

HUMANITY UNDER KRYPTONIAN RULE

Who Watches the Watchmen?

OPINION by Bruce Wayne.

WE HAVE ENTERED A NEW SOCIAL AGE, with the institution of the Science Police. The World Council of Nations has rushed to support Lady Lara's initiative, and the World Research Institute has graduated its first class of troopers, led by Commander Hal Jordan, nicknamed "The Man Without Fear." And, with the defeat of the outer-space menace that called himself "Brainiac," our techno-army has blooded itself well.

It's obvious to all that, without the presence on our sweet Earth of Lady Lara and Sir Kal, we would have been defenseless before Brainiac's scheme, whatever it may have been. Yet their own super-powers would have sufficed, I'll warrant, against this threat or any other.

Forgive this old Libertarian, but when I consider the worldwide scope and jurisdiction of the S.P., as they've come to be called, I'm reminded of the famous words of Mandell Creighton: "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Yes, I know it's a cliché. But reflect that clichés become so only because they so often prove to hold truth.

Now, I know both Sir Kal and Lex Luthor, the scientist who heads the WRI, personally. Two more trustworthy, earnest, and upright men could not be found on Earth, or elsewhere. I would cheerfully entrust Earth's future to them.

No, it's the philosophy behind the WRI's S.P. that scares me. To assume that people are just so damn bad that they need a planetary Big Brother to scare them into line is to assume the worse of humanity. And I have looked evil in the face, friends: I was eleven when a street thug murdered my mother and father before my eyes.

It was the crusading investigative work of Daniel Vale, of the Gotham Globe, that solved my parents' murders, when the police couldn't, or wouldn't. Spurred by Dan Vale's example, I vowed to be like him — a journalist who'd dig out the truth, no matter how it might hide from the light.

Likewise, under Vale's tutelage I learned that no one is without his own guilty little secrets — be they a simple "borrowing" of office supplies from work, or complicity in the payoff of a governor.

Yes, nobody is perfect, not even me. And that's why I tremble to surrender my right to self-rule to another man, even if he wears a fancy S.P. uniform. Especially when he wears a fancy, face-covering S.P. helmet.