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PETEYPEDIA

Like its source material, the television series *Watchmen* is a layered experience, full of references and easter eggs for fans to dig into. Designed to embrace the show's limited tech reality, and pay homage to the graphic novels use of "supplemental inserts" like newspaper clippings, book excerpts and comic books within comic books, Peteypedia expanded the show's narrative beyond the screen, and gave fans and press a place to return to each week for more answers, theories, and histories.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

TO: ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM: DIRECTOR JAMES DOYAN
DATE: AUGUST 29, 2019
SUBJECT: The computer and you

Today, we add a new tool to our proverbial utility belt of crime-fighting equipment and discard some others in the process.

The machine currently holding your attention is an IBM NetVista X41. You will be using the computer to access the profiles once contained in your blue book, which you will notice is no longer on your desk. They are now located in the application labeled “Vigilante Database.” Please take the day to become familiar with its research functions. If you need assistance, contact Agent Dale Petey, who’ll be serving as our Information Technology Administrator in addition to performing his usual duties. You should not hesitate to call him. He is eager to help you.

The computer also marks a new way of reporting to your superiors and sharing information with fellow agents. Please use the electronic mail (“El-Mail”) function to file case summaries or status updates. Department memos should now be produced using your computer’s word processing tool. Share them by placing them in a designated group folder. You may no longer use the copier to reproduce case material or other assets unless you have been given authorization to do so. Instead, use the scanner to create virtual copies and distribute them via group folder.

I know all of you well enough to know that none of you share the old technophobia that still persists in some sectors of society. However, federal policy requires that I present you with the following assurances, disclaimers, and orders:

- + This electronic device has been deemed SAFE by the Food, Drug, and Technology Administration as defined by the Tech Recall and Reintroduction Act of 1993.
- + This electronic device does not contain Manhattan-made components and does not emit D.I.E.-grade radiation. Surgeon General Oz maintains you will not get cancer by being exposed to this device and you will not damage the (hypothetical) dimensional membrane by using it.
- + The Tech Recall and Reintroduction Act of 1993 grants the president of the United States authority to draft federal employees into the work of reintroducing technologies once deemed unsafe or illegal back into the public space according to the 30-year, five-stage plan outlined in TTR93.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

+ Your department of government has been drafted to participate in the reintroduction of STAGE FIVE technologies.

+ Agreeing to use this electronic device in the course of your duties represents a commencement of draft service. In performing this service, we ask you to model confidence in this device to the public and refrain from behavior that might subvert confidence in the type of technology this electronic device represents. You are permitted to opt out of draft service only if the device in question has been deemed unessential to the performance of your duties.

+ This device has been deemed ESSENTIAL to the performance of your job duties. Failure to use this electronic device in the performance of your duties may result in demotion, reassignment, or termination.

On a personal note, I’ve been around long enough to remember the first time that computers were used to revolutionize the business of police work. It was 1984. I was a major crimes detective in Chicago. We were overwhelmed with unsolved cases and we had lost the trust of the city. Our commander thought technology could make us more effective; a computer, he believed, would help us organize and analyze all the information these cases were producing. One day, I came to work, and there it was, a DEC VAX 2500 with M-class chips. It looked like something from a science fiction movie. Many of my colleagues were resistant. They were old school “Marlboro Men” cops (this was before tobacco was listed as a controlled substance) and using “nerd toys” didn’t fit into their conception of what it meant to be a detective. And because I was stupid, I was one of them. My partner wasn’t, though. He took to the computer like a duck to water – and within six months, he had cleared twice as many cases as anyone else. Within a year, he was our boss, and it was abundantly clear we were analog remnants of an oncoming digital wave. Then the squid dropped. New technology seemed the most likely cause for whatever opened up the door that allowed such a horrific monster to pass through it. The DEC VAX was junked by Christmas and that was the end of that. Back to the stone age. Back to drowning in cases. Back to a city that hated us for failing to protect it.

The computers, the phones, the towers that would have provided communications without wires —we destroyed it all, hoping it would save us. And yet, baby cephalopods still rain from the sky.

Our fear of technology was for naught.

Don’t be like me. Don’t be stupid. The future is here again. Don’t fear it. Embrace it.

Godspeed,

J.D.

James Doyan
Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation



GREENWOOD CENTER
FOR CULTURAL HERITAGE

2126 Greenwood Ave
Tulsa, OK 74106

TALES OF THE BLACK MARSHAL

By Marcus Long, Lead Art Curator

A man in white is chased by a man in black across the Oklahoma plain in the opening scene of *Trust In The Law!*, the fifth feature directed by the pioneering Oscar Micheaux. The symbolism suggests a story about good and evil we’ve seen countless times, a narrative that was already a cliché to the film’s first audience in the early days of nickelodeons and movie palaces. The white hat is our hero, the black hat is our villain. Quickly, though, expectations are subverted. The man in white is a corrupt sheriff, and the hooded figure lassoing him off his high horse is someone even more surprising, a black man with a badge.

For the African American filmgoer of 1921, *Trust In The Law!* was their *American Hero Story*, a chronicle of a historical do-gooder that sought to entertain and provoke in equal measure, from a storyteller committed to representing their interests and dreams on screen when no one else would. Once thought lost, this masterpiece of silent cinema returns to us in restored form. The Greenwood Center for Cultural Heritage is proud to open the Greenwood Historic District Film Festival with *Trust In The Law!*, set to a new recording of the original score performed by the Tulsa Symphony Orchestra. The 72-minute movie will screen four times daily in GCCH’s Legacy Theater with state-of-the-art, FDA-approved projection technology made possible by a grant from Trieu Industries. Tickets are free, but seating is limited.

The *Trust In The Law!* exhibition provides an opportunity for Tulsans to learn about a forgotten legend of pre-statehood Oklahoma. Born into slavery in Arkansas in 1838, Bass Reeves escaped his owner, a Confederate colonel, during the chaos of The Civil War and put down roots in the 75,000 square mile expanse of vast and lawless land called Indian Territory. He became a farmer and lived among the Creek people and other tribes, and in the process, Reeves picked up their languages and customs and earned their respect and trust. It was because of his familiarity with the region’s diverse population that, in 1875, Reeves was recruited into the marshal service by “Hanging Judge” Isaac C. Parker, becoming the first black deputy west of the Mississippi. Empowered with a ‘dead or alive’ mandate



GREENWOOD CENTER
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and paid by the bounty, Reeves apprehended more than 3000 people over 32 years—murderers, stagecoach robbers, horse thieves, bootleggers, counterfeiters—and killed at least 14 of them in the line of duty. He died in 1910 at age 71 in Muskogee, Oklahoma, and was buried in an unmarked grave.

Reeves had unique panache—he was noted for his dapper fashion, gentlemanly manner, and sense of humor—and employed novel techniques that are now standard practice in law enforcement. Reeves used a variety of disguises and personas in the execution of his work, from posing as a tramp to wearing hoods and masks as a means of protection and intimidation. He was renowned for having the best marksmanship of any armed lawman of his time, and, according to folk lore, he possessed herculean strength. His morality was informed by Christian convictions: he was known to evangelize with fire-and-brimstone fervor to his captives during their hundred-mile treks to prison at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Because he took on Native American guides as partners and known to people by a sobriquet that sounds like a superhero codename, “The Black Marshal,” some cultural historians have speculated that the adventures of Bass Reeves might have inspired The Lone Ranger, a popular character of Depression-era radio serials and dime novels. How strange that a century later, a land once policed by man who inspired the masked avengers of fiction should now be patrolled by police officers dressed like them.

Reeves couldn’t have had a better mythologizer in the early twenties than Micheaux, a Pullman porter-turned-movie mogul and considered to be the first professional African American filmmaker. There are no records to explain his interest in making *Trust In The Law!* Researchers at GCCH have yet to find any reviews of the film, and it was never given a wide national release. But we do know when and where *Trust In The Law!* had its world premiere: Wednesday, May 25, 1921, at the Williams’ Dreamland Theater in old Greenwood, just one week before the start of Tulsa Massacre that razed the community to the ground.

Over a span of nearly 30 years, Micheaux wrote, directed, and produced 26 silent features and 18 talkies, many financed and distributed through his own company, making him, like Reeves, a proverbial lone ranger in his chosen field. Micheaux quested to create entertainments that offered bracing and aspirational stories for black audiences, with characters that were more admirable and human than the degrading caricatures and stereotypes found in amusements that catered to white audiences. The Bass Reeves of *Trust In The Law!*—played by Louis De Boulder in a charismatic and touching performance—represents an attempt to give his viewers their own cowboy hero like the ones played by Max Aronson, a white superstar of silent cinema. Micheaux also drew upon another influence, this one less familiar to audiences, regardless of color: the first pulp serials, made in France, most notably, Judex, a righteous avenger reminiscent of another relic of the thirties pop culture, The Shadow, and, of course, Hooded Justice, Nite Owl, and other real-life figures from the mid-century fad of costumed adventurers.



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RESEARCH: “Trust in the Law”

Veidt Declared Dead

FBI officially closes investigation into missing industrialist after seven-year global search

BY BEN WOODWARD
WPI Content Network

September 9, 2019

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Adrian Veidt, the billionaire industrialist, political kingmaker, and controversial futurist who first gained fame as a costumed adventurer, was officially declared “presumed deceased” by authorities on three continents yesterday.

The announcement, which had been expected, was made in Washington, D.C. by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in conjunction with local law enforcement officials in New York and Vietnam, the two states where Mr. Veidt kept residences, and Antarctica, the site of his private refuge, Karnak. Trieu Industries, the international conglomerate that has managed Mr. Veidt’s estate since acquiring Veidt Enterprises in 2017, issued a statement expressing acceptance of the decision.

White House press secretary Ezra Klein told reporters that the president offered private condolences to Mr. Veidt’s associates and might release a public statement in the coming days. Mr. Veidt, an avid supporter of progressive social causes, was the biggest contributor to the Democratic Party during the late eighties and early nineties, leading the way in financing the “blue wave”

that ended 24 consecutive years of conservative rule in 1992. But Mr. Veidt was subsequently forced to curtail his efforts to influence government policy with the passage of the Campaign Finance Reform and Donor Disclosure Act of 1993. For years, the president and Mr. Veidt denied the existence of a rift between them despite rumors to the contrary.

FBI officials declined to take a public position on Mr. Veidt’s cause of death. A spokesperson for Trieu Industries said company lawyers will apply for death certificates that attribute Mr. Veidt’s passing to “unknown causes.” Time will tell if these declarations will provide satisfactory closure to those who remain interested in a mystery that has spawned a cottage industry of sleuthing and speculation. At the peak of the “Where’s Veidt?” phenomenon, nine of the top 100 books on *The San Francisco Times* Best Sellers’ List were devoted to investigations into Mr. Veidt’s disappearance, from tomes of journalistic reportage to cheap bookazines proposing conspiracy theories like assassination by domestic terrorists and abduction by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

extradimensional beings. Mr. Veidt, who would have turned 80 two months ago, was declared missing in 2012 after the Trieu Industries purchase of Veidt’s companies. When members of Veidt Enterprises’ board of directors visited Antarctica to seek Mr. Veidt’s blessing on the sale, they found Karnak to be unoccupied. Investigators reported no sign of foul play at any of Mr. Veidt’s homes or properties. His last public appearance occurred in 2007 when

Kenya awarded him its highest civilian honor, the Chief of the Order of the Golden Heart, on the 40th anniversary of one of Mr. Veidt’s signature accomplishments as a masked vigilante. In 1967, Mr. Veidt, then known by his fanciful alias, Ozymandias,

exposed a plot by rogue right wing extremists in the U.S. military to test biological weapons on the citizens of Nairobi and surrounding areas.

Prior to his disappearance, Mr. Veidt had become reclusive. While some attributed his withdrawal to an eccentricity similar to Howard Hughes, others saw a calculated decision prompted by a series of setbacks stemming from Dr. Manhattan’s abandonment of Earth on October 19, 1985, and the Dimensional Incursion Event two weeks later. One source of Veidt’s personal wealth, a patent

for spark hydrants, became worthless after the auto industry ceased production of electric cars powered by M-class lithium amid concerns that all things Manhattan might be carcinogenic. (Leading Manhattanologists now believe that there is no merit to those concerns.) More damaging was the fiasco of “Millennium by Veidt,” a broad set of marketing and philanthropic endeavors in which Mr. Veidt positioned himself as a guru in

the human potential movement, trying to evolve society toward a technology-based utopia led by transcendent supermen. For a public beset and traumatized by catastrophes, and suddenly so wary of technology that it led to luddite behaviors in the nineties that crippled and destroyed entire

industries, “Millennium by Veidt” was the wrong idea at the wrong time and severely tarnished Mr. Veidt’s reputation as a canny forecaster of consumer trends. Subsequently, his businesses began to pivot away from strategies that relied on Mr. Veidt’s celebrity and brand ubiquity. In 1999, Veidt Enterprises, already a major player in genetically engineered foods, regained all of its lost value when Mr. Veidt began licensing proprietary technology to other fields, most notably, pet cloning, through a subsidiary named after his famed lynx, Bubastis.

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MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : AGENT DALE PETEY
DATE : SEPTEMBER 1, 2019
SUBJECT : VEIDT & RORSCHACH

Let me be plain: I wish to state for the record that it would be mistake to terminate the search for Adrian Veidt and declare him deceased.

The argument in full risks offending our colleague Agent Laurie Blake, as what needs chronicling here covers matters that are personal to her (presuming she even reads our memos; I have sent her many, without receipt or response). But her history is our history. It has engendered the problematic subculture that is our beat. Nonetheless, my apologies.

At the root of my concern is the enduring appeal of Walter Joseph Kovacs, aka Rorschach (Objectivist/Sociopath on the Werthem Spectrum), who shares more than a few things in common with Veidt, himself a former masked vigilante (Ozymandias; Savior/Narcissist). He, too, vanished off the face of the earth, and the lingering mystery of his absence continues to nag at the worrisome lot who revere him. Specifically: the Seventh Cavalry of Tulsa, Oklahoma, white supremacists who have appropriated Kovacs’ mask and see their own warped ideology reflected in the mad swirl of his ink blot face. We have reason to fear how the proverbial cult of Rorschach might respond if the Bureau quits the search for Veidt. These fogged, volatile personalities believe that Veidt is responsible for Kovacs’ disappearance. They want justice for their martyr-messiah; if we appear disinterested in that, we tempt their wrath. And we know exactly what that looks like.

The basis for their views on both Kovacs and Veidt is “Rorschach’s Journal,” a document that has become so ridiculously easy to dismiss as bogus and lunatic that we tend to underestimate its insidious power, if anyone here understands it at all. This memo provides a comprehensive education, offers a sobering threat assessment, and proposes an alternative course of action that should mitigate negative ramifications. Please consider forwarding this summary of facts to anyone who needs it.

A TALE OF TWO JOURNALS

Context

On October 21st, 1985, Kovacs was apprehended by the NYPD at the home of a former costumed criminal, Edgar William Jacobi, aka Moloch the Mystic, after an anonymous tip led detectives to an active crime scene where both victim (Jacobi, shot in the head) and apparent perpetrator (Kovacs) were present. It was a monumental event in the late century movement to curb run amuck vigilantism and deconstruct the public’s admiration of “costumed adventurers.” The only Alpha Class mask to refuse retirement after the Keene Act of 1977 made all forms of vigilantism illegal again, the capture of Rorschach—coming days after Dr. Manhattan (Overman/ Passive-Aggressive) abandoned Earth amid (now disputed) allegations that his electromagnetic energies were carcinogenic – augured an end to an era that began in 1938 with Hooded Justice (WS: Incalculable) and, for many, outstayed its welcome by decades.

Rorschach 101

Assessments filed by a court appointed psychiatrist, Dr. Malcolm Long (a victim of the D.I.E.), indicate that Kovacs was a profoundly alienated individual suffering from dissociative identity disorder, shaped by child abuse, multiple psychotic episodes, and abandonment trauma. It has been speculated by those in my field that Kovacs, a classic “lone nut” archetype, desired to see his former Alpha Class associates defy the Keene Act and return to vigilantism for personal reasons, perhaps for the companionship, perhaps for the validation. These are admittedly sentimental conjectures, and Kovacs is undeserving of them. He was a sick and pitiless murderer, a rabid dog with a deadly bite, and for anyone in my profession, Kovacs is Exhibit A in the argument that “costumed adventurers” are a terrible idea.

Kovacs was also an avid reader of *New Frontiersman*, an extreme right-tilt tabloid prone to yellow journalism and Red Scare paranoia, whose editor of the period, Hector Godfrey, was a vociferous supporter of masked vigilantes. It appears Kovacs read the newspaper to the exclusion of any other source of news. A generous appraisal of Kovacs would say that he merely collected the periodical for its glowing coverage of his war on crime. But Godfrey was also a hideous racist. An example can be found in an editorial published prior to Kovacs’ disappearance. Taking exception to a critic of masked vigilantes (until then, a largely white male phenomenon) who compared them to a modern day Ku Klux Klan, Godfrey proceeded to defend the KKK: “[I] might point out that despite what some might view to be 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.”

These psychological details, ideological frames, and media habits are incidental to an incisive understanding of Kovacs. But they are essential to any reckoning of Rorschach’s appeal and the writings attributed to him.

The First Journal

Among the effects found on Kovacs was a modest leather journal. According to the arrest report, the pages were “filled with what is either an elaborate cipher or handwriting too cramped and eccentric to be legible.” In 1995, the NYPD ceded custody of the first journal to the Bureau’s Behavioral Sciences Division. It is now in the possession of our task force. Despite my best efforts, I have not succeeded where others have failed; the journal remains unreadable.

“The Final Draft”

On October 31, 1985, a pair of second generation Alpha Class masks put on their old costumes and rescued Kovacs from Sing-Sing (alternately known as New York State Penitentiary) in a deadly raid. His liberators were Dan Dreiberg, aka Nite Owl (Thrillseeker/Nostalgic), and Laurie Blake (then Laurie Juspezyck), aka Silk Spectre (after her mother, Sally Jupiter) and, later, The Comedienne (after her father, Edward Blake). *[Out of respect for Agent Blake, who has consistently objected to the science of the Werthem Spectrum tool, I shall refrain from diagnosing her.]*

Kovacs disappeared after his escape, but his confirmed actions prior to his vanishing factor into the lore of “Rorschach’s Journal.” Kovacs was last seen in the company of Mr. Dreiberg during the early morning hours of November 1s, 1985. His landlord, Dolores Shairp, encountered Kovacs in his apartment ripping up floorboards and retrieving a spare costume and another diary, which she heard him describe as “final draft of journal [sic].” Kovacs and Dreiberg then visited Happy Harry’s Bar & Grill to interrogate the criminal element known to frequent the establishment. Kovacs was heard trying to acquire information about an

EPISODE 1

incident that occurred on the day of his arrest, the attempted murder of Veidt by a contract killer, Roy Victor Chess, who committed suicide with a cyanide pill to avoid capture. Through physical torture, Kovacs induced a scattered (and thus potentially unreliable) confession from a man who described himself as an employee of Pyramid Deliveries; he was heard saying that he had delivered some envelopes to Chess at the request of his superior, whose identity also remains unknown.

The activities of Kovacs and Dreiberg on the morning of November 1, 1985 were never thoroughly investigated, and for good reason. The very next day, November 2, 1985, was the day the world changed. Caught at ground zero of the Dimensional IncurSION of Event at the intersection of 40th Street and Seventh Avenue was Steve Fine, the lead detective on the Rorschach case. In the months that followed, finding Kovacs became a low priority for an overwhelmed police department (half their employees died in the cataclysmic psychic shockwave unleashed by the E.D.B.E.). As New York began its glacial return to stability, few cared about a loose end of the past like Kovacs. Their only anxiety was the prospect of another E.B.D.E., a threat kept top of mind by random downpours of fetal cephalopods that no one with a credible physics degree has ever been able to explain. It was into this culture of fear, fogged with superstition and pseudo-science, that “Rorschach’s Journal” materialized.

“THE SCOOP – AND SCANDAL – OF THE CENTURY”

Legitimate or Hoax?

On March 21, 1986, *New Frontiersman* began printing excerpts from an artifact allegedly written by Kovacs. The editor, Mr. Godfrey, couldn’t account for when or how he came to possess it. An editorial assistant, Seymour David, found the leather-bound log book four months earlier near the top of a stack of submissions known internally as “the crank file.” They assume it arrived by post, but the envelope containing it—with its dated postmark, and, possibly, a return address—had been discarded. The delay in publishing was due to an admirable desire to verify the journal’s authenticity. Fingerprints were found on the covers, but the NYPD—still operating according to “Tricky Dick” guidelines on FOIA—refused Godfrey’s petition to obtain the prints they had on file for a crosscheck. It was while dickering with police over their lack of cooperation that Godfrey learned of the indecipherable “First Journal.” Another FOIA request was filed to compare the two journals; another denial was given. There was nothing in Godfrey’s artifact—filled with neat handwriting on clean paper and containing only 23 months of entries (1/84-11/85)—to explain the existence of multiple, different editions. (It is not known if Kovacs kept journals of previous years. None were found in his apartment.) In short, Godfrey could not prove that Kovacs had written “Rorschach’s Journal,” nor could he disprove that it was a hoax.

This did not deter Godfrey’s ambitions in the slightest. I won’t recap every installment, as even the relevant passages are thick with tangents, bitter rants about moral relativism and urban decay and seething hate for “liberals and intellectuals and smooth-talkers.” The rhetoric was certainly on brand for *New Frontiersman*, and similar enough to Godfrey’s writing style as to be suspicious. But the storytelling does demonstrate the schizoid pathology diagnosed by Dr. Long. The author of “Rorschach’s Journal” was clearly an individual who wholly and completely identified as Rorschach, a man who considered “Walter Kovacs” a mere disguise and his ink blot mask his true face.

A Vast and Insidious Conspiracy

The relevancy of “Rorschach’s Journal” to my current concerns rests in the passages summarizing a meandering investigation into the grisly murder of Edward Blake, aka The Comedian (Super-Soldier/Nihilist) on October 12, 1985. At the time, it was not widely known that Blake was The Comedian; it’s certainly a surprising revelation to the Rorschach of “Rorschach’s Journal.” Indeed, the fact that we now know the

truth about Blake does give “Rorschach’s Journal” one proof of legitimacy. Like Dr. Manhattan, Blake had been in the employ of the U.S. military, which granted him exemption from the Keene Act and permitted him to conduct operations as a costumed adventurer. And with Dr. Manhattan, The Comedian was a polarizing symbol of American authoritarianism and imperialism—of America as Totalitarian Super-Power—and as such, he was simultaneously beloved and loathed. The author of “Rorschach’s Journal” has a high regard and deep grace for Blake, and reading the narrative, it’s difficult to not be affected—or rather, manipulated—by his empathetic bias.

The detective work ascribed to Rorschach “paints a disturbing picture,” to borrow phrasing from the final entry, dated November 1, 1985. The narrative portrays Rorschach as obsessed with the belief in a conspiracy determined to kill or neutralize other Alpha Class masks. His thinking connects a series of truly conspicuous events: the murder of Blake; the cancer scare that drove Dr. Manhattan into exile; the attempted murder of Veidt; and the murder of Jacobi, one of three people said to have gotten cancer from exposure to Dr. Manhattan. These actions were in service of either protecting or fulfilling a mysterious project, one that might have involved a private island staffed with artists, writers, and scientists. According to testimony given to Rorschach by Jacobi, Blake understood the goal of the project, and it disturbed him so much that it drove him to moral outrage and despair, ironic dispositions for a man known for being cold, glib, and nihilistic to his core. (For the record, Blake’s official cause of death is listed as “suspected suicide.”)

The Accusation Against Veidt

The most shocking claim in “Rorschach’s Journal” is in the final entry. It presents as having been written on the fly, so to speak, while en route to Antarctica to confront the alleged mastermind behind the conspiracy, Adrian Veidt. (Dreiberg, now in federal custody, has steadfastly refused to speak to the Bureau about “Rorschach’s Journal,” or anything, for that matter.) Godfrey, in another editor’s note, speculates the attempt on Veidt’s life was staged to deflect suspicion. If true, it worked. “Rorschach’s Journal” contains no evidence to substantiate any of its charges against Veidt. The final entry portrays Rorschach as having been persuaded by Dreiberg of Veidt’s guilt, but none of Dreiberg’s proof, if he had any, is presented.

It is also important to note that in this final entry, Rorschach is convinced that confronting Veidt could end tragically for him. “Veidt. Cannot imagine more dangerous opponent. ... Veidt is faster than Dreiberg, perhaps faster than me. Return from mission seems unlikely.”

Following the tenth and final installment of the series, Godfrey published a sum-up editorial that drew some wild and reckless conclusions. His big theory? The D.I.E. was a false flag operation financed and designed by Veidt; the E.B.D.E. was a sophisticated suicide bomb built from material cloned from the stolen brain of a dead psychic named Robert Deschaines; and that Veidt’s goal was born of his liberal politics, convictions that put him in opposition to almost all of his Alpha Level associates. Here, Godfrey’s infamous words:

“Veidt is Red as the devil. I’m certain if one was to search his thick wallet, one would find his Commie card tucked between a pair of industrial strength condoms he must need for the carnal relations he must surely enjoy with the abomination that is his genetically engineered cat. This, reader, and only this, is why we live in a world robbed of our triune protectors, our big blue god [Manhattan], our greatest super-soldier [The Comedian], and our most spirited watchdog [Rorschach]. Behold the most diabolical plot against America ever designed: to destabilize the governance of righteous conservative rule, Veidt concocted a counterfeit cosmic cataclysm rendered with Hollywood magic and Satanic science for the purpose of turning the Stars and Stripes onto Hammers and Sickles. AND IT WORKED! The events of the past six months are proof! Our commander-in-chief has been frightened into brokering peace with the Kremlin for the sake of creating a “common defense” against a threat that doesn’t actually exist! (How SUSPICIOUSLY CONVENIENT of that pile of psychic seafood to melt into a puddle of harmless water and then evaporate away before science

MEMO: “Rorschach’s Journal”

could study it. Dubious, I say! Dubious!) The Ruskies have gained a foothold on our sacred soil (Burgers-n-Borscht anyone? I HOPE NOT!), and our glorious Manifest Destiny march toward global Democracy, Capitalism, and Christian Supremacy has been stalled. Now we cower as we wait for the next shoe to drop. You know what it is. It's not another beastie from the outer limits of Dimension X, and it's not the nuisance of spoiled shrimp sloshing from the sky. No, this jackbooted jabberwocky is the Anti-Christ masquerading as a bleeding heart cowboy, a bad actor on so many levels who seeks to re-educate us into slaves of Big Brother. IT'S A GODDAM LIBERAL PRESIDENT."

It goes on from there.

LEGACY AND CONCLUSIONS

Immediate Aftermath

“Rorschach’s Journal” sold thousands of copies of *New Frontiersman*, but for most people, it wasn’t apocalyptic revelation. At best, it was outrageous entertainment from an outrageous outlet that provided brief distraction from D.I.E. anxiety. The mainstream media refused to acknowledge Godfrey’s “scoop,” given their low view of *New Frontiersman*, which, under Godfrey, was as disreputable as *The Weekly World News*. Common sense prevailed. Even if “Rorschach’s Journal” was written by Kovacs—if it was “The Final Draft” fetched from his apartment on the night of his disappearance—his words still couldn’t be trusted, because after all, Walter Kovacs was diagnostically insane.

When Veidt himself was asked about “Rorschach’s Journal” in an interview with *Nova Express*, he laughed away the conspiracy theory as a failure to engage terrifying truths: “What do you call something like that? ‘Blotting out reality,’ perhaps?” He added: “I knew Rorschach. I worked with Rorschach. And while we had our differences, he had my sympathy, because he was a damaged human being, and he had my admiration, too, as no one in our fraternity was more dedicated to making our world safer than Walter was. If we are to remember him at all as we move into the future, let us remember him for those qualities, not this fabrication baring his name. It is, quite literally, fake news.”

“Rorschach’s Journal” As Counter Culture Classic

“Rorschach’s Journal” might have faded into obscurity if not for two events, the “Blue Wave” of 1992 and the arrest of Dreiberg and Laurie Blake in 1995 for violating the Keene Act. Their capture re-ignited cultural fascination with masked vigilantes, and to capitalize on that curiosity, *New Frontiersman* published “Rorschach’s Journal” in its entirety. The bookazine became a best-seller that appealed to a wide variety of curiosities, including right wing extremists. Some take it as a history book, others, devotional literature. For them, “Rorschach’s Journal”—and Godfrey’s interpretation of it—challenges the new, heretical orthodoxy that makes them feel marginalized and obsolete, written by a revolutionary they revere as a saint. It rationalizes their conviction that our current president is an illegitimate president, brought to power because of the E.B.D.E., which, again, per the convoluted logic of Godfrey’s conspiracy theory, was essentially an insidious coup concocted the embittered liberal elite, as the ramifications of the D.I.E. paved the way for the Blue Wave of ‘92. This belief is the justification for any number of anti-social behaviors, from the formation of drop-out communities known as “Nixonvilles,” to domestic terrorists like the aforementioned Seventh Kavalry, who protest the president by committing violence against symbols of the executive branch, which is to say, law enforcement.

But the legacy of “Rorschach’s Journal” is evident in every garden variety “anti-hero” vigilante we see in our line of work, the wannabe local hero who puts on an idiosyncratic costume to live out their solipsism and inflict their yawp on society. Most of them proceed from the ingrained belief that government—especially an interventionist government, with its emphasis on controlled growth through increased regulation—is woefully

inefficient or unworthy of trust. Their cynicism is further nurtured by the administration’s controversial efforts to manage our popular culture with warning labels on entertainment and prohibitions on depictions of the D.I.E. that might trigger those with 11/2 PTSD or stoke paranoid thinking about it. (They’re already prone to think that cultural institutions are rigged to demonize them. See: the first season of *American Hero Story*, which turned Rorschach, now a conservative/libertarian icon, into a withering deconstruction of pathology that implicitly shamed anyone who ever found Rorschach or his kind admirable or noble.)

Recommendations

This brings me to my concern about the decision to close the case on Veidt’s disappearance. After seven consecutive terms, the president has announced he won’t be running for an eighth and as you’re all well aware, tensions are running high. To finally declare Veidt dead eight years after his vanishing will evoke a singular question from every conspiracy theorist in America: “Why NOW?”

In short, quitting the search for Veidt and declaring him deceased risks antagonizing and activating Rorschach-inspired extremists who express their distrust of government with maverick vigilantism or brazen attacks on law enforcement or both; it will play to them like a cover-up. (Again, see: the Seventh Kavalry, whose members believe Veidt was behind their hero’s disappearance.) But if Veidt’s own disappearance remains the subject of inquiry -- or at least designated “unresolved”—perhaps their suspicions can be checked, and over time, they, like the rest of popular culture, will eventually lose interest in him.

We also run the risk of Veidt miraculously reappearing, which would put egg on the face of the Bureau. It’s been two decades since the Presley debacle, but the public has a way of remembering when someone who is supposed to be dead suddenly wanders into a nightclub in Hanoi on VVN Night and performs every one of his songs with “Blue” in the title (there are fifteen).

Given his vast resource and even vaster ego, isn’t it more likely than not that “The Smartest Man in The World” is planning a show-stopping comeback of his own?

As such, I recommend instead of doing something, we do absolutely nothing. Veidt had disappeared from the public consciousness even before he disappeared from Karnak. Why answer a question that no one’s asking, especially if it will only activate the twisted imagination of every kook still fixated on events that transpired three decades ago?

Of course, publicly, the Bureau still needs to present the appearance of action, which is why the ideal move would be for the Anti-Vigilante Task Force to take custody of the case (we’d make the argument “Ozymandias” was technically still a vigilante at the time of his disappearance) and announce that the investigation remains ongoing. The mere appearance of due diligence could mitigate the negative ramifications of giving up on Veidt, and I would be happy to take on the responsibility of continuing to write lengthy memos no one will ever read to demonstrate said diligence.

I assure you, I have the time for it.

Submitted respectfully,

Dale Petey

Special Agent Dale Petey

Anti-Vigilante Task Force/Research Unit
Sub-Basement 1, Room X, Desk 2

TULSA POLICE CHIEF FEARED SLAIN

The city's masked cops have mobilized in response to a possible attack by white supremacists.

BY BEN WOODWARD
WPI Content Network

September 17, 2019

Tulsa's top cop is missing and feared dead following a possible new attack on the city's beleaguered police force, multiple sources tell the *Washington Post-Intelligencer*.

Patrol officers closed the roads yesterday around the home of police chief Judd Crawford and his wife, Jane, as unconfirmed rumors swirled through Tulsa that Mr. Crawford had been murdered by the white supremacist organization known as the Seventh Kavalry. A protective custody unit was seen arriving at his residence, which is standard protocol for Tulsa police during investigations into officer-involved violence.

In a potentially related incident, an armed SWAT unit set up a perimeter around a local Nixonville enclave as part of larger police action in the community. The presence of assault weapons indicates that Mr. Crawford had authorized an Article

Four firearms release, although it's unclear when that would have occurred in light of his uncertain condition.

A spokesperson for the Tulsa Police Department declined comment on the weapons authorization and the status or whereabouts of Mr. Crawford, citing the security and confidentiality privileges given to city law enforcement under the Defense of Police Act. The spokesperson also refused to characterize the police action undertaken in Nixonville, which remained under lockdown at press time.

Senator Joseph Keene Jr. (R-OK), who sponsored the DOPA legislation and is a longtime friend to the Crawford family, was unavailable for comment. Sources close to Mr. Keene told *WPI* yesterday that his office was in the process of cancelling and rescheduling events for the week, including an interview with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

WPI about his nascent presidential campaign. He is believed to be traveling to Tulsa.

Mr. Crawford oversaw the Tulsa Police Department's transition to masking in 2017 following the passage of DOPA, an emergency amendment to a 1977 law authored by Mr. Keene's father, J. David Keene (retired), that made vigilantism illegal and regulated the use of masks in law enforcement. Mr. Crawford was one of three survivors of a deadly attack on Christmas Eve of 2016 by masked members of the Seventh Kavalry. In

Mr. Crawford was one of three survivors of a deadly attack on Christmas Eve of 2016 by masked members of the Seventh.

the aftermath of the so-called "White Night," Mr. Crawford, a captain at the time, was named interim-chief and led a series of successful police actions against the Seventh Kavalry that seemed to cripple the organization. He was appointed full-time chief in 2018. A popular figure in Tulsa, Mr. Crawford did not conceal his face, per DOPA caveats requiring transparency from police department leadership, but he wore his striking white Stetson as if it were a mask, sparking a fashion trend in the city.

Mr. Crawford was born on December 1, 1949, in Tulsa. A former

Marine, he served under Captain Robert S. Mueller in the Liberation of Vietnam and received multiple commendations for bravery during the purge sweeps of 1971 to 1973. In 1977, Mr. Crawford graduated from the University of Oklahoma at Norman on the G.I. Bill with a Bachelor's Degree in Criminology. After a brief stint on the pro-rodeo circuit, he joined the Oklahoma County Sheriff's Department in 1980, where he met Mr. Keene while working on the elder Keene's security detail. He moved back to Tulsa in 2004 and joined the police department as a senior detective.

Mr. Crawford was a fourth generation law enforcement professional. His great-grandfather, Dixon T. Crawford, was a renowned "cowboy marshal" of Oklahoma's pre-statehood years. His grandfather, Dale Dixon Crawford, had a storied 55-year career in the Tulsa County Sheriff's Department. His father, Matthew Wayne Crawford, was an Oklahoma Highway Patrol officer who died in the line of duty in 1994. His father's twin brother, Lionel Thomas Crawford, worked at police departments in multiple cities in the South and on the East coast.

Mr. Crawford married his wife, Jane Lestley Crawford (nee Alexander), a political consultant, in 1976. They had no children.

MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : AGENT DALE PETEY
DATE : SEPTEMBER 3, 2019
SUBJECT : VIGILANTES IN POP CULTURE

Be advised that the coming weeks will see a spike in media about masked vigilantes of history.

American Hero Story: Minutemen

You’ll notice outdoor advertising went up overnight to promote the second season of *American Hero Story*, including two bus shelter posters and a billboard along Pennsylvania Avenue outside our office. I can only imagine what it must be like for our esteemed colleague Agent Blake to have to see so-called “hero shots” of her mother and father on her way into work every day.

Despite my repeated requests, the cable network responsible for *American Hero Story* refuses to provide me with review copies. (Is a subpoena appropriate?) But if Season 2 is anything like the inaugural season, we can expect a sensationalistic hyper-pop narrative that plays recklessly with history, proceeds from an overtly left-wing point of view, and risks alienating the fringe constituencies who regard “costumed adventurers” with problematic reverence. While there’s reason to believe the new set of episodes won’t be as provocative to vigilante profiles as Season 1, we should be wary of its cultural influence all the same.

Unlike Season 1, which focused on the life and times of Walter James Kovacs, aka Rorschach (Objectivist/Sociopath on the Werthem Spectrum), *American Hero Story: Minutemen* dramatizes the origins of the masked vigilante phenomenon through the figure of Hooded Justice (WS: Unclassifiable), a never-identified mystery man who was active between 1938 and 1955. He vanished after refusing to testify before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee and disclose his name to a state senator. In his memoir *Under The Hood* (a likely source of so-called “research” for the new season), Hollis Mason, the first Nite Owl (WS: Thrillseeker/Romantic) and directly inspired by Hooded Justice, speculated that Hooded Justice was Rolf Muller, a former circus strongman from East Germany, and a Communist spy. Muller’s body was found off the shore of Boston Harbor with a bullet in his head in 1955.

Because *American Hero Story: Minutemen* is a period piece — and because *AHS*, in general, fictionalizes real-world events enough to qualify as “alternative history” — it’s possible that contemporary audiences won’t see any relevance to current circumstances or even take it seriously. However, given the reverence among conservative psychographics for Edward Blake, aka The Comedian (WS: Super-Soldier/Nihilist), and given the liberal perspective of the storytelling, we should expect a critical take on The Comedian that might irritate and antagonize his “fans.” Of course, Agent Blake would understand the appeal of her father better than anyone. If she would be open to crafting a threat assessment of the show, I’d be more than happy to assist her.

The Book of Rorschach

New on the radar is the re-release of *The Book of Rorschach* by Sons of Pale Horse, a short-lived space rock band of the nineties named after the popular death metal group that perished on November 2 during

the Dimensional Incursion Event. The new edition is set to “drop,” to use the music industry parlance, on November 4, which is to say, a couple days after the 24th anniversary of the D.I.E. It’s something of a squidsploitation exercise, though this might be the least of its offenses to good taste.

You might remember the record if you came of age in the early part of the century. It was one of those one-hit-wonder things and considered controversial for offending the sensibilities of the time; it didn’t “know the room,” to use a phrase that I tend to hear quite often. For those raised on classical music — or, in the case of Deputy Director Farragut, raised in New York, during the last of the radio-free years — all you need to know is that the album was inspired by “Rorschach’s Journal” (explored in a recent memo; copies at my desk, feel free to come by anytime to ask me for one), and that the record is known to be popular with two types of vigilante profiles on the Werthem Spectrum, the rare Objectivist/Messianic and the increasingly common Paramilitary/Nihilist. An obvious example would be the Seventh Cavalry in Oklahoma. Field reports from Tulsa have indicated that original editions of *The Book of Rorschach* were found in 7K homes during the police raids that followed the “White Night” in 2016.

I have obtained an advanced copy of the re-release, and I must say, it gave me cause for concern. The record contains an essay written by Seymour David. If you know the lore behind “Rorschach’s Journal,” then you know that David was the one who discovered it while working as an editorial assistant at *New Frontiersman* in the eighties. He exploited the small fame he gained from making this lucky find to launch a career as a scholar of post-modern culture and his work often overlaps with mine. I’ve met the man at many conferences, and let me tell you, he’s an embarrassment to our oft-maligned field of study, a self-important know-it-all who doesn’t know when to shut up. I am reluctant to use my CV as an offensive weapon, but I have a doctorate in History and this man knows nothing of it.

Alas, David has a following, which means his essay is going to receive some attention, and that brings me to my worry: his writing portrays the band as misunderstood misfits who made a “masterpiece” that deserves to be re-discovered and appreciated anew. And since the legends of Rorschach have inspired copycats over the decades — including those, like the 7K, who misappropriate him to some degree by projecting their own extremist ideologies onto him — we should consider the possibility that the re-release of *The Book of Rorschach* might further stoke renewed interest in him. Should I work up a more detailed threat assessment? Please advise.

Submitted respectfully,

Dale Petey

Special Agent Dale Petey

Anti-Vigilante Task Force/Research Unit
Sub-Basement 1, Room X, Desk 2

UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS
FOR THE TENTH CIRCUIT

DEC 13, 2004

391 F.3d 1155 (10th Cir. 2004)

GREENWOOD SURVIVORS

Representing two hundred plaintiffs: Charles J. Ogletree Jr., Harvard Law School; Johnnie L. Cochran Jr., Cochran, Cherry, Givens & Smith, New York; more. (See appendix for the 18 attorneys of record)

v.

STATE OF OKLAHOMA
CITY OF TULSA
THE TULSA POLICE DEPARTMENT

ORDER

The petition for rehearing is GRANTED.

The suggestion for rehearing *en banc* was transmitted to all judges in regular active service. A poll was requested and a majority voted to grant rehearing. Participants that voted to deny have declined to file a dissent.

SUMMARY

Before us today is a matter that must suffice the Rule 35 standard of presenting a “question of exceptional importance” to merit the attention of the entire court. This case speaks back to the standard with exhausted outrage and incredulity. Is the foundational racism of this country even a question? What must one do to prove the “exceptional importance” remedying the generational legacy of our original sin? Perhaps there will come a day when all this is moot. How we actually get to that better day is at the heart of this case. For this reason alone, we can’t in good conscience deny a request for rehearing.

To the credit of all, the facts presented by plaintiffs — drawn from *Final Report of the Oklahoma Commission to Study the 1921 Tulsa Massacre* (February 28, 2001) — have never been in dispute by the defendants, the court, or anyone. They’ve only been willfully forgotten. We recall them again now, so that they might be internalized in our conceptualization of who we are and where we came from.

From May 31 to June 1, 1921, in one of the most shameful events in our shared history, between one hundred and three hundred African Americans were slaughtered, and the most prosperous and vibrant African-American community in the United States, a section of Tulsa known as Greenwood, was burned and obliterated by means of ground and air assault in an uncontrolled attack perpetrated by white citizens. The loss of property is boggling. Forty-two square blocks and one thousand two hundred and fifty six homes, plus churches, schools, businesses, a hospital and a library — all destroyed, in many cases, after first being looted. The estimated damage per the most recent assessment: \$16,752,600 in 1999

dollars. That we cannot be as precise in measuring the loss of life is beyond appalling. It is inconceivable that a government investigation of the incident of November 2, 1985 would have failed to count and identify, to best of human ability, every person who perished. Yet it is telling of the attitude in 1921 that no effort was made to account for those who died.

Neglecting their responsibility to preserve order and to protect people or property, no government agency offered resistance, if any at all, to the sacking of “Black Wall Street” (among whites, Greenwood was known more disparagingly as “Little Africa”). Indeed, official government action by the city of Tulsa and the state of Oklahoma fueled this carnage by deputizing and arming the mob, effectively creating a vigilante police force. Official government action is also responsible for authorizing the National Guard to illegally detain the victims while whites razed Greenwood to the ground. Neither city nor state contributed in any significant way to Greenwood’s rebuilding; in fact, municipal authorities worked initially to impede it. The restoration of Greenwood was left to its surviving residents.

The inciting incidents — a dubious allegation of sexual assault by a man of color against a white woman; an effort by armed African American citizens to protect the accused from lynching — are pertinent inasmuch as they represent a two things: a narrative of white society to rationalize supremacist attitudes and genocidal behaviors; and the justifiable fear of African Americans that the rule of law could not be trusted. (In Oklahoma specifically, there were twenty three lynchings in 1921, up from one from 1911.) The root causes of the Tulsa Massacre are found in the degrading structure of Jim Crow-era white supremacy that subverted African American agency and permitted wanton violence against black bodies and property, from lynchings of individuals to purges of communities to militia wars against governments. It flowed out of a World War I-era surge in white resentments (including the “Red Summer” of 1919) stoked by an assortment of social factors and perceived or real provocations, from the activism of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which launched in 1909, to the inflammatory phenomenon of *The Birth of a Nation* (1915), an inflammatory piece of white supremacist propaganda that romanticized the Ku Klux Klan as masked vigilante heroes.

The acts committed during the Tulsa Massacre were, and are, certifiably criminal. Yet not one was then, or has ever been, prosecuted or punished by government at any level, municipal, county, state, or federal. All claims raised by the victims fell upon deaf ears of the courts at the time. Most languished without even a cursory glance at the merits. None of the over one hundred lawsuits filed were successful. In a perversion of justice, a grand jury commissioned by the state exonerated the city and state, and more, blamed the victims for the atrocity. Since then, our language about the Tulsa Massacre helped perpetuate an egregious conceptual misunderstanding. Until the Oklahoma Commission report, historians referred to the Massacre (if they recalled it at all) as “The Tulsa Race Riot of 1921,” a choice of words that obfuscated responsibility (which “race” was rioting?) and risked cultivating a perception that the violence was an African American uprising.

This history alone raises a “question of exceptional importance” and we must confront it. But exceptional importance alone is not the sole Rule 35 basis which requires *en banc* review. Victims of the Massacre, who were children at the time of the incident, and descendants of victims constitute the plaintiffs in this case. They seek equitable tolling of the statute of limitations. While the district court correctly concluded that the plaintiffs had been deprived of an impartial forum adequate to vindicate their rights, they incorrectly found that equitable tolling had lifted at some unspecified point in the past.

The *Final Report* is compelling on this matter. The Commission outlined the evidence it developed, which included “records and papers long presumed lost, if their existence had been known at all.” These reports led the Commission to state that “[w]hat happened in Tulsa stays as important and remains as unresolved today as in 1921. What happened there still exerts its power over people who never lived in Tulsa at all,” and that the “Commission’s work and the documentary record it leaves behind shines upon [the Massacre] a light too bright to ignore.”

In describing the attitudes that prevailed at the time, the Commission concluded:

“The intent was to intimidate one community. . . . These are the qualities that place what happened in Tulsa outside the realm of the law — and not just in Tulsa, either. Lexington, Sapulpa, Norman, Shawnee, Lawton, Claremore, Perry; Waurika, Dewey, and Marshall — earlier purges in every one had targeted entire black communities, marking every child, woman, and man for exile. . . . [A] collective body — acting as one body — had coldly and deliberately and systematically assaulted one victim, a whole community, intending to eliminate it as a community. If other black communities heard about it and learned their lessons, too, so much the better; a little intimidation went a long way. . . . Here were discrete acts — one act, one town — each consciously calculated to have a collective effect not against a person but against a people. . . . [T]he one purpose was to keep one race ‘in its place.’”

The Commission asked:

“Who sent the message? Not one person but many acting as one. Not a “mob;” it took forms too calculated and rational for that word. . . . [I]t really was not ‘Oklahoma’ either. At least, it was not all of Oklahoma. It was just one Oklahoma, one Oklahoma that is distinguishable from another Oklahoma partly by purpose. This Oklahoma had the purpose of keeping the other Oklahoma in its place, and that place was subordinate. That, after all, was the object of suffrage requirements and segregation laws. No less was it the intent behind attacks and lynchings, too. One Oklahoma was putting the other Oklahoma in its place. . . . Government was never the essence of that Oklahoma. Government was, however, always its potential instrument. Having access to government, however employed, if employed at all — just having it — defined this Oklahoma and was the essence of its power.”

And:

“Perhaps the most repugnant fact regarding the history of the Tulsa Massacre is that it was virtually forgotten, with the notable exception of those who witnessed it on both sides, for seventy-five (75) years. This ‘conspiracy of silence’ served the dominant interests of the state during that period which found the riot a ‘public relations nightmare’ that was ‘best to be forgotten, something to be swept well beneath history’s carpet’ for a community which attempted to attract new businesses and settlers.”

In describing the various assaults on the African-American community, and in a resounding denunciation of the system that prevailed in the aftermath of the Massacre, the Commission stated “[i]n some, government participated in the deed. In some, government performed the deed. In none did government prevent the deed. In none did government punish the deed.”

SUMMARY CONCLUSION

We commend the district court for thoughtfully grappling with the legal premises of the case and diligently vetting arguments for and against them. Among them: the question of standing; the political question doctrine, which is to say, whether this matter should be addressed by the representative branch, not adjudicated by the courts; the consideration of immunity; and the statute of limitations. In ruling to deny the plaintiffs reparation for indisputable damages, the district court found one condition mattered above all others: the proper time for litigating these injuries had long passed.

“There is no comfort or satisfaction in this result, and there should be none to Defendants. That Plaintiffs’ claims are barred by the statute of limitations is strictly a legal conclusion, and does not speak to the tragedy of the Massacre or the terrible devastation it caused.”

With respect to the district court and the panel which upheld the lower court’s conclusion, the Tenth Circuit wonders if this matter might be served by more conversation and analysis of specific premises that involves a more diverse set of qualified perspectives, even if the end result is to corroborate their conclusions. Consider, for example, the question of standing, and its implicit link to the statute of limitations. In district court, the City argued that:

“[T]he descendant plaintiffs do not have standing to sue. Relying principally on In Re African American Slave Descendants Litigation, the City argues that a genealogical relationship between a descendant and someone who actually suffered harm is insufficient to confer standing. To have standing, (1) plaintiffs must have suffered an injury in fact, (2) there must be causal connection between the injury and conduct complained of, and (3) it must be likely that the injury will be redressed by a favorable decision.”

If there was ever a case that begs for a more robust understanding of concepts like standing or statute of limitations — or at least a conversation about the need for a more robust view of these concepts — it is this one. For the survivors of the Massacre and their descendants — and more, for the country — the Massacre is not something confined to a span of hours over a period of two days from decades ago. This was a crime that has carried forward in time, its traumas and consequences compounding and defining the conditions of their existence across generations unto this very minute. But it was also a singular crime that flowed out of countless injustices before it. And so this evil exists on an active and unbroken continuum of history, its degrading effects felt at all points at once. By rehearing this case, we create for ourselves an opportunity to begin asking if adjudicating matters such as these asks us to reconsider linear constructs of time (an obsolete notion that informs almost all of our laws) and adopt a quantum perspective on justice. Beholding the destruction of Greenwood with such gaze, we glimpse a different truth. This is not a crime that ended in June of 1921, for as long as the victims of that horrific event and their direct descendants still suffer from the immense loss of property and life, the crime is still ongoing and must therefore be subject to the most strictest adherence of the law.

Elaborations will now follow.

This document was adapted and edited from the dissent in Alexander v. State of Oklahoma, December 13, 2004.

MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : AGENT DALE PETEY
DATE : SEPTEMBER 8, 2019
SUBJECT : “AMERICAN HERO STORY”

The subpoena worked. I have seen the first two episodes of *American Hero Story: Minutemen*. And I am deeply disturbed.

It alarms me that the media has praised this program. Are journalists these days not taught to research the subjects they write about? Or is the truth as boring to them as it is to J.T. March III, the pretentious provocateur (and suspiciously reclusive) writer who has authored this corrupt entertainment? Instead of leaning solely into documented and verified events to the tell origin story of the masked vigilante culture that is our jurisdiction to police, *American Hero Story: Minutemen* relies on sensationalistic fabrications that are more interested in advancing a political agenda than educating or entertaining an audience. The liberties taken by March and his collaborators (including Edwina Taylor, a director of dubious pedigree) are extreme and unabashedly prejudicial. I am dismayed by the prospect of impressionable viewers filling their heads with the show’s willful revisionism and spurious role models; it’s not just alt-history masquerading as real history, it’s that most tired and problematic of things, an anti-hero drama. And I hurt for the real people who suffered or inherited the horrors “dramatized” here — including a very esteemed colleague of ours — and are being made to suffer them all over again, albeit in warped form that adds insult to injury by misrepresenting the traumas that made them or defined them.

What is the point of this *American Hero Story*? Why must it even exist?

At another time, I shall produce an itemized fact-check of the show’s aberrations and a detailed threat assessment of potential cultural influence. (Sneak preview: It’s Bad. Really, really bad.) For now, here’s an overview of its wrongheaded creative strategies.

The Treatment of Hooded Justice

While masked vigilantism is an ancient practice, the modern phenomenon began in 1938 with a never-identified mystery man who dressed up as a fanciful medieval hangman and patrolled the meaner streets of Queens, New York, targeting street thugs, local gangs, stick-up crews and mob racketeers. We know little about the historical Hooded Justice; he was so mysterious and feared, some criminals who had the misfortune of crossing his path — and lived to tell the tale — told police they were certain he had supernatural abilities. The evidence we possess indicates a man who was, in fact, a mere mortal, albeit one of uncommon physical strength, and who acted out of deeply felt principles and a clear-eyed moral code. He disappeared in 1955 after refusing to testify before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee and reveal his identity to a sitting senator from his home state.

There is an additional body of lore attached to Hooded Justice derived entirely from gossip, hearsay, and conjecture. No responsible scholar of masks takes this tawdry Apocrypha seriously, and no ethical storyteller would bring it into the main of popular culture. But for the misguided “auteur” of *American Hero Story: Minutemen*, the mythology of Hooded Justice is all that matters: March uses these illegitimate and

extra-curricular tales to craft his very weird, almost incoherent Hooded Justice to the near exclusion of anything else.

Many of the dubious legends about Hooded Justice come from the spotty memory of Hollis Mason, the first Nite Owl and a founding member of the battalion of “costumed adventurers” that gives this season of *American Hero Story* its title. In *Under the Hood*, his sloppy and sentimental 1963 “memoir” (a designation that gives it license to take license), Mason reported that Hooded Justice was heard “openly expressing approval for the activities of Hitler’s Third Reich.” It’s a mere aside, and a reckless one, too, as it’s presented without contextual dating or elaboration. Nonetheless, Mason’s glibness has inspired a considerable amount of cynical speculation over the years. Was Hooded Justice anti-Semitic? Was he a Nazi? Was he a secret agent of the Soviet Union? (The U.S.S.R. had a non-aggression pact with Germany from 1939 to 1941, the early years heyday of the Minutemen.) Mason clearly favors the latter possibility in his memoir. A political conservative infected to some degree by the period’s Red Scare paranoia (he was an avid reader of *New Frontiersman*), Mason suggests, in a seemingly innocent ‘just thinking aloud’ sort of way, that Hooded Justice was a communist subversive named Rolf Muller who was conveniently found murdered shortly after Hooded Justice disappeared. There is no proof to support this claim; it’s akin to the imaginative “fan fiction theorizing” that fills so many pop culture ‘zines. Furthermore, Mason made it clear in subsequent interviews that he believed Hooded Justice to be same-gender-attracted and enmeshed in a relationship with Nelson Gardner, aka Captain Metropolis, a relationship Mason designated as deviant, exposing either his own homophobia or his own sexuality. I say this not because he costumed himself in a tight pair of trunks with cleanly shaved legs, but because Mason was never known to be with a woman and died a bachelor.

And yet, *American Hero Story: Minutemen* treats Mason’s masturbatory musings as meaningful seed. The first episode begins with a cryptic flash-forward to the discovery of Muller’s corpse, suggesting that this will be the final destination of the season. (The scene shows police fishing the body out of Boston Harbor; he was actually found washed ashore. Whatever.) But then, it appears that March is obsessed with every fringe perspective on Hooded Justice: the use of voiceover to get inside the character’s head (abandoning all trust that an audience would understand the imagery without it being explained to them verbatim) would have us believe Hooded Justice suffered from a multiple personality disorder. How preciously novel. And what garbage.

The Treatment of the Comedian

The fairness owed to *American Hero Story: Minutemen* is that Edward Morgan Blake, aka the Comedian, was a public figure, as he was a controversial agent or “super-soldier” of the United States government. Most of his missions remain classified. The few we know about — such as his successful rescue of American and Canadian hostages taken by anti-Manhattanite jihadists in Iran in 1979 — are disturbing because of Blake’s notoriously violent methods. (The individuals he brought back alive suffered from PTSD for years, mostly from witnessing the sadism Blake inflicted upon their captors.)

One can imagine a serious artist wanting to dissect such an extreme personality using informed fiction as a scalpel. Yet *American Hero Story: Minutemen* isn’t interested in an educated exploration of Blake’s pathology. Instead, it turns the Comedian into a polemic about mid-century “toxic masculinity.” March has invented an origin story montage – set ironically to “You Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby” by Shirley Temple — in which a teenage Blake exacts vengeance against bullies by aping the brutal behaviors of wisecracking tough guys depicted in comic books of the period, and then becomes a bully himself. The montage continues. Inspired by newspaper coverage of Hooded Justice, Blake breaks into a costume supply store, steals a domino mask and a yellow jumpsuit, and starts roaming the waterfront sections of Depression-era New York at night, addressing even the smallest spot of trouble with a shocking degree of ultra-violence, whether it’s clearing an underpass of a homeless encampment or stopping a sexual assault behind a roughneck bar, cracking terrible, corny one-liners at every turn.

Again: these scenes are fiction, as March himself admits during one of the show’s post-credits behind-the-scenes segments. the Comedian of *American Hero Story: Minutemen* is merely a construct of March’s dim regard for his own gender. (And, perhaps, his grievances with Blake? March’s grandfather was James Trafford March, a renowned science fiction writer and political activist who was “nasty number 69” on the previous president’s notorious enemies list. He disappeared in 1985; does his grandson believe that the Comedian was responsible?)

Now let me be clear. In standing up for the historical Comedian, I am in no way condoning his worst aspects. On the contrary! I fully subscribe to the critiques of machismo in so many of our better, more prestige pirate movies and TV shows, and I have always been concerned that these kinds of anti-hero characters romanticize the very archetypes they deconstruct. My concern here is for accuracy. As a scholar of history, I must always take the position that truth is more compelling than anything anyone can make up.

The Treatment of Silk Spectre

Of course, one can’t speak of how *American Hero Story*’s depiction of the Comedian’s ultimately short stint with The Minutemen without also addressing the show’s treatment of Sally Jupiter (nee Juspeczyk), aka Silk Spectre, given the horrific crime that binds them, as well as their living legacy who now works among us. I wish to be sensitive to Agent Blake, given the regard she had for her late mother. But the regrettable fact is that the show embraces the specious rumors of decades that there was nothing authentic about Jupiter’s expression of costumed adventuring. The second episode depicts her as a celebrity-seeking hustler, conspiring with her agent and an underworld associate to stage choreographed street fights with burlesque actors paid to pose as costumed criminals. It also shows her all too willing to exploit her sexuality in degrading ways for fame and fortune. The characterization is sympathetic; Jupiter’s choices are presented in the context of a sexist society that demeans her and leaves her with no good options for empowerment and self-realization. Still, the show implicitly and explicitly pits Jupiter against the Minutemen’s only other female member, Ursula Zandt, aka Silhouette, in an unfair study of contrasts between a pair of proto-feminists; the show’s admiration is clearly for Zandt. In short, Sally Jupiter deserves better. And she won’t, not from this show: the previews for the weeks to come indicate that March intends to dramatize “the incident.” Shame on him.

My condolences, Agent Blake. You deserve better, too. I wouldn’t advise watching; but as you do not read these memos nor know I exist, I have every reason to believe you will tune in with millions of others as every airship and bus in America is demanding that you do.

Maya Angelou once said, “History, despite its wrenching pain, cannot be unlived, but if faced with courage, need not be lived again.” It would appear she was unfamiliar with reruns.

I have suffered through two episodes of this dreck... I am not looking forward to the third. But I will watch.

For if no one stands up for history, then why write it in the first place?

Submitted respectfully,

Dale Petey

Special Agent Dale Petey

Anti-Vigilante Task Force/Research Unit
Sub-Basement 1, Room X, Desk 2

MEMO: AHS: Based on UNfactual Events



NEW FRONTIERSMAN

MONDAY
September 9, 2019

MORNING
EDITION

"Bringing real news
to real Americans."

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HONOR IS LIKE A HAWK: IF YOU LOVE IT, SET IT FREE

BY: HECTOR GODFREY, EDITOR

Just when it couldn't get any worse. Just when this illegitimate extremist regime couldn't push us any further to the lunatic fringe. Just when we thought the colors of our country couldn't run any more Russian red... the Sundancer-in-Chief finds a new way to make America more satanically socialist.

But this time he has taken us across a bridge too far.

I speak of his Supreme Court nominee — his replacement for the in-Firm hack who had no business being there in the first place. (Having spent 17 years dismantling Libertarianism, will this runaway jurist now spend the remainder of his life further destroying our minds with more junk like *The Pelican Deposition*?) His pick isn't just another a loony lefty — she's the youngest candidate in SCOTUS history. She'll surely be confirmed, since Congress is stocked with Kremlin stooges. When they do, our grotesque Gatsby will hammer one last sickle into our well-punctured hearts:

The high court is certain to be packed with snowflakes for decades. I refuse to stain these sacred pages by listing their foul names; let us not affirm the downhill racer's climactic sting by bestowing such posterity to all the president's un-natural men and women, and least of all this utterly unqualified "community activist," a hysterical eco-warrior and lipstick Leninist whose last bar exam was proving she can mix a White Russian. A waitress? Sitting on the same bench once blessed by such right-minded saints as G. Gordo Liddy and Bill Buckley?! Are you *serious*?!?

Just two days ago, this publication celebrated the Eclectic Horseman's decision to not seek re-election (FINALLY!) with an epic and quite costly special edition that dared to dream of liberation. *Free at last, free at last, if we can get a McConnell or a Keene or a Limbaugh elected in 2020, we'll be free at last!* And then, yesterday, barefoot on a lark, wacky Waldo completes his Constitutional coup by taking his "legally

wedded" executive and legislative branches and inviting the judicial into the Lincoln Bedroom to make his Menage-a-Treason complete!

There will be those well-meaning friends who will say I am being hysterical, that I am surrendering too easily to despair.

These consolors will tell me to have faith in some second coming of Nixon, a reborn Chosen One who will use executive orders to subvert his predecessor's laws, who will use his power of veto to protect us from another commie congress.

These consolors will tell me to hold out hope for a new congress, regenerated with Conservative ideals, that will somehow, someday roll-back all the liberal overreach — a next-gen justice league of Republican sentinels like the 1992-1991 Senate that kept the Blue Wave in check, or the 2002-2006 House that blunted many of the president's "Great Society" (HA!) reforms.

These consolors will tell me to remember that we have the moxie to slay monstrous ideas, no matter the odds, because we have done it before. They will remind me of 2008, when a rag-tag band of senators and representatives worked in collaboration with so many state governors and legislatures to save the country from Johnnie Cochran's Great Reparations Swindle. They will repeat the story as if it was some great mythic battle from an American *Iliad*: how the Supreme Court was poised to grant extraordinary damages in a truly regrettable case from our past that would have set a catastrophic precedent and given ANY aggrieved American with some petty grievance the ability to sue the government; and how our clever conservative crusaders hustled the sun-bleached bloneness of white guilt that is our president into a "compromise" that effectively stopped the Cochran lawsuit by agreeing to support Redfordations — sorry, the *Victims of Racial Violence Act*, an outlay of generous tax relief for survivors (and their descendants?!?) of just 50 incidents of "certifiable atrocity perpetrated by structures or agents of white supremacy," whatever that means.

My consolors will tell me all these things, because they think each represents a viable

model for moving forward in a country adjudicated by the magistrates-for-life of our retiring oppressor. And I will not listen to them. I can't, because we are beaten, my friends. Beaten. We must concede that our foes have won more than they have lost; their incremental march of "progressivism" carries on. All that was gained from our futile resistance efforts was the radicalization of well-meaning patriots who think terrorist violence will bully the liberal establishment into surrender. I salute you, good soldiers. You honor the black and white mask you wear. But I stand with Senator Keene here: I cannot condone your methods. Even if I approved of fighting the authority that enforces an unjust law, remember that some who wear the badge may very well share your values.

Still, war is not the answer and if it were, it is one you are likely to lose. Like many of us who have spent the last decade maligned for daring to recall America's former greatness, just know you are outgunned, outmanned, outnumbered and out-masked.

So do not go to war. Go to the polls and cast your vote for Senator Keene, or whoever the Republican nominee will be, if only to show the enemy that we still believe in the rites and processes of democracy, even if we don't believe it'll do us any good. I've been standing on the wall of freedom for eight decades now, and I've never seen the amber waves of grain more distressingly blue.

But speaking of blue, perhaps there is someone who can help us remain one nation, under God, if only God hadn't forsaken us to build sandcastles on the fourth rock from the sun. And so I say, if we can't beat them, we join him. That's right. *Him*. Nixon's super-powered super-man; our exiled deity. If our land is being stripped from us, let us claim a new world for ourselves, where we can live separate and free, where we can rebuild the one true America. The planet's surface is red. Doctor Manhattan is blue. There's only one color missing up there to make our flag complete, my fellow Americans. Let's get our asses to Mars!

EPISODE 3

June 2, 1955

Sheriff Crawford,

Yesterday, I promised you a gift and the story behind it. You now hold the gift. Here is the story. Learn well from it.

This great country that God has granted us was claimed by soldiers who came before we did, valiant men guided by a vision of Manifest Destiny. It was a vision brought to vivid life by artists worthy of being called prophets. Their paintings and photographs of the Western landscape captured our imagination for an American Canaan.

George Catlin was one such artist-prophet. During the early part of 19th century, he traveled across the plains and ventured into the Northwest with some of our greatest explorers and brought back thousands of drawings which he turned into paintings. One of the most memorable was a piece entitled "Comanche Feats of Martial Horsemanship." It's an image that shows just how formidable our savage enemies can be and how defeating them demands we match them in cunning, skill, and ingenuity.

The painting now in your care is not that painting.

You see, in the middle of his life, Catlin, to his shame, fell on hard times. To pay his debts, he had to sell his body of work. The collector who purchased the collection did not put Catlin's visions on display for the world to see. He locked them away, for reasons I do not know nor care to understand.

What happened to Catlin should never have occurred; he never should have had to part with the treasure of his property and the legacy of his immortality project. But Catlin had learned much from his years studying the savages; he had become, in his own way, exceedingly cunning, skillful, and ingenious. Realizing there was nothing in his arrangement with his buyer that precluded him from simply re-painting his oeuvre, Catlin did just that. He duplicated a majority of his work from outlines of the originals, in many cases improving upon them. These recreations — he called them his "cartoon collection" — did need new titles, of course. The painting in your

custody is one of those authentic replicas; it is called "Martial Feats of Comanche Horsemanship." A simple juxtaposition of words that allows for the immoral transgression of plagiarism, although the victim of this theft is the artist himself.

I use words like "custody" with sober deliberateness. This gift is not yours to keep. It is a totem of the responsibility that you inherited last night. Just as this painting was entrusted to me when the responsibility was mine, now, it is entrusted to you. And when the time comes for you to give up the mantle of our order to your replacement, we expect you to give him this painting, and with it, this story.

Until then, let "Martial Feats of Comanche Horsemanship" challenge you, comfort you, and inspire you. The challenge: to never betray your birthright. The comfort: should misfortune befall you, do not despair; as long as you breathe, there is hope. The inspiration: at every turn, execute your duties with the talents of our adversaries, and double them. Cunning. Skill. Ingeniousness. These are your powers of office. Use them well.

We are Achaians coming from Troy, beaten off our true course by winds from every direction across the great gulf of the open sea, making for home, by the wrong way, on the wrong courses. So we have come. So it has pleased Zeus to arrange it.



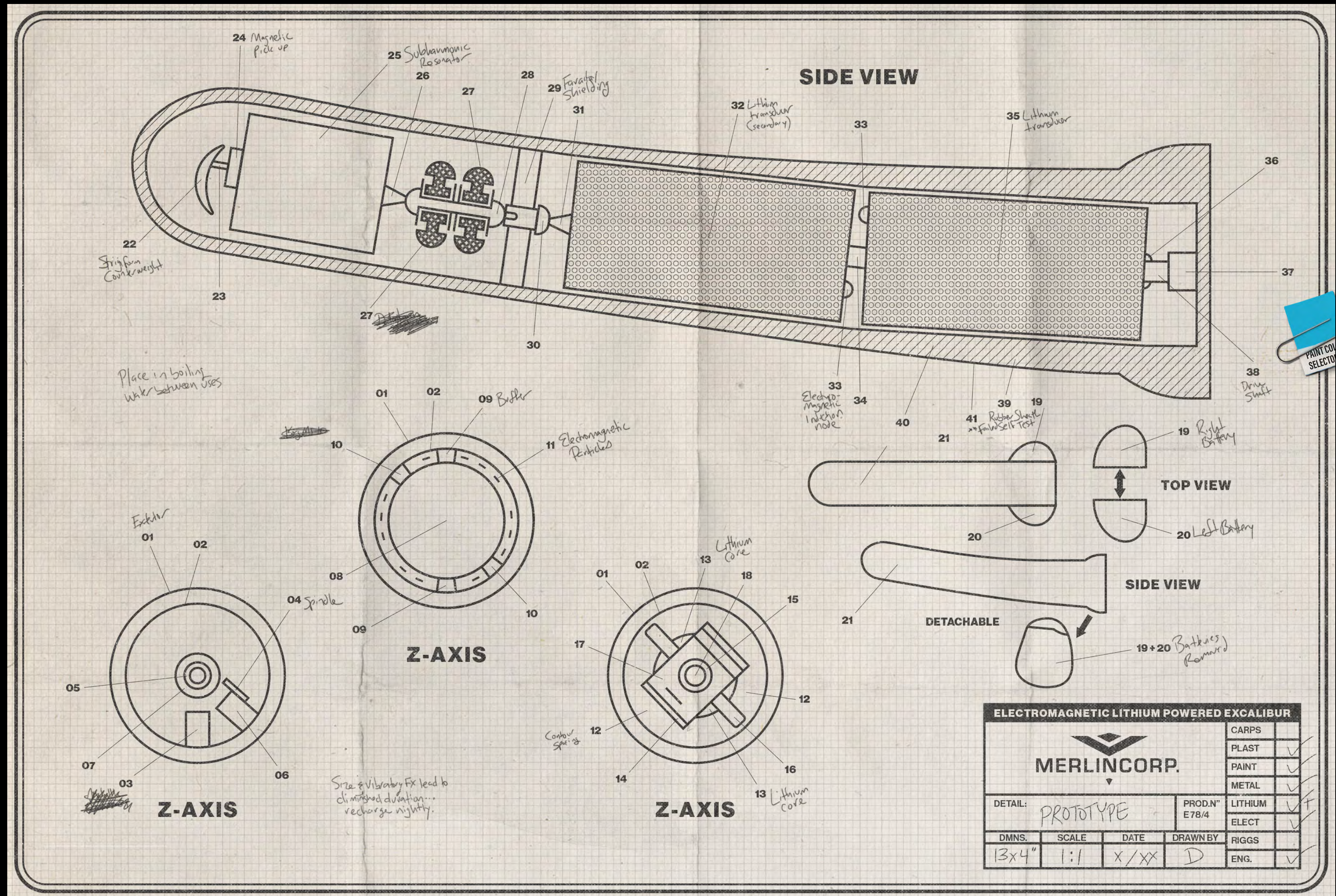
Akia,

J. David Keene

J. David Keene

EVIDENCE: Four Letters

EPISODE 4



EVIDENCE: "Excalibur," MerlinCorp. Raid (4/28/95)

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

FILE NUMBER: [REDACTED]
DATE COMPLETED: 04/24/1995
INTERVIEWER: Special Agent David Latimer

VERBATIM TRANSCRIPTION

AGENT LATIMER: Uh... this is Special Agent David Latimer, Vig Ops... The date is April 24, 1995... Also present is Special Agent Dinwitty... Ms. Jus... (unintelligible)... aka "Silk Spectre"... aka "The Comedienne"... has waived her right to have an attorney present and has also waived her right to have a same-gendered agent present... Ms. Juspeczyk... do I have your consent to record this interview?

JUSPECZYK: (undecipherable)

AGENT LATIMER: ... Sorry... Could you repeat that?

JUSPECZYK: I said "consent" then laughed.

AGENT LATIMER: Is that - do you... is that a yes?

JUSPECZYK: You're already recording.

AGENT LATIMER: ... Yes, but we could stop if you -

JUSPECZYK: - I'll consent if you tell me whether we got him.

AGENT LATIMER: ... You're referring to Mr. McVeigh?

JUSPECZYK: You have to call him "Mister?"

AGENT LATIMER: I'm... uh... I'm not at liberty....I can't speak specifically to his current status.

JUSPECZYK: Then speak vaguely to his current status. On a scale of one to two, one being alive and two being dead, where would you put Mister McVeigh?

AGENT LATIMER: We have your consent to record?

JUSPECZYK: ... Sure.

AGENT LATIMER: Two.

JUSPECZYK: That's too bad.

AGENT LATIMER: No. That's murder.

JUSPECZYK: (laughter)

AGENT LATIMER: You think it's funny th - ?

JUSPECZYK: - That you're gonna charge me with murder after I stopped a f####ing terrorist attack? Yeah. I do.

AGENT LATIMER: Dreiberg didn't find it funny.

JUSPECZYK: Maybe that's because you didn't call him Mister Dreiberg.

AGENT LATIMER: He's not talking to us.

JUSPECZYK: Yeah. He's not talking to me either. You have any tobacco?

NOTE FROM AGENT DINWITTY: MICROCASSETTE STOPS HERE, CONVERSATION CONTINUED BEFORE NEW MICROCASSETTE COULD BE PUT IN THE RECORDER - CONVERSATION RESUMES AFTER FIVE MINUTES -

AGENT LATIMER: [REDACTED] Murrah Building [REDACTED]?

JUSPECZYK: We had surveillance on [REDACTED].

AGENT LATIMER: So you and Dreiberg were working together as partners -

JUSPECZYK: - Not anymore. Not for awhile.

AGENT LATIMER: So you were no longer lovers.

JUSPECZYK: "Lovers?" Jesus... Are you reading a f####ing pirate novel? No. We were not lovers.

AGENT LATIMER: You were together when we appreh-?

JUSPECZYK: We were just finishing one last job... as the cliché flies... We had irreconcilable differences.

EPISODE 4

AGENT LATIMER: How so?

JUSPECZYK: He wanted kids and I wanted guns.

AGENT LATIMER: [REDACTED]
"The Comedienne" [REDACTED]
at the Democratic National convention?

JUSPECZYK: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

AGENT LATIMER: If I can ask... it's... You seem to have unlimited resources for these operations. How were you funded?

JUSPECZYK: Through MerlinCorp.

AGENT LATIMER: Merlin... like the wizard?

JUSPECZYK: No. Like the actor on "Little House on the Prairie".

AGENT LATIMER: I don't...?

JUSPECZYK: Yes, like the f####ing wizard. It's a tech outfit... They do weapon and airship design for state and local law enforcement.

AGENT LATIMER: I'm not following.

JUSPECZYK: I noticed.

AGENT LATIMER: ... Why would a company that provides tech to law enforcement fund you and Dreiberg?

JUSPECZYK: Because Dreiberg is the company, dips##t. Have you ever wondered why the cops fly f####ing owlships?

AGENT LATIMER: Excuse us, please.

NOTE: AGENTS LATIMER AND DINWITTY CONFER OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM FOR APPROXIMATELY SEVEN MINUTES. During this time, SUBJECT SINGS TO HERSELF. AGENT DINWITTY IDENTIFIES SONG AS ELVIS COSTELLO'S "WATCHING THE DETECTIVES." AGENTS RETURN -

JUSPECZYK: And we're back.

AGENT LATIMER: You mentioned flying owlships. One such ship liberated Walter Kovacs, aka Rorschach from a federal penitentiary in late '85. Can you provide us with his current whereabouts?

JUSPECZYK: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Mars, if you'll remember everyone thought the world was about to f####ing end [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

AGENT LATIMER: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

JUSPECZYK: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

AGENT LATIMER: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]?

JUSPECZYK: [REDACTED] sad little redhead with lifts in his shoes... [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

NOTE: AT THIS POINT AGENT TRIPOLI ENTERS WITH SILVER ATTACHÉ CASE RECOVERED FROM SEARCH OF NOCTURNE MOTEL OUTSIDE OKLAHOMA CITY -

AGENT LATIMER: ... do you have the combination to this case?

JUSPECZYK: Where did you get that...?

AGENT LATIMER: It was in your hotel room.

JUSPECZYK: How'd you find my hotel room?

AGENT LATIMER: We're the FBI.

JUSPECZYK: And yet you had no idea Mister McVeigh was on his way to blow up the f####ing Murrah Buiding.

AGENT LATIMER: The combination?

JUSPECZYK: I forgot it.

AGENT LATIMER: We have the resources to open it without your cooper-

JUSPECZYK: - Great. Just be reeeecal careful.

AGENT LATIMER: ... Why?

JUSPECZYK: Because what's inside has been known to cause cancer.

AGENT LATIMER: Ms. Jusp... Juspez...

JUSPECZYK: Repeat after me. Juice. Like orange. Pez. Like the candy. Ick, like what the little girls said when the bottle spun to you.

AGENT LATIMER: Ms. Juspeczyk... if the contents of the case are dangerous, you need to tell us right n-

JUSPECZYK: It's Dr. Manhattan's dick.

AGENT LATIMER: ... What?

JUSPECZYK: A big. Blue. Dick. Is inside the case. And balls too.

AGENT LATIMER: ... Is this... Are you joking?

JUSPECZYK: Dan was convinced I was still holding a candle for my ex, so he made me a big blue dildo as a f####-you. Literally.

AGENT LATIMER: I don't believe you.

JUSPECZYK: Tell you what. If I give you the combo and there is a giant azure cock in there, you let me walk.

AGENT LATIMER: That's not going to happen.

JUSPECZYK: Well.... If you don't let me walk... I might have to talk.

AGENT LATIMER: Talk about.... What?

JUSPECZYK: Tell your boss to tell his boss to tell his boss to tell Gatsby that Laurie Juspeczyk knows what really happened on 11/2. I'll wait.

END OF OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT.

INTERROGATION (REDACTIONS): Juspeczyk, Laurel Jane

MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : AGENT DALE PETEY
DATE : SEPTEMBER 15, 2019
SUBJECT : “Internal Affairs”

Several of you have reached out since *American Hero Story: Minutemen* has begun airing to tell me you are enjoying the show and you don’t know why I’ve got such a “bug up my ass about it.” Simply put, I’m a historian. And facts matter.

My intensifying concern with accuracy and representation in *American Hero Story* prompted me to acquire a “rough cut” of another episode. And rough is right! Pretentiously titled “Internal Affairs,” this 55-minute exercise in egregiousness continues a practice of bad taste and reckless fictionalization (setting the Harlem riot of 1943 three years earlier?!?). Worse, it fulfills the fear that I voiced in my previous memo by dramatizing a horrific event involving the mother of our own Agent Blake. As she does not have any interest in reading these memos, I felt it optimal to make you aware of the forthcoming episode so that you can demonstrate the appropriate sensitivities once it airs.

The Incident

On the evening of October 2, 1940, Edward Blake, known as the Comedian, sexually assaulted Sally Jupiter, the first Silk Spectre. (Contrary to how we’ve told this story in the past — a dim chorus that includes myself — this was not “an attempted rape.” It was, simply and criminally, a sexual assault, period, full stop. It’s time we adopted this as our official language.) What we know of the sexual assault comes from three sources: *Under The Hood*, the controversial memoir of Hollis Mason, the first Nite Owl, published 23 years after the incident; a *Probe* magazine interview with a reluctant and conflicted Jupiter from 1976; and *Baby, This Is Tops!*, the bold and brassy autobiographical one-woman show she performed late in life on regional cruise ships and the Ojai supper-spa circuit. (Jupiter Jones, arguably the premiere Silk Spectre drag queen in all of D.C., performs *Baby, This Is Tops!* in its entirety on the last Thursday of every month at Vargas Girl Revue. I recommend it without reservation.)

Jupiter, then 20, and Blake, then 16, were both founding members of the Minutemen. The sexual assault occurred after a procedural meeting at the team’s New York headquarters. The primary work of the gathering was shooting publicity materials for the group’s lucrative marketing and merchandising activities. Afterward, Jupiter retired to the Trophy Room to change out of her costume. Blake lingered behind after their other teammates had departed. He propositioned her. She said “No.” He attacked. Hooded Justice — with whom Jupiter was having a public (and apparently fake) romance — happened upon the assault and stopped it with brutal force.

Jupiter wanted to press charges against Blake. But Louis Schexnayder, the Minutemen’s marketing guru and Jupiter’s longtime agent (and later, her husband), convinced her to let it go, “for the good of the group’s image,” according to Mason. It appears that every single member agreed with Schexnayder’s counsel, even Hooded Justice. In her one-woman show, Jupiter offers him some grace. “If he testified on my behalf, he would have had to tell the court who he was, and there was no way he was doing that. Hollis

got this much right: *none* of us ever saw his face. Even me. And I was dating the guy! Well, technically. It was all for show, and I certainly never saw any *other* part of him, either, if you know what I mean. Our chemistry? Sub-zero. But he was always very, very careful about what he said about himself. I always assumed there was a good reason for it. But his story is not mine to tell. A lesson dearly departed Hollis never learned. Ah, well. Bygones.”

The epilogue to this story occurred eight years later. While not dramatized in “Internal Affairs,” we should know it — or rather, know it accurately, since this tale is much gossiped-about in the office — so we can understand how complicated this history is for our colleague. In 1948, Blake, now a decorated war hero and a super-solider in the employ of the United States military, visited Jupiter, who had retired from masked life in 1947 to marry Schexnayder. A consensual sexual encounter ensued. From the affair came a daughter, Laurel Jane.

Jupiter raised her daughter to carry forward her legacy in more ways than one, starting with her family name, Juspeczyk. She also raised her to be a costumed adventurer, a next-generation Silk Spectre until she was forced into retirement in 1977 with the passage of the Keene Act. Agent Blake did not know the identity of her father until 1985. Shortly thereafter, she adopted his family name, as well a version of his alias. Silk Spectre never wore a mask, but “The Comedienne” did. The second act of her vigilante career concluded one year after the death of her mother when she was captured by the FBI in Oklahoma City and offered a plea deal that required her to become a special agent of the Anti-Vigilante Task Force.

American Hero Story

I must acknowledge that my critique of “Internal Affairs” is compromised by a lack of sufficient context, as I was not provided with the two episodes that preceded it. But I doubt they would matter much. The treatment of the sexual assault by J.T. March III, the creator of *American Hero Story* and the writer and director of this episode, is an onslaught of odious choices.

The violence is extreme and fetishistic. The filmmaking toggles between frenetic cuts, wide-screen framing and zooming close-ups on blood gushes and ripped clothing. At various moments, the sexual assault is shown upside-down and distorted in the lens of “Moloch’s Solar Weapon,” one of the Minutemen’s many trophies. The ironic funhouse mirror presentation speaks to March’s larger project of turning “hero” archetypes on their heads and deconstructing them as warped personalities. But by prioritizing his flourishes and metaphors over Jupiter’s experience, March diminishes her even more.

Not that March really cares about Jupiter. Because the character that interests him the most in *American Hero Story: Minutemen* — to the detriment of all others — is Hooded Justice. As this clumsily staged version of Jupiter’s sexual assault moves into its final act, with Hooded Justice intervening and brutalizing Blake, we realize we’ve been watching the crime through his point of view, and the whole point of depicting this crime has been to nurture a portrayal of Hooded Justice as a true savior, albeit one with troubled conscience and a very convoluted identity disorder (March seems to be suggesting that Hooded Justice might have been schizophrenic).

Later in the episode, we see an explicit sexual encounter between Hooded Justice and Captain Metropolis, a choice that plays to claims made by Mason and Jupiter that multiple unnamed Minutemen were homosexual. March shoots the fraught intimacy in a way meant to deliberately echo Jupiter’s sexual assault — in the Trophy Room, their bodies reflected in Moloch’s Solar Weapon. As the sequence reaches its climax, so to speak, the camera pushes in on Hooded Justice’s eyes. As we hear him narrate his internal drama, we see him flash on Blake’s violence and his own. Once again, March demeans Jupiter by turning her trauma into one more step in Hooded Justice’s hero’s journey.

To be clear, I find it commendable that March wishes to create provocative mainstream entertainment with an LGBTQAI+ protagonist. We need more of this kind of representation in the culture. But Hooded Justice is a problematic vehicle for advancing this vital cause. What little we know for sure about him

presents us with too many paradoxes and complications to reconcile in credible fashion, and March simply lacks the imagination to crack the riddle of history that is Hooded Justice in a way that actually does him… well, justice.

To quote from Mason’s memoir: “Real life is messy, inconsistent, and it’s seldom when anything ever gets resolved. It’s taken me a long time to realize that.” It appears that J.T. March III has to yet to realize this himself. And Sally Jupiter is the lesser for it.

We all are.

Submitted respectfully,



Special Agent Dale Petey

Anti-Vigilante Task Force/Research Unit
Sub-Basement 1, Room X, Desk 2

MEMO: AHS: More Infernal “Affairs”

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What is NOSTALGIA?

NOSTALGIA is a customized psychoactive compound composed of synthetic mnemonic material replicated from the patient’s brain and all-natural corticosteroids drawn from the patient or properly matched blood relative. Tablets are derived through a proprietary process of neurochemical scanning of the hippocampus. Each tablet can contain 1-5 selected memories. Chromatic coding signifies grades of emotional experience, with red representing the most intense. A doctor’s prescription, a psychological assessment, and a signed legal waver are required. Mnemonic harvesting is performed at licensed Trieu Clinics only.

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

What is the most important information I should know about NOSTALGIA?

NOSTALGIA floods the patient with the emotions and sensations encoded within the chosen memory. Pleasurable experiences might inculcate desire for repetitive use that could develop into addictive behavior. NOSTALGIA can be used in tandem with all other over-the-counter and prescription medications, but consult your doctor first. Length of effect varies. Always take NOSTALGIA in a secure environment that can accommodate phantasmagorical experience. Work with a Trieu Clinic NOSTALGIA counselor to create a personalized usage protocol to ensure maximum safety. NOSTALGIA is the intellectual property of the patient. Trieu Clinic will dispose of working materials, genome models, and excess tablets unless otherwise instructed. Since NOSTALGIA is custom-made and tailored to the specific brain chemistry of the harvester, NOSTALGIA should not be shared. **Never take someone else’s NOSTALGIA.**

Who should not take NOSTALGIA?

Do not take NOSTALGIA if you:

- are pregnant, planning to get pregnant, or are breastfeeding. NOSTALGIA can be absorbed into a developing fetus. There is no method of flushing NOSTALGIA out of utero.
- are under the age of 18. NOSTALGIA can complicate the proper development of adolescent neurological and physiological systems.
- are suffering from constipation or kidney or liver disorders. A healthy excretory system is needed to properly cycle NOSTALGIA waste out of the patient.
- are suffering from any disease or disorder that can trigger emergency symptoms that require consent or communication for receiving treatment.
- are drinking inebriating liquids or taking or abusing any illegal mood-altering psychoactive drugs. Do not take NOSTALGIA while smoking substances of any kind. The FDTA reminds you that tobacco usage is illegal in all 51 states and most commonwealths.
- are alone, lost, driving, operating machinery of any kind, near a pool, beach, a cliff, or an open window, responsible for the care of another human being or a pet, engaged in sexual intercourse, or eating.

What should I tell my doctor and NOSTALGIA counselor before making or taking NOSTALGIA?

Provide your doctor and counselor with a complete medical history. Mental health issues of any kind, as well as kidney, liver, or unusual diuretic disorders, may preclude you from taking NOSTALGIA. Supply your doctor and counselor with a list of all medicines you are currently taking, including OTC and prescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. Inform your doctor and counselor of recent life changes or plans for imminent life changes.

What are the possible side effects of NOSTALGIA?


In rare cases, NOSTALGIA may exacerbate symptoms of anxiety, depression, forgetfulness, dementia, and suicidal ideation. In such instances, stop using NOSTALGIA and seek alternative treatment. Overdosing on NOSTALGIA might trigger one, some, or all the following: cardiac arrest; respiratory distress; sleeping sickness; catatonia; psychic looping; incessant weeping, laughing, or screaming; random or irregular erections; random or irregular vaginal wetness; involuntary orgasms; explosive flatulence or diarrhea; kidney, liver, and colon failure; and the complete collapse of the auto-immune system.

The most common side effects were mild cases of fever, chills, nausea, hives, sweaty palms, dehydration, halitosis, anal leakage, insomnia, sleepwalking, and deja vu.

Ingesting NOSTALGIA made for another individual erodes the boundary between self and Other and catalyzes hyperactive empathy or extreme fight-flight responses. It causes profound aphasia, temporal disorientation, emotional triggering, and paranoia, and may also produce lasting conditions and disorders like mania, hypersensitivity, lingering hallucinations, confused or altered consciousness, dissociative fugue, psychosis, schizophrenia, and permanent memory or identity loss. If someone you know has overdosed or misused NOSTALGIA, contact a Trieu Clinic or call 9-1-1 immediately.

You are encouraged to report additional side effects of prescription drugs to the FDTA.

Call 1-800-FDFTA-108.



TRIEU

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EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL

ANXIETY



AND YOU

WHAT IS EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL ANXIETY?

Extra-Dimensional Anxiety (EDA) is the term used for two types of stress conditions stemming from the catastrophe of November 2, 1985 and its continuing fallout. The first is a general fear of dimensional incursion events, or *exoteuthiphobia*. The second is a special class of Posttraumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) related to close encounters with Exotic Cephalopodian Entities (ECEs). There is no known cure for EDA, but the symptoms can be managed with counseling and psychotherapy.

COMMON SYMPTOMS

FLASHBACKS AND OBSESSIVE RUMINATION

Memories of your ECE trauma can come back at any time or be evoked by reminders of them. You may suffer from confusion and night terrors. Many with EDA simply can't stop thinking or reflecting on their ECE trauma and feel as if they are forever stuck in the moment.

HYPERAVOIDANCE AND HYPERVIGILANCE

You may go to extreme lengths to distance yourself from people, places or things related to your ECE trauma. Conversely, you may find yourself becoming agoraphobic and prone to over-spending on ECE protection technologies.

NEGATIVE CHANGES IN IDENTITY, RELATIONSHIPS, OR WORLDVIEW

The way you conceive of yourself or others has been transformed by your ECE trauma. You may have difficulty accessing your emotions or trusting others. Those who suffer from EDA often find it challenging to find solace in religion or government.

PARANOIA, THRILL-SEEKING, SUICIDAL THOUGHTS

You might believe that psychic operators are manipulating your thoughts. You may always be on the lookout for danger or court it. You could be quick to reactionary postures such as fight or flight. It's not uncommon to feel hopeless and succumb to despair.

COMMON MISPERCEPTIONS

EDA ISN'T REAL.

Over the years, some have expressed doubt about the validity of EDA due to controversies about the nature of PTSD in general. Evolving explanations and conspiracy theories about the Dimensional Incursion Event have also complicated the understanding of EDA or stigmatized it. What remains undeniable is that millions of people around the world were mentally injured to varying degrees by the certifiable psychic shockwave unleashed on November 2, 1985. And with ECE showers still occurring 25.4 times a year on average (2007 *Department of Extra-Dimensional Affairs Report*), the American Psychiatric Association continues to recognize EDA as a legitimate psychological malady.

EDA ISN'T COMMON.

While it's true that fewer people have been diagnosed with special class EDA in recent years, the Veidt Institute for Extra-Dimensional Studies estimates that more than 50 million people globally continue to suffer from generalized EDA. In fact, in Russia and China, which have seen a disproportionate number of ECE showers since 2001, EDA has been on the rise.

EDA ISN'T AS SERIOUS AS IT USED TO BE.

If anything, EDA has become more complex and difficult to treat. Recent Veidt Institute research has found that people suffering from EDA have begun experiencing more pronounced and eclectic symptoms, often in response to changing cultural attitudes about ECEs. If people doubt your EDA – or if you see people who once suffered from EDA finding ways to move on from it – you might find yourself feeling more hopeless and experiencing different or more severe symptoms.

COUNSELING/ PSYCHOTHERAPY

COGNITIVE PROCESSING THERAPY (CPT)

CPT teaches you how to identify EDA-related thoughts and change them so they are more accurate and cause less stress.

PROLONGED GROUP AND EXPOSURE THERAPY (PGE)

In PGE, you meet with others suffering from EDA and talk about your condition as a means of being known, relieving stress, and experiencing comfort. You may also revisit safe places related to your ECE trauma for the purposes of building greater stamina for managing our EDA stress.

STRESS INOCULATION TRAINING (SIT)

SIT teaches patients a set of skills they can use to manage their EDA. These skills might include relaxation, thought stopping, positive self-talk, and meditation.

EYE MOVEMENT DESENSITIZATION AND REPROCESSING (EMDR)

EMDR involves thinking about EDA-related images and feelings that distress you while doing rapid eye movements.

PET THERAPY (PT)

PT encourages you to adopt an animal, such as a dog or a cat (natural or genetically engineered), and care for it as a way to take your mind off your trauma, develop your relational skills, and re-engage life.

Ask your psychiatrist or therapist what treatment is right for you.

"Extra-Dimensional Anxiety and You"
Copyright 2008 Veidt Institute for Extra-Dimensional Studies

MISC: "Extra-Dimensional Anxiety & You" (2009)

MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : BLAKE
DATE : SEPTEMBER 22, 2019
SUBJECT : ACTUAL WORK

Writing this from the field office in Tulsa (yes, they wear cowboy boots here) and need your help. First...

Yeah, Petey, I read your fucking memos. A little weird, considering you could just turn to me and say any/all of this shit as we are currently occupying the same physical space, but why do that when you could write an 80-page essay and zap it off to all of our co-workers instead? To this end, after you track down Gardner’s paperwork, get over to Mirror Guy’s house and bring him in. He flipped on Abar too fast and given what I just heard, I can’t rule out the little shit is Kavalry.

As to what I just heard...

Six hours ago, Abar downed an entire bottle of her grandfather’s Nostalgia pills. I told her she’d go into a coma, but she refused medical consent to pump her stomach and then it was lights out, with one notable exception —

She kept talking.

The EMTs said this is common in Nostalgia ODs (or “Waxing” as the kids call it), particularly when the pills are not the subject’s own memories, but someone else’s. There’s a lot of brain sciency shit I could bore you with, but it doesn’t matter. What does is that for a couple hours, Abar “became” her grandpa. Words he spoke eighty years ago came out of her mouth...

And I recorded the whole thing.

This doodad can’t transmit audio, but they’re making a copy of my cassette right now and will transcribe/transmit a transcript to all of you (or “y’all” as they are so fucking fond of saying down here) ASAP. In the meantime, I’ll just cut to the chase —

Abar’s grandfather, William Reeves, was NYPD. We already knew this from the print we pulled off her missing car.

What we did not know was that Reeves was Hooded Justice.

Funny story: I actually thought HJ might have been my dad at one point. Oh. Wait. It’s not funny at fucking all.

As Agent Petey has seen fit to parade the legacy of my dysfunctionally costumed parents here, I’m gonna say this before he does: it’s pretty fucking strange that of all the people who could be responsible for offing Crawford, it would be the same guy who beat the shit out of my dad when he tried to rape my mom. The thermodynamic miracle strikes again, huh, Petey? Alas, this is not about me...

It’s about Reeves. Currently at large somewhere in Tulsa and in possession of mind control tech (you heard me right) that he used to get Crawford to hang himself (that should be an interesting trial) and most definitely not done with whatever the fuck he came here to do. That brings us to —

“Cyclops.”

Abar spoke this word (via grandpa’s memories) no less than 50 times. Best I can tell, it’s yet another KKK spin-off of which Crawford was most certainly a member. They’re the ones who developed the MCTech back in the forties/fifties, so I need y’all to go through the archive and find me everything you can on them. Call it a hunch, but if Cyclops and The Seventh Kavalry aren’t directly related, they’re at least kissin’ cousins.

Abar is in recovery, so I’m gonna roll over to Crawford’s widow and see if I can’t shake something loose from her. I guess it’s possible she didn’t know who and what her hubby was, but as someone who spent a decade fucking a guy dressed up like a giant owl, I am not one to throw stones.

Speaking of Who, I hope you dipshits remembered to bring him his mouse today. He gets cranky when he doesn’t get to crush something small and helpless.

See you in the funny pages,

Blake

MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : AGENT DALE PETEY
DATE : SEPTEMBER 22, 2019
SUBJECT : The Will of Nelson Gardner

At Agent Blake’s direction, I have acquired a copy of the last will and testament of Nelson Forrest Gardner on file at the New York County Courthouse in Manhattan (see attached). I am also providing a brief backgrounder on his life for those who need it.

Born in 1908, Gardner grew up a child of privilege in New York City. He enlisted in the Marines after washing out of Harvard, and served with distinction under Major General Smedley Butler in the Banana Wars. He was discharged honorably in 1936 and began a career as a security consultant and military contractor. Gardner was advising the NYPD on urban warfare strategies when he was inspired by Hooded Justice to become a masked vigilante, adopting the guise of Captain Metropolis. In 1939, Gardner collaborated with Louis Schexnayder, a talent agent representing Sally Jupiter, aka Silk Spectre, on forming the Minutemen. Tragedies, acrimony, and other factors led to their disbandment in 1949. The House UnAmerican Activities Committee subsequently demanded that all masked vigilantes reveal their identities to a senator. Gardner complied. Hooded Justice did not, for reasons that are now obvious. In 1966, Gardner attempted to form a new league of extrajudicial avengers, comprised of himself and the Comedian, a pair of next-generation costumed adventurers (Nite Owl II, Silk Spectre II), two new crime-fighters (Ozymandias, Rorschach), and a bonafide god (Dr. Manhattan). Gardner suggested branding this eclectic group “The Crimebusters.” Uninspired by this nomenclature and by Gardner himself, the team-up never came to be. Gardner retired shortly thereafter.

On the night of August 9, 1974, Gardner was driving northbound on Broadway in a Buick LeSabre in the general direction of his uptown mansion. Material found in the vehicle indicated he had attended a rally protesting the repeal of the 22nd Amendment. Gardner lost control of the car and crashed into a barrier at a high rate of speed. He ejected through the front windshield and was decapitated. (In a bizarre footnote, his head was never found.)

At his request, there was no funeral or memorial and his remains were thoroughly destroyed. His desire was for Mr. Reeves to be the sole beneficiary of his estate. According to the executor’s summary, Reeves was presented with the contents of Gardner’s will on March 3, 1975, at his place of employment, a movie theater in Harlem.

From a historian’s perspective, the discovery of Hooded Justice’s true identity as Mr. Reeves significantly reframes our understanding of the history of masked vigilantes in our country. It forces me to confront my own biases — it never occurred to me consider that Hooded Justice could have been anything other than a white male.

As Athena sprung from the head of Zeus, so did the modern phenomenon of costumed vigilantism from Hooded Justice. For a century, his “secret identity” is the only one that has remained unrevealed, and now, we know why. It seems clear that Mr. Reeves did not hide his face for purposes of showmanship or pageantry, but for his own survival.

I have spent countless hours criticizing *American Hero Story: Minutemen* for its historical inaccuracies, but it never occurred to me until this moment that the greatest historical inaccuracy of all might be America itself.

This is a memo for another time.

Submitted respectfully,



Special Agent Dale Petey

Anti-Vigilante Task Force/Research Unit
Sub-Basement 1, Room X, Desk 2

EPISODE 6



I, Nelson Honest Gardner, being of sound mind and body, and having no remaining blood relatives or valid relations or affections to lay claim to my legacy, do hereby revoke all previous wills and codicils and bequeath the entirety of my estate - property, possessions, cash, and investments - to Mr. William Reeves. This wish will not be easy to fulfill, but it should be done all the same.

Mr. Reeves might be difficult to locate. When I last saw him face to face in the autumn of 1955, Mr. Reeves told me he was taking an early retirement from the New York Police Department and expressed an interest in traveling abroad. He also made it clear that he never wanted to see me again. I honored that request, and as of the formalizing of this document, never attempted to defy it. I last heard from Mr. Reeves in 1966. He had learned through a mutual friend of my new friendships with Adrian Veidt and our interest in sponsoring a new group of costumed adventurers committed to fighting crime in the inner cities. I no longer have the terse and objectionable note that Mr. Reeves subsequently sent me, but I do recall a San Francisco postmark.

1 West 91st Street
New York, New York 10024



I am not oblivious to the fact that there will be thousands of gentlemen, if not tens of thousands, with the name "William Reeves" currently residing in the United States. The one to whom I refer was born between the years 1910 and 1915. Mr. Reeves is a black man, over six feet tall with an impressive athletic build. Photographs of him should be easily obtainable through the New York Police Department, where he enlisted in 1938.

My understanding is that Mr. Reeves may have family in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Under no circumstances are you to approach them for help; I am confident that Mr. Reeves would not want them to be troubled by any reminder of his past, most especially by any reminder or remnant of me.

Once you locate Mr. Reeves, he might try to decline my bequest, either in part or in total. It is possible that Mr. Reeves will choose not to take possession of my trove of Minutemen memorabilia nor the assets of the Minutemen Franchise LLC, including the intellectual property rights to the Minutemen, Captain Metropolis, and assorted characters (Screaming Skull, Captain Axis, et al.). You shall dispose or disperse of these assets at his direction and be responsible for the work of doing so. If he does not wish to accept the responsibility of deciding what to do with this property, I ask that you auction it and donate the profits to the Southern Poverty Law Center.

1 West 91st Street
New York, New York 10024

MEMO: The Will of Nelson Gardner

EPISODE 6



It is more likely that Mr. Reeves would decline my estate in full than in part. Your job as executors is to convince him to accept it. If he rejects this bequest, convey to him that this inheritance is intended as penance for my sins against him and my neglect and subversion of his noble work of decades ago. If he asks what has prompted my regret, tell him that I have come to see that my attitudes and ambitions were those of a naïf swirling in the self-imposed blindness of a bygone era, and that the only true peace I found in those years was in his companionship. Tell him that I was wrong when I said "we should avoid political situations" and that he was right when he mocked us all with those same words every chance he could; tell him I now see how everything we did back then was a political act, even the hideous hustle of what he called our "sizzle-dazzle" and the crass, degrading, and racist imagery it put into the world. If he further resists, tell Mr. Reeves that much of my wealth was derived from my association with him, and appropriation of him, and so he deserves it; tell him that I always told him he would outlive us all, for he was the only one amongst us fighting true evil; and tell him that I don't for a second believe that someone like him ever quits that good fight, and I feel a sense of responsibility to support it, in all the ways I did not when we were friends.

1 West 91st Street
New York, New York 10024



If Mr. Reeves still declines this bequest, then liquidate my assets and place the monies in a trust, and inform Mr. Reeves that it is there for him if and when he ever changes his mind.

And if he never does, then let it rot.

Finally, I wish to be cremated and for my remains to be discarded. Hold no funeral or memorial for me, and leave no marker of my years on this earth. I did nothing to deserve it.

Signed with sincerity on this date, the thirty first of May, nineteen hundred and seventy one,

Nelson Forrest Gardner

Witnessed on this date, the thirty first of May,
nineteen hundred and seventy one, by duly appointed
executors for the testator,



Katherine A. Lo

William L. Kelly

1 West 91st Street
New York, New York 10024

MEMO: The Will of Nelson Gardner

LADY TRIEU: FACT OR FICTION

The Star-Sentinel's society scribbler tries to get the scoop on a certain cryptic clockmaker



Jay-Jay Whitman
Society Reporter

October 19, 2018

Just who *is* this Lady Trieu who has decided to build “a new wonder of the world” out yonder on the tapped-out tundra of the old Underground Reservation?

If only we could tell you, dear reader! The elusive and reclusive mystery woman declined our every interview request. (We won't take it personally: the tight-lipped monolith-maker has *never* given an interview to *anyone*.) “Lady Trieu prefers to let her actions speak for themselves,” a chipper Trieu Industries apparatchik told us over the phone. Those recent undertakings include breaking ground on a “Millennium Clock” (see story on *A1*) and sending newly legalized HDTVs to every residence in the tri-county area “as an apology for any inconvenience our construction efforts may cause, as well as the occasional atmospheric disruption.”

A generous gesture, for sure, but we can't be bought! The curious minds of Oklahoma have questions about the most gossiped-about gal on the prairie and they *must* be answered! Alas, for all our badgering, we couldn't convince Lady Trieu to take a break from her electromagnetic



erector set to sit and dish. But we did get some feisty feedback from her plucky PR rep...

ITEM! Lady Trieu's mother was a loony parenting guru!

While the Trieu spokeswoman takes exception to “loony,” this is a **FACT**. Bian My, Lady Trieu's materfamilias, wrote a memoir about raising a genius entitled (rough English translation) *Pachyderm Mom*. A bestseller in Vietnam and in the commonwealths of Cambodia, Laos, Thailand,

and Burma, the book details Bian's ambition to mold her daughter into “the world's smartest woman, brighter than a sky full of stars, a redemptive blessing to the world planet.” (No pressure, kid!) Her inspirations? “The liberators and architects of Pax America! Nixon. Manhattan. The Comedian. Adrian Veidt. I thought it was a time to add a female face to that proverbial Rushmore.” Bian's methods for growing a super-person; Isolation. Tough-love. “Enhanced transcendental meditation”

techniques. Okay, we'll say it: *Weird*. But a Trieu spokeswoman suggests we might be missing something here: “Lady Trieu's mother was truly one of a kind. But your simple translation of her book fails to capture one of her best qualities — a wicked sense of humor.” Duly noted!

ITEM! Lady Trieu named herself after a Vietnamese legend.

This is a **FACT**... unless our “simple translation” is leading us astray. In her memoir, Bian reveals that she let Trieu pick her own name at the age of five. Her choice was inspired by Vietnamese history. The Trieu of lore, a third century freedom fighter, was part Joan of Arc, part Minuteman (the revolutionaries who saved us from the oppressive British, silly, not those corny caped crusaders of yesteryear). She was known for her striking appearance, a no compromise, no surrender personality, and bold statements like this: “*I only want to ride the wind and walk the waves, I want to slay the big whales of the Eastern sea, I want to clean up frontiers, and save the people from drowning. Why should I imitate others and bow my head? Why should I stoop over and be a slave?*” We take it back. She *does* sound like a caped crusader, doesn't she?

ITEM! Lady Trieu's mom tried to murder her when she was 11.

In 2017, a man calling himself “Barry D. Shanes” and describing himself as “a master of Vovinam martial arts and psychic combat” told *Squidworld Digest* that he worked as Lady Trieu's personal tutor during her childhood. He said he quit working after Bian My ordered him to give Trieu a “final exam... a duel to the death on multiple planes of existence, corporal and mental.” Says the Trieu spokeswoman: “*Squidworld Digest?* Are you serious?” We'll call this one **FICTION**... but we find the spokeswoman's non-denial denial *most*

suspicious. (And we will *never* apologize for being loyal, 33-year subscribers of America's funniest exocephalopodian fanzine!)

ITEM! Lady Trieu has a dozen doctorate degrees.

FICTION — because she only has *four*. And she got them before she could drive! Here, the Trieu spokewoman got gabby and proudly summarized her boss' resume. “At 15, Lady Trieu graduated from the Myramar Institute of Technology with PhDs in astrophysics, nuclear fission, bioengineering, and nanochemistry. After becoming a billionaire from the success of Nostalgia, Lady Trieu turned her attention to space exploration. Since 2010, Lady Trieu has launched 50 Voyager-class probes into the galaxy, and in 2015, she began licensing her patented micro-fusion propulsion technology to the SDI alliance, China, and the Egyptian Union.” What a show-off! But since you brought up Nostalgia... care to comment on the costly class-action lawsuit that got the drug banned? “Lady Trieu grieves for those who hurt themselves by abusing Nostalgia. She is grateful for having had the opportunity to pay reparations for their poor choices.” Well! That doesn't sound passive-aggressive at all!

ITEM! Lady Trieu's father was The Comedian!

Baby Daddy Drama is *exactly* the kind of sizzle this column loves, but our gut — and our legal department — tells us that this one's **FICTION**. A few years back, *Nova Express: Saigon* published an allegation that Edward “The Comedian” Blake — during his decades serving as Tricky Dick's masked secret agent man — had sired dozens of little Eddies through numerous affairs around the world. Among his alleged progeny, seven were Vietnamese, ranging in age from 25 to 39, including “one of Vietnam's most prominent post-statehood citizens.” The claim ignited a guessing game in the Asiatic Americas, with Lady Trieu being

Progeny Suspect #1. The Trieu spokeswoman was mum on the question (“Lady Trieu has no father”) but she did volunteer this: “Bian My did have one unforgettable encounter with Mr. Blake. In 1971, Mr. Blake and his battalion of ‘Blazin' Commandos’ passed through her village outside My Lai. Their uniquely warm demeanor made quite an impression on her.”

ITEM! The father of Lady Trieu's daughter is also someone famous.

The tabloids love to speculate about Lady Trieu's love life and why she's raising her chip-off-the-old-block solo. *The International Enquirer* would have you believe that Lady Trieu has been knocking boots with POTUS for years, perhaps due to the prominent role Trieu has played in accelerating the administration's introduction of new technologies into the public sphere. Other theories have included the late physicist Carl Sagan and aeronautics tycoon and life extension guru Howard Hughes. The Trieu spokeswoman bristled at this question: “Lady Trieu does *not* comment on her daughter! But she does wish the world to know that she is raising her in the manner of her mother.” If you say so, dear! **FICTON**.

ITEM! Lady Trieu secretly finances the Vietnamese Liberation Front.

We don't like getting political in The Talk of Tulsa, but our news editors made us ask this question. So to get serious for a second: multiple newspapers in Vietnam, most of them of the far right stripe, have alleged that Lady Trieu supports VLF terrorists with cash, weaponry, and other resources. True? “Lady Trieu's desire to see her homeland regain independence is a matter of public record,” says the Trieu spokeswoman. “But she rejects militant nationalism in all forms. Her interests are global, not local. And she seeks only peaceful solutions for uniting and pacifying the nations and bringing an age of illumination to

a benighted world.” Serious journalism: over. Back to the Outer Limits!

ITEM! Lady Trieu is in love with Dr. Manhattan.

Lady Trieu clearly has blue on the brain. She has put Manhattan Booths in cities around the world, she's successfully replicated one of Manhattan's nerdiest tricks, mass-producing synthetic lithium (thanks for giving us our electric cars back!), and she's built the “Eye over Mars” that brings us all those *riveting* images of Manhattan building and collapsing ornate sandcastles over and *over* and over again. She even cares enough about Manhattan to fund a commission to prove that The Big Blue Cancer Panic of the Eighties was, in fact, *not* true. Sounds like someone has a crush! What's next? A marriage proposal? “Lady Trieu's interest in Dr. Manhattan is quite innocent,” says the Trieu spokeswoman. “Besides, history would seem to suggest he isn't very good in romantic relationships.” Rowr! We *like* this girl! **FICTION**.

ITEM! The Millennium Clock actually a time machine?

Okay, maybe we watch too much *Axxon N.*, but just think about this for a moment. According to Trieu's PR department, the Millennium Clock is made of “clean M-class technology, with a cutting-edge micro-fusion engine and powered by synthetic lithium and energies harvested from particles collected from the MIT supercollider in Burma.” And it *is* a clock. So... time machine, right? “You have an *incredible* imagination!” says the Trieu spokeswoman with a laugh. “Your theory is most entertaining, but I hope you won't be disappointed when it doesn't come true. Sometimes, a clock is just a clock, you know.” **FICTION**, we suppose. But we so want it to be **FACT**! Perhaps time will tell!



Jay-Jay Whitman

MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : AGENT DALE PETEY
DATE : SEPTEMBER 22, 2019
SUBJECT : The Origin of “Sister Night”

At the direction of Agent Blake, I have been investigating the origin of Detective Abar’s “Sister Night” persona so as to better understand her. If masks are expressions of trauma, then what does “Sister Night” say about Detective Abar?

I began by checking her personnel file. The masking protocols of the Tulsa Police Department require that detective class officers provide a statement explaining their chosen guise. Detective Abar’s statement was just three words: “Watch the movie.” Alas, watching *Sister Night* isn’t yet an option for the 21st century entertainment consumer. It’s an oldie (1977), and an obscure one, too. According to the proprietor of Tulsa’s only Mondo Video, it might be years before Hollywood re-releases “the cult stuff” as part of the larger re-introduction of home entertainment technology and media into the public sphere.

And so I visited the local library and consulted *Ebert’s Guide to Practical Filmgoing* (2012 edition). From this book I learned that *Sister Night* lives in a proverbial parallel world of American cinema. I speak of Vietnam, which has always had its own unique pop culture. For example, the seventies and eighties saw a phenomenon of films made specifically for the large population of African Americans who migrated there after the war to escape the institutional racism of the Nixon era and seek new opportunities in the new frontier. Mr. Ebert notes that *Sister Night* belonged to a subgenre called “Black Mask” movies — responses or parodies of masked vigilantes. Some were very specific; *The Black Superman*, for example, was an on-the-nose spoof of Dr. Manhattan. Others, like *Sister Night*, *Tarantula*, and *Batman*, were expressions of archetypes forged by the likes of Silhouette, Mothman, or Nite Owl. They all provided wish fulfillment fantasy that doubled as social commentary. Their implicit critique — that masked vigilantes were a largely white phenomenon, and a problematic one at that — is now rather ironic, given our discovery that Hooded Justice, the first masked vigilante, was William Reeves, an African American. But we might also say that Mr. Reeves was an exception that proved the rule.

According to Mr. Ebert’s three-star review, *Sister Night* tells the story of Pamela Davis, a devout nun by day, ministering to lost souls in the Hell’s Kitchen section of New York City; and a masked vigilante by night, waging a war on crime wherever she finds it, armed with a Colt .45 and a whip of nickel-plated rosary beads. (It sounds like the firearm was her preferred weapon: after all, the film’s tagline was “The Nun With The Motherf%&\$ing Gun!”) It does not appear the film was all that interested in presenting what one might call ‘orthodox theology.’ Among her quips: “The devil created the problem of evil; God created me to solve it” and “You know why Jesus wants you to turn the other cheek? So I can punch that one, too!”

After an introductory sequence in which she brutalizes a gang of racist Knot-Tops preying on the homeless, Sister Night investigates the murder of local prostitute who routinely visited her soup kitchen. Over the course of investigating an intricate mystery, Sister Night takes down a slumlord, a sex trafficking ring, and white-collar gangsters, while also finding time to romance a handsome graffiti artist and make peace with the tragedy of her origin story, the murder of her parents. (One can see why Detective Abar might have found this story so compelling.)

Sister Night was released in Vietnam in June of 1977, just as the “Black Mask” subgenre was reaching its peak — and just as costumed adventurers were about to become outlawed by the Keene Act throughout all the Americas. It was a box office success, according to Mr. Ebert, for three reasons: a star-making performance by Stacy Teigh (“Never has fierceness and finesse been balanced so perfectly in this genre”); “hyper-kinetic direction” by Darlene Durham; and a “funky and really funny” theme song performed by Teigh herself that became “the song of summer” in Saigon. Mr. Ebert was so taken by the tune, he quoted all the lyrics:

*She’s got a body like an angel
34 – 48 – brick red
But if you touch her chocolate body
Yo’ turkey ass will turn up dead!*

*She’s outta sight, sight, sight
Ohh, that’s right, right, right
She’s Sister Night, Night, Night
(Get outta town honkey!)*

*When you’re eating too much coleslaw
And the mayo has turned sour
Sister Night is getting stronger
By the minute, by the hour*

*She’s outta sight, sight, sight
Yesss, that’s right, right, right
She Sister Night, Night, Night
(Get outta town, honkey!)*

One final note. As I wrote this memo, I found myself having a hunch. I placed a call to a certain movie theater in New York — the one that employed William Reeves back in 1975, where the executors of Nelson Gardner’s estate presented Mr. Reeves with Gardner’s will (see previous memo). It turns out Mr. Reeves bought that theater one year later, and he’s been showing *Sister Night* every Sunday at midnight since 2017 — the same year Detective Abar decided to put on the mask of her childhood hero to fight crime.

Thermodynamic miracle? I think not.

Once this adventure in Tulsa is concluded, perhaps a field trip to New York is in order. For purely academic reasons, of course. And that theme song does sound catchy.

Submitted respectfully,

Dale Petey

Special Agent Dale Petey

Anti-Vigilante Task Force/Research Unit
Sub-Basement 1, Room X, Desk 2

MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : AGENT DALE PETEY
DATE : SEPTEMBER 26, 2019
SUBJECT : Fogdancing

The morning after the calamity in Greenwood, the dust has settled but our nerves have not. Martial law remains in effect throughout the city as Haz-Mat teams continue to collect the remains of Unidentified Subjects #1 and #2 (the conspicuous absence of ██████████ and ██████████ give us an indication as to the identities of the remains, but given their condition, DNA testing will be required) while the other corpses are intact and once removed from the wreckage, should be more readily identified. One of them may be Agent Blake.

It has been 36 hours since I heard from her. I don’t know which instinct to trust: the one that wants to believe that Agent Blake, a gritty, indomitable survivor, found a way to persevere; or the one that worries that our former colleague has been claimed by the hail of destruction that rained down on Tulsa last night.

As I struggle to make sense of everything, I find myself thinking of the discoveries I made while investigating Detective Tillman’s squid shelter. They include a piece of literature whose title provides an apt metaphor for navigating the murk of mystery here. Most people had to read Max Shea’s *Fogdancing* in college, and some actually think they understand it. But if you managed to dodge this difficult homework back in the day, here’s some cliffnotes. Shea, a former writer of acclaimed, genre-bending pirate comics (including the thrice-filmed “Charnel Messiah”), wrote the novel in 1972 while working at a VA hospital in Cleveland. Facilitating an art therapy program for soldiers suffering from PTSD, Shea was struck by their testimonials — their awe of serving under the god-like Dr. Manhattan; their guilt of committing atrocities with the Comedian; their rationalizations about going from liberators saving a people from communism to conquerors seizing a country for capitalism. Their poignant stories of shattered worldview and conscience inspired Shea to capture the confused state of America’s heroic character.

Produced in five weeks under the influence of Bierce, Burroughs, and an addiction to Benzedrine, *Fogdancing* was poetic, ironic, and aggressively ambiguous. Most readers agree on how Shea’s fragmented, stream-of-consciousness prose makes them feel (loneliness, humbled, painfully mortal), but it’s rare that any two of them would summarize the plot the same. The book caught one of those lucky gusts of counter-culture chic that occasionally blew through the Nixon era and became a bestseller. Its renown was further helped by two movie adaptations, one by David Cronenberg, the other by the Brothers Quay. Indeed, the novel was deeply influential with artists in all mediums, inspiring more thoughtful treatments of solider psychology and war trauma, and, more negatively, a trend of now-cliché nihilism, surrealism, and unreliable narrator storytelling. (I recommend *Jacob’s Ladder* and *Shutter Island* as examples of exceptional *Fogdancing* homage.)

In the mid-eighties, Shea disappeared along with several other notable avant-garde artists, including the grandfather of J.T. March III, who prior to driving me crazy with *American Hero Story* produced an award-winning “remix” of *Fogdancing* that was so risqué in its provocations that it helped catalyze the introduction of content warnings on television. (I never watched it.) Some believe Shea was silenced by the Nixon-Ford regime during its alleged “purges” of dissident voices. Others — including extremists like the Seventh Cavalry — believe the convoluted conspiracy theory spun by *New Frontiersman* editor Hector Godfrey that 11/2 was

a hoax and that Shea vanished — or was killed — to hide his involvement in it. For both sets of believers, *Fogdancing* has become a totem.

The history of masked vigilantism tells us that *Fogdancing* also had a peculiar appeal with costumed adventurers. Byron Lewis, aka Mothman, read the novel obsessively during his final years at the Overlook Asylum in Kennebunkport, Maine. Adrian Veidt, aka Ozymandias, once called *Fogdancing* “the second best book ever written.” Dr. Manhattan was known to randomly quote lines from the text, such as “Up is a relative concept.” Copies of *Fogdancing* were also found in the apartment of Walter Kovacs, aka Rorschach, and Edward Blake, aka the Comedian.

Given that Detective Tillman both fought crime with a mask and had an unhealthy obsession with 11/2, it’s not too surprising to find a dog-eared paperback of *Fogdancing* in his doomsday shelter. But I was surprised to also find a complete set of *Nothing Ever Ends*, a now defunct periodical from Pyramid Press devoted to Shea’s life and work. I know it well, as I, too, was a subscriber. In fact, I once submitted an entry to the journal’s annual “recap” contest. The goal was to create a definitive summary of *Fogdancing*’s opaque plot; the winner received a bronze bust of the novel’s signature symbol, a gas mask. My recap, published in the 2005 edition, finished fiftieth out of the fifty entries published. (I was penalized for dismissing the novel’s framing device, set in India, as a dream. For some readers, the India stuff is all that matters!) It was a gutting loss for pretentious, teenage Dale Petey, already obsessed with masks and hungry for insight into hero psychology, and so arrogant about his intellect that his only response the low appraisal of his Fogdancing summary was that the editors of *Nothing Ever Ends* were old, stupid, and wrong. I often wonder if my failure catalyzed my resentful suspicion of fiction and my absolutist zeal for factualism in history. You could say my humiliation in the pages of *Nothing Ever Ends* was my origin story.

Finding that edition in Detective Tillman’s gloomy bunker (what are the odds?) and reading my own words of years ago by its dim light, was a veritable Campbellian experience, an encounter with my innermost self in some dreadful cave of reckoning. What I saw — what I see — in that reflection exposes limits and flaws that I’ve never outgrown. This entire adventure in Tulsa has shown me that I am not the enlightened intellect I thought I was, but remain compromised by blinkered, assumptive, know-it-all thinking. I feel challenged to engage our culture with a more generous and empathetic spirit. (Perhaps I’ll start by giving the fiction of *American Hero Story* a second chance.) If I’ve just confessed to any incompetence that should cost me this job, I accept that.

Agent Blake once told me that masked vigilantes often get two origin stories in life. The identity that circumstances create for you, and the one you choose for yourself. Perhaps the same can be true for me.

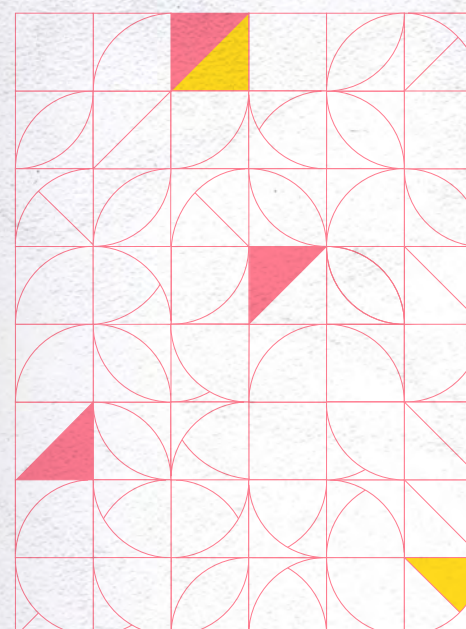


Special Agent Dale Petey

Anti-Vigilante Task Force/Research Unit
Fogdancing in Tulsa

Nothing Ever Ends.

An Annual Investigation into Fogdancing.



ENTRY #2102

Fogdancing: My Summary

By Dale Petey

He was made to be a hero. Born on the day we dropped the bomb and saved the world from evil, Howard McNulty was raised by his Ike-loving, Comedian-adoring, Manhattan-fearing parents to be a warrior, and succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. He became a super-soldier — the kind your country can't acknowledge, the kind that walk between the rain drops, the kind they call Fogdancers. They're the most special of special-forces, braver than a Ranger, deadlier than a SEAL. Fogdancers do the ghastly wet-work that grease the wheels of the American machine and mop up proof of all the sick stuff you're not supposed to do during combat. The canisters of toxins, the animals with weird boils, all the charred bodies who can still breathe and talk. See him now in your mind's eye, moving through boiling clouds of Sunset Haze, wearing his gas mask and skin-tight silver suit shimmering with SPF-666, looking slick and doing what must be done, in secret, to keep you and me and all of us free. Or so we tell ourselves.

But that was then, back in the prime of his youth, back before the accident and the discharge and the hush-money pension checks. Now, it is 1972 and Howie is 27, but an old 27, a 27 that feels like living death. His days are spent writing a bad novel about an architect grieving his dead twin while journeying into the Hindu afterlife with a sexpot psychopomp to save the world from the destroyer Shiva. His nights are filled with monsters. Nightmares of mutant leviathans with unblinking bloodshot eyes and atomic breath and barbed tentacles used for committing unspeakable acts. Which is why Howie works weekends as an anesthesiologist. So he can steal tanks of laughing gas and giggle himself into dreamless sleep. Sometimes it works. Sometimes it doesn't.

One day, Howie goes to a conference for people like him across the river in New Jersey. He meets a woman; her nametag says she's Greta, a veterinary anesthesiologist. He likes her. He doesn't know why, he just does. For some inexplicable reason, she likes him, too. After the day's keynote presentation, a critique of topical numbing agents in dentistry and dermatology, a raven-haired man named Max offers Howie and Greta \$250 to attend a demonstration of Shut-Eye, an experimental anesthesia for trauma surgeries. They accept. During the seminar, a silver haired physician named Shay offers them another \$250 to serve as guinea pigs. They accept this, too. Howie puts on the mask and takes the mist into

EPISODE 8

In Summary: The 2005 Recap Contest

his lungs... and when he wakes, he realizes he's experienced a rest unlike any rest he's ever known.

Howie returns to New York and continues to date Greta. They both begin using Shut-Eye in their workplaces and private lives, each taking turns swiping tanks from their hospitals and huffing themselves to sleep every night. Feeling better than he's felt in ages, Howie takes a risk and tells Greta of his shameful Fogdancer past. She receives his confession with grace, then confesses her own secrets: her name is not Greta, but rather Patricia; she faked her death at 18 to escape her abusive parents; and she belongs to a gang of anarchist graffiti artists known as Tricky Dickies. Each night, they run around Manhattan painting big blue dicks on buildings. She invites Howie to join her crew on a midnight run. After defacing Madison Square Garden, Howie and Greta make love for the first time, in a back alley papered with peeling advertisements for lithium wonders and campy pirate shows and superhero benefit concerts.

Time passes in this way for Howie and Greta, days and nights of Shut-Eye and Tricky Dicking and lovemaking, as it does, Howie's desire for activism — fueled by remorse for his Fogdancing — grows more radical until it reaches an inevitable conclusion. The terrible weapons that built and expanded the American empire — Sunset Haze and all the rest — must be destroyed. He tells Greta he doesn't expect her to join him on this crusade. When she says she will, Howie weeps for the first time since the war.

They need money for the mission, and Greta happens to know someone with deep pockets and utopian ambitions: Mr. Dow, an old money lefty whose family got rich off publishing sci-fi novels during the early pulp boom. Not only is Mr. Dow loaded, he knows people — more people like Howie and Greta, a vast and increasing number of aspiring heroes itching to make the world a better place. Mr. Dow connects Howie and Greta with a team of willing and able do-gooders, and on his birthday, Howie leads them into battle. They infiltrate the Jones Chemical facility, they plant the bombs and set the timers, and two hours later, the five of them are 100 miles away, watching Antonioni's *Up Is The New Down* at the Andromeda Drive-In outside Riverdale, Ohio, when the plant explodes and unleashes a wave of brimstone crackling that speeds across the plains, scorching grassland and poisoning the earth and killing thousands before running out of steam. When Howie and Greta and their squad drive away from The Andromeda, a man on the radio is telling them that they have all become murderers.

Now, there are many things you can do when you realize that you've made an awful mistake. Howie and Greta consider them all, then decide to hide. They want Mr. Dow to help them flee the country — but Mr. Dow is missing. In searching for him, they uncover shocking truths. Not only does Mr. Dow own the company that makes Shut-Eye, the gas is actually a mind control drug, and he's been using it to manipulate people into revolting against Nixon's America. Howie realizes his desires for redemption were never his own; he was only an actor in some madman's demented play, every ridiculous plot point carefully scripted years earlier, a tragedy in five acts.

NOTHING EVER ENDS

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In Summary: The 2005 Recap Contest

Howie and Greta want vengeance. They're tipped by one of Howie's old Army pals — a fellow Fogdancer he loved like a brother, nicknamed Rawhide — that Mr. Dow is hiding in the wilderness outside Bombay, in a subterranean facility where he manufactures Shut-Eye. The compound is defended by mercenaries, but their skills are no match for a former Fogdancer. See them now, Howie and Greta, blasting their way into Mr. Dow's lair — and see the cunning Mr. Dow get the drop on them, wounding them, looming over them, about to kill each of them...

...when suddenly, salvation arrives in the lean, mean form of Rawhide, a surreal sight in his pearly haz-mat jumper and signature combat goggles. Sneaking into the compound by slipping through the air ducts, Rawhide punches Mr. Dow across the jaw and carries Howie and Greta to a waiting helicopter. As they rise high in the sky, Rawhide asks Howie to do the honors. Howie pulls a lever. Sunset Haze rains down Mr. Dow's compound, incinerating miles and miles of rain forest. As an auburn mushroom cloud rises to meet them, Rawhide hands Howie his old Fogdancer mask, and gives one to Greta, too, and they all coat themselves in SPF-666 gel to keep from burning. "I thought that was going to be the end of us," says Greta. Howie and Rawhide respond together, a motto from their Fogdancing days, with a motto that never really made sense to Howie and always rather troubled him: "Nothing ever ends."

And that's when the monsters attack. Mutant leviathans with unblinking bloodshot eyes and atomic breath use their barbed tentacles to rip away the blades of the chopper. The fuselage plummets and skids to a stop in downtown Saigon. Howie emerges from the wreckage with Greta clutching his arm. He turns to her and tells her they should run — and that's when he sees that it's only Greta's hand clutching his arm. The rest of her is still in the helicopter, ripped to pieces, Sunset Haze pouring out of the eyes of her decapitated head.

And then you wake up.

You are in a hospital at Fogdancer base. Rawhide is here, tears in his eyes, pleased as hell that you're alive and awake. He tells you that your mask slipped off your face while you were clearing a village. He tells you that Dr. Dow has been treating you for weeks with an experimental drug called Shut-Eye and Nurse Greta has been faithfully attending to you, feeding you and cleaning you and reading the photoplay magazines to you, much to the envy of every other Fogdancer on the base. As Dr. Dow and Nurse Greta join Rawhide, they tell you that you should be able to make a full recovery, provided you agree to take Shut-Eye for the rest of your life.

You are so very confused. Are you alive or dead? What's real and what's not? Did you never leave the Army? Have you never stopped being a Fogdancer? Does nothing ever end?

And now you are smiling. You are smiling because the solution to your confusion is clear. You thank Dr. Dow for his help, and you kiss Nurse Greta on the hand, and then you grab Rawhide's pistol off his belt and do what must be done so you can sleep the sleep of the just once more.

NOTHING EVER ENDS

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CLIPPING: "Nothing Ever Ends" (December, 2005)

MEMORANDUM
Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : DEPUTY DIRECTOR FARRAGUT
DATE : OCTOBER 1, 2019
SUBJECT : DALE PETEY

Effective immediately, Dale Petey is no longer an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and his employment by the Anti-Vigilante Task Force has been terminated.

(Former) Agent Petey’s computer folder will be deleted from the share server in 48 hours, after which time his meandering, self-indulgent memos (he certainly puts the “I” in FBI) and ridiculous documents will only exist as hard copy. Let the legacy of “Peteypedia” be an example of how NOT to conduct professional electronic discourse. Moving forward, I expect to see only the most succinct analysis and most pertinent information in your folders, not exhaustive summations of television programs as if they were in any way relevant to anything, nor schematics of pornographic space-age sex toys. Understood?

Similarly, a maintenance crew will be boxing up the contents of Petey’s office later this afternoon. Anyone interested in taking anything from the stacks of media, ephemera, and straight-up junk cluttering his workspace — multiple copies of *Rorschach’s Journal*, hundreds of “comic” books (why our society is still so obsessed with pirates is beyond me) and a jug of what appears to be some kind of canola oil, help yourselves. Let the record reflect that I have personally removed a new album by The Nine Inch Nails entitled *The Manhattan Project*, as my son listens to that garbage, it is rotting his brain, and it brought me great personal delight to smash this “music” into pieces.

Finally, I know there has been considerable chatter about what happened to Petey and his recent work with Agent Blake. Let me address those matters briefly and in order of importance.

I can confirm that Agent Blake has resurfaced following her disappearance in Tulsa. She is currently being debriefed at a secure and classified location due to the sensitive nature of the discoveries she made over the course of her investigations, none of which I am privy to. For those of you whispering that said discoveries involve hoaxes and conspiracies linked to our Commander in Chief, I will remind you all of your oaths. What matters most is that Agent Blake is alive and well and she wishes to thank those who cared for her pet owl while she was away.

As for (former) Agent Petey, the circumstances of his dismissal are as simple as they are baffling. After defiantly refusing my direct order to suspend his activities in Tulsa and return to Washington, I had no choice but to instruct the field office there to relieve him of his badge.

My understanding from Tulsa PD is that he has now gone missing. Given the simultaneous deaths of a U.S. senator and a prominent trillionaire, it would appear Petey has taken it upon himself to continue the investigation despite our closing it. It’s clear now from his memos that Petey (Hero Enthusiast-Obsessive/Solipsist on the Werthem Spectrum) is at risk for vigilante behavior, and most likely, always was. Perhaps sooner or later, this task force will be investigating him.

God help us all,

Max Farragut
Max Farragut
Deputy Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

