

# ALIE- NISTI

JYVÄSKYLÄN  
SCIENCE  
FICTION  
SEURA 42



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**#42**

ALIENISTI  
THE HOUND OF #42  
9. numero 5. vuosikerta

ISSN 1236-0449

JULKAISIJA:  
Jyväskylän Science Fiction Seura 42

POSTISIIRTOTILI:  
800012-1738342

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KOPIOLAITOS: Valos-kopio, kesä/1994

Yksittäisten artikkelien ja novellien  
tekijänoikeudet (© 1994) ovat  
kirjoittajilla, koosteen tekijän-  
oikeudet Seura 42:lla.



Make a HASI of it!



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## Päästökirjoitus

Tervetuloa lukemaan jo neljättä Jyväskylän Kesää varten tehtyä Alienistia!

Tässä erikoisnumerossamme teemamme ovat eläimet ja erilaiset faabelit, mutta myös ihmisen suhde eläimiin ja hänen salattu halunsa olla eläin. Tai ainakin käyttäytyä hedonistisesti ja estottomasti kuin eläin.

[Man found a solitary existence tedious.] There are no limits to God's compassion with Paradises over their one universally felt want: he immediately created other animals besides. God's first blunder: Man didn't find the animals amusing, - he dominated them, and didn't even want to be an 'animal'.

— *Der Antichrist*, Friedrich Nietzsche 1844-1900

Four legs good, two legs bad.

— *Animal Farm* (1945), George Orwell 1903-1950

## Toispuolkielinen Yhteenvedättely/ Other-language Summary

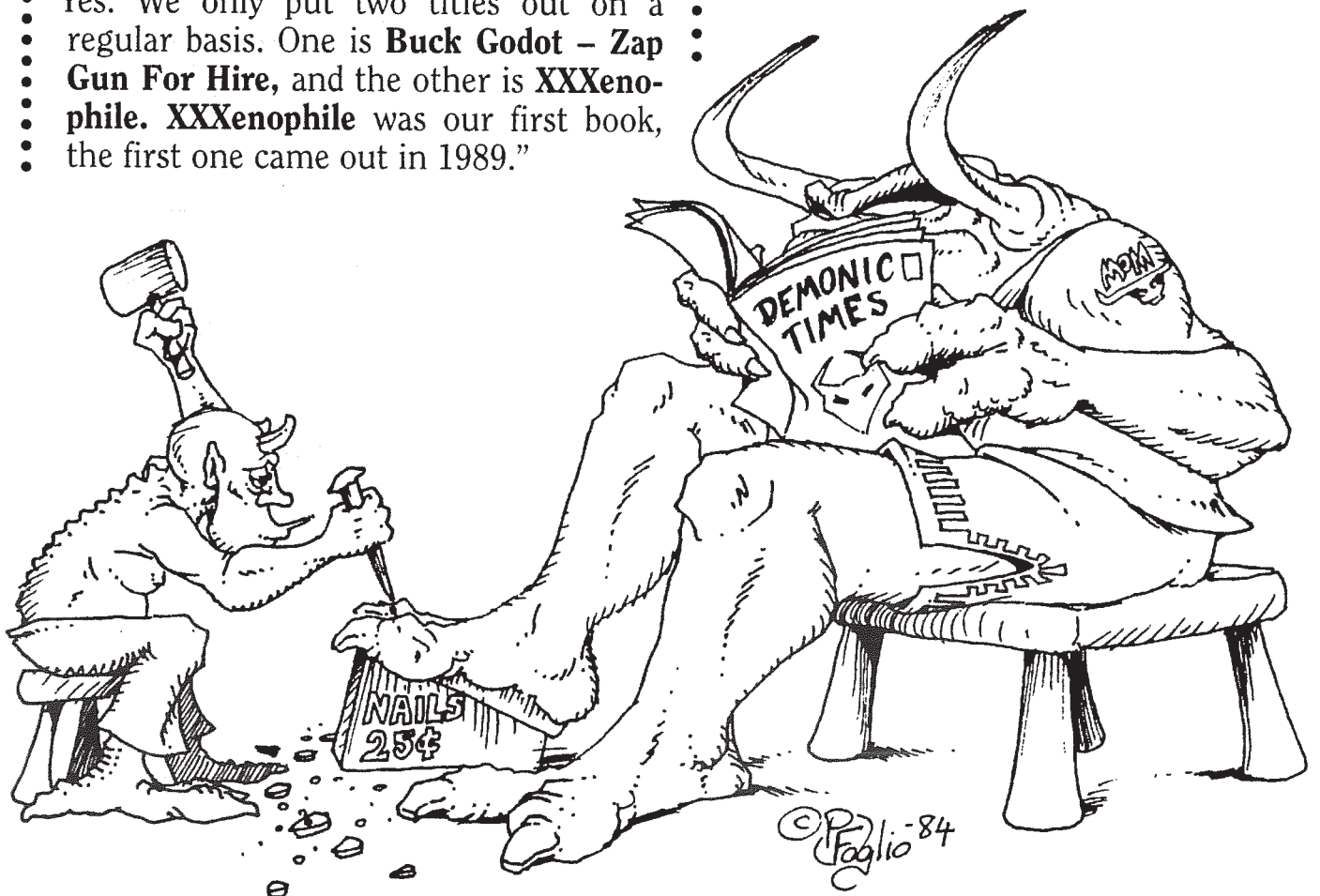
Haastattelemme Phil Fogliota, tunnettua amerikkalaisten eroottisten ja Science Fiction -sarjakuvien tekijää. Julkaisemme otteen Neal Stephensonin bestseller-kirjasta *Snow Crash*; B-782 päättää pelastaa ystävänsä. Malcom McMahon muuntuu eläimeksi nanokoneiden avulla.

Helena Karsik writes about the dog who is the master. Janos M. Gecko publishes his first short story with us, a gory detective story.

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# An Interview with Phil Foglio

• “So *Palliard Press* is your company, and  
• of course, it’s main title is *XXXenophile*?”  
•  
• “Yes. We only put two titles out on a  
• regular basis. One is **Buck Godot – Zap**  
• **Gun For Hire**, and the other is **XXXeno-**  
• **phile**. **XXXenophile** was our first book,  
• the first one came out in 1989.”





**OM:** We'll start off with the traditional question: could you tell me a bit on how it all got started?

**PF:** Started in cartooning? Well, I don't know when I didn't. I've always drawn... as far as I can remember. In the middle of high school, I actually decided to become a cartoonist, because everything else was too much work. I went to the **Chicago Academy of Fine Arts**, a very nice art school, which went out of business the year I graduated. I'm sure there was no connection. Originally I wanted to be a science-fiction illustrator, doing book covers and magazine illustrations, until I realized that cartoonists were the ones making all the money, so I decided to go into cartooning, or at least stop trying to force myself into drawing in a 'realistic' style. The first job I had that really led to anything, was when I was illustrating (in a cartoony style) a series of novels by **Robert Asprin**.

**OM:** That would be the *Myth Adventures* books?

**PF:** That is correct. When Bob initially sold the comic book rights to **WARP Graphics** for the *Myth* series, the publisher said, "Well, do you know anybody who'd be good as the artist on this?" And Bob said "Well gosh, as a matter of fact, I do - the guy who's been illustrating the books." So they got in touch with me and away we went.

**OM:** And I really liked your work on that, though I don't know where I can get *Myth Adventures* two.

**PF:** Thank you! That was the color reprint put out by **Donning Starblaze** of the second half of the series, and like everything else I put out through **Donning** is out of print and impossible to find. Good luck.

**OM:** Will there ever be a *Myth Adventures* Three?

**PF:** Nope. One and Two covered everything I did.

**OM:** I could ask then, will there ever be a *Buck Godot* Three?

**PF:** There certainly will! I've already started. I'm currently putting out new **Buck Godot** stories in black and white. Eventually these will be colored and collected together into graphic novel form, like the first two from **Donning**. It's all being done through my own company, **Palliard Press**.

**OM:** So **Palliard Press** is your company, and of course, it's main title is *XXXenophile*?

**PF:** Yes. We only put two titles out on a regular basis. One is **Buck Godot - Zap Gun For Hire**, and the other is **XXXenophile**. **XXXenophile** was our first book, the first one came out in 1989. We've been putting out two a year ever since. Number nine just came out and it's doing very well. **XXXenophile** is the big cash cow for the company.

**OM:** Yes, I understand you made the *Top Ten* or *Twenty* recently, or something like that.

**PF:** Probably... I mean, if you divide down into categories far enough, we were one of the top ten black and white, independent, X-rated comic books released in the month of whatever we're talking about. On the other hand, when you look at the profit breakdowns or the market share analysis for the entire year, we've got like 0.02% of the market. Now this is pretty darn good when you remem-

ber that we're a lousy little company with two titles that only come out twice a year and that's it.

**OM:** How long are you going to be continuing *XXXenophile*?

**PF:** The plans are to do at least thirteen issues. We're putting together the first **XXXenophile** Collection, which we're calling the **XXXenophile Big Book O' Fun**, right now. It should be out this summer. It'll comprise the first five issues. The next collection will only be issues six through nine, because with issue five, we added eight extra pages, and this way each volume will be the same size and look good together on the bookshelf.

**OM:** Will that be colorized work?

**PF:** Unfortunately, no, it'll still be black and white. The benefits will be that it'll be on much better paper and all bound together. I never thought people would be interested in a color version, so I didn't bother to make copies before I added the grey tone screens. If I colored it now, it would look really strange with all those zipatone screens.

**OM:** It has been done, actually, but yes, the result is strange.

**PF:** Eventually, I'm hoping that computers will get sophisticated enough that we can scan the artwork in and tell it to remove the dot patterns and then be able to color it in the machine. That's probably not too far off. I know that sounds like a lot of work, but one of the things I've always prided myself on is that I take as much time and effort on **XXXenophile** as on any other book I do. That doesn't sound like a big deal, but I think that a lot of what is wrong with X-Rated comics is that people think "Well, yeah, the stories don't make sense



and the art looks like it was drawn with a Q-tip or something, but it's only a 'fuck book', so who the Hell cares?". But boy, I am here to say that if you take time with the story and you pay for good production values, like a real letterer and professional inkers, people really do notice the difference. I can say this with confidence because I just found out that I've been nominated for an **Eisner Award**, and the project they nominated me for was **XXXenophile!**



were working on the second story, but you perked right up again for the third story." That's not me. The differences that they perceive are *stylistic differences* caused by the different styles of the inkers. Once people understand that, they tell me that they appreciate what inkers do a whole lot more.

**OM:** *I've been requested to ask about role-playing games and your connection with them. I understand that you've done quite a lot of*

have what is the next big phenomena in gaming, which is a game called **Magic**.

**OM:** *Our people know it also over here.*

**PF:** Well it's just going **Gangbusters** over here. People are going crazy over it. Both my wife and myself are doing a fair amount of work for them, both for the game itself, as well as some related stuff. For instance, I've started **'What's New?'** up again for their house organ magazine, **The Duelist**.

**OM:** *Now that we've got around to that, would you care to introduce your wife a bit? All we know from the **XXXenophile** blurb is that you have a new set of in-laws you don't want to know about **XXXenophile**.*

**PF:** Her name is **Kaja**, and she's an artist. She attended the University of Washington in their Fine Arts department, which was a

work for the **Dragon Magazine**.

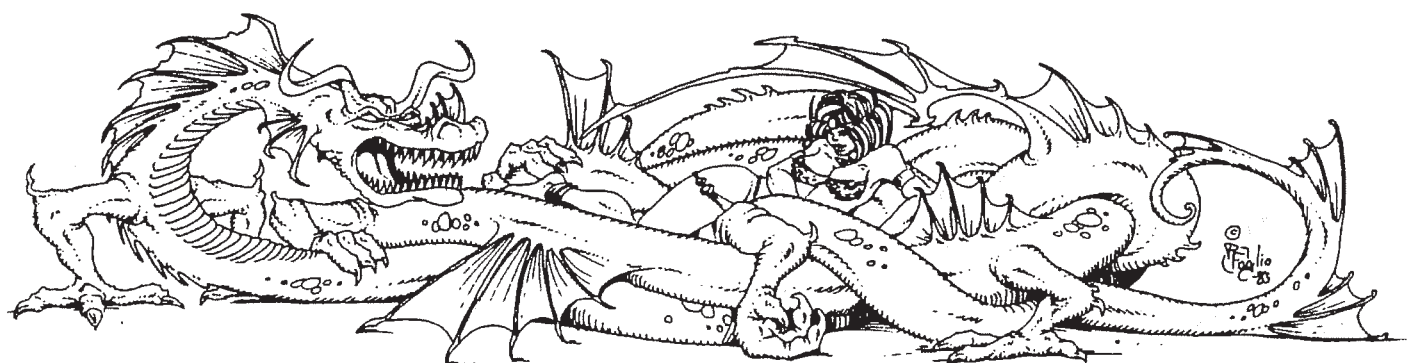
**PF:** **Dragon Magazine**, published by **TSR**, the people who published **Dungeons and Dragons**. **Dragon** was their house organ. I did a comic strip for them called **'What's New? - with Phil & Dixie'**, which ran for three years. It was basically my take on role-playing games, either explaining or making fun of various aspects of the game and the concepts behind it. Sometimes I just made up goofy games or weird gaming paraphernalia. People liked it, so I must have been doing something right. The big secret was that I had never played **D & D**. In fact, I never played any role-playing games until after I stopped doing the strip. It was all out of my head.

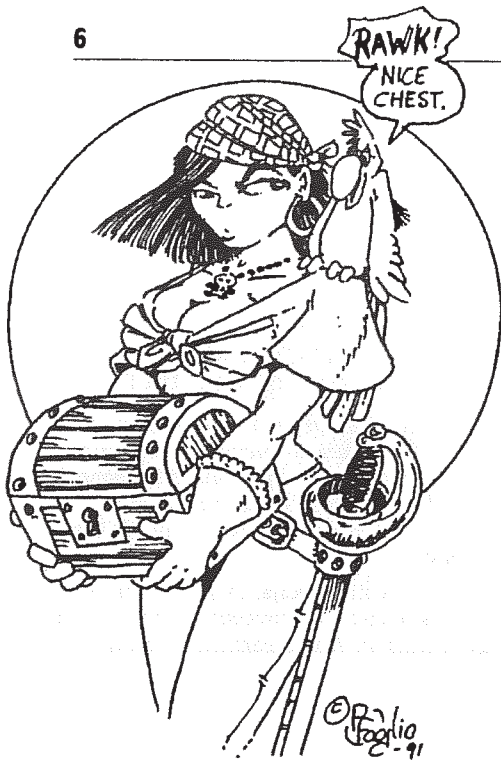


**OM:** *I understand that some of your new projects will involve something in the same field.*

**PF:** Yes, I'm doing some work for a company called **Wizards of the Coast**, and they

hideous mistake on her part. Instead of teaching her how to draw, they taught her how to... oh, say, paint cinder blocks orange, put them in a public place with her





name on them, and not be embarrassed. Also how to talk fast enough to convince folks that it's "Art" and deserves funding. She thought that she was attending a real art school, one that taught more traditional illustration. Ha-ha. Big laugh. But she taught herself, and now she's doing work for **WotC (Wizards of the Coast)**, taking her stuff to art shows, and she's also in the process of working on a comic book series of her own. It's still only in the writing stage, but I can't wait to see it.

**OM:** *Would she like to come to the phone and refute any of that?*

**KF:** Not really, he pretty much got it all right. Oh, except that my mom already knows about **XXXenophile**. She says I'm probably having more fun than she is.

**OM:** *Talking about science fiction and all that stuff which you are obviously into, I seem to remember you doing work for **Starlog** magazine?*

**PF:** Yes, I've been in science fiction fandom since 1973. I won the **Hugo Award** for Best Fan Artist in 1977 and 1978. I've been to,

oh, over 500 conventions and after that I stopped keeping track because it would probably have driven me insane.

**KF:** Too late.

**PF:** Thank you, dear. I did some work for **Starlog** when I lived in New York back in 1982-'83. Not a lot, but enough, I guess. The guys at **Starlog** are a swell bunch. Even though I haven't worked for them in ages, they still keep me on the mailing list.

**OM:** *Could you tell us a bit about your future plans?*

**PF:** For the immediate future my plans are pretty much: Try to keep **Buck Godot** on a quarterly schedule, try to keep **XXXenophile** coming out twice a year, do 'What's New?' and anything else I can for **Wizards of the Coast**, and renovate my house. After that, anything else I can fit in is gravy, as far as I'm concerned. I don't have any other major projects, per se, that I can think of...

**OM:** *I'm sure that you've been getting lots of attention due to **XXXenophile**, are there drawbacks to it? Anyone call you a pervert or something?*

**PF:** Aside from my wife? Not really. People are much more likely to come up and talk to you if they *like* your work. Very few people have the gall to go up to somebody and say, "Hey! You're Phil Foglio! I've seen your work and I think it's really evil, and it's probably responsible for the decline of Western Civilization and by the way, you're a worthless bit of flotsam and you're going to wind up burning in Hell, so have a rotten day." People just don't do that. If they don't like you, they'll just say bad things about you behind your back and throw rocks through your window. Well, I haven't gotten any rocks through my window, and as to people saying bad things about me, I haven't heard anything, we're still getting invited to conventions, and I've never been busier!

**OM:** *Quite a lot of our readers are on computer networks. Do you do any of that yourself?*

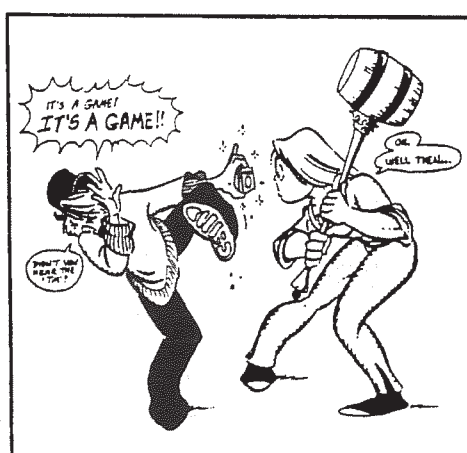
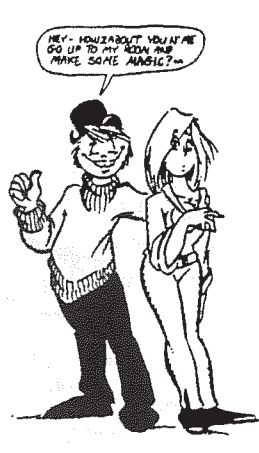
**PF:** My wife pretty much handles that. Our topic on **Genie** is '**Phil Foglio's Palliard Press**' in the Independent Comics catego-



ry. She monitors that for me. Her E-Mail address is [k.foglio@genie.com](mailto:k.foglio@genie.com), and we check it pretty regularly.

**OM:** *That about wraps it up, then. Anything special to say?*

**PF:** I'm a firm believer that freelancing is a fine lifestyle if you don't mind not knowing where your next paycheck is coming from. I love the 50 foot commute to my office and the hours are great. I'd like my tombstone to say; "He Never Had a Real Job."



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# B-782

In a Mr. Lee's Greater Hong Kong franchise on the outskirts of Phoenix, Rat Thing number B-782 comes awake.

Fido is waking up because the dogs are barking tonight.

There is always barking. Much of the barking is very far away. Fido knows that faraway barks are not as important as close barks, and so he often sleeps through these.

But sometimes a faraway bark will carry a special sound that makes Fido excited, and he can't help waking up.

He is hearing one of those barks right now. It comes from far away but it is urgent. Some nice doggie somewhere is very upset. He is so upset that his barking has spread to all the other doggies in the pack.

Fido listens to the bark. He gets excited, too. Some bad strangers have just been very close to a nice doggie's yard. They were in a flying thing. They had lots of guns.

Fido doesn't like guns very much. A stranger with a gun shot him once and made him hurt. Then the nice girl came and helped him.

These are extremely bad strangers. Any nice doggie in his right mind would want to hurt them and make them go away. As Fido listens to the bark, he sees what they look like and hears the way they sound. If any of these very bad strangers ever come into his yard, he will be extremely upset.

Then Fido notices that the bad strangers are chasing someone. He can tell they are hurting her by the way her voice sounds and the way she moves.

The bad strangers are hurting the nice girl who loves him!

Fido gets more angry than he has ever been, even more angry than when a bad man shot him long ago.

His job is to keep bad strangers out of his yard. He does not do anything else.

But it's even more important to protect the nice girl who loves him. That is more important than anything. And nothing can stop him. Not even the fence.

The fence is very tall. But he can remember a long time ago when he used to jump over things that were taller than his head.

Fido comes out of his doggie house, curls his long legs beneath him, and jumps over the fence around his yard before he has remembered that he is not capable of jumping over it. This contradiction is lost on him, though; as a dog, introspection is not one of his strong points.

The bark is spreading to another place far away. All the nice doggies who live in this faraway place are being warned to look out for the very bad strangers and the girl who loves Fido, because they are going to that place. Fido sees the place in his mind. It is big and wide and flat and open, like a nice

field for chasing Frisbees. It has lots of big flying things. Around the edges are a couple of yards where nice doggies live.

Fido can hear those nice doggies barking in reply. He knows where they are. Far away. But you can get there by streets. Fido knows a whole lot of different streets. He just runs down streets, and he knows where he is and where he's going.

At first, the only trace that B-782 leaves of his passage is a dancing trail of sparks down the center of the franchise ghetto. But once he makes his way out onto a long straight piece of highway, he begins to leave further evidence: a spume of shattered blue safety glass spraying outward in parallel vanes from all four lanes of traffic as the windows and the windshields of the cars blow out of their frames, spraying into the air like rooster tails behind a speedboat.

As part of Mr. Lee's good neighbor policy, all Rat Things are programmed never to break the sound barrier in a populated area. But Fido's in too much of a hurry to worry about the good neighbor policy. Jack the sound barrier. Bring the noise.

Excerpt from "Snow Crash" (© 1993)  
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# Zoomorphia Ltd.

“Let me show you a few of the finished zoomorphs we’ve got in stock.” Mr. Harker was a conservative dresser. What looked like authentic Levis and a reproduction Gun-and-Roses sweatshirt gave him an air of old world charm that was a welcome reassurance given the fraught nature of what we were discussing.

The barn was dimly lit and it took a moment for my eyes to adjust. The odour was sharp and complex. I commented on it. “We don’t muck out all that often. It’s not as if our animals are not going to catch a disease or anything and there’s nothing like dirty bedding to make them confront the realities of their situation. We do try to keep the walkways between the pens clean though so you needn’t worry about your shoes.”

Most of the floor space of the barn was divided up into pens with black railings. The pens had bite drinkers and low feed troughs. Most of them seemed to be empty. At the far end I could see some stalls and a number of low cages, some of them occupied. Down there someone was crying.

We walked down the central path. “Here we are, a sheep”. The creature in the pen looked back at us mournfully. It did indeed resemble a sheep, recently sheared. Only the head was seriously odd at a second glance, much too large although the muzzle was about right. “Sheep are easy to sell.”, said the salesman, “as far as the farmer is concerned they are not significantly different from the natural product. The wool is top quality. By the way it doesn’t understand what we’re saying. We block an element of the brain’s language recognition system.”

In a stall further along something a lot like the foal a heavy horse was tethered to a wall ring by a head collar. It was eating from a wall manger with a kind of grim determination. Presumably because of its naturally larger capacity the head appeared much less distorted than that of the “sheep”. “You can see this one has a lot of mass to put on.”

Harker turned and parked his backside on one of the rails. “I can’t show you anything in household pets today”. He said apologetically. “These animals are for sale whereas the house pet jobs are usually conversions on existing slaves and the owners take them straight home as a rule, usually they like to watch them change. We don’t have many animals in today anyway, we sent most of our stock to market a couple of days back.”

I moved along to look at the source of the crying. A young man, naked and filthy, was sitting in one of the cages. He was staring at his arms which ended in trotters rather than hands. His feet were in the same state and his chest had begun to narrow and push forward. He looked up at us. He spoke in a strange, thin voice, as if he had to drive abnormally large amounts of air out in order to be audible “Please, I’ve changed my mind, stop it, stop the change. I’ll pay the sale cost myself.” I was embarrassed but Harker led me skilfully away. “Pay no attention.” He said “he understood that it was a random choice and now he knows he’s going to be a meat animal he wants to back out, he’s afraid”. His contempt was clear. “His voice will be gone fairly soon, which, I must say, will be something of a relief.”

“Do people get used to that; being slaughtered I mean.” I was surprised by the steady-

ness of my voice. Somewhere inside part of me was shaking like a leaf.

He grinned “Not people,” he corrected, “for the duration of the contract they’re not people, but to answer your question some get used to it, for others it is worse every time.”

“I’ve never understood why there is a profit in it. I mean anyone can make meat which is molecule for molecule identical to what you get that way. I understand that the zoomorphs put on quite a bit of weight between conversion and slaughter but surely it would be cheaper to produce the carcass directly.”

“Don’t ask me. There’s no logical reason why there should still be a meat industry at all. It’s partly the conspicuous consumption thing I guess. Those that go in for it say flesh that’s been ‘lived in’, so to speak, tastes better but as far as I can see it has to be psychological. With zoomorphs there’s the titillation of skirting around the cannibalism taboo .. you wouldn’t believe the prices. I guess it’s a good thing, really. If people were more logical about it the farm animal species would be verging on extinction by now and I think that would be a shame. Of course it would also ruin this business.”

We went back to the office. He called up a document on the computer. “As you can see, this is essentially a standard slave contract with some extra options and agreements from us. There are several options to choose, for example you can specify the species or leave it random. I won’t ask you for a decision here and now. I’ll post a copy to your filestore. Call me when you decide or if you have any further questions.”

I skimmed briefly through the thing “I



don't suppose that clause four is optional."

"Sorry, not a chance. Exclusion from cruelty to animal legislation gives our product an important competitive edge."

"But doesn't it reduce your supply?"

"Who can say? Still, I suspect it has less impact than you might think." He gave me a predatory grin. "It's not going to stop you for one."

I drove home, I suppose rather badly. Pulling up on the driveway I instructed the car to destroy itself and entered the house. I then called up the contract on the lounge screen. It all seemed legal, straightforward and scary. Of course there had to be a slave contract. Zoomorphia Ltd. couldn't legally do what it did to a person and in any case a zoomorph clearly needed an owner. I had fantasised before this about slavery but I had never found anyone to put that kind of trust in. Now I was seriously contemplating something more that slavery to an unknown owner. So much for logic.

Over the next few days I found it impossible to get any work done. I leapt from one unfinished project to another. I refurnished the house twice, very badly. I wandered listlessly through cyberspace, unable to get interested in anything. By the end of the week I admitted it to myself. At 130 years old I am beginning to know my own mind, even if do not have much control over it. Zoomorphia Ltd. had me firmly on the hook. I called them.

"How long will it take you to put your affairs in order?". That was simple enough. Most of my income is from various pensions and, though I sell software I had no outstanding advances. Basically I just had to tell some people I would be out of circulation and cancel the lease of the land on which my house stands. We agreed two days. He 3-wayed in a notary computer and I signed a minimum eighteen month contract. It was as simple as that.

I was careful to arrive early at the ranch. The mess I would be in if the contract came into force before I arrived scarcely bore thinking about. In the event I was half an hour early. To my surprise the place seemed to be deserted, the office was locked and no one answered my knock. There was nothing for it but to wait in the car.

The wait seemed endless. I have to admit that I was more frightened than I ever remember being. I barely remembered in time to get out of the car before the noon deadline. I should have been prepared for what happened as noon struck, yet it was a shock when it came.

The deadline was much more than a formality. When I had indicated my acceptance to the notary computer that set in motion a trail of events in that strange double of the world, at once abstract and real, where the real wealth and the real power of our society now dwells. Every computer that knows about me was notified of the contract. The computer that had built my car this morning had passed the information to the car itself. The computers that lurk inside the cells of my body waiting for the first sign of illness or injury knew of it. My bank knew of it.

At the instant of that noon everything changed. My bank accounts were frozen. My private information files were taken off line. My ephemeral possessions, including my house, began their destruct sequence. I had already put my few inert possessions into storage. Most of them were souvenirs from the earlier years of my life.

Even the computers in my body had now changed their transponder codes. That meant that all those devices that responded to human presence, from computer terminals to doors would now perceive me as a domestic animal. Not only would such devices not now operate for me, if I were neither on my owner's property or under obvious supervision they would report me as a stray and I would probably end up in the local animal shelter.

It is often forgotten that these rather draconian measures were initially designed for the protection of people who become slaves on limited contracts. My owner could not order me to hand over my money or possessions because I didn't have any for the duration. The requirement that slaves be supervised in public places makes them less exploitable for commercial purposes. The slavery law had been brought in to allow the satisfaction of the drive to submission in those in whom it was powerful. It had been drafted to prevent, as far as possible, forced consent due to economics and commercial exploitation as cheap labour thus no money could change hands between Zoomorphia Ltd. and myself. They made their money out of selling the animals.

The immediate effect of my reclassification was apparent in the possessions I had with me. The car, my watch and even my clothing were all ephemerals. Each of them disintegrated into tens of thousands of diamond spiders which scuttled off in search of the nearest molecule store. Miles away, exactly the same thing would be happening to my house. The car I had been expecting, but for more than half my life clothing had been just inert cloth and I hadn't really got into the way of thinking of clothes as sophisticated machinery. Having my shoes disintegrate unexpectedly was an upsetting experience, literally. Five seconds after noon saw me sitting naked in the mud shocked and with a pain in the butt.

The laugh was not a pleasant one. I turned to see a tall woman standing at the door of a small outbuilding I had not yet entered. She was dressed in work cloths. Had she been dressed in some kind of traditional dominatrix outfit the whip and knife clipped to her belt would have looked like props. As it was their combination with "sensible" clothing made them look like what they probably were, tools of the trade. Last time I had been here everyone had been polite. I'd been a person then. Today I was property.

Yet it hadn't really sunk in yet and I started to protest. "I ..." I began, not really knowing how I was going to finish the sentence. In the event I did not have to, it was ended for me with the flick of the whip against the back of my left hand. For a split second I thought it no more than a tap, then

the pain began in earnest. On the back of my hand a triangular area had completely lost its epidermis and the tissue underneath was scoured with about a dozen jagged short, parallel, cuts. Blood began to flow freely. My sentence ended in a croak. "I talk to animals sometimes", said the woman conversationally, "but I don't care to listen to them."

"I'm a sadist, you know," she said, "probably some would call me a psychopath. When I can get away with it I like hurting and frightening people. Some sadists like to give pain to people who enjoy it, as a kind of kindness. Not me, I'm a genuinely evil person. Isn't it lucky for you you aren't a person. I hope you are going to make a nuisance of yourself, I really do. Now heel boy!"

I followed her into a very plain room with a computer, a table with a few unidentifiable gadgets and a chair. The only odd feature was a patch of wall to the left of the entrance which was about the size of a door and mat black. In front of this she had me stand. Unexpectedly she shoved me backwards and the wall writhed against my skin, then stuck to it. In a moment I was immobilised, my back and limbs sunk perhaps an inch or two into the now hard surface.

The woman now produced a bowie knife from a belt sheath. The knife appeared to have a blade of pure diamond. The sharpest metal blades will sometimes part a hair blown against them. With a knife such as this the weight of the hair would be enough. "If you piss yourself or shit in here you'll lick it up," she advised. I couldn't see the knife while it was below my eye level but I felt it all right. She touched me at the top of the breastbone and drew it slowly down my breast then my clenched stomach muscles to my penis. The sting of it suggested it was leaving a bloody line but the lesson of silence had been learnt. In any case the pain was insignificant compared to the fire still raging in my hand.

"Do you know what would happen to me if I, for example, disembowled you?" she asked pensively, "They would stop the cost of repairs out of my wages. Last time it cost me \$50."

She showed me the knife now with drops of blood on it. She walked over to the table and flicked a drop of blood into one of the gadgets connected to the computer. She then licked the rest of the blood off the knife. "Blood sample," she explained "I thought you might be one of those people who are afraid of needles."

She worked with the computer for a while and then walked out leaving the door open. I spent the time trying to control the pain in my hand. Although I couldn't see it I thought that the nanites in my body should have stopped the bleeding by now, but they do nothing for the pain (that was tried in the early days and it made people much too careless). By dint of concentration I could distance myself from the pain, changing it into mere sensation but such concentration was difficult to maintain, especially since I was in a state approaching terror.

Because I had been told in such terms to hold my water, naturally I was starting to feel pressure in my bladder. Several eternities

later she returned carrying a covered tray. She did something behind my head and my arms and head came lose. She then showed me the contents of the tray. There were eight identical objects. Each was a clear cylindrical container with a white block inside. They were about two centimeters across by one deep. On each was the cogwheel and caduceus of medical nano in red. "Choose your poison" she said. I saw the point immediately. Each of these objects represented a possible zoomorph. I was choosing what kind of body I would be wearing a couple of days from now.

I reached for one of the boxes, watching her face. Did she know which was which? Her feral grin gave nothing away. I snatched another one and tore it open dropping the white block into the palm of my right hand. I shuddered, watching it dissolve into my flesh. The die was cast. How it had fallen I could expect to find out in a few hours.

The woman, whose name I never did learn, released me from the wall and led me into the malodorous barn. She opened the first empty cage we came to. It was perhaps six foot by four and about three foot high. There was chopped straw on the floor of it but it didn't appear to have been changed lately. Someone or something seemed to have vomited in there fairly recently. "In" she ordered. I looked at the filth. I looked at her whip. I dropped to hands and knees and crawled into the cage and she locked it. My sigh of relief as the lock clicked must have been audible because she laughed. Then she turned her back and walked out of the building without further comment.

The pressure in my bladder was becoming painful and it finally occurred to me there was no further point in holding back. It appeared I was going to be here some time. Peeing in the straw was embarrassing at first but when I had finished my mood underwent an abrupt shift. Along with the physical relief I felt an enormous sense of liberation. It began to penetrate that it was perfectly right and natural for me to act like an animal. The woman had called me an animal and I had taken it as an insult but I had been wrong. I was an animal, had been since noon. The physical change I was about to undergo would be no more than a confirmation. Trying to assert my suspended personhood would bring nothing but misery.

I now became consciously aware of how I had been suffering from the stench of the cage. My nose was wrinkled and I had been breathing shallowly through the mouth. This wouldn't do. I told myself that smell is merely a sensation, that the implications of the

stench were truths I had already accepted. There is no such thing, I told myself, as a bad smell. There are only smells with bad associations. I began to examine the smell more analytically. This was old vomit. That was my fresh urine. It worked surprisingly well. It wasn't that the smell decreased, but that I chose no longer to suffer from it. I surprised myself by laughing out loud as I made myself as comfortable as possible on the filthy straw. I noticed with surprise and pleasure that my hand had finally stopped hurting. In the space of a couple of minutes I had changed from fear to, not exactly anticipation since I knew little of what to expect, but a kind of pleasurable curiosity.

After a few minutes I realised I was thirsty

Unsurprisingly I no longer had separate toes.

Of course I understood the general principle of what was happening. The white object had been tens of millions of nanomachines of a variety of types each holding its neighbours to form a very special type of crystal. When these machines had sensed my skin they would have streamed into the pores and then squeezed between the cells into the blood stream. The biggest of them would be smaller than a bacteria. Within minutes they would have been all over my body. There would be enough for at least one to enter every cell.

They would be operating in two general ways. Some would operate directly, constructing and destroying material a few at-



and looked around the cage. There was a bite drinker as well as a feeding bowl set into the back of the cage. Between the two a white block hung from a string which passed through a hole in its centre. I crawled over to the drinker and put my mouth over the pipe. Closing my teeth on it caused a jet of water to spurt into my mouth. It was lukewarm but I drank deeply and with pleasure.

Crawling back towards the deepest part of the straw I noticed that my fingers seemed to be stuck together. I looked at my hands, fascinated. Even in the gloom of the barn I could see that a web of skin joined the fingers as far as the knuckles. The webbing was growing almost visibly towards the finger tips. I held my fingers straight and tightly together thinking it might speed things up. On a sudden thought I looked at my feet.

They would use the chemical energy and the materials of my own body. Others would operate by taking control of the genetic expression within my cells. This enabled the creation of new cells of any required type. That was the basics. Of course the complexity of the total process was far beyond the capacity of the human mind to encompass. The fact was that no one knew in detail how such things worked. They were developed using a form of evolutionary process in computer simulation.

It occurred to me that the process was going to use up quite a bit of energy and that I had eaten nothing since breakfast. By the time the energy loss was translated into hunger I might be incapable of eating. I crawled back to the feeding bowl. It was full of brownish grey pellets which resembled

# KEN ELÄÄ HÄN NÄKEE

Jyväskylän Kesän scifi-seminaari 18.-19.6.

Yliopiston juhlasali

Alkuräjähdyksestä eskatologiaan. Oudoimmatkin ounastelut ovat alkaneet toteutua kiusallista vauhtia. Mutta onko tieteisfantasioista tulevaisuuden tulkeiksi? Ken elää, hän näkee.

Käsiteltävinä ovat mm. lihan ja psyyken kontrolli, post-cyberpunk, menneisyyksien ja tulevaisuuksien vaihtoehdot, feministiset utopiat sekä tietotekniikan tulevaisuuden visiot.

Seminaarin aamupäivät on varattu alustajille ja iltapäivät "studiotyöhön". Stalkereina toimivat alan kansainväliset ja kotimaiset osaajat (mm. Neal Stephenson ja Maarit Verronen). Puheenjohtajana on Johanna Sinisalo, jonka novelli on mukana Marsiin matkaavan avaruusluotaimen kulttuuriterveisinä.

Seminaarin yhteydessä pidetään myös Philip K. Dick -symposium.

Lauantai 18.6.

10.00 Yleisöesitelmät

*Johanna Sinisalo*

Löytämättömät mantereet ja elävä Elvis –  
entäpä jos historiassa olisikin käynyt toisin?

*Leena Peltonen*

Miten tästä eteenpäin? Historialliset tulevaisuusspekulaatiot

Ruokatauko

*Maarit Verronen*

Joskus jossain – ajattomuuden vapautta fantasiamaailmoissa

Spekulatiiviset kirjat -paneeli

Mukana mm. Neal Stephenson

15.00–19.00 Kaikille avoimet työryhmät

*Jussi Kantonen*

Eksploraatioelokuva – onko kaikki mahdollinen jo tehty?

*Johanna Sinisalo & Leena Peltonen*

Nyt tehdään historiaa! Laitetaanpa porukalla menneisyys ja nykyisyys uusiksi

*Irma Hirsjärvi*

Feministisiä utopioita – valtio-oppia, anarkismia ja reproduktioita eli vaihtoehtoutopiat

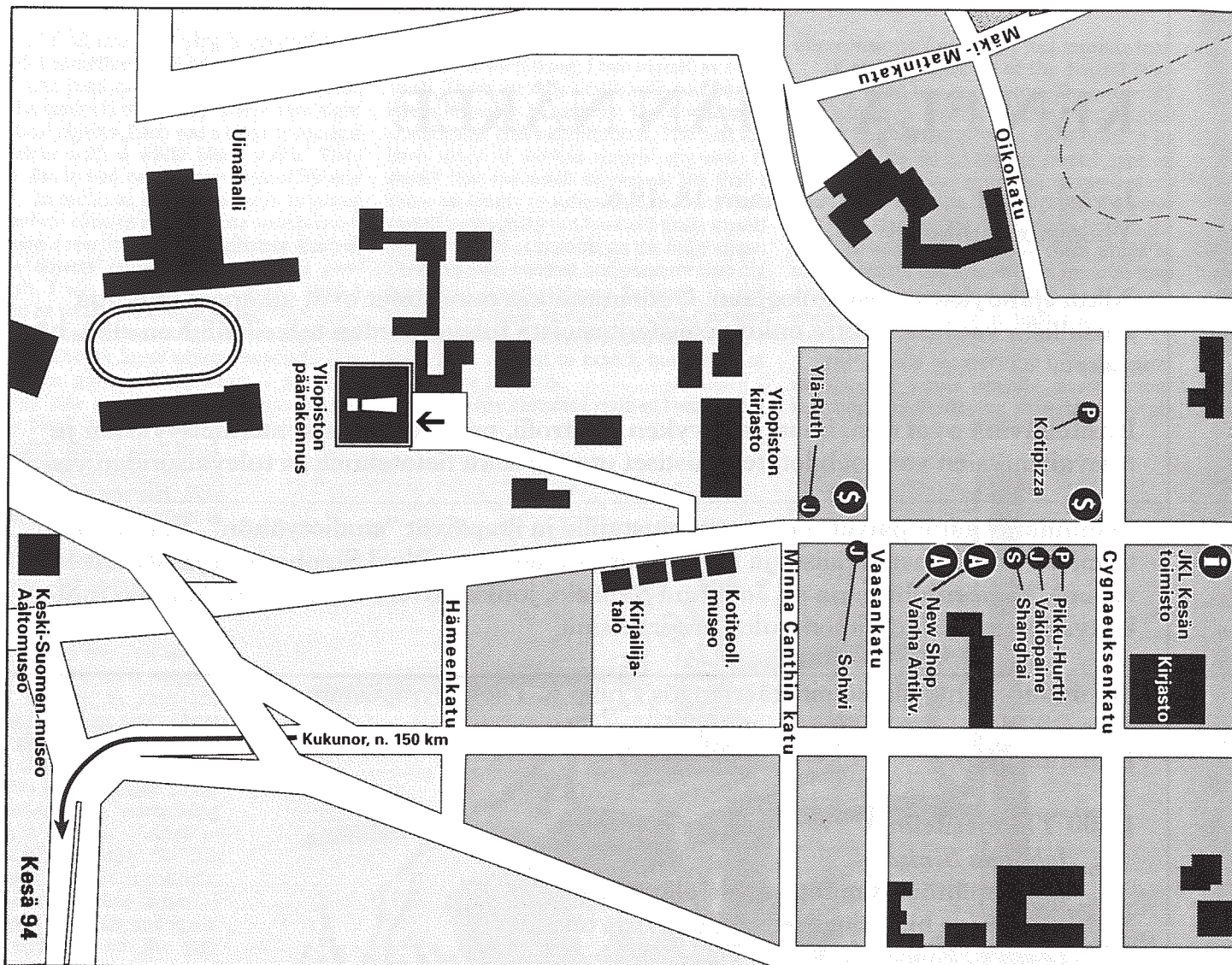
*Timo Siivonen & Kimmo Lehtonen*

Tekninen kuvamanipulaatio

*Kate Alhola*

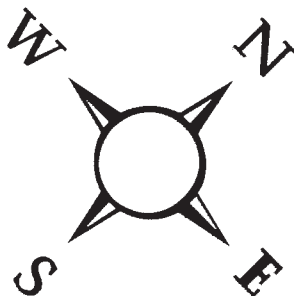
Do Children dream of electric sheep?

19.00 Philip K. Dick -symposium, Kirjailijatalo



## Kuinka Jyväskylää luetaan

- T** Taksi      **X** Alko
- S** Pankkiautomaatti
- A** Antikvaarinen kirjakauppa
- E** Elokuvakeskus Fantasia (6 salia)
- H** Hotelli
- J** Juottoravintola
- P** Pizzeria ja muu pikaruoka
- S** Syöttöravintola



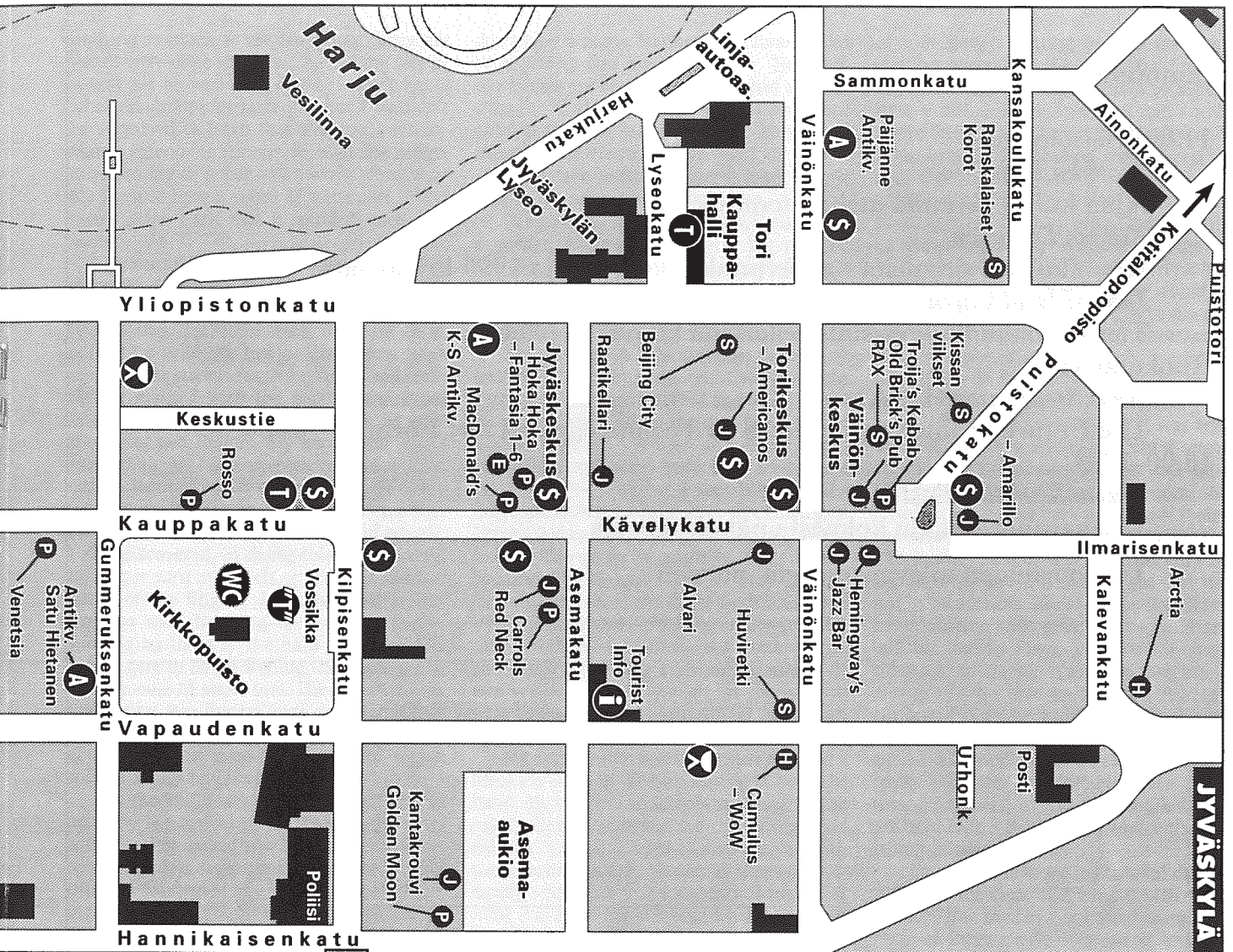
## Usko tai älä!

**Sohwi**  
10% opiskelija-alennus (halpaa)

**Shanghai**  
kaupungin paras kiinalainen ravintola  
savuista itäkiinalaista.

**Vakiopaine**  
ei ruokailua.

**Hurtti-Ukko**  
epätavallisia pizzoja.



kaljaa kello 21 asti).  
vintola,

Jalankulkuputki  
Messukeskus  
Satama

Rautatieasema

**Amarillo**  
TexMex-ruokaa.

**Cumulus**  
Luennoitsijoiden majoituspaikka,  
jossa myös kaljaterassi...

**New Shop**  
sisältää ruoskien ynnä muun paraphernalian lisäksi  
myös varsin hyvän divarin.

**Hoka Hoka**  
"Japanilaista kotiruokaa"

Sunnuntai 19.6.

11.00 Yleisöluennot

*Markku Lehto*

Ajan kulku ja muita mahdottomuuksia

*Kimmo Lehtonen*

Kromikuplan sirpaleita – cyberpunkin kuolema ja 1990-luvun aatto

*Juhani Hinkkanen*

Tietotekniikan tulevaisuus sellaisena kuin se ei ollut

Ruokatauko

*Neal Stephenson (USA)*

The Future of Interactive Media as Technology and Art Form

15.00–17.00

*Mario Kivistik (Eesti)*

Tulevaisuus ainakin kolmesta näkökulmasta

Tulevaisuuden tulevaisuudesta -paneeli

## ELOKUVA-ESITYKSET

Elokuvat esitetään elokuvateatteri Fantasia 1:ssä. Lipun hinta yhteen näytökseen on 35,- ja sarjalippu jolla pääsee kaikkiin näytöksiin maksaa 150,-

15.6.	21:30	<i>Pier Paolo Pasolini:</i> SALO O LE 120 GIORNATE DI SODOMA
16.6.	21:30	<i>Philip Brophy:</i> BODY MELT
18.6.	22:30	<i>Ken Russell:</i> THE DEVILS
20.6.	21:30	<i>Garth Maxwell:</i> JACK BE NIMBLE
21.6.	21:30	<i>Elio Petri:</i> LA DECIMA VITTIMA

← p. 10

nothing so much as rat droppings. Since my hands were of no use now I buried my face in it and ate as well as I could. I don't know what rat droppings taste like but I wouldn't be surprised to learn that the visual resemblance extends to flavour. At least the pellets were too big to go up my nostrils. Presumably I would have a snout of some sort in the near future. I felt that it couldn't come too soon.

I ate until I felt full and then drank again at length. I then lay on my side and looked at my hands again. The webbing between the fingers had thickened from the base to the point that only the tips of the fingers were still distinct structures. My thumbs had completely merged with the base of the index finger and seemed to be losing bulk, as were the outer two fingers. My hands and wrists seemed to be becoming more round than oval in section. I tried to feel the shape of my face but my hands were so strange to me that I couldn't work out if it had changed as well. I also discovered, in doing this, that I could no longer turn my wrists or bend the last two joints of my fingers. I decided that it was time to stop thinking of them as hands. Judging by the way the nails of the middle two fingers to be thickening they were going to be hooves of some sort. The fact that only the central two fingers were developing that way reduced the options. It suggested I was going to be an even-toed ungulate which ruled out pigs and horses.

My meditations were interrupted at this point by the arrival of our lady of the whip with another naked man. Whip wounds on both shoulders suggested a slow learner and this was confirmed when he balked at entering the next cage to my own. I was squeemish enough to avert my eyes from what followed.

He had, at least, learned enough to keep quiet until she had left the barn. Then he swore at length and quite inventively. I laughed, and was startled by the strange tone my laughter seemed to have taken on. It made me wonder if I would still be able to speak.

He turned to look at me and shuddered "Great, That's all I need; a gargoyle with a sense of humour."

"Sorry," I managed to get out around an uncooperative tongue. "I'm just admiring your vocabulary. Impressive, isn't she? And very good at her job. She scares the shit out of me but I'm kind of grateful to her."

"Grateful?! She's a sadistic monster. How do you mean, 'good at her job'?"

"A little necessary rubbing of our snouts in the shit, of course. This morning we were people, stymate, now we are livestock. Soon we'll graduate from animals to dumb animals. We've got some unpleasant adapting to do. There's no turning back from that, the quicker we go through it the quicker we're out the other side. There is light at the other end of the tunnel, I have got just about far enough along to see it."

He groaned, trying to find a fairly clean patch of bedding to stretch out on. "Now a philosophical gargoyle. And don't call me 'stymate' My name is Peter."

"Actually you are wrong, stymate. You

don't have a name. Neither of us have names or anything else for that matter. Not even our bodies are our own." Then I had another thought "Talking of bodies how's my snout coming along. Since you call me 'gargoyle' I suppose that means I've got one."

"You face looks like some kind of ape. And your neck is about a foot long."

"Thanks, for the information. I wish I had a mirror. But that's wrong of me isn't it? Animals don't wish. Animals live in the real present not in the worlds of 'if only'. I may not have hands any more but I've still got some letting go to do."

We lay in silence for a while. Something was happening to my vision; it seemed to be getting cruder, less detailed and what colour vision was afforded by the dim lighting was fading. I closed my eyes and let my consciousness explore my body. I was trying for a contemplative state but I kept being startled into an analytical mode by discovered changes. My pelvis was gradually folding itself. I could feel the change in the angle of it against the bedding. My shoulder blades were moving forwards. All over my body flesh and bone were on the move. I kept having to look for new comfortable positions but there was no pain, only a strange crawling sensation. It was very disturbing though, as though you were to watch, say, your hand act on its own violation.

My companion suddenly cried out and I lifted my head to see him staring at his right hand. My vision had deteriorated now to the point where I could not see clearly what had shocked him but I tried to distract him with some funny remark. No sound emerged, evidently I had lost that capability. I looked at what had been my own right hand and arm but was now clearly a foreleg. Despite my poor vision the proportions were clear enough to make out what kind of foreleg. The foreleg of a calf. Some part of me screamed in protest. I took a deep breath and told that part not to be childish. In my mind I tried the identification "I am a calf, when I grow I will be a bullock." The thought was at once strange and comfortable. Like trying on some outlandish costume and finding that it was a perfect fit.

I realised now that Peter had been speaking for some seconds. I concentrated. I caught at a few words "... hands .... fool ... why ..." but they slipped through the fingers of my mind like mercury and, despite my best attempts at concentration I could make nothing of what he was saying. It was clear, though, that he was very agitated, at least in part at my unresponsiveness. But I could think of no way in which I could respond. I decided that I could be of no use to him and might as well ignore him. I had my own concerns. Suddenly I was nauseous. Was something going wrong? This was supposed to be a safe process but I was a little too old to have the faith of the last couple of generations in evolutionary engineering.

Throwing up was almost an exercise in nostalgia. It was not something people did any more. But although I hadn't done it in over 30 years I did remember that you had to drink water afterwards to wash the acid out

of your gullet. Getting over to the drinker was far more difficult than last time. The cage seemed to be more suited to a human than a calf. I drank and then felt a sudden desire for salt, so I licked the block for some time. I remember reading somewhere, years ago, that humans are the only terrestrial animals that don't know how much salt they need. Apparently I had joined the majority.

Now, with relief, I realised what the problem must be. The food I had eaten earlier in anticipation of the energy drain would have been in the way of the changes to my stomach which were obviously necessary. It seemed almost like a just punishment. Write fifty times in longhand "I am an animal. Animals do not plan." Zen advises "When hungry eat. When tired sleep." I was trying, damn it, but it's a lot harder than it sounds.

My legs seemed very long, and did not fold well in the confined headroom of the cage but when I lay back on my side it struck me how extraordinarily comfortable I felt. The human body is one of evolution's most recent ideas and it seems to me that it has not yet had time to reach any sensible accommodation with gravity. The head sticks out too far in front, yet not far enough sideways or to the rear. The feet are just absurd. To be able to lie on a horizontal surface with my neck almost straight and the side of my head resting on the same surface suddenly struck me as wonderful. I had not really been this comfortable since the last time I had been in free fall long enough to get used to it. I didn't really notice that I was falling asleep.

Sharp hunger woke me in total darkness. "OK Zen masters." I thought with amusement. "Time to obey." but after nearly half an hour of increasingly frustrating struggle I was unable to get my muzzle into the feed bowl. I just couldn't get the right angle because the gap between the bowl and the top of the cage was too narrow. The hunger grew slowly but implacably. I was becoming desperate enough to wonder if some of the straw bedding might fill the void but my body said no.

From amongst the ranks of the barn's many smells the aroma of hay took one pace forward and saluted. The cage, which had been a refuge yesterday, now felt like a death trap. I kicked the door in futile desperation. It didn't even rattle. There was nothing I could do at all. I couldn't even make a noise that would be audible beyond the barn.

Dawn took subjective years to come. Long after I knew it was physically impossible my attempts on the food bowl continued. I tried to get a hoof into it to knock some food out. I tried to break it away from the wall. The only result was a collection of bruises. I have never been more pleased to see anyone in my life than I was to see Our Lady in the first light of dawn. She was the last human I wanted to see but any human would have done at that point.

She strolled down the barn at a leisurely pace that seemed like slow motion photography to me. She took an unhurried look into each cage in turn. I had forgotten about Peter. Peter was now a pig. All I could think

about was that his shorter head would have no trouble with the feed bowl. She laughed easily and said something, it was just a noise to me this morning, not a single word came across. Probably just as well. She walked out of the barn for a moment and returned with a double handful of long stalked hay. As she approached, tauntingly slowly, the smell of it pulled my head up hard against the bars as if it had been a magnet. Obviously she was aware of my predicament. How could she not be? I was scarcely the first. If my vision had been better I would surely have read her intent from the look on her face. As it was I was stunned when she dropped the hay just outside the cage and left.

She had calculated the distance to a nicety. By jamming my muzzle painfully between the bars I could just get my tongue to the nearest stalks. I actually managed to catch a few but, in doing so, pushed most of it further away. My only reward was a taste that redoubled my hunger. Had I been able to stand upright I might have been able to put a hoof between the bars and drag it towards me. What did I say about animals and wishes?

She returned when the light had noticeably increased, eating an apple. A tangle of straps and chains hung from her left hand. On the basis of no rational evidence I was immediately certain that she had just taken a leisurely and hearty breakfast. She finished the apple and threw the core into my cage, and for a few moments that apple core had the whole of my attention as I twisted awkwardly to get to it. It was delicious but so small. I didn't even notice for a moment that she has opened the cage door.

In a shot I was half way out of the cage. Half way because that was far enough to get to the small pile of hay. The thought of freedom never entered my head at all. Good food rewards in proportion to the attention paid to it. I've paid huge sums for gourmet meals that pale into insignificance beside the taste of that hay. I was dimly aware that she was putting some kind of head collar onto me but the only significance of this at the time was that it interfered a little with my eating.

I was still very hungry, and there were a few wisps of hay left when she spoke a sharp word and pulled on the lead rope. Yet the edge of my hunger was blunted and I was no longer totally beyond reason so I obeyed the pull. I wriggled out of the cage and, for the first time, stood properly on four legs. I followed her demurely out of the barn, concentrating on keeping the right amount of slack in the lead rope. Strangely enough my desire to be on best behaviour wasn't just from fear of her. I was actually grateful for the hay. I wanted her to be pleased with me.

There were a number of crush pens of various sizes behind the barn. I knew what they were but I made no fuss about being put into one. The sides of the crush pressed against my sides and a chain behind me pushed my neck into the yoke so that I could move only my feet a little. The thing had foot blocks and a belly strap as well but she didn't bother with them. Instead she attached three chains with snap hooks to the head collar's nose strap so that I could not move my

muzzle more than a couple of inches in any direction. There she left me for a moment, fighting with my fear.

From her pocket she took a small packet which she opened. She showed me a bright, open ring, perhaps between two and three centimeters across. As she brought it to my nose I concentrated on holding perfectly still. The pain was agonising but brief. Obviously it was some kind of smart material which closed and probably welded itself on some cue. She turned it in my nose, checking it was free to move. That produced only a slight burning feeling until I inadvertently moved my head. From then on I was very careful to keep still.

Her next action surprised me. I had expected her to use the ring to lead me but instead she just draped the lead rope over my neck and released me from the crush. It seemed I had passed a test. For the first time since we had met she seemed almost kindly. She ruffled the hair on the back of my neck and said a few words in a friendly way. Feeling the need for some reciprocal gesture I licked one of her hands. She laughed and walked back into the barn without even visibly checking that I was following. I was, of course, where else would I go?

She chose a stall about half way along the barn and tethered me by clipping one of the chains that formed the gate to my collar. To my complete astonishment she then fetched a wheelbarrow and fork and cheerfully mucked out, put down fresh straw and filled the manger. I was seeing a totally different side of her personality. But after all why should a person that takes pleasure in inflicting suffering not also take pleasure in being nice? There was a tethering ring by the manger and I thought I would be tethered like the horse I had seen on my first visit but instead she took off the head collar and steared me into the stall by pulling on one of my ears. I needed no second invitation. The stall was about three meters long by about half that in width. It was well ventilated without being drafty. To me it seemed palatial. I turned and, as she was fastening the two chains across the entrance, licked her hand again to express my thanks. Then I turned back to the manger and got down to business. The part of me that still tried to cling to my dignity told me that I was reaping the rewards of selling out but its voice was weakened and desperate.

Over the next four days I saw five new zoomorphs made including another of my own kind. The pattern of treatment began to come clear. Everyone was tested with indignity and then suffering. The hyperactive ones were subjected to tight physical constraint. Some brooded, biding their time. These were provoked into active resistance and then taught its futility. Occasionally one would attempt to bite a member of staff. On these occasions we saw the black side of the lady in full force. Poor Peter tried to bite her as he was driven into a smaller cage. She taped his snout and then hung him by his back legs using hooks, as if in a butcher's shop, whipped about a third of the hide off him, and left him hanging until the following

morning. Droplets of blood ran down his body and dripped from his snout. Watching it left me shuddering and sickened. Perhaps the worst of it was his silence in circumstances where any natural creature would have been screaming. It seemed like the pain, having no outlet, must churn around inside him for ever. When she took him down he dragged himself with his front legs into the small cage without being told.

Each of us had a part that tried to cling to our dignity, our sense of personhood. It refused to allow you to enjoy the simple, animal pleasures. Of course, since we had chosen this experience we had decided to live without that part for the duration, yet no part of the mind goes down without a fight. I had required relatively little help to break that part. Some of the others required more drastic measures. You could see it come and go in them. The staff clearly saw it too. Once they felt it had finally died in you they treated you in a humane but businesslike way. They would tolerate no nonsense but as long as you behaved yourself there was no deliberate cruelty. Of course when you got down to it there was little or no scope for misbehaviour anyway. There was nothing much in reach we were capable of harming except ourselves.

Over the same period we had nine visits from potential converts. If that was representative it suggested a pretty high take up rate. Some of them were shaky, some defiant. Some petted me, some recoiled in horror. Of the nine only two were women.

Then a day came where the activity was very different. Several of us were taken out and actually washed and brushed, a new and very enjoyable experience for me. I was unsurprised to see the truck. It was clearly market day. I fought with a tendency to indulge in wild speculation: The fight was more or less a draw.

The truck, of course, was made for this specific trip and so had the right number of stalls for each type of zoomorph. We were each put in a stall with walls which pressed lightly against our bodies all the way around, a low partition touching the breast; sides and rump against the walls. It was confining and you couldn't see out but you were completely braced against the motion of the truck. There was a long wait before we moved off, then a seemingly endless trip. It got too hot and we started to stink. Every time the truck stopped for traffic reasons I was praying we had arrived. Then it stopped and there was a long wait. Finally we heard the doors being opened. After another eternity my stall opened and I burst out, stumbling down the ramp, half blinded by the daylight.

Walking down the maze of alleys between the many pens was my first encounter with natural livestock under these conditions of near equality. I suddenly realised how acute my sense of smell seemed to have become. The odour of their nervousness went straight to my hindbrain and I realised my body was afraid. I was ashamed of my fear. Many here would be dead within a few hours. Even if we were bought for immediate butchery (which was possible) the death we would experience would be only a mockery of the real thing.



My thoughts were interrupted as a man used an electric prod to remind me I wasn't here to sightsee.

The other calf and I shared a pen by ourselves. This was the first time I had any real contact with him and I looked for a way to get some sort of acquaintance. We did some mutual grooming which, I think, calmed us both. Meanwhile a succession of people came and looked us over. I studied them as intently. There was no need for lowered eyes or anything like that. The symbology of subservience was redundant here. I had been expecting some kind of display ring but actually the auction came to us. There were maybe five bidders, about eight hangers on and the auctioneer. It was all disappointingly matter of fact. We were both bought by a small, harried looking man in overalls and a skullcap. Having secured the sale he walked on with the auctioneer to the next lot without even glancing at us.

The sun moved some way across the sky while we stood in the barren concrete pen. The bars were actually steel so it was likely that these pens had been here for a hundred years or more. How many animals had passed through here? Had stood waiting where I now stood? How many had walked from this pen straight to their deaths? And yet their deaths did not outweigh the innate value of their lives. It struck me that any time now pastoral farming might become a thing of the past. Species that have had a part, yes been members, of our civilisation since its beginnings reduced to a handful of zoo animals and pets. Redundancy would mean extermination. It was a thought so horrible it temporarily washed away my personal fears.

I think that it was at that point that another of my defences started to crumble. I had seen my position as bathetic. In effect I had been taking pride in my humility, a form of pride I find particularly offensive in others. I began instead to feel pride in being what I was, a calf. I think if we'd gone straight to slaughter at that point I would almost have wanted to meet the real death that way out of a kind of solidarity.

But instead we were loaded along with perhaps a dozen natural calves into a box van and had a long, jolting ride to a small farm. Where it was I have no idea to this day. I did try to find out later, I would like to talk to the people there, in fact to thank them, but I can see why anonymity in that direction should be a part of the contract.

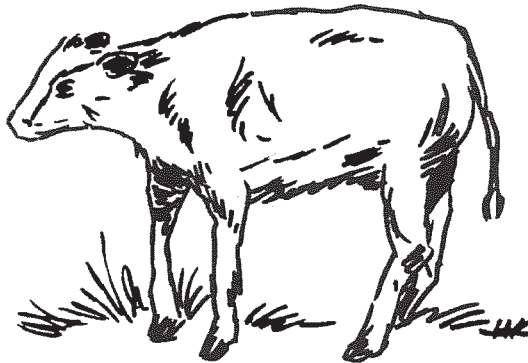
It could have been very unpleasant. The horrors of twentieth century farming, long illegal with natural animals, they were perfectly free to use on us. Being what I now was, veal crates had been much on my mind. In the event life on the farm was amazingly good. Grazing was a revelation. It looks boring but, especially on "unimproved" pasture it is like eating an endlessly varied salad with an almost endless appetite. It is also the form of meditation which has been the most successful of all those that I have tried over the years. At night we were confined together in a barn and it was mainly in there that I

learned that cattle are far more social creatures than they appear. I came to love the smell of them. The comradely nudging. The mutual grooming. I began to distinguish them as individuals.

There were, of course, bad moments. Within a few days of our arrival we were castrated and had numbers freeze branded on our rumps. Zoomorphia must have done something to our medical nano because both of these operations had a lasting effect. We were also dipped a couple of times which, even with modern pesticides, is no fun at all. But far worse were the episodes of internally generated darkness. From time to time I was reminded, usually by the way we were putting on bulk, how this idyll was scheduled to end. At those times I withdrew from the others, I didn't want to be friends because I didn't want to mourn them.

There came at last a morning when we left the barn to be herded into a pen. The truck was waiting. I think I might have made some kind of fuss at that point, for the moment I had dreaded was approaching, but suddenly the overriding consideration was not to frighten the others. From his behaviour I think my fellow zoomorph felt the same way. Thus the two of us who knew how much there was to fear acted like the calmest of the herd. I really think it worked. I think we managed to communicate that calm, false as it was. In the truck we deliberately took one end each, trying to be islands of calm. I was using every mind control trick I had ever learnt in my long life. The ride passed in a blur of concentration.

Standing in the queue for the knocking pen was the worst moment, the bars of the alley touching both my flanks and watching the first of my friends stumble down the chute, the door dropping behind him. I almost lost it then. Not that I could have got away but I could have panicked the whole group. I heard the sharp "chuff" of the pneumatic gun, the slam of the side gate, the door opened, I was shoved from behind, knocking the next one forward and suddenly I was at the front of the queue.



When the door opened again I didn't wait for the shove. I looked up at the slaughterman as the door dropped behind me. It is illegal to delegate this job to a machine; one of our weirder laws and one I support. But this guy was inattentive. Not recognising me for what I was he put the gun on the top of

my head. There was no time to cringe. The bolt was supposed to smash straight through the brain far enough to destroy the basal reticulum, now widely recognised as the seat of consciousness. In this case although I was no longer a man my brain still had the armour that we all wear these days woven into the substance of our skulls. My head was slammed downwards as the bolt failed to penetrate. The slaughterman swore with pain, his whole arm badly jolted. The bolt had deflected and gouged a path through the flesh of the top of my head. I was dizzy, in pain, and blood was pouring into my eyes but I was far from unconscious. He snarled something at me and, grabbing the dropped gun slammed it down on the nape of my neck, much harder than needed to set it off. My whole body jerked galvanically and went numb from the neck back. I fell through the side gate every bit as limply as the others would have. The only difference was, I was still conscious.

With comendable efficiency the men on the other side hoisted me onto a conveyor by the back legs and cut my throat. I could imagine the nanites in my body going into furious activity as they detected the loss of oxygen in my brain. Protect the brain, that need would override all their regular activities. From all over my body they would rush brainwards bringing gifts of oxygen and A.T.P. (which was a convenience to the meat industry since there would be no machines left elsewhere). Many of them would exhaust their energy supplies keeping the cells alive while others spun three dimensional webs of long chain molecules within and between the cells, immobilising some molecules directly, trapping others in pockets. Carefully the biochemistry of my brain would be braked to a halt.

The subjective effect of this is that time seems to telescope, going faster and faster as the mind slows. It also means that a man is conscious a lot longer than any other animal with its throat cut would be. I got to see my blood pouring down the drains. I got to see my innards fall to the ground. I even got a final dizzying whip pan view of the hanging carcasses, one my own, others belonging to friends of mine, after they cut off my head.

I awoke, lying on my side. I didn't open my eyes at once. I wanted just to rejoice for a moment in having a side again. I thought for a moment about the real cattle I had lived with for many months. Who had been, in truth, my friends and who were dead for real. Though I follow no definite religion I offered a kind of prayer for their souls to my Self, to any who might hear such. Somehow my own suffering, pointless as it appeared, seemed to have absolved me of the need to grieve and I felt at peace.

The smells were familiar, though seemingly in a different key from before. I didn't have to open my eyes to know I was back in the barn at Zoomorphia Ltd.. I did have to open my eyes to find out what I was though. "Here we go again." I told myself. I opened my eyes.

Helena Karsik

## Fantasiakappaleita 3 (1975)

## Koira

"Anteeksi", osasin vain sanoa yöpukuani ja käsiäni oviverhon suojaan peitellen, "en ole oikein asiallisesti puettu..." Itse asiassa samantapaista oli sattunut usein ennenkin, oli vaikea muistaa mitä piti muistaa tai olla muistamatta, mutta tällä kerralla vaadittiin mielestäni liikaa ja olin selvästi ärtynyt. Minun täytyi mukamas tuntea ovellani seisovat miehet vaikka en koskaan ollut tavannut heitä.

"Ei se mitään", sanoi yksi tulijoista, "minun piti vain muistuttaa johtajaa yhtiökouksesta joka on huomenna Tampereella. Sihteerinne väitti että olitte pyytäneet häntä varaamaan liput iltapäiväkoneeseen. Kello on nyt yksi. Hän ei voinut itse tulla eikä puhelin vastannut. Onko se epäkunnossa? Eikö rouva - vaimonne - ole kotona?"

Nyt olen jo paitsi ärtynyt myös ällistynyt. Rouva... vaimoni? En tiennyt olevani naimisissa. Minulla on kyllä koira", aloitin epävarmalla äänellä, "mutta..."

"Kuulkaahan nyt", sanoi toinen miehistä tunkien itsensä kokonaan eteiseeni. "Tämä on tärkeä kokous ja jos johtaja..."

"Uhkailletteko te minua?" kysyin ja tunsin käsittämättömän voimakkaan suuttumuksen leimahtavan sisälläni. "Ettekö tajua ettette tällä tavoin voi tunkeutua asuntooni ja vaatia minua lähtemään jonnekin noin vain. Näettehän että olen juuri noussut ylös, en ole vielä juonut aamukahviakaan. Valvoin myöhään illalla ja järjestelin joitakin papereja enkä..." Viittasin avoimesta ovesta olohuoneeseen ja jäin itsekin hämmästyneenä tuijottamaan siellä vallitsevaa sekasotkua.

Ensimmäinen mies vilkaisi huoneeseen ja ryntäsi sitten sisälle toisten seurattessa.

"Johtaja, mitä te oikein olette tehnyt? Miksi olette rikkonut...? Ette kai ole hävittänyt...?"

"En ymmärrä", sanoin itsekin, "ehkä koira on..."

"Polttanut papereita roskakorissa?" huusi mies. "Entä mitä nämä veriset rievut ovat?"

"Koira", sanoin minä vaisusti ja tunsin helpotusta kun patiolla johtavan oven takaa samassa kuuluikin vinkunaa ja raaputusta. Kolmas miehistä ryntäsi avaamaan. Se oli todella koira, savun ja noen tahrima Filos, joka raahasi jotain mustaa, iljettävänmuotoista möykkyä perässään.

"Filos, hei", sanoin minä, "Mitä sinä oikein olet tehnyt? Oletko taas käynyt jätessänne kaivelemassa?"

Miehet tuijottivat Filoksen lattialle jättämää esinettä. Minäkin menin lähemmäs.

"Mistä sinä tuon olet löytänyt? Mikä se on? Onko se lampaan...? Onko se ihmisen...? Onko se...?"

Samassa minä muistin kaiken mutta liian myöhään. Jotakin oli jäänyt väliin, jotakin oli pudonnut pois joka nyt palasi mutta ei liittynyt enää mihinkään. Kumpi minun piti unohtaa, sekä vai tämä?

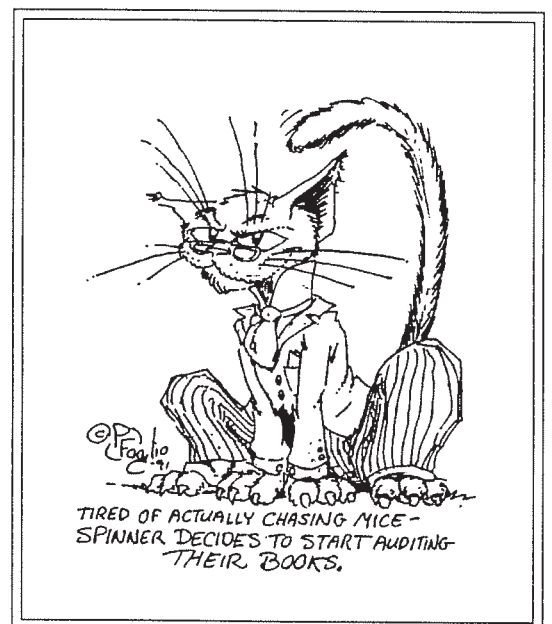
Päätin unohtaa tämän mutta silloin se otti minut valtaansa. Syksäsin pation oven kiinni jalallani ja tavoittelin rikkireivityillä käsilläni taas Filoksen kaulaa väentääkseni siltä viimeinkin niskat nurin. Se väisti taitavasti kuten ennenkin ja yritti kaataa minut sivusta päästäkseen käsiksi kurkkuuni sekun. Miehet olivat äkkiä hävinneet, koko

maailmankaikkeuden täytti vain valitus, joka ei enää tullut mistään. Se vilisi korvissani kuin ääninauha jota kelataan, sitten se pysähtyi.

"Filos", tavoitin siitä viimeinkin kaipaamani hetken. "Auta, Filos, älä anna sen tapaa minua!"

Eikä se antanut. Yliluonnollisilla voimilla luurangonlaiha eläin kaatoi minut lattiaan ja seisoi päälläni ennen kuin pääsin tekemään mitään. Minun oli taas hyvä olla.

"Kiitos, Filos", sanoin ja suljin silmäni aikomatta avata niitä enää koskaan mihinkään muuhun todellisuuteen.



Janos M. Gecko

# To John, With Love

25. Lokakuuta

**M**akasin sängyssä selälläni. Päätäni särki ja vatsassani velloi uskomaton pahoinvointi. Olin maannut heräämisen ja tajuttomuuden välimailla aamuyöstä asti nähden painajaisia ja rukoillen tarpeeksi tahdonvoimaa, että olisin jaksanut ryömiä coltini luo lopettamaan tämän kauhean tuskan. Nyt, aikaisin aamulla olin onnellinen etten ollut ampunut itseäni: olen minä pahemmistakin krapuloista selvinnyt hengissä.

Ajattelin juuri nousta ylös, kun vuoteeni vieressä oleva puhelin alkoi soida. Sen palohälytystä muistuttava kilinä aiheutti sellaisen päänsärkyvaalon, että silmissäni sumeni. Kuusi pirahdusta myöhemmin onnistuini saamaan kuulokkeen vapiseviin käsiini.

Avasin suuni vastatakseni ja tiedostin samalla siellä majailevan kauhean maun. Kieleleni tuntui kaksi numeroa liian suurelta ja vastaukseni muuttui epäselväksi örähdykseksi.

"Missä?", kysyi puhelimesta tuttu miehenäänäni. Tällä kertaa sain aikaan tunnistettavaa ihmisiä. Linjalta kuului lyhyt naurahdus.

"Rankka ilta, vai? No, yritä saada itsesi kuntoon ja tule asemalle niin pian kuin vain pääset. Meillä on täällä ruumis." Ynähdin myöntävästi ja laskin kuulokkeen pidikkeeseensä.

Sinä aamuna vallitsi tyyppillinen syyssää. Tavaalta vihmoi vettä ja tuuli paiskoi jo ruskeiksi muuttuneita lehtiä kirkkaissa sadeasuissa kulkevien ihmisten jalkoihin. Ajoin läpi sateisen kaupungin syvällisen suysmaennuksen vallassa. Syksy on kuin kuolema-

kesän elämän jälkeen. Työ alkaa, kaikki palaa kesän jälkeen tavalliseen rutiiniin. Ja mitä syksyn jälkeen. Talvi, kuin kuolema itse; kylmä ja hiljainen.

Kymmen minuutin ajomatkan jälkeen näin edessäni tutun sinivalkoisen valokyltin. POLIISI. Pari talvea sitten kylmyys oli lohkaissut kyltistä pienen kolmionmuotoisen palan, eikä kukaan ollut vielääkään korjannut sitä. Jonain päivänä joku onnellinen ötökkä ryömisi tuosta pienestä reiästä sisään ja aiheuttaisi oikosulun koko asemalle.

Parkkeerasin autoni henkilökunnan parkkipaikalle ja painuin nopeasti sisälle. Tuskin olin ehtinyt heittää hattuani naulaan kun minut jo kutsuttiin pomon huoneeseen. Riisuin takkini, jonka sade oli ehtinyt kastella lyhyellä matkalla autostani poliisilaitoksen ovelle, ja kävelin osastoni läpi poliisipäällikön huoneeseen.

Koputin kohteliaasti ovelle ja tuttu ääni pyysi melkein heti minua sisään. Kun ensimmäistä kertaa tulin tähän huoneeseen, en ollut uskoa, että olin vielä erällä pienellä syrjäkaupungin poliisiasemalla enkä jossain metsästysmajalla. Huoneen seinät on pane-loitu aidolla puulla ja niillä roikkuu kymmeniä valokuvia metsästys ja kalastusretkiltä. Huoneen huomattavin piirre oli sen takanurkassa oleva massiivinen luonnonkivitakka jossa nyt leimusi kodikas tuli.

"Huomenta. Sinähän nopeasti pääsit liikkeelle, en odottanut sinua vielä ainakaan puoleen tuntiin", pomo sanoi nousten ylös suuren tammisen pöytänsä takaa. Kävelin pöydän luo ja istuin yhdelle sen edessä olevista nahkaisista nojatuoleista.

"Luepa tämä", pomo sanoi ja heitti mi-

nulle vihreän kansion. Nappasin sen kiinni ja sen terävä kulma vihlaasi ikävästi kämmettäni. Avattuani kansion meinasin menettää vaivoin alas saamani aamukahvin. Päällimmäisenä oli kuva naisesta joka makasi selällään pöydällä. Hänen kasvonsa olivat jähmettyneet hirveään kauhun ja tuskan irvistykseseen, eikä ihme, sillä hänen kasvonsa oli pahoin ruhjottu ja hänen ruumiinsa oli täynnä syvän näköisiä viiltohaavoja. Kaiken lisäksi hänet oli naulittu pöytään oikeasta kämmenestään ja kummastakin käsivarresta kolmella suurella veitsellä. Vasemman käden kämmen oli poissa, jäljellä oli vain rosainen ranteentyngä.

"Mikä herran tähden...", aloitin mutta en saanut sanottua enenpää. Painava tunne kurkussani ilmaisi, että nyt oli parempi pitää suunsa kiinni, ettei sieltä tulisi muutakin kuin kysymys.

"Siinäpä se. Kuolemansyntyutkija sanoi ettei haavoja ole tehty millään tavanomaisella teräaseella." Vilkaisin uudelleen kuvaa huomatakseni vain että se oli aivan veren peitossa. Kuvan päältä tippui veripisaroiita housuilleni sekä matolle.

Karjaisin ja heitin kansion huoneen kuummaseen nurkkaan ennen kuin huomasi oikean käteni sivua valuvan verinoron. Kämmenselkä oli naarmuton mutta kämmenessä oli pitkä viiltohaava joka oli nyt auennut parin sentin matkalta.

"Ei mitään hätää... hermot vaan vähän kireällä", sanoin kulmiaan rypistelevälle pomolle ja käärin käteni ympärille nenäliinan.

"Sain haavan aamulla ajaessani partaani", valehtelin. Minulla oli hämärä muistikuva, että olin edellisenä iltana kompastunut särkyneen pullon päälle. Kaikki asemalla tie-



sivät minun olevan paatumaton juoppo, mutta jäljellä oleva kunniantuntoni yritti peitellä ongelmaani.

"Jatka vain, minä olen ihan kunnossa", sanoin. Sisuskaluni tuntuivat vieläkin hyytelöltä. Pomo vilkaisi minua epäilevästi, kohensi lukulasejaan ja otti pöydältä pari paperia.

"Nämä taitavat kyllä löytyä tuosta sinunkin kansioistasi, mutta luen ne nyt kumminkin. Hmm... Sihteeri Marja Koivunen, naimisissa, ei lapsia. Mies on englantilainen siirtolainen, John Wright. Hän on matkalla Helsingistä tänne ja saapuu yhden aikoihin Saateenkaari-motelliin.

"Murhaaja oli tullut asuntoon oven kautta. Siinä ei ollut mitään murtautumisen merkkejä, mutta heti oven takana ollut pieni pöytä oli kaatunut. Murha tapahtui ilmeisesti keittiössä ja murhaaja pakeni työnsä tehtyään ikkunan kautta, sillä ikkunalasi oli lyöty sisään ja ikkunan alla olevasta kukkapenkistä löytyi syvät lenkkikengänjäljet. Hurja mies, uhri asui toisessa kerroksessa."

"Marja asuu yhdessä niistä vanhoista taloista missä aivastuskin kuuluu naapurin puolelle. Murhailtana Marjalla ja tämän veljellä, Erkillä, oli ollut kovaaäninen riita."

Erkillä, niinpä niin. Erkki oli ollut oikeu-

desa jo kahdesti ja kolmas juttu oli parastakaa menossa. Ensimmäisellä kerralla häntä syytettiin raa-asta pahoinpitelystä ja toisella kerralla taposta. Kummallakaan kerralla todisteet eivät olleet riittäneet. Minä olin hoitamassa tätä kolmatta juttua, tappoa ja pahoinpitelyä, ja näin ollen tunsin Erkin. Patologinen juoppo: joskus hän pystyy kittaamaan viinaa mielettömiä määriä ilman mitään vaikutuksia, mutta joskus jopa yksi keskiolutpullollinen pistää miehen kaihtimet kiinni. Jälkimmäisessä tilassa hän oli tehnyt kaikki rikokset joista häntä syytettiin. Molemmissa oikeusjutuissa Erkin sisar oli kuitenkin antanut Erkki-veljelle pitävän alibin ja niin jutut olivat rauenneet.

"Marja olisi halunnut muuttaa miehensä mukaana Englantiin, mutta Erkki oli toista mieltä. Riita jatkui kolmatta tuntia minkä jälkeen kuului ovien pauketta. Yöllä naapurit heräsivät hirveään huutoon joka tuli Marjan asunnosta. Joku soitti poliisit samalla kun muut murtautuivat Marjan asuntoon. Kun ovi murrettiin kuului asunnosta enää lasin kilinää murhaajan paetessa ikkunan läpi. Emme ole vielä tavoittaneet Erkkiä, mutta hänestä on haku päällä." Pomo laittoi paperit takaisin pöydälle ja taitteli lukulasinsa povi-taskuunsa.

"Tilanne lienee selvä. Annan sinulle melko vapaat kädet tämän jutun suhteen." Nyökkäsin ja lähdin huoneesta.

Ensimmäiseksi päätin käydä murhapaikalla. Talo sijaitsi entisellä hienostoalueella joka kuitenkin oli viime vuosina kärsinyt massiivisen arvonalaskun. Siltä talo näyttikin. Se oli nelikerroksinen, alunperin ylellisen näköinen kerrostalo. Sen ennen niin häikäisevän valkoinen rappaus oli nyt sairaan keltainen ja siitä oli hilseillyt irti suuria laikkuja. Talo näytti kärsivän jostain harvinaisesta ihosairaudesta ja vaikutelmaa vain korostivat verisuonten näköiset mutkittelevat halkeamat.

Rappukäytävä haisi viinalle ja ulosteille. Kellariin menevien portaiden juurella kuorsasi likainen pummi jonka koura puristi ruskeaan paperipussiin käärittyä pulloa. Jostain yläpuoleltani kuului askelia ja puheensoriina. Talossa ei ollut hissiä, joten jouduin kävelemään toiseen kerrokseen.

Marjan asunnon ovi oli auki ja kurkistin sisään. Olohuoneessa hyörivät labran pojat sutiensa ja litkujensa kanssa. Astuin sisään ja törmäsin melkein suoraan Olli Härköseen, labran tutkimusryhmän johtajaan.

"Huomenta", hän totesi siirtämättä katsetaan kädessään olevasta paperinipusta.

"Huomenta", sanoin. "Sopiiko että tutkin hieman paikkoja?" Olli nyökkäsi ja käveli takaisin keittiöön aivan kuin olisi heti unohtanut olemassaoloni. Minä seurasin perässä.

Keittiötä ei oltu ehditty siistiä yhtään ja se oli hirveä näky. Keltaisissa kaapinovissa oli punaruskeita viuruja ja lattialla oli suuri makean- ja raudanhajuinen lammikko. Pöytä oli pyyhitty ja näin syvät puukonjäljet sekä useita pienempiä teräviä painaumuksia. Edessäni eräs mies nousi juuri ylös pidelleen kädessään jotain pientä esinettä. Se oli varvas.

En tiedä kuinka selvisin asunnosta ulos. Pahoinvoinnin aallot velloivat lävitseni ja heti ulos päästyäni lisäsin yhden uuden aromin rappukäytävän hajujen infernoon. Kävelin autolle vatsani kouristellessa tyhjänä ja lähdin ajamaan päämäärättä kohti kaupunkia.

Ulkona sää oli muuttunut aina vain syksyisemmäksi. Kaupunkia piiskasi jääkylmä rankkasade syksyisen tuulen repiessä puista viimeisetkin lehdet. Ajoin ainoaan paikkaan joka tuntui kotoisalta, oli sää mikä tahansa: Traveller's Pubiin.

\* \* \*

Jälleen heräsin puhelimen pirinään – kello oli 8 aamulla ja ulkona raivosi edelleen vuosikymmenen syysmyrsky. Edellisen illan pubikäynti oli samanlainen kuin tuhannet sitä ennen: pää täyteen ja vintti pimeäksi. Mietin, kukahan minut tällä kertaa oli tuonut kotiin ja rempaisin kuulokkeen pidikkeestään.

"Haloo!" ärähdin ja heitin suuhuni purukumin poistaakseni maun suustani. Säartäni alkoi särkeä vimmatusti. Pikainen vilkaisu osoitti, että siinä oli tennispallon kokoinen mustelma.

"No nyt on piru merrassa!" huusi langan toisessa päässä kollegani Oksanen. Kirosin kaikki ihmiset jotka huutavat krapulaisille.

"Tässä sinun jutussasi on nyt toinen murha, sen eukon aviomies!" Lausetta seurasi tovi viimeaa keskustelua. "Voi Jeesus, se on kuulemma ihan palasina! Tavataan Sateenkaari-motellissa, tule HETI!"

Laskin luurin pidikkeeseensä ja aloin etsiä vaatteitani. En löytänyt niitä joten otin kaapista puhtaat. Ajattelin kaihoisasti jääkylmää suihkua, mutta Arto oli käskenyt minua tulemaan välittömästi. Sitäpaitsi jos ottaisin suihkun, joutuisin luultavasti keittämään saman tien kupillisen kahvia... Puettuani vaatteet päälleni nautin aamiaiseksi pari asperriiniä ja painuin ovesta ulos.

Saavuttuani monen mutkan jälkeen Sateenkaari-motelliin kello oli puoli kymmenen. Motelli oli rähjäinen rakennus kymmenen kilometrin päässä kaupungista. Sen koko ulkoasu huokui hukkuneita haaveita: haalistunut neonkyltti jonka toinen puoli oli kivitetty hajalle, seiniissä olevat vuosia vanhat sateen haalistamat ilmoitukset, vastaanottotiskillä oleva pölyinen muovikukka... Paikan omistaja sopi tähän ympäristöön täydellisesti – viisikymppisen näköinen, nelikymppinen lihava mies jolla oli päällään rasvan tahrима T-paita ja puvun housut. Hänen vaimonsa taas oli suunnilleen samanikäinen nainen

jolla myöhäisestä kellonajasta huolimatta oli päällään punainen aamutakki ja päässään pappiljotteja. Hänen silmänsä olivat aivan punaiset ja hänen kädessään oli suuri tuhrinen nenäliina.

Astuessani sisään Oksanen oli haastattelemassa omistajaparia.

"Yöllä me herättiin hirveeseen huutoon, tää äijä oli ainoa asukas joten ei ollu vaikea arvata mistä se huuto kuulu", mies sanoi.

"Niin, sitten me mentiin siihen ovelle ja vaimo huus, että 'Mikäs on hätänä?' Huuto vaan jatku ja sitten kuulu semmonen ääni kun lasi olis hajonnut. Me luultiin että se oli saanut jonkun kohtauksen –"

"Niinkun mun serkulla on epilepsia niin..." valisti nainen, mutta mies hiljensi hänet vihaisella mulkaisulla.

"Niin", mies jatkoi, "me luultiin, että se oli saanu jonkun kohtauksen ja mä sitte avasin sen oven yleisavaimella. Ja herrajumala..."

Nainen purskahti itkuun pusertaen miehensä käsivartta.

"Sisällä oli semmonen sotku, että ei semmosta ole nähnyt edes telkassa. Koko sänky oli ihan veressä ja siinä se mies makas ihan palasina. Kunhan vähän selvisin siitä shokista, niin huomasin, että ikkuna oli hajalla. Hyökkäsin siihen ja näin alhaalla miehen joka juoks karkuun. En nähny sitä kunnolla kun oli pimeetä ja se katos melkein heti pensaisii."

"Ok, ei siinä tämän kummempaa", sanoi Oksanen ja sulki muistikirjansa. "Älkää lähtekö mihinkään, voimme vielä kysellä jostain", hän jatkoi ja kääntyi minun puoleeni. Arto katsoi minua vähän aikaa ja tiesin mitä oli odotettavissa.

"Meidän pitää varmaan käydä yläkerrassa." Oksanen sanoi ja huokaisi syvään.

Kun tulimme yläkertaan meinasimme törmätä nuoreen virkapukaiseen etsivään joka juoksi naama valkoisena vessaa kohti. Astuessani huoneeseen arvelin tekeväni piakkoin etsivälle seuraa.

Sisällä löyhkäsi veri. Koko sänky oli ruskeaksi hyytyneen klimppisen veren peitossa, jota oli tihkunut vuodevaatteiden läpi lattialle suuriksi kiiltäviksi lammikoiksi. Huomasin ajattelevani, että roiskeet ja ruskeat viirut kävivät todella hyvin seinällä olevan vanhan tapetin varsinaiseen kuviointiin ennenkuin uskalsin alkaa tarkastelemaan varsinaista mielenkiintomme kohdetta, vainajaa.

Mies makasi selällään sängyllä kasvoiltaan samanlainen kauhunirvistys kuin hänen vaimollaan oli ollut. Hänen oikea kätensä oli kokonaan irti, samoin hänen vasen jalkansa. Huomasin vielä raajojen tyngistä roikkuvat jänteet ja lihanpalat sekä ikkunalle menevän verivanan ennenkuin syöksyin ovesta ulos. Jäin huohottaen nojaamaan seinään huoneen ulkopuolella. Työni ei ole ollut miellyttävää, mutta nämä kaksi viimeistä päivää olivat olleen urani pahimmat. Päätin jättää erohakemukseni tämän tapauksen jälkeen.

Oksanen lopetti tutkimuksensa naama valkoisena ja hien peitossa. Kävelimme vaitonaisuena ulos sateiseen ja harmaaseen aamupäivään.

Arto oli tullut muiden mukana poliisiautolla, mutta koska muut jäivät vielä motelliin lupasin heittää hänet kotiin. Sade piiskasi tuulilasia. Istuimme ääneti kuunnellen ropinaa ja moottorin unettavaa hyrinää. Tunsin reitin nyt paremmin ja selvisin Arton kämpän eteen puolessa tunnissa.

"Tämä on ihan selvä juttu, mitäs tätä yleensä tutkitaan", Arto sanoi irroittaessaan turvavyötään. "Erkki on hullu. Se tuli yöllä takaisin Marjan luo ja oli niin anteeksianovainen, että kun Marja avasi oven, niin naps. Henki pois."

"Jaa, no mistäs se tiesi että Marjan mies on tulossa? Ja että se ei mene kotiin vaan jää Sateenkaari-motelliin?"

Oksanen näytti miettieliältä.

"Jos sillä on ystävä poliisissa..."

"Heppoista, heppoista", tuumasin.

"Pomo on muuten ehdottanut meille lomma tämän jutun jälkeen", Oksanen sanoi. Avasin suuni vastatakseni, mutta samassa auton radio rasahti. Keskuksen neutraali naisääni kertoi, että Erkki oli äskettäin nähty eräässä kapakassa. Kolme poliisia oli yrittänyt pidättää häntä, mutta Erkki oli vetänyt taskustaan pistoolin ja alkanut ammuskella. Kaksi poliiseista oli kuollut, toinen rintakehään ja toinen selkään osuneesta laukauksesta. Kolmas sai luodin poskeensa menettäneen neljä hammasta ja palan kielestään. Vamastaan huolimatta hän oli seurannut Erkkiä eräälle vanhalle puutalolle, jossa Erkillä oli panttivankinaan vanha nainen ja hänen teini-ikäinen tyttärensä.

"Menoksi!" sanoi Arto. Käynnistin auton ja painoin kaasua.

Talo oli kaksikerroksinen haaleanvihreä puutalo, joka oli nähnyt parhaat päivänsä. Se oli maalattu vähän aikaa sitten, mutta uusi maalikerros vain korosti talon vanhuutta ja rapistuneisuutta. Talon takana oli vetinen ryteikkö – paikka, johon puliukot menevät kuolemaan.

Saapuessamme paikalle talo oli saarrettu. Viisi poliisiautoa oli parkkeerattu pihalle ja niiden takana seisojien pienen asemamme lähes koko henkilöstö luodinkestävät liivit päällään. Minä ja Arto juoksimme kyyryssä sinistä koppakuoriaista muistuttavan Saab-pakettiauton luo, jonka takaosasta otimme itsellemme liivit sekä pumppuhaukkot. Latastin haulikkoni ja seurasin Artoa komentoauton takana kyykkivän pomon luo.

"Mitä helvettiä Erkki yleensä tekee täällä?" kysyi Arto juuri Pomolta.

"Mujia vuokraa talosta huoneita melkein minkälaiselle porukalle tahansa", vastasi Pomo. "Erkki on asunut talossa jo pari kuukautta."

Pomo nosti maasta megafonin ja napsautti sen päälle.

"Nyt kun kaikki ovat paikalla, pannaan tuulemaan!" hän sanoi katsomatta meihin päin. Vilkaisin Artoa, joka näytti jännittyneeltä. Niin kauan kun olin tuntenut hänet hän oli ollut intohimoinen poliisisarjojen ystävä. Aluperin Arto oli liittynyt poliisivoimiin jonkun lapsuudessaan näkemänsä gangsterielokuvan takia ja hän oli koko ikänsä odottanut "jotain isoa". Miehen ilmeestä näki, että hän nautti tilanteesta täysin siema-

uksin.

"Erkki Koivunen!" Hätkähdin Pomon karjaistessa megafoniin.

"Sinut on piirretty! Heitä pistoolisi ikkunasta ja tule ulos kädet pään päällä!"

Odotin vastaukseksi hirveää kirousten purskaa ja olin yllättyneet kun emme saaneet minkäänlaista vastausta. Kaikki oli hiljaista miltei parikymmentä sekuntia, minkä jälkeen jostain kuului hento lasin kilahdus. Yläkerran ikkuna oli hajonnut ja nurmikolla lojui jokin pieni esine.

"Minä menen!" sanoi Arto ja oli jo matkalla. Katselin kasvavan hermostuneisuuden vallassa kun hän juoksi kumarassa keskelle pihaa ja nappasi maassa olevan esineen. Arto jäi kumaraan pidellen esinettä kädessään ja näin, miten hänen kasvoilleen levisi hämmennyntynyt ilme. Jokin oli pielessä!

"Se on herätyskello!" Arto huusi ja nousi seisomaan tuijottaen edelleen pitelemäänsä esinettä.

"Ala tulla sieltä!" huusin ja samassa erästä ullakkokerroksen ikkunasta kuului raskaan pistoolin jyrähdys. Arto päästi vaikean ynähdyksen ja kaatui maahan.

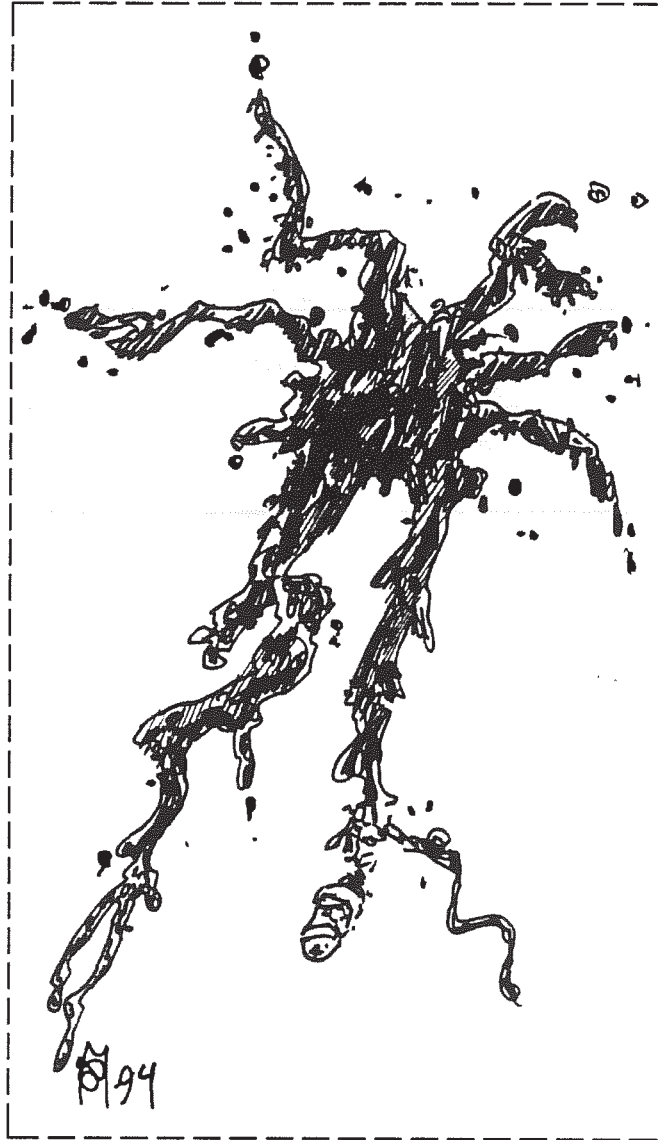
"Ei helvetti!" karjaisin ja pomppasin ylös. Se piru oli tappanut ainoan ystäväni! Punainen kuuma raivo kohahti aivoihini. Loikkasin auton nokkapellin yli ja lähdin juoksemaan kohti pääovea. Kuulin hämääntä kuinka perääni huudettiin, mutta en välittänyt. Yläkerran ikkunasta tuli pari laukausta jotka pölläyttivät nurmikko vieressäni.

Iskin hartiallani päin lahoa puuovea joka antoi rusahtaan periksi. Rymähdin eteisen sairaanvihreälle puulattialle sellaisella voimalla, että ilma pusertui keuhkoistani ja ovenkappaleet upposivat kylkeeni ja vasempaan käsivarteeni. Kierähdin eteisen nurkkaan ja jäin haukkomaan henkeäni. Puunsäleet valuttivat tuskan aaltoja pitkin ruumiini vasenta puolta, mutta suoniini kohahtanut adrenaliini auttoi minua kestämään kivun. Kun henkeni taas kulki ja olin varma, etten ollut pahasti vahingoittunut, nousin ylös ja nostin haulikkoni tukevaan asentoon. Eteisessä oli neljä ovea joista yksi oli raollaan. Sen takaa näkyi pimeä portaikko. Avasin oven juuri niin auki, että pääsin livahtamaan siitä sisälle. Portaikko oli vanha ja jyrkkä ja siinä oli kapea mutka. Tajusin, että jos Erkki vaanis portaiden yläpäässä, olisin parin minuutin päästä todennäköisimmin kuollut.

Kylmä hiki kihosi otsalleni ja päätäni alkoi särkeä. Selkä seinää vasten nousin portaita. Olin koko ajan valmiina ampumaan. Pääsin mutkan luo ja näin portaiden yläpäässä suljetun oven. Erkki olisi sen oven takana odottamassa minua ase kourassa. Kun avaisin oven... miltähän tuntuu kun luoti kaitautuu rintakehään? Pinnani petti ja juoksin portaat ylös tönäisten heppoisen oven vau-

dissa auki.

Horjahdin keskelle vaaleasävyistä maakuukammaria. Meni hetki ennenkuin tajusin mitä näin. Pienen puusängyn alta työntyi kaksi jalkaa, joissa oli hyvin mummomaiset korkokengät. Kengistä katseeni singahti seinälle, jossa oli erittäin todenmukainen ristiinnaulitun kuva. Tämä ristiinnaulittu oli



ehkä viisitoistavuotias tyttö, jonka kullankeltaiset hiukset olivat hyytyvän veren tahrimat. Tytön toinen silmä oli puhkaistu, ehjän tuijottaessa minua syyttävästi. Seinässä tytön takana oli verellä piirretty väärin päin oleva viisikanta.

Seisoin paikalleni jäähmettyneenä muutama sekunnin ennenkuin tajusin olevani hengenvaarassa. Se mikä minut varsinaisesti havahdutti oli oven rämähdys takanani. Käännyn ja ammuin sokkona. Haulit repäisivät reijän valkoiseen seinään, mutta eivät edes hipaisseet ovelle seisovaa Erkkiä. Erkki oli lähes alasti ja kokonaan veren peitossa. Hänen silmänsä laajenivat ja näin kuinka hänen aukenevasta suustaan putosi vetelä lihanpala.

Samassa päätäni vihlaasi niin, että näin hetken ajan vain kirkkaita tanssivia kipinöitä. Ase tärähti käsissäni ja tajusin ampuneeni

ennenkuin pudotin haulikkoni maahan. Päässäni kuului yli-inhimillinen kirkkuna joka sykki päänsärkyaaltojen mukana.

"Sinä! Mene pois, PETO!" Erkin ääni tunkeutui tajuntaani. Huuto, kilahdus, pi-meys.

\* \* \*

Tajuntani humisi hiljalleen harmaana massana. Tunsin kuinka joku läiski minua poskille. Kuulin kaukaa ihmisten ääniä. Oloni oli kuin olisin herännyt unesta: samanlainen hidas kohoaminen kunnes – humps: olet valveilla.

Silmäni räpsähtivät auki.

"Herää nyt jo saatana, et sinä siihen saa kuolla!" huusi pomo ja iski minua poskelle. Hän päästi syvän helpotuksen huokauksen nähdessään minun olevan tajuissani.

"Mitä tapahtui?" kysyin.

"Emme tiedä tarkalleen, joka tapauksessa Erkki on kuollut. Hyp-päsi ikkunasta läpi, repi kaulansa verisuonet lasiin."

Päälakeani jomotti ja kosketin sitä varovaisesti. Käteni oli lämmin ja kostea, veren peitossa. Nousin istumaan päälakeani pidellen. Minua huimasi vielä hieman, mutta oloni oli parempi kuin pitkiin aikoihin. Tunsin leijuvani.

"Älä yritä liikkua, haen lääkin", sanoi Pomo.

"Arto..." sanoin, mutta Pomo oli jo mennyt. Parin minuutin päästä luokseni tuli nainen, joka vaatetuksesta päätellen kuului ambulanssihenkilökuntaan. Sanaakaan sanomatta hän sitoi päälakeani ja lähti saattamaan minua portaita alas. Kun pääsin ulos pysähdyin hetkeksi vetämään keuhkoihini mudalle ja mädäntyneille lehdille haisevaa kalseaa syysilmaa. Taivaalta vihmoi jääkylmää vettä ja jäin portaille seisomaan antaen syysateen hyisten sormien hivellä kasvojeni ja kuumottavaa päälakeani. Odotettuaan hetken minua hoitanut nainen otti kiinni käsi-

varrestani ja ohjasi minut parin metrin päässä odottaneeseen ambulanssiin.

Sairaalassa kuulin, että Arto oli kuollut. Luoti oli hajonnut osuessaan selkärankaan ja palaset olivat repineet hänen sisuskalunsa jauhelihaiksi. Ehkä kuolema oli Artolle parempi, hän olisi joka tapauksessa halvaantunut kainaloista alaspäin.

Minut tarkastettiin ja lähetettiin suoraan kotiin. Joku oli tuonut autoni sairaalan eteen. Ajelin hitaasti läpi syksyisen iltapäivän. Mieleni oli turta: paras ystäväni oli juuri kuollut hullun murhaajan ampumana. Murhaajan, jonka minä itse olin ainakin välillisesti tappanut. Pystyisinkö enää ikinä nukkumaan rauhassa? Yritin lohduttaa itseäni sillä, että minä en ollut suoranaisesti tappanut ketään: minä vain menetin tajuntani ja Erkki oli itse tappanut itsensä loikkaamalla

puolialastomana ikkunan läpi. Jokin asia tai ajatus oli vaivannut minua koko sen ajan, kun olin sairaalassa ja nyt se välähti yhtäkkiä mieleeni: miksi tajuntani katosi? Päälaessani oli suuri haava, jonka aiheuttajaa lääkäri ei ollut pystynyt tarkkaan määrittelemään. Hän ei ollut sanonut minulle mitään, mutta olin "sattumalta" kuullut hänen kuvailevan haavaa kollegalleen: "lyhyt, syvä, rosoreunainen, aivan kuin revennyt."

Olin ajatuksissani ajanut Traveller's Pubiin päin. "Miksipä ei?" ajattelin nähdessäni tutun tuopin muotoisen kyltin ja kaarroin pubin eteen.

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Kun saavuin kämppääni kello oli neljä ilta-päivällä. Sisällä oli lähes pilkkopimeää. En kuitenkaan syyttänyt valoja, sillä se olisi pilannut jotakin ilta-päivän masentavasta tunnelmasta. Astelin olohuoneeseen oluen humistessa miellyttävästi päässäni ja olin juuri valmiina istumaan nojatuoliin, kun joku tarttui yhtäkkiä olkapäähäni. Käännähdin voimakkaasti, nykäisin kainalokotelosta .357 Pythonini ja painuin matalaan ampuma-asentoon.

"Älä helvetti ammu!" Tuttu ääni huusi. Verhojen raosta heijastuvassa sinisessä valossa näin Pomon tutun hahmon.

Kätteni vapisivat niin, että pudotin pistoolini yrittäessäni laittaa sitä takaisin koteloon. Äkilliset liikkeet olivat herättäneet monta viikkoa päivittäin krapulasta kärsineen vatsani ja minua alkoi pyöryttää.

"Parempi, että istut alas", sanoi Pomo. "Minulla on sinulle jotain sanottavaa."

Rohahdin nojatuoliin ja yritin pitää pääni ja vatsani kurissa.

Olin varmaan eilen syönyt jotain sopimatonta ja juonut rankasti päälle.

"Minusta tuntuu, ettei Erkki kaikesta huolimatta olekaan syylinen Koivusten murhiin", Pomo sanoi, saaden minut lähes unohtamaan kurjan oloni.

"Mitä helvettiä sinä selität?" kysyin kummastuneena.

"Löysin erään silminnäkiän, joka oli vilahdukselta nähnyt Marjan luota pakenevan henkilön. Kyseinen henkilö tuntee Marjan ja hän tiesi, että Marjan mies on tulossa Sateenkaari-motelliin. Tällä henkilöllä on vielä motiivikin, klassinen petetty rakkaus."

Ajatukseni kulkivat valuvan tervan lailla. Ainoat jotka tiesivät Johnin tulosta Sateenkaari-motelin olivat ... poliisit.

"Valitettavasti henkilön suunnitelmat menivät sekaisin, hänen ei kuulunut kuolla loppunäytöksessä." Erkkihän kuoli piirityksessä. Mutta...

"Arto! Ei helvetissä ole!" huusin ja hypäsin jaloilleni. Äkillinen liike sai minut lähes pyörtymään ja istuin takaisin nojatuoliin

raivokkaasti nieleskellen.

"Istu alas ja rauhoitu. Artohan oli omasta pyynnöstään sinun mukanasi hoitamassa Koivusten juttua, muistatkos? Hän kuuli Johnin tulosta motelliin ja oli ensimmäisenä paikalla. Hänellä oli suhde Marjan kanssa, joka kuitenkin päättyi Marjan rakastuttua Johniin. Mies, joka oli pukeutunut samanlaiseen takkiin mitä Arto käyttää, nähtiin juoksevan Marjan asunnon lähellä murhan aikoihin. Veren peitossa. Aion pitää tämän salassa ammattikunnan maineen takia, mutta arvelin, että sinä kuitenkin halusit kuulla."

Se oli liikaa minulle. Huoneen lattia muuttui kumiseksi, vatsaani alkoi kouristaa ja suustani purskui muutaman kouristuksen verran etovan makeanhajuista velliä jossa näkyi elastisia punertavia kappaleita. Istuin hetken aikaa kumarassa. Päässäni kuuluva suhina koveni ja koveni, pakko päästä pois!

"Sorry, minä kyllä siivoan sen", mumisin huumaantuneena ja kompuroidin kylpyhuoneeseen. Päässäni humisi ja olin aivan pyörtymäisilläni. Osuin juuri ja juuri valonappulaan ja kylpyhuone rävähti täyteen valaistukseensa.

irti revitty jalka sekä käsivarsi, josta puuttui kämmen sormineen.

Potkaisin pois jaloissani pyörivät veristen klimppien peittämät luut ja kumarruin nostamaan lattialle pudonnutta rättiä. Samassa minusta tuntui kuin pääni olisi räjähtänyt. Joku iski kallonni murskaksi ja kaatoi sisään sulaa lyijyä, joka valui hehkuvana pitkin luuytimiäni täyttäen ne sykkivällä tuskalla. Avasin suuni huutaakseni, mutta en saanut ilmoille kuin epäselvän mölähdyksen. Sulan metallin kuumuus alkoi hajottaa kalloani, päässäni kuului jatkuva pauke ja ratina. Leukani lonksahteli irti ja takaisin sijoilleen ja napsahti lopulta asentoon joka tuntui oudolta, mutta niin suloisen tutulta. Sula metalli valui käsivarsiani pitkin alas kämmeniin. Sormeni pitenivät ritisten ja niiden ensimmäiset nivelet solahtivat verta roiskauttaen sormenpäiden lävitse käyristyen kynsiksi. Peilistä minua tuijotti susi.

Kallonni vielä rasahdella avasin kylpyhuoneen oven ja astuin siitä lähtevään valo-kiilaan. Pomo oli kumartuneena keskellä olohuonetta. Hän nosti jotain kiiltävää oksennuksestani, katseli sitä pari sekuntia ja nappasi vieressään olevan pistoolini. Hän nosti päänsä. Kun katseemme kohtasivat hänen silmänsä laajenivat kauhusta. Hänen suustaan lähti alkukantainen pelon huuto.

Sisälläni oleva peto heräsi ja voitonriemuisesti kiljaisten loikkasin pomon avu-

tonta hahmoa päin. Hän kaavahi taaksepäin, kompastui nojatuoliin ja kaatui selälleen. Minä laskeuduin jysähtäen suoraan hänen päälleen ja olin juuri nostanut käteni iskuun kun vatsassani räjähti. Silmiini iskeytyi punainen usva ja jokin sisälläni alkoi kiljua kivusta. Sivalsin kynsilläni ja pomon kaula aukesi suureksi punaiseksi suihkulähteeksi. Viimeisillä voimillaan hän sai heitettyä minut pois päältään. Python savusi vieläkin hänen vieressään.

Tunsin kuolevani. Jäätäkin kylmenpi kylmyys matoi jalkojani pitki ylös. Sydämeni löi, TUMtum TUMtum, koko ajan hiljemmin...

Kierähdin vatsalleni ja avasin Pomon vasemman käden, joka oli puristuneena kouristuksenomaisesti kiinni. Siellä oli puoliksi sulanut sormi, jossa oli sormus. Nostin sen silmie-ni eteen.

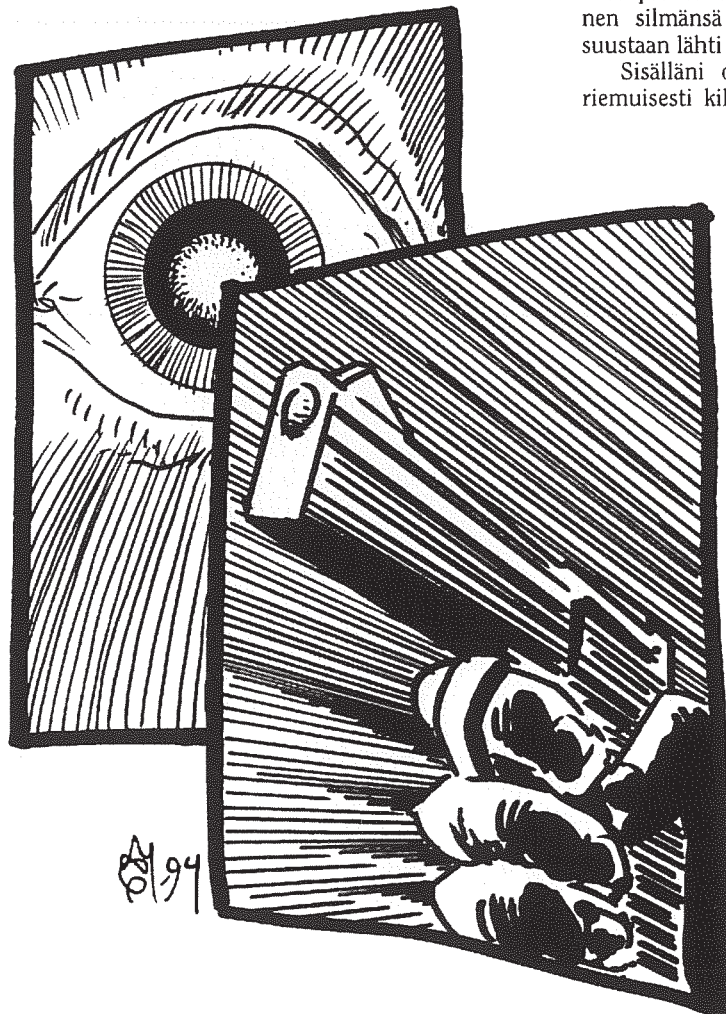
Näkökenttäni ylälaidasta valui alas punainen pimeä massa, mutta sain kuitenkin selvää sormuksen

ympärillä olevasta kauniista kaiverruksesta:

"To John, with Love."

Peto huusi sisälläni.

TUMtum, tumtum, tum-



Housuni olivat lattialla, verisinä ja reipilleinä. Lavuaarissa oli jokin joka muistutti paitaani. Nyt se oli enää suuri punaruskea ja löyhkäävä mytty. Seinällä roikkui Arton verinen urheilutakki ja suihkukopin lattialla oli



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Cygnæuksenkatu 7 E 46  
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16.6.94

