

## OFFICIAL TRAILERS

Meet Futura... Feel Yoshiwara... Shout  
'Death to the Machines..!'

### **From Chapter 4...**

He felt a chill at his back. A sharp drop in temperature pricked the skin of his neck. Then, a skeleton hand reached past him. Transparent skin stretched over silver bones; fingers long, delicate, and terrifyingly cold.

Geo Forbes spun around. Standing before him was a nightmare. The being was feminine, but not human. Her body was the unforgiving shape of a woman, slender, seductive, seemingly made of crystal, through which the bones shone like dull silver.

A stream of cold air radiated from her glazen skin, which contained not a single drop of blood. The form was beautiful, swaying on feet set fast together, but the head was a blank, featureless mass. No face. Just a smooth, synthetic egg with the suggestion of eyes painted on the surface.

"Be polite, my Parody," Rothman's voice boomed from a hidden speaker. "Greet the Master of Metropolis." The thing bowed. The blank head dipped. A voice came from its throat: a synthesized sound, tuned to a frequency of horrible tenderness.

"Good evening, Geo Forbes." The sound made his skin crawl. It was more alluring than any human voice. Irresistible, even. The moment his

hands touched the cold, glass skin, he recoiled. It was like touching a corpse frozen in ice.

"What is it?" Geo Forbes wiped his hands on his coat.

"It's the future, Forbes! It's the Machine-Man you ordered. Or... the Machine-Woman. Every creator makes a woman first, don't you think? God certainly did."

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## **From Chapter 6...**

"My dear sir," September smiled, laying his beautiful, cruel hand on Slim's arm. "To call Maohee a drug is to call a lion a cat. Maohee is from the other side of the earth. It is the only thing which makes us feel the intoxication of the others."

The proprietor of Yoshiwara grinned, apocalyptically.

"There is a room built like a winding seashell, where the surf of seven oceans thunders. People crouch in its windings so densely crowded that their faces appear as one face. No one knows the other, yet they are all the closest of friends. They all sweat with fever. They are all pale with expectation. They clasp hands. The trembling of those at the bottom of the shell runs right through the windings of the mammoth shell, right up to those at the gleaming top of the spiral..."

September gulped for breath, a smile of insanity on his mouth. "Suddenly the rim of the shell begins to turn... gently... to music that would bring a serial killer to sobbing and that would make his judges pardon him on the gallows. The people scream like the birds that bathe in the sea. The twisted hands become clenched in fists. The bodies rock in one rhythm, and a flame rests on every head."

"Then comes the first stammer of: Maohee.... They call on him who the finger of the god touches today.... No one knows where he will come from.... Suddenly a man is standing in the center of the gleaming disc. But it is no man. It is the embodiment of the intoxication of them all..."

He gripped Slim's arm harder. "He stands and lives his intoxication. From the thousands of eyes which have cast anchor into his soul the power of intoxication streams into him. There is no delight in God's creation which does not reveal itself, enveloped in the medium of these intoxicated souls. What he says becomes visible, what he hears becomes audible to all. What he feels: Power, desire, madness, is felt by them all. On the shimmering area, around which the shell revolves, to music beyond all description, one in ecstasy lives the thousandfold ecstasy which embodies itself in him, for thousands of others..."

September stopped and smiled at Slim. "That, sir, is Maohee...."

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## **From Chapter 14...**

"Which is sweeter," she asked, pacing the edge of the light, "water or wine?"

"Wine!"

"And who drinks the wine?"

"The Masters!"

"Who drinks the water? Who eats the dry bread? Who wears the rough linen until it rubs their skin raw?"

"We do!"

"And who wears the silk? Who feasts while your children starve? Who plays in the Eternal Gardens while your wives weep in the gray blocks?"

"The Masters! The Masters of the Machines!"

The False Maria stopped. She looked out at them with eyes that burned with green fire. "Throughout your morning, your noon, your evening, your night, the machine howls for food! You are the food! The machine devours you and then spews you up again! Why do you fatten the machines with your bodies? Why do you oil the joints of the machines with your brains?"

The crowd surged forward, mesmerized by her rage. She raised her arms. Her body began to tremble: a high-frequency vibration that seemed to hum in the teeth of every man in the room.

"Turn the world upside down! Murder the living and the dead! Take the inheritance from the living and dead! You have waited long enough! The hour has come!"

The crowd broke. They surged toward her, a wave of violence ready to crash. The blood-red mouth of the girl laughed and flamed. The slim body grew and stretched itself up. Over her shoulders, her breasts, her hips, her knees, there ran an incessant, barely perceptible trembling. "I will lead you!" she cried, dancing now, a jagged, mechanical rhythm. "I will dance the Dance of Death for you! Death to the Machines!"

The multitude moaned in ecstasy. They gasped. And then, with a single, collective groan, they fell to their knees. The False Maria smiled and stepped onto the living carpet of their backs.

"Stop!" The scream tore through the cavern. Fraser stepped out of the shadows. He looked like a ghost, pale, shaking, wild-eyed. The crowd turned. Ten thousand eyes locked onto the stranger in the silk.

The False Maria didn't flinch. "Look!" she shrieked, her voice like grinding glass. "Look who's here! The son of the great Master of Metropolis!"

The mood in the cavern shifted instantly. The worship turned to bloodlust. "Kill the dog in the white silk!" They rushed him. A wall of fists and hate.