

THE PARADISE EXPERIMENT, A.D. 2058

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CHAPTER I: MY PLAN FOR PARADISE, HG BEGINS THE
NARRATIVE
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Then I, HG, was speaking to my favorite lover, my Muse, BN-0008, in the year 2053.

I was telling my Muse about my Utopian plan. “It wasn’t the first Utopia and it wouldn’t be the last but we were running out of human stock.”

I said, “New subterranean foods were already created based on NASA technology.”

“The plan is to build in an old mine in British Columbia. It would be safer underground.”

And I said, “We need to slow down progress. Freeze it at say 2030 level. And carefully select new technology. Including slowing down or eliminating newer technology.”

“We need to plan the future,” I added...

My Muse, she said, “You can’t stop Christmas from coming, Mr. Grinch!”

And, I said, “going to space is a mistake... We are all in this together.”

“And every child born now is an uneducated zombie, as there were no more schools. We need to educate them to be imaginative. To be all they can be. Of course, as of 2053 no more children were allowed officially, but there were still some babies.”

“And above all, I planned to have everyone here involved in making movies to create jobs and have a degree of synergy in our paradise. It was to be the main job of the new human to work on movies, all with different roles.”

“Most jobs are gone now (the vast majority in 2053 and increasing, most tasks were simply foraging for food, so actually everyone had a job).”

“Machine reality and they were always afraid of being killed by Cyborgs (just for fun). Psychiatrists try to prepare people for no advanced job. But why not get everyone involved in making movies?” I asked.

And I said to my Muse, “Previously the only loves were mostly just about sex with sex drive enhancers. Everyone was afraid to hope for true love.”

“Online dating never worked out for most 21st century lonely people. But I proposed people being selected for a different lover every night.” I said, “It was in the spirit of our times. This was popular with the new colonists. It was a great big love in. Daily loves broke down the barriers of true love.”

“And there would be no computers or robots.”

“No Cyborgs.”

“No neo-opiates.”

“No VR (virtual reality).”

“And no eternal youth (it was crazed to live too long).”

My muse said, “Regarding eternal youth I disagree with banning it. Don’t you want to be around for a while?” She asked.

And I said, “We would gradually introduce MRT (mind reading technology) with a view to creating a loving society.”

And I said, “War is in the air, Cyborgs are still slaughtering people wholesale. We need to be self-sufficient in growing food with stem cells; recycle all waste.”

“Imagination and intelligence ranking, must both be 9.0/10 also important were love Q, Kind Q, EQ, wisdom Q, and knowledge Q and biz Q and power Q etc. All must be high. We want the best, but not many scientists. Of course, some scientists were necessary to operate the latest weapons.”

“Information about the weapons came from Cyborgs themselves in exchange for gold.”

“Good crazy vs safety was on peoples’ minds.”

“And I wanted to start a new subgenre of mad books and movies. It is all madness I tell you,” I said to my Muse.

And I said, “Medicine should be kept at 2048 levels. Nearly all diseases had been cured by then anyway.

“No going into space.”

“Educate youth to be imaginative. Raised by the state but normal pregnancies. Test tube babies.”

“And I said we have 3 options:”

“Option I Cyborg warfare and brain changes.”

“Option II supercomputers are in charge.”

“Option III my Paradise or other “Utopias.”

“To have use, that is the key.” I said.

“And people should be required to have plastic surgery including on their neck. Everyone will look useful and young.”

“Face drawn by artists. Like flowers blooming brightly.”

“And plastic surgery would be all the rage with people continually changing faces. It would be a giant masquerade.”

“And let there be parties every night. People need to socialize I said.”

“No marriage but some long-term relationships such as with my Muse or with my partying with my male friends...”

“No violence.”

“Greatest good for the 1000 elite who we will start with in the year 2058 or so.”

My Muse: “You are like the pied piper with your dulcet charms.”

“You seek to dominate women and get them to do your bidding.” I said, “I could have been God with a huge harem but I didn’t.” “Why don’t you tell the people you are God,” she asked? I said, “No one believes in God these days except for the Cyborgs who are God-like. Recreating religion was pointless.”

“Many were so sick of life. Cyborgs suicide rate was up to 85% of Mark III’s (the latest Cyborg models) in 2053, many others were eliminated.”

“The vast majority of ordinary humans died too...”

“Hitler thought he was good. No one claims to be evil.”

My Muse, she said, “I think women should rule. Women are peaceful and kind.”

And she said, “There should be votes on the spur of the moment.”

And she added, “Mindless consumer materialism should be banned.”

“But,” said my Muse, “Your elite world will be full of greedy people.”

“Greed is excellent,” I said, “Provided it was greed for better art and sex and a better home and a chance to hob nob with the richest and most famous.”

“And all people should acknowledge that that life is madness, and that they are mad. We will be the lunatic fringe.”

“Push the envelope.”

My Muse: “Your Utopia makes no provision for the poor and lesser intellects.” I said, “Let them save themselves. I can’t do everything.”

“All pain should be banned,” I said. She said, “But there will be a lot of heartbreak.”

“And ups and downs drugs should be banned also.”

“Alcohol and marijuana are enough for any person. Neo-opiates were the ruin of humanity...” I said.

And I recommended, “That all applicants love to make love. Sex enhancers would be made available.”

I said, “All clever people are capable of art and could produce art like good movies or paintings even though your technical skill is limited.”

And my Muse said, “I know you care, otherwise you wouldn’t have written so many books. And you write a lot of mad fables as a warning to the future.

“I am so far not a success, but I think I could save the human race.” I replied.

“As an author I am a failure, true. But all I need is exposure to be a hit.” She said, “You know something that many people don’t. It was the importance of imagination in all human endeavor.”

“But you are crazier than the Cyborg scientists,” said my Muse.

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” I said.

“Ambassadors on the surface will screen candidates with neo lie detectors and perhaps MRT (mind reading technology).”

“Everyone would keep working 50 h a week on movies.”

I was dressed in white and was totally sterile on my exterior. Each profession were to have a different kind of hat. Top hat for writers, bowler for business people, fedoras for actor and actresses. Berets for directors and producers and most others wore a roadster hat and a bandana for those outside the box. I wore a bandana.

She said, “But you treat your lovers as if they didn’t matter to you.” “Variety matters,” I said.

“And you hit them over the head with your intellect,” she said.

I said, “I am just starting to peak. In the past, people didn’t think women or non-whites could achieve anything creative. Now the imaginative people of all kinds are appearing here in Paradise (all clever people on the surface had heard about Utopian plans).”

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CHAPTER II: A SYNTHESIS OF OUR WORLD, HG CONTINUES THE
NARRATIVE
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I was explaining to my 16-year-old clone (I was male she was female), what kind of world we lived in. I said, “It is time we had a little talk about the world as it is known.” Her name was BY-092 and she had lived a sheltered life.

It was A.D. 2053, and the Cyborg leader was telling everyone in Virtual Reality (VR) on the news that the first ship to outer space had been sent. Many of the world’s Cyborgs celebrated in VR and had parties. But of course, they had already visited distant planets through VR.

Most of the news was scientific jargon but I understood most of it, with my translator. My clone didn’t understand much of it.

And I told her (my clone) that, “The Cyborgs had taken control in 2040. The Cyborg leader, known as “Knowen” had been an experiment in Cyborg technology. Not much was known about Knowen, but he clearly liked war. He was head of the USA’s spy program in the 2030s. And he used nascent MRT (mind reading technology) to control the scientists and utilized the top-secret death ray to attach to the scientist’s Cyborg helm. All the top scientists were controlled by him and the Cyborgs used the death ray and nukes to eliminate all big human cities around the world in the 2040s as well.”

“And Knowen said Cyborgs were to compute, adventure, build, colonize, travel, have clones, dream and party, and have sex machines, all was the life of a Cyborg. Knowen claimed his statistics (10 was the human maximum) IQ 11, Wisdom Q 10, Imagination Q, 9, Kind Q 6, love Q 10, Biz Q 10, Power Q 11. Superhuman statistics. And some proposed an instinctual intelligence but Knowen vetoed it.”

And I told her that, “Recently I was talking to a Cyborg (IQ10, Imag.Q10...) His name was Death.

I said, “But such Cyborgs are not kind and loving like we would wish for our ‘progeny.’”

“Death said it is a competitive universe. It is dog eat dog. And anyway, it is a “logical reign” of Knowen, or so he claims. But I said it is not logical to kill everyone off... However, there were too many people anyway I said.

“There can never be too many people,” said BY-092.

“People fled to the countryside/forest where they continued with neo-opiates but no VR of their own. Basically, they didn’t do anything except scavenge. And I told her you know all about it.”

And the climate was hot. The Cyborgs bombed the sea rifts to warm the ocean and now is very hot in most places. She said, “She liked the heat.”

Our planet, Earth, was dark and cloudy days, nearly always.

Oil had been replaced by nuclear, solar and wind power to charge batteries. And power came also from the new Space Drive.

There’d been some accidents, but that didn’t stop the Cyborgs.

And I said, “As for these Digital Men (Cyborgs), they spent most of their time in VR (virtual reality), but also in reality, with stimulants. And the Cyborgs grabbed all the best scientists and even mediocre ones. And they cloned the best. By 2053 there were 10 million Cyborgs.”

“And the Cyborgs warred in VR (virtual reality) and reality. Space and death ray weapons, satellite missiles and defences. You could die in VR and many Cyborgs and humans did. But while the total Cyborg population was rising, the human population was nearly eradicated. Both were 10 million in number. In the wars humans made excellent cannon fodder.”

“One of these Digital Men could create and control thousands of robots. For instance, on Mars.” “It sounds like the end of the world,” she said.

And I said, “Many Cyborgs took only stimulants and never came down.” They asked, “Why don’t you bring stimulants to your people.” I had said, “It is an addiction that only gets worse and you need downers.”

And I told her, “Cyborgs spent most of their time in science and got a pleasure burst if they made a scientific discovery. Of course, they also liked sex and if desperate would rape a human.” “You are scaring me now,” she said.

“And I continued, but most humans were useless to them. And many of the cities had been attacked by nukes and now many surviving humans had radioactive poisoning. And there were mass suicides using neo-opiate overdoses.”

“Dead humans floated in their rooms and there were flies and it reeked in the heat. But Mark I robots cleaned them up soon.” “It seems crazy,” she said.

“In 2030 Earth governments had proclaimed free neo-opiates to all (early Cyborg days), in 2033 80% were on neo-opiates and VR. Bread and circuses. But by 2045 96%. VR floating in air/games/sports/parties/studying, romance and above all fantasy worlds/ super building power and. And drugs... But it didn't last and now there were only 10 million adult humans left in the Wildlands., and 7 million children.”

“It was an unprecedented massacre of humans.” She said, “She was surprised she was still alive.”

“In VR, there were now 10 000 worlds. Many Cyborgs had several worlds. The top 200 Digital Men had 90% of the world's total riches. This included lucrative VR worlds. They mostly built and fought and adventured in one another's world. All this I told my clone.”

“And the Cyborgs used genetic therapy/plastic surgery remold your face and body. Just like the Cyborgs. And the Cyborgs fought over the endless VR land.. While in VR one couldn't tell the difference between reality and VR. And sought VR Sex and fun. If you died in VR you were irrevocably dead. But the vast majority of surviving humans died of overdoses.” “I don't want to die said my clone,” BY-092.

“Humans had a number of children, but the children were weak from radiation poisoning.”

My clone asked: “Why are they killing off the children?”

I said, “They are ruthless killers.”

And I told her, “Most people lived in the Wildlands.” She asked, “Why don’t they build a fairy tale city instead of living in the wild.” I said, “The Cyborgs wouldn’t allow it.”

“There were a few doctors who could clone humans and even wean them off neo-opiates. In the Wildlands...” She said, “She’d read a lot of books and the Wildlands suck.”

“I told her my understanding is Robot slaves (IQ 6) Mark IIIs (IQ 12) vs Mark IIs (IQ 10) and Mark Is (IQ 8) in 2053 A.D. The Mark IIIs were brand new and made all the humans nervous. And the Cyborgs still had one leader, ‘Knowen.’”

And I had spoken to a Cyborg, he said, “Yes, Knowen is the leader, and in 2053 a few of Knowen’s many avatars were assassinated but he had plenty more all over the place and was in the heads of many at a time. One Mark III could destroy a whole human army. Supercomputers were inside their helms. Greedy for gold and sex and increasing mind rank. And clones of themselves.”

And he was telling me that, “Now, a new thing was, supercomputers picked mates for the Cyborgs. These Digital Men would rather have sex with other Cyborgs than kill them. And there was plenty of both war and sex. And most Cyborgs took stimulants, rather than neo-opiates of the humans. VR and reality both, the line was blurred. But most of Earth was a wasteland now so they preferred VR. War was very stimulating for the Cyborgs. Cyborg sex was to merge minds for a few brief moments. And sex whether real or in VR was dangerous as your partner might kill you after your coupling.”

“She was frightened,” said my clone.

“And many sub-leader Cyborgs appeared in the 2050s.”

“The Cyborg leader, Knowen, had defences against MRT and death rays and nuclear radiation and he had the best supercomputer in his helm. And he was constantly increasing his ability to think and make war. And most people

figured that the Cyborg minds would control their own computer, but not in every case.”

I had agents talk with Cyborgs and our spies told us, “It was basically all over for us in our humble life.” I retorted, “But those of us in the know, kept it quiet though lest the population panic.” I told my clone, “We live in troubled times, but I think we will get through it all right. I will build Utopia,” I told her.

“What kind of Utopia?” She asked. I said, “I would reveal all in a short time.”

“Sounds interesting,” said BY-092...

And I said that, “The Cyborgs said air cars which could travel many times the speed of light using the ‘New Drive,’ were now in existence. And the higher-ranking Cyborgs were armed with missiles and anti-death ray and anti-MRT. Facilities for up to four colonists in the air cars.”

And I said, “The Cyborgs used the new space drive to create gold. It just took a lot of power with say lead or some other metal. But it was cheaper to just have robots mine gold.”

And my clone asked, “Why do they like gold so much?” “They are insane, I told her. “The wrong type of crazy.”

“And how many robots do they have,” She asked. I said, “hundreds of millions mostly in mining, food production and building. But the Cyborgs are destroying the robot’s work faster than they could do it.”

Today’s news (which some of the humans watched), was broadcast with Knowen as the narrator and he talked about the new and improved Cyborg leader that he was. “He looks like a cruel man,” said my clone.

“It was known that Cyborgs could multi task with their visor screen and reality.”

I was recently talking to a lesser Cyborg who touched me and said, “He now had my DNA and would make a Cyborg clone of me.” I said I was flattered I guess.” I told BY-092 that, “I was hedging my bets.”

“Then that same day, I communicated by the Network with one of my sons who was fighting with like-minded humans to take Avatar Ridge from the “bad humans.” “Who are the bad humans,” my clone asked? I said the “Bad humans want to live in violent anarchy.”

“Cyborg leaders could fight many wars at once; attacks and defences of other Cyborgs. War was glorious for them.”

“Some Cyborgs wondered why such a clever being as Knowen would care mainly about war? They said they were a race of killing machines, homo machina mortuus est.”

“Cyborg cities were built of sharp neo-glass, spires glittered in the fog.”

“Actually, Cyborgs were kind of like androids but they were pure flesh and blood, except for their helmet...”

“And Knowen used MRT (officially discovered in 2036). And he used cloning which was successful in humans in 2020.”

“Dead souls were apparently created as a type of heaven for the Cyborgs.”

“It all seemed out of hand,” I said to my clone.

“3:2, male: female amongst the Cyborgs, and they enjoyed sex but were sterile; all new Cyborgs were born in the lab.”

“Cyborg whores were in demand amongst some Cyborgs.”

“And many had test tube babies, to hedge one’s bets in case you died in the VR wars. And clones as well. Though these were rare, and usually for the elite Cyborgs only. In addition to their leader they had a number of sub leaders, I think about 50, all the rest must toe the line with their sub leader And fight for them.”

“Cyborgs were constantly fighting with each other, humans as cannon fodder and billions of civilian casualties in the recent future. And they programmed humans with hypnosis to do as the Cyborgs wished,” I said. “I don’t want to be hypnotised and neither should you,” I told her. “But the

Cyborgs were running out of humans for their wars and were considering producing far more of themselves.”

“Cyborgs claimed to have a cerebral 100% maximum efficiency.”

“And it was rumored that they took intelligence pills. I said we have enough intelligence in this world. The problem is intelligent Cyborgs and humans are being eliminated so fast. BY-092 said, “Clearly it is Armageddon and I worry there will be no world for me in the future.” I told her, “She could design her own Utopia and hide it somewhere.”

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“But I said it looks like Knowen will kill off all the Cyborgs and all the humans soon... He had to be stopped.”

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And I told BY-092, that, “One day, super humans will be invisible which I would equate with death.”

And I said, “Perhaps one day all the cyborgs will be gone and we can re-inherit the Earth. Maybe we will build space ships too.”

“And I had also had a poignant discussion with an eleven-headed monstrous Cyborg with dozens of minds. He was a Prince and was second in command to Knowen.” “Really?” She asked.

“He/she said writing is a disease of a greedy mind. He/she was in charge of new music, computer generated... But he/she also said they were phasing out supercomputers and just going with super humans. Machines were not human he/she said. But Cyborgs are the new Digital Man.”

And he/she said he/she, “Was also in charge of writing and all Cyborgs were required to do a creative act once a year. E.g. write a story (he/she was talking down to me), every year.”

He/she said, “Writing about the past was bunk and so too the present, but the future was worth writing about.”

“And he/she said all Cyborgs could now do telekinesis and MRT (mind reading technology).”

“Leading Cyborgs were experimental, with 25 heads containing numerous minds. They did not deign to assuage me when I told them they were going too fast.”

I told them, “Life was a gyroscope of land, and I was at the center of the civilization.” One of the leading Cyborgs told me, “My ego was gigantic but, hope springs eternal and I wish your life turns out well...”

“So, I now had my original clone who I was educating and another who was a Cyborg. This new Cyborg was male.”

My original clone, BY-092, asked “If this new clone was just like her.” I said, “He, BY-125, will start the same but then will be given a totally different education and will not wear a Cyborg helmet. But he will be born with adult memories and will have a leadership position in my Utopia.”

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CHAPTER III: I CONTINUE TO INSTRUCT, BY-092
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Then I told her about a group of potential Cyborgs. They said, “Most humans are morons and they wanted out. And they went to the abandoned city of NYC in the Wildlands to find a recruiter to make them into a Cyborg.”

I had told them, “They were on a suicide trip...”

They said, “The Cyborgs would accept any clever person for training...”

I told BY-092, “That I personally felt the Cyborgs were just a freak show and were not really cleverer than us.”

“We competed with them in the Wilderness for the best minds... I was planning my Utopia already in 2053.”

And they said, “All the Cyborgs lived in the same world and together were a God.”

I told them, “You are all a bunch of egotists. But it was dangerous to speak to Cyborgs, these Digital Men.”

“They said multiple brain sex is wondrous, nothing quite like it in the past. And one Cyborg told me soon there would be hundreds of minds in every Digital Man. Recycle brains and put them in two or more heads. Their great leader Knowen had 250 one of them said. But who knew if it was true. All this I told my clone, BY-092.”

“No more pure computers; all computers were part of Cyborgs.”

“Mars was colonized in reality by 2050 super human Cyborgs,” I said. “But it was a tiny colony and paled compared to the super cities on Earth of the recent past. And VR (virtual reality).”

And I told her, “I had talked with a Cyborg who talked about improvement. Improving brains with MRT (mind reading technology); there were 11

leaders; they needed 6/11 votes to pass laws. Knowen however had veto power.”

I said, “There’s a dark side to this world. Hidden secrets, mystery. And I said it is a very unpredictable. Not like the MRT on the surface where every Cyborg was programmed. And the cyborgs are dark.”

One Cyborg, she said, “You, puny human, your race simply doesn’t matter. And as the future progresses you will matter even less.” I told BY-092, “The Cyborgs were mostly haughty and looked down on humans even though most of the Cyborgs are insane.” BY-092 said, “I will never become a Cyborg.”

“To get into real space, there were Cyborg light pads for teleportation to Mars and the Moon. So, no need of air cars. It was an impressive achievement. And I told, BY-092, not everything the Cyborgs did was bad.”

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“The new thing was still neo-opiates. Sex, drugs, music and power was what humans aimed at.” I told BY-092, “To stay away from the opiates.”

Then I told her about my recent conversation with one of the Cyborg deputy spy leaders. He said, “I was a disturbing influence, as I was talking about Utopia, but few Cyborgs fell for my rhetoric,” He said. I replied, “If they want to come they are welcome. But no wearing Cyborg helms in Paradise.”

A crazy Cyborg woman who I asked, “What was the craziest thing you ever did?” She said, “Boredom led to her breaking as many hearts as possible. Love was just a game,” She said. But I told BY-092, “That love was serious.”

But I said, “We were all machines with a tinge of madness. But for the Cyborgs, madness was revered... It was a gift of the Gods.” I told my clone, “Some of the best people were mad.”

Then I told BY-092, “That I loved a series of women in the wildlands who were in awe of me and loved me intensely one after the other.”

“A lot of land had reverted to forest over the past 10 years or so.”

“Wilderness people had to pay golden tributes to the Cyborgs. Or die. So, in addition to scavenging they also mined gold.”

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“Now many of the Cyborg leaders were women.” And I told BY-092, “That she could be a leader in my human Utopia.

“And I said the Cyborg parliament met once a month.”

“The parliament was made up primarily of North American/European/Indian/African/Latin America and Chinese. All were ruled and totally dominated by cyborgs. My clone and I were both ½ White and ½ Chinese.”

“The Cyborg UW (United Worlds) was in control but different groups of cyborgs were at war with one another.”

“And just like always (since hunter-gatherer times) everyone knew what everyone else was doing, or so they thought.” I told BY-092, “That I had been watching her grow and she should watch me too.”

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“Education of cyborgs, born in adult body with memories of several individuals. Had to spend a few weeks to get used to your new life. And these Digital Men were always learning. They were always tapped into the God Cyborg Emperors.” I told BY-092, “She had been born with no memories and was born a child in 2037. She was one of the first clones of a human.”

And she asked, clone father, “Why do the Cyborgs live in golden palaces while humans are miserable in the Wildlands?” I said it is a bad kind of madness.”

“Cyborgs themselves were partly made of gold in their helm.”

Then I told her about, “A Cyborg General. Tell me about modern weapons, I said.” This General, she said, “The destructive power of modern weapons can destroy whole worlds, even Earth.” And she said, “If you truly care about humanity, you will join your Cyborg brethren before it is too late.” I said, “I am sure I would have no influence on Cyborgs, even if I became one.”

And this General, “She was a Cyborg hacker. She said most wars were set in VR. But humans were conscripted and didn’t know what was going on.”

And for planning Utopias, “Few knew much about computers and if they did they’d keep it to themselves.”

Then I told her, I was talking to a sick Cyborg who said he’d been a victim of hypnosis and was having trouble functioning. Most Cyborgs were sickly.”

“Then I talked with the former Cyborg leader of London city state in Britain.”

She said, “She’d had numerous genetic therapy operations to the extent that she was the smartest person/Cyborg in Britain.”

She said, “It felt so good to be so clever.” “And you are designed to be a genius, BY-092,” I said.

“What about the humans I asked this British woman? Don’t you care?” “It is dog eat dog,” She said. Everyone must take care of themselves as they see fit.”

“But I said they are killing off most humans and those alive are just given neo opiates and are constantly ‘out of it.’ And most Cyborgs fail, only a small relative number survive long.”

“Earth’s surface is a giant horror story,” she said.

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“Then I remarked to BY-092 that I had recently met a “Changeling Vixen.” She destroyed many male Cyborgs who despite their intelligence were very naïve (low Wisdom Q).”

“She appeared as a human face with a moving body, changing its shape. Gleaming metal which rotated and moved swiftly.”

“She was a new breed of Cyborgs. Mark III with IQ 12, EQ 1, Imagination Q 10.”

“And there was no love for Cyborgs. Just sex and drugs and VR/science.”

And BY-092 said, “She had never seen a city, just lived in the Wilderness. I told her Cyborg cities looked brilliant with their jagged glass. If they make beautiful cities why do they do such ugly things?” She asked.

“Cyborg legislatures/progressives: Still even these Digital Men would be suicidally bored without their ‘action drugs.’” I told BY-092 that, “Their whole civilization was built on drugs for the mind.”

I told her I had, “Played one of my movies, for some of the Cyborgs, “The Cast Woman.” But the Cyborgs said it was moronic and a waste of time. Join our VR instead they said. VR is a form of reality and is always changing whereas watching movies cannot be converted to action. It is exciting to go on VR. It was real adventure. Or so most people believed.”

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“The humans in the wildlands agreed; they said all humankind needs a leader. A single, sole, philosopher King, but perhaps it was too late.” I told, “BY-092 it was impossible to govern in the Wildlands so I will build my Utopia below the ground and only select the best to populate it.”

BY-092 said, “It couldn’t be worse for humans than it is now.” I said, “They might try and kill us all off.”

“Cyborgs were constantly fighting wars and bickering amongst themselves, it was known...”

“The Cyborgs had plenty of children. In addition to the 10 million adults there were 10 million Cyborg children. And there were still millions of human children also. So, there was hope in the new generation.”

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I went to Tahiti, that tropical island group to figure out my philosophy, in 2053.

But even in Tahiti the TV was constantly showing Cyborg battles.

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CHAPTER IV: JOURNAL OF UTOPIA BEGINS
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So, we got a few thousand interested in Paradise in 2053 and picked the most imaginative ones/kindest ones to come in. Also, the richest we could find so we could pay our builders. Many were desperate and all lived in the wildlands. They said anything is better than having to forage for food and spend all one's time looking for food. We need a new civilization, they said.

We decided to build Utopia in northern British Columbia.

And so, we started to build our subterranean Paradise in 2053. But Cyborgs had an air car hovering above our Paradise. All who entered the embassy felt the Cyborgs in their head which made them all seem crazy. But we went ahead with our plan for Paradise anyway.

We could destroy the air car with our death ray, but I decided against it and my spies agreed.

No VR (Virtual Reality) law was challenged by many. I called it the "Wasters law." I won support for the anti-VR law in a decisive democratic vote.

Unethical Cyborg scientists practiced on the surface and made weapons for VR for the Cyborgs.

Super computers existed but not so many, mainly for science and space.

Automation of the surface was now just for the Cyborg foods, most humans were scavengers.

Food and sex and drugs were enough for most humans on the surface, but they had to quit VR cold turkey when their cities were destroyed.

And we wanted normal sleep patterns.

On the surface they used stimulant drugs, which resulted in poor sleep so they invented anti-sleep pills which didn't work 100%. Rather many Cyborgs were strung out and uncomfortable and suicidal.

It was just one more type of surface madness.

My Muse said, “She needed strong, visionary men who she could relate to...”

I said, “I wanted the same in a woman. And I told her she was the cleverest person I had ever met.”

Then my daily lover was a pop singer, she said, “She’d like to try MRT music and learn from the cyborgs.” I said, “Sounds like false idols to me.” But many people worked as artists.

She said her friend, “Was a blind musician (who liked being blind; it gave him an advantage he figured) whose music was as good as that of the Cyborgs. But we all knew that the music of these Digital Men was largely incomprehensible to humans.”

Then she said, “If I didn’t love her well, she’d kill herself. She said the free world doesn’t exist, but we are free to turn mad and have our brain altered.”

I said, “I had a liver transplant and could not be sober for this world of Paradise. I said it is impossible for me to suffer pain of discord.” But I loved her once a day for two weeks. Then we broke up and she killed herself. I felt I had tried my best with her.

My Muse and I saw each other frequently in addition to our daily loves. She was my inspiration.

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So, in 2053, we got 1000 to sign up for the first year (2058) and then increase it by 1000 every year if we could, but humans were dying fast on the surface. New immigrants to Paradise would pay what they could by way of an application fee.

We asked applicants, “To write a story and tell us the craziest thing they had ever done. And discussed with them about modern technology.” We had a

number of computer scientists/computer engineers who we begrudgingly let in, they were to work on new weapons. Most very clever people were accepted, provided they were reasonably kind.

We told them, “Our Utopia was mostly frozen in approximately 2036 technology, but they could get rich through movie making, and they could have good daily loving.”

All in Paradise were educated to speak English and given 1 year of preliminary studies in Limbo at the surface embassy, before they could enter Paradise. So far, the surface embassy was left alone by the Cyborgs...

Black light full of nutrients shone in the lighted tunnels. Along with the UV lights.

New calendar 73, 5-day, weeks with plenty of holidays. People only worked 3 days in the 5-day week with one full month off in the summer.

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CHAPTER V: MAP OF PARADISE (2054).
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Six hundred people were to live in the main cavern, People were to live in houses all along the ceiling and there was a main square for meetings in the great cavern. And all the restaurants and bars were in the second biggest cavern and there were many homes scattered throughout the tunnels, and there were deep gold mines and “farms” in which we grew our food and there were a few palaces such as mine and very deep down were nuke reactor I, II.

And we were to meet our daily loves in one of the cafes in the main square. But for now, we just loved at random. The third biggest cavern was the theater with 180-degree views and space for 2 000.

My book is closed and so I was not influenced by anyone new, except in movies but everyone knew books were intellectually superior to movies.

But I had reason to believe that the Cyborgs were in my head and I wondered if this Paradise was for humans or Cyborg entertainment.

One day I was walking through the tunnels of Paradise and a saw a face of a Joker. The joker said the joke is on you! And then disappeared.

I reflected in times of danger: the great step up.

Writers used to write from experience, but in Paradise they will mostly write from pure imagination.

20 factors roughly to write science fiction. The skill is in the craft of writing. Hard to teach it.

I.e. eternal youth or not. Gold crazed or not. MRT (mind reading technology or not).

My Muse said, “You are not useless like you pretend.”

But I had a lot of rejected books, previous on the surface.

Some people said I was psycho with my attempt at Utopia.

I said, “It is a world of horror, even though we like to pretend otherwise.”

And I painted ugly paintings...

But I said I am a serious man: this world is no joke. Comedy should be banned.

I said but there is hope: “Pandora’s box. To me my Muse was Pandora. She didn’t like my sentiments.”

Most peoples’ philosophy was pragmatism here. But I questioned the use of humankind.

Greatest good for the greatest number here in Paradise, seemed to be the goal.

The Cyborg government tried to create jobs, in science and the military and the Cyborgs were known to have a good work ethic.

Utopia for some, dystopia for most.

“History and the present were bunk.” Or at least that’s what most Cyborgs said.

In the Wildlands, one feared for your life robbery, assault rape, fraud and other crimes and they were ruled in most wildland areas by backwards and filthy small dictators.

Cyborgs=10 million they ruled a few new cities and treated the humans like slaves. They claimed human Utopias didn’t matter, but got rid of radical dissidents in this way as they would “disappear from civilization.” Some Cyborgs wanted to join our planned Utopia. Word was getting around.

Wildlands... people improved they convinced themselves but they were all on the road to hell, I figured.

Push the envelope and give it your best, that was the essence.

Pollution global warming determined to be a cycle and the Cyborgs secretly bombed the ocean rifts to heat up the oceans and heat up the world still further. There was a new fertile land in northern Russia and northern Canada which attracted some humans. Pied pipers for the human rats.

Plenty of cyborgs to make VR (virtual reality) for the humans previous to the 2040s. But now VR was gone from humans.

Now, whole cities were abandoned and the countryside; some escaped rehab to live in the wild, totally insane.

Cyborg rulers in Cyborg cities. Most appeared vaguely human with a helmet and a visor, some preferred their computer screen be lights in front of their head without their helm. And they had fancy clothes, especially the 10 cyborg leaders. And glittering cities of jagged steel spires and glass. These were their homes, and some of the larger ones were considered to be palaces.

Some Cyborgs were freaks with multi-sexes others appeared as sexy personae. Every human almost wanted to have sex with a sexy Cyborg.

When the Paradise was first set up a group of 50 tried to seize control, but I got the guards to find them and eliminate them. They had no weapons when they passed the gate. I thought wow that was a close call.

Dying in VR, and suicide and overdoses killed about 1 billion in 2040 alone, World population was then 6 billion. But by 2053 the population was only 10 million humans and 10 million Digital Men and the offspring of the two groups.

The state took care of Cyborg children on the surface, training them to be Cyborgs who believed it was a “new enlightenment.”

You need to be cruel to be kind they said. And the new Cyborgs went through an extensive training. Most didn't have a high Kind Q.

Kindness was an anathema. A weakness.

In VR, there were now 1 000 worlds. Many Cyborgs had several worlds. The top 200 Digital Men had 90% of the world's total riches. They mostly built, traded, fought and adventured in one another's world.

And the Cyborgs used genetic therapy/plastic surgery to remold one's face and body.

Simulated planets were in the real world they couldn't make up their minds whether to live on Earth or in space.

Some said reality and illusion was a harmonious blend.

Parallel worlds were thought to exist for the Cyborgs.

Earth was a dystopian nightmare for humans.

I said, "It was just a bad dream..."

No culture and anything goes...

Many humans and Cyborgs wanted to seize power as far as I could tell.

Some said our Paradise was just like "The Mutiny on the Bounty." Paradise parallel worlds exist.

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In 2057, I went to the surface and sampled another Cyborg world, but I couldn't understand the action. It seemed all about conquest of territory real and imagined.

They told me I needed to change my brain to appreciate the action here.

And change my face to look cleverer.

"And the world will turn for me," at least that's what they said.

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We needed a face change too.

We were all completely shaved with white hats and white jump suits in preparation for Utopia.

In the movies, we all had visions of 3-d light sculptures... But most VR appeared just like reality. However, I decided to ban VR in Paradise. Many were angry about it but the majority supported me in a vote.

Business and the Arts and backwards Science. That was our mantra.

But there was no end to improving your statistics in the real worlds.

Also, there are many ways to graduate to Paradise...

Some said, "We should allow all science only 20 years behind the avant garde. I said, "That's more or less what we are doing. Who knows what will happen in 20 years?"

My clone seemed just like the real me only female. I told her, "You are the Crown Princess. If anything should happen to me, she would need to take over."

The Princess wanted power. And some said our Heaven was divisive and mad. And I said, "We don't want to put all of our eggs in one basket and everyone these days is mad anyway. So, we need more Utopias." So, I told her, "To work on an Utopia of her own." She said, "She wanted a kind place, a charitable place.

Homeless bums in the millions of the wildlands. They were useless...

And one man accused me of "Enslaving everyone to work on movies." I said, "It is creative and rewarding work. People need work."

But at least we were not to have robots.

Nor air cars.

But some from our Paradise wanted VR and left for the surface to get VR credits. Anyone can buy credits for Cyborg VR. But one needed to wear the cyborg helm.

In 2054, we set up an ambassador to China, North America, Europe, Africa, India and South America. All these states basically had ceased to exist but each had a few hundred thousand in the local wildlands.

It was our ambassadors' job to find new suitable applicants, by scouring the wilderness. Some were brilliant but totally debauched.

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The Cyborgs said, "That all progress was good."

Cyborgs changed their DNA to maximize IQ. The average new Cyborg had an IQ of 11 compared to the 10, maximum for humans. But they had low stats for love Q and kind Q and didn't emphasize imagination much. It was the struggle of the fittest.

Some dissidents didn't like the Paradise food or the people or the cramped spaces or the daily loves or making movies and they were deported to the surface.

All of our number were refugees from the madness of the surface like the brain changes and there were horror stories such as graveyard cannibals... who ate the brains of the dead humans.

And the Cyborgs had automatically produced synthetic foods and robots did all the work so there was no use for humans.

For Cyborgs, genius pets/robots clean one's house, cooked and ordered food, played nice music etc.

And Cyborgs were always fighting. Fight for survival, fight for territory (real and VR) fight to gain slaves, fight for gold fight for your vision, etc. There were at least a dozen wars on Earth now plus more in space...

Humans were conscripted to fight in the real world wars.

A Cyborg general sold us the latest weapons for gold. They couldn't do MRT on him as he was one of the leaders and he covered his tracks well. As to our guards at the gates; I told them, "I was hallucinating. The latest 'vision' was a demon's face." They stepped up security.

In 2058, we had some key votes: new science, death ray, MRT (mind reading technology) all were rejected in referenda. And eternal youth had been rejected so far.

Doctors said they had, "Time to clone at any time our best people."

Then I was asked by my daily love, "To draw her a new face and vice versa." We both looked clever and good looking. Had a plastic surgery machine from 2039.

Most of my daily lovers said everything I said was so right. But one such lover said she deliberately wanted to do the "wrong" thing.

I said, "Sometimes black is white."

Then I spoke with the man who had invented dream stimuli recordings with MRT. So, when you awoke you could play back all your dreams. He set himself up as an interpreter of dreams and charged a high price but many spent all their gold on dreams. We had this technology in our Paradise... but MRT was not available to any except for him and our spies on the surface. It was important to not allow MRT for most, it would likely drive them insane just like it did with many Cyborgs.

Some enhanced their dreams and made movies out of them.

I proclaimed our Paradise featured all dreamers. "It is a world of dreams," I said.

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CHAPTER VI OTHER UTOPIAS
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The Crown Princess was planning to set up other Utopias. Maybe one that froze technology in 2050. Or even 2058, when it was finished.

There were a number of successful Utopias dating to a period in the past. Like 2000 A.D. or 1900 A.D. or even earlier, right down to hunter-gatherers.

Eternal youth was a trademark of most recent worlds.

And 10% of our own Paradise committed suicide in that first year. Some said eternal youth would keep more people alive...

SEA UTOPIA

This Utopia was under domes down on the sea bottom, 500 m down off the coast of Eastern Africa. They used mini-subbs to get around and netted fish and seafood. They believed God resided in the Earth's core and God wanted humans to develop and prosper.

Everyone here dyed their skin blue and had two heads. The heads often disagreed with one another. Their leader paid me a visit and told me, "To come to their Utopia." I politely declined.

I was living in the wildlands until 2053.

GAY UTOPIA

Down deep was this Utopia of 2000 gay, bi and multi-sexual. They took neo opiates and made love a lot. The neo opiates didn't affect sexual ability, enhanced it rather. If one didn't take neo opiates they would be deported. They wore outrageous fashions (with numerous accoutrements).

Many of them imitated our Utopia and made movies and they pledged to purchase many of our movies.

Average intelligence here was IQ 9, Imagination Q 9

Many laughed at these "freaks." They said the multi-sexual people denigrate humans and all it was to be human.

And then I was talking to a lesbian lady she said, "Everyone is gay." I said many past societies believed, "No one was gay." She said, "She would like more gays (out of the closet ones) to come to Paradise."

I said, "Bring it to a vote in our legislature." And she did, the result was only 62% wanted more gays. She said, "Your elite are very closed-minded. Traditionally gays contribute a lot of great works of art. But I said you won the vote!"

Then I was speaking to a person who said "she" had had a number of sex changes and could change her sex to fit the role. I told her, "To go to the gay Utopia. She was the 'wrong type of mad person,'" I said. She said, "I didn't expect you to be so closed-minded." I said, "The vast majority here don't want their daily love to be a multi-sexual..."

Then I met a gay man who wanted to write scripts. I asked him, "Why not go to the gay Utopia.? He would be happier I thought." But he insisted. By my estimates there were 5 gay men and 5 gay women and 8 bisexuals out of our 1000 pioneer settlers. But they didn't get daily loves. Just one another. And no multi-sexuals.

It was all part of our evolution.

Then I spoke with a woman here who had written, ‘Ghetto Tales.’” Stories of desperate modern humans in Earth’s ruined cities. I said, “lest we forget!”

SPIES’ UTOPIA AGAIN

Anyway, it was up to our ambassadors on the surface to get intelligent people of all kinds. People who had read the brochure and wanted to come. I wrote the brochure. MRT/ Lie detectors were used vs potential spies by our spies.

I trained our own spies myself.

Some lesser Cyborgs were my spies too.

Apparently, many potential applicants thought our rumored Paradise was the land of greedy desires. Many ambitious ones were intrigued. But we needed to carefully control who got in.

I was talking to my Muse about this and she said, “Greed is excellent.”

I said, “I am thinking about Paradise branching out. I want to build Paradise II.” “Sounds good to me,” she said. I said, “I have my spies looking around for a suitable place preferably in a gold mine.”

My Muse was saying that, “My Utopia would be insane.” I answered, “No more insane than the Cyborg reality. Let’s face it life is crazy.

Conspiracy theories. Some said spies controlled me or that they’d sold us out telling the Cyborgs all about us.

I wanted to make the Garden of Eden which had never really happened. Maybe the closest ones were the cannibals in South Pacific fruit from the trees, balmy and loose morals. But they were war-like and cannibals.

LIFE IS SHORT

Some said, “We lived within a dream in a dream of the computers and many believed them. I tried to get people to not believe in such nonsense.”

And I said, “Just like Plato’s Republic and the philosopher leaders, are needed now.”

My Muse was saying, “They need me.”

But I wondered if I had done the right thing. I figured most of the best artists overdose and die deliberately.

She said, “You told me before that you tried to kill yourself. I said, “I figured now, life was not so long, I might as well live it.”

She said, “She was seeing a hypnotherapist to reprogram her brain. The hypnotherapist keeps pressing me to join the Cyborgs, she said and I have decided to be a Cyborg but not just yet (all part of the program).”

I told my Muse, “That it was better to be of use in a boring world than to be of no use in a mad world. She said I worry about you.”

Again, she told me, “To get into politics.”

We had a vote on tycoon money. We had several of Earth’s richest who brought plenty of gold with them to Paradise. 99% voted to take the money in a vote.

The tycoons’ made everybody rich and comfortable in our Paradise.

AFRICAN UTOPIA

99 blacks with 2 leaders had enslaved 1000 whites in chains. They were in the jungle on the surface in Central Africa.

Ebony sculptures in the African tradition. White slaves did all the work.

But for the 99 it was heavenly.

Cyborgs avoided darkest Africa, or so it seemed.

CHINESE UTOPIA

In New Beijing...

It was hidden underground, this Utopia.

There were roles of 100 Emperors from the past and 800 princesses. The Emperors all were skilled in traditional poetry and calligraphy and all manner of beautiful things.

Each Emperor and Princess, had 100 slaves to build their palaces and served them. But the Emperors complained they didn't have enough slaves

I said, "Slavery is an anathema. In our Utopia, everyone is free."

They said, "I was welcome here." Most spoke English.

HISPANIC PARADISE

Above the surface. A gathering of 100 humans.

Spanish food, Spanish music and dancing and partying the day away.

A lot of Latin peoples were here. French, Italian and Portuguese and Spanish.

I said, “Judging by the architecture this Utopia is like Spain of the 18th century.”

They said, “That was not far from the truth.”

I said, “But don’t you worry the Cyborgs will destroy you?” They said, “They had nothing to hide or to give.” I said, “they will make slaves of you!”

INDIAN PARADISIE

On the surface, a group of about 200.

Spoke English and ate Indian food.

And they had a number of branches in the Indian subcontinent, and produced goods for other Utopias.

They said, “They had a proposed a mutual defence league with other Utopias, but most Utopian worlds didn’t join and they were vulnerable.”

BEAUTIES’ UTOPIA

Another Utopia involved “beauties,” the men and the women here had all had plastic surgery. They did not allow eternal youth medication. They didn’t look clever but rather looked like sluts. But they made a lot of money as prostitutes/gigolos. All had training in the arts of love. Many people wanted to check it out, including many Cyborgs.

CYBORG UTOPIAS

Here were reject Cyborgs who couldn't make it in the world of Cyborgs.

Here they were peaceful, not like the warring digital men.

Some were 4-armed Cyborgs here, and could multi-task.

They massaged one another.

There were many branches all over the world.

There were "Ball Webs...in which they lived in.

"Cyborg heaven."

Implants or rehab or banishment.

VR was for "mediocrities" Or so a Cyborg told me.

They played the "Future game" asking one another questions about the future. The answers were judged by the other players.

Cyborg war, love, new drugs, improving their minds, friendship, adventure and parties and VR. Big palace, air cars, gold.

These Cyborg Utopias were largely peaceful, which was unusual for Cyborgs.

DESERT UTOPIA

Desert Utopia. Sea water desalinated oasis solar panels.

I went there but it was deserted. No sign of any humans. Just lush growth of plants and pools in oases.

I came with my Muse and the Crown Princess to this Utopia. We decided this would be an excellent world for lovers. Pick the best 40 lovers they could find. And have orgies and unlimited love and romance.

It was my clone, the Crown Princesses' world. Lover's World.

They were to be affiliated with our Paradise and a branch of daily love affairs.

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CHAPTER VII: MORE UTOPIAS
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Then there were historical Utopias like ancient Athens and Ming Dynasty China. Other historic Utopias were planned like ancient Rome, Gupta India, 19th century Britain and so on. The movie sets were used for real Utopia.

I did a movie on ancient Athens. Sculptures, painted pots, architecture and philosophy and of course slaves and the simulated sea.

Many plays I did; all preached tolerance.

Then there were many hunter gatherer Utopias, people had technology of zero, just sticks and stones

And these Utopias accepted a lot of refugees...

Some said, "We should have an Utopia for all years beginning in 1700 or even earlier."

Then I met with a wallflower who said, "She was so shy." I said, "With all these daily lovers I am sure you can overcome it."

WOMENS' PARADISE

Here was a woman's world they spent 10 h with other women and went to other worlds by VR to find love. Love VR was relatively safe and pleasurable but they weren't for everyone. This world was feminine and relaxed.

And one woman asked me for money to set up her alternative women's Utopia. She said most of the time would be spent in conversation but they would visit other Utopias as tourists, including ours looking for lovers.

Another Utopia was for the common human. They had highly paid psychiatrists who used hypnosis to help them put their original mind back together.

They worked at service jobs and everyone was happy. They also didn't allow the latest technology.

Some Utopias had wage slaves/servants, but few people complained. I wanted everyone to be free in our Paradise however. And all would have a good salary. Most spent it on exotic sex.

Cryogenic revival had 5 000 frozen dead humans were brought back to life and were given eternal youth. Many wanted to talk to them and find out how they felt about the past. Together they formed a "Utopia of the past."

But no war and no VR, here in this Paradise.

And there was an imagination statue of me at the gate to Paradise. It made me look very clever.

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I had films of the wildlands in which I had spoken to the chiefs. Mixed races.

The average Joe was not welcome in our paradise. Some said it was cruel but we simply couldn't accommodate any more at the moment.

Ten ambassador judges interviewed potential applicants outside the gates of Paradise.

Right side of the brain is the Arts. Arts were so right.

People said I looked like an angel, in my statue at the gates.

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CHAPTER VIII: MY NASCENT WORLD
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I was born in NYC in 1996 and spent my youth traveling, teaching English, newspaper work, busking, cruise ships, selling jewellery...

I went to all 212 countries.

My stats were IQ 10, Wisdom Q 9, Imagination Q 10, Kind Q 9, Love Q 10, Knowledge Q 9, Charisma Q 10, power Q 8, Biz Q 8

In the early days of Paradise, I was trying to improve my stats, but finally I figured it was pointless. But I had to keep producing good movies or my rank would fall.

Some drugs were intellect enhancers and I allowed them.

I learnt that culture was now all one world, one culture.

I ended up in Hollywood... where I learnt to make films.

And there I met my Muse, the cleverest woman I ever knew.

And she told me again and again, "To branch out to the wildlands with my films." Our missionaries showed our trailers for films (beginning in 2054).

The first modern Utopia was a non-violent MRT; it was just a test amongst friends.

Next one was hunter-gatherers... Then others.

Then in the 2040's with the disasters of nuclear warfare and death rays the survivors were looking for a better world.

I said, "Everyone has to step up for this new day."

Some people questioned my motives, but I didn't worry about them.

And some of the surface Cyborg worlds of decimated humanity would send us potential applicants. They described our Paradise as the ultimate place to live and work, if that is what one wanted. Many of the survivors of the Armageddon on the surface were rich and clever, they used their money to get out of the surface.

I wanted interesting women with open minds.

Prostitutes were all professional psychiatrists, and they wanted to help me.

The rest of us were educated in history, psychology, sociology, anthropology, archaeology, literature, geography, fine arts, business and so on. And pre-2030 science.

The children adapted to the study of the Arts and quickly forgot about the surface as they all met a number of kindred spirits.

Cyborgs indicated they were curious about our newborn children. They were raised by the state but often met their parents.

I was learning about Cyborgs every day. I studied their digital books and could understand most of them. I mostly read their artistic books on architecture, painting and writing which were increasing rapidly but Knowen didn't consider Art to be a priority. Some Cyborgs called themselves "creative superhumans."

Some of our denizens were an anathema and had to be deported with a 2/3 vote. Stress of living in Paradise existed.

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I spoke again to Wilderness leaders...

Many wanted advanced technology in a fundamentally backwards place.

Sex Olympics for 5 years now running. Sex workers in the "Love Temple." On the surface; it had not been destroyed.

Philosopher Sex Kings and Queens.

Sex and hypnosis cured many who'd been driven mad by the Cyborgs. And helped cure addiction to neo-opiates.

I changed my name to Thomas More. I want more I said...

Synergy of people in Paradise was to be expected and I had high hopes.

Sex being phased out in favor of neo-opiates. Too many kids anyway.

And 10% of our Utopia committed suicide in the year 2053. In 2057 it was 15%. I figured there was more to come.

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CHAPTER IX: SCIENCE
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I said it is a case of all trial and error. That's what science is.

But it is the same in the Arts...

Guinea pigs...

Few were kind.

Some had sold their soul for progress.

Best scientists on the surface were doing all the science and had their brain enhanced. Most of them were totally insane but this didn't dissuade the leaders of the Cyborg cities.

I said, "These scientists had sold out humanity for glory. And were the wrong kind of madness."

"Why couldn't they include everyone in their vision of the future?" People in our Paradise asked.

They said, "Any one who was willing to enhance their brain and wear the Cyborg helm was accepted. One never knew who would thrive as a Cyborg."

The art of being a guinea pig.

I asked, "Why not make creative products that will benefit all?"

The Cyborgs said, "Their creativity and imagination was superior."

I said, "That's a lie. You Cyborgs only care about IQ and only that."

"I can pass your tests but I am not interested in such madness. It is bad crazy, not good crazy."

I said, “It is you digital men who need rehab. Put yourselves back to where they were before.”

I said, “Put your apps away and live like a normal human. And forget about their cyborg language. And be kind above all.”

They said, “My backwardness amazed them.”

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CHILDREN, CHAPTER X
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No new born kids on surface. All were disallowed in 2058, and were aggressively hunted down. The Cyborgs were cracking down on “morons.” Human children were killed and eaten and new Cyborgs were suddenly clones of existing ones.

In our Paradise, we put a priority on education.

Cartoons which examine how to live.

Texts written by me and a few others. Maximize potential.

Many children were born through surrogates or were test tube babies.

Classic YA for teens. All 2036 or before.

All get equal education though the education was tailored to fit each individual need. No computers.

I worked on the curricula with several child artists including a writer of fables. He’d produced thousands of fables and made a number of graphic fables/movies mostly for kids. And he said, “He could write a fable for each child. There were a number of kids’ movies designed to improve their imagination. After a movie, they would analyze it and talk about how to improve it and then write a similar script to be made into movies for other children.”

Every child was a script writer among other things.

They had brought 500 children to the Paradise, average age was 10...

Then I spoke with a woman who said, “We needed more kids to keep our Paradise viable.”

“The new generation would be dynamite and she could hardly wait for it.”

Others said, “The new generation was being watered down by the general education.” But I disputed it.

Kids these days are well-behaved otherwise they’d be demeaned and punished by their brilliant tutors. The kids wanted VR games like they’d had on the surface and computers in general. But we weaned them off computers.

I said kids were taught to be creative from a very young age.

Learn to contemplate their life and question everything.

My Muse said, “Don’t be surprised if you are one day confronted by your babies from the sperm bank.”

Men on the surface took more sex drive enhancers than women.

Then there were delayed action babies, to be born 20 years from the time of conception.

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PART XI: MUSIC
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Grandpa Toad and the Hurt was my band we had a few #1 hits, like “Lick Me,” and “Hurt My Soul.” and there were about 10 new songs released every day in Paradise.

Love stories, suffering, madness, fables, outrageous behavior, lampoons and so on were the lyrics to songs. Similar to movies and indeed most songs were released as sound tracks.

Vote on tycoon money which gave grants to musicians so they could bring in a greater crew and more famous actors and actresses.

Dream within a dream play a script within a script of Cyborgs. We mimicked Cyborg Arts sometimes. But if it could be proved you’d go to solitary for a month. Not many people were in solitary as there was little crime.

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Then I loved a virgin and she said, “She’d written some songs and would I provide lyrics?” So, I gave her an idea for an art album called a “Life in Dystopia.” It was basically a criticism of the Cyborgs and their loveless existence. The protagonist in the lyrics talked about how lost the Cyborgs were and people too. And Cyborgs were geeks and nerds and many were idiot savants. Their EQ was low even by human standards.

And I told her, “She had a magical voice and designed some interesting surreal art.”

And she told me, “I should get a cleverer face.” I resisted but finally she convinced me that I’d have more fun with a better face. She drew it for me. And when people met me automatically the face played music.

And she said, “She wanted to publish and film my music and memoirs, an ongoing project and she would like to accompany the memoirs with a memoir of a surface leader. Of course, many who lived in the wildlands thought their settlement was an Utopia. They said they were free people... Despite everything.”

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BILL'S CAFÉ. CHAPTER XII
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Usually I would meet my daily loves at Bill's café at 7pm.

Some people met at one's private home and got right to the sex. And talked later. Some people took too many love drive enhancers and their sex drive was out of control.

Then one day I found myself in Bill's Café. There I met my daily love who wanted me to draw for her a more ordinary face (she was Chinese), saying she wanted men to love her for her intellect. I tried to explain to her that intellect and good looks went hand in hand but she wasn't having it, so I drew a complicated, weird looking face for her.

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Another daily lover I met at the café, said, "She starred in 'Hacker Swindle' a Cyborg movie, but she didn't change her brain, somehow." Or so she said. It was hard to tell who had been altered and who had not.

And she said, "She was too feminine and kept getting hurt." I said, "Women need to be more feminine. I will give you good love," I said. Afterwards she said, "It breaks my heart to see you go." I said, "Believe me you'll have a lot of good lovers."

And she had been, "A writer of romances for Harlequin."

She said, "All her real romances were excellent and she could have romance with any man, but she was special," She said.

And she said she sketched each lover for the library. She was working on a romance about an escaped convict from a Cyborg rehab. His only crime was being a radical with different views. I said, "People can find there way here if they really want (and are clever)."

XXX

Then I spoke with a man who had no skills but was young and open-minded and wanted to be a painter of pictures. He said, “You bring hope to many with your Paradise.” A number of years ago he had eliminated a few super computers before the coming of the cyborgs when it was too late to do anything. He was a man who told me, “He was a complete loser on the surface. No woman, no job, no home, no money, no use and a renegade. But they let him into Paradise because he was very clever and he was a refugee.”

He said, “He’d like to start communications with other Utopias and get strong together. And we could live in parallel worlds at the same time.”

I replied, “I don’t know about parallel worlds, but you are right we should stick together. But we had already voted greater communications in,” I said. “And were improving relations with other Utopias every day.”

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DOCTORS: CHAPTER XIII
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Then I spoke with a doctor at Bill's cafe. He said, "The humans here do all the work but now people don't need to worry about diseases. Everyone can grow old, and maybe our legislature will pass a law legalizing eternal youth," he said. I said, "No eternal youth!"

But doctors here were just like nurses of the past as the machines did the work. I felt badly that we were using "health machines," but I knew the people wanted it. Basically, the medical machines were from 2054. And all disease was curable. It had been the medical century in the first half of the century, but the latter half was looking like the era of the Cyborgs. Regarding doctors who operated the medical machines, they were held in high esteem for not siding with the Cyborgs. Many wanted test tube babies with them.

We had voted in test tube babies at the conception of the Paradise Experiment.

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One girl I met here, she said, "She wanted to settle down with some kids and she wanted a test tube baby with me."

She said, "She knew she had one of the best faces and best bodies. But she was tired of sex." I said, "You should never get tired of sex, it is the greatest of all pleasures and maybe you will get pregnant for real as a bonus."

And I directed the doctors to make several clones of me, 3 males and 3 females. But the Crown Princess was still my heir. And I had one other male clone as well. It would take them some time to grow up. But Cyborg clones were born with all their hosts' memories.

XXX

Then a conservative man said, “He’d like a vote on more sex enhancements.” So, we did and he was vindicated with a 96% vote for him. I said conservative people are respected here, but everyone likes sex. Doctors were typically all too willing to prescribe sex enhancements.

But my Muse opined to say, “Conservatives are a joke. They are so backwards. But I said, “They want to take it slow and be sure we are on the right track.”

XXX

Then my latest daily love, was saying, “She’d composed songs with choirs.” It was very harmonious. She was a doctor too. She said she liked making test tube babies and clones.

I said you need to join a film studio of ours and do a soundtrack.

She said, “I love you too much love at first sight. I can’t let you go.” I wasn’t in love with her though. I said, “I am sorry, but there are many other great lovers out there, better than you.” I was a jerk to say it but we were very upfront and honest here.

XXX

Then I spoke with a man who said, “Translation machines got some people into our Paradise. But once here they had to study English intensively. He said he had lived like a King in a number of countries for only \$40 a day. Poverty is still with us, he said. And he told me he had no possessions and was a free man.” “Yes, freedom is glorious, I remarked.” And medical care was free.

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CHAPTER XIV: VOTE FOR STIMULANTS
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Then it was my 62nd birthday party. I was one of the oldest here. The oldest was a woman of 72, a rich lady. She had plastic surgery on her whole body and looked like she was 35. Some asked, “Why we didn’t let in more, older people. I said we want a fresh view, a youthful view. Not old dogs.” And life expectancy was estimated in our Paradise to be 125 which included 10% suicides every year. Organs could all be replaced after being grown from stem cells. No eternal youth though was allowed in though in 2053. But the people were pressing me now (2057) to allow a vote (I had veto power).

And then the older woman said wisely, “That Utopia just requires a job, lovers, entertainment, children and stimulant pills.” I answered, “There were no stimulants here but she could put it to a vote.” And she did with 75% approval for her plan.

“So, it was to be a stimulating Utopia,” She said.

And she said she wanted, “To share my ‘gospel’ and proselytize on the surface.” I already had dozens of missionaries out there on my behalf.

Like early Christians and communal living. But she said, “They’ll crucify you for this.”

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In 2055 every one of the 1000 adults to Utopia had been selected and they all worked to build Paradise which was finally finished in 2058. In particular they mined for gold... And dug tunnels... And caverns.

People got around with electric scooters and there were many buildings ranging from a tiny cubicle to a palace, such as I had.

Spider webs of tunnels in all directions except up. Hundreds of kilometers/miles of tunnels.

From the beginning, we worried about spies however.

XXX

Then I met one of many paranoid schizophrenics. He was a drunk. He said, "Everywhere life is boring for a human. He'd tried the other Utopias."

Though he was psychotic he managed to write scripts. He wrote "Cyborg Heaven" a movie praising Cyborgs and what they were trying to do.

I thought of deporting him, but a little dissent didn't hurt I figured.

He wanted to go to the surface and do some research, but one was only allowed to leave Paradise once, if you tried twice you could never go back. And he had already left once. But I had a free pass to come and go. The film though was very controversial and his Imagination Q was now 10.

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CHAPTER XV: JOBS IN OUR PARADISE
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All jobs had a movie component. Cast and crew for movies such as 100 writers/playwrights, 30 musicians, 30 farmers, 80 engineers, 30 doctors, 50 painters of pictures, 5 sculptors, 5 potters/craftsmen, 100 tutors, 20 geo architects, ambassadors, social workers, paramedics, geologists, real estate agents, lawyers, pharmacists, prostitutes/gigolos and other service jobs. Like customer service, entrepreneurs, chefs, brewers, vintners and whiskey makers etc. Guards and 3 judges...Cast and crew for movies often featured a plot of life as imagined by those who dwelt here in Paradise.

Numbers: All people here had a number, according to their combined score/statistics. Some said we were just a number. I was ranked #1, my Muse was #2 and my first clone, the Crown Princess, was #3.

The Cyborgs changed me I figured without my knowing it. Hence Paradise of the Spies. Who was in control I wondered?

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CHAPTER XVI THE JUDGES
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He said, “People will always have trivial complaints.” Mostly he and two others (including me) judged small cases but there had been one murder early in 2055. But there were some assault cases too. People came to blows for nothing. But if you committed two violent acts you’d be deported.

Some said, “Us judges were too conservative,” but I said, “The future is coming too fast.”

But everyone had a legal duty to be a juror. Some were criminal cases, others civil cases, and there was a lot of legal action. It was another way to keep the people busy. But important cases required everyone to vote.

XXX

Then I met a woman who said, “She was familiar with my dictates and that I was a ‘good crazy man.’” She said, “She was totally non-violent and was friendly and nice. She wanted to start another Utopia that was crazy, good crazy. And she wanted everyone to have a useful job. Previously, on the surface, many people were given useless jobs to keep them busy.

I asked, “Why not just join our Paradise? It is a just society where the rule of law (with MRT) was paramount.”

She said, “Your Paradise is a noble effort. But it doesn’t seem right. “However,” she added that, “Perhaps in time it will become ideal. Who knows....”

She was a philosopher who said, “Humans will never stop lying and deceiving one another.” But I said, “The neo lie detectors here have brought everyone out into the light. All applicants had to go through a neo lie detector test. So, people now tell half-truths and things that are mostly true but they leave out important details.” But in some cases, we used MRT.

But she said, “Before she came here she was suicidal, but wanted to give Paradise a shot before she offed herself...” I said, “Life is not easy, not for wimps like her.” She said, “Put yourself in my position, I am a human being but I don’t know how to live on my native planet.” I said, “If she didn’t like it here she could go to one of the few remaining Utopias. She didn’t seem to belong here.”

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CHAPTER XVII: VOTE FOR ETERNAL YOUTH
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I was against eternal youth, but they voted for it in the nascent Utopia by a 90% margin, in A.D. 2058. This totally changed life in the subterranean world. It was the biggest thing that ever happened here. I considered it a vote of no confidence in the world I had set up. “People live long enough I said. No need for eternal youth.” I didn’t feel I could use my veto in the face of so much support for immortality.

But I figured it was my destiny to live on and on. If I didn’t get sick of living. But I figured everyone would get sick of life sooner or later and make way for their kids/clones.

She said, “You are a suicidal maniac yet all these people adore you! Even though you lost the vote.” I said, “In the beginning the people supported me in votes, now they didn’t respect me.”

“I said just like kindred spirits, they don’t last forever.”

The ambassadors were instructed to pick people like me. Two of my kids, 17 and 19 worked in the embassy. They told me eternal youth was golden. I planned to staff the embassy with my 6 new clones (born 2057) once they reached 16. My other 12 children were directors and writers and six of them were just children.

We only selected less than 10% of the applicants and now we changed to want people who wanted to have and enjoy immortality. But I said war will come and people will not live forever like they imagine.

I was a useless man to more than 20% of the people, according to a vote.

Few could meet their high standards.

XXX

Then I met with a guy who was my nemesis. He said, “My movies were pointless and so too with other so-called Utopias,” And he said we should all be eliminated.”

He said, “He’d hound me until I gave up.” I ordered the guards to deport him to the surface (I’d retained the ability to deport anyone).

XXX

Then my Muse said, “People are everywhere spoiled especially in this Utopia.” I said, “I worry, and one day I’ll have to take control and give people a piece of reality with drugs.”

She said, “You went to all that trouble to create a Paradise and then gave up control. You are nuts...”

I said, “It all seems futile. But I am still the leader.”

Then she said, “She was determined to bring VR to our Paradise.” I told her, “No way.”

And she knew she didn’t have the votes, but she wanted to be elected President. “You are challenging me,” I asked?

XXX

No pets, no robots, no insects, no birds (except for canaries who would die if the air quality deteriorated or was poisoned). Quasi-sterile world. We all wore white jump suits and our own wash was done at the laundromat. There was plenty of water. The washing machines and dryers were technology from 2036 and folded the wash ready for you to pick it up. Usually people went to the laundromat once a week and changed clothes once a day. Some said robots should do the work but I was against robots of any kind.

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CHAPTER XVIII: THE LIBRARY
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I said, “I substituted old culture for new. Everyone was working on movies and enjoying daily loves. Culture is just a tool to control people. And we all understood one another well as everyone had a profile in the library. Five librarians helped the people.”

One of the librarians said, “Life is like a strange dream here in Paradise.”

Another daily love wanted to make a movie of all 1000 pioneer settlers. One minute each=1000 minutes, 16 hours in 4 parts. And she would work on the archives/profiles in the library.

Library of all books all were in English, many translated automatically. We used computers for this (automatic translation), and when the job was done (2054) we destroyed the computers.

Newer works from Paradise would still be put in the library (written by typewriter), but no more books/movies from the surface were to be put in our library.

We had advanced sprinkler systems in the library. And we had a spare copy of all works hidden deep below the settlement and only a few were privy to this information.

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CHAPTER XIX: UTOPIA, A.D. 2058
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The Crown Princess told me, “My Paradise was similar to communism which failed.” I said, “Communism failed because most people were too greedy and selfish. And their leaders were power-crazed tyrants who claimed everyone was equal. My Paradise is for the artistic elite.”

“And there is a lot of competition for gold.”

She said, “We were all troglodytes and backwards Luddites.” I said, “In time you will realize I am right.”

But we had brilliant homes, jewellery, scooters, sex, drugs, even the best dreams and gold=rich people and elitist movies. And people spent a lot of time and money watching our films. We started making them in 2053 and by 2058 they were in full design mode.

The amphitheater was the third biggest cavern and provided sets for movies here.

We spent 5 years setting it up beginning in 2053...

Basically all 1000 of our first settlers worked at least some of the time in movie making and the 500 children were brought up to make cartoons that were clever.

In the year 2058 things were falling into place. The plan was to have daily love with 365 of the 500 in the opposite sex plus see our favorite lovers (such as me I had my muse) Some were intellectually passionate, others intellectually wild... there were all kinds of lovers.

It was a challenge to get their life story in one night, and it was true that you had to reveal part of your experience.

And they wanted to be able to research biographies on their daily lover ahead of time in the library.

Everyone wanted to write something even if it was just a poem, to give to their new loves.

Some said this world of lovers was one of anarchy with no violence.

Marriage was illegal.

We had real children, clones were uncommon. But I got a doctor to clone me six more times more in 2058, 3 males and 3 females. To hedge my bets. These clones, were born with no memories. All would work I figured as writers for the movies. It was advanced technology but I figured I needed more support for the future.

Reality: One woman told me, "It was hard to know reality," But I assured her, "Our Paradise was all real."

"If you died in Paradise you would not be revived," I said.

And there were many suicides.

So, there was pressure to improve...

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In our legislature, they voted 1 vote for each point of rank. So, the top 100 each got 10 votes and the lowest 100 ranks each got only 1 vote. Many tried hard to improve their statistics.

Making movies cast and crew, writers, directors and producers was the goal for most.

Everyone had an IQ of at least 9 and an imagination Q of at least 9
But we needed more writers, though it was hard to get them so we offered them a lot of gold and a spot in paradise.

I had already made a film this year of King Louis XIV's court and then had made a film about Cyborg wars of 2056.

One of the new residents of Paradise told me, “He had been governor of Texas years ago. He, like many others, had given up on the surface. And he revealed that he/she was a multi sexual with 2 penises and 3 vaginas who had changed his/her sex several times. He/she wanted to experiment further with our “doctors.” And he/she was a computer hacker who monitored what was going on, on the surface.” I told him/her, “we have officially no computers here and didn’t worry about being hacked. Still you could be useful as a spy on the surface. No one would expect a multi sexual to be a spy.”

XXX

Then another daily love said, “She was an engineer who could recycle all our waste and create miniature suns.”

To have miniature suns meant it was warm and had UV rays so that one could get a suntan.

Previously we just had “dark lights” in the ceiling of the caverns and tunnels.

“Sounds useful,” I said, “And it was good love...”

She then told me, “She was a famous author of romances.” She said, “She wrote about happy and sad, clever and foolish, crazy love, pathetic love, pure sex, one-night stands, evil protagonists, pain and ecstasy and so on.”

And she was telling me, “She was a poetess. I said, “Poe said the idea is what is important in a poem.” She remarked, “Colorful ideas, unorthodox ideas, are what is needed.”

“Right on,” I said.

But she confided in me that, “She had been a double agent for Russia and the USA. But of course, she had fled the surface.”

She fled from the surface with about 70 pounds of gold. She was now employed by our Paradise to try and find out what the Cyborgs were doing.

And she had a few friends here who were scientists and were also spies for us. We of course had put them all through neo lie detector tests. Our spies could come and go at will to our Paradise, just like me. But only us.

And she revealed, “She was also a nuclear scientist and had helped build our reactor and the back up reactor.” But now she was writing a play about people who were insane and fled here. She said, “Some would rather die than come here.” I mentioned, “We still had a public relations problem, though we were casting brochures all over the world. And we had a high rate of success reinventing insane people from the surface.”

She said, “We should ban all drugs and put medicine back in 1920.”

I had an alcohol problem. And numerous people here were now addicted to stimulants.

Then she said, “Most people on the surface desire the best drugs, best air cars, a palatial home, best sex and the best brains to talk to.” I told her, “We already had the best brains here.” She asked, “Really?” And I said, “Surface dwellers have their dreams and that is all. No air cars etc. for them.”

And I said to her, “They are so serious these Cyborgs and other people from the surface. What they need is a group of good comedies. They are like living dead.”

Hubris was a problem amongst our new civilization. People put on airs and were convinced they were the best. And were trying so hard to change the future.

Of the successful applicants, children were admitted automatically and grandchildren too, and many had children. On average 1 child per couple. She said, “We needed more children.” I said, “By the time they grow up it will probably all be over here.”

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CHAPTER XXI: UTOPIA REALIZED
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Officially the Paradise opened on the first week of the new year (2058).

Most daily loves were in their 20's. We wanted youth and to get them before life corrupts them. So, many were working on their first movie. Also, older people were committing suicide in greater numbers than the hopeful new generation.

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Then I loved a woman who said, "She could play any female role in our movies."

I asked her who her favorite actress was, "She said Garyetta Bloomster, but she could do better she figured."

And she thought, "I had not much ambition." I retorted, "I am creating Paradise."

"What do you want?"

She said, "You are telling me it is ambitious to live a backwards life and bring many people down with you?"

I said, "Everything on the surface was superficial, it was all about appearances such as appearing to do new science and going to space and being war-like."

"The art of living was without value on the surface," I said.

And I noted that, "All people all had statistics, which they tried to improve."

One needed an IQ of 9 and Imagination Q of 9 as well to get into our Paradise.

Wise Q, Imagination Q, Kind Q, EQ, Knowledge Q, love Q Biz Q, charisma Q, power Q. all were important.

XXX

Then I spoke to a single mind former Cyborg (most new ones now had more than one brain in one skull), she said, “It was ecstasy after ecstasy with the brilliant new opiates.”

“Crazy Q, power Q were her strongpoints,” She said.

The opiates evolved and became stronger she said, so one never got sick of them. But it made a lot of Cyborgs ineffective in war.

Now everyone who was very clever could become a Cyborg.

Her face looked clever and futuristic and she said she had previously worn a Cyborg helm.

But she said she had a soft spot for humans and wanted to live out humanity’s last years.

XXX

Many people in Paradise wanted sports. So, we had sports with no violence, like baseball II, more home runs and more runs scored with a smaller field and only 5 infielders instead of 9.

“Baseball was the perfect game,” many people said. We had four teams of 10 people each as a hobby. They played all games in the sports cavern which had capacity for all spectators (1000 in the first year). And people liked to gamble on the games.

And many played 3-D neo-chess...

XXX

And my latest love, she said, “Soon there would be Cyborgs with hundreds of brilliant brains each. And likely would be just a disembodied head floating in space. Give up all instincts except the will to power.”

I said, “Science has maxed out and there’s nothing more for humans and new super humans to do.”

“On the contrary space is large and full of thrills and wonder,” She said.

All legal cases were decided by 3 judges, but the only big problem was there were illicit spies. I was one of the judges, as mentioned. If we convicted a spy we would just deport them. We used MRT on them but basically, we only used MRT on important foreign affairs and I was worried about it.

“Everything was efficient, leaving people plenty of time for movie development research. Maybe life is paradise for you, maybe humans have been perfected, but now it is time to improve still further,” I told our people in the Great Square. In one of my rare speeches. Usually I just sent everyone a letter. It was more discreet.

Then I met Paradise’s richest woman. She was developing battery-powered scooters to get around the hundreds of km of tunnel/caverns. She said, “She needed more workers but I wouldn’t allow them. I told her you just have to take it slow...”

And she said that, “She was attracted to rich men, no matter how old or how good looking.”

I said, “Many rich women were attracted to me.”

Anyway, she was donating her multi-billion-dollar fortune to the Paradise experiment. We had a number of magnate donors. But this woman lived humbly in a small home and tutored our youth in the art of business. Every teen had a number of tutors.

But she said, “Cyborgs, these Digital Men, were lousy lovers and were geeks and nerds and awkward idiot savants. She wanted to be loved by real men!”

And she said, “We should let more women in, even 20% males only of the total. We could all live like Queens he said. And men could serve as gigolos.”

And she said, “She was an actress who said she could play roles that fit her well, alter egos as it were.” I said, “Welcome to Paradise.”

Then she said, “She’d write about the future of our Paradise. She said the most advanced technology will come eventually, making Paradise redundant. And all the leaders will head for the surface and try to catch up on science.”

And she said that, “I was a driven, ambitious man who cared deeply about posterity.” But she said, “I was trying to dismantle culture almost totally. And this was a bad thing. I’d gotten rid of other languages, and ended traditional holidays, and got rid of marriage and got rid of real food. And educated the youth to be imaginative rather than knowledgeable. And technology was frozen at 2030 more or less and so on and so on.” She said, “No one is ambitious like you, except for the Digital Men.”

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CHAPTER XXII MORE CONVERSATIONS
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Then I spoke with the woman who had first developed eternal youth on the surface. I asked her, “Why she was here?” She said, “Eternal youth is a juggernaut which couldn’t be stopped, even in your Paradise.”

And she said, “You’ll see. With new wonderful drugs being introduced every day on the surface everyone will want to live on and on.”

“It was all part of evolution she said and she had written Tales from the Wild.’ Tales of desperate modern humans. It is scary what people have become on the surface,” She said.

And she said, “The best way to change the world is through science.” I said, rather it is politics and votes. She said, “Nevertheless she would work at minor science during her sojourn here, with my patronage.” I said, “Please clear all inventions with me first and then there will be votes.”

Too many cooks...

And she wanted video game VR, to ease people into the future. It went to a vote and she only won 45% of the vote. I said, “We are trying to avoid the mistakes of the surface. Why are people here if they want VR?”

“But a higher love exists,” I said.

“But it is enough for a person to try to be useful,” I said. And try to enjoy life...

XXX

Then I spoke with a man who wrote best selling mysteries on the surface years ago.

But now he was sick and depressed. However, he said, “The daily love routine had saved his soul and his condition was improving.”

I said I felt for the man.

He said, “He was also the head vintner, and produced all sorts of wine right here in Utopia. He was friends with the brew masters and distillers.”

He said, “Without neo alcohol most people here could not survive. It is the spirit of our times to take some kind of drug. But at least neo-opiates were still illegal,” he said. “Neo alcohol was harmless he said after a hard day’s work.”

XXX

Then I spoke to a man who had invented the “Love Game.” In which people drew questions and answered them and were judged by the other players on the quality of their answers.

Some called it, “a perverted sex game” which broke apart many lovers and other lovers became more in love. It was just like a casino game, it seemed to me.

But some said, “Love is just a game.”

XXX

Then I wanted to love a woman who said she was a witch and had magic powers. She wanted to hypnotise me but I was drunk. Last thing I remembered was sitting at the bar with her. I awoke the next day with a sore dick.

XXX

Then my next love said, “She wanted to love all the ‘best’ people here and would then leave.”

I said, "I thought the Cyborgs were trying to eliminate humans." "No, they just want to eliminate the common human," She said. "As for the clever, they want them to change brains and not come to our Paradise."

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CHAPTER XXIII: MOVIE STUDIOS
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There were 16 studios in our Utopia, the top 8 produced a movie every month and were the most popular, the lower 8 produced a movie, every two months. We had a total of 144 films by 2058, and so we still watched the classics also.

There was pressure to do well, the 10 top-ranking 10's were statistics judges and if your stats went down you would probably be deported.

There were also a number of short dream movies in which one explained and interpreted their unconscious dreams. There were a lot of sounds that stimulated certain dreams.

I had a recurring dream about being at the center of a world as if I was a God.

And there were documentaries about other Utopias both underground and above ground and the wild lands and the dead cities.

I was genius IQ 10, Imag.10 and helped write the curriculum for the youth. The emphasis was on imagination. Every child was forced to study 50 h/week in the arts... but there were a lot of learning games.

XXX

And one woman was in charge of the radio station and also chair of TV 1 and TV 2 which were showing matinees films and also the news from paradise/the surface births and deaths, sports, legislative decisions, business talk and complaints. In the evening while the adults were partying the youth watched kid's inspirational TV on the two channels. The youth were all trying to improve their knowledge Q and imaginative Q. Some youths did not want to grow up and were the subject of numerous experiments (it was rare leading-edge science here). But today's 12-year-old was the mental equal of former 18-year-olds. I said, "Ultimately, we are all innocent babes."

It was 1940-2030; 90 years of the silver screen. And then again from 2053-2058.

And the plan was to produce 1500 films per year for our population of about 1000. Everyone had lots of creative ideas here. I figured we got the best screen writers even though few were famous when they came here.

The news was only 5 minutes per day but everyone was required to watch it on TV 1 or be deported. Random tests assured everyone was watching.

And we used snail mail and old-fashioned telephones. I got 10-15 pieces of mail everyday and a few recorded messages.

Most of us slept 9 h on average and then spent 6 h watching films and then worked about 4 h on new films, and 5 hours partying/sex with our daily lover. The five hours with our daily lover featured lovemaking once or twice and then the socializing at parties and then love again. Then maybe a half hour with one's true love. One guy said, "Sleep was a waste of time and he wanted to import the Cyborg anti-sleep pills." But he was defeated 65%-35%.

And you would rate your lover at bedtime (we parted ways then). If you didn't get a 5/10 you would be fined 3 gold pieces. If you got 20 fails in a calendar year you'd be deported. So, there was pressure. Some said, "pressure did not make for a paradise." I said, "Everyone needs a little adversity/challenges in life. And you could increase your love Q and hence your rank and pay."

Previously on the surface neo-opiates were tailored to your DNA for maximum pleasure. But now only wild opiates were accessible. And of course, not many on the surface had eternal youth.

XXX

Then I met a muscular man who claimed, "He could have sex 18 h a day." But everyone was required to work at least 10 hours a day on films. Creating and watching.

Some films were filmed live.

The best films were watched again and again.

Everyone had a TV and there were TVs in all restaurants and bars.

Soap romances were still popular and were based on true events.

But it was mostly movies.

“It was all so real,” people told me...

Here love was popular.

I spoke to my Muse and I said, “Life needs more challenges and adversity; life is too easy here.” “That’s what I think too,” She said. But most people here hated stress and depression. And would do anything to avoid them.

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Producers were falling all over themselves to gain good scripts and actors/actresses.

It was dog eat dog to create the best movies and win laurels and gold.

And they had to be careful not to be deported with “inappropriate” movies...

They said, “They wanted more artists.”

Most people here had come from desperate situations on the surface and so didn’t complain.

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CHAPTER XXIV: SOME MORE CRITICS
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Another deportee had said, “It was a devilish paradise, where everyone committed moral sins.”

I said, “There was no such thing as moral crimes here, just right thoughts and wrong thoughts.”

She said, “This Utopia was for egotists and Luddites. How can you turn your back on progress?” she asked.

I told her, “Good riddance to you!”

Another critic who was a sound engineer said, Armies of malevolent spirits will attack paradise and kill everyone. I asked, “Why do you think that?” He said he had “seen spirits on the surface.” I confided in him that I had seen “hallucinations of devils and demons” and wondered if it was just me...” I haven’t taken any hallucinogenic mushrooms as far as I knew,” I said.

And I told this critic, “He had to tone it down lest he be a cancer here and had to be more positive or be deported.” I felt kind of guilty though about it.

I told many critics, “That hopefully the Digital Men will leave us alone. We need to be optimistic.”

I added, “It is not that people on the surface were delusionary or evil, but rather were just trying to live life to the full. But it concerned me that most Utopias were set up as bastions of certain ethnic groups. Not here.”

Then I was talking to a woman who complained, “Men in our Utopia were such wimps. She wanted tough warrior men,” she said. I said, “Our guards are pretty tough, why doesn’t she love them in particular.” “But she still had to have her daily new loves. If she didn’t like our men she could always go elsewhere,” I said.

Possession of neo opiates resulted in deportation. I had spies everywhere...

One woman I deported said, “I ruled arbitrarily and wasn’t the Imagination Q 10 I was said to be. She said she didn’t like our ‘paradise.’” She said, “It was too peaceful and calm here. She’d rather take her chances on the surface. She wanted action and violence. True passion.”

I remarked, “People here are passionate and crazy, what do you want? Madness is our only hope I said.” “How can you say that,” she asked?

Then I met a group of 3 friends who were female and said, “They could seduce any woman or man.” But they said, “Our Paradise was boring and they preferred to live on the surface where men were men and women were women.”

Next, I met “The Jester,” He told me, “Life was a joke.” He was talking about telling good jokes but I walked out, as this Paradise was serious. And he was deported.

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Then I encountered a woman who was running away from her murder victims on the surface she revealed to me when she was deep into her cups. She was a fraud. So, I phoned the guards and they came and seized her and deported her. Truth in wine. Apparently, she had used hypnosis to screen out her crimes from our neo lie detectors and had Cyborg technology to block out her crimes from MRT. Her case was very disconcerting.

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Then I spoke to a famous writer who had a large following on the surface. He asked me, “If he could bring some of them here? I said, “It is not up to me, but rather our ‘10 ambassadors’ just outside the main gate.” He said, “His people are dynamic and interesting...”

But he laughed at me and called me, ‘a ‘tortoise’” for my slowing down progress. He said, “Even if one of your engineers came up with a “new” invention, you’d probably ban it. You are crazy.”

I said, “No need for rancor. Let’s love and live.” But he said, “Your world it wacko crazy and you pretend there are no other options. The surface settlements are not that bad compared to being cooped up in your caves. You are like a horse with blinders and have ‘tunnel vision.’”

I said, “Almost everyone on the surface is a loser and are not welcome in Paradise. Including you.” “You are deported” I retorted.

He attacked me then, but I shouted for my guards and they threw him out.

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Then I met a hell-raiser who said, “Paradise is boring and he would like to spice it up a bit.” I said, “We are all good crazy here. We don’t want a negative vibe from you or others.” So, I had him deported.

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And one of my daily lovers complained, “People here were like angels, and it was boring.” “Go to hell I told her.”

As of mid-2058 we had banned all tourists from Paradise.

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CHAPTER XXV: PARTIES
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Everyday I watched the news; they gave the highlights of the day. But in Paradise we celebrated each day like it was our last.

And the central planners gave each person a role to play with their latest lover...

It added to the experience.

And they picked the best 25% of daily loves to be mentors which the youth had to watch and so did everyone else.

“The key to a good party is imagination,” they said.

I preferred to ad lib at parties myself. Singing songs and so on.

My daily love said, “She chronicled ‘deep’ parties here in Paradise.”

I talked with her about pain. She said, “One needs to take drugs for pain.” “I said pain is one’s mentor. But there were pain-killers here. And parties assuaged the pain.”

Most said, “Madness is nothing more than outrageous creativity. Good type of crazy.”

She’d written a “Book of Madness,” in which everything was insane and people would be happy. There was no doubt that our parties were mad.

“Strange and clever people succeed,” I remarked.

She said, “Great people find a way to be great! I said, “I am not so sure, especially these days.”

“It depends what you mean by great I suppose,” I said.

I said, “I feel like the Great Gatsby with all these parties that I started.”

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CHAPTER XXVI: FOOD AND DRINK
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Parties and orgies were always breaking out in the streets of Paradise.

And some artists made new foods, we allowed the very latest foods into our paradise. Growing many “meats” through stem cells...

There were 5000 foods and spices and plenty of alcohol types and marijuana cigarettes. Neo alcohol didn’t give hangovers and if our livers went we could always grow another one (this was technology from 2036). But stimulants had been voted in.

People ate six times a day and used anti-fat pills to stay slim and exercise pills to keep in good shape.

Almost everyone ate the synthetically produced food from our own caves in restaurants. There were 50 restaurants, mostly all in the party circle in the largest cave.

And there were a number of bars here as well. Some women liked to dance the night away.

No one complained about the food as many of them had come from surface cities where they were virtually starving. Sixty-five per cent of people in our paradise were heavy drinkers and 40% were addicted to marijuana. I talked to one of our experimental chefs, who asked me, “What kind of flavors did I want?” I said, “More new mock meats and better beer. And the latest from the surface,” I said. I had said, “We would mainly use technology of 2036 or before, but I didn’t see how advanced foods could hurt.

One engineer said, “She wanted to build a beer pipeline to all residences and restaurants. In the pipeline was 15 tubes of different beers.” I said, “Sounds interesting.”

Some accused me of, “Setting up a society that encouraged people to be drunk continuously. It was cheap and good and people had to deal with pressure to improve their rank,” I said.

My Muse said, “The super human Cyborgs had no morals and only cared for intellectual pleasures.”

I said, “At least people are not all out of it completely on neo-opiates, here.”

Some people wanted to eat all day and didn’t get fat. Anti-fat pills would be taken in accordance with what kind of body shape you want.

On average people ate 6 times a day and if their organs gave out they’d simply get new ones grown in stem cells.

But you couldn’t eat all the time as you had to work on movies and love and the maximum number of daily meals one could eat was 8. Many people here frowned on people who spent so much time eating.

And nearly everyone had changed their face several times so as to be almost unrecognizable from the previous one.

I said, “We were a free people. There was no sexism, no racism, no poverty, few social stigmas, no God, no bad instincts; but there were imaginative people.”

My Muse spoke and said, “We are not free but are living at the pleasure of the Cyborgs.”

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Then I talked with a man who said, “He wanted more drugs and was going to put it to a vote and he did and was narrowly defeated (2058 A.D.).”

And this same man said, “We had virtually unlimited power with our 2 nuclear reactors. Hence, we could make gold out of other metals.” But I

said, “We had plenty enough gold already.” He said, “This ‘Paradise’ is not my world.”

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Sixtieth birthday today of Samantha-412. W 10, Kind Q 10, Imagination Q 9, IQ 10.

She said, “She loved life so much she figured she’d live to be 1000.” She added, “Life here is like a dream come true, a drunken haze of delight.”

I said, “Our challenge is keep evolving. And though we had new eternal youth, many people here figured they had ‘old brains’ and were weary of life.”

I said, “All the best periods in history were beset by war and a lot of world poverty. It was a new thing for everyone to be tired of everything.”

And we all had old fashioned wire phones, which we didn’t really need, we got our list and profile of daily lovers in the morning’s mail (but one could look them up in the library as well).

Almost everyone liked the idea of high quality lovers, one new one every day. But one slept with 365 of 500 in the first year. Some asked for soul mates, others wanted lovers who were very different from them. Some wanted mainly high-ranking or low-ranking lovers. We were hoping to add another 1000 people in the year 2059, but we worried we wouldn’t find enough worthy candidates. Some complained they wouldn’t be as good as the previous batch. In any case the plan was to match your daily lover either randomly or soul mates or lovers who were mostly different than you.

Annual summer holiday of one month; a time to get together with your favorite lovers/soul mates and friends for non-stop parties and fun.

8 couples of lovers eloped to the surface at this New Year festival at the beginning of 2058. We expected more lovers would do the same in 2059.

I had fallen in love with fifty women over the first year of this Paradise. One of the women said it was a shame we couldn't be together all the time, but I said with such a strong genetic pool it is a shame not to utilize it. I tried my best to impregnate the daily loves. Often, they didn't know who the father was, but anyway the children were raised by our educators.

And the writers probed the records looking for scripts based on true stories. Truth is stranger than fiction as they say.

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CHAPTER XXVII: I TAKE CONTROL OF PARADISE
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But it was then two months towards the end of 2058, that I took control of the legislature with a 75% vote in my favor, and I permanently outlawed neo opiates.

And I was very disappointed I had to do it. Power corrupts, but previously I had lost 20% of the various votes.

But I also wished to root out nascent evil and deported those who voted for violent sports (10%)

And I tried to get the best people from all ethnic groups to join us but the highest ranks were mostly whites, but of course, most people here were non-white.

No super computers, no VR, no opiates, no super humans, no clones, no spirits/ghosts, no MRT, no hypnosis, no violent sports, and I wished for no eternal youth, but the people decisively wanted eternal youth.

Then I was speaking to, a woman who said, “The joys of life were the little things.” I said, “I think just the opposite. But I told her that opposites attract...”

And I said, “Everyone here wants more and more.... And I’ll give it to them...”

She was a writer who said, “Sci-fi was the only useful literature which was directly against our Paradise’s movies of the past and present.”

She said, “She explored what it meant to be human. And she added instincts were on the way out. And she wondered about parallel realities of the Digital Men.”

I said, “Don’t forget that this Paradise is just an experiment and was evolving relatively fast.”

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CHAPTER XXVIII DREAM STIMULI
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All you had to do was pre-record sounds and words to be played at intervals during the night. You would be awakened very gently and asked to summarize your dreams and make a recording.

People reported this led to a better night's sleep.

We were a race of dreamers, and started calling us elite "The Dream People." The dream people who live in Heaven.

But some of us said as a "race" we were too egotistical and too narcissistic.

And I said, "Our movies were all like dreams. No action movies. In the past, most sci-fi movies were action movies but no more, not here. Intellectualism was the by-word."

Then, I had a dream of having sex with headless women and purple babies came out after a week.

Then I dreamt about zombies who just kissed and made love. New zombies one after the other.

And another dream was the power totally failed and we were all lost in the dark. Spies did it.

And I dreamt I was losing my mind and the Paradise was out of control anarchy.

And I dreamt I was in a wind tunnel and apples were flying at my head bruising me. Where was Eve when I needed her.

And I dreamt I was in a gigantic cavern lit by a dim light and I felt myself growing/one with the Earth.

Then I dreamt of a lover who said we are all just a dream inside a giant computer. I said I guess that would be good for dreamers.

Then I got dream stimuli to imagine I was in space as one of exclusively genius crews. Built everywhere nuclear fusion reactors and new ships Space Drives powered ships faster than the speed of light.

Here was an unconscious dreaming Utopia for some. The spent only ½ an hour awake and shared dreams.

“But there was a ghost in the machine. And if you dreamt all day you were effectively dead,” I said.

I tried to tell these people to live in reality of our Paradise, but some people only cared about dreams.

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CHAPTER XXIX: STILL MORE CONVERSATIONS
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Then, I spoke with a star dream actress who had inspired about a dozen people to come here and everyone wanted to love her. We set up most daily loves by chance (most wanted it that way). So, there was no guarantee one would get a piece of her. But one could always join her and meet her in the café/bar celebrations. “Life is but a dream,” she said.

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And I was writing, “About a forlorn man who had hit rock bottom. But with daily loves, he finally came out of the funk he was in. Love cures all wounds,” I said. “He was a model of success. He dared to dream again,” he said.

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Then I was speaking with an “old-fashioned girl,” who wanted to make movies like in the 1940s. She said, “People are meant to be monogamous and she didn’t like having a new lover every day.” But I said, “Nearly all these new lovers are virtual geniuses and it is a super experience,” I replied.

But she said, “She hoped to have numerous kids. She was 18 now and already had twins.” She added she wanted to do her part to help the human race to recover.” She talked about, “How the Cyborgs put humans in the zoo/ parks. And they used MRT (mind reading technology) to drive the youths mad.”

She said, “We live for our offspring. But she personally was a failure,” she figured. “But here at least she had hope,” She said.

It was a cold unfeeling world some said as daily loves continued there wasn't as much true love as we had hoped. Many said it was madness. And a fiasco.

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The most successful person here was a writer who had written a lot of best sellers back in the 2030s. But then was a failure until he came here where he was a success again. Once a success, always a success I said.

I didn't speak to everyone, but almost everyone in that first year.

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One guy begged me to develop a space program. I said, "No computers and anyway we had everything here why go to space? He said, "Space will undoubtedly be full of surprises." He put it to a vote and won only 15% of the vote. And then I deported him.

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Another daily love told me, "We need to create souls..." I said, "Leave that to the Digital Men. We are living in a material world and souls would undoubtedly be bored. Also, we would undoubtedly need computers to make souls." She said, "Materialism is empty."

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And I had another nemesis in our Paradise. TM-322. He asked me, "What is the point of all this movie making?" He also said movies are just mindless entertainment." I tried to avoid him a lot. He was a philosopher of "freedom."

He said, "People here were under constant threat of deportation if they didn't make 'silly' movies. It is not free," He told me. I said, "He was welcome to go elsewhere." He said, "He had invested all his money at the beginning of this Utopia with the beginning of the movie idea." He told me and everyone who cared to listen that, "We all lived in a prison and were not even free to pick our lovers. And we weren't free to come and go from this "dystopia." And he said that, "I myself admitted to being insane and claimed everyone else here was mad."

I told him, "Everyone here was a genius, 1 in a 10 000." He said I agree that, "They were one in a 10 000, but they were mostly insane and so were most movies they made."

TM-322 wanted to take control of Paradise. His stats were IQ 10, Imagination Q 9, WQ 7...It went to a vote and he lost 701-350. So, he left for the surface

I had wanted to deport him but I didn't think I had the votes (but I had decided to deport him anyway, using my veto power). Anyway, he was something to fight against.

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On a lighter note, I loved a woman who said she was working on a movie, "Perils of the Insane." She said he was inspired by me.

And she told me, "To have more missionaries to the surficial world to let more rich people in." "We had plenty of money to build," She said, but we can always use more."

Despite the fact that I had told the people we don't need more gold.

Some planned to get rich here and then go elsewhere, perhaps to another Utopia. But they were not permitted to bring gold out. But surface traders could get gold from us.

And she was a purveyor of beauty products. Most women put a lot on, especially different colors like orange or blue using an instant make up machine from 2030. She had a monopoly on some products and was very rich.

She said, “I was the artist of uselessness. Trying so hard to make a meaningful world and failing. This world is just a get rich scheme, only this and nothing more,” she said.

“And it was a sterile world, stress free world.” And she thought that was “bad.”

And she told me, “That life is a joke and we should try and help those in the wildlands. I said, many are content there and some get used to the brain changes in time. She said, “We shouldn’t be telling people what to do or how to do it.”

She said that, “Formerly she had been an accountant. She said money was rolling in from donors so you can build almost anything you want.”

And she stated, “Life is actually quite simple, not so complicated as the Cyborgs would have you think.”

I said “Yes, the Cyborgs tend to make big deals out of nothing.”

“Yet they don’t believe in love and are Godless.”

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And a vet from the former surface city of Houston said, “We should allow cats and dogs in Paradise.” “I was against it saying it was misplaced love to have a pet and they had to be fed and watered and had sewage. And dogs barked.”

But just like the book, “Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep/ Blade Runner, it was good to have some kind of real pet, even if it was just a goat, he said.

And the vet said we should design a zoo cavern filled with exotic animals to breed them and keep them around.

It went to a vote and the vet lost 617-300.

It was a sterile environment here in this Paradise, as mentioned previously. And many didn't want the animal smells and parasites.

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CHAPTER XXX: ARMS RACE
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And of course, there was an arms race on the surface. We had nuclear weapons/missiles and our gates were sealed by doors 200 m thick. Embassy to Earth was located on top of the main gate.

I said it is like mud wrestling only one could see and the other was blind. We were the blind.

Dog eat dog here in Paradise too. People competing hard for laurels and wanted the latest technology, and tried to get support for it.

We connived with Cyborg generals to get the death ray and the latest missiles. They were stationed near the surface. But we knew if we used them the Cyborgs would wipe us out.

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Then I was interviewing a woman sci-fi writer. She said, “Everyone should keep a diary of their love affairs and make them into movies. Even if that meant violence. Sometimes you have to fight for your culture and reality.” She said.

And she said, “I was just giving people false confidence, and that significantly 10% of the population left voluntarily in that first year and 10% died of overdoses.” She said, “People were also too passive and not ambitious enough here. The Cyborgs pointed out that we were backwards.”

Then she said, “I was a master illusionist. My Heaven was just illusory. A Cyborg dream...”

And she mentioned, she claimed to be wise (WQ 10). She said we need older, wiser people here rather than emphasizing youth. She was 60 years old.

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CHAPTER XXXI: MY MUSE DUMPS ME
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And most significantly, my Muse said, “She didn’t want to see me anymore.”

I fell into a deep depression and drowned my sorrows in alcohol. And I booked into the mental hospital which was filled with people who had had altered their brains for the worse. The psychiatrist recommended I take a tour on the surface and forget about Paradise for a while.

I thought about it, “And then loved my psychiatrist and we got wasted.” She was telling me, “We weren’t clever enough to understand God.” I said, “Some people here think I am a God.”

“But how can I live without my Muse,” I asked her.

Then she said, “To take your mind off of it, let’s start a gambling house to gamble on events on the surface. It would help keep people interested in the surface. So, I told her to put it to a vote. It passed with an 82% vote. So, we hired more spies and bookies set up shop.

People gambled on Cyborg wars and what people in the wildlands were doing. And how many space ships will be sent and where are they going? And who will have a test tube baby with who? And which film would gross the most money (each film cost a silver piece). And who will fall in love with who. And sports gambling...

Gambling such as the Sex Olympics and neo 3-D chess and neo baseball. Large crowds gathered to watch sports and games in the amphitheater located in the third biggest cavern.

But my shiny future was soiled and I didn’t think I could get it back.

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CHAPTER XXXII: ADDITIONAL CONVERSATIONS
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Then I spoke with a cowboy/farmer who said he was managing most of our food supply. He said, “It was quite expensive to produce food underground and was a strain on the budget. Maybe we need to import more food or adopt new techniques from the space agencies...” All very expensive, but, “I thought it was worth it.

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Another love said, “Imagination differentiates humans from animals and IQ separates Cyborgs from animals. I said, “But the Cyborgs don’t appear as intelligent as they claim (IQ 11+, for Mark III) and animals can imagine being eaten by another.” She added, “Animals have instincts, not imagination. We are the race of dreamers.”

And she said, “She didn’t want to go back to the surface where she was afraid she’d lose herself in technology and drugs. She really liked the idea of daily new loves. But she wondered why our suicide rate was so high.” I said, “Some people will never be content.”

And she retorted, “She never would have survived in health with Multiple Sclerosis without 2045 technology.”

I said, “Some people are born lucky. It’s just the vicissitudes of life. There are too many people anyway, I said. But she insisted that, “Advanced technology had saved her, but she wanted to live here now, all the same.”

I told her story to my best friend, Charles XZ who said I was too stubborn and should put advanced medicine to a vote. So, I reluctantly did so and I won the vote with a no vote of 75%. I was disappointed that so many (25%) voted against me. Some even said they wanted to vote yes, but respected me too much to vote against me. But already all diseases had been cured in the 2040s and there was no need for new medicines which would only drive people crazy. A bad type of crazy.

My friend Charles XZ told me, “The golden age of music was the 1970s even though he was just 18 and American civilization peaked.” I said, “American civilization peaked in 2030. There was more free love and marijuana was easy to get. And there were less poor. And technology peaked in 2030; hence Paradise.”

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Then a daily love had the best face I’d seen to date. I asked her, “Why she wasn’t a celebrity?” She said, “She was a celebrity but she’d drastically changed here face. And she hoped to be a very famous ballerina/actress here.”

I said, “I liked exotic female dancers.”

And she twisted into a few unusual positions, during our love making.

And she was great in bed. She was a screamer. I said, “Passionate lovers like you are hard to find. I think I am in love with you.” She helped me forget my Muse.

She was also a geo-architect. She said, “She was in addition a professional drinker.” I said, “Let’s get drunk and design a new home for me (mostly interior decoration).”

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As time passed we wondered if some people were using computer generated ideas to make movies. But many were interested in the surface and the Cyborg civilization.

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Then I spoke with a man who said, “He would make himself ugly using make up and was surprised how passionate some women are even for an ugly man like him.”

And he said, “modern civilization,’ was ugly with elitists treating the poor with indifference at best, more likely abuse them.”

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Then I encountered Ms. Feminine.

Then I spoke to Mr. Muscles who was the partner of Ms. Feminine. They’d come together and found some time every day to be with each other. Many said it proves love exists. And some wanted to be like them.

They were our version of extremists. But were celebrities all the same.

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Then I met a woman who said, “She wanted a referendum to start the process of selecting a new leader.” I said, I was against it publicly in our daily news.” But the vote went ahead. Only 30% favored having a new leader. So that was that. I was the de facto King.

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Then I met an elderly woman of 59, one of the oldest here. She said she didn’t want plastic surgery or eternal youth. She talked about “natural beauty.” But it was hard to love her. I said, “She represents life of ages gone by...”

She told me, “I should charge \$500 000 for a resident visa to Paradise and \$100 000 for a tourist visa (good for one month), all in gold.” And she added, “We could increase our capital for building projects.” I said, “Sure but if someone was poor, they could still be considered.” So, we put it to a vote and it passed with 90% of votes cast.

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Then I was intriguing again with my ambassadors with top Cyborg generals to improve our defences. I knew I was walking a fine line but most of our weapons were defensive.

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Then another woman was complaining about there being no Utopia for the common man. I said I can’t look after everyone. Let the common people create their own Utopia. Not very charitable of you, she said (my Kind Q was 8 now).

And she stood 9’ tall. She said you can use my genes in a test tube to create a race of giants. I said as you know the ceiling is only 7’ high in the tunnels. So, we don’t want a race of giants. But I am sure you will be a famous actress here. A whole lot of love.

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Then I met a guy who had old-fashioned OCD (obsessive compulsive disorder).

He said, “He liked the sterile environment and said maybe I myself was OCD?”

I said, “I am fine.”

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And I was starting a new hobby, painting fired clay pots just like the ancient Greeks only with motifs and pictures of our Paradise.

Everyone needed a new art/craft hobby every year.

Other hobbies I considered trying were metalwork, wood work, mining explosives, furniture design, interior decorating, geo-architecture, farming, being a chef, becoming a brew master and so on.

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Then I met a film maker who said he was working on, “Evils of History.” “It was a long litany of problems and failures of the past. Everything from war and genocide to madness, slums and poverty, lousy drugs and unpalatable firewater and lousy art and decrepit movies.”

I said, “The future will have all those things you just mentioned. But people don’t want to study history except as an artificial history movie. And our future studies program is not popular, though this memoir has some futuristic elements.”

I said in the daily news one day, “That the Cyborgs even sent elite humans to our Heaven, they are happy to get rid of them “where the sun doesn’t shine.” Some were worried Cyborgs would take over our Paradise.

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Everyone here is clever and can learn any of the Arts. A race of Renaissance Humans.

Mass writing, e.g. 8 people wrote numerous short shorts for the movies. It was very popular.

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Then I met a man, “Who’d been charged with grabbing a chick’s breasts out of the blue.” He begged me for “clemency.” I said you have done a number of devilish acts. I don’t know what possessed me he said. I think the Cyborgs are in my head, said he.

We can test you with a neo lie detector I said. And, sure enough, they were in his head. I am not surprised I said. I was afraid of these neo lie detectors.

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The Digital Men think they are Philosopher Kings, but actually they still work mainly with trial and error and they put on airs... They themselves are wondering if Cyborgs were the right thing for scientists to create... Some pined for the Arts. But the arts were in disrepute on the surface except for creating in Cyborg virtual reality. It was a tale of two extremes. Utopia and the Cyborgs.

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CHAPTER XXXIII: MY SURFACE TOUR
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So, I went on a tour of the surface at the behest of my psychiatrist, to try and forget my muse. I had been to the surface many times prior to 2058, but now I viewed it differently after full Paradise.

Abandoned/destroyed cities...

New cyborg cities of jagged glass, with Cyborgs mostly in VR floating in the air. They could fly and use telekinesis.

Virtual lasers, were just a game to them. Trying to conquer imaginary territory in VR... but their life expectancy was to be 10 years old (they were born with adult memories).

I was like an ambassador from Paradise here on the surface.

I met briefly with the Cyborg leader, Knowen. He was de facto ruler of Earth. He said, "He didn't care about the humans in the wildlands." And he said, "He was willing to tolerate my Utopia just to see what happened."

Some Cyborgs had free village states. One of their leaders said, "He had plenty of spies in our Paradise and if I was wise I would stop trying to attract new Cyborg recruits," He said. I answered, "We have only attracted a handful." He said, "But a couple of top generals were turncoats and told you many of our secrets. He said disarm if you know what is good for you." I said, "I had left Paradise for good."

"Watch your step," he said.

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CHAPTER XXIV: MRT ON THE SURFACE
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Cyborg scientists lived in the Cyborg cities. Cadres of 20-30 scientists. They gave themselves high statistics but the only progress seemed to be in space. They'd now colonized 4 planets and 10 moons in our solar system and several nice water planets in space. Of course, VR "went to" these distant planets and used reality to build for real. Cyborgs were not leaving the material world yet. And they still ate and drank and had sex, like a human.

They enjoyed sex as Cyborgs including with multi-sexuals.

"Wimps in a freak show," some said.

Some Cyborgs were violent dictators.

Violence was golden to these Digital Men.

Wildland violence; then I met a Cyborg woman in the Wildlands who said, "She believed in Armageddon and had several hundred followers. Wonderful overdoses."

She was the former mayor of D.C. who hacked into aircars and bridges and hacked her way to power. She was a Cyborg now.

VR (virtual reality) and drugs appealed to the people of the wildlands but now they no longer had VR.

I said, "VR was just like the pied piper, they were charmed. And they were also desperate. Many were desperate enough to join the Cyborgs."

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Then I spoke with the Cyborg leader of a deep space mission. He said, "They planned to settle some people with sperm banks and eggs at numerous

planets and keep going deeper into space for all eternity. I said you'll probably be lapped by other spacecraft. He said they were going in a relatively straight line of which there were trillions of possibilities.

Then I asked him, "Why go to space?" He said, "Life had recently been found on numerous planets. And he hoped to find God."

"What life," I asked? He said, "It was top secret, of course."

XXX

Then I met a humble beggar. He said, "Many years ago he had studied at Oxford but now his mind was deranged and he just, hoped for handouts. He said work was overrated and is dying out. But he said he wanted no further part in the Digital civilization."

I said, "Don't let bad luck get you down. As an Oxford graduate we would welcome you to Paradise." He said, "It sounds too good to be true (He had come as a tourist, and was let in even though he had no money)."

He said, "MRT (mind reading technology) was a double-edged sword, but in the hands of the Cyborgs it was just an instrument of torture for the people. But in the right hands it could lead to a loving, honest society," he said. "So, people keep telling me," I said.

On the surface 6% of humans were happy. Cyborgs were 10% happy. Utopians were 85% happy. Our Paradise and other Utopias Most Cyborgs were failures and were insane. And I figured Knowen wanted to make his Cyborg populace happier.

The sane Cyborgs were the most "inspired," according to a group of Cyborgs who I talked with.

And I collected the best magic mushrooms I could, here on the surface to take my mind off of Paradise. I was interested in hallucination and the mushrooms.

I figured I was having hallucinations anyway, might as well go all the way.

I saw God and then the Devil and demons. And the Queen of my dreams.

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CHAPTER XXV: VIRTUAL ARMAGEDDON
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And then I met a man who said a total Cyborg war was imminent and they would conscript humans to fight. I said how disturbing. And I took shelter in an air raid bunker.

And the next day the war began. Large swaths of territory were destroyed by nuclear missiles and death rays. Many humans were killed and the remaining Cyborg cities were destroyed.

It was all over in a few minutes. The area I was in, the countryside of Calcutta, was not bombed. It was said the vast majority of Cyborgs had died in the war.

So, I bought a Geiger counter and continued my tour.

And the Cyborgs said, “The drugs were particularly good for their VR.” But now it was a new reality of just a few thousand Cyborgs.

It looked as if the Digital Men were destroying one another and this was fine with me. But they were taking humans down with them.”

XXX

Here on the surface, intelligence was worth gold.

I met an entrepreneur, he claimed, “a Biz Q of 12.” He was a Cyborg.

Abandoned cities; people were committing suicide in large numbers, he noted. And they are hunted down by Cyborgs. He said, “It is hopeless for humans.”

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CHAPTER XXVI: RETURN TO PARADISE
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So, I returned to Paradise having learnt nothing on the surface in late 2058...

But there was still a lot of money around. Mars/VR was worth \$3 zillion.

All the colonies in space were thriving and there were a lot of Cyborg tourists.

But the other Utopias spread the rumor that there were only 2 million humans left.

XXX

I spoke with a woman who said, “She was Ms. World 2037, and had been elected to lead the city of Detroit as mayor.” But like all other cities Detroit had ceased to exist.

She said, “We were all just a number on the surface.” I said, “Well at least everyone has a unique number.

And she was talking about the Sex Olympics/ Love Olympics. Events included strength, passion, romance, acrobatics, marathon, orgy creativity and loving crazy and kindness. Improve your Love Q was the goal for many.

And she said, “The meaning of life is to be happy and make others happy too. We are all part of the whole,” She said.

And she was a dissident from the surface, “For being outspoken, and saying that humans should be respected and not forced to go to war.”

And she said, “Anti-fat pills were the best thing ever and that progress was great.”

She had a wondrous face, so clever looking, and she said, “Life was just a dream, our Paradise was a dream but it wouldn’t last.”

She said, I was like an ostrich with its head buried in the sand.”

She said, “Common sense is now crazy and vice versa.” She said, “She’d like to have many lovers but not one new one every day. And if you wanted a test tube baby the couple should spend some time together first and be sure they know what they are doing.”

I said, “That is part of life to not know what you are doing. Even for the Cyborgs.”

Then she said, “We were living in a perfect world and you are a God. Perfect intellect, perfect imagination and a dynamite face.” I told her, “I’d been dumped by my Muse and couldn’t recover.”

I asked her, “If she’d like to be a surrogate mother for my twins with my former Muse. My former Muse had given me access to her egg bank even though we were no longer together. While this new love was pregnant I would love her.” She acquiesced.

Then she said, “In the past celebrities of all sorts only had a few dozen good friends, but now one can befriend most of the 1000 gathered here and love the people.” But, “She wasn’t so sure that children should be raised by the government.” But I said, I had a number of kids and it worked out fine (from 2039-2058).”

She said she’d like to “Propose a Utopia which would bring back purity and love. She said no drugs of any kind should be allowed.” I said, “Sounds too strict. And too backwards and too cheerless,” I replied.

I talked with her and told her, “Love is the best drug of all.” She said, “She was tired of love and drugs and didn’t know where to turn.” I said, “You mustn’t be too greedy. Just take love as it comes day by day.” “You are one to talk with your broken heart,” she said. Imagine, 1 girl out of all these fine women could be the virtual ruin of you.”

Then I loved the woman. Afterwards she said, “She was the best person in the Paradise. And I should love her again and again.”

She played keyboards and had written some beautiful love songs and she had a strangely beautiful face. She was only 18 and predicted, “She would be the music guru of our time.” She said, “Some said she stole some melodies from the computers, but she said everyone knows the computer music is now incomprehensible to us humans.”

And she said, “She didn’t know my Paradise was so kind (Kind Q average 8.9); you should advertise this more.” I said, “But they have to be imaginative (Imagination Q=9 minimum. As well as an 9 I Q minimum).

And I said, “Of course the Cyborg Kind Q is only 5.4 on average... They were unfeeling bastards.”

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CHAPTER XXVII
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I was from Canada initially and I hated the cold.

But the environmentalists said, “Maybe we’d end up like Venus and have super heavy air pressure and super hot surface temperatures.”

I said in any case we didn’t care in our safe subterranean Heaven.

Then I talked with a new lover who said, “Being cool and graceful is the essence of a good man.” I said, “I agree.” She said, “To be a dude was difficult in these changing times... of tough women and tough love.”

She said, “Previously when there were still human cities, Cyborgs of the future do your living for you and you just floated and relax, in VR; it was inane.”

“It was not real...”

Then she said, “She was a conservative she said she liked our go-slow approach to technology.” But she didn’t want to love strange men every day. And she was anti-alcohol. And she said, “She was an agnostic,” but I knew she was hiding a belief in God. She wasn’t very good in bed. She was just doing her duty.

But she said, “We should spend less time on making films and more time on parties.” I said, “The movies give people something to do, a sense of accomplishment. And it entertains people for real not like VR on the surface.”

She said, “I wonder if people here would vote now for VR? So, she proposed a vote and lost 95% to 5%.” It was an embarrassment for some.

She said, “Apparently, many wanted more variety in Utopias including many for the common man. But it was hard to start up such Utopias. Most of the existing Utopias had small populations and were kind of elitist of sorts.”

This woman; her face was unusual, yet attractive. She said, “Life is a freak show and it is high time you joined the Freaks Anonymous of which she was a member.”

“I had to really open my mind with her and her mutant friends.”

This lover I loved said, “I should improve my brain and then take control of Earth.” “I was the cleverest man she’d ever met,” she said. She said, “However you keep thinking of yourself as a tragic figure.”

“Well you can laugh or cry,” I said.

“And most good people such as jokers or sad good people have already come to our Paradise,” I said.

She said, ultimately, “She’d like to start her own Utopia with clever women and foolish men. I said, “Many women think they are cleverer than their man. But you are joking, right?” I asked.

XXX

Race had ceased to be an issue. In fact, many people wanted mixed race children who they thought were superior genetically speaking.

I said to my new daily lover, “I’m surprized that our elite doesn’t complain more, I guess they are afraid of deportation. Which suits me fine.”

She said, “Changing your brain is like dying.” She said, “She would never leave Paradise.” But I learned she had another lover who she loved more than me. She fell for an actor.

And she said, “She’d rather be bored than dead.”

And I told her, “I didn’t want my children to be machines (I had impregnated 10 women in 2058) and 2 had already been born). I had also had a number of kids aged 12-18 from the surface days.”

I met a potential applicant to our Paradise in a brothel. She said, “She’d loved a few Cyborgs and it was frantic out of control sex.”

She said, “Who knows how the Cyborgs felt.” I asked, “Why don’t you stay in my Heavenly Paradise?”

And I went to a plastic surgeon to change my face again. It made me look super clever. They had genetic therapy to change your body and face too but it was too advanced this technology for me. When I met people, they didn’t recognize me. It was a giant masquerade. I preferred to meet people one on one.

XXX

And I met a geo-architect/engineer who said, “There seemed to be a lot of building in your paradise and said she was a former tourist and she wanted to come.” I said, “Sure, you’ve already been accepted here.”

I said, “People keep adding décor to their home and redesigning their homes, it was one of the prerogatives of new people here.”

She said she was a disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright. We need more wood for building she said.

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CHAPTER XXVIII
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And I said, “I am sick and tired of movies about kings and queens and tyrants in general. I am thinking of banning such movies of dictatorship...”

“So, I put it to a vote and 90% supported me, but many said they figured dictatorship was inevitable... Me for example.”

XXX

Then another daily lover told me, “Let’s play a historical couple and act like we’ve known each other for a long time.” So, we played Romeo and Juliet on a set for a Renaissance movie. It was just a game but half way through our outline script we quit it and just loved one another.

She said, “Nowadays she just wanted to have sex, no dialog.”

XXX

Then I said to another daily love, she was a perfect woman, the cleverest I have met so far, next to my ex-Muse. She said you probably say that to all the girls. She had written “Women’s view.” She asked the 500 or so women in Paradise what they thought about it. The results were wildly positive. Women felt they were valued here and safe and intellectually challenged.

She said like many men she met confused lust with love. And these days there are so many wimpy men who want to fall in love and say women have broken their hearts.

And she said, “Most men today are cowards, just like you.” But I said, “I had stood up to the Cyborgs and created my own world.” “You are afraid of the future,” She said.

And she was making gold jewellery for export with the traders.

And she proposed that, “We have a debate about cameras that can sense strong emotions to make highlights of one’s life.”

But it was voted down by a 50%/40% vote. But it was agreed that if you wanted cameras on you, it could be arranged. Some said, “Life here was like a giant soap opera. But at least we didn’t allow MRT do the general populace,” Most said.

She looked weird, but good. She said, “Back in the 2030’s she’d been fired so many times... But now all she had to do was be herself and she made weird documentaries, which were full of horror.”

I said, “I can sympathize with you.”

XXX

Then another daily love was a tall, pro-athlete turned into an actor.

She said, “Life is all about competition and that she hated this false Paradise.”

“She’d rather be a freak on the surface then go down the drain with me,” She said.

And she said that, “There have always been people who lived backwards.”

“Indeed, the vast majority of people ever born were behind the leading edge.”

“Nothing new under the sun,” she said.

XXX

Another love she said, “She’d grown up on the street in gangs like most people in China, but people here respected one another generally speaking. And she said it really is Paradise.”

And she told me, “We all seem to be kindred spirits here with you.”

“I said there is a brotherhood/sisterhood of writers/actors; we create different things but when it comes right down to it, we are very similar.”

We got drunk together.

XXX

Then I met an engineer who said, “the caverns need to be reinforced by huge Corinthian columns.” I asked, “Can we stand an atomic bomb from the surface?” “I think so,” he said. And he said remember our reactor and two back up reactors were deep down in the rock, 6 km down. Most of us lived 1-2 km underground.

He was a former leader of India. He said, “The Cyborgs kicked him out and after wandering for years he finally came here.” He said, “He was willing to make films about the future on the surface.” But I reminded him, “Such behavior was dangerous.”

XXX

Then I met a girl who said, “She wanted to be my Muse.” I said, “I already had one, and it ended badly.”

Then she told me, “We are all just a dream of the World’s Super Computer.”

I said surely, “We have our own thoughts.” She said, “It was all a lie.”

She said, “We are all programmed with hypnosis to want to be a Cyborg.”

I said, “If so why are we here?” “It is because we were rejected,” She replied.

Then she said, “She didn’t want daily loves.” I said, “It is mandatory to have daily loves. Non-negotiable.”

She told me, “She lived a hermetic existence in a small cave deep down below the main cavern.” “But she had to work so worked on movie scripts down in her cave.”

And she said, “Your guards are violent.” I said, “It is a necessary evil. We are as peaceful as possible.”

And she chose to be rather fat. But she said, “Modern technology had cured her diabetes and heart problems here in Paradise with 2040 technology. And she was forever grateful.” She said, “Some men liked fat, full bodied girls.”

“And she was getting old, and wanted eternal youth to keep her invigorated. And she was a good speech writer and could write speeches for me.”

I could feel the pain of getting old as I was 62 years old, but eternal youth kept me going, even though I had been so against it.

She was 60 and so was one of the oldest here.

She said, “She was glad to not have to live on the surface and eat the grubs and insects and scavenge for nuts and berries much of which was radioactive.” I told her, “I knew all this.”

She said, “She was off to a good start here.”

She was a self-proclaimed, “Renaissance Human.” She could paint and sculpt and write music and write scripts. She said, “Given the population and education there must have been 60-70 equivalents of Da Vinci alone as of 2040. No doubt a lot of them are gone now...”

And she said, “All votes should be according to rank. Those at the top=rank 10% would get all the votes.”

I said, "It would lead to more competition amongst the denizens of Paradise. I've been thinking about it," I said.

And her music, "Was the discordant music of a psycho. She said computers don't play like a mad man. Although it was discordant, there was a strange harmony to it.

I didn't know what to think of her.

And she said, "Modern life made her sick." She said, "There is no such thing as Utopia/Heaven. Humans are never perfect but rather full of faults. Maybe the Cyborgs were approaching perfection. But they made constant war with one another."

I said, "But every day our Paradise improved. We were as close to Utopia as possible."

She said, "What about the suicide rate? Of 15%?" "I said you can't please everyone... Many here said Paradise was their only hope..."

XXX

Then I was talking to a man who was ranked in the top 10%. He told everyone, "How great he was."

"He said the #1 ranks were the future of mankind. He said parallel worlds are coming however and men such as he would each have their own world."

I said, "It sounds like VR to me." He said, "No in parallel worlds, the top ranked were in their own world and wouldn't share with others. They will all love themselves.

And he said, "War would consume Paradise, but he would be long gone when that happened."

I said, “Regular neo lie detectors tell us when someone is planning a violent act. The system is nearly foolproof.”

He said, “The Digital Men will break into Paradise sooner or later and war will come.”

We had coated the ceilings of the caves and tunnels with a special material that fooled ground penetrating radar to make it look like there was no tunnel.

“Many of the tunnels were down very deep and only the top 10% knew about them. And they had promised not to tell anyone,” he said. “I know but I have no idea what they are up to,” I said. But I knew all about it.

And he said, “The latest news from the surface was that Cyborgs were now demanding ALL humans must be their slaves/soldiers.”

There were a lot of new cyborgs, so their numbers were increasing as many went to space (and 15% killed themselves every year). But most died in the wars leading up to and including, 2058. They wanted to keep the Cyborg population up at 10 million on Earth, but were well below that now. Many were refugees from the wars to the wilderness, but slowly they rebuilt their cities...

And he said, “It was now impossible to report the news as the Digital Men had recently forbidden cameras in the hands of humans. So, he fled to Paradise.”

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CHAPTER XXIX
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Then I spoke to my new Muse again...

I told her, "I was sorry most of the good writers tried to join the Cyborgs, but many were driven insane and came here where our doctors used hypnosis on them to bring them back to the way they were before..." Hypnosis was officially illegal, but we used it in secret.

I knew that she was a former famous actress who said she was classically trained who was one of the first to come to Paradise.

I told her, "You act like you are deeply in love with me." And she did.

She was working on her third film here, all fantasy movies. She was an artist as well as an actress and was a writer to boot. Her previous two movies were seen and liked by all. Weird juxtapositions of weird pictures and bizarre unearthly, uncanny dialog.

And she was in charge of our red-light district here in Paradise...

The windows sported paintings by Rembrandt and Van Gogh.

And the girls were painted different colors such as blue, orange etc. And had temporary tattoos.

Many men had such a high sex drive with their pills that they needed sex urgently very often. They spent all their gold on these girls.

Sex diseases had all been cured.

XXX

Then I met a dude who said he was a musician who idolized the late 60s.

Many here believed this dude was our best musician. Of course, he played new age music like the others, and it was psychedelic.

And he was a philosopher who said, “The surface was unlivable.”

“As Socrates was to have said the unthought life was not worth living.”

He said, “His philosophy now was to improve the quality of life in this Paradise.”

Then he was saying, “He was a self-proclaimed ‘barbarian.’” He ate simulated meat and real imported meat only. And said, “He felt free here and he made some controversial films about how robots should make the movies leaving people to enjoy them and party.” Finally, he was deported by a 71% vote in the parliament. (The legislature needed a 2/3 vote to deport someone, but I had the power to deport anyone I wished, as founder of Paradise).

XXX

Then I was talking to two young (19) girls. They said, “They had a tutor here who was helping them become writers.” They said, “There was so much love here in Paradise.”

I said, “We are hoping to create a race of loving writers.”

They said, “They were members of the “Radical Party” with several branches on Earth.” But I reminded them, “No political parties were allowed here.”

They said, “They’d given up all hope on the surface and anyway everyone here was radically against the surface scenario.”

“But everyone had a different reason for coming here I think,” Said I.

And one of the girls said she wanted to master pre-2030 science and the science that was allowed here in 2058.

Basically, we had a number of scientists who did pre-2030 science. One of the girls was telling me, “Energy and mass are equal and both are equal to time. I said, “No more scientific speculation or you’ll be deported.” “God is science,” they said.

XXX

Then I met a producer. She said, “She came up with the basic plot and writers filled in the details.” She was a good lover.

She was a surreal artist also. She juxtaposed fantasy different pictures on photos. Each one made you think.... Love with her was weird. She had a slide show of bizarre images on the walls and ceiling and the images groaned and screamed as if they were alive.

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CHAPTER XXX: LATE 2058 A.D.
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Apparently, it was broadcast on the news. Cyborgs had settled on a planet around 25 light years away. It was a great victory for the system.

My new daily love asked me, “Why I cared about what happened on the surface?” I said, “They are our fellow humans dying out there. And maybe the Cyborgs are right,” I remarked. She said, “How can you side with such ruthless cruel freaks?” I said, “I just figured they have a point.”

She was an engineer and she told me that, “Paradise was unachievable.” “And she said she’d had bad luck in love and in business.” I told her, “Almost everyone who made it here became a success.” She said, “It seems this Paradise is for people who couldn’t make it on the surface.” I said, “People here have a lot of antipathy towards the Cyborgs here.”

After I loved her she left, “Saying we were doomed.”

XXX

Then there was Mr. Utopia also known as Captain Grace, a zillionaire who put all his money into Paradise.

He alone made everyone well off...

And he had a lot of women, more than 10 new ones a day. He wanted us to bring in more women as after one year he had repeated each love several times.

XXX

It was clear that there were many types of Utopia and there always had been.

Now Cyborgs could design their own perfect world in VR (virtual reality) on the surface.

VR was wild fantasy and all the players were real Cyborgs. It was easy to build and establish things in VR and one could have telekinesis powers and weapons for fighting. They fought over existing “territory” and every one of these Digital Men wanted to be a King or Emperor of the Moon and elsewhere. Control freaks. The VR on the moon was invisible from Earth but they had built whole worlds there. It was a fine line between VR and reality.

And of course, stimulants enhanced the VR experience.

3-D art scenes and sculpture...

Then there was the advent of the Grim Party of 22 people they voted as a block and wanted to be the first to form a political party. They believed we are on the road to hell and had to believe life was a nightmare. They needed to select the best cynics from the surface. But I told them, “To disband there would be no political parties here.”

And so, they acquiesced.

Then there was the “Movie Party.” They wanted people to work on films 14h/a day.

I said it would only lead to burn out and you are forbidden from creating a party.

XXX

There were a lot of tourists in that first year, 10 000 of them but few applied to live in this world. But towards the end of year 1, I decided no more tourism for security reasons. We had enough gold without them.

They were not included in daily loves. They were extraneous.

XXX

I had a recurring brilliant love affair with a chick, she was like a sex machine.

Her job was exotic dancer and she stripped in the main square sometimes triggering orgies.

I spent movie time loving her, which was against the rules, but no one was particularly upset about it but some said, “I was a cruel dictator who ruled others but was myself a lawbreaker.” But finally, “She used illegal telekinesis to throw me out of her home.” I didn’t know what to do about it.

I was now seriously mentally ill and was completely drunk all day. I couldn’t get over my Muse dumping me.

Still many people considered me to be a savior, a virtual God. Everywhere in Paradise were statues of me showing clever faces that I’d had over the last year.

I was so drunk I couldn’t properly play party chess, 3-D, 12 players, 256 spaces.

Then I talked with a woman who was another psychiatrist. I told her, “I was out of control insane in an insane world.”

To play for time, “I announced I was creating a museum, which documented the struggles of children to grow up.”

And I suggested changing people’s skin colors and have them radiate light.

XXX

And 5 of the top 10 ranking (top 10 of 1000) left during the first year. This depressed me still further.

There was a kind of pallor hanging over Paradise.

And there were spies for the Cyborgs everywhere. We deported them when we found them but they had MRT and so were one step ahead of us. But as I mentioned I had my own spies everywhere who would be rewarded with gold...

And there were spies watching us who masqueraded as actors and disappeared at some point no doubt to report our doings. But some Cyborgs apparently were interested in coming to paradise (without the computer helm) and sent their spies to check us out.

XXX

Then I met with two female identical twins, I loved them both. One was rough the other timid. But they both argued, "In favor of clones." I said, "Clones are expensive."

And I said, "we need more variety in terms of exotic women. But it was a fact that the majority here were non-white."

In my stupor, I managed to say, "Never had a civilization been so peaceful."

The twins said they had heard, "that Bhutan is peaceful and isolated." I said "But it is boring there, or so I have heard."

Then I was so desperate for panacea that I had some opiates smuggled in and I dreamed interesting dreams. And was "out of it." But I knew people had too much respect for me to judge me negatively/deporting me.

XXX

But I knew what was happening here in Paradise. Fifteen per cent committed suicide in the first year (2058) and I felt I was near the end, at 62 years old. I refused eternal youth at first but finally decided to live more youthfully even though I was doomed...

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CHAPTER XXXI: THE LEGISLATURE AGAIN
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Another week's legislature, week 71 (71 out of 73, 5-day weeks). And this week's vote was to eat no living thing including plants. Totally synthetic. The vote passed with a 60% majority but I no longer cared.

And also, this month there was a murder trial: a woman said she was harassed often by a guy and finally murdered him. As a judge, I couldn't care less, but many of the people in Paradise were engrossed by the trial. In the end she was deported, the second murderer to come to Paradise.

And then they debated having MRT in Paradise. As leader, "I vetoed it," much to the chagrin of most people who, "Spoke of loving societies on the surface. Ten per cent of our populace left after this result."

Then having cameras everywhere was debated again. They voted it down and I didn't need to interfere.

Then they voted for a new, bigger lake in a large cavern with a beach and fish.

It was a dream within a dream for many now said.

Most people feared deportation and figured here was truly Paradise. The deported forfeited their home and money.

Then a woman I loved screamed like a banshee. It perked me up a little.

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CHAPTER XXXII: I OPT FOR NEW OPIATES
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We had stocked all kinds of medicines of 2036 or before, but no neo opiates. Now I felt I personally needed some neo opiates so I legalized it. I no longer cared if everyone was out of it or not. I knew it would be voted down but c'est la vie. I had veto power.

Film production did a nose dive and many (25%) of the people left within 5 neo-weeks after my pro neo opiate decree. Many were so disappointed in me.

I said we need to elect a new leader, so they selected Captain Grace, the former zillionaire. Captain Grace lead them and he made a number of savvy business deals to enrich Paradise. But he said, "Everyone needed to work for his company and there were to be neo opiates."

And he strengthened the applicant acceptance rules to allow mainly women in. "Women are peaceful and need protection," he said.

I told everyone, "Love was an illusion and sex was just the instinct to breed; we should get rid of it."

XXX

Then I spoke with a woman who said life is torture and we've lost our roots.

She and I drank together whenever we could. New laws of Captain Grace held that one could opt out of the daily loves which I did. It was simply too upsetting for me, even though I had ordained it.

She said, "The Earth's light was dimming and dying and it was a damn shame." I told her, "I did all I could but ultimately failed."

She said we are like two wounded birds.

She said, “You tried free love, but ultimately feel empty. I could have told you that.”

Then she said, “This Paradise was amazing but we should stop making movies and just spent fun party time with one another. Clever conversation was ideal,” She said.

And she said, “All “good plays” and every nice piece of art ever invented should be made and recorded on video. She said Earth’s treasure is in its art.

I said, “Put it to a vote, I am not stopping you, and I’m sure Captain Grace won’t either.”

She easily won the vote.

But then she said, “She’d like to try to become a Cyborg, change her brain and become a new person.”

And I said, “One day they’ll override our leader’s wishes and vote out our Paradise completely.”

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The oldest man in the world was 126 and still going strong on the surface.

He had said, “Don’t try and do too much with your life, that is the secret to longevity. To have no worries or greedy desires.” But he had a cache of eternal life drugs it was said. People often talked about this old man who was legendary amongst us in Paradise.

I said you only have one life, best to try and do something special for posterity; one’s children. Even though I was bummed out about our Paradise, I still figured there was nothing else I could have done.

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CHAPTER XXXIII
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Then I was speaking with a man who said, “Let’s build more nuclear bombs and bomb the Cyborg cities.” I said, “We’d never get away with it and the survivors would destroy us.” He said, “We are perhaps more than a match for these Digital Men.”

He said, “We need to bring scientists amongst us and forget our creed. You are not in, I said.

Meanwhile I heard that all Cyborgs were planning to leave Earth and so maybe we would reclaim the Earth.

This made me hopeful, though skeptical.

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I was dabbling in fantasy art and poetry but my heart wasn’t in it.

Then my latest love told me, “She was a psychiatrist, who had co-invented a drug to reverse the changes done on the surface.” I said, “I had heard of her.” It was one of the few advanced drugs allowed here in 2058. She also used hypnosis at my behest secretly henceforth.

She had quite a high success rate and was ranked high, IQ 10, Imagination Q 10.

She said she was honest, and people in the Paradise were always subject to a neo lie detector. Some took refuge from the MRT on the surface. She said, “People here said everyone is free to have their own thoughts here in Paradise, as long as they don’t lie.”

She said, “But she felt she had no use.” I sympathized with her.

But I told her, “We are ultimately useless. Cyborgs are stealing the show.”

She had also written a number of sci-fi books and said she could imagine all sorts of Dystopias. She was making them into movies now.

“It can always be worse,” she said.

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My next daily lover was new to our Paradise. She said, “All her life she had been a loser, but here she felt like a winner.”

She said, “People here don’t know how good they have it as things are quickly degenerating on the surface. She said she found hope and love here.”

She had made a movie about dwarves who thrived in low tunnels and there was such a dwarf Utopia where she filmed it.

Then she said we should move the highest ranks deeper into the underground and the lightweights would be closer to the surface. And she said it was essential to be frank, be an “asshole.” She made a film lampooning the highest 10 ranking Paradise dwellers.

And she was in charge of the printing press. And all works of literature including movie scripts were printed and stored in the library...

And she said, “I was like a God to her and she was deeply enamored of me.”

And we together had a test tube baby. “I had a lot of requests for impregnation.”

I was glad that if anything happened to me I would still have a lot of children. And my clones, including the Crown Princess.

This daily lover also invented a drug that would drive Cyborgs completely crazy. I said, “Do your worst.”

And she said, “She wanted to lampoon this Paradise.”

“Every Paradise needs a God,” she said, “so she would parody God.”

And she said, “She was tired of beauty and found satisfaction in ugliness.”

And she said, “We need to make this world, free of pain and heartbreak. Look at you, you are a mess.”

I said, “I needed to be healed.”

She said, “She would run for the leadership (6-month term).” I said, “I don’t care.”

But she said she had a daily love who said she was possessed by an alien. She said, “The alien automatically read her lover’s mind and told her to go to space. She was IQ 10, Imagination Q 10.” I said, “It is just the Cyborgs in your head. They want you as you are so clever and imaginative. But you’d be better off here,” I said.

And she said, “She wanted to form a church and worship the one God, you! I said I can’t agree with you, your heart is in the right place but I am no God.

I said I was tempted to play God myself however.

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Then another daily love told me, “She’d lead a life of crime but now had seen the light and just tried to be kind to everyone. Her Kind Q was now 10.” She said, “She’d met a lot of people who just wanted to be kind.”

She said, “Love is all about being concerned for your lover and all humankind.”

I said, “This Paradise has a lot of room for kindness. And she was a very good lover.”

She told me, “We had lost touch with the common man and what it means to be human.”

I told her, “It was evolution, and couldn’t be helped. I am just giving the clever people what they want.”

She said, “Just like you say there are two types of crazy: good and bad. Your Paradise is somewhere in between.”

“You are anti-war but war will come sooner or later; it always does.” She said.

I said, “We have advanced weapons such as nuclear missiles if anyone messes with us.”

“Anyway, I have a secret escape tunnel which will take a handful of us down a 40-km tunnel to a cave in another mountain,” I said.

And I negotiated a secret deal with a Cyborg to build an escape hatch to take me and a handful of others to the Moon. I’d heard that the moon was a nice place away from the frenetic pace of Earth’s surface. Even though it was settled exclusively by Cyborgs. But the Moon reality population was only 1 000 Cyborgs though there were hundreds of thousands in Moon VR. I told my new Muse, “I needed to deliberate going to the Moon and becoming a Cyborg.”

These days in late 2058 I saw more and more hallucinations. I was worried. One of the hallucinations was of a “Goddess,” who appeared as an angel and told me, “To join the Cyborgs.”

I told the Goddess, “To leave us alone.”

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Then I met a daily love who was the head chef for all the restaurants. She had created many wonderful foods (I allowed it) and also had agents importing food to our subterranean world. She was a genius and gave me

some foods no one else had tasted. To be honest I pigged out. No worries with anti-fat pills.

She said she was writing a book called the “Broken Hearts Club.” I said, in Paradise no one has a broken heart for long they say. But my heart has been broken too.” And I told her about my Muse.

And I said, “Most famous writers sided with the Cyborgs, but many of the best writers were/are here.

“But though we published the books the main purpose was to make movies.”

And she said, “We shouldn’t tell our children the surface was anything but bad.”

And she said, “Compared to women, men were selfish and greedy. Women should rule but even here in your paradise most of the high ranks are men.”

I told her, “I tried my best.”

She told me, “She was the leader of the women’s league union.”

She was also, “Down on men saying they were violent and cruel.”

She said, “For most of civilization’s history men didn’t think women could be creative and they thought the same about many foreigners.”

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CHAPTER XXXIV: COMMUNICATIONS
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And we often phoned our family members on the surface using our primitive phones. But many of us cut ties with everyone on the surface.

They wouldn't deliver letters on the surface.

No smart watches or smart phones or wi-fi or telepathy here.

No telling who would lose it on the surface. Sometimes they tried to do too much in too short of a time. But surface rehab wasn't helpful. It was just a place to put insane people and throw away the key. There was just a single rehab facility located in Berlin's outskirts. Many could not reach it.

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My next lover was a ballet dancer. "Dancing is for fools," I said. "How can you turn your back on grace and elan," She asked? Our coupling was difficult but we both knew we had to make love or we would be harshly judged, even though I was still one of the 3 supreme court judges.

And she told me, "She was making a horror movie entitled "2069." It was a story of Armageddon and the end of Paradise. Clever viruses killed off everyone."

Then she said, "That "Frankenstein's monster" is with us today.

We are all out of control. The human race is being destroyed by creatures who have renounced their humanity. And the best minds all go along with it.

"Just like Werner Von Braun I said. He sold out humanity to make weapons of mass destruction. He and numerous others."

And I said now is the time for heroes. I said, “The fate of all humankind is in the balance. And many people know this yet take no action. I wish I could do more,” I said.

She said, “She used to be a film critic from Canada. She said she had a strong effect on who in the Paradise followed her. Many of our films were obscure and few watched them. But that didn’t mean they weren’t good films.”

“But she was trying to change that and asked that all our films be required viewing here in Utopia.”

And she said, “She loved the art of a love letter. It was a more human way to go,” she said.

She said, “Many people here were still not in contact with lovers on the surface, though we had attracted many new citizens.”

She said, “She helped summarize book plots in movies.”

And she said she was a rich heiress on the surface who invested all her money here. “She really believed in me,” She said. I said, “I’d hate to disappoint you but this Paradise is the best I can do. She said, relax it is fine.”

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Then I spoke with the man who had cured all cancers back in 2039. He said, “You need my treatment to save many people in your group.”

I said, “People live too long anyway. If some of us get cancer it is no big deal; they have all had a good life. Short and sweet was what we wanted.”

He said, “You are crazy to turn your back on disease cures.”

I said, “I know what’s best.”

He said, “He was the “Everything Man.”” He claimed, “To be all things to all people.” He said, “For you I will play God which is what you seem to be aiming for.”

I said, “No one should try and play God even though for most people God is dead. The idea of a God is sacred memory.” He said, “God is immortal and powerful, there are many Gods here in Paradise,” he thought.

Just like the Gods of Greece, the immortal Cyborgs love to traffic with mere humans.

I said, “All power corrupts...”

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Then my daily love wore heavy make up. I asked her, “Why not get plastic surgery like everyone else.” She said, “No matter how pretty a girl is, she could always look better with make up. Men want to love an image, especially Cyborgs.”

She said, “She had developed a stimulant drug that would convince people to give up neo-opiates and she had brought it here to Paradise.” She said, “It is the only way to head off mass opium addiction like on the surface.” I said, “let the people try and then, we’ll put it to a vote.” And sure enough, the drug was adopted by 65% majority. I had no comment. I still got my neo-opiates.

But now everyone wanted to try it, even those who’d voted against it. And it made our civilization more upbeat and feverish. People worked much harder than formerly. And people even talked about “Paradise of the Stimulated.” This was in contrast to the neo opiates of recent memory.

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CHAPTER XXXV
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Then my next lover was the prettiest I had seen yet. And I loved her intensely for a few hours a day for several weeks and then it began to get old. And she was demanding gold jewellery.

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And I met a lover who was a lawyer which was a job we didn't have much use for, here in Paradise. So, she worked as an actress.

She said computers on the surface could be used to find soul mates for Cyborgs who lived outside the decaying cities...

And she said, "We should give the Cyborgs most of our gold to keep them from attacking us." However, they hadn't specifically threatened us." I told her, "Let us keep our gold and remain rich."

She put it to a vote but won only 22% of the vote.

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Then I spoke with my new Muse about pain. She said, "Without eternal youth many people would be in pain from debilitating ill effects of old age."

"But I pointed out life here in Paradise is largely stress free and the vast majority are happy no matter what. And we have pain killers available." But I was one of the many that got neo-opiates...

And I said that, "Most humans on the surface are miserable and useless and all they feel is pain, despite the neo-opiate drugs."

And she asked, “What about evil dictators such as yourself? I said no one in Paradise thinks I am evil.” But she said on the surface they say, “You won’t let in the average Joe. And you try to manipulate people.”

I said, “One can’t please everyone. We don’t have the capacity for countless thousands of disenfranchised people. Don’t blame me, blame the Cyborgs.”

And I told her, “You speak of passion and progress. I am just saying Paradise is imaginative and progress is under control.”

And I said to her, “She was like a wild beast. In bed and in actions. She would scream...”

She said, “Everything one undertakes should be with passion. It is to feel alive.”

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Many people were tanned at the beach with tanning chemicals. And walking along the tunnels tanned one too. And black people tried to lighten their color so as to appear quasi-white.

Perfume was used by both men and women and those in between.

Then I met my daily love who was the leader of the perfume company for our Paradise colony. She said, “Smell was underestimated.”

And she said, “The latest fashion should be introduced to our Utopia.” I said, “I was against it but she could put it to a vote which she did and won by a 61% majority.”

This resulted in a big upheaval. I found myself surrounded by would-be tailors and wore outrageous clothes.

Everyone was beautiful/handsome... more so in their fancy new clothes.

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Then we hired more gardeners who planted synthetic plants and a new chief was in charge of agriculture.

Forested caverns with canaries singing. We trucked in tonnes and tonnes of sterile soil. But mostly we grew food hydroponically and through stem cells.

Air featured fresh winds blowing. Recycled air, we kept it filtered and fresh. Average temperature was 24 C and never strayed far from that.

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CHAPTER XXXVI: MRT IS VOTED IN
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Then one day in mid-2058 a “terrorist” blew up one of our caverns killing 45. After that there was a lot of pressure on the high ranks to allow MRT to all. I said terrorism was an antiquated barbarian practice. But I didn’t want to allow general MRT. But they passed it in parliament with a 65% majority. Previously only our spies and ambassadors used MRT and some people became radicalized while here in Paradise.

The advent of MRT was the beginning of the end of the Paradise I said. We were becoming just like the Cyborgs I further remarked.

I was so disappointed...But I no longer had power to stop such votes. Now everyone got in everyone else’s heads, one at a time and tried to have deep love. But it was a little rough at first. But a slim majority still approved it.

I tried it out with my daily loves and it was excellent love but we were both embarrassed by our memories to our lovers.

And people said we could understand the Cyborgs with MRT.

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For my next daily love, she claimed, “She was the best woman in the world. The most beautiful, the cleverest (Imagination Q 10, IQ 10).”

But she and I didn’t really hit it off. Chemistry still counted for something.

She said, “All life is an illusion.” “Tell me about it,” I said.

“Money is largely illusory,” I said.

She said, “She could play any role with apps even appear as a man.”

She said, “All that matters is happiness. History is bunk, so too the future. But to enjoy yourself in the present day is what counts.”

I asked her, “If she was happy here,” And she said, “Not really.”

I said, “I predict people will become happier and happier in general, though I expect at least another 10% to commit suicide in Paradise in 2059. We had a hard time replacing those that died...”

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And I worried that votes in the parliament were corrupted. As a lot of votes had gone against me in the past and people no longer deferred to me.

But it was the vote for eternal youth which I was against and lost that really signified to me as being the end of our Utopia.

And they had another vote for MRT and again my side was defeated albeit in a close vote (I was now pro-opiates and didn't want to be driven further into madness). People now got in each other's heads and tried to make love but many people felt it drove them insane. It is not for everyone people concluded. But it was the future. In the past people wished to understand one another and MRT was key now.

But it was the end of Paradise.

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Then I spoke with a lighting director. She said it is a humble post, but she said she was challenged. Let there be light she said. She also used make-up to make the actresses even more pretty. And purple light was her favorite color.

But she was one of the new tailors. In the past people, all wore white hats. For example, for their different calling... Now each denizen of Utopia had their own unique wardrobe...

She said, "There weren't many religious people but many believed in the creator." For example, my next daily love said, "We were Godless communists and that there has to be a creator. His name was Knowen.

XXX

I worried about cyborg spies also, and my closest friends said, "I needed MRT. I said I will fight against it to my last day."

Then my daily love said, "She had written the Rise of Women, saying women should control the highest ranks. Men are too shallow she said and now they are wimps." I told her about, "My other daily loves who thought all men here were wimps."

She had, "Traveled to the various Utopias and did not find peace, peace of mind. There's no longer any gratitude. Another lost instinct. Strange instincts instead."

People were programmed with hypnosis... now more than ever.

Instincts towards war and violence and greed remained...

And she said she was a self-proclaimed, "Witch." She drove me wild and I met her in exciting rendez-vous and spent all my gold. She was a prostitute, but I loved her again and again.

And she had showered me with kindness. And she was a brilliant surreal/dream painter.

She wanted to change my face to suit her. I was enraptured by her and so agreed. It was a clever looking face but was kind of strange. “Strange is good,” She said.

I loved her during film time which was illicit but I felt like throwing caution to the winds.

But then after a couple weeks she dumped me completely. I was shocked. I was bored with her, but still wanted her.

XXX

If you weren't positive amongst your fellow Cyborgs, you'd be thrown out to the wildlands without your headgear, hence as an altered human loser. Then my daily love told me, “She'd fled from the Cyborgs when she realized their EQ was low by human standards. So too the Kind Q.

Late in 2058 we experienced betrayal by spies, even a few murders I was still one of the 3 supreme court judges. There were no lawyers. We found a man guilty in each of the murders.

Our gates were very thick steel and on this day, I met some of the guards.

They were mostly short guys with laser automatic weapons, the latest weapons from the surface.

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CHAPTER XXXVII: WE ELOPE
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Then my new Muse told me, “It is time for us to run off and join the Moon Cyborgs. Your Paradise is just a place of madness in which everyone is lost.” So, on a lark I joined her.

They changed my mind, my pain and depression disappeared. But everyone was so greedy. They said, “I too was greedy.”

And they said, “We were too picky/selective with the people we let in to Paradise. In particular, we should let in more people with a 10 IQ only, they said.

I was in touch with a former member of Paradise who went to Jupiter’s moon, Europa. We kept in touch with our resident Cyborg helm... I was a slave to the Cyborg masters. MRT revealed all my secret desires. But they all had open minds.

It was just like “Flowers for Algernon,” the old book.

I felt it was all futile and the visions I was seeing were definitely unnerving. Who knew what they wanted whoever was sending them.

Then my new Muse said, “I had created a world of joy and don’t give up.” “And she said people are counting on you and have the greatest respect for you.”

I never knew what kind of daily lover I would have. It was often surprising. But many had a lot of respect for me, and often they didn’t recognize my face when we met and vice versa.

Cyborg cities’ defences failed a few months ago and now all of their cities were obliterated. There were just a handful of Cyborgs left.

It was rumored that the Cyborg leader had fled for outer space. Others said “He was in more than 10 places at the same time on Earth as well as space.”

These Digital Men, now roamed alone and were so bored with the wasteland that was Earth. No VR, no Earth. So, they killed themselves off.

Humans in wildlands, meanwhile, mostly suffered from radiation poisoning. Love or befriend someone for one night only.

Humans were loners and few and far between, they estimated there was only 1 million humans left in the entire world and they were dying of overdoses like flies. On the surface.

Cyborgs said life was easy now. If you joined them you could make wishes it was rumored.

Humanity was just a dare to dream and it was over now, some said. Others said we just existed in a super dream of a super mind.

Hook up to MRT round the simulated fire and read each other's thoughts...

My new Muse, said, "On the surface the humans just give everyone tranquilizers in the food and so everyone is sedated, and often totally insane." She said, "Her true love ran an insane asylum and tried hypnosis to put people back to the way they were before..."

But you needed to be aggressive and egotistical to survive.

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Then I was listening to a Cyborg harmonious barbershop quartet. I had to admit that, "Super human Cyborgs' music was superior to it even though it seemed somewhat discordant." But most people from Paradise couldn't understand the Digital Humans' music.

Most Cyborgs figured our Paradise was like a zoo to them and the hallucinations I was seeing were actually Cyborg spies.

Some suggested I was crazy. And I had to admit, "That I was. Good crazy."

I reflected that I was on the road to hell (with good intentions).

It was my cue to retire as a “God” and I don’t know what happened to my Paradise. And to be honest I didn’t care.

And I heard the Cyborgs were setting up “parks” for humans. People lived just like hunter-gatherers and the Digital Men could go on safari and see their “roots.”

No VR on the surface for humans. Just smoked neo-heroin.

Our most famous playwright back in 2057 had written a script for “The Demise of Paradise.” Everyone kind of agreed with him that we were all doomed. And the main character resembled myself who was portrayed as a cowardly loser who drove everyone crazy. I had him deported in the script. That was then, but isolation was now. Just me and my new Muse on the Cyborg Moon.

Cyborgs were just using trial and error as far as I could see. I was creative and they could really use me they said.

And so, I felt myself melting away...

And though I was fading I knew that there were other good people to take on the leadership. Many wanted a multiple leadership.

Cyborgs were right I now figured...

I figured most from our paradise would make their way to the surface and try to become Cyborgs.

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So, I talked to the man who was considered the fourth-smartest human after me and my former Muse and the Crown Princess. I asked him his opinion of our Paradise. He said there is no way it will last... He had recently been contemplating joining the Digital Men...

In any case I was strung out and a nervous wreck.

And I called by phone my ex-Muse and her final words were that this tough world was too much for a sensitive guy like me. I reminded her that her EQ was only 7 and I said she'd destroyed me...

And my daily lovers complained I had been disinterested... I just wanted to get drunk. And my ex-Muse, she had said I lacked backbone and was a wimp at heart.

I'd replaced two livers already (grown from stem cells).

And the parliament in absentia had voted me out of all power by a 51%-49% vote.

So, I hoped I could make it with the Cyborgs...

I was given a Cyborg helm and sent out MRT signals.

Cyborgs it was rumored could use telekinesis to mine gold, controlling backhoes and explosives.

Dangerous journey... Firstly my new Muse and I wanted to love a Cyborg then join a group of them.

If you died in VR or on the surface your death was irrevocable, except it was rumored, if you were the Cyborg leader.

Parallel worlds, microscopic and huge all going on at once. Sometimes they intersected. VR and reality was a fine line between them.

Souls... Time and space were warped.

Most Cyborgs and humans spent most of their time in VR. With drugs.

VR had had no advanced weapons for humans but for Cyborgs the death ray was prominent. For humans, they tried to conquer castles using primitive weapons. They conquered other destitute humans if they could get into VR.

My Cyborg psychiatrist told me I was done in by a girl (my former Muse). I was a disgrace.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII: THIRTY-TWO YEARS LATER (2090 A.D.)
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In 2090, it was all over when a noxious gas spread everywhere. Just a handful of suicidal Cyborgs left on the whole Earth. And very few humans survived the hunts and the viruses and the death rays etc.

I was one of only a handful of survivors. Still out of it on neo-opiates.

Oh well hope springs eternal. Just like the girl Pandora encountered.

Maybe it could have been otherwise. And maybe in time another civilization will crop up.

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THE END
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