

LATER THAT WEEK, AS THINGS SETTLED DOWN...

THIS SURE BEATS WORKIN' FOR CONED! ANOTHER GRAPE THERE, SWEETY!

IF JEAN SAW ME NOW, SHED KILL ME

WELL, MY FRIENDS, WHAT IS YOUR DECISION? DO YOU WISH TO STAY HERE ON THE PLANET FREE- DONIA AND WALLOW AWAY IN THE LAP OF LUXURY, OR ...
RETURN TO YOUR CRUEL AND HOSTILE PLANET EARTH, TO BE FACED WITH INTERNAL STRIFE, INCREASING UNEMPLOYMENT RATES AND A LACK OF TOILET PAPER?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU, CRAZY?

I'M GONNA STAY HERE, THE HELL WITH PUB- LISHING.
WELL I'M NOT GOING BACK IF I GOTTA PAY FOR MY OWN GAS.

VERY WELL, YOU SHALL STAY HERE, AS MY GUESTS FOREVER. COME ON, DEAR LETS CATCH UP ON SOME SLEEP... HEH, HEH

HEY JOHN, WADDAYA SAY WE TAKE OVER THIS JOINT, AND LET PORK CHOPS STAND IN THE COLD?
OKAY, NEXT WEEK

SO ENDS ANOTHER EXCITING TALE OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE ON THE HIGH SIERRA. BE WITH US NEXT WEEK, WHEN JOHN AND SAL GET THERE COL- LECTIVE ASSES KICKED FOR TRYING TO BE WISE-ASSES AND TAKING OVER MY KING- DOM... BULLSHIT!!!

MOO!

the whole of earth
was gilt with youth & willful acts
had to be & in less than alien tongue,
rage rent thoughts passing between
the alpha gods & for the first time a
human, borne by feet of unexpected
insolence, had crept aboard their
vessel starsted to steal & gone a
flaming brazier meant, as the sources
of all their power, to be a secret &
the guardian god was most chafed &
this theft disgraced him in the sight
of that who entrusted such a fire to
him alone keeper & resentment clouded
their chamberlights, revenge sought
these gods and their angry reaches &

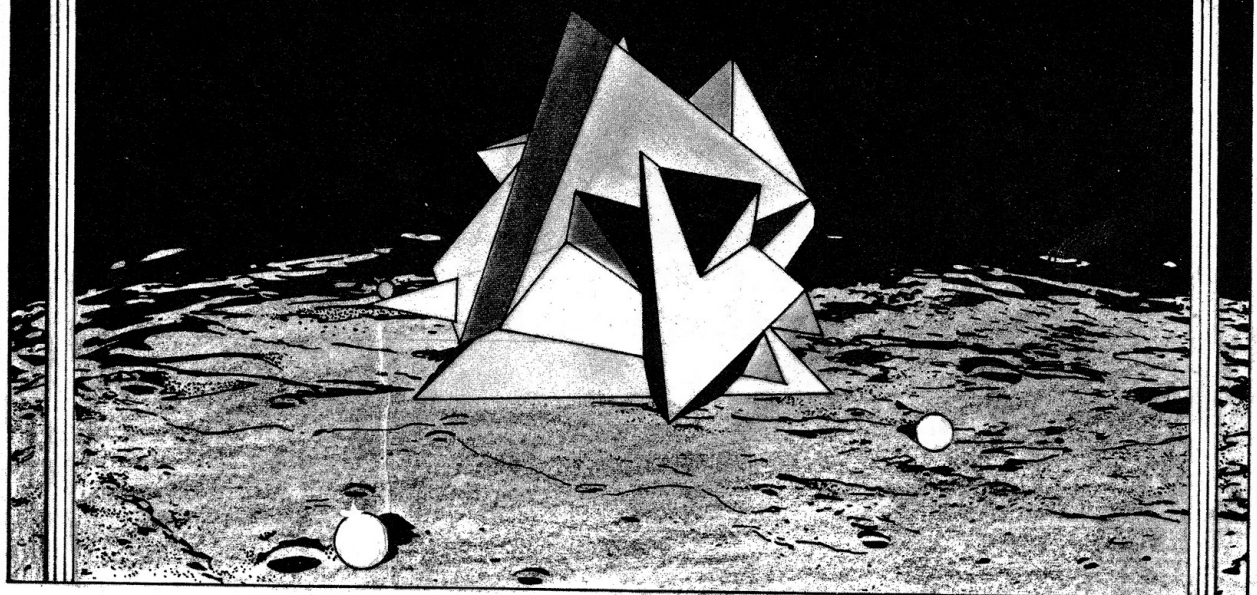
that night
retaliation was formed as an insidious
weapon, tempered by their consummate
powers, legend pandora, first woman &
to her they gave winsom shape
to mother, and a dowry, congress of
their unearthly scorn & they agreed:
as men conspire to know our fire, so we
shall instruct them in how it is to burn &

in a box tucked under her arm, curses
previously unknown to this planet; age,
fear and madness, disease and poverty
vitriol untasted; war, blight, ravages
of the weatherbeasts
men would bristle
with greedy crimes anon, bustle with
deceits, torture one another beneath a
shroud of all pervading misery
the trap
crouched within the box pandora carried
off and out into the world, to spring
at man's offensive curiosity
the gods
retreated to a vantage in the skies

hapless
men wive, traps are sprung, yet the
woe betrothed to man, in the fashion
of all earthly affairs, turned about

indeed
men knew great saddenings but so in
times of ease with their ladies company,
joy also came to ground
maladies
pointed to those who could rejoice
in health, avarice shaped generosity,
poverty taught perseverance, ill-will
exposed good fortune
the alpha gods
were roundly humiliated
the over-one
punished for their caprice, banishing
their powers into the air
rather than
look on each other with painful regret,
the tarnished ones took only weapons
and hunting beasts, and withdrew
to distant corners of all
they left
their hope to the stolen fires on earth

ATC
in ualoo





Certainly the most famous and far-reaching environmental artist of recent times was daffyd perry herwarth, whose struggle to reorder human-kind seemed at first, accidental, and at best, a remarkable by-product of his desperate attempts to organize his own thinking. as he grew to adolescence in new vermont, his first decade of the twentieth century was filled , not with the covenant of promise expected, but with his own agonizing attempts to escape. cultural creativity, initiative, and ingenuity were losing favour in the pre-plutonian era of morekrantz, lucier, and the scores of supporting intellectual and religious figures —these were his strongholds. at seventeen his parents abandoned him upon his admittance to symale springs, a vocational retreat; the novice superior soon noticed his increasing withdrawal from "reality". on the few occasions on which he did speak, he either tried to convert his comrades to a vague crusade that he felt destined to lead, or endeavoured to render the theological rhetoric of his teachers impotent with facile, if somewhat obtuse, arguments. then too, in characteristic escapism, he often disappeared from his duties for days at a time. daffyd was once found by a search party of novices deep in the wooded periphery of the grounds in a makeshift pyramid. he claimed to have been consulting the wind-spirits about the origin of visions which captured his thoughts, and was subsequently put under the care of brother "angelico" (d.r. marita), who diagnosed herwarth as a "brewing schizophrenic".

A passage from the brother's notes documents daffyd's ingenuity and character. when brother angelico questioned daffyd about his feelings pertaining to his mother's suicide, he touched upon deep-seated guilts which threw herwarth into a frenzy of virulence and led to a violent attack upon the brother. when he escaped for help and returned with two burly priests, daffyd was apprehended as a passive and congenial young man. it was later surmised that herwarth had used this time alone to make impressions of the brother's office and clinic keys in packages of bubble gum, and had, from these molds, fashioned copies during his restraint therapy. he was caught in brother angelico's office six weeks after the incident, perusing psychological textapes on schizophrenia and the brother's notes and tapes on his own case. for this he was brutally punished, but showed no signs of dismay at the pain.

In 2028, daffyd's vocational therapy took the direction of the environmental arts, and soon thereafter his infamy in tycho-veloe began. during periods when he was free from "leech attacks", which temporarily paralyzed him, he immersed himself in technical textapes from which he apparently gleaned a considerable amount of knowledge about computer—systems theory and operation. this overt functionality led daffyd to be rewarded with orgasmiscards, which he used to gain the favours of android myrrha braque, whom he preferred for her unusual emotional sensitivity. in an attempt to determine whether he could make her understand his way of thinking, he laboured for two years (interrupted only by his catatonic seizures) to create a system for recording his dome-chair dreams, so that by entering the replays, she could experience his mode of consciousness herself. this process was later to revolutionize the whole dimension of human inter-communication. for the first time, concepts, feelings, fantasies, remembrances, and all other manifestations of human mental processes could be transplanted, intact, from one individual to unlimited others. all the barriers to co-understanding were abolished by the herwarth process. the results of this invention were threefold for daffyd.



Firstly, psychoordinator ondreson was embarrassed that one of his training programmes had vastly exceeded its materials and power budget. in an effort to appease the authorities, he encouraged herwarth to produce a dreamtape that could be offered to the citizens of noloe-veloe as art. although daffyd showed the schizoid's typical lack of interest in this project, it was known that he would oftentimes imitate or obey others during his subdued periods. eventually, he constructed an automatic switching circuit which activated the dreamrecorder when his cardiac and cerebrolectrical rates fell within certain preset limits. the resulting dreamtape, made during daffyd's re-entry—to—reality following a particularly violent episode, was entitled "black is white as"; it was immediately acclaimed as a surrealistic masterpiece by the artistic community of noloe-veloe.

Secondly, curious as it may seem, the dreamtapes made for myrrha braque (which unfortunately have been lost forever) led her to fall in love with the mad human.

The third consequence of the herwarth process was a secret at the time and was only revealed many years later by myrrha. although he feigned disinterest in the public reaction to "black is . . .", daffyd had concealed, within the elaborate servocircuitry that he had added to his domechair, a signal-seeking device. this unit could detect the cerebrolectrical waveforms induced in persons exposed to the dreamtape, and enabled him to establish a link between his chair and that of any "black is . . ." entrant. in this way, he could experience their reactions to the tape, while appearing, to the watchful clinicians of tycho-veloe, to be immersed in typical fantasies. daffyd was deeply disturbed to find that bourie's opinions about the "vacuous complacency" and "emotional cowardice" of the velovians were accurate. the few mice that did take enough interest in "black is . . ." to enter it did so out of boredom, and tended to flee from the experience upon detecting any incipient emotional changes coming over them.

Nonetheless, the noloe artists were terrifically excited about the revolutionary possibilities of the herwarth process, and asked psychoordinator ondreson to allow daffyd to come to noloe to demonstrate the system. as his catatonic symptoms and violent tendencies had mellowed somewhat by the age of thirty-one, arrangements were made to transfer daffyd, myrrha, and his domechair equipment to noloe-veloe temporarily. this, however, was not to be. using his domechair as a remote terminal of the master computer, he learned when the noloe technicians were scheduled to arrive at tycho-veloe to prepare his electronic paraphernalia for transport, and, by creating a false identity for himself in the computer's security-sensor banks, he escaped. daffyd made his way to the heart of the public cultural centre; the celoe zoo. apparently he spent an hour or so proposing marriage to every female in the place, and one young lady, high on workbreak drugs, proclaimed him the "masterman", and said that they would be married if he could descend into the lion's den and return unharmed. being in one of his suggestible moods, he automatically complied; oblivious to her laughter, daffyd gracefully adopted the rhythm of the beasts as they circled, eyeing him; outside the glass partition, the girl called out to all within earshot "look at this! he must be from tycho! he's crazy!". he was nearly mauled to death before security police were able to extricate him; needless to say, they promptly returned him to tycho-veloe.

The problem-control centre received reports that several hundred people (including a large number of children) had experienced drug trauma upon viewing the event. that night a videovote was taken, and the responsibility for the calamity was placed on psychoordinator ondreson's shoulders; security police were to be mobilized to ensure that such a "disastrous irritation of public mood" would not recur. although the velovians of 2031 believed that their video-decisions were final, ondreson received a call that night from an unidentified problem-control administrator who ordered him to "discretely arrange for herwarth's 'dissolution' before any other incidents lead us to conclude that it is you and not he that requires it". to a man who had spent many years in training to reach the priveleged (enjoying personal, social, and material advantages) level of a coordinator, this threat was sufficient.

By way of historical footnote, "dissolution" was a process which was used to convert the malformed, suicidal, sexually maladjusted, etc.; into new individuals. in a matter of minutes, the person's original body was completely restructured, and the 'personality' was reordered by means of extensive tri-thax therapy and conditioning procedures. the recipient was given a new sex (or none) and a new appearance; no memory of the previous life remained, but synthetic memories appropriate to the new life were implanted. the resulting entity adopted the legal and social status of a new person. however, in accordance with problem-control policies prevalent at that time, creativity and individual ingenuity were not restored. jobs in government or services were provided, but there was no hope for anything other than a drone-like existence. this process generally required the legally witnessed written consent of the recipient; it was thus desirable to teach daffyd to write his name.



Bourie approaches daffyd's domechair and sees him practicing his signature.

bourie: what the hell do you think you're doing, son?

herwarth: learning to write my name, why?

bourie: don't do that; never, never do that! do you have any idea what that can lead to? they can make you sign all sorts of things and get away with murder, legally!

herwarth: i know. say, what do you know about hope?

bourie: it's my torment. i still believe somehow. .someday all this idiocy, the idiocy that put us all in this place, exiled from home, can be undone. i guess i really am crazy.

herwarth: not at all. you knew what i had to go outside to learn, among the mice.

bourie: say, how in hell did you get out, anyway? i'd sure . . .

herwarth: never mind. you know that i went into the lion's den at the celoe zoo . . .

bourie: sure, but . . .

herwarth: listen, goddamn it. while i was in there, i watched the faces of the people on the other side of the glass. they were all pretty drugged out, even the kids. but when they saw me down there, you know what? there was terror on their faces. fear, really intense fear. they're braintrained to think like mice, drugged to stay that way, but don't you see, they can be made do feel. forced to. they can feel, and so there must be hope! pandora isn't dead! she's captive, yes but not dead! think about that!

Ondreson and braque approach herwarth and bourie. daffyd's domechair has a clip-desk on it. bourie moves away suddenly as if he and herwarth are in the presence of danger.

ondreson: let's see how he's doing. well, daffyd, how's it coming?

herwarth: okay, i guess.

braque: oh, look doctor! he's getting very good!

ondreson: uh hum. keep at it herwarth. do you know what an autograph is?

herwarth: nope.

ondreson: well, it's the signature of a famous person. like you, herwarth! you're soon to be very famous because of this recorder of your's. and everybody will want your autograph! i'd like one myself. can you do that for me someday?

herwarth: sure . . . okay.

ondreson: good man! oh, by the way, how did you get over to the celoe zoo, daffyd? you should have told myrrha here, she would have taken you, and you wouldn't have gotten hurt.

herwarth: i guess . . . i don't know how i got there! those lions sure hurt me, too, didn't they?

ondreson: yes, and that's a shame; you could have been killed, you know. so no more running away, alright daffyd?

bourie: bullshit, sheriff! my boy here can get outta this mousetrap any time i say. ain't that right, daffyd! so could i! you better start locking you're bedcube, doctor—not that it would help you much.

ondreson: (to braque) what's he doing over here? i think you'd better give bourie a session in the dome to cool him off.

Bourie begins his retreat, muttering insults.

ondreson: don't pay any attention to that noise, daffyd. bourie will only confuse you and get you hurt again. stick with that practicing and have myrrha here bring me your autograph when you get your signature down; alright?

herwarth: sure . . . (begins to write this all over his pad, as ondreson moves away.

braque: daffyd, listen: do you know why ondreson wants you to practice your signature? he wants to put you through dissolution. he got orders from the top—it's either him or you!

herwarth: i know. don't worry, myrrha, i'm stalling him with this handwriting while i get everything ready for the blow-off.

braque: are you crazy?

herwarth: (stares disappointedly)

braque: i'm sorry, but i'm worried. i don't know what you're up to, but i've seen some of the people from the dissolution centre—it's horroble! really horroble!

herwarth: don't worry. look at this!

daffyd shows her the next page of his note-pad. it is covered with increasingly accurate forgeries of the name "phillup ondreson".





Daffyd's curiosity about gay bourie increased when bourie was placed in a domechair under deep tri-thax therapy for several weeks. he was the victim of frequent domemares during this time; the sight of android nurses rushing to his chair and the sounds of his screams became regular events. herwarth created a clinician's identity for himself by the same process that had enabled him to escape previously, but was surprised to find that bourie's case had been relegated to the psychoordinator's restricted tapefiles; the computer had been programmed not to provide this material to the general clinical pool. late that night, daffyd, working his way through a maze of computer-connections, managed to exchange the security sensor records of his own finger-and-voice-prints with those of the psychoordinator. he then went into a frantic seizure, straining at his straps until they tore open the healing wounds on his arms. his plant, socrates, sounded the alarm when it perceived the injuries, and myrrha came running. she released him from the domechair and took him to a nearby first-aid station to dress his wounds; daffyd disappeared while her back was turned. ondreson's office cube opened automatically to him and he proceeded, still bleeding profusedly, to use his new sensor identification to get the note-tapes on bourie's case. gay was classified as a paranoid schizophrenic; he already knew that. going back further in the notes, to about 2011, he discovered that bourie had been an influential figure in literature; a poet whose attacks on the plutonian movement were well publicized. it seemed that one of the prime movers, a certain michel lucier, who was the chief french psychoordinator, had had gay bourie arrested, diagnosed to his satisfaction, and sent to tycho veloe; all this was done, no doubt, to silence him. in the following twenty-two years, systematic attempts had been made to bring him, in fact, closer to his original fabricated diagnosis. they were slowly driving him mad. daffyd saw that the desperate fear of upheaval that bourie had so often told him ruled the worlds outside tycho-veloe was real. no one could know better than gay bourie that men had become mice; for what special reason had he and gay been spared that fate? rage and confusion tangled daffyd's thoughts, and he found himself slipping into his habitual paralyzed stance—it actually helped him to concentrate. he was sorting through his plans for the big blow-off, re-evaluating them in light of his present knowledge, when a beeper light on one of the plant monitors startled him. it was bourie's plant signalling; another domemare! herwarth raced to his side to find myrrha rhythmically pounding on his chest. after withstanding prolonged periods of steep tri-thax doses for all these years, his heart had finally succumbed to the strain of ondreson's latest prescription. bourie was dead.

At the onset of the plutonian movement in 2011, attempts to totally control human conditions were well underway. the mentally "dysfunctional", that is, those who would not or could not adapt to the new order, were transported to detention facilities in the tycho area called "veloe" on the moon; not an extreme measure considering the desperately fragile mood of the times. quite naturally, the brother superior suggested (officially) that daffyd perry herwarth should be among the millions. and so he was. it must have been quite an extraordinary trip for crew and passengers alike.

By 2026 daffyd had travelled into the depths of classic catatonic schizophrenia, continually vacillating between extended periods of emotionally vacant staturesque posturing and episodes of excitability and violence. when efforts to bathe him or to attend to his excrement were made, he would instantly become vicious. once, with the help of the moon's diminished gravity, he demolished an androidal attendant single-handedly. such behaviour as this would inevitably earn him long periods of dome-chair and tri-thax therapy. when he had stabilized somewhat, daffyd tried to describe these two states:

"I felt...leeches in my head. if i remained still, neither moving nor thinking, i thought that they would wander away. i dared not to move; not to vibrate. i dissipate—the priests could not see me or sense my presence, the leeches are gullible and will go for warmer blood. my blood, doctor! i became invisible. when some fool pointed me out with his attention, the leeches jumped back...into my body...with a vengeance. it was horrible. i had to stop the interference, or be eaten alive..i had to act quickly."

Herwarth could also, as is common among catatonics, remember the finest details of his environment during these trances. the name in the following passage is that of the androidal nurse who alone was able to attend to the entranced daffyd without inflaming his emotional state. "every once in a while, like when myrrha (braque) would try to move the blood through my hands, i noticed the rouge stains on her palms. i suspect that she uses it to give her skin a more lifelike appearance." he also monitored the activity in the ward, taking a sympathetic interest in his fellow dysfunctionals—a highly unusual behaviour pattern for a schizophrenic, and would listen intently to the grandiose orations of gay bourie, the paranoid septuagenarian, during his more stable periods. in fact, daffyd and gay were often discovered engaging in a variety of intercourses, sexual as well as verbal (including rather extended and surprisingly coherent discussions on greek mythology). bourie's dissertations on the pandora legend and humanist philosophy are regarded as the stimulation responsible for daffyd perry herwarth's amazing transformation. in an allusion to discourses of the twentieth century philosopher bertrand russell, bourie repeated variations on a central theme. paraphrased, he might have said:

"true man is certainly the only animal who is sophisticated enough to know boredom, but this is only his impatience between personal disasters and joys, and not his natural speciality. it is this awareness of contrasts in living that gives every man his majesty, every human life its value. without problems, there is no quality of thought, no solution, no dreaming, no triumph; only a world of stagnant pantomimists, performing against a backdrop of endless sameness. when you look at the earth, what do you see? i see mice, cowering. without pain there can be no pleasure, only mechanical complacency. that is why i resist when they try to take my tortures from me. there are already too many mice in veloe."

Ondreson arrives at the scene and herwarth instantly springs upon him, screaming "you bastard, you killed him!". Herwarth topples ondreson to the floor, blood streaming down his arms, and applies crushing pressure to his throat, shrieking "well, you finally got him, didn't you, you shit! lucier condemns and ondreson, the kind, executes the order like a rat, you filthy . . . "

Three android attendants pry daffyd away from the gasping psychoordinator.

ondreson: (scrambling to his feet) emergency tri-thax and domechair! what the hell is going on here! nurse braque, how in hell did he get out of his dome?

braque: he was in seizure and reopened his wounds; i was treating them when he got away . . .

Ondreson runs his practiced eyes over bourie's vital signs-sensor . . .

ondreson: why didn't you call the security guards!

braque: i didn't get a chance! bourie went into deep shock and was in cardiac distress—i was the closest nurse, so i came here straightaway. daffyd was evidently right behind me!

His hands probe muscles frozen in gay's last moment of outraged terror as if to resculpt bourie's death mask face.

ondreson: okay, godamn it, that's it! myrrha, let me see his notepad!

Myrrha, petrified, runs to his domechair clipdesk and returns with the pad.

ondreson: alright, this will have to suffice. send this down to the dissolution centre immediately, as a sample; tell them that he may not "be able" to sign for himself, and to expect us first thing in the morning.

braque: but what about personality-restructuring and preparation?

ondreson: he lost that opportunity—just now. i'm sure that they've something on tape down there that will do . . . for christ's sake, girl—quit staring at me and get moving!

braque: (her face crimson with humanoid emotion, manages to stammer:) but what about . . . uh . you, —are you alright?

ondreson: (now livid with rage, bellows:) MOVE!

Myrrha, head tremblingly low, shuffles reluctantly to a computer terminal; her automatic eyes flex, uselessly imitating human weeping as she logs the emergency appointment.

Ondreson storms back to his bedcube, only to find (much to his surprise) that the door does not respond to his touch!

ondreson: what the hell is going on around here!

The next morning, myrrha went unwillingly to collect daffyd from his domechair. try as she did, she just couldn't seem to make him understand that dissolution was hanging over him like damacles' sword. he was in tri-thax stupor and could barely stand. Curiously enough, as she moved to shut down his chair his hand shot out rapidly and he mouthed the words "leave it on, leave it on!"; he then resumed his incessant muttering of something that sounded like "blow-off". ondreson and myrrha had to literally carry him to transport, and into the dissolution centre.

Daffyd is seated between myrrha and ondreson in the reception area.

receptionist: we're very busy this morning, so let's move right along —i assume he (pointing to daffyd) is first?

ondreson: damn right! let's get to it.

receptionist: just relax, sir. first off, we need his signature on this . . . (she puts a release form on the counter)

braque: he won't . . .

herwarth: autograph?

ondreson: (smiling at his own ingenuity) that's right—she wants your autograph! can you do it?

herwarth: (speaking thickly) sure . . .

Ondreson motions to myrrha to help him over to the counter. she picks him up tenderly and begins to walk him over. once they are out of ondreson's earshot, she whispers to him:

braque: daffyd, oh daffyd, can't you . . . don't you understand what this means?

Daffyd fumblingly picks up the pen.

braque: please, my darling, i believe in you. collapse! escape! DO SOMETHING!

herwarth: get behind me . . . (his legs begin to melt) . . . hold me up . . .

Myrrha holds daffyd as he signs the ominous document.

receptionist: (cheerily) thank you! now just hang on to him while i check this specimen against the sample.

She feeds the paper into a graphomatic, which signals the completion of processing in a few seconds.

receptionist: all set. now, since this is an emergency dissolution, and there has been no time for his . . . uh . . . preparation, we'll just give him a functional-drone structure. understood?

braque: (weakly) yes.

receptionist: now if you'll just help me get him inside . . .

As the receptionist rounds the corner, myrrha braque takes daffyd's chin in her hand and turns his face toward her's. he looks back dimly, as she kisses him good-bye.

ondreson: (from his seat) sweet!

The receptionist and myrrha usher daffyd through a door which leads to an inner chamber where two technicians and a wheeled stretcher await.

technician: this is as far as you go, nurse. we'll take him from here. if you like, you can watch the transformation on this monitor. (to the receptionist) thanks, shelly.

As myrrha braque sits in front on the monitor, two technicians wheel daffyd into the dissolution chamber. he is set into a recessed portion of a large electronic panel, and strapped upright. from a control room the necessary preparations are made and the transformation is begun; suddenly, the strange, troubled earthling is no more—standing in his place is a drone—the least unique of all it's kind, with less than a man's mind, a man's heart, and no penis. myrrha rushed in the door just in time to see this dimly-glowing mannequin consolidate.

technician: hold it right there! (grabbing her) don't touch him—
go back and wait in the reception area! we'll bring
him around when he's ready.

Myrrha re-enters the reception area.

ondreson: is he done?

braque: (remorsefully) very.

ondreson: thank the masterman!

receptionist: alright, anxious one, we're ready for you (she stands).

ondreson: what the hell do you mean, me? i'm not here for disso-
lution.

receptionist: getting shy, eh? (to myrrha) you're nurse braque,
aren't you? and he's (she stumbles over the name) daf-
fyd perry herwarth, right?

braque: (beginning to understand) yes . . . that's precisely
right. we're ready, aren't we daffyd. you're not go-
ing to try to run, are you . . . (myrrha glances know-
ingly at the receptionist, who immediately triggers the
lock for the outer door).

ondreson: (springs to the counter) myrrha, what is this? i'm
phillup ondreson, the head psychoordinator of the tycho
-veloe detention . . .

Myrrha and the receptionist look at him with amusement.

receptionist: no, no, no, you can't fool mama! ondreson just went
through. see, here's a sample of his handwriting, and
his signature on the release form—they match perfectly.
i don't suppose you'd like to sign yours, would you
daffyd?

ondreson: like hell, i'm not . . .

receptionist: well, nurse braque has already informed us that you
might not cooperate. why don't you . . .

ondreson: hold it, hold it, hold it! right, myrrha, you sleazy
plastic bitch, i'll get your ass for this later! now
listen, why don't we . . . why (ondreson gets his compo-
sure) receptionist—what's your name?

receptionist: miss shelly.

ondreson: alright, miss shelly, you have security sensor panels
here, don't you, honey? well, why don't we just settle
this thing once and for all?

The sensor, still holding daffyd's switching from the night before,
identified ondreson as herwarth, and when the psychoordinator became
violent, nurse braque administered a strong dose of tri-thax. she
watched with glee as he was wheeled helplessly, just as daffyd had
been, into the chamber to be embraced by the waiting straps. watching
the monitor, myrrha wondered why nurse shelly had not mentioned ondreson's
personality preparation. speculating about daffyd's inclination
to irony, she awaited ondreson's dronehood.
somewhere an empty domechair hummed, feeding coded impulses into an
electronic sea. when the glow of the process subsided, she knew why.
there stood the one and only daffyd perry herwarth, smiling broadly.

Daffyd and myrrha collected the drone, and myrrha picked up daffyd's new social and legal identification. now to be called "south winston", he was to assume a prestigious position as head technical administrator at the lunar communications network. soon he knew all there was to know about this system, and his preparations for the big blow-off were complete. on july 16, 2031, a veloe emergency broadcast notified terra-unis, the world government's communications centre, that an intense meteor shower had damaged veloe's power distributor (irreparably), and that preparations were to be made to receive the service and tourist populations; the dysfunctionals were to be left behind. the facts of the matter ran differently.

During the workbreaks, daffyd, with the help of the noloe artists, induced instructions (phrased in various languages) concerning the plans for a power shutdown into domechair-dreaming drones, and detailed what each one was required to do to assure his safe passage to earth. he also issued a counterfeit alert to transport maintenance crews (from the problem-control centre) ordering them to ready the sleeping ships for a top-secret evacuation to earth. they were told that they would receive adequate instructions in due time which would enable them to escape the catastrophe. when the fearful minions had at last completed these preparations, daffyd mobilized the drones (under the direction of that one which had, ironically enough, once been himself) to take and meticulously destroy the power distributor, sparing only the circuitry that serviced the dissolution centre. as the dysfunctionals were organized by the noloe artists, and loaded, lunatics, criminals, and philosophers all, into the waiting starsteeds, daffyd led myrrha through the wandering, confused populace back to the place of her conception. armed with his knowledge of computer-systems theory and the resources of the dissolution centre, daffyd single-handedly initiated a most remarkable transformation; myrrha braque, android nurse, was now a real flesh-and-blood woman; daffyd christened her pandora. she was delighted. as they made their way to safety, they learned what terrified mice were like—on all sides, people were screaming and disoriented, in the absence of all the systems that they depended so heavily upon. lacking food, they cannabilized each other, and ate their own excrement; lacking drugs, they quickly became overwhelmed by the harshness of reality—many kept the meagre supplies that remained from their own children.





As daffyd and myrrha are making their way through the chaos, he sees someone he recognizes and hesitates. the girl he had once proposed to and who had sent him into the lion's den now claws at his chest.

girl: oh masterman, i knew i'd find you! it's all too horrible—
i've been raped so many times, i've nearly been killed so
many times—there's no food and they say the air is running
out. i don't know what to do . . . come, tell me, tell me!

daffyd: don't ask me; i'm crazy, remember?

The girl begins to sob pitifully, her tears flowing in a flood of desperation. daffyd looks at myrrha, whose sympathetic gaze is beginning to moisten with real salt tears, for the first time. daffyd grabs the girl's arm: " come on ".

Needless to say, the arrival of the ships from the veloe colonies precipitated quite a bit of confusion. the scene was a little like the original opening of pandora's box. in every country, relatives arriving at spaceports to meet their long-absent relatives were too drugged-out to realize immediately what had happened. although there was a general feeling that something was amiss, nobody seemed to notice that the elderly spinster tagged with "aunt jean's" name was really a giddy hebephrenic that they had never seen before. psychotics joyously attacked and raped their share, while others simply shuffled off the gantry bus and plunked themselves down on the nearest patch of turf or sunshine. criminals were welcomed with naive hospitality; artists excitedly followed crates of salvaged machinery, anxious to introduce the herwarth process to the mother planet. when security personnel did eventually become suspicious, they had no weapons with which to slow the historic reunion.

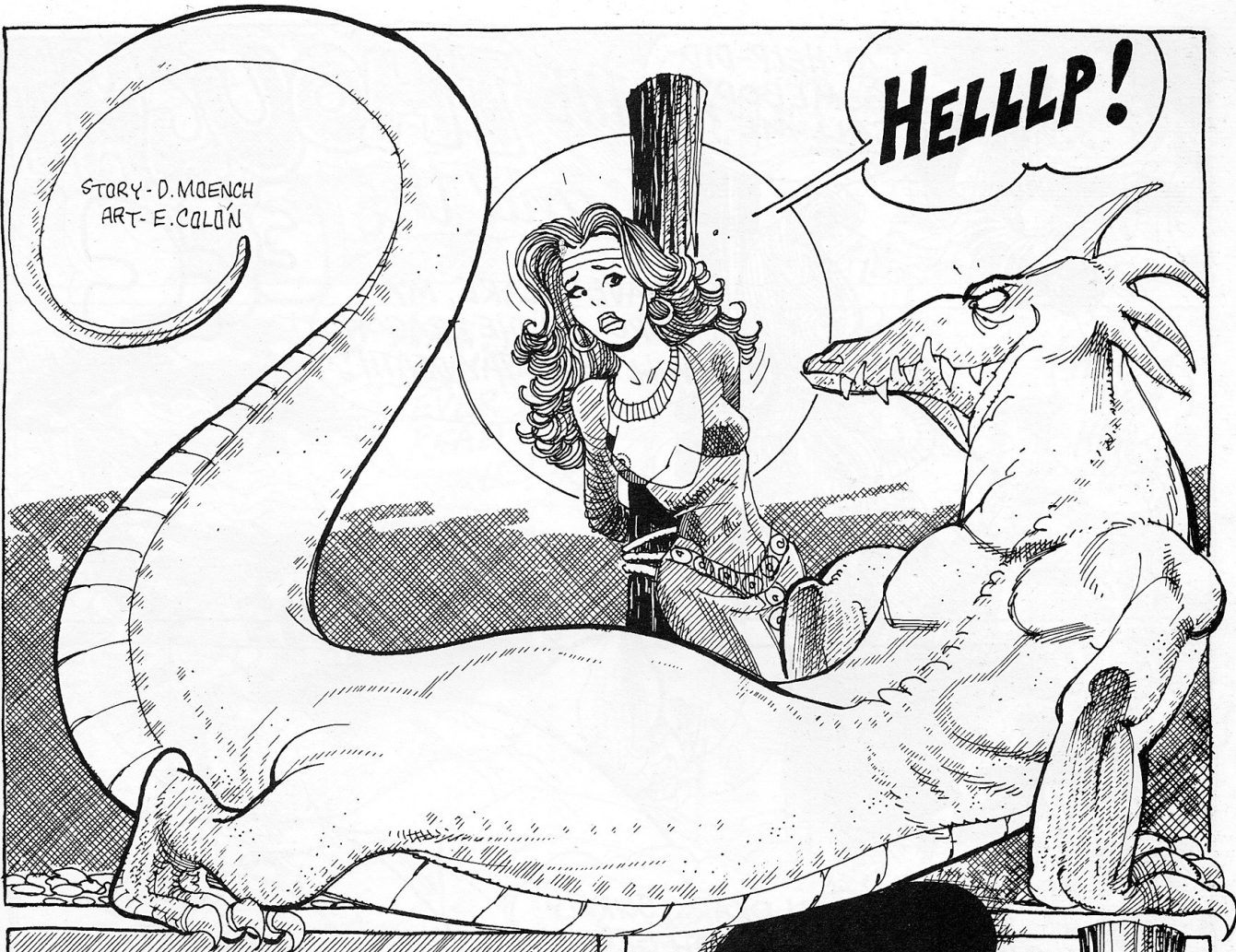
Daffyd explained to the world, in his now famous speech, that this was the dawn of a new era: the bourie movement. the new experience of terror was an omen of approaching contentment. the technologies of control would now be diverted to better uses; rather than being eliminated, physical misery would be compensated. the dignity of each person's world of personal disaster and joy was restored; pain mid-wived the rebirth of pleasure. the twin wonders of death and life regained their majesty. with the advent of the herwarth process, these experiences were exchanged. what daffyd had said and done became understood. slowly, man earned his godliness—thanks to the efforts of one man who posed as insane and refused to be discarded, ignoring personal tortures to demand for all of us our birthrights: defeat and triumph, fear and courage, the right to change, to be unique, to cherish the uniqueness of others, in short, to meet the challenges of being human and to recognize the importance of existence—to be men and women, not mice.

daffyd perry herwarth # 2000-2047
a gang of theives left
him murdered in his kitchen on july 28,
2047 □ scattered cutlery spoke
of an attempt at self-defense □
daffyd was always
taking chances □ he was alive □
pandora myrrha braque



story : bil maher
layout - art : baoman miller
translation - typing -
psychological consultation:
timothy (the doctor) maher
photography : jim nelson

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brian eno , david v. reynolds and
his mice □



STORY - D. MOENCH
ART - E. COLÓN

HELLP!



HELLP!

FOOSH!



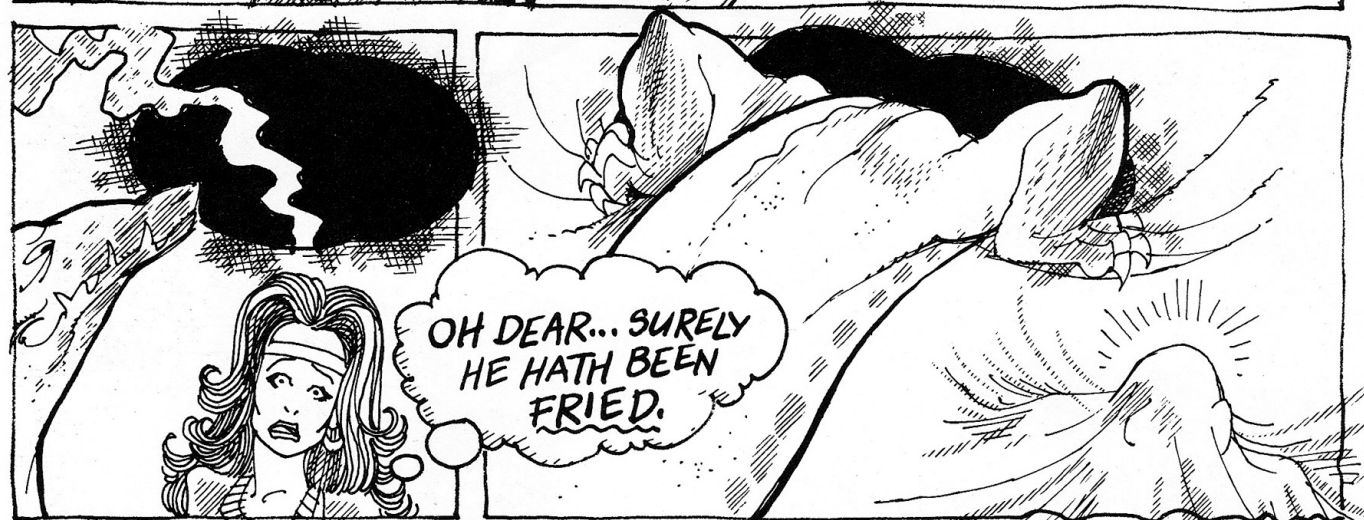
HELLP!



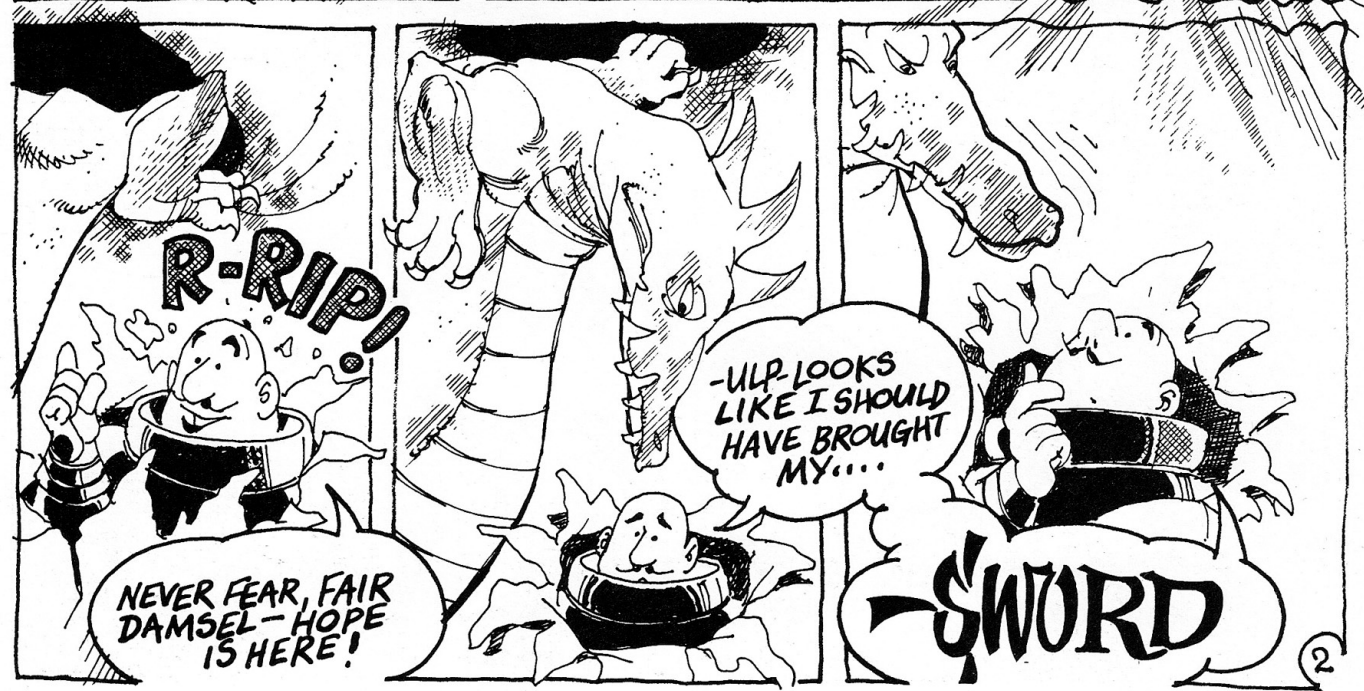
I'M HELP-DID SOMEBODY CALL ME?

THE THOUGHT and the EGG

HAVE A CARE, MY HERO-OR THE DRAGON WILL BELCH TAY DEATH!



OH DEAR... SURELY HE HATH BEEN FRIED.

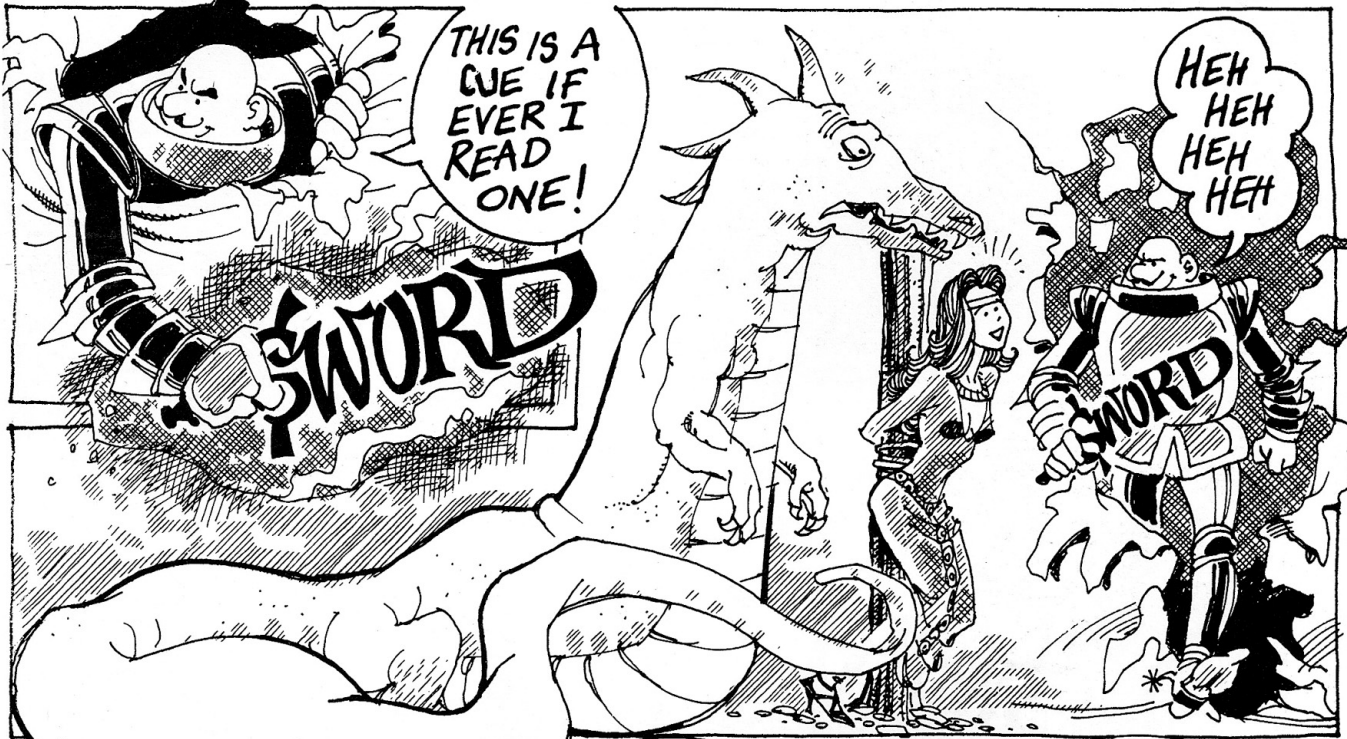


R-RIP!

NEVER FEAR, FAIR DAMSEL-HOPE IS HERE!

-ULP LOOKS LIKE I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT MY....

SWORD

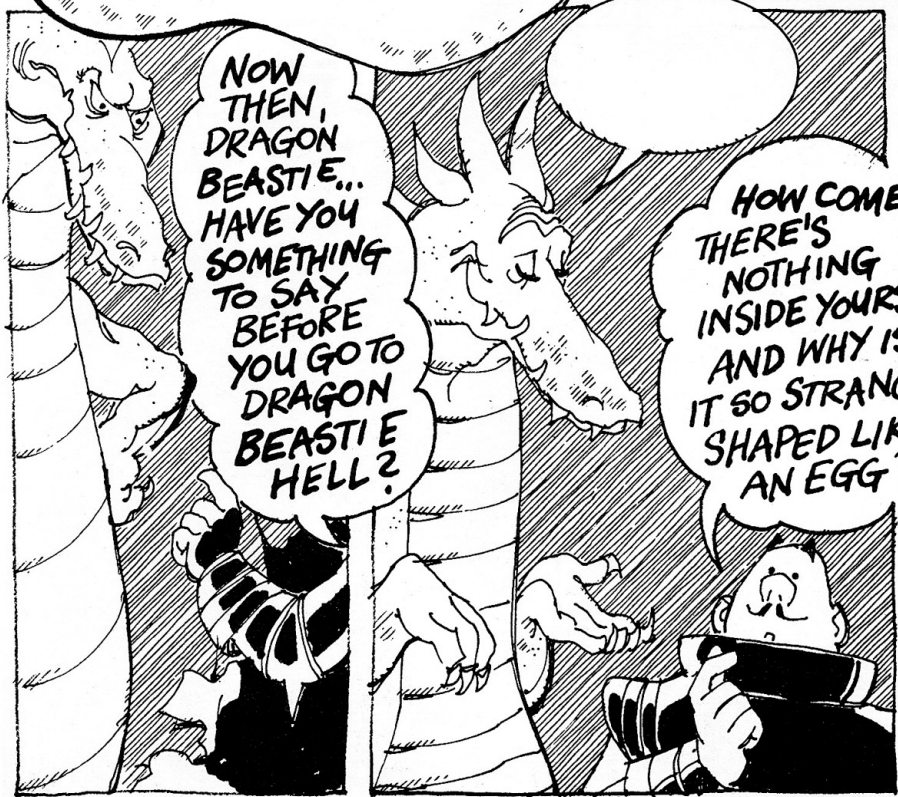


THIS IS A CUE IF EVER I READ ONE!

HEH HEH HEH HEH

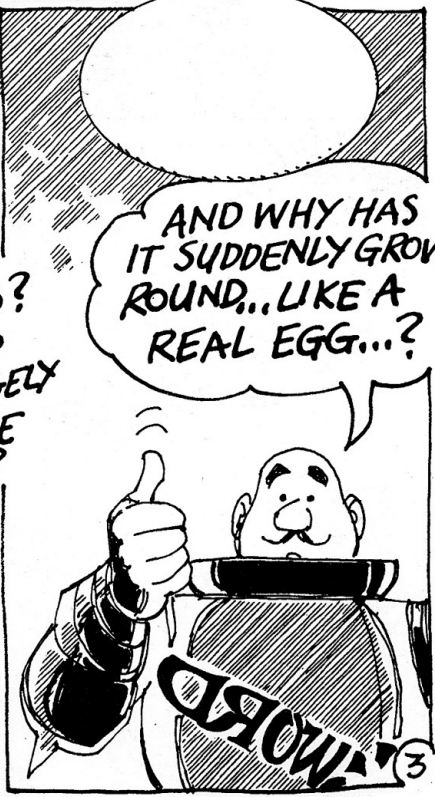
SWORD

SWORD



NOW THEN, DRAGON BEASTIE... HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SAY BEFORE YOU GO TO DRAGON BEASTIE HELL?

HOW COME THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE YOURS? AND WHY IS IT SO STRANGELY SHAPED LIKE AN EGG?

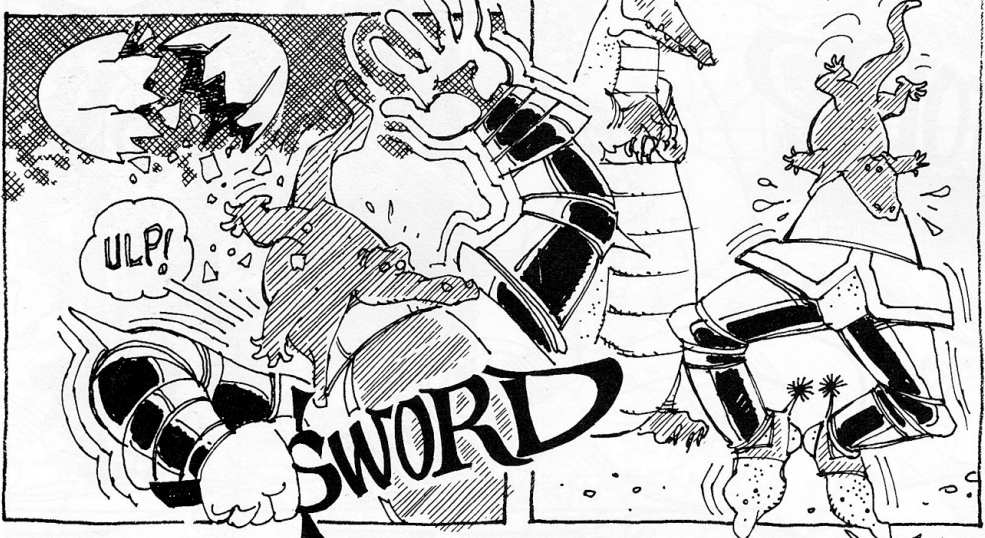
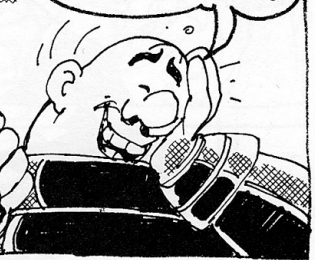
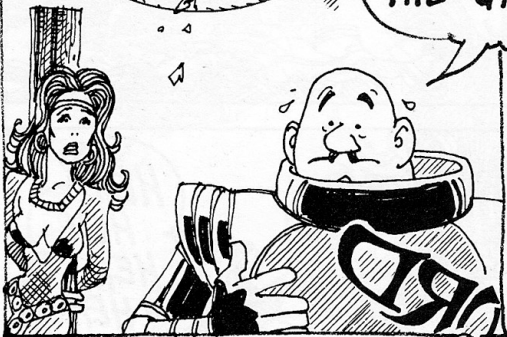


AND WHY HAS IT SUDDENLY GROWN ROUND... LIKE A REAL EGG...?

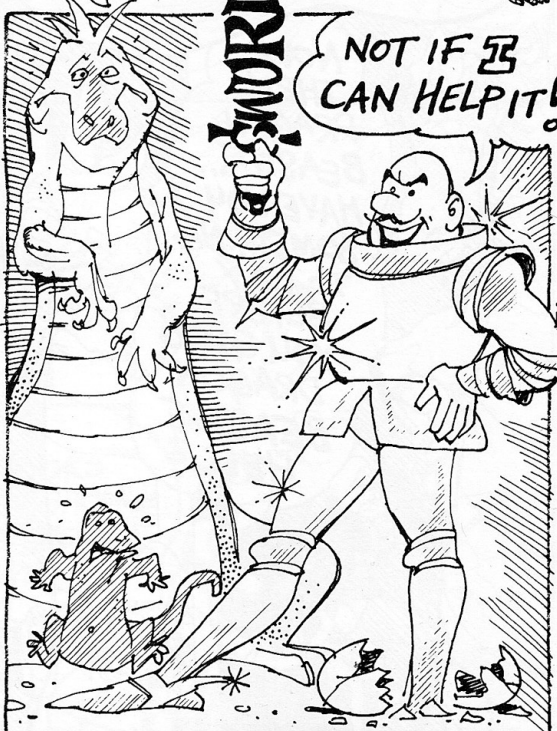
SWORD

AND WHY-UH-
ARE CRACKS
APPEARING ON
THE-UH-EGG?

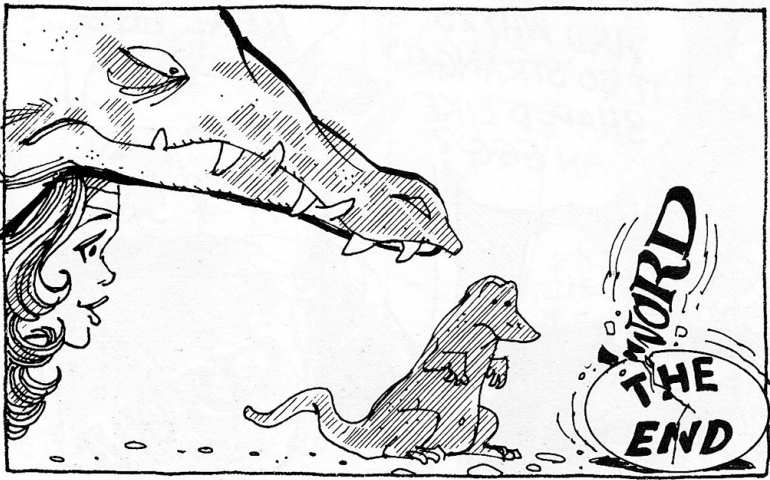
I WAS AFRAID
OF SOMETHING
LIKE THIS!



SMACK
BURP



NOT IF 53
CAN HELP IT!



THE
END

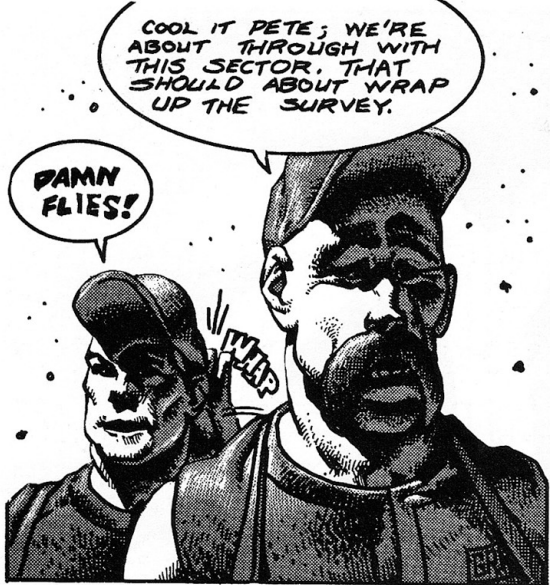
HOPE IS EVER BORN ANEW.

FLYS



JEEZ! THE
GLAMOR HAS SURE
DEPARTED FROM
THIS JOB!

I COULD
USE A
DRINK!

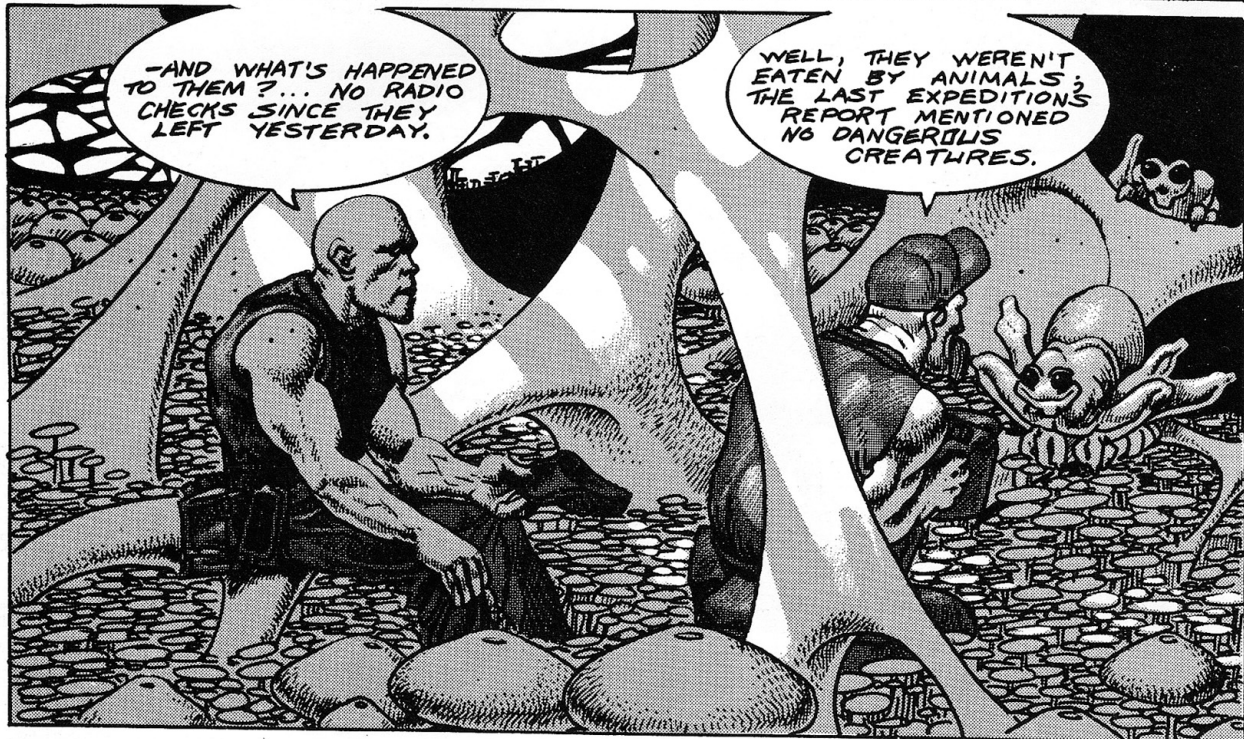


COOL IT PETE; WE'RE ABOUT THROUGH WITH THIS SECTOR. THAT SHOULD ABOUT WRAP UP THE SURVEY.

PAMN FLIES!



SURE, BUT WE CAN'T TAKE OFF UNTIL THE CAP'N AND POTTER GET BACK!...



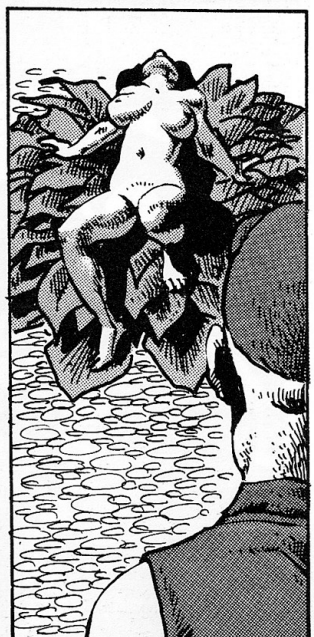
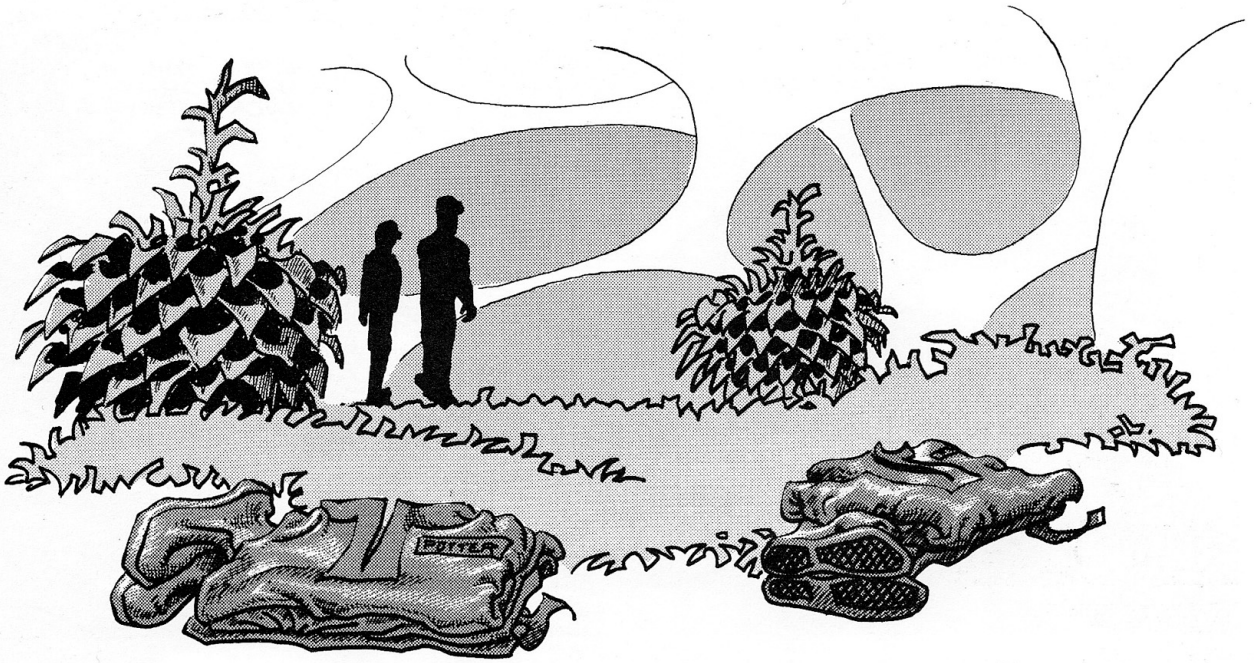
-AND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM?... NO RADIO CHECKS SINCE THEY LEFT YESTERDAY.

WELL, THEY WEREN'T EATEN BY ANIMALS; THE LAST EXPEDITION'S REPORT MENTIONED NO DANGEROUS CREATURES.



THEM HORNY BASTARDS PROBABLY FOUND SOME FEMALE HUMANOID AND ARE BALLING IT UP

THAT'S NOT VERY LIKELY—
LOOK!





A STRONG ODOR...
REMINISCENT OF THE
KYROTEAN HALLUCINOGENICS.



HEH!
HEH!
HEH!

BETTER TAKE A
SAMPLE FOR A
QUICK ANALYSIS.

**SLURK
GLURK**

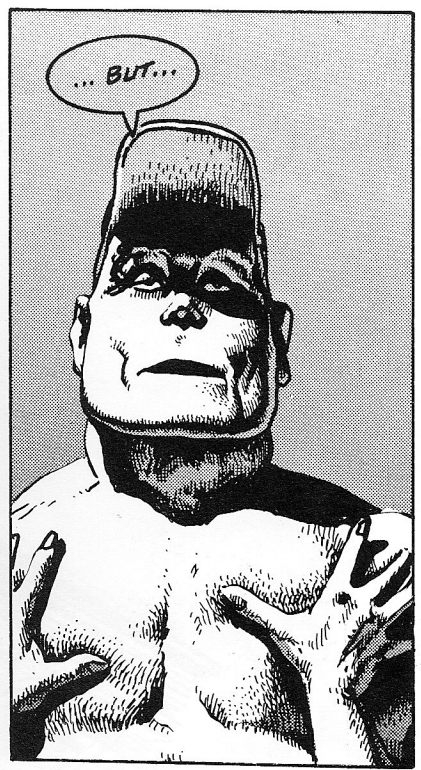
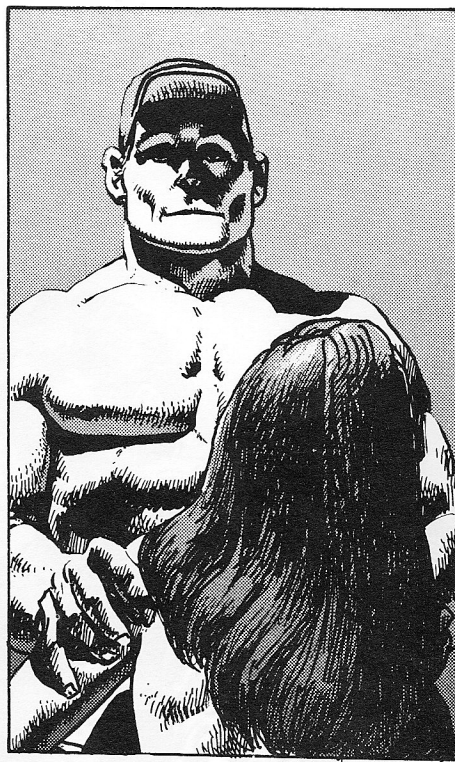
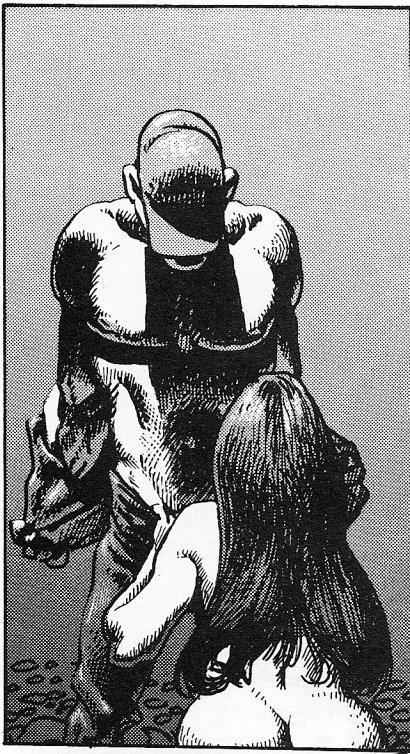


WHAT'S SO
FUNNY ABOUT THAT?
... BART, THESE
PLANTS, ... THEY'RE...



... VEINS FLY
TRAPS ...





THE KENT STATE TRAGEDY.



A DOCUMENTARY ILLUSTRATED BY NEAL ADAMS.

NEXT ISSUE.

