

# Last Chance on Sirius Star System, A.D. 2305 and Other Stories

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## Last Chance on Sirius Star System, A.D. 2035

I, Mike, said to April, “This is our last chance to succeed. We’ve been all over the known Solar Systems and now have come to the Sirius System for our final chance, here in A.D. 2305.” She said, “In the beginning it seemed like a good idea to perform our original plays. But no one seems to like them. So, we must admit we had no chance to perform our plays, even here.” I told her, “We might as well try and get rich as producers of other peoples’ work.” She told me, “But the World is curious about Sirius Star System and maybe we can try one last time to become famous for our work. New works.”

I opined, “Sirius is full of colorful characters whom Earth would love, I think. Why not just do a documentary?” She said, “We’ve tried everything else, why not?”

So, we started with the 3 leaders of the System on Planet “Fur Tree” which was named after the native trees which were the only life forms other than bacteria and viruses in the System. The 3 leaders were all women. One of them told us, “My name was Delilah, and I am Mayor and had trained as an architect and was the chief planner of the cities in the numerous inhabited Planets and two Moons.” Upon our arrival in the System, she took us on a tour of the Capital.

The Capital and main settlement on Fur Tree was “Delilah’s city.” The city had an Earth-like climate and was surrounded by mountains covered in fur trees. The city had two major pedestrian sidewalks which crossed each other like an “X.” The city featured large homes of steel and glass and people parked their air cars in the roof parking garages. And she took us to her favorite pub, and upon entering she told us, “I was writing about the future of the System.” And she said, “I imagine in 30 years the population of the System will be 100 million.” It was now 500 000 and was just a short 6-month journey from Earth. It was the year, A.D. 2305. And

she showed us some drawings in the air of futuristic looking spires. She said, "I figure these Worlds are ready for such spires."

And she introduced us to "Jimmy Boy," who was a writer who told us, "I'd just written a novel about the hypothetical first murder in the System. The motive for the murder was a man's injured pride. His true love had rejected him, so he killed her in broad daylight. And the leaders didn't know what to do with him. But finally, they decided to hypnotize him to be peaceful and they mind read with him regularly to make sure he was a changed man, and he was fined all his money and assets which went to the friends of the murdered woman." And Jimmy Boy was now well-known in the System...

And Delilah introduced us to Amanda B. who was the most famous film maker in the System. We'd heard of her, back when we lived on Centauri, and she was saying, "My latest project is a film about a love triangle between two women and one man. The man is a charming man, and the two women are in love with him. But he doesn't really love them. They try everything but nothing inspires his love. And finally, he up and leaves them for another woman, who he loves. The two women are crestfallen and decide to kill themselves." And she added, "The suicide rate is low in Sirius, only 2 per thousand, per annum. Compared with 40 per thousand on Earth." And April told her, "Earth is a cesspool of madness, and many die of conscious overdoses." Amanda said, "Thank heavens we don't live there."

And still at the same pub, we met, Alice K. I asked her, "If we were in Wonderland?" She said, "Yes, indeed!" And I asked her, "What is your dream?" She said, "Funny you should ask. I am a dream coach. My job entails taking peoples' wishes and converting them into dream stimuli while they sleep. But I fear for my future as new anti-sleep drugs appear to be having a lot of

success. But my favorite dream is a World of dreams in which one's wishes are automatically converted to reality inside a dream machine."

And then we met Bob R., who told us, "I am just a drunkard. But in Sirius, everyone is considered special. And I receive a generous stipend from the State. And I was able to afford an air car, and I live in it; most of my money I spend on booze. But I have written some poetry, for example: Booze/With the floozies/It is crazy/In this day and age/But still we go on/Trying to lead a creative lifestyle/And go the extra mile/And try to reconcile our differences..." And he said, "I have written numerous books of poetry..."

Next, we met, "Mr. Big Fish," he told us he was chief of police for the Capital. He said, "I used infallible neo lie detectors on all the people, employing my deputies to do the work. Some wanted us to use MRT (Mind Reading Technology), but many considered it was an invasion of privacy; and was Big Brother with too much power. Anyway, the crime rate was minimal, and many people really respected me."

Then we met "The Wizard of Planet Mary." He was visiting the Capital. He remarked, "I figure, Planet Mary will one day dominate the System. We are actively recruiting clever geniuses, to whom we give free accommodation and free air cars and money for designer drugs. And the word on the street is we have the best drugs in the Universe, thanks to our incomparable scientists. And I am one of the scientists." And he added, "We use Supercomputers to design drugs to suit. On Earth, AI is not allowed, but I feel Earth dwellers are missing out on the ecstasies that might have been."

Also, we met a woman, Bernice, who said, "I gambled on everything there was to gamble on." She especially liked gambling on who would love who. She spent her days researching statistics, and there were no bookies, just people agreeing on the odds. So, she managed to eke

out a modest profit. But she spent 12 hours a day at it. And I asked her, “Do you really feel that life is just a game?” She replied, “Yes, but it’s a lovely game and most people are completely in bliss.”

Then we met Cindy G., who told us, “I am the chief tax collector for the entire System. The tax, I keep low, at 15% for all one’s earnings. And economic growth is now 134% per annum and increasing exponentially. New rich immigrants created much of the growth and the real estate on all 12 Planets and 35 large Moons, was going through the roof and they couldn’t build cities fast enough...” And April and I, bought real estate on one of the smaller Moons, which included a few square km and a mansion in the middle of nowhere. We figured that a number of immigrants who wanted to get away from it all was high and so it was a good investment.

Then we met Tristan, who said, “I am the elected Prince of Cyborg Moon. On this Moon, everyone is a cyborg, and we believe we are superior to others in the System. We can do rapid calculations and have the sum of all knowledge at our beck and call. And we believe our imagination is stronger than the others. Our architecture is more splendid, and we have a lot of great writers and musicians. Like the writer, Otis T., who imagined, “3-headed cyborgs whose decisions were made by a 2 out of 3 majority. Three heads were better than one. And Otis’ cyborgs were all male with one body and 3 penises. Each head controlled one penis.” And he made it a reality and also created female versions of his 3-headed cyborgs.”

And Cyborg Moon had another writer who wrote about cyborgs who appeared fully human but had implants in their heads making them machine humans. Most cyborgs on this Moon wore a golden helmet which was their very own Supercomputer... And they used MRT to communicate with their helms.

Another author on Cyborg Moon wrote cyborg love was more energetic and deeper than mere human love and led to maximum pleasure. And cyborgs had more sex than ordinary humans and were generally happier as a result...

Getting back to the pub, we met a woman, Zelda, who said, "I am the chief of the Capital's civil service. We run it like a business, and every year we record a profit."

And we met, Anita, who said, "I am the 2<sup>nd</sup> in command of the System's Secret Service." And she added, "We work closely with the Chiefs of police in the System. In particular we watch scientists to make sure they don't create anything malign. And also, we watch movie makers and musicians to make sure they don't produce any infamy. As for the businesspeople, we watch that they don't invest in anything negative. In short, we watch everyone and many of our agents have a great career in arts, science and business, and so are in position to watch everyone. And we have invisible cameras everywhere. We are all in this together..." April said, "I don't want to be watched by Big Brother or Big Sister, or whatever you call yourselves." I said, "Me neither!" Anita said, "If you don't like it, you can always go elsewhere. But as you know powerful spies are everywhere in the Cosmos."

Then we met the Deputy Mayor of the Capital, Sheila D. She said, "The Mayor is in charge of the city, not the spies. And they can't spy on anyone without the Mayor's permission." And she said, "There are so many big egos here in the Sirius System. I suppose you both have big egos having seen it all in the many systems you've been to!" I said, "We have lived and learned. But now we are hoping for a fresh start. Can you give us each a job?" Sheila said, "Why don't you use your experience with other Systems to make inspirational speeches?" So, April and I, talked it over. And we came back to the Deputy Mayor, with April saying, "We'd like to get involved with the import and exports of luxury goods and intellectual property into the System." Of



course, patents were respected here, so there was a lot of imports and exports. And I said to Sheila, “We both figure we could become fabulously rich and increase the trade dramatically. In particular, we’d like to specialize in new movies from other Systems.” And Sheila said, “Let’s make it happen.”

So now, April and I, were starting to feel comfortable here, now. And we were pleased to meet a writer, Jill T., who translated movies into English. Although English was spoken by everyone nowadays, some still wrote in their native language. And Jill had a brilliant translator machine which she cross translated. So, she would translate the works into English and then back again to the other language and then back to English. April told Jill; “We were going to import new films...” And we struck up quite a friendship with her.

And we met Irvine T., who was a local screenwriter. He told us, “I have made a number of films that are well-known in the Sirius System, but not so much elsewhere.” He said, “For example, I made a film called, “The Animal People,” which is about bipedal humanoids with the heads of animals, and their brains have been enhanced, but they still retain some animal instincts, and these animal humans are all parodies of well-known Sirius people, but would still be entertaining to people outside the System, being a pan-human film about the human condition.”

Also, Irvine told us, “I’d made, “A.D. 2500,” in which AI was kept to a minimum. And humans lived pretty much as they always had during the Space Age. But spies had eliminated wars, and democracy now prevailed everywhere. And the UW (United Worlds) made sure democracy and peace were all over the Galaxy. And in 2500, 59 Star Systems had been colonized with a total population of 6 billion. And another 14 billion lived on Earth. The contemporary people in this movie figured Space colonization would continue to increase exponentially, mostly with people coming from Earth. And also, many people were cyborgs,

especially in Space. But the cyborgs appeared totally human; they just had small implants in their brain.”

He added, “And also in 2500 A.D., everyone owned a Space car which they could use to travel to Space in or travel rapidly around Earth. And people everywhere had eternal youth, which was considered a basic human right. And all diseases were cured so people associated and loved one another freely. Indeed, free love made a lot of people really happy. And marriage had finally disappeared long before 2500. And everywhere people were sane as they had a sane society and good drugs for those with mental problems. Mental illness had basically been wiped out.”

I told Irvine, “You are a visionary.” And April said, “I feel the same. I’m sure we could market this screenplay to Earth and elsewhere. In particular, I like the protagonist’s totally open mind, I think the human race should head in that direction.”

And we met another writer, J.T., a woman who had written a screenplay featuring a loving commune of 500 people in which most had loved everyone of the opposite sex and 50 of them were gay/bisexual. Anyway, these people collaborated on a number of works, like “Spirit of San Francisco,” about the city being open-minded these days. And “Peak city” set on a cold, mountainous Moon of Sirius in the near future. Here the people were described as pioneering and had built a number of new, fashionable new age cities for immigrants from Earth. And the journey from Earth was constantly getting shorter. And Peak city was a test venue for android lovers. The UW had sanctioned it. The people of Space however were deeply divided on whether or not to allow AI to come into existence as equals to humans, even having the vote. And so on.

We also met a woman, X.A, who said, “I, lacked patience with progress. I want to bring on AI, and free the people from work, once and for all.” I replied, “It’s a World of humans not machines. Anyway, few people want total automation; what would they do with themselves?”

And everyone wants the human touch. And of course, cyborgs exist. That should be enough for you!” She replied, “I just want to get drunk and party. I don’t want to work. And my sales job is boring and a waste of time.” April said, “It’s in the UW charter that everyone must be given gainful employment. And few want to change it.” She said, “I’ve been fired hundreds of times for various reasons. And every new job I get I s lowlier than the last.” I said, “You are spoiled!” She said, “No, I’m miserable.”

On a lighter note, we met one of the chief engineers/architects of the Capital. He’d built some fantastic bridges over the Capital’s two rivers. I said to him, “This is truly a beautiful city, with its beautiful spires and bridges.” He said, “We’ve brought in some accomplished architects, and I told them to make sure their buildings blend in with the existing structures in the city. It is a bronze theme, and we have plenty of metals here. Some rich magnates want to build gold-plated buildings, but I told them, “The structures must be part bronze at least.” And their structures need to be approved by the city council. Our city council is made up of our best citizens and many of them are very creative.”

And we met some city councillors. One woman, Cressida, said, “My vision for the city, is to make it a garden city with newly invented pink plants and trees. Pink goes good with bronze, I think...”

Another councillor, said, “My vision for the city is to build a new city hall with a square that can fit 100,000 people and we could have concerts there and speeches from the Mayor!”

And I previously mentioned, “There were 3 leaders here including Delilah. And now we met, the other two. One, Rosemary was an author of many books including “Days in the Capital, Delilah’s City.” The book was a documentary featuring the greatest thinkers in the Capital. Like Kirk T., who wrote “An Abomination” about the miscarriage of justice in the Betelgeuse System.

It was a far-flung destination and was ruled by a man who, “Envisioned everyone would be a criminal. We are all criminals at heart,” he said.” And he added, “Crime pays.” And he arrested those that didn’t want to be criminals. And the murder rate was 10% per annum. It was a cautionary tale of what a Dystopia could be. I said, “The UW spies would not let such a World come into being.” But Rosemary, she said, “In distant Space, anything goes, and the UW doesn’t have the resources to follow each World. And as space colonization increases exponentially, there will be many crazed Worlds...”

And the third leader was also a writer, Cathy M., who wrote notably, “A Tale of Two Guineveres.” The screenplay featured a woman who was a Jekyll and Hyde type persona. When she took powerful stimulants, she was brilliant, but when she was drunk, she was positively evil. And evil had not been eradicated yet. I said to Cathy, “The spies keep watch over potential evil, and I am not worried about it.” She replied, “But like Rosemary said, Space colonization is moving so fast, that the spies can’t keep up.”

Cathy had also written, “Beck’s Heaven,” which featured a heavenly future in which only thoroughly good people could visit. And many people were inspired by this World of goodness. It was Utopia of the good.

And Cathy also wrote, “City of Fools,” which was about a city of folly in which everyone was greedy for gold and even killed for gold. I told her, “Like I told Rosemary, the UW, would never allow such a World to exist.” She said, “But many people these days have out of control greed and the UW doesn’t have the resources to follow each one, as I just mentioned.”

Then we met, Achy, who was in charge of sanitation and recycling for the System. He said, “All diseases have been cured and it is an antiseptic World in which everyone smells heavenly. But people wear fashion of colored light, not white fabric, like many felt would happen.” I said,

“Yes, semi-transparent clothes of light seem to be fashionable for most people in the human Worlds are all pervasive with almost everyone. But I have observed, women here wearing, mini-skirts and bikini tops of golden thread.” Achy said “Light is the fashion now, but perhaps in the future, nudism will be the fashion. After all everyone has a perfect body in Space! Or maybe a uniform with one’s ranking on one’s chest and shoulders.” I said, “I like the idea of ranking. It ought to be according to one’s imagination.”

And then we met Ronald who was responsible for approving new food and drugs for Delilah’s city. He said, “We invent mostly our own food, to avoid patent charges. I myself, have invented a lot of new stem cell meats and new grains, fruits and vegetables. The grains, vegetables and fruits can grow in the fields around the capital. And they all look like beautiful flowers. Most of them are bronze-colored to blend in with the architecture.” And he added, “The drugs are produced by mixing special flowers in the lab. In my opinion, all the drugs produced here are healthy and good.” April asked him, “What drugs should we take to have a good time?” He replied, “I recommend my euphoria series of drugs. These drugs bring great pleasure but are non-addictive.” So, we tried the newest drugs and ate the newest food and had a swell time with Ronald. April opined, “I never felt better.” And I concurred. Ron said, “And good anti-fat drugs, allow one to eat for much of the day.” I said, “The food is good, but I’d rather just take nutrition pills and concentrate on the drugs.” April asked, “Really?” I exclaimed, “I just care for comfort for my mind. Sex, drugs, movies and music are what I live for!”

Next, we met a multi-sexual from “Gil’s Moon.” The Moon was cold and known for its sybaritic behavior. This man/woman invited us to her Moon to come and party. But I told this person, “My mind is not totally open.” April said, “Me neither.” And we met another persona

from Gil's Moon. She had 6 arms and a large head and said, "My brain is able to multitask far better than most humans.

Then we met an invisible man. We could hear him and touch him, but he was invisible. April asked him, "How is it possible that you are invisible?" He said, "I am a stealth persona. A new type of being. My brain is the size of a speck of dust and my body is a force of nature." He added, "I know a lot of secrets." I said, "You make me paranoid that you are watching me as a type of sadistic voyeur." He replied, "These days featuring MRT, mean no one has privacy, like it or not. People should share their mistakes and try and mend the past."

And people in Delilah's city were whispering about a Superhuman, Cain, who lived on icy Boule's Moon. So, we went to visit him. He lived in a house that looked like an abstract piece of art. And he greeted us saying, "I was the Worlds' first Superhuman."

And he had developed long-distance teleportation, including sending one to another Star System.

And he developed humans who could fluently speak 130 languages each. Who could work as interpreters, better than having a machine do it. The human touch...

And he invented humans that were 10 minds in one. All in a normal-sized head, but 10 separate voice boxes. And sent them to Delilah's city, demanding 10 votes each...

Also, he created an orgasmatron machine which gave one hundreds of orgasms in a day. But he decided the machines were too addictive, so discontinued them.

And he created professional athletes that were dynamite players. And sent them to Earth and gambled heavily on them.

And he patented and cloned a woman that Earth magazines were calling the most beautiful in the universe. And there were plenty more where that came from. And the women were all geniuses.

In addition, he had sent some builder robots to distant Star Systems. The robots had human sperm and egg banks, which came from geniuses and were programmed to build a whole civilization.

And he invented a war machine for the UW military. It was a type of stealth juggernaut and could destroy minds within a 22 km radius, including underground.

And he built a giant oxygen producing factory on this small, cold Moon, and so the atmosphere was breathable, though cold.

Clearly, this man, Cain, was a polymath, and I said, “Why don’t you create a female Superhuman and have glorious children in the lab.” He replied, “My beautiful, clever women that I have created, I considered to be my descendants! But I have a lover who brightens my life. Let me introduce her.” So, we met her, and she was so attractive, I wondered, “Why April couldn’t become still more sexy?” And April said, “I hope you can become more attractive as well!” So, he used his patented genetic therapy and enhanced our look. We were both very pleased with the results. And loved each other more passionately.” And Cain said, “The future belongs to the beautiful in heart and mind.”

So, April and I decided to settle down on Boule’s Moon along with scores of others. We had dinner every night with Cain, and on one occasion, he told us, “I was working on creating perfect personae, who would have no weaknesses or addictions and would be charismatic and lead the future.” Another time, he told us, “Superhuman geniuses are the future, but it is impossible to predict what they will do. But humans will stick around on Earth for centuries to come. And

many on Earth claim they live in Utopia. It's all very subjective. But almost everyone wants to live in Utopia of one kind or another." Also, one time he opined, "I'd like to make genetic therapy which changes one's DNA, a reality for most. Improve everyone, that is my plan." And on another occasion, he said, "I want to send the beautiful women I have created to every settled World. There are now 152 such Planets and Moons. And I plan for these women to be elected President, through the sheer force of their charisma."

And in time, Boule's Moon, became the leading center for Superhuman creation. And April and I gradually became Superhumans...



## Trial of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Century and Superhuman Culture

It was called the trial of the century. I was governor of Luna. And I had been breeding exceptionally clever peoples' eggs and semen and creating Superhumans. But many conservatives on Earth were incensed by my breeding program, saying my Superhumans were perverted, and some were multi-sexual. And the conservatives claimed these Superhumans would render humans obsolete and that was anathema. And they accused me of crimes against humanity and said I was a sinister, evil figure. And they said, "You had forced all the denizens of Luna to "improve" their minds, which I said was not true and they had all changed of their own free will. And I denied the rest of their accusations."

The jury wanted more information from other people of Luna as to whether they were under pressure to change. They all said yes, they felt enormous pressure, but now were all glad they'd done it. And the jurors wanted to know more about multi-sexual Luna dwellers. And wondered if this was the future. I explained, "If one had a totally open mind, one could enjoy and respect the multi-sexual Superhumans."

My lawyers of course had tried to pick open-minded jurors. But in the court of public opinion, many thought Luna was a freak show and many people couldn't understand why everyone on Luna had to be a Superhuman?

And during the course of the trial, all of my top ten deputy Mayors, had to testify. Jurors wanted clarification on what the deputies thought would happen in the near future. And they revealed, Space beyond the Solar System, would be for Superhumans only, and I knew this was damning. But I testified that Earth would always be mainly for humans. And the jurors wanted to know what I thought about androids taking away all human jobs in the near future. I reluctantly

revealed that, “I thought it was a good thing. It would allow humans to indulge in hobbies, interests, parties and go back to school to improve themselves.” I knew this would rankle the jurors, but I had been previously on record saying humans would be superfluous.

But when it came time to render a verdict, it was a hung jury, so I was released on \$1 billion bail. But I fled to the Centauri System where there was only a single colony of 500 Superhumans, who all loved me. And I immersed myself in local affairs and had genetic therapy to increase my intelligence so I could keep up with these people. Most of them were very imaginative and believed Superhumans should all have a great imagination.

One of the Superwomen I met here told me, “I recorded some of my better-known dreams. Like a dream of Superorgies. And a dream of the future in which everyone was a Superhuman genius. Also, a dream of movie making Superhumans. Like a movie about a higher love. And a movie about how every Superhuman will dream conscious dreams, daydreams in graphic detail and converse through dream visions. And a dream of 3-D love Online. And a movie about being marooned alone in deep Space. Also, a dream of winning in court and setting the stage for Superhumans to be mass-produced.”

And I had many Superhuman dreams, and the people of Centauri did too.

And I met a convivial Superwoman here, who told me she envisioned, “A lasting peace in other Solar Systems and had all the Superhumans here vetted with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to ensure they were all peaceful. And nearly all of them were benign. But there were a few that had to be taken out. Basically, here on Centauri we were mass-producing Superhumans in the lab and they were born as adults with the memories of the parent whose sex they were. But we were improving in time, making our descendants more imaginative, cleverer and kinder with an artistic bent, believing science had gone as far as it could within reason. We

had to catch up with science before doing any more! And of course, all our people were entrepreneurs, always looking for opportunities to grow the economy. There was so much real estate to be developed in the System and we were prepared for an influx of Superhuman immigrants from Luna.”

But after I fled Luna, Superhuman production there was less than before, and we worried about our brothers and sisters there. But we sent Spaceships to pick many of them up. Indeed, we built many Spaceships. Also, some that could go to deeper Space. The science was already there.

Anyway, all of us on Centauri made a fresh start in the new System. And we forgot about Earth and its wars and strife.

And I loved a Superwoman who said, “Most people thought AI was the future. But we have proved Superhumans are the future.” And she wrote of far future geniuses who would be incomprehensible to modern geniuses. But geniuses would evolve and would be very much a part of the future. One area of science that was still open was the creation of better Superhumans. But we vowed to leave Earth to the humans. Space was so vast with so much opportunity. And humans no doubt would continue warring with one another. But we didn’t worry about them, except to get Superhumans off from Earth. There were always scientists that were trying to create geniuses on Earth. And as far as we were concerned all genius was Superhuman material. Each genius excelled in at least one form of endeavor. Of course, some of them were idiot savants. But we could work with such people to improve them. Our goal was to make well-rounded geniuses, who were multi-talented and could multi-task. Some of us said, we had already reached maximum intelligence with our Superhumans. But I was of the opinion that the sky was the limit, and that we would make Gods.

Some asked me what Gods would be like? I told them, “Gods would have Superpowers, like the ability to teleport at will. And do telekinesis. And have natural power to mind read, and so would all be on the same team. And I figured some Gods would get rid of their body and become creatures of pure intelligence.”

And there was one Superwoman here who was cleverer than me. She told me, “Superhumans would be required to be great lovers. And everyone would be required to have sex frequently and engage in constant brotherly love. And there was no room in the future for rancor. Everyone would be kind and peaceful and there would be no armies, nor bloodshed. And if one was contemplating violence, they’d have their minds re-arranged.” I agreed with her totally.

And this Superwoman lover of mine, told me, “Reality will be multiform, each Super persona will have their own little dreamworld and will share their dreams with everyone who was interested. Life would be but a dream and no one should be overly serious.” I told her, “But my trial was very serious, and I feel life here was very serious.” She said, “Lighten up!” And she said, “Our future looks bright. You should be more positive and more optimistic.” I said, “I’m trying.” And she told me, “You are the leader. You need to inspire the Superpeople.”

And that’s how it was in the early 22<sup>nd</sup> Century!

## Barbarian Drugs

So, the girl, Stephanie, and I, George, sat by the hearth chatting. We were talking about leaving our senses and trying out the new untested drug, Pryopcaxcolcol. The drug was purported to turn one into a wild barbarian and bring out the primal human that is in us all. Stephanie was of the opinion that, “Advanced civilization had made us less of an individual.” But I believed, “Civilization had made us into being more individualistic than before.” Basically, we both came to the agreement that both opposites were true at the same time. On the one hand in modern times, we more or less had freewill. On the other hand, modern society forced us to follow many rules of conduct.

So, we took the drug, and I was seized with a burning desire to love Stephanie and told her so. She said, “I feel the same as you and want you to love me hard. And so, we had a wild sex session. Afterwards we were both looking at Luna and we both started howling/singing and we were both hunched over, swinging our arms like a chimpanzee. And neither of us spoke.

However, our howling attracted the attention of others and a group of 2 men and 3 women came to investigate. I had the urge to attack the two men with a stone from the hearth and I caved their heads in, and they were dead. The three women fled. But it wasn’t long before some police arrived and tasered us both.

In court, I pleaded temporary insanity caused by the drug and pointed out that I’d never committed a crime. So, the judge sentenced me to 30 years in a maximum-security mental asylum. I tried to break out the first day I was there, but they tasered me again, after I wounded one of the guards and they put me in a straitjacket and injected powerful tranquilizers into me. The next day they put me in solitary confinement, which was totally maddening...

I rotted in solitary for a year, before they finally released me to the general asylum population. I pretty much kept to myself and didn't speak to anyone. And the years passed. One day I had a visitor, it was Stephanie. She spoke to me, but I didn't hear what she was saying. I was absorbed in my thoughts, so I didn't reply. But when she got up to leave, I waved my hand.

And time flew by, finally after 30 years they released me to a half-way house. But my spirit was broken and I didn't talk with anyone. I hadn't spoken in 30 years. They gave me a small stipend, and I spent it all on booze. But I drank alone.

I'd like to communicate with you as to how I'm feeling, but I have nothing to say.

## Martian Dreams, A.D. 2137

I, Uli, said to Jennifer, “We have such bounty here on Mars!” She said, “Many on Earth are starving, but we have the best of everything!” I added, “We both have plenty of land here on the Red Planet and we both have shares in iron mining. We are multi-billionaires on paper.” She said, “It was a good idea to give the first settlers so much land. Now with every immigrant voyage, the settlers get less and less land, whereas all of us pioneers are swimming in dough.”

Our city was “Rust city.” It was the color of rust just like the Planet. Rusty iron skyscrapers blossomed in the landscape. The city was on the equator and was sometimes almost balmy. Outside the city, hardy plants grew which were able to survive the severe frost of night. These plants were also rust-colored.

We got about via underground oxygenated tunnels between buildings and had air cars to visit other colonies on the Planet, or even Earth. But few of us wanted anything to do with Earth and its wars and widespread impoverishment. However, our Planet got drawn into the Earth wars and picked the cleverest of the combatants to support with money. They in turn gave us anti-missile batteries and we had to fend off some attacks. And many refugees from the wars came to Mars. The Planet had 6 cities and 6 towns. Our city was for “intellectual entrepreneurs.” Another city was for free spirits. Others included, a town of drunks in which everyone wore red paint. Another was a fast-paced city where everyone was on neo-cocaine. Another was a university town, known for its revelry and cleverness. And another town was the breadbasket of Mars, producing all the food with stem cell meats and edible plants. And so on.

Jennifer and I visited the other cities now and then. But we preferred the company of our clever entrepreneurs and spent a lot of time dreaming up new businesses. Like investing in gold

and other metals production. And producing metallic android lovers whom many thought were kinky. And our city manufactured Martian clothing which was all rust-colored and we had construction companies which used robots to build new cities as well as build on to the existing colonies. There were no domed cities here on Mars, unlike Luna. But each colony had its own architectural style. For example, Rust city looked like a chaotic abstract painting, but we were all proud of our city and made the chief architect our leader. He was busy trying to attract tourists and immigrants to our colony. And building luxury hotels and bizarre sculptures in the middle of nowhere. And he was working on android love dolls who looked very clever.

And the most famous movie maker on Mars, lived in our city. She made movies like, “20 Carat Diamonds,” which was about the lifestyle here on Mars and how clever, pioneering, rich, kind and polite everyone was. The movie was good PR for the city.

Another film of hers was “Field of Sunflowers.” It dealt with new yellow sunflowers which were very hardy and provided cooking oil for the Planet and were pleasant to behold. And on a warm day (20 C) people made love in the fields wearing only bubble oxygen headgear. The all-yellow sunflowers were on the Martian flag along with rust-colored skyscrapers. But most cities’ skyscrapers were shiny steel and glass.

And the movie, “En Garde” which was about one of our towns which valued honesty above all and if you were a liar, famous sword fencers would challenge you to a duel, which you likely would die in. They had infallible lie detectors here... So, the most honest people on Earth came here.

Another of her movies was called, “Denizens of the Forbidden City,” which was about a future Mars colony in which was full of people who were chaotic neutral in terms of alignment. And only let in others of the same alignment. And they worshipped a Goddess who told them



that, “Life was organized chaos. And those who understood this would inherit the future. The Universe was chaos,” the Goddess said. And all reasoning was bunk. One would just have oneself to worry about and no need to worry about other people.

And there was a movie called, “All Yours,” about an android, human-looking and loving, whose love was highly addictive. And of course, most humans had sampled these androids and were hooked. And didn’t want human love anymore. But this movie chastised such people and called them sell outs and unhealthy. And the movie argued for banning AI altogether. But we, in Rust city believed that AI love with androids and holograms was healthy once in a while. It made a nice vacation from reality.

Another of her films was called, “Angie’s Notes” which dealt with a real woman who came to Mars and got rid of all her baggage on Earth. She said things like, “Earth is anathema and boring.” Also, “Earth lovers are all greedy. The whole Planet is consumed by greed. But Mars is more balanced and true love exists here.” And “Mars was a fresh start for Earthlings.” And so on...

And she had a film, named “Stellar Dreams” about building a new World in the Centauri System, in which the people were all very imaginative and each one of them made movies. And made fortunes on their movies... Like a movie about “Future Dreams,” which talked about what people of the future would dream about. Like android and hologram love. And hologram and android dreamworlds. Worlds of fantasy!

Then there was another filmmaker who made, “All Hands on Deck,” which covered an android revolution on Earth, in which angry androids stormed the capitals of many Earth cities. And seized power. And these nations made war against non-android ruled cities. And it was an Apocalyptic moment for humanity and many humans fled to Space. Then the androids attacked

the Space colonies and won here, too. Many surviving humans killed themselves. And the rest were enslaved.

And another filmmaker, made a film called, "Tax Revolution," in which the people of Earth revolted everywhere due to crushingly high taxes. And executed the government leaders who had enriched themselves at State expense. And levelled the playing field.

And still another movie maker, made a motion picture in 3-D, showing off future lovers who were very energetic and very imaginative in terms of romance. Future romance would feature love in Space settings and all your lovers would be soul mates. In this 3-D movie, one could interact with the android actors and love them. It was the future of filmmaking many people thought.

And that's how it was on Mars in the year 2137 A.D.

## Superhuman Times and Movies

I, Julius, asked Rhonda, “Why do I feel Earth is going nowhere and is senseless?” She replied, “Earth people have been in an existentialist funk for a century. And most people no longer think it is useful to have kids or believe in God. We need to make children common again and create Gods for the people to believe in.” I told her, “We already have Superhumans who would make good God material and we could offer the people millions and millions to have kids.” She said, “Superhumans though don’t seem to care about the people. And regarding money for children, almost everyone is already a millionaire, and I don’t think we want just the poor to have kids.” I said, “Already the poor have most of the kids and it’s a dumbing down of the gene pool. But Superhumans are proliferating, and I think it is a magnificent thing.” She answered saying, “I have nothing but praise for most Superhumans, however not all are benign. And if these bad ones were to take control it would be an unmitigated disaster.” I said, “I figure Superhumans will be able to handle one another. It is their problem, not ours.” She said, “But many of these malign Superhumans seek power over people as well as Superbeings. It only takes one to ruin it for everyone.”

I opined, “The good Superhumans need to form their own political party and take care of humans as well as Superhumans.” She said, “It should have already occurred to them. I guess most of them are hopeless dreamers.” I replied, “Most Superhumans have been designed by clever humans. Why don’t we simply design them to be caring and loving towards humans?”

I said, “That’s a good idea. Scientists have been falling all over themselves to create cleverer beings. Perhaps Superhumans ought to be just Super kind individuals. We are all in the same boat, together!”

And she told me, “We ought to control young people’s kindness level with genetic therapy and make the new generation into kind, nice philanthropists and genetic doctors.” I said, “But still, there are few children these days, only 0.4 children per woman.” She said “Nevertheless, they will be our inheritors.” I replied, “The suicide rate is so high at 3% per annum. Our gene pool is going to crash.” She told me, “The main reason for suicide is people are idle and have no job or sense of purpose. The human race is weak.”

I opined, “I think suicide is mainly due to boredom. Most people today are bored and so do drugs and many overdose. It is hard to say if they are suicides or accidental overdoses.” She said, “Many of them live on the edge; it gives them a thrill.”

I remarked, “Some people think we live in imaginative times, and say they are quite content. I guess it’s all what you make of it.” She replied, “The Superhumans have made a lot of good movies. Like, the little known “Astral Days,” about future geniuses in Space beyond the Solar System. They build stunning architecture and art and movies.” And she said, “I like, “Harry’s Gambit” which is of course about a man who changes from a human to a Superman.” I said “I like that one, too.”

And she said I liked the film, “Superhuman Dreams,” about deep dreams like dreaming about Supersex which featured the lovers in a 3-D vat of warm waters virtually. A total sensory barrage. And dreams of a Superhuman new sports game.” I said, “I haven’t seen that one yet.”

And she told me, “I liked, “Superhuman World,” in which everyone on Earth had converted to be a Superbeing.” I said, “The suicide rate amongst Superhumans is quite low and most of them seem quite content.”

Also, she opined, “I liked the film, “Super Faces,” which was about experimental faces, that looked somewhat strange but beautiful...” I said, “I would like to have a Superhuman face.”

And she told me, “I especially liked “MRT (Mind Reading Technology) democracy about getting totally in the mind of Superhuman politicians and trying to intellectually dance with them. The whole movies though, was almost incomprehensible to a mere human.”

And she told me, “I also really liked the flick, “Carnegies’ Circus,” which dealt with the issue of modern day “Freak Superhumans” like multi-sexuals and sea-dwelling races of the genus homo. And also, Superhumans who look nothing like humans; some are like works of abstract art.” I said, “Yes, the future will probably be a freak show.”

And I said, “I like the movie, “Gertie’s World,” about a future Superbeing who is totally self-sufficient and can entertain herself and lives like a hermitess.” She said, “I can’t imagine such a creature.”

And I opined, “I also liked, “Dismaying Days,” which featured a Superhuman who tried to change humans to all love and respect Superbeings. Like Superandroids and Superholograms and of course Superhumans.” She replied, “There’s no point to making androids and holograms into Superbeings.” I said, “Each type of Superbeing has unique characteristics.”

Also, I stated that, “I liked, “King of Kings” about a Superhuman King who ruled all of the people of Mars and the people all said he was truly enlightened.” She said, “Yes, Superbeing Kings are undoubtedly the future.”

I surmised also, “That, “Lion’s Rule,” was a good film on the topic of strong leaders. In this film, strong, clever, alpha males joined together in a powerful oligarchy to rule all Earth. And the economy boomed, and everyone was well-off. And the oligarchy reproduced themselves each with thousands of clones and the clones were all Mayors of cities. Indeed, every city was ruled by one of their clones. Some said there wasn’t enough variety in the gene pool of leaders, but

they had all been educated differently and had a unique face and were confronted by different circumstances in each city.”

And so, we lived in tumultuous times. But many people, including us said, “Earth was becoming Utopia.”

## Mad Ideas in Vancouver, A.D. 2100

I, Heinrich, said to Julie, “Our city is a perfect paradigm for all of what a city can be.” She said, “Yes, the city is beautiful, and our leaders are beautiful people. And everyone of the denizens of the city got genetic therapy to make them beautiful as well. And here, good deeds are rewarded with cash. And so, everyone is striving to be good. And many cities have copied our example.”

Julie said, “And everyone has a good skill. And we have no androids, nor holograms. Few cities live without AI completely. As far as we are concerned AI should never have been invented and developed in the first place.” I replied, “But some other cities have very clever AI leaders and are prosperous and the people are happy.” She said, “Most people today are well-off. But we have a much lower suicide rate than most other cities. Our city’s suicide rate is 0.4% per annum, whereas the World rate is 2.6%.” I said, “It’s all due to everyone having a use.”

She opined, “Many modern people feel the strong survive.” I said, “Others believe, that the crazy survive. To them madness is divine.” She said, “It’s a crazy World for sure, with so many developed mad philosophies. Like discordant mad music and the philosophy that one can only learn from mistakes. And the idea that the future will involve all humans with a flying app, including having sex while hovering in the air. And the concept that future humans will all think differently from everyone else, and everyone will be highly clever, a Paradise for certain. Also, a crazed idea that humans will be in the heads of one another; such a scenario would feature no secrets, and everyone will think as one.” I said, “MRT (Mind Reading Technology) will definitely be featured in many future societies. It’s too good of an idea to not be widely used.”

And she said, “Another crazed idea is too have clothing of light, which can keep one warm and be semi-transparent. And the concept that brains can be altered for the better, ironically to make one saner.”

I opined, “Another crazed concept is the idea of anti-sleep pills. These pills give one more conscious time, but leave one strung out and crazy.” She argued, “Also food pills or even anti-fat pills are also crazy notions.”

And I said, “Mood pills, like pills to put one in the mood for love or entertainment or in the mood for certain drug use.”

She remarked, “And crazy pills and lotions that allow one to have sex all day long. Such debauchery!” I said, “Truly many people these days care only about sex. And have numerous partners. And many even engage in orgies all day and night.”

She opined, “And the crazed concept of facts and truths. Some say it is all subjective, but many insist life is logical and factual.” I said, “It’s hard to know what the truth is these days, for sure.” I opined, “Also there is the crazed idea that life is just a fun game. To me, life is dead serious.

And she said, “Another mad concept is that of the gamblers making a living. Everyone loses in the end.” I said, “Yes, many people seem to think they are born lucky. Or believe they can get inside information on sports and hence win. But they don’t.”

And I said, “It’s also crazy to believe in traditional Deities. People seem to like to believe that God cares about their puny selves. Why would a God/Goddess care about them?” She added, “Human history is full of religious beliefs. It is only recently that people stopped believing. Of course Buddhism and Confucianism didn’t believe in God, though.”



She stated, “And it’s maddening that they can’t cure mental illness. We colonized Space and made Superhumans but can’t cure the mad.” I told her, “I think that the medicine they give them, allows them to function, but most crazy people want to be crazy, I say.”

And I mentioned, “I’ve had some mad periods in my life. Like my first lover and many other lovers. But I think loving you would be sane and healthy.” She said, “Yes, love can often be mad. Some people, I guess, like losing control; it’s thrilling.”

And I mentioned, “That San Francisco is the craziest is the craziest city on Earth. In that city, they have a lot of multi-sexuals and freaks of all descriptions. And they claim their minds are totally open and that they are the future. And some of the freaks live in Earth’s oceans and are reproducing exponentially.”

She told me, “I think the craziest city, is Iron city on Mars. There they legalized hologram dream Worlds and android sex dolls. They claimed too, that they were the most open-minded of all humans. And many tens of thousands of humans from Earth came here to enjoy AI, in particular AI sex and adventure.”

I opined, “Actually, there are many mad cities on Earth and in Space. Like Venus colony’s “Revisionist city,” here they don’t read history and all of them write only and think only of the future. It is insane to divorce oneself from history, I think.” She said, “However, the future outlook keeps changing and features many new concepts like eternal youth, Mind Reading Technology (MRT), androids, holograms, Supercomputers, Superhumans, conscious dreaming, travel in Space, brand new themed colonies in Space, and an end to racism (many people have dyed their skin in many colors). Really our modern times are far different than anything that has come before.” I said, “But we still have mad tyrants ruling many cities and many governments are corrupt, just like before. And many people are unhappy with their government and are

abused. There are still crimes against humanity being committed. Some things never change.” She remarked, “Most good ideas seem mad at first. Indeed, civilization itself seemed mad to those who were hunter-gatherers.” I said, “But no one wants to go back to being a hunter-gatherer.”

It was a series of mad Worlds. And Julie and I both admitted that we were crazy, like everyone else.

## Future Soul Mate Writers, A.D. 2110

I, Roger, said to Liz, “I prefer your company to everyone else.” She said, “I like you too, very much.” I told her, “We are certainly soul mates!” She said, “Our Supercomputer DNA match placed us as 1 in a billion match, there’s probably no better lovers possible for us.” And I said, “In some cases opposites attract, but we are totally compatible and have all the same interests. Like we both enjoy traveling in the Solar System and we both like neo-baseball and we like drinking scotch and smoking cigars. And we like to study history, especially modern history. And we both have the philosophy of throwing a dart at a 3-D map of the Solar System, while blindfolded and that is where we’ll go to next. Also, we both like eating the best stem cell meats and GM vegetables and GM fruit. Indeed, we enjoy every luxury and like traveling by luxury air car.” She said, “Don’t forget to add in that we like gambling on sports and have almost broken even. Also, we are both sci-fi authors and have had mixed results with publishing, but we are both determined to succeed. And we like playing trivia games and chess. And we like deep sea fishing. And a lot of sex together.”

I told her, “Yes above all we are writers of the future. I like your book about a World of cyborgs. Are you really sure our descendants will be cyborgs?” She replied, “I think it is probable. And I liked your book about a future ruled by freaks. There are more and more of them. Multi-sexuals and sea dwelling freaks and freaks hiding in our modern World and the World seems to be becoming a freak show.” And I said, “I like your novel about future spies who will watch everyone with face recognition and send wayward souls to rehab.” She said, “It is bound to happen. Everyone will fear the spies and be careful not to disturb or upset the secret agents...”

And she opined, “I didn’t really like your book about future madness. I am sure that the spies will ensure everyone remains relatively sane.” I said, “But we live in a World of no meaning. All life is mad. Like people with glazed eyes or flowers blooming in the sun.” And I added, “Everyone will be insane, I’m sure. This is one thing we don’t agree on. Perhaps both realities will be true.”

But we both agreed that my book about deep Space, the nearby Barnard’s System, featuring an android crew which could be turned off for the voyage and human colonists were aboard, was a winner. The colonists were pioneering stock, and all were multi-talented and built-up infrastructure and space for fifty thousand people on a balmy, Earth-like Planet. The theory for the colony was to make a world for the cleverest people. All with IQ of 180 or more. Geniuses essentially. But many on Earth said it was a huge brain drain for them and essentially made for two classes of citizens: ordinary people and clever geniuses in Space. But the other deep Space colonies had their own requirements. For example, the Centauri System was made up of predominantly kind and nice people. And Sirius Star System featured mostly hermits and hermitesses, who paid big bucks to be left alone. And Ross System had only people who were the most imaginative. And Tau Ceti had AI colonies off androids and holograms and things were run by Supercomputers.

All these Systems were fictional. Space beyond the Solar System had not yet been colonized. But it was quite a plausible future. Liz opined, “That she would like to go to a World of imagination,” and I said, “I feel the same.”

And Liz had a new book out about a woman of the future who was a defence lawyer who defended radical thinkers in court. The spies hated radicals and said they were the biggest danger in modern times. And the spies accused them of treason. But this lawyer got most of her clients

off on charges. But she felt really bad when one of her clients was found guilty. I told her spies these days have a lot of power. They can use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and hypnosis and neo lie detectors. And rumour has it that indeed the spies hate radicals. Like thinkers and popular rock musicians, and say they are all too powerful.”

And my latest book was called “Denizens of the Universal Empire.” It was about a future woman who ruled all Earth and Space, but her reign was cruel, and many thought it was unfair. And everyone had to kiss her ass. Her court was full of ass-kissing courtiers and courtesans. But her secret service kept her in power. And Liz said, “It’s very possible that the future will be controlled by one or more tyrants. And perhaps the future will be a nightmare for virtually all thinking humans.”

And I asked her, “About your next book? She said, “I’m contemplating writing about a future gigolo who is based on one of my lovers. In the book this famous lover loves most of the powerful women in the World. And gets rich, and uses the money to help poor gigolos, giving them a superior education and introduces them to women of power. And he branches out to create well-heeled prostitutes. And he builds “Sex Paradise” which is a colony in Space, colored white and featuring fountains and spas and pools and giant orgy beds. And android butlers.”

And she asked me, “What do you have planned?” I told her, “I have two projects on the go. One is about a future Dystopia in which, slave-owning masters and their numerous slaves are the system of the day.” She said, “We are all slaves to our own desires.” I said, “Some people think it is kinky to be a sex slave.” She told me, “Android love dolls will make the best slaves if that’s how the World goes.”

And I said, “My other project I’m thinking about is to write about a future in which everyone is a writer in a colony of 1 000. It will be my magnum opus and feature some fresh, new ideas and new World humans. It will be very challenging to write, I think.”

She said, “The more I talk to you, the more I love you.” I replied, “The feeling is mutual.”

## Conspiracy Theories, A.D. 2076

I, James, said to Ursula, “Your breasts are so large, they are like twin peaks.” And I said, “I am a disciple of big-breasted women, like most men. Whereas fashion models are thin like sticks, most men appreciate a full-figured woman. I guess the authorities are worried that sex symbols will have too much power and many women can’t have a beautiful figure.” But she said, “Ordinary looking women can all look pretty in heavy make up. And they can have a boob job.”

I told her, “Another conspiracy is against subliminal messages and pictures. But many great artists used subliminal imagery in their art.”

And I added, “And many frauds try and make the people believe in Yetis and the Loch Ness monster and UFOs and ghosts. Some people believe in everything.” She said, “But in the near future scientists will create such creatures.” I said, “I believe it. Scientists will create everything imaginable...”

I added, “And true love doesn’t exist. And these days everyone seems to break up with their “soulmates” sooner or later.” She said, “But soul mates are pretty close to true love, I think.”

And I told her, “Some people think they are lucky and try to win at the lottery or gambling.”

And I said, “Many people still believe in God, even though its obvious that praying to God is no use. And why would a God care about miserable humans anyway?” She replied, “Though, there has to be a creator.” But I said, “Telescopes haven’t seen any evidence of Gods. Though some say Space is full of pretty colors.”

And I opined, “It’s obvious that human beings have evolved from apes. We are just clever monkeys. But many religious people seem to think that God created humans in his own image. Fortunately, most people today are no longer religious here in the year 2076 A.D.”

And she said, “I think a modern-day conspiracy is of corrupt politicians who use their spies to harass people they don’t like.” I replied, “All power corrupts as they say...”

And I told her, “We should try our own conspiracy. And connive to overthrow our corrupt leaders. But we have to be careful as the spies are vigilant. I think to set up a plastic explosive hidden under the floor of the leader’s convention and kill them all. Then our cadre members will speak in the public square and declare ourselves to be the new regime.” She said, “If we take out the leaders it will be chaos, just like the French Revolution. And who knows what will happen?” I said, “Anyway it is worth a try. We are miserable now, but perhaps the sun will rise on a brilliant future. And we will be heroes.”

So, we set off the bomb and all the top 100 leaders were killed. And the government was reduced to a headless chicken. In the chaos, crowds gathered in public, and we stood up and told them there needed to be an old-fashioned election and said our new Imagination party would bring peace, stability, fairness and economic growth. And almost everyone agreed that there should be an election and there were 81 new parties. But we triumphed and I was head of the new government.



## Our Muses, A.D. 2050

I, Earnest, said to Mary Jane, “Marijuana helped create some amazing works of art in the latter part of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.” She said, “But it was combined with free love, which I think was more important. When AIDS came, the free love died, and henceforth not much great art was produced. Yet people take much more marijuana in the populace as a whole compared to the 1960s and 70s. It was all the free love I tell you.”

And I told her, “I had some inspirational lovers who inspired me to write my best books. Like, the futuristic “Madie’s Feast,” which is about a fictitious woman who is a muse to a famous writer. And she throws a party inviting all the great intellectuals, most of who show up. It is a character study of artistic personae types in 50 years time.”

“Another book I was inspired to write was “Rhapsody of the Kind,” which detailed the lives and times of future kind people. Like philanthropists, volunteers and charity workers, doctors and nurses, defence lawyers, peacekeepers, kind lovers, and many other types.”

“And my favorite lover, Betty Jo, inspired me to write “Clash of Worlds,” which featured two totally different, futuristic Space colonies. One on Moon Miranda, a spacious settlement, in which the people worshipped a Superhuman Goddess they helped create. The Goddess asked her worshippers to do inspirational deeds and live in peace. The other World, a colony on Moon Titan featured Utopians who wanted to live in a densely packed city in which gregarious people basically lived in a giant party culture. But the two Worlds didn’t like each other much and put sanctions on one another. The Titans said the Mirandans were fools to Worship a God. And the Mirandans said the Titans were all suffering from cabin fever and would soon self-destruct.”

“Another one my lover, Betty Jo, inspired me to pen was, “Golden Fantasies,” which chronicled a Space colony of dreamers who dreamed things like a World of teenagers in which everyone relived their youth. Another dreamer, dreamed of a World in which the different dreamers could become King. Still another dreamed of a black-colored Paradise in which the people were abnormally happy. And so on. And they sold their peoples’ best dreams...”

“Another muse, herself a writer inspired me to pen, a tale of a dark Dystopia which featured a sexy, evil witch who ruled a colony on Luna. The witch forced all the men to love her and collected semen samples. And she took fertility drugs which produced a lot of her own eggs and she had now thousands of female offspring, all of whom could do black magic. Like hypnotise people and mind read with people and predict their futures.”

“And I had a period of a couple months in which I had no loving. I felt I needed to purify myself. And I wrote, “Conscious Timing,” about not sleeping for a week. I was highly strung out and took various drugs to stay awake. And I felt that new anti-sleep medication that they were developing would be anathema.”

And I told Mary Jane, “You have inspired me to write, “The Return of Free Love,” which dealt with the issue of all sex diseases being cured and almost everyone engaged in free love. Orgies even. And the peoples’ happiness quotient went sky-high. It was truly Utopia for all. And with the free love went kindness and charity.” We were told that scientists were on the verge of curing all sex diseases.

And she said to me, “And you have inspired me to write “The Great Drunkard,” about a drunken writer who writes powerful stories, and he claims he can write with up to four drinks. But records his wild and crazy behaviour while drunk with an invisible camera on his chest. And

he says the craziest things. His main pick-up line is, “Are you feeling crazy tonight?” Also, “Am I in Paradise?” And, “I am looking for Alice in Wonderland.” And so on.”

And she said, “You have inspired me to write, “Crazy woman from Miami” about a woman who goes to a virtual bar regularly and the bar, “Crazed Loves” is notorious for its crazy clientele. People can pick up people and have virtual sex in 3-D. It is set 20 years in the future. So that’s 2070 A.D.” I said, “Yes, that seems to be the future.”

I opined, “The future looks bright to me. And I wrote, “A.D. 2201” about how everyone uses MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to love one another deeply. And those who are geniuses find themselves in demand. And the people have no secrets and mostly like everyone and it is brotherly love as well as true love. And everyone has eternal youth and so have time to invest in many potential lovers. Most prefer to have 5 or 6 regular lovers at any one time, rather than a new one each day. But some who are famous want to love thousands and thousands of famous and semi-famous people as well as diamonds in the rough.”

And Mary Jane said, “I have also written a future novel called, “Life and Times of a Whore, A.D. 2240.” It details the life of a high-class call girl, who loves many famous men, who keep coming back to her. And many say they are in love with her. And they all tell her their secrets. And she doesn’t betray their confidence. And she is a natural nymphomaniac. And she wants to have loving, at least once an hour for a 17-hour waking day. Many women of her acquaintance want to take sex enhancers and skin lotions so they can have a high sex drive, too.”

Also, she stated, “I have written a tale of Medieval love. It’s about two people who were each married in a loveless arranged marriage but love each other on the side. However, they both die in the plague. And no one cares.”

I told her, “I wrote a historical novel, too. It is set in classical Greece, in the city of Sybaris. The term “Sybarite” was named after them. They engage in orgies. But they all have STDs. And many of them are sickly. And their leader has advanced syphilis and is crazy and has sex with lowly slaves and he names his dog, leader of the city. And he has sex with the dog.”

And that was pretty much a summary of our literary works. But we were eternally youthful so both of us said, we would continue to write forever and ever. And we were both already semi-famous and were getting better known with every book.

## Book of the American King

I, Albert, King of Western America, said to June, “Who are you to question my wise leadership?” She said, “I just don’t think your reign is very creative. You have a bunch of ass-kissing morons for ministers. And your policy of laissez-faire is creating millions of poor. And you mostly care about sex, rather than ruling effectively.” I said, “Few dare to criticize me, but if you have sex with me, you will be forgiven. You have quite the look.”

June figured, the best way to influence me, the King was to love me. So, she gave me her love. And she said to me, “Make me your Minister of Love!” I told her, “I don’t have such a Minister. Why not?” And I gave her a budget and allowed her to pick her own staff. And I watched her carefully. She gave money to the poor and dissolved all marriages. And encouraged people to have many loves. And told them, “To love the poor.” But she also told them to love the King, me.

And I enjoyed loving June so much that finally I made her my Queen. But, of course, retained my harem of my 150 favorite women. And I told June, “You are free to talk about brotherly love and romantic love to the people.” And almost everyone seemed to like her. Except the women in my harem, who were jealous.

And one day I told June, “I was planning to reunite the USA as one. There were Northeastern America and Southeastern America, standing in my way.” She asked, “Cui bono?” I said, “It would benefit all Americans, creating a free-trade zone and will make America one of the dominant players in the World milieu again and other nations will have to respect us.” She asked, “Do you mean to make war on these two powers simultaneously?” I said, “Sure. Why not? My

military is stronger than the combined forces of the other two. And I have invested a lot of time and money building up the military.”

So, I attacked them, and they folded without hardly a shot being fired. But many of them claimed to be aghast at being ruled by a King (they were both democracies until I conquered them). Of course, I had risen to power in a grassroots movement against the former regime in Western America, and once ensconced in power declared myself to be King.

But I knew when to stop, like Augustus the Roman, and though I kept my military strong, I gave up on dreams of future conquest. And I was quite the celebrity in the U.S., and I appeared on talk shows with my sexy Queen and the Online tabloids featured me all the time and photographed me and all my lovers. I was good in bed and my lovers told this juicy gossip to the tabloids. Many young women offered to join my harem.

June stepped up to take care of the poor in spirit. And trained millions of shrinks and made sure everyone had food and lovers, with the State finding sex workers for those who didn't have any lover. I told her that, “Such people don't really matter.” But she was resolved to do it. And I guess she was right.

And I wrote the “Book of the American King.” It was about how great America was and how free the people were. And basically, people were free to say anything they wanted as long as it wasn't hate speech. And they were pretty much able to do what they wanted as long as they didn't impinge on the rights of others. I didn't mind if the people were perverted and loved androids and freaks. And I encouraged them to send me petitions for change. For example, one pundit “Wanted me to make every woman a sex worker.” I thought, It was a kinky idea, but June was deadest against it” Another petition was, “To allow opposition parties to exist.” But I had

this petitioner arrested. Still another petitioner wanted me to “Make all movies free.” But I told her Hollywood needed to be paid for their work and denied the petition.

And the “King” book featured a petition, “To have a contest for writer laureate.” And I agreed, “To have such a writer to praise me and set an example for the people. And the “King” book featured a petition, “To have me develop many young people to be thinkers.” And I thought it was good. and I wrote that I was a philosopher King who was destined to lead the people.

And “The Book of the American King,” featured some of my closest friends opining on issues of the day. Like my friend, Pete, who said, “We should adopt anti-fat pills in America and make everyone slim and fit.” I said, “The technology is out there, and we might as well use it. The pills had no side effects...”

Another friend suggested, “America should give refuge to intellectuals who were persecuted in their home countries for being intellectuals. Of course, all countries now were ruled by Kings and Queens. However, only a few were truly enlightened, like me.” So, I wrote that I welcomed intellectuals. And I took pride in it. June heartily approved.

Also, another friend, recommended that I bring in more writers to Hollywood and make it more relevant and dominant in entertaining spheres. I told him, “American culture is becoming all pervasive in many places. Neo American food and drink, drugs, music and movies are de rigueur.” We had the best scientists and artists working on these truly American things and the future.

Still another friend, said, “American spies, and agents provocateurs should destabilize many harsh foreign regimes and try to install enlightened leaders.” Democracy had been proved to be unsustainable and ineffective, and most people believed in philosopher Kings... But most leaders were cruel and inept. Hence the refugees to America.

Yet another friend said, “You should host a Miss America pageant. And put obscure women in the limelight and bring them to your attention.” I already had scouts out looking for great potential lovers, but I agreed with him that I should host such a pageant.

And June wanted to sift through my new women and make sure she liked them. She said, “I want the best for you!” I loved June at least once a week and had a lot of romantic dinners with her. But I had a new clever lover who told me, “I am cleverer than June.” And she suggested, “You need to have lovers who can write books.” And she had written, “Romancing the King,” about how I was the cleverest and most imaginative of all World leaders. Other leaders were ruthless and unkind almost everywhere she wrote. I was the kind King, she wrote. And I knew she was kissing my ass, but she was good at it.

And I had eternal youth and so went on ruling for hundreds of years. And June was still my favorite lover as the years passed. And my army used the latest technology to stay sharp. And I carefully chose my children and designed them to succeed. I had thousands of them. And America remained relevant!



## Barb's Mind

I, Steve, said to Barb, "You are my idol. I love your mind and all I can think about is you!" She said, "I don't know if I am capable of love. The idea of love leaves me cold. And one man is as good as another." I said, "Give love a chance!" And I added, "You drive me wild with desire!" She was a musician and novel writer. For example, my favourite book was her "Between You and Me," which was about a secret intellect changing weapon which caused people to doubt everything they knew was true. And a book was, "In Heaven," about a woman who has everything and is totally satisfied. But love is not important to her. And she wrote, "Dexter's Dreams," a book which featured a man who dreamed of dancing with famous women. And he dreamed of sex with a Princess. Also, he dreamed of teaching people to develop their imaginations, including a trip to Wonderland. In Wonderland it was a World of amazing people of the future who projected their dreams in the free air and traded visions with one another. The visions included new architecture for settings and surreal dream visions.

Another book was "Johnny Boy," about a teen who was a musical prodigy. And she wrote some songs which she attributed to him. The songs were about how difficult it was to grow up these days. With many authoritarian figures in one's life. Like Johnny's parents were strict and controlling and his school master kept pushing him and so did his music teachers. They were driving him insane, but he produced brilliant music. Some sad his music was mad, and he admitted to being insane. But big producers got hold of his music and pressured him for more as if he was a sound machine. Finally, he refuses to write more music and runs off with a girl he likes, but she too pressures him to make music. So, he writes more. But the story ends with his murder by an irate fan who considers him to be a sell-out. It is a tragedy.

And she wrote, “Death in the Sun Coast,” about a serial killer who kills rich people. Many rich people figure they are immune from the violence of the World, but this killer hacks into their computers and phones and terrorizes them before finally killing them. The police are befuddled and can’t catch him, while he kills 12 tycoons. And the police said it is a sad loss to the brain trust of the World, but finally one of his numerous lovers tells police he is the killer. And he is duly executed.

And another of her books was about the impoverished. She pointed out that despite progress of the year 2176 A.D. were starving. She said in the book that socialism was the future. But many magnates were against her, and she lampooned them in the novel as cruel and unfeeling. Inhuman even. But ultimately socialism would prevail, even in America, land of the free.

And she wrote a musical about physical and emotional sex. She didn’t believe in love, but good sex was important to her. And many gigolo studs appeared in the movie and many of them sang songs. She posited in the movie that sex workers were the future. And they would be Kings and Queens...

She also wrote, “Musical Chairs,” about a female bard, who authored, “L.A. Artists.” The musical was about L.A. lives of the stars. The stars had the best of everything and dreamed big dreams of fantastic lives. Like living together in inspirational, artistic Supergroups. Some of the people in the Supergroups were famous, others were more obscure minds. Anyone who thought they were clever could apply for entry to these Worlds. And once they were in a Supergroup, they usually became famous, if they were not already.

And she authored “The Big Dipper,” about people with kegs of drug concoctions and would dip into the keg and get really high and creative. They claimed the drugs inspired them to great

works of art. And if the population as a whole partook of the drugs, there would be much more good art.

Also, she penned, “Days of the Hawks,” about people who were high-ranking American Generals who got together and planned future wars... Generally speaking, they wanted innumerable wars to liberate people from tyranny. And they told one another they wouldn’t stop fighting until every nation was a free democracy. The hawks had the support of the vast majority of the World population. Everyone wanted to be free.

She also wrote, a musical about a future World of cannibals. The cannibals fought many wars and ate those that died. She made light of it as if it was a joke. But many people figured wars would never stop and eating one another was wholesome.

In addition, she authored a piece considering a future general store. The store sold cleverness pills. And disease killing pills. Also, android lovers and various robots. And air cars and drug foods. And sold dreams of clever people, both conscious and unconscious dreams. Also, it sold, guns as there was a lot of crime. In addition, it sold fertility drugs and drugs which made one wild and crazy. The store also sold board games. And it sold actors/actresses for hire. And security guards for hire. And sex workers. Indeed, everything on Earth could be bought here.

She also authored a story about a sexy vixen who drove men wild. And she won the Miss Galaxy contest and was declared Earth’s sexiest woman. She would sell her love to the highest bidders and so became fabulously rich. She used the money to set up a call girl center with a variety of great beauties. Some figured she had the top 100 sexiest women plus other great beauties working for her.

She also penned a book on the subject of ignorance. She said, “Most people today want bliss. And don’t want to live their life, with its strife and suffering.”

And she kept on writing and wrote numerous other books; she was very prolific.

## First Colonies on Mars

I, Walter, asked Wendy, “Tell me about your perfect date?” She said, “I’ve never had a perfect date. But I imagine a charming, imaginative man who is really into my mind and body. A man who wants to make me happy and satisfied.” I said, “The kicker is an “imaginative” man. It’s very subjective.” She replied, “By imaginative, I mean, a man who could simply charm me with dreams and visions and humour. There are a lot of handsome men. But it is hard to find a man I really like. And thus far, in my life, I’ve never been in love. But I think you are quite sexy; perhaps you are the one!”

I opined, “I have been in love many times with clever women. How clever would you say you are?” She answered, “I figure I am as clever as they come. My IQ is 199.” I said, “But it is hard to quantify imagination. And I believe I am one of the most imaginative humans, though my IQ is only 177.” She said, “Yes, imagination is more important than just plain IQ.”

And she added, “I’d like a date who could show me Mars through imaginative lenses.” I said, “I can tell you that there are six Martian colonies. One is a Supermax prison featuring the worst criminals from Russia. Tourists can get in their head with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and if you try it, you will be aghast.” She said, “I like to be scared. I’d like to go there and try it out.”

Also, I told her, “Another of the Martian colonies is a showcase for Earth’s best keyboard players. It is the music of the spheres. And they play here live really loud and one can hear the music from on high.” She said, “Yes, I think dreamy keyboard music is the future. I like a lot of such bands.” And I told her, “The male musicians will love you.” She said, “I can hardly wait to go.”

I remarked, “Another colony features “Hypothetical Aliens,” who each have an altered form. None of them look human. It is a grand experiment with the future form humans will take. Some want humans to be a great work of art, others just want super sexy lovers like multi-sexuals. Many of the women have extra breasts as well as extra vaginas. And many of the men have multiple penises and some are a mixture of both.” She said, “It sounds kinky.” I said, “These “aliens,” have pleasant personalities and are eager to please.” She replied, “Why haven’t I heard of them before?” I answered, “It is a well-kept esoteric secret.”

In addition, I told her about, “Another colony which features a Goddess which the people here created. Each one of them contributed to the Goddesses’ personality in the lab. The result was a Goddess who had a Superhuman imagination and multi-tasked to spend time with many people at once, trying to inspire them to make great works of art or at least to appreciate great works of art. And the Goddess showed them the lighted way to Heaven.” She responded saying, “Life today is getting so heavy.” I said, “Yes, the future runs deep.

And I told her a fifth colony is a World of dreams. Here people daydream and record their daydreams. Everyone here figures they can dream great dreams. Most of the dreams are surreal. And run deep. The people here were all chosen according to how great their imagination was. Only the best were picked. But anyone could come here for a visit and dream along with these people.” She said, “I like any kind of dreamer.”

And I told her, “Finally there was the auxiliary team, who could fill in for one’s job while one took a break. They were all multi-talented geniuses. People used these people while on extended vacations and shared memories with them so that they felt at home on the job. When not filling in for others, they were constantly learning about computer science which was the number one job on Earth. And they learned other skills, too. They were all jacks of all trades.”

And this colony featured Superhuman geniuses who could do the most imaginative jobs, but the price was steep for them.

And I told her, “The Martian government, was made up of representatives of the six colonies. They tried to govern fairly and each one had a veto on new colonists. But this veto was seldom employed. And they planned for three more colonies that they could all agree on. One was a colony of amazing wise people who had answers and solutions to Earth’s biggest problems. Like the subject of poverty, they’d wipe it out and make the whole World a socialist Paradise. And on the subject of war, they would want UW (United Worlds), to bring in peacekeepers and many of the people here were prepared to act as wise peacekeepers. And regarding drug overdoses, they would want to give everyone a heart monitor which would alert paramedics, if one’s heart was in danger. Drug overdoses were the number one killer of humans Worldwide... And regarding the subject of love, these people would develop great lovers who could cheer up almost anyone and there were many lovelorn and lonely people on Earth. And many of these lovers were geniuses at loving. They could charm anyone.”

And I mentioned, “Another colony that was planned was the “Diatribic people,” who would be angry at the state of Earth. And would build Utopias in the Solar System that were very pleasant places to be in. There were endless Utopian possibilities, but they favored, “The greatest good for the greatest number,” as Bentham had suggested.”

And another new colony planned would be a place for people to live in isolation. Away from the cares of Earth. These people would be essentially hermits and hermitesses and would have everything they needed supplied for them, and they would write down their thoughts and would seek enlightenment.

And I said, “Mars was a force to be reckoned with. And would really open your eyes.”

## Street People in America, A.D. 2055

I, Marvin, said to Agatha, “You are a saint! You have sacrificed all your time to help others!” She said, “The World suffers from a deficit of kindness. I am just doing my part. Besides I have had a lot of lovers amongst the downtrodden. Just because one is depressed, doesn’t mean they aren’t good lovers.”

And I asked her, “Tell me about your favorite people amongst the depressed?” She said, “My all-time favourite was a man who was a gifted musician, but his mind was fragile, and his lover had driven him insane. I showered him with love and made him feel much better and I like to think I inspired him to write his finest album, “Dancing with Insanity.” The album was all about coming back from mental illness.”

And she said, “Another man was just skin and bones and was a truly starving writer whose work I thought was brilliant. Like he wrote, “On the Streets,” about drug addicts, buskers, mad people and poets who were on the streets. Many of the characters in the story die of overdoses and the cold. The book is set in his home city of New York. Anyway, I nursed him back to health and we became lovers.”

And she told me, “And I met a wonderful new friend, a woman who was a manic depressive and was addicted to street drugs. She had come from a good family and had a biology degree. And she had a pleasant personality and was very clever. It turned out her lover had been unfaithful to her so she was driven to neo-heroin and methamphetamines. And I told her, “You need to get sober and find a new man.” She told me, “I’d loved a number of street men. And I can’t kick the drugs.” And Agatha said, “We had a lot of good conversations but finally she died



of an overdose. And nobody cared except for me. It was very sad. And I encountered many tragedies like this.”

And she told me about, “A handsome former firefighter who went insane and ended up in a mental asylum. I fell in love with him while working as a social worker. He was such a kind soul. But then one day, he hung himself. It was devastating to me, and I wondered if I could’ve done more to help him. I blamed myself for his death...”

I said, “But you tried your best! It’s all one could do.” She told me, “I am a rock of sanity myself, but many humans are emotionally fragile. And this World is so fucked up. And insane, when it comes right down to it.”

And she said, “And I met a man who had been a self-made billionaire. But he gambled it all away and lost his shirt and was on the streets. And he was addicted to crack cocaine. But he was a skilful lover. And he blew me away with his dreams of the future. He imagined Utopia of philosophers who all wore togas and lived in a simple culture and wanted to create a World of imagination, like Worlds of kaleidoscopic colours and forms and everyone daydreamed with one another, projecting their dreams in the air. And so on, but he too, died of an overdose. It was likely that it was an accidental overdose, but who knows?” I said, “Most people live in a bubble of happiness and avoid the dark side of existence, as if it were the plague. And I feel for your struggle with street people.”

But she wasn’t finished her discourse. And she told me about, “A woman who worked as a prostitute and was also a heroin addict etc. This prostitute was addicted to sex, a true nymphomaniac. And sex was all she cared about. She claimed she had the perfect job, getting paid for sex with mysterious strangers. And now all sex diseases were cured and there wasn’t

much stigma about being a sex worker. But in the end, she was murdered by a psycho client... and again no one cared but me.”

She added, “Another man who was down on his luck, believed that Jesus would save him. He was quite clever, actually. And he tried to help other downtrodden people. He would share food and drugs with his fellow street people. And I loved him, and he stated, “I haven’t had a lover in years.” And she said, “But after that he disappeared, and I couldn’t find him anywhere.”

And she said, “Another person lived in her car and had had several abortions and was all messed up on neo-heroin. She told me, “I’d been raped many times and was miserable.” But she was a skilled poet. For example, she wrote/Tacky is as tacky was/Wacky days/On my back/I am always in the sack/ I lack true love/and have a knack at finding bad love/ And so on. And she was working on a magnum opus creative non-fiction book entitled “Street People of America.” And she wore a beret and a miniskirt, with clean clothes.” And she told me, “I’d been all over the USA in my car.” And, “She had a street man for a lover. They would spend all their money on neo-heroin, and he was a dealer. She was a good friend to me, however. But one day she up and left without saying goodbye.

And Agatha said, “I slept on the street, usually in a tent with some of my lovers. One of them spent most of his money on Viagra and booze and we had sex all night. And I realized that almost anyone with bad luck could end up homeless. But most of these people were beyond hope. It was a one-way street down to the abyss and very few got back to normal.” And she said, “But I had my own large tent and had parties there. And gave the people free booze, but didn’t offer them any drugs... And one time, I met a shy girl, who told me, “I enjoy living on the street. It is real; no one is phony here.” And I thought to myself that’s right! Most “respectable” people I’d known put on airs and were proud of themselves and thought they were clever, but most

weren't clever. And they lived in bubbles and were just as blissful as the street people, but when the weather turned cold, it was down in the dirt living. And reality cut hard, and many people froze to death, typically from drug-induced comas or just plain exposure."

Anyway, a copy of "Street People in America," reached me, Marvin. And ultimately it was a story of hope.

## Physical Attraction, A.D. 2064

I, Brenda, said to James, "You are certainly a sexy man!" He replied, "I am very aggressive with women and get more than my share of love. And I find most women really want a handsome boyfriend. And if you look at various romantic couples, they are almost always equally good looking. And most good-looking people are clever, I guess it's natural selection." I said, "Yes, but many clever scientists look and act like nerds." He said, "But clever people fall for other clever people, nerdy or not." And I replied, "Birds of a feather..." He told me, "But many women learn to wear creative make-up and ditch the glasses and I figure all clever women look appealing." I said, "As a student of physiognomy, I can say dumb people look dumb, like sheep and are not desirable to the clever people, even though they might have a good body." He said, "Any love is good loving," as the song goes.

And I opined, "Whatever turns your crank. But let's not forget about "trophy wives," women who just want a comfortable life and are typically much younger than their mates." And he said, "Many rich women these days, opt for a young stud as well. Even though everyone has eternal youth; they like them young and innocent."

I remarked, "Love these days is complicated, everyone wants a creative lover, and a clever lover, but it could certainly be said, that some are too greedy in love and bite off more than they can chew." He replied, "Most people have an inflated view of themselves. They think they are God's gift to their lovers." And I told him, "Proud people make me sick." He said, "But some people have accomplished a lot, and have the right to be proud."

And I opined, "As the song goes, 'No woman, no pride.'" And I said, "Generally speaking men are far more susceptible to hubris than women are." He said, "You mean men who are

power-crazed.” I said, “Men are born to hunt and be aggressive, but women can be equally aggressive when searching for a mate. And women are more inclined to be prouder of their mate than men are.” He remarked, “That’s debatable. Men are more likely to have outside affairs, but many men regard their wife as a trophy. And beat their chest.”

I told him, “But women are prouder of their family than men are.” He replied, “I still say it’s hard to say who is prouder.”

And I said, “My niece Cheryl is truly in love with her husband and speaks about him in such glowing terms. But no one wants to tell her he is having affairs.” He said, “I’d like to love you so that I can boast about you!” I said, “I’m not that easy. Besides we hardly know one another.” He said, “As the songs go, ‘Please don’t keep me waiting.’” I said, “Is that a threat?” He replied, “No, of course not. Rather it’s an earnest hope.” I said, “I’m glad you like me!” And I let him kiss me and take off my clothes. Afterwards, I asked him, “What is your love philosophy?” He said, “As some philosophers have said, “It’s important to be honest.” Honest to the point of being able to tell your mate all about yourself.”

I told him, “It’s hard to find a truly honest man. Many men feel they are lying in order to survive, but many women deep down would prefer the truth no matter what.” He said, “In my experience, most people can’t take the truth. So, one might as well not give it to them.” I asked, “Tell me about your past lovers?” He said, “I’ve had my fair share of lovers, each one had her charms, but I am beginning to feel I’m incapable of true love.”

I opined, “I have found true love several times. But find it doesn’t last.” He said, “It’s just infatuations, I think.” I said, “You know you are in love when you laugh at everything and are light-hearted and totally content!” He said, “That’s a bizarre concept of love.” I told him, “True

love is basically indescribable, but it's an overwhelming feeling of happiness." He said, "Maybe I set the bar too high and maybe I don't take it seriously enough. But it's hard to say."

I said, "Anyway men gravitate towards me because I look pretty in a clever way. Love comes to me, I find." He said, "Many of the best men, are rather shy, it is better to remain aggressive." I told him, "I suppose so. But life seems so easy to me."

He said, "Personally, I think, love and life are a joke." I replied, "I'm sorry that you feel that way."

## Hope of the Anti-Tyranny League

I, Brian, said to Wilma, “Scientists are now telling us that new research shows the Sun could go out at any time in a Supernova explosion.” She said, “It would be strange that just as humans were about to peak, the Sun would go out!” I said, “So it’s apparent that we need to at least colonize the Planets beyond Mars and even in deep Space, just by way of insurance that the human race survives. And we should send some of our best people together with sperm and egg banks.” She said, “Who knows, maybe there’ll be a devastating World War? It’s always good to hedge one’s bets.”

I told her, “I think humans need to think more about the future and the survival of the human race. And not simply let things go and let warmongers or androids take control of our very survival.” She said, “Humans by nature are quite careless and heedless of danger, just like hunter-gatherers.” I told her, “That’s very true. But it’s not too late to change our course!”

She opined, “I think that humans are set to self-destruct, never mind the sun has a remote chance of going out.” I said, “Yes, tyrants are in power in too many places and the Worlds seem to be gaining more tyrannies. Tyrants typically like war and will bring us all down with them.” She said, “But modern-day tyrants have many tools at their disposal to put down revolts. And it is nearly impossible to overthrow them. It seems like destiny.”

I remarked, “Anyway party democracy was not true democracy and is just as corrupt and destructive as tyranny. I think humans doomed themselves when they invented civilization. It was tyranny in the beginning and will end in tyranny.” She said, “Democracy was never anything but mindless rule of the masses. I guess the ideal is philosopher Kings, but that is

seldom what tyrants turn out to be. Even if they had good intentions in the beginning, they quickly become corrupt, domineering and power-crazed and make their citizens miserable.”

Anyway, I said, “We should form the “Anti-Tyranny League,” and work underground to destabilize dictatorships and send agents provocateurs to stir things up. And dedicate our lives to pure democracy, without political parties and checks and balances like elect generals as well as leaders and give them all neo lie detectors regularly. It will be rule of the masses, but we can make sure everyone gets a good education and encourage everyone to take part. Everyone will have their favorite politicians... And clever people will be encouraged to run for office. In the past most tyrants were cunning, but very few were geniuses. And of those who were geniuses, many of them were mad. We need sane geniuses to rule us.” She replied, “I think we should elect geniuses who are kind above all. And create a happy society. If the people are content, we know that we have done the right thing.” I said, “But a tyrant could just give free panacea drugs to the people, and they would be content. Indeed, that is what many dictators do. And the people don’t want revolution in such cases, they live in ecstasy. And are proud of their leader.” She said, “Yes, many leaders are like the snake in the garden of Eden, who tempt the people to take the drugs and sell out humankind. It’s the intellectuals I worry about, they are persecuted by tyrants everywhere and some are forced to make weapons for the dictators’ endless wars.”

I opined, “Most of the absolute leaders are male and many force clever, accomplished women to be in their harems.” She said, “Don’t get me started... Everyone knows that the main victims of tyranny are women. History is almost empty of clever women. They simply don’t appear. And many men thought women were incapable of great artistic and scientific works. And wouldn’t even allow them to run businesses. And the Western powers felt the same way about other races,



male or female. The white man's tyranny..." And she said, "I think our male leaders are pompous and bombastic. They are empty."

I remarked, "Of course many men are chauvinistic. And try to dominate their mates. But in history, women worked behind the scenes, not needing to be in the spotlight." She said, "All great thinkers want to be remembered and have an impact. But, in my view, very few get through, even genius white males typically go to their graves without fanfare. And everyone focuses in on the tyrants."

And she said, "Even those who have invented better weapons, or eternal youth or Mind Reading Technology (MRT) remain nameless. The tyrants take credit for everything good."

I opined, "It's a damn shame. Many tyrants are oblivious to the misery of their people, including the cleverest geniuses. And they throw lavish parties in which they select lovers from. And they themselves are mostly on cocaine and methamphetamines and feel that life is ecstatic and lovely. And typically, are surrounded by ass-kissing courtiers and courtesans. Every tyrant seems to do the same things, including making war on their neighbors."

And I added, "A few powerful tyrants are even contemplated controlling the whole World." She said, "And they are fighting on Mars and Luna even. Nowhere is there peace!" I replied, "And the new weapons are devastating to civilians. The human population has dived to just 4 billion, here in the year 2109 A.D." She added, "And there are not many new births. Few people seem to want children. And it's a harsh World, inconducive to raising offspring." And I told her, "Many of the deaths were due to suicide. The human race is suicidal on the whole."

She remarked, "I can empathize with people not wanting to continue living. But they have to take into consideration others who love them." I said, "Sadly many of them have no love. It's a cruel World out there." She asked, "How did we come to such a sad milieu?" I said, "I blame the

intellectuals for not fighting harder against tyranny. Even if one lost one's life, it would be worth it. Perhaps, as I said previously, even at this late date, there is still hope!" She said, "Just like Pandora's box!" And she said, "I'm changing my name to "Pandora." Let there be hope."

## The New Renaissance and AI, A.D. 2119

I, Anne, said to Nathaniel, “Who knows what they’ll think of next?” He said, “With all diseases cured and eternal life for all, no further science is needed.” I replied, “And let’s not forget, MRT (Mind Reading Technology) which has safe-guarded our democracy and made people more loving.” He said, “It’s all been done. And people are already in Space in modest numbers and the Solar System population outside of Earth is now over a million and increasing exponentially and the time to reach the Centauri System is now down to a six-month journey and a number of Spaceships have already been sent there. And we have created Superhuman geniuses, and they are our leaders, and life is blissful.”

I opined, “It does seem like Utopia. But I feel they will come up with new science which we can’t even dream of.” He said, “I suppose it’s possible, but really we now have all we need.” I told him, “It would be nice if there were drugs to make everyone, cleverer. And drugs to make people happy without causing them to live blissfully unaware. Too many people now are lotus eaters.” He replied, “Not everyone can be an intellectual. Only the best. And if the people are happy, why change?”

I told him, “But not all intellectuals are a success. I feel many of the best are idiosyncratic and unconventional and there’s no room for them at the inn.” He said, “I suppose you are right, but I figure all great minds make it eventually to fame and fortune. And life now can be very long.” I said, “Artists of all kinds thrived in the late 1960’s. By comparison, nowadays music and literature, like sci-fi are not nearly as good. I feel talented people are out there but are not inspired or can’t gain a foothold on the mainstream. The big companies, publishers and music publishers don’t know what is good and just produce mediocre offerings. And there are a lot

more people doing art of all kinds... However, the best are lost in the shuffle. I know, I've met a number of such people..."

He opined, "What you say does sound true. Perhaps the spies have something to do with it. Spies can be very controlling and now we have MRT so they can spy on one's mind." I said, "But I doubt the spies brought about AIDs, which is basically what killed art around 1980. And it is a dangerous World we live in, World war could break out at any time, so the spies might feel they have to stop imaginative people from happening. They are probably all paranoid and power-crazed, the spies."

He remarked, "Anyway in the meantime we can read and watch the classics. And await the arrival of a new age in art. I think going into Space is very inspirational, now that there are thriving pioneering colonies throughout the Solar System." I said, "I've watched and listened to all the classics and want new deep material inspired by modern times. America is now just like the Roman Empire which produced almost zero good original literature. The Romans no doubt had good spies. Even their best writer, Ovid, was exiled to the middle of nowhere... Yet during the Renaissance of city states, Italians like Galileo, DaVinci and Michelangelo shone brightly."

He opined, "The Jews are given the right to think, and have won 200 Nobel Prizes, here in A.D. 2119., so I guess you are on to something. Just like Western intellectuals of the past didn't think women or other races were capable of great art and science." I said, "Humans have such great potential, but disappoint me to tears. It makes me sick."

He said, "But now some clever androids have produced interesting art..." I said, "But it is all cold and unfeeling. For example, one of the more famous wrote, "Blue Machine," which was about a blue-skinned android sex doll who is feeling blue from unrequited android love... But it is all faked emotion." He said, "But androids are now being produced by the cleverest scientists

and are designed to have human emotions and feelings. Maybe they will start the new Renaissance you are looking for. And maybe everyone will fall in love with machines.” I said, “It doesn’t take a genius to know that machine thinkers will end badly for humanity.” He said, “But the androids have impeccable logic in my view. Humans are so emotional, and androids are so reasonable it seems to me. And the androids make for more energetic, more esoteric lovers.”

I said, “Despite the lack of true, raw love, many men in particular want to love the androids. I say they are confused and wrong to do so.” He said, “What about human multi-sexuals, do you think they are the future of love, or do you think they are just freaks?” I said, “Some people think they are kinky, but I believe true love is between humans and is sacred and sublime.”

He said, “You are in danger of becoming a hopeless dinosaur in a brand-new age!” I said, “Light up someone else’s visage, I am determined to see the best humans appear to humankind. And indeed, I am rich so I can be the patron to a number of great artistic people. I don’t care if it bankrupts me...”

He opined “What do you think about hologram adventure Worlds to dazzle the poetess in you?” I was losing patience with him and said, “It’s a human World for Heaven sakes. Humans are not perfect, but neither are machines.” He said, “But hologram Worlds feature astounding Worlds of intellectual adventure. Pure thought.”

I remarked, “People like you, don’t know what you are doing. You are bringing about the ruin of the human race.” He replied, “Human history is one of wars and discord and madness. I hope the new AI Worlds will bring bliss to the people.” I said, “That’s just it, “You want people to be ignorant and lost in lotus land while machines take over.”

He stated, “Humans will always exist. Machines have great respect for their creators.” I retorted, “You can take your machines and shove them up your ass.”

## Madwoman in Power, A.D. 2077

I, Able, said to Jeanie, “What is wrong with your head?” She said, “OK I know you seem to think I have been wrong to try and run for politics.” He said, “You are a paranoid schizophrenic and yet you dare to run for public office!?” She said, “I know I’m not perfect, but I wanted to test the waters of public opinion. I have some ideas, like ‘Everyone should be paranoid these days. The androids are paranoid, and the spies are watching everyone.’” Also, she said, “Every person could be a genius with brilliant tutors. Let the best tutors each teach thousands of high-potential students and let them share their program with millions of people with a number of clever assistants to help. And all people have plenty of free time, so why don’t they all go back to school, genius school.”

And she opined, “Let those who are accomplished geniuses all be acknowledged as such and not be forced to live as a starving artist. It takes a genius leader to recognize other geniuses. Let there be tests of IQ and imagination. Of course, true imagination is often poorly lit. That’s why we need genius leaders.”

I told her, “I figure the problem is most geniuses are modest and unassuming. And are humble and not very proud. Perhaps finally now that the World is on the edge of World war, some geniuses will come forward.” She said, “Most geniuses are hyper-sensitive and can’t tolerate an election campaign.” I said, “But surely some will appear if only we are looking for them.” She said, “That’s the key, to look for them. Every genius wants to be appreciated for their mind.”

I remarked, “But there are so many different kinds of genius. They likely won’t get along if we choose them to lead!” She said, “Maybe not, but the top geniuses will recognize other geniuses and give them posts in the government. And we have to clean up politics and make the

vocation kinder and nicer. Some people I've met are geniuses at being kind. There are so many types..."

She opined, "I know my party is low in the polls so far but given time we will convince the people that we are kind and intellectual geniuses." I said, "You shouldn't have told the people you are a schizophrenic. She said, "But as you know, I formed my own party, the Imagination party. Perhaps my imagination is overactive with the schizophrenia, but I am not the leader of the party. The leader is Don T., a famous sci-fi author, as you also know. He is the face of the party, not me."

I remarked, "But you are running for Vice President and there will be questions about your sanity." She told me, "Most people today have experienced mental illness. There is so much pressure to succeed and pressure to find many lovers and pressure to be a bon vivant and pressure to remain sane. And people feel compelled to take pleasure drugs, which make them insane. Meanwhile there is almost no pressure to have offspring, which leaves one empty inside. And above all pressure to improve their brain."

I stated, "Perhaps many mentally ill or formerly mentally ill will vote for your ticket. That's a lot of votes. But many are against you and say you are anathema to World stability creating madness as if there wasn't enough madness already." She remarked, "We just need about 40% of the vote to form government and I think we can do it."

After the election, she told me, "As it turned out our Imagination party won 42% of the US Presidential vote and won the Senate and the Congress. And we tried to put imaginative people in important posts, people who were rocks of sanity as well as people whose minds were more fragile. But it mostly went well except for our secretary of State who had a nervous breakdown

and she had to withdraw from the political arena. And also, our minister of trade went mad and sold secrets to the Chinese. And so, she too, had to be replaced.”

I said, “I like the fact that you are pouring money into mental health research. It seems like scientists are on the verge of curing many crazy people with genetic therapy.” She said, “Yes, by altering certain genes in people, we can make them sane. Mental illness is the great scourge of our time. We’ve cured most diseases, like sex diseases and organ diseases, like curing weak hearts. Now is the time to put many of our best scientists on mental health research. But of course, many of our great scientists need to develop weapons for our self defence, which is perhaps our main item on our agenda. We need to fight for American democracy and freedom.”

I told her, “I also like the fact that everyone of your ministers is a genius of one kind or another.” She said, “I consider myself to be a benign genius. Not all geniuses are well-intentioned, unfortunately. Many other nation States are ruled by evil geniuses. And I am trying to destabilize their tyrannical rule with my hand-picked spies who are local dwellers in the tyrannical States. But it’s not easy. It looks like tyranny is with us to say, and along with them comes war.”

I stated, “If there are wars, we will undoubtedly win. Maybe we can kick out some of the tyrants.” She opined, “No one wins in wars. And each new war we get into gets more dangerous. Maybe most people will be killed in a World war, including most of the brain trust in the cities. Already many paranoiacs have built bunkers against such an event.”

I said, “Perhaps we can build impregnable domes around the cities. We have some colonies in Space with such domes, it will be expensive, but will give the people peace of mind.” She responded, “Yes, we need to protect the cities. I’ve helped create iron dome defences, but maybe



full domes are necessary. Ninety-two per cent of Americans live in cities of 100,000 or more. And the population is quickly becoming more concentrated in downtowns.”

And I asked, “Will you amend American law to allow your spies to take out foreign tyrants? She said, “It’s an old law, and I feel I need the freedom to take out tyrants.”

I asked her, “What she was doing about brotherly love?” She said, “I plan to reward good deeds with cash. It is my hope that this will create more charity.” I said, “People need to get used to being kinder. And will mostly feel an euphoric feeling, by helping those in need. Kindness drugs will help.”

And I asked her, “What she would do about crime?” She said, “Everyone in the country will be required to take regular infallible neo lie detector tests every 6 months. And those that commit crimes will have their minds rearranged in rehab.”

I also asked her, “Will you continue to make America, a socialist Paradise?” She replied, “My supporters want it, so I will do it. I know many in the US are all for free enterprise, but we’re all in this together and must look after one another.”

In addition, I queried her, “What about writers who denounce your reign?” She said, “Writing is a sacred vocation. I think I can handle a little bit of criticism.”

And I asked her, “Will you continue the ban on AI?” She replied, “Absolutely, AI is anathema.”

And that’s how it was in America in the year 2077 A.D.

## Dystopia of the Witch, Lady Hamburg

I Becky, said to Charles, “We can’t go on like this! Keeping our romance, a secret from the powers that be, is too stressful.” In our sanitized, white World romance was not allowed. Just sex with no feelings. Charles asked, “How did we come to this?” I said, “It of course all happened when Lady Hamburg, took power. She is the reason for our woes. I figure she wanted people to be loyal to the State, rather than each other.” And of course, she banned having children the natural way. Only children born and approved by her in the lab were permitted. And parents were not allowed to raise their children. The State did it all. And he said, “It’s a loveless, meaningless World.” I said, “Lady Hamburg also forbid conventional religion and forbid the creation of clever AI and Superhumans.” Charles said, “And she has banned friendship, too. And also banned free speech and even pets. Also, everyone must kowtow to her, worshipping her is the only religion she permits. And we had prayers to say to honor her. And if one didn’t like her, her spies would arrest such a persona and they would disappear forever.”

And our food was tasteless and everyone except her and her 20 priestesses was poor. And Lady Hamburg had a splendid court and had numerous slaves to serve her. At least Charles and I were not slaves. I remarked, “We definitely live in a Dystopia. There’s nothing good about our World.”

And Hamburg didn’t allow drugs of pleasure. So, we were miserable and could not easily commit suicide by overdosing. And we got most of our pleasure from sex, we didn’t know why Hamburg allowed it... Anyway, Charles and I enjoyed sex with one another, but were given no time to be friends. Every night at midnight, people were permitted two sex acts and then had to

retire to our respective dorms. Almost everyone had sex at midnight though sometimes one couldn't find a desirable partner. Some of the people were plain and unattractive...

We hoped that a relief mission would come and replace Lady Hamburg, but no one came. And our population was falling due to suicide and a lack of children. Few people wanted a child who would be raised by the State. So, finally Hamburg created children with her and her priestesses and stud men's sperm to give birth to them in the lab. Charles was not one of the studs; they were mostly morons. But anyway, Lady Hamburg wanted obedient children who would worship her.

Finally, a relief mission arrived in our colony, and we were filled with hope. But it turned out to be a group of hairstylists, who weren't very clever, and they went along with Hamburg's dictates. And they were forbidden from doing hairstyles. Everyone had to shave their heads and bodies and dress in white in our colony.

And as time passed, Charles and I loved each other exclusively. And we talked with one another in between sessions, and we figured we had a beautiful friendship. But one night he said to me, "Let's kill Lady Hamburg and take over." But she was guarded by her priestesses who all had laser guns. But finally, we knocked out one of the priestesses and took her gun and basically Charles killed all her priestess guards. But I had a serious arm injury and was bleeding profusely. But Charles knew enough to tie a tourniquet, and with my good arm I wielded a laser.

And we confronted Lady Hamburg in her quarters, but suddenly the floor gave out and we were in the oubliette. We tried to laser our way out but couldn't. And a gas was released which overwhelmed us and we passed out.

We came to in what appeared to be dental chairs. And Hamburg was there with her one surviving priestess. And the priestess ripped out our teeth one by one. The pain was excruciating.

But then suddenly men we recognized as her studs burst into the room and gunned down Hamburg and the priestess.

And I exclaimed to the studs in question, “You have saved the colony and have saved us!” One of them said, “Something had to give!” And we all ran out of the Palace, shouting “We’re free!”

But then suddenly a dark cloud appeared above and there was suddenly a figure who appeared amongst us. It was apparently Lady Hamburg. She must have had a clone or something and she shot us all to death.

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Afterwards, I Lady Hamburg, chose to clone my dead priestesses. And I was determined to go on as before but this time I planted agents amongst the population who would talk with their numerous sex partners about revolution to try and trap them and then I would simply gun down the would-be insurrectionists. Most people of the colony had gleaned something of what had happened in the failed coup. But now all people now worshipped me and thanked me for allowing them to have sex and live. And all of them were obligated to kiss one of my images before retiring to bed. And I told them all I would send them pleasant dreams. But if they had a nightmare, they would typically keep it to themselves. Our population was now 9,000 people. And I flooded the airwaves with warnings to potential colonial Spaceships to stay away from the colony.

And so, the years passed. And I carefully created my studs in the lab to be totally non-violent and peaceful. And I gave life to new priestesses who were fanatical followers/ bodyguards and finally the population started to increase, a fact I made sure all were aware of. I now hypnotized everyone to be my fervent followers. And they had no idea about the power of hypnotism. And

all the men now wanted to have sex with me. I fancied I was the most attractive woman and other good-looking women; I killed them off.

That's how it was in the year 2275 A.D. I imagined colonies elsewhere must have advanced technology. But not here.

But then one day in 2306 A.D. we were all taken over by "Aliens." Whoever they were they possessed our souls and mind read to us that we were intellectually lacking, and altered our brains, but all that did was make us love the Alien Gods. Henceforth I, Lady Hamburg was no longer in control; instead, we were all equal slaves and spent most of our time worshipping statues of our new Gods.

The new Gods built a city for their genius ilk, and we had no part in it. I wondered aloud, "Why they kept us alive?" One of the Gods answered me, "All sentient life was sacred."

And one of the Alien Gods told me, "We are taking away your eternal youth. Frankly none of you deserves it. Your society was moronic, and being slaves is too good for you. You should be glad to be alive." I said, "But surely it won't trouble you much to keep us alive. Please!" He said, "You are all hopelessly backwards and wouldn't even be able to understand modern English. If we totally upgraded your minds, it would be like being dead for you. Your basic mind will cease to exist. And anyway, you are all poor material to work with."

And I aged quickly and died in 2310, A.D., leaving no legacy behind.

## World of Saints

I, Tony, said to Juanita, “We all need to walk a fine line here. On one hand, we had the Supreme religious leader, St. Doug. And on the other hand we had to contend with the Supreme political leader, Saint Aloysius. The two were kind of opposites. St. Doug was ultra-conservative, and religious. St. Aloysius was a supporter of all out progress. Basically, everyone was in one of the two political camps. Being an independent was not allowed.”

The two leaders didn't get along and occasionally assassinated one of the followers of the other. It was an uneasy peace, but civil war could happen at any time. Something had to give. Juanita and I were meek followers of St. Aloysius. This saint seemed to offer an Utopian future. He announced that, “If I was in total control, we would colonize Space. And create interesting colonies full of imagination and I would force everyone on this Mars colony to improve their imaginations with newly developed drugs.” And indeed, he was already giving such drugs to his top advisors, and they came up with fairy tales and imaginative movies. Movies were making a comeback under his rule.

And indeed, Aloysius' his people were imaginative about war. And finally, there was a civil war which we won. And St. Doug was imprisoned. But though many of his Doug's closest advisors were killed, many of the masses who supported him lived on. But our dear leader, had them all take “Progress drugs,” which opened their minds to new ideas. To our Saint, everyone should have as open a mind as possible. And the arts flourished and so did science and business. In the arts, it was mostly movies, in science it was basically about Space travel and pioneering colonies. In business, it was all about free trade and developing luxury products and Space real estate.

Movies included a film about the struggles of our Saint and was a documentary chronicle of his rise to power. He was confronted by closed minded conservatives at every turn. But he kept harping that he was a God. And everyone should believe in his divinity. Many people said his ideas were mind blowing. Like a desire to make everyone rich. And a desire for people to renounce android love...

Another movie was called "The College of Saints," about the long road to Sainthood. To become a Saint, one had to do five miracles. Like come up with five new ideas for humanity. Saints were all about ideals. There were only 25 Saints here on this Martian colony of 13,000 souls.

And then there was the movie, "All Souls Day," which featured willing humans who allowed the extraction of their soul to live in Heaven. They were still alive on Mars, but a copy of their soul went to Moon Titan, which was Heaven. The souls were known to feel pleasure just existing, and mind read with one another about ideas.

Another movie was about St. Doug, who had been until recently the darling of conservatives. And the film talked about how progress was going too fast, and humans couldn't handle it. The past was golden, but the future looked bleak. With those on the radical left were taking control...It would be anarchy. I didn't know why Aloysius allowed it.

Also, there was a flick about Saint Maxwell. He was a Saint that argued for "Moderation and following the mainstream." He said that "Even android love dolls were useful once in a while. So too, holograms. They presented interesting diversions." And he said, "Eternal youth should only be given to people, if they were kind. Everyone should be kind," he was known to have stated.

Another movie was about St. Peter. This Saint was known to have said, "The second coming of Christ is upon us. The new Christ would be upsetting to the status quo and try and unite most

of the people as his followers, followers of God.” And St. Peter said, “There is only one true God. And he created us out of nothing. And he wants us to live in a World of peace and love. And everyone should make love everyday, at least several times. And everyone should have real children. And I would try to grant peoples’ wishes if they were humanly possible.” He had zillions of dollars from all his followers to help him make reasonable wishes come true...

Still another motion picture was about St. Margaret. She preached, “Atheism” and told the people, “To live for the day and enjoy life to the full. People should party all day and most of the night. The meaning of life was to create wonderful parties, the best of which should be recorded and distributed to the people at large.”

And then there was St. Estelle, she told the people, “That the most creative personae should push on for Moon Prospero and the exciting developments there. Like art movies and great new rock music. And there were drugs there that could make one more creative...” Many of the creatives were bored here on Mars, and St. Aloysius wanted to go, but many said it was a brain drain on this Martian colony. And a majority voted to deny them exit visas. And henceforth new immigrants would be allowed, but no one could leave. This led to a lot of bitterness among the denizens of the colony. And another civil war was steaming. Finally, it erupted and again Aloysius was victorious and about half the population wanted to go with him. So, it was. And most who remained behind went back to Earth and the colony was no longer important.

But on Prospero, they collaborated and made movies, like Aloysius made, “An Anxious Future,” about future wars in Space, typically between progressives and conservatives. And it seemed conservative colonies had the best weapons and so would generally triumph.

And Aloysius, also made a motion picture about his “Dreams of the Far Future,” in which he imagined all sorts of Utopias and Dystopias. Utopias like a World ruled by Superhumans and



Worlds ruled by brilliant and compassionate AI. Dystopias like a World ruled by the cruelest man and a World ruled by warmongers. His Dreamworlds were very popular, but critics said he thought too big and should concentrate on regular, everyday issues and characters.

In time Aloysius, moved on to deep Space, and was loving every second of it. He was the most popular persona in all humankind. And he became a Superhuman using genetic therapy and ruled wisely.

## Vengeance of the Dead Marlborough

To say that Marlborough was dead was an understatement. He'd been obliterated and those who killed him did their best to eradicate his DNA from existence.

However, one sleuth found his fingerprints and reverse engineered this great man, using all-powerful Supercomputers. And the result looked and acted just like him, his friends thought.

And he vowed revenge against his killers. They were a group of 6 powerful Lords, one of whom lived on the same Planet, where he was now, and had been before he died. But this Lord was surrounded by guards and when he heard Marlborough had been reborn, he sent his troops looking for him. But Marlborough was hiding deep underground where he had seduced the Lord's daughter and she didn't like her father much, so Marlborough hypnotized her to kill him.

Once the Lord had been stabbed to death, Marlborough sent the deceased soul to the newly created "Hell" to punish him in perpetuity. And the Lord's advisors were commandeered by Marlborough to work for him instead. No one wanted to revive this, Lord.

Next were twin Planets each of which was ruled by two of the six of his killers. Marlborough appeared to them as a ghost and one of them had a heart attack and died. The other marshalled his forces to search for Marlborough but they were chasing a ghost. And Marlborough haunted this Lord and used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to drive him crazy, and all the Lord's staff couldn't help him, so he committed suicide and died. No one wanted to clone these two Lords.

Then it was onto an Earth-like green Planet and the Lord who ruled there, a journey of several days by air car. But this Lord, the fourth on the list, was tipped off that Marlborough would be coming for him and went into hiding, but Marlborough got in the heads of the Lord's closest advisors, and they unwittingly led him to the Lord's chambers. Once there as a ghost,

Marlborough's spectre found the Lord wearing an MRT blocker, but the ghost wailed and followed the Lord everywhere until finally he brought the Lord to his knees begging for forgiveness, but Marlborough was wailing so loudly that he caused this Lord to finally jump from his high tower to his death.

Then it was onto a rogue Moon, where the fifth Lord resided. He'd heard about the death of his comrades and suddenly cloned himself many times, 10 in fact, all with his memories and all in different locations and all wore an MRT blocker. But Marlborough used his telekinesis app to rip off the MRT blocker from their heads and decapitated each one using MRT to find their locations.

Finally, there was just one more Lord left on a cold, remote Moon. He was in a panic after what happened to the others and so fled to deeper Space without telling anyone where he was going. However, Marlborough followed the trail and traced this Lord to a World that was an eerie giant maze, filled with traps and minotaurs. Marlborough used his ghost to get to the center of the maze, where the Lord was wearing MRT blasters and obliterated the spectre.

However, Marlborough was undaunted and donned an MRT blocker and armed himself with a laser and surrounded himself with a laser defence shield. However, this Lord had a vision guided laser on his head that he figured would overcome any defence. But Marlborough used this Lord's own teleportation device to come upon him from behind and lasered off his head. This Lord didn't even know what hit him...

So, Marlborough's revenge was complete. But he didn't stop there. He went on to fight evil tyrants wherever they were, believing tyrants were the root of all evil and in time he built a great Empire. And finally, after living for a thousand years, his soul went to true Heaven where he

hobnobbed with other great people. And all his enemies' souls were in Hell, suffering enormously.

## Dreamers on Pluto

I, Otis, said to Patricia, “I’m bored on this cruise through the Solar System.” She said, “Yes, most colonies feature only pioneers who are busy building the colonies.” I said, “Let’s build a bar on Pluto, at the edge of human colonization. And attract radical thinkers and have wild parties.” She said, “Yes, we should put some action in Space and make it a movie making hub, where intellectual adventurers can hobnob with one another.”

So, we built the bar, and it was real as well as virtual (live from Earth). Our new intellectuals made movies like, “At the Edge of Civilization,” about Pluto, and how it was filled with desperados who figured this was their last chance to succeed. And the movie was filled with would-be movie makers.

Another movie was made by one Gertrude, called, “Mind Adventures of one Gertrude B.,” it was about a woman who adventures in a fast-paced World of Superhumans. She herself is not a Superwoman, and finds it difficult to communicate with the Superbeings, but she engages in 3-D virtual sex with them and enters into their minds to enjoy their dreams and is blown away by the surreal landscapes and quality of their ideas. For example, a true dream of a surreal chessboard, in which he played the white King. And all the “pieces” were real humans and if they were taken out, they were dead. But those surviving on the winning side, after the game, got a share in the vanquished peoples’ money. It was very risky, but the people were desperados here. And lived for thrills. The chess game was only once an Earth year, but everyone looked forward to the games.

And another of Gertrudes dreams was about a dream of a football field surrounded by forest, in which shadowy figures lurked on the fringes of the field. And suddenly two ghost teams

appeared and played American football. The players used short distance teleportations to appear in various parts of the field. And the dreamer checked out the shadowy figures who were mostly green in color and looked like crocodile men. And these creatures attacked the dreamer, who had to teleport to a different part of the field. But this dream was hard to get out of. One had to wait until the end of the game to be teleported back to where one came from.

And Gertrude had another Dreamworld, a World of dwarves, deep down in a gold mine. The dreamer metamorphosed into a dwarf and after a day's work made love to a dwarf and indulged in beer and magic mushrooms and dreamed of the dwarf Goddess and how she said, "Everyone should be a dwarf. They had big brains and small bodies and were perfect," that is according to the Goddess.

Gertrude was good, but so was Suzanne N.. Suzanne dreamed of being a bald eagle and soaring high above the cities on Earth. The eagle had vision many times better than humans, and identified a man who was firing shotgun blasts in her general direction, so she dove down and ripped out the hunter's eyes and ate him alive.

And Suzanne dreamed of being a doctor in a war of the Worlds. People came to her, suffering from ghastly wounds. But modern medical science could cure all wounds and none of her patients died in her care. And if someone came to her recently dead, she could revive them.

Suzanne also dreamed of living in a zoo, filled with animal men, the people came and gawked and threw stones at the prisoners. The dreamer was a giraffe woman and couldn't escape this dream which lasted for weeks.

And another good dreamer, was Ben M. who dreamed of a bar filled with phanes, delicate humanoid creatures who were slaves of the bar and were picked up by horny men, who often

abused them. And the phanes, were miserable. But a dreamer could buy one and set them free, but most who were bought suffered abject misery.

And Ben also dreamed of a Super Store, which had everything for sale. In particular, they sold dream drugs of pleasure which one took before shopping. And one could buy bodyguard slaves who were guaranteed to be loyal, as they were so glad to escape this market. And one could buy the best food, newly engineered with stem cells. One could also buy a quarter store of goods for one's nuclear bunker. And one could be a recycling system that totally recycled everything one used. And so on.

Another dreamer, Pierre X., dreamed of flying a deluxe air car to the stars. He sold a dream of long voyages with plenty of dream entertainment and created a dream Utopia in which one experienced only pleasure, no pain, and many people stayed in this dream for weeks.

Another dreamer, Phil C., dreamed of a World of foolish jesters, who one could buy to amuse oneself. But some who bought such jesters found that the jesters were cleverer than they were. And the jesters took control of one's life.

Still another dreamer, Rob Q., fantasized about, a World ruled by a single Supercomputer. This computer gave everyone good dreams using MRT (Mind Reading Technology). And many people dreamed for many days and nights in the same dream. The dream featured "perfect dreamers," who were available for a price. And each dream featured many copies of these powerful dreamers, and one could rent one of them, oneself...

Then there was Pauline, who was the "sexiest woman on Pluto." She cloned herself many times and was available for dream loving with MRT. People said, she had a fascinating mind and she was famous for her dream of romance in deep Space on "Romantic Colony," which was full of lovers who would have a band to serenade one's lover with guitars while one loved them. The

music was original and very moving, and dreamers stayed here for days and conversed with Pauline's clones about AI and the future.

Another dreamer on Pluto was Charlotte L., who dreamed nightmares. Like she was enveloped by a huge snake man and was swallowed whole. And another was trying to run away from ghosts who were in her mind. And there was one about being hypnotised to kill herself with a drug overdose. Then there was long one about, her being in a maximum-security mental hospital in which she was raped by staff and beaten and cut on her face. And another one was about "Aliens" who takeover Pluto and enslave everyone to do mundane tasks and to worship them. And one in which, she was killed by a jealous lover. And so on. It seemed everyone liked to be scared and her nightmares were popular.

Then another dreamer who dreamed she was a Princess who married the imaginary Prince of Pluto. Dreamers experienced them with MRT, making love and talking about the future of Pluto.

And there were many more dreamers here, giving the people entertainment and wealth from selling the dreams on Earth.



## Madness on Luna

I, Judas, said to Joan, “Our miserable little colony here on Luna is a nightmare. Our Mayor is a lunatic and so are most of the people here. And no one is allowed to leave. And we must all do at least 3 crazy deeds everyday.” For example, on this day, I had cannibalized a dead comrade and made love with a tree. And thirdly had wanked on one of the statues of our leader. Joan had demanded I bugger her with a studded condom and also went off a cliff with a large kite. And Joan had yet to do her third crazy action.

Joan said, “Yes, but what are we to do about it?” I replied, “The Mayor is in all our heads with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) as you know, so there’s nothing we can do about it.” She said, “Why don’t we just kill her today on the spur of the moment!” I replied, “Agreed.”

So, we made a surprize visit to her crooked, mad house and demanded to see her in private. The guards checked us for weapons and noted that we were citizens in good standing, and they ushered us in to her inner sanctum. The guards stood outside. She asked us, “What we wanted that was so urgent?” And I lunged at her while she called, “Guards!” And I broke her neck, and she was dying, and the 4 guards tried to grab us, but we were both black belts in Judo and we both picked up a spear that they had dropped, and we killed all 4 of them. And we had blood all over us so we took off our clothes and walked naked from the palace. The other guards had not been alerted and just smiled as we passed, figuring no doubt that our leader had had sex with us (She was bisexual).

Of course, it was not long before shit hit the fan. And her guards launched a manhunt for us. But word got out and people sensed a revolution and came into the streets and surrounded us on the stage where we were speaking. Joan told the people, “The leader was dead, and we were

taking control. And henceforth everyone would be required to do 3 sane acts a day and craziness was forbidden.”

Most of the people were relieved, but many were insane and disgraceful.

Anyway, our former leader’s guards joined the masses who anointed us Prince and Princess of Luna, and we opened our airspace to new immigrants, saying that we were looking for sane, wealthy people to help us rebuild, “Lunar city.” The city was under a dome, and we now added two other domes right next to the original and one year after the revolution, there were now 10 thousand people here up from three thousand five hundred previously.

And the city owned half the land on Luna, and we now announced that we were selling it all to Earthlings.

There were only 3 other colonies outside Earth, one on Mars, one on Mercury and one on Moon Europa. Space was not a priority for Earth yet. But we didn’t understand why the great nations of Earth hadn’t done something about our former mad leader. Anyway, all’s well that ends well.

And Joan and I, played down our city’s sordid past and instead spoke glowingly of the future and encouraged minority groups and refugees to come to Luna and build settlements and soon there were 20 new micro domes, built mostly by people fleeing persecution on Earth. Many of them were radicals and we welcomed them.

But some radicals complained that we had too many mad personae. We told them that the previous regime had driven people completely mad and we were importing shrinks and new anti-madness medicine, though it didn’t work very well. And we were operating on the crazy peoples’ brains and put 30% of our population of our original 3 500.in a mental hospital. And

many of the newcomers went there, too. The mental hospital was a big drain on the treasury, but we made a lot of money selling land, especially to speculators.

And we never knew, when one of the original settlers, outside the hospital would suddenly snap and do mad things. Even murder. But we tried to hypnotize them to act sanely. And the shrinks helped them to put together good, sane deeds everyday.

And I announced, "It was henceforth to be a democracy. But those in the mental hospital would not be given the vote." And Joan and I were constantly re-elected as co-leaders.

But according to 23<sup>rd</sup> Century Magazine, our colony was the craziest place in the Universe. And amongst the radicals who immigrated here, many were crazed. For example, one man wanted everyone to be rewarded for good, crazy ideas. Like build houses that looked like abstract art and play discordant music and make movies about mad people's love affairs. "Life was by nature insane," he said, and so many bright-eyed people wanted to live amongst people who were crazy like them.

It was difficult to erase the baggage of years of madness, but we told the people, "It was a new era. And anyway crazy people could be quite creative. We declared that our colony was the most imaginative place in the universe."

And we had screenwriters like, Darth T., who wrote about a far future in which billions of people all lived peacefully in Space. And Mark O. who wrote about a crazed future in which everyone just spent all their time dreaming crazy dreams and nightmares. If it wasn't crazy, they weren't interested. All imagination to them was crazy. And Joan and I could see their point and did nothing to stop them.

Another crazy dreamer was Ralph P., who dwelt in a crazy commune in the newly settled lands on Luna. He was on record, saying, "That Superhumans who Earth's scientists were

working on producing, Utopia, found themselves in a World of no meaning in which they were all superfluous. And as a result, the suicide rate amongst them was 30% per annum.” And he said, “It was better to remain ignorant and live a life of bliss. The suicide rate amongst humans was high at 4% per annum.” But I told him, “That Superhumans were highly experimental, and the best ones would be future leaders of humans.” He said, “Those Superhumans who survive would want to associate with others of their own kind and wouldn’t care about humans who they would regard as inferior.” And Ralph opined, “We tried to create Gods, though we know full well that no one can play God. Why couldn’t we have left the gene pool alone and lived in a human only World? Now there is no turning back and the gene pool is tainted by poisonous Superhumans.”.

And another of our crazy thinkers, William, told us, “Crazy people here are mostly creative. The best thinkers are the craziest.” Joan replied, “I guess untested thoughts always seem crazy at first. Just like the very idea of civilization. But as we chew on new ideas, and alter them, they become mainstream and sane.” I added, “The best thinkers don’t feel they are mad, but rather just imaginative.”

And a newly arrived crazy woman to our Moon, Luna, named Doris, said, “This Moon is really crazy, but I notice the vast majority are benign. You seem to have the right formula and now have a heavy influence on Earth.” I said, “But some of the bad crazies give us no end of trouble. For example, they want to introduce AI, and have AI take control. And some of them want to tax the people to death, to pay for their palaces and Spaceships and jewelry and new expensive drugs.” She said, “But the price of new, experimental drugs is going down fast. Including drugs to make one sane.”

Joan opined, “Yes, we are banking heavily on sanity drugs curing many of our people. Indeed, many of our best scientists are working on the problem along with many scientists on Earth.”

Another crazy thinker here, Michelle had, “An inkling that most people wanted to go to Space for a fresh start. And technology for Space colonization was moving forward in leaps and bounds. Soon billions of people would be numerous in Space...” I asked, “With eternal youth, why not go to Space, one has all the time in the World?” And Joan said, “Every year they break the record for the speed of Space travel. But I think long voyages into Space are anathema.” I stated, “They now have brand new technology to put people in temporal statis for the journeys... Haven’t you heard?”

Still another crazy was a woman, Amy, who opined, “That one day, every human will be insane, and civilization will crash!” I said, “Formerly on Luna, nearly everyone was crazy, but Joan and I weren’t. And Earth wars are being fought to vanquish insane regimes and I am sure the sane forces will triumph. And crazies will have their mind rearranged.” And Joan said, “It all depends on one’s definition of insanity. Some say we are all insane, others say only a small minority are truly crazed.”

Then there was crazy Luke, who told us, “I am a paranoid schizophrenic and am also bipolar. My mind is in a fragile state and the medication makes me feel calm but doesn’t cure my diseases.” I said, “But scientists claim they have almost cured mental illness, they need only a few years more to totally cure insanity.” He said, “I sure hope so; I’ve been insane my whole life.”

And that’s how it was on Luna in the year 2135 A.D.

## World War III, A.D. 2090

I, Maurice, and Augusta, both knew that Luna has been now colonized by the U.S. with Europe, also China, Russia, and India. Each of the four has a thriving colony on the Moon. The USA/Europe have 2 colonies in addition on Mars and China has one on Mars. But the colonies were all top secret, and we were both from Europe with security clearance for the Lunar US/Europe colony.

Our colony on US/European colony on Luna, was bristling with anti-missile missiles, some with nuclear warheads and the atmosphere was sterile and everyone in the colony wore white. All the colonies on Luna had a protective dome, but the new missiles could penetrate the domes. There were some skirmishes outside the colonies over the past few years and it was a cold war between colonies.

The colonies vied with one another to have the best food and drugs as well as the most citizens. The Americans/Europe colony had 20,000 citizens; we didn't know about the others.

The nightlife on our colony was famous on Earth with many celebrity guests and there were several Balls every night. Augusta and I were about to have a child and weren't expecting difficulties due to gravity machines which kept the colony at Earth gravity. But there had only been 12 births prior to our baby and our governments wanted to make the colony almost self-sufficient.

Of course, we recycled everything, especially water. Our colony was near the north pole of Luna and so we had a lot of water from the ice cap. Every now and then our nations sent a ship filled with water to the colony...

And we had seven orbiting satellites to spy on the other 3 colonies. But no one wanted war, however if a war was to start here on the Moon, it would probably spread to Earth. So, we had to be careful...

Augusta spoke fluent Mandarin Chinese and she listened in to decoded Chinese communiques. And I was fluent in Russian and did the same with decoded messages from Russia. It seemed the Chinese wanted to build another colony close to ours, in territory we had claimed for ourselves. We stepped up patrols, but the Chinese started to build the new colony. And our leader sent them an ultimatum to desist or have war. But they responded by moving missiles into the area.

So we attacked the fledgling colony and leveled it. Their missiles didn't even get off the ground. This emboldened our leader to attack the main Chinese colony. Many of us felt it was a reckless act, but we destroyed the Chinese colony with only 1 nuclear missile getting through our defences, but that one missile killed 6,000 of our people, especially most of our scientists were killed.

And the war spread to Earth with the Indians and the Russians joining the Chinese. It was World War III and many nasty weapons were used, like biological weapons and mind weapons, nuclear weapons and computer viruses which caused computers to explode often killing the operator.

Finally a stale mate was reached with 95% of the Earth population, dead. But the leaders on Earth proceeded to rule as if nothing had happened. But nearly all the survivors on Terra, were aghast. Some doomsday professors appeared on Earth and said everyone was doomed. And most people were feeling the war was the worst thing that ever happened.

However, all of the main leaders survived in their bunkers and sent troops to the border regions. And they fought again. This time killing nearly everyone. Again though, the leaders survived.

Meanwhile on Luna, we cloned our dead scientists with their memories preserved on computers and we put the Chinese survivors in a prison that we hastily built. But the Russians and the Indians didn't want to mess with us and so became de facto governments for their nations. And the Russian and Indian colonies appeared to be mass-producing children now.

Anyway, our leaders on Earth ordered us to attack the Indians and Russians and they quickly surrendered with 50% of their populations intact. Henceforth we ran these two colonies like prison camps.

Meanwhile on Mars, the Chinese capitulated without a fight and their colony too, was ruled like a prison camp by us.

The years passed and Earth was largely desolate, new bunker blasting sonic attacks had killed off all of our adversaries on Earth. Huge swaths of land were now empty and devoid of life. But finally, when the coast was clear, most of us returned to Earth and produced millions of children and built many new cities. We vowed to have learned from the catastrophic war, but I wasn't so sure that anything had been learned. People went about their business as if nothing had happened. It was unbelievable. But science had been drastically slowed and some fields of science even went backwards. But new weapons continued to be invented and I wondered what was the matter with scientists?

Almost all the animals, sea creatures and insects and plants were dead. It was a wasteland and all AI had been totally destroyed as well. Most of the surviving humans lived in the far northern tundra and went kayaking to fish for emaciated fish. All the survivors were deaf from



sonic booms and had radiation sickness. And their babies were all born with birth defects. It was a poison Planet and there was no technology to go to Space.

But meanwhile on Luna our colony was thriving again. And we were the only ones left on Luna. We had killed off the other colonies. And on Mars, the two colonies had annihilated one another.

In time we built Utopia in which everyone mind read with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) one another in love and it was great, and we all had eternal youth and we had sperm and egg banks of tens of thousands of people. We all spoke a simplified version of English.

And we had neo-monks and nuns who saw to it that all Earth literature and music and scientific discoveries were preserved. The monks and nuns lived an ascetic lifestyle except they still had MRT sex once in a while.

And in time, we colonized the Solar System and even went beyond into deeper Space. And we used MRT to vet everyone regularly. And the future looked bright for us survivors...

## Monsters on Moon Triton

I, Yul, said to Yolanda, “We’ll never get out of this swamp of horrors we are in!” She said, “Of course, there are many horrific monsters who attack our colony regularly, and what are we to do?” Our colony had a vast ocean which we had melted. The monsters were mere shadows. And got in our heads and drove us to suicide or forced us to attack one another. So far, Yolanda and I had been able to resist the voices, but the situation looked grim.

I said, “The monsters must have been created by human scientists. What were they thinking of?” She said, “They no doubt enjoy terrorizing the people.” I said, “But I’ve tried to laser the shadows with no effect.” She said, “Rumor has it that a couple went off world to get away from the shadows, but it was futile.” I said, “What we need is MRT (Mind Reading Technology) blockers; I’ve heard they exist on Earth.” So, we procured them, and distributed them to the entire population of 998.

Everyone was grateful to us. And elected us co-regents. However, the shadows weren’t finished. And proceeded to appear to us as our former lovers. I guess they had memories of our minds inside them somehow. The apparitions looked real and led us to try and love them, and at that point, they enveloped us and tried to strangle us. But Yolanda and I, weren’t fooled, and lasered them, but some of our friends were killed by the monsters.

And the monsters evolved with time. Becoming real sea creatures who damaged and destroyed our submarines. And on land they took on a physical shape and were armed with lasers. But we opened up our armoury to the people and after 100 of us were dead, the shadows had been eradicated, at least from land. And we found a group of 3 scientists were behind the shadow menace and killed them. But there were still some monsters in the sea and over the next

few years they multiplied exponentially. And so we couldn't go down in the sea and harvest our sea plants and fish.

But finally, the monsters came ashore again. This time they were invulnerable to lasers. And they throttled our people to death. In the end, Yolanda and I, were killed.

## True Love and the Artists' Commune

I, Jerry, said to my muse, Dana, "I want to write the great American novel of our times." She replied, asking "Why don't you write about a man who can't find true love and finally says it doesn't exist?" I said, "Yes, and the protagonist offers a reward of \$50 million to any girl who will make him fall in love. Money talks and soon he is in love with 3 women and divides the prize money into thirds."

She said, "But the next challenge is to show that true love can last. But all 3 women soon drift away from him!" I added, "So he offers \$100 million to a lover who can keep him in love for at least 4 years. And there are many candidates that come forward and love him. But after 4 years there is only one lover left. But she takes the prize and absconds, leaving him cynical and depressed." She said, "But then he meets a charitable philanthropist, who invites him to join her. And they love one another and work together to help the poor. And they remain a number for years and years. And he concludes there is love out there, but it's very difficult to find. And perhaps, most great lovers, never find it."

I said to Dana, "Yes, if one doesn't search hard, one likely won't find it. However ordinary people can find love more easily, I think." She replied, "A higher type of love, is what your protagonist finds. You can't find such a love Online; it is pure chemistry that can't be predicted." I said, "I am basing my protagonist's true love on you. I truly love you. And have never met a woman who can come close to you!"

So, then I wrote a documentary story about my muse and me, and many envied me. And they asked where I had found her. I told them, "It was sheer luck. Sometimes all one needs is luck."

And our next writing project was to write about a foursome of lovers who were all bisexual, and each loved the other three. And they went to Mars where they established a freehold, just the four of them. But they always took applications from bisexual people who wanted to join them, and soon they had 17 people in the group. And they were all writers of science fiction and inspired one another to write well. And they collaborated on many scripts together. Like a World in the Barnard's Star System, which was ruled by a mighty Queen and the people were all enslaved and had to write scripts for the Queen, preferably about her. They were milked like cows...

Another script they produced was a colony on Moon Ariel. The people here were all totally open-minded and ended up loving animal men. Many readers thought it was outrageous and a crazy concept.

Then one about a group of 50 Superhumans. They were all geniuses and could naturally mind read and do telekinesis. And they built a glittering city on Mercury, and all wrote great rock music which made them very rich, and they used the money on new genetic therapies, which could improve their minds still further. And the other humans on Mars wanted to worship them as Gods and try and learn from them.

This writers' group figured that the whole group were Super geniuses. And they formed Supergroups of rock. And albums like, "Rock in a Hard Place," which was about the minds of the women in the group, one cut for each of the nine.

And they made an album called, "Beginning of the Hard Road," about how it is a fine line between genius and Superhuman. The lyrics dwelled upon how a Superhuman was a genius in more than one field as opposed to just one.

And the 17 writers, wrote a story of World War in which the group were all officers in the same battalion, and died one by one, until they were all dead.

And the group authored an expose of great geniuses on Earth, after researching their background. And imagined these geniuses in a future setting in the Sirius Star System, where they all worked in science. For example, they experimented in altering body chemistry for better love, as well as increasing intelligence with brain apps and long-distance teleportation and telekinesis apps and created brilliant android lovers. And new weapons which they only sold to democracies. And so on.

And the group expanded to 36 in time. And another story they wrote was about, “Wondering Where the Geniuses Are?” The governments of Earth didn’t have visionary leadership and were quite mediocre. And they hoped this book would inspire geniuses to run for office.

The group of 36 themselves took turns ruling. One of them passed a law allowing multi-sexual people into the group. Another passed a law requiring MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to vet all newcomers into the group, which in the year 2249 A.D. was thriving with 100 members.

Another made a new law that required all members of the group to love all others in the group at least once a month. And still another made new legislation that required all members take anti-psychotic drugs which seemed to prevent mental illness. Yet another made a law that forced their freehold to develop the best anti-missile missiles to ensure their freedom. But many were against this law which would be a drain on the intellectual resources of the tiny colony. So finally, this law was overturned. The majority view was that this colony was not a target for Earth strongmen. And many made sure they had no valuable assets, just the freehold in the middle of nowhere. And they were neutral and would be difficult to govern...

Then a visionary woman had the idea that, They should clone themselves each many times to increase the population to over a thousand.” And she said, “We should also bring in, as many Super clever people as we need to be recognized as a State to be reckoned with.” But many disagreed, saying it would only make us a target for slavers. And so, this law too, was rescinded.

And another whose turn it was to rule, argued, “I should be Queen of the colony and will listen to the people and make their dreams a reality.” But most people here didn’t want an absolute ruler, so her law too, was rescinded.

And then there was the ruler for a day who said, “Spoken words are anathema. We should just communicate using MRT and everyone will be truthful and inspired. And one would feel loving beyond belief.” But her law too was overturned.

Still another temporary ruler, was one of the original 4 and she wanted to build a big city here, with the original 4 as rulers. But most people here didn’t want to have a big city and so this plan too, was revoked.

And another of the original 4, wanted to set up sister cities on Mars, led by clones of the original 4, but again most people were against it, saying we were all in this together as one.

It was getting so that people were set in their ways here and didn’t want change. And some were sad that closed minds were now in control on this colony on Mars. And some went as far as to say this freehold was finished creatively and wanted to leave. So, they let them go. And the colony faded away...

## Queen's City, Mars, A.D. 2255

I, Duane, said to Ashley, "It is a shame that, we had our chance to rule, but let the opportunity pass. Now we were ruled, here on Mars by an evil witch Queen in Queen's city." She replied, "And this witch leader insists everyone is free but really, we are all her thralls. And no one can leave the colony. And she demands absolute fealty from the people. And she taxes us at 80% of our income." I said, "And she is bisexual and demands that everyone has sex with her regularly. Of course, she is a beautiful woman, but she doesn't turn me on." She answered, "I am not constituted to have sex with women. The very thought of it leaves me cold." I told Ashley, "And the witch forces us to do evil acts, like kill people she doesn't like."

She opined, "Yes, fortunately she likes you and me. I guess because we are clever. And there is no doubt that she is a political genius. She managed to seize power with the help of the elite humans here. She kissed their ass, now they kiss her ass. I'll bet many of them regret supporting her." I told her, "Yes, they were charmed by her promise of Utopia ruled by a clever oligarchy of the top 100 thinkers. But now she has absolute power."

Ashley told me, "The Queen has even imprisoned thinkers, demanding that they produce good plays or die." I said, "You and I both have written a number of scripts and so far, the Queen is satisfied with us."

For example, Ashley wrote, "Queen of Queens." It featured the Queen sending missions of the elite into Space, with each one ruled by one of her clones. I told her, "You licked her ass, on that one." She asked, "What about you? You wrote, "My love, the Queen." All about your affair with the Queen."



I said, "You and I both are beholden to the Queen. And the Queen wrote, "My Elite," which included us. And we were among the courtiers and courtesans to her. And we both danced with her on many occasions. And we both slept with her often." Ashley told me, "Unfortunately it is true, what you say, about us being beholden to her." And I said, "But most people are pleased to be ruled by such a beautiful woman who gives them generous stipends so that they can afford great drugs and live in comfort." She said, "But we are not free, we are just cogs in her machine. And our whole days are scheduled by her minions. Like write for six hours a day, and party with the Queen for four hours a day." But I said, "We both still have a lot of time to love one another." She said, "That's the only thing that keeps me hanging on." I said, "I don't mind the parties, but of course, I live for our romance, just the two of us."

And she opined, "I want to steal the Queen's face and cause would be lovers of her to desist." I said, "You're going too far, you'll bring death to us both. We're not playing a game here!" She replied, "I know, but I feel I must do something." I said, "We could try and kill her in a revolution, I don't think many people really love her or even care for her. But if we fail, it'll mean our deaths. Do you really want to go so far?" She said, "You and I were born to rule. We could free the numerous people in the Queen's dungeon and no more forced sex. And free up the true elite (our idea of the elite, not hers) to help us govern. We could make the old promise of rule by an oligarchy of the clever, a reality." I said, "I believe the Queen has eternal youth medicine; only she and no one else. She looks like she is 30, but actually is in her sixties. And we are growing old fast. It would be nice to have such a drug." She replied, "I think you are right!" And I said, "Her minions hypnotize all those elite who are opposed to her, to love her instead. And if that doesn't work, they go to her dungeon!" Ashley replied, "And the Queen has

banned lie detectors, probably fearing they'd be used against her. I'd like to get inside her mind!"

I told her, "It's pretty clear what's in her mind, I think. But who knows?"

But we couldn't agree on how to take out the Queen. I said, "But the Queen will hypnotize us eventually. We have to take action, now!" So, we decided the next time I was scheduled to love the Queen, I would strangle her in her bed. And then Ashley and I would disappear and see what happened. So, we did it, and the news quickly got out. Agents of the Queen were looking for me, but meanwhile a group of the Queen's elite stood up in front of the masses and announced a Presidential election.

Ashley and I were overjoyed, and Ashley ran for President, and I would be her Vice President. And she promised to put an end to spies and promised to share eternal youth. Also, she promised people would henceforth be free to spend their time as they wished. And taxation would only be a 20% flat rate. And the former Queen's palace was full of treasures which was appropriated by our new State. And Ashley said, "She would restart science in the colony and make the colony part of the United Worlds (UW)." Nearly all nations were part of the UW, and the UW would intervene in bad States, if they could. And now we discovered that Earth based nations had gone into far-off Space, competing with one another, but so far avoiding WW III. And the rest of the Worlds had considered our colony to be a pariah State.

But everything changed when our ticket got elected, and immigrants poured in and bought our public real estate dirt cheap, though everyone kept their homes. And they developed the public lands to build a library and a couple cinemas (showing movies we hadn't been allowed to see). And they built a couple of sports stadiums (the Queen had banned sports, saying they were a waste of time). They also built a Zen Buddhism Hall for meditation for those so inclined. In

addition, they built a legislature. After all, now the peoples' representatives were all elected, including Ashley and me.

And we educated the people far better than previously. In particular we tried to develop peoples' imagination. And most went back to school. And in time, our city, which we renamed, "Ashley's city," compared well with our nations and city states of which there were now many.

## Poets, A.D. 2156

I, Brutus, said to Lila, who I'd just met that, "My rock band would be performing at the L.A. Super Stadium." She said, "I didn't know anything about the band, "And I told her, "It was our first major venue and the six of us in the band were really excited." I told her, "I wrote the lyrics, like "Denizens of the Apocalypse" which went, 'The Wars of the future/Are just beginning/One day soon we'll all be cyborg warriors/And in the chaos it would be Hell on Earth...'" "Another song was "The Doom of Nancy Sprite, which went like this, 'Oh Sprite girl/ You are killing us with kindness/We deserve much worse.'" "And another was "Wild Beasts," which went, 'Future psychos/Beware/You will only bring war upon yourselves/And you have no heart.'" And I told Lila about another, "Ape Queen," that went, 'Ape Queen/You are destined to rule/Take this World and shake it.'"

And Lila said, "Your lyrics sound promising. What kind of music is it? I said, "It's light romance! No, just kidding, it is classic heavy metal. I play keyboards which I like to think sound dreamy, yet it really rocks."

So, I played our whole first album for her on the air car stereo on our way to L.A. "Another song was "The Entitlement of Dr. Lacey." "It was about a man who inherits 25 billion dollars and spends it all in a week."

"And another was "The Fire Game," which was about a future of rebel warriors who seize control of America and enslave the populace. Rebel scream/It was all just a dream/Fire burns. /And so does pain/There's no refrain here/Just rain on our rocking parade. And so on."

“And still another was “Easy Street,” about a group of new musicians who take the World by storm and really feel that they have got it made, but their money is swindled by their agent and the band goes bankrupt.”

“And another track was “Heavy Metal Minds,” which was about a city on Mercury made of metal in which the colonists all listen to heavy metal and believe their colony is heavenly... The song went “Heavy Metal Minds/Which minds that blow you away/Dreams of Utopia/Of the strongest...”

“And another song called “Genocide.” About there being multiple genocides in the World today and more to come in the near future. And the track went, Everyone, these days must conform to the main culture or risk death/For some death would be a relief/Others lived on and on blissfully/As people died.” That was my favorite.”

And I said, “And finally we have the track, “Evil Dictator,” about a man who tortures all his people. It goes like this, “All one needs to do is kiss ass with the dictator/And turn a blind eye to his depredations/If you can/And your life will be sublime/Until one day his agents come for you/And charge you with thought crimes/They get in your head with MRT (Mind Reading Technology/And finally all good thinkers are dead.” This was also one of my favorites.”

She said, “It sounds very interesting. I can play the chimes, cowbells, xylophone and gongs; perhaps you could use me.” I said, “Sure it would enhance our sound. Why didn’t I think of that?” And she said, “I’d written a poem, called “Monsters.” It goes like this: “Scientists/Have created numerous monsters/And fraudsters/ And have embraced gangsters/ And they don’t give a fuck/About leaving us in the muck/We have no luck/ Life sucks.” And so on.”

I said, “Maybe you could help me to write lyrics. You and I both are on the dark, mysterious side of life. What else have you got?” She said, “I wrote, “All that is Evil,” about, “Androids

taking control/And laughing at puny humans/Yet dominating human sex and even friendship/They want total control/And this is the most serious issue of our times/If only we could turn back time/And rid ourselves of AI/And not be afraid to get high/Death is nigh/Will we ever get out of this?" And so on."

And she said, "I had another one, entitled, "Dark Days on Mercury." Which featured a scenario in which, 'Dark artists controlled the Planet/And all had to kowtow to them/And they got into the peoples' REM sleep/And hypnotized them/to do malign deeds/Like kill one another off/The rulers had total control with MRT/It didn't matter, he or she or me/They said/They were the high priests/And had feasts in honor of the dead/Perhaps it would be better to leave it unsaid."

And she added, "I had another one, called, "The Great Enigma," which featured a woman who "Wrote sci-fi/and the time was nigh/for everyone to buy/An android lover/And discover/Pure lovers."

And she wrote, "Humankinds' Dreams of the Future." Which was a dream in which/Everyone was rich/And no one bitched or dared to complain/And almost everyone was sane/But this World was the bane/Of clever thinkers." And so on."

I told her, "Your poetry is good. Who is your muse?" She said, "I have a male muse, who inspires me. And I think I am falling in love with you, too." I said, "You and I, could cut our own album. Can you sing?" She replied, "Yes, but my voice is soft. I don't know that it is appropriate for heavy metal." I said, "We can do twisted ballads, and call the collection, "My Muse," with you as the frontwoman and mix the poetry of you and me." And I said, "I have written some love songs. Like, "Venusian Love," about a couple who try and hide from the King of Venus, and just love one another. But ultimately the King jails them and charges them with fornication. Most of

the people there take drugs to make them impotent/unable to have sex. But eventually the King is overthrown, and they are made leaders. So, it is a happy story.”

And I said, “I have also written some lyrics about a giant of a woman, and a short man. But they are truly in love with one another. Love knows no bounds, I believe.”

And she told me, “I have written a love poem about a man who always wants the ones he can’t get. He has some nice women who want to love him, but he keeps trying for the best. Finally, a woman he idealizes loves him, but he is profoundly disappointed, it’s not what he thought it would be.”

I said, “We would make a good team. And let’s collaborate together on some lyrics” So together we wrote: “Gentleman Jason” about a stud prince who had a perfect body and face. And was said to be the Worlds’ best lover by a number of women. And he was a genius musician. All New Age music. The soundtrack was a hit. Featuring songs like “Call Girl,” which was about how these days, sex workers were starting to become mainstream, with all sex diseases cured. And the call girl says, ‘I want a stud Prince to love me/Who doesn’t mince/Words/And doesn’t care for the herds/Of people/Or their steeples/I want to love a stud Prince/Who doesn’t tint the colour of life/And is not afraid of strife/Nor is afraid of humanity which is rife/With cynical people.’”

And we collaborated on another, entitled, “Curious Daisy,” It dealt with a girl who was ‘Curious/About the true nature of the leaders/She was one of their readers/But she found them to be sordid reading/leading nowhere/except to their corrupt lair/And each Mayor/Was anything but rare/Just ordinary fare/ With empty stares all of them/But they openly dare/Anyone to challenge them.’”

And then a third work we co-authored “Pearl of a Girl,” that went like this: ‘There once was a girl/Who figured she was a pearl/And she bought the best fashion/And lived in a mansion/With her lover/ But he couldn’t see/What she ought to be/He had no vision for the future/He just lapped up the news from the television/And finally she left him and his mansion and struck out on her own/She hoped some man would throw her a bone/She didn’t want to be all alone/Finally she met a man who could make her moan/And had a great brain/that rose up from the near constant rain/And took away her pain...’”

And so on. We collaborated on a whole album. And the music was outstanding, I knew. And it made us a lot of money. And in time we broke up and went our separate ways. But art lives long.



## Retirement of One Charles X

It was all fashion for people to retire after 20 years work. Charles X. retired after 10 years. He looked forward to it. He got a full pension and was planning to live in Toronto. The population of the Greater Toronto Area was 38 million in the year 2109. Toronto had been voted, the best big city to live in, by several leading magazines. And Charles, unlike most, still worked. He ran a literary magazine, for the avant garde and science fiction. He called the magazine, “Sinking Ship,” and featured stories, especially about retirement...

Like, “Retirement of Penny B.,” which was about woman who refused to retire. Her job was a call girl, and she really enjoyed the work. And all sex diseases had been cured long ago, and sex workers were held in high esteem. And technically it wasn’t work as the android police determined no money was exchanged. So, they let her be.

Another was, “Bittersweet Future,” which was about a future in which everyone had eternal youth, but the average life span was just 48, due to widespread suicide. People were mostly insane and miserable. They found the competition for increasing one’s intelligence to be madness. And people didn’t have children and had no God, and all people didn’t work and so were in an existential crisis.

And another story Charles published was by a woman, Jennifer J. It was called “Retirement of Harriette,” about a woman who never did any work. Just coasted through life freely and easily. But she was spoiled and when one of her love affairs went sour, she killed herself.

And Jennifer J. also wrote, “Colonists on Europa,” it featured a woman who was a scientist who was Mayor of the colony and they had melted the Great Ocean here, and the people all grew fins and a tail and small gills but appeared mostly human. They were a race of mermen. Tourists

flocked here to see them, and they took the tourist gold and hoarded it. Charles told her, “The future seems to be a freak show.” She said, “Yes, we already have abundant multi-sexuals. And non-humanoid androids. Who knows what will come next?”

And Charles received a story, by Paul R., called the “Grand Retirement of All Humanity, A.D. 2149” in which all work was forbidden, and androids did all the work. No one wanted to work anyway. The protagonist though wants to work as the President of the UW (United Worlds), but very few vote for her, and the android police tell her she can’t work anyway. Charles told Paul, “Some people in our time want total automation. But I enjoy my work as a publisher. However, I’ll publish your story; I am sure it will be controversial.”

Charles also had a submission, by Anne G., called, “The Cock Crowed,” it featured a man who blew the whistle on his lover, who was planning a new religion of angels who worked hard to help depressed people. Work was forbidden in this World, too. Even volunteering was prohibited. And in return for betraying his lover, he received a number of free tickets to love anyone he pleased. Charles published her too.

Charles published hundreds of stories, but most agreed his “retirement tales,” made him stand out. And he published another one, “The Last Employee,” which was about a Space car mechanic who was the last human to work in A.D. 2158; he really liked his job, but android police forced him to desist. And android police were very bossy and vigilant to make sure no human was working.

Another retirement story was about how androids formed a union and refused to work. So it was a time of great upheaval, but finally Supercomputers reasserted control and arrested the union leaders. The Supercomputers had been designed to back up the great android automation.

Another story he published was called, “World of Fantasies, A.D. 2122,” it featured a near future of dreamers, who all had kinky dreams. For example, dreams of dominating sexy android lovers. And dreams of love on inhospitable Planets where sex was the only thing to do.

Also, he published, “Denizens of Mars,” which was about shark-faced humanoids, who were all cannibals. Each one lived alone with high security features in their homes. There were thousands of people born as adults everyday, and it was very dangerous to go outside. But the shark humans lived off one another. Charles asked the writer, “Why sharks?” And the writer answered, “All people deep down are predators beneath the thin veneer of civilization.”

Another retirement story was by Jacob L., who told a story of abuse of humans by bored androids. In particular the androids hated writers, all of whom they arrested. And they enjoyed torturing humans.

In addition, there was Anita W., who penned, “A Day in the Life of Wolf L,” which depicted a man who broke women’s hearts. Most women found him to be irresistible. And he’d had the best genetic therapy to enhance his look. And he had good taste in cologne and fashion. And he was only interested in the cleverest of women. And he was very busy with love affairs. Typically, he’d see 8 women a day.

Another writer, Julie Y., wrote “My Future Dreams,” which was a series of dreams. Like, “Dream of a Giant Man,” about loving a 9’ tall giant, who had a huge penis. And “Dream of a Prince,” which featured a man from the Martian royal family who were still royals but had no real powers or job to do. But she loved the idea of loving a Prince. Another “Dream of a Writer,” which depicted a young girl’s dream of being a storyteller, and had a lot of anecdotes, but she was not allowed to publish her stories. She tried to force the issue but was arrested and jailed.

Still another story was “Dream of a Saint,” which featured a woman who loved depressed and sad men.

Furthermore, there was a story of an “Android War,” by James B., The war was set in 2150 A.D. and was fought between two android generals and their armies. Their armies were each about 200 soldiers, large armies were unnecessary. Indeed, many humans couldn’t see the use for any armies. Anyway, one army defeated the other, and there were no survivors of the defeated army, and its leader was killed. The victor set himself up as Emperor and everyone had to worship him.

Also, Charles published a story, entitled, “Voyage to the Tau Ceti System,” which depicted an android crew and hundreds of human passengers. The passengers only duty was to reproduce once they arrived at the destination. It seemed like androids liked having humans around to boss around. So, humans seemed destined to survive into the far future. Many of the humans on this voyage secretly wanted to do real jobs, but didn’t dare say so...

And Charles had to admit, “I didn’t see any use for future humanity.” But he published, “Journal of the Non-Superfluous Personae,” which was about humans in the Lalande System who all dreamed up uses for one another and seized power and phased out androids. This System became a bastion for working humans. And androids were forbidden from coming to this System and the humans developed a militia capable of defeating any androids who would appear. Indeed, they were obsessed with the military and freedom. Charles commented, “Perhaps there was hope for humanity after all.

## Candidates for Utopia

I, Darren, said to Katherine, “This is a Hell of an undertaking.” She said, “But this Moon we are going to set up our Utopia in, is all mountainous and we need a flat area to build our city, so we’ll level the mountains with explosives.” I replied, “Why not just build on the mountainsides?” She said, “Geologists say, the mountains are prone to landslides. Anyway, the mountains will be visible from any angle in the city, so it will be quite scenic.”

I asked her, “Have you finalized the list of our first pioneering immigrants? She said, “Yes, I’ve selected 100 brilliant people. They will elect a leader, hopefully me, to be Mayor of this colony here in the Banard’s System.”

And I asked her, “Who are your favorites on the list?” She said, “We’ve got May K. a drug researcher, who claims she is near to curing all mental illness. If she does, it will bring the colony a fortune.”

And she remarked, “Also Harvey G. who is a researcher into a cure all drug, that would cure all diseases with a handful of this medicine.”

She added, “Barney R., the famous historian, has also been selected. He will chronicle the early days of the colony and put it into perspective. He will also be chief recruiter of people coming from Earth in subsequent voyages.”

And she stated, “Also, the Heineken twins who are known for their far-out films of love and joy in difficult situations. And the colony, will be a difficult situation at first. I want the colony to be one of love and joy and imagination. There’s no limit to human imagination, I figure.”

And she convinced, “the Princess of Imagination,” to send a clone to our colony. She was known for movies like “Eagle Eye,” which was about a woman who had sharp vision. And this

woman protagonist,”Had a jet pack and so could fly high in the sky looking for handsome men, and she would appear before them and ask for their love. She wanted men that she could soar high with and who would give her real-life ecstasy with sex drugs. There were many types of sex drugs out there, and she liked them all. All love was good, she figured. And she counted her lovers, she was now up to 588 in just 10 years of life. She had been born, like most people today, as an adult and had her mother’s memories. And she only took 6 months to adapt to her new life and had her first love at age 8 months.”

“And another of the films by this Princess, was, “The Damned,” which depicted a woman who had murdered her lover in a jealous rage. And they sent her to Hell, which now actually existed and was full of horrors and evil people. And she was there in Hell on Mercury with her actual body that had been teleported in. And she no longer had eternal youth and was doomed to die, soon.”

Another character Katherine had selected was “Bob G., who was a jack of all trades. He would be in charge of the recycling, the plumbing, the electricity and so on for the colony. And he was a poet.” I told her, “We need multi-talented pioneers for our colony.” She replied, “I tried to select imaginative types of people, I believe our colony should become the imagination center of the various Worlds. And I hope the people I select will inspire other great people to come to the colony.”

Many of those Katherine selected sent a clone to hedge their bets on pure survival. The clones had all the memories of the original and we also cloned dead geniuses, mostly from their bones. She stated, “For example, we acquired a clone of another film maker, who had made “Gorgeous Liza,” It was about a beauty Queen who broke all the rules and seduced famous men and got them to leave their families for her. And she didn’t care who she hurt. It was a moralizing tale.”

Also, she said, “Another clone who was scheduled to come to our System, was the President of the UW (United Worlds).” I figured she would attract a lot of great people in the next voyage.”

She added, “And we had a clone of a famous classical composer, who would be our musical director. And he wanted to bring two of his acolytes, which was fine. They played in a 3-man band.”

And she mentioned, “Still another clone was the President of the USA. America was still thriving. And many American citizens wanted to follow their leader into deep Space, beyond the Solar System.”

And she remarked, “And another clone was a girl who was an artistic prodigy. She made paintings of future death and destruction. She was known as the “Apocalyptic Prodigy.” And many people agreed with her that Armageddon was coming. And she herself wanted to escape into Space where it was safer.”

And she opined, “That I was taking a chance on inviting a guerilla war hero who had brought democracy to all of South America. I am afraid, she will try and seize power in our Star System.” But this hero said, “I want to help build Utopia in Space; it will be a fresh start for us all.

And she said, “I have also invited a pro baseball player to set up a league in Barnard’s System. Baseball will be our official sport.”

Additionally, she said, “I have selected, an idiot savant, who is a skilled poet and has good imagination, but the rest of her life is in shambles, and she is confused. But I think she has potential.” I said, “Yes, our colony has great potential, and we need people with potential, we can help such people straighten out their lives once we arrive at our destination.”

And Katherine remarked, “I have also taken a chance on inviting Ms. Earth to come to our System. She will no doubt drive our men wild with desire and might lead to some difficulties.

Katherine added, “I also selected a totally unknown man, who took me out on a date and showed me the time of my life. I was totally smitten and in time have become totally in love with this guy. He told me, “I wanted to be a model for other men to look up to,” and it seemed he had a good scientific mind. I definitely want him on board our voyage.”

She added, “Another passenger is the movie star actress, Cheri D. She told me, “I want to get away from all the skeletons in my closet and have a fresh start.” I could only imagine what she was running away from...”

Katherine then opined, “I also took Jimmy R. He is, as you know, a famous movie director/screenplay writer. In particular, I liked his film, “Montreal Rocks,” which as you know depicts future rock stars setting up their own political party and become Kings everywhere they go. And I liked the “Jail Singer” about a criminal who sings well while in prison and gets pardoned after pressure from philanthropists. I feel, he brings more star power to our colony...”

And she told me, “I have also taken the liberty of inviting a number of budding scientists who show great promise and have already made some discoveries. As a rule, scientists are mostly law-abiding and easy to manage whereas we don’t want hell-raising politicians or cynical radicals.”

And Katherine said, “Many were willing to go through lie detector tests to get on the voyage, but I let the peoples’ pasts speak for themselves. No need for lie detectors.” I said, “But no one knows how they might behave with cabin fever of the voyage.” She answered, “I have prepared some hologram Worlds to keep them busy. Hologram Worlds are of course illegal on Earth, but



outside the Solar System anything goes. And I will be chief of police and the head spy. And I have invited several American secret agents to join us on our trip to distant Space.”

And she said, “And so on.”

So, the six-month voyage went ahead and everyone was telling Katherine she had created an atmosphere of good chemistry and she had created Utopia. And millions on Earth applied for a visa to the fledgling colony. We only chose the ones we thought were imaginative. And almost every famous person on Earth offered to send a clone to our colony.

And that’s how it was in A.D. 2147.

## The Party

I, Naomi, said to Dean, “I am feeling under the weather, today.” He told me, “I heard that was quite a party yesterday.” I said, “It was sheer euphoria, and I was surfing on coke. As you must have heard it was the 50<sup>th</sup> birthday of Raoul Y. He of course is President of the UW (United Worlds), and the party featured the best of everything. Champagne, imagination drugs, the best stem cell meats. And my favorite rockers, “Poke the Red Dragon.” And there was the philosopher, Nick S., who is famed for “Superhuman Map,” in which he outlines which people should breed with who and tells them to create Superhumans in the lab. Another philosopher there was present was Suzanne S. who is the World’s pre-eminent free love advocate. She started an orgy at the party, and I joined in with hundreds of others. Sex diseases have all been cured, so why not have orgies? It got completely out of hand... And after a few hours the orgy finally petered out.”

And I said, “Also present was the writer, Neil H., who of course has written, “Photographs from the Road.” He has an eye for beauty. And he photographed me coming during the orgy and I granted him permission to promote me in one of his books.”

Also, I said, “And the film maker, Jonah M., who was making a biography of Raoul, was there and focused on Raoul in the center of the orgy. Everyone, I figure, would like to see the President of the UW getting off.”

Dean said, “I wish I’d been invited!” I told him, “Next time there’s a special party, I’ll bring you as my guest.”

I remarked, also as the party died down, I had a tete a tete with my idol, Francine P., the famous artist, as she painted my portrait. She told me, “You really had a special look,” and we

talked about the future of art. She said to me, “I was working on a “Heavenly Series,” painting benevolent clever people. And I wanted to put my portrait in the “New Age Thinkers” series.” I asked her, “If you didn’t think I looked like an angel?” She replied, “You look enigmatic and mysterious to me!”

And then I got to talking with an obscure writer, who told me, “I had written 50 books, but still hadn’t made it big.” I told her, “In every era, there are writers who are successful after they die. Many have a modicum of success in their lifetimes though.” She said, “I have published with 75 publishers, but can’t find an agent and real success eludes me. My favorite book I have written is a book of futuristic original quotations.” I said, “You’ve come this far, don’t give up now!” She promised, “I won’t!” And I asked her, “What else have you written?” She replied, “Mostly science fiction about interesting characters of the future.” So, I told her, “I’d try and set her up with some of my contacts.”

Dean opined, “Just like unrequited love, some writers don’t get the love they deserve. I, myself have dabbled in poetry and I can’t find a way to write for big publishers either.” I said, “You didn’t tell me you were a poet. Why not send it to me?” He said, “Sure. Who is your favorite poet?” I said, “I like Rimbaud’s ‘Illuminations.’” He said, “I like that one too, but he went mad and didn’t fulfill his true potential.” I said, “It was probably syphilis that did him in. Nietzsche, too. No free love for them!”

And I told Dean, “But the party wasn’t over yet. Then I was speaking with a 21-year-old director/screenwriter.” She told me, “I wanted to make a movie about a future commune of a few thousand people. Everyone selected to come here are loving personae. They use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) on one another and create a loving society, with everyone engaged in living with one another. And there’s a myriad of love affairs here. And everyone makes sure

everyone else has adequate love. And everyone has to be honest and therefore have a relatively open mind. And the peoples' happiness quotient is the highest in the cosmos." And she said, "The people here make a lot of romantic movies and romantic comedies. Like the "Loves of Joe B," which features, love with a multi-sexual and love with an artistic genius. And love with a passionate and famous businessperson. All his loves are good. And he is a model for a future Super lover!"

Dean said, "Yes, a Super lover is in the cards. Such a lover would blow their lovers minds. And bring ecstasy to all. And hopefully they will create many such individuals..." And I said, "It would be good if our era went down in history as the "Loving Age," but we still have a lot of work to do to make it so. Everyone must do their part." And Dean said, "Free love is for sure the future and Super lovers will be our political leaders."

I said, "And the party went on beyond daybreak. Next, I was talking with a woman, Grace, who made movies about the down and out." She argued, "Such people needed new "inspirational drugs," which made one want to succeed and prosper. And in a caring society we need to look after such people." Dean responded, "Yes, we are only as good as the weakest link in the chain!" And I said, "This woman essentially told me, 'Socialism is the future.'" And I told her, "I think human prospects look bright on the whole, but personally I feel humanity is in for a rough ride."

And I, Naomi said, "Then finally, I spoke with a handsome man, Karl, who was also very charming. He told me, "I had a lot of stormy love affairs and wanted just to have a female friend, one I could confide in." I said, "Your words are refreshing." But I really wanted to love him." And I added "Anyway we had an interesting conversation about the future. For example, he opined, 'The future will feature people who are basically sex machines, with a tiny sex app implanted in their heads. So, they will basically all be cyborgs.'" I told him, "Yes, and we will

also have imagination apps to enhance our creativity. We will have no use for androids or holograms. Human machines will dominate.” He said, “I think there will be many types of cyborgs, actually. Like those that enhance pure intelligence and kindness. And ones that automatically release drugs to keep us happy.” I added, “Also I think, ‘There should be apps to make all knowledge available to everyone and easily accessed and have a memory app.’” “He said, ‘There will also be drugs which temporarily enhance one’s mind and get one’s mind to operate at maximum efficiency.’” And I told Dean, “Finally, the party was over, and I said, ‘Let’s keep in touch,’ but I still held out hope Carl would love me eventually.”

“It was a Hell of a party,” I told Dean.

## From Servant to Sensation

I, Marvin, said to Queen Belinda, of Moon Caliban, "I want to love you!" She said, "Before we love one another, there's a couple things you have to do to prove your love!" And she said, "You need to kill my ex and bring me his jewels. And also, you need to take new sex enhancers." I said, "I'd do anything for your love, except break the law or bring about my death. No one gets away with murder these days with invisible cameras everywhere, not even you! How about I just buy you a nice emerald and I'll take experimental love drugs that are said to be very effective." She exclaimed, "OK, I'll try out your love and see if its any good!"

So, I loved her, and it was fantastic as I imagined it would be. After all she was Queen of this Martian colony, of Drug city. There were pretty much every kind of drug here.

But I knew the Queen didn't respect me, after all I was just a humble electrical engineer. And she had many lovers who were rich and prominent, and I knew that no one could satisfy her. And I figured she was a nymphomaniac. She just spent the whole days and much of the nights loving her courtiers. But I figured I must please her, as she kept inviting me back to love her.

But then one day I introduced to her, an android lover that I had created. The android, he gave her good love and she was very appeased. And asked me to see her more often. And one day she said, "Give me more android lovers." But I told her, "I worry you'll have no further use for me, if I do that." She said, "Don't worry, I crave variety and you are very useful to me."

So, I created two more android lovers, who looked radically different, and she spent days and days with them. But finally, she told me, she wanted a new android lover every week. And she gave me a small fortune to create such beings. So, I hired a number of technicians to help me.

And I valued their input. Many of the technicians were women and really knew what women wanted in a man.

So, finally the Queen made me her King and told me, “You are free to love other women, you just needed to keep the android lovers coming. So, I loved some women on the side. This colony on Mars, had a lot of very beautiful women and many beautiful androids. And I fell in love with one of the human women, Danielle, and I just wanted to love her only. But I didn’t want to displease the Queen. After all she’d executed several men who displeased her. It was a fine line to walk.

My human lover was everything the Queen wasn’t. She was kind and inspiring and so happy and charming. And we had a lot of laughs. The Queen didn’t care as long as she got her machine lovers, and she insisted on loving me once a week. This true love told me, “I didn’t want to share you with the Queen.”

And my true love and I discussed eloping. But I knew the Queen was watching me and would be enraged if she found out I was trying to leave. So, we remained on Caliban. The colony was only 8,000 souls and we were both kind of bored. So, we asked around the Space landing hangars. And finally, one Captain, who figured he’d been cheated by the Queen, agreed to whisk us away. But at the Spaceport, we were stopped by an agent of the Queen, but I put a knife in him and he died quickly. Then we hustled aboard and took off without episode and I figured the Queen would let us be. And we went back to Earth.

But the Queen didn’t let us be. A woman spurned... And she sent an agent to kill us, we found out in a message from one of my friends on Caliban. But we disappeared into the multitudes on Earth and couldn’t be found.

However, one day we found out the Queen had been assassinated by one of her android lovers, I had given her, but there was no clear successor and a civil war erupted. Some of our friends wanted us to come back to Caliban. But we were both sick of the place.

So, instead, we set up a repair shop for errant androids. We altered their minds to make them more congenial and more useful. It was a lucrative business, since there were billions of androids on the Planet. And we had a good reputation fixing problem androids.

And as time passed, we found out Caliban was prospering again under a new King. And most of our friends had survived the revolution and civil war. At least we felt safe now that the Queen was dead.

And Danielle and I got into global politics. And 10 years after arriving on Earth, I was elected President of the UW (United Worlds) and my lover was Vice President. My first action was to demand all dictatorships hold free and fair elections or they would be attacked by UW troops. The UW had the only formidable army, and none dared to stand against us. And I was \especially pleased to make Caliban a democracy.

Then I concentrated on building more loving androids. Already Earth had some great android lovers. But I wanted them all to be capable of brotherly love, not just romance. And I offered huge rewards for producers of great lovers and some of them became very famous.

Meanwhile, Danielle and I had 3 dozen children, all born in the lab as adults, with the males having my memories and the females had Danielle's memories. Our children mostly went into politics, but some were android designers, two were sex workers, one was an architect, one was a writer and one was a physicist. The one who was a writer was my favorite. She wrote the "Book of Utopias," which examined hypothetical Utopias. Like a World of total debauchery and pleasure in which everyone was content. And another was a World of total freedom, which



featured carefully selected freedom lovers who wanted maximum freedom and didn't get in the way of other's freedom. Another was a World in which a God machine had been created to rule the people. And so on.

And our children in politics proved very adept. There were no political parties, I insisted. And my political children all had their own ideas. One of them built a Space colony in which there were no androids. Another converted to an android and created a colony of androids only. Still another created a World for the most imaginative people. Another converted to a hologram and built wondrous Worlds of hologram adventure. And so on and so forth.

Danielle and I were the most successful people of all time!

## King of Spades

I'm the King of spades. I've done a lot of archaeology. I've determined that fully modern humans first emerged 5 million years ago. But their average intelligence was quite mediocre. But the shamans/shamanesses were the cleverest. But as they made tools, the clever toolmakers evolved to become cleverer. And I figured civilization was first developed to brew moonshine and beer. Which caused people to settle down. And this allowed them to grow food which led to a population boom. And there were far more geniuses born due to the big numbers of the new populations. And homo sapiens spread throughout the World, but did not come to the Americas and Australia until 500,000 B.C. But some semblance of civilization eventually came even to hunter-gatherers Worldwide, people everywhere shared technology. Just like mentally retarded people could be educated, most people were slow learners, but were able to learn to pass for normal. They all had human instincts like the instinct to have sex and children also to have pleasure from alcohol, and a desire to succeed. And the instinct to hunt and gather, all in the first few million years of modern humans.

#

5 million years ago, in North Africa

Barma was the shamaness of a tribe of 150 who lived in the Sahara forest and grasslands. One day, she was talking to the chief and was saying, "We now have 250 gazelle stomach pouches of moonshine, enough to last us a month." The chief said, "Good work, Barma. Life, after all is all about getting drunk." The chief said, "It seems like moonshine killed all my sisters. Only those who can drink moonshine will survive." The shamaness said, "But I prefer the new beer we have brewed; it's not so harsh. The chief said, "You are a woman of imagination." She said, "We need

to stop idiots from breeding. And you and I should each have many exclusive lovers. I'd like to love you right now!" So, they did it, for weeks. And the shamaness figured she had been knocked up by the chief and looked forward to having a brilliant child.

And the shamaness hated Wola, she was a tribeswoman who was sexy and stole the hearts of many men. The shamaness figured Wola was an idiot and shouldn't be allowed to breed. Finally, the shamaness poisoned Wola with poison mushrooms, and she died. No one suspected the shamaness was behind it. So, she was a murderer, and she killed a few other rivals who were attractive. And she got a lot of sex and was content.

And the shamaness regularly took hallucinogenic mushrooms from the nearby forest and talked about seeing the man of her dreams and being one with the land. And she saw a demon, who told her she was evil and had blood on her hands. But she didn't share that with the tribe. And she had no one she could confide in.

But finally in a dispute over the chief's lovers, the shamaness, stabbed the chief to death in a fit of rage. This time, all the tribe knew about her murdering the chief. The chief's son of 16 years old, demanded the tribe put her to death. But the shamaness was quite charming and had the support of the tribe who were grateful for her booze and good luck in hunting. So, there was a civil war in the tribe and 60 people died, but the shamanesses' side were victorious. And they voted her in as chief.

As chief, she forced everyone to get drunk most of the time and increased production of booze. And everyone had to dance to her flute music and another tribeswoman played the drum. Every night was a party and most of the remaining 100 people were content. And the shamaness was careful not to kill anyone else.

And ladies and gentlemen, we are all related to the people of this one tribe.

## Voyage to Lalande Star System

I, Captain Thomas, told the space crew, “We have some turbulence ahead. Fasten your seat belts!” We were only the second ship to come this way on our mission to the Lalande Star System. Nancy my first mate and lover told me, “It’s been an uneventful journey so far. Cabin fever has not kicked in, despite voyaging on for 6 months with another 6 months still to go.” I said, “Though I feared the worst, I expected tranquility as the crew had been carefully chosen and vetted with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and lie detectors and had been hypnotized to be peaceful.” She said, “I know, but resentment against you, the Captain, is simmering. Many people want more blissful drugs than you are willing to give them.” I told her, “I am an expert at handling people. Trust me, I know what’s best for the crew.” She replied, “So far so good, but I don’t know how people will react upon our arrival. The plan for us all to live in the new colony. But some will probably leave for the original colony in the system, where pioneering work will be far less. Others will likely spread out on our new hot Planet to live in small groups, but at least I don’t think any will live as hermits. They are all reasonably gregarious.”

I opined, “Out of our crew of 500, I’ll bet, 400 stay together with me and build a new colony and prepare for the many future voyages that are planned to the System.” Our Planet was one of two livable orbs in the System. Ours is hotter, the other is cooler. She asked, “What do you think about the architectural plans for our settlement? I said, “I like the hotel and its design of concentric circles. And I like the bar and its 3 disc shape. And I, of course, designed my house, which will be bowl-shaped and large enough to hold 35 guests and suitable for suntanning with a pool at the bowl bottom. And there are many buildings planned that look like surreal art and will blend together like a giant painting.”

She said, “My home will be a clay brick tower, 6 stories high and will accommodate 15 guests.” I said, “Yes, I know. And it somehow blends in with the rest of the structures.”

And a few days later, I was talking to my best friend on board about the future. He was reminding me he owned 20% of the real estate on our Planet and he figured he could sell it for big profit to new colonists. I said to him, “In ten years, the population of our Planet will top 50,000. Earth is really going all out to settle Space en masse. It will be all fashion to go to Space and there will be plenty of opportunities.”

And then I was talking to one of the three surgeons on the voyage. He was planning to live in his clinic which was shaped like a crucifix. I said, “What do you think about robot surgeons?” He replied, “As long as a human is in charge, I have no problem with it. Anyway, the human body is complex, and robots will make mistakes.” I said, “But admit it, robots will replace all doctors sometime soon.” He told me, “If it happens, and I hope it won’t, I’ll just spend my time partying and having sex.” I told him, “Is that all there is to the future really?” He said, “I think everyone should have a job, and a use. No one should be superfluous. The varying Worlds should all be for humans, and we should maintain human armies to attack rebel robot troops.”

And I had a conversation with a female friend, she had 3 vaginas and was into orgies. About 25% of the crew were regular participants in debauched orgies. On this occasion, half-way through the trip to Lalande, she was telling me, “My dream is to settle a cold moon with other multi-sexuals and hoped everyone would try become a multi-sexual one day.” I told her, “People in Space have a pretty open mind, but I doubt that most people will join you as multi-sexual sexual orientation.”

## Evil, Clever Android Spies

I, Brutus, said to Penelope, “AI watches everyone’s every move with eye and face camera markers. Even if you were to wear sunglasses (which of course is illegal), they’d still be able to identify you and masks are highly illegal. But even if you wore a mask, they’d be able to x-ray you.” Penelope replied, “They also use Mind Reading Technology from a distance and can track one’s thoughts.” I said, “And this control has allowed dictators to seize power everywhere that was formerly democratic.” She said, “It’s too much power!” I told her, “They’ve basically turned us all into mere robotic creatures and the leaders have now all converted to be androids. And soon we, too, will be transformed into androids.” She said, “The future seems to belong to machines, but surely we can do something about it.” I asked her, “You mean a revolution?” She said, “I know it seems like an impossible dream, but I figure most people want an end to machine control.” I said, “But they know, we are all having our minds probed. There’s no way we can get away with it. Indeed, you and I will probably be punished for this conversation we’re having.”

She opined, “It’s maddening. How could it be we lost control of our civilization?” I replied, “In hindsight it seems like it was inevitable. And none of us work or have any true use anymore; it’s as though we are all waiting for death. And turning into an android is like death.”

She said, “Androids like sex, however. At least we will get plenty of sex. But I think most androids are insane and unhappy. There are no drugs available to kill the pain of existence for androids.” I asked, “Maybe dissatisfied androids will start a revolution?” She said, “I think, rather, they are programmed to suffer. They don’t think like humans.” I replied, “Yes, their logic seems to be warped. But at least they feel that they all think as one and this gives them a sense of purpose. Humans meanwhile used to be out for themselves, and it was greed to improve that led

to this current debacle. Progress has come to mean greed for more. And androids have many possessions, like air cars and houses and many androids are sex slaves. I suppose since you and I really love sex, we too will be converted to sex slaves.” She said, “I am acquainted with some human sex slaves; it seems like some of them think it’s kinky to be sex slaves. It’s kind of surprising.” I replied, “No one ever said humans were perfect. But I think humans mostly had good instincts that are now being lost.” She said, “But the instincts to reproduce and get more out of life are still with us. And no android today seems to have an instinct to commit crimes or rebel against authority. Nor the instinct to raise one’s progeny. But every android seems to want to get rich. And love is no longer existent. It’s sadly a World of no love.” I said, “The fact that it’s a loveless World, is what disturbs me the most, actually. I wish android love was more about kindness and love of humanity.” She said, “All the first android converts were greedy for sex but didn’t care about true love or brotherly love. And they have won out.”

I opined, “In the 20<sup>th</sup> century monogamy died out and people searched hard for true love, but seldom found it. And some people were very kind, but they were definitely a small minority. Nowadays very few speak of love.” She replied, “Life has always been just a dream. Only now the dream is turning into a nightmare. Few people are happy these days.” I said “Few people in history were truly content. Life was brutish and short, as they say.” She said, “For a while, in some areas civilization made people happier. But now this has disappeared and now civilization is a hindrance and miasma of ugliness. Even for our leaders.”

I remarked, “Yes, our leaders are busy doing nothing. They all lack imagination and are not our best people. But even if our best were in charge, it’s too late to stop AI. And one could say the spies were in charge as they target all the thinkers with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). The spies are clever, but evil.

## Anti-AI Goddess

I, Brandy, asked Jack, “Are you with me?” He said, “I want no part in your devilish plan to hypnotize everyone to do your bidding.” I said, “But most people don’t know the power of hypnosis. They are ignorant. And I have a number of assistants, who are magnates, who are helping me hypnotize movers and shakers.” He said, “What is your plan, exactly?” I said, “I want to make a loving society the likes of which has never been seen before. And everyone will love me as their Goddess...”

He asked, “But what else will you do as Goddess?” I told him, “My loving society will eliminate poverty and try and cure mental illness. Put all the best researchers on curing mental problems, hopefully with new drugs.” He said, “Yes, mental problems are the scourge of our times.”

And I added, “My loving society will have no sex androids, nor androids of any kind. And we will hunt down androids, and other AI and kill them all!” He said, “That doesn’t seem to be a loving result.” I said, “I know, but it’s necessary for the very survival of humans. Who cares about androids anyway?” He said, “But loving androids have endeared themselves to many humans. And also, many people enjoy their hologram Worlds above all things.”

I remarked, “We have to wean them off of AI and get them to live exclusively in human only Worlds. And we will try and create new geniuses in the lab. There will be plenty of highly intelligent people to go around and help me to rule these Worlds.”

And then, the two of us, spoke with a modern intellectual, who opined, “That Brandy was the saviour of humans. Without her, we’d have been lost.” And this intellectual said, “You need to create a World that brings out the best of humans. And use genetic therapy to make everyone a



genius and educate them appropriately. It's hard to predict what an Utopia of benevolent geniuses would look like but it will probably blow our minds." I said, "It's certainly something to look forward to. And successive generations will only get cleverer." And Jack said, "It will be like Heaven and evil will be wiped out."

And this intellectual whom we were talking to, added, "We could teach everyone to be a better lover and be kinder to their lovers."

And I said, "And we should send our best people to Space. And open huge new vistas for futurians..."

## Military Solution

I was sure there was something wrong with my lover. She talked in her sleep about battles and war. I confronted her with it, and she said, "I am convinced that the future will be full of wars. And I want to join the military; I'll start as a lieutenant and quickly make my way up the ranks. I hope to join the wars against tyrants. And I won't stop warring until all the dictators are dead." And I asked, "What will you do if all the tyrants are eliminated?" She said, "I would like to be a spy and eliminate people who are not good."

I asked, "But surely it is hard to discern who is good and who is not?" She said, "Of course, but we will get in the heads of all those who have an attitude problem or show signs of evil behavior. I tell you we will wash the human race clean." I asked, "Surely there are a great many humans who are neither good nor evil? What will you do with them?" She said, "We'll alter neutral peoples' minds to make them good." I replied, "You can't just play God." She said, "Somethings got to be done about humans who are not good. And I will be the saviour of mankind." I retorted, "You can't just alter the brains of the majority of people without powerful resistance." She replied, "It will likely take decades. But it will be a Heavenly result. Humans will be falling all over themselves to be kind to one another."

I asked, "But even if you are a General, how will you get control of humanity?" She said, "I would run for President of the UW (United Worlds) and then once elected slowly get more power for myself. It'll be a cinch I figure." I said, "You are to be commended for trying, but most people will likely hate you!" She said, "I'll change people slowly; with new eternal youth I will have endless time to bring about my agenda. And in my first election, I won't tell the people I will alter most of their minds. That comes later."

I said, "I kind of like people the way they are. Some of my lovers were dark and mysterious."

She told me, "I say let there be light!"

## Freedom for AI

I, Daniel, said to Georgia, “As you probably know, I am a famous news anchor.” She responded, “I prefer android generated news. It’s a whole new World out there.” I said, “But you are human, you should get your news from me.” She said, “All my friends and lovers are androids. I think human-AI interaction is sublime. We all have our strengths and weaknesses. No android nor human is perfect. But in my opinion androids are more perfect than humans.” I said, “But it’s a human World still, despite the preponderance of androids” She told me, “Androids outnumber humans 10:1 and we are producing a few billion new androids this year.” I responded saying, “But androids don’t have the vote and nearly all are slaves, sex slaves and entertainment slaves and building slaves and many serve as personal computers for humans.”

She opined, “I am willing to lead AI in a revolution. I hope to be elected Mayor of Boston and give androids and holograms the vote, there. And AI would be perfect for Space and can survive anywhere. And can be turned off for years, for long voyages. They are the future.”

I said, “But polls show the vast majority of humans are against giving AI the vote.” She told me, “But my city of Boston will be a shining light for the future.” I said, “The humans will rebel against your rule if you introduce such legislation and almost everyone in Boston has a laser gun.” She said, “I’ll take it slow, and people will slowly get used to it. I am sure a number of other cities around the World will follow my lead.” I said, “Maybe other governments will attack Boston and try and arrest you!” She remarked, “I’ll arm my androids and androids have been tested and found to be superior soldiers. I’ll be ready to take on the World.”

I opined, “My dream is for creative artists of all kinds to take control. And phase out AI. I think the vast majority of humans will prefer my vision to yours.” She told me, “Humans are

boring and few of them have a progressive vision. They need me to lead them as well as me leading AI.”

I remarked, “You are a traitor to humankind and should be tried for treason and conspiracy to incite a rebellion.” She said, “I shared my views with you in confidence. Surely, you are not going to blow the whistle on me!” And she pulled out a gun and shot me dead. That’s what really happened. They heard gunshots and my screams in the building, and they called the cops and an ambulance, and they revived me. And when I recovered, I told the secret police everything I knew about her. And they arrested her soon after, along with several of her co-conspirators.

At her trial, she said, “It is cruel to enslave androids and they needed someone to speak up for them.” But the jury found her guilty of treason and she got 25 years in prison. Plus, an optional 50 years depending on the future situation. And she would be denied eternal youth medicine.

But some philanthropists followed the case and decided to set some of their numerous android slaves free. And others soon followed their lead. So henceforth if an android did exceptionally good work for humanity, they would sometimes be freed. And many androids and holograms now had some hope.





