DC HEROES™
ROLE PLAYING GAME

RAY WINNINGER

WATCHMEN

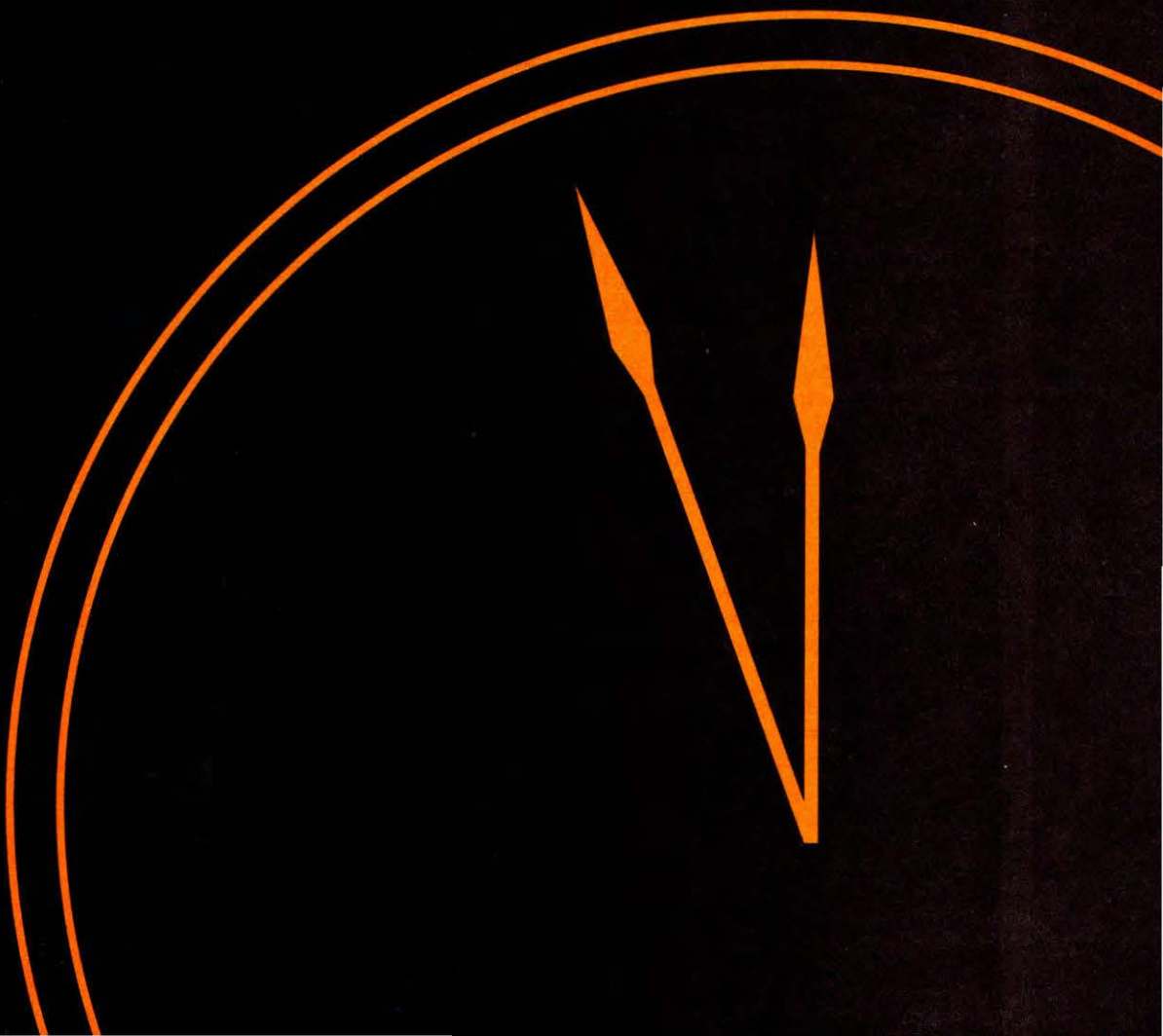
SOURCEBOOK

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

THE

WATCHMEN

SOURCEBOOK



HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

This book is a supplement for use with the DC HEROES Role-Playing Game, Second Edition. All the statistics and game mechanics contained herein conform to the rules and guidelines for play presented in the Second Edition boxed set, except where specifically noted in the text.

TYPES OF MODULES

This book is one of several different types of gaming modules that are available for use with the DC HEROES Role-Playing Game. The specific type can be found on the upper left-hand corner of the front cover, and will be one of the following:

Sourcebook: A sourcebook contains game-related and background material on a certain subject relating to the DC Universe, most often a specific group of heroes, a certain location, or a special genre. GMs who prefer writing their own adventures will find sourcebooks especially helpful, since in addition to Characters' statistics, sourcebooks contain historical, organizational, and reference material about the sourcebook's subject.

Adventure: An adventure contains a full-length scenario for play with a certain hero(es), or teams of heroes. Adventures for individual heroes are called One-On-One adventures and are intended for only two players, one of whom acts as GM.

Match-Play: A Match-Play adventure is also designed for two players, but features a unique system whereby each player alternates between playing a hero and GMing for his or her partner.

Solitaire: A Solitaire is an adventure for one player, where the book acts as GM.

Anthology: Anthologies are collections of shorter adventures, each featuring a different hero or heroes, and each written by a different author.

CHANGES FROM PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED MATERIALS

There are certain Characters whose statistics are somewhat different in this book from those given in First Edition DC HEROES Role-Playing Game modules, previous Second Edition modules. This is because of the constantly-evolving nature of the DC Universe and new developments which have occurred in the Character's comics. For example, a Character may have gained a new Power or Skill, and that new ability is now included in his or her statistics.

Some Power descriptions in this book may also be different from other descriptions of the same Power. These differences reflect an updated perception of how these Powers work in the DC Universe.

The Gadgetry rules were modified from the First Edition of the DC HEROES Role-Playing Game and the *Hardware Handbook*. Most of the changes should be self-explanatory, with the following exceptions.

A Gadget whose name is in all capitals (BATTLE SUIT, AUTOMOBILE) cannot be taken away in combat, while Gadgets whose names are in upper- and lower-case letters (Pistol, Radio) can be taken away in combat. A Gadget with italicized Attributes (*Str, Body*) can substitute its APs of the Attribute for the user's APs of the Attribute in all situations, while non-italicized Attributes (Str, Body) can only be substituted for the user's Attributes in certain situations, depending on the nature of the Gadget. If a Gadget does not possess Mental and/or Mystical Attributes, it is immune to Mental and/or Mystical Attacks, respectively. The R# listed in a Gadget's statistics represents its Reliability Number. Gadgets with no R# listed are considered to have a Reliability Number of 0. If a Player rolls the Gadget's R# or lower while using the Gadget, the Gadget immediately breaks down and must be repaired.

ADVENTURE STRUCTURE

Adventures are divided into the following four sections. In any of these sections, *italicized type* is meant to be read directly to the Players.

GM's Introduction: This section provides the GM with information needed to run the adventure.

Characters: Information concerning both Players' and Non-Player Characters will be found in this section. Occassionally, only modifications to previously published Character information and Hero Points may be listed. See the full description in the *Background/Roster Book* in the DC HEROES Role-Playing Game, Second Edition, boxed set for the rest of that Character's statistics.

Encounters: The bulk of an adventure is a series of Encounters which make up the adventure's storyline. That is, Characters go from situation to situation, each of which is represented by a separate Encounter. Each Encounter is divided into four sections: *Setup, Players' Information, GM's Information*, and *Troubleshooting*. Brief descriptions, including maps, game mechanics, etc., are often included in the Encounters.

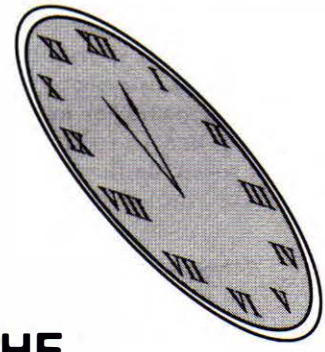
Endgame: This explains the outcome of the adventure and the awards given to the Players. Consequences of incomplete or failed adventures are also mentioned, so that the GM can design further scenarios if desired.

ABBREVIATIONS

AP(s)	Attribute Point(s)
Aura	Aura Attribute
AV	Acting Value
Body	Body Attribute
CS	Column Shift(s)
Dex	Dexterity Attribute
D10	Ten-Sided Die
EV	Effect Value
GM	Gamemaster
HP(s)	Hero Point(s)
Infl	Influence Attribute
Int	Intelligence Attribute
Mind	Mind Attribute
N/A	Not Applicable
NPC(s)	Non-Player Character(s)
OV	Opposing Value
RAP(s	(Result AP(s)
RV	Resistance Value
R#	Reliability Number
Spirit	Spirit Attribute
Str	Strength Attribute
Will	Willpower Attribute
2D10	Two Ten-Sided Dice

A WORD ABOUT GRAMMAR

The male pronoun (he, his, him) is used in this book as a third-person singular in many instances. This usage is intended as a neuter term, and should be read as "he or she," "his or her," or "him or her" in all instance where it is used to imply a person of either gender. The use of the male pronoun is not intended to exclude women from this game or to suggest their exclusion.



THE WATCHMEN SOURCEBOOK

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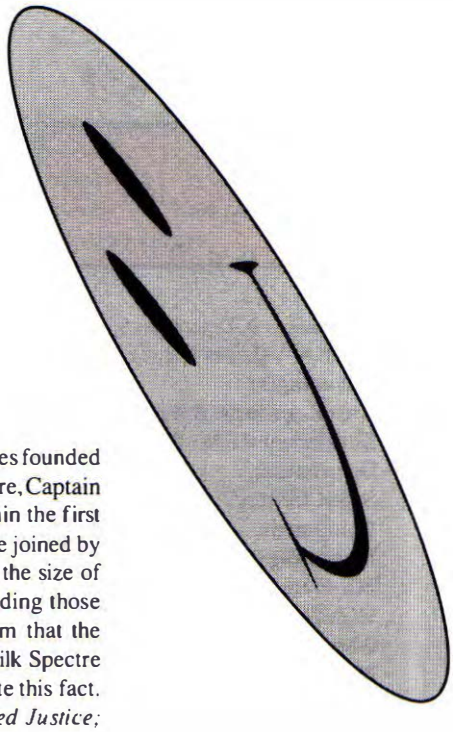


MINUTEMEN, An organization of costumed vigilantes founded on August 16,1939 by the first Nite Owl, the first Silk Spectre, Captain Metropolis, The Hooded Justice, and the Mothman. Within the first year of the organization's existence, these five figures were joined by the Comedian, the Silhouette, and Dollar Bill, expanding the size of the Minutemen to eight. Most published accounts, including those later written by the founding members themselves, claim that the foundation of the Minutemen was instigated by the first Silk Spectre and Captain Metropolis, although some continue to dispute this fact. *See Captain Metropolis; Comedian; Dollar Bill; Hooded Justice; Mothman; Nite Owl; Silhouette; Silk Spectre I.*

During the 1940s, the Minutemen clashed with a number of New York based idiosyncratic criminals including the men known as Moloch, The Screaming Skull, and the Nazi saboteur codenamed Captain Axis. *See Captain Axis; Moloch; Screaming Skull.* Although many of the Minutemen were inactive during World War II, presumably because their non-costumed identities had been drafted, the organization returned to its full size after hostilities ceased.

In 1949, the Minutemen disbanded under a wave of controversy that began with the questionable deaths of Dollar Bill and the Silhouette in 1946. In 1954, the surviving Minutemen were called before Senator Joseph McCarthy's UnAmerican Activities Committee. During these meetings, Mothman was accused of being a communist spy.

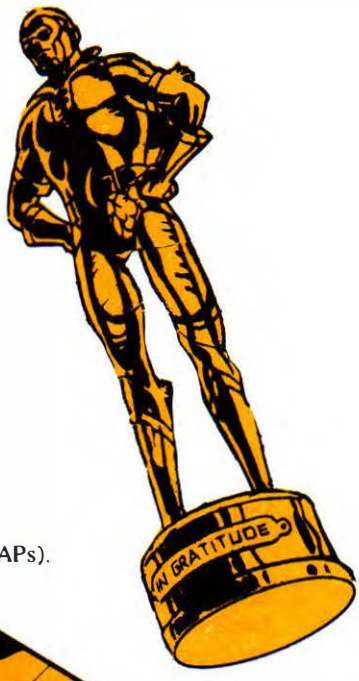
Most of the Minutemen had retired long before the Keene Act was passed in 1977 banning their activities, although, the Comedian has occasionally performed licensed missions for the United States right up to the present, notably the rescue of the American hostages from Iran in 1978. The first Nite Owl and the first Silk Spectre later revealed their true identities and spoke candidly about their former comrades. The fates of the remainder of the Minutemen remain unknown. *See Keene Act.*

— *World Book Encyclopedia, 1985; Vol.* XIII

MINUTEMEN

NITE OWL 1

DEX:	5	STR:	4	BODY:	4
INT:	4	WILL:	3	MIND:	4
INFL:	4	AURA:	5	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	15			HERO POINTS:	35

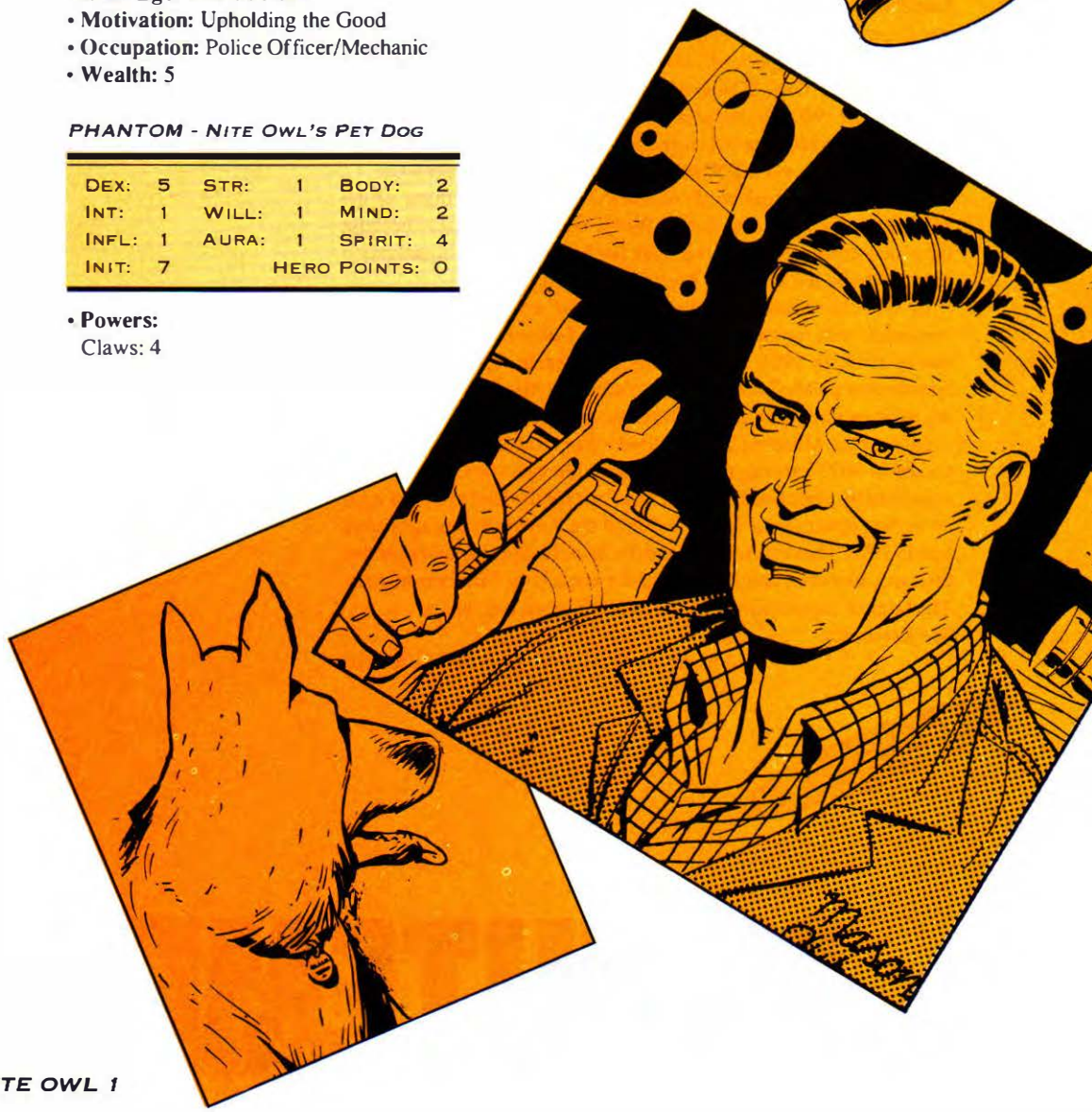


- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics: 3, Detective: 5, Gadgetry: 2, Martial Artist: 5, Thief: 4, Vehicles (Land): 6
- **Advantages:**
  Area Knowledge (New York City); Connections: New York Police Department (High), Street (Low); Pet (Phantom)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Secret Identity
- **Equipment:**
  Handcuffs (x4) [STR: 6, BODY: 6]
  Minutemen Communicator [BODY: 1] Range equals 4 miles (12 APs).
  COSTUME [*BODY: 6*]
- **Alter Ego:** Hollis Mason
- **Motivation:** Upholding the Good
- **Occupation:** Police Officer/Mechanic
- **Wealth:** 5

PHANTOM - NITE OWL'S PET DOG

DEX:	5	STR:	1	BODY:	2
INT:	1	WILL:	1	MIND:	2
INFL:	1	AURA:	1	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	7			HERO POINTS:	0

- **Powers:**
  Claws: 4



Presented here are excerpts from Hollis Mason's autobiography, UNDER THE HOOD, published by Chichester House, 1962. Reprinted with permission of the author.

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.

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 goddamn 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 snitched 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 had 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.

III.

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 fad 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 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*.

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 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 talkabout. 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.

Ex-hero killed in Brooklyn break-in

BROOKLYN (AP) — Hollis Mason, who operated as the original "Nite Owl" with the Minutemen, was killed last night when a group of thugs broke into his Brooklyn apartment. At present, police have no leads.

Mason revealed his identity to the public with the 1962 publication of his autobiography *Under the Hood*, in which he made a number of highly-publicized controversial comments and observations concerning his former colleagues.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
NOVEMBER 1, 1985

HOODED JUSTICE

DEX:	4	STR:	5	BODY:	6
INT:	2	WILL:	6	MIND:	3
INFL:	7	AURA:	3	SPIRIT:	7
INIT:	13			HERO POINTS:	35

- **Skills:**
  Charisma (Intimidation): 6, Thief: 3
- **Drawbacks:**
  Dark Secret; Serious Irrational Attraction to violence; Serious Rage; Secret Identity
- **Equipment:**
  Minutemen Communicator [BODY: 1] Range equals 4 miles (12 APs).
- **Alter Ego:** Rolf Müller?
- **Motivation:** Seeking Justice
- **Occupation:** Circus Strongman?
- **Wealth:** 4

"I think I've always missed Hooded Justice the most. Although he hasn't been seen since 1955, I like to think that he's still out there, raising the occasional glass to his old pals. Here's to you, buddy."

— THE COMEDIAN ADDRESSING A DINNER IN HONOR OF RICHARD NIXON, MAY 11, 1974

United States Department of Immigration

IMMIGRATION SERVICES
Ellis Island, New York

Immigration Records

APPROVED

NAME: Henrik Müller

POINT OF ORIGIN: Kiel, Germany

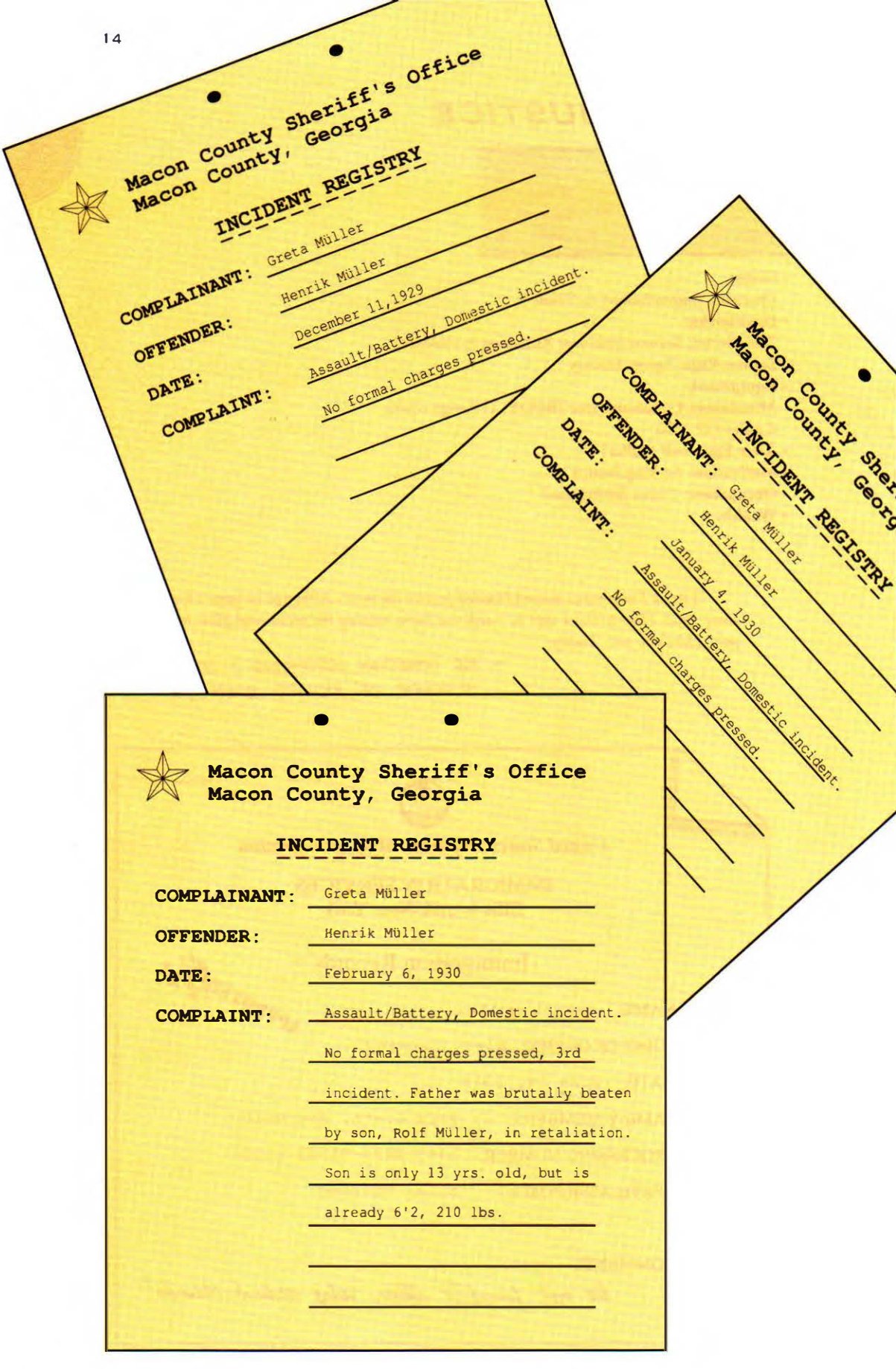
DATE: June 14, 1919

FAMILY MEMBERS: 2; Wife Greta, Son Rolf

PROCESSING NUMBER: 3343-8874-35643 Ellis

BERTH ASSIGNMENT: 511A, Married

COMMENTS:
Do not forget to attach vals medical records!



Macon County Sheriff's Office
Macon County, Georgia

INCIDENT REGISTRY

COMPLAINANT: Greta Müller
OFFENDER: Henrik Müller
DATE: December 11,1929
COMPLAINT: Assault/Battery, Domestic incident.
No formal charges pressed.

Macon County Sheriff's Office
Macon County, Georgia

INCIDENT REGISTRY

COMPLAINANT: Greta Müller
OFFENDER: Henrik Müller
DATE: January 4, 1930
COMPLAINT: Assault/Battery, Domestic incident.
No formal charges pressed.

Macon County Sheriff's Office
Macon County, Georgia

INCIDENT REGISTRY

COMPLAINANT: Greta Müller
OFFENDER: Henrik Müller
DATE: February 6, 1930
COMPLAINT: Assault/Battery, Domestic incident.
No formal charges pressed, 3rd incident. Father was brutally beaten by son, Rolf Müller, in retaliation. Son is only 13 yrs. old, but is already 6'2, 210 lbs.

Dear Greta,

I am sorry that you had to find out this way, but I have decided that it would be best for both you and Rolf if I left. I'm afraid I can no longer tolerate your Goodlett's drive to drink.

I am in love with young Mary, the grocery lady down in Fulton. We are leaving for Atlanta tomorrow to begin a new life. When he is old enough, please tell Rolf how much I always loved you both.

Good-bye,
Henrik

Macon County Sheriff's Office
Macon County, Georgia

INCIDENT REGISTRY

COMPLAINANT: Greta Muller
OFFENDER: NONE
DATE: April 15, 1932
COMPLAINT: Son ran away from home.
Bulletin issued.

Sackson and Shanley's

BIG TOP

HELLO MOBILE!

ROLF

THE EUROPEAN POWERHOUSE

OUR LATEST ATTRACTION!!!

Summer 1933
Special Shows • Fun for all • Don't miss us!

Klan members acquitted in Atlanta murder trail

ATLANTA (AP)—Five members of the Ku Klux Klan who were accused of killing a young black man and his wife just outside of Atlanta were acquitted late last Tuesday. Although they have already expressed suspicion that the jury was highly biased in favor of the defendants, prosecutors have announced that they will not be appealing the case.

The murdered couple, Samuel and Eloise Horton, were returning from a Sackson and Shanley circus performance when they were waylayed by Klan members. Samuel's neck was broken using some unknown weapon or tool. Eloise was set on fire.

Among the defendants were Rolf Müller and Frank Burrows, both performers with Sackson and Shanley.

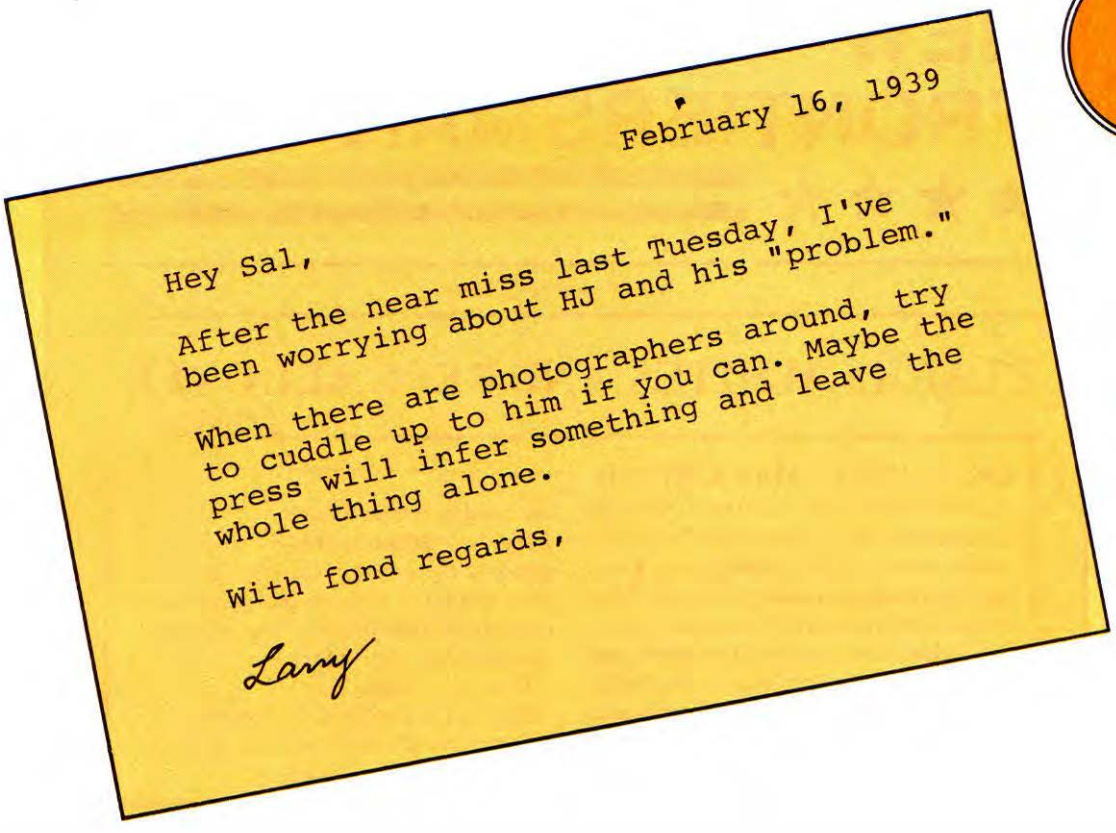
-NEW YORK GAZET
OCTOBER 5, 1933

Mysterious vigilante stops robbery!

QUEENS — A routine armed assault on a couple returning home from the theater was foiled last night by a large man who, according to witnesses, "dropped into the alleyway from above with something over his face." Witnesses' descriptions of the vigilante range from a tall wrestler in black trunks all the way up to the "Grim Reaper himself." Police have no leads as to the man's identity.

The three assailants who were conducting the assault were all severely beaten by the mysterious hooded figure. All three are now hospitalized at Our Lady of Mercy. Doctors believe there is a chance that one of the assailants will lose the use of both legs due to a horrible spinal injury he suffered at the hands of the vigilante.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
OCTOBER 14, 1938



February 16, 1939

Hey Sal,

After the near miss last Tuesday, I've been worrying about HJ and his "problem."

When there are photographers around, try to cuddle up to him if you can. Maybe the press will infer something and leave the whole thing alone.

With fond regards,

Larry

"I for one applaud the events in Europe. The accounts you read in the press always miss the point. No one is talking about how Hitler managed to save his nation from the brink of economic collapse and restore dignity to his people. And no one is talking about the real vision—just the man behind that vision.

Yes, of course people are dying. People should die. It's about time we exterminate the undisciplined and perverse from our own ranks instead of waiting around for the forces of the Almighty to come down and do it for us."

— THE HOODED JUSTICE, AS QUOTED IN NEWS WORLD, DEC. 14, 1939

INTERVIEWER: You say that the Comedian attempted to sexually assault Sally Jupiter in 1940. What stopped him from completing the act?

MASON: I don't really want to say much about the attack. Sally is still a good friend of mine and I love her. I'm sorry I ever aired her dirty laundry in public in the first place. I know the Comedian has publicly denied the incident, but everyone who was there knows it is true and I'd like to just leave it at that. To briefly answer this one question, one of the other Minutemen caught him in the act and stopped him. Beat him up pretty bad too. I don't really want to say anything else about it.

— TRANSCRIPT FROM THE MARTHA EDWARDS SHOW, SEPTEMBER 11, 1962

NEW FRONTIERSMAN

★★★★

Monday, February 11th, 1956
5 cents
NEW Issue XII
FRONTIERSMAN No. 11

Victor Godfrey, *Editor*

BLACKS, WHITES, AND REDS ALL OVER!

OKAY, WE'RE MAN ENOUGH

Like everyone else fighting to keep our country afloat in this sea of blood red, we've always admired The Hooded Justice, a man who apparently grew weary of looking down upon the child pornographers, rapists, homosexuals and other creatures of the streets, and decided to flush the vermin all the way back to their rat holes. Unlike the liberally influenced police departments of this nation who molly-coddle filth and allow themselves to be intimidated by Italian hoods in silk suits, The Justice was out there spilling two drops of rat blood for every drop of red-white-and-blue blood that struck the Earth, preying upon the muggers and dope fiends as they had preyed upon the elderly and infirm.

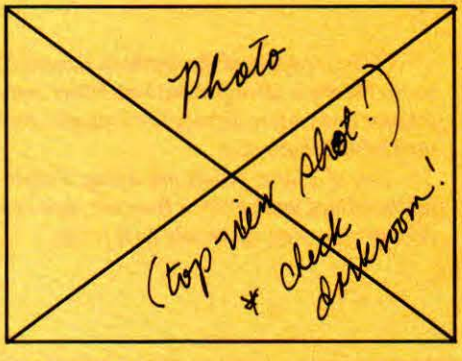
Or so we thought.

Onceagain, *New Frontiersman* brings you the news that hits too close to home for the so-called "legitimate" press.

FLIPPING OVER ROCKS

You have all heard about the Hooded Justice's refusal to step before Senator McCarthy's UnAmerican Activities Committee, which we had naturally assumed was due to a reluctance to reveal his true face in public and open his loved ones to retributive attacks from cowardly mobsters who hadn't the courage to face him in the streets. What you haven't heard is that a circus strongman named Rolf Müller was called before agents of the FBI's UnAmerican investigations unit as part of a routine background check just two days after Hooded Justice and the brave warriors of the Minutemen received their own calls. Unlike the patriotic Nite Owl and Captain Metropolis, who chose to face the well-intentioned although obviously compromised committee with dignity, Müller turned tail and fled knowing full-well what the F.B.I. would find should he stand and face his fate---the same thing little boys would find when they flip over rocks in the backyard.

We had planned for these pages a piece comparing the heroism of the Minutemen with the shameless red-faced cowardice of Müller and others like him. But what we ended up with was a series of startling similarities between Rolf Müller and the man who called himself the Hooded Justice. Similarities which it greatly pains us to report.

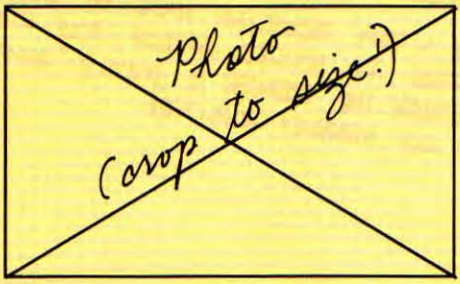


According to immigration records, Rolf Müller and his family came to the United States from Germany in 1919 at the age of 2. He is said to have run away from home and joined Sackson and Shanley's circus at the age of 15. When Rolf was 21, he left Sackson and Shanley's for the NYC Shriners, a circus permanently based in the New York area. Just sixteen days later the Hooded Justice made his first appearance. Over the next several years Müller stayed with the Shriners as a star attraction, but logged frequent absences. In March of 1940 after the Hooded Justice had broken an arm during a scrape with the Screaming Skull and his thugs, Müller missed a month's worth of performances. An acquaintance of Müller's from his Sackson and Shanley days told

us that the one thing he remembered about Müller was that the strongman was never seen in the company of young women. Could "Rolf Müller" have revealed to his circus colleagues that his real love interest, as the Hooded Justice, was Silk Spectre of the Minutemen? And almost two years ago, Hooded Justice made his farewell speech to members of the press on April 16 and disappeared forever, just one day before Müller mysteriously disappeared himself.

As we dug deeper, we hoped we would find something to dissuade our suspicions, news reports that showed the Justice and Müller to be in two different places at the same time perhaps, or something in the Minutemen press file that would lead us to believe that The Hooded Justice could not have possibly lived in Müller's flat in Queens. But all we uncovered were further disappointments. A Post interviewer described The Justice's accent as "different, faintly Bavarian" in 1940 and The Justice himself described his arch-enemy Moloch as a "ringmaster" in 1941. We couldn't help but drudge up the horrible memories of The Justice's public support for Hitler expressed in 1939 and the fact that he had somehow dodged the draft during World War II. Perhaps these weren't oversights made by a somewhat misguided though firmly patriotic savior as we had always believed. Perhaps they were part of an intricate network of deceit woven by a highly placed communist spy.

But it wasn't until we found the visual evidence that we finally had to face the facts. Rolf Müller, communist sympathizer and spy, was The Hooded Justice. Here are the photographs. You be the judge.



COMMUNIST SPY?

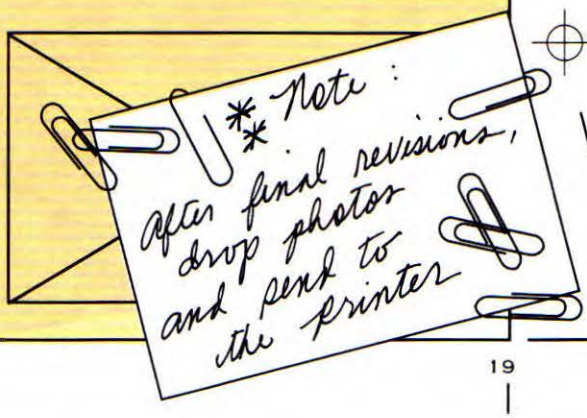
And this isn't the whole truth. There are more disturbing facts about Mr. Rolf Müller of Germany—like his cousin in the East German secret police who was captured while trying to plant a listening device in the home of the American attache (the event which turned the authorities on to Müller), and his past associations with Frank Burrows, another circus performer, who was later revealed to be a homosexual. And what about all those occasions, some of them more than a week long, during which neither The Hooded Justice nor Rolf Müller was seen in public? As The Hooded Justice, Müller had access to information for which his friends in the red terror police would have paid dearly (and probably did).

The real irony of it all is that Müller mysteriously resurfaced just before press time—what is thought to be his badly decaying corpse was dredged up from Boston Harbor with a single .45 caliber bullet in the skull. It looks like his superiors had grown tired of him now that he could no longer provide them with the valued information they so desperately sought.

THE REAL DANGER

Believe it or not, Rolf Müller continues to serve his red masters even now, in death. Müller's story makes us doubt the gallant warriors who have been fighting to restore dignity to these United States. The Hooded Justice spent a disgraceful year as a fugitive from decency and had friends in the East German secret police. Mothman is rumored to have been a communist sympathizer. Could some of the other things the cowardly and corrupt liberal block has been saying about The Minutemen be true as well? Are they lawless vigilantes who will one day lead the nation into ruin? Potent "overmen" with a secret agenda of manipulation and conquest?

We here at the *New Frontiersman* say, "No!" and urge all of our supporters to stand up and do likewise. When we begin hounding down men like Captain Metropolis and The Comedian, The Hooded Justice will have accomplished his *real* mission. We must take this opportunity to renew our support for our costumed patriots and once again thank them for keeping our shores safe from European corruption.



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"Actually, yeah. There is one other thing I remember. Just after he arrived, Rolf went in to talk to Frank Burrows one night in the wardrobe tent. I remember 'cause we were all looking for Rolf to help lift one of the wagons onto a slab so we could fill a pit in its wheel. Those two were in the wardrobe tent for hours. Anyway, I finally catch up to Rolf just as he's coming out of the tent and he looks like he's just witnessed a murder or something. Then, all of a sudden he goes into this rage and runs over to where the boys were fixing the wagon and begins to burn himself all over his forearms and thighs with a red hot poker. Every once in a while he'd have to drop the poker as it grew too hot to hold, but then he'd just pick it up again and keep going at it. Finally, he just collapsed in tears. After that day, he began wearing a full body stocking during his performances to hide all the scars. Rolf's temper was absolutely inhuman!"

— A PARTIAL TRANSCRIPT OF A TAPE RECORDING MADE BY VICTOR GODFREY WHILE INVESTIGATING THE HOODED JUSTICE / ROLF MÜLLER STORY FOR NEW FRONTIERSMAN. THE SPEAKER IS DONALD "HAPPY" DAHL, A FORMER SACKSON AND SHANLEY EMPLOYEE.

ED JUSTICE

SILK SPECTRE I

DEX:	4	STR:	2	BODY:	3
INT:	5	WILL:	3	MIND:	5
INFL:	6	AURA:	6	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	17			HERO POINTS:	30

- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics: 2, Charisma: 7, Martial Artist: 3
- **Advantages:**
  Attractive; Connections: Entertainment Industry (Low)
- **Equipment:**
  Minutemen Communicator [BODY: 1] Range equals 4 miles (12 APs).
- **Alter Ego:** Sally Jupiter
- **Motivation:** Thrill of Adventure
- **Occupation:** Burlesque Dancer
- **Wealth:** 7

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.

EXCERPT FROM *UNDER THE HOOD* BY HOLLIS MASON; CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.

PROBE PROFILE: SALLY JUPITER

a candid conversation about a forties glamour girl and the seamier side of her crimefighting career.

Anybody who believes Sally Jupiter's PR really does her a disservice. In place of the zesty "girl from across town" who captured more hearts than criminals during her stint with the Minutemen in the 1940s, we found a surprisingly perceptive woman with both a fortuitous position in American history and a refreshing willingness to share her insights.

We sent noted conversationalist ***Martha Braddock*** *to Sally's Burbank home to have a few words with the former "costumed cutie." Martha sent back the following report:*

"Sally is simply an amazing person,– bright and energetic with no nonsense. It's hard to imagine what she could have been and accomplished had she been born in 1960 rather than 1920."

PROBE: Well, let's start at the beginning, shall we?

SALLY: As good a place as any.

PROBE: Tell us about your childhood. Where did you grow up?

SALLY: I grew up in Chicago. Well, in Skokie, actually—a small town about five miles north of the city.

PROBE: What were your parents like?

SALLY: My father was an insurance salesman. They were both good people. They cared about me a lot, though I certainly didn't realize it at the time . . . I had a lot of problems with my parents when I was growing up. I had an older sister who was killed in a car accident when I was 11 right after she married a medical student from Northwestern. From that point on, everything sort of went downhill at home.

PROBE: Do you think you might have resented your parents for trying to mold you in your sister's image?

SALLY: To an extent. But it's a lot more complicated than all of that vague psychoanalytic crap. After Linda died—Linda was my sister—we all sort of realized what was out there, you know? What we could expect. From that point on, nobody really seemed to care about anything. We were zombies for four years. That's why I had to leave.

PROBE: You ran away from home?

SALLY: Yeah, when I was 16. I went to New York. Never came back.

PROBE: What was it like?

SALLY: Well, for me it was fantastic. It was very liberating. I was lucky. To this day I thank God that I never wound up dead in some alley two weeks after I hit the city.

PROBE: How did you make ends meet in New York?

SALLY: Odd jobs, here and there.

PROBE: I hate to ask, but our readers will want to know. Prostitution?

SALLY: No, never, though I had more than enough offers. I waitressed and danced in clubs mostly. And then, I met Larry while dancing in a club called "Stage Left" just outside of Times Square.

PROBE: "Larry," meaning Laurence Schexnayder, your long-time business agent

" Well, for me it was fantastic. It was very liberating. I was lucky..."

and ex-husband?

SALLY: Yeah. If I had the sense then that I have now, I never would have gotten involved with Larry . . . not because he turned out to be a bad person or anything. I mean, we've had our differences of opinion over the years, but I still think Larry basically wants what's best for me and always has . . . I just wouldn't have gotten involved with him because at the time I met him, he fit the profile of the typical creep, you know?, though at the time I was too naive to realize it. You know, an older guy coming around to the clubs and hanging around with the younger girls.

PROBE: How long after you met Larry did the two of you begin working to create the identity of the Silk Spectre?

SALLY: Probably about a year. The Hooded Justice started the whole "costumed hero" thing in '38, I think it was. That was when Larry started to get his ideas. I think the Silk Spectre's first real "case" was in December of 1938.

PROBE: How do you respond to those who have alleged that many of your early cases were "fixed" and that Laurence Schexnayder simply hired actors to pose as thugs so you could defeat them and gain publicity?

SALLY: Of course they were fixed! I wasn't a boxer or a martial artist or anything. I was a nightclub dancer. The earliest cases were all fixed. Just before the Minutemen started though, I began to train long and hard. All of the Minutemen cases were real, but the early cases were definitely fixed.

– PROBE
SEPTEMBER 1976

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 moniker 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 of a 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.

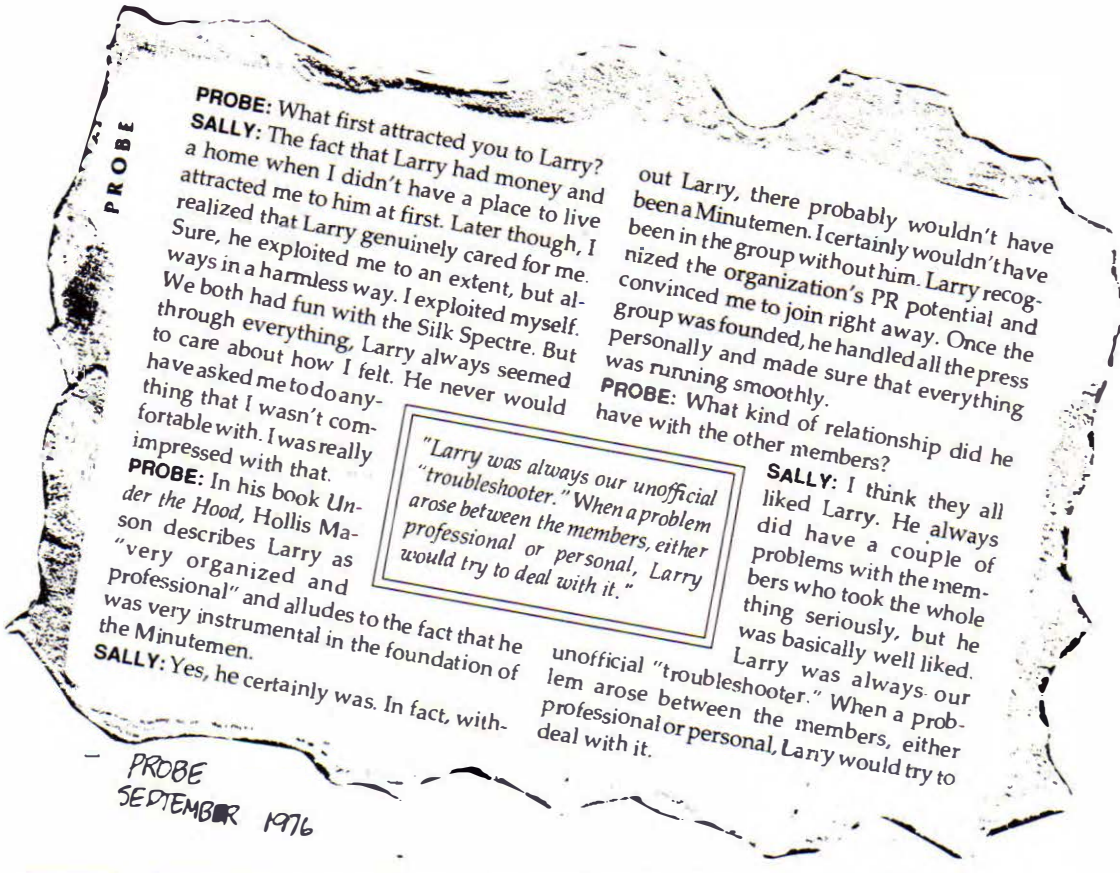
"It's called 'Silk Spectre: The Sally Jupiter Story," enthuses Sally, "and it's already in the planning stages. Larry and I have met with Mr. King Taylor of Hollywood, and everybody's very excited about it all."

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!

DAILY WORLD
JANUARY 12, 1939

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?

– ZELDA GOTTFRIED'S
"ABOUT THE TOWN" COLUMN
JANUARY 3, 1940



PROBE

PROBE: What first attracted you to Larry?

SALLY: The fact that Larry had money and a home when I didn't have a place to live attracted me to him at first. Later though, I realized that Larry genuinely cared for me. Sure, he exploited me to an extent, but always in a harmless way. I exploited myself. We both had fun with the Silk Spectre. But through everything, Larry always seemed to care about how I felt. He never would have asked me to do anything that I wasn't comfortable with. I was really impressed with that.

PROBE: In his book *Under the Hood*, Hollis Mason describes Larry as "very organized and professional" and alludes to the fact that he was very instrumental in the foundation of the Minutemen.

SALLY: Yes, he certainly was. In fact, without Larry, there probably wouldn't have been a Minutemen. I certainly wouldn't have been in the group without him. Larry recognized the organization's PR potential and convinced me to join right away. Once the group was founded, he handled all the press personally and made sure that everything was running smoothly.

PROBE: What kind of relationship did he have with the other members?

SALLY: I think they all liked Larry. He always did have a couple of problems with the members who took the whole thing seriously, but he was basically well liked. Larry was always our unofficial "troubleshooter." When a problem arose between the members, either professional or personal, Larry would try to deal with it.

"Larry was always our unofficial "troubleshooter." When a problem arose between the members, either professional or personal, Larry would try to deal with it."

PROBE
SEPTEMBER 1976

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

CTRE 1

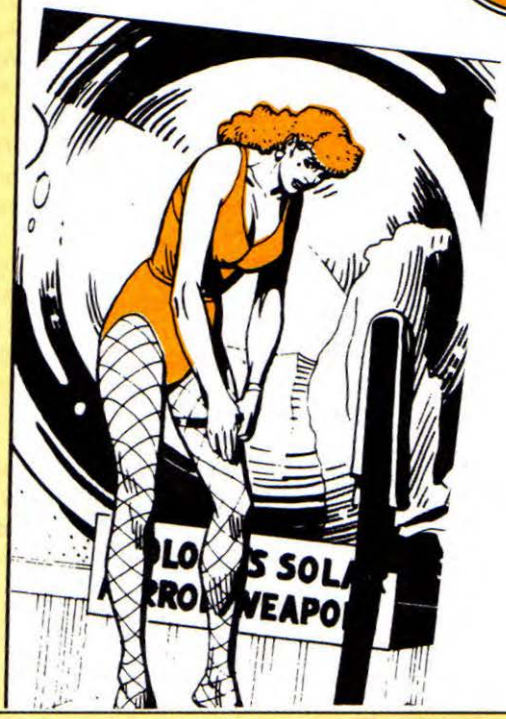
Sal and Larry 8-22-45

Hi, 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 jumking 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



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SALLY JUPITER: LAW IN ITS LINGERIE - King Taylor Prod.
SCENE #22A (contd)

KT PRODUCTIONS

1 INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

RATSO and KLINGER are carrying the heavy wooden crate into the warehouse. They set it down and walk over to a nearby table. KLINGER takes a deck of cards out of his pocket while RATSO wipes sweat from his brow. SILK SPECTRE suddenly jumps out of the crate and points a gun at RATSO and KLINGER.

SPECTRE
Not so fast, boys. I think you better tell me where your boss is hiding.

RATSO
(eyeing SPECTRE)
Hubba, Hubba!

KLINGER
You fool, that's no ordinary dame! That's the Silk Spectre! She's captured half the mugs in Sing Sing!

SPECTRE
That's right. Now tell me where he is.

Just as she finishes her line, RATSO swings a packing crane over to her, knocking the gun out of her hand. RATSO and KLINGER rush her and all three join in a knock-down, drag-out brawl. After two minutes of screen time, SPECTRE is knocked unconscious by a wrench wielded by an off-camera WELDON. WELDON enters.

RATSO
Boy, you got here just in time Mr. Weldon!

WELDON
Yeah, that dame was handling the both of you.
Quick, take this rope and tie her up!

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 stunt woman 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.

– NEW YORK GAZETTE
MAY 4, 1946

Only a few years after *Famous Funnies*, a very direct ancestor of today's underground comics appeared. *The Eight-Pagers* (also called *Tijuana Bibles*) were wallet-sized comics, mainly sexual in content and never available on the open market. No one knows exactly where they came from, although their name implies the source was Tijuana, Mexico, where liberal sexual attitudes supposedly awaited the American tourist.

The *Eight-Pagers* presented quite a number of characters: famous American outlaws, movie actors and actresses, even copies of "straight" comic characters. The artwork varied widely, and the best samples of the genre conveyed a real feeling of watching the well-known person or comic character offstage, as it were.

– HISTORY OF UNDERGROUND COMICS
BY MARK JAMES ESTREN;
RONIN PRESS, 1974

Silk Spectre becomes Minuteman mother

BURBANK, CA (AP)—Sally Jupiter, Silk Spectre of the Minutemen, and her husband Larry Schexnayder became the proud parents of a seven-pound, three-ounce baby girl yesterday afternoon in Burbank. The proud papa told reporters shortly after the birth that the couple had decided to name their pride and joy Laurel Jane.

– NEW YORK GAZETTE
DECEMBER 2, 1949

PROBE

"... 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: 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 like 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 have 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.

– PROBE
SEPTEMBER 1976

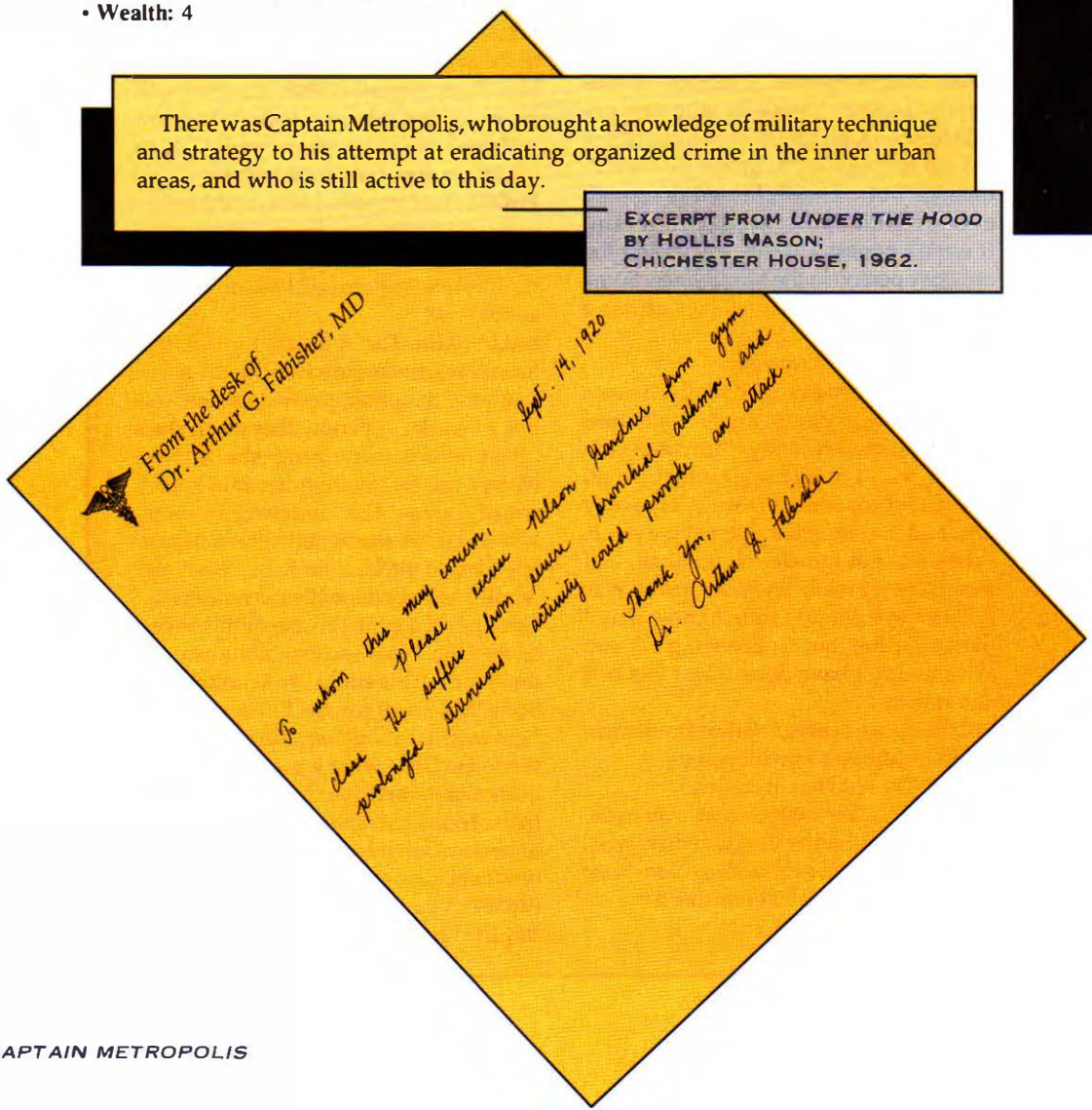
CAPTAIN METROPOLIS

DEX:	4	STR:	4	BODY:	3
INT:	4	WILL:	4	MIND:	3
INFL:	3	AURA:	3	SPIRIT:	3
INIT:	13			HERO POINTS:	30

- **Skills:**
  Detective: 4, Martial Artist: 5, Medicine (First Aid): 3, Military Science: 4, Weaponry: 4
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Military (Low), New York Police Department (Low), Street (Low)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Dark Secret; Guilt; Secret Identity
- **Equipment:**
  .38 Revolver [BODY: 5, EV: 5, R#: 2]
  Handcuffs (x4) [STR: 6, BODY: 6]
  Minutemen Communicator [BODY: 1] Range equals 4 miles (12 APs).
- **Alter Ego:** Nelson Gardner
- **Motivation:** Seeking Justice
- **Occupation:** Soldier/Security Consultant
- **Wealth:** 4

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.

EXCERPT FROM *UNDER THE HOOD* BY HOLLIS MASON; CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.



Straw Valley School System

Student Evaluation

Subject: Nelson Gardner

Teacher: Melissa Murphy

Date: March 16, 1921

Comments:

Nelson is an excellent student. His early reading comprehension and mathematics evaluations lead me to believe that he is probably the top student in his class. Any problems he has stem from the fact that the other students constantly tease him. Nelson is somewhat sickly and unable to participate in physical activities. The constant teasing has a profound impact upon the boy and his ability to concentrate on his studies.

140-2 GARDNER, NELSON

From the desk of
Dr. Arthur G. Fabisher, MD

Mr. Gardner, Sept. 13, 1924

I agree that Nelson's progress to date has been remarkable, although I am still a little reluctant to give him an OK for the race on Sunday. Prolonged cardiovascular activity could still bring on a severe attack.

Unfortunately, after speaking with Nelson yesterday, I see that there is almost no way I can refuse to allow him to run. Participating in this race would do wonders for his confidence and self-esteem, two traits that will need to serve him well if he is going to make a complete recovery.

Go ahead and allow Nelson to run his race. I will be here myself just in case anything happens.

Sincerely,
Dr. Arthur G. Fabisher

Annual steeple chase run in Straw Valley

STRAW VALLEY, Mi—The annual steeple chase run by the Straw Valley School Board each year to benefit the orphans of St. Albert's was held in Garden Green last Sunday before an enthusiastic crowd of well over five hundred. Once again, the race was a rousing success.

Competitors from grade schools all over the county darted over fences and ponds, while their mothers sold pies and cookies to benefit the orphanage. In the end, more than $200 was raised for the children of St. Albert's, who were all invited to a post-race carnival gala.

In the end, the grueling race was won by Marvin Bellows from Straw Valley JC. Marvin received his first place medal from Mayor Michael Dunhill just after noon, signaling the start of the carnival.

The only drop of rain that fell on the entire parade came when one of the competitors collapsed with an asthmatic attack shortly after the start of the race. Fortunately, Dr. Arthur Fabisher was on hand to tend to the poor fellow.

-STRAW VALLEY EXAMINER
SEPTEMBER 17, 1924

CHESTERFIELD COLLEGE
CHESTERFIELD, MICHIGAN

April 14, 1929

Dear Mr. Gardner,

We are honored that you have chosen to make Chesterfield your first choice and cannot wait to see you here in the fall.

Please contact Miss Maggie Meadows at the office of admissions in regard to your dormitory assignment and financial arrangement.

We know you will make us all proud.

Sincerely,

Dr. Martin Frobe
Dean of Students

CHESTERFIELD GOPHERS - 1933 ROSTER
CHESTERFIELD COLLEGE

NAME	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	POS	#
ALLEN, ROD	5'10"	162	K	1
BURTON, BILL	5'10"	170	QB	4
TOMARSKY, BOB	6'1"	175	QB	7
TAYLOR, BOB	6'1"	225	G	14
KARH, BILL	6'2"	235	G	16
MCLEES, ROB	6'1"	210	G	18
FABIAN, JOE	6'3"	240	C	19
FABIAN, MIKE	6'2"	220	T	23
KUBASIK, CHRIS	6'1"	210	T	25
GORDEN, GREG	6'3"	235	T	29
LEFF, JOE	6'2"	235	T	32
JEREMY, ED	6'0"	185	E	34
OLSEN, GEORGE	5'10"	169	E	37
BAKER, JACK	5'11"	185	TE	41
LEASON, JEFF	5'9"	158	E	43
HATFIELD, DICK	6'1"	195	FB	45
ROTELLI, TONY	5'10"	185	TB	49
GARDNER, NELSON	5'10"	180	TB	51
THOMPSON, MIKE	5'11"	185	TB	53
JUE, JAMES	5'9"	160	K	56
FIELDS, RICH	5'6"	140	K	58
FAHEY, FRANK	6'2"	230	DE	62
RIDENHOUR, CARL	6'1"	211	DE	64
DRAYTON, BILL	6'3"	240	DE	67
ROGERS, NORM	6'0"	220	DT	70
MCDANIELS, DAN	6'2"	235	DT	71
SIMMONS, JOE	6'2"	230	DT	72
HOOPER, TIM	6'0"	200	LB	75
CECIL, HANK	5'11"	180	LB	77
WISHER, STEVE	6'1"	210	LB	78
MASON, HAL	6'0"	185	LB	79
JONES, JACK	6'1"	205	LB	80
SMITTEK, JIM	5'9"	165	CB	82
SHOCKLEY, JASON	5'10"	165	CB	83

Gophers lose State College title on dropped pass

ANN ARBOR—Everything you've heard is true. The Gophers went down in crushing defeat yesterday in the final seconds of the fourth quarter when halfback Nelson Gardner dropped a sure touchdown pass on fourth down.

The first score of the game came early in the first quarter when Gopher kicker Rich Fields booted a 31-yard field goal that was set up by Tony Rotelli's forty-yard scamper on the Gopher's first play from scrimmage. Blakely came back in the second quarter with a field goal of their own, but the Gophers held the lead at half time thanks to a 32-yard Bill Burton to Ed Jeremy touchdown pass and Rich Field's conversion.

Scoring in the second half was static, until Blakely put up their own touchdown late in the third quarter. Then, on the opening play of the Gopher's next drive, Burton fumbled the ball on a naked bootleg, allowing Blakely to recover and score a quick touchdown. The Gophers had the ball on the Blakely 31-yard line in the final minutes of the game with a chance to tie when Gardner dropped Burton's perfectly thrown fourth down pass.

Gardner, a late season addition to the team, saw his first action of the season late in the game. The dropped pass was the first and only ball thrown in his direction all year.

– CHESTERFIELD DAILY READER
NOVEMBER 11, 1933

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
ENLISTMENT PAPERS

Candidate's Name: NELSON GARDNER
Candidate's Father's Name: ALBERT GARDNER
Father's Service Record: N/A
Candidate's Birthdate: 11/08/12
Date: 22/06/34 Recruiter: SGT. THOMAS BASCOMB
DETROIT, MICH.

I, NELSON GARDNER hereby pledge to uphold all the standards and regulations of the United States Marine Corps and to act with dignity and honor in the service of my country. I have read my enlistment agreement and understand the terms. I am signing this accord of my own free will, in sound mind and body.

Nelson Gardner

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

DEPARTMENTAL POSTING ORDERS

ISSUED: 06/12/34

LT. NELSON GARDNER
(XM66579-002):

You are to report to Annapolis Maryland by 10/12.
From there you will ship out to join the Service Staff of the Marine Postal Depot in Farley, North Carolina.
Your train to NC leaves at 0900 on 10/12.

Your official attachment is to the 415th infantry regiment.
Your position: Maintenance Supervisor.

Major G. Holland
Major G. Holland

~~Capt~~

7 Jan 1935

Dear Mom and Dad,

Your son is now a lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps! I finally finished officer training and shipped out to my first real posting. For the next ten months, I am going to be stationed in Guantanamo Bay in Cuba. Where I will receive instruction in field artillery. Once my training has been completed, I join the 45th Battery as a junior staff officer! If only my friends could see me now!

Although I'm in Cuba, continue to address any letters you send to 3rd Division Headquarters in Parris. We move around a lot down here, and they'll see that the mail gets sent to the right place.

I hope Aunt Frida is okay (tell her I said "Hi"). I heard about the nasty trouble with her gallbladder.

Anyway. I've got to go now. Say "Hi" to everyone for me and I should see you in December when I get leave.

Love,
Nelly

1 Mar 1938

Dear Mom and Pal,

I finally got back from the Philippines last Tuesday. When I arrived, my discharge papers were waiting for me. I should be back in Straw Valley in two weeks.

I've been giving a lot of thought to the question of what to do back in the States, and I've decided that I'd like to cash in on my military experience and become an independent security consultant. Of course this means that I'll have to move away from home (no one really needs a security consultant in Straw Valley), but I'll be my own boss, so I can get time off to come back for all the holidays.

I think I'll move to New York.

Anyway, I've got to go now, so I'll see you soon.

Love,

Nelly

HONORABLE DISCHARGE

From the Marine Corps of the United States of America

This is to certify that

NELSON GARDNER, LIEUTENANT XM66579-002

was Honorably Discharged from the

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

on the 22nd *day of* December 1937 *This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service*

MAJOR G. HOLLAND
Ft. Whitman, Farley, N. Carolina

256 MC

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT RECORD - SAFEGUARD IT!

Mysterious vigilante stops robbery

QUEENS—A routine armed assault on a couple returning home from the theater was foiled last night by a large man who, according to witnesses, "dropped into the alleyway from above with something over his face." Witnesses' descriptions of the vigilante range from a tall wrestler in black trunks all the way up to the "Grim Reaper himself." Police have no leads as to the man's identity.

The three assailants who were conducting the assault were all severely beaten by the mysterious hooded figure. All three are now hospitalized at Our Lady of Mercy. Doctors believe there is a chance that one of the assailants will lose the use of both legs due to a horrible spinal injury he suffered at the hands of the vigilante.

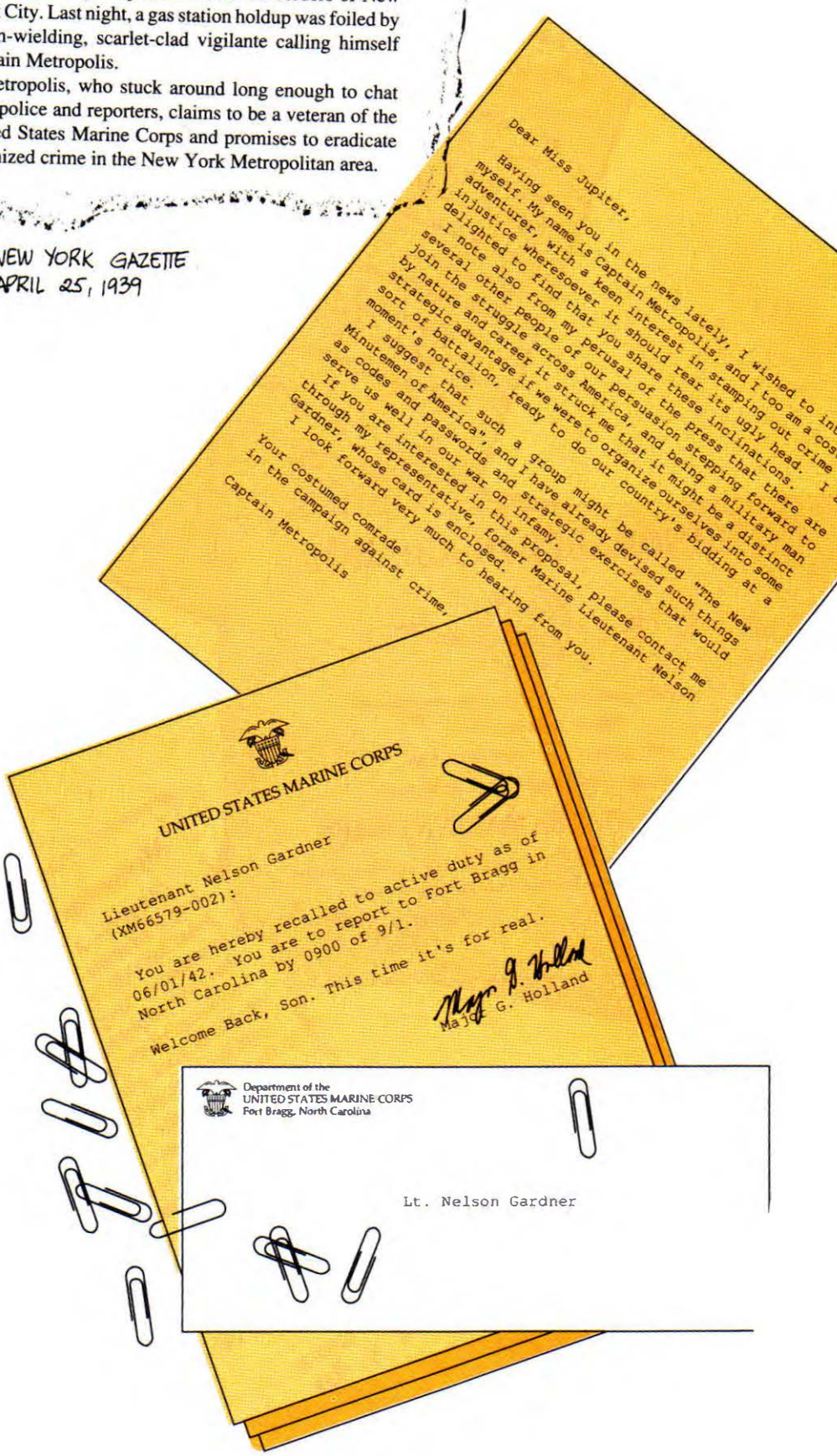
NEW YORK GAZETTE — OCTOBER 14, 1938

Jersey gets Costumed Crusader of its own

HOBOKEN—It had to happen. The costumed hero fad is beginning to spread outside the borders of New York City. Last night, a gas station holdup was foiled by a gun-wielding, scarlet-clad vigilante calling himself Captain Metropolis.

Metropolis, who stuck around long enough to chat with police and reporters, claims to be a veteran of the United States Marine Corps and promises to eradicate organized crime in the New York Metropolitan area.

– NEW YORK GAZETTE
APRIL 25, 1939



IN METROPOLIS

January 3rd, 1946

Dear Sally,
I said take a little time off to relax. I didn't tell you to go AWOL. Do you have any idea what's going on back here?
Nelly and HJ are going at it again. Nelly calls me at all hours of the night with the same old story—"Oh, he doesn't love me anymore!" and "Larry, I don't know what I'd do without you" and "Larry, I've got to show him that I've never told anyone before" and all the rest. This one ended with "Larry, I've told you things work" or something. I don't know what to do. The whole thing is really starting to become a big problem. Christ, Nelly's likable enough. Why doesn't he just try to be himself and forget everybody else?
And at the same time, the Gazette just decided to pull the HJ-Hitler thing out of the clear blue sky and have another go with it. There's no way I'll ever get HJ in front of a full press conference for a retraction, so I've just got to do the best I can.
Anyway, get back here ASAP before things completely fall apart!

With fond regards,

Larry

FREE COPY

THE HARLEM TEETOTALER
The Thinking Man's Underground *Newspaper!*
May 16, 1948

THE HARLEM TEETOTALER

Mothman SLUGS Captain Metropolis for insulting black folk

You've all read about the scuffle between Mothman and Captain Metropolis that broke out in front of Minutemen headquarters last night. But you didn't read about what really caused it.

Just before the scuffle started, Captain Metropolis insulted a Negro cab driver who dared to park in front of a puddle. As he was climbing into the cab, Metropolis had failed to see the puddle and had splashed mud on his costume. As Metropolis was making his racist remarks, Mothman verbally warned him and then struck him in the face, setting off a furious brawl which was broken up by police about fifteen minutes later (fellow Minuteman Hooded Justice stood nearby and laughed throughout the entire melee).

We have been well aware of The Hooded Justice's racist beliefs and attitudes ever since he first became a murky presence in our city. Now, it seems that The Justice has won Captain Metropolis over as the first of his bigoted and ignorant disciples.

In this age where the police are relying more and more upon the so-called "costumed adventurers" to supplement their forces, who will stand up for us? Who will guarantee us our constitutional rights the next time The Hooded Justice comes looking for a suspect or when Captain Metropolis needs to scare up some publicity? Is one sympathetic ear in the costumed crowd enough?

And what of the "legitimate" press? The conversation between the so-called "heroes" and the cabdriver was overheard by at least twenty five people. Everyone knew what caused the brawl. Yet none of the major newspapers made mention of any of these facts.

PROBE

PROBE: Why wasn't there an effort to reorganize the Minutemen after you and the others became active in the early 1960s?
VEIDT: Oh there was. In 1966, Captain Metropolis got all of us together for a meeting and laid out his plans for a new hero group called the "Crimebusters."
PROBE: Who was there?
VEIDT: Myself, Rorschach, Nite Owl, Comedian . . . Silk Spectre, and Doctor Manhattan, although I might be forgetting somebody.
PROBE: So what happened?
VEIDT: Well, I think we all sort of realized almost immediately that the world of 1966 was quite a bit different from the world of 1939. Things just weren't right for another group effort and all the publicity and ballyhoo that would have surrounded it.
PROBE: How far did the Crimebusters get?
VEIDT: Oh, there was just the one meeting. But it was certainly an educational meeting . . . very educational.

- PROBE JANUARY 1976

Hero dies in car crash

NEW JERSEY—The "superhero" and co-founder of the Minutemen known as Captain Metropolis was killed yesterday when the car he was driving spun off an embankment on the New Jersey Turnpike and caught fire. Although the roads were wet and slippery, Metropolis' vehicle was traveling at an estimated speed of 75 MPH when the accident occurred.

New Jersey State Police reportedly found a charred scrap of paper clutched in Captain Metropolis' hand which was rendered illegible by the flames.

After recovering the body, police quickly discovered Captain Metropolis' true identity, although thus far they are refusing to release any information to the press.

- NEW YORK GAZETTE OCTOBER 4, 1972

DOLLAR BILL

DEX:	5	STR:	4	BODY:	5
INT:	3	WILL:	4	MIND:	4
INFL:	4	AURA:	5	SPIRIT:	4
INIT: 14				HERO POINTS:	30

- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics: 3, Char sma (Persuasion): 5, Martial Artist: 5
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: First National Bank of New York (High), Professional Athletes (Low); Rich Friends; Scholar (sports)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Secret Identity; Miscellaneous: Dollar Bill was bound to the whims of the First National Bank of New York.
- **Equipment:**
  COSTUME [*DEX: 4*, BODY: 3]
  Dollar Bill's costume reduces his DEX to 4, but does not alter his BODY. The costume has a BODY of 3.
  Minutemen Communicator [BODY: 1] Range equals 4 miles (12 APs).
- **Alter Ego:** Bill Brady
- **Motivation:** Upholding the Good
- **Occupation:** Athlete/Commercial Spokesman
- **Wealth:** 6

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 fad 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.

EXCERPT FROM *UNDER THE HOOD* BY HOLLIS MASON; CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.

Brady does it again!

ANN ARBOR—"They shouldn't be upset, they played hard." That's how Kansas State quarterback Bill Brady assessed the efforts of the Michigan defenders just minutes after upsetting the Wolverines 17—14 last Saturday in Ann Arbor.

But despite Brady's pronouncement, there are bound to be a few long faces among the blue and gold this week as the Wolverines prepare to square off against the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame, now a must-win to keep their play-off hopes alive.

Long face candidates include:

—Michigan safety Todd Worrell who was the fourth tackler to miss Brady when he executed a perfect keeper and ran around end for a second quarter touchdown,

—Michigan tight end Tony Ross who dropped a sure touchdown pass in the closing minutes of the first half—a touchdown that would have led Michigan to victory,

—Michigan defensive end Anton Edwards who watched Brady slip out of his grasp on a broken fourth-down pass play only to scamper for a quick first-down, setting up the Kansas field goal, and

—Michigan linebacker Carl Turrock who bought a Brady fake run, opening up Kansas tight end Walt Withers for an easy touchdown pass with just over four minutes left in the game.

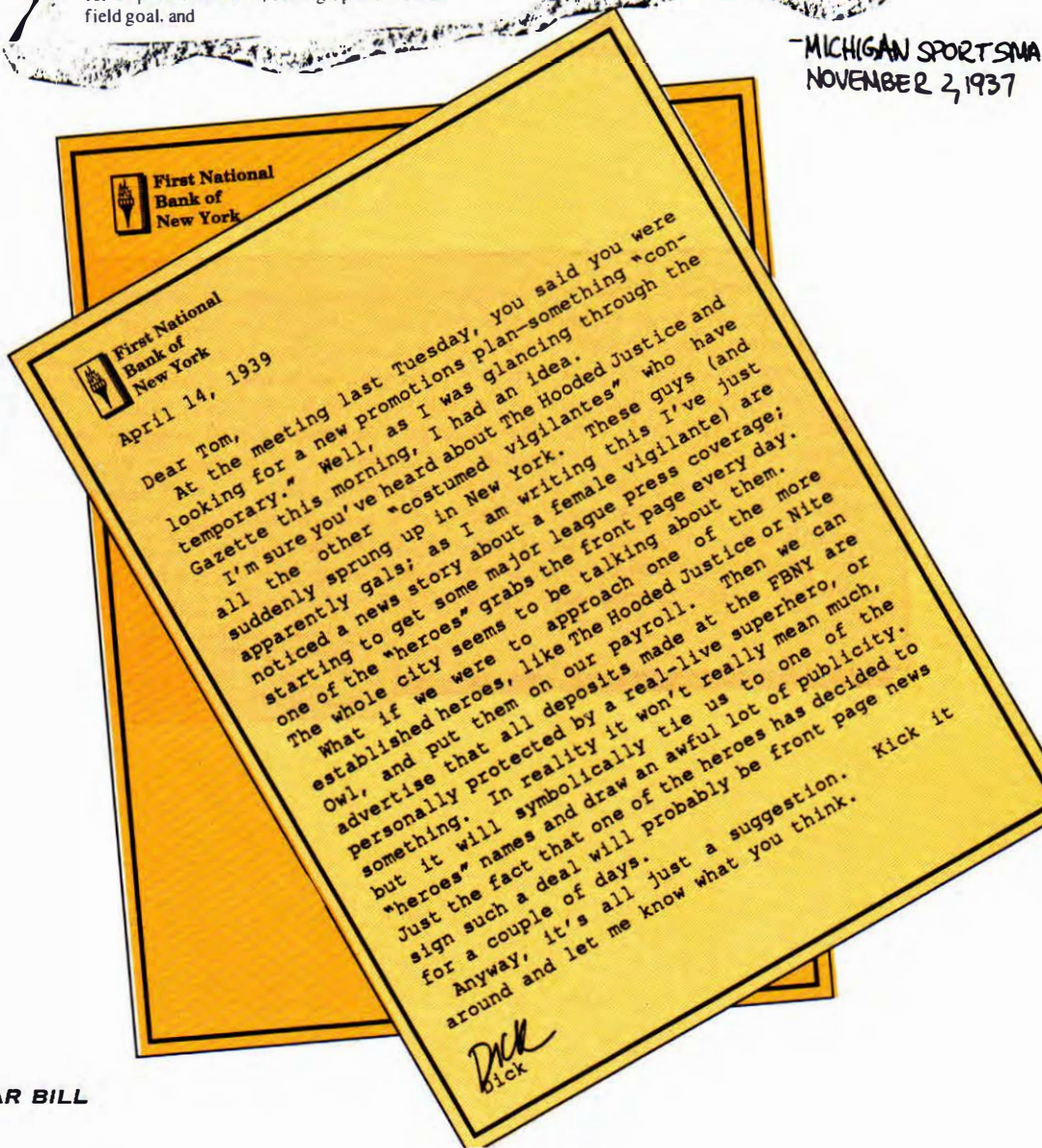
"Brady's a good player, don't get me wrong," said defensive end Edwards after the game, "but what really made him unstoppable today was just old-fashioned incredible luck. Every time we had him on the ropes and were about to go in for the sack, one of us would trip or something. It was almost uncanny."

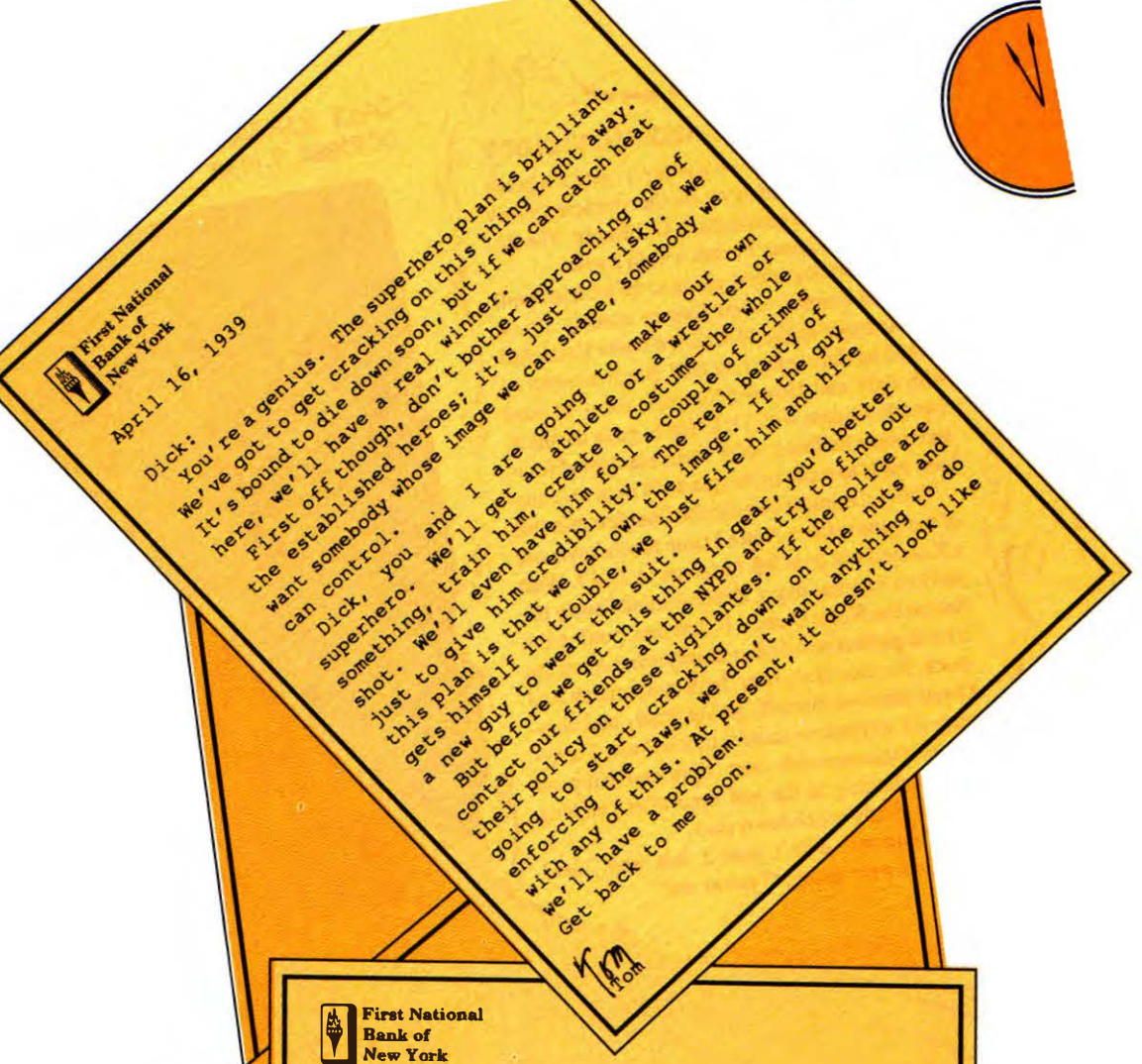
Almost uncanny? Well maybe. It's a phrase that is being used more and more to describe this Omaha youngster and his unique athletic abilities. Bill Brady is quickly building a reputation as the master of the comeback, the man you send in when all else has failed. And so far, has yet to let anyone down.

I asked him about his reputation and unique gifts just after the Michigan game. "There's no secret," he said, "Just play hard and hope for the best."

Brady's philosophy is simple and effective. It makes me wonder where Michigan went wrong: didn't they play hard enough or didn't they hope hard enough.

—MICHIGAN SPORTSMAN
NOVEMBER 2, 1937





First National Bank of New York

April 16, 1939

Dick:

You're a genius. The superhero plan is brilliant. We've got to get cracking on this thing right away. It's bound to die down soon, but if we can catch heat here, we'll have a real winner.

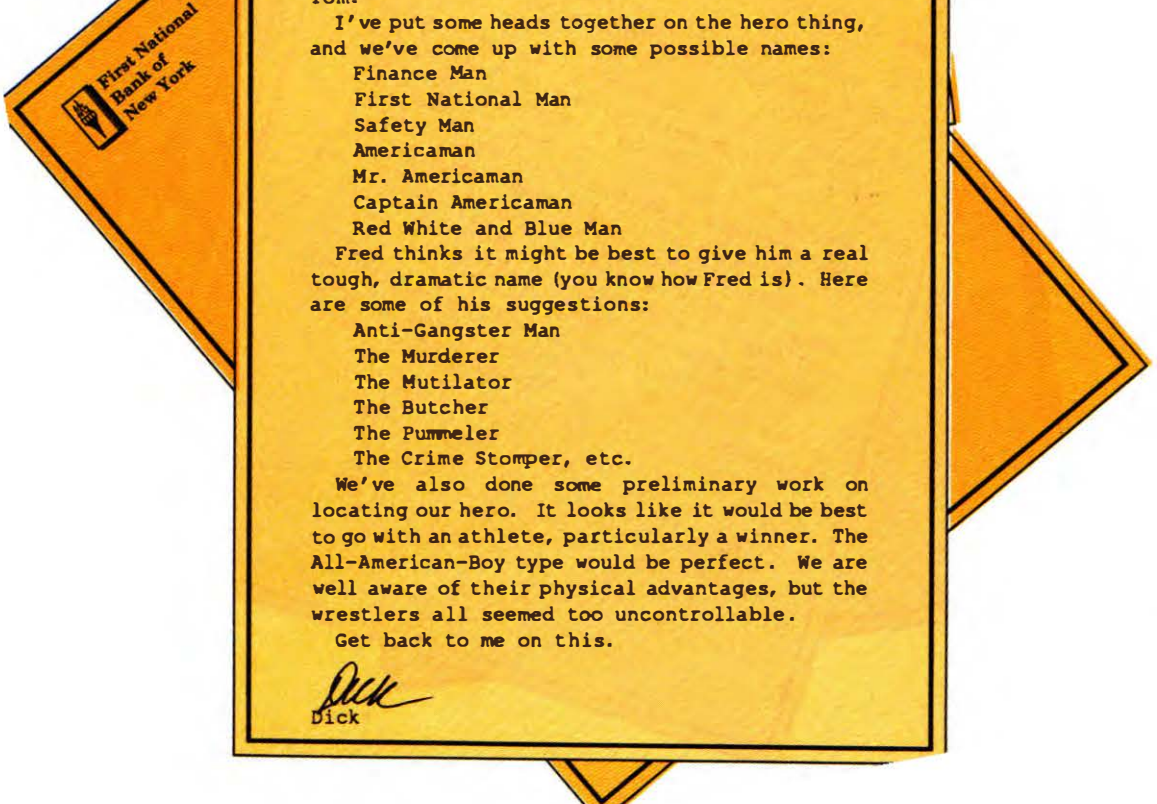
First off though, don't bother approaching one of the established heroes; it's just too risky. We want somebody whose image we can shape, somebody we can control.

Dick, you and I are going to make our own superhero. We'll get an athlete or a wrestler or something, train him, create a costume—the whole shot. We'll even have him foil a couple of crimes just to give him credibility. The real beauty of this plan is that we can own the image. If the guy gets himself in trouble, we just fire him and hire a new guy to wear the suit.

But before we get this thing in gear, you'd better contact our friends at the NYPD and try to find out their policy on these vigilantes. If the police are going to start cracking down on the nuts and enforcing the laws, we don't want anything to do with any of this. At present, it doesn't look like we'll have a problem.

Get back to me soon.

Tom



First National Bank of New York

April 21, 1939

Tom:

I've put some heads together on the hero thing, and we've come up with some possible names:

- Finance Man
- First National Man
- Safety Man
- Americaman
- Mr. Americaman
- Captain Americaman
- Red White and Blue Man

Fred thinks it might be best to give him a real tough, dramatic name (you know how Fred is). Here are some of his suggestions:

- Anti-Gangster Man
- The Murderer
- The Mutilator
- The Butcher
- The Pummeler
- The Crime Stomper, etc.

We've also done some preliminary work on locating our hero. It looks like it would be best to go with an athlete, particularly a winner. The All-American-Boy type would be perfect. We are well aware of their physical advantages, but the wrestlers all seemed too uncontrollable.

Get back to me on this.

Dick

- DAILY KANSAN
OCTOBER 7, 1938

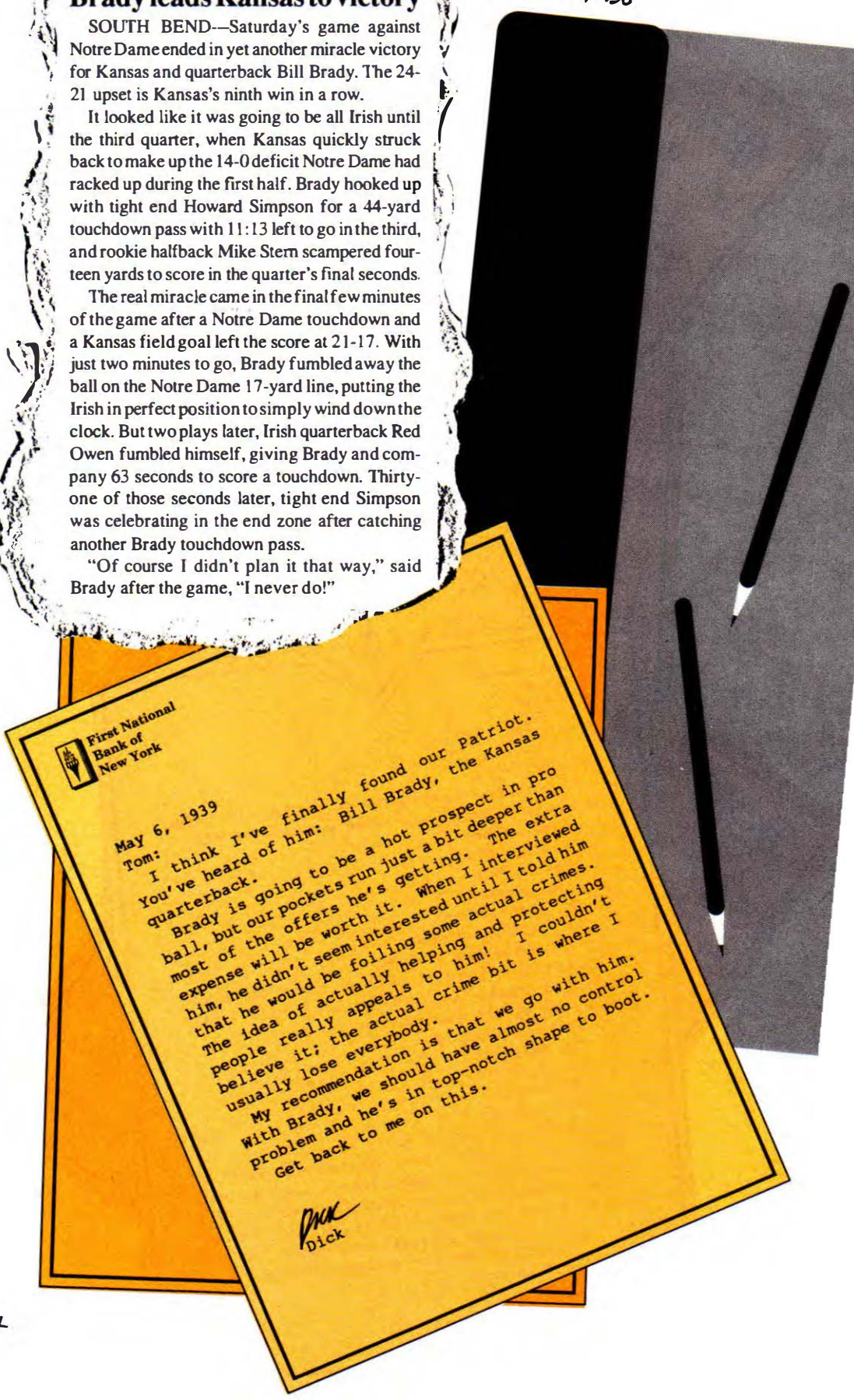
Brady leads Kansas to victory

SOUTH BEND—Saturday's game against Notre Dame ended in yet another miracle victory for Kansas and quarterback Bill Brady. The 24-21 upset is Kansas's ninth win in a row.

It looked like it was going to be all Irish until the third quarter, when Kansas quickly struck back to make up the 14-0 deficit Notre Dame had racked up during the first half. Brady hooked up with tight end Howard Simpson for a 44-yard touchdown pass with 11:13 left to go in the third, and rookie halfback Mike Stern scampered fourteen yards to score in the quarter's final seconds.

The real miracle came in the final few minutes of the game after a Notre Dame touchdown and a Kansas field goal left the score at 21-17. With just two minutes to go, Brady fumbled away the ball on the Notre Dame 17-yard line, putting the Irish in perfect position to simply wind down the clock. But two plays later, Irish quarterback Red Owen fumbled himself, giving Brady and company 63 seconds to score a touchdown. Thirty-one of those seconds later, tight end Simpson was celebrating in the end zone after catching another Brady touchdown pass.

"Of course I didn't plan it that way," said Brady after the game, "I never do!"



First National Bank of New York

May 6, 1939

Tom:

I think I've finally found our Patriot. You've heard of him: Bill Brady, the Kansas quarterback.

Brady is going to be a hot prospect in pro ball, but our pockets run just a bit deeper than most of the offers he's getting. The extra expense will be worth it. When I interviewed him, he didn't seem interested until I told him that he would be foiling some actual crimes. The idea of actually helping and protecting people really appeals to him! I couldn't believe it; the actual crime bit is where I usually lose everybody.

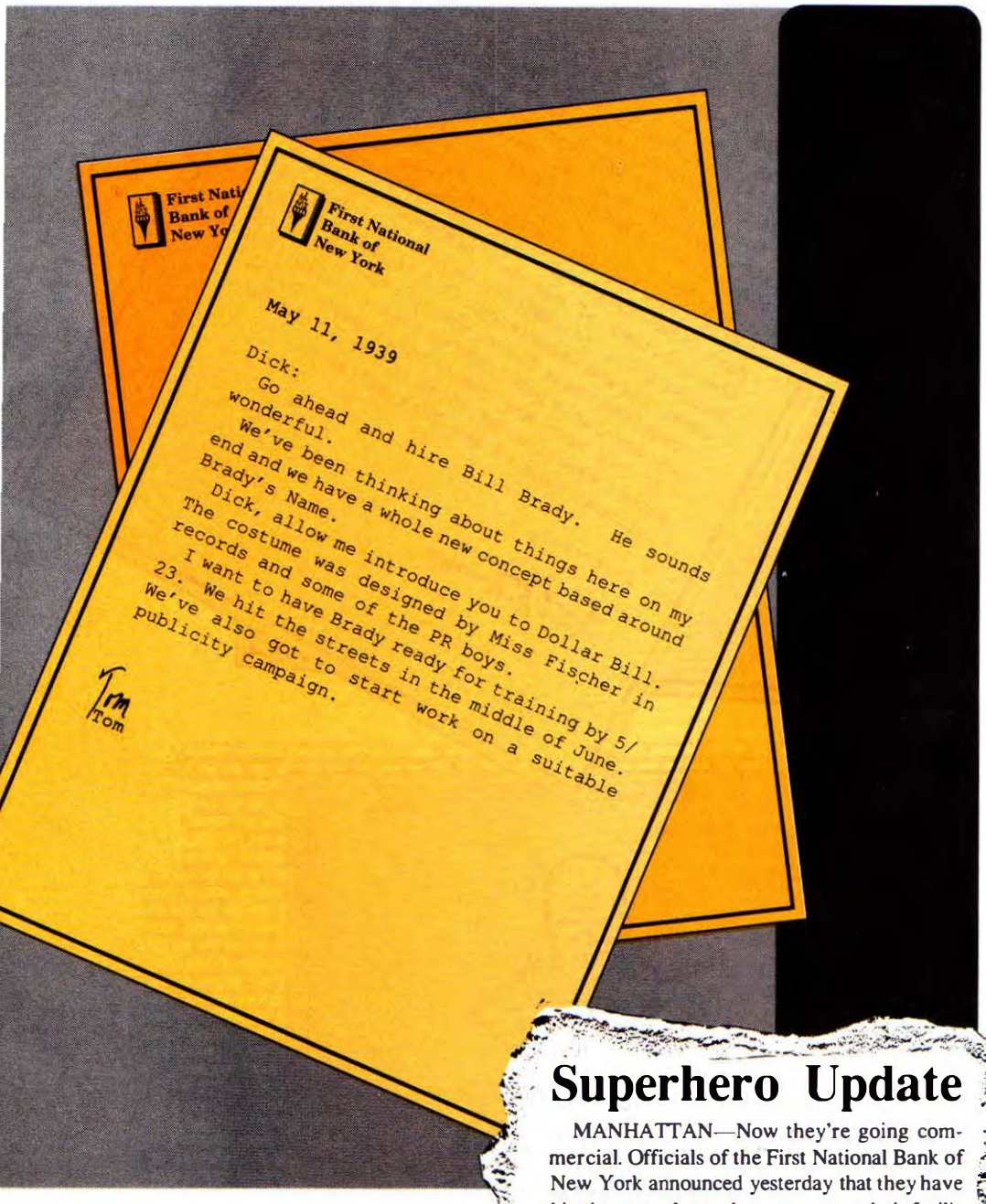
My recommendation is that we go with him. With Brady, we should have almost no control problem and he's in top-notch shape to boot.

Get back to me on this.

Dick

Dick

LLAR BILL



Superhero Update

MANHATTAN—Now they're going commercial. Officials of the First National Bank of New York announced yesterday that they have hired an actual superhero to protect their facilities. His name is Dollar Bill and FBNY officials promise that while patrolling his "beat," Bill will pay special attention to FBNY branch banks and their neighborhoods.

At the press conference unveiling Bill, bank officials showed a film of the new hero stopping an actual Manhattan mugging. The highlight showed one of the street thieves pinning Dollar Bill to the ground and squeezing the trigger of his .38 over the hero's head, only to discover that the gun was out of ammunition.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
JUNE 16, 1939

First National Bank of New York

First National Bank of New York

September 11, 1939

Dear Mr. Schexnayder:

It has come to our attention that you are presently involved in an attempt to organize a team of costumed heroes bent on safeguarding New York City. We are also aware that you have slated Hooded Justice, Nite Owl, Captain Metropolis and Silk Spectre for inclusion in this team.

With this letter, we at the First National Bank of New York would like to offer your group the services of our own resident superhero Dollar Bill. In addition to his crimefighting expertise and experience, Bill is also a widely recognized media figure who will no doubt bring some favorable publicity to your organization. If you have any questions, please contact either myself or Mr. Dick Loomis at the First National Bank of New York building.

Sincerely,

Thomas G. Younger

© November 1939

First National Bank of New York

"Hey Kids!!!" DOLLAR BILL Says, "Stay Clear of the Streets"

Every year, hundreds of kids about your age are struck by motor cars and injured. Sometimes it's difficult for drivers to see you in time to stop, especially if you're a very young child or you're running.

Please. For me.
Go down to your local park and play.
There's more room to run, and you'll have a better time anyway.

This Message Paid for by The First National Bank of New York
Maintaining a Glorious Tradition for Over a Quarter of a Century

A Warning to Gangsters:
DOLLAR BILL IS BACK!

The war is over. The Nazis and Japs have been defeated. Americans everywhere are coming home.

One such American is DOLLAR BILL, who like millions of other young men left his home and loved ones to battle the Axis menace.

Now, two Purple Hearts later, DOLLAR BILL is back, and once again protecting the investments of FBNY depositors.

Isn't it time YOU went with a winner?

First National Bank of New York

© December 1945

Dollar Bill killed in bank holdup

NEW YORK (AP)—The superhero and media figure known as Dollar Bill was shot and killed yesterday during an attempted holdup of the First National Bank of New York's downtown offices.

Witnesses to the crime say that Bill caught his cape in the building's revolving door while charging in to battle the armed robbers. Unable to free himself, Bill was an easy target for the gangsters.

Police apprehended all three of the robbery suspects just ten minutes after they left the bank. The suspects are presently being held without bond at NYPD's central city lockup.

Dollar Bill is the second member of the famed Minutemen to die in just two months. Bill's controversial ex-teammate, the Silhouette, was killed by an assassin in May.

- NEW YORK GAZETTE
JULY 24, 1946

Pioneer Bowl and Brady prove winning combination

TULSA—Bill Brady again wowed gridiron fans with a last quarter come-from-behind victory to put Kansas on top of Iowa 32-21 in this year's Pioneer Bowl.

Iowa dominated the early scoring with two first-quarter TDs: one a 21-yard Everett to MacKenzie pass, the other an Everett 2-yard sneak. Iowa halfback Todd Harris added another 7 points to the team total early in the third-quarter with an 11-yard run.

Kansas opened its second half scoring frenzy with a 21-yard Jim Bailey field goal. Brady then threw four touchdown passes in a row on each of Kansas's next four possessions: two to tight end Howard Simpson, and one each to halfback Mike Stern and flanker Gary Luciano.

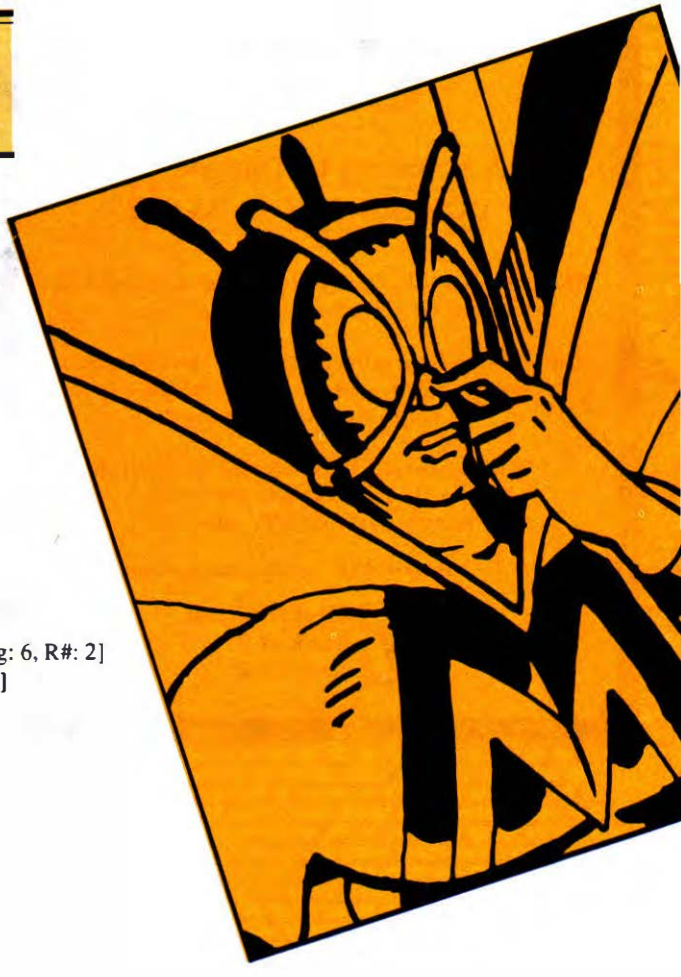
"I don't really think we played a great game today," said Brady after the contest. "We were very lucky on the pass plays. On two of the touchdowns defenders slipped and Howard misran his pattern on a third and somehow ended up in the open."

When asked if he thinks his luck will ever run out, Brady answered, "Of course it will. I just hope it holds out for the big games!"

-TULSA TIMES
DECEMBER 21, 1938

MOTHMAN

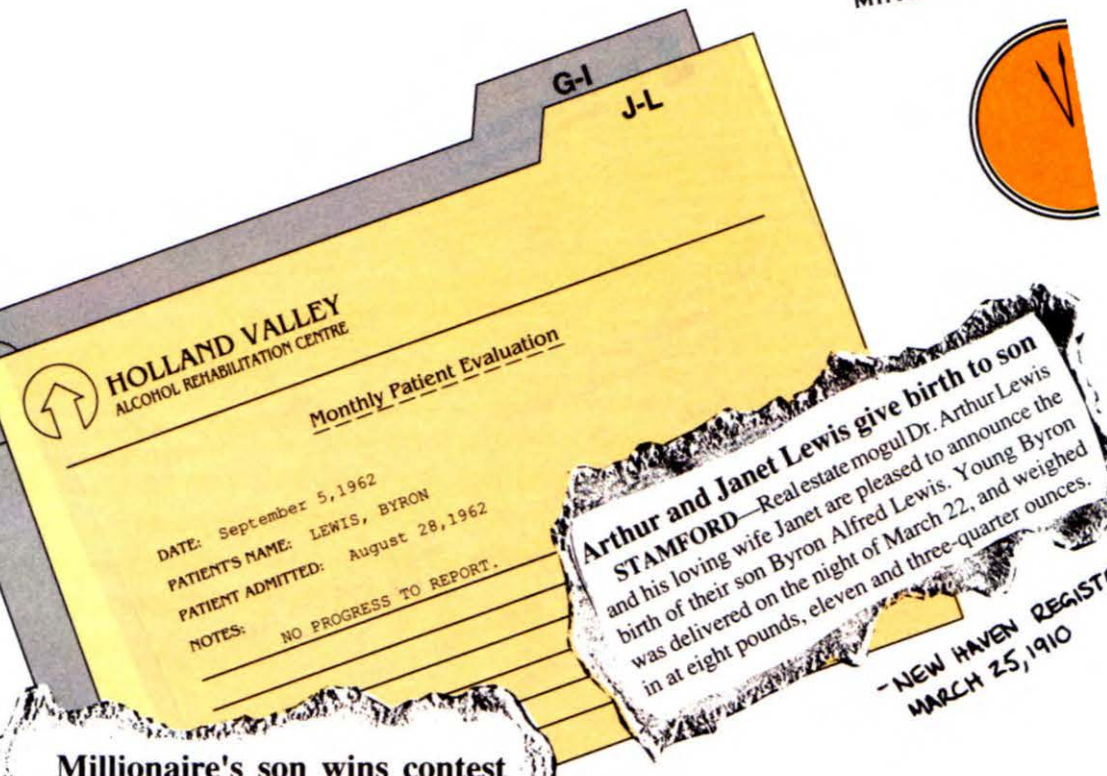
DEX:	5	STR:	4	BODY:	4
INT:	6	WILL:	2	MIND:	4
INFL:	5	AURA:	4	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	18			HERO POINTS:	30



- **Skills:** *linked
  Acrobatics: 5 *, Gadgetry: 6 *,
  Martial Artist: 5 *,
  Medicine (First Aid): 4, Thief: 5 *,
  Vehicles (Land): 5 *
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Minutemen (High),
  Radical Left (High),
  Universities (Low);
  Connoisseur, Intensive Training,
  Scholar (poetry, politics)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Guilt, Serious Irrational Attraction
  to alcohol (1954 and later);
  Mistrust (1954 and later)
- **Equipment:**
  MOTH BODYSUIT [*BODY: 6*, Gliding: 6, R#: 2]
  Minutemen Communicator [BODY: 1]
  Range equals 4 miles (12 APs).
- **Alter Ego:** Byron Lewis
- **Motivation:** Upholding the Good
- **Occupation:** None
- **Wealth:** 10

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.

EXCERPT FROM *UNDER THE HOOD*
BY HOLLIS MASON;
CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.



Arthur and Janet Lewis give birth to son

STAMFORD—Real estate mogul Dr. Arthur Lewis and his loving wife Janet are pleased to announce the birth of their son Byron Alfred Lewis. Young Byron was delivered on the night of March 22, and weighed in at eight pounds, eleven and three-quarter ounces.

-NEW HAVEN REGISTER MARCH 25,1910

Millionaire's son wins contest

STAMFORD—Byron Lewis, son of real estate mogul Dr. Arthur Lewis and the latest scion of the wealthy Lewis dynasty of Connecticut was one of the winners of this year's junior high school essay contest sponsored annually by the Bryce University English Department. The topic of this year's contest was "friendship" and young Byron's essay, entitled "My Best Friend Frank" was a tribute to Frank Madison, the Lewis family's Negro butler. The essay entitled Byron to a $100 prize and a leather-bound edition of the collected works of Mark Twain.

EW HAVEN REGISTER
NUARY 5, 1924

VAN BUREN ACADEMY

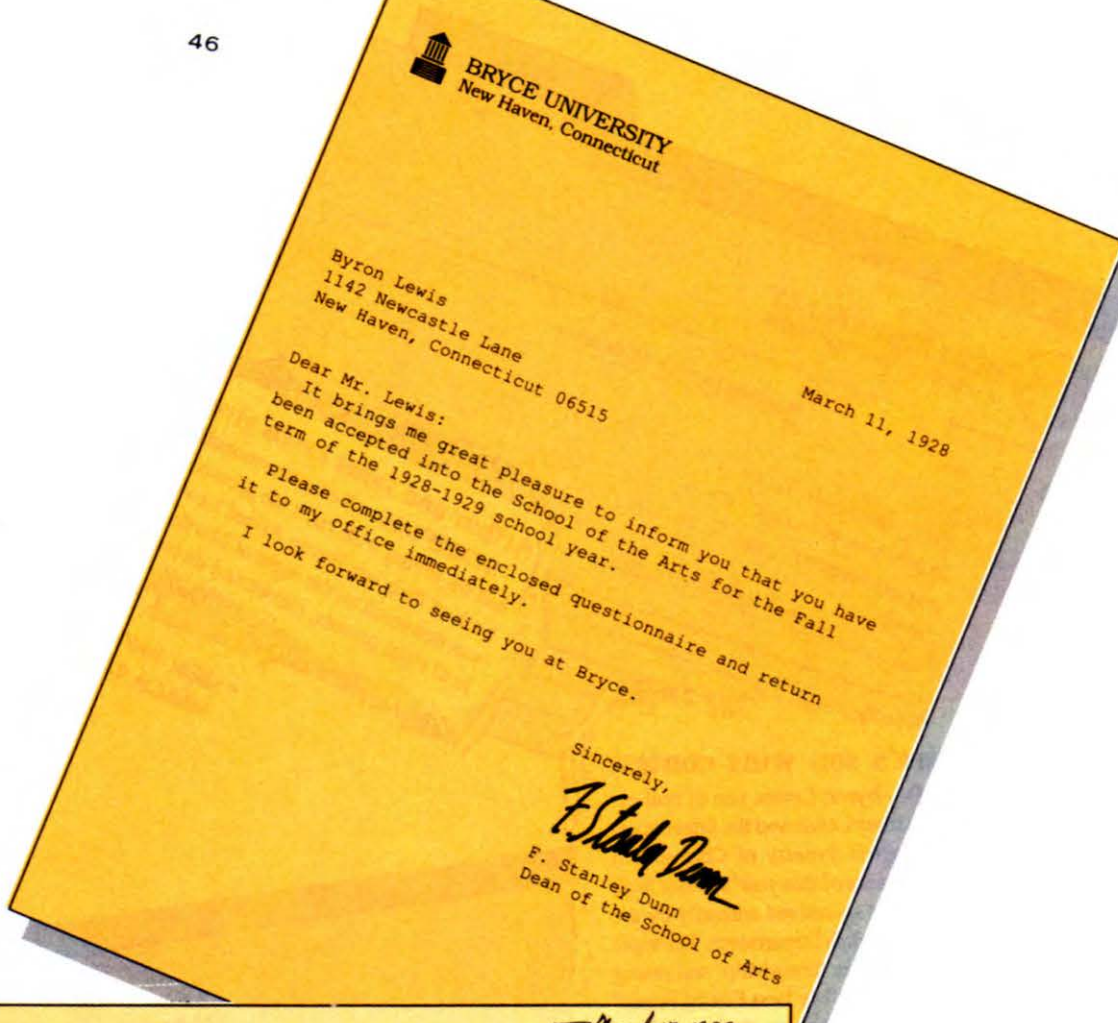
May 16, 1925

DISCIPLINARY REPORT
SUBJECT'S NAME: Byron Lewis

DESCRIPTION OF INCIDENT:

Master Lewis struck one of his fellow students after the student used a racial epithet to describe one of the Negro cafeteria workers.

In light of his otherwise spotless disciplinary record, Master Lewis was given 2 days time after school.



BRYCE UNIVERSITY
New Haven, Connecticut

Byron Lewis
1142 Newcastle Lane
New Haven, Connecticut 06515

March 11, 1928

Dear Mr. Lewis:

It brings me great pleasure to inform you that you have been accepted into the School of the Arts for the Fall term of the 1928-1929 school year.

Please complete the enclosed questionnaire and return it to my office immediately.

I look forward to seeing you at Bryce.

Sincerely,

F. Stanley Dunn

F. Stanley Dunn
Dean of the School of Arts

March 17, 1929

Today I learned that the only thing my father ever taught me was a lie. "Son" he said, on one of the occasions he actually remembered to speak to me, "the most important thing we ever brought with the Lewis Family fortune is respect. Compare respect to money, you see, and respect translates into power. That is why I drive a Cadillac and your mother wears her pearl necklace." But as I awoke the bus into West Haven for the hundredth time this afternoon, I finally summoned up the courage to look into the faces of my fellow passengers. And what I saw was not respect at all, but the pained glare of loathing. As they suspiciously eyed my two hundred dollar suit and gold-plated umbrella, they all bore the expression I had always imagined Buttons wearing after Beard scolded her for sniffing around at any spare food left lying on the dining room table.

Linda is due at 11:00. I have to get drunk tonight. Maybe it's finally time to sample some of Linda's opium.

-FROM THE DIARY OF BYRON LEWIS
MARCH 17, 1929

Sept. 7, 1929

Dear Frank,

I reread your last letter for the fifth time this morning and finally decided that you are right — for the time being, it's probably not a good idea to drop out of Bryce. I'll just have to endure.

Things are getting worse here, Frank. Bryce is a sort of miniature version of the whole world. On top sit the people with everything. The school is ours. I could fail every one of my classes this semester and they still wouldn't get rid of me. They want Father's annual contribution so much that they wouldn't dare issue me so much as a parking ticket. Regardless of what happens between now and the fall of 1932, I'll be already graduated. I don't know why they don't just give me my diploma and let me go home.

And all the people below me. They want to be with me. They want people to know they are with me. Nothing else really matters to anyone. Socrates, Shakespeare and Flaubert are all just window dressing. The real education here is the indoctrination into the Great Stag Void. You learn just how readily people will throw away their individuality and self respect to associate themselves with wealth. And you learn how painfully envy mocks them and gnaws their strings. And the real irony of it all is that these tortured souls don't realize just how lucky they are in the global scheme of things. Most of these who covet a building or an endowment made in their honor, or a new Austin Healy come from families with more money than the average American will see in his lifetime.

I won't even bother to ask how mother and father are doing. I know all their friends have been in Jamaica these past months as well, so I'm sure they have plenty of bourbon parties and bridge games to keep them happy.

And Frank, again I must apologize for that incident just before you all left. You know I didn't really mean any of the things I said. You've always been more of a father to me than Old Man Luther, and I really appreciate everything you've done. But now, I'm going to stop drinking so much.

Scratch Burton. Thanks for me and I'll write again soon.

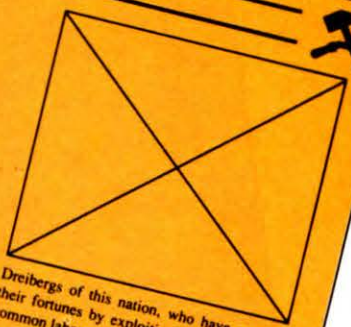
Love,

Byron

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

January 11, 1930

HEADLINE



Dreibergs of this nation, who have amassed their fortunes by exploiting the sweat of the common laborer . . . (continues on next page)

Trotsky outlines nine-point plan for uniting workers in the West!

Management threatens Pennsylvania coal-miners as strike enters 14th week!

A release issued last week by a spokesman for the Internal Revenue Service finally showed us what government big-wigs do when they're not union bashing or toadying to corporate tyrants: they break out their slide rules and begin compiling statistics on the effectiveness of their oppression.

According to figures supplied in the IRS release, approximately 75% of the personal monetary income generated in 1929 was earned by individuals representing a mere 13% of the total population. But at the same time, 75% of the tax revenues collected by the federal bureaucracy in 1929 came out of the pockets of a group representing 53% of the total population.

At the very least, isn't it about time that the cowards in Washington end the hypocrisy and admit that the laws of the land are not aimed at protecting the average citizen at all, but exist instead to benefit all the Rockefellers and

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE - Staff
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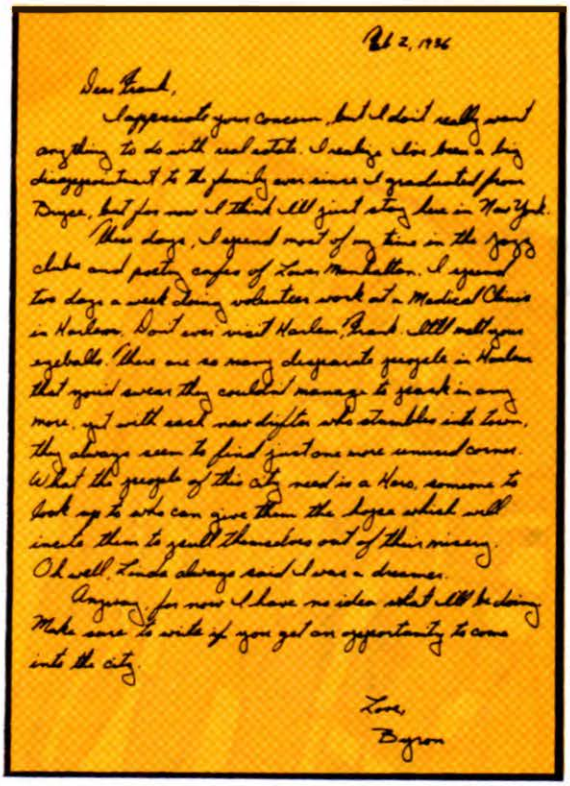
Michael Kilmer - Associate Editor
Laura Browning - Photo Editor
Bo Thompson - Art Director



Dec 2, 1936

Dear Frank,

I appreciate your concern, but I don't really want anything to do with real estate. I realize I've been a big disappointment to the family ever since I graduated from Harper, but for now I think I'll just stay here in New York.

These days, I spend most of my time in the jazz clubs and poetry cafes of Lower Manhattan. I spend two days a week doing volunteer work at a Medical Clinic in Harlem. Don't ever visit Harlem, Frank. It'll melt your eyeballs. There are so many desperate people in Harlem that you'd swear they couldn't manage to squeak in any more, yet with each new dislocation that stumbles into town, they always seem to find just one more cramped corner. What the people of this city need is a Hero, someone to look up to who can give them the hope which will incite them to pull themselves out of their misery. Oh well, Linda always said I was a dreamer.

Anyway, for now I have no idea what I'll be doing. Make sure to write if you get an opportunity to come into the city.

Love,
Byron

Spiders are born kings.
Yet spiders that taste the moth,
Choke on a poison."
—ANCIENT JAPANESE HAIKU

Oh no, not again!

HARLEM—First the Hooded Justice, then the Nite Owl, and now *the Mothman.*

That's right, yet another "costumed avenger" has appeared on the streets of New York. The latest would-be hero calls himself "the Mothman" and wears a large pair of wings and a black mask.

Last night, Mothman presented evidence to NYPD officials exposing a massive numbers racket allegedly run by powerful Manhattan gangsters operating in and around Harlem. Police made three arrests based upon the information .

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
APRIL 17, 1939

1/3/42

Dear Mr. Secretary,

The purpose of this letter is to formally request that I hereby be listed on the draft rolls as a "conscientious objector." I find organized and malicious violence on the scale displayed in Europe repugnant and could not force myself, under any circumstances, to so callously blot out human life.

Please note that this request is not motivated by any form of cowardice. As you are well aware, it would have been very easy for me to exploit my family connections in the Congress and in your own department to secure a very safe, comfortable posting of my choice. I have foregone this course of action not only because my personal philosophy prevents me from actively participating in the carefully planned eradication of human life, but also because I find the very fact that the wealthy citizens of this country have such opportunities offensive.

I hereby further request the opportunity to spend my service obligation in the Army Medical Corps as a field orderly. If possible, I would like to serve as close to the front lines as possible.

Sincerely,
Byron Lewis
Byron Lewis

OTHMAN

Bad blood in the Minutemen?

MANHATTAN—Last night, just outside Minutemen headquarters, dozens of witnesses watched a fistfight between Captain Metropolis and the Mothman, both founding members of the Minutemen.

Exactly what prompted the brawl remains a mystery.

Neither party seemed to suffer any serious injuries in the scuffle, although blood was observed pouring from Captain Metropolis's nose.

Shortly after the incident, a spokesman for the Minutemen issued a statement declaring that the scuffle resulted from a simple misunderstanding between the two men, who have now patched up their differences.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
MAY 16, 1948

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D.C.

FROM: Hoover
TO: Joe McCarthy
SUBJECT: HUAC Suspects
DATE: October 7, 1950

Joe:

As per your request of Feb. 9, we have begun a sweep of Bureau files, looking for subjects which may be of interest to the efforts of your commitee. One such subject has already come to light.

Our office has reason to believe that the "costumed hero" known as "the Mothman" is actually Byron Lewis, son of Connecticut real estate magnate Arthur Lewis.

While in college at Bryce, Lewis was affiliated with the staff of a Stalinist newspaper known as the *Voice of the People*. In addition, Mr. Lewis has also been identified by this office as an activist in the "Negro rights" campaign. Mr. Lewis entered military service as a "conscientious objector" in 1942.

We are sure you are aware of the consequences of Mr. Lewis's position should he and Mothman actually turn out to be one and the same (Mothman is a member of the Minutemen), and I am confident that you will take appropriate action.

Best,

"Mothman is definitely a flake, but I doubt he's a goddamned red! Of course, none of us would really know. No one ever paid much attention to him. When we were in the Minutemen, he always struck me as the nerdy little kid trying to hang out with big brother and his friends."

– THE COMEDIAN AS QUOTED IN NEWSWORLD SEPTEMBER 11, 1954

"In regard to the Mothman incident, the Silk Spectre would like to say only that she was never aware of Mothman's political beliefs during the time they spent together in the Minutemen, and that she was never as personally close to Mothman as she was to the rest of her teammates. Thank you."

– PRESS RELEASE ISSUED BY SALLY JUPITER'S AGENT AND HUSBAND LAURENCE SCHEXNAYDER, SEPTEMBER 9, 1954

FRANK MADISON

Devoted husband of Celia and loving father of William, faithful servant of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis. Funeral to be held at 3:00 PM on January 5th at Our Lady of Mercy in Stamford.

- NEW HAVEN REGISTER
JANUARY 3, 1958

Mission receives mystery contribution

HARLEM (AP)—Five suitcases containing over a million dollars in cash were found in the collection barrel of a Harlem mission for the underprivileged yesterday morning with anonymous notes reading "for the needy" clipped to their sides.

As of press time, the mission's mysterious benefactor has yet to come forward.

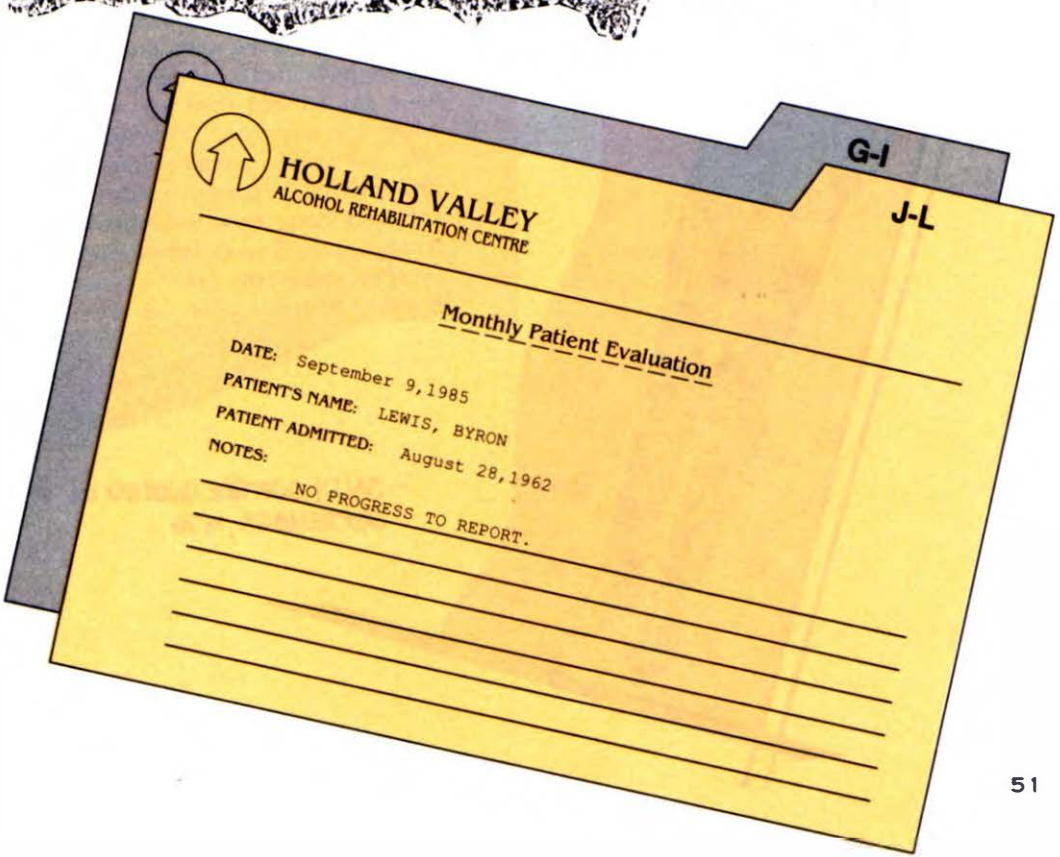
- NEW YORK GAZETTE
JUNE 11, 1960

Real estate heir arrested in demonstration

MOBILE (AP)—Among those arrested in the violent "civil rights demonstration" held in a Mobile, Alabama Greyhound bus terminal last Friday was Byron Lewis, son of Connecticut millionaire Arthur Lewis.

Although Mr. Lewis was inebriated and violent at the time of his capture, there is still some confusion as to whether or not he was actually participating in the demonstration. So far, the organizers of the so-called "sit-in" have denied that Mr. Lewis was ever a part of their group.

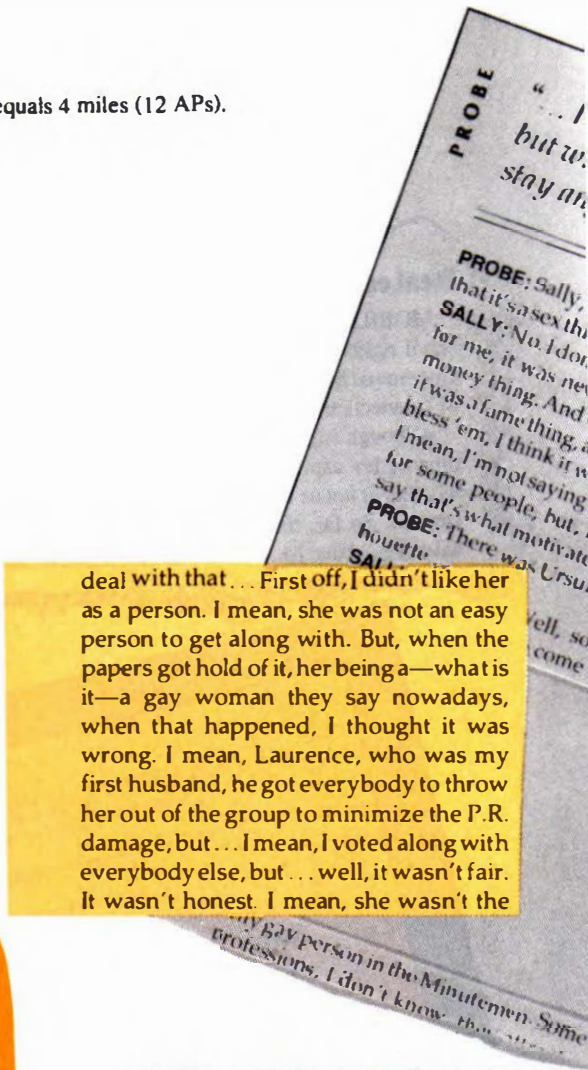
- NEW YORK GAZETTE
SEPTEMBER 4, 1961



SILHOUETTE

DEX:	4	STR:	3	BODY:	3
INT:	6	WILL:	5	MIND:	4
INFL:	6	AURA:	4	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	16			HERO POINTS:	30

- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics: 2, Charisma: 5, Martial Artist: 4
- **Advantages:**
  Connoisseur; Rich Family
- **Drawbacks:**
  Dark Secret; Secret Identity
- **Equipment:**
  Minutemen Communicator [BODY: 1] Range equals 4 miles (12 APs).
- **Alter Ego:** Ursula Zandt
- **Motivation:** Thrill of Adventure
- **Occupation:** None
- **Wealth:** 5



– SALLY JUPITER QUOTED IN PROBE SEPTEMBER, 1976

INTRODUCTION

The blood—that was the first thing that Detective Sgt. Phil Maddox would have noticed as he entered Apartment 32A at 771 Fifth Avenue on the night of May 27, 1946. There were buckets of it. Not the dried black blood he and every other homicide investigator were accustomed to, but fresh liquid blood still capable of catching little highlights in its puddles. The thick white carpet was awash with the stuff, as were the sofa and three of the living room's four walls.

Scrawled in blood upon one of these walls next to the main door was a curious "L" insignia that Sgt. Maddox might have immediately recognized if he were the sort of man who read the newspapers. As it was, he was probably more interested in trying to deduce how many victims there had been from the size of the stain squishing beneath his feet. Maddox was a twenty-three-year veteran, easily experienced enough to recognize the fact that at least two people had just been murdered here. A single victim might have left a puddle stretching from the closet to the oak desk and back to the sofa. But this particular puddle was far larger, stretching into the kitchenette and dining room. And also into the bedroom.

When he finally reached the bedroom threshhold, Sgt. Maddox must have caught his first sight of the victims—two females, lying naked on the bed, tied face-to-face. The women both appeared to be in their late twenties. Both were powerfully built, like gymnasts, and had jet-black hair. One of the women probably looked familiar, but Maddox and each of the officers who immediately followed him into the room were unable to place the face. A quick look around the room produced no items which might have identified the victims, although each of the officers present seemed especially interested in investigating a bloody magazine featuring photographs of women engaged in various obscene postures which Maddox found tucked under the bed.

Amazingly, the women weren't identified until almost an hour later, when Patrolman Adam Greene entered Apartment 32A and immediately recognized one of the deceased as Ursula Zandt, the Silhouette of Minutemen fame. Anyone who had been following the news for the last couple of weeks was easily capable of guessing the identity of the other victim: Dawn DeCarlo, the Silhouette's live-in lesbian lover.

The Silhouette had been in the news quite a bit lately. In the last four months she had her true identity and background unceremoniously revealed to the public along with intimate details of her private life. Just six weeks earlier, her colleagues in the Minutemen had voted to remove her from the organization amidst a wave of controversy. Now it seemed she would spawn a whole new series of headlines.

I.

Ursula Zandt was born in a rustic village known as Katzenbühl located high in the Austrian alps. Unlike most of the residents of Katzenbühl, who were financially ruined by the oppressive terms of the Treaty of Versailles imposed upon Germany and Austria-Hungary by the Allied Powers at the end of World War I, the Zandts somehow managed to keep their fortune and upper class standard of living intact thoughout the 1920s.

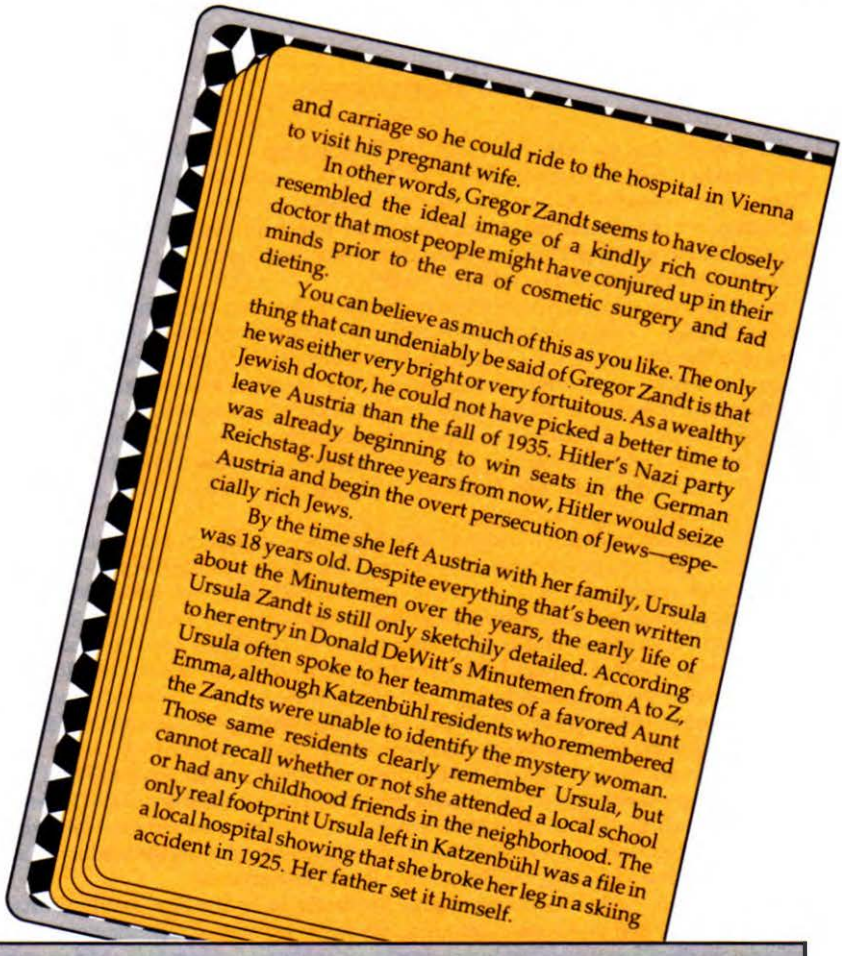
Gregor Zandt, Ursula's father, was a doctor. Exactly how he made his money isn't clear—few could afford meat in the Austria of the early 1920s, much less expensive medical care. It's more likely that Dr. Zandt was wise enough to invest his money in gold or diamonds or some other stable commodity before the war began.

Those few people still living in Katzenbühl who remember the Zandts speak fondly of them. One former neighbor speaks of the time Gregor Zandt plowed through four-foot snow drifts in the middle of the night to attend to a case of pneumonia contracted by her infant son, and then reached into his own pocket to give her the money to have the holes in her walls sealed to eliminate the draft.

Another neighbor recounts the time when Dr. Zandt loaned him a horse

—EXCERPT FROM 'RUN FOR THE SHADOWS: THE STORY OF URSULA ZANDT' BY MARTHA MCCORMICK; APPLEGATE PRESS, 1987

– EXCERPT FROM "RUN FOR THE SHADOWS: THE STORY OF URSULA ZANDT" BY MARTHA MCCORMICK; APPLEGATE PRESS, 1987



and carriage so he could ride to the hospital in Vienna to visit his pregnant wife.

In other words, Gregor Zandt seems to have closely resembled the ideal image of a kindly rich country doctor that most people might have conjured up in their minds prior to the era of cosmetic surgery and fad dieting.

You can believe as much of this as you like. The only thing that can undeniably be said of Gregor Zandt is that he was either very bright or very fortuitous. As a wealthy Jewish doctor, he could not have picked a better time to leave Austria than the fall of 1935. Hitler's Nazi party was already beginning to win seats in the German Reichstag. Just three years from now, Hitler would seize Austria and begin the overt persecution of Jews—especially rich Jews.

By the time she left Austria with her family, Ursula was 18 years old. Despite everything that's been written about the Minutemen over the years, the early life of Ursula Zandt is still only sketchily detailed. According to her entry in Donald DeWitt's Minutemen from A to Z, Ursula often spoke to her teammates of a favored Aunt Emma, although Katzenbühl residents who remembered the Zandts were unable to identify the mystery woman. Those same residents clearly remember Ursula, but cannot recall whether or not she attended a local school or had any childhood friends in the neighborhood. The only real footprint Ursula left in Katzenbühl was a file in a local hospital showing that she broke her leg in a skiing accident in 1925. Her father set it himself.

INTERVIEWER: What was she like?
MASON: Ursula?
INTERVIEWER: Yes.
MASON: Well, she was real wild, 'ya know, like these rock-and-roll kids today—Blackboard Jungle and all that. I guess she was sort of ahead of her time in that way.
One thing Ursula really hated was somebody trying to tell her what to do. Usually, if you told her to do something, she'd go and do the opposite just to show you how little control you had over her.
And Ursula wasn't afraid of anybody or anything. She told me once that she was arrested when she was 15 for slapping a cop. It was late at night and she was walking down one side of 5th Avenue and the cop was walking down the other side. As the cop passed her, he whistled at her, which wasn't really a big deal in those days. But it made Ursula so mad that she ran all the way across the avenue to hit him. I know that story's true too, 'cause I met that cop five years ago at a charity function for retired police officers. (CROWD LAUGHTER)
I dunno. I guess she was like a "women's libber" before there were "women's libbers." You know what I mean?
Oh, and she had a real mean stare that she used to flash the crooks. It was great.
INTERVIEWER: How did she get along with the other Minutemen?
MASON: Well, she wasn't really shy, but she was never very close to any of us either. It was really quite odd. She and Sally hated each other and she hated the Hooded Justice. I guess she was closest to me and Mothman—or, no—she was probably closest to Larry Schexnayder, our press agent and Sally's husband.
INTERVIEWER: Isn't that kind of ironic, considering that Schexnayder masterminded the campaign to remove her from the Minutemen in 1946?
MASON: Yeah, I guess so. But I can't really blame that whole situation on Larry. I mean, we all voted her out. We were all responsible. It's just too bad, really. I'm still very ashamed of the way I acted on that day.

SILHOUETTE

– TRANSCRIPT FROM THE MARTHA EDWARDS SHOW SEPTEMBER 11, 1962

Ursula Zandt never told anyone exactly why she decided to dress up ina costume and fight crime, but it's not very difficult to imagine given her personality and station in life---a wealthy independent teenager who's just a tad too sure of herself, a hip trendsetter who always seemed to be in the right place at the right time, an angry young woman with a pent-up revenge fantasy or two, a wry observer of the human condition with a true appreciation of life's finer ironies. It's not very hard to imagine Ursula reading those early news reports of the Hooded Justice and Nite Owl and Mothman and immediately recognizing their significance in her own life. What could be a bigger kick than putting on some tights and beating up criminals? What could possibly be a more effective method of demonstrating your individuality, but at the same time guaranteeing a certain respect?

-EXCERPT FROM "RUN FOR THE SHADOWS: THE STORY OF URSULA ZANDT" BY MARTHA MCCORMICK; APPLEGATE PRESS, 198

Minutemen put Liquidator on ice

NEW YORK (AP)---The so-called "Liquidator," a serial killer who has systematically hunted down and brutally murdered a string of New York City pin boys, leaving an "L" scrawled in blood at the scene of each of his crimes, died yesterday afternoon while battling members of the Minutemen atop the George Washington Bridge.

The melee started after the Liquidator attacked a disguised Dollar Bill, who was posing as a pin boy at Brooklyn's Hill Valley Bowl in Bensonhurst, hoping to draw the deranged killer out of hiding. Shortly after the initial attack, Dollar Bill was joined by The Silhouette and Mothman, forcing the Liquidator to flee. A high-speed chase ensued, leading the combatants all the way to upper Manhattan.

While crossing the George Washington Bridge into New Jersey, the Liquidator struck a stalled car and immobilized h's vehicle. When the madman attempted to flee on foot, the fisticuffs resumed. After absorbing two solid right shots from Dollar Bill and a Mothman kick to the kidneys, the Liquidator was finally felled by The Silhouette who sent him spinning off the bridge nd into the icy waters below. Witnesses report at Mothman glided off the bridge himself and ed to catch the plummeting villain before he ck the water, but failed.

o far, the police have been unable to recover iquidator's body from the river. Whether or e fiend's true identity has been determined t to be revealed.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
DECEMBER 11, 1945

Minutemen fire long-time aid

MANHATTAN—Miss Frieda Jenkins, maid to the Minutemen since the organization was founded in 1939 was fired yesterday morning after Minutemen members discovered that she had been stealing money from the group's petty cash fund.

Miss Jenkins' duties included sweeping and dusting Minutemen headquarters, laundering the heroes' costumes, and keeping the group's pantry stocked with consumables.

When reached for comment early this morning, Minutemen press agent Laurence Schexnayder would say only that Miss Jenkins was caught red-handed in the thefts and that the Minutemen would not be pressing charges against her in light of her otherwise outstanding service.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
MARCH 30, 1946

- NATIONAL REGALER AD APRIL 11, 1946

• EX-MINUTEMEN MAID TELLS ALL!
• WHAT MAKES THE HOODED JUSTICE SILK SPECTRE'S TYPE OF MAN?
• WHAT ABOUT MOTHMAN AND THE BOTTLE?
• WHAT DOES DOLLAR BILL REALLY THINK OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK?
• AND WHAT

Find the answers to all these questions plus some startling revelations about THE SILHOUETTE in the next issue of THE NATIONAL REGALER.

SAINT ALBION HOSPITAL
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK
PATIENT RECORD

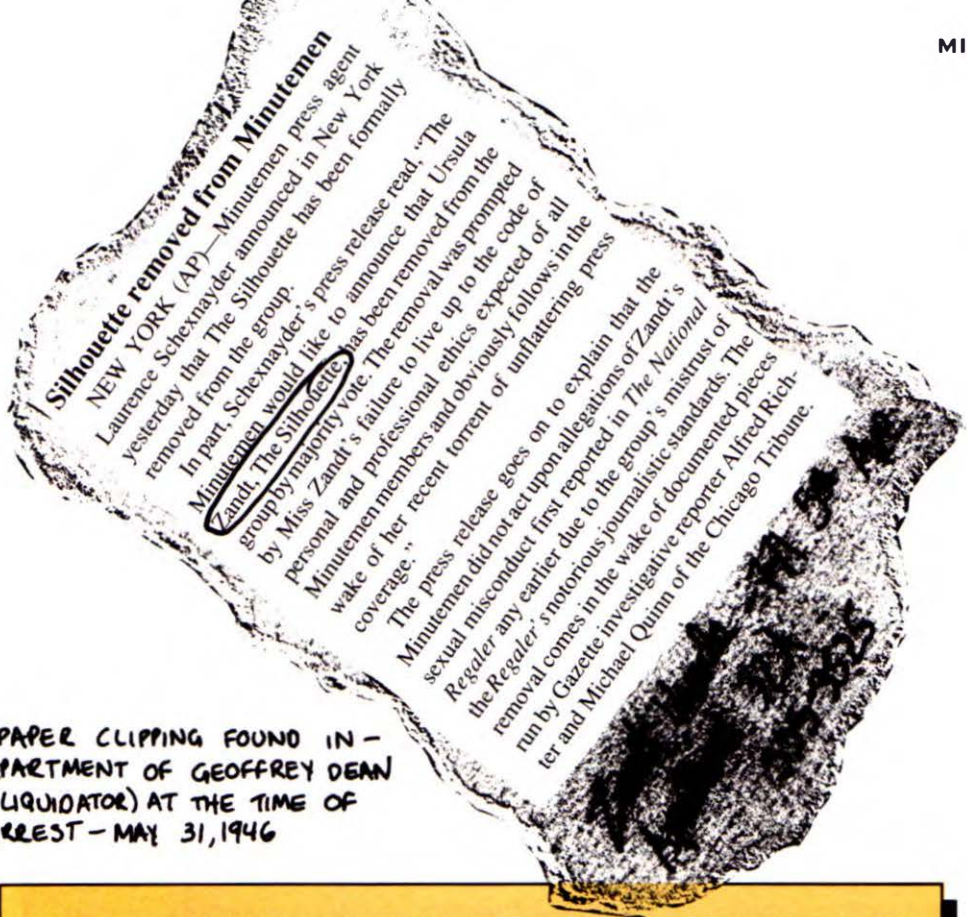
PATIENT'S NAME: Geoffrey Dean
PATIENT'S ADDRESS: none (homeless)
SOCIAL SEC. #: none
DATE: December 12, 1945
DESCRIPTION: patient wandered into the emergency ward at around 11:15 AM. claims to have fallen into the river while drunk. set broken arm, treated for exposure, and released.

"The Minutemen would like to announce that Ursula Zandt, The Silhouette, has been removed from the group by majority vote. The removal was prompted by Miss Zandt's failure to live up to the code of personal and professional ethics expected of all Minutemen members and obviously follows in the wake of her recent torrent of unflattering press coverage.

The Minutemen also wish it to be known that they did not act upon this matter any sooner due to a lack of solid evidence. Because they were aware that certain other items appearing in the original National Regaler article which spawned the controversy were untrue, they believed the allegations concerning The Silhouette's sexual practices to be untrue as well. Only after more reputable journalists backed up the Regaler's claims and added their own allegations, did the Minutemen begin to doubt their former comrade.

At present, no replacement is planned for The Silhouette."

- PRESS RELEASE ISSUED BY LAURENCE SCHEXNAYDER MAY 13, 1946



Silhouette removed from Minutemen

NEW YORK (AP)—Minutemen press agent Laurence Schexnayder announced in New York yesterday that The Silhouette has been formally removed from the group.

In part, Schexnayder's press release read, "The Minutemen would like to announce that Ursula Zandt, The Silhouette, has been removed from the group by majority vote. The removal was prompted by Miss Zandt's failure to live up to the code of personal and professional ethics expected of all Minutemen members and obviously follows in the wake of her recent torrent of unflattering press coverage."

The press release goes on to explain that the Minutemen did not act upon allegations of Zandt's sexual misconduct first reported in *The National Regaler* any earlier due to the group's mistrust of the *Regaler*'s notorious journalistic standards. The removal comes in the wake of documented pieces run by Gazette investigative reporter Alfred Richter and Michael Quinn of the Chicago Tribune.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FOUND IN THE APARTMENT OF GEOFFREY DEAN (THE LIQUIDATOR) AT THE TIME OF HIS ARREST — MAY 31, 1946

Whenever I think of Ursula Zandt, I always picture her as she appeared the last day I saw her. As Hollis Mason, I was called in to run crowd control outside of her apartment the day after we threw her out of the Minutemen. About fifty reporters had assembled in the lobby of her building along with a number of preachers, curiosity seekers, angry citizens, and even a few well-wishers. All of these people were so intent on seeing Ursula, for one reason or another, that they were willing to stand back-to-back in this tiny lobby for almost five hours, waiting for her to come down.

When Ursula finally did come down, she simply pushed her way through the reporters and left the building. As she walked out, her face was completely expressionless: no tears, no attempts to hide or run away, nothing.

To this day I thank God she didn't catch sight of me in the crowd. Just then, I don't think I could have stood up to that stare of hers.

EXCERPT FROM *UNDER THE HOOD* BY HOLLIS MASON; CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.

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 occassional 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 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 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 do not know. Real life is messy, inconsistent, and it's seldom when anything ever really gets resolved. It has taken me a long, 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 super-heroine 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.

EXCERPT FROM UNDER THE HOOD
BY HOLLIS MASON;
CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.

THANK YOU FOR VISITING MINUTEMEN HEADQUARTERS!

The building in which you are now standing was originally owned by J.D. Dorchester of Dorchester oil fame. In 1939, shortly after the Minutemen were founded, the heroes began leasing the space from Dorchester for the sum of $400 per month. The Minutemen held their regular meetings, strategy sessions and social events in the building up until they disbanded in 1949.

After the Minutemen left, Dorchester's nephew Leon lived here from June 1951 to November 1973. From December 1973 to May 1986, the building stood vacant.

In 1986, the Dorchester family donated the building to the city of New York for public viewing. Funds were raised to finance the restoration beginning in 1987. Finally, in 1989, the doors were opened to the public.

Careful pains have been taken to restore the building to the exact condition it was in at the time the Minutemen left. Some of the highlights of the tour include:

- *The upstairs quarters of Nite Owl and Silk Spectre, restored item by item to their original condition.*
- *The grand conference room on the lower level, where the Minutemen held their important meetings and discussed strategies for their war on crime.*
- *The Minutemen trophy room, where you will find Moloch's infamous "solar weapon," the Screaming Skull's "electra-vibe," and some of the other exotic devices the Minutemen encountered in their adventures on permanent display as the heroes themselves displayed them back in the 1940s.*
- *The basement gym, where the Minutemen used to train and practice group tactics.*
- *And the communications room, from which the Minutemen and their press agent Laurence Schexnayder communicated with law enforcement agencies all over the world.*

At the back of this guide is a floor plan that should help you find any special attractions you are looking for.
We do ask that you refrain from touching any of the furnishings or fixtures while examining the exhibits. All of the items in the building are original pre-World War II antiques and would be very expensive to replace.

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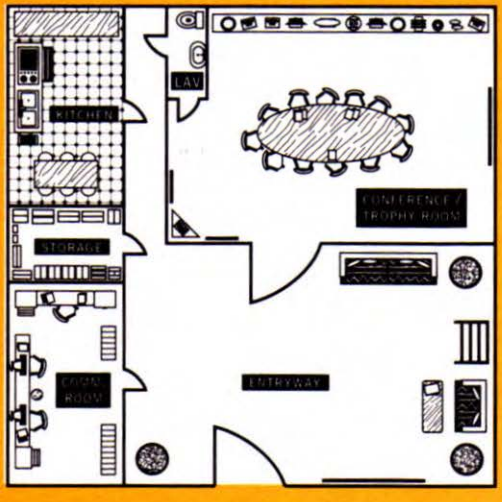
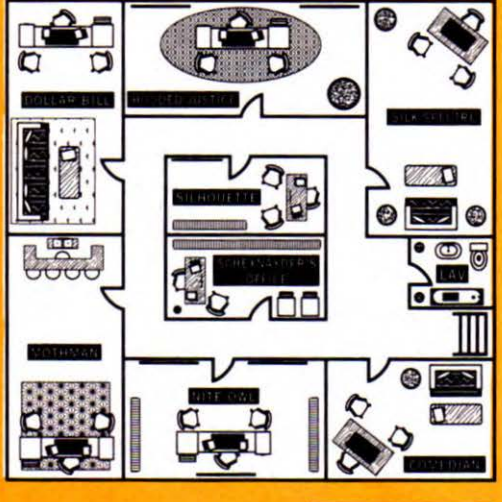
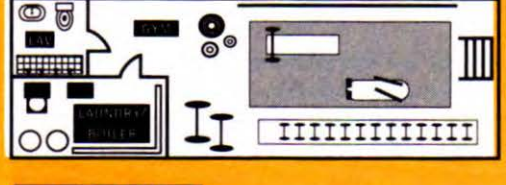
MINUTEMEN HEADQUARTERS



LEVEL ONE



LEVEL TWO



BASEMENT

WATCHMEN

THE COMEDIAN

DEX:	5	STR:	4	BODY:	5
INT:	7	WILL:	4	MIND:	4
INFL:	7	AURA:	4	SPIRIT:	5
INIT:	21			HERO POINTS:	55

- **Skills:**
  Charisma: 5, Martial Artist: 6, Military Science: 7, Thief: 5, Vehicles: 3, Weaponry: 6
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: C.I.A. (High), U.S. Government (High), U.S. Military (High); Scholar (covert operations)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Serious Rage, Secret Identity
- **Equipment:**
  LEATHER BODY ARMOR [*BODY: 6*]
  Comedian began wearing the armor in 1941.
  .45 Pistols (x2) [BODY: 5, EV: 5, Ammo: 5, R#: 2]
  Knives [BODY: 5, EV: 3]
  Tear Gas Grenades (x3) [BODY: 2, Fog: 10]
  Bonus: Each grenade attacks all targets within Range of Fog Power: use APs of Fog as AV/EV against OV/RV of target's BODY/BODY.RAPs are subtracted from target's DEX for a number of phases equal to RAPs earned.
- **Alter Ego:** Edward Blake
- **Motivation:** Unwanted Power
- **Occupation:** Government Operative
- **Wealth:** 7

"He laughs best that laughs last."
—FROM *THE COUNTRY HOUSE* BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

Jacobs executives implicated in motor madness

DETROIT(AP)—-Astheclass-action suit filed against Jacobs Motors on behalf of the victims of the Apache accidents went to trial today, lawyers for the plaintiffs revealed evidence proving that Jacobs executives were aware of the Apache's problems more than two years before the car was recalled from service.

Lawyers for the plaintiffs have been able to recover a memo dated two years before the Apache was recalled in 1978 and signed by Jacobs vice president Alan Greenfeldt. The memo makes references to two separate studies conducted by Jacobs employees: one was a structural design project in which a group of Jacobs engineers were ordered todevise a technological means for eliminating the Apache's fuel tank flare-up; the other was a statistical survey of corporate liabilities in accidental death lawsuits. The memo shows that Jacobs executives had balanced the cost of recalling the Apaches and equipping each of them with the $11.38 plastic back-flow valve. The valve was developed by the engineers against the cost of absorbing any monetary judgements against the corporation in future wrongful deathcases involvingthe Apache.

Although Marla Givens, the mother of a pair of twins killed in an Apache flare-up called for criminal indictments against Greenfeldt and other Jacobsexecutives at an impromptu press conference after the trial had adjourned for the day, State's Attorney Dan Whiggins has pointed out that there is no provision in either state or federal law that would allow prosecutors to hold a corporate executive personally responsible for the conduct of a corporation.

-NEW YORKGAZETTE
SEPTEMBER 18,1980

Quake aid tragedy

HONDURAS (AP)—-The plane carrying the first batch of supplies and equipment purchased with themoney raised by theQuake Aid concerts held in July crashed in Honduras yesterday killing its two pilots and seventeen people on the ground.

Worse still, the aircraft crashed into the only operational fresh water tank within seventy miles of the makeshift landing strip set up by the Red Cross, effectively stranding thousands without drinking water.

"The mules we were using to haul medical supplies up into the mountains are now going to be needed to haul water," said Red Cross volunteer Susan Daily, "Unless the mud slides dry up soon,thousands of peopleare going tobe in very grave danger."

- NEW YORK GAZETTE
OCTOBER 5,1986

Soldiers killed by friendly aircraft

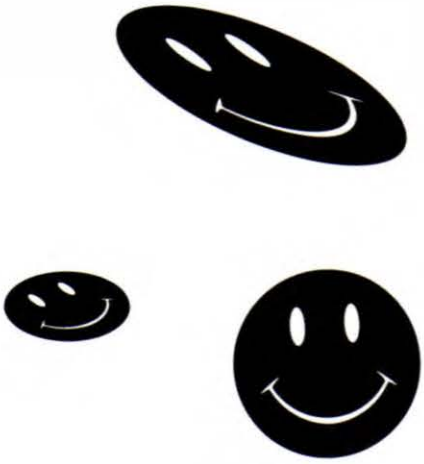
SAIGON (AP)—-A platoon of Marines from the 6th Division, 43rd company were wiped out by an incendiary strike conducted late Friday night by an American B-52. In all, 43 soldiers were killed.

General Walter Scott, commander of air operations in Viet Nam, told reporters that the pilot of the B-52 had mistaken a "black light" hung outside the platoon's bivouac for a blue signal flare marking his napalm target.

- NEW YORK GAZETTE
APRIL 16,1968

"I guess they just don't get the joke. In today's world, being the Comedian is the only thing that makes sense."

-FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE COMEDIAN AT A RICHARD NIXON FUNDRAISER, MARCH 14, 1973



Minutemen adopt kid side-kick

NEW YORK—There is yet another addition to the Minutemen roster to report. Laurence Schexnayder, the group's press agent, announced yesterday afternoon that the Manhattan-based vigilante known as The Comedian has been accepted as the group's sixth full member.

The Comedian first gained citywide attention after foiling an attempted robbery of the Clef-Arpels jewelry store in SoHo. He has also had a number of highly publicized clashes with members of the Garbino organized crime family.

What makes Schexnayder's announcement somewhat unusual is the fact that eyewitnesses to The Comedian's activities have reported that he is obviously a young boy between the ages of 14 and 18, almost half the estimated age of most of the other Minutemen.

"We'll treat the Comedian like any of our other members," said Schexnayder after a newsreel reporter raised this question. "Your information is correct. The Comedian is much younger than most of the other Minutemen, but he is remarkably world-wise for his age. We are sure there will be no problems."

-NEW YORK GAZETTE OCTOBER 7, 1939

Jan 3, 1940

I'm beginning to have doubts about the Minutemen and where they are heading. The group seemed like a great idea at the time it was progressed. I had always realized that the real value of Hollis Mason was almost entirely symbolic—punching it out with the occasional street thug or small-time hood isn't nearly as important as demonstrating to the youth that a certain segment of society will always commend those who make others problems their own. In other words, I suppose I agree with a lot of the things people have been saying in the papers: in the end, the Minutemen is little more than a grand publicity exercise. But I've always thought that was exactly what we needed.

But now we've got "Hooded Justice" about to fill the pages of the Sunday Magazines and shutter-ups the galaxy acting of children? I've already written at great length about Hooded Justice—the man is not only the personification of hatred, but the personification of the worst kind of hatred: Hatred which feels the need to hide behind a mask.

But as bad as Hooded Justice is, he doesn't scare me half as much as young Blake. The Justice's indiscretions can be laid at the feet of ignorance. But not Blake's. Blake knows exactly what he's doing. Blake is smart—far smarter than any of us has a right to be.

-FROM THE DIARY OF BYRON LEWIS JANUARY 3, 1940

EDIAN

. . . We had worms in the apple, eating it from inside.

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.

EXCERPT FROM *UNDER THE HOOD* BY HOLLIS MASON; CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.

INTERVIEWER: You say that the Comedian attempted to sexually assault Sally Jupiter in 1940. What stopped him from completing the act?

MASON: I don't really want to say much about the attack. Sally is still a good friend of mine and I love her. I'm sorry I ever aired her dirty laundry in public in the first place. I know the Comedian has publicly denied the incident, but everyone who was there knows it is true and I'd like to just leave it at that. To briefly answer this one question, one of the other Minutemen caught him in the act and stopped him. Beat him up pretty bad too. I don't really want to say anything else about it.

- TRANSCRIPT FROM THE MARTHA EDWARDS SHOW SEPTEMBER 11, 1962

QUESTION FROM THE AUDIENCE: Have the villains ever won? I mean, have you ever, you know, lost?

THE COMEDIAN: Lost, as in lost ? . . . Hell, no! Let me tell ya something: in thirty-five years of this crap, only one man has ever got the better of me in a fight . . . and a couple years later, well . . . guess who had the last laugh?

- FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE COMEDIAN AT A RICHARD NIXON FUNDRAISER, MARCH 14, 1973

Comedian leaves Minutemen

NEW YORK—Minutemen press agent Laurence Schexnayder announced early yesterday morning that The Comedian would be leaving the ranks of the Minutemen.

According to Schexnayder, the move was prompted by The Comedian's desire to relocate to Washington, DC.

Schexnayder's press release read in part: "The Minutemen wish The Comedian the best and hope that his crime-fighting efforts are as successful in Washington as they have been in New York City. We would also like to thank the Comedian for his nine months of exemplary service."

None of the other Minutemen were available for comment.

- NEW YORK GAZETTE JUNE 30, 1940

Stellar Studios

STELLAR STUDIOS PRODUCTION #417/1949 - "OKINAWA DAWN"

Scene opens w/COMEDIAN and SGT. TAYLOR trapped in a foxhole on the fringe of the jungle. Gunfire rattles overhead and mortar fire bursts in the distance. Through the smoke and early morning fog, the first weak rays of sunlight filter through—no other soldiers are visible.

COMEDIAN: The Japs have got to have at least two LMGs up on that ridge. You still have those field glasses?

TAYLOR: No, I gave `em to Riley in the last hole.

COMEDIAN: Riley was here? Where is he?

TAYLOR: He took Carter and Brickston off to go scout the ridge on the west flank.

COMEDIAN: He went where? That's where those Chi-Has were heading!

TAYLOR: Chi-Has?

COMEDIAN: Chi-Has. Japanese tanks! You're gonna have to lay me down some cover-fire, buddy.

TAYLOR: You're not serious. You'll never make it!

COMEDIAN darts out of the foxhole. TAYLOR almost immediately begins firing his carbine in the direction of the Japanese.
The camera follows COM, who we see crawling through thick underbrush. We pull into a closeup of COM and a thin tree. Suddenly, Japanese gunfire tears the tree in half, just inches away from COM's face. After a reaction shot, COM pauses to reload his pistol.
The scenes of COM's hands popping rounds into a fresh clip are intercut with scenes of the brush behind him rattling ominously. Cut to a POV shot behind COM. Final cut to reloading. Just as the final shell is loaded in the clip, a hand lashes out and clamps COM's mouth. Pull back to reveal a JAPANESE SOLDIER armed with a knife who had partially buried himself in the brush. A hand-to-hand struggle ensues. Eventually, COM gets the upper hand and ends up sitting on the SOLDIER's chest, holding the knife over his throat.
We cut back and forth between the COM's face and the SOLDIER's face. Tension is high. There is a long dramatic pause. The SOLDIER believes COMEDIAN is going to kill him. The look in COM's eyes might make the audience believe the same thing.
Suddenly, COM drops the knife and begins tying up the SOLDIER.

COMEDIAN: Looks like the war is gonna end a bit early for you, friend.

UNITED STATES ARMY
Court Martial Record

TOP SECRET

DEFENDANT'S NAME: BLAKE, EDWARD
DATE CHARGED: 05/06/45
DEFENDANT'S UNIT: N/A (Special Operative)
DESCRIPTION OF COMPLAINT:

Blake allegedly shot and killed seven Japanese POWs. Witnesses claim he had bet an unidentified non-commissioned officer that he could kill all seven with just eight bullets at a range of 50 paces. See attached file for evidence.

CASE HISTORY:

Blake serves as a special operative for the OSS and Army Intelligence codenamed "Comedian." Since his actual identity is a national security secret, Blake's trial was personally conducted by the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. All charges dropped on 11/09/45 due to lack of evidence.

UNITED STATES ARMED SERVICES
Official Medical History

NAME: BLAKE, EDWARD
UNIT: N/A (Special Operative, CIA/DEA/Secret Service/Army Intelligence)
HEIGHT: 6'2 **WEIGHT:** 206 lbs.
EYES: Hazel **HAIR:** Brown
BLOOD TYPE: O **ALLERGIES:** None
CRIPPLING DEFORMITIES OR AILMENTS: None
CHILDHOOD AILMENTS: Chicken pox, Rubella, Mumps

TOP SECRET

*** OFFICIAL SERVICE RECORD**
(use additional lines for comments)

Treated Ailment	Physician	Place/Date
Knife wound	Dr. Edward Ross	Manila/01-42
* Sustained in fight with angry civilian. Blade punctured rt. kidney.		
Punctured eardrum	Dr. Edward Ross	Bougainville/11-43
* Caused by Japanese mortar burst. Permanent 10% hearing loss.		
Syphilis	Dr. Edward Ross	Tokyo/1945
Fragmentation wound	Dr. David Baines	Seoul/1953
* Mortar fragments shredded left deltoid.	Dr. Hank Stevens	
2nd Degree Burns	Dr. David Baines	Pen Jomn/02-54
* Misfired flamethrower burned chest and upper extremities.		
Gonorrhea	Dr. Edward Ross	Lik Dao/12-68
Gunshot wound	Dr. Edward Ross	Lik Dao/2-69
* .22 caliber bullet entered left thigh.		
Facial cuts	Dr. Edward Ross	Lik Dao/01-70
* Face badly lacerated with broken glass bottle. 71 stitches.		
Gunshot wound	Dr. George Cook	Saigon/02-71
* 9 mm. wound to right forearm.		El Salvador/04-85

(additional lines at back)

UNITED STATES ARMY
Court Martial Record

DEFENDANT'S NAME: BLAKE, EDWARD
DATE CHARGED: 07/01/71
DEFENDANT'S UNIT: N/A (Special Operative)
DESCRIPTION OF COMPLAINT:

TOP SECRET

While overseeing the dismantling of an Army Intelligence post just outside of Saigon, Blake allegedly shot and killed an innocent civilian woman. Blake admits to the shooting, but claims he acted in self-defense. The woman was attacking him with a broken glass bottle.

CASE HISTORY:

Blake serves as a special operative for the CIA and Army Intelligence codenamed "Comedian." Since his actual identity is a national security secret, Blake's trial was personally conducted by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.
All charges dropped on 11/07/71 due to lack of evidence.

"As I was telling Doctor Manhattan this morning, I've had a bad feeling about this one all along and I'm damn glad it's over. I mean, if we'd lost this war . . . I dunno. I think it might have driven us a little crazy, y'know? As a country."

- THE COMEDIAN AS QUOTED IN NEWSWORLD TWO DAYS AFTER VYN DAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1971

652

653

654

First National Bank of New York

5-3 19 72 70-2-41

Pay to the Order of Edward Blake $ 50,000.00

Firty Thousand and no /100's Dollars

The First National Bank of New York
1333 Fifth Street, New York City, NY 30700

Memo Creep Payment

John Erlichman

⑈ 2341025000 1⑈82⑈3014661⑈ ⑈3307222

QUESTION FROM THE AUDIENCE: What do you think of the recent disappearance of Washington Post reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein who were said to be working on a special investigative report that was very damaging to the Nixon administration? COMEDIAN: Heh . . . Well, just don't ask me where I was the day JFK was killed. (LAUGHTER FROM THE AUDIENCE).

-FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE COMEDIAN AT A RICHARD NIXON FUNDRAISER, MARCH 14, 1973

Comedian returns home!

WASHINGTON (AP)—The Comedian landed at Dulles International Airport early yesterday, stepping foot on American soil for the first time since single-handedly rescuing 53 American captives held hostage in Iran last week.

When asked to speak with reporters after his arrival, The Comedian could only laugh, apparently elated by his own safe return.

The hostages, as you may remember, were captured early last week when a group of Iranian militants stormed the American embassy in Tehran. The hostages spent four and a half days in captivity before the Comedian's mission was authorized.

Army officials have reported that 17 Iranian citizens were shot and killed during The Comedian's raid, most of them armed militants.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
DECEMBER 22, 1978

Man killed in fall

MANHATTAN—An uptown man was killed late last night after being thrown from the window of a 27th-story penthouse apartment. Police are reporting that the victim has been positively identified as Edward Blake, the apartment's only resident.

Detectives of Area Two Violent Crimes currently suspect that Blake was surprised by at least two hefty intruders who broke down the door to the penthouse and used a lead pipe or a baseball bat to shatter its outer window.

At present, there are said to be few leads in the case.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
OCTOBER 13, 1985

Dear Laurie,

I don't really know what your mom has told you about me but [redacted].

Well, I think something terrible is going to happen soon, and before I die, I just wanted you to know I lo[redacted]

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL
OCTOBER 16th, 1985.

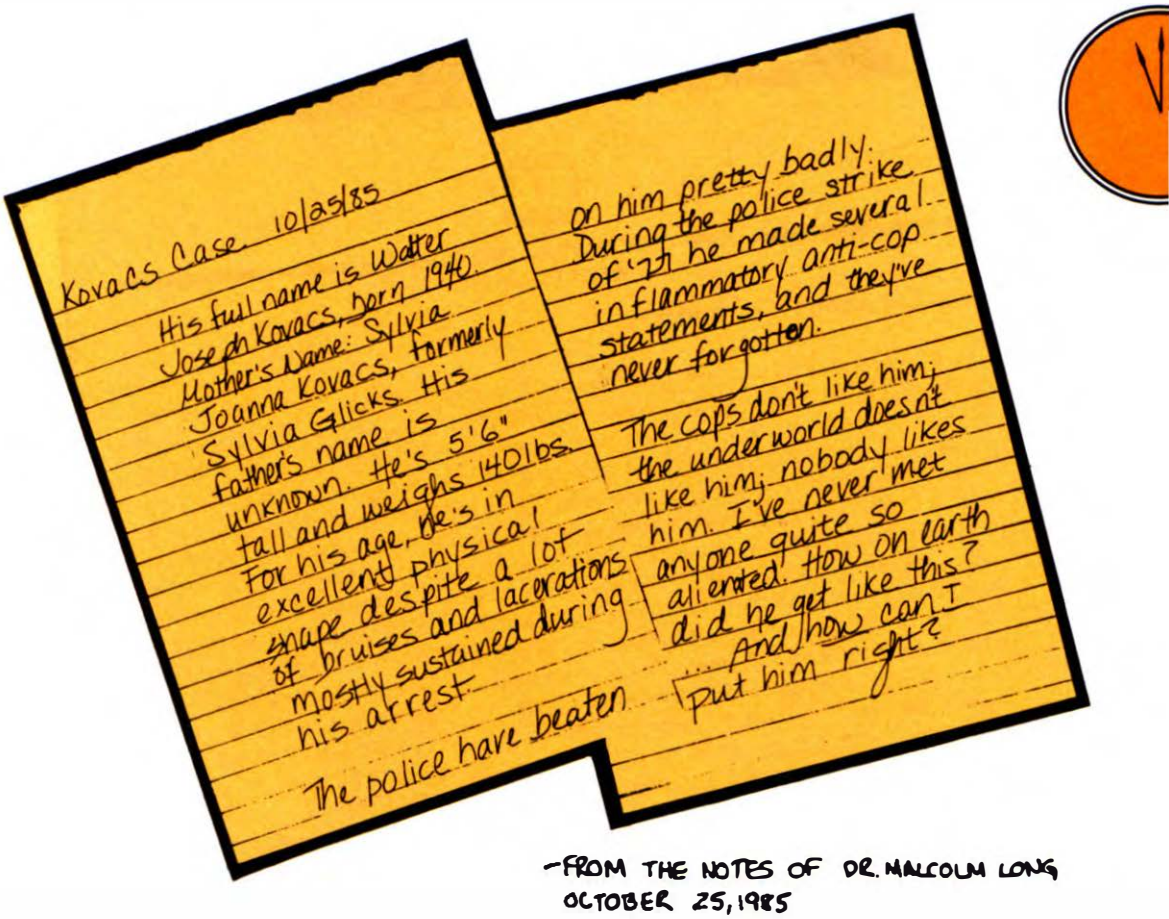
IN THE CEMETERY, ALL THE WHITE CROSSES STOOD IN ROWS, NEAT CHALK MARKS ON A GIANT SCORECARD. PAID LAST RESPECTS QUIETLY, WITHOUT FUSS.
EDWARD MORGAN BLAKE. BORN 1924. FORTY-FIVE YEARS A COMEDIAN, DIED 1985, BURIED IN THE RAIN.

VIOLENT LIVES, ENDING VIOLENTLY. DOLLAR BILL, THE SILHOUETTE, CAPTAIN METROPOLIS . . . WE NEVER DIE IN BED. 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.
BLAKE UNDERSTOOD. TREATED IT LIKE A JOKE, BUT HE UNDERSTOOD. HE SAW THE CRACKS IN SOCIETY, SAW THE LITTLE MEN IN MASKS TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER. HE SAW THE TRUE FACE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AND CHOSE TO BECOME A REFLECTION, A PARODY OF IT.
NO ONE ELSE SAW THE JOKE. THAT'S WHY HE WAS LONELY.
HEARD JOKE ONCE: MAN GOES TO DOCTOR. SAYS HE'S DEPRESSED. SAYS LIFE SEEMS HARSH AND CRUEL. SAYS HE FEELS ALL ALONE IN A THREATENING WORLD WHERE WHAT LIES AHEAD IS VAGUE AND UNCERTAIN. DOCTOR SAYS "TREATMENT IS SIMPLE. GREAT CLOWN PAGLIACCI IS IN TOWN TONIGHT. GO AND SEE HIM. THAT SHOULD PICK YOU UP." MAN BURSTS INTO TEARS. SAYS, "BUT DOCTOR . . . I AM PAGLIACCI."
GOOD JOKE. EVERYBODY LAUGH. ROLL ON SNARE DRUM. CURTAINS.

RORSCHACH

DEX:	5	STR:	4	BODY:	5
INT:	7	WILL:	12	MIND:	3
INFL:	9	AURA:	8	SPIRIT:	10
INIT:	23			HERO POINTS:	45

- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics (Climbing): 5, Charisma (Intimidation, Interrogation): 10
  Detective: 9, Martial Artist: 6, Thief: 5
- **Advantages:**
  Area Knowledge (New York City); Connections: Street (Low);
  Iron Nerves
- **Drawbacks:**
  Serious Rage; Secret Identity
- **Equipment:**
  Grapple Gun [BODY: 5, STR: 6, R#: 2]
  The cable attached to the Gun is 5 APs long.
  Flashlight [BODY: 1]
- **Alter Ego:** Walter Joseph Kovacs
- **Motivation:** Seeking Justice
- **Occupation:** Garment Worker
- **Wealth:** 3



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

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL
JUNE 11th, 1968.

COUNTED SEVENTEEN TRANSIENTS IN NEIGHBORHOOD THIS MORNING. MUST REMEMBER TO BEGIN LOOKING FOR NEW APARTMENT TOMORROW.

CITY IS CHANGING.

IT IS BEING SPECKLED BY FIRST FEW DROPS OF AN IMPENETRABLE BLACK INK, AND SOONER OR LATER THE REST OF BOTTLE WILL INEVITABLY COME GUSHING DOWN IN PURSUIT. I CAN SEE IT, SMELL IT—SPECTRAL RESIDENTS, IRON FORTRESSES STRETCHING OUT INTO THE SKY, TEN BILLION DOTS OF PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT ARRAYED AS TOOTHPASTE COMMERCIALS AND PUERILE FANTASIES. DOPERS, POLITICIANS, PREACHERS, WHORES, HIPPIES, LIARS, PUSHERS, POETS, ADVOCATES, THIEVES... ALL ARE GRAY, SOON TO BE BLACK. AND TRULY GREAT MEN ARE ALL NO LONGER WITH US—GENERAL PATTON, PRESIDENT TRUMAN... MY FATHER.

ONCE A YEAR I PONDER MOST ANCIENT OF RIDDLES. WHICH CAME FIRST? WERE THESE MEN LIKE ATLAS OF MYTH, LABORING TO BEAR THE WORLD ALOFT, DESPERATELY SEEKING THEIR SUCCESSORS AND FINALLY DYING UNFULFILLED, LEAVING US ALL TO PLUNGE DOWN INTO DEPRAVITY?

OR DID FORCES OF COMPROMISE TAKE A MORE ACTIVE ROLE IN WHOLE AFFAIR, LOOSING THEIR SNARLING DOGS AND HUNTING DOWN EACH OF THEM ONE-BY-ONE, OPENING THE WAY FOR SOME SINISTER MASTERPLAN?

AND IF LATTER FORMULATION IS CORRECT, WHEN DID HUNT BEGIN? HAS ALL OF RECORDED HISTORY BEEN MERELY A SLOW, STEADY SLIDE INTO THE ABYSS?

NEW YORK 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. Nerertheless, 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 decide 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 hte home, removed from his mother's negative influence, Kovacs did very well at schoolwork, excelling particularly in the fields of literature and religious eduscation 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.

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 with her murder. When the news was broken to Walter Kovacs, then aged sixteen, his only comment was 'Good.' Shor tly 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 existsthat gives a clear insight into the psychology of this troubled man. Some police officers have tentatively identified hima s 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.

Dr. Malcolm Long
October 23, 1985

CONFIDENTIAL

CHARLTON HOME

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 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 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, chest and stomach. They didn't have any face, you could only see their ears, two on either side of the head facing toward 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 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.

HACH

CONFIDENTIAL

CHARLTON HOME

My Parents by Walter Kovacs

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 is Charlie, which is short for Charles though 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 found 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 atom bomb on Japan.

That's all I have to say about my parents.

CHARLTON HOME

CONFIDEN

INVOICE

CUSTOMER NO.

MANHATTAN FABRICS

SHIP TO:

BILL TO: Kitty Genovese
411 W. 37th St. Manhattan
555-8799

DATE	SHIP VIA	F.O.B.	TERMS
5-11-62	US Mail		C.O.D.
PURCHASE ORDER NUMBER	ORDER DATE	SALESPERSON	OUR ORDER NUMBER
		WT KOVACS	

QUANTITY REQUIRED	QUANTITY SHIPPED	B.O.	ITEM NUMBER	DESCRIPTION	UNIT PRICE	AMOUNT
			30057	Size 7 : PANAMA CONTINENTAL Fabric : SYMMETRY MANHATTAN X ; BLACK AND WHITE		

UNCLAIMED
Customer Dissatisfied

Woman killed while neighbors look on

NEW YORK (AP)—Last night, just outside of a 37th Street high rise, a young woman named Kitty Genovese was brutally raped and murdered by a gang of four youths. Genovese herself was a resident of the building.

What makes the case so remarkable is the fact that the attack took place directly under a street lamp in front of the building's well-lit lobby, in plain view of more than forty of the building's residents. During the 27 minutes of the actual assault, not a single witness attempted to intervene or dialed police despite Genovese's repeated screams. When later questioned by the authorities, many of the witnesses could describe the attack in such perfect and prolonged detail that it was obvious they had watched the entire incident unfold.

According to witnesses, Genovese arrived at the building at approximately 11:14 PM. As she fumbled for her key to the entranceway, her attackers emerged from the bushes in front of the building and wrestled her to the ground, commencing their assault.

"It was horrible," said one man who witnessed the attack. "I don't know why I didn't do anything. I was sort of . . . frozen. I'm very ashamed."

At present, police have yet to apprehend the four suspects.

—NEW YORK GAZETTE
MARCH 14, 1964

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL
MARCH 18th, 1964. FIRST ENTRY.

THE FACE IS FINISHED AT LAST—WONDERFUL BLACK AND WHITE, AS ALL THINGS SHOULD BE. I AM GLAD I DECIDED TO KEEP THE DRESS THESE PAST TWO YEARS. THE FACE IS PERFECT, A THING OF TRUE BEAUTY. A FACE THAT CAN SHELTER ME FROM THE WORLD AND HIDE MY WEARY SENSES. A FACE WHICH I CAN FINALLY STARE DOWN IN THE MIRROR.

FROM THIS POINT ON, I'VE DECIDED TO WRITE DOWN EVERY-THING I SEE AND EXPERIENCE WHICH MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE A BEARING UPON MY NOCTURNAL MISSION. THIS JOURNAL WILL BE A COMPLETE RECORD OF MY DEEDS WHICH I CAN REFER BACK TO AND A VOUCHER TO SHOW THE ANGELS WHEN THEY COME LOOKING FOR ME ON JUDGMENT DAY.

I'LL START TONIGHT WITH THE WOMAN AND HER KILLERS.

LONG: Making a mask for yourself, you decided to become Rorschach and . . .

KOVACS: 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.

LONG: Soft? How do you mean?

KOVACS: Soft on scum. Too young to know any better. Molly-coddled them . . . Let them live.

- FROM THE TRANSCRIPT OF INTERVIEW TAPES MADE BY DOCTOR MALCOLM LONG SHORTLY AFTER RORSCHACH'S ARREST, OCTOBER 26, 1985

Murderers brought in by mysterious vigilante

NEW YORK (AP)—The four suspects sought by the police for the rape and murder of Kitty Genovese were all found bound and gagged lying in front of Area Two Violent Crimes headquarters late last night. Pinned to one of the suspects was a note reading "With compliments - Rorschach."

"Sure we're grateful," commented detective Michael Martin of A2 Violent, "We think this Rorsh-otch is probably just another new entry in the costumed vigilante field . . . Pretty dumb name, though."

Police are withholding the names of the four men they had been searching for since Genovese was attacked in March. Until the suspects were delivered to Area Two headquarters, police had no leads as to their whereabouts.

- NEW YORK GAZETTE APRIL 4, 1964

Rorschach and Nite Owl bring down the Big Figure

NEW YORK (AP)—Costumed crimebusting partners Rorschach and the new Nite Owl arrived at Manhattan's Area Two Violent Crimes Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon with a very famous prisoner in tow: the Brooklyn-based reputed organized crime boss known as the Big Figure.

Along with the diminuitive alleged gangster, police were also given a coded ledger and proper instructions for deciphering it. Police officials have confirmed that the ledger contains hard evidence implicating the Big Figure in a massive "narcotics conspiracy" engulfing New York City and parts of New Jersey, as well as further evidence implicating the Figure's organization in at least two homicides.

"Of course we like to work together," said Nite Owl on the steps of police headquarters, "The results speak for themselves."

- NEW YORK GAZETTE AUGUST 23, 1965

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

PASSED BY THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, ON THIS AUGUST THE 3rd, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SEVEN.

Beginning on December the 3rd of nineteen hundred and seventy seven and continuing on thereafter, the improper investigation or prevention of any federal, state, or local criminal violation by anyone other than an official duly licensed by the federal government is hereby considered a violation of federal law and a felony in the first degree. Furthermore, anyone making a citizen's arrest as per state and local statutes is hereby required by law to state his or her full legal name to the arrested subject at the time the arrest is made. Failure to do so constitutes a federal felony in the second degree and opens the violator to a civil action for false or wrongful arrest.

Signed by Richard M. Ni[illegible]
President of the Un[illegible]

Rorschach answers Keene

NEW YORK (AP)—Just two days after the Keene Act banning costumed vigilantes has gone into effect, a dead body was found on the steps of Manhattan's Area Two Violent Crimes Headquarters. Pinned to the body was a note reading simply "Never" and bearing Rorschach's trademark seal. Police have identified the deceased as one Harvey Charles Furniss, a wanted multiple-rape suspect.

– NEW YORK GAZETTE DECEMBER 5, 1977

~~Byors~~ Kovacs Case 10/27/85

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 overreact to the injustice in the world. They're not what sent him over its edge. They're not what turned him into Rorschach.

I find that my interest in Kovacs is beginning to become an obsession. Last night, I found myself staring at the inkblots I have used to diagnose patients for more than twenty years. It may have just been fatigue, but for a moment I could have sworn I saw the stains oozing over the page, slowly shifting into mysterious new shapes.

– FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG OCTOBER 23, 1985

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL.
AUGUST 14th, 1979.

SEEMS I HAVE AT LEAST ONE ALLY HERE IN THE LAIR OF THE WEAK. PURSUED BY A GROUP OF POLICE OFFICERS THIS EVENING. A CAB DRIVER STOPPED AND OFFERED ME A RIDE... SEEMS HE RECOGNIZED MY FACE.

TOLD ME I WAS HIS HERO, TOLD ME HE WAS COMPELLED TO WAR AGAINST THE SINNERS AND THE POLITICIANS AND THE FALSE PROPHETS AS WELL. ASKED ME HOW I ALWAYS MANAGED TO ESCAPE MY PURSUERS.... HOW I ALWAYS MANAGED TO RETURN TO THE STREETS.

TOLD HIM THAT REMAINING ON THE STREETS IS EASY. TOLD HIM THAT THE POLICE DO NOT FIND ME BECAUSE THEY DO NOT WANT TO FIND ME. POLICE PROTECT THE PUBLIC FROM PEOPLE THE PUBLIC CAN NEVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND... I PROTECT THE POLICE FROM PEOPLE THE POLICE CAN NEVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND. WE HAVE NEITHER LOVE NOR RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER... BUT WE EACH UNDERSTAND THE OTHER'S FUNCTION.

ONE DAY, ALL WILL CHANGE. POLICE WILL BECOME SO DESPERATE THAT THEY'LL FINALLY LOCK ME AWAY IN ONE OF THEIR CAGES. THEN THEY'LL LOOK DOWN FROM THEIR WATCHTOWERS IN HORROR AS THEY REALIZE MY INCARCERATION HAS NOT EVEN PULLED THEM UP A SINGLE RUNG MUCH LESS RAISED THEM OUT OF THE PIT.

I'VE BEEN FAITHFUL TO MY JOURNAL... MY VOUCHER. WHEN THAT DAY COMES, I'LL BE READY.

NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT
MANHATTAN

NO. 456-2390-2B

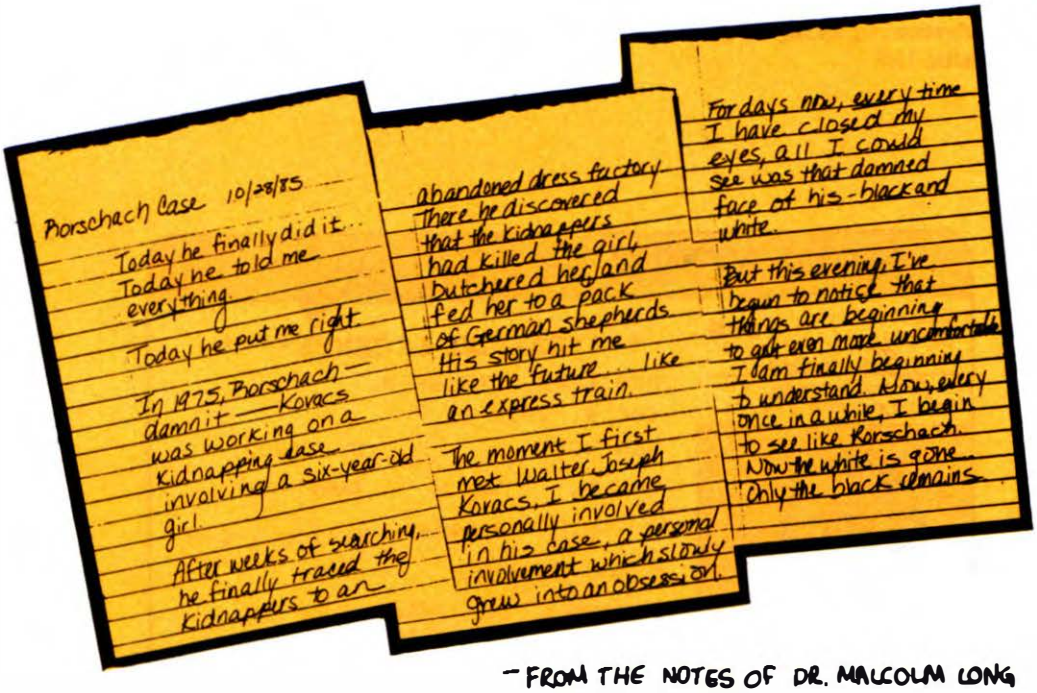
FOR INTER-DEPARTMENTAL USE ONLY
(please type or print clearly)
Name KOVACS, Walter Joseph
Address TRANSIENT
Born 3/21/40
Mothers name KOVACS, Sylvia Joanna (née GLICK)
Fathers name Unknown
DETAILS OF ARREST : COPIES:
Walter Joseph Kovacs, A.K.A. RORSCHACH, was arrested on the night of Monday, October 21st when a sqaudron 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.

NYPD FORM-A

V

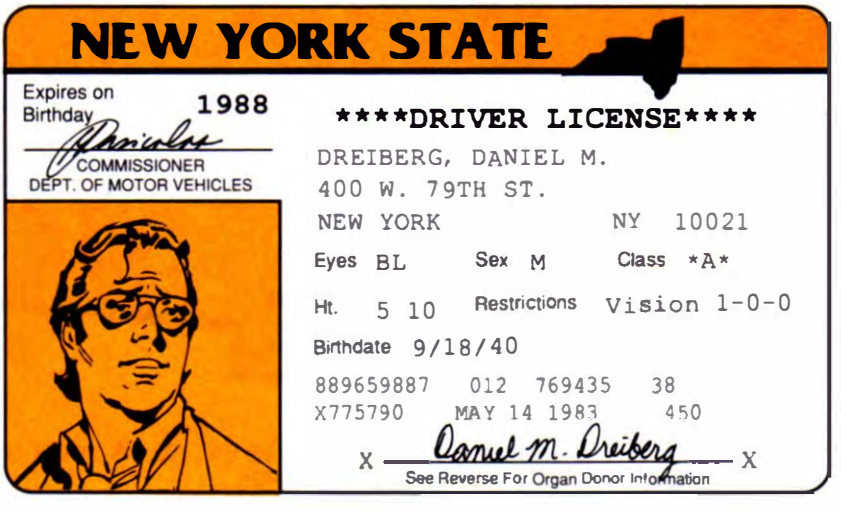


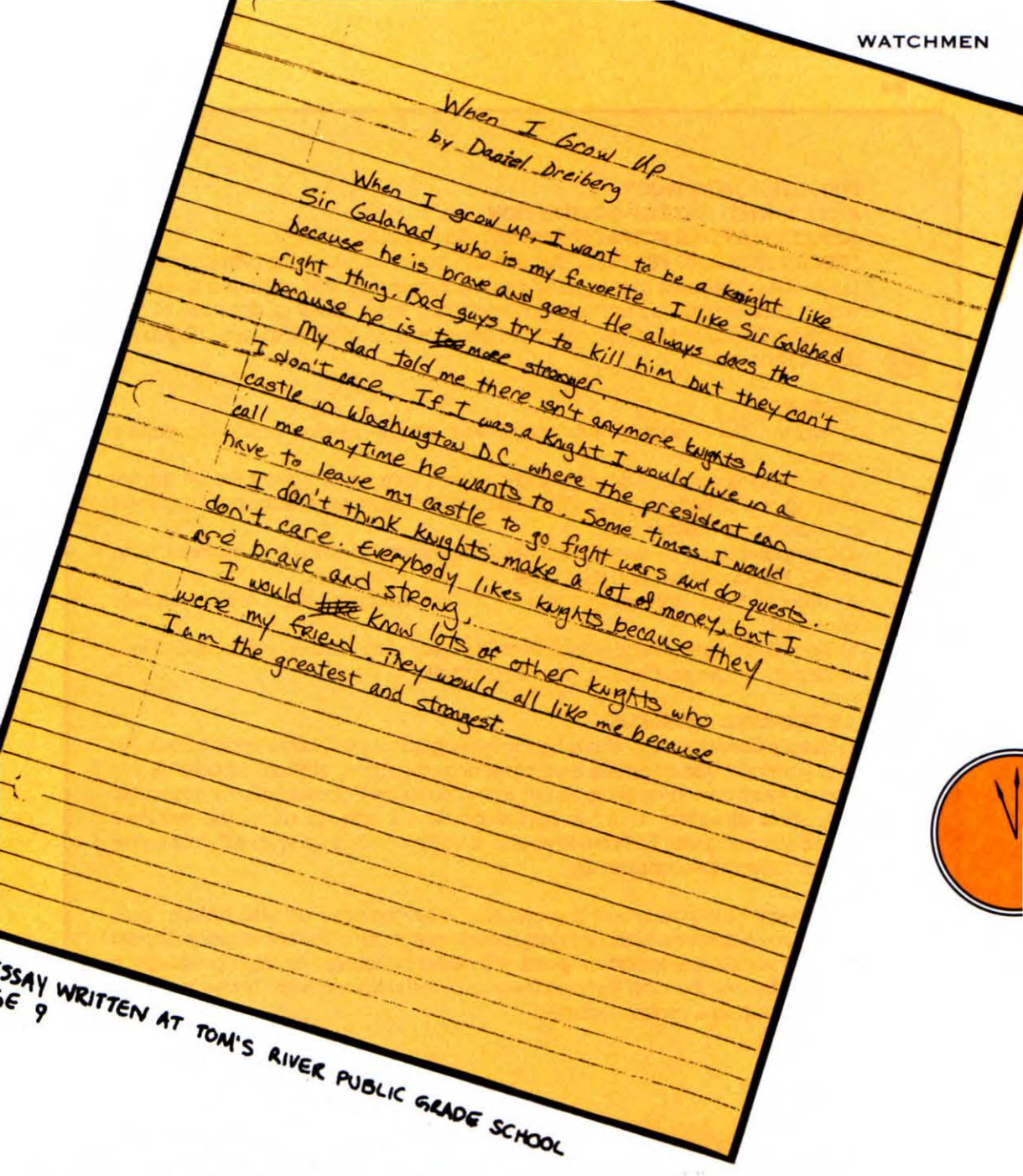
— FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG OCTOBER 28, 1985

NITE OWL II

DEX:	4	STR:	4	BODY:	4
INT:	6	WILL:	4	MIND:	4
INFL:	4	AURA:	5	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	16			HERO POINTS:	35

- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics: 2, Detective: 6, Gadgetry: 10, Martial Artist: 5
  Medicine: 3, Thief: 4, Vehicles: 6
- **Advantages:**
  Area Knowledge (New York City); Connections: Street (Low); Genius
- **Drawbacks:**
  Secret Identity
- **Equipment:**
  COSTUME [*BODY: 6*]
  NIGHT GOGGLES [BODY: 2, Thermal Vision: 5]
  Handcuffs (x4) [STR: 6, BODY: 6]
  Medical Kit [Medicine (First Aid): 5; BODY: 1]
  Mini-Camera [BODY: 1, Recall: 7, R#: 2]
  Recall only works on visual information.
  Micro-Recorder [BODY: 1, Recall: 7, R#: 2]
  Recall only works on audio information.
  Rebreather [BODY: 1, Sealed Systems: 8, R#: 2]
  Smoke Capsules (x4) [BODY: 1, Fog: 9]
  Two-Way Radio [BODY: 1]
  Radio has a Range of 12 APs and can be used to pilot the Owlship by remote control.
- **Alter Ego:** Daniel Dreiberg/Sam Hollis
- **Motivation:** Upholding the Good
- **Wealth:** 15/8





ESSAY WRITTEN AT TOM'S RIVER PUBLIC GRADE SCHOOL
SE 9

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 . . . .

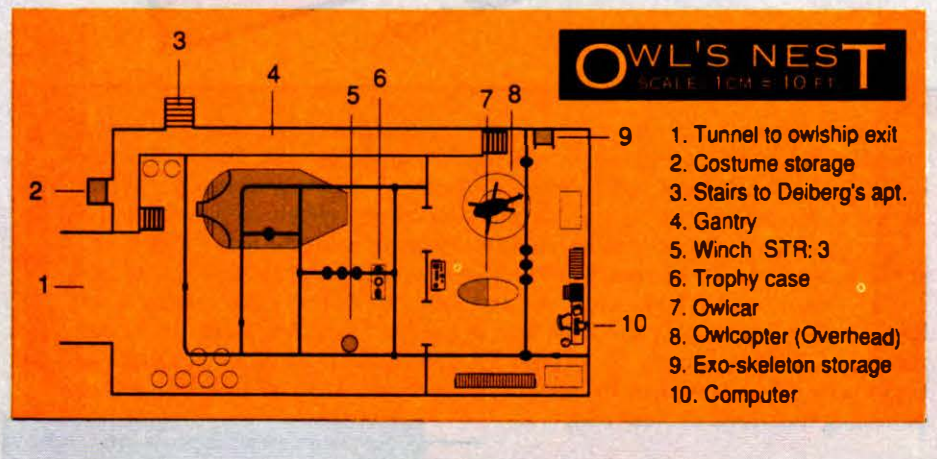
EXCERPT FROM *UNDER THE HOOD* BY HOLLIS MASON; CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.

PROJECT: "OWL'S NEST"
ANTICIPATED DATE OF COMPLETION: Feb 7. 1963.
APPROXIMATE ANTICIPATED BUDGET: $3,000,000
DESCRIPTION AND FEATURES: hidden sanctuary beneath the 79th street town house. Needs its own heating and cooling systems as well as phone lines and water connections completely independent from those of the rest of the building. Also needs its own electrical generator. Must have at least 10,000 sq. feet of floor space.

FEATURES:
1) Hidden Door leading into apartment: simple hidden catch on pantry cabinet.
2) Berthing space for Owlship and Owlcar. Ship must have take-off tunnel leading out. Shield all walls against exhaust. Outer tunnel entrance disguised as warehouse garage door.
3) Computer link up—install VAX 880, running crime data base. Network with NYPD, FBI, and Interpol data bases.
4) Remote links—everything should be controllable with Owlship remote controller.
5) Tight Security!—everything is both actively and passively alarmed. Silent warnings trigger on Owlship remote controller.

ANTICIPATED PROBLEMS:
1) Simple Construction— this is by far the largest project I have undertaken. All that currently stands on site is an abandoned subway station. Somehow, this station must be converted to the structure described above without attracting too much attention. There is almost no way I can do all of the required construction myself. I'll have to spend a while coming up with suitable cover stories to feed the contractors.

2) Secrecy—the port where the owl ship emerges must be well hidden from view. One possible solution is to inquire into purchasing the entire block. I could then screen off the departure point with taller buildings. Another possibility is to actually exit the craft through the roof of the adjacent warehouse building, if such a scheme proves feasible.



OWL'S NEST
The Owl's Nest features an internal laboratory rated at 10 APs and a computer system with the following stats:
OWL'S NEST COMPUTER [INT: 4, BODY: 2, Recall: 15, Split: 2, R#: 2]
The Owl's Nest Computer comes with terminals, extended memory, printer and plotter. It has an ability which works as the Split Power at 2 APs, making duplicates of its "mind." Each "mind" may run separate programs.

The OV/RV of the Perception Check necessary to find either of the Owl's Nest's hidden entrances is 7/7. The Owl's Nest's security system is rated at 7 APs. The walls of the complex have a BODY of 13.

PROJECT: "OWLCAR"
ANTICIPATED DATE OF COMPLETION: Dec 3, 1964.
APPROXIMATE ANTICIPATED BUDGET: $55,000
DESCRIPTION AND FEATURES: An all-purpose, all-terrain vehicle equally at home on city streets and rugged country terrain. Must seat at least two and travel at speeds in excess of 100 MPH.

FEATURES:
1) Rear Detention Seat for housing dangerous passengers.
2) Link up with Owl's Nest computer
3) Remote Control Unit.
4) Weaponry: Machine guns loadable with rubber bullets.
5) Good Security System!

ANTICIPATED PROBLEMS:
1) Standard Tires are woefully inadequate. Tires must be armored against damage.
2) Remote Control will be difficult to design around a simple hand-held console.

OWLCAR
OWLCAR [STR: 8, BODY: 8, Running: 7, Telepathy: 14, EV: 8, R#: 2]
The Owlcar seats four and can be piloted by remote control from up to a mile away. The rear of the vehicle features a portable "detention cell" for transporting criminals [BODY: 9, Security Systems: 9]. The EV represents the front mounted machine guns. The car's Telepathy Power may only be used to communicate with the computer in the Owl's Nest.

PROJECT: ANTI-RADIATION UNIFORM
ANTICIPATED DATE OF COMPLETION: Sept 11. 1972.
APPROXIMATEANTICIPATED BUDGET: $30,000
DESCRIPTION AND FEATURES: Lightweight suit mimicking the appearance of the standard Nite Owl costume and capable of providing complete protection from intense radiation for periods of up to five hours. Suit is color-coded orange for fast identification and retrieval.

ANTICIPATED PROBLEMS:
1) Standard anti-radiation fabrics are too bulky. Some sort of lightweight filter must be developed.
2) Standard air supply too bulky. Look into new compression techniques.
3) Almost impossible to wear the suit over standard Nite Owl costume without severely restricting freedom of movement.

ANTI-RADIATION SUIT
ANTI-RADIATION SUIT [*BODY:* 5, Sealed Systems: 13, R#: 2]
The suit only provides protection against radiation.

PROJECT: "UNDERWATER UNIFORM"
ANTICIPATED DATE OF COMPLETION: March 6. 1967.
APPROXIMATE ANTICIPATED BUDGET: $13,000
DESCRIPTION AND FEATURES: lightweight suit mimicking the appearance of the st. Nite Owl uniform and allowing unhindered underwater operation for up to 4 hours. Built-in enhanced infra-red visual capabilities to allow unrestricted viewing of objects up to seventy-five feet away at a depth of 100ft. Suit is color-coded green for fast identification and retrieval.

ANTICIPATED PROBLEMS:
1) St. oxygen supplies too bulky. Tanks must be reshaped and re-sized.
2) Probably impossible to wear over st. Nite Owl uniform without restricting movement.

UNDERWATER SUIT
UNDERWATER SUIT [*BODY:* 5, Sealed Systems: 12, Thermal Vision: 5]

PROJECT: ANTI-COLD SUIT—"SNOW OWL"
ANTICIPATED DATE OF COMPLETION: Jun 5. 1966.
APPROXIMATE ANTICIPATED BUDGET: $10,000
DESCRIPTION AND FEATURES: Protective sheath mimicking the appearance of the standard Nite Owl uniform and allowing relatively unrestricted operation in temperatures as low as -50 degrees Centigrade for an unlimited duration. Suit color coded white for fast identification and retrieval.

ANTICIPATED PROBLEMS:
1) Heat exchangers unacceptably limit duration of protection. Suit will have to be constructed from simple layered thermal materials, increasing bulk.
SNOW OWL
SNOW OWL [*DEX: 3*, Cold Immunity: 5]
The Snow Owl is worn over the st. Nite Owl uniform. When worn, it lowers the wearer's DEX to a maximum of 3.

PROJECT: EXO-SKELETON
ANTICIPATED DATE OF COMPLETION: Jan 11. 1976.
APPROXIMATE ANTICIPATED BUDGET: $175.000
DESCRIPTION AND FEATURES: Battery powered exo-skeleton capable of increasing the wearer's physical strength by a factor of no less than 16. Suit must be worn over standard Nite Owl uniform.

ANTICIPATED PROBLEMS:
1) Suit's bulk will make it difficult to control. Improper control could result in serious injury to the wearer.
2) Suit's battery life is severely limited.

NITE OWL EXO-SKELETON
EXO-SKELETON [*DEX: 3, STR: 8*, R#: 5]
The Exo-skeleton reduces the wearer's DEX down to a minimum of 3.
When the Exo-skeleton fails a Reliability Check, it's abilities do not fail. Instead, the user must immediately make a DEX roll against an OV/RV of 6/6 (using his suit-adjusted DEX). If this roll fails, he is immediately attacked with an AV/EV of 6/6 against an OV/RV equal to his or her BODY/BODY. No Hero Points may be spent to affect either of these rolls. The suit's attacks upon its wearer are automatically considered Killing Combat.

My Hobby
by Daniel Dreiberg

My hobby is bird watching. Outside our house in Tom's River we have a pigeon coop. My dad takes me care of the pigeons and teaches me things about them.

I like birds because they are all different colors. We have white pigeons, blue pigeons, and gray pigeons. We used to have a yellow pigeon but it died. I've seen a red cardinal, a green parakeet and a yellow canary.

I like birds because they can fly too. Some of our pigeons can fly so high that I can't even see them anymore. A lot of people think birds fly by flapping their wings, but they don't. They just flap their wings a little bit to get going. Then they glide. Sometimes I wonder where birds fly to.

I think my favorite birds of all are owls. Some owls eat other birds, but my dad says they only eat the bad birds that hurt the farms. Merlin the magician had a pet owl named Archimedes. My dad says Merlin must have named him after a Greek philosopher but I don't know him.

I like to go bird watching whenever I can. When I grow up, I want to study birds and other animals and maybe become a scientist.

- ESSAY WRITTEN AT TOM'S RIVER PUBLIC GRADE SCHOOL AGE 9

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
Boston, Massachusetts

Commencement Program
Summer 1960 • June 3, 1960

Grand Procession of Graduates

"Your New Responsibilities in the New Age"
Speech by Harvard President B.W. Thoreau

"Who Would Have Dreamed?"
Speech by Lucius Gallsworthy, Dean of Students

"The Bright Tomorrow"
Speech by Guest Speaker Robert Kennedy

"A Little Nostalgia"
Speech by Valedictorian Daniel M. Dreiberg (Arts: Zoology / Aeronautics)

Diploma Awards

Closing Prayer: *Father George Berkeley*

Graduates Exit Parade

8-16-60

Dear Uncle Alan,

Thanks a lot for your offer. I knew there would be a place for me in the family banking industry and I truly appreciate your concern. For now, however, I think I'll have to decline, though maybe I'll be taking you up on your offer at a later date.

Now that I'm out of Harvard, I'm going to spend some time studying ornithology at the Bronx Zoo in New York. After that - well, who knows, what I'll be doing?

Say hi to Aunt Greta and everyone else for me, and I'll be in touch soon.

Love,

Daniel

Nite Owl and Phantom bring down the Bully!

NEW YORK—"The Bully's" reign of terror in the Bronx finally ended yesterday, when former Minuteman Nite Owl and his faithful canine companion Phantom finally succeeded in capturing the Bully and his five-man gang.

This morning, police announced that beneath his mask, The Bully is actually William Water Schott of Brooklyn. Schott, who was already wanted for a double murder in Pennsylvania, faces a possible sixty-year prison sentence for the racketeering, theft, and murder he conducted as The Bully.

Although he has been out of the limelight for some time now, Nite Owl stopped to chat with reporters after bringing The Bully down to Manhattan's Area Two Violent Crimes Police Headquarters.

"I don't know how much longer I can keep this up," said the costumed vigilante. "I'm getting older now, and the whole thing just isn't so exciting any more, although I am certainly very pleased whenever I can make a collar like this."

Nite Owl went on to comment upon Doctor Manhattan: "Yeah, he's certainly changed my perspective a bit as well. I mean, who needs Sir Galahad when you've got God himself."

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
MAY 23, 1961

Dear Mr. Mason,

I read the accounts of your recent retirement with no small degree of sadness, even though I am quite pleased you will finally be getting the rest you so richly deserve. I have been a very enthusiastic fan since I was three years old, and your struggles have had quite an impact on my life.

I have recently decided to become a costumed adventurer myself. With your retirement now final, I was wondering if I could secure your permission to carry on in your tradition as the "new" Nite Owl.

I know this sounds like some sort of crank letter, but I am really quite serious. In college at Harvard, I found I had a knack for science, and I've already begun work on an arsenal of high-tech crime fighting devices. Just so you can see that I am not kidding you, I would like to invite you to come and have a look at my creations. You can contact me at the number and address below.

I am looking forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Daniel M. Dreiberg

Daniel M. Dreiberg
400 W. 79th Street Apt #1A
New York, NY 10021
(212) 555 - 1434

Rorschach and Nite Owl nail the Underboss

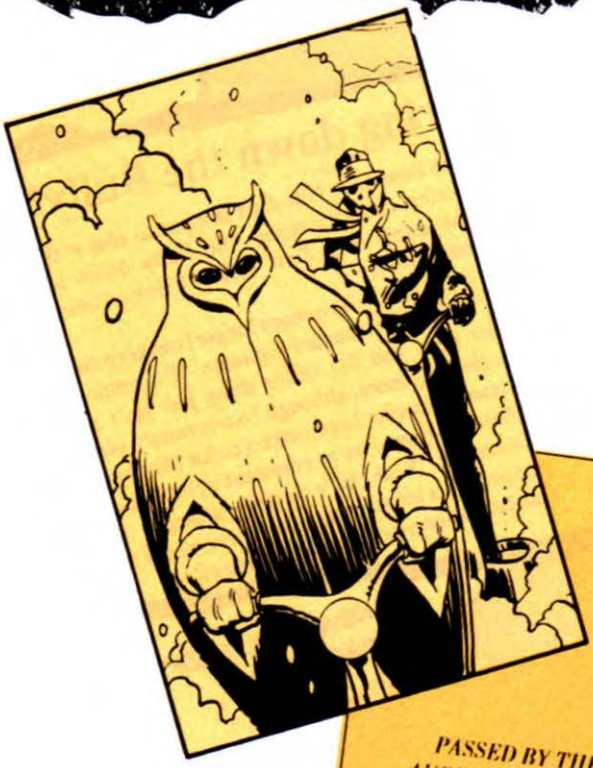
NEW YORK (AP)—Anthony "Underboss" Rizzoli, the reputed head of New York's mafia syndicate was again taken into custody by detectives of Manhattan's Area Two Violent Crimes Unit early yesterday morning and was charged with racketeering and conspiracy, although this time it appears as though the charges may actually stick.

A2 Violent Detectives were recently given a large file full of evidence by costumed heroes Rorschach and Nite Owl which reputedly links Rizzoli to a series of illegal payments to top city employees, lawmakers, judges, and law enforcement officials.

When questioned about the quality of the evidence, Detective Robert A. Mercer would say only that "it's by far better than anything we've ever collected. It's probably good enough to convict Rizzoli of at least two or three counts and put him on ice for a while."

Just after Rizzoli's arrest was announced, Nite Owl was reached for comment at the site of a gas explosion, where he was busy jetting victims away from the flames. "Rorschach and I are both proud that we were able to help. The announcement of the arrest pleases us greatly. If we continue to win victories like this, I might just keep doing this forever."

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
APRIL 15, 1966



CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

PASSED BY THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, ON THIS AUGUST THE 3rd, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SEVEN.

Beginning on December the 3rd of nineteen hundred and seventy seven and continuing on thereafter, the improper investigation or prevention of any federal, state, or local criminal violation by anyone other than an official duly licensed by the federal government is hereby considered a violation of federal law and a felony in the first degree.

Furthermore, anyone making a citizen's arrest as per state and local statutes is hereby required by law to state his or her full legal name to the arrested subject at the time the arrest is made. Failure to do so constitutes a federal felony in the second degree and opens the violator to a civil action for false or wrongful arrest.

Signed by

President of

Daniel M. Dreiberg
400 W. 79th Street Apt #1A
New York, NY 10021

Joseph Westwood, Editor
Journal of the American Ornithological Society
PO Box 33675
Chicago, IL 60610
October 23, 1977

Dear Mr. Westwood:

You probably don't remember me, but I attended several of your lectures while I was an undergraduate at Harvard University in the late 1950s.

The purpose of this letter is to inquire about the proper procedure for submitting manuscripts to your Journal. I have recently been forced to retire from my chosen career, giving me plenty of time to rekindle my interest in ornithology. I hope to do quite a bit of writing.

As a writing sample, I have enclosed an article on the owl entitled "Blood from the Shoulder of Pallas" which you might find suitable for your Fall edition.

I am looking forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Daniel M. Dreiberg

Giant Post Card

11/14/81

DEAR HOLLIS,

SEE I TOLD YOU I'D WRITE FROM AFRICA!

SO FAR THE TRIP HAS BEEN QUITE INTERESTING. PROFESSOR WESTWOOD AND I GO OUT OBSERVING EVERY MORNING. WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A COUPLE OF WEEKS AND WE'VE ALREADY SEEN SOME INCREDIBLY RARE SPECIMENS. I GUESS WE'RE LUCKY.

ANYWAY, I MISS NEW YORK - THE BUILDINGS; THE PEOPLE; THE EXCITEMENT?!?!!

MAYBE I JUST CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT THE OLD DAYS. I COULD SAVE MYSELF A LOT OF TIME IF I COULD ONLY MANAGE TO CONVINCE MY BRAIN THAT NITE OWL IS NEVER AGAIN GOING TO BE ANYTHING BUT A FOND MEMORY. I'VE JUST GOT TO LEARN TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT I'VE HUNG UP MY COSTUME FOR GOOD.

WELL WE'RE GETTING READY TO GO BACK OUT AGAIN. TAKE CARE AND I'LL SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS. DAN

Nite Owl flying the skies again?

NEW YORK—Last night, eleven victims were rescued from a flash tenement fire on the Upper East Side by a costumed hero piloting a large, hi-tech airship. Some of the older victims positively identified their mysterious benefactor as the second Nite Owl, a costumed "hero" active in the New York area in the late 1960s and early 70s.

Although he hasn't been seen on the streets of New York since the Keene Act banning all but government-licensed heroes went into effect in 1977, the police are not taking the reports of Nite Owl's return lightly.

"Of course we're interested, and if he's decided to come back for good, we'll get him," said Area Two Violent Crimes police detective James Bourquin, "We captured Rorschach, we can capture him."

Many of the rescued victims had amazing stories to tell. "Nite Owl was not alone," said Mrs. Josephina Katz, an older resident of the building, "There was a woman with him."

Mrs. Katz's son Tim was more interested in discussing the impressive Owlship. "It was at least twenty-five-feet long. It was fast, it could hover, it had water cannons mounted on it. It was incredible."

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
OCTOBER 23, 1985

PROJECT: THE OWLSHIP "ARCHIMEDES"
ANTICIPATED DATE OF COMPLETION: Jan 2, 1965.
APPROXIMATE ANTICIPATED BUDGET: $250,000
DESCRIPTION AND FEATURES: A floating base of operations and vehicle. Must transport at least six comfortably. Takeoff and landing must both be VTOL. Hovering is a must.

FEATURES:
1) Control via remote control, an inner control port, or an outer port.
2) Computer link with Owl's Nest.
3) Wide variety of weapons and accessories.
4) Sealed and reinforced for underwater work.
5) Pressurized for high atmosphere work.
6) Runs on electric batteries supplemented by industrial alternators. Assuming normal use, manual recharging necessary only once every six months.
7) Operation totally silent.
8) Alarmed and secured.
ANTICIPATED DIFFICULTIES:

1) Designing Remote Control around a simple console will be extremely difficult. Menu-driven controller à la the owlcar?
2) Sealing against underwater and high atmosphere environments might be rather costly.
3) Weapons easy to build, but dangerous. Must insure proper safeguards and double security.

ARCHIMEDES (The "Owlship")

ARCHIMEDES[DEX: 5, STR: 10, BODY: 8, INT: 7, Flame Project: 10, Flash: 10, Fog: 10, Flight: 9, Lightning: 8, Magnetic Control: 8, MindBlast: 10 (sonic screechers), Radar Sense: 15, Sealed Systems: 18, Super Ventriloquism: 7 (PA System), Telescopic Vision: 7, Telepathy: 17, Swimming: 6, Water Control: 7 (water cannons), R#: 2]
7 AP C Omni-Gadget

The Owlship's Mind Blast has the Area Effect Bonus, and Nite Owl can control the ship via remote control from up to 1 mile away. The Lightning and Magnetic Control Powers both have a Range of Touch on the ship's hull. Telepathy can only be used to communicate with the computer back in the Owl's Nest.

Owl ship quells rioting as situation reaches critical

NEW YORK (AP)--Last night, Bronx rioters supporting the striking police officers trying to prompt federal lawmakers to pass a ban on costumed vigilantism caused over three hundred thousand dollars in property damage before being quelled by Nite Owl and The Comedian.

Witnesses say that the crowds were finally dispersed by a volley of tear gas grenades released from the Owlship. Nearby hospitals report more than eleven lung and eye injuries due to the gas.

When questioned about the incident, Senator Keene, one of the anti-vigilante movement's most prominent supporters said that "the use of excessive force by the so-called heroes only provides further evidence of their lawlessness."

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
JULY 7, 1977

Nite Owl breaks Rorschach out of Riker's Island!

NEW YORK (AP)---Less than two weeks after he was captured by the New York City Police Department, the notorious Rorschach is already back on the streets thanks to a daring midnight operation conducted last night by Rorschach's ex-partner the "Nite Owl."

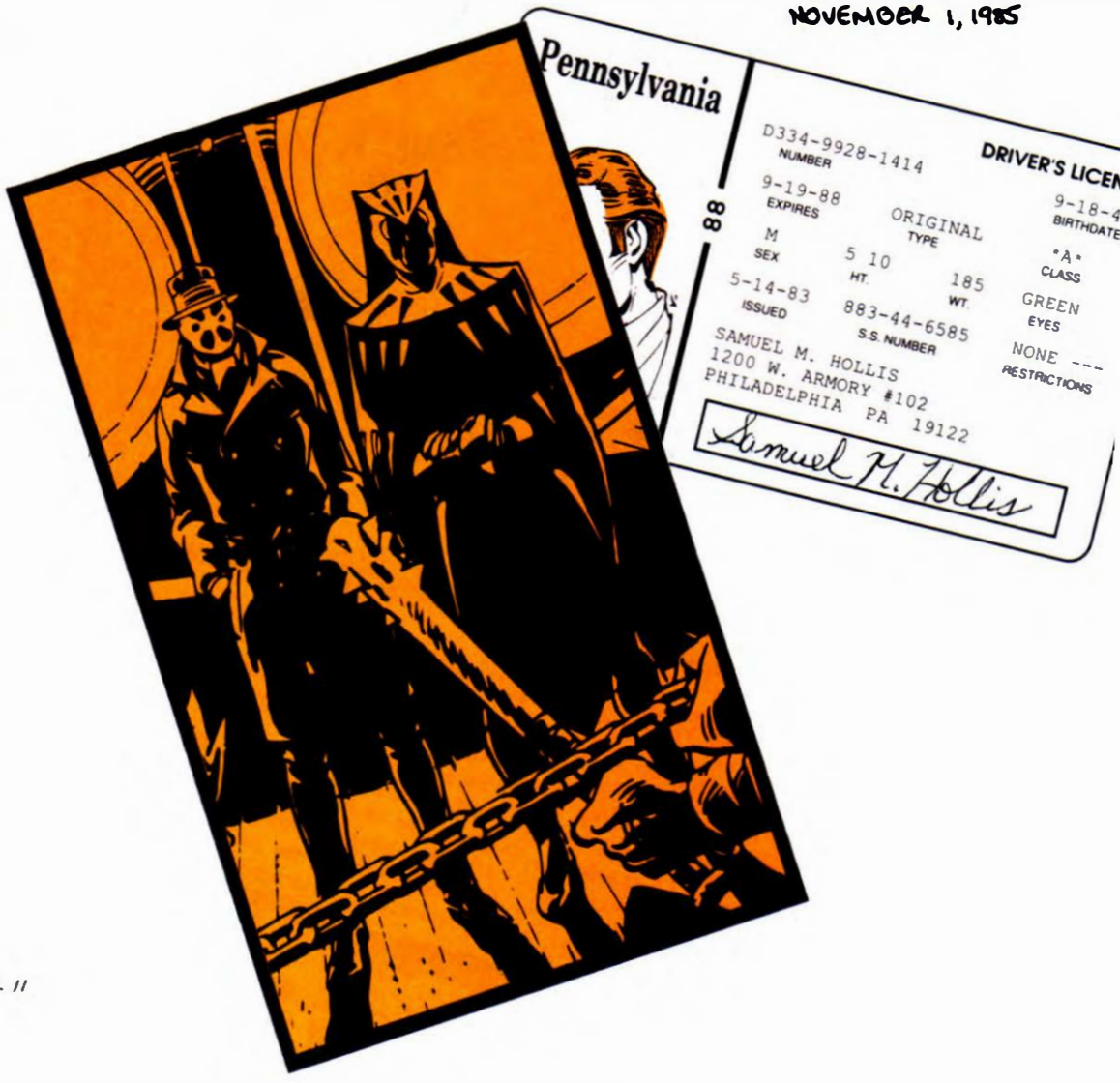
The Owlship, Nite Owl's armed floating airship, pulled in over Riker's Island at approximately 11:45 PM and disabled the wall guards with some sort of "sonic mind attack." Nite Owl and a female accomplice, tentatively identified as the second Silk Spectre, then moved into the prison and retrieved Rorschach. The trio made good their aerial escape before anyone could stop them.

Widespread rioting amongst Riker's other inmates followed in the wake of the break-in, leaving at least six dead, among them The Big Figure, a former nemesis of Rorschach and Nite Owl.

Although he hasn't been active since the Keene Act was passed in 1977, Nite Owl was seen for the first time in eight years rescuing trapped victims from a tenement fire just eight days ago.

Just after news of the break-in leaked out, police revealed that they have finally uncovered Nite Owl's true identity: one Daniel Dreiberg of Manhattan. By the time police could close in on Dreiberg's 79th St. home, however, he was already gone. Preliminary investigations have shown that Dreiberg has somehow managed to disappear without a trace. Dreiberg is said to be 5'10, 185 lbs, with light brown hair.

- NEW YORK GAZETTE NOVEMBER 1, 1985



WL 11

DR. MANHATTAN

DEX:	15	STR:	20	BODY:	18
INT:	30	WILL:	20	MIND:	30
INFL:	4	AURA:	15	SPIRIT:	10
INIT:	49		HERO POINTS:		200

- **Powers:**
  Growth: 20, Invulnerability: 35, Matter Manipulation: 35, Microscopic Vision: 25, Omni-Power: 25, Precognition: 50, Recall: 50, Sealed Systems: 50, Telekinesis: 25, Teleportation: 50
- **Skills:**
  Gadgetry: 30, Scientist: 30
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: U.S. Government (High); Genius; Scholar (Physics)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Catastrophic Irrational Attraction to knowledge of the physical world; Public Identity
- **Alter Ego:** Jonathan Osterman
- **Motivation:** Unwanted Power
- **Occupation:** Scientist
- **Wealth:** 18

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.

-EXCERPT FROM "DR. MANHATTAN: SUPER-POWERS AND THE SUPERPOWERS" BY PROF. MILTON GLASS; 1968

Atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima

We stand at the dawn of a frightening new age. Last night, an American B-29 bomber dropped the world's first atomic weapon on the Japanese city of Hiroshima on the southern tip of the Japanese island of Honshu some 500 miles from Tokyo.

The early reports of the damage caused by the bomb at first seemed unbelievable, but have now been confirmed by Army reconnaissance photographs. Over 100,000 Japanese civilians were killed in the blast, and another 130,000 injured. The single bomb is said to have levelled as much as five square miles of terrain in the center of the city. The blast crater left by the bomb has an estimated diameter of more than one-half mile.

The bomb's explosion was accompanied by a brilliant flash of light and a large mushroom-shaped cloud seen by observers as far away as forty miles.

State department officials report that the decision to use the bomb was heavily influenced by the enormous projected rate of casualties that would be inflicted in an amphibious invasion of the Japanese mainlands. The Allied governments are privately hoping that the Japanese will surrender with the threat of further atomic attack hanging over their heads.

So far, government officials have refused to state whether or not we can expect any more atomic attacks in the days to come.

- NEW YORK GAZETTE
AUGUST 7, 1945

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
Princeton, New Jersey

Department of Physics

May 6, 1958

Mr. Osterman:

This letter is to inform you that the faculty board has accepted your dissertation "C Waves and Neutrino Theory" and has agreed to award you the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Physics. Allow me to be the first to extend my congratulations.

A graduation ceremony will be held on June 7 at McDonlevy Hall. Please inform us if you do not wish to participate in this ceremony.

Sincerely,

Dr. Michael Florence
Doctor Michael Florence
Chairman, Dept. of Physics.

MANHATTAN

February 2, 1959

Dear Doctor Osterman,

First of all, let me congratulate you on your graduation from Princeton. I have read your brilliant doctoral thesis, and I find your neutrino theories most interesting. I was wondering if we could get you to come in and take a look at one of our special projects. Down here in New Mexico, we're doing research on intrinsic field structure. So far, we've managed to take apart both gluons and gluinos by shattering their intrinsic fields. Our ultimate aim is to build a weapon to replace the messy and unpredictable atomic bomb. Our weapon would allow for instantaneous destruction on the same scale as the A-bomb without all of the difficulties associated with fallout and contamination.

This may surprise you Doctor Osterman, but we're actually conducting our research in the name of peace. We know we can't realistically hope to eliminate atomic weapons, so instead we are laboring to replace them with something that is much more manageable. The probability of an atomic accident is much too high for my own peace of mind. Our new weapon would reduce the probability of accidents down to almost zero. Its lethal capacities can only be unleashed when the world leaders consciously decide to unleash them. This still does not make me very comfortable, but it is inarguably a marked improvement. In addition, our weapon will be much more concentrated and controllable—its blast can be configured in almost any imaginable fashion. It is our hope to alter nuclear strategy in such a way that forces military leaders to again concentrate their forces on the enemy's industrial and military targets and look away from the civilian population centers.

Well, I'm looking forward to hearing from you and I hope to see you down here in New Mexico.

Professor Milton Glass
Director
Gila Flats Weapons Testing Center

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
OFFICIAL IDENTIFICATION

NAME Dr. John Osterman, Phd. **PRINT**
TITLE Project Researcher
SITE GILA FLATS Weapons Testing Ctr., NM
CLEARANCE # 555697153336
PERSONAL ADDRESS 421 Saltzman Road
ISSUED 05-14-59 White Lake, NM
SUPERVISOR Dr. Milton Glass **EXPIRES** 09-09-60

NOVA: When did you meet Jon?

SLATER: In May of 1959 at the Gila Flats Weapons Testing Station in New Mexico. I was a junior researcher and Jon was brought in to work on a special aspect of our Intrinisic Field research project. He was replacing a colleague who died of . . . he, uh, died . . . of . . . cancer.

NOVA: What was he like in those days?

SLATER: I loved Jon. We were attracted to each other at first because we were both young, we were both involved in the pr . . . but it ended up going a lot deeper t that. I loved Jon because he cared. He car about me, he cared about everybody. He was warm, intelligent, shy . . . almost an ideal human being. But then of course, the accident changed all of that.

"He was warm intelligent, shy . . . almost an ideal human being . . ."

- NOVA EXPRESS OCTOBER 15, 1985

Super-man revealed to exist in New Mexico!

GILA FLATS, NM (AP)—Yesterday afternoon, top Eisenhower administration officials began confirming the reports of a "nuclear super-man" that first appeared in *The National Regaler* more than two weeks ago.

The "super-man" has been dubbed "Doctor Manhattan" and has already agreed to work in conjunction with the United States Government.

According to information supplied by the government, Doctor Manhattan's powers are apparently without limit. Reporters were shown live film footage of the doctor, a well-muscled bald, blue humanoid, telekinetically disassembling a combat rifle and suspending its pieces in midair. The released footage also shows Manhattan turning a conventional heavy tank into slag with a mere wave of his hand.

So far, government officials are declining to reveal exactly where "Doctor Manhattan" came from and how his amazing powers work.

Around the globe, many world leaders confronted with the first news reports of Doctor Manhattan remain skeptical. Soviet foreign minister Andrei Sokolov told western reporters yesterday that his government "believes this American super-man is a hoax aimed at provoking some sort of response from our forces in Berlin."

MANHATTAN

- NEW YORK GAZETTE MARCH 2, 1960

- EXCERPT FROM "DR. MANHATTAN: SUPER-POWERS AND THE SUPERPOWERS" BY PROF. MILTON GLASS; 1968

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.

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.

RUMORS

Sources for both Ford and General Motors have begun seriously talking about electric-powered cars once again. What is surprising is that representatives of both companies have been hinting that the earliest prototypes of the electric vehicles could be appearing within the next *three months!*

It seems that the major stumbling block in earlier efforts to design and develop the electric vehicles has been the relative scarcity of the type of Lithium needed to mass produce the car batteries. Now, the Transportation Department is apparently finalizing plans to have **DOCTOR MANHATTAN** synthesize vast deposits of the stuff.

If delivered as promised, the electric cars will have the capacity and range of the current gas-powered models at a fraction of the cost. Refueling will also be cheaper, cleaner, and more convenient: an electric charge enabling the battery to run for approximately 200 miles should cost as little as $2.00.

- SCIENCE TODAY MARCH 11, 1961

Victory in Vietnam!

SAIGON (AP)—The government of North Viet Nam officially tendered an unconditional surrender to Doctor Manhattan and representatives of the U.S. Government last night, officially ending all hostilities.

Although he was only dispatched to Viet Nam two months ago, military insiders are already claiming that Doctor Manhattan won the war almost single-handedly. The Doctor was instrumental in destroying the North Vietnamese regular army last month and managed to wipe out the last of the Viet Cong guerrillas just a couple of days ago by molecularly restructuring the jungles in which the guerrillas were hiding into noxious gases.

Personally involving Doctor Manhattan in the surrender ceremony is certainly somewhat irregular, but Manhattan's personal involvement was a condition specified by the North Vietnamese government. Many of the Vietnamese view Manhattan with a religious awe and have insisted upon surrendering to him personally.

The first American troops could be returning home from Viet Nam as early as July.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
JUNE 30, 1971

Doctor Manhattan quells riot

WASHINGTON (AP)—A crowd of almost 5000 rioters who had gathered outside the White House in support of the anti-vigilante movement was instantaneously dispersed Monday night by Doctor Manhattan.

The first reports to come out of Washington indicated that Manhattan had completely vaporized the assembled crowd, although it was later discovered that he had merely "teleported" each of the rioters back to his or her home. Police officials report that two of the teleported rioters suffered heart attacks and died due to the shock of their sudden change in surroundings.

Eyewitnesses report that Doctor Manhattan was not in Washington alone. He was cooperating with a woman who has tentatively been identified as the new Silk Spectre.

-NEW YORK GAZETTE
JULY 7, 1977

R. MANHATTAN

NOVA: And so, when did Doctor Manhattan really begin to lose interest in you?

SLATER: After I grew old. I guess he just didn't find my "atomic structure" so pleasing anymore. He started running around with some teenager—one of the costumed freaks. The government was trying to keep him happy, so they hushed up the whole thing for as long as they could.

"...I guess he just didn't find my "atomic structure" so pleasing anymore..."

-NOVA EXPRESS OCTOBER 15, 1985

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.*

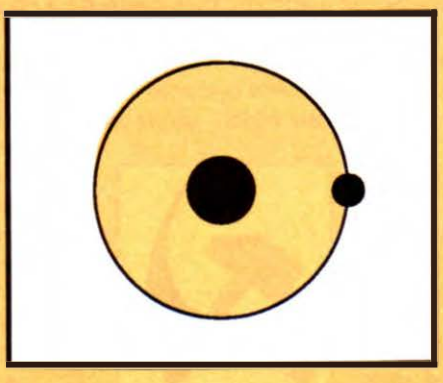
The presence of a deterrent such as Dr. Manhattan has doubtless curbed Soviet adventurism, as there have been numerous occasions when the U.S.S.R. has had to step down over some issue rather than risk escalation into a war it certainly could not win. Often, these reversals have been humiliating, and 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 refudiated 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.



"EXCERPT FROM "DR. MANHATTAN: SUPER-POWERS AND THE SUPERPOWERS" BY PROF. MILTON GLASS; 1968

SILK SPECTRE II

DEX:	6	STR:	3	BODY:	3
INT:	5	WILL:	3	MIND:	4
INFL:	5	AURA:	6	SPIRIT:	3
INIT:	18			HERO POINTS:	30

- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics: 4, Charisma: 6, Detective: 4, Martial Artist: 4
- **Drawbacks:**
  Public Identity: Uncertainty
- **Alter Ego:** Laurel Jane Juspeczyk/Sandra L. Hollis
- **Motivation:** Unwanted Power
- **Occupation:** Socialite
- Wealth: 6

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE
Washington DC

September 6, 1978

Dear Miss Juspeczyk:
We here at the Smithsonian have been putting together an exhibit highlighting America's costumed vigilantes for our "Law and Order" program which we hope to open next February. In part, the exhibit will cover the "costumed hero" phenomenon from the appearance of The Hooded Justice in 1938 all the way up through the present era of Doctor Manhattan. So far, we have assembled quite a collection of props, weapons, and memorabilia for display.
The purpose of this letter is to inquire about the possibility that you might be interested in donating your Silk Spectre uniform to the Institute. Now that you are retired, you surely have no more use for it, and I can assure you that the uniform would certainly make a glowing addition to our collection.
Of course, we are aware that the uniform may have a certain sentimental value and that you may not be willing to part with it. In this case, we are asking you to please consider whether or not there may be any other items relating to your former career that might make interesting display pieces. Remember that any items you donate will be generously appraised by one of our curators, allowing you to claim the value of the piece as a federal income tax deduction.
Please address all inquiries to me personally. You can reach me at the address and number below.

Dr. Thomas M. Dewey

Dr. Thomas M. Dewey, PhD.
Special Programs Curator

PROBE

"... I mean, that doesn't e
but with all that doubt,
stay angry when I'm

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.

– PROBE
SEPTEMBER, 1976

AR SAL,

YOU WANTED PERIODIC UPDATES ON LAURIE'S PROGRESS, SO HERE'S THE FIRST. SHE'S TAKEN TO ACROBATICS QUITE WELL. HER AERIAL SKILLS ARE ALREADY QUITE GOOD. BY THE TIME SHE'S THROUGH, SHE'LL BE ABLE TO LOOP WITH THE BEST OF THEM.

HER BALANCE IS ALSO QUITE REMARKABLE. SHE'S NOT AFRAID TO CLIMB UP ON THE BEAM TO DO A ROUTINE EVEN WHEN IT'S SET AT MAXIMUM HEIGHT.

LAURIE'S MARTIAL ARTS PROGRESS IS A LITTLE SLOWER. SHE'S JUST NOW BEGINNING TO GRASP THE CONCEPT OF FOOT MOVEMENT. IT WILL PROBABLY BE ANOTHER FOUR TO FIVE WEEKS BEFORE WE HAVE HER PRACTICING BLOCKS, AND ANOTHER FOUR WEEKS AFTER THAT BEFORE SHE GETS DOWN TO STRIKES.

SO FAR, THE THING THAT IMPRESSES ME MOST IS HER SPIRIT. AT FIRST, I WAS WORRIED ABOUT WHETHER OR NOT SHE COULD HANDLE HERSELF OUT ON THE STREETS, BUT IT NOW APPEARS AS THOUGH SHE'LL BE VERY DIFFICULT TO INTIMIDATE. LIKE YOU, SHE'S JUST A BIT FEISTY—THOUGH THIS IS A TRAIT WHICH CAN SERVE SOMEBODY PLANNING ON SPENDING TIME IN THE STREETS VERY WELL.

IN SHORT, SHE'S LOOKING VERY GOOD. STARTING HER THIS EARLY WAS WISE. WE'LL HAVE HER OUT ON THE STREETS BUSTING THE BAD GUYS IN NO TIME.

BMOR

Silk Spectre Returns!

NEW YORK (AP)—A jewelry store heist in Downtown Manhattan was prevented yesterday afternoon by a young costumed vigilante calling herself the "new" Silk Spectre.

According to witnesses, the young woman easily overpowered the three armed thieves who broke into the store and recovered all the loot they had stolen. Apparently the shop's mysterious benefactor had witnessed the crime as she was passing by and stopped to intervene.

As most of you may remember, the original Silk Spectre was a costumed heroine of the 30s and 40s, operating with the Minutemen from the group's foundation all the way up to its demise. In 1947, the Silk Spectre revealed that she was actually a burlesque dancer named Sally Jupiter and retired from crime-fighting to marry Laurence Schexnayder, long-time press agent and confidant to the Minutemen.

Whether or not the "new" Silk Spectre has any connection with Jupiter remains to be seen.

– NEW YORK GAZETTE
MARCH 12, 1966

New Silk Spectre legit

NEW YORK (AP)—The "new" Silk Spectre who has recently joined the fold of New York-based costumed crimefighters held a press conference yesterday in order to reveal her true identity to the public. The heroine identified herself as one Laurel Jane Juspeczyk, though she refused to reveal exactly where she lives.

The Spectre also revealed that she is the daughter of Sally Jupiter, the original Silk Spectre of Minutemen fame, and Laurence Schexnayder, long-time Minutemen aide. According to Ms. Juspeczyk (Jupiter's original polish surname), her mother is both aware and supportive of her activities. So far, the Spectre's father, Laurence Schexnayder, has been unavailable for comment.

—NEW YORK GAZETTE
APRIL 6, 1966

STATE OF NEW YORK
PETITION FOR DIVORCE

Name of Petitioner: Laurence Albert Schexnayder
Name of Spouse: Sally Jupiter Schexnayder
Date Filed: March 11, 1956
Attorney for Petitioner: Martin Baldridge
Attorney for Spouse: Jason Hammacher
Petitioner's Occupation: Public Relations Consultant
Spouse's Organization: Model and Dancer, now retired
Estimated Value of Marital Assets: approximately $1,200,000
Children: 1, Laurel Jane—age 6
Grounds for Divorce: Mr. Schexnayder alleges that his wife carried on an adulterous affair with one Edward Blake of Manhattan. Furthermore, Mr. Schexnayder alleges instances of mental cruelty on the part of his wife and asks to be released from the marriage on whichever grounds are most expedient.

Counterclaim Filed by Spouse: Yes
Filing for Custody of Children: No

PROBE: So why did you and Larry break up?
SALLY: Ah, a number of reasons, I guess... (*long pause*) We were so caught up in the Minutemen thing when it was happening, y'know, that neither of us ever really had a chance to see what else was out there... and to be around other people. I guess in the end, we just sort of got sick of one another.

—PROBE
SEPTEMBER, 1976

NOVA: And so, when did Doctor Manhattan really begin to lose interest in you?
SLATER: After I grew old. I guess he just didn't find my "atomic structure" so pleasing anymore. He started running around with some teenager—one of the costumed freaks. The government was trying to keep him happy, so they hushed up the whole thing for as long as they could.

> *"...I guess he just didn't find my "atomic structure" so pleasing anymore..."*

—NOVA EXPRESS
OCTOBER 15, 1985

UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE
OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE

TO: Agents Abner and Delacroix
FROM: SSHQ
RE: Security Arrangements for Doctor Manhattan

As of 2/1, you are no longer to allow the Slater woman access to Doctor Osterman. If she shows up, usher her quickly and quietly out of the building.
Add Laurel Jane Juspeczyk (a.k.a. SILK SPECTRE) to the list of the Doctor's cleared visitors.
No matter what happens, keep Slater away from Juspeczyk.
1/30/67:11:15AM

Dear Laurie,
I refuse to play games with you, so I'm going to get
to the point: I hope you know what the hell you
doing - you're young, you've been sheltered (yes goddam
it, I'll admit it), you've only seen one tiny corner of
world - Why don't you give yourself some time to think
before you go right ahead and move in with the
god-damned walking H-Bomb?

Do you realize what he is really like? Why don't you
give Uncle Hollis or Uncle Nelson a call and have
them tell you all about a woman named Janey Slater.
I'm sure big blue hasn't mentioned her very much.

Do you realize I went by to see you the other day
and couldn't even get inside the building! Some
government goon stopped me and told me that I
wasn't on the "approved visitor's list" or something.
Is this the kind of life you want?

Laurie I love you and I want what's best for
you. I've never forbid you from doing anything in
your life, and I'm not about to start now, but
you better stop and do just a little bit of
thinking. I'm here if you need me.

Love
Mom

Silk Spectre announces retirement

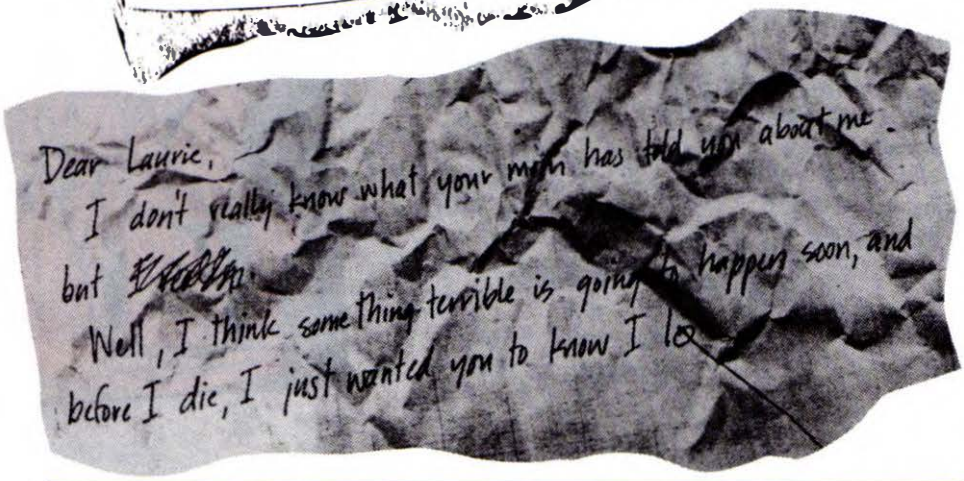
NEW YORK (AP)--Silk Spectre has joined Nite Owl in announcing that she will voluntarily comply with the Keene Act and retire before the act goes into effect next month. Silk Spectre made her announcement in front of the historic Minutemen headquarters building in New York City.

During the press conference that followed her speech, Silk Spectre denied the rumors first reported in the Washington Post that claimed she would be receiving a government license to continue operating as a superheroine due to her relationship with Doctor Manhattan.

The twenty-seven-year-old Silk Spectre announced no plans for her immediate future, although she did mention that she was considering several possible alternatives.

"In a way, I'm sort of glad," the Silk Spectre said, "I never fit in as an adventurer as smoothly as I would have liked. I guess heroing just isn't in my blood."

-NEW YORK GAZETTE NOVEMBER 17, 1977



INTERVIEWER: So you can predict the future?
DOCTOR MANHATTAN: No, not predict. I know what will happen in the future with one hundred percent certainty.
INTERVIEWER (astonished): So you can prevent all of the future wars and assassinations and famines and so forth?
DOCTOR MANHATTAN: No, not at all. You see, I know what will happen in the future because I am living the future right now, along with the past, and the present. I cannot act to change the future because all of my responses have already been dictated by my character and my beliefs.
INTERVIEWER: So then you know exactly what you will do for the rest of your life?
DOCTOR MANHATTAN: Yes, and what I have done in the past. Two days ago, I am reacting with surprise as my aides inform me that I have been slated for this program (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER); tomorrow at 11:46 AM, I am performing some gluino experiments; back in 1958, I am disassembling a rifle via telekinesis and displaying my abilities to the world.
INTERVIEWER: I see. Can you give us an example? Uh . . . how will you die?
SECRET SERVICE AGENT: Sorry, the Doc can't answer that question.
INTERVIEWER: Okay. Lets see. How will, say . . . what will happen to you and Laurie here, will you get married?
DOCTOR MANHATTAN: No. At 6:35 PM on October 19, 1985 Laurie is leaving me for another man (STUNNED SILENCE FROM THE CROWD; MISS JUSPECZYK LOOKS SURPRISED)

– TRANSCRIPT FROM THE MARTHA EDWARDS SHOW, MAY 11, 1969.

Nite Owl flying the skies again?

NEW YORK—Last night, eleven victims were rescued from a flash tenement fire on the Upper East Side by a costumed hero piloting a large, hi-tech airship. Some of the older victims positively identified their mysterious benefactor as the second Nite Owl, a costumed "hero" active in the New York area in the late 1960s and early 70s.

Although he hasn't been seen on the streets of New York since the Keene Act banning all but government-licensed heroes went into effect in 1977, the police are not taking the reports of Nite Owl's return lightly.

"Of course we're interested, and if he's decided to come back for good, we'll get him," said Area Two Violent Crimes police detective James Bourquin. "We captured Rorschach, we can capture him."

Many of the rescued victims had amazing stories to tell. "Nite Owl was not alone," said Mrs. Josephina Katz, an older resident of the building. "There was a woman with him."

Mrs. Katz's son Tim was more interested in discussing the impressive Owlship. "It was at least twenty-five-feet long. It was fast, it could hover, it had water cannons mounted on it. It was incredible."

—NEW YORK GAZETTE
OCTOBER 23, 1985

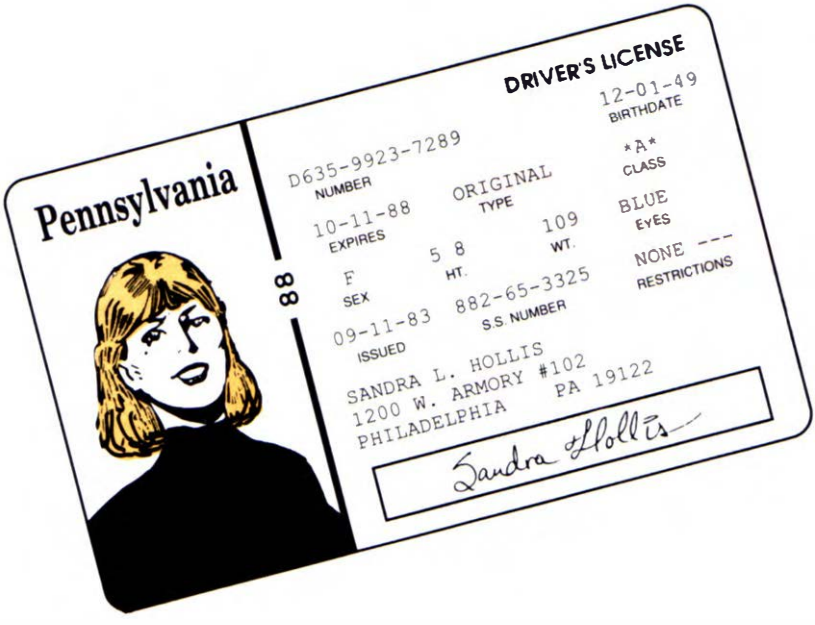
Silk Spectre cooperating with Nite Owl

NEW YORK (AP)—Yesterday afternoon, police confirmed that the woman who was seen cooperating with Nite Owl during both the recent east side tenement fire and the Riker's Island break-in was in fact Laurel Jane Juspeczyk, the second Silk Spectre.

As the Spectre, Juspeczyk cooperated with both Nite Owl and Rorschach on many occasions. Until just recently, she was living with Doctor Manhattan at the Rockefeller Military Research Center.

Like Dan Dreiberg (Nite Owl), Juspeczyk seems to have completely disappeared after the Riker's Island incident. Police have found no trace of Laurel Jane Juspeczyk anywhere on the eastern seaboard.

—NEW YORK GAZETTE
NOVEMBER 1, 1985



September 27, 1978

Dr. Thomas M. Dewey, PhD.
c/o Smithsonian Institute
Washington DC

Dear Mr. Dewey,

Although you're correct in pointing out that I really no longer have a need for it, I think I should probably keep my costume, at least for the time being.
I tried to come up with something for you that you could add to your collection, but I couldn't really find anything of interest.

Allow me to suggest that you contact my mother, the original Silk Spectre, at the Nepenthe Gardens Rest Resort in California. She hasn't thrown anything away in her entire life, so I'm sure she'll have something to add to your collection.

Sincerely,

Laurel Jane Juspeczyk

Laurel Jane Juspeczyk

PS: If you do contact my mother, please don't tell her I turned you down.

OZYMANDIAS

DEX:	11	STR:	5	BODY:	6
INT:	13	WILL:	10	MIND:	9
INFL:	6	AURA:	7	SPIRIT:	5
INIT:	34			HERO POINTS:	65

- **Powers:**
  Recall: 20
- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics: 7, Charisma: 7, Detective: 8, Gadgetry: 15
  Martial Artist: 10, Medicine: 13, Scientist: 15,
  Thief: 7, Vehicles: 7
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Universities (High), Wall Street (High);
  Genius; Expansive Headquarters (Karnac);
  Leadership; Lightning Reflexes;
  Pet (Bubastis); Popularity; Scholar
  (pop culture, psychology, politics, physics)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Public Identity (1975 - present); Secret Identity (before 1975);
  Minor Irrational Attractions to knowledge and "doing the impossible."
- **Equipment:**
  TV MONITOR BANK [BODY: 6, Precognition: 20]
  Misc. Drawback: The monitors are immobile.
- **Alter Ego:** Adrian Veidt
- **Motivation:** Responsibility of Power
- **Occupation:** Businessman
- **Wealth:** 20

BUBASTIS - OZYMANDIAS' PET "LYNX"

DEX:	5	STR:	4	BODY:	6
INT:	3	WILL:	2	MIND:	2
INFL:	1	AURA:	1	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	9				

- **Powers:**
  Claws: 5

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.

EXCERPT FROM *UNDER THE HOOD* BY HOLLIS MASON; CHICHESTER HOUSE, 1962.

PROBE: So how did you decide to become a "costumed adventurer?"

VEIDT: Well, when I was very young I grew to idolize Alexander of Macedonia—most people probably know him as Alexander the Great. By the time he died at the age of thirty-three, Alexander ruled most of the civilized world . . . And even more remarkably, he ruled it justly.

Alexander was a great man who accomplished great things, and in this sense, he is not alone in our recorded history. Hammurabi introduced the concept of law to our fledgling civilizations, Temujin united the Mongol tribes and ruled half the world, Pericles of Athens united the kingdoms of Greece and ushered them into two hundred years of peace and prosperity . . . there are many others.

When I was young, I used to think about all these people and wonder why there were no great men here and now, in the 20th century. When I began reading about the other costumed adventurers . . . well, I was never really the humble type, so I began striving to become such a man myself.

PROBE: But you never conquered anything.

VEIDT: No. I never *aimed* to conquer anything. I just wanted to make a difference . . . on the global scale . . . But I never really did that either. I guess it was just foolish youthful enthusiasm that was setting my objectives.

-PROBE
JANUARY, 1976

FORM NP-33

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

Filing requirements—Present 2 originally signed and fully executed copies in exact duplicate
For Inserts—Use White Paper—Size 8.5x11

Date Paid 2-11-67
Filing Fee $50.00
Clerk MC

TO: The New York Secretary of State

We, the Incorporators, being natural persons of the age of twenty-one years or more and citizens of the United States, for the purpose of forming a corporation under the "General Not F or Profit Corporation Act" of the State of New York, do hereby adopt the following Articles of Incorporation:

Article 1. The name of the corporation is: DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS INC.

Article 2. The name and address of the initial registered agent and registered offices are:
ADRIAN VEIDT
Veidt Industries

Article 3. The duration of the corporation is _____ years or [X] perpetual.

Article 4. The first board of directors shall be 2 in number, their names as follows:
ADRIAN VEIDT - CEO (Principal Owner)
LEROY GIBBONS - Treasurer

Article 5. The purposes for which the corporation is organized are:
***Stock offering: 0 shares
(fiscal year begins: March 1st)

Article 6. Other provisions (Please use separate page):

PROBE: You claim to be a great student of "futurology." What methods do you use to predict future trends?

VEIDT: The American novelist William S. Burroughs, who's a great friend of mine by the way, pioneered a writing technique he called the "cut-up." What he would do essentially, is write a series of paragraphs and cut them up into their component sentences. He would then churn all the sentence strips around in a hat, and reconstruct the paragraphs by selecting the sentences in a random order. This isn't the only way Burroughs used to work — he evolved several separate variations on the basic technique, but . . . you get the idea.

What Burroughs was really getting at is the circumvention of logical analysis. By bypassing reason, he could recognize things in his writing that weren't there before. Since all the sentences are part of the same work, they all have some sort of relationship to each other. The cut-up removes some of the obvious relationships while exposing hidden and frequently more significant relationships.

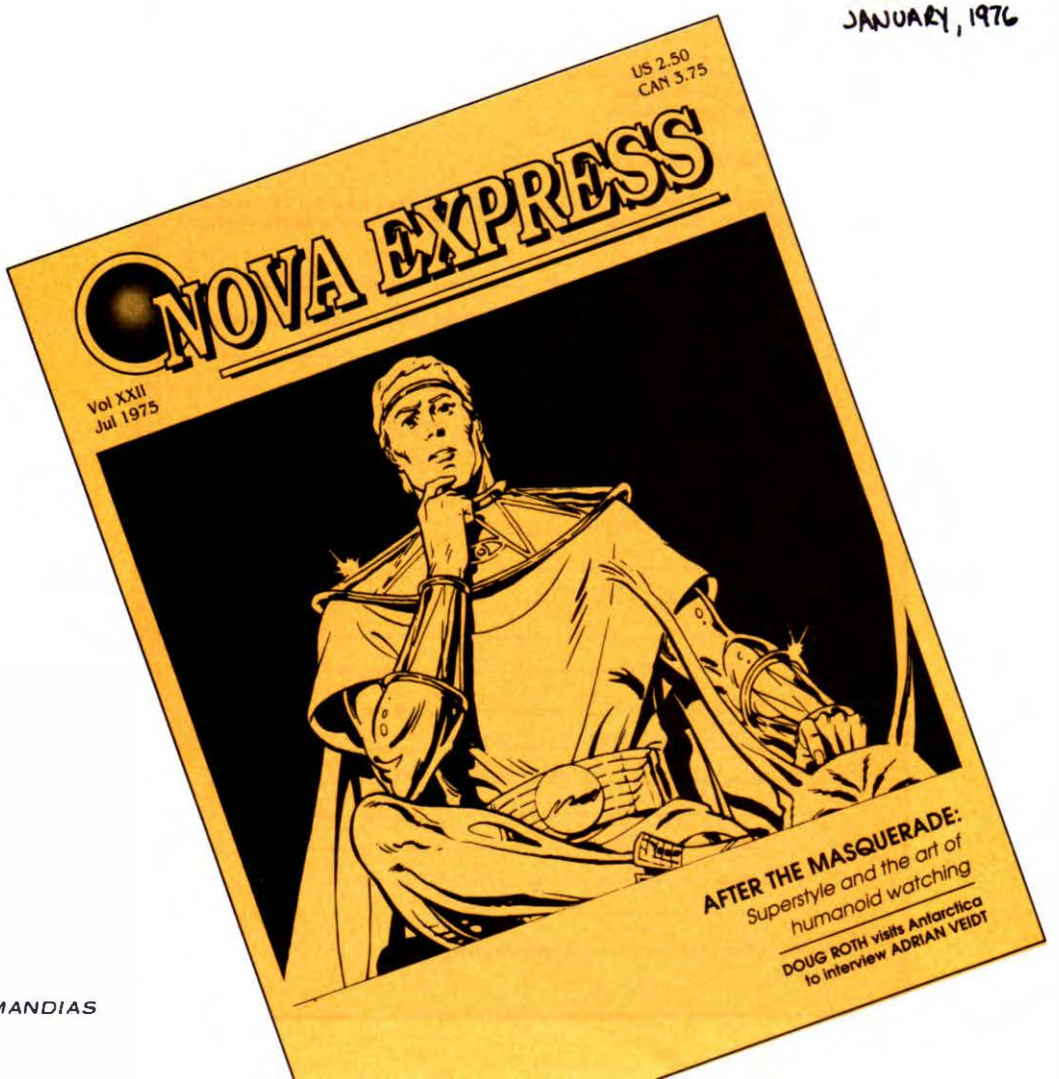
I make use of the same sort of technique. In my vivarium in Antarctica, a have a series of video monitors tuned to every single broadcast in the world. By focusing my attention on these broadcasts in an essentially random pattern and combining their images with information I take in from randomly selected pieces of the print media, I recognize societal trends and patterns which escape rational analysis.

For example, a Pale Horse video on TV might combine with a Polish news broadcast and an old Gunsmoke rerun to tell me something that is very valuable about the stock market.

PROBE: That is very interesting. Did Burroughs ever publish any of these "cut-ups?"

VEIDT: Oh yes. His most famous published application of the technique is a novel he called *Nova Express.*

– PROBE
JANUARY, 1976



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 sort of a 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."

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 Vietcong 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. Ozyman . . . 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. . .

" 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 . . . "

. . . 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 J.F.K., 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."

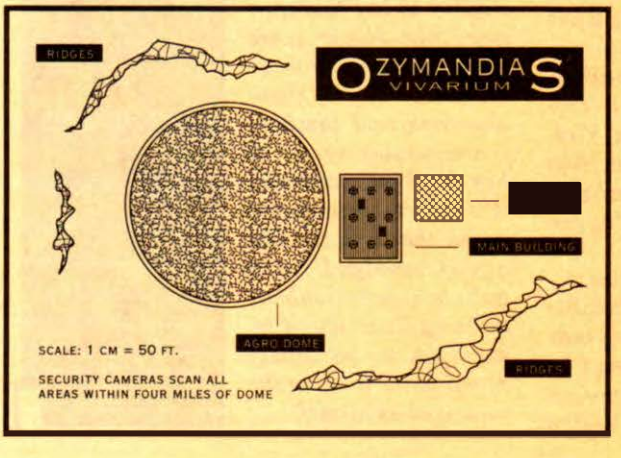
A coke joke! Adrian Veidt, Ozy-freakin'-mandias himself has just told me a coke joke! Whoooo-ee! We fall easily into conversation from that point on, and after he's dressed he takes me for a tour of his fortress, opulent beyond the wildest dreams of Versailles. We end up in a large section of the main 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 philosphy 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 supressing its symptoms. That whole Contac-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?

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, Doctor Manhattan . . .

VEIDT: Jon? Right-wing? *(Laughs)* If there is one thing in this cosmos that that man is not 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 crimefighters 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.

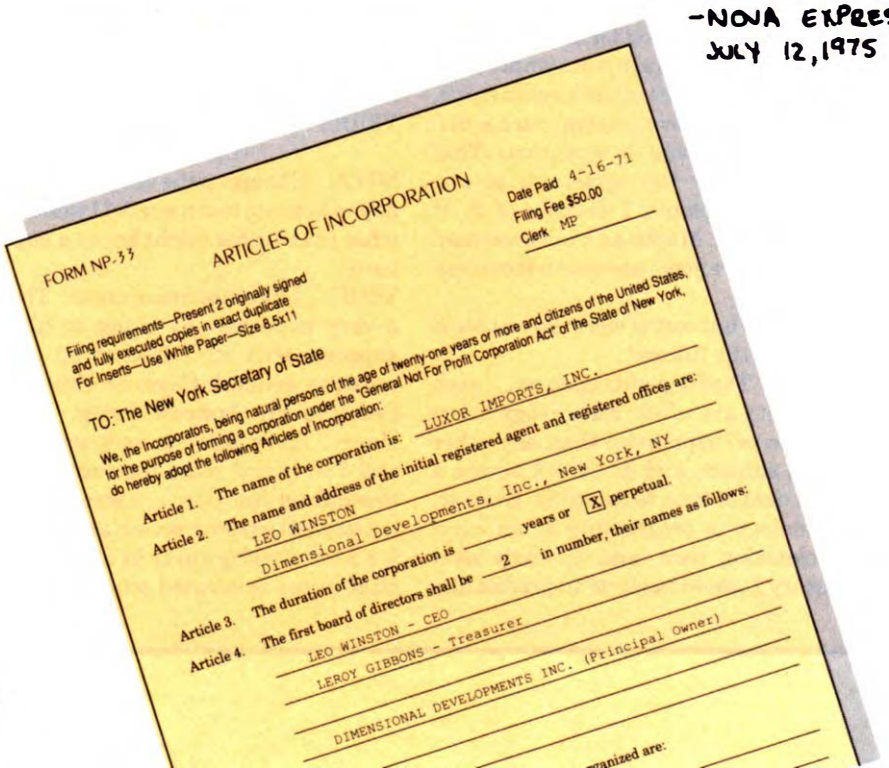
NOVA: There's no general sense of disillusionment with your fellow crimefighters, then?

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'sokay too. *(Laughs)* No, no, I don't mind being the smartest man in the world. I just wish it wasn't this one. ■

-NOVA EXPRESS
JULY 12, 1975


FORM NP-33 ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

Date Paid 4-16-71
Filing Fee $50.00
Clerk MP

Filing requirements—Present 2 originally signed and fully executed copies in exact duplicate
For Inserts—Use White Paper—Size 8.5x11

TO: The New York Secretary of State

We, the incorporators, being natural persons of the age of twenty-one years or more and citizens of the United States, for the purpose of forming a corporation under the "General Not For Profit Corporation Act" of the State of New York, do hereby adopt the following Articles of Incorporation:

Article 1. The name of the corporation is: LUXOR IMPORTS, INC.

Article 2. The name and address of the initial registered agent and registered offices are:
LEO WINSTON
Dimensional Developments, Inc., New York, NY

Article 3. The duration of the corporation is ____ years or [X] perpetual.

Article 4. The first board of directors shall be 2 in number, their names as follows:
LEO WINSTON - CEO
LEROY GIBBONS - Treasurer

DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS INC. (Principal Owner)

...ganized are:

OZYMANDIAS

PROBE: Perhaps you got out while the getting is good. Many people are anticipating some sort of federal ban on costumed vigilantes in the near future? What does *futurology* tell you?

VEIDT: I don't really know what will happen. There are a lot of legal questions to be answered, and that's really not my area of expertise anymore. I think it would be a tragedy if *all* the heroes were banned, although we could certainly afford to lose one or two.

PROBE: Like maybe The Comedian . . . or Rorschach?

VEIDT: No thanks, I'm not naming any names here. I've gotten into enough trouble already. Actually, I'm just kidding. I was speaking in more of a general sense. I didn't really have any specific individuals in mind.

PROBE: So what are you going to do, now that you're retired?

VEIDT: Well, for the most part, I'll be overseeing day-to-day operations of my business holdings.

PROBE: And what do you own at present?

VEIDT: So far, my major holdings are Veidt Cosmetics, Veidt Toys, and the Veidt Building in New York City. Both of the major corporations have a number of smaller subsidiaries. I soon hope to be expanding my holdings.

—PROBE
JANUARY, 1976

Certificate of Purchase

Property: ALGUNA ISLAND

Location: 13 degrees latitude, 78 degrees longtitude

Seller: Government of Ecuador

Purchaser: Dimensional Developments Inc., USA

Sale Executed: 10-5-68 ***Purchase Agent:*** Worldwide Realty, USA

Signed: Adrian Veidt

Adrian Veidt
CEO, Dimensional Developments, Inc.

Mia Simon Acquiare

Simon Acquiare
Minister of Interior, Ecuador

PROBE: After being out there on the front lines and in the thick of things for more than twenty years, how hard is it going to be to quit? I mean, do you foresee yourself feeling the occasional temptation to put the old costume on just one last time to . . .

VEIDT: Oh no. For now, I'll be perfectly content to spend all my time pouring over stock quotes and income projections. I won't even have time to think about any of that old "save the world" stuff.

—PROBE
JANUARY, 1976

DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS INC
4336 Fall's Field Lane
East Orange, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Jacobi:
We are well aware of your scientif
expertise and feel as though
you may be able to

DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS INC
4336 Fall's Field Lane
East Orange, New Jersey

Dear Ms. Slater:
We are well aware of your sci

DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS INC
4336 Fall's Field Lane
East Orange, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Weaver:
We are well aware of your scien

DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS INC
4336 Fall's Field Lane
East Orange, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Shea:
We are well aware of your artistic
expertise a ough you may
be able to

DIM
4336 Fall's F
East Orange

Dear
W
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be

PROBE: Why wasn't there an effort to reorganize the Minutemen after you and the others became active in the early 1960s?
VEIDT: Oh there was. In 1966, Captain Metropolis got all of us together for a meeting and laid out his plans for a new hero group called the "Crimebusters."
PROBE: Who was there?
VEIDT: Myself, Rorschach, Nite Owl, Comedian . . . Silk Spectre, and Doctor Manhattan, although I might be forgetting somebody.
PROBE: So what happened?
VEIDT: Well, I think we all sort of realized almost immediately that the world of 1966 was quite a bit different from the world of 1939. Things just weren't right for another group effort and all the publicity and ballyhoo that would have surrounded it.
PROBE: How far did the Crimebusters get?
VEIDT: Oh, there was just the one meeting. But it was certainly an educational meeting . . . very educational.

-PROBE
JANUARY, 1976

FORM NP-33

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

Filing requirements—Present 2 originally signed and fully executed copies in exact duplicate
For Inserts—Use White Paper—Size 8.5x11

Date Paid 9-5-74
Filing Fee $50.00
Clerk MPC

TO: The New York Secretary of State

We, the incorporators, being natural persons of the age of twenty-one years or more and citizens of the United States, for the purpose of forming a corporation under the "General Not For Profit Corporation Act" of the State of New York, do her eby adopt the following Articles of Incorporation:

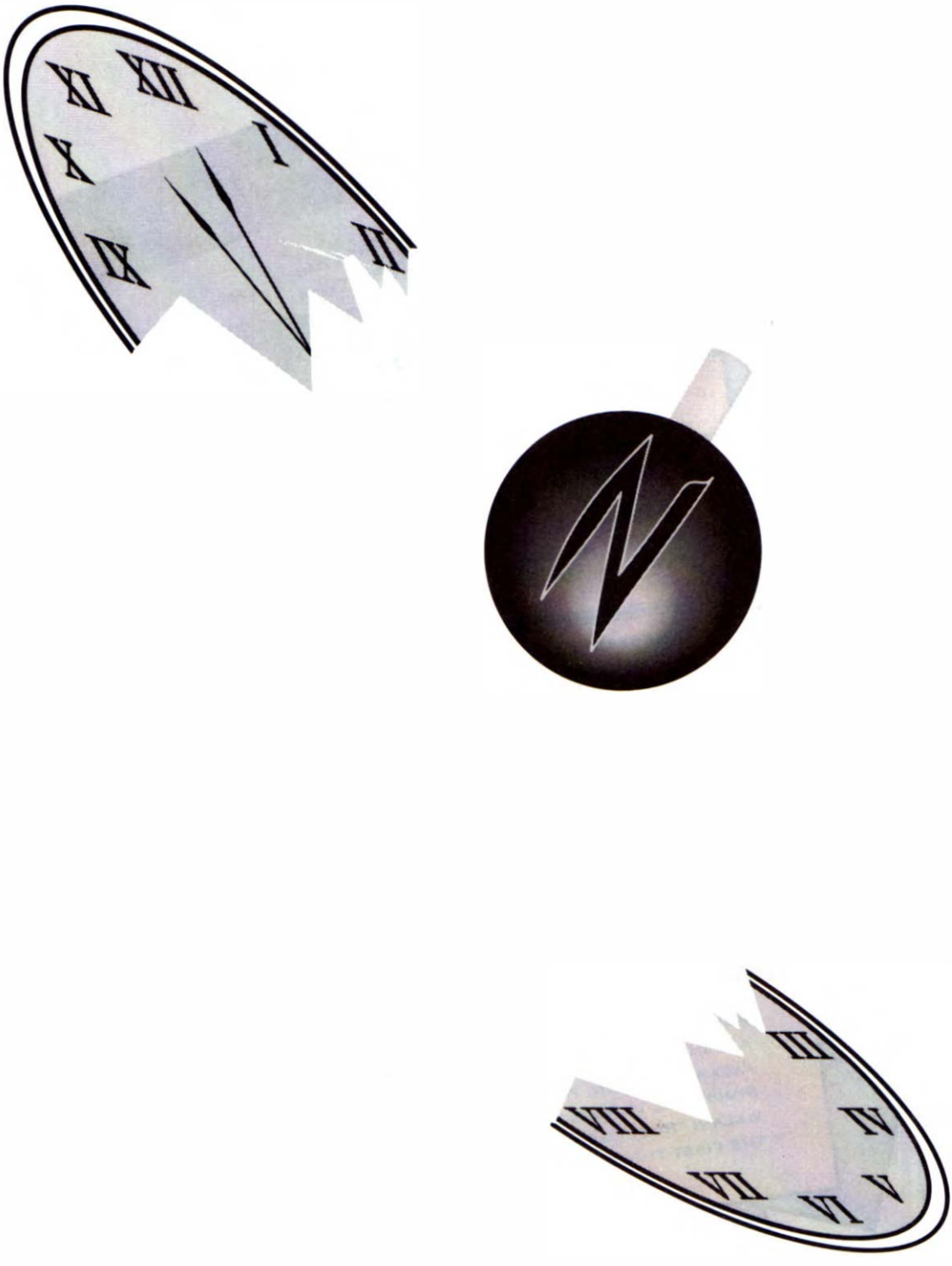
Article 1. The name of the corporation is: PYRAMID DELIVERIES

Article 2. The name and address of the initial registered agent and registered offices are:
HOWARD CARTER
Luxor Imports, Inc., New York, NY

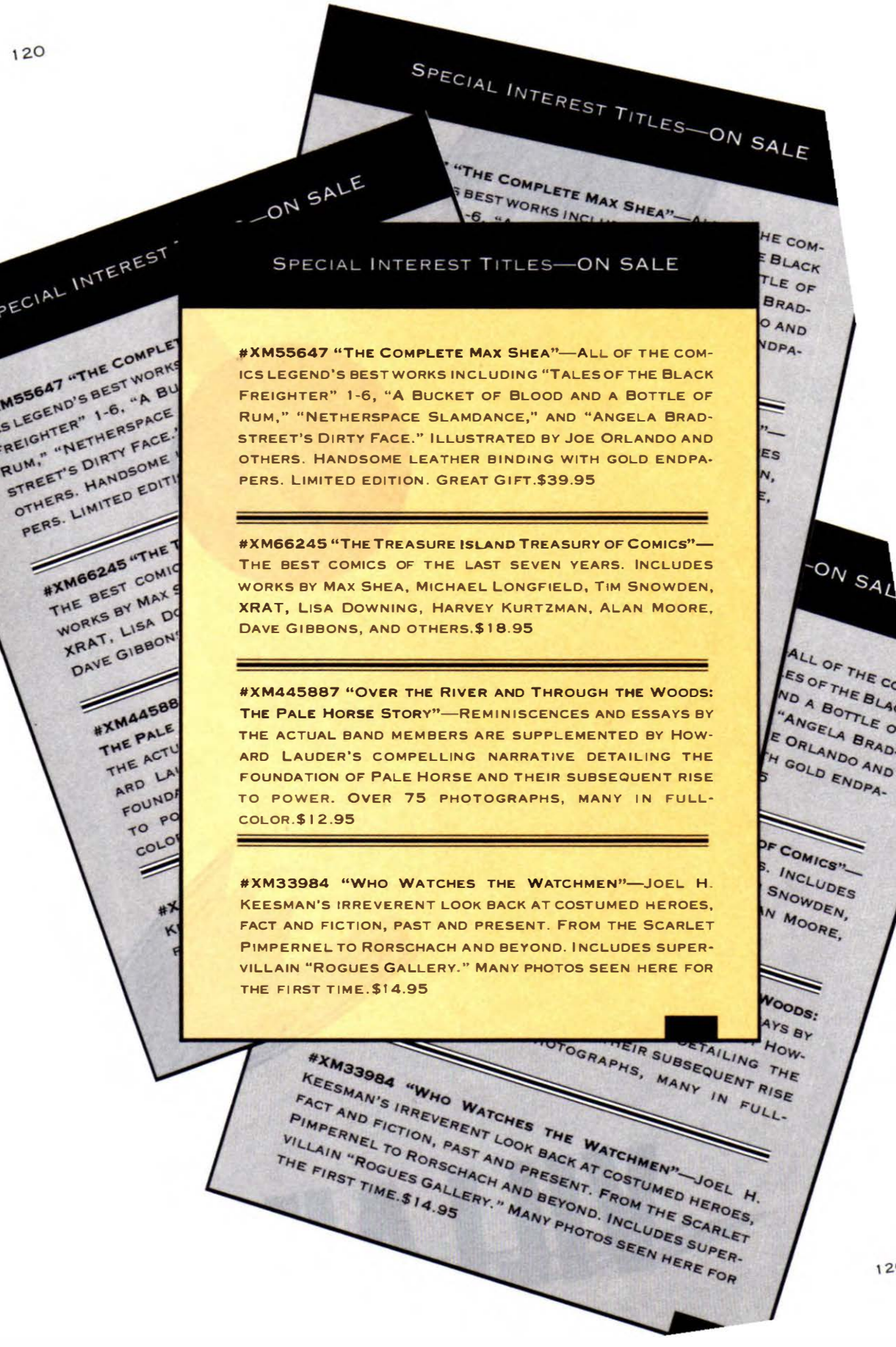
Article 3. The duration of the corporation is _____ years or [X] perpetual.

Article 4. The first board of directors shall be 2 in number, their names as follows:
HOWARD CARTER - CEO
LEROY GIBBONS - Treasurer
LUXOR IMPORTS, INC. (Principal Owner)

Article 5. The purposes for which the corporation is organized are:
•••Stock offering: 0 shares
(fiscal year begins: March 1st)



VILLAINS



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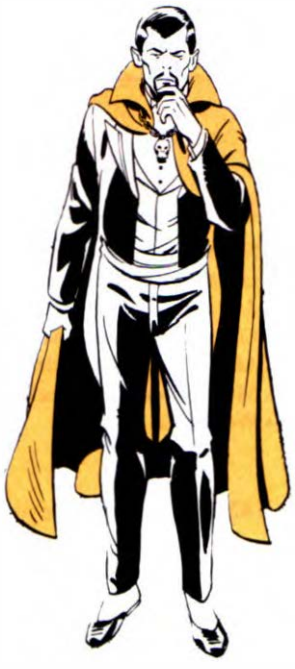
MOLOCH



DEX:	3	STR:	3	BODY:	3
INT:	6	WILL:	3	MIND:	3
INFL:	4	AURA:	6	SPIRIT:	2
INIT:	13			HERO POINTS:	20

- **Powers:**
  Hypnotism: 5
- **Skills:**
  Charisma: 5, Detective: 6, Gadgetry: 6, Vehicles: 3, Weaponry: 3
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Street (High), Underworld (High); Connoisseur, Scholar (occult lore)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Minor Irrational Attraction to demonic motifs
- **Alter Ego:** Edgar William Jacobi, Edgar William Vaughn, William Edgar Bright, Arthur Gordon Scratch
- **Motivation:** Power Lust
- **Wealth:** 13

NAME: Moloch the Mystic

CAREER SUMMARY: Moloch first became active in the the late 1930s, when he tangled with the Minutemen. Later, he went on to plague Rorschach, Nite Owl, Ozymandias, and Doctor Manhattan. From roughly 1947 until 1967 Moloch was known as the "King of the Underworld." His connections amongst street gangs and crime syndicates were absolutely unparalleled during this era, and he became one of the most dangerous active criminal geniuses in the entire world. At its peak, Moloch's own mob was more than one hundred strong and scattered all over the globe.

WHERE DID HE COME FROM: By all accounts, Moloch was simply smart and tough street hood who hit the big time. Somewhere along the way he picked up some university-level psychology and learned the art of hypnosis.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO HIM: Moloch was one of the victims of the Doctor Manhattan cancer scare. He was killed by Rorschach in 1985.

WHAT WAS HE REALLY LIKE: During his peak crime years, Moloch is said to have been a shrewd and clever manipulator who was capable of working out complex and dangerous schemes designed to throw his enemies off guard. He was particularly fond of devils and devil motifs in his crimes, and often used names like "The 666 Club" and "The Inferno" as front names for his hideouts.

MOST FAMOUS CRIME: In 1939, Moloch built his infamous "solar mirror" weapon and threatened to use it to destroy the Empire State Building unless police officials turned over to him a rare, hand-rendered illuminated copy of William Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," worth more than $16,000,000. This scheme was foiled by the Minutemen, who kept the solar mirror weapon in their trophy room for years.

—From *Who Watches the Watchmen*
"Villains' Rogues Gallery" by Joel H. Keesman.

THE SCREAMING SKULL

DEX:	3	STR:	2	BODY:	3
INT:	5	WILL:	4	MIND:	4
INFL:	4	AURA:	3	SPIRIT:	3
INIT:	12			HERO POINTS:	15

- **Skills:**
  Gadgetry: 7, Scientist: 7, Vehicles: 2, Weaponry: 2
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Underworld (Low); Genius; Leadership
- **Alter Ego:** Walter Zileski
- **Motivation:** Thrill Seeker
- **Wealth:** 6

NAME: The Screaming Skull

CAREER SUMMARY: The Screaming Skull became active in the late 1930s, battling members of the Minutemen. His last criminal scheme went into operation in 1950. The Screaming Skull spent 1951 - 1971 in jail. Although at one time he was wanted for the theft of more than $15,000,000 in property, he is said to have cleared as little as $2000 from his years of villainy due to rising insurance costs and steep thug overhead.

WHERE DID HE COME FROM: The Skull is said to have been a bored graduate student as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with an odd fetish or two.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM: After he got out of prison, he hung up his skull and went into the insurance business. He's now living in Queens.

WHAT WAS HE REALLY LIKE: The Skull was a lot more interested in having a good time than he was in reaping the spoils of crime. He always prided himself on the skill with which he could play the roll of a typical "comic book" villain. He often tells the story of how he flipped a coin to decide whether or not he would be good or evil.

MOST FAMOUS CRIME: Had to be the time he set up a three-month, forty-member conspiracy to destroy the Minutemen HQ building and accidentally blew up the wrong brownstone.

—From *Who Watches the Watchmen*
"Villains' Rogues Gallery" by Joel H. Keesman.

CAPTAIN AXIS

DEX:	4	STR:	4	BODY:	4
INT:	4	WILL:	5	MIND:	4
INFL:	5	AURA:	3	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	15			HERO POINTS:	15

- **Skills:**
  Martial Artist: 5, Military Science: 5, Scientist: 3, Thief: 5, Vehicles: 5, Weaponry: 5
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Nazi Party (Low); Leadership
- **Drawbacks:**
  Catastrophic Loyalty to Nazi Party
- **Equipment:**
  Luger [BODY: 5, EV: 4, R#: 2]
- **Alter Ego:** Hans von Krupp
- **Motivation:** Power Lust
- **Wealth:** 7

NAME: Captain Axis

CAREER SUMMARY: During the Second World War, Captain Axis was one of the most famous Nazi saboteurs operating in the U.S. From 1940 to 1945 he threatened factories, U.S.O. shows, propagandistic war films, and armed forces installations.

WHERE DID HE COME FROM: Hans von Krupp was a top official in Hitler's Nazi party who fell out of favor after failing to act on intelligence which could have prevented the escape of the Allied forces from Dunkirk. Fleeing for his life, Krupp ended up in America. Oddly enough, even though he was marked for death by the Third Reich, he still remained fanatically loyal to the Führer. In America, he linked up with Fifth Columnists and became a master saboteur. His ultimate ambition was to redeem himself in the eyes of Germany.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM: During a pitched battle with the Minutemen on the deck of an allied sub near the arctic circle, he was flung into the ocean by Hooded Justice and never emerged. Expect him to make a big comeback in an iron lung or something in the 1990s.

WHAT HE WAS REALLY LIKE: Krupp was your typical goose-stepping maniac. Unlike most of the other so-called "super-villains," none of his theatrics were for show: he really thought and acted like a "comic book" villain.

MOST FAMOUS CRIME: The time he tried to implant single frame subliminal "Germany Must Win!" messages into Clark Gable films.

—From *Who Watches the Watchmen*
"Villains' Rogues Gallery" by Joel H. Keesman.

BUZZBOMB

DEX:	4	STR:	4	BODY:	3
INT:	3	WILL:	4	MIND:	3
INFL:	3	AURA:	3	SPIRIT:	2
INIT:	10			HERO POINTS:	15

- **Skills:**
  Gadgetry: 2, Thief: 4, Vehicles: 3, Weaponry: 5
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Street (Low)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Minor Psychological Instability: Buzzbomb refuses to recognize defeat, claims to have won battles in which he was trounced, etc.
- **Equipment:**
  BUZZBOMB SUIT [*BODY:* 6, Flight: 7, R#: 5]
  Electro Gun [BODY: 3, EV: 7, R#: 5]
- **Alter Ego:** Bob Krankk
- **Motivation:** Power Lust
- **Wealth:** 4

NAME: Buzzbomb

CAREER SUMMARY: Buzzbomb didn't emerge until just after the Minutemen disbanded. He was a frequent foe of Nite Owl I. As far as anyone knows, he never pulled off a successful crime.

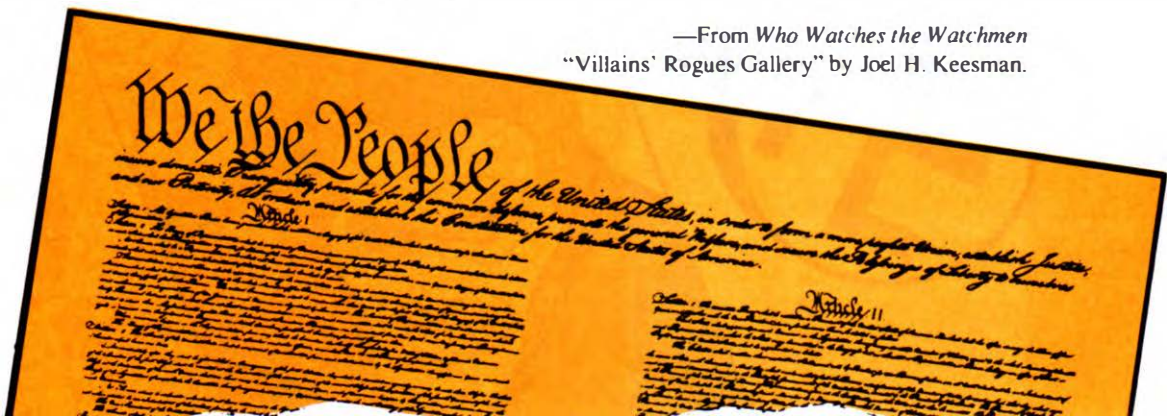
WHERE HE CAME FROM: Once upon a time, a benevolent scientist named Elmo Greensback decided to become a super-hero. He then spent three years of his life designing a flying costume and electro gun that would help him fulfill his ambitions. When the costume was finally finished, he was so elated with his success that he immediately called in the only person in his lab building at the time, the janitor Bob Krankk, to demonstrate his costume's abilities. Krankk, a small-time hood, was so impressed with the abilities that he shot the scientist dead and grabbed the suit for himself, deciding to become a super-villain.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM: He's still in Riker's Island. But if you ask him, he's "ruling the world from his island palace."

WHAT WAS HE REALLY LIKE: As soon as Krankk put on the Buzzbomb suit, something inside of his head snapped and he began to think of himself as invincible. From that day forward, every battle he was ever involved in was a complete "victory" in his eyes, although several ended with Krankk being unceremoniously installed in the slammer. Currently, he is said to long for the day when he can finally face his imagined arch-enemy, Doctor Manhattan, in man-to-man combat.

MOST FAMOUS CRIME: While attempting to steal the Constitution of the United States of America, Krankk actually held the document in his hand for a couple of minutes before being beaten senseless by Nite Owl and local police.

—From *Who Watches the Watchmen*
"Villains' Rogues Gallery" by Joel H. Keesman.



THE BIG FIGURE

DEX:	3	STR:	2	BODY:	2
INT:	5	WILL:	4	MIND:	3
INFL:	4	AURA:	3	SPIRIT:	3
INIT:	12			HERO POINTS:	20

- **Skills:**
  Charisma: 4, Thief: 8, Weaponry: 4
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Underworld (High); Street (High); Connoisseur; Leadership
- **Drawbacks:**
  Minor Physical Restriction: dwarf
- **Alter Ego:** Tom "Rocky" Ryan
- **Motivation:** Mercenary
- **Wealth:** 10

NAME: The Big Figure

CAREER SUMMARY: The Big Figure began as a lieutenant in Underboss' crime syndicate. After Underboss was taken down by Rorschach and Nite Owl II, the Big Figure seized control of the organization. At its height, the Big Figure's gang controlled gambling, prostitution, and narcotics sales all over New York City.

WHERE HE CAME FROM: The Big Figure began life as a small-time street hood. The first thing that brought him to the attention of the larger street gangs was his knack for burglaring made possible by his small size. The Figure then used his formidable criminal genius to ascend up the ranks, eventually reaching the top spot in organized crime in New York City.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO HIM: Eventually, his reign of terror was ended by Nite Owl II and Rorschach, who originally put him in Riker's Island. The Big Figure was killed during the riots that ensued following Rorschach's escape just last year.

WHAT HE WAS REALLY LIKE: The Big Figure was a tough talker, sort of like a miniature Jimmy Cagney. He was smart, smooth, and slick.

MOST FAMOUS CRIME: Once, the Figure wiped out an entire police station in the South Bronx.

—From *Who Watches the Watchmen*
"Villains' Rogues Gallery" by Joel H. Keesman.

UNDERBOSS

DEX:	2	STR:	2	BODY:	3
INT:	5	WILL:	4	MIND:	4
INFL:	5	AURA:	4	SPIRIT:	4
INIT:	12			HERO POINTS:	20

- **Skills:**
  Charisma: 5, Thief: 4, Vehicles: 4, Weaponry: 4
- **Advantages:**
  Connections: Underworld (High), Street (High); Leadership
- **Alter Ego:** Anthony Rizzoli
- **Motivation:** Mercenary
- **Wealth:** 10

NAME: Underboss

CAREER SUMMARY: Underboss was one of the most-feared mob leaders ever to operate on American soil. At the height of his criminal empire (ca. 1968) he controlled criminal syndicates in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The size of his forces was rivalled only by those of Moloch.

WHERE HE CAME FROM: Underboss took over as the head of the Rizzoli criminal family from his father Salvatore Rizzoli. Just after Salvatore's death, the Rizzolis became involved in a huge five-family gang war. When the smoke cleared, the Rizzolis emerged victorious and incorporated two of their rival gangs into their own gang structure, ensuring their domination of the New York organized crime scene for more than 15 years.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM: Underboss was eventually taken down by Rorschach and the second Nite Owl. He was later killed on Riker's Island during a knife fight over the ownership of a cigarette lighter.

WHAT WAS HE REALLY LIKE: Well, you've all seen *The Godfather*. Movie insiders claim that Rizzoli was the real world model for Marlon Brando's Vito Corleone.

MOST FAMOUS CRIME: Simultaneously assassinating the heads of all of New York's rival criminal families.

—From *Who Watches the Watchmen*
"Villains' Rogues Gallery" by Joel H. Keesman.

THE TWILIGHT LADY

DEX:	3	STR:	2	BODY:	2
INT:	3	WILL:	3	MIND:	2
INFL:	4	AURA:	3	SPIRIT:	3
INIT:	10		HERO POINTS:		10

- **Skills:**
  Acrobatics: 2, Thief: 6
- **Advantages:**
  Area Knowledge (New York City)
- **Drawbacks:**
  Serious Irrational Attraction to Nite Owl II
- **Alter Ego:** Leslie Chadwicke
- **Motivation:** Psychopath
- **Wealth:** 8

NAME: The Twilight Lady

CAREER SUMMARY: The Twilight Lady generally made a nuisance of herself during the late 60s. At first, her crimes never really harmed anyone and always focused on attracting attention to herself. Later, she moved into more traditional criminal arenas, becoming the first super-villain "madame" and running a small, upscale drug ring.

WHERE SHE CAME FROM: All the information available on Leslie Chadwicke seems to suggest that she was merely a bored, rich debutante who was desperately searching for something to do.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HER: She was captured by Nite Owl II in 1968 and sent to prison. After she came out two years later, she moved to France. No one has heard from her since. It is unclear whether or not she resumed her villainous exploits abroad.

WHAT SHE WAS REALLY LIKE: The Twilight Lady got a special sort of thrill out of wearing her costume and perpetrating crime. To her, like many others, super-villaining was all a big game.

MOST FAMOUS CRIME: The Twilight Lady once intercepted Richard Nixon's Network Feed while he was making a state of the union address and replaced it in Seattle with a video of herself wearing several variations on her basic costume, asking viewers which version they preferred, and making threatening remarks about rival villains.

—From *Who Watches the Watchmen*
"Villains' Rogues Gallery" by Joel H. Keesman.

CAPTAIN CARNAGE

DEX:	2	STR:	2	BODY:	2
INT:	2	WILL:	2	MIND:	2
INFL:	2	AURA:	2	SPIRIT:	2
INIT:	6			HERO POINTS:	10

- **Drawbacks:**
  Catastrophic Irrational Attraction to Pain; Minor Psychological Instability
- **Alter Ego:** Unknown
- **Motivation:** Psychopath
- **Wealth:** 4

NAME: Captain Carnage

CAREER SUMMARY: Captain Carnage showed up in New York City around 1976 and began attempting to entice heroes into beating him.

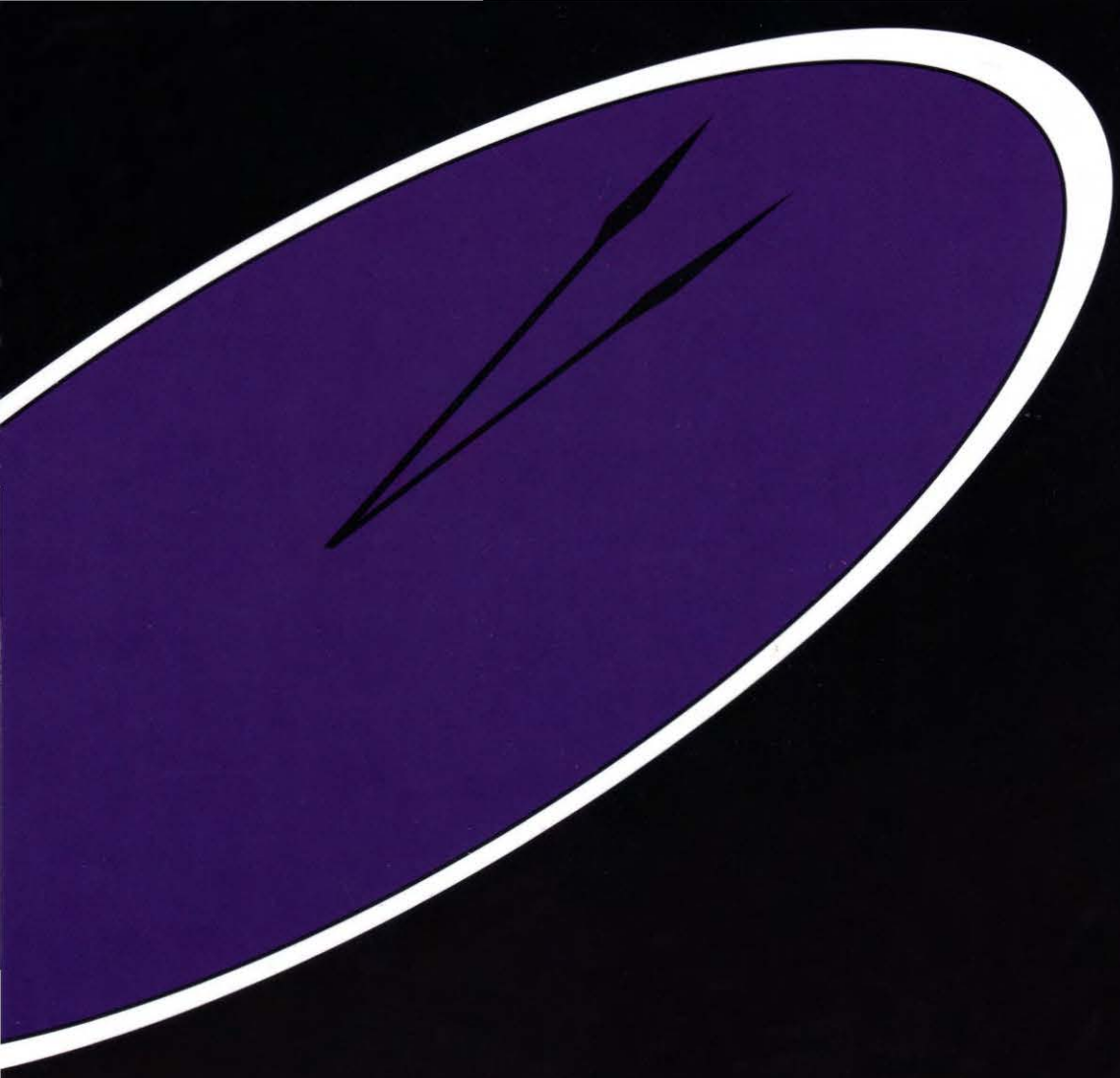
WHERE HE CAME FROM: Unknown

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM: He finally pulled his routine on Rorschach, who threw him down an elevator shaft and killed him.

WHAT WAS HE REALLY LIKE: He was probably the oddest villain any hero has ever encountered. The only thing he really wanted was a good beating.

MOST FAMOUS CRIME: Captain Carnage once devised an elaborate fake theft ring that continued on for months, eventually ending when Silk Spectre discovered the clues to his location he had planted at the scene of his crimes and crashed his "hideout"—a mirrored room in SoHo with soft music playing and flashing red lights on the walls.

—From *Who Watches the Watchmen*
"Villains' Rogues Gallery" by Joel H. Keesman.



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