

# Chapter Six

## The Cylinder of: Transistors 7!

with

### Origins of Transistors and the Executive Meeting

The Executives of the Electric Company had called an emergency meeting. Every creature of true relevance to the interworkings of the Radio Station were now transferring to Alpha-structure Supreme with detailed reports of their movements since the last gathering. The meeting was being had in the Cylinder, which was the only place that most of the executives ever laid eyes on the Seven Transistors of Stereo, the top henchmen of the Radio Muffinman.

The following excerpts of the Encyclopedia Komica are an amalgam of clues and ideas gathered by almost every Komicon.

The Stereo System itself, when it started, was a *program* made up of multiple hard disks that interfaced and formed an entire *virtual* realm unto itself. These multiple hard disks represented many different things to the fake world. Some could be seen as individual places (countries, neighborhoods, estates) of the major realm that was to be *Stereo*.

However, *some* of the hard disks, the smaller ones, contained information that represented important *people*: sentient beings that could be downloaded into ready-made cybernetically enhanced bodies. The first of *these* beings was the Radio Muffinman himself, the 'ruler' program that downloaded itself into Simon's brain once the Stereo System regained its main missing pieces. Over a period of struggle between Simon and his new downloads, the Muffinman personality worked diligently with Simon's body, forcing him to build and add thousands of microchip implants and body processors into his brain and nerve endings. Within months, the possession of Simon was mostly complete and utterly indisputable.

The next beings to be downloaded and given body, were the DJ's *original* minions, the Transistors Seven (of Radio), the elite in an ancient horde of serviceers to the System.

Since the possession of Simon's mind was not ever to be *fully* successful, the DJ began crafting organic style humanoidic super-robots. The first of these, the Graph Zeppelin, most resembled a metallic robot, with barely any use of human tissue at all. Once built, the Zeppelin helped to create the other six Transistors, each representing a stage of better human likeness, inside and out. The final Transistor to download was Rapunzel, whose body was fully grown in a laboratory, a mix of superior genetic cloning and artificial organics, an android who was indeed *mostly* human, but for the powerful bio-computer supplements that supercharged her mind to telekinetic activity.

Rapunzel sat at her spot directly next to the DJ Throne. She adjusted several things on her small handheld computer, calibrating it to her larger desktop module. On the opposite side of the Throne sat the fidgeting and self important robot *Mix*.

Mix was one of the few pure all-DJ design robot models. He was (assuredly)

the first and had forever been the main physical extension to the Stereo System and it's portable Ape Deck computer (that is, the main extension besides the Muffinman himself). He had large eyes (similar to the Muffinman's detailed binocular-like eye-goggle units), a flat head with two peg antennae for radio relay, buck teeth design speaker output, a dull golden color mixed with exposed purple circuitry, with an old school CD and tape deck in his chest. He was no more than three feet high and not even that. He could telescope his legs and arms somewhat to rival the size of the largest human, but he rarely did. Mix had a devilish personality programmed into his circuits as per blueprints found in the original Stereo System. His character was very old (ancient indeed) and he looked down on everybody because he felt he'd seen more than they had. It was he that had his cleverest of eyes on the DJ, ready to do something should it prove that old Simon Quirticus decided to bubble over his adopted computer-enhanced-persona. Mix drank deeply in power, consuming bottled Milk and all Similaks alike, which made him hyperactive and annoying. He might have been considered Transistor Zero if he liked, but he hated the Transistors, because, although each was an extension of the System, each had a vast sense of self, and might eventually seek to conquer the rest of the Stereo. This was always the risk of villainy and corporations.

The seven Transistors did not agree with Mix's viewpoint. They were mostly bio-robotically engineered (from the hulls and parts of former humans) and possessed Stereo blueprints in their computer personalities. They were nearly as ancient as he, but sleeker, and each more deadly than Mix. That isn't to say Mix was not murderous.

Mix was *diabolical*, and extraordinarily crafty despite his witty exterior.

They sat in the Executive Cylinder, the main meeting room in Alphastructure Supreme, under the floors of computer cubicles and the broadcast booths of the Radio Station. All Advanced Plug execs had a seat come meetingtime, including the 7 Transistors, the various heads of the Club departments, the Door Monitors to the Alphastruct, a myriad of A&R Representatives which fluctuated in number, a McDonald's spokesperson, and one brand new seat, waiting for the frontman of the hottest new musical act to be signed to the Electric Company's Plug.

Slowly the other Transistors filed in, each greeted by Mix, accompanied by an audience applause recording. The Graph Zeppelin came first, seated directly next to Mix. In all, Mix probably feared The Zeppelin most out of the Transistors, whereas he *liked* Rapunzel the least.

The Zeppelin was very tall and wore a long cloak. He wore nearly as elaborate a gasface mask as the Muffinman himself, though shorter, and not as snouty. He was easily the most morose of the Transistors, not using any of his movements unless undoubtedly necessary. It might seem that he were in some sort of pain. He was perhaps the most genius of anyone in the room when it came to computers and robotics.

Next in, strode Echobod Felt, the tactical advisor to the Muffinman. A very solemn, very intelligent sort of chap, Echobod spoke with a sort of British accent that his program

rewrote into him. He was very secure of himself as he looked coldly upon the others.

Like the Zeppelin, Echobod Felt was also mostly a robot, but really seemed to *value* this aspect of himself, as if he'd known previous human life and wanted no part of it's organic hardships. Echobod was almost feminine. He enjoyed wearing a thin girlish smirk upon his lips that annoyed the others. More so than the rest, Echobod seemed to really *love* the evil that the Electric Company manufactured. His instigation's had been prime in shifting the Electro City into it's current state. It was he who first suggested body submission through McDonald's food services.

Following Echobod, was Rabbit, a voluptuous and athletic female Transistor, with headphones designed to look like rabbit ears, pointed backward as if the rabbit were speeding along in the wind. Rabbit was *the best* in field manuevers. She could spy on, locate, and capture almost anything. Besides this she was a deliriously fierce fistfighter.

Full name Bunny Rabbit Breckinridge was the first abducted human to become a Transistor. She had been in and out of juvenile halls and prisons since she was very young and Simon had come to know her rather well in his citywide minglings. It is not known if she willingly succumbed to the surgeries performed upon her, but her human brain was almost fully transplanted by a robotic one. She was the most moody of the Transistors, the most unstable, and the most upset. She was possibly the most dangerous one to any and all who ran into her, although, at any given time, she could decide not to do bad at all. She has been recorded allowing full hordes of undergrounders to go free *after* she had them trapped in the all-famous Transistor *subsonic brain lock*. It would seem that the Muffinman was somewhat fond of Rabbit, which is why she remained functional, but it is fact that no other Transistor (or Club member) has undergone so much punishment. This says a lot for the endurance of Breckinridge, since the Electric Company's torture chambers were vast and highly experimental.

The fifth Transistor to enter was Jim. Jim, for all his bionic enhancement was still the perfect portrait of a nerd. For this, Transistor Five was known officially as Jim Neonerdo, a name that spelled doom to all loose kids and AWOL adults.

It is a fantastically tragic tale that drove Jim to succumb to the Electric Company and offer his body for Transistorization. He was once a Fug, and, even more pertinent, was his rather inconsistant claim that he was once an engineer for Kid America and the Action Figures. Before this, it was known that he worked for the first underground School as a Story Professor but soon was ousted for *lying* to his students. It is said that when the professor Jim lacked the proper information he would make stuff up, always incorporating himself or his forefathers into the heroic storylines he'd pawn as the truth.

Jim alleged that Kid America took him in after his stint with the School's Story Department had gone sour. Jim claimed that he had known Kid America before the Electric Company had come into power, and that Kid believed in Jim's worth as a good person. Hence, for a short time, Jim was an outspoken *Bandy* enthusiast. When cross-examined by the DJ, "Bandy" was the name that Jim had given to Kid America's 'band of Action Figures' and the weird music they were

trying to engineer in order to overthrow the Radio Station.

When asked why he left this Bandy, Jim wove a tale of persecution, wherein the 'Action Figures' felt that he posed a threat to their underground fame. The Electric Company do have several early security recordings of Jim, wherein he is preaching a strange propaganda of his own conception, while playing a weird music from a radio (it is possible that it is the music that these 'Action Figures' labored to produce). The propaganda is wicked, and it is obvious that Jim was trying to drum up some followers for his own selfish cause. (The intent of that cause was consistently unclear.)

At this point, Jim was slowly adopting characteristics that would drive him to becoming a Transistor. To all the other Fugs he was considered *devious*. And even, extremely dangerous. He'd begun sneaking to the surface on early morning missions, trying to preach his ideas to children who would listen to him. He'd bring unfinished (Bandy?) musical recordings with him and try to persuade kids to follow him. It was obvious that Jim wanted to open his own school, or perhaps create another band, but that has always been pure conjecture. No one knew what he plotted, and most thought he probably had no plot at all, but instead, was a lunatic, who was going to ruin the entire underground if he wasn't stopped.

He was banished to the lowest levels of Electro City, where it was extremely warm and debilitating. All other malcontents were exiled to this sort of prison, instead of being thrown above ground to the Club, where many Fugs thought they *should* be sent as punishment.

Eventually, Jim escaped and marched directly to Alpha-structure Supreme and implored to give his body to the DJ Projects. Adventure was in full enlistment at the time and this is where a lot of kooks were able to get in on the ground floor of the Plug before the whole thing really blew up. After the original enlistment, no one could be accepted into Company ranks unless they were actually *born* under the Blanket.

After his brain was scanned for its information, it was found by the DJ and the Graph Zeppelin that Jim had the great makings of a homicidal maniac. This included large gaps of corrupted memory and a wicked sort of warped fisheye sight of the world around him. The first thing Simon did to Jim was to beat him within an inch of life, for having lost the memories of the precise locations and datacodes of the underground School and any alternate rebel movements. No concrete information about 'Bandy', 'Kid America', or 'The Action Figures' could be sucked out of Jim's brain, and thus, the legend stood as pure speculation. (Muffinman was always more concerned about the School than about any musical movements that were allegedly taking place underneath his empire. He did not believe that the factions of the latter could do a thing to stop him.)

After Jim healed some, the Muffinman decided he was a perfect candidate for bionic-engineering and Jim was immediately converted into the fourth Transistor (#5). His previously malfunctioning brain was replaced and he was outfitted with goggle enhancements which played upon his already screwed up vision. Jim was set to lead the Truancy Division of the Club. His ultimate mission to find and destroy that which he had forgot. Easily the craziest, most trigger happy Transistor.

The last two Transistors were in fact, the second and third to be built. They were assembled simultaneously by Graph and the Disc Jockey, both of them near full robots.

Graph's model, which he called Dr. Nylon, was an easy extension of himself. Muffinman, in turn, made a physically identical robot to Dr. Nylon which he called The Soda Jerk. Whereas Dr. Nylon possessed great mental faculty, Soda Jerk was a physical expert, with tons of munitions built secretly into his systems. Jerk himself was a weapon, whereas, Dr. Nylon worked side by side with him, snooping and videotaping. They worked together and fought with each other on mostly every occasion.

The rest of the seats filled up with the A&R's, the McDonald's Rep, and the Clubs: Third Base (collections captain), the 4 foot tall Mega-Kenny (punishments coordinator, who worked closely with Mix), and Chinese Food, an obviously politically incorrect samurai character who headed the Truant Officers under Jim. The three of them took their seats directly across from the DJ's throne. Stuffed Eddie and Fun Freddie entered, and stood behind Third Base's chair. Mix went over to Mega-Kenny and had a word. They were *friends* in a way that few others were within the Electric Company.

A fourth Club entered the room, through a set of escalating steps that suddenly appeared directly behind the Throne. It was Stupid Simon, or the son of Simon, or Simon III. Stupid Simon was the unlikely Club character based on Simon's *original* persona, and he performed the duties of personal assistant to the DJ. Stupid Simon was still a big stuffed up costumed idiot, mind you; he had long yarnlike hair, and wreaked of an old metalhead. He had small little jellybean shaped eyes and a tiny little cartoon mouth. He was exaggeratedly hunched over and talked in a very high, sort of slanged up voice. He laughed and sniggered like the dog Muttly from ancient cartoons. And he was a good servant to the Muffinman. His entrance ushered the coming of the DJ. Stupid Simon, in fact, introduced him,

“Your attention, ladies and robots, um, Clubs and kids, are you ready?”

Mix said, “**Get on with it, Stupid Simon!**”

And Stupid Simon did,

“The King... DJ... Radio... Muffin... *Man!*”

In swept the Muffinman, bigger, thinner, more freakish than anyone in the room. He was in his full get-up, his robo-dome eyelids lowered to a devious half-mast, his lavender fingernails drawn out at an inch long, his skin, purpled and bubbly. When they laid eyes on him, most were sure his costume glowed as if it were made of a TV screen type cloth, shining with a pixelated light grid. At closer inspection they might even suspect that it was a cartoon garb he was impossibly dressed in, but soon the luster died and business preceded all else. Stupid Simon took his place, standing one yard behind the Muffinman at all times, nodding and snickering to himself during the whole of the banter.

To some amazement, however, it was suddenly noted that the Radio Muffinman was not alone, as his long caped arm was draped around a much smaller man (who was actually regular size). He pulled out the seat for the man, and when he sat, all could see it was Jason, the leader of the rap group Ghattoblasters, that is, the rap group of one time Fuggagers, *The Ghattoblasters*.

Jason was thin, wearing glasses, a hyper-ethnic mix of Ultra-nationality. Although his body maintained a wiriness usually attributed to youth, his face spoke in a set of wrinkles and gestures that revealed him as being much older. His hair was full, but not long, a bit bushy with streaks of gray. He wore nothing more than a long tee-shirt and baggy pants. He had on Nukie sneakers, and, they were Punk-his. Every single other person in the room had on Electric Company *Volto* sneakers that were marked by 4 inch lightning bolts stitched along their sides.

Jason smiled and scanned the room, taking note of each face he saw. Rapunzel glared at him. They locked gaze for a second and she noted the obvious: he was intelligent, and worse, good.

*Why was she not told of this deal? It was an unprecedented deal of near humanitarian proportions? What was the rub? The Ghattoblasters ought to have been destroyed, not signed.*

Rapunzel shifted about in her chair. She was under the impression the meeting would deal with the loose milk *Siphon*, this Billy Kazoo. The DJ always had ulterior motive. Always a plan within a plan. And yet still *within a plan...*

The rest of the Cylinder looked upon Jason, gasping with a shock that probably leaned closer to disgust. All inhabitants from ground level and below were considered filthy by anyone who lived in the upper Platforms. All winced at his presence except the A&R assigned to the Ghattoblasters, the bald-headed kissbutt, Ben Cooper. Ben Cooper, a mid-Plastoid, was rep to all the difficult bands signed to the label, he had worked great deals in Norwax and Berlink, and was notorious for his addiction to the DJ Cubes. He considered himself a man of the *street*, and it would seem he did what he had to do to get his piece of the pie. He'd sworn allegiance at age 15, walking straight into the Alphastruct begging forgiveness for his delinquency. The exception was made for his case, as the DJ thought he might be able to help with some of the more unruly bands of the day. He'd proven right. Ben Cooper knew how to talk people into stupors. He was confusing. He made a great A&R.

The Ghattoblasters would be the first group of the underground to be signed to the Plug. No one present in the Cylinder had seen *that* coming. The Ghattoblasters had been captured and brought in not more than two weeks previous. Besides the great School of the underground, there had always been various factions of music idealists that one day hoped to rise and usurp the Muffinman's power and free Electro City. One was the *Loudist* concept, led by Jason and the Ghattoblasters. As it's title hints, the Loudist way stressed aggression, volume, and might. Although these various groups often fought through differences and struggled in the underground, Jason was always considered to be *good*. Most Fuggagers considered him a friend.

And now--was this betrayal of the ultimate sort? *An Undergrunder in the sky?*

The Radio Muffinman glided over to his throne, gently sat down, and introduced everybody to his newest disciple,

"Executives! This is Jason. He's been known by several monikers, Stoopball

Jason Jackson, Amazing Jason, and the most infamous of them all: MC Pop Up. He and his GhettoBlasters are going to sell us quite a lot of Cubes, I should think. Welcome him.”

Tablewide grunts ensued. The DJ’s mask snout bio-mechanically separated into what could only be described as flapping *muppet* lips, then curled themselves into an eight inch smile, which revealed several golden fangs. His eyelids dropped to less than three quarters down, leaving slivers of his electric eyeballs to peer at Jason fondly. He raised his arm and Stupid Simon handed him a shoebox. The DJ, in turn, passed it to Jason, saying, “On behalf of the Electric Company.”

Jason opened the box and revealed a pair of new Volto sneakers, the lightning bolt symbol in full glowing effect. They really were quite beautiful, no matter where your loyalties may lay. Jason was nodding, ready to speak, but the DJ held up his hand, saying, “Mix?”

Mix glided over on the tabletop as if he were an air hockey puck. He got down on one knee in front of Jason, as if ready to propose marriage, and indeed, presented him with a little hinged box (several times larger than one that might bear a ring). Jason opened the box and a circular belt buckle was revealed, with the Plug logo explosion in the center, raised up like *a button*. Mix cried,

“**Your Molecular Fluidsuit, Lord Jason!**” and ran off, laughing, standing at attention back near Mega-Kenny.

Then, Jason spoke, trying to belie his accent which was thick with old school Mod York inflection,

“It is wonderful to be included in this great Cylinder. Me, uh. that is, the GhettoBlasters and I are extremely excited over our... man, what shall I say? Our confederacy? Um, let’s say *financial settlement*... we are extremely excited about the distribution that will be provided for our music... This is truly a great *gift* that only the DJ could bestow. On behalf of all of us I give my deepest thanks to the Electric Company.”

Then he followed, as if cheering, with, “The Plug!”

The others, mostly skeptical, now nodded, as if he had said the proper stuff. The DJ drew his attention from Jason and looked out about the table,

“Indeed. Now, Mix, if you will please begin.”

Those that did not know the Muffinman surely expected something different when they had a chance to view his daily behavior and physical mannerisms. He didn’t behave like a beast, at least not usually, and moreover, he didn’t even behave like a villain. Especially at these Executive Gatherings, he’d put on an air of mogulship. He enjoyed running his company, and, to some extent, behaving like a snooty rich person. He certainly didn’t look in any way ordinary, but that was no matter. He was interested in the business at hand. He only became murderous if things did not go his way. And for the most part things *had* gone his way. Thus far.

Mix hopped into his own chair, suddenly brooding. He spun it around a bit, then leaped to the tabletop in front of him once again. He adjusted his fingers, stretching them out to

double lengths and began walking round the great circle table, tick tocking his eyeballs from each side of the table to the other. His fingers twiddled in the air, and finally, he stopped near to Third Base and spoke,

**“As I understand my dear Muffinman, he and his Clubs have botched things again.”**

He was pointing as Base, his pointer finger extending until it was but a centimeter away from the Club capitan’s nose. Rapunzel started,

“What of the business reports, Mix, surely we must start with the traditional minutes, the financial numbers...”

Echobod stabbed his way in,

“Let the little robot do his duty, Miss ‘Zel. *He* represents the Stereo. *He* understands our interests.”

Rapunzel prepared to spit back at Felt but the Muffinman interceded. Echobod threw his eyes slightly on the DJ and grinned. The DJ said quietly,

“I believe this is a matter of utter importance, is it not? *You* have, after all, brought it to my attention, Rapunzel. Do not interrupt Mix with his proceedings, dear. Now Mix, continue. And *louder* this time you little fool.”

**“Thank you, sire. As you all well know, Third Base is the leader of the CLUB collection units, and this often brings him before our scrutiny. Although he has brought in more actual *stuff* than any CLUB member ever, his greed and gluttony have constantly been under analysis by the members of our precious board.”**

Rapunzel turned to the Muffinman, who was smiling upon his little creation. Muffinman favored Mix over all. Suddenly, Jim interjected,

“What’s more, he is ever allowing the actual *culprits* to escape! He undermines the authority of the entire truancy division and never claims to have made error in allowing Juvenauts to flee punishment! He and his two closest associates Fun Freddie and this Stuffed Eddie... who frankly should just be *incinerated*. Burnt to a crisp.”

Jim had already lost control, static electricity emanated from him, as papers near him began to flap about. Jim hated Third Base. He hated Clubs. The DJ glared down at Jim, freezing him in his stare,

“Relax, Jim.”

Jim however struggled to speak,

“I tell you he is incompetent as are all Club--”

The DJ raised his hand at him, then made like he was throwing dust at him. The air rippled towards Jim’s head, then it snapped back as if he’d been punched by a great fist.

“Shut-up, Jim,” said the DJ, quietly.

Mix scurried over and fired a tiny ray from his eyes at the Transistor numbered 5. Jim woozed. He was in constant need of relaxants by the board. An overhyper nuerotic.

Jim nodded. The DJ continued,

“Rapunzel, please playback the report received from Third Base no more than an hour ago.”

Third Base shifted about in his chair, listening uneasily to the recording of his voice. When it was over, Rapunzel played an edited video segment of the Club’s maneuvers against Kazoo. By the time the playback ended the room was in hysterics. The

DJ often loved viewing these Club segments, finding them a high point in comedy, whether it be due to Club slip-ups or their love of Smash laden violence.

One A&R, Falcone Snabbis, was laughing extra hard, tears pouring from his eyes. The DJ looked at him and said,

“Your name, Plastoid.” Snabbis, suddenly glum, said,

“Falcone Snabbis, DJ.”

“Yes, you represent those two girl vocalists that just topped the charts over seas, yes? How did you come to make it up here to the Cylinder?”

Snabbis was frozen. Echobod quickly answered for him,

“He was brought through the academies, sire. This man is obviously an idiot, however. I believe Rapunzel hired him.”

Rapunzel said, “Why should I not? He handled the vocalists with ease. We’ve got a firm grip on the Slavicores countries now. He did good work.”

Echobod said, “Nonsense. Falcone Snabbis thinks what we do here is all a joke. Don’t you Snabbis?”

Falcone managed,

“No, sir, I just am--” Echobod looked at Snabbis wretchedly.

Felt said, “I make a end-Smash motion, DJ. He is a weak specimen at best.”

The DJ nodded and said, “Third Base, bring this man over to me.”

Falcone Snabbis shrieked and cried.

Third Base immediately snatched him up and struggled with him momentarily, dragging him over to the throne. The DJ said,

“Hold him steady.”

Then, he held out his giant hand and gripped the head of Falcone Snabbis.

“You may let go Third Base.” Base retreated two steps. Snabbis stood frozen solid.

Jason looked away. The Clubs all leaned in closer for a better look. Fun Freddie rubbed his hands together in plot, whispering “Oh, boy.”

Stuffed Eddie quivered.

The Muffinman effortlessly made a fist, clenching his fingers into the soft head of the foolish human.

*This* was the villain you’ve all been waiting for.

Echobod said, “A sellout to his race, my DJ. And *you*, Rapunzel, with your over enthusiastic sympathies for these humanic imbeciles.”

Rapunzel said, “You’re a virus stricken *robot*, Felt. If you were half as concerned with the Stereo project, as you are with human destruction and sales, you might be of value to this Company--”

The DJ held his hand up, “Echobod, indeed serves his purposes, Rapunzel. And he knows when a man is spy. Snabbis was much more than just some dumb businessman.”

Rapunzel snarled,

“Your melodramatics--”

“Are my right as King Primogul of the Electric Company. Falcone’s treacheries are

ended and we now have another fine clip for Broadcast.”

Snabbis could not have possibly done anything so severe. The DJ boomed,

“Now we must continue! Enough squabbling! Third Base return to your chair. If you think I’m going to destroy my top collections officer you’re quite *wrong*, Jim. If you’ve forgotten, Third Base is the Club who brought in *Goose*. Third Base will be mildly punished. Now listen! There are assignments awaiting us all. A difficult time is ahead of our little Company. We will need all *loyal* members to cooperate.

“Now to the business of this *boy*, I believe he’s headed straight for the underground *School*.”

## **Chapter Six To Be Continued...**

The percentage at this time was scanned by a Komicon as 87% Muffinman, 3% original Simon, 10% waste  
A&R: representative agents of musical acts signed with the Plug