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the LIFE and DEATH of
TOYO HARADA **CHAPTER IV:**
THE EMPTY MAN.

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IS THIS SOME
CORYN BIT FOR THE CHICKS?
LIKE, YOU DIDN'T EXIST UNTIL
YOU SAW MY RAVISHING
BEAUTY? 'CAUSE THAT'S
A HOT LINE.



I DON'T
KNOW.

I FEEL LIKE...
MAYBE I LOST
SOMETHING.

OR, THERE
WAS SOMETHING
I NEEDED TO DO,
BUT...THEN IT
JUST...



...DIDN'T
MATTER ANY
MORE.



HEAVY.

SOUNDS
KINDA SAD.

DOES IT?
I DON'T *FEEL*
SAD...I *FEEL*...

THE **EMPTY MAN**
THE YOUNG PEOPLE
HAD MET IN THE PARK
HAD NO ROAD OF HIS
OWN TO TRAVEL SO
THEY INVITED HIM TO
COME WITH THEM.



THEY EXPECTED THE DRUGS
CAUSING HIS AMNESIA TO
EVENTUALLY WEAR OFF.

BUT HIS TRIP
NEVER SUPPED.



AND HIS PERSONAL PEACE
BROUGHT THEM A PEACE
OF THEIR OWN.



EVENTUALLY THEY
FOUND THEMSELVES
IN RURAL **SOUTH**
CAROLINA.



ON A **FARMING**
COLLECTIVE
FILLED WITH OTHER
YOUNG PEOPLE
WHO YEARNED
TO BE FREE.

PEOPLE WHO WANTED TO FORGE
A NEW SOCIETY BUILT ON PEACE,
HARMONY, AND EQUALITY.



WELCOME! WELCOME! ALL
ARE WELCOME!

ALL ON THE FARM WERE
IMMEDIATELY DRAWN TO
THE **EMPTY MAN**.



AT NIGHT, AFTER ALL THE
CHORES WERE FINISHED...

THEY BEGGED HIM TO SPEAK HIS
PHILOSOPHY OF "NO AMBITION"
AND "BANISHMENT OF THE SELF."

THE STRUGGLES I SEE
IN THE WORLD...WHETHER WE
CAN RIGHTEOUSLY JUSTIFY THEM
OR NOT...STEM FROM THE
PAIN INSIDE OF US.

WORD
SPREAD.

A WRONG
IS DONE US IN THE
PAST, AND WE IMAGINE WE
MUST FACE IT DOWN ALL OF
OUR LIVES, THAT IT MUST
DEFINE US.

"THERE IS A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS NO
NAME," PEOPLE SAID, "AND WHEN HE SPEAKS
YOU DON'T JUST HEAR HIS WORDS..."

"YOU FEEL OVER-
WHELMED BY
THEIR CLARITY."

BUT WHAT IF WE ARE
ABLE TO WALK AWAY FROM
THE **TRAPS** OF OUR **PAST**?
WALK AWAY FROM WHO WE
THINK WE **MUST** BE?

"WHAT IF WE
CAN FORGET
OURSELVES
COMPLETELY?"

HIS WORDS COULD
SOMETIMES CAUSE THE
LISTENER TO HALLUCINATE.

EVEN MORE SO
WHEN HE SPOKE NO
WORDS AT ALL.

IT BECAME CLEAR TO THOSE WHO LIVED AND WORKED ON THE FARM THAT THE *EMPTY MAN* WAS *MORE THAN A MAN*.

THEY BEGAN TO BELIEVE THAT, LIKE THE GREAT PROPHETS, HE COULD SAVE THE WORLD FROM ITSELF SIMPLY BY WAY OF HIS BEING.



HEY, SAM... YOU NEED TO CHECK THIS OUT. WE PICKED UP THIS PAPER IN TOWN DURING THE SUPPLY RUN.



MY GOD...

WHAT DO WE DO?

WE...WE FORGET IT. FORGET THE PAST. JUST LIKE HE TEACHES US.



THE OTHERS DON'T NEED TO SEE IT.



YOU ASK HOW IT IS THAT I AM SO CONTENT. THE ONLY THING I *KNOW* ABOUT *MYSELF* IS THAT I AM WITHOUT A PAST. AND SO I AM *NOTHING*.

HOW FLAWED THE IDEA OF THE *SELF* MUST BE...