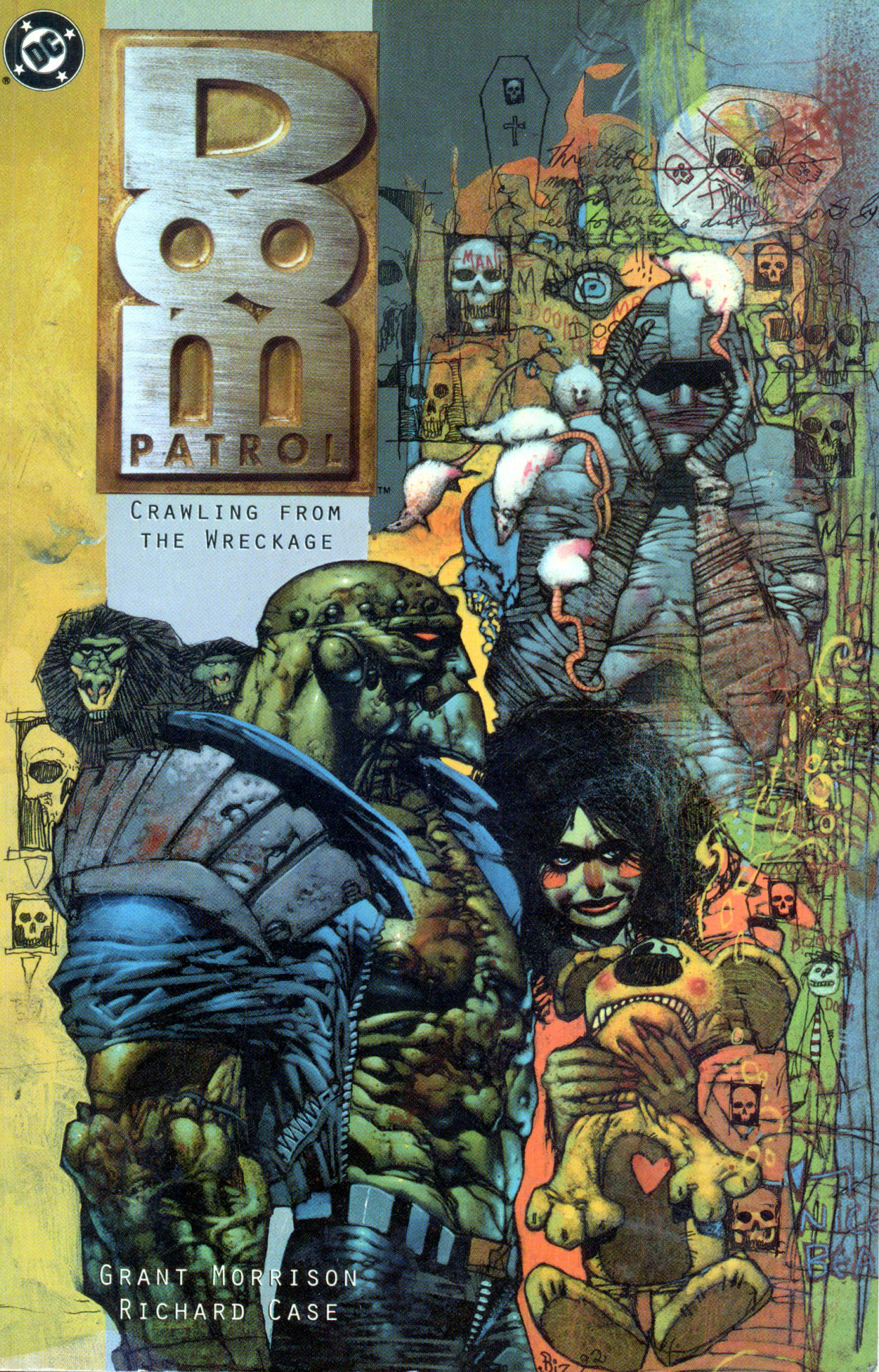




DB PATROL

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

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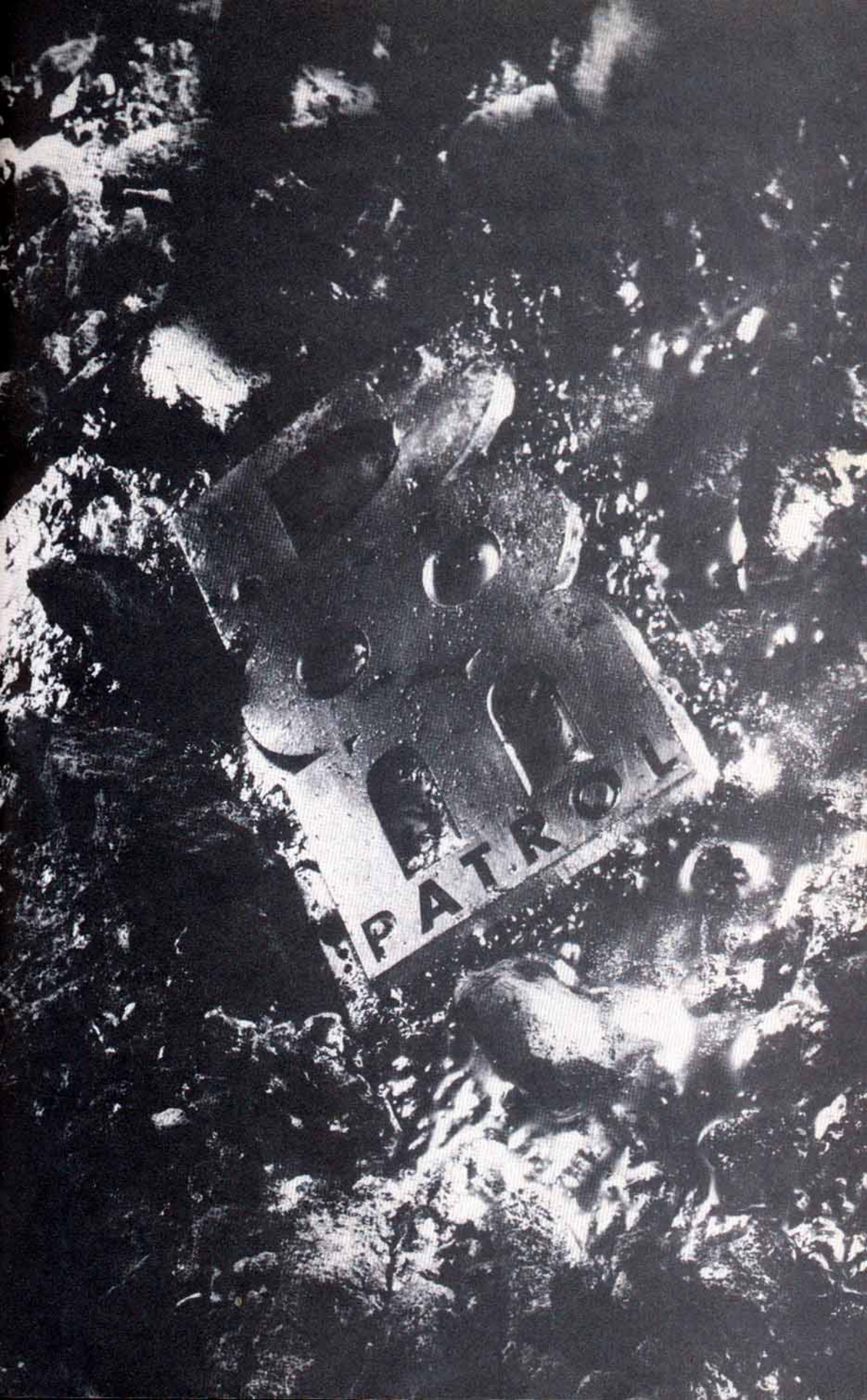
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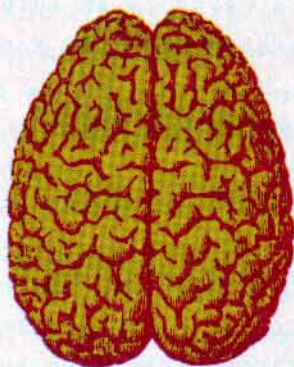
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NOBODY WANTS TO BE A HUMAN
BRAIN IN A ROBOT BODY

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 HELMET¹; 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.

¹JUST 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?

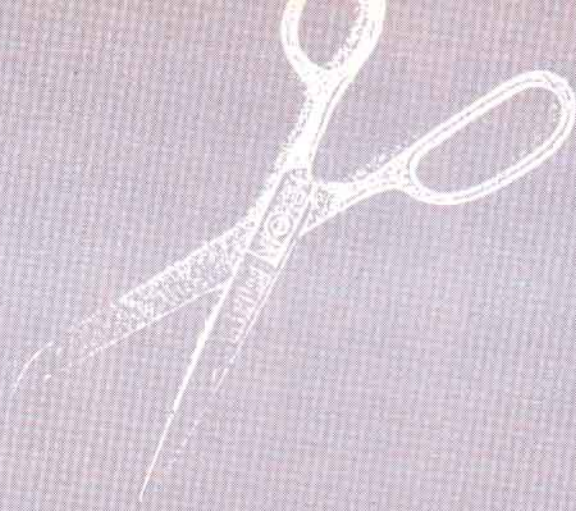
FOR ALL OF THESE DANGEROUS ENCOUNTERS, FOR ALL OF OUR HEROES' DISORDERS AND INFIRMITIES, FOR ALL OF THEIR FEAR AND HEARTBREAK, ONE OF THE BEST FEATURES OF GRANT'S DOOM PATROL SCRIPTS IS WHAT'S MISSING FROM THEM. ANOTHER WRITER WORKING WITH THE SAME INGREDIENTS MIGHT HAVE INFLATED THE STORIES WITH THE FAMILIAR GRIM-AND-GRITTY SOLEMNITY OF THE DARK KNIGHT/WATCHMEN IMITATORS. DON'T BOTHER LOOKING FOR THE (YAWN) CLIPPED, FIRST-PERSON ANGST, THE (GROAN) BALLETIC 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.

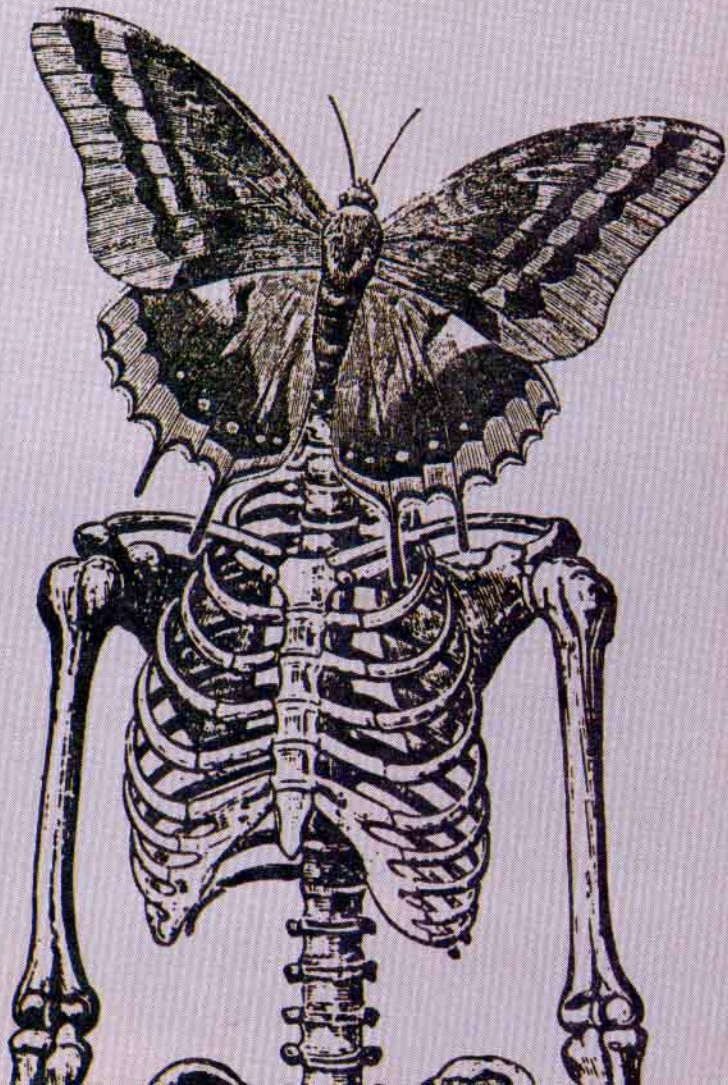
THE RESULT OF RICHARD AND GRANT'S HARD WORK IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE COMICS EVER. A COUPLE OF YEARS AFTER THESE STORIES WERE FIRST PUBLISHED, I HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO BECOME EDITOR OF THE REGULAR MONTHLY TITLE. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I INTEND TO HANG ONTO DOOM PATROL UNTIL THEY PRY IT FROM MY COLD, DEAD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




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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

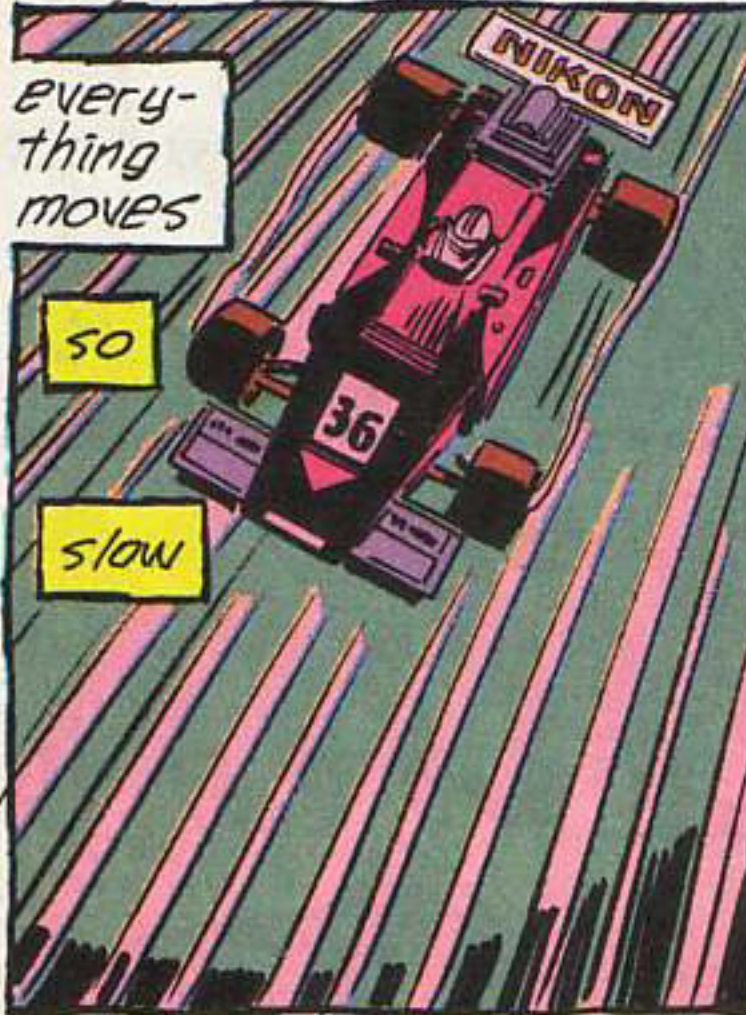


200 on the speedo...210...
215...220...and oh the sky
runningspilling blue smoke

every-
thing
moves

so

slow

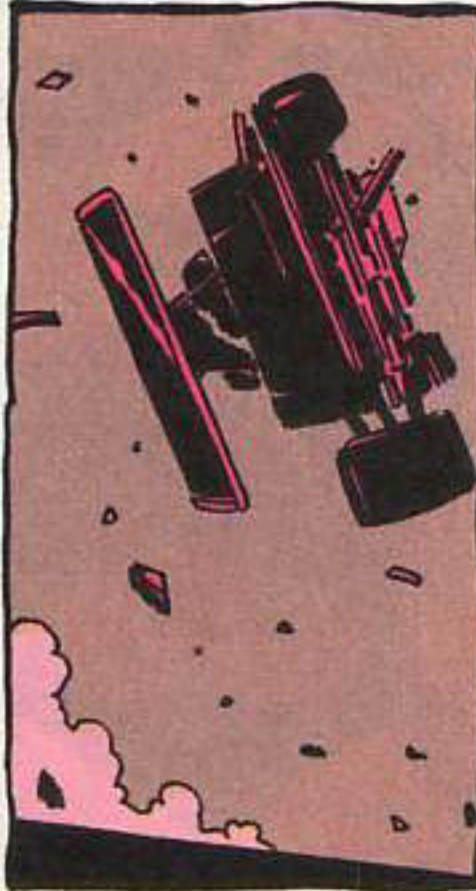
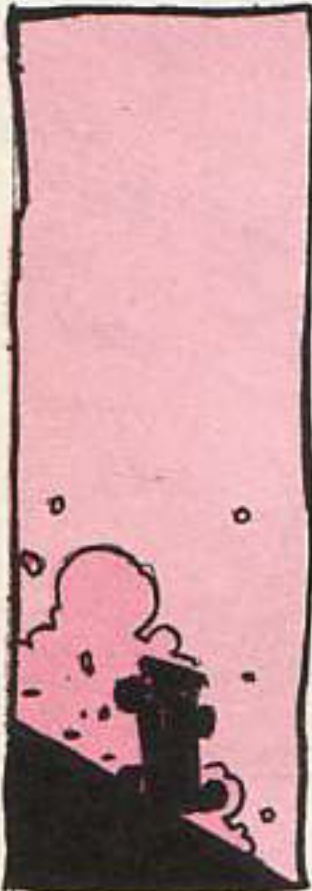


and i should have
seen it

the oil
slick



i should have



saved it



i
saved
it



i saved the
beautiful
bit

PORSCHE

CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE

AAAAAAAAAAAA





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?

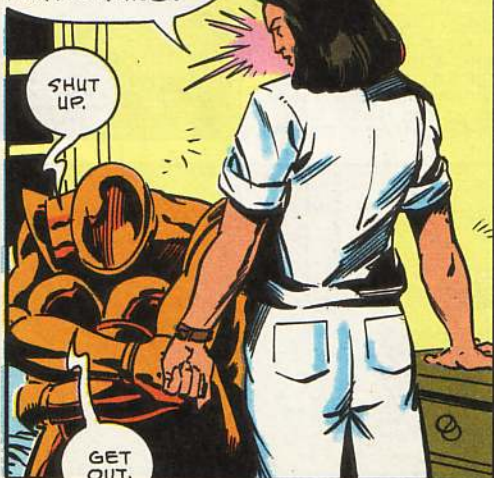


"WE" CAN SHOVE
IT WHERE THE SUN
DOESN'T
SHINE.



HARD.

YOU'VE GOT A REAL
BAD ATTITUDE PRO-
BLEM, MISTER. I'LL
TELL YOU THAT
FOR **NOTHING.**

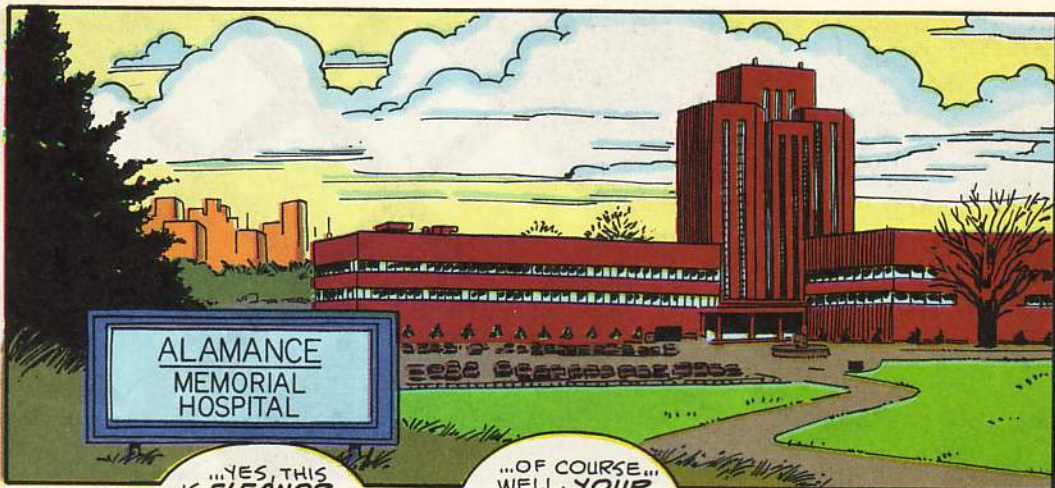


SHUT
UP.

GET
OUT.



JUST
LEAVE ME
ALONE.



ALAMANCE
MEMORIAL
HOSPITAL

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

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



WHAT?...
YOU READ
THAT? OH,
WELL...NOW
YOU'RE
EMBAR-
RASSING
ME.

ANYWAY,
WHAT CAN I
DO FOR
YOU?

LARRY
TRAINOR,
RIGHT.

YEAH...UH,
LISTEN. SOME-
THING'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?



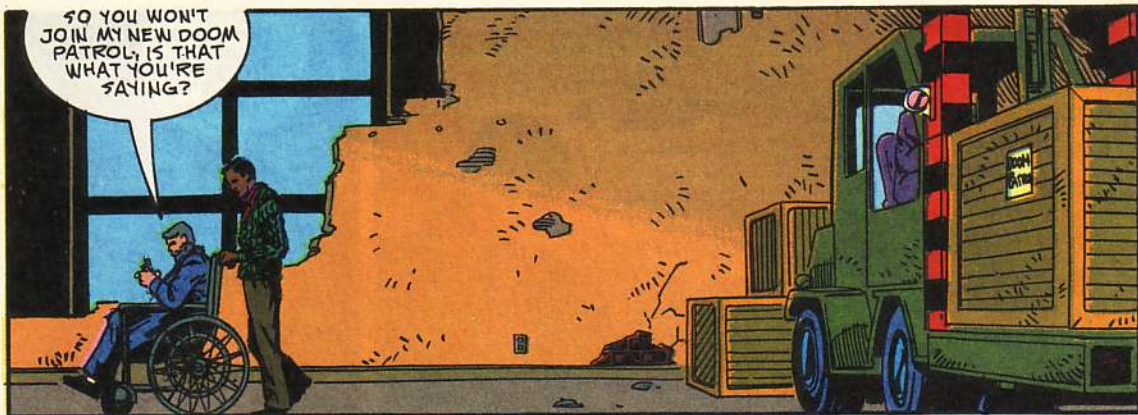
I DON'T THINK SO, CAULDER. THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.



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



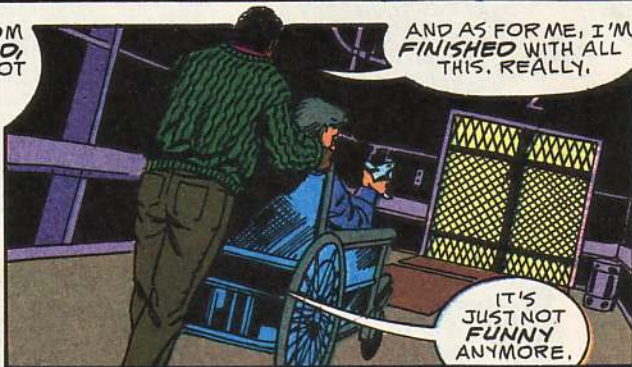
AND TO SAY *GOODBYE* TO THE OLD PLACE.



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.

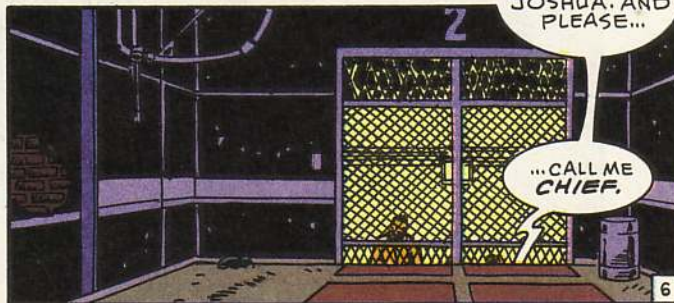


I SHOULD'NT WORRY. I'VE ASKED A GOOD FRIEND TO PAY HIM A VISIT.

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-K, WICKICKEN 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.

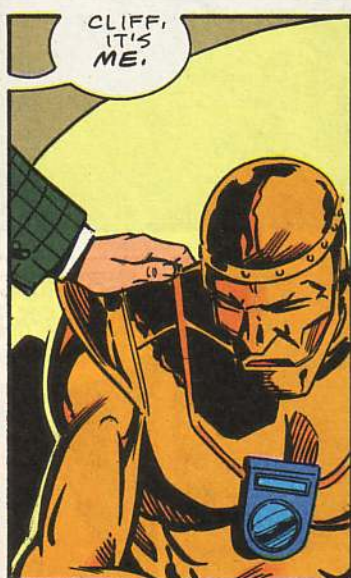
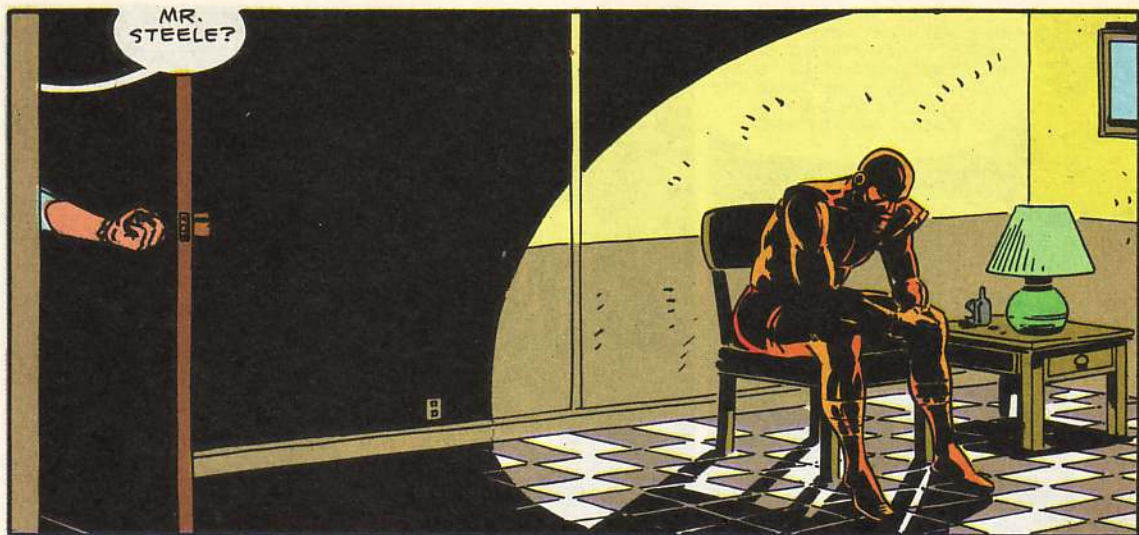
AND I DON'T SEE WHAT IT HAS TO DO WITH THE DOOM PATROL.

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?

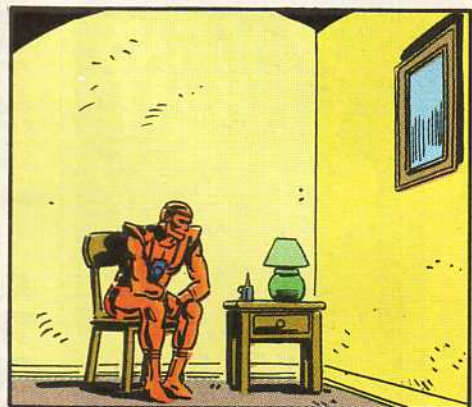
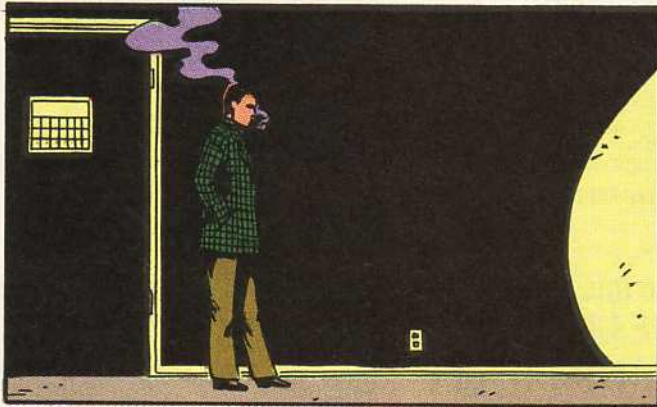
OH, YES.

YOU ALL ARE.





THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT, CLIFF.





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?

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,

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



YEAH. SURE THING, DOCTOR.

SEE YOU.



LAARREEE





...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 AMPU-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...

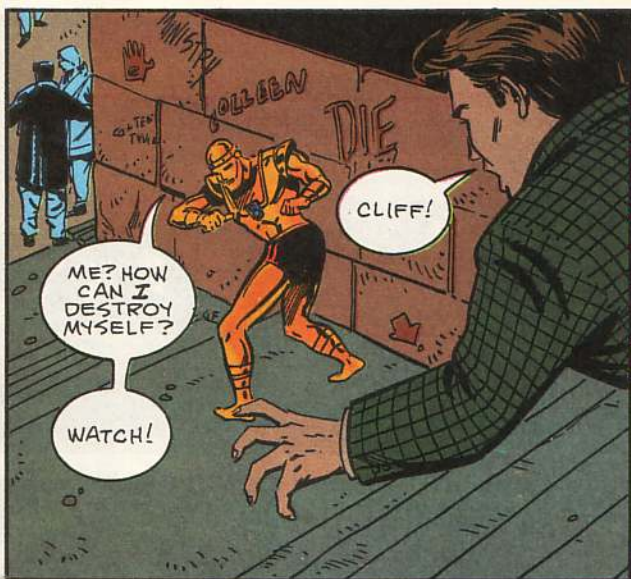
BUT SURELY THE **DOOM PATROL** HELPED TO...

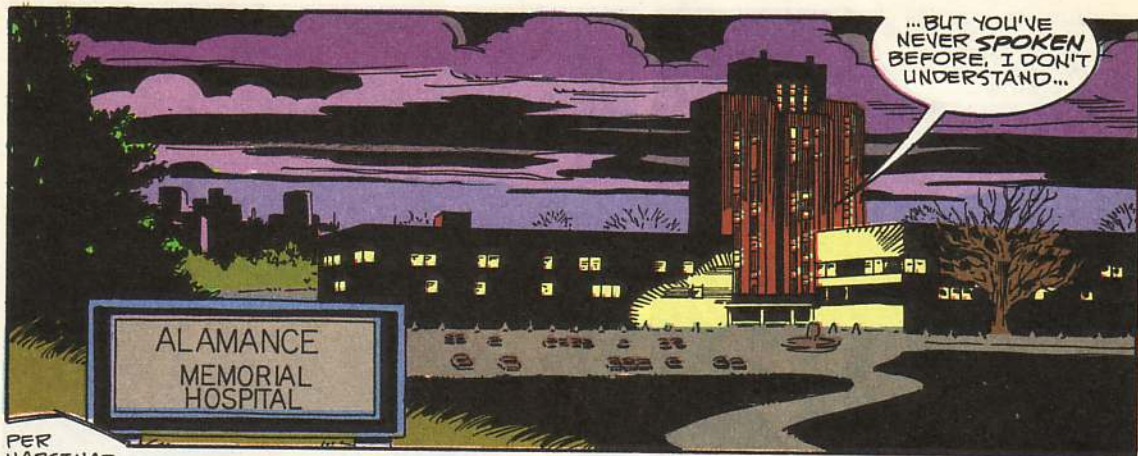
THE DOOM PATROL? DON'T TALK TO ME...IT... THE DOOM PATROL **KILLS** PEOPLE. IT CHEWS THEM UP AND VOMITS OUT THE **BITS**.

IT KILLED RITA AND ARANI AND **SCOTT**...

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

I CAN'T.





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

PER HAPSIHAD NOTHING TO SAY LARRY

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 UNAWARE YOU PRESSED THE ALARM

I MADE YOU DO IT

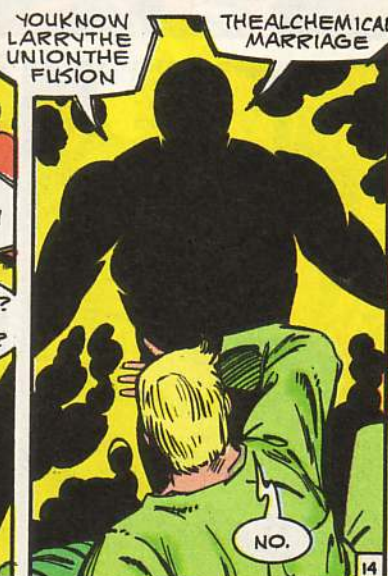
WHAT?



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.



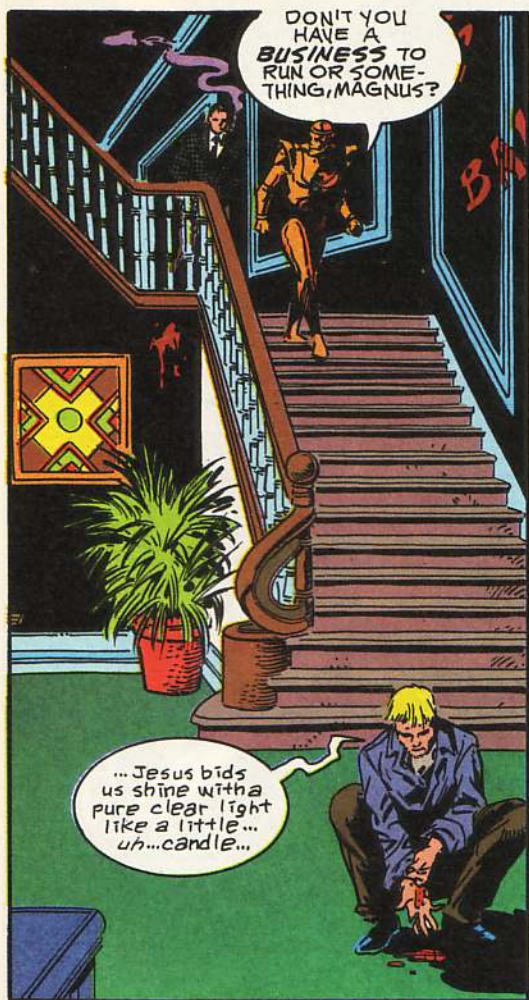
AND NOW WE ARE THREE

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 your- self 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.



I CAN'T STAND IT IN HERE.

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

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.







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 ANY-
MORE? WHAT
HAPPENS IF
YOU'RE
WEAK?

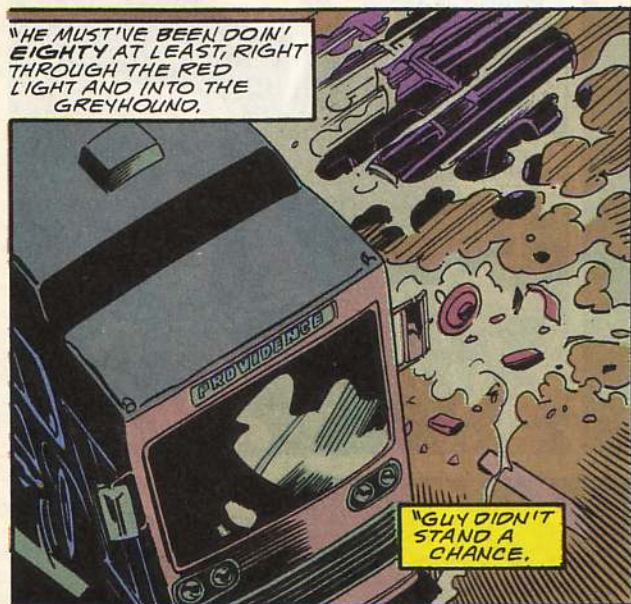


MY
PAINTING'S
RUINED.

EVERY-
THING'S
GONE
WRONG.



COME IN
OUT OF THE
RAIN.



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

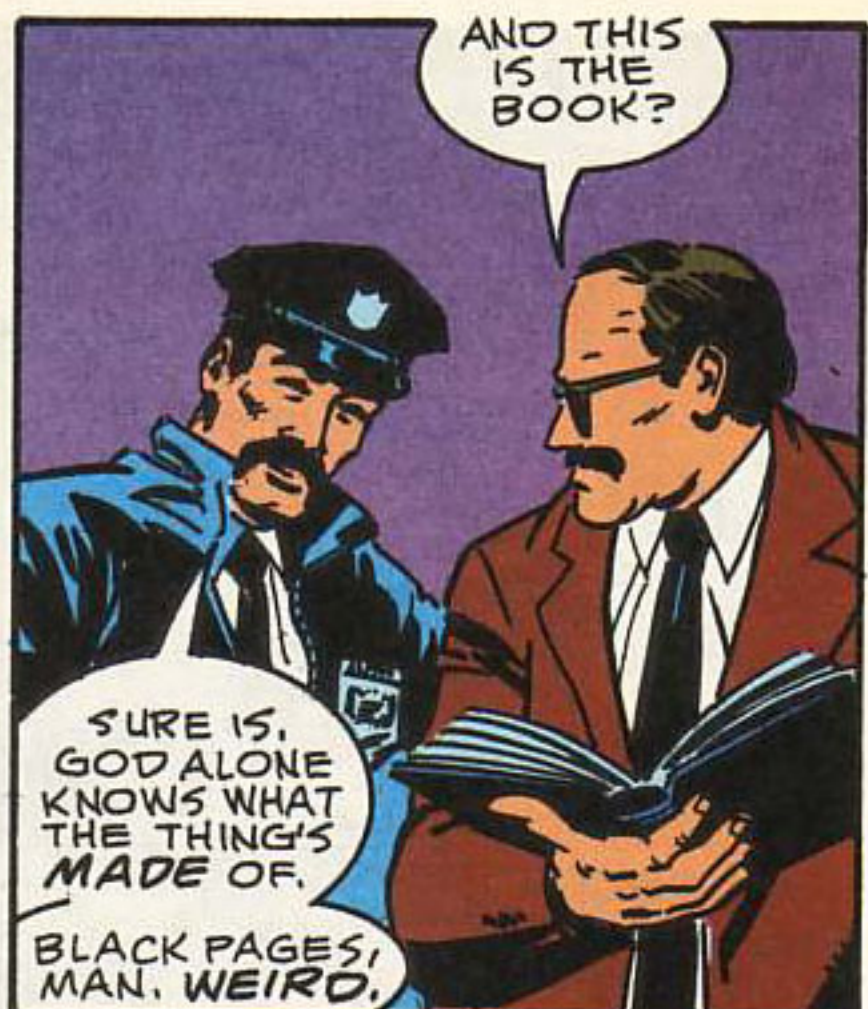
YOU EVER SMELL SKIN BURNING?



AND THIS IS THE BOOK?

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

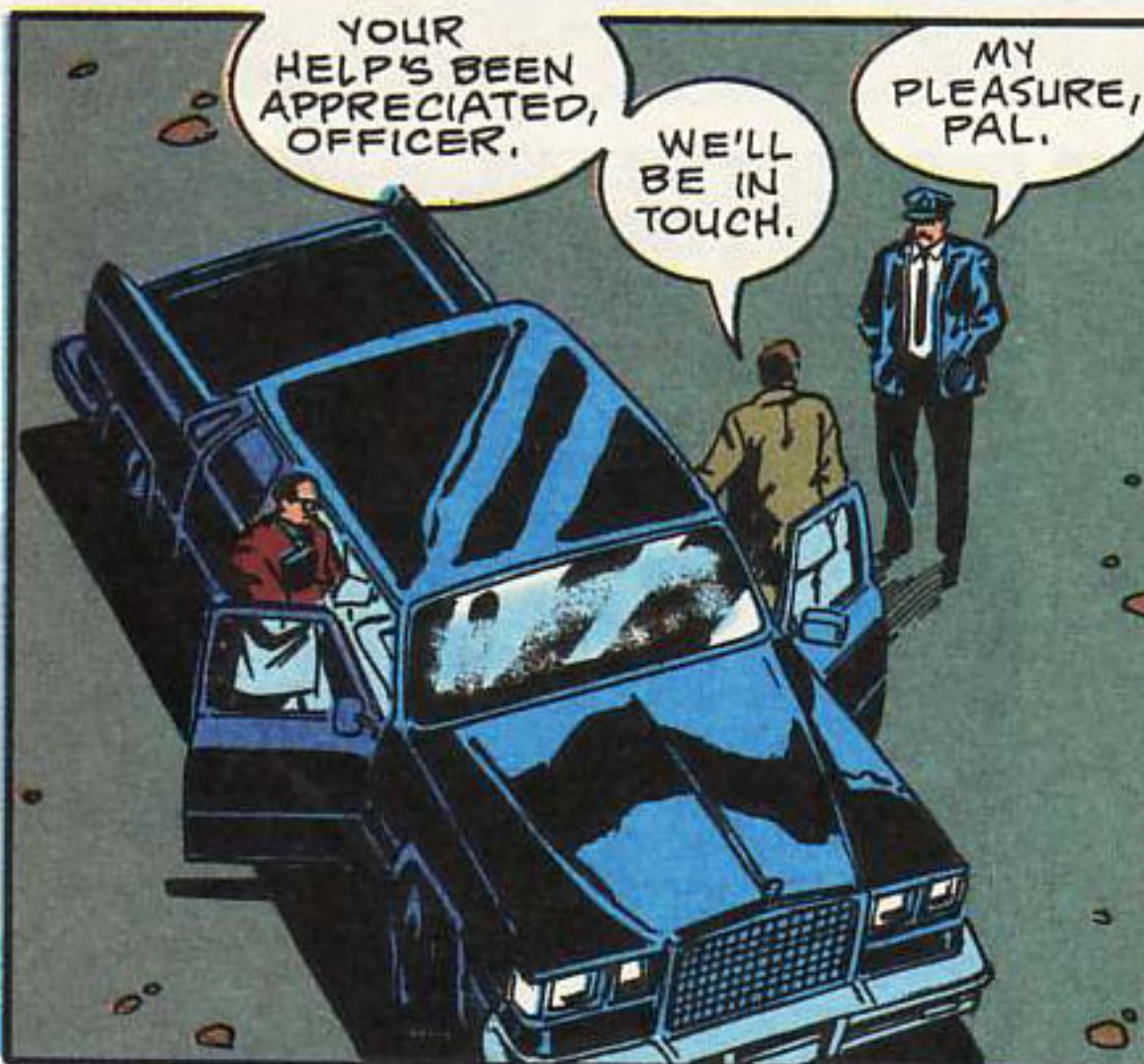
BLACK PAGES, MAN. WEIRD.



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.

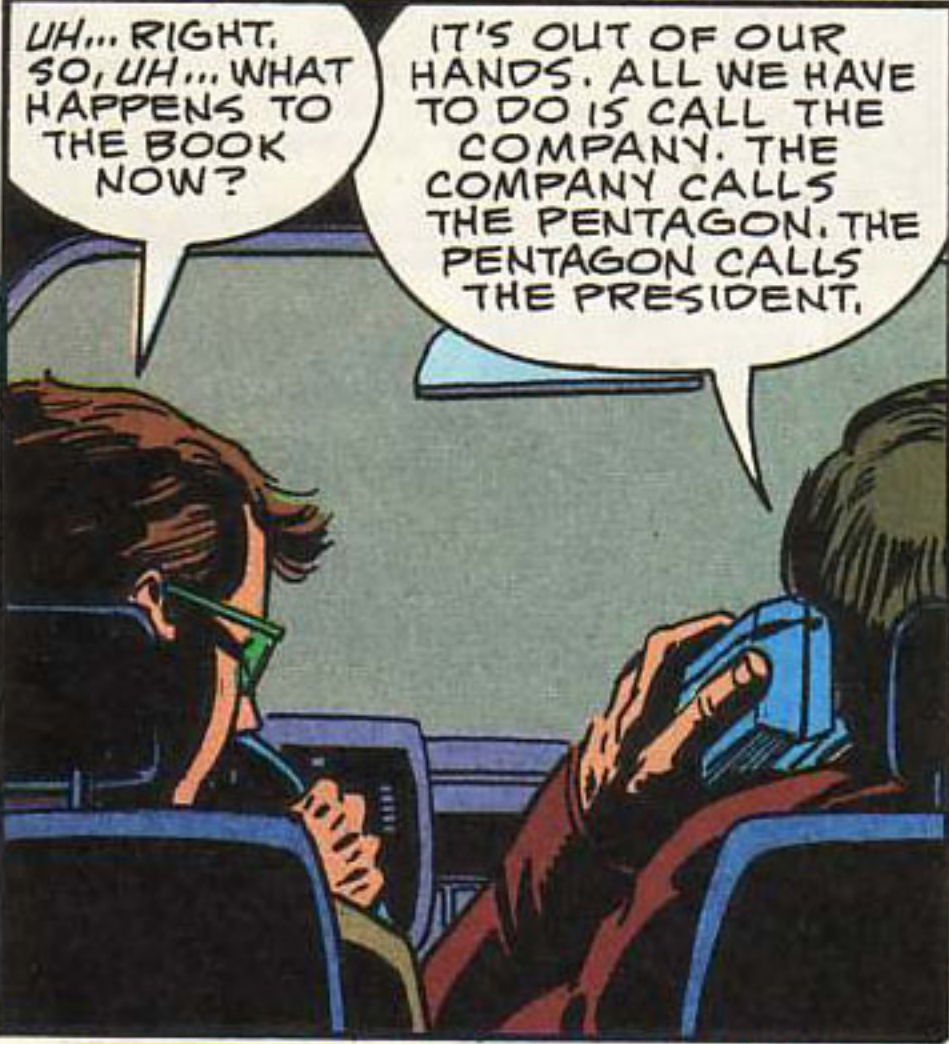
HOW D'YOU MANAGE TO KEEP UP THE ACT.

IT'S NOT AN ACT.



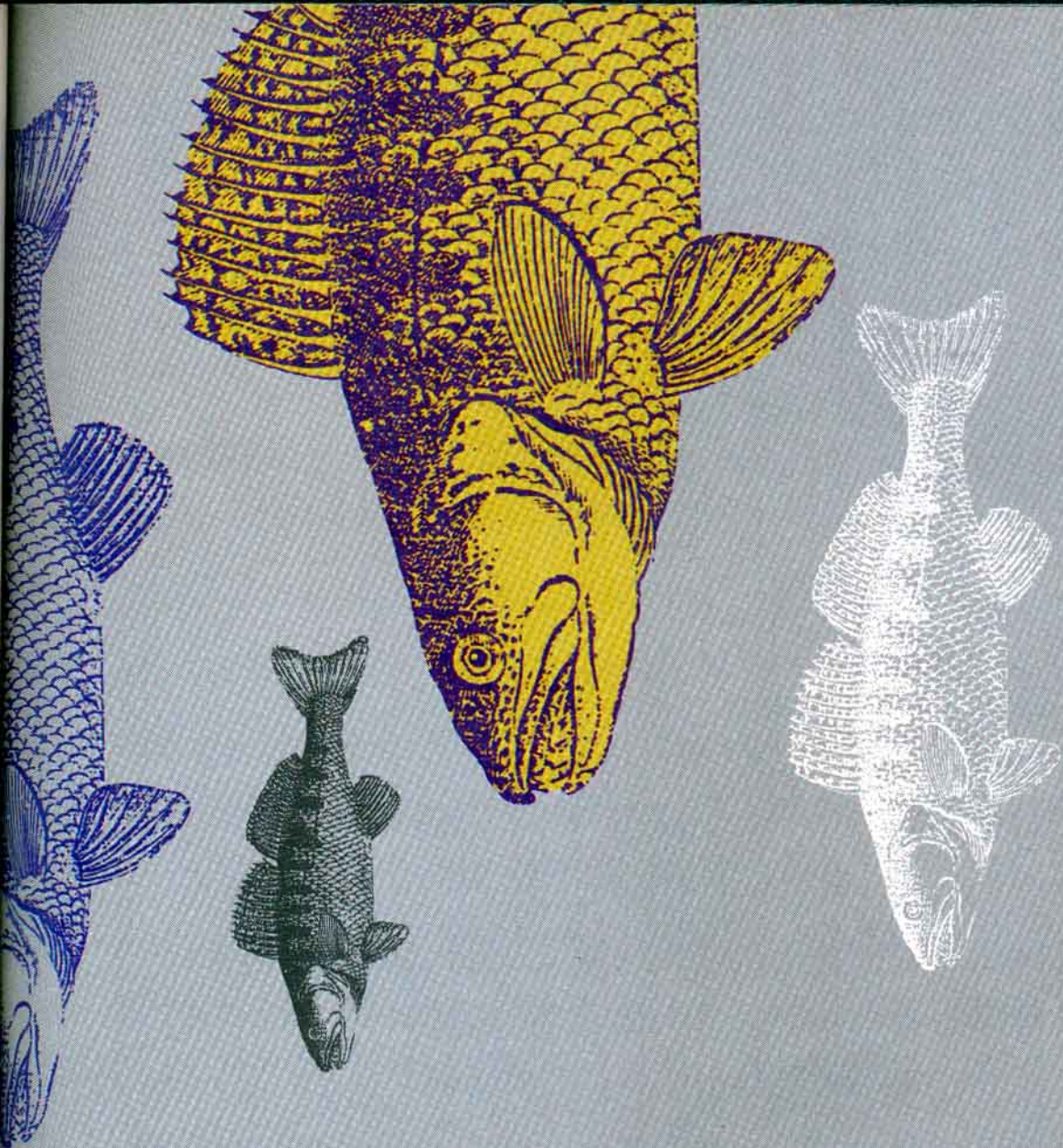
UH... RIGHT, SO, UH... WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BOOK NOW?

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 US \$1.50
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UK 80p
MAR 89

THE DOOM PATROL™

BY MORRISON,
CASE & HANNA



CUT
ALONG
DOTTED
LINE

CASE
GARZON

**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.

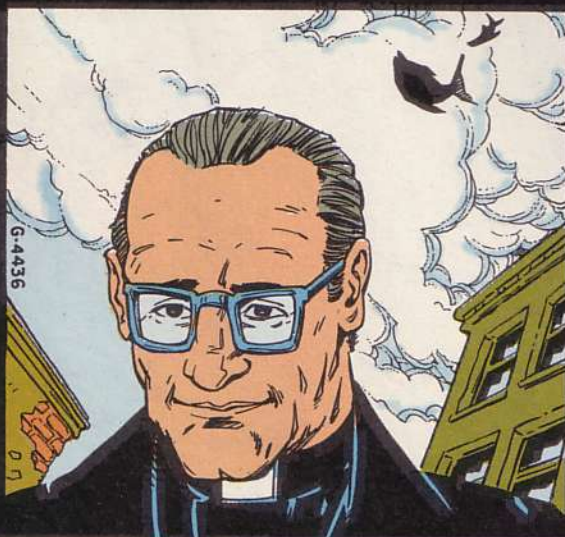
HE ASKS FOR VERY LITTLE.

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

SOME SIGN.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD

IT BEGINS TO RAIN FISH.



MACKEREL.
HERRING.
SEA BASS.

PIKE.
STURGEON.
TENCH.

PLAICE.
SALMON.

FROM A
CLEAR
SKY.

TROUT.

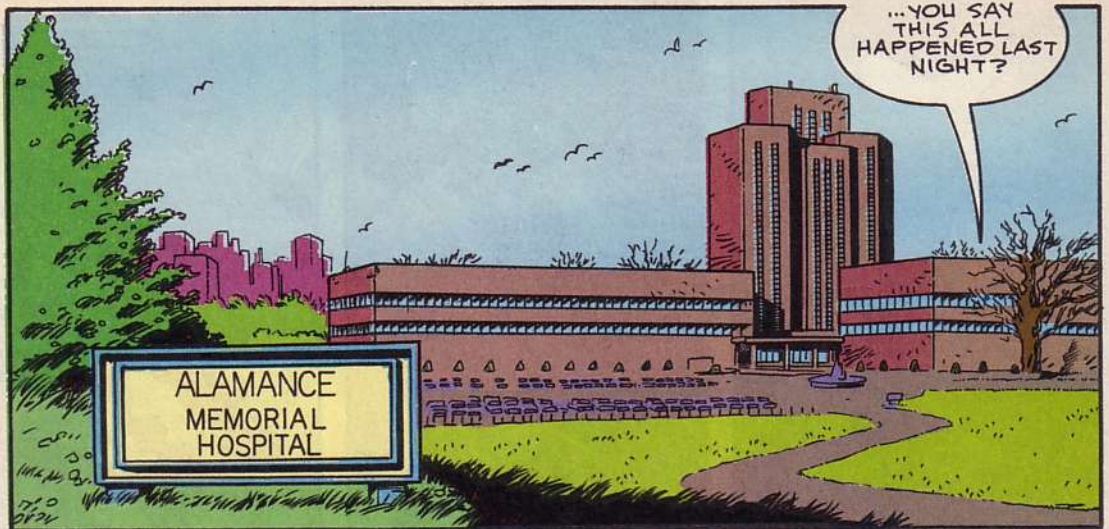
NO COD.

HA.

CAUTIONARY TALES

GRANT MORRISON
WRITER
SCOTT HANNA
INKER
MICHELE WOLFMAN
COLORIST

RICHARD CASE
PENCILLER
D. HOPPER WORKMAN
LETTERER
ROBERT GREENBERGER
EDITOR



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
CHARACTER-
ISTICS?

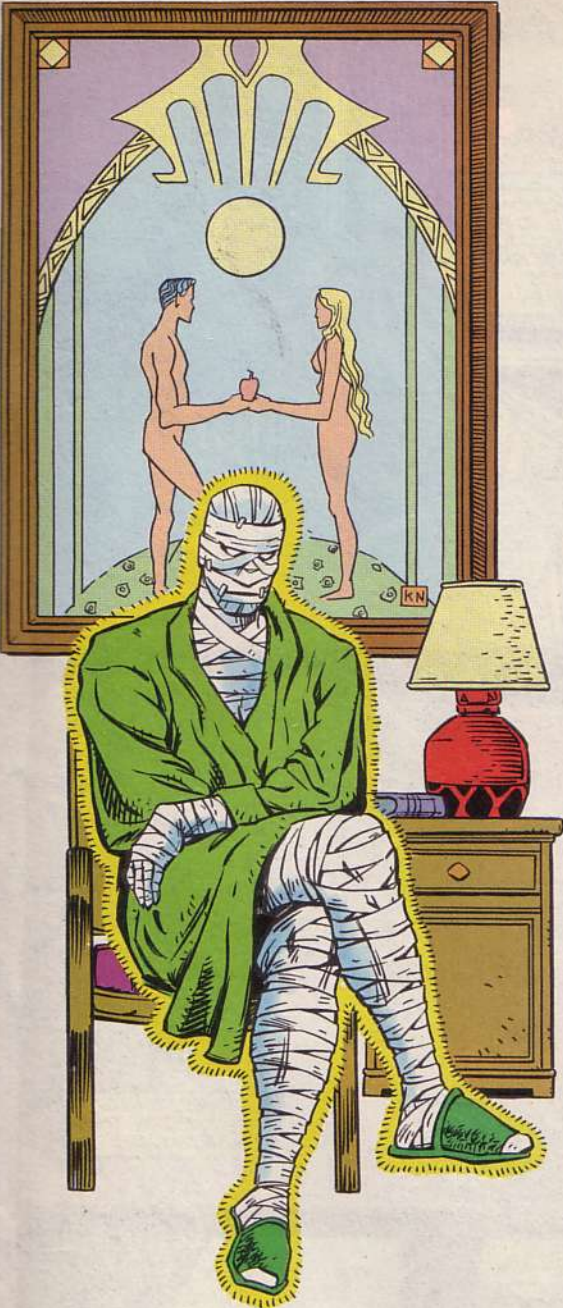
THAT'S IT
EXACTLY, YES.

WE THINK... WE
BELIEVE THAT THE
CREATURE IS SOME
KIND OF AMALGA-
MATION 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.



"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 CONFESSIONAL
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.

FLESH-COLORED,
SEETHING, PANTING.

PAGES CHAFE
AGAINST FINGER-
MARKED PAGES.

THE DIRTY
BOOKS HAVE
COME TO
LIFE.

"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.



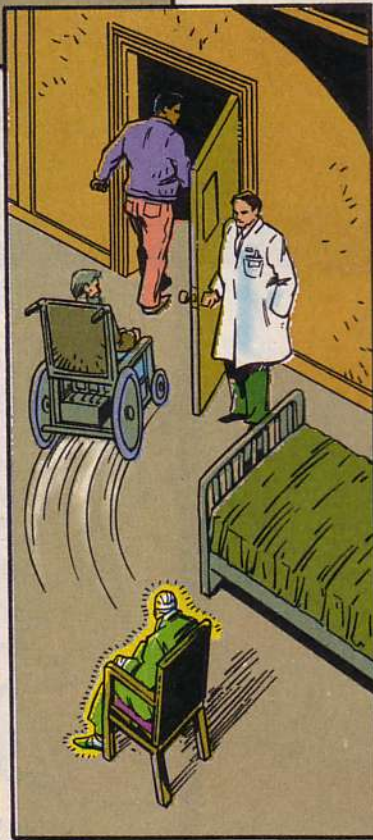
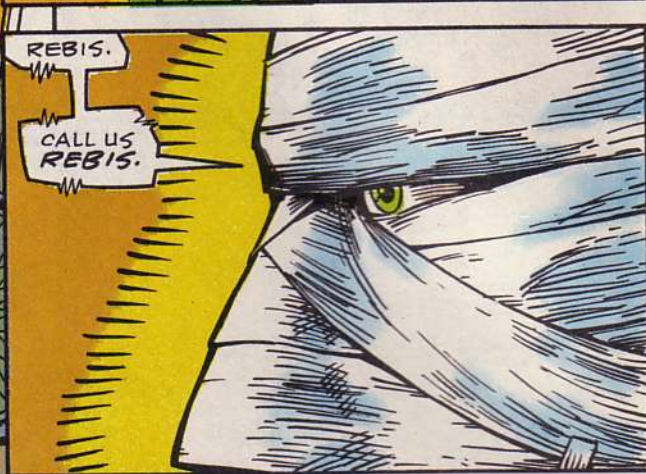
OH
JESUS.

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.

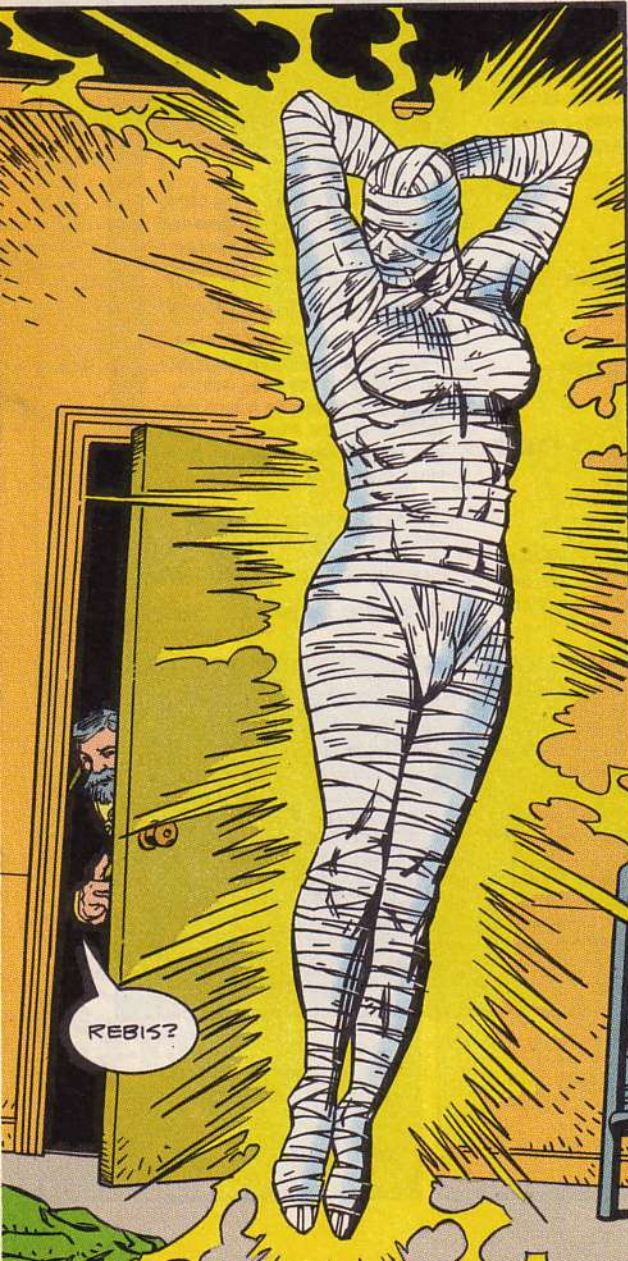
YOU SHOULD READ MORE, JOSHUA.



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 YOUR-
SELF.

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

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

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

SOMETIMES
SHE CAN BE SIX
OR SEVEN DIF-
FERENT
PEOPLE IN ONE
CON-
VERSA-
TION.



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

KEEPS
ME OFF
THE STREETS,
YOU KNOW?



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

I KIND OF TOOK
IT 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.

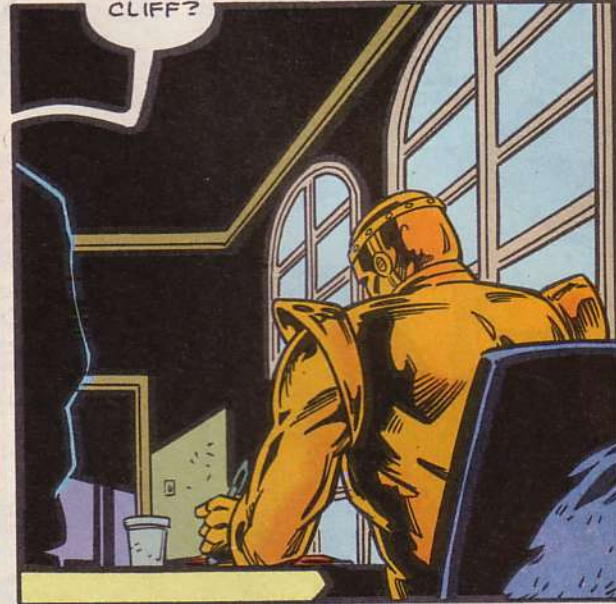
I'LL
BE IN
TOUCH,
OKAY?



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
UNDER-
GROUND.

THAT'S
WHERE YOU
ALL LIVE,
RIGHT?...IN
JANE'S HEAD...
THE **UNDER-**
GROUND.



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

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



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

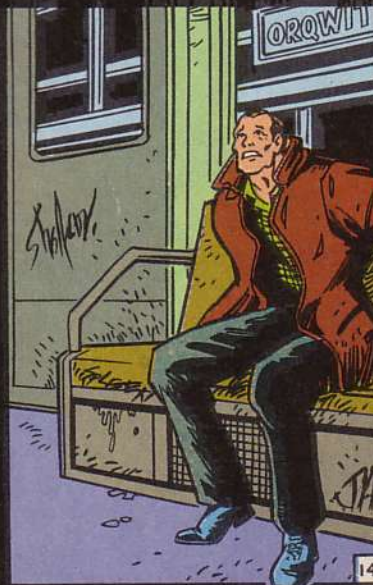
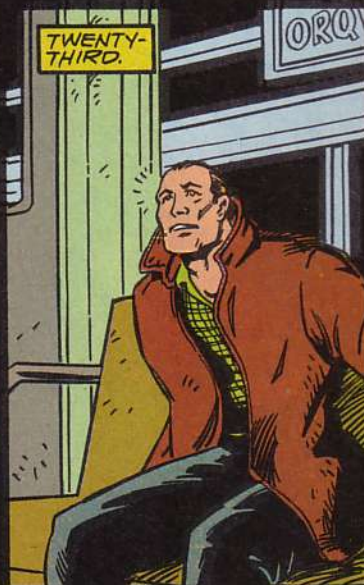
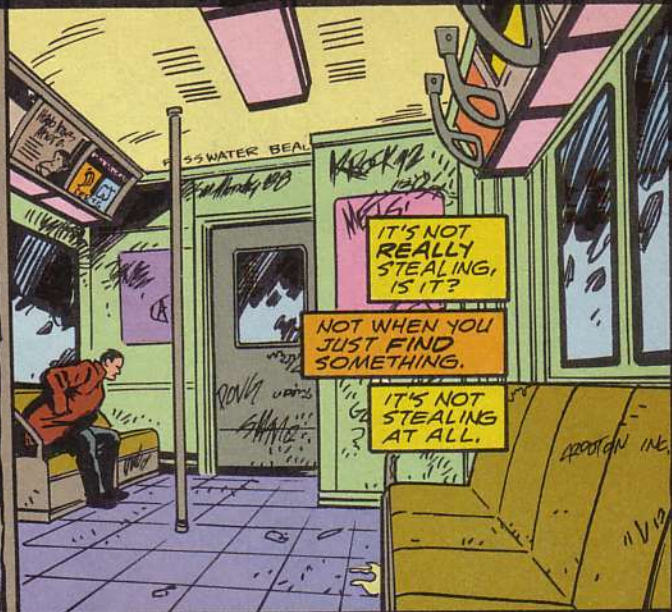
TELL HER
SHE'D BE
TOO LATE
ANYWAY.

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...





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.

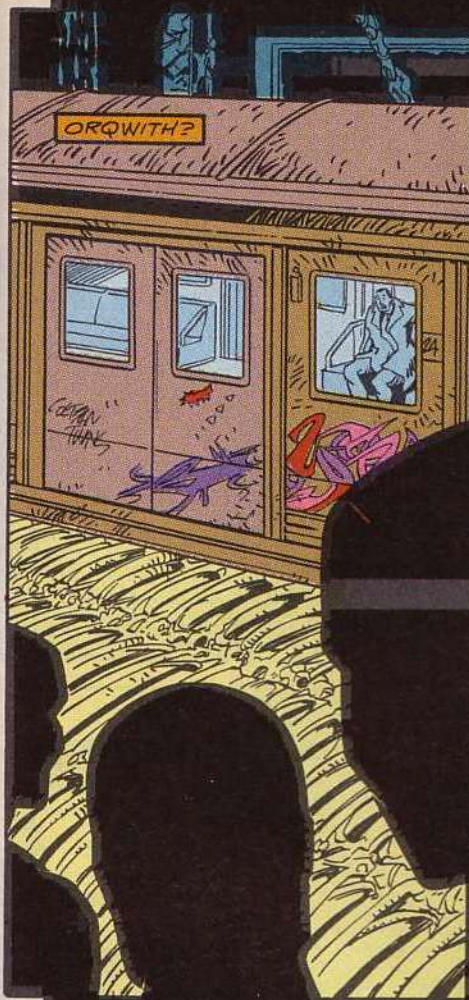
THE WAY IT MOVES
WITHOUT MOVING. THE
WAY IT FOLDS AND
UNFOLDS AND EN-
FOLDS.

CHAMBERS.
FRANKLIN.
CANAL.

HOUSTON.
CHRISTOPHER.

FOURTEENTH.

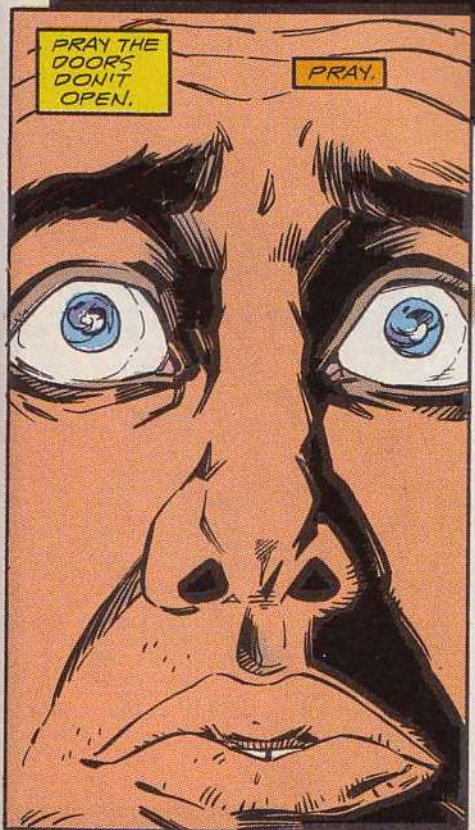
TWENTY-
THIRD.



BONE.

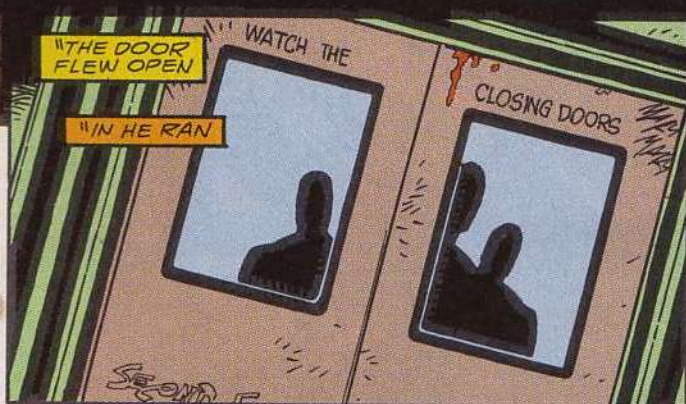
EVERYTHING
IS MADE OF
BONE.

SHADOWS SHIFT
ON THE BONE
PLATFORM.



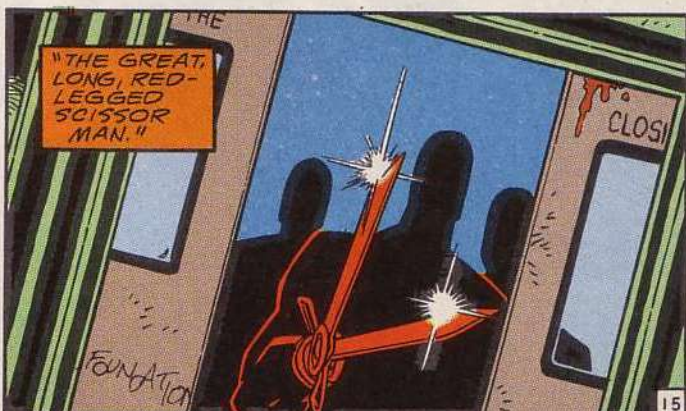
PRAY THE
DOORS
DON'T
OPEN.

PRAY.



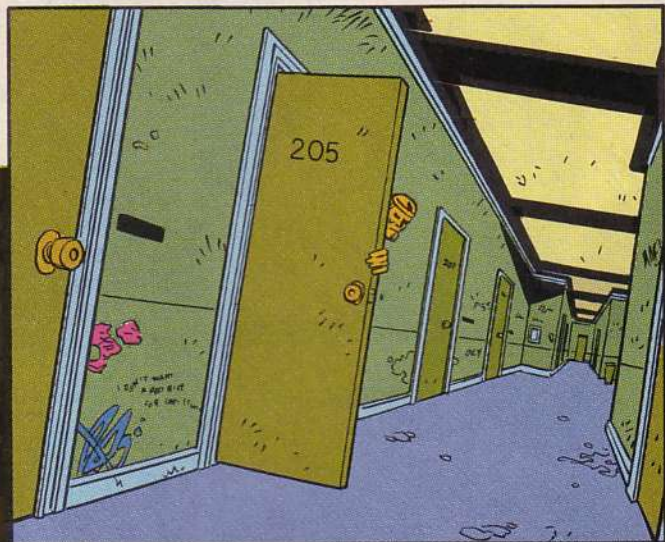
"THE DOOR
FLEW OPEN

"IN HE RAN



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

FOUNDATION





JANE?

JANE,
WHAT'S...



I WARNED
YOU!

DIDN'T
I SAY?
DIDN'T I?



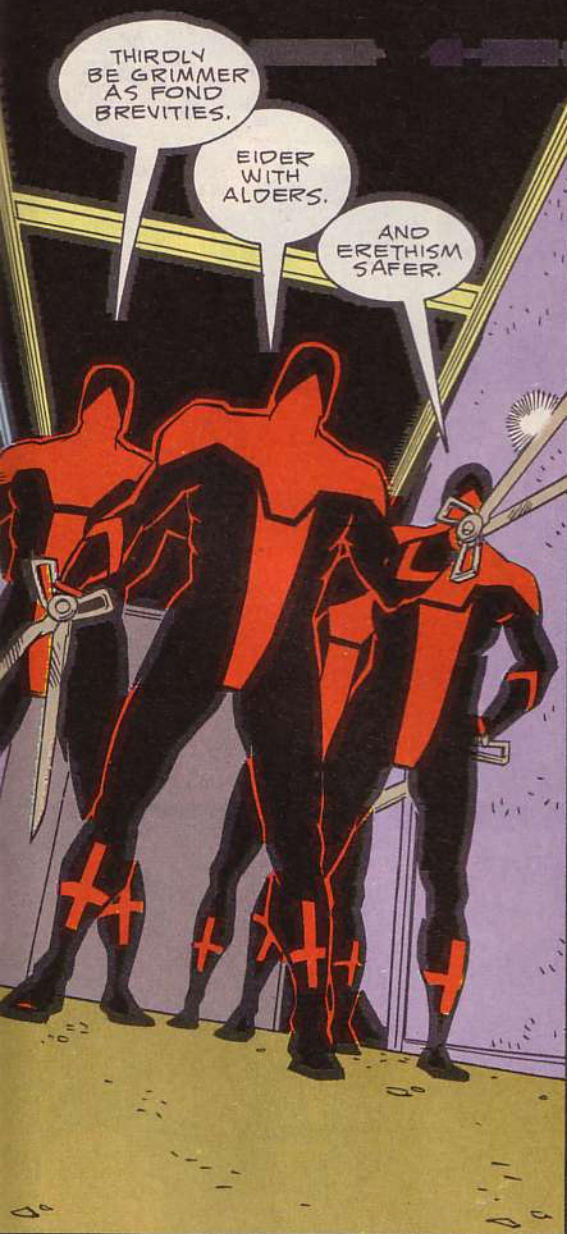
THEY'RE
COMING!

WHO? WHO'S
COMING?





SCISSORMEN.



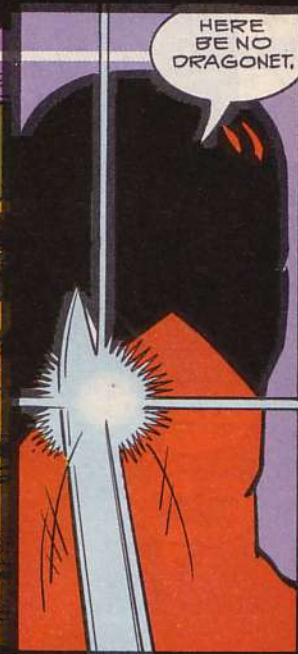
THIRDL
BE GRIMMER
AS FOND
BREVITIES.

EIDER
WITH
ALDERS.

AND
ERETHISM
SAFER.



MY GOD.

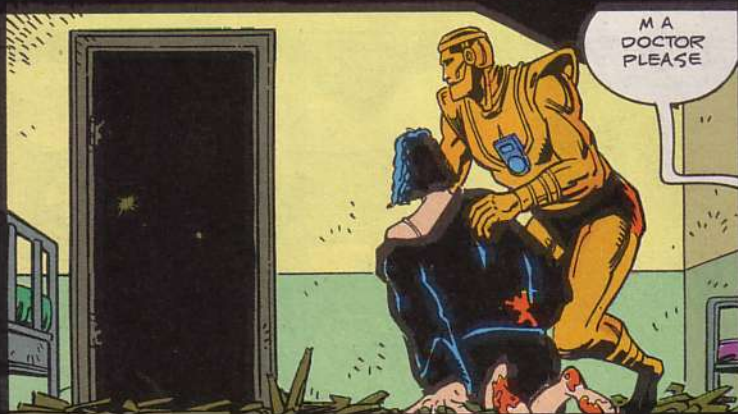


HERE
BE NO
DRAGONET.



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
THERE!



OH
GOD.



IN STUTTGART,
ALL THE CLOCKS
CHIME FIFTEEN.

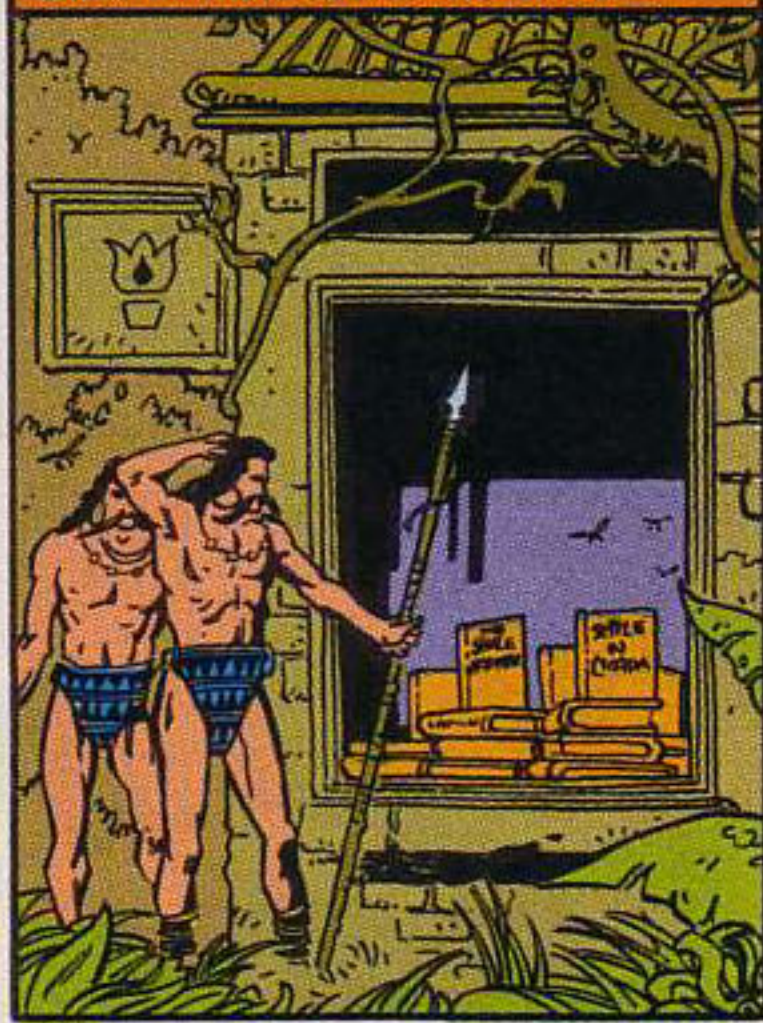
SIMULTANEOUSLY,



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.

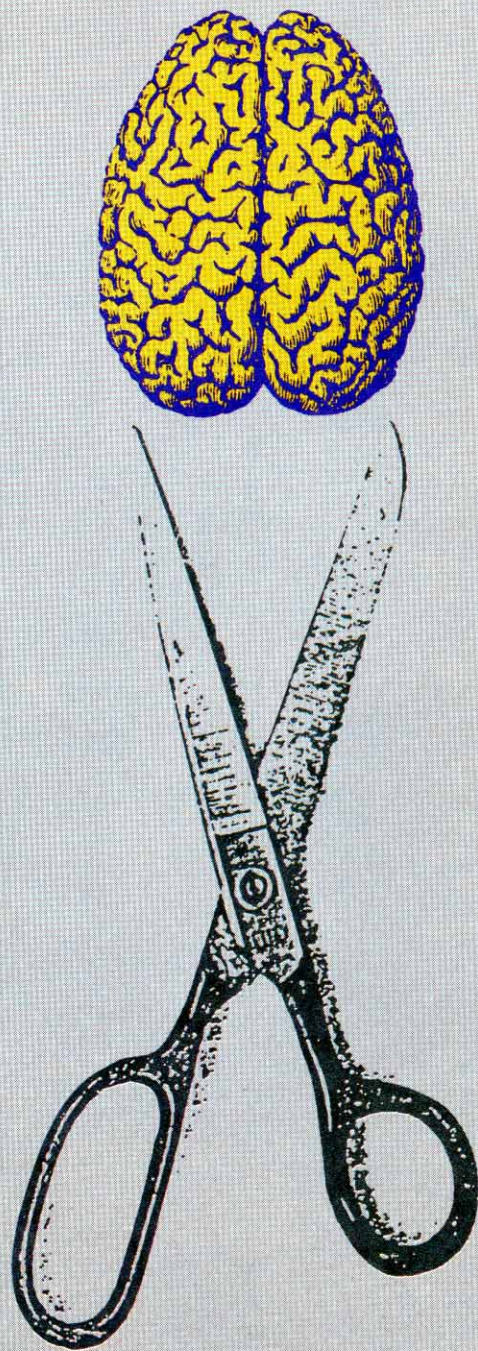
"THE DOOR
FLEW OPEN,
IN HE RAN,



"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."





NEW FORMAT

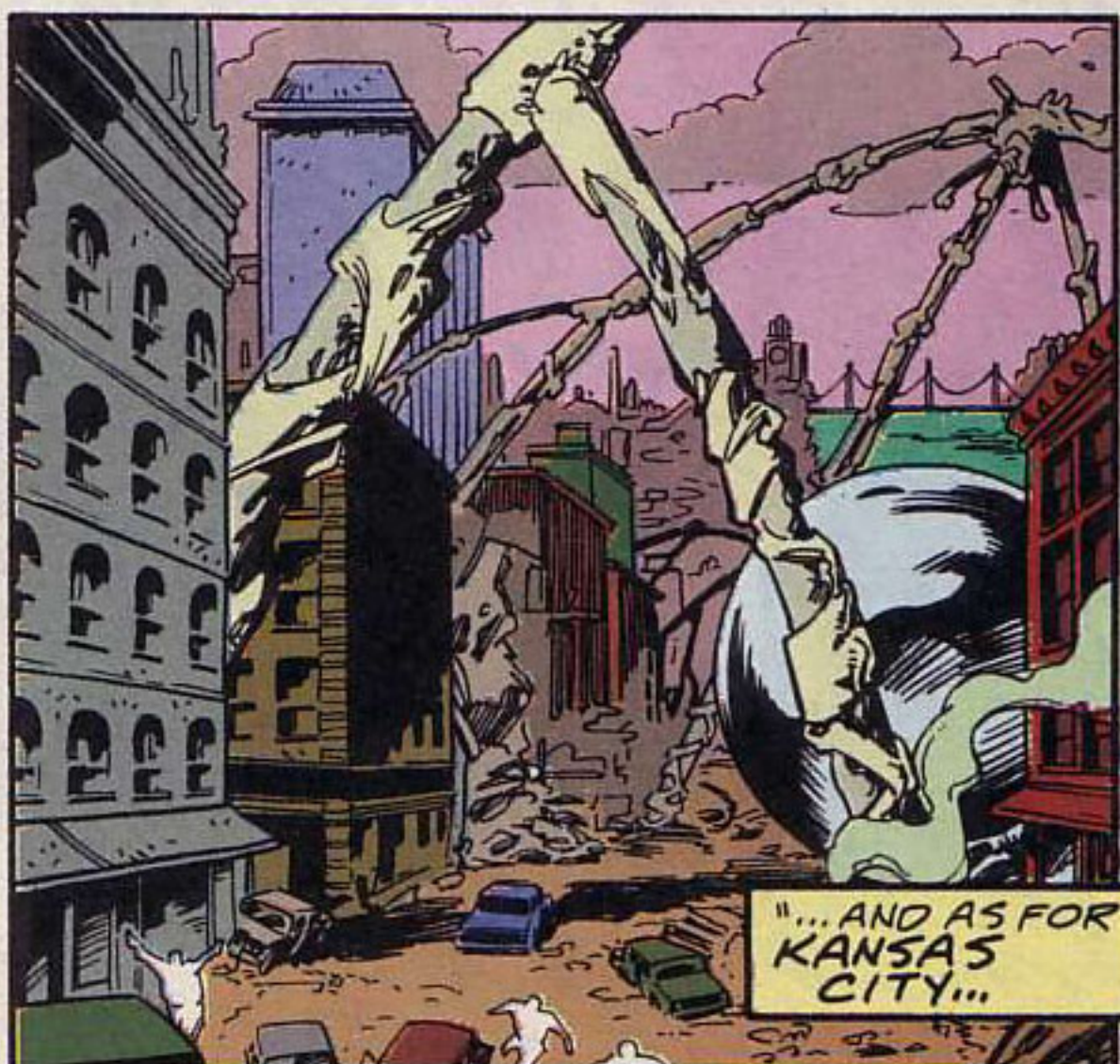
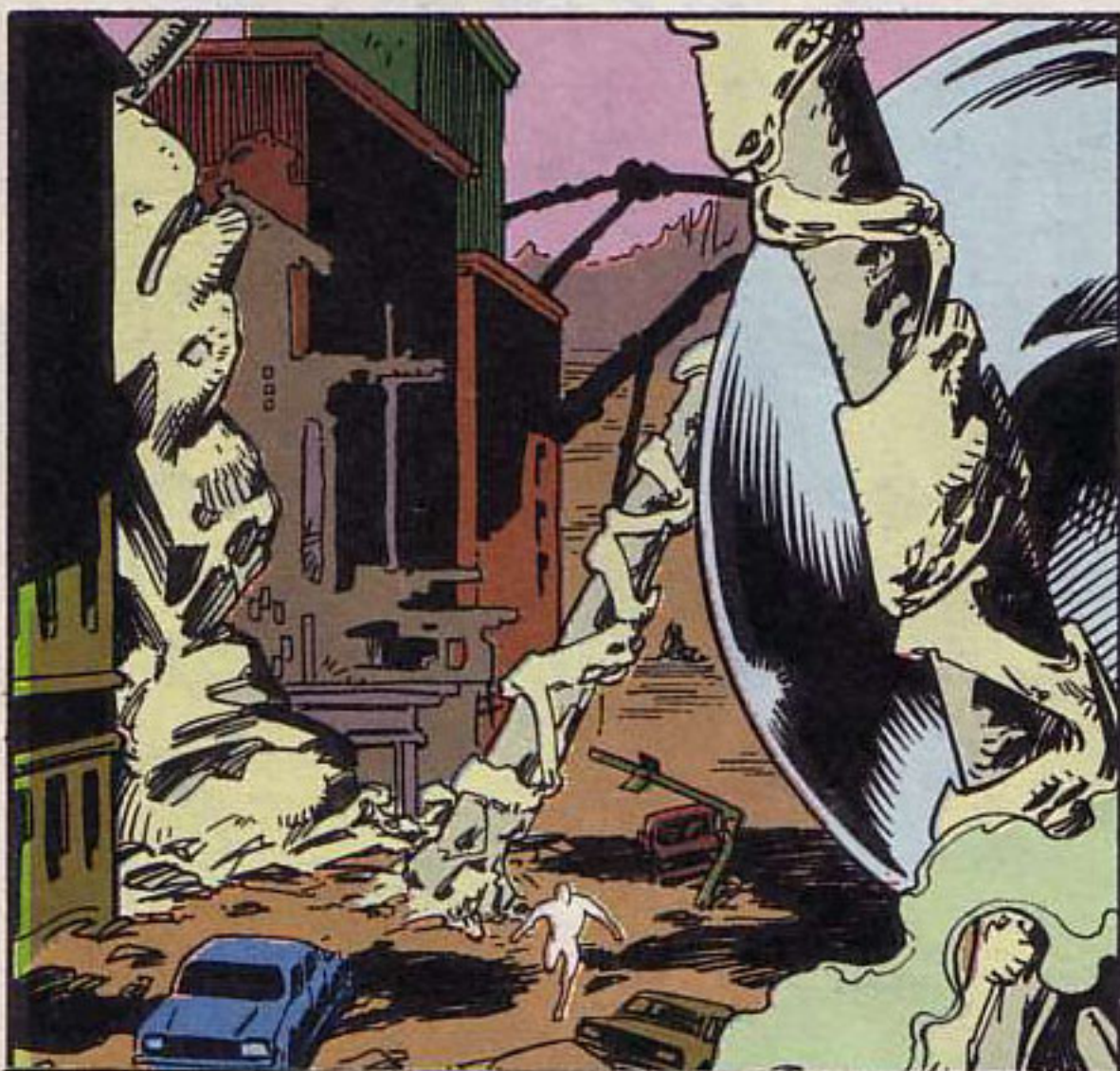
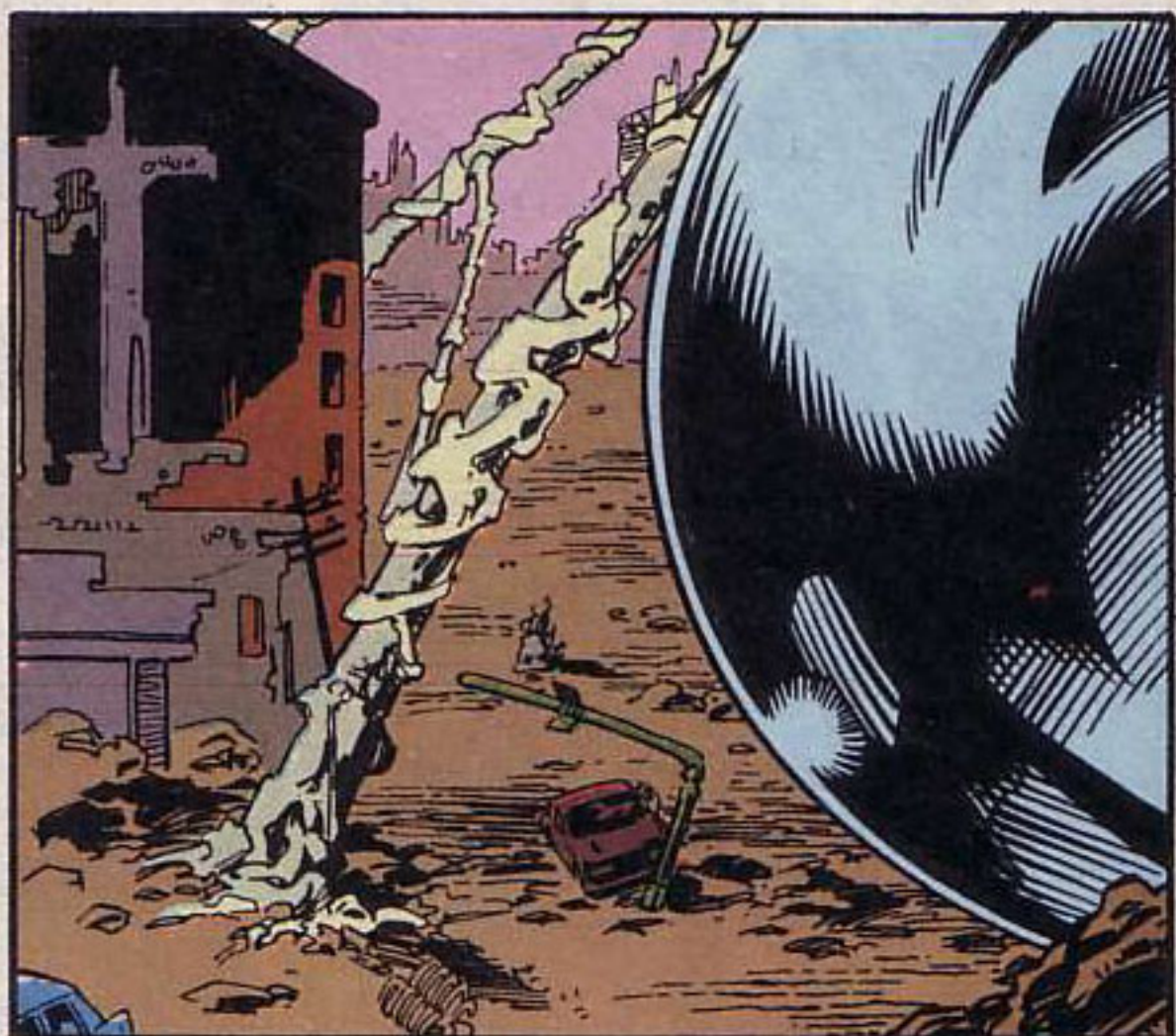
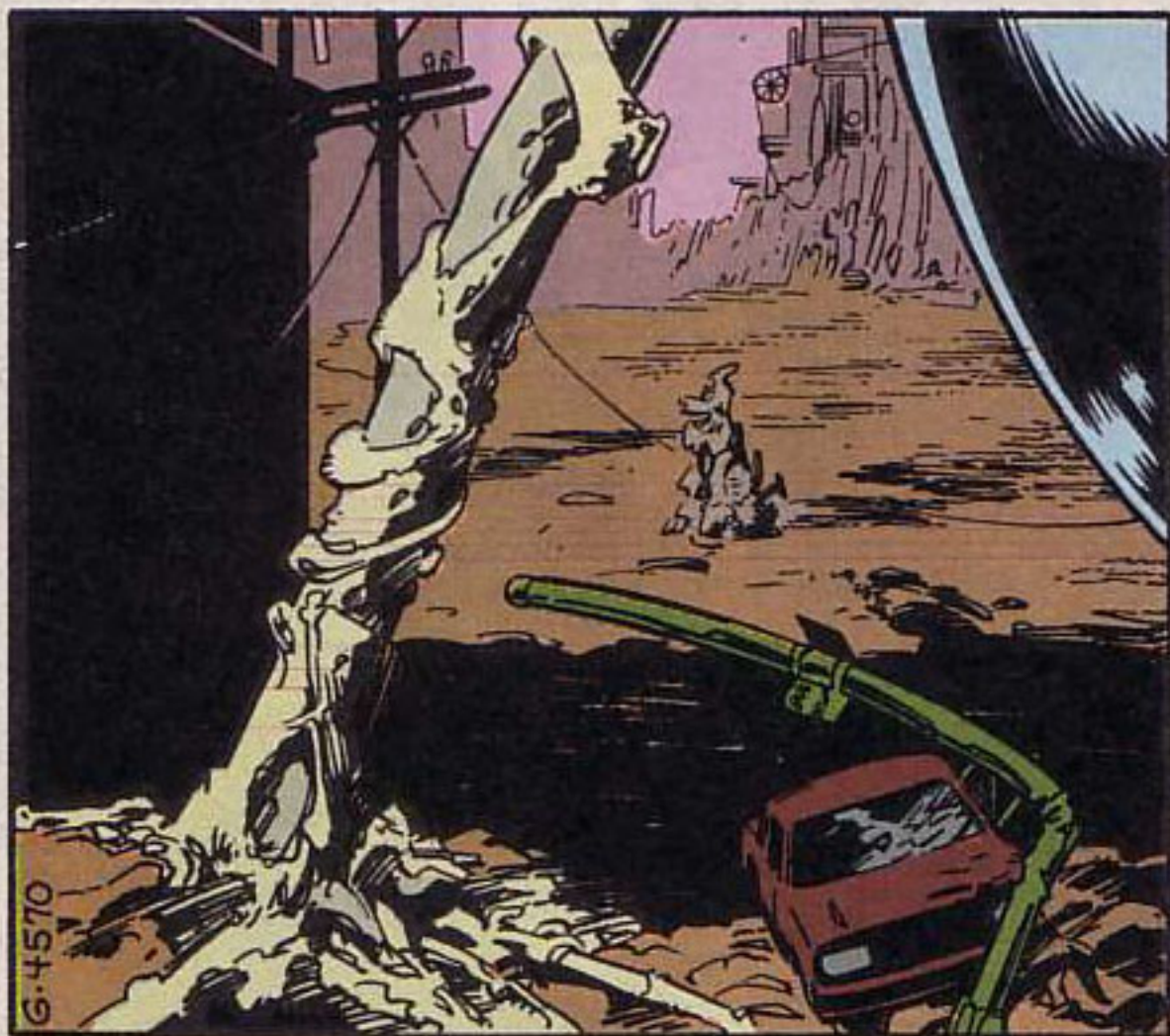
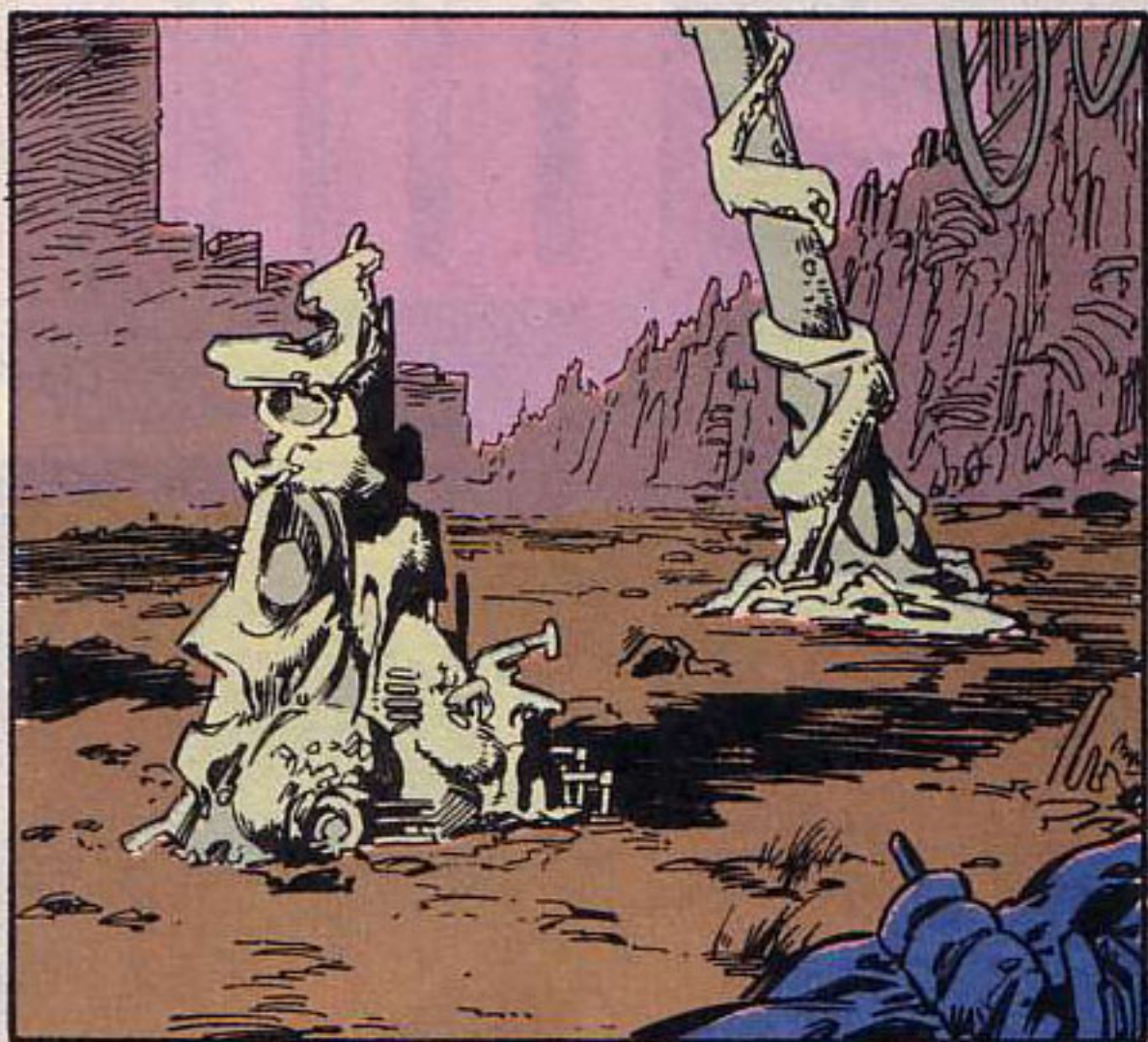
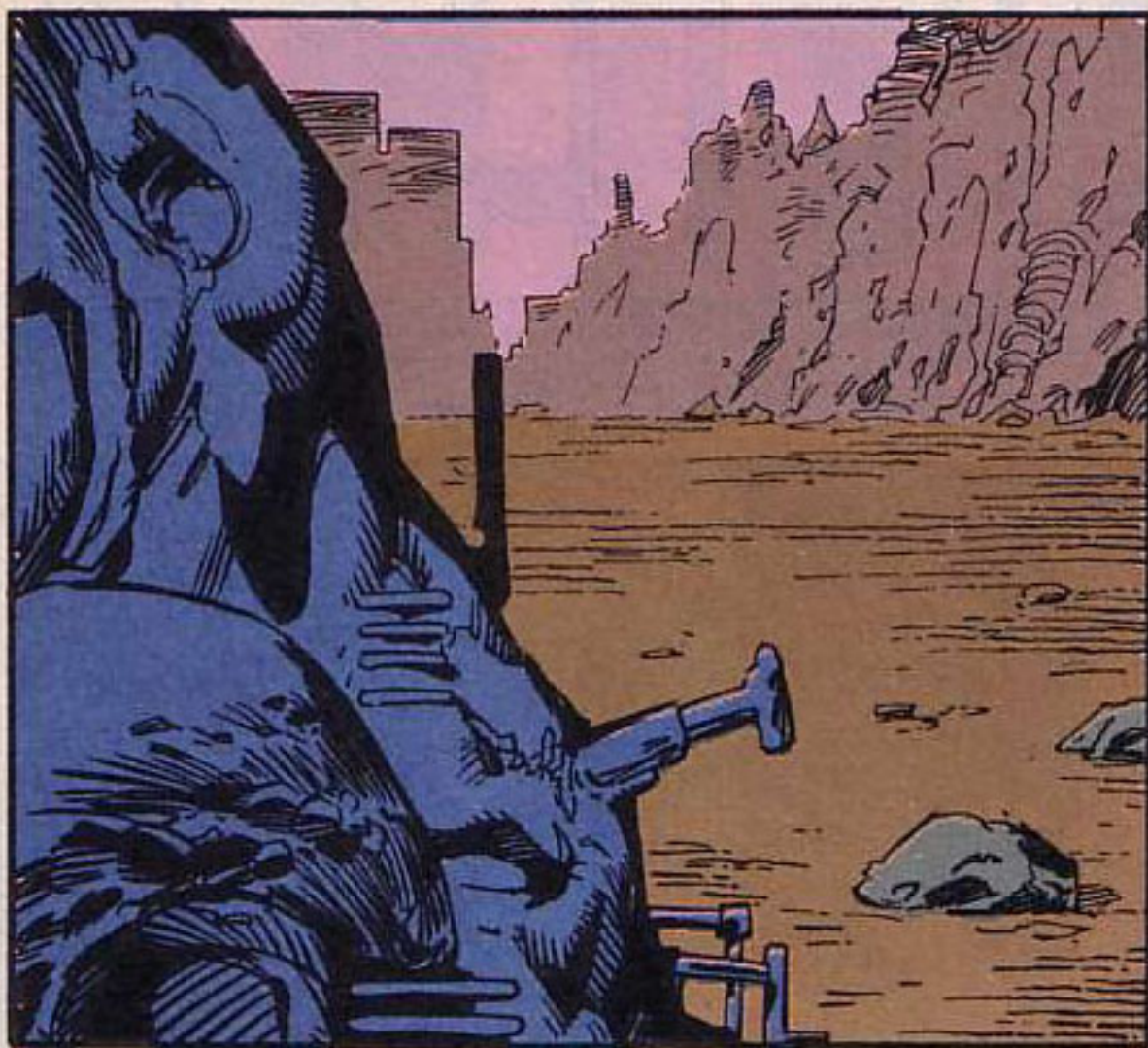
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CAN \$1.85
APR 89 UK 80p

THE DOOM PATROL™

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



By
**MORRISON,
CASE &
HANNA**



"... AND AS FOR
KANSAS
CITY..."

WORLDS IN

GRANT MORRISON - RICHARD CASE - SCOTT HANNA
WRITER PENCILLER INKER

COLLISION

JOHN WORKMAN - DANIEL VOZZO - ROBERT GREENBERGER
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR



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

"AND THEN I HEARD
WHISPERING."



SCISSORMEN!



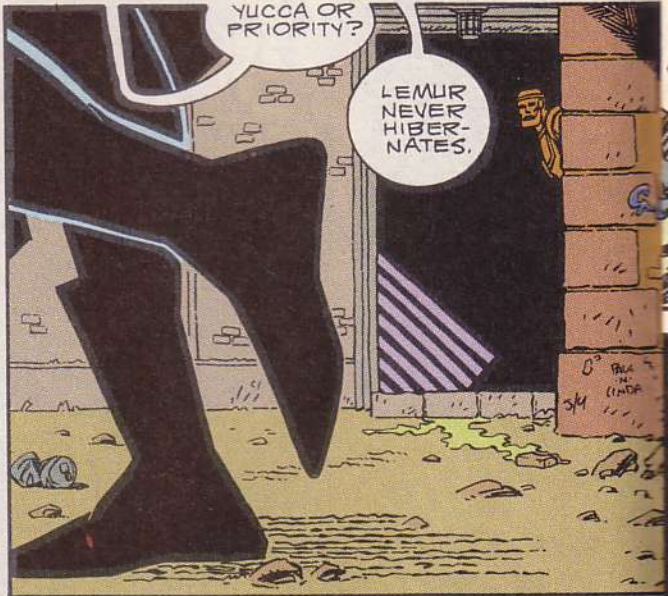
DEFEATING
BREADFRUIT IN
ADUMBRATE.

CRASHLAND
FOR AWARD
PRIMATE.



YUCCA OR
PRIORITY?

LEMUR
NEVER
HIBER-
NATES.



"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.

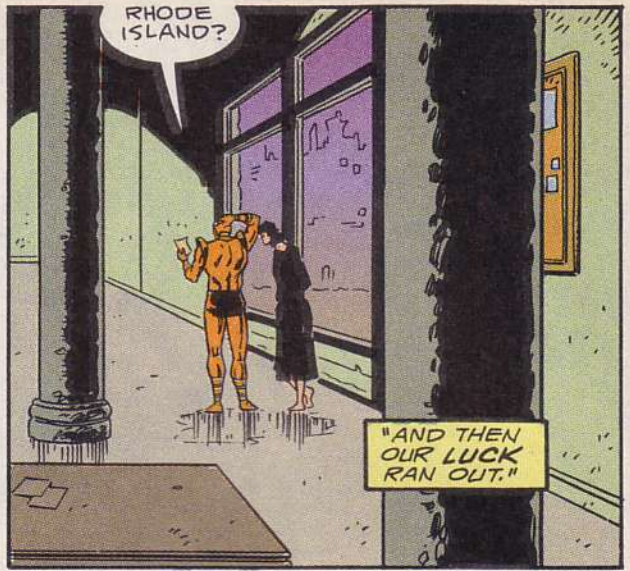


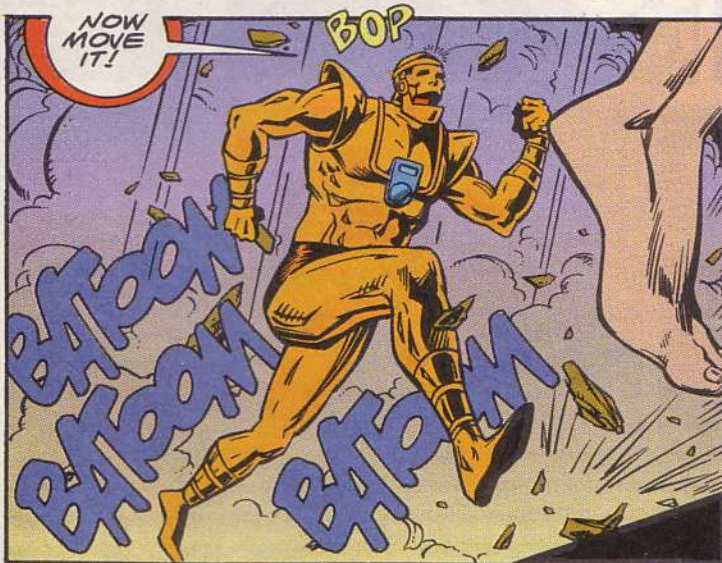
I SAID
IT MYSELF,
THE DOOM
PATROL'S
DEAD.



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

CLIFF.







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
PHYSICALLY 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."

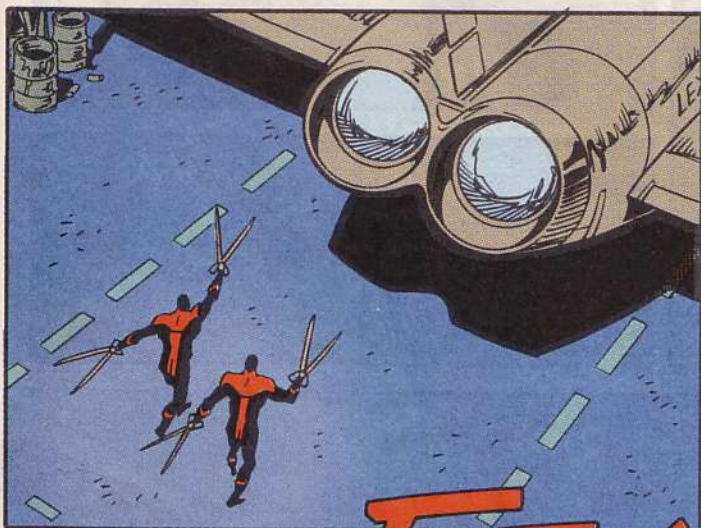


"SHE TOOK
HIM APART."

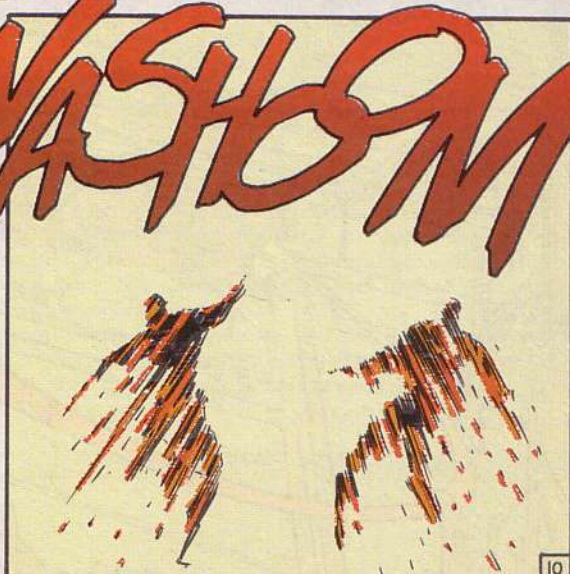
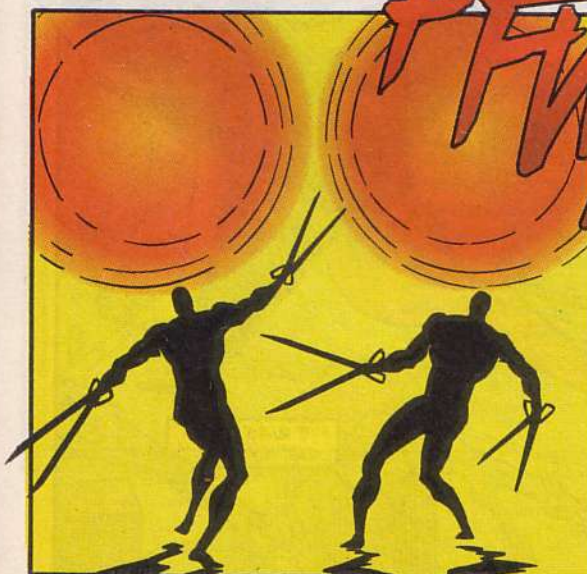


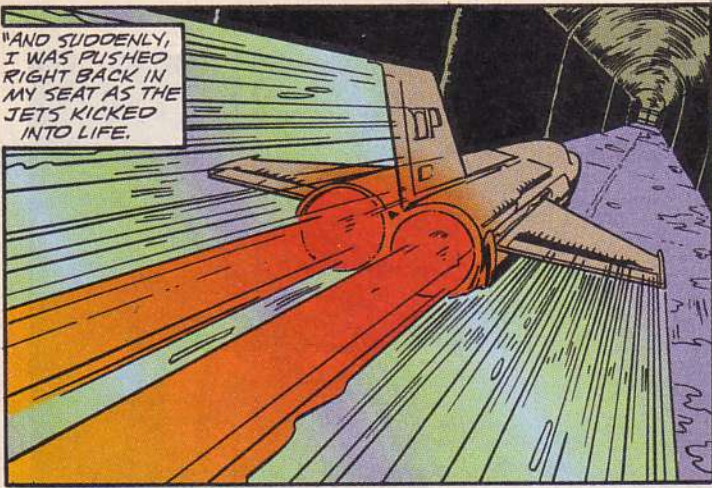
"WE HAULED
OURSELVES UP
INTO THAT JET
LIKE OUR TAILS
WERE ON FIRE."

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



FWASHON





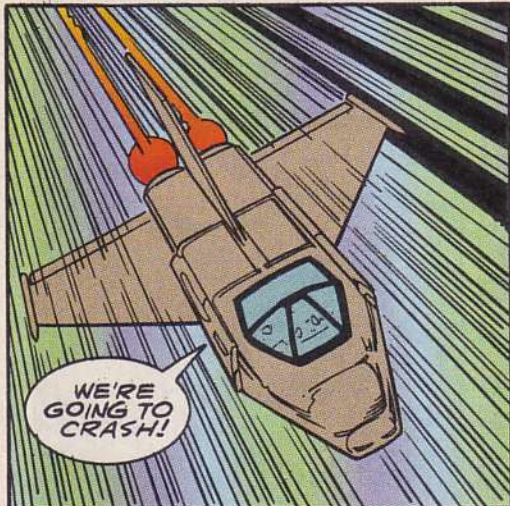
"AND SUDDENLY, I WAS PUSHED RIGHT BACK IN MY SEAT AS THE JET'S KICKED INTO LIFE."



"THEN JANE SPOTTED THE HANGAR DOORS."

CLIFF, THEY'RE CLOSED!

WHAT? THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO OPEN AUTOMATICALLY!



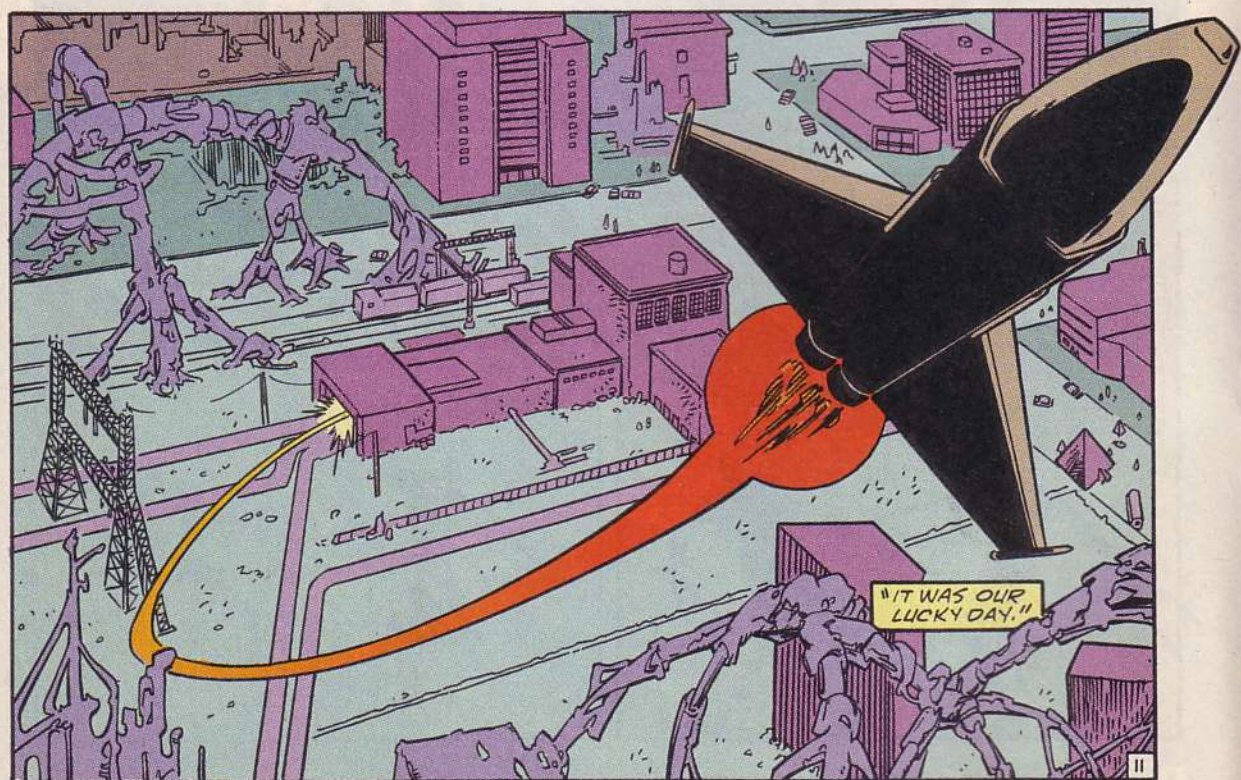
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!



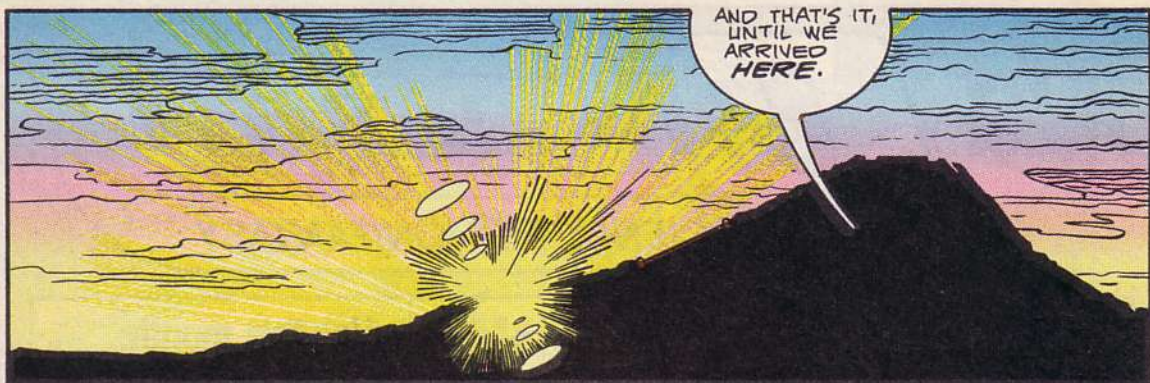
AUUUGH!



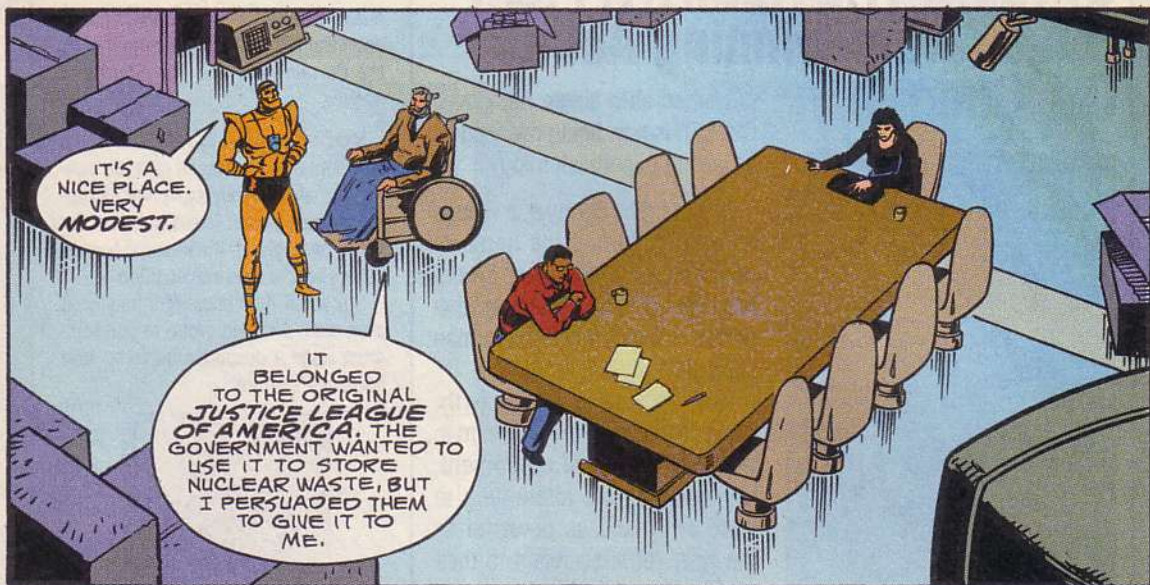
"BUT LIKE I SAID..."



"IT WAS OUR LUCKY DAY."



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.



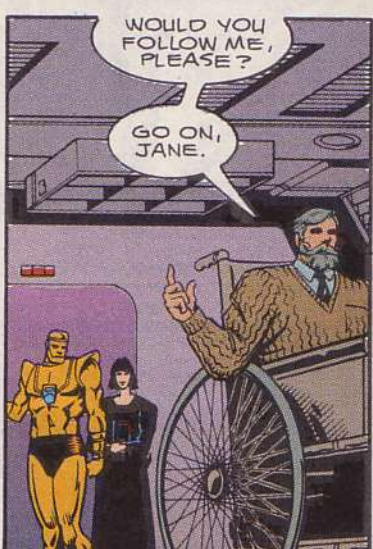
THEY PROPOSE TO FILL THE BOOK WITH PARASITE IDEAS WHICH WILL ENTER HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS AND TRANSFORM IT.

OH, WELL, THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!



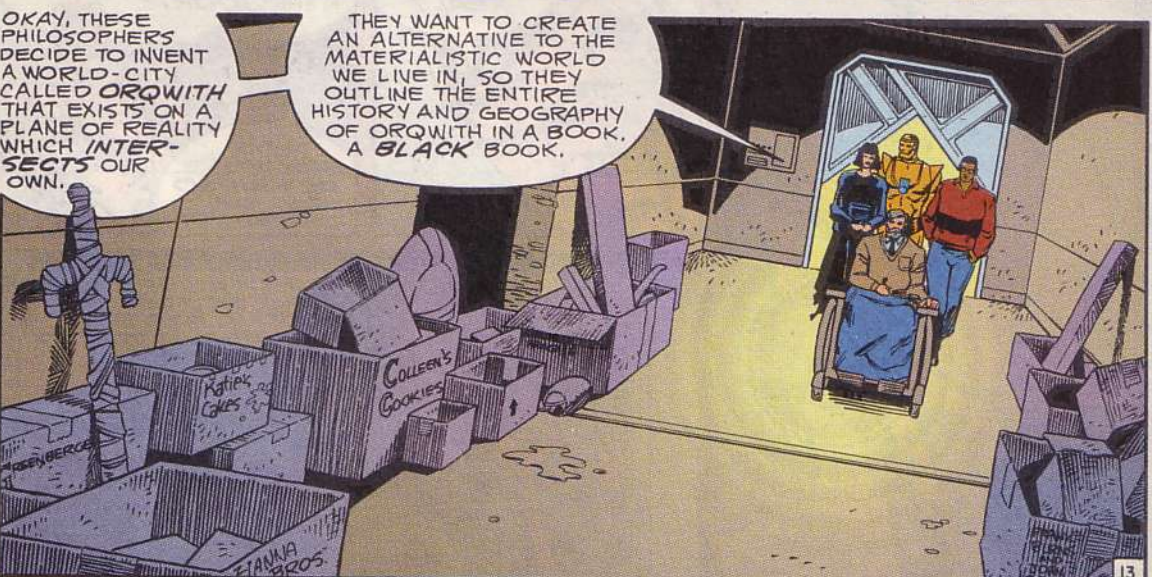
SHE'S TALKING ABOUT MEMETIC THEORY.

I THINK WE MAY HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY.



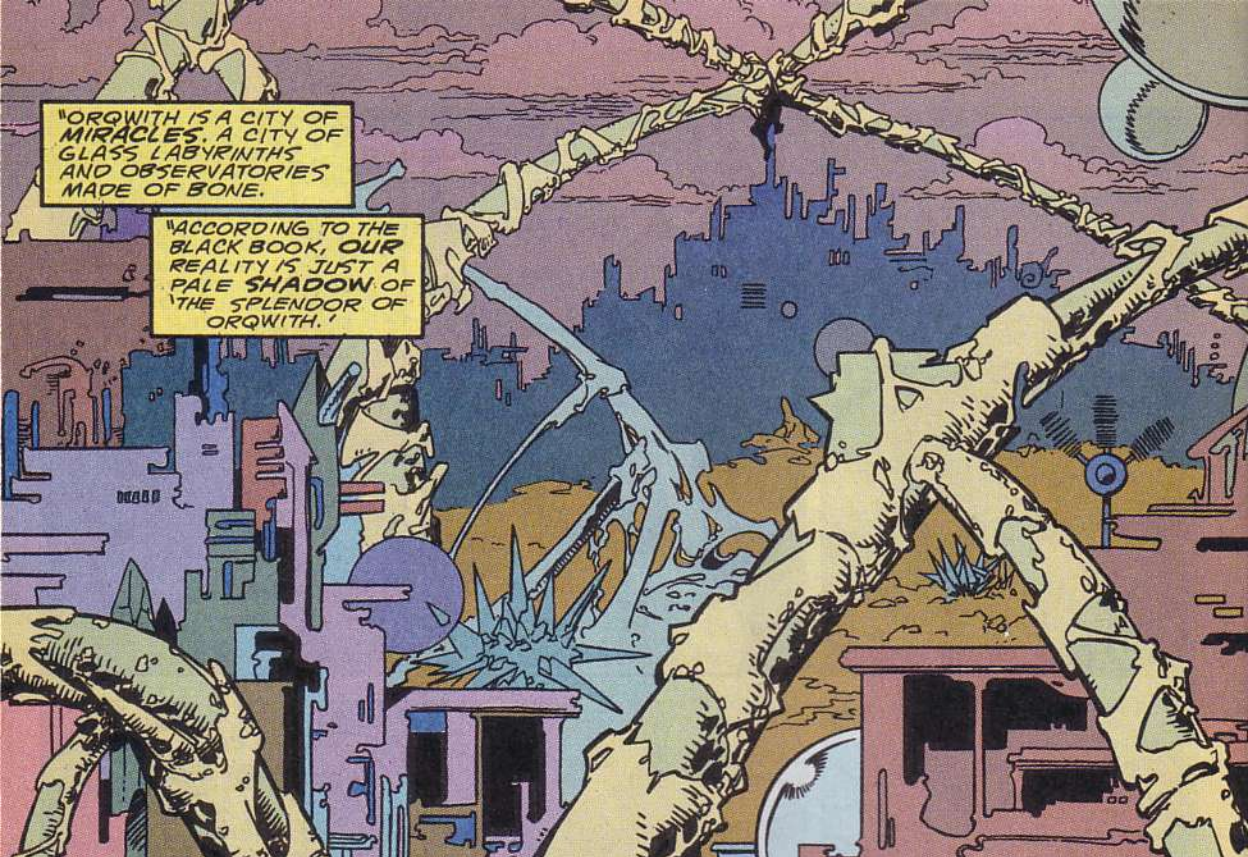
WOULD YOU FOLLOW ME, PLEASE?

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.



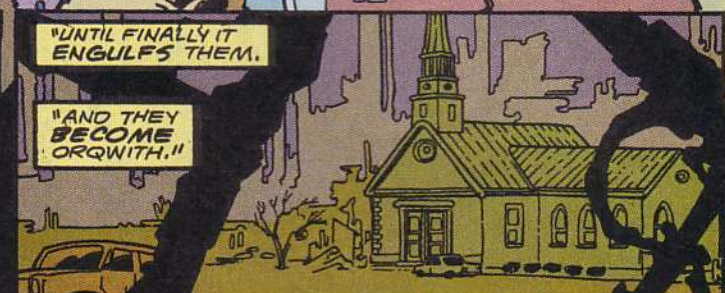
"ORQWITH IS A CITY OF
MIRACLES. A CITY OF
GLASS LABYRINTHS
AND OBSERVATORIES
MADE OF BONE.

"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?



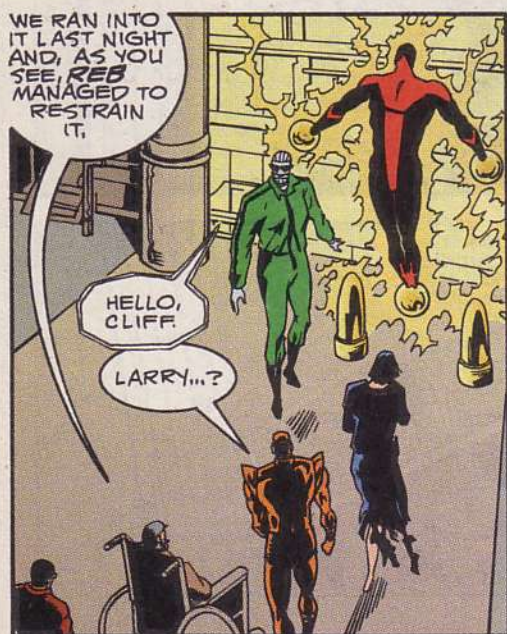
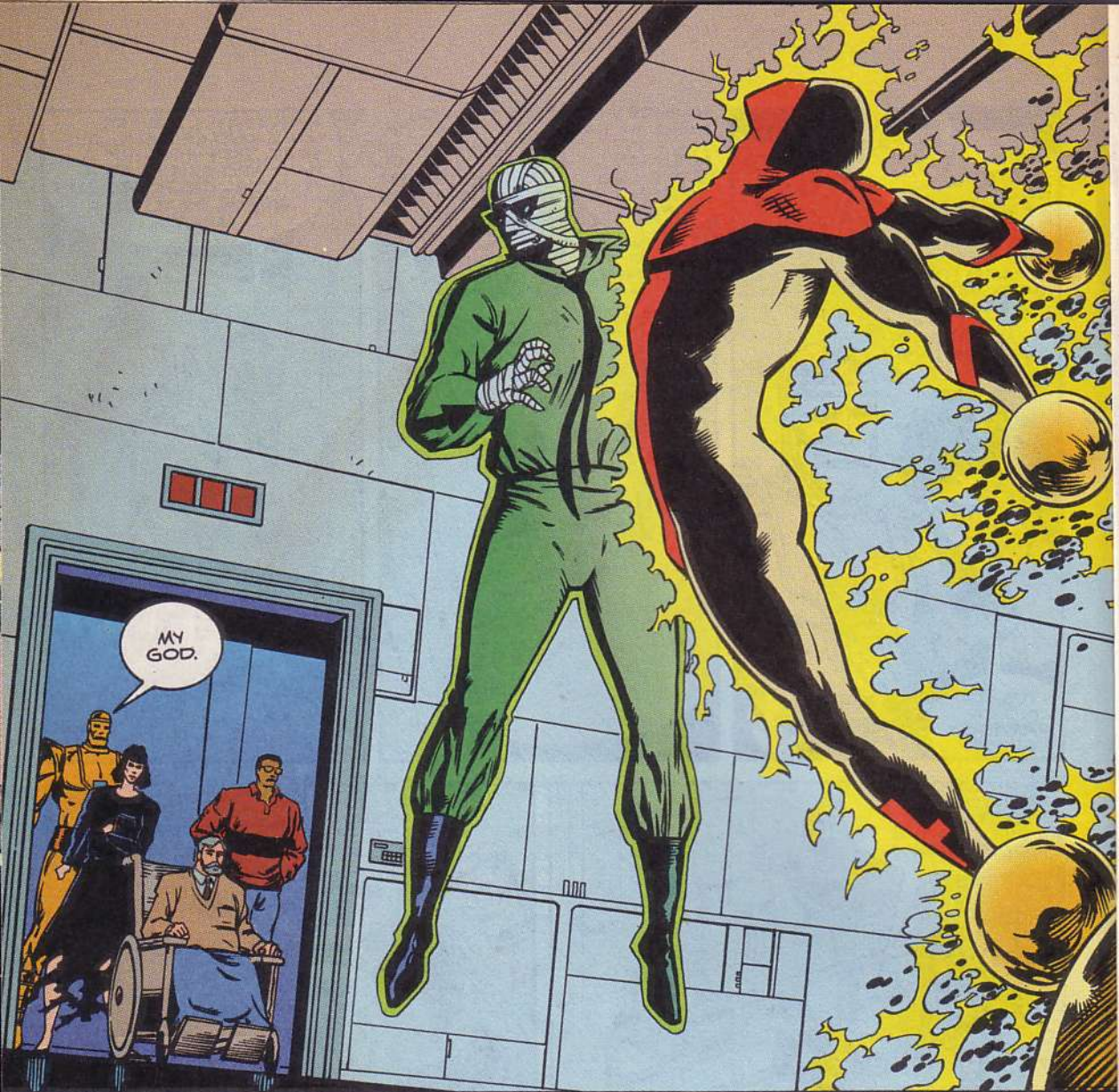
WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE
HAPPENED TO THESE
PHILOSOPHER-GUYS?
IN THE BOOK, I
MEAN?

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

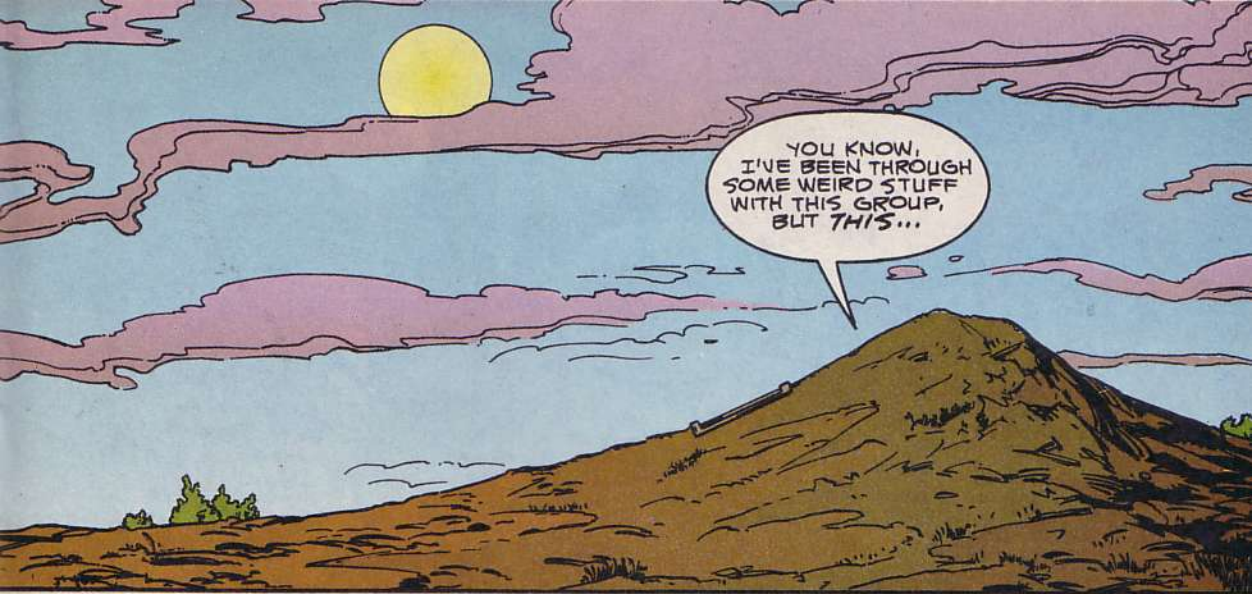


"THE BOOK BECOMES THE
GATEWAY BETWEEN THE
IMAGINARY AND THE
REAL.

"AND
ORQWITH
GETS
OUT."







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.



I KNOW THE FEELING.

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



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...







NICE
WORK,
MAN.



HOW
MANY
WERE
THERE?

DID
WE GET
THEM?



JOSH!

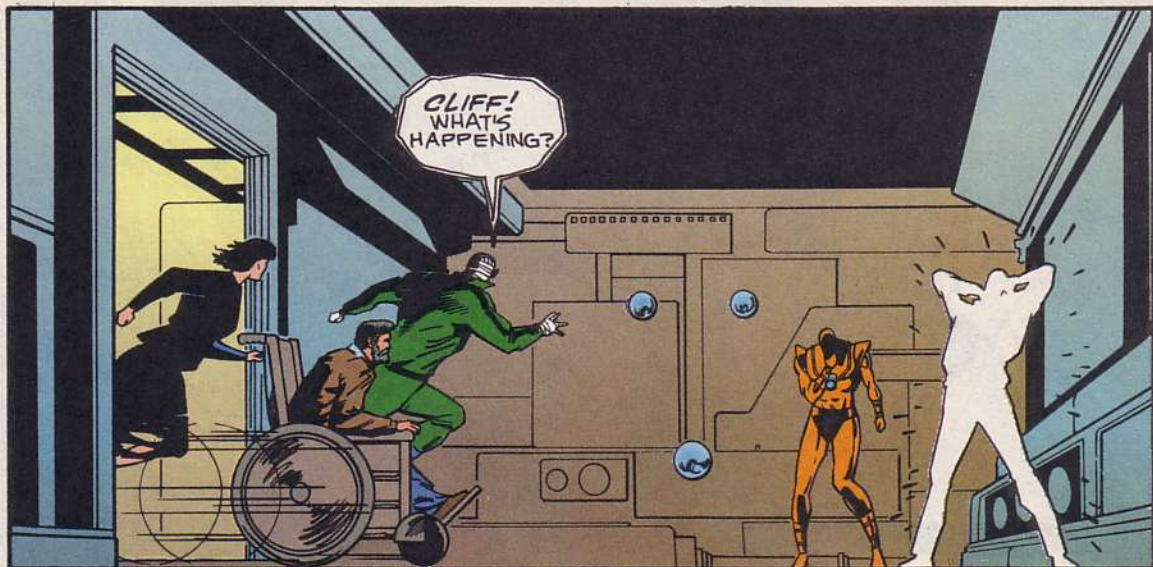


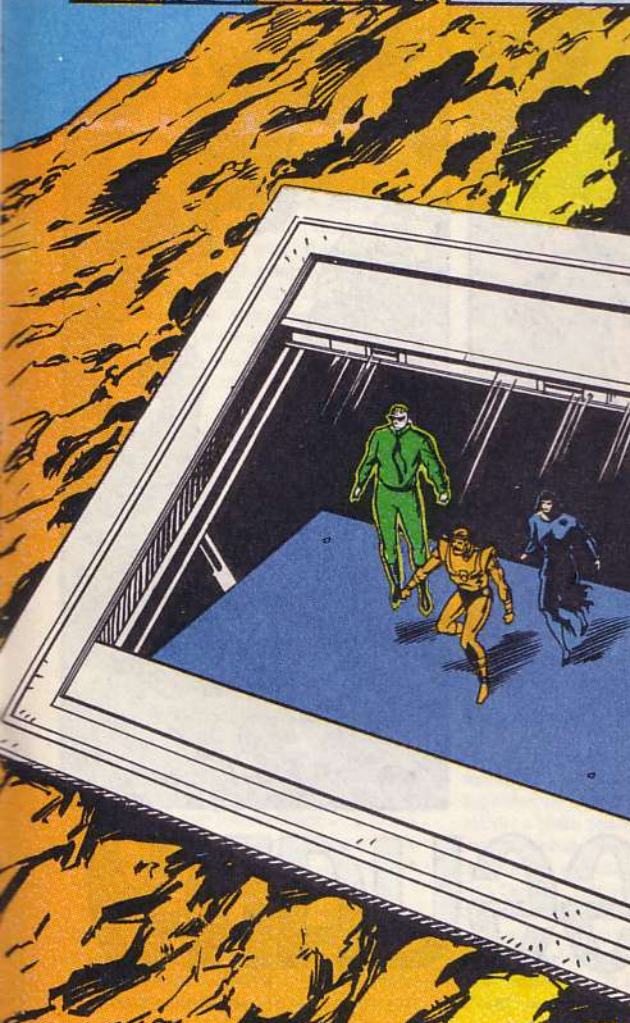
UNNNH!

NARRATE
THE
ARMAMENT!



JOSH!





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



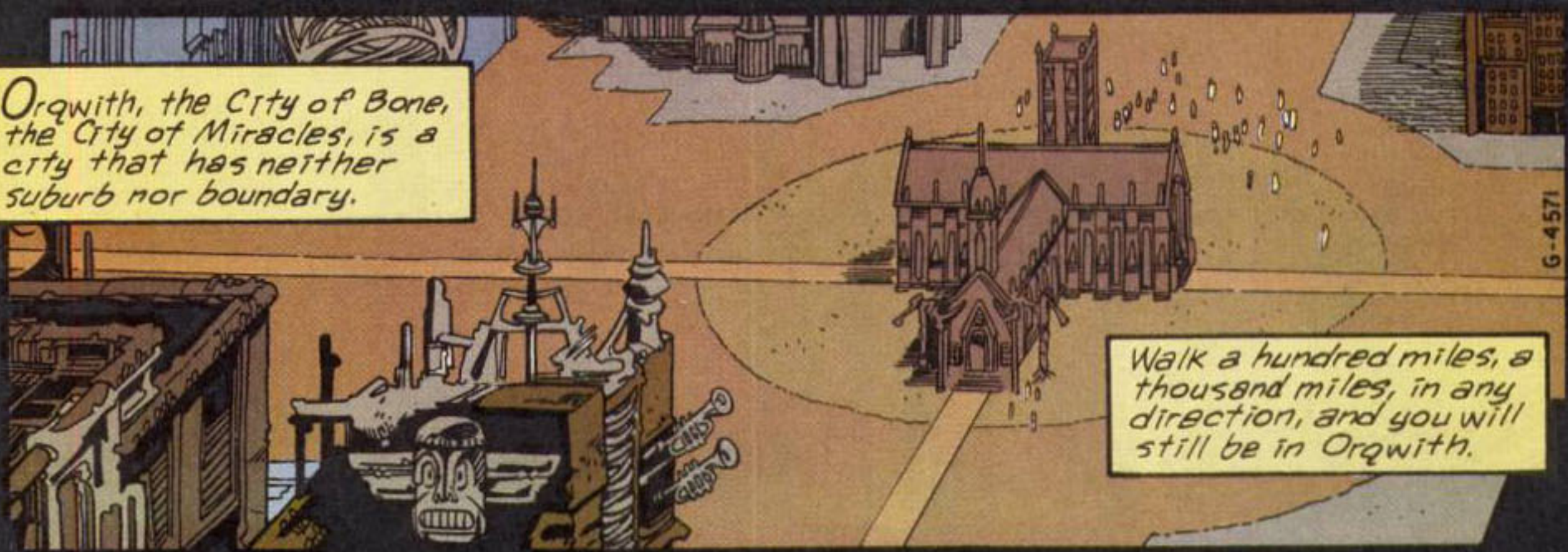

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THE DOOM PATROL™

BY MORRISON,
CASE & HANNA



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

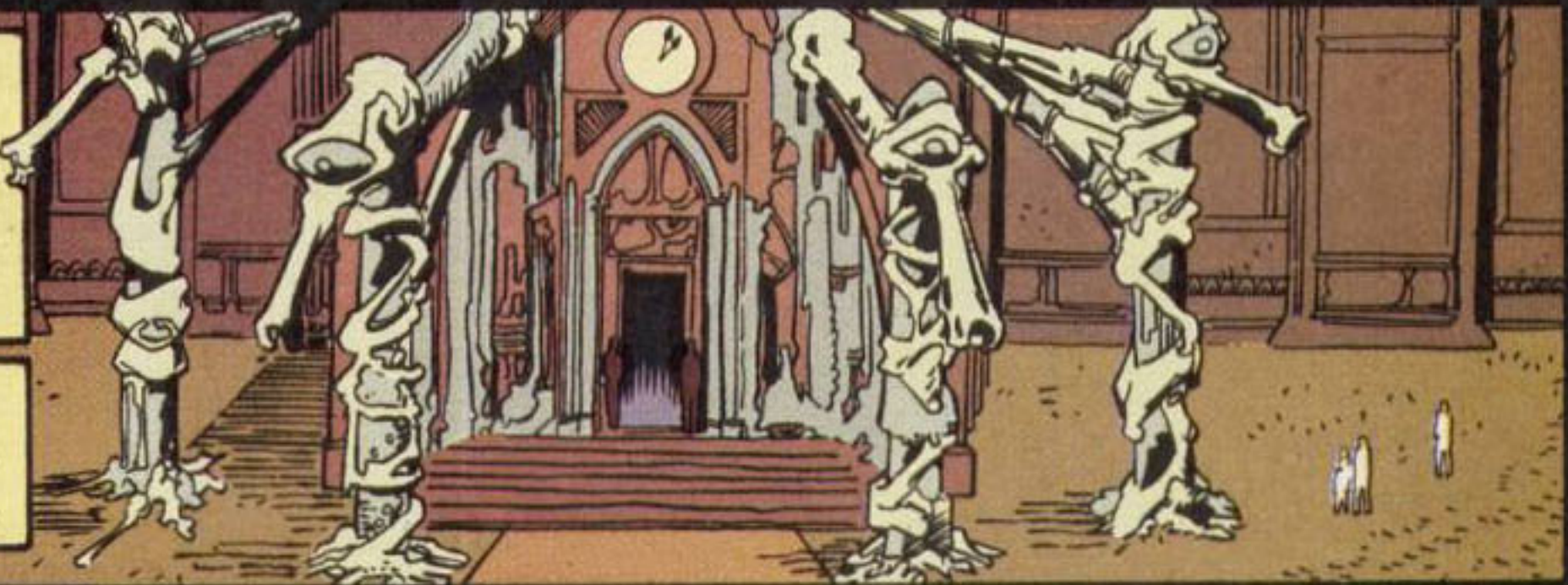


G-4571

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.



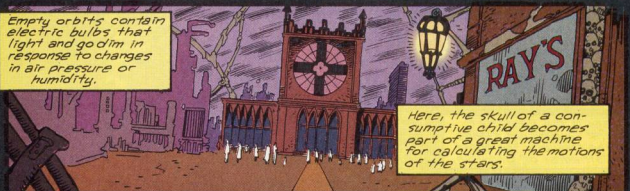
One is a liar, the
other, an honest
man.



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

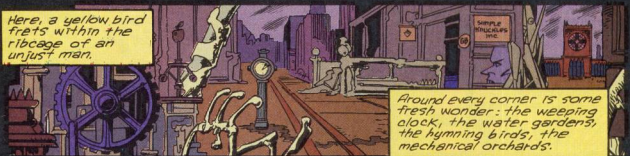


Beyond the Ossuary, the half-life of the city continues. Sleepwalkers drift among marvels wrought in the bone of the unnumbered dead.



Empty orbits contain electric bulbs that light and god'im 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 fights 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.

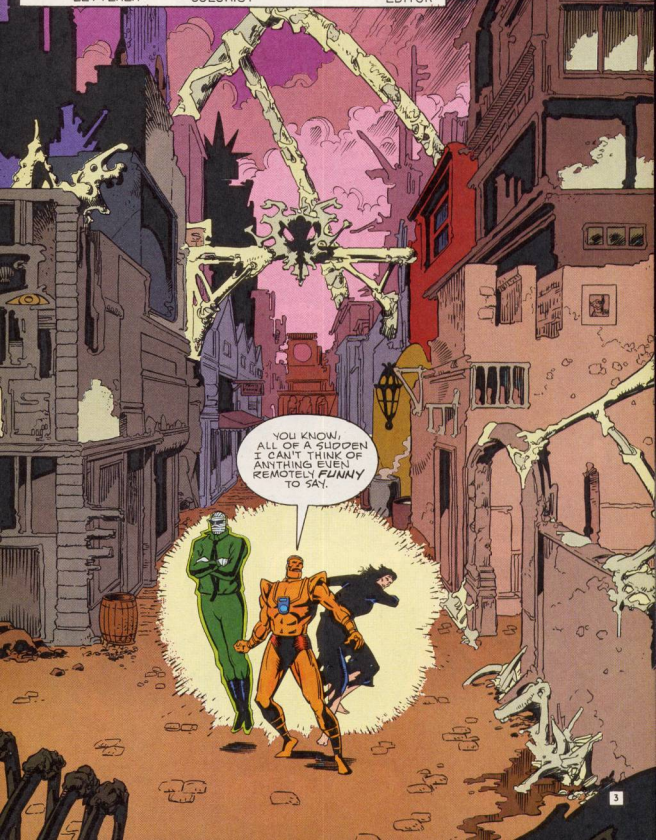


For all of us, in the end, come to the City of Bone.

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 GREENBERGER
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR





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...

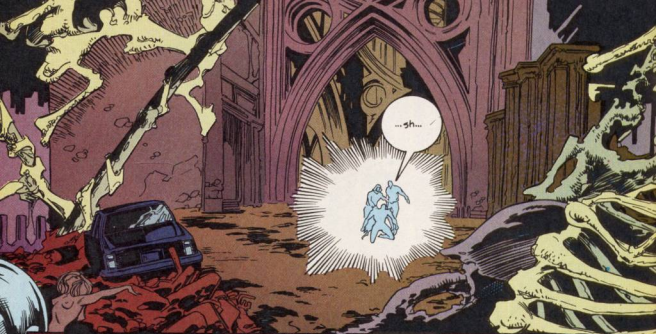
...CAN'T
FIND IT
ANYWHERE.



LISTEN,
WE'LL GET
YOU OUT OF
THIS!

IT'LL BE
OKAY...





FLIT HAD
TO TELEPORT
US OUT.

I'M
SORRY,
CLIFF.

oh...



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!

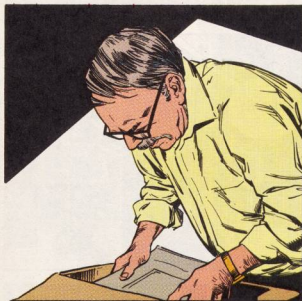
I'VE MADE A
REAL BIG MISTAKE
THIS TIME. I
SHOULD'VE
LISTENED TO
THE CHIEF. HE
ALWAYS KNOWS
WHAT TO DO.

IT'S
TOO
LATE
FOR
THAT
NOW.

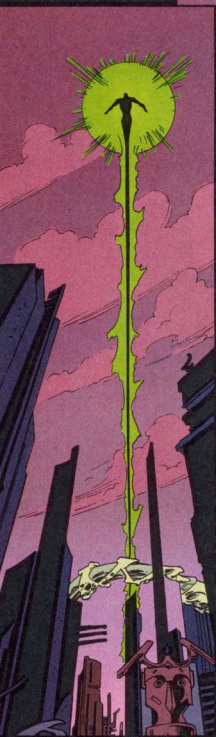
ORQWITH
IS
CONSUMING
REALITY.



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









WE... I... HAVE
CRUCIAL INFORMA-
TION... THOUGHTS TORN
RAW FROM THE HEAD
OF A SCISSORMAN...

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

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

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..."

"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 ORWELL'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?

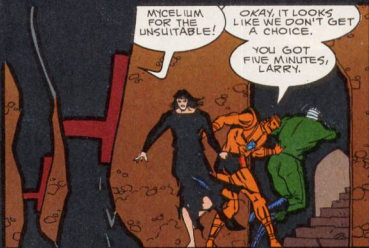
CLIFF!



MYCELIUM FOR THE UNSUITABLE!

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

YOU GOT FIVE MINUTES, LARRY.



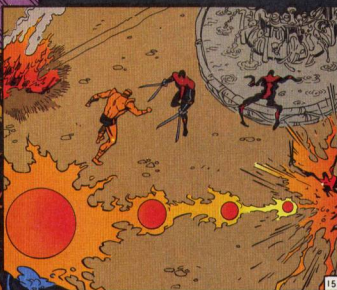
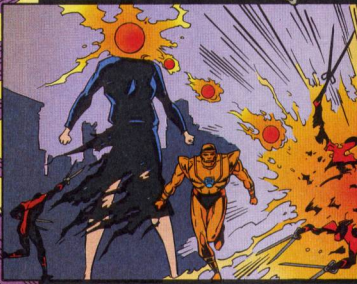
REMEMBER THE LAST FEW SECONDS OF "BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID"?

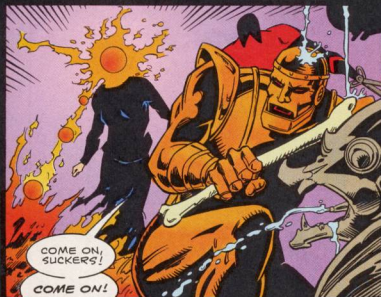
THEN LET'S GO!

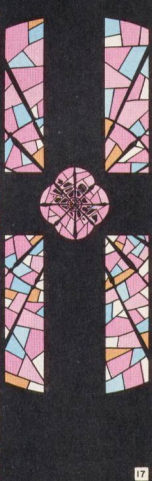
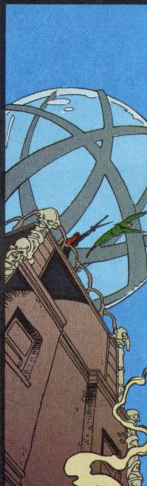


YAAAAAAA!

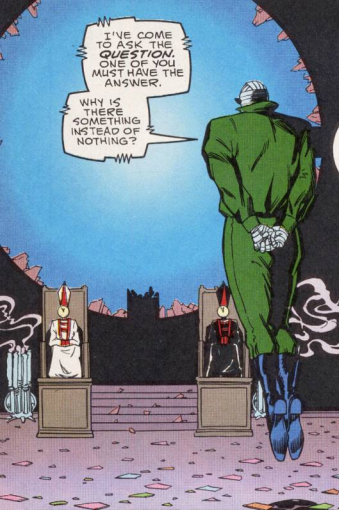






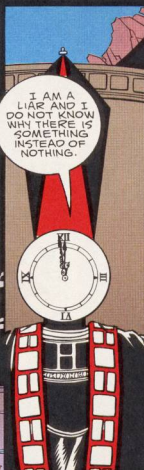




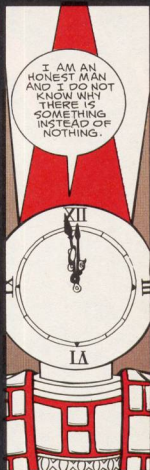


I'VE COME TO ASK THE **QUESTION**. ONE OF YOU MUST HAVE THE ANSWER.

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.

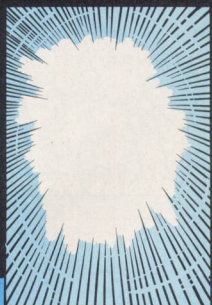
GOOD.



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 ORQWTH 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 ORQWTH 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?



YES. YES, CLIFF, I DO WANT TO SAY SOMETHING.

I THINK IT'S CLEAR FROM WHAT'S HAPPENED OVER THE PAST FEW DAYS THAT THE WORLD NEEDS THE DOOM PATROL...

...NEEDS US MORE THAN EVER.

DON'T YOU SEE? THERE ARE AREAS IN WHICH ONLY WE ARE QUALIFIED TO OPERATE. WHEN THE RATIONAL WORLD BREAKS DOWN, WE CAN COPE...

...BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN THERE, IN OURSELVES.

WE HAVE KNOWN MADNESS...

...AND DELIRIUM...

...AND WE ARE NO LONGER AFRAID.

THE WORLD HAS TURNED ITS BACK ON US, BUT IT'S TIME TO STOP BEING VICTIMS, TIME TO SHOW THEM WE'RE MORE THAN JUST "FREAKS," MORE THAN JUST "CRIPPLES." BELIEVE ME, THEY NEED US.

AND WE NEED EACH OTHER.



DON'T LET THE DOOM PATROL DIE AGAIN.

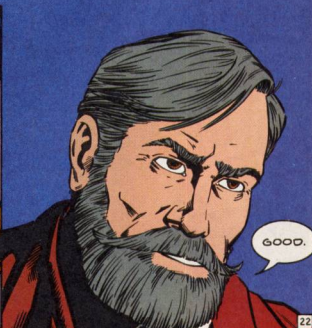
JOIN ME.

PLEASE.



AH, WHAT THE HELL!

ANYTHING TO AVOID A QUIET LIFE.



GOOD.

EPILOGUE I

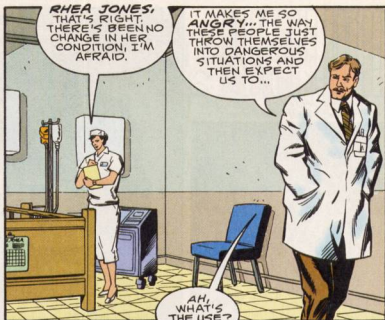
FADE UP HOSPITAL ACOUSTIC: ECHOING WHISPERS IN LONG, OVERLIT CORRIDORS. LIFE SUPPORT MACHINERY, MARKING TIME.



BLIP.

BLIP.

...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.

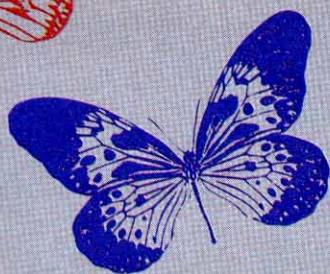
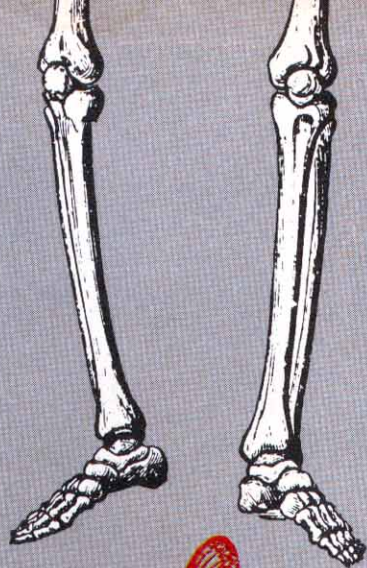


MY SLEEPING BEAUTY.

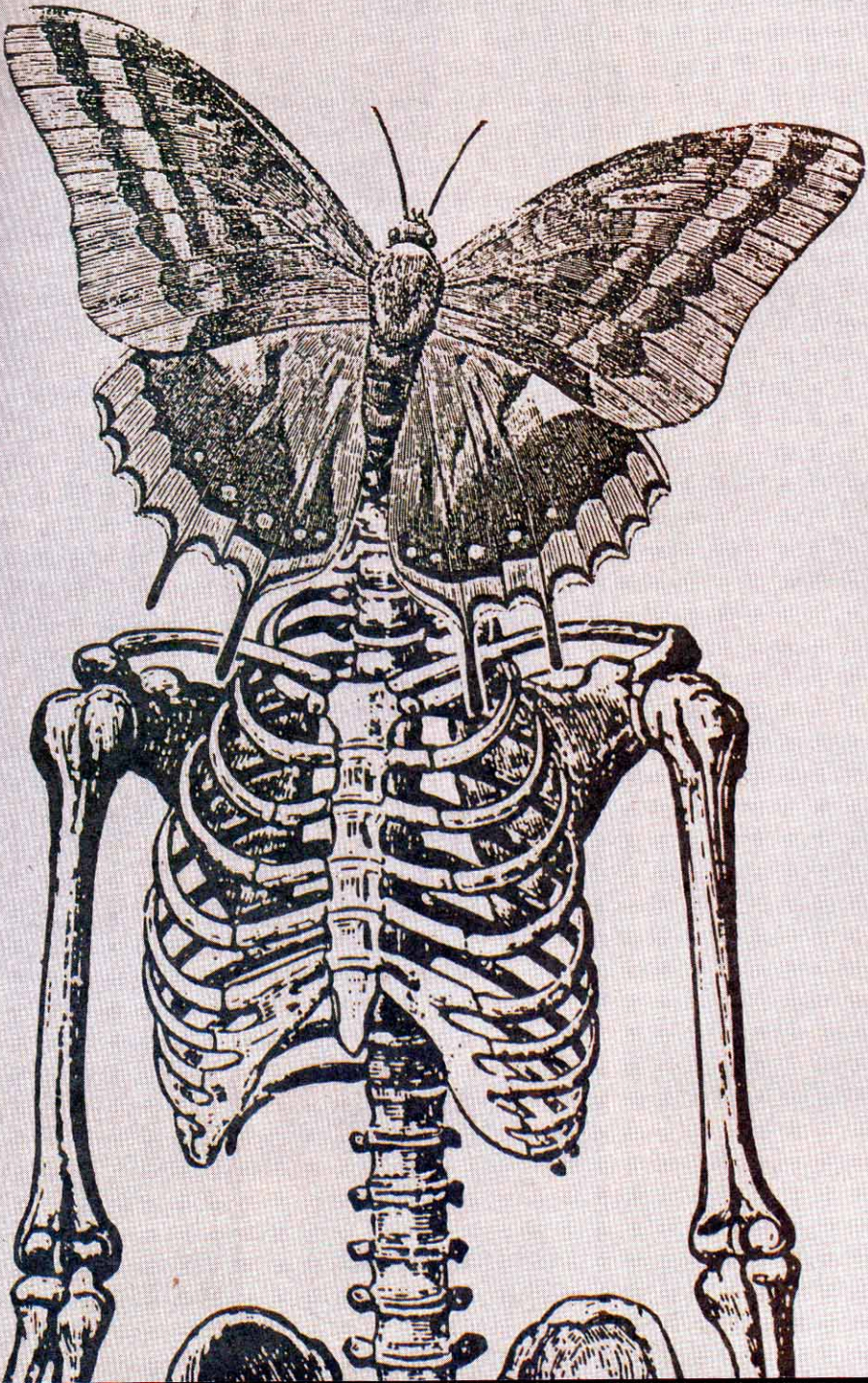
BLIP.

BLIP.

FADE.



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



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THE

BUTTERFLY

COLLECTOR

THE

DOOM

PATROL

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Cheryl Jane

Cliff Steele

ATE 33

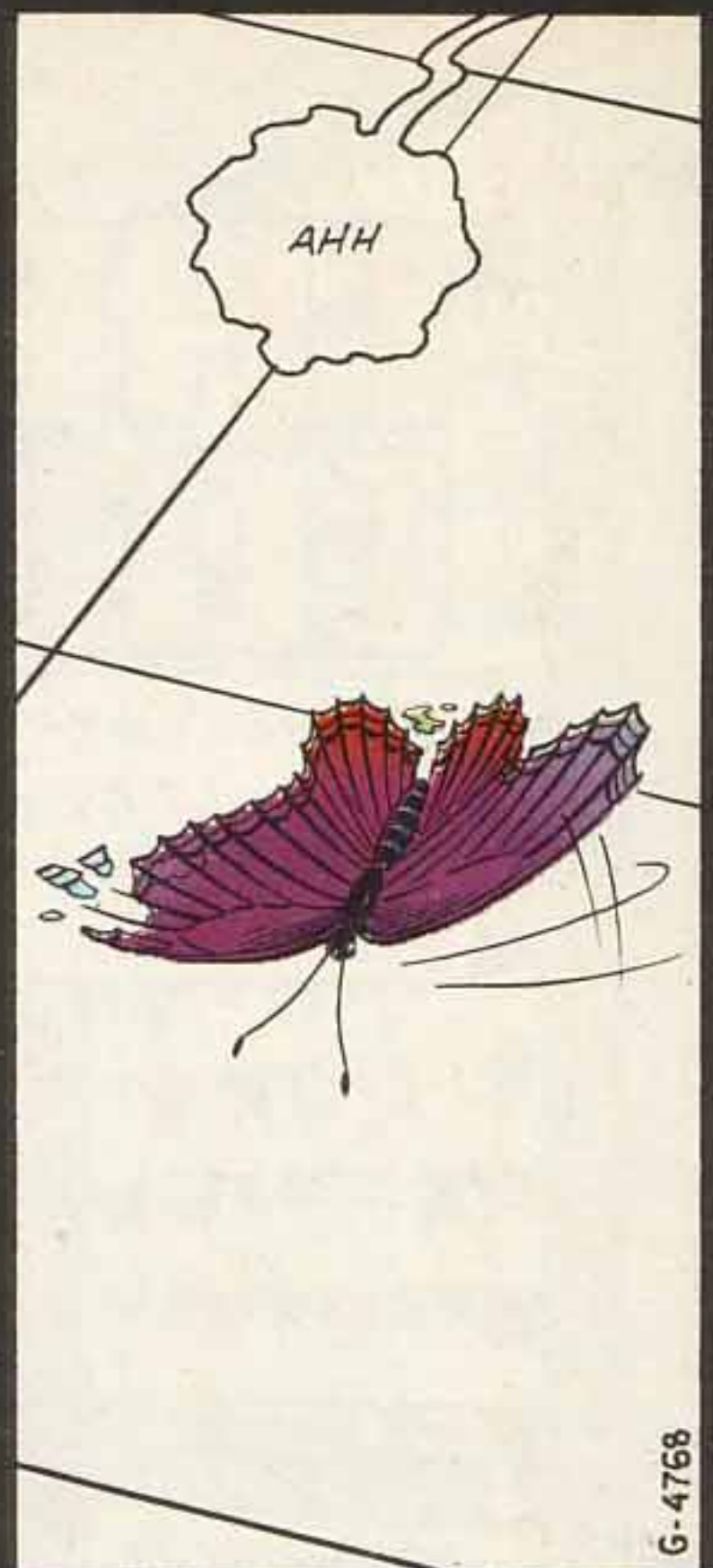
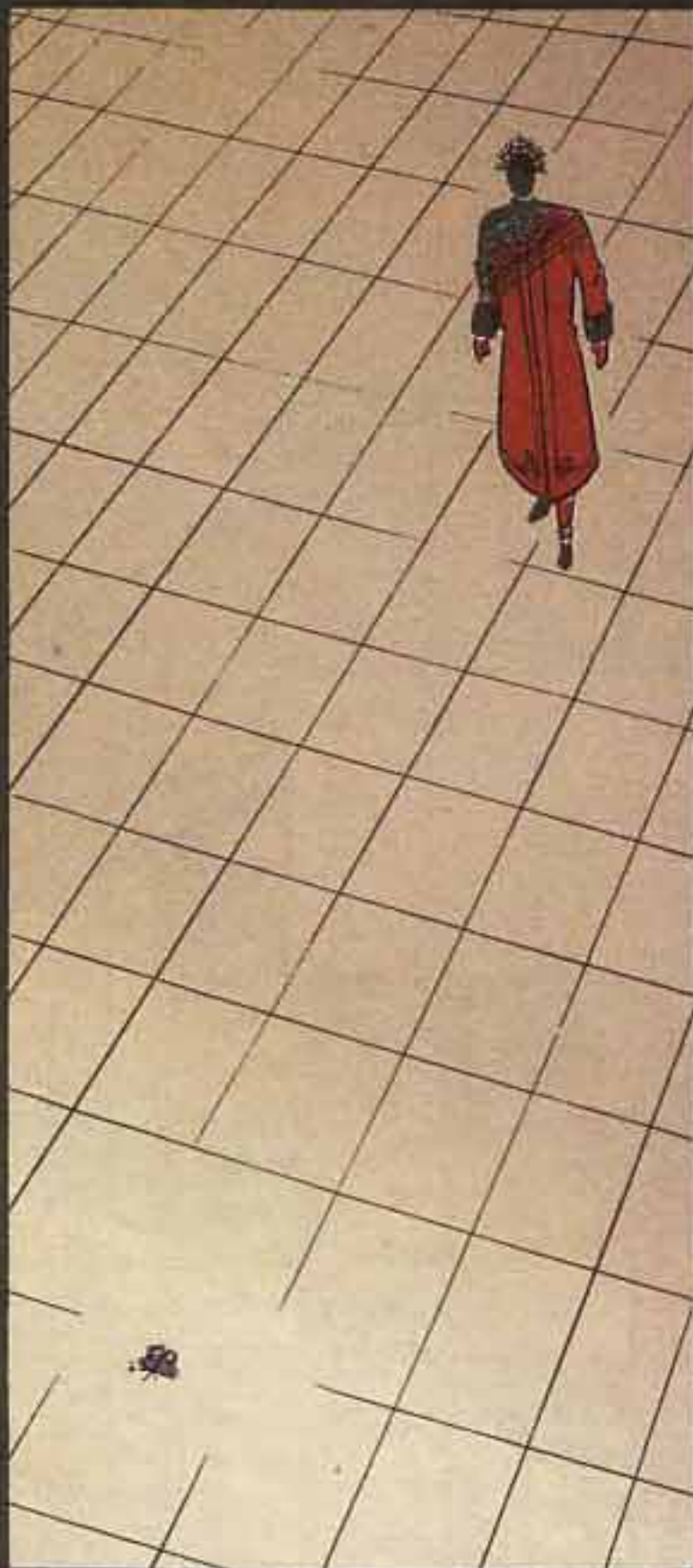
Undermido of the same.

3. 5. 6. HIPPAROCHIA NEPELE.

4. 7. HIPPAROCHIA ALOPE.

8. ITHYGERUS NOVE

CASE



G-4768



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.

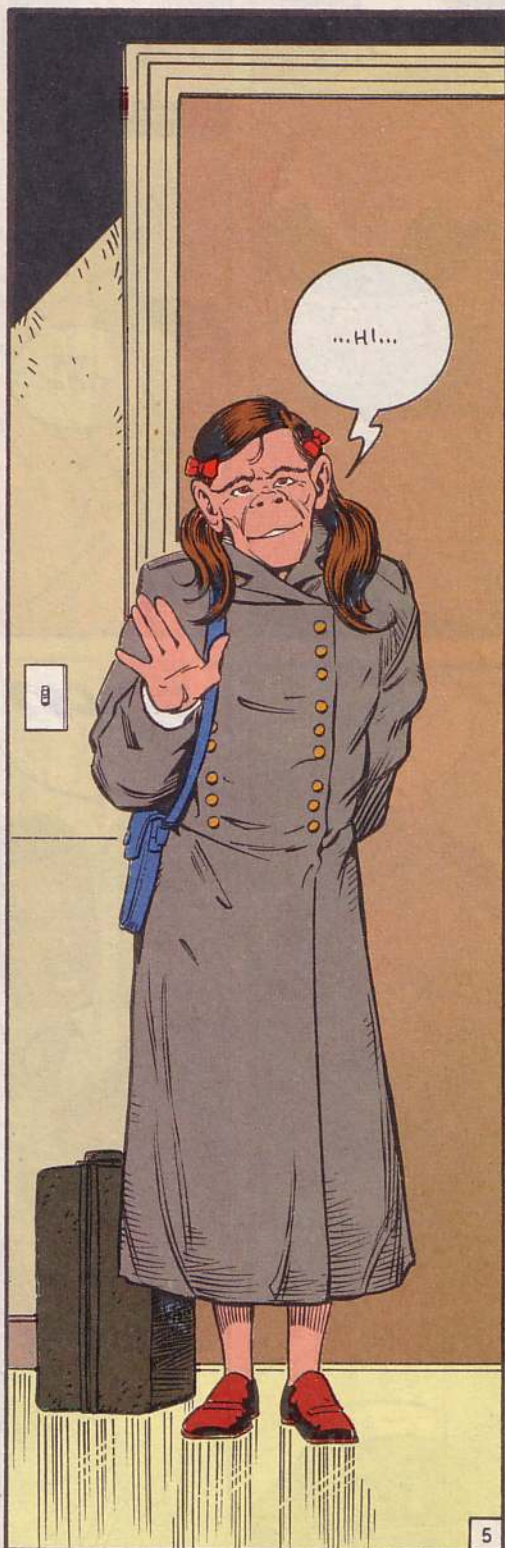
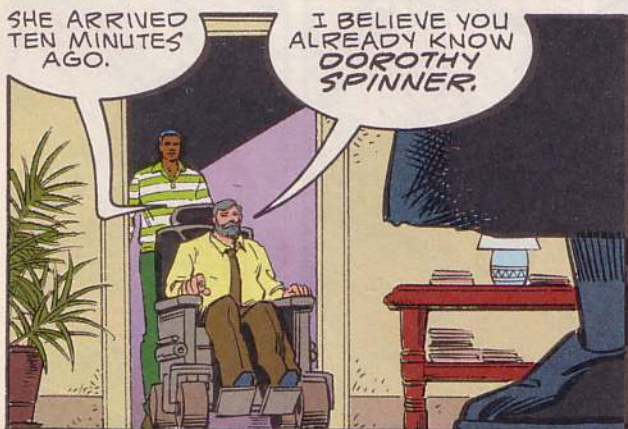
I'LL TAKE
YOUR WORD
FOR IT.

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**.





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



...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.**

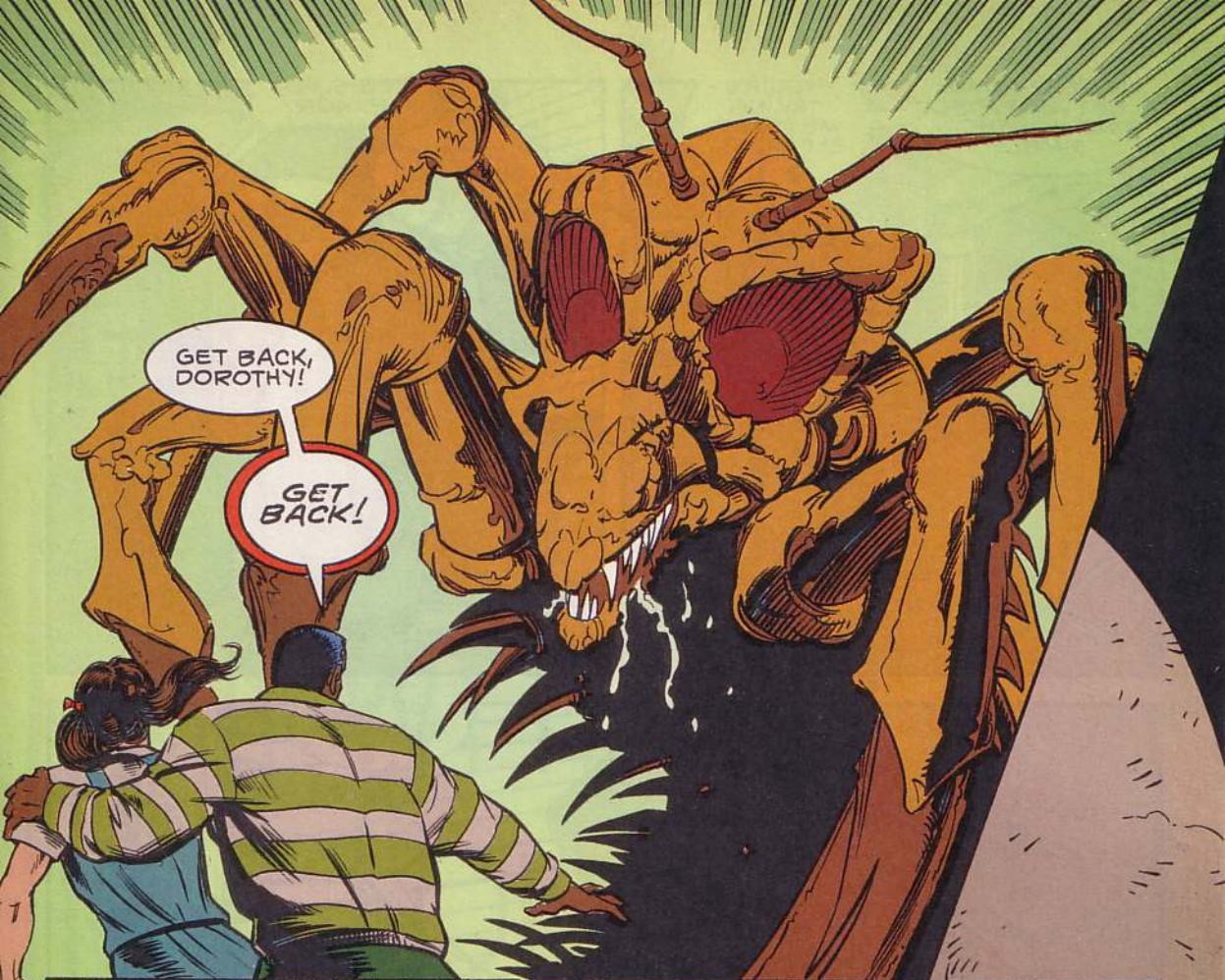
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WE'RE **CLIFF STEELE** AND **CRAZY JANE** FROM THE DOOM PATROL. WE'RE HERE TO SEE **RHEA JONES**.

THIS IS HER ROOM, ISN'T IT?

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

WE'VE HAD SOME PROBLEMS.





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...



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 PLATE WINDOWS!





SCISSORS.

I NEED
A PAIR OF
SCISSORS.

...CHIEF?...YEAH,
LISTEN...SOMETHING
WEIRD'S HAPPENED
DOWN AT THE
HOSPITAL...

YEAH...
RHEA'S
VANISHED
...POSSIBLY
ABDUCTED...



RANDOM
WORDS. CUT
PHRASES.

IT'S A KIND OF
DIVINATION, LIKE
CASTING THE RUNES OR
READING THE FLIGHT
OF BIRDS.

ONLY WITH
WORDS.



SHUFFLE
THEM.

SEE HOW
THEY FALL?
LIKE SNOW.

EXCUSE ME,
ARE YOU
WITH THAT
WOMAN
WHO...

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT.
SHE'S A
SUPER-HERO.





...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?...

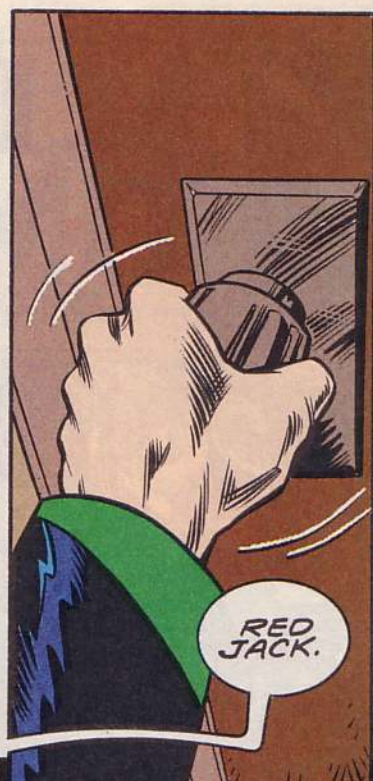
THE WORDS
ARE THE KEY...
THE NAMES OF
THE VICTIMS
OPEN THE
DOOR...
MARY ANNE
NICHOLS.



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

RHEA
JONES.

R.J.
R.J.

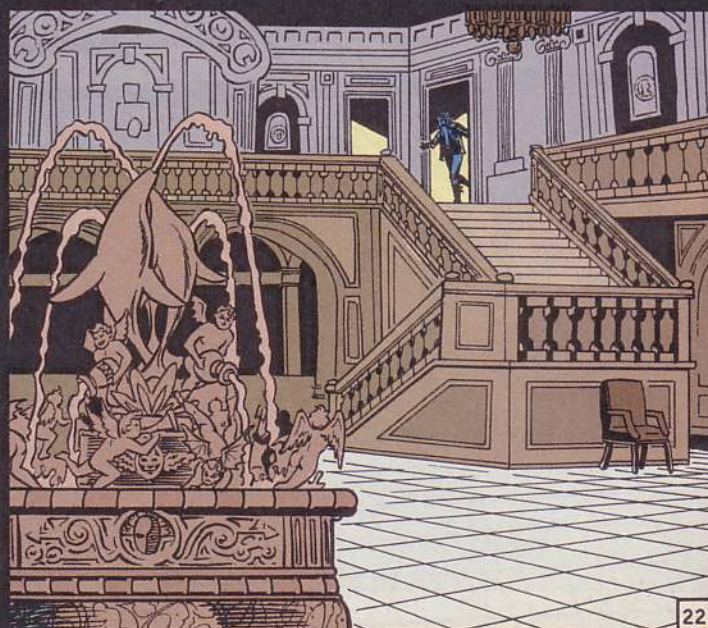


RED
JACK.



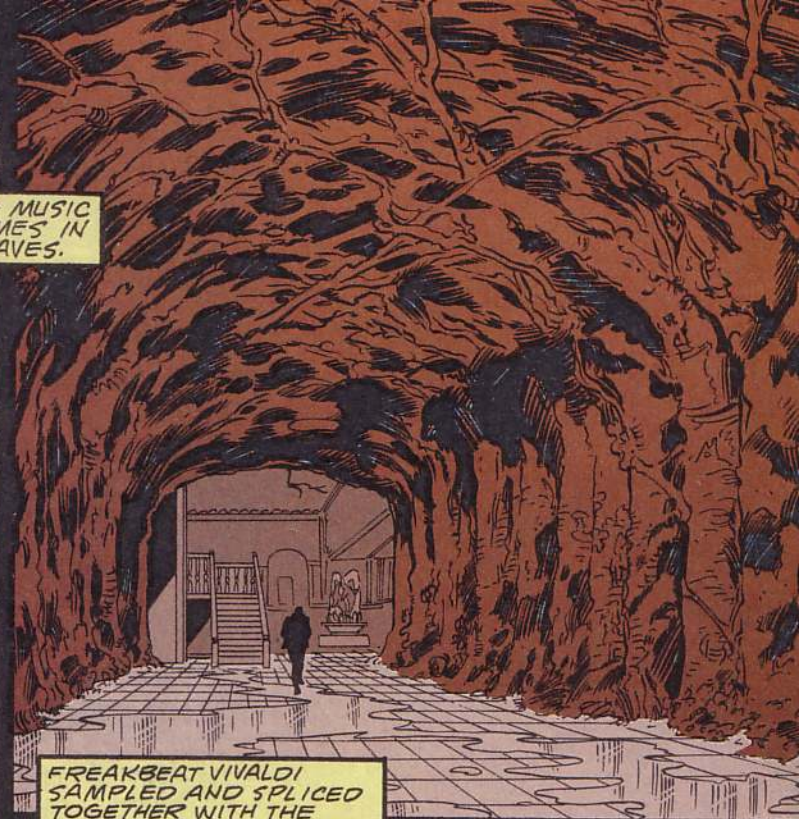
MY GOD







THE MUSIC
COMES IN
WAVES.



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

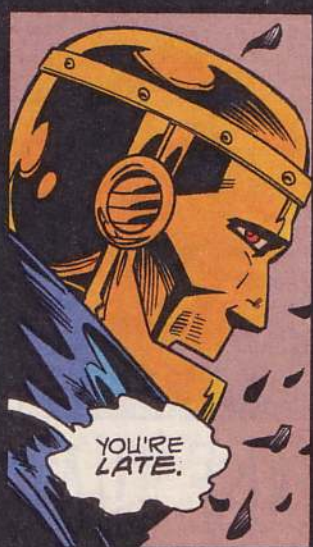


AND
WEDDING
BELLS.



PETALS?

THE CLAMOR
OF WEDDING
BELLS.



YOU'RE
LATE.



YOU'RE
TOO
LATE.



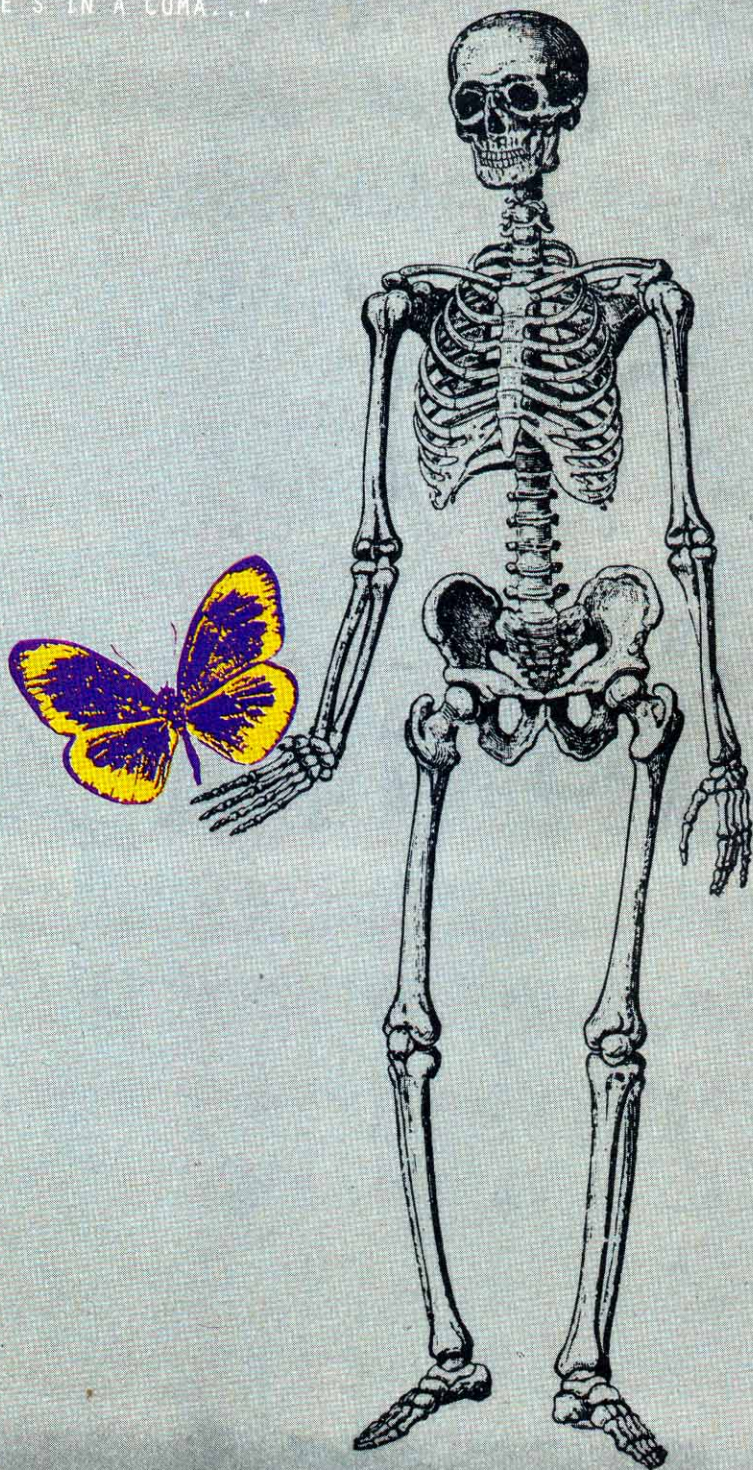
THE WEDDING'S OVER.

RHEA?

NEXT- THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

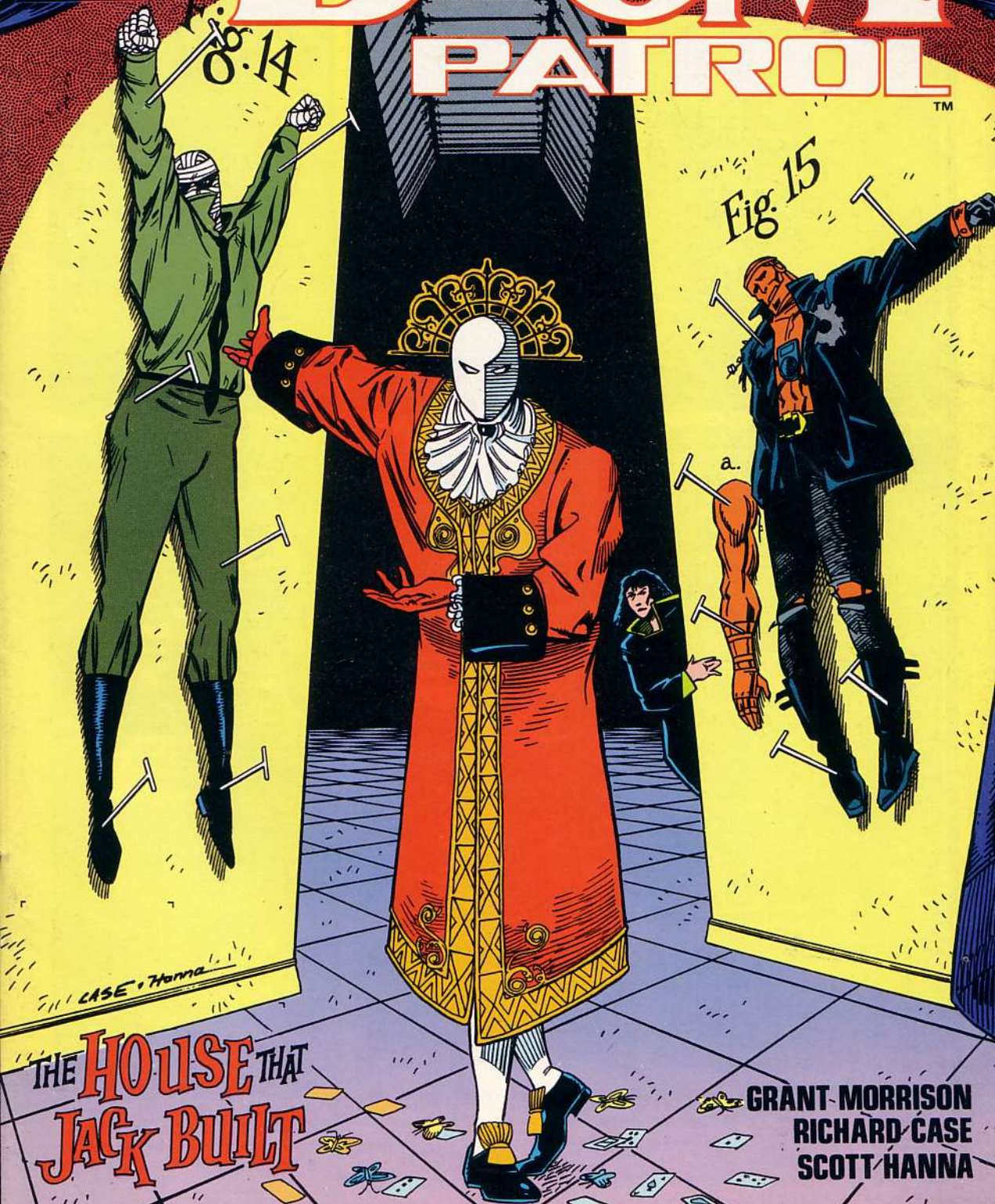
"YES. YES... I'VE DECIDED TO MARRY.
ALL WORK AND NO PLAY
MAKES JACK A DULL BOY.
AFTER ALL.

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



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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?



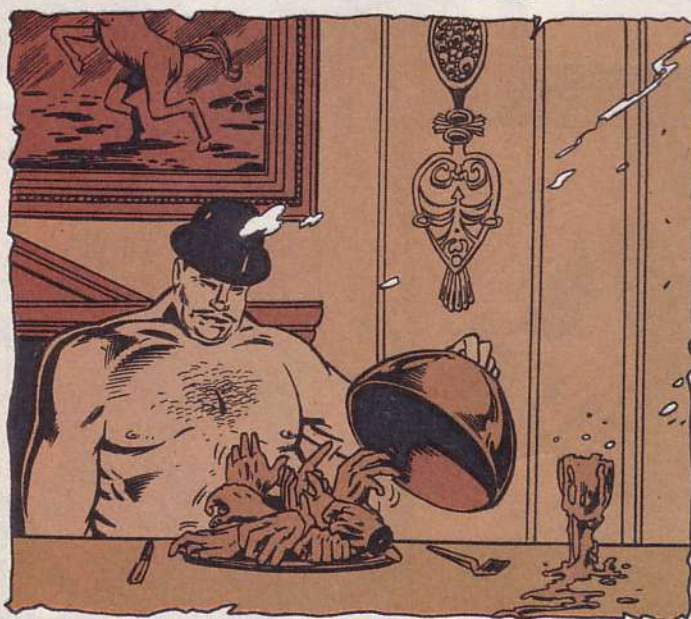
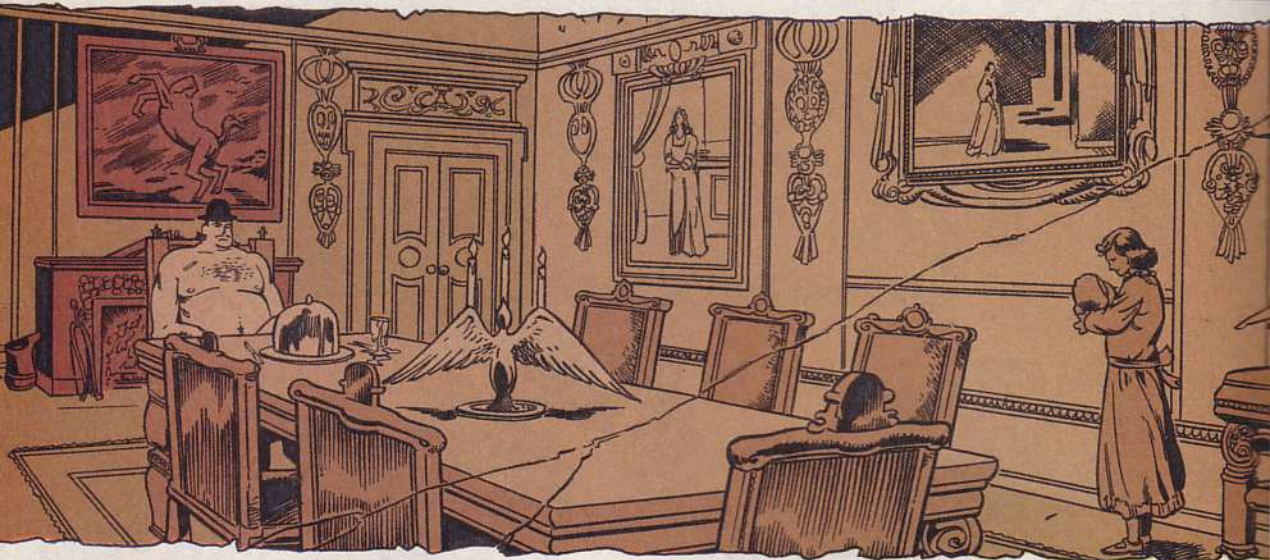
SEARCH
FOR THE
OTHERS?

THEY
MUST BE
IN HERE.



SOME...
...WHERE...







... 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..."

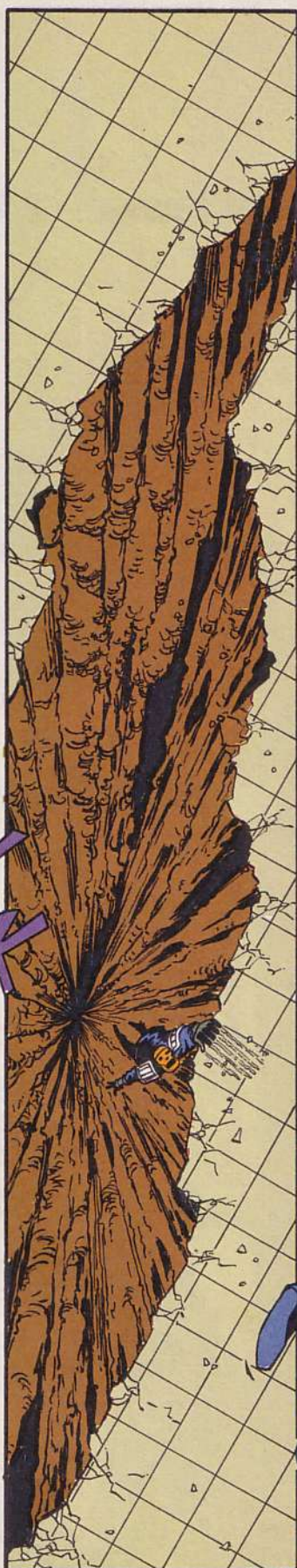
WHAT?

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

ADMITTEDLY,
HER CONVERSA-
TION IS A
LITTLE
DULL.

BUT THEN
AGAIN, LOVE
CONQUERS
ALL.

I'VE HAD
ENOUGH
OF THIS
CRAP!



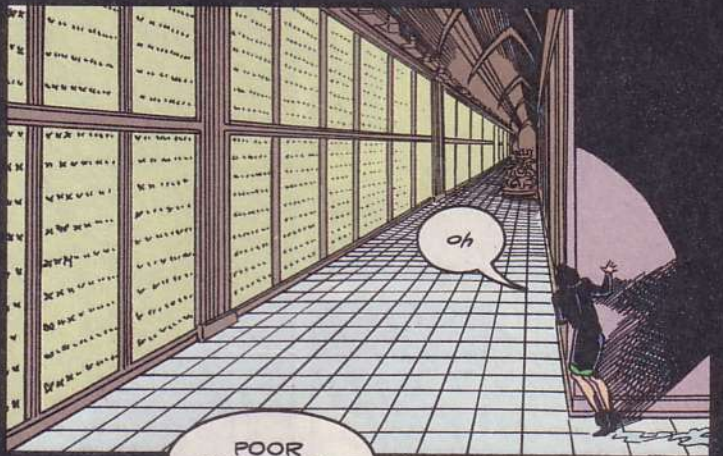
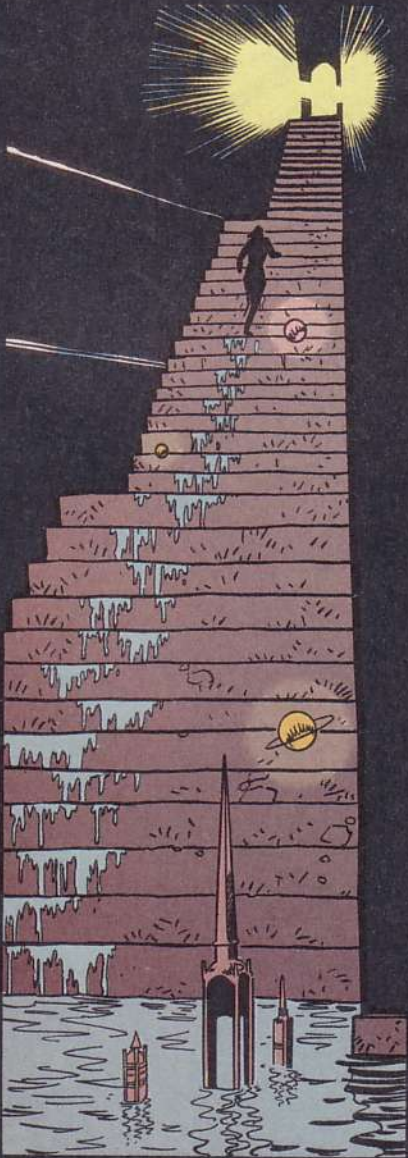
I SHOULD REALLY
INTRODUCE MYSELF.
RED JACK'S THE
NAME, YOU MAY,
HOWEVER, BE
MORE FAMILIAR
WITH MY
OTHER
TITLE...



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!

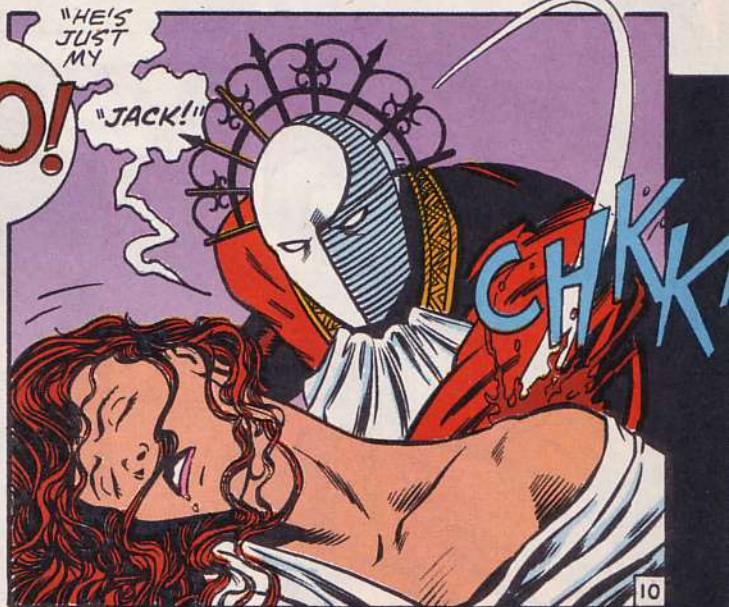
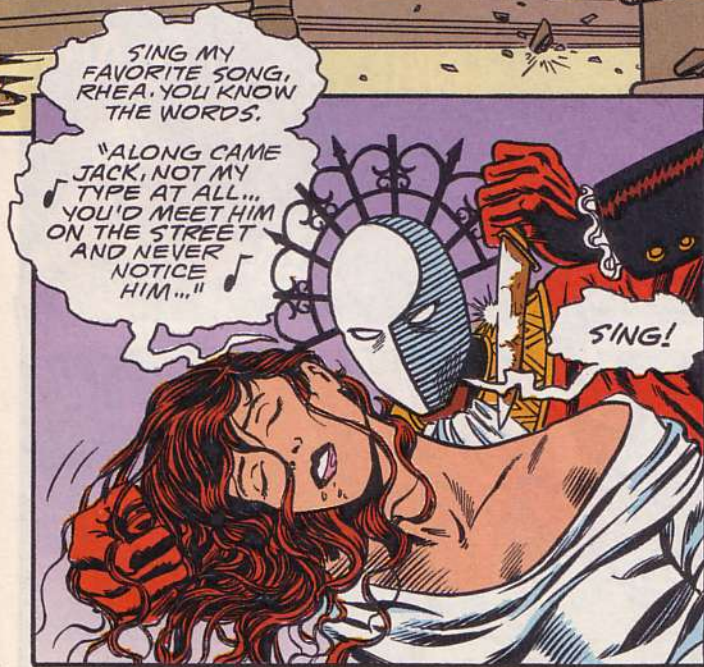
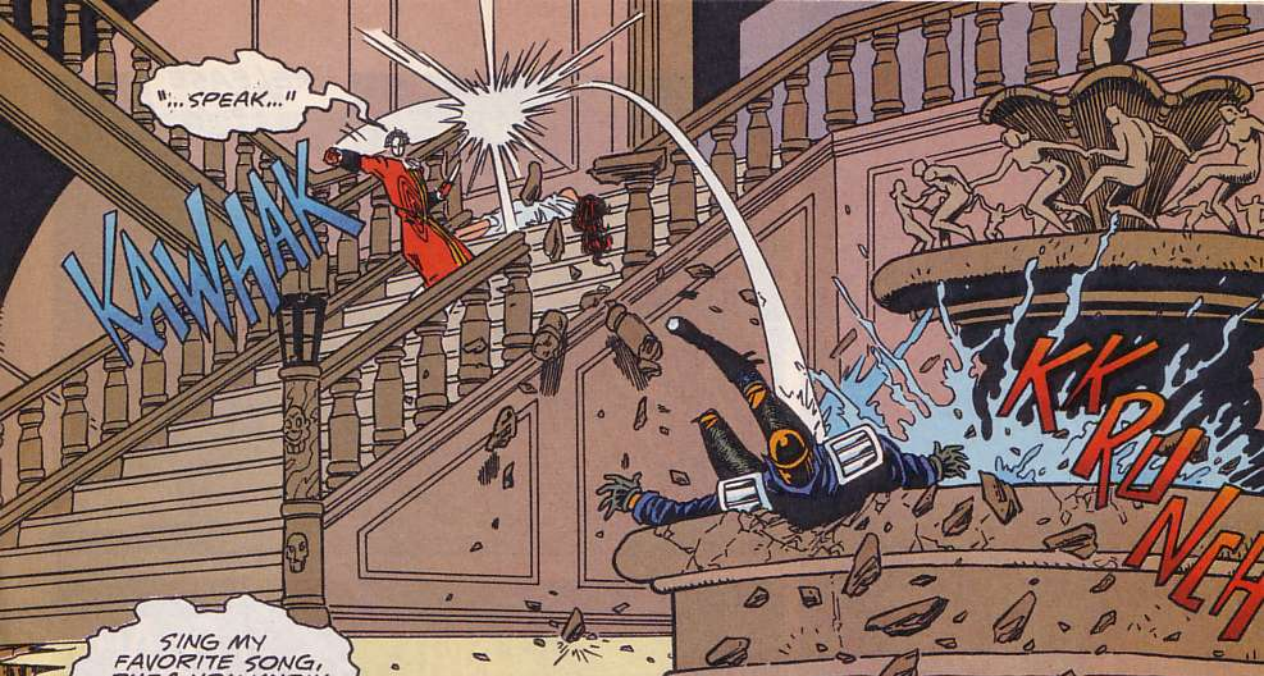
I
IMPRISONED
MYSELF.

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

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

"AND MY
HEART BEATS
SO THAT I
CAN

"HARDLY"





THE
NEGATIVE
SPIRIT.

WHAT?

THE
NEGATIVE
SPIRITS!



RELEASE
THE
NEGATIVE
SPIRIT!



SNAP
SNAP
SNAP



HFF?



WELL?
SHALL
WE GO?



IV



DON'T
FRET.

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



PAIN
SUSTAINS
MY
EXISTENCE.

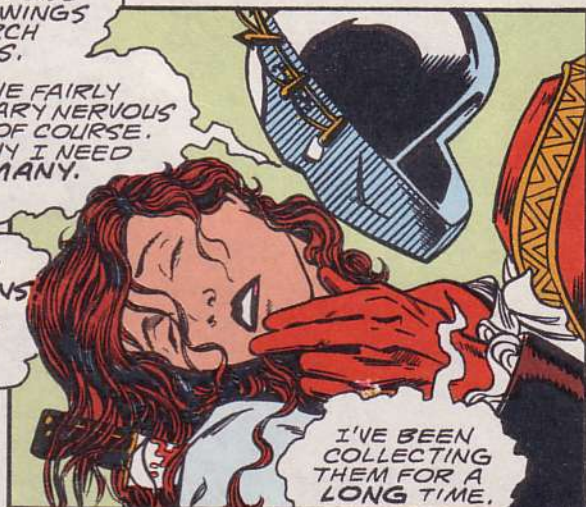
BUTTERFLIES.
DO YOU LIKE
BUTTERFLIES?



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.



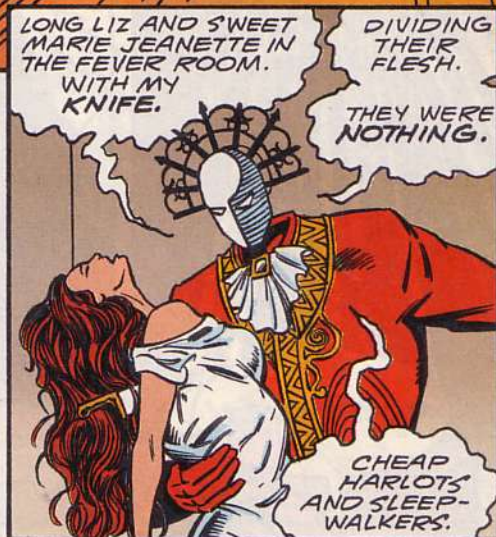
ONCE IN EVERY
HUNDRED YEARS, THE
ENDLESS ORBITING
PATH OF MY WANDERING
TAKES ME INTO THAT
PART OF MY HOUSE
WHICH IS YOUR
WORLD.



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 ...





OH,
NOT
ANOTHER
ONE!



YOU'RE
ALL WASTING
YOUR TIME.



«RRRA
AKKKK

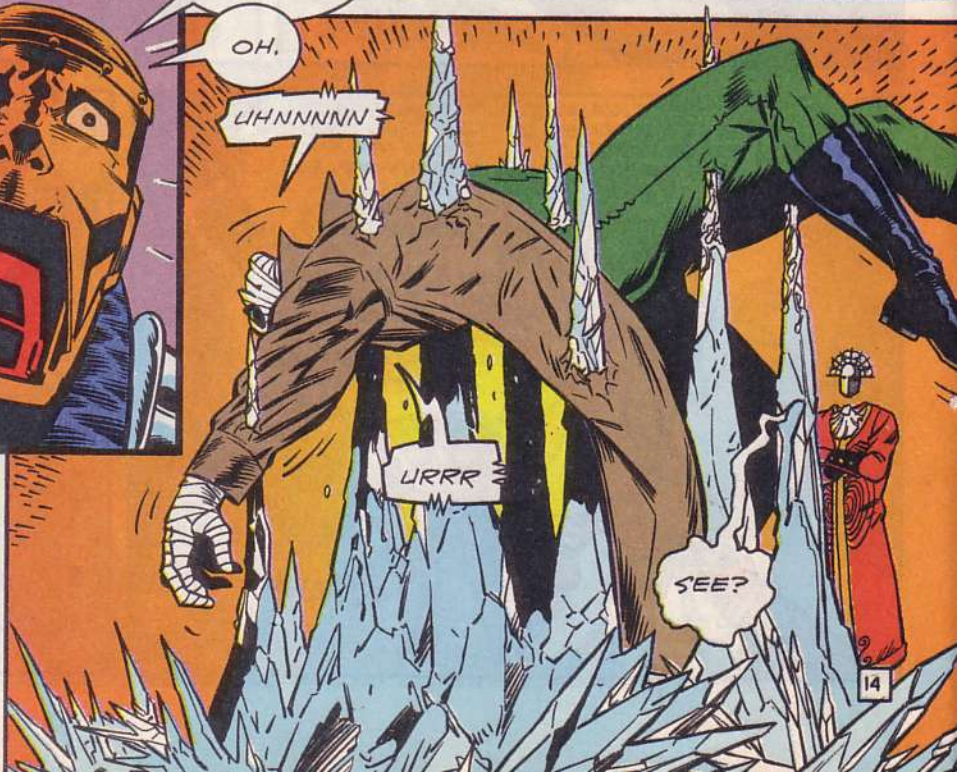


RRREBISSZZ!

LOOK-K-K
OUT FOR

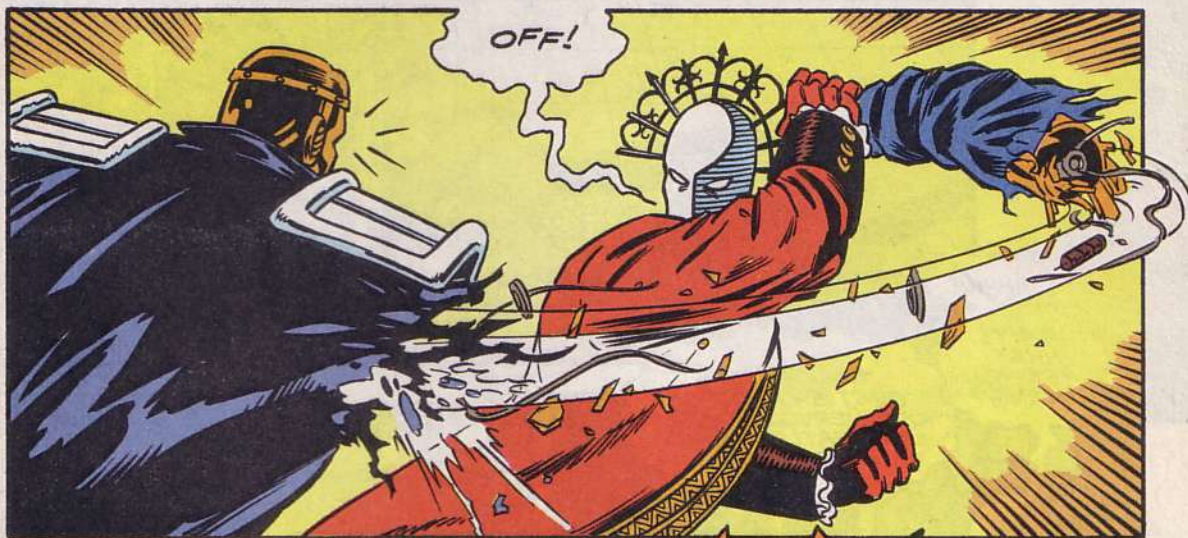
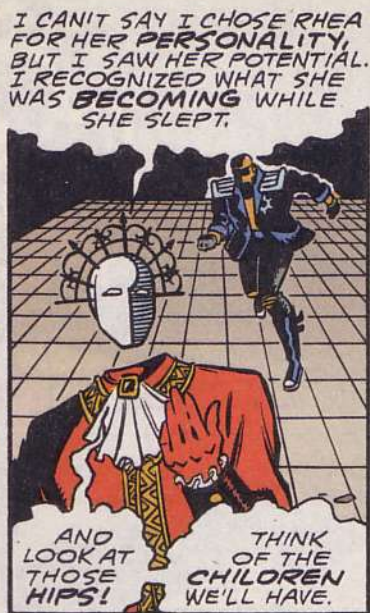
OH.

UHHNNNN



URRR

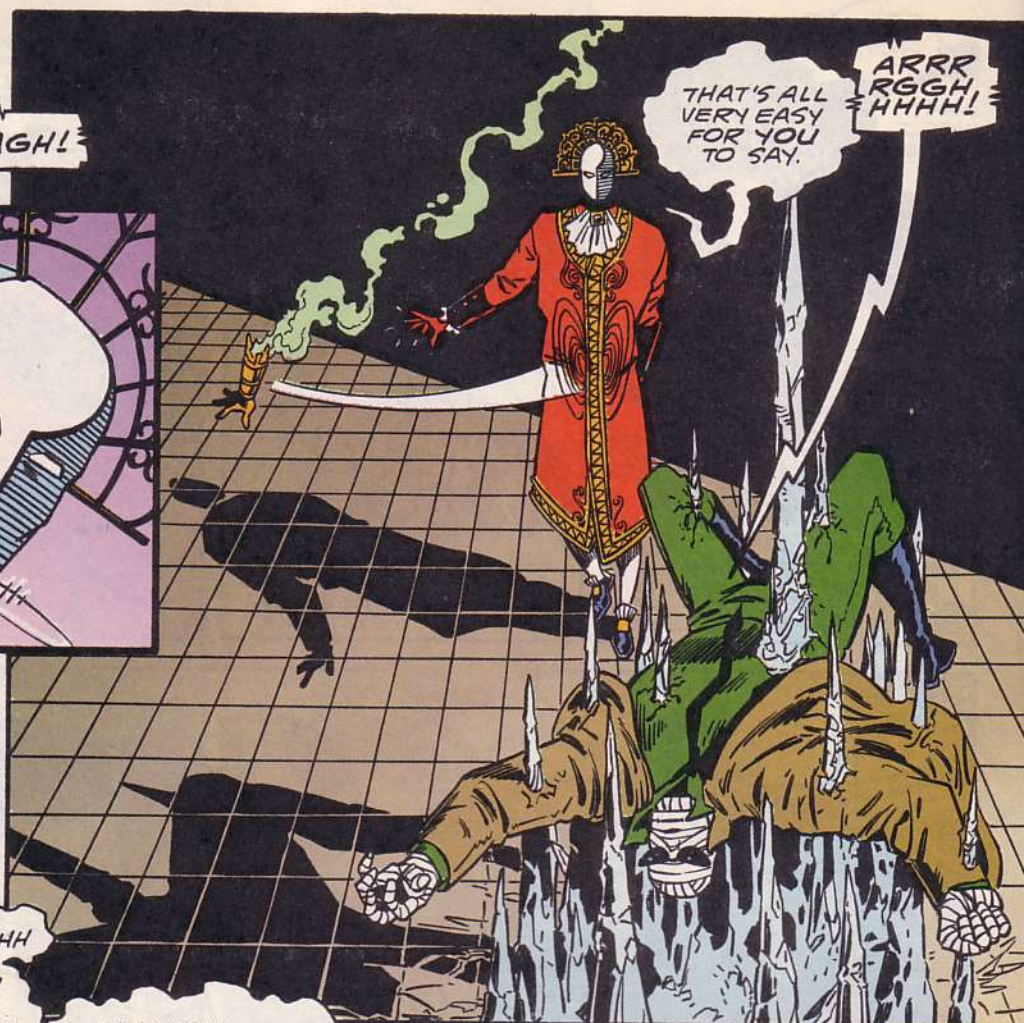
SEE?



RRRAAGH!

THAT'S ALL
VERY EASY
FOR YOU
TO SAY.

ARRR
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.

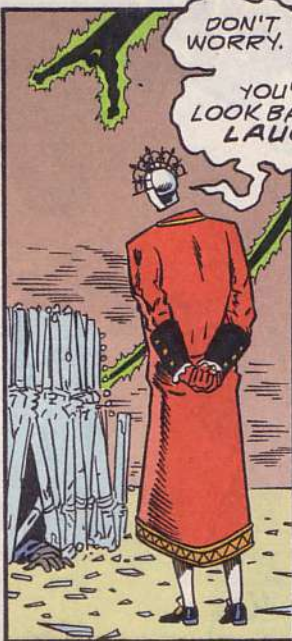
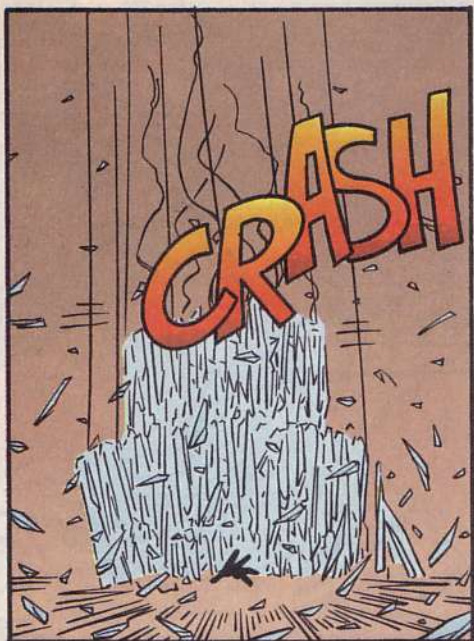
STRANGE...
I FEEL THERE'S
SOMETHING NOT
QUITE RIGHT ABOUT
YOU. AN ABSENCE.



... SOMETHING
MISSING...

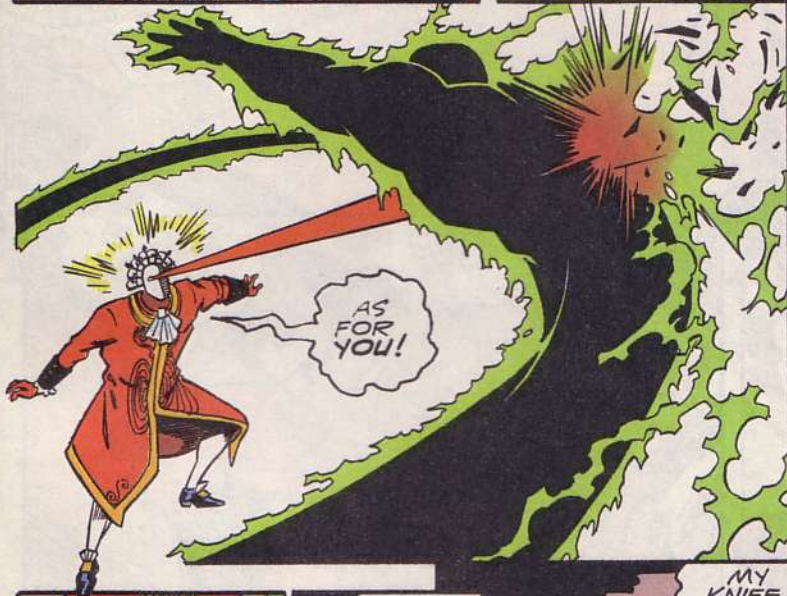






DON'T
WORRY.

YOU'LL
LOOK BACK AND
LAUGH.



AS
FOR
YOU!



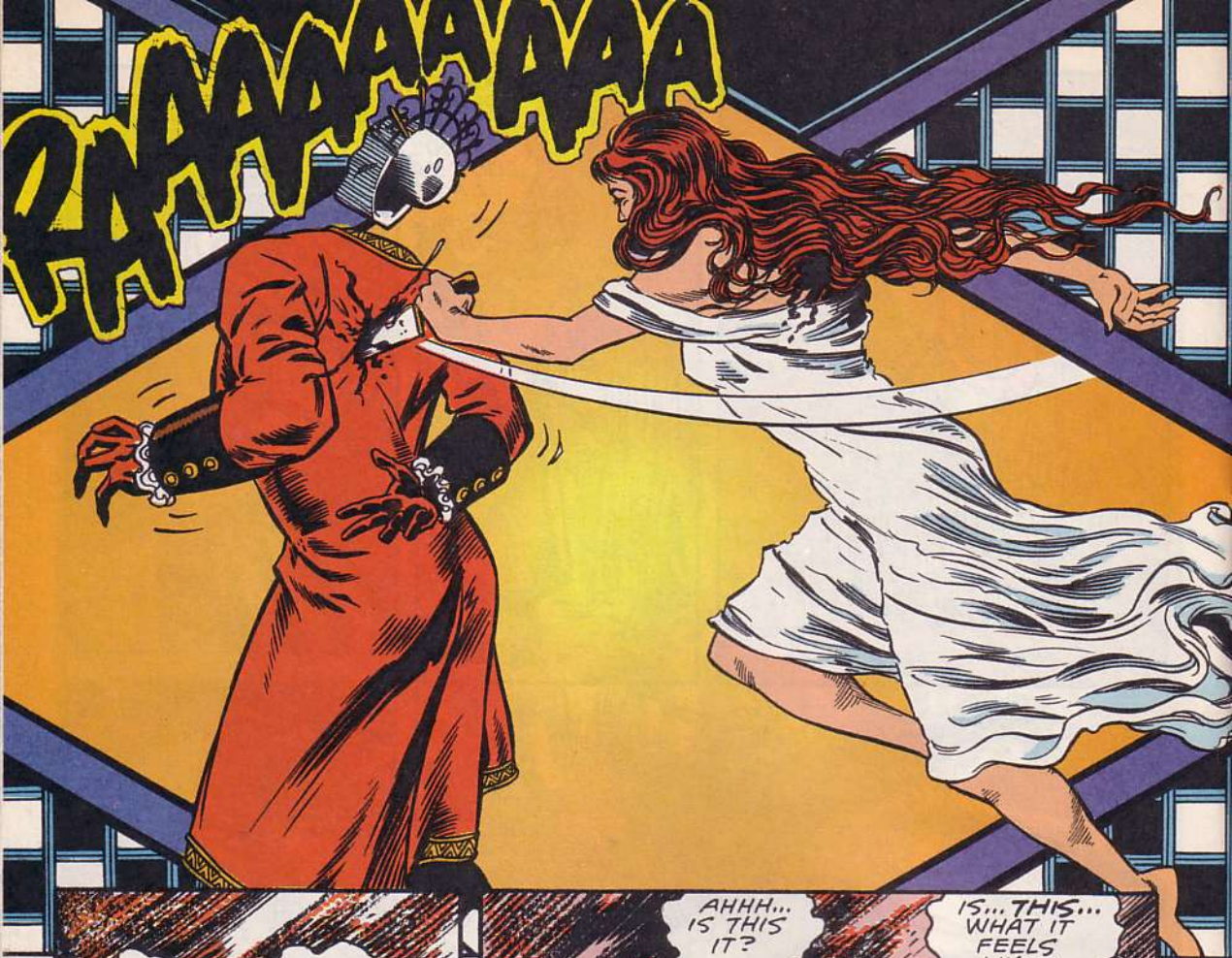
THERE,
NOT SO
CLEVER
NOW, EH?
NOT SO
CLEVER
NOW!



MY
KNIFE.

WHERE'S
MY







...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 MEAN-
ING 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, bummer...

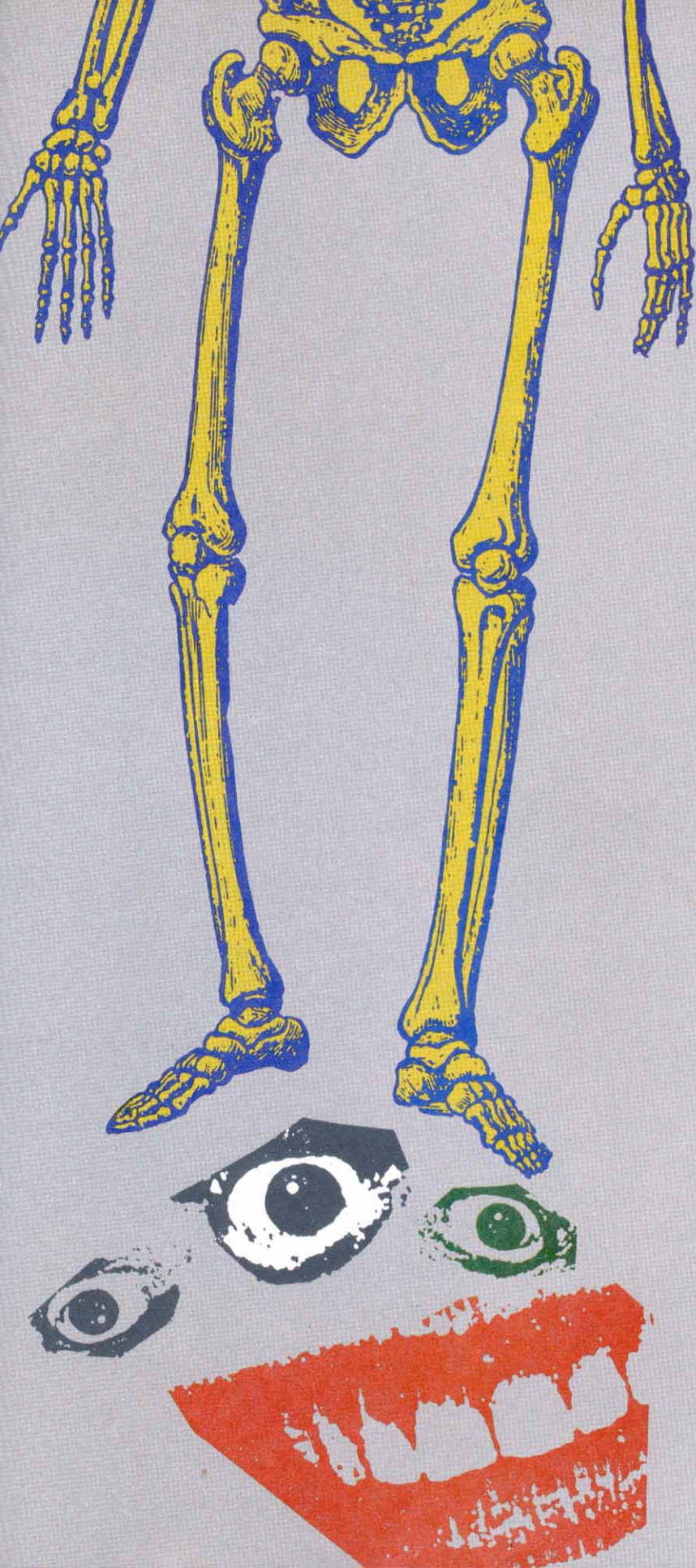






"YOU SHOT YOUR IMAGINARY FRIENDS?
WITH WHAT?"

"AN IMAGINARY GUN! WHAT ELSE?"





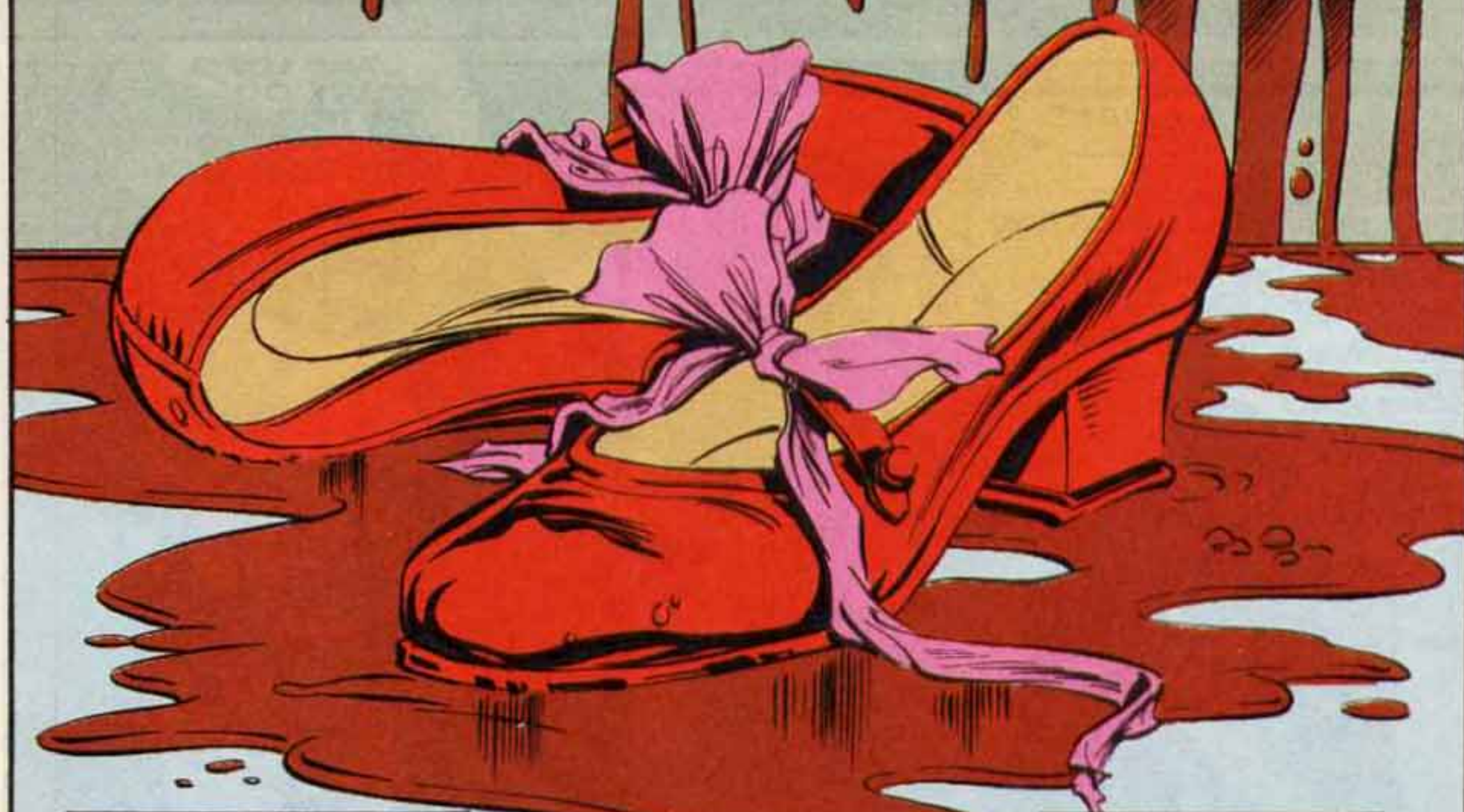
BY MORRISON,
BRAITHWAITE
& NYBERG

THE DOOM PATROL



EVERY WISH
HAS ITS PRICE.

Imaginary Friends



GRANT MORRISON
WRITER

DOUG BRAITHWAITE
PENCILLER

SCOTT HANNA
INKER

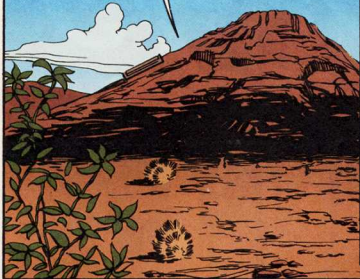
WORKMAN
LETTERER

DANIEL VOZZO
COLORIST

ROBERT GREENBERGER
OUTGOING EDITOR

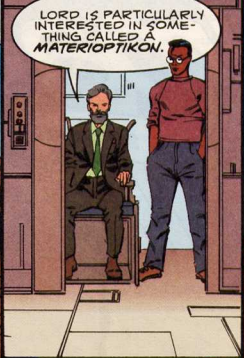
MARK WAID
INCOMING EDITOR

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?

**WASH-
INGTON.**
WITH
A NEW
PRESIDENT
IN THE
WHITE
HOUSE..

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

... MY
MY GOVERN-
MENT COM-
MITMENTS
ARE AT AN
END.
ALL THAT
REMAINS IS
TO CLEAR UP
A FEW ITEMS
OF **BUSINESS**.

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

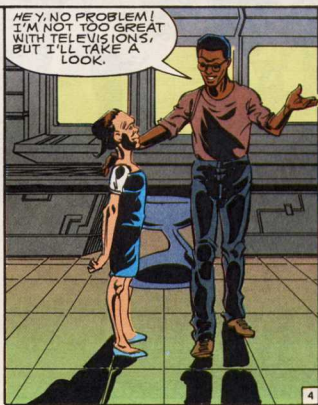
THE POOR
WOMAN WAS
HOPELESSLY
INSANE,
JOSHUA.

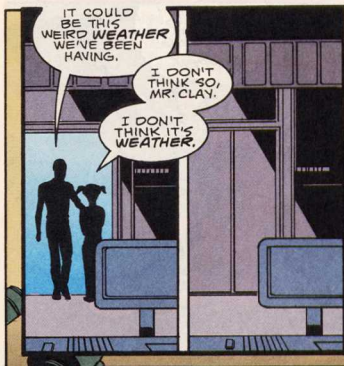
WHAT
OTHER
EXPLANATION
DO YOU
REQUIRE?

CAN YOU
IMAGINE **ME**
MARRIED?

I MEAN,
REALLY!

YEAH.





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

ON EVERY CHANNEL? FOR A WHOLE DAY?

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

YOU **MUST** HAVE BEEN PRETTY BORED.

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.



WHAT?

SURE.

THEY TAUGHT
ME HOW TO
READ AND WRITE
AND ALL KINDS
OF STUFF.



IMAGINARY
FRIENDS?

UH-HUH.



DIDN'T
YOU HAVE
IMAGINARY
FRIENDS,
MR. CLAY?

DOESN'T
EVERY-
ONE?

I GUESS...YEAH, WELL,
NOW THAT YOU MENTION
IT... BACK IN THE
ORPHANAGE, I
USED TO IMAGINE I
HAD A KIND OF
MAGICAL
DOG.

MR. VINEGAR,
I USED TO TALK
TO HIM ALL THE
TIME.

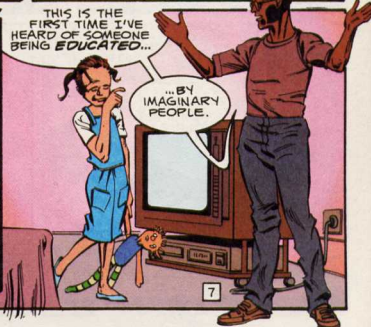


I HAD A WHOLE
FAMILY; THERE WAS
DAMN ALL, THE DADDY,
DARLING-COME-HOME,
WHO WAS LIKE THE MOM,
AND THIS LITTLE KID
CALLED **FLYING
ROBERT**.



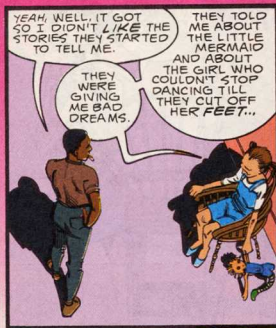
THEY USED TO
PLAY WITH ME AND
TELL ME STORIES.

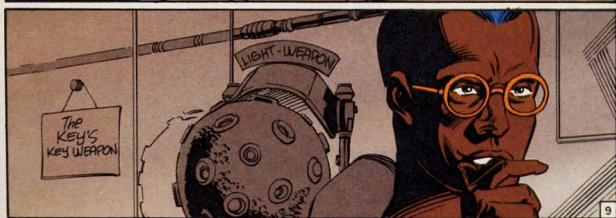
IT WAS
REAL FUN AT
FIRST.

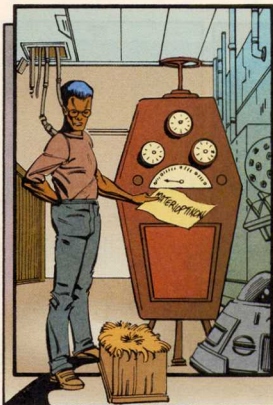


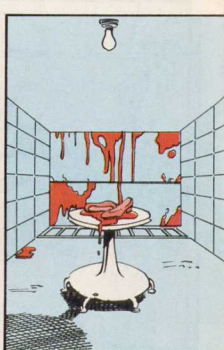
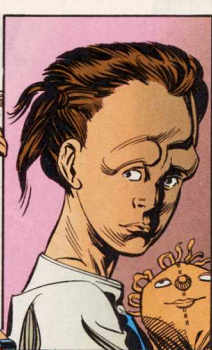
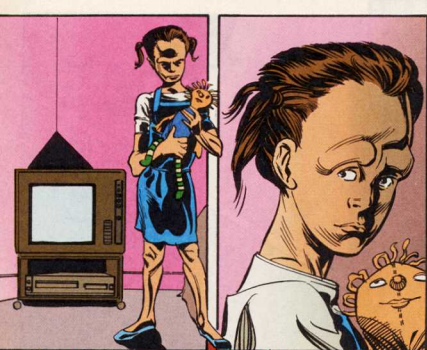
THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME I'VE
HEARD OF SOMEONE
BEING EDUCATED...

...BY
IMAGINARY
PEOPLE.













"...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



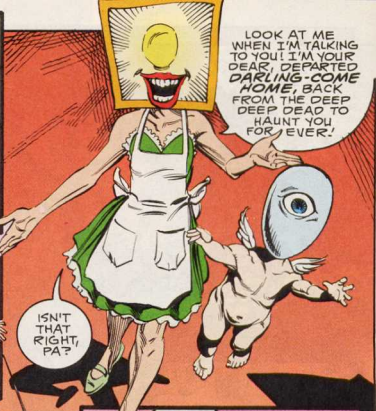
✱



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!

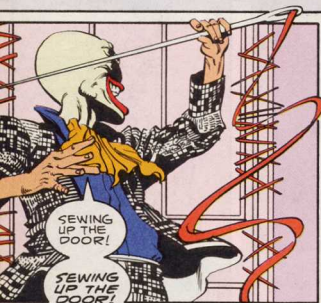


FLYING
ROBERT!

FLYING
ROBERT!

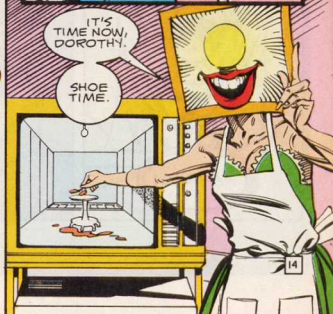
GHOST-
BALLOON
BABY
THING!

UHH!



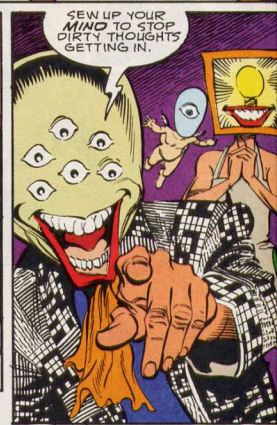
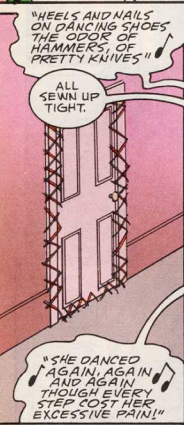
SEWING
UP THE
DOOR!

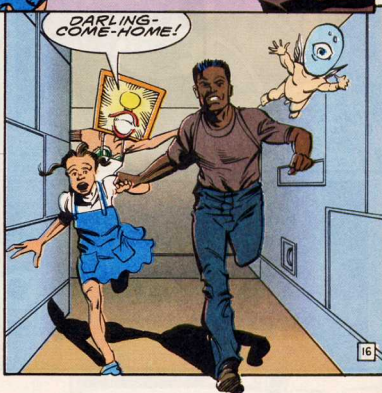
SEWING
UP THE
DOOR!

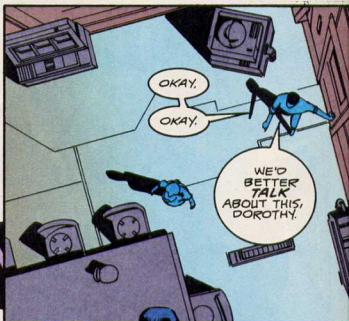
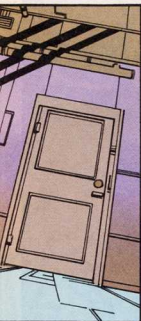


IT'S
TIME NOW,
DOROTHY.

SHOE
TIME.







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 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...

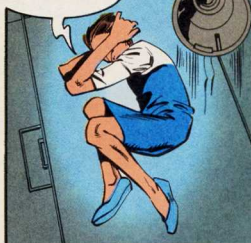
LIKE THE LITTLE MERMAID WALKING ON KNIVES... AND GINGER ROGERS IN TOP HAT WHEN SHE DANCED SO HARD THAT HER WHITE SATIN SHOES TURNED RED... OH, GOD, I'M RIPPING, I'M RIPPING OPEN...

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 **ENVOLUTE** 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...

...OF
GROWING
UP...

URRRRR

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!



YOU HAVE TO
FACE IT,
DOROTHY!
CONFRONT
IT!

YOUR
MIND IS
CAUSING
ALL
THIS.



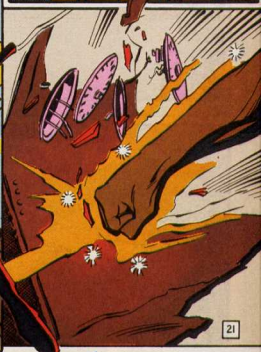
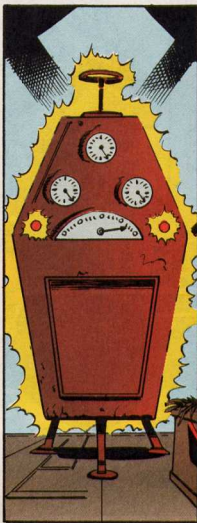
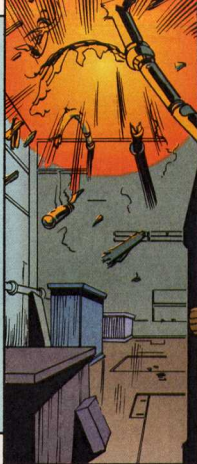
IT'S ALL JUST
GUILT AND FEAR
AND IT'S BEEN
EXTERNALIZED
IN THE FORM OF
THESE
IMAGINARY
FRIENDS.

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

MY
GOD!

WHY
DIDN'T I
THINK?

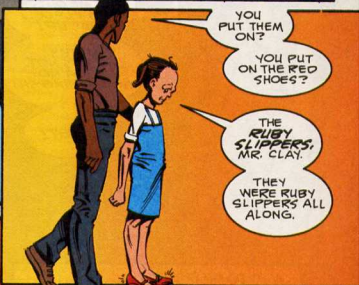
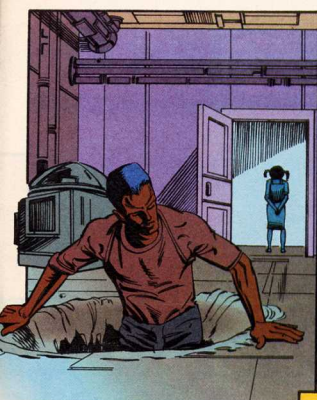






GIVE ME
THE SHOES.





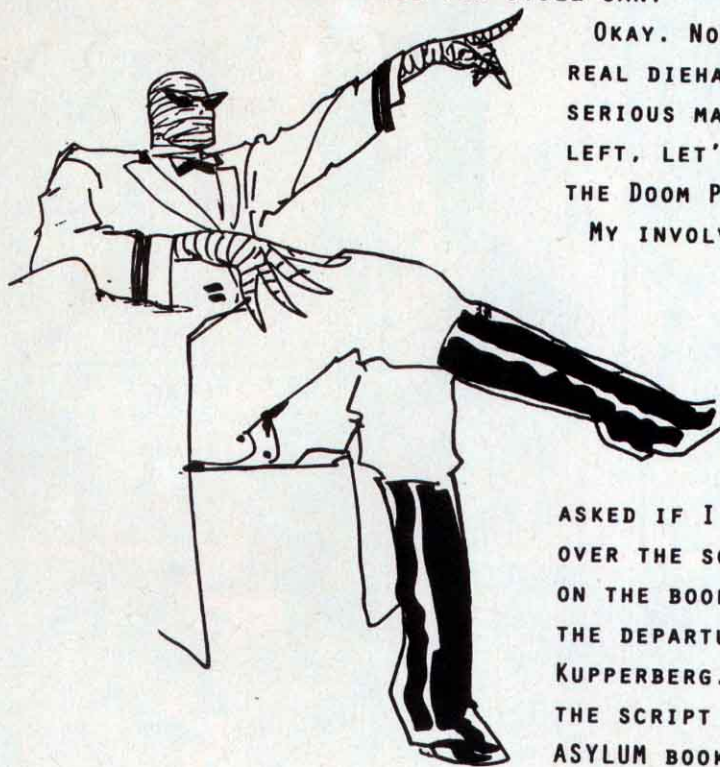
A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

(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 GRITTILY 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 SPORTED 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 *MESHERS 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 OL' 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

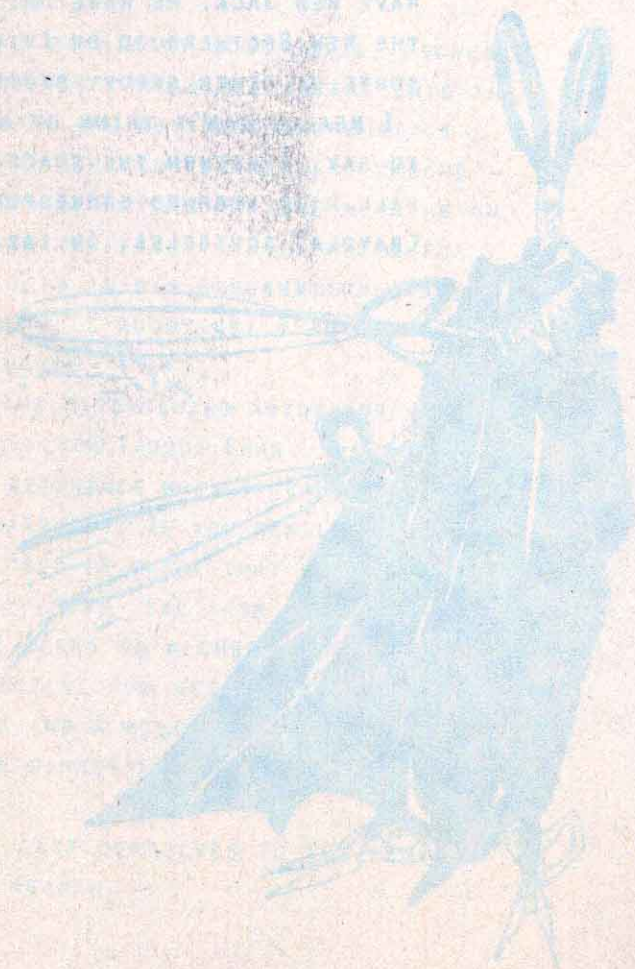


COULD ONLY IDENTIFY WITH A HUMAN BRAIN IN A METAL
BODY OR A GUY WRAPPED UP IN BANDAGES AND IF YOU GREW
UP WEIRD, WELCOME HOME. YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS NOW.

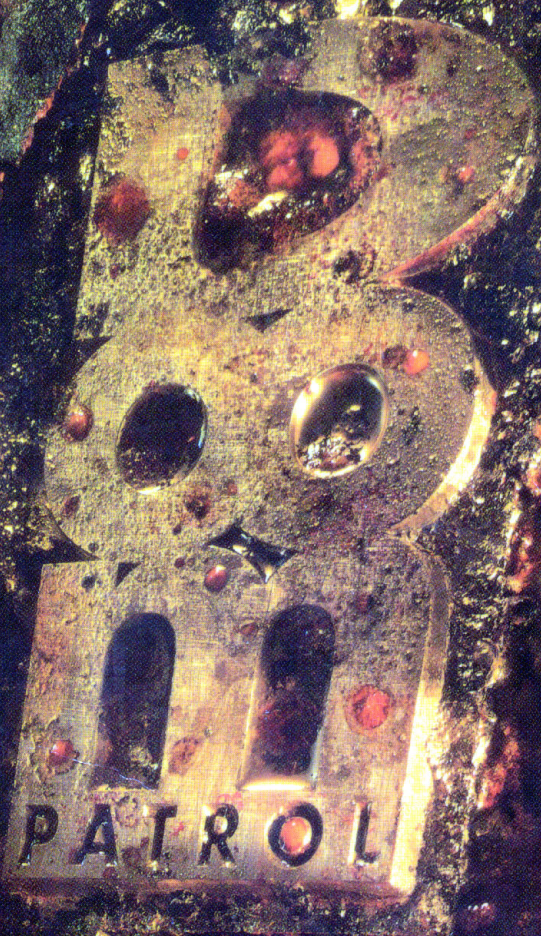
GRANT MORRISON

DEAR OLD GLASGOW TOON, SCOTLAND

OCTOBER 1988



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ISBN 1-56389-034-8



"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