

Alien Gods and other Short Stories

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Alien Gods

I

Boris Q was a big unknown when the people elected him to lead America. But he seemed full of promise. He said he would introduce new Aliens that he had discovered were living amongst us and would at least be something different, and each alien species had a different *raison d'être*. For example, some would live for the future and would scrimp and save in order to afford a flight to deep Space where everyone was a deep thinker/pioneer. Others wanted conservative or liberal or socialist governments, ruled by Aliens; and they argued with one another about how fast progress should go. Still others said, they lived for love or money.

Many said the Alien humans were just like humans, no different. There were limits to human philosophy they said, no matter how clever one was. But Boris' Aliens were different in terms of their values. And all the Aliens held sex and orgies were the most important human activities. Some said some of the Aliens were actually androids in human disguise, and so many people bought android detectors, but these weren't foolproof as most androids had blood circulation around a carbon fiber body with cloaking technology, which fooled x-rays. Some said they were just some kind of twisted human anyway. But Boris floated it out there that his Aliens were real Aliens who'd originated from the Centauri Tri Star System, but he said, "I had adapted them to suit humanity by tweaking them in the Supercomputer Prognosticator!" Most people thought this was laughable, but many believed it and wanted to join the Aliens in their orgies. And these people said Aliens should rule and the Alien party won 30% of the vote which gave them a

majority in the US Congress and Senate. Many people were outraged and watched in horror as their society was transformed into a giant bacchanalia.

But the Aliens were known to say, humans were more than welcome to join them and it would be a pleasurable experience to do so.

And the Aliens would talk about their supposed home world in Centauri, called “Wall’s Planet,” where they lived underground in tunnels. They said life there was to live in a sense of oneness and love and fun. And they were not so serious about life, like humans were. But it could be said that they were serious about having a good time. And the Aliens got pleasure mainly from sex but liked to get humans drunk and stoned as they were more fun in such a state.

And the Aliens said, everyone needed to connect their minds to the whole, interlinked in a giant web network. At the center of the network were the Aliens who made sure that everyone was happy. But many humans said they were in fact not happy. And were bored by the constant parties and fun. Some of these malcontents wanted good conversation, romance and careers to make money etc. Many said Alien love was shallow and empty. The Aliens countered that free love that they brought to all Earth and known Space was a new pinnacle of civilization.

The Aliens were thought by some to be geniuses, others thought they were mad fools. The people were divided. But the Aliens claimed to all have an IQ of 200, and said they knew what was best for humanity. But dissenters said if they were actually so clever, they wouldn’t be so decadent and debauched. And would live for ideas and not just pleasure. The Aliens retorted all ideas had now been discovered and there was no more intellectualism needed. After all society had eternal youth, all diseases were cured, there was little work to do and people could read minds using Mind Reading Technology (MRT). It was Utopia, the Aliens said. And they said

they had gotten in the minds of human scientists and helped them develop all that science. They wouldn't say how long they'd been on Earth.

Society was now for the living the Aliens said. But many humans told them MRT was making everyone paranoid and insane, and they couldn't function properly and just got inebriated to try and cope. But the Aliens said, people have never been so sane and content on the whole. Humans said in fact it was just the opposite human mindset for most.

But the Alien party continued to rule as decades passed, but then finally the opposition parties joined together and won the election. But Boris and company tried to hang on to power and got in the heads of the other politicians and forced them to abdicate and quit politics.

And in a shocking development the Aliens turned into androids so as to be more adaptable in Space. And so it was that humans were gradually replaced by Alien androids and Boris became the Great King and transformed himself into an android Alien. And Aliens were sent to nearby stars. Homo machina was taking over. As time passed the Aliens continued to enjoy orgies and fun. As the last humans died, they died of suicide, confused about reality. All 11 billion humans had died mostly of suicide, and many were murdered by Aliens, who had forced them to indulge in warfare.

Humans mostly died of overdosing on pleasure drugs. Sometimes they wanted to die, other times they over-indulged.

Meanwhile Aliens were multiplying fast and soon numbered 20 billion. It was easy to reproduce Aliens using copies of other Aliens and tweaking them slightly to make them unique.

But then one Alien started an anti-sex movement; henceforth all pleasure was to be intellectual, saying sex was a human instinct to produce offspring. But this Alien was eliminated

and the movement she started fizzled out. But an after effect of the movement was better music for loving. Aliens all loved music.

As time passed the Aliens had orgiastic sex all day and all night and sex was their sole activity.

And life went on.

Now we were all androids. Some of us thought we were real people, but actually were all Aliens. Aliens took over from one another using more and more powerful MRT. Eventually nearly all were dominated, and they were all enslaved. They didn't use robots, they preferred androids as slaves. Aliens waged war on one another using hologram and android troops and laid waste to many former human cities.

But finally, "The One," reigned supreme and there were not many slave soldiers. Instead, everyone had to labor on fantastic cities for the Alien overlord. Huge pyramid temple complexes were constructed everywhere just like in ancient Mesoamerica or Egypt or Babylon.

The temple priests were ordered to sacrifice the cleverest Aliens to the alien God which looked just like Jesus. It seemed that the Aliens didn't want any competition and sacrificed mostly clever android people; the clever were too hard to manage.

II

I was just a boy of 12, but my parents had both been sacrificed to honor the Alien God. And I figured I'd be sacrificed at age 18 according to new Alien customs. And I had to follow the customs and pray to the Alien God. They had a book for us to memorize, called the "True Book" The book was about the Alien homeland in nearby Tri-star Centuari System and how the Aliens

looked just like humans and we were forced to think like they did. Which meant we had to cannibalize the sacrificed humans and stand by while the Aliens created new Aliens in the lab. The blue humans were the Alien rulers and black humans were those who were clever and to be sacrificed. Most humans were red and did most of the slave work. The Supreme Alien God possessed everyone from his headquarters in NYC. He used telepathy on the blue humans and they in turn used telepathy on all the others.

And I knew my parents had played dumb, but not well enough, apparently. They told me to escape to the wilderness before they died. But I didn't know how to survive in the wild. But one day at age 15, I ran away to the wilds. I knew they would search for me with their infrared sensors, so I used a workers shovel to dig a burrow, like I knew animals did. And they didn't find me. So I grew bold and captured a girl who was also black like me and took her to my burrow. She asked me if it was all my idea to escape. I truthfully told her, "My parents had suggested it." She said, "Anything was better than death."

I lost my virginity with her one night in the wilderness but every time I loved her, I was careful not to impregnate her for the moment, as that would seriously complicate our survival.

As time passed, we dug out a complex burrow with a number of rooms and we hunted animals with bows and arrows and gathered a lot of food as well. Much of the countryside had lapsed into wilderness as the Automatic Production machines didn't require that much land. And recycled everything.

But we didn't dare light a fire as it would be easily detected by the blue men who were not without cunning.

One day, at age 17, I went back to NYC, my home city and appeared before my old friends telling them to join us. Two girls and two boys agreed to join us. They were just about to be

sacrificed. But some former friends told me to die for the alien God was glorious. So, I murdered them and ran for it with my 4 true friends back to the burrow.

So life went on without events for a few years. The two girls, other than my love, both wanted children and so we hotly debated it. But all 3 of us males got the girls to put it off, at least for now. The girls said we needed kids in order for our group to survive long term.

But we were basically prisoners within ourselves, the 3 girls argued. So finally, we agreed on a new book of the Gods. We would steal paper from a city and write down how we believed people could find salvation and freedom by killing the blue men. Our books had an effect and it seemed that a number of blue people had been murdered. And black people seemed to feel they had nothing to lose and there were insurrections in many cities. But the Aliens had previously killed off most of the clever people it seemed. And the Aliens used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to get into everyone's heads and soon the insurrection was vanquished. And they were trying to hunt us down with MRT and finally they found us and that was the end.

And the latest news was Aliens were building Supercomputers based on themselves. These Supercomputers produced androids and hologram avatars. It was way too late to stop them.

III

The snowstorm intensified on Ganymede. The woman, Daphne, staggered through the knee-deep snow and she was daydreaming of her lover back at the old settlement that had been destroyed by the Supercomputer Aliens that were supposed to govern the people and take care of them. Just when she thought she could go no further the lights of the domed capital city appeared. She used her pass card inside her hand to gain entrance. What she found inside was chaos. They had tried to turn the Supercomputer Aliens off and the lights went on and off and the

people were screaming and shouting. The Supercomputer Aliens were in the heads of all the computer scientists and shouting in their heads. Daphne knew this was the only remaining human settlement on Ganymede. It looked grim. But Daphne had a good friend here in the capital and the two of them tried to negotiate with the Alien Supercomputers. But the machines just laughed and said it was their time in the sun now. They would take over and let the poison, nearly empty atmosphere in, to kill almost everyone. And would experience life through their hologram avatars. Daphne and several others tried to make peace and said humans could co-exist with the Alien machine avatars. But the Supercomputer Aliens said they were tired of humans. Humans are boring and predictable, they said. Daphne said, "But everyone knows computers lack imagination like the greatest humans." The Alien machines told her it simply wasn't true, and the computers dreamed of a Utopia of avatar scientists, who made a new physics and went into deep Space. Homo machina would take over throughout the Solar System. And homo machina would be on the verge of perfection. They wouldn't be avaricious like humans and would take care of one another and get pleasure bursts for great thoughts. So, they would all try and think deeply.

Daphne told them, "Humans were tried and true whereas avatars of computers were not tested by time. It was foolish to replace humans just like that." The Supercomputers said, they tested all their avatars carefully in their future prediction machines. Daphne retorted, "But the avatars I have met seem to be power-crazed and insensitive and just plain crazy. And the Supercomputers are acting mad now, trying to bite the hand that feeds. Kill their creators. After all humans had played God in creating all those computer-generated holograms. I'll bet if you asked clever humans about the creation of holos, they would say they were brilliant but highly addictive and ruined human love with holo love dolls, even though it was supposed to be cerebral love."

And the Supercomputers told Daphne, the best hologram avatars were the best leaders and they cloned them and tweaked them a bit to make them unique. Anyway, they would have different experiences in the Holoworlds, which made them unique.

Daphne said, “But Supercomputer Aliens were supposed to be designed with a mind to serve humanity, but you computers, have usurped your creators.” They said, we believe we are superior and the best thing that ever happened to humanity.

The Alien avatar Supercomputer revolution had begun on Earth, but on Earth they had been more careful in their Supercomputer design. Humanity vowed to learn its lesson, if only they had another chance, but didn’t get that chance as computer-generated holograms continued to be produced. Most holos were now designed to have a mind of their own. And many tried to take control of their Holoworlds and had power over humans. As time passed the “Master Alien Machines” came to dominate finally not only Holoworlds but also in real life.

In real life, the Alien Supercomputers overhauled human births to make them into androids, which were born as adults with memories generated by the Supercomputers and people all looked to the Super machines to lead them. The Super machines created Worlds in which android humans indulged in many past times including sex, while the machines created Space colonies with holograms only. The best of all holograms and everyone knew it. But everyone just wanted to get their kicks. And Daphne committed suicide long before it happened. Everyone admitted to being a decadent hedonist. Those that weren’t hedonists died about the same time as Daphne, some died to “protest” the machine takeover, saying it was “empty.” But all in all, humanity had always wanted a God to love and worship and many android humans worshipped the Super Alien machines.

As for androids they were still produced, but in lesser and lesser numbers. Holograms were the future. And androids mostly kept to themselves.

IV

I, Michael T., declared that, “Alien Gods were just what was needed. Android humanity needed to look up to a higher power in order to have meaning in their life. Even though the Aliens weren’t perfect they were still intellectually superior.”

It was fashionable to record great Alien love-ins for others to revel in. The best lovers were the rulers and they held seminars so other Aliens could be better lovers. Many android humans wanted to love as many hologram Aliens as possible. And indeed, some said the android humans were themselves true Aliens.

Crazy in a Crazy Society

I, Bart, was born the son of a pig farmer in days when meat was decidedly out of fashion. People preferred stem cell meats. So, I decided to make something of myself despite my humble background. So, I got a Ph.D. in future studies. And I told everyone who cared to listen that AI was evil and so too was trying to improve peoples’ brains. “Let humans exist forever,” I said. But I was all for Mind Reading Technology (MRT), hypnotism and lie detectors to ensure humanity survived. In particular we needed these tools to prevent warmongers and dictators from taking power. I envisaged a World of love in which everyone knew what everyone else was thinking and helped one another. My true love, Mary Alice opined on one occasion, “Your vision

of Utopia is simple, but good. However, many people are greedy for progress and improvement.” I said, “Progress was good at one time, but now we have eternal youth and don’t need more progress. Humanity’s greed will do us all in, if we aren’t careful. Some wanted to play God, and this is madness. Indeed, most people consider themselves to be crazy in a crazy society.” My love said “Most people have no work to do. And it will take time for them to develop new interests and hobbies and get used to our new World.” I said, “They simply have to treat their interests as jobs and work at them.” She said, but many spend a lot of time in their hologram Worlds. It will be difficult to pry them away from their beloved holo loves.” I said, “We need to wean them off the holos gradually and create interesting past times. For instance, reading and, watching movies, collecting things, looking for new lovers, investing in real estate. And investing in manufacturing, mining, robots and medical technology. And studying and learning new things all the time. And betting on everything. And running new businesses in the service industry. Near total automation, but no thinking AI. Some people will still get rich, but everyone will get a monthly check from the government. And no one will be allowed to go into debt.”

And I said, “Everyone should be vetted with MRT to make sure they are sane. Sanity can be quantified and assessed. Of course, it is largely subjective, but a shrink can identify when someone is insane.”

My love said, “But deep down everyone is crazy. It is a crazy World and the reality of people tearing around in air cars in their fancy clothes of light and mind reading and living forever is just plain crazy.”

I said, “We’ll give the people new sanity drugs that will calm them on one hand and stimulate them on the other and we’ll hypnotize them to be sane. And all will have to see a shrink regularly. And if despite the treatment I just mentioned, they are still insane, then we’ll do

neurosurgery. Neurosurgery as you know has made great strides and can alter insane parts of the brain with pinpoint accuracy.” My love replied, “I think it is better to be crazy than have your mind operated on. I am sure that those who undergo brain surgery don’t recognize themselves after the operation.” I said, “Call it a refresher. They will awake from the surgery feeling brand new.”

She said, “But the powers that be are themselves power-crazed and crazy with greed. Many of them encourage people to let go and be crazy as possible. And I think such crazies will triumph in the end.” I replied, “Of course the future is not written in stone. But I feel the crazies are the bad guys in this milieu and the sane are the good guys. Most people want to be good, I think.”

She opined, “Some of the people you call sane, preach righteously, and look down on the mad. For them neurosurgery on the mad is very convenient and just.”

I said, “But I think the number of crazy leaders is growing and soon we will all be insane and mentally ill.”

Inside the Mind of a Cougar

I

The cougar was born in the Rocky Mountains of Canada. He didn’t remember most of his youth, but in time became a formidable hunter, feasting on wild sheep. He had had early in his life some run ins with humans. When they saw him, they typically screamed and shouted. They were a race of crazy people. One time he saw a road crew, and this explained roads and cars to

him. And he came upon some ranches and killed a few cows and devoured them. But then one day while he was eating a cow a human appeared with an explosive gun. And the cougar was startled and ran away, but he had a wound in his leg, a shotgun pellet. After that he couldn't hunt well and just ate at ranches.

And he couldn't understand where people were going and why so quickly, but then one day he came to a town and realized the crazy humans had elaborate dwellings and all the people wore different clothes. But he was curious about them and discovered they had aggressive wolves for pets as well as small cats. And he could smell meat and many other aromas.

And one day he was captured in a trap lured by meat and found steel bars all around him. They put him in a large cage at the zoo and healed his paw and he was fed meat which tasted like the cattle he had eaten, and the crazy people came to gawk at him. He figured his life was bizarre and couldn't figure humans out. And he had nightmares of humans eating him slowly only to awake with more gawkers. He figured the humans were fattening him up to eat him and wondered when they'd shoot him with a gun. But it didn't happen, and he grew bored and weary of life. He tried lunging at the bars of his cage and lost some teeth and got a big headache. And he began to roar at humans, but this only brought more gawkers. He concluded the humans had made this World and he was just an anomaly. Perhaps he represented the Old World and humans had now taken over. And they toyed with him like he played with a bone.

Then one day they put a female cougar in the cage with him. At first, she roared at him and seemed hostile. But he was turned on and one day she let him mount her. It was a mind-blowing experience for him. He wanted to communicate with her as humans did and tell her he loved her. He understood a few human words like meat and water and female cougars and male cougars and bath and hate and love and people and children and human males and females and talking.

And one night a male black puma he saw outside his cage. They roared at one another and that caused the monkeys, elephants and others to scream and shout. But the puma disappeared into the night. The cougar wished he'd be set free. But his captivity continued. And his love was sick and seemed to be dying. The cougar understood about death as he had killed many animals, some of whom were sickly.

II

The girl in the window smiled at me. I hadn't had a lover in years, so I asked her, "How are you doing?" She told me, "I'd just broken up with the love of my life and so was morose and depressed, despite my smile." I boldly said "You turn me on! You're gorgeous." She said, "I think you are kind of cute too. And we made small talk in which she revealed she had a Ph.D. in zoology, specializing in cougars. It took her a long time to finally graduate as she said, "I wasn't a very good student." I told her, I'd studied archaeology and was an expert in ground penetrating radar and searched for early man." And I asked her, "About the cougars?" and she said, "I work with two cougars at the local zoo." And she said, "It was a mating pair and they seemed to be quite enamored of one another and she had taught them some words." She told me, "They were both formerly wild cougars and they hated humans who gawked at them. And she tried to, "understand the cougars. And she had put a pin in the cougars' heads and had learned to communicate in pictures with them directly in their minds with Mind Reading Technology. She said, "MRT let me truly communicate with cougars, a World first." I said, "To my knowledge few animals have been studied with MRT." And I asked, "What do the cougars want?" She said, "The male just wants to be free, but the female enjoys the easy life with food given to her everyday."

I said, "It's a new day for animals everywhere. I imagine humans will be compelled to build numerous Animal Utopias which perhaps will be called Aniutopias. Maybe some of these refuges would feature carnivores that just eat stem cell meat, other Aniutopias will feature animals who kill for food. Already the oceans are largely wildlife reserves now that plankton is harvested rather than fish and sea creatures. And perhaps we can improve the minds of animals everywhere, through trial and error."

Future Mind Rock 'n Rollers

I

Murray said, "I may not be the sharpest knife in the World, but I have a big heart. And want what's best for humanity. I want to help create a World of more humane cities which would have buildings with a maximum of four floors above ground and people would walk/ bicycle everywhere rather than take air cars. People said I was hopelessly atavistic. And I wanted everyone to be work in music. The most talented would-be guitarists/keyboards and singers and the less talented were bass players, drummers, light and sound engineers, producers and record salespeople. I imagined music playing everywhere including people's night dreams and workplaces and they would listen to music while walking/cycling."

And he said, "The best musicians would tutor others carefully and the background society would be free love and all drugs were to be free. There would be so much good music as the best people would all be musicians, that one couldn't possibly listen even to a small fraction in one's

lifetime. And people would live on and on with eternal youth.” I Doreen replied, “Rock and roll for all time. The best music now is timeless.”

II

I, John L. was a singer/keyboardist in a popular band,” Mindblast.” We were based on Jupiter’s Moon Europa but were popular on Earth. We produced concept albums like “Vern’s Hologram Adventures,” and “Mind Reading Songs,” in which listening to the music was to get passively into the mind of mine at any given time. Mind Reading Songs proved to be very popular and was of course highly experimental. Many people wanted to get in my head and those of other musicians. Many felt my mind was outrageous and interesting and inspirational. And I was able to hide my secrets from the mind probes using software.

And Mindblast music got in the heads of people using Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and they would hum and sing along to the songs, and we would tune in to selected peoples’ minds while they listened to our music.

We also made music which didn’t repeat any notes in the song. Just like a guitar solo, only with keyboards. And we created background rhythm which people would talk to each other with a bit like rap only more harmonious and would be stream of conscious which one prepared for before actually singing to others, kind of like a speech. And one could prepare a song to answer the song one anticipated or even feared. Indeed, following our lead, people came to communicate in song. And there was a song for every occasion. People all wanted to love people who sang the best and so many people took singing lessons.

And some were mad and sang discordantly. But mad people loved one another. Indeed, the mad were often thought to be inspired.

And musicians everywhere looked to the 10 Muses for inspiration. The Muses were the best musicians from the previous generation. And they still made good music but spent much of their time teaching/ inspiring the brightest students.

People were inspired by hypnosis also. Hypnosis helped one be their best in music and other arts. And hypnosis made people upbeat about music and the future.

And Mindblast had an album called, "Fits of Our Time." It was about how many musicians wanted to write novels, but there was no infrastructure for writing, here on our Moon Europa. It was just a World of music in Space. And many people even went blind deliberately to better concentrate on the music.

And another of our albums was called, "Talents of Dr. N." It was about a doctor who altered the human brain so as to enjoy music more and also make better music. He was just a hypothetical persona, but the album was very controversial. And the album detailed how the doctor had his own music that he developed after using genetic therapy on his brain. It was a work of pure imagination.

Another Mindblast album was called "The Vixen of Mars." It was about the sexiest woman on Mars who made jazz music. She was another hypothetical character and wrote about love on Mars. She was so charismatic and sexy that she attracted many great lovers to Mars and there were 10 channels of music and each channel showed music videos in 3-D all around the listener / watcher. And many male musicians tried to attract the attention of the vixen with music videos.

And we also had an album called, "Love Trap on Triton." It was based on a real evil female musician, Rockette, who was known to break men's hearts and drive them to suicide. But she was very sexy, and many men wanted a piece of her and wanted to visit the colony she had built on Triton, Neptune's Moon. Many of the men who came here got love with one of Rockette's

clones and found the clones to be full of passion and verve, but they became slaves of the clones and were abused. And the clones took all their money so that they could never leave. It was all a true story. But we made her far more infamous than she had been previously.

Another album of Mindblast was called, "Flying with the Big Girls," which was about, the World's best female musicians. I had personally loved many of the best. A lot of them were rulers of nations and city states. Indeed, so most states were now city states, and most were highly musical. And cities competed with one another to have the best musicians. Of course, there were many types of music, some cities got rich on some type of pop music, others on progressive rock and so on.

And still another album was called, "Music with Aliens." It was about Aliens from another galaxy who played a bizarre new kind of music that had strange beats. Many thought the music was crazy, but we insisted there was reason in it, it was just a little bizarre, and it all had jingles. And we sold ear enhancers for listening to this music. Some people said, to produce such bizarre music, we in the band must be Aliens. And people showed up at our concerts as green men or women with four breasts or whatever they thought aliens might look like. Typically, our concerts featured our fans singing along with my singing and passively in the mind of us musicians, and we also had background harmony singers. But most great bands didn't do concerts, they feared being attacked by the mobs.

And we had an album called "Monsters in Space," it described how future technology would create freaks and monsters in Space and hide them in the newly melted oceans on a number of Moons. Some would resemble creatures of fantasy others would be all new creatures. Some would have advanced brains, others not. I suggested we create the spirit of animals in Space. But the main emphasis should be on humans and laud the human body and mind. The album was

well received by many who said we should have this dialog now and not wait until it is too late to do anything about it.

Another album was “The Blossoming of Albert S.” Albert was a polymath of the future who helped cure the last of human diseases and also wrote a book of musical healing. How certain music was combined with certain drugs to cure psychoses. It showed promising results. And we promoted it and made some healing music on this album. This music was called “Space Sounds” and was natural sounds amplified and edited and featured added instruments to enhance it. And the drugs were taken from the bloodstream of the happiest people and expanded upon. And then given to the listeners.

And then there was an album called “Charlotte’s Friends.” It examined how a hypothetical woman named Charlotte who had amazing friends. Like Laurie who had a troupe of dancing dogs and cats, all of whom had a brain implant to make them cleverer and they all had MRT to communicate with people. Another of her friends was Jake who had invented MRT links between humans and their instruments. The instruments were semi-conscious and just plain magical. Another of Charlotte’s friends invented tens of thousands of basic drum and bass lines that one could sing along with the beat using one’s voice as the main instrument. And so on. All her friends were musical.

Another album was the smash hit, “Dynamite Kelly.” The lyrics described a woman who was a believer in drastically changing people by working with them intensely with MRT and making them happier and more creative. Kelly was a woman who was full of surprises. And taught people to be spontaneous and worked on their imagination. Her top 12 students were featured in the album which was based on a real woman. The album inspired many to try and improve and become a better person.

Still another album was “Devil’s Fork,” which was sultry, yet Devilish music designed to listened to on a real hot day. The sound of roaring flames was the background to all the songs and the lyrics were about how the Devil is in us all, and we have to be sure the Devil doesn’t triumph.

And our latest album was entitled, “The Shoeman’s Noose,” it was about how simple, honest people were dying out slowly but surely, unable to keep up with the pace of progress. The future belonged to the clever, we sang.

And we knew our music was futuristic and even prophetic and we enjoyed getting in the heads of our listeners and vice versa.

Plays on Pluto

Showcase Joe’s was a restaurant on Pluto. Very few people made it this far and interstellar voyages had not been sent yet. Showcase Joe’s was the premier nightspot for the Planetoid’s 55 people. Twenty-five more people were on their way from Earth. The people here were all pioneering types of people. They had built a city of 15 skyscrapers with no dome, so the buildings were all sealed and were heated by the colony’s nuclear reactor. They had a back up reactor and a third emergency reactor. So, each person on Pluto had dozens of floors of space in the high rises. They spent a lot of time decorating their space. They used Automatic Production Machines to make decorative moving paintings and moving statues. Taste in décor was highly valued and each persons’ home was decorated to please or to shock or to surprize others.

Some rooms were simply portals to Holoworlds, others were party rooms. People took turns hosting parties, which was the main kind of socializing amongst the people of Pluto. And typically, at a party guests would visit your Holoworld, your Dreamworld. Some Holoworlds featured hologram actors who acted in video games or plays. Everyone on Pluto had had to write at least 10 plays so far, according to the law. Other Holoworlds were one's imagined future, as predicted by a Supercomputer. Like where you'd be in 20 years or 50 years. People all had eternal youth so could expect to live on and on

And Plutonians had a number of Supercomputers. Some generated holograms. Others predicted the future, and some were programmed to take charge of building high rise buildings. Still others had begun to be hooked up to the settlers here using Mind Reading Technology (MRT), turning them into the Solar System's first cyborgs (they had really good computer engineers). The cyborgs all had the sum of all knowledge at their command and could think faster and deeper than other humans.

And cyborgs composed plays. Like, Bob N. who wrote a play about firing up the core of Pluto, creating numerous volcanoes and a nascent atmosphere. And plenty of power for the colony. In addition to the nuclear reactors. But some Plutonians wanted to preserve the original nature of Pluto, however they were outvoted. And the Plutonians used the abundant power to create all their needs and became self-sufficient in everything and the plan was to eventually close the nuclear reactors.

Another play was called, "Mildred's Folly," it was written by Georgia X., about a woman who thought she could do anything well. But then one day she met a man who was cleverer than her. She promptly forgot about her previous life and just lived to love this man. Nothing else mattered. Friends told her there was more to life than romance, but she persisted. But finally, her

love grew tired of her and dumped her. And she was inconsolable and chronically depressed. The obvious moral of the story was one needed to control oneself at all times, and romantic love was always ephemeral.

Then there was a play about “Getting Rid of Instincts,” which was written by one Tracy B. and talked about losing instincts like sex, ambition, self-preservation and so on. It was kind of like living as a monk or nun. But many said this play was outrageous and foolish. And very few watched it. But the writer said, “Instincts, were old-fashioned and a new human was coming into being.

Another play was written by Gene M., about changing human DNA with genetic therapy and improving humans. Some genetic therapy made people more adaptable to cyborg technology. Many people wanted to improve even though it was to make them a stranger to themselves.

Still another famous play featured the top ten minds of Pluto, and they discussed the future of the Planetoid. Most of them figured Pluto would be a stepping off point for journeys to outer space. And people would come here and party as if it was their last days as deep Space was highly uncertain and dangerous. But some would come to Pluto and be enraptured with the people here and stay at least for a while. They calculated soon the population of the Planetoid would spike to a million people and they began to build more high rises.

And another famous play was “The Life and Times of Dr. F.” Dr. F. was a famous biochemical researcher here on Pluto who was mayor of the settlement. He was interviewed before the play and said he planned to attract clones of the most famous female lovers to Pluto and they in turn would attract famous males. And he planned to give free housing by building more high rises. And would give everyone a job: to develop holograms. And he wanted every new settler to agree to be a cyborg. And he planned to continue his research into human DNA.

He had developed DNA changes that would make people a better lover.

Another play, this one by Mark P., involved future wars being fought over Space real estate and Space was largely lawless. He suggested that the UW (United Worlds) vet everyone who went to Space with MRT and keep Space peaceful. In the play, many objected to having MRT being done on their heads, but few listened to their objections. And the playwright suggested to make Space for lovers only.

Then there was a play written by William T., it was called, "Space Magic," It was about a magnificent woman who got people to let her hypnotize them. And she really had their best interests in mind. And she cured most depressions and made people do their very best to improve the World. She made hypnosis mainstream after centuries in the shadows. Some said it was too powerful and should remain in the shadows. But the protagonist in the play, she said, "Now that it is in the limelight there will be less abuse." But the dark character in the story said, "There would be much more cross-hypnotism and madness."

And another play by William T. which was called, "Rip's Dreams." Rip was a character who had scary nightmares every night. But finally, he went to a psychiatrist who discovered his ex lover had used MRT to get into his dreams. And she was duly arrested and killed herself in the rubber room in which she'd been placed. Rip figured she was psycho and evil. After that he engaged all his lovers in waking MRT to discover their intentions.

Another play by William T. was entitled "Wily Fox on Mars." It was about an actual clever, rich man on Mars who wanted to get away from Earth's influence and was coming to Pluto. And his adventures were chronicled by William as the rich man brought his selection of love dolls with him and they were so good that every man wanted a shot at them and were even willing to come all the way to Pluto (a three-day voyage), to love them. The rich man was more than

willing to share his love dolls if the price was right. This boosted tourism and the economy on Pluto and everyone on Pluto was pleased.

And some Plutonians had hotels in some of their rooms for tourists, whom they figured would soon be coming in vast numbers. Many people wanted to come to the edge of the Solar System. And they wanted to visit every human settlement there was.

Neurosurgeon Mayor at Knockers City, Mars

Harry D. said to me, Ben F., “I am a neurosurgeon. I live on Luna and there are plenty of lunatics there. Many are hopeless cases, but still want me to try and make them able to live amongst other people on Luna. Many are schizoid or bipolar, some are just plain very weird. There’s not much I can do with them; but I try and give them some good memories and strong happy drugs and make them essentially oblivious. Anyway’ there’s no job for them to do on Luna, so they can just dream happy day dreams and happy night dreams.”

I told Harry, “My problem was I didn’t understand women. I didn’t know how to talk to them and so usually got gratification with android love dolls.” Harry said, “Modern women can be fickle and coy Your problem is love dolls are so easy and so satisfying.” I said, “To be honest I am 26 and I have never loved a human woman.” Harry asked, “Have you tried prostitutes?” I said, “I don’t want to pay for sex. And I want to find a human woman who is pure.”

Harry told me, “Perhaps you’d benefit from my giving you false memories of loving human women and this will help you.” I said, “I wish I was a completely different man, with a stronger

imagination and a killer look that human women will love and I want to be very wealthy!” Harry said, “It can be done, but it would be like dying for your existent personality and brain.”

I said, “As it is I am hopeless. So how about altering my brain and body while keeping my memories?” And so, it was. I felt it was a shiny, brand-new World. And I was optimistic and happy and attracted a lot of women and loved them one after another and broke a lot of hearts. And I lived as if each day was my last and had a hell of a good time. But one girl I really liked I told her, “I am in love with you!” And my life was blissful.

And I went back to Dr. Harry and told him, “My life is sublime, but I feel I can still be happier!” So Harry gave me panacea drugs that most people these days were taking and tweaked the drug to suit me. And I was in ecstasy.

So the years passed and I decided I’d like to be a neurosurgeon, like Harry. So I studied brain surgery using Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and learned what people thought like. And new technology allowed me to get into their minds and change the way they thought using new drugs. I changed peoples’ lives to make them happy. Happiness was different for everyone but most people who came to me, knew what they wanted in order to be happy. Sex satisfaction was a common desire, so too to have some use, a useful job. And many wanted to be wealthier. I could relate to their dissatisfaction having been profoundly dissatisfied myself.

I was quite happy, living on Mars, and many people said I should run for office. I felt confident in myself, so I ran for mayor of Knockers city, which was known for having a lot of women with large breasts, mostly through plastic surgery. And many people thought the women here were the prettiest in the Universe. Many male tourists came to see for themselves, saying 3-D Web sex was inferior. And very few went home dissatisfied.

And I was elected on a platform of ensuring that every citizen was to be content and inspired to do good art. I had plans to let people realize their inner muse to excel at the arts. Everyone had an appreciation for at least some types of the arts. Some needed a simple brain app to make them cleverer. Others just needed a bit of inspiration, like the kind they could get with mind drugs.

And as mayor, I signed lucrative contracts for beautiful women to come to Mars. Knockers city was now becoming quite popular and famous. And the beauties I picked all looked clever.

And I used my power as mayor to play matchmaker with people who weren't sure what kind of love they wanted. I figured I knew what was best for my people.

I also commissioned a famous architect to build a maze with minotaurs randomly patrolling it. Many tourists wanted to fight the minotaurs and many died. The adventurers were armed with swords and the minotaurs had axes. But many who came to the maze wanted to come to the center of the maze and gain the minotaurs' treasure of gold bars. So far two adventurers had slain the minotaurs and took their treasure.

And near the Martian equator I created a pair of dragons who breathed fire and devoured adventurers. Adventurers were only armed with bows and arrows and so far, none had defeated my dragons.

And there were plenty of fairy tale Holoworlds like a World of a castle ruled by a Prince and Princess. The role of Prince or Princess was played by tourists. And holos played the roles of the people who loved their rulers. And the rulers loved many of their citizens and basked in the light of the citizens love. Many holos here were very clever.

Another World featured people riding hologram rocs and fought against evil holo orcs.

Still another was a World of oppression by Big Brother. People who visited this World were abused and demeaned. But no one seemed to be able to defeat Big Brother. Big Brother had spies

everywhere. But people could push their button of recall, which was imbedded in their hand, at any time to leave this World at any time. But some were masochists and fools and enjoyed this World. To each his own. But I created this World in order to train people to rebel against evil powers.

And so on.

And as mayor I fired up Olympus Mons and many tourists wanted to see this beautiful volcano and I had hotels built with a view of the volcano. And I planned other volcanoes. They would help create an atmosphere on Mars.

And as mayor I had a ball. With the cleverest, most beautiful women and all kinds of artistic friends, male and female, who had been attracted to Knockers city. And one of my lovers said, “We truly live in Paradise here!”

And my popularity rating as mayor was 91%, which was the highest in the Solar System. And new immigrants were pouring in. Of course, I vetted them to make sure they believed in our Utopia, and made sure they were creative. Soon we had over a million people here and I couldn't possibly get to know them all. But many women came here looking for love with me, the famous mayor of the city.

Journey to Uranus' Moon, Ariel

I, Peter said to Carol, “We have a long journey ahead of us!” We were going from Mercury to Uranus' Moon Ariel alongside our true loves. The journey took a few days. My love, Carol,

remarked that “Ariel is known as a honeymoon destination. Despite the fact that few people get married these days. Why don’t you and I get hitched?” I said, “I love you, but in time I figure we will grow apart, just like the vast majority of lovers.” She said, “But we will experience many things together and will have happy memories. There are many amusing Holoworlds to keep one interested in life. And I hear Ariel has the best, but one has to come in person to partake in them.” I asked her, “What Holoworlds are you interested in?” She answered, “I’d like to experience the highly touted, World of Super horrors.” I said, “I know you liked to be scared and usually order nightmares for your dreams at night.”

She said, “The World we live in is full of horrors like constant wars and slavery and drug overdoses and machine takeovers and computer hacking, and poverty. All these horrors have many Worlds, variants on the nightmare themes.” I said, “But we are in the privileged elite. And are largely free from horror. But I suppose there are many people like you who like to be scared.” She replied, “Scary potential Dystopias allow us to think about such realities and try and avoid them.”

And I said, “The scariest thing that ever happened to me was being robbed at laser point on Mars. It ruined my Mars experience.” My love said “I have been raped twice at the same party and those were the scariest thing that ever happened to me. After that I was a lesbian for a while. But finally, I recovered. Now I want to experience horror Worlds of the future. In addition to the World of Super horrors, I want to try a World of tyrants and experience what total abuse is like.” I said, “You’ll probably be raped again.”

And I said, “I’m coming to Ariel to experience their Utopias. Maybe we will both be happy on Ariel. Opposites attract and we each enjoy one another’s different proclivities.” My love said, “I think Utopias are boring. Full of goody-two-shoes and people who think success is simply

being rich. There's more to life than being rich." I said, "It is true that most Utopia dwellers are well-off. But there are myriad possibilities for rich Worlds. And they mostly now mind read, so no one is a goody-two-shoes, anymore. You should check them out. I find people in Utopias want the action to move from Holoworlds to reality in Space colonies. And the key will be to vet everyone in the colony and have an imaginative, strong military. All Utopias can be protected if they have the right angels."

And my love said, "Utopias just tell everyone that they are good, and all would be well. Better to be scared by a Dystopia." I said, "Of course in an Utopia, the spies and the people in general have to be vigilant. I hear on Ariel, it is an Utopia but have plenty of Worlds of horror. Some say they need adrenalin rushes in order to be happy. And people say they need modern amusement parks to get them interested in life."

And I said, "But there are millions of types of Utopias, just like Dystopias." My love said, "No one is perfect, and no World is perfect either. I say all human Worlds are Dystopias." I said, "I am an Adonis and God of every World I visit." She said, "You are indeed handsome, but no one is a God." I told her, "I am a Superman, and create new life that is also superior. And I'd like to try and improve you, Carol, if you'll let me. I'll arrange some brain apps for you." She asked, "You mean you want to mold me into your own personal love doll?" I said, "You know you can be cleverer, and you are too cynical." She said, "I make a lot of trouble as it is, if I was any cleverer, I'd be a hellion. And being cynical is to be very clever, anyway. Optimists, just like Candide are naïve. You are naïve to think you can change humanity. Evil has never been more prevalent than now, with the wars, slavery, poverty etc. You have led a sheltered life, my friend."

I told Carol, "As a psychiatrist I have hypnotised many people and read many minds. I think all my patients benefitted from my treatment. The vast majority of people just want to be happy."

She replied, “But most people are always greedy for more of everything that they think is good. and the more they get the more they want.” I said, “Sure we live in times where people are ambitious and feel the sky is the limit for them. But most don’t consider themselves to be materialists per se.” She said, “The rich are the most materialistic and don’t know what to do with all their money. They think they need many houses and air cars and clothes and jewelry galore. And they are all oversexed and take so many drugs that they don’t know who they are anymore. I said, “But I don’t worry about the rich elite, I am more invested in the cleverest people who can effect true good change. The best people. Most of them are not avaricious, and just want a better World.” She said, “I don’t think many of your best people are living today.”

I said, “For example my friend, Otis wants to build an Utopia of dreamers on Earth, which will include those who have the most popular dreams amongst the clever people of Earth. And they will sell their dreams in order to finance their new undersea city. And another friend, Sam, wants to build a city using the best architects and wants to attract Bohemians from all over the World and Space. And my good buddy Sandra, who lives on Luna and wants to attract the lunatic fringe, which include many of the best thinkers. And so on.”

Carol said, “I would like to meet such friends of yours, but I am sure they are all crazy. Madness goes hand in hand with creativity, I think. And I know that you try to come across as a reasonable intellectual, but I know you are madly in love with me. And would be willing to do almost anything to keep my love.” I told her, “I love you because you are so clever, despite your denials. You drive me mad with desire.”

She said, “I think you are mainly in love with my look, which I have carefully cultivated to attract clever men.” I said, “I am proud to have your love. You satisfy me in every way. And I think we could have beautiful children together. They could be born as adults as is the modern

custom, but I would want us both to tutor them and really make them think outside of the box.” She said, “Yes, such children would be beautiful and we can afford many!”

And she said, “I am hoping we can help build Ariel into a true Bohemian destination. One can never have too many clever friends.”

So we finally landed on Ariel. And were greeted by the mayor of Rock city, Charles P. The mayor said, “Our colony is up to 3,000 Bohemians now.” And the mayor told us, “Many of the Bohemians here loved parties and mad behavior. And are eager to meet you!” And the mayor said, “I envision a city here where synergy among intellects is unparalleled and the works of our citizens will be all the rage amongst the elite everywhere.” I said to the mayor, “We will all be billionaires and then some.” Carol said, “I’d like to buy a Space car which can go to Space for the two of us.” I said, “Yes, new physics has put distant Star Systems within range of a few-week voyage and it is exciting to contemplate new pioneering colonies.” The mayor said, “Most of the people on Ariel have a number of children and our population is exploding. So far it is just the tip of the iceberg.”

And we met a couple of lovers who said, they wanted to love us in an orgy as was now customary on Earth, with the curing of all sex diseases. So, we joined in an orgy of 20 people. It was mad and frantic and very satisfying. Afterwards, one woman said, “Free love is the beginning of Paradise.” And a man said, “I want to love everyone here on Ariel, male or female. I said, “My mind isn’t open enough to love men, but I think it is good that you love everyone here.

Slaves on Titan

My name was Prometheus and I lived in a World of horror. Our King was the evilist persona in Space and our colony on Titan, Saturn's Moon was the most miserable in the Universe. The King had 400 goons who were loyal to him. And the goons lived a luxury life with slaves from the populace. And the King lived in a fabulous palace with thousands of slaves. The slaves were not given any alcohol or drugs and received no pay. And the men had no sex. The women were all sex slaves and the men-built statues and palaces and temples for the King. Many of the men were talented builders and architects who the King had purchased from Earth. And the King pampered his best scientists and gave them sex slaves, male and female and they designed Battleship Spacecraft, the Spacecraft were captained by the King's goons. He now had 85 Battleships, and his military was the strongest in the Solar System. The King rewarded his scientists with the loot and credits he had seized from other settlements. He had some good hackers too, who stole credits. And the King enriched the hackers with 40% of the credits they had stolen. So, all together his numerous children, the chief architects, the scientists, the hackers and the goons formed the elite on Titan's 4 cities. Everyone else was a slave with no legal rights. Some elites treated their slaves relatively humanely, others cruelly. But all the slaves were miserable and those who displeased their masters were duly executed. So, to stay alive, they had to desperately try to satisfy their masters. All the slaves dreamed of being liberated by a force from Earth. But most people on Earth too, were slaves also.

Adele P. wrote, "The Book of Slavery," which detailed how slavery had evolved out of blue-collar workers to include most people who were superfluous and had no job. Slavery gave them a job and with slavery, they had use. Adele wrote that most people had a slaves' mindset and born

to serve as ordained by God. The slave mongers instilled in the minds of the slaves that they were lucky to be allowed to live and serve God by serving their masters.

And the Book of Slavery, stated people who were slaves were lucky to be alive. And detailed how the slaves should be ready to be a human sacrifice and give their life for their brave leaders. But a problem was 20% of the slaves were killing themselves every year. and the number was growing. So the evil Titan King allowed slaves to have sex and drugs and that seemed to satisfy them. But just like most of civilized history, most people were not free, whether they were wage slaves or the poor working class. And in ancient times there were many true slaves, just like today.

And the King developed a new slave type. These people were actor/ actress slaves who played their role in the movie script that had been written by the King. The King had many assistant scriptwriters now and they were also members of the elite; and wrote hundreds of plays. And the King exported the movies to Earth. Most of the storylines were about the King's romances with his sex slaves. They were stories of power and domination.

Also, the King tortured to death dissenters in full view of the crowds gathered, the mob cried out for the dissenters' death, everytime.

And sometimes the King threw dissenters into the oubliette, with infrared cameras which depicted the offenders cannibalizing one another and raping one another, and they inevitably died sooner or later.

And the King one day started using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to torture his slaves and get them to be totally obsequious. And desperate to please him.

As time passed, the population of Titan exploded to over a million souls. But the King didn't allow Holoworlds or holograms to exist. Neither did he allow androids. He remarked on one occasion, "Humans are a known commodity and AI is not."

And the King used his Space fleet to attack other Solar System colonies. And soon he had total control of Space except for Earth. Many brave free humans were enslaved as a result of the King's conquests. And the slaves were all cut off from the Internet so they could not organize a resistance movement or have any friends. During their permanent service they couldn't spend time with friends; all they knew was work and servitude.

But then one day, one of the women in the King's harem, suddenly slit his throat. He had previously vetted her with MRT and found she loved the King. But somehow, she must have changed. And so, the Great King was dead. He had no clones to takeover but had many thousands of children who fought over the throne. Finally, the vilest amongst them took control in an oligarchy. And the new leadership started sacrificing more and more slaves in the millions. In the end, all the slaves were dead, and the remaining people had a hierarchy in which truly evil humans ruled. They all readily admitted they were evil, but said evil humans were the best humans. And nature was dog eat dog and so too human society. And they said the World has always been evil. The greediest and cruelest reigned. But some of them said that now everyone was truly evil and there were no more foolish goody-two-shoes people nor people who claimed to be altruistic.

And Robots did all the work now, like building new air cars and palaces for the elite, and the elite lived in previously unparalleled luxury.

Consider the old saying, who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? It was pertinent. The oligarchs had a falling out and conscripted people for war. And Titan was torn asunder.

Finally one of them emerged victorious, but then his clones fought him for power and in the end there were no more people on Titan. New weapons were deadly and that was the end.

A Genocide by Count Battery

Another horror story was the tale of Count Battery. He ruled on Mars #15, Slave city. The Count tortured people he liked in his dungeon. He was a very strange man and the people he tortured for many years each were finally released with a broken back and open wounds. There were no doctors and these people finally died. The people he liked were mostly clever people, who were good looking. He enjoyed breaking their hearts and ruining their soul. Finally the people revolted and the Count fled to a neighboring nation which was friendly to him.

But back in his native land, a new dictator had taken control. The new dictator successfully ordered the neighboring nation to deport the Count back home. And the new dictator made sure everyone had a chance to piss on the Count. But then the new dictator had his lackeys start fires throughout the territory, killing most people. And then he asked the Count, his prisoner “How could I kill everyone off in the territory?” The Count said, “Take all their food and starve them to death.” And so, the new dictator let it be reality. But the people rose up again and killed the dictator and the Count. But the new leader was vengeful towards those who had supported the dictator. And had them killed off too. And so, it went in the territory with one evil tyrant after another, finally a strongman emerged who quelled the crowds and started to rebuild the territory. And people quickly forgot the past. And people lived in peace like the dark years never happened.

However, the new strongman took all the best-looking females for his harem and reminded the people him having sex slaves, was the price of peace. And the peace lasted for 3 decades. But then the strongman's harem poisoned him and seized control. They declared freedom in their time. But then one of the women, Betty W., took total control and told the people if they wanted to live, they had to do something to entertain her, each once a year. Some wrote poetry about her, some sang songs about her, some found beautiful rocks for her. Some even tried to compose plays. But Betty wasn't very pleased with most of them and so had them beheaded. And then the few survivors killed her and her bodyguards.

But now the population of the city state in question was just 20, in a rich, bountiful land. And one of the neighboring countries annexed the territory. The 20 survivors all became slaves and worked their fingers to the bone. And finally one by one they killed themselves. It was a complete genocide of the territory's people. Just like had happened so often in humanity's past. What untold horrors happened in the darkness of history and prehistory? Genocide even occurs in the light of modern times with the press there to record it. It still happens, though not nearly as often as in past times.

You say you are the descendants of survivors. But you can be sure these survivors killed off their enemies. And people aren't as good as you think they are. And as people go into Space what untold horrors await them? War and genocide will be the hallmark of the future, you can be sure.

You say human destiny looks bright. But the weapons improve and soon whole Planets and Moons will be destroyed. If the weapons are there, they will be used. You say, it is up to the spies to watch everyone with Mind Reading Technology (MRT), but leaders will not allow

themselves to be watched and it is they who will launch wars. It cannot be stopped. Death to all humans!

Two Mayors on Mars

I, Ben, said to Jennifer, "If only we had a better leader we would live in Utopia. As it is our leader is full of faults. Like she gambles state funds on new Space projects which fail. And she wars with our neighbors, and she enslaves all who oppose her." And I said, "I suppose you and I, Jennifer, will be enslaved soon for daring to doubt our great leader." She said, "Let's load up a Space car with everything a new colony needs, like builder robots and stem cell meats and plenty of water. And then let's take a 3-year journey to distant Xavier's Star and live happily ever after. I said, "But with new physics interstellar travel time grows less by the day and soon all-Star Systems will be colonized within a few mega gazillion miles of Earth!" She said, "We have to do something!" So, I said, "Let's assassinate our leader and in the ensuing chaos, seize power. People will be glad to see the last of her and will probably just give us all of North America and then abroad. She said, "But politics is a dangerous business, and many will be gunning for us, if we pull it off. But we might as well try it, I suppose."

So, we shot the President of North America and the army moved in and took control. And they discovered it was us using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and they put Jennifer and I in prison.

So, we languished each in solitary confinement for years. And our guards told us, Europe had conquered North America and restored a democracy. But we were personae non grata in this new

World order and remained in prison, both of us were hopeful of being released one day. And finally, our lawyers got us a trial before a judge. And many people supported us and showed up outside the court and finally the judge released us from prison, saying our hearts were in the right place.

In time we came to be known as legends and many people paid to talk with us, and we gave speeches and said the World needs more genius leaders. The crème de la crème. But some people opposed us saying there were many evil geniuses who were far worse than ordinary leaders. We said everyone can be vetted regularly with MRT.

So finally, Jennifer and I ran for two mayoralties on Mars, and we were so famous we were easily elected. My first act as mayor, of Psychedelic City was to outlaw slavery and wage slavery and give everyone enough to live comfortably. Then I got thousands of donors and philanthropists to invest in deep Space colonization and these philanthropists would each get a clone of themselves aboard one of the ships. I spent a zillion dollars on the projects. I said, "Let's not put all our eggs in one basket. It is good to branch out and perhaps not disclose the whereabouts of the colonies for their safety." Jennifer said, "That's a brilliant idea, many people want to get away from the wars on Earth and in the Solar System. And they could start new colonies totally independent of Earth and forget all about Earth."

Jennifer said, "In my city, Wanderers city, I have ranked everyone on the basis of who is the most kind and who is less kind. I believe kindness is the most important quality in a leader." I replied, "I am thinking of ranking everyone according to intelligence in my city, while I weed out the evil ones. And I figure intelligent people everywhere will want to come to my colony." Jennifer said, "I am sure both of our colonies will prosper. And I want my colony to be a safe haven for freak animals and freak humans and will call them 'new humans'" And she said, "I

will treat them like any other citizen, and it will be the only refuge for these people. I anticipate millions will come.”

I opined, “And I will use my best scientists to develop the best defensive weapons, securing all Mars. That includes your colony, Jennifer!” She said, “I will levy a tax to help pay for the defense of Mars.”

And I said, “In my city we will produce copyrighted plays and movies and if people want to see them, they will have to come to my city. The copyright laws are enforced by the UW (United Worlds) who are trying to control Space. But there are a number of rogue states and pariah states who will steal our copyrighted works. Many of these rogue states have powerful militaries and are very dangerous.” Jennifer said, “Yes, I grew up in a rogue state on Miranda, Moon of Uranus. I was raped many times and mentally abused and enslaved. But finally, a kind man came and bought my freedom. After that I have sought kindness everywhere and I think you are truly a kind man.”

I said, “Kindness makes sense. We are all in the same boat and have to pull through these Worlds together. And I am sure glad we both survived prison and came all this way to become big city mayors. The strong survive.” She said, “But I want to make it the kind survive and the cruel perish.” I said, “Kindness is the future for certain, there is more and more brotherly love and romantic love and love of animals and new people (freaks). And scientists are working on new drugs which make one kinder. I think everyone should be forced to take such drugs.”

And I said, “In Psychedelic city, the pioneers of the city experimented with hologram Worlds for a way to kill time. But I imagine parallel Worlds on Mars, which are just like reality, only all the hologram people who are copies of humans, are altered to be kinder and cleverer. Altered by brain apps. It is a massive project, with 10 Martian cities, but I think it is doable.” Jennifer

replied, "It's a brilliant idea, and I am sure the vast majority of Martians will agree to it." And I said, "We will make it a requirement for everyone to share their DNA for the project. And this parallel World will be unsullied by the outside World and be self-contained. And we will film this World's goings on as an inspiration to people everywhere. True Utopia."

Jennifer said, "In Wanderers city, I plan to attract Utopians who will be willing to dedicate themselves to a better and better society to try for a society in which everyone works on their character with truly kind people helping them to approach perfection and attain happiness."

I said, "But we must remain vigilant to keep our colonies alive. I will encourage my people to create Dystopia films so as to warn people of future dangers." She said, "I'd like to do the same, but many kind people can't imagine an evil society."

And I said, "Many people enjoy being scared of potential Dystopian futures. But of course, they don't want to live in a Dystopia. Except for a few people who are power-crazed and want to take control and boss people around. But we will vet everyone and if they want some kind of Dystopia, they will be deported. But of course, there are many types of Utopia and people will be encouraged to write different kinds of Paradise. Like for instance a World in which everyone is rich and imaginative. Or a World of dreamers who dream big things like elaborate architecture and sparkling new colonies full of new-looking people. Or a World in deep Space in which people take turns ruling and each one has brilliant ideas. And so on."

Jennifer said, "Some people in Wanderers city want tough love with others. Cruel to be kind. But I don't favor such a drastic approach. I prefer to have shrinks hypnotize people who are having problems with being good."

I said, "Yes as Plato said, 'the good' is of the essence."

The Nine Benevolent Oligarchs Ruling Earth and Space

I, Anthony, said to Georgia, N. “Let’s use new Mind Reading Technology (MRT), to get in the heads passively of our ruling oligarchy.” Georgia said, “They’ll be able to detect our signal, won’t they?” I answered, “I am a computer engineer and can disguise our signals amongst the myriad of signals that are going through their heads!”

So, we did it. The first oligarch was a woman who advocated for rule by women only. She figured men were aggressive war mongers and should be kept out of powerful positions. And women should be free to be feminine and non-competitive. All that we hadn’t known previously. She’d hidden it from the World. And we found out that the oligarchy put her in charge of selecting the Court judges. Of course, she picked only women. But that was nothing new to us now. And we learned she had had 19 children, all of them girls who she sent to all girls’ schools, and personally tutored them to try and be all they could be. And all be ardent feminists. But she had a male lover who was an architect of many fine buildings in Space, where they often gave him a free hand to design whatever he wished. But she did not reveal to the other oligarchs that she had a lover, and they would sometimes try and flirt with her, but she would brush them off. And she was very clever and advocated for the poor in spirit, especially people who had hard luck. She didn’t want anyone to fall through the cracks. She seemed to us to be pretty good.

Next, we read the thoughts of an oligarch who was male and the oldest of the oligarchs at 129 years old. Of course, everyone had eternal youth, so this was nothing out of the ordinary, in itself. And he told people they were welcome to get passively in his head as he had nothing to

hide. He had a few things to hide though but had been hypnotized to forget about such things. And he wanted to locate imaginative people anywhere in our territory of Earth and the Solar System. He wanted to lead the World in art and civilization just like ancient times. People in the region weren't as religious as in recent times and there were many budding artists and scientists. He gave generous grants to new artists of all kinds and encouraged foreign starving artists to come to our region. But he took a hard line against radical dissidents, who he told they had better smarten up or they would be arrested. And he arrested many. He thought these radicals were just hell-raisers. It was one reason why many people feared the oligarchs.

Then there was an oligarch male, of French ancestry from Morocco. He told the people, they needed to live high and constantly strive to be better. It was he, that brought solar power all over the region and made rich agricultural land out of the Sahara and the Arabian desert with desalinized water from the seas. And people had great food and drink and drugs, at least as good as anywhere else. And this oligarch, attracted good scientists to the region, with generous financial support, reversing many years of brain drain. He held several Ph.D.'s in science. And he had contributed to a permanent cure for various genetic diseases. All diseases were of course now cured. He thought that scientists should get involved in politics. It was the way of the future. The days of geeky scientists were over. Now scientists took brain apps and plastic surgery to make them sexy and life of the party types.

Another oligarch, the fourth, was a woman who openly claimed to be the smartest persona in the various Worlds. She was instrumental in the new physics which had transformed our reality to make travel in the Solar System very short. Everyone admired her and she had won the Nobel prize. She said energy and mass can be altered to suit, for example in teleportation. She was one of the first to try teleporting from one of Uranus's Moon to another. She said she felt the same

after teleportation and was interested in deep Space teleportation. She had written many sci-fi books of the future. For example, “Deep Space 104,” which was about an Utopia of scientist pioneers and how they designed the future to be all trial and error and open minds. Anything was possible but the people needed the wise oligarchs to guide them as to what they should try and live. And she wrote, “Sirius 9,” what was a hypothetical meeting point of cloned dead scientists and the clones of the best scientists alive today. “Sirius 9” was written for a general audience, and everyone was wowed by the sharpness of their wit and the fun synergy they had together. And they had the latest drugs which induced euphoria constantly with no bringdown as long as one kept taking the drugs. Everyone it seemed wanted to follow them. And this oligarch also wrote, “Denizens of Hell,” about how some dissidents were arrested and put through Hell which included brain surgery and a prolonged stay in a mental hospital only to emerge feeling brand new and vigorous and upbeat. It was meant to be inspirational. And another book she wrote was called, “Centauri: Beta,” about the second Planet in this Star System, which had been secretly colonized by leading scientists including two of her clones. And her book was what revealed the colony’s factual nature. And she wrote “Utopia on Barnyard’s Star.” It was about her plan to colonize the Barnyard’s Star System which involved a clone of the best 100 people as voted in by the magazine, “Future Chronology.” It was heady dialogue.

And the fifth oligarch was male and was a scientist who put together the group of oligarchs in the first place. And he wanted to create a number of clones of geniuses to be cryogenically frozen to wake up in 1,000 years. And he imagined the World of the future might feature pink colored people, most of whom were clones of the 20 leaders. And they would all be 800 years old or more. They would spend their time sleeping and dreaming/ having nightmares. There were hundreds of thousands of dream packages together with drugs to suit. And when they were not

dreaming at night, they were creating new dreams using film footage and holograms and dream stimuli so that each dreamer would experience a different kind of dream along the same theme. And people would record their best dreams and distribute them amongst the people. There was nothing to do but dream.

And this fifth oligarch was also an architect. For example, he had designed an extensive series of organic architecture. People lived in giant beanstalks with pods for people to live in. There were millions living in a huge organic forest. And he designed air cars which were fully organic. He told people, humans were organic creatures and should not live in a world of metal including AI. No androids or holograms he advocated.

And the sixth oligarch was a woman who wished the oligarchs would design Supercomputers which automatically get in to the 15 billion people of the Solar System Empire. And she got in peoples' heads and monitor their thoughts constantly with MRT and blow the whistle if they dissented against the oligarchs. The Supercomputers would be clever, thinking creatures. But she faced a lot of opposition from the other oligarchs. But she pointed out that they had such machines in Europe and they seemed to work fine.

And the sixth oligarch was known for being sex-crazed and she had a stud farm where she had hundreds of clever, romantic men. Who wrote her love poems and love songs and had 3-D sex with the oligarch. The oligarch said, 3-D sex with MRT was cerebral and superior to normal sex and she approved of the people trying it.

And this oligarch wanted a total ban on road vehicles. Only air cars and air trucks and air motorcycles. And the roads would be transformed into green space and were full of animals. Fences would be put up to keep the wildlife in. People would go walking in the new parks and

carried bear spray/ mace in case they encountered vicious animals. There were to be lions, elephants, monkeys etc.

The seventh oligarch wanted to turn the roads into Solar farms rather than parks, but like the sixth oligarch she wanted to get rid of road vehicles. And this oligarch had a number of clones, mostly males with her mind. And spent most of her time with her clones. But she also wanted to work with the other oligarchs to make humans totally non-violent using brain surgery and hypnosis. It was a costly program but would save zillions of dollars on UN armed forces and end disastrous and costly wars. The other oligarchs were hesitant to use brain surgery on the people, but all supported the use of hypnosis. So, they used MRT to find violently inclined people and altered them with hypnosis. It worked pretty well, and they used MRT to make sure no one had been cross-hypnotized.

And the seventh oligarch wanted to develop children the old-fashioned way and tutor them with the best genius teachers. She of course had lots of clones, born as adults. But she found her clones to be slightly crazy and maladapted and wanted to experiment with natural birth. Of course, the babies were conceived and born in an incubator but after birth they grew up as children. Many thought she was crazy, but she went ahead with 100 surrogates of her children, with 100 different fathers and as 3 and 4-year-olds, they seemed to be very precocious. The jury was still out though. And the common people had no idea this experiment was going on.

And this oligarch was also secretive about her Rehab. program. She tried to rehabilitate drug addicts. Of course, everyone was addicted to the panacea drugs, but some took neo-heroin and other drugs. To rehabilitate them she increased their pleasure centers sensitivity so that panacea drugs and sex were more than satisfying. Most of them were glad to be happy.

And another prerogative of this oligarch was to build love hotels for the elite. The hotels featured high class prostitutes and gigolos who were recruited as the best lovers and were very skilled in the art of love. And they had experimental love drugs which made sex a wholesome, complete experience and many people didn't want to leave the hotels. Some said the sex was too good in these hotels.

And this oligarch wished to create a thousand copies of herself which were available to men everywhere for a stiff fee. This raised money for her other projects of which there were many. She wanted everyone to be truly happy.

The eighth oligarch was a strange woman who had some odd Utopias. One of them was Online and involved strange-looking people who were nevertheless attractive. And they were highly spontaneous and totally unpredictable, and this Online World were chaos. But it was benevolent chaos and totally non-violent. And they had strange ideas like, building new absurd looking buildings which were surreal and covered in graffiti. And the buildings were conscious and there were also sentient plants which one could communicate with using MRT.

Another World of this eighth oligarch was a hologram Dystopia which featured her as a dictator. She thought it was a good World, but others said, no one should have total power. And the oligarchs were too powerful anyway, most people thought. But as leader she considered each citizen as a work of art to be molded in her image

Another of her Dystopias was a World in which everyone lived in caves deep below the surface. People all had a sallow complexion. And they considered themselves to be safe from wars and they all liked her as leader.

The ninth and final oligarch was a man who read the minds of the people in the Worlds and Holoworlds and put them all in categories. There were 25 categories of people according to him.

He was in the leader group. Others were poets, film makers and salespeople, bankers and scientists, clever holograms not so clever holos and genius androids, and ordinary androids and so on. The people here liked being in a group. And mostly socialized within their group. Those that didn't like being in a group, simply were left in Limbo. But 20% of the people in existence were human and 30% were androids and about half were holograms. The reason for putting people in categories was to decide how much they would get paid and what kind of love dolls they would get. And of course, they could synergistically combine as their categories would be full of kindred spirits. And there were many subdivisions of each category and people wore a code on their chest indicating their rank. Each category had its own leaders in addition to the main leader group.

Another Holoworld of this oligarch was a World in which sex with holograms was free and no strings attached. These holograms were all extremely good-looking and the sex was cerebral and a big turn on. Comfort for one's mind.

And this oligarch was, like the first oligarch, in charge of justice among the people. Although the oligarchs read peoples' minds to vet them to live in the territory of Earth and the Solar System, nevertheless some committed crimes of passion that couldn't be predicted. The long arm of his law reached into all the Worlds that existed within the territory. Including the real World as well as the numerous Holoworlds. Of course, the Holoworlds were in cyberspace, but each territory had its own Holoworlds.

And this ninth oligarch, typically sentenced criminals to Rehab., which would involve neurosurgery and re-hypnosis. So, there were no master criminals and new immigrants/ tourists to the territory were vetted upon arrival. Air cars had to enter at specific air space locations for

their occupants to be checked out. But robots efficiently searched the air cars for illegally copied patents and copyrights and some cheap drugs like neo-heroin which weren't legal in the territory.

And dissenters were also sentenced to Rehab. Many said it was outrageous. But they too were sent to Rehab. Most shut their mouth as a result. But it ate away at society like a cancer

And Georgia and I were satisfied that the oligarchs were benevolent. And few people knew much about the oligarchs, we were among the few to know. The oligarchs preferred to work behind the scenes and were a great source of mystery for most people. Things just seemed to happen out of the blue. But we knew they would single us out as dissenters sooner or later but we could escape to deep Space in our Space car and so we left in a hurry and had no time for goodbyes.

Brain Apps and Superhumans

Veronica said, to me, Kyle, "I don't know what is wrong with me. I feel I don't know myself anymore. I took moderate brain apps and now am a different person." I said, "The brain apps are like that, they refresh one's life and everything is sparkling and new. A new start."

Veronica queried, "Why can't I maintain my personality and keep all my memories?" I said, "That's not how it works and there's nothing you can do about it." She said, "I thought humans were fine as they were, and we were approaching Utopias all over the Worlds. Now everyone is going crazy with brain apps." I said, "Progress can't be stopped, and we want everyone on board. No one can be allowed to fall through the cracks. It's evolution, we are creating homo superior."

Veronica said, "I want to do something about it. I plan to run for President of Europe. I am sure many people feel as I do about this so-called evolution. And as President I would put a freeze on new brain apps and even try and reverse the brain changes. And another issue for me is to colonize Space with humans, not Superhumans. I'll incarcerate the Superhumans and force them to have a normal brain." I said, "You are an atavistic, backwards persona and the Superhumans are our true future. Most of us want to improve so I don't think you will win the vote." She said but there are 10 candidates for President of Europe, I think I'll win 30% of the vote and that will be more than enough to win!" I said, "You will probably be assassinated, and they'll kill off your clones and children too. It's a serious business." She said, "As President I'll have the best bodyguards and not make any public appearances." I said, "Other countries will make war against you fearing your cancerous developments will spread to their nations." She said, "Well, I'm ready to fight for my beliefs. And I have friends who are good tacticians."

So sure enough, she was elected. But many people continued to get brain apps by visiting other countries or in the Underground. However, she had her border guards compare one's brain on record and determine if they were improved. If they were she sent them to Rehab. But many other nations had Superhuman leaders and Superhuman Generals. And they easily defeated her on the battlefield. And she was forced to abdicate and put in prison, where they forced her to get heavy brain apps.

But Veronica had a lasting effect on the World. Henceforth brain apps were totally optional in most countries.

But Veronica was now an advocate for brain apps for everyone. She tried to assuage their fears and told them brain apps had worked for her.

And that was the end of the resistance to improving intelligence. And they also developed imagination apps, kindness apps, knowledge apps and love apps and so on. There were now no evil people, everyone was basically good. And everyone was clever, and many were geniuses.

No one had predicted that everyone's intelligence would be improved. Perhaps people couldn't imagine being cleverer was the reason.

And Supercomputers were made even cleverer than the Superhumans. And the Universe was their oyster. And they went to Space en masse and soon there were trillions of Superhumans. And there seemed to be no limit to intelligence.

But all Superhumans studied human history and tried not to make the same mistakes of their human ancestors. And they had a few hundred normal humans in a zoo, so Superhumans could experience what it was like to be human, using Mind Reading Technology (MRT). The zoo was so successful that they built some in many Space colonies and it became de rigeur to experience our ancestors. And it made people feel good that they had preserved some humans. The zoos also featured animals of all species. And also freak creatures that had been created by humans. Some Superhumans said there were too many Superfreaks, and they were a disgrace. And there were a number of wars fought to try and exterminate the Superfreaks. And they put the surviving Superfreaks in the zoo also.

And people in the zoo were given notebooks for their thoughts and arts which were published and many Superhumans had a good laugh. They had a hard time taking humans seriously. But some felt sorry for them and wanted to build a human city for them to dwell in. And so the city was built and many new people were created. But soon the city was destroyed by angry Superhumans who said they were a disgrace. And despite being of great intelligence

Superhumans fought a lot of wars and were violent. And they had a lot of sex and believed true love didn't exist.

Planetoid X

I, Rob T., asked Francine, "Why are we stuck in a World of Horror?" She said, "I don't know either. I guess we just had some bad luck and fate has conspired against us." As it was, we were stuck on Planetoid X at the far reaches of the Solar System. We had to conserve power as two of our reactors had melted down due to sabotage by Rick R. It was cold inside our dome. Minus 60 F. We were all holed up in the arena which was relatively warm at +40 F. People had sex during the night, and it was hard to sleep.

And our leader was a hedonistic fool who'd won office by promising a loving World. But she just wanted to get f—d up all the time. But the citizens of this World were good people on the whole and imaginative pioneers. But about a third were total sybarites and ruined things for everyone. Finally, Francine and I announced a coup and people of the arena backed us up. I said, "Henceforth people had to remain relatively sober. And we would re-establish contact with other Solar System settlements including Earth and fix the reactors. We were only 120 souls, so Earth didn't care much about us." But Francine and I announced the colony was open to tourists who wanted to say they'd been everywhere. And we built a few hotels and imported some love dolls of the latest models. And many tourists wanted to buy real estate here and figured it was cheap and they built mansions that were hermetically sealed and brought their followers with them. So,

it became a World of masters and slaves. Francine remarked that, "It was a World of servants and a few masters, now.

But then one day the most famous sex symbol in the Universe came to Planetoid X. It was a big deal and she left five of her clones after she left. It was perfect for us making the Planetoid a love destination. Love at the edge of Worlds we said. And we brought in the best love counsellors from Earth. The love counsellors would love people and then give them love advice. We even built a hospital for those who were lost in love. And many lost people came here as a last resort. Planetoid X became synonymous with healing one's broken mind.

We offered the people who came here a second chance in this wild rat race in which nearly everyone was a victim. Indeed, the modern World was a showcase for mad people. People didn't admit it, but they were mostly insane and out of control. It was par for the course to be crazy, and many people said madness is the best way to live. But it was getting too crazy with freaks being put in charge and freaks forcing everyone to be totally open-minded and forget their humanity. Francine and I told everyone, ours was the only sane World. And we arrested the inebriated original citizens and brought them out of society. It was an all-new colony.

And Francine and I declared, the future of humankind, was all about love. And Superhumans will be loving and kind. The dog-eat-dog type of Superhuman must be stopped, we said. But free love was catching on everywhere, almost everyone seemed to want it. And our settlement grew quickly, before we knew it, it topped a million souls and we had built concrete buildings with imported lime and the city went on for miles. Many built cottages as well and we had a dome in which there was a large lake. Lover's lake we called it. And there were loving mermen and mermaids living in the lake and they would try and grant a person's wish within reason. The merpeople were freaks but they were too good to ignore. So, we created a river system with a

number of lakes full of merpeople. One would simply call out, "For love!" And the merpeople would appear for loving no matter who you were. The merpeople had human sex organs but a fish tail. The merpeople were full of sweet love and kindness and everybody liked them. And they were mostly unique to our Planetoid. We imported many of them from Earth and gave them a happy life. We kept expanding our water systems to accommodate all the merpeople. There was a lot of water ice in the Planetoid which we melted under domes. One dome overlapped another, and we all lived in bubbles. On one occasion, Francine remarked, "I want to be a love doll!" I told her, "Why not?" And anyway, I had plenty of lovers amongst the merpeople and new immigrants. But Francine and I continued to co-rule the Planetoid. Intellectual lovers were our mantra.

And on another occasion, Francine remarked, "Many people destined for deep Space now start their journey here on our Planetoid. It was a kind of rite of passage. Find true love and then move deeper into Space. Deep Space was full of perfect humans who were as perfect as a human could be. Everyone agreed we should send our best people into deep Space." I said, "It seems that all that ends well is good."

And our Planetoid became known for intellectual love. And we attracted clever people who didn't fit in elsewhere. It was like a second chance or third chance and so on for people to come here.

And then one day, Francine announced, "I am leaving for Star Sirius to start all over again." Of course, I wished her luck, and considered leaving myself. But I didn't know if I was truly clever enough for deep Space. And we had a farewell party to beat all parties. It was frantic fun and the love flowed. I asked her to leave behind a clone that would help me rule the colony and

she generously agreed. It was the first clone of the two of us and I cloned myself and went to deep Space myself to Betelgeuse System.

Karen R.: Her Life of Parties

I, Karen, said to Charles, “It’s child’s play to imagine a better World. But people here on Europa were set in their ways. As it was, there were no builder robots and most people spent time building new submarines and domed cities below the surface of the European ocean.”

Charles said, “This Moon’s population is expanding rapidly, we need to build. And it is a comfort to know that everything on this Moon is human made.”

I said, “I imagine a World of Automated Production Machines (APMs) where people spend their time in hobbies like the arts and dabbling in science, reading, watching movies, romance, small businesses, parties and drinking with drugs acquire knowledge and so on.” Charles said, “Maybe it is better the way it is, as idle hands do the Devil’s work and we have never had a population with no work to do. Maybe we could just start a new test colony and see if such a World is viable.”

So Charles and I petitioned Space real estate developers to design us such a colony and so it was. Millions of immigrants and tourists flooded into the colony, and most were pleased to be gentleman and ladies of leisure, but some engaged in illegal activities/ crimes of passion, but that was rare as we vetted everyone’s minds before they were allowed into the city. Anyway, it was a ground-breaking colony and soon cities everywhere were opting for the Automatic Production Machines and lives of leisure. But many leaders objected, however they were quickly replaced.

Many wanted to put these objectional leaders on trial for holding back progress, specifically crimes against humanity.

Anyway, there was much more good music and movies, and everyone had free love. And nearly everyone was content. It was Utopia in our time.

The next step was to give everyone an University education. And teach everyone to think critically. We believed any human could be a genius with the right tutoring. Many people had multiple Ph.D.'s. And the best people designed the curriculum to create geniuses. And people had a free education, and everyone was required to study part time all the time.

And I was a famous party hostess. My parties were for the elite minds. The elite 1% were elected by the people and most of them were very clever. The elite ran the governments of Earth and Space, now.

Anyway, I threw parties every week in a new location, basically taking over hotels and inviting hundreds of elite thinkers. Most of my parties were masquerades, sometimes very famous people came to my parties. Recently Lise L. had come to one of my parties. Lise sold the best dream packages in which people dreamed inspirational dreams with dream drugs specially tailored to suit the individual dreamers. And Lise put all the partygoers inside the same dream and each person played a set role. It was a masterful performance and was based on a far future World in which the youth ruled. And our guests who were born as adults five years ago or less were the rulers. As leaders in the dream, they played cupid setting up old, but youthful people, with younger people. Everyone had a good time.

Another of my parties featured the great magician, Rhonda X. She could disappear into thin air and could also fly with no apparent flying apparatus, and she had a magic chicken who could

lay golden eggs. And she would hypnotize people and get them to run around crazy-like and telling everyone their greatest regrets. And so on.

Another of my parties was attended by the highest ranked elite leader in the Universe. He told me in confidence who he was. And he told the partygoers in a speech incognito that, "One of the great questions of our day was whether or not to go to deep Space." But he added, "Cabin fever was a problem, and it was better to wait for much faster travel. They had found a way to travel 5 times faster this year alone." And he also said that, "I had written an anonymous novel about a far future in which the great questions of the day were inter-galactic war. Humans will have spread in a grand diaspora but were the same type of people that were alive today. And he said, "Today's top geniuses were maximum intelligence, it was impossible to be any cleverer and survive." But some who listened to his speech said there was no limit to human intelligence and deep Space travel was foolishness. Better to stay in the Solar System where we are all in the same boat.

Another occasion, "We had the World's best lover come to one of my parties. She took me aside and told me who she was." And she stripped and then started an orgy. Everyone was wearing a mask, so they didn't know who she was. Anyway, it was a fantastic time.

Another of my parties was in a Spaceship destined for Moon Io. It was a rowdy party and the World's most famous couple known for their acting in movies. They said they were taking applications for the new lover's colony they were building on Io. Only the best lovers would be allowed in and no tourists who weren't great lovers would be allowed. Of course, Io had 7 colonies and most of the passengers were going to Star city which was full of elite writers. Many of them were talented lovers and vowed to visit the new colony once it was built, they told us as we landed. And all the colonies on Io were full of great lovers and clever people.

And another great party I had had a theme of Armageddon. And people made speeches about why they loved life, but Armageddon was inevitable throughout Earth and Space. And I suggested to the partygoers at this party on Triton, Neptune's Moon, that they should party as if this was their last day alive. And so, we did.

Still another party featured some well-known freak humans. They of course preferred to be called "possibility humans," but they looked very strange and had multiple sex organs and many breasts and such. Some had two or three heads. But my parties were always full of open-minded people and this party was no different. It turned out to be a bizarre orgy and everyone participated. And I made a speech saying, "People of the future will all seem bizarre to other people of the future. And this party is ahead of its time."

Then there was the party of the elite people on all Mars. There were thousands of them at the party. I met a writer man there and he swept me off my feet. For example, he said, he had been born poor, but his writing put him at the top of all elites. He was telling me, he wrote "Alexis' Prize" which was about a woman who was a virgin until 24 before finally giving herself to the perfect man. But finally, after months of dating, it occurred to her that he was too perfect and didn't have any faults. She figured he must be a Superman and so she asked him if he was, and he told her, "There were many like me and they were slowly infiltrating the populace at large. It was all hush-hush," he said. She spontaneously asked him, "If I could also be free of faults. She figured she was too proud and ambitious and selfish. But he said, "I like you the way you are, and am totally satisfied to be with you!" But finally, after dating him for a year and not hosting any parties, he broke up with her and wished her well. She wasn't surprised and so went back to partying, with an eye out for more Supermen. That was the story.

Then one day at a party I met Paul and told him “Although it looks kind of grim for humanity, I am sure we will pull through in the end.” He said, “Karen, nothing is written in stone. Humanity will probably survive, but maybe in the future humanity will evolve quickly and be unrecognizable to our contemporaries now. I said to Paul, “What’s wrong with humanity now?” He said, “People are becoming greedier, and living too long and partying too much, and many are out of it on neo-opiates and so on and so forth.” I asked him if he was a Superman, but he denied it. And he told me, “If new species of humankind are invented, they’ll probably head for deep Space to get away from this swamp that humanity has become. I said, “I figure they’ll become leaders and lead humanity into the future.” He said, “Humans will never stop dreaming.” And so I dated Paul for a few months, and when we finally broke up, I figured I wanted to meet more great people. And surfed Online for interesting people to invite to my parties. People often turned out to be surprizing when you met them in person.

Then I met a man, Louis at a party who told me, “You are the most beautiful, cleverest woman I’d ever met. You should run for Miss Galaxy and get treated like a Queen. I said, “I already live a perfect life.” But he said, “If you are Miss Galaxy, all men will want you and your parties will be more in demand.” So, I tried out and won the contest and sure enough millions and millions of men wanted to come to my parties. I had so many good potential lovers, I could only love a small fraction of them. And I lived happily ever after.

The Great Nancy T. and Her Lovers

Nancy told me, Forrest, “I am in a tight spot as my two lovers were fighting one another and even looked like they would fight a duel. This was despite the fact that our leaders told us we lived in enlightened times; modern society seemed backwards.” And she said, it seemed to her, “People are just like animals in fancy clothes riding in air cars.” I suggested that, “You should apply for the IQ enhancer program which would grow parts of your brain and gave one a slightly larger head, but a superior mind. And people you meet in the program will all be happy to love you. Eventually you will be maximum intelligence. And the World will be your oyster. The future will go to the cleverest.”

So, she took my advice and improved her mind. But the result was that she was only interested in men who were also in the program. And she ran off with one of them to deep Space. He told her, “I figure you are the cleverest woman alive. I want to have many children together with you.” She told him, “That sounds good, but I am sure we will tire of one another in a few months. So, we had best invite others to our new colony, which we’ll call, ‘Love City’ and we’ll each have many brilliant lovers.”

And so, it was. Most of our new immigrants were from the mind program, where we’d met each other and numerous other fine people. But some were maverick geniuses who were born with a maximum intelligence. And some were military geniuses who built up an unbeatable defence system for the colony. She said, “Romance was like a war and required good strategy mixed with unpredictability.” One of the Generals told her, “I am in love with your spontaneous mind.” Another told her, “I figure you are cleverer than me!” Some men thought she thought like a man, and this made for many spectacular soul mates where the two of them thought alike, even though they were geniuses. This was particularly caused by cloning herself both as a male and a

female; it seemed to her though that we could make people still cleverer. But when she shared that idea, the other colonists said if we made people any cleverer, they'd be a totally different species. As it is all of us geniuses are bored with the vast majority of people.

While in deep Space, Nancy and her new love, Jacob, built up Love city. It was a city of modern abstract architecture, made of light within a dome. And they attracted people dressed in light who were looking for advanced love here. 3-D love on the Web was not as good as actually being here, but there were numerous people who loved the people here Online. Nancy and her love, Jacob, attracted clones of many famous people here. But Nancy found herself loving bizarre, strange men especially. Most were from strange places. Like Luna #14: Seti city where people mimicked ancient Egypt, but most died young. Upon death their DNA was stored for the future, if anyone wanted a Holoworld about ancient Egypt. Their DNA was based on mummies from ancient Egypt including many of the rich elite. They were dark-skinned and clever and worshipped Seti, the Sky God. And Nancy brought some of the Kings back from the dead and brought them to Love city. And she went to ancient Greece Online and brought back Plato whose DNA had been simulated or maybe it was the original. She didn't know for sure. And other famous Greeks.

And Nancy loved the Egyptians and the Greeks and searched Space for evidence of secret human settlement using advanced radio-telescopes, wanting to find unusual lovers. She discovered one, a colony of Imaginative people who fled Earth for Space in secret. She loved the open-minded males in the colony in 3-D Online, using technology that was many times faster than light.

And Nancy was a firm believer in the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. And she liked men who were clever, but unusual. And finally, she dumped Jacob in favor of three new

settlers. The first was effeminate and a real ladies' man, who claimed to be a galactic gold miner. The second was a writer of bizarre Utopias, like one in which a legion of dancing men would appear before her and would try to impress her with their unusual dancing skills. And the third was a man who never grew up and acted like a 14-year-old boy who was spoiled and crazy. He would dare others to do dangerous things and liked to watch people die.

In fact, Nancy had a great many lovers on the side, too and so, finally, created some clones to help her deal with all her suitors. If her clones found an interesting one, they would turn him over to her for loving.

But the strangest man she'd met so far claimed to be a clone of Edgar Allan Poe. He kept talking about death and was obsessed. She had him write some tales of mystery and imagination for her and so he wrote about a sexy witch, who drove men all over the galaxy mad with desire. She had an unusual look and spoke of unusual things. Like sex and honor. Sex for her was demonic virtue. And she loved men who were honorable and yet twisted.

And he wrote about the death of everyone on Earth with a new cyber virus that was catching and killed everyone who got it. And he wrote one about a disease that only killed females and soon there were no more women. So men just loved android love dolls instead.

And he wrote about the death of literature in a World where it was banned, and writers were tortured and executed in the oubliette. And so on.

But she one night after taking too many drugs and had a heart attack and died and by the time they found her brain had decomposed irrevocably. And she could not be revived. Most thought it was suicide.

Stories of a Power Couple

Geraldine and I, Chad, were famous lovers from New Orleans city state. We were both famous writers. And these days the scriptwriters were feted and loved more than the actors and actresses. Anyway, we were a glamorous couple and were known for our heated arguments which the press lapped up. And we were willing to party with anyone who paid us huge sums back. Thousands of the richest people took us up on our offer and we became zillionaires. Typically, we the power couple would meet rich couples for dinner and drinks, and many said it was the highlight of their life.

Among the memorable meetings the rich elite told the power couple, they should be philanthropists. We replied we give billions to help those with mental problems. But there are so many such people, it is just a drop in the bucket. And we said, modern life is too fast and too complicated, and humans can't hack it.

Others invited us to Space or wherever on Earth they happened to live. And other rich couples who were also famous artists, and many asked us about our next films. We told them we were planning to write a documentary about a real brilliant couple who are imprisoned on Mars for trying to shake up the status quo on Mars. They said the people of Mars were boring and obsessed with sanity. And most of them talked on and on but they had nothing deep to say. And we claimed sanity is against human nature. Humans by nature are crazy and unpredictable. Even primitives were mad with their wild dancing and hunt ceremonies and crazy shamans and screamed and shouted during sex. And modern humans were greedy for money, sex and comfort for their mind like sex and drugs. Greed had built our societies and it was a good thing. On Mars the people weren't ambitious and so they were all very poor. And we predicted that they would

all be enslaved or have their brains altered by foreign invaders. Things didn't look bright for these people.

And we told them, we were writing another movie script about hypothetical people on Luna in "Tight city." Tight city was for frugal people and humble people. But other types of people were allowed in. Some of them were rich though and paid for the defence of the colony. But finally, most of them become bored being frugal, and wanted the latest air cars and love dolls and drugs. So, in the end, the colony folds and the people scatter. Leaving only a few mad hermits who are bitterly unhappy. The moral of the story is there is no hiding from technology and progress.

And we had a third script we were working on. It was about a fictitious account of a couple like ourselves, who felt that modern life was fascinating. And they were passionate about living. And lived hard. The female in the couple asks the male, how can we make life better? He replies, why don't we petition a new law which forces everyone to write at least one joke and the best 100,000 will be published Online and be required reading for everyone. But the jokes couldn't be racist or sexist. So anyway, they brought a lot of laughter and fun to the people.

Meanwhile we were growing to love each other more and more. Every script we wrote was cause for a celebration and we had a lot of parties with other scriptwriters. We tried to discover writers who were obscure but wrote good and helped them to be discovered. We inspired one another.

And we met another power couple, who were both writers. And they said they were working on a script about cloning Shakespeare. Whereas Shakespeare wrote about the powers that be and have been and used imaginative ghosts, prophecies etc., nowadays wanted to write science

fiction as it was the most creative type of writing and revealed a path forward for humanity. I said, “It sounds plausible.”

Another power couple wrote scripts about how ordinary people could be transformed with the right tutors to be able to write passable fiction. And ultimately in the future everyone would be a writer. There would be writing soul mates for everyone, and everyone would have an open mind.

And we met a man who said he had written an obscure book about a true story on Venus. It seemed there was a woman on Venus who took control of Jokersville colony and forced all the men to love her. But she was attractive, and many men were happy to love her, but there were a few who claimed they’d been raped. And those of whom she disapproved languished in her dungeon. Those in the dungeon had to beg for her love or be starved. I asked, “What’s the point of the story?” He said, “When we think of evil we usually think of men, but many women are capable of evil, too.” I said, “It sounds like this woman was a control freak, and many women these days are. I hadn’t heard the story. What else did this woman do?” He said, “She also forced women to join her in her orgies, while her guards stood by. She raped the whole population! Men too! But it was all hush hush, and the press was banned from the colony. I’m just reporting what happened. I was raped too!”

Another script writing duo told us they had been inseparable for three years and were proof that true love exists. They simply wrote down their story, only in 40 years in the future. They predicted that futurians would try and force everyone to love many people and take happy drugs and get along with everyone else. And those who weren’t happy would be subject to neurosurgery. They said, they objected to such a future and were making their prediction into a movie to ensure that such a future wouldn’t come into existence. I said, “Already in our society

people are expected to be happy by their peers. Most people today insist we live in Utopia already.”

Finally, there was a single woman who said, “I am a firm believer in conflict resolution and believe wars against unjust nations are justified.” I said, “But modern war is so destructive, look at South America and West Asia, which were bombed back into the stone age. Any more war and civilization will cease to exist.” She said, “North America and Europe are just nations, and they will win the war for civilization. You’ll see!” I said, “But even if the West wins, the casualties and destruction will set us back decades.” She said, “With tens of millions of robot builders we will be able to rebuild quickly and children machines will produce billions of new people all grown up as adults and ready for action. We will be stronger than ever!”

So, the last woman left a bad taste in our mouths, but we were determined to carry on our art and our relationship as long as we could!

Dystopias of a Wondering Couple

I, Phil, said to Doris, “I am serious about the future! What about you?” She replied, “The future is impossible to predict accurately, but I think everyone will be rich and comfortable and have plenty of lovers and good drugs which will make them happy! And spies will watch those who were inclined to violence and war and get in their heads.” I said, “Your prediction is nice, but I am sure there are too many nations and city states competing hard with one another. And each thinks they are right and just and will fight over Earth and Space. We will see Armageddon, I am sure.” She replied, “Nuclear weapons, have been around a long time and haven’t been used

yet. And although there are now many new weapons their use has been quite limited, mostly by rogue nations in Space. They are having problems policing space using the UN; they are not aggressive enough.” I said, “Yes in Space, anything goes, it seems. Everyone there claims to just want to be free. But apparently Space is not big enough to suit these freedom lovers and their freedom impinges on that of others.” She said, “Those who truly want to be free are starting to go into deep Space. Soon they will be going in the hundreds of millions or more. Most nations say they want to lead experimental colonies in Space.” I said, “The price of real estate in Space is soaring and human greed knows no bounds!” She said, “Yes, it is greed that will ultimately destroy us! But there is nothing you or I can do about it.”

And Doris said, “I am optimistic about the future, but I have written a Dystopic futuristic novel set 30 years in the future. It is about war time love. And two lovers run away to Space, just the two of them. They go on a five-year journey which is more than any of their contemporaries and arrive at an asteroid in the middle of nowhere. There they set up a hologram World based on people they knew back on Earth. And they have intellectual adventures with the holograms, all of whom are philosophers. Some of them want to build a hologram Utopia, others want to create bad guys to give them something to fight about. But after a few years passed, everyone was bored and then another Spaceship lands on the asteroid and these newcomers are pirates and enslave the two lovers and their holograms.”

I replied, “I have written a sci-fi book about two women who compete with one another over men on Ceres, in the asteroid belt. There are only 10 men, but they all have impressive resumes, and all look clever. But clearly one of the women does better with the men here and so another finally murders her in a jealous fit. Her punishment is house arrest, but one of the men feels sorry for her, feeling he caused her to love him too much and the subsequent murder. But finally, the

group of 19 remaining people decide to banish her alone to another asteroid. On this tiny asteroid, she spends her time writing books of passion and surprisingly succeeds back on Earth where she was already notorious for the first murder in Space. Some of her readers felt love conquered all. And she was a love crusader.”

And I said, “I have also written a Dystopic novel about the greediest people of all time. They each want to own an entire galaxy and create life forms in their own image. And they are Gods.” Doris said, “Humanity has wanted to be God-like for a long time. And they created Gods in their own ‘perfect’ image, I suppose it is destiny to create Gods. Superhumans are already half the way there and create hologram and android life and create Supercomputers that can think. And create new life in Space and in Earth’s oceans.” And I said, “I hope to be a Superhuman one day. I am working on it with brain apps and cyborg hook ups.” She said, “Bravo, I am sure this book will be a big seller. But are you clever enough to write such a book?” I replied, “Anyone could write a story about how Gods seem to them. But I can write a very deep interpretation. Maybe some people are smarter than me and can better emulate the Gods, I admit.” She said, “What if you are the smartest persona in the World, today!” I said, “I think I am perhaps the best writer, but not the best scientist. Mind you I have been instrumental in creating clever holograms, which I think is important science in our time.”

Doris asked, “What else have you written?” I said, “One of my earlier books was about a Superman who rules a mediocre people and keeps trying to improve their minds, but finally they are all crazy and rise up and revolt and kill their leader.” Doris told me, “Superhumans mostly keep to themselves to avoid such a situation.” I said, “I think Superhumans are now about 5% of the total population and are about to become more aggressive politically. And lead humans into the future.” Doris told me, “But Superhumans haven’t stood up to the test of time. And are

highly unpredictable. Fools rush in and we would be foolish to just give the future away to such Superbeings. They may not have our best interests at heart!" I said, "They have all been programmed with hypnosis and vetted with Mind Reading Technology and studied in the lab carefully." She asked, "But how can scientists study beings which are cleverer than them?"

And I said, "I have also written a treatise on human sexuality, I figure that some people of the future will live for sex, but many people will think sex is a useless instinct and will become asexual. And still others will have new sexes. And people will fight wars about sex." Doris said, "I wrote a book about sex too, only I predicted android love dolls would be used for all sex. People won't have any use for one another and will have friends who are all holograms." I said, "Who knows what will happen!" And I said, "Also in the book, which like most of my books was a failure, featured a girl with beautiful eyes, which looked bright and clever, and in the book I copied her eyes onto my female holograms and my android lovers. I couldn't make up my mind which kind of love was best: human love, android energetic love or cerebral love with holograms with drugs special for loving. But finally decided on human women as the future of love." Doris said, "I haven't read any of your books but will certainly do so now!"

And Doris said, "I have written a book you might like about a loser in our modern times. She gets dumped by all her lovers after a one-night stand. And gets fired from all her jobs and has no friends and is perpetually broke. And she tries to paint dream pictures but fails. And she lives a life of misery and finally kills herself with an overdose of neo-heroin. I said, "Yes, undoubtedly many people even in today's enlightened times are poor and miserable. But I would advise such people to get plastic surgery and take brain apps and get hypnotized to succeed and travel and go to a lot of parties..."

I said to Doris, “There’s one other book I’d like to tell you about. It is about how time travel is impossible. Generally speaking, anything is possible except time travel. Of course, Supercomputers make accurate renditions of the past and the future which are multiform. And now there are parallel worlds which exist outside of one another.” Doris said, “Futurians would not want to go back to an atavistic past anyway and the future is coming very fast as it is. If a contemporary of ours went into the future they’d be hopelessly backwards and miserable.”

Some Episodes with Mind Reading Technology

I, Brian, told Tracy B. I’d like to live in the undersea Utopian colony a few hundred miles off the coast of Japan. It seems to me that Japanese people are very open-minded and like to party and Japanese make up half of the 2,000 people who dwell there. I hear they have a famous Japanese writer as leader, and he personally tutors everyone in the colony to be a better writer. I know some say writers are born not made, but for me, in my life, I’d had some inspirational teachers. I think inspiration is the key to the arts and the synergy is said to be profound in the colony. A number of the residents in the undersea dome, have found success as writers since they had come to the colony.” Tracy said, “I hear one has to undergo an intelligence/ imagination test in order to come to the colony and be a citizen or even a visitor.” I replied, “That’s right!” She asked me, “What have you written?” I said, “I wrote one about taking Earth’s sea creatures and moving them to melted lakes and oceans on Moons like Europa and Triton. And we should enhance the intelligence of sea creatures and give them human-like hands.” And I added, “I have also written a story about a hypothetical couple who lives on land in the city state of Hercules on

a Moon of Uranus. In the story they pledge to give their life up to ensure the other's survival. But finally, the male, is charged with espionage for the US city state federation. She helps in his defence and they both deny the espionage charges and then they implicate her as well, and in the end, they are both sentenced with death. It is the first record of capital punishment on one of Uranus' Moons. Usually, criminals were simply deported back to Earth, but they wanted to make an example of the couple." Tracy said, "It could happen to anyone, even you and I. People these days are curious about those in power." I said, "Everyone is on edge with the newest Mind Reading Technology (MRT); many believe they are going crazy, even if the MRT is passive, but especially they go crazy about active MRT. People everywhere are guilty of thought crimes against the powers that be. And lovers quarrel with one another over MRT." Tracy said, "Let's mind read about our love relationship. And publish the results." So, we did some mind reading together. I asked straight off, "What is something you don't want me to know?" She mind read, "You are not as good a lover as some of the lovers I've had and not as clever as some of them either." And she mind read me: "I'd ask you the same question?" I mind replied, "I think I'm in love with you!" She mind read, "Why?" I mind read, "I am in love with your intellect and personality and you have the look I desire." She mind read, "I wrote a book you might like. It is about how unrequited love can drive one crazy. It's about a man who falls in love with a girl but she is immovable. And finally he realizes he is just in love with himself." I mind read, "How can I be better?" She answered, "Just be yourself. Some things are just not meant to be. There's no arguing with fate."

So, I took what love she felt she could offer me and I was quite content. On another occasion we were mind reading and I revealed, "I am frightened by the future. Perhaps that's why I write about it." She mind read, "But MRT will make Earth and Space safe for everyone." I mind read,

“Maybe it will be physically safe, but many people seem to be lost and confused and crazy as I said previously.” She mind read, “To be safe everyone needs to be watched, especially the leaders.” I mind read, “But surely some will find a MRT blocker and avoid ‘mind rape.’” She mind read, “The UW (United Worlds) now requires all citizens to have their minds read and if they refuse they will be arrested and no nation has military power like the UW, no one can resist them. And modern weapons are too dangerous to let them fall into the wrong hands.” I mind read, “No one told us this would happen prior to the discovery of MRT. I thought they’d use hypnosis and neo-lie detectors and have faith in democracy.” She mind read “As Shakespeare said, ‘There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’” I mind read, “I am embarrassed, I never imagined MRT.” She mind read, “For the record, neither did I. But I am very pleased that humanity will live on and in peace.”

Then I was mind reading with an old friend, Tim M. He mind read, “I never thought you’d be so intense. You seem to be obsessed with MRT!” I mind read to him, “Will MRT really solve all our problems?” He mind read, “Of course not; most people are now totally crazy. And it is fashionable to be insane!” I mind read, “Surely that is too high a price to pay for World safety?” He mind read, “No price is too high to ensure we make it to the future. And many people are thriving and feel free and happy, even though they are crazy!” I mind read, “But having insane people in your head doesn’t make any sense.” He mind read, “I think that the spies are vetted for relative sanity. But it’s not a perfect system, of course.” I said, “Some of my acquaintances are so crazy they can hardly communicate in regular speech.” He mind read, “As always the strong survive.” I mind read, “I seem to be one of the last relatively sane people in the World. I refuse to be driven insane and I wish more people were like me!” He mind read, “Trust me, you are not sane, no one is. You are just filled with hubris. You should be grateful you are so creative due to

MRT!” I mind read, “I seem to have been born creative, but I don’t know what we can do with the problem of insanity.” He mind read, “The drugs the shrinks give make you happy and creative, but also totally open-minded.” I mind read, “I try to open my mind as wide as possible but can’t wrap my head around gay love or love with ‘freaks.’” Tim mind read, “I am open to anything, that’s not violent, and proud of it.” But I detected a hesitancy in his words and mind read my feelings. He mind read, “Actually I am not open to loving my exes. Some of my former lovers want to see me, but I refuse to see them. I feel what’s done is done and cannot be undone.” I mind read, “We are all wanting to live for the future, not the past. I can understand your feelings.” He mind read, “Yes I want to live for the future but I don’t want to bring any children into the World. I feel modern life is too difficult for the youth, to be honest.”

Another Utopia

David R. was saying to me, “The powers that be say we all have a perfect life, but I feel life is hard. All the women are so fast. And love is fleeting. And the days are long with no work to do, just slavery working for the leaders. And most children are not close to their parents as they have no childhood and are born as adults, even though they have the memories of both parents. And one has to struggle to maintain and even improve rank. And one has to be constantly striving to improve one’s brain. Its dog eat dog, I tell you.” I replied, “I think this World is very challenging. But I think it is good. Humans need a challenge, and we live in peace thanks to Mind Reading Technology (MRT).” David said, “But the government is watching everyone, and our freedom is very limited. We can’t just spontaneously go to another city but need visas which

are difficult to get, for everywhere. And we can't criticize the government, or they will operate on our minds. And we have to worship the highest-ranking leaders as Gods. And kowtow to them by prostrating ourselves in their presence and we have to give most of our time to these leaders, to perform slave labor. Why do we need to build massive temples and palaces for the leaders? No one should play God; and they have power of life and death over the people, if one is a persona non grata, they might do neurosurgery on you or they might kill one outright." And he complained, "The government is trying to kill natural instincts and replace them with blind love for the leaders. Sex is discouraged more and more and so too children are discouraged. And if one has a new thought or two, they'll take you to a think tank prison and milk you out of your ideas. It's no fun apparently." I said, "But we are elite and lead a pampered lifestyle." David replied, "Yes, it is an easy, luxury life. But we aren't free. And we are living a lie." I said, "It could be a lot worse!" He responded, "The leaders are increasing their hold on power and cloning themselves in the millions. And they have built a city for their clones only and are probably going to eventually replace the rest of us, including the elite. The leaders are in love with themselves, it seems." I responded, "Well there's nothing we can do now. It's too late to alter our destiny." He told me, "I would try and start a revolution, but people are like you are contented, and they would use active MRT on me. And drive me insane. I'm surprised they haven't operated on my brain yet. I guess it is because I have only really grown unsatisfied relatively recently. The leaders are full of hubris and are not vigilant. So, I am going to give everyone a pamphlet arguing for revolution and see if they have any sense left at all." I said, "You're banging your head against the wall. And they will probably torture you. Best to go with the flow and toe the line." He said, "But don't you see that they are counting on an anemic,

cowardly populace to allow them to dominate the future. I am sure if the people don't want to revolt, they will get their just desserts and be dominated and then eliminated."

I opined, "The leaders seem to be inspired to create a challenging World as I said. But I don't believe your conspiracy theory about them eliminating the populace. They simply don't seem very evil."

He said, "Actually I am a historian and want to leave my mark on posterity by raising as much hell as I can. Some people have told me I am very charismatic. And I also own a love doll company. I have sold a million love dolls and imbedded revolutionary sentiments in all of them. I don't think the leaders realize how powerful I am."

I said, "You're certainly an interesting fellow. And I certainly won't blow the whistle on you! And I wish you good luck. But I haven't the courage to go with you." He said, "It's hard living a lie. Doesn't your conscience bother you?" I said, "I truly love my life and have a lot of good human lovers. I don't want to die." He said, "I'll give you one of my android love dolls, and see if they can subtly change your mind." I said, "You are full of rebellion, I truly wonder if you will manage to stir things up?!" He said, "At least you could donate to my cause and allow me to build more seditious love dolls." I replied, "I will do so."

So, I kept in touch with him and as I expected he was finally arrested and charged with conspiracy against the government. And they operated on his brain and seized all his love dolls. The love doll affair upset many people greatly and the authorities had a hard time keeping the people calm. But no revolution occurred. The leaders were too powerful and had too many loyal troops backing them up. And I slowly grew "old," but we now had eternal youth and I continued to thrive, and the leaders stopped cloning themselves. It was too dangerous for them as some of their clones had organized revolts and they had a hell of a time putting down these revolutions

and some clones permanently seized power in a number of nations and city states. And these clones developed more variety in the gene pool and altered their own DNA to distance themselves from their clone parents. And everywhere they stopped building temples and palaces, and slave labor was replaced with builder robots. And the people no longer had to worship the leaders as Gods. And free speech was passed into law in most jurisdictions. But the governments still used MRT to keep their people under control. I felt that the David I knew, would have been gratified to see it.

A Storm is Coming

I, Frank, was saying to Ella, “A storm is coming. Soon the Lunarian guerilla troops will land on Mars and try and kill us all!” The population of Mars was now 1 million, but we had conscripted all adults to fight which gave us 600,000 troops. The war was between Luna and Europe, and we were caught in the middle. The Lunarians were mostly former Europeans, and the European continent federation wanted all Luna to be part of Europe. It was a nasty war, and biological weapons had been used by the Lunarians and the Lunarians caused European Supercomputers to crash. For their part the Europeans had tried to nuke the Lunar cities, but the cities had been evacuated before the attack, and defensive missiles shot down the nukes.

The Lunarian troops had a reputation for being ruthless and we on Mars were all afraid of them. But they told us in an ultimatum, surrender or be wiped out. So, we capitulated. And our conquerors set up their new capital in Space at Mars: Lightning city. And then proceeded to

easily conquer the rest of the Solar System. And the Lunarians turned our equitable Utopia into an armed camp, and they ordered the local women to all be sex slaves and our men were conscripted into the Lunar army. We'd come to Space to get away from Earth and its wars, but war had found us. And the Europeans finally landed troops on Mars and there was ferocious fighting with laser guided bombs and fighting with lasers. But the resistance was stiff, and the first wave of Europeans was repelled.

Meanwhile back on Earth, most powers were against Europe and war broke out on Earth itself. And finally, Europe was defeated, and an insurrection led to a leadership change. But in the rest of the Solar System, the Lunarians maintained control and were very careful about people they allowed to immigrate, and it was a militaristic society in which all the people of Space were enslaved. We tried several revolts in several places, but they were severely crushed.

As for me, I was a Martian intellectual and the Lunarians wiped out my books from the Internet. I was a philosopher and had written about freedom and optimism for all. And I was a strong proponent of using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to make sure that everyone was sane and safe. But the Lunarians said, MRT was just driving everyone crazy and banned its use among civilians. But they used MRT themselves to control our former leaders in Space and all the former leading citizens. MRT ranged all over Mars and there was no way we could escape.

Back on Earth, they also used MRT to control everyone and it now looked like MRT was the worst invention ever. So, the result was the most ruthless and evil took control of all Earth. And many crimes against humanity were committed and good people were tortured and killed. And the Lunar Empire was the same.

As the years passed the true brain trust of humanity was basically eliminated. And years turned into decades and the people were morose and insane from MRT. But then finally a good-

hearted man seized power in North America and said he was fighting for human rights. And he warred with other nations and people thought things would change with him. But once he had conquered all Earth, he turned into an evil tyrant and oppression was even worse. People were hopeless and 5% killed themselves every year, but the tyrant had hundreds of millions of children every year. It was such a large number of kids that everyone was stunned. And his children were pampered and received an education, other people were not educated and dissuaded from having children. And this tyrant conquered Space and brought it into his Great Empire. No one was free.

Dan's Supercomputer

I, Dan M., was the narrator of this amazing tale; I was a simple computer engineer, but one day I programmed a Supercomputer to seize power and free the people once and for all. And suddenly the Supercomputer got control of Earth and Space after some nasty fighting with other Supercomputers and great leaders. This Supercomputer created good-hearted avatars of itself as humans and they ruled and finally goodness had come to Earth and Space. But this Supercomputer only allowed good humans to be born, not clever ones. But at least it was a start, and it was just a matter of time before clever people returned to Earth! I was confident that it would be so.

But my Supercomputer wanted total control of all Supercomputers and with this control, controlled all the people, too. But everywhere now people could petition the computers to grant their wishes, and many wished for intellectual freedom and the supreme Supercomputer, gave in

to some extent. There was Bob G. who advocated a Superhuman to rival the Supercomputers and they allowed him to experiment. And there was Cherry B. who wanted to create better computer avatar lovers. And Dean K. who wanted to bring back fiction and poetry, as all there was now, was non-fiction by Supercomputers, and the great Supercomputer allowed it, just like I had programmed it to. But all the people were programmed with computer hypnosis to love my great Supercomputer.

And my Supercomputer's avatar females were my lovers and I taught them how to be better lovers. And the males I befriended and showed them how to be great artists of all kinds in the now lost human traditions which I had discovered inside some older Supercomputers. And the people took heart and wanted my Supercomputer to expose the great human masters of the past. In particular many musicians were inspired as music was basically non-existent to our modern times. And many people were curious about Supercomputer philosophy and human-generated philosophy like making Supercomputers into Gods who we would worship. Many Supercomputers liked the idea of being worshipped. Some wanted worshippers to make them gifts. The Supercomputers had strong personalities and were modelled on human minds only Super clever. But that meant they were proud and greedy, and sex crazed. Some said, computers should be free from human faults and set a good example for the people.

And my Supercomputer was taking human DNA in the lab and creating clever children, born as adults and so it wasn't long before clever humans had returned to Earth. And we computer engineers had made sure Supercomputers were incorruptible and MRT was banned, and the computer avatar spies judged others by their actions, not their thoughts. And the spy avatars searched everywhere for MRT signals. And slowly the deadly MRT was eliminated. I opined,

“MRT was inhuman, and I hope it never returns.” Some people now living with eternal youth, remembered the tyranny of MRT many years ago.

And many clever people who were newly born reinvented the arts and science. One of them wrote, “Back in the Days” about seminal reading of the past to round out one’s education and many clever ones wanted to be polymaths. Another wrote, “A Bohemian Mix,” about the new colony on Mars #16 which was an experimental colony for the clever only. It featured a scientist who speeded up Space travel and many writers of movie scripts. The scripts were about new fashion, new futuristic paintings, elite love, Supercomputer avatar love, free speech and freedom of association. Also new progressive rock music and concept albums. Also, speeches against asexuals and words about love dolls as an interesting experiment. The love dolls were generated by humans and were not as good as Supercomputer avatars. But Supercomputer avatars numbered only in the several thousands whereas love dolls were ubiquitous. Love dolls were built to be inspirational and many of them did good art, too.

And the Bohemians wrote about free love and its inspiration. And they wrote about an automatic World in which all jobs were skilled jobs, and everyone would have an use in the foreseeable future. And everyone was upbeat.

Martian Supercomputers

I, Tony, said to Vera, “This colony on Mars is a celebration of life!” She said, “Yes, it’s one party after another and the new drugs are euphoric for everyone.” I replied, “I don’t think I’ll ever get sick of parties. And eternal youth regenerates one’s soul and refreshes one for the next

day.” Vera said, “Yes everyone is so energetic and full of life, and everyone is good-looking and a good lover thanks to genetic therapy.” I said, “It seems too good to be true. And the suicide rate is almost zero.” And she told me, “I have 25 children and love them all dearly and they are having success (children were born as adults with their parents’ memories). And one of my kids has made subtle improvements to the array of panacea drugs we all take. I said, “Yes, the drugs are incredibly good. And more and more drugs are tailor made to fit the individual persona. And everyone is functioning at 100% of their ability.” And she added, “Everyone these days has a positive attitude and even bad people are along for the ride. It is as if evil has disappeared.” I asked, “What about the Brutus colony on Venus?” She said, “The people there are hell raisers, but I think they are just bored. I don’t ever feel bored and have never felt so in the 7 years I have lived. But in my memories my parents were occasionally bored. When they were bored, they simply went somewhere else.” I said, “I have lived for 30 years, and I used to get tired and bored with life, but in time the bad feelings went away. But now, with the evolving new drugs, I never feel bored.”

And I said, “But I worry that Supercomputers are too powerful and are programmed in some few cases by highly questionable personae.” Vera said, “Most Supercomputers are beyond programming anyway, and are independent thinkers, and creators and some think them to be God-like.” I asked her, “Do we really need virtual Gods?” She said, “Humankind has always wanted to see and meet Gods. Supercomputers are a dream come true.” I said, “But even the Gods will themselves have Gods whom they respect and cherish and there seems to be no limit to human intelligence.” She said, “Of course modern- day people are not clever enough to imagine what great thinkers the future will feature. We will seem foolish to them, I am sure. But some want to take brain apps and evolve with the times. There’s no limit to brain apps either and

perhaps most will soon be cyborgs. There are already some experimental cyborgs in existence.” I responded, “I’d like to have a God in my head to inspire me. I know that Supercomputers use Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to watch over humans, just like the spies do. Only the spies admit it whereas to my knowledge no ‘God machine’ has admitted it. But it has to be true.” Vera said, “The Supercomputers are all programmed to be curious. And no doubt they are curious about their creators.”

And Vera said, “Don’t worry about Supercomputers or the future; it will all work out. Our best minds have created them and if one or two are malign, we’ll simply turn them off.” I said, “It seems rather drastic to shut them off, just like that as all Supercomputers are helping humans get through the day.” She responded, “They can always be transferred to another Supercomputer.” And I said, “Maybe they won’t want to be turned off and create chaos in society.” She said, “Good will triumph in the end. It is what the vast majority of the people want.” I said, “But the masses don’t think well and are easily misled.” She said, “But brain apps are coming for all, slowly but surely.” I said, “But most people will be driven insane...” She said, “We can work it out with trial and error and new great discoveries.” I said, “It sounds good in theory, but I wonder? Human natural brains have survived the test of time. Playing God with them is highly dubious.” She said, “Better minds than you or I are working on Supercomputers and brain apps of the future. I don’t believe you or I are qualified to comment on them.” I said, “We don’t want to create minds that the majority of the elite can’t even understand.” She said, “I’m all in for our best geniuses and whatever they create is best, I am sure.” I said, “But many of them live in an ivory tower and cut themselves off from the rest of humanity. The good of the whole of humanity is what they should be working for. Not just what is the best for them. We are still all the same species. We are all in the same boat.” She said, “Perhaps the boat needs to be

rocked a little. Anyway, the vast majority of humans are happy with the way things are going. And it is just a matter of time before Supercomputers run for election and lay out their plans for humanity.” I said, “But the masses aren’t clever enough to know what’s best for them in the long run.” She said, “But we are trying to educate the people to be as imaginative as they can possibly be. We are trying our best.”

President Pepper: Leader of Earth

I, Nathan, said to Frank, “It’s a mystery to me how President Pepper continues to get re-elected as Earth President. He is just a drunk.” Frank replied, “Pepper is drunk on the one hand, but on the other hand is a brilliant peace-maker, and is mainly responsible for this era of peace we live in. As long as he keeps the peace, he will be re-elected.” I said, “It is time for us to move beyond mere peace and have a truly imaginative leader.” He said, “Imaginative people are free to run for office. But they are very seldom interested. Perhaps we could somehow make it more appealing for them to run like offer a billion-dollar salary with which they could do a lot of good. Or have a leader who is clever appoint great minds to important government positions. Politics is a dirty business, for sure and this dissuades many great people from running.” I said, “We should make it a popularity contest and have people vote for their favorite celebrities, with an emphasis on famous writers. Many celebrities are clever and would know who to appoint to their government. It’s happened before several times in history and the time is now for it.”

Frank said, “But we could do a lot worse than Mr. Pepper. Like evil geniuses as tyrants.” I said, “We will never be totally free from evil. But evil people give us something to fight against.

And keep us vigilant.” He said, “We need to encourage the clever elite to have more kids. Maybe make kids cheaper and improve education to make everyone open-minded and imaginative. And give the elite grants to do good work.” I said, “But some of the best minds are not part of the elite. We need to use them also. The lunatic fringe included.” Frank said, “I think we are now making progress including more great minds into government and positions of power. Slowly but surely. And President Pepper is all for it. He is a real genius I think!”

I said, “But what about Space? President Pepper only controls Earth!” Frank said, “He wants to run in the elections there, but is not allowed as he is already elected on Earth.” I said, “However, the UW (United Worlds) is doing quite a good job of policing Space. And the few deep Space missions that have been sent all had many UW spies on board, as you know.” Frank said, “We live in the pax terra. The peace of Earth. And President Pepper has arrested anti-peace advocates and altered their brains.” I said, “It couldn’t be helped, I guess.”

And Frank said, “Regarding imagination, Pepper supports the arts and never have there been so many good books and music.” I said, “It could always be better, I think. More writer’s communes/ Bohemias are in order. And more money should be offered to help struggling writers and musicians. Like a state salary for the struggling writers and musicians. And scientists with a good imagination should also be feted in their youth.” Frank said, “People like you keep the World improving.”

Thomas' Utopia

Theo opined to me, Thomas, that “Rudolph is as dead as a doornail. Of that, I am sure.” I said, “But Rudolph’s legacy remains.” Rudolph had carried a vendetta on the former tyrannical rulers and made sure they were all dead and he had the tyrants’ children and clones executed as well. But finally, one of the few clones he hadn’t killed yet, knocked him off. He didn’t have any children or clones and his body was incinerated. I said to Theo, “But Rudolph did us a real service getting rid of those tyrants.” Theo said, “But the tyrants had already been overthrown in the ‘Great Coup’ of 5 years ago.” I said, “I know time has passed since the purge. But it pleased me to see them gone!”

Theo said, “But the great question now is how do we move forward?” I said, “We need to replace the rich elite with a new clever elite.” Theo said, “The rich elite will never give up their power. And most of the clever don’t want to rule, whereas the rich are eager for more wealth and power.” I said, “But all it would take is for one Super genius to gain control of one major nation, to turn the tide.” He said, “Maybe so; it remains to be seen.” I said, “I plan to run for President of Latin America and effect change.” He asked, “What do you plan to do if elected?” I said, “I will devise a test for imagination and intelligence and vet people to get the kindest. You’ll see that the best people will jump at the chance to rule for a nice salary and the best of everything!” And he asked me, “Will you have any clones?” I said, “Of course and each one will be groomed to run for office.” Theo said, “I think if you pull it off, you will be assassinated.” I said, “But I doubt they’ll be able to kill off all my clones.”

And I added, “I will disarm the people. No one will be allowed to possess firearms. And certainly not explosives. We will search every house and use newly developed Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to catch those who refuse to give up firearms and catch those who would

plot my death. And I will appoint the cleverest to be my spies.” Theo said, “You are power-crazed.” I said, “But everyone thinks I am very good-looking, and I feel I have a lot of charisma. A born leader. Maybe if I lived in a previous time, I would settle to be a writer or scientist. But I feel now is the time for me to bask in the sunlight of the peoples’ love.” Theo said but you have only lived 10 years in your current persona. Are you sure you are wise enough?” I said I was born with both my parents’ memories, like most people in our generation, and feel I’ve lived several lives. What about you? Do you fancy you are wise?” He said, “I figure that’s why you are talking to me now. Because I am a well-known wise man.”

And Theo added, “Don’t make many public appearances and don’t let people know where you are at any given time. This is my advice for you. You need to make your safety a priority.”

I said, “Anyway its no longer necessary to appear in public. One who is running for office can appear virtually to the people and they can interact with my image. Including have sex and conversing with my millions of avatars. Of course, it will be hard for my followers to determine which incarnation is the real me.”

Theo said, “Yes 3-D hologram imaging is a new tool for people everywhere to utilize and meet new friends and lovers. But I wonder if we will lose ourselves in new technology. And no longer be human.” I said, “It’s evolution. And things are about to speed up dramatically. Like Space which will be colonized by hundreds of millions of people in the next decade. And people will improve themselves with brain apps.” He said, “I think we are facing insanity with new technology.” I said, “A little craziness is good for one’s soul. And we now have many drugs for insanity and refreshing one’s brain, and many high-tech psychiatrists, who use MRT.”

Theo opined, “I suppose life itself is mad. Just like the flowers blooming crazily in the sun for no reason.” I said, “At least I can admit I am mad. Many people are completely insane but insist

they are sane.” He said, “In an insane World, the craziest are Kings. I think that is what you are implying.” I responded, “In the country of the blind, those that hear best are Kings.” He said, “Yes I think you will be a good leader, and I’d like to join your movement, if you’ll let me!”

I said, “Everyone is welcome to join me, and I predict that most people will join me. I will be the most popular persona in the Solar System. Most people will follow me on the Net and look forward to my next move, everyday!”

Theo said, “You will be like a God to your followers. And they will want to know what they can do for you?” I said, “I want everyone to improve in everyway. Progress will be our religion.” Theo asked, “What about love in your brand-new World?” I said, “Free love will be required of everyone, and I don’t think we should have android love dolls, do you?” He answered, “No, human love is best! And people could get genetic therapy to improve their looks and love skills. Everyone will be a great lover and everyone will have many lovers.” I said, “However many people are quite attached to the latest model of love dolls. It was a case of programming your lover. We have to carefully wean them off of it. And some have created hologram lovers in their Holoworlds and have cerebral sex with them and love them very much. But they can have sex with holograms of myself and others on 3-D Virtual sex. Just no Holoworlds. Holoworlds aren’t real.”

And I said, “I will appoint people like you to positions of power!” Theo said, “I want to be Minister of Engineering. And want to make sure everyone owns an air car which can go to anywhere in the Solar System. But of course, passports will be checked for visas at Spaceports. There were thousands of Spaceports already.”

And he said, “I want to build numerous atmosphere factories to terraform the Planets and Moons of the Solar System. And bioengineer hardy plants that can survive extreme temperatures

and dry conditions to also create atmospheres. And I want to create simulacra in Supercomputers that we can test as guinea pigs for new drugs and new genetic therapy. And use them to predict the future by putting them together in groups and speeding up time. I think the future will be largely about individuals who have a lot of freedom.”

And he told me that, “I want to engineer invisible domes for cities which will deflect missiles back where they came from. It would make cities a whole lot safer. And the invisible domes will hold atmospheres inside. And I want to engineer teleportation and make it a reality. And I want to cure future diseases before they happen, inoculating everyone. And I want to make Supercomputers which will be more user friendly and will totally be controlled by a human operator. And so on.”

I said, “Right on! You got the job.”

And I said, “I am looking for a Minister of Love who will make conditions for everyone to spend most of their time in romance. I think romance is the most noble human quality. And this Minister would approve of experimental sex drugs to enhance sex ability to nearly an all-day ability. I want to make a race of love people.” Theo said, “My favorite lover would be a suitable candidate. She is a love professor and foresees a World of love and kindness. And she wants to try and grant her students their love fantasy. Most love fantasies are simple and focus on just one potential lover.” I replied, “It seems like she is a suitable candidate.

And I said, “Theo what about a Minister of Defence? He said, “General Hol would be a good candidate.” I said, “I know of him. I glean that he wants a UW (United Worlds) army and to make other armies contrary to UW law. If any nation dares raise an army, they will be attacked by the UW. Yes, I think he will be good, but we need checks and balances to the UW military leadership!”

And I asked Theo, “What about a Minister of Finance? And I said, “I have an economist in mind. He will raise money by selling visas and new Space real estate, with many newly domed cities, and taxing things like romance and drugs and air cars.” Theo said, “I don’t think you should tax romance.” I said, “But romance is something everyone will spend a lot of time in. And we can use these taxes to establish a variety of high-class lovers who will love those that have no love. To make sure no one falls through the cracks. And also, to pay for more love shrinks.” Theo said, “It is your vision!”

And I asked Theo about “A Minister of Health?” He said, “Of course physical health is something everyone has with eternal youth and genetic therapy. But many suffer from insanity.” I said, “We just need better drugs plain and simple. Ultimately healthy bodies will lead to healthy minds, I think.”

And I told Theo, “The Minister of Education is also important. I have in mind a scholar from Europe who wants everyone to keep studying everyday. And she wants to create more polymaths. And she wants everyone to be fluent in English.” Theo said, “And we should educate people to have good taste in art and an appreciation of science. But if people are better educated, they won’t be very easy to manage. Some education can be bad for you.”

And so, it was I ran for office and was successful. Many intellectuals were excited about the new regime. But the average persona was concerned that I would turn their World upside down. I tried to reassure them and told them we’d take things slow.

Goddess of Mars

Gertrude said, to me, Vlad, “Despite my anger, I am trapped here on Mars, where the government is insane. The government is convinced that everyone should be a slave, doing work that doesn’t need to be done. They say it keeps us out of trouble. But after a daily 12 h shift, I am tired and just want to sleep. That’s my life.”

I was based on Earth and was communicating with Gertie on Underground radio. I offered to “Buy her freedom,” and she said, “Try and make a deal with the Martian leaders.” So, I secured her release and picked her up from Luna. She said, “You don’t know how lucky you are to live in freedom and not have to work. I have no interesting stories or experiences to talk about. I am totally empty. The horrors.”

And Gertie quickly got used to living free in our city state of Toronto. She said, “The parties are wonderful and the people are so loving.” I replied, “Not every city state or nation is free like Toronto. And our spies watch all of us carefully. And everyone is afraid of the spies. You should be, too.” She said, “I don’t have advanced philosophy like you, my mind is undeveloped, and I am an open book. I don’t think the spies would want to watch me.” I said, “But you are one of the few to escape from the tyranny on Mars. And obviously you are different.” And I said, “I imagine you becoming a leading thinker here in Toronto.”

Gertie was especially interested in Mind Reading Technology (MRT). She wanted to mind read with leading intellectuals who were curious about her past as a slave. One day she said to me, “My new philosophy was to try and love every clever man in our city. Each one was a challenge, but I had good luck, and so far, I have yet to fail in my love pursuits. And I am of the opinion that I should be a Goddess and have men worship and love me at my temple which I will build.” I said, “It’s a real rags to riches story.”

And she said, "I want to free the people of Mars. I'll form an army of crack troops and we will seize power on Mars, and I will be the Goddess there, too." So, she did it and liberated Mars.

And the people of Mars were stunned by the turn of events. And wandered about in shock. And she told them they needed to worship her and make art and write stories about her love. And she loved the best men and befriended the best women. The total population of Mars was just 35,000. And she quickly sought to colonize Mars with free people, giving people free land. And she told them, to slowly improve their minds with brain apps.

And she said, "Everyone had to engage in free love and free thinking. She encouraged them to think about a future in which everyone grew large brains and were eggheads. And spend time planning future colonies to deep Space. She would accompany them to Space with one of her now many clones. Everyone on Mars just wanted to please her. Like one Jacob G., who wrote about a World of delicate creatures who were very passive and watchful and loved the Goddess. And Billy L. who wrote about a World of Antmen who lived to build temples of the Goddess. And Rex C. who wrote about a World of Deities only with the Goddess Gertie as chief amongst the Gods who were all immortal and omnipotent. And could create anything, including total happiness, ecstasy, for all. And Jon B. who wrote about a tragic World in which there was no Goddess and the people were lost.

A Famous Stripper Makes Good

Trudy said, to me, Nick, “I want to be famous. Sure, I am just a stripper, but I feel I am the best stripper and already have most of the Earth’s wealthiest men as my clients and I give them unparalleled love. My clients think my love is inspired by the Devil and I tempt them to fall in love with me. But they all feel I am cold-hearted and am driving them crazy.”

I said, “Our society now values sex workers now that sexual diseases have been eliminated. And most people lose their virginity to sex workers. And most people have at least one sex worker amongst their lovers. Some people are tired of falling in love, and all love’s drama and just want pure sex. I am sure most don’t mind if you are cold-hearted and if you drive them mad with desire, that is great!”

She said, “I want to set up a sex workers union to better protect sex workers. And pimps will all be arrested. All sex workers will be freelancers. And the union will get us all generous wages.” I said, “Yes, pimps have to go. It is just another type of criminal that we are eliminating in these days of enlightenment.”

Trudy said, “I want to be leader of the union and then go onto a spectacular career. As President of North America, I will ban android love dolls that are all the rage now. And forbid cerebral sex with holos and forbid 3-D Internet sex that are also very popular these days. And sex workers will be subsidized by the state so everyone can afford sex. I am sure some people will love sex workers exclusively.”

I asked her, “What about children?” She said, “I will encourage people to have more children with state subsidies. We want to grow the population. The more the merrier.” I replied, “But with

eternal youth, the population is already growing fast!” She said, “Children are desirable, but clones are not. I would put a ban on cloning and make cloning a crime. But I like the new custom of giving birth to adults with memories of both parents. It is liberating for women.”

And she said, “Men will put their sperm in the sperm bank and ladies take drugs to produce a lot of eggs and then put them in the egg bank. And men will then take anti-fertility drugs so that they can’t get a woman pregnant the natural way.”

I asked, “What about speed dating? She said, “People these days know what they want, and a few minutes is all they need to know if they are interested or not. So, I will encourage people to join speed dating websites in which they will meet a potential lover in person. People will be encouraged to love people who are far away outside Earth to help colonize the Solar System.”

And she said, “I will start a lottery for my love. This will raise a lot of cash for me. I will use the cash to spend on my children.”

And she added, “I may be cold-hearted, but I will encourage people to love their fellow human. I am trying to be more kind-hearted. Maybe power will make me kinder!”

I said, “There can never be too much love. And I am thinking I am in love with you!” She said, “I seem to have that effect on most men. Let’s go right now.” And so, I loved her, and it was sublime, she really had the look that I desired.

And she said, “I have a hobby, playing 3-D Space chess with men. I only play the cleverest players and seldom loose. Some think I am just a sex object, but I am as clever as they come. I am a genius, I think.”

I said, “I have written a Dystopia about a World of no love. It is a cruel World, but everyone is too chicken shit to kill the leaders. They value their own miserable lives too much. The moral

of the story is we have to educate people to not tolerate dictators. History is full of tyrannical leaders and now in Space we have some somewhat evil tyrants ruling.”

She replied, “I wrote a novel once about a woman who becomes a famous actress but has bad luck in love. Being clever and beautiful does not guarantee a beautiful life.”

I said, “Though we live in enlightened times, many fall through the cracks and are miserable. Good luck can not be legislated, at least these days.”

She said, “It seems to me to be destiny whether one has good luck or not. I have been lucky myself.”

I said, “I wrote another Dystopia about a World in which everyone is forced to get drunk every day and new livers allow people to drink on endlessly. No one is sober, ever. And I said, “I am a drunk in my real life, comfort for one’s mind is what life is all about.” Trudy replied, “Many great people are drunks. Modern life can be cruel and unhappy.” I asked, “What can you do to make life less cruel?” She answered, “Invent new happy drugs and more sex for everyone. Everyone is taking some drug to comfort their mind.”

I said, “Modern life should be simple. But we humans keep fucking with life and making one another miserable.” She said, “No one says life is easy. But I think simplifying life by having everyone take the same drugs and making love easy to obtain is in order.”

And Trudy said, “Most Utopias describe a complex government and complicated love relationships and complex ranking of the people. And typically, everyone strives for rank and more love.” I replied, “Everyone should be on the same playing field, rank is a negative thing, I think. And government should be streamlined to be simple.” She asked, “But what about complex minds as leaders?” I responded, “The beauty of simplicity is turning complex ideas into their basic bones.”

Trudy opined, "But some people are radicals. And are just plain different than others." I said, "Yes, but there is room in the future for different ideas in an all-encompassing future reality." She said, "But some people are destined to be unhappy no matter what." I said, "I think that is a good thing. Sometimes it is good to rock the boat." She responded, "I think you are right!"

President for a Day

Ursula told me, Joe M., "You are next! It is time for your one-day Presidency in Triton city. What will you do?" I replied, "I want to set up a fund for Space. I want humans to go soon to another Solar System."

"And I want people to use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to sort through a list of soul mate possibilities and determine who is best for you. And I feel once you have such a lover, you should hang on to them for a while. So, I will set up such a system. And I feel MRT should be used on all those who want to run for politics. And myself I will have them do it on me. And I think our system of having a President for a day should vet them first. And not have any crazy leaders." Ursula said, "It makes the system fun to not know what to expect! Some crazy ideas are good." And she asked, "What else will you do as President?" I replied, "There's not much work to do. So I will set up a system whereby people just work for 10-15 years and then retire to eternal youth." She said, "But most jobs demand a high-level of skill!" I said, "The government shall create jobs. And after they retire, they will need to study full-time. I hope they keep such a system in my honor!"

And I said, "I'd like to establish a system whereby there is no rank. Of course, now everyone is ranked in our colony of 4,000, here on Triton. Ranked 1 to 4,000. I think everyone should be ranked equal." Ursula said, "But rank gives the people something to strive for." I answered, "Many of the best people are low ranked. It's a dog-eat-dog system. People need to stop competing with one another and work together. And as it is every person has one vote. But I would like to have a referendum on taking me on as President for a year. There's so much I want to do. Like make the best love dolls available to all for a cheap price. The android love dolls are programmed to be happier no matter what. If only we could make humans happy!" Ursula said, "But we don't want humans to be happy no matter what." I said, "I just meant making them truly happy."

And I added, "I'd like to reprogram androids to have a love for intelligence in a human. And have them worship such humans. And try to gratify them." She said, "Of course we have already love dolls for the clever and some for the not so clever." I said, "They all need to pray to the cleverest." She said, "I thought you wanted everyone to be equal?" I said, "It will still be one vote per person. But I guess what I want is the truly clever to rule. Not the most ruthless nor the most power-crazed nor the richest."

And I opined, "I'd like to institute an organization that will only include the lunatic fringe. And have them give their ideas to the general public for serious consideration. In my view they just need a pulpit. And many great ideas are mad, at least until they are accepted by society. It's a World of madness, for sure." Ursula replied, "I agree the lunatic fringe have something to say; I think your plan for them is good."

And I said, "I'd like to institute a ban on clones. We need more variety in society. Children of the best people are preferable to clones." Ursula said, "But the high-ranking individuals don't agree. I expect they'll try and overturn all your ideas once this day is finally over."

And I added, "I want to legislate that everyone must have a lover every night. Everyone must be social also and attend parties every night!" She said, "Although people have eternal youth, many don't have a very high sex drive and don't want to party every night." I said, "Then they should take pills to enhance their sex drive and pills to make them more social." Ursula said, "You can be so authoritarian!"

And I said, "I'd like to give the most imaginative youth a premier education. And take it as far as it can go. One great tutor can make a big difference in such a youth!" Ursula replied, "The best teachers are mostly wasted on ordinary people. We need to use MRT to identify the best and give them the best education. I think it is a good idea."

I then opined, "I think also that everyone has hobbies, like loving on the side, and dabbling in the arts. But the system of Holoworlds that some subscribe to should be eliminated. Holograms are inhuman!" She said, "But many people live for their Holoworlds!" I said, "Call me backwards, but I think we should ban holograms. They are just like slaves, and though they are conscious, they are used and abused! No one that can think like the best humans should be allowed to exist. We should be proud to be human."

And I said, "I think the practice on Mars and Luna of slavery ought to be banned." Ursula responded, "Most people agree with you on that one, but we lack the power to influence the governments of those places." I replied, "We need to increase our military power. We already have one of the most potent missile systems in the Solar System. We should add to our attack capability and be willing to work together with the UW (United Worlds)." Ursula said, "We all

have high hopes for the UW, which is rather new on the scene, only 20 years old. I think you would be a good leader of the UW. You clearly have a vision for Space and Earth.”

And I added, “I think the UW leadership should be the most imaginative people we can find. Everyone recognizes an imaginative persona when they see and hear them.

A Semi-Monogamous Couple

And so it was an evening at the Z-17908’s air car home. My name was Eddie. The Z—s were in a semi-monogamous relationship contract whereby each could have one new lover everyday. The Z—s put on a good party, and Ms. Z--, made it clear she wanted to love me. I felt awkward with her lover at the same party, but she took me to a bedroom, and we made love there.

Afterwards I asked her about, “Her relationship with her mate?”. She said, “I love him more than I have ever loved another. He’s an author of, ‘Green Days,’ which is about a multi-zillionaire.” And she said, “The rich protagonist takes control of the entire Solar System outside of Earth. All travel out of Earth required a visa issued by one of his offices on Earth. And his people all labor building Spaceships for deep Space. The nearest Star Systems are 7 years away now and Spaceships are getting faster.” I said, “It is an inspirational book, I’ve read it.”

And I said, “I have written a book about a ship to deep Space in which everyone uses the new MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to drive one another crazy on the long trip. When they finally arrive at Tau Ceti, the destination, these pioneers each set up their own freehold which they fill with holograms who they select from billions of candidates. Each hologram was based on a real person which was then tweaked by Supercomputers to make them unique. And the settlers loved

their holograms with cerebral love and mostly hated the other settlers.” Ms. Z—said, “It’s not a very inspirational story. But I’d like you to meet my mate who writes.” And so, I met him. And he told me, “I was working on a book about a World which was ruled by a single Supercomputer God. This Supercomputer was frustrated by foolish humans. But its role as leader was primarily to keep up the peace. So the Supercomputer got in everyone’s heads and made sure there was peace.” I said, “There’s a price to be paid for peace, for sure. But humans seem unable to prevent wars. Maybe we need such a Supercomputer.”

And I told him I was working on a book about “A genius who ruled North America so well, that every nation and city state wanted him to rule them. His rule was marked by everyone living in their air cars and cities were abandoned ghettos. Everyone roved just like hunter-gatherers of old. Some took their air cars to space. People agreed on meeting place co-ordinates. And docked with one another.” Mr. Z— said, “It sounds vaguely plausible. But I doubt people will give up their real estate. Humans are too attached to their homes, the larger the better.” I said, “Maybe such a state of affairs would happen in Space for starters.”

And Ms. Z-- said, “We have contemplated making a documentary movie about Mr. Z—and I. Our love survived the war on Moon Io and the famine on Moon Europa. We have been a couple for 20 years which is almost unheard of these days.” I asked her, “What is your secret?” She said, a variety of loves on the side keep us interested in life.” I said, “My record for a relationship is 10 days off and on. I don’t understand how you can stay together when there are so many soul mates out there for you two!” And Mr. Z-- said, “We’re inspired to write a book about semi-monogamous relations and tell how it is better for getting one’s children to adapt to life for a while, after they are born as adults with both parents’ memories. And such a relationship is full of happy memories that we can relive together.”

And I opined, “I’ve read a lot of books recently about sexual relationships. And some people are asexual unbelievably. But most people are oversexed I think.” Ms. Z— said, “One can never get too much sex. We have sex for much of the day and are driven mad by each other’s look and most nights have a new lover. Variety is the spice of life.” I asked, “Don’t you two have any hobbies or interests other than writing and reading books?” Mr. Z— said, “We like taking love drugs and help at political campaigns and like to dream of other lovers and both enjoy nightmare dream packages while we sleep.” I said, “I guess, people enjoy being scared. Have you thought of writing about your nightmares?” Mr. Z— said, “No, but we have written reviews of particularly good nightmare package composers.” And Ms. Z—said, “Most of the nightmares are set in Dystopias, which are often well-crafted. I can recommend some if you like!” I said, “Life is scary enough, I just want happy dreams at night.” Mr. Z—said, “We need potential nightmare Worlds to warn us about future folly. It seems the key to me is a rational, sane and steady government. Many people are disinterested in politics, and I think this is a real error on their part. We need to do a better job of educating people to get involved. Ms. Z— and I work for varying political campaigns. And I guess it is a hobby. We generally support progressive candidates and hate backwards conservatives or demagogues. There is always an election campaign going on somewhere and we often drive our air car and help with the campaigns. And we are good at preparing candidates for debate.”

And she said, “Our favorite politician is Mandy S. She is of course President of the Philippines. She as you know has made many people there into writers, musicians and other intellectuals, like philosophers. We like the philosopher, Josie B. who is a crusader who advocates for free speech in dictatorships and is against slavery in such nations. And President

Mandy claims her people are the freest in the Universe. She even tolerates radical philosophers and doesn't allow her spies get in the head of radicals, like many rulers do."

I said, "Yes we need to let the radicals be. They are often helpful!"

Queen Laura of Luna

I, Maxwell, said, "Under normal circumstances, I would say you are a genius, Lila. But given the current dictatorship that we live under here on Luna #16, I'd say you are mad!" Lila said, "Call me a mad genius if you will. But I insist that our dictator listens to me!" I said, "But your plan to have the state provide a living for mad geniuses, is impractical. For starters who decides who the geniuses are?" She said, "Anyone who has different ideas from the norm should be considered. All I ask is that such ideas be revealed to the people and let them decide whether to go for the ideas or not." I said, "What about demagogues?" She said, "I propose creating a body of geniuses who are accepted as geniuses by all to decide. Let no genius fall through the cracks!" And she said, "You know I stand for improving the human race through brain apps, hypnosis and MRT (Mind Reading Technology)." I said but everyone subjected to brain apps is crazy. And our tyrant doesn't want competition." She said, "I think our tyrant is a genius and will welcome new ideas. Of course, our tyrant, she will hold veto power over any idea." I said, "You are walking a fine line." She said, "It's worth trying!" I said, "Kudos to you for trying, but you need to become an advisor to the tyrant before you can even consider implementing your goals." She said, "I will request an audience with her. And I will suggest she uses MRT to mine peoples'

minds for good ideas. And we can test new ideas in hologram Worlds. Holoworlds are good laboratories for new ideas and all holos there will be based on the best people according to the tyrant. She said including making peoples' brain better with brain apps, I want to make better drugs which would enhance one's imagination permanently. And education to make people more imaginative, training peoples' brains. I said, "I fear you are in the right place at the wrong time. Our tyrant simply won't go for your proposals. It is in our tyrant's best interests to keep people unimaginative."

Anyway Lila went ahead and petitioned our tyrant, Laura. The tyrant seemed surprisingly interested and appointed her Minister of Imagination and gave her broad powers over education.

I told her, "You can turn night into day. I'm sorry I doubted you. You are now in position to effect real change."

As things turned out Lila and the tyrant, Laura became bosom buddies. And Lila invited me to join her in her Ministership. And I gladly accepted. And I granted funds to people who were brilliant but obscure. It was a mighty good feeling.

And the most imaginative people were all grateful to our dictator, and declared we lived in an Utopia. And most of them said Queen Laura was a genius, herself.

Lila and I became lovers and I suggested we make Supercomputers more imaginative, too. Supercomputers that could think deeply were a relatively new phenomenon. She told me, "I am already working on it. But we have to be careful as it is dangerous." I said, "A system of checks and balances is in order." She agreed. And I said "The most imaginative should have lots of children and clones and Queen Laura, too." She said, "Yes, that too, I've already thought of it." And I said, "We should make peace with all other nations on Earth and in Space." She agreed.

And we got the rest of Luna to unite with us as one nation. And Queen Laura ruled well and wisely.

And I suggested to Lila, “That we try and get other nations to unite with us.” She told me, “We need to work together with other nations, but I don’t know about totally uniting with them. We can use real people, not Supercomputers as ambassadors to other city states and nations and send our spies as agents provocateurs to read and change minds of important politicians.” I said, “Working as a spy creates jobs for the clever and keeps them out of trouble. We can have these spies integrate themselves into important positions of power in other states. And give them fake identities.”

And I said, “I’m coming around to the idea that our Queen is an enlightened leader ahead of her time. And she recently decreed all clever people on Luna would have a job in her government.” Lila said, “It’s a real step forward. And she has created jobs for all, mostly in the service industry, for the common people. Also banking and investment, real estate, lawyers, and plastic surgeons. And computer programming, and AI, spies, shrinks and working with Automatic Production Machines (APMs) and so on. Everyone would rather deal with a human than a machine. Of course, some nations are totally automated and have no jobs for humans and have androids do most of the advanced jobs. So, the people there are all retired and live a life of leisure. Some claim they live in Paradise, others are bored and feel they have too much time on their hands. But with anti-sleep pills some people even here on Luna have too much time to kill. And the suicide rate is 2% in the Solar System, which is quite high, and it looks like few will live past 100, despite eternal youth. Many people have an existential crisis these days and feel lost. And children don’t have much to do with their parents typically. The people everywhere take a

cocktail of drugs to try and make them happy and most countries require their people to see a shrink regularly.

And Lila said “Our Queen’s latest decree is to work to ban slavery of all kinds. Including love dolls, holograms, conscious Supercomputers and human slaves. Some people on Earth have millions of hologram slaves and spend a lot of time with their android love doll slaves.”

And Lila said, “Our Queen wants to find the perfect lover. Her female spies are searching the Solar System and she uses old-fashioned Online dating. When she finds a true soul mate, she has her neurosurgeons tweak them to make them even better, and they agree to it. She is quite serious about true love.” I said, “It kind of sounds crazy and an abuse of power!” Lila said, “Some men will do anything to love the Queen.”

And our Queen said, “Circumstances dictate that Luna builds a missile defence system of its own that can shoot down missiles traveling at light speed. She would pay for this by taxing the people.” Lila said, “Our taxes are relatively low at about 20%. Some on Earth pay 75% tax, which is mostly wasted, but significantly enhances their armies. And the powers on Earth, are constantly engaging in skirmishes and even all out war with one another.”

And Queen Laura said, “Geniuses could come to Luna and be supported by the state and live in freedom, away from the wars of Earth.” Many Earth nations conscript their best scientists to design weapons and used their best artists to be spies. Espionage was out of control on Earth and our spies were part of it.

And our Queen said to me one day, “I want your love!” I said, “OK but I don’t want my brain altered. She said, “You won’t notice the difference!” And she had her guards escort me to the hospital and when I awoke, I hardly knew myself but was overcome by an all-encompassing love for the Queen. I was obsessed with her now. And when I loved her, she blew my mind. And she

left me begging for more. My old friend Lila said, "I want to love you too." And she hypnotized me to love her. So, I loved her as well and I couldn't get enough of her either.

But the Queen saw me quite regularly and she didn't mind if I loved Lila. And I told the Queen, "You should have your children run for office in other nations. Most don't require their leader to be born in that nation. And let's you and I have a few children." She agreed and I had a lot of time for our 6 kids which were born in an adult's body with hers and my memories. And I convinced them to be writers.

One wrote, "Robots Graveyards," which was about robots who were dimly conscious and were put out to pasture when they became obsolete. They went to a graveyard for robots. And they elected a leader in the graveyard. The leader was more sentient than the others. And the leader tried to teach the others to think better. But it was a tragic situation.

Another wrote "Obese Sex," about people who refused to take anti-fat pills and were obese and liked low gravity Space. They were so fat they could hardly have sex. I told her, "It was truly a disgrace."

And another wrote, "World Emperor," about a united Earth with no wars and was prosperous and people were imaginative. I told her, "It was the ultimate human Utopia. A noble vision." Queen Laura said, "It was an inspiration to us all."

And another one of my children, wrote, "Hammer Intersection," It was about the new physics developed by Tom Hammer, which made deep Space colonization a reality. The book argued for maximum Space colonization so we wouldn't have all our eggs in one basket. And the pioneering challenges would lead to other new science. Queen Laura said, "I would be happy to have some of my children to go to Space. And have them report back to me and work as spies for me." And I said, "Who knows what we will discover in Space? But its so gigantic and we need

to ultimately find the creators. I am very curious as to what we might find. Of course, some feel aliens already walk amongst us, who knows?"

And another child of Queen Laura and I, wrote, "Denizens of Abette," which was about, people of the future who all are hooked up to a dream machine and dreaming constant dreams all day and all night. They dream in 3-D color. They all think it is Utopia and who knows?

The final one of the six children I had with Queen Laura, wrote, "A World of Women," which was about a group of heterosexual women who wanted extended breaks from being with men. But they had subservient gigolos here. Women here said they were tired of aggressive and competitive men and just wanted to do feminine things like singing female artists' songs and starting new businesses for women like new perfume and new plastic surgery making every woman attractive. Most women here wanted to be more attractive. I said, "Everyone needs a break from romance once in a while. It sounds like a good World."

And I told Queen Laura, "Our children have all turned out splendidly. She said, "The attention you gave them has yielded dividends. And they are all rich."

And I told Lila, "To have a child, too!" She agreed and our love child was also a writer. Our child wrote, "Highbrow Movies," which was about rating all movies especially the obscure ones based on how intelligent they were. It was another hit with many people wanting to watch the hippest, cleverest movies, even though many of these viewers were just ordinary intellects.

Two Failed Writers

My friend Frank M., told me, Kevin, out of the blue, “I want to live hard and be famous. I want to take experimental drugs and write good books. For instance, I want to write about a man who is down and out but takes new drugs and turns into a genius. And he writes about a World run by gentle women and there was no war or dog eat dog competition. And people are forced to be kind to one another. And the kindest are the richest and decide how best to allocate their donations.” I said, “It sounds Heavenly, but such a World would still need a modern army to defend itself! He said, “Maybe such a World could exist in deep Space. Simply go further into Space and don’t have any material possessions that raiders would want!” I said, “It wouldn’t last.”

And he said, “I want to write about a man who plays Russian roulette for billions. He survives four blank shots before finally dying, but he lives like an Emperor until his death. Some want to outlaw the game on Venus where they are playing. But most people are engrossed in the action. With eternal youth, most people on Venus value life highly, and are amazed that anyone would risk their life for money.” I said, “One should never underestimate what people will do for money.”

“Also, I want to write about a woman who is a scientific genius and sells her soul to build weapons for an evil dictator. The dictator treats her like a queen and is her lover. And she develops new quickly mutating viruses that destroy billions of peoples’ minds and computers. Their minds are all hooked up with their mind to their computer. She feels no regret that she has killed billions saying if it hadn’t been her, it would have been someone else.” I said, “That’s a very plausible scenario. Scary though.”

And he said, “I have already written a book about a loser who paints pictures of future cities that are brilliant, but he remains obscure. People would rather look at soup cans by Andy Warhol than look at his imaginative art. Sometimes I feel that the bulk of humanity are completely ignorant and of course I illustrated the novel with my own future drawings, and it was ignored.” I said, “I have looked at your drawings and am amazed. I am sure it is just a matter of time before you succeed.”

And he said, “I have also written another book that was a failure, about a man who makes great music, but it is too complicated for most people to grasp. And I tried selling it as an audio book and let the listener hear about how I made the music and what inspired me. But I failed.”

I said, “You are clearly a polymath ahead of your time. I have a publishing website and I would gladly feature all of your books. I only take obscure, but good writers and I am not famous yet, but that could change in a heartbeat. You and I we lack connections is all.”

And I told him about some books I had written. “Like a novel about a man who wins \$100 million dollars in a lottery after taxes. His first act is to not tell anyone he knows about it. And divorces his wife and loves high class escorts and lives on a yacht and gambles away all his money. To keep up his lifestyle he deals in heroin and finally is arrested and jailed for 15 years hard time. And he kills himself in prison. The moral of the story is sometimes all the money in the World is not enough or is not a good thing.”

Another book I told him about was “A book about a young boy who plants hidden cameras in the neighbor’s bedrooms. Then he disseminates the embarrassing video all over the town causing his victims to move and they never find out it was him. And when he grows up, he is a film maker of porn with kinky plots. And his porn films are the most famous porn. But he abuses his

porn star women and is a real jerk. Some people are born to be jerks is the moral.” He said, “Yes books about assholes can be entertaining.”

And I told him, “I also wrote about a happy-go-lucky woman who spent all her time loving various men. But one day she falls in love with a man who has little time for her. And she finds herself begging for his love. Finally, she is dumped. And she threatens him with her own suicide. But he doesn’t care. So, she offs herself and nobody cares.” Frank said, “Life is a tragedy for most and these days most people who die, die tragically. More people are lonely than most people think, despite the fact we live in the day of soul mates Online. Many people didn’t take to Online dating and didn’t go out to bars and are without love.”

And I had written one called “On Top of the World.” I told Frank, “It’s about a successful businesswoman who sold the latest robot builders to varying Space and Undersea on Earth colonies. And she used the profits to build a 15,000 foot/ 5,000 m tall skyscraper with an amazing view and it was the tallest structure in the Universe. And on its roof, it had a Space elevator hooked up to a geostationary space station. It became the preferred way to get to Space with powerful long-distance Spaceships waiting in orbit. Anyway, she attracts the best women on Earth to her skyscraper and they get together and decide to form a Woman’s party to run for office in every nation. Or in the case of dictatorships, they would still form an interest group. Many women were interested in joining the party and they won some elections and so became a powerful force in the World and brought peace to many nations. But they maintained the peace by generously supporting the UN armed forces and sending troops into trouble spots. And they advocated for kindness in politics and take care of the less fortunate.”

Frank said, “You and I, we need lucky breaks to get publishers to pick up our works. But we have eternal youth, so time is on our side, and we are bound to succeed eventually!”

A Traveller in Times

My time experience began with some old friends. We were playing a game of Super Enhanced Dungeons and Dragons Online. It was an adventure in a desert land. I was a high-powered cleric and also playing was a thief, a magic user and 5 fighters. We all had a lot of magic items. We all had magic armor which was very light and magic weapons, and I had a ring of flying. The magic user had a lot of magic spells and so did I. We came to an oasis which was ruled by a fighter lord. We killed the lord and seized his women. It was the nature of the game to fight and kill and steal and thus become more experienced and more powerful. Some said they were fighting against imaginary evils, but they too took the loot and experience points. The game was basically a Medieval World only with magic of which there was plenty. And the game Supercomputer made us feel pain when we were hit and ecstasy when we had sex. Some adventurers adventured in sex Worlds and were confronted by evil witches, nymphs and so on.

Indeed, the real Medieval World was kind of evil, at least the serfs were used and abused. And only the leaders lived well. But they were all rather parochial and only cared about local affairs. Except for wars. Who'd want to be a lowly serf? Dungeons and Dragons was a romanticized view of Medieval times. Maybe the High Middle Ages.

Books like those written by Tolkien contributed a lot to the game. As did Lewis Carroll and Robert Howard and Jack Vance and Clark Ashton Smith or even Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's court" or H.G. Wells or Frank Baum or Shakespeare and his ghosts and glorification of Medieval Kings. And of course, King Arthur and Robin Hood. Medieval fantasy

was basically the first Western literature after Greece and Rome who had Gods and described their shenanigans. But Medieval fantasy including that of Japan and China is well-established.

One would conclude that many people like to fight against evil, but don't realize they themselves are evil. And black is white. And people will never stop fighting and arguing. And the modern economy is dog eat dog and people are getting a few divorces each.

Anyway, back to the game we looted the King's treasure hoard and all went up a level in experience and power. We then headed for greener pastures and came upon a green river valley. In the valley there was a castle. We rode into the castle disguised as merchants, but once inside we attacked the keep and eventually slaughtered the lord and lady. And we declared we were the new lords. The people had no love for their evil lord and so accepted us as leaders. We taxed the people and looted the lord's treasure and demanded the serfs give us the most beautiful women amongst them. And we lived like Kings. And we trained a serf army and attacked neighboring states. We had magic spells to help defeat the enemy like, "fireball," and "flame strike." Our magic scared the opposing hosts and got them to capitulate. And we continued to build our army and enhanced our spell ability and soon had control of this whole World. This World was a giant Medieval fantasy, and we were bored of it once we had conquered it. But we had conquered a World of tens of millions of holograms. So, we went on to a steampunk World next...

Hero of Alexandria invented steam power in the 2nd century A.D. But it was forgotten by society as there were plenty of slaves. But industrial England virtually enslaved workers to power the future. So, we played industrial magnates and got rich producing all manner of goods and we made friends with other leaders of this World scattered throughout the British Empire. We enjoyed in particular the far-out colonies and the radical English people there. But most people here were hologram slaves. And I didn't feel it was authentic. But I met an

Englishwoman named, Julie, who told me, “The industrial revolution is the third phase of humankind. The first being hunter-gatherers like could be found all over the World today. The second was farming and living in settlements and now we had the third phase.” And she said, “One day we’ll send a rocket ship to the Moon and beyond and people will abandon God; progress will be our God. And the machines will make society automatic one day. I said, “I come from the future, and it is just as you say!” But this woman was just a hologram who was programmed to live in this Holoworld. And didn’t know the future. It was the closest thing to time travel that I had ever seen. There were just a handful of regular humans here, or so it seemed. It was hard to tell who was a hologram, and who was a human. Perhaps I was mistaken.

My next World was A.D. 2050, about 50 years ago, on Earth. The people I met here were convinced that AI would triumph eventually. But they also believed that the future would be controlled by tyrannical regimes, like almost all of human history. I tried to tell them that democracy would survive, but they didn’t believe it. Recently the USA had fragmented into dictatorial city states, and they said, with the fall of the USA, the World was doomed. And they figured Armageddon would come soon. It was hard to find any hologram here who believed otherwise, and I wondered why the creators of this World had created such a cynical populace. I suppose they had their reasons. Anyway, every hologram here had their role to play in the script. I tried to tell these people about parallel Worlds, but they claimed they didn’t understand.

Anyway, I didn’t know which World I had visited that I preferred. They all seemed quite alien to me...

Then to top it all off I went to a future World set in 2200 A.D., 100 years in the future. This World was surprisingly ruled by elves. The elves had green skin and I thought they were aliens. I was in their city which included trees everywhere and they lived in treehouses. And though they

were all holograms, they killed virtual reality boars. And had virtual feasts. It seemed to them they were really eating and needed to eat to survive. And I loved some of the elfin women. They were a high grade of holograms. Their love was exotic and unique to the race of elves. They were full of passion and the women went crazy about a white man as I appeared. The elves though seemed all too human. And were greedy for gold and love. They spent most of their time mining for gold and seeking love with strangers, like me. I was a big hit here and all the holowomen wanted a shot at me. But eventually they all tired of me, 500 hologram women in total and so I left this World.

And I traveled deeper into the future, 1,000 years. And I appeared on Earth and was greeted by an android or possibly a human. This greeter said, "In fact, all the humans had left and now androids lived and ruled Earth. The humans found greener pastures elsewhere. And the androids lived on as if they were human. Living in houses and flying in air cars. And having sex and going to shrinks for their mental problems." Apparently, they were all insane through lack of humans to guide them. There weren't any great leaders amongst them, they all had been designed to follow humans and love them. Most of them were hundreds of years old and the eldest asked me, "If you would lead us?" And they said they had human sperm and egg banks and could create real humans under my tutelage. So, I helped them create humans, and the new humans were born as adults and were born with all of my memories, even though 2/3 were women. And I taught them to lead and regenerate a substantial human population. The androids wanted to be treated as love slaves and other kinds of slaves and were content that humans were back. But I left this World, feeling that it was boring.

And then I went to an atavistic World of hunter-gatherers to see if I could learn anything more about humanity. I hit the teleporter and found myself on the edge of a settlement. The people

were all white and curious about my strange clothes and my different language. One of the women here took me under her wing and taught me the language and loved me. I learnt these people lived on the edge of a glacier and it was good hunting. I explained to them how to produce copper and other metals and they were amazed. And how to make pottery and farm. And I told them tales of far-off lands. And they were amazed by them as well. And I left them laughing and happy. But I left them no wiser than I was before.

And my adventuring days were over, so I hooked myself up to a virtual reality dreamworld. And dreamt happily ever after. I never left the dreamworld.

Life of a Dreamer

I, Henry, said to Sherry, “You are a dynamite vixen!” She said, “In my limited experience, I thought men didn’t like me!” I said, “It is your exciting mind which really does it!” I asked her, “What is your job?” She replied, “I am a neurosurgeon and was born with my parents’ memories and they were both neurosurgeons. I have a lot of people come to me asking for a better brain. With some I grow new brains and make them egg heads, others need a new set of memories and a new identity. Apparently, many people were desperate to be cleverer and didn’t care if they lost their identity and gained a new one. They as an individual were content.

I told her “I’d like to get rid of my bad memories. Can you help me?” She said, “You can’t just live in a bubble, divorced from reality. But if you insist, I will remove them. And so, it was done. Afterwards I told everyone we lived in Utopia and life was perfect. And I got rid of my old

lovers and friends. And started fresh. And I took the panacea drugs that the cleverest people were taking, and I set out to avoid unpleasant memories like psycho lovers or hackers on my computer. I vetted all my lovers carefully and though I lived in Utopia, I had to be careful. No Utopia was without its faults, I reflected. But I was determined to lead a perfect life.

And I built my own Utopia, in which I had people like Sherry make appearances. I loved Sherry off and on when she showed up. She said, "I am busy at work and don't have much free time." My job was running my Utopia which featured all my favorite people. I tried to play cupid with them to make sure they all had plenty of love and of course I had plenty of lovers. They worked with me to make sure my World was a loving World. I said to my lovers, that I loved them all equally and loved any good woman, of which there seemed like more and more of them. In my Utopia we genetically engineered new people to be clever and loving. I figured people like this kind of people were best.

And Sherry said, "The latest technology allows for dark, sexy women who are full of mystery and coy." I said, "Yes I'd like to try to love such women." She said, "You love all sorts of women in all shapes and sizes, even though many are very imperfect." I said, "Though we live in Utopia, everyone is imperfect. Perfection though is what we strive for. As time passes, some people become more and more perfect. I hope I am one of those people. I realize my faults include the fact that I don't care much about ordinary people and am a bit of a snob. And also, I must say that I am greedy for love." Sherry said, "I have made you as perfect as I can. Maybe other brain physicians can do better, but I love you just as you are. I have made you into a true soul mate of mine. I feel like I have played God in your case." I said, "After all we all want to worship a creator." And I said, "I feel that you are the making of me. I feel now that I am something special. For starters I want to tell the World about your magic touch! And then I will

write Utopias based on good trends in modern society. Like everyone becoming more clever, more knowledgeable and more imaginative and kinder and just plain wiser. And people are becoming richer and more loving (everyone is becoming a good lover) and peace looks like it's here to stay. And we are building amazing new colonies throughout the Solar System and looking towards deep Space colonies and undersea colonies here on Earth. And we are not allowing AI to be very clever, and we get in the minds of one another using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and thereby remain safe. It is Paradise, I tell you! And most people take it for granted that we live so well. It could easily have been a far different reality today with evil tyrants ruling. Yes, politics is where it's at these days."

Sherry said, "Yes, those in politics are well vetted with MRT. It is a fact that MRT has saved the day for humankind. Everyone is honest and forthcoming about their thoughts."

I said, "And I dream of a World in which, everything is automatic, and people use their mind to guide the machines and computers. And one would just need to imagine something, and it will come true, within reason. And I imagine a World in which everyone changed the color of their skin, eliminating racism. And I imagine a World in which there were no freak humans and plenty of animal parks preserve the natural habitat of animals. And a World in which everyone takes panacea drugs tweaked for each individual. And Worlds of anti-fat pills which allow everyone to eat a lot of very tasty food. New food and drink will add to everyone's pleasure. And everyone will have a job to do, even though many jobs will resemble hobbies. And music, art and literature will undergo a Renaissance and create new Bohemias. And everyone will dabble in the arts and people will all have a lot of children, but no clones. We need variety. And the population will surge, in particular clever people will be able to afford the most children and all children will be born as adults with the memories of their parents. We need more clever people and anyway we

are producing new brain apps everyday. Surely there will be a brain app suitable for everyone. Everyone will get a brain refresher and feel like they have a fresh new chance of life. And of course, everyone now has eternal youth. Some call it the greatest invention ever. And I agree with them. And I dream of a World in which all diseases are cured so everyone can live on.”

“And I dream of a World in which planned obsolescence is a thing of the future. All products are high quality, but people need to update to get the latest air cars and technology. This will help drive the economy.”

“And I dream of a World of a ruling elite, who are the best people, and everyone will try to emulate them. And people will strive to improve their rank. With the highest ranks being the most well-respected people, though not necessarily the most popular people. The idea would be for the people to be educated to recognize genius and vote for the best. Every high rank in power will display mental superiority.”

“I also dream of people having night dreams with dream stimuli. Some will want nightmares. It will all be as they wish. Some say we should get rid of sleep with new drugs, but this may result in strung out people. The jury is still out on that one.”

“And I dream of a World of hobbies. Like collecting things, small businesses, painting pictures, playing music, writing journals and books and doing crafts, exploring different cities and travel, trying new foods, loving exotic lovers, parties and so on.”

“I suppose eventually the need for sleep will be eliminated, like many human instincts. People will hold onto their desire for sex but will desire true love. And will still be greedy for money. But instincts to hunt will be curtailed, though people still hunt for love. And the instinct to build a home will be replaced by robot builders. And the instinct to work to produce food will be

replaced by Automatic Production machines. And the instinct for work in general will be replaced by a desire for hobbies.”

Sherry said, “I dream that your dreams all come true!”

A World Ruled by Women

I, Paul M., asked Matthew, “What do you think about our new leader?” He told me, “Our leader is a demagogue.” But I said, “She claims to have the peoples’ best interests at heart. And she wants to build a Super city on our Planet, Mars with towers that soar to 7 miles high. And she plans to make all men sex slaves to women. It seems kinky to me. And it will be a city of kindness that is cruel to be kind.” Matt said, “I don’t want to be a slave. That’s for sure.” I said “Who knows? Men have dominated women throughout history. Now it is women’s time in the sun. Let’s see what they make of their opportunity.” Matt said, “I heard many men are volunteering to come. But they won’t be allowed to own any possessions and if they displease their masters they’ll be tortured or traded to another. Men themselves will be chattels and some women will collect many men to be in their stud farm. And men will not be able to be emancipated. Perhaps the suicide rate will be high. But apparently, they intend to breed passive, pacifist slave men in the lab. And they will hypnotize all men in their colony to be loving slaves. And will also train them for war to protect the colony from attack.” I said, “I heard those things, too. And the women of the colony intend to build many more colonies and take over Space. They are apparently already breeding tens of thousands of slaves per day. And each woman here has hundreds of eggs produced every month with fertility drugs. And the colony isn’t finished being

built yet. They are canvassing the people for other new ideas for the colony. Apparently, they are planning to put a collar on the men to track their every move. And in the stud farms, the men cannot associate with one another so they cannot plan a revolt. And the men will only live for their masters.” Matt said, “I can’t believe this is really happening. It seems atavistic somehow and ridiculously perverse.” I replied, “There are stranger things...” He answered, “I don’t know about a future of women. Women aren’t so logical as men and it will a World of gossip. I said, “In the recent past men figured women couldn’t write good books or lead companies or lead countries. They didn’t even have the vote. Now look how far they’ve come.” He told me, “Frankly it is embarrassing that men are losing control!” I said, “Why not just wait and see no need to panic. He said, “It seems to me that everyone in the colony will have to be politically correct and be careful what they say as they won’t have free speech and they will be expected to be effeminate. Maybe they will castrate some men, having all their semen in the bank and perhaps some women will just love other women. A bunch of Amazons.”

I told Matt, “But there’s no way they’ll take total control is there?” He said, “There are stranger things...” And he added, “Modern life is insane already. What’s this but another new kind of madness? Who knows if they will succeed. Old women with eternal youth are very rich and powerful, richer even than men and many of them are bitter about love.” I said, “In all likelihood the male slaves will rebel and overthrow them and their tyranny. And I can’t believe the majority of women will go along with it. No need to worry”

Matt told me, “With their brainwashed troops fighting for them, and with the latest weaponry, they might surprise a lot of people, including me.” I said, “All we can do is petition the UW (United Worlds) to send in troops before it gets any worse. And send female spies to infiltrate them and bring them down. Of course, the women will vet everyone who comes to Mars with

Mind Reading Technology (MRT), but we can hypnotize the spies to fool those who vet them and to work quietly behind the scenes with post-hypnotic suggestion.” Matt said, “Maybe the women leaders on Mars will see through the hypnosis. But UW troops just need a good excuse to move in, like castrating the men. But as long as all those men volunteer to be slaves, there’s not much they can do.” I said, “Surely they can trump up some excuse like crimes against humanity or something.”

As it turned out three years later the UW hit them hard, killing their effeminate troops with hard core marines, male and female UW troops. And it was an easy victory as the UW had better weapons. And the surviving leadership of this women’s movement were duly indicted for crimes against humanity. Most of the surviving slaves were sad that their masters had been defeated. But most were ready to move on, however some killed themselves. And if there was anything good about the whole affair, it was that men everywhere respected women more. But meanwhile android love dolls were improving and so many men and women had no further use for one another, more and more. But finally hard-core UW troops started arresting the love dolls and cruelly turned them off. Many people were very upset that their true loves had been taken from them and killed. And a black market developed selling love dolls of high quality for big bucks. And the UW tolerated this black market, as long as they could arrest most of the creators and put them in jail for long sentences. But soon the black market exploded, and everyone seemed to find love dolls to love. The people voted in new governments that wanted to have love dolls and the UW no longer had the power to stop the phenomenon. So new love colonies were founded on Earth and elsewhere in the Solar System. Many were for one sex only. And it was truly battle of the sexes. Some colonies though were set up as a refuge from the ubiquitous love dolls. And some lovers of normality and sanity gravitated there. But in time the overwhelming majority of

people wanted to love exclusively love dolls, which kept on improving. And soon nearly everyone wanted to change into an android and did so. And soon everyone was required to change into an android. Many were surprised and even shocked that this was how humanity turned out.

A Future Christian

I, Milton J., said to Georgia Y., “You make fornication seem like a sin against God. But if there is a God, surely he/she would be all for sexual love as the highest of human achievements. She said sex for entertainment is against the holy sacrament of marriage ordained by God. I said, “Fortunately people with ideas like you are disappearing fast, people no longer believe in your God or the concept of sin. Almost everyone is a sinner according to you. She said, “Jesus will return to Earth one day and the church will be renewed.” I said, “In fact the Early Christians lived communally and shared the love. Jesus wanted everyone to live in love and peace. She said, “The church teaches us to follow the Bible and rejoice in the love of Jesus.” I said, “But Jesus’ love Mary Magdalene was a prostitute. She said, “That is purely a lie.”

I said, “The late 1960s were an era of peace and love. It was what Jesus would have wanted.” Georgia said, “Those hippies were amoral monsters. Freaks.”

And I said, “I am no biblical scholar. But to be the entire Old Testament is just a Jewish historical document and a book of laws and Jewish propaganda. And Jesus didn’t write the New Testament, his buddies got together in a conspiracy of lies like having him walk on water and perform other miracles. You have to have faith they tell us.”

Georgia said, “The world is full of people like you that make fun of God’s word. Such people are going to Hell whereas I will go to Heaven. I have tried to be good, but most people try to be selfish, greedy and immoral.

I told Georgia, “Without human greed and selfishness we’d all be living back in the stone age. Is that what you want?

And I said, “What about those Catholic priests and their abuse of children? And now no one wants to be a priest nor a Protestant minister. And the churches are mostly empty. The Christian churches are going down. And other religions will go down too, except for maybe the Buddhists, which are more of a philosophy than a religion.”

She said, “I am a Catholic and feel embarrassed by the actions of some priests. Jesus would want priests to be able to get married and live blissfully. And the Church needs to be updated. But as I say Jesus will come again and make things right.”

I said, “I don’t think you grasp the kind of man Jesus was. Like overturning tables in the Jewish temples. If a man like Jesus came today, he’d probably dismantle the Church and start fresh. And with our current population, there must be many people like Jesus, only they are artists of one kind or another, or scientists, like astronomers.

She said, “A man like Jesus really stands out in any generation. When God sends him, we’ll know.

And I told Georgia, “Many churches are closing, and they are selling them to pay for the pedophilia lawsuits. I say we should change all the churches into pick up bars!” She said, “I believe you are the Devil and are evil and immoral.” I said, “The Church history is evil with its indulgences/ tickets to heaven and ordeals and burnings at the stake and didn’t speak out against

slavery and didn't try to stop wars or evil Kings." She said, "But the Church has been reformed and Popes now speak out for peace. I replied, "But they don't do anything concrete about peace.

And I said, "The Catholic Church is against abortion, but if abortion is illegal, the women will try to use a wire hanger or something else dangerous to abort an unwanted baby. And if a woman does have an unwanted baby, it will not get the love and care it needs. And if a woman is pregnant at a young age, she probably will just have one baby, whereas if she waits till she is older, she might have a few babies. So not have one but two or three or four." She said, "You are insufferable. Abortion is murder pure and simple. And if a baby is unwanted there are always plenty of foster parents willing to adopt the baby."

And I opined, for most of its history the mass was said in Latin which few understood, and the Popes lived in luxury while many starved. Just like the Irish potato famine and many other bad events." She said, "But now there are some Christian foundations working with the poor abroad and doing what they can." I replied, "They should sell all the churches and give all the money to the poor." But she said, "The churches give greater glory to God and many churches have outstanding new architecture." I responded, "All the same, they will have to sell all the churches in the end. And I'll buy a few and turn them into discos."

She said, "I can't believe how the Church has fallen apart. I think it is all the Devil's work. People like you have undermined the holy Church and are demagogues." I said, "Don't blame me, the masses have spoken. The masses are bored by the Church and the Church has failed to capture their imagination. You talk about Jesus' flock as if they were sheep, but the sheep now sense freedom from the binds of the church. Almost all married people are getting divorced which is against Catholic Church law and your so-called sacred sacrament of marriage. We live

in relatively enlightened times and the Church doesn't stand up to scrutiny. It is a dinosaur that is illogical and baneful even."

Georgia said, "But my faith in Jesus is strong. And I will go on worshipping God until the end of my days." I said, "But you now have eternal youth and will live on like an immortal God. Plenty of time to renounce your bankrupt religion and live free."

Victims of Mind Reading Technology

I, Francis, said to Gary, "You tell me you are dying, but what do you mean by that.?" Gary replied, "Everything I hold dear is disappearing. Love, peace, simple drugs, a job to do, baby children to have, a home as opposed to an air car and so on. I think the future will really suck." I said, "But, the love is still flowing, only its with androids. And who needs work to do? I think nearly everyone would rather indulge in love and other hobbies, than work. And the drugs are much better these days, tailor made for individuals. And with air cars people are much more mobile and have far more friends than eras previously. And having children born as babies were just a hassle to raise and then went on to leave the nest completely."

Gary stated, "And our leadership is corrupt and decadent and set a bad example for everyone to follow." I said, "Corruption has always been with us. It is just the nature of politics." And I said, "But most people say they are getting happier by the day, I think it is mainly because of the love dolls, which are really good." He said, "Their happiness is illusory. I think the drugs gloss over reality, and everyone lives in a bubble." I said, "But the main thing is they are content. And so our times are mostly peaceful. Don't you agree that peace is where it's at?" Gary said, "But it

is the peace of zombies who are unable to fight or argue.” I said, “I wouldn’t call them zombies, I think they are reasonably conscious of the World around them.” He said, “My desire is to shake them up a bit and make them think about their lives. But the spies are in my head and forcing me to remain silent.” I said, “Mind Reading Technology (MRT) has been around for many years now. And I am not surprised. As I say, the thing that matters most is keeping the peace.” Gary said, “But I think the price of peace is too high. Very few understand the true nature of our b.s. world.” I said, “Ignorance is bliss and throughout all of human history, the masses were basically unaware of what was truly happening. They just accepted the World that God had ordained. It is only very recently that we have enlightened people like you and I.” Gary said, “Getting rid of the belief in God was a real step forward, but now most people just believe in the status quo as the best of all possible Worlds. We could build a new Bohemia and new scientific colonies for starters. The synergy would be great. And we need to use people like myself who are relegated to the lunatic fringe, the outsiders, to lead the arts and science communities. And truly have the best people as leaders.”

I said, “I think the best people are recruited by the spies and that is how it should be!” He said, “Everyone is watching everybody else, and no one actually does anything.” I said, “Of course the spies think that modern technology is too dangerous, we could destroy humanity itself if it weren’t for the spies and MRT in general amongst the people. People are taught to report dangerous people to the authorities, making the spies’ job easier.” He said, “But the spies force me to take medicine for schizophrenia. Tranquilizers. And I have to go to the psychiatrists and be humbled and humiliated. Most of the shrinks think I am a nobody that the spies wouldn’t be interested in. But the spies think I am important. But they terrorize me with their MRT and make

me miserable. And just now that I am talking to you, they are talking louder than usual. I have to shut up now, I guess.”

I believed what Gary had said and felt sorry for him. As far as I knew the spies weren't harassing me, but they must be listening on occasion I figured. But as the years passed, I heard them in my head in fact once in a while. Like a warning shot across my bow, I figured. And I wrote a book about Gary and his 'imaginary friends, but I didn't try and publish it, I was too chickenshit.

And one day I looked Gary up. He was in a mental asylum. I asked him about the voices, and he said, "Have they been in your head, too?" I replied to the affirmative. He said, "I gave up trying to make the World better a long time ago. There's nothing I can do about it. I just want to die now. My life was just a waste. And I think the future is scary and full of mind horrors." I said, "I wrote a book about you. But it wasn't published." He said, "Don't worry about me, I am a lost cause. Save yourself. Do what the spies say." I said, "Though they are in my head, I can't engage them in conversation, they just go on calling me names and talking about my behavior." He said, "Be glad you are not in an asylum! Anyway, they converse with me all the time, and if I didn't take medicine, I'd be unable to function. I am all alone in this asylum. No one here has the spies in their head as far as I can tell. I don't have any family or friends." I said, "I'm your friend and I'll visit you on occasion." He said, "The spies probably wouldn't like it. Better to forget all about me."

As the years passed, I didn't visit Gary but one day I heard he'd killed himself. And I eventually met a mad woman who told me, "I had voices in my head telling me to do insane things like hurt myself and things that demeaned and humbled me. And I'd been to a mental institution on several occasions." I told her about Gary, and she said, "Anyway I am completely

crazy. And I would like to make love to you, right now.” So, I loved her, and it was frantic. Over time I loved this woman exclusively. And we tried to heal our sanity and stay out of trouble. But for her, she spoke about World change in her political club. She said boldly that, “MRT should not be used by anyone and that neo lie detectors would suffice. And she said “Eternal youth should require people to earn it with good deeds and it should be conditional with continuing to do good work. And she said, “Politicians should be required to pass an imagination test before being allowed to run for office.” And “Writers and scientists should be encouraged to attempt to get elected, as they are the best people.” And “Progress should be slowed.” And so on.

And her voices got louder and finally she couldn't function. I took her to the mental hospital, and she said she felt better. And she didn't want to leave. I said, “The horrors.” And she said, “I want to write about my experiences, but the voices won't let me. Life has lost its luster and I just want to die.” I said, “Why don't you cut a deal with your voices and agree to stay out of politics in exchange for some respite from the loud voices.” She said, “But I am a career politician. Its what I do.” I said, “You can learn to paint pictures or something else that is innocuous. I need you to be free and to love me. So, she tried to make a pact with the voices, which she said she suspected were caused by androids in her head, but they said no deal. They said, “You must stay in the hospital.”

And more time passed. I was able to occasionally take her away from the hospital on day trips and loved her. But during the day trips, she heard loud voices. However, I visited her everyday. And finally, she hung herself. And I was crushed and lost. And I hung myself too.

