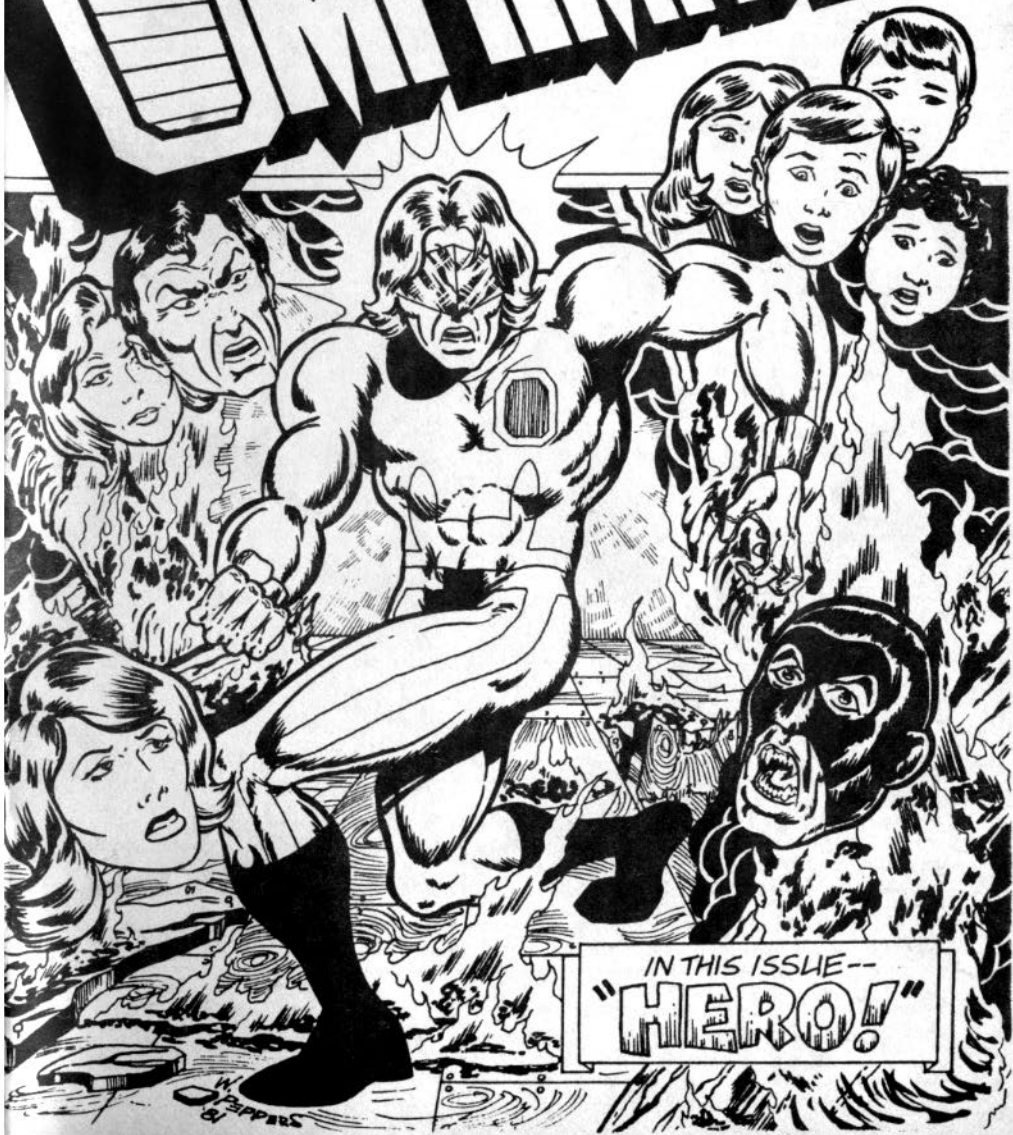


ULTRAZINE SPECIAL® 8

FEATURING:

OMNIMAN™



IN THIS ISSUE--
"HERO!"

W. BARRER
©

EDITORIAL

Because of the tremendous delay with this issue, I felt the need to re-write the editorial and discard my original one.

The reason this is delayed so falls into many hands, including my own. I hope you will enjoy the book and both stories. I, for one, feel that the stories are the best ever to appear in UZ-S.

Because of layout problems and confusion, the Rage story continues on the back page. I don't know how it'll look after it's printed up, but if it looks bad I apologize.

This issue begins some special things. For one, both stories are exceptionally good. The Rage story is an experiment on graphic storytelling and one that I think was well done.

As for news, next issue will be the last issue of UZ-S. Yes, cancellation. Don't feel too bad about it, Omniman will continue to appear elsewhere. He is currently appearing in SUPERHERO TERROR, available for 35¢ a copy from: Rick McCollum/2315 Chickasaw St. #1/Cincinnati, Ohio 45219.

Also, Omniman has just appeared in THE ULTIMATE TEAM UP #1 (a team up of Omniman and Herman J. Winkle) that's 50¢ from Clayton Park/3700 Densmore Ave. No./Seattle, WA 98103. Both of these fanzines are very highly recommended.

And, if FAN SPECTACULAR 1982 ever comes out (and it may not), you can be sure Omniman will be among the ranks.

As I said, next issue will be the last issue. It will be out in September and will feature an Omniman/Slaughter team up by Rick McCollum. It will also feature the last chapter of the Johnny Comet saga (maybe). The reason I say "maybe" is because not too many fans like it and unless some of you really want to see it, I won't run it. Let me know your thoughts on it...do you want it or not? Anyway, the price of #9 will be 60¢ and it definitely will be out in September.

The Omniman/Shotgun plot has been scrapped jointly by myself and Bill Anderson.

In February 1982 I will be publishing OMNIMAN SPECTACULAR, a 30 page story headlining the issue. This very special story will probably be the best Omniman story of all time. It features (among other things) the return of Heinrich Jacobs, the return of the aliens from UZ-S #5, the return of the madman from UZ-S #6, secrets on Omniman's father all revealed, and the end of Omniman's career!! Got your curiosity up? It will be a blockbuster, I assure you of that. It'll sell for 75¢ ppd. and will feature a story by Matt Bucher (myself) with a little help from Jeff Roberts, and artwork by Willie Peppers, Rick McCollum, Bill Anderson, and Mark Heike!! Definitely not to be missed, limited supply, so order now. The price may eventually rise to \$1.00.

STARSLAYERS #4 is out now for 40¢ ppd. Back issues of #1, #2, & #3 all sell for the same price.

In case I failed to mention it (and I know I did), Rage is also appearing in SUPERHERO TERROR along with Slaughter, Omniman, and Karnevil. At 35¢ a shot, it's well worth it.

Out in September is "STARSLAYERS, PART ONE" which will feature the reprinting of Starslayers 1-5 and will feature a brand new cover (wrap around). It will sell for \$1.25 ppd.

ULTRAZINE NEWSLETTER #7 will be out in September for two 18¢ stamps. It features many updates and such.

Bill Anderson has published BITS 'N' PIECES #1, an XLNT fanzine only 50¢ from Bill Anderson/26 Swan Street/Green Island, NY 12183. Buy it!

ULTRAZINE SPECIAL #8, Vol. 3. July/August issue, is published by Matt Bucher/2550 Windgate Rd./Bethel Park, PA. 15102 Omniman and Rage are both copyright 1981.

HERO!

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, THE HERO HAS POSSESSED CERTAIN QUALITIES. A HERO IS STRONG. HE IS BRAVE. HE IS WILLING TO RISK HIS OWN LIFE FOR ANOTHER'S WITHOUT QUESTION.

GET OUT OF HERE!!

THOSE WHO ARE GLORIFIED AS HEROES USUALLY ARE NOT. THEY FEIGN STRENGTH. THEY MIMIC BRAVERY. THEY ARE SELFISH WITH THEIR LIVES. THEY ARE JUST IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME TO APPEAR TO BE HEROES.

THE REAL HEROES -- THE STRONG, BRAVE MEN WHO ARE UNAFRAID OF SELF-SACRIFICE ARE SOMEWHERE ELSE.

--THE REAL HEROES ARE DEAD!--

CONCEIVED BY: WRITTEN BY:
MATT BUCHER... JEFF ROBERTS...

LETTERED & ILLUSTRATED BY:
WILLIE PEPPERS...



MY GOD, HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN AT THIS?

I CAN'T HOLD THIS BEAM UP MUCH LONGER! IT'S STARTING TO BURN THROUGH MY GLOVES!

HE PUSHES THE BEAM AWAY FROM HIMSELF WITH GREAT EFFORT.



THE HEAT'S BECOMING UN-BEARABLE IN HERE, BUT I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I'M SURE EVERYONE IS CLEARED FROM THIS FLOOR!

OMNIMAN TURNS QUICKLY TO SURVEY THE ROOM-- AND, AS HE DOES ---



AGGH!
TOO MUCH MOVING AROUND!
I'VE REOPENED THE WOUND IN MY SHOULDER!



I CAN'T TAKE THE TIME TO HAVE IT LOOKED ABOUT NOW.

I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE IS IN DANGER ON THIS ---



HEROES MUST SOMETIMES ASK THEMSELVES THE QUESTION: "WHO IS GOING TO SAVE ME?"

...FLOOR.

OUTSIDE, HEROES OF A DIFFERENT KIND GO SWIFTLY ABOUT THEIR JOBS.

--IT'S GETTING WORSE!
THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN SAVE THE BUILDING, ALL WE CAN DO IS TRY TO GET EVERYONE OUT OF THE UPPER FLOORS BEFORE THE FIRE SPREADS!

--UNIT 471, CONFIRM REPORTS OF A COSTUMED MAN INSIDE THE BUILDING.--

AFFIRMATIVE ON THAT, DISPATCH! THERE'S SOME COSTUMED NUT IN THERE, BUT HE'S HELPING OUT WITH THE RESCUE OPERATIONS. I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS THOUGH.

--SIMMONS! PAN THE SEARCHLIGHT OVER THE UPPER FLOORS, SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT ANYONE IN THE WINDOWS!

NO PROBLEM, JUST THOUGHT I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A WEIRD FIGURE ON TOP OF THE BUILDING!---

WHAT THE HELL--?

--WE'LL CHECK IT OUT AFTER WE'VE EVACUATED THOSE IN IMMEDIATE DANGER!
--471 OUT.---

HIGH ABOVE THE FIREMEN, A FELINE FIGURE GLIDES ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE BURNING BUILDING. THERE IS FEAR IN ITS EYES. FEAR HAS MADE HIM CARELESS. HE WAS ALMOST SPOTTED!

HE SNIFFS THE AIR, SMELLS THE SMOKE. FEAR BECOMES PANIC, PANIC IN TURN BECOMES RAGE. ANIMAL INSTINCTS SCREAM AT HIM TO FLEE THE ONCOMING FIRE, YET HUMAN JUDGEMENT TELLS HIM THAT HE WOULD BE CAPTURED THE INSTANT HE MADE IT TO THE GROUND. HE IS TRAPPED!---





OMNIMAN FEELS FEAR! FEAR BECOMES PANIC,
AND PANIC BECOMES -- ACTION!! --

-- WHAT DID I ---?
I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO
DO THAT BEFORE!! ---

THAT AURA OF MAG-
NETIC FORCE AROUND MY HAND
WAS LIKE AN ULTRA-STRONG
LASER!! IT CUT THROUGH THAT
BEAM LIKE A RAZOR THROUGH
SHAVING CREAM!!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN UNSURE
OF THE EXTENT OF MY POWERS. MAYBE
I'VE HAD THE ABILITY TO DO THIS
SINCE THE BEGINNING!

-- I'VE BEEN UNSURE ABOUT TOO
MANY THINGS LATELY! I COULDN'T EXPLAIN
TO KATHY WHY I HAD A BAD FEELING ABOUT
MEETING HER PARENTS. I DIDN'T WANT
TO HURT HER FEELINGS BECAUSE SHE'D
SET DINNER UP BETWEEN THE FOUR OF
US TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE! --

-- BUT I DIDN'T THINK THAT
TODAY WAS THE BEST TIME TO MEET
THEM FOR THE FIRST TIME. I COULDN'T
HELP BUT ACT ---


-- NERVOUS, KEITH?

NERVOUS? YES KATHY--
I AM. I'M SURE YOUR PARENTS
ARE NICE PEOPLE ---




UGH! WHY DO SO MANY PEOPLE USE THE TERM NICE TO DESCRIBE THINGS? THAT WORD SHOULD BE BANNED FROM THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE HEAVY THINKER AROUND HERE---




--OKAY--- I'M SURE YOUR PARENTS ARE GENTLE PEOPLE, BUT---

I'M NOT SURE GENTLE IS THE RIGHT WORD EITHER. WELL, FOR MOM IT IS. SHE'S KIND BUT SHE WON'T TAKE ANY LIP.



DAD IS A BIG MAN, TALLER AND MORE MUSCULAR THAN YOU. HE USED TO BOX, DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT? HE'S GRUFF, AND DOESN'T CARE TO SPEAK HIS MIND. HE USED TO HAVE A TENDENCY TO GET PHYSICAL, BUT NOT ANYMORE.



HE'S BECOME MORE MELLOW AS HE'S GROWN OLDER.

HE USED TO HIT YOU?

WELL--- YES.



UH OH, KEITH, I KNOW THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES. YOU'RE READING BETWEEN THE LINES. I WASN'T AN ABUSED CHILD!



I SUPPOSE I DESERVED WHAT I GOT. AND HE NEVER STRUCK ME UNLESS I MADE HIM ANGRY.

BUT---

BUT NOTHING!
HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY PUNCHING SOMEONE OUT WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THAT BIG "O" ON YOUR CHEST?



USUALLY IT'S HIM OR ME!

USUALLY, BUT NOT ALWAYS. GIVE DAD A CHANCE. I THINK YOU'LL LIKE HIM, AND HE SHOULD LIKE YOU.

HE RESPECTS SOMEONE WITH STRENGTH. JUST DON'T SHOW OFF YOUR MAGNETIC POWERS WHILE YOU'RE THERE. HE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS---

OH, COME ON! GET UP ON YOUR FEET AND LET'S GO. MY MOM USED TO COOK IN A FRENCH RESTAURANT IN N.Y.C, SO SHE SHOULD HAVE A FANTASTIC DINNER READY.



--SO I WENT, BUT I WENT RELUCTANTLY. IT WAS A PLEASANT DRIVE FROM MY APARTMENT TO NEW YORK CITY, AND THE TIME WENT QUICKLY.

--KATHY'S PARENTS LIVED IN A LARGE HOUSE IN A QUIET SECTION OF TOWN.



MOM, DAD, THIS IS KEITH STEVENS.

I'M PLEASSED TO MEET YOU, KEITH.

HOW ARE YOU, MR. ADAMS?

AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED.

WE SPENT AN HOUR IN IDLE TALK, TRYING TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER. KATHY'S MOM SERVED DINNER, AND AFTERWARDS WE SAT DOWN TO TALK SOME MORE.



I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL I REALLY KNEW HER PARENTS. I LIKED THEM, AND I FELT ASHAMED AT MY UNEASINESS IN MEETING THEM, UNTIL--



WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING, KEITH?

WELL, I USED TO BE A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER.

YOU SAY YOU USED TO BE A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER? WHAT DO YOU DO NOW?

I DO EXPERIMENTAL WORK IN MAGNETICS AND ATOMIC POWER. I DO OCCASIONAL WORK WITH THE NUCLEAR REACTOR IN THE PLANT UPSTATE.

-- IF YOU WANT TO PUT A LABEL ON WHAT I DO, YOU COULD CALL ME A THEORETICAL PHYSICIST.

DID I HEAR YOU RIGHT? YOU WORK IN A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT?

THAT'S RIGHT. WHY?

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU'D HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THOSE DAMNED PLACES, AS DANGEROUS AS THEY ARE!

THEY'RE NOT AS DANGEROUS AS YOU MIGHT THINK, MR. ADAMS.

THEN WHAT ABOUT THREE MILE ISLAND?

-- MY GOD, WHY DID HE HAVE TO BRING THAT UP?

THREE MILE ISLAND WAS A FREAK ACCIDENT!

THAT FREAK ACCIDENT COULD HAVE KILLED THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE!

BUT IT DIDN'T! IT WAS CORRECTED IN TIME! DO YOU DRIVE A CAR?

YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

WHY DON'T YOU COMPLAIN TO THE CAR COMPANIES FOR MAKING POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS MACHINES? MORE PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN CAR ACCIDENTS LAST YEAR THAN WERE EVER KILLED IN NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS!

NUCLEAR POWER IS THE SAFEST, CLEANEST FORM OF ENERGY YET DISCOVERED BY MAN!



WHO ASKED YOU TO INTERFERE,
DAMN YOU? GET OUT OF MY WAY!!



SWIFTLY, KEITH CATCHES ADAMS' FIST IN HIS FREE
HAND. THE TWO STAND DEADLOCKED FOR LONG
MOMENTS. VICTOR ADAMS SHUDDERS, BUT HIS
STRENGTH CANNOT BREAK KEITH'S GRIP.



WHEN ADAMS RELAXES, KEITH RELEASES HIS GRIP,
BUT REMAINS TENSED, READY FOR A RENEWED
ATTACK. WHEN VICTOR ADAMS SPEAKS AGAIN, IT
IS IN SLOW, CONTROLLED TONES.

KEITH, YOU'RE A STRONG MAN,
AND APPARENTLY YOU DON'T CARE TO
SHOW IT. I ADMIRE THAT IN
A MAN---



--BUT, I HAVE MY
PRINCIPLES.

BOTH OF YOU GET OUT OF MY HOUSE.
I HAVE SOMETHINGS TO THINK
OVER.

(KATHY, I'LL CALL YOU NEXT WEEK.)

WHAT COULD I SAY? I HAD INTERFERED IN A FAMILY
MATTER, SOMETHING WHICH I SHOULD NEVER HAVE
DONE. KATHY WASN'T ANGRY, SHE SAID SHE THOUGHT
HER FATHER DESERVED WHAT I DID TO HIM, BUT I
CAN'T HELP BUT THINK I'VE MADE AN ENEMY FOR
LIFE!



HELP!
MY GOD, HELP!

---WHAT?---

WAKE UP, STEVENS!
YOU'VE STILL GOT WORK
TO DO!



WITH SUPER-POWERED SWIFTNES, OMNIMAN
MOVES THROUGH THE BURNING BUILDING ---



--HELPING THOSE IN NEED. RESCUING THOSE INCAPABLE OF SAVING THEMSELVES. RISKING HIS LIFE AS A HERO WOULD.



THIS IS THE TOP FLOOR. I SAW THE FIRE DEPARTMENT EVACUATE A LOT OF PEOPLE, BUT I'D BETTER MAKE A QUICK CHECK AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I SUFFOCATE.



HELLO? HELLO, IS SOMEONE OUT THERE? HELP US, PLEASE!



SOMEONE IS IN THERE! STAND AWAY FROM THE DOOR-- I'M COMING IN!

MY GOD, THEY'RE JUST KIDS!



WE'RE OKAY, BUT MY SISTER KOFI, SHE'S PASSED OUT FROM THE SMOKE. MISTER, I'M SCARED!







DOING? LIVE HERE, OR USED TO,
TILL---FIRE, MY GOD, FIRE---THOUGHT
PUTTING ON COSTUME WOULD HELP, BUT
NOW I CAN'T GO DOWN OR I'LL BE CAUGHT
BY THE POLICE ---FIRE!

--WHO ARE YOU?

HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND
WITH FEAR OF THE FIRE!



I'M OMNIMAN, PANTHER I
REMEMBER ME?

REMEMBER OMNIMAN?
FIRE! ---YOU PUT ME IN STINK-
ING PRISON, WHERE I COULDN'T
RUN WITH MY ANIMAL BROTHERS!




FIRE, MUST FLEE FIRE!
IT WILL KILL! ---

I REMEMBER YOU
OMNIMAN! ---

KILL YOU
OMNIMAN!



CAPTAIN!
WHAT'S GOING ON
UP THERE?



I CAN'T TELL, SIMMONS.
IT LOOKS LIKE THAT COSTUMED
GUY THAT WAS HELPING OUT
WITH THE RESCUE--

-- HE'S FIGHTING
ANOTHER COSTUMED
GUY!



THEY'D BETTER
GET DONE QUICK!


THE FLAMES HAVE
ALREADY REACHED THE TOP
FLOOR! THE REST OF THE
BUILDING IS ONLY GOING TO
LAST A FEW MORE MINUTES!



CAPTAIN!

SOMEONE REPORTS FOUR
KIDS STILL TRAPPED ON THE
TOP FLOOR!

FOUR---
OH, MY GOD!!



CAPTAIN, WE WON'T
BE ABLE TO---

I KNOW,
SIMMONS--

"MY GOD, I KNOW!"

WHERE'S THE MAN IN THE COSTUME? HE SAID HE'D BE BACK TO HELP US.

SIS! SIS, YOU'VE GOT TO WAKE UP! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE--

---WHERE ARE YOU, MISTER?---

--"WHERE ARE YOU?"--

PANTHER'S STRONG, AND HIS FEAR HAS MADE HIM JUST THAT MUCH STRONGER!

PANTHER ISN'T GOING TO LET ME BACK INSIDE THE BUILDING!

I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM QUICK!

THE FIRE HAS SPREAD TO THE TOP FLOOR ALREADY!

I HATE TO DO THIS, PANTHER. IF I GET THEM OUT IN TIME, I'LL BE BACK AFTER YOU!

WHAM!



PANTHER, YOU CAN FEND FOR YOURSELF, I'VE GOT TO SAVE SOME KIDS!



OMNIMAN'S GOOD INTENTIONS ARE CUT SHORT BY THE RENEWED ATTACK OF THE PANTHER! THE PANTHER'S MOMENTUM CARRIES BOTH MEN AWAY FROM THE HOLE!



FROM DOWN BELOW, COMES A LOUD CRASH AND THE SCREAMS OF THREE YOUNG SOULS, TORMENTED BY FIRE! OMNIMAN HAS NEVER HEARD A SOUND TO COMPARE TO THE SOUND OF THE DYING CHILDREN! IT IS A SOUND THAT WILL HAUNT HIM UNTIL THE DAY HE DIES! ---

GOOD GOD, NO!!

---NO---



... OH, NO...



OMNIMAN--
KILL!

PANTHER, YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! THE ROOF IS GOING TO---



OMNIMAN, SHUT UP!
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
FIRE! --- FLEE! ---



THE PANTHER SHRIEKS ONCE -- A LONG CAT-LIKE
WAIL THAT PIERCES TO THE DEPTHS OF OMNI-
MAN'S MIND!



BLINDLY, OMNIMAN RISES FROM THE ROOF AND
GLIDES AWAY, NOT KNOWING WHERE HE IS GOING.



-- HE LANDS IN THE SUBURBS IN A QUIET
GROVE OF TREES --



-- NO ONE CAN SEE HIM. NO ONE CAN HEAR HIM ---
EVEN IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD NOT FEEL DISDAIN
FOR OMNIMAN. EVEN HEROES CAN FEEL ---
GRIEF!



EVERYONE FACES PROBLEMS IN THEIR LIVES,
RARELY DO THEY HAVE TO DO WITH LIFE OR
DEATH SITUATIONS ---



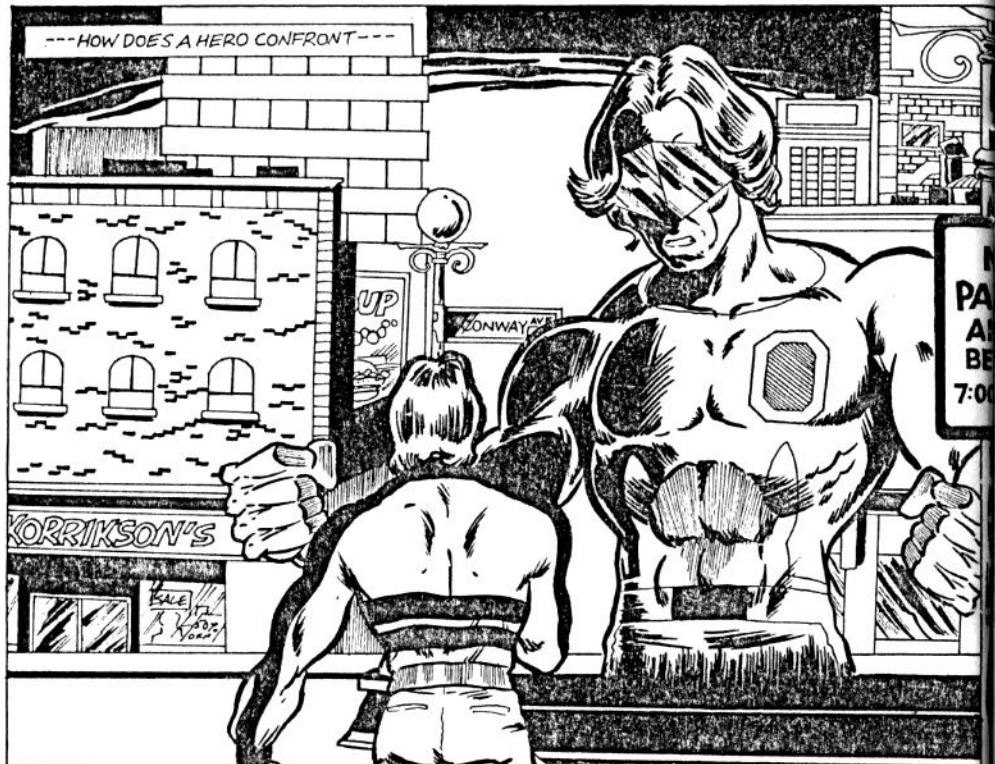
A HERO MUST DEAL WITH THESE SITUATIONS
CONTINUOUSLY, DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT ---



-- A HERO IS MORE EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH
THE RESULTS OF THESE SITUATIONS THAN
ANYONE ELSE, HIS ROUGH, HARD EXTERIOR
HIDES A QUESTION FROM VIEW, A QUESTION
AS HAUNTING AS THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING!



---HOW DOES A HERO CONFRONT---

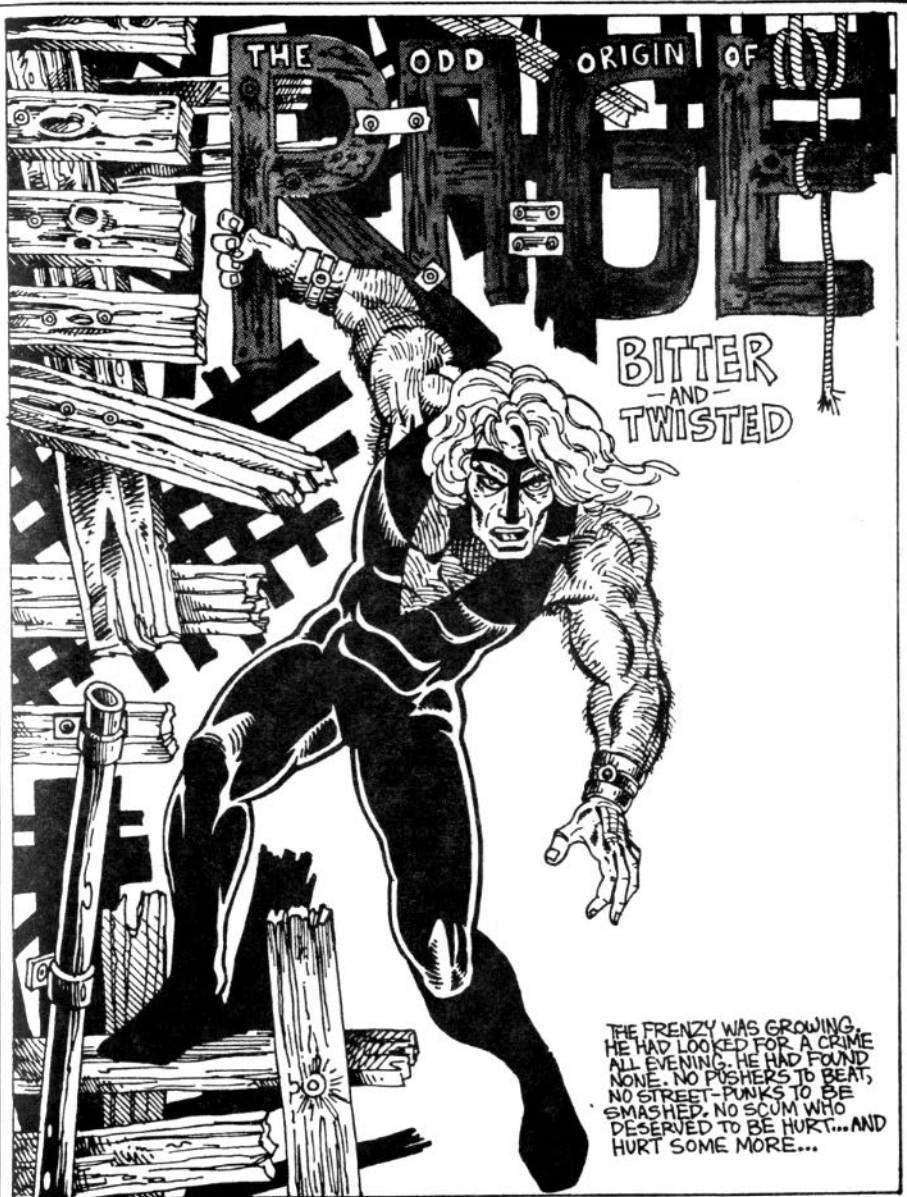


--HIS OWN SOUL?

LATE AFTERNOON APARTMENT FIRE
CLAIMS LIFE OF FOUR CHILDREN AND
ONE UNIDENTIFIED ADULT MALE!

DISTRICT FIRE CHIEF AND
LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS
SUSPECT ARSON

-FINISH-



THE FRENZY WAS GROWING.
HE HAD LOOKED FOR A CRIME
ALL EVENING. HE HAD FOUND
NONE. NO PUSHERS TO BEAT,
NO STREET-PUNKS TO BEAT,
NO STREET-PUNKS TO BE
SMASHED. NO SCUM WHO
DESERVED TO BE HURT...AND
HURT SOME MORE...

THEN, HIS HACKLES RISE. HE HEARS THE GROWLING...



THAT PRIMAL SOUND STRIKES A RESPONSIVE CHORD IN HIM.

RAGE DROPS FROM THE BURNT-OUT SHELL OF A GHETTO HOUSE. HE WILL STALK THE SOUND—



AND MAYBE HURT IT.

ELSEWHERE THAT NIGHT, AT THE MODEST APARTMENT OF SARAH AND RICHARD DAVIDSON—

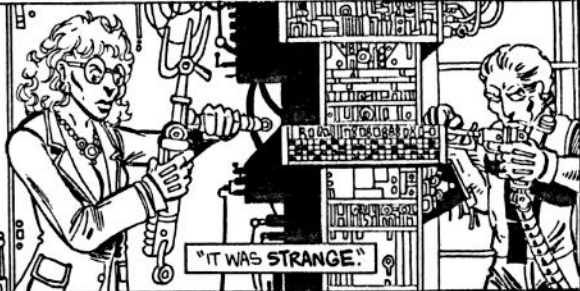


LOOK, HONEY, I KNOW YOU'RE DEPRESSED, AND I KNOW IT'S ABOUT RICHARD. SOMETHINGS **WRONG** WITH HIM, I CAN TELL. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM. **NOBODY** DOES! YOU WENT AND MARRIED THIS STRANGER, AND LOOK HOW UNHAPPY YOU ARE! I... SOMETIMES THINK HE'S NOT... RATIONAL. WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOU AND HIM? **WHAT'S RICHARD'S PROBLEM?** TELL ME SARAH... YOU CAN TRUST ME.

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW? YOU REALLY DO?

YOU'LL REGRET IT, MOMMA.

"I MET HIM WHILE I WAS A LAB ASSISTANT AT SCHOOL. HE WAS MY SUPERVISOR. I WORKED ON HIS RESEARCH."



"IT WAS STRANGE."

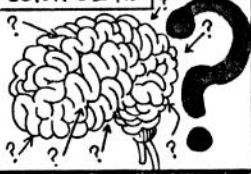
"HE STUDIED ANGER!"



"AND HE WAS WELL-QUALIFIED. HE WAS A FULL DOCTOR IN MEDICINE AND PSYCHOLOGY AS WELL AS BIOCHEMISTRY AND PHARMACOLOGY. HE WAS A VERY RESPECTED AND IMPORTANT MAN, THEN."



"HE WANTED TO FIND OUT THE EXACT PART OF THE BRAIN THAT CONTROLS ANGER. I MEAN TO THE EXACT MICRON. AND WHEN HE FOUND IT, HE WANTED TO CONTROL IT."



"HE WANTED TO USE IT IN PRISONS AND HOSPITALS. THINK OF HOW THIS COULD HELP CRIMINALS OR THE INSANE!"



"IT WAS NOT TOO LONG BEFORE I DISCOVERED—"



"THAT I CARED FOR HIM!"

"HE NEEDED ME. HE WAS DRIVEN."



"HE HAD EXHAUSTED ALL KNOWN SCIENCE"



"SO HE SOUGHT THE UNKNOWN."

"HE STUDIED THE VIKING BERSERKERS"



"HE INVESTIGATED MYSTICS, FAKIRS, EXOTIC RITUALS AND STRANGE, EVEN SPOOKY THINGS."

"HE NEEDED TO KNOW: WHAT MADE MEN MAD?"



"HE TOOK OUTLANDISH DRUGS AND POTIONS NEVER HEARD OF."

TODAY: RAGE IS DRAWN, AT LAST, TO HIS PREY. SOMETHING BAD... EVIL... DESERVING BY ITS CRIMES OF HIS ANGER—



YESTERDAY: "THE LONGER HE STUDIED AND RESEARCHED, THE MORE FAR-OUT RICHARD GOT. HE STARTED GETTING... METAPHYSICAL. COSMIC. HE WANTED TO GET INTO A STATE OF ESSENTIAL ANGER. A PRIMAL SCREAM, SORT OF."



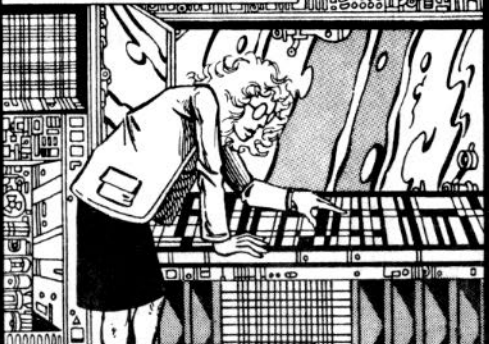
"HE WOULD USE HYPNOSIS ON HIMSELF. HE SPENT HOURS IN AN ISOLATION TANK. THEN HE EXPERIMENTED WITH LSD, PCP, MDA, STP AND COCAINE. IN SECRET. IF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION HAD EVER FOUND OUT—! BUT... I HELPED HIM. I'D TAKEN SOME OF THE DRUGS TOO. WAS I CRAZY? I DON'T KNOW, MOMMA."

"AT LAST HE CAME TO HIS **CLIMATIC** EXPERIMENT HE FIRST PUT HIMSELF DEEP WITHIN A KIND OF SELF-HYPNOTIC TRANCE THEN I STRAPPED HIM IN HIS CHAIR, ALL PLUGGED UP WITH ELECTRODES AND SENSORS, THE INJECTIONS OF SECRET DRUGS—EVEN I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE!—THEN FOLLOWED, WITH A MOAN, HE OPENED HIS EYES AND STARED AT THE SCREENS, SO I WENT UP TO OUR CONTROL ROOM AND STARTED THE MANY **SCREENS**."



"THEY WERE TAPES OF ALL SORTS OF **HORROR**: MURDER, RAPE, CRIME, ALL KINDS OF **OUTRAGES** WHICH WOULD PROVOKE ANGER IN ANY MAN! RICHARD WAS GOING TO COMMUNE WITH THE INTER-HUMAN RACIAL OVER-MIND! THEN HE WOULD TAP INTO THE COLLECTIVE ANGER OF EVERY PERSON WHO EVER LIVED! HE WAS **CRAZY**, I LOVED HIM."

"I WENT UPSTAIRS TO THE OBSERVATION BOOTH/CONTROL ROOM AND STARTED THE TAPES."



"THEY PLAYED FOR 4.7532 MINUTES."

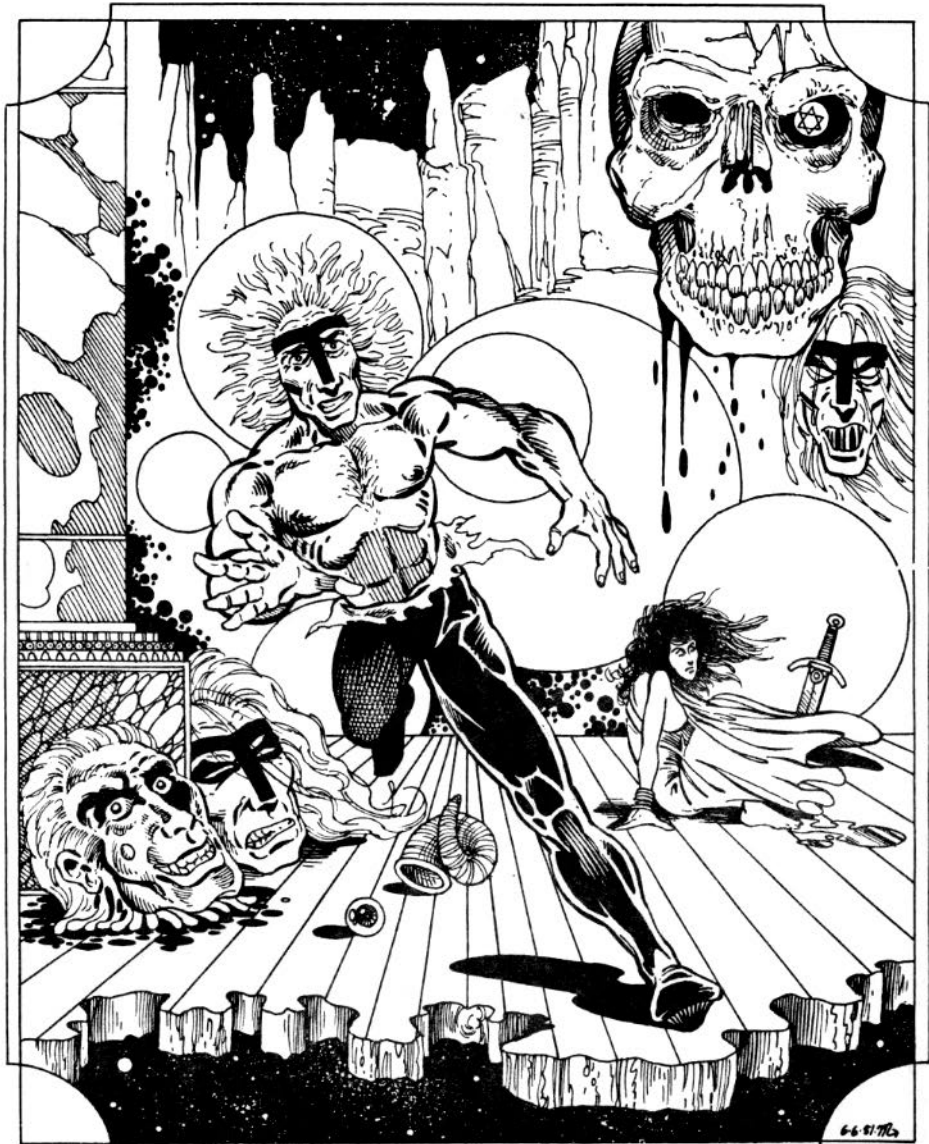


"THEN HE SCREAMED!/"

"AND EVERYTHING BLEW UP!/"



KA-BLAM!



—AND THE EXPLOSION AND THE VIOLENCE OH GOD THE ANGER AS HE EXPANDED IN THE FROTH OF THE MULTITUDE OF HUMANITIES ENDLESS HEAT AND PASSION TO RIP OUT AND TEAR ACROSS A VOID WHICH COULD BE WITH NO IMAGINATION AT ALL THE FACE OF ANY AND ALL THE SINNERS AND SWINE AND SCUM WHICH ARE ALWAYS THERE TO BE SMASHED AND FORCED TO DINE ON THE ENTRAILS AND VOMIT OF INDIGNITIES THAT THEY'VE NEVER STOPPED SPREADING WITH A TROWEL AS THEY LAUGH, LAUGH, LAUGH, LAUGH— 6.

"I RUSHED DOWN TO THE LABORATORY AS FAST AS I COULD! AND COMING OUT OF THE SMOKE AND DEBRIS, I SAW HIM. HE WAS MUTTERING UNDER HIS BREATH IN A HUSKY ANIMAL VOICE ABOUT ALL SORTS OF STRANGE THINGS... LIKE HOW ALL MANKIND COULD DO WAS TO STAND UP AND FIGHT AGAINST ALL THE THINGS THAT MADE HUMANITY SOFT AND WEAK... AND HOW HE KNEW THE HURT OF MILLIONS OF MOTHERS OF DEAD SONS - AND KNEW OUR RACES SICK WITH FRUSTRATION AND ANGRY HATE. HE'D BECOME BIGGER, MORE MASSIVE, YET MORE GRACEFUL, AND ABOVE ALL, FERAL! HE WAS THE COLLECTIVE RACIAL ANGER OF MANKIND! HE WAS, INDEED, THE ANGRIEST MAN ALIVE! **RAGE!** THE EXPERIMENTS AND SECRET DRUGS HAD TAKEN THEIR TOLL, AND WHAT DRUGS THEY WERE - I LATER LEARNED, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT THE MAIN INGREDIENT IN THE LAST INJECTION I GAVE HIM WAS FROM THE BRAIN OF A RABID DOG."

CREEPS, SLOBS,
FOOLS, IDIOTS, MORONS,
CRETINS, ASSHOLEES, ...

RAGE STOPPED SHORT, QUIVERING... HE CLOSED HIS EYES... AND THEN HIS MOUTH FOAMED.



IN HIS MIND, IN HIS ANGER, HE REACHED OUT— AND, SOMEHOW, BECAME ONE WITH THE PASSION OF THIS FOUL DOG...



HE KNEW ALL OF THE DOGS PAIN, AND HUNGER... HE KNEW OF ITS SOLITUDE, ITS FRUSTRATION. HE KNEW ALL ABOUT THE LITTLE GHETTO GIRL WHO HAD LAUGHINGLY REACHED OVER TO PET IT... AND HOW THE DOG ATE HER HAND. HE KNEW EVERY PERSON THE CUR HAD EVER BIT, EVERY CAT IT HAD KILLED, EVERY RAT IT HAD DEVoured. HE KNEW WHO IT HATED. AND HE KNEW WHO HATED IT. HE KNEW!

THEN, WITH A SCREAM—



IN THE PAST—





I... KNOW... YOU MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER THINK. I KNOW... SOMEHOW... EVERY FOUL THING YOU'VE DONE IN YOUR LIFE... SARAH.

EVERY BETRAYAL. NO MATTER HOW MINOR. EVERY LIE. EVERY HATE. EVERY HURT YOU HAVE EVER INFLICTED, SARAH.



AND IT MAKES ME MAD!

EEEK!

"FOR A SECOND THERE I REALLY THOUGHT HE'D KILL ME. IF HE WAS AS STRONG THEN AS HE IS TODAY, HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE. BUT HE WAS STRUNG OUT BY THE DRUGS AND THE EXPLOSION—"



"SO HE COLLAPSED AT MY FEET."



"THE UNIVERSITY WANTED TO KNOW WHY THEIR MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR BIO-CHEMISTRY LAB BLEW UP, OF COURSE. I NEVER TOLD THEM ABOUT RICHARD'S CHANGE, OR ATTACK, OR SUBSEQUENT RETURN TO HIS NORMAL (HAH!) SELF. WE LIED AS BEST WE COULD, BUT INVESTIGATORS FOUND SEVERAL KINDS OF ILLEGAL DRUGS IN THE RUINS. AT THE HEARINGS, RICHARD LOST HIS CERTIFICATE TO PRACTICE, AND THE MEDICAL SCHOOL THREW HIM OUT. HE WAS LUCKY NOT TO GO TO JAIL. AND SO WAS I, MOMMA."

