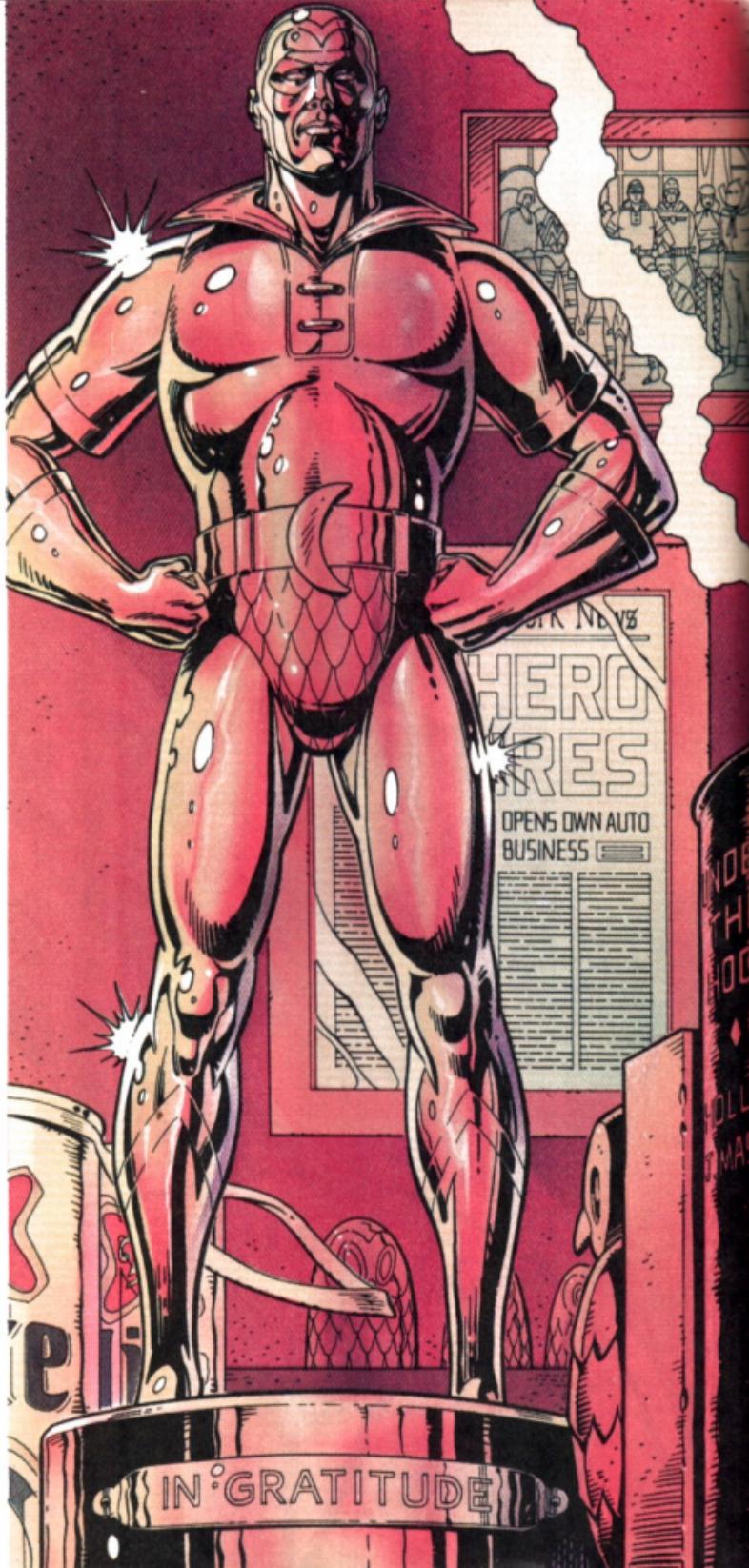
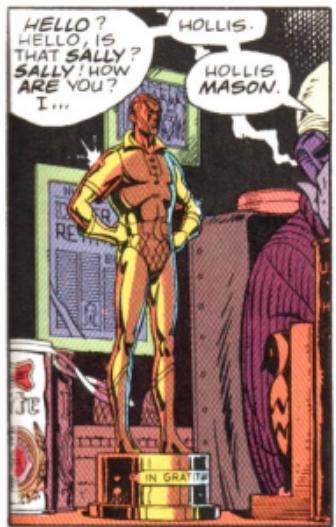


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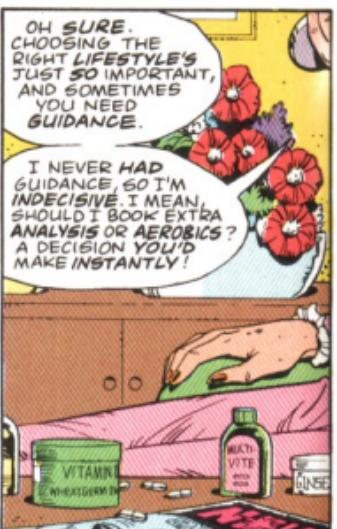




Hahaha! Well, if you run into Laurie and her new boyfriend while you're bobbing for apples, tell her mom says hi.

Jeez, Laurie back in costume. Maybe she'll finally thank me for all that training I made her do.

Ah, well, you know kids. No gratitude till it's too late. I was just the same.



2

# OLD GHOSTS

IT'S LIKE  
ALL OUR OLD  
NIGHTMARES COME  
BACK TO HAUNT  
US, Y'KNOW?

RED INVASIONS,  
MASKED MEN,  
SEEN THIS WEEK'S  
NOVA EXPRESS?  
"SPIRIT OF '77." I  
MEAN, I REMEMBER  
1977...

GOD  
SPARE  
US.

EVERYTHING'S  
GOING TO HELL. I'M  
JUST GLAD MY ROSA  
AIN'T ALIVE  
TO SEE.

I DRIFT AND STARVING, MY  
DARKEST IMAGININGS WELLED  
UP UNCHECKED, SPILLING FROM  
BRAIN TO HEART LIKE BLACK  
INK, IMPOSSIBLE TO REMOVE.

I PICTURED DAVIDSTOWN'S  
QUIET STREETS OVERRUN  
BY TATTOOED FIENDS.  
RECALLING THEIR  
BRUTALITY, I MOANED.

THE FREIGHTER HAD SURELY  
REACHED DAVIDSTOWN ALREADY.  
MY WIFE WAS ALMOST  
CERTAINLY DEAD. THESE NOTIONS  
TRANSFIXED ME, STOPPING  
TIME IN ITS TRACKS.

TODAY WOULD'A  
BEEN OUR ANNIVERSARY.  
SUNDAY, 27TH OCTOBER.  
FUNNY, THIS TIME O'YEAR  
SHE'S ALWAYS ON  
MY MIND.

SHE'DA HATED  
HOW THIS SUPER-  
HERO THING  
TURNED OUT: DOC  
MANHATTAN  
EXILED, OZY-  
MANDIAS SHOT  
AT ...

... AN'  
RORSCHACH  
SEE INNA  
GAZETTE HE  
ATTACKED  
SOME OTHER  
PRISONER WITH  
HOT FAT? JESUS.

I STILL CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT... HIM COMIN'  
HERE EVERY DAY, NOBODY  
REALIZIN'. STILL, THAT'S  
LIFE: LOTTA STUFF  
HAPPENS UNDERNE  
THE WATERLINE ...

J REMEMBERED HER  
WAVING GOODBYE FROM THE  
VERANDAH SHADOWS, SUNLIGHT  
ILLUMINATING ONE  
CHEEK BONE.

DEAD?



DEAD: I IMAGINED  
MY SHIPMATES'  
BLOATED CORPSES,  
CARRYING MY RAFT ON  
FISHEATEN BACKS...

IN FACT... OH, GAZETTE? SURE.  
HEY, SEE THIS RORSCHACH ITEM?  
HE WAS A CUSTOMER HERE.  
ALWAYS KINDA SUSPECTED,  
BUT, HEY, PRETTY IN-  
CREDIBLE, RIGHT?



FINALLY,  
FACED WITH  
HORRORS BOTH  
INTOLERABLE  
AND UN-  
AVOIDABLE,  
I CHOSE  
MADNESS.



SUPERHERO SAVES WORLD, HUH? THIS IS SOME ELABORATE SCAM TO GET ME BACK INTO MY COSTUME, RIGHT?

HA HA.  
LAURIE, THE  
COSTUME WAS  
YOUR IDEA...

WHAAT?  
THAT'S RIDICULOUS!  
I LOATHE THAT  
HALLOWEEN SUIT.  
OBVIOUSLY, I  
WORE IT TO  
HELP YOU.

OH, OBVIOUSLY.

OWN UP, LAURIE:  
DOESN'T THIS BRING  
ALL THOSE OLD  
TIMES FLOODING  
BACK? NIGHT  
PATROLS; HAVING  
A SECRET...

WELL...  
YEAH, NIGHT  
PATROLS  
WERE OKAY.  
I HAD NINE  
DIFFERENT  
ROUTES  
OVER  
WASHINGTON'S  
ROOFTOPS.  
ROUTE FIVE  
WAS BEST.

THAT HAD THE WHITE  
HOUSE, THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL  
AND THEN HOME TO ME  
AND JON'S FABULOUS  
APARTMENT. WE WERE  
HAPPY THERE. WE...

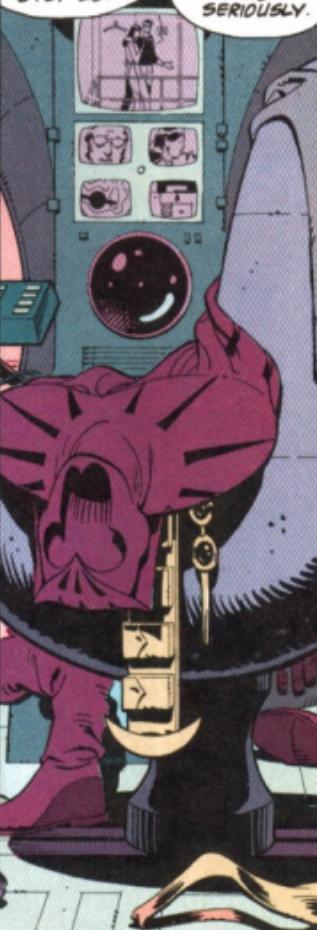
DON'T WORRY.  
IT'S EARLY DAYS.  
A FEW SKELETONS  
ARE BOUND TO KEEP  
JUMPING OUT OF  
THE CLOSET.

I WAS  
JUST THINKING  
ABOUT ADRIAN. WE  
OUGHT TO CONTACT  
HIM, BUT MAYBE NOT  
TILL AFTER THE  
JAILBREAK.

I MEAN, IN  
HIS POSITION,  
KNOWING BEFORE  
HAND WOULD  
BE COMPROMISING.  
HE MIGHT FEEL  
OBLIGED TO  
STOP US.

DAN, SOME-  
TIMES, I FEEL  
OBLIGED TO  
STOP US. I MEAN,  
A JAILBREAK.  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
WE'RE TAKING  
THIS SERIOUSLY.

ASSUMING  
SOMEBODY'S  
USING JON TO  
TRIGGER ARMAGEDDON,  
THEN HOW SHOULD  
WE TAKE IT? IT'S  
SERIOUS...





HA HA.  
"SMALL  
WORLD" I  
LIKE THAT.  
THAT'S VERY  
GOOD.

BUT Y'KNOW, YOU'RE  
RIGHT. THIS IS A  
SMALL WORLD. I'VE  
BEEN IN IT NOW FOR  
HOW LONG IS IT,  
MICHAEL?

TWENTY  
YEARS, MR.  
FIGURE.

TWENTY  
YEARS...

IT'S A LONG TIME.  
YOU MUST HAVE  
THOUGHT YOU COULD  
FORGET WHAT YOU  
DID TO ME, YOU  
AND THAT OWL  
GUY. FUNNY,  
AIN'T IT!  
HOW...

:FFF:  
THANK YOU,  
LAWRENCE  
...

...HOW THESE  
THINGS COME  
BACK TO  
HAUNT  
US?

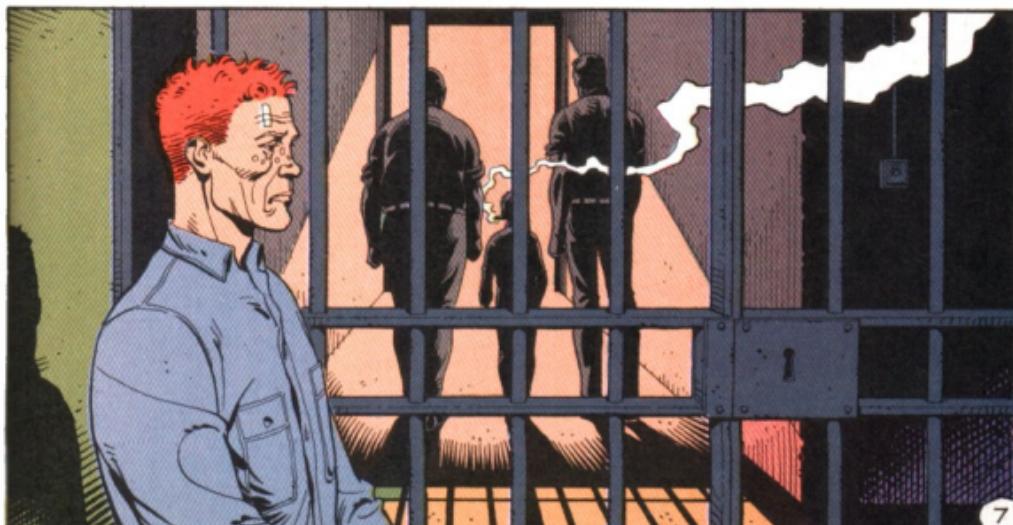
INCIDENTALLY, THAT  
GUY YOU BURNED IS  
DYING: MAYBE  
TOMORROW, MAYBE  
THURSDAY, FRIDAY.  
BUT DON'T WORRY

YOU  
NEITHER.

...IT'LL NEVER  
REACH COURT.

SEE, WHEN  
HE CROAKS,  
THIS PLACE  
BLOWS...

...AND  
THEN YOU  
DIE BY  
INCHES.



EXCUSE ME? MY NAME'S DETECTIVE STEVEN FINE, I'M LOOKING FOR A DANIEL DREIBERG.

I'M DAN DREIBERG.

UH, YOU BETTER COME IN...

ALMOST THROUGH HERE, MR. DREIBERG. THIS BABY'LL HOLD OFF AN ARMY. SORRY WE KEPT YOU WAITING FOR THE INSTALLATION.

THAT'S OKAY. WELL, DETECTIVE, HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

EDWARD BLAKE, HOMICIDE VICTIM. YOU KNEW HIM.

YOU KNEW HIM WELL ENOUGH TO ATTEND HIS FUNERAL. I SAW THE PHOTOGRAPHS: YOU, ADRIAN VEIDT, DOC MANHATTAN.

YOU KEEP HEAVY COMPANY, MR. DREIBERG.

I MET BLAKE THROUGH VEIDT. I, UH, ONCE DONATED SOME MONEY TO ONE OF VEIDT'S CHARITIES.

BIG GUY, THAT BLAKE. FOR A DIPLOMAT, QUITE A HEROIC FIGURE. MAYBE HE WORKED OUT, UH?

UH-HUH.

FUNNY... THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF "HEROIC FIGURES" IN THE NEWS LATELY: RORSCHACH CAPTURED, VEIDT SHOT AT, DOC MANHATTAN LEAVES EARTH, DAMN NEAR KICKING OFF WORLD WAR THREE...

CIGARETTE, MR. DREIBERG?

NO. THANKS. I DON'T.

VERY WISE... AND THEN THERE WAS THAT THING LAST WEEK-END. YOU READ ABOUT THAT? THAT TENEMENT FIRE?

HIGHWAY ROBBED

UH, RIGHT. RIGHT. THANKS! I'LL SETTLE BY CHECK...

...THIS AIRSHIP RESCUES ALL THESE PEOPLE, HOVERING DOWN BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS. AIN'T MANY AIRSHIPS CAN DO THAT.

NO INTERVIEWED SOME WITNESSES, BUT THE DETAILS WERE GARBLED: PILOT WORE GOGGLES; HAD A FEMALE ACCOMPLICE; PLAYED MUSIC; SERVED COFFEE...

HEY, "SWEET CHARIOT" SUGAR CURES! ONLY COME IN CATERING PACKS, RIGHT?

UH, YES. I BELIEVE SO. WHY?

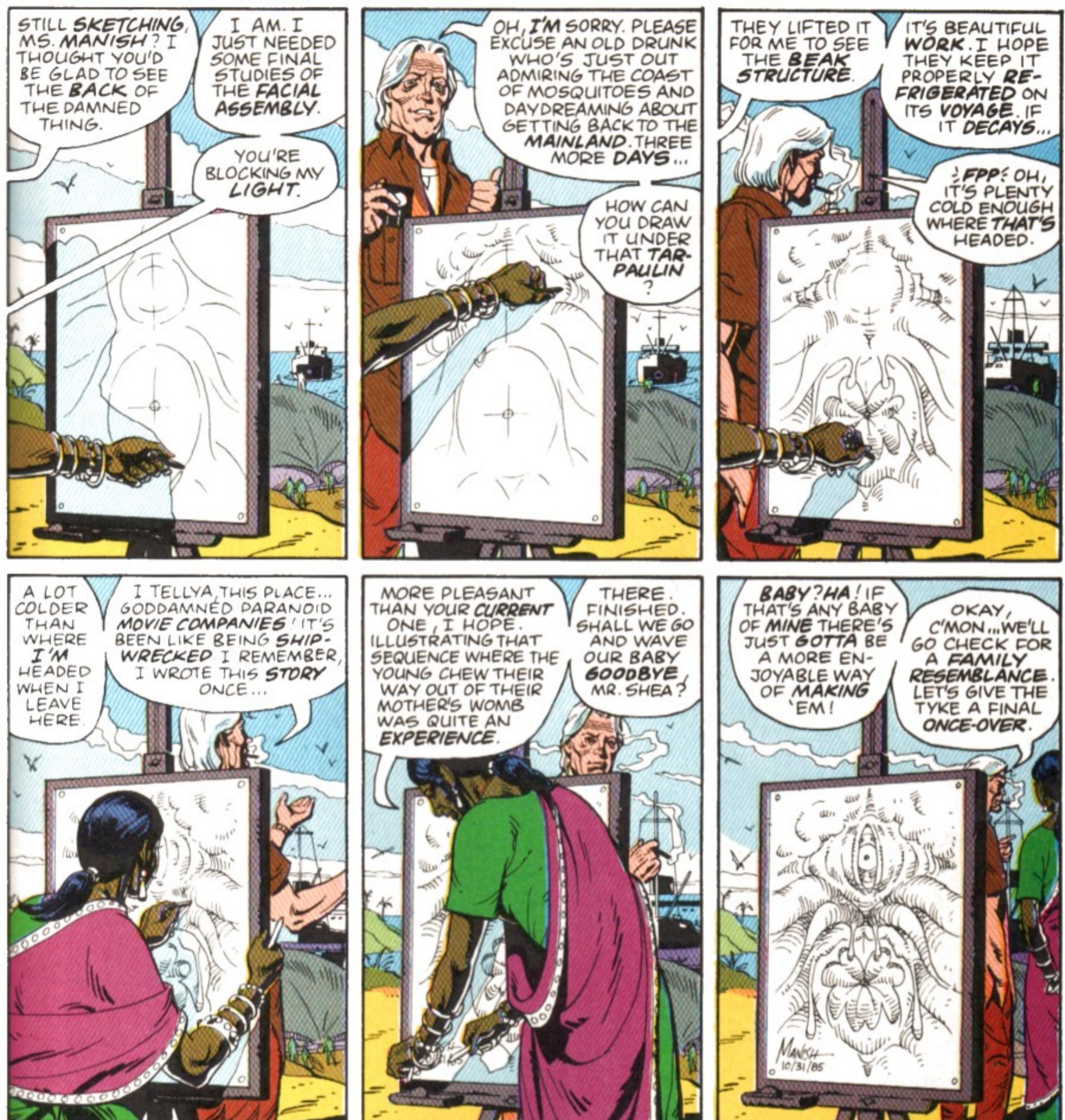
Y'KNOW, THE ONLY SHIP I EVER HEARD OF COULD MANEUVER BETWEEN BUILDINGS. BELONGED TO ONE OF THOSE MASKED ADVENTURERS THEY OUTLAWED IN '77.

COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM, NATURALLY... HE'D BE IN HIS FORTIES NOW.









...MY OPINION NUCLEAR WAR IS QUITE POSSIBLE WITHIN THE NEXT **TEN DAYS**, INCONCEIVABLE AS THAT MIGHT SEEM. GOD KNOWS WHAT THESE PEOPLE HAVE INSTEAD OF BRAINS...

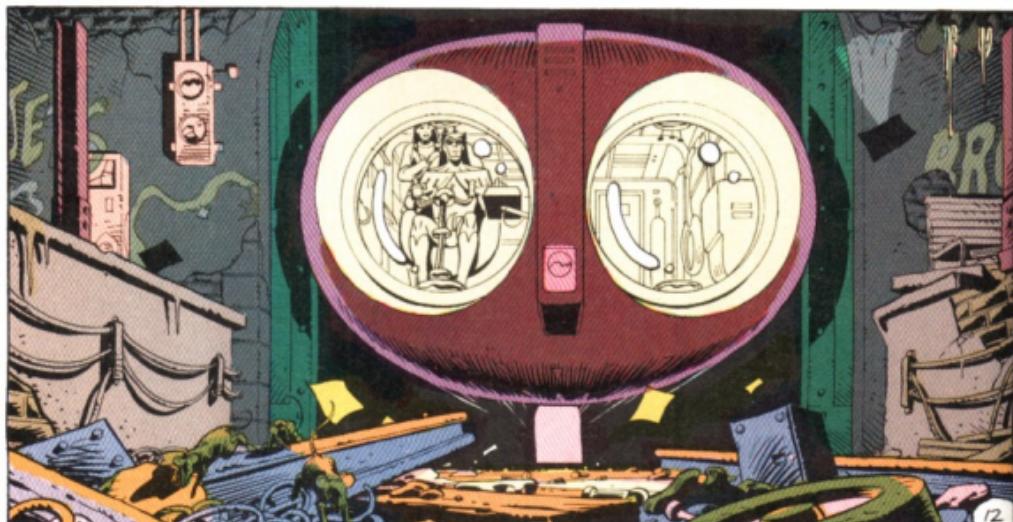
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR. MOVING ON NOW ...

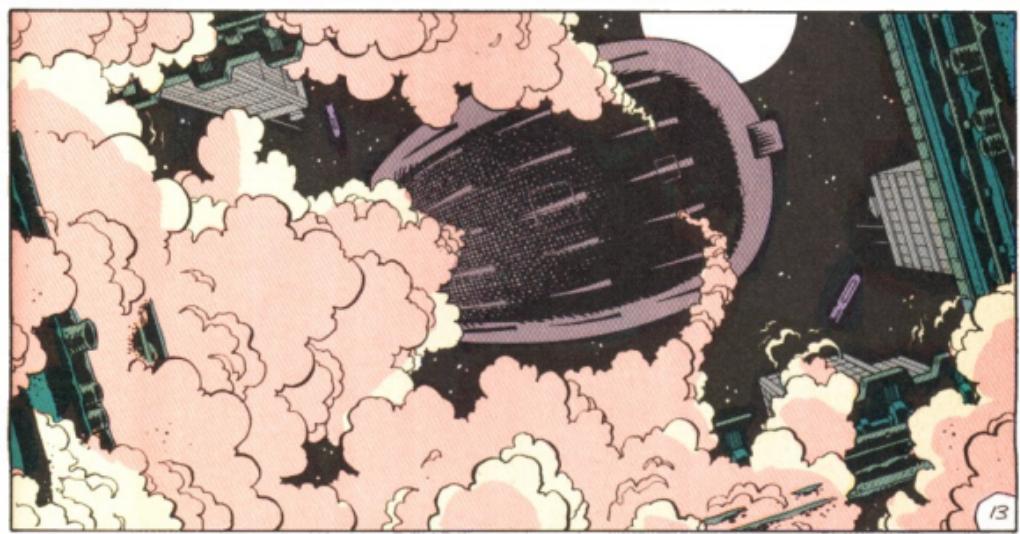
TODAY'S **NEW FRONTIERSMAN** MAKES AN APPEAL FOR CLEMENCY ON BEHALF OF **COSTUMED ADVENTURERS**

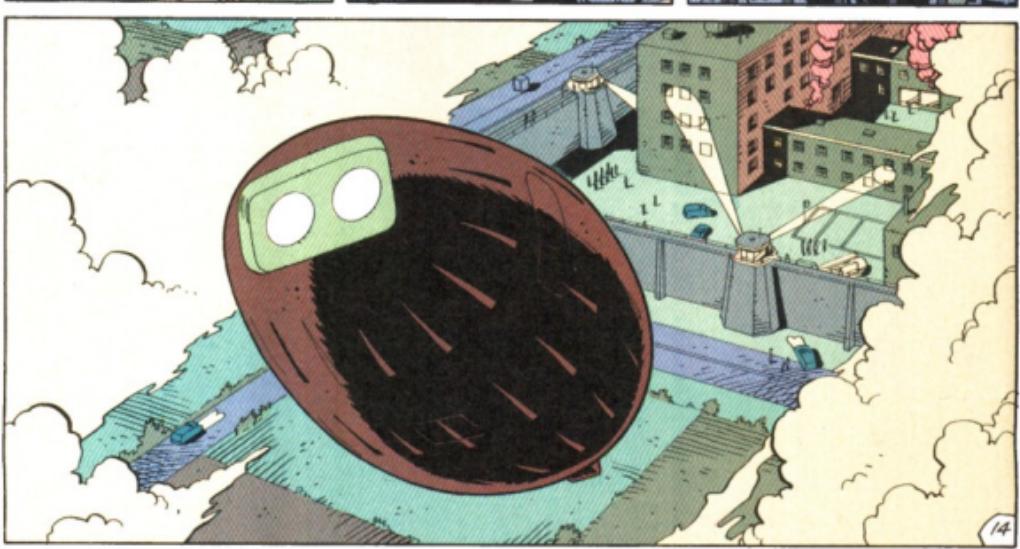
IT'S BEEN DESCRIBED BY **NOVA EXPRESS** WRITER-EDITOR **DOUG ROTH** AS "ATTEMPTING TO GRAFT AN ACCEPTABLE FACE ONTO GLORIFIED KLAN-STYLE BRUTALITY."

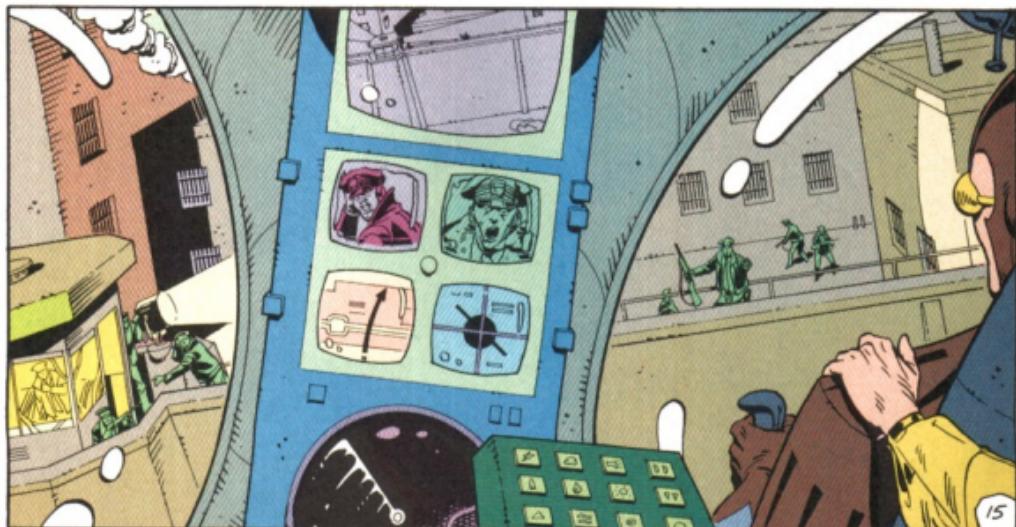
THE **FRONTIERSMAN** PIECE WAS, UH, AN **ATTACK** UPON MYSELF AND MY MAGAZINE

IT CLAIMED WE WERE HA, FUNDED BY COMMUNISTS, IN OUR **DR. MANHATTAN EXPOSE** AND OUR CURRENT "SPIRIT OF '77" FEATURE...











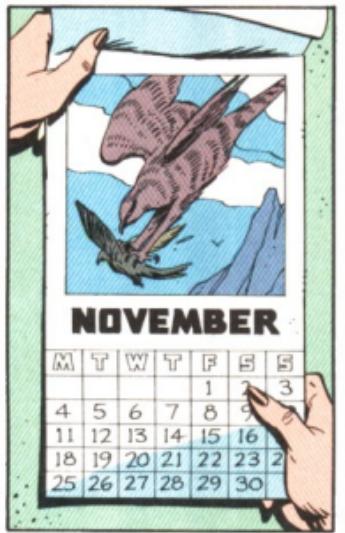




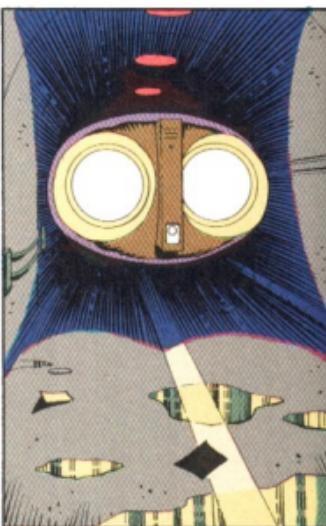














...BUT THE WATER'S SURFACE  
SEEMED AS STONE BENEATH MY  
TIMBER-BLISTERED SOLES, AND  
THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS REFUSED  
TO SWALLOW ME.

WHAT NEW TORTURE WAS  
THIS? I STOOD UPON THE CALM  
SEA, A CHARNEL MESSIAH,  
UNABLE TO SINK BENEATH IT TO  
THE OBLIVION I CRAVED.

WHEN WOULD MY SUFFERING  
CEASE? WHEN WOULD DEATH  
DEIGN TO CALL UPON ME?  
HAD HIS TERRIBLE SHADOW  
PASSED ME BY?







On Hallowe'en  
the old ghosts come  
about us, and  
they speak to some;  
to others they  
are dumb.

—Hallowe'en  
Eleanor Farjeon



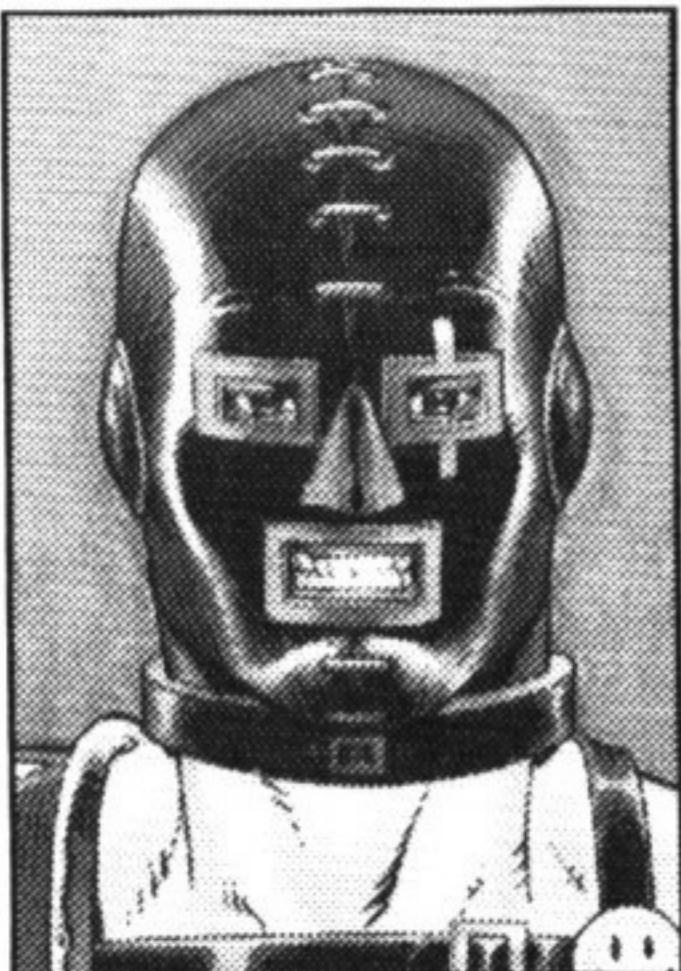
Thursday, October 31st, 1985

**50 cents**Issue IVII  
No. 21

# NEW FRONTIERSMAN



## HONOR IS LIKE THE HAWK: SOMETIMES IT MUST GO HOODED



*Hector Godfrey, Editor*

### RED ARMAGEDDON!

In this, the eleventh hour, with the world poised on the brink of Red Armageddon, it is vital that we, as a nation, should rally around those symbols that are closest to the great, warm, red-white-and-blue beating heart of this beleaguered country. They are our hope and our inspiration, the legends that urge our people onward even in times of deepest crisis.

Would our sense of national identity, our

pride, our sense of honor; would these things be so enduring were it not for such great symbols of freedom as Paul Revere's midnight ride, or the Alamo, or the Gettysburg address? I think not. And yet, it seems there are those who, even in the dire adversity that besets us, see fit to ridicule and deride the very notions that have made America what she is today!

↑ cont. on Pg. 2

## Honor is like . . . (cont.)

### WHO THE HELL DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?

For any citizen who has been watching the newsstands over this last, unbearable month, there can be little doubt who I am referring to. In the current edition of pseudo-intellectual Marxist-brat rock-star monthly *Nova Express*, cocaine-advocating editor DOUGLAS ROTH makes a vitriolic and unfounded attack upon the tradition of the masked lawman in our culture and attempts to stir up old prejudices and hatreds into a bloody wave of civil disorder.

It is hardly necessary for me to remind readers that in a previous edition of his inflammatory publication, Roth had spearheaded the cancer-smear character assassination of Dr. Manhattan. This wild and hysterical attack led to our country's greatest tactical asset leaving this world for self-imposed exile upon another. Ultimately, it may lead to searing nuclear apocalypse or our subjugation as a nation beneath the cossack boot of the U.S.S.R.

*Nova Express*, heaping libel upon libel, has followed up this potentially catastrophic feature with an article in its current edition that attempts to draw tenuous links between recent news items involving former masked adventurers and work them into some wild-eyed conspiracy theory, apparently forgetting that most of the "news items" involved were generated as a direct result of *Nova Express* and its irresponsible scaremongering! Roth refers gloatingly in his article to the fact that back copies of the *New Frontiersman* were found in the rented apartment of captured vigilante Rorschach after his arrest, citing this as "proof" of the aforementioned hero's poor character. He seems to suggest, with typical pothead disregard for logic, that Rorschach must be bad if he reads the *New Frontiersman*, while simultaneously implying that the *New Frontiersman* must be slightly disreputable if someone like Rorschach reads it! The overall effect of the piece is that of a snotty-nosed and unsubstantiated attack not only upon this paper and upon the individual costumed adventurers themselves, but also upon a whole American institution! Who the hell do Roth and his cringing staff of pinko sycophants think they are???

### RIPPED OUT GUTS

The institution that Roth and his cronies are so casually ripping the guts out of is that of hooded justice, of a force for righteousness that

dares to tread where the wimpy and useless laws laid down by the spineless dupes and fellow travellers in our judiciary forbid it to.

What about the Boston Tea Party? What about the spirit of the Lone Ranger? What about all those occasions when men have found it necessary to go masked in order to preserve justice above the letter of the law? *Nova Express* makes many sneering references to costumed heroes as direct descendants of the Ku Klux Klan, but might I point out that despite what some might view as their later excesses, the Klan originally came into being because decent people had perfectly reasonable fears for the safety of their persons and belongings when forced into proximity with people from a culture far less morally advanced.

No, the Klan were not strictly legal, but they did work voluntarily to preserve American culture in areas where there were very real dangers of that culture being overrun and mongrelized. Similarly, during our perfectly justified retaliatory bombing of Beirut in 1979, there were many of our so-called fair-weather-friend European allies who were bleating about supposed infringements of international law. Yet what are laws made for, if not to serve mankind? And if those laws through unforeseen circumstance become no longer applicable, is it not more noble to follow the course of right and justice; to serve the spirit of the law rather than its every dot and comma? In my book, anyone answering that question in the negative is someone without the moral backbone necessary to call himself an American. In the case of the *Nova Express* articles and their perpetrators, I would go so far as to call such a denial of time-tested patriotic virtues as being most definitely ANTI-American.

### COKED-OUT COMMIE COWARDS

I've had it up to here with those coked-out commie cowards, and I think it's time we started to ask ourselves just who stands to benefit most from *Nova Express'* ridiculing of American legends and the subsequent subversion and undermining of our national morale? Can there be any doubt that the only beneficiary is the cause of international communism? Should we not perhaps call upon our authorities to take a closer look at exactly who is funding this pernicious piece of propaganda in pop star's

open up  
para. #

Thursday, October 31st, 1985

NEW FRONTIERSMAN

3

**As we see it . . .****Honor is like . . . (cont.)**

clothing that finds its way onto our newsstands each week? Regular readers will know that I have already voiced my suspicions concerning a red hand in the denunciation and subsequent exile of Dr. Manhattan (see *N.F.*, Sunday 20th October: "Our country's protector smeared by the Kremlin") and will no doubt join me in perceiving this renewed assault by *Nova Express* upon our traditions and values as further proof of where that magazine's interests lie: Due East, and don't you forget it.

Hector Godfrey, Editor

*Photo  
to come*

# MISSING WRITER VANISHED PERSONS LIST GROWS AS HUNT CALLED OFF

Earlier this week, police called off their inquiry into the mysterious disappearance of author Max Shea, citing lack of evidence as a principal contributing factor in their decision. *New Frontiersman* would like to remind both the authorities concerned and our readers of the overwhelming evidence already tabulated by this paper to suggest that Shea's disappearance was part of a carefully orchestrated conspiracy, the roots of which may yet be traced back to sinister Cuban interests.

Although it is true to say that Shea did indeed vanish without trace, leaving no clue whatsoever as to his destination, by considering the extraordinary amount of similar disappearances reported at approximately the same time, it is possible to glimpse a larger and more frightening picture as it emerges. In the two months leading up to Shea's disappearance, no less than four prominent creative figures also seemingly dropped from the face of the earth. These included radical architect Norman Leith, surrealist painter Hira Manish, and respected "hard" science fiction author James Trafford March. Admittedly, the circumstances in each case are wildly different and seem to allow for a simple, meaningless coincidence of human destinies . . . Manish was apparently suffering profound difficulties with her marriage, making her apparent abandonment of her husband and two sons somewhat less than surprising. March owed massive debts to the IRS, who had frozen his earnings. Leith was reportedly depressed and even suicidal during the run-up to his disappearance, as was fellow missing person, avant-garde composer Linette Paley. As reasons for disappearance, these each seem individually credible enough to make any notion of conspiracy unnecessary, and yet a doubt still remains: Can four such prominent people simply dematerialize in the space of half as many months, leaving such bright and promising

careers and reputations behind them?

Added to this, we must consider those prominent people in other fields, who, although less prominent and thus less easy to gauge numerically, have also apparently melted into thin air during this period. I have on record an unusually high number of disappearances from amongst the scientific community, which, although consisting largely of semi-skilled menial workers, does include such notable names as that of Dr. Whittaker Furnesse, the brilliant eugenics specialist who according to his wife left the family home one evening to walk the family dog and quite simply never returned.

Odder still, and quite probably entirely unconnected, there is the disappearance of *part* of a person after his death, recorded on the same week Shea's vanishing act reached the public awareness. Parents and relatives of so-called psychic and clairvoyant Robert Deschaines, attending his funeral following the young medium's fatal stroke, were horrified to learn that ghoulish vandals or practical jokers had stolen the corpse's head from its body while it lay unattended upon a mortuary slab. Police voiced a few tenuous opinions concerning possible involvement by black magic cultists, but since then no further evidence has come to light.

Even discounting this last curiosity, is there nobody who is prepared to look into this bizarre glut of disappearances and see what emerges? Can it be that our increasingly shrill and nervous judiciary are actually afraid to look too far under this particular rug for fear of what they might find hidden there? The *New Frontiersman* repeats its warning: Talented and prominent Americans are being spirited away from under our noses.

Isn't it time somebody found out just where they are going?

Photo  
to Come



XII

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II

III