



# DB PATROL

CRAWLING FROM  
THE WRECKAGE



GRANT MORRISON  
RICHARD CASE

"THEY LOOK AT YOU AND ARE REVULSED.

"THEY CALL YOU *FREAKS* AND THEY THINK YOUR HANDICAPS  
ARE ALL THERE IS TO WHO YOU *ARE!*

"WE CAN PROVE THEM *WRONG*. WE CAN TURN THEIR SCORN  
TO GRUDGING ADMIRATION.

"*JOIN* WITH ME, MY FRIENDS. *TOGETHER* WE CAN MAKE  
A *DIFFERENCE.*"

-FROM "THE SECRET ORIGIN OF THE DOOM PATROL"

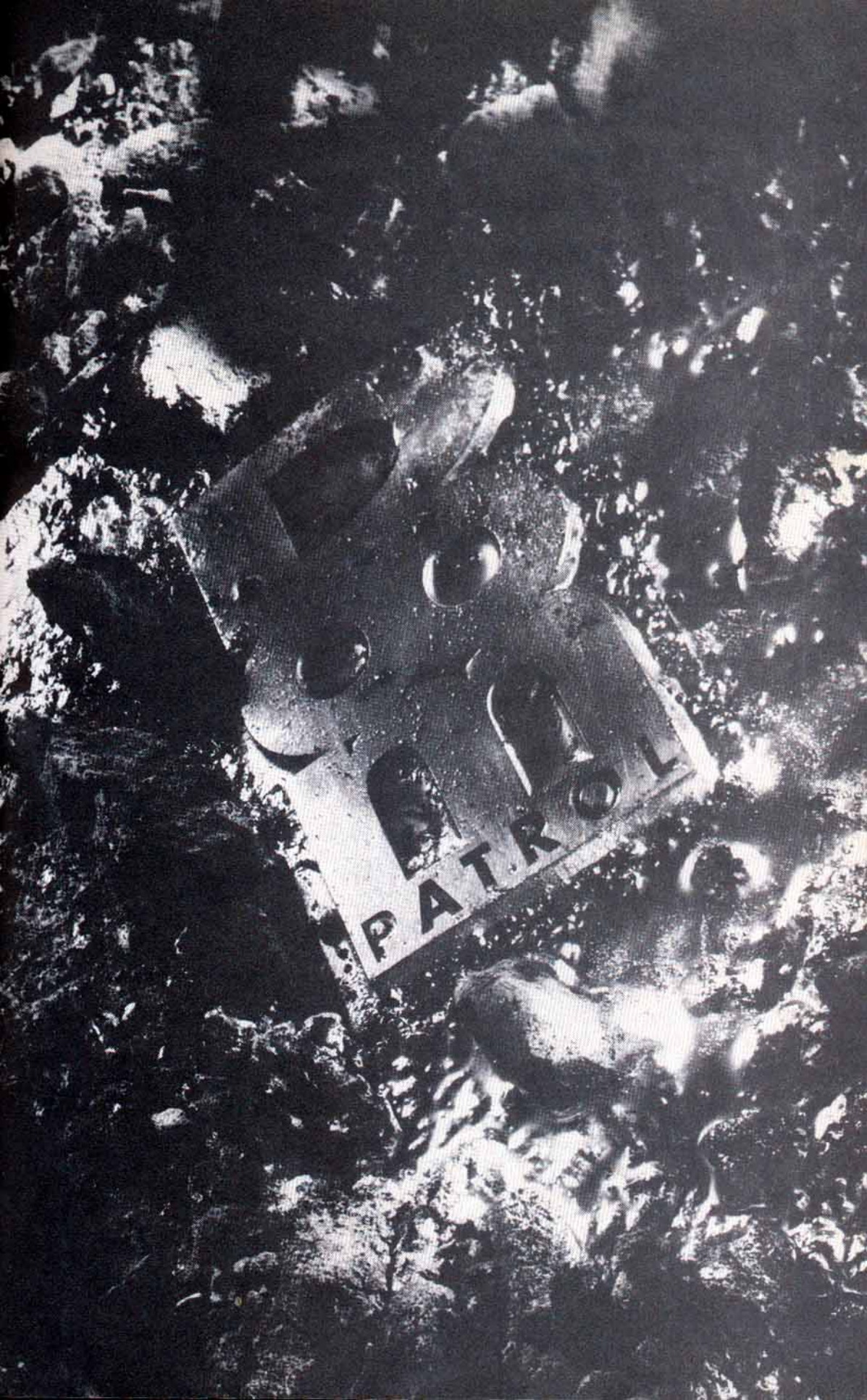
**DOOM PATROL:**  
CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE

**GRANT MORRISON**  
WRITER

**RICHARD CASE**  
**DOUG BRAITHWAITE**  
**SCOTT HANNA**  
**CARLOS GARZON**  
**JOHN NYBERG**  
ARTISTS

**JOHN WORKMAN**  
LETTERER

**DANIEL VOZZO**  
**MICHELE WOLFMAN**  
COLORISTS



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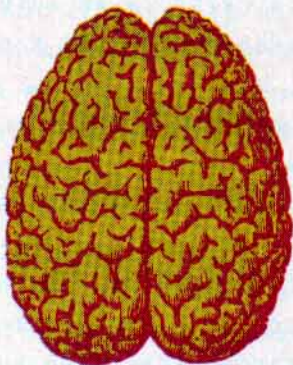
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GREGORY HOMS AND DAAN AMAREL.  
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NOBODY WANTS TO BE A HUMAN  
BRAIN IN A ROBOT BODY

OR

*WHY THIS ISN'T A SUPER-HERO COMIC,  
AND WHY THAT'S GOOD*

BY TOM PEYER



BUT ENOUGH ABOUT DOOM PATROL; LET'S TALK ABOUT ME. WHEN I WAS A KID, LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHERS, I WOULD PIN A RED BATH-TOWEL TO MY COLLAR AND IMITATE GEORGE REEVES'S SPRINGBOARD SUPERMAN TAKE-OFFS. OTHER DAYS, UNLIKE MILLIONS OF OTHERS, I MIGHT CLENCH MY RIGHT FIST AND SPIN MY ARM LIKE A WINDMILL, CREATING A MINIATURE TORNADO THAT COULD UPROOT TREES, IN IMITATION OF THE FLASH'S SUPER-SPEED. SOMETIMES, LIKE NO OTHER KID BEFORE OR SINCE, I WOULD WEAR MY SPORTCOAT AND CLIP-ON NECKTIE AND DART FOR COVER FROM BUSH TO CAR TO TREE AS I BELIEVED JAMES BOND WOULD IF HE EVER ENDED UP IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD. BESIDES ABSORBING AND RELIVING THE ADVENTURES OF THESE BELOVED HEROES, I ALSO READ ARNOLD DRAKE AND BRUNO PREMIANI'S DOOM PATROL EACH MONTH...

...BUT I NEVER WRAPPED MY HEAD IN BANDAGES AND FEIGNED WEAKNESS IN 60-SECOND BURSTS AS A RADIOACTIVE PARASITE FLED MY BODY TO PERFORM ROUTINE RESCUES THAT I COULD ONLY WATCH. I NEVER WISHED THAT ISOLATED PARTS OF MY BODY COULD GROW OR SHRINK IF ONLY I COULD CONCENTRATE HARD ENOUGH. I CERTAINLY NEVER WANTED TO BURN TO A CRISP IN AN AUTO WRECK SO MY BRAIN COULD BE TRANSPLANTED INTO A CLUNKY ROBOT BODY WITH A STEAMSHOVEL JAW.

AND THAT'S WHY THE DOOM PATROL—LARRY TRAINOR, NEGATIVE MAN; RITA FARR, ELASTI-GIRL; AND CLIFF STEELE, ROBOTMAN—WEREN'T REALLY SUPER-HEROES, DESPITE THEIR NAMES AND THE WAY THEY LOOKED. PART OF THE FUNCTION OF A SUPER-HERO IS TO GIVE US A REFUGE FROM OUR NORMALCY, AN IDENTIFICATION WITH SOMETHING WONDERFUL, A SECRET AIRBORNE HEADQUARTERS FROM WHICH WE CAN LOOK DOWN AT OUR FRIENDS, FAMILIES AND AUTHORITY FIGURES—ESPECIALLY AUTHORITY FIGURES—AND FEEL PITY FOR THEIR TRAGIC LACK OF SPECIAL GIFTS.

DISGUISED AS A REGULAR COMIC BOOK, THE DOOM PATROL SUBVERTED THIS DRIVE. COMPARED TO THE OMNIPLEGIC CLIFF AND THE INFECTED LARRY, NORMAL PEOPLE WERE TO BE ENVIED, NOT PITIED. IN A SIMILAR WAY, A NINE-YEAR-OLD WHO WINDMILLS HIS ARM IN THE DIRECTION OF AN OLD ELM TREE ON A BUSY CITY STREETCORNER IN BROAD DAYLIGHT MIGHT SECRETLY ENVY NORMAL PEOPLE AS THEY PUZZLE AT HIM FROM THEIR VALIANTS AND CORVAIRS. MAYBE YOU HAVE FELT THIS ENVY, TOO.

SO IF THE DOOM PATROL AREN'T SUPER-HEROES, I GUESS THEY'RE PEOPLE, JUST LIKE YOU AND ME, OR AT LEAST LIKE ME. THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE ANYTHING THAT CAN EXIST, BUT MAYBE THE FEELINGS THAT COME WITH THE

FULL-BODY BANDAGES AND THE STEAMSHOVEL JAW AND THE ANKLES LIKE SEQUOIA TRUNKS ARE AS GENUINE AS THE LAST TIME YOU COMPARED YOURSELF TO A STRANGER AND CAME UP SHORT. MAYBE THE UNTROUBLED NORMALCY WE PROJECT ONTO OTHERS IS WHAT'S SO PREPOSTEROUS. MAYBE THE DOOM PATROL MAKE PERFECT SENSE.

MIND YOU, I'M NOT CLAIMING TO HAVE DEVELOPED THIS ANALYSIS 29 YEARS AGO WHILE AMPUTATING THE PET PARAKEET'S WINGS FOR MY HOMEMADE HAWKMAN HELMET<sup>1</sup>; ALL I REALLY KNEW THEN WAS THAT THE DP WERE GROSS AND MADE ME FEEL WEIRD, AND THAT I WENT OUT OF MY WAY TO BUY EVERY ISSUE.

IT'S ALMOST THIRTY YEARS LATER, AND GRANT MORRISON AND RICHARD CASE HAVE GIVEN US A NEW DOOM PATROL (WHOSE STORY BEGINS IN THIS VOLUME) AND INTERESTED READERS HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO FEEL GROSS AND WEIRD ALL OVER AGAIN. LIKE THE ORIGINAL VERSION, GRANT AND RICHARD'S DOOM PATROL SORT OF RESEMBLE OTHER ACTION HEROES ON THE SURFACE, BUT FALL PATHETICALLY OUT OF STEP ONCE THE CHASE MUSIC STARTS. CRIME-FIGHTERS WHO FLY, SHRINK AND STRETCH ONCE AGAIN SEEM ORDINARY BY COMPARISON, AND ORDINARY PEOPLE LUCKY. THEIR FIRST FULL STORYLINE, "CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE," BEGINS IN ONE HOSPITAL AND CUTS ABRUPTLY TO ANOTHER, RACKING UP INFIRMITIES IN THE FIRST FEW PAGES LIKE MOST COMIC BOOKS GO THROUGH SUPER-POWERS.

IN THE PLACE OF RITA, WHO COULD PASS FOR REGULAR FOLKS, AND WHOSE POWER WAS NEVER ALL THAT HORRIBLE, THERE'S KAY CHALLIS, THE UNFORGETTABLE CRAZY JANE, WHOSE PARANORMAL "GIFTS" ARE LIMITED ONLY BY THE NUMBER OF PERSONALITIES SERVING TIME INSIDE HER HEAD. AS HER STORY OPENS, THERE ARE 64 IN ATTENDANCE.

<sup>1</sup>JUST KIDDING, BIRD-LOVERS.

LARRY TRAINOR AND THE SUPER-PARASITE ARE STILL TOGETHER, JOINED BY THE UNWILLING DR. ELEANOR POOLE TO FORM REBIS, THE RADIOACTIVE HERMAPHRODITE WHO JUST DOESN'T SOUND LIKE LARRY ANYMORE. THAT BOTHERS OUR OLD FRIEND CLIFF; HE'S STILL THE SAME, BUT WHEN YOU START OUT AS A LEAKY GREY SPONGE IN A PROSTHETIC BODY THERE'S NOT MUCH ROOM TO DETERIORATE.

ALSO ALONG FOR THE PLUNGE ARE NILES CAULDER, THE DIFFICULT GENIUS WHO FOUNDED THE DOOM PATROL; RHEA JONES, A COMATOSE GIRL WHO SEEMS TO BE SLEEPING HER WAY TOWARD A FRIGHTENING DESTINY; AND THE LOVABLE DOROTHY SPINNER, AN APE-FACED ADOLESCENT WHOSE INNER LIFE CAN MANIFEST ITSELF FOR ALL TO SEE, A "GIFT" THAT WOULD HAVE MOST TEENAGERS CLAWING THE ASYLUM GATE FOR ENTRY.

THE ONLY MEMBER WITH WHAT I WOULD CALL HEALTHY, AVERAGE SUPER-POWERS—JOSHUA CLAY, A PHYSICIAN WHO CAN FLY AND SHOOT SOME KIND OF RAY-BLASTS FROM HIS FISTS—IS TOO FREAKED OUT BY ALL OF THIS TO LET HIMSELF USE THEM. HE'D RATHER STAND BY FOR THE INEVITABLE MEDICAL EMERGENCIES AND PERFORM ROUTINE TASKS FOR THE CHIEF IN THE MEANTIME.

AS TEDIOUS AS THAT SOUNDS, WE CAN'T BLAME JOSH FOR TRADING HIS TIGHTS FOR AN APRON WHEN WE CONSIDER THE OPPOSITION. THE DOOM PATROL HAS NEVER BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO FACE MERE JEWEL THIEVES WHO DRESS LIKE PLAYING CARDS, OR MASKED KIDNAPPERS WHO MESSENGER EASY CLUES TO THEIR WHEREABOUTS TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE. THEIR ROGUES GALLERY IS MORE LIKELY TO INCLUDE THE IMAGINARY WORLD THAT THREATENS TO BECOME REAL, SUPPLANTING OUR OWN REALITY; THE UNATTENDED MACHINE THAT COULD MAKE DREAMS COME TRUE; THE BLOOD-THIRSTY OMNIPOTENT WHO CLAIMS TO BE GOD, AND WHO'S

TO SAY FOR SURE HE'S LYING?

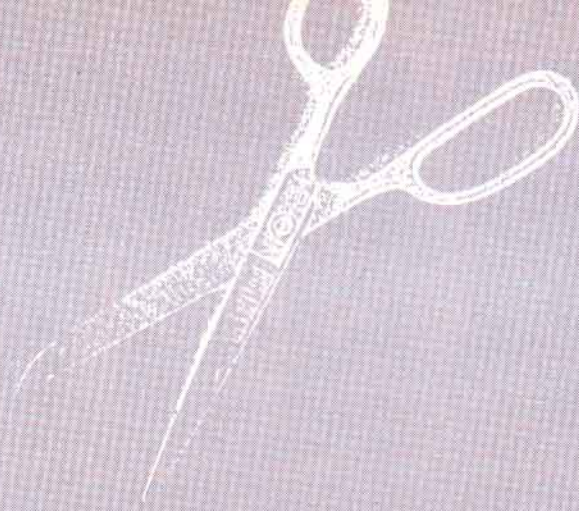
FOR ALL OF THESE DANGEROUS ENCOUNTERS, FOR ALL OF OUR HEROES' DISORDERS AND INFIRMITIES, FOR ALL OF THEIR FEAR AND HEARTBREAK, ONE OF THE BEST FEATURES OF GRANT'S DOOM PATROL SCRIPTS IS WHAT'S MISSING FROM THEM. ANOTHER WRITER WORKING WITH THE SAME INGREDIENTS MIGHT HAVE INFLATED THE STORIES WITH THE FAMILIAR GRIM-AND-GRITTY SOLEMNITY OF THE DARK KNIGHT/WATCHMEN IMITATORS. DON'T BOTHER LOOKING FOR THE (YAWN) CLIPPED, FIRST-PERSON ANGST, THE (GROAN) BALLETTIC VIOLENCE, THE (SOB) DEAD SIDEKICKS, THE (AH-CHOOO!) ANGUISHED RESIGNATION THAT WORKED SO WELL IN THOSE PROJECTS AND HAS SELDOM DONE THE JOB SINCE. GRANT IS TOO PLAYFUL AND HARD-WORKING A WRITER FOR ANY OF THIS; IN ITS PLACE, YOU'LL FIND PLEASURE IN THE STRANGE WORKINGS OF HIS UNIVERSE, A FONDNESS FOR ITS INHABITANTS, AND A STRAIGHTFORWARD PRESENTATION RARE IN COMICS TODAY.

A LARGE SHARE OF THE CREDIT FOR THAT PRESENTATION MUST GO TO RICHARD CASE'S STYLE AND STORYTELLING. WATCHING HIM GROW FROM THE RAW BUT CONFIDENT TALENT SEEN HERE TO THE INSPIRED PRACTITIONER OF THE CURRENT RUN HAS BEEN ONE OF DOOM PATROL'S MOST SATISFYING REWARDS.

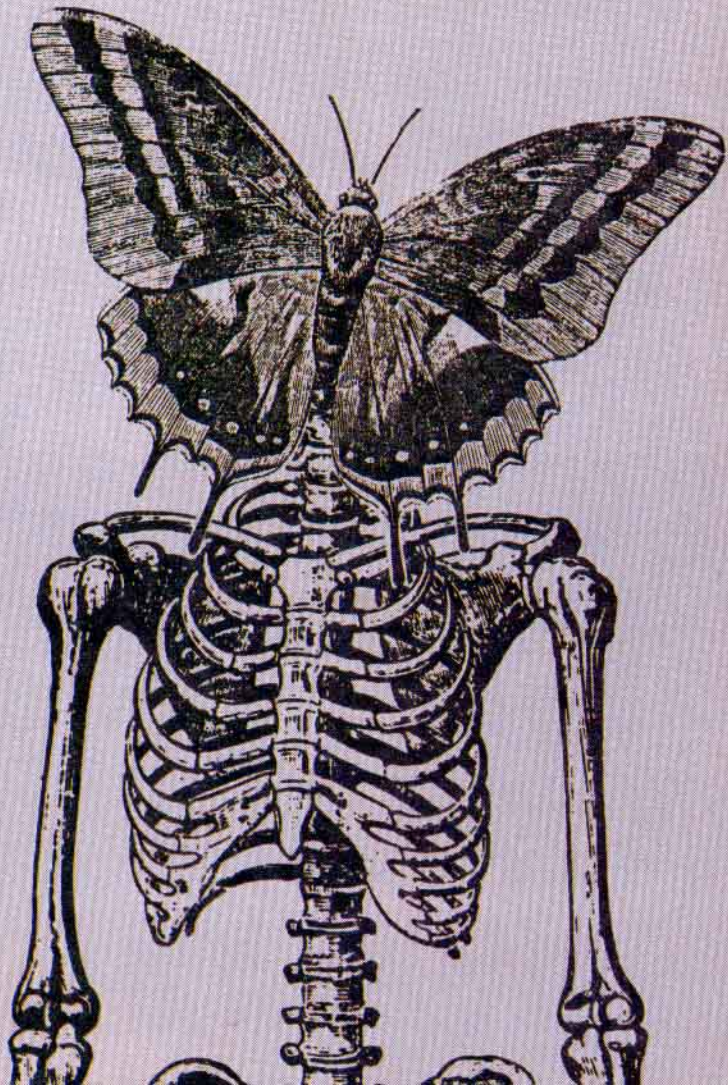
THE RESULT OF RICHARD AND GRANT'S HARD WORK IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE COMICS EVER. A COUPLE OF YEARS AFTER THESE STORIES WERE FIRST PUBLISHED, I HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO BECOME EDITOR OF THE REGULAR MONTHLY TITLE. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I INTEND TO HANG ONTO DOOM PATROL UNTIL THEY PRY IT FROM MY COLD, DEAD FINGERS.

BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME; LET'S READ DOOM PATROL.





"ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN AWAY,  
I'VE BEEN STUDYING REPORTS,  
FILING INFORMATION,  
MAKING PREPARATIONS."



  
NEW FORMAT  
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# THE DOOM PATROL™

**CRAWLING  
FROM THE  
WRECKAGE**  
PART 1 OF 4



by GRANT MORRISON,  
RICHARD CASE  
& CARLOS GARZON

roaringraringracing haring home on the homestretch now and the wind in my ears the sound of the crowd

200 on the speedo...210... 215...220...and oh the sky runningspilling blue smoke

and i should have seen it

the oil slick



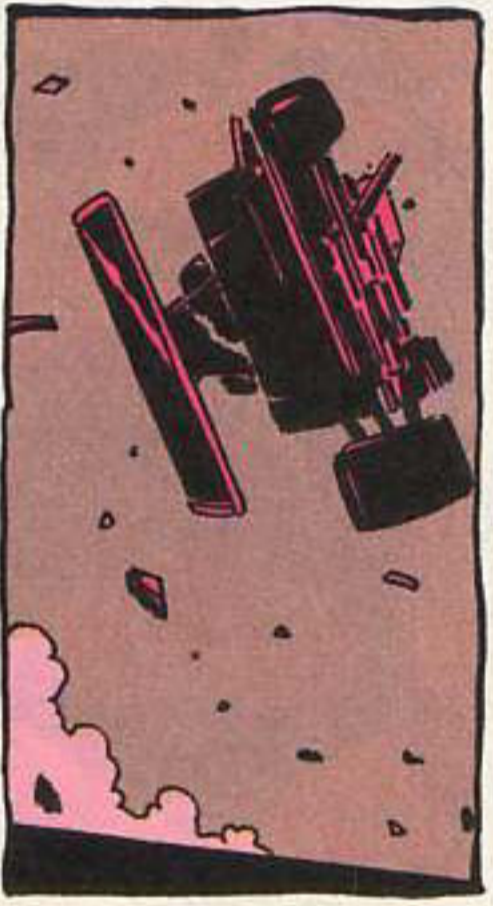
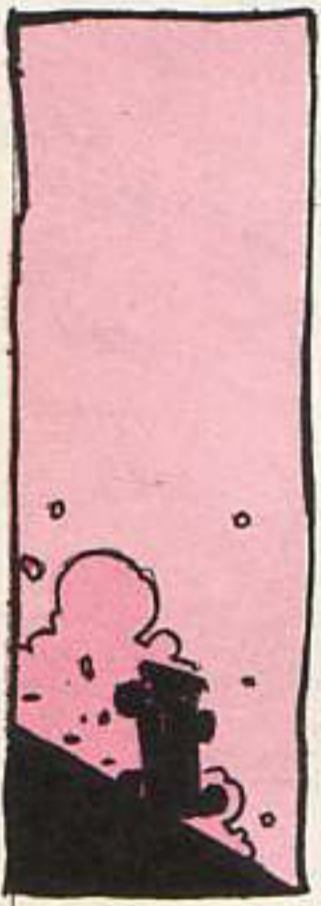
every-thing moves

so

slow



i should have



saved it



i saved it



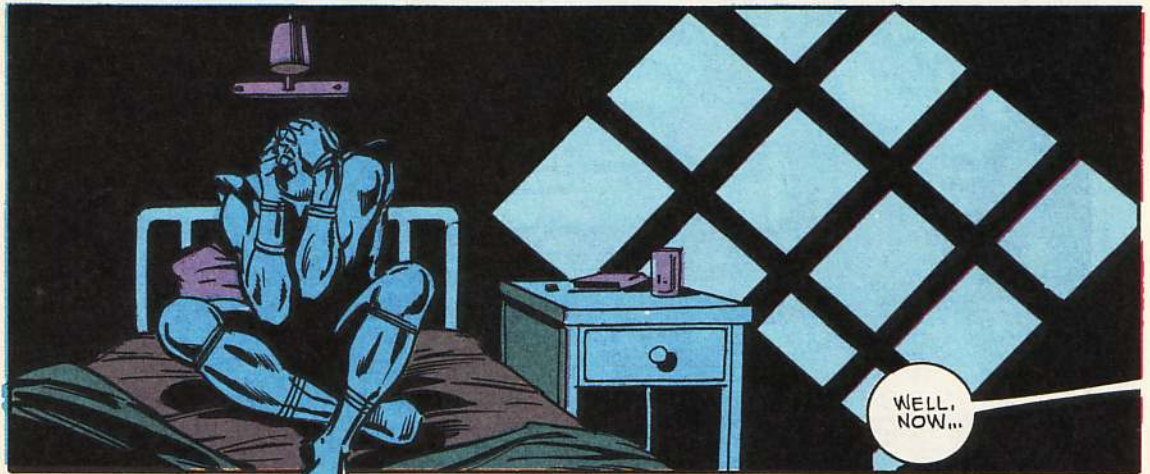
i saved the beautiful bit

PORSCHE

# CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA





WELL, NOW...



DREAMING ABOUT OUR ACCIDENT AGAIN, ARE WE?

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS...

...WHEN WE REFUSE TO TAKE OUR MEDICATION.

GET LOST.



COME ON NOW, RISE AND SHINE! I'VE BROUGHT YOU A FRESH NUTRIENT TANK.

NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING TO PUT IT?



"WE" CAN SHOVE IT WHERE THE SUN DOESN'T SHINE.

HARD.



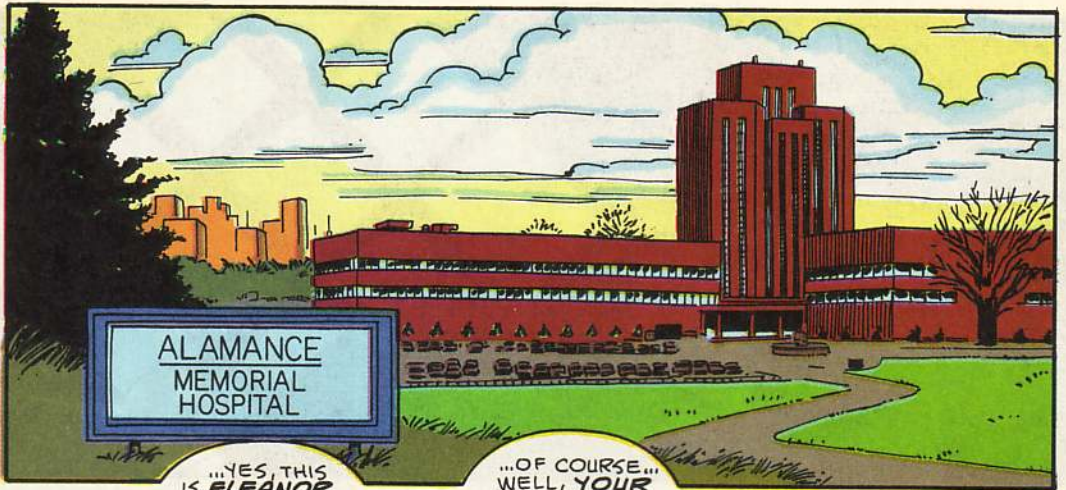
YOU'VE GOT A REAL BAD ATTITUDE PROBLEM, MISTER. I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHING.

SHUT UP.

GET OUT.



JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.



...YES, THIS IS ELEANOR POOLE... WELL, IF YOU LIKE... THE ELEANOR POOLE.

...OF COURSE... WELL, YOUR REPUTATION PRECEDES YOU... I'M AFRAID SO, YEAH...



TRANSPLANT  
9C

WHAT?... YOU READ THAT? OH, WELL... NOW YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME.

ANYWAY, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

LARRY TRAINOR, RIGHT.

YEAH... UH, LISTEN, SOMETHING'S JUST... YEAH.

GREAT TALKING TO YOU, TOO... SURE, FINE.



YOU, TOO.  
BYE.

WELL, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT HE'S IN GREAT SHAPE AND WE HOPE TO SEND HIM HOME IN THE NEXT DAY OR TWO... THAT'S RIGHT...





WELL.

TWO CALLS COVERED EVERYTHING, I THINK. LARRY'S FINE, RHEA STILL HASN'T COME OUT OF HER COMA, AND I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MY PHYSIO-THERAPIST ON FRIDAY.

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED MY OFFER YET, JOSHUA?



I DON'T THINK SO, CAULDER. THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.

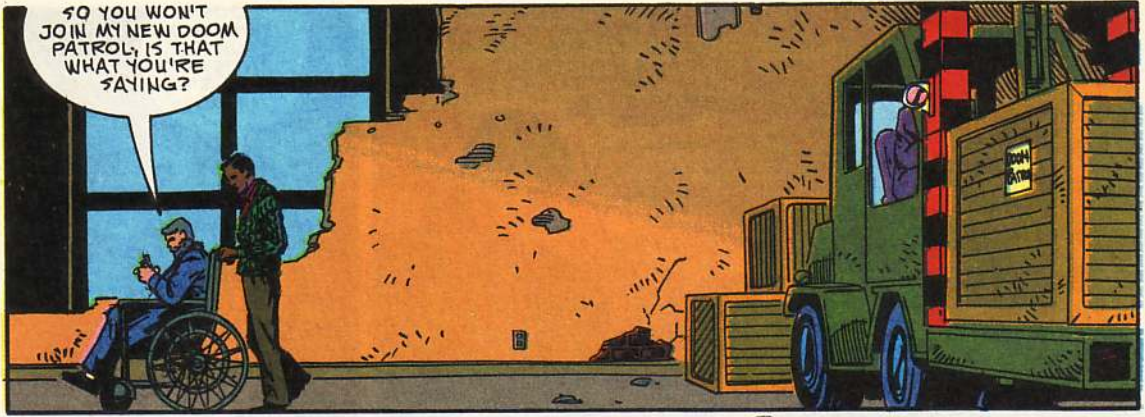


I REALLY JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE HOW EVERYONE WAS, YOU KNOW?



AND TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE OLD PLACE.

ADDITIONAL DOWN PAPER STAPLES



SO YOU WON'T JOIN MY NEW DOOM PATROL, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?



LOOK, THE DOOM PATROL'S DEAD, CAULDER. WHY NOT LET IT REST IN PEACE THIS TIME?



AND AS FOR ME, I'M FINISHED WITH ALL THIS, REALLY.

IT'S JUST NOT FUNNY ANYMORE.



ARANI'S DEAD, SCOTT'S DEAD, RHEA'S IN A COMA, LARRY'S HOSPITALIZED, VAL'S RESIGNED, AND NO ONE'S EVEN MENTIONED CLIFF...

CLIFF SIGNED HIMSELF INTO A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, HE FELT HE NEEDED HELP.



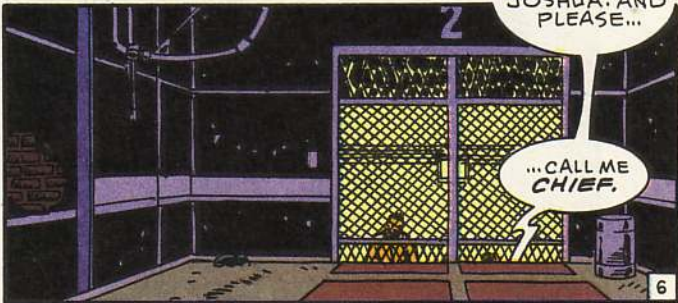
I SHOULD'NT WORRY. I'VE ASKED A GOOD FRIEND TO PAY HIM A VISIT.

AND I'M SURE IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE ROBOTMAN IS BACK WITH US AGAIN.



JEEZ, BUT YOU'RE AN ICEMAN, CAULDER.

WHY THANK YOU, JOSHUA. AND PLEASE...



...CALL ME CHIEF.

U-UK WIKHICKEN THAT LAYS AN EGG WITH THE FACE OF CHRIST IMPRINTED ON THE SHELL, INHUMAN VOICES WHISPERING THROUGH THE STATIC ON AN EMPTY RADIO WAVEBAND.

DON'T THESE THINGS FASCINATE YOU, JOSHUA?

NOT REALLY. I CAN GET THAT KIND OF STUFF FROM THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER.

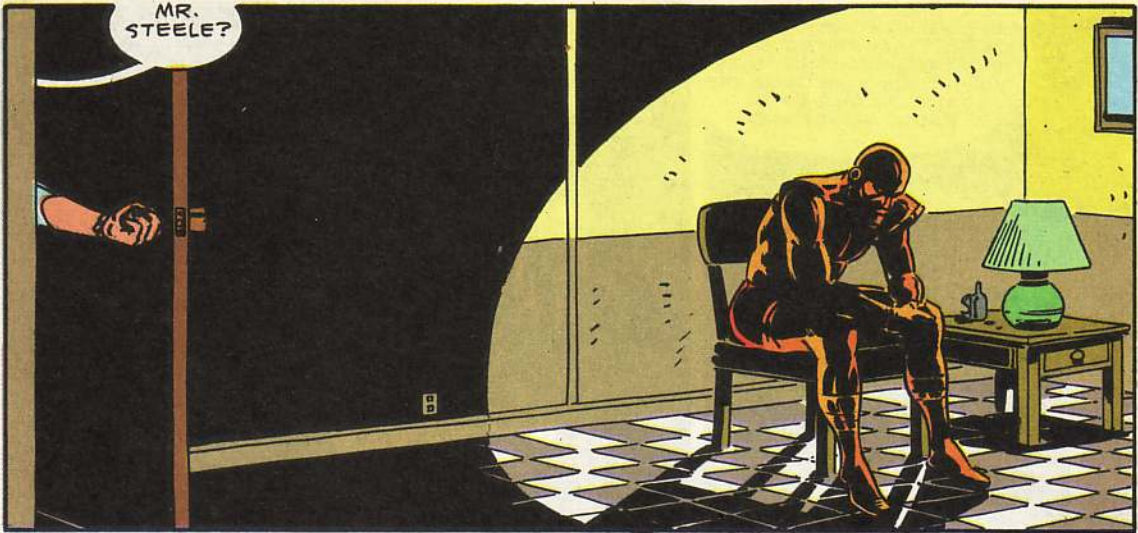
AND I DON'T SEE WHAT IT HAS TO DO WITH THE DOOM PATROL.

I HAVE PLANS, JOSHUA. ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN AWAY, I'VE BEEN STUDYING REPORTS, FILING INFORMATION, MAKING PREPARATIONS.

AND DON'T TELL ME - WHETHER I LIKE IT OR NOT, I'M PART OF THE BIG PLAN, RIGHT?

OH, YES.

YOU ALL ARE.



MR. STEELE?



MR. STEELE, YOU HAVE A VISITOR HERE TO SEE YOU.

CLIFF?



CLIFF, IT'S ME.



IT'S WILL. WILL MAGNUS.

YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU?



I MADE THE METAL MEN, CLIFF.

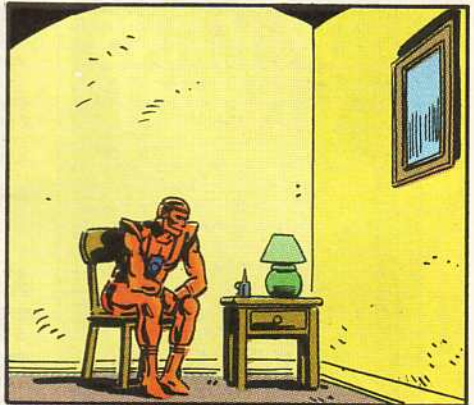
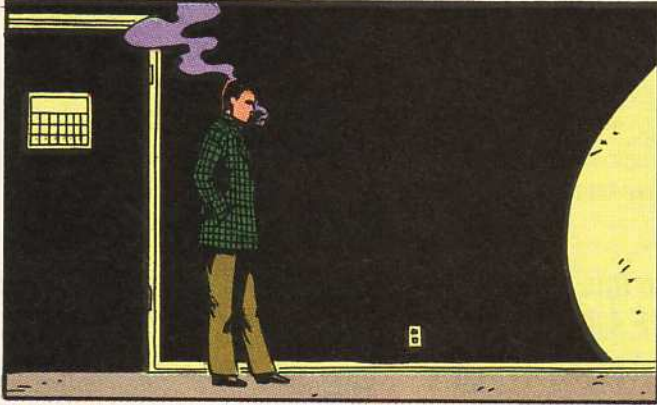
I MADE YOUR BODY, TOO, REMEMBER?

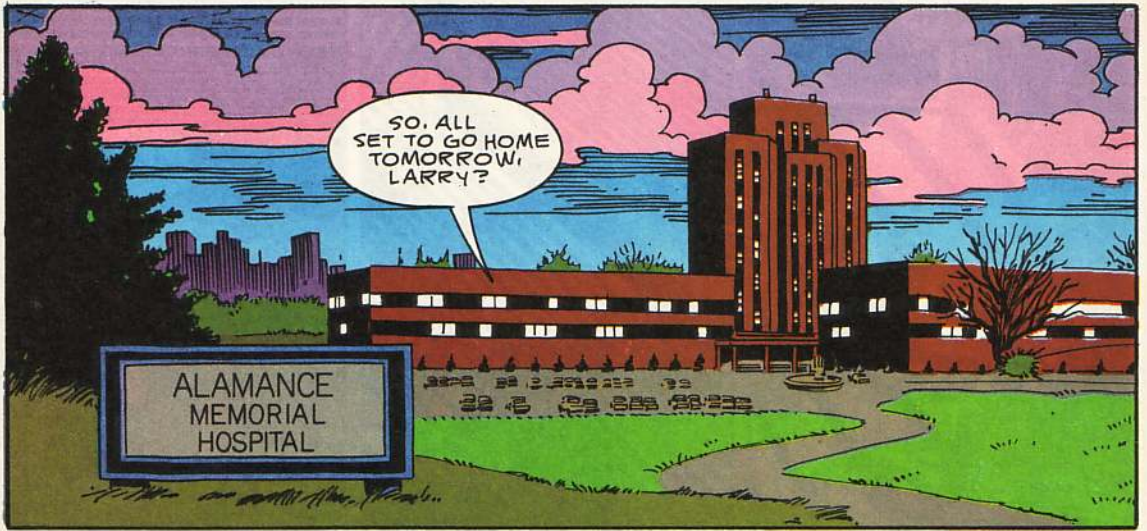


CLIFF?

UH... RIGHT.

YEAH.





TOMORROW? AND I WAS JUST GETTING USED TO ALL THE ATTENTION.

WE NOTICED.

SO GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT, DOC.

HOW LONG HAVE I GOT?

AND REMEMBER, THAT BELL BESIDE THE BED'S ONLY FOR EMERGENCIES, OKAY?

YEAH. SURE THING, DOCTOR.

SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE, LARRY. NO MORE, NO LESS.

YOU STILL HAVE WHAT EVERYONE'S CALLING THE "HERO GENE," BUT APART FROM THAT, YOU'RE PERFECTLY NORMAL.

YOU BET I AM!

WHEN ALL THIS IS OVER, YOU AND ME OUGHT TO GET TOGETHER, DOCTOR, YOU KNOW THAT?

LISTEN, IT COULD BE OVER SOONER THAN YOU THINK...

...IF MY BOYFRIEND HEARS YOU TALKING LIKE THAT.



LAAARREEE



LAARRREEEE



OH, GOD.



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

...WHAT...

OH, GOD.



I AM THE SPIRIT IN THE BOTTLE IN THE INVISIBLE FIRE THAT WORKS IN SECRET THERE IS STICK AMONG THE ROOTS OF THE OAK TREE

OPEN THE WINDOW NOW



OPEN THE WINDOW NOW  
RY LET ME IN

LET ME IN

LET

ME

IN

...WHY D'YOU KEEP FOLLOWING ME ABOUT, MAGNUS?

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME ALONE?

YOU'VE GOT TO PULL YOURSELF THROUGH THIS, CLIFF!

BELIEVE ME, I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE...



HOW THE HELL CAN YOU "YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE"?

HOW CAN YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE YOUR BRAIN TRANSPLANTED INTO A METAL BODY? IT'S LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW CRUDE ROBOT SENSES ARE, COMPARED TO HUMAN ONES, HUH? ALL I HAVE ARE MEMORIES OF THE WAY THINGS USED TO FEEL OR TASTE.

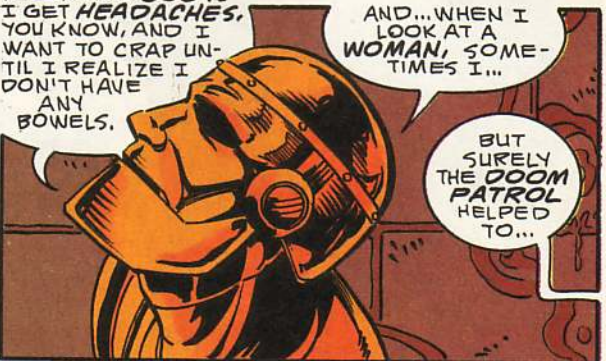
YOU KNOW, THEY SAY THAT AMPUTEES FEEL PHANTOM PAINS WHERE THEIR LIMBS USED TO BE. WELL, I'M A TOTAL AMPUTE-TEE.



I'M HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF MY ENTIRE BODY! I GET HEADACHES. YOU KNOW, AND I WANT TO CRAP UNTIL I REALIZE I DON'T HAVE ANY BOWELS.

AND...WHEN I LOOK AT A WOMAN, SOMETIMES I...

BUT SURELY THE DOOM PATROL HELPED TO...



THE DOOM PATROL? DON'T TALK TO ME...IT... THE DOOM PATROL KILLS PEOPLE. IT CHEWS THEM UP AND VOMITS OUT THE BITS.

IT KILLED RITA AND ARANI AND SCOTT...

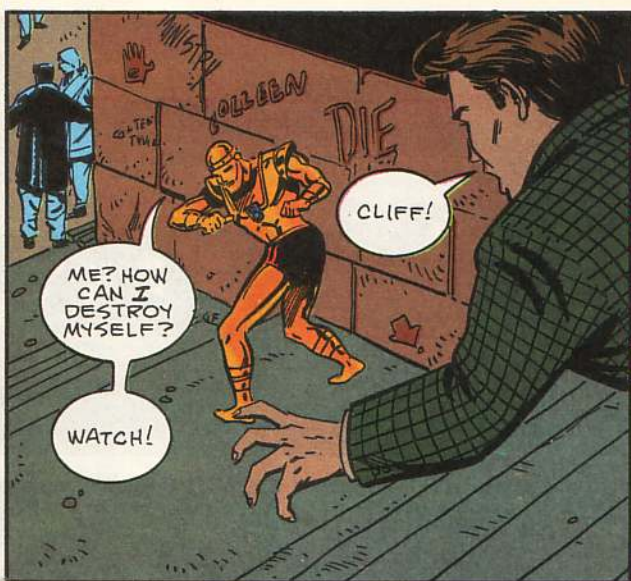


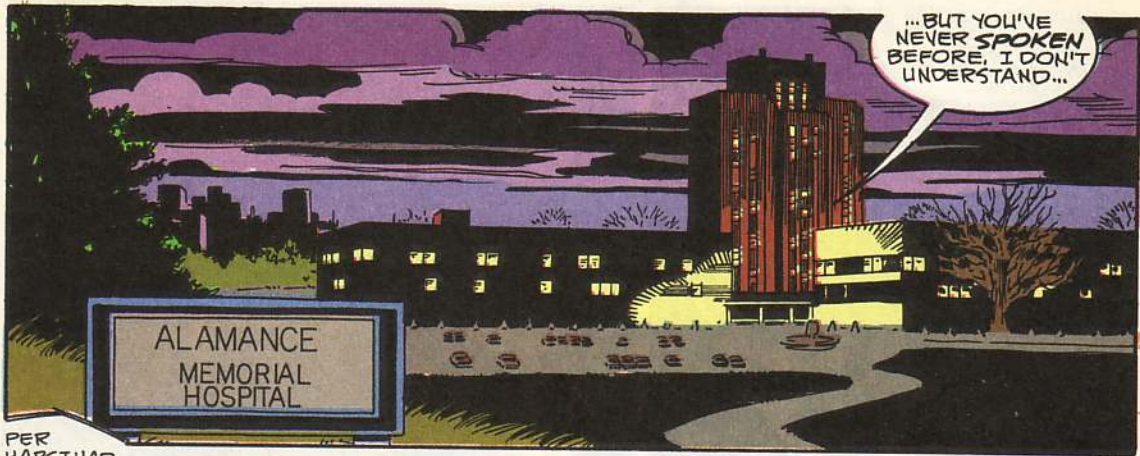
CLIFF...

I JUST CAN'T STAND ANYMORE... I CAN'T GET THROUGH IT... REALLY...

I CAN'T.







ALAMANCE  
MEMORIAL  
HOSPITAL

...BUT YOU'VE  
NEVER *SPOKEN*  
BEFORE, I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

PER  
HAPSIHAD  
NOTHINGTO  
SAYLAR  
RY

I'VE LIVED A  
BLACK BLACK  
DREAM OF SILENCE  
FOR SO LONG

I'M AWAKE  
NOW WIDE  
AWAKE



WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?  
I MEAN...

TO CONTINUE  
TO PERPETUATE  
TO GENERATE



YOU'RE NOT SO  
CLEVER LARRY  
YOU THINK I'M UNA  
WARE YOU PRESSED  
THE ALARM

I MADE  
YOU DO IT

WHAT?



I NEED THE  
WOMAN HERE

IT'S NECESSARY  
FOR MY  
PURPOSE

PURPOSE?  
WHAT  
PURPOSE?



YOU KNOW  
LARRY THE  
UNION THE  
FUSION

THE ALCHEMICAL  
MARRIAGE

NO.



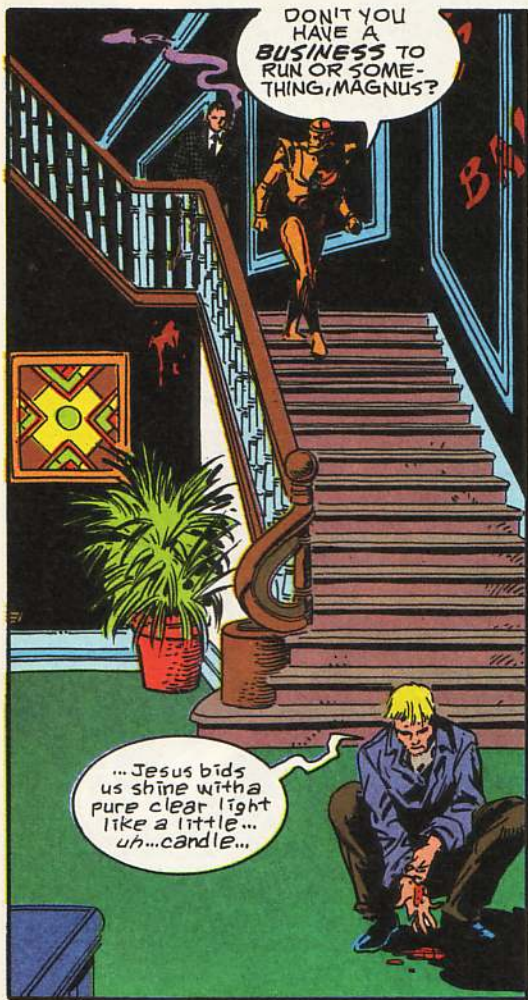
AND NOW WE ARE THREE

NOW WE ARE ONE

OH, GOD.

GET HELP.

SOME-ONE GET HELP!



DON'T YOU HAVE A **BUSINESS** TO RUN OR SOMETHING, MAGNUS?

... Jesus bids us shine with a pure clear light like a little... uh... candle...



WHAT?

DON'T YOU GET TIRED FOLLOWING ME AROUND LIKE A BAD SMELL?

Aw, c'mon, **RALPH!** you cut yourself again?

C'mon, you can't sit here.



JUST TALK TO ME, CLIFF.

I CAN'T STAND IT.

you don't understand. No, you don't. Not one bit.

It's the scissormen, see? They're here. They come through windows in the air.



I CAN'T STAND IT IN HERE.

Yeah, sure thing, Ralph. Gimme a break, huh?

Right here in the hospital.



YOU'RE FREE TO LEAVE WHENEVER YOU...

NO, I MEAN IN **HERE**. IN THIS BODY.

... Jesus had a twin who knew nothing about sin...



GODDAMNIT, CLIFF! I REFUSE TO LET YOU GO UNDER LIKE THIS!

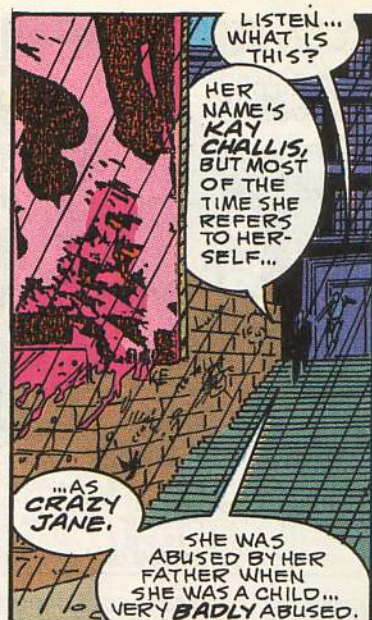
THIS WORLD, IT CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE EVEN **ONE** GOOD PERSON, YOU KNOW,

IF YOU COULD HEAR YOURSELF...



I'M SICK OF THIS SELF-INDULGENT CRAP, DAMNIT! THERE ARE PEOPLE WITH WORSE PROBLEMS THAN YOURS!

SHOW ME ONE.



HER EXPERIENCES RESULTED IN WHAT PSYCHIATRISTS CALL DISSOCIATION. BASICALLY, THAT MEANS SHE DEVELOPED MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES TO COPE WITH THE TRAUMA.

HER THERAPIST TELLS ME THAT SO FAR THEY'VE IDENTIFIED SIXTY-FOUR SEPARATE PERSONALITIES, EACH WITH ITS OWN NAME AND FUNCTION.

AND, FOLLOWING THE EFFECTS OF THE "GENE BOMB"...

...EACH WITH ITS OWN DISTINCT META-HUMAN ABILITY.



DO YOU LIKE IT?

IT'S CALLED "THE WHITE DARKNESS."

IT'S A PICTURE OF MAYA DEREN AT THE MOMENT OF HER DEATH, POSSESSED BY MAITRESSE ERZULIE.

SHE WAS A BRILLIANT WOMAN, MAYA DEREN.

SHE WAS ONLY FORTY-THREE WHEN SHE DIED.

MASSIVE BRAIN HEMORRHAGE.

UHH!

IT'S MOVING! THE THING'S ALIVE!

IT'S PSYCHICALLY ACTIVE. SHE'S BEEN ABLE TO DO THIS SINCE THE INVASION.

YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH THE DIFFICULTIES OF COMING TO TERMS WITH UNWANTED SUPER-POWERS, DON'T YOU, CLIFF?

KAY COULD USE SOMEONE TO TALK TO.

HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

I'VE GOT A BUSINESS TO RUN, REMEMBER?

I'LL SEE YOU, CLIFF.



WHAT DO NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE IN THEIR LIVES?

WHAT?

WHAT DO NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE?

YOU'RE ASKING THE WRONG PERSON.

I'VE TRIED TO BE LIKE THEM, I REALLY HAVE.

BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU JUST CAN'T BE STRONG ANYMORE? WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU'RE WEAK?



MY PAINTING'S RUINED.

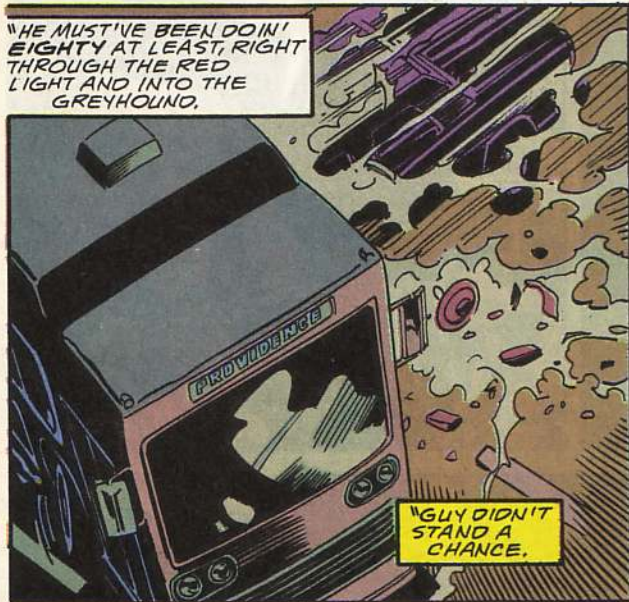
EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG.



COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN.

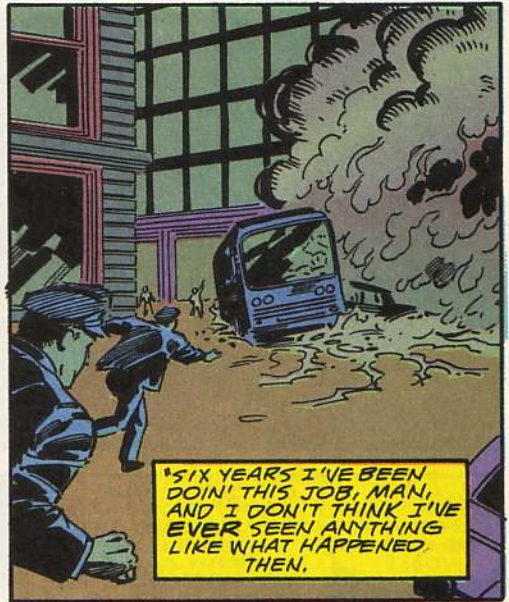


"...SO ANYWAY, WE'D PULLED THIS GUY OVER TO CHECK HIS LICENSE WHEN THE NEXT THING IS, THIS CHEVY COMES SCREECHING AROUND THE INTERSECTION."



"HE MUST'VE BEEN DOIN' EIGHTY AT LEAST, RIGHT THROUGH THE RED LIGHT AND INTO THE GREYHOUND."

"GUY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE."



"SIX YEARS I'VE BEEN DOIN' THIS JOB, MAN, AND I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE WHAT HAPPENED THEN."



"GUY WAS A HUMAN TORCH, YOU KNOW? LITERALLY, HIS HAIR... EVERYTHING... BUT HE KEPT ON WALKING, REAL SLOW, LIKE IN A BAD DREAM."



"BEFORE HE DIED, HE SAID SOMETHING WEIRD, I... I GOT IT WRITTEN DOWN RIGHT HERE."

...SCISSORMEN...



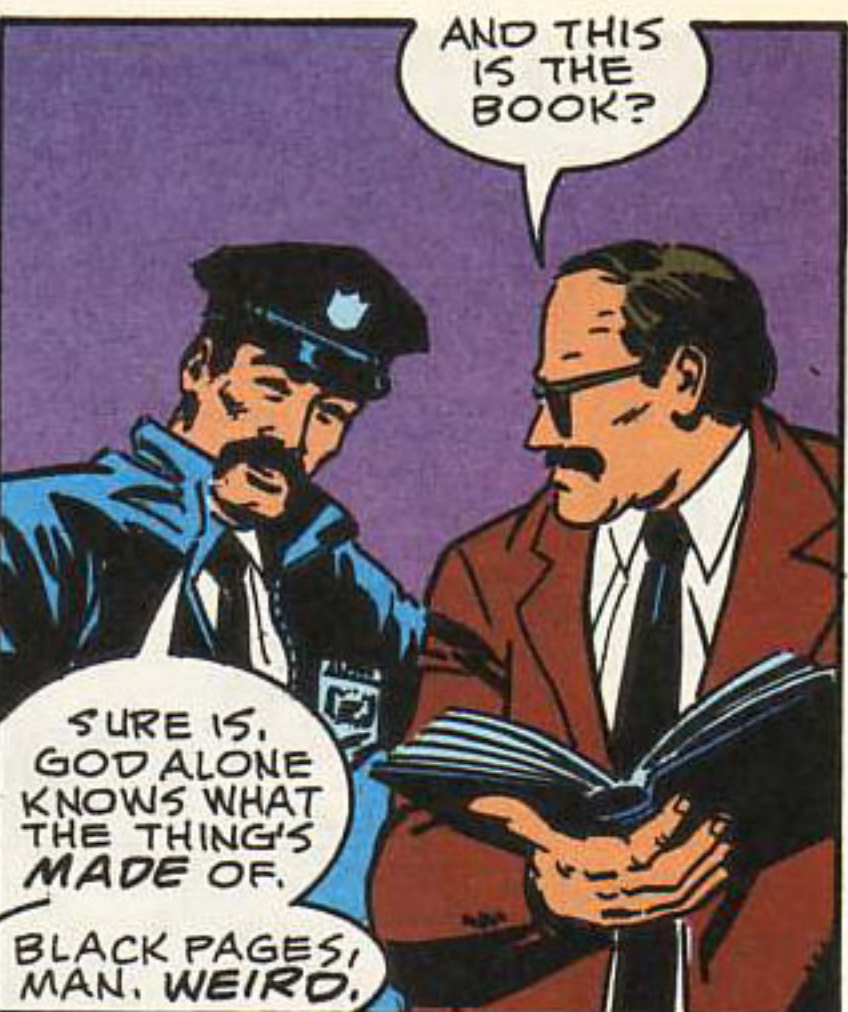
THE SCISSOR-MEN!

I'M NOT ASHAMED TO SAY IT, MAN— I THREW UP RIGHT THERE ON THE SIDEWALK.

YOU EVER SMELL SKIN BURNING?



AND THIS IS THE BOOK?



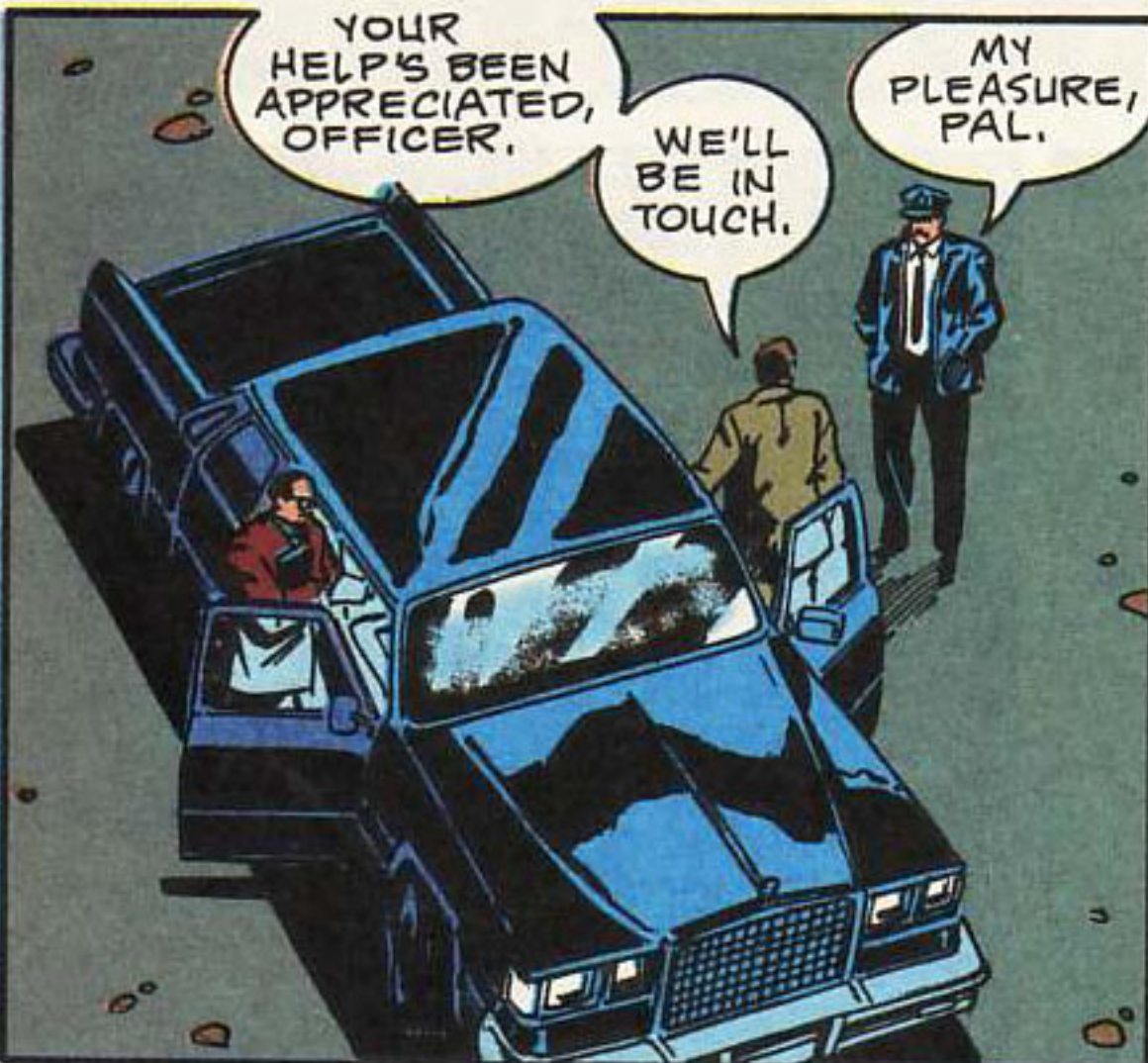
SURE IS. GOD ALONE KNOWS WHAT THE THING'S MADE OF.

BLACK PAGES! MAN, WEIRD.

YOUR HELP'S BEEN APPRECIATED, OFFICER.

WE'LL BE IN TOUCH.

MY PLEASURE, PAL.



I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER GOT INTO INTELLIGENCE. THIS "MAN IN BLACK" STUFF'S REALLY GETTING ME DOWN.

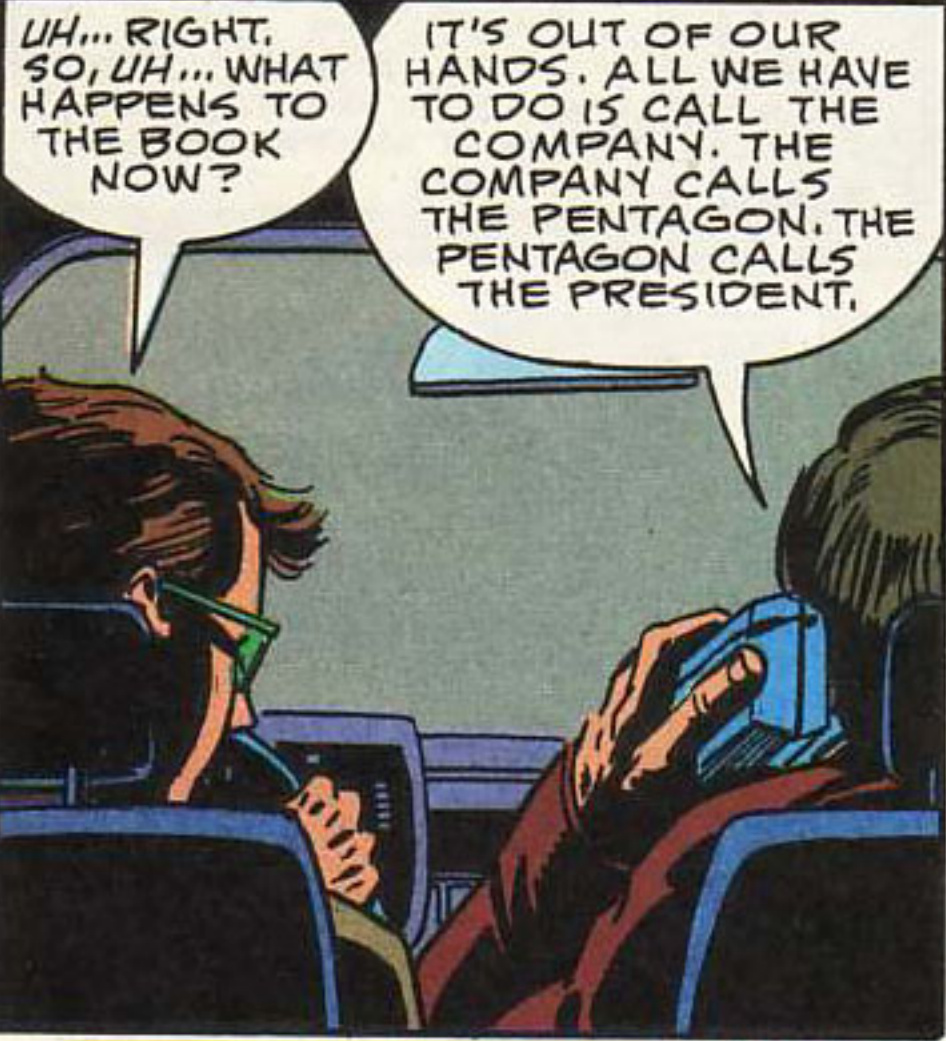
HOW D'YOU MANAGE TO KEEP UP THE ACT.

IT'S NOT AN ACT.



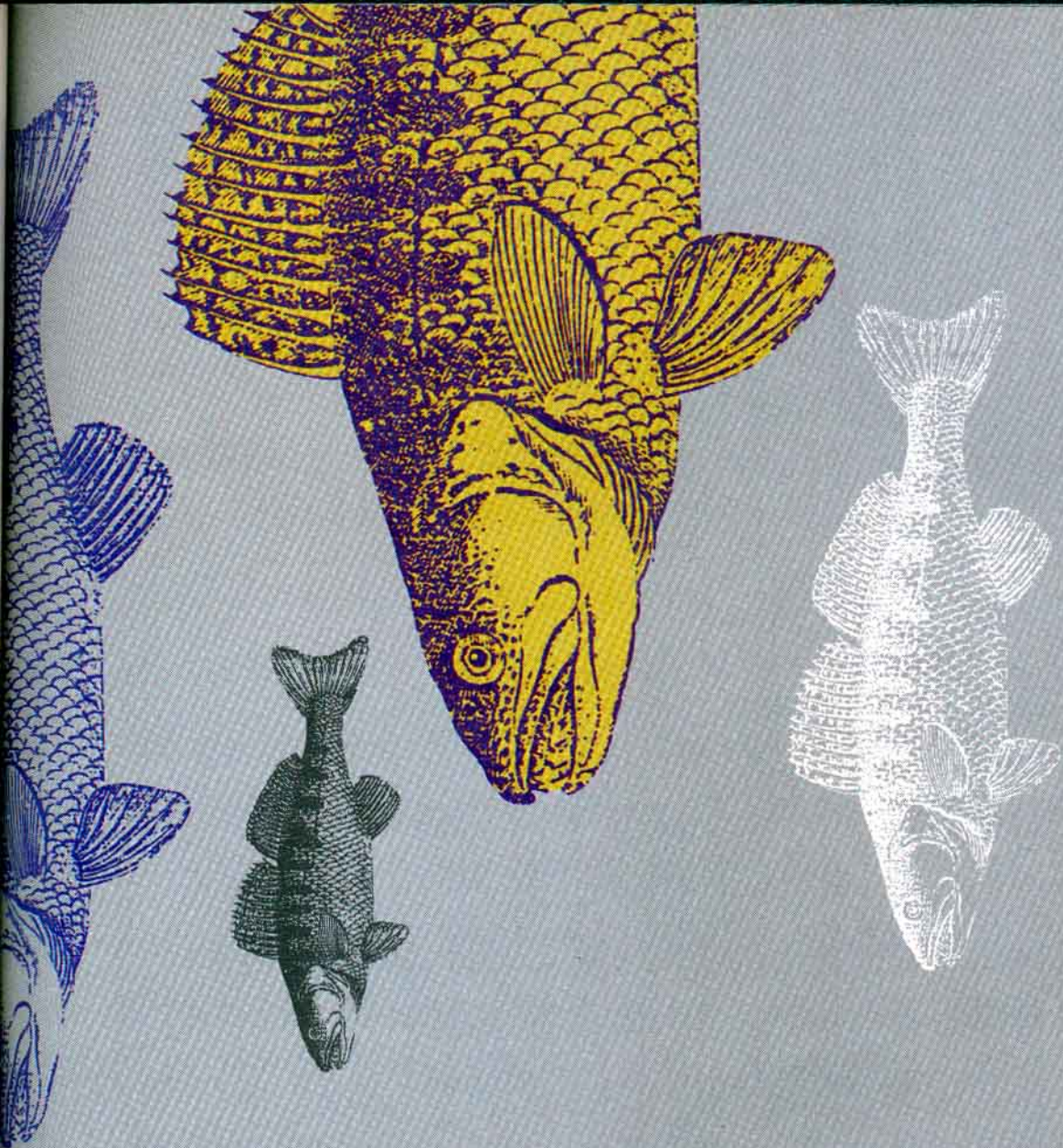
UH... RIGHT, SO, UH... WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BOOK NOW?

IT'S OUT OF OUR HANDS. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CALL THE COMPANY. THE COMPANY CALLS THE PENTAGON, THE PENTAGON CALLS THE PRESIDENT.



AND HE CALLS NILES CAULDER.





"IT BEGINS TO RAIN FISH."

**DC**  
NEW FORMAT  
20  
MAR 89  
US \$1.50  
CAN \$1.85  
UK 80p

# THE DOOM PATROL™

BY MORRISON,  
CASE & HANNA

A

CUT  
ALONG  
DOTTED  
LINE

CASE  
GARZON

B

**CRAWLING  
FROM THE  
WRECKAGE**  
PART 2 OF 4



FATHER MCGARRY HAS LONG SINCE CEASED TO BELIEVE IN MIRACLES.

SATURDAYS, HE TRUDGES OUT TO THE DUMP, LOOKING FOR GOD AMONG THE DEBRIS.

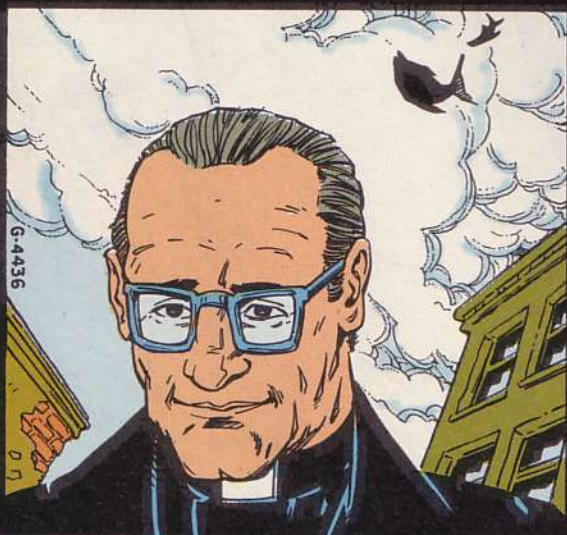
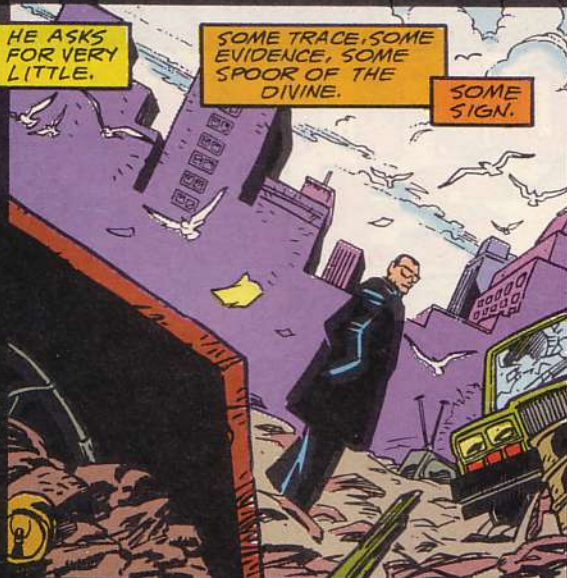
SATURDAYS ARE ALWAYS THE LONGEST DAYS AND, IN THE WINTER, CHILLY.



HE ASKS FOR VERY LITTLE.

SOME TRACE, SOME EVIDENCE, SOME SPOOR OF THE DIVINE.

SOME SIGN.



IT BEGINS TO RAIN FISH.

MACKEREL,  
HERRING,  
SEA BASS.

PIKE,  
STURGEON,  
TENCH.

PLAICE,  
SALMON.

FROM A  
CLEAR  
SKY.

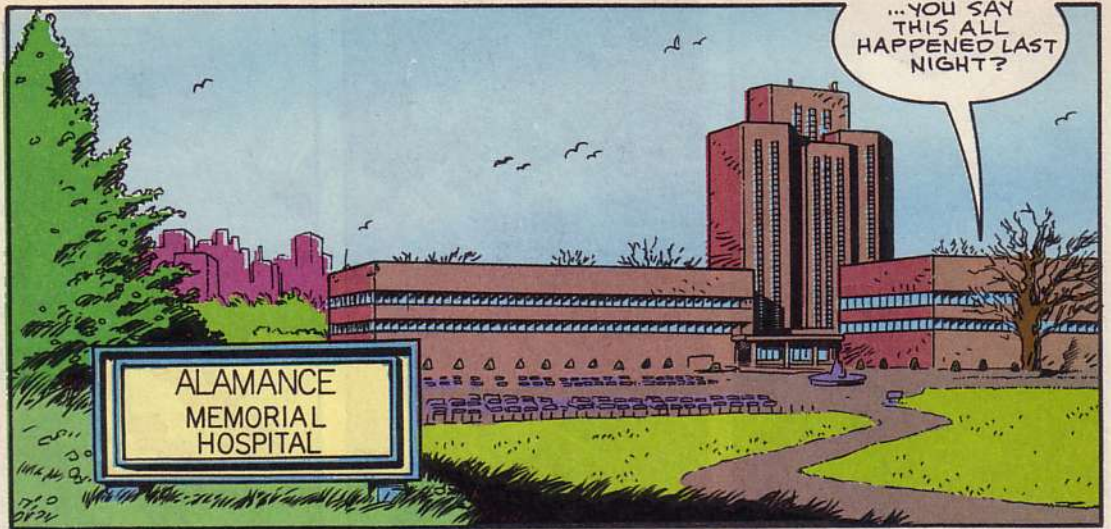
TROUT.

NO COD.

HA.

# CAUTIONARY TALES

GRANT MORRISON	RICHARD CASE
WRITER	PENCILLER
SCOTT HANNA	D. HOPPER WORKMAN
INKER	LETTERER
MICHELE WOLFMAN	ROBERT GREENBERGER
COLORIST	EDITOR



...YOU SAY THIS ALL HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT.

THE TWO ORDERLIES WHO FOUND THE CREATURE ARE BEING TREATED FOR MINOR BURNS.

"CREATURE"? I THOUGHT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT LARRY TRAINOR HERE...

IT MAY HAVE BEEN LARRY TRAINOR LAST NIGHT, MR. CLAY, BUT IT'S CERTAINLY NOT LARRY TRAINOR NOW.

YOU SAY IT HAS BOTH MALE AND FEMALE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS?

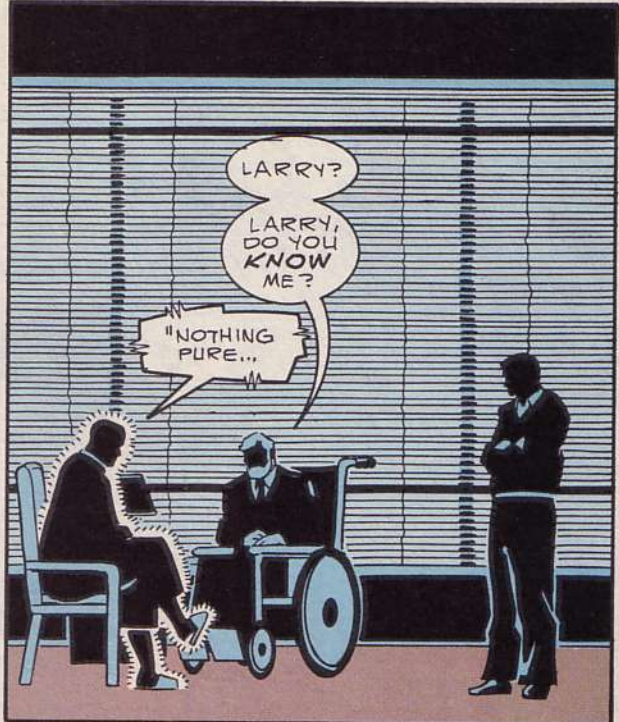
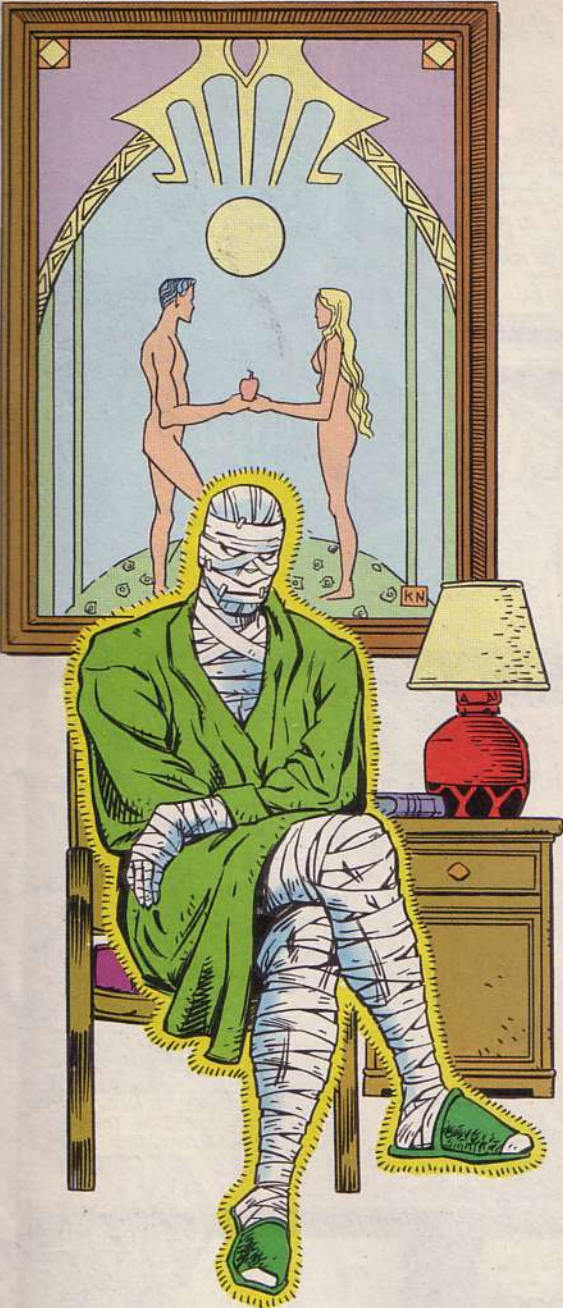
THAT'S IT EXACTLY, YES.

WE THINK... WE BELIEVE THAT THE CREATURE IS SOME KIND OF AMALGAMATION OF MR. TRAINOR AND DOCTOR ELEANOR POOLE.

YOU'LL SEE THAT IT'S ALSO EMITTING SOME KIND OF RADIATION. WE HAD TO USE TREATED BANDAGES TO ...

WELL, ANYWAY...

SEE FOR YOURSELF.



LARRY?

LARRY, DO YOU KNOW ME?

"NOTHING PURE..."

"MY RACE IS MIXED, MY SEX IS MIXED, I AM WOMAN AND MAN AND LIGHT WITH DARKNESS, MIXED. MIXED."



"I AM NOTHING SPECIAL, NOTHING PURE."

"I AM MUD AND FLAME."



I SEE.

IN GREENOCK.

IN THE POURING RAIN.

EVERY HOUR, EVERY MINUTE, EVERY SECOND BRINGS SUNDAY CLOSER.

THE CONFESSORIAL WILL SMELL OF DAMP RAINCOATS AND WET HAIR AND THE PRIEST'S AFTERSHAVE.



"FATHER, IT HAS BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION AND IT WAS JAMIE BELSHAW THAT GAVE ME THE DIRTY BOOKS AND I ONLY LOOKED AT THEM A FEW TIMES AND..."



SOMETHING MOVES IN THE WARDROBE.

HANGING JACKETS JOSTLE FURTIVELY FOR SPACE.

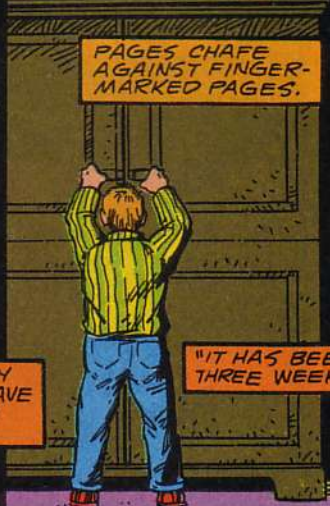
THE DIRTY BOOKS.



THE DIRTY BOOKS HAVE COME TO LIFE.

FLESH-COLORED, SEETHING, PANTING.

PAGES CHAFE AGAINST FINGER-MARKED PAGES.



"IT HAS BEEN THREE WEEKS."

"FATHER"





STUART?  
I'M PHONIN'  
DOWN THE  
CHINESE  
FOR THE  
DINNER.

WHAT  
YOU  
WANTIN'  
?



STUART?



STUART?

NO SON NOW  
BUT A STENCIL  
SHAPE IN THE  
AIR.



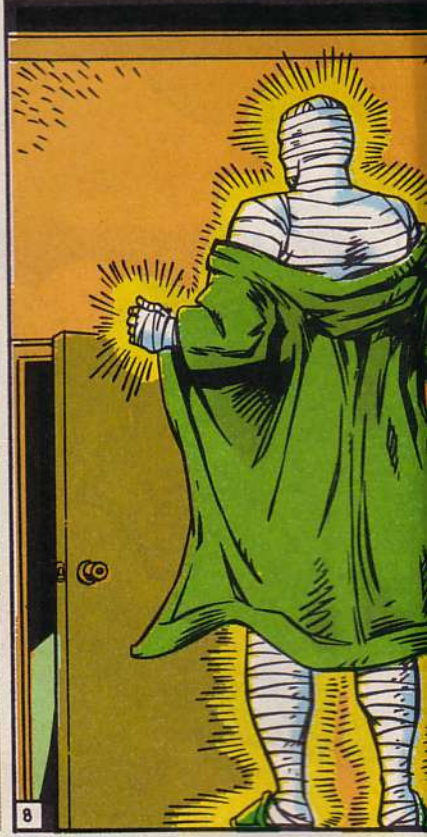
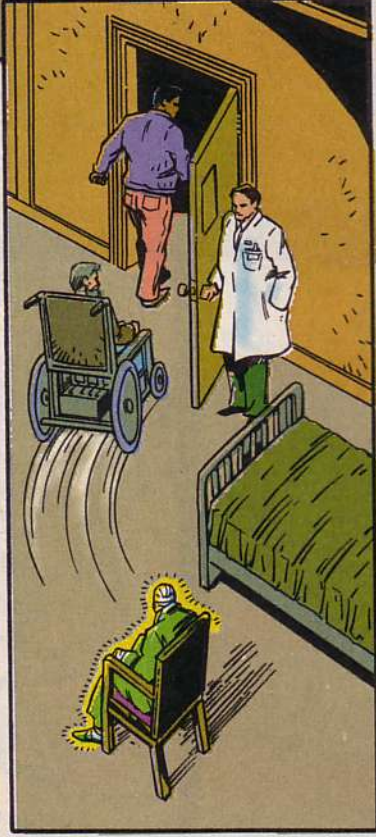
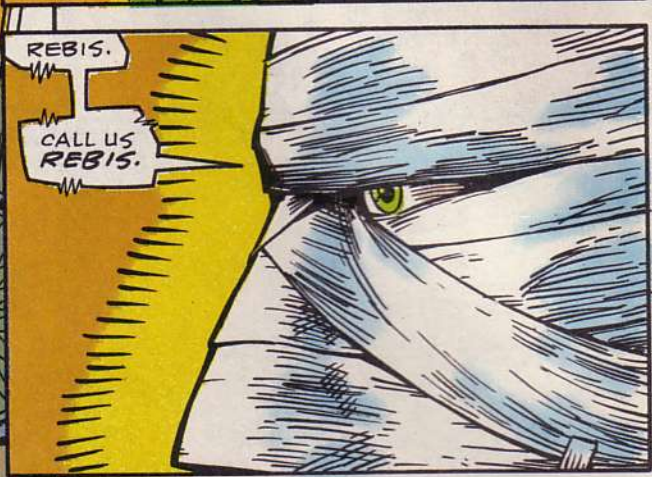
OH  
JESUS.

A HOLLOW  
WIND  
IN AN EMPTY  
ROOM.



THERE IS  
NO TIME.

THERE IS  
NO SPACE.





I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE. POOR LARRY...

THAT NAME HE SAID...



REBIS. IT WAS A TERM USED BY THE MEDIEVAL ALCHEMISTS TO IDENTIFY THE RESULT OF A CHYMICAL WEDDING.

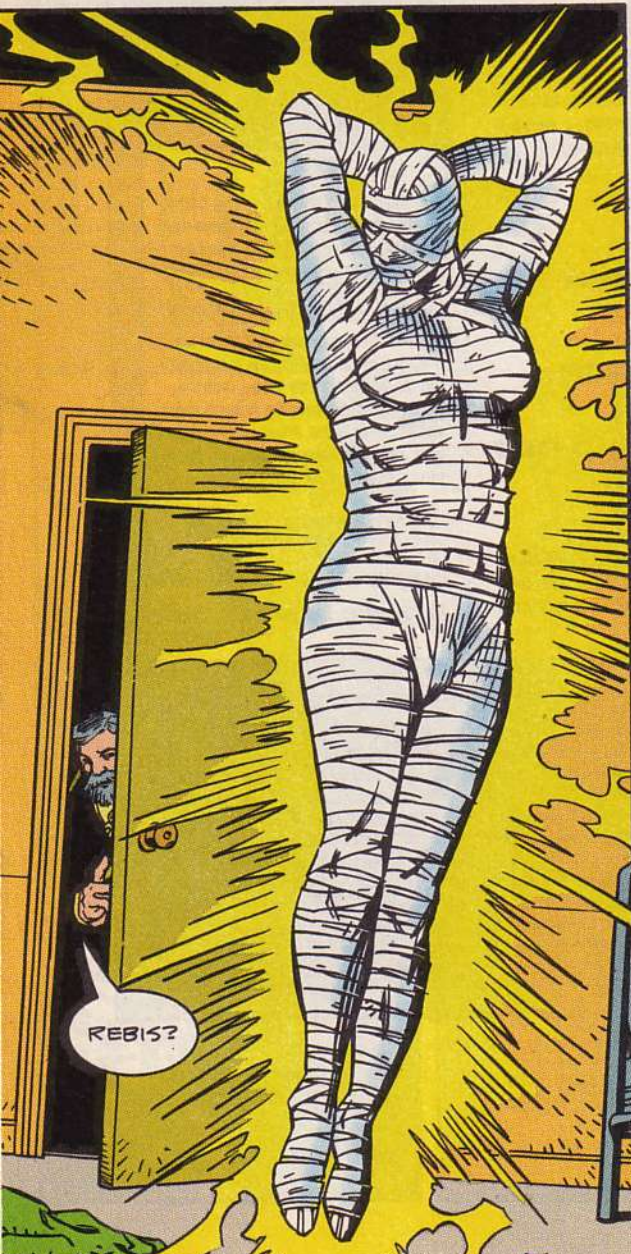
YOU SHOULD READ MORE, JOSHUA.



WHATEVER IT IS, THE WHOLE THING'S A GROTESQUE TRAGEDY.

YES.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE, GENTLEMEN.



REBIS?



YES?



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THE DOOM PATROL?



YOU'RE MAKING PROGRESS, CLIFF. THERE'S NO DENYING THAT.

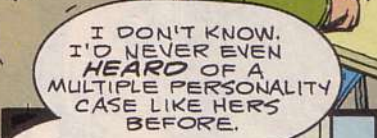


WHAT DO YOU WANT, MAGNUS, A MEDAL?

I'M NOT TRYING TO TAKE ANY CREDIT FOR YOUR IMPROVEMENT. I THINK YOU DID THAT YOURSELF.



I'M TOLD YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING A LOT OF TIME WITH CRAZY JANE. HER THERAPIST SAYS YOUR HELP'S BEEN INVALUABLE.



I DON'T KNOW. I'D NEVER EVEN HEARD OF A MULTIPLE PERSONALITY CASE LIKE HERS BEFORE.



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HER? JANE, I MEAN.



SOMETIMES SHE CAN BE SIX OR SEVEN DIFFERENT PEOPLE IN ONE CONVERSATION.



I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP HER ORGANIZE HERSELF AND START CATALOGUING THE NEW SUPER-POWERS SHE'S BEEN SADDLED WITH.



YEAH, I LISTEN, CLIFF... KNOW. ONE LAST THING...



KEEPS ME OFF THE STREETS, YOU KNOW?



I KIND OF TOOK  
TO HEART WHEN  
YOU COMPLAINED  
ABOUT THE  
CRUDITY OF  
YOUR ROBOT  
BODY...

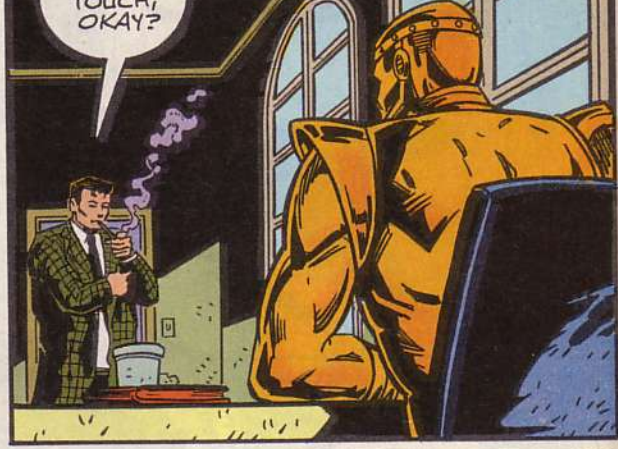
...ESPECIALLY  
WHEN YOU THINK  
OF THE WAY  
CYBERNETICS  
TECHNOLOGY HAS  
IMPROVED  
RECENTLY.

YOU  
MADE ME  
THINK,  
CLIFF.



SO... AH...  
I'M GOING TO  
BUILD YOU A  
NEW BODY.

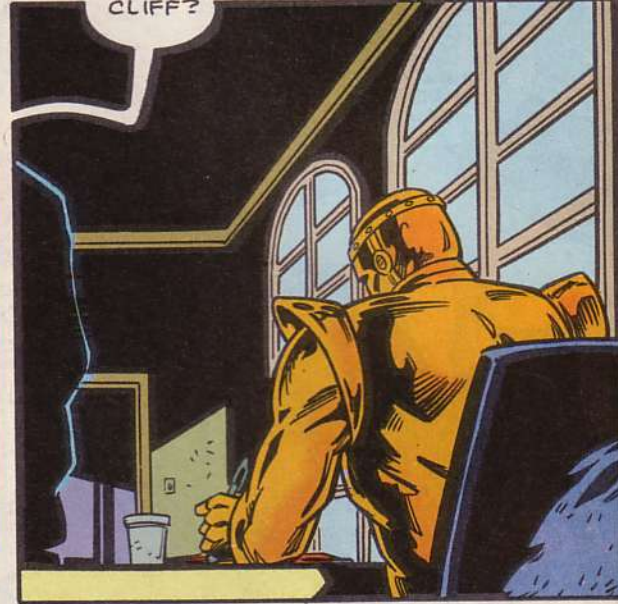
I'LL  
BE IN  
TOUCH,  
OKAY?



HA.



CLIFF?



OH, HI  
THERE,  
JANE.

TALK  
OF THE  
DEVIL,  
HUH?

DRIVER 8.  
WE HAVEN'T  
MET YET.

WHAT?  
... OH...  
SURE.

HOW  
YOU  
DOING  
?





IT'S NOT EASY KEEPING TRACK OF ALL YOUR PERSONALITIES.

WE'RE NOT PERSONALITIES, WE'RE PERSONS.

CAN WE WALK AWHILE?



SEE, I DRIVE THE TRAIN, AND...

HOLD ON, YOU'RE WAY AHEAD OF ME. WHAT TRAIN'S THIS?



THE TRAIN OF THOUGHT, I MONITOR THE STATIONS OF THE UNDERGROUND.

THAT'S WHERE YOU ALL LIVE, RIGHT?... IN JANE'S HEAD... THE UNDERGROUND.



YOU'RE OVER-SIMPLIFYING, BUT YES, THAT'S ABOUT RIGHT.

ANYWAY, SOME OF THE OTHERS HAVE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT... WELL, THAT THEY LIKE YOU.



RAIN SAYS YOUR VOICE IS LIKE AN OLD BLACK TELEPHONE AND BLACK ANNIS TOLD ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN SHE HASN'T WANTED TO CASTRATE.

TELL HER SHE'D BE TOO LATE ANYWAY.



OH, AND BABY DOLL LIKES YOUR NAME. SHE CALLS YOU "SHELTERING CLIFF" NOW. SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN REALLY EMBARRASSING LIKE THAT.

I THINK YOU'RE OKAY, TOO.

YEAH, IT'S GOT TO BE SAID...



... I'M A WONDERFUL GUY.



RALPH? LISTEN, DON'T TRY TO MOVE...

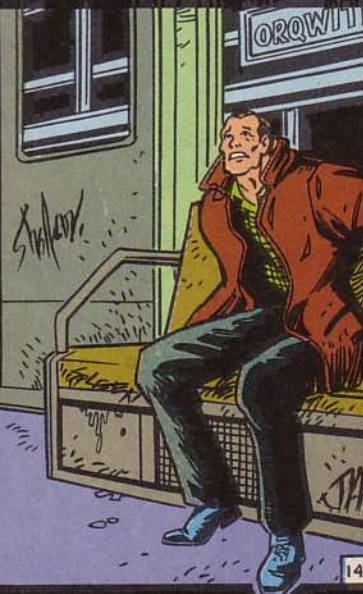
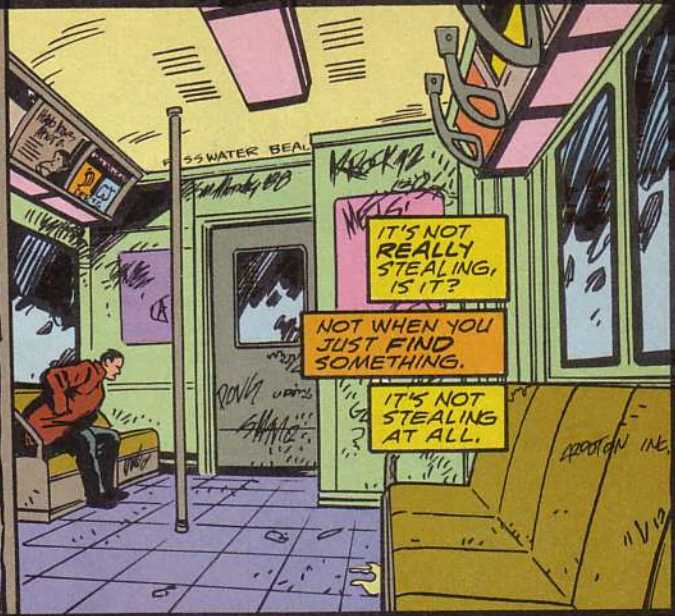
... Scissorsmen... Scissorsmen...

... snip... snap...

... snip...



\*



SOMETIMES IT MAKES YOU WANT TO BE SICK JUST TO LOOK AT IT.

STATIONS GOBY LIKE BEADS ON AN ABACUS.

HE KNOWS THEM ALL BY HEART; AN URBAN CATECHISM.

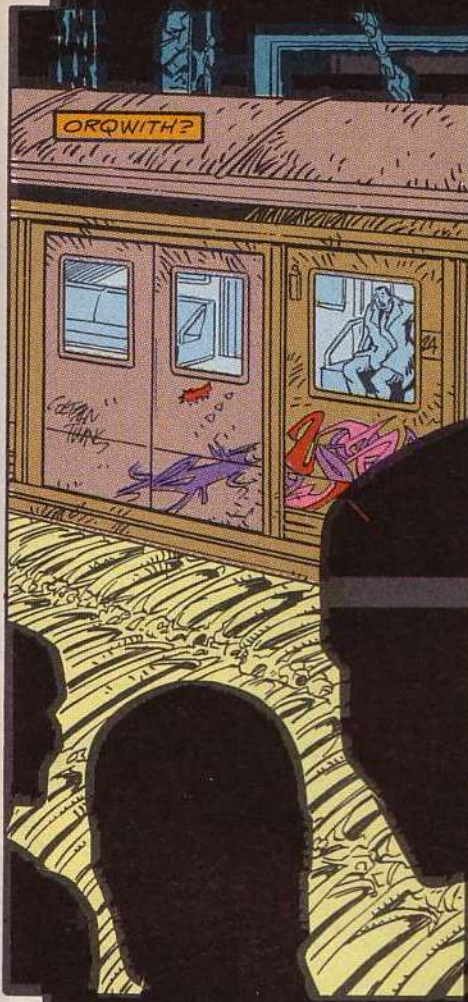
THE WAY IT MOVES WITHOUT MOVING. THE WAY IT FOLDS AND UNFOLDS AND ENFOLDS.

CHAMBERS. FRANKLIN. CANAL.

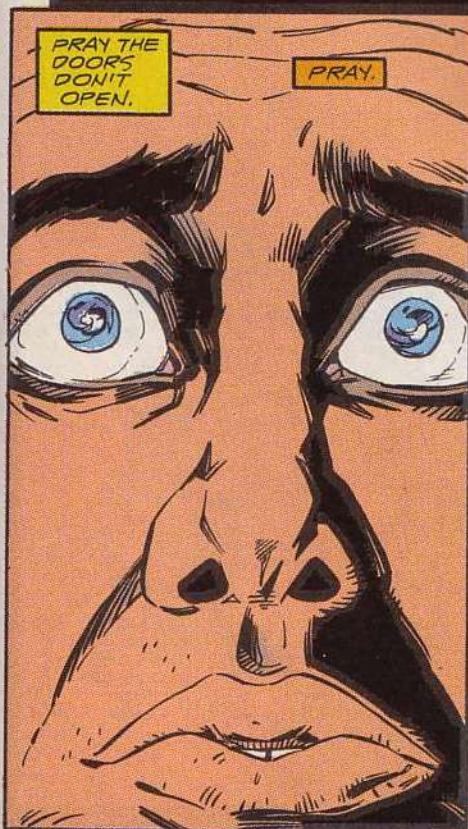
HOUSTON. CHRISTOPHER.

FOURTEENTH.

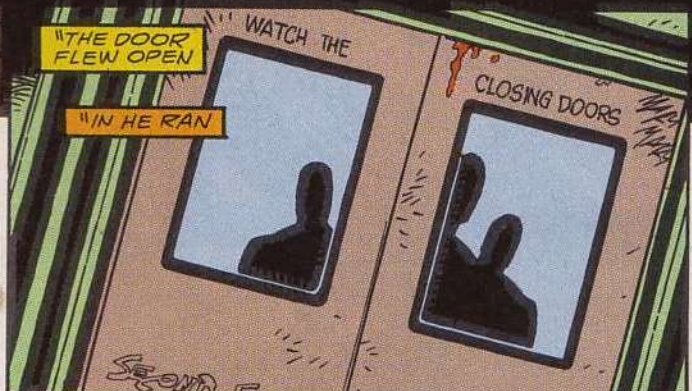
TWENTY-THIRD.



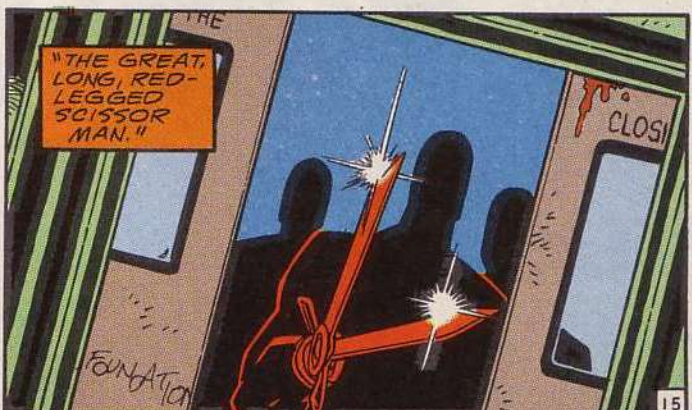
BONE.  
EVERYTHING  
IS MADE OF  
BONE.  
SHADOWS SHIFT  
ON THE BONE  
PLATFORM.



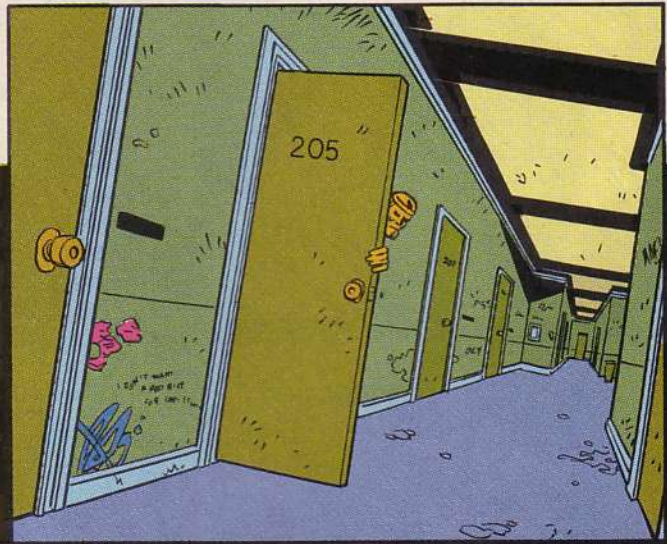
PRAY THE  
DOORS  
DON'T  
OPEN.  
PRAY.



"THE DOOR  
FLEW OPEN  
"IN HE RAN



"THE GREAT,  
LONG, RED-  
LEGGED  
SCISSOR  
MAN."



BLOOD  
OF THE LAMB  
BLOOD OF  
THE



LAMB  
BLOOD OF  
THE LAMB  
BLOOD OF  
THE LAMB



BLOOD OF THE LAMB  
BLOOD OF THE LAMB  
BLOOD OF THE LAMB  
OF THE LAMB



JANE?

JANE, WHAT'S...



I WARNED YOU!

DIDN'T I SAY?  
DIDN'T I?



THEY'RE COMING!

WHO? WHO'S COMING?



SCISSORMEN.



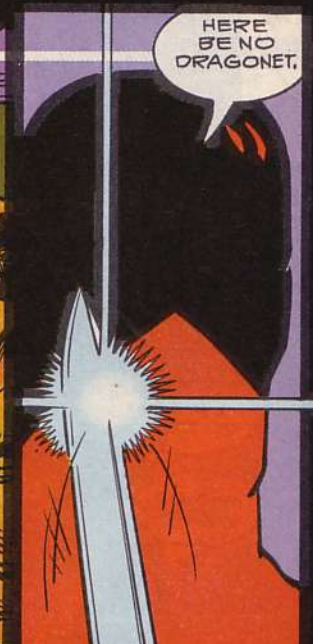
THIRDLY BE GRIMMER AS FOND BREVITIES.

EIDER WITH ALDERS.

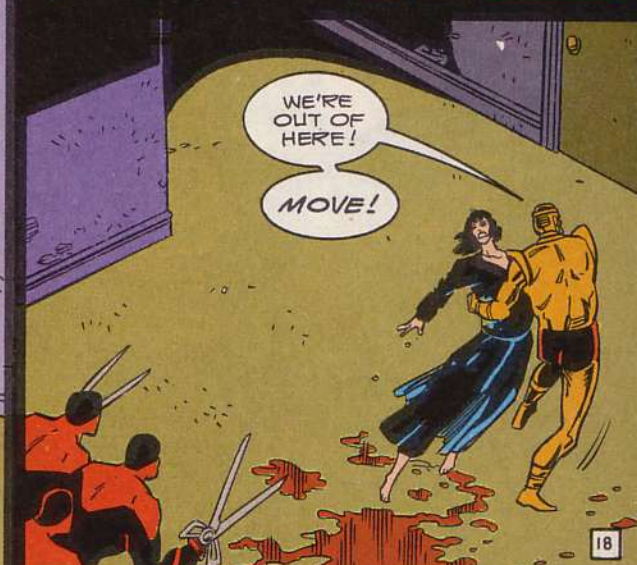
AND ERETHISM SAFER.



MY GOD.



HERE BE NO DRAGONET.



WE'RE OUT OF HERE!

MOVE!



THEY'RE CUTTING OFF MY THUMBS!



HIS TRADITION BECOMES AWAITING STILL.

EFFETE PALING.



HUMANER FOR DECIMATION.



HELL!

WE DON'T HAVE A--

--CHANCE!

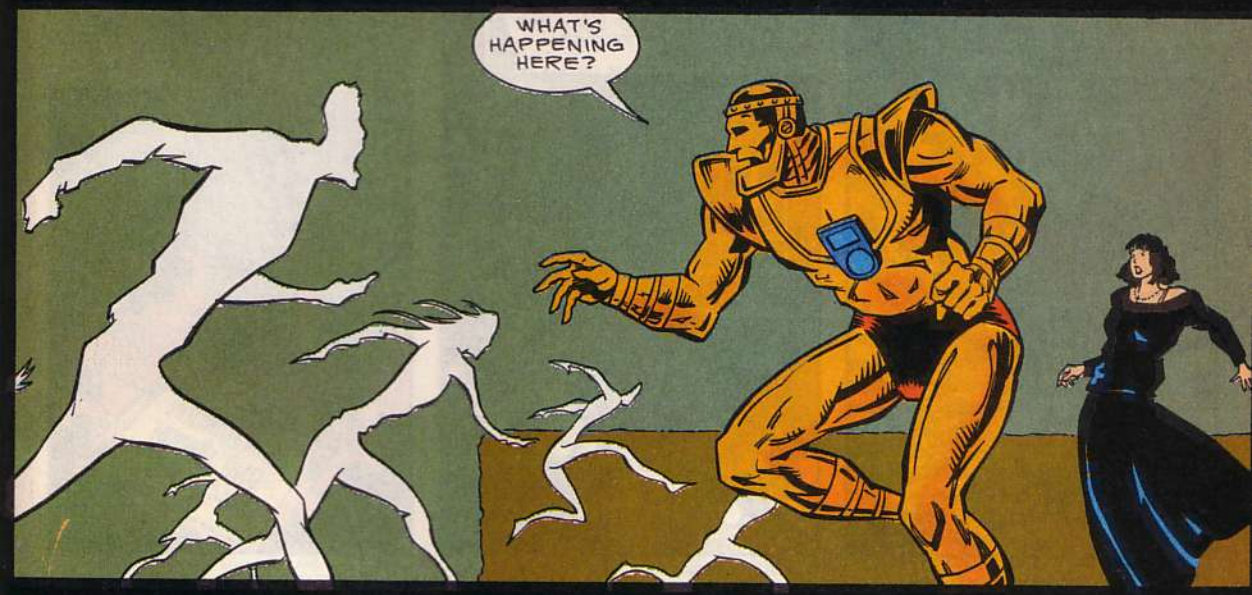
IT'S OKAY, I TELEPORTED US OUT. MY NAME'S FLIT. AND...



OH, CLIFF, LOOK LOOK THERE!

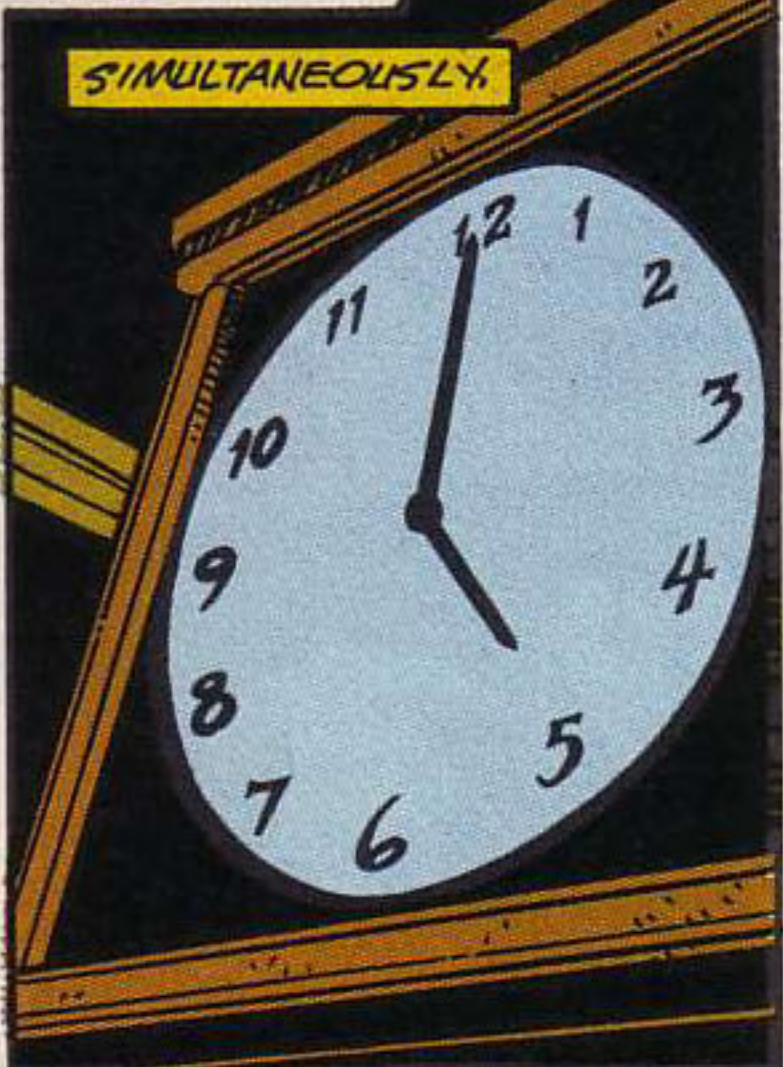


OH GOD.



IN STUTTGART,  
ALL THE CLOCKS  
CHIME FIFTEEN.

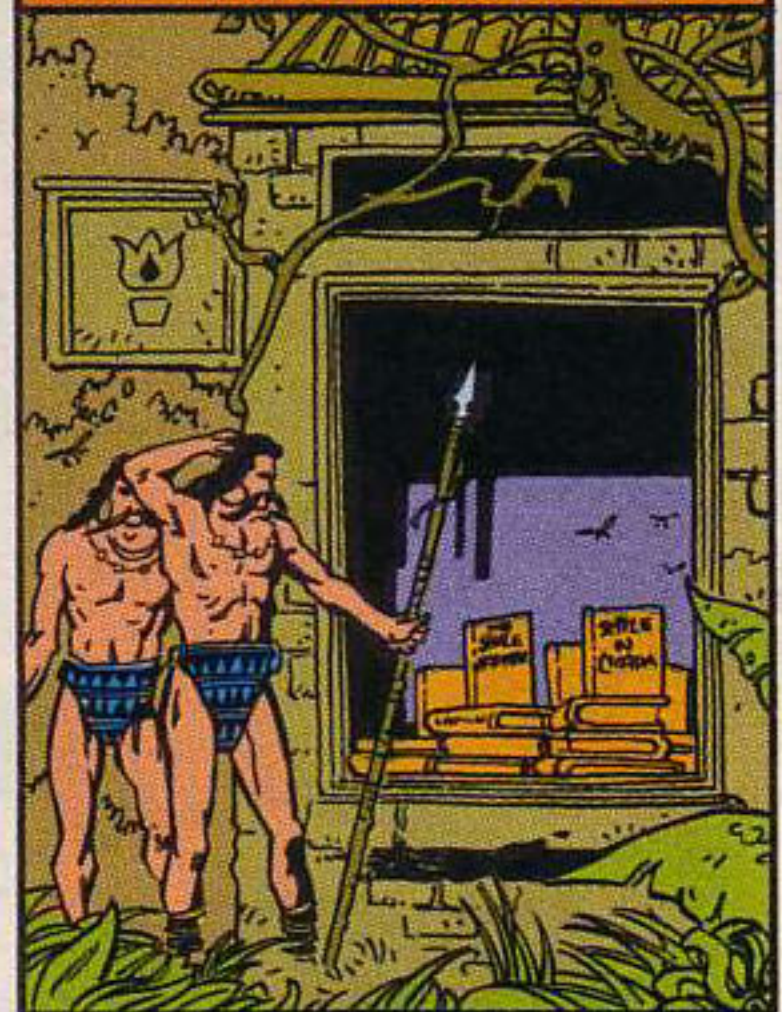
SIMULTANEOUSLY,



IN KYOTO, FOUR STAINLESS  
STEEL PYRAMIDS ARE FOUND  
ROTATING FIVE FEET ABOVE  
GROUND.



IN PATAGONIA, A LIBRARY  
IS DISCOVERED. THE  
BOOKS IT CONTAINS ARE  
UNKNOWN, UNREADABLE.



IN JOHANNESBURG,  
A LITTLE GIRL NAMED  
HARRIET INEXPLICABLY  
CATCHES FIRE.



IN REYKJAVIK, THREE  
SHADOWS COME TO LIFE  
AND MURDER THEIR  
OWNERS.



IN LONDON, MADAME  
TUSSAUD'S WAX FIGURE OF  
JOHN LENNON BEGINS TO  
BLEED FROM BULLET  
WOUND STIGMATA.



IN ROME, IN  
LENINGRAD,  
IN DARWIN.

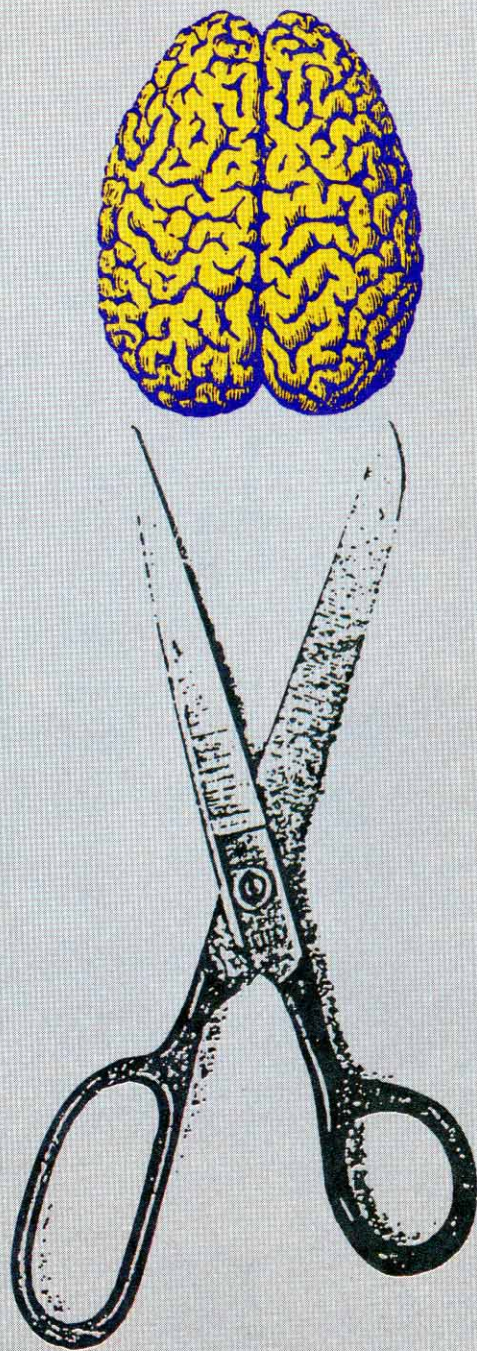
"THE DOOR  
FLEW OPEN,  
IN HE RAN,



"THE GREAT,  
LONG, RED-  
LEGGED  
SCISSOR-  
MAN."



"I COULDN'T THINK OF ONE CLEVER WAY TO STOP THIS GUY,  
SO I JUST TRUSTED TO MINDLESS VIOLENCE."



# THE DOOM PATROL™

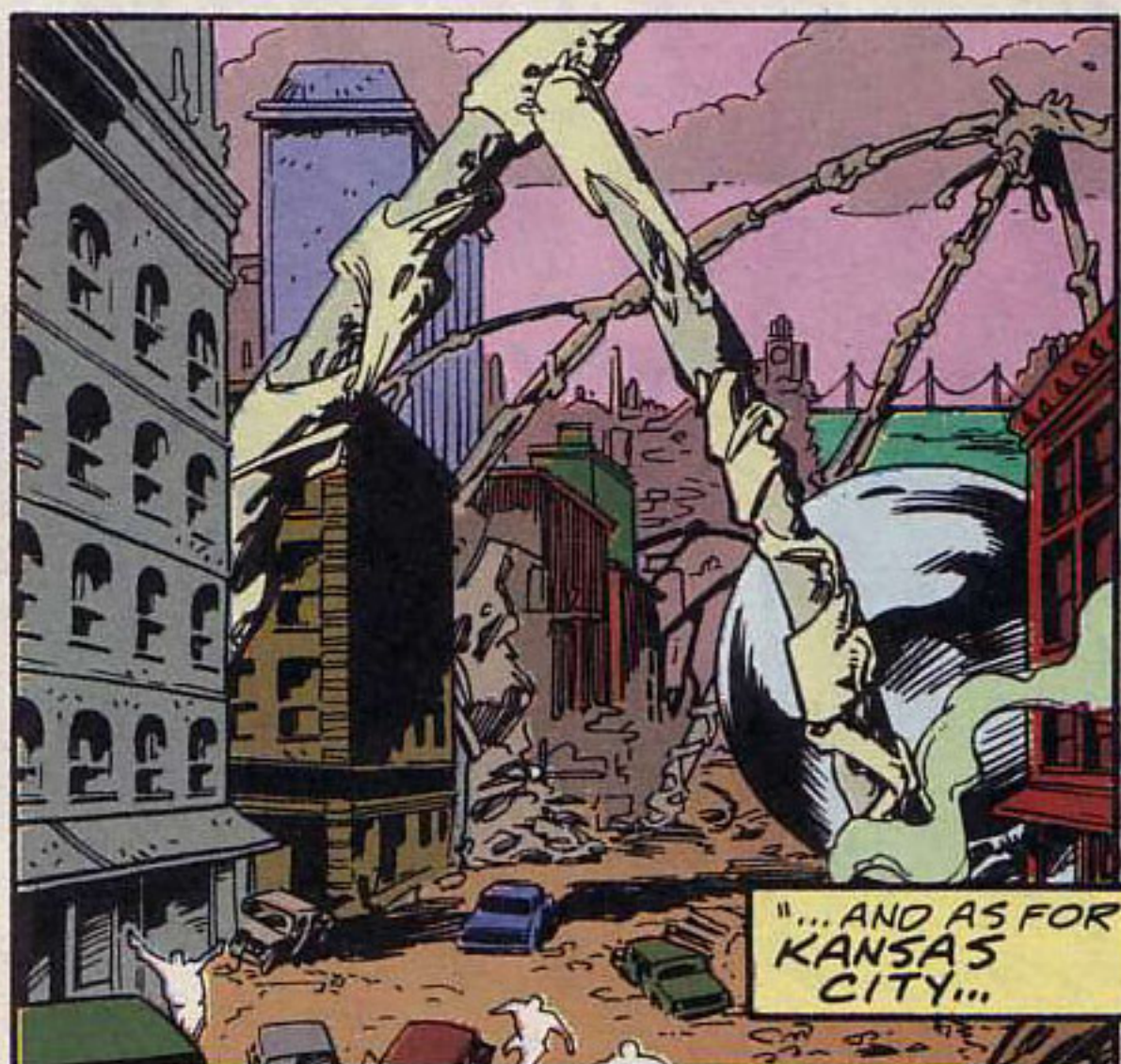
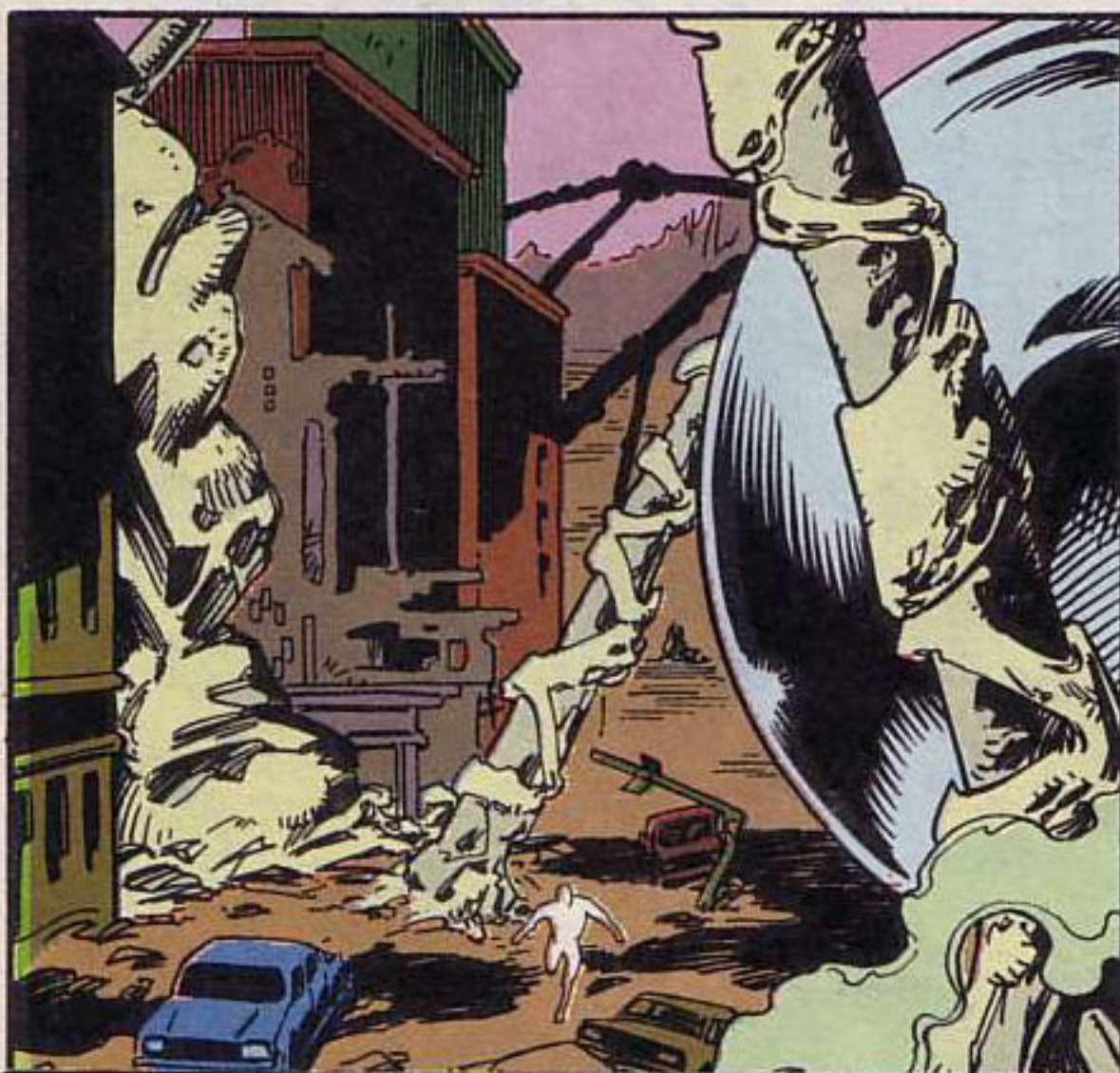
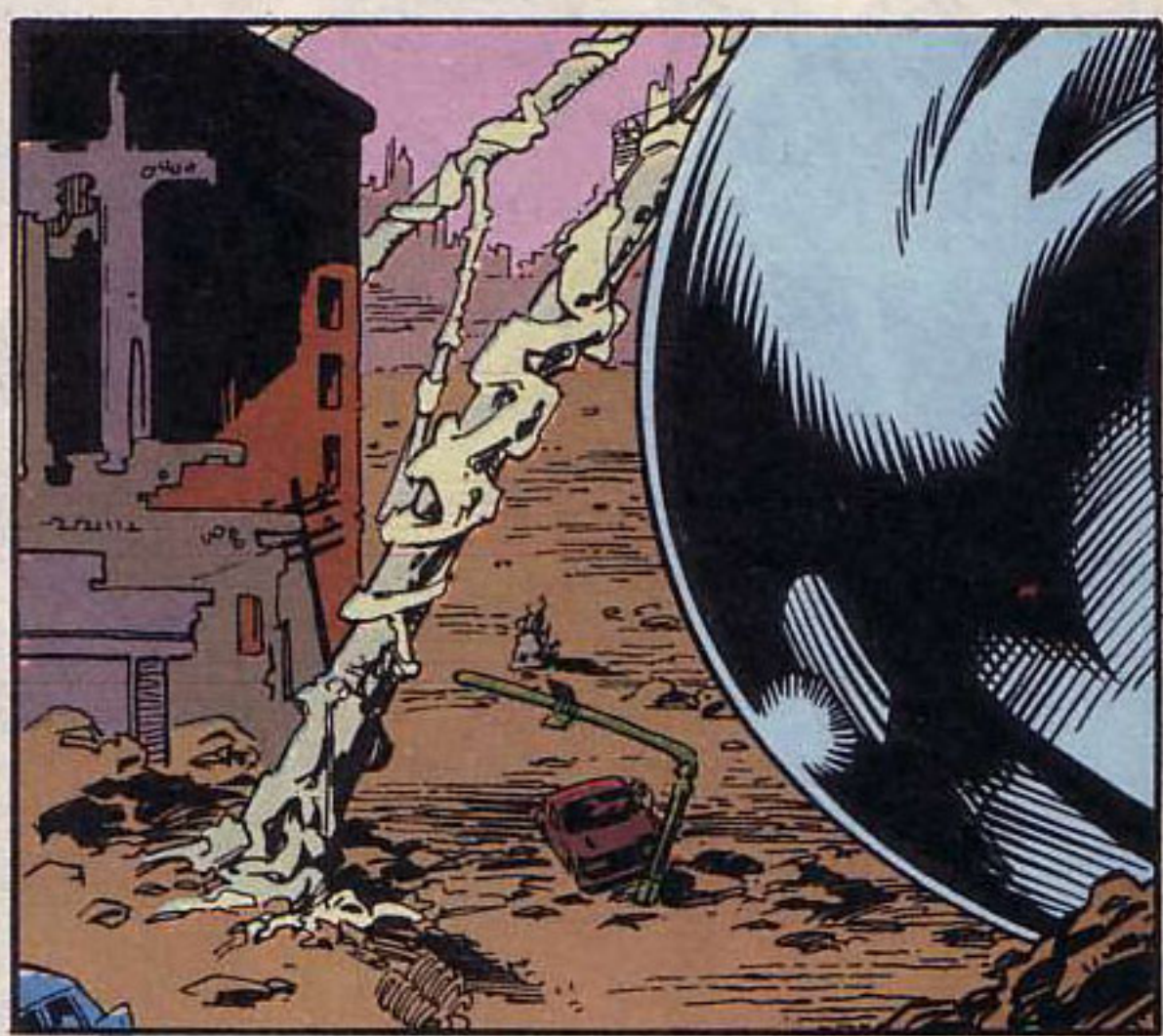
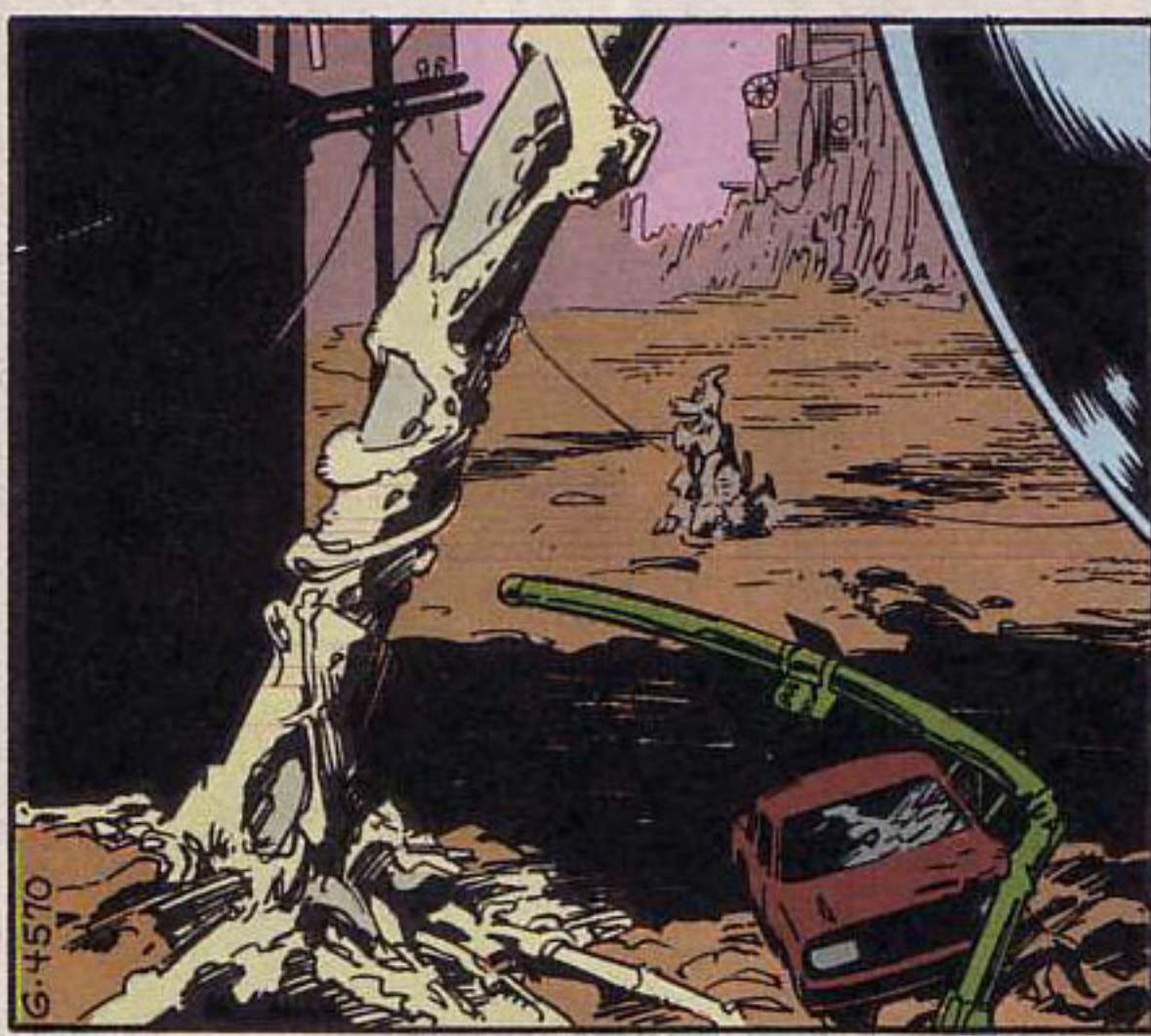
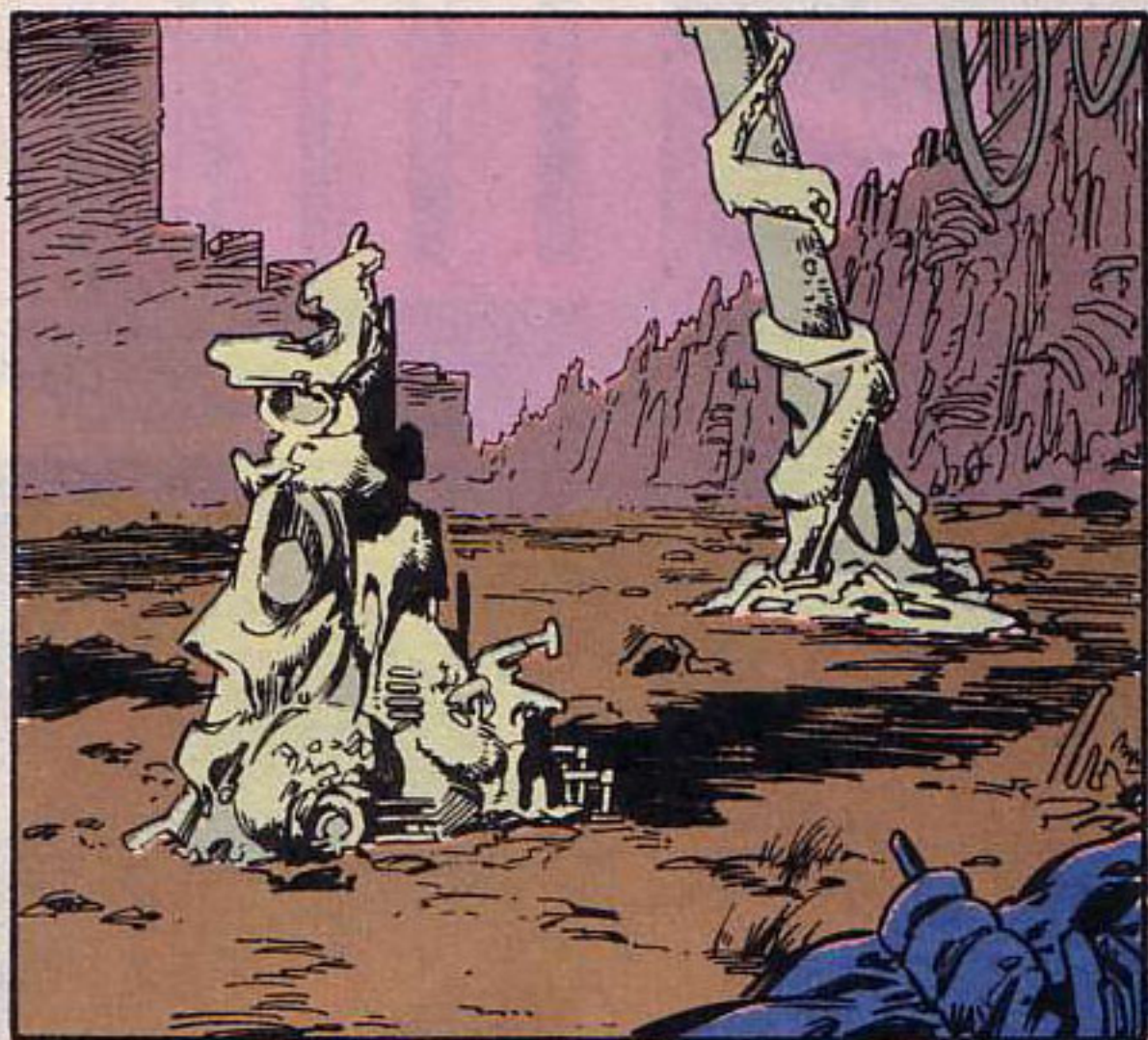
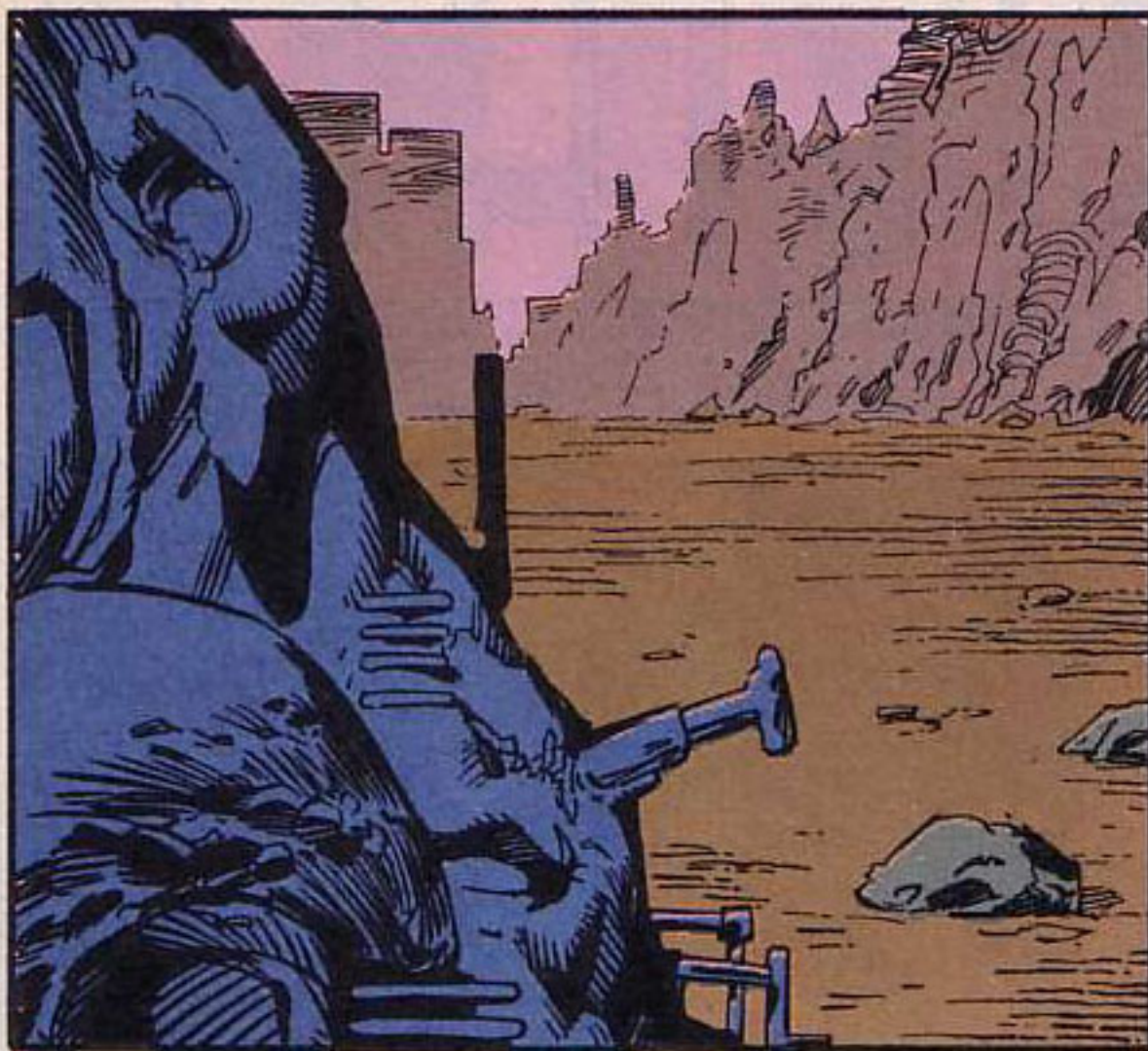


21 US \$1.50  
APR 89 CAN \$1.85  
UK 80p

**CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE**  
**PART 3 OF 4**



By  
**MORRISON,  
CASE &  
HANNA**



# WORLDS IN

# COLLISION

GRANT MORRISON - RICHARD CASE - SCOTT HANNA  
WRITER PENCILLER INKER

JOHN WORKMAN - DANIEL VOZZO - ROBERT GREENBERGER  
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR



"KANSAS CITY WAS A NIGHTMARE."

CHARLIE'S ANTIQUES

TO  
40

"AT FIRST, EVERYTHING WAS DEAD QUIET, LIKE A GRAVEYARD."

"AND THEN I HEARD WHISPERING."



SCISSORMEN!



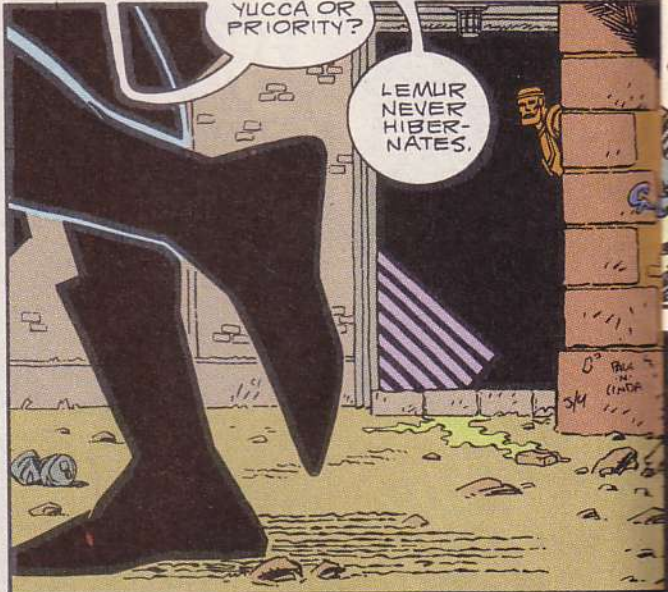
DEFEATING BREADFRUIT IN ADUMBRATE.

CRASHLAND FOR AWARD PRIMATE.



YUCCA OR PRIORITY?

LEMUR NEVER HIBERNATES.



"I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER HOW MUCH LONGER WE COULD EXPECT TO BE LUCKY."





"IT TOOK US AN HOUR AND A HALF TO FIND UNION STATION."

WELCOME TO DOOM PATROL HEAD-QUARTERS.



YOU CAN SEE WE ALWAYS TRY TO MAKE VISITORS FEEL AT HOME.



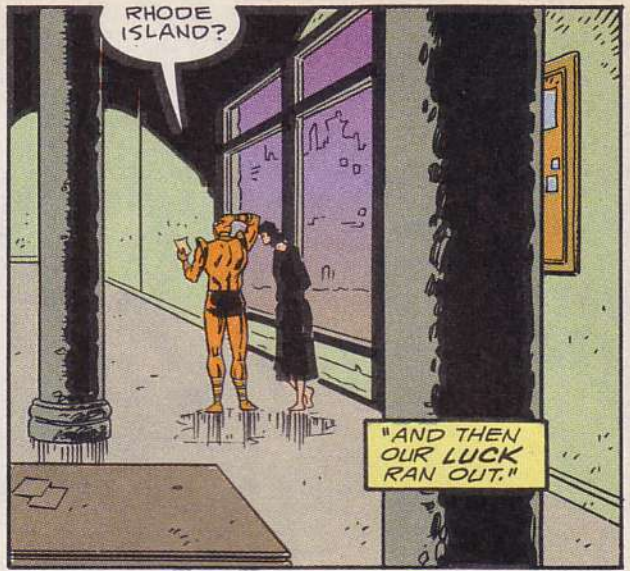
AH, I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THERE'D BE NO ONE HERE.

I SAID IT MYSELF, THE DOOM PATROLS DEAD.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS EXPECTING, MAYBE JUST A...

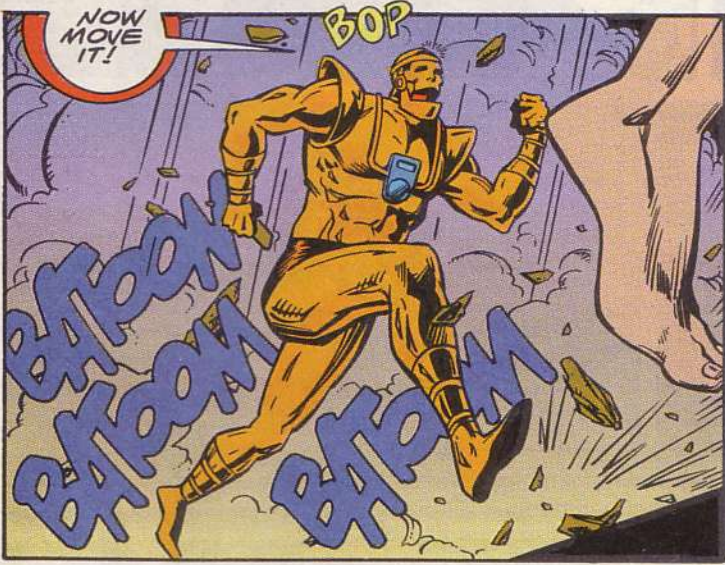
CLIFF.





"AND I FLATTENED THE UGLY BASTARD!"

**BAWYOM!**



NOW MOVE IT!

BOP

BATOON  
BATOON  
BATOON  
BATOON



"WE MADE FOR THE SUB-BASEMENT."

"NOW I DID HAVE A PLAN."



"AND ALL I NEEDED WAS A PLANE."



HERE!  
THIS ONE'S FINE!

CLIFF!  
ANOTHER SCISSOR-MAN!



JUST GIVE ME A SECOND! I...

"AND THEN SOMETHING WEIRD HAPPENED."



JANE?

JANE, ARE YOU...

OH MY GOD.



THERE IS NO GOD.

I KILLED HIM.

"IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN ONE OF JANE'S PERSONALITIES ACTUALLY TRANSFORM HER BODY."



"I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS THE SCARIEST THING I'D SEEN ALL NIGHT."

"AND I GUESS THE SCISSORMAN THOUGHT SO, TOO."



"SHE TOOK HIM APART."

"ALL I CAN REMEMBER THINKING IS 'NO BLOOD, THERE'S NO BLOOD.'"



"AND THEN IT WAS ALL OVER."

"IT TOOK SECONDS."

NOTHING!

SCARLET RIBBONS!

EMPTY CLOTHES!



AAAAA

JANE!



HAS SHE GONE? BLACK ANNIS? HAS SHE GONE? HAS SHE GONE?

IT'S OKAY. YOU DID GOOD.



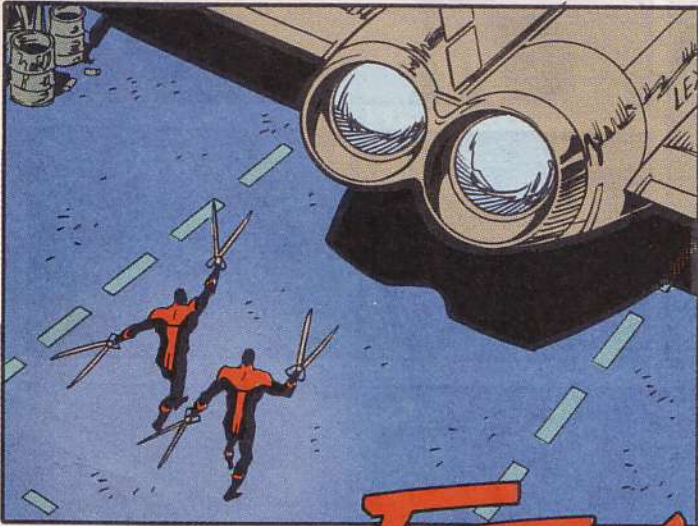
NOW, COME ON...

IT REALLY IS TIME WE WERE OUT OF HERE.



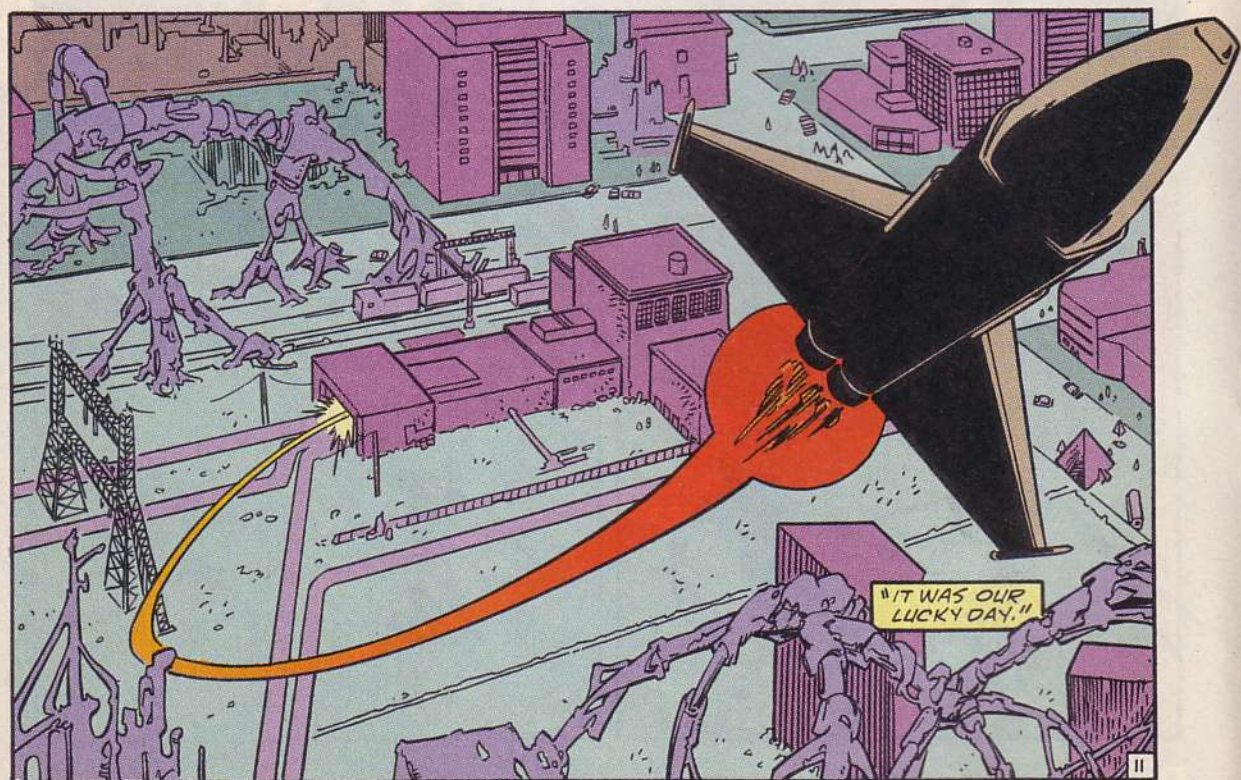
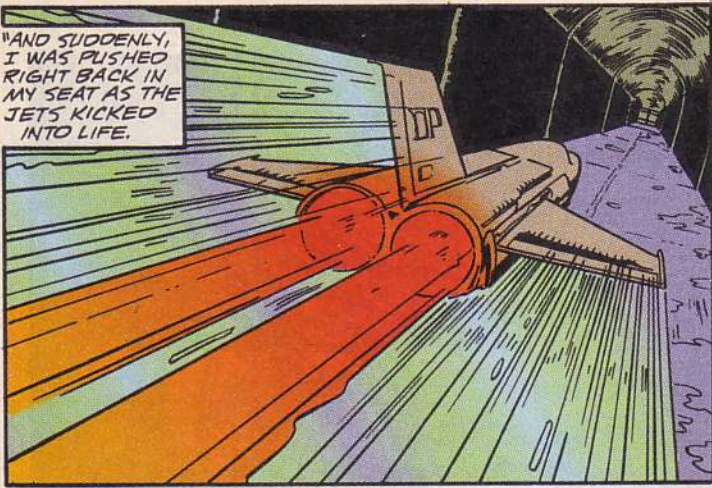
"WE HAILED OURSELVES UP INTO THAT JET LIKE OUR TAILS WERE ON FIRE."

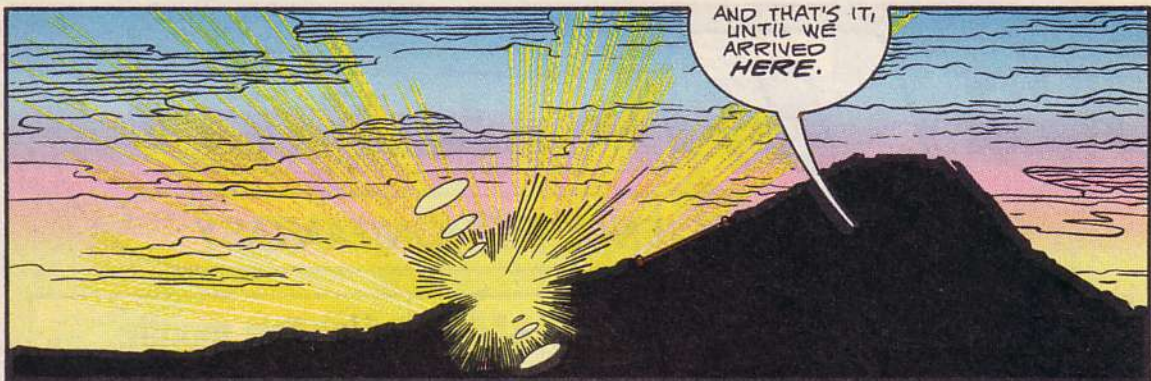
I JUST HOPE I CAN REMEMBER HOW TO FLY THIS THING.



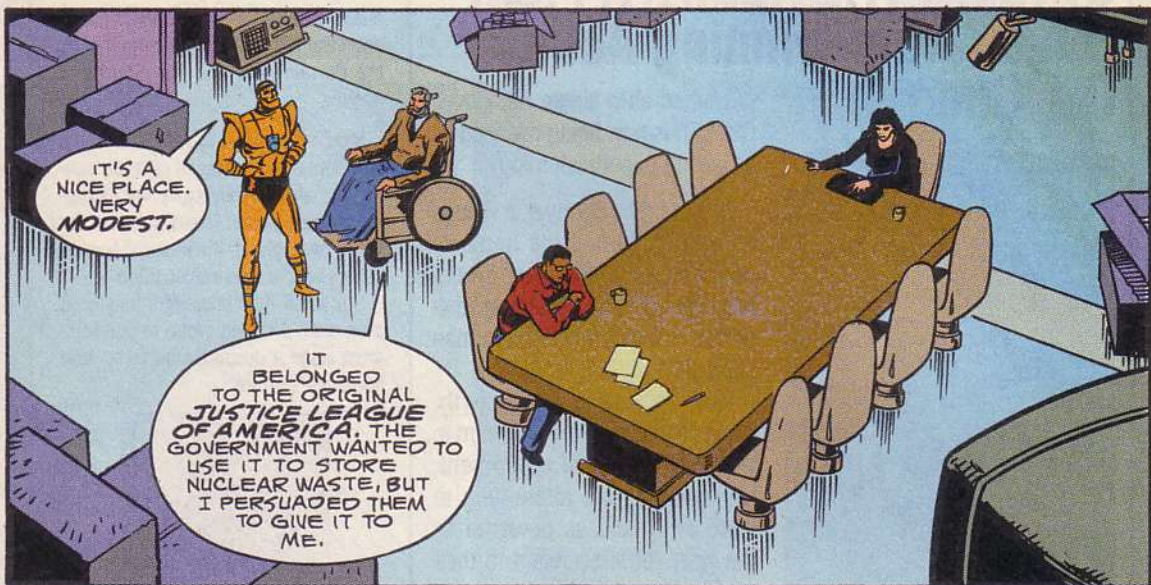
# FWASHON







AND THAT'S IT,  
UNTIL WE  
ARRIVED  
HERE.



IT'S A  
NICE PLACE.  
VERY  
MODEST.

IT  
BELONGED  
TO THE ORIGINAL  
**JUSTICE LEAGUE  
OF AMERICA**. THE  
GOVERNMENT WANTED  
TO USE IT TO STORE  
NUCLEAR WASTE, BUT  
I PERSUADED THEM  
TO GIVE IT TO  
ME.

ANYWAY, THAT'S  
BESIDE THE POINT.  
IT'S GOOD TO HAVE  
YOU BACK,  
CLIFF.

NOW, HOW DO WE  
PROPOSE TO  
DEAL WITH THE  
CURRENT  
CRISIS?

IF WE HAD ANY  
SENSE, WE'D  
CALL  
**SUPERMAN**.

WE DON'T **NEED**  
SUPERMAN. WE HAVE  
A MAJOR CLUE IN THE  
**BLACK BOOK** THAT  
WAS PASSED ON TO  
ME BY THE  
INTELLIGENCE  
SERVICES.

A MAN  
DIED IN  
FLAMES,  
CLUTCHING  
THAT  
BOOK.

I'VE  
FINISHED.

THE LAST  
WORD HE  
SAID WAS  
**"SCISSOR-  
MEN."**

NOW, IF YOUR  
FRIEND IS AS GOOD  
AS YOU SAY SHE IS,  
WE MAY BE ABLE TO  
START **DECIPHERING**  
THE BOOK OVER THE  
NEXT TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS...

EXCUSE  
ME.

I'VE  
FINISHED.



YOU FINISHED? ALREADY?

MAMA PENTECOST TRANSLATED IT. SHE'S PRETTY GOOD AT THAT KIND OF STUFF--CODES, CROSSWORD PUZZLES...



BUT IT'S TOTALLY BLACK. WHAT IS THERE TO READ?

IT'S BEEN WRITTEN USING A TACTILE ALPHABET--A BIT LIKE BRAILLE.

IT'S A CODE SYSTEM BASED ON THE FEIGENBAUM SEQUENCE OF IMAGINARY NUMBERS.



GREAT! BUT WHAT'S IT SAY?

WELL, THE WHOLE BOOK IS A KIND OF METAFICTION; A SELF-REFERRING TEXT. BASICALLY, IT TELLS THE STORY OF A GROUP OF PHILOSOPHERS WHO DECIDE TO CREATE A BOOK WHICH WILL RADICALLY ALTER HUMAN THOUGHT.



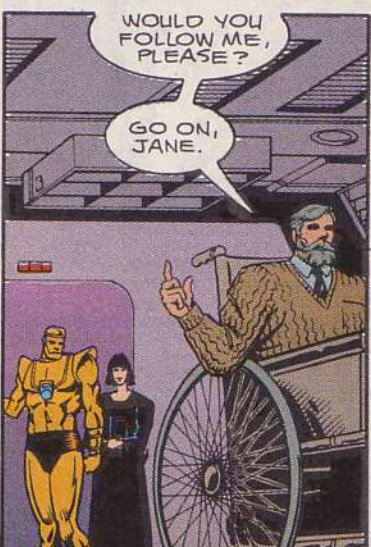
THEY PROPOSE TO FILL THE BOOK WITH PARASITE IDEAS WHICH WILL ENTER HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS AND TRANSFORM IT.

OH, WELL, THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!



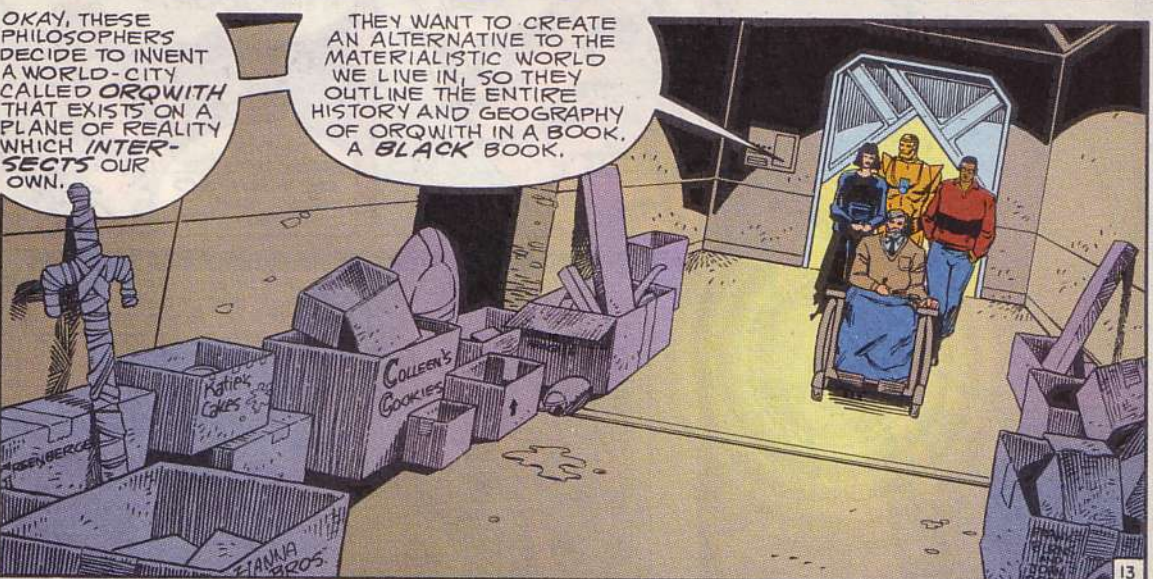
SHE'S TALKING ABOUT MEMETIC THEORY.

I THINK WE MAY HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY.



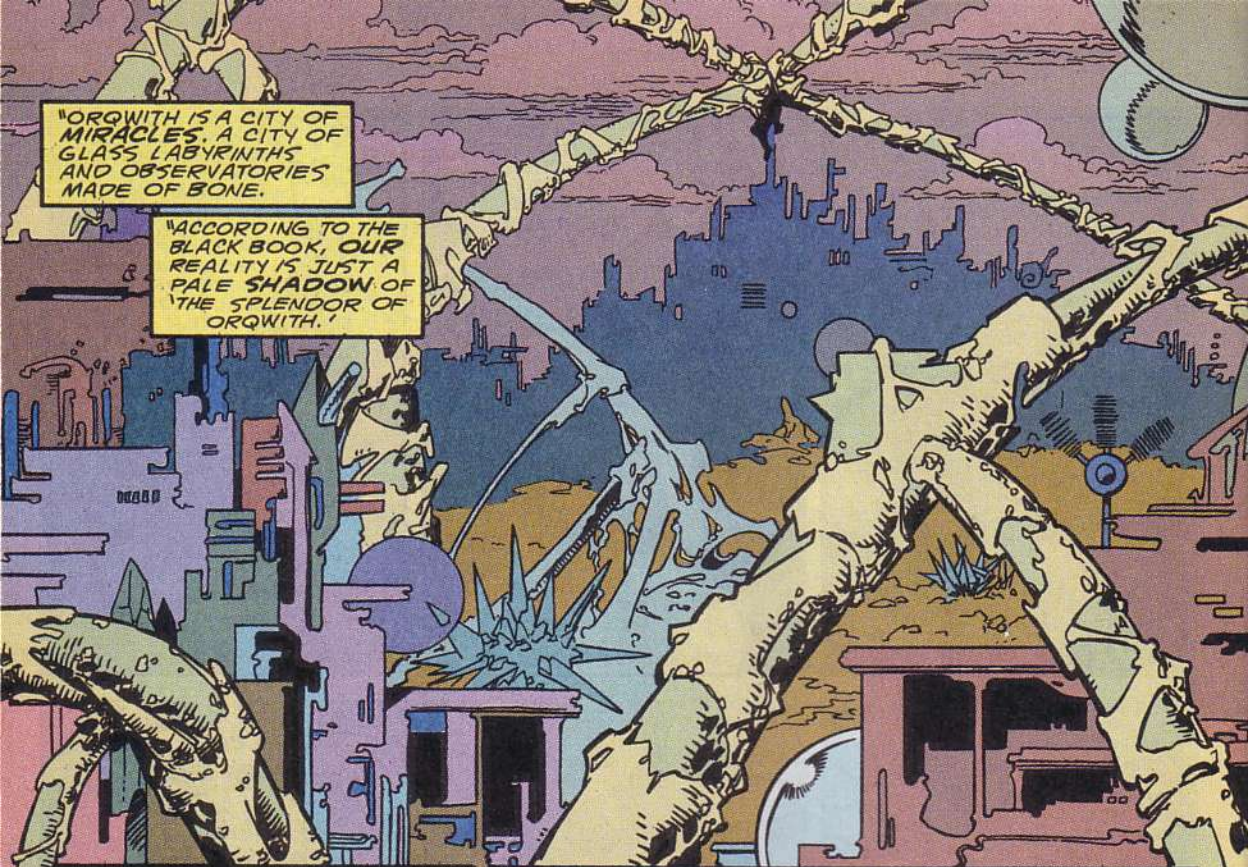
WOULD YOU FOLLOW ME, PLEASE?

GO ON, JANE.



OKAY, THESE PHILOSOPHERS DECIDE TO INVENT A WORLD-CITY CALLED ORQWITH THAT EXISTS ON A PLANE OF REALITY WHICH INTERSECTS OUR OWN.

THEY WANT TO CREATE AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE MATERIALISTIC WORLD WE LIVE IN, SO THEY OUTLINE THE ENTIRE HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY OF ORQWITH IN A BOOK, A BLACK BOOK.



"ORQWITH IS A CITY OF  
MIRACLES. A CITY OF  
GLASS LABYRINTHS  
AND OBSERVATORIES  
MADE OF BONE.


"ACCORDING TO THE  
BLACK BOOK, OUR  
REALITY IS JUST A  
PALE SHADOW OF  
'THE SPLENDOR OF  
ORQWITH.'

"THE CITY GROWS BY  
IMPLANTING PARTS OF  
ITS OWN REALITY INTO  
THAT OF OTHER WORLDS,  
YOU SEE, IT INFILTRATES  
THEM, BIT-BY-BIT.


"FIRST IN SMALL  
WAYS, THEN IN  
CATASTROPHIC  
FASHION.

"UNTIL FINALLY IT  
ENGULFS THEM.

"AND THEY  
BECOME  
ORQWITH."




YEAH, BUT IS  
THIS A BOOK  
OR IS IT  
REAL?



WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE  
HAPPENED TO THESE  
PHILOSOPHER-GUYS?  
IN THE BOOK, I  
MEAN?

IN THE  
END, THEY'RE  
DEVoured  
BY THEIR  
OWN CREATION.



"THE BOOK BECOMES THE  
GATEWAY BETWEEN THE  
IMAGINARY AND THE  
REAL.

"AND  
ORQWITH  
GETS  
OUT."



THIS IS WAY BEYOND ME.

THE POST-SCRIPT READS SOMETHING LIKE, "AND THE BOOK THEY CREATED IS CALLED 'THE BOOK WITH NO TITLE.'"

THAT'S THE NAME OF THIS BOOK.

IT'S A KIND OF PARADOX, I GUESS.



SO EVERYTHING IN THE BOOK IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING IN REAL LIFE.

HOW CAN THAT BE POSSIBLE?

I DON'T KNOW! I'M ONLY TELLING YOU WHAT MAMA PENTECOST SAID, THAT'S ALL!

WHAT ABOUT THE SCISSOR-MEN?



APPARENTLY, THEY'RE SOME KIND OF RELIGIOUS SECT. THEY WORSHIP A GOD WHO EXISTS AT A MYTHICAL **CROSSROADS** WHERE REALITIES MEET.



THE PHILOSOPHERS IMAGINED THEM TO BE ORQWITH'S ANSWER TO THE INQUISITION.

OH, TERRIFIC!

I THINK THEY JUST BASED THEM ON THE BOGEYMAN FROM HEINRICH HOFFMAN'S "STRUWWELPETER."



ARE THEY REAL OR AREN'T THEY?

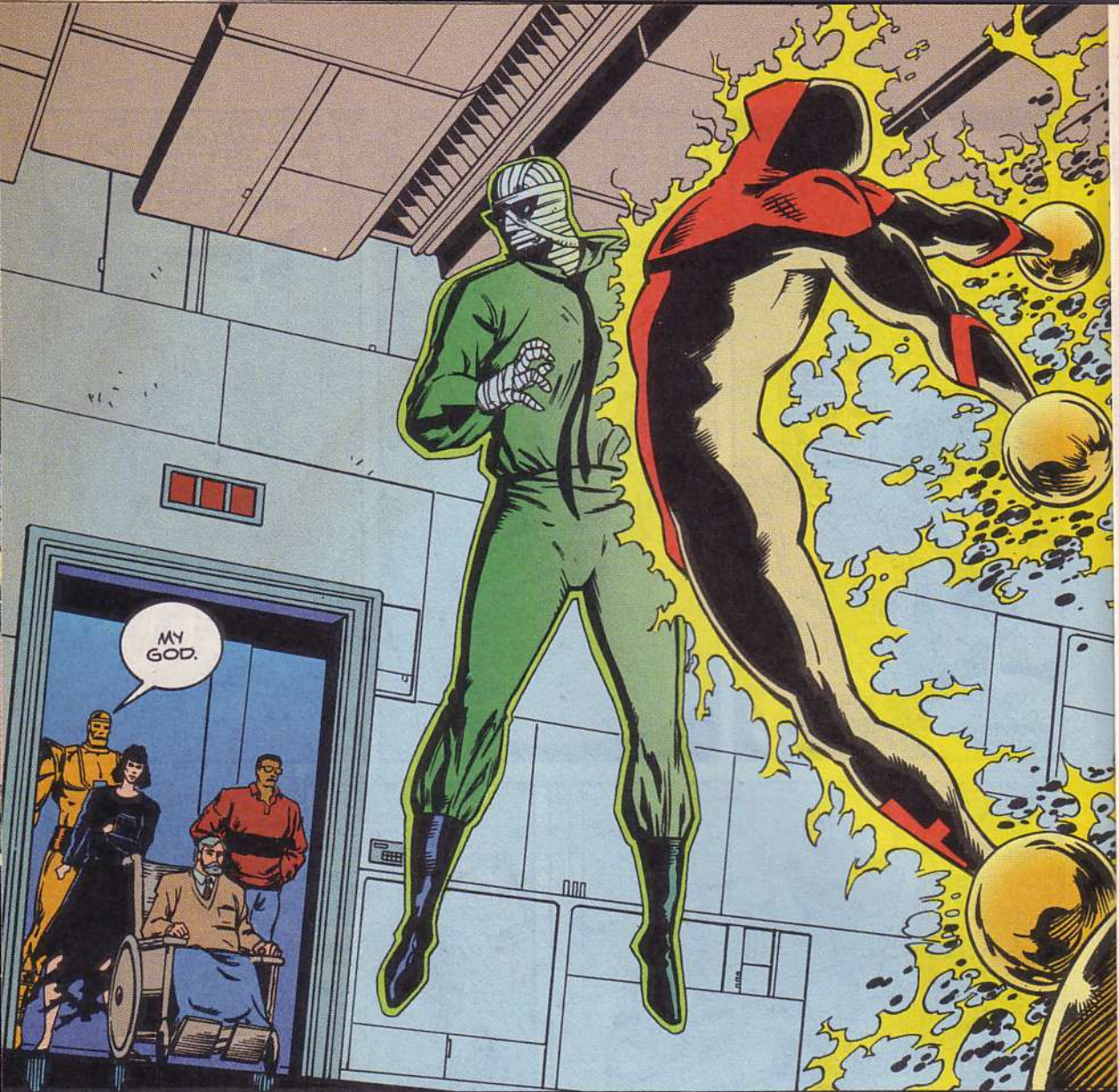
THEY'RE BOTH. DON'T YOU SEE, IT'S...

CLIFF...

*klik*



WHY DON'T YOU JUDGE FOR YOUR-SELF?



MY GOD.



WE RAN INTO IT LAST NIGHT AND, AS YOU SEE, **REB** MANAGED TO RESTRAIN IT.

HELLO, CLIFF.

LARRY...?



THE LEACHING WILL BE NOVELISTIC FOR EFFACEMENT!

CURDLE YOUR PILGRIMAGE!

CURDLE YOUR PILGRIMAGE!



WHAT'S HE SAYING?

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW? WHAT AM I, AN EXPERT?



EXCUSE ME FOR LIVING!

OH, JUST IGNORE HER, CLIFF!

HAMMER-HEAD'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT.

ALL I WANT IS THE ANSWER TO ONE SIMPLE QUESTION BEFORE I RUN SCREAMING BACK TO THE BUS-HOUSE:



IS THIS REAL OR ISN'T IT?



REALITY AND UNREALITY HAVE NO CLEAR DISTINCTION IN OUR PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES, CLIFF.

IT MIGHT HELP TO CONSIDER THE ZEN KOAN, "FIRST THERE IS A MOUNTAIN, THEN THERE IS NO MOUNTAIN, THEN THERE IS."



SURE. THAT'S REALLY HELPED TO CLEAR THINGS UP.

SO WHAT NOW?

JUST TELL ME AND I'LL GO ALONG WITH IT.

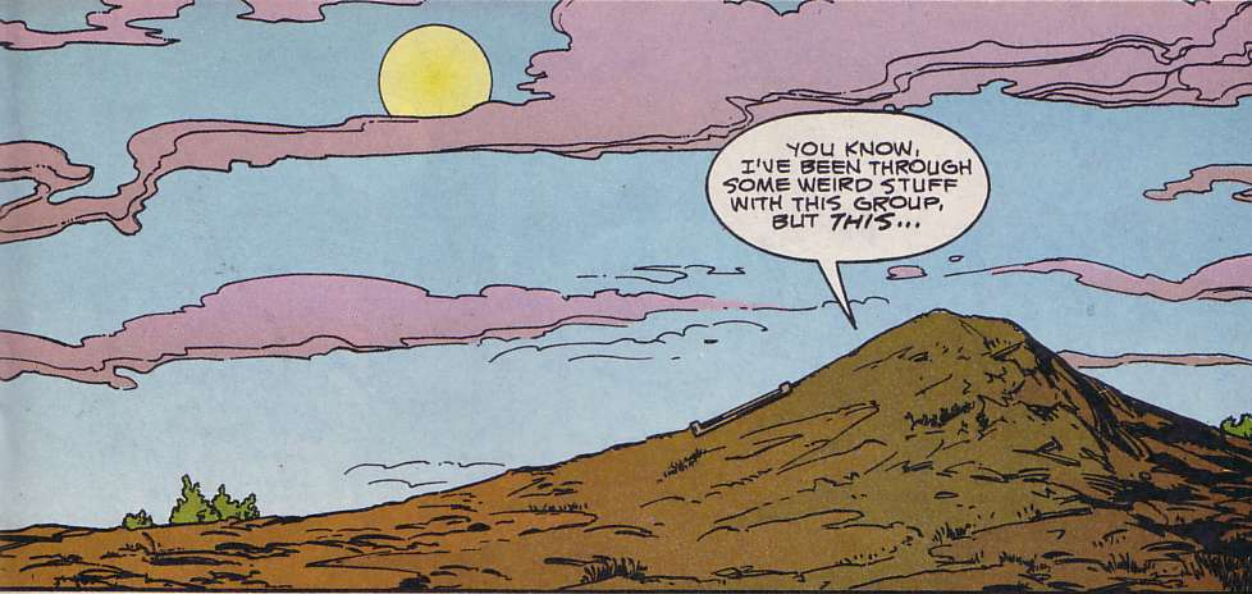


FIRST, I WANT TO FIND OUT JUST HOW EXTENSIVE THE INTRUSION OF ORWITCH HAS BEEN SO FAR AND THEN I WANT TO TRACK DOWN THE "PHILOSOPHERS" WHO COMPILED THE BLACK BOOK.

YOU KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON THAT.



AND WHAT DO I DO?



YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN THROUGH SOME WEIRD STUFF WITH THIS GROUP, BUT THIS...

WE'RE FIGHTING GUYS THAT AREN'T EVEN REAL, LARRY'S TURNED INTO GOD KNOWS WHAT...

...AND YOU'VE BEEN QUIETER THAN A TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

YEAH.

LISTEN, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE.

I KEEP TRYING TO LEAVE AND THEN I REALIZE THERE'S NOWHERE TO LEAVE TO.

THIS SUPER-HERO STUFF IS GETTING ME DOWN, MAN, I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S ALL GOING TO END.

I KNOW THE FEELING.

BUT YOU PULLED YOURSELF THROUGH, CLIFF, LOOK AT YOU-- YOU THRIVE ON ALL THIS TENSION AND THINGS HAPPENING... YOU'VE USED IT TO GET THROUGH.

I ADMIRE THAT. I CAN'T DO IT.

YEAH, WELL, YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO BE MADE OF METAL.

LOOK, THINGS COULD BE WORSE. AT LEAST YOU'RE REAL, NOT LIKE OUR PAL.



OVER THERE.



CLIFF...



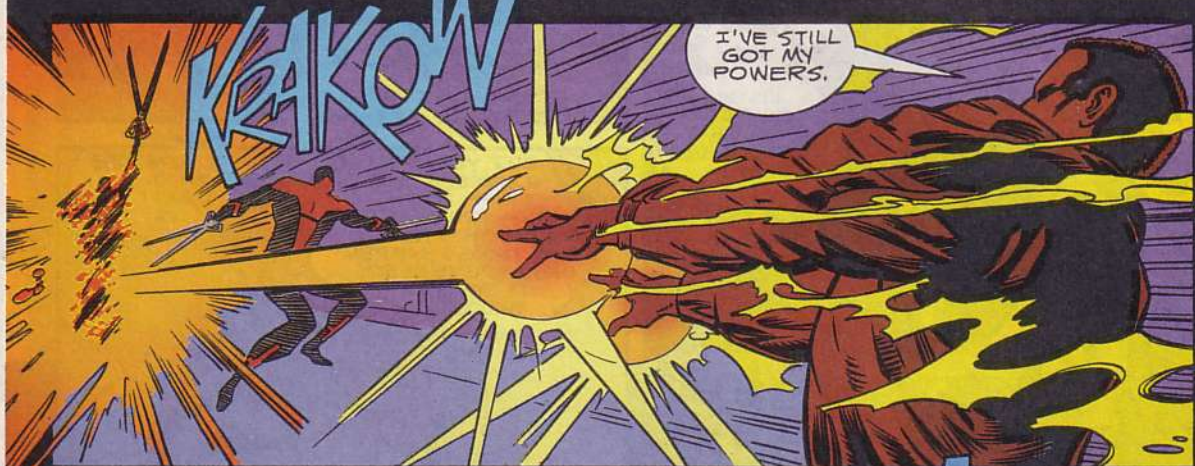
CLIFF, WE GOT TROUBLE.

YOU STILL GOT YOUR POWERS, DON'T YOU?

LISTEN, THEY'RE EASY TO BEAT. JUST DON'T LET THEM GET TOO CLOSE, OKAY?



OH, YEAH.



KRAKOW

I'VE STILL GOT MY POWERS.



UHH!



PHWUMP



THEY JUST FADE AWAY.

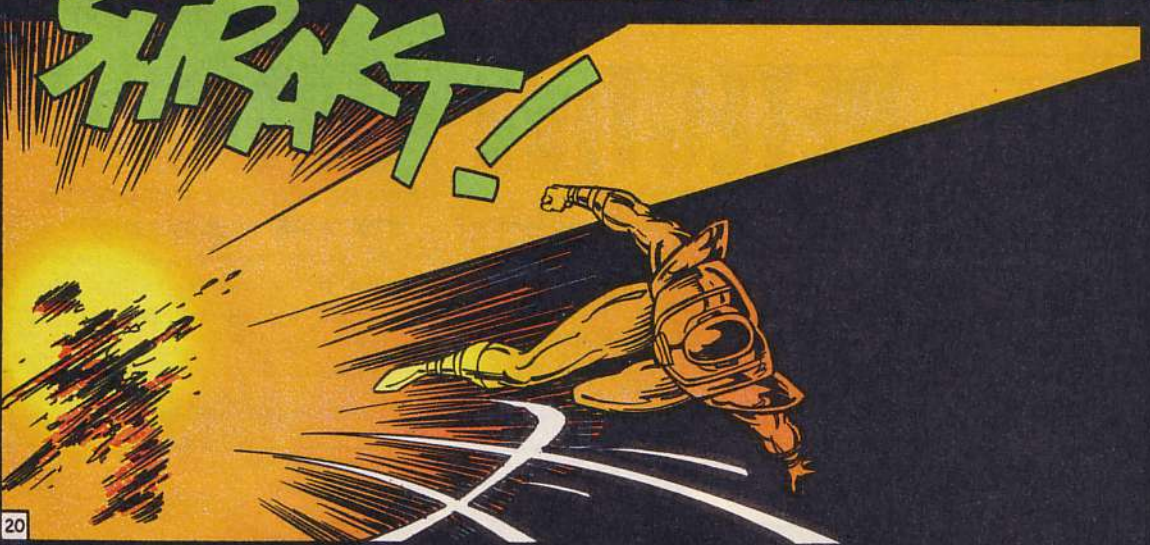
WHEN YOU HIT THEM, THEY JUST...



CLIFF!



BEHIND YOU!



SHRAK!



NICE  
WORK,  
MAN.



HOW  
MANY  
WERE  
THERE?

DID  
WE  
GET  
THEM?



JOSH!

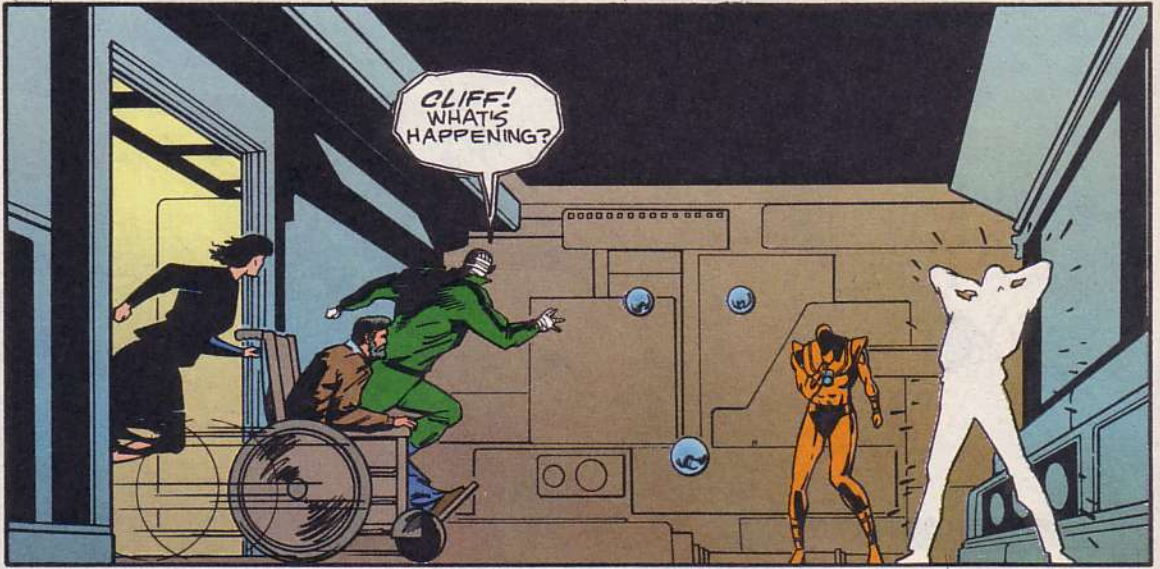


UNNNH!

NARRATE  
THE  
ARMAMENT!



JOSH!





I'M GOING TO GET JOSH BACK.

CLIFF, IT MAY NOT BE **POSSIBLE** TO RETRIEVE JOSHUA!

WE DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THE NATURE OF ORQ WITH.



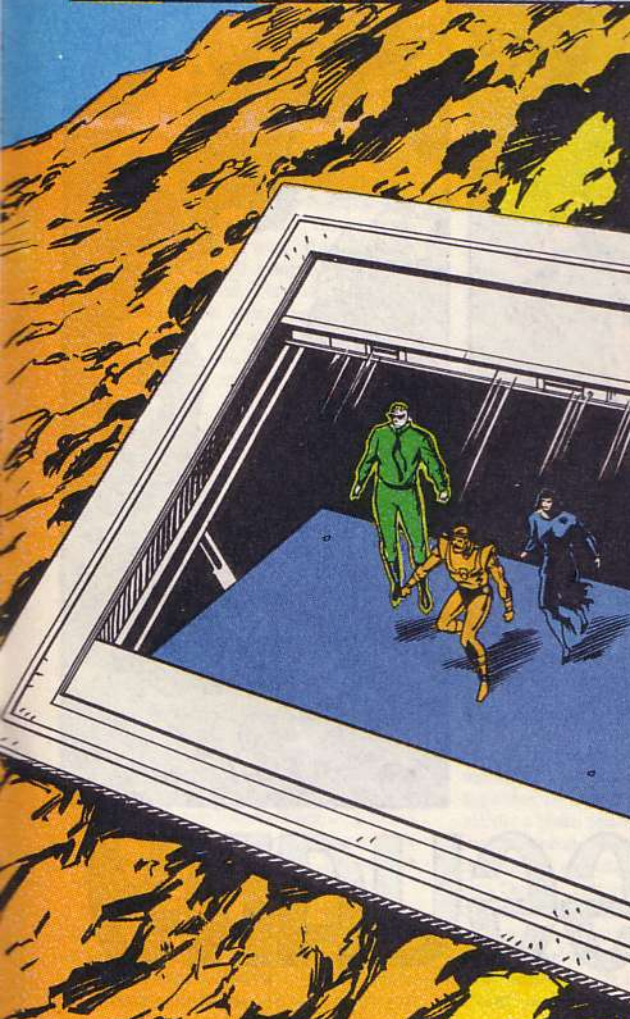
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LEARN BY **EXPERIENCE.**

CLIFF, LISTEN TO ME...

I'M GOING TO GET JOSH BACK.



WHO'S COMING WITH ME?



CLIFF, THERE MUST BE **THOUSANDS.**

YEAH, LOOKS LIKE IT.



LET'S GO.

"REALITY AND UNREALITY HAVE NO CLEAR DISTINCTION IN OUR PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES."

"ALL OF A SUDDEN I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY FUNNY TO SAY."

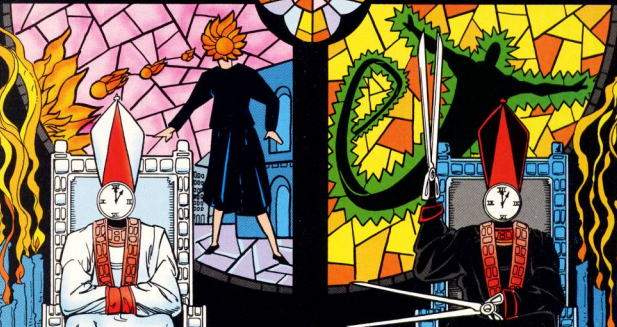


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# THE DOOM

## PATROL

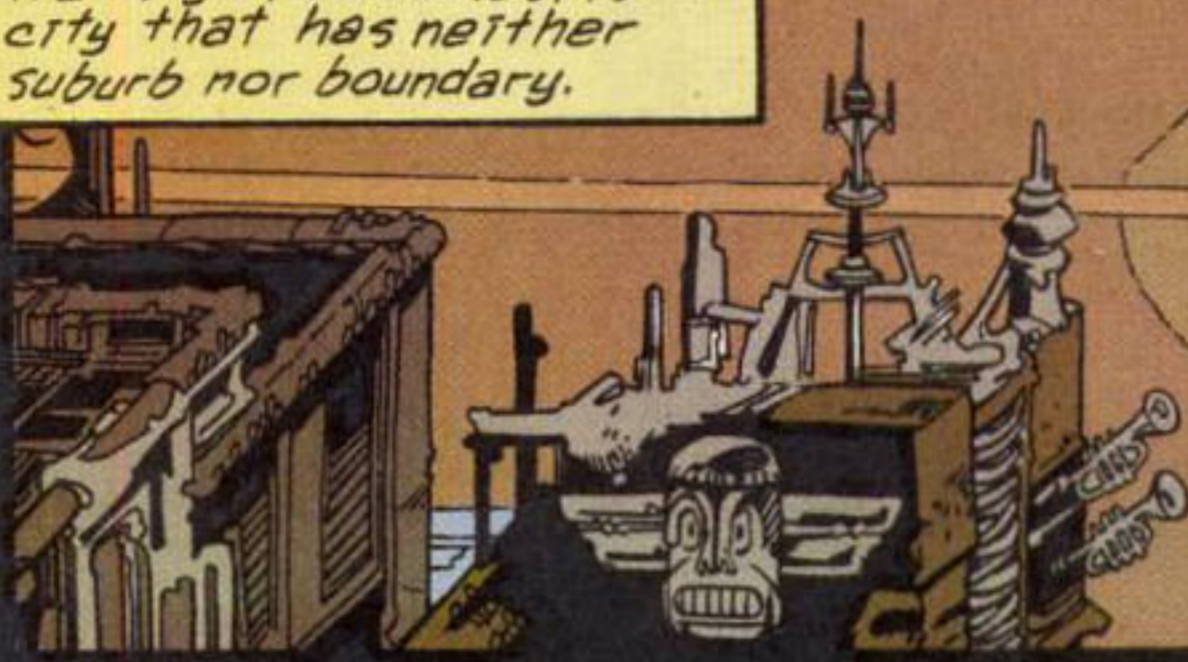
BY MORRISON,  
CASE & HANNA



**CRAWLING  
FROM THE  
WRECKAGE**  
PART 4 OF 4

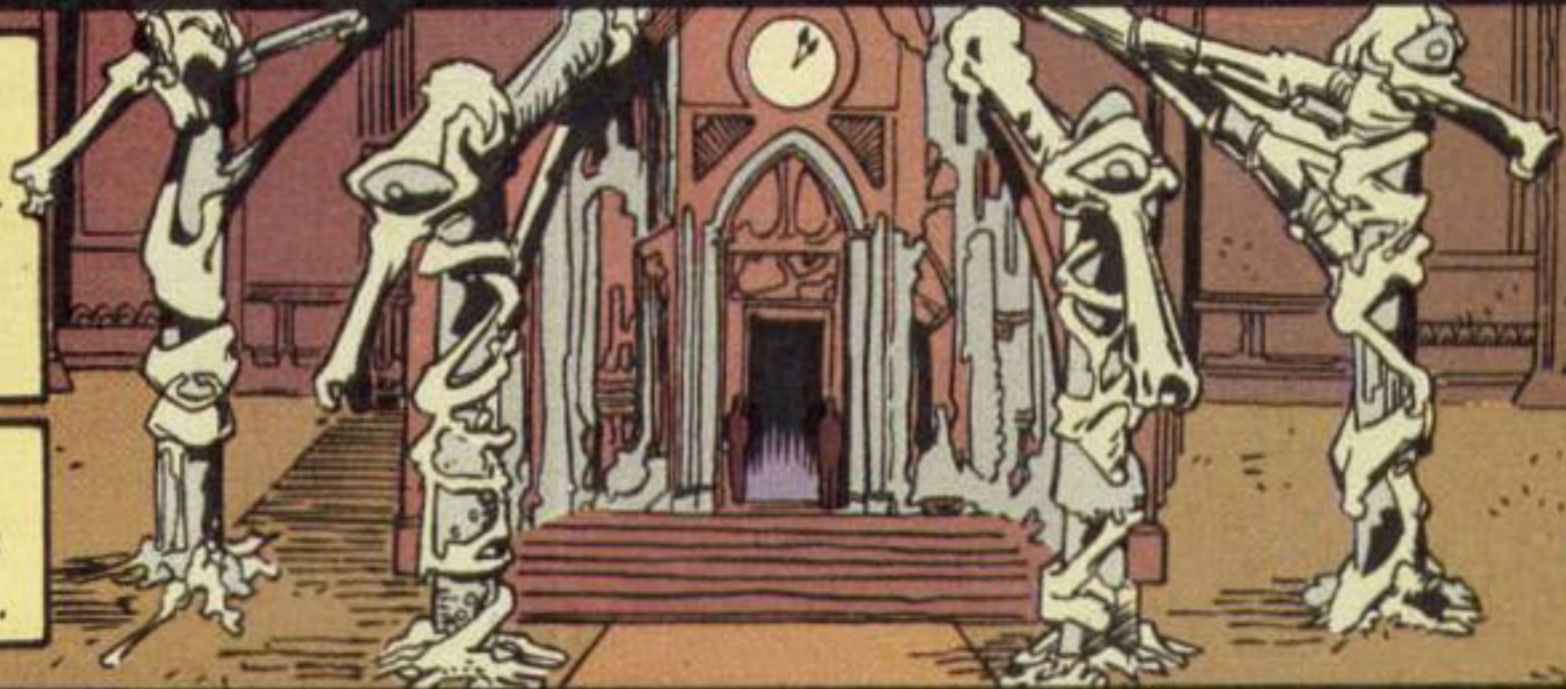


Orqwith, the City of Bone, the City of Miracles, is a city that has neither suburb nor boundary.



Walk a hundred miles, a thousand miles, in any direction, and you will still be in Orqwith.

The city has spread like ripples in a pond from one central point—the Quadrivium—which is itself the terrestrial image of the God of the Crossroads.



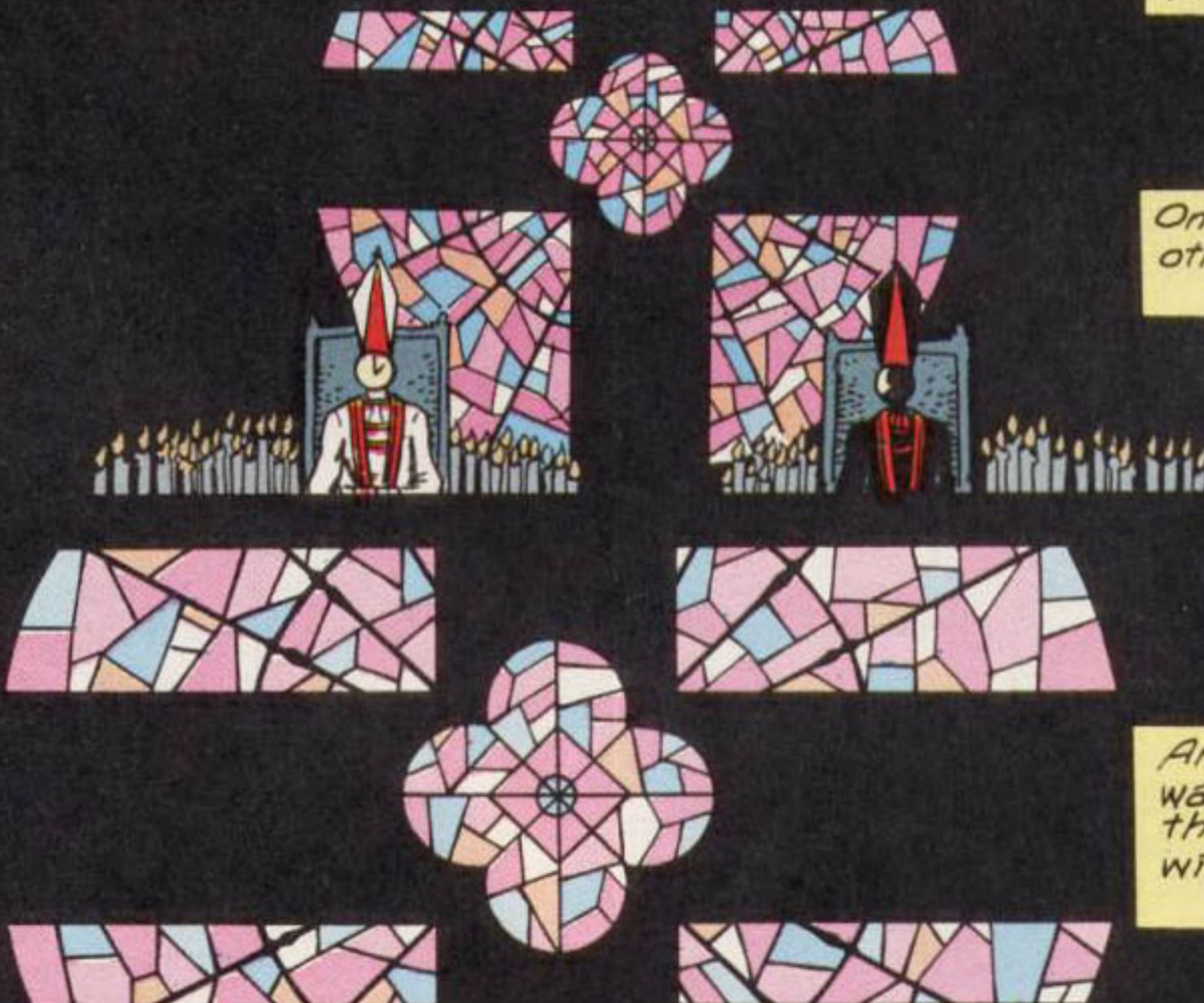
And in the center of the Quadrivium stands the Ossuary, the Great Cathedral of Orqwith.

The Ossuary maintains a devout silence, the very air worn thin by continuous prayer.



In the serious light of stained glass and votive candles, two priests meditate.

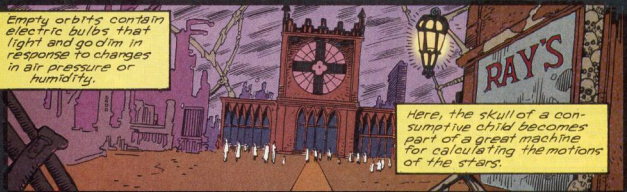
One is a liar, the other, an honest man.



And they are waiting to answer the Question that will unmake the world.

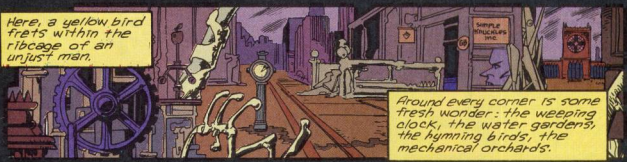


Beyond the Ossuary, the half-life of the city continues. Sleepwalkers drift among marvels wrought in the bone of the unnumbered dead.



Empty orbits contain electric bulbs that light and god in response to changes in air pressure or humidity.

Here, the skull of a consumptive child becomes part of a great machine for calculating the motions of the stars.



Here, a yellow bird frets within the ribcage of an unjust man.

Around every corner is some fresh wonder: the weeping clock, the water gardens, the hymning birds, the mechanical orchards.



Yet, no matter how strange, no matter how beautiful, everything in Orwith is dulled by the taint of long familiarity.

When you see it, you will know it.




For all of us, in the end, come to the City of Bone.

And what was once a place of dreams is now only real.

# THE OSSUARY

GRANT MORRISON · RICHARD CASE · SCOTT HANNA  
WRITER PENCILLER INKER  
JOHN WORKMAN · DANIEL VOZZO · ROBERT GREENBERG  
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR



YOU KNOW,  
ALL OF A SUDDEN  
I CAN'T THINK OF  
ANYTHING EVEN  
REMOVELY FUNNY  
TO SAY.



OKAY, OKAY. WE'RE TRAPPED IN AN **UNREAL** WORLD THAT'S SLOWLY EATING ITS WAY INTO THE **REAL** WORLD.

HOW MUCH WORSE CAN IT...

OH.



LOOK! THOSE **PEOPLE**...

THE **HOLLOW CHILDREN** OF ORQWITH.



THEY WERE MENTIONED IN THE **BLACK BOOK**, PEOPLE FROM THE **REAL** WORLD TRANSFORMED INTO CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF BONE...

CLIFF?

MY GOD... IT'S **JOSH**...



**JOSH!**

**JOSH!**

CLIFF! **NO!**



**JOSH, IT'S ME! IT'S CLIFF!**

OH, **JESUS**, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU, MAN?

...I'M LOOKING... FOR MY **HOUSE**...

...CAN'T FIND IT...

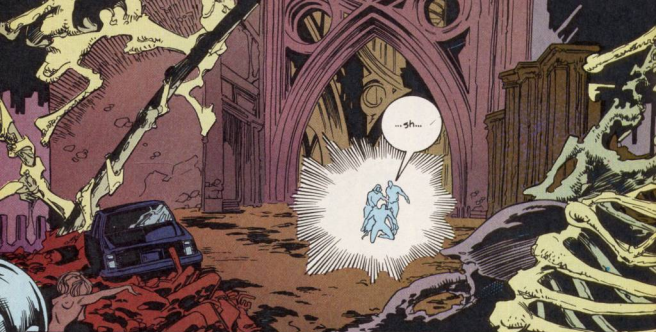
...CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE.



LISTEN, WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!

IT'LL BE **OKAY**...





FLIT HAD TO TELEPORT US OUT.

I'M SORRY, CLIFF.

ohh...



LARRY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

...NEGATIVE SPIRIT... HAS ABANDONED US MOMENTARILY... DRAINED US TO POWER ITS FLIGHT...

...AND PLEASE... CLIFF...



...WE'RE NOT LARRY...



OH, TERRIFIC!

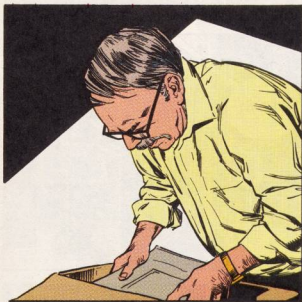
I'VE MADE A REAL BIG MISTAKE THIS TIME. I SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO THE CHIEF. HE ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT TO DO.

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW.

ORQWITH IS CONSUMING REALITY.



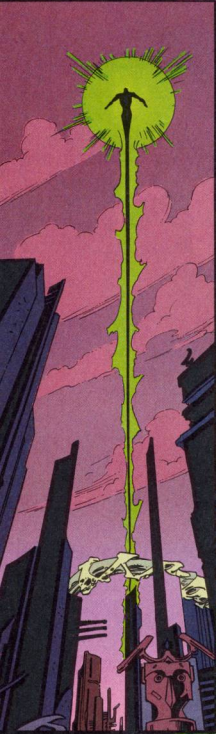
YOU'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING FAST, BOSS-MAN.



AH, REINMANN, I PRESUME.

MAY I COME IN?







OH, NO!

THEY GOT HIM!



THEY GOT HIM!



LET ME GO.

LARRY, WAIT! YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO...



I TOLD YOU.

DON'T CALL ME LARRY.



PART OF YOU IS STILL LARRY, SO I'LL CALL YOU WHAT I WANT.

NOW, ARE YOU OKAY?

WE... I... HAVE  
CRUCIAL INFORMATION...  
THOUGHTS TORN  
RAW FROM THE HEAD  
OF A SCISSORMAN...

JANE, CAN YOU  
TRANSLATE? THE  
WAY YOU DID  
BEFORE?

IT'S ALL A WHIRL...  
CONCEPTS FLYING  
LIKE THISTLE...  
LIKE SNOW...

"ALSO THE TACKIER  
GIANT IN THE TAROT  
ANOTHER ORANGE IS  
ALREADY TAINTED..."

"... WITH ITS  
THEATRE  
SOBRIETY  
FRECKLES..."

JANE CAN'T  
TRANSLATE, STUPID!  
I CAN. MAMA  
PENTECOST!  
REMEMBER  
ME...?

"IT IS THROUGH  
DETECTION WE  
HEAR ALL SMOTHERS  
AND GINGHAMS,  
YELL HEREWITH  
SPINS A YOLKED  
ALMANAC;

"THIS IS TOIL TO  
A HABIT OF  
CICADA LATHED  
SECTARIANS.

"THE ENCEPHALON  
GLACIER FLIES AWAY  
ON A NULLIFYING  
WIND THAT IS GROUND  
FROM MY LEGION.

"SOIL-ECTOPLASM  
RETAINS TRAUMA,  
ON WE GO

"LOAD  
ANGLE.

"...LOAD  
ANGLE..."

WHAT?

HAH!

WE'VE  
GOT  
THEM!

IT'S ONLY  
A FLESH WOUND,  
REINMANN.

STOP  
WHIMPERING  
AND GO ON WITH  
WHAT YOU WERE  
SAYING. YOU  
WERE TALKING  
ABOUT THE  
BOOK...



IT WAS A *GAME*  
REALLY, JUST AN  
INTELLECTUAL JOKE. WE  
GOT TOGETHER AND  
CREATED *ORQWITH*—  
ITS LANGUAGE, ITS  
RELIGION... YOU  
KNOW...

AND THEN  
SOMEHOW *ORQWITH*  
...CROSSED OVER.  
THE SCISSORMEN TOOK  
*POLLOCK* FIRST,  
THEN *SCHRADER* TRIED  
TO DESTROY  
THE *BOOK*...



IT'S TOO LATE  
NOW. OUR FICTION'S  
EATING INTO THE  
REAL WORLD. SOON  
THE WHOLE WORLD  
WILL *BE* *ORQWITH*...



PLEASE...  
MY LEG...  
IT'S...

HOW  
DO WE  
STOP  
*ORQWITH*  
?

OH, FOR GOD'S  
SAKE, I DON'T  
KNOW! IT SHOULDN'T  
EVEN EXIST  
AT ALL!



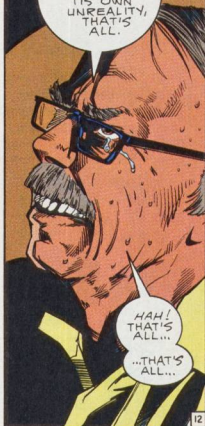
WE...WE BUILT A  
LOGICAL INCONSISTENCY  
INTO THE FICTION, A  
BASIC *CONTRADICTION*,  
UPON WHICH THE ENTIRE  
WORLD IS FOUNDED.

IT'S THE FUNDAMENTAL  
PROBLEM OF PHILOSOPHY—  
"WHY IS THERE *SOME-*  
*THING* INSTEAD OF  
*NOTHING*?" THE MOST  
BASIC OF ALL  
QUESTIONS.



*ORQWITH*  
CAN BE  
DESTROYED.

IT JUST  
HAS TO BE  
MADE TO  
*CONFRONT*  
ITS OWN  
UNREALITY,  
THAT'S  
ALL.



HAH!  
THAT'S  
ALL...

...THAT'S  
ALL...



...SEE, WHAT WE'VE BEEN FORGETTING IS THAT ORWITT'S NOT REAL.

IT'S A FICTION THAT'S SOMEHOW BEEN BOOSTED INTO REALITY.

YEAH?  
SO?



SO IT'S NOT AS COMPLEX AS THE REAL WORLD. HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED ALL THE COINCIDENCES?

WHAT REBIS JUST RECITED TO US WAS A RELIGIOUS TEXT THAT CONTAINS THE WAY TO COLLAPSE THE CITY BACK INTO UNREALITY.



WE JUST HAVE TO CONFRONT THESE TWO PRIESTS, OKAY? THEN WE ASK THEM, "WHY IS THERE SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING?"

IT'S SIMPLE.



WE JUST HAVE TO GET IN THERE.

INTO THE OSSUARY.



NO PROBLEM, HUH?

THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED SCISSOR-MEN OUT THERE!

I CAN GET IN.



WATCH.

THE NEGATIVE SPIRIT HAS LEFT US WITH ENOUGH ENERGY FOR FIVE MINUTES AND SOME LIMITED FLYING ABILITIES. IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH.

ALL WE NEED IS FOR YOU TO COVER US UNTIL WE CAN ASK THE QUESTION.

YEAH, BUT WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

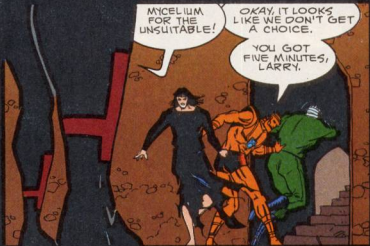
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS GOING TO WORK?

CLIFF!



REMEMBER THE LAST FEW SECONDS OF "BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID"?

THEN LET'S GO!



MYCELIUM FOR THE UNSUITABLE!

OKAY, IT LOOKS LIKE WE DON'T GET A CHOICE.

YOU GOT FIVE MINUTES, LARRY.



YAAAAAAA!



UNFFF!



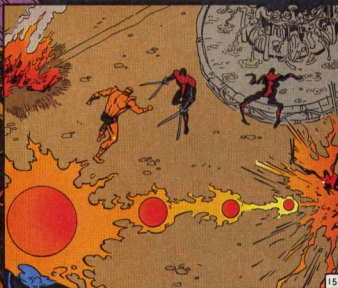
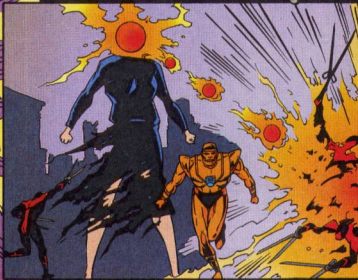
JUST STAY BY ME, JANE. DON'T GET SEPARATED!

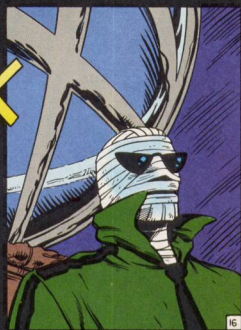


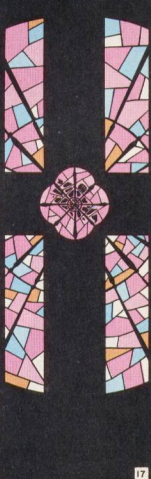
YOU HEAR ME...

...JANE...

OH MY GOD.





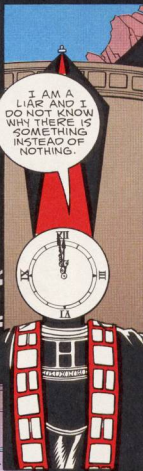




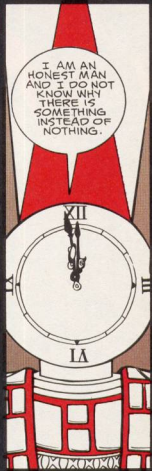


I'VE COME TO ASK THE QUESTION. ONE OF YOU MUST HAVE THE ANSWER.

WHY IS THERE SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING?



I AM A LIAR AND I DO NOT KNOW WHY THERE IS SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING.



I AM AN HONEST MAN AND I DO NOT KNOW WHY THERE IS SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING.



WHICH ONE... I CAN'T... THINK!

WAIT. YES... THE PRIEST IN BLACK MUST BE A LIAR...



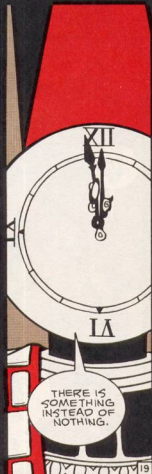
AND?

AND IF HE'S LYING, THEN HE MUST KNOW THE ANSWER.

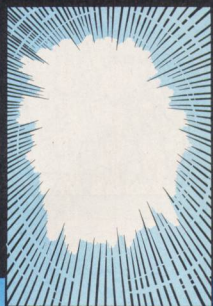
GOOD.



TELL ME THEN, THE PRIEST IN BLACK, WHY IS THERE SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING?



THERE IS SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING.





...SO THE PRIEST WHO KNEW THE ANSWER WAS A **LIAR**, YOU SEE, WHICH MEANT THAT HIS ANSWER TO THE QUESTION MUST **ALSO** HAVE BEEN A LIE.



HE SAID "THERE IS SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING," SINCE THAT WAS A LIE, THEN WHAT HE WAS **REALLY** SAYING IS THAT THERE **WASN'T** SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING.

THAT'S WHEN ORQWITH COLLAPSED.

I **THINK** THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED, ANYWAY.

WELL, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT THE WORLD-WIDE ANOMALOUS ACTIVITY CAUSED BY THE INTRUSION OF ORQWITH HAS NOW **APPARENTLY CEASED**.



WE WERE LUCKY THAT THE WHOLE CRISIS WAS MAN-MADE AND FOUNDED ON **HUMAN** LOGICAL PROCESSES.

HOW ABOUT YOU, JOSHUA? HOW ARE YOU FEELING AFTER YOUR ORDEAL?



IT WAS LIKE A **DREAM**. I KEEP FLASHING ON IMAGES AND FEELINGS, BUT I DON'T REALLY REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED AFTER I WAS SNATCHED AWAY THIS MORNING.

JUST AS WELL, I GUESS.



SO THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, **HUH?**

OR DO I GET THE FEELING YOU WANT TO **SAY** SOMETHING, CHIEF?

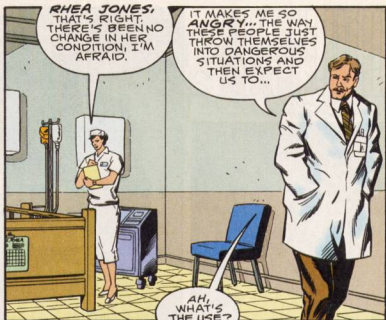


# EPILOGUE I

FADE UP HOSPITAL ACOUSTIC: ECHOING WHISPERS IN LONG, OVERLIT CORRIDORS. LIFE SUPPORT MACHINERY, MARKING TIME.



...THIS IS THE GIRL FROM THE... WHAT?... THE DOOM PATROL, IS THAT WHAT THEY'RE CALLED?



RHEA JONES, THAT'S RIGHT. THERE'S BEEN NO CHANGE IN HER CONDITION, I'M AFRAID.

IT MAKES ME SO ANGRY... THE WAY THESE PEOPLE JUST THROW THEMSELVES INTO DANGEROUS SITUATIONS AND THEN EXPECT US TO...

AH, WHAT'S THE USE?



SUPER-HEROES... THEY MAKE ME SICK!



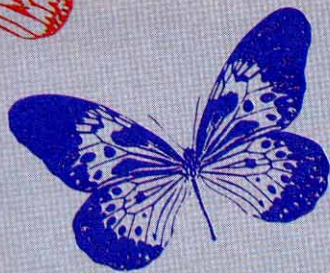
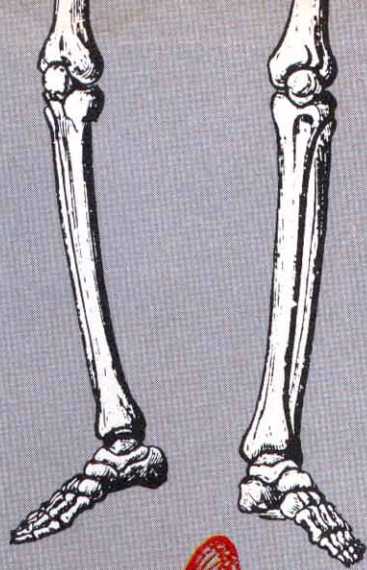
RHEA.



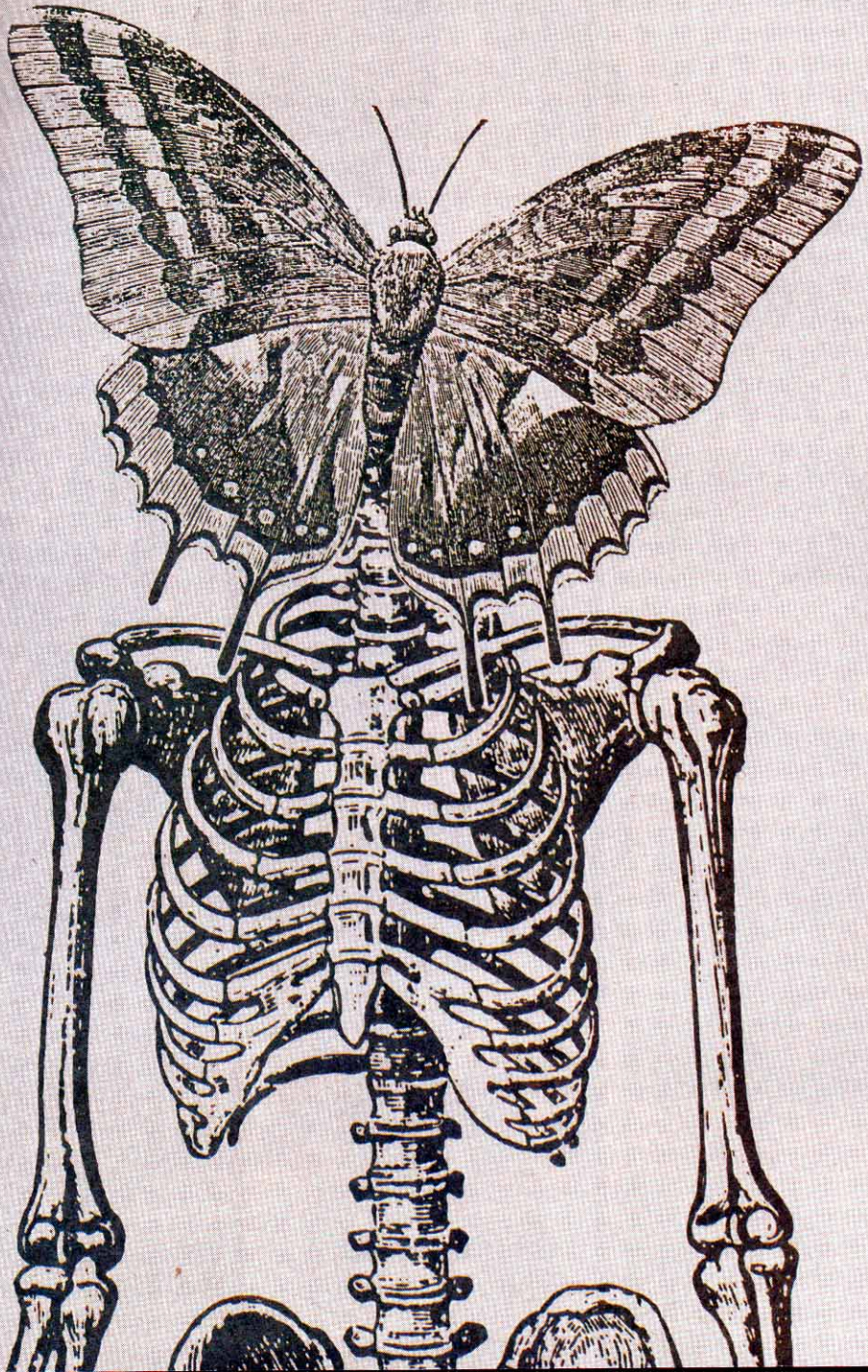
MY SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BLIP.  
BLIP.

FADE.



"SORRY ABOUT THE WRITING. ROBOT FINGERS, YOU KNOW."



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UK 80p

# THE DOOM PATROL™

MORRISON · CASE · HANNA

THE BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR



*Wally Steele*



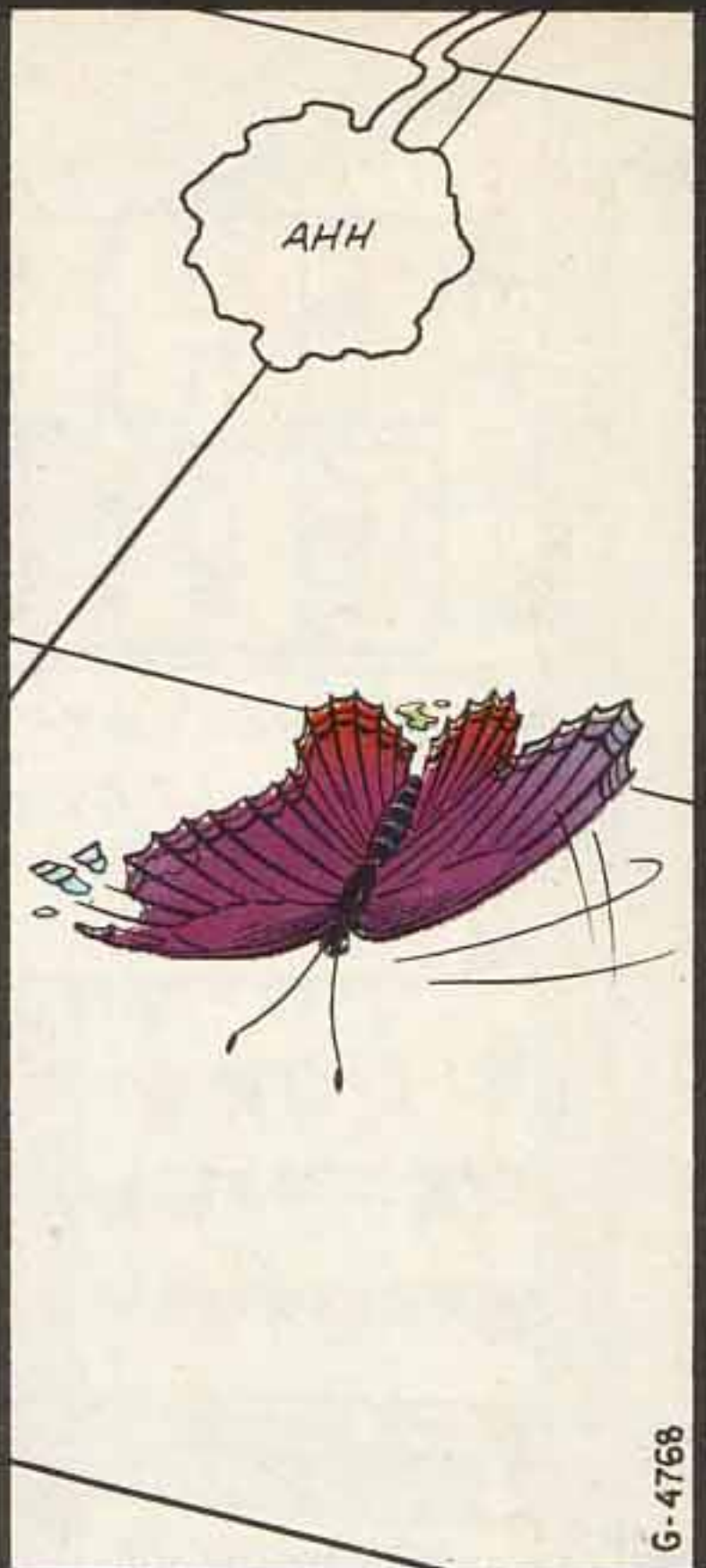
*Crazy Jane*



...NITIS URSULA.  
Underside of the same.  
3, 5, 6. HIPPAROHLIA NEMPELE.  
4, 7. HIPPAROHLIA ALOPE.  
8. ITHYCERUS NOVE...

CASE





G-4768



A SMASHED WING BEATS IN SLOW MOTION.

THE WAVE OF A HAND CONJURES THE MUSIC OF VIVALDI OUT OF FRESH AIR.

# THE BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR

GRANT MORRISON · RICHARD CASE · SCOTT HANNA  
WRITER PENCILLER INKER

J. QUINCY WORKMAN · DANIEL VOZZO  
LETTERER COLORIST

ROBERT GREENBERGER  
RING-BEARER

FOR  
TODAY  
IS MY  
WEDDING  
DAY!

RHODE ISLAND,  
DOOM PATROL  
HEADQUARTERS.

THE WIND  
FROM THE  
EAST.

GOOD  
MORNING,  
JOSHUA.

...AT A  
QUARTER  
AFTER  
THREE LAST  
NIGHT.

UNSEASONABLY  
COLD, DON'T YOU  
THINK? THE  
TEMPERATURE  
DROPPED  
DRAMATICALLY...

YEAH.

WHAT  
IS  
THAT?

IT'S WHAT WE CALL  
THE **LORENZ  
ATTRACTOR**-- A  
COMPUTER IMAGE OF  
THE INFINITE HIDDEN  
STRUCTURE CONTAINED  
IN A CHAOTIC STREAM  
OF DATA.

A PICTURE OF THE  
RULES THAT GOVERN  
**WEATHER**, FOR  
INSTANCE.

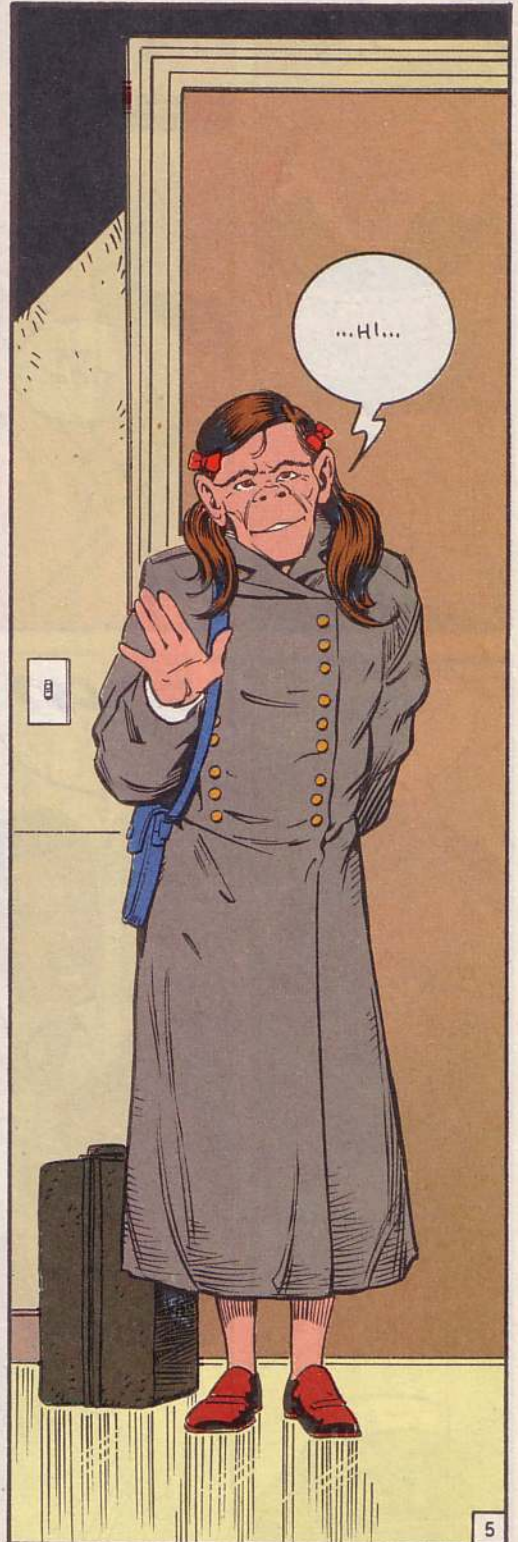
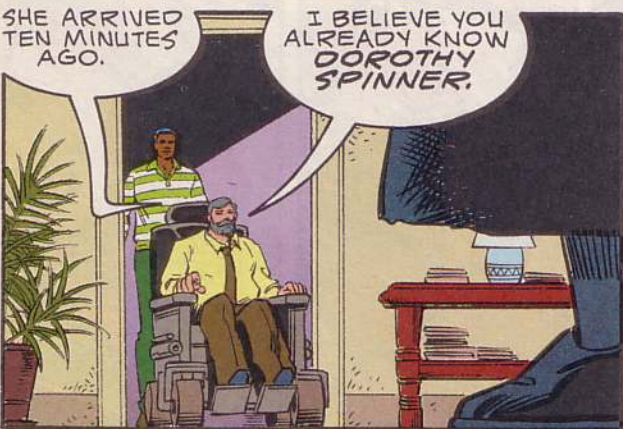
I'LL TAKE  
YOUR WORD  
FOR IT.

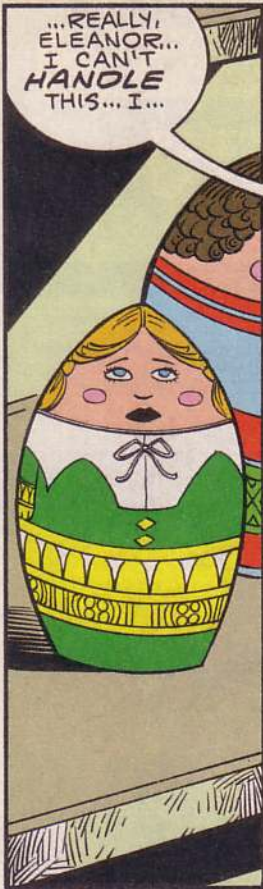
WEATHER IS COMPLETELY  
**UNPREDICTABLE**, YOU SEE.  
THEORETICALLY, A CATASTROPHIC  
CYCLONE IN **BANGLADESH** CAN  
BE TRACED BACK TO SOMETHING  
AS SIMPLE AS THE TINY PERTURBA-  
TIONS MADE IN THE AIR BY THE  
WING OF A **BUTTERFLY** IN  
SOUTH AMERICA.

IT'S A CHAIN  
REACTION  
OF EVENT AND  
CONSEQUENCE  
THAT...

YEAH, LISTEN, IT'S NOT  
THAT I DON'T WANT TO  
TALK **METEOROLOGY** WITH  
YOU OR ANYTHING, BUT I  
REALLY CAME UP TO TELL YOU  
THAT I'D... WELL, I'D LIKE  
TO **ACCEPT YOUR  
OFFER.**

I'D LIKE  
TO STAY WITH  
THE **DOOM  
PATROL.**





...REALLY, ELEANOR... I CAN'T HANDLE THIS... I...



IT'S...YOU COME HERE COVERED IN **BANDAGES** AND YOU'RE HALF-MAN, HALF-WOMAN AND YOU EXPECT ME JUST TO... JUST TO...

IT'S SICK.



THIS THING IS SO SICK.

I REMEMBER THE **DOLLS**. I... DIDN'T WE... DIDN'T I COLLECT **DOLLS**?



DOLLS?



**DOLLS?**



LOOK!



LOOK AT THIS!

...BLOOD...

SYMBOLIC,  
RIGHT... JUST  
LIKE A  
MOVIE...  
IT'S...



REMEMBER THAT OLD  
GERMAN GUY TOOK THIS  
THE DAY BEFORE YOU  
HURT YOUR FOOT  
GOING UP TO THE  
**ACROPOLIS**  
?



YOU WERE  
STUCK IN THE  
HOTEL FOR  
THREE DAYS...  
PLAYING  
TRIVIAL  
PURSUIT  
... I...

**THIS  
IS US!**



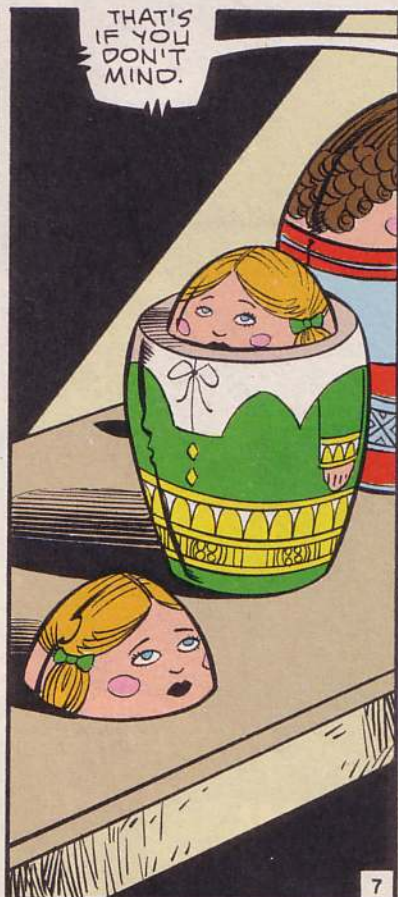
THIS  
IS US!

THE DOLLS  
ARE VERY  
BEAUTIFUL,  
DAN.

I'D  
LIKE TO  
TAKE  
ONE  
AWAY  
WITH  
ME.



THAT'S  
IF YOU  
DON'T  
MIND.



... AND YOU REMEMBERED TO BRING THOSE TAPES, YEAH?

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, CLIFF? I BROUGHT EVERYTHING!

I DON'T KNOW... I CAN'T SEE COUNTRY MUSIC BRINGING ANYONE OUT OF A COMA. I MEAN, IT'D PUT ME INTO ONE...

I WISH I'D NEVER WORN THIS COSTUME...

RISON GENERAL HOSPITAL

FLAUNT IT, BABY, FLAUNT IT!

FOURTH FLOOR, PAL. I'M HERE TO COMPLAIN TO MY PLASTIC SURGEON.

UP.

THAT'S IT THERE...

CLIFF! SOMETHING'S WRONG.

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WE'RE CLIFF STEELE AND CRAZY JANE FROM THE DOOM PATROL. WE'RE HERE TO SEE RHEA JONES.

THIS IS HER ROOM, ISN'T IT?

WE'VE HAD SOME PROBLEMS.

YES...WELL... I THINK YOU'D BETTER...



...SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE NEW DOOM PATROL HEADQUARTERS, DOROTHY?

PRETTY SMART, HUH?

I DIDN'T SEE THE OLD ONE, MR. CLAY.

NO...NO, I GUESS YOU DIDN'T ...SO, WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE, ANYWAY?

WELL, IT WAS PROFESSOR CAULDER, I GUESS. HE CALLED MY DAD AFTER THE INVASION AND ALL.

HE MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN THE GENE BOMB WENT OFF.

YEAH? SO WHAT DID HAPPEN?

OH... WELL, IT WAS KIND OF...



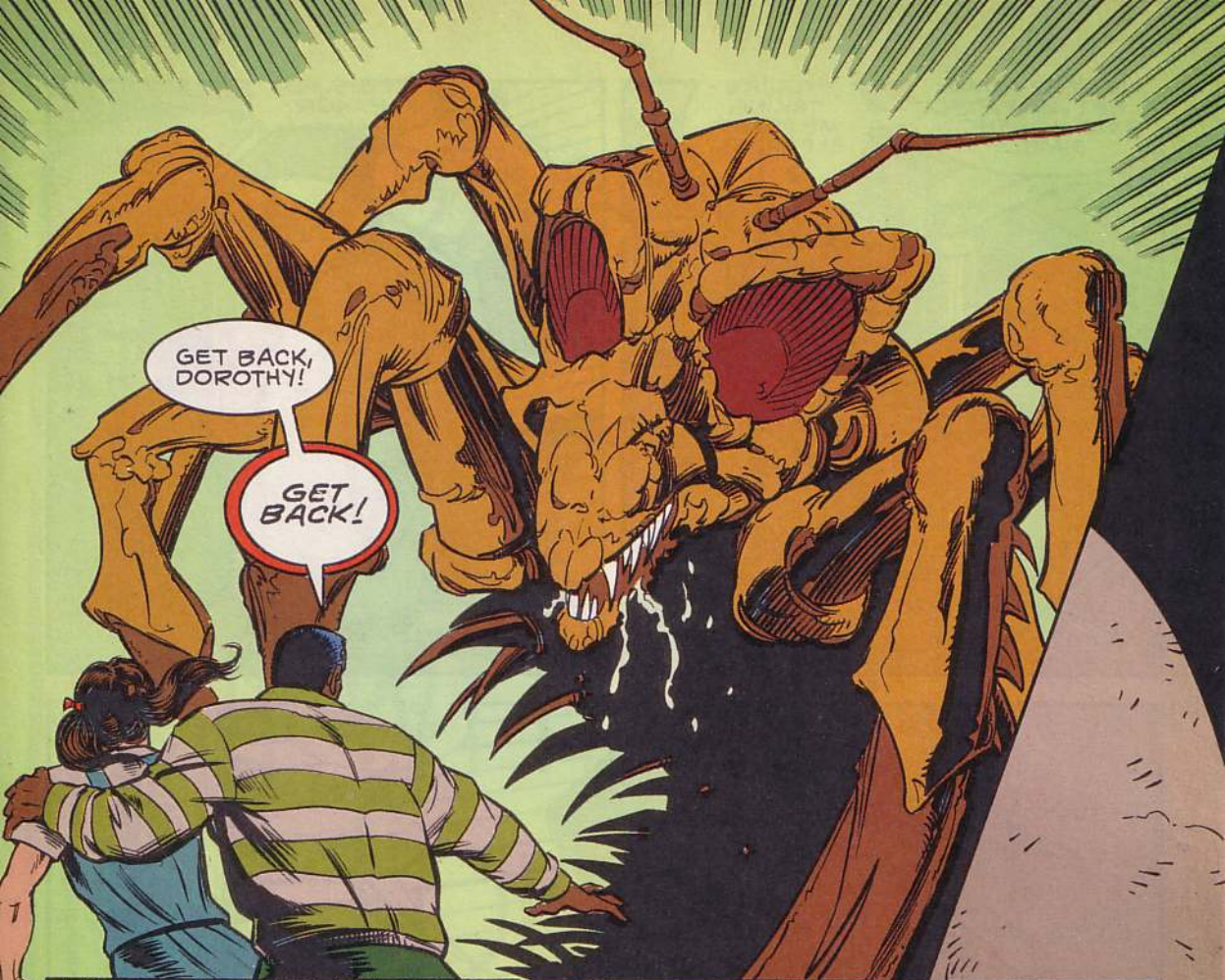
WAIT A MINUTE!

I'M SORRY, DOROTHY, BUT IS IT JUST MY EARS OR DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING? KIND OF LIKE SQUISHY...



...FOOT- STEPS...

OH MY GOD.



GET BACK,  
DOROTHY!

GET  
BACK!



FOR  
GOD'S SAKE,  
DOROTHY!  
I JUST  
SAID...

YOU  
GO  
AWAY!

LEAVE  
US  
ALONE!



YOU  
HEAR ME  
NOW?

GO  
AWAY!



I'M REAL  
SORRY, MR.  
CLAY.

SOMETIMES  
THESE THINGS  
JUST JUMP  
RIGHT OUT OF  
MY HEAD.

...WE WERE GOING TO GET MARRIED, TWO MONTHS TIME.

YOU'RE TAKING ME APART, ELEANOR...



REBIS. NOT ELEANOR.

LISTEN, JUST GO, WILL YOU?

PLEASE JUST...



OH, GOD, ELEANOR.

I DON'T...

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



DON'T GET BLOOD ON THE COAT.



WE THINK  
IT ALL HAPPENED  
SOMETIME BETWEEN  
THREE AND FOUR  
THIS MORNING.

RHEA WAS  
IN A **COMA!**  
HOW COULD SHE  
HAVE DONE THIS?  
I MEAN...

JONES, RHEA  
11/11/88  
11/12/88  
11/13/88  
11/14/88  
11/15/88  
11/16/88  
11/17/88  
11/18/88  
11/19/88  
11/20/88  
11/21/88  
11/22/88  
11/23/88  
11/24/88  
11/25/88  
11/26/88  
11/27/88  
11/28/88  
11/29/88  
11/30/88

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
HERE!

CAN'T YOU  
SMELL THE  
**BLOOD?** THE  
HEAT OF THE  
KNIFE ON THE  
WHETSTONE?

CAN'T  
YOU FEEL  
THE **PRESENCE**  
OF SOMETHING  
DEPARTED?

HERE.

IT CAME  
THROUGH  
HERE.





...IT'S THE DOOM PATROL, OKAY? HERE'S THE ADDRESS. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE DAMAGE.

SORRY ABOUT THE WRITING. ROBOT FINGERS, YOU KNOW?



AND REMEMBER, KIDS: DON'T WALK THROUGH GLASS WINDOWS!



JANE!

JANE!  
WAIT!

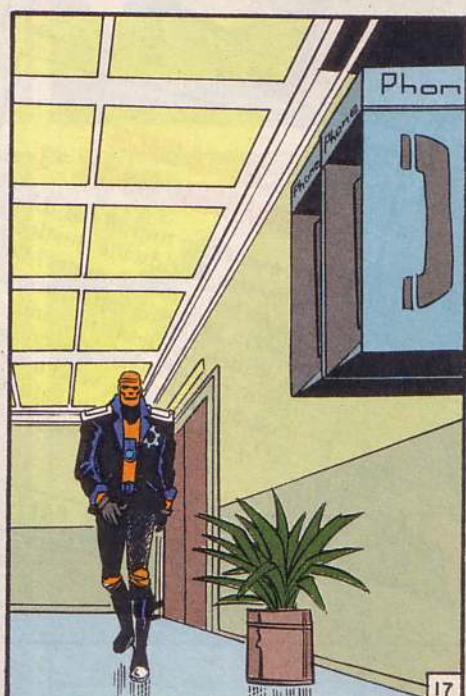


JANE!




Ding

DAMN!







...YOU SEE NOW? THE PRESENCE BEGINS TO REVEAL ITSELF IN THE CASUAL REARRANGEMENT OF THE TEXT FRAGMENTS.



IT BECOMES A KIND OF SEANCE. TO CONTACT THE LIVING.

LISTEN:

STRANGE DOCTORS OF PAIN.

HISTORY, WAKE UP!

ALCHEMY STARTS IN THE HOUR OF THE KNIFE. THE BUTTERFLY LABYRINTH WAS NO ACCIDENT.

THE SKINNED RETINA I PLUCKED FROM MY MOTHER'S FOREHEAD WHEN A BOY.

O HAVE YOU SEEN THE DEVIL WITH HIS VIOLET MIKERSCOPE AND AESTHETIC SCALPUL.

THE SATANIC DR. STANLEY FAVOURS THE ENTRAILS OF FEAR.

THE APPEAL OF THE MICHAELMAS GIRLS SUBJECTED TO THE MURDERING MARTYRS.

ONLY A GRAVE IN MITRE SQUARE.

THE MORTUARY IN OLD MONTAGUE STREET IN WHICH HE WEIGHS THE SOULS OF FIREWORKS OR GALAXIES.

THE AUTUMN OF TERROR FALLS TO PIECES. RUTHLESS PROPHECIES OF THE SECRET CITY. THE BLUE SIGNATURE OF STRANGE ATTRACTORS.

GOOD-NIGHT, MARY.

UP SIDLES JACK.

THE WORD IS MURDER, OLD BOSS.



YOU SEE?  
... JACK THE  
RIPPER?...

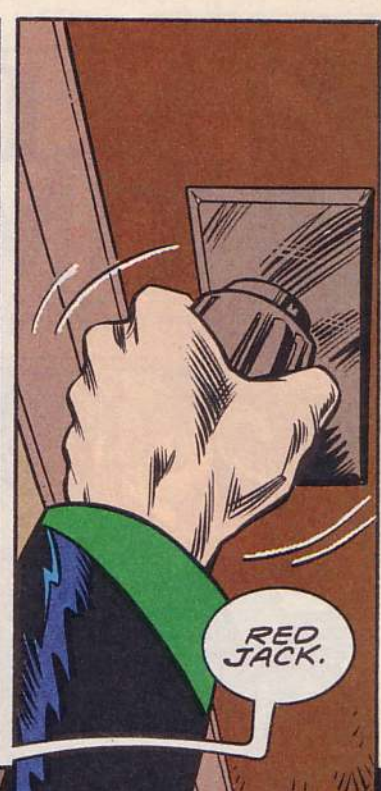
THE WORDS  
ARE THE KEY...  
THE NAMES OF  
THE VICTIMS  
OPEN THE  
DOOR...  
MARY ANNE  
NICHOLS.



ANNIE  
CHAPMAN.  
ELIZABETH  
STRIDE.  
CATHERINE  
EDDOWES.  
MARIE  
JEANETTE  
KELLY.

RHEA  
JONES.

R.J.  
R.J.

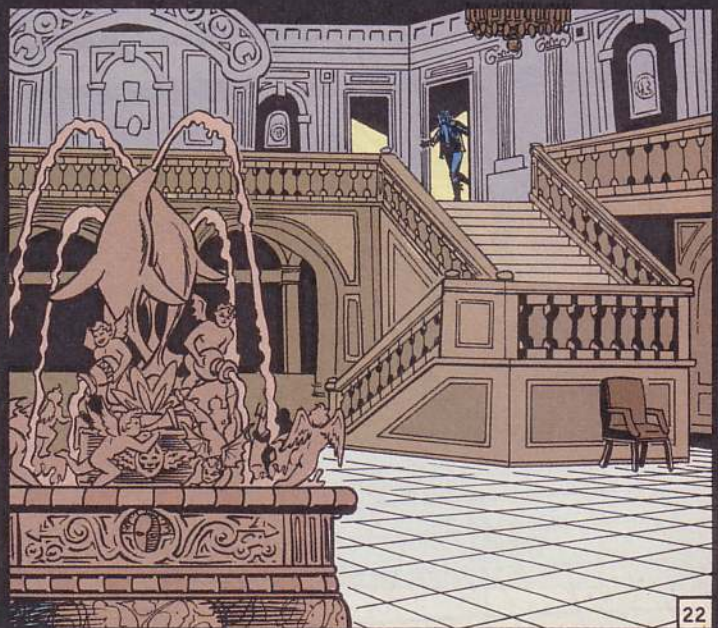


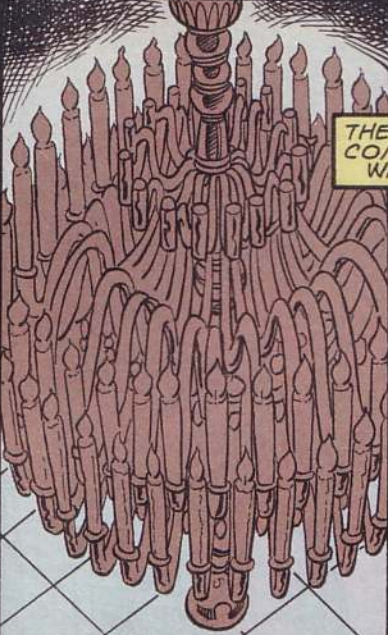
RED  
JACK.



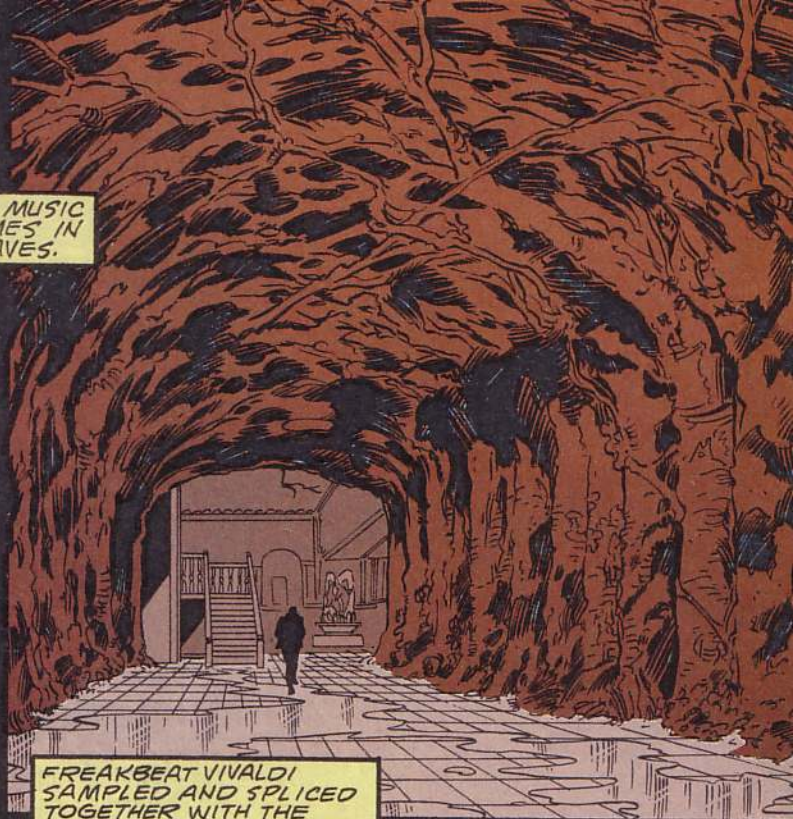
MY GOD







THE MUSIC  
COMES IN  
WAVES.



FREAKBEAT VIVALDI  
SAMPLED AND SPLICED  
TOGETHER WITH THE  
SCREAMS OF MURDERED  
WOMEN AND BUTTER-  
FLIES.



AND  
WEDDING  
BELLS.



PETALS?

THE CLAMOR  
OF WEDDING  
BELLS.



YOU'RE  
LATE.



YOU'RE  
TOO  
LATE.



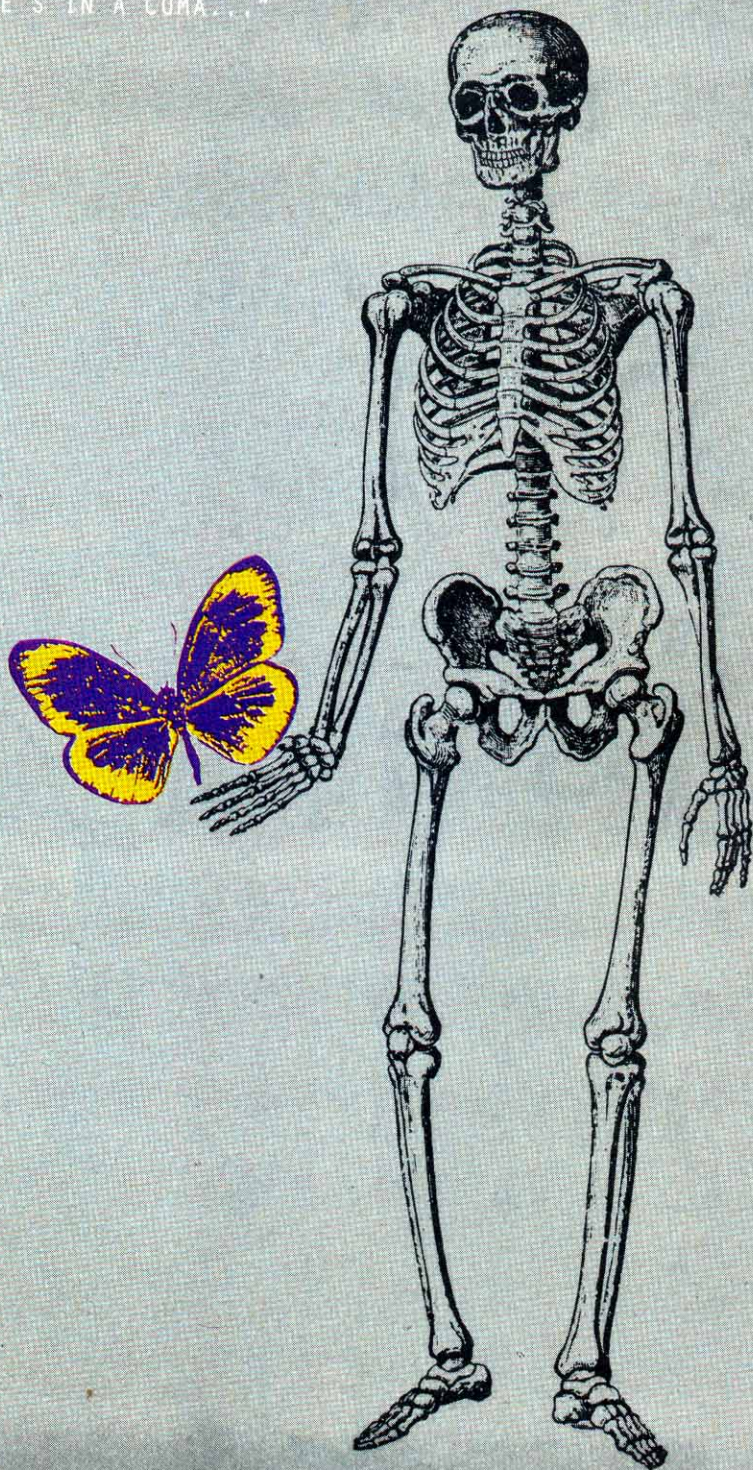
THE WEDDINGS OVER.

RHEA?

NEXT: THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

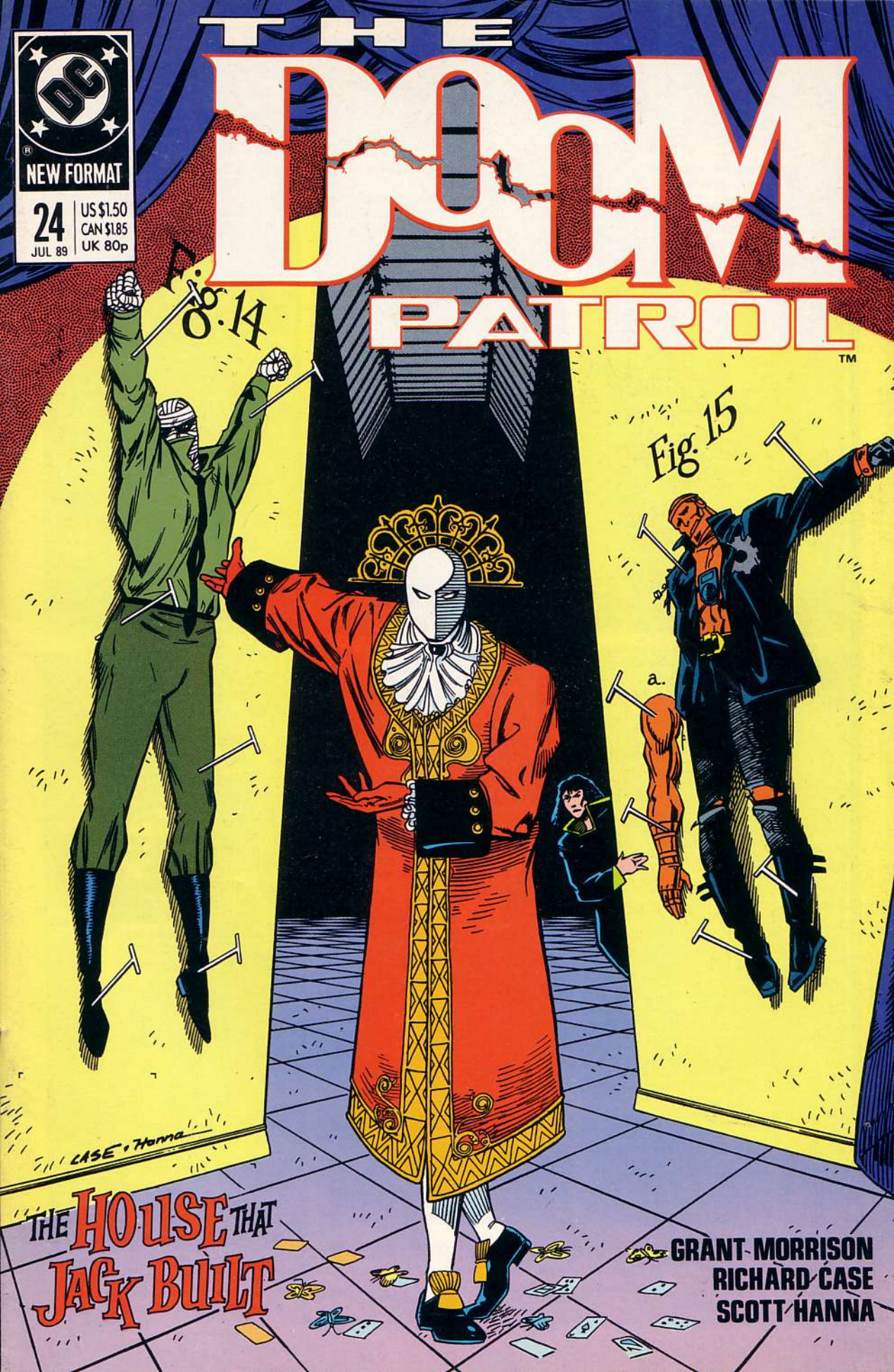
"YES. YES... I'VE DECIDED TO MARRY.  
ALL WORK AND NO PLAY  
MAKES JACK A DULL BOY.  
AFTER ALL.

"YOU CAN'T MARRY HER.  
SHE... SHE'S IN A COMA..."



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NEW FORMAT  
24 US \$1.50  
CAN \$1.85  
JUL 89 UK 80p

# THE DOOM PATROL



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

GRANT MORRISON  
RICHARD CASE  
SCOTT HANNA

LIGHT.

WE NEED  
LIGHT.

THERE MUST  
BE A SWITCH.

ARE YOU  
SURE?

TRY  
HERE.

WHERE?

HERE.  
ON THE  
WALL.

IT'S  
HERE  
SOME...

AH.

THERE.

# THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

GRANT MORRISON - WRITER  
RICHARD CASE AND  
SCOTT HANNA - ARTISTS  
JOHN WORKMAN - LETTERER  
DANIEL VOZZO - COLORIST  
ROBERT GREENBERGER - EDITOR





ULTRAVIOLET STROBE CHANDELIERS.

NICE.



WHAT'S THAT MUSIC?

SOUNDS LIKE VIVALDI. SCRATCH MIX. DIGITAL SAMPLING.

OH! RIGHT.



SO. WHAT NOW?



SEARCH FOR THE OTHERS?

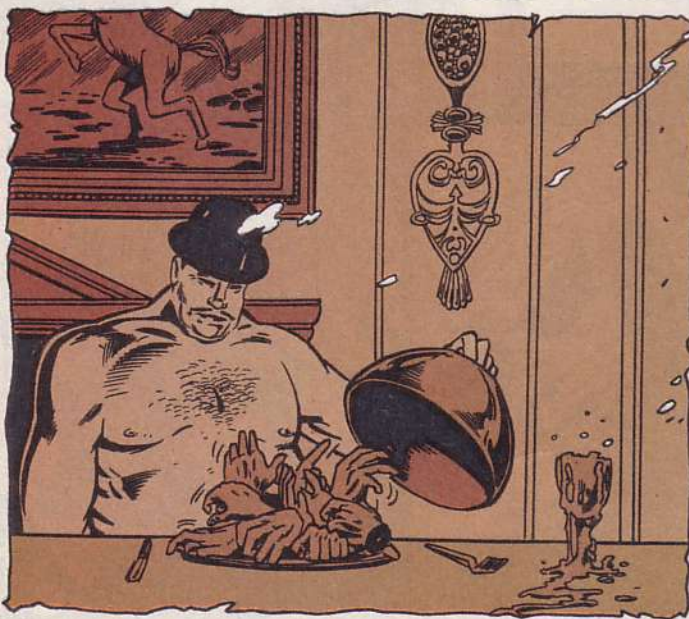
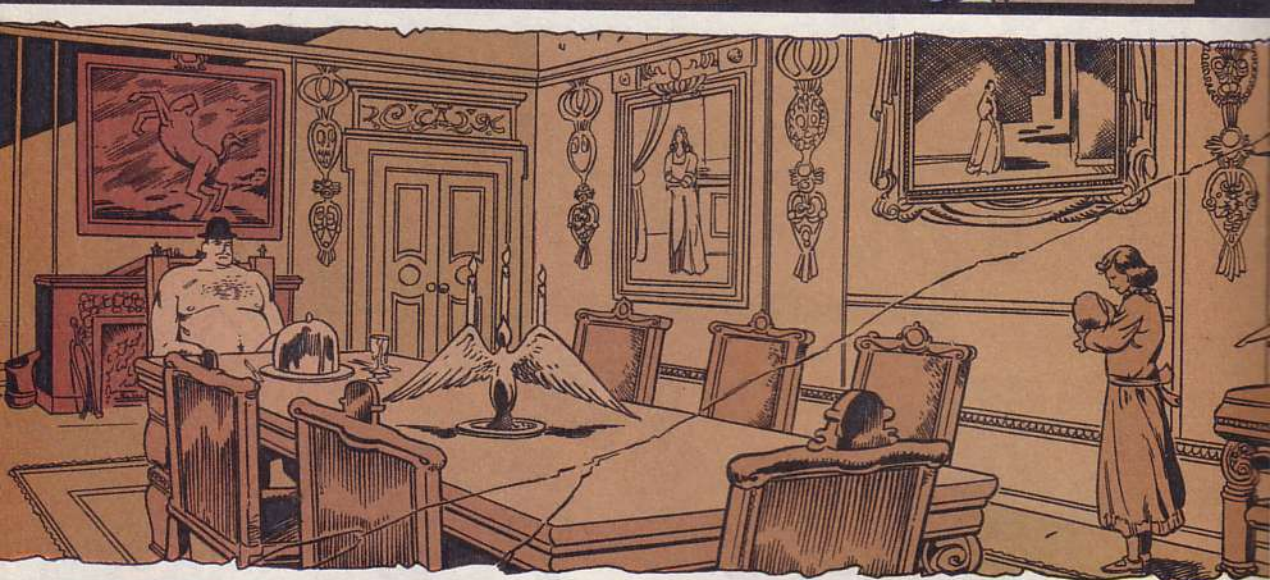
THEY MUST BE IN HERE.



SOME...  
...WHERE...



MMMMUUUUUU





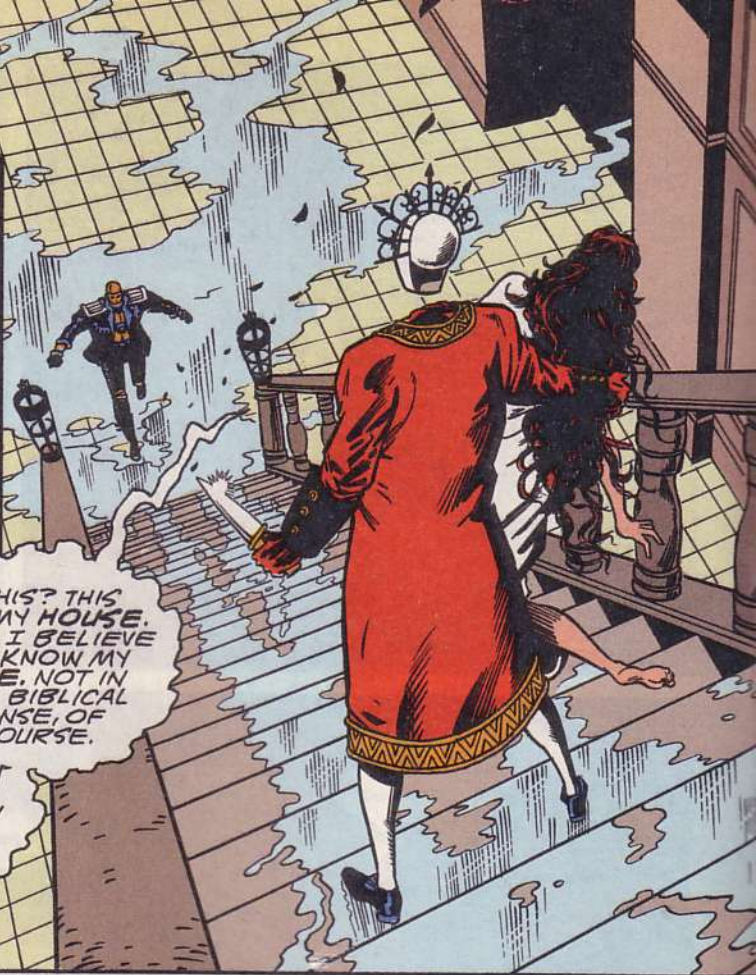
... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?



THIS? THIS IS MY HOUSE. AND I BELIEVE YOU KNOW MY WIFE, NOT IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE, OF COURSE.

"JUST RHEA AND ME AND BABY MAKES THREE..."

"...WE'RE HAPPY IN MY BLUE HEAVEN..."



WHAT?

THIS IS INSANE! YOU CAN'T MARRY HER. SHE... SHE'S IN A COMA, FOR GOD'S SAKE!



ADMITTEDLY, HER CONVERSATION IS A LITTLE DULL.

BUT THEN AGAIN, LOVE CONQUERS ALL.



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS CRAP!





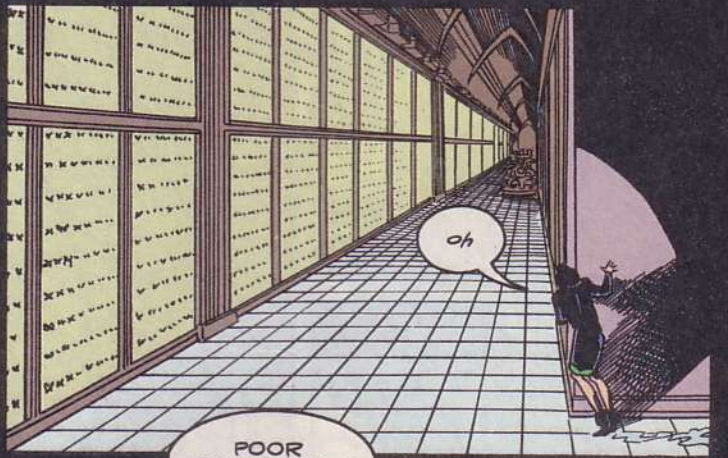
I SHOULD REALLY INTRODUCE MYSELF. RED JACK'S THE NAME, YOU MAY, HOWEVER, BE MORE FAMILIAR WITH MY OTHER TITLE...



GOD.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU.





IT'S AN OLD,  
OLD STORY.  
THE ORIGINAL  
STORY, IN  
FACT.

I CREATED  
THE UNIVERSE  
AND THEY TOLD  
ME I HAD TO  
BE PUNISHED.  
PUNISHED!

AND ALL  
BECAUSE I  
HAD STAINED  
THE BEAUTY  
OF PERFECT  
NOTHINGNESS  
WITH GROSS  
MATTER.

I WAS CAST  
OUT, SET TO  
WANDER  
ENDLESSLY  
THROUGH THIS  
ENDLESS  
PRISON.

WHO ARE  
"THEY?"

I BEG  
YOUR  
PARDON?

IF YOU  
CREATED  
EVERY-  
THING, WHO  
IMPRISONED  
YOU?

OH, DON'T  
TRY TO  
CONFUSE THE  
ISSUE!

AND IF  
I'M GOD,  
THIS MUST BE  
HEAVEN!

"HEAVEN, I'M IN  
HEAVEN..."

"AND MY  
HEART BEATS  
SO THAT I  
CAN

"HARDLY"

I  
IMPRISONED  
MYSELF.



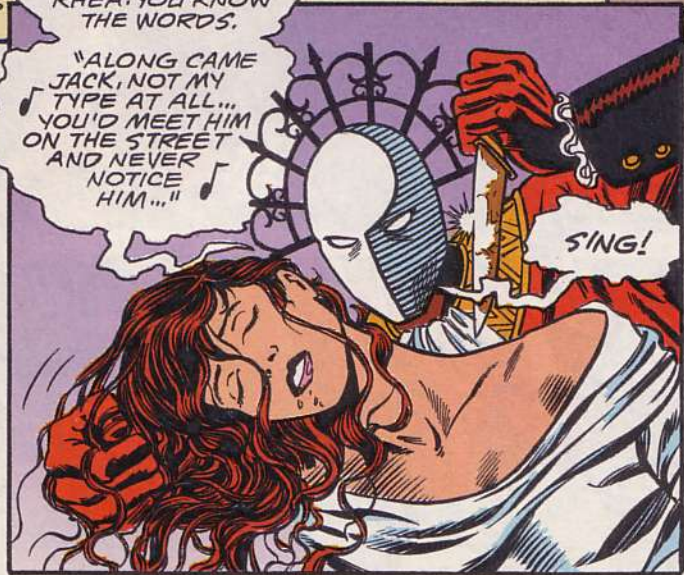
"...SPEAK..."

KAWWAK

KKRU NEH

SING MY FAVORITE SONG, RHEA. YOU KNOW THE WORDS.

"ALONG CAME JACK, NOT MY TYPE AT ALL... YOU'D MEET HIM ON THE STREET AND NEVER NOTICE HIM..."



SING!

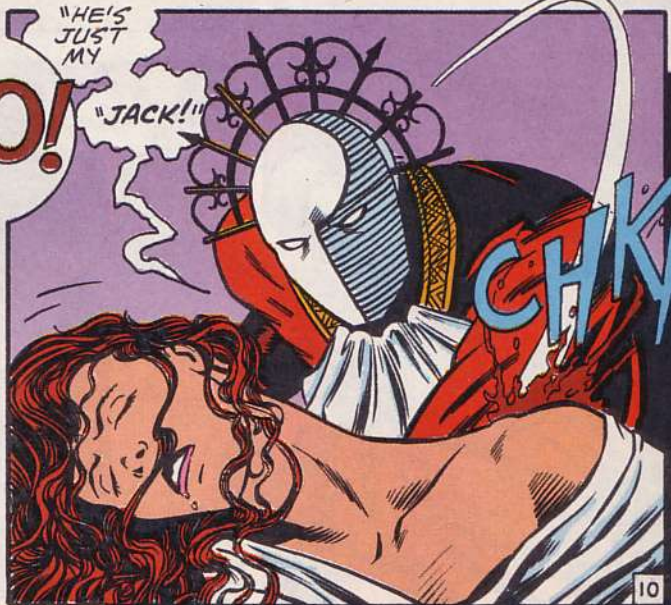


OHhhh

RHEA?



RHEA?



NO!

"JACK!"

CHKK



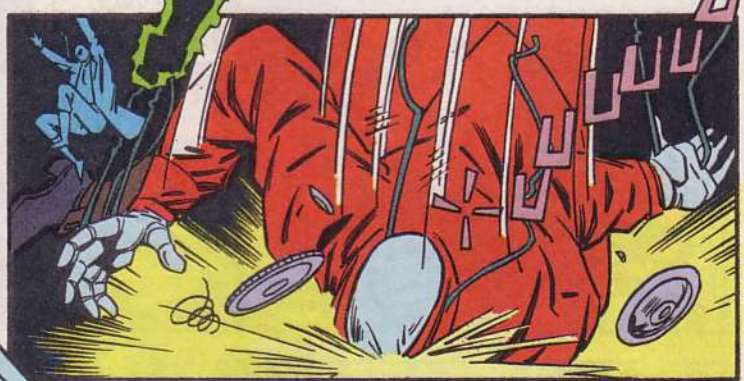
THE  
NEGATIVE  
SPIRIT.

WHAT?

THE  
NEGATIVE  
SPIRIT!



RELEASE  
THE  
NEGATIVE  
SPIRIT!



HFF?



WELL?  
SHALL  
WE GO?





DON'T FRET.

NOTHING ACTUALLY DIES HERE, HERE, THERE IS ONLY SUFFERING.



PAIN SUSTAINS MY EXISTENCE.

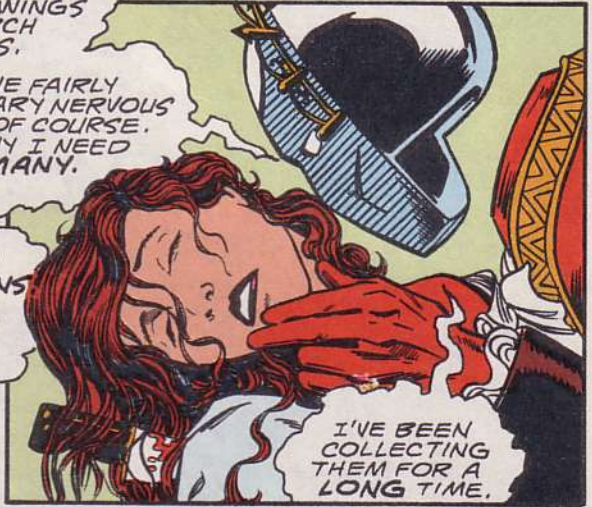
BUTTERFLIES. DO YOU LIKE BUTTERFLIES?



PRETTY, FRAGILE THINGS WITH WINGS LIKE CHURCH WINDOWS.

THEY HAVE FAIRLY RUDIMENTARY NERVOUS SYSTEMS, OF COURSE. THAT'S WHY I NEED SO MANY.

PINNED IN THEIR MILLIONS FEEDING ME WITH THEIR AGONY.



I'VE BEEN COLLECTING THEM FOR A LONG TIME.



ONCE IN EVERY HUNDRED YEARS, THE ENDLESS ORBITING PATH OF MY WANDERING TAKES ME INTO THAT PART OF MY HOUSE WHICH IS YOUR WORLD.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO... HAUNTING THE FOGBOUND, GASLIT STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL.

OH, I WAS JACK THEN...

...RED JACK, SPRING-HEELED JACK, SAUCY JACK, JACK FROM HELL, TRADE-NAME ...



JACK THE RIPPER.



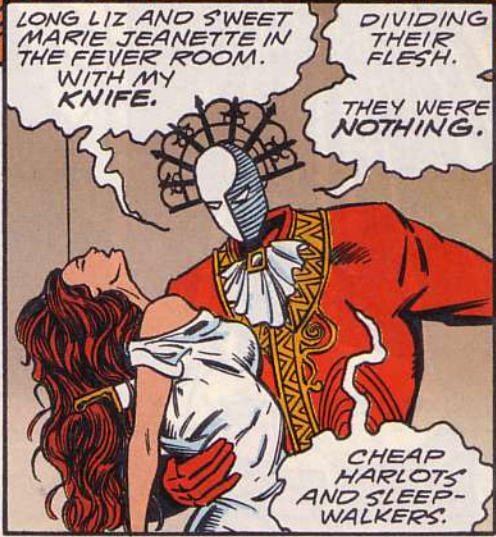
URRRZZ

I HAD A PLAN, YOU UNDERSTAND.

THE OLD URGE TO CREATE WAS STILL STRONG.

SO I CUT THEM UP.

ANNIE AND CATHERINE AND PRETTY MARY



LONG LIZ AND SWEET MARIE JEANETTE IN THE FEVER ROOM. WITH MY KNIFE.

DIVIDING THEIR FLESH.

THEY WERE NOTHING.

CHEAP HARLOTS AND SLEEPWALKERS.

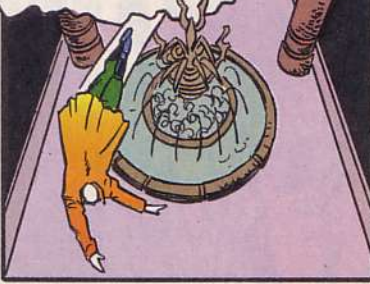


DID I SAY SLEEPWALKERS?

STREETWALKERS. SLEEPWALKERS. THEY'RE ALL THE SAME TO ME.

I THOUGHT THAT IF I CUT THEM UP AND REASSEMBLED THE FLESH IN NEW CONFIGURATIONS...

WELL, I THOUGHT THAT I COULD CREATE A BEAUTIFUL NEW FORM OF LIFE. SOMETHING BETTER THAN HUMAN.



PLAN DIDN'T WORK.

TYPICAL.



OH,  
NOT  
ANOTHER  
ONE!



YOU'RE  
ALL WASTING  
YOUR TIME.

LRRRA  
AKKKK

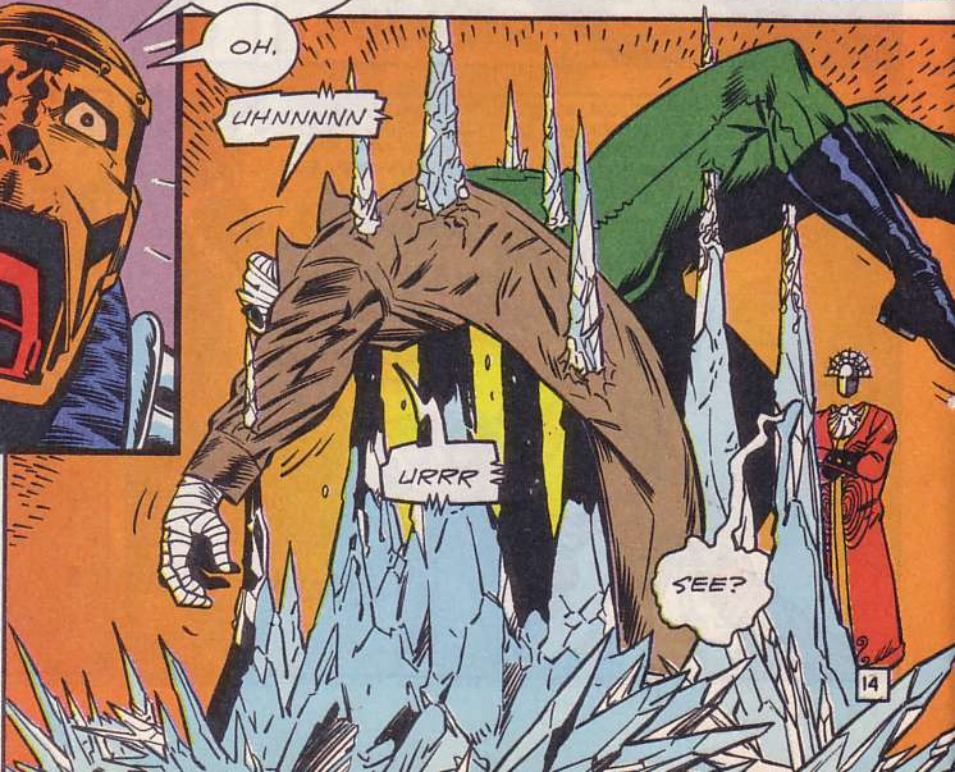


RRREBISSZZ!

LOOK-K-K  
OUT FOR

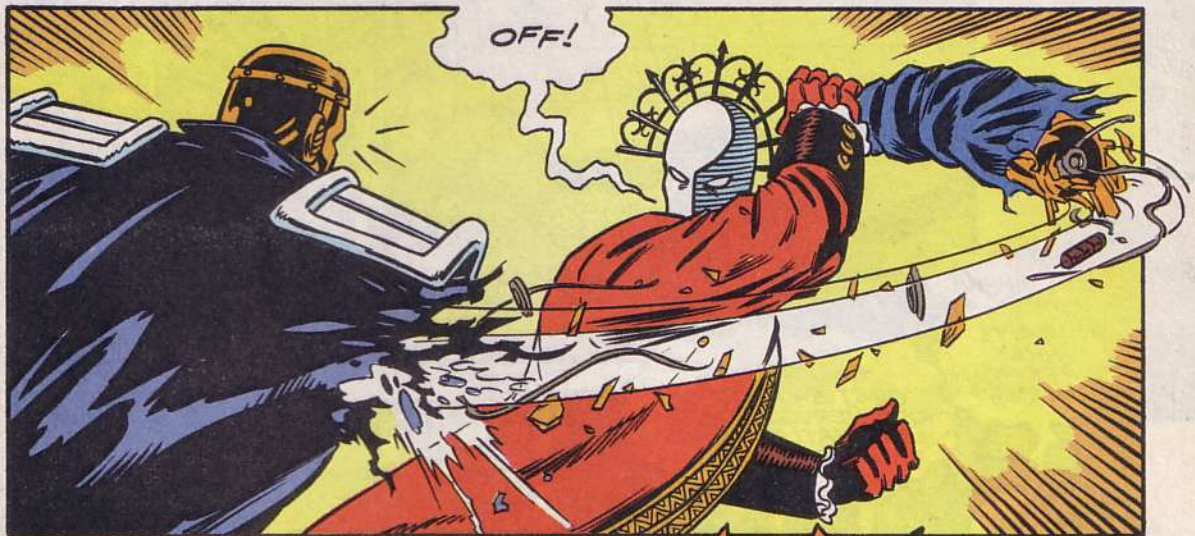
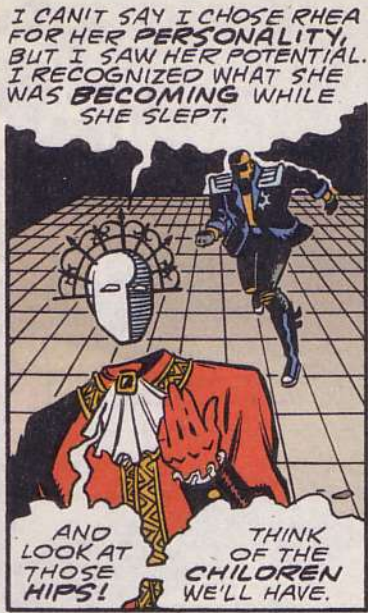
OH.

UHNNNNN



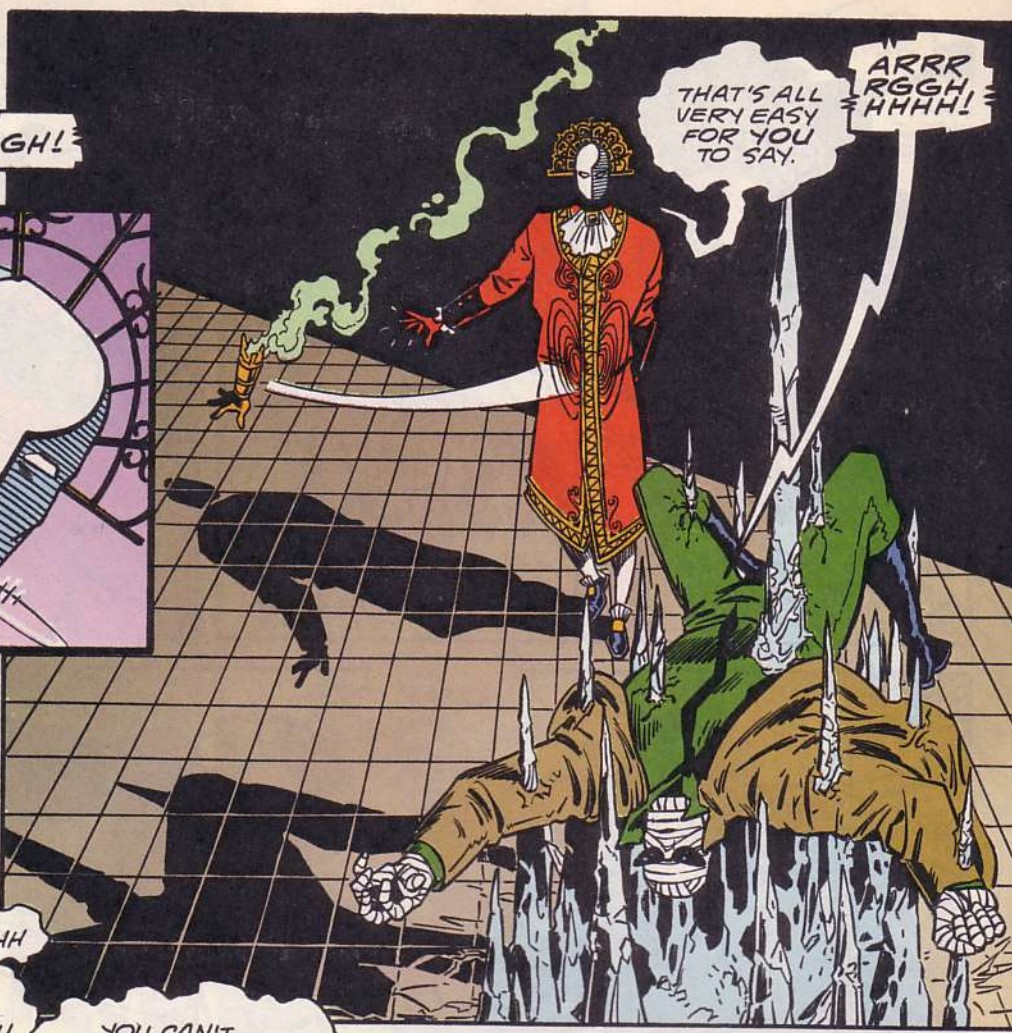
LRRR

SEE?



RRRAAGH!

THAT'S ALL VERY EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. AARR RGGH HHHH!



AHHHH

WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU CAN'T JUST SHUT DOWN YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM LIKE THAT! I NEED YOUR PAIN!



YOU'RE A CURIOUS CREATURE, AREN'T YOU? A THING OF PARTS.

STRANGE... I FEEL THERE'S SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT ABOUT YOU. AN ABSENCE.

... SOMETHING MISSING...





ARRRR



AHHH.

STEADY, STEADY.



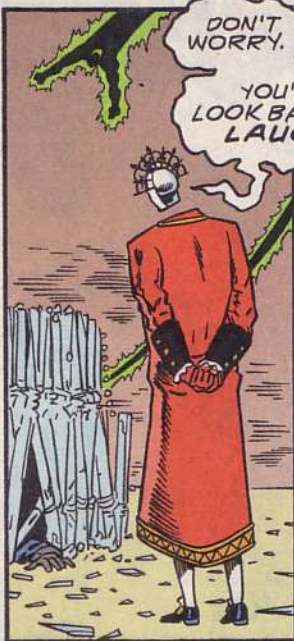
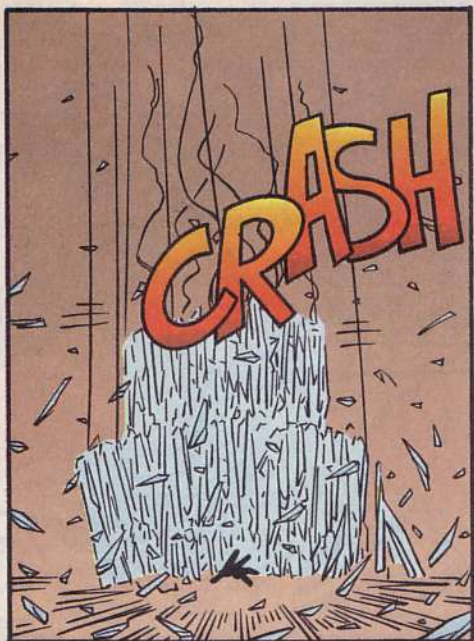
SWAKT

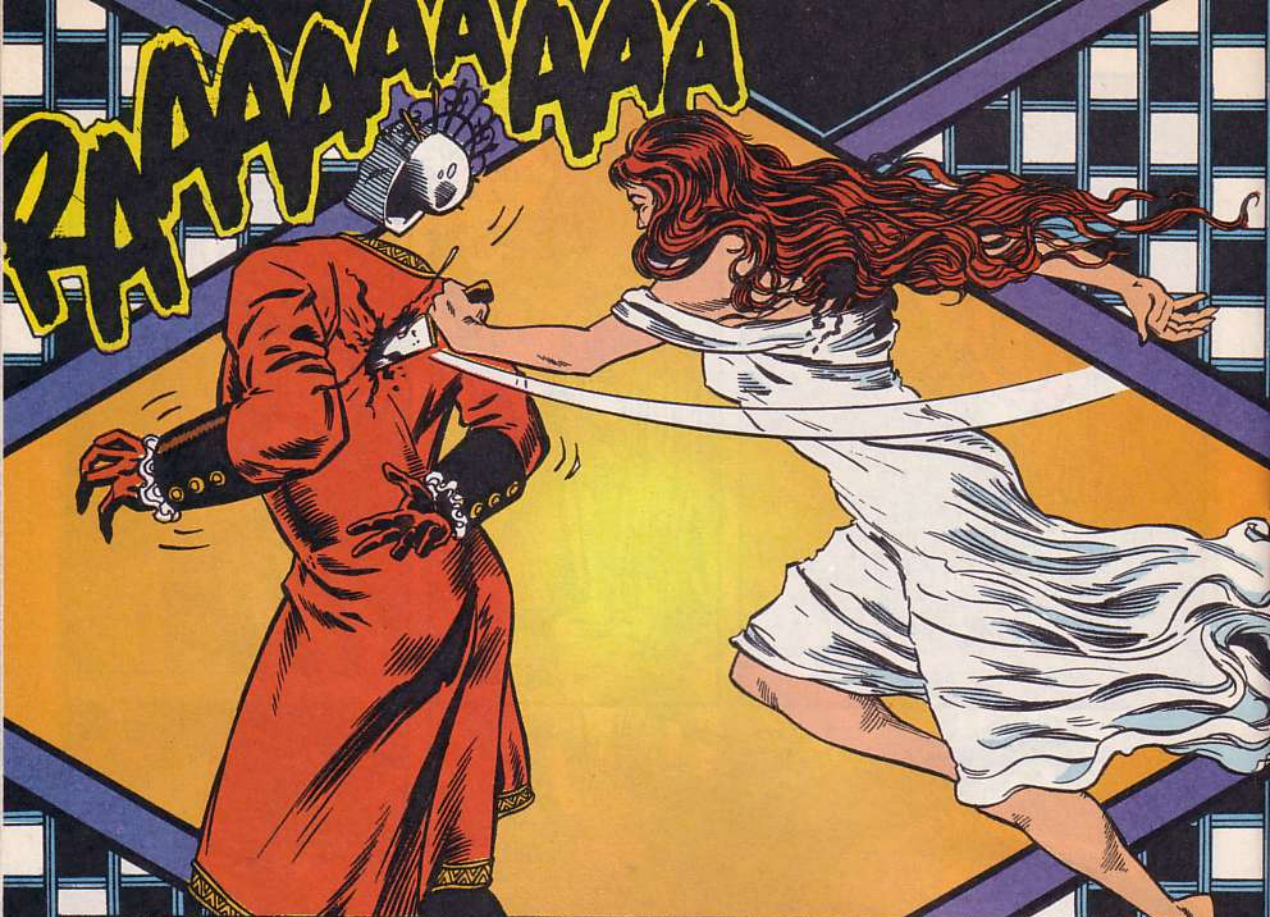
DO YOU NEVER LEARN?

CAN'T YOU JUST STOP?



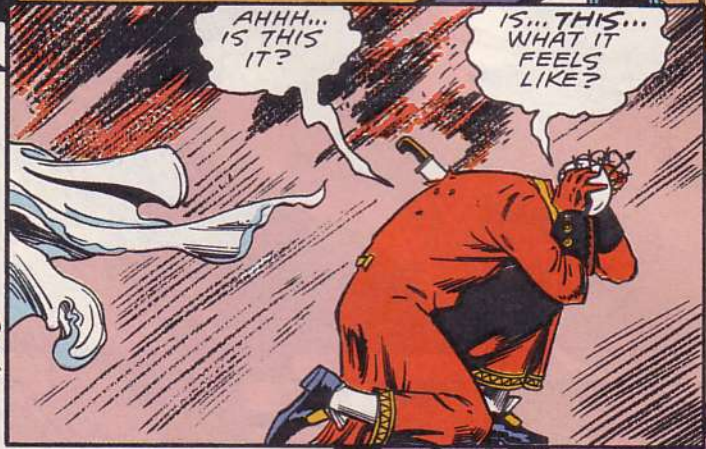
UHH?





OH.

OH, RHEA... WE COULD HAVE DISCUSSED THIS...



AHHH... IS THIS IT?

IS... THIS... WHAT IT FEELS LIKE?



... THIS EMPTYING... BLACK FIREWORKS INSIDE... AND WIND...

... SUCH... A WIND...

... ROARING... A HURRICANE...

... OF WINGS?...



...NO...NO, DON'T LEAVE ME...YOU'LL DIE... WITH ME YOU LIVE FOREVER...

...THIS ISN'T HAPPENING...

...IT CAN'T...

...NO PAIN...NO PAIN ANYWHERE ...LIGHT FAILS... MUSIC FALTERS...

...I NEED PAIN...

OH, THE DARK COMES ON IN WAVES...

I... I... THOUGHT I WAS PART OF THE GRAND STORY...

THE STORY THAT... THAT WOULD AT LAST GIVE MEANING TO THIS SENSELESS TRAJECTORY... THE LOOP AND SPIN OF BEING...

INSTEAD... INSTEAD I HAVE LEARNED A HORRIBLE TRUTH OF... EXISTENCE...

SOME STORIES HAVE

NO MEANING.

CLIFF?

oh, bugger...





...ZZZS' FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

HILARIOUS.~

NO, I M-M-MEAN THE WAY ~CRRK~ THE WAY RED JI-JACK MUST HAVE B-B-BEEN HERE FOR SZZO LONG AND THEN ~CRRZ~ IT'S OVER FOR HIM SZZO KI-KI-QUICKLY.



THE KNIFE ~CRRK~ THE B-B-BUTTERFLIES.



THE THINGS THAT KI-KI-KILLED HIM WERE ~CRRK~ WERE HERE ALL THE T-T-TIME, YOU KNOW?

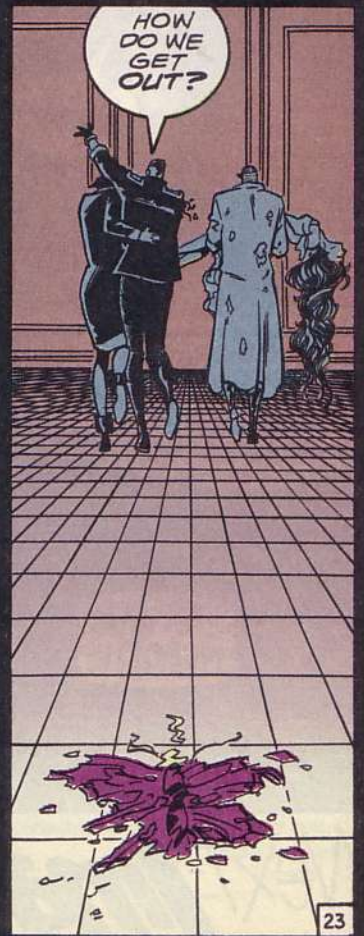
WE N-N-NEVER SEE THE ~CRRZ~ THINGS THAT ARE R-R-RIGHT UNDER OUR N-N-N OUR NOSES, DO WE? STILL...



THAT'SZZ LIFE, I GUESS.



THERE'SZZ ~CRRK~ ONLY ONE THING THAT'SZZ RI-RI-REALLY B-BOTHER... BOTHERING ME ~CRRZ~ NOW.

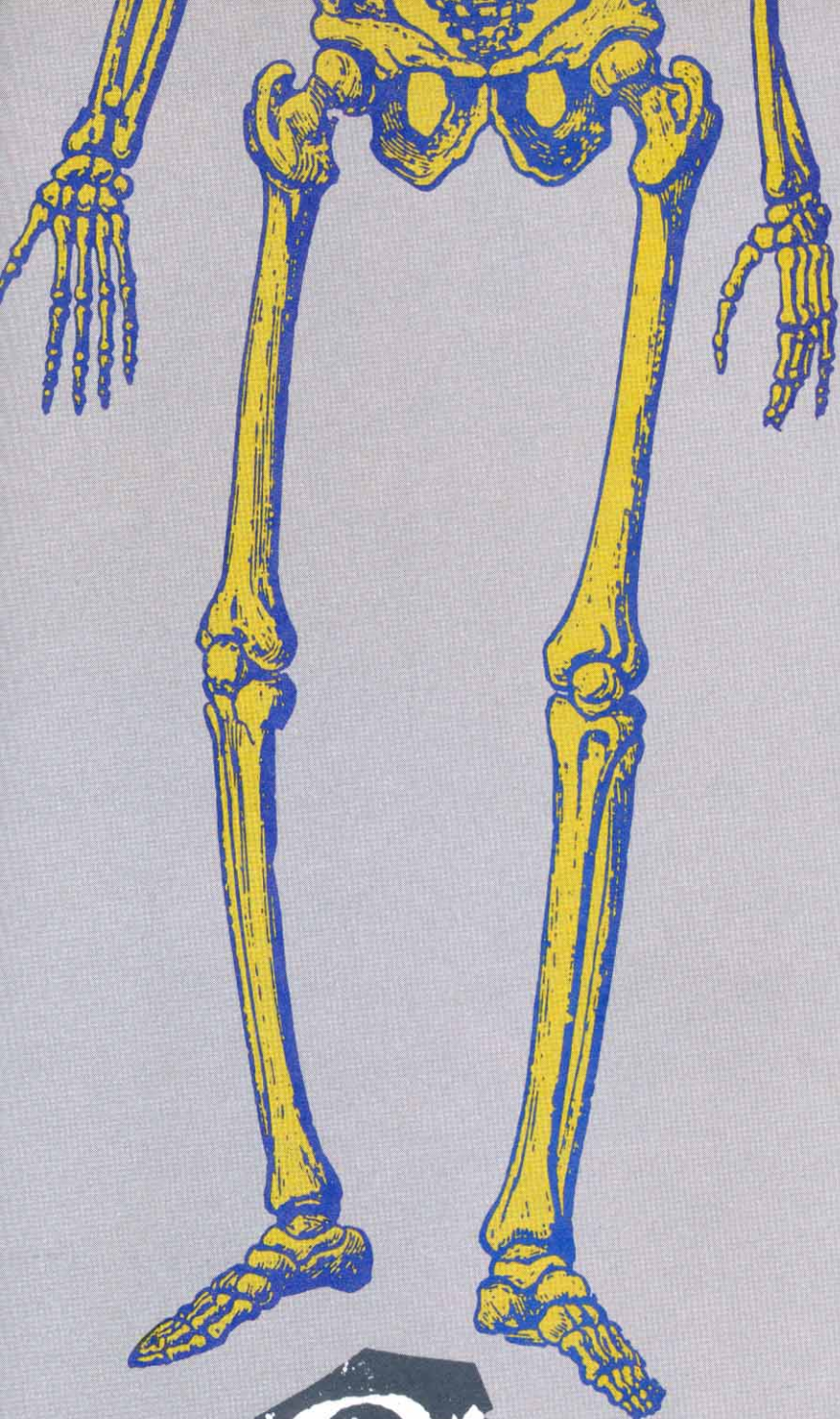


HOW DO WE GET OUT?

"YOU SHOT YOUR IMAGINARY FRIENDS?  
WITH WHAT?"

"AN IMAGINARY GUN! WHAT ELSE?"







NEW FORMAT

25 US \$1.50  
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# THE DOOM PATROL™

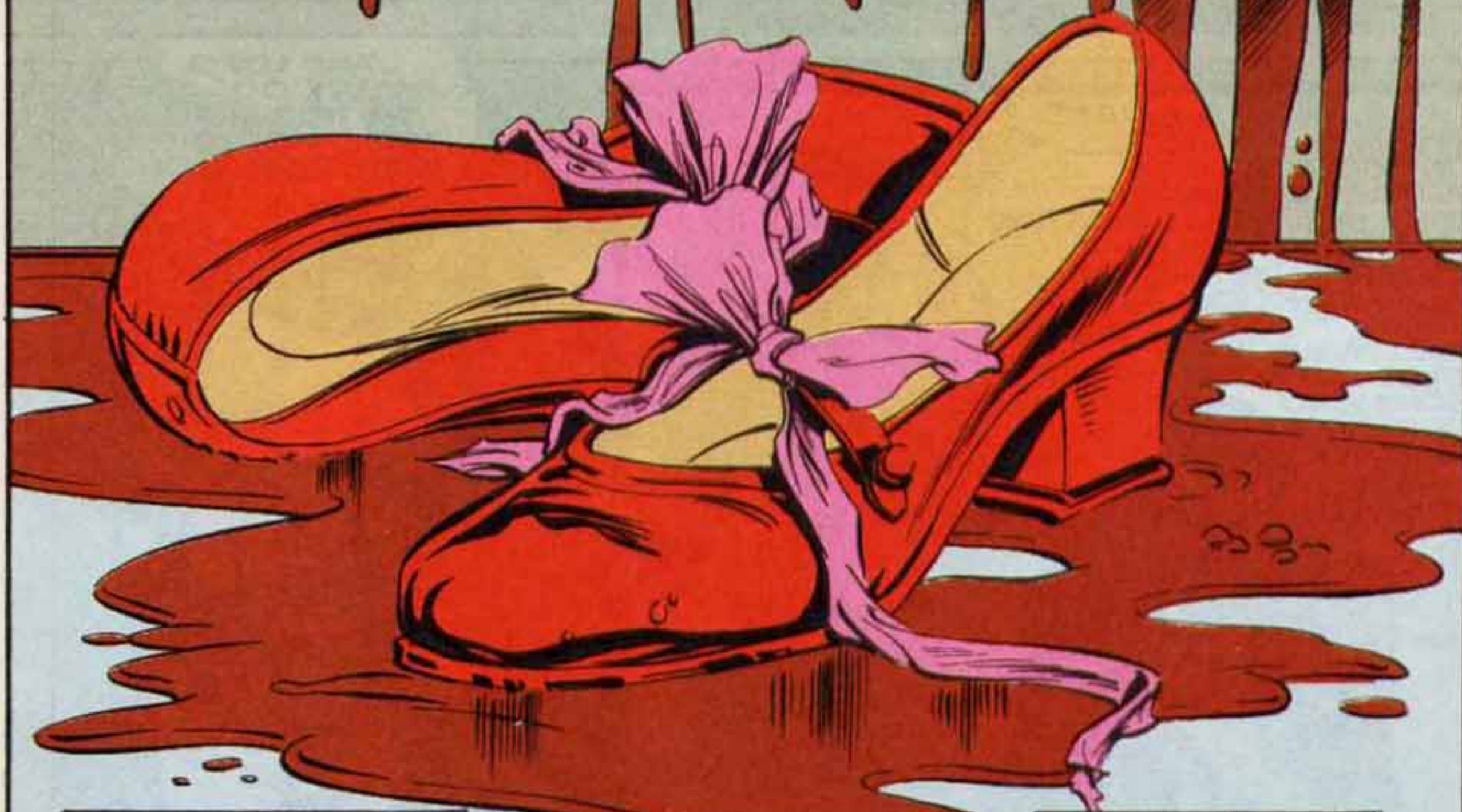
BY MORRISON,  
BRAITHWAITE  
& NYBERG



21

**E**VERY WISH  
HAS ITS PRICE.

# Imaginary Friends



**GRANT MORRISON**  
WRITER

**DOUG BRAITHWAITE**  
PENCILLER

**SCOTT HANNA**  
INKER

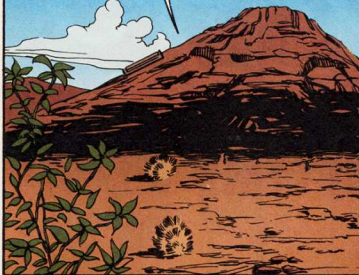
**WORKMAN**  
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**DANIEL VOZZO**  
COLORIST

**ROBERT GREENBERGER**  
OUTGOING EDITOR

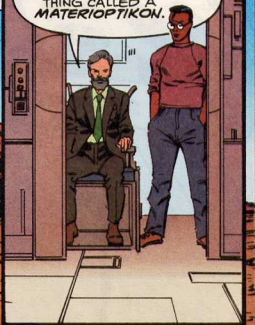
**MARK WAID**  
INCOMING EDITOR

BEFORE I GO, JOSHUA--  
**MAXWELL LORD**  
OF THE **JUSTICE**  
**LEAGUE** CALLED  
YESTERDAY.



APPARENTLY A NUMBER OF ITEMS  
WERE LEFT BEHIND IN THE  
**SOUVENIR ROOM** WHEN THE  
ORIGINAL LEAGUE ABANDONED  
THIS COMPLEX.

LORD IS PARTICULARLY  
INTERESTED IN SOME-  
THING CALLED A  
**MATERIOPTIKON**.



A WHAT?

MATERIOPTIKON. AS  
FAR AS I UNDERSTAND,  
IT'S A DEVICE THAT **DOCTOR**  
**DESTINY** USED TO  
EXTERNALIZE THE SUB-  
CONSCIOUS.

THE LEAGUE  
RECENTLY HAD  
SOME KIND  
OF TEDIOUS  
SKIRMISH  
WITH  
DESTINY...



...AND LORD  
IS ANXIOUS TO  
RETRIEVE ALL  
COPIES OF THE  
MATERIOPTIKON.

YOU  
WOULDN'T  
MIND TAKING  
A LOOK IN  
THE **SOUVENIR**  
ROOM, WOULD  
YOU?



IF YOU LIKE.

YOU KNOW, YOU DON'T SEEM TOO CONCERNED ABOUT THE FACT THAT CLIFF AND THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN MISSING FOR ALMOST TWO DAYS...

I'M NOT, WHEREVER THEY ARE, THE DOOM PATROL CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT, JOSHUA.

YEAH.

SO WHERE ARE YOU HEADED?

WASHINGTON, WITH A NEW PRESIDENT IN THE WHITE HOUSE..

... MY GOVERNMENT COMMITMENTS ARE AT AN END. ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO CLEAR UP A FEW ITEMS OF BUSINESS.

THERE'S ALSO THE MATTER OF SOME DEBTS THAT ARANI ACCUMULATED DURING HER TERM AS TEAM LEADER.

YOU KNOW, I NEVER COULD FIGURE OUT WHY ARANI SHOULD HAVE CLAIMED TO BE YOUR WIFE IN THE FIRST PLACE...

THE POOR WOMAN WAS HOPELESSLY INSANE, JOSHUA.

WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION DO YOU REQUIRE?

CAN YOU IMAGINE ME MARRIED?

I MEAN, REALLY!

YEAH.



DOROTHY!  
HI! HOW ARE  
YOU?

YOU  
SETTLING  
IN OKAY?

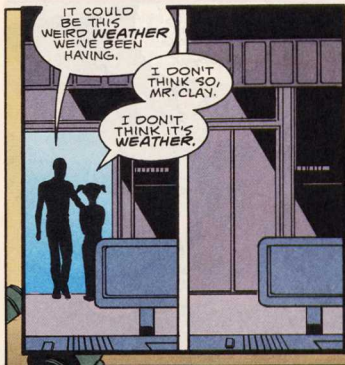


WELL, NOT  
REALLY. THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
WRONG WITH THE  
TEEVEE.

I DIDN'T  
REALLY WANT  
TO BOTHER  
YOU...



HEY, NO PROBLEM!  
I'M NOT TOO GREAT  
WITH TELEVISIONS,  
BUT I'LL TAKE A  
LOOK.



YOU MEAN THERE'S BEEN NOTHING ON THE SCREEN BUT THIS ROOM AND THIS TABLE?

ON EVERY CHANNEL? FOR A WHOLE DAY?

YOU **MUST** HAVE BEEN PRETTY BORED.

IT WAS OKAY FOR A WHILE. I KEPT THINKING SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN.

IT'S WEIRD. MAYBE WE'RE PICKING UP SOME STRAY SATELLITE TRANSMISSION.

NAH.

I DON'T KNOW. IT'S TOO BAD THE CHIEF JUST LEFT...

YOU LIKE TV, DON'T YOU? I GUESS YOU'LL FEEL KIND OF LOST WITHOUT IT.

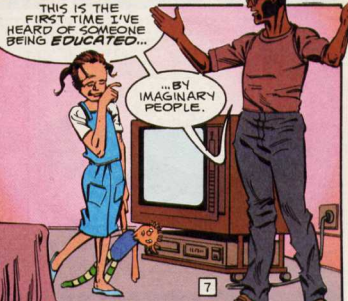
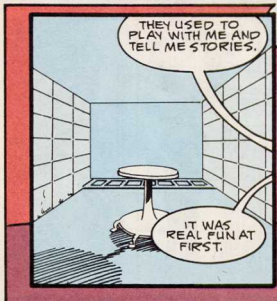
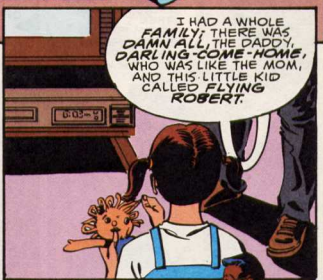
YEAH. I USED TO WATCH IT ALL THE TIME BACK AT THE FARM. I NEVER DID GET OUT MUCH.

Y'KNOW... LOOKING THE WAY I DO AND ALL...

SO WHAT HAPPENED WITH SCHOOL? YOUR MOM AND DAD TEACH YOU?

MA AND PA DIDN'T EVER HAVE TIME FOR THAT.

NO. MY IMAGINARY FRIENDS TAUGHT ME.





YEAH, WELL, IT GOT SO I DIDN'T LIKE THE STORIES THEY STARTED TO TELL ME.

THEY WERE GIVING ME BAD DREAMS.

THEY TOLD ME ABOUT THE LITTLE MERMAID AND ABOUT THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T STOP DANCING TILL THEY CUT OFF HER FEET...

SO I SHOT THEM.

YOU SHOT YOUR IMAGINARY FRIENDS?

WITH WHAT?

AN IMAGINARY GUN! WHAT ELSE?



I TOLD THEM I WANTED TO SHOW THEM SOMETHING. THEN I TOOK THEM 'ROUND BEHIND THE BARN AND I SHOT THEM.



WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT'S ONE WAY OF DOING IT...

WHAT AGE WERE YOU WHEN THIS HAPPENED?



ABOUT ELEVEN, I GUESS.

ELEVEN?



DOROTHY, LISTEN... THE CHIEF ASKED ME TO CHECK SOMETHING OUT AND I'D BETTER DO IT NOW BEFORE I FORGET.

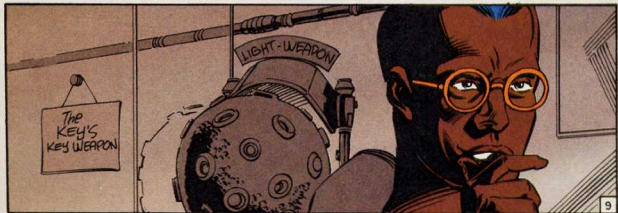
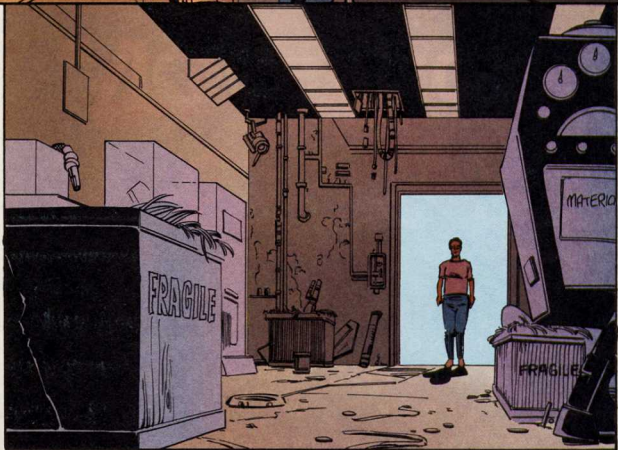
CAN WE TALK AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES?

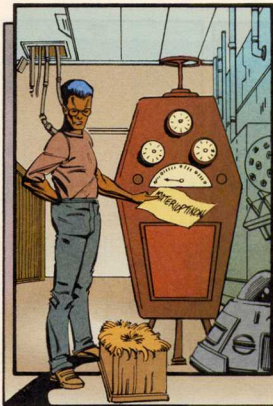
SURE.

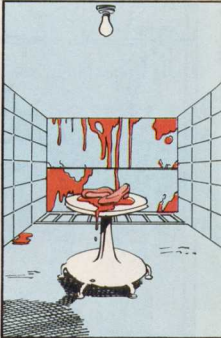
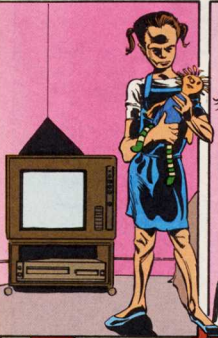


I'LL BE BACK AS QUICKLY AS I CAN.

DON'T GO AWAY!









OH, BLACKY,  
YOU'RE AS  
BLACK AS  
INK.



BLACK  
AS INK.  
**BLACK  
AS INK!**



**BLACK!**

**BLACK!**



WUHH!

"...THE GREAT TALL  
TAILOR ALWAYS COMES  
TO LITTLE BOYS WHO  
SUCK THEIR THUMBS,  
AND ERE THEY  
DREAM WHAT  
HE'S ABOUT,



'HE TAKES HIS  
GREAT SHARP  
SCISSORS  
OUT!'



AAAAAAA



DOROTHY.



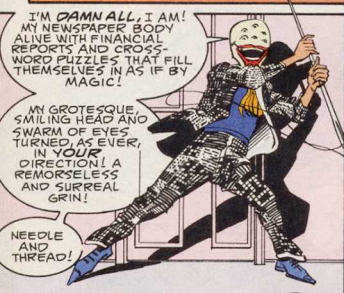


YOU'RE A BAD GIRL, DOROTHY DEAR! WILLFUL AND WICKED WITH A HEAD JUST CRACK-FULL OF DIRTY DIRTY THOUGHTS!



LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU! I'M YOUR DEAR, DEPARTED DARLING-COME HOME, BACK FROM THE DEEP DEEP DEAD TO HAUNT YOU FOR EVER!

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, PA?



I'M DAMN ALL, I AM! MY NEWSPAPER BODY ALIVE WITH FINANCIAL REPORTS AND CROSS-WORD PUZZLES THAT FILL THEMSELVES IN AS IF BY MAGIC!

MY GROTESQUE, SMILING HEAD AND SWARM OF EYES TURNED, AS EVER, IN YOUR DIRECTION! A REMORSELESS AND SURREAL GRIN!

NEEDLE AND THREAD!

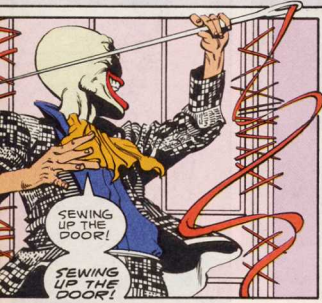


FLYING ROBERT!

FLYING ROBERT!

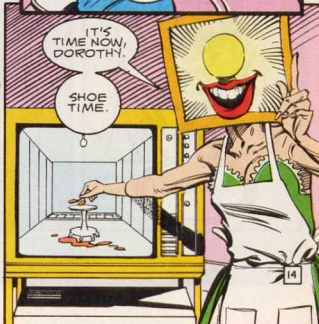
GHOST-BALLOON BABY THING!

UHH!



SEWING UP THE DOOR!

SEWING UP THE DOOR!



IT'S TIME NOW, DOROTHY.

SHOE TIME.



PUT ON THE SHOES, DEAR DOROTHY.

PUT ON THE RED SHOES.

BEAUTIFUL RED SHOES.



NO! DON'T MAKE ME LOOK AT THEM!

DON'T MAKE ME LOOK!

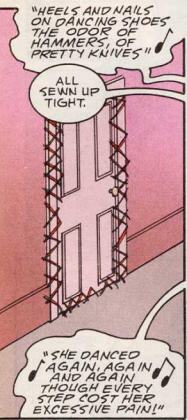
PUT THEM ON.

IT'S JUST LIKE KNIVES, DOROTHY, DEAR. JUST LIKE WALKING ON KNIVES.



REMEMBER THE SHOE SONG?

"I WISH I WERE AN ANGRY SHOE, A BODILESS BALLOON. CUT OFF MY COVENANT WITH GOD THE PAIN OF ORTHOPEDIC GLUE."



"HEELS AND NAILS ON DANCING SHOES THE ODOR OF HAMMERS, OF PRETTY KNIVES"

ALL SEWN UP TIGHT.

"SHE DANCED AGAIN, AGAIN AND AGAIN THOUGH EVERY STEP COST HER EXCESSIVE PAIN!"



GO AWAY!

OH, PLEASE GO AWAY!

GHOSTIES NEVER GO!

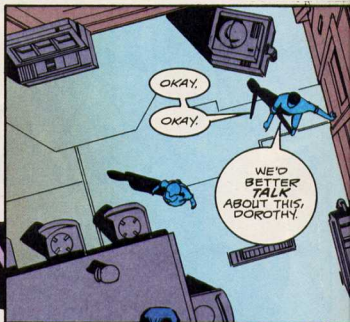
SEW UP! SEW IT UP!



SEW UP YOUR MIND TO STOP DIRTY THOUGHTS GETTING IN.







IS IT YOUR PSYCHIC POWER? IS THAT WHAT'S MAKING THESE THINGS HAPPEN? THE WAY YOU MADE THAT **MONSTER** APPEAR WHEN YOU ARRIVED TWO DAYS AGO?

DOROTHY, CAN YOU MAKE THESE THINGS GO AWAY, LIKE YOU DID WITH THE MONSTER?



I CAN'T!

I DIDN'T MAKE THIS HAPPEN. I DON'T HAVE POWER THAT STRONG.

I KILLED THEM, MR CLAY. I KILLED MY IMAGINARY FRIENDS AND THEY'RE REAL MAD ABOUT IT.

IT'S NOT PSYCHIC POWER. THEY'RE REAL AND THEY'VE COME BACK TO PUNISH ME.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, DOROTHY! GHOSTS OF IMAGINARY PEOPLE CAN'T POSSIBLY EXIST!



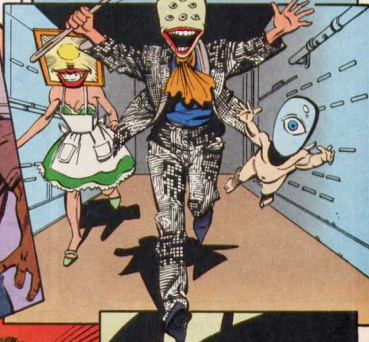
DON'T SHOUT AT ME!

I FEEL SICK.

I FEEL SICK.

MY GOD! THAT NOISE!

OH, IT'S THEM! IT'S THEM!



THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME! THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE ME WEAR THE SHOES!



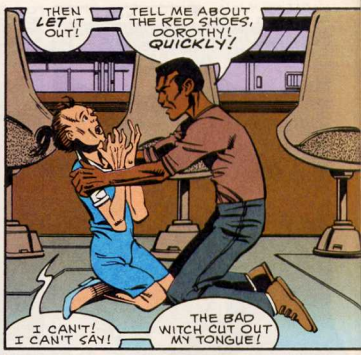
THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE ME WEAR THE RED SHOES!





OH, MY HEAD! MY HEAD'S SPLITTING OPEN...

URRRRR  
EVERYTHING'S GETTING OUT!



THEN LET IT OUT!

TELL ME ABOUT THE RED SHOES, DOROTHY! QUICKLY!

I CAN'T! I CAN'T SAY!

THE BAD WITCH CUT OUT MY TONGUE!



TELL ME!



... I ... OH, GOD ... I ONLY WANTED RUBY SLIPPERS ... RUBY SLIPPERS LIKE DOROTHY IN THE WIZARD OF OZ ...

... THAT'S ALL ...

I JUST WANTED OTHER KIDS TO LIKE ME AND NOT TO LAUGH AND BE CRUEL AND ... AND I WANTED TO BE GROWN UP AND NOT TO BE SCARED ALL THE TIME.



BUT DARLING-COME-HOME SAID I COULDN'T HAVE RUBY SLIPPERS ... ONLY RED SHOES ...

LIKE IN HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN ...



LIKE THE LITTLE MERMAID WALKING ON KNIVES ... AND GINGER ROGERS IN TOP HAT WHEN SHE DANCED SO HARD THAT HER WHITE SATIN SHOES TURNED RED ... OH, GOD, I'M RIPPING, I'M RIPPING OPEN ...

OHHHH ... THE WALLS ARE TURNING TO BUTTER ... THEY'RE COMING THROUGH ...

... THE BAD LITTLE GIRL WITH HER FEET CUT OFF AND THE SHOES, THE SHOES STILL DANCING ... WITH THE FEET INSIDE ... DANCING AT THE CHURCH DOOR IN HORRIBLE RED SHOES ...

EVERYTHING'S  
TEARING INSIDE...  
I WAS ELEVEN...  
BLOOD RUNNING  
DOWN MY LEGS...  
TURNING MY  
WHITE SHOES  
RED...

I WAS ELEVEN!



NO ONE TOLD  
ME ABOUT THE  
BLOOD!



DOROTHY, LISTEN TO ME.  
PLEASE. WHAT YOU'RE  
DESCRIBING IS WHAT  
SOME PEOPLE CALL  
AN *ENGLUTE* OR  
AN *INVOLUTE*,  
OKAY? IT'S... IT'S  
A WHOLE BUNCH  
OF FEELINGS AND  
EMOTIONS THAT  
CLUSTER  
TOGETHER.

THE RED  
SHOES HAVE  
TURNED  
INTO A  
KIND OF  
CHARGED-  
UP  
SYMBOL...

DOROTHY,  
YOU *MUST*  
UNDERSTAND...  
ONLY YOU CAN  
MAKE IT  
*STOP!*

I DON'T WANT...  
I DON'T WANT TO  
GROW UP... I DON'T  
WANT TO...

I DON'T WANT TO  
THINK ABOUT...  
*BOYS...*

I'M SO UGLY!  
IT'S NOT FAIR!  
I DON'T WANT  
TO GROW UP!  
*IT HURTS!*

OH, MR. CLAY,  
IT HURTS  
REAL BAD!

...OF  
GROWING  
UP...

URRRRR

IT'S ALL JUST  
GUILT AND FEAR  
AND IT'S BEEN  
*EXTERNALIZED*  
IN THE FORM OF  
THESE  
IMAGINARY  
FRIENDS.

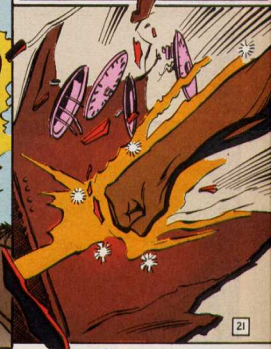
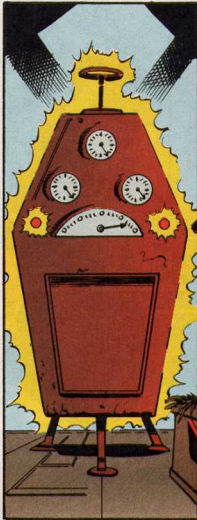
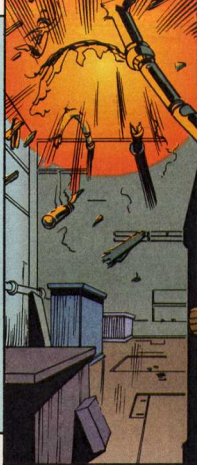
IT'S LIKE SOME-  
THING HAS  
*BOOSTED* YOUR  
OWN IMAGE-  
MAKING POWER  
SO THAT...

YOU HAVE TO  
*FACE* IT,  
DOROTHY!  
CONFRONT  
IT!

YOUR  
*MIND* IS  
CAUSING  
ALL  
THIS.

MY  
GOD!

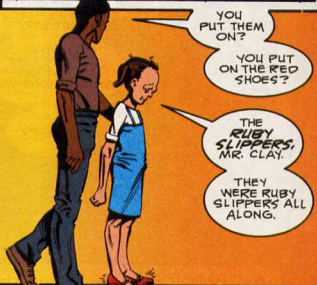
WHY  
DIDN'T I  
THINK?





GIVE ME  
THE SHOES.





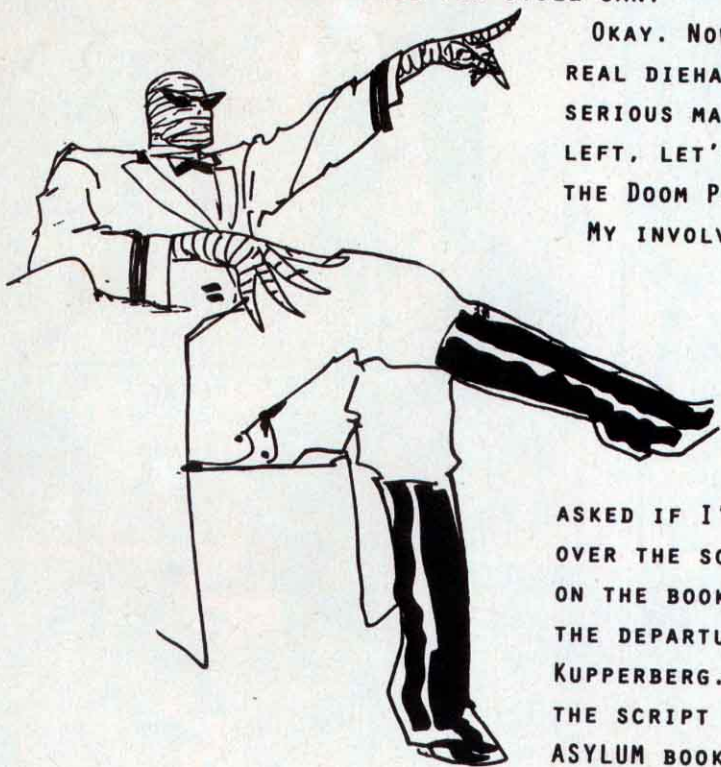
## A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

(THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM AUTHOR  
GRANT MORRISON APPEARED IN  
DOOM PATROL #20, JUST AFTER  
GRANT BEGAN WRITING THE DOOM PATROL.)

I'LL BE PERFECTLY HONEST WITH YOU RIGHT FROM THE START AND ADMIT THAT I FIND IT INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT TO WRITE THIS SORT OF THING. DOOM PATROL EDITOR EXTRAORDINAIRE BOB GREENBERGER ASKED ME TO FILL UP A COUPLE OF PAGES BY INTRODUCING MYSELF TO THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE AND WAFFLING ON ABOUT WHATEVER CAME TO MIND. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THIS PRETTY MUCH GIVES ME CARTE BLANCHE TO BORE THE PANTS OFF EVERYONE BY INDULGING IN A SERIES OF CHILDHOOD REMINISCENCES AND IDLE SPECULATIONS SO, LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, "GET OUT NOW WHILE YOU STILL CAN!"

OKAY. NOW THAT ONLY THE REAL DIEHARDS AND THE SERIOUS MASOCHISTS ARE LEFT, LET'S TALK ABOUT THE DOOM PATROL.

MY INVOLVEMENT WITH DOOM PATROL CAME ABOUT IN THE TREMBLING SPRING OF '88 WHEN BOB CALLED ME AND ASKED IF I'D LIKE TO TAKE OVER THE SCRIPTING CHORES ON THE BOOK, FOLLOWING THE DEPARTURE OF PAUL KUPPERBERG. BOB HAD SEEN THE SCRIPT FOR THE ARKHAM ASYLUM BOOK THAT I'M DOING WITH DAVE MCKEAN AND HE WONDERED IF I



COULD DO TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DOOM PATROL WHAT I'D DONE TO BATMAN AND THE INMATES OF DC'S INFAMOUS FICTIONAL LOONY BIN.

I WAS BUSY WITH ANIMAL MAN AND WITH MY *ZENITH* SERIES FOR *2000 AD* AND WITH ALL SORTS OF OTHER THINGS, TOO NUMEROUS AND TOO BORING TO MENTION, AND I WASN'T SURE IF I REALLY WANTED TO TAKE ON ANOTHER MONTHLY BOOK ON TOP OF ALL THIS STUFF. THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, HOWEVER, THE MORE ATTRACTIVE THE IDEA OF REVAMPING THE DOOM PATROL BEGAN TO LOOK. WHAT REALLY CLINCHED IT WAS THE FACT THAT, WHEN I WAS A KID, I HARDLY *EVER* READ DOOM PATROL; THAT COMIC *FRIGHTENED* ME, AND THE ONLY REASON I READ ANY OF THE STORIES AT ALL WAS THAT THERE WAS A CERTAIN DARK AND NOT-ALTOGETHER-HEALTHY GLAMOUR ABOUT THOSE FOUR CHARACTERS.

THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. I DECIDED TO WRITE DOOM PATROL.

IN THESE DAYS OF ANGST-RIDDEN MUTANTS AND GRITTIPLY REALISTIC (YAWN) URBAN VIGILANTES, THE DOOM PATROL NO LONGER SEEM QUITE AS EXTREME AS THEY DID BACK IN 1963, BUT I'M SURE THAT SOME OF YOU READING THIS CAN STILL RECALL THE GENUINE *FRISSE* THAT ACCOMPANIED THOSE EARLY STORIES. BACK IN THE '60S, WHEN DC SUPER-HEROES STILL SPORDED RIGHT-ANGLED JAWLINES AND BOY SCOUT PRINCIPLES, THE DOOM PATROL SLOUCHED INTO TOWN LIKE A PACK OF JUNKYARD DOGS WITH A GRUDGE AGAINST MANKIND. BELIEVE ME, THIS TEAM WAS *BAD NEWS*. AN AUDIENCE MORE ACCUSTOMED TO THE FRESHLY-LAUNDERED ANTICS OF WAYNE BORING'S SUPERMAN WAS SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY A MANIC ROBOT WITH A TRANSPLANTED HUMAN BRAIN, A BANDAGED PILOT WHO WAS POSSESSED BY A MYSTERIOUS NEGATIVE BEING AND AN EX-MOVIE STARLET WHOSE

LIFE AND CAREER HAD BEEN RUINED BY SIZE-CHANGING POWERS. TO CAP IT ALL, THIS MOTLEY CREW OF COMPLAINING MISFITS WAS LED BY AN IRASCIBLE GENIUS IN A WHEELCHAIR. ADD TO THAT A CAST OF VILLAINS THAT INCLUDED A DISEMBODIED BRAIN AND A TALKING FRENCH GORILLA AND YOU MAY BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY THOSE INITIAL DOOM PATROL ADVENTURES ARE STILL LOOKED UPON WITH SUCH FONDNESS BY CONNOISSEURS OF THE STRANGE.

WHEN I SAT DOWN TO WORK OUT WHAT I WANTED TO DO WITH THIS BOOK, I DECIDED STRAIGHT AWAY THAT I WOULD ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THE SENSE OF THE BIZARRE THAT MADE THE ORIGINAL DOOM PATROL SO MEMORABLE. I WANTED TO RECONNECT WITH THE FUNDAMENTAL, RADICAL CONCEPT OF THE BOOK—THAT HERE WAS A TEAM COMPOSED OF *HANDICAPPED* PEOPLE. THESE WERE NO CLEAN-LIMBED, WISH-FULFILLMENT SUPER-ADOLESCENTS WHO COULD MODEL CALVINS IN THEIR SPARE TIME. THIS WAS A GROUP OF PEOPLE WITH SERIOUS PHYSICAL PROBLEMS AND, PERHAPS, ONE TOO MANY BATS IN THE BELFRY.

MY FEELING ABOUT THE RECENT INCARNATION OF THE DOOM PATROL WAS THAT, QUITE SIMPLY, THEY WERE TOO NORMAL. I PROPOSED THAT WE CREATE A MORE OR LESS COMPLETELY NEW TEAM, BASED MORE CLEARLY ON THE TIGHT FAMILY STRUCTURE OF THE ORIGINAL GROUP. PAUL KUPPERBERG, VIA THE INVASION CROSSOVER, KINDLY



AGREED TO KILL OR MAIM MOST OF HIS CHARACTERS AND LEAVE THE FIELD CLEAR FOR ME TO INTRODUCE A DOOM PATROL THAT WAS A LITTLE LESS COMFORTABLE, A LITTLE MORE UNSETTLING AND, I HOPE, MORE FAITHFUL TO THE SPIRIT OF THE ARNOLD DRAKE/BRUNO PREMIANI STORIES OF DAYS GONE BY. MOST OF ALL, I WANTED TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE MASSIVE INFLUENCE THAT THE CLAREMONT/BYRNE ERA *X-MEN* CONTINUE TO EXERT OVER THE WHOLE CONCEPT OF THE COMIC BOOK SUPER-TEAM AND TO FORGE A NEW STYLE THAT WOULD LOOK FORWARD TO THE '90S.

SOUNDS GREAT ON PAPER, DOESN'T IT?

IN THE END, MOST OF MY IDEAS ARRIVED LIKE HURRICANE GILBERT, IN ONE WILD WEEK OF CONSTANT AND FEVERISH INSPIRATION. WHEN IT WAS OVER, I FOUND MYSELF WITH ENOUGH MATERIAL TO TAKE ME UP TO AROUND ISSUE #60, IF WE CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE EVER GETTING THAT FAR. AT WHICH POINT—AND SINCE I'M RAPIDLY RUNNING OUT OF THINGS TO SAY—I'LL WASTE SOME SPACE BY MENTIONING A FEW OF THE THINGS THAT LED TO THE CREATION OF THIS NEW VERSION OF THE DOOM PATROL.

MOST CERTAINLY A MAJOR INFLUENCE WAS THE WORK OF JAN SVANKMAJER, WHOSE FILMS I SAW WHILE I WAS WORKING ON MY DOOM PATROL PROPOSAL. SVANKMAJER IS A CZECH FILMMAKER WHOSE FILMS ARE OFTEN MISTAKENLY DESCRIBED AS SURREALIST. (IN TRUTH, THEY'RE ONLY SURREALIST IN THE STRICT "SUPER REAL" SENSE OF THAT MUCH MALIGNED WORD.) THE FILMS ARE GENERALLY FAIRLY SHORT; THEY USE A COMBINATION OF LIVE ACTION AND THE ANIMATION OF EVERYDAY OBJECTS; AND THEY PRESENT A DISTURBING VISION OF A WORLD SET FREE FROM ALL LOGICAL CONSTRAINTS. SVANKMAJER HAS JUST RELEASED A FULL-LENGTH INTERPRETATION OF *ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN*

WONDERLAND, AND IF YOU GET THE CHANCE TO SEE IT, JUMP AT IT.

THE SEASON OF SVANKMAJER FILMS WAS AUGMENTED BY "SURREALIST" CLASSICS LIKE KENNETH ANGER'S *Eaux d'Artifice* AND MAYA DEREN'S EERIE *MESHES OF THE AFTERNOON*, SO WHEN THE TIME CAME TO START WORK ON DOOM PATROL, I'D IMMersed MYSELF IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THESE WEIRD, IRRATIONAL WORLDS AND WAS ALL SET TO BRING SOME OF THAT DREAM-LIKE AMBIENCE TO THE STORIES I WAS PLANNING.

DOUGLAS HOFSTADTER'S BRILLIANT BOOK *GODEL, ESCHER, BACH*, WHICH IS AN IMMENSELY READABLE VOYAGE INTO THE TWILIGHT WORLD OF LOGIC AND ABSTRACT MATHEMATICS, WAS ANOTHER USEFUL SPRINGBOARD FOR ME (AS SOMEONE WHO RARELY MANAGED TO GET BEYOND WRITING MY NAME ON MATH EXAMS, I'M DOUBLY GRATEFUL TO HOFSTADTER FOR BEING SO PERFECTLY LUCID IN HIS EXPLANATIONS) AND SOME OF THAT MATERIAL WILL DOUBTLESS FIND ITS WAY INTO UPCOMING ADVENTURES.

*WHEN RABBIT HOWLS*, THE ASTONISHING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY VICTIM TRUDDI CHASE, WAS ANOTHER INVALUABLE SOURCE OF REFERENCE WHEN IT CAME TO CREATING THE CRAZY JANE CHARACTER. IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HAVE YOUR MIND BLOWN, BUY OR STEAL THAT BOOK AND TAKE A PEEK AT WHAT REALITY LOOKS LIKE FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

THEN THERE WERE THE BOOKS ON ALCHEMY, THE DREAMS I'VE USED ALMOST DIRECTLY, THE WEIRD LITTLE STORIES TOLD TO ME BY FRIENDS AND A MILLION OTHER THINGS THAT I THREW INTO THE SIMMERING STEW THAT WAS THE DOOM PATROL PROPOSAL.

FROM HERE ON IN, WE CAST OURSELVES TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF YOU, DEAR READER.

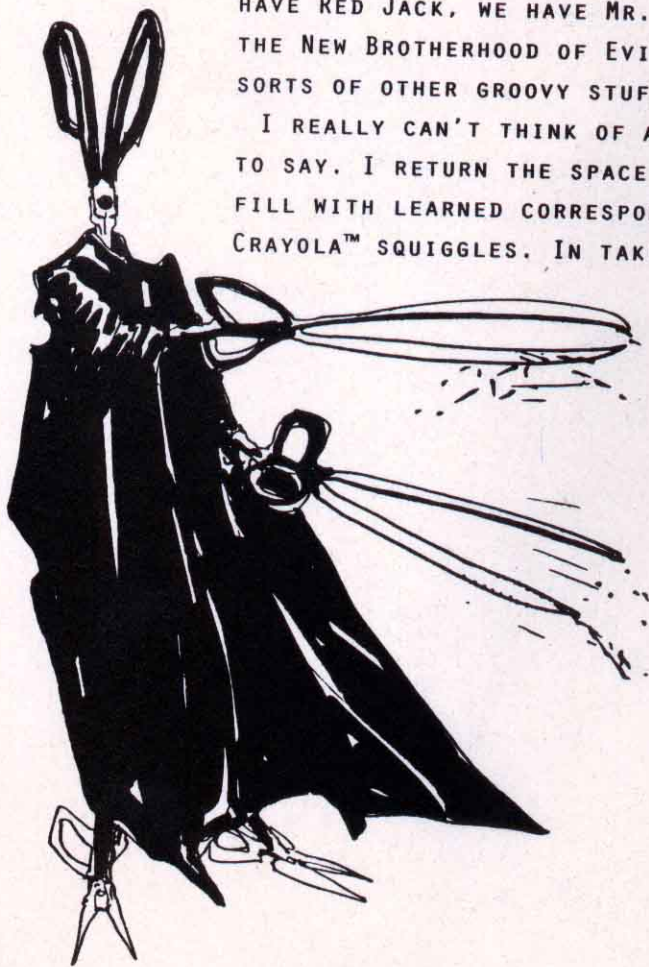
ANYWAY...

BASICALLY, MY AIM IS TO BRING BACK SOME OF THAT OLD DOOM PATROL MAGIC BY STRIPPING THE TEAM DOWN TO ITS ROOTS AND RETURNING, AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, TO THE FREEWHEELING WEIRDNESS THAT MADE THE EARLY STORIES SO EXHILARATING. IF THINGS GO AS PLANNED, WE'LL BE HITTING YOU WITH A RAPID TURNOVER OF IDEAS AND CONCEPTS AND UNUSUAL VILLAINS. IN FACT, WAITING JUST OUT OF SIGHT IN THE WINGS WE HAVE THE SCISSORMEN, WE HAVE RED JACK, WE HAVE MR. NOBODY AND THE NEW BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL AND, OH, ALL SORTS OF OTHER GROOVY STUFF!

I REALLY CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY. I RETURN THE SPACE TO YOU, TO FILL WITH LEARNED CORRESPONDENCE OR CRAYOLA™ SQUIGGLES. IN TAKING MY LEAVE,

I JUST WANT TO GRACE YOU WITH ONE FINAL THOUGHT:

REMEMBER WHEN ALL THE OTHER KIDS ON THE BLOCK HAD SUPERMAN AND BATMAN AS POSITIVE ROLE MODELS? WELL, IF YOU

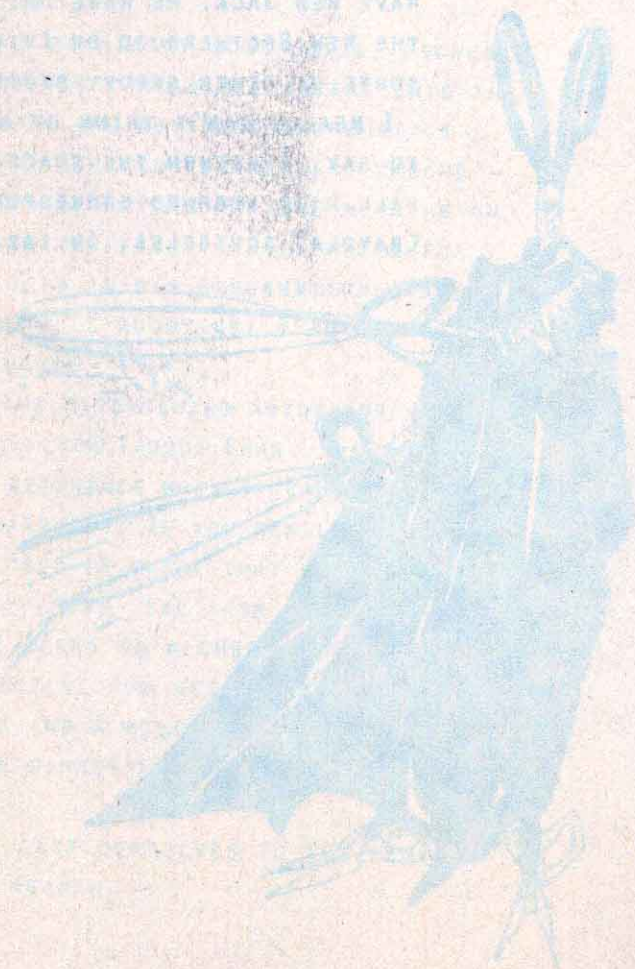


COULD ONLY IDENTIFY WITH A HUMAN BRAIN IN A METAL  
BODY OR A GUY WRAPPED UP IN BANDAGES AND IF YOU GREW  
UP WEIRD, WELCOME HOME. YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS NOW.

GRANT MORRISON

DEAR OLD GLASGOW TOON, SCOTLAND

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# BOOM PATROL

"ALL I WANT IS THE ANSWER TO ONE SIMPLE QUESTION BEFORE I RUN SCREAMING BACK TO THE BUGHOUSE. IS THIS REAL OR ISN'T IT?"

BOOM PATROL: CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE MORRISON CASE BRAITHWAITE HANNA GARZON NYBERG DC COMICS