

Mandelgob Mamma UFO
(original title “As Above, So Below)
by Rudy Rucker

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Production History:

August 20 - September 5, 1992, Theater of All Possibilities, Caravan of Dreams Performing Arts Center, Fort Worth, Texas. Title: “As Above, So Below.”

Characters:

Will Coyote

Donna

Jheri Rankle

Punks

The Fractals

Ma

Stevie Koss

Police

. **Scene One**

Will Coyote is a fit, hip-looking thirtyish man dressed very casually and sportily. There is nothing of the nerd about him. He is sitting at a desk with a computer and a telephone. He is typing on the keyboard and peering at the screen — he is programming. After a moment he stops and stands to address the audience. Some slides, videos or live computer graphics showing Mandelbrot set fractals should be projected during the opening monologue. A computer-projected zoom of the Mandelbrot set would be best.

Will:

Plants are really where it's at, no lie. Take an oak tree: it grows from an acorn, right? The acorn is the program and the oak tree is the output. The program runs for like 80 years. That's the best kind of computation . . . where a short program runs for a long long time and makes an interesting image. Lots of things are like that — a simple start and a long computation. In information theory we call it low complexity/high depth. Low complexity means short program, and high depth means a long runtime.

A really good example of a low complexity/high depth pattern is the Mandelbrot set. It grows from a computation in the plane . . . for each point you keep squaring and adding in the last value, and some points go out to infinity and some don't. The ones that don't are inside the Mandelbrot set which is a big warty ass-shape with a disk stuck onto it. An antenna sticks out of the disk, and shishkabobbed onto the antenna are tiny little Mandelbrot sets: ass, warts & disk. Each of the warts is a Mandelbrot disk, too, each with a wiggly antenna coming out, and with shishkabobs of ass, warts & disk, with yet smaller antennae, asses, warts, and disks, all swirled into maelstroms and lobed vortices, into paisley cactus high desert, into the California cliffs being eaten by the evercrashing sea.

The Mandelbrot set goes on forever, deeper and deeper down into more and more detail, except sooner or later you always get tired . . .

As he talks, Will drifts back to the computer and begins peering at the screen and pressing keys again. Across the stage a light picks out Will's wife Donna. Donna stands there with a portable phone. She is slender with long dark hair, her style of dress is California/Santa Fe chic. She punches at the phone and the phone on Will's desk rings. The Mandelbrot set images go out as soon as Will answers the phone.

Will:

Hello?

Donna:

Hi, Will. Do you know what time it is?

Will:

I'll be right home. I just have to finish one last thing.

Donna:

Have you eaten today?

Will:

Uh, no. I'll eat something in a minute and then I'll come home. You didn't make supper did you?

Donna:

Make supper, Will? Do you think it's Thanksgiving or something? No, I'm eating some rice and a can of crab. If you're not home in an hour, I'm going to come get you, Will.

Will:

I'll be home. You're right. I've been overgeeking.

Will hangs up, looks at his watch, starts to turn off the computer, then peers again at the screen. Will's friend Jheri Rankle walks in. Jheri is a seedy-looking man (or woman) with a touch of the freak about him/her. But she/he also looks professorial . . . perhaps she/he used to be one. She/he talks with a slight lisp, or stutter, a twitchy voice on the verge of a giggle.

Jheri:

William! What's going on?

Will:

Hi, Jheri. Ah, I'm working on a new kind of Mandelbrot set program. The images are at wholly new levels of detail. Look! [*Pulls him forward.*] The almost impossible thing is that at the new levels the images are becoming more than two-dimensional.

Jheri:

Gnarly!

Will:

But I've been overdoing it. Everything looks weird. I need to change my head. I should take a vacation. But I don't have time. I never have time.

Jheri: [*Roots in a small backpack he carries and hands Will a tinfoil packet of powder.*] Try this, Will! This'll get you off the machine all right.

Will:

Drugs in the workplace? Good thing my shithead manager Stevie Koss isn't around. What the hey. [*Takes the powder and throws in his mouth, fast and robotlike.*] There! What is it?

Jheri:

It's a brand new mood-changer. You can name it, man. Some biohackers in Redwood City invented it last week. Could be a new scene. They'll be interested to hear know how it hits you.

Small amounts of glittery pixie dust begin falling onto Will and keep falling on him until the end of Scene One.

Will:

Have you tried it?

Jheri:

I think so. I think I took some last week. It was pretty good. Spiritual. Everything's alive, and there's order after order of reality. The Pythagoreans . . . they said there were as many spirits about us as there are motes of dust in a sunbeam.

Will:

[He is staring oddly at his computer screen, and now sees something on the screen that frightens him. He stands and faces Jheri.] Enough weirdness. I'm hungry. Let's go get some tacos. *[As they leave the phone starts ringing again.]* I bet it's Donna. Fuck it. She's just checking that I'm not here. OK, I'm not here.

They cross the stage to two tables with chairs. Will and Jheri sit at one table, pixie dust still dropping on Will. Three punks (girls and/or boys) at the other table. One of them has a pet rat. One has short hair with one half dyed yellow and one half dyed green. Big complicated amounts of fast-food paper wrappings on their tables.

Will:

Look at that hair, Jheri. If I let my eyes go out of focus I can see a strip of red down the back of that punk's head. It's a real world RGB color graphic XOR [*pronounced "ex or"*] operation. Yellow is Green plus Red, so if you XOR the Green out of Yellow you get Red. It's logical.

A Punk:

[Not reacting to Will, just making noise to friends, kind of like doing one-potato two-potato.] Wobbly, wobbly, wobbly, wobbly, wobbly, wobbly, wobbly — bum.

Jheri:

You're wrong, Will. In the analog world we live in, Green is Yellow plus Blue. So when you XOR Yellow and Green, you're really XORing the Yellow out of Green to get Blue. Don't you think the stripe looks maybe . . . Blue?

The punks' rat crawls about, perhaps on one of their shoulders.

The Punk with the hair:

[To the other punks.] I asked for no beans. Did you get no beans? Beans are the worst.

Jheri:

It is said that Pythagoras, hotly pursued by his enemies, paused at the edge of a bean field, unwilling to run in and trample the living plants. And there he died, run through and through by swords. He bled into the bean field. The One Mind is in all.

Punk:

[*Throwing paper about.*] This paper costs MORE than the food! Trees died to make this paper!

Will:

I feel good. It's nice to be outside. When I'm programming graphics, I'm coupled to the screen, and all my input is from the machine's output, which all just comes from the passage of time and from what I put in the machine in the first place. I build my own world from the bottom up. And then I go outside and there's all this great deep complex shit for free.

Jheri:

So you're enjoying the dust I gave you?

Punk:

I got new wheels and trucks for my skateboard. I can do a three-foot standing ollie.

Will:

I am now. Right at first though . . . back in the office there I thought I saw hairline cracks in the glass of my computer screen and I got the feeling that my new, enhanced Mandelbrot set was somehow taking advantage of the screen phosphor's slight thickness to ruck itself up into faintly gnarled tissues that wanted (I could tell) to slide off the screen, across the desk, and onto my face just like the speedy octopus stage of the creature in that old flick *Alien*, the stage where the creature grabs onto some guy's face and forces a sick egg down his esophagus. [*Pauses and rubs his face.*] Wo.

A Punk:

And then I laughed so hard I crapped my pants!

Jheri:

You didn't used to think about mathematics so much, Will. You used to be a much more spiritual guy. Now you sound as if you're surprised there's a world outside your computer. Will, the world isn't made of mathematics.

Will:

But everything is a pattern, and math is the science of patterns.

Punk:

At the concert there were circular mosh-pits forming all over. Old school. Not just up at the stage. At random places in the crowd people would start swirling around like a UFO crop circle and then the slamming would begin.

Jheri:

What about love? What about laughter? Math is part of the question instead of part of the answer. No, Will, The Universe Is Made of Jokes. [*Pauses for effect, wads up his trash and stands*

to leave.] Do you need a ride home?

Will:

I have my bike. And thanks for the mood-changer. I guess.

Jheri:

Say hi to Donna for me.

[They exit.]

A Punk:

Stoned geeks!

Punks start slamming into each other as if dancing.

.Scene Two

Will alone on his bike, facing the audience.

Will:

Yes, I'm out in the warm California night, out with the plants. Ah the plants, with their smells and their realtime ongoing updates . . . And, ah, the astonishing vastness of the invisible world machinery that keeps all this running. What a system! What a hack!

[His handlebars wobble. He focuses on the bicycle.] Turn right here, Will. Up this long hill and you're home.

[He leans into a turn and straightens out.] Dude, I feel synaesthetic, I see sounds and I hear shapes: the distant surfsound matches the pebbly pavement under my tires. The flowering jade plants have fat loplop green leaves and stuff yellow star petals that knob along like my breath and my heartbeat. The mentholsmelling eucalyptus trees are the same as the rush of the cars. My jittering synapses are the palmtrees. The calla lilies are Donna's white wonderful body . . .

His voice is trailing off. Turn on a strobe light and have him get off the bicycle in slow motion, miming that he is falling. He rolls over on his back, the accident is over, the strobe stops. A dance-troupe of costumed "fractals" can be dimly seen at the rear of the stage.

Will:

Now the picture has stopped moving and the camera is pointing up into the sky. The patch of sky I see includes the nearly full moon. Her pale gold face churns with images, though her outline holds steady. Dear moon, dear real world.

Fractals:

[They chant these and their other lines. Verses or lines can be repeated or chanted by separate individuals according to the dictates of the choreography.]

Z equals Z cubed plus BZ plus A.

Use new Z for old Z in an endless way.
All the complex world comes from simple seeds.
Unbounded calculation is all that beauty needs.

The fractals draw closer. They are wearing costumes with sparkles on them, and they have long ribbons that run from each of them back into the darkness of the rear of the stage.

Will:

My leg is throbbing.
I am badly cut and I am bleeding to death.
A police-car will stop soon and then I will be institutionalized? Not even! The police will beat me to death!

I am really and truly going crazy for good. The whole cozy womany world departs! The computer pattern on the nonscreen of the angry Void is in tatters!

I'm bleeding to death and I'm too wrecked to do anything about it!
[*He sits up, feels himself all over. He is not bleeding.*] Wo. Hi, plants. Hi, wind in the plants. Hi colored fireflies, all red yellow and green.

Fractals:

The vortices of wind are captured in the plants:
Living spacetime patterns are the branches' dance.
All the high dimensions are present in your world,
Our Ma's a twist of chaos in the vasty cosmic curl.

The fractals dance all around him now, some going so far as to nudge him with their feet. There is a fractal hissing noise, as of waxing and waning static. A large bright colored light is projected overhead. A pulsing "light-show" type image might be nice, made with different colored liquids in glass dishes sitting on an overhead projector. Or use continuous-valued cellular automata.

Will:

[*Raises voice and calls upward.*] Hello UFO! Welcome! My name is Will Coyote! I'm a programmer!

The colored image grows and the fractals press closer about him. Their ribbons lead towards the image, they are extensions of it. Loud hissing continues.

Will:

Don't hurt me, I'm an intelligent being like you!

Ma [*From offstage.*] Don't worry, William, I am very grateful to you. I wish to take you for a ride.

The fractals close in around Will. He touches them, repeatedly glancing upwards.

Will:

A three-dimensional Mandelbrot set with tendrils hanging off it, and with smaller Mandelbrot sets on the tendrils. [*Fondles a breast here, a buttock there.*] This is absolutely the best graphic ever.

Fractals:

Technomothic eye-candy boiling off the math,
Access one more image, so this won't be your last.
The curvature of chaos is fractal to decide
Down inside the cracks of Mandel Mamma's hide.

The fractals very tight around Will now, almost crushing him.

Will:

Wait, I can hardly breathe.

He lies on his back. The fractals pile onto him.

Will:

You're right up against my face, can you hear me? Your incredibly detailed fractal female hide is like all covered with warts on warts and cracks in cracks and bristles'n'bristles evverywhaaar, and there's this strong electric charge that's about to make me . . .

He whoops in a sneeze, spasm or orgasm. Blackout, then quickly lights on Will across stage in an old armchair. The big colored light overhead is not on anymore. Standing near Will is pleasant calm Ma, a plump woman in a loose dress. Ma is pacing in front of him. She has a rich, thrilling coloratura voice.

Will:

Now I'm dead, right?

Ma:

Welcome aboard, William. My name is Ma.

Will:

Where are you from? Am I you?

Ma:

You are a pattern in the potentially infinite computation that is me. I am everywhere; I am beyond all space, and I am within the tiniest motes that dance in a sunbeam. I am any size that wants me. You called me here.

Will:

It's good to see all that programming finally pay off. Wow. I could live in here. Can I get a drink?

Ma produces a long thin glass of colored liquid and hands it to Will. He sucks greedily at

it.

Ma:

Size is a circle, Will. The largest meets the smallest, and that is where I live. To stay at this mid-level I need something to hold onto. You. You're like a snag in a rushing river.

Will:

If you live at the biggest and smallest level, does that mean that you are the universe?

Ma:

I am before and after your mundane time — the time that fuels the computation of your world.

Will:

How big is the program that computes the whole world?

Ma:

Two bits. Zero and One.

Ma sticks out her left index finger and makes a ring of her right thumb and forefinger. She moves the ring up and down over the index in the hand-sign for copulation.

Will:

Nothing to it. I can totally dig it, Ma. The universe has a simple code and a long rich parallel computation. There are infinitely many size scales so in fact each orange or atom has everything inside it. Right on. But . . .

Ma holds up a hand in warning. She harkens as to an outside noise.

Ma:

Two more people are here. One of them is — Ow! [*Loud sound of static or of electrical sputtering. Show some sparks if possible. Ma is screaming now.*] They've torn off a piece of me! And now . . . oh no —

Ma gives a big scream. Blackout. Sound of Will thudding to the floor. Lights up on Donna and Stevie Koss standing over Will, who is lying by his bicycle on the ground. The big colored light overhead is back, but it is quickly fading away. Donna is as described in Scene One. Stevie Koss is wearing fitness clothes, perhaps a fancy sweatsuit. He holds a stubby box with two wires trailing out of it. Donna holds a glowing baby Mandelbrot set object. The fractal-dancers are faintly visible at the rear of the stage, but they slowly melt away with the fading of the colored light.

Donna:

Will! Hey, Will!

Koss:

We saved him, Donna! [*He fondles his stubby box.*] Good thing I had this Tazer handy to shoot that thing with. Was some kind of anomalous electromagnetic field, I guess, and my jolt disrupted it. You feeling OK, big guy?

Will:

Stevie Koss from work? What are you doing here? And why did you shoot it? It was so beautiful!

Koss:

It was going for your wife! [*He has a protective yet lecherous arm draped across Donna's shoulders.*]

Donna:

Are you all right, Will? What happened was I pulled off one of the baby globbies, and the big thing started screaming and shooting out sparks. [*She looks down at something cradled against her breasts. It glows.*] It's warm and jittery as a pet rabbit.

Will:

You got a baby Ma? A little Mandelbrot set? [*He stands up to see.*]

Donna:

I plucked it off the . . . vine tendril to the big one, and the big one got mad. I'm going to keep it. Nobody else has anything like this. I found it, and it's mine. [*She nuzzles it.*] It can be my pet.

Koss:

Pet, hell. We can sell them! Good thing I killed the big one, though. It was violent.

Will:

God, you're stupid, Koss. Do you have to see everything in terms of fighting and conflict? Good thing I killed it, hell! It was magic — it was alive. [*He leans over Donna, looking at her baby Mandelbrot.*] This one looks just like the big one. Let's get it home.

. . . .*Scene Three*. . . .

Will, Donna, and Koss are at Will and Donna's house. The house needs a couch for a living room and a pallet for a bed. Only the right half the stage is occupied by the house area. The left half of the stage is the outside area. Initially, Will and Donna are on the couch and Koss is off to one side, fiddling with the baby Mandelbrot set, which he has placed in a wire hamster or rat cage with a battery taped to one side.

Donna:

I was really worried when you didn't come home. I called your office a couple of times, and

you weren't there, so I decided to drive downtown and look for you. I just knew you'd be out of it again. You're such a crazed, sick computer jock, Will. Wake up and smell the pheromones! [*Koss is watching her intently.*]

Will:

Can you tell me more about how you found me?

Donna:

[*She sighs and shakes her head.*] Halfway down the hill I saw this huge bright light UFO sitting on the ground. I got out and looked at it, and after awhile I picked the bud off it. [*Looks over at Koss, who is bent over the cage.*] The big UFO thing got all upset.

Will:

It wasn't really a UFO thing, Donna, it was an infinite fractal. I talked to it. To her.

Donna:

Her?

Will:

Her name was Ma. What ever made you think of tearing a piece off her anyway?

Donna:

Well, your bike was lying there and I guess maybe I thought she had eaten you. And I was right, wasn't I? Why aren't you more grateful to us for saving you?

Will:

I didn't need saving. I was happy. And then you and Koss wrecked it. How would you like it if someone tried to tear off your, your toe? You'd get violent, too.

Koss:

[*Looking up.*] That thing was rearing back to attack both of us. I got there just in time.

Will:

[*To Koss.*] That's another thing I don't get. Who told you to show up with an electric gun?

Koss starts pacing excitedly.

Koss:

I was in the exercise room working out with my exercise machine — hey, I need it every day, guys —and then the emergency phone's all ringing from our alarm system about a Type Four malfunction.

I get in my Jag, cruise down there, and find Will's high-end workstation with the front screen blown away. I'm wondering if one of Will's dusted-out friends have wasted him or what.

I decide not to call the heat in yet, I board up the broken window — then outside I'm all what's that light on the hillside? I wind the Jag on up here and it's some kind of atmospheric

plasma display? Donna's standing under it looking real fine — and she's got the idea to tear off a little bud from it and all at once the big light gets violent.

He pounds his hand with his fit tan fist, reliving the big play. Donna smiles at him, pats his shoulder.

Koss:

At the speeds I travel, you can't waste time saying why. You just react. I snapped my Jaguar's utility boot open and got out the heavy-duty stun gun I keep in there in case of trouble. Sucker's got a gunpowder charge that shoots two metal fishhook electrodes twenty yards. Those 'trodes pack 150 volts! I aimed steady and I nailed that big mother right in its butt. FFFFFTT!

Will:

Big deal. Donna already told me.

Koss:

Fuck you, too, Will. Hey Donna, let's try and harvest a few minibuds off that little one you caught.

Donna:

You better not. It'll start thrashing! Remember how the big one shot out checkerboard sparks when I tore off the little one before?

Koss:

This little one can't hurt us. Anyway, it can't get out of this cage anymore. I electrified the wires, see. It's scared of electricity, so it just stays in the middle.

Koss reaches into the cage and tears at the baby Mandelbrot set. A small distant scream sounds, and there is the sputtering sound of sparks, but only Will seems to hear it. Koss hunches over the cage and makes repeated plucking motions on the baby Mandelbrot set.

Koss:

Check it out, Donna! We can get bud after bud off these things. It's as easy as pulling apart plants — a plant like an artichoke or a horsetail.

Donna is enthralled by Koss. She steps forward and looks down at him and the cage.

Donna:

That is so . . . that is so incredible. [*Looks closer.*]

And as soon as you pick one it starts to grow! We've got . . . [*counts*] sixteen of them now! You're a genius, Stevie.

Koss:

Will, I want to start marketing these things. These could be big. You and Donna write up a sample ad, why don't you? Could you like explain what a fractal is while you're at it?

Donna picks up a pad of paper and a pen.

Will:

A fractal is a pattern whose details look like the whole pattern. Like if Koss had a zit that looked just like his whole head, and if the little zit had a zitlet that looked even more like Koss, and if . . .

Donna:

Be serious! Aren't you always saying that everything in nature is a fractal?

Will:

How about this: when I look twice as hard at a fractal, I see three times as much stuff. Bigger bang for the buck. God is in the details. Compressed information. [*He's losing interest.*]

Koss:

[*Peering into the cage.*] This is more than your usual math-geek bullshit, Will. It's real; it's something we can sell people. It's something you can take home in a cage.

Will:

A fractal is math-geek bullshit you can take home in a cage.

Donna finishes the ad, then stands up and reads it out. If possible it would be fun to print this ad on the backs of the theater programs, along with ordering info on the fractal slides, videos, and/or programs used in the show.

Donna:

WONDERGLOBS!

The living Wonderglob is an object of unparalleled beauty. Like God or the Universe itself, the Wonderglob feeds on YOUR attention —the more you look at it, the larger it grows.

Perhaps the most satisfying aspect of owning a Wonderglob is that you can HARVEST BUDS from it and, under our franchising agreement, SELL these buds to your friends!

Koss:

[*Interrupting.*] Exclusive franchising agreement.

Donna:

[*Makes a correction on her pad and continues.*]

. . . and under our exclusive franchising agreement, SELL these buds to your friends. The initial investment pays for itself in a matter of weeks!

The Wonderglob dislikes electricity and is easily kept captive in our patented Wondertanks, whose metal-plated glass sides carry a small electric charge.

Koss:

[*Interrupting.*] Uses an ordinary nine volt battery.

Donna:

The Wonderglob may be removed for play and meditation, but be sure to replace it in the Wondertank, particularly after harvesting.

Will:

[*Laughing and shaking his head in weary disgust.*] Greetings Earthling, take me to your lawyer. Franchising agreement? Is this going to be a franchises-selling-franchises pyramid scheme, Donna? A cosmic chain-letter?

Donna:

[*Angry.*] This is real, Will!

Will:

Here's this great supernal being invading our reality and you plan to sell it to people? Give it up.

He yawns and goes lies down. He falls asleep.

Koss:

That ad is . . . wonderful, Donna.

Donna:

Yes.

They embrace and sidle to a couch. The pull a blanket over themselves and perhaps toss some of their clothes out from the blanket as if disrobing. Lights low for a minute to indicate time passing. Will wakes and sits up abruptly, cocking his head and listening. He looks over himself, as if assessing damages, then rises to his feet. Koss and Donna, still suggestively locked together under the blanket, don't notice him. He opens the cage, grabs the creatures and walks towards the "outdoor" part of the stage.

Will:

Ma's girls are dying specks in a shitty rat-cage and Koss here is boning my wife? While torturing my dreams for gain?

He throws up his hands to release the creatures. He gazes about as if at things flying off.

Will:

Sixteen of them! Hexadecimal ten. Ma's girls are all Ma. Look at her go! All different sizes!

The fractals reappear and approach Will.

Will:

[*Not noticing fractals yet.*] Hey! Don't go! Please! One of you come back! I need you!

Fractals:

How can you decide if you're feeling good or bad:
Moods are numbered lines in the chaos that is man.
Dip the lines into the soap of maybes that revamp;
Come back inside the lava of Ma's chaotic lamp.

Will:

Ah! [*Raises his voice louder.*] Ma! Let me back inside you, Ma.

The fractals close tight about him, Will spasms, and Ma appears.

Ma:

Hello. You're safe inside me again. Me, Ma, Mamma Mathematica. Mamma means breast means nourish a mammal. [*She hands him another slim glass of colored liquid.*]

Will:

[*He looks around in wonder.*] Soft edged computer graphics rippling over the endlessly unfolding surfaces around me. This is so beautiful.

I see whatever I feel like seeing. It's like programming without ever having to touch a key. And with the energy drinks I'm never hungry. It's perfect in here.

Ma:

A loud machine is coming. The police. They see my sisters over your house.

Will:

Can we hide somewhere?

Ma:

Yes, William. I can shrink and I can jump in and out of Earth's space.

Will:

Won't that hurt me?

Ma:

Infinity divided by ten is still infinity. My inside is always the same.

Will:

Then let's go and get . . . inside the can of Geisha Girl crabmeat in my kitchen cupboard.

Ma:

It is . . . done.

Will and Ma sit down on the ground right where he is. Police appear at the door of Will's

house.

Police Officer:

[*Knocks, then calls through the door.*] Hello! It's the police. Sorry to bother you folks.

Koss and Donna jump up. Donna goes to the door. She is disheveled.

Donna:

Hello?

Police Officer:

Yes. There's been an uproar over some UFO sightings in this neighborhood, and we just got a call from someone saying they saw a bunch of them right over your house. Have you noticed anything unusual?

Donna:

Well . . . we were asleep, so . . .

Koss notices that the cage is empty.

Koss:

[*Sotto voce to himself.*] The fractals are gone!

Koss throws the blanket over the cage and then pushes forward to talk with the police.

Koss:

We saw something down on the hill earlier this evening. But where did you say this latest sighting was?

Police Officer:

Right out in the back of this house.

Koss:

Let's check it out.

They go outside. Will and Ma are still hunkered there, and the fractals are dancing around, but the searchers can't see them. Will is talking math/computer lingo; his delivery should be slow and snappy.

Will:

I'm safe here inside Ma inside the can of Geisha Girl crabmeat, yes. Here inside Mamma Mathematica I see Escher images, great dimensional tessellations of faces, three-dimensional transparent heads fitting together just so, with the whole thing warping and undulating in curving space time . . . I see cellular automata, sheets and flows of living lights, some of them busy imitating machines and some just pumping beauty . . . I see Frenet space curves sweeping out

trails of developable surfaces . . .

Police Officer:

Well, it looks like there's nothing going on here. Too bad. I'd really like to see a UFO. From what I hear, they come from inside the Earth. There's a big hole down under the Bermuda Triangle, and the saucers fly in and out of there. Hell, for the saucers, this planet's no more than a parking garage.

Koss:

How interesting.

Police Officer:

Well, sorry to bother you folks. Good-bye.

The police officer leaves. Donna and Koss go back in the house.

Koss:

Your crazy husband ran off with our Wonderglobes — from what the cops were saying, he must have set them loose.

Donna:

Oh! I wonder if he's hiding out there like a psycho, or if one of those glob-creatures ate him again. Do you think he knows we were making love? I want him back!

Will:

I see a four-dimensional helix with genetic algorithms inside it . . . I see zonohedra with flexible sides . . . Oh, this is wonderful.

Koss:

What a night. You're better off without him, Donna. What do you say we drive down to Taco Bell?

Donna:

My husband's been abducted by a UFO and you're talking about being hungry? You animal. Well, OK, I'm hungry too. [*Walks towards Will and Ma.*] I'll open up a can of crab.

Will:

I'm starting to see different levels of infinity, Ma. I can the transfinite cardinals marching out past alef-one. But what's after that? I can't see so well. It's getting hazy.

Koss:

Mix it up with some mayonnaise and chopped celery, Donna.

Ma:

It is hazy because I have absorbed all of your thoughts now, Will. Thank you. Keep

working with mathematics, and I will come back again.

Will:

Don't go yet. Don't leave me alone.

Ma:

There is a teaching stronger than All is One, Will: All is Love. You are not alone.

She runs off as Donna vigorously makes can-opening gestures. Will leaps to his feet and stands face to face with them. Koss shrinks into a far corner.

Koss, Donna and Will:

[*Great surprise.*] Aauuugh!

Will grapples with Koss, twists his Taser away from him, shoots him, Koss runs offstage screaming. Will and Donna face each other.

Donna:

Stay with me Will.

Will:

And you can be my Mandelbrot set.

End.