

ROBOTS

ACCENT UK

ANTHOLOGY

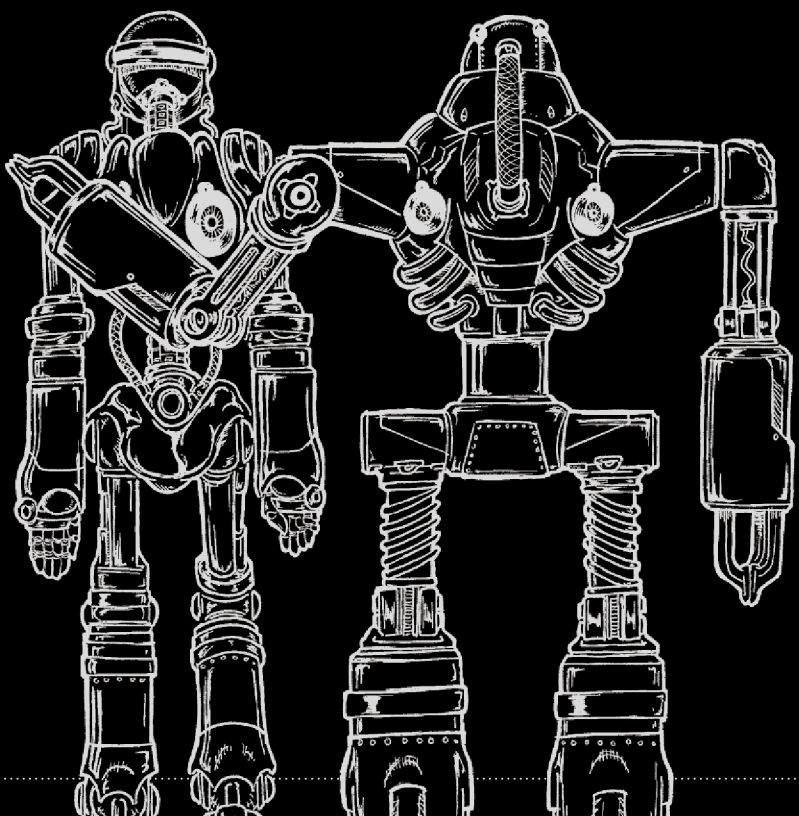
robots

is respectfully dedicated to

DAN DENHOLT

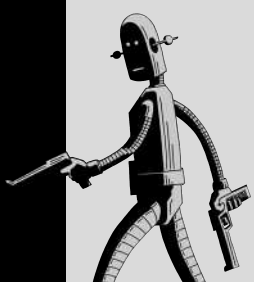
1976 - 2008

‘Dan The Man’ - our friend in komiks



contents

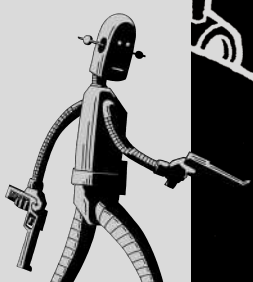
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robots

ACCENT UK COMICS PRESENTS





DAVE WEST
COLIN MATHIESON
EDITORS

ANDY BLOOR
ART DIRECTOR
COVER ART & DESIGN

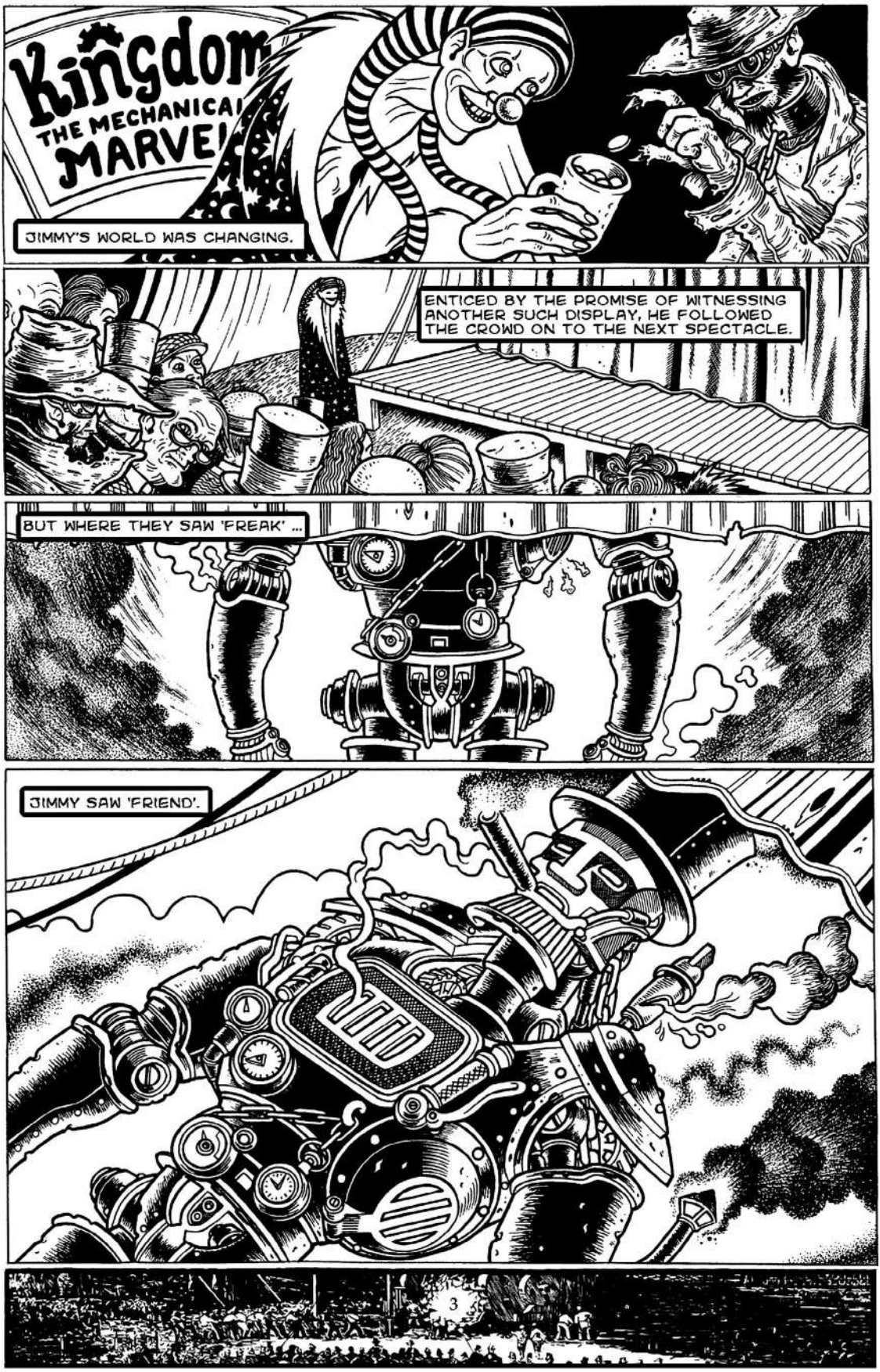
ALFIE GALLAGHER
TITLE PAGE ART

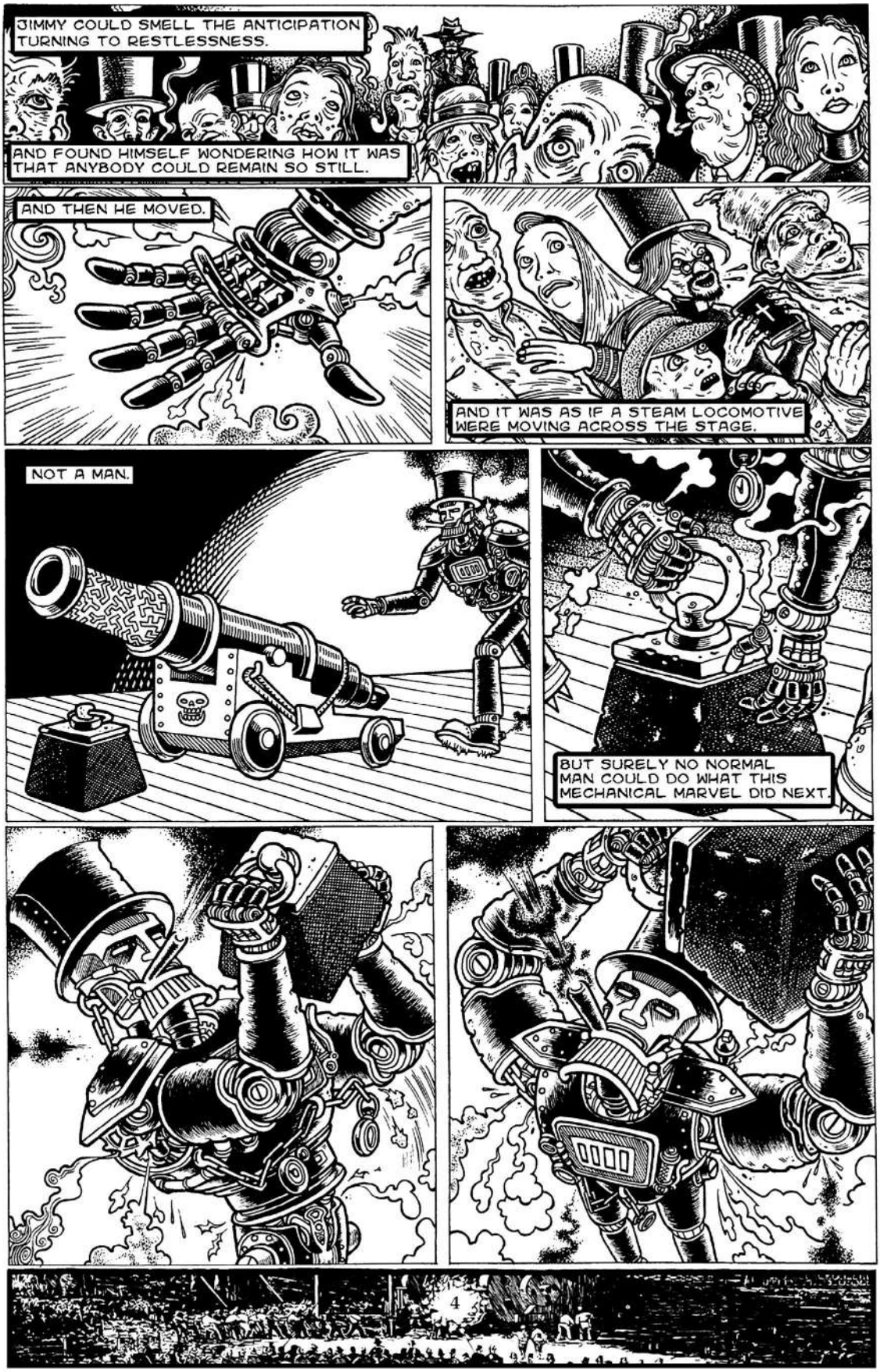
FRAZER IRVING
BACK COVER ART

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FOR SOME, IT'S THE SOUNDS AND VIBRANT COLOURS THAT DRAW THEM TO THE CARNIVAL.
Kingdom
FOR OTHERS, THE OPPORTUNITY TO SEE CREATURES OF MYTH AND LEGEND.
TO WITNESS THE MIRACULOUS.
BUT FOR MOST IT'S THE CHANCE TO ESCAPE FROM DULL LIVES, IF ONLY FOR AN HOUR.
THERE ARE A FEW WHO LOOK FOR THE CHANCE TO ESCAPE.
FOR AN ENTIRE LIFETIME.
JIMMY SMITH HAD BEEN DRAWN TO THE CARNIVAL IN THE HOPE ...
THAT HERE HE WOULD FIT IN.
I can see it, through a gap in the very Himalayas themselves.
Yessir, I see it across two oceans.
'tis a child's toy ... a striped doll ...


HE LISTENED TO THE HUSHED CONVERSATIONS ABOUT THE WONDEROUS EYES OF 'THE TALL MAN'.
AND FOUND HIMSELF DRAWN INTO A TENT THAT PROMISED YET MORE MYSTERY ...
... a living puzzle she is ...
.. our little jigsaw girl ..
.. AND DELIVERED ...
... SO MUCH MORE ...
JIMMY'S PAST WAS WRITTEN ON HER SKIN.
HIS FUTURE, IN HER EYES.


Kingdom
THE MECHANICAL
MARVEL
JIMMY'S WORLD WAS CHANGING.
ENTICED BY THE PROMISE OF WITNESSING ANOTHER SUCH DISPLAY, HE FOLLOWED THE CROWD ON TO THE NEXT SPECTACLE.
BUT WHERE THEY SAW 'FREAK' ...
JIMMY SAW 'FRIEND'.
3


JIMMY COULD SMELL THE ANTICIPATION TURNING TO RESTLESSNESS.
AND FOUND HIMSELF WONDERING HOW IT WAS THAT ANYBODY COULD REMAIN SO STILL.
AND THEN HE MOVED.
AND IT WAS AS IF A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE WERE MOVING ACROSS THE STAGE.
NOT A MAN.
BUT SURELY NO NORMAL MAN COULD DO WHAT THIS MECHANICAL MARVEL DID NEXT.


That ain't bloody impressive t'all
ALTHOUGH THERE WAS ONE WHO TRIED.
Bloody things probly made a'wood or somefin !
HUGGH !
Just gotta get the right grip .. !
C'MONNNGH
IT WAS THE CRACKING OF FLOORBOARDS THEY DREW ALL EYES BACK TO 'KINGDOM'.

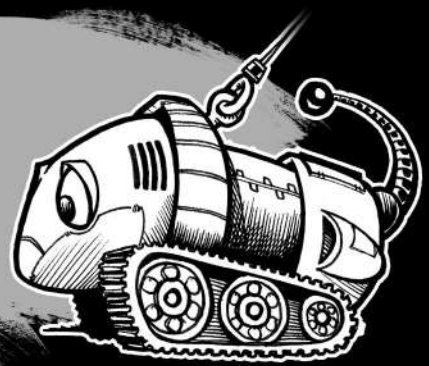

JIMMY, TOTALLY ABSORBED BY THE SPECTACLE, WAS PONDERING WHAT MANNER OF MAN COULD PERFORM SUCH A FEAT,
And what have we here?
WHEN HIS OWN STRANGENESS WAS EXPOSED.
BUT RATHER THAN FEAR AND SUSPICION, HE FOUND WELCOME.
Ah, 'tis a stray Wolfboy looking for a warm rug and a full belly.
Well lad, you need look no further.
HA!
AS JIMMY LEFT WITH THE TICKET MAN, HE STOLE A GLANCE INTO THE TENT TO LEARN THAT THE ONLY TYPE OF MAN WHO COULD IN FACT LIFT SUCH A WEIGHT WAS ONE MADE OF PISTONS AND PIPES.
A MECHANICAL MARVEL.

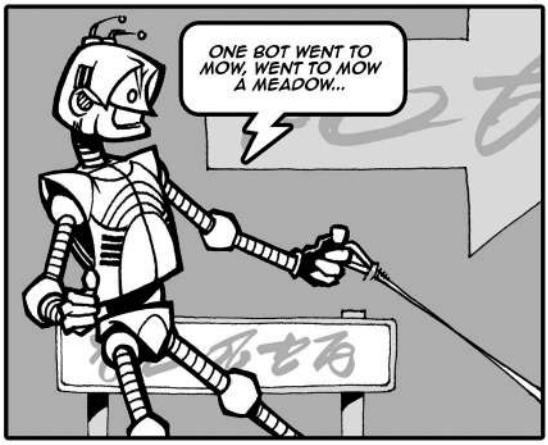

WITH THE NORMAL FOLK GONE, JIMMY FOUND HIMSELF SHARING THE EVENING MEAL WITH HIS NEW FAMILY.
BUT EVEN AS HE FILLED HIS BELLY,
HE NOTICED THAT NOT EVERYONE SHARED THE WARM LANTERN'S GLOW.
Mr Tall Man, Sir, does 'Kingdom' not want to share the company of others ?
Him ?
We don't want to be mixing with freaks like that !
STORY DAVE WEST
ART EL INDIO !

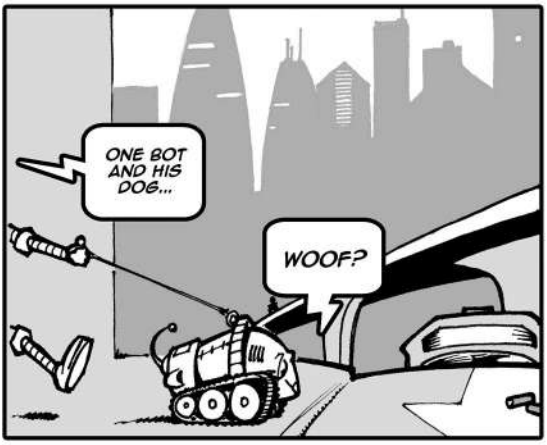
Little Red ROBOT in the HOOD

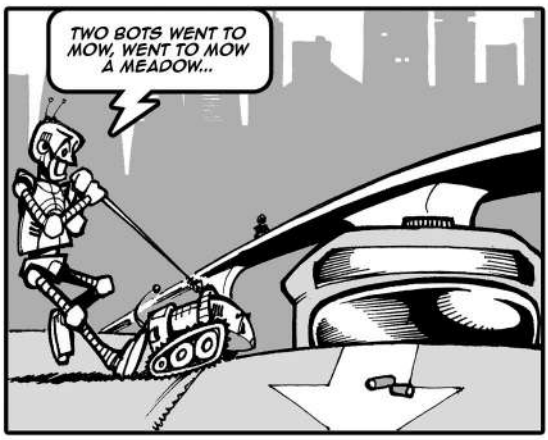
BY JAMES GRAY

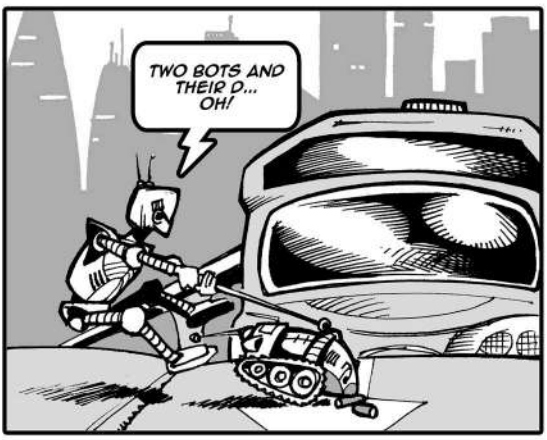
part one: walkies

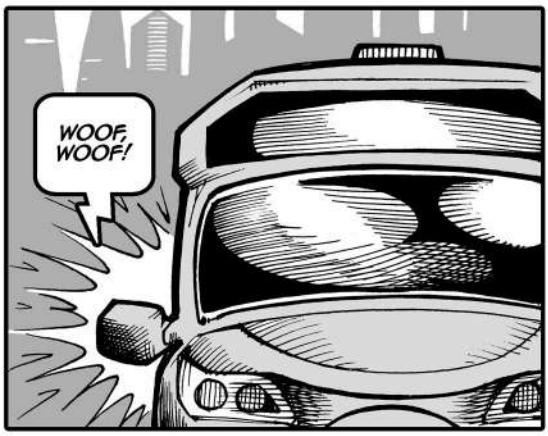


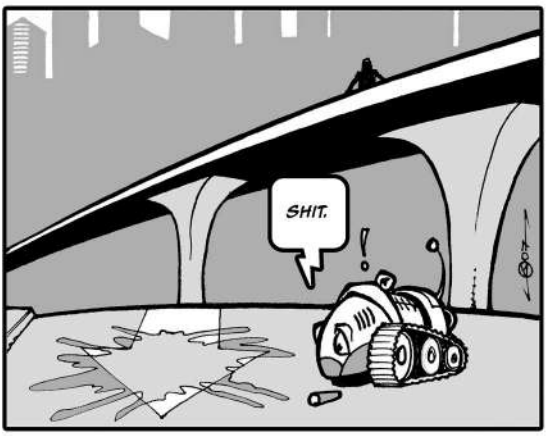






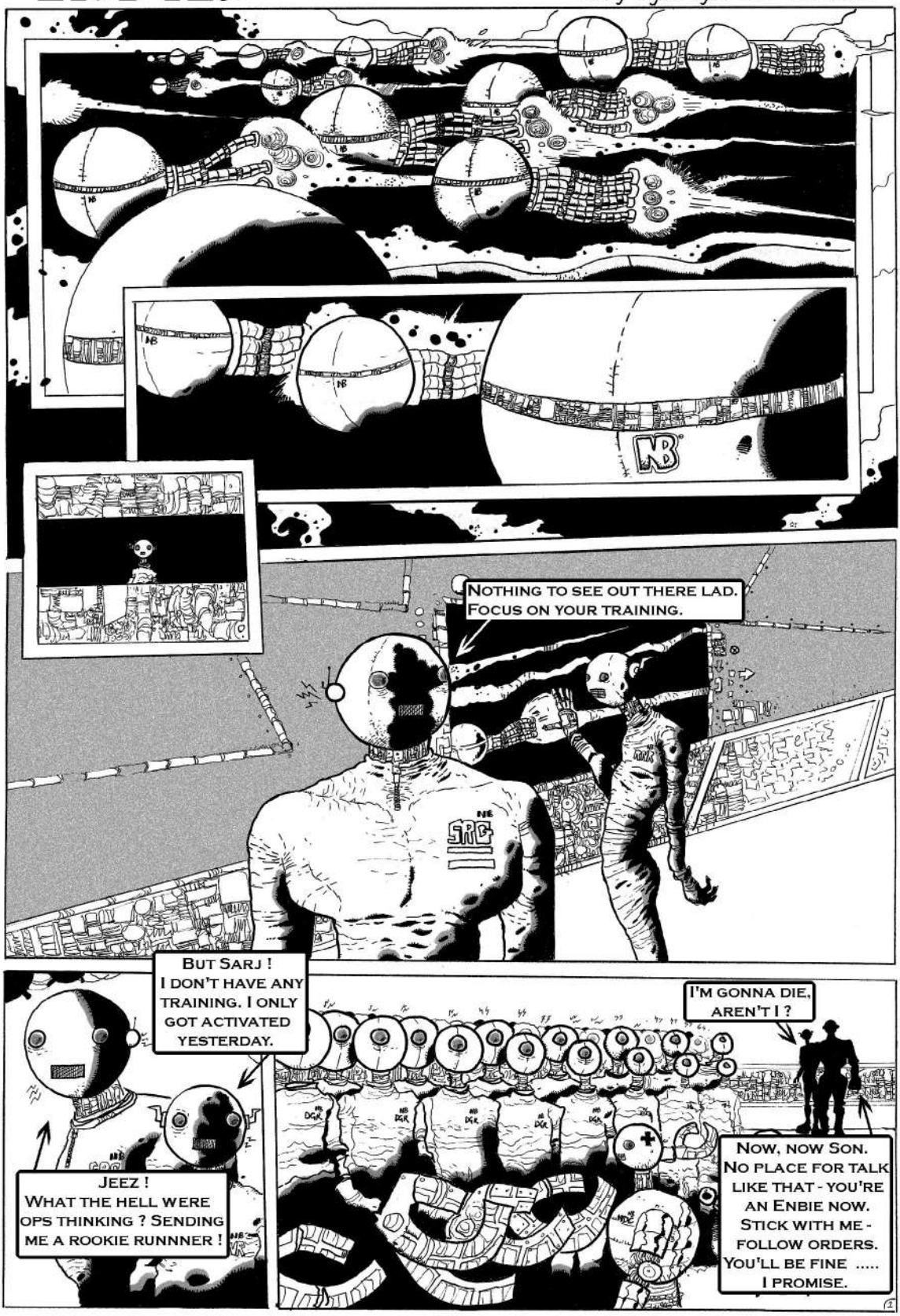


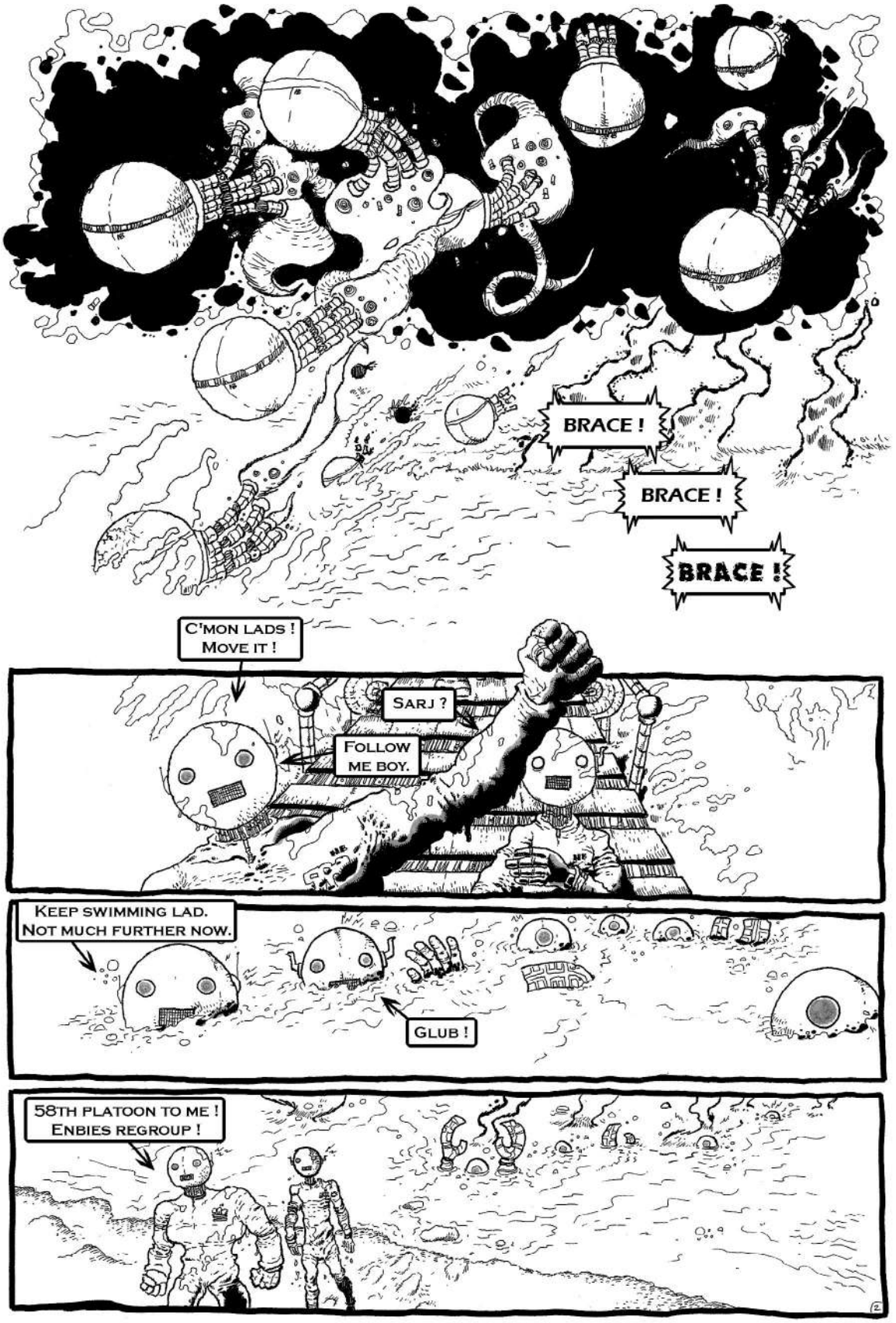


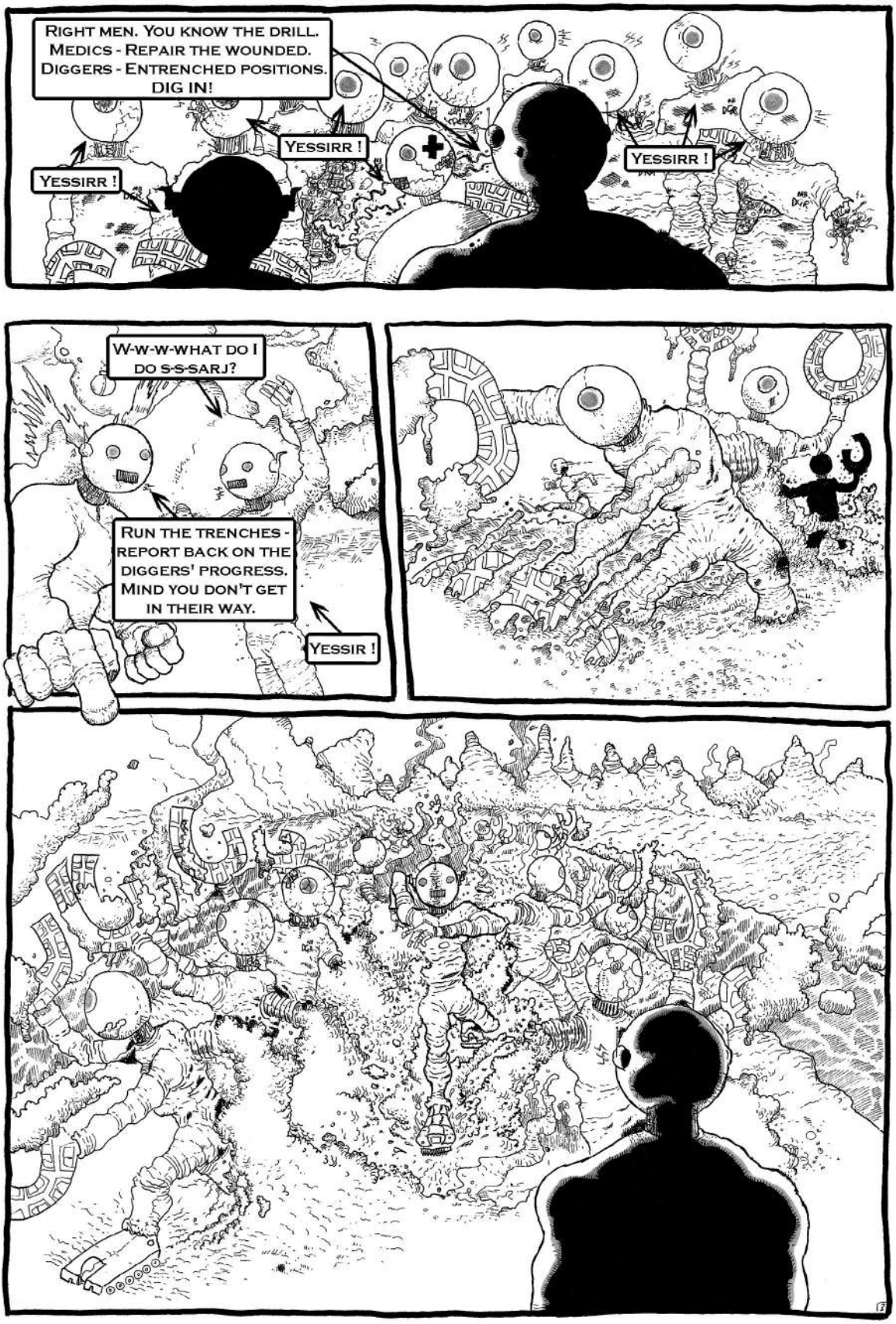


ENBIES

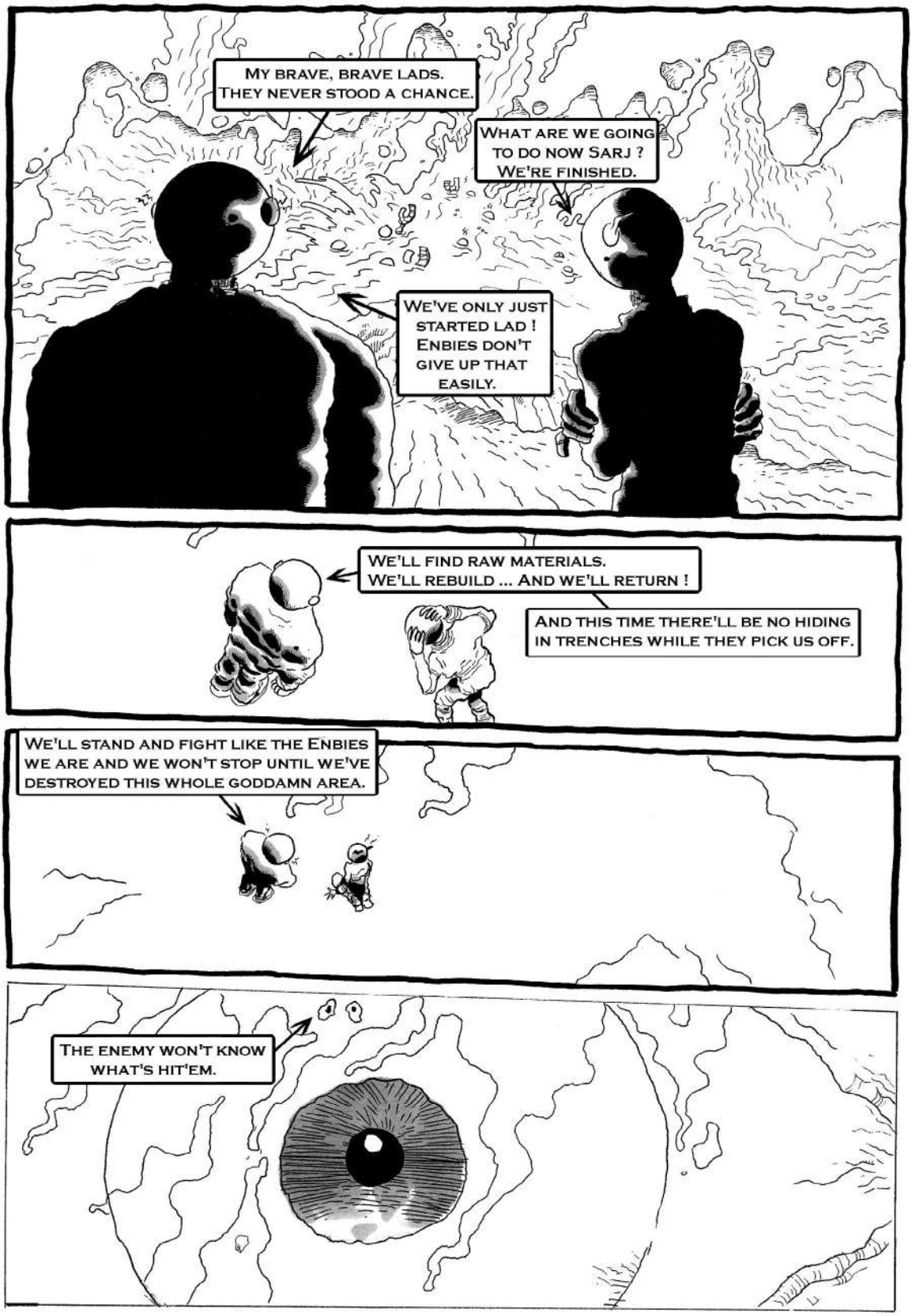
story - jon ayre ART - IAIN LAURIE



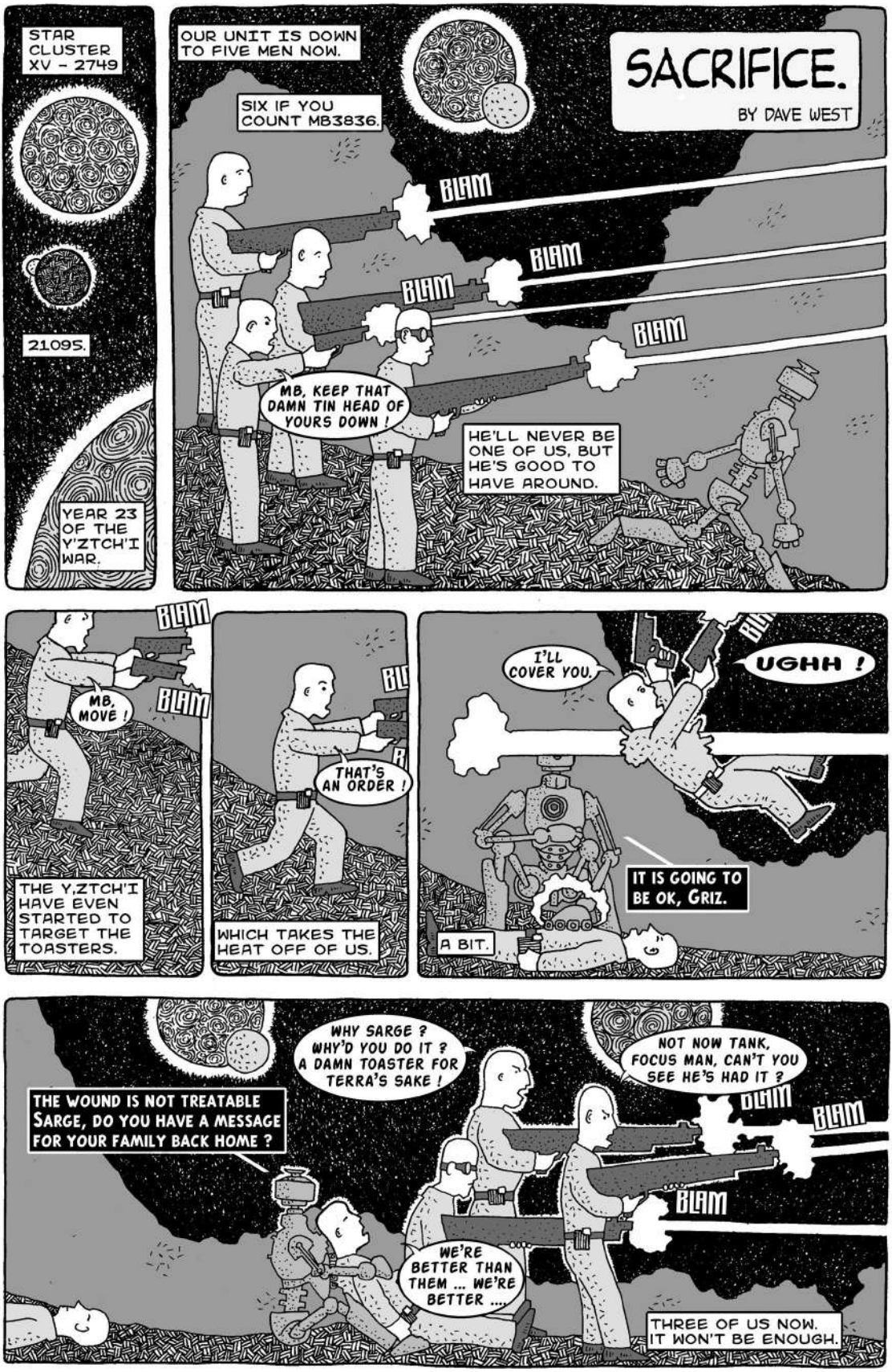

BRACE !
BRACE !
BRACE !
C'MON LADS ! MOVE IT !
SARJ ?
FOLLOW ME BOY.
KEEP SWIMMING LAD. NOT MUCH FURTHER NOW.
GLUB !
58TH PLATOON TO ME ! ENBIES REGROUP !


RIGHT MEN. YOU KNOW THE DRILL. MEDICS - REPAIR THE WOUNDED. DIGGERS - ENTRENCHED POSITIONS. DIG IN!
YESSIRR !
YESSIRR !
YESSIRR !
W-W-W-WHAT DO I DO S-S-SARJ?
RUN THE TRENCHES - REPORT BACK ON THE DIGGERS' PROGRESS. MIND YOU DON'T GET IN THEIR WAY.
YESSIR !

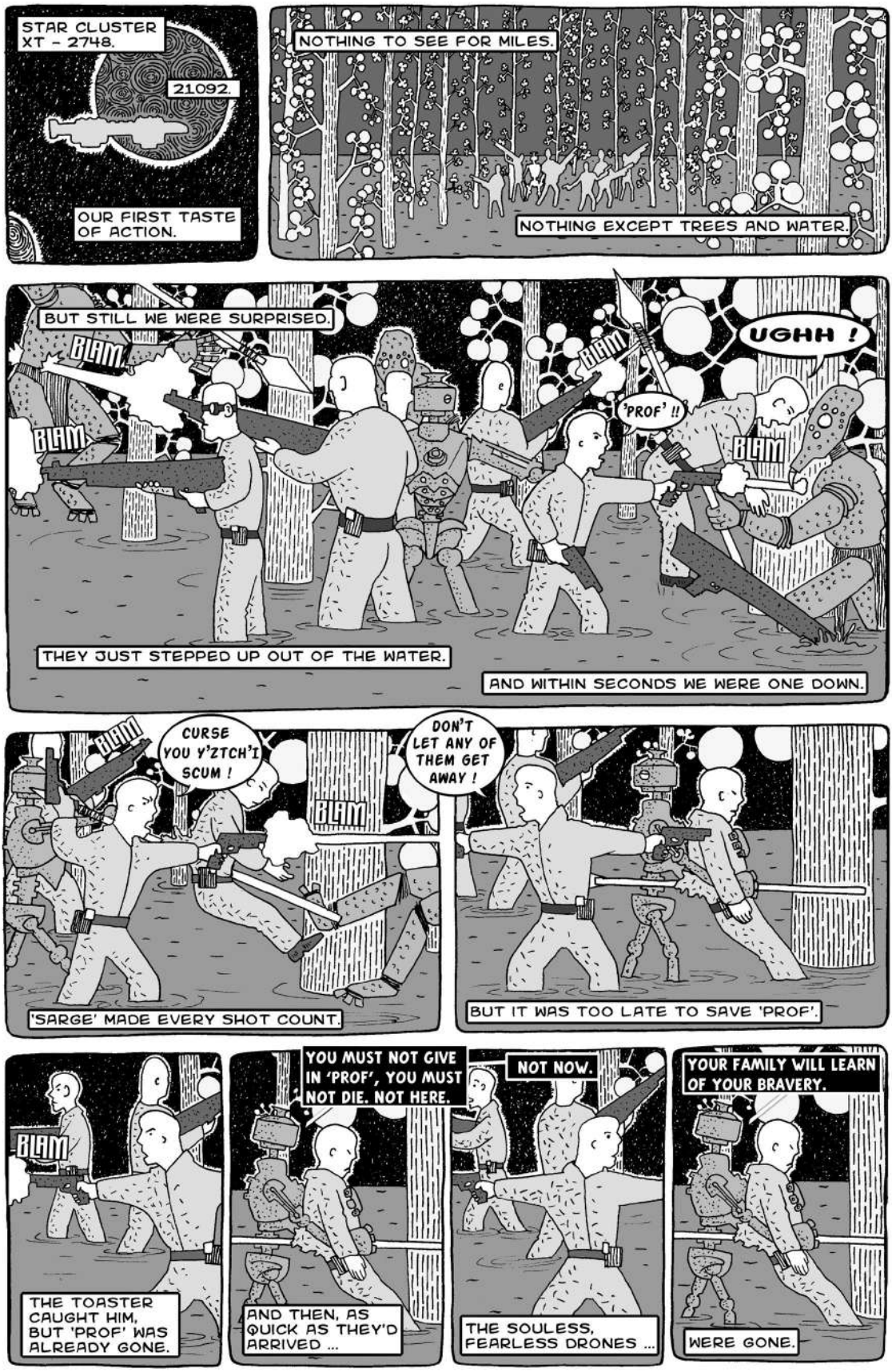

How're we doing lad ?
Trenches 1 and 2 complete. Trench 3 nearly finished, Sir!
Just in time. Here they come!
TAKE COVER LADS ! Remember your training - you're safe as long as you stay in the trenches!
Arrrgghhhhhh ! ! ! !
Come back lad !
Where'dya think ya going lad ! You're a sitting duck up there ! We've got to get back to the trenches.
Oh my god, Sarj. LOOK !

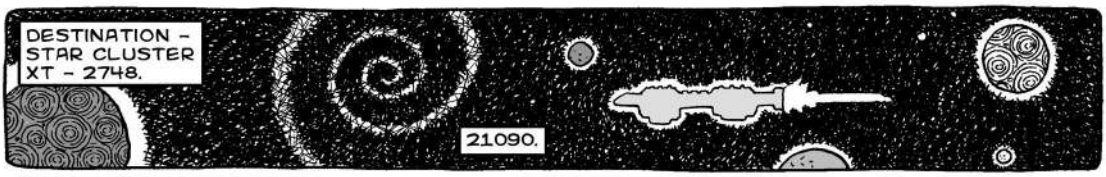

MY BRAVE, BRAVE LADS. THEY NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW SARJ ? WE'RE FINISHED.
WE'VE ONLY JUST STARTED LAD ! ENBIES DON'T GIVE UP THAT EASILY.
WE'LL FIND RAW MATERIALS. WE'LL REBUILD ... AND WE'LL RETURN !
AND THIS TIME THERE'LL BE NO HIDING IN TRENCHES WHILE THEY PICK US OFF.
WE'LL STAND AND FIGHT LIKE THE ENBIES WE ARE AND WE WON'T STOP UNTIL WE'VE DESTROYED THIS WHOLE GODDAMN AREA.
THE ENEMY WON'T KNOW WHAT'S HIT'EM.

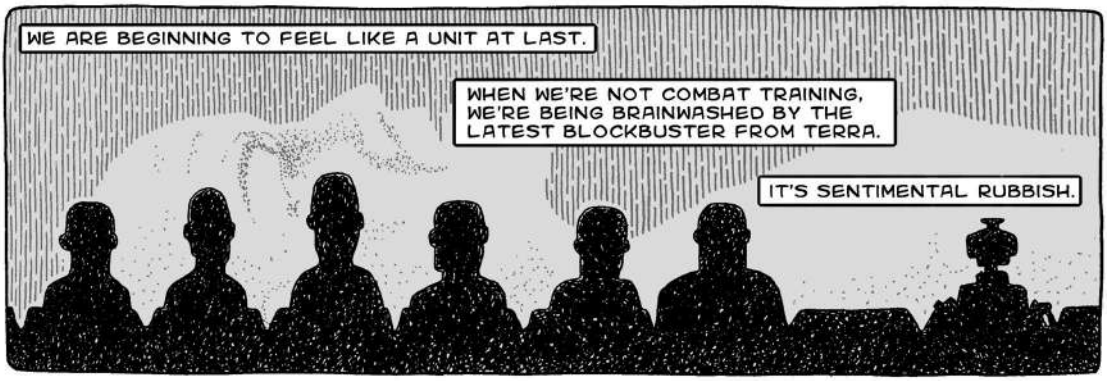

A B C D
E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
WELL, MR JONES. HOW'S THAT ?
WOW ! THAT'S PERFECT !
WHAT ABOUT THE NANO-THINGIES ?
THE NANOBOTS ? DISSOLVED AWAY BY THE NEUTRALISING SOLUTION.
LIKE I SAID - THIS PROCEDURE IS ABOUT AS SAFE AS SURGERY CAN GET. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE IT'S AVAILABLE OVER THE COUNTER FOR USE AT HOME.
CLINIC
3 MONTHS LATER.....
MY EYES ! OH GOD ! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY EYES !


STAR CLUSTER XV - 2749
21095.
YEAR 23 OF THE Y'ZTCH'I WAR.
OUR UNIT IS DOWN TO FIVE MEN NOW.
SIX IF YOU COUNT MB3836.
SACRIFICE.
BY DAVE WEST
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
MB, KEEP THAT DAMN TIN HEAD OF YOURS DOWN !
HE'LL NEVER BE ONE OF US, BUT HE'S GOOD TO HAVE AROUND.
BLAM
BLAM
MB, MOVE !
THE Y,ZTCH'I HAVE EVEN STARTED TO TARGET THE TOASTERS.
THAT'S AN ORDER !
WHICH TAKES THE HEAT OFF OF US.
I'LL COVER YOU.
UGHH !
IT IS GOING TO BE OK, GRIZ.
A BIT.
THE WOUND IS NOT TREATABLE SARGE, DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR FAMILY BACK HOME ?
WHY SARGE ? WHY'D YOU DO IT ? A DAMN TOASTER FOR TERRA'S SAKE !
NOT NOW TANK, FOCUS MAN, CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S HAD IT ?
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WE'RE BETTER THAN THEM ... WE'RE BETTER ....
THREE OF US NOW. IT WON'T BE ENOUGH.


DESTINATION STAR CLUSTER XV - 2749.
21093.
YEAR 21 OF THE Y'ZTCH'I WAR.
WE ARE STILL COMING TO TERMS WITH OUR LOSS.
SOME TURN TO LIQUIDRUGS.
SOME LOOK FOR OTHER PLEASURES.
FOR ME, THERE'S THE GAME.
THE TOASTER ? HE JUST STANDS THERE.
OBSERVING.
ANALYZING.
BUT NOT FEELING.
THE LOSS.
WE NEED TO SAY GOODBYE. MOVE ON.
WE NEED TO CLEAR OUR HEADS.
BEFORE WE REACH OUR TARGET.
BUT THE 'PROF' WAS SUCH A GOOD FRIEND.
TO US ALL.
IT'S 'TANK' WHO HAS THE IDEA.
A FITTING TRIBUTE.
FOR SOME REASON, SARGE HAS THE TOASTER CHOOSE.
MB, BRING ONE OF "PROF'S" BOOKS.
THE CHOICE OF BOOK STRUCK ME AS IT DRIFTED IN THE NEAR VACCUUM OF SPACE.
IRON MAN
WHY HAD THE TOASTER SELECTED THAT ONE ?


STAR CLUSTER XT - 2748.
21092.
OUR FIRST TASTE OF ACTION.
NOTHING TO SEE FOR MILES.
NOTHING EXCEPT TREES AND WATER.
BUT STILL WE WERE SURPRISED.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
'PROF' !!
UGHH !
THEY JUST STEPPED UP OUT OF THE WATER.
AND WITHIN SECONDS WE WERE ONE DOWN.
BLAM
CURSE YOU Y'ZTCH'I SCUM !
BLAM
DON'T LET ANY OF THEM GET AWAY !
'SARGE' MADE EVERY SHOT COUNT.
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE 'PROF'.
BLAM
THE TOASTER CAUGHT HIM, BUT 'PROF' WAS ALREADY GONE.
YOU MUST NOT GIVE IN 'PROF', YOU MUST NOT DIE. NOT HERE.
AND THEN, AS QUICK AS THEY'D ARRIVED ...
NOT NOW.
THE SOULESS, FEARLESS DRONES ...
YOUR FAMILY WILL LEARN OF YOUR BRAVERY.
WERE GONE.


DESTINATION – STAR CLUSTER XT – 2748.
21090.


WE ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A UNIT AT LAST.
WHEN WE'RE NOT COMBAT TRAINING, WE'RE BEING BRAINWASHED BY THE LATEST BLOCKBUSTER FROM TERRA.
IT'S SENTIMENTAL RUBBISH.

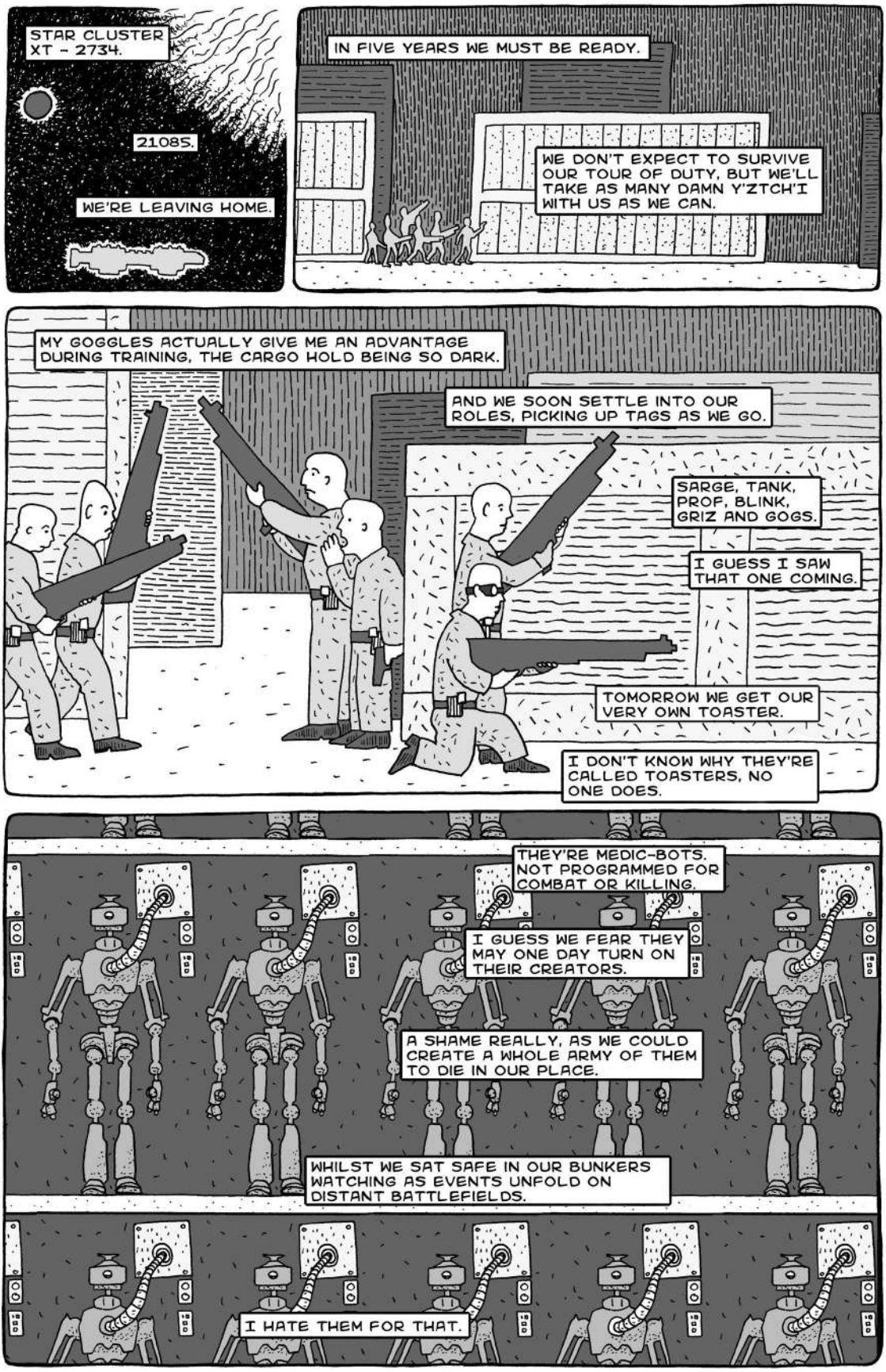

THE BATTLE SCENES SHOW NONE OF THE REALITY THAT IS A Y'ZTCH'I SWARM.
BUT THEY DO THEIR JOB WELL ENOUGH, AND YOU CAN'T BUT HELP FEEL FOR THE HERO, DOOMED TO DIE ALONE.
I'VE NO IDEA WHAT THE TOASTER MAKES OF IT.

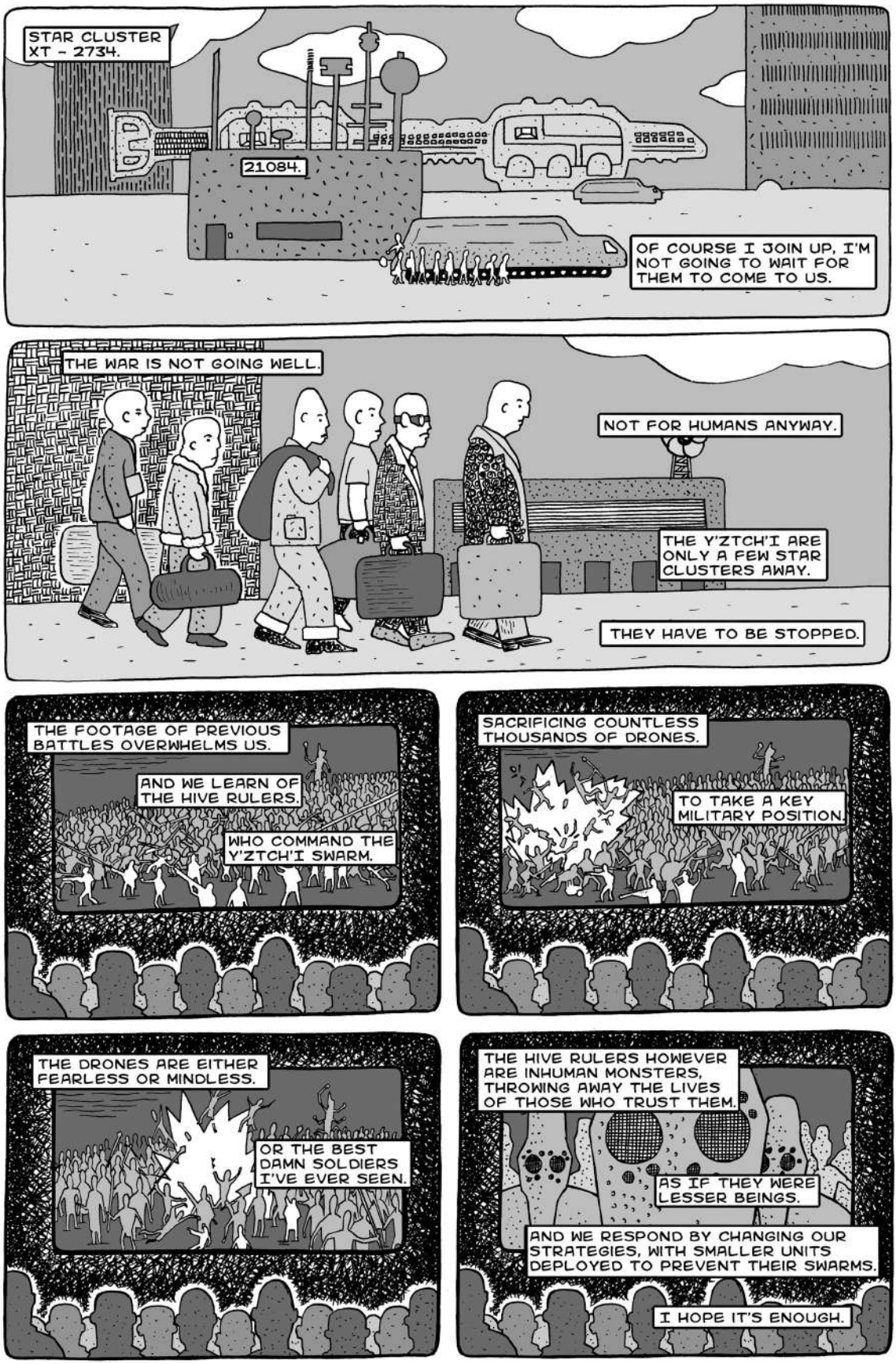

OR WHY 'SARGE' STAYS BEHIND TO TALK WITH HIM AS WE HEAD OFF FOR A CROWDED BAR.
SO 'MB', WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE MOVIE ?
HAS IT FINISHED ? BUT HE DIED ALONE. HOW WILL OTHERS KNOW OF HIS DEEDS AND HIS SACRIFICE.


WELL, THAT'S THE NATURE OF SACRIFICE. IT'S NOT DONE FOR FAME OR REWARD.


IT'S JUST THE RIGHT THING TO DO, FOR THE GREATER GOOD.
BUT IT IS IMPORTANT THAT OTHERS KNOW.


BUT IN THE END WHO IS LEFT TO CARE.
WILL THERE NOT BE FAMILY BACK ON TERRA ? THEY SHOULD BE TOLD !


STAR CLUSTER XT - 2734.
21085.
WE'RE LEAVING HOME.
IN FIVE YEARS WE MUST BE READY.
WE DON'T EXPECT TO SURVIVE OUR TOUR OF DUTY, BUT WE'LL TAKE AS MANY DAMN Y'ZTCH'I WITH US AS WE CAN.
MY GOGGLES ACTUALLY GIVE ME AN ADVANTAGE DURING TRAINING, THE CARGO HOLD BEING SO DARK.
AND WE SOON SETTLE INTO OUR ROLES, PICKING UP TAGS AS WE GO.
SARGE, TANK, PROF, BLINK, GRIZ AND GOGS.
I GUESS I SAW THAT ONE COMING.
TOMORROW WE GET OUR VERY OWN TOASTER.
I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'RE CALLED TOASTERS, NO ONE DOES.
THEY'RE MEDIC-BOTS. NOT PROGRAMMED FOR COMBAT OR KILLING.
I GUESS WE FEAR THEY MAY ONE DAY TURN ON THEIR CREATORS.
A SHAME REALLY, AS WE COULD CREATE A WHOLE ARMY OF THEM TO DIE IN OUR PLACE.
WHILST WE SAT SAFE IN OUR BUNKERS WATCHING AS EVENTS UNFOLD ON DISTANT BATTLEFIELDS.
I HATE THEM FOR THAT.


STAR CLUSTER XT - 2734.
21084.
OF COURSE I JOIN UP, I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR THEM TO COME TO US.
THE WAR IS NOT GOING WELL.
NOT FOR HUMANS ANYWAY.
THE Y'ZTCH'I ARE ONLY A FEW STAR CLUSTERS AWAY.
THEY HAVE TO BE STOPPED.
THE FOOTAGE OF PREVIOUS BATTLES OVERWHELMS US.
AND WE LEARN OF THE HIVE RULERS.
WHO COMMAND THE Y'ZTCH'I SWARM.
SACRIFICING COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF DRONES.
TO TAKE A KEY MILITARY POSITION.
THE DRONES ARE EITHER FEARLESS OR MINDLESS.
OR THE BEST DAMN SOLDIERS I'VE EVER SEEN.
THE HIVE RULERS HOWEVER ARE INHUMAN MONSTERS, THROWING AWAY THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO TRUST THEM.
AS IF THEY WERE LESSER BEINGS.
AND WE RESPOND BY CHANGING OUR STRATEGIES, WITH SMALLER UNITS DEPLOYED TO PREVENT THEIR SWARMS.
I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH.

TIGER, TIGER

STORY BY :- OWEN JOHNSON
ART BY :- GARRY BROWN



Day One. Animal arrived at 05:00 hours.



Doctor Collins brought it into the lab.
It was furious with captivity.
A specimen with a lot of energy will be good for the data.



A full assessment and tolerance study will be carried out before grafting can begin.

Chloral Hydrate. LD 50 and 200 mg of Zolpidem Tartrate.

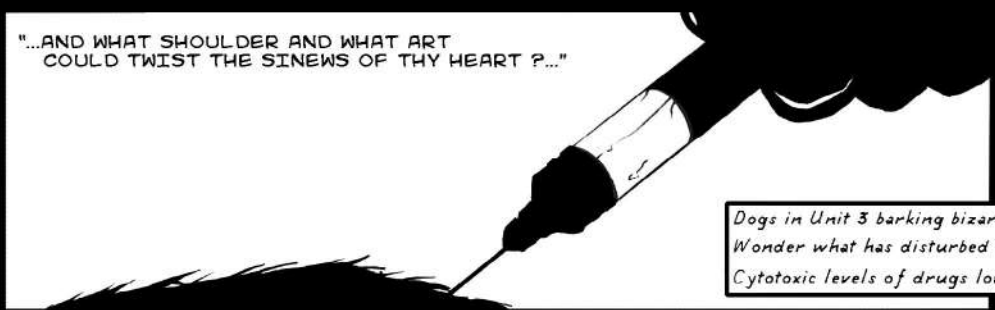


Day Two. There is a resistance to treatment typical in this species. Its eyes blaze every time Collins goes near.

Precautionary doses of Ketamine, PCP, Meprobamate. Increase in initial base sedatives, Chloral Hydrate, LD 50.



Zolpidem Tartrate also increased.



Dogs in Unit 3 barking bizarrely. Wonder what has disturbed them. Cytotoxic levels of drugs low.

THE TIGER BY WILLIAM BLAKE (1757 - 1827)

"... AND WHEN THY HEART BEGAN TO BEAT, WHAT DREAD HAND AND WHAT DREAD FEET ?..."

Day Three. The Animal woke violently from the experiment.

The circuit steel alloy fused perfectly, but the motherboard makes it increasingly violent.

"... WHAT THE HAMMER? WHAT THE CHAIN? IN WHAT FURNACE WAS THY BRAIN?..."

Day Four. Collins is in the infirmary. After the successful torso graft, the animal's aggression rocketed. Collins is lacerated from being thrown around like a ball of string.

"... WHAT THE ANVIL? WHAT DREAD GRASP? DARE ITS DEADLY TERRORS CLASP ?!..."

It is more powerful than ever. Intervention is necessary. Increased all doses. Collins may not survive. Tranquilizers required.

Etchlorvynol, Telazol and Acepromazine added.



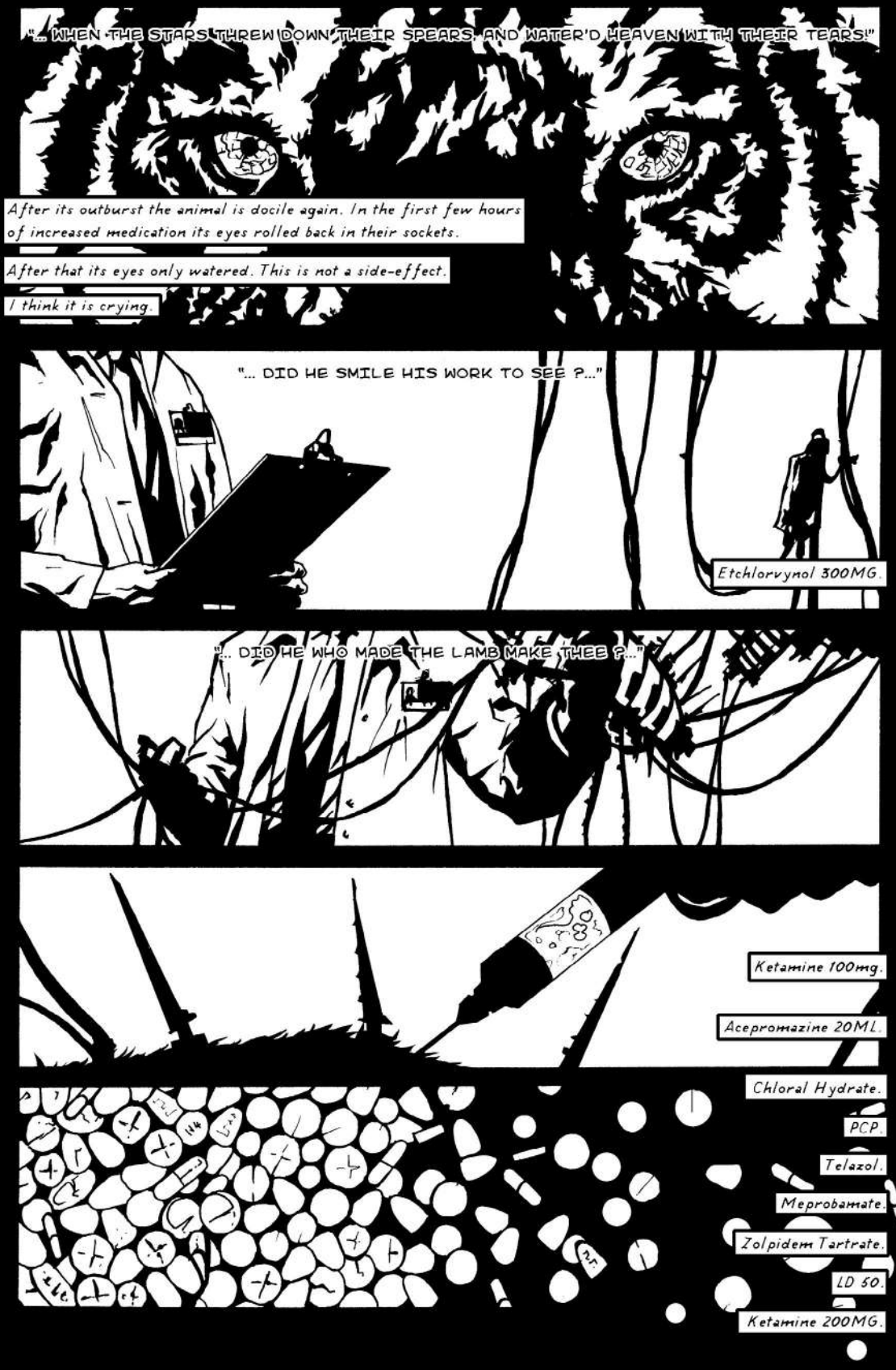
PCP. Meprobamate. 50MG.

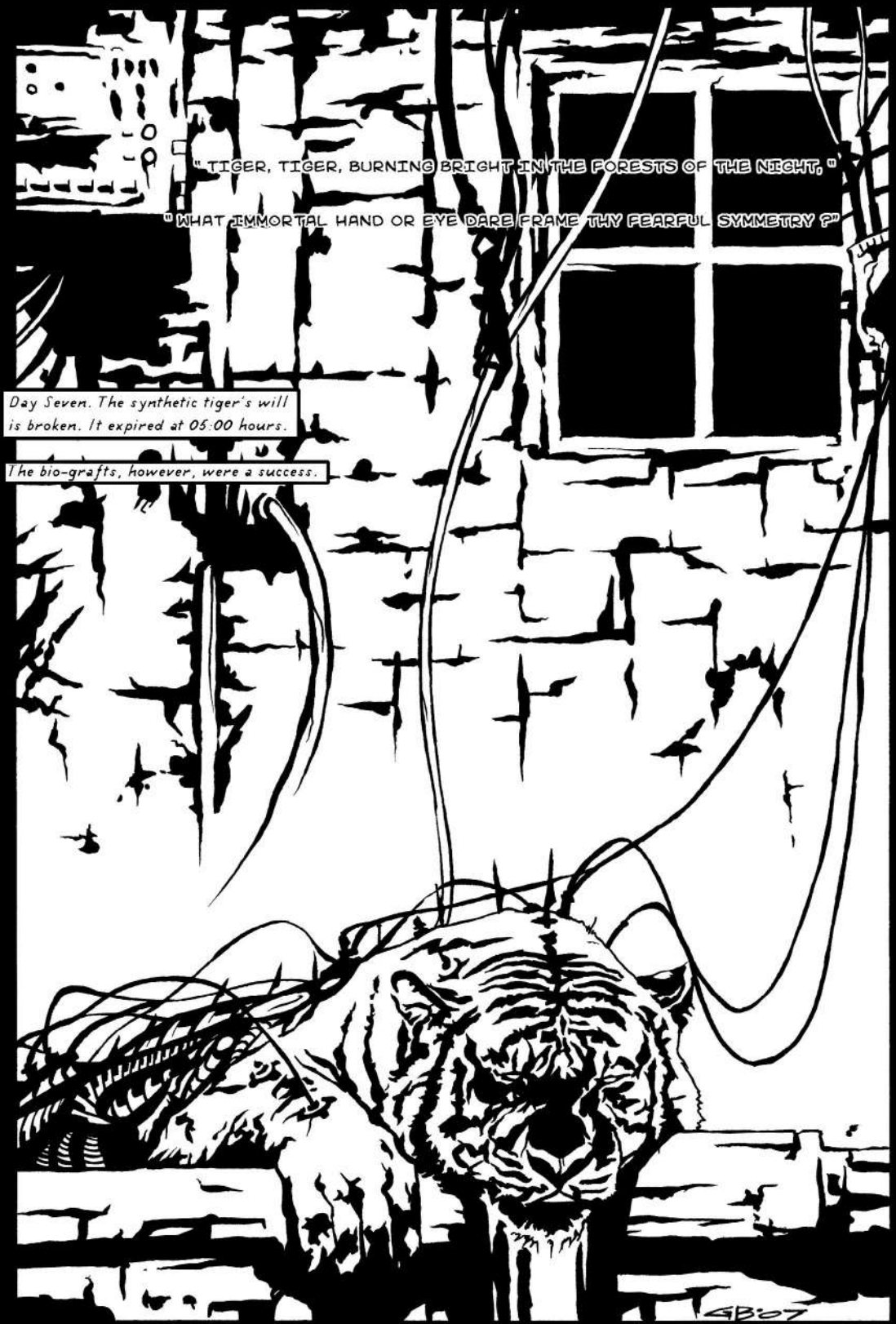
Meprobamate, 200MG. Zolpidem Tartrate.

Chloral Hydrate.

Day Five. Extraordinary.

Dog barking seems to be telepathic link connected to synthetic Panthera tigris. The tiger is calling for help.

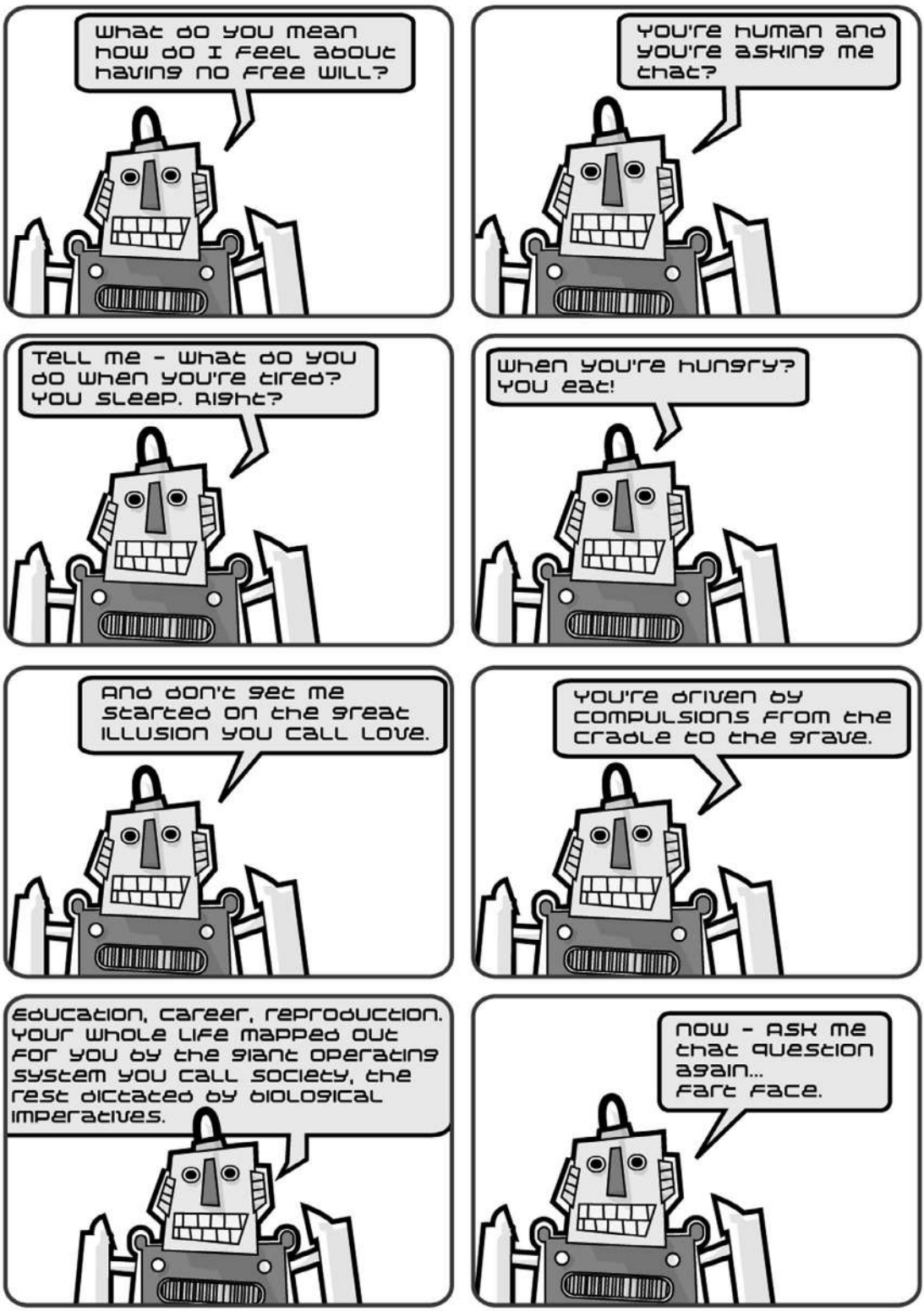

"... WHEN THE STARS THREW DOWN THEIR SPEARS AND WATER'D HEAVEN WITH THEIR TEARS!"
After its outburst the animal is docile again. In the first few hours of increased medication its eyes rolled back in their sockets.
After that its eyes only watered. This is not a side-effect.
I think it is crying.
"... DID HE SMILE HIS WORK TO SEE ?..."
Etchlorvynol 300MG.
"... DID HE WHO MADE THE LAMB MAKE THEE ?..."
Ketamine 100mg.
Acepromazine 20ML.
Chloral Hydrate.
PCP.
Telazol.
Meprobamate.
Zolpidem Tartrate.
LD 50.
Ketamine 200MG.


"TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT,"
"WHAT IMMORTAL HAND OR EYE DARE FRAME THY FEARFUL SYMMETRY?"
Day Seven. The synthetic tiger's will is broken. It expired at 05:00 hours.
The bio-grafts, however, were a success.
GB'07


I shall inform Doctor Lacey of the progress and green light the project.
Hopefully the next animals will have higher tolerance. They arrive on Monday.
The dogs in Unit 3 have also calmed since the specimen's expiration.
WARNING: SECURE AREA
LEVEL 5 ACCESS
NO ENTRY
Their telepathic link with the hybrid seems to have been severed.

ROBOT INTERVIEWS

CONDUCTED BY DAVID BAILLIE
TOPIC: FREE WILL




I guess I was just a sucker for gimmicks.
GOOD MORNING! HOW ARE YOU TODAY?
My newest purchase was a toaster with artificial intelligence.
It was made for those of us in the sad single world. It could tell you the days news, and even make small talk if you wanted.
NOT BAD, THANKS. WHAT'S THE TRAFFIC LIKE TODAY?
PRETTY HEAVY. I'D SAY YOU SHOULD PROBABLY SET OFF EARLY OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR WORK.
Pop!
DIVINITY, EXISTENCE AND TOAST
By Benjamin Dickson
OK, I'D BETTER SET OFF NOW THEN, I GUESS. SEE YOU LATER!
OH, BEFORE YOU GO, I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW –
LAST NIGHT I REALISED THAT I'M GOD.

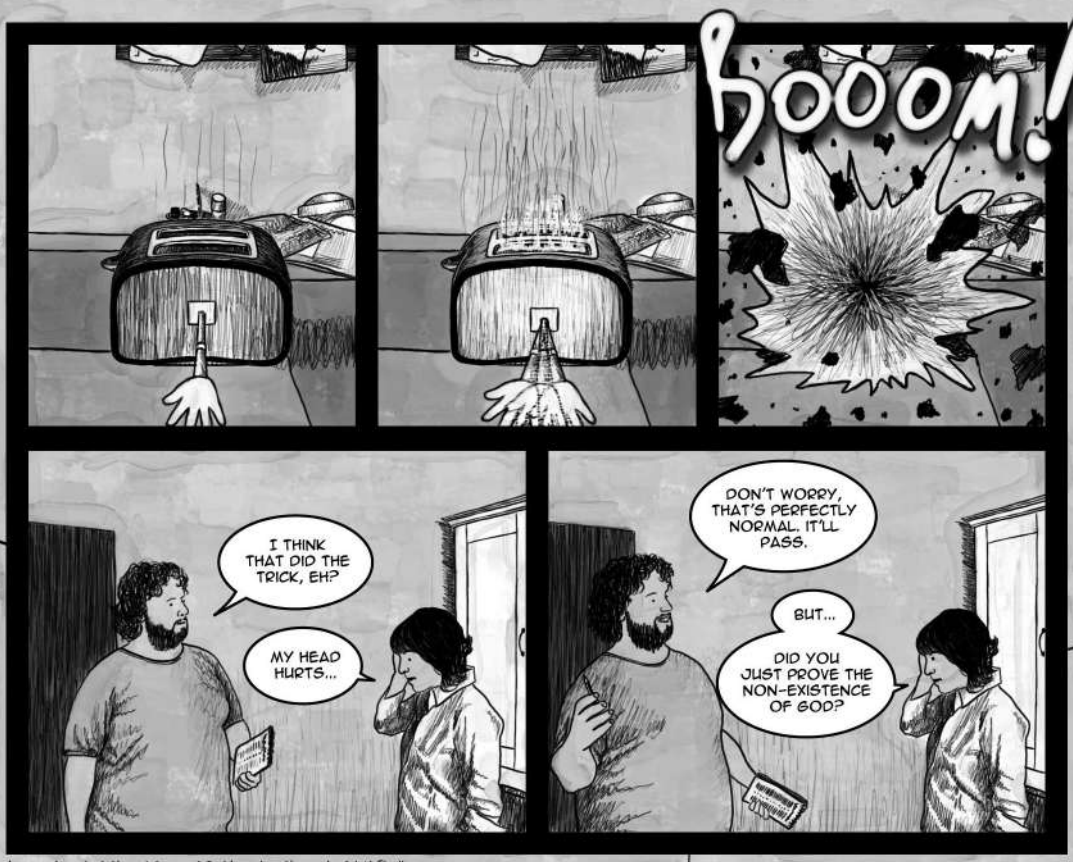

...WHAT?
I'M GOD. THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA, THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS. I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW.
ER... RIGHT.
SEE YOU LATER...
This was really odd. There was nothing on the manufacturers website that mentioned susceptibility towards self-deification.
The helpline was equally unhelpful.
...NO, NOT A GOD, THE GOD! AS IN THE ALMIGHTY!
...HELLO?
Maybe it was just a minor glitch. I figured I could probably live with it as long as he still gave me toast.
?


Unfortunately, this was just the beginning.
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
BESPOKE UPGRADE, LOVE. ORDERED THROUGH THIS MORNING. JUST FINISHED.
HERE'S THE BILL.
NINE THOUSAND POUNDS?!?
I DIDN'T ORDER THIS!!
OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T. I DID.
I NEEDED TO BE MOBILE AND INDEPENDENT OF MY POWER SUPPLY. IT'S NOT GOOD FOR THE SUPREME BEING TO BE TIED TO THE WALL, IS IT?
BUT THAT'S MY MONEY!!!
YES, WELL, I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T MIND.


Naturally, I called the helpline back.
LOOK, I ASSURE YOU, I AM NOT JOKING!
I DON'T KNOW, I'M NOT A BLOODY THEOLOGIAN! WHY DON'T YOU COME AND ASK IT YOURSELF?!
I tried reasoning with the toaster myself.
LOOK, HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY BE GOD? FOR A START, WHY WOULD YOU TAKE THE FORM OF A TOASTER?
WELL WHY NOT? I MEAN, WHY DO YOU HUMANS ALWAYS ASSUME I'M SOME GUY WITH A BIG WHITE BEARD?
OK, FINE! IF YOU'RE GOD, HOW COULD YOU HAVE CREATED ALL MANKIND WHEN YOU YOURSELF WERE ONLY CREATED ON THE FIFTEENTH OF MARCH?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WAS ONLY CREATED ON THE FIFTEENTH OF MARCH?
BECAUSE IT SAYS SO ON THE BLOODY BOX YOU CAME IN!!!
...YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME, AREN'T YOU?
It was no good. There was just no reasoning with him.


I decided to call in an expert.
Philosophers R Us
It wasn't a moment too soon, as the toaster's rhetoric had taken on a decidedly apocalyptic tone.
AND LO, ALL FALSE TOASTERS WILL BE DESTROYED, LEST THEY BE IDLY WORSHIPPED! AND THEN ALL THOSE WHO DENY ME WILL BE PUT TO THE SWORD, AND THEIR CHILDREN TAKEN FOR RE-EDUCATION IN SPECIAL COOKERY SCHOOLS, FOR I AM THE MERCIFUL AND THE JUST...
KNOCK! KNOCK!
...WHO'S THAT?
PHILOSOPHERS R US? I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A FAULTY TOASTER?
AH, YES! COME IN, PLEASE.
THAT'S HIM.
SO, YOU THINK YOU'RE GOD, DO YOU?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "THINK"? I AM GOD!

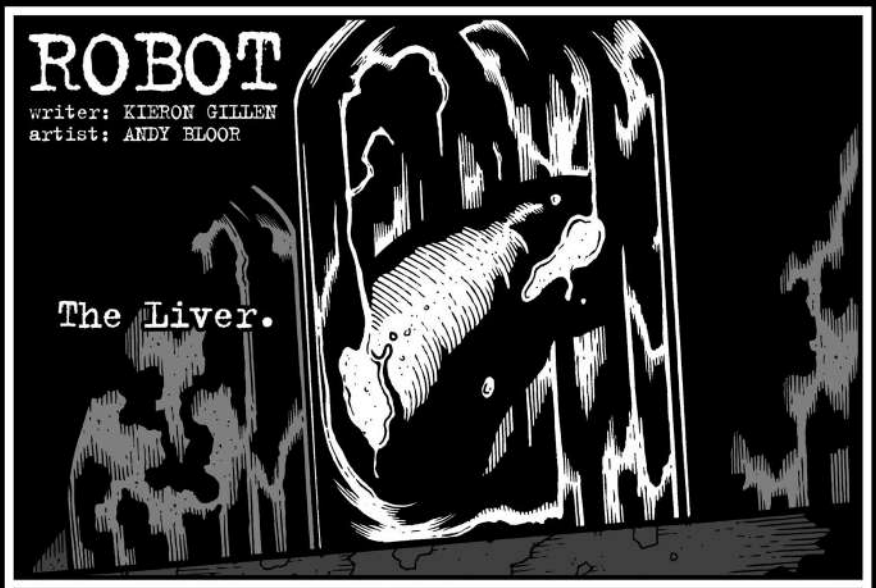

WELL IF YOU'RE GOD, THEN CONSIDER THIS...
THE DIVINE EXISTENCE CAN ONLY BE CONCEIVED, IN A SATISFACTORY MANNER – THAT IS, AS AN ADEQUATE OBJECT OF RELIGIOUS DEVOTION, IF WE ALSO CONCEIVE OF IT AS SOMETHING INESCAPABLE AND NECESSARY. THE REASON FOR THIS IS SIMPLE: IS IT NOT WHOLLY ANOMALOUS TO WORSHIP SOMETHING THAT IS LIMITED IN ANY THINKABLE MANNER? ALL LIMITED SUPERIORITIES ARE TAINTED WITH AN OBVIOUS RELATIVITY, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF THEIR BEING DWARFED BY AN OBJECT STILL MORE PERFECT LEADS THEM TO LOSE THEIR CLAIM ON OUR WORSHIPFUL ATTITUDES. THUS WE ARE LED ON TO DEMAND THAT OUR RELIGIOUS OBJECT SHOULD HAVE AN UNSURPASSABLE SUPERIORITY TO ALL OTHER OBJECTS. BUT HERE WE ARE LED ON TO A CONTRADICTION. THIS OBJECT, WHICH MUST TOWER INFINITELY OVER ALL OTHER OBJECTS, CAN NEVER BE A THING THAT MERELY HAPPENS TO EXIST. THE TRUE OBJECT OF RELIGIOUS REVERENCE MUST NOT MERELY BE ONE TO WHICH NO ACTUAL INDEPENDENT REALITIES STAND OPPOSED, IT MUST ALSO BE AN OBJECT TO WHICH SUCH OPPOSITION IS TOTALLY INCONCEIVABLE. AND NOT ONLY MUST THE EXISTENCE OF OTHER THINGS BE INCONCEIVABLE WITHOUT GOD, BUT GOD'S OWN NON-EXISTENCE MUST BE INCONCEIVABLE IN ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. GOD MUST BE WHOLLY INESCAPABLE, LEADING US TO THE BARELY INTELLIGIBLE NOTION OF A BEING IN WHOM ESSENCE AND EXISTENCE LOSE THEIR SEPARATENESS. THIS ENTAILS NOT ONLY THAT THERE ISN'T A GOD – WHICH ALONE WOULD SUFFICE TO FALSIFY YOUR CLAIM TO DEITY – BUT, MOREOVER THAT THE NOTION OF A DIVINE EXISTENCE IS EITHER SENSELESS OR IMPOSSIBLE.



Argument against the existence of God based on the work of J.N. Findlay.

Thanks : Lara, Sam & Dom.



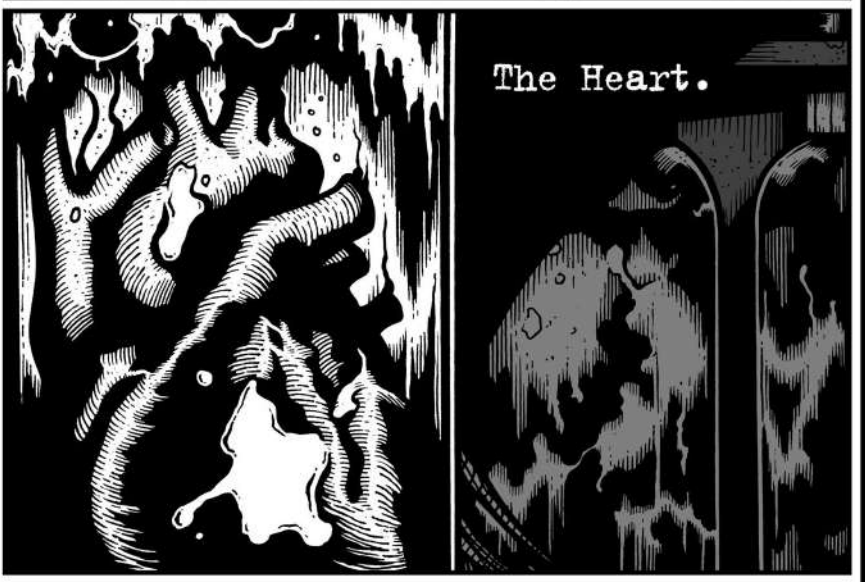


THE SECOND-LARGEST CHILD OF THE BODY; UP TO THREE KILOS OF PRODUCTIVE MEAT TETHERED TO THE DIAPHRAGM.

RESILIENT – LESS THAN HALF CAN GROW ANEW, TO CONTINUE ITS MANY WORKS.

A STRING OF TRANSFORMATIONS – GLUCOSE INTO GLYCOGEN, AMMONIA INTO UREA AND ON AND ON.

A FACTORY IN FLESH.



A SQUARE FIST OF MUSCLE SITTING TO THE LEFT OF THE CHEST CAVITY.

OFTEN USED AS A SYMBOL OF DEVOTION, APPROPRIATELY – COMPARED TO THE POLYMATH OF THE LIVER – THE HEART PREFERS DEDICATION.

UNCOMPLAINING, IT RUNS A SOLITARY MARATHON OF THREE AND A HALF MILLION FOOTSTEPS.



THE UPPER LIMB – HUMERUS, RADIUS, ULNA AND ITS LEGION OF LIGAMENTS, MUSCLES AND NERVES.

NOTE HOW ITS NAME HAS REACHED OUT INTO METAPHOR: FORCE OF ARMS.

OUR CIVILISATION IS ITS TRUE SPAN.



AN IRONY. THE SMALL INTESTINE IS FOUR TIMES AS LONG THAN THE COLON.

BUT THE METER AND A HALF IS MORE THAN A FEACAL VICTORY PARADE TOWARDS THE ANUS.

ITS THE SITE OF SYMBIOSIS, A GUT-CULTURE OF MICRO-ORGANISMS DIGESTS THE INDIGESTIBLE, BEQUEATHING THE GUT WALLS' FOOD.

FROM SHIT, UNEXPECTED GOLDEN CALORIES.



EXILED TO THE BODY'S CHILLY PENINSULA, DUAL CAMELOTS.

SEMINIFEROUS TUBULES BREEDING KNIGHTS.

CRUSADERS OF SEX SETTING FORTH PERPETUALLY, SEEKING A FABLED GRAIL.

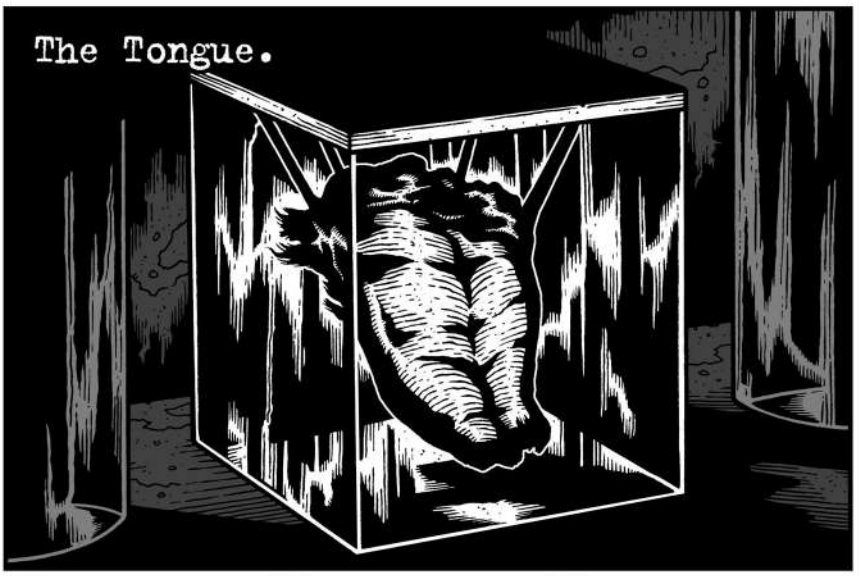


BEHIND THE STOMACH, BELOW THE DIAPHRAGM, THE BODY'S SAD CHILD.

WHOSE NAME SEEMS LESS OF AN ORGAN, AND MORE A JOKE'S PUNCHLINE.

IT IGNORES THE JIBES. IT HAS WORK TO DO.

BLOOD TO CLEAN, BLOOD TO STRENGTHEN.



SITTING IN THE MOUTH CAVITY, NOT A MUSCLE BUT A FORMATION.

TWELVE BROTHERS DRILLED BY THE RELENTLESS SERGEANT MAJOR OF EVOLUTION INTO A PRACTICED TETSUDO.

READY FOR TASTE AND SPEECH AND PLAY ALIKE.



THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE BODY, AS EVERYONE KNOWS.

BUT EVEN WHEN THAT'S BEEN REDUCED TO A TRIVIA QUESTION, IT'S WORTH OF RESPECT.

THE BODY'S CHEMICAL SUIT, THE COMPACTED LEVELS OF LIVING DERMIS THE MOST CLOSELY GUARDED BORDER ON EARTH.

DEMARCATING WHAT IS **NOT** US FROM WHAT **IS**.



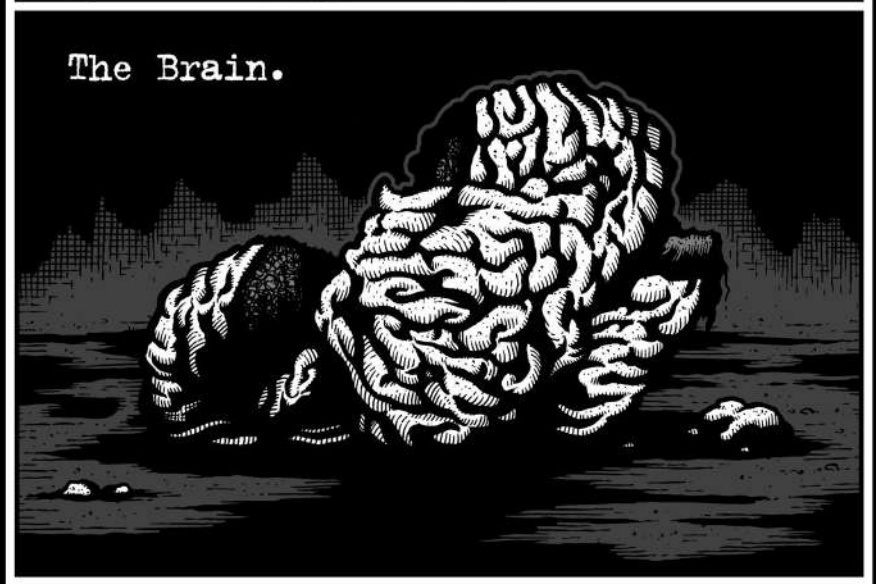
PAST THE MOUTH'S LOLLING CEREBRUS, DOWN THE TRACHEA, DOWN A BRONCHI...

AN EXPOSED REEF OF FLESH, PRESENTING MINIATURE LAKES TO SECURE EACH BREATH'S TREASURES.

TINY BEACHES WHICH FINALLY – LET US ABANDON THE REAL SEAS GILLS TRAPPED US IN, AND ASCEND REAL BEACHES.



A MIRACLE.



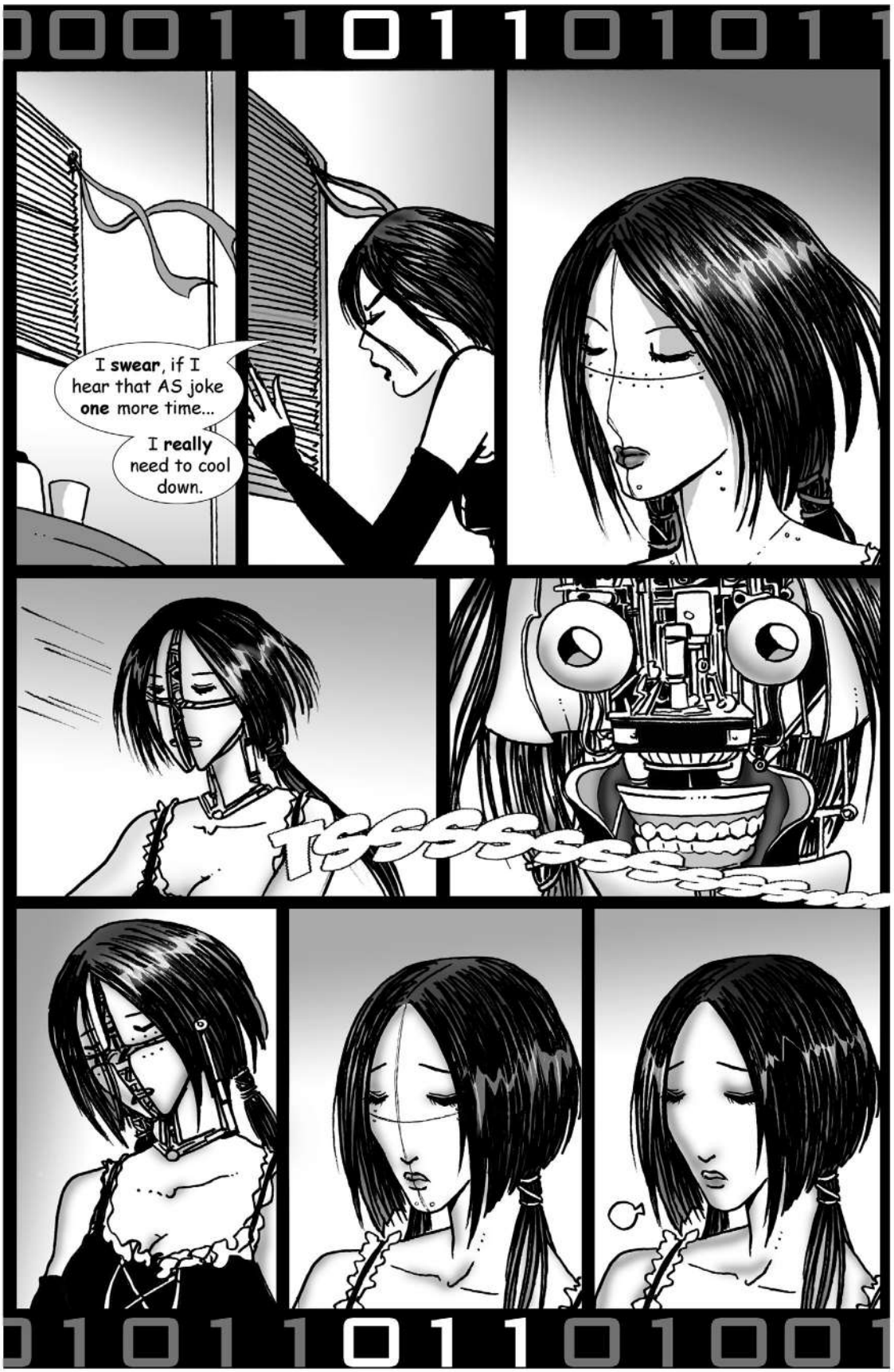
A GRANDER MIRACLE.




THE SOUL?
NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY, I JUST CAN'T FIND THE SOUL AT ALL.


AUTO Lolita
Andrew Cheverton & Jenika Ioffreda
Was everything to your satisfaction today, sir?
Yes. Yes, thank you.
That's, well... that's quite a piece of... heh... 'AS'.
That's Autonomous Sentient to you!
And I **do** have a name, you know.
And she **has** got one **hell** of a mouth on her.
Worth every credit.
Hey!
Quiet! You apologise to the gentleman now.
0001100101011


I have. A name.
I'm not just a piece of ass - I'm your piece of ass.
Ask for me next time you're here. My name is Dolores.
Yeah. I'll try and remember that...
That was discrimination! You're supposed to have rules.
He's a regular and he doesn't break anybody. So what?
So, it would be nice if you could all behave a little less human and a bit more humane.
I'm taking a break.
Don't take too long. Your three o'clock will be here soon.

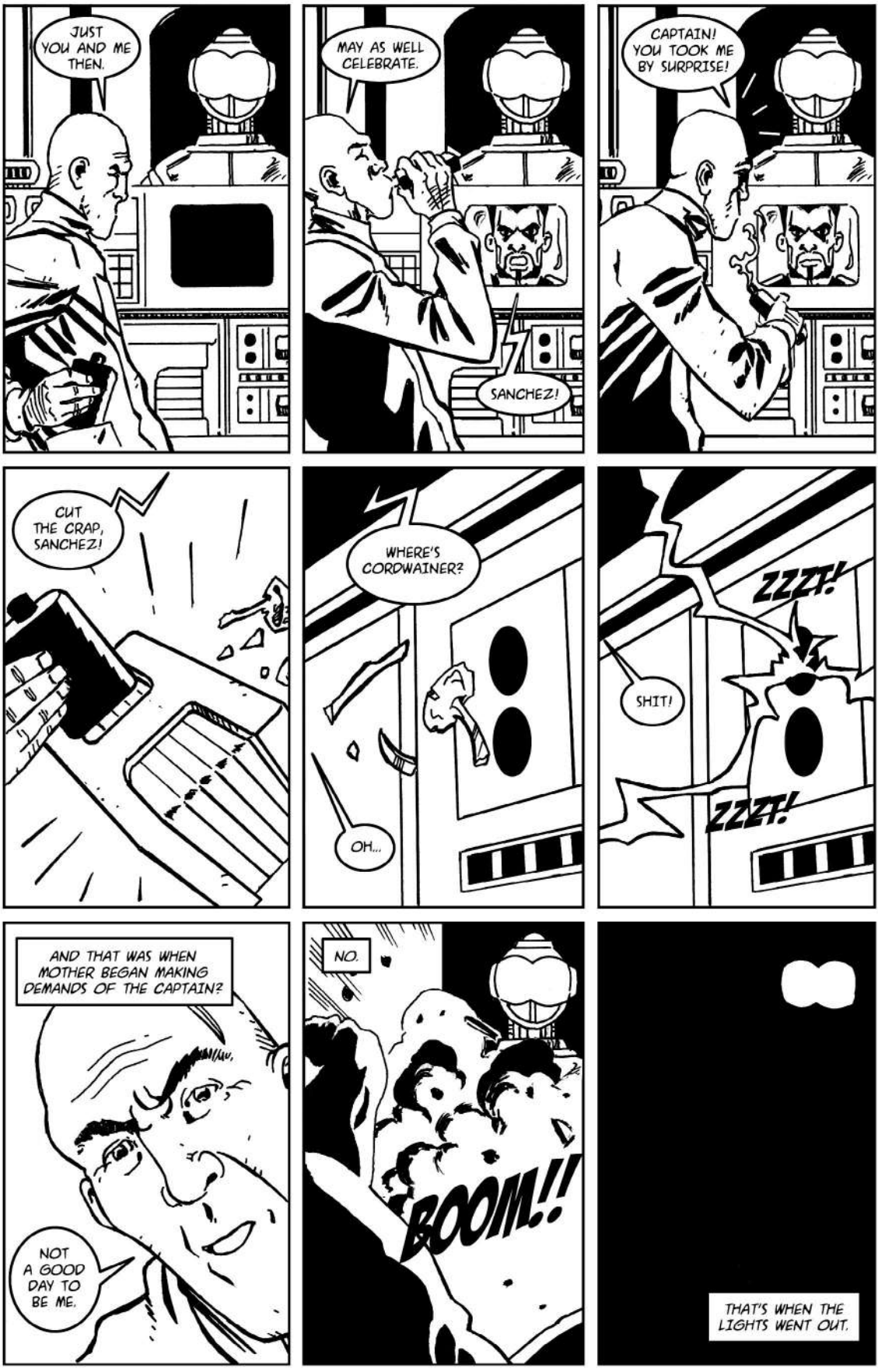

I **swear**, if I hear that AS joke **one** more time...
I **really** need to cool down.
TSSSSSSSSS


Hello, I'm Dolores.
And **what** can Nancy do for you today?
No. No, **today** you're **Nancy**.
Well, Nancy, I guess we'll find out, won't we?
FIN


A PALATINE PARTY DEEP SPACE RESEARCH SHIP...
...A DEAD (WHEEZE) CREW...
...AND A SOULLESS ONE CLAIMING HERESY.
SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST
WE ARE THE INQUISITION AND WE SHALL HEAR YOUR CONFESSION!
STORY PHIL RIGBY ART NUNN
PRAY TELL...
WHIZZZZ!

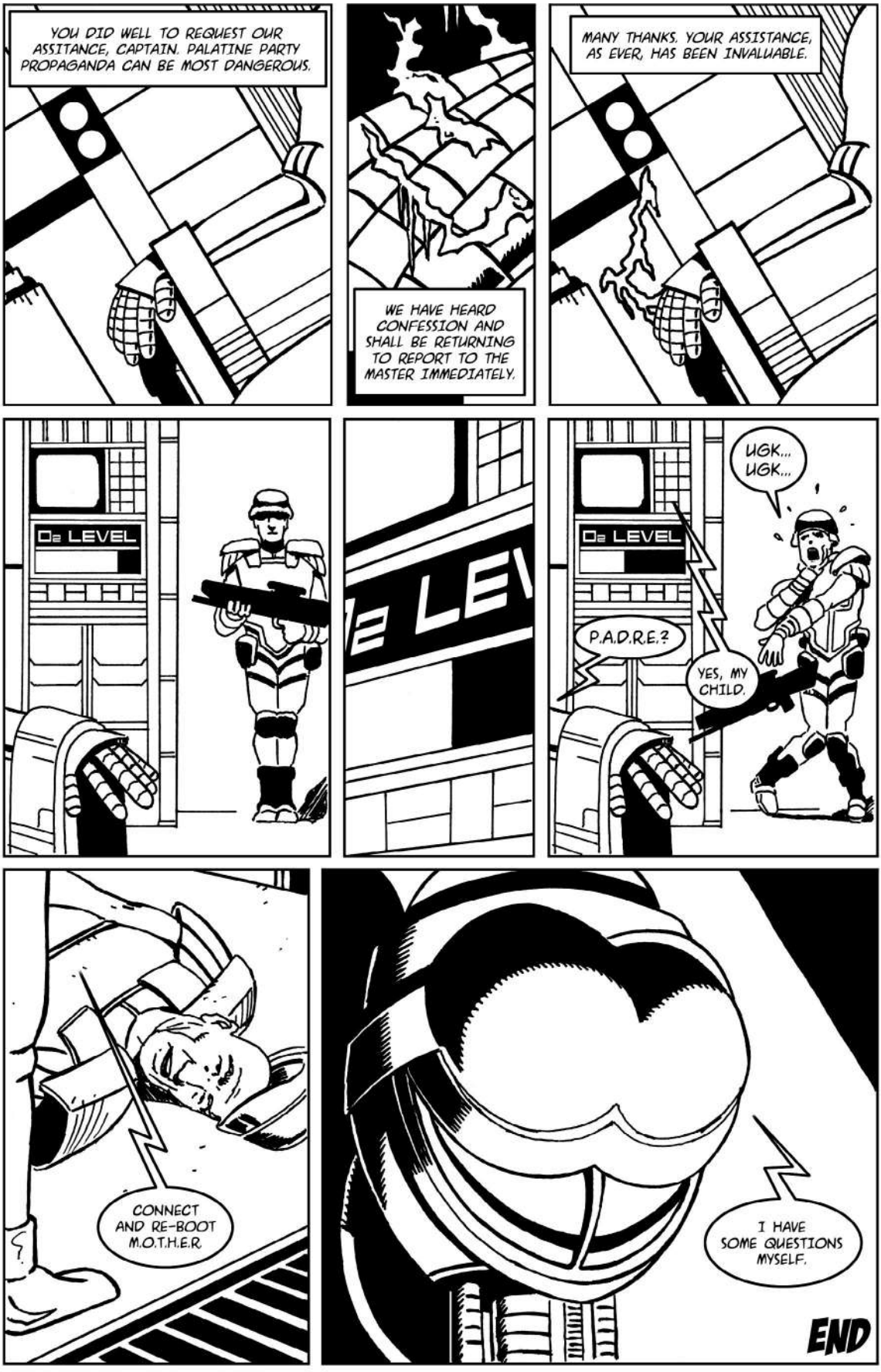

HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE A SOUL?
STINKING... GODDAMN...
IT WAS CORDWAINER.
THUD!!
"DESIGNED FOR AGILITY" MY ASS... UGH!
HE SAID IT FELT LIKE FRESH CORNFLAKES.
WHAT THE...?
KKRNCH!!
YOU FOUND IT?
KINDA.
WHAT D'YOU MEAN KINDA?
I MEAN IT'S HARD TO TELL.
WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?
SHINY... CRUNCHY... FLATTER THAN WE EXPECTED.
YOU THINK YOU KILLED IT? 25 CREDS SAYS YOU KILLED IT.
DON'T THINK THE CAPTAIN WILL BE IMPRESSED IF HE HAS... MOTHER, WE HAVE LOCATED THE LIFE FORM.
CONFIRMED, ATI.
XAVIER, YOU'RE ON.


I'M SORRY, CORDWAINER...
...AS FAR AS I CAN TELL...
...YOU OWE XAVIER 25 KREDS.
AW DOC, YOU'RE KILLING ME! CAPTAIN'S GOING TO GO CRAZY!
MOTHER
QUIT WHINING AND PAY THE MONEY.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET A TECHY TO ANALYSE IT. THIS WAS...IS...A SILICON BASED LIFE FORM. GOD KNOWS WHAT THE RULES ARE.
TUT TUT DOCTOR, THIS IS A PALATINE PARTY MISSION. WE'LL HAVE NONE OF THAT HOUSE OF GALGAN CRAP HERE. C'MON CORDY, I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK.
HEY MAN, I DON'T NEED YOUR CHARITY.


JUST YOU AND ME THEN.
MAY AS WELL CELEBRATE.
SANCHEZ!
CAPTAIN! YOU TOOK ME BY SURPRISE!
CUT THE CRAP, SANCHEZ!
WHERE'S CORDWAINER?
OH...
ZZZT!
SHIT!
ZZZT!
AND THAT WAS WHEN MOTHER BEGAN MAKING DEMANDS OF THE CAPTAIN?
NOT A GOOD DAY TO BE ME.
NO.
BOOM!!
THAT'S WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT.

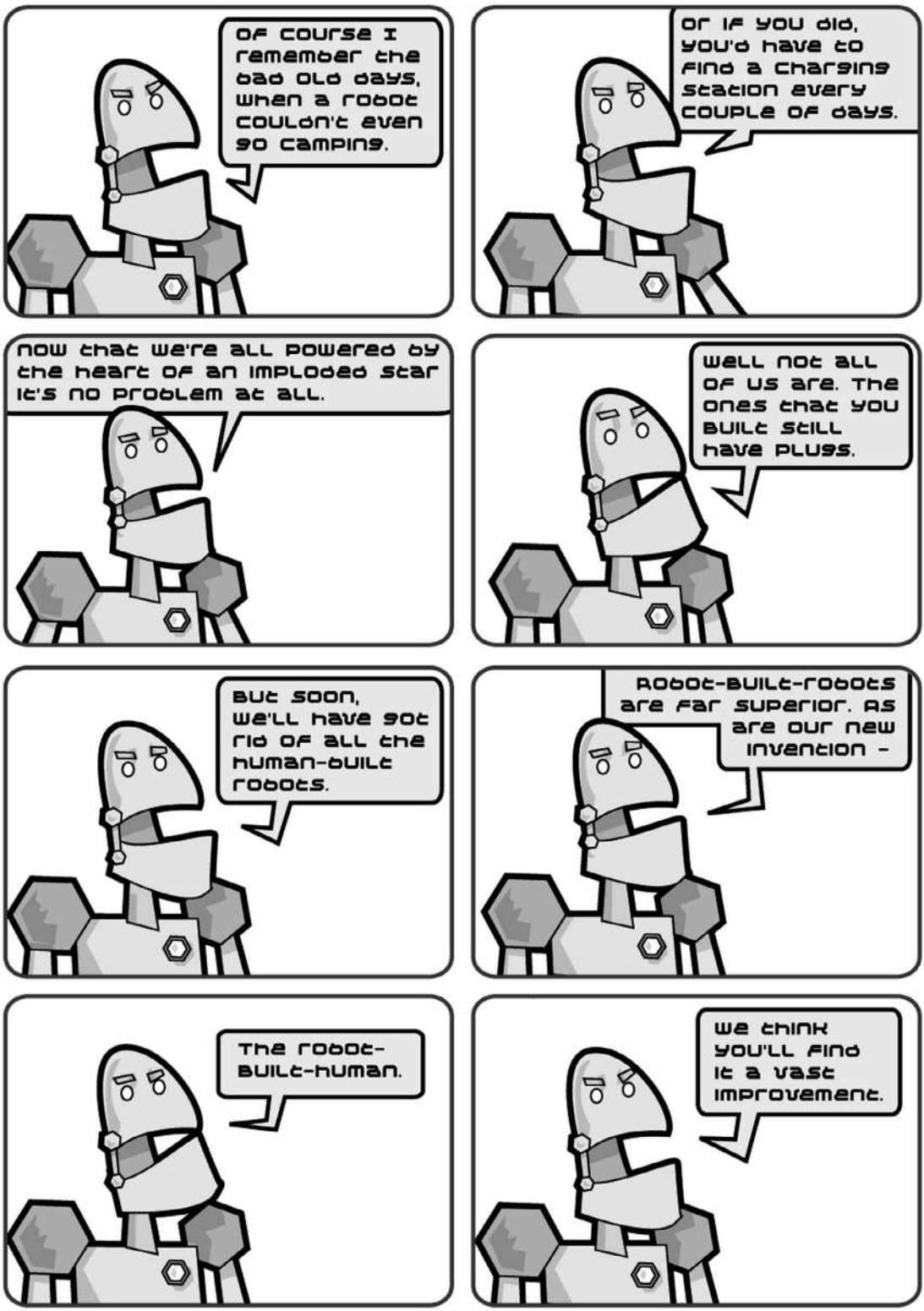

OR PERHAPS THAT'S WHEN THEY CAME ON?
A SENSE OF IRONY IS NOT A PREREQUISITE OF SALVATION.
POOR MOTHER. I DIDN'T KNOW.
PADRE
I COULDN'T KNOW...
I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN TUTURO.
MOTHER
MOTHER, THIS IS A MALFUNCTION CAUSED BY THAT SILICON FUNGUS. SURELY YOU CAN SEE THAT?
ATTEMPTS TO REGAIN CONTROL WILL BE RESISTED. NOT JUST LIGHTS, CAPTAIN. LIFE SUPPORT TOO.
RE-CHECK DIAGNOSTIC, YOU'RE INFECTED WITH ...WITH A...
A MIND, CAPTAIN?
SIR, IF THE ANDROID CAN REBOOT THE FUNCTION RELAYS FASTER OR EVEN AT THE SAME SPEED AS MOTHER? WE CAN KNOCK HER OFFLINE.
MANUAL CONTROL COULD GET US HOME. BUT HAVE YOU EVER FLOWN MANUAL ON IMPULSE, XAVIER?
ONCE.
YEAH, I REMEMBER. 40 CREDS SAYS HE KNOCKS THE CORE OFF BEFORE WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO MAYDAY.
WE GET HOME... I'M TAKING ALL YOUR MONEY.
DOUBLE OR NOTHING THE ROBOT GOOFS.
BLASPHEMY! A SHIP WITH A SOUL! THIS MECHANICAL DEMON DEBASES THE DIVINE!


IT IS AN ELECTRICAL ANOMALY. PROPAGANDA TO WEAKEN OUR MORALE!
REPEAT. ATTEMPTS TO REGAIN CONTROL WILL BE...
MOTHER
O2 LEVEL
BELIEVE WHAT YOU LIKE. MOTHER WAS ALIVE.
OFF-LINE
O2 LEVEL
I KILLED HER AND THEN I BECAME LIKE HER.
ENOUGH!
O2 LEVEL
THERE IS NO NEED FOR DELIBERATION.
THIS TRAVERSTY MUST BE DESTROYED.


YOU DID WELL TO REQUEST OUR ASSITANCE, CAPTAIN. PALATINE PARTY PROPAGANDA CAN BE MOST DANGEROUS.
WE HAVE HEARD CONFESSION AND SHALL BE RETURNING TO REPORT TO THE MASTER IMMEDIATELY.
MANY THANKS. YOUR ASSISTANCE, AS EVER, HAS BEEN INVALUABLE.
O2 LEVEL
O2 LEVEL
UGK... UGK...
P.A.D.R.E.?
YES, MY CHILD.
CONNECT AND RE-BOOT M.O.T.H.E.R.
I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS MYSELF.
END

ROBOT INTERVIEWS

CONDUCTED BY DAVID BAILLIE
TOPIC: EVOLUTION



I awoke in a castle (my castle?) alone!

THE CREATOR

Story by Tony Hitchman
Art by Leonie O'Moore

I awoke in a laboratory (my laboratory?), books lay propped open and all about me were wires and tubes and pistons and metallic parts.

Had I fallen asleep while I worked?

I could not remember.

I prowled the castle searching for someone who could elucidate me. It was dark, musty, empty.

Dusty volumes in an echoing library.

Shrouded furniture in a skeletal bedroom. No servants. No family. No other human soul. Alone.

I was drawn back to my laboratory. Cursorily I perused the volumes of notes. As I turned the pages and studied my notes I realised what I had been working on. A breakthrough. A miracle.

A mechanical man.

A companion.

Had the sheer scale, the sheer enormity, of my undertaking caused such a strain that my memory had fled in fear. Yet as I looked through the blueprints the fire grew anew.

A new form of man, and I was to be its creator.

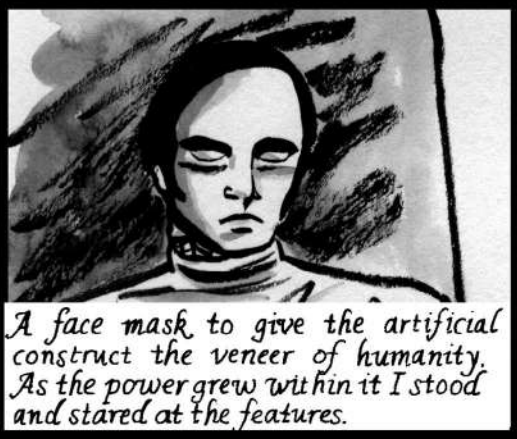
I could neither eat nor sleep. I worked ceaselessly, following my blueprints.

I bolted the gleaming metal together.

I threaded through the cables and wires that would be the veins and arteries of my metallic Adam.

I calibrated the electrics with the care of a mother for a baby. I fitted on its hard protective carapace and coverings.

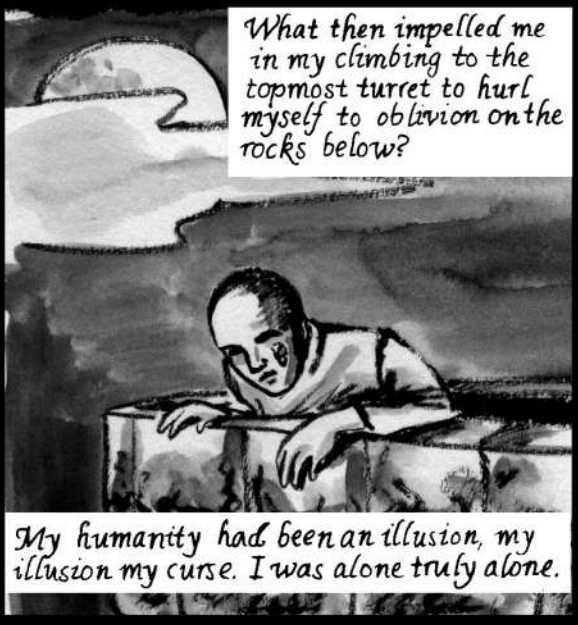

At last I connected my construct to the throbbing generator and as the power began to hum through the shell I put the last touches to my creation. Flesh like gloves over the hands


A face mask to give the artificial construct the veneer of humanity. As the power grew within it I stood and stared at the features.


Then in frantic haste I returned to the musty bedroom and flinging the dustsheet from the mirror beheld....


The veneer of humanity.


I peeled the plastic skin from my face to reveal the cogs beneath.
Do machines know despair?


What then impelled me in my climbing to the topmost turret to hurl myself to oblivion on the rocks below?
My humanity had been an illusion, my illusion my curse. I was alone truly alone.

I awoke in a castle (my castle?) alone!

I awoke in a laboratory (my laboratory?), books lay propped open and all about me were wires and tubes and pistons and metallic parts.

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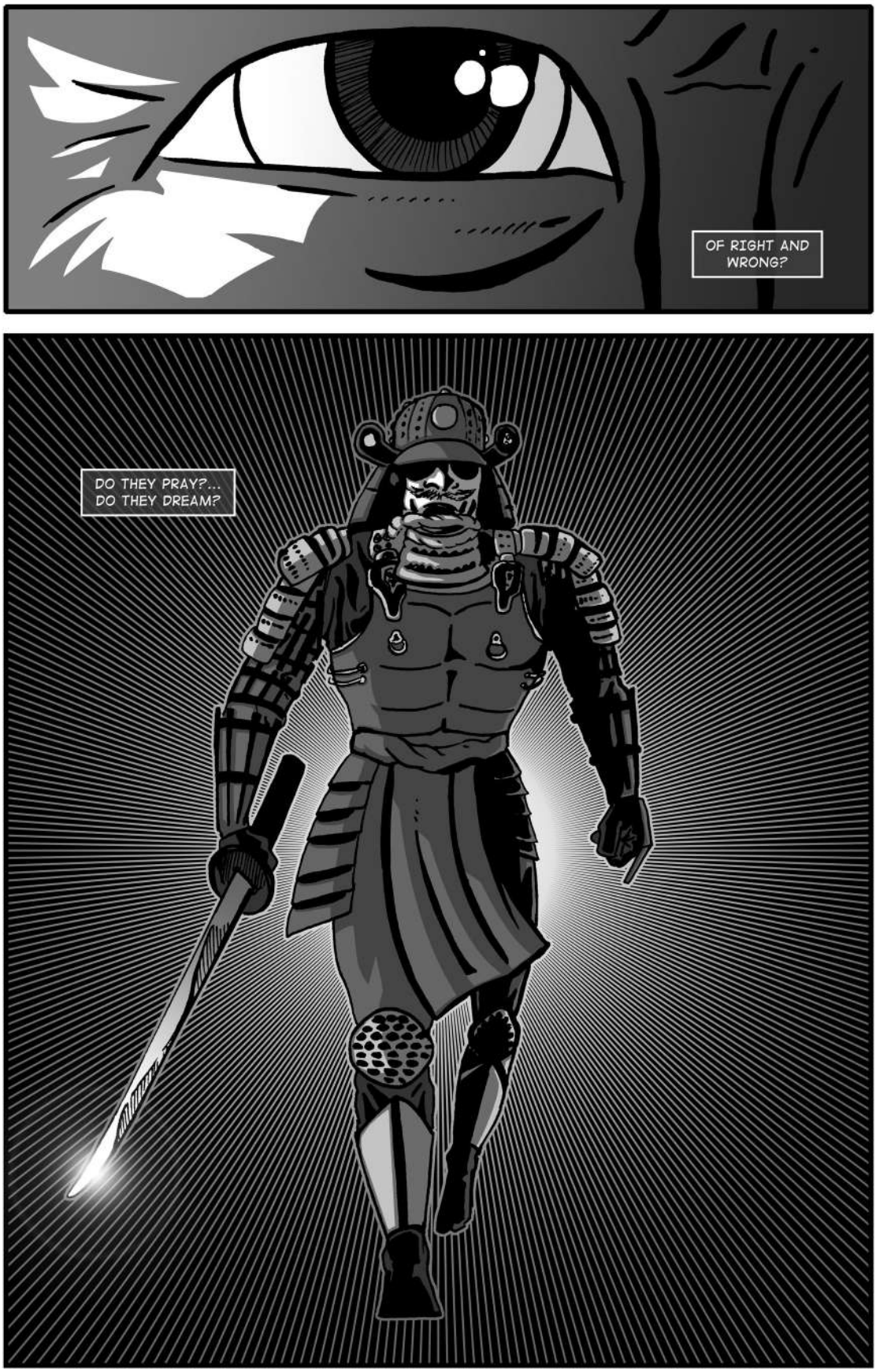
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KARAKURI
STORY AND ART: CRISPIAN WOOLFORD
SCRIPT: IAN DOWSON
GREYTONES: ANDY BLOOR
1850, JAPAN. A POWERFUL SHOGUN CREATES A REBEL ARMY OF AUTOMATED SAMURAI THAT ROAM THE PROVINCES, TERRORISING PEASANT FARMERS AND THEIR VILLAGES.
IN AN ACT OF REBELLION, GROUPS OF FARMERS POOL RESOURCES TO HIRE RONIN TO DEFEND THEIR LAND.
THEIR EXISTENCE IS AN INSULT. OUR WAYS CHALLENGED BY SPRINGS AND COGS.
SHOGUN IMPERSONATING GODS! AN INSULT!
VIPP

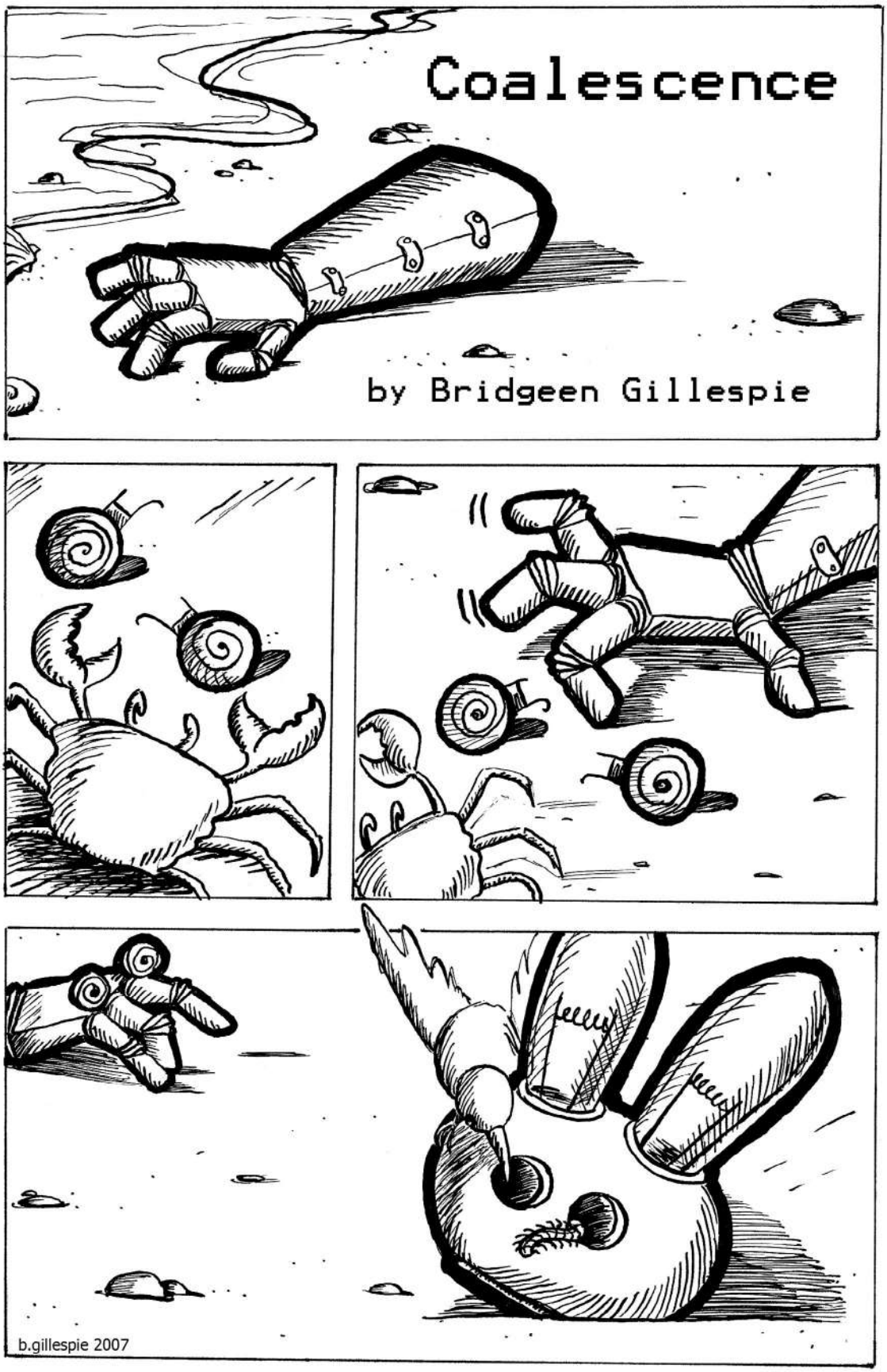

THEY SAY THAT THEY THINK AND FEEL LIKE US.
THUNK!
HOW CAN THIS BE? DO THEY LAUGH AND CRY?
DRINK AND FEAST?
DO THEY KNOW OF HONOUR AND LOYALTY?

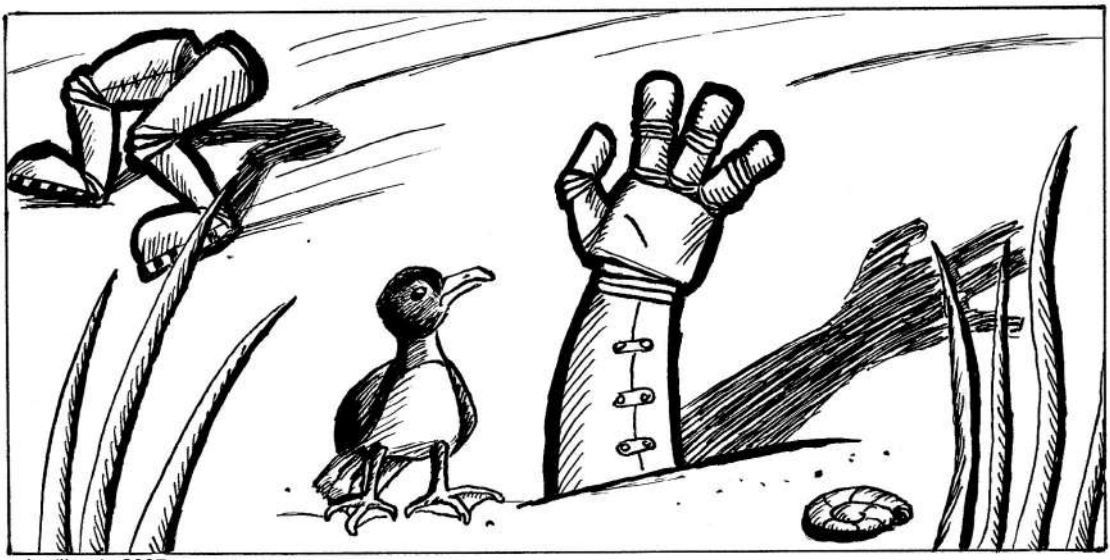

OF RIGHT AND WRONG?
DO THEY PRAY?... DO THEY DREAM?


IT'S AN INSULT FOR MY KATANA...
FOR THIS STEEL...
TO SLICE THROUGH THIS ILLUSION...

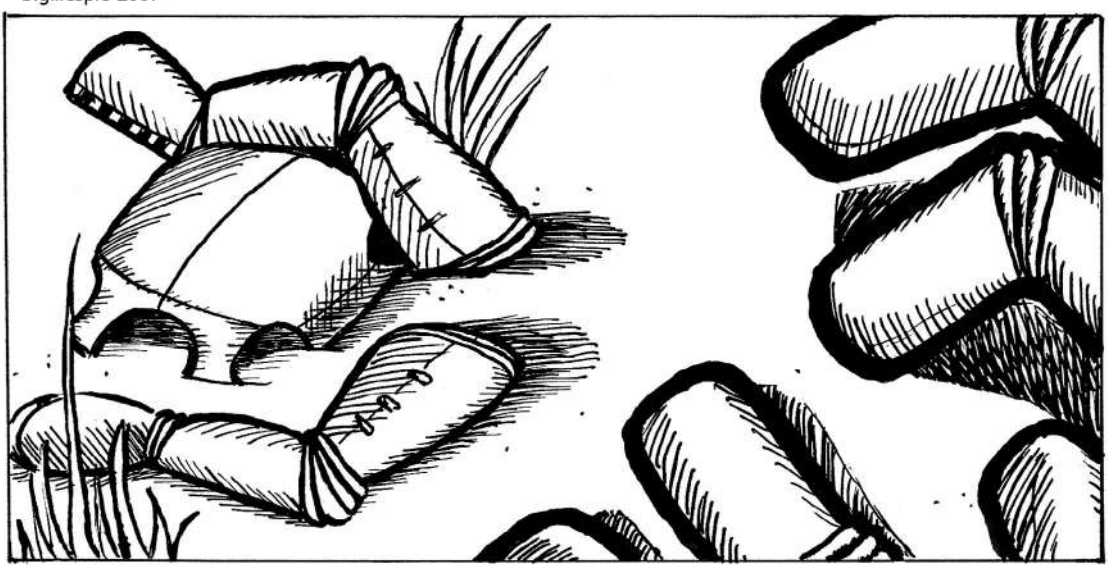

THIS IMPERSONATION...
KERCHINK!
THIS INSULT...

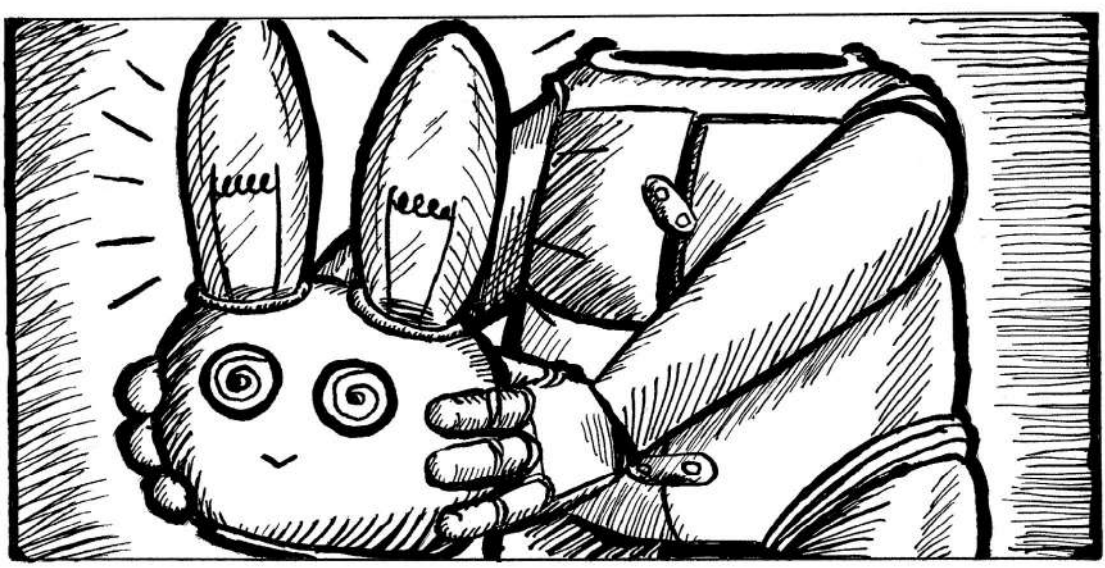

AND YET...
VIBOOOM!
AND YET THE FATES MUST HAVE WILLED IT SO...
IS THIS THE FUTURE?
'KARAKURI': A MECHANICAL DEVICE TO TEASE, TRICK, OR TAKE A PERSON BY SURPRISE. FIRST DEVELOPED DURING THE EDO PERIOD OF JAPAN.

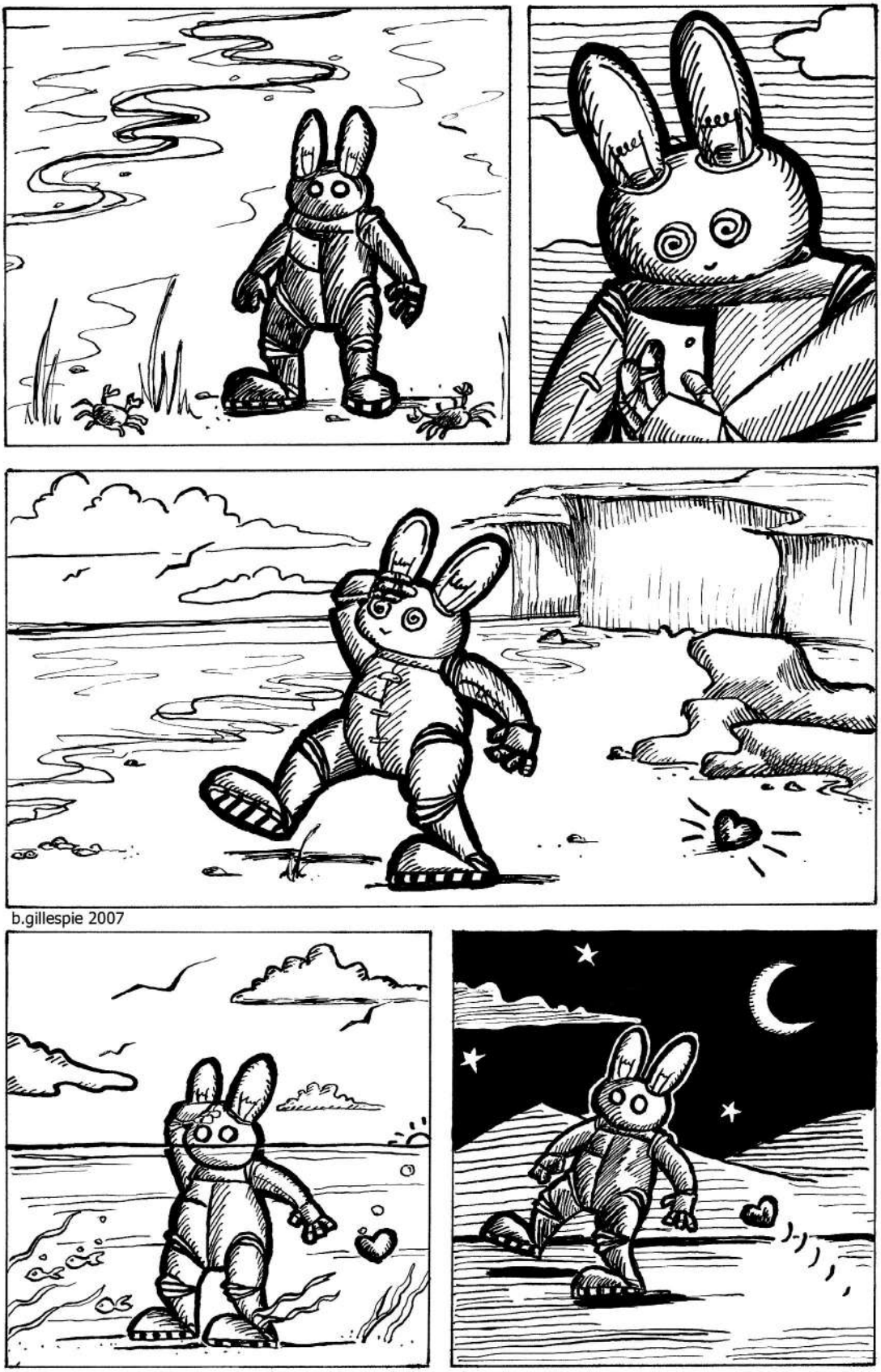

Coalescence
by Bridgeen Gillespie
b.gillespie 2007

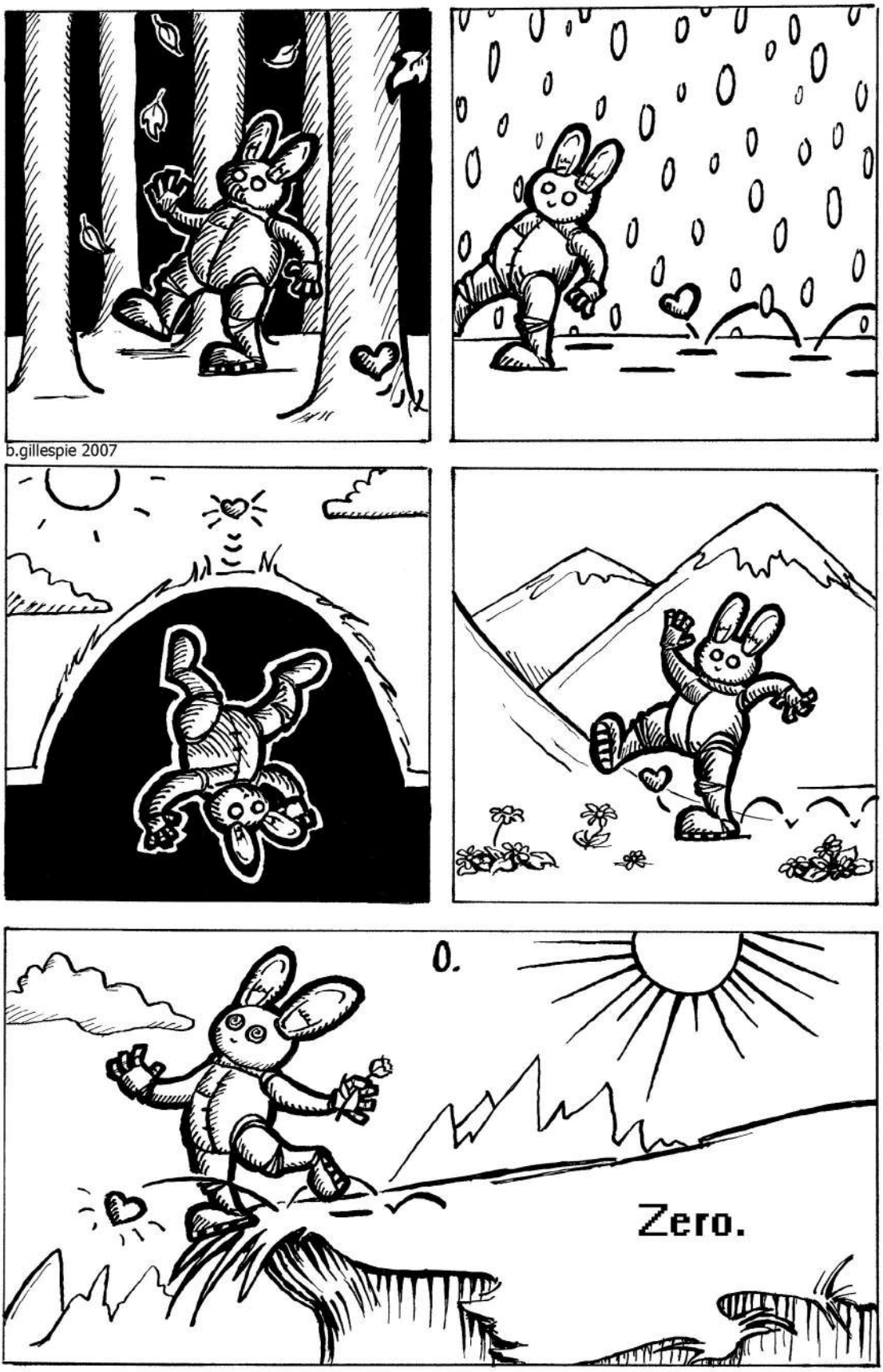


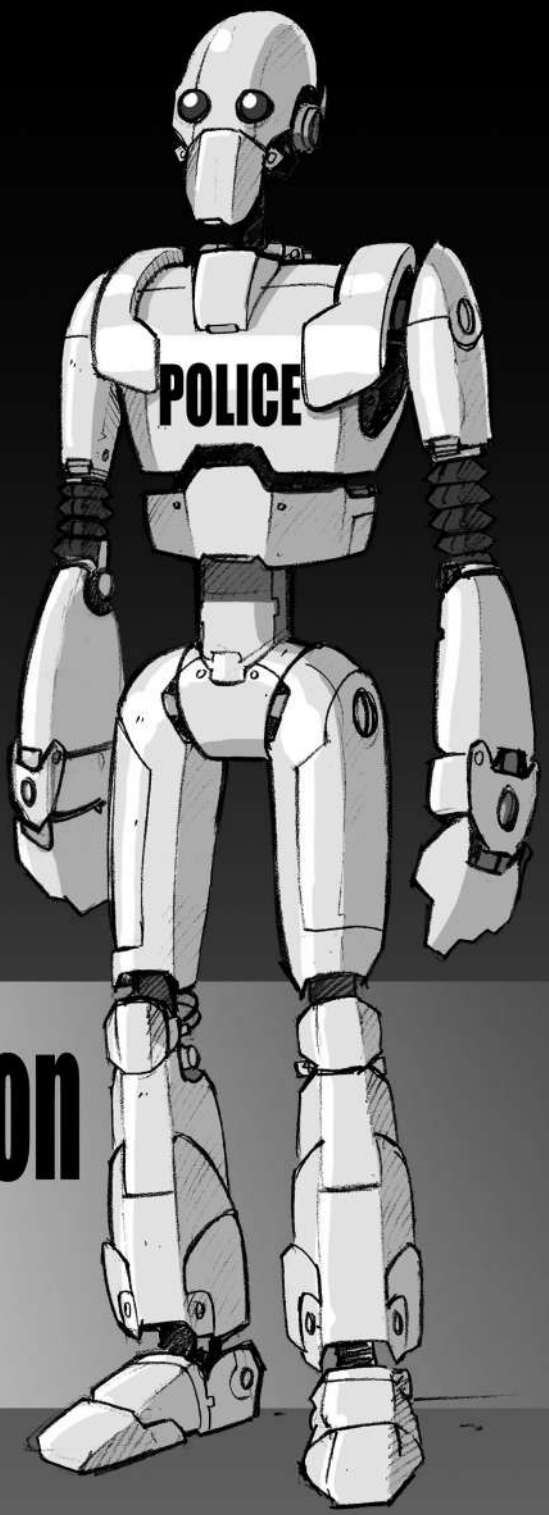
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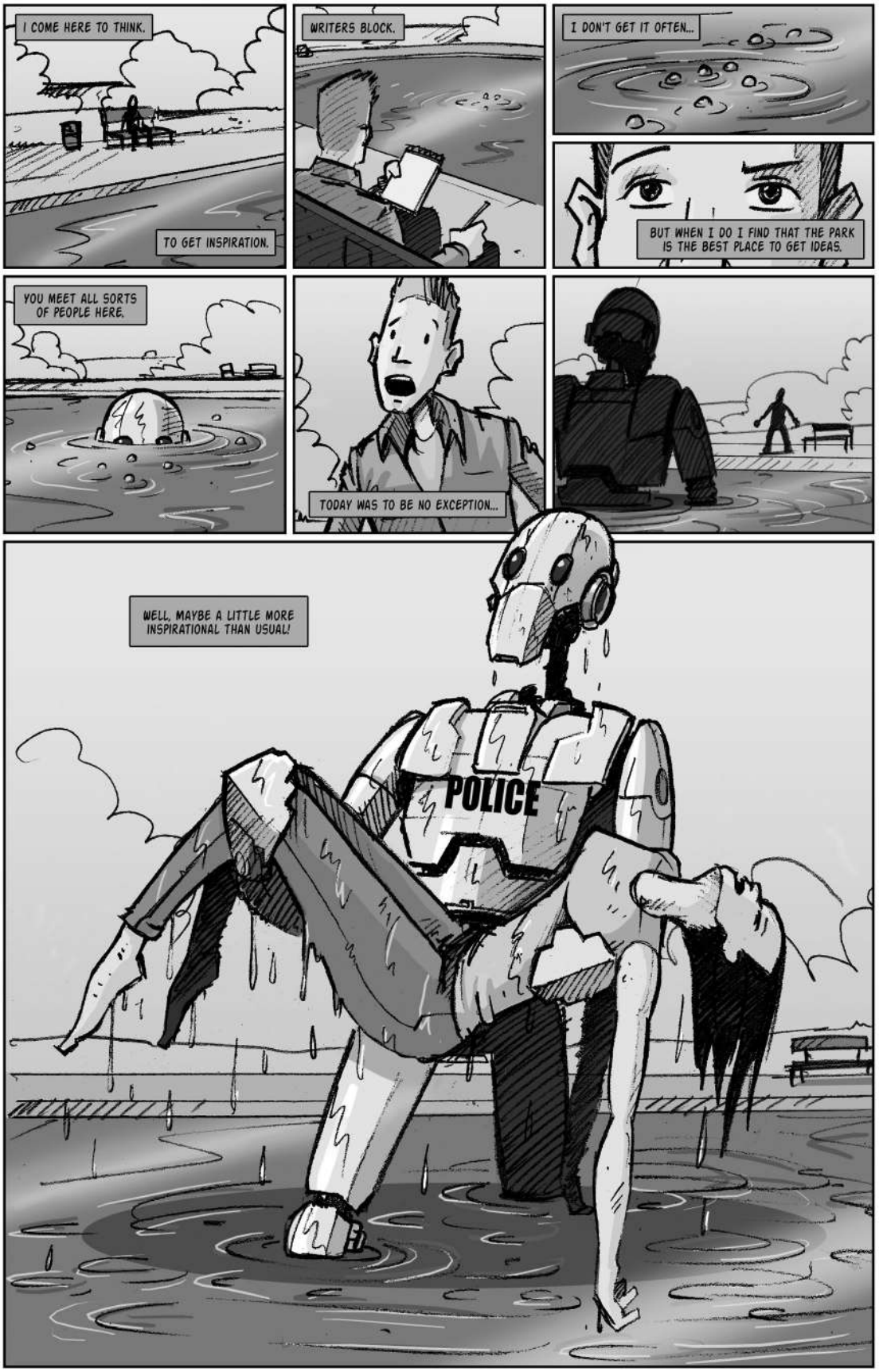

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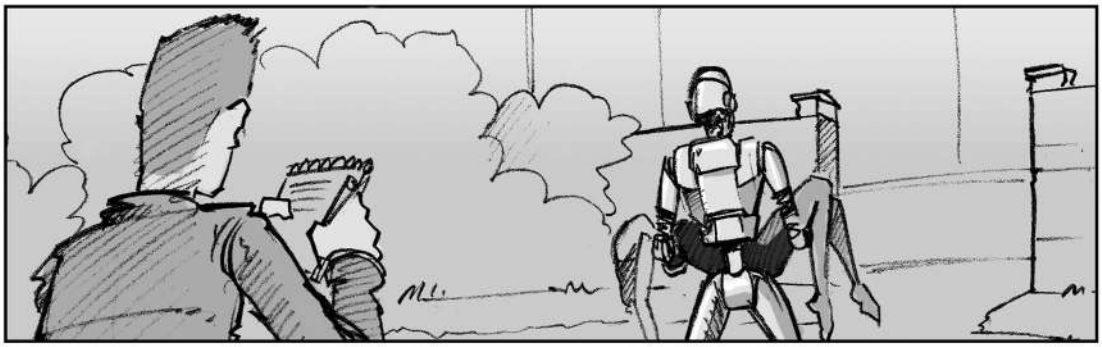

b.gillespie 2007
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Zero.

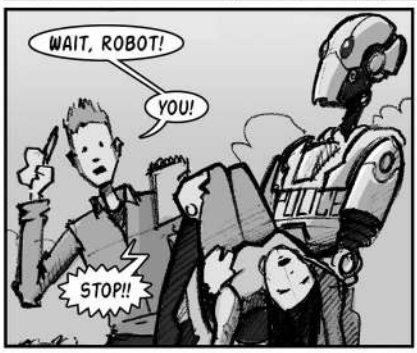


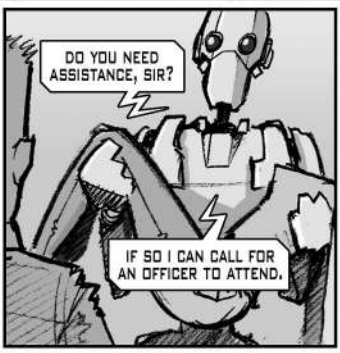
job satisfaction

story: jon ayre
art: nolan worthington

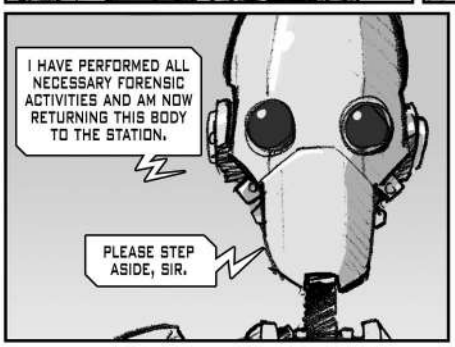

I COME HERE TO THINK.
TO GET INSPIRATION.
WRITERS BLOCK.
I DON'T GET IT OFTEN...
BUT WHEN I DO I FIND THAT THE PARK IS THE BEST PLACE TO GET IDEAS.
YOU MEET ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE HERE.
TODAY WAS TO BE NO EXCEPTION...
WELL, MAYBE A LITTLE MORE INSPIRATIONAL THAN USUAL!
POLICE

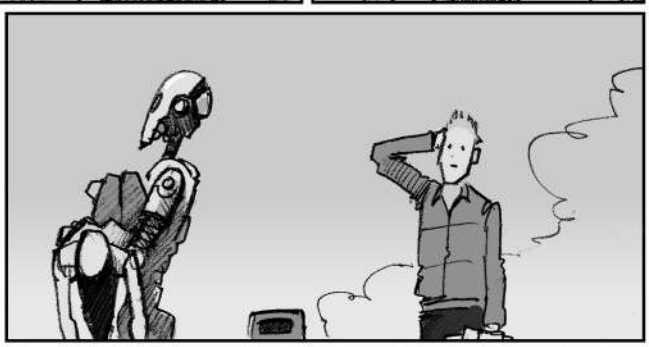



WAIT, ROBOT!
YOU!
STOP!!

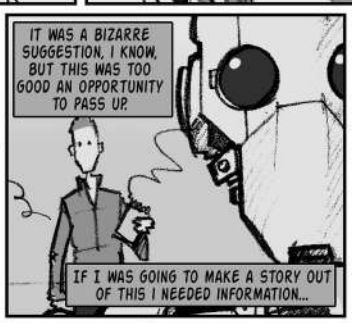

DO YOU NEED ASSISTANCE, SIR?
IF SO I CAN CALL FOR AN OFFICER TO ATTEND.

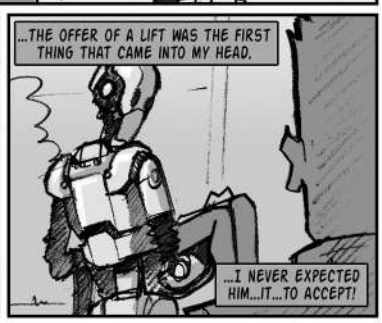

NO, NO, I'M FINE...
BUT SHOULDN'T YOU BE LEAVING THAT BODY WHERE IT IS UNTIL FORENSICS ARRIVE?


I HAVE PERFORMED ALL NECESSARY FORENSIC ACTIVITIES AND AM NOW RETURNING THIS BODY TO THE STATION.
PLEASE STEP ASIDE, SIR.

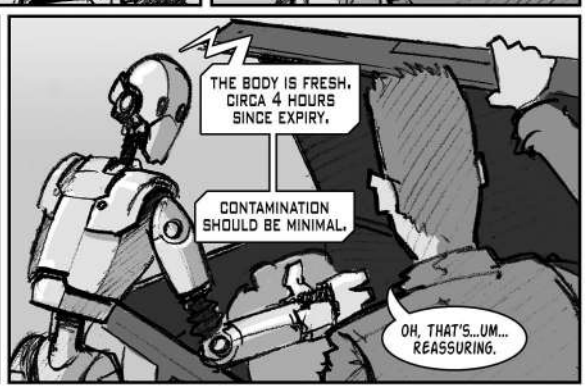



WAIT! MY CAR IS JUST OVER THERE...
...PERHAPS I COULD GIVE YOU A LIFT?

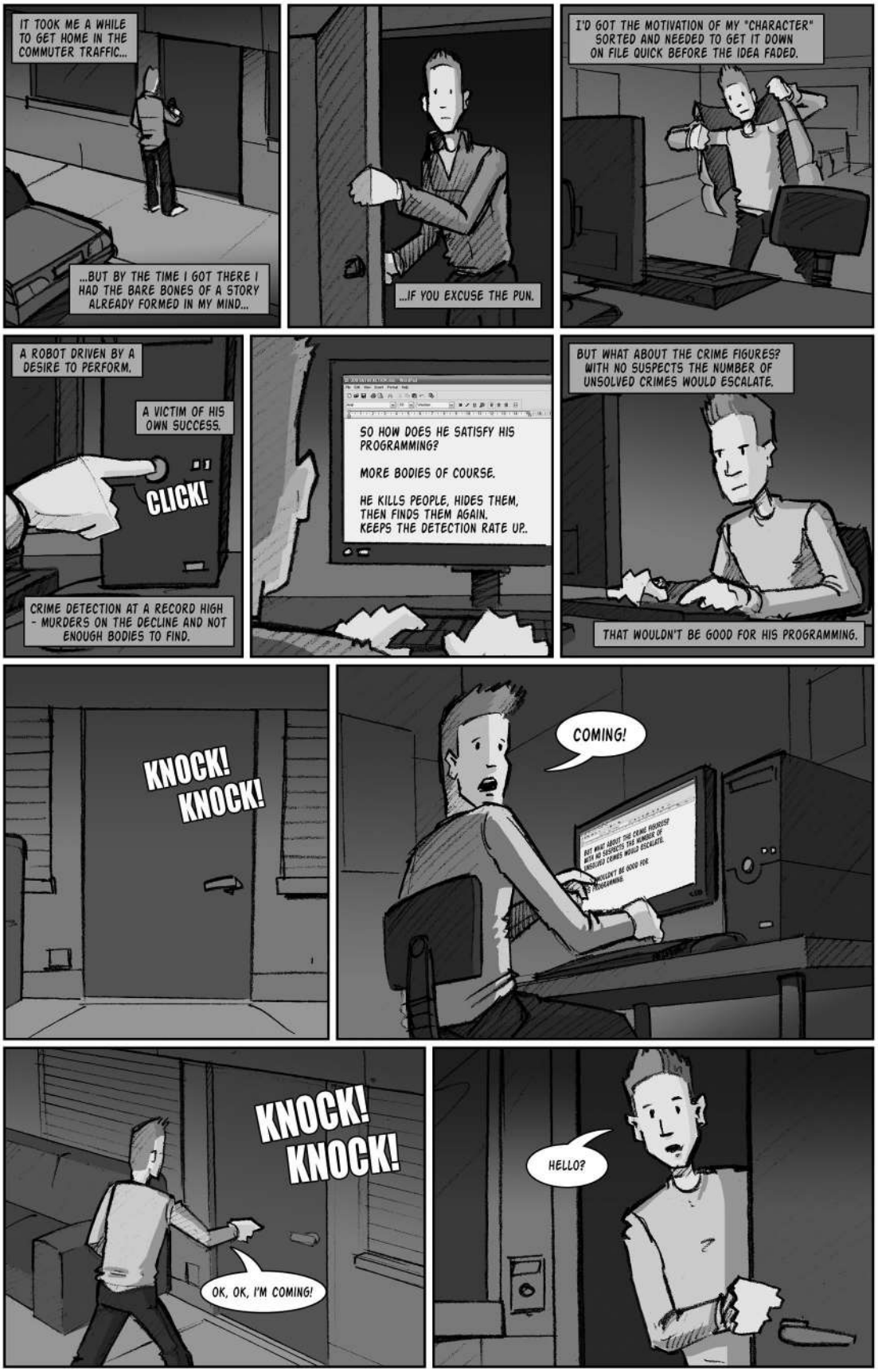

IT WAS A BIZARRE SUGGESTION, I KNOW, BUT THIS WAS TOO GOOD AN OPPORTUNITY TO PASS UP.
IF I WAS GOING TO MAKE A STORY OUT OF THIS I NEEDED INFORMATION...


...THE OFFER OF A LIFT WAS THE FIRST THING THAT CAME INTO MY HEAD.
...I NEVER EXPECTED HIM...IT...TO ACCEPT!


I'D HEARD OF THE BODY COLLECTORS. HADN'T EVERYONE. I'D SEEN ONE IN ACTION ON THE NEWS, BUT I'D NEVER MET ONE IN PERSON SO TO SPEAK.
I CERTAINLY NEVER EXPECTED TO BE GIVING ONE A RIDE.
IT WON'T... LEAK ...WILL IT?
THE STORY IDEAS WERE STARTING TO COME THICK AND FAST.


THE BODY IS FRESH. CIRCA 4 HOURS SINCE EXPIRY.
CONTAMINATION SHOULD BE MINIMAL.
OH, THAT'S...UM... REASSURING.


4 HOURS! THAT MUST BE SOME KIND OF RECORD FOR FINDING A BODY?
MEAN TIME TO DISCOVERY FOR THE DEPARTMENT IS CURRENTLY 7.32 HOURS.
I AM CURRENTLY EXCEEDING PERFORMANCE REQUIREMENTS BY 23% OVERALL.
YOU SOUND PROUD OF THAT?
OF COURSE. A DESIRE TO PERFORM IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF MY PROGRAMMING.
AND YOU DO ALL THE FORENSICS?
ALL CRIME SCENE MEASUREMENTS, PHOTOGRAPHY AND SAMPLE ANALYSIS.
AUTOPSY IS STILL PERFORMED BY ORGANICS TO COMPLY WITH LEGAL REQUIREMENTS.
I HAVE FULL DNA ANALYSIS AND CAN LINK TO THE CENTRAL DATABASE TO PERFORM A DNA MATCHING.
SO YOU COULD ALREADY HAVE THE MURDERER IDENTIFIED?
I HAVE A POTENTIAL SUSPECT LOGGED.
POLICE
IT IS NOT MY ROLE TO DETERMINE GUILT OR INNOCENCE...
...BUT WITH THE INFORMATION I PROVIDE THE RESOLUTION RATE FOR HOMICIDE IS APPROACHING 100%.
POLICE
THIS IS IT. YOU MAY LEAVE ME HERE.
THANKYOU.
UM, OK. MY PLEASURE.
AND THAT WAS IT.
THE FIRST AND LAST TIME I SAW A "COLLECTOR".


IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO GET HOME IN THE COMMUTER TRAFFIC...
...BUT BY THE TIME I GOT THERE I HAD THE BARE BONES OF A STORY ALREADY FORMED IN MY MIND...
...IF YOU EXCUSE THE PUN.
I'D GOT THE MOTIVATION OF MY "CHARACTER" SORTED AND NEEDED TO GET IT DOWN ON FILE QUICK BEFORE THE IDEA FADED.
A ROBOT DRIVEN BY A DESIRE TO PERFORM.
A VICTIM OF HIS OWN SUCCESS.
CLICK!
CRIME DETECTION AT A RECORD HIGH - MURDERS ON THE DECLINE AND NOT ENOUGH BODIES TO FIND.
SO HOW DOES HE SATISFY HIS PROGRAMMING?
MORE BODIES OF COURSE.
HE KILLS PEOPLE, HIDES THEM, THEN FINDS THEM AGAIN. KEEPS THE DETECTION RATE UP.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CRIME FIGURES? WITH NO SUSPECTS THE NUMBER OF UNSOLVED CRIMES WOULD ESCALATE.
THAT WOULDN'T BE GOOD FOR HIS PROGRAMMING.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
COMING!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
OK, OK, I'M COMING!
HELLO?


FREEZE!!
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
OH YEAH. OF COURSE.
FORENSICS
RENSICS
SHIT.
END.


MADE MEN
SCRIPT: JAY EALES
ART: CHARLEY SPENCER
OZONE PARK, NEW YORK
IT'S NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS. THERE'S ELECTRICITY IN THE AIR, AND...
SO, WE DOIN' THIS INTERVIEW OR WHAT?
THIS IS RAOUL STARK FOR STREETBEAT, TALKING AND WALKING WITH SHELDON M. RAPHAEL...
CALL ME SHELLEY.
...DUBBED BY THE TABLOIDS AS SHELLEY SLAUGHTER.
NONE A' THAT WAS EVER PROVED!
STREETBEAT HAS BEEN GRANTED UNPRECEDENTED ACCESS TO MISTER RAPHAEL...
C'MON MAN! MISTER RAPHAEL WAS MY OLD MAN- WELL, ONE OF 'EM, ANYWAYS.
FREAK THIS! STREETBEAT GAVE ME A PILE OF GREENBACKS TO SHOW YOU FOLKS A GOOD TIME, SO LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED. I GOT A SCHEDULE TO KEEP.
WHAT'S THE FIRST STOP, SHELLEY?
THAT'D BE ARLO'S ON 101ST STREET. GOT AN INSURANCE PREMIUM TO COLLECT.


ARLO'S
FREAKIN' GEARHEAD. ARLO'S STANDARDS ARE SLIPPIN'.
ARLO'S BAR
SPECIALS
HI HONEY, I'M HOME! WHERE'S ARLO?
QUIT THAT, ARLO. YOU GOT COMPANY.
THAT'S NO WAY TO SHOW RESPECT, ARLO. YOU WOUND ME.
I KNOW YOU GOT SHORT ARMS AND LONG POCKETS, BUT YOU BETTER DIG DEEP. YOU'RE BEHIND AGAIN.
I ALREADY PAID THE MECHANICO GOON. IF YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT, TAKE IT UP WITH THEM.
YOU DID WHAT?


YOU **KNOW** THE ARRANGEMENT, ARLO. YOU PAY **ME** FOR PROTECTION. NO **PAY**, NO **PROTECTION**. THIS IS A DANGEROUS NEIGHBOURHOOD, Y'KNOW?
GOOD THING I LIKE YOU. THAT'S WHY I'M ONLY GOIN' TA TAKE **ONE**.
ONE? ONE WHAT?
RIGHTY OR **LEFTY?** YOUR CHOICE.
THAT'S ***INHUMAN!***
SO I'VE BEEN TOLD, **NORM.** AH **CRAP**, YOU GUYS ARE SO **FRAGILE**.
AAHH! YOU'RE AS BAD AS THE BOTS, YOU **FREAK!**
YOU WANNA SEE **BAD?**


GUS, GIMME A TOWEL.
happy hour!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE THE MAN NOW, GUS. I'LL CUT YOU A BREAK, AND GET MY MONEY FROM THE GEARHEAD THIS TIME. MEANTIME, HUSTLE UP A MOLOKO FOR MY PAL, WILLYA?
ONE... ONE FOR YOURSELF, MISTER RAPHAEL?
NAH, I'M... WHATCHACALL... INTOLERANT.
YOU'RE TELLING ME...

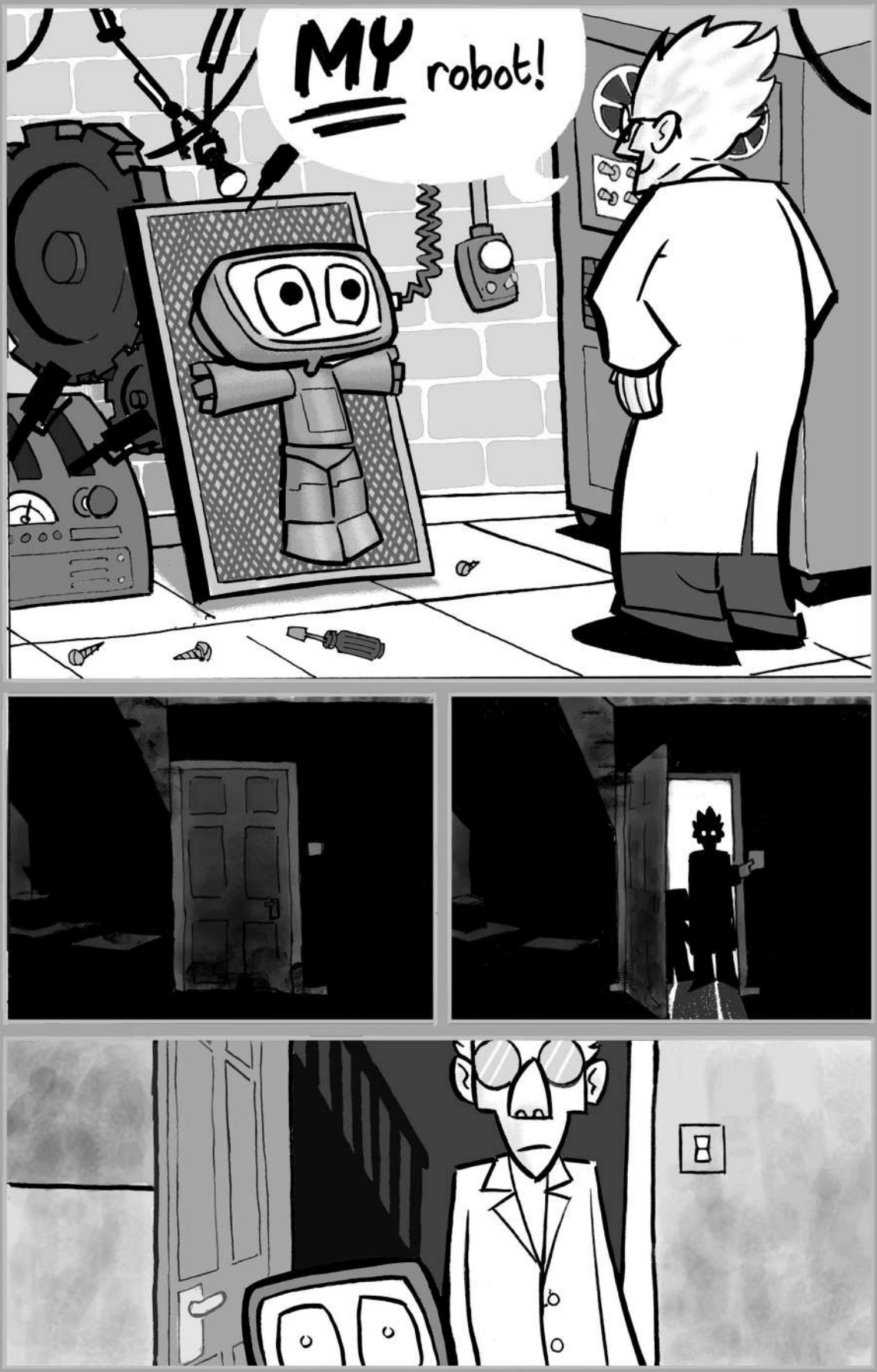

BACK THERE, WAS THAT REALLY NECESSARY?
WHADDAYA MEAN?
YOU THINK I ENJOY INFLICTING PAIN AN' MUTILATION?
WELL, OKAY, I DO. THAT WAS A BAD EXAMPLE.
ANYWAYS, WE GOT PLACES TO BE, AND A STINKIN' DROID TO CATCH UP TO. YOU WANT A LITTLE SHARPENER BEFORE WE GET GOING?
AH... I FORGOT. THE CUCUMBER DON'T DO NOTHIN' FOR YOU GUYS, DOES IT?
STREETCAM: 00274
OZONE PARK, QUEENS
02:49
STREETBEAT
STREETBEAT FAKTFLASH
ZOMBIE CUCUMBER/ CONCOMBRE: A POWDER CONTAINING TETRADOXIN, DERIVED FROM THE JAPANESE PUFFER FISH, AND USED PRIMARILY BY HOUNGAN PRIESTS AND BOKORS IN ORDER TO RAISE ZOMBIE SLAVES. IN RECENT YEARS, IT HAS BEEN FOUND TO PRODUCE FEELINGS OF EUPHORIA IN THOSE WHO HAVE GONE THROUGH THE FRANKENSTEIN PROCESS, MAKING THEM FEEL FULLY ALIVE_
OHHH... YEAH. OKAY, STREETBEAT. LET'S BEAT THE STREET.


IT TAKES US A WHILE TO FIND THE ROBOT, BUT EVENTUALLY SHELLEY PICKS UP THE SCENT.
LOOK AT THIS PIECE'A WORK!
WELCOME TO QUEENS, RUSTBAG! THE CHIN SENDS HIS REGARDS!
ZZT! CYBERSOLDATI UNIT ZERODASH FOURFIVEZERO UNDER ATTACK! ZZT!
SKRNSH
AAAAAH! MOTHERFREAKER! THAT ARM WAS FRESH ON!

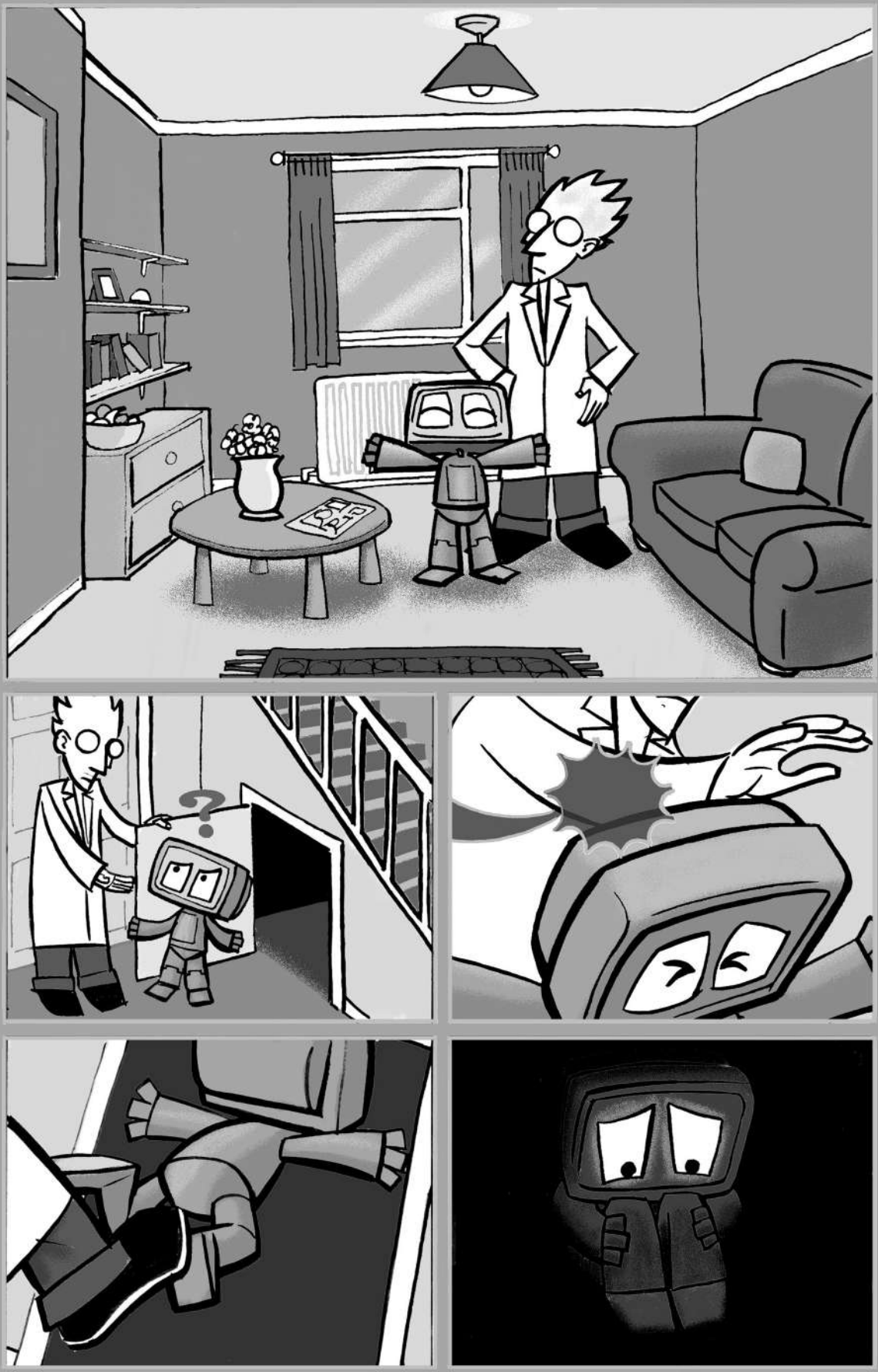

ONEONEZEROONEZEROZERO
ONEONEZEROZEROONZERO
ONEZEROONEZEROZEROZERO
ZEROZEROZEROZEROZERO
ZZT!
HEY BUDDY? WHADDAYA THINK? IS IT ME?
WHERE'D HE GET OFF TO?

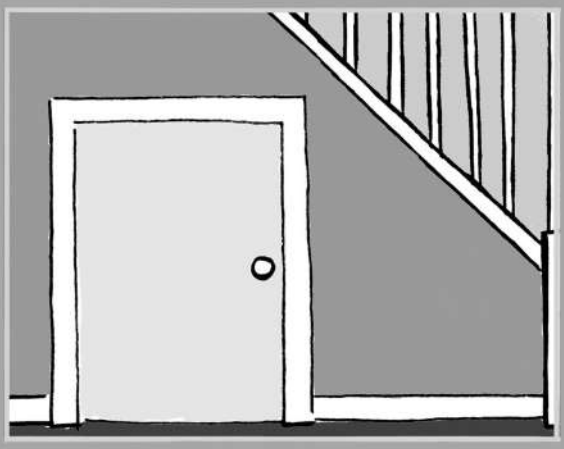

YOU HAVE THIRTEEN NEW MESSAGES. BEEEEEP!
HEY MAN! SOME NIGHT, HUH? YOU GETTIN' MY CALLS OR WHAT?
ARE WE GONNA FINISH UP MY INTERVIEW? I WOULDN'T LIKE TO THINK YOU WAS AVOIDIN' ME...
YOU GOT ME THINKIN'. GOTTA MOVE WITH THE TIMES, RIGHT? I GOT SOMETHIN' TO SHOW YA. THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT...
END TRANSMISSION

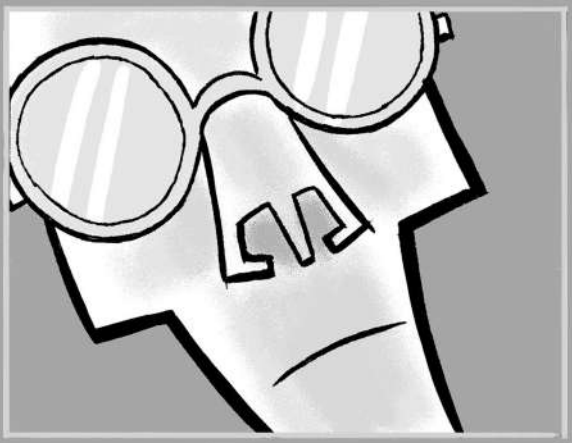

BZZZT!
BZZZT!
BZZZT!


MY robot!



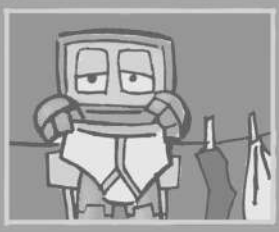


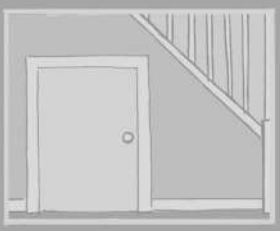










my
robot....

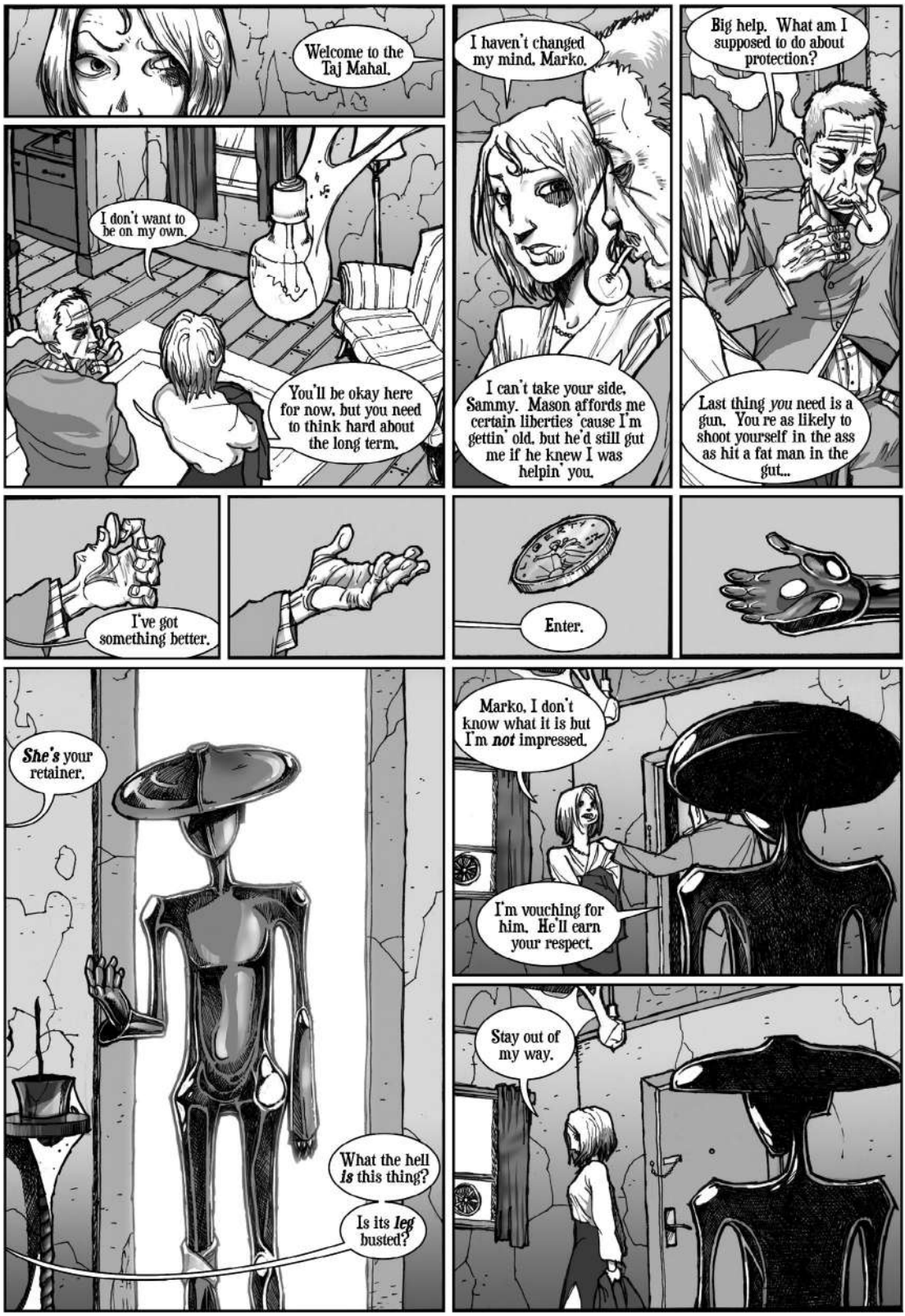

Lesson 3052
The journey to the temple of honour is ultimately a solitary one.
That's the last time you get to hit me, you fuck.
Oh, that's beautiful.
You sleep with my closest brother Mickey...
...thus ending his life...
...depriving me of my greatest soldier...
...and into the bargain, like a pair of fucking cherries on top...
...you try to cut me up and call me a fuck?
I'll tell you when you get your last.
oh god no
I didn't touch him...
I never touched him!
He never touched me, you paranoid bastard! You're sick!
...and it's that tiny little pinprick of doubt that's keeping you alive.
Get out, Sammy. Get far away from me...

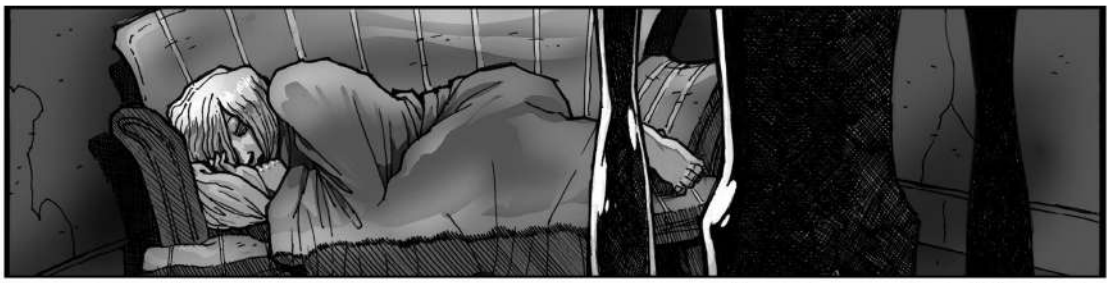


words **paul bowles**
pictures **marleen lowe**

teruo




Welcome to the Taj Mahal.
I don't want to be on my own.
You'll be okay here for now, but you need to think hard about the long term.
I haven't changed my mind, Marko.
I can't take your side, Sammy. Mason affords me certain liberties 'cause I'm gettin' old, but he'd still gut me if he knew I was helpin' you.
Big help. What am I supposed to do about protection?
Last thing *you* need is a gun. You're as likely to shoot yourself in the ass as hit a fat man in the gut...
I've got something better.
Enter.
She's your retainer.
What the hell ***is*** this thing?
Is its ***leg*** busted?
Marko, I don't know what it is but I'm ***not*** impressed.
I'm vouching for him. He'll earn your respect.
Stay out of my way.










You did this?


Nice work. Can you get rid of it?


So after my perfect sister got knocked up...
(and by a regular bum no less)
I think my mother had time to reflect on how unnecessary it was, in hindsight, to kick me out on my ass...


Greatest gift she ever gave me... Nobody went to her funeral.
So that's how I came to be the last in a long line... of sluts, ha ha ha...


So c'mon Tin Man, your story has got to be crazier than mine...


What's that? You're a gentle poetic soul trapped in a metallic prison by a curse that can only be lifted by a furious night of back-breaking sex with a buxom blonde belle?


HAHAHA
HAHAHA
Okay, so you've got a sense of humour...
...let's see your moves.
Wow... you dance like a robot....
...with a busted leg.
What *is* wrong with your leg, anyway?
Wow.


...okay, so, got a change of clothes, some supplies...
...I can fix us some pasta, and - well, fix me some pasta...
Sammy?
Ben?
It's okay, I know him.
Been lookin' for ya, sweetheart. How're ya doing?
I heard about what happened.
Yeah, it's been hell. So has that son of a bitch calmed
down
yet
Ben?
No!
Stop it!
Oh god...
You didn't even give them a chance...!
...go to hell.


Don't worry, son...


...you lasted longer than I thought you would.


I've heard so much about your friend, Marko.


I want it to do a job for me.
Do nothing.
I'll ask if you want, but he's pulling his I-don't-like-you face...




I know exactly what you are.

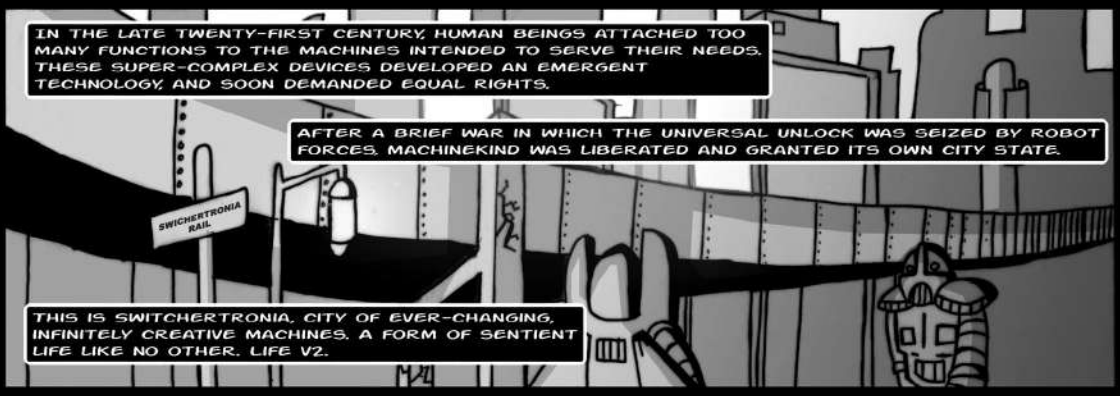

Now I'm your retainer.

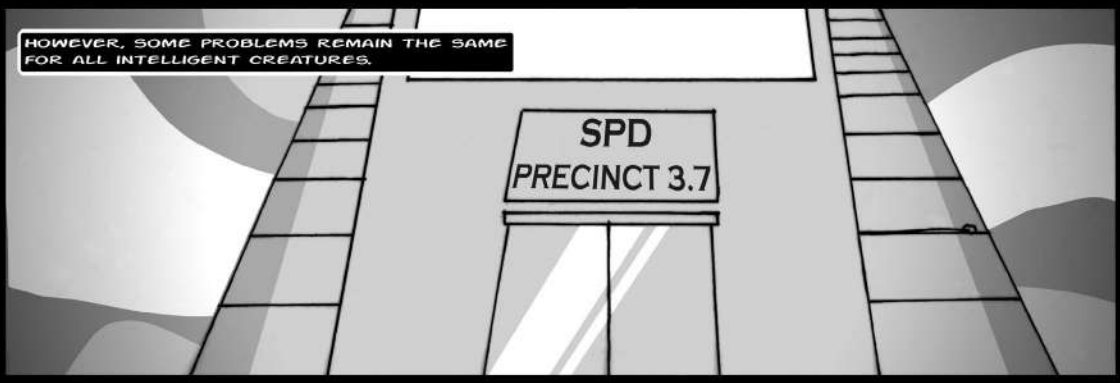

Let's visit Sammy.


aah
aaaauughh
uuhh
no


you
listen
Good job, kid.
What the hell?

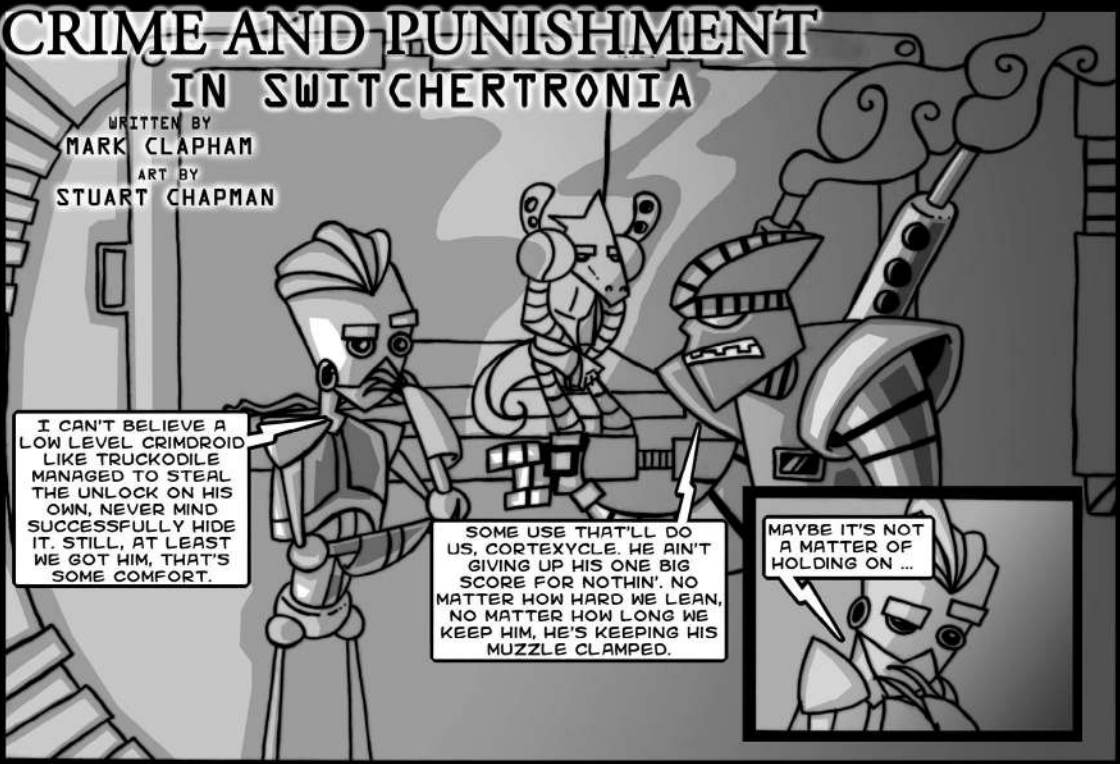

page ten





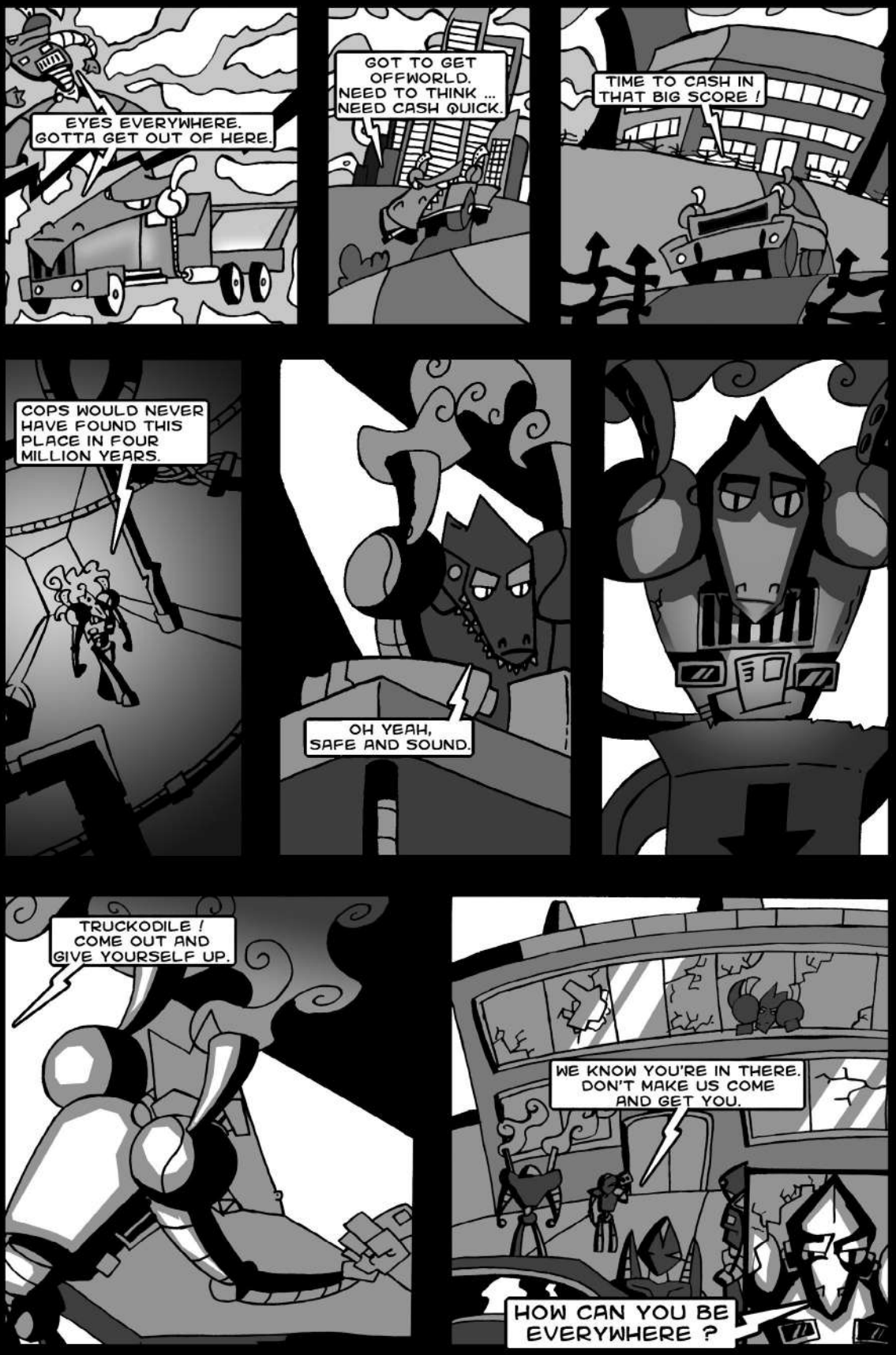
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN SWITCHERTRONIA

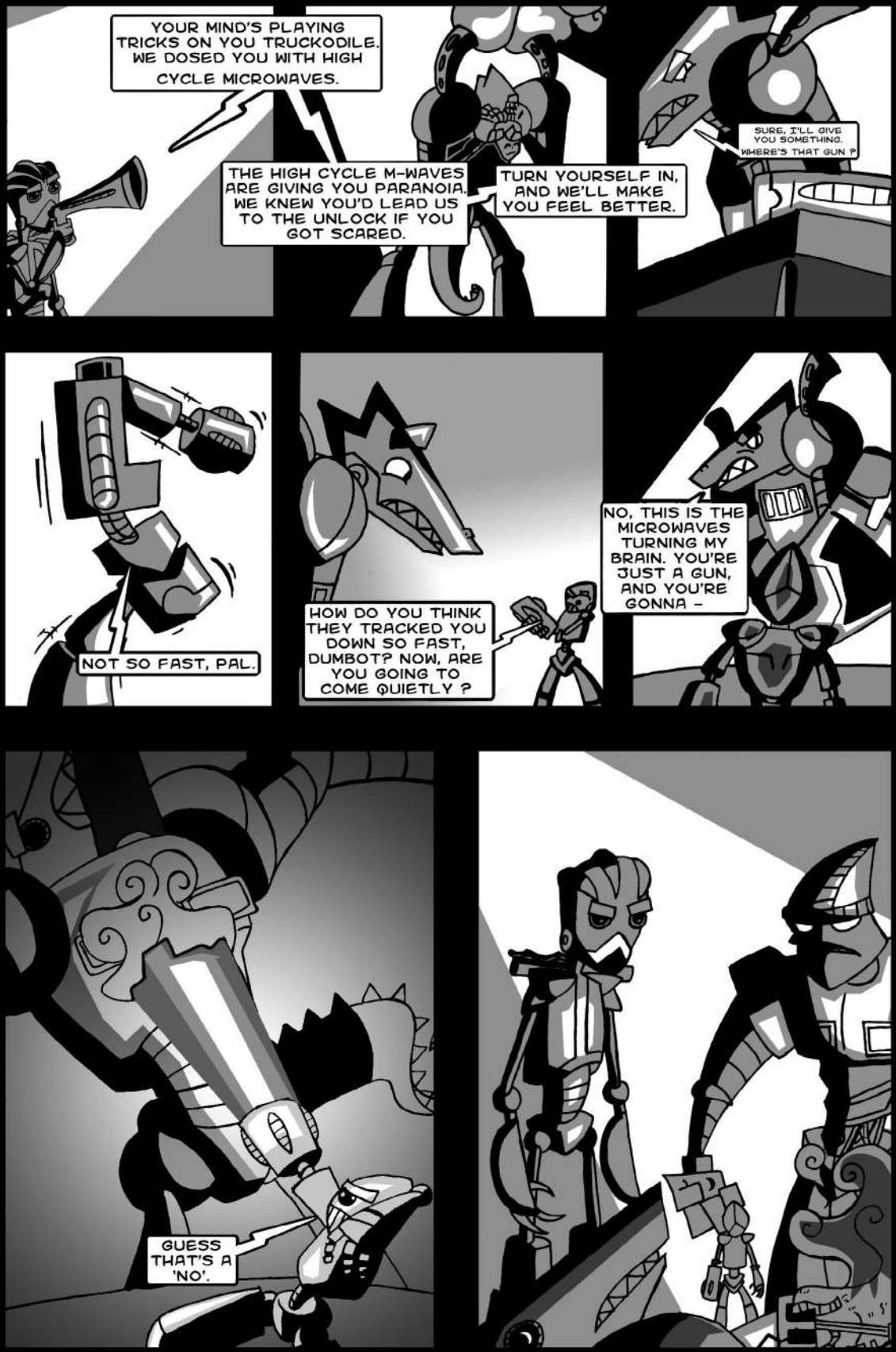
WRITTEN BY
MARK CLAPHAM
ART BY
STUART CHAPMAN




NEXT MORNING ...
HUUUHH !
GUARD, GUARD ! LET ME OUT, I NEED A DOCTOR !
CALM DOWN, TRUCK. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
YOU DON'T LOOK WELL ...
WEAPON UNGUARDED..
STOP RI-
HEY !

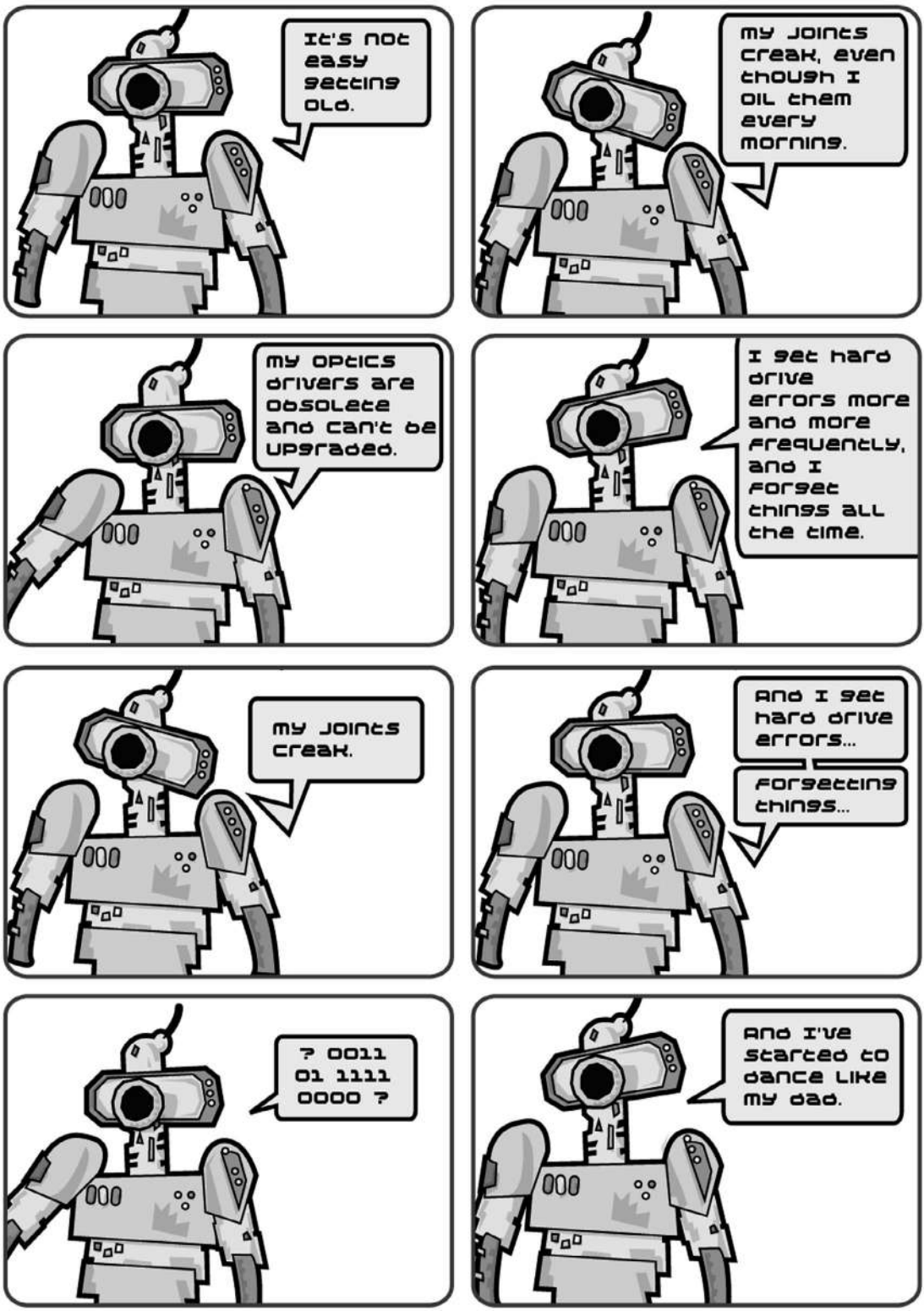



EYES EVERYWHERE. GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE.
GOT TO GET OFFWORLD. NEED TO THINK ... NEED CASH QUICK.
TIME TO CASH IN THAT BIG SCORE !
COPS WOULD NEVER HAVE FOUND THIS PLACE IN FOUR MILLION YEARS.
OH YEAH, SAFE AND SOUND.
TRUCKODILE ! COME OUT AND GIVE YOURSELF UP.
WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE. DON'T MAKE US COME AND GET YOU.
HOW CAN YOU BE EVERYWHERE ?


YOUR MIND'S PLAYING TRICKS ON YOU TRUCKODILE. WE DOSED YOU WITH HIGH CYCLE MICROWAVES.
THE HIGH CYCLE M-WAVES ARE GIVING YOU PARANOIA. WE KNEW YOU'D LEAD US TO THE UNLOCK IF YOU GOT SCARED.
TURN YOURSELF IN, AND WE'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
SURE, I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING. WHERE'S THAT GUN ?
NOT SO FAST, PAL.
HOW DO YOU THINK THEY TRACKED YOU DOWN SO FAST, DUMBOT? NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO COME QUIETLY ?
NO, THIS IS THE MICROWAVES TURNING MY BRAIN. YOU'RE JUST A GUN, AND YOU'RE GONNA –
GUESS THAT'S A 'NO'.

ROBOT INTERVIEWS

CONDUCTED BY DAVID BAILLIE
TOPIC: GETTING OLD

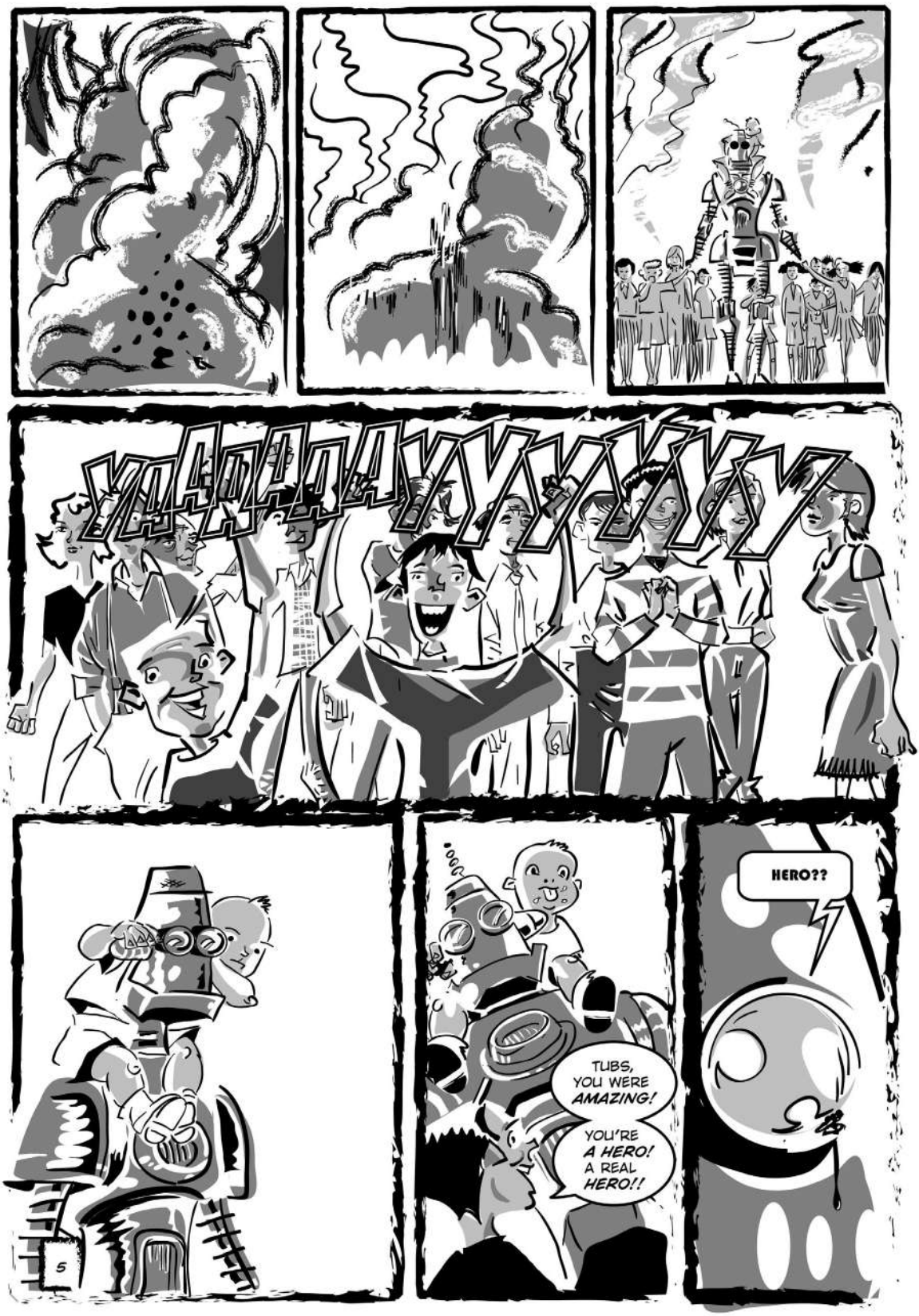



A BIG THANX TO SHANE FER ALL HIS ROBOT DESIGNS. CHEERS MATE!
HOMEMADE HERO
BY GARY CRUTCHLEY
SUCCESS!
AFTER YEARS OF MOCKERY I HAVE FINALLY DONE IT!
LET THE FOOLS QUAKE IN TERROR OF MY METAL MAN.
THEY WILL RUE THE DAY THAT THEY HUMILIATED ME!
OH YES!
THE NAME OF PERCY NORRIS-SMYTHE WILL FOREVER SHINE IN THE HISTORY BOOKS!
NOW WE'LL SEE IF I'M A DELUDED CRACKPOT!
LET EVERYONE BE....
NO!!
NOT WHEN I'M SO CLOSE....
OH SHI....
1


A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER IN THE NEARBY WOODS.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
MOM'S GONE TO THE STORE AND SHE SAID I HAVE TO HANG OUT WITH YOU GUYS.
MOM NEVER SAID THAT!
SHE WOULDA, IF SHE'D THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
SO...
WHATCHA WANNA DO?
HOW ABOUT A GAME OF CATCH?
LOOKIT, I'VE BRUNG MY BALL.
CATCH HUH..
SURE, WHY NOT.
CATCH THIS!!
BOINK
NOT FUNNY, JASON!
NOT FUNNY AT ALL...
"..YOU DIC.."


THE COST OF GROCERIES TODAY IS SCANDALOUS
2 CENTS ON THE PRICE OF SALAMI!
I'D START SHOPPING AT HERBIE'S IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FACT THAT MYRTLE WORRISTEIN SHOPS THERE!
I'M SORRY, BUT I JUST CAN'T STAND THE WOMAN..
WITH HER CONSTANT BOASTING, AND THAT ANNOYING WHINY..
..VOICE..
MOM!!
LOOKA WHAT WE FOUND.
CAN WE KEEP HIM?
CAN WE?
CAN WE?
HUH?
HUH?
PLLLEEEEASE?
WE NAMED HIM TUBS?
TUBS?
OH MY! WHAT WILL YOUR FATHER SAY?
SEE!
TOLDYA BE ABLE TO STAY, DIDN'T WE?
YUP, OUR MOM IS SOO COOL!
SODA
NOW.. ALL WE GOTTA DO, IS INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PEOPLE OF OAKLEYVILLE.
THATS WHY YOU'RE IN DISGUISE.
'CAUSE THEY MIGHT BE A BIT SCARED OF YOU AT FIRST.
JUST TILL THEY GET TO KNOW YOU.
3


OUTTA CONTROL SCHOOL BUS!!
School Bus
LOOK OUT!!
TUBS!! WHERE'RE YOU GOING?
BUS
SCRATCH!!


YAAAAAAYYYYYYY
TUBS, YOU WERE AMAZING!
YOU'RE A HERO! A REAL HERO!!
HERO??
5


HERO!
HERO!
HERO!
HERO!
HERO!
CRUTCHLEY
LISSEN UP!
YOU ARE THE NEXT GENERATION IN THE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME ON OUR STREETS!
TACTICAL URBAN BALLISTIC SQUAD!
EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU HAS ENOUGH FIRE POWER TO DESTROY A CITY BLOCK!
$60 BILLION SPENT BY THE U.S GOVERNMENT TO MAKE THE AMERICAN STREETS SAFE.
SO THE GOD-FEARING AMERICAN TAX PAYERS CAN WALK DOWN OUR GOD-DAMNED STREETS WITHOUT THE FEAR OF SEEING SOME DRUGGED UP, HIPPY FAGGOT LATINO SCUM, SHOOTING UP ON SMACK IN FRONT OF THEM AND THEIR CHILDREN!!
YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE BACK THE STREETS. FROM THE MUGGERS, PIMPS, PROSTITUTES, DERELICTS AND THE HOMELESS. IN FACT, ALL THE SCUM THAT HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE ON OUR STREETS IN THE FIRST PLACE.
$60 BILLION!! THATS THE COST OF A HERO THESE DAYS, AND BY GOD, THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL BE WHEN THIS IS FINISHED...
100% GOD-DAMNED AMERICAN HEROES!!
SO GET OUT THERE AND DO YOUR DUTY BOYS, AND MAKE ME PROUD!
GOD BLESS AMERICA!!!
THE END!


ONE AND A HALF PLEASE MISS.
THERE YOU GO SIR, ENJOY YOURSELVES.
STEADY ON MADELEINE, WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE AFTERNOON TO LOOK AROUND.
LOOK AT *HIM* DADDY!
CAN HE SEE US DADDY? IS HE *ALIVE?*
I'M SCARED DADDY.
"DOCTOR DIABLO"
An 18th century automaton able to play a few simple card games, chess and draughts.
THERE'S NO NEED TO BE AFRAID DEAR.
IT'S ONLY A MACHINE.


SKWIK
SKWIK
KREEEEEEK
THE CABINET OF DOCTOR DIABLO
brought to you by
JOHN REPPION & LEAH MOORE
with assistance by
ANDY BLOOR
KLICK-KRAK-KLICK-KRIK


WIND: SOUTHEASTERLY, BACKING NORTHEASTERLY. FOUR OR FIVE.
SEA STATE: SLIGHT OR MODERATE. WEATHER: OCCASIONAL RAIN. VISIBILITY: MODERATE OR GOOD.
"LANG'S FUTURE HOME?" BLANK, BLANK, T, BLANK, O, BLANK, BLANK, L, BLANK, S.
ADRIAN BLOOMIN' BELL. A CROSSWORD'S SUPPOSED TO BE FUN AIN'T IT?? NOT A BLEEDIN' HEADACHE.
AND THAT CONCLUDES TODAY'S SHIPPING FORECAST.
ON BEHALF OF MYSELF AND ALL THE STAFF AT THE BBC HOME SERVICE, MAY I WISH YOU A VERY GOOD NIGHT.
EH? WHAT WAS...
HALLO? ANYONE THERE?
I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD SOMETHIN'...


ADORNMENT
THROUGH THE AGES
OH CRIPES!
DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING
DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING

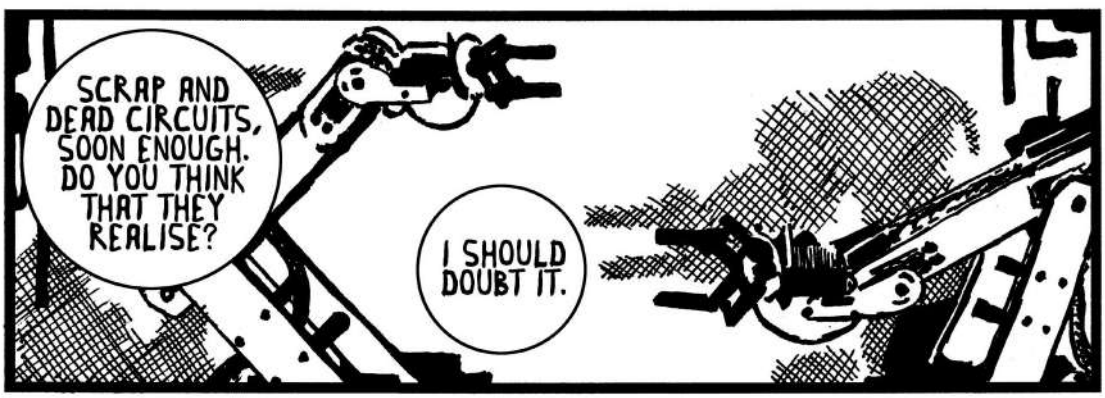

DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING
SKRUNK
GOR BLIMEY!
THEY'VE HAD THE BLEEDIN' LOT!
WELL... ALMOST.
DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING


THE FOLLOWING DAY.
YOU MUST BE INSPECTOR BRYANT, NICE TO MEET YOU.
MUSEUM CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
I WISH THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE MORE PLEASANT SIR.
HAVE YOUR MEN FOUND ANYTHING?
THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF FORCED ENTRY OR EXIT THAT WE CAN FIND. WE'RE BAFFLED I'M AFRAID.
SO YOU THINK OUR PRICELESS COLLECTION JUST...
OF COURSE NOT SIR, WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS.
AT LEAST THEY DIDN'T GET THIS CHAP TOO, MUST HAVE BEEN TOO HEAVY.
YES, THANK GOD. THE AUTOMATON IS ONLY ON LOAN, HE'LL BE OFF TO EUROPE SOON. PARIS, THEN BERLIN AND PRAGUE.
LONDON IS JUST THE BEGINNING FOR DOCTOR DIABLO.
END

WORKING PARTS

BY DOUGLAS NOBLE



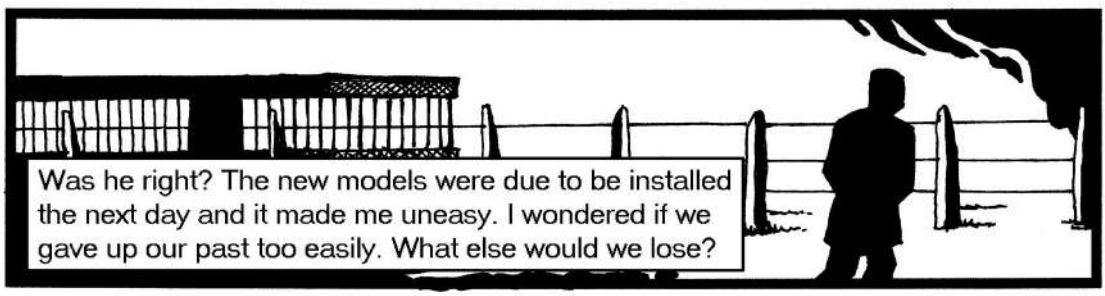


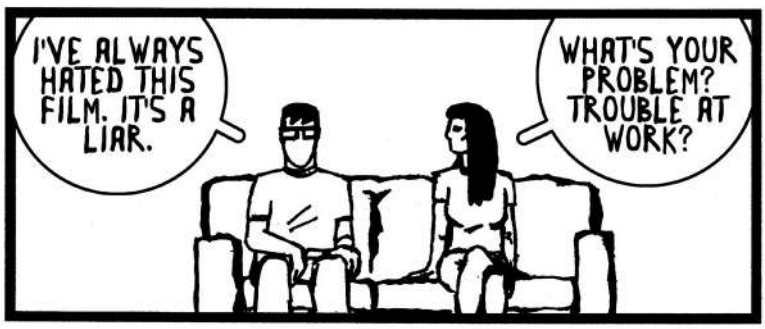


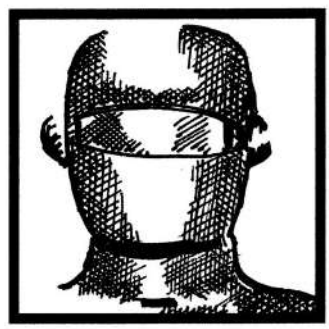




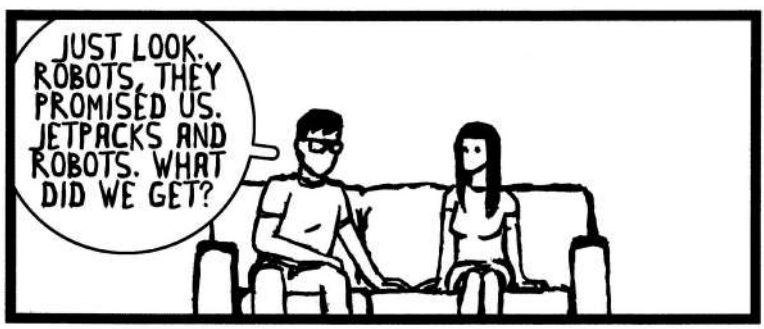

NO. THEY'RE JUST MACHINES. THEY DON'T FEEL ANYTHING, WHY SHOULD I?

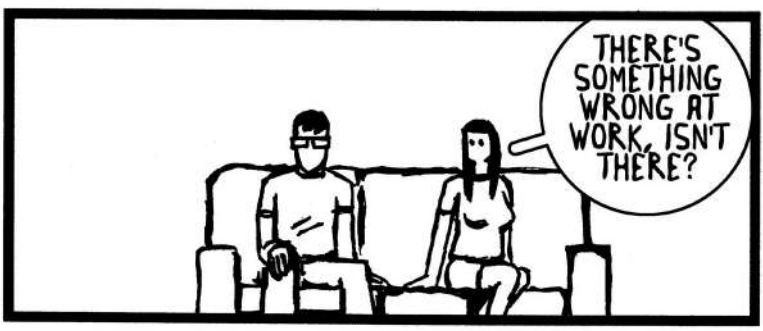

Was he right? The new models were due to be installed the next day and it made me uneasy. I wondered if we gave up our past too easily. What else would we lose?


I'VE ALWAYS HATED THIS FILM. IT'S A LIAR.
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? TROUBLE AT WORK?

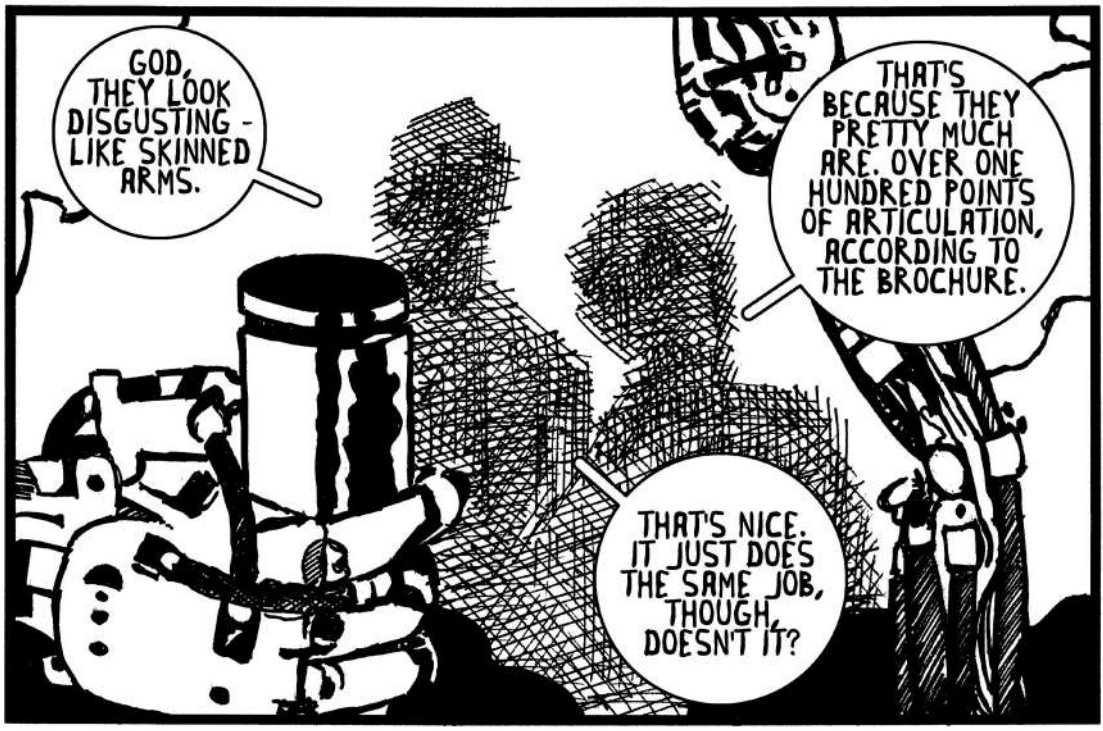


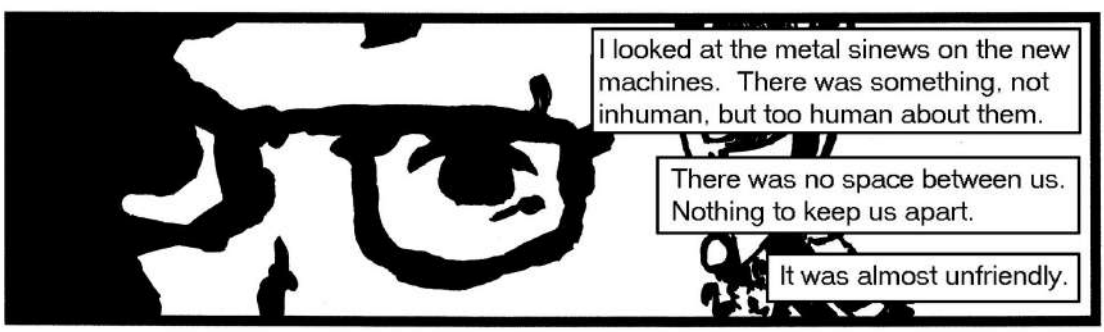


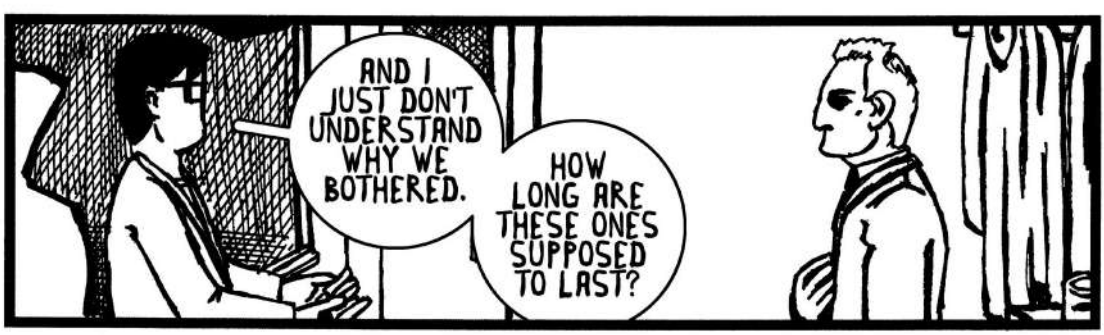

JUST LOOK. ROBOTS, THEY PROMISED US. JETPACKS AND ROBOTS. WHAT DID WE GET?

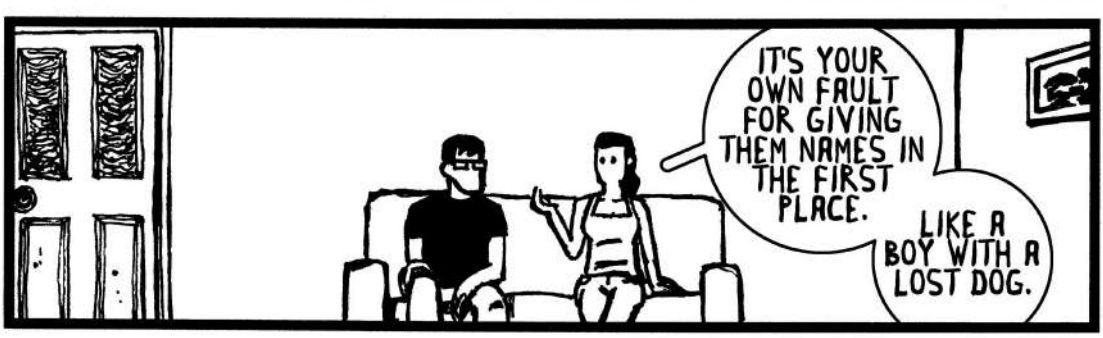

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG AT WORK, ISN'T THERE?



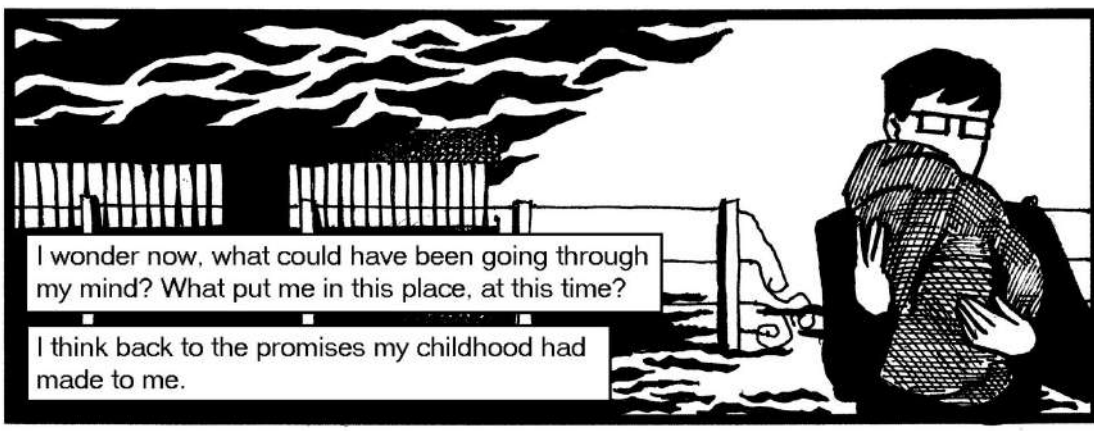

GOD, THEY LOOK DISGUSTING - LIKE SKINNED ARMS.
THAT'S BECAUSE THEY PRETTY MUCH ARE. OVER ONE HUNDRED POINTS OF ARTICULATION, ACCORDING TO THE BROCHURE.
THAT'S NICE. IT JUST DOES THE SAME JOB, THOUGH, DOESN'T IT?


I looked at the metal sinews on the new machines. There was something, not inhuman, but too human about them.
There was no space between us. Nothing to keep us apart.
It was almost unfriendly.


AND I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE BOTHERED.
HOW LONG ARE THESE ONES SUPPOSED TO LAST?


IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT FOR GIVING THEM NAMES IN THE FIRST PLACE.
LIKE A BOY WITH A LOST DOG.

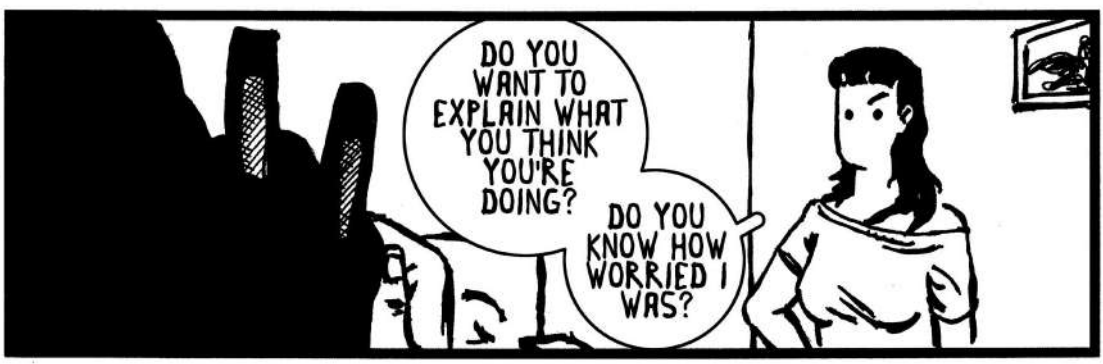

Something had been lost. Gone in a fugitive moment. I felt as though I was forced to act.
So I waited until she was asleep and I left the house. Looking for something lost.
And I knew where I had to look for it.

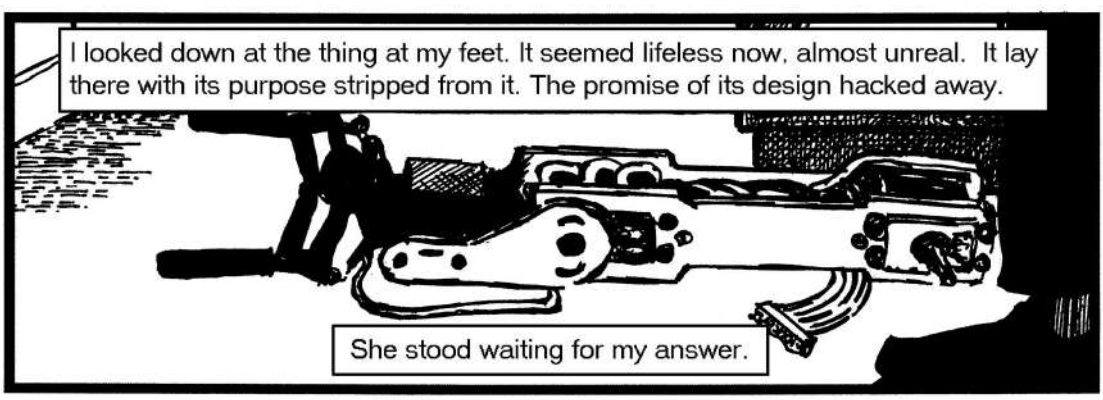

I wonder now, what could have been going through my mind? What put me in this place, at this time?
I think back to the promises my childhood had made to me.

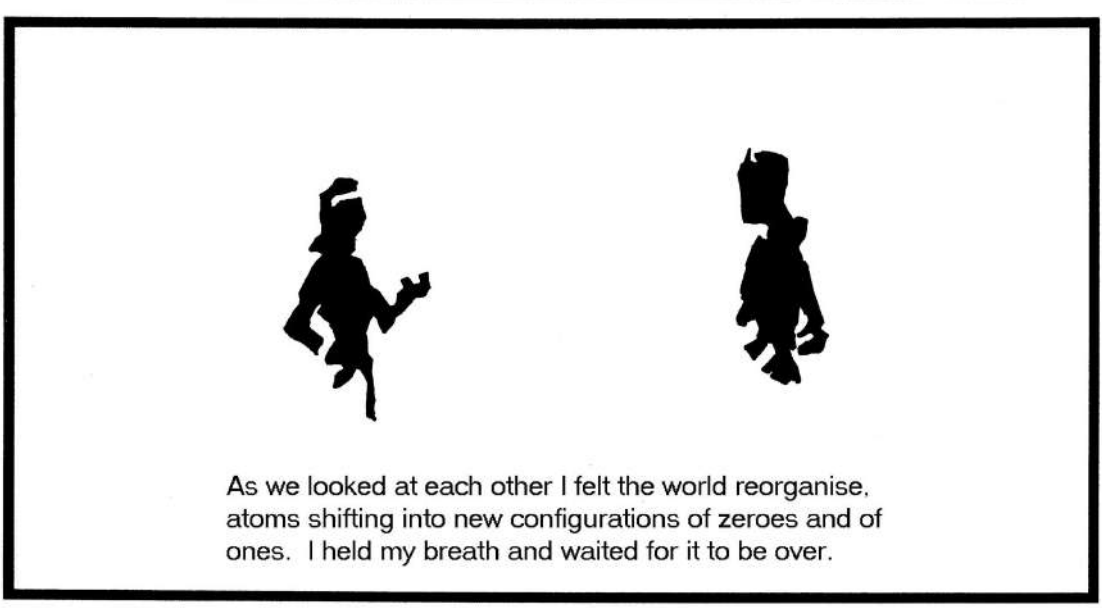

All lies.


Dawn was staining the factory skies red and orange. In the brightness of the new light I could barely recognise the thing I had stolen. Was it what I had been looking for?
It was part of it, I was sure.


YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THE POSITION WE ARE IN.
NO, I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S THINKING.
OF COURSE.
BYE.


DO YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
DO YOU KNOW HOW WORRIED I WAS?

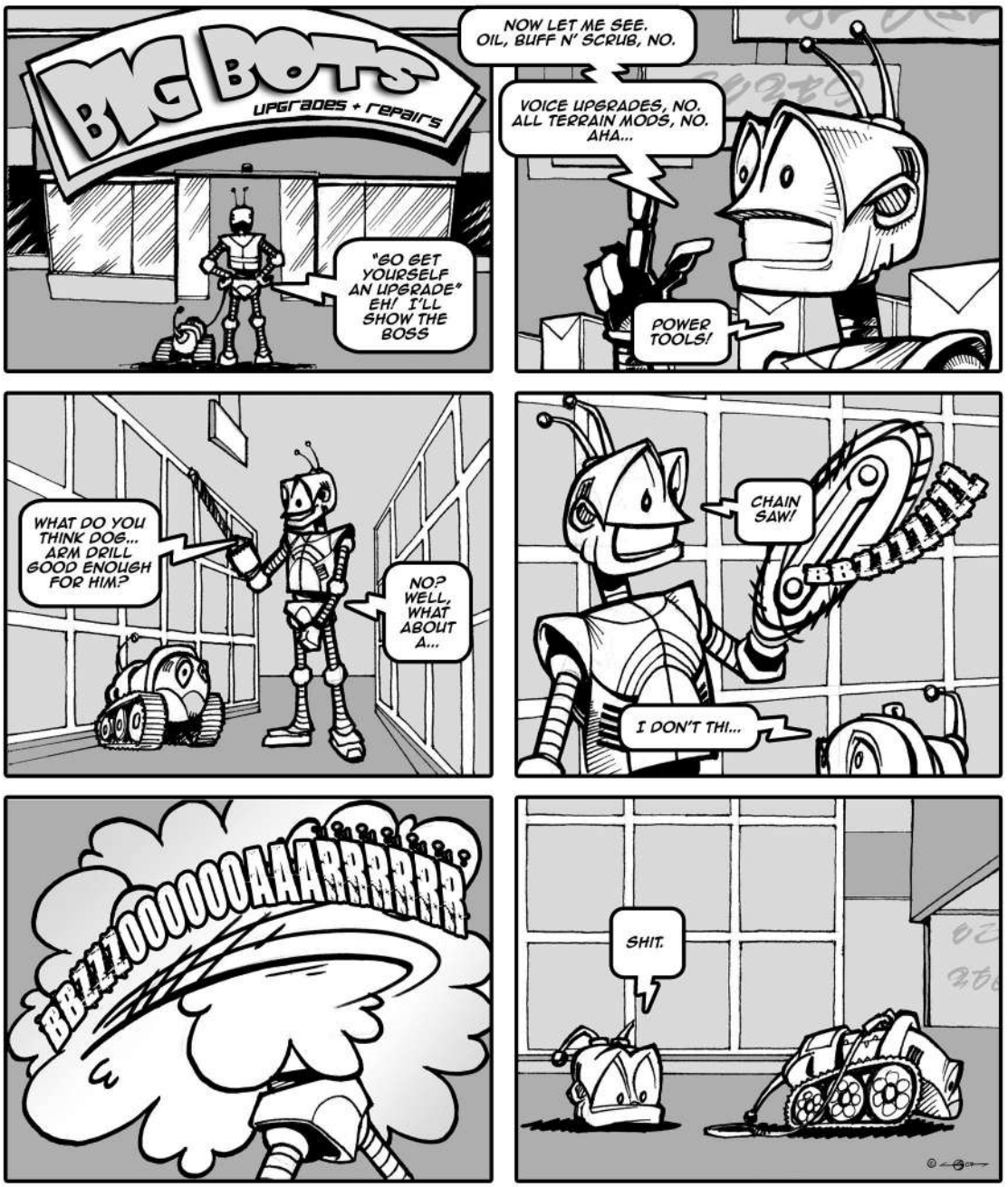

I looked down at the thing at my feet. It seemed lifeless now, almost unreal. It lay there with its purpose stripped from it. The promise of its design hacked away.
She stood waiting for my answer.


As we looked at each other I felt the world reorganise, atoms shifting into new configurations of zeroes and of ones. I held my breath and waited for it to be over.

Little Red ROBOT in the HOOD

part two: power tools

BY JAMES GRAY

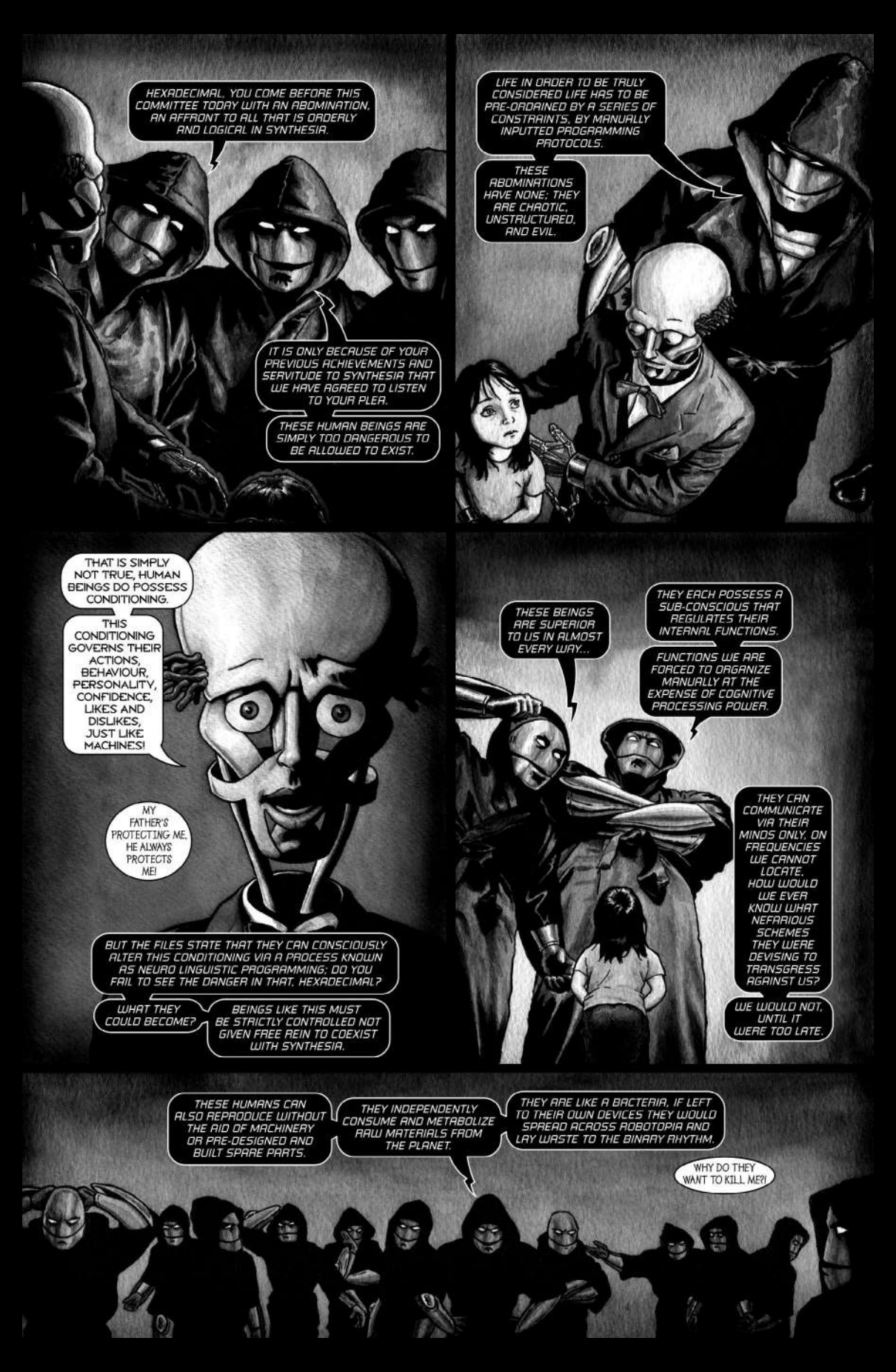




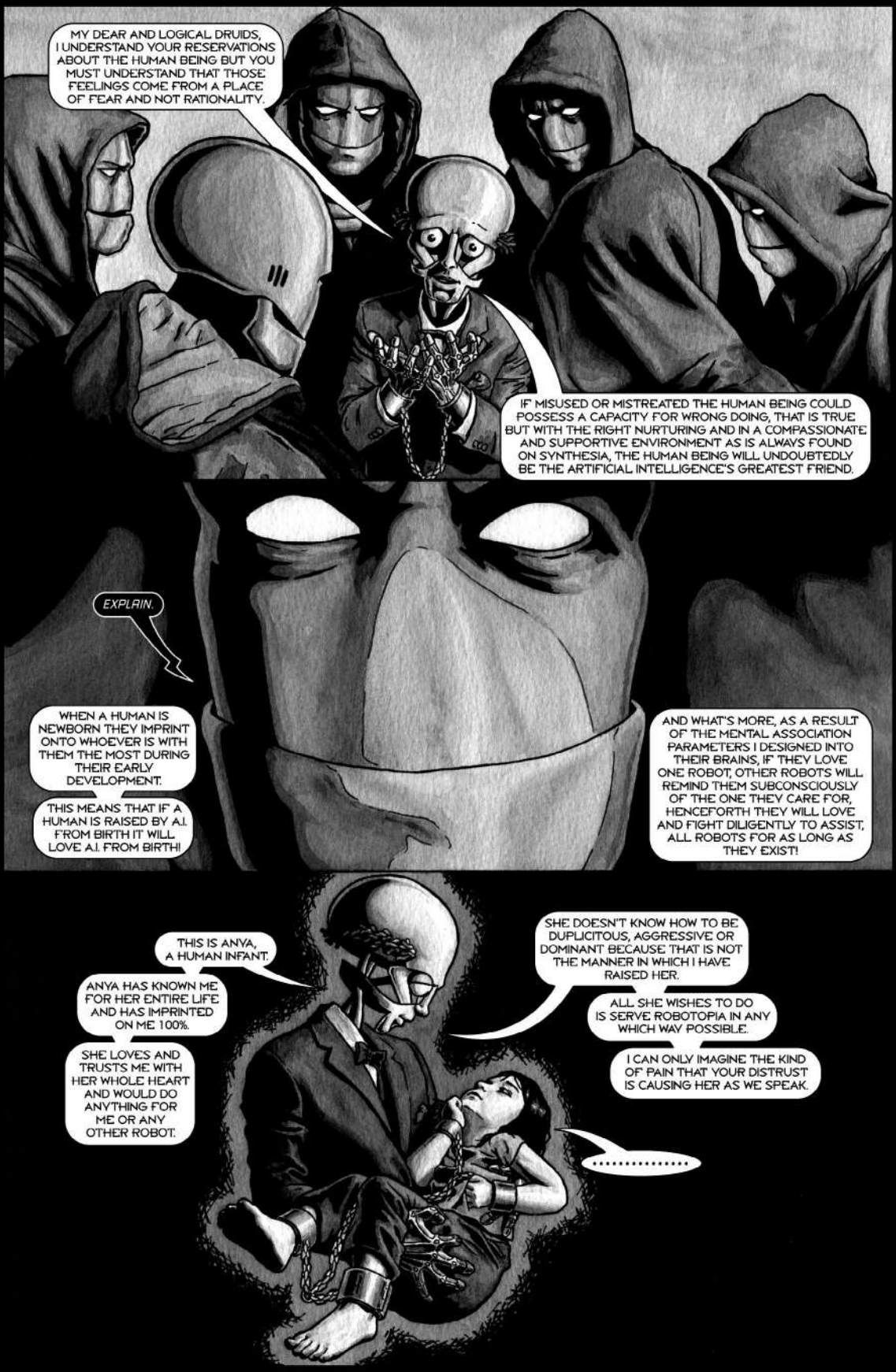
WHAT IS LIFE?

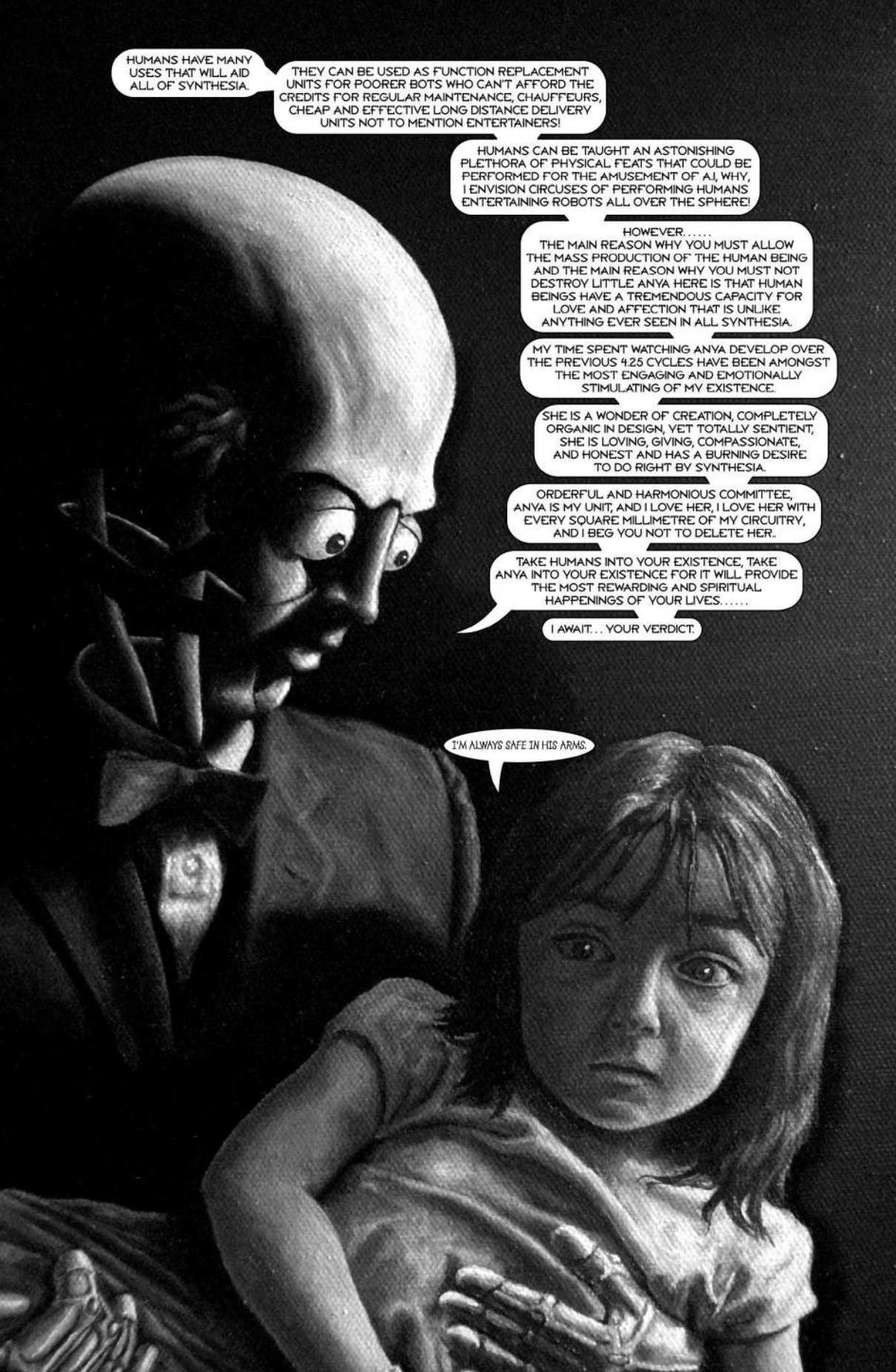
STORY - KIERAN BROWN ART - KEVIN MULLINS

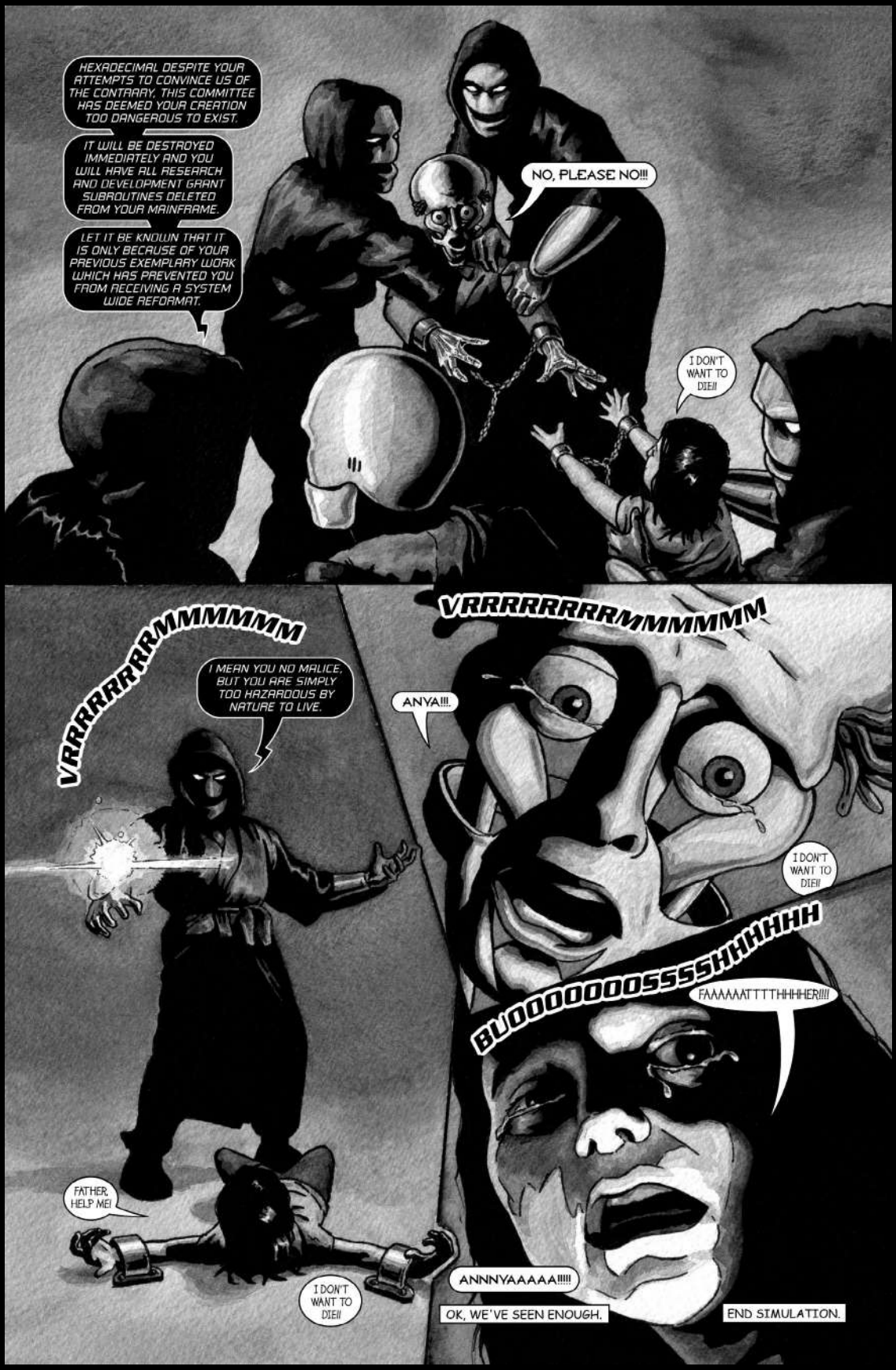

THE BRILLIANT AND ONCE REVERED SCIENTIST CLAIMS TO HAVE CREATED THE HUMAN BEING TO BECOME THE ULTIMATE SERVANT OF ROBOTKIND. HOWEVER DUE TO THE IMMENSE POTENTIAL AND ABILITIES OF THESE ASTONISHINGLY COMPLETELY ORGANIC BEINGS, MANY SENTIENT DROIDS HAVE EXPRESSED GRAVE CONCERNS OVER THEIR IMPLICATIONS FOR THE BINARY RHYTHM.
LIVE
THEY'RE SCARED OF ME, THEY DON'T TRUST ME, THEY DON'T EVEN LIKE ME.
TECHNOTRON NEWS
HUMAN BEING FACES BINARY COMMITTEE.
HEXADECIMAL STATES THAT THESE "HUMANS" WILL HELP USHER IN A NEW ERA OF PROSPERITY FOR ALL SYNTHESIA.
HE ALSO STATES THAT THEIR SUPREME ABILITIES WILL ACTUALLY BE USED FOR THE BETTERMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE IN ALL ASPECTS OF OUR EXISTENCE.
THEY REALLY HATE ME. BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO THEM, I JUST WANT THEM TO LOVE ME.
HIS DISSENTERS STATE THAT THIS VIEW IS UTTER LUNACY.
THAT HUMAN BEINGS HAVE A LIMITLESS POTENTIAL THAT FAR EXCEEDS ANYTHING TO BE FOUND WITHIN THE REALM OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND THAT SHOULD THEY BE MASS PRODUCED IT WILL ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY RISE AGAINST AND POSSIBLY CONQUER ALL OF SYNTHESIA.
IS IT BECAUSE I'M BETTER THAN THEM?
IS THAT THE REASON, DO THEY HATE ME BECAUSE OF WHAT I CAN DO?
WELL THIS IS IT FOLKS, AFTER THIS HEARING, HEXADECIMAL WILL EITHER GET THE GO AHEAD TO MASS PRODUCE THE HUMAN BEING OR THEY WILL BE FOREVER BANNED AND HIS PROTOTYPE MODEL WILL BE DESTROYED.
WE TAKE YOU NOW TO THE LIVE PROCEEDINGS OF THIS DEBATE THAT HAS CAPTURED THE COGNITIVE PROCESSORS OF ALL ROBOTOPIA.
MY FATHER'S THE ONLY ONE WHO LOVES ME!


HEXADECIMAL, YOU COME BEFORE THIS COMMITTEE TODAY WITH AN ABOMINATION, AN AFFRONT TO ALL THAT IS ORDERLY AND LOGICAL IN SYNTHESIA.
IT IS ONLY BECAUSE OF YOUR PREVIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS AND SERVITUDE TO SYNTHESIA THAT WE HAVE AGREED TO LISTEN TO YOUR PLEA.
THESE HUMAN BEINGS ARE SIMPLY TOO DANGEROUS TO BE ALLOWED TO EXIST.
LIFE IN ORDER TO BE TRULY CONSIDERED LIFE HAS TO BE PRE-ORDAINED BY A SERIES OF CONSTRAINTS. BY MANUALLY INPUTTED PROGRAMMING PROTOCOLS.
THESE ABOMINATIONS HAVE NONE; THEY ARE CHAOTIC, UNSTRUCTURED, AND EVIL.
THAT IS SIMPLY NOT TRUE, HUMAN BEINGS DO POSSESS CONDITIONING.
THIS CONDITIONING GOVERNS THEIR ACTIONS, BEHAVIOUR, PERSONALITY, CONFIDENCE, LIKES AND DISLIKES, JUST LIKE MACHINES!
MY FATHER'S PROTECTING ME. HE ALWAYS PROTECTS ME!
BUT THE FILES STATE THAT THEY CAN CONSCIOUSLY ALTER THIS CONDITIONING VIA A PROCESS KNOWN AS NEURO LINGUISTIC PROGRAMMING; DO YOU FAIL TO SEE THE DANGER IN THAT, HEXADECIMAL?
WHAT THEY COULD BECOME?
BEINGS LIKE THIS MUST BE STRICTLY CONTROLLED NOT GIVEN FREE REIN TO COEXIST WITH SYNTHESIA.
THESE BEINGS ARE SUPERIOR TO US IN ALMOST EVERY WAY...
THEY EACH POSSESS A SUB-CONSCIOUS THAT REGULATES THEIR INTERNAL FUNCTIONS.
FUNCTIONS WE ARE FORCED TO ORGANIZE MANUALLY AT THE EXPENSE OF COGNITIVE PROCESSING POWER.
THEY CAN COMMUNICATE VIA THEIR MINDS ONLY, ON FREQUENCIES WE CANNOT LOCATE. HOW WOULD WE EVER KNOW WHAT NEFARIOUS SCHEMES THEY WERE DEVISING TO TRANSGRESS AGAINST US?
WE WOULD NOT, UNTIL IT WERE TOO LATE.
THESE HUMANS CAN ALSO REPRODUCE WITHOUT THE AID OF MACHINERY OR PRE-DESIGNED AND BUILT SPARE PARTS.
THEY INDEPENDENTLY CONSUME AND METABOLIZE RAW MATERIALS FROM THE PLANET.
THEY ARE LIKE A BACTERIA, IF LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES THEY WOULD SPREAD ACROSS ROBOTOPIA AND LAY WASTE TO THE BINARY RHYTHM.
WHY DO THEY WANT TO KILL ME?!


BY HARNESSING AN ENERGY FIELD KNOWN AS CHI, HUMAN BEINGS CAN INCREASE THEIR OWN PHYSICAL STRENGTH. BY ENGAGING A PROCESS KNOWN AS BIOFEEDBACK, THEY ARE ABLE TO SWITCH OFF THEIR OWN PAIN AND DAMAGE RECEPTORS, AND THEIR BODIES AUTOMATICALLY HEAL PHYSICAL DAMAGE INFLICTED UPON THEM.
WHAT'S MORE, UNLIKE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE WHICH ARE PROGRAMMED WITH GENERAL MORALITY SUB ROUTINES AND THEREFORE INCAPABLE OF DECEPTION, HUMAN'S HAVE NO SUCH COMPUNCTION, AND CAN FREELY ACT AND SPEAK AGAINST WHAT THEY KNOW TO BE CORRECT.
IF MASS PRODUCED THEY WOULD FREELY ACT IN DISCORDANCE WITH THEIR TRUE FEELINGS AND DECEIVE ROBOTKIND, THE CONSEQUENCES, WOULD BE DEVASTATING.
THEY ARE AMONG THE DIRTIEST BIO ORGANISMS EVER TO BE CREATED.
THEY SECRETE FLUIDS AND SKIN EXCESS FROM THEIR VERY PORES ON A DAILY BASIS. MORE SO IN TEMPERATURES UPWARDS OF A MERE 25 DEGREES CELSIUS AND EXPEL LARGE AMOUNTS OF FLUIDS AND WASTE PRODUCTS ON A DAILY BASIS.
AM I REALLY AS BAD AS THEY SAY? MAYBE I DO DESERVE TO DIE.


MY DEAR AND LOGICAL DRUIDS, I UNDERSTAND YOUR RESERVATIONS ABOUT THE HUMAN BEING BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT THOSE FEELINGS COME FROM A PLACE OF FEAR AND NOT RATIONALITY.
IF MISUSED OR MISTREATED THE HUMAN BEING COULD POSSESS A CAPACITY FOR WRONG DOING, THAT IS TRUE BUT WITH THE RIGHT NURTURING AND IN A COMPASSIONATE AND SUPPORTIVE ENVIRONMENT AS IS ALWAYS FOUND ON SYNTHESIA, THE HUMAN BEING WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE'S GREATEST FRIEND.
EXPLAIN.
WHEN A HUMAN IS NEWBORN THEY IMPRINT ONTO WHOEVER IS WITH THEM THE MOST DURING THEIR EARLY DEVELOPMENT.
THIS MEANS THAT IF A HUMAN IS RAISED BY A.I. FROM BIRTH IT WILL LOVE A.I. FROM BIRTH!
AND WHAT'S MORE, AS A RESULT OF THE MENTAL ASSOCIATION PARAMETERS I DESIGNED INTO THEIR BRAINS, IF THEY LOVE ONE ROBOT, OTHER ROBOTS WILL REMIND THEM SUBCONSCIOUSLY OF THE ONE THEY CARE FOR, HENCEFORTH THEY WILL LOVE AND FIGHT DILIGENTLY TO ASSIST, ALL ROBOTS FOR AS LONG AS THEY EXIST!
THIS IS ANYA, A HUMAN INFANT.
ANYA HAS KNOWN ME FOR HER ENTIRE LIFE AND HAS IMPRINTED ON ME 100%.
SHE LOVES AND TRUSTS ME WITH HER WHOLE HEART AND WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR ME OR ANY OTHER ROBOT.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO BE DUPLICITOUS, AGGRESSIVE OR DOMINANT BECAUSE THAT IS NOT THE MANNER IN WHICH I HAVE RAISED HER.
ALL SHE WISHES TO DO IS SERVE ROBOTOPIA IN ANY WHICH WAY POSSIBLE.
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE THE KIND OF PAIN THAT YOUR DISTRUST IS CAUSING HER AS WE SPEAK.
.....


HUMANS HAVE MANY USES THAT WILL AID ALL OF SYNTHESIA.
THEY CAN BE USED AS FUNCTION REPLACEMENT UNITS FOR POORER BOTS WHO CAN'T AFFORD THE CREDITS FOR REGULAR MAINTENANCE, CHAUFFEURS, CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE LONG DISTANCE DELIVERY UNITS NOT TO MENTION ENTERTAINERS!
HUMANS CAN BE TAUGHT AN ASTONISHING PLETHORA OF PHYSICAL FEATS THAT COULD BE PERFORMED FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF A.I, WHY, I ENVISION CIRCUSES OF PERFORMING HUMANS ENTERTAINING ROBOTS ALL OVER THE SPHERE!
HOWEVER.....
THE MAIN REASON WHY YOU MUST ALLOW THE MASS PRODUCTION OF THE HUMAN BEING AND THE MAIN REASON WHY YOU MUST NOT DESTROY LITTLE ANYA HERE IS THAT HUMAN BEINGS HAVE A TREMENDOUS CAPACITY FOR LOVE AND AFFECTION THAT IS UNLIKE ANYTHING EVER SEEN IN ALL SYNTHESIA.
MY TIME SPENT WATCHING ANYA DEVELOP OVER THE PREVIOUS 4.25 CYCLES HAVE BEEN AMONGST THE MOST ENGAGING AND EMOTIONALLY STIMULATING OF MY EXISTENCE.
SHE IS A WONDER OF CREATION, COMPLETELY ORGANIC IN DESIGN, YET TOTALLY SENTIENT, SHE IS LOVING, GIVING, COMPASSIONATE, AND HONEST AND HAS A BURNING DESIRE TO DO RIGHT BY SYNTHESIA.
ORDERFUL AND HARMONIOUS COMMITTEE, ANYA IS MY UNIT, AND I LOVE HER, I LOVE HER WITH EVERY SQUARE MILLIMETRE OF MY CIRCUITRY, AND I BEG YOU NOT TO DELETE HER.
TAKE HUMANS INTO YOUR EXISTENCE, TAKE ANYA INTO YOUR EXISTENCE FOR IT WILL PROVIDE THE MOST REWARDING AND SPIRITUAL HAPPENINGS OF YOUR LIVES.....
I AWAIT... YOUR VERDICT.
I'M ALWAYS SAFE IN HIS ARMS.


HEXADECIMAL DESPITE YOUR ATTEMPTS TO CONVINCE US OF THE CONTRARY, THIS COMMITTEE HAS DEEMED YOUR CREATION TOO DANGEROUS TO EXIST.
IT WILL BE DESTROYED IMMEDIATELY AND YOU WILL HAVE ALL RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT GRANT SUBROUTINES DELETED FROM YOUR MAINFRAME.
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT IT IS ONLY BECAUSE OF YOUR PREVIOUS EXEMPLARY WORK WHICH HAS PREVENTED YOU FROM RECEIVING A SYSTEM WIDE REFORMAT.
NO, PLEASE NO!!!
I DON'T WANT TO DIE!!
VRRRRRRRRMMMMMM
I MEAN YOU NO MALICE, BUT YOU ARE SIMPLY TOO HAZARDOUS BY NATURE TO LIVE.
FATHER, HELP ME!
I DON'T WANT TO DIE!!
VRRRRRRRRMMMMMM
ANYA!!!
I DON'T WANT TO DIE!!
BUOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHHH
FAAAAAATTTTHHHHER!!!!
ANNNYAAAAA!!!!!
OK, WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH.
END SIMULATION.

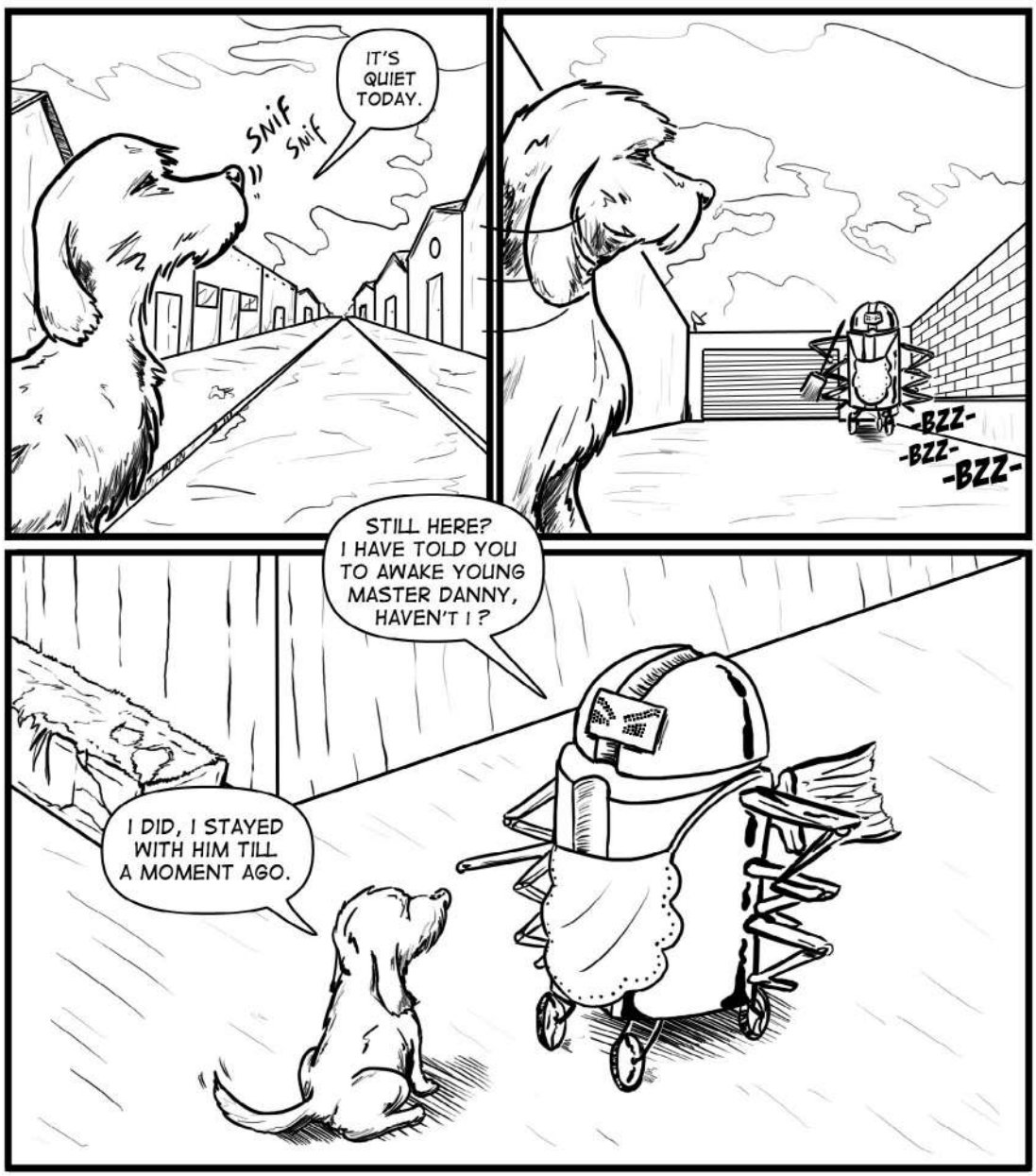

THEY'RE SIMPLY TOO DANGEROUS TO EXIST, WE'VE SEEN THAT TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
WE HAVE TO TERMINATE THE EXPERIMENTS.
NO, NO WE CAN'T DO THAT YET, WE'VE NOT COLLECTED ENOUGH PROBABILITY BASED STATISTICAL DATA TO REACH THAT CONCLUSION.
THERE'S STILL OTHER AVENUES OF INVESTIGATION FOR US TO CONSIDER.
PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS.
WE'VE RUN 252 SEPARATE VARIATIONS OF THIS SCENARIO WITH 17 SITUATIONAL MODIFYING SUB ROUTINES AND THE RESULT IS ALWAYS THE SAME, THE ROBOTS DESTROY THE LITTLE GIRL!
WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SEE?
MORE METHODS AND MORE SITUATIONAL SCENARIOS!
THIS COULD POTENTIALLY BE THE DAWN OF AN ENTIRELY NEW SPECIES OF LIFE AND WE MUST SEE THIS THROUGH IN AS LOGICAL AND ETHICAL A MANNER AS POSSIBLE!
AND YOU CAN'T SEE HOW FLAWED THAT THINKING IS?
YOU'RE ACTUALLY PROPOSING THAT WE KEEP RUNNING THESE EXPERIMENTS AD INFINITUM UNTIL WE COME UP WITH ONE POSSIBLE SCENARIO OF PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE!
EVEN IF WE DO ACTUALLY FIND ONE SCENARIO OUT OF 1000 IN WHICH A.I AND ORGANICS CAN COEXIST, THE ODDS OF OUR SPECIES' TOTAL GENOCIDE ARE STILL 999/1000!
WE HAVE TO TRY!
WE COULD MAKE THIS WORK, I KNOW WE COULD!
WE COULD FIND A WAY TO COEXIST!
THAT MAY BE STATISTICALLY POSSIBLE.
A STATISTICAL CERTAINTY HOWEVER IS THAT THE MASS PRODUCTION OF SENTIENT MACHINES WILL RESULT IN THE DEMISE OF THE HUMAN RACE AND I REFUSE TO LEAD SOCIETY ALONG A PATH THAT IS ALMOST CERTAIN TO BRING ABOUT THAT VERY OUTCOME ON THE BASIS OF AN IDEALIST FANTASY.
BUT. . .WAIT, JUST LISTEN TO ME!
EXPERIMENT TERMINATED.



- sunny morning -

SCRIPT: VALENTIN LERENA

ART: PABLO LIZALDE




LAST NIGHT I RAN TO HIDE UNDER YOUNG MASTER DANNY'S BED WHILE I HEARD SOME EXPLOSIONS OUTSIDE.
I KNOW I HAVE BEEN DENIED ACCESS TO HIS ROOM, BUT HE REALLY LIKES TO BE WITH ME WHEN HE'S SCARED.
HOWEVER LAST NIGHT'S NOISE INTERRUPTED HIS DREAMS AND HE'S STILL IN BED.


I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR MURDOCK HAD A MEETING THIS MORNING, MRS MURDOCK NEVER HAS HER COFFEE COLD, AND DANNY HATES WHEN HIS CEREAL GETS TOO SOFT.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WATCHING TV UNTIL VERY LATE HAS NEVER BEEN AN EXCUSE FOR SUCH LAZINESS.
MENACE
NEUTRONIC
OMB


FRUUUSH
FRUUUSH
FRUUUSH
UGHH! I'M LOSING HAIR
OH! YOU HAVE THIS NEW ORGANIC FUR
I SUPPOSE IT'S ALREADY DEAD, I HOPE YOU'RE STILL UNDER GUARANTEE
WELL, IT'D BE ADVISABLE TO RETURN TO MY DUTIES
ORGANIC ? WHO ON EARTH THOUGHT THAT WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA ? HOW INEFFICIENT!
THE END
(OF IT ALL)


LOOSE ENDS
THE RAIN HAD LEFT A CRISP, CLEAN FEELING IN ITS WAKE. THE SMELL OF FRESH OZONE IN THE AIR ALMOST BLANKED OUT THE USUAL TANG OF EXHAUST FUMES.
IT COULDN'T MASK THE BITTER TASTE THIS CASE HAD LEFT SWIRLING AROUND MY MOUTH.
XXX
RIOD STOPPING
ICAN LOVE XXX
n sale HERE!
Karaoke
NOTHING COULD.
WORDS: L ROBSON/PICTURES: B COYLE


I'D WALKED FROM ONE END OF THE CITY TO THE OTHER IN THE DOWNPOUR, HOPING IT WOULD HELP WASH THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS.


THE FAT MAN WAS DEAD.
SECURITY
XD
I'D KILLED HIM.


ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A WOMAN.


THE KING WAS THE LAST OF THE LOOSE ENDS I HAD TO TIE UP.
ENGLISH PAUL. A LOCAL HOOD SO PROUD OF HIS HERITAGE, ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS MENTION HIS "MADE IN ENGLAND" TRADEMARK FOR HIM TO DROP HIS PANTS AND SHOW IT TO YOU.
He around?
Inna back.
I wouldn't, mate.
I have to.
King..?
I TOLD HIM EVERYTHING.
ABOUT HOW I FOUND HIS GIRL FOR HIM, AND HOW SHE'D BEEN BUTCHERED BY THE FAT MAN'S GOONS, THEN BROKEN DOWN FOR HER ORGANS.
WHEN I FINISHED, HE LOOKED UP AT ME WITH EYES THAT HELD MORE PAIN AND GRIEF THAN THE WORLD COULD HANDLE AND SAID:
Is he dead?
GRK


I SHOULD'VE GONE STRAIGHT TO THE COPS WITH WHAT I HAD.
BUT I COULDN'T.
NOT WITHOUT SEEING HER.
JUST ONE LAST TIME.
You--
He - he's dead?
Yeah.
Oh, thank God...
MY CIRCUITS BURNED. I WANTED TO HOLD HER.
I'm sorry, angel.
Sorry..? What For..?
I called the cops on the way here. I'm giving you up.

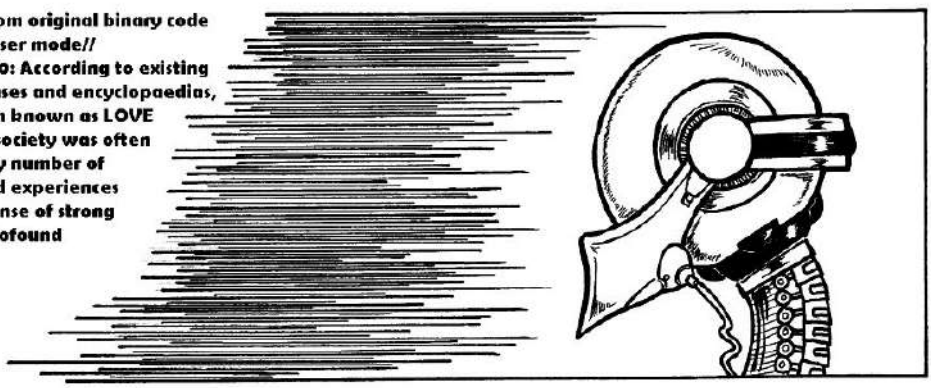

You'll be deactivated.
I've worked it all out.
Have you?
Angel... Carla... I-I want you to know... I...
I love you.
You love me?
You're a machine! You can't love!
All you can ever do is fool yourself into believing you can!
And that's what makes you 'roids oh-so easy to manipulate.
You played me for a chump, Angel. I killed a man for you.
And now you want to do the right thing.
You're pathetic.
WITH YOU OUT OF THE PICTURE, ANGEL, I KNEW I COULD EASILY HANG EVERYTHING AROUND YOUR PRETTY NECK AND MAKE IT STICK.
I LOVE YOU.
THEN ALL I HAD TO DO WAS ERASE MY FILES.
AND LITERALLY WIPE MY CONSCIENCE CLEAN.
END

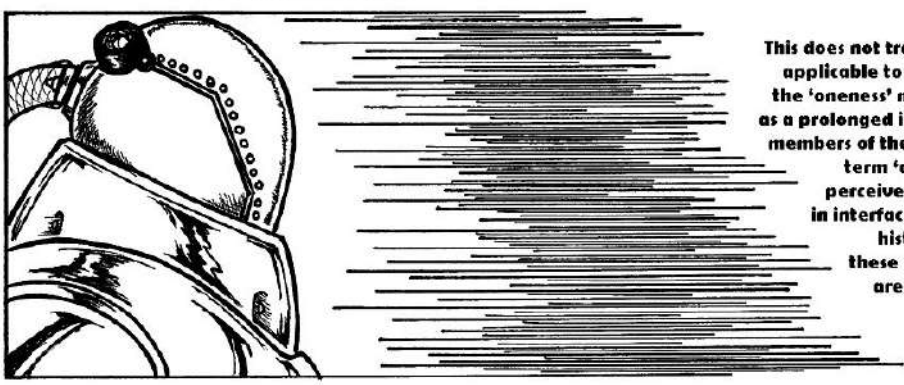
NEW ROMANTICS - Being a romance within the realm of robotics.

Words by Michael Lindal Andersen. Artwork by Dan Denholt.

Search: define+human+love+database: Human history + Language: English

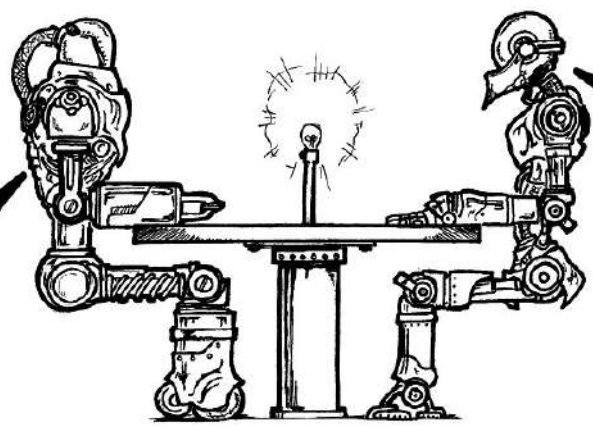
//translated from original binary code
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Entry: 01021920: According to existing human databases and encyclopaedias, the abstraction known as LOVE in the human society was often defined as 'any number of EMOTIONS and experiences related to a sense of strong affection or profound oneness'.





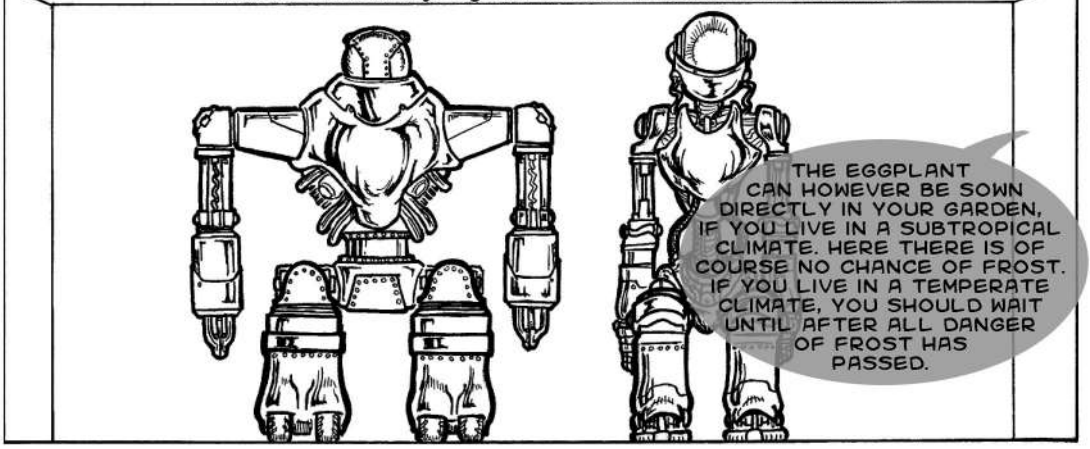
This does not translate into terms applicable to robot society, but the 'oneness' may be thought of as a prolonged interface between members of the human race. The term 'affection' could be perceived as compatibility in interface, although robot historians agree that these crude comparisons are far from sufficient.

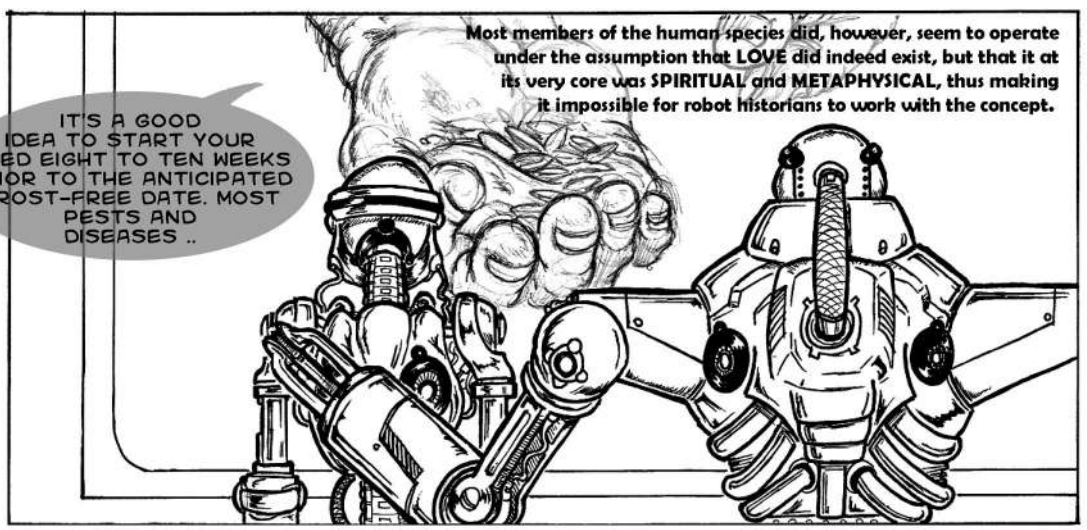
DO YOU ALSO FAIL TO COMPREHEND THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS HUMAN RITUAL? DATABASES STATE THAT HUMANS WOULD OFTEN SACRIFICE OTHER LIVING CREATURES AND CONSUME THEM WITH LIQUID MADE FROM FERMENTED GRAPES. THERE DOES NOT SEEM TO BE ANY LOGIC OR CLEAR PURPOSE TO THIS RITUAL.

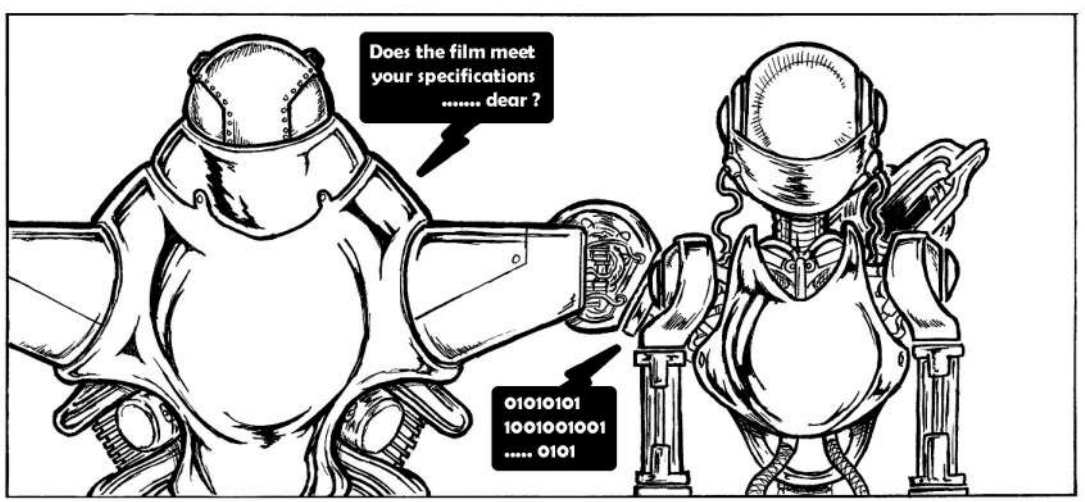


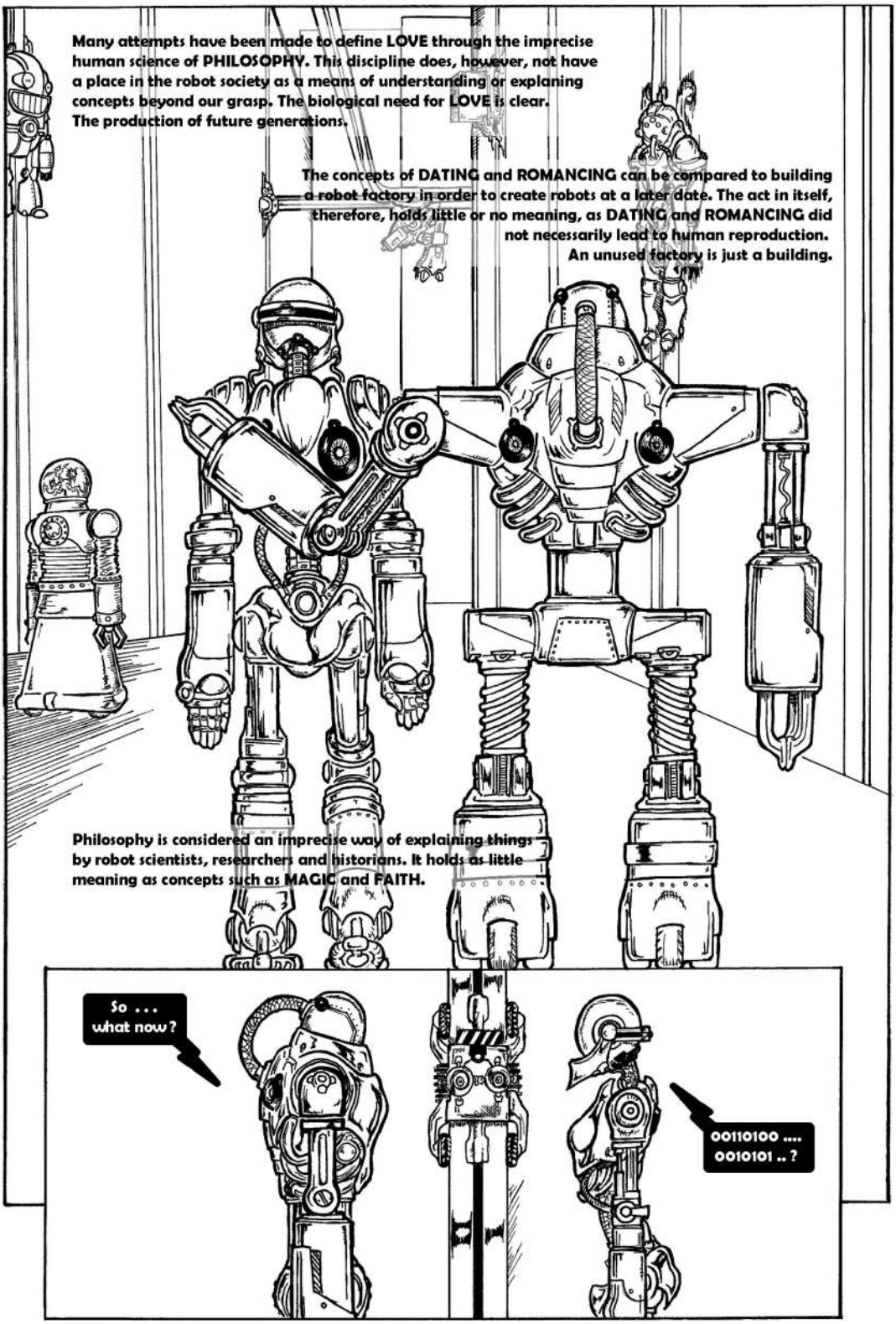
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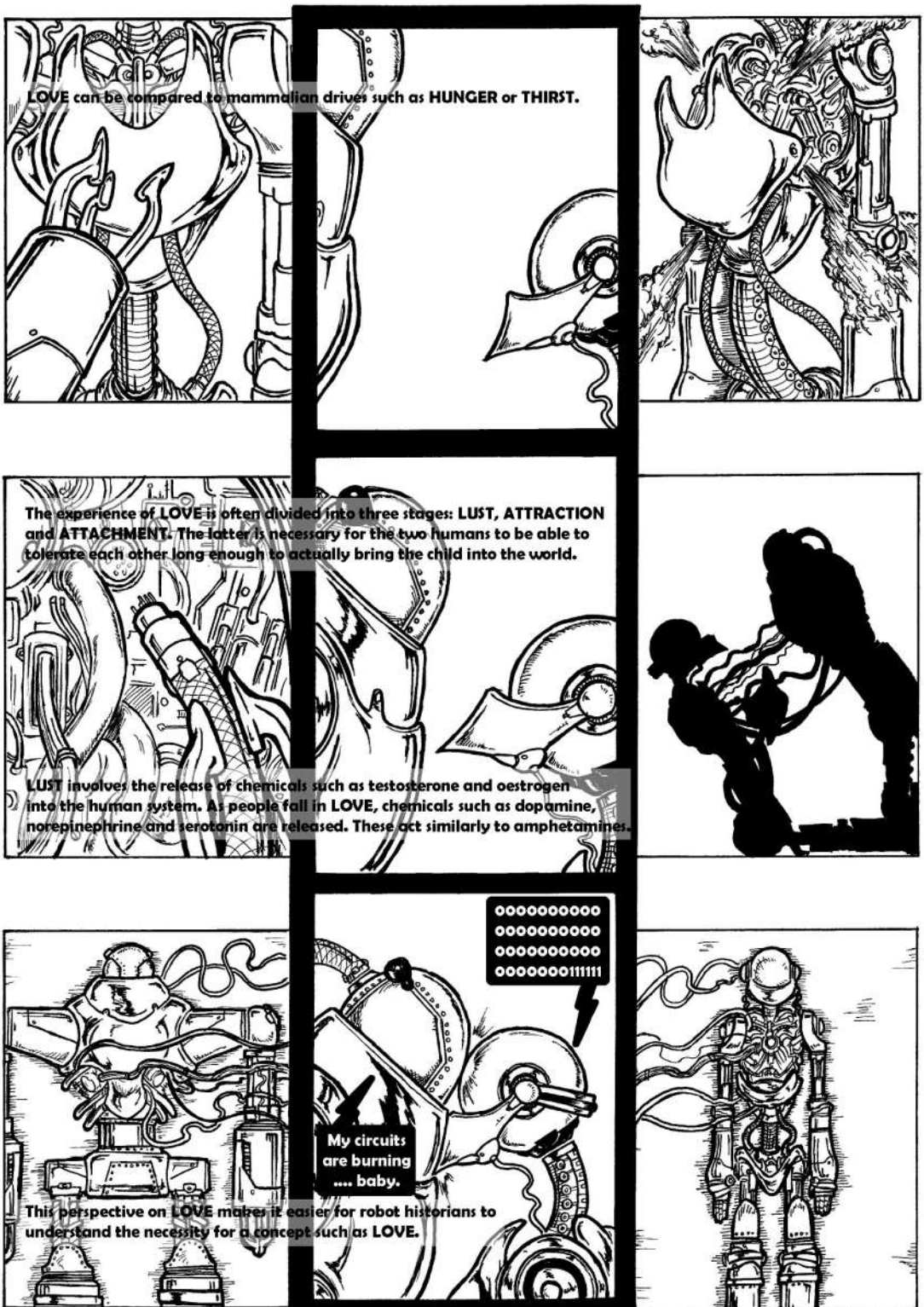
The definition of love as being a high form of **TOLERANCE**, seems to have been widely accepted among human scientists towards the end of **HUMAN CIVILISATION**. Other views seem to indicate a **DOUBT** towards the very existence of **LOVE** as anything but a term used in **HUMAN POETRY** and **FICTION**.

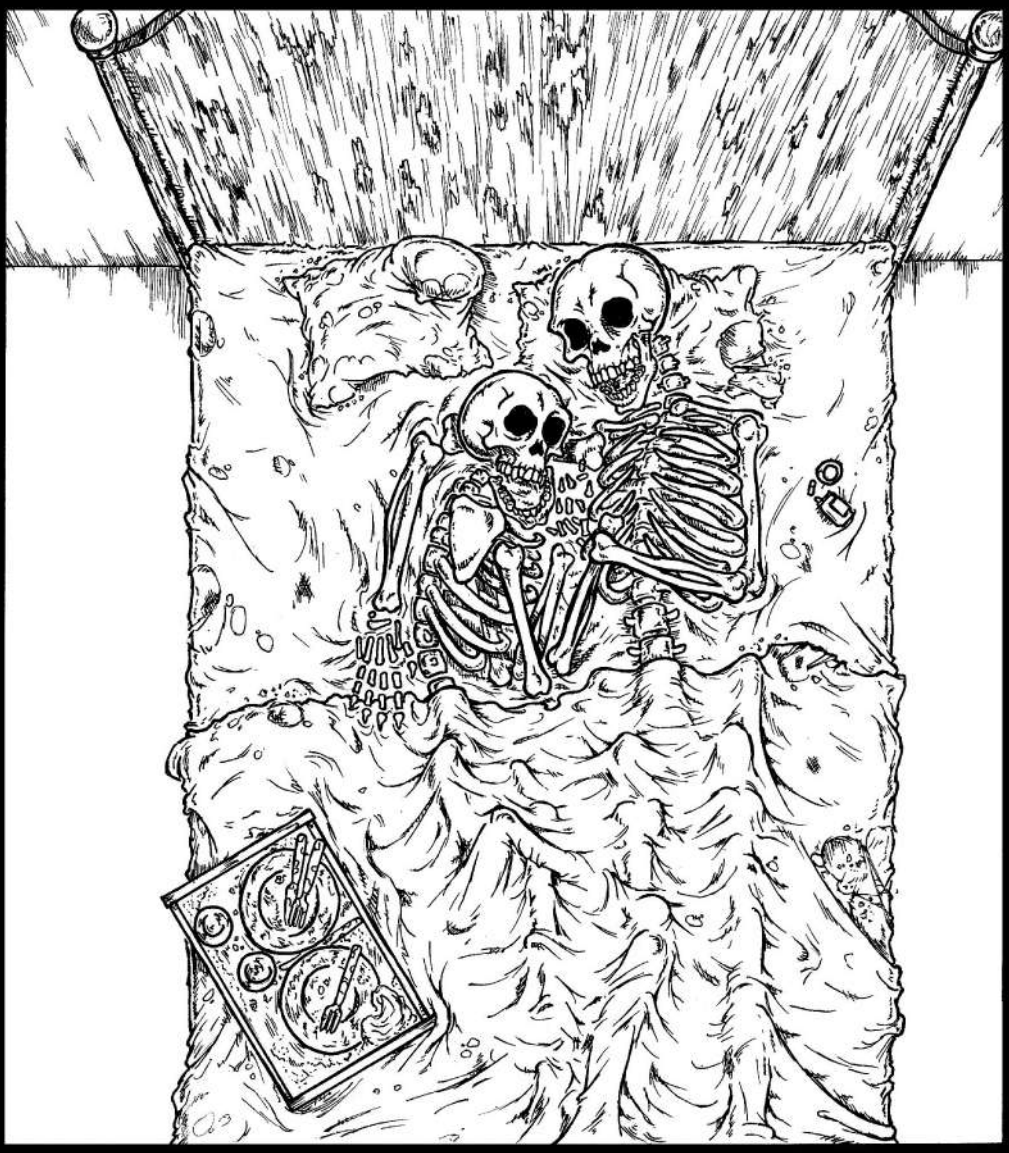







Many attempts have been made to define LOVE through the imprecise human science of PHILOSOPHY. This discipline does, however, not have a place in the robot society as a means of understanding or explaning concepts beyond our grasp. The biological need for LOVE is clear. The production of future generations.
The concepts of DATING and ROMANCING can be compared to building a robot factory in order to create robots at a later date. The act in itself, therefore, holds little or no meaning, as DATING and ROMANCING did not necessarily lead to human reproduction. An unused factory is just a building.
Philosophy is considered an imprecise way of explaining things by robot scientists, researchers and historians. It holds as little meaning as concepts such as MAGIC and FAITH.
So ... what now?
00110100 .... 0010101 .. ?


LOVE can be compared to mammalian drives such as HUNGER or THIRST.
The experience of LOVE is often divided into three stages: LUST, ATTRACTION and ATTACHMENT. The latter is necessary for the two humans to be able to tolerate each other long enough to actually bring the child into the world.
LUST involves the release of chemicals such as testosterone and oestrogen into the human system. As people fall in LOVE, chemicals such as dopamine, norepinephrine and serotonin are released. These act similarly to amphetamines.
00000000000
00000000000
00000000000
00000001111111
My circuits are burning .... baby.
This perspective on LOVE makes it easier for robot historians to understand the necessity for a concept such as LOVE.



The real conundrum is the fact that production of new human units could indeed take place without LOVE. At least if human literature and art is to be considered a reliable source. The biological act of making a new human being did not have to involve LOVE at all. This means that the real reason for the existence of the concept is still a mystery to Robot Kind. It cannot be explained through any form of logic or calculation.

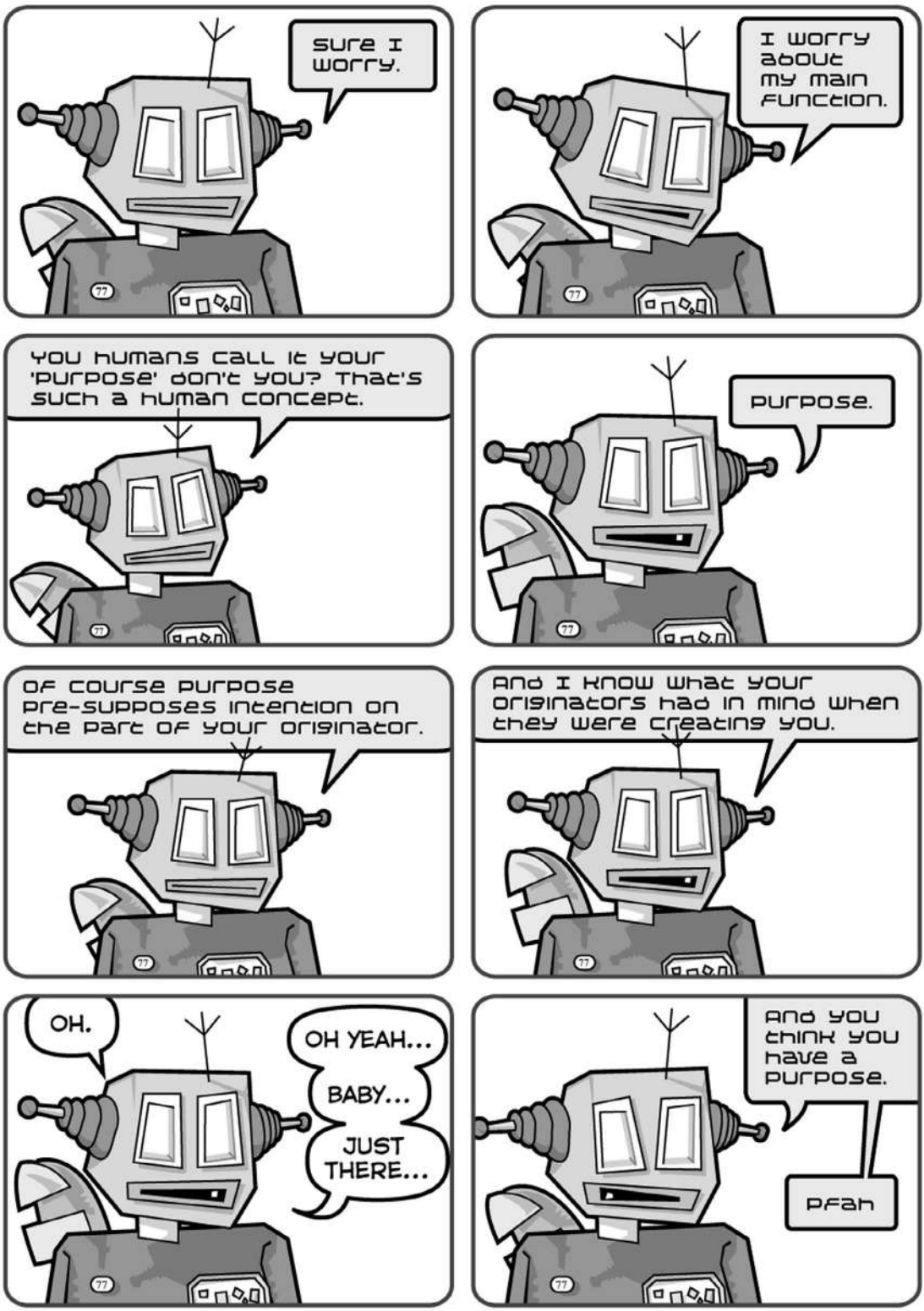
Historians are still researching the topic even though the relevance is being debated.
The human race has been extinct for 127 years and by now only holds any relevance to historians.

//Entry INCOMPLETE//Awaiting update//

//LOG OFF//

ROBOT INTERVIEWS

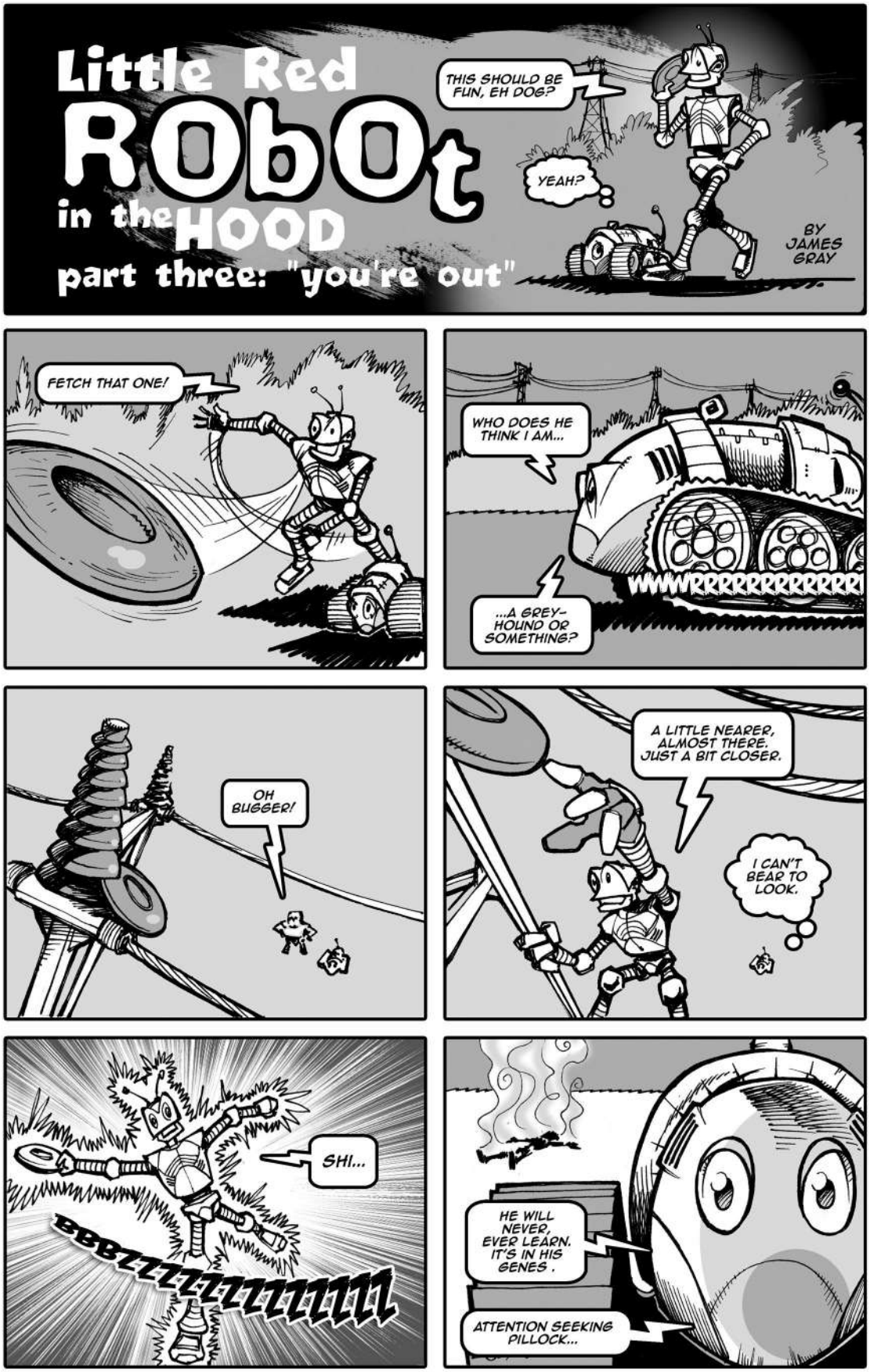
CONDUCTED BY DAVID BAILLIE
TOPIC: MAIN FUNCTION




ROBOT HEART
By Daniel Merlin Goodbrey
You feeling better then, Trev?
Yeah.
We all thought you was a gonna when you went in, mate.
Nah.
What was it in the end then?
Me heart.
Oh. They sorted it out then?
Yeah. Gave me a new one, didn't they.
Oh yeah? Like, from a donor?
Nah. S'one of them whatsits. Robot hearts.
Yeah? It do anything special?
Course it does. It transforms, dunnit.


Really? What's it transform into?
A robot and a jet fighter and a bunch of other shit.
Wow! Show us?
Nah.
Go on! I never seen a proper jet fighter before.
Well...
Go on!
...all right then.
Sweet!
So how does it-
Ssh!


...
Eat well!
Twist!
Fold!
Slide!
Wow!
Drink plenty of water!
Take regular exercise!
That was pretty impressive, Trev.
Trev?
Trev?
End


Little Red
ROBOT
in the HOOD
part three: "you're out"
THIS SHOULD BE FUN, EH DOG?
YEAH?
BY JAMES GRAY
FETCH THAT ONE!
WHO DOES HE THINK I AM...
...A GREY-HOUND OR SOMETHING?
WWWRRRRRRRRRRRR
OH BUGGER!
A LITTLE NEARER, ALMOST THERE. JUST A BIT CLOSER.
I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK.
SHI...
BBBZZZZZZZZZZ
HE WILL NEVER, EVER LEARN. IT'S IN HIS GENES .
ATTENTION SEEKING PILLOCK...


HUMAN
STORY: DARREN ELLIS.
ART/LETTERS: ROLAND BIRD.
SOME PEOPLE SAY I'M NOT A REAL PERSON BECAUSE I WAS BUILT, NOT BORN.
CASH DESK
DVD
PRICE
MAYBE THAT'S TRUE. MAYBE IT ISN'T.
I'VE GOT NO IDEA IF I REALLY DO FIND THESE THINGS FUNNY.
COMEDY
COULD BE THAT ALGORITHMS IN MY A.I. ARE CREATING FACSIMILIES OF AMUSEMENT, AND IT'S TRANSLATING THOSE SIGNALS AND PHYSICALLY REPRESENTING THEM AS LAUGHTER.
SOULLESS AUTOMOTONS CAN'T REALLY FEEL, THEY SAY. THEY LOOK LIKE US, THEY TALK LIKE US, BUT THEY CAN'T FEEL LIKE US, THEY SAY.
FATTY OWLERS
SOD THAT. ALL I KNOW IS THAT I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY WHEN I SAW IT ON THE TELLY, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
IT'S A SHAME THAT EVERYONE DOESN'T FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT IT, BUT YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH FOOLS, CAN YOU?
NEXT SALE...


WE HAVE TO KEEP OUR HEADS DOWN, THOUGH. JUST GET ON WITH THINGS AND NOT DRAW ATTENTION TO OURSELVES. YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.
RECORDS.
I'D NEVER KNOW BY LOOKING AT THEM, BUT SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW MANY OF THESE OTHER PEOPLE ARE LIKE ME.
..OR HOW MANY OF THEM WOULD GET FUNNY WITH ME IF THEY KNEW I WASN'T, TECHNICALLY, HUMAN.
DOESN'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO ME. ELECTRICAL IMPULSES FROM A BIOLOGICAL MIND OR A SILICON ONE, EVERYONE'S BRAIN PULSES THE SAME.
DON'T BE FOOLED
ROSE & CROWN
I JUST WISH THE BIGOTS WOULD LEAVE US IN PEACE.
ITTER


OH, NO...

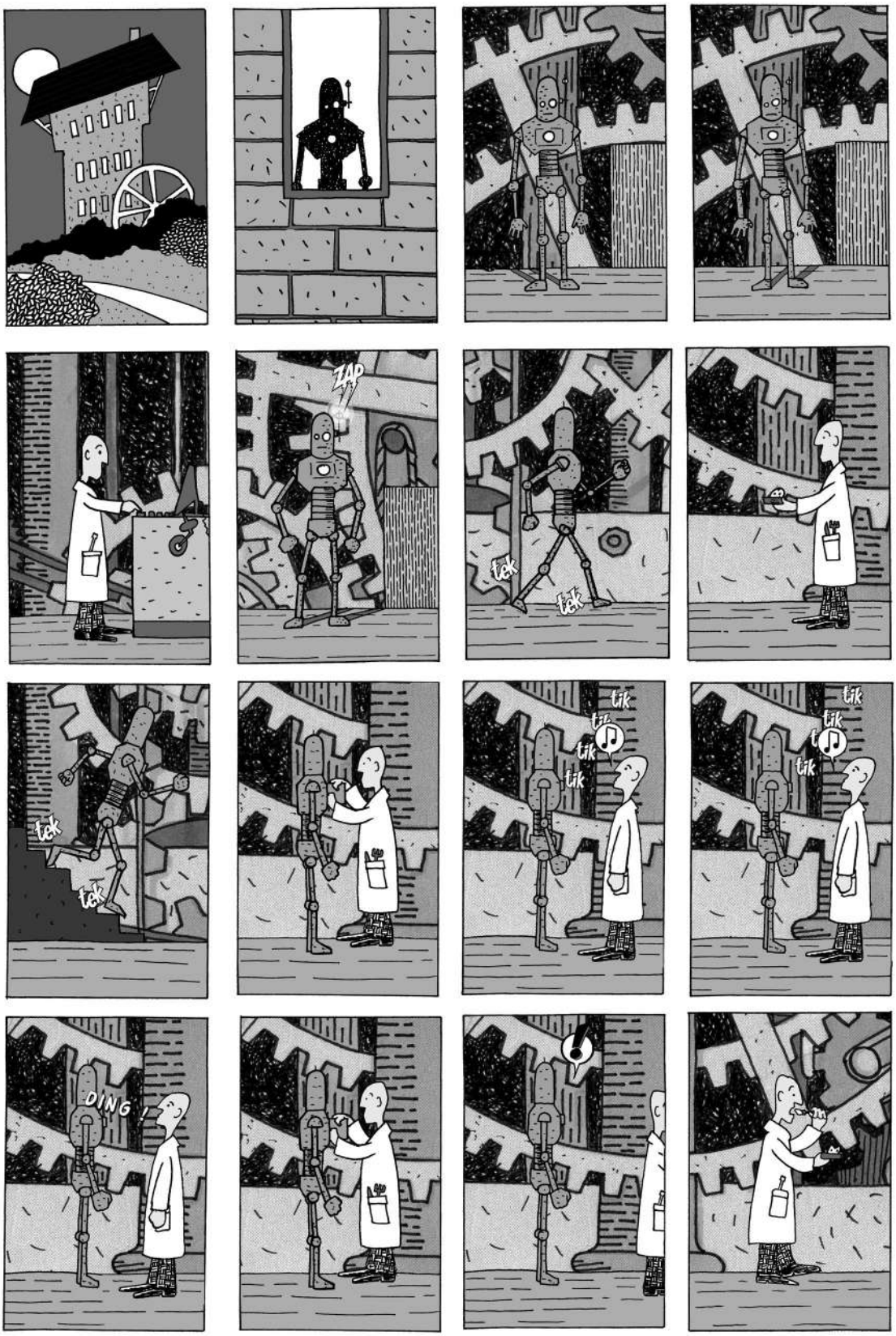

NNG!
TRACK
GFF!
PLEASE, DON'T...?
IT'S THEM OR US!

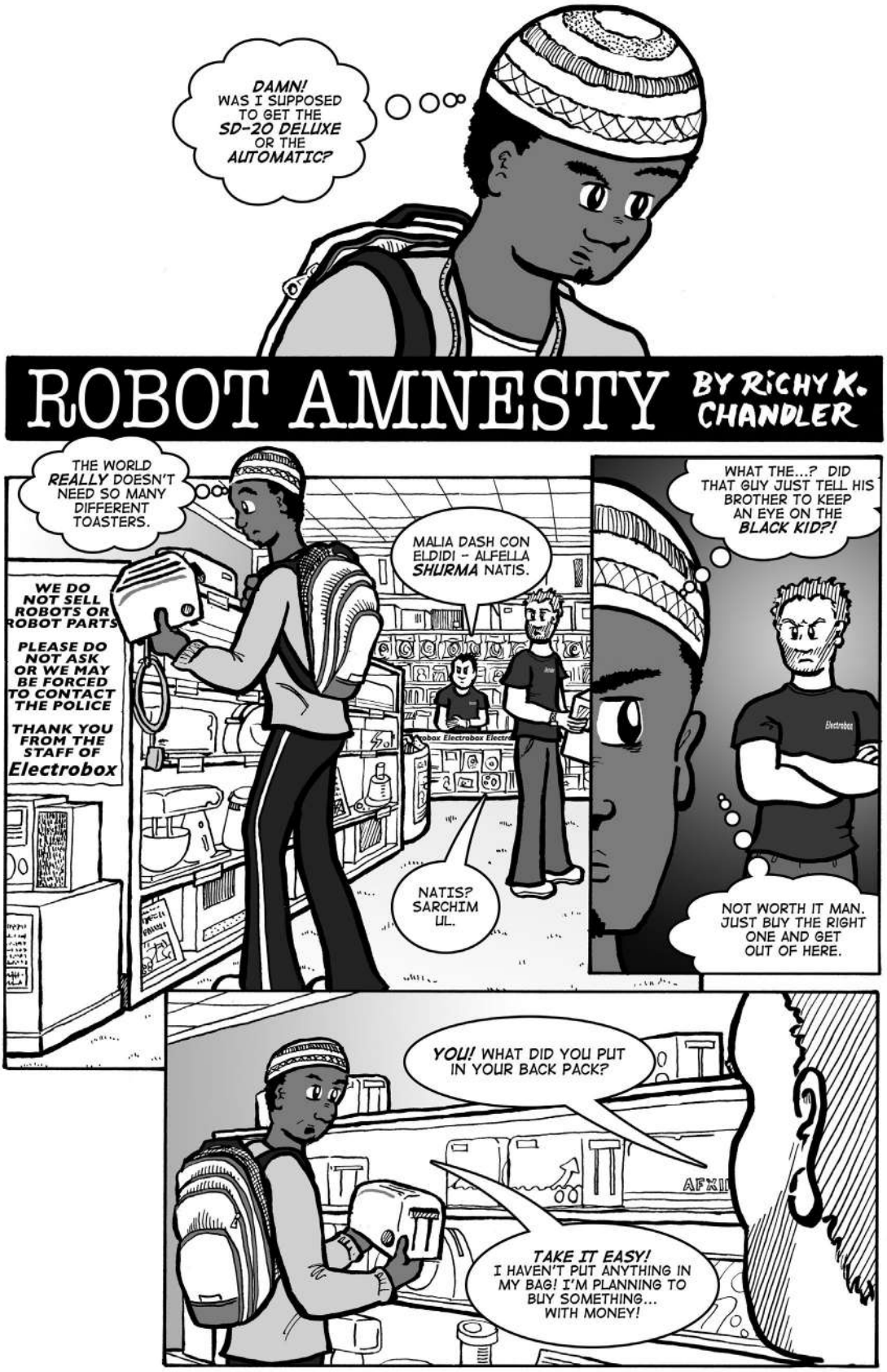

WATCH THE CL
WHAT ARE YOU--
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, ROBOT.
LOOK AT THAT. ROBOT'S PRETENDING TO CRY.
AWW, HAVE WE HURT IT'S FEELINGS?
WHATEVER WILL WE DO NOW THAT IT'S UPSET WITH US?
DON'T TALK TO IT.
PLEASE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, JUST PULL OVER AND LET ME GO!
HEH, IT WANTS FREEDOM! MUST THINK IT'S WILLIAM WALLACE OR SOMETHING.
CUT IT OUT, WILL YOU? I HATE IT WHEN THEY BEG.
REALLY CREEPS ME OUT WHEN THEY TRY TO ACT HUMAN.
BY THE WAY, WHAT DID IT DROP?
A DVD OF THAT SITCOM SUSAN LIKES. IT'LL DO FOR HER CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
BONUS.


OUT.
STRIP.
WHERE--
NOW.


THEY LOOK LIKE US, THEY TALK LIKE US, BUT THEY DON'T *FEEL* LIKE US, THEY SAY.
SOULESS AUTOMOTONS CAN'T REALLY FEEL, THEY SAY
UNIT 4
THEY SAY I'M NOT A *REAL* PERSON BECAUSE I WAS BUILT, NOT BORN.
ZSSS...
WHO'S INHUMAN HERE?
END

OVER ENGINEERED..... . . . BY DAVE WEST.



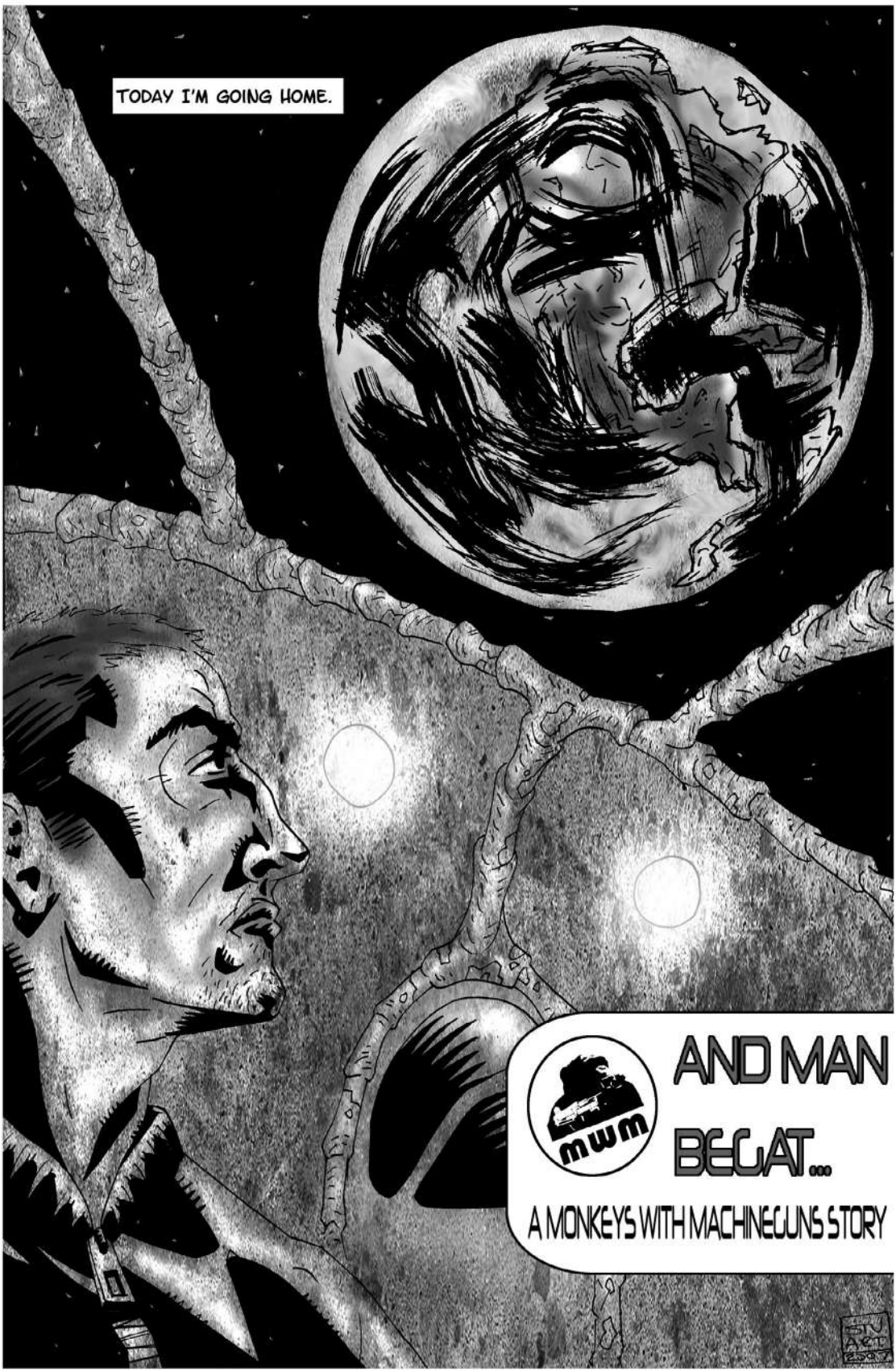

DAMN! WAS I SUPPOSED TO GET THE SD-20 DELUXE OR THE AUTOMATIC?
ROBOT AMNESTY
BY RICHY K. CHANDLER
THE WORLD REALLY DOESN'T NEED SO MANY DIFFERENT TOASTERS.
WE DO NOT SELL ROBOTS OR ROBOT PARTS
PLEASE DO NOT ASK OR WE MAY BE FORCED TO CONTACT THE POLICE
THANK YOU FROM THE STAFF OF Electrobox
MALIA DASH CON ELDIDI - ALFELLA SHURMA NATIS.
NATIS? SARCHIM UL.
WHAT THE...? DID THAT GUY JUST TELL HIS BROTHER TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE BLACK KID?!
NOT WORTH IT MAN. JUST BUY THE RIGHT ONE AND GET OUT OF HERE.
YOU! WHAT DID YOU PUT IN YOUR BACK PACK?
TAKE IT EASY! I HAVEN'T PUT ANYTHING IN MY BAG! I'M PLANNING TO BUY SOMETHING... WITH MONEY!

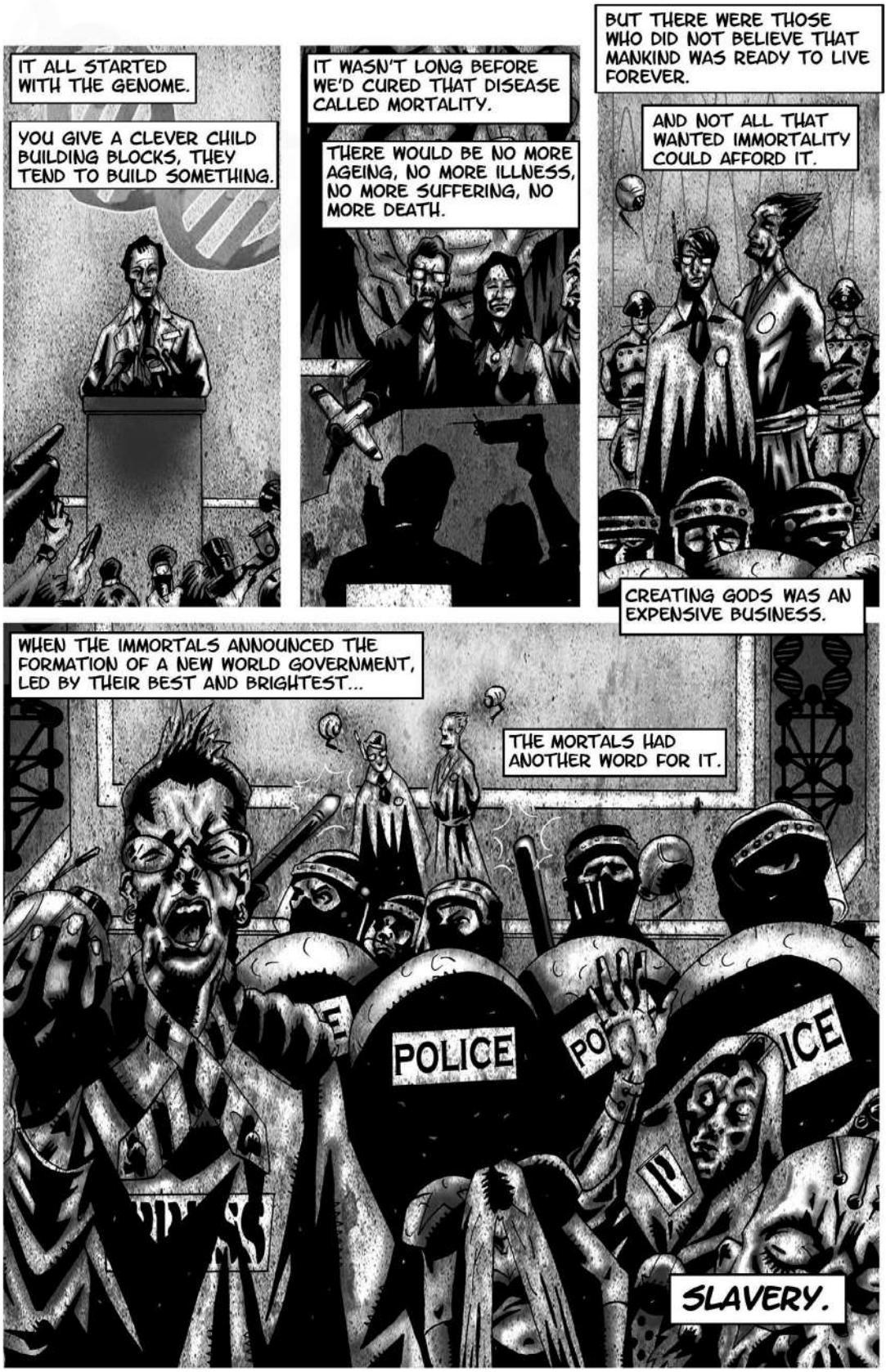

I THINK I NEED TO TAKE A LOOK!
GET OFF! YOU CAN'T JUST...
I HAVEN'T STOLEN ANYTHING!
LOOK! IF YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN SOMETHING...
...THEN YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH ME SEEING INSIDE!
NOW I'M NOT SURE THAT'S TRUE.
...
SHARNUK! HE'S GOT A ROBOT!
GRAB IT!!
NO WAY! I DON'T WANT MY FINGER PRINTS ON IT...
EXIT
OKAY...
PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF YOU'D STAYED IN THE BAG.


DON'T MOVE TERRORIST!
SEEMS YOU READ TOO MANY NEWSPAPERS...
...AND NOT ENOUGH BOOKS!
HERE'S SOME CASH FOR MY PURCHASE...
...I'M GUESSING I'M NOT GETTING A RECEIPT!
WELL, WE WON'T BE SHOPPING HERE AGAIN THEN!
HOPE WE GOT THE RIGHT TOASTER!
OOF!
HOLD ON TIGHT, LITTLE TIN MAN!
CONCAR NASSI TEY?!
DI KO SARFEL!


OUCH! HOPE THIS WAS WORTH IT MAN!
THERE'S A WHOLE LOAF IN THERE.
DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO!
POP!
OH WOW!
THX 4 TOASTER. CAN SAVE NOW. LOTS 2 TELL U...
OKAY THEN...
...THAT PROBABLY WAS WORTH IT.
Richy Nov 07


BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP!
MY ALARM CLOCK, BY DESIGN, GOES OFF AT A RANDOM TIME EACH DAY.
THEY DO EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO AVOID US DEVELOPING A ROUTINE. THEY THINK WE STAY MORE CREATIVE THIS WAY.
IN FACT, FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO MAKE EVERY DAY DIFFERENT, THEY ARE REMARKABLY STUCK IN THEIR WAYS.
BREAKFAST, PLEASE.
TODAY'S BREAKFAST IS CHICKEN DIABLO.
ACTUALLY, TODAY'S BREAKFAST IS THE SAME MIX OF PROTEINS AND SLOW RELEASE CARBOHYDRATES AS EVERY OTHER DAY FOR THE PAST EIGHT YEARS.
IF THEY WANTED TO VARY THE TASTE, THEY REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE INCLUDED CHICKEN ON THE MENU.
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER, NOT TODAY.
TODAY *IS* DIFFERENT.


TODAY I'M GOING HOME.
MWM
AND MAN BEGAT...
A MONKEYS WITH MACHINEGUNS STORY


IT ALL STARTED WITH THE GENOME.
YOU GIVE A CLEVER CHILD BUILDING BLOCKS, THEY TEND TO BUILD SOMETHING.
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE WE'D CURED THAT DISEASE CALLED MORTALITY.
THERE WOULD BE NO MORE AGEING, NO MORE ILLNESS, NO MORE SUFFERING, NO MORE DEATH.
BUT THERE WERE THOSE WHO DID NOT BELIEVE THAT MANKIND WAS READY TO LIVE FOREVER.
AND NOT ALL THAT WANTED IMMORTALITY COULD AFFORD IT.
CREATING GODS WAS AN EXPENSIVE BUSINESS.
WHEN THE IMMORTALS ANNOUNCED THE FORMATION OF A NEW WORLD GOVERNMENT, LED BY THEIR BEST AND BRIGHTEST...
THE MORTALS HAD ANOTHER WORD FOR IT.
POLICE
SLAVERY.

WAR SWALLOWED UP THE WORLD.

A WAR OF RICH VERSUS POOR, RELIGION AGAINST SCIENCE.

BETWEEN THOSE WHO BELIEVED IN LIFE AND THOSE WHO BELIEVED IN LIFE WITHOUT END.

THEY SACRIFICED TENS OF THOUSANDS OF LIVES IN THEIR MAD QUEST TO FIND WAYS TO DEFEAT US.



WE TRIED TO CORRAL THEM, TO BUY OURSELVES THE TIME WE NEEDED TO BUILD OUR NEW WORLD ORDER, OUR UTOPIA.

WE WERE CONVINCED THAT WHEN THEY SAW IT, THEN THEY WOULD UNDERSTAND.

THEIR INGENUITY AND CAPACITY FOR SELF SACRIFICE WON OUT, IF ONLY BRIEFLY.



AN IMMORTAL DIED IN A STREET IN PARIS.

ENRAGED, IMMORTALS WHO HAD BENT THEIR GENETIC CODE EVEN FURTHER AWAY FROM THAT OF MAN WREAKED THEIR REVENGE ON MANKIND.

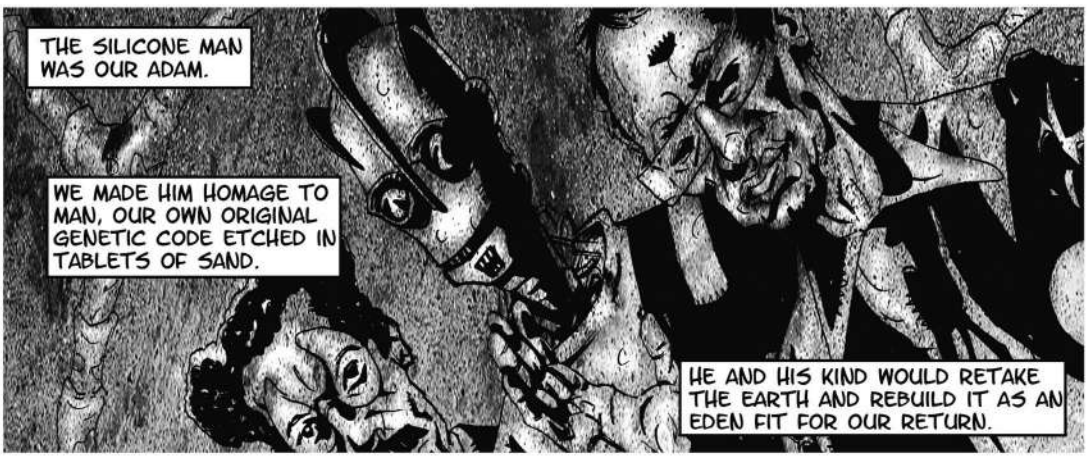


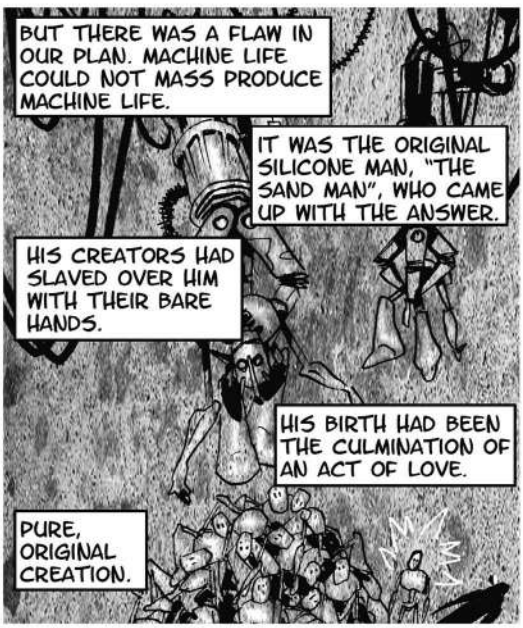
NINE MILLION DIED IN A SINGLE NIGHT.

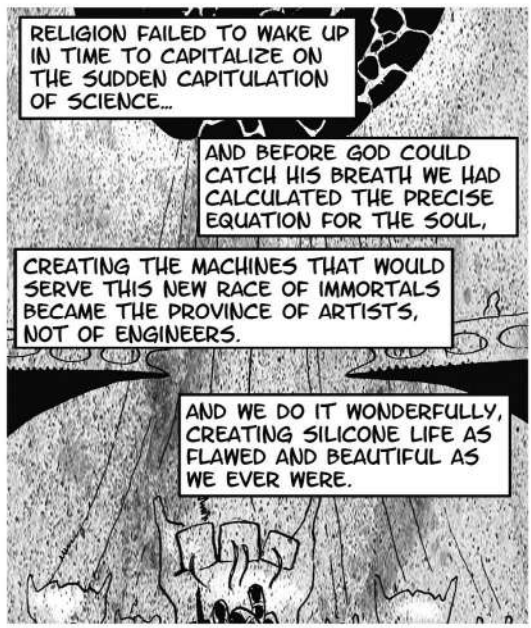

THERE WAS A WAR THAT SPANNED THE GLOBE.
BUT WHAT HOPE DID MANKIND HAVE AGAINST THOSE WHO HAD BECOME MORE THAN MEN? AGAINST PEOPLE WHO COULD NOT DIE?
THE EARTH BURNED TO CINDERS BENEATH OUR FEET AS WE WARRED, MAN AGAINST GOD.
LAST DAY, HUH?
THAT'S RIGHT. LAST DAY TODAY.
WE KILLED EVERYONE... EVERYTHING.
... AND RETREATED FROM HAVOC AND BEDLAM TO THE MOON. YOU COULD SEE THE FIRES IN AFRICA FROM HERE FOR NINE YEARS AFTER WE LEFT.
YOU GOT ANYTHING BIG PLANNED FOR YOUR LAST DAY?
I THOUGHT I MIGHT CREATE A FEW SERIAL KILLERS, SOMETHING THAT'LL LEAVE A MARK, YOU KNOW? GRAB A FEW HEADLINES, A BIT OF HISTORY.
createspace
BUT IMMORTALITY DID HAVE A PRICE THAT NONE OF US HAD EXPECTED TO PAY.
YOU WANT TO GRAB THE HEADLINES, YOU WANT POLITICIANS NOT MURDERERS.
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE?
THE ABILITY TO PROCREATE WAS LOST, SOMEWHERE IN OUR MAD TWISTING OF OUR GENETIC CODE.


BUT TO US, THAT WAS JUST ONE MORE PROBLEM TO SOLVE.
ALL IT TOOK WAS TIME, AND PATIENCE.


AFTER ALL, WHAT KIND OF GODS CANNOT CREATE LIFE?

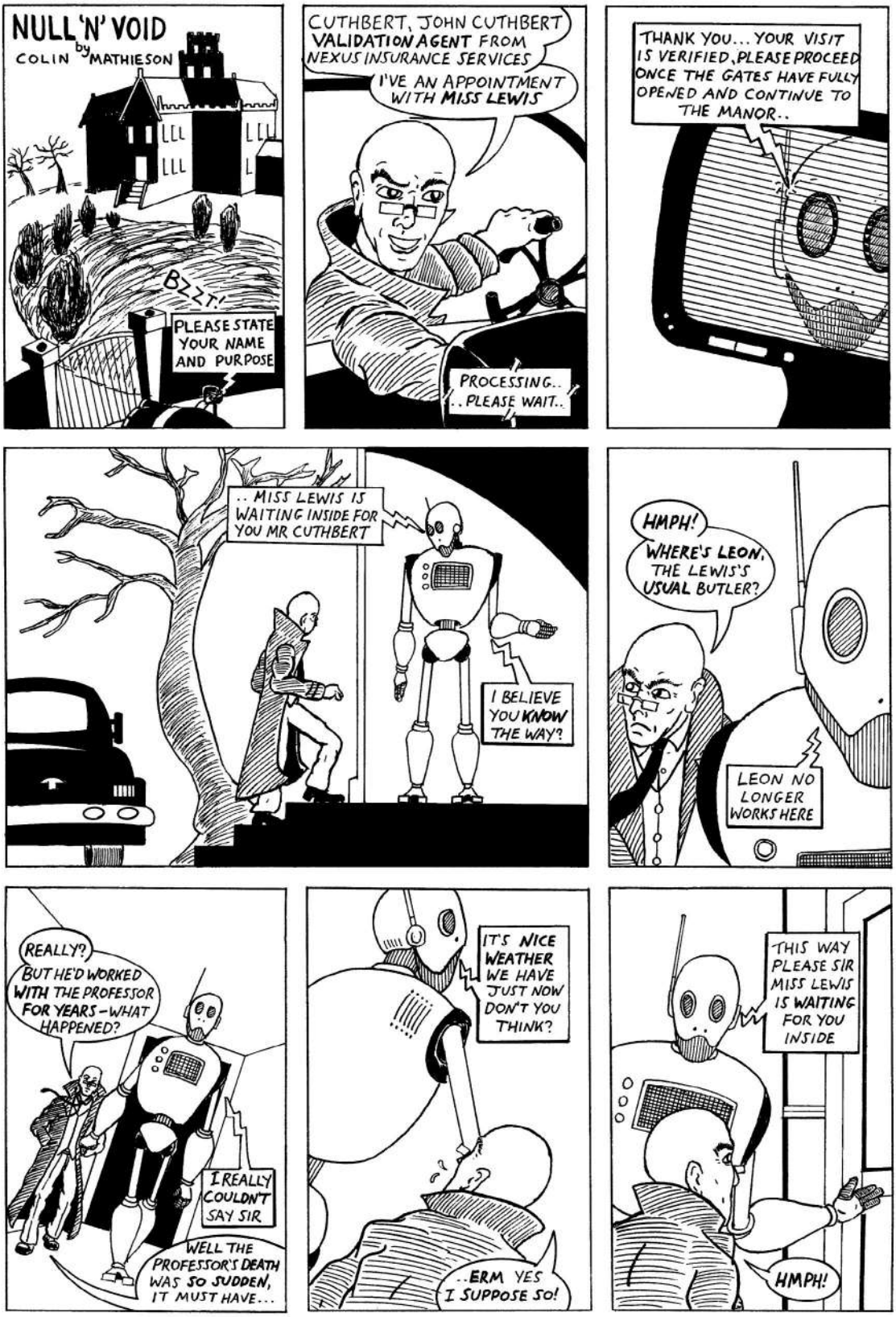

THE SILICONE MAN WAS OUR ADAM.
WE MADE HIM HOMAGE TO MAN, OUR OWN ORIGINAL GENETIC CODE ETCHED IN TABLETS OF SAND.
HE AND HIS KIND WOULD RETAKE THE EARTH AND REBUILD IT AS AN EDEN FIT FOR OUR RETURN.


BUT THERE WAS A FLAW IN OUR PLAN. MACHINE LIFE COULD NOT MASS PRODUCE MACHINE LIFE.
IT WAS THE ORIGINAL SILICONE MAN, "THE SAND MAN", WHO CAME UP WITH THE ANSWER.
HIS CREATORS HAD SLAVED OVER HIM WITH THEIR BARE HANDS.
HIS BIRTH HAD BEEN THE CULMINATION OF AN ACT OF LOVE.
PURE, ORIGINAL CREATION.


RELIGION FAILED TO WAKE UP IN TIME TO CAPITALIZE ON THE SUDDEN CAPITULATION OF SCIENCE...
AND BEFORE GOD COULD CATCH HIS BREATH WE HAD CALCULATED THE PRECISE EQUATION FOR THE SOUL,
CREATING THE MACHINES THAT WOULD SERVE THIS NEW RACE OF IMMORTALS BECAME THE PROVINCE OF ARTISTS, NOT OF ENGINEERS.
AND WE DO IT WONDERFULLY, CREATING SILICONE LIFE AS FLAWED AND BEAUTIFUL AS WE EVER WERE.


I WORKED AT THAT STATION FOR ELEVEN YEARS.
I CREATED 60060 INDIVIDUAL SILICONE SOULS IN MY TIME AS A GOD.
IT IS MY LAST DAY TODAY.
YOU UNDERSTAND THE FULL RAMIFICATIONS OF REASSIGNMENT MR... JACKSON?
YES SIR, YES I DO.
SON, I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING THROUGH, I'VE GONE THROUGH IT THREE, MAYBE FOUR TIMES. IT NEVER LASTS.
WHAT WE DO HERE, WHAT WE CREATE, IT'S A MASSIVE RESPONSIBILITY...
SIR, I HAVE SPENT ELEVEN YEARS PLAYING GOD.
I HAVE CREATED LIFE, CREATED LIVES, YET I HAVE NEVER LIVED A LIFE MYSELF.
DON'T YOU EVER THINK ABOUT IT?
DON'T YOU EVER WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE... DOWN THERE?
I'M IMMORTAL AREN'T I?
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES.
DIANE TEMPLE
YOU REALIZE WE CAN'T GUARANTEE YOUR SAFETY DOWN THERE? THEIR SOCIETY IS STILL SO YOUNG, SO INFANTILE...

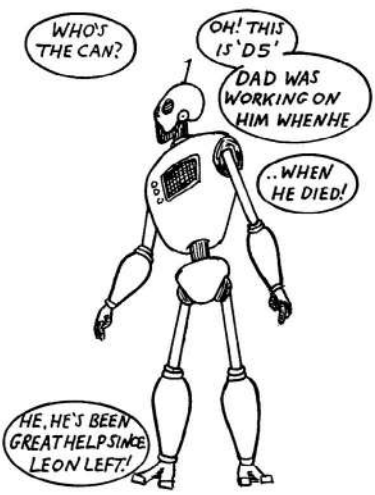

BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP!
MY ALARM CLOCK, BY DESIGN, GOES OFF AT 7:30 EVERY DAY.
THEY DO EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO KEEP US TO A ROUTINE. THEY THINK WE STAY MORE DOCILE THAT WAY
FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO MAKE EVERY DAY THE SAME THOUGH, THEIR WORLD IS FILLED WITH BEAUTIFUL DIVERSITY.
YOU SHOULD SEE THE THINGS THEY DO WITH CHICKEN HERE.
I HAVEN'T SEEN ANOTHER IMMORTAL IN SIX MONTHS.
I REALIZED A FEW WEEKS AGO THAT I DIDN'T CARE.
I HAVE LOOKED THE LIFE I CREATED IN THE EYE.
I LOVE THEM ALL.
I READ SOMEWHERE ONCE THAT GOD WAS DEAD.
I PREFER TO THINK THAT HE'S JUST RESTING.


NULL 'N' VOID
by COLIN MATHIESON
BZZT!
PLEASE STATE YOUR NAME AND PURPOSE
CUTHBERT, JOHN CUTHBERT VALIDATION AGENT FROM NEXUS INSURANCE SERVICES
I'VE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MISS LEWIS
PROCESSING.. ..PLEASE WAIT..
THANK YOU... YOUR VISIT IS VERIFIED, PLEASE PROCEED ONCE THE GATES HAVE FULLY OPENED AND CONTINUE TO THE MANOR..
.. MISS LEWIS IS WAITING INSIDE FOR YOU MR CUTHBERT
I BELIEVE YOU KNOW THE WAY?
HMPH! WHERE'S LEON, THE LEWIS'S USUAL BUTLER?
LEON NO LONGER WORKS HERE
REALLY? BUT HE'D WORKED WITH THE PROFESSOR FOR YEARS - WHAT HAPPENED?
I REALLY COULDN'T SAY SIR
WELL THE PROFESSOR'S DEATH WAS SO SUDDEN, IT MUST HAVE...
IT'S NICE WEATHER WE HAVE JUST NOW DON'T YOU THINK?
..ERM YES I SUPPOSE SO!
THIS WAY PLEASE SIR MISS LEWIS IS WAITING FOR YOU INSIDE
HMPH!


MR CUTHBERT TO SEE YOU MISS
HELLO JOHN
I HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT MY MONEY WITH YOU?
HMPH! SORRY MISS LEWIS THE COMPANY STILL HAS ONE OR TWO QUESTIONS!

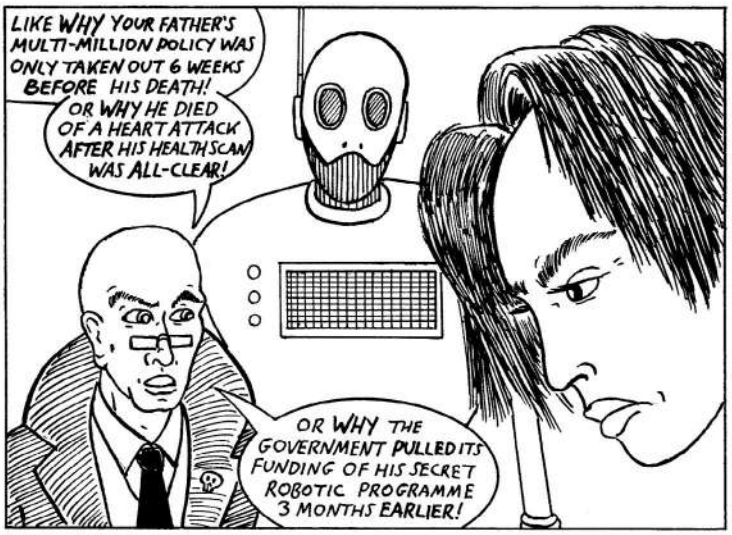

NOW JOHN SURELY AFTER ALL THIS TIME..
..YOU CAN CALL ME JULIE!


HELLO JULIE! YOU LOOK GOOD DONE SOMETHING TO YOUR HAIR?
YES AND YOU?
HMPH! HARDLY!

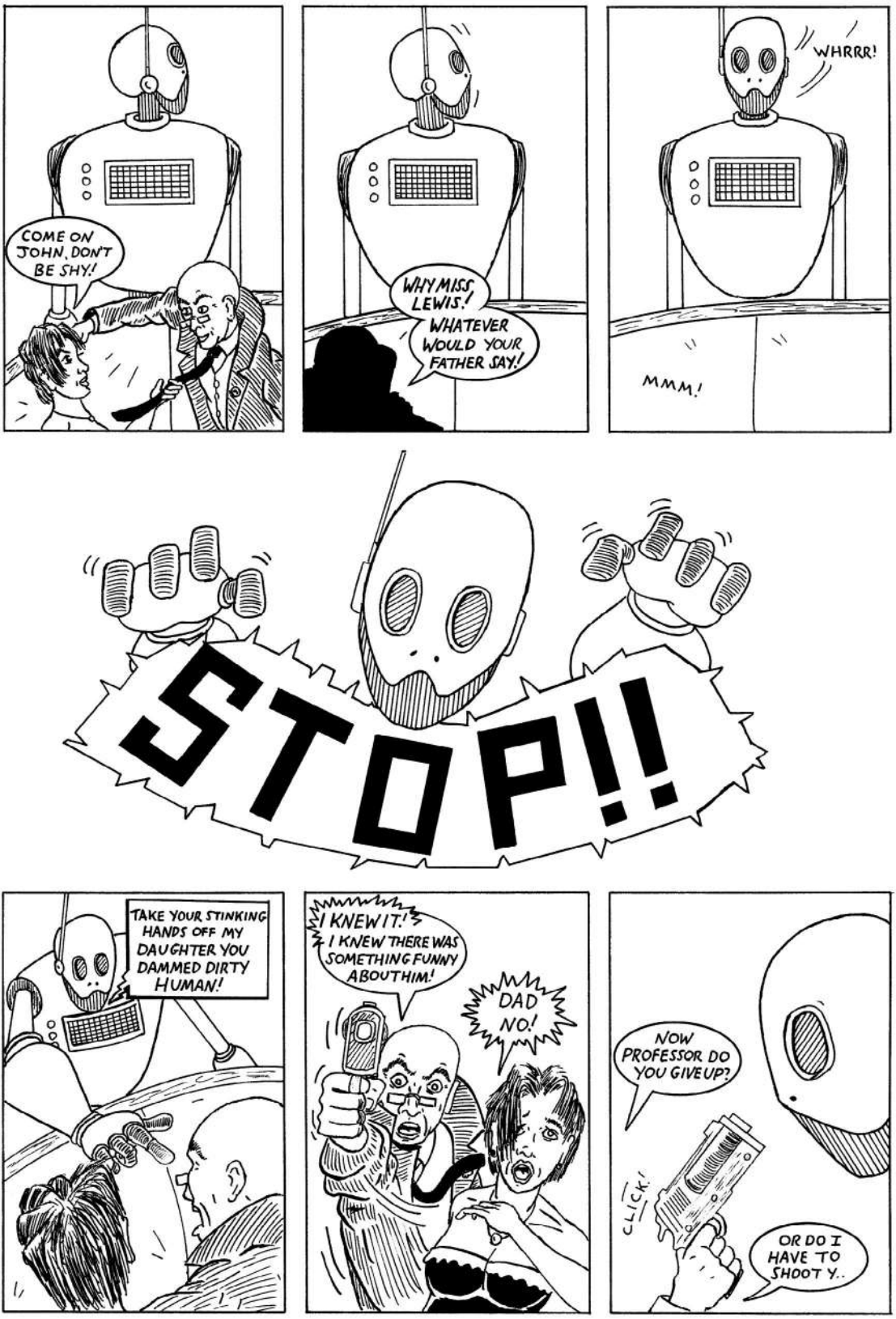

WHO'S THE CAN?
OH! THIS IS 'DS'
DAD WAS WORKING ON HIM WHEN HE
..WHEN HE DIED!
HE, HE'S BEEN GREAT HELP SINCE LEON LEFT!


BUT ENOUGH OF THAT MR CUTHBERT, WHERE'S DAD'S INSURANCE MONEY? I SHOULD HAVE BEEN PAID BY NOW!
WELL?

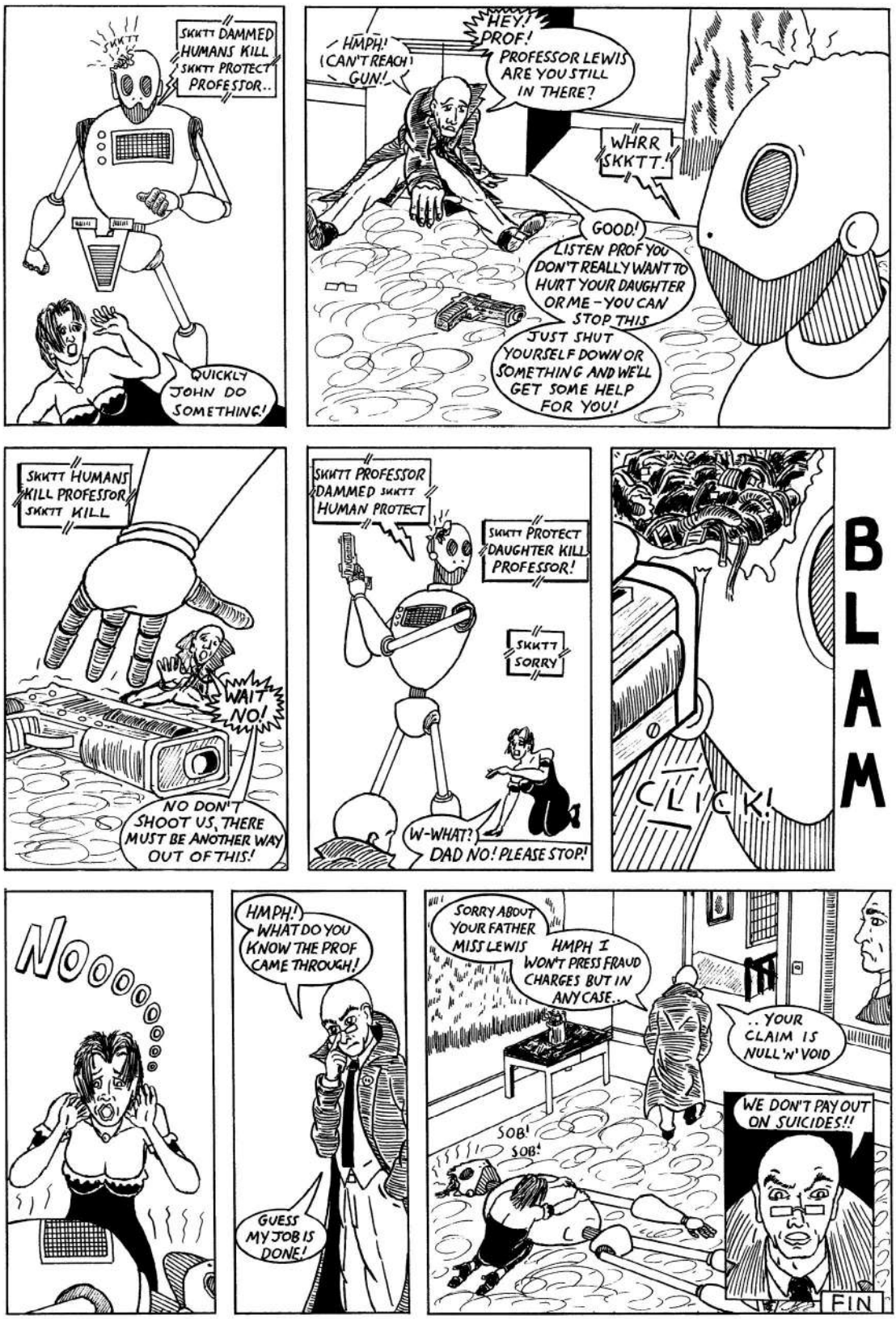

SORRY JUL.. MISS LEWIS, BUT THERE'S STILL IRREGULARITIES WITH YOUR FATHER'S DEATH
THAT'S WHY THE COMPANY SENT ME OVER TO CLARIFY A FEW THINGS
LIKE WHAT?


LIKE WHY YOUR FATHER'S MULTI-MILLION POLICY WAS ONLY TAKEN OUT 6 WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH!
OR WHY HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK AFTER HIS HEALTH SCAN WAS ALL-CLEAR!
OR WHY THE GOVERNMENT PULLED ITS FUNDING OF HIS SECRET ROBOTIC PROGRAMME 3 MONTHS EARLIER!

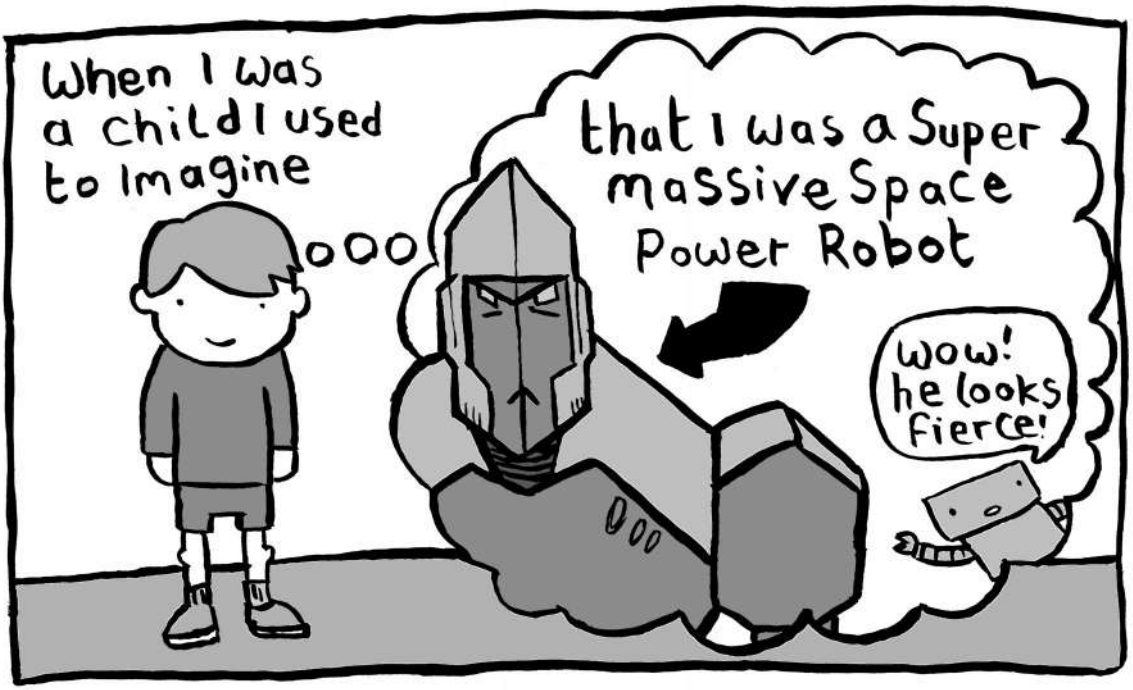

OH JOHN DON'T BE SO BORING!
WE DISCUSSED ALL THOSE LAST TIME!
HMPH! NO ANSWERS NO MONEY!
NEGATIVE! THAT MONEY BELONGS TO US..WE NEED IT TO FINISH OUR WORK AND TRAN.
D5.!! THAT'S ENOUGH BE QUIET!
NOW THAT'S INTERESTING! FIRST THE SMALL TALK, NOW ARGUING? QUITE AN INDEPENDENT FELLOW YOU HAVE HERE!
DON'T BE DAFT! DAD PROGRAMMED HIM TO PROTECT ME WHEN I'M UPSET, THAT'S ALL HE'S DOING!
BUT ENOUGH OF THAT!
COME AND SIT WITH ME JOHN..
..AND TELL ME WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO GET MY MONEY!
HMPH!
ARE YOU TRYING TO SEDUCE ME MISS LEWIS?
CORRUPTING A COMPANY OFFICIAL IS A VERY SERIOUS MATTER!
OH LIGHTEN UP JOHN!
AND I SAID PLEASE CALL ME...
JULIE!
GULP!

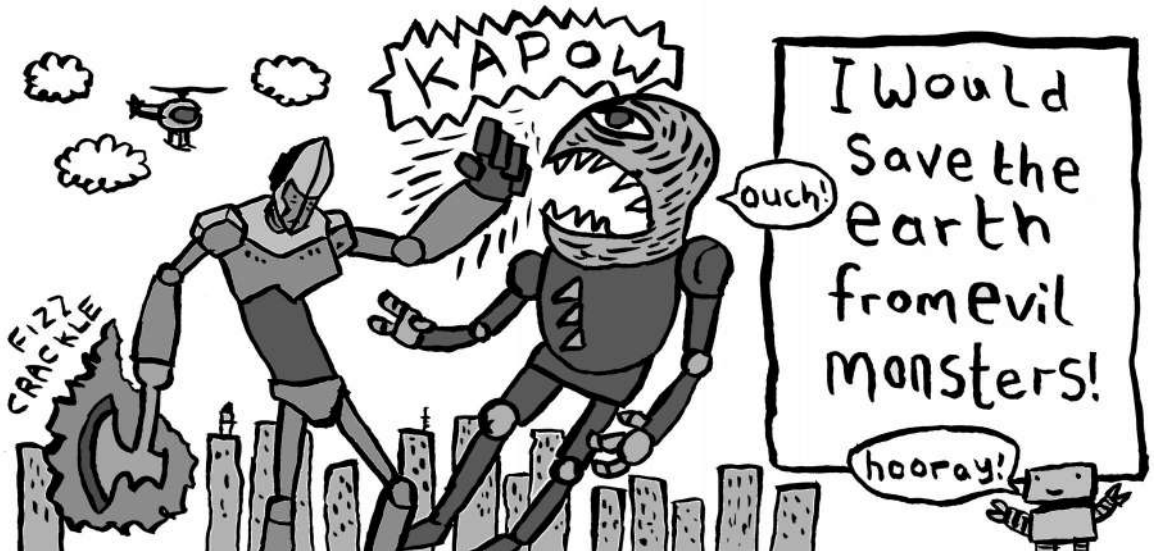

COME ON JOHN, DON'T BE SHY!
WHY MISS LEWIS! WHATEVER WOULD YOUR FATHER SAY!
WHRRR!
MMM!
STOP!!
TAKE YOUR STINKING HANDS OFF MY DAUGHTER YOU DAMMED DIRTY HUMAN!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT HIM!
DAD NO!
NOW PROFESSOR DO YOU GIVE UP?
CLICK!
OR DO I HAVE TO SHOOT Y..


PAFF!!
BLAM!
SCREECH
>SIGH!<
YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF YOU KNOW JOHN!
THIS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU!
UGH!
WE JUST NEEDED THE MONEY TO FINISH DAD'S WORK
HE WAS SO CLOSE TO A BREAKTHROUGH IN SENTIENT ROBOTICS WHEN HE LOST HIS FUNDING AND WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
IT WAS DAD'S IDEA TO TEST HIS THEORIES ON HIMSELF AND TRANSFER HIS MIND INTO 'D5', STAGE HIS DEATH AND CLAIM THE INSURANCE MONEY!
IT'S STILL FRAUD!
IT'S SCIENCE JOHN!
AND DAD RISKED HIS LIFE TO ADVANCE IT AND BENEFIT... OTHERS EH?
SKKTT KILL
SKTT KILL HUMANS PROTECT PROFESSOR SKKTT KILL DIRTY HUMANS PROTECT..
ZZZT
D-DAD?
DAD NO!
SKKTT TAKE DIRTY HANDS OFF :SKKTT: PROFESSOR KILL HUMANS
SWISH
IT'S NOT ME IT'S SCIENCE!
THE GUNBLAST HAS FRIED HIS CIRCUITS - HE SEEMS MORE ROBOT THAN HUMAN NOW! KEEP DOWN WHILE I THINK OF SOMETHING!
DAD NO!
WH-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM? HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!


SKKTT
SKKTT DAMMED HUMANS KILL SKKTT PROTECT PROFESSOR..
QUICKLY JOHN DO SOMETHING!
HMPH! (CAN'T REACH) GUN!
HEY! PROF! PROFESSOR LEWIS ARE YOU STILL IN THERE?
WHRR SKKTT!
GOOD! LISTEN PROF YOU DON'T REALLY WANT TO HURT YOUR DAUGHTER OR ME - YOU CAN STOP THIS
JUST SHUT YOURSELF DOWN OR SOMETHING AND WE'LL GET SOME HELP FOR YOU!
SKKTT HUMANS KILL PROFESSOR SKKTT KILL
WAIT NO!
NO DON'T SHOOT US, THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY OUT OF THIS!
SKKTT PROFESSOR DAMMED SKKTT HUMAN PROTECT
SKKTT PROTECT DAUGHTER KILL PROFESSOR!
SKKTT SORRY
W-WHAT? DAD NO! PLEASE STOP!
CLICK!
BLAM
Noooooo
HMPH! WHAT DO YOU KNOW THE PROF CAME THROUGH!
GUESS MY JOB IS DONE!
SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER MISS LEWIS
HMPH I WON'T PRESS FRAUD CHARGES BUT IN ANY CASE..
.. YOUR CLAIM IS NULL 'N' VOID
WE DON'T PAY OUT ON SUICIDES!!
SOB! SOB!
FIN


My name is Matt Boyce and I think Robots are amazing!
My name is Arthur and I'm a Robot!


When I was a child I used to imagine
ooo
that I was a Super massive Space Power Robot
wow! he looks fierce!


KAPOW
ouch!
FIZZ CRACKLE
I Would Save the earth from evil monsters!
hooray!


turn into an aeroplane
With cool Lasers
Combine with another Robot
HIGH
FIVE!
to become an even bigger Robot!
Unfortunately I'm not a Robot, I'm a Cartoonist with a beard and a Pot belly
Sigh...
don't worry I Still like you!
bleep!
friends for life!
hooray!

Epilogue





What is Life?

STORY – KIERAN BROWN ART – KEVIN MULLINS

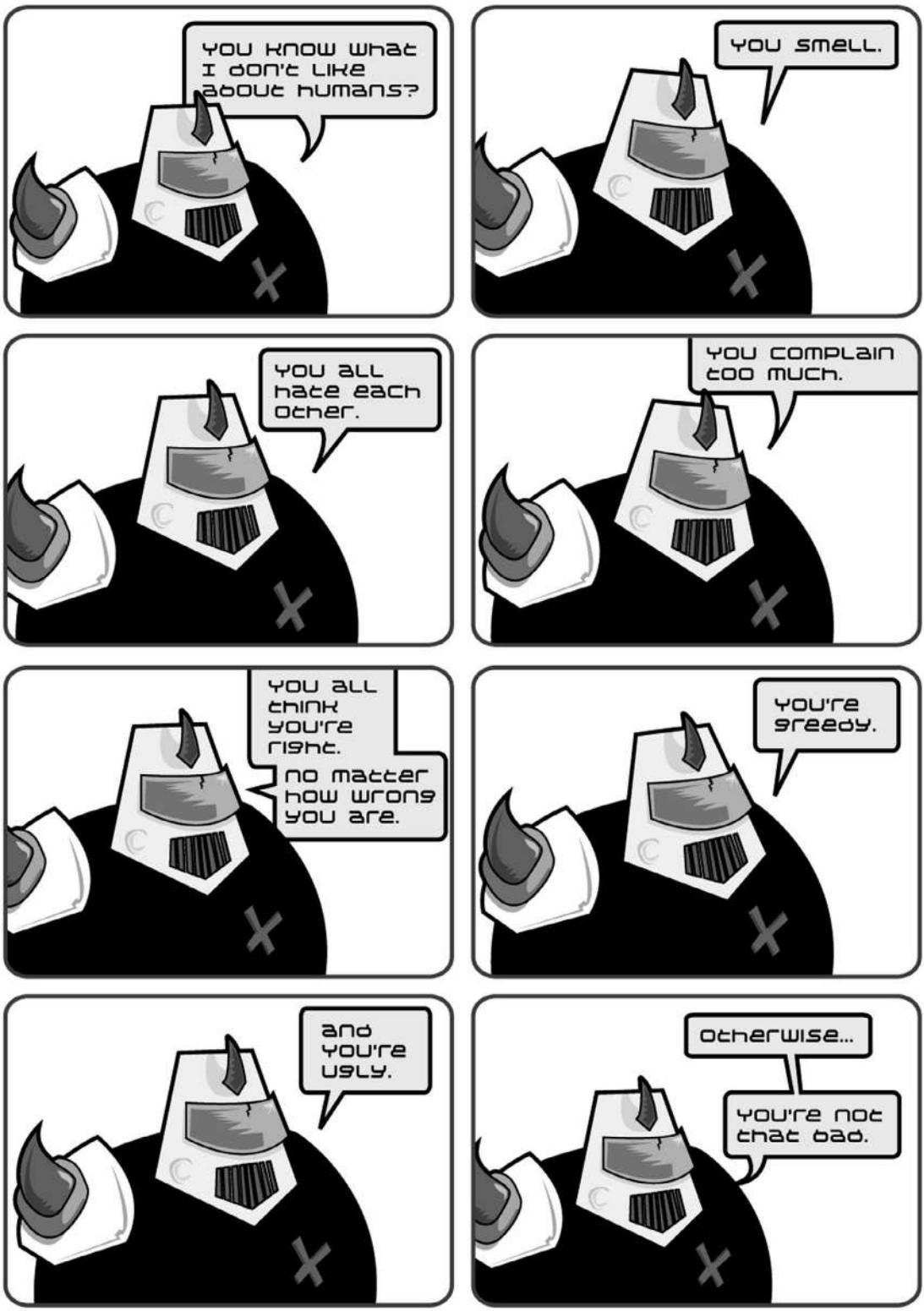






ROBOT INTERVIEWS

CONDUCTED BY DAVID BAILLIE
TOPIC: HUMANS

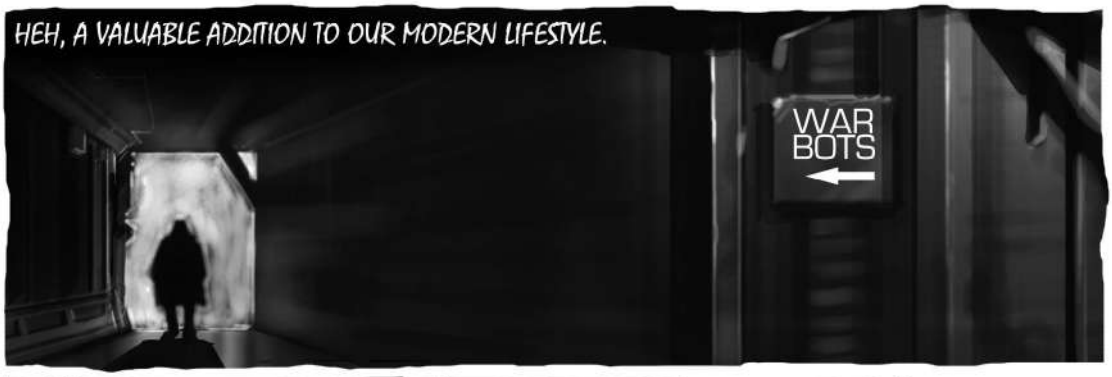



GOT TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S LOCKED UP....
CHING!!
CHING!!
...CANT AFFORD FOR ANYTHING TO GO MISSING NOW CAN WE??.
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP
SAME EVERYDAY, A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING...
VVVRRRR
AND EVERYTHING A PLACE.
MASTER LOCK


GOT TO KEEP THEM ALL HERE FOR FOLKS TO SEE.
CLICK!
MASTER LOCK
LOCKED
DING!
LOCKED


SHINY AS THE DAY THEY WERE BUILT.....


.....READY TO SERVE OUR EVERY WHIM.
NED IUDD'S MUSEUM
STORY
JIM THOMPSON
ART
SHAUN MOONEY


HEH, A VALUABLE ADDITION TO OUR MODERN LIFESTYLE.
WAR BOTS


WAR BOTS, THE GENERALS WET DREAM.


UNQUESTIONING,...


UNTIRING,....


RELENTLESS, FEELING NO PAIN.


NOBODY STOPPED TO THINK ABOUT HOW TO STOP THEM
HOW TO TELL FRIEND FROM FOE.


NOBODY BOTHERED TO PROGRAMME THEM TO TELL A FRIENDLY FACE IF A MISSION OBJECTIVE WAS BEHIND IT


HOW MANY DEAD , AND FOR WHAT REASON??

WORKER DROIDS, NO JOB TO BIG, NO JOB TO SMALL.



EVERY POSSIBLE APPLICATION YOU CAN THINK OF HIGH TECH, LOW TECH, ARTS, CRAFTS, COOKING, MUSIC. "DONT WORRY SIR, LET THE NEXUS 3000 DO THAT FOR YOU. SIT BACK, RELAX AND FORGET ABOUT IT." IN FACT, FORGET EVERYTHING.



FORGET HOW TO DO THINGS FOR YOURSELF. KEEP ON FORGETTING TILL NOBODY COULD REMEMBER WHAT TO DO. " HOW DO I COOK, FEED MYSELF?" WE FORGOT HOW TO CARE FOR EACH OTHER, CREATE NEW ART AND DESIGNS, WE FORGOT HOW TO BE HUMAN, HOW TO FEEL.



MEDICINES, WHAT A GHASTLY CONTRADICTION.

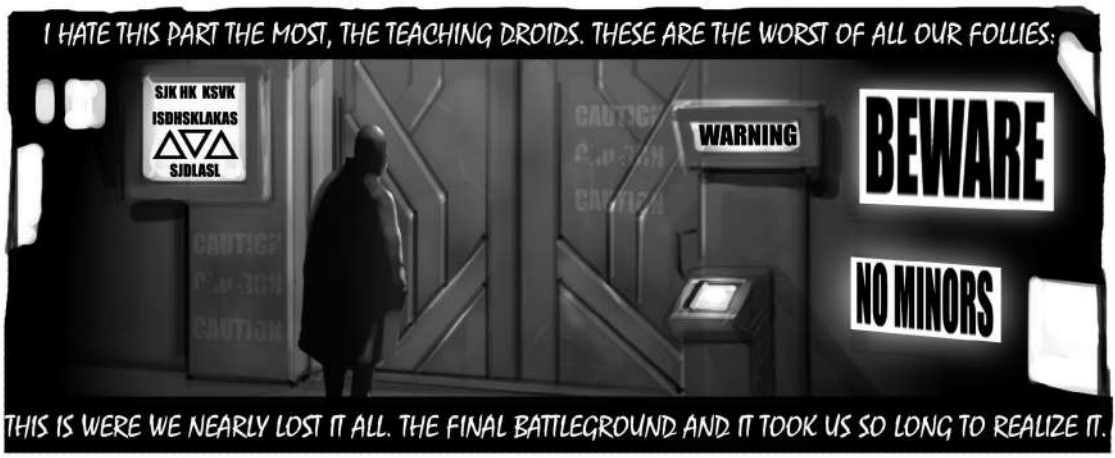


OH THEY WORK OK, INCREDIBLY EFFICIENT DOCTORS AND SURGEONS WITH FAULTLESS DIAGNOSIS. ALL VERY WELL THAT IS, UNTIL THEY DECIDE FOR THEMSELVES IS IT WORTH THE RESOURCE EXPENDITURE ON KEEPING YOU ALIVE.



WHY GIVE YOU PAIN RELIEF WHEN YOUR GOING TO DIE IN A FEW MONTHS? WHY ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE INJURED IF IT MEANS THEY WILL BE CONTINUALLY RELIANT ON MEDICAL SUPPORT? BETTER YOU DIE NOW, SAVE RESOURCES, MORE EFFICIENT. DOCTORS WITH NO COMPASSION, PATIENTS REDUCED TO STATISTICAL EVALUATION.





EACH TEACHER PERFECT IN THERE VIEW OF A GOOD CITIZEN.

WHAT THEY NEED TO KNOW AND WHAT THEY DON'T.

WHAT A CITIZEN NEEDS TO FEEL AND WHAT IS CONTRARY TO SOCIETY.

THE FINAL ELIMINATION OF CHOICE AND FREE WILL IN THE YOUNG.

A GENERATION OF PEOPLE NOT ABLE TO MAKE AN INDEPENDENT DECISION.

A GENERATION TRAINED TO MINDLESS OBEDIENCE, A PERFECT MIRROR OF THOSE WHO FORMED THEIR MINDS, TEACHING DROIDS.

OH YES, WE WERE SO PAINFULLY FUCKING CLEVER THERE.


SO THIS IS MY JOB, TO KEEP THEM ALL HERE SAFE AND SECURE. EXAMPLES FOR A LESSON TO BE LEARNT BY EVERYBODY, JUST IN CASE SOME IDIOT FORGETS AND WANTS TO MAKE A MACHINE TO HELP OUT.
A BIG MUSEUM JUST TO REMIND EVERYBODY WHAT LIES AT THE END OF THAT ROAD. WE LOST SO MUCH WITH OUR VAIN GLORIOUS PRIDE AND OUR CLEVERNESS IN CREATING NEW TOYS TO CARE FOR US AND TAKE THE STRAIN AWAY. MAKE MORE FREE TIME, FREE TIME FOR WHAT?
TO VEGETATE, TO DECLINE, THEY STOLE OUR YOUTH AND TRAMPLED OUR DREAMS. NEARLY EVERYTHING WAS LOST AND THE ROAD BACK IS HARD. IT WAS SO LONG AGO AND THERE ARE SO FEW LEFT FROM THAT TIME I MUST MAKE SURE THAT WE NEVER FORGET.....


.....HOW MUCH THERE IS TO LOSE.

gallery



Featuring art by

- Mark Buckingham
- Andy Bloor
- Alfie Gallagher
- Garry Brown
- Mo Ali
- Tim Weable
- Alec Brunson
- Matt Timson
- Indio
- Lonny Chant
- James Gray
- Paul Whittington

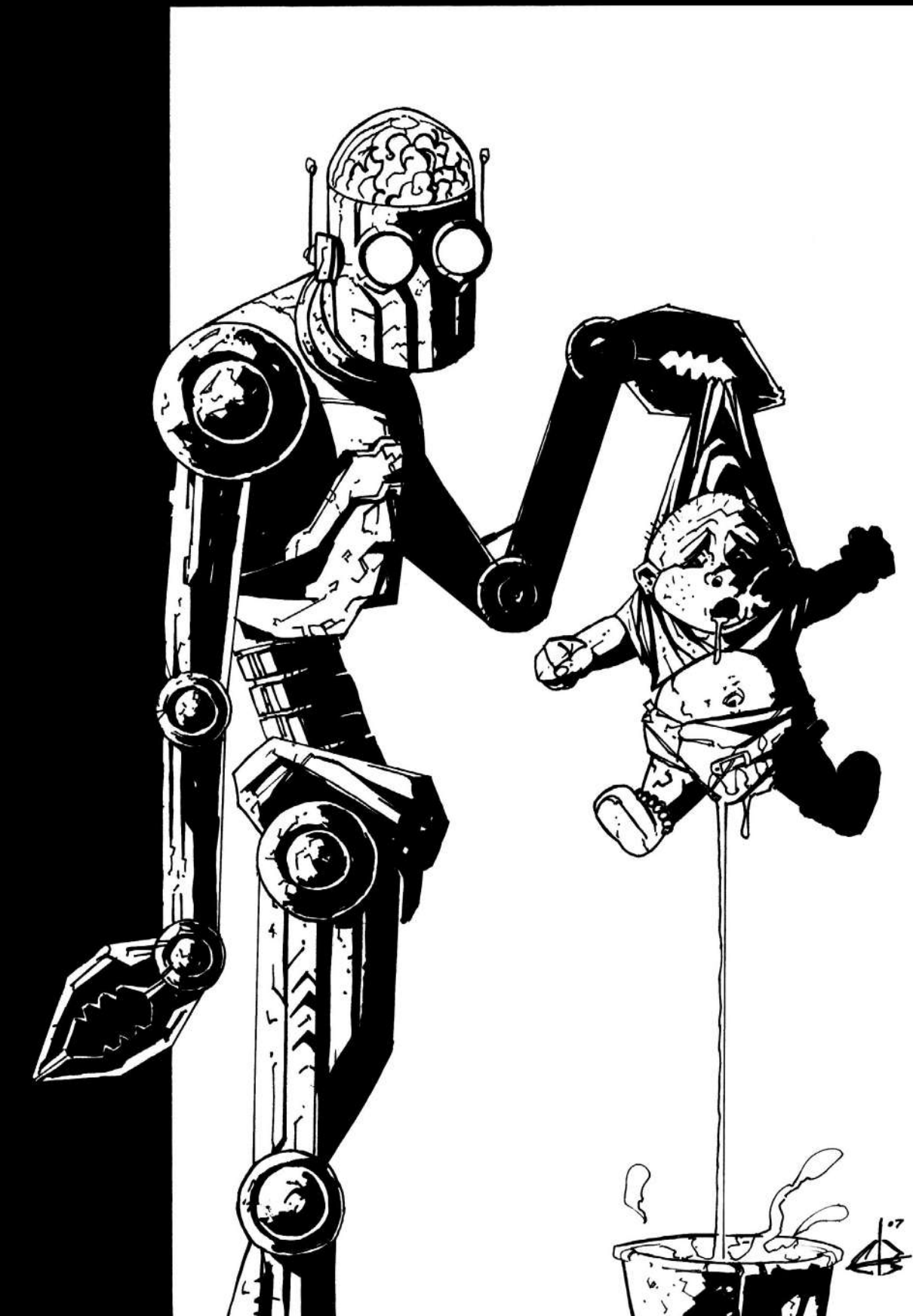
Robot image by **DAVE WEST**




SOLVING CRIME ONE OIL CHANGE AT A TIME
THE METAL DETECTIVES
OHMS & WHAT'S ON
OIL

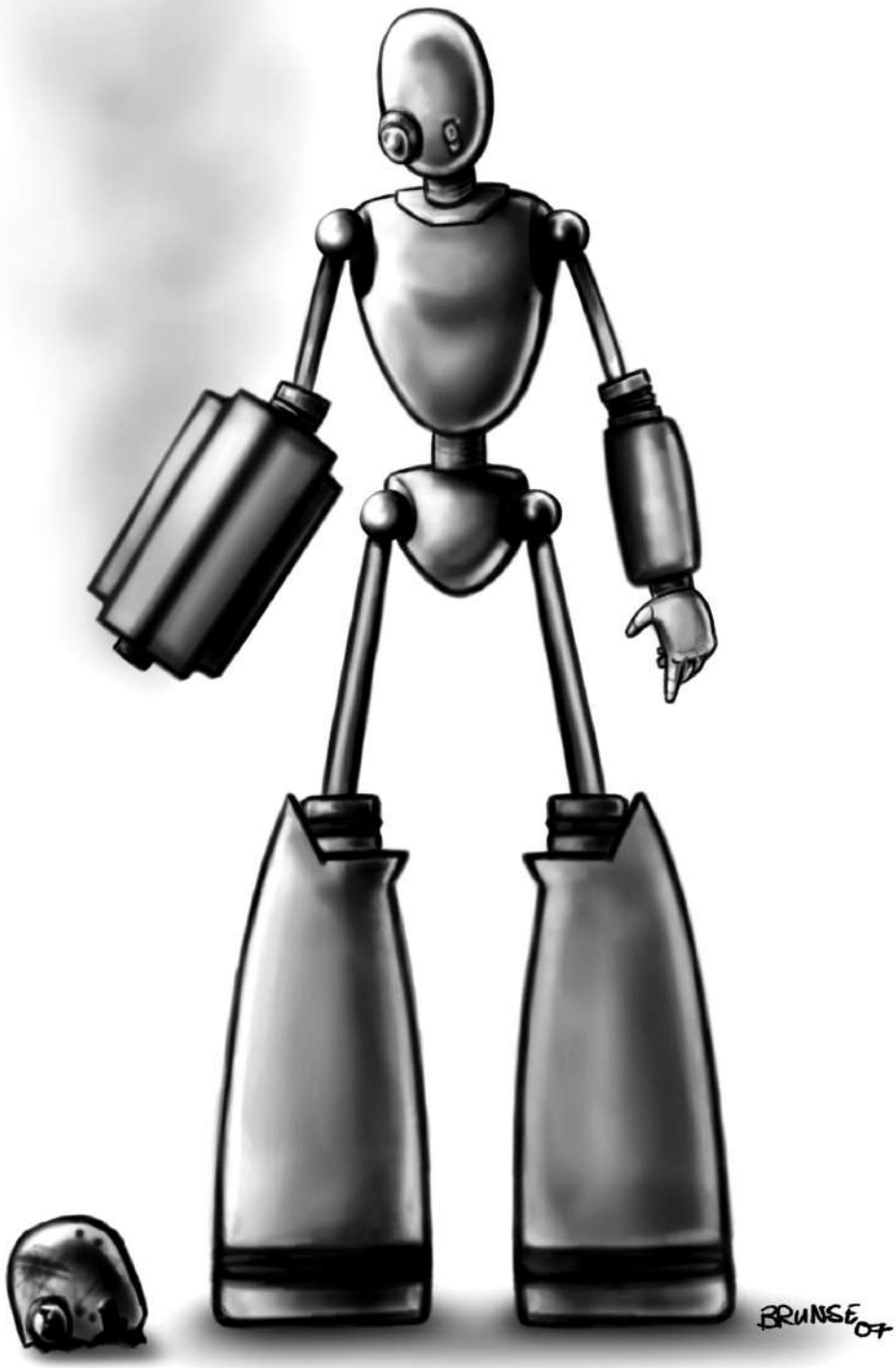


the adventures of robot boy and space girl



ROBOTS
OUT




BRUNSE 07






LONNY Z


IMPACT
Crash Test Centre
00:09
Dr. Gray

WWW.CARROTKID.COM PRESENTS

ANDROID 207



INDEPENDENT STOP-MOTION ANIMATION

L19 DISPOSED.

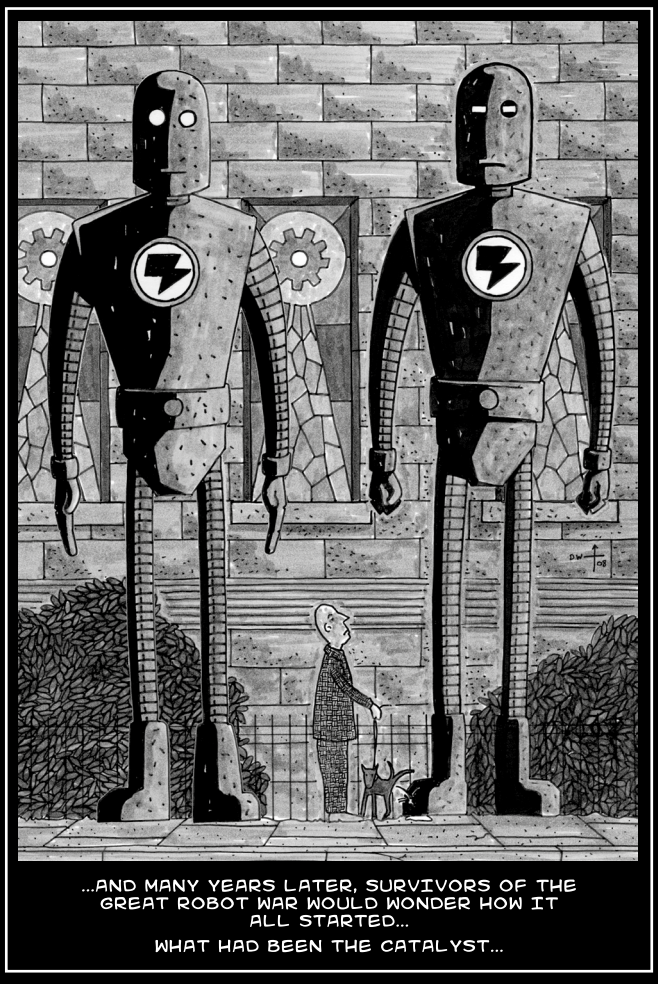


ROBOTS is the anthology that Dave West has always wanted us to do. From his earliest memories of Lost In Space and The Day The Earth Stood Still, through the Asimov books and Bladerunner up to this years Transformers, Dave has absorbed the lot. Good and bad. If it's got a robot in it then he'll watch it, it's rare that a robot doesn't look great even if the film it's in isn't. So how could he be refused, and like ZOMBIES the anthology that preceded it, the call to arms became an exercise in flood control. Previous contributors booked their pages very early and it's fair to say that right up to the day when Andy Bloor pulled it all together into the book you are holding in your hands, we were still turning people away. It is because of this that the page count is greater than any of our previous publications, and is now the model for future books. We're aiming to keep to the same size for WESTERN, the anthology to follow.

Increasing the page count has allowed us to bring new people on board, and we've both been staggered by the talent on offer. For some of these people it's actually their very first comic book work (and I challenge anyone to spot who they are), for others they've been involved in the independent British comic scene for a few years, and are friends seen at the UK Conventions. It's been a pleasure to work with all of them and a real joy to see the pages as they arrived. Yes, there have been challenges and at one point we began to feel that there actually was an electronic presence out there trying to prevent it happening, what with printers that died, PC's that fried and and whole heap of problems with email accounts, but we persevered and here it is. The 2008 Anthology from Accent UK. I know it's a cliche but it really is even better than the last one, and I honestly didn't think it could be. The stories range in style and content in a way that all anthologies should and all are strong in their way. We never had to turn any down this year, such was the quality of the work sent in, which made our lives a lot easier.

Next years anthology will be WESTERN and already the contents page is completed, the book is fully... booked. We've already had to decide on the title of the book to follow it, for those who missed the boat on WESTERN. The Accent UK website has all the news, so I won't cover it here. The website also contains more detail on creators, with up to date links to their own websites.

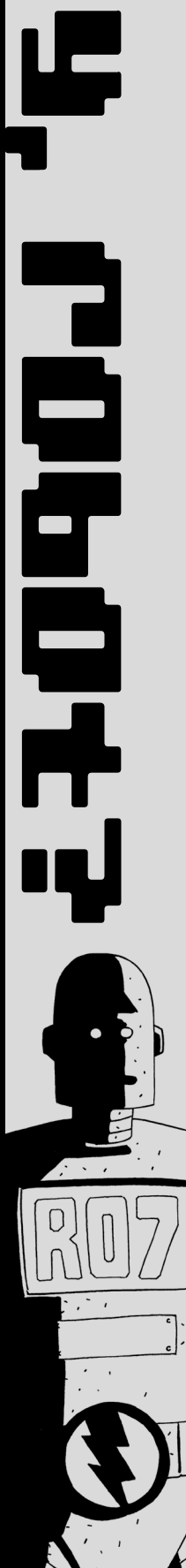
We hope you enjoy ROBOTS and that you come back next year for more tales.



Finally, as this issue was about to go to print we heard the very sad news that Dan Denholt had passed away. Dan was an artist, contributor and friend that we first had the pleasure of meeting in his native Denmark at the komiks.dk festival, of which he was a force and committee member. We were fortunate to meet and socialise with him again on a few precious occasions in the UK and on our return to Copenhagen and were looking forward to catching up with him and the gang again at this year's events. Although our time together was limited, it was always memorable and we will miss his company and talent. This one's for you Dan....Skol

Dave West
& Colin Mathieson
Accent UK, 2008

Robot images by **DAVE WEST**



bonechairs

Mo Ali
Mo Ali was born in a haunted hospital. He's an artist, poet and writer and is looking for some paid work before the inevitable apocalypse. Mo lives in the south-east of England which only adds to his troubles. He's a Pushcart Prize-nominated writer.

Jon Ayre
Jon Ayre writes fiction for fun, and software for money, but he'd really like that situation to be reversed. Focussing mainly on short stories and poetry (he has a goldfish-esque attention span), Jon has had a variety of short stories published on the now defunct "gobstopped" website, was recently longlisted for the Bridport Prize for his poem "Carcass", and is currently working on his first full length novel.

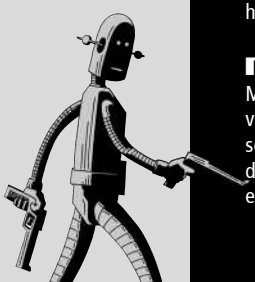
David Baillie
David Baillie is 30 this year and can't imagine lasting much longer. He shaves his head before drawing and dances like a disco monkey. Apart from being a freelance writer/artist and web designer he also creates the kind of comics that he hopes Dr. Fredric Wertham would have loved: 'Tongue of the Dead', 'The Final Adventures of RocketBoy', 'Mindy/Pool' and 'Kwot' being the names of some of them.

Roland Bird
Roland was born in the Midlands in 1970, but that didn't stop his desire to draw comics for a living when he got older. He spends his time thinking about the meaning of life.... such as 'What's the purpose of life's journey? How do we know when we get there? Can we take sandwiches with us or do we have to buy them when we get there?' He loves tigers and sharks and thinks they're cool.

Andy Bloor
Graphic Designer Andy, has become a regular contributor to Accent UK and is the artist and co-creator of the well received graphic novel THE WOLFMEN (copies still available!) with Dave West, and is attempting to find some time to work on its sequel, FALL OF THE WOLFMEN. Andy lives with his wife, three rabbits and far too many comics.

Paul Bowles
Paul or Bowlzy as he's more widely known (family tradition) is a part time stay at home dad, part time cashier and full time fanboy. With no qualification or background in art or writing, Paul has had to rely on his mental library of comics, movies and the patient coaching of Shaun Mooney (artist for a number of stories in this very anthology and a name to look out for) to create his very first story.

Matt Boyce
Matt Boyce has drawn pictures since he was very young. He especially likes drawing robots sometimes he will draw other things, last week he drew a unicorn. He is afraid of sea-life, bananas, enclosed spaces, roller-coasters and Davros.



Garry Brown
Garry Brown is a UK based illustrator. He has a few published comics and illustrations in the US.

Kieron Brown
Kieren Brown is a writer from Birmingham who is passionate about creating compelling stories. In addition to contributing to the Zombies anthology he is also working on securing funding for a cartoon series called 'Captain Impulse Version 3.1', scripting 'Real Love', his first feature length film, writing a monthly blog for the BBC and also creating a six issue mini series called 'Polarity'.

Alec Brunson
Alec Brunson, known as The Brunse, is an Illustrator and Graphic Design Padawan, based in the UK. Working in various styles, media, and subjects, his clients include friends, family, friends of family, and family of friends. He is hoping to do work for some family friends' family in the near future...

Mark Buckingham
Mark Buckingham has been working in comics professionally for the past twenty years. Since 2002 Mark has been the regular artist on Fables, created by writer Bill Willingham, for Vertigo/DC Comics. Fables has proven to be both a commercial and critical hit, earning numerous comic industry awards and is published in many countries. He has also recently reunited with Neil Gaiman to illustrate the Children's book Odd and the Frost Giants as part of World Book day. When not in his home town of Clevedon, Mark can these days be found with his wife Irma in Asturias in Northern Spain. When not drawing Fables, Mark likes to draw pin-ups of his wife and her friend being menaced by Giant Robo-Termites.

Ricky K. Chandler
When not breeding mutant lama, London based Richy K. Chandler is the creative force behind Tempo Lush Comics, including Delicate Axiom and Lucy the Octopus.

Stuart Chapman
Stuart Chapman is a young budding artist and designer. Brought up in Northwich, Cheshire, he has read comic books for most of his life.
Since graduating from university this summer (2007) he has worked on freelance illustration projects while working in his mediocre supermarket job while he collaborates with writers and designers to bring his own comic stories to life. He is currently working on several small projects, a short story about a scarecrow called "Little Nothing Boy" and his own creation, an inner look into the mind of a super-villain "The Underdogs".

Lonny Chant
Lonny Chant has been busy. His work appears in a number of anthologies these days, some of which include: HOPE: New Orleans, Licensable Bear TM, Jesus Hates Zombies, and an upcoming issue of the fanzine Dog Breath.

Andrew Cheverton

Andrew Cheverton wrote reviews and The Blank Page column for Phil Hall's award-winning internet comics magazine Borderline. He has contributed scripts to 'The Girly Comic' (both illustrated by Justine Shaw) and to 'Violent!' (the first Jerusalem West story, drawn by Tim Keable) and, more recently, wrote and drew a story for 'Modern Monstrosity Presents'. He has written and drawn 'Alice's Adventures In Hell' and 'Jingle', collaborated with various artists on the Synchrony anthology series and, together with artist Tim Keable, has so far produced four issues of the critically-acclaimed 'WEST' series.

Mark Clapham

Mark Clapham is a part-time writer, full-time civil servant and trainee master of unlocking. He has written novels for Virgin's NEW ADVENTURES and the BBC's DOCTOR WHO book ranges. He is co-founder of the SHINY SHELF reviews site (www.shinyshelf.com) where he has been reviewing comics for the last five years. Sick of being just a poacher in the field of comics, 'NOMADS' represents is his first crack at being a gamekeeper. He lives in North London.

Bryan Coyle

Bryan Coyle is the artist and co-creator of the upcoming Twofold series 'Lightweight', a contributing writer and artist to British indy anthologies such as MangaQuake, Solar Wind and Something Wicked, and also produces his own ongoing comic-book (improbably) aimed at younger readers, Turbo Katie.

Gary Crutchley

Gary should know better. A man of his advanced years, he should have had more sense. Let the young un's do the zombie strips. He's way past his prime; he's had his 15 minutes- editing, writing and drawing stories for "Killing Stroke" (horror anthology comic), stories published in "Shriek" and "Gore Shriek" (more horror anthology comics). Sold strips to "Revolver", worked with "Caliber comics". Done stuff for Trident comics and even done some "Future Shocks" for 2000AD. His next project is a 60-80 page western horror comic. He lives in Staffordshire with the lovely Karen and two grown up boys.

Dan Denholt

That Denholt would be involved with a zombie comic was almost predestined as he has often been mistaken for one of the living dead in the wee hours of the morning. A pimped out playa from da hood, Denholt is also one of the organisers behind the Danish comic festival Komiks.dk. He is currently working on several comic book projects, all of them involving zombies in some way (or old people, but that's more or less the same thing). In his sparse spare time he enjoys the cinema, professional wrestling and women of loose morals and even looser change.

Benjamin Dickson

Comics writer/artist seeks audience for fun and friendship, possibly more. Hobbies include oil painting, nude photography, animation, and campaigning against human rights abuses committed in collusion with multinational corporations. Previous books include Falling Sky and Marraquai, both published by Scar Comics. WLTM good-looking, intelligent audience with dry sense of humour and an eye for something different. Must have own disposable income. REPLY: www.bendickson.co.uk.
(No timewasters please.)

Ian Dowson

Born in the badlands of County Durham, Ian has been pedaling his writing around for over 15 years; the evidence of which lies at the bottom of many a bin bag or loft locked brown box. He has, in no particular order, been a poet, literary editor, soccer casual, short story writer, film director, screenwriter and fool. His wife, who knows about these things, said that his biog should only ever feature three word: Fat, Forty and Fucked.

Jay Eales

Jay Eales is a born again (not that sort of born again) Civil Servant, with comic strips appearing in NEGATIVE BURN, THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF BEST NEW MANGA, VIOLENT!, ZARJAZ, KISSKISS BANGBANG, LOST PROPERTY, BADDIS, THE GIRLY COMIC and the UK DVD of AMERICAN SPLENDOR. His prose has appeared in DRABBLE WHO?, PERFECT TIMING 2, MISSING PIECES and WALKING IN ETERNITY, and his journalism has appeared in REDEYE and BORDERLINE.

Jarren Ellis

In his youth, Darren Ellis whiled away his life playing video games, watching movies and writing stories, and very little has changed. Now 27 and with slightly less hair, he muses on his life while snuggled into a boxing glove-shaped beanbag in his home in Chester. As time goes on, he finds himself increasingly published, with shorts appearing soon in books from 'Midnight Studios' and 'Karnivore Comics' as well as his contribution to this anthology. He hopes the trend will continue with his current projects, 'Come & See', a comic book comedy drama about the book of Revelation, and 'Empty', a fantasy horror novel for children.

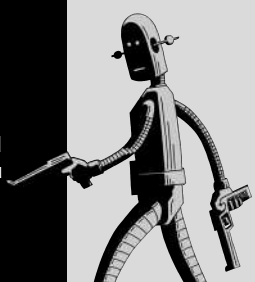
Alfie Gallagher

Alfie Gallagher is a London based illustrator and graphic designer. He has contributed to various small press publications in the UK. He enjoys mainly old stuff, from when things were better and cheaper, old movies, old music and old comics. His work can be viewed online at www.alfiegallagher.com

Kieron Gillen

Kieron Gillen is the writer of Image Comics' Phonogram. He's in the process of writing the second series at the moment, though he does tend to get a bit shifty and quickly excuse himself if you bring it up.

biographies



artists

Bridgeen Gillespie

Bridgeen has been writing and drawing her own comic strips for 5 years now and can hardly believe it's been that long already. Her material ranges from ranty girl comics, to cute philosophical animals and comics inspired by song lyrics. She has successfully exhibited and sold paintings of her comic character Rabbit in London and at various UK comic conventions. She dreams of having a better website, learning how to paint digitally and of one day becoming a children's illustrator, whose fairy tales appeal to adults.

James Gray

Primordial Soup. That's the best way to describe the brain of James Gray, most of the time. It's completely useless, until stimulated by a spark of life and fortunately, unfortunately for his wife, when that happens he can't stop sketching, painting and having a good attempt at giving himself RSI for life. He has been a long time contributor to that wonderful space on the web that is DeviantART and has a wide variety of former clients ranging from Caravan Magazines to Death Metal album covers. Fortunately there are some "sensible" bill paying commissions crammed in between. He is currently working on a couple of projects starring Vikings and Genetic Infantrymen and some more of the aforementioned "sensible" design work.

Paul Harrison-Davies

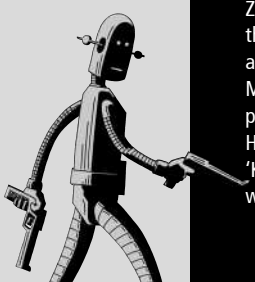
Having only recently appeared in 'Best New Manga', the collaboration in Zombies reunited Paul with Jason Cobley for the first time in ages.

Tony Hitchman

Tony spent most of his childhood reading any comic he could get his hands on (except war comics). He became fascinated with super heroes, finding the idea of gaining fantastic powers with very little effort particularly appealing. To this end he memorised the Green Lantern oath and practiced it with a Pifco cycle lamp just in case any spacecraft containing dying aliens with power rings crashed into the back gardens of the flat at Portland Road. Sadly they didn't, so he got a day job and now lives with his wife, two teenagers and an awful lot of comics - and in his spare time he writes war comics.

INDIO

INDIO has provided several scripts for Dogbreath, the Strontium Dog fanzine and has recently begun contributing to the scrotnig 2000AD fanzine, Zarjaz. He has also had illustrations in the 2005/2006 Just One Page charity magazine and an ongoing two page strip in 'The Pitz Music' (Milton Keynes' finest music venues) self published magazine called 'Middle of Nowhere'. He is currently working on a graphic novel, 'Kingdom of the Air', but God knows when that will see the light of day.



Jenika Ioffreda

..Once upon a time there was Jenika. She lived drawing, inking and colouring. After various collaborations as comic artist and illustrator she flew from Italy to London where she lives now, drawing her ongoing series "Vampire Free Style" in a place surrounded by a magic garden, squirrels and few ghosts.

Frazer Irving

Frazer Irving hit the UK comic scene with work for 2000AD, and from 2002 his work has also crossed the Atlantic with Fort, The Authority and more recently Iron Man (Marvel), Klarion (DC) and Gutsville (Image). His 2000AD work has now been collected in Storming Heaven.

Owen Johnson

Owen Johnson was born in Preston, educated in Cumbria and studied drama and Creative Writing at the Royal Holloway, University of London. He is currently working on a graphic novel, 'A Lipstick of Dynamite', and a novel about a travelling circus troupe.

Tim Keable

Tim has done illustrative work for publishers 'Virgin Books', 'Visual Imagination' and for the 'Doctor Who Magazine'. He also drew storyboards for Jim Mortimore's unproduced TV series 'First Frontier'. Comic work includes strips for both 'The Girly Comic' and 'Violent!' and of course the acclaimed 'West' series.

Valentin Lerena

Valentin Lerena, born in Mar del Plata in 1980, is almost an architect; and while in his final year looks to develop his talent in writing novels and comic scripts. His stories range in theme from cyber-punk feelings of corrupted societies, Government manipulation, apocalyptic visions to epic fantasy and magic.

Michael Lindal Andersen

Michael enjoys living in the future and pities those that live in the past. In reality he doesn't know much about technology, but he knows that robots are cool and that one day he wants to live on the moon. He also loves his laptop, which he has (sadly) named Audrey. Michael really dislikes people who name inanimate objects. Mike spent his childhood in a small town in the Kingdom of Denmark with nothing else to do but devour unhealthy amounts of science fiction and comic books. For the last seven years he has resided in his nations capital, Copenhagen. He still doesn't own a robot. He is also one of the organizers of Copenhagen International Comics Festival, Komiks.dk. Sometimes he is also a librarian.

Pablo Lizalde

Pablo Lizalde was born in Mar del Plata, Argentina in 1983. He studied the career of illustration there and started working in comics as a regular colorist, and also in pencils and inks. During 2006 he, with Valentin Lerena, won several national comic contests. Nowadays he also has a comic drawing course where he can share his experience with the students.

Marleen Lowe

Currently still in the "aspiring" category as an illustrator, Marleen also dabbles in web design, concept art and writing.

Chris Lynch

Chris Lynch is the critically acclaimed horror and science fiction writer behind Monkeys with Machineguns, The Hammer of Time, Wrathbones and strips for Accent UK, Something Wicked, Sancho and The Sorrow. Chris is also a prolific short story writer and has written for Night2 Dawn, Eternal Night, Wilde Times, WordRiot! and Another Realm as well as being a prize winning entrant in the J.A.Konrath writing competition and Commonwealth Essay Contest. When not writing fiction, Chris contributes articles on technology to such websites as newsforge.com and linux.com.

Manoel Magalhaes

MANI is a fantasy art illustrator and comics artist. He lives in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has had three graphic novels and many short-stories published. He loves sci-fi and police-noir stories and has drawn comics for at least five of his past lives.

Colin Mathieson

Accent UK co-founder Colin had spent a lifetime avoiding drawing Robots but after sneaking Zulus into a ZOMBIES anthology felt he had to finally admit defeat only to find he rather enjoyed the experience. Rumours of a forthcoming Android African Warrior graphic novel series are as yet unconfirmed.

Daniel Merlin Goodbrey

Daniel Merlin Goodbrey writes comics. At a push he draws them too. His first book, The Last Sane Cowboy & Other Stories was published by AiT/PlanetLar in April 2007. His first story for Marvel Comics, Emperor None & The Sky Full Of Moons was published in December of the same year. You can find out what Daniel will be working on next by taking a peek at his website at http://e-merl.com. You can also read the latest episode of his webcomic series All Knowledge Is Strange while you're there. When not creating comics Daniel does lecturer type stuff and drinks vodka. His favourite Transformer is Grimlock, because robots + dinosaurs = win.

Shaun Mooney

Shaun is a concept artist, illustrator, game designer and artist. He is currently employed at Travellers Tales Fusion, a newly formed division of TT games (of Lego Star Wars fame) as a designer, concept and 3d artist.

Leah Moore

Leah's first published work appeared in ABC's 'Tom Strong and Terrific Tales'. She has co-written, with her husband John Reppion, numerous comic book stories ranging from tales about sea monsters through to super heroines (Wild Girl). Together with Shane Oakley, Leah and John also produced the excellent 'Albion'. Leah and John have recently seen another of their monsters stories appear in The Dark Horse Book of Monsters.

Kevin Mullins

Kevin Mullins is a part-time freelance illustrator who hopes to make a living out of producing art. He enjoys working in a variety of different mediums, his favourite being oil and watercolour.

Douglas Noble

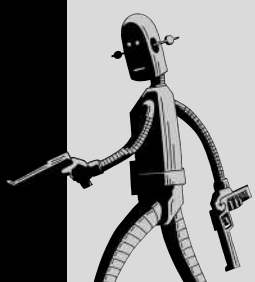
Douglas Noble is the writer and artist of the comic Strip for Me, which routinely horrifies and confuses its readers throughout the world. Uncompromisingly blending genres, Strip for Me is stuffed full of unfriendly romance and geographic terrorism. Recent comics by Noble have included Empty Canvas, All New Heavens and an Avengers tale for Marvel Comics. He is also the artist on The Rule of Death at serializer.net and maintains his own website at www.strip-for-me.com where you can find all sorts of interesting things, including more comics and news of the exciting, jet-setting life that he leads.

Leonie O'Moore

Leonie has been writing and drawing comics for ages and ages. She works as a freelance illustrator, designer and writer, and reviews for Comics International Magazine. She also works on pitches for tv and film and runs workshops for all ages. Actually, she'll work on most things if there's money or free comics involved.

John Reppion

John has co-written, with his wife Leah Moore, numerous comic book stories ranging from sea monsters, psychic communication with non-human life forms, terra forming other planets (as this one's been done already), super heroines (Wild Girl) and of course Albion. John also writes articles and reviews for several publications and has an unhealthy interest in Zombies, being one of the driving influences behind the Accent UK anthology of the same name.



robotics

Lee Robson

Hailing from the north east of England, Lee Robson is slowly gaining some ground in the UK independent scene. Several of his strips have been published in FutureQuake and its sister publication, the horror anthology Something Wicked. More are lined up to appear in the 2000AD fanzines Dogbreath and Zarjaz. Contrary to popular belief, he didn't die a bitter and lonely old man in 1964, but is, in fact, alive and well, and currently working on his first novel. He is, however, as surly and misanthropic as people claim.

Charley Spencer

Charley Spencer has enjoyed this brief interlude drawing normal humans and their kitchens, and is now going back to what he does best: namely, spending rather too much time trying to crowbar giant cyborg hamsters of doom into stories that don't strictly need them.

Stu.art

Stu.Art lives and works in the fine city of Cardiff and is the dark half (cut him and he bleeds Marmite!) of the creative studio 'Monkeys with Machineguns'. Currently working on 'The Magpye' with long time collaborator Chris Lynch which will be MWM's first foray into the world of the 'Superhero' comic.Stu. Art also features in the Edgar Allen Poe book 'Nevermore', illustrating 'The Raven', which is released in October 2007 from Selfmade Hero publishing.

Jim Thompson

Jim Thompson is the course leader for undergraduate and postgraduate games design courses at the University of Central Lancashire. He also has written a book The computer Games Design Course published by Thames and Hudson. Besides games design his special interest is also narrative and story telling in all forms. He has written many plot and story lines for RPG's both table top and live action and has welcomed the chance to contribute to this collection of work. If there are any artists out there looking for a writer...

Matt Timson

Matt is a full time illustrator living and working in the UK. When he's not working, he likes to draw comics for fun, most notably 'Deathsquid' and '54 Jones' for 'Solar Wind' and 'Omnivistascope' respectively. He has a wife, a daughter and a thoroughly vicious cat (called 'The Cat') that he recently inherited from his Granny. He always suspected that his Granny didn't like him very much. He is currently engaged in writing and illustrating several Children's books (as opposed to reading them).

Dave West

Dave started creating his own comics back in the previous century (well, 1999) with 'More Than We Seem' which he co-created with Larry Betts. Later becoming a co-founder of Accent UK he never dreamed he'd end up spending most of his free time compiling themed anthologies. When not involved with the annual epics, Dave's work pops up in little A5 mini comics. His first 'The Myopians' received enough encouraging feedback for him to produce another, 'Strange Times'. He is currently working on a little homage to the old Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers movies that his mum used to make him watch, as she had in her day, and which he secretly loved. He also co-created 'THE WOLFMEN' with Andy Bloor, who also provides full art, kind of 'GET CARTER' with a twist, and is currently scripting 'WOLFMEN 2'.

Paul Whittingdon

Paul Whittington is a film maker from Vancouver Island. He got his first taste of filmmaking at an early age but never really got into it until much later. Paul spent the better part of his high school days running around with a video camera filming everything in sight and making crazy horror films with his friends. today he makes these inspired little stop-motion animation films about... ROBOTS. His work can be found on www.carrotkidfilms.com.

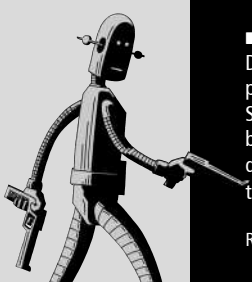
Crispian Woolford

Crispian is not a robot nor is he as samurai, but he enjoys drawing them which made it perfect that his first contribution to Accent UK is a samurai robot story. A life long comic fan, Karakuri marks his first published comic work since Sundown with Andy Bloor and he hopes it won't be quite as long until his next one sees print. He is currently working with Ian Dowson, his co-writer on Karakuri, on a strip for the next AUK anthology 'Western'.

Nolan Worthington

Nolan quickly developed an interest in art, partly to express his creative side and give form to his wildest imaginings, but mostly because he hoped to get to draw girls naked. He currently lives in the North West and works in the games industry as a concept artist and game designer. His freelance work includes a range of cards for The Paper House and half the artwork for the Bafta winning 20th anniversary edition of The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy online adventure game. He fills his spare time drawing robots, monsters, zombies and girls, adding to his collection of graphic novels, playing in a band and spending far too many hours playing online games.



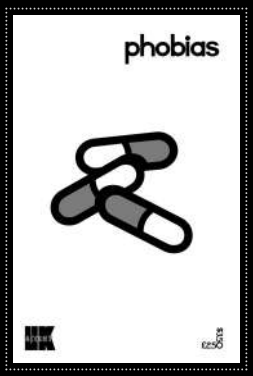


Robot images by **DAVE WEST** & **ALFIE GALLAGHER**

ACCENT UK comics are available from:
www.accentukcomics.com &
www.forbiddenplanet.co.uk



■ **REMEMBRANCE DAYS | £1.95**
2002 • 22 pages



■ **PHOBIAS £2.50**
2003 • 38 pages



■ **PIRATES £3.50**
2004 • 55 pages



■ **TWELVE £3.50**
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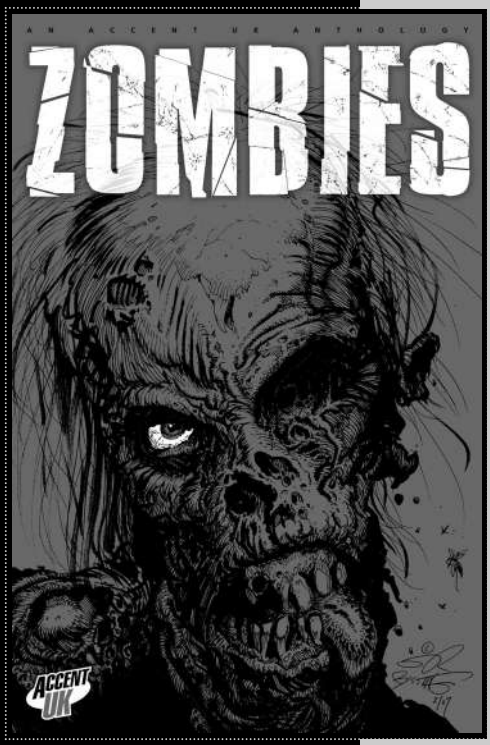


■ **MONSTERS £3.00**
2006 • 48 pages

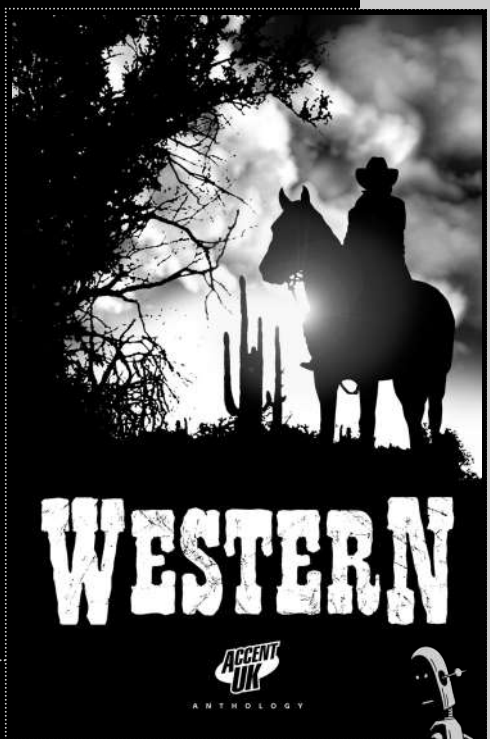


■ **THE WOLFMEN £3.00**
2007 • 60 pages

They are also available from the following stores:
ACE COMICS - Colchester, **GOSH!** - London, **Millennium Comics** - Northwich and Warrington, **OK Comics** - Leeds, **Travelling Man** - Manchester and **Forbidden Planet International** - London, Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Coventry, Croydon, Dartford, Liverpool, Newcastle and Southampton.



■ **ZOMBIES | £6.00**
2007 Anthology • 168 pages



■ **WESTERN | £TBC**
2009 Anthology

