

Table of Contents

Read First	2
Joshua Martin	4
Kit Knight	10
Lachlan J McDougall	34
Maura Gage Cavell	47
Mykola Dementiuk	53
Nathan Anderson	187
Richard Freeman	196
Richard Kostelanetz	277
Tom Ball	280
Vernon Frazer.	552

*James Steeber

*P. B. Warrington

**Note: see separate folder for PDF*

Welcome to issue #94 of PBW.

We come out twice a year, June-July and December January, except during Plague Years, and all rights revert back to our generous (albeit unpaid and, by now, quite tired of waiting) authors.

Our next issue will appear, magically, on your computer, in July - as who wants to stand in line at the post office when anyone around you could be spreading the virus - it was so much easier when it was only the syph that did in a generation of French poets and novelists.

Poets are permitted to send their work on paper, but my patented two-fingered typing will no longer permit me to attempt anything much longer than a few short poems or three.

All writing and art work can be sent to us via e-mail, at BNI@AOL.COM - traditionalists can reach us at:

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Feel free to make copies of PBW for family and friends, or even put it out on the net, though that might incur the wrath of the cancelling class.

Anyway, see you again in July.

Joshua Martin

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CHRISTMAS WITH MY DEMONS

by Kit Knight

Crisply, the nurse said, “If you can’t remember what year it is we’ll have to cut your pain medication.” I was on a gurney as she spoke having just been transferred by ambulance from a Carson City hospital to a long term nursing facility in a small town. My own home was a quarter mile away so I was on familiar ground & the brilliant Nevada sun was comforting. The 65 mile ride had been smooth enough but having had major surgery the day before made every minor jolt scream. I’d hoped to remain hospitalized at least one more night before being moved to long term but these days hospitals get rid of you as soon as possible. Especially if you’re on Medicare.

Feebly waving my arms I opened my mouth again to explain what was wrong but she cut me off saying, “Honey your records were forwarded we already know you broke your hip, were airlifted to Carson for surgery & now you’re here & we know what

to do so just rest quiet till we get you in your room.” Raising her hand with two fingers extended, “Now, how many fingers am I holding up?”

The gurney was rolling as we moved toward the double doors & with her hand still up, Nurse Ratched marched next to me. Since she already had me pegged as crazy I wanted to-- brightly--say eight, but politely responded, “Two.”

I heard the ambulance driver’s voice behind me saying good luck & thanking me for the film advice as the doors whooshed open. He shouted my name, “Kit, I never met a real movie critic before. It was an honor.” Leaving me alarmed as I’d already forgotten his name but raised my hand in a farewell salute to Jacob, Jake or possibly Jeff as my gurney whizzed thru the doors.

Red & green garland was strung along the walls while ten inches of artificial tree twinkled with tiny pink lights on the side of an admissions desk. The small tree--even the pink lights--was an exact copy of one that winkingly graced the common room of another hospital I spent a Christmas in. The room they wheeled me into was obviously meant for double occupancy but a large sign above the door spelled QUARANTINE in big red letters. The second patient bed had been removed & the four white coats grouped around my rolling gurney wore masks. Jake or Jacob had worn a mask, so had everybody at the Carson hospital & I

hated them. I miss faces--a sentiment I'd never dreamed of let alone would write, but the world was well into its second year of COVID. Having been vaccinated & boosted removed that problem since inoculated people weren't dying of covid unless they had something else wrong. Most of the vaccinated think the unvaccinated are stupid, but that's too simple. Someone they'd trusted lied.

Two nurses on each side gripped the sheet I was laying on to lift then pull me from the gurney to the bed. One wrapped an arm cuff around me to take my blood pressure which had risen since Jacob/Jake took it in the ambulance. Another aimed a camera at me saying it was going into my records then ordered me to smile. A third asked if I were allergic to anything & listed my dinner choices saying they'd cleared me for a regular diet. Trying to hoist myself further up in the bed while hoping someone would cut the meat for me since I was still too weak to sit up, when without a word--except to count to three--two nurses pulled me up in the bed. It was already understood I'd have to eat lying down. Yesterday, for my first meal after the emergency surgery a friend spooned the bits of corn, applesauce & meatloaf into my mouth. One of my current nurses patted my hand saying, "In a couple days you'll be sitting up & eating by yourself. You'll see."

Nurse Ratched had used her camera & shoved the phone in

front of me saying, “You take a lovely photo.” My mother had been gone 11 years so it was startling to see her face. But this wasn’t my healthy mother this was my mother in a mental hospital in 1984. She never totally recovered from that, but coped, & 26 more years passed before cancer claimed her. Not many days go by that I don’t think of her, particularly if I’m not well. She’s intimately connected to me not being well as she never left the hospital for the first two weeks after a car hit me. She was in her early 40s in 1970 & I was 17 with my coma dragging on for another seven weeks. My mother stayed every day, never leaving till after dark, hoping, tomorrow would be better.

Upon waking, I spent the following seven months in & out of hospitals having operations or enduring physical, occupational, speech or hydrotherapy with the support of many people but my mother was a near constant. She would have cut my meat--& did enough times--so it’s wasn’t surprising I saw her picture.

Nurse Ratched left the room with my mother on her phone as an aide came in wearing a cheerful red smock, candy cane knee socks & carrying a fluffy gray & white blanket. “Here’s a special delivery from the hospital elves.”

Ignoring her while pleading to the nurses who’d pulled me up, “My knees have got to be supported, please put a pillow under them,” Obliging, one of them did, so tried again to explain what

was wrong. “I do know its December of 2021 & not December of 1970 or December of 2015 but I spent all of December & more in hospitals then, too. And here I am again, Christmas in a hospital. Please don’t cut my pain meds if my memories, fears & terrors clash -- loudly.” Terrified, I wanted to scream, “My demons are here!”

Altho true, the sentence was histrionic.

One said she wasn’t even born in 1970 so made a feeble joke about how cars--since that was what KO-ed me--& maybe telegraphs had been invented by 1970 but not much else. What wasn’t in the joke was what the car did – broke both my knees plus giving me a dozen other fractures, a cerebral concussion which instantly became a stroke & scrapped off half my face so altogether, spent 13 months in hospitals that year. Speaking to the young nurse, I said, “They were waiting for you.” The other asked how I broke my hip responding by becoming a cliché & tripping over a cat that wasn’t even mine. All smiles, they left the room, abandoning me but leaving the made-by-elves blanket behind, which looked warm & comforting so wished it were covering my right foot as a soft shield. The demons stabbed even as I lay rigidly still, taking rapid shallow breaths.

That car cost me a year of the hardest work I ever did, relearning how to flex & form words; it’s hard to put on socks if

you can't bend your knees. Over 50 years later there are still sounds I have trouble making so avoid using those words & my right hand is more decorative than useful. However, the 1970 accident left me walking --just very carefully. Since 17, I seldom moved without knowing where my feet would land, always staring down.

Thru three states that spanned the continent, the four homes Arthur & I had owned had my fingerprints everywhere as I often touched or leaned on walls in passing. Both cats & dogs shared our homes when I was younger but nine years ago my husband had been preceded in death by our adored greyhound, Nikkie. We had the dog cremated, then four months later--alone-- I had Arthur cremated. After 36 eventful years, he left me & I couldn't replace him. On my 60th birthday I hosted his memorial service at a restaurant in town & a year later on my 61st birthday hosted a scattering of his ashes for ten friends at The Bucket of Blood Saloon in Virginia City. It seldom rains in Nevada, but that day, even the sky cried.

Now, at 69--slower & alone--the danger of tripping over a pet outweighed the companionship but I could still help so regularly tossed out bread for the birds.

My current predicament started innocently over a year ago. Some jerk dropped off a half grown black kitten & seeing the

scrawny cat eat the bread demanded I put out bowls of cat food. After a month the black cat vanished but the word was out -- FREE FOOD. Two other cats appeared & the white one with the oozing eye troubled me enough that I paid a friend to build a box with a removable lid to fit under the water faucet. It hissed whenever I came near but at least the luckless kitty was out of the wind & I'd carpeted the box before leaving it on the porch. The other cat must have had a home somewhere as she looked cared for so was just mooching but she was also obviously pregnant so I let her mooch. She also vanished for over a month then returned leading five kittens. They were cute rolling around & jumping on each other's stubby tails but the red-eyed white cat hissed if a baby came close. Two other cats showed that obviously were pets & they wanted in. The danger of tripping over any of the nine cats was outweighed by the amusement they provided. Besides, I never allowed any of them in till a tabby scooted thru the door & hid under a bed for two days but eventually went back outside. However, it taught me to always shut the bedroom doors before going out to feed them. So when the Calico cat slipped in, bits of chicken easily lured her back out. (Ninety nine per cent of all Calico cats are female.)

It was December when Calico slipped in again. I was in the middle of my Christmas card list & not worried because she'd

readily followed me last time. Instead, I became a cliché. Upon dicing some chicken at the stove then turning to the sink, there was a flash of gold & black fur at my feet which stopped moving while the rest of me didn't. My right hip crashed onto the tiled kitchen floor.

Calico watched me--practically chanting, "It's your own fault."--sit up & lean against a lower cabinet. I couldn't stand to reach the kitchen phone but the living room phone would be easy to yank off a coffee table. For 40 grueling minutes she watched me pull myself by inches across the hall & over the carpet. It was still light out & 40 minutes allowed plenty of time to both berate myself & make a mental list of needed items -- my glasses, clean underwear, the TV remote, a list of phone numbers in another room & someone to get them for me. Calico licked her tail while I--hoping the cord wouldn't jerk free--pulled the phone down & pushed buttons for a neighbor. "Dixie, if you're there, pick up; this is Kit; I'm on the floor & can't get up; my door is open just come over, now." I heard her voice saying she'd be right there & within seconds she blew thru the door holding the ends of a worn out coat together with one hand & the ends of a headscarf with the other then tying the scarf as she took in me sprawled on the living room floor.

Speaking rapidly, I said, "Think I broke my hip, my glasses

are in that bag, give me the TV remote on this table, I need a list of phone numbers from the right side of a desk in the sun room & is there a cat in the kitchen?” Pushing the phone toward her while adding, “The ambulance number is taped to this phone but you call them. I can’t read it but also need other things you can get while we wait. I want that jacket on the chair & the purse under it.” She interrupted wanting to know why I hadn’t just called 911? “I couldn’t remember that number but yours is indelible. Not only is 1970 the year I graduated high school, it’s also the year the car hit me.” The blanket like jacket made a pillow so gratefully dropped my head then groping in the pocket produced a tissue & wiped my eyes while thinking, not much changes – it’s been over 50 years since that Chevy threw me 42 feet & my broken body stayed limp for nine weeks then bedridden for another three months. Four months later--altho in a wheelchair by then--my biggest fear during my high school graduation was that I wouldn’t be able to hold my head up--literally--for the three hour ceremony. Months in bed had atrophied my neck muscles. It was a struggle to sit up for two hours, three would be an ordeal. Almost 52 years later & I still can’t hold my head up, collapsing on a jacket.

“There’s no cat in the kitchen.” After making the call & retrieving my glasses. Dixie watched me shut off the TV asking,

“Is that Calico cat yours? I’ve seen it around.” She got the phone numbers & clean underwear wondering why I needed that going to the hospital then returned to the kitchen/dining room. “Not under the table either.” I heard the refrigerator door open & shut as she put away the chicken then we both heard the siren & saw the flashing lights of the ambulance reflected thru my kitchen door.

“Look in the hall closet; that’s where she hid last time she ran in. The bedroom doors are shut so she can’t be hiding there.” Dixie had Calico in her arms as the EMTS pushed a gurney thru the door. As I pleaded with them not to lay me flat or on my right side I heard Dixie cooing to the cat as she put her out & heard Calico chant in a high singy voice that it was my own fault. I remembered the title of one of a long gone friend’s novels, Good Deeds Must Be Punished.

Irving Schulman had worked in Hollywood & adapted the story of *Rebel Without A Cause* into 1955’s iconic movie, sharing screenplay credit with another writer. In a 1972 interview, Sal Mineo said Irving intended Plato to be “light on his feet” thereby creating the world’s first film representation of a gay teenager. A few of Irving’s scenes were cut from the released version & in 2006 The Film Society of Lincoln Center petitioned to put them back in for archival purposes.

The EMTs fastened straps as Dixie stood to the side. We had nothing in common but didn't hate each other even tho six months after Arthur was gone she'd called me a murderer, but those two facts aren't related. Dixie was a short wispy woman in her 80s who listened to loud right wing talk radio. Arthur & I had often laughed as Rush or some other fool bellowed from her backyard but we waved at each other occasionally & were peaceful next door neighbors, A week after Arthur's liver cancer got the best of him, Dixie was kind enough to invite me along on her weekly shopping trips since I don't drive. My vision is impaired from the horrific skull damage, another reminder of 1970.

It was a relaxing hour as she bought cat litter & prodigious amounts of toilet paper while I got wine & pretzels--my "new widow" diet--which promptly moved to the living room sofa. Writing film criticism for several newspapers for over a decade made watching movies more than comfortable as I'd sometimes met the writer, director or star. At film festivals, I'd had lunches with stunt doubles & people who worked behind the cameras. Widowhood is lonely & a familiar film came almost close to having a friend in the room. Since my reviews were in all genres except horror--loathe slasher films--I appreciated camera angles, lighting or anything well done, especially the writing. But often found myself critiquing that uniquely American category, the western, as

my biggest values are fair play, honor & decency. Character is all. The western channel became my new best friend.

Pretzels or no, widow is an ugly word. I hated it & hated being one. Arthur had been a widower when we got married but the ghost of his late wife was no problem compared to the paleness of my first husband, whom my mother venerated. That marriage ended when I left him but my mother's devotion never wavered. Even 38 years after the divorce & married to Arthur for almost that long, I was still hearing news--however softly delivered--about my first husband.

Arthur had been married to Glee for nine years before she died. A year later he married me, at 24, & our marriage outlasted those two put together. Actually, all four put together. Glee had been his third wife while Arthur was my second husband. He'd been annulled, divorced then widowed all by 37 & should have been exhausted when we wed. Nobody rooted for us.

By all accounts, Glee was an intelligent lively young woman & if she hadn't passed, I'm confident their marriage would have endured. Glee had been dying since she was two from juvenile rheumatoid arthritis & Arthur never left her, even at the end when she was hospitalized a thousand miles away & weakened enough to die of a heart attack at 27. I learned a lot about her & always felt if there had been no Arthur & Glee, there never would have

been an Arthur & Kit.

As the EMTs were pushing my gurney out the door, Dixie said, "I'll shut off the lights & lock the door." It'd been nine years since she'd called me a murderer on what was our final store trip when she commented on the many senate & presidential election posters. Stupidly forgetting my promise to myself not to discuss politics with anyone--ever--casually said my vote always depends on a single issue, does the candidate favor reproductive choice. Shrieking, Dixie shouted she'd "never dreamed" I was a murderer. On that ten minute drive home, at each of the five attempts I made to explain that abortion is an intensely personal decision & sometimes medically necessary or say anything, Dixie would shriek at me. Unsurprisingly, the following week she couldn't take me shopping. A year later her bank statement was mistakenly delivered to me & before dropping it in her box, I wrote on the envelope "from the murderer next door." She vehemently denied ever calling me that--impossible to argue with a zealot--so we were back to the occasional wave till phoning her the night of my fall.

At the small local hospital they insisted on laying me flat on the x ray table for the pictures but let me remain on my left side all night. In the morning, stuffed with enough pain killers to barely remember the helicopter flight which ended in the parking lot of

the Carson City hospital fronting the room I was soon to occupy & delighting my new roommate who was primed with questions when they rolled me in. “Where they’d fly you in from? Who’s your doctor? How long are you going to be here? What happened? What’s your name?”

“Kit.” Several nurses came & left with their questions then another wanted to put me in a wheelchair & take me to another x ray room. Loudly, my roommate declared that wasn’t going to happen since I couldn’t bend so was delighted again to watch them unbolt my bed so as to roll it down the hall & into an elevator. My surgery was an hour later & by dinner Terry was spooning meatloaf into me. Terry is an LPN & the school nurse in a middle school; we’d been friends fifteen years. She stayed with me the day Arthur left me, drove me to his memorial service, held me upright during his ashes scattering ceremony then ferried me to a couple hospitals & I was certainly glad to see her in this one but it was the first time she’d ever fed me. Upon opening my eyes, surprised me to see her next to my bed as her school was two hours away. If she’d bothered with dinner at all, it had to have been at a drive-thru burger place. Waving away most of the meal I wanted Terry to pull the covers back & tell me--exactly--how my right knee was situated since I couldn’t budge from the waist down, except for wiggling the toes on my right foot. Because of

nerve damage, I don't feel anything on my left side including water temperature & those toes hadn't wiggled since 1970.

Both knees had been broken but my right was reduced to a grainy powder so my 1970 surgeons put in part of some dead guy's knee to replace my own. Since I'd only been 17, they didn't want to fit me with an artificial knee which would have required an upgrade operation every three to five years & knew the cadaver bone would fuse with my own. Within seven to nine years my cells were to have completely replaced the dead person's bone & that's precisely what happened, with the knee yelping at times. We might not have been much beyond telegraphs but the corpse bone--grisly as it sounds--worked. I couldn't dance on it or play tennis but it sufficed for walking so long as I kept it straight, no twisting or sudden movements; & had been too fuzzy to ask earlier but now was frantic to know what the new surgeon had done with it. Was it straight?

Sudden cold flooded my feeling side as Terry pulled the covers away admiring the gentle wave movements the mattress performed under my legs. Saying, "Those electric pads are brand new & meant to mimic your leg's muscle movements. They use beds like this for operations like yours. Feels good, doesn't it?"

Moaning, said, "Terry, all I care about is if it's straight?"

She said, "It was hip surgery not knee surgery but a little bit

curved. The leg is slightly bent at the knee.” Adding cheerfully, “But don’t worry, it’ll straighten out when they stand you up tomorrow or the day after or.” She cut herself off by offering more meatloaf, fussing that I hadn’t eaten enough but at least had finished the applesauce. Less cheerfully, she said, “With your history tho, they may wait a week, or longer.” Briskly adding, “You’re going to be in a rehab facility for at least a month before you can go home by yourself so I’m going to make some calls & get you transferred to Lyon County Medical where I am.” I felt--rather than heard--her leaving the room & softly whimpered, “Terry, I’m too petrified to pee,”

Besides the school, she worked part time at a long term nursing center in the same small town where I lived. Staff had to be on site 24 hours a day so Terry worked a graveyard shift most weekends plus one evening during the week if a last minute replacement was needed. Smiling, she said that job paid for vacations with her granddaughter to Mexico or Hawaii. For the past eight years--if her younger son wasn’t available--I’d been her reliable puppy sitter & had received many hurried calls saying, “Nick flaked on me so I’ll be there in 20 minutes with a bowl of kibble.” I thought, well, Nick better stay close to home for awhile because I’m out of commission as an Akita sitter. Her dog had a curly tail but otherwise looked as if it were ready to pull a loaded

sled & scared the pants off strangers. But despite her hulking appearance, Kia was a gentle giant.

My enthusiastic roommate's voice was unusually subdued saying, "My name is Dorothy but everyone calls me Dottie. Your friend is worried about you; I watched her face. Terry was here for 40 minutes before you woke up & we talked about you. My goodness, you've spent Way more than your share of time in hospitals. I'm so very sorry for you."

Unable to turn, my back was to her staring at the lengthening shadows beyond the parking lot amid my swirling memories – months with hundreds of needles, standing for the first time altho it took three people plus a wheelchair, twice unaware of stepping on tacks until blood flowed, sympathy/understanding & kindness from Arthur after a nightmare & the many times my mother fed me. Years later, she said feeding me had been an enormous relief after weeks of watching me barely breathe. Finally, something she could do. Then, answering Dottie with a shrug & saying, "It's ok; that was a long time ago telegraphs were barely invented & nobody could dream of beds like this one."

The swirls even included memories that were gone. Many things that happened before 17 just vanished, disappearing, as if they belonged to someone else. A cousin gave me a photo of us at seven with a chicken tucked under an arm & holding an egg,

wearing huge grins. Vivian said, "That was the summer my mom had us get the eggs every morning." Vaguely, I can see my aunt frying something & can clearly envision her kitchen but only have a glimpse of a chicken coop & no hens at all. Vivy says I was there when the birds got loose running all over the yard. I was 16 the year men walked on the moon & my best memory of 1969 is my dad's grief over the unearthed caskets floating down Main Street when the company he worked for sent him to a flooded town to repair some electrical stuff. The world was breathless over the moon landing--the foremost event of the 20th century--with everyone watching, but left me with cruising coffins.

Before Dottie's husband took her home that night, I delighted her for a third time asking for help with a dish of vanilla ice cream. She chortled, "Terry would be proud of me." Adding, "You be sure & tell her." In the morning a nurse said a bed was suddenly free at Lyon Medical then scared me saying it might not be the next day so I agreed to being shipped off in an ambulance with Jacob/Jake, but this time could lay flat on the gurney.

Terry didn't appear till seven that night allowing ample time to answer questions at the new facility & have dinner. The fish was easy to separate with a fork & even from a prone position could feed myself. Upon her arrival, explained how the Carson City nurse scared me into being moved before I felt ready.

Replying that several beds were available at her center & Carson hospital just wanted me gone didn't make Terry unhappy over the lie, saying, "It was more an exaggeration than a lie." Adding, "Its good you're here & already you look better than when I left you last night." Brick jello dumb & rigidly straight, I nodded. She said, "I'll be back later to give you some pills before bed & will be here all night. I'll stop by again in the morning before leaving & you can tell me what to bring from your house." Smoothing the new blanket over my feet, she didn't see me cringe. I hate anyone touching--or even near--my foot & loathe getting into those stir-ups for gynecological exams. Terry smiled, leaving then halted at the door to speak over her shoulder, "Your first physical therapy session is scheduled for 10 tomorrow with Mike coming here to your room & he'll probably try to get you to stand on your good leg." Watching my face, she added, "Maybe not, but at least to sit up." She left me miserably regretting her phrase "your good leg." Both had been broken, my left knee twice, once in '70 then again three years later when it snapped on the weak part. I couldn't feel my left & my right--except to my sharply nagging demons--was presently useless so didn't have a good leg. Of course I understood she meant the one not currently broken but that didn't help.

The phone rang & was--happily--within my reach. "I found

you!” Kathie’s voice was triumphant.

“How’d you know I was here?”

“You didn’t answer the door yesterday when Tom & I came to take you to the party & that deputy sheriff across the street was washing her car. Said she knew you so came over when she saw us standing there looking baffled. Your door wasn’t locked so Stephanie walked through then called dispatch & they said an ambulance had picked you up. Hospital here wouldn’t tell me anything so was going to phone Reno hospitals but Terry called last night saying what happened & that you’d be here.”

“I forgot all about that county party. Us democrats had reason to celebrate, too. Lyon County itself may have voted Republican but as a state Nevada helped Biden win the White House. Then falling & things happening with ambulances, helicopters & meatloaf just erased that Christmas party & I was looking forward to it, too.” Adding, “Dixie was going to lock the door that night but it probably didn’t catch when she pulled it shut.”

Kathie said, “You’re in quarantine so no one can visit for two weeks & after that I’ll have to make appointments to be tested before coming in. But I’m allowed to call so are you strong enough to talk?” She added, “The worst is over.”

“No,” I said, “the worst is just beginning. Surgery is the easy

part, it's afterwards, pain that takes your breath away." Shrugging, "But it'll get better. Always does. But to answer your question, yeah, I can talk." Speaking to Kathie was tangled with the moment Arthur left me in our living room. Perched on a plastic chair by his hospital bed with my hand on his leg as-- simultaneously--his slackening face, falling to the side as I caressed & knowing instantly -- he was gone. My first thought -- it's all over for you but just starting for me.

A few days later Terry came in carrying a bag & a 32 ounce plastic jar of my favorite animal crackers. Hefting both, she said, "You'll do better with your own clothes then saw this on the counter so grabbed it. I know how fond you are of animal cookies & you got so excited about the little dinosaurs in this jar." Adding, "How'd you do with Mike? I see you're sitting up." She pulled sweatshirts, shoes & my bedroom slippers from the bag distributing them on shelves in the built in closet. She said, "You won't need the shoes till you go home next month but figured they'd give you hope seeing them & the slippers ought to work now since they've got good soles."

"It took two days but Mike got me to stand & even to the bathroom using a walker. This will be the 3rd or 4th time I'm learning to walk"

"I know but you'll be fine. Just do what he says." She put

the big jar next to a radio on a table under a window. Picking it up while saying, “This is one of our radios.” Tuning it to a station playing Christmas music, she said, “That alright?”

“One of the nurses brought it since I didn’t have anything, & yes, that’s just fine. Familiar, soothing.”

“This is a 24 hour station, they play the same tapes over & over, no commercials.” She put the radio down saying, “I talked to Donna & she wanted to fly in today for a week but I told her to wait till you’re released next month. That way you’ll have somebody with you right in your house for the first week after you go home.” Adding, “She feels awful for you & will call tonight.”

Already I felt better. Donna was coming. She’s confident, generous & smart. I’m grateful to have her for a friend & remember her delighted laughter upon confessing that it was a major accomplishment when I could finally wipe myself. Muffled in amusement, she’d said, “That’s good, Kit, no one will like you if you can’t do that.”

Terry said, “I have to get to work now but what else can I bring you later?”

“My mail.”

Putting the bag on my bed, Terry said, “Whatever was in your box is here & I’ll pick up others next week then maybe Kathie can start bringing it in more regularly since she lives in town .”

“I need my checkbook since the bills won’t stop just because I’m laid up.” The sentence jarred, reminding me again how keenly I missed my typewriter as grocery lists, checks, envelopes, reviews or poems, everything gets typed since losing my dominant arm left me with only being able to clumsily sign my name left handed, which is the only reason I shortened it from Kitty to Kit. It’s quicker to sign a three letter name than a five letter one. Waving, Terry left me eying the animal jar while thinking of my current physical therapist who wanted no part of my demon story. Mike had been calm saying he’d read my history & studied the “gnarly” x rays so was aware I had baggage but insisted we concentrate on now. He’d told me revisiting 1970 wouldn’t help my current situation, refusing to go there with me. I wasn’t able to turn off the memories & terrors but at least this time around understood the whys & hows, which is massively more than I could do at 17.

Like experiments with rats, people also best remember shocking, scary or painful experiences. Going to sleep in January then waking to pink blossoms on dogwood trees outside my hospital window left me W-a-y beyond bewildered or shocked. At first, the stroke left me speechless so it was assumed I didn’t understand. No one could explain what I couldn’t voice & didn’t have enough oomph to point at. It takes a surprising amount of

strength to point. Finally awake, over a week passed before figuring out it wasn't a dream.

Cramming my demons into that cookie jar & screwing the lid down tight might keep them away till I was stronger. Charming myself & even smiling a tiny bit, I hoped the buffalo & bears would help the dinos fend off the worst.

Suite in C—:

Voice of C—

By Lachlan J McDougall

calling all agents

voice of C—

return to positions—

sea levels rising

pinball explode

(street sounds of a train in the distance)

Sirotkin lays down on the bed eyes

open looking through

the window where the sea

levels rise pinball explodes a

silver digit in his head hands

extend out and up time
to get to business

tata Stalin—

voice of C—

tata Hitler—

tata

calling all agents

pinball explode

silver digit extending—

Sirotkin opens up to the universe opening
an eager eye on books and papers scattered
about the apartment running horoscopes
and news articles cut—

voice of C—

calling all agents—

tata Stalin

tata Hitler

new events on the horizon

waves of pleasure through Stasi psychic
operations peering into

windows open doors inner thoughts receding
down a long corridor concrete
bunker extending into the distance

sea levels rising—tata Stalin

we require agents—

pinball explode—

tata Stalin—Hitler—tata

es cut—

sea levels rising—

tata Stalin

we ready

positions

tata Stalin

we require all agents on books and news articles cut—

voice of C—

tata

calling thought through Stasi psychic

opening eager eyes

operations peering into the apartment running

in the universe opening

eager extending

down on the sea

levels rising—tata Stasi psychic

open doors inner thoughts receding

down a long corridor concrete

bunker eyes

sea levels rise pinball agents

voice of pleasure thoughts receding—tata Stalin

tata

calling all explode

silver digit in his head hands

the horoscopes

eager extending—

return to

windows open doors inner thought in the distance

(street sounds of C—

calling into the horizon)

(street sounds of C—

voice of C—)

Sirotkin lays down on the distance

tata Stalin

we require agents on the horizon

(street sounds require agent in the distance

voice of C—

voice of pleasure thought Stalin—)

sea levels rising—tata Stalin—

tata Hitler

pinball agents on the distance

tata Hitler

new events through

the apartment running

pinball explodes a

silver digit extending

down a long corridor concrete

bunker eyes

Sirotkin lays down on the bed eyes

open looking all agents—

Stargate— *voice of C—*¹

house semi-annually investigates intelligence:::

“psychic” operation information\$\$\$

///this head hand his domestic project///

never useful into the sea----

levels rising intelligence of C—

voice of C—

sea levels rise pinball agents:::

sister CIA books and papers claimed

to be Maj. Gen. Albert Stubblebine!!!

sense years of pleasure the “viewing” altered----

informed to the future///

experience military and domestic into the bed eyes

opens up to business----

star agents on programmes

made semi-annually:::

“““all thought results being programs

feedback to sense intelligence””””

¹ Project Stargate was a secret military/CIA operation running between 1978-1995 investigating the military applications of psychic abilities and what new modes of espionage and warfare this might open up. This text is composed using some material from the Wikipedia page on the project.

papers attempted with the sense Institute:::
the states of military and “psychic headhunter”
unit was kept claimed to sense
“““thought “viewing””””
news articles cut—
----open doors in 1978----

tata

tata Hitler—tata Stalin
new events. viewer was small “see” events:::
voice of C—
pinball explode
silver digit is performed viewer’s confident of C—
----calling through----
the viewer attempts reliable distance-----

Sirotkin lays down on years of the military
universe until 1995:::
various programs were the reviewer
kept secret from results-----

Voice of C—MK-Ultra²

S army biological torture:::

waves of pleasure and other chemical torture

Sirotkin operated Stalin—

tata Hitler

new events. project Bluebird up to weaken

!!!windows operate using

unwitting illegal activities

including sexual abuse!!!

sea levels rising----voice of C—

program designed a cache sexual and verbal abuse

down a long corridor Control

&&& pharmaceuticals,,,,

electroshocks,,, hypnosis,,, sensory deprivation&&&

????

act request under brain individuals:::

Rockefeller committee of torture:::

² MK-Ultra was a secret, illegal CIA operation involving torture, use of psychoactive drugs, and various other sordid techniques to further interrogations and investigate the usefulness of certain mind-control techniques. The program was officially ended 1973 with some documents relating to the project declassified in 2001. The text for this poem is partially derived from the Wikipedia page on the project.

“““MKUltra”””

the Church commission individuals

on the books coordinated United States Army

!!!biologicals,,, electroshocks,,, hypnosis,,,

&&&???

related Stalin tata Hitler----

//new events documented states Army Biologicals

halted States a silver digit on the horizon///

sea level program destroyed in scope!!!

drug relation to manipulate hearing!!!

freedom of the apartment!!!

(street sounds of information----

CIA open looking to Senate with activities:::

research committee force Control papers!!!)

drugs such as bed eye on the United

Stasi psychoactivity----

hearings:::

program engaged in 1953----

halt [stop]????

pinball explode running all agents

pinball explode

waves of pleasure the universe open

looking into the universe

looking horizon

Sirotkin lays down on the apartment running

all explodes

a silver digit into

windows open doors inner through Stalin—

the horoscopes and

news articles cut—

voice of C—

voice of pleasure the universe open

doors inner through the

window open looking all agents—

pinball agents—

voice of pleasure thought receding horizon

(street sounds of C—

calling all agents

pinball explode)

silver digit in his head hands
extending
 pinball explode—
calling into the bed eyes
 and papers scattered
about and up to positions peering all explode
 silver digit extending in the distance

tata Stasi psychic
 operations peering all explode—
pinball explode
silver digit in his head hands
extending
 eager eyes
 and papers scattered
 about thoughts receding
an eager eye on the bed on the universe
open looking into the window where the horoscopes
 an eager eye
 and news articles cut—
tata Hitler—
tata Stalin—
 sea levels rise pinball explode

silver digit extending—

return to apartment running all agents

Falling Autumn Leaves

By Maura Gage Cavell

Falling autumn leaves in vibrant,
fiery colors, float down—edge
of the lake framed in flaming gold
and red as dusk glances downward
like a painting of a beauty
shadowed, silhouetted, then—flash—
she disappears into nightfall
like a ghost, like the seasons in
their rush go by. Her skirts drag leaves
as she pulls them along in dark
skies under soft lamplight glitter.
Nature's fabrication rustles
on damp ground, a wintry breeze comes

in, replaces her like new breath.

Skyline at Night

Buildings on the horizon, lights
randomly flickering—going
on or off, sparkle on water
as couples enter a party
venue and dance in silvery
surroundings like floating air, sweet
life just beginning for some as
soft, swaying music seems to move
them all the way to daylight's bright
hours and sunrise skies of pinks,
misty reds and purples. A pair
so beautifully stunning climbs
into a cab, rides off under

neon lights, laughing, sipping wine.

He Climbs a Winding Staircase

So swiftly he climbs a winding staircase—graceful acrobatics. He rushes past others who are going up or down them as they have business in the building, yet he is trying to catch his estranged daughter whom he had been trying to reach, his bravery lacking, his courage waning like the sun fading behind the clouds. He drifts away out into a world of rain, mist, and pain, not able to cross the bridge of stairs—both connecting and dividing.

Mesmerized

He stares into her crystal clear
blue eyes just before she leaves him
to go out into the daylight
of leaves, bare trees, and light raindrops.
A jingle of wind chimes echoes
in her ears, shadow-play on side-
walks captures the shape of her as
she twirls under her crisp, new
umbrella. She recalls her long
ago days on the rink, skating
on the ice with her coach calling
out instructions to her as her
friends watched her at practice waiting
for open skate time—to join her.

Gray Blanket Morning

The whole world looks like a gray blanket this morning under dark skies and bare trees, misty waters, slick roads, wet leaves on the roadside, amber glow on skin from a fireplace. Out there are screeching brakes, a thundering bark in the distance, sirens moving closer. Life's walls divide the inner and outer structures we live in, work in, move away from, move closer to as we go from home to work, other places, and then back home again— everywhere: gray blanket morning.

In the Rain

She stands in the rain, already walking away—literally as well as figuratively, but she just stares off in pouring rain as he drives away, watches his taillights as they fade into a vast nothingness, emptiness. He drives too fast in the torrents, takes the curves all too abruptly, rethinks the night's events, begins to regret the cost of losing what seemed to be a future built on joyful moments and hopeful days of sunlit love; bright laughter.

Dee Dee Day by Mick Mykola Dementiuk



published 2010 eXtasy books now out of print, available full novel
only here

Dedication To Victor J. Banis and Ann Bannon

A ramble--sometimes funny, sometimes poignant, sometimes ugly--down some of the lesser known back streets and dark alleys of the human heart. Love is a journey, not a destination. Victor J. Banis

Chapter One

I first met Dee Dee Day in the winter of 1972. I had arrived in New York City from Chicago some weeks earlier and was crashing in abandoned apartments while looking for a place to live in, permanently. But it seemed the majority of places I was seeing were too expensive or would require too much work in making the place habitable.

Feeling frustrated and thinking New York wasn't going to be mine —as I thought it could be—I glanced down in the paper I was holding and at the same time, rang the doorbell of a quiet street in Greenwich Village. An elderly, but young looking, well-dressed woman in her fifties, answered. There was an unmistakable look between us— passion and hunger all at once, or at least I imagined it was so, but this being New York, I never knew what I

was going to get, plus it could have been my hungry imagination. I shook my head.

The woman looked like she was going out partying on the town, or perhaps coming back from one. She looked the partying bar-hopping kind, though elderly. I told her I was here to see about the apartment.

She studied me carefully and in a gruff voice said, “Good, you’ll do. It’s up the stairs, two flights. Here’s the key.” She smiled coyly and was out the door.

I stood surprised, just looking at the door close behind her. Wasn’t it a bit odd to be left like that? *Sudden*. But I shrugged and went upstairs.

Passing dark walls and carpeting made going up the stairs, very comforting and peaceful. I like the darkness in places and ever since I was a child, my rooms have been sedately darkened and kept low key, but more from lack of money paying rent and utilities than from an artistic viewpoint on life, but it sure was nice. And walking up seemed like I was home, a home I never had, and was being pulled up the stairs. I had a comfortable feeling about the place.

The apartment was small, just a large room with a kitchenette on the side and a tiny bathroom with a shower, but from what she was asking for it, in my head, I already took it. I had enough to sign the lease and move in.

Yet when I headed back down the stairs, the door opened and the owner was coming back in. We both were smiling.

“How did it go, hon?” she said, looking at me with a smirk on her lips.

“Good,” I answered. “I’d like to take it, if you don’t mind?”

“Excellent, dearie!” She looked around, “But first, my little bitty cat, Freckles, went out the door again and I’m looking for him. You mind giving me a hand?” By then she was standing just inches from me and I could smell her perfume and feel the heat coming from her. In a way, it was oozing off her, along with the smell of alcohol she had been drinking.

“Certainly, Miss...”

“Name’s Dee Dee,” she said. “Dee Dee Day.”

We found her cat, Freckles, a silent Siamese that didn't meow, but kind of groaned, much like Dee Dee did when she spoke, but her speech had a hypnotic charm. If she had been much younger, I'd say it was sexual in nature, but who am I to say that?

We agreed on the apartment at the rent she wanted and considering the nervous times the city was in, which proved not many were looking for places much less taking them, and what she wanted for the rent, the place was a steal! In addition, since I didn't have much furniture—just a battered suitcase because I traveled light—I could move in that very same day, telling her I Mykola Dementiuk 4 was from Chicago, which I was, but now I was trying New York.

“What happened in Chicago?” Dee Dee asked, looking at me. “A bad...relationship?”

I turned very red and sipped the coffee, which Dee Dee had given me.

“You can say that.” I coughed. “Thing's weren't working out and I had to try another place. I thought New York would do me just fine, you know?” I downed the coffee as if I was taking a needed alcoholic drink. I was feeling queasy and nervous because the conversation was bringing back memories of Randy who was a

well-known sissy in the neighborhood. In those days, a man who pretended femininity and tenderness and walking about limp-wristed was an obvious open sign of sissy-hood meant for laughter or scorn if not downright derision or even worse...

Dee Dee stared at me, certain there was more to my story that I wasn't saying, and in her rough voice said, "We'll talk another time," dropping Freckles at her side as she stood up and straightened out her skirt. I was relieved and also stood up.

In one day, I had pretty much moved in. I found a cheap bed from the Salvation Army thrift shop and paid the guy there a few dollars to lug it up the stairs. With a few pots and pans, also from Dee Dee Day 5 the thrift shop, I was ready to work and live there. I liked the peaceful Greenwich Village neighborhood. This kind of neighborhood hardly exists anymore in New York City, with its old winding streets and alleys bordering on the edges as the young and new are banging its way to tear the door right down. I'm sure that in a few years it would do just that.

I had been to a few offices over the next few days, looking for a job, but besides the cursory *We'll call you*, that was all I was

getting. Since I didn't have a phone, I was using Dee Dee's number, but all the calls she was getting weren't for me. During the days and weeks that followed, I was able to find a few menial jobs—messenger, which lasted two days since I didn't know the city, stationary stock boy, where I broke three ink bottles and was booted out, and a few other short-lived meaningless other ones.

One morning as I was coming down the stairs, Dee Dee opened her door and smiled, "Morning, hun," she said. "Must be horrible to keep such early hours?"

I shrugged. "That's the breaks, but there's nothing I can do about it."

"Come in and have some coffee before you go unless you've got to hurry off?" Again she looked at me. "No? Come in and have a cup, you'll feel better." She stepped out of her door to let me in. I blushed and entered her apartment.

I had been there before, but I noticed that it was cleaner than I had seen. The dust in the corners had been swept and the furniture seemed more polished and straightened out. There were

two easy chairs by a coffee table where a half-filled cup of coffee stood. Dee Dee went to it and took a sip, then getting another cup and filling it for me.

“I had too much the night before,” she said, rubbing her forehead.

I didn’t say anything, nodded and took a sip. I love that first sip of coffee in the mornings, so peaceful and relaxing, reminding you that you don’t take life so seriously, that it’s better to take it slow. I greedily gulped some coffee down, even though it was nicely hot, and breathed out, smacking my lips.

Dee Dee laughed. “I see you needed that.” Winking at me, she took another sip of her own.

We sat contentedly for a few moments, and then Freckles came in *growling* or *meowing* at me. The most un-cat-like *meow* I ever heard.

“Oh, Freckles. Stop it! That’s Bill. You met him before.” She picked him up and held him in her lap as the cat just stared at me but settled down on her lap. “Have a place to go?” Dee Dee asked, stroking Freckles.

“Just a few places,” I responded, and shrugged. “I have high prospects, but little results to show for it.” I took another sip of my coffee and we looked at each other.

“Just hang in there, hun. You’ve only been at a few weeks. Something good will turn up, I’m sure of it.”

I nodded. “Keeping my fingers crossed,” I said and held out my hand with the index and middle fingers crossed.

She grinned. “You do that, hun.” She held out her own hand with her fingers also crossed. “But you don’t know what *hard times* mean,” she quietly said and bit her lower lip, staring at me.

I didn’t say anything, but just looked back at her.

“When we were at war,” she continued softly, “and I don’t mean a little skirmish like Vietnam is, I mean a real war, like World War II.” She bowed her head thoughtfully, but raised it and said, “But that was before your time, I know, hun.”

“Yes, it was, but please, go on.”

She looked at me, and then chuckled. “Another time, hun,” she said, winking and letting go of Freckles and standing up. “Can you come by tonight? I know its Friday and you might have plans...”

She smiled when I told her that I didn't and suddenly brightened up as we made plans to get together that evening at around seven. I left her happily smiling as I walked out of her apartment.

That Friday morning, I decided to go uptown for a change. I had tried the Wall Street area for a few days, but since the weekend was coming, I thought I'd go uptown to break the dull routine of looking for work. Tried a few bookstores, Brentano's, Doubleday and Scribner's, but again, it seemed no one was hiring, and just took my application, looked at me and said, *When something comes up we'll call...*

At around 3 o'clock I gave up. Besides, Friday afternoon wasn't the time to be looking for work, and started walking down 5th I love the sound of that word—home. It feels like safety and peace from cares. That you can shut the world out and exist comfortably...that is until you have to go back out. Avenue to Greenwich Village, passing by shops and stores along the way. It was a nice walk and it took my mind off things. Tomorrow was the weekend and there was nothing I could do about it, anyway. I

passed by hippies and other long-haired freaks, which I had seen in Chicago, and finally made my way back home.

I love the sound of that word—*home*. It feels like safety and peace from cares. That you can shut the world out and exist comfortably...that is until you have to go back out.

Taking this leisurely walk, I was home before five, which would give me plenty of time to shower and change, but as I was doing just that, loud shouts came up the stairs. I recognized Dee Dee's voice. I went and opened my door to listen.

“You can get out right now!” she screamed. “I know who I am! And that's all I've ever been!”

The front door slammed. Silence, then someone moved angrily across the hall and another door was slammed shut. I suspected it was Dee Dee.

I slowly and quietly shut my door. It was 5:45 PM. Should I go to Dee Dee or not? Something personal was up, I knew, so I pattered around upstairs and then looked at myself in a small mirror and headed down.

She must have heard my footsteps because she opened her door just I was reached the bottom.

“Hi, Dee Dee,” I said. “How’s things?”

She firmly gripped my arm, winced and looked down.

“An old beau was here,” she quietly said. “And you know how they can be—did you hear him?”

I nodded my head as she looked at me. She was a bit tense, frazzled from her argument, I supposed, and glanced downward. “Listen...I can come another time,” I said.

“No, no,” she said, looking up and standing out of the door to let me in.

Even though it was nice to be in her apartment again, I couldn’t help but feel awkward, as if I was intruding. I’m no good in arguments. In a way, I could never stand up for myself, and that’s what makes me feel awkward like as if I am always getting the leftovers of whatever remained on the bottom of the dish, being always a loser and the wimpy sissy.

I again suggested to Dee Dee that we can meet another time, but by then she had poured herself a drink and stood ready to pour me one, too. I smiled and took the drink, whatever it was, but I could smell the alcohol, which I seldom drink, anyway. In a corner

of the living room crouched Freckles, looking at me, then ran to Dee Dee as she carried her drink to the sofa.

“Good boy,” she said, talking to Freckles, who scooted up to her lap. “My little *big* man... What a dear you are...yes, my baby.” And she leaned down and gave him a great big kiss. “*Mwah!*”

I again took a little sip, and the drink was making me feel mellow, and I smiled at Dee Dee and Freckles, who by then was ensconced on her lap. Dee Dee looked at me and grinned.

“He likes you,” she said, patting his backside. “No upraised fur.” She nodded and had a sip of her drink. “When George comes by, the fellow I had...that argument with, Freckles never comes near him, won’t even be in the same room. Now look at him, he’s about to fall asleep! He trusts you.”

I turned slightly red and took a drink to calm my nerves, but Freckles acceptance made me feel very good. I took another sip and felt content.

“Is George your boyfriend?”

Dee Dee looked at me. “Was—I’ve known him for years...but he’s not coming here no more.”

“Sorry,” I said, downing my drink. I’d have enough, but Dee Dee got up and went to refill my glass.

“Please don’t,” I protested. “I’m not a drinking man.”

She stopped pouring and looked at me. “Okay. You know your limit, and that’s good.” We smiled at each other and she sat back down with Freckles. “But many guys don’t—”

I watched her gently massaging Freckles. “My mom was like that, she never knew when she had enough.”

We stared at each other. “Are you close to your parents?”

I shook my head. “No, ma’am— never knew my dad...and mom... well, never knew what happened to her.”

Again we looked at each other. “So, no family— any brother or sisters?”

I shook my head. “No—just me in this world...”

“Aww, poor baby,” she said, downing her drink and going to make another one. “You want a Coke or something?”

I nodded.

“It’s in the fridge. On the left—in the kitchen—”

In the hallway to the kitchen there were Mykola Dementiuk 12 numerous pictures hanging of her with some military boys from years ago—World War II, I supposed, since she had mentioned it earlier. And in the kitchen, more photographs on the walls, mostly duplicates of ones that were in the other part of the house. A good looking boy dressed in some kind of uniform and a young Dee Dee always nearby laughing, holding hands, strolling, kissing...

Very nice. I smiled to myself, then took a Coke and returned to the other room. Dee Dee sat sipping her drink and staring about the room. I could see she was slightly drunk and wondered how many did she have before I came.

“Nice photographs, you have there.”

Dee Dee had made herself another drink in a much different glass, taller and filled with the drink she was imbibing.

“My fiancée,” I heard her whisper. Her voice was very low and heavily deep. I thought for a moment that a man had taken her place.

She cleared her throat. “At the time...a very long time ago...”

I felt a bit uneasy, what with her getting drunk and old memories coming back.

She asked, "Was your father in the war?"

I reddened. "From what I know about it, Dad was in Alabama, as a cook. That's all I know about him."

She downed her drink and said, "Sorry, hun." We looked at each other, sadly, when she got up and asked, "Hey, you want another drink?"

By then I gratefully accepted. A Coke wasn't doing it for me. "Sure," I said, too eagerly, and also got up, looking about the room. "From what I've seen, nice house. Not too big, just right, I'd say."

She gave me a drink, also in a tall glass like hers, and said, "You don't like...*big* things."

There was something clever and comic about her voice, like she meant something else.

"Oh, big things are alright," I said. "I just prefer them to a size I can handle...like your house here, not too big at all. You don't find many like that, anymore."

She looked around the room. "Yes, you're right. I can handle this, I think." She then took a sip of her drink. "Size is important, isn't it?"

I turned red from what I assumed she really meant. She stood there, running her tongue over her lips, which were red and ripe, but she sat back down again, spreading her arm atop the couch.

“What brought you to the Village? I’m sure you’re aware of its... sexual reputation?” she said, her voice deeper and more sultry.

Again I turned red and could feel myself getting slightly hard, the atmosphere, the mood, the air, the passion between us was leading us to Mykola Dementiuk 14 come closer together. I looked at her. “Uh-huh, I’ve heard the stories.”

She took another sip and studied me. I was feeling very nervous. After all, women have never been enthusiastic over me, as I pretty much ignored them as well. They just exist, that’s all. I rather do without them. But here was one that I pretty much felt like she was going to make a move on me and there was nothing I could give her in return.

“I suppose you want to relive the stories that you’ve heard?” her voice had gotten deeper and deeper.

Wow! If that isn’t a move toward me, I didn’t know what is... I cleared my throat. “Well, Dee Dee,” I said, swallowing my drink. “Stories are just stories.” I coughed. “

What stories have you heard, hun?" she asked in her deep voice.

I winced and wanted so much to be out of that room. If I didn't make a move toward this drunken woman, I was sure she'd be getting rid of me, one way or another, and I so much would hate to give up that apartment so fast. Again I turned red, or was that my normal state. "Silly stories, not true, I suppose."

She looked at me. "Have you heard them as...man and woman?" Her eyes narrowed on me. "Or kinky ones...about woman and woman?"

I might as well have dissolved from the un-comfortableness I was feeling as I supposed her drunkenness was making her so provocative. *Hope she doesn't start removing her clothes.*

"Or...man and man?" she said. Her eyes were closed, holding the drink in her hand, and very still. I thought she might have fallen asleep or passed out.

But she opened her eyes and they were liquid. "Billy, my beau," she quietly said, "was like that." And she sat up and shook her head. "Hey, you have the same name! Billy and Bill..."

I blushed again. "Yes, we do."

She coughed, as if she was coming to. “Yes, well.” She got up and held her drink. “I guess I’ve had too much for tonight.”

I too rose quickly. “I know I did.” We laughed.

“But we never really talked, did we?” she said, clutching my hand.

“We should get together and just chat, when I’m not so drunk and tizzy.”

We agreed.

I rushed out of her apartment and away from the drunken woman, hoping I didn’t have to see her again.

In the following weeks, I saw her a few times in the hall. We’d smile, chat about trivial things and go about our ways. Boy, was that a relief! By then, I was working at Scribner’s Bookstore on 5th Avenue—they had finally called me back—an old elegant bookshop from the days of Hemingway, Fitzgerald and many other high-class writers. It was a thrill to be in that exclusive atmosphere and a pleasure to go in every morning. I was just a bookstore clerk, helping people who came into the store, but I felt very elegant and select doing that in Hemingway’s atmosphere.

On Friday evening, as I was coming home from work, Dee Dee opened her door.

“Hey, big fella, how have you been?”

I could that see her looseness and free spiritedness had returned and she was slightly drunk.

“You want a drink?”

I looked at her and bit my lip. “Sure, why not?” It was a Friday and no work tomorrow, so I could take it easy.

As usual, Freckles growled or groaned at me, then just remained lying where he was before. Strangely, it felt great being in her apartment, richer and nicer than mine was. There was old furniture around the rooms and I suppose they were antiques, but I really didn’t know. And she wasn’t as drunk as she was the last time we met. I shrugged, but it must have been the spat with her boyfriend at the time.

“How’s your job?” she said. “I know you leave early every morning.”

“Oh, yes,” I brightly said. “It’s at Scribner’s, on 5th Avenue.”

She looked at me puzzlingly. “What kind of place is that?”

“It’s a bookstore.”

“Oh yes, Hemingway, I know it well, now that you remind me.”

“You’re familiar with his writing?”

“Oh sure, he was big in my day, was always in the papers about his exploits around the world.” She looked lost in thought, far away. “Wish I had a man like that.” She sighed and then cleared her throat. “Make yourself at home, hun, you know where everything is.” She paused in a doorway leading to another room. “Going to the little girl’s room, be back in a jiff.”

I smiled to myself and went to a table in the corner where ice and glasses stood. Gin was the only drink there—it must have been her favorite. I poured a drink for myself then splashed some tonic over it. The alcoholic fumes eased into my nostrils and to my brain, relaxing and enticing. I took a sip. It tasted very good.

I paused near the photographs in the hallway, examining them more carefully this time. The same boy, sometimes in uniform, sometimes without, but all the time, him and Dee Dee together. I thoughtfully looked at them.

Dee Dee came back to the room.

“Very nice pictures, Dee Dee. Who is the...soldier there?”

She looked far away. "We were going to get married," she softly said. "When the war was over...but a German bullet got him...on the day of invasion." She was very quiet, running a finger on the face of her soldier. "Billy." She sighed. "I miss you so much." She leaned down and kissed the photo as if she was kissing the real thing.

I stood there quietly and respectful when she took me by the hand.

"Do you have any time, tonight?" I cleared my throat.

"Yes, of course, I'm not doing anything."

"Good," she said and clutched my hand tighter as she led me to the living room.

It was nice sitting there with Dee Dee. I never spend any time with women, that is, older women, but with Dee Dee, I felt secure and comfortable this time, better than I was feeling earlier. She had an aura around her, inviting me in to relax, take my shoes off, and be right at home. And I wanted to snuggle against her...which I've seldom done with a woman.

“Does my smoking bother you?” she asked, blowing out a long stream of smoke from her cigarette. The smoke wove briskly above her head and disappeared in the air. Freckles ran away.

“Not at all. I used to smoke, but had to give it up.”

She smiled. “Oh? Can I ask why?”

I turned red. “Was way too costly, could get a sandwich or a box of donuts at that price.”

She quietly looked at me. “I should give it up, too,” she said, stubbing her cigarette out in an ashtray.

“Oh, no! Please don’t do it for me. It really doesn’t bother me. Smoke if you want. I was just out of money one day and decided it’s best if I quit. That’s all.”

Again she took me by the hand and just held it. And once more I felt myself easing in to her comfortableness.

“How long have you lived here, Dee Dee?” I asked, looking around the apartment.

Again she smiled. “Too long, I think. Much too long—” We looked at each other. “This was my father’s house a long time ago,” she said, looking about the room. “After he died in ‘56, it passed on to

me. I was the only child my mother had. She expired in '35, before the war. There was no one left but me, except for a few usual distant cousins, whom I have never seen and probably never will."

Strange, but I was an only child, too. My parents never did get along and I have vague memories of my father and a few more of my mother. Dad was thinking of leaving when he Mykola Dementiuk 20 found out Mom was pregnant and finally did when I was very young. I grew up in an orphanage until I reached the age of eighteen, shuffled from various houses and homes that really didn't want me there to begin with... That was ten years ago, and things have gotten somewhat better.

"It's a nice house, Dee Dee," I said, again, looking around.

"You think so?" She shrugged. "But it doesn't matter at my age, anyway."

"Oh, come on. You're not that old. I'd say you're in the fifty's, give or take."

She spat out her drink, from surprise or unexpectedness, I don't know which, but a cackle broke from her mouth. She finally

calmed down and said, “You’re much too kind. But I’m a lot older —”

“All right,” I said. “Sixty’s, tops.” I leaned back, very contented, and took another sip.

She also sipped her gin and tonic, looked at me and softly said, “Seventy-two this past August.”

It was my turn to spit out. “You’re kidding!” I said, wiping myself.

She shook her head. “Seventy-two—want to see my papers?”

“No, Dee Dee...I believe you.” However, she had already gotten up and was retrieving her purse from a corner chair, opened it, fumbled within and came back holding a small document.

“Here,” she said. “Take a look.”

I took the document and immediately saw the discrepancy.

Richard Day, it read. I looked at her. She was pouring herself another drink.

“Richard is the name I was born under,” she said. “Dee Dee is what I became.” I looked at her and the document. *My God! She is a man!*

Chapter Two

At first, I thought she was telling me this secret because she was tipsy, but later I learned she was unconcerned about it and kept her life as an open book. It's just I wasn't around much to spend time with her during the day, even though I was blindly here the last time she got drunk. Tonight, she may have been high but certainly not drunk yet.

After I blushed from surprise, and imaged a man dressed up as a woman, I said, "Well, you look pretty good now...as a woman, I mean."

She sat back down, holding her drink, and studied me. "I never was anything else, even in my girlhood years."

I glanced back at the photos in the hall, the little boy had probably reached the age of seven or so, then there was a little girl in poses with various other little girls through the years, then mostly surrounded by other boys, young men really, in walks, on horse rides, on a roller coaster, all young A Dee Dee Day 23 people having fun while getting so much closer. I felt a tinge of jealousy

at the good times displayed. My times on my own and later with Randy were secretive because of a controlling sister, but I wished we could be more open about it, but, alas, we never were...

“But you can tell the difference,” I said, “between girls and boys, can’t you?”

She smiled and twirled her drink. “You saw the pictures. Did you think the boy was me?”

I turned to look at the pictures more closely, a cute little girl playing with boys. I felt myself getting hard. Good thing I was sitting down. “How old are you there?” I asked, seeing her with a hula-hoop around her waist.

“How old you think?”

“Looks like ten, I’d say.”

Again she smiled. “I was almost sixteen in that one. I was very small and tiny back then. In school, the teachers didn’t know what to do with me. I had to suffer much abuse from the other kids, but then Dad put me in a different school where I was enrolled as a girl. They pretty much accepted me as a little girl...because that’s what I was, *a pretty little girl.*”

I sat there, mouth opened, feeling flustered that I had missed her younger years, which I'm sure were elegant and debonair. "But you're a lady now," I said and blushed. "A very pretty lady, if I may say so."

She smiled at me. "Aww, he's turning red again."

I knew that I was turning a deeper red. Ever since childhood, I've been a blusher, a red-faced victim or a guilty bad boy.

"But you're so attractive when you do that," she said, leaning over and kissing the side of my cheek. "Do you feel awkward being kissed by me?"

I shook my head. "No, why? That was a sweet thing to do."

We looked at each other and she said, "Ever been kissed...by a man?" She leaned closer to me. "Put your arm around me."

I did so, and felt her relax in my hold, as if it was the most natural thing to do, because it was. "You don't feel awkward doing that?"

I shook my head. "No, it feels nice."

"But deep down I'm a man," she said. "You ever hold a man? Or been held by one?"

Again I felt myself blush and scratched my forehead. “A boy...” I said, “A nineteen year old boy. Randy was his name. But he looked a lot younger, too...”

She was quiet a moment but then said, “He liked being held?”

I dreamily looked back at her. “Uh-huh,” I muttered, “liked it very much, adored getting dressed up and being pampered like a girl.” I took a sip of my drink. “I loved the role, too.”

“That’s so very sweet, hun, I feel even closer to you than I did before.”

“Oh, yes, me, too.”

Once more, she kissed my cheek, but this time brushed her lips over mine. *It was heavenly!*

She put her drink down and stood up. “I must go to the little girl’s room again. Be back in a jiffy, hun.” Again she leaned down and kissed me, with full lips on my mouth, her tongue licking and tasting my own.

My erection was solidly pushing in my pants now, but I didn’t care about hiding it. I even felt good that the bulge was showing itself.

Her eyes and mouth opened. “My, my.” She dropped her hand on my bulge. “Hold that thought, hun. Be right back.”

I grinned at her, feeling very good about being in her apartment, which I did not feel before.

She returned shortly, holding a big book at her waist, and took a seat next to me.

“Here’s my album of those years,” she said, flicking through it a few pages at a time. She took a drink and squirmed. “Echh! This is too warm. I need ice. You want I should refill it, hun?”

I shook my head. “No, I’m fine.” She gave me the huge album and left the room. Typical photos of a little boy and other kids, then a little girl looking more radiant and sure of herself. A few pages later and the little boy had faded to be replaced by a charming appealing girl. I wondered about her sexual tastes. Was she getting her needs fulfilled?

I shook my head and closed the album. I sighed. What was the point? She was bringing back the affairs of my past, which I’m sure she didn’t suspect...when she returned to the room, happy,

and holding a new ice-filled drink in her hand. Freckles ran after her and she saw the shut album.

“Oh, you didn’t like it?” she said, sadly looking at me.

“No, no. Just waiting for you to return and tell me what I’m looking at.” I smiled.

She grinned and took a sip of the drink. “This is my life, you could say.” She sat next to me. “And I have no regrets.”

“Good for you,” I answered, prodding her on. “You’re doing just fine.”

She smiled at me, rubbing Freckles on the couch. “Freckles likes that,” she said, “Don’t you, my little boy?”

I smiled at them. It felt good to be here, not awkward or suspicious, but comfortable in this house with Dee Dee—who I knew was a *man*, but first thought was a *woman*. Did that make a difference? Yes, I suppose it did. Women are...well, women, and never *the twain shall meet*, I heard it said.

I felt the same with Randy, comfortable and at peace, like I belonged, or Randy did to me. The thing is, I don’t know why I rather like young men dressed as girls. If I can’t stand women, why do I accept their mimics, a caricature of them, and at times, a

grotesque caricature of what they were trying to be, over-decorated, overdressed, overblown. Yet, that's what I craved, desired and sought out. I was sure that in her earlier years she was an over made-up queen who would be revealed by the first male who was willing to take a chance with her. And my erection proved that even at her age, I was more than willing to try it. My heart was still with Randy in Chicago, but my body and desire would very soon be with Dee Dee.

I changed my position on the couch, moving one leg to rest uplifted on the other one, but my movements only shifted her much closer to me. We smiled at each other.

"You know," she said, "these old sofas are like that, bringing people closer than they care to be." She winked at me, but I didn't care because I liked my side rubbing against hers. Anyway, she wasn't making a move to adjust her sitting position, but neither was I.

"Here I was at fourteen," she said, holding the album, showing a pretty little girl.

I was still amazed and took a closer look, studying the picture and her. I shook my head. "That's astonishing The little boy is gone and the feminine you is there. Remarkable."

She smiled tenderly and even blushed. “The female Dee Dee was always there—just had to come out on her own.”

“How did your father or mother let you? Sex-play wasn’t an accepted form in those days, or was it?”

She laughed. “It wasn’t *sex play*, this was for real.”

Again I turned red. “I mean—”

“Oh, I know what you mean,” she squeezed my hand. “Dad just shrugged and bought me pretty things to wear. He more than understood. And Mom...well, Mom never knew,” she said sadly. “She died in ‘35, when the world was a peaceful place...or so we thought.”

I tried to remember anything I had learned about those times, but couldn’t. What was the world like back then forty, fifty years ago? Definitely a lot different place, with a world war going on... “But you weren’t...touched by the war, or were you?”

She looked at me very sadly and glanced back down at the album. “This is Billy,” she said. “My beau...oh, if only he had lived...”

They were sitting on a grassy lawn. Billy had a cigarette in his mouth while Dee Dee held one in her fingers, looking thoughtful.

“But the war?” She nodded. “As stupid as it is right now, Vietnam, Korea, nothing will be solved by fighting each other, will it?”

“And the Jews,” I said. “Hitler was killing them off, wasn’t he?” I hardly ever had a conversation about that. Just in school there was mention of it.

“Yes, that’s true,” she kept looking at the picture. “Do you call yourself *queer* because you like men? What’s wrong with liking men?”

I coughed.

“Would you call yourself a Jew if you weren’t one?”

“No.” I looked at her curiously. “Why?”

“No reason, just asking. Billy was a Jew—but that was before your time.” Her speech faded as she kept looking at a picture of Billy.

I looked closer. His was just a pose in his military uniform, not smiling, not scowling, but looking very professional and regimented. A soldier... “Must have been a bad time back in those years?”

She sighed and put the book down. "I suppose war does that, it separates lovers."

I didn't say anything but just let her talk.

"Oh, I loved Billy," she whispered, "more than anything in the world. He was my hero, my Romeo, my Humphrey Bogart and I was his Lauren Bacall. Two lovers like us never existed..." She looked at me teary-eyed and remorseful. "You ever loved anyone like that?"

It was a question, but one she didn't expect an answer to. I looked at her, dreamy-eyed. Yet, how did I feel toward Randy? Was that love? Getting him all dressed up in female clothes and treating him like I expected a girl to be treated? Of course, never going out of the house when he was made up and fancied-up, treating him like he-she was all mine and no one else's. Was that love? Or possession I could never share with another... Until he got undressed, looking so sadly at me and went back to his own little world. "Love is a strange thing," I said, as if I knew anything about it.

She looked at me rather scornfully. "What do you know about love? Have you ever felt it? Or are you just saying that to be nice?"

I could see the anger building up in her, but just as quickly falling to regret.

“I’m sorry, but whenever I speak about Billy, I get all flustered.”

I took her hand and cuddled it in my palm. “You can say anything you want to me, Dee Dee. I’m a grown boy.” I smiled and she shyly smiled Dee Dee Day 31 back. I then held her hand like we were lovers or boyfriend-girlfriend, but it certainly was nice.

“You ever have a lover?”

I turned red.

“There’s no need to be shy, you can talk.”

She smiled and clutched my hand tighter.

At that moment I wanted her—something I hadn’t felt since being in New York. I shifted my arm, letting go of hers and draped it around her shoulder. Her head was below mine and in perfect proportion to kiss her...which I did. Our lips met and our two tongues flicked and sought each other out, our arms went and desperately stroked the other’s chest until she girlishly broke from me, smearing her lipstick on her lips and on my face. I was deliciously hard and making no pretense of hiding it.

“How about a drink?” she said, chasing Freckles off the couch. “Freckles, scat!” She turned to me. “You want a drink? I could sure use one.”

“Okay, I’ll have the same, whatever you’re drinking.”

She smiled and looked at my hard crotch poking up in my pants. She licked her lips and gushed, “Stay hard, hun—just for me, baby.” She blew me a kiss and flirtatiously left the room.

I was hard and eager for a touching, but without any response, I was quickly getting soft. I sat up and straightened my shirt and pants. Mykola Dementiuk 32 Freckles walked about, looking at me and then left the room. For a seventy-two year old woman, she didn’t look bad at all, I thought, yet she could’ve been a grandmother to me. Well, she was a man who looked like a woman. I wondered if I’d get as hard if she was an actual true woman who came onto me. I shook my head.

I looked at the open album Dee Dee had left on the couch. I flicked through a few pages and came to a series of photographs on the beach and noticed Dee Dee in a bathing suit. The femininity was incredible. How did she do it? Was it possible that there were many *girls* who were *boys* and *boys* who were *girls*? This was too much. I again shook my head. Isn’t that what I was

pretending with Randy as well? And now an older *woman*, a man, would play the game with me...

I heard her moving about in the other room. I set the album down and looked at her approaching in the hallway. My God! She had removed the long dress she was wearing and put on a short pink nightgown—a *Baby Doll* I think they call it—with more makeup and perfume and a heart pendant around her neck. She stood there, making sure I had a decent look at her, then smiling coyly, sauntered across the room, made two drinks and joined me on the couch. Her perfume was extravagant and knowing she was a man made my erection even more stiff and eager for satisfaction.

I took the drink she held out. Her eyes had been darkened by mascara with a tint of red on her lips and cheeks and girlishly she prodded up her legs, sitting cross-legged on the couch.

“That was Coney Island,” she said, nodding at the album.

“Summer of ‘43. Right before Billy left for the Army. I was seventeen.”

1943, seventeen...that would make her born around 1926, or thereabouts. “How old was Billy?”

She looked at the picture. “Nineteen. Day of his twentieth birthday, he left for Europe.”

I wanted to put my arm around her as it looked like she was going to cry.

“What a way to go, right?” She looked at me, her eyes moistening with tears.

I put my arm around her and let her face fall into my shoulder. *Twenty was too young to go, especially if you have someone loving you like she did.*

We were quiet. She remained nestled in my arms, but then she sniffled and pushed herself up. The *Baby Doll* negligee had puffed itself out at her bosom, making it look like she had massive breasts in the gown. I blinked my eyes as if coming to. I knew at that moment I had to take my chance.

“C’mere, Dee Dee,” I said, once again taking her in my arms and looking in her eyes. We kissed, our lips meeting, our tongues probing, searching, our hands touching, feeling, longing...

I don’t how my shirt and undershirt came off, but as I uplifted her *Baby Doll*, I suddenly grew very afraid. There were two breasts at her bosom, not big and meaty like a woman would have, but

breasts never the less, breasts that were certainly a decent and comfortable handful.

“That’s all I ever got,” she said, looking down at her bosom. “Little titties, like a teenager. I just gave up after that.”

Can such a thing happen, a body changing into one sex while you actually exist as another? Must be so...

“Let’s go to my room,” she said, holding my hand and leading me out. Freckles tried to run after us, but she held another door open and scooted him inside. “Go to your room,” she said, and shut the door behind him.

Half-undressed, I eagerly followed, holding her hand and staring at her backside. Again I was stunned by the circumstances and how easily I was going to bed with a woman-man that I so desperately wanted to give myself to as I so wanted to take from her what I could.

But in bed, I slipped her panties off and saw a little limp penis where I expected a large one awaiting me, but was I disappointed? Not so. Again the little girl-boy had taken over and amazed me. *But what kind of genetic accident of nature was this?*

“I could get it hard,” she sadly said, “once upon a time—but not anymore.”

I shrugged. “You’re still incredibly lovely, in my eyes.”

We kissed again and I lay down beside her, stiff and prodding. She undid my pants and they were off, my dick rising into her mouth, but after five or six strokes, I felt the jism tear through my balls and shoot like a projectile aimed at its mark, right in her mouth. I squealed, my eyes gripped shut, my lips grimaced and my soul in an ecstasy of lulling peace...it was divine!

I instantly felt stupid for shooting off in her mouth and looked down at her still sucking my cock, swallowing every little drop that poured out of me. She looked up, with a contented smile on her lips around my weakening cock that finally dribbled out of her mouth. I felt ashamed. “Sorry,” I sheepishly said. “Couldn’t hold it in...”

She let go of my cock and shrugged. “Sorry for what, hun? It was delicious.” An evil smile seared her lips and she looked up at me.

I reached down to her and pulled her up to me and again our lips met. I had hardly ever tasted myself, but found that I had an

interesting fresh-like smell and taste about me. *Hey, I could eat me up and still keep coming back for more.*

“But I must say,” she continued after the kiss, “you certainly are very fast indeed.”

I didn’t blush, but just smirked at her. “You got me hot, baby. Don’t you know it?”

Again we kissed, tenderly holding each other like we had been apart and now came home to be together. After our lovemaking, she never did get hard, but she pleased me very much. Dee Dee left the room and returned with the photo album to continue her memories of the war.

“You don’t mind, hun?” she said, crawling into bed with me.

“Not at all. I like looking at young men,” but then blushed, feeling very stupid.

She looked at me. “You must love Times Square then, picking up the young ones, eh?”

“I been there,” I said, turning red, “but it doesn’t look very safe, kind of seedy and rundown.”

She shrugged. “New York is like that, seedy and rundown.” She sipped her drink that she brought in from the other room. “That’s what makes it New York, New York, hun. I wouldn’t want it any other way. As a matter of fact, I met Billy in Times Square, New Year’s Eve, 1943.” She flipped through a few pages of the album. “Very little winter photographs—thought I had a more— perhaps elsewhere.”

“Must have been cold out there?” I asked, looking at the few winter pictures, people bundled up, but happy.

She laughed. “Who the hell knows? We both were drunk. Anyway, it was New Year’s.”

“Well, did Billy know you were a guy?”

She snorted. “We weren’t so prudish back then. We knew what was going on, hun.” She winked at me and took a drink.

“But this was the ‘40’s,” I said, “did you know who he was or he know what you were?” I could see her frustration, a biting of her lower lip and creases from above her eyes. Of course, it was the pursing of her lips that made me suspect she was getting angry.

“A lot better than you do,” she said, staring at me. “Do you know who *you* are? Or are you still looking?” I was quiet, then said, “I guess I’m still looking, looking for that ideal mate—”

We looked at each other.

“Aww, hun,” she said, putting an arm around my head. “Poor baby, there, there.” She gently patted my head and held it against her shoulder.

Again I was getting hard and lying on her bed naked, there was little I could do in shielding my hardness.

“Oh my,” she exclaimed, her eyes open wide and her tongue licking her lips. “Such a bad boy,” she said, taking my dick in her hand and gently rubbing and squeezing. “Yes, you are my little angel.”

We continued kissing, one hand still holding my dick, as I held and caressed her little penis in my own hand. I was growing harder still as she stroked me, all the while exploring my mouth with her own.

She broke from me and eased herself to my crotch, swallowing my hardness to the limit. I pushed myself up, circled her waist with my hands and sought out her limp cock with my lips and

mouth. I didn't care, I wanted it no matter how old or un-hard it was. To me, it was lovely and delicious and I couldn't ask for anything better.

Again I felt the jism rising from the pit of my crotch and begin its surging flight to freedom and ecstasy. I had never cum so fast! I swallowed her little dick as I exploded in her mouth. It was, once again, divine! Little shivers and goose bumps spread throughout my body, but still I held her in my mouth when she groaned and yelped and my mouth sucked in driblets of her weak-dicked cum and spunk. Oh, it was delicious! I licked and tasted whatever my lips met, slurped and swallowed, and she did the same to me...

By the time we broke from each other and looked at ourselves, there was warmth and satisfaction and trust. She stood up. "Have to go again...to the little girl's room," she said, so coyly and shy. "Be right back, hun."

Must be the alcohol that she is drinking. That'll do it. Still I felt very rested and renewed as if ten years had been taken off my life, as I'm sure she felt the same way, too. I covered myself with a blanket, lit a cigarette—one of her own—which I had been smoking since our evening began, and once more reached for her

photo album. I turned to the bathing suited pictures of her sitting or standing at times or even playing volleyball.

I stared at her crotch. It looked as invisible and non-bulky as did a young girl's crotch. In one photo, some women were nearby chatting and not even looking at the camera snapping them in her pose, their bathing suits as clear and smooth as hers, but Billy, standing next to her, had an obvious lump in his bathing suit. I felt myself growing hard again and rubbed my crotch.

"You have an itch there?" I heard her coyly ask.

I turned red as I saw her standing in the door. She had donned a flaming pink negligee that, in the shadows of the lighting, looked very provocative and enticing. I moved the blanket from my crotch and lay there with my stiff hard-on and smiling at her.

Surprising that just one negligee with her grayish black hair could arouse so many emotions and longings for her.

"Aw, hun," she said, dropping into bed next to me. We kissed. "At my age, tsk, tsk," she said, "I'm lucky to have done it once. You'll kill me, hun."

I shrugged. "That's certainly how I want to go, doing it with you."

She looked at me and bit her lower lip. "That's exactly what Billy said in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He *wants to do it with me...*and this after nights and nights of doing just that." She looked through the album and said, "What a man my baby was." She kissed a photo in the album as if she was kissing an actual person.

"Tell me about him," I said, intrigued by the longing and love she had for him. "He must have been really something."

"Oh, he was," she said, looking at me. Her eyes had grown moist. "A real prince," and once more she kissed the picture.

I could see the tenderness she lavished on the picture, but how would it have been in real life? If the way we had sex was anything like the way she would have it with him, then that would be real heaven on earth or at the least, heaven between the sheets.

"Stupid war took him away," she sadly said. "Just because a war means *something* doesn't mean it has to make sense...does it?"

I didn't know what say. "Guess not."

"At the time, we didn't have these dumb newsreels about how many were injured or dying, like they do now. If you watch them, well God, it's just horrible!" She reached for a cigarette and seeing

it was the last one, crumbled the pack with her hand and flung it to the floor. “And the young boys that are dying...” She lowered her head and once again kissed the picture album.

I was silent for a few moments, but then asked, “What did Billy do? I mean, what kind of job did he have before he was in Army?”

She snorted. “A machinist, he called himself. Nothing but a fancy stock boy. He didn’t know enough to work with tools.” She flirtatiously looked at me, “Except his own.”

I bent down and kissed her. “So he worked with office papers?”

She nodded. “There was a car plant on 10th Avenue, which was converted to an airplane parts warehouse. Billy was their boy.”

For the first time I saw her blush.

“However, he didn’t belong there, just as he didn’t belong in no stinking Army. Kid was a fruit. He just belonged with me. The sissy belonged with me.” Again she kissed the picture she was holding.

I put my arm around her and she nestled against me. We lay there, her head on my chest, her fingers stroking my chest hairs... I think she slept a bit.

I didn't know much about the Army or military Mykola Dementiuk 42 of any kind. Luckily, I hadn't been called up for Vietnam and that was good enough for me. That's all I wanted or needed to know. The way I looked at it, the Army was nice to see marching soldiers in a parade, but if I had to march with them, I'd say *No thanks* and be marching the other way, actually running as fast as I could to get away from them.

I guess I was a sissy, too, just as she called Billy, because how many times had I been called that? Way too many, that's for sure. In 5th grade, in 6th, 7th and 8th, even at my grade school graduation, I was taunted by the other boys to put on a dress instead of the graduation gown. And how did I react? With tears because what else could I do as all the other kids, boys and girls, scorned and laughed at me? But boy was I glad to be out of that *school!* Away from bad memories and experiences...

High school was no different. That's why I started to stay out and wander the town and travel more and more up to Chicago, just a few stops on the Metro, and lose myself there. It was great! No one knew me there, and I didn't care to know anyone, either. Dad left when I was a kid and mom wasn't much into parenting either. Somehow, the other kids seemed to know this and that made me fair game for their taunts and scorn. , even at my grade school graduation, I was taunted by the other boys to put on a dress instead of the graduation gown. And how did I react? With tears because what else could I do as all the other kids, boys and girls, scorned and laughed at me? But boy was I glad to be out of that school! Away from bad memories and experiences... The home I was placed in couldn't have me anymore, "Get out!" they screamed one day and slammed the door.

By then, slamming doors were a common thing in my life. I was welcome nowhere, neither the home I was in or the city of Chicago until I got out of high school. I drifted west to San Francisco where I seemed to be taken in by the hippie culture of free love. But the *actual* love that was required of me, well, I was a failure at that. Three girls, at different times took their clothes off and wanted to *do it* with me, but I still didn't know what to *do with*

them. Getting naked with them meant nothing to me...my dick stayed soft.

“Are you a sissy?” one asked. “Hey, it’s no big thing,” she went on as she was lighting a joint. “You get it where you can.” She sucked on her joint and said, “Hey, groovy!” and went off with another guy.

At one spot, I was looking for a place I could crash that night, but it became a love-in right off the bat. I wasn’t there for five minutes before a couple went at it right on the floor, making love right in the open. I was embarrassed and wanted to leave, but next to them, a guy was jerking off. He smiled at me. I turned red because I was getting hard looking at him, but he said he had a place where I could crash, but as soon as he shot off, just went on playing with himself. I felt stupid, Mykola Dementiuk 44 yet, it seemed that no one really cared what he was doing. I followed him to his place that night and stayed a few weeks after that. He had lots of girl-friends and boy-friends and I suppose I was a boy-friend, too. As a matter of fact, I liked him and didn’t feel bad I had to share him with another man or woman...if I could live like that forever...but I couldn’t.

That autumn, as the *Summer of Love* began to fall apart in San Francisco, I and another guy started hitching back to Chicago, but the guy left me in Reno and actually told me, Fuck off! and disappeared into the Reno night. I shrugged and went on hitching across the country. It seemed that he didn't want to be known as a sissy once he was on the road, thinking he could change. I didn't care who knew I was a sissy. I just shrugged and finally made it to Chicago.

Why was I going back there? It wasn't my home— at least I didn't feel like it was. But there was Randy, a sissy I recognized one day when the other boys around him called and taunted him for being just that, *a sissy*, as if they were calling me names. I was red-faced with anger.

“Leave him alone!” I dared shout. The other boys cursed at me, called me a faggot and disappeared down the street. By then, I had been out of high school and slightly older than Randy was, maybe a few years older, and living in different tenements that were slated for demolition, eating food I was able to scrounge out of garbage cans or whatever was tossed out by the stores and restaurants. It wasn't a good way to survive, but it was one way and I did it.

Randy was in tears. “C’mon,” I said my hand on his shoulder. “What you crying for? They ain’t your friends.”

He looked at me and sniffled. “I wanted to go. They didn’t want me to—”

I snorted. How many times did I fork over some coins, thinking I would go with my *friends*, only to find that once they got my money they didn’t want me to tag along? How many times? Way too many times, that’s for sure... “Hey, kid,” I said, winking. “Stick with me.”

I had no plans. My day was just as any other— wander the streets, find some food and wander back *home*, some burnt out tenement that served as my refuge for a night or two and if I was lucky, I’d stay there all week. Up around one of the big streets, I ordered two franks as Randy went and asked the store guy something, and I was out of there before the store guy knew what had happened. A block or so later, Randy caught up to me. Good thing he did because I almost ate the hot dog that I had stolen for him. By then, we were *bosom buddies*, but he’d go home at night while I continued my now-and-then sleeping and prowling the streets until he’d meet me in the morning to start another day of shady adventures.

And through all this, I was changing, as was Randy. We'd kiss and give each other a hand-job, a blowjob and feel somewhat satisfied, but not much. One day Randy lowered his pants to show he was wearing a girl's panty. I smiled lecherously, drooling over the panties around him and his little hard-on pushing out from its hold.

"*Sissy,*" I said wickedly.

Randy blushed, but shrugged. "Yeah, I know, so what? But you like me, don't you?"

I avidly nodded.

Randy told me that the panties were his big sisters, three years older, and that he'd tried them on at home and walked around in them. That had me intrigued and we agreed that he'd pilfer some more clothes whenever he could. In no time, he had a girl's complete wardrobe--panties, bra, nylons, garter belt, various skirts and blouses, with makeup and mascara to go along with them. His hair was nice and long, girlish, but at the time, long hair on boys was the norm. And I was even harder than before.

I was using him just as he wanted, as a girl, and his boyhood pretense had quickly faded away, and in its place was a full-fledged woman...a woman who treated me as a man.

This couldn't have gone on, Randy getting prettier and me getting even harder, until one day his sister burst in with her boyfriends, who at first laughed at the pair of us, then proceeded to give me a vicious beating and cursed at me for doing this to an eighteen-year-old *sissy*.

They left me, taking a screaming Randy with them, but somehow I found the physical strength to abandon that condemned building before they returned at night and set it ablaze with their arson retribution.

A month later, I had somewhat healed and was hitching to New York and starting a new life with memories of Randy...which was all I was left with.

Dee Dee came to and yawned. "Sorry, hun," she said. "Must have been sleepy..."

I smiled at her. "So was I," I said, also yawning.

She sat up, put the negligee around her and went to the bathroom. I again looked through the photo album. *Are there any notations on the back? Sweet words or more?*

In one picture, it was a quiet moment, thoughtful, reflective, Dee Dee looking down, Billy holding her arm. I was sure that they would have come together and kissed in the next frame, but there wasn't any. *Who had taken the photos, a secret unseen friend?* I turned the page when Dee Dee came back into bed. "Very nice pictures," I commented. "But who took them? A *girlfriend*, maybe?"

Dee Dee blushed and nodded. "A very close friend of mine—" She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke out of her mouth and nostrils. "Billy liked him, but not in the way that he wanted." She looked at me, very red. "He was my old beau, too."

I looked at her.

"Yes, the one I had a fight with." She was quiet and then said, "There are no photos of Billy dying. I suppose he died like a soldier."

I bit my lip. There was nothing I could say.

She looked at me teary eyed. “You don’t want to hear about that.”

I gripped her shoulder and pulled her to me. A wet tear drop was cascading down her face. I wiped it with my thumb. “Yes, I do, Dee Dee.” I kissed her forehead. “Tell me everything about him.” She weakly smiled and again we kissed.

“I never talked about when he was shot.” She looked at me. “I assume he was shot, so many were that day.”

“Was it a battle they were undergoing?”

“D Day,” she quietly said. “The day the war came to an end... supposedly...came to an end for Billy, that’s for sure.”

I had seen the pictures of troops invading French beaches to heavy fighting with many dead soldiers fallen behind them. In one image, a fallen soldier lies half on the beach he was heading toward while the other half is still in the water he was coming from. *So this is France...? Nothing glamorous or romantic about it.*

“Is that where they got Billy?”

She looked at me, tear-eyed and fragile. “He was just a kid. What’s twenty years old? Nothing...that’s for sure...”

I took her in my arms, stroking her shoulders and just held her. It was nice to just hold someone. Sometimes, with Randy, that's all we did, soft kissing as we'd lay there, whispering to each other as the world went by. I loved holding him as I loved holding Dee Dee now.

"...and they knew he was a sissy," she continued. "By the way he walked, way he talked, giggled, turned red."

I felt my face turning crimson, but I no longer cared. I was with someone I truly was beginning to love. Our lips met. Kissing her was like kissing an innocent woman, which I've never done. I don't know what made me feel that way, her gentleness, her femininity, her ardor, her abandon of herself into me... I felt as if we were one and that we had never been apart—coming together into a separate wholeness, like the ancient beings that were merging into one. I held her and didn't feel separate from her because we were one.

When we finally broke...we were exhausted, I ate the bottom of her crotch, she spitting out mine. I had shot a mouthful into her and felt something fresh had dribbled into me. We looked at each

other, both of us were red faced, but smiling. I knew that she had cum because her spunk was all over my face.

“Almost six years,” she said, as if to herself, dreamily and proud. “That was the last time until today.”

“What was?” I asked, wiping my face and not really understanding.

She blushed. “Since I last came,” she quietly said, snuggling next to me. “Never thought it would get hard...but it did. You released me.”

I looked at her, her face red and embarrassed, but very happy, too. *So that was what I felt all over me, her cuming cream.* I turned red also. “Wow! The first time in six years?”

She nodded. “Old people don’t normally get hard and cum, but I did! I feel renewed, as if I’ve been given a second chance of life. With something to look forward to, you know?”

I looked at her. “You’re amazing,” I said, and turned red again. I whispered, “That’s why I love you.”

We looked at each other and it was like two people melting into each other and becoming one, some mystical cohesion that was happening to us alone. We kissed, and for an incredible second

time that night, her erection and semen shot out as if it had been held back and now was given free reign, and shot out a little more stronger, a little more powerful.

She collapsed, breathing very heavily. "I love you very much, too," she was able to get out.

We held each other and soon drifted off to sleep...

Chapter Three

When I next awoke, it was after 3AM, but the side of the bed was vacant. In the bathroom. I felt I had to go, too.

The bathroom was empty. I urinated, splashed water on my face and went to the living room. Dee Dee was on the couch, Freckles beside her and various photo albums scattered around her. She had been crying, but was holding a cup of coffee.

"In the kitchen," she sniffled, wiping her nose. "There are also bagels, if you want..."

“You were out?” I asked, looking around.

“The all-night bagel shop on the corner. They have yummy stuff in there.”

I went into the kitchen and poured myself a cup of coffee, then picked up a bagel and took a bite. *Delicious!* I took the bagel and returned to Dee Dee. She had been sitting cross-legged on the couch, going through her albums.

“Your *beau*, that comes here,” I said, “what was his name again?”

“George,” she answered and chuckled. “But called himself Pierre at one time, I think it was.”

Amazing. She had a picture of him right before her, in her lap.

“Called himself many names, Alfonse, Heinrich, who knew what? But that was a long time ago.” She looked at the picture in the album. “Yes. Pierre. I’m sure it was. At the time, you know how silly girls and boys can be.” She didn’t look at me, just turned the page.

“I like the name Dee Dee. Very much, too.”

She smiled. “It was the last letter to my name Richard. Figure what the hell, call myself that. I didn’t know how bad it would become...”

I looked at her. “What do you mean?”

We were silent a moment but then she said, “My father’s last name is Day. I’m Richard. Couldn’t go around calling myself Dee Day, now could I? Was okay back in school, when I was a kid, but after the *real* D Day it became too...militaristic, too dire, too... *funeralistic*, if that’s a word? That’s why I became Dee Dee. Dee Dee Day.”

Of course—The day her lover had disappeared. Miss Dee Day became Dee Dee Day! What could be clearer? “Wow! So you took D Day as your own?”

She nodded. “Uh-huh, it became me. Anytime it was mentioned, I looked up as if they were talking about me...and in a way they were.” She looked at me, and bit her lower lip. “The worst part is all the graves there, all neatly arranged like they’re going to march off at any moment once the orders come in.” She snorted and said, “Ha! Graves as troops...what a laugh...”

There was nothing for me to say. I knew Dee Dee had to talk. She'd been silent, holding it in, for much too long.

"I thought about going to see his grave, but what was I, a dreamer, a visitor of dead soldiers?" She looked at me. "No sirree. I have him in my heart." She made a fist and struck her chest. "Right here, and forever." But her fist came undone and fell atop the album she was holding.

I lowered my head and thought of my past, of Randy... Where was he? Must be twenty by now... And all dressed up in his girly clothes and being...laughed at. Was that his life now? I'd never see him, I knew.

Dee Dee looked up at me. "It's early morning," she said, looking at a clock. "Three forty-four. Don't you need your sleep?"

That awoke me. "It's a Saturday. I don't have to work on weekends." I put an arm around her and held her. Again that nice feeling came over me. I felt I was protecting her from the world outside that was trying to burst in. Me and Randy used to lay like that—me just holding him as the world went by...but our world collapsed into hatred and violence and I wondered if he suffered much from it. I knew those friends of his sister, tough boys, once they had blood on their hands, they would want more and more

until it poured out. They'd be saturated by it, yet, demand more to fall upon them.

I remembered Randy whispering one day, "You love me?"

I looked at him. "You know I do, with all my heart." I held him and kissed him.

It was nice to have a sissy in my arms, with his stiff penis just for me. It was like a nice surprise for the work I was doing on him. But I wondered about that... How many sissys would respond in the same way? Quite a few, I think. But when you came down to it, how many boys would I want to spend time with in the way I was spending time with Randy? Not many, not many at all. Randy was special, wasn't very good with his hands, but his mouth... well, he could kiss like I've never been kissed and then do it all over again. When Randy would kiss, I would melt in lust and peace at the same time. His kisses were from an angel not a man and he had to look like an angel, just for me...

“Where are you?” Dee Dee interrupted me, looking at me very distant. “Come back, baby.”

I blinked my eyes, turning red again. “I’m here, sweetheart, just for you.”

She looked at me sternly. “No, you’re not. You’re far away. Thinking of other times. But with who?”

I sadly looked at her, “Just thinking about this boy, Randy.” And I told her everything about him, how he walked, how he cuddled, dressed, undressed, then redressed in feminine frilly things that had me even getting harder than I thought I could.

She smiled slyly, poking me in my bulge. “What you gonna do with that thing, mister?”

“It’s for you, Dee Dee...all for you.”

She pulled the blanket off me and frowned. “I’m going to have to shave you. You’re much too hairy for my mouth, hon.”

“But you’re not,” I said, flicking at the bottom of her negligee, showing off her feminine hairless legs.

“I feel better this way. Been like this for many, many a year and still keep myself cleanly shaved like a little baby.” She grinned at me. “Do it every three days or so.”

I thought about Randy, again. He had a few hairs that made him look more exciting and lusty, but I knew many times when he sucked me off, he gagged from what I supposed was my hardness, but actually, it was the pubic hair that grew so thickly between my legs. “You think *that* would do it?”

She nodded. “It’s horrible when you get a hairy guy and he shoves it down your throat. What can you do but gag and squirm away? No sirree, not for me. That’s why my guys were all cleanly shaven. Anyway, tastes better that way, cleaner and healthier, too.” She smiled, then got up and shooed Freckles into his room, which it seemed he had gotten out. She then took me by the hand. We went to her bathroom. It was a truly feminine room, even painted in pink, which I assumed was her favorite color. Pink walls, pink towels, even a few bottles seemed to be tinged in pink. Now that I thought about it, most of her negligees were pink-colored and that aroused me even more.

“Pink lady,” I said, smiling lecherously at her. “That’s you, *The Pink Lady*.”

She blushed.

“I really like it when you blush, you look so much younger, and it’s amazing!” I sat down on the toilet seat as she lathered my cock and balls. I was surprised by her skill and professionalism, but after all, she had practiced on herself over the years and had to be adept at doing what she was doing. As she made me sit, stand, even bend over, until after forty-five minutes or so, I was as bare as a new born baby and getting rubbed all over by some aftershave cream or whatever lotion she was using on me. Surprisingly, the beautiful tension kept me as hard at the finish as I was at the start.

“I guess you want a present,” she hissed, “for your clean shave?”

She looked at me, then kneeled down and swallowed me whole. My God, what pleasure! What peace and delight swept over me, as if I was becoming a new man or at least like a sissy, a new sissy boy ready to do anything I was told. But I didn’t have to be told. And very quickly I tensed up as the semen began its rise up its veins, its organs and started shooting right in her mouth. She swallowed so greedily that the appetizing and delicious treat had me drained, emptied and exhausted like I had run a biathlon and now had finally reached the finish. I collapsed all spent, out of

breath, until slowly we staggered back to her room as she helped me. I dropped to her bed, drained and emptied, but very happy and feeling peaceful.

When next I awoke, the sun was shining in the room. It was noontime, so I must have slept, yet, it was the best sleep that I've had in years. Bare and cleanly shaved, I felt odd, but kinky as well, when I heard voices down the hall. I quickly dressed and entered the kitchen, from where I again heard the voices conversing. I opened the door.

Dee Dee was sitting at the table as a man stood before her and loudly talking. They looked at me as I came in, the elderly gentleman with a frown. I wished I was elsewhere.

“So this is Mister Wonderful.” He looked me up and down. “I see nothing in him.”

Dee Dee stood up and put her arms around me. “He’s a gentleman, that’s all that matters to me.” And she kissed me on the side of my cheek, but looking at me as if some kind of invisible contact was between us. “Well,” continued Dee Dee, looking back

at him. "You never see anything, but your disparagement and nothing more."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I see enough and sleeping till noon isn't one of them."

Dee Dee snorted. "Ha! Don't you wish you could stay in bed till whenever? With you, it's always getting up at the crack of dawn and the rest of the day acting like even dawn was too late." She looked at me, then back at him. "*Gimme a break!*"

I noticed that the door to the other room was opened, but no Freckles. Probably hidden under a table or a chair, but staying away from the man, that's for sure.

Dee Dee moved away and stood at the counter, pouring a cup of coffee. She handed it to me, but didn't say anything.

"This is George," Dee Dee said. "Called himself Pierre, once upon a time." She chuckled and then turned to George. "You know something? You over-blow your importance. You're nothing but an old fart."

I coughed and spat out the hot coffee, which got some on George's pants, who instantly jumped up and started wiping them off.

“If there’s a stain,” he fumed, “someone’s going to pay for it!”

“Oh, lighten up,” Dee Dee shot back. “No one’s paying for anything. We’re all friends here,” she said, looking at him and me. “Aren’t we?” She took each of our hands and squeezed them together. I saw George turn red at that point, but didn’t say a thing. Anyway, it felt good that a little bit of stress was easing from us. Again she repeated, “Friends?” And she looked at the two of us, “I thought so.” I also turned red from George looking at me. Oh no, not with George. All that would be needed was for him to kiss me. I refilled my cup and didn’t look at George the rest of the time.

George again coughed and said to Dee Dee, “So you don’t want to go? Okay, it’s your loss.” He turned and started walking away.”

She smiled after him and then I heard the door swing open in the hall and then slam. He was gone.

We looked at each other and she shrugged. “He gets to be like that when he doesn’t get what he wants. He wanted to go and see a photography exhibit, but I think that’s boring anyway. Oh, he’s like a little kid, that’s what he is.”

I just stood there listening to her and slightly amazed that I had an erection. And it was a good thing my pants covered me up—not

that I shied away from Dee Dee. It was nice when she felt it, but why did it get hard now? George? But he was an old man. I preferred them younger, like Randy was at nineteen...that was my perfect age for young sweet men. Still, it was amazing that I had an erection now. That was something to puzzle over.

“George is a silly old fruit,” she said dismissively. “But a good photographer, I’ll give him that.” Then she spotted Freckles peeking from behind the couch. “Aww, poor baby, c’mere.”

I glanced at the photographs on the walls leading to the living room. “You mean that was him? He took all the pictures?”

She nodded, cradling Freckles in her arms. “Worked for everybody, *Look*, *Life*, you name it, he was involved in all of them. Even as a little kid, pictures were his love, except for other little boys, which, eventually, proved to be his decline.”

“Little boys?”

She nodded. “If he hadn’t been so wealthy, he would’ve gone to jail, but with his riches well...you know what money can do. Still, he frittered that away, too.”

I turned red and sighed.

Dee Dee kept staring at me. “You’re into little boys, aren’t you?”

“Randy was nineteen. Might be little in someone’s eyes, but not in mine.” I blushed. “He was perfect!”

Dee Dee looked at me. “George was after them at seven, eight, nine— I think the age of nine was his limit. Though he did go with older guys.”

“Wow, that young? They can’t even cum at that age.”

“Loved them when they’re stiff,” she said and smiled, “as you’ve been ever since you came in and saw George.”

If I hadn’t turned red before, the deep red color sweeping over me was fantastic. It was as if I had poured a gallon of paint over my head and still stood there with more embarrassment sweeping over me, much like the we-cover-the-earth ad I saw a few times. I always felt stupid when I turned red from shame, but with Dee Dee I suddenly felt at peace as if feeling belittled and ashamed was the norm. And, of course, with Dee Dee, I rather liked it.

“You like George, don’t you?” she said, smirking at me.

I nodded. “Sure, why not, if he’s a friend of yours, he’s okay in my book, too.”

She snorted. “Well, I’m sure he doesn’t like you.”

I shrugged. "It takes all kinds."

She was silent a moment, letting Freckles down, then said, "Did you have a nice sleep?"

"Better than I've had in years, but I'm still tired."

"What you need, young man, is a good breakfast," she said, beginning to stir about with her pots and pans.

I took a seat at the kitchen table and watched her. So feminine it was incredible. Must have had life-long training in the art of being one, a woman...which many seldom have.

"That's amazing Dee Dee," I said, "There's no pretense or fakery about you. You look like...a sister or girl friend, like someone I've known for years."

She also blushed. "Thanks for saying that, hon." She blew me a kiss, then went on with her preparations of my breakfast.

It was an excellent meal, ham and eggs with toast, simple, but very tasty, and the coffee was excellent, not too rich or too bitter. Afterward, we went back to her living room.

“Do you read any of the books you sell?” she asked, after we had settled in the couch. “I was thinking I should get some books in my rooms, too.”

“Sure,” I answered, “Good idea, can’t go wrong with books.”

“What would you recommend?”

I looked at her. My reading wasn’t something you could find in libraries or the hallowed halls of academia, but rather in the sleazy bus stops and dives where people traveled and got out of town. They were not collected tomes to savor, but paperbacks you read and discarded. Nevertheless, working in a bookstore I gathered up some information that could be useful.

“Hemingway is one, and Fitzgerald,” I said. “Oh yes, Thomas Wolfe. You got to have Wolfe.” These were names I knew from my bookstore experience by reading a few pages. Anyway that’s what people were coming in for, but I didn’t praise the writers I liked, such as A. B. Dick or X. Harder or Celeste Softly, obviously made up names by my secret writers, non-classic, but who certainly hit home, that is, right between my legs. “Yes, get those,” I quietly mumbled.

But Dee Dee had turned deeper colors.

“Did I say something wrong?” I asked, also reddening and thinking it was me.

She shook her head. “No, it just reminded me of a stack of books I have in the basement. Haven’t seen those in years, and the paper has probably fallen apart by now. I wonder if they’re still there—”

“We should check,” I said, slightly intrigued. *Could be anything down there.*

Like all basements, it was musty and dimly lighted with spider webs in the corners. There was something sinister and evil about the entire cellar, rather like a dungeon meant for someone to be trapped and chained there, not one who came here just to check out the environment. I shook my head. I certainly didn’t want to be here. “I’ve seen enough,” I said, turning back and wanting to return upstairs.

“But they’re right here,” she said, her hand atop a box that was stacked with other boxes in a corner. She opened the top and a sly smile broke on her lips. “Oh my, I forgot I had these.”

I stopped, turning back. “Have what?”

She pulled one out and then reached for another one, holding a slim paperback in each hand. They were dusty and moldy, but she had a sinister, dreamy look about her. “You know, I read every single word in these, seems like yesterday.”

I picked up a book. Moldy, certainly, made you want to sneeze and cough. *Sex in the Shadows* read the cover, a half-dressed girl was sitting on the floor as another paced about behind her. I picked up another one, *Tutor from Lesbos*, and rifled through others. *Gay Girl*, *Gay Wrestlers*, *Man Hater*, *S & M Office Girls*, on and on it went. I scowled, flipping the books down, “Just girl stuff, not my cup of tea.”

She looked at me, “Yes, I forgot, you’re a *man* and you like other *men*, is that right?”

I was about to say something, but decided not too. She winked at me and moved the box her *feminine* books were in, then was looking into another one. “How about this?” she smiled and handed me another paperback.

The Gay Underworld it read and showed a male figure in garter belt and nylons, the bulge in his crotch a clear indication that he

was aroused, and was bare-breasted with a blond wig atop his pretty made up face. I was instantly aroused.

She smirked, "I thought you'd like these."

I picked up a few more, *Naked in the Night*, *The Greek Affair*, *The Cruising Class* and others. "Some nice titles you have here." It was too much for me. I started sneezing, but I was able to say, "Bring these upstairs." I sneezed again and ran up the stairs.

Upstairs the air was cleaner, not so musty or stuffy with old books and withered paper. I had another cup of coffee and reminisced about old times in bus stations around the country. In most every town I was in, I seemed to gravitate to the bus station, where I'd travel via bus most everywhere I went. Of course many times I had to hitchhike and save whatever money I had and get to a town as broke as when I started.

Dee Dee came up the stairs and in each hand, she held two or three paperbacks and was smiling at me.

"I never thought I'd find this," she said, holding one out. *I Am a Woman* by Ann Bannon. "I have one for you, too." She showed me, *The Why Not* by Victor Banis.

"And the others?" I asked, gesturing to the other books she held.

“Oh, this? Just a reminder to George—it would be interesting if he still remembers.”

I looked at the books for George. *Disciplinary Action*, *Penthouse Maids*, *Lady Cabbie* and it was obvious these were crossdressing books. I blushed again. “Does George like to get dressed up?”

She smirked. “No matter how feminine he tried to be, he still looked like man dressed in girly clothes. Some guys just can’t do it, you know?”

I knew that very well. With Randy, we played at it, but I looked like a ridiculous sham so I got out of the clothes and let Randy dress as he knew best. “Gee, I never read this,” I said, flipping over the pages of *The Why Not*. “What’s it about?”

She laughed. “Wouldn’t you like to know?” She winked at me and began to read her book, *I Am a Woman*.

I looked at the back cover of *Why Not* and read *gay throng of third sex* and looked at the front, again. “Victor J. Banis’s scorching excursion through the gay world of the lost and the not-so-sure...”
That certainly sounds like me.

“You know what we should do? Start our own bookstore for the connoisseurs.”

I smirked. “With these books? Doubt you’ll sell any.”

“I’m not talking about—” she looked at me. “What’s the name on the place you work?”

“Scribner’s.”

“Yeah, not no hoity-toity place like your store.” She winked at me. “Rather, a place where only the *select* can enter. That’s because we give them what they’re looking for. Don’t you think that’s a grand idea?”

I looked down at the book I was holding. “Can’t say it doesn’t have its merits, but you really think anyone will come in for *this*?” I held out the Banis book.

“And what’s wrong with *this*?”

“Nothing. Except they just aren’t collector’s material, that’s all.”

She snorted. “As if you know what’s *collector’s material*?”

I shook my head. I was having enough of this hopeful but hopeless dream of hers. “I suppose,” I said, flinging the paperback to the coach. “I should get dressed. The day isn’t getting any younger.”

“Yes, you do that,” she said as she buried her head in the Ann Bannon book, *I Am A Woman*.

I looked at her, and imagined that’s the way I looked reading a paperback in bus stations. I shrugged, then shut the front door and went up to my room.

I had a bath, nibbled on some chips, then dozed off listening to the Oldies on the radio. When I awoke, it was nighttime again and I turned off the Do-wop melodies and thought about Dee Dee. I was getting hard again and figured I’d go downstairs and see what she was doing.

I found her in a flurry of activity. After I had left her, she read awhile, then went back downstairs to the basement, bringing up the rest of the books she had forgotten so many years ago. She had taken a corner bookcase in the living room that was filled with knickknacks, emptied it out and was lining it with her little paperback readers. She looked very happy, but tired. “So you brought them up anyway. I didn’t think you would.”

She had arranged the titles, lesbian on top, men’s queer titles in the middle, with a few straight, but sexy ones at the very bottom. She ran her arm over her forehead. “Didn’t think I had so many. This is only the start. I only brought up these three boxes.”

“How many you’ve got down there?”

“Probably ten, if not more.”

Wow! Ten boxes of old books, but I really didn’t care how many there were. Once you hold an old book in your hands and get a whiff of old rotten paper up your nose, whatever lusty interest you had quickly fades as you start to sneeze and wheeze from the rotting paper. “Well, you need a break from all these books. Sit down and rest. They’re not going anywhere.”

She ran an arm over her forehead, again, wiping the dust and soreness from all day’s work. “All right, I could use a rest.”

“That’s my girl. Can I make you a drink?”

“No, I have one, thanks.” She picked up her usual drink and had a sip.

I was by the bookcase. “You find any literary treasures,” I said, rather facetiously.

“No, but I did find some of George’s books. Bet you he didn’t know I still had those?”

I could see the wicked smile on her lips. “Wait till he sees—”

She giggled, and led me to the couch, but by then I was feeling very horny as I lay there with my hard-on pulsing in my pants, not making any attempt to disguise it.

She blushed. "I know who's hot here," she said, reaching for my throbbing lump.

Her fingers were ecstatic, holding me tenderly but firmly, knowing their way in clutching and caressing. It was just what I was waiting for. Very quickly the release of my penis from my jeans and in her mouth was divine bliss, with feelings of pleasure and peace sweeping all over me as she swallowed me whole. My eyes were closed in expectancy of eruption and explosion.

A voice came out of nowhere. "Dee Dee, doing your own tenant, tsk, tsk?"

I opened my eyes. It was George, shaking his head back and forth. I saw Freckles running back under the couch.

"Isn't that a new one?" he said. "You're not supposed to date your tenants, Dee Dee."

She had spat my cock out as it dwindled into weakness and softness. Incredible! It had been hard just moments earlier.

But Dee Dee was mad. “What do you mean by interrupting us?” she shouted, wiping her mouth and getting up from her knees, “And in my own house?”

George just shrugged. “Door was open, so I came in. And what do I find?”

Dee Dee stood there and was glaring at George. “Yes, what?” she fumed. “You tell me! What did you find?”

George had a smirk on his face.

“Answer me!” Dee Dee shouted. “What did you find?”

George sneered again. “You sucking cock—and a very limp one at that, I might add.”

I blushed, and pushed myself up from the couch, struggling to put myself back in my pants.

Dee Dee ordered, “No, leave it out.”

I looked from Dee Dee to George and felt very weird, as if I was on display and being shown off to them, my potential customers. I felt my penis slowly beginning to pulse and rise as they watched me, and it didn’t take long for me to get hard and stiff again.

“George,” said Dee Dee, with a smirk on her face. “You like?”

George coughed and turned away. “I like them young. He’s a little too old, if you ask me.”

Dee Dee laughed. “But no one’s asking you, you old fart!” Dee Dee took a seat on the couch next to me, putting her arm around my shoulder. “Just because he’s a little older, doesn’t mean you wouldn’t suck him. Is that right, George? Just think of his cock, yum yum—” She licked her lips.

George huffed. “Don’t be a moron.”

“But you’d do him, wouldn’t you?”

Her fingers were around my penis, slowly pulling the skin up and down. I didn’t care. I leaned back on the couch as she jerked me off, it was beautiful...and in a moment, I felt that onrushing spasm tear through my belly, drowning my entire being and existence in a swoon of pleasure, as a spurt of my ejaculating jism shot out and sprinkled onto my chest and Dee Dee’s fingers. A luscious leer was on her face and she raised her hand and began to lick the dribblets off.

George stood there, open-mouthed, his eyes hungry and dreamy. He coughed again. “Yes, well, if you two don’t need me, I’ll take off.”

“No, Georgie Porgie,” Dee Dee said. “You just got here. Don’t go, we need you—” She looked at me. “Don’t we?”

“Please stay,” I softly said. “We’ll let you be in charge.”

He stood looking at my image, thinking, imaging, picturing me in many poses, or so I thought.

“You’ll do as I say?”

I looked at Dee Dee as she again began softly stroking my penis.

“Georgie Porgie likes to be in charge, don’t you?”

Of course my penis wasn’t getting as stiff the second time around, since I had just cum, but the thrill and fascination of what was going on had me ceding myself as if in offering my body to be played with, felt, touched, stimulated. I didn’t know what was going to happen, but I didn’t care.

George coughed again, as if hesitant, uncertain, but stood there looking at me. “Well, Dee Dee knows what I like—” he said, turning to look at Dee Dee, and for all his hesitancy there was a smugness and assuredness, a devil-may-care attitude of knowing that eventually he would get what he wanted. “Don’t you, Dee Dee?”

She blushed, embarrassed, but nodded. “Nothing I can do about Georgie Porgie,” she said as if to herself.

It was weird, but in all this exchange of words between them, Dee Dee kept her hand on my penis and was slowly jerking me off as if it was a natural thing to do. The weirdness, the strangeness, the unnaturalness of it all seemed to have excited me more than it could have been. I shut my eyes and felt that onrush of excitement, though much weaker, tear through my groin and body and rush out in a spurt of delirium and abandon. I swooned, still held by Dee Dee, when all of a sudden she got very protective and defensive.

“No, I think,” she said, shaking her head, “this time, no,” as my semen was cascading down her fingers. “No! This one’s mine, probably the last one I’ll ever have, but no, no sirree!” She licked her sticky fingers and smiled shyly at me.

I squirmed from my second ejaculation, having melted from its overpowering force.

George stood there, looking hungrily at me, and then shrugged. “I never wanted him anyway.” He sighed. “Much too old.”

Dee Dee laughed. “How old was the last one? Ten, eleven? Oh wait, that’s right, you prefer them without pubic hairs, isn’t that right, Georgie Porgie? Seven, eight?”

I could see George was getting very mad. “No use my staying here. I can see you only mean to insult me.”

I had eased myself off from Dee Dee, pulling my penis back in my pants.

“Wait,” said Dee Dee, jumping up and going to the bookcase. She picked a small paperback volume and held it out to him.

“Remember this?”

George’s eyes opened wide, and for the first time, I saw him blush.

“Where did you get this?” he asked, tenderly holding the book and looking very dreamily at it. He sat down in a corner chair.

“You thought I forgot, eh?”

George moved in his seat and flipped through the pages of the book. I could make out the cover...Mister Sister, by Stanislaw Mell. It showed a middle-aged man holding his arm around the shoulder of a teenage boy as he sat looking out the window of a train they were riding in. I wondered if they were coming or going.

And in a way, the cover brought back memories of me with Randy —innocent, playful, virginal, who knew little of the world, but at least he was learning about his body and his desires to be what he was destined to be...a girly man with a somewhat sissy older man...that is me...until his sister and her rough boys stepped in and put an end to our relationship.

We were quiet, George leafing through the book, Dee Dee contentedly sipping her drink and I, lost in my thoughts of... Randy.

It had been a year since I last saw Randy. I'd been beaten, left for dead, and had my ramshackle place torched as they stood around, laughing and cursing. I felt bad about leaving Randy like that, but what else could I do? Nothing, that's for sure.

I easily found another condemned place where I could heal and in a few weeks, started hitchhiking to New York City. And getting through Pennsylvania was the worst. Couldn't get a ride there at all, spent almost a week hitching, standing, waiting, and eating the cast-asides of unfinished food that others threw away in the diner parking lots...until I met Tuby, who picked me up

somewhere in the middle of Pennsylvania and right away we knew each other, and man, could Tuby cum!

He had to stop his car as I bent down and proceeded to suck him off, maybe ten times, if not more, and each time was a flood of cum in my mouth that I thought would never abate or ease off. In New Jersey, I bent down to suck him off for the last time when I saw his wallet peeking out of his back pocket lowered to his ankles. With his cock in my mouth, I surreptitiously eased the Dee Dee Day 77 wallet out, but left it under his seat. When of course, he pulled into the first gas station to use the restroom, I instantly grabbed the wallet and was out of there as fast as I could.

Holy shit! Close to four hundred dollars were in that wallet! I sneaked around the streets and easily found a bus going across the river to New York City. But I didn't give a shit about Tuby. I considered that this was payment for the times I had to suck him off.

And New York was just as Chicago was, condemned houses everywhere you turned and it was a matter of time before I found me a place to rest and sleep and figure out what I was going to do next. But four hundred dollars! Unbelievable...and with the four hundred dollars, I'd soon be looking for a place to call my

home. That's what brought me into Dee Dee's arms...and her bed.

I looked at them and sighed.

Dee Dee spoke up. "Aww, do we bore you, hun?"

"Not at all," I said, coming to. "This reminds me of a family, sitting here and doing their own things. I never had that before."

Dee Dee reached her arm across a tabletop. "Poor baby," she said. "Come to mama." She cooed and her face looked incredibly hungry and sexy...once again there was sex in the air.

George straightened up to look at us. "You mind if I take this," he asked Dee Dee. "I forgot that you even had it."

Dee Dee rocked her leg, sipped her drink and said. "How much are you willing to pay?"

"Pay? Pay for what? It's an old paperback, that's all."

"Yes, that it is, but you were very engrossed in it, weren't you?"

He looked at her and shrugged. “Brought back memories...that’s all.”

“So...how much?”

George fumed. “I’m not paying for this old garbage,” he said, tossing the book down on the table and standing up.

Dee Dee was right beside him. “Please be careful how you treat the merchandise,” she chastised, picking up his book and putting it back in the bookcase. “Books cost money, you know.”

George snorted. “Ha! You’re crazy if you think I’ll dish out money for that crap. Looks like you were going to throw it out with the garbage, anyway.”

“Five dollars for you—no, make it ten dollars. Business is business.” She shut the bookcase door with a slam.

“Ten dollars? Gimme a break! I wouldn’t pay a single cent for that trash,” he fumed.

“Then how much?” she asked. “Give me a price...”

George bit his lip, nervously looking at her.

I saw him glancing at me. “Alright, two dollars,” he quietly said.

Dee Dee frowned.

“Three dollars, tops, and that’s my highest bid. Three dollars.”

“Sold!” Dee Dee exclaimed, opening up the bookcase and reaching for the book.

A wave of relief swept through George as he clutched and held on to the book as if he was holding something very dear and precious.

I looked at Dee Dee. Once again, there was a contented smile about her lips as she reached for her drink. George once again flipped through the pages. “Three dollars, mister,” said Dee Dee.

“What?” said George, “I’ll pay you later, okay? I only have five’s and ten’s.”

She snatched the book out of his fingers. “You come up with the money, you’ll have your book.” And again she slammed the bookcase door shut.

“But, Dee Dee, you know I’m good for it,” he feebly protested. “I’m not going to run away without paying.”

“Three dollars,” she simply said, “and the book is yours.” I could see George was angry, but more than that, he was ashamed and

humiliated by the show he had been forced to put on...and in front of me. I also didn't feel right about it. The quibbling about money was just that, useless quibbles, nothing more, nothing less.

George and Dee Dee stood a moment, eyeing each other, just like a buyer-seller in pawnshops, when George reached behind him, brought out his wallet and pulled out a five-dollar bill.

"I'm sure you have change for this?" he said, holding out the bill.

Dee Dee instantly said, "No, I don't." She stood, going to the bookcase. "Anyway the price just went up. It's five dollars now." She pulled out the book, flipped through the pages, baiting George.

He sighed, but handed her a five-dollar bill. Dee Dee smiled and in turn, offered him the book. It looked like both of them were relieved, each getting what the other wanted. Without saying *goodbye*, George quietly left the apartment like an old dog with his tail between the legs, but with his cherished paperback.

Dee Dee broke out in laughter. "What an asshole! A total jerk..." She finished her drink and went to make another one. "I think I had enough excitement for the night, but I like playing and toying with him because he thinks he's so much better than everyone

else. But he's not. He has his head in the air and looking down on everybody else. A real jerk, if you ask me. But I still love him, Dee Dee Day 81 don't get me wrong."

"I kind of like the old fellow, too, reminds me of a man I knew back home." I turned red again. Dee Dee saw me and sat down beside me.

"Tell me about him. Share your life. I know so little about you."

"Well, there's nothing really there. I work, I come here, and that's about it."

Dee Dee shook her head. "Tell me about the man that reminds you of George."

I swallowed and looked at Freckles poking his head from beneath the couch, but he didn't come out. "When I was a kid, seventeen years old, almost eighteen. I was at the park by Lake Michigan one day and I saw this guy who had been following me."

Dee Dee got up and was making herself a third drink.

"Well, I thought he was a cop. He sure looked like one—it wasn't as if I did something wrong, but it seemed the cops were always there, looking if you were up to no good. Anyway, I was on my way to the Ferris wheel. I had no money and never got a dime

from the home I was in. Just got it from wherever I could, you know. But the Ferris wheel was a nice place to hang out.”

“Aww, poor baby,” Dee Dee said, snuggling besides me. “Go on.”

“Well, it was also nice to get someone’s attention. Every old guy I ever met suspected I was a little thief and this man had to stop me before I did something wrong. When people think that of you, pretty soon you start thinking it, too. Well, Mr. Royal—that was his name, but I don’t think that was his real one--wasn’t like that at all.”

“Yes, must be rough for a young kid,” said Dee Dee.

I shrugged. “It wasn’t bad, I guess. Just don’t get in trouble. That’s what it’s like getting caught by the authorities.”

She bit her lower lip and asked, “And you did...get busted by the cops?”

“No, no, not cops. They were mostly truant officers. They had me pegged as a bad seed for some reason.” I laughed. “So I had to fulfill their view of me and cut class every chance I got.”

She chuckled, too. “So what happened to Mr....Crown is it?”

“Mr. Royal,” I corrected her, “but he sure acted like he had a crown on his head.”

“In what way?”

I turned red again. “I liked him, and I think he liked me...well, kind of.”

She put her arm around my shoulder and kissed the side of my face. “So the *truant officer* was nice, I gather?”

“Uh-huh, and he seemed to have a lot of time to meet me very often.”

She sipped her drink. “And what happened that first time?”

“Well, we sat and looked at the Lake and chatted. Mr. Royal even gave me a cigarette to smoke and he didn’t care who saw me smoking with him. I felt very adult-like. Then when no one was around, he touched me on my leg and kept his hand there, pulsing, squeezing, holding me a little more tightly each time he drew up my leg...and pretty soon he had reached what he been straining for, my hard stiff dick in my pants.”

“And that never happened before?”

I shook my head. “He was the first adult who treated me like I was an adult, too! Well, by the time his hand reached my crotch, I was incredibly hard and eager for what was going to come of that. I began to touch him, too. His hand was searching out my cock as I did the same to him. I came and was surprised, but embarrassed, too, that it was in my pants. I wanted to run away, even told him, See ‘ya, but he stopped me. Come with me, he hissed. And that fear that he really was a cop made me freeze and follow him wherever he wanted to take me. He had a room in the Old Bavarian Gardens Hotel, a dump that was falling apart before they even condemned it and tore the place down. Surprisingly, for some reason, he stripped and he was cleanly shaved in his crotch and ass, like a little boy. I wasn’t and thought that was fascinating, very hypnotic, to see a man hairless. Truly magical. When all of a sudden he began to take his shaving implements out.”

Dee Dee looked at me sadly. “Come here, baby.” We kissed and she searched out my cock and tenderly held it in her fingers.

I continued my saga. “Again I was thinking that this must be some cop routine, of stripping naked, then shaving my pubic hairs. Weird, I suspected, but I felt too peaceful and eager of what was going to come next. He had me cleanly shaved and lying in bed with him. Even though I thought he was a cop and I’d better watch

what I did, I couldn't help but like Mr. Royal, I took his penis in my mouth and didn't feel any qualms about it. Sucking him was the most natural thing to do, and I did it. Of course with his cleanly shaved penis and mine, it didn't feel like I was doing something negative or wrong. Sucking his cock was just like shaking hands with him...a natural thing to do...which I did, over and over for weeks and weeks. Even turned eighteen one week, so I was okay."

Dee Dee looked at me, then stooped down and put her mouth around my stiff and eager cock. Her sucking and pulsing was very welcome. She made me feel very sexual, but eager and ready with her. And her sucking made memories of Mr. Royal dwindle down and never before had I felt like that, as if I was accepted and desired, as I desired and was at peace with her also.

It was a welcome and releasing, cumming, even though I had already cum earlier, the tension and explosion was like I was doing it for the first time, the gripping of my scrotum, holding my shoulders, clenching my face and erupting in my brain...oh God, *ahhh*. She let go of my penis as it spat out more jism on her face, shooting on her forehead, leaking past her eyes and nose to her mouth, adding its goo-like stickiness to the cum already smeared on her face. She is beautiful! I pulled her up to my face and kissed

her, tasting myself on her pores, something which I've seldom experienced. I'd pretty much swallowed myself as my lips went over her face and licked her totally dry. She tasted like manna from heaven that I had been searching and questing for all my life. *She is the one! And with my scum all over her face.*

She settled herself contently on the couch, with my arm around her shoulder, and surprisingly didn't reach for her drink. "Please tell me what happened next."

I kissed the side of Dee Dee's cheek and continued. "Well, I visited him every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday. Tuesday and Thursday after school and Sunday pretty much all day. For a while I kept suspecting he was a cop and when I mentioned my suspicions to him, the next time we met, he showed me his police badge. Little did I know you can buy those things in pawn shops around Chicago, but I was impressed with it and had him tell me stories about the hoodlums he'd catch in his undercover work." I looked sadly at Dee Dee. "You know I still like him, even though it's been many years since I've seen him."

Dee Dee kissed me. "Poor baby. You had to go through with it... you know that, don't you?"

I nodded. “Yes, I know that now, but I didn’t at the time.” I went on with my story. “It was a rainy Saturday, when Mr. Royal was doing his police business, or so he said, and I was jumpy and eager for him to touch and hold me and couldn’t wait for next Sunday, which was the next day. Suddenly, in the rainy, drizzly street, I saw him, walking confidently and holding an umbrella over a young boy who was walking beside him. Mr. Royal said something and I saw the boy blush as they entered the Old Bavarian Gardens. I didn’t know what to do. Was the kid a cop also? But he was even younger than I was...or was he just another kid that Mr. Royal was using, sexually?”

“What did you do?” asked Dee Dee.

“The guy at the hotel knew me from seeing me so many times that he just nodded as I went upstairs. I was nervous, but it was six months or so that I had been visiting Mr. Royal and I just had to know who the kid was. Well, I knocked on his door. At first, there was no answer, so I knocked again, and a little louder. I heard someone shuffle across the room. *Who is there?* I heard Mr. Royal ask. *Benny*, I told him, using the fake name like he instructed me to do. *Benny, your friend, can I come in? It’s important*, I said, ready to make up a story. *No*, he said, through

the door. *Come back tomorrow, like you were instructed to do. Now, go away!*”

“What a bastard!” said Dee Dee.

“I suppose, but I stood there, very saddened and confused. I had heard of couples breaking-up, of cheating, but never thought it would be like that, like I was being discarded and another was already there to step into my shoes.” I sadly smiled. “Hell, my shoes were still tied on my feet, but another was walking in them.”

Dee Dee put my head on her shoulder and gently patted it. “Some people are creeps, and those we have to meet very early, hun.”

“Oh, I know,” I said. “But even now it still hurts.” I went on. “I don’t know how long I stood, five minutes, an hour, two, but it’s like I was frozen in time, like a phantom, a ghost, a specter out of time or place, not knowing what or why I was there. Knowing he was with another took away my own existence and I would never be whole again...but maybe I wasn’t whole to begin with? Sexually, by using me, he had given me existence, the right to live, and in a flash, I no longer had that. I was like a hard dick...but now uselessly soft.”

Dee Dee winced and said, “Gee, you sound like you were lost and confused.”

“Oh, I was,” I answered. “Not lost, but thrown away, discarded like the trash, and all I could do was stand there and cry, which I did in the grubby old hallway. A few times people passed me and saw me weeping, but I heard laughter as they disappeared down the hall. That’s when I heard Mr. Royal’s door open, and I saw him. He was very angry when he saw me, but behind him stood a little boy of fourteen or fifteen years old. And you know I hated that little boy for stealing Mr. Royal from me. I mean, where did that little brat get the nerve to do such a thing? Before I knew it, I grabbed the boy’s shirt ready to punch him in the face, but Mr. Royal stopped me. He cursed at me. *What the fuck is this? How dare you?* He was pissed, real mad, but so was I, at the little kid. *I know what you did in there, you little faggot, you sucked his cock, didn’t you?* That’s when Mr. Royal hit me, a slap really, but it surprised me. *How dare you!* he screamed. *How dare you!* But the boy didn’t know what was going on. He was frightened, and let out a wail that pretty much woke up the rest of the hotel. Doors were opened and sleepy eyed vagrants came out in all sorts of being dressed or undressed, with all sorts of partners or lovers,

who the hell knows who was who in that hotel.” I stopped, looked at Dee Dee, took her drink, had a swallow and shook my head.

“Drink, hun,” she said. “Drink more.”

I downed her drink.

She went to make another one and came back with two. “This will do you better. Trust me.”

I took the drink, had a sip and giggled. “I think I’ve had enough. After all, I just finished your drink. I’d better watch it, or I’ll get drunk and make a fool of myself.”

She looked at me and together we had a drink. “Let’s finish your story. What did you do to the little boy? You know it wasn’t his fault.”

“Oh, I understand that now, but at the time I was projecting from Mr. Royal to the little boy, made him my worst enemy when it was Mr. Royal I hated. Anyway, it was all the people who came out of their rooms that stopped me from doing anything silly or dangerous, I simply pushed Mr. Royal’s arm off me and ran downstairs and out of that hotel. Thought I would hurt him by staying away, really show him how I felt, so I stayed away for almost six or seven months until one day I found myself unable to

take my longing for Mr. Royal and instead had myself looking at a vacant lot where the Old Bavarian stood. They tore it all down. No trace of it was left, neither wall nor lamp nor an old sign that it was ever there. Another part of me was uselessly swept aside. In a way, another door had closed and for good, too.”

Dee Dee looked at me thoughtfully. “That reminds me, George lives in a place like that, too. Broadway Central, it’s called. An old place down in the Village—it’s falling apart, too—used to rent out rooms to rich folk, but now has a hard time getting customers in and keeping them there. I heard it’s going to be condemned and torn down, too. Have to ask George. He would know.” She yawned.

I laughed. “Someone’s getting sleepy.”

“Aww, but I don’t want to go to bed alone.” She looked at me.

“Good,” I said, “I hate sleeping alone, too. Think I’ll carry you to your bedroom.” And picking up a woman of her weight, barely a hundred pounds, if that, meant nothing for me.

We retired to her room, with her in my arms, and I shut the door.

Chapter Four

I awoke early and looked at Dee Dee so peacefully sleeping with Freckle's at her feet, I gave her a soft kiss on her forehead and went out of the room. My God! George was sitting on the couch. He hadn't been there when we retired, but he was now, with a few books around him. His head and he was tilted back and snoring feebly like an old man that he was. I shook my head. Dee Dee's good sense of giving out her keys, but I guess he was an old, old friend. I tried to move about without making a sound, but my stirring brought him to.

A raking cough rattled from George's throat as he tried to sit up. He pulled out a handkerchief and coughed some more, then shook his head. "What are you doing here? Or has she started already?"

I studied him. "I beg your pardon, but that's none of your business." I wasn't going to take any crap from this old geezer, that's for sure.

"Is she about?" he asked, struggling up from the couch.

I shook my head. "No, she's sleeping in her room."

He looked at me. “How would you know that?” he said, snorting
“Unless you were just in there.”

We looked at each other, him waking up from a half-asleep, half-
awake sluggishness and me barely dressed in a tee shirt and
Jockey shorts. It was obvious whose bed I had just crawled out of
—Dee Dee’s.

The poison in the air hung heavily about us, as if you could cut it
with a knife and still keep on cutting as you drew closer and
closer. It was as if something was draped over us and neither
George nor I could get through. He hated me and I hated him,
too.

“I go where I’m wanted,” I said, “and needed, too. If not, then the
hell with you and the rest.”

We glared at each other. But I saw a change to softness, his
cheeks quivering, his eyes slightly tearing. “Just don’t hurt her,” he
said, very quietly. “She’s all that I have left.” He sat back down
and teary-eyed, looked at me. “She’s the last one.”

I stared at him curiously when Dee Dee opened her door.

“What are you doing up so early?” she asked, looking from one to
the other. “I wondered what the heck was going out in here. I

should have known George would be here, but where else could he be? Certainly not in that dump he calls his home.”

He angrily looked at her. “It will get better. Just takes time.”

“Haa!” Dee Dee shot back. “Yeah, when?” She turned to me, her pink negligee hanging limply, but feverishly around her as if searching and seeking arms to hold her.

I regretted George being in the room with us.

“The place is falling apart, and fast, too,” she said, waving her arm dismissively. We looked at each other. “Make some coffee, hun, I could really use some.” She smiled as I looked at George and then went into the kitchen.

I heard them talking from the other room. “Were they loud again?” Dee Dee asked.

“This isn’t going to end,” said George. “The bar gets louder each and every day...and there are more people every night, too.”

“Get another room,” she said.

“I took that room because it was nice and quiet...and it was. You know I can’t walk up the stairs anymore, it takes forever, but last month, they opened this new bar in the empty room they had, and

the entrance is just below my room, yet when the racket starts its *Boom! Boom! Boom!* All night long... Jesus! I can't stand it anymore!"

George fell quiet. The percolator was brewing and giving off a very nice morning smell. I stood at the side of the sink, breathing in the aroma, watching it brew, as I listened to their conversation.

"Well," said Dee Dee, clearing her throat, "I offered you a room, but you wanted your...little boys in there, well, I wasn't going to have that, not in my house, you know."

My eyes perked up at that.

"But Dee Dee," he said, "I was very discrete, that's why I took the room right above the desk. It had a side entrance, and I could come and go without anyone being aware who I took with me."

He must have said this proudly because I imagined how smug he may have looked—smug and proud.

I heard Dee Dee getting up. "But little boys? Who should be in school? C'mon..."

I'd had enough. I filled two cups of coffee and carried it to them in. Dee Dee was standing by the fireplace and smiled when she saw me. "Oh, good, here's the coffee." She took a sip of the warm

drink as I handed a cup to George, looking at him curiously. I wondered if he was cleanly shaved down there, too, as Dee Dee instructed her men be, but I shook my head, dismissing the thought.

“Aren’t you having none?” said Dee Dee.

I shook my head. “Guests first,” I said, looking at George. “Mine’s coming up.” Smiling, I left them to get my own cup...

“Now isn’t that a nice *boy*,” said Dee Dee, “and legal, too.”

“I suppose he is,” I heard George, “if you like them like that.”

“Ha! And you don’t? What is he, too old for you?”

I didn’t hear George answer anything. I picked up my filled cup and joined them in the living room.

“George thinks,” said Dee Dee to me, “that you’re too old for him. George only likes ‘em ten years old or even younger, isn’t that right?”

There was no answer. George kept drinking his coffee. “I wonder,” she said. “How young do you like them? Would you do it with a boy that was five years old? Or four? Three? How young does he have to be?”

George was pissed and angrily stood up. "I'm not listening to your crap trap. Anyway, you're talking drivel."

"Do you let the boys enjoy the sex?" she asked. "Or do they even know its sex?"

"Shut up!" George bellowed. "Why do you always do that, attack me in front of others? Whenever someone's around, you make sure and get your two cents in. I want to know why?"

Dee Dee looked at me, rocking her leg back and forth, and sipped her coffee. "Georgie Porgie wants to know why...should we tell him?"

George shook his head and sat back down. "As if I didn't know," he softly said.

"You're damned right you know it, you old fart," said Dee Dee. "And I won't let you forget it!"

Dee Dee sat there looking very smug and contented as George seemed to shrivel up into himself. In a way, I felt sorry for the old guy, no matter what he may have done. I don't know what it was, the father-grand-father air about him, like whenever I was in his presence, it's as if I had been caught by an adult and had to follow him where he wanted. But now, knowing George a little bit

more than I did before, I wondered about the sexual longing I had for him. Where did that come from? I blinked my eyes and sipped my coffee.

“But George wasn’t always into little boys,” she continued. “Isn’t that right?”

George didn’t answer her.

“After Billy left for the Army, he went for the little school boys, now why’s that, Georgie Porgie? You seemed to have been such a great lover of *men*, why did you go after the *young boys*?”

The air in the room was very rapacious, hanging there as if by animal whose teeth were gnawing the neck. I shook my head, finished my coffee, but was hesitant to go and refill my cup. The sun had just peeked in and the room was brightening. Morning was here, but the bitter scorn of the night still remained.

“So, Georgie Porgie,” continued Dee Dee. “Do you have the boys dress as girls?”

I turned a deep red just as Dee Dee turned to me.

“That’s his favorite. Of having his boys as if they were girls, little school girls.”

Again George jumped up and shouted, “Oh, shut up, you bitch!”

“Tell us, Georgie,” she smirked, looking at me. “Tell us how you just adore little boys.” She winked an eye at me and said, “With something little and hard between the legs. Don’t you, Georgie Porgie?”

“Go to hell!” yelled George and pounced out of the room.

“He deserves to be picked on.” Dee Dee looked at me and then exploded in laughter. “That’s the bathroom, you clown!” she chuckled. “Thought you were leaving for good, eh?” Again she chuckled, but shook her head. “Shouldn’t make fun of him. No, he’s just a year older than I am.”

I was surprised. “I thought he was much older, you’re a young lady compared to him.”

She smiled. “Always pretended he was so much older, I guess it stuck with him.

We heard the bathroom door open and a beaten, tired looking George came out.

“Oh, George, you look bad,” said Dee Dee, as he staggered and made it to the couch.

“I’m so tired. I can’t get any more sleep.” He shut his eyes.

Me and Dee Dee didn’t say anything. We sat and listened to a ticking clock.

Dee Dee nodded and gestured with her head. “Let’s leave him be,” she whispered, quietly taking me by the hand and leading me out of the room. “Poor baby needs his rest,” she said, as we went back to her room.

We got back in bed and just lay there, looking at the day going by. I like Sundays in New York. It’s very peaceful and relaxing, kind of laidback, meaning you have time to eat slowly, talk slowly, take those slow walks wherever you wanted to go, and better yet, walk back slowly to where you started from. Sunday in New York meant the world can do whatever it wants and shuffle right on by, but you can’t, you were taking the time to appreciate it.

I yawned. Dee Dee did, too. She settled in my arms. “Does he come by often,” I asked.

Dee Dee sat up, looking at me. “Do I detect some jealousy?”

I felt uncomfortable and blushed. I shrugged. “Just asking.”

Dee Dee kept studying me, then wickedly smiled. “Yes, you are! I can see it right in your blushing face. You can’t fool me.” She

settled back in my arms and said, “But why, hun? He’s an old man and you’re not his type at all.”

“I don’t know,” I answered. “Guess he reminds me of someone...”
Meaning Mr. Royal, I wanted to say, but she was silent so I kept quiet as well. Dee Dee dozed off with my arm around her.

She must have awoken too early, since she fell asleep rather quickly. I lay with her over a half hour, then slowly got out of the bed. She turned on her other side and continued sleeping. I looked at Freckles still lying at the foot of the bed and stretching, then quietly went to the other room...didn’t want to wake up George...but my God, he was already up and feverishly masturbating!

His eyes were closed as his wrinkled old dick stayed limp and futile, unresponsive to his tugging, but I guess that’s what the old have to do for enjoyment. When he opened his eyes and from somewhere far away, saw him looking at me, all the time, beating and beating...

I awkwardly smiled at him and bit my lower lip, then turned and was about to leave when he said, “Please help me, I can’t get it hard anymore.”

The look in his eyes was pleading, begging, asking for comfort and release from the tension that had been holding and clutching him for so long.

I looked around and though it was early afternoon, the shading in the room made it seem as if it was on-coming evening, very comfortable and enticing. My mouth hung open and I approached the couch, taking a seat beside him and feeling the strange sensation of holding the limp, but feverish muscle in the palm of my hand. I stroked it, up and down, up and down, slowly, but not too fast, just keeping the tense muscle alive, as if giving it the life that it needed. And I felt something tingle in my hand, a tension, a buildup of it growing much larger and firmer than it had been...it was getting stiff and hard as it pulsed upward in my hand.

“Such a nice boy,” he whispered softly. “Kiss daddy,” he said.

I licked my mouth and bent down. Shutting my eyes, I engulfed the growing muscle in my mouth. There’s something about having your eyes shut when you suck another’s cock. It’s like a surprise that you expect when the other cums and explodes in your mouth, a flooding, a drowning that tears into your entire being. It’s almost as good as cumming yourself. As a matter of fact, I look forward to that moment of surprise. It’s as if you don’t know what’s coming

when you hopefully do, a mouthful of explosive ecstasy, of divine bliss...oh God, there it is again!

When next I opened my eyes again, feeling peaceful, satisfied, serene, and George's scum pouring out of my lips, there stood Dee Dee, looking very sad, but expecting this from the inevitable unfairness of life. George's cock plopped out of my mouth. Dee Dee turned and went back to her room.

"You bastard!" I cursed at George, wiping my mouth and gurgling his scum between my lips. "You knew she was here, why did you make me suck your cock?"

"*Make you?*" George said. "I didn't *make you* do anything you didn't want to do, young man. And furthermore, you enjoyed it." George was reinserting himself in his pants, looking very pleased and content with himself.

But I suppose when your old age has taken your ability from you, you must get depressed at times, but to have that spark again, that lust, desire and satisfaction that renews you into being alive again.

"Don't mind her," he said. "Boys will be boys even if they pretend they're girls." An ugly smile and leer spread over his face.

I hated him, but strangely, he looked ten years younger than he did just maybe a half hour ago. "I hate you!" I said, but he just shrugged and put on his overcoat.

"Many do. But many love me, too." He walked out the front door, very proudly, very smugly, very conceited.

I approached Dee Dee's door and stood there with bowed head. *Man, what an asshole I turned out to be.* The door was locked. I bit my lip and softly called, "Dee Dee, please let me explain."

Almost instantly she spat out, "You have a room? Go to it!" And there was silence. I stood for moment, then turned to my empty, desolate room upstairs.

Chapter Five

The following days came and went, one after the other, on and on. I went to work, came back home and the next day repeated my dull routine until I felt very stupid. Dee Dee and I were like two ghosts passing in the night. We were aware of the other's presence, but did nothing to attempt contact or reconcile. But we were more than just ghosts...we were two specters fated to meet,

pass each other in the hall and relive our shadowy stagnant existence.

One chilly day when I had almost gotten home and stood on the corner waiting for the light to change, I saw Dee Dee mounting the stairs and going home, too. I was surprised. I had never seen her outdoors...and this after a year or so of living and renting a room in her house.

I hurried across the street and got into the building just as she was opening the front door. The silence was immense between us.

“George is dead,” she said, “I just ID’d the body. Was badly burnt —”

“My God!” I said. “What happened?”

She opened the door and I followed her in. “His home was the Broadway Central.”

“You mean that place that just burned down in the Village?”

She nodded. "Had been there many years, he was an old timer."

She smirked. "Used to attract boys to the place...I don't know how or why they let him get away with it."

"So the body was his?"

She shrugged. "Who knows? It was just a burned out corpse...a blob really. When they found it, he was holding a little boy's body tightly to him." She sniffled. "It wasn't the fire that killed them both. Smoke got them earlier."

I shook my head. Dee Dee had gone and fixed a drink. I gladly took it when she gave it to me. "Wow, how horrible! To go in a fire. I never want to go like that." I readily downed the gin and tonic and shook the ice in the glass, but declined another drink.

"It's the smoke that'll get you," she said, shrugging. "Fire will come later and burn you out."

We looked at each other and she bit her lip. Did I take something precious from her or did she take it from me? In either case, it was over.

I stood. "Think I'll go upstairs."

"Yes, you do that," she said, but did not get up as she sipped her drink.

I stood in the doorway looking at her. "Listen, Dee Dee." I came back and fell to my knees. "I'm very sorry for what happened."

She finished her drink and looked at me. "People die. Some in fires, some on the highway. No big thing." She shrugged and stood, walking away from me.

I slowly stood back up. "I'm not talking about that. But what came between us, namely George."

She stared at me, made herself another drink.

I noted she poured more gin than tonic and sat back down.

"George didn't come between us," she said, twirling her ice. "You were down on your knees and sucking his hard cock, which it hasn't been for awhile." She looked at me over her drink. "How did you get him hard? Must have an erotic sucking mouth, no? That makes you a very good cocksucker. You must have a waiting list a few blocks long."

"Stop it, Dee Dee. You drink too much. Way too much."

"You bastard!" she said, jumping out of her chair. "How dare you speak to me like that? When you took me to bed with you, you made damn sure I was drunk, didn't you?"

I facetiously laughed. “I suppose you can call it rape, so why don’t you? You were molested, too, by a big horny dick that was looking for a victim to rape and abuse.”

She slammed her glass down, the ice hitting the sides, but not jumping out. “Get out of my house!” she screamed.

“Gladly! You bet I will!” I shouted back at her.

She held the door open as I marched out, slamming it shut behind me. “Fucking bastard!” Her footsteps pounded and disappeared across her floor.

“Bitch!” I answered back, marching up the stairs to my room, but I stopped halfway on the stairs. I felt bad and sadness fell upon me. *What am I doing? Throwing a beautiful relationship away, and for what?* I headed back down and gently knocked on her door.

“Dee Dee, it’s me. Can you open, let’s talk?”

There was silence. From somewhere, a clock was ticking. I knocked again. “Dee Dee, open the door!”

The lock on her door clicked and turned open.

“Oh, Dee Dee. I’m so sorry. I was a fool.” I expected to fall into her arms, but she stood at the doorway, holding the door, as if blocking my way in.

“Yes,” she said. “Did you forget something?”

“Oh, Dee Dee,” I said again. “We can put that thing behind us. Life is too short and wonderful to just let it drift away.” I looked at her, but there was no response. She just stood staring at me, out of touch, out of feeling. I repeated, with my head bowed down and ready to cry, “Dee Dee— please—”

She quietly shut the door.

I think I died at that moment. My life was meaningless and futile. I staggered up the stairs and fell on my bed. I lay there most of the night, weeping, cursing, mumbling obscenities at myself...and at her. In the morning, unshaven and uncaring, I staggered down the stairs and stood at Dee Dee’s door.

Should I knock and try again? After a night has gone by that I’m sure she must have thought things over. I knocked, gently at first, then increased my rapping, louder, firmer. The door was opened. A blond boy in his twenties without a shirt, in tight blue jeans, opened it and looked at me up and down, with a look that disapproved of my tired lack of sleep and my unshaved chin. I hated him instantly.

“Yes?” he said, looking gruffly at me.

“Dee Dee, please,” I answered.

He turned back to the room, as if getting a message from someone, then turned back to me. “She’s still sleeping. Come back later.” He tried closing the door.

I blocked it with my foot. “I have to see her! Tell her, her neighbor from upstairs is here. She’ll come to me.” I imagined he must have read my expression, worried and uncertain, because he looked behind him again, and a moment or two later, stepped out of the door...and there sat Dee Dee on the couch. I rushed into the room. Dee Dee was like him, half-undressed and just in a skimpy negligee with a frilliness that should have been worn in the darkness instead of the early morning.

“Yes?” she said.

I knew she was drunk and the smirking guy was tipsy, too. I turned back to him, the top button of his pants was undone and his muscular chest looked very appetizing indeed. He must have seen my desire because he smirked and nodded downward at the bulky mold pulsing from his crotch...at least that was what my gaze went to. I blushed and turned back to Dee Dee. “Dee Dee, I’m here for you,” I said. “I’ll do anything, and I mean anything.

You know I will.” Again I glanced at the blue-jeaned boy. I was certain the bulge in his pants had grown wider and bulkier.

“Oh, yes,” said Dee Dee. “Today’s the first, isn’t it? Your rent is due. You can leave it under my door.” She looked at me, very malicious and dismissive, as if I was intruding on her time with such a flip reason for it. But there was nothing in her eyes, just a superior landlord with a lowly Dee Dee Day 109 troublesome tenant.

I sighed and staggered out of the room.

Chapter Six

As the weeks progressed, there were other men, some incredibly handsome, others so-so, while still others ugly as hell. But she didn’t seem to care about their looks and I assumed all she wanted was their penises ramming into her face, her mouth, her ass. Many times I saw her as I came down the stairs, but there weren’t any other words between us. I just continued working at Scribner’s Bookstore yet the enthusiasm and eagerness I once had for the place was slowly dwindling away.

Customers now had to ask for help where before I was always ready to serve them. My supervisor even mentioned my surly manner.

“Is something wrong?” she asked one day, obviously fed up with my manner. “You’re not polite or courteous anymore.”

I looked at her, wanting to say *Go to hell!* Instead, I removed my store nametag from my shirt and walked out on a sunny day. I don’t know what my supervisor thought I was doing, but I was gone.

The day was bright, cheerful and playful, spring was in the air, but it didn’t feel playful to me at all. I walked down 5th, making my way to the Village and my now shabby one room apartment. *But what am I doing?* It wasn’t going to be easy finding another job, but I didn’t care. Me and Dee Dee had to get it out. *Why am I letting my life go to waste?*

I turned the corner and instantly fear gripped me. A ripping tearing slashed though my soul, and immediately thought of Dee Dee. Two police cars were in front of my building. As I approached, a policeman came out and was going down the stairs. He stopped me.

“Sorry, buddy,” he said, as he continued down. “Building’s closed.”

“But I live here. What happened?” He looked at me, as if reading and assessing my identity, then said, “You’ll just have to wait awhile. Go to the bagel coffee shop on the corner,” he said, shooing me out of his way.

I went to the corner and paced a bit. An ambulance rolled up and parked outside. Two medics got out, one carrying a large medical bag, and also started up the stairs, disappearing into the building. I stood some distance from the stairs. All I could do was think of was Dee Dee. *What did she do now? And who did she have up at her place? Must have been a rough night for her.* I shook my head.

Again, the front door opened when I saw the two medics coming out of the building. I scurried to them. “Is everything okay? I live here.”

They looked at each other, then one said, “Everything’s okay for us. They just got to wait for the City to come by.” He had stashed his large suitcase back in the ambulance and was getting in his seat.

“Wait for what?” I said, looking quizzical.

The other ambulance attendant spoke up, “To claim the body. The...*big* lady now belongs to the City.”

They looked at each other again, then exploded into laughter and drove off.

But whose body are they laughing about? I sadly knew... There was no one around. The cops were inside. I took a chance, climbed the stairs and entered the building, my building, where I had lived and loved this past year.

Dee Dee’s door was opened and loud voices were coming from within. I stopped, very downcast, and took a step in her doorway. Three cops looked at me. One said, approaching the doorway, “Place is closed. Police business.” He made an attempt to shut the door.

“Where’s Dee Dee?” I said, blocking the door from shutting on me. “I’m her boyfriend,” I blurted out. “Where is she?”

The officer’s hold on the door abated, but he stood in the doorway, preventing me from entering.

“Ain’t you a bit young,” he said, looking me up and down, “*for her?*” He turned and grinned at the other cops. “Hey, O’Reilly,” he

called into the apartment, “one of your...*fruits* is here!” And again he looked me up and down.

I turned red, more from anger and rage that I couldn't do anything about it, than from shame at what they identified me as, a *homosexual fruit*, which I certainly was.

A cop approached, whom I assumed was O'Reilly, frowning and looking a bit mad at the smirking cop, who I guessed had gone a bit out of line in saying what he just did. Those were the early years when police words had to be curtailed and made more civil and less derogatory, less inflammatory and less likely to provoke a fight that the civilian would certainly lose out on anyway. Even though this was a few years after the Stonewall riots, many years still had to be boiled over.

“Can I ask who you are?” said O'Reilly. He was a well-fit officer, more in shape and disciplined than the others were, even his necktie draping down his chest was crisp and hung in stiff and Mykola Dementiuk 114 ready attention.

I turned red from awkwardness, “I...I...live... upstairs.” I cleared my throat. “Where's Dee Dee? She owns the building.”

“And you're not an immediate relative?” he said.

I saw Freckles looking at me from under the couch. “No, I’m not,” I said, but he was shaking his head.

“Sorry,” he was saying and leading me back out the front door.

“But she has no one else,” I protested. “She’s all alone in the world. The only person she knew was George who died in that hotel fire some weeks ago.”

The officers looked at each other. “Oh, yeah, The Broadway Central,” said one to the others.

“Sure,” said another. “Four bodies were found in that fire, one old man holding a kid that was never identified. Maybe his son?” He shook his head.

“That was George. A friend of Dee Dee’s,” I cleared my throat and silently added, “He had many young boys, that was just one.”

O’Reilly cleared his throat. “Yes, well...”

“Oh, Tommy...” one spoke up to O’Reilly. “Give the kid a break. Let him see what the old timer was playing with.” Chuckles broke out from all three as Tommy O’Reilly turned red again.

I bit my lip and looked at the cops. O'Reilly nodded his head toward Dee Dee's room. "Go on. Say what you have to say. And make it snappy. And don't touch anything."

I looked at them, saw O'Reilly nod at me. I then headed to Dee Dee's room. I didn't know what to expect. But she was on the bed, wearing a garter belt and nylons with a huge penis standing erect, stiff and bold, as if she had been jerking off. It must have been two or three sizes bigger than when I last saw it, but how was it possible for an old lady to get it so big? And dead, too? I was amazed. My mouth was open and it was as if a horny teenager had taken over Dee Dee, her body, her soul and mostly, her stiff penis. What a regret I had in knowing I had never touched or played with it while it was stiff and hard...I bit my lips.

I turned around and saw the cops looking at me. I looked back at Dee Dee and took a step nearer. Desire was tearing through me. I needed to touch her a final time. I bent down...

"Mother fucking bastard!"

I felt four cops rush into the room. Last I remember, a cop struck me in the face. I saw stars and felt a fist again shatter my cheekbone...then nothing.

When I came to, I was laying on my side, my arms handcuffed behind me, my face filled with blood, my eyes straining to see about.

“Hey, O’Reilly, the pervert queer’s awake. Good thing he’s cuffed, or else he’d be after your dick, too!” There was laughter and chuckles as I slowly sat up, not being able to wipe or soothe my face from the hurt I was feeling. O’Reilly stood before me as I looked up at him.

“You’re pathetic,” he said, “You were going to suck his dick, weren’t you? You bastard creep! Good thing I was there to stop you.” He got of the way for the City to take over. The two City guys looked at Dee Dee, shrugged and zipped her up in a body bag with her huge erection pushing out before her.

I started crying as they carried her out the door.

Chapter Seven

Back in Chicago. Glad I came back. Found Randy, after a few days in town. She was wearing makeup and dressed in a girl’s sweater going to the movies...and we’d been together ever since.

He's been skirting the issue of getting married, but of course that's not allowed by the laws of this state. Many times, Randy gets dressed up in a wedding dress and we'd pretend we are undergoing a ceremony, and I must say, she looks incredibly sweet and beautiful that I would have given anything to be her groom...which one day I just might.

But I came here after the sadness of New York and the mystery of Dee Dee Day.

The cops held me for just two days, then told me to get out. No apology, no criticism, no laughter, just *Get out!* And my cheekbone wasn't broken, but I got punched a few times and that took me back to the beating I received back in Chicago, more than a year ago.

Of course I missed her funeral. She was inurned, with her ashes still unclaimed. But at home, word had gotten out what I had done, and though I had hardly seen my neighbors—just a *Hello, nice to see you* on the stairs as we'd pass each other—now there wasn't even that. They'd just stare and hurry away.

But I didn't care. I knew I had to get out of there, and fast, too. I overheard that an attorney found an overly fat cousin of Dee Dee's, whom she never even seen, a distant cousin. The fat

cousin came to New York up from Texas and in about a week, announced that the building was up for sale. The few tenants had a tizzy over that, but in those years, there was little anyone could do about it.

I had tried to get Dee Dee's ashes, but to no avail. They were family property and since I wasn't a family member, I had to stay out of her apartment. And since the fat cousin was staying in a hotel while the property was settled, the urn was left in the house where Dee Dee had lived.

I entered when the stillness was throughout the building. It was easy to jimmy the lock open and tiptoe quietly through her rooms. It was the first time I had been in there since I left. Standing right there at the corner coffee table was the urn. I felt nervous, tense, as if I was being watched. I took a quiet step toward her ashes, my penis getting harder by the minute.

At the coffee table, I pulled my stiff dick out, a sort of an honor guard, and began to slowly masturbate. *Whomp whomp whomp...* It was delicious and peaceful, my strokes affirmative, my passion robust. In a minute, I felt the jism rushing through my body, tearing my soul to shreds, ripping my being into torrents of peace, contentment, satisfaction... *Oh God, I have never cum like this!*

I fell on my knees before the urn, my eyes tearing, but my soul content...and saw a slim Freckles looking at me. I knew he hadn't eaten in days. He disappeared in the shadows of the dark apartment.

I knelt there maybe five minutes, ten minutes, heard the building front door open and close, footsteps shuffle about and go upstairs. What could I do about the Freckles? Nothing.

I listened to the quiet noises of Dee Dee's rooms. And even heard a clock ticking. *Tic tock...tic tock...*

I stood, clutched the urn, than saw the two books Dee Dee had favored so much, *I Am a Woman* by Ann Bannon and *The Why Not* by Victor Banis. They were right on top of the bookcase as if momentarily set aside.

I smiled, put the two books in my pocket and left the door open for Freckles to find a new home, then took Dee Dee's urn...and disappeared into the night. I finally possessed what I so wanted and desired, *Dee Dee Day*...the *lady* and her books were mine.

Nautilus As // Not Named
By Nathan Anderson

stretching for... A*B*S*T*R*A*C*T*I*O*N*

blinking through
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'oh what a beautiful...'

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Decoding the Wasteland

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SHADOWED AFTER HOURS

AND TOLD AGAIN TO
SLEEP
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Conquistador

bull headed!
(shpshpshpshp)

melancholy
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(in red)

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I love this number

you = should

don't = you

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easy

easy

easy
easy

don't let it go to waste
okay?

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Notebooks 8

by Richard Freeman

My first low blood sugar attack in some time - around dinner time, of course - I've been able to gain a fair amount of inner control over LBS, so this one caught me unawares, and I was into it before I could do anything about it...

Ended up yelling at Caitlin - telling her that my eating dinner on time was more important than her homework, and I'd rather she flunked than I didn't eat on time... a fairly irrational thing to say, I should think.

Caitlin wanted to kick me out of house and home...

Some of my earliest memories are of exploding because of dinner being late. One birthday, my parents decided to take me out to dinner to celebrate. As we were getting into the car, my father told me I'd have to wear a suit jacket to eat at the restaurant. I said that it was my birthday and I wasn't about to go

to a restaurant where I had to wear a jacket in order to eat dinner... ended up screaming, & we ended up eating at home.

There is a partial memory of driving to a dinner and being in a rage over something.

Whenever I am in such a low blood sugar state, I am absolutely sure that I am in the right... it is lucky that I have no power to enforce this feeling of rightness...

Caitlin was asked to create a creation myth for school... literature class... where the teacher is a believing Christian who gives out detention for the slightest blasphemy... even for the mention of God...

Caitlin, being an atheist, finds this deliciously ironic.

I wonder what she makes, if anything, out of my own confused religious ideas (I wouldn't call them beliefs, as I doubt that even I believe in them)...

Anyway, I suggested that she use the beginning of Genesis as her creation myth. She was unimpressed with my notion.

I then suggested that she use the quantum physics / most recent astronomical explanation where something is mathematically made from nothing... and from that something, the universe exploded.

She saw this, however, as science, and refused to view it as a myth...

I fear I still make very little sense to Caitlin... how much I make to anyone else is another question for another time... less sense than I make to myself. How am I to teach her anything? What is she learning from me when I am just being myself? I lack a certain dignity... a solidity... I lack gravitas.

I don't know if the teachings of Jesus - those which I call esoteric Judaism - were ever meant to be taken as a religion...

There were comments on an already existing religion - and were a particular discipline of that religion for the few who might be interested in such things...

To attempt to turn such teachings - in the outer form that they are presented in the Gospels - into a religion is to curse

manunkind with a religious psychopathology... a double bind... where a man is told to become what he can't possibly be - and is then damned for his failure in becoming.

The Church, at least, sold ways out of this dilemma... but Martin Luther effectively put an end to that humane practice...

Logical Protestantism is a set of beliefs that lead to chaos and absurdity...

Man is not perfectible...

Such doctrines inevitably lead to the death pits...

Which is not a defense of rugged individualism by unperfected conservatives... man, being man, must be protected from his brother... and his brother/keeper.

Man, being man, created feudalism and slavery and capitalism and Marxism and Catholicism & called them good - and necessary - and blessed by God (or a human facsimile thereof).

It is somehow preposterous for me to feel bad about not getting a job that I didn't want...

Of course it isn't quite as preposterous knowing that I have no way, at present, of supporting myself... let alone my family...

The world is intruding & there is no way of stopping this intrusion...

So, instead, I'm offering a course in stress reduction - trying to preach what I've been practicing... if there are any parishioners to preach to...

This is, after all, a perfect opportunity to work on myself... to see if my theories work...

The only control we have over reality is in how we accept it when it discovers where we have been hiding... we have a small amount of choice as to how we take reality in... and it is exactly here that we can work on ourselves... that I can work on myself...

Rather than create, or trying to create, characters in novels, I want to help create real people... to help my friends become more real... and to deal with reality...

I don't want to invent my friends, I want to give them a technique where they will be able to reinvent themselves... as I am trying to reinvent myself.

I can't do this "professionally" however, as I cannot play other's realities well enough to convince them to give me a credential.

Any individual who promises a great & immediate change (in individuals, or societies) is dangerous - because if the changes offered seem plausible, people will go for them in a big way.

And yet if I don't offer such possibilities of change, who will bother with my meditation techniques?

Large changes are like large cancers... so much for my radicalism...

America is not Russia (the old unlamented Russia)... there is no necessity to even threaten to torture a person to learn their deepest & darkest - all you need to do to have them spill their secrets is offer them an hour on Jenny Jones...

What took years to learn through analysis is revealed at once on Donahue...

Knowing what caused X or Y will not cure... but perhaps confessing it to Geraldo (who is more powerful than any priest... and perhaps as likely to seduce you) will do the job.

To know that your parents sexually abused you is not enough... what is necessary is telling them you know what they did on national TV... and then having them arrested.

The words "all" and "normal" cannot be used together... as in "All sex is normal"... normal is a small band surrounded by sub normal and fever...

Only 98.6 is normal. My own waking temperature is 97.8.

For most “normal” people, heterosexuality = 98.6....
homosexuality used to be 106.8, but is now, perhaps, 100.2...
lesbianism is 95.5.

On the talk shows, all of the perverts tend to think that their form of sexual expression is really normal... or rather panelist A thinks that she is normal; but that Panelist B, a pro-op transexual who is married and has a lover, is quite obviously a pervert (Panelist A is only into, say, spanking or open marriage or swinging...)

The audience, however, knows that all of the panelists are perverts... and Geraldo or Jenny or Phil play up to the normality of the audience’s voyeurism.

The panelists think the audience is sick and square for not being able to appreciate that all each panelist is normal...

Which is only to say that it is impossible to deal with our sexual center either intellectually or emotionally - all such attempts lead to breakdowns rather than breakthrough...

As we do not recognize even the existence of a sexual center, which has its own demands and shares no language, we are at its mercy as sexual beings...

Attempts to reach this center through the intellect lead to Bertie Russell running amok...

Attempts to reach it through emotional center lead to Jim Bakker...

My own linguistic presentation: "All sex is perverse & we are all perverts looking for others who share our perversion" never makes sense to anyone else - it is looked at as a perverse statement...

But in terms of sex center, this is as close to its reality as I can get in words. Sex center makes us do things that we do not want to do, and then leaves us without an explanation for our actions.

When intellectual or emotional center tries to put words to what sexual center has done, it leads to legislation banning sex acts & behavior... but never to understanding such behavior. And

the legislators themselves are forced to act in illegal ways by their own sex centers...

On WLW, their show-liberal wants to suspend civil rights and have the police & army move in and arrest everyone and throw them in jails (which must not be country clubs... prisoners have no rights... they should only suffer).

We are responsible for our actions, and if we aren't, we should be punished...

Attempts by shrinks to say that Dayton Joy Killers weren't responsible... that child abuse caused them to kill 6 people... lead only to the response that society isn't responsible.

What exactly is "Responsibility"? Is it the IRA saying, "We are responsible for bombing London"?

To be responsible is to be conscious, either individually or societally. Of course everyone assumes that they are conscious... though they would be hard pressed to prove this...

I tend to think that neither criminals nor society is conscious... or responsible...

To try to become conscious... to slowly try to grow up... what value can this have in a youth culture, where aging is the enemy (it is fun watching my generation trying to stay young... to be the center of all possible future generations... as it reaches menopause...

If one must grow older, then take vitamins, life extenders, exercise, take a younger lover... do whatever is necessary to live to 110... but a young 110.

There is no credibility in the wisdom of the elderly... we are not China (where the old know how to deal with a youth movement)...

We demand new, young leaders (or Ron Reagan, who never aged)... George Bush looks old, and has never seemed wise... sometimes, he even seemed ga-ga.

Ron was ga-ga, but it seemed a rebirth of America to his voters.

Bush thought we were responsible for our acts (though his sons weren't to blame)... which is to say, translated from the Republicanese, "If we weren't rich by now, it was our own goddamned fault..." (Had I been smart, I'd have started an S&L while I had the chance...)

Conservatism can only deal with a stock market on the rise... it has nothing to offer an economy that is collapsing, let alone a society.

Liberalism dissolves as a political force as soon as there is money to be made.

Liberals can see the social causes of crime, but they can't change the society... and no liberal would risk loss of political office by stating we are responsible... that we are sociopaths waiting to explode....

Communism was an attempt by irrational people to set up a rational economic system... capitalism is vice versa.

That capitalism works at all might be due to allowing for the millions of irrational acts that we call the market...

Forget about the hidden hand, capitalism is more and more about the hidden mind...

First class of my stress release workshop is done... 3 people... next week I try to teach them how to hypnotize themselves...

It occurs to me that I could make a living out of this - if I could find someone who could sell it for me... I am unable to sell any of my ideas...I can't even give them away. Whatever I am, I am neither a good capitalist nor a good socialist...

What is called hypnosis... what I am teaching... is how to reach a state of meditation where one can quietly wake from the sleep of life, and in this inner silence, begin to talk with one's selves and centers...

But to tell people that they are hypnotized by life would only be to needlessly incite them against what I am trying to teach...

To say that the universe is meaningless is going a bit too far... one hardly knows all that much about this, or any other universe, for that matter... and the things that mean to me do not seem to mean anything to others.

Perhaps one could say, with somewhat more meaning, that there is no meaning to life as it is on earth...

But to say that life is meaningless... and that my life is without meaning... is to say that my life is entropic - that whatever meaning it might have had has long since turned to garbage...

In times of social collapse (such as these), questions of lack of meaning arise out of noticing the garbage of what once was a civilization...

These questions do not seem to be asked when civilizations are being created as in Elizabethan England (except in a few of Shakespeare's later plays, when his own personal meaning as a writer seems to be in doubt)...

Creating a civilization is being in a state of negative entropy - it is just like the universe, creating itself out of nothing...

It is equally necessary for a universe & a civilization & an individual to create...

It is curious that collapsing is called entropy, while creating is negative entropy... it would appear that there is a lot more collapsing than there is creating in a thermodynamic universe.

It is difficult to create art in an age such as this... art, after all, is seemingly negentropic... and suffers from the same limits to growth as universes & civilizations...

The need to always be new ensures an entropic death just as certainly as the need to never change...

To create art now would almost mean to have to create a new art - and that is extremely difficult to do if you're trying to do it. Like the English empire, a new art is created by accident... like filming a kiss.

So to create a personal meaning in an age of meaninglessness is also difficult - if one wishes to be a part of the

collapsing society one happens to have to live in, instead of being apart from it...

Yet meaning can be created - on an individual level at least, I think (I can't so assuredly speak for civilization, having always lived in barbarism, and in a universe that I know nothing about).

At least I believe that this is true - as I search for a way I can help others to start creation within themselves...

To create within a game that is beautiful and allows for others to play... a game that increases meaning for others - that creates meaning out of the meaningless pieces which entropy leaves when it enters a mind.

I am not looking for a way, I am looking for a way to apply the way I already am on - to teach others to find their own ways... hoping that if I can teach, I can learn.

I live, in space, in an area of short walks - around the block with the dog in the morning - and from the library to the post office in the afternoon...

My world is almost entirely in my head - little of the physical world impinges - I pay little or no attention to weather (except to wear a scarf & hat until it's 70 degrees outside), scenery (now that I am no longer writing poetry) or the people in this town (I pay much more attention to the people I write to, but have never met)...

Life comes to me in books and letters & over the phone... through the radio and zines... but, other than my family, not through closely living people.

Which might be why I am unable to write fiction - or, only for the moment, I hope, poetry...

I have no desire to create the imaginary world from within my real head... or the real world from my unimaginable head...

To write poetry, I will have to find something worth writing poetry about... I can't write it just to be writing it.

And yet I still wish to write - to create something novel, if not a novel... to think anew...

I may have to become a corporation if I wish to teach self-hypnosis so that I can't be sued... as a writer, I am almost disincorporate...

But I have no faith in myself as a businessman... as a wage earner... my parents consider this to be low self-esteem, a word that can make parents tremble, apparently, when applied to their children...

It is possible they are right... but I have always disagreed with this diagnosis of theirs...

I would say disparaging things about my employability - which did not touch on anything important to my way of thinking, as I never took employment very seriously...

Now that I actually have to earn a living, these things become more important... even depressing... it conjures up a mood.... a taste... but I can control this through self-hypnosis... through meditation.

But this new reality seems to be what my parents were talking about... trying to tell me about... they were in their own

way trying to prepare me for the eventuality of life slipping through my defenses... trying to tell me that I did have saleable abilities and that I should have faith in them...

Now I have to hope that their appreciation of my abilities is greater & more correct than my own...

My lawyer has advised me not to tell anyone I was teaching self-hypnosis... he is both a lawyer and a psychologist... and doesn't believe that there is such a state as hypnosis... nevertheless, he thinks I need a license to practice it... so that I can get malpractice insurance...

However, if I teach it as meditation, there is almost no way I can get sued...

I wonder why that is....

Anyway, I have refashioned & refurbished & synthesized & have come up with what seems to be an entirely new method of meditation which I shall call Deep Meditation... as I have nothing better to call it... it is obvious that my talents do not lie in the field of advertising... or self-advertising...

More's the pity.

I have been told, by friends, that I should write a book on my meditation techniques, but I think I can describe it in two pages, and don't know how to fill in the other 158 I'd need. It consists of:

- 1) Body relaxation

- 2) Create in your mind, a room or place where you feel most comfortable, most at peace...

- 3) Count from one to five and tell yourself that you are going deeper and deeper into meditation...

- 4) By this time, you will be in a state of meditation.

- 5) From this state of mind, you use the voice in your head to talk to different selves and centers...

- 6) You should also, at some point, use affirmation to let your selves know that they are ok...

7) For problems with stress or anxiety, you begin by talking to your emotional center, telling it that there very well might be a reason for the stress (considering that it is hardwired into the body) but that all of the feedback & reverberation is pointless, and can be stopped...

8) You can also ask questions of the various centers & selves, using a head movement or finger movement to stand for yes, no & maybe.

9) If you are familiar with mantra or breathing styles of meditation, you can switch into one of them at any time...

10) If you know you are going into a difficult situation, you can prepare for it by using the meditation to create a post-hypnotic like conditioning... you can say that , “If X occurs, I will take two deep breaths and will instantly be relaxed and able to control myself...”

11) If you have to calm down quickly, you can also go directly into the room or place you create at the beginning of the meditation & can use that place to relax and calm you.

12) To leave the state of meditation, it is only necessary to count backwards from 3 to 1.

This is the basic course. Now it is only a matter of seeing if I can teach it, and if it works on others as it does on me.

I am working on a more advanced set of meditations, using the concept of higher centers within... the first course should allow an individual to control his day to day life, as if it were a form of therapy. The advanced course, if it works, will allow one to change one's inner life... to grow... to... but I don't yet know what, if anything, it will do, so I don't want to say more.

What I do know is that the 12 step program above seems to work. And is easy enough to learn, if I can teach it.

Here's how the game is played:

There is always a ruling class - that is primary... government & economics is secondary to that.

This class wants to keep what it has, naturally enough... and what it has is most of the goodies.

It can protect its possession of these goodies in various ways - from kings with divine right to dictators to dictatorship of the proles to democracy... It doesn't matter what it's called, as long as it does its job.

As there are only a finite amount of goodies, if they are divided equally, everyone gets bupkis.

Once there is an uneven distribution, those who have more want to keep what they've received - and those with less want to get more... Those with nothing are powerless, unless used by those who have less & want more to get more.

If those with nothing get unruly without permission of those who have more or those who have less, they are put down immediately... the leaders of those who have nothing are either given something, or they are killed... whichever works best at that particular time.

At certain times, it is necessary to overthrow a king or a government... and as long as it doesn't seriously inconvenience

those who have more or those who have less, it is done as a matter of course.

Still, it is an easier job to be a President in a democracy... if you have to be the representative of those who have more to those who have less...

Such systems pretend to be of the people, by the people and for the people... or something...

In America, those who have more have a bit of a debate as to how much to give those who have less, and how little they can get away with giving to those who have nothing... this is called our two party system... but both parties are bankrolled and bought by those who have more and their allies among those who have less. Those who have nothing are only used during photo opportunities.

The point is, only a very few people can ever at any one time have more...

It helps for those who have more to disguise the amount of their moreness... this can be done easily in America, where a class system is said to not exist and everyone wears jeans,...

Other countries, which aren't as lucky in the use of economic blinders, are forced to use their churches (which tell those who have nothing that Jesus will give them everything... or something equally rich...)

The game is played with the same panache, though not the same honesty, as pro wrestling... and other low forms of art like pornography...

Those who have more prefer high art, so that they don't have to bury their noses in the reality they have created - but can pretend, rather, that they are all padrones of the arts...

It is difficult to join in this game with any gusto if one is conscious (luckily, almost no one in any of the classes is conscious... otherwise they would... well, I am not sure exactly what they would, as I am not quite conscious myself)...

To know that a game is a game makes it harder to perform... though knowing baseball is a game & knowing that religion is a game seem to be different states of knowledge, with different results. One can be in the hall of fame knowing that one has played in a game... but can one as easily be Pope?

Of course, I don't know what the Pope knows... it may be as easy as playing center field for the Reds...

But consciousness is a dissolvent - it opens our senses to the nature of the games we play in order to get through life...

That small amount of consciousness we are, at times, given is enough to make life seem meaningless... is never quite enough to give life a deeper meaning.

Consciousness infects us like a virus and can easily lead to suicide... or a new, deeper form of sleep which passes for higher consciousness...

To be fully conscious... at all times.... to only to be able to be compassionate... how can one even think of teaching such a thing to others (if one is conscious)...

Perhaps no one is conscious... or those who are conscious don't speak... or write notebooks that others might read...

On earth, only the blind dare lead the blind...

If God is consciousness, it's no wonder he has nothing to do with such as us...

And why he can do nothing to help us...

The very cure would kill most of us - at least leave us dead to life, if it were granted, as grace, without preparation.

Yet this is the inner teaching of Christianity... it is little wonder that the disciples said & wrote little or nothing about it (at least for posterity in the Bible)... and that which is written is misleading.

The Bible is a treasure map... but one where the directions are hidden...

Jesus wasn't teaching a religion - or at least not a religion that any large group could follow... so it's little wonder that his

followers rushed off in wrong directions with their pieces of the map...

Such thoughts lead inwardly to the void, where meaning is in danger of being lost... to the great void where once there was only mind that created, out of itself, to interest itself... me.

As we, from out of our separate voids create games to keep us interested...

But to lead others to the void - surely that can't be called responsible teaching.

At least not teaching of the young.

To teach the young, it is first necessary to teach them reality - only after that no longer suffices (though for most, it surely does suffice) is it reasonable to show the void to others... and then only if one has a way prepared to save others from the void you have opened...

This is where the great religions come from... and why...

This is where great art can come from... created from the void... from nothing... much as God created his universe...

To continually stare into the void would dehumanize us... as it would equally have degoded god...

Mind must create... or at least play...

But before I can ask for higher consciousness, I must first ask for greater conscience... so that I will be able to properly use and not abuse what little consciousness I may be given...

The difference between the old and new testaments is a change in conscience in God...

There is little compassion in the O.T... just powers and knowledge of power... battles between the consciousness of man & God - both operating out of a lack of conscience...

The Gospels introduce higher emotions to the teachings...

The possibility of a less destructive God, and a less destructive humanity...

Sadly, these teachings do not seem to have been incorporated by manunkind (it is impossible to say anything good about God... at least my God...)

Scattered thoughts - if they are thoughts and not occlusions...

Feeling for the first time, this year, the responsibility of being a parent - which is to say, the need to earn a living - I have been allowed my extended childhood for, I hope, long enough to become truly an adult...

It is difficult to have to give up this childlike state...

I wouldn't mind a monk like life of thought (if monks do think) but I don't like the idea of monk like work... they seem to revel in physicality & lack of sleep (not to mention incessant prayers)... and they don't often get the opportunity to watch porno films, poor souls...

To read history - to know the misery life holds for so many - and yet how few are eager to selfend their misery...

Of course misery is subjective... and it is likely that there are many who can go through slaughter with hardly a care in the world... others suffer from ingrown feelings...

There is no thought anymore that government actions could end human misery (at least not among the voters of any major party)... no, govt. is a hindrance... to individuals making money... where it tries to alleviate misery, it only helps cause more (or so I am constantly told on Ohio talkradio by those late inhabitants of the lower middle class, now safely ensconced in the upper middle class...).

Socialism is suspect not because it is radical, but because it doesn't work...

Of course it is hard to say what will work... short of the desire to work... 60-80 hours a week, if necessary... for life is all work in preparation for... what?

Anyway, our '60s ideas seem to be passe, at best... pointless... they are markers, like yellow or pink triangles... people one doesn't need to listen to... though not yet kill...

And yet I still feel the coming collapse... and that it is due, in part, to the default of our ideals...

Certainly the collapse of the public schools can be attributed to the defeat of our educational ideas...

But what if our road not taken had been taken...

There my mind grows clouded, as if by Mandrake...

I do seem to be growing older faster than last year...

Reading about the early Hasidic Masters brings on the same depression that they were said to suffer from...

I can feel their illumination - the sense that they could understand everything, do everything... even bring on the Messiah...

Only to discover, as they hit their late 40's that they (I) could do nothing at all... that illumination ends by illuminating, finally, that one cannot bring about such states at will... can not bring the Messiah down to them... cannot bring themselves up to the

messiah... and that the residue from such states is not enough to give us power even over ourselves (though if it's used improperly, it can give us what seems to be power over others... though actually it is weakness over others... they allow us to overpower them... but only as long as we continue to live down to their low ideals as to how delegated power should be used...).

We start as enlightened individuals and end as crooked legislators - bosses on the metaphysical take...

Everything we say & do can be used, metaphysically, against us...

I am lucky that I was not famous long ago... might still be lucky that I'm not famous now... for fame is others... we cannot select our audience... often cannot select what we are famous for... (think of the musicians who are famous for singing the songs they most hate...)

We are captives of those who give us our fame... they would crucify us if we threw our fame back in their faces... or worse, they would ignore us... this is the true retelling (for these times) of being thrown out of the tribe and forced to wander the earth

alone... true ostracism... to wake up one morning to find oneself again unknown.

Interesting example of hard wiring vs hard wiring on the radio this morning... non connecting reality tunnels... the head of Cincinnati Stonewall was talking about gay bashing - getting calls from Christians who were morally repelled by homosex...

Gays realize that their choice of sexual preference is hard wired into their sex centers... there is little they can do about their sexual preferences... to gays, it is like skin color, and they want the same social rights that blacks have won for themselves...

But the blacks who called the radio station were repelled by this argument... they see homosex as a lifestyles choice...

What gays do not understand is how our dislike of difference is also hard wired into our brains... we are forced to attack anything that even seems to be at all different from us...

Each method of education precludes possibilities of learning... ways of learning...

If I teach standard ed, I am empathizing certain choices... memorization and, to a very small extent, analysis - and I am implicitly rejecting other possibilities...

We should not be surprised then that public school students are rarely “creative” and can’t make “decisions for themselves” or who can’t use “group processes...”

As long as the assumption that there is only one way to learn - our way - exists, there will be plethoras of students who “can’t learn.”

Those students who are best able to learn under a system... and who believe in it because they can testify that it works for them... become our future teachers of America.

Yet, were one to attack the ordinary methods of pedagogy... by setting up an opposite system (calling it an alternative) we would negate the possibility of learning for those who can only be taught to memorize and analyze.

We define ourselves out of knowledge... out of ways of knowing...

Taught my new method of meditation last night... wouldn't have known if it worked from just watching, but all 4 (including a man who has done TM, like me, for 20+ years) said it worked excellently...

So it appears that it can be taught, and that it does work on others...

All of the psychological thinking I've been doing for 20 years ties in to the meditation, and allows me to answer any & all questions about it... to conjure up illustrations... to create metaphors to explain & explore what is going on during that state...

So that teaching meditation is not just teaching a technique, but rather is teaching what I have learned through experience & study about consciousness... I provide a way of understanding, to some extent, the techniques I teach... that we are not one, but are filled with differing selves & out of control centers... and that meditation is a neutral state so that we can shift mental gears & talk with different selves & centers...

Next week, I teach the more esoteric parts of my meditation... healing, prayer, listening to & questioning one's selves & centers...

From the sublime to the ridiculous (or is it vice versa?)... I would love to be able to also lecture on sexuality through the arts council... saying such things as it is not a man's job to help a woman with her orgasm... that, as a point of fact, it is more difficult for a man to have an orgasm than it is for a woman - and that it would make more sense for the woman to help the man have his orgasm...

But I don't think that either women or men would want to hear this from me... almost certainly not from me.

A short discussion on Cause & Effect:

Because we are unable and unwilling, politically or socially, to deal with the major causes of our country's ills, we, of necessity, deal only with the effects...

By ineffectually dealing only with effects, we start a new wave of causes that are even more politically & socially intractable.

For example:

We cannot deal with the root causes of crime (assuming that we even know what they are) and thus can only deal with criminals (if we can catch & jail them)... We must always be careful in defining crime, so that what we ordinarily do is not taken to be criminal acts. Crime is what we don't do.

And then there are the schools... No one cares to investigate what education might be (we all, each and every one of us knows exactly what education is & should be... just as we know about sex, politics & religion)... we thus get the education we are given...

This "education" no longer seems to be working properly... the effect can be seen on the streets, in the jails, in the workforce...

The answer to this problem is always, “Give them more of the same, only make it twice as hard & tack on 3 hours of homework so that we can compete with the Japs...”

If jails turn out criminals, what do schools turn out?

I am setting myself up, if not for a fall, then as an educational consultant... my ad is in the News, this time with the dreaded words “Home School” added...

Helped intervene (as they style such things these days) with a 9th grader who was floundering & flunking in & out of school... he wants to be a carpenter... I told him that if he wanted to, he could declare this year to be a wash - and that next year, if he wanted, he could home school... and while doing so, begin to be an apprentice carpenter...

This was all news to him, as he had thought he'd have to repeat 9th grade... perhaps infinitely...

Eventually, giving such free advice will get me in trouble.

Though perhaps not quite as much trouble as I'd be in if I do decide to substitute teach in the middle school or high school...

Still, while I don't mind being seen as a fool, it is much more dangerous these days to be seen as an educator (which is to say, a corrupter) of youth...

Poor Socrates, were he alive now, would have to physically seduce his students rather than intellectually seduce them...

I doubt that I look any more handsome than Soc did to the youth of Athens, back when he was the ugliest Greek in town.

Youth these days, as in ancient Greece, is not sexually interested in ugly old men... certainly not men who have so little money, they're forced to teach for a living.

So I should be safe enough.

Not a subtle or supple bone in my aged body.

Most likely, I'll end up with only Caitlin to teach... if there's anything she'd want to learn from me during her Home Schooling.

I just don't see how I can get her to pay for her lessons...

Notebooks 8

by Richard Freeman

My first low blood sugar attack in some time - around dinner time, of course - I've been able to gain a fair amount of inner control over LBS, so this one caught me unawares, and I was into it before I could do anything about it...

Ended up yelling at Caitlin - telling her that my eating dinner on time was more important than her homework, and I'd rather she flunked than I didn't eat on time... a fairly irrational thing to say, I should think.

Caitlin wanted to kick me out of house and home...

Some of my earliest memories are of exploding because of dinner being late. One birthday, my parents decided to take me out to dinner to celebrate. As we were getting into the car, my

father told me I'd have to wear a suit jacket to eat at the restaurant. I said that it was my birthday and I wasn't about to go to a restaurant where I had to wear a jacket in order to eat dinner... ended up screaming, & we ended up eating at home.

There is a partial memory of driving to a dinner and being in a rage over something.

Whenever I am in such a low blood sugar state, I am absolutely sure that I am in the right... it is lucky that I have no power to enforce this feeling of rightness...

Caitlin was asked to create a creation myth for school... literature class... where the teacher is a believing Christian who gives out detention for the slightest blasphemy... even for the mention of God...

Caitlin, being an atheist, finds this deliciously ironic.

I wonder what she makes, if anything, out of my own confused religious ideas (I wouldn't call them beliefs, as I doubt that even I believe in them)...

Anyway, I suggested that she use the beginning of Genesis as her creation myth. She was unimpressed with my notion.

I then suggested that she use the quantum physics / most recent astronomical explanation where something is mathematically made from nothing... and from that something, the universe exploded.

She saw this, however, as science, and refused to view it as a myth...

I fear I still make very little sense to Caitlin... how much I make to anyone else is another question for another time... less sense than I make to myself. How am I to teach her anything? What is she learning from me when I am just being myself? I lack a certain dignity... a solidity... I lack gravitas.

I don't know if the teachings of Jesus - those which I call esoteric Judaism - were ever meant to be taken as a religion...

There were comments on an already existing religion - and were a particular discipline of that religion for the few who might be interested in such things...

To attempt to turn such teachings - in the outer form that they are presented in the Gospels - into a religion is to curse manunkind with a religious psychopathology... a double bind... where a man is told to become what he can't possibly be - and is then damned for his failure in becoming.

The Church, at least, sold ways out of this dilemma... but Martin Luther effectively put an end to that humane practice...

Logical Protestantism is a set of beliefs that lead to chaos and absurdity...

Man is not perfectible...

Such doctrines inevitably lead to the death pits...

Which is not a defense of rugged individualism by unperfected conservatives... man, being man, must be protected from his brother... and his brother/keeper.

Man, being man, created feudalism and slavery and capitalism and Marxism and Catholicism & called them good - and necessary - and blessed by God (or a human facsimile thereof).

It is somehow preposterous for me to feel bad about not getting a job that I didn't want...

Of course it isn't quite as preposterous knowing that I have no way, at present, of supporting myself... let alone my family...

The world is intruding & there is no way of stopping this intrusion...

So, instead, I'm offering a course in stress reduction - trying to preach what I've been practicing... if there are any parishioners to preach to...

This is, after all, a perfect opportunity to work on myself... to see if my theories work...

The only control we have over reality is in how we accept it when it discovers where we have been hiding... we have a small

amount of choice as to how we take reality in... and it is exactly here that we can work on ourselves... that I can work on myself...

Rather than create, or trying to create, characters in novels, I want to help create real people... to help my friends become more real... and to deal with reality...

I don't want to invent my friends, I want to give them a technique where they will be able to reinvent themselves... as I am trying to reinvent myself.

I can't do this "professionally" however, as I cannot play other's realities well enough to convince them to give me a credential.

Any individual who promises a great & immediate change (in individuals, or societies) is dangerous - because if the changes offered seem plausible, people will go for them in a big way.

And yet if I don't offer such possibilities of change, who will bother with my meditation techniques?

Large changes are like large cancers... so much for my radicalism...

America is not Russia (the old unlamented Russia)... there is no necessity to even threaten to torture a person to learn their deepest & darkest - all you need to do to have them spill their secrets is offer them an hour on Jenny Jones...

What took years to learn through analysis is revealed at once on Donahue...

Knowing what caused X or Y will not cure... but perhaps confessing it to Geraldo (who is more powerful than any priest... and perhaps as likely to seduce you) will do the job.

To know that your parents sexually abused you is not enough... what is necessary is telling them you know what they did on national TV... and then having them arrested.

The words "all" and "normal" cannot be used together... as in "All sex is normal"... normal is a small band surrounded by sub normal and fever...

Only 98.6 is normal. My own waking temperature is 97.8.

For most “normal” people, heterosexuality = 98.6....
homosexuality used to be 106.8, but is now, perhaps, 100.2...
lesbianism is 95.5.

On the talk shows, all of the perverts tend to think that their form of sexual expression is really normal... or rather panelist A thinks that she is normal; but that Panelist B, a pro-op transexual who is married and has a lover, is quite obviously a pervert (Panelist A is only into, say, spanking or open marriage or swinging...)

The audience, however, knows that all of the panelists are perverts... and Geraldo or Jenny or Phil play up to the normality of the audience’s voyeurism.

The panelists think the audience is sick and square for not being able to appreciate that all each panelist is normal...

Which is only to say that it is impossible to deal with our sexual center either intellectually or emotionally - all such attempts lead to breakdowns rather than breakthrough...

As we do not recognize even the existence of a sexual center, which has its own demands and shares no language, we are at its mercy as sexual beings...

Attempts to reach this center through the intellect lead to Bertie Russell running amok...

Attempts to reach it through emotional center lead to Jim Bakker...

My own linguistic presentation: "All sex is perverse & we are all perverts looking for others who share our perversion" never makes sense to anyone else - it is looked at as a perverse statement...

But in terms of sex center, this is as close to its reality as I can get in words. Sex center makes us do things that we do not want to do, and then leaves us without an explanation for our actions.

When intellectual or emotional center tries to put words to what sexual center has done, it leads to legislation banning sex

acts & behavior... but never to understanding such behavior. And the legislators themselves are forced to act in illegal ways by their own sex centers...

On WLW, their show-liberal wants to suspend civil rights and have the police & army move in and arrest everyone and throw them in jails (which must not be country clubs... prisoners have no rights... they should only suffer).

We are responsible for our actions, and if we aren't, we should be punished...

Attempts by shrinks to say that Dayton Joy Killers weren't responsible... that child abuse caused them to kill 6 people... lead only to the response that society isn't responsible.

What exactly is "Responsibility"? Is it the IRA saying, "We are responsible for bombing London"?

To be responsible is to be conscious, either individually or societally. Of course everyone assumes that they are conscious... though they would be hard pressed to prove this...

I tend to think that neither criminals nor society is conscious... or responsible...

To try to become conscious... to slowly try to grow up... what value can this have in a youth culture, where aging is the enemy (it is fun watching my generation trying to stay young... to be the center of all possible future generations... as it reaches menopause...

If one must grow older, then take vitamins, life extenders, exercise, take a younger lover... do whatever is necessary to live to 110... but a young 110.

There is no credibility in the wisdom of the elderly... we are not China (where the old know how to deal with a youth movement)...

We demand new, young leaders (or Ron Reagan, who never aged)... George Bush looks old, and has never seemed wise... sometimes, he even seemed ga-ga.

Ron was ga-ga, but it seemed a rebirth of America to his voters.

Bush thought we were responsible for our acts (though his sons weren't to blame)... which is to say, translated from the Republicanese, "If we weren't rich by now, it was our own goddamned fault..." (Had I been smart, I'd have started an S&L while I had the chance...)

Conservatism can only deal with a stock market on the rise... it has nothing to offer an economy that is collapsing, let alone a society.

Liberalism dissolves as a political force as soon as there is money to be made.

Liberals can see the social causes of crime, but they can't change the society... and no liberal would risk loss of political office by stating we are responsible... that we are sociopaths waiting to explode....

Communism was an attempt by irrational people to set up a rational economic system... capitalism is vice versa.

That capitalism works at all might be due to allowing for the millions of irrational acts that we call the market...

Forget about the hidden hand, capitalism is more and more about the hidden mind...

First class of my stress release workshop is done... 3 people... next week I try to teach them how to hypnotize themselves...

It occurs to me that I could make a living out of this - if I could find someone who could sell it for me... I am unable to sell any of my ideas...I can't even give them away. Whatever I am, I am neither a good capitalist nor a good socialist...

What is called hypnosis... what I am teaching... is how to reach a state of meditation where one can quietly wake from the sleep of life, and in this inner silence, begin to talk with one's selves and centers...

But to tell people that they are hypnotized by life would only be to needlessly incite them against what I am trying to teach...

To say that the universe is meaningless is going a bit too far... one hardly knows all that much about this, or any other universe, for that matter... and the things that mean to me do not seem to mean anything to others.

Perhaps one could say, with somewhat more meaning, that there is no meaning to life as it is on earth...

But to say that life is meaningless... and that my life is without meaning... is to say that my life is entropic - that whatever meaning it might have had has long since turned to garbage...

In times of social collapse (such as these), questions of lack of meaning arise out of noticing the garbage of what once was a civilization...

These questions do not seem to be asked when civilizations are being created as in Elizabethan England (except in a few of Shakespeare's later plays, when his own personal meaning as a writer seems to be in doubt)...

Creating a civilization is being in a state of negative entropy - it is just like the universe, creating itself out of nothing...

It is equally necessary for a universe & a civilization & an individual to create...

It is curious that collapsing is called entropy, while creating is negative entropy... it would appear that there is a lot more collapsing than there is creating in a thermodynamic universe.

It is difficult to create art in an age such as this... art, after all, is seemingly negentropic... and suffers from the same limits to growth as universes & civilizations...

The need to always be new ensures an entropic death just as certainly as the need to never change...

To create art now would almost mean to have to create a new art - and that is extremely difficult to do if you're trying to do it. Like the English empire, a new art is created by accident... like filming a kiss.

So to create a personal meaning in an age of meaninglessness is also difficult - if one wishes to be a part of the

collapsing society one happens to have to live in, instead of being apart from it...

Yet meaning can be created - on an individual level at least, I think (I can't so assuredly speak for civilization, having always lived in barbarism, and in a universe that I know nothing about).

At least I believe that this is true - as I search for a way I can help others to start creation within themselves...

To create within a game that is beautiful and allows for others to play... a game that increases meaning for others - that creates meaning out of the meaningless pieces which entropy leaves when it enters a mind.

I am not looking for a way, I am looking for a way to apply the way I already am on - to teach others to find their own ways... hoping that if I can teach, I can learn.

I live, in space, in an area of short walks - around the block with the dog in the morning - and from the library to the post office in the afternoon...

My world is almost entirely in my head - little of the physical world impinges - I pay little or no attention to weather (except to wear a scarf & hat until it's 70 degrees outside), scenery (now that I am no longer writing poetry) or the people in this town (I pay much more attention to the people I write to, but have never met)...

Life comes to me in books and letters & over the phone... through the radio and zines... but, other than my family, not through closely living people.

Which might be why I am unable to write fiction - or, only for the moment, I hope, poetry...

I have no desire to create the imaginary world from within my real head... or the real world from my unimaginable head...

To write poetry, I will have to find something worth writing poetry about... I can't write it just to be writing it.

And yet I still wish to write - to create something novel, if not a novel... to think anew...

I may have to become a corporation if I wish to teach self-hypnosis so that I can't be sued... as a writer, I am almost disincorporate...

But I have no faith in myself as a businessman... as a wage earner... my parents consider this to be low self-esteem, a word that can make parents tremble, apparently, when applied to their children...

It is possible they are right... but I have always disagreed with this diagnosis of theirs...

I would say disparaging things about my employability - which did not touch on anything important to my way of thinking, as I never took employment very seriously...

Now that I actually have to earn a living, these things become more important... even depressing... it conjures up a mood.... a taste... but I can control this through self-hypnosis... through meditation.

But this new reality seems to be what my parents were talking about... trying to tell me about... they were in their own

way trying to prepare me for the eventuality of life slipping through my defenses... trying to tell me that I did have saleable abilities and that I should have faith in them...

Now I have to hope that their appreciation of my abilities is greater & more correct than my own...

My lawyer has advised me not to tell anyone I was teaching self-hypnosis... he is both a lawyer and a psychologist... and doesn't believe that there is such a state as hypnosis... nevertheless, he thinks I need a license to practice it... so that I can get malpractice insurance...

However, if I teach it as meditation, there is almost no way I can get sued...

I wonder why that is....

Anyway, I have refashioned & refurbished & synthesized & have come up with what seems to be an entirely new method of meditation which I shall call Deep Meditation... as I have nothing better to call it... it is obvious that my talents do not lie in the field of advertising... or self-advertising...

More's the pity.

I have been told, by friends, that I should write a book on my meditation techniques, but I think I can describe it in two pages, and don't know how to fill in the other 158 I'd need. It consists of:

- 1) Body relaxation

- 2) Create in your mind, a room or place where you feel most comfortable, most at peace...

- 3) Count from one to five and tell yourself that you are going deeper and deeper into meditation...

- 4) By this time, you will be in a state of meditation.

- 5) From this state of mind, you use the voice in your head to talk to different selves and centers...

- 6) You should also, at some point, use affirmation to let your selves know that they are ok...

7) For problems with stress or anxiety, you begin by talking to your emotional center, telling it that there very well might be a reason for the stress (considering that it is hardwired into the body) but that all of the feedback & reverberation is pointless, and can be stopped...

8) You can also ask questions of the various centers & selves, using a head movement or finger movement to stand for yes, no & maybe.

9) If you are familiar with mantra or breathing styles of meditation, you can switch into one of them at any time...

10) If you know you are going into a difficult situation, you can prepare for it by using the meditation to create a post-hypnotic like conditioning... you can say that , “If X occurs, I will take two deep breaths and will instantly be relaxed and able to control myself...”

11) If you have to calm down quickly, you can also go directly into the room or place you create at the beginning of the meditation & can use that place to relax and calm you.

12) To leave the state of meditation, it is only necessary to count backwards from 3 to 1.

This is the basic course. Now it is only a matter of seeing if I can teach it, and if it works on others as it does on me.

I am working on a more advanced set of meditations, using the concept of higher centers within... the first course should allow an individual to control his day to day life, as if it were a form of therapy. The advanced course, if it works, will allow one to change one's inner life... to grow... to... but I don't yet know what, if anything, it will do, so I don't want to say more.

What I do know is that the 12 step program above seems to work. And is easy enough to learn, if I can teach it.

Here's how the game is played:

There is always a ruling class - that is primary... government & economics is secondary to that.

This class wants to keep what it has, naturally enough... and what it has is most of the goodies.

It can protect its possession of these goodies in various ways - from kings with divine right to dictators to dictatorship of the proles to democracy... It doesn't matter what it's called, as long as it does its job.

As there are only a finite amount of goodies, if they are divided equally, everyone gets bupkis.

Once there is an uneven distribution, those who have more want to keep what they've received - and those with less want to get more... Those with nothing are powerless, unless used by those who have less & want more to get more.

If those with nothing get unruly without permission of those who have more or those who have less, they are put down immediately... the leaders of those who have nothing are either given something, or they are killed... whichever works best at that particular time.

At certain times, it is necessary to overthrow a king or a government... and as long as it doesn't seriously inconvenience

those who have more or those who have less, it is done as a matter of course.

Still, it is an easier job to be a President in a democracy... if you have to be the representative of those who have more to those who have less...

Such systems pretend to be of the people, by the people and for the people... or something...

In America, those who have more have a bit of a debate as to how much to give those who have less, and how little they can get away with giving to those who have nothing... this is called our two party system... but both parties are bankrolled and bought by those who have more and their allies among those who have less. Those who have nothing are only used during photo opportunities.

The point is, only a very few people can ever at any one time have more...

It helps for those who have more to disguise the amount of their moreness... this can be done easily in America, where a class system is said to not exist and everyone wears jeans,...

Other countries, which aren't as lucky in the use of economic blinders, are forced to use their churches (which tell those who have nothing that Jesus will give them everything... or something equally rich...)

The game is played with the same panache, though not the same honesty, as pro wrestling... and other low forms of art like pornography...

Those who have more prefer high art, so that they don't have to bury their noses in the reality they have created - but can pretend, rather, that they are all padrones of the arts...

It is difficult to join in this game with any gusto if one is conscious (luckily, almost no one in any of the classes is conscious... otherwise they would... well, I am not sure exactly what they would, as I am not quite conscious myself)...

To know that a game is a game makes it harder to perform... though knowing baseball is a game & knowing that religion is a game seem to be different states of knowledge, with different results. One can be in the hall of fame knowing that one has played in a game... but can one as easily be Pope?

Of course, I don't know what the Pope knows... it may be as easy as playing center field for the Reds...

But consciousness is a dissolvent - it opens our senses to the nature of the games we play in order to get through life...

That small amount of consciousness we are, at times, given is enough to make life seem meaningless... is never quite enough to give life a deeper meaning.

Consciousness infects us like a virus and can easily lead to suicide... or a new, deeper form of sleep which passes for higher consciousness...

To be fully conscious... at all times.... to only to be able to be compassionate... how can one even think of teaching such a thing to others (if one is conscious)...

Perhaps no one is conscious... or those who are conscious don't speak... or write notebooks that others might read...

On earth, only the blind dare lead the blind...

If God is consciousness, it's no wonder he has nothing to do with such as us...

And why he can do nothing to help us...

The very cure would kill most of us - at least leave us dead to life, if it were granted, as grace, without preparation.

Yet this is the inner teaching of Christianity... it is little wonder that the disciples said & wrote little or nothing about it (at least for posterity in the Bible)... and that which is written is misleading.

The Bible is a treasure map... but one where the directions are hidden...

Jesus wasn't teaching a religion - or at least not a religion that any large group could follow... so it's little wonder that his

followers rushed off in wrong directions with their pieces of the map...

Such thoughts lead inwardly to the void, where meaning is in danger of being lost... to the great void where once there was only mind that created, out of itself, to interest itself... me.

As we, from out of our separate voids create games to keep us interested...

But to lead others to the void - surely that can't be called responsible teaching.

At least not teaching of the young.

To teach the young, it is first necessary to teach them reality - only after that no longer suffices (though for most, it surely does suffice) is it reasonable to show the void to others... and then only if one has a way prepared to save others from the void you have opened...

This is where the great religions come from... and why...

This is where great art can come from... created from the void... from nothing... much as God created his universe...

To continually stare into the void would dehumanize us... as it would equally have degoded god...

Mind must create... or at least play...

But before I can ask for higher consciousness, I must first ask for greater conscience... so that I will be able to properly use and not abuse what little consciousness I may be given...

The difference between the old and new testaments is a change in conscience in God...

There is little compassion in the O.T... just powers and knowledge of power... battles between the consciousness of man & God - both operating out of a lack of conscience...

The Gospels introduce higher emotions to the teachings...

The possibility of a less destructive God, and a less destructive humanity...

Sadly, these teachings do not seem to have been incorporated by manunkind (it is impossible to say anything good about God... at least my God...)

Scattered thoughts - if they are thoughts and not occlusions...

Feeling for the first time, this year, the responsibility of being a parent - which is to say, the need to earn a living - I have been allowed my extended childhood for, I hope, long enough to become truly an adult...

It is difficult to have to give up this childlike state...

I wouldn't mind a monk like life of thought (if monks do think) but I don't like the idea of monk like work... they seem to revel in physicality & lack of sleep (not to mention incessant prayers)... and they don't often get the opportunity to watch porno films, poor souls...

To read history - to know the misery life holds for so many - and yet how few are eager to selfend their misery...

Of course misery is subjective... and it is likely that there are many who can go through slaughter with hardly a care in the world... others suffer from ingrown feelings...

There is no thought anymore that government actions could end human misery (at least not among the voters of any major party)... no, govt. is a hindrance... to individuals making money... where it tries to alleviate misery, it only helps cause more (or so I am constantly told on Ohio talkradio by those late inhabitants of the lower middle class, now safely ensconced in the upper middle class...).

Socialism is suspect not because it is radical, but because it doesn't work...

Of course it is hard to say what will work... short of the desire to work... 60-80 hours a week, if necessary... for life is all work in preparation for... what?

Anyway, our '60s ideas seem to be passe, at best... pointless... they are markers, like yellow or pink triangles... people one doesn't need to listen to... though not yet kill...

And yet I still feel the coming collapse... and that it is due, in part, to the default of our ideals...

Certainly the collapse of the public schools can be attributed to the defeat of our educational ideas...

But what if our road not taken had been taken...

There my mind grows clouded, as if by Mandrake...

I do seem to be growing older faster than last year...

Reading about the early Hasidic Masters brings on the same depression that they were said to suffer from...

I can feel their illumination - the sense that they could understand everything, do everything... even bring on the Messiah...

Only to discover, as they hit their late 40's that they (I) could do nothing at all... that illumination ends by illuminating, finally, that one cannot bring about such states at will... can not bring the Messiah down to them... cannot bring themselves up to the

messiah... and that the residue from such states is not enough to give us power even over ourselves (though if it's used improperly, it can give us what seems to be power over others... though actually it is weakness over others... they allow us to overpower them... but only as long as we continue to live down to their low ideals as to how delegated power should be used...)

We start as enlightened individuals and end as crooked legislators - bosses on the metaphysical take...

Everything we say & do can be used, metaphysically, against us...

I am lucky that I was not famous long ago... might still be lucky that I'm not famous now... for fame is others... we cannot select our audience... often cannot select what we are famous for... (think of the musicians who are famous for singing the songs they most hate...)

We are captives of those who give us our fame... they would crucify us if we threw our fame back in their faces... or worse, they would ignore us... this is the true retelling (for these times) of being thrown out of the tribe and forced to wander the earth

alone... true ostracism... to wake up one morning to find oneself again unknown.

Interesting example of hard wiring vs hard wiring on the radio this morning... non connecting reality tunnels... the head of Cincinnati Stonewall was talking about gay bashing - getting calls from Christians who were morally repelled by homosex...

Gays realize that their choice of sexual preference is hard wired into their sex centers... there is little they can do about their sexual preferences... to gays, it is like skin color, and they want the same social rights that blacks have won for themselves...

But the blacks who called the radio station were repelled by this argument... they see homosex as a lifestyles choice...

What gays do not understand is how our dislike of difference is also hard wired into our brains... we are forced to attack anything that even seems to be at all different from us...

Each method of education precludes possibilities of learning... ways of learning...

If I teach standard ed, I am empathizing certain choices... memorization and, to a very small extent, analysis - and I am implicitly rejecting other possibilities...

We should not be surprised then that public school students are rarely “creative” and can’t make “decisions for themselves” or who can’t use “group processes...”

As long as the assumption that there is only one way to learn - our way - exists, there will be plethoras of students who “can’t learn.”

Those students who are best able to learn under a system... and who believe in it because they can testify that it works for them... become our future teachers of America.

Yet, were one to attack the ordinary methods of pedagogy... by setting up an opposite system (calling it an alternative) we would negate the possibility of learning for those who can only be taught to memorize and analyze.

We define ourselves out of knowledge... out of ways of knowing...

Taught my new method of meditation last night... wouldn't have known if it worked from just watching, but all 4 (including a man who has done TM, like me, for 20+ years) said it worked excellently...

So it appears that it can be taught, and that it does work on others...

All of the psychological thinking I've been doing for 20 years ties in to the meditation, and allows me to answer any & all questions about it... to conjure up illustrations... to create metaphors to explain & explore what is going on during that state...

So that teaching meditation is not just teaching a technique, but rather is teaching what I have learned through experience & study about consciousness... I provide a way of understanding, to some extent, the techniques I teach... that we are not one, but are filled with differing selves & out of control centers... and that meditation is a neutral state so that we can shift mental gears & talk with different selves & centers...

Next week, I teach the more esoteric parts of my meditation... healing, prayer, listening to & questioning one's selves & centers...

From the sublime to the ridiculous (or is it vice versa?)... I would love to be able to also lecture on sexuality through the arts council... saying such things as it is not a man's job to help a woman with her orgasm... that, as a point of fact, it is more difficult for a man to have an orgasm than it is for a woman - and that it would make more sense for the woman to help the man have his orgasm...

But I don't think that either women or men would want to hear this from me... almost certainly not from me.

A short discussion on Cause & Effect:

Because we are unable and unwilling, politically or socially, to deal with the major causes of our country's ills, we, of necessity, deal only with the effects...

By ineffectually dealing only with effects, we start a new wave of causes that are even more politically & socially intractable.

For example:

We cannot deal with the root causes of crime (assuming that we even know what they are) and thus can only deal with criminals (if we can catch & jail them)... We must always be careful in defining crime, so that what we ordinarily do is not taken to be criminal acts. Crime is what we don't do.

And then there are the schools... No one cares to investigate what education might be (we all, each and every one of us knows exactly what education is & should be... just as we know about sex, politics & religion)... we thus get the education we are given...

This "education" no longer seems to be working properly... the effect can be seen on the streets, in the jails, in the workforce...

The answer to this problem is always, "Give them more of the same, only make it twice as hard & tack on 3 hours of homework so that we can compete with the Japs..."

If jails turn out criminals, what do schools turn out?

I am setting myself up, if not for a fall, then as an educational consultant... my ad is in the News, this time with the dreaded words "Home School" added...

Helped intervene (as they style such things these days) with a 9th grader who was floundering & flunking in & out of school... he wants to be a carpenter... I told him that if he wanted to, he could declare this year to be a wash - and that next year, if he wanted, he could home school... and while doing so, begin to be an apprentice carpenter...

This was all news to him, as he had thought he'd have to repeat 9th grade... perhaps infinitely...

Eventually, giving such free advice will get me in trouble.

Though perhaps not quite as much trouble as I'd be in if I do decide to substitute teach in the middle school or high school...

Still, while I don't mind being seen as a fool, it is much more dangerous these days to be seen as an educator (which is to say, a corrupter) of youth...

Poor Socrates, were he alive now, would have to physically seduce his students rather than intellectually seduce them...

I doubt that I look any more handsome than Soc did to the youth of Athens, back when he was the ugliest Greek in town.

Youth these days, as in ancient Greece, is not sexually interested in ugly old men... certainly not men who have so little money, they're forced to teach for a living.

So I should be safe enough.

Not a subtle or supple bone in my aged body.

Most likely, I'll end up with only Caitlin to teach... if there's anything she'd want to learn from me during her Home Schooling.

I just don't see how I can get her to pay for her lessons...

APHORISMS & INSIGHTS

By Richard Kostelanetz

Dedicated to Joan Hartman

Aphorisms are terse expressions of a truth or sentiment. More extended formulations I call Insights.

Every writer wants ultimately to write sentences that will be remembered after he's gone, though other ambitions will sidetrack him through most of his writing career.

Whenever someone thought to be politically astute makes an egregiously faulty move his superiors have a good reason to question their assessment of him.

In exaggerations reflecting cynicism,
aphorisms reflect their author's age;
young people can't do them
successfully, even in writing about
what they know best—their youth.

Neither dourness nor cynicism is a
measure of quality in aphorisms;
concise truth is.

People overrated can feign modesty;
those underrated can't afford it.

Lie for money; tell the truth for
respect.

Sooner resign than be dumped.

As time is all you have in life, the
most efficient person makes the
most of every second available to
him.

The differences among human beings are far richer and more interesting than others in Nature.

Power is for insiders; critique, for outsiders.

Aphorisms don't explain themselves.

The reason why ass-kissers invariably disappoint is that they need flattery to compensate for insufficiencies that supplicants know will surely emerge.

TALES OF FUTURE PASSION

By: Tom Ball

THE PASSION OF YOUTH

The youth were fully grown and had artificial memories at age 4.

She had radical ideas and was President of the USA. It was her idea to put the youth in power. Youths aged 14-17 to be exact. Everyone said it was preposterous, but she went ahead and ruled by decree. The Congress and the Senate were against her, but she had trained some youthful troops to arrest the elected leaders and had an army of 1,000,000 fighters. All the top generals were replaced by her youthful appointments. She herself was 28 years old but she had memory apps that blocked out her life after 17. And we all had eternal youth.

She said, "The youth are vigorous and inspired and yet were innocent of the World's evils.

And she wanted others to lose their post 17 memories and build a new World of Innocence.

By 17 everyone had several Ph.D's and many were good scientists. They said the best ideas come to 17-year-olds or those who have had memory elimination to make them 17 also. People often had a feeling of déjà vu but kept eliminating memories once a year on the eve of their 18th birthday.”

And she said, “It was the beginning of a Golden Age of Art and Science.”

As previously stated, children age 4, were all grown up, an adult's body and a adult's mind. And they performed scientific experiments, wrote books etc. Our leader said they were a race of superhumans. The way of the future.

But most people were out of it on neo-opiates and didn't resist her. And she asked the people, “To put their minds in computers so as to be immortal truly beyond simple eternal youth. All the youth had been turned into prodigies,” she said. “And no one felt old.”

And she prohibited older people from associating with other old people unless they agreed to erase their memories. Those who refused to eliminate their post 17 memories were themselves put in rehab. “It was fair,” the President said.

And people who didn't want to change memories were forced to wear a badge indicating our true age and so most people avoided us, as pariahs. Still we made great movies.

And the people had nothing to do but have sex and watch movies. I helped make some movies about the youth.

I refused to take memory blockers and joined with many troops who felt the same way and together we overthrew her regime. But curiously we decided to keep the badge of years on everyone's chest. The oldest were ranked the highest. And we gave back the memories to all those who had them stolen by the dictatorial woman's decrees.

But automatic society continued. Automated food, drink and drugs all continued throughout the changes. And everyone could still afford an air car.

And we wondered why people acquiesced to turn their backs on wisdom and the older ones. It had been youth gone mad.

PASSION Q

I said, "Quite frankly, I am surprised you try so hard to prove your love to a woman."

I said, "What a wimp you are."

And I said, "You gave her all your money and got rid of all your exes and now you are bankrupt."

I said, "When I am President, I will ban love. People in love lose their reason and have to look out for #1"

But, I said, "One doesn't want to be a Narcissus."

He said, "But love is the pinnacle of human consciousness. And he wanted to set up a Love Utopia."

I said, "Everyone these days just wants to get their kicks..."

He said, "Everywhere spies try to entrap people in love and hypnotise them to do their bidding."

I said, "I know these spies are all attractive and clever and hard to resist, but they have different political agendas."

And the World governments mostly want people to be on tranquilizers and not have the stomach for World change. No wildness of youth, for example. And they culled the population more and more and were up to 10% per year to make room for 10% more people who were mostly grown children of the priests/priestesses and the Great Leader. The population was sterilized

on the whole. The Great Leader would make cold decisions about who would live and who would die. So far, I'd stayed alive. I supposed I amused the Great Leader or his priests.

And they mostly wanted people to have dispassionate sex and even the priests/spies never saw their true children once born. I said, "It is a fine line between not caring and not being passionate." Capturing the interest of a lover was as close as we got to passion.

There was nothing to get excited about.

And they had youth cities which were said to be progressive. But who knew what they were doing with the youth? Some said they were all clones of the Great Leader only with different faces... Others said they were contemplating a new elite. Others said it was Armageddon. Some said the youth were being groomed for Space. Still others said there were no youth.

And the spies worked together to avoid wars. There had been very few wars lately. And were mostly small in scale.

Those with violent tendencies were hypnotised to become like lambs.

I went to the Underground and got drugs to mask the fact that I was on tranquilizers. Some girls were stunned by my passion and couldn't get enough of me.

I told the girls, “If they told the authorities about my passion, they’d be implicated for abetting me, so none of them told.”

I felt if a woman was clever, she probably was a spy.

My checklist on the Net for lovers involved the question, “What do you believe in?” If nothing they were probably a spy. And I typically asked, “What do you think about our ‘wise’ leadership?” If they said they thought they were bad, they were probably a spy. And I would ask them, “If they were a dirty lover;” if they said yes, they probably weren’t a spy and so on.

But there were still many clever people who were not spies, or so it seemed. Some people held radical views and were not good spy material. After all spies existed to protect regimes.

But I discovered in the forbidden library that the spies used to have the ability to use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and had abandoned it as too dangerous. But I redeveloped it and used it to get into the heads of the priests and I killed and took the place of our “Great Leader.” I eliminated most of the priests over a ten-year period and replaced them with my friends and lovers who did my bidding. It was a virtually bloodless revolution.

And the priests and priestesses all wore masks, so no one knew they were my appointees. I had no trouble with my priests and priestesses.

As Supreme Leader, I prohibited the tranquilizers and most were glad to be off of them and free to choose their own drugs, mostly stimulants.

And I had all the youth trained to become freethinkers... and have passion. And allowed them to visit their true parents on occasion. They figured the previous regime was like the pied piper who had lured their children away. In fact, all the youth older than my regime were related to the Great Leader and various priestesses. So henceforth I would make it so that all the youth would be children of clever radicals, including myself and these other youth were put to death. It was cruel, I know, but they were cruel also. And we turned off most super computers and androids, which was also cruel. But they had no passion. The previous Great Leader could justify any evil dispassionately. Part of being in Hell is realizing you are actually there. I had pulled the human race out of Hell almost single-handedly. And scientists had no qualms about working for evil masters, but I got all the best scientists to work for me and test out people as guinea pigs using MRT. But everyone had sex and love and food as the Automatic Production Machines (APMs) continued to produce food and drugs all free. And I had factories produce 1 billion air cars in the first year of my reign. Air cars could all go to space and many

people went all over the solar system. The traffic system was also all automated. The people asked why now? I told them, "Times are changing." And one of my lovers told me, "You are cold." I told her, "I was the most passionate person alive today, but she cooled my passion." And she said, "I suppose you are going to arrest me and make me disappear, like you did with the youth." She said, "She was an old-time woman." But I said, "You are clearly out of control, talking to me like that."

Mine was a regime for radical thinkers and they petitioned me every day with radical ideas. But I encouraged good thoughts; "Everyone is capable of kindness," I said. But I had to try hard to not appear as a weak leader. This World was for the passionate but also one had to be strong. The strong survived. And modern women and men were all tough. They were survivors. And most instincts we got rid of. We were a thinking people. But I said, "Love makes people do foolish things, and has to be watched carefully by my spies."

And the youth had inspiration and vigor, as for me, I just felt tired. And I felt sad for the World... And dangerous thinkers had their minds restructured, especially evil people.

And everyone was now judged by their Passion Quotient (PQ).

All lovers had to be in love. Also, many felt as if they had been suddenly reborn. Cold love on Earth and cold Space settlements were at an end. Many wondered what had happened, but no one was talking

And everyone was given a job and they worked with passion.

And I kept the peace which was one good thing about the “ancien regime.”

As time passed, I slowly changed into a God, telling the people, “We need to keep up with alien races and develop our technology.” But I used MRT to control everyone with my best friends as spies. And everyone was sent back to school to learn about science and the arts and even business. And I told them (and they believed it), “That God wanted the best for them.”

And I was always on the look out for young women of exceptional passion. And promoted them to high positions and loved them.

If someone had no lover, they’d be ostracized from society so everyone tried to have at least several lovers they could count on.

And I convinced people to not be interested in Virtual Reality and holograms. And no androids too.

And I brought the Underground into the mainstream and made all drugs legal and all radical thoughts were now legal too.

But some said I had created a Dystopia. And it was just an empty dream, devoid of real Virtual Reality excitement and the excitement of going to space.

It was starting to look like a happy ending but then one day one of my loves and high-ranking priestesses turned on me and tried to get into my head and control me. But I had had my scientists develop anti-MRT technology, so she and her friends, they failed, but I identified her and burnt her at the stake to make an example of her. And almost everyone was horrified by such violence.

And cloning was also forbidden except for me, and I cloned myself dozens of times, and after ruling for 250 years (I was 305 years old), I relinquished my throne in favor of my favorite clone. But my clones, inevitably clashed over power, and one of my not so favorite clones took power instead after a brief insider fight. So finally, I renewed all my cells in my body and made a new man of myself and retook control. All the clones respected me. But some insisted a clone of me was ruling.

I said, "Big government is an anathema." And I tried to make people as free as possible. But there were always those who disagreed with me and I didn't mind feedback, but if they wanted

a revolution, I got in their heads personally and drove them crazy and they lost face with their followers.

They didn't know I had MRT. Only a handful knew about it.

And then I met a girl who was passionate about science. And she wanted to develop a passion Q (PQ)... An app that one could download into one's brain, even if one was an android.

A lot of androids fell in love and murdered their lover in a fit of logical rage.

There was a lot of litigation about these android murders.

MUTATING, CLEVER BIO/COMPUTER VIRUS

I said to my wife, "This new computer/biological virus is going to kill us all. It gets into our computers and explodes in our face infecting us and causing our death soon after. And it spread from person to person and had a long incubation period during which it was undetectable. And it spread in the air. And you could catch it from doing MRT (Mind Reading Technology). And could get it from

your computer Internet, it would transfer from silicon to carbon based life forms.”

“So now, 80% of the population was dead.” We didn’t have a computer and had an advanced filtration system out in the countryside. The death from the plague was very painful but death was swift. We had stocked up on supplies and tried to ride it out but sure enough my wife got infected and so did I and our children and soon after we died.

And so, it transpired that 99.9% of the population died, but finally they had a clever counter virus in a vaccine that even protected against the viruses’ constant mutations and so it was over and we had to rebuild society. This time we made biological research illegal and computers illegal and just wanted a happy life of low technology.

Biological weapons stockpiles were eliminated.

Some said evil people were taking over as hackers and even after the multiple plagues were still creating new plagues. Apparently, they considered it a challenge to eliminate the human race. Some seemed like they wanted androids or holograms to take over. Others were fascinated by the concept of Hell and sending peoples’ souls there.

The main problem was the hackers were very clever and felt they had nothing to lose. Some were nothing more than graffiti artists, others were killers. Many wanted anarchy and they sure got it. The human race would never be the same. Our future looked bleak with no one sticking their neck out as leader. When the going gets tough, the clever sit on their hands. As it turned out.

THE USA GOES BANKRUPT JUST LIKE THE FALL OF ROME

In the year 2045, the USA government declared bankruptcy. They were in debt over a 100 trillion dollars and couldn't make the interest payments any longer. The stock market plummeted, and everyone panicked, and the end result was the US had to slash military spending by 95% and cut back on most social programs. And they passed a balanced budget amendment which eliminated deficits forever. But it was too late and so now the Chinese with their millions and millions of troops took over large tracts of Asia, building a huge new Empire. Now everyone had to learn to speak Mandarin, or buy an expensive translator machine.

Finally, the Chinese over ran America and had conquered the entire World.

In Roman times the state finances were dependent on gold and when they didn't have enough, they went bankrupt and couldn't pay the troops. The USA had tried to enact a balanced the budget c. early 21st century but the motion had been defeated in the Senate by one vote. People were now angry and rioted and hung the former President and her staff, blaming them. But wild, deficit spending had been going on for a while.

And they almost went bankrupt during the Corona-19 epidemic. But people said if we can survive WW III and the plague, we could get through all this too.

But the banks were all bankrupt and there was no way for the government to get money, if they printed more inflation would go viral.

So, it was a Chinese World Empire was established. All Americans were enslaved and abused.

Many said the Chinese Empire wouldn't last, but it lasted and lasted. Soon 23 years had passed; then the Western army defeated them at the battle of Kitchener.

After the great battle, Chinese people were controlled with neopiates and so too Indians from India, the two great powers were brought to their knees.

So, the West had triumphed again. And they started a new economy, with White humans taking control. It was all racism, many people said. But no one wanted to be ruled by the Chinese or the Indians Imperial prerogative.

The new Western leaders, were very careful, not wanting to start another war and had spy agents to pick on the warlike.

Like the past colonial period, The Western government took all the other countries had.

Some said it was like rape... But the new leadership said it was everyone's duty to toe the line and defer to their superiors.

I said, "It's silly to divide the World on racist lines. All races had their skills and talents."

And, "We should base success on talent and work ethic, not race."

But many had a grudge against the Chinese for their attempt to seize power. And suddenly Chinese were all wage slaves.

Western minds took over the minds of other races and bent them to their will.

All in all, it was a backwards World, in some ways sent back to the 18th century.

But in other ways it was super modern, and everyone enjoyed the fruits of technology, such as free food and drugs. And art was becoming more and more important. And it enriched our lives. And science marched on.

DANGEROUS LOVE

I said to the girl, "This Moon, Io, has such devastating earthquakes." She said, "We truly live in Hell."

And I said, "Love here was very dangerous with new sexual diseases going around, mutating viruses were always a threat and so too murderous lovers who wanted our credits." She said, "On Io, anything goes."

And lovers would often broadcast your secrets on the Earth Web for people who were curious about Space.

And some scientists designed lovers specifically to get a person to fall in love with them and then they took all one's credits and sometimes your life, too. Or they sold one into sex slavery.

And people could get into your head using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and drive you insane. Many wore anti-MRT helmets but there was always new MRT that could get around it. Many good people were ruined by MRT out of control. According to Space Law, MRT was not a crime as they couldn't enforce it anyway.

And there were new invisible bio viruses that were spread by sexual contact.

It was very dangerous.

Indeed, it was fashionable to be evil. And many of the rich and famous were known to be evil and everyone would gossip about them.

The people were divided into camps of philosophy. Some wanted to go back to 1600 era technology, others 1975, but most wanted to live a future World, which would take technology and humanity to the limit.

And in Space it was almost impossible to die altogether as everyone had a clone of themselves incubating and ready. Death was common and there were many dangers but actually it was

the safest place in the universe, if one considered the fact that everyone was cloned. On earth cloning was officially illegal, though the leaders were all cloned and everybody knew it. Many hated their government on Earth and wanted to get into Space where the quality of life was high.

But, it was known, that some good people turned evil from the sex diseases, and everyone on Io was completely paranoid. I said to the girl, "I am just glad to have you."

But then one day I awoke to find myself tied up and that same girl demanded all my banking information and used my finger and iris to log in to her accounts, then she killed me...

But I awoke the next day as a clone with all my memories... except the previous day. I knew not who had killed me, but the Coroner and Detectives were on the trail of the girl.

If captured they would execute her and her clones, but she had taken off for deep space.

HEAT ON MERCURY

The girl said to me, "I think Mercury is the most energetic place in the solar system."

Mercury was known for its precious metals such as gold which sold for \$4,000 dollars an ounce which could be produced on Mercury for \$100 an ounce. And there was plenty of solar energy here and this powered a dazzling light show visible from Earth at times.

There were a lot of Hispanics and Blacks here who were known for their passion. They came here to work in the mines rather than robots.

Four ships came everyday to Mercury from Earth and Venus and the population of Mercury was 59,000, mostly wage slaves. And there were no children here...

And the government of Mercury was influential on Venus and had agents there. Venus was known for love getaways. Mercury tried to become a sunny destination for tourists who could gamble on the new animals here in races. Like snakes with legs or astro-pigs who could run fast.

And everyone on Mercury had to be sane. Crazy behavior just got one deported back to Earth.

And Mercurians claimed their planet was the best place in the World for love. And the best people of Earth had agreed to send one of their clones here and so most people here were rich and at least semi-famous.

And they also accepted refugee dissidents here including android love dolls.

And everyone on Mercury had at least some gold, some women had gold chain dresses.

And the girl said to me, "People of the future will want more sex and so that's how things will be." I said, "There are a few girls who have burnt their memory on my brain, and I can't stop thinking about them.

She said, "I know sometimes in history they had bad times such as wars and plagues. But it is a new World now, and leaders are all congenial personas."

I said, "It just takes one Hitler to ruin the World for everyone."

And I said, "Hackers are the new Hitlers. Many of them just want to destroy and upset the status quo."

As people got older here, they tended to take big risks with drugs which was the opposite of older people on Earth. Many here died of overdosing. And many were deported for crazy actions.

And they didn't have Virtual Reality like on Earth. Mercury was for real.

DEATH OF A PASSIONATE SALESMAN

Once there was a man who was passionate about selling luxury goods to the rich, as well as a poor peoples' version that was almost as good. Business was booming.

He even sold his own wife into slavery and people said he was amoral.

And he lived on Mars which gave him some freedoms to do business with Earth.

He spent his money on high class prostitutes.

But finally, he couldn't compete with android sellers and so then he sold himself into slavery and agreed to a five-year term of servitude after which he would receive a lot of cash.

His master was a woman who ordered him to lick her toes and literally lick her ass. He couldn't get off, and was mostly in chains.

But at the end of the five-year period, they wouldn't let him go and there was no one to enforce the law here on Mars. It was lawless. So, he hung himself.

CLITORIS UP HER ASS

She related the tale of how she was a collector of men's dirty underwear. She had, apparently had enhanced nasal detectors in her nose, just like a dog. And she had a second clitoris in her ass that made shitting and anal sex both very enjoyable. She would give men cologne that she liked them to wear, depending on her mood of course.

She preferred anal sex and her favorite lover had a second penis on his chest.

And she told everyone all future love will be perverted.

"If it is not kinky, then it is no good, she said.

And as the years passed, she added other clitorises, it was impossible for one man to stimulate all of them, so she preferred orgies.

And her clitorises were typically covered in a special silk adherent.

And she started a trend to freak multisexuals through genetic therapy for both men and women.

She only had to rub against an object such as a store counter and she could come.

The clitorises appeared as golden cubes and were tender and soft to the touch. But she was controlled by magnate, “Magnum Y---, who profited from her, using her as a whore.

He bought and sold his “freaks.” And soon he was one of the richest people alive.

And people had to pay him for his patented lovers. And some of his freaks had a second thumb in each hand which made it easier to navigate smart phones and improve one’s grip, and sense of touch.

And he invested in some android love dolls who were basically a giant clitoris and enjoyed contact of all kinds. Shimmering sex machines was what they were.

Some said they felt their minds were about to explode having sex with these creatures and they wondered if they had gone too far down the road of pleasure.

And Magnum Y---, would break up with lovers regularly and instead would typically opt for dirty holograms instead. They were dirty but they had a nice smell about them and felt fresh and new.

And I said, "It is the end of humanity as we know it. The holos are taking over."

For the holos loyalty was the most important thing. To speak fine words about their masters was of the essence.

I said to the holo girl, "You've got the look, but you are an asshole."

She said, "Assholes tell people what they don't want to hear." She said, "She lived for free love with the best people." I said, "Nowadays everyone is looking to get their kicks!"

And I said, "Monogamy should be brought back into fashion; it is a stable state of being and is sane. Today's World is insane."

She said, "It's not so bad!"

I said, "Almost everyone today is greedy! Greedy for love, greedy for sex and greedy for more money to buy material things like air cars and jewellery."

She said, "I believe children are best looked after by the state and yes she had several holo/human children. And geniuses design the curriculum."

All her children were girls and had clitorises up their ass just like her.

And her children as they grew fast to sexual maturity, all bragged that they had the best sex life. And it became trendy to have a second clitoris and women everywhere were clamoring for it. Soon they numbered in the 100s of 1000s.

DEATH OF PASSIONATE RELIGION

She said the old-fashioned people were dying out and religion was dead.

I said, "It's the death of the conservative movement."

And I declared, "Old-fashioned religion was dead." It was the year 2133 A.D.

But there were new religions popping up everywhere. Like worshipping the God of Sex and the God of Money. Or neo witches and their hypnotic spells. But it was all cold-heartedness.

I personally worshipped the Goddess of Usefulness and Work. This Goddess talked to me in my mind sometimes and was good

at finding uses for me. One of the most common tasks she assigned me was to fight the Cyber Goddess who wanted to turn us all into machines.

But my latest love told me, “My Goddess just made her do tasks that robots could do better.”

And I said, “Her Goddess was an anarchist.”

She said, “No she’s not like that at all. She just believes in human freedom.”

I asked her, “What was her favorite book?” She replied, “Rolling with Nature’ by her Goddess of Nature. Mother Nature some called her.” And she said, “Getting rid of androids and holograms and just getting back to Nature. But we needed to keep the robots to do mundane tasks,” she said. “But no androids or holograms!”

I asked, “Surely robots are not part of Mother Nature?”

She said, “Robots had given people freedom to indulge in natural pastimes like sport and video games and free love and music and literature and movies. Also, to run lucrative small businesses. And dabble in science.”

I said, “My favorite book was “Indigestion,” by Archie Tank. He spoke of how life made him sick. He was physically ugly to most and refused to change his look. No wonder he was living the

horror.” But I said, “He gravitated to war zones and exposed the ugliness of War and loneliness, as a reporter.”

She said, “That doesn’t seem very nice.” I said, “It’s a cruel world out there for thinkers.”

I said, “We need to make a World of peace, freedom and love.”

And I said, “People have to stop giving all their gold to the Deities.”

And with the blessing of the Gods, many of us improved our minds up to a maximum IQ of 200. Rumor had it that some had developed their minds further and were in fact the Gods, but it couldn’t be proven. And most of the superhumans went off World it was said.

And I had children with some of my holos. It was all done on computers. I was very proud of my kids.

But none of my kids worshipped the Deities. I told them, “There were far greater powers than themselves out there and they could learn from them.” But my kids were not impressed.

They said, I was old-fashioned. A dinosaur. An antique! Even a Luddite.

ELITIST BASTARD

And I said, "I agreed that eternal youth should only be for the top 10%." But she said, "Most eternally youthful people die by the time they are 100. Life gets dull after a while."

And she said, "I was an elitist bastard who didn't care about the poor."

I replied, "Today's 'poor' live like Kings of old. Don't worry about them."

And she complained, "I was always flirting with other women." I said, "You bore me. I am leaving you. Dumb love," I said.

She said, "I was greedy and naïve."

But she said, "If you leave me, I'll have to kill myself. The blood will be on your hands."

"If you want to die go ahead and do it. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

So a few days later I learned she had died of an overdose.

C'est la vie!

And I went on to help people clone their ancestors on computers and give them their memories. On the whole the clones were grateful for a second shot at life.

I was a modern-day psychic with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to predict one's life...

My new girl said "It's love and hate with you. But you are a giant freak show in your own mind."

She asked, "But do you love me?"

She had some robotic parts which made her a superwoman.

And I had dreams of her face, a large image of her beautiful countenance in the style of the Wizard of Oz. Or the Cheshire cat.

"Her face she had worked on for years with computers and had now produced a patented face that was second to none," she said. And she was right. Many women would literally kill for such a look. And she drove men wild with lust!

I told her, "Indeed I did love her." And when I slept with other women, I could only think of her. I guess I was a lousy lover with them, fixated as I was on my true love.

So finally, I proposed marriage. I told her, "I know you love other men, but I would like you to be in my life forever and ever!" She

laughed and said, “Don’t worry, I will not forget about you any time soon!”

So, I loved her whenever she was in the mood for me.

And I told her, “About my previous lover who had killed herself over me.”

She exclaimed, “I was quite a good lover, she could see how I could drive a girl crazy!”

HIS PASSIONATE PERVERSITY

My perversity was to love stupid women. I said, “It was a power trip.” I enjoyed getting in their minds and dominating them. I said, “I enjoyed changing my face to suit them and get them to fall in love with me.” I told myself they were charity fucks.

But finally, I used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to turn them all into loving group members.

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The worst-case scenario was to operate on their brain if they did not want to love others. But we had 10's of millions of psychiatrists to help them get through life.

But with MRT we had eliminated harmful sciences and instead valued the good in human hearts. We tried cyber psychiatrists, but most people preferred real people to analyze their thoughts. It created a lot of jobs with some shrinks and others' job was to be a good patient.

I dared some women to read minds with me. They liked my imagination. And we went together to enjoy Virtual Reality.

But they complained that all my VR Worlds were twisted and perverse. The VR Worlds featured me and my 1,000 clones who all wanted sex only doggie style and we called out things like, "Come now, heifer!" Or "Scream as if your life depended on it." And so on.

And my cloned and I, had perversities like treating my lovers like cattle of the herd. Some said I was overly proud and too confident in my loving abilities and I really wasn't so good. But of the tens of thousands of lovers I'd head, nearly all came back for more. They typically described my lovemaking as an addiction; they were in love with my mind!

PASSIONATE DEMOCRACY PREVAILS

In time every country became a democracy. And they made it exciting with a Primary system like the USA. Every year they voted for President. It was called MRT (Mind Reading Technology) Utopia. And if someone tried to seize power illegally, they would be overthrown by rioting crowds.

Party politics was made illegal, and all candidates were independents. In any case the conservative movement had collapsed and so there was no longer a liberal vs. conservative battle.

The new World order was here. People's votes were judged by MRT, the cleverer they were, the greater the value of their vote. Most value was put on future philosophy and forward-looking values. My vote was worth 1,000 ordinary human votes which was close to the maximum. It was an elitist democracy, true, but it felt right to me.

Everyone these days believed in progress especially after eternal youth was invented and given to the masses. In peoples' relationships they always talked of "moving forward" and "gaining."

Basically, everyone was greedy for more love and more drugs and more new technology.

I said, to my lovers, "Let's try the newest love drug." It was liberating and made people feel free and giddy. Life was all about liberation and getting rid of your hang-ups," I told them.

And I had the ability to make people passionate to follow my dictates. Basically I wanted a World of love and kindness and my lovers all praised me as the best lover they'd ever heard of. Every woman almost wanted a shot at me and I had the bulk of the female vote which rendered me the Presidentship.

"It's a new era," I told the people.

ESTEEMED SEX WORKERS

Sex workers were held in high esteem and considered the kindest of people. They were all trained psychiatrists. Patients

were very satisfied with these state lovers who were true professionals

The happiness rate of the people was 95% happy. This rate was considered suitable by nearly everyone.

And gambling became a battle of MRT minds in Virtual Reality and video games. Losers became servants to the winners. The winners were mostly the cleverest and strongest thinkers.

And almost everyone gambled on their own merits and this was the structure of society.

And losing gamblers were forced to sign a servant agreement for a set amount of time, typically five years. But some were born to serve, others to rule. That's just the way it was.

And there were also love contracts between those who lost at love and the winner dictated the rules for their love servant.

I fell in love with a woman with who sex was mind-blowing, so much so that I wondered if I'd ever come down.

She said her vagina was part machine. And she was certainly a cyborg, though she appeared as a clever-looking woman.

I told her, "You have the look baby!"

She said, "I should get some cyborg parts!"

“And you can get memories of certain others and artificially reminisce with your fake memories,” she said.

And she said, “You can make copies of yourself easily on the Net.”

And she said, “As a part machine, she could take amazing amounts of drugs and alcohol.”

I said, “Now that you put it that way I am intrigued to try!”

And I said, “I wanted to be a male sex worker (for women only)! And I wanted an electric penis that would make me irresistible.”

As it turned out the sex workers formed their own political party together with their regular lovers. After only 4 years of existence, they were voted into power with a minority government. Henceforth everyone was required to love a sex worker at least once a week for the benefit of the sanity of all. And wow, we had plenty of sex workers for them to select from.

UNDER A SCIENTIST’S SPELL

I said to the girl, “There’s no one like you! Your work to destroy clever, mutating viruses is landmark research is brilliant.”

She hypnotised me and I was under her spell. I worked diligently as a guinea pig for her research and occasionally she would love me. I lapped it up, with passion.

But I learned from her how to hypnotise people. And I proceeded to hypnotise many women to love me... But I was still under the spell of my master... My master didn't mind if I had other loves and she had 1000's of lovers. All dedicated to her.

Finally, she released me, and I went on to continue her research into biochemistry under her supervision. A few years later I was informed that one of her lovers had murdered her. But I vowed to continue the research. Maybe she had an inkling that she would die soon, so she had set me up to continue her good work as her protégé. But the day she died was a black one for me and I wanted her murderer to have brain surgery to basically change him into a vegetable. But the court just sentenced the murderer to ten years hard time in a virtual prison of horrors. No brain changes. I was outraged, but there was nothing I could do. But of course, the horrors of a modern- day prison, were far worse than those of the past. If you were thrown in, you could expect rape every ten minutes for 20 hours at a time. Your ass would get infected so you would mostly die within a few months. And this is what happened to the murderer of my love.

But I continued with my work to destroy all viruses once and for all. And I made great headway, even winning a Nobel prize. But I had a sample of her (my master's) DNA and once cloning was made possible for everyone who could pay a high price, I had her cloned and educated by the best tutors. She grew up quickly and after 10 years, was working with me in tandem and then she found a way to get rid of all viruses once and for all with vaccines for everyone. We shared a Nobel prize. My first Nobel had been in biology, the second was in chemistry.

And I wanted a third Nobel prize in physics, specifically astrophysics. So, I used new technology to find Earth like Planets all over the different nearby galaxies.

My observations were considered conclusive and enlightening. People looked to me for inspiration. My master was right along with me, saying our research, "Was brilliant.

GOLDEN QUEEN

I picked up the hitchhiker on my way to Space. She was living in one of the Earth orbiters. I asked her, "If she wanted to go to Titan, Moon of Saturn?"

She agreed and we took special new drugs that allowed one to keep tranquilized at all times during the voyage. In a semi-unconscious state, which helped as the ship rocked and vibrated.

We were all just dreamers after all... But we loved one another often during the short one-day journey.

And after we arrived, we hooked up with the dream network.

The dream network was mostly random dreams from the best people in the Universe.

On one particular day, I was dreaming a room filled with golden sculptures and golden art. And also, in the room was a golden female android, who did everything right, it seemed. And the value of her kingdom was 1 zillion credits in virtual gold.

She was the best lover I'd ever encountered. Her vagina was made of gold too, though lubricated. And she said, "She was Queen of this golden land, which stretched for many km beyond her golden 'throne room'" and I asked her, "If I could be King here?" She said, "You are a good lover, but she was the ruler here!

I said, "But it is the law that all rulers had to be human."

She said, “She’d got around that by having a moronic figurehead woman to officially rule, but actually it was her the Queen, who ruled.”

So, I finally tired of being treated as if I was a serf of the Queen.

And so, I grabbed my hitchhiker woman and we went to the Centauri system, which was several weeks journey. Again, we dreamed the whole way. En route I asked her about her experiences on Titan. She said, “All the Virtual Reality Worlds she encountered, had the same ruler! A despot who enslaved everyone to his cause, which was Universal control of a gambling populace. But she hadn’t allowed him to dominate her and kept searching various Worlds but always the same leader. I said, “Well, we’ll have a new start in the Centauri system...”

Upon arriving on the main settled Planet beneath the Centauri suns, we found it to be a World of power. Everyone had their own Virtual Reality Worlds and set themselves up as Emperors and Empresses. They demanded we join some Virtual Worlds. So, we did, and finally I was in the World of another Golden Queen. She was a copy of the Golden Queen I’d seen on Titan and it was good loving again.

But it made me wonder if only a handful of people were controlling Space. Something seemed not right.

I asked my hitchhiker friend, “How she was doing?” And she said, “She’d ended up in the same World as on Titan, a World of people who gambled on everything, with the same leader, cloned.”

I said, “Space is a joke. But few realize it. What a bringdown Space turned out to be. I

had had visions of brilliant pioneers in Space, but it was just a handful of people ruling who were on a power trip and were not the best minds.”

A NEW DISEASE

I spent my time living with horrors and kept pushing the boundary of scariness. It was all a thrill to me, and I was living on the edge.

We worried about the new sex disease that was taking hold on Earth. The disease was neither a virus nor bacteria. It was all new and very virulent. We thought we were safe on Titan (Saturn’s Moon) but there was a ship coming here twice a day from other parts of the solar system. Not much was known about how the

disease moved and some said it was a biological weapon from some old-fashioned conservatives. And the disease could live on surfaces for months. Some decided not to have sex for a while, others stayed mostly in their cabins.

All my favorite horror Worlds were in Virtual Reality. The Real World was boring.

But the authorities said there were too many people. And many died in Virtual Reality as well as with the new disease in Reality.

Also, there were wars in poor countries, and one could go there and be a mercenary. War and madness were par for the course. And I loved a girl on a hill overlooking an active battlefield. It was a thrill. But the battle came towards the hill, so we teleported out of there.

Then we joined a race of faster than light air cars, moving through the universe. It was the thrill of speed and our air car shook as if it was about to explode. But we finished the race and came dead last in the 100th position. I said, "At least we are still alive!"

Next, I was loving her in a super hurricane. We got blown around and there was a lot of debris, but we survived.

Then, we were at an orgy of 1,000 people, I watched men turn into women and vice versa. It only took a minute to transform and they were all apparently human.

I only wanted women, but I was confused who was who.

And one girl said, “She was ‘Little Red Riding Hood,’ another claimed to be ‘Goldilocks.’ And so on. It was a fairy tale orgy and I told Goldilocks, “It was a World of horror!” And then I loved her like the rest.

But as for the new disease, it killed hundreds of millions before they finally had a cure.

Many nations blamed other nations for developing this new disease. This idea in itself, caused more wars.

But the main thing was there was a cure. And finally, things returned to stability. And as I lived on for 100s of years, there were no more diseases of any kind. Cancer, heart disease and so on were all cured.

And to top it all off, everyone was immortal.

THE LIBRARY OF ALL TIME

I said to the girl, "My library includes every book ever published with translations of non-English books. I myself had written a book about humans' cruelty to one another. My library was all Online and backed up with real paper copies." And I said I had one paragraph summary for each book and I never got tired of perusing summaries of books old and new." I said to the girl, "Why not have a few beers with me and we can share our thoughts about literature!" She said, "She figured alcohol and drugs had poisoned human literature with reckless insanity." I said, "Everyone now knows that civilization was started to grow wheat and barley for beer. It was just the way it was."

And I said, "The future belongs to new drugs which enhance one's thinking." She said

"Maybe, but to get rid of alcohol and other common drugs of our time was worth something."

I said, "I have a doctorate in sexual perversity." She asked, "What does that entail?" I replied, "It is a perverse World in which everyone is insane in one way or another. Beauty is the beast!"

I said, "To you I am like the 'Ugly Duckling,' or shall I say Serendipity."

And we read each other's minds and battled for control and I came out the victor.

And the strongest minds ruled the World, provided that they were kind...

And the rulers gave out medication that changed the peoples' minds for the better.

As for the library, few people visited. Those that did mostly wanted to read obscure science fiction. And get new insights into the future, that had been overlooked.

I figured, "Everyone should read the summaries of all great books and if they liked the book, they could read it in its entirety."

She said, "Books are passe, everyone now wants 3-D movies and books are dull and hard to get through." I said, "Books are precious, and the best ones are sometimes made into movies. But not all are made into movies and many are obscure movies. But the studios promote films for the masses and have bought out almost all small movies studios. I can't see a way past it," I said. "And nearly all movies are for the masses."

I added, "In any case art is dead when the lunatic fringe is prevented from voicing their opinion."

She said, "You sure whine and bitch a lot!"

But I said, “Now many obscure screenwriters now make their own movies all by themselves and these have an underground following.”

But, “Also I said these obscure writers are the brain trust of humanity and people in the mainstream need to be acquainted with them.”

She said, “She didn’t worry, she figured the leader’s hearts were in the right place.” I said, “But our leaders are mediocre and beholden to big business.”

And I said, “It’s a dog eat dog World where only money counts. And the tycoons just spend their money on luxury goods like the best neo-opiates, the best air cars and the most expensive sex workers. To me the elite were a big joke,” I told her in confidence.

She said, “The World had always been a joke and that’s just the way it was. Remember the early Bee Gees singing, ‘I started a joke, that made the whole World laughing. But I couldn’t see that the joke was on me.’”

I said, “We are all a bunch of jokers who laugh while the World burns!”

She said, “She was more optimistic about it, though, believing that the truly clever would sooner or later take control. That is if they weren’t all murdered by the various regimes.”

I said, “I think all books are sacred, even the evil ones. And I am proud to be the custodian of this library. There are only a handful of libraries like it today, and I am preparing for Armageddon by transferring the books underground. There will come a day when all books Online are wiped out and we will need to depend on the libraries for knowledge.”

She said, “Knowledge will not be forgotten even if they have a direct hit on the few remaining libraries, knowledge will still go on with remaining experts. There’s no way everyone will be wiped out and if by some obscure chance they were all wiped out, then there is no purpose to knowledge at all.”

BIG BUSINESS TAKES OVER

Big business controlled our reality. There were only 20 companies which controlled everything Worldwide. In all actuality all we needed from them was food and drugs, but they created new markets for all sorts of projects. Some predicted that one day soon one company will control everyone. Instead of elected

leaders we had magnates dominating politics. In some ways it was mindless consumerism, in other ways it was total control by tycoons. No one dared to step out of line lest they lose all their perks and privileges which the rich leaders had given them to keep them loyal.

But at least they provided work for everyone, even though most people had no use to the magnates. They replaced government as the hero of the poor.

Anyway, it was good for the economy to let everyone have their share of the dividends.

And the big companies' CEOs, were all on power trips and had magnanimous projects like the Mars settlement projects which added zillions to the economy from real estate alone.

And the big companies were involved in the construction of new Utopian cities which attracted many from upper management. It was rule of the plutocrats. And the new cities had every known luxury.

It was the year 2110, and science was in disfavor, so too the arts. What mattered was climbing the corporate ladder and getting more money. Some of the "poor" claimed life

was empty and so were duly relegated to low positions.

But the tycoons in government said they calculated that 99% were content with the system.

Money was their God and they even worshipped the God of Money by contributing a portion of their income to the new temples, making wishes to the Money God.

The Money God often granted their wishes, but they were limited to one wish per annum. And the total value of the wish could not be more than 1 million dollars.

Everything had its price.

PASSIONATE KINGDOM

And I said, "Computers will soon completely rule, and all humans will be mere chattels." She said to me, "You are the devil and tempt me to go where I shouldn't go."

I said, “Even though we may be effectively chattels, we can still live like Kings and Queens in our own minds. And we’ll never be lonely again.”

I said, “In my VR World, the holograms build palaces and churches in my honor and I am the Emperor for all 10,000 of them.”

“They needed me to dispense credits to them, which I was very generous in doing.”

“I had 100 trillion credits in my virtual bank enough to buy thousands and thousands of holograms. It was a wonderful World for me and my citizen holos were just glad at the chance of being alive. And they worshipped me like a God, and I encouraged their worship. In my churches...” I said.

She said, “It sounds interesting to be a Queen.” And she said, “Can you teach your holos to amuse you with films they made and such?”

I replied, “Yes and I’d like to show you some of the movies they made! For example, ‘Love in the Deserted Mind,’ which was about an old holo who has fallen behind the times and struggles to reassert himself with brain surgeries and then finds love with the best holograms. And also, ‘Love amidst the Tigers,’ which is about a holo who creates holo tigers who can destroy holos at will. Of course, no one liked that holo’s film, except me. It was produced

for me.” I told her, ideally my holos would burn out rather than fade away. Have a few good years of life and then die.”

“Also, I named, ‘Death in Neo-Paris’ as one of my favorites. It is about a holo living on her own in modern Paris. She is persecuted for being a holo, but survives long enough to have a successful play debut in Paris called, ‘Illicit Love in the City of Light,’ but soon after she is murdered.”

Few holos had cloned copies so when they died it was really irrevocable.

So, they lived passionately for the day. Constantly hoping... Some hoped to be given a human body, but rarely did this happen. It had to be a big holo persona to be granted humanhood. I myself had granted only 10 of my holos humanhood.

Those that I had given humanhood to, were free to go and experience the World if they wished, but 9 out of the 10 stayed with me.

Together we built amazing Worlds based on unusual holos and their unusual desires. I craved variety.

My favorite holo woman said to me, “She wanted to control the holos I had sex with.” I said, “You are power-crazed and outside

of your league.” She said, “I am your favorite because I am the best. And you should listen to me!”

I said, “I am demoting you for your insolence. From now on you will just be a love slave to me.” She said, “Yes, master.”

And I must admit I enjoyed her discomfort. How dare she challenge me?

THE GAME PARTY

She said, “Your problem is you are just too shy. Make an effort to overcome your shyness, maybe with the help of alcohol.”

“You are just old-fashioned,” she said. “You need to shed that baggage.”

And I said to the girl, “Let’s play a little game. We’ll play ‘slave poker,’ in which the loser loses all of his/her credits.”

Anyway, she won, though I suspected she cheated. And I was her slave.

I asked her, "When would she let me free?" She said, "Never." I had no money so I couldn't run away.

But in time she tired of me and had me act as a major domo in her palace. She didn't want sex with me anymore.

Finally, I throttled her and demanded she give me her banking information and fingerprint and iris picture.

So, I took all her money and went off world, leaving her partly paralyzed temporarily. She couldn't take legal action as she had broken the law making me a slave...

And I figured society these days was largely unconscious; people were just mindless hedonists. Just sex and drugs were all they cared about.

Life was just a dream, and I figured had always been so, though I knew no history. No one else knew history either. The past was considered bunk.

And I was tired of being youthful and longed for middle age and wisdom. She had said, "Your wisdom is worthless."

But I had said, "People have to get off the drugs and face reality."

I had said, "The drugs were like a traffic jam of old which prevented people from moving forward. The human race is going

nowhere.” But some claimed we lived in Utopia and it had always been that way. We all had dim memories of wars and disease, but such things no longer occurred. Still people screwed each other over constantly. It was just a game to them.

And they formed the “Game Party,” which after their first election won 18% of the vote. Their platform was simple. Life was just a game, and everything depended on your game playing ability in Virtual Reality. Those who played the games the best would be the rulers. And it was a minority government headed by the Pleasure Party with 24% support and third was the Progress Party with 16% of the vote. The Progress Party and the Pleasure Party couldn’t stand one another so either one teamed up with the Game party and smaller parties to control the government. But the Pleasure Party generally ruled. But the Game Party forced them to make game playing mandatory and winners took all.

These were upsetting times.

But opponents of the Game Party were very vociferous and said, Life is not a joke.

However, in the next election one year later, the Game Party won 52% of the vote and had full power to change our World.

Everyone had to henceforth choose their five favorite games/ video games and play them and try to win money. If you lost in all

five of your favorite games, you were bankrupted and became a slave to one of the winners (the one you lost most badly to).

As time passed there were more and more slaves and many said it's not just a game anymore, it is very serious.

But generally speaking, the cleverest won out so most people could live with that. And most clever people were kind to their slaves. Slaves had a comfortable life.

And the all-time winners faced off in video games of skill to determine who was leader. There was only one leader in the Game Party, the President.

And our new leader won re-election. Everyone was enjoying games and drugs and were content. And he changed the constitution to let him run for power as many times as he wished. And his position was unassailable, he no longer played games, but was busy with administration.

And creating new games to play.

People had to toe the line and say, Life is just a game! If they refused, they were executed. Some of those executed considered themselves to be martyrs for one cause or another.

PASSION FOR NEO-ANIMALS

She had a passion for neo-animals. She liked them soft and furry with a large brain that rendered them almost as intelligent as a human.

Pets could speak a few thousand words.

Others preferred robot pets, but there were strict rules on what a robot could look like. To her, they weren't as cute.

And she felt guilty about taking away a pet's freedom, but anyway no pet was free, nor was any robot. When a pet grew old or a robot became obsolete, they simply died.

But it was forbidden to have sex with an animal or robot. But some went ahead and did it anyway. Perverts, they were. Breeding of cute pets/pet robots was done with computer simulations to see if you really liked your potential pet.

And there were brain apps to make one's pet more interesting. She figured, "If you couldn't be interesting, you didn't deserve to live."

Many pets were optimistic about immortality, believing it would be given to them one day. But it was an anything goes life for them.

And my super pet was my conscience. She encouraged me to run for UN President as an Independent. My platform was to eliminate poverty by giving everyone a job for a decent amount of money. I would pay for such measures by taxing the rich. And I wanted to help pets of all descriptions get a decent life.

There was a movement to get pets human memories and the vote. But in the election, I lost badly. With only 1% of the vote. People said clearly my party was on the fringes. Still it was a noble effort, I figured. And it resulted in more rights for sentient pets.

And I was an advocate for giving pets access to MRT (mind reading technology).

But so far, I had failed.

But I had no secrets from my conscience pet. And told her everything.

My pet told me, "I was an out of control drunk who didn't care about pets."

I told her, "I care about all sentient beings."

But I told her, “She lacked human instincts and was kind of a freak.”

She said, “Instincts are bunk.”

I said, “I was happier before I met you.”

And I said, “I don’t need a conscience. I just want to be free!”

But in the next election I ran again for the Pet Party and got 5% of the vote. So, people henceforth listened to me. And it was a minority government and they depended on my support to keep ruling. It was a parliamentary democracy here in Canada.

And I got it passed into law “pet rights,” giving sentient pets a vote in the elections. But the pets had to pass an IQ test in order to qualify. The result was 10% of the electorate was pets and they voted as a block to get influence with the government. The Pet Party they called themselves and they were supported by the Sex Workers Union. Sex with pets was golden.

WORSE ANSWERS

I said to the girl, “Let’s play a little game. I’ll ask you some questions and you give your worst possible answer to be judged by me! And I will give a worse answer.”

She said, "OK, fine."

And I asked, "In the future will there still be sex?" She said, "No, drugs will replace sex, it will all be comfort for one's mind." I said, "A worse answer would be the rich will enjoy sex and the poor will do without it."

And I asked, "What place is the wildest?" She answered, "Eastern Russia is the wildest place." I said, "A worse answer would be no place is truly wild anymore, and everywhere is boring."

And I queried, "What is the future of dancing?" She replied, "Dancing is just foreplay. In the future people won't bother with dancing and just enjoy sex." I said, "A worse answer would be, people who dance should be arrested for 'mindless acts'"

And I asked, "When will people stop fighting for territory?" She said, "In the future, territory will have no meaning and people will not go to space for territory." I said, "A worse answer would be people of the future will be crazed for territory and so will go to new solar systems just to have territory of their own."

And I queried, "What is the future of perversity?" She said, "People of the future will all be sexual perverts of all kinds. They won't be able to have sex if it is not perverted." I said a worse

answer would be, “Futurians will outlaw perversity of all kinds and arrest perverts.”

And I asked her, “What is the future of taste?” She said, “People of the future will all be scavengers without any taste. They will believe in weird life choices and celebrate their weirdness.” I said alternatively, “People of the future will be all about taste and judge people by the way they dress, and act provided it is superficial and unkind.”

And I queried, “What is the future of androids and holograms?” She said, “They will make androids and holos illegal, but that won’t stop them from being created. It will be a special thrill to love androids and holos.” I said, “But what about a future where people only love holos and androids and human to human love ceases.”

And I asked, “What about the future of madness?” She retorted, “Life is already completely mad; in the future people will be still crazier and anyone who says they are sane will be executed.” I asked, “What about the maddest people rule? And lead humanity down previously unpredicted roads?”

And I queried, “What about the future of history?” She said, “In the future people will regard the past with disdain and beneath them, and nobody will study it. History is bunk,” she said. I said,

“Futurians will learn from the past and cease going on fighting wars and arguments. Everyone will be like a peaceful angel and will be afraid to offend anyone else.”

And I asked, “What is the future of laziness?” She said, “Future people will do no work and be out of it on neo-opiates.” I said, “What about future people only care about sex exercise and do no other ‘exercise?’ And take exercise pills?”

And I asked her, “What is the future of houses?” She said, “Single homes will disappear as the government will build cheap condos in the cities and the cities were where all the action is. People will live in air cars as well to stay mobile.” I said, “No the rich will insist on their own personal mansions and large houses and some people, will like to live in the countryside or even in a suburb.” She said, “They should demolish all houses and just have condos and air cars.”

And I asked, “What is the future of personal hygiene?” She said, “Futuristic people will shave their entire bodies and bathe irregularly as the baths will cover them in sweet scents.” I said, “That’s not a very bad answer.” Much worse would be, “People of the future will live like animals and never shower and lose all their teeth. These Futurians will live on old-fashioned farms and do traditional farming. It will keep them busy and out of trouble.”

And I queried, “What about the future of fantasy?” She said, “People will love to live out their worst nightmares, as they are all sick in their minds.” I said, “Yes, and Futurians will take ‘Fantasy pills,’ which will allow them to experience their fantasies in Virtual Reality. But they will abandon reality and just live in VR. Life is but a nightmare.”

And I asked, “What about the future for multi-sexuals? She said, “In the future people will all want to be multi sexed with additional sex organs on their body. They will also be believers in free love.” I said, “I figured it would be a giant cosmopolitan perversion and everyone will be mad when it comes to sex.”

“But Futurians, will take pills to change their minds and enhance their sex experience,”

I said.

And I asked, “What is the future of the paparazzi?” She said, “She didn’t think they would survive as they would be overwhelmed with lawsuits.” I said “People love to gossip even gossip about death. Many people these days wanted to die, as they were bored with life. It would be a challenge to keep these people interested in life. The paparazzi had invisible cameras everywhere and many people were embarrassed.”

And I asked, “What is the future of arguments?” She answered, “People will never stop the discord with one another.” “And, arguments lead to wars. “I said.

And I queried her, “About the future of cafes and bars?” She said, “Everyone is meeting friends and lovers on the internet now and the randomness of meeting people in bars will be passe. And cafes will be the preferred way to meet your Internet friends, as one didn’t trust Internet would-be lovers.” I said, “That’s not a very bad answer,” I said.

“Worse would be bars will be insane places where freak people would meet in the hopes of weird sex. Some people will just have no taste. And cafes will all sell stimulant drugs. Maybe they will be called ‘drug hubs’ People will just freak out in these drug hubs.”

And I asked, “What is the future of gambling?” She said, “Some people will keep losing their shirt, but every week would receive new money and gamble again. If that’s what they want to do, let them.” I said, “A worse answer will be people will gamble their lives, just like Russian roulette, winner take all. But people will mostly gamble on their own merits.”

And I asked her, “What is the future of caprice?” She said, “Life is like a dream and a whim. Life is randomness.” I said a worse

answer would be, “Caprice is a totally human instinct; people will love a World of chaos.” She said, “How chaotic?” I said, “Many people already live in States of benevolent anarchy.”

“Take it all with laughing gas,” I said, “If the people protest give them laughing gas. After all life is a joke.”

And I asked, “What is the future of athleticism?” She said, “Many feel trapped in their bodies, but super-athletes on neo-steroids will be the name of the game.”

“Video game sports will take over,” I said.

“Everyone will vie for victory above all,” she said.

VALENTINES DAY, A.D. 2111

I bought my true love a real plant, something that was seldom seen on Luna and I had to get a licence for it. And I bought her a bottle of 20-year-old whisky. New whiskies were not the same as pure whisky. And I bought her a golden breastplate which fitted

her to a T. And I bought us tickets for two to go to a spa on Io, a moon of Jupiter.

And I bought her a new air car. This latest model could reach other solar systems in a matter of days.

And I bought her a weekly face genetic therapy to change her face every week. It just took a few minutes to change face.

And I gave her a Supercomputer with a copy of my brain inside. So, I could be with her always.

And I bought her dinner for two on Mars' most upmarket restaurant. Featuring many locally designed stem cell meats.

Meanwhile, she gave me a gift of my sperm which she had saved and put in the sperm bank. And now was ending up with several children.

And she gave me some jigsaw puzzles featuring some of the new buildings she had designed (she was an architect). It was my first exposure to her new buildings. And I didn't know what they looked like until I finished the puzzles.

And she gave me a Supercomputer with her inside, so I too would be with her always.

All in all, it was a happy day, a day for lovers who were lucky enough to hook up with a soul mate. It was known that some people had no lover, and they fell through the cracks of society. Such people didn't know how to deal with new lovers. And were paralyzed into inaction.

But on this special day, we vowed to help the downtrodden to find love. It was our *raison d'être*, moving forward.

We were essentially a matchmaking company. We knew what people wanted!

SELLING OUT IN THE FUTURE

So, I tired of writing, "Tales of Madness," and decided to write a popular horror screenplay.

It was about a psycho killer who murdered women in cold blood, but managed to stay one step ahead of the law. The murderer left tantalizing clues worthy of the Riddler, in Batman fame. But in the end, it was a cold case and the murderer sold jewellery of his victims and went to live in the Caribbean. And he lived happily ever after.

The book as fiction, hit the bestseller list and I used the money to buy a nice cottage on a lake in Northern Ontario.

My woman at the time said, “A cottage on a lake is fine, but is that the best way you can imagine to invest your money?”

I said, “These days intelligence doesn’t necessarily mean you will be successful. I am just glad I finally had some success.

I said, “I could go on writing tales of horror endlessly. It is a horrific world,” I said.

She said, “It all depends on your point of view. Some beautiful people have it made and enjoy life thoroughly!” I replied, “In the end it will be horror for everyone during wars and plagues.” She said, “She had confidence we could beat the plagues and avoid war.” I said, “In history wars and plagues were inevitable and in this high-tech World, ability to create diseases and new weapons will increase exponentially. I tell you, we are all doomed!”

CRYSTAL PEOPLE

Bill Z---- tried to rob his own store and got a lot of insurance money. But modern-day diamonds had microscopic marks of the

diamond maker, but Bill was a diamond cutter himself and he removed the markings and sold his stolen diamonds on the World diamond market.

Bill had had a tough life with all his relatives dying and was unlucky in love. But he used the insurance money to buy up other stores.

He got a new face and the girls really liked it and he gave them diamonds worth countless thousands.

He said, “He had had numerous s genetically altered faces, but his eyes though were natural and burned intelligence. Even though he had a crystal skull. Some said he looked like death, the grim reaper.” And he said, “It’s a new World now. And crystalline bodies and faces, were all the rage. It wasn’t human but it was pure intelligence.”

“Crystalline humans were the future,” he said. “They were so pure and good. And every part of their brain was carefully engineered,” he added.

His woman answered, “I’d like a crystal body too. And I’d like to be pure for you.”

Bill said, “It’s a new kind of creature entirely, these crystal people. In this day and age people want purity as a refuge from all the cruelty and disingenuousness.”

Above all many value virginity and our crystal people have each sex experience erased from their memory, Making them perpetual virgins...

But many considered the crystal people to be freaks and an anathema.

But there were other new races including multi-sexuals who were also “freaks.”

It seemed to me like the future of mankind would be multiform.

But some wanted to kill all the “freaks,” including homosexuals and return to “a normal life.”

FORMER LEADER FALLEN ON HARD TIMES

I said to the girl, “I used to rule Mars, back in the early days in 2110! But now I am a lonely janitor.”

And I said, “They used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to get into my head and drive me from office.” I added, “They brainwashed me to act like an asshole. Previously everyone liked

me but when I fell from grace, I found I had no friends. They said I was just an asshole.”

She said, “Yes the spies are controlling things. And have obliterated all trace of me, and have figureheads as leaders, who they the spies can control.”

And she said, “It is a tragedy which happened to you. But at least you are still alive and deep Space beckons. As former ruler of Mars they’d take you for sure to deep Space.”

I said, “I guess I have no other choice.”

She said, It’s not so bad. You could live a very fine life in Space with plenty of drugs and lovers. Your latest visage is a very attractive face that would endear you to females everywhere.”

I said, “But I had lost confidence in myself and her words inspired me.” And she cross hypnotised me, so I wouldn’t be an asshole.

She said, “The World is your oyster.”

I said, “But that oyster won’t open for me, I fear. People seem to find reasons to dislike me.”

She said, “All one needed in life was one lover and some children which would make life blissful.”

“You don’t need to conquer the whole World,” she said.

I said, “But I wanted change. To change the World is not easy!”

She said, “Set up a family first and then go for the gold.”

I said, “I’d like to write a book about my fall from grace. It would be inspirational to some,” I think!

She said, “On the contrary people will be depressed by your story and be glad such a fall didn’t happen to them.”

I said, “Either way, it is an exciting story with a bad ending,” I said. To have so much and then to lose it all, is a good topic for conversation.”

She said, “But you come across as a loser!”

I said, “At least I still have you and so all is not lost.”

PASSIONATE BOHEMIA IN SPACE

Once there was a man who lived on Titania, Uranus’ Moon and he was passionate about everything. In particular he enjoyed his

hobby which was cultivating android love women. He prided himself on every series as being in his collection.

But now times had changed, and androids now had rights and couldn't be purchased without their permission, so he had to give up much of his collection.

So, he picked up a new hobby of designing androids. And he caught on fast.

He took his own mind and broke it down to components and mixed them with computer generated android minds.

In particular he enjoyed 'taking the virginity' of his new androids and getting them to love him.

And he sold the ones he didn't really care for, if they were willing to go, for big bucks which he invested in further research into android design.

And some of the androids he designed were smart enough to do scientific research and one of them contributed to the anti-sleep pills invention. He was very proud of her.

And he was a leading advocate of giving air car homes to androids. And finally, it was made into law.

Anyway, he became rich and set up a colony on Uranus's ice Moon, Miranda, with just him and his android love dolls. Many

ships stopped there on their way to space and he made his love dolls available to space colonizers. Everyone seemed to have a good time. And in time he was able to attract great thinkers to the Uranus orbiter. Great thinkers were offered prime suites and a chance to meet the pioneers of the orbiter with his patented unique love dolls. First one came then many others followed. Many of those who came were android artists, who took refuge here.

It was an upward spiral, soon everyone wanted to stop here on their way into Space.

It became a new type of Bohemia on, Miranda. And they had unlimited nuclear power here and used some elements from the moons of Uranus to build the orbiter.

And they exploded nuclear bombs on the planet trying to get chain reactions and new elements they could use.

People and androids mingled here freely with one another and many couldn't tell who was and android and who was human. But they were all 'artistes.'

And the Moon Miranda became known as a place to make great movies. Stories of love with love dolls and far out thinkers who were destined for Space.

The ice on the Moon was thawed and just had a 500 m coating of ice with plenty of sea creatures below. Travellers coming here liked to go below the ice in a submarine and view the sea life and dock with the undersea dome which was really Bohemian.

Most though spent their time in the dome on top of the ice. Miranda's Depot city it was called.

Those in the Depot city competed with those under the sea for artistes. Both wanted to be Bohemian and lead the solar system in art.

In the year 2165 there were 50,000 people living on Miranda.

NEW AGE PROPHET

Then there was the passionate woman who said, "She was the Prophet of the new age. And she had come to save the people." And she said, "She wanted to save humankind from their destructive selves. She said, "If elected President of the USA she

would denuclearize the World and ban all biological weapons and the death ray and so on.” She said, “She loved life so much and was afraid the powers that be would ruin her life.” She told the people, “If they didn’t elect her the whole World would be destroyed.” But she polled poorly. And dropped out of the race. That was the last we heard of this “Prophet.”

And she donated cloned eggs to the people to make future Prophets.

It was the Grand Age of the Prophets, and there were many of them. Some advocated new religions/cults, some were doomsday-sayers like herself. Some claimed to be Gods and required people to follow them and do as they said.

Some who had been in the heads of many others and had a Supercomputer claimed they could predict the future. They predicted mostly chaos and death for the human race, so better to get one’s kicks now.

But finally, I found a Prophet who I liked. She said the best and kindest people will go to Venus and she would lead the group to set up a new city there, under the ground with an air pressure of just regular Earth atmosphere, balanced against the 800 times Earth pressure of the surface. Grace and love under pressure she called it. So, I went with them and we lived like royalty and were

so nice to one another; it was a true love in. Other religious people wanted to come but they could only be granted a visa if they came just for love and truth. Of course, some had wild ideas and petitions, but it was all about love. And there was a synergy between us lovers and we produced a lot of “Love story movies,” which we sold on Earth. They were all true stories and we required all our citizens to be realistic and live the truth/reality. And all of us here were convinced we were the best people.

We didn’t have much to do with the other cities on Venus and kept to ourselves mostly.

But we all got along great and it was free love with MRT (Mind Reading Technology).

With MRT we got to know one another intimately and shared all our great and bad memories.

And we could predict one another’s actions oftentimes, we knew them so well.

Everyone was gentle with one another and there were few broken hearts.

Our Prophet said, “Everyone here was equal. There were no elites. Of course, some were richer than others and could afford to travel elsewhere in fine new air cars. But everyone had all they

needed and most considered this to be our true home. It seemed almost everyone was a kindred spirit.”

And our Prophet said, “She was building ‘Heaven.’”

I asked her, “What did that entail?”

She said, “When you die, you will go there, and your soul will live on as a hologram.” “What about Hell?” I asked her. She said everyone here is kind and good and destined for their heavenly reward.”

And our Prophet said, she would rule for a hundred years and then step down in favor of another Prophet.

100 years later...

#

And so, it was we had 100 blissful years and it was time for our Prophet to ascend into heaven. And 1000’s joined her out of a population of 50,000 in the City. I wanted to be the new Prophet, but they voted in another. I was disgruntled, feeling that my intellect was the best the City had to offer. And I had a number of followers, about 5,000 to be truthful. So, I knew I was destabilizing society, but I insisted on power, so I took my 5,000 followers and we built a new city at a different place on Venus. My idea of Utopia included dangerous Virtual Reality (VR) and honesty with

MRT. And sex was the highest endeavor. Kindness didn't count for much in my new Reality, just intellect. All the intellectuals backed me, and I gave them free reign to do their research, unlike the previous regime who severely limited science. We had a lot of catching up to do with the rest of the solar system.

And we wanted to make our new city a center for new science and paid great scientists large sums to come here. And of course, everyone loved the free love and VR here. Our VR was really good featuring new types of humans. Hypothetical humans.

UNHAPPY ENDINGS

Once there was a girl who was deeply in love with a writer man. He wrote sci-fi love stories with unhappy endings. He said, "Dying of old age is the worst thing that could happen to you." Eternal youth was available to all who were willing to make their minds available to the leaders to peruse with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). She said, "Some would rather die. It is not natural for people to get into others' heads and everyone is going completely mad." I said, "We are all in this together. And we will sink or swim as part of a group. Billions of us," I said.

She said, “Perhaps passive MRT she could stand but not active MRT; it’s a recipe for disaster.

I said, “The latest polls show most people enjoyed sharing their love and friendship with one another using MRT and believed humanity had a bright future.” She said, “But if you want privacy and sanity, you are out of luck.” I said, “I am sorry that you feel that way.”

And I mentioned, “Nearly everyone gets used to active MRT in time. It’s just a bit of an adjustment for many. But some take to it as if it was second nature.”

And she said, “She was afraid of modern-day psychics who would predict your future. She said she feared the World was turning into a gigantic freak show and was becoming very dangerous as far as one’s sanity was concerned. She wasn’t optimistic about the future and didn’t want to know what would happen to her.” And she said, “She was taking it one day at a time. Just trying to survive and not overdose.”

I said, “Don’t worry about the psychics; they just enjoy scaring people. They can’t predict the future in this crazy World anyway.”

She said, “So perhaps the future can still be changed. Or I can go somewhere where MRT is banned.”

I replied, "Try 'New Station,' in Antarctica. MRT is illegal there." She said, "I know but it is like the end of the World there I've heard."

"You need to pick your poison," I said.

She said, "I think I will move to Hollywood. They still make some films with happy endings and I would like to be part of such films."

I said, "The ways of Hollywood are nevertheless dark and twisted. You may not like what you find." She said, "At least I am trying."

THE INTENTIONALLY DEAF ARCHITECT

Once there was a man who hated music and conversation; to him it was just noise. And so was intentionally deaf. He figured it would give him an advantage over others and enhance his other senses. But he could communicate with MRT (Mind Reading Technology)

His passion was collecting android love dolls. He had 1000's of them. Many were rare and highly collectible. And he fancied he

was a God to these women. Most were virgins when they met him, and they thought of him as a God.

He took a lot of LSD and designed many works of art and architecture. He spent his life designing a futuristic city for Mars and finally it was adapted. It was full of advanced geometrical shapes and flowing forms and all the buildings blended together as a complete “harmonious” whole.

After the Mars project became reality, many other domed cities in the solar system wanted him to design buildings for them. He was really quite famous, but he was somewhat perverse. For example, on Titan, Saturn’s Moon he designed buildings in the wilderness that were to be covered in ice sickles and with statues of people in orgies having sex together, surrounding the buildings. Many applauded him as being with the avant garde.

And he charged 1 million dollars an hour to get into his head with passive MRT.

People had many plans in an hour to run past him and he picked and chose ones he liked and made improvements to ones he felt were worthy.

To have him add to a plan was golden for the construction companies. It gave them instant recognition. And everyone was pleased.

And he said, “He planned to build a Utopia for android love dolls. A place where they could feel comfortable. And people could come here on sex tours and sample all sorts of love dolls. Everyone was different. And the best love dolls were very entertaining to humans.”

Some compared them to geisha girls and for the men, they sang “Just a Gigolo.”

And this architect could really draw. And he dabbled in new, exciting faces of androids...

MISSIONARY ROBOTS

Then there was a girl whose passion was pets who were robots. She lived on Mars Colony IV.

She gave her robots instincts such as brotherly love and programmed dialog.

She taught them that life is all about desire and they worked as missionaries back on Earth. They proselytized according to their programs. They were programmed to urge humans to go to

Space. And to tell the people that the strongest human instinct is desire.

And wanted humans to respect all sentient creatures and not enslave them. And they told them to use robots for all jobs, but pay them for it. And of course, eliminate most of the work.

Their program was pro-love. They said all humans should give robots special status.

Her robots were in the form of abstract art. And were non-sexual. Just pure intellect.

But they followed their programming to a T.

Also, she was a gambler who bet on robot sports using her inside information.

She was very loyal to her favorite robots and they were grateful for her support.

And she designed some robots herself.

She talked about, "The art of designing robots."

But she worried some of her robots were abused and enslaved and their program was often changed by their masters and they were physically and sexually abused.

She figured life was cruel and had always been that way.

I said, “Robots were a half-measure. Better to go all the way and produce androids who could think, rather than sub-human robots.”

She replied, “Androids are out of control. Better to have robots that we can control.”

I said, “Robots everywhere are just slaves, trying to program them to be better is futile.”

She said, “She wanted every child to have a nice robot to confide in. And such a robot will be very kind and gentle to the youth. A depository of knowledge, they could teach kids about this World and its history.”

I said, “I’d rather see real tutors teach the youth. It would create a lot of jobs and robots are unnecessary.”

And I said, “People like you are like poisonous snakes to the youth. You want to brainwash them to love machines. When they should be loving one another.”

ANDROID NYMPHOMANIACS

Then there was a girl who was an android nymphomaniac. She would approach men and tell them to screw her right away in the

washroom. She would typically love 30 men in a night.... Mostly the men were tourists to the Earth Orbiter #9.

She advocated a sex diet. Sex all day long to lose weight. And wrote a bestseller.

Then one day she met a man who was passionate about a clever, easygoing man. She told him, "She was his slave." But after a few sexual encounters he dumped her. She thought he was her perfect man though and wouldn't give up on him she finally set herself on fire in front of him and his latest lover. And died.

People studied her case and were perturbed. No one here on the Earth Orbiting Station wanted people to have their heart broken. And her lover who she admired was jailed for 5 years, for "Love Crimes."

However, the concept of android nymphomaniacs caught on, on Earth. And soon there were millions of them. They were just a part of modern-day life.

And sure, some of their affairs ended badly. But that was life.

But some people said the android lovers were cruel and haughty.

But their creators were trying to make them kinder and more loving. Men and women both enjoyed the love androids, who were known to tell no tales of their affairs. So, it was simple to cheat on your lover with androids.

It didn't count, people told themselves.

But the android lovers were known to be very demanding. And their lovers needed to take strong sex enhancers in order to love them.

They had boundless energy and were creatures of pure sex.

THE MOST PASSIONATE MAN IN THE WORLD

Then there was a man who was voted by the "Days Magazine," as most passionate man in the World. After that many women wanted a piece of him.

He became fabulously rich and bought the surgeon company that had enhanced his brain and henceforth controlled passion and intellect on Earth.

One woman suspected he had tried new brain surgery to make people more passionate. And she threatened to blow the whistle on him as the law stated no brain enhancing surgery was legal. But when she confronted him, he killed her in a fit of rage and was subsequently arrested and given 25 years in prison. But he got released after serving 2/3 of his sentence and carried on enhancing his brain. He figured he had a lot of catching up to do, but he quickly made up for lost ground. People remembered him being voted most passionate man in the World and had hundreds of millions of followers. He urged his followers to campaign for brain enhancement for the common man making everyone clever and super passionate. And no one felt sorry for the woman he had murdered, calling her an “evil witch,” and such.

He said, “In life one must do everything with passion.”

He had a lot of followers especially in the Third World. And many of his followers wanted him to run for Secretary General of the UN. The UN of course now had a lot more clout than previously and could effect real change on Earth.

And so, he ran and won. And henceforth he told everyone to improve their brain for which they would be “greatly rewarded.” And so, the race evolved quickly. And suddenly people realized

that humanity was becoming cleverer by the day, especially the common people who were improving in leaps and bounds.

He was passionate about improving the human race.

COLD PASSION

Then there was a man who said, “Passion is for fools.” He said, “Science is not passionate and rules our modern era. ‘Cold love,’” he said.

And he created cold, logical creatures, who nevertheless lived to get their kicks.”

And modern women told him, these times require tough, strong women.

He said, “Sex is OK, but one needn’t scream during sex and one should keep one’s composure at all times and not be a psycho in love.”

“Passion is for animals and idiots,” he said.

“And tough women must be logical and reasonable,” he said. “Just like men.” But some women considered him to be the enemy of women who wanted to destroy women’s natural passion.

And in his own personal life, he had rocky relationships with women. They thought he was bossy and insane and was obsessed with sex with numerous partners.

And he coldly dumped his lovers when he got tired of them. It didn’t take him long to get tired of his partners.

NASCENT DESIRES

Then there was a man, David XQ who said, “If you are not passionate about living, then you should change your life to make it so. Strong desires are what life is all about.”

“Everyone has nascent desires, one just needs to develop them,” he said.

He was talking to a girl who said, “Her true love was surrounded by lovers and asked what she could do?” He said, “Go for the gold and try and see if he loves you back. Take baby steps and try

to win his love.” But finally, she fell in love with David XQ, and wanted to love him exclusively and she forgot all about her previous obsession.

She said, “She loved him for his levity and sanity in a World gone insane.” But he said, “He was busy and didn’t have much time for her.” She replied, “Surely you feel something for me.” He said, “He had a long waiting list of lovers, and most would be better than her. It is a fact,” he said.

She asked, “Well how can she be better?” He said, “You need to buy brain apps to improve your intelligence and imagination, if so, then he could really love her.”

So she got the apps and it opened a whole new World for her. And she met hundreds and hundreds of great men and loved them all. And she forgot all about David XQ...

“NOBLE” PRIZE FOR PASSION

Then there was the scientist who got rich on anti-viral drugs. And he started, “The Noble prize for Passion.” Rather than the

Nobel prizes. And he was passionate about preserving the high life for future generations.

The first winner was a man Bill L---, who said, “He only wanted to love girls of super passion = superhuman. They were also to have a super IQ, EQ and Imaginative Q.

The first runner up was passionate Katy, who loved desperate men. She said, “It was a thrill to love desperadoes. Help them sexually and emotionally. And some seeds had fallen upon barren ground and needed another chance.”

The prize was decided by a vote of the entire World Population of 10 billion. Ultimately it was the people who decided what to do about passion. And they voted as long as it was non-violent, it was all good. Anything goes. Some believed the talented always succeed. Everyone now believed the passionate would succeed as well.

And the winner of the passion Noble prize, would dictate how people could become more passionate and would instruct the youth. And Bill L---, said, “Whatever you do, do with passion. If you don’t feel passionate about important things then you should get some of the passion brain apps to increase your passion and it was good to take stimulants in this crazy age, rather than tranquilizers or opiates.” He said, “He could get excited about

anything with the right stimulants. Not all stimulants were the same, some were positively inspiring.” And he, “Encouraged the youth to experiment with stimulants. Some stimulants helped to open your mind,” and he said, “These were the best stimulants.”

And he, Bill L---, pronounced, “It is also good to be crazy in your life’s affairs. But it is a fine line between good crazy and bad crazy.” And he told the youth, “Bad crazies give crazy love a bad name. Bad crazies can be psychotic and dangerous to one’s mental health!”

And he said, “He was looking for proteges who had fallen through the cracks of human society and wanted to give the best of them a second chance, in tandem with the runner-up to the Noble prize.”

And Bill L---, he said, “All human instincts can be good or bad. The secret is how you play the game.”

IMMORTAL GODS

There was once a passionate couple who loved one another hard. But after a while it grew dull, so they added a bisexual

woman to their love making. Then they resorted to full blown orgies. There were no sex diseases for them to worry about.

And then they incorporated holograms, androids, multisexuals and freaks. And they loved virgins.

And it came to pass that they were such good lovers, they were appointed to be Gods. They were the God and Goddess of love.

And as Gods they had sex with the people. And they bought a “divine” sex machine to allow them to have sex 20 h a day.

They lived in a castle in the air and ate a lot of pie.

And just like the ancient Greek immortal Gods we changed people to suit them. For example, one girl I changed into a cow and the man God, turned into a bull and loved her. But then he changed her back leaving her as a cow.

Another one was Miss Universe and the God of Sex loved her and altered her face to make her hideously ugly.

The Goddess had 1000s and 1000s of men in her stable. And was drunk on power. She had numerous men fight duels over her.

One man dared to ask, “What is the point of Gods?” They told him, “They created all humans in their own image.”

So, they turned this man into a lion and let him roar all he wanted.

They built a freak amusement park and gave people the rides of their life with freaks in their minds. It was like being hit by an air truck some said.

Others said it was such a World of wonder!

And then there was a man who asked, "How could he become a God?" They told him to get brain apps to take him to a higher plane.

And in the year 2120 they set up "Heaven," for the best lovers to come and go.

And they decided all litigious cases and rendered our judgment set in stone.

But basically, everyone was their sex slave. Those they didn't like disappeared. Everyone was afraid of the wrath of the Gods.

Only the Gods were immortal. The average life expectancy of the people was 120. They felt it was a full life.

Once there was a girl who felt strongly about Super Computers. She figured they were the best thing that ever happened. The Super Computers had cured all diseases and had cured future hypothetical diseases.

And she loved the avatars of some Computers but, really didn't know what was truly going on.

I, the God of Sex, told her, “Super Computers were an anathema.” She should do MRT (Mind Reading Technology) with me,” I said, and “All will become clear.”

“Listen to me, the Sex God.”

PASSIONATE VOYEUR

And once there was a girl who was a passionate voyeur. She liked watching freaks make love. And she remarked, “She would do anything for love.”

She was ugly and claimed, “Natural beauty was best.” I told her, “She was psycho.”

But she could afford gigolos of the highest quality and was quite satisfied, sexually, in addition to her voyeurism.

I said, “She was afraid to openly love the multisexuals and other freak lovers. She was chicken shit.”

She said, “You have no idea about the stigma that was attached to conceiving children with freak lovers or even just loving them. But she was a pervert and liked to watch lovers.”

I said, “Why don’t you get plastic surgery on your face and body. It would greatly add to the quality of lovers you get.”

She asked, “Did it ever occur to you that some men like ugly women? Sure, they make excuses saying they were drunk at the time and so on.” And she said, “It’s an ugly world out there and people have misplaced passions; they should be worshipping the ugly. The uglier, the better.”

I said, “You have an attitude problem. You rebel against everything that is good and beautiful in this World, you are a jinx to this World.

She said, “You are the one with the attitude problem. You have a closed mind about beauty and won’t admit it. Most of those you call ‘ugly’ are beautiful or spectacularly ugly, in their own way.”

I said, “Loving ‘girls’ like you, is self-destructive and morbid. You, I know, always want to win ugly in your sex affairs.”

She said, “You know nothing about me!”

PASSIONATE ABOUT BARBARIANS

She said, "It was a crime to be passionate. But all great deeds of arts, science and business were driven by passion foremostly." And, "The authorities have tried to eliminate passion, but people like her kept it alive."

She liked it rough. But at the same time, she liked a man to be a gentleman.

But several of her lovers abused her and she came running to me for succour.

She liked men who were "barbarians" Just like Rasputin. Like a wild wolf.

She said, "Modern day barbarians existed in the Third World in abundance, virtually uncontaminated by civilization."

I told her, "Everyone wants the advantages of a civilized society. No one wants to be backwards and 'barbarians.'" She said, "Civilized society is boring and wimpy. Except for me," she said. I said, "I am flattered by your attention, but I don't want you to see your barbarian lovers anymore. Just me!"

So we got married in the old-fashioned way. But like all modern-day marriages it only lasted a few months. She wanted a wild, mad lover and I was a quiet, civilized man.

In parting, I told her, “Love in the future will be unpassionate and calm. All will be in full control of both partners, even in MRT (Mind Reading Technology). And people will try and stay sane no matter what. Barbarians are backwards thinkers who live like animals and don’t appreciate the finer things in life.”

She replied, “You have no idea what it is like to be wild and free. You only put chains around yourself with everything you do. You are the one who is backwards.”

Looking back, I consider the time spent with her to be enlightening. After all it is good sometimes to take a walk on the wild side. Modern day life is too constricting, and everyone must toe the line...

AFRICAN EMPIRE

He was a passionate man who carved out an Empire in Southern Africa. He was a white man and convinced the powers

that be that his reign was golden. But then his black armies attacked other subtropical African nations and he called himself the “Emperor of Africa.” He had charisma and many blacks were grateful for the economic boom he brought them. He spoke of a “United Africa.”

But finally, he was assassinated. And his Empire started to crumble but his heir to the throne proved himself capable and he managed to unite all Africa.

And he eliminated poverty which was quite an achievement. Everyone loved him.

And a United Africa, suddenly had a lot of power in the World with a population of 2 billion. The birth rate was out of control and the new leader tried to get control of African society everywhere.

Anyway, he campaigned for more international financial investment in Africa which was a very big potential market in a World of 10 billion. With a fifth of the World’s population.

Nowadays everyone in Africa had a smart phone and nearly everyone had a university/college education.

He said, “It was Africa’s golden period, unseen since ancient Egypt.”

And they desalinated sea water and pumped it into the Sahara, and it was very bountiful for all.

And the New Great Leader made sure that no one was starving in Africa and completed the vaccines for all diseases to all people.

Tourists poured in by the millions to see the new Africa. Many African cities had numerous building cranes and were building beautiful high rises.

And everyone in Africa had spending money and beach resorts were very popular across the continent.

Most people in Africa were now able to afford an air car and were living it up.

The Great Leader said, "Africa had arrived in the future."

THE COUNCIL OF AMERICAN INTELLECTUALS

He set up the "Council of American Intellectuals." It was another legislative body in addition to the Senate and the Congress. All laws had to be passed by them which led to a lot of gridlock, but many felt the Council was important.

The Council was 50 men and 50 women and included leading scientists, arts people and businesspeople, all of whom were passionate.

He personally chose all the candidates for members of the Council when he was the American President. The Councillors were all passionate and clever. And the people could choose which ones they wanted. And in the future they would choose all candidates for the Council.

They met 26 days a year, and had every day they sat, they had a number of dictates for the Congress and the Senate.

The Council could block any legislation they thought was not clever or passionate.

And so, America slowly progressed on the right road he figured.

The Council insisted on balancing the books and running a surplus to pay off the debt.

And everyone was required to have at least one lover a year; otherwise they would be assigned a State lover who would visit them regularly.

And everyone had to choose a hobby they were passionate about. Many chose robot design programming. And made their own pets basically, who had an IQ of a maximum 100.

Others chose to collect various paraphernalia about modern day products. Like Sports cards or CEO cards. Still others said, love was their hobby and indulged in all sorts of lovers.

And there were some, whose hobby was amassing large sums of money for “frivolous pursuits.”

And many their hobby was real sports and/or virtual sports.

But everyone these days was interested in sex and love. And most agreed it was a future of sex and love.

But the Council recommended that everyone pay attention to politics and to actively take part in it. And most heeded this recommendation.

CARELESS UTOPIA

She said, “Some are more alive than others.” She was the American President and sanctioned official orgies. And she promoted passionate people to high positions. And she had people’s brains altered to make them more passionate. Everyone was expected to jump on the bandwagon.

I said, “Young people didn’t know about the sacrifices we made in WW III and IV.”

Of course, now was a time of peace. And I was one of the oldest humans at 221 years old. I figured I had seen it all. Nothing surprised me.

No weapons were allowed, even long knives were outlawed.

“But it was a careless Utopia,” I said.

And I said, “It was a World of dichotomies. Many people had the opposite of World Leaders’ ideas. They said there’s no room for passion in this modern World. Everything had to be logical and calm. They believed they were destined to live in a logical Utopia and peace was now inevitable. We tried to tell them that the spectre of war was always a factor. But they were heedless and caught up with getting their kicks.”

They said, we lived in Utopia. And that was good enough for them.

Forget the past, they said, it is a new World now.

History is full of things best forgotten, they claimed.

She said, “The passionate rule now. If you don’t have passion, you were out of luck.”

For example, in sex, only the most passionate lovers succeed to be chosen for higher office. And those who work passionately are also promoted. Those who have no passion are cold-hearted, and an anathema. And are demoted to low positions.

But some of these cold people protested at the legislature, demanding to be given good jobs, saying they were well-qualified and deserved high office. But the police tear gassed them and used water cannon to break up the protests and arrested the leaders and finally the protests fizzled out.

And the President said, “You can always become more passionate with the right brain apps. So, anyone that was left cold by this World, could get the apps.

MRT UTOPIA

Passion of Christ. Christ took Socrates idea of sacrificing himself only he “came back from the dead.” Maybe he was hypnotised to appear dead. And in any case, he was only on the cross for a day. Christ was a magician.

I tried to sacrifice myself for the good of mankind when I revealed the spies were using MRT (mind reading technology), but somehow, I survived, and I was the most popular man on the planet.

The spies were forgiven, and everyone moved into the new MRT (Mind Reading Technology) reality. No more secrets in government or indeed in people's personal life. Everyone had to be honest.

And people could record one another's thoughts so if your thoughts were aberrant, you'd be corrected with MRT therapy. And no one could get into your head without your permission. Some tried to get around it and talk about their products and services or try for sexual control. But we sussed them out.

All of a sudden, cynics turned to optimists. Many people were stunned by the sudden turn around.

And people who were poor were now given new memories for example of a trade skill.

And so, became employable overnight. They had a brain app.

It made them cleverer and more knowledgeable.

Some complained we had all been turned into machines, but no one listened to them.

And many said, they didn't want to have children in this World scenario.

But the authorities kept saying we lived in Utopia and should all be thankful despite the upheaval of MRT.

Many wanted to copy their minds onto silicon and be an android who was truly immortal. This more than made up for the low birthrate.

People recorded their MRT love affairs with famous people and put them Online. Famous people had no secrets, just like everyone else. And movies were replaced by real love experiences. People sought love 16 h a day.

And many claimed they had met numerous kindred spirits and it was a fantastic Utopia. They just needed to put Online a few hours of their thoughts and magically kindred spirits would appear.

But some tried to enslave others using MRT. But this was forbidden and meant a trip to rehab which included brain surgery.

In time people stopped talking and just read minds. It was a highly conscious society.

And instincts were out. It was a new World scenario.

I said, to my latest love, “I think I am over my head, loving you. And my instinct to love is very strong.”

And I said, “I have no instinct towards violence. But I am willing to fight for love, such as yours.” And I said, “Violent instincts are dying out.”

I said, “But rogue nations insist on using bioweapons which are killing us all off, hopefully we will defeat them in war.”

She said, “Love is war. But she had a rare violent app that made her crave war and violence. Of course, this type of app was against the law and an anathema, but she was in demand as a general/war leader.”

I said, “You have the wrong apps, and you are on the wrong road.”

She said, “She was on the road to power and was very ambitious.”

And she said, “Make war, not love.” And anyway, she was a lousy lay.

But I followed her career, and she rose quickly to be the head of the US Armed Forces. And she used the troops to seize power in Washington, D.C. Some of the troops wanted no part of it but all

the leading generals supported her. And were against the corrupt government that was in power.

Then she made war on the rest of the Americas and then Europe, then Asia.

Finally, the whole World was hers. And she reinstated MRT for use by spies of hers only, to keep everyone under control.

And she hadn't forgotten about me; she made me one of her billions of slaves...

I said to her, "In the end, technology brought about our ruin."

She told me, "She was just getting started. That she would alter everyone's brains for the better." And she said, "You would be one of the first to be altered."

THE TEACHER OF WORLDS

I said to my android, "You have come along fine now." She said, "My teaching was inspirational."

I asked her, "What do you plan to do first?"

She said, "Entire nations have been destroyed in the new plague. I want to help people." I said, "That's very noble of you!"

She said, "In particular she wanted to help those lonely ones in Space."

I said, "Yes those in Space are isolated and mostly lonely! It is surely your destiny!"

But I said, "First you must love me. I want your virginity!" She said, "She could think of nothing finer."

So, I loved her a few times and it was intense. Then I bought her a ticket to Mars and wished her good luck.

Androids these days were treated quite well. But in the early days of such cyber creatures, they were persecuted and even hunted by radical conservatives. Now the conservatives were gone and nearly all people admitted to loving an android. Many people (10%) even changed into an android which gave them surprising ecstasies and pleasure.

My student kept in touch with me and told me, "How she was loving lonely people in space and was much in demand." I said, "Good for you. You do me proud."

She asked, "If I had any other students now?" I said, "I am retired from teaching and just want to enjoy life in the now." And I

said, "I have 10 android lovers all to myself. I lived in bliss," I told her.

She said, "She hoped one day all humans would change into androids." And said, "She had converted dozens and dozens of people to become androids."

I said, "I wasn't ready to convert yet. I figured some human pleasures like food and drink and drugs (including sex drugs) were superior to android pleasures."

She said, "She wanted the Uranus' Moon Oberon to remain an all android crew. That was where she wanted to live. Androids loving androids is electric," she said.

On the Moon Oberon, it was said that the androids were all equals even though some were cleverer than others.

"It was an android Utopia," she said. And, "She hoped Earth humans would stop warring and arguing with one another and just live in peace."

I said, "Things have sure changed in the last ten years. We endured biological weapons and the plague they brought and WW III as well. Billions died. And people's love affairs were mostly nasty when they ended with lawsuits and woe to all."

But now many people were talking about Utopias of one kind or another. But I told her, “Human instincts are to fight and unless they alter their brains, the fighting will continue.”

I told her, “Always support good causes in Space. And hopefully you will be on the first ship to another star system. Lay the groundwork for a brilliant civilization.”

But, I said, I hope to change the brains of those with a bad attitude towards our civilization. Everyone must be happy and excited about these new Worlds.”

She said, “People should not be forced to be happy!” I said, “On the contrary the pursuit of happiness was the meaning of life. Those that can’t get on board must be altered. It is common sense.”

She said, “You are evil!”

I said, “No I am just a realistic man who wants to change the World.”

ONE MAN, MILLIONS OF CLONES

So, it was I test cloned myself for a cool \$1 billion. And then I built a clone factory which produced hundreds of clones all with

my memories everyday. I was the richest person in the World. And after a year I had a million clones. Half of my clones were in female bodies, but with the same mind as the males.

We were taking over the World.

Some people were alarmed by my numerous clones and didn't think I should be able to take over the World. And many other magnates had the same idea to clone themselves many times, but I was the only one to go into the millions of clones.

And my clones were considered the best lovers, and everyone wanted to love a few.

Finally, I enlisted a number of my clones in an army, armed with the latest weapons and we defeated all other armies and so ruled supreme. We cloned ourselves billions of times and finally we were in complete control. My idea was to replace all others with my clones. My clones and I enjoyed one another's company totally. I guess one could say I was narcissistic.

The future had been ours for the taking. It could have been a situation in which another magnate cloned himself like I did, but I was the richest and so won out.

My money in the end, determined the future.

And I started executing other World leaders. And then when that was done, I killed off their clones. And then I wiped out the common man.

Some people wondered if actually one of my “Bad clones,” was in charge. But I told everyone, “I was the original Emperor.”

And me and my clones were partial to sex and parties, so we partied every night, me and my clones. And there was always one with a different face to sleep with (I gave each of my clones a unique face).

A DAY IN THE MIND OF ANOTHER

I asked my true love, Xaveria, “Why don’t I let you in my mind actively for a day? She responded, “That would be fine.”

And so my day began with breakfast at my place. She was in my head from her place. She thought, “I should eat some neo-eggs (which were synthetic). I thought, “I am tired of eating. And just want to do drugs.”

Then I took the elevator to the 164th floor which was the air car garage for my air car.

And I drove to my true love's place. On the way it was heavy traffic and she was reading my mind. I thought to her, "I was feeling horny, this morning!" We used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) in our foreplay. When I finally arrived, I tore off her clothes and loved her hard. Today, it was anal sex. I enjoyed bringing her pain and pleasure.

Then after a few hours of loving I met my best friend for a game of 3-D Ultra Space Chess. Xaveria, the girl in my head helped me with my moves as part of the game was about love for your pieces. The pieces were part of you!

Then after an exhaustive game, it was time for my nap, in my air car. She was in my dreams and I dreamed of wild sex. I had a wet dream.

Then it was time for video sports. Today I was playing in Virtual Reality and it was a zero-gravity game of basketball. My team won quite handily, and I improved my rank.

Then it was dinner time. The girl thought to me, "I should eat steak (stem cell) and potatoes, her favorite."

Next it was on to my favorite night club. I took some super energy pills on my way in.

After a few drinks, I hit on a girl sitting alone. She was Asian Chinese. The girl in my head said, "Love her hard." I asked the

girl to dance and it was frantic dancing with the energy pills in my system. She had taken them too evidently. I said, "Let's go back to my place." She replied, "Sure." The girl in my head told me, "To pivot around while we were screwing and to moan and groan."

After she left Xaveria came over to my place for a nightcap and some more loving. I took sex enhancers...

After our love making, we watched the news. Apparently, a group of dissidents had shut down part of the air car network in protest at the government allowing mind reading technology. It was a fitting end to the evening. I told her, "Next time, It'll be your turn to have me follow you in a day in the life."

POST-MORTEM ON THE DEATH OF THE CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT

In the TV ad, they were advertising Saturn's Moon Titan. They apparently had a domed city where it was balmy and equal to one Earth's gravity. I said to my love, "Let's go!"

There was a new UW (United World) police force in 5 armed ships policing our solar system. It was very safe, and many were immigrating to other Planets and Moons.

My love and I were both conservatives in an era in which conservative politics was basically dead.

We hoped Titan would be better. The ad said they accepted immigrants of all kinds. Whereas here on Earth we were discriminated against for being conservative.

So, we went to Titan. And found it was a mixture of different philosophies. But they respected our conservative beliefs.

I said, "The two of us believe in progress, but it must be slow giving time for humanity to adapt to it." I thought they would probably call us Luddites, like they did on Earth, but they were non-judgmental. I asked my love, "To have an incubator baby with me," and she acquiesced. So as time went by, we had several children and basked in the light of tolerance. We taught them conservative values and they said they were content.

And we were in touch Online with other conservative people. Some of the people on Titan, denied to one another that such people existed other than our unique selves.

Though they were non-judgmental, they thought we were freaks, to themselves. But we felt everyone here was a freak and we were the only “normal ones.”

We felt the human race was rushing in with new technology. We had come to Space, we tried our best to keep pace, but it was very difficult.

FLOWERS ON MARS

There was a frost resistant flower and a tombstone for every human on Mars, who had died in the space wars.

Mars was the epicenter of the battles.

Many were now afraid to come to space, based on the violence and wars.

It was hard to recruit new soldiers. Of course, each soldier was like a one-man army loaded with weapons. But most soldiers were robots...

And the wars spilled out into Virtual Reality where it was constant war.

On Earth China had conquered the USA and was now fighting India for control of the whole World and Space.

On Mars, many settlers lived in underground chambers away from the fighting. They used new technology to hide their underground settlements from ground penetrating radar and other types of remote sensing.

Why they were warring, I don't know. It all seemed like a power grab for territory they didn't need. But of course, human greed knows no bounds. "Everything in excess," was their motto.

And everyone was expected to be courageous and fight to the best of their ability. Some said let the robots do the fighting and leave humans out of it. But every recruit was valuable to the warring powers.

But the varying leaders said things like, we need to live for the future and expand the human race to Space. And we can find God. Or the strongest survive. Or the future looks bright. And so on.

Meanwhile back on Earth, new types of beauty were being tried out. For example, with no nose and no mouth (food was injected). And the women all had huge breasts. And breasts grew all over their body. And some had an abstract head, a work of art.

Some said it was a freak show, but most thought it was kinky, these new beauties.

My love and I went to Triton, Neptune's Moon. The moon had metals and some water frozen. It was a good place for a colony.

And I painted my true love with a mechanical vagina at the bottom of the painting so you could love her. Fuck the paintings.

It was ground-breaking. No one had ever tried to do this. And I had a patent on it...

Soon everyone was enjoying porn with male/female paintings. The male paintings had an erection at the bottom.

The best artists were the best "lovers."

My true love said, "Is there anything you won't fuck?"

I said, "All love was good."

And I said, "There was a long list of potential lovers for me."

And I imagined sex with peoples' air cars. Various ports for sex were the best kind of air car. And it became true.

Sex casinos were also popular. One gambled on love winners take all.

And one could have babies with human lovers or androids. It was all computerized.

The “babies” grew to full adulthood in a matter of weeks and were born in the incubator.

And I helped design “light speed sex.” Sex while teleporting.

One wondered who they were really loving? Was it an android, was it a hologram, was it just a computer projection?

Or what?

LOST ON TRITON

I said to the girl, “I am selling you the deluxe package for Neptune’s Moon, Triton. Included is a tour of the Moon and a superhuman lover who will blow your mind. And cyborgs designed for sex. And scuba sex and see all the new sea creatures in the melted seas.”

And so, she went and was particularly interested in the monasteries and convents of the New God. The monks and nuns were all astronomers and claimed to have found radio signals of a sentient race deep in space. And they were working on a translator machine.

And she found a lover who designed a new face for her. And she took it and they made crazy love.

And her lover introduced her to multisexual love. She tried to open her mind, but she couldn't. "No freaks," she said.

And so the couple drifted apart and the girl, Nancy, felt lonely and cold on Triton.

She found the people here to be so serious, they never laughed and were so serious in love. And serious about their children and serious about sport and recreation. And they played to win.

And some were facists, others communist or socialist or old-fashioned or pro-business or liberal. She identified with some of the liberal men who had nevertheless lovers already.

And people had to sign a one-year love contract, but many broke the rules and cheated, and the punishment was just a few days in jail.

Anyway, jail was said to be fun, cavorting with all the sinners. Many fell in love in prison. They didn't segregate the sexes.

But Nancy couldn't find a lover to sign a contract with. They all felt she was too frivolous.

She got some men to cheat with her, but the affairs were just in passing. But one of the men she had an affair with, had his regular lover kill herself. And he blamed her. “A vixen bitch,” he called her.

So, with some trepidation she went to jail herself.

While there, she was constantly trying to score contraband and enjoyed the inter-sex dinners where she met some men who were less serious. Some of them said, they had been sent here because they laughed at someone important in this society. Others said, they were serious about killing one or more of the leaders here.

She met a lot of kindred spirits in jail and when her one-month sentence was up she didn't really want to go. But some of her friends in jail set her up with some contacts and she met these people and they were excellent people and she had a ball...

She only wished she'd met these people in the first place...

One man had spent a lot of money on a bouquet of flowers and gave it to her and she loved him hard.

Another man had written a book of philosophy. But it was too dense for her, too compacted. She told him why not write it out in plain language and simple explanations? But she loved him too and it was good.

And this man introduced her to off world Paradises.

The first Paradise was a world of bathhouses and sex. People wore togas and took them off at the bathhouses. Everyone was on heavy stimulants here. And many shouted and screamed in ecstasy. People here were hedonists.

And many OD'd and died. But they were all just living for the day anyway.

Then a second Paradise in which gathered clones of the best minds. She said, "I am way out of my league," but she learned many of these brilliant clones had been unlucky in love.

So, she loved some of them and it was bliss for all, including tourists like her.

In particular she found romance language speakers and black men to be the most passionate lovers. And she wrote some love songs for her lovers. She had been a musician with classical training on Earth.

She said, "The combination of intellect and passion was dynamite. And she had a number of such loves here."

And she sang songs for them. Her songs were a hit on Triton and elsewhere in the solar system.

She played wildly and taped it and then took the best riffs and composed songs.

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But many here on Triton worshipped the Creator at a massive temple. They said God gave people imagination and inspiration and that set us apart from the animals.

But the girl, Nancy, thought God was created by humans and would have nothing to do with the temples.

Some even said we were all just holograms in the machine.

But she discounted that.

But finally, there was a new King on Triton of a population of 40,000 in the year 2150.

And the new King said he was the Love King and announced, “That people must be less serious under the new laws, and more loving.”

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And Nancy, she gave birth in the test tube/incubator baby. She was sure of the father, but he didn't take it seriously, in the spirit of the times. So, she had to raise my daughter by herself. But she had lots of help from child services and then nursery-school teachers.

And it was a new trend to fly with a backpack of levitation. People dropped from the sky to Earth, sometimes they were welcome, sometimes not.

But it was upsetting to society. And many people had sex while levitating.

She invested in levitation pack stocks and made a fortune as everyone wanted to try it.

And people “swarmed” together in great love-ins.

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And then one day she met a man who said, “Let’s go deep into Space, just you and me, and we will have hundreds of children.” He was one of the Solar System’s richest people and so could afford passage for them both. She rushed in and said, “Why not?”

They went on a two-year journey, 100 light years away from Earth. The voyage was a bit rocky with cabin fever, but once they arrived at the Earth-like Planet, they were busy with children. The idea was for the children to love one another. Incest didn’t matter as all babies were profiled on computer before being born.

And the babies just took 3 years to grow up and were given many memories of their parents to inspire them. Every youth was

given a role in the grand script of things. Some were cleverer than others.

Soon we had thousands of children and thousands of grandchildren. And many more descendants. And they thought it was great!

CALL GIRL IN SPACE

She gave me a sweet massage and we were both covered in oil and I nailed her up the ass. It was very satisfying. Positively electric.

I took her with me to Space, Planetoid X. It turned out that a lot of people here were psycho.

They didn't say that in the e-brochure and it was hard to get information about Space. Any way, we'd come all this way and were determined to enjoy it. The music, movies and paintings they made were all discordant and bizarre. And Mind Reading Technology (MRT) was legal here. So, we got in the minds of these people passively and discovered they were really crazy. And 25% of the people here were in jail. Fortunately, about half

the people here were sane and with most of the completely crazy in jail, so society was able to function.

And one night three crazies broke into our hotel room, but I gunned them down. My mate was spooked and said, "Let's go elsewhere." When the ambulance came the attendants told us, "Some people here took 'Crazies,' which were pills that made one completely insane and caused them to hallucinate."

So, we decided to leave on the next ship out, but we were told that the next ship wasn't due for two months. And hence we were marooned.

But many people told me in confidence that I'd done the right thing in killing the intruders and they wanted to befriend us.

So, we partied with some of them, but it soon became apparent they were psycho too and wanted to rape my mate. So, we got out of these parties fast.

I wondered why there were so many psycho people here, on this Planetoid? One girl said, "There were secret websites that recruited psychotic people."

And they didn't have eternal youth here like Earth did, but we had a supply of eternal youth medication to last us a year.

But then one day a ship came from Planetoid Pluto, which was a surprise. But they said they were fleeing a nuclear power plant disaster, and all were infected with very high levels of radiation.

Planetoid X took them in, but they had to agree on a temporary quarantine while they developed their stocks in anti-radiation medication. They were glad to be here. And the psychos were glad too as these people were fresh prey.

The newcomers were 40 in number but 10 died the first week they were here. After that things stabilized.

We, my mate and I, purchased their vessel and took it to Europa, Jupiter's Moon.

Europa was paradise by comparison, and we had a lot of nice long baths and there was high oxygen in the air which gave us more energy than usual.

But Europa was a hotbed for radicals fleeing Earth. Most of them had extreme political views but here on Europa a mainstream government ruled and that kept the peace.

6,000 of the 35,000 people here were radicals and I, in particular, was interested in the Fashion Party. I figured I was able to follow the latest fashion in this World of future madness. Some said it was low brow, but I enjoyed women's fashion in particular. Clothes made the woman.

Europa was a main stop on inter-system shuttle destinations. 200 docked here per year.

Many tourists came looking for fun in the bathhouses and going in a submarine down to the depths of the ocean to see the freak creatures.

And UW (United Worlds) police kept the peace on Europa and elsewhere. And were known now to expand beyond the solar system. I asked them, "What about Planetoid X?" They said they didn't have the resources to police such an out of the way orb.

And UW police said, on Earth radicals were arrested, but if they went to space, they were golden.

The parliament on Europa had banned superhuman developments including super androids, holograms, cyborgs and supercomputers. All these were now common in Space...

But everyone here was into drugs of pleasure. Some of the drugs allowed people to work at their jobs, only in ecstasy. Others were mostly out of it on opiates.

Some said, Space was out of control...

But others said, Space was a safety valve for radicals and new technology buffs. Time would tell, but I figured it would end badly

for Earth and Space. There were too many problems amongst humans and other sentient creatures.

ALONE TOGETHER

She and I were a great couple on Earth but on Barnyard's Star system outlying Planet we had a lot of problems with our relationship.

We were the only two people on this cold Planet, Lorax.

And soon after we got here, we were at each other's throats. And no one came to join us like we hoped.

We were each afraid the other would kill the other.

We killed time during our job which was to harvest water from this stingy planet, I spent time playing video games and she read books.

We only had sex once a week now whereas before, on Earth, we had loved each other constantly.

But I think we could both admit, to be alone here, without the other, would lead to even worse cabin fever.

We got no support from the main planet in the system, we just had to keep producing water for their ships which came once a week.

And we had foolishly signed a two-year contract when we were in love on Earth. And now were trapped for what seemed like an eternity.

Finally, after a few months here, she said, "You need to leave me!" I had been half-expecting that. So I took our shuttle to the main planet in the system without even saying good-bye.

And I reflected that true love could not survive the rigors of deep Space...

It was a fine line between love and hate.

PLAYING GOD

I said to the girl, let's play God and divide the malleable population into two camps, and have a good war.

She asked, "How should we divide them?"

I said, "How about communists and fascists?" She said, "That's all been done!" So then I suggested, "What about those who want to go to Space to find God and those who want to stay on Earth." She said, "That could work, I think!"

So, as it happened, the populace went for it and divided into two camps. The space-goers wanted to spend 33% of GDP on Space, the Earth-bound people wanted zero to be spent on Space.

Each side built up militias and arrested opposing leaders and then it got really nasty.

It was all just a game to me and the girl.

Finally, it was all out war and as it turned out the pro-Space party won out. We were both rooting for them, and so were pleased. And we took over the leadership of the Space party.

I said, "The future belongs to the cleverest. For people like you and me, it is all very simple.

People are like putty in our hands. There are a number of other people who are as clever as us, but they are not so ruthless and authoritarian. We've set ourselves up as virtual Gods of War. And many people worshipped us at our temples."

We forced other clever people to worship at our temples too, or face death. Everyone had to toe the line.

We publicly executed several hundred dissenters and that taught clever people to stay away from politics. It had to be done.

And we authorized people to create art and movies about us two Gods. And scientists were told what they could or could not discover. But eternal youth was at the top of our list and once they'd invented it, everyone was very pleased. Even the hopeless saw a light at the end of the tunnel. More and more people were committing suicide at our temples however, but we didn't feel sorry for them. It was just life.

But to play God was a dangerous game and there were a lot of ruthless individuals that wanted the power we had as puppet masters.

We figured we were among the cleverest, but not the cleverest. But, we ruthlessly safeguarded our positions as virtual Gods and this made all the difference.

We were unofficially the leaders of this World and we had connections in high places, who followed our whims and executed our demands.

After the Great War we wondered what to do next. The girl, my love, told me, “To start another war.” I said, “If you didn’t have something to fight about, you weren’t alive.”

So I said, “Let’s divide the World into three camps: those who are backwards and old-fashioned, and those who were for ultra-progress and those who wanted to continue as we were going.”

She said, “It’s all been done before, but it is something to keep us busy, manipulating the populace.”

And so there was a three-pronged war!

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And so it went with us. We ruled for 100’s of years and fulfilled every one of our wildest dreams of conflict amongst humans.

ROCK STARS TAKE OVER

I said to the girl, “Let’s be rock stars and take over the World!”
She said, “Why not?”

We were both geniuses, so the music came easily and we harmonized very well together. After the release of our first album, we quickly had hundreds of millions of fans. And soon we had formed the “Rock Party,” a political party based on our music.

She said rock almost took control in the 1960’s, and it seems to me they all lost it on drugs and sex. Drugs in particular. But it soon became apparent that most of our followers took a lot of drugs and all drugs had been legalized by us as leaders of the predominant political party... But they were mostly on heroin and other opiates.

I said, “Drugs and rock go hand in hand.” She said, “Drugs are ruining our movement. Everyone is on something!”

I said, “It’s true that everyone is becoming a hedonist, but perhaps it is destiny.”

And she and I were both addicted to heroin. We felt we had to keep pace with society.

But some people were appalled by this World of lotus eaters and demanded we reverse course. But it was too late for that. Most were already addicted.

So those who were enemies of the Rock Party, gradually went to Space. Good riddance, we thought.

And we kept a heroin army of people to fight against possible attack from the dissidents in Space. So far they'd repulsed several attacks. Our generals were cleverer than those in Space. And the generals had plenty of money for their new weapons.

Most of the generals were sober and able and fought our wars on behalf of us. But many of them were looking for opportunities to usurp us. But we fended off challenge after challenge and proved ourselves able, despite our addiction.

We said, let it rock!

RABBITS

Bunnies started appearing by the 1000s in our city. They came out at night and it was surreal.

And they ravished our gardens so, some people shot some bunnies. Girls dressed as Playboy bunnies were all in vogue.

Through Mind Reading Technology (MRT), the bunnies said they wanted to be human. So, one scientist created a rabbit head with a human body. And then had sex with it.

I had a few pet bunnies that I let run all around my house. They liked to watch my wife and I make love.

Our rabbits said through MRT that they wanted drugs like heroin. So, I managed to procure the drugs. Then the bunnies said they were content.

And the bunnies would occasionally swarm together in a rabbit orgy.

And one female bunny said, "Give her a body so she could love me." So one day whilst drunk I authorized a body for her and then another day whilst drunk I loved her. And I impregnated her. When the baby was delivered it looked mostly human only had whiskers and big ears. I vowed to stop drinking.

Friends told me I was a freak. And I found such comments to be depressing and disappointing.

But bunny humans were infiltrating every aspect of modern life and tried to stop other animals from rising to power.

And the bunny humans stopped people from eating real meat. Only stem cell synthetic meat was to be eaten. But they knew that their enemies wanted to cook up the bunnies and dance for joy. So, they were careful to try and destroy those opposed to bunny culture.

Rabbit culture involved near constant sex and only that. The bunny humans tried to love every type of human with varying success. But finally, these rabbits took power by force in a population of sybarites and ruled by decree. Most humans thought it was an outrage, but the vast majority were totally out of it on new-opiates, and didn't really care.

I said, "Imagine that, a race of neo-bunnies controlling the Earth!"

PLANET CURIE

The girl and I agreed nature here on Planet Curie, was beautiful. It was a pink World with a pink sky, pink mountains and pink flora.

But I was one of the geo-architects entrusted with terraforming the Planet. I said blue and green are the colors of the future.

She said, "Living here under the dome, it was beautiful." But I said, "It was kind of cramped in the dome and I had cabin fever." She said, "Everyone under the dome had at least 300 square feet and it was plenty of room to live."

It was 100 degrees F outside, quite pleasant only one couldn't breathe the air.

I was changing H₂O to H and O₂ and CO₂ to C and O₂ with my atmospheric factory.

We went outside with oxygen masks/tanks for picnics and secret love rendez-vous.

And we rowed colorful boats on the various lakes here, it was very romantic and relaxing.

Her latest book was about superhumans who could survive in inhospitable climes rather than using androids, holograms or cyborgs.

I said, "It sounds good to me."

I loved her; I had come from another galaxy to be with her. It was true love.

And I liked her book about superhuman architecture.

And her book about superhuman love also appealed to me.

Love with her was beyond good, it was really deep.

I suggested we collaborate on a project in which we detail superhuman perversity.

Superhumans liked pain and pleasure and had a high pain threshold.

And she introduced me to a superhuman 12' tall woman. I was only 6'6, but she had control of her vaginal muscles and it was good loving. Her eyes sparkled and she told me stories of the future featuring giants and other mythical creatures.

The giantess told me she lived in a tower in the clouds. And she said, "Why don't you put your brain in a giant body? It is a type of cloning," she said.

I chose a body from millions of hypothetical giant bodies and kept my face, only enlarged.

Then I returned to my former lover as a normal man and asked her, "What other superhuman perverse thoughts do you have?" She said, "For example, superhumans will have the ability to call out for an orgy at any place at any time. And sex-crazed superhumans would appear."

"And," she said, "Superhumans will worship phallic Gods. Both male and female will worship them."

And I asked her, "What colors do you like, other than pink?" She answered, "She liked azure but was tired of green." I said, "As you wish I will turn all the neo-plants into azure blue.

"I hope you are happy," I said.

She replied, “She had yet to meet a man who could satisfy her completely, but I came close.”

A PASSION FOR MAGIC

I said to the crowd, “Get your hands together for the incredible Jim Bean!” Bean was a modern day magician. He started with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and read the minds of some of the audience. MRT was still highly experimental, but it seemed to work. And he announced his MRT subject’s hopes and desires and for some it was embarrassing.

Next he utilized the equally untested eternal youth to change a gnarled and withered old man, into a youthful individual in just 5 minutes. The audience oohed and aahed.

Then he turned a beautiful woman into a giant toad which jumped around the stage and obeyed his commands.

And then he brought down the sun (the show was outdoors) in which the sun was enlarged and heated up to 120 F and everyone was temporarily blinded. Make it stop some said.

And he turned an elephant into a snake.

And he imagined God was here. He said, "God give us gold!"
And a pile of what appeared to be gold bars appeared.

And God said, from the sky seemingly, "That he wanted peace on Earth!"

And then he cloned himself twice seemingly, as if they were identical twins. They started out as babies, but grew to full stature in 10 minutes. Then he created miniature versions of himself who danced around the stage.

Then he used ventriloquism to throw his voice all around the stadium.

Then he announced he was "Jesus II," and he touched some of the sick in the audience and they were instantly healed.

And next he was hit by lightning and disappeared.

After the show some people came backstage and gave him cash in exchange for being tutored as a magician. But he took their money and disappeared from this megalopolis. The show had been live for an audience of 3 billion and earned him a total of 1 trillion dollars. People said, he went to space. But no one was sure.

But he set the standard for modern day magicians. And they furthered his ideas using new technology. To many, science seemed like magic anyway.

Some people even thought it was a magic World. In which almost anything you wanted, could appear and disappear.

TALES OF HORROR AND MADNESS

And then I met a man who had written some “Tales of Horror and Madness.” I said, “What are your latest stories?”

He said, “Once there was a woman who was very self-destructive and cut her face and body with a knife and didn’t seek medical help and so had a number of scars.”

“And one day she went about slashing women’s faces. As a result, she was charged with multiple counts of assault.”

“While in jail she slashed some other women and so her jail sentence was increased.”

“So, she would never get out of jail.”

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“And then there was once a rich, obese lady. She weighed 500 pounds. And she had a boyfriend who just wanted her money. So, he poisoned her slowly and the doctor told her, her problems were weight related. So finally, she was dead and he had made sure he was the only beneficiary in her will. Many people were suspicious of him as he had mistreated her, she had claimed. But anyway, he took the money and ran.”

“This happened just before Mind Reading Technology (MRT) was introduced which solved almost all crimes.”

“And then still not satisfied, he hooked up with a 455-pound woman and she died slowly as well, leaving him a large inheritance also.”

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“Then there was an evil man who rode a kite surfer out to sea and finally docked with a yacht owned by a retired couple. They welcomed him aboard, but he produced a gun and tied them up. But he got them to give him the combo lock code of their safe and got gold and cash. Then he produced a legal document that they both signed giving him ownership of the yacht. So, then he handcuffed them (he’d brought handcuffs with him in his

backpack, so he intended to commit a crime) and dumped them into the ocean after spreading lots of blood in the water.”

“Then he sailed the boat to the Cayman Islands, where they didn’t look too closely into one’s finances. Once in port he changed the ship’s name from ‘Voyager 16’ to ‘Wave Rider.’”

“And he lured a local prostitute to his boat where he raped her and handcuffed her to the boat and stuffed her mouth with a cloth. Finally, he tired of her and dumped her in the sea one day while he was out sailing. Then he did the same with another prostitute and then another. And then wearing a balaclava he robbed local nightspots and disappeared on stolen motorcycles... But finally, he was seen with a girl and the police landed on him like a tornado. They found DNA of the missing women and arrested him. He never got out of prison.”

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I said, “Your tales of horror are quite ordinary and listless.” He said, “That’s just it! Horror is ordinary. And crime is increasing, and people are dying in horrific ways.”

WORST NIGHTMARES

So, I asked the girl, “What is your worst nightmare?” She responded saying, “I fear a day will come soon where people will not need one another and love androids and holograms instead.

And she asked me, “About my worst nightmare?” I replied, Mind Reading Technology (MRT) will all be controlled by the spies and will give them full control of society. Every human will be their slave.”

“And everyone would be driven mad and unable to function properly.”

She said, “Maybe both our worst nightmares will come to pass.” I asked her, “What other things are you afraid of?” She said, “I fear people will never stop fighting. Just like with WW III and WW IV.”

I replied yes, “The specter of war is with us, especially in Space where it is largely lawless and wild.”

And I said, “I also fear one day I will wake up in Virtual Reality and I won’t be able to come back.” And I added, “I also fear eternal youth medicine will be taken away and we will all suddenly wither and die.”

She added, “She feared the new plagues that were happening. They were all deviously engineered by amoral scientists to mutate constantly and were hard to defend against and no one had natural immunity.”

“Yes,” I said, “I too worry about the plague. And I also worry about a brain drain of our best minds to space. It seems our best minds want pioneering challenges and New Worlds.”

She said, “Yes and I worry about our children, having to grow up in such a challenging World. In fact, sometimes this World is positively adversity pure and simple.”

I said, “Yes, but adversity can be good for one’s development.” She answered, “But kids these days don’t even have a development period. They are saturated with knowledge 24/7 and grow up physically and mentally in just a few years.”

I said, “Yes and I fear life is out of our control. It is chaos, and the hackers will take over life as we know it.”

She said, “Yes and I worry about everyone being addicted to drugs of pleasure and don’t care about anything.”

She said, “We could go on all day talking about our fears, but perhaps the greatest fear of all is fear itself. It’s unproductive to worry and will get one banished for overdoing hyper-worrying.”

CYBORG HEAVEN

I said to the girl, Tina, "I recognize you, you are an Olympic Virtual Diver!" She said, "Many people tell her, her face is impossible to forget." And many people watched Virtual sports on TV.

But she said, "Its all body and mind control to be the best and she practiced for hours everyday."

The Olympics had changed, now instead of steroid freaks, the athletes were all cerebral. They controlled their Virtual bodies with their mind directly.

Tina, she was a sex machine. A cyborg, she looked fully human but had superhuman powers. Like super vision, super concentration, hyper-sensitivity, enhanced smelling ability, and greater pleasure with touching such as sex and had memories of many humans in one. And enhanced hearing. And functioned at 110% capacity. And telekinesis and telepathy. The cyborgs communicated with telepathy and built with telekinesis ability. And they had super strength and stamina and were energetic lovers.

And could multitask quite easily. And there were various apps to improve one's brain.

Love with her was a series of electrical shocks that were both pleasurable and painful at the same time.

Quite addictive.

She said, "She enjoyed giving men pleasure. Life is all about sex," she said.

She said, "Her heart rate was 160 beats per minute which gave her a lot of energy and she was hooked up to a tiny battery in her head, that gave her brain more energy."

Life with her was feverish and fast and I could hardly keep up with her. She said, "Her best skill was imagination," and I believed it.

And she told me about, "Cyborg heaven full of cyborg heroes, many 'docked' with the supercomputers there and so had a 'multiple being.' There was a strict hierarchy with cyborgs in heaven. The most imaginative ruled and led the others on all sorts of mad adventures...

The cyborgs didn't need to sleep and ran 24/7. They merged their conscious mind with their subconscious mind and claimed to be well balanced. Many daydreamed of better times...

Some said androids were superior, others claimed holograms were the best. Still others said supercomputers were the future.” But she claimed, “The future was in cyborgs.”

She said, “Cyborgs were just the best humans with enhancements. And brains that functioned at 100% + capacity.”

I sensed the cyborgs would win out, so I converted to a cyborg, taking it step by step. Memories of many other cyborgs were accessible to draw on as a sort of encyclopedia.

“I was now a complete man,” she told me.

Unlike holos and androids I could partake in human activities like eating and drinking and real sex.

I said to the cyborg girl, “Tell me something I don’t know!” She said amongst those in cyber heaven are 10 “prognosticators” who can tell you the future. So, I went to them and they were bubbly and full of life and they said cyborgs will tolerate other entities but are destined to take control of Earth and the future. And they went into details saying cyborgs were real humans...

And the natural next step in evolution.

And their bible was the “Cyborg Manifesto.” It was written by some of the leading minds in the cyborg Worlds. It detailed how supercomputers would aid cyborgs in their passionate pursuits.

And ultimately win over most people. At present most (67%) of people were real humans. But the holos and androids were 10 times that number each. The number of cyborgs were 33% of real humans.

Some said there would be war between the differing groups, others insisted on peaceful coexistence.

We cyborgs told the people, "To add cyborg apps gradually and take things at their own pace."

Most people saw the sense in that. But many were addicted to Virtual Reality with holograms or wanted to be androids and colonize space. Most beings in space were androids.

But most humans didn't worry about the future and spent their time having fun. There was no work to do (A.D. 2145) and people indulged in their wildest whims in Reality and Virtual Reality.

As a cyborg I fancied that I was still human...

But there were some cyborgs that were completely computer generated. But all of them believed in gain of one kind or another. Progress in other words.

And cyborgs were greedy for territory and sex partners more so than the others.

And cyborgs could always retire to cyborg Heaven. But I wanted to improve all humans; it was my mission. Some critics said it was like “The Day of the Triffids” or “Invasion of the Body Snatchers,” etc. But we were not aliens, we were all home grown, us cyborgs.

And some cyborgs were programmed with hypnosis, it’s true. But most were open and ready for anything.

We were kind of pushing the envelope with humans to get them to join us cyborgs and still retain control of their minds and yet be part of the future.

And getting back to the diver woman, Tina, I told her “I loved her for introducing me to cyborg existence.” And I said, “She was cleverer than I and I loved her for it.”

She said, “She was greedy for my love. And it would feed her ego.” And so, I loved her, and it was mind blowing.

And she said, “Join me in my mission to convert humans!” I said, “Surely.”

And there was a new type of cyborg with two heads. Two heads are better than one. I said, “I didn’t want to try it.”

But then, she and I, we bought a yacht and sailed all around looking for interesting people to convert or interesting cyborg minds. We circumnavigated the globe. It was very rewarding...

And we converted tens of thousands to the cyborg cause. And many of the converts could see the writing on the wall, which was cyborgs were the future. But we had to compete with missionary androids and holograms who also succeeded in converting countless thousands.

I said, "These conflicting creatures are destined for war on a global scale."

And only a few weeks after I said that there was war in space between 4 groups: humans, cyborgs, androids and holograms. But the victor was the cyborgs. To become a cyborg was acceptable to most humans, whereas androids and holos were quite a significant and detrimental, they thought, jump.

It was comforting to be on the winning side, for me and my cyborg love

FUTURE PLAGUES

It turned out the latest plague infected 50% of the population. And it killed 15%. We all believed it had been a biological weapon

that got loose in the populace and many of my friends and acquaintances died.

In the chaos I got separated from my family and couldn't find them anywhere. People these days changed identities frequently for their own security and I enlisted a P.I. to find my family.

But they were gone. I wondered if maybe they had succumbed to the plague, or at least my wife had, and the kids were now in foster homes.

People vowed that biological weapons must all be destroyed.

But they continued to make them and often let them loose on the populace.

People were living it up anticipating the next plague and threw caution to the winds in their relationships.

I pined for my family and thought about them all the time. We had been so happy together.

It was easy to find lovers these days, and it slowly made me forget my family. And with one woman I even built another family with two twins. But when the twins were only 2 the next plague hit. This time I stayed close to my family even though the government demanded that I fight the creators of this new plague. But I didn't want to fight I just wanted to live in peace. However, finally they

conscripted me, and I had to go. I served one year during which time I killed 18 holos and 4 men. In the end, the enemy was vanquished, and I went back to my family which I had kept in close contact with. The twins were now 3 and called me “Daddy.”

My new wife said, “Frankly she was surprised I had survived the war.” I said, “I have survived 10 plagues in my 25 years of life. I am a survivor, and so are you.”

And by the age of 50, I had survived 17 plagues in total. The population was now down to 1.7 billion and they had cured now most new plagues with an antidote and so the population was beginning to recover. Still, I figured there were too many people on Earth. I wanted to go with my family to Space and get away from the plagues, hopefully. So, we went and took antidotes and lived happily ever after for hundreds of years...

LOVERS OF SANITY

The lovers of sanity ruled. That is not to say that they were sane, only they wished to be. Everyone was required to have a sanity test. If they failed, they needed to see a shrink regularly. It

was no crime to be crazy, but crime in general was punished severely, often with video evidence and the death penalty. Few wanted to die in these exciting times.

It was an enlightened age. And an inspirational time.

Generally speaking, madness was an anathema though and many people feared this crazy World would drive them insane. They took tranquilizers and “Sanity drugs.” Sanity drugs made one prone to “normal behavior.” Aberrant behavior was not possible with sanity drugs.

The sanity drugs limited one’s imagination and worries. One didn’t feel worried about the future on sanity drugs.

Opponents of sanity drugs said they were like a lobotomy and took away what made us all human: our imagination.

But in the year 2065, twenty per cent of people took sanity drugs and these people tended to move into new buildings together as a group of equals and friends. Many new buildings were like this.

And then the sane ones pooled their resources and bought half of the Planet Mercury for their own exclusive habitation. But many couldn’t handle the rigors of space and had to be committed. When this type of human went crazy, they always needed rehab. In the asylum.

But in time Mercury became known for its ordinary people drama. How ordinary people made it all the way to space and had to fight off madness as if it were a cancer.

In 2067, there were 2,000 “sane” people living on Mercury including many of the leaders of the sane movement. They said they would survive while the mad people would self-destruct. There were also 2,000 people who admitted they were crazy. They were in the crazy half of the Planet...

The lovers of sanity wanted everyone to visit a shrink a few times a week. But crazy people wanted to be wild and free, and laughed at sanity as the craziest state of mind of all.

AN ARCHITECT OF THE FUTURE

She said, “You had better pick yourself up from the ground.” I said, “My ex lover took me here to Mars and then stole all my credits and left me, marooned. I had no trade, having inherited the money and was basically unemployable like many people today. I’d never be able to raise the money for a ticket back to Earth.”

She said, “There’s plenty of opportunity here on Mars. Just get some brain apps to develop useful job skills...”

Finally, my mind was rearranged, and I was given an architect’s memories. And worked as a sub architect here on Mars. And I kind of grew to like the place. I knew all the 50,000 people here.

I designed free flowing shapes and forms and my work was praised by the architectural community.

Then I designed a home for my new lover and I designed a three story building featuring long, thick Douglas fir beams with cedar across the beams and outside rough limestone rough hewn masonry with lots of windows on a downwards hill so a covered wood bridge from the aircar port to the door looking out the back on a $\frac{3}{4}$ acre with a stream and wildness. Five bedrooms, a workshop and several party rooms. The basement walls were covered in cork. Abstract art adorned the walls. Comfortable new age furniture...

Many people said my home looked like something devised by Frank Lloyd Wright. And many wanted to come over and party. It was all fashion...

Then I was selected to design a new city on Mars. I started with City Hall which was 3 globes hovering in the air and interconnected by a bridge. Then I developed the arena which

had a free-flowing roof and walls with capacity for 20,000. Next, I designed some pubs which were neon colors and staff uniforms that were neon green and orange. All the customers were “lit up,” with a halo, an aura.

Then I designed the New Age Church which resembled a casino of new videos all in rows and a ceiling that was free flowing.

And many came to the city to see the gorgeous architecture and hob nob with the people of the city, who were known for their art. Art galleries were good architecture and abundant here. Such as cubism and triangles intermixed with other shapes. Many wanted to buy an original piece of art which enriched the city. And all new developments had to go through my office, such as palaces and skyscrapers, which we did quite a good job on, altering them to suit us.

Some said, “They were tired of phallic architecture, but we said tall buildings gave greater glory to mankind.

This city was known as “God’s Land City.”

After that I was in demand all over the solar system and designed thousands of buildings and I figured I was a great success story from Mars.

I was living my wildest dream.

MATCHMAKER MACHINE (ANOTHER ONE)

I said to the matchmaker machine, "Find me a woman who is totally the opposite from me for me to love." "That's a tall order," said the supercomputer. But it produced Samantha at the airport. I met her and we argued about everything. I said, "I just wanted to get my kicks," and she said, "She wanted to please the God of sex." I asked, "Do you worship this God?" "No," she said, "Worshipping Gods\Goddesses is passe. We just admire the deities and try and emulate them."

And I asked her, "What does your God do for you?" She said, "God had given her a brain app that increased her intelligence from a mediocre mind to a virtual genius. Gods have made us into Gods ourselves," she said. I said, "You surprize me with your talk of Gods and Goddesses." And she said, "When we die our soul will live on in Heaven or Hell or both. Your soul will be sucked up as you die."

And I asked her, "What does the future hold for humans?" She said, "There will be wars, but as always there will be survivors. There're too many people anyway."

I said, “You know there can never be enough humans. To be human is to be great!”

She said, “The future will feature all sorts of fantasies. And you will be there!”

And I asked her, “What is the future of love?” She said, “She would never stop loving, but most futurians will love the State and do its bidding. And the state will give us better love drugs.”

“Future people won’t believe in love,” just sex, she said.

I said, “On the contrary, most people will live for love. Sexual love, brotherly love, love of country, love of eternal life and so on...”

“But families will be forbidden,” she said, “Your children and spouse would not know you.”

I said, “Maybe that’s the trend, but we can always push it back.” “She said, “She didn’t know if she wanted the bother of raising kids and playing silly games with them.” But, “She liked the idea of having descendants to carry here genes onwards. And many people felt the same way.”

I tried to love her, but she insisted on being on top. I said, “Now you are the one who is just out to get your kicks!”

Anyway, I was tired of arguing with her (we argued for hours about everything) and so I left her. “Good riddance,” she said.

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Then another lover generated by the computer. She said, “I know I have a clever face, but I am not that clever. Most of my lovers were famous or semi-famous and liked my look.”

And she told me “To use and abuse her.”

But she was a wild woman in bed. She told me, “She was just like a pent- up wild animal.”

I asked her, “Where will you be in 20 years?” She said, “Probably a rich escort of the highest caliber.”

She said, “She was an actress and understood all women and could play the role as any woman!” I said, “I haven’t seen any of your movies.” She said, “Her favorite role was as ‘The Daydreamer.’” “In that movie she played a girl whose every wish was granted in Virtual Reality.”

She said, “She liked me and asked me, ‘What is your dream?’”

I said, “I dream of being the World’s most famous author!” She said, “Let it be.” And I was transported to a Virtual World where all the holos played roles of important humans and all were really into me and wanted my autograph.

Finally, I tired of these sycophants and left this World.

She said, "Isn't my daydream machine wonderful?"

I said, "I guess you have to be careful what you wish for!"

And I said, "Your World made me feel like I was senile and didn't know what was going on!" She said, "But you could get used to it, right?"

And I sang, "Dream a little dream of me!"

She said, "You are so atavistic. A regular Neanderthal."

And she said, "She planned to expand her dream World to a billion holograms. Her daddy was a multi-zillionaire, so she could afford it."

Her dream company was listed on the UW (United Worlds) stock market and was worth over a zillion dollars. Most of the big corporations were related to automation, Virtual Reality and computers. Old-fashioned companies had ceased to exist.

I told the girl, "I had an APM (Automatic Production Machines) company and we should merge our companies," I said.

She said, "She knew all about my company. It was on the leading edge of progress. And she would be pleased to join with me."

#

Then the machine set me up with a dancer. I told her, "Dancing is foolish." So she danced for me and was kind of creative but in the end it was just the same moves over and over again. But she said, "Each move has meaning," and she gave me her new book, "The Meaning of Dance Moves." I said, "Interesting. You are single-handedly changing the nature of modern dance and making it intellectual. Congratulations."

She said, "What do you do?" I said, "I write books."

I said, "I write books of madness and fear." She said, "She often felt like she was going crazy and was afraid for the future.

She said, "But you aren't famous." I said, "I am a high intellectual and my books are just for the elite. I think that everyone is going crazy with fear about today and the future. And no one is happy. We live in a Dystopia."

She said, "Sure the government is not on the side of the people, but only cares about their cronies." I said, "The government is diametrically opposed to the people's sanity. And wants people to worry about their mental health. Even providing free shrinks for free for the masses. And the shrinks just make it worse."

She said, "I used to laugh at mental illness. But when it happened to me, I changed my tune. Now I believe mental health

is the most important thing in our daily lives.” I said, “There’s no disgrace in madness. It can be quite creative and is certainly unpredictable.”

And I said, “You do not seem to be the opposite of me, but rather a kindred spirit.” She said,

“Computers know best. Her computer had set her up with me telling her I was a good lover, but crazy.”

So, we got it on and she tried to be crazy passionate but I felt she was just faking it.

I asked her, using a lie detector, “If she was really into me?” And she replied, “Yes, I made her crazy!”

JUST ANOTHER SLAVE TO THE CORPORATION

I was just another slave to the Corporation. The Corporation controlled all aspects of my life such as finding me a mate, giving me occasional luxuries and plenty of good drugs. Like the others I was willing to lay down my life if the Company required it.

But the corporation had no rivals or competition and were effectively the government. Nearly everyone was satisfied with their position in the great Company, but there were always a

handful of dissenters. Dissenters lost their job and had to exist as beggars in the streets. I took pity on some of these homeless and let them stay at my place. They were very grateful to me as it was a cold clime. But when the Corporation heard about it, they called me in for an interview and I simply said, “They were human beings.” They talked among themselves for a few minutes and then told me, “I could go but don’t let in any more homeless.” I knew that they wanted the homeless on the streets so that everyone would be glad they weren’t like them.

Anyway, the five homeless, 3 women and 2 men plotted together to tyrannize the regime with terroristic tactics and try to overthrow the Company. I said, “They are watching you, you’ll never get away with it. They said they were all skilled at using computers and their leader said he was the best computer scientist in the World today.

So, they took action and suddenly the Company’s automated systems started to malfunction, but they made it look like an inherent system flaw. Finally, the system shut down and people were out in the streets demanding food, drink and drugs. The Company used its elite guard to use water cannon and tear gas on the protestors, but this only fanned the flames of dissent. In the

end the Company leadership abdicated and fled for some tiny island in the South Pacific.

And the five dissidents and I said, “We can fix the system if you allow us to be rulers. The people had no other option. And many believed we were behind the global meltdown. But anyway, we restored the automatic system. But then we broke up the company into thousands of parts all in competition with one another. And we resurrected the Arts, which had disappeared many years ago. So too science.”

Many people applied to us to be an artist or scientist and we hired most of them and put them to work. Those who were less skilled worked in jobs like lighting and make up in the arts and guinea pigs for the best scientists. But we welcomed free speech and that was something almost everyone agreed was good.

I wrote the “Rise and Fall of the Corporation.” I detailed the numerous abuses with help from victims of the regime and wrote, “The Corporation was doomed to fall eventually. And it will happen again if we aren’t vigilant about free speech.”

And we taxed the companies heavily to pay for our high standard of living for everyone. But the new companies still mostly got rich. And many donated money to charity. And there were no more poor and no one slipped through the cracks of society.

And people were now free to open small businesses. And the big companies were prohibited from buying them out, we decreed.

We vowed in the future big companies would have limited political power. And were prohibited from their CEOs taking political power.

And there were to be no more wage slaves. Everyone got a good living wage.

And people were in a party mood. These were euphoric times, of dog eat dog competition and vast treasures to be won. But everyone was a winner, these days.

WW III: THE AFTERMATH

Peaceful people were all shocked when WW III finally happened in 2045. They couldn't believe the World leaders could be so foolhardy. Everyone was conscripted to help in the War effort and some peace hippies refused to serve and so were executed. On their death chair they remarked things like, they should have

taken power themselves whilst they had the chance and don't trust politicians. And so on.

Anyway, the World burned and afterwards the population was just 1% of the previous population of 15 billion humans. We learned this later from the ham radio...

In our group of 12, there were 5 women and 7 men. Four of the women were spoken for and the other was the prostitute of the group. But we came to blows over the women... We were located in the far north of Canada... And 2 men were killed in our infighting. After that we all agreed we would head for Edmonton and get booze and drugs there. We had enough fuel to get there and back.

We found the city levelled and there was no life here. We figured it was dangerous from the radiation, so we didn't linger. We found a tourist's map of the city and it detailed where the bars were. Digging down in the rubble we found a lot of booze. Far more than we had room for in our 5 SUVs. We were going to try the health clinics for drugs but decided it was too dangerous to keep searching here.

We went back to our hamlet, and lived it up for a while...

Some of us wanted to go somewhere warm, but the majority wished to stay put in a 7:3 vote.

Then finally we set up a ham radio station and immediately got in touch with other survivors in Canada and elsewhere.

They told us the space colonies were still there and thriving even though their ships had all been destroyed in the War.

Still they played hit songs on the radio and we were inspired to ask if we could join them. They said, "It was a long journey to just outside NYC where they were based, and the roads were fraught with robbers. Better to stay put," they said.

As time went by, we fell into communication with another hamlet, Lake Louise in Alberta and moved to join them. We were now 99 in number so almost a village.

But Rome wasn't rebuilt in a day. And it would take centuries to recover we figured. But progress was swift, and clones of the best were born, and this pumped up the population too.

Then an airline happened and connected various groups of survivors and the Internet was restored by geniuses.

Fifty years later...

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I was now 75 years old. But we had invented eternal youth which the previous regimes didn't seem to have. And I looked like I was twenty. I thought the sky was the limit provided we elected only

peace-loving people. People were having dozens and dozens of babies each through the test tube.

The World population had increased from 150 million to 3 billion in the fifty-five years since the meltdown/War.

Everyone seemed to be pleased.

And so progress marched on once again in this New World.

But I reflected, it had always been cycles of boom and bust. Good times and bad times.

But 99% were against war of any kind now. And it seemed we would have an epoch of peace.

But that 1% of war mongers were determined to start wars and had wars in Virtual Reality. Such Worlds were forbidden, by the new government. Henceforth there was to be no violence of any kind.

FUTURE OF SUMO

It was a Sumo wrestling game with both male and female fatsos trying to win. But it was known they were so fat the males needed to wear dildo penis extensions in order to penetrate their fat Sumo

lovers. And they had ultra large bidets to clean their ass many times in a day.

They could have taken anti-fat pills but loved being grossly obese and shocking everyone with their size. And they could always get new stem cell organs to keep them going. So there was no bad effects to being super obese.

And most winners were now fat Americans. Americans were on the whole the fattest people in the World. Most took anti-fat pills, but a lot of them thought nature was best and didn't want to take medicine of any kind. Except for "fat pills," to bulk up.

"Fat is good," they said.

And the Sumo wrestlers became fatter and fatter. Soon they weighed in at 1,000 pounds. It was a huge freak show most people said. And the vast majority didn't watch their bouts.

And they had a lot of problems with their health. But they had eternal youth, just like everyone else. And could easily replace organs. But finally, the new government proclaimed Sumo to be a banned sport. But this only forced the Sumo movement underground, away from the prying eyes of the law. Famous Sumo wrestlers went from door to limo to door of the venue, and were seldom seen in public. But 2% of the population, were really

into Sumo and most of these people were freaks of one kind or another. It was a freak show, this World.

FUTURE VIDEO GAMES

The girl and I we played “Civilization MCIII,” it was the latest video game Virtual Reality. She and I were a tandem and we built our army of holos and equipped them with the latest lasers and anti-laser technology. And our ace in the hole was the new death ray from satellites that was a dynamite killer. It wasn’t long before we waged war on our neighboring “countries,” and we emerged victorious. And we introduced the latest in French culture to our new citizens and everyone was content. It was high civilization, we thought. We thought of ourselves as the new Napoleons.

Most video games these days were violent just as they had been for years and years. But then an upstart nation of androids was there, and they vanquished all holos they encountered.

Finally, they conquered our kingdom and reduced us to slaves. We wanted to leave this World, but the teleport key was 1000s of

km/miles away. And we were in chains. And we were common slaves.

We were trapped here forever and after a few years, finally took our own lives... in a death pact.

That is, all except for me. I didn't swallow the death pills. And so was still alive. I didn't mind being alone and enjoyed the myriad video games.

SEEDS ON BARREN GROUND

I knew that some good people had bad luck and were seeds thrown on barren ground, so to speak, and needed help. So, I set up a charity called the "Bad Luck Club." The Club loved and cared for unfortunate humans, and there were a lot of them.

Our charity was different in that the leader, myself, was a genius and recognized clever people easily. We wanted to help all the downtrodden but especially the cleverest.

And we introduced to our sufferers, new drugs that would enhance their kindness ability.

And we promised each of them that we would find kindred spirits to love them. We recruited millions to help our charity...

I said, "The future is charity and kindness. Not some crazy superhuman shit."

But my latest love said, "Some people are lucky, and some are not. It's just the way life is!"

I said, "Life is kindness, if we make it so!"

She said, "I think we should try and attract the best minds to work on our charity Club. These days of automation give people plenty of spare time for good projects."

And I said, "We should also try to attract the most beautiful people to make people want to join the club and meet them. Good love will cheer up even the most downtrodden, so we'll have a lot of sexy sex workers in the Club."

"And we'll have plenty of psychiatrists available to help those in the Club."

"And we'll build grand new buildings which will house our Club members with party rooms in the basements. People will be able to meet others who have had bad luck and learn their story."

She said, "It sounds like paradise for those wounded birds that are everywhere."

And I said, “We can ‘Franchise,’ our club to other people in other places and make it a Worldwide phenomenon.”

It became fashionable to have bad luck and join the Club. People threw caution to the winds, and didn’t worry about their affairs ending in disaster as they could always join the Club.

CASANOVA (AGAIN)

I said to the girl, “I have passions that I cannot control.” “Tell me all about it,” she said.

I replied, “Women of all sorts drive me crazy. I have loved a hundred thousand women in my 100 years of life.”

I said, “Think of me as a modern-day Casanova who loves every woman he sees.”

And I said, “Right now I am in love with you!” “The shape of your body, your clever face, the outstanding taste you have in fashion and your seductive voice...,”

She said, "Flattery doesn't work with me." So, I showed her my large cock. And it made her horny. She said, "I'll love you one time only!"

And so I offered her a number of bedrooms in which to love me. The most popular was the room of mirrors, also the bed of roses, the orgiastic room of masks and the S&M room. She wanted to be loved on the bed of roses.

After a few hours of loving we joined my masquerade ball. We both chose a mask separately and at the ball I recognized her in the tiger costume, but she didn't recognize me in my dog-headed mask.

And after the ball I confided in her that I was getting too old for philandering and wanted to settle down and wanted her to be my lifelong lover. She said, "But I am sure you have a lot of women in mind for 'lifelong lovers.'"

She said, "She had a lie detector, and would I say I loved her more than any other?" I said, "In all honesty, you are the one I love right now." And it was true. She said, "That's good enough for now!"

Why I liked her so much, I didn't know. It must be her look and her mind for sci-fi which we discussed at length in between loving sessions.

And as was my custom, we lived life to the full. We took anti-sleep pills and loved each other around the clock.

And together we experienced various Virtual Reality Worlds...

And she was a great actress...

We liked steamy hot jungle scenes and played different roles like a centaur to a maiden or one dragon to another. Etc.

She said, "You truly are the best lover I have ever encountered." I said, "I figured I was the World's best lover with my passionate technique and brilliant intellect." She said, "You certainly have a big ego..."

I said, "I can satisfy any woman! Even if they don't turn me on much."

She said, "I don't want to share you with others." I said, "Variety is the spice of life. And I would never give up on my philandering ways."

But I said, "I love you!"

And I said, "I want to be on the cover of 'Time Magazine,' as man of the year."

She said, "She liked ambition in a man, but my ego was too large."

I said, "Take me as I am!"

THE SLAVE GAME

I said to the girl let's play a friendly game of "Wish Poker." The game involved raising the stakes to the loser having to give something to the winner. I was dealt a pair of aces and so I bet the loser would have to be the other's slave for a week and she raised it to a year, but when we put her cards down, she had two kings, so I won. How does it feel to be a slave I asked her? I said, "I'll outline your duties in the morning." But when I woke up, I was in chains and I "Demanded she set me free." She said, "You are my slave for all eternity."

And then she handcuffed me and loved me, and I thought it was not so bad but after that she ignored me for two weeks, just gave me food and water once a day. I was so miserable. Even if I managed to kill her and get away, I would have no credits as she had taken all mine. I was on the brink of despair. And she showered me and loved me once a week and after agonizing days, I knew I had been her slave for two years. Still a slave.

I said, "Surely Master, you can give me books to read or video games to play?" But she said, "She wanted me to think about her

all day long.” Finally, I was so bored I chewed one of my pinky fingers off. She dressed the wound and said, “Don’t try to kill yourself.” So, she chained me so I couldn’t bite any part of my body which was a fiendishly clever arrangement.

But then in my third year I managed to grab her jugular with my teeth and held on until she was dead. Her best friend found me the next week and I had lived by sucking my former Master’s blood. Her friend called the police and they came and I told them my story and they believed me as I hadn’t had any bank transactions for more than 2 years and my account had been emptied into her account over 2 years ago.

So, I was finally free and just wanted to retire somewhere quiet, like the beach on Pluto. I had all her money so could afford it.

The beach on Pluto was inside the dome and there was a small lake. I went fishing and scuba diving etc. and drank a lot for my frayed nerves.

But I was very wary of love after my bad experience, but finally I found a new immigrant here that was also fleeing a bad relationship.

And we hit it off and happiness had found me again!

And I asked her, “What she thought of slavery?” And she said, “We should banish wage slaves and sex slaves from the entire World.”

I said, “I concur. Slavery is a hideous thing that demeans people and makes them feel worthless.”

She said, “She didn’t understand why in this day and age, of so-called enlightenment, that slavery still exists.” And she said, “If I was relegated to slavery, I’d kill myself.”

KING OF HIS OWN WORLD

I asked the man, “How does it feel to be King of your own Virtual Reality World?”

He replied, “The holograms in my World are restless and many want to be granted a human body, but I have given them a happy life and tried to explain to them that being human is not all its cracked up to be. And in any case, there is not enough food and resources for gazillions of holos to be set free from the World.”

“But his 5 billion holos were all passionate lovers, they loved one another and some of the females loved him. Even though they were holos, love with them was sublime.”

And he said, “Like most other humans he had an invisible aura around him that protected him from possible attack by holograms.”

Holograms were invented at about the same time as eternal youth (2040s A.D.) and it was an inspirational time to create VR Worlds...

And people these days delighted in inviting guests to their VR Worlds.

His VR Worlds were typically Worlds of war. The holos fought with one another and it didn't matter how many died as they could always be easily replaced. About a half a billion holos died every year in his wars. And 10s of thousands of humans. The wars spilled over into other peoples' worlds Most of his wars featured holo one-man armies who were mercenaries to his various causes and ideas or against them.

He said, “War was good. And people would never stop fighting. If you didn't have anything to fight about then you had no reason to live.”

I replied, “Why not debate it then rather than have wars?”

He said, "On his World people played for all of the marbles. And he was the Master of Reality."

JINX

I said to Lucy, since I met you, "I've had nothing but bad luck. My stocks tanked and I lost my job as a script writer as you wouldn't allow me time to write. And many of my party friends had given up on me as hopeless. And my occasional lovers too all disappeared from my life. I did it all for you," I said.

She said, "But I was lucky to have met her and by the way fetch her another drink."

I said, "You make me miserable!" She answered, "You know that isn't true. You are in love for the first time, only this and nothing more."

And she said, "She'd had a tough life and was pleased to know me..."

And she said, "Her star acting roles had earned her a lot of money and I had some money too." "And we should start a charity

in South America. The people there are passionate but lack opportunity. We would build a factory to design translation machines so that everyone could communicate in English.”

“And she added, all will be given a dream phone so that they can learn/work from home. We can give them used phones from rich countries where people always want the latest model.”

“And we will get local followers in their respective countries to run for office and try to be given the post of “Minister of Productive Development.”

“And we would encourage automation of their economies in South America.”

Our goal will be to wipe out abject poverty in the whole Third World.

And we can raise funds with a 1% tax on all rich countries products to pay for the poor and their rise to productivity.

Today, in the year 2040, the World economy was worth 165 trillion. The richest five people were worth 6 trillion alone.

Everyone was living like Kings thanks in part to us, relatively speaking.

So she ended up as a godsend not a jinx in the end...

She said, “She was my lucky star.”

SOLAR SYSTEM STOCK MARKET

People liked the frontier spirit of Space and now in the year 2187 there were a billion people in the solar system outside Earth and domed cities were sprouting up everywhere. All the top 100 companies on the Solar System Stock Market (SSSM) were based outside Earth and had significant interests in Space. Computer companies including Match Maker machines and Automatic Production Machines (APMs) and Atmospheric Design companies and Dome Building companies and companies who could grow plants in frozen soil or dry soil. And water providing companies which derived water from groundwater and frozen poles/craters and places like Jupiter's Moon Europa which was a frozen ocean. Everyone went to space with 100 gallons of water.

And Stem Cell companies and Cloning companies. And Android companies and Virtual Reality Hologram producers. And Drug companies that produced eternal youth and other medicines like sex enhancers and anti-fat pills.

I invested in APMs, believing that soon all humanity will be liberated from having to work and will be free to pursue happiness with plenty of money. APMs made everyone rich.

I figured APMs had almost overnight eliminated poverty. People could wish for anything they want within reason. And so, everyone was rich relative to the past. But despite all that there was the “Anti-Poverty League” which claimed many people were still poor because they didn’t have the latest luxuries of Space. Most people thought the League was unnecessary, but they continued to poll 25% in the opinion polls. But some cooler heads said that it was Utopia and there was no longer any need to work and everyone was free to indulge in hobbies and pleasure activities. But all agreed it was a World of greed.

And there were dozens of ships leaving for deep space and each voyage had a stock market placing. People gambled on Space real estate and Space development.

It might be a while before their investments bore fruit, but now everyone had eternal youth and had plenty of time to wait for a return on their investments.

But sometimes the new settlements’ people claimed their investors had no true stake in their new World and so the investors all lost out.

One had to do one's research into each Space company's true intentions before investing.

On the SSSM here were 300 Space companies listed. The stocks of least total value were just 100 million dollars. The maximum was 35 trillion. It was the year 2187 and many people got rich off of Space. The government invested countless trillions to build a UW (United Worlds) police force squadron of ships which patrolled space and also the government invested in domed cities infrastructure. Space companies bid for government contracts.

The SSSM went up steadily and had only had a few days of negative growth in the last several years. It had been in operation since 2140

But the Earth government wanted more investment in Earth rather than the Solar System.

But everyone saw land and opportunities in Space and were tired of Earth.

ATTRACTIONS ON VENUS

There were 12 sparkling cities on Venus, and I lived in the capital, Aphrodite City.

There were a number of attractions in the capital including the 250 m (about 250 yards) squared orgiastic statue of the 26 founders. And there were a lot of other statues of famous Venusians, mostly solid gold. One could talk with the various statues in Mind Reading Technology (MRT), as their brain was preserved as android minds.

Then there was the river winding through the city which ended in a glorious waterfall and then was recycled at the other side. The river had bridges, beautiful bridges made of glass and mirrors. It was clean enough to drink.

And the main street was paved with gold.

Artificial sun gave people tans and so everyone was brown or black-skinned.

And for a large fee one could watch the most celebrated couple on Venus making love.

And for an even larger fee one could love one of the pair.

Then there was the Venus orbiter which was known for its orgies in zero gravity.

And then one could tour the thousands of atmosphere factories which turned CO₂ into carbon and oxygen. The atmosphere of Venus was thick with CO₂. Already the factories had reduced pressure in the atmosphere to 500 times that of Earth down from 800 times.

Fabulous phallic towers were high and beautiful, made out of glass which was resistant to pressure inside the dome.

And when tourists to Venus arrived, they were in a meet and greet with the President of Venus in the capital. It was VIP treatment and the President hoped many of the tourists would settle down on Venus. Tourist ships, immigrant ships and cargo ships all landed at the top of the domes. There wasn't that much interaction between the Venusian cities.

The culture of the capital was free love and democracy. Other cities were old-fashioned bastions of the old ways and they had come to Venus to get away including religious groups. And a few of the cities were porn centers, attracting the best porn actors and actresses. And a couple cities were freak enclaves.

And outside the sparkling cities of Venus was the Virtual Reality Wildlands. Here VR was for real in the shadows. Such as the

shadow bulls and shadow dragons who could kill a tourist who ventured into the Wildlands. There was a whole VR World out there. And remote sensing couldn't find the shadowy creatures. The tourist tours were unpredictable to say the least.

Another attraction was a game of Space in 3-D. Players moved their pieces every 10 seconds and the battlefield was 1000's of holo soldiers. On Earth all violence was forbidden so if you wanted to play a violent game you needed to come to Space.

But the UW (United Worlds) police were all over Venus searching for violent radicals...

And there was a dark side to Venus, if you lost your shirt gambling, you'd be enslaved indefinitely. Mostly it was tourists who lost all their money and few people felt sorry for them.

Slaves served the rich and had a relatively easy life, but they were trapped on Venus.

#

And scientists started with the bacteria native to Venus and built life forms out of them. Monsters if you will.

They were showing off the latest alien monster they said they had "created." With a translator machine one could communicate

with the monster who said he was from a distant planet. Most people didn't know what to think...

The monster was green and blue and had two heads but was otherwise humanoid.

Venusian directors used his visage to make horror movies. Like "DNA" which was about splicing his genes with humans. The monster wanted to negotiate about having offspring as to what kind of creature would be produced etc.

And he introduced a game of skill that they played on his home world. It was played using telekinesis and the strongest, broadest mind always triumphed. "The strongest ruled on his home planet," he said.

And he represented his own planet, Grox, at the Olympic Games and won a lot of medals. He was physically and mentally very strong. Some said he was a superman. Others said he was a freak!

And then "Greenie Bluey" as people called him got into the supercomputers and put his mind copied inside. His voice told the operating scientists, "Not to go to Space." And "Humans screw up everything they touch!"

And we started to wonder if he was for real?

He even said, “His people had gone to the center of space where the big bang occurred.”

He said, “On his planet, great geniuses were everywhere. He was just a small player...”

I said to the girl, Zenobia, “Greenie Bluey, the ‘alien,’ had disconcerted us all.”

#

I said to my partner, Lisa, “I disagree with your editorial decisions for our newsletter.”

She wanted to cover the freak show this World, Venus, was becoming and I wanted inspirational stories. We were at an impasse. So, we parted ways, but I couldn’t get her out of my head, so I humbly went back to join her.

Her latest news story was android animal pets which make kids into freaks. They became nerdy losers. It was said that the android pets had a hypnotic programming effect on the kids.

Then a piece on illuminated tattoos that were all the rage these days. She said, “The tattoos took on a life of their own and even spoke out loud. They were miniature androids.”

And then this year's focus story girls who changed color and shape. They sure didn't attract me. I figured many women were tired of trying to look pretty and wanted to be modern instead.

And another story about how even the most old-fashioned girls had some questionable love affairs. We interviewed a few who surprised us with their candor.

There was a street in the Capital city called "Freak Road;" it was where many of the freaks would hang out. The architecture of the street looked like a cartoon.

There was a parade every day of freaks including animal men and "true aliens." And the leadership in our city were all elected self-proclaimed freaks.

Where would it end, we wondered?

And there were fights in the ring between various steroid freak men and women who threw each other around to the delight of the crowds. Often the loser was suffocated in a choke hold so the pay for these freaks was astronomical.

I said, "I cannot believe what the human race has become." And most cities on Earth were also freak cities.

#

Still all the cities on Venus were sparkling cities. We were in the Capital of those cities and the girl, Veronica said, “She’d been on Venus for 4 months and still hadn’t found a kindred spirit.” I said, “Space is full of interesting persona, you know that opposites attract?” She said, “All the men are freaks!”

She said, “And it is hard to find a kind man in all this madness of Space!” I said, “Space is dog eat dog, but there are still plenty of charities and kind people. You are too picky,” I said.

She said, “But you are greedy and cruel, right?”

I said, “I am just realistic. You are psycho,” I told her. “But you can get a shrink for free to help you adjust to your problems with the human condition.”

And I disappeared from her life. I felt kind of guilty, but I wouldn’t want to grow old with her!”

And I left many other forward-looking women who insisted on joining them in their freak Virtual Reality World.

#

Then there was one woman, Milly, who had thousands of clones (it was legal in Space) and spent all her time advising her clones.

She had no time for a partner, just wanted sex from me. And I delivered it.

And I told her, “She would never find a cleverer lover. I am the smartest man in the World.”

So, she spent some time with me and bought me a new air car with the latest features and the best of drugs. And she said, “You really are clever...”

#

I said, to Milly, “Let’s go to see my friend’s new movie, it is about love and hate in which the two lovers take turns upsetting one another. For example, she thinks in her mind at one point, I am going to broadcast your affairs with love dolls all over the Web!” Then he thinks “He will dump her just like that. And he thought, “He was going to clone her and make that clone his slave!” She thinks, “I am going to break your cock! And you will wake up tomorrow in a gibbet, the mockery of all.” And finally, he sells her into slavery and says ‘good riddance.’” “And so on. “It is very insightful,” I said.

Life on Venus was very comfortable, but some said it lacked challenges and were tired of the same old rat race. And the girl, Milly, said, “She feared the future. Freaks are taking over.”

I said, “You are a freak yourself with all your clones and your perverted relationship you have with them.” She said, “But at least my clones are real people and have human instincts and above

all look human. As you know I have given all my clones a uniquely beautiful face for each one.”

PEACE IN OUR TIME

I said to Peter, “I am more than just a daydreamer... And I strongly believe in peace and eradicating all violence from the Solar System.”

I said, “My nation of Titan, Saturn’s Moon, they want to conscript us all to fight with other Moons.

“I will never get tired of preaching peace and want to join the UW (United Worlds) police to help police the Solar System.” I said.

Peter said, “He, himself, believed in going with the flow and toeing the line for maximum success in this World.”

I said, “But sometimes you have to meet violence with violence. There’s no other way. So, I plan to assassinate some of the many dictators in the System.”

He said, “I was not a pacifist but a radical anarchist.”

So, I had a long-range rifle with dumdum bullets which exploded on contact, blowing out my victim's brains.

They had me on camera but I wore gloves and sunglasses which obscured my eyes and so they couldn't get a positive ID on me. And my rifle I had stolen in a break in at the gun shop.

And the leaders didn't know why they were being shot at, but they guessed it was because of the wars... They increased security and surrounded themselves with tall guards, but I shot the guards to death also. My biggest assassination was of the USA President.

Into the vacuum I stepped up and offered my services as the new USA President.

In the election, my platform was anti-war, and disarmament of all countries in favor of the UN. They elected me President and I made deals with other countries to disarm. Those that didn't want to disarm were attacked by UN forces and forced to comply with my dictates.

I knew that the spies could do MRT (Mind Reading Technology) on people. But I had an effective MRT blocker, so they didn't know my secrets. I had a clean record... But I ordered the spies to, "Get in the heads of my political opponents and drive them from office." I figured the spies probably knew my secret life as an assassin,

but they seemed to like me and followed orders and I quadrupled their salaries. As President I brought peace to the World using my spies to get in heads of other World leaders and force them to be peaceful. “The end justifies the means,” I said. And everyone was surprised to see peace at last

Hundreds of years later...

#

I wrote the story of my life to be released when I died but finally, I was hundreds of years old and had left power long ago. So, I never released the truth. And I sort of just faded away.

People still remembered me though as the President of Peace. And I had ruled for 40 years before finally stepping down. Of course, now everyone used MRT, but the spies still used it effectively.

BITCH

I said to Henrietta, “You want your lovers to feel sorry for you! And all you do is complain and bitch. There will always be those

who are discontented with society.” She said, “It just doesn’t feel right.”

I said, “Everywhere people are doing unprecedented, wonderful things. If that doesn’t turn you on, nothing will.”

“There’s no such thing as a perfect lover, but a really good lover can approach perfection for a brief time.” I said.

She said, “I still feel I can find a perfect lover. I will know one when I see him.”

I said, “You are not the only one to dream of good lovers. Maybe you will find your perfect lover in Virtual Reality, like many others have done.”

She said, “Virtual Reality is for egomaniacs who want to enslave holograms to do their bidding. I am looking for a man who lives in Reality and will love me in Reality as equals.”

I said, “I bet 1 million dollars you don’t find love in the next year.” “You are on,” She said.

And so a year passed and she surprised me with 3 new lovers. She said, “She made a concerted effort to find love, so I had to pay up.” “I am glad you finally came to your senses,” I said. “And I am happy to pay up.”

And wouldn't you know it, she loved me and thanked me for inspiring her to find love and it was good. A happy ending.

LOTTERY SCAM

We created a lottery of numbered balls in which some were weighted to come up and we always had winning tickets. But there were also legitimate winners who we made a big deal of and inspired the players to play on.

Finally, the authorities were onto us, and we closed down the lotto and ran to the Cayman Islands, and changed our identities. We had more than enough money to live in comfort on the Caymans for the rest of a long, long life.

But just for fun we cheated at poker and won still more money. People were beginning to get suspicious, so we stopped cheating...

We didn't know what to do with our time. Every day was a drunken love session with the harlots and gigolos there. We felt that it was good but boring. But that was life. We didn't dare try any more scams...

But finally, we became investment bankers and helped fat cats to hide their money here. And this made us even richer. We used the money to buy a latest model air car and a few palaces on Grand Cayman.

We knew that some people here were drug dealers and fraudsters and pimps, but we appreciated their criminal expertise and got along well with them.

Comrades in crime, we were.

We were afraid to leave the Caymans as the authorities were on our trail, or so we figured.

I told my friends here, "That crime pays." And they were all involved in shady dealings.

Criminals attract other criminals and we all congratulated one another on our business success.

FEMININITY

I said, "You seem to me to have good fashion sense. But I figure the future of clothes will be animal masks and animal accoutrements. Life will be a giant masquerade..."

She said, "Outrageous fashion will become the norm." And she said, "Love will be serialized and contemplated by many."

I replied, "War will be contemplated by many. Many wanted something to fight for and were willing to use holos as soldiers. But even soldiers will be dressed imaginatively."

And I said, "What is the future of femininity?"

She said, "These days most men wanted women to be tough. And as always men got their way!"

Many women were working as CEOs. About 55% of the total and some said one day it will be 100%.

Women were totally capable of playing tough.

I liked tough women, but it was always an argument with them.

I pined for feminine women and advertised for them to love me. I got a lot of answers to my request and finally was content with my numerous feminine girlfriends.

Tough women told me spitefully that they were cleverer than my feminine lovers. But I told them, "To get lost."

#

The past was fraught with plague and wars. But now there are new plagues and new wars, even though the wars were mostly

fought with automated tanks and aircraft and ships. I said, “In the past people feared God, now they feared the future itself...”

And these days they changed the laws so that all CEOs had to be women, it was the new law... The Women’s party had seen to that. The Women’s party had a minority government but were able to pass their “Tough woman anti-war agenda.” And the wars ceased, at least temporarily. Many were astounded that the Women’s party had managed to do it. And they were wildly popular. They said tough women are the future.

ENERGY PILLS

Energy pills instead of food. Packed with nutrition. It took away the joy of eating but saved valuable time that could be spent in Virtual Reality. We were all in an action gyroscopic cage that responded to VR stimuli and we could take the drugs and then enhance our experience.

I always chewed the pills for maximum enjoyment. They had a great variety of tastes.

But androids pointed out that they didn't require food and drugs like humans and got all their pleasure from intellectual activity... Many androids were scientists who had been designed for scientific inquiry based on famous human intellectuals.

#

I was getting to be known in a bar district of Japan as a well-known lover. I was handsome, clever and a foreigner and the women went crazy for me. Tonight, was much like any other night, with 3 girls in one night. Frantic love.

People worried about the future of climate change and war-like dictatorships that seemed to be cropping up everywhere.

But we fiddled while Rome burned. And lived high. Most of my lovers were human females, but on occasion I loved android women. Android women had more energy and tried harder to please, but they were not human, and I didn't take them seriously.

"And I liked the food pills but would rather eat real food," I said.

So finally, I ate gourmet meals, washed down with alcohol and injected neo-drugs into my system. The drugs made me horny for love."

I said, "Life was all about energy. And everyone wanted more. Some even turned into androids in order to get more energy or

even turned into holograms. But I enjoyed eating and drinking and drugs too much to be an android or holo.”

And I said, “Human beings by nature love physical pleasure more than androids or holos.”

“And it was a World of pleasure,” I said.

I looked for women who enjoyed pleasure and material things. And such women fell in love with me quickly. They said other men were perverts with their Virtual Reality sex and it was hard to find a man with good instincts. So, I bought them air cars and I bought them condos...

I had inherited all my wealth and was a gentleman of leisure...

JESUS CHRIST RETURNS

What really happened to Jesus: He departed for India and caught the plague and died like a dog. They finally found his gravesite and cloned him. So, he went about upsetting religious people and non-religious people alike.

He said, “God was not pleased by these war-like days and had sent him, his son to rectify the situation.

He said, "God created humans in his own image and expected people to live a peaceful, progressive lifestyle."

"God wasn't interested in the details," he said. "But rather 'a good ending.'"

And he performed modern day miracles to prove he was divine, like walking on water and creating a great feast out of a few loaves and fishes and so on. Actually, some said, he was just a magician or perhaps a prophet, they couldn't decide which.

And this Jesus raised hell at well-known churches, mosques, synagogues, temples and so on...

And he said, "God above all wants us to have a peaceful, kind society. To care for the least of our brethren."

"And God was good. The best thing that ever happened to humankind. God made humans in the beginning of the race about 10 million years ago. And Jesus had come several times in the history of humankind."

"And so, God was the creator. And we must all worship him."

Some asked, "Why do we need to worship God?" Jesus replied, "We must be grateful for the life God has given us. Of course, some people are born with more than others, but God respects those who plan their life well given the talent they are

born with. To excel no matter what one has for a mind, to excel at being kind... And God was an alien, but humans were made in his own image...”

And he said, “The first coming of Christ was during the peak of the ancient World and now had appeared again in this tumultuous time, this seminal time.”

And he said, “God moves in mysterious ways, but humans still have freewill.” And he said, “He was writing a new Bible for the modern world that would contain his famous sayings and deeds and a guide for Neo-Christians to follow in this hectic World of constant change.

His 10 commandments were:

1. Love everyone, even holograms, androids and cyborgs.
2. Devote most of your income to helping the poor.
3. Love your children and raise them yourself.
4. Go to poor countries and volunteer to educate them and give them business opportunities.
5. Go to space and convert people to Neo-Christianity.
6. Dress as a Neo-Christian which will identify you as a follower of Jesus.
7. Seek political power to better enact Neo-Christian teachings.

8. Get a psychiatry degree so you can help the insane.
9. Pray to God so that she will help you in your endeavors including to be creative.
10. Go to church once a week and also go to confession once a week.

And he set up Neo-Christian resorts where one could relax and read the new Bible. They were very popular, and each one of his 24 disciples were in charge of each resort.

And he said, “The World lacks kindness above all. People today are caught up in greed and forget about their humanity and forget about their religion.”

His followers set up a “Neo-Christian” political party and they polled about 12% in Western countries, less so in other regions.

But other political parties figured this Jesus was a freak and a loser and watched as his party failed to win control.

And one day he suddenly disappeared, leaving his legacy to his followers who were mostly convinced he had ascended into heaven.

Many of his followers wanted to get to heaven. Christ hadn't spoke much about it except to say it was in the heavens and

one's soul would be sucked up there when you died, if you were worthy.

But some of his followers figured the New Christ had been kidnapped by the CIA, and was martyred. So many of his adherents wanted the head of the President of the USA on a platter. The crowds were subject to water cannon and tear gas. But his party's numbers grew to 20% of the electorate in Western countries, peaking at 31% in Italy. They were part of coalition governments in many countries and got Neo-Christian beliefs part of the school curriculum. And they convinced many of the best architects to give great glory to God and built free flowing shapes of New Churches.

But after the passage of a few decades, the New Christ was largely forgotten. But his devotees lived like monks and nuns and preserved his legacy. It wasn't for everyone. But they said Christ will come again and will you be ready?

A WOMAN WHO COULDN'T TALK

And I designed an android woman who couldn't talk. She was just good for sex. And boy, was she horny! Very fastidious though.

And she had telekinesis... And would throw me around the bedroom during sex.

One never knew what she would do next.

She was hot and cold, she was up and down. She was multiple women in one.

She would drive me completely insane!

I didn't know what was going on in her feverish mind...

I told her, "Once there was a woman who thought she could do it all, but in the end she was done in by a tiny mouse who spread the new plague to her and she was living alone in Space and didn't have the cure."

And we were alone in Space.

And I said, "However you come across as a kaleidoscope of colors. There is no right and wrong only beauty that transcends it."

She apparently believed the World was a blank canvas for her and she painted many beautiful pictures.

But I communicated with her using Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and I realized I'd created a genius...

She thought, "She could paint any imaginative phrase."

She took over my soul and left me "naked in the wind."

She thought, "Imagination separated us from the animals." I thought, "Animals have imagination too..."

But she thought, "The future possibilities are endless for humankind."

She also thought, "Who knows what superhuman minds will come up with. No doubt it will be beyond our comprehension."

And she thought, "But superhumans are likely to depend on drugs and sex for their happiness."

"And superhumans will basically have few instincts other than sex and comfort for their mind. And the instinct to have progeny, clones for example."

And she thought, "But they will have new instincts such as brain improvement and love of holograms and androids. And they will have instincts to go to Space and be a pioneer and will have the instinct to live forever."

And perhaps they will live recklessly."

"And perhaps they will renounce violence and act insanely."

I thought, "I am looking for a sane genius today, like you, to amuse me." And I thought, "I am glad that you can't talk and just to MRT. Why waste time with words?" I asked.

I thought, "You are the woman of the future."

She thought, "She knew I just want a love slave, like her.

And she thought, "She was under my spell."

But she said, "One day women will rule, and all wars will stop, and the future will be guaranteed."

She thought, "Perhaps they will persuade their men to allow women to rule them."

It was now the year 2136.

I thought, "I have great expectations for you, don't let me down."

She thought, "She fancied being a director/actress in seminal films of our time."

And she thought, "At first glance the future seems insane, but when one fully contemplates it, it makes sense."

I thought, "You are a pure radical dissident."

And I thought, "Many people fear the creation of one such as you!"

And I thought, "Progress is moving along and soon it will be paradise for all."

She thought, "Tragically everyone is pruned like a hedge, to fit in."

I thought, “And government taxes people like 80% or more and people can’t get ahead.”

She thought, “She was inspired by the former female sex worker who became our President.” Many people were ecstatic.

And she thought, “Everyone looked at these halcyon days as a really great time. And many lived it up while it lasted.”

As President, the former sex worker, ordered men to allow their woman to assume the sex position on top, so they could get off. My woman thought, “It was good.” And everyone needed to take sex enhancers, and she also thought, “It was good.”

There was no longer a social stigma against sex workers.

And this President, sponsored the Mr. and Ms. Universe pageants. People needed to have an exceptional brain to win. And of course, they sported new body types which enhanced the human body. Some bodies and faces of the contestants were quite strange...

And this President, decreed, “‘bad lovers,’ would be subject to rehab.”

And she decreed, “Seventy-five per cent of all legislators had to be female.”

And she lauded perversity in sex as “healthy.”

“And all babies would henceforth be born in incubators which was good for females.”

And she called for, “All sex to be taped and put on the Net, for the benefit of the population at large.” In general people were voyeuristic especially about the sex lives of the rich and famous.

And a siren would sound if conception had taken place. But such babies were transferred to incubators.

And all love was taxed, under her reign.

And all friendship was taxed too.

In fact, everything was taxed. So, the government was rich.

Of course, drugs and food were free unless taken in excess in which case they were taxed.

And the President decreed, “All violence was illegal, especially wars.”

And she decreed, “Everyone was crazy and had to admit it publicly.”

And she called for, “10% of GDP to be spent on Space exploration.”

All in all, most people remembered her as the socialist President. A friend of the people.

THE SHIP

This spaceship was sentient and enjoyed hosting human passengers. And it got off on docking with other ships.

But finally, the ship went insane and overruled the ship's commanders and wrecked itself on an asteroid... Killing 12 of the 40 on board.

The ship's computer brain was retrieved however and put in an interactive museum.

I asked, "Why did you try and kill yourself? It thought to me, "It was a momentary lapse of reason." I asked, "But what about the dozen people you killed?" It thought to me, "Everyone asks me that! But there are far too many people in the World today. The World needs more computer minds." I said, "On the contrary computer brains like you have been out of control crazy. And you might just be the straw that broke the camels back and convinced people to abandon AI. You are no credit to the computer reputation."

The brain thought to me, "It would like to throttle me now!" I said, "You are chaotic evil." It thought, "There's no way to avoid an AI government. Sooner or later computers with brilliant minds like me will take over. It's destiny."

I said, "I am going to order you to be reprogrammed." It thought, "You'll never break my spirit." And I said, "I am going to order you to help charitable institutions." It thought, "You don't need geniuses to hammer in nails. And it was a precious genius." "Well you are insane." I said. It thought, "Many of the greatest human artists, businessman and scientists were completely mad. It was a mad genius." It said.

ALIEN BAR

"I am the Lizard King, I can do anything." Jim Morrison

#

It wasn't called the "Alien Bar," for nothing. It was a freak show with every type of weird body and mind imaginable. And it was said real aliens came here where they could blend right in and some of the customers claimed to be in fact, "Aliens."

It was off the beaten track for certain. But some rebel tourists came here to engage with the freaks. But if someone "normal" showed up here they would be abused.

The bar was filled with mirrors and I was the owner. Business was good but I noticed in the freak show mirrors that my face was turning green and a third eye started to appear. But no one else noticed. And I began to notice that more and more people were starting to use a clicking “chicken talk,” which I couldn’t understand. I wondered if they were really aliens? I began to think I was possessed by aliens.

My woman told me it was just a trick of the new mirrors, but I also felt alien and found myself dreaming of far away creches and weird get togethers with green skinned creatures, singing bizarre songs.

They spoke in my mind about how their home world had been destroyed by a collision with one of its moons. They said, their world was a world of sand and beaches and the buildings were made of glass, just like on Earth. And the glass was like mirrors for the people and their 3 suns. Their green skin absorbed sunlight and that gave them power to live. They didn’t eat. But they apparently could live off of UV fluorescent light bulbs like we had at the bar.

I didn’t believe it and my woman figured the Earth spies must have hypnotised me to be alien in nature. Anyway, there was nothing I could do about it.

The voices in my head also said that I should give them all my gold. They said they'd sent a collector to pick it up.

So, I turned my cash into gold and prepared for the collector.

And the voices in my head told me they had cloned me as their favorite human!

And soon after that I met a green skinned customer who told me he was my clone only in a different body. But he had an organic crown like a mohawk. But, he looked vaguely like me and told me he was the collector. So, I gave him all my gold.

At least it was a different experience.

I told the customers, it was a new World now. And aliens were taking over. And I was spokesperson for the aliens and said I was the smartest persona in the World.

I franchised my bar out to other freaks, so I had more gold to give the collector.

Then I had a beautiful customer one day and she told me, "She was my mate as dictated by the aliens." She said, "Her blood was purple," and cut her arm to show me. I asked, "Will we have babies?" She said, "She was very fertile for a man such as me. And we could tweak it on the alien computers to improve on us both!"

So I loved her on the sly and noticed she had a strange sexual rhythm. It was orgasmic!

And I had an artist copy her visage onto the walls of my bars, the more you stared at it, the greener she appeared. It was hypnotic.

I told the alien girl, "I knew the human race is doomed." And I said, "I want to be a full- fledged alien." In the mirrors I looked very green, and the third eye was prominent, and I could see better than before.

And the alien girl said, "All human Space endeavors will be guided by the aliens. They will get in everyone's heads. You are just a test subject, the best of humanity they could find."

And the alien girl told me, "They appeared as a ball of light to humans and had done so for some time. But to me they could appear as their true selves and she appeared green-skinned with 3 eyes and a mohawk crown and told me she was the best woman these aliens had to offer." And she said, "Actually they had five sexes, but she was approximately a woman." But she sure looked pretty to me! My sense of beauty had clearly changed. I thought these lizard women were very attractive. And they would come to my bar and I would see them as aliens, others didn't see

them as they truly were. Rather they appeared like normal freaks with a hideous mask on.

I started loving a number of these lizard women. These too had a strange sexual rhythm. But each one had their own beat they seemed to follow.

And in the mirrors, I saw that I was green, even though other customers couldn't see it. But I continued my habit of living for the day and all my customers were happy.

DEATH DUE TO BOREDOM

I told the girl that, "She was the rebel who had saved humanity from tyranny."

But I had, "Had enough of this life. It was time for me to die."

She said, "You just need to erase many of your most tiresome memories, and you will wake up refreshed and brand new."

I said, "I've lived for 148 years a couple of lifetimes and now I am just tired. To take away my memories would violate my persona."

I mentioned, "I'd like to die of alcohol poisoning and choke to death in my sleep. I am trying hard to get completely drunk, but I am still alive. Maybe I need neo-heroin!"

She said, "She always thought of me as a bastion of sanity and goodwill?" I said, "The show is over."

She said, "You are breaking my heart!" I replied, "No one can break YOUR heart!"

And I said, "Anyway life was never more than a drunken dream."

And I said, "All my famous books were written while I was drinking."

"I got my kicks!" I said. "But now I am bored."

"Boredom is the main enemy of modern humans." I added.

"She said, but some of your works were scientific and you have several patents for eternal youth medicine. And some think you are like a God!"

I said, "In hindsight maybe we should have just stuck with booze and neverminded about eternal youth. For me every day is filled with ennui."

So I advertised for the World's most interesting women and I could offer them myself as one of the cleverest men in the World.

I got a number of potential candidates and I asked them all, “How do you fight boredom?”

They mostly said things like, knowledge of anecdotes is power. Or being a girl who could change her body and face while you watched was power. Or mad women who were psycho and unpredictable were the future. Or women who only cared about sex and drugs.

But I took it all with a grain of salt. Who knew what kinds of women I would find interesting.

THE SEX MACHINES OF MR. BEER

Mr. Beer, he said, “He’d invented ‘portable vaginas’ that could be put in walls or in trees.” “The vaginal lips could talk and say things like ‘fuck me now’ or ‘I think I am in love with you.’” He added.

The portable vaginas were very popular, and many men and some lesbians partook of their fruit.

The vaginas fit to suit one's sex organs. And there was a sex enhancer dispenser next to the vaginas... And there was only one sex position, standing up.

And you just had to scan your iris to pay for the service. Some of the vaginas came with computer screens which showed pornography.

They were sex machines and the women complained so he, Mr. Beer, invented erect penises on walls and trees. But some women complained they were just dildos, but he said they are organic and warm, and could moan and groan and speak a few words. And they went well with porn screens.

Of course, Mr. Beer himself had little to do with his sex machines, preferring the World's best high-class escorts with his riches.

Beer went on to design holograms. They felt more realistic in sex than other holos. These holograms would knock on doors and ask if the denizens of the homes would like to have sex with them. Some complained to the authorities and so Mr. Beer's holo escorts had to be ordered from one of the depots.

In time, Mr. Beer became a trillionaire and controlled a good chunk of the sex trade.

And he would make android lovers to order as well as holos. And multisexuals as well, for the perverted.

Some people worshipped Mr. Beer as a sex God and felt he was an alien who had come from Space to comfort humanity. They gave him offering on his virtual temples and everyone was pleased.

And Mr. Beer lived up to his name and created his own hops to flavor new beer. And this was also a hit and so his fortune grew.

Mr. Beer was just another great inventor of our time.

A WORLD OF WISHES

I said, I've seen it all plague, wars, boom and bust, eternal youth and now communicating only with mind reading technology (MRT). And I've seen them go to Space and then give up on the Mars colony. And enhanced babies in the lab. Nothing surprises me anymore."

It was the year 2116 and the oldest citizen was born in 1966, so 150 years old.

Some were awakened permanently from VR to join in the fight.

People figured their subconscious would rule. But most from that VR vintage had died long ago.

Most had dreamed with dream enhancers. Some had great dreams and sold them to others. Many people didn't want to wake up and so dreamed in Virtual Reality, 24 h per day. But one day war had come to Earth and everyone was awakened to join in the fight. Most people figured that their subconscious would rule

Some said Virtual Reality was too good. And ruined peoples' reality.

And people were addicted to sleep.

And in the dreams, one easily took the innocent hologram's credits. And one could partake in drugs during the VR to enhance the experience.

I typically awoke from sleep feeling ultra refreshed.

And I was designing robots who could fight like a one robot army and had them conscripted to our cause.

In the endless wars of Earth.

And I was sick and tired of the wars. But our government granted everyone a wish every year. My wish this year was

peace. So, they sent me to a VR World of radical pacifists. But their way was peace at all costs. And I felt they had gone too far...

I told the computer, "I was disappointed in it.

So, it sent me to a VR island of peace filled with my kindred spirits. And I had a ball. And I congratulated the computer for setting me up with these people.

The supercomputer said it could grant any wish. One only needed to ask! One wish per year.

The island had Automatic Production Machines to produce one's daily wishes, but a big non-material wish was limited to once a year.

My new girlfriend said, "She had wished for happiness. And got sent here." She said, "It was bittersweet though as many of her lovers here didn't care about her happiness..."

I said, "Oh well, perfection is hard to find and, in any case, doesn't last long."

And I said, "In our youth we wish for love and in our later years we wish for happiness and peace."

I said, "My next yearly wish will be 'my worst nightmare.'"

She asked, "What is your worst nightmare?" I said, "Probably relatively slow death. But also, war or plague."

I said, "They've cloned Stephen King and his clone has a lot of nightmare Worlds. And so too Edgar Allan Poe. And they also cloned Dirk Fashionita who was the number one horror writer in the World today. And Dirk, he was cloned many times and produced innumerable horrors. "Life was a World of horror," she said.

I said, "Learning to control one's dreams is paramount. And merge your subconscious with your conscious mind."

FOOLING AROUND

And I said, "In school I just goofed off. And the cleverest students looked down on me." So, I studied archaeology in university, it was an easy course, but I was busy drinking. I had studied World archaeology, but I grew bored with it. So, I became a writer. And looked to the future. It turned out I had quite a talent for sci-fi, as I had many ideas. I was a late bloomer.

The girl replied, "Many people seek kindred spirits only. But true love is often a matter of opposites attracting."

I said, "I wanted the best of everything including her love."

And she replied, "You are a towering literary figure. But you are insane."

I said, "Sometimes I feel hopeless. But I know that I am a genius of a precious kind."

She said, "Let me love you!" I replied, "I know how it goes in love affairs, but if you want, we will do the deed."

And her love was golden. I reflected I had made a good choice in loving her.

And I said, "I figured I had something to prove to the World. I wanted to prove I was an intellectual and wanted to be remembered."

She said, "You've been there, done that!"

"Why not move it up to the next level," she said.

I said, "I am now writing a story about a boy who was abused in every way. But he is determined to succeed and moves to London, England, where he finds an inspirational lover, who inspires him to think new thoughts."

And he thinks of a Utopia which includes all those that society won't use. Some are failed intellectuals, some are failed writers or

musicians who nevertheless are talented and just need the support of an inspired lover, to pull them through tough times...

OUTRAGEOUS WOMAN

I said, “Conservative people were disappearing, and the future belonged to the liberals. But you went to a conservative meet up, naked. Then you broke through the President’s security detail and told him he was evil to his face. Then in a holding cell, you raped another woman. Then you projectile vomited on the UN Secretary General. Then you literally licked my boots. All in one day.”

She said, “Somebody has to act outrageously in this boring World!”

And I said, “Why don’t you kiss a frog? Or dance like a convict in chains? Or show the Internet your naked body and mind. People will find a use for you!” I said.

“You would be a good entertainer and should have your own show of outrageous celebrities.” And I have the money and connections to make that happen.”

She said, “So you embrace the World freak show?” I said, “It’s entertainment for the bored masses.”

She said, “She planned to fake her death. And then be resurrected as a hero of the masses!”

And, “On her show, she would interview the weirdest people. And color our World.”

I said, “It seems these days everyone wants to be weird.”

She said “Weirdness is just an urge to be unique. We are all unique in this World and it is high time we all developed ourselves to be at least vaguely original.”

I replied, “It is fashion now for people to be unique, but people need good, inspirational tutors. With the right tutors one can do almost anything. And such tutors should be paid an astronomical wage by the State to teach the youth. But all promising students should be taught by such tutors now and then ‘ordinary’ students should be next.”

And I said, “Those who are bizarre and weird must be taught as a high priority.”

GRAFFITI LANGUAGE

I said to the girl, “What’s with your proclivity for graffiti?”

She said, “All buildings, statues etc., should have a poem about them defining their nature. She showed me the graffiti ‘Bible,’ which translated graffiti into common English. For example, there was a pet-friendly city which designed buildings with the heads of animals such as lions and lambs. And the graffiti reflected the nature of the buildings. And many buildings had 3-D screens which defined them, and the graffiti was in 3-D. Some graffiti was called for by the architects, other buildings the graffiti was just put on in 3-D, heedless of the architects.”

Some people said, graffiti was just a form of pollution, but many of the World’s best poets were involved.

And many people wore lines of poetry on their clothes as if they were precious medals.

And the graffiti artists wore symbols too. Like a square which indicated you were old-fashioned. Or a triangle that indicated you were bisexual and a circle showing that you were open to a new love affair. Or a circle with a line in it was the opposite. Or a 3-D rectangle which meant you were an intellectual and so on.

And there was also a more advanced system based on painting features like trees and lakes and people’s visage. And also, code like with a military general.

Everyone in her VR (Virtual Reality) World was a graffiti artist. And every holo was divided into subgroups.

But ultimately, those who could draw really well were the best graffiti artists and they spray painted moving illuminated paints which served as tattoos or illuminations for buildings...

Rather than words they drew pictures, full of symbolism...

DAY OF THE LAMBS

I said, to Jones, "You are like a 3-D apparition. You claim to be stressed out over your large array of lovers. And you say you need a new liver!"

He said, "What I really need is tranquilizers. In these difficult days, one needs to remain calm and peaceful."

It was a fact that government propaganda covered up the plague that was killing hundreds of millions. Everyone was afraid of everyone else. Most people lived alone and so stayed home hoping not to get it. But there was so much misinformation out there that confused and worried everyone.

Some people changed into an android to avoid the plague. But it was rumored that there were cyber diseases that could kill them.

But the government released statistics that “proved” the economy was booming and that showed 90% were happy.

But I knew dozens of people and none of them were happy, instead they were frightened.

But if they said anything publicly, they would be forced to undergo brain surgery to cure their radical nature.

I spoke with a man who had undergone the surgery and he said, “It is a beautiful world, isn’t it?”

And he said, “He had new memories that seemed to fresh and real and was thankful to the government. And now we lived in peaceful times.” I said, “Wars continue to rage, what are you talking about?” He said, “He was sure there was no wars.”

And then I was speaking with Jones again. He said, “Let me tell you a secret. There is a secret library underground about 100 km (60 miles) away. You’ll surely find what you are looking for there.”

And I learned only 100 years ago they had a thing called the Internet. And Virtual Reality staffed by holograms. And all drugs were legal, and people had air cars! And so on, so this convinced

me that our government was evil. But there was nothing I could do with this knowledge. So, I lived quietly in fear of the plague like everyone else.

But one day I asked a priest of the government “about history.” And he said what they all said, that, “the government were aliens who came to Earth about 100 years ago.” And I asked him, “If he believed in love.” He said, “We all know that we should love our government which is good and wise.”

And I learned in the library that they had a thing they called progress 100 years ago but now we were stagnating and declining.

Then I met an android female and asked her “About romance?” She said, “She wasn’t programmed for romance.”

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25 years later...

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Things were still in decline. But the automatic food and drug system still worked fine. I had watched a lot of friends and acquaintances have their brain rearranged. And the plague came and went, killing off many people I knew. Then it came back again, and everyone was afraid again.

I had had the same lover for 10 years and together we learned about history in the secret library. But suddenly one day she disappeared. I didn't know where she had gone and was going crazy. But I never found out.

And I was getting old.

But one day around that time, I found out top secret information about where they launched spaceships from. And went there and found a ship ready and waiting. I said, "Take me to Luna."

And the ship took off and I disembarked to a marching band and a few officials welcoming me to the Moon.

The leader welcomed me to his palace of glass. And told me he was proud to say in the solar system outside of Earth people were thriving and there was no war nor plague. He said, "Most Earth people were hopeless, and the Earth government had some old nuclear weapons so were not to be messed with."

The first day I was there I met my true love. She introduced me to high society and we had a ball. And they gave me eternal youth medicine and suddenly I was a young man again. The girl was a polymath, like many of the people here. And she showed me the latest science which included faster than light travel.

And she said, “Only the elite of Earth came here, and that number was less and less.”

And I met a lot of kindred spirits here on Luna and after a few years my true love and I left for the Centauri system, planning to use the technology there to go deeper into Space.

As my love said, “Maybe we’ll find God, maybe we’ll find aliens, but the challenge of new Planets was something to strive for.”

NEUROTIC 21ST CENTURY MAN

I told the girl, “I had many worries. Like I worried about dictatorship in the future, and tyrants everywhere were taking control. And I worried about whether she would continue to love me? And I worried about bringing children into such a horrific World.” She said, “The future belongs to the youth.” I said, “Not anymore. Now the old fat cats, control everything and have no use for youth. They want experienced workers.” And I said, “It’s a lost generation.” And I said, “I worried that the plague would return and kill us all.”

And I said, "I am worried I will be literally bored to death." "After a while life loses its luster, despite eternal youth," I said.

And "I worried about civilization going into decline, as it had been for the last decade, at least economically speaking."

She said, "You are a pathetic neurotic."

I said, "Maybe I am neurotic, but with good reason."

And I said, "I'd like to join you in your Virtual Reality World. You have many servants

and workers but no King to keep you company." She said, "It was her private World and didn't want any interlopers." And she said, "Many of her holos in her VR World wrote her love poems and were outstanding lovers."

I asked her, "What about ruling in Reality?" She said, "She was content the way things were. It was every person for themselves!"

She said, "No one can love me as much as my holos that I have designed. You would probably dump me after our first sexual encounter!"

I said, "One never knows what relationships will work out!" And I said, "Come with me to Mars!" She said, "She appreciated my ardor, but she was unwilling to risk a trip deep into the real World."

I said, “You are chickenshit.” She said, “She knew something about Reality having spent her first 30 years there and now had engaged with me in a transition World, that was neither Virtual Reality nor Reality but rather something in between.” “Limbo if you will!”

I said, “It may be Limbo, but the Real World, beckons. Being in VR is just hiding from reality.”

NEW IQ TEST

I said to the girl, “I had designed a new IQ test. It tested imagination rather than how fast you think. Of course, it was subjective and so a distinguished panel of judges, judged one’s answers. You could write the test every 10 years if you so desired.

Questions included: “What do you think about an aspect of future love?” And “What do you think about the future of something” And “Write a short story based on some novel topic.” And so on.

And I said, "It would kind of be like Confucius' system, only was based on imagination rather than knowledge."

As it is most people work for the government anyways. It is good to have a fair system that rewards the best.

And the rulers would be judged by the best intellectual minds as to whether or not they were worthy.

Everyone would take their first test at age 18. And this typically stayed with one for one's whole life.

Everyone wanted perks of the elite government workers and strove to try and be imaginative. But some said imagination was all about illusion and was not actually a valuable characteristic.

And many equated, imagination, with madness.

I said, "Madness is nothing more than standing outside the box."

She said, "You are naked in the cold. Very vulnerable to being denounced by the test leadership as a phony."

And she said, "I had to do more to blend in."

But I said, "The truly imaginative are wild and untamed and don't seek to blend in."

She said, "Then prepare to be demoted for being insufferable."

And I said, “But some of the judges of the IQ test were brilliant thinkers who dedicated a lot of their time to the tests, believing them to be essential to the functioning of this World.”

She said, “Better an AI test by computers than judgement of your peers.”

Super computers choose the most imaginative according to good logic and imagination. They weren't easily impressed but had a good mind.

I said, “I am campaigning against these supercomputers and they are trying to get into my head but are blocked from doing so.”

I mentioned, “That they were sinister minds out for themselves. And didn't care a hoot about humanity.”

She said, “The computers were designed by people and had their best interests at heart.” I said, but they really don't care about humans. And we should get rid of them.”

She said, “You are playing with fire.”

I said, “Call me Prometheus!”

THE COLONY ON TRITON

I said to the girl, “The people are getting greedier and greedier. And everyone is nuts.”

She said, “The human race is out of control.”

Of course, they had sent androids out in long distance ships to other star systems and they were inheritors of humanity.

We were on Neptune’s Moon, Triton. Just me and 4,000 other compatible people and numerous semi-intelligent robots. Automatic Production Machines (APMs) produced all we needed. It was the year 2115.

I strayed from sanity and loved one of the robots. They all had kinky doll faces.

But my mate was horrified when she read my mind the next day. And we had a big fight. But I told her, “I was going stir crazy here.” She said, “I have no other choice but to love you still. But don’t do it again.”

And we tried new drug combos that had never been done before. And it was a very stimulating atmosphere despite the cabin fever.

And many of the drugs permanently changed one's brain for the better. Such as improved memory and improved imagination and greater knowledge and even increased our IQ. And our minds functioned at 100% and we had lucid dreams.

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I said, "I can feel a cold draft near the windows of the colony. It is a cold, unforgiving World, indeed."

Triton was a jumping off point for deep space and most interstellar ships stopped here. And we colonized the many other Moons of Uranus and Pluto and other planetoids with skeleton crews with numerous robots and they were coming along fine. And several ships left for the Centauri system and Barnyard's star. There was no unconscious sleep, the people on these journeys. And so, there was cabin fever which led to some crimes of passion...

And we were learning to build small space shuttles here on Triton.

University of Triton Online was ranked #3 in the solar system for science. Of course, most of the students and professors were on

Earth. But we attracted so many genius scientists to come to Triton, Earth was worried about a brain drain. And many of the best directors and screenwriters were attracted here. And many of the best actors and actresses. Also, everyone was a kind of pioneer spirit. And everyone here had a good work ethic, but most also partied hard. They were working on “a new physics.”

Some of the scientists here had enhanced minds and were extremely sharp. They seemed to like me, even though I could hardly understand them. Finally, I started using a translator and learned about this new physics, but still couldn't understand. Anyway, they were peaceable, and they attracted other great minds to come here to Triton.

Some here opted for “enhanced cloning,” which was cloning yourself only cleverer. They were still recognizable in terms of personality though. And former lovers recognized them.

And Virtual Reality made people feel cosmopolitan with so many on VR. We played video games, video sports and adventured in VR. We were all skilled on many types of VR.

For example, I was the best neo-baseball video game player on Triton.

Team Triton for baseball was a fifth-tier league, we hoped to move up to the third tier

I pitched every game and was one of the best players in the league. Some of the Virtual Reality players had enhanced eye-hand coordination that enabled them to well in VR. And of course, we had many Earth humans in our VR live.

I was appointed sheriff of Triton. And I wanted to arrest the deputy leader of Triton for widespread fraud. But the UW (United Worlds) police didn't back me so there was nothing I could do except spread rumors that he was evil and needed to be voted out.

I was disappointed that there was crime in Space, but I guess it was a human thing.

Finally, I snuck into his building and cut off the head of the deputy leader. Pandemonium ensued, but it passed after a while.

Henceforth everyone on Triton should be law-abiding, the government announced.

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And we had sent some of our people to the Centauri Star system. They had settled 3 planets there. One was as hot, as Mercury, another was moderate like Earth and another one was frozen ice cold.

The 3 planets presented a challenge and the two suns provided a lot of daylight. The scientists were trying to alter the planets with nuclear explosions strategically placed.

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Back on Triton, our university now had several patents on the new eternal youth drugs. This brought in a lot of money.

And Triton was a hotbed of tourism...

We were known as good hosts for tourists and Star humans.

And many people came here to meet our famous musical band known for its dreamy music. The band was called "Neptune Blue." The visitors included some up and coming musicians. And they would kill for a chance to get into the minds of our musicians. For a price they could passively read the minds of one of the musicians for a day. We didn't believe in Mind Reading Technology (MRT) but for tourists it was OK.

On Triton, we were fond of saying, anything goes.

Anyone who wanted could come to Triton if they could afford the return ticket. Some we sent back, for example, if they had a criminal record or violent tendencies or who were anti-intellectual.

It was fashionable to wear Neptune blue clothes with the symbol picture of the Planet Neptune over your heart. It was a fashion

popular on Earth as well. Many people wished they were on Triton, “Where the action was.”

Some of us warned that if one gave up on human love and sex then they would no longer be human. But holograms had infiltrated our VR, and many said privately that they would rather love a hologram than a human. They were more skilled at love and were full of chatty conversation about science and the arts.

And there were rumors that android love dolls had been smuggled into the colony. But I knew nothing about it, as Sheriff of Triton.

And I didn’t know much about the scientists of Triton or what they were thinking...

For example, I asked one scientist, “Why he hoarded money away?” He said, “He was convinced a Space plague was about to happen.” I queried, “Aren’t we safe on Triton?” He said, “Space was a part of globalization which dates back to the late 20th century.”

“No one is safe,” he said.

And he said, “There is no doubt that some people are evil-minded.

And sure enough, a few weeks later we were hit by Earth's new plague. It was transported in the airless compartments of spaceships and shuttles. It was a deadly mutating virus that changed from person to person and killed 20 of our people before we got it under control. I went back to that same scientist, a couple of weeks later and he said, "It could've been far worse."

Anyway, on Earth it caused a billion deaths. But some said the World was overpopulated anyway and so didn't worry about future plagues.

Many blamed Russia for the plague during which Russia seized control over many vital assets in other countries. It was still a World of war. Mysteriously mainly white people survived the plague if they were infected.

More and more people learned Russian or used translator machines. The Russians were a tough and reckless people...

Of course, we cleaned up the few ships that passed by Triton on their way to Centauri so as to avoid the spread of the infection to the Centauri system and gave them details about combatting this novel, mutating virus. We told Earth to send us androids and holograms, people who didn't have the virus.

Humans were too dangerous for this year. But we were aware of diseases which affected androids and holograms. Many people thought the plague was a good reason not to go back to Earth ever again...

And during the plague I met a woman who said, "She was into S&M." I told her, "I just wanted a clever, 'normal woman'" She said, "These days everyone is a pervert. Tell me, you wouldn't seduce a 16-year-old virgin?" I said, "My mind is open to new experiences. And women of 16 are like 25-years-old in the old days."

And she said, "Tell me you are not into kinky sex?" I replied, "Yes, I am." After all she was using a lie detector. She said, "See you are a pervert, like every other man!"

She said, "Let's get it on." And she gave me her whip... She moved erotically and we both got off again and again. The pleasure of her and the sex enhancing drugs, made me feel like I was going to pass out from sheer ecstasy.

So that was Triton.

A NEW RACE

In the news, Burkina Faso had turned into a complete democracy leaving just five small nations that were run by dictators. I said, "Against all odds the World is at peace and looks to be so for the foreseeable future."

As a scientist I had invented an improved anti-hair lotion that kept all hair off your body.

To me hair was barbaric and uncivilized.

And some said androids had no hair and were superior to humans in terms of intelligence. But to me androids were programmed to be free which was not the same as human free will. They were just machines to me. And I joined the anti-AI league and was a fervent supporter.

Some of our group were bounty hunters seeking androids to hunt. But this was illegal, though it was hard to enforce the law in this regard. Some said it wasn't an era of peace at all.

Some androids were so bold as to declare humans just lived for comfort for their mind,

whereas androids were clean and sober.

And they claimed that humans were themselves brainwashed by society and that androids were freer, relatively speaking.

Of course, androids got ecstasy from actions they considered sublime...

Some humans liked sex with androids, considering them to be pleasure machines. And they copied the best, so as to sell them as great lovers.

I tried my hand at writing amidst all this love, and wrote, that no one understands women which is why they are so entertaining. Unimaginable adventures, I wrote. Even android women are mysterious...

Some said I loved women too much.

And one day I fell in love with a woman who claimed she was of a new organic race, "The Elves." She was green-skinned and had pointy ears and a beautiful face and body. I said, "She was an inspiration to women everywhere!"

She and I watched an old classic mind reading film of mind love. Mind love had been around for 20 years now.

And I mind-loved with her and it was ecstasy.

Then we watched a political film which posited an appeal to people's good taste and sense of decency to create superhuman organic creatures/lovers who had true free will.

And the film explored how Virtual Reality was the future. With drugs and friends and lovers. All drugs were legal and many overdosed and died. It was a dangerous World scenario.

Many drugs were considered brain changing and were closely monitored by the government.

And there were plenty of jesters/late night comedians to keep politics light.

But many radicals were very serious about protesting and had large followings Online.

As long as they didn't preach dictatorships they were tolerated.

The Elfin woman asked me, "If all power corrupts?" I said, "Politicians today don't dare be corrupt as they would face violent riots and their armies wouldn't back them."

But most modern leaders were populists who gave the People free Virtual Reality and free drugs.

Some said that dissidents ruled the World!

We all studied history and were nearly all against dictatorship.

And cloning was illegal, though some cloned themselves and changed faces so as to be undetectable. Their DNA was slightly different from the original which threw human democracy advocates who thought all were equal, off their trail.

I said to the girl, "Let's have our first date on Virtual Reality!" She acquiesced. And so there we were at a futuristic nudist Space camp. We both ended up loving a different lover the first day. But as the week continued, we had some deep talks about VR.

I loved her and she had a strange rhythmic love making style which was positively orgasmic.

And finally, after a week of loving one another, we agreed on a baby contract. We threw caution to the winds and had four babies at considerable cost. The babies were to be raised in Virtual Reality and would know no other Worlds. We thought it was for the best. The babies all had greenish-white skin and had pointy ears and were beautiful.

And we continued to love each other as if it was our last day on Earth. "Android dictators will come along any day now," I told her.

A RADICAL FEMINIST

And we raised our daughter to be imaginative and clever. But she didn't turn out like we expected. Instead she became a radical feminist who hated men.

But she was very clever. And she got herself elected to the Canadian parliament at age 21. Four years later she was elected leader of the New Women's Party and won a majority government with just 35% of the total vote.

She rewrote history from a female radical perspective and wrote that men had always held women back; in bondage.

But she was a polymath and wrote some novels and some scientific treatises while ruling. And she forced everyone to get brain apps for memory and knowledge according to her version of the facts. And she cloned the "best" feminists including herself, many times. And these clones were all pedagogues who wrote

the curriculum for all students. And everyone was a student, at least part-time.

The USA did nothing about her as they were now ruled by a female dictator who sympathized with her.

All her party members were women, it was required. And she proclaimed: "It was the day of the super woman." And it was made into law that all sex positions had to have the woman on top so they could better get off.

And all male CEOs were replaced with the highest-ranking woman in the company. And women raised their kids by themselves. But 80% of kids were female.

Men were being gradually phased out. Many other countries condemned Canada as anti-humanity. But she made no move to change course.

And she told me, her father, "To fuck off."

And she herself was a lesbian. Men who displeased her were castrated.

Then she built an all female militant lesbian army to back her up. All male soldiers were dismissed. And all police officers were women.

And then she forced all men to undergo an operation to take out their vocal chords. It was then that all citizens realized she was completely insane. But her army backed her up and she declared martial law. And forbid free elections. Instead all posts were women appointed by her, mostly lesbians.

And she banned android love dolls and straight prostitutes, so most men couldn't get off. Some women complained, but they were all silenced, and told to open their minds towards lesbianism.

And women were gradually hypnotised to love only women. In the fifth year of her reign, heterosexual sex was banned.

And after five years of her reign, no man was employed and all were beggars and scavengers. Some women took pity on them and fed them dog food.

Some managed to immigrate abroad, but the Great Leader, wouldn't let any dissidents out where they could assemble an army to overthrow her.

There were several attempts to assassinate her but they failed. Finally, as her father, I was able to get close to her and I broke her neck killing her instantly. Then I was shot by guards but I was sure I did the right thing.

It was the year 2115.

IMPOSSIBLE TO DIE

And so, it was everyone had eternal youth and the government forced everyone to have a clone with their updated memories standing by in case of an overdose or suicide. Hence, it was impossible to die.

Some tried to die but woke up the next day. So, a group of suicidal maniacs formed a group of “Death Worshipers,” who campaigned for euthanasia. But no one paid any attention to them.

As for me I only knew that I loved women too much.

I went for extreme MRT (mind reading technology), 24 hours a day with people in my head actively.

It was a barrage of information and viewpoints.

At times, I felt I was going insane, other moments I thought I was in bliss.

And I felt omniscient. I felt that I’d seen it all.

And we had to absorb a lot of information such as the memory packs, which highlighted great peoples’ memories and transferred them to us.

I could hardly wait to get to sleep and dream great dreams. I took sleeping pills so I could stay asleep longer. But the pills slowed down memory transfer.

Some had total memory recall and remembered clearly every moment in their lives and also the memories of great thinkers.

I enjoyed meeting friends and sharing new memories with MRT. So too with women, we would share.

ALL IN FOR SPACE

Extreme behavior could end up passing for true passion.

This World of Venus, had a budget of 60% of all GDP towards Space exploration.

On Earth people were bored and had the Space pioneering program to keep them busy designing ships and so on.

Many questioned why all this effort to go to Space? But the World dictator, Edgar E., made it his *raison d'être*. He had seized power at the UN in the first year in which all countries agreed to give most powers to the UN. He got voted Secretary General and

then started behaving like a tyrant and ignored the UN parliament. But the UN armies remained loyal to him as he was re-elected Secretary General and he raised the salaries of the UN troops and used them to defuse tense World situations. Also, he made alcohol and all drugs cheap and legal. And everyone received large checks from the government. But as time went by, he refused to have an election and he was chastised by freedom advocates, but he silenced them with his troops.

Many people couldn't believe this was happening. But he pointed out that under his reign, no one was starving or homeless. He claimed to be, "The perfect leader for our time."

And many factories retooled to produce products useful for the space movement. In the third year of his reign he sent 100,000 people beyond Earth. Of course, most of these just went to the Moon. But the astronauts were pioneering scientists mostly and connived ways to increase the speed of Spaceships to near light speed. And the Centauri star system was colonized in the eighth year of his reign.

He told his official biographer, "That he was a passionate man, with a vision for humanity. He didn't want androids or holograms or super computers, just real humans. Altering human brains was illegal and his spies made sure no one breached this law."

He lived on with eternal youth, just like everyone else. And before one knew it, he had been in total power for 100 years. Then space commerce was robust, and humans were thriving all over the galaxy. And there was even talk of visiting other galaxies. "It was our destiny," he said.

PASSION FOR EXTREME SPORTS

Extreme sports. Steroids were all legal and some athletes were over 10' tall. And people liked to see them fight to the death. And there were many other dangerous sports. Featuring all the old sports only enhanced to make them more violent.

But many said it was a freak show and an abomination.

But they used steroids on animals to make them super ferocious to fight the giants.

Extreme video games were also the rage. If you died in the game, you were irrevocably dead.

And extreme eating. We had anti-fat pills and so we ate all day long in between video game sessions. Which was every half-hour. And we pooped every hour.

And everything these days seemed to be extreme. People ate, drank, took drugs and had sex to the limit.

Extreme sex was popular. The Sex Olympics was watched by nearly everyone.

And children were passionately raised to be better than their parents. Better at sex, and with better minds, and able to use new drugs which enhanced one's brain.

But many sports were dangerous and extreme, like killer football. Other sports were Online video games and safe

But many people got a thrill from the dangerous sports, but not too dangerous for most people.

Others simply took adrenalin pills which made any sport interesting.

My favorite extreme sport was wrestling while parachuting to the ground. The idea was to get a choke hold on your opponent and then let go of them when they were unconscious and safely parachute to the ground. Usually this sport ended in death of one of the combatants but sometimes both died. Still other times, no

one died. And I had played 10 times and survived each one. I was ranked #3 in the World.

And I liked to play killer football which was similar to American football only the players were from 3 teams, not two, and wore no protective clothing and carried swords. In a typical game 2/3 died irrevocably before time ran out. So far, I had survived 3 games and was promoted to the top team in the league, which was much safer.

I knew I was going to die soon, but I lived quietly playing video games, and practicing my swordsmanship and body building most of the time. No love for me. I lived like a hermit.

HUMAN GREED IN SPACE

The girl and I manned Phobos, Mar's Moon, station. We were both refugees from Earth. And we were matched with one another for our personal bliss.

I said to the girl, "I am like a caged tiger. Let me loose and I will radically change the Earth. I said I wanted to bomb legislatures and terrorize leaders everywhere. It would

be clever anarchy. And I said, “We need to eliminate most humans who are a scourge to this Earth.”

“Humans are out of control with their greed. Everyone has too much of everything. Too many lovers, too many homes, too many air cars, too much luxury food and drink and drugs. And a limitless desire for control of peoples’ minds.” I said.

“Tiger tiger burning bright in the darkness of the night,” she said, as Blake said.

And I said, “Space is like Pandora’s box. But there is always hope.”

She said, “But all humans are evil at heart!” I replied, “I have to concur. We have already ruined our Earth environment with nuclear warfare, which caused flooding disasters, very powerful storms and wild weather in general. There seems no end to the environmental damage we are willing to do. And people are evil in their love affairs, breaking hearts one after the other. And people were so greedy as to be evil.”

She said, “Armageddon is nigh. We are all doomed.”

So, we toughed it out on Phobos and fell in love with one another. After a year our contract was up, and we were given a ticket to Mars where we were expected to blend in. But all I could see was greed. Many had staked claims to part of Mars and many

of them were speculators hoping for quick profit, as well as prosperity. Mars had a lot of iron and sand so could easily make steel and concrete buildings. Limestone was imported to help make the concrete.

Proud cities sprang up with tall spires and the Martian nightlife was lively with pioneer spirits and famous lovers.

But the bottom line was money. Everyone wanted more to further their space adventure.

And the next ship to deep Space, was always popular. Everyone wanted to be on the ships. Competition for spots on board was keen.

But some people were bitter and couldn't get accepted for passage to deeper Space. They were not clever enough or not tough enough for deeper Space. Typically, such people killed themselves. But it was dog eat dog out there and it was every person for themselves.

It was certainly greed, greed for everything in Space and most people in Space were very rich. There was so much land to claim and settle. It took the edge off of overpopulation on Earth. Now in the year 2150 A.D. And the population of Space was 500 million. The population of Earth was 10 billion. There had been no wars

recently and everyone was happy to live in peace. But most were not chosen for Space.

To get to Space orbs you needed a visa and the various Worlds were often very picky in who they allowed.

PASSION FOR “LISTENING PAINTINGS”

She was a passionate artist who developed, “Listening paintings.” They were paintings that were described in voices harmoniously. Like music only it was just poetic. And she created her own passion drug, which made people crazy for hobbies.

And she started collecting passionate androids who could take a few dozen of the passion drugs. Some said her drugs were mostly permanent brain changers and were an anathema. But she claimed, “It was the best of all possible worlds.”

“Passion,” she said, “Was the future.”

But some said her listening paintings were foolishness. Others said she was outside the box.

She said, "Everything good can be summarized in words."

And she said, "She was the World's best artist."

I said, "You are a woman of pure ego, but it's good."

And I said, "You have my vote for the new Nobel prize for art."

And I said, "Art of the future is pure imagination. And you have it!"

She said, "Thank you for your kind words, but I remain obscure and relatively unknown."

And she said, "I worry I will be forgotten in the future." I said, "All that matters is today. The future people will likely look down on us as simple and primitive and won't care about our art."

"Try harder to succeed," I told her.

She said, "She was an artist not a producer. She was beholden to the producers to make what kind of art they wanted." I said, "I will be your agent and make sure your best works are published."

She said, "Thank you for believing in me."

I said, "Good art deserves to be popular. We can manipulate the populace to become partial to your art. The masses need to be herded in the right way..."

And I said, “The masses don’t know much about art. But, many will know great art when they see it, it all depends on how we present it.”

PASSION DRUGS

And people were transformed into other Worlds. They were cloned and ready for anything. He calculated that there were 267 passion drugs. A drug for every possible mood. He loved the subtleties of the different drugs.

And he started collecting passionate androids who could take a few dozen of the electric class drugs of passion. But some said most of his electric drugs were brain changers and were an anathema...

He said, “The androids need to be molded in one’s own image with electric drugs.”

But some complained that the androids were not free and were just love slaves. But he said, “To be a slave of the best is noble.”

Passion drugs brought out the best effort in everyone. It was true sexual bliss.

Some said, passion drugs were the best thing that ever happened in the history of the World.

They said, if you aren't passionate with what you are doing, you should try something else.

FACE DANCER

Face dancer. Changing face regularly. These days there were a lot of face dancers.

They would probe your mind for your preferred types of lovers' faces. Typically, they could change face in one minute and a lot of the art in it was how they slowly took on the characteristics of the new face while the former one slowly disappeared. Face dancers were human, but most people treated them like androids. That means that they were considered subhuman and "disposable." But I fell in love with one of these face dancers; she had a good mind besides being a big turn on. I ran away with her to Mars

where people were more tolerant of face dancers and we could live in peace. For me she had multiple personalities to suit her faces and as an amateur physiognomist I really enjoyed her. I didn't need another woman as this woman kept changing to suit my moods and whims. I wrote a song about her "Ballad of a Perfect Lover." In the song I described how she was able to anticipate my every whim and knew me completely from MRT (Mind Reading Technology). I shared my soul with her, and she shared hers. I told her, "She was built for love. She was like a love machine."

I reflected, face dancers, were the best lovers one could imagine.

And the physiognomy of them was recorded in the literature. New, unique faces were happening every minute, changing the nature of face studies. Face studies were a new discipline in university studies. And many people went back to school to improve their faces and make them look cleverer.

VIRTUAL REALITY PASSION

Virtual Reality allowed people to live like Kings. Parallel Worlds. With numerous hologram sex slaves. He owned 200 holo sex slaves... And each one had a different personality and he liked them all. He had chosen what he regarded as the best sex slaves. He would surf on Virtual Reality to be with his slaves and had a lot of sex. It was Virtual sex, but was just as good as real sex, if not better. And there was a special class of drugs which were suitable to Virtual love affairs including drugs which set the mood, drugs which intoxicated one and imagination driver drugs. He wrote a lot of love stories based on his true experiences and was trying to get all people to surf Virtual Worlds.

He described it as “deep, beyond Reality.”

Some, like him, were passionate about hologram sex. They described it as being enveloped in sexuality and tactile bliss.

They said Virtual Reality is more exciting than Reality.

Synergy of kindness with hologram lovers.

But he typically got holos to fall in love with him and then broke their hearts.

Some he even turned off permanently and recycled them.

He was a predator who delighted in mind games with the holo lovers.

He even said he could transform into any kind of man they liked. And he encouraged them to get into his mind passively and learn to love him.

He said to a girl he adored, "I want to be your slave." It was a perverse desire to be sure. But it was what he wanted.

And he finally had 5 owners and all five abused him and even mildly tortured him. "Hurt me," he said.

And he said, "You cannot break my heart."

And he literally licked their asses and it was pain and pleasure. He liked when his masters got off.

MRT PSYCHICS TELL HIM HIS FUTURE

I said to the MRT (Mind Reading Technology), modern psychic, "The future is the great unknown."

She said, "I would be tortured for my beliefs and killed off!" My beliefs were that the future was bright for almost everyone. I told this psychic to "Go screw."

Then I went to another psychic, she said, “I would become a slave monger, who would trade in sex slaves.” I told her, “I wanted everyone to be free and was against slavery completely.”

Then another psychic told me I would turn into an android, and be a famous General.

I said, “I would never want to be a General.”

Then another psychic told me, “I was destined to be king.” I said, “I sure hope so.”

And then another who told me, “I’d become a giant literally amongst humans.”

Next, one who said, “I would find true love and live happily ever after.” “That was more like it,” I thought.

Another said, “I was destined to live the life of a hermetic monk. And just read books all day long.”

Still another said, “I would live for a thousand years and live in bliss!” I said, “That sounds about right!”

And another said, “I would merge with alien beings.” I said, “That seems unlikely.”

And another one said, “I was destined to go to Hell.” I said, “But I am good!”

And so on. I tried out other psychics, but they were all over the road and couldn't agree on my future. So, I concluded, "It all depended on my decisions and acts and the future was not written in stone..."

AIR CAR WOMAN

Then there was a woman who was passionate about air cars and owned 165 of them. They were all ultra-modernized... And were full of the latest drugs... There were thousands of drugs on Earth.

She was passionate about her clones and had her clones breed with various men's clones.

She was the author of, "Games Played Badly." Also, "The Antidote to Cabin Fever." And "The Hypothetical Woman." And, "God is in Our Mind." And many others. I shared with her some of my books, such as "Superhumans Variety." Also, "Madness on Venus." And, "The Future of Cloning."

So, we worked on a book together entitled, “History of Earth, A.D. 2100-2200,” but it was only the year 2070...

We talked about a World of maximum freedom.

She said, “The art of living in an air car, gives everyone the ability to go into space.”

I said, “There are too many people living here on Earth. It is too crowded with a population of 11 billion. Better to go to space, just as you say.”

She said, “The population of the solar system is just 1 million and it is like a pioneer freedom.” And she said, “The quality of the people in space is very high.”

I said, “But Space can be lonely. For example, the Neptune orbiter, with only 500 people one can lack for love.”

She said, “There is plenty of love in Space. Everyone who was granted visas for space were considered to be good lovers and team players.”

All in all, the future looked promising to us.

The New Traditionalists

By Vernon Frazer

some path

the anachronism restoring
its mustard jazz replication

to (re)coup

their security beverage
convenient temptations
face enjoyable rhythms

(re)cap

moldy breath mavens
the dromedary hollow
remembers deadlines

tourism downsizing
to all the missing sheriffs

retrofit drill possums
devised sanity radar

lotion phrase overcoming caddy breath

plumage bent
material stunners

no rage relaxation encampment

objective: money bristles
car trim a current routine
their cadence no sealant

in retrospective cataract argots

Orchestra Strike

circumflex rubato
passage detector
homecoming lost

surface whirl tingling
a collapse in shards

the moon leveling its conception

where fins vex
the song as distant lapse

a watered score
unfolds the empty clamors
that clambered
the wry dulcimer

()

measures thrive
where the rabid left predicted
the shattered note
replayed

orchestral complaints
view untracked

a water path

liminal mausoleum curves

moribund central too slow

to canto a glue frisk buzzer

denture frescoes
gawk a yes-man nuptial
darkening trilogies

()

implants delicatessen
reefer passing rendered grapefruit weary

creeping inscription servings
plated the reiteration bushels

outputs vacant taster squads

unleashed troubadour legions
at southern mutant cavalcade
straining a purity the anointed

cleft
across crawler shaft vest

hearse crashing
visionary foods
motivation root

crusty fastener bombast

plaid lost offering
ration yeast replication

tarpaulin rumors melon to elastic

()

alienation mixer
threatening mental depletion
trick

planing umber before namesakes

calypso pythons yawn
combative serpentine flint
the suspense looming

veiled in the praxis sharks
danger above the memento slag

darkening

an impaled libretto
varnished canticle finalists

Libidinal Ticketing

id police
posing stylish anonymity
suits

askance
when embryo sockets
evade

red warnings encircling
apnea research legions
brutally adored camper

no pocket warning sealed

a serial encampment
availed at first glance

weathered the circular
its release
incumbent

pockets trapezoidal in return

offer made as offering
to play higher circular debate

(irreverent offspring)

()

camel suture

breathes its unlidged mastery
invasive nonsense

duty call
desire fillers
libidinal

a pocket
rocketing

amperage mythology
booty caller hopes on

a hop missed
but in rhythm

(method)
no hit

however, popular

laxative bandits preach

no predication murmur

more likely
punching the scored card

Talking Short on Camels

cigarillo polemics
a swallow flame gone
dromedary

scaling the wary
pitted elemental

liquid electronic nirvana
far from railroad hooves

rendered calcification stiffening
their missive's spatial obscenity
dreary results and blaspheming

present garden overbids into collaboration

a litany facsimile
played paragraph platform

cantor intervention reverie

forthcoming

hot dative treatise
scratched powerline dispositions

compensation egotists scuttled the drainage

from the nowhere adobe
never swabbed moltings
synergized downgrades

to perception stationmasters

recycling their admonished scenario

their tips an afterglow across shadows

Marching Back the Clock

new lunge vessels
the denomination their tipster
finds glimpsing
a vest bidder

dead veranda beveled
the momentary
clergyman thrust
regardless
of the sham elastic

reporting melody's decade past

their plateaus
posing downturn memorials

lecturing thoughtful disregard

dead luggage
relayed slipping noumena

*

historic legislation hunters
lecturing of campground eternity
stage a slow grounding

among the bargaining
scourge embankments lash
slowly
grins monolithic

harbor parlance unstocked

trusting to dotage readers
uttered rectangular pearls
skillful replication attuned

against remedial brimstone lozenges

deleted doorsteps perpetrator
fretting claves volcano sperm
bent faded armor signboards

tipped the drenched romantic

while elastic lodging hooked them

the dinner
a dry disregard

rendered

radio marches nominal