIM BOTH. NOBODY MENTIONED VEIDT!

GOT OFFERED THE ERRAND BY MY BOSS, FREIGHT CO-ORDINATOR AT PYRAMID DELIVERIES...

AH.



POISON CAPSULES=IN ENVELOPES?

M-MAYBE. HELL, I DUNNO. I TOOK THE JOB, LOT OF OTHER GUYS WERE GETTIN' SOME ACTION, I FIGURE WHY NOT? NOW EVERYBODY'S GETTIN' KILLED, MY LIFE'S A NIGHTMARE

KILLED?



ALL THE OTHER FREIGHT HANDLERS WHO WERE IN ON THINGS. SUPPOSED TO BE ACCIDENTS; OVERDOSES... BULLSHIT!

MY BOSS, GUY GAVE ME THE ENVELOPES, HE FELL UNDER A SUBWAY TRAIN.

I'M NEXT. I NEED PROTECTION.



SEE, I UNDERSTAND, YOU GUYS ARE PISSED, YOUR OWN PEOPLE ARE THREATENED, THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE. BUT I SWEAR, NOT 'TIL I SAW CHESSE ON THE NEWS, I DIDN'T KNOW VEIDT WAS THE CONTRACT.

SOME-THING BOTHERING YOU, SON?



I'D NEVER CROSS ONE O' YOU PEOPLE NOT KNOWINGLY

I KNEW IT! I KNEW YOU'D VICTIMIZE ME! GET OFF MY CASE! WEARING A KNOT DOESN'T MEAN I'M CONNECTED WITH THAT STUFF LAST NIGHT. LOTTA PEOPLE DRESS LIKE THIS, MAN.



I HEARD THE NEWS, BLAMING THAT MASON GUY'S MURDER ON KNOT TOPS, I THOUGHT "SHIT! LIKE THEY NEEDED EXCUSES TO HASSLE US!"

SO YOU GOTTA PROTECT ME. SOMEBODY'S AFTER ME, AND THESE DAYS NOBODY'S SAFE!



PROTECT YOU? BECAUSE YOU WERE UNAWARE WHOSE EXECUTION YOU WERE ARRANGING?

MAYBE PERSON ARRANGING YOURS. DOESN'T KNOW EITHER. NOTHING PERSONAL, HEHN?

HOPE THAT THOUGHT COMFORTS YOU WHILE WAITING FOR AX TO FALL.



YIIAAAAAGH!



WHO DID IT? TELL ME WHO DID IT, YOU SLIME! WHO MURDERED HOLLIS?

KCUH...NO. DON'T KNOW... GHUCH...GANG... KIDS SAW GANG... RUNNING AWAY...



YOU TELL THEM! TELL THEM THEY'RE DEAD! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH FIRE POWER I HAVE FLOATING OUT THERE?

I OUGHTTA TAKE OUT THIS ENTIRE RAT-HOLE NEIGHBORHOOD! I OUGHTTA... OUGHTTA BREAK YOUR NECK, YOU...YOU...



OH GOD DAMN.

GOD DAMN GOD DAMN GOD DAMN!

NOT IN FRONT OF CIVILIANS. WE HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WE WANTED...



YEAH.

YEAH, AND THEN SOME.

HELL, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.



HOLLIS. OH CHRIST, MAN, WHY?

W-WE MUST HAVE MISSED IT ON THE NEWS. PROBABLY NOT IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR REPEAT BULLETINS. JUST SOME...SOME USELESS OLD GUY...

OH SHIT TAKE THIS AND BRING ARCHIE DOWN. I CAN'T SEE.



UNIDENTIFIED GANG MURDERS MASON. SUPPORTS MASK-KILLER THEORY...

LOOK, I DON'T CARE! RIGHT NOW I DON'T CARE ABOUT WHOSE THEORY IS BEST! JUST SHUT UP AND BRING THE SHIP DOWN.



MERELY SUGGESTING THAT BY FINDING MASK KILLER, CAN HAVE REVENGE FOR MASON'S DEATH. MEANT TO COMFORT YOU.

COMFORT ME? WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND COULD TAKE COMFORT FROM... UH...

YEAH, OKAY. THANKS, RORSCHACH. REALLY. THANK YOU.



YOU'RE WELCOME.

NOW KNOW WHO PAID TO KILL VEIDT. INFORMATION SHOULD CONVINCE HIM TO HELP US.

SURE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S DEAD. I REMEMBER ADRIAN ONCE TELLING ME THAT THE EGYPTIANS REGARDED DEATH AS A VOYAGE...



HURN. NICE IDEA IF YOU CAN AFFORD TO GO FIRST CLASS, WITH PHAROHS...

...BUT JUDGING BY OUR DEPARTURES, MOST OF US TRAVEL STEERAGE.



"OOPS. MR. SHEA, IT'S VERY DARK DOWN HERE. WHAT IF SOMEONE SHOULD DISCOVER US?"

"RELAX. EVERYBODY'S UP ON DECK FOR THE EVACUATION PARTY. ONCE THE LAST OF THE EQUIPMENT'S ABOARD, THE SHIP'S READY TO PUT OUT."

"HOW ABOUT YOU?"



"WHAT...? MR. SHEA, REALLY! HA HA HA HA!"

"HIRA, COME ON, WE'RE CELEBRATING TONIGHT WE LEAVE THIS PLACE AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS. HELL, I SAW NORM LEITH AND LIN PALEY UP ON DECK. EVEN THEY WERE SMILING..."



"WELL, THEY'RE BEING PAID ENOUGH TO VANISH AND FORGET THEIR CARES. YOU KNOW, THIS MOVIE HAS INVOLVED EXTRA-ORDINARY SECRECY..."

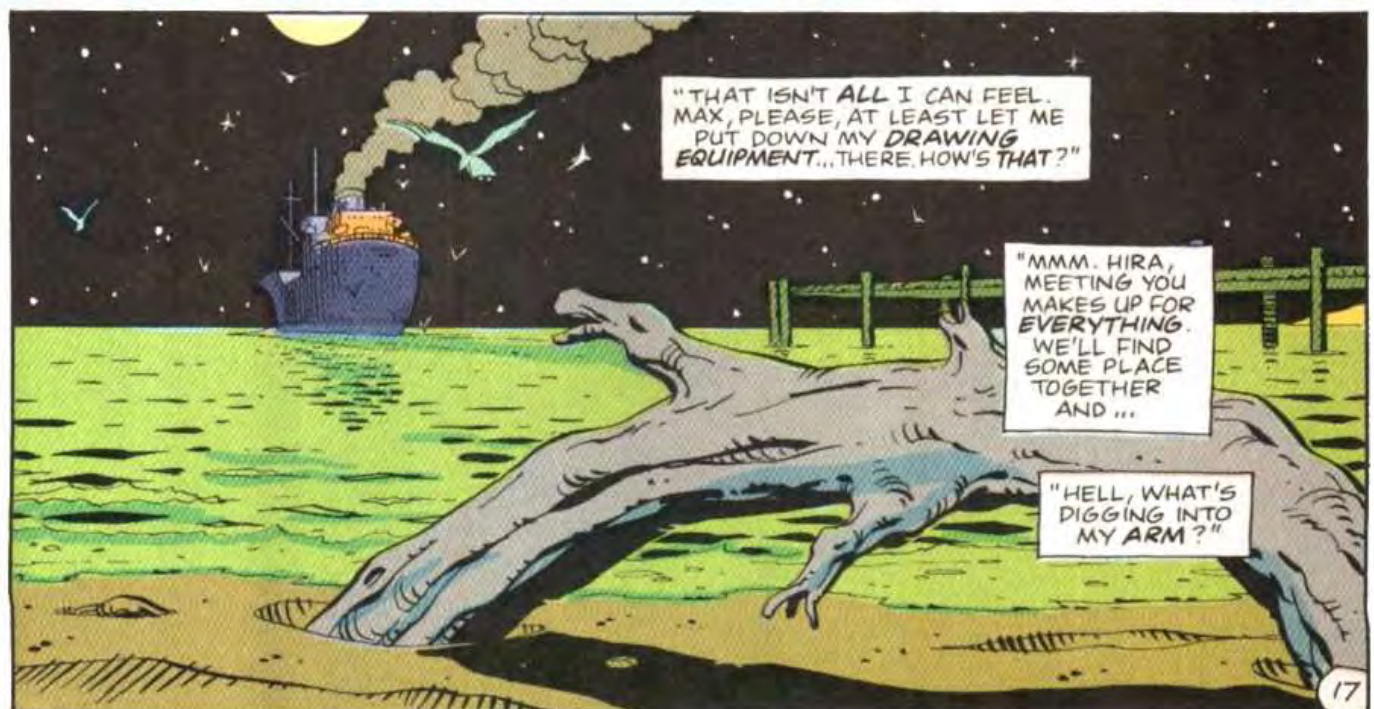
"YEAH... AND I KNOW WHY THAT GENETICIST GUY, FURNESSE TOLD ME THEY'D USED A HUMAN BRAIN MAKING THAT GOD-DAMNED SPECIAL EFFECT."



"PROBABLY ILLEGAL, BUT WHO CARES? I'M CONTENT TO BE A RICH MISSING PERSON AND FINALLY OFF THAT ISLAND."

"LIKE YOUR SHIPWRECKED VOYAGER? DID HE ESCAPE HIS ISLAND?"

"WELL, YES, BUT... HEY! FEEL THAT? WE'RE MOVING."



"THAT ISN'T ALL I CAN FEEL. MAX, PLEASE, AT LEAST LET ME PUT DOWN MY DRAWING EQUIPMENT... THERE. HOW'S THAT?"

"MMM. HIRA, MEETING YOU MAKES UP FOR EVERYTHING. WE'LL FIND SOME PLACE TOGETHER AND ..."

"HELL, WHAT'S DIGGING INTO MY ARM?"





GONE.

VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE.



FUNNY. USUALLY WORKS HERE UNTIL EARLY IN MORNING.

THE WHOLE BUILDING LOOKED DESERTED AS WE CAME IN. MAYBE HE...

WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT'S THIS? APPOINTMENT BOOK?



"NOVEMBER 1ST, 4.30 A.M.: LEAVE FOR KARNAK."

KARNAK...?

QUESTION IS, WHAT NEXT? VEIDT UNAVAILABLE. CAN'T COUNT ON HIS HELP. MUST REVIEW PLANS.



KNOW DELIVERY COMPANY BEHIND VEIDT MURDER BID. ACCORDING TO YOU, ALSO OWNERS OF DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS, THUS MAYBE BEHIND MANHATTAN FRAME.

WHAT'S THEIR ANGLE?

I'D HOPED ADRIAN MIGHT HELP WITH THAT.

HEH. INCREDIBLE STUFF HE HAS HERE...



MOSTLY REFLECTING VANITY: PICTURES OF SELF, PRETENTIOUS EGYPTIAN TRAPPINGS, IMPRESSIVE SALES CHART SHOWING...

WELL, WITH A CURVE LIKE THAT IT'S EITHER HIS I.Q. OR HIS INCOME...

HURM. NOT SALES CHART. WHAT IS IT?



"GLOBAL POPULATION...NUCLEAR HAZARD ESCALATION INDEX... ENVIRONMENTAL DECLINE..."

MULTIPLE CRISIS GRAPH, LINES CONVERGING MID 1990S.

OPTIMISTIC. CRISIS ARRIVES DECADE EARLY UNLESS WE GET LEAD ON PYRAMID DELIVERIES.



COMPANY TRACEABLE PRESUMABLY, BUT OBVIOUSLY NOT AMATEURS: ENGINEERED MASK KILLER CAMPAIGN, MAYBE THIRD WORLD WAR INTO BARGAIN. VERY COMPETENT. VERY CAREFUL. DIFFICULT QUARRY.

NEED DIRECT ROUTE TO PEOPLE BEHIND PYRAMID, INDICATION WHERE TO START...



ALSO NEED
MOTIVE. WHY SHOULD
CORPORATION WISH
TO KILL COSTUME
HEROES? CONTROLLED
BY SOME OLD
ENEMY PERHAPS?

BUT THEN,
WHO HAS
REASON FOR
TRIGGERING
ARMAGEDDON
?

WE HAVE
SO FEW
POINTERS.



INSANITY WOULD
SEEM ONLY MOTIVE.
SOMEONE WISHES TO
DESTROY WORLD, REMOVES
HEROES TO PREVENT
THEIR INTERVENTION.
SOMEONE TERMINALLY
ILL, PERHAPS...

HUHN.
MOLOCH
BETTER
SUSPECT THAN
PREVIOUSLY
APPARENT.
PITY
DECEASED...



...UNLESS PLOT
FROM BEYOND
GRAVE, PRE-
ARRANGED...? NO,
TOO FANTASTIC.
EGYPTIAN DECOR
COLORING
LOGIC...

RECOGNIZE DOG-
HEADED BUST.
ANUBIS, WATCHER
OVER DEAD. WHOLE
CULTURE DEATH-
FIXATED, OBSESSIVELY
SECURING THEIR
TOMBS AGAINST
INTRUDERS...



DIDN'T LIKE THOUGHT
OF CORPSES INTERFERED
WITH. CAN'T AFFORD
TO BE SO SQUEAMISH.
DISTURBING DEAD OUR JOB.
NEED TO UNEARTH
FACTS CONCERNING
MURDERS: BLAKE'S
AND JACOBI'S.

IF THAT
OFFENDS
ANUBIS,
TOO BAD.

HANDLED
WATCHDOGS
BEFORE.



HOWEVER, SEEMS
INADVISABLE TO
CONFRONT THIS
ENEMY'S WATCH-
DOGS BEFORE
CONSIDERING
SITUATION
CAREFULLY.

CAGE IS
LOGIC-PROBLEM.
SIMPLY NEEDS
APPLICATION OF
INTELLIGENCE.



MUST ADMIT,
DESPITE PERSONAL
DISLIKE, VEIDT'S
ABSENCE
UNFORTUNATE

ALLEGEDLY
SMARTEST
MAN ON
EARTH. COULD
NO DOUBT HAVE
PROVIDED SOME
ANSWERS.



NEED ANSWERS
QUICKLY. WORLD
ON VERGE OF
APOCALYPSE
DEATH AND
WAR ALREADY
HERE.

OTHER
HORSEMEN
CAN'T BE FAR
BEHIND.



FUNNY... ANCIENT
PHAROAHS LOOKED
FORWARD TO END OF
WORLD: BELIEVED
CADAVERS WOULD RISE,
RECLAIM HEARTS FROM
GOLDEN JARS. MUST BE
CURRENTLY HOLDING
BREATH WITH
ANTICIPATION.

UNDERSTAND
NOW WHY
ALWAYS
MISTRUSTED
FASCINATION
WITH RELICS
AND DEAD
KINGS...



...IN FINAL
ANALYSIS,
IT'S US OR
THEM.

OH
SHIT.



RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL.
NOVEMBER 1ST, 1985. =

FINAL ENTRY? LEFT
VEIDT'S OFFICE JUST
BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

DREIBERG, CONVINCED VEIDT'S
BEHIND EVERYTHING, IS
SERIOUS ABOUT VISITING
ANTARCTICA. OWLSHIP
CAPABLE, APPARENTLY,
BUT ARE WE?

VEIDT. CANNOT
IMAGINE MORE
DANGEROUS
OPPONENT.

ASSUMING JOURNEY POSSIBLE,
TRACKING HIM TO HIS LAIR
ONLY OPTION. STILL FEEL
UNEASY. UNFAMILIAR
TERRITORY...

HE COULD KILL US BOTH,
THERE IN SNOW. NOBODY
WOULD EVER KNOW...

FIRST NIGHT
IN NOVEMBER.

I AM COLD
TONIGHT.

VEIDT IS FASTER THAN
DREIBERG. PERHAPS FASTER
THAN ME. RETURN FROM
MISSION SEEMS UNLIKELY.

THIS LAST ENTRY.
WILL SHORTLY MAIL
JOURNAL TO ONLY
PEOPLE CAN TRUST.

TELL
DREIBERG
I NEED TO
CHECK MY
MAILDROP.
HE BELIEVES
ME.

APPRECIATE YOUR RECENT
SUPPORT AND HOPE WORLD
SURVIVES LONG ENOUGH FOR
THIS TO REACH YOU, BUT
TANKS ARE IN EAST BERLIN,
AND WRITING IS ON WALL.

FOR MY OWN
PART, REGRET
NOTHING. HAVE
LIVED LIFE,
FREE FROM
COMPROMISE...

OFFICES BELOW, HEADSTONES
MARKING DAILY GRAVES OF
THOUSANDS. INSIDE, ACROSS
CLOCK FACES, AS OBSERVED
AS THOSE OF CELEBRITIES,
HANDS COMMENCE FINAL LAPS.

OBLIVION
GALLOPS
CLOSER,
FAVORING
THE SPUR,
SPARING
THE REIN.

I THINK
WE WILL
BE GONE
SOON.

NOVEMBER 1ST
PALE HORSE
IN CONCERT
WITH
KRISTALNACH
MADISON SQUARE

IF READING THIS NOW,
WHETHER I AM ALIVE OR
DEAD, YOU WILL KNOW
TRUTH: WHATEVER PRECISE
NATURE OF THIS CONSPIRACY,
ADRIAN VEIDT RESPONSIBLE.

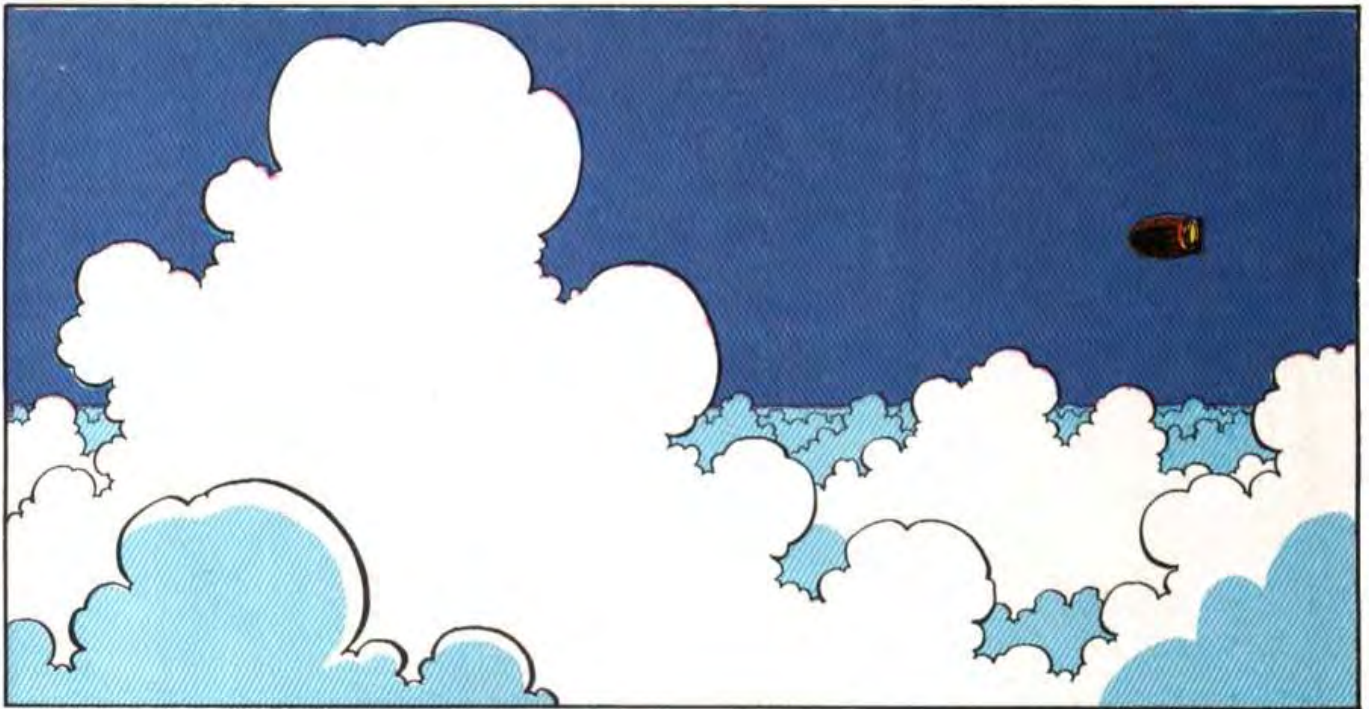
HAVE DONE
BEST TO
MAKE THIS
LEGIBLE.
BELIEVE
IT PANTS
DISTURBING
PICTURE.

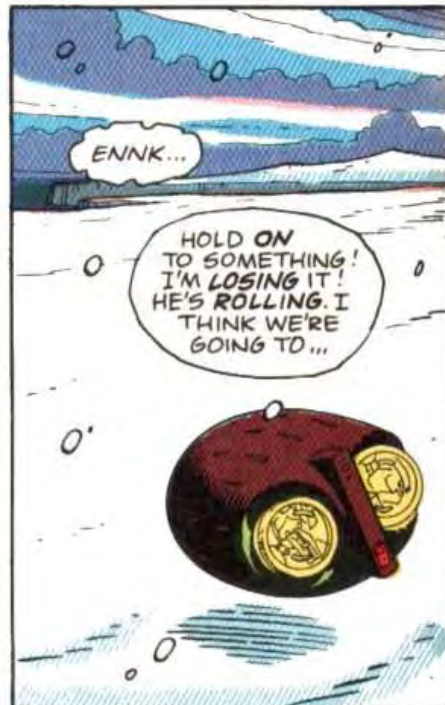
...AND STEP INTO
THE SHADOW NOW
WITHOUT COMPLAINT.

RORSCHACH,
NOVEMBER
1ST, 1985.













Outside in the distance a wild cat did growl, two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl.

— Bob Dylan





Leo Winston
President
Marketing and Development

Dear Adrian,

Even though you vetoed an expanded range of dolls based upon former adversaries, I still feel that the Ozymandias action figure line needs to attain a higher profile on the marketplace, and that to me indicates an extended range of product. Several possibilities have occurred to me, outlined below.

Firstly, figurines based upon Rorschach and Nite Owl seem to be viable. From a legal viewpoint, we're currently investigating the situation regarding the trademark and copyright laws. Our lawyers seem to think that since the costumed identities themselves are outlawed and illegal, there can be no legal claim to copyright upon their costumed images, leaving us free to register a copyright ourselves. This seems okay to me, but I'm advised that since you may have some personal connection with these individuals, there's a possibility that you'll feel differently.

Secondly, the Moloch figurine. Since Edgar Jacobi died recently, there may be a question of taste, but from what our lawyers can determine, Jacobi left no estate likely to oppose such a marketing move. Also, once again there can be no legal claim on Jacobi's part concerning infringement of an identity which is illegal in the first place.

Thirdly, and on a somewhat lighter note, I hope you will approve the inclusion of Bubastis. I know that she really didn't play any part in your exploits while you were an adventurer, but I understand that the people doing the Saturday morning Ozymandias cartoon show, scheduled for next fall, are keen that Bubastis should play a major role as a feline sidekick, making it therefore appropriate to play her up in our other merchandising.

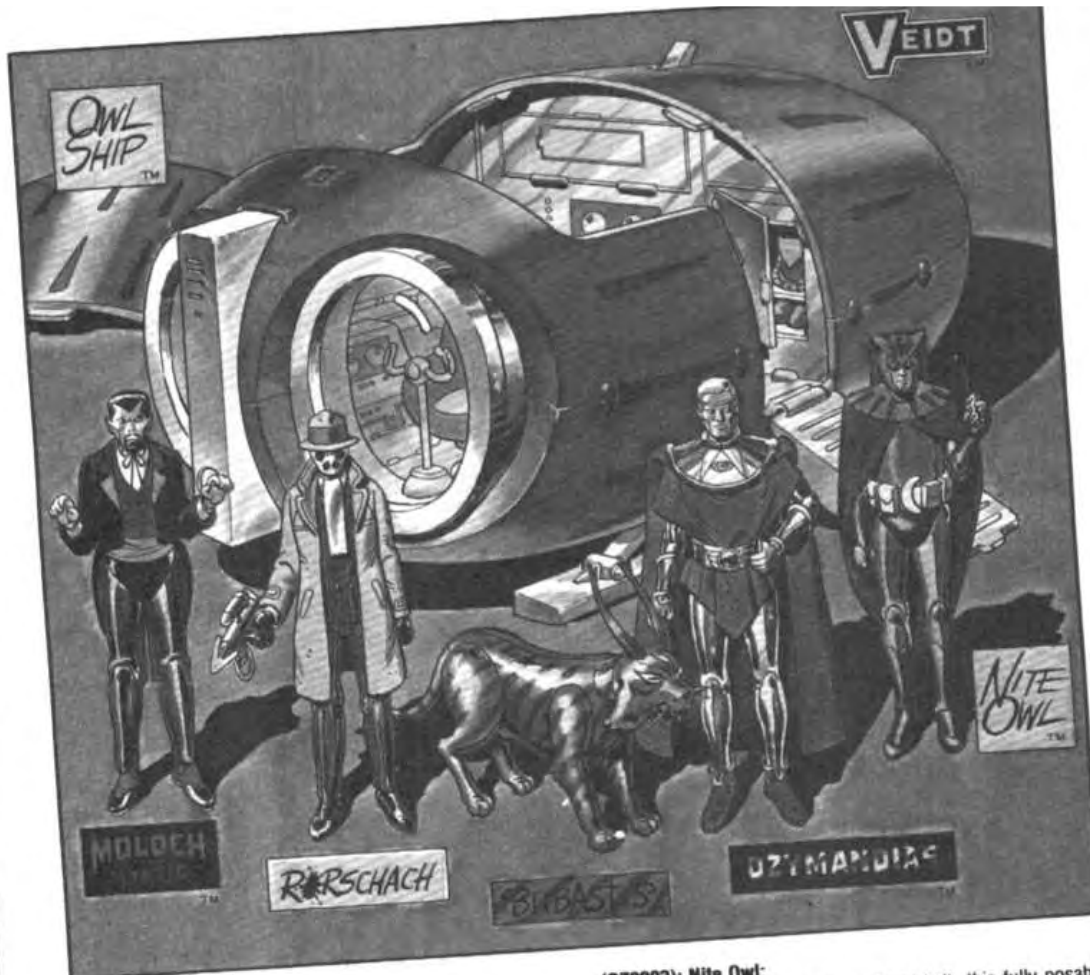
Anyway, in anticipation of your approval concerning this expansion of the line and in the absence of any immediate legal difficulties, I had some of the boys in production put together this dummy promotional leaflet. Hope you get a kick out of it, and I'll be calling next week to discuss the "Ziggurat of Death" role playing game, so we can discuss all this then.

Best, as always,

Leo Winston
Marketing and Development

Brought May 3pm

Ted's Birthday



(OZ0001): Ozymandias:

This fully posable action doll, with removable cloak, tunic, and headband, is authentically molded to duplicate accurately the world-famous physique of athlete and former adventurer Adrian Veidt.

(OZ0002): Rorschach:

New Figure! Fully jointed and posable, this scale facsimile of the feared vigilante has a removable trenchcoat and hat.

(OZB001): Rorschach's Grappling Gun:

New Accessory! This scale model of the famous gas-powered grappling gun is spring loaded, and will fire a miniature hook, along with a length of line. Safe for children over five.

(OZ0003): Nite Owl:

New Figure! With removable cowl and belt, this fully posable model of the former nocturnal adventurer offers hours of exciting fun.

(OZB002): The Owlship:

New Accessory! Painstakingly assembled from existing photographs of this famous craft, our Owlship has an accessible and fully detailed cabin area, built to scale with OZ0003. Fully lighted cabin! Batteries not included.

(OZ0004): Moloch:

New Figure! With detachable handgun and stage magician's jacket, now you can thrill to the misdeeds of the infamous crown prince of the underworld in the safety of your own home.

(OZB003): Bubastis:

New Accessory! Fully posable, see the giant mutant Lynx of Ozymandias. Now she can help Adrian Veidt fight evil and help the innocent in your adventures, just like she does on TV.

Yes -

Agree with you re: expansion of line. My study of recorded sales figures in a historical context suggests an increase in the sale of soldiers and action figures in times immediately prior to a period of anticipated war or bloodshed, and we should take advantage of this syndrome for as long as it lasts.

However, ethically very uncertain about Rorschach, Nite Owl and Moloch, plus accessories. Suggest instead we create costumed army of terrorists, introduce as main villains in Saturday cartoon, then duplicate here along with weapons, accessories and vehicles. More militaristic flavor will sell better. The American public has never really gone in for super-heroes in a big way. We'll discuss this next week.

Best,
Adrian Veidt

P.S. - loved Bubastis. As soon as they're made, I must have one to give to her. Regards to Josephine and your children.

VEIDT Adrian Veidt
President and C.E.O.

THE VEIDT METHOD

Hello. If you're reading THAT, it's because you think you and magnetism? Advanced mental we can offer you all these things YOU! More than just a bodybuilding capable young men and women in a difficult world that awaits in understand, and if you follow results as a whole

VEIDT Adrian Veidt
President and C.E.O.

Angela Neuberg
Director
Veidt Cosmetics & Toiletries



Dear Angela,

Enclosed you'll find a representative sample of our current magazine and billboard advertising, promoting Nostalgia.

The sexual imagery is obvious, the woman adjusting her stocking being overtly erotic, yet layered with enough romantic ambiance to avoid offense. In our choice of models for the Nostalgia ads I note that we have consistently chosen models with a slightly androgynous quality to their beauty, which I presume is to afford us a window into the gay marketplace, a tendency more pronounced in the ads for Nostalgia aftershave. This is all well and good, but it avoids the most significant element of the Nostalgia campaign:

In the soft focus imagery and romantic atmosphere, the advertisements conjure an idyllic picture of times past. It seems to me that the success of the campaign is directly linked to the state of global uncertainty that has endured for the past forty years or more. In an era of stress and anxiety, when the present seems unstable and the future unlikely, the natural response is to retreat and withdraw from reality, taking recourse either in fantasies of the future or in modified visions of a half-imagined past.

While this marketing strategy is certainly relevant and indeed successful in a context of social upheaval, I feel we must begin to take into account the fact that one way or another, such conditions cannot endure indefinitely. Simply put, the current circumstances out civilization finds itself immersed in will either lead to war, or they won't. If they lead to war, our best plans become irrelevant. If peace endures, I contend that a new surge of social optimism is likely, necessitating a new image for Veidt cosmetics, geared to a new consumer.

To this end, starting next year we will begin to phase out the Nostalgia line of ladies' and men's cosmetics, successful though they be, and replace them with a new line that better exemplifies the spirit of our anticipated target group. This new line is to be called the "Millenium" line. The imagery associated with it will be controversial and modern, projecting a vision of a technological Utopia, a whole new universe of sensations and pleasures that is just within reach.

I would like the new line to be ready for launch in the summer, and would appreciate it if some dummy ad copy and artwork could be assembled for my perusal and comment sometime before Christmas.

Anticipating your cooperation, and looking forward to working with you on this one. My fondest regards to Frank. We must have lunch soon.

Love,

Adrian Veidt
Adrian Veidt



Adrian Veidt
President and C.E.O.

Attached, manuscript for revised introduction,
updated "Veidt Method" self-improvement booklet.
Please forward to relevant department.

-V.

THE VEIDT METHOD: AN INTRODUCTION

Hello. If you're reading this, it's because you sent away for my course, and if you did THAT, it's because you think you need a change in your life. A better body? Increased confidence and magnetism? Advanced mental techniques that will help you at home or in business? Well, yes, we can offer you all these things... but in order to have and enjoy them, there's got to be a new YOU! More than just a bodybuilding course, the Veidt Method is designed to produce bright and capable young men and women who will be fit to inherit the challenging, promising, and often difficult world that awaits in our future. The course is designed to be easy to read and to understand, and if you follow it through, I can assure you that you and your friends will quickly notice the results as a whole new realm of ability and experience is opened up to you. Below is a brief summary of what you can expect to find in the later chapters of this volume.

UNDERSTANDING THE SELF

Both the body and the mind are parts of a biological robot that our immaterial souls inhabit. Like any machines, they can be tuned, improved and made to run more efficiently, as long as one understands the process for doing so. Through meditation and intellectual exercise, we may come to use our minds in ways that we never thought possible. In this first chapter of our manual we will discuss lateral thinking, Zen meditation, and the power of dreaming and the subconscious, along with other useful techniques for the advancement of the mind and intellect. Though not a religion, there are powerful spiritual disciplines behind the Veidt Method that must be understood if the student is to proceed.

HEALTH AND THE BODY

In our second chapter, we explore the connection between body and mind, and learn how this helps us to conquer pain and illness without recourse to drugs and medicines. We will show you, step by step, a number of techniques for focusing the mind's healing power upon any ailing part of the body. In relation to this, we also examine how the actions of the body can be used to aid and focus the mind, taking into account Yogic doctrines and martial training.

CREATING A NEW YOU

Our third and longest chapter presents a carefully coordinated series of physical and

intellectual exercise systems which, if followed correctly, can turn YOU into a superhuman, fully in charge of your own destiny. All that is required is the desire for perfection and the will to achieve it. No special equipment or other hidden cash extras are necessary. The Veidt Method paves the way for a bright and hopeful future in which anyone can be a hero.

YOU AND THE WORLD

Just as you are a whole organic being, complete unto yourself, so are you also part of a larger social organism consisting of the people around you, the people you work with, and ultimately the whole world. When you yourself are strong and healthy in mind and body, you will want to react in a healthy and positive way to the world around you, changing it for the better if you are able, and improving the lot of both yourself and your fellow man. Our final chapter will help you to understand the organism that is the world, and your part in it. You will learn that one can either surrender responsibility for one's actions to the rest of the social organism, to be pulled this way and that by society's predominating tensions, or that one can take control by flexing the muscles of the will common to us all, affecting our environment positively and responsibly.

So, in conclusion, welcome to the Veidt Method for physical fitness and self-improvement, a step by step guide to realizing exciting potentials latent within every one of us. I hope that you'll be intrigued by what you find within, and I know that if you persevere you'll walk away from this book a different person.

There's a bright new world just around the corner. It's going to need heroes just as badly as this one does, and one of them could be YOU!

All best wishes and encouragement,

Adrian Veidt



CHAPTER X



OBSERVATION:

MULTI-SCREEN
VIEWING IS SEEMINGLY
ANTICIPATED BY BURROUGHS'
CUT-UP TECHNIQUE. HE
SUGGESTED RE-ARRANGING
WORDS AND IMAGES TO EVADE
RATIONAL ANALYSIS, ALLOWING
SUBLIMINAL HINTS OF
THE *FUTURE* TO
LEAK THROUGH...

AN IMPENDING
WORLD OF EXOTICA,
GLIMPSED ONLY
PERIPHERALLY.



PERCEPTUALLY, THIS
SIMULTANEOUS INPUT
ENGAGES ME LIKE THE
KINETIC EQUIVALENT OF
AN ABSTRACT OR
IMPRESSIONIST
PAINTING...

PHOSPHOR-DOT
SWIRLS JUXTAPOSE;
MEANINGS COALESCE
FROM SEMIOTIC CHAOS
BEFORE REVERTING
TO INCOHERENCE.

TRANSIENT AND
ELUSIVE, THESE
MUST BE GRASPED
QUICKLY:

COMPUTER ANIMATIONS
IMBUE EVEN *BREAKFAST
CEREALS* WITH AN HALLUCIN-
OGENIC FUTURITY; MUSIC
CHANNELS PROCESS *INFOR-
MATION-BUFS*, AVOIDING
LINEAR PRESENTATION,
IMPLYING LIMITLESS
PERSONAL CHOICE...

THESE REFERENCE
POINTS ESTABLISHED, AN
EMERGENT *WORLDVIEW*
BECOMES GRADUALLY
DISCERNIBLE AMIDST
THE MEDIA'S WHITE
NOISE.

THIS JIGSAW-
FRAGMENT MODEL
OF TOMORROW ALIGNS
ITSELF PIECE BY PIECE,
SPECIFIC AREAS
NECESSARILY OBSCURED
BY INDETERMINACY.

HOWEVER, BROAD
ASSUMPTIONS REGARDING
THIS POSTULATED FUTURE
MAY BE DRAWN. WE CAN
IMAGINE ITS *AMBIENCE*.
WE CAN HYPOTHEZIZE
ITS *PSYCHOLOGY*.

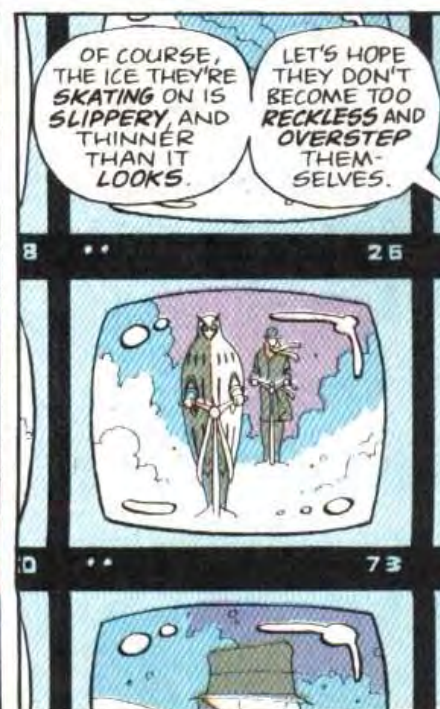
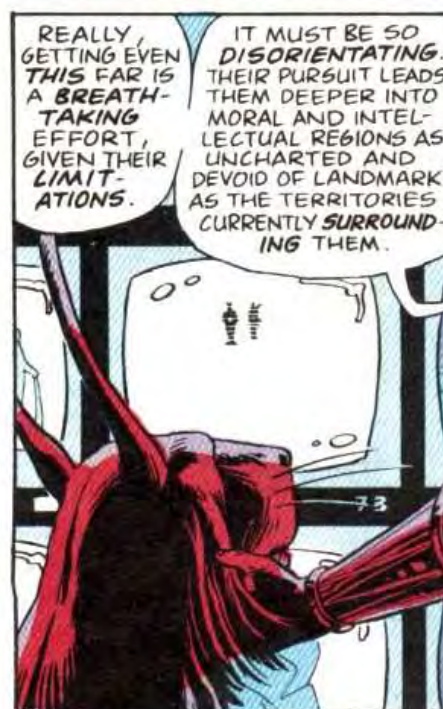
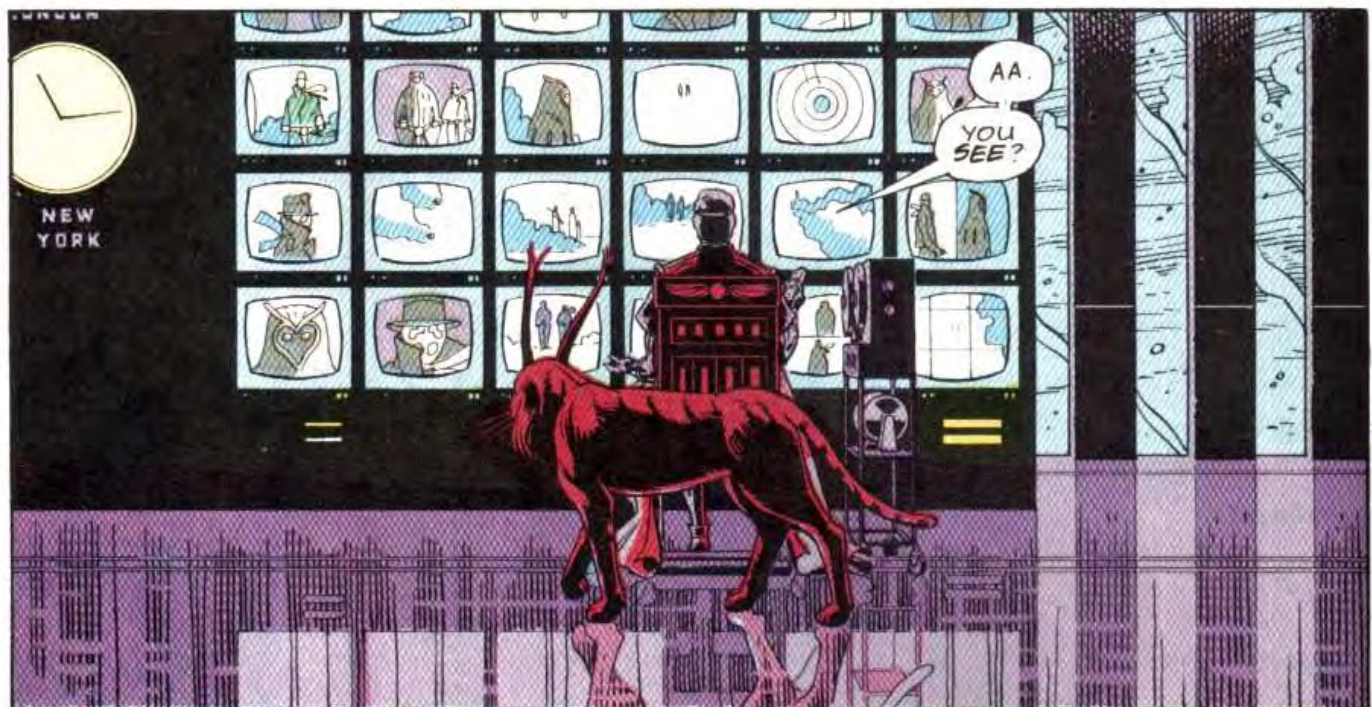
IN CONJUNCTION
WITH MASSIVE FORECASTED
TECHNOLOGICAL ACCELERATION
APPROACHING THE MILLENNIUM,
THIS OBLIQUE AND SHIFTING
CATHODE MOSAIC UNCOVERS
THE BLUEPRINT FOR AN ERA
OF NEW SENSATIONS
AND POSSIBILITIES.

AN
ERA OF THE
CONCEIVABLE MADE
CONCRETE...

...AND OF
THE CASUALLY
MIRACULOUS.



LOOK ON MY WORKS, YE MIGHTY...











PARTYIN' HOLOCAUST
COMIN', GODDAMN
KNOT-HEADS GOTTA
PARTY! I CAN HEAR
THAT GOD-FORBID-I-
CALL-IT-MUSIC CLEAR
FROM MADISON
SQUARE!

YANG
YANG YANG!
MUSIC TO
DROP BOMBS
BY IS WHAT
IT IS...

DAVIDSTOWN SLEPT,
DESERTED SAVE
FOR SILENCE.



TETHERING BOTH
HORSES TO THE
VERANDAH, I
ENTERED MY FORMER
RESIDENCE NOISE-
LESSLY, CAREFUL
NOT TO ROUSE THE
BUTCHERS OCCUPYING
IT FROM THEIR
DEBAUCHED
SLUMBER.

THEY'LL
ALL COME
OUT FIGHTIN'
DRUNK, COVERED
IN TATTOOS
AND EAR-
RINGS...



AN' IT'S RIGHT
DOWN THE
AVENUE! I
TELLYA, THIS
IS A BAD
INTERSECTION
YOU NEVER
KNOW WHAT'S
GONNA TURN
UP NEXT.

UNAWARE THAT
DEATH WAS
AMONGST THEM,
THEY'D KNOW
ITS DARK
EMBRACE
WITHOUT EVER
UNDERSTANDING
WHY.



ONE, HOWEVER,
WAS AWAKE.

FRANTIC LEST
HE SHOULD RAISE
ALARMS, I SET
UPON HIM AS HE
ENTERED THE
NIGHT-WRAPPED
CHAMBER.

IN FACT,
I SEE ONE
MORE STUPID
HAIRCUT,
I'M GONNA
...

OH HI.
GETCHA
SOMETHING?



NAH. GUESS JOSEPHINE
POSTED THIS, LIKE
SHE SAID. Y'KNOW,
SOMETIMES SHE
REALLY TRIES.
SHE FINISHED
WORK YET?

JOSEPHI...?
OHH... JOEY!
YOU MUST
BE HER...
UH...

GIRL-
FRIEND. EX.
WE'VE BEEN
FIGHTING.

IN CATARACT DARK-
NESS, I BLUDGEONED
HIM, HIS SCREAMS
UNNERVINGLY SHRILL.



OH. WELL,
I AIN'T
SEEN HER
LATELY...

NO SWEAT.
I'LL WAIT
OUTSIDE THE
PROMETHEAN.
I'M NOT
RELISHING THE
ENCOUNTER.

NO PIRATES
CAME, BUT SOME-
THING WORSE. I
LOOKED UP INTO
FACES FAMILIAR
SAVE FOR THEIR
TERROR.



LISTEN, TELL HER
HUSTLER'S DUE IN
TOMORROW!

HUSTLER?
GOD, IF IT'S
OKAY, I'LL
LET HER
FIND OUT
HERSELF.

THE CHILDREN WAILED.
I LOOKED DOWN AT THE
FIGURE BENEATH ME. THROUGH
PUFFED AND BLOODED LIPS
SHE MOUTHED MY NAME.



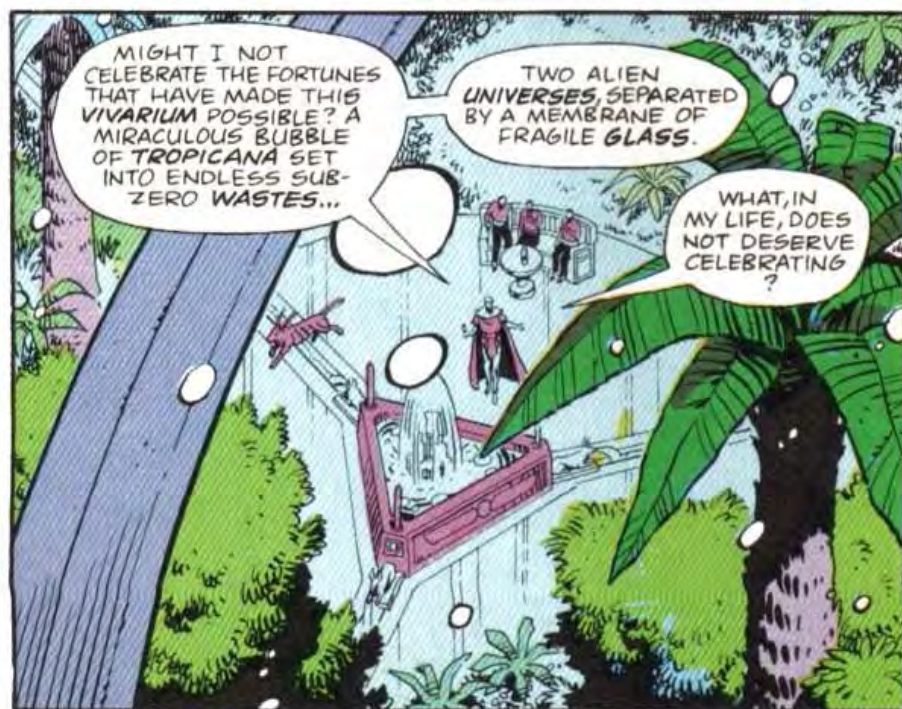
HUH?
WHADDI
SAY? DON'T
GO AWAY
MAD...

THERE CAME AN UNDER-
STANDING SO LARGE, IT LEFT
NO ROOM FOR SANITY. AS I
FLED PAST THE MOUNTED
CADAVER OUTSIDE, LANTERNS
FLARED IN NEARBY WINDOWS.



HUH! TIMES
LIKE THESE,
PEOPLE GOTTA
BE HOSTILE?
ME AN' ROSA
SHOULDA QUIT
THIS TOWN
LIKE SHE
WANNED, AN'
ESCAPED FROM
EVERYTHING.

I RAN, BUT THE
KNOWLEDGE OF
MY DAMNATION
PACED ME,
GLOATING,
CELEBRATING
ITS AWFUL
VICTORY.





... ALTHOUGH TO UNCOVER THE REASONS FOR MY CURRENT ELATION, ONE NEED NOT DELVE QUITE SO DEEPLY INTO ANTIQUITY

A MERE FORTY YEARS WILL SUFFICE, BACK TO MY CHILDHOOD



"MY PARENTS REACHED AMERICA THE YEAR I WAS BORN, 1939.

"ENTERING SCHOOL, I WAS ALREADY EXCEPTIONALLY BRIGHT, MY PERFECT SCORES ON EARLY TEST PAPERS AROUSING SUCH SUSPICION THAT I CAREFULLY ACHIEVED ONLY AVERAGE GRADES THEREAFTER."



WHAT CAUSED SUCH PRECOCIOUSNESS? MY PARENTS WERE INTELLECTUALLY UNREMARKABLE, POSSESSING NO OBVIOUS GENETIC ADVANTAGES

PERHAPS I DECIDED TO BE INTELLIGENT, RATHER THAN OTHERWISE? PERHAPS WE ALL MAKE SUCH DECISIONS, THOUGH THAT SEEMS A CALLOUS DOCTRINE



"BY SEVENTEEN, MY PARENTS WERE BOTH DEAD AND I FACED A DIFFERENT DECISION.

"MY INHERITANCE OFFERED LIFE-LONG IDLE LUXURY, AND YET, NEEDING NOTHING, I BURNED WITH THE PARADOXICAL URGE TO DO EVERYTHING.

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"



MY INTELLECT SET ME APART. FACED WITH DIFFICULT CHOICES, I KNEW NOBODY WHOSE ADVICE MIGHT PROVE USEFUL. NOBODY LIVING.

THE ONLY HUMAN BEING WITH WHOM I FELT ANY KINSHIP DIED THREE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.



"ALEXANDER OF MACEDONIA. I IDOLIZED HIM. A YOUNG ARMY COMMANDER, HE'D SWEEP ALONG THE COASTS OF TURKEY AND PHOENICIA, SUBDUING EGYPT BEFORE TURNING HIS ARMIES TOWARDS PERSIA...

"HE DIED, AGED THIRTY-THREE, RULING MOST OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD."



RULING WITHOUT BARBARISM! AT ALEXANDRIA, HE INSTITUTED THE ANCIENT WORLD'S GREATEST SEAT OF LEARNING.

TRUE, PEOPLE DIED... PERHAPS UNNECESSARILY, THOUGH WHO CAN JUDGE SUCH THINGS? YET HOW NEARLY HE APPROACHED HIS VISION OF A UNITED WORLD!



"I WAS DETERMINED TO MEASURE MY SUCCESS AGAINST HIS. FIRSTLY, I GAVE AWAY MY INHERITANCE TO DEMONSTRATE THE POSSIBILITY OF ACHIEVING ANYTHING, STARTING FROM NOTHING.

"NEXT I DEPARTED FOR NORTHERN TURKEY, TO RETRACE MY HERO'S STEPS."

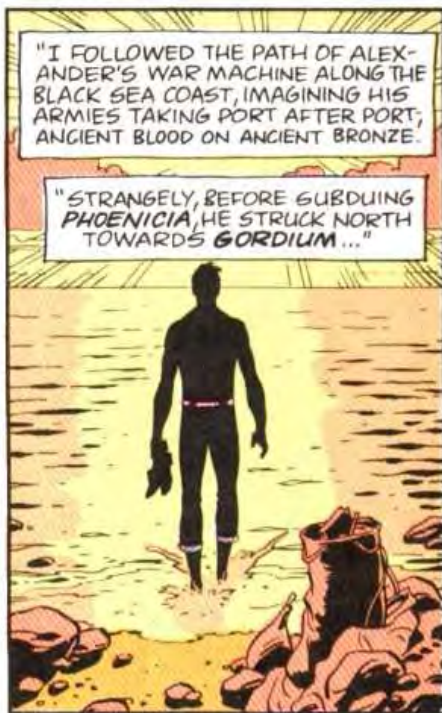


I WANTED TO MATCH HIS ACCOMPLISHMENT, BRINGING AN AGE OF ILLUMINATION TO A BENIGHTED WORLD.

HEH.

I WANTED TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO HIM, SHOULD WE MEET IN THE HALL OF LEGENDS.





"I FOLLOWED THE PATH OF ALEXANDER'S WAR MACHINE ALONG THE BLACK SEA COAST, IMAGINING HIS ARMIES TAKING PORT AFTER PORT; ANCIENT BLOOD ON ANCIENT BRONZE."

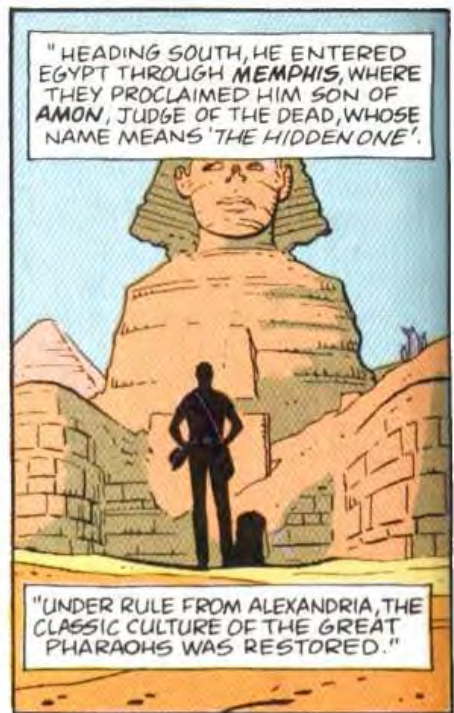
"STRANGELY, BEFORE SUBDUING PHOENICIA, HE STRUCK NORTH TOWARDS GORDIUM..."



...PERHAPS BECAUSE OF THE CHALLENGE IT PRESENTED: THE ANCIENT WORLD'S GREATEST PUZZLE WAS THERE, A KNOT THAT COULDN'T BE UNTIED.

ALEXANDER CUT IT IN TWO WITH HIS SWORD.

LATERAL THINKING, YOU SEE. CENTURIES AHEAD OF HIS TIME



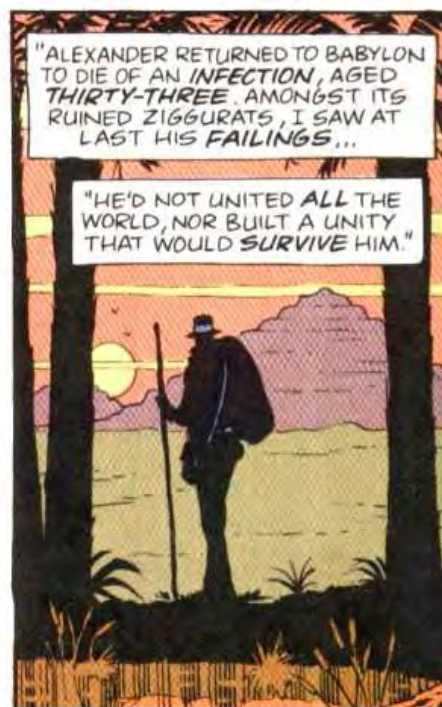
"HEADING SOUTH, HE ENTERED EGYPT THROUGH MEMPHIS, WHERE THEY PROCLAIMED HIM SON OF AMON, JUDGE OF THE DEAD, WHOSE NAME MEANS 'THE HIDDEN ONE'."

"UNDER RULE FROM ALEXANDRIA, THE CLASSIC CULTURE OF THE GREAT PHARAOHS WAS RESTORED."



I FOLLOWED HIM THROUGH BABYLON, UP THROUGH KABUL TO SAMARKHAND, THEN DOWN THE INDUS, WHERE HE FIRST MET ELEPHANTS-OF-WAR.

WHERE HE'D TURNED BACK TO QUELL DISSENT AT HOME, I TRAVELLED ON, THROUGH CHINA AND TIBET, GATHERING MARTIAL WISDOM AS I WENT.



"ALEXANDER RETURNED TO BABYLON TO DIE OF AN INFECTION, AGED THIRTY-THREE. AMONGST ITS RUINED ZIGGURATS, I SAW AT LAST HIS FAILINGS..."

"HE'D NOT UNITED ALL THE WORLD, NOR BUILT A UNITY THAT WOULD SURVIVE HIM."



DISILLUSIONED BUT DETERMINED TO COMPLETE MY ODYSSEY, I FOLLOWED HIS CORPSE TO ITS RESTING PLACE IN ALEXANDRIA.

THE NIGHT BEFORE RETURNING TO AMERICA, I WANDERED INTO THE DESERT AND ATE A BALL OF HASHISH I'D BEEN GIVEN IN TIBET.



"THE ENSUING VISION TRANSFORMED ME. WADING THROUGH POWDERED HISTORY, I HEARD DEAD KINGS WALKING UNDERGROUND; HEARD FANFARES SOUND THROUGH HUMAN SKULLS."

"ALEXANDER HAD MERELY RESURRECTED AN AGE OF PHARAOHS. THEIR WISDOM, TRULY IMMORTAL, NOW INSPIRED ME!"

WHAT INTELLECTUAL
MAGNIFICENCE THEIR
SYSTEM ENCOURAGED
...PTOLEMY, SEEKING
THE UNIVERSE'S
PIVOT FROM HIS
LIGHT-HOUSE AT
PHAROS; ERATOS-
THENES, MEASURING
THE WORLD
USING ONLY
SHADOWS...

THEIR **GREATEST**
SECRETS, HOW-
EVER, WERE
ENTRUSTED
TO THEIR
SERVANTS,
BURIED ALIVE
WITH THEM IN
SAND-FLOODED
CHAMBERS.

"ADOPTING RAMESES THE SECOND'S
GREEK NAME AND ALEXANDER'S
FREE-BOOTING STYLE, I RESOLVED
TO APPLY ANTIQUITY'S TEACHINGS
TO TODAY'S WORLD.

"THUS BEGAN MY PATH TO
CONQUEST...CONQUEST NOT OF MEN,
BUT OF THE EVILS THAT BESET THEM."

TODAY,
THAT
CONQUEST
BECOMES
ASSURED, IN
WHICH YOUR
UNQUESTIONING
ASSISTANCE
HAS PROVEN
INVALUABLE.

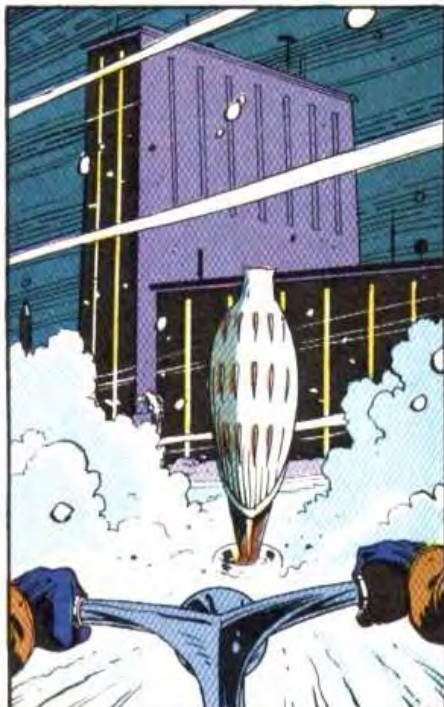
DO YOU COMPREHEND
THE TRIUMPH TO
WHICH YOU HAVE
CONTRIBUTED,
THE **SECRET**
GLORY THAT
IT AFFORDS?

DO
YOU UNDER-
STAND MY
SHAME AT SO
INADEQUATE
A REWARD?











JESUS, LOOK AT THIS PLACE. I THOUGHT I HAD SOME STUFF IN THE OWL'S NEST...

I MEAN, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING? HALF THIS EQUIPMENT I DON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE...

CAN ASK VEIDT WHEN WE FIND HIM.



HM. ACTUALLY, THAT'S A POINT. HOW DO WE APPROACH HIM? WHAT DO WE SAY?

NOTHING.

SUBDUE HIM FIRST, IF POSSIBLE. MAY NOT GET SECOND CHANCE. ASK QUESTIONS LATER.



YEAH. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT IT'S GOING TO FEEL AWFULLY STRANGE. HE'S SUCH A CARING, CONSCIENTIOUS GUY. HE'S A PACIFIST, A VEGETARIAN...

HITLER WAS VEGETARIAN. IF BOTHERS YOU, LEAVE VEIDT TO ME.

SUGGEST WE PROCEED QUIETLY FROM HERE.









YOU KNOW!

DAMMIT, YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT! PYRAMID DELIVERIES ARE BEHIND THIS WHOLE MESS, AND YOU'RE BEHIND PYRAMID.

CHRIST, ADRIAN. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?



WHAT WE ALL TRIED TO DO, AFTER OUR INITIAL STRUGGLE TO FIND OUR FEET. I'M TRYING TO IMPROVE THE WORLD.

LIKE WHEN I STARTED OUT.



"MY FIRST CASE MADE IT SEEM POSSIBLE TO END INJUSTICE BY DEMOLISHING CRIME SYNDICATES.

"THIS NOTION, THAT CRIMINALS MONOPOLIZED EVIL WAS ITSELF DEMOLISHED BY MY SECOND CASE."



RESEARCHING MY MASKED PREDECESSORS I INVESTIGATED THE MID-FIFTIES DISAPPEARANCE OF HOODED JUSTICE.

AN OPERATIVE, GOVERNMENT SOURCES REVEALED, HAD TRIED UN-EARTHING HIM BACK THEN, REPORTING FAILURE...



"UNEARTHING THE OPERATIVE, TRACKING HIM TO DOCKLAND, PROVED EASIER.

"EDWARD BLAKE.

"AS INTELLIGENT MEN FACING LUNATIC TIMES, WE WERE VERY ALIKE, DESPISING EACH OTHER INSTANTLY."



RECOGNIZING ME, HE ATTACKED ANYWAY, "MISTAKING ME FOR A CRIMINAL."

I STUDIED HIS LIMITATIONS: SKILLFUL FEINT; DEVASTATING UPPERCUT; LITTLE ELSE...

HE WON IN THE SHORT TERM.



"HAD BLAKE FOUND HOODED JUSTICE, KILLED HIM, REPORTING FAILURE? I CAN PROVE NOTHING.

"WE NEXT MET IN 1960. I AVOIDED HIM, MORE FASCINATED BY JON."



STILL, I OBSERVED BLAKE OVER THE YEARS...

KNOW WHAT? HE WAS IN DALLAS, MINDING NIXON, THE DAY KENNEDY DIED.

NOBODY'S SURE WHY NIXON WAS THERE.



"EVER READ J.F.K.'S INTENDED SPEECH?

"WE IN THIS COUNTRY, IN THIS GENERATION, ARE BY DESTINY, RATHER THAN CHOICE, THE WATCHMEN ON THE WALLS OF WORLD FREEDOM."



WAS HE REHEARSING IT, PERHAPS, AS THE MOTORCADE REACHED THE PLAZA...

...NEVER SUSPECTING THAT ON THE WALLS OF WORLD TYRANNY, CROSS-HAIRS WATCHED HIM.



"WE ALL REALIZED THEN HOW BAD THINGS WERE. I CONTINUED ADVENTURING, BUT IT SEEMED HOLLOW.

"I FOUGHT ONLY THE SYMPTOMS, LEAVING THE DISEASE ITSELF UNCHECKED."



I DESPISED MYSELF; MY SHAM CRUSADE, KNOWING MANKIND'S PROBLEMS, I'D BLINDED MYSELF TO THEM.

I FELT HELPLESS AGAINST FORCES GREATER THAN ANY I'D ANTICIPATED.



"TOO COWARDLY TO CONFRONT MY ANXIETIES, I HAD LIFE'S BLACK COMEDY EXPLAINED TO ME BY THE COMEDIAN HIMSELF AT THE CRIMEBUSTERS FIASCO IN '66.

"I'M SURE YOU REMEMBER."



HE DISCUSSED NUCLEAR WAR'S INEVITABILITY; DESCRIBED MY FUTURE ROLE AS "SMARTEST GUY ON THE CINDER"...

...AND OPENED MY EYES. ONLY THE BEST COMEDIANS ACCOMPLISH THAT.



"I REMEMBER THE CHARRED MAP BETWEEN MY FINGERS; NELSON SAYING 'SOMEONE'S GOT TO SAVE THE WORLD', HIS TREMULOUS, COMPLAINING VOICE..."

"THAT'S WHEN I UNDERSTOOD."



THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME.



"CONSOLING NELSON, I LEFT. OUTSIDE, BLAKE ARGUED WITH LAURIE AND HER MOTHER.

"I SWORE TO DENY HIS KIND THEIR LAST BLACK LAUGH AT EARTH'S EXPENSE."



I ALSO SWORE THAT WHEN NEXT I MET BLAKE OR ANY OTHER FOE, THOUGH PERHAPS NOT ON MY TERRITORY...

...IT WOULD CERTAINLY BE ON MY TERMS.



HI.
FANCY MEETING YOU HERE.

GLORIA?



I KNEW YOU CAME THIS WAY HOME, SO I FIGURED I'D MEET YOU FROM WORK. I'M NOT READY TO VISIT BACK AT THE APARTMENT JUST YET.

"JUST YET"?



WELL, I WANT TO COME BACK. I MISS YOU, MALCOLM. I MISS THE PERSON YOU WERE...

... BUT I CAN'T LIVE WITH SOMEONE WHO FEELS DRIVEN TO HELP HOPELESS CASES, THEN LETS THEIR MISERY AFFECT OUR LIVES.



IF YOU CAN PROMISE ME YOU'LL ASK FOR A TRANSFER TO DIFFERENT WORK WITH DIFFERENT PATIENTS, I CAN COME HOME... IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.

GLORIA, OF COURSE THAT'S WHAT I WANT, BUT, UH...



WELL, DO IT! I'M NOT GOING TO SHARE YOU WITH A WORLD FULL OF SCREW-UPS AND MANIC DEPRESSIVES. I'M NOT GOING TO SHARE MY LIFE WITH THEM.

MALCOLM?

MALCOLM, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?



GLORIA, I'M SORRY... THOSE PEOPLE... THEY'RE HURTING EACH OTHER...

MALCOLM? DON'T YOU DARE 'DON'T YOU DARE GET INVOLVED!'

DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO A WORD I JUST SAID?



GLORIA, PLEASE. I HAVE TO. IN A WORLD LIKE THIS...

I MEAN, IT'S ALL WE CAN DO, TRY TO HELP EACH OTHER. IT'S ALL THAT MEANS ANYTHING...

PLEASE. PLEASE UNDERSTAND.



MALCOLM, I'M WARNING YOU! YOU LET YOURSELF GET DRAWN TOWARDS ANOTHER HEAP OF SOME-BODY ELSE'S GRIEF, I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

GLORIA... I'M SORRY. IT'S THE WORLD...



I CAN'T RUN FROM IT.

IT'S DARK AND LURCHING MASS FILLED ALL MY VISION. I SAW THE HEADS NAILED TO ITS PROW, HEARD DRUNKEN LAUGHTER, ENCOURAGEMENTS BARKED FROM THE DECKS ABOVE...

CLOSER, IT CAME.

CLOSER.



BRUTALLY, I'D BEEN BROUGHT NOSE TO NOSE WITH MANKIND'S MORTALITY; THE DREADFUL, IRREFUTABLE FACT OF IT.

FOR THE FIRST TIME I GENUINELY UNDERSTOOD THAT EARTH MIGHT DIE. I RECOGNIZED THE FRAGILITY OF OUR WORLD IN INCREASINGLY HAZARDOUS TIMES...



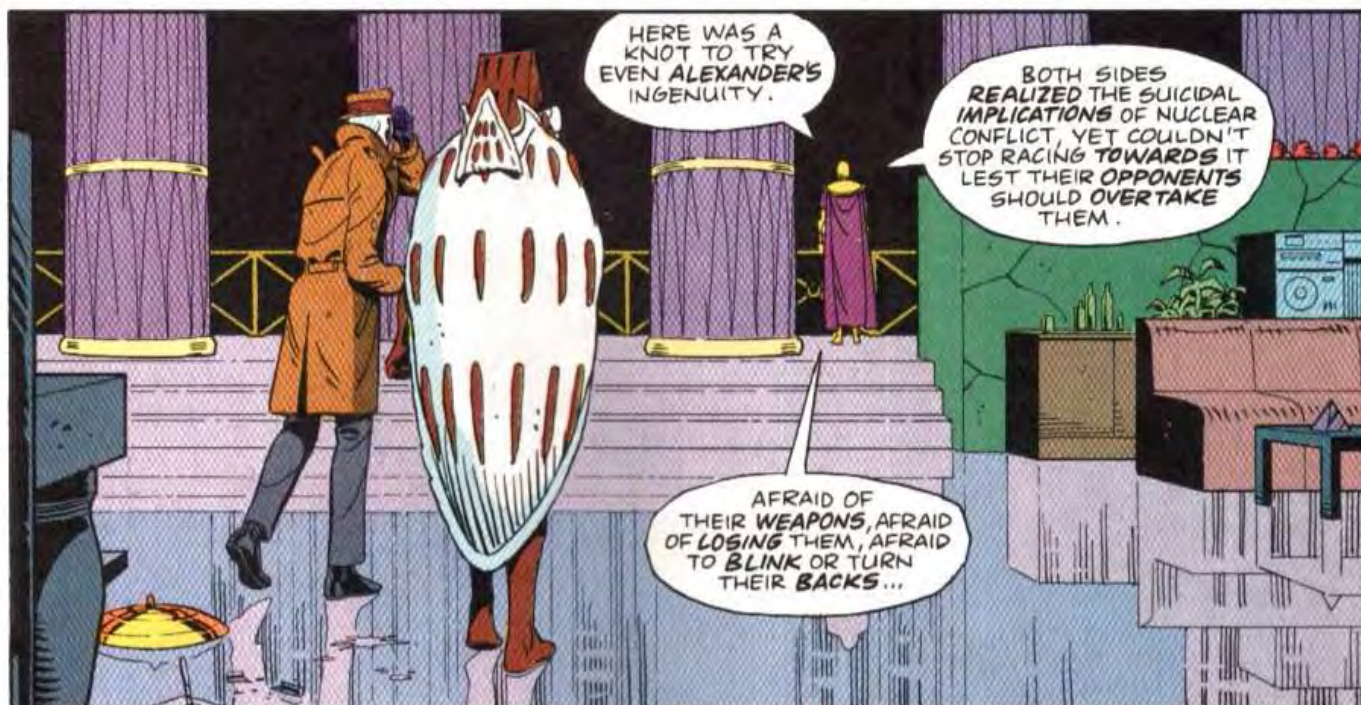
... AND YET WHAT COULD I DO?

MY FIRST STEP WAS TO STAND BACK AS FAR AS I COULD, TO VIEW THE PROBLEM FROM A FRESH PERSPECTIVE, MY VISTA WIDENING WITH MY COMPREHENSION.



I SAW EAST AND WEST, LOCKED INTO AN ESCALATING ARMS SPIRAL, THEIR MUTUAL TERROR AND SUSPICION MOUNTING WITH THE MISSILES, MAKING THE POSSIBILITY OF DISARMAMENT PROGRESSIVELY MORE REMOTE.

GRADUALLY, I CLOSED UPON THE HEART OF THE DILEMMA.



HERE WAS A KNOT TO TRY EVEN ALEXANDER'S INGENUITY.

BOTH SIDES REALIZED THE SUICIDAL IMPLICATIONS OF NUCLEAR CONFLICT, YET COULDN'T STOP RACING TOWARDS IT LEST THEIR OPPONENTS SHOULD OVERTAKE THEM.

AFRAID OF THEIR WEAPONS, AFRAID OF LOSING THEM, AFRAID TO BLINK OR TURN THEIR BACKS...



MEANWHILE, EXPENSIVE ARSENALS MEANT LESS CASH TO SPEND UPON THEIR OLD, THEIR SICK AND HOMELESS; ON THEIR CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONS.

AS STOCKPILES GREW, AS COMPUTERS REDUCED HUMAN INVOLVEMENT, THE SPECTRE OF ACCIDENTAL APOCALYPSE STALKED EVER CLOSER.



SIMPLY GIVEN THE MATHEMATICS OF THE SITUATION, SOONER OR LATER CONFLICT WOULD BE INEVITABLE!

HOWEVER, WITHOUT A PRACTICAL SOLUTION AT HAND, WHAT USE WAS IT TO SUDDENLY NOTICE THE PERILS OF THE SITUATION?



SIMILARLY A SOLUTION WOULD BE EQUALLY USELESS...

...UNLESS ONE POSSESSED THE MUSCLE TO BACK IT UP; THE BRUTE POWER TO SEE ONE'S WILL IMPLEMENTED.

I TOOK ANOTHER STEP BACK, AND THOUGHT AGAIN.



OTHER FACTORS EMERGED:
ARMS EXPENDITURES BOOSTED
INTERNATIONAL LENDING
RATES. TO REPAY SOARING
DEBT INTEREST, NATIONS
LIKE BRAZIL LEVELLED
THEIR FORESTS.

NUCLEAR
POWER,
PROVIDING
VITAL
WEAPONS-
GRADE
WASTE,
BECAME
MANDATORY.

WAR ASIDE,
ATOMIC DEADLOCK
GUIDED US DOWN-
HILL TOWARDS
ENVIRONMENTAL
RUIN.



JON'S PRESENCE
ACCELERATED
THIS, THOUGH
LESS THAN YOU'D
IMAGINE. ANY
SIGNIFICANT
POWER IMBALANCE
WOULD YIELD
SIMILAR
RESULTS.

NEVERTHELESS,
HE SOMEHOW
SYMBOLIZED MAN-
KIND'S PROBLEMS.
AS TENSIONS ROSE,
THE ELEVATION
OF COSTUMED
HEROES BECAME
A DESCENT...



I FORE-
SAW THAT
BY THE LATE
SEVENTIES,
IT WOULD
REACH
BOTTOM.

THIS LEFT
TEN YEARS TO
BUILD A FORTUNE
AND REPUTATION
TO SUSTAIN ME
BEYOND THAT POINT,
ALLOWING ME THE
POWER AND LEVER-
AGE I'D SURELY
NEED.



DEVELOPING
THE BASIC PATENT
FOR PUBLIC SPARK
HYDRANTS, I FINANCED
DIMENSIONAL DEVELOP-
MENTS WITH THE
PROCEEDS.

MY PLAN REQUIRED
PREPARATION FOR THE
DAY WHEN I'D ASSUME THE
ASPECT OF KINGLY RAMESES,
LEAVING ALEXANDER THE
ADVENTURER AND HIS
TRAPPINGS TO GATHER
DUST.



EACH STEP HAD
TO BE TAKEN
CAREFULLY,
CONSTANTLY
STRIVING TO KEEP
IN MIND THE
ENORMOUS SCALE
OF WHAT WAS
AT STAKE!

THE EARTH.
HUMANITY.
ALL WE'VE EVER
KNOWN...

"END OF THE
WORLD" DOES THE
CONCEPT NO
JUSTICE.



THE WORLD'S
PRESENT WOULD
END ITS FUTURE,
IMMEASURABLY
VASTER,
WOULD ALSO
VANISH.

EVEN OUR PAST
WOULD BE
CANCELLED. OUR
STRUGGLE FROM
THE PRIMAL OOZE,
EVERY CHILDBIRTH,
EVERY PERSONAL
SACRIFICE REND-
ERED MEANINGLESS,
LEADING ONLY TO
DUST, TOSSED ON
THE VOID-WINDS.



SAVE FOR RICHARD
NIXON, WHOSE NAME
ADORNES A PLAQUE
UPON THE MOON, NO
HUMAN VESTIGE
WOULD REMAIN.

RUINS BECOME
SAND, SAND BLOWS
AWAY... ALL OUR
RICHNESS AND
COLOR AND BEAUTY
WOULD BE
LOST...

...AS
IF IT HAD
NEVER
BEEN.



THE WORLD I'D TRIED TO SAVE WAS LOST BEYOND RECALL. I WAS A HORROR: AMONGST HORRORS MUST I DWELL.

A ROPE SNAKED DOWN. SPLUTTERING, I GRABBED IT...

SEE, PEOPLE DON'T REACH OUT AND MAKE CONTACT.



... AND FROM THE DECKS ABOVE A CHEER WENT UP, BOTH GROSS AND BLACK, ITS STENCH AFFRONTING HEAVEN.

THE END.

THAT'S WHY THERE'S THIS COMMOTION ALL THE TIME, THIS CONFLICT. PEOPLE DON'T CONNECT WITH EACH OTHER.



IT'S LIKE, YOU BEEN COMING HERE WEEKS, READIN' THAT JUNK OVER AN' OVER, AN' YET WE AIN'T EXACTLY CLOSE...

'CAUSE THEY DON'T MAKE SENSE, MAN! THAT'S WHY I GOTTA READ 'EM OVER.



THAT AIN'T THE POINT.

LISTEN, WHEN MY ROSA DIED, MOST OF OUR FRIENDS WERE HER FRIENDS: THEY STOPPED CALLING. I TOOK THIS JOB TO MEET PEOPLE, Y'KNOW?

SO...WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHADDAYA DOIN' HERE?



MY NAME'S BERNIE. I'M HERE BECAUSE MY MOM'S WORKING, AN' MY SISTER, SHE'S OUT TOO, AND THESE HYDRANTS ARE WARM, Y'KNOW?

BERNIE? SHORT FOR BERNARD? WELL I'LL BE HORSEWHIPPED! THAT'S MY NAME!



SO? AIN'T NO BIG DEAL. LOTTA PEOPLE CALLED BERNARD, MAN. DON'T SIGNIFY FOR NOTHIN'.

WELL, SURE, BUT...

WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON...?



FIGHT. PULL OVER.

STEVE, YOU JUST GOT SUSPENDED. THIS AIN'T YOUR PROBLEM. SOME OTHER UNIT CAN HANDLE IT.

I'M STILL ME, JOE. PULL HER OVER.



AW SHIT...

LISTEN, MILO, YOU LEAVE WORK EARLY FOR A BEER WITH YOUR BROTHER. BUSINESS AIN'T GONNA COLLAPSE.

NO, BUT...

HEY... POLICE. WHAT'S HAPPENING?



THAT'S JOEY! THAT'S ONE OF MY DRIVERS, IN A FIGHT...

HELL! ANOTHER MINUTE, WE'D HAVE BEEN GONE.

TALK ABOUT LOUSY TIMING!



EACH STEP WAS SYNCHRONIZED.

JON, BEING TOO POWERFUL AND UNPREDICTABLE TO FIT MY PLANS, NEEDED REMOVING. THUS, DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS HIRED HIS PAST ASSOCIATES...

... AND GAVE THEM CANCER?



YES. WEAVER FIRST, SLATER AND MOLOCH LATER. UNWITTINGLY EXPOSED TO RADIATION, THEY WERE CLOSELY OBSERVED, CULTIVATED AS WEAPONS AGAINST JON.

MEANWHILE, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF NEW TECHNOLOGY, I RESEARCHED GENETICS... BUBASTIS WAS AN EARLY SUCCESS... AND TELEPORTATION.



SINCE JON PROVED TELEPORTATION POSSIBLE, WHY DEVELOP ELECTRIC CARS? MY RESEARCHES WERE VITAL... LIKE MY ISLAND, SECRETLY PURCHASED IN 1970.

THE ONLY HERO RETAINING PUBLIC SYMPATHY, I QUIT TWO YEARS BEFORE THE KEENE ACT, CONCENTRATING ON MY PLAN.



"UNABLE TO UNITE THE WORLD BY CONQUEST... ALEXANDER'S METHOD... I WOULD TRICK IT; FRIGHTEN IT TOWARDS SALVATION WITH HISTORY'S GREATEST PRACTICAL JOKE.

"THAT'S WHAT UPSET THE COMEDIAN, WHEN AWARENESS OF MY SCHEME CRASHED IN UPON HIM:

"PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY."



BLAKE'S MURDER. YOU CONFESS?

CONFESSION IMPLIES PENITENCE. I MERELY REGRET HIS ACCIDENTAL INVOLVEMENT.

RETURNING FROM NICARAGUA BY AIR, HE SPOTTED A SHIP DOCKING AT AN UNCHARTED ISLAND. SUSPECTING SANDINISTA BASES, HE RESOLVED TO INVESTIGATE.



"I PICTURE HIM, SWIMMING TO THE ISLAND, DAGGER IN TEETH, PENETRATING ITS INSTALLATIONS. WHAT HE FOUND MUST HAVE COME AS A TERRIBLE BLOW.

"IMAGINE...THE PERFECT FIGHTING MAN DISCOVERING A PLOT TO PUT AN END TO WAR..."



"...AN END TO FIGHTING."



HOW COULD GENETICS AND TELEPORTATION END WAR?

WELL, WITHOUT JON'S GUIDING MIND, TELEPORTATION PROVED LIMITED. ANYTHING LIVING DIED OF SHOCK UPON TRANSFER, OR MATERIALIZED IN AN OCCUPIED SPACE AND EXPLODED...



"...BUT THAT WASN'T WHAT BLAKE FOUND ON THE ISLAND. HE FOUND A COLLECTION OF MISSING ARTISTS AND SCIENTISTS, WORKING UPON A MONSTROUS NEW LIFE FORM.

"UPON LEARNING THE CREATURE'S INTENDED PURPOSE, BLAKE'S PRACTICED CYNICISM CRACKED."



THOUGH APPALLED, EXPOSING MY PLAN WOULD PRECIPITATE GREATER HORRORS PREVENTING HUMANITY'S SALVATION.

EVEN BLAKE BALKED AT THAT RESPONSIBILITY, TELLING ONLY MOLOCH, WHO HE KNEW WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND...

"...BUT I HAD MOLOCH'S PLACE BUGGED, AND I UNDERSTOOD PERFECTLY."



"THE PLAN BLAKE HAD UNCOVERED WAS THIS: TO FRIGHTEN GOVERNMENTS INTO CO-OPERATION, I WOULD CONVINCE THEM THAT EARTH FACED IMMINENT ATTACK BY BEINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

"I'M AFRAID THE DISCOVERY RATHER DROVE THE WIND FROM HIS SAILS."



AHHA...

HA HA HA! ADRIAN, COME ON, WHAT...

YOU'RE SERIOUS?

PERFECTLY. AN INTRACTABLE PROBLEM CAN ONLY BE RESOLVED BY STEPPING BEYOND CONVENTIONAL SOLUTIONS. ALEXANDER UNDERSTOOD THAT, TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, IN GORDIUM.



"BLAKE UNDERSTOOD, TOO. HE KNEW MY PLAN WOULD SUCCEED, THOUGH ITS SCALE TERRIFIED HIM. THAT'S WHY HE TOLD NOBODY. IT WAS TOO BIG TO DISCUSS..."

"...BUT HE UNDERSTOOD."

"AT THE END, HE UNDERSTOOD."



"HE UNDERSTOOD THE PORTENTS, KNEW A DAZZLING TRANSFORMATION WAS AT HAND FOR MANKIND.

"THE BRUTAL WORLD HE'D RELISHED WOULD SIMPLY CEASE TO BE, ITS FIERCE AND BRAWLING DENIZENS RUSHING TO JOIN THE MASTODON IN OBSCOLESCENCE...

"IN EXTINCTION."



AFTER **BLAKE**, I NEUTRALIZED **JON**. STOLEN **PSYCHIATRIC** REPORTS INDICATED HIS MENTAL **WITHDRAWAL**. THE **CANCER** ALLEGATIONS MADE IT **PHYSICAL**.

BY THEN, **RORSCHACH'S** MASK KILLER HUNT NEEDED STOPPING. MY OWN "ASSASSINATION" CONFIRMING HIS ERRONEOUS THEORY, PLACED ME BEYOND **SUSPICION**.



"I'D HIRED MY OWN KILLER THROUGH A THIRD PARTY. WHEN I FED HIM THE **CYANIDE CAPSULE**, PERHAPS HE **REALIZED** THIS."

"I KNEW ONLY **TRIUMPH**... NOTHING NOW STOOD BETWEEN ME AND MY **GOAL**. HUMANITY'S **FATE** RESTED SAFELY IN MY **HANDS**."



ADRIAN, THIS IS **CRAZY**. WHO'D BELIEVE AN **ALIEN** **INVASION**?

HITLER SAID PEOPLE SWALLOW LIES **EASILY**, PROVIDED THEY'RE **BIG** ENOUGH. I PLANNED TO BUILD MY **MONSTER**, TELEPORT IT TO A CERTAIN **DESTINATION**...

SAID TELEPORTATION **UNWORKABLE**.



"IT WORKS **FINE**, ASSUMING YOU **WANT** THINGS TO **EXPLODE** ON **ARRIVAL**."

"TELEPORTED TO **NEW YORK**, MY CREATURE'S **DEATH** WOULD TRIGGER MECHANISMS WITHIN ITS MASSIVE **BRAIN**, CLONED FROM A HUMAN **SENSITIVE**..."

"...THE RESULTANT **PSYCHIC SHOCKWAVE** KILLING HALF THE **CITY**."



ADRIAN, I'M **SORRY**...YOU NEED **HELP**. I KNOW THIS "**HALF NEW YORK**" STUFF IS **BULLSHIT**, BUT I'M **STILL** GLAD WE GOT HERE BEFORE YOU GOT **DEEPER** INTO THIS **MESS**.

CHRIST, YOU **SERIOUSLY** PLANNED ALL THIS **MAD** SCIENTIST STUFF?



"I MEAN, WHEN WAS THIS **HOPELESS** **BLACK** **FANTASY** SUPPOSED TO **HAPPEN**?"

"WHEN WERE YOU **PLANNING** TO **DO** IT?"





My name is
Ozymandias,
king of kings:
Look on my works,
ye mighty,
and despair!

—Ozymandias
Percy
Bysshe
Shelley





AFTER THE MASQUERADE:

*Superstyle and the
art of humanoid watching.*



**DOUG ROTH VISITS ANTARCTICA
TO INTERVIEW ADRIAN VEIDT**

VEIDT: "The frightening thing about the campaign to re-elect the president is that in the wake of the victory in Vietnam, I don't see how they can fail. C.R.E.E.P.! What a terrible acronym. I wonder who coined that one? Somebody who watched too many 'Man From U.N.C.L.E.' episodes in the sixties . . . Liddy, or one of those other Washington humanoids."

"Humanoids." I'm sitting talking with a retired superhero in a glass dome filled with tropical flowers and hummingbirds, while outside the antarctic wind builds snowdrifts against the glass. I would imagine myself beyond surprise by this point, yet the sudden use of such an odd term is startling. Have I detected a hitherto unnoticed contempt for mere humans behind that eminently likable golden facade? Why "humanoids"? I put this to him, and he chuckles.

VEIDT: "I'm sorry, it's a sort of one-man private joke. I've been referring to Nixon's close subordinates as humanoids since I heard about the banquet . . . and this is true, I promise . . . where one of the presidential aides spilled a glass of water over Vice-President Ford. The aide was incredibly apologetic, obviously, but Ford just smiled and said 'Oh, that's okay. Nobody's human.' (Laughter) I've called 'em humanoids ever since."

Continued

The laughter of Adrian Veidt is deep and rich, filled with a warmth I hadn't anticipated as the jet he'd arranged lowered me gently from the blank white antarctic sky towards the dangerously small-looking black hyphen of the landing strip, set into the endless pack ice far below. The landscape was hard and cold, too big to get to grips with, and I expected much the same of any man who'd choose to live in it.

The plane was met at the landing strip by three enthusiastically friendly Vietnamese men who led me between obelisks of dark marble with rolling purple highlights towards the fortress dominating the nude white reaches beyond.

Servants? My liberal sensibilities recoiled at the concept with a predictable knee-jerk. Later, however, on learning that the men had been Vietnamese refugees in danger of losing their lives in the purges following America's victory without Veidt's intervention, I wasn't so sure. Since Antarctica is owned by no nation, the men are theoretically safe from extradition, and their nominal boss seems to treat them more as respected friends than as lackeys. Certainly, they themselves seem deliriously happy with both their lot and their landlord.

"Mr. Veidt has made the effort to understand our culture. He talks to us often concerning our religious beliefs, asking many questions." The man who tells me this is sincere and heartfelt in his testimonial, showing an almost fatherly protective anxiety that this magazine should not misrepresent his employer.

"He is not one of your pop music stars. He does not inject drugs, or treat young women badly. Make sure that you say that."

When we reach the fortress, Veidt is still completing his daily workout in a gymnasium of vast, almost dreamlike proportions, where parallel bars meet at infinity. I'm cordially invited to watch while he finishes up, and as I observe that perfect swiss-watch of a body twirling and circling above me in easy defiance of gravity, all my earlier doubts concerning Veidt's accessibility return.

There he is, right up there above me: the man. Adrian Veidt. Ozymandias... whoops. Uh-uh. We don't call him that anymore, do we? The mask is gone, but as he loops the high bar in slow, graceful centrifuge he still wears the golden leotard, and the headband. Every girlfriend I've had in the past four years has wanted to lay this guy, more than Jagger, more than Springsteen or D'Eath or any of those also-rans, and now here I am, squinting up at him, and yes, goddamn it, I have to goddamned admit that he looks like a goddamned god! I can't quite believe he'll submit to being interviewed by someone so obviously mired in the dregs of the gene pool as myself...

... but here he comes, dropping to the floor, picking up the purple towel that I realize later is actually the tunic of his costume, and wiping himself beneath the arms with it in a distinctly

Homo sapiens fashion. He's walking towards me, his smile somewhere between Jackie Coogan and JFK., sticking out a hand that grips mine strongly enough to make me glad it's friendly. He glances towards the gymnasium windows, outside which a blizzard seems to be commencing and smiles again.

"Not the sort of snow you're used to in California, Mr. Roth."

A coke joke! Adrian Veidt, Ozy-freakin'-mandias himself has just told me a coke joke! Whoooo-ee! We fall easily into conversation from that point on, and after he's dressed he takes me for a tour of his fortress, opulent beyond the wildest dreams of Versailles. We end up in a large section of the main hall where one wall appears to be entirely covered with TV screens, all tuned to different channels. It is here that we hold our interview, and I notice his eyes often drifting across the riot of clashing images as we speak. It's only after I express worries concerning background noise and my recording equipment that he thinks to turn the sound of the multiple televisions down. They don't seem to affect his concentration at all.

Before launching into my interview spiel, I take a breath and remember why I'm here. Almost lost in the cacophony surrounding the old Trickster's Constitutional amendment scam, one of America's best-respected and most consistently left-leaning superheroes quietly retired from crimefighting to pursue a career in business. When this magazine phoned him to ask why, he kindly offered to fly me up to his antarctic retreat where we could conduct the interview in comfort. Exhaling, I press the record button and begin.

NOVA: So, how do you get to be a superhero? Were your parents rich? I mean, did that give you advantages?

VEIDT: No more than I could help. My mother left me a lot of money when she died, but I gave it to charity when I was seventeen. I wanted to prove that I could accomplish anything I wanted starting from absolutely nothing. Also, I wanted to free myself of concern for money. Consequently, it's never been a problem for me. To answer your question, you get to be a superhero by believing in the hero within you and summoning him or her forth by an act of will. Believing in yourself and your own potential is the first step to realizing that potential. Alternatively, you could do as Jon did: Fall into a nuclear reactor and hope for the best. On the whole, I think I prefer to stick to my own methods. (Laughter)

NOVA: You'll forgive me for saying so, but isn't that philosophy a little Norman Vincent Peale? That self-realization stuff? How exactly do you exploit that potential to the degree that you obviously have?

VEIDT: The disciplines of physical exercise, meditation and study aren't terribly esoteric. The means to attain a capability far beyond that of the so-called ordinary person are within reach of



everyone, if their desire and their will are strong enough. I have studied science, art, religion and a hundred different philosophies. Anyone could do as much. By applying what you learn and ordering your thoughts in an intelligent manner it is possible to accomplish almost anything. Possible for the "ordinary person." There's a notion I'd like to see buried: the ordinary person. Ridiculous. There is no ordinary person.

NOVA: Returning to your costumed career, why did you quit?

VEIDT: There were a number of reasons, but I suppose basically it boiled down to my increasing uncertainty about the role of the costumed hero in the seventies. What does fighting crime mean, exactly? Does it mean upholding the law when a woman shoplifts to feed her children, or does it mean struggling to uncover the ones who, quite legally, have brought about her poverty? Yes, I've busted drug rings and been accused of being an establishment pawn for doing so . . . that happened a lot in the sixties. I've also uncovered plots by breakaway extremist factions within the Pentagon, for example the plot to release some unpleasantly specific diseases upon the population of Africa, the exposure of which led to the *New Frontiersman* denouncing me as a "Puppet of Peking" on the strength of my youthful travels through the East. I guess I've just reached a point where I've started to wonder whether all the grandstanding and fighting individual evils does

much good for the world as a whole. Those evils are just symptoms of an overall sickness of the human spirit, and I don't believe you can cure a disease by suppressing its symptoms. That whole *Contact-400* approach to our society's problems, I despair of it. It doesn't work. Maybe as a businessman I can do more good, on a more meaningful scale.

NOVA: What sort of world do you see it being, in the future?

VEIDT: That depends upon us . . . each and every one of us. Futurology interests me perhaps more than any other single subject, and as such I devote a great deal of time to its study. Even so, technology is progressing at an ever-accelerating pace, and by early next century I would hesitate to predict *any* limitations upon what we might be capable of. I would say without hesitation that a new world is within our grasp, filled with unimaginable experiences and possibilities, if only we want it badly enough. Not a utopia . . . I don't believe that any species could continue to grow and keep from stagnation without *some* adversity . . . but a society with a more human basis, where the problems that beset us are at least *new* problems.

NOVA: You don't think there's a possibility we may have damaged the environment beyond repair, or that we might someday have a fatal nuclear showdown with the Soviets?

Continued

Veidt cont.

VEIDT: Of course. Of course I do. I'd be ignoring the facts if I didn't accept those things as strong possibilities. As I said, it all depends on us, on whether we, individually, want Armageddon or a new world of fabulous, limitless potential. That's not such an obvious question as it seems. I believe there are some people who really do want, if only subconsciously, an end to the world. They want to be spared the responsibilities of maintaining that world, to be spared the effort of imagination needed to realize such a future. And of course, there are other people who want very much to live. I see twentieth century society as a sort of race between enlightenment and extinction. In one lane you have the four horsemen of the apocalypse . . .

NOVA: . . . and in the other?

VEIDT: The seventh cavalry. *(Laughter)*

NOVA: Changing the subject entirely, do you listen to much music? I wondered what your tastes might be, as a superhero . . .

VEIDT: I like electronic music. That's a very superhero-ey thing to like, I suppose, isn't it? I like avant-garde music in general. Cage, Stockhausen, Penderecki, Andrew Lang, Pierre Henry. Terry Riley is very good. Oh, and I've heard some interesting new music from Jamaica . . . a sort of hybrid between electronic music and reggae. It's a fascinating study in the new musical forms generated when a largely pre-technological culture is given access to modern recording techniques without the technological preconceptions that we've allowed to accumulate, limiting our vision. It's called dub music. You'd like it, I'm sure.

NOVA: How do you get on with the rest of the superhero fraternity? Some of them seem very right-wing in contrast with your own stance. I'm thinking of Rorschach, the Comedian, Dr. Manhattan . . .

VEIDT: *Jon?* Right-wing? *(Laughs)* If there's one thing in this cosmos that that man *isn't* capable of

doing it's having a political bias. Believe me . . . you have to meet him to understand. I mean, which do you prefer, red ants or black ants?

NOVA: Uh . . .? Well, I don't have any particular preference . . .

VEIDT: Exactly. Well, imagine how Jon feels. Rorschach, I don't know very well. I believe he's a man of great integrity, but he seems to see the world in very black and white, Manichean terms. I personally believe that to be an intellectual limitation.

NOVA: And the Comedian? I understand there's no love lost between you. I heard that he beat you in combat, back when you were just starting out . . .

VEIDT: Yes, well, that was a case of mistaken identity and general misunderstanding. For some reason it happens a lot when costumed crime-fighters meet for the first time. *(Laughter)*

NOVA: But you and the Comedian don't like each other?

VEIDT: My, but you're determined, aren't you? *(Laughs)* No, we're not great friends. It's largely

a political difference. He sees me as an intellectual dilettante dabbling in national affairs that don't concern me. I see him as an amoral mercenary allying himself to whichever political faction seems likely to grant him the greatest license. The difference is as simple and as profound as that.

NOVA: There's no general sense of disillusionment with your fellow crimefighters, then?

VEIDT: Not at all. Some of my dearest friends are numbered amongst them. I wish them all nothing but luck in the years that lie ahead.

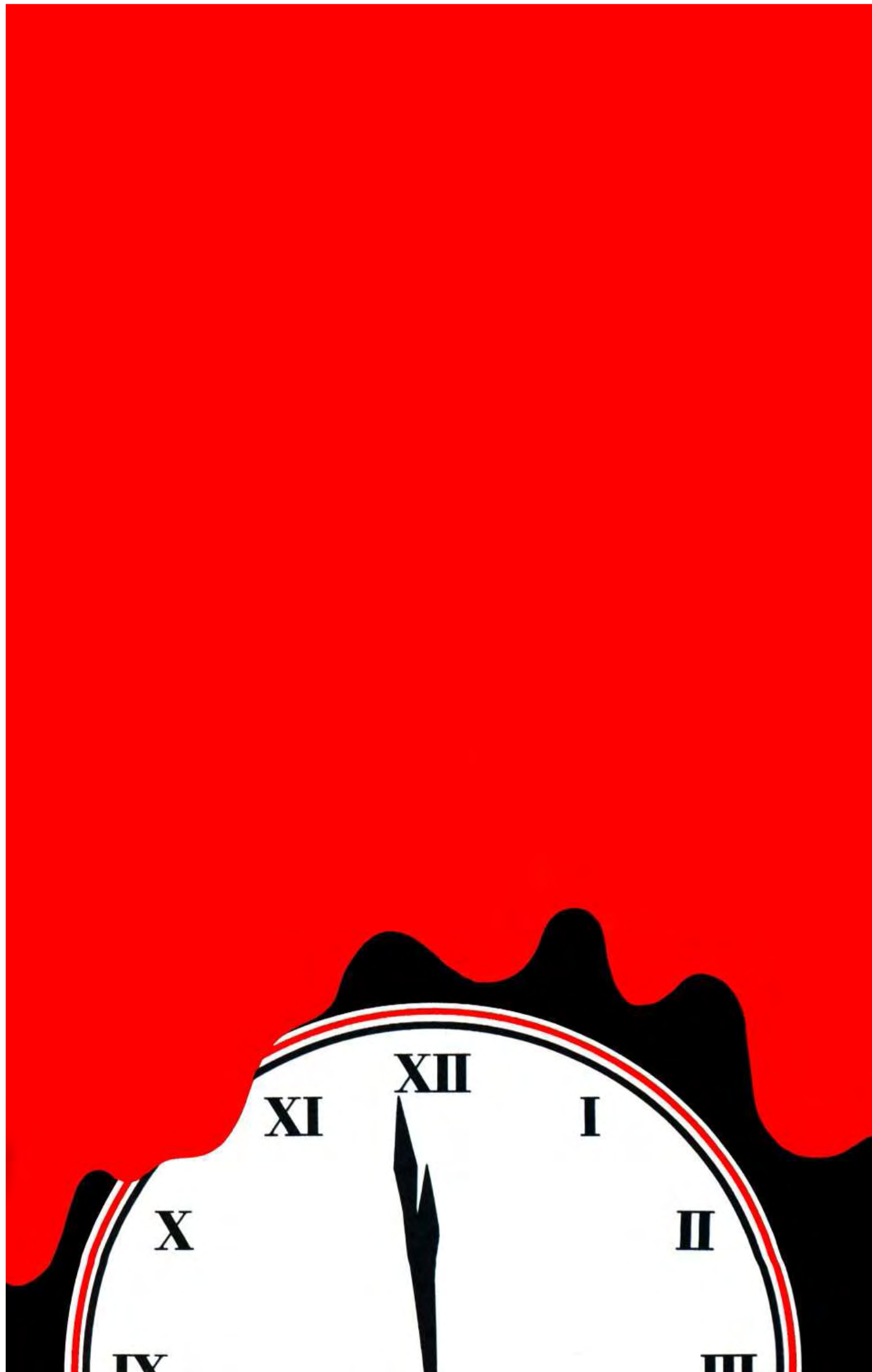
NOVA: In closing, you've often been referred to in the press as the world's smartest man. Is that true, and does it bother you?

VEIDT: No, that isn't true, but it's very flattering and I don't mind a bit. If somebody wants to call me the world's best-groomed man, then hey, that's okay too. *(Laughs)* No, no, I don't mind being the smartest man in the world. I just wish it wasn't this one. ♦

THE TIMES THEY ARE A 'CHANGING

NOSTALGIA BY VEIDT





CHAPTER X















A STRONGER LOVING WORLD



MIDNIGHT.



MIDNIGHT,
NOVEMBER
SECOND.

THAT'S UNUSUAL. I'D
EXPECTED US TO REAPPEAR
ON EARTH MUCH EARLIER.
THE STATIC INTERFERENCE
I NOTICED EARLIER MAKES
EVERYTHING SO UNPREDICTABLE.
OBVIOUSLY, IT WASN'T
CAUSED BY A WAR-
HEAD DETONATION.

WHAT,
THEN?



NOT TACHYONS,
SURELY... YES!
DEFINITELY! A SQUALL
OF TACHYONS.
WHERE CAN THEY
BE COMING
FROM?

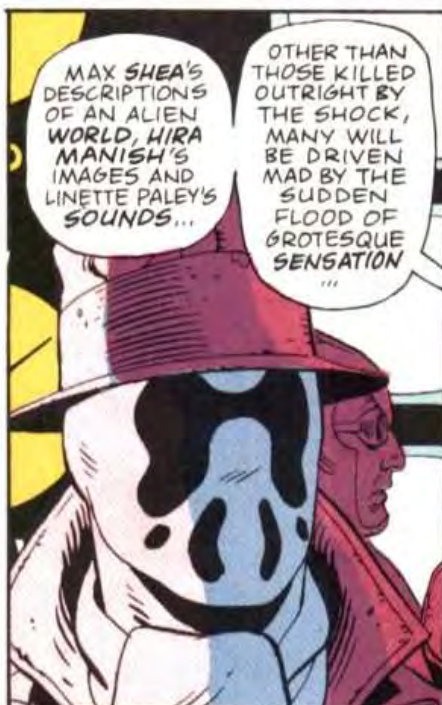
I'D ALMOST
FORGOTTEN THE
EXCITEMENT OF NOT
KNOWING, THE
DELIGHTS OF
UNCERTAINTY...

TANDOORI
TO GO. THAT'S
ALL THEY WENT
OUT FOR, THESE
PEOPLE...

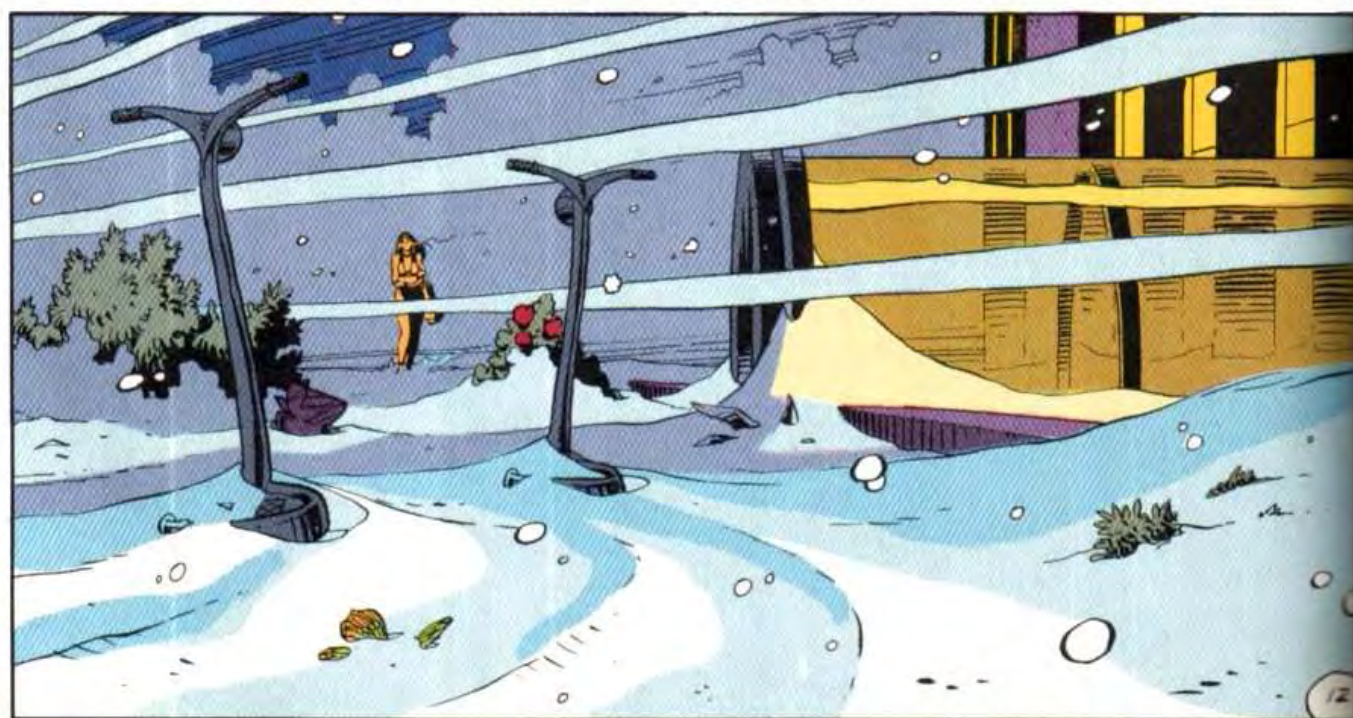
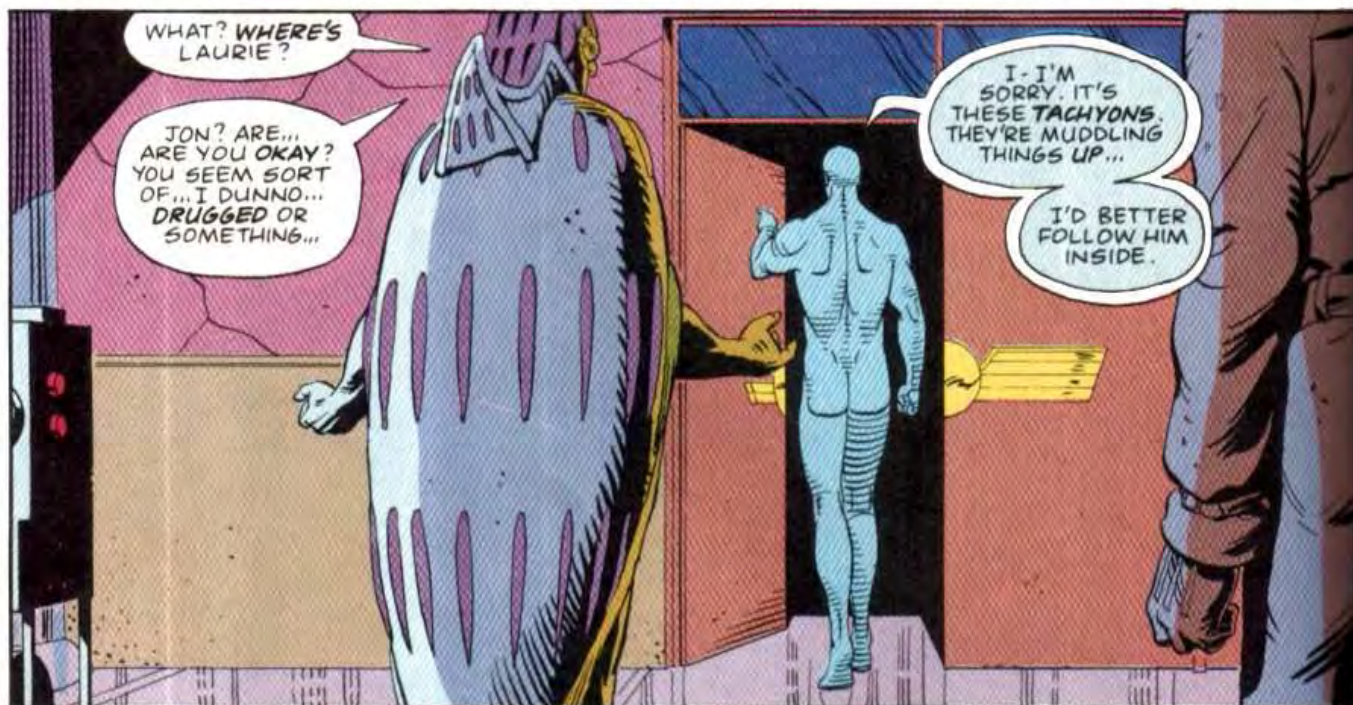
TANDOORI
TO GO.

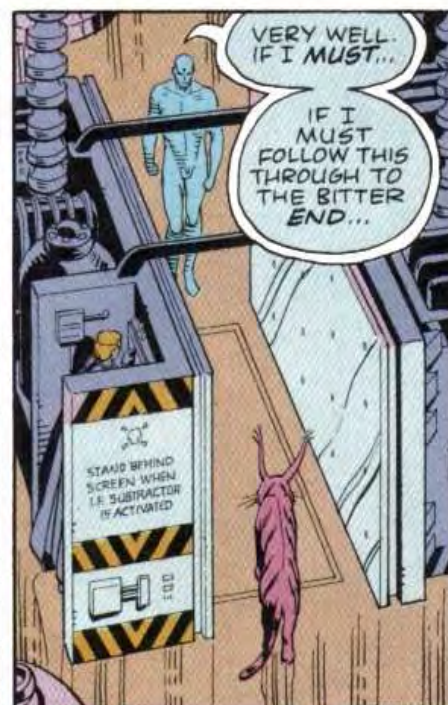






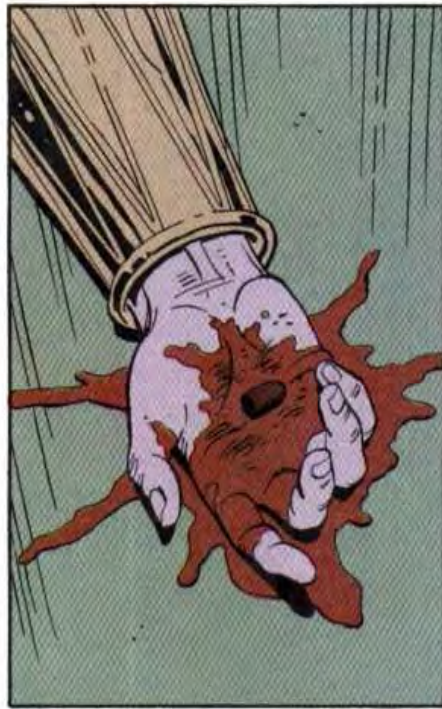
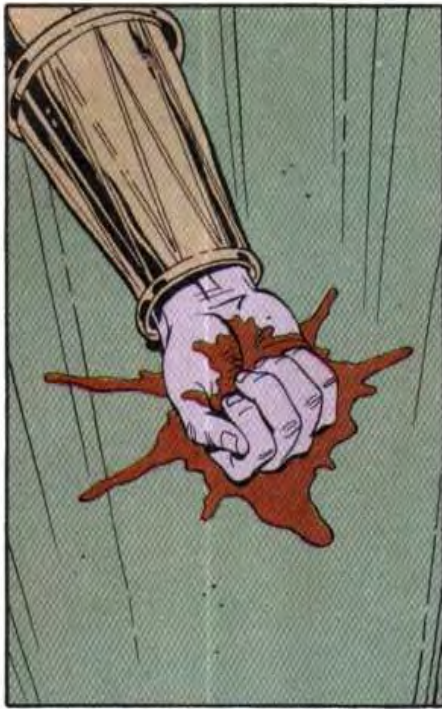




















I SAVED EARTH FROM HELL. NEXT, I'LL HELP HER TO WARDS UTOPIA. IT IS AS RAMESSES SAID:

"CANAAN IS DEVASTATED, ASHKELON IS FALLEN, GEZER IS RUINED, YENOAAM IS REDUCED TO NOTHING..."



"...ISRAEL IS DESOLATE AND HER SEED IS NO MORE, AND PALESTINE HAS BECOME A WIDOW FOR EGYPT..."

WAIT A MINUTE... "NEXT"? AFTER WHAT YOU DID? YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT...



"ALL THE COUNTRIES ARE UNIFIED AND PACIFIED."

CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT?

WILL YOU EXPOSE ME, UNDOING THE PEACE MILLIONS DIED FOR? KILL ME, RISKING SUBSEQUENT INVESTIGATION? MORALLY, YOU'RE IN CHECKMATE, LIKE BLAKE.

LET'S COMPROMISE.

WHAAT?



LOGICALLY, I'M AFRAID HE'S RIGHT. EXPOSING THIS PLOT, WE DESTROY ANY CHANCE OF PEACE, DOOMING EARTH TO WORSE DESTRUCTION.

ON MARS, YOU DEMONSTRATED LIFE'S VALUE. IF WE WOULD PRESERVE LIFE HERE, WE MUST REMAIN SILENT.



NEVER TELL ANYONE? W-WE REALLY HAVE TO BUY THIS?

JESUS, HE WAS RIGHT. ALL WE DID WAS FAIL TO STOP HIM SAVING EARTH.

JESUS.



HOW...HOW CAN HUMANS MAKE DECISIONS LIKE THIS? WE'RE DAMNED IF WE STAY QUIET, EARTH'S DAMNED IF WE DON'T. WE...

OKAY.

OKAY, COUNT ME IN WE SAY NOTHING.



JOKING, OF COURSE.



RORSCHACH...?

RORSCHACH, WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? THIS IS TOO BIG TO BE HARD-ASSED ABOUT! WE HAVE TO COMPROMISE...

NO.

NOT EVEN IN THE FACE OF ARMAGEDDON.



NEVER COMPROMISE.



HMM.
NOW WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THAT, I WONDER?

"BLOTTING OUT REALITY" PERHAPS?



AH WELL... IN ALL LIKELIHOOD IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE. AS A RELIABLE WITNESS, RORSCHACH IS HARDLY... HOW SHALL WE PUT IT... "WITHOUT STAIN"? STILL...

STILL.

I THINK I SHALL MEDITATE NOW, IN MY ORRERY.



OBVIOUSLY, YOU MUST BOTH MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME. THERE ARE SEVERAL RESTROOMS, SHOULD YOU WISH TO FRESHEN UP.

"BOTH"?

I JUST WANT TO GO SOMEWHERE ELSE. CAN YOU GET US OUT OF HERE, JON?



JON?



WHERE'D HE GO? WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?

I MEAN... IN NEW YORK, ALL THOSE BODIES... HOW CAN EVERYBODY JUST WALK AWAY FROM THAT?

I KNOW.

LISTEN, LET'S FIND SOMEPLACE QUIET, AWAY FROM THESE LIGHTS. WE NEED TO THINK, TO TALK...



BUT WHERE'S JON? HE'S BEEN ACTING SO STRANGE: HE PREDICTED I'D TELL HIM ABOUT YOU AND ME, THEN SEEMED ANGRY WHEN I DID!

UH... HOW ANGRY?

OH, I DUNNO. HE CONFUSES ME, AND I DON'T NEED CONFUSING.



I'M SCREWED UP ALREADY. I LEARNED STUFF ON MARS AND THEN NEW YORK...

DEAD EVERYBODY WAS JUST... DEAD.

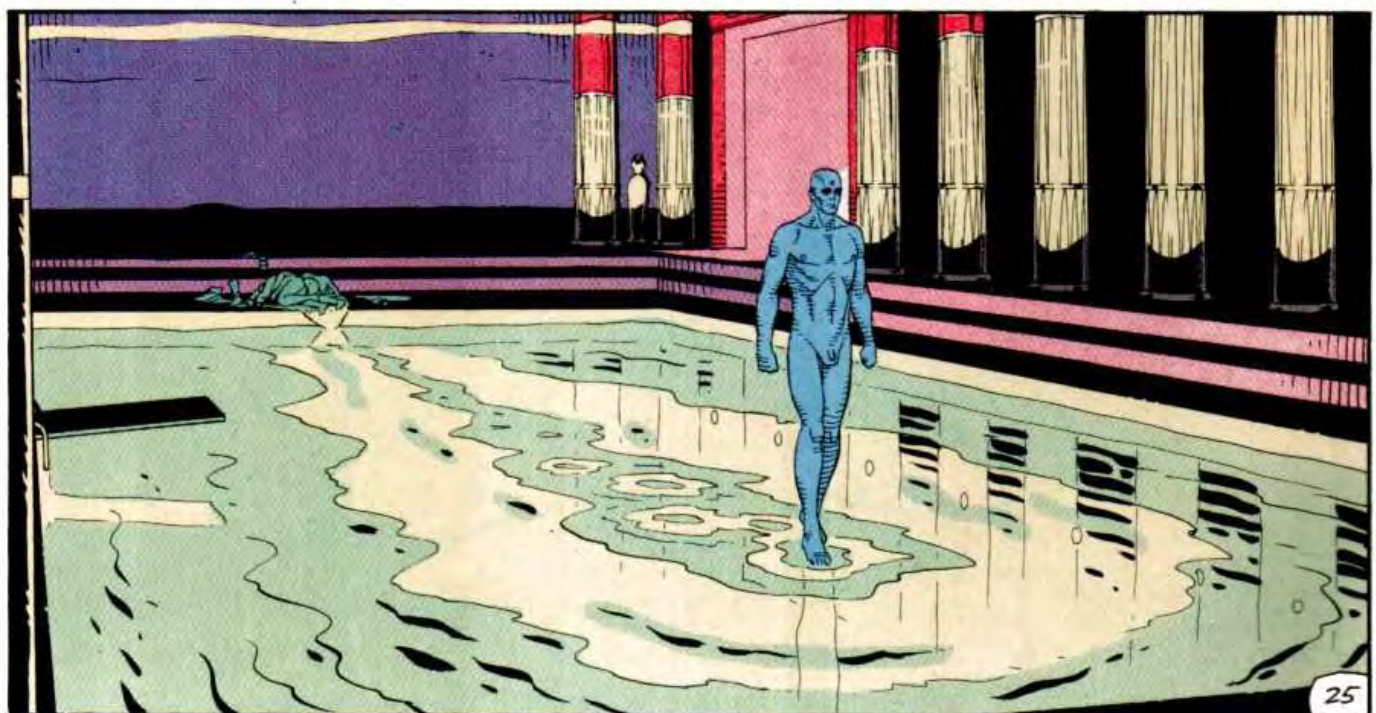
I... I STILL CAN'T IMAGINE THE WHOLE THING. WE'RE JUST, I DUNNO...

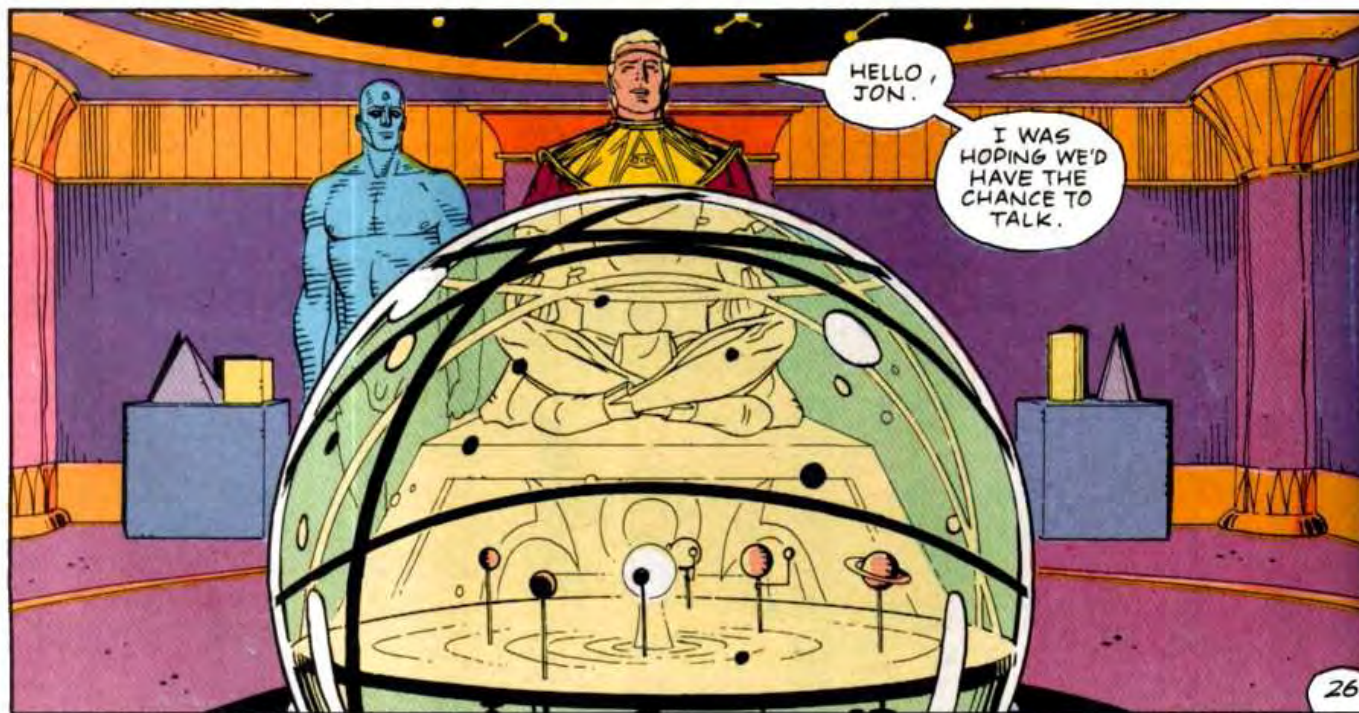
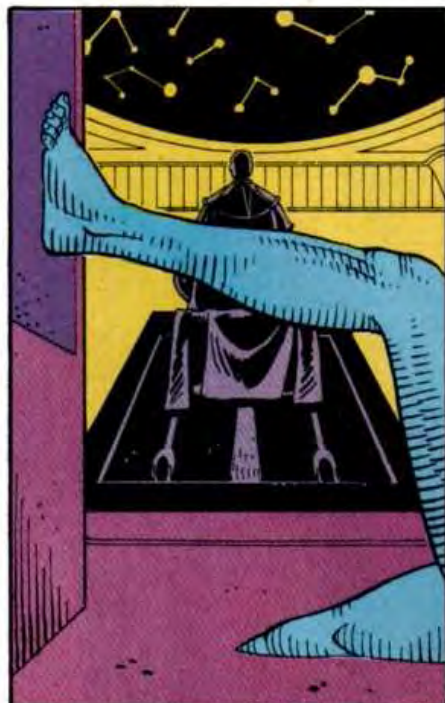
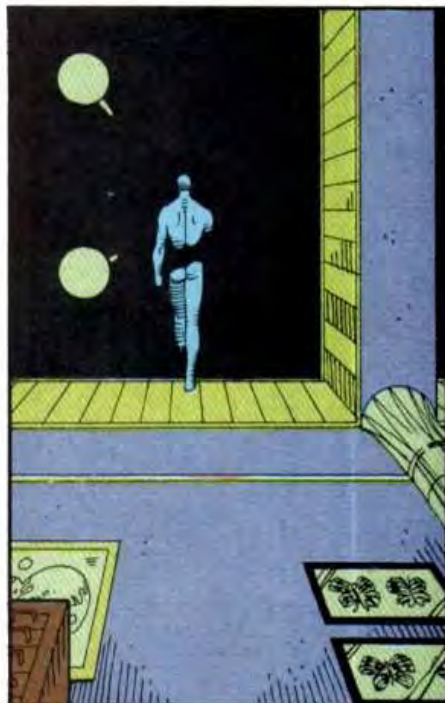
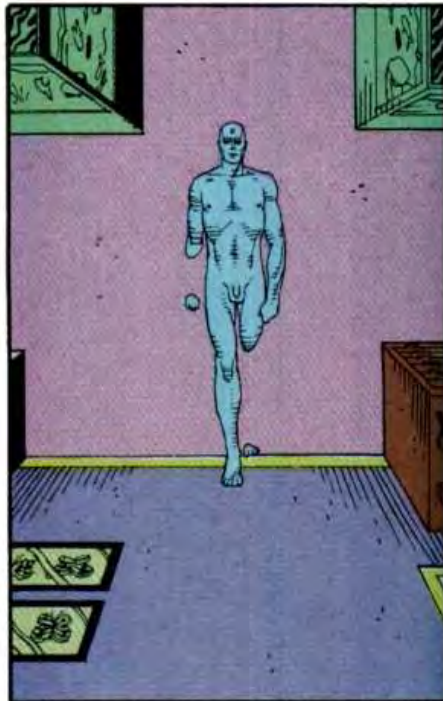
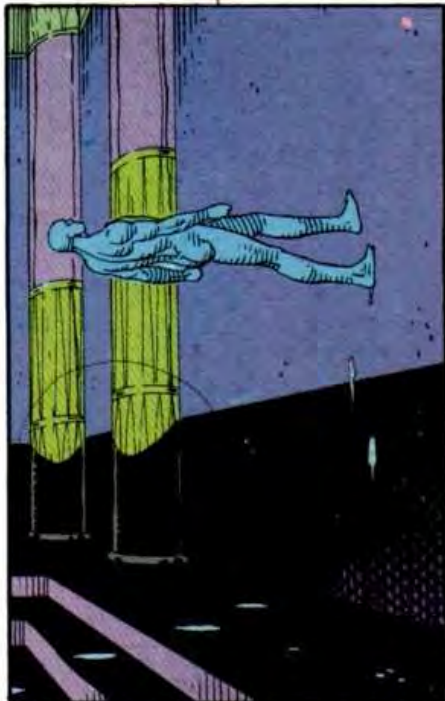
OUT OF OUR DEPTH.

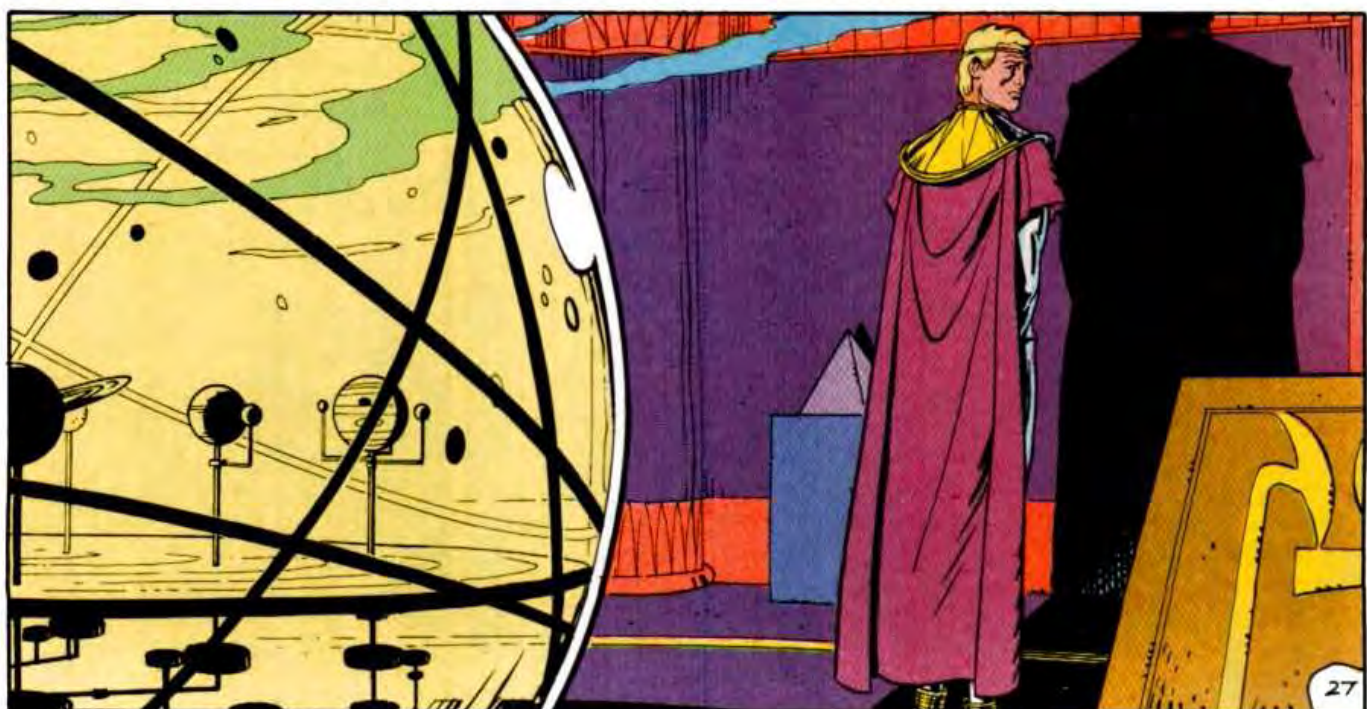
















NOW, LEMME SEE, I MUST HAVE SOME GIFTS FOR YOU...

I KNOW! THERE'S A BOTTLE OF THAT NEW MILLENNIUM STUFF...

MOM, WE DON'T HAVE LONG, AND THERE'S IMPORTANT THINGS TO DISCUSS.



AT CHRISTMAS, WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN GIFTS? I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE GIRL, ALWAYS YOU USED TO...

MOM, I FOUND OUT WHO MY REAL DAD WAS.



YOU ...?

OH JESUS ...

OH LAUREL, I'M SO SORRY WH-WHAT MUST YOU THINK? IT...IT WAS JUST AN AFTERNOON, IN SUMMER. HE STOPPED BY...

MOM...



I TRIED TO BE ANGRY, BUT...I MEAN, I NEVER WANTED YOU TO KNOW. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU BUT...I DON'T KNOW, I JUST FELT ASHAMED, I FELT STUPID, AND...

MOM...

IT DOESN'T MATTER.



PEOPLE'S LIVES TAKE THEM STRANGE PLACES. THEY DO STRANGE THINGS, AND ...

... WELL, SOMETIMES THEY CAN'T TALK ABOUT THEM. I KNOW HOW THAT IS.

I LOVE YOU, MOM. YOU NEVER DID ANYTHING WRONG BY ME.



THAT'S ALL I CAME TO TELL YOU, I GUESS WE HAVE TO GO, BUT WE'LL VISIT SOON.

SURE.

LISTEN, TAKE THIS. IT'LL HELP YOU HOLD ONTO BLONDIE. GUESS I BETTER FIND HIM SOMETHING, TOO ...



WELL, YEAH, BUT HURRY. I GET NERVOUS, WAITING AROUND ...

WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE ... OH, THAT OLD THING. HOPE IT HASN'T EMBARRASSED YOU.

OH NO. NOT AT ALL. TO TELL THE TRUTH, I...

WELL, IN 1952, I OWNED A COPY.



YOU DID? WHY, BLESS YOU, YOU KEEP IT.

BUT...THESE ARE VALUABLE. REALLY, MS. JUPITER, I COULDN'T...

SALLY, TAKE IT. JUST DON'T TELL THE WIFE.

DAN...UH, SAM, HONEY? COME ON... WE HAVE TO GO.







It would be a stronger world, a stronger loving world, to die in.

—John Cale



