

László Hortobágyi (Hortator):

an ordinance about the disease of the community that with a particular outlook on its final and compulsory solution, where its proposal is maybe the only possible attempt to escape from hopelessness instead of the natural and self-correcting humansocium that has been made impossible.

2005

Prologue

There have been many experiments in order to redeem the apparent cultural anthropological snapshot being sampled here and the practice it introduces, and the evolutionary brutality of the primitive earthly life algorithms respectively (*messianomia*). I'd like to suggest enjoying the two examples in the 2nd -3rd Chapter as under, that were not accidentally conceived in Eastern Europe.

I.

The betrized-fukamizing society

Since the science and its scholar servants are jostling like happily grinning pigs in the laboratories of terra-forming large corporations with controlled return on assets and producing return-oriented investments, they have deserved to receive their worthy (though unfair) reward: their level of social esteem will fall below the reputation of the inventor of *The Human Centipede*.

(The Pal who can name some Monsanto GMO genetics or any of the writers of the software of Norad defence system will get a veteran coin at the back door.)

In case the people of science were autonomous natural scientists and perceived the “harm” of the World as a real natural phenomenon to be explored, how satisfied they could declare the current situation as a chain of accidents triggered by a stupid social psychological evolution, and their unlikely interpenetration seems much more

realistic than an idiotic and meaningless assumption about a Beelzebubian program that was supposedly fed into the people in their infancy. See also: HIV as a divine punishment, or replacement of succubuses dancing on the mountain of Walpurgis with ones hijacked by type IV UFOs. (This majestic act is referred to by sexually burdened descriptors with the ambiguous term “*communion*”.)

Nevertheless, in case a scientist in her/his house suddenly experiences a sulphurous odour, then she/he has no right to start discussion about the molecular flow, but instead must assume as a work hypothesis that the hooped devil appeared in the living room, and she/he must take various measures up to arranging the production of consecrated water at industrial scale. Or a *Nightmare Research Institute* should be established to reveal the nightly anxiety of young children blubbering due to phantoms of psychozoics’ brutality.

For a normal scientist it is clear at all times: do not create unnecessary contents, if it is not really necessary, and in that sense the scientist’s mistake can ultimately be her/his private matter, as well. One thing they cannot do (and that they are still doing flicking down the ash from their academic height): to underestimate the hindering threat to the cognizability and searchability of reality, and to pass the lucrative areas of science to cheating, soul-saving swindlers. See the present.

The existing source of danger of humanoid *mēme* generators blowing world-obscure is nothing but the *halo*-phenomena of pseudo-science vaporizing from various immature heads surrounding the science from the very beginning, so no wonder that the all-new phenomena of the changing world will make perverted minds disturbingly violently fermented, even (“scientological”) religious sects will also be established in an unprecedented amount.

These “researchers” who are averse to and incapable of rationality certainly deduce (and deprave) the physicists’ theorizing tendency from sexual inhibitions. On board of a ship puffing fast towards the United States, *S. Freud* told his friends that the American people believed he would bring them a panacea, but instead “we bring them the plague” he said (*Mannoni, O. (1971), Freud, New York. p. 168*).

And that was right. He was less right in his other statements, unless he thought of himself and his kindred spirits. He could be right in this, too.

Psychoanalysis as “science” shows the animal in man – of course at the same times it gives a description of itself too – that is saddled by the conscience, but the result is still miserable: the animal is wriggling uncomfortably under the meek horse, and the rider does not feel better either, because she/he is not only trying to curb the animal, but also to make it invisible. This concept, according to what we all have the old animal wriggling in us, with the new meaning on its back, is the most harmful

mixture of primitive mythological notions.

Or we can say too: *Pandora's box*, the essence of which exactly lies in it – just like the abovementioned degenerated Freudian dogmas, or even the fucking everybody *Windows* operating system and similar *invasive mēm-entities* – that its supremacy systematically developed in the global consciousness content (and the thesis of which is perhaps true to sci-fi writers being specialist in exalted decadence, twilight and decay, but not to me for sure) becomes an overrated public property as the heroic “surpassing” of the borders of culture in a sick and decomposing anomie.

Thus, the genes that have been lurking for thousands of years through being switched off and on by the environment (and by the human thoughts published there) will all create-promote the phenomenon of “*polar*” mutations of regulatory proteins (“scientifically”: when the *insertional* mutation of the gene “**Z**” and the *feedback* activation of the genes “**Y**” and “**A**” will add up in a synergic way), so when the feedback of the cultural *mēm* can turn on the mutation engine of the “original” biological gene source at the current expense of the total society.

At the same time, the reality of the collective social subconscious could be manifested by using a (future) built 3D *mēm* generator – which would be a dangerous weapon of the arts as well. Scanners connected to the brain and *consociator* control of material-synthesizers can mean the physical materialization of *mēm*-s, the appearance of which in the present human societies would certainly cause only a catastrophe and would neither improve the everyday of the spiritual-ecological unity and environment of a new humankind nor strengthen their spiritual exo-skeleton.

Nevertheless, let's imagine this protocol, like the sampling practice of sociologist interviewers during a comparative study of samples taken from different societies of the earth.

Demographic and cultural socio-overpressure can thus create an unlimited variety of mutations of the materialized consciousness of biological and cultural monsters of alienation also because of the profitability (*return on equity*) provided by the receptiveness on a market fattened up exactly by this *feedback*.

Even fortunately, there are neither *mēm* generators nor *mēm-scanners*, which would synthesize the cultural and other *mēm*-s from living or dead brains, for me it is merely a practical poetic analogy, the florigraphy of *mēm* theory, which is, however, based on a very rational logic.

Thus, for example, the realized (rather American) *science fiction* usually presents the “truth” in a childish, defectively silly and often mean way: it let us know the trumped-up developments brutally and in hot haste, and forces its prole-inhalers

through shock to think in an unsophisticated way with a peanut-sized brain. There are countless writers and their novels where it occurs that the simplification, though seemingly bordering on truth, is so poor that it is not worth more than a lie (*Isaac Asimov*). Again and again they deploy (sell out) before us the demon and the angel embraced in a Manichean hug (*Clockwork Orange*), the beast and the God (*Predator*), and the human has again exempted himself by the cuckoo egg monster, who had moved into him and would make his host the battle ground of galactic evolution (*Alien*).

In the desired sequel, the human monsters try to exterminate this family-loving, community-guarding colony that faithfully serves and works diligently for the *Mother*; here a female human monster tears out her disgusting little young from the mucus protective mantle of the warm hive, and slaughtering the mother too, burns up the future of the *Alien* community installed in eggs (*Aliens*).

The intellectuals of “free market” show the man in the mirror of scandals and sins (*Amadeus*), the whole drama of existence takes place between the pig and the sublimed spirit (*Hannibal Lecter*), and it is the effort of religion that can exclusively and clearly transform the pig into the latter (*Jesus Christus Superstar*). This is a culturally and financially yield-enhancing “artistic” way of seeing things affecting, that is depraving, all areas of life.

But that is natural. Just as it is natural that physicists would think differently about gravity and electrons than *sci-fi* writers perhaps having read the educational books.

These latter think they know something about things that professionals do not dare to speak about, since the ready-made second-hand information is always neat and shapeless, as opposed to the sketchy and vague knowledge of experts. The authors of futurology studies, who have classified themselves into the world-saving category (*The Savior*), used to squeeze the information they gained into the corset of their own belief, and what did not fit into was cut off roughly and without hesitation. Concerning one or other of these books we have to admit that its author is astonishingly clever in inventing and justifying the tortuous theories and conteos (see for example *William Paley* in *Natural Theology* published in 1802, or view of the American biochemist *Michael Behe*, or how *Creation Research Society* (CRS) and *Institute for Creation Research* (ICR) ruined science education in America), but this would, of course, only darken further the almost perfect obscurity.

But the agreement with the irrationality of the current social ethos and the profiteering burdens its practitioners and benefactors with moral and biological sin of existence, because their class, through the predominance of media “legitimized” by the consuming mass of cretinized commoners (*one billion flies should not be wrong:*

shit is good) will take away the possibility of understanding the world and of changing the emergence from those who, perhaps because of their birth, did not inherit the choking Ariadne yarn of this world-vision's silly, unmanageable and unacceptable "laws".

These scribblers' transcendence sanctioned by their famous "imagination" and collective of their household becomes a swamp of the darkest immanence, because their supremacy will remove just those from the roots of common knowledge (sometimes even in reality) who, in accordance with the cultural-biological imperative of the salvation of all and instead of creating and accepting irrational consciousness, want to create a new evolutionary step by means of overriding evolutionary false consciousness and program that is ruining the world. Those who otherwise, just because of their objective qualifications, might have new ideas and new ways of looking to advance the society. Therefore, as a consequence of media selection, it is just their activity aiming at introduce innovations that becomes ineffective and unavailable for the public (good).

The presence of such media portfolios and the Artistic Creators selected by the socio-tribal network is always guaranteed: the torrent of unintelligent "livelihood creators" – hiding their anxiety and the lack of talent in aggression and obscenity, being instable, being afraid of future capitalization of the momentary media presence, and masking the unproductive intellect with cooing shit-chewing – is constant.

The art class teaching evolved or inherited as a false social-family prerogative and the material ownership capitalized on it (that which is nothing else than sphere of decision over other human lives) leads to the cast and reproduction of "intellects" being alienated even from themselves, which will – as a hydrocephalus being dragged even in the everyday existence – cripple the emotional-intellectual life of their owners. Anyway, just likewise the spirit of those who are consuming their so-called "creations".

The literature describing the positive visions of the universality of the universe and the era of visions have come to an end (in the West), when as one of its visual symbols the essential and hidebound kitch of 2001: *Space Odyssey* was produced in 1968 (by *S.Kubrick & A.C.Clarke*), where the music that sounded during its opening frames was the rotten, infantile and clap-trap music of "*Also sprach Zarathustra*" composed by *R. Strauss* (first performance in 1896!), in contrast to a much more desirable positive example of a new musical language of a new world to be described. Certainly, this would have required a novel and cliché-free way of seeing things.

For example, *Timestep* (which was already existing but not recorded at that time) by *Wendy-Walter Carlos* (who may not be an accidental sex changer) would have been

more suitable and future orientated here, but which was later perceived and applied by its director just the opposite in *Clockwork Orange* along with the composer's synthetic *Purcell* adaptation (which was maybe last one orchestrated in good taste). Just like *Tubular Bells* (1973) which was withered into the music of *The Exorcist*, having perfectly and unintelligently misinterpreted it.

The intellect becoming unproductive can't be characterized more perfect than through this kind of idealess luxation, defective distortion and the cowardly return to the old stinking connotative banalities, not to mention the *hype* persistently surrounding this "pearl" even today. All of the contemporary composers mentioned here as a counterpole, included but not limited to, would have been a more intelligent option: *Whitenoise*, *Pink Floyd*, *John Pfeiffer*, *The Wizard of Iz*, *Terry Riley*, *Wladimir Ussachewsky*, *Morton Subotnick*, *Pierre Henry*, *Soft Machine*, *François Bayle*, *Tod Dockstader*, *Olivier Messiaen*, *Tom Dissevelt & Kid Baltan*, *David Behrman*, *Amon Düül*, *Gordon Mumma*, *Silver Apples*, *Otto Luening*, *Charles Wuorinen*, *Attilio Mineo* – for example, or shall I continue?

By contrast, in a little while, the emergence of paltry idols of musical life following this period certainly coincided with the lining up of creatures and (even) musically invasive noxious clowns (like *David Bowie*, *Elton Jones*, *Lou Reed*, *AC/DC*, *Freddie Mercury*, *Iggy Pop*, and endlessly so on) whose loin was suddenly bursting into flower by that time, and all that happened about that time when musicians began to lower their electric guitars from around their heart to their genitals.

(As to the fans, if it is necessary, KMA (Kiss My Ass). My address is at the editorial office, torn a number.)

Then on the white man's hemisphere, in 1968, after the last tiny but failed revolution of the humanity, but still before the realization of the universal and uniformed consumer peace, namely "*Pax Peristaltica*" and before the realization of the network communities, been forced from reality to the Internet – the enormous soul-saving attempts have appeared: in the person of *Guru-s*, who will breathe the philosophical distillates of the human misery of the horrible Eastern societies on the Western world, in the person of i.e. *Mahārishi*, *Shrī Chīnmoy*, *Moon*, *Bhāgwān*, *Prabhūpāda*, *Satya Sāi*, etc., but their line is endless. The texts and titles of LP covers begin crawl with expressions like "*surrender*", "*devotion*", "*karma*", "*mulandhār*", "*mahāvishnu*", "*faith*", "*anāhata*", "*supreme*", "*silence*", etc., and the collective "revolution", by then simply "revolution" of consciousness (later the *new age*) begins to move, similarly to the millennial conventions of faithful *Hindu* tradition, towards the dark

inner spaces of the individual (*abyss*), where only the imaginary freedom, but of course the solitude, and the cocooned chitin-shell of the smashed personality are waiting for the ones wishing to be freed. The invasion of profit-seeking sects proliferating as further vegetation of the era (*Morris Cerullo [Faith Church in USA], Charles Manson, Ramakrisna, Jimmy Swaggart, Iskcon, Billy Graham, Arya Samaj, David Berg, Wicca, Osho, Jim Jones, Witchcraft, David (Waco) Koresh, Heaven's Gate, etc.*) will disease the youth's mind with ciliated mould of *socium's* fur.

Nowadays, we can live to see the “freedom” where the *white man's* industrial revolution and their “*human rights*” of corresponding quality – namely the global “*human*” right of consumer metabolism – will make it possible for everybody to flood the world with *mēme*-mites of their false consciousness in an unlimited amount (with an efficiency unknown in the Eastern despotic systems, but with the consent of power) with the efficiency of the (non) free market. Thus there will be more and more of the mimics of mimics, the *Mēme-s* of *Mēme-s* of recyclators, cultural knights and marauders in the bogus *holo-court* of phenomena, and soon only the “*guests*” of Solaris are going to stay everywhere. If someone understands at all what I'm referring to here.

In addition to militant sociology, the true task of *science fiction* would be, among others (*it has not become because army of primitive parasites is fattening on it*), to explore and describe a DIFFERENT (inhabitable) alternative world. The imperative of these talents describing our age should be the guiding and pioneering bush-fighting as well (*noblesse oblige*) and not the existing (and unacceptable) biological creation (we know, don't we: Nature is the Temple of Satan) and justification of the existing social structure, hereby/and/or the thousand times recycled exploitation of the *Earthlings'* infinite commonplace: “*Inter urinas et faeces nascimur*”. Those, for example, like the popular *Isaac Asimov* who built up his mausoleum from idealess applications of stolen single-word banalities and *bon-mots*, with the effective help of the tribal network and household, entering for good money and fame a nonsense that's unworthy of scientists and unhistorical world-debris having a harmful atmosphere and being put together stupidly into the organism of the ones who are inhaling his stupid lines.

Likewise to their fellows in spirit (I would like to voodoo here the slightly better known ones – quite incompletely): *Poul Anderson, R. Silverberg, Arthur C. Clarke the king of techno-kitch, Damon Knight, Harlan Ellison, H.D.Franke, A.D. Foster, Harry Harrison, R.A.Heinlein, Larry Niven, K.S. Robinson, R. Sheckley, D. Wollheim, K. Wyndham, R. Zelazny, etc.*

(As to the fans, still just this: KMA (Kiss My Ass). My address is at the editorial office, torn a number.)

I would like to separate *Philip K. Dick's* personage, who can't write but who is functioning well as an essence of the American proletariat and the overall society (*nationwide*) in that he himself, indicated – properly – his schizophrenia as a source of his ideas, which raised him among the paranoid and ingenious prophets of alienation and inhumanity in the holo-court of social letcho (of cretinized commoners reading sci-fi). This is somewhat related to *Richard Morgan's* books who has stolen everything from everybody (especially *Chandler*) in a confused manner, who describes otherwise an ice cold but horrible, narrow-minded and stupid world, in which books the narrow-minded magnifying of the current post-capitalist world's banalities takes place for the sake of lucrative profit, just because of the inability of the alternative world description and its unmarketability, though his ability would enable it by means of synthesizing the stolen pop-cultural banalities.

The obese US-English line is endless here as well... Alright, I admit that there may be some of the better quality: *Hal Clement, R. Bradbury, C. Simak, J. G. Ballard, Fred Hoyle, C.M. Kornbluth, B. Aldiss, and the later worn out F. Pohl, etc.,*

but where are they from *Stanislaw Lem* and the *Strugackij brothers* or from the personalities of *Peter Zsoldos, Wolfgang Jeschke!!!!!!!*

I would mention, as an inclusion, the prophetic (Canadian) *William Gibson*, who, not understand anything to the computer, knew everything some 20 years earlier and from whom all the later recycler profit-seeker could well lived on (among others one of the biggest fraudsters, the false-spirited *Ch. Nolan*, the talented *Wachowski brothers*, the junkman *S. Soderbergh* or the biggest robber rat-face, the comics-chinned and educated *Q. Tarantino*, this recycled corpse-robber of rip-off culture, who, gaining weight on the waste of a rotten system, achieving general approval and recognition as one of its profit-seeker, ejaculates back onto his fans' face everything he was able to draw as a conclusion from his congenital world.

(A message to the wrathful fans: KMA (Kiss My Ass). My address is at the editorial office, torn a number.)

While in the field of science alternative projects have necessarily emerged that are visioning the descriptions (with an engineering precision) of the society's defensive future prospects (*Tao Hua Yuan, R.Steiner's architecture, J. Fresco-Venus-project,*

Pat Parelli, Sea Orbiter, Auroville, Ecotopia, P.van Eersel, Zeitgeist-movement, Pat Parelli, etc.) but we won't find many of them as a positive vision of everyday "cultural life" among the many delirated stupid hells. The negative nature of scale of values of this realized and conditioned "public culture", unnoticeably pervading everything, is perceptible from the fact that too that there have been some who took it seriously and actually did it (we can find almost no "Atlantid" among the ones describing the inhabitable and real other worlds), see abovementioned S. Lem, A. & B. Strugackij, Péter Zsoldos, Wolfgang Jeschke, I. Jefremov, A .Gromova, Gyula Fekete (Szimmaren!!!), Viola Pap, Leo Szilárd, Péter Bogáti, B. Petecki, etc.

We know that their embeddedness according to their local value is unfair or misunderstood, but they are the ones who have demonstrated how to describe a possible (perhaps sometimes even not desirable), but still "existingably" alternative and sometimes inhabitable and other world.

In this case, unfortunately, due to the perceived usefulness of the publication and due to the above-mentioned and missing value system, we cannot take the Copyrights into consideration at all, the Authors would clearly advocate this, please draw the lost revenue from my account or enforce it against *Mr. Tarantino* respectively, in other words *KMA*.

László Hortobágyi 2005,

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a corresponding mēber of "Puppies & Kittens of Budavár" website

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II.

I followed her.

The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small tables -- looked as though it had been cast in glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in.

"Why don't you sit down?"

She was standing far back. An armchair unfolded itself to receive me. I hated that. The glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking down through the curved, thick surface of the seat, I could, indistinctly, see the floor.

I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through it I was looking into another room, which contained people, as though a party were in progress there; but those people were unnaturally tall -- and all at once I realized that what I had in front of me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an enormous female face, exactly as if a dark-skinned giantess were peering through a window into the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered like diamonds.

I made myself comfortable in the chair. The girl, her hand on her hip -- her abdomen really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Bregg. Hal Bregg. And yours?"

"Nais. How old are you?"

Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . .

"Forty -- what of it?"

"Nothing. I thought you were a hundred."

I had to smile.

"I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought.

"What can I give you?" she asked.

"To drink? Nothing, thank you."

"All right."

She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening. When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk.

"Thank you," I said, "not for me. . ."

"But I'm not giving you anything." She was surprised.

Seeing I had made a mistake, although I did not know what kind of mistake, I muttered under my breath and took the cup. She poured herself a drink from the second bottle. This liquid was oily, colorless, and slightly effervescent under the surface; at the same time it darkened, apparently on contact with air. She sat down and, touching the glass with her lips, casually asked:

"Who are you?"

"A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not touch it.

"No, seriously," she said. "You thought I was sending in the dark, eh? Since when! That was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down."

Some of this I could figure out: I must have sat at her table by chance, when she was not there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence.

"From a distance, you seemed so. . ." She was unable to find the word.

"Decent?" I suggested. Her eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head.

"What does that mean?"

"Well. . . um. . . someone you could trust. . ."

"You talk in a strange way. Where are you from?"

"From far away."

"Mars?"

"Farther."

"You fly?"

"I did fly."

"And now?"

"Nothing. I returned."

"But you'll fly again?"

"I don't know. Probably not."

The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to regret her rash invitation, and I wanted to make things easy for her.

"Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink.

"Why?" She was surprised.

"I thought that that would. . . suit you."

"No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?"

"I am."

It was milk after all. At this time of day, in such circumstances! My surprise was such that she must have noticed it.

"What, it's bad?"

"It's milk," I said. I must have looked like a complete idiot.

"What? What milk? That's brit. . ."

I sighed.

"Listen, Nais. . . I think I'll go now. Really. It will be better that way."

"Then why did you drink?" she asked.

I looked at her, silent. The language had not changed so very much, and yet I didn't understand a thing. Not a thing. It was they who had changed.

"All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused. She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I did not know what to say. How difficult all this was.

"Tell me about yourself," I suggested. "Do you want to?"

"OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?"

"Yes."

"I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't plasting regularly and. . . that's how it's been. My six isn't too interesting. So really, it's. . . I don't have anyone. It's strange. . ."

"What is?"

"That I don't have. . ."

Again, these obscurities. Who was she talking about? Who didn't she have? Parents? Lovers? Acquaintances? Abs was right after all when he said that I wouldn't be able to manage without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go back, penitent, to school.

"What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not unbutton it, did not slip it off, just tore it, and let the shreds fall from her fingers, like trash.

"But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled. There were moments when she became quite lovely, particularly when she narrowed her eyes, and her lower lip, contracting, revealed glistening teeth. In her face was something Egyptian. An Egyptian cat. Hair blacker than black, and when she pulled the furry fluff from her arms and breasts, I saw that she was not nearly so thin as I had thought. But why had she ripped it off? Was that supposed to mean something?

"Your turn to talk," she said, looking at me over her cup.

"Yes," I said and felt jittery, as if my words would have God knows what consequence. "I am. . . I was a pilot. The last time I was here. . . don't be frightened!"

"No. Go on!"

Her eyes were shining and attentive.

"It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was a pilot on the expedition to Fomalhaut. That's twenty-three light years away. We flew there and back in a hundred and twenty-seven years Earth time and ten years ship time. Four days ago we returned. . . The Prometheus -- my ship -- remained on Luna. I came from there today. That's all."

She stared at me. She did not speak. Her lips moved, opened, closed. What was that in her eyes? Surprise? Admiration? Fear?

"Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat.

"So. . . how old are you, really?"

I had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile.

"What does that mean, 'really'? Biologically I'm forty, but by Earth clocks, one hundred and fifty-seven. . ."

A long silence, then suddenly:

"Were there any women there?"

"Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?"

"What do you mean?"

"Something toxic, you understand. Strong. Alcohol. . . or don't they drink it any more?"

"Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly, touched the metallic blue of her dress.

"I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?"

"No, I don't," I replied, unexpectedly stubborn. She went to the bar and brought back a small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was something else, a peculiar, bitter taste.

"Don't be angry," I said, emptying the cup, and poured myself another one.

"I'm not angry. You didn't answer, but perhaps you don't want to?"

"Why not? I can tell you. There were twenty-three of us altogether, on two ships. The second was the Ulysses. Five pilots to a ship, and the rest scientists. There were no women."

"Why?"

"Because of children," I explained. "You can't raise children on such ships, and even if you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations."

"And you?" she asked.

"I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers."

"You wanted to. . ."

"Yes. Of course."

"And you didn't. . ."

She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent.

"It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush.

"Listen, what I said before, that was just a joke, really. . ."

"About the hundred years?"

"I was just talking, just to talk, it had no. . ."

"Stop," I grumbled. "Any more apologizing and I'll really feel all that time."

She was silent. I forced myself to look away from her. Inside that other room, the nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without

sound; I saw the dark read of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible rhythm.

"What will you do?" she asked quietly.

"I don't know. I don't know yet."

"You have no plans?"

"No. I have a little -- it's a . . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing. Listen, what is this Cavut?"

"The Cavuta?" she corrected me. "It's. . . a sort of school, plasting; nothing great in itself, but sometimes one can get into the reals. . ."

"Wait. . . then what exactly do you do?"

"Plast. You don't know what that is?"

"No."

"How can I explain? To put it simply, one makes dresses, clothing in general -- everything. . ."

"Tailoring?"

"What does that mean?"

"Do you sew things?"

"I don't understand."

"Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?"

"Well. . . yes, in a sense, yes. I don't design, I only make. . ."

I gave up.

"And what is a real?"

That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from another world.

"A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching."

"That?" I pointed at the glass wall.

"Oh no, that's vision. . ."

"What, then? Movies? Theater?"

"No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there, inside. . ."

"Got in?"

The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun, observing this scene.

"Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ."

"I'd prefer the 'or.' "

"But you don't know what I want to say."

"Say it, then."

"All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on

Luna. But that was a drop in the bucket. What do you do when you aren't working?"

"One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can have a good time, go to the real, dance, play tereo, do sports, swim, fly -- whatever one wants."

"What is a moot?"

"It's a little like the real, except you can touch everything. You can walk on mountains there, on anything -- you'll see for yourself, it's not the sort of thing you can describe. But I had the impression you wanted to ask about something else. . . ?"

"Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?"

Her eyelids fluttered.

"I suppose the way it has always been. What can have changed?"

"Everything. When I left -- don't take this in bad part -- a girl like you would not have brought me to her place at this hour."

"Really? Why not?"

"Because it would have meant only one thing."

She was silent for a moment.

"And how do you know it didn't?"

My expression amused her. I looked at her; she stopped smiling.

"Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . ."

She was silent.

"Why don't you answer?"

"Because you don't understand a thing. I don't know how to tell you. It's nothing, you know. . ."

"Aha. It's nothing," I repeated. I couldn't sit any longer. I got up. I nearly leapt, forgetting myself. She flinched.

"Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts that gleamed like armor.

"Are there still marriages?"

"Naturally."

"I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and without knowing him, right away. . ."

"But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room?"

"She could, of course, and even with that purpose, but. . . not five minutes after seeing him. . ."

"How many minutes, then?"

I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged.

"It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know him, like him; first they went out together. . ."

"Wait," she said. "It seems that you don't understand a thing. After all, I

gave you brit."

"What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?"

"What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?"

She began to laugh; she was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off, looked at me, and reddened terribly.

"So you thought. . . you thought that I. . . no!"

I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a cigarette from my pocket and lit it. She opened her eyes.

"What is that?"

"A cigarette. What -- you don't smoke?"

"It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you inhale the smoke like that? No, wait -- the other thing is more important. Brit is not milk. I don't know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit."

"To a man?"

"Yes."

"What does it do, then?"

"What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some biologist can explain it to you."

"To hell with the biologist. Does this mean that a man to whom you've given brit can't do anything?"

"Naturally."

"What if he doesn't want to drink?"

"How could he not want to?"

Here all understanding ended.

"But you can't force him to drink," I continued patiently.

"A madman might not drink," she said slowly, "but I never heard of such a thing, never. . ."

"Is this some kind of custom?"

"I don't know what to tell you. Is it a custom that you don't go around naked?"

"Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach."

"Completely?" she asked with sudden interest.

"No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called nudists. . ."

"I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . ."

"No. So this drinking is like wearing clothes? Just as necessary?"

"Yes. When there are. . . two of you."

"Well, and afterward?"

"What afterward?"

"The next time?"

This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out.

"Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit."

"The rejected suitor," I blurted out.

"What does that mean?"

"No, nothing. And if a girl visits a man, what then?"

"Then he drinks it at his place."

She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn.

"And when he doesn't have any?"

"Any brit? How could he not have it?"

"Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie."

She began to laugh.

"But that's. . . you think that I keep all these bottles here, in my apartment?"

"You don't? Where, then?"

"Where they come from, I don't know. In your day, was there tap water?"

"There was," I said glumly. There might not have been. Sure! I could have climbed into the rocket straight from the forest. I was furious for a moment, but I calmed down; it was not, after all, her fault.

"There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?"

"I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!"

"I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your sweater?"

"A shirt."

"What is that?"

"You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon."

I rolled up my sleeve and showed her.

"Interesting," she said.

"It's a custom," I said, at a loss. Actually, they had told me at Adapt to stop dressing in the style of a hundred years ago; I didn't want to. I had to admit, however, that she was right; brit was for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but they all had. Evidently, it was the same with brit.

"How long does brit work?" I asked.

She blushed a little.

"You're in such a hurry. You still know nothing."

"I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!"

She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair.

"How long ago, did you say? A hundred and twenty years?"

"A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?"

"And were you. . . betrizated?"

"What is that?"

"You weren't?"

"I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with

you?"

"No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know."

I started toward her. She raised her hands.

"Keep away. No! No! I beg you!"

She retreated to the wall.

"But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself. Tell me what it is, this bet. . . or whatever."

"I don't know exactly. But everyone is betrizated. At birth."

"What is it?"

"They put something into the blood, I think."

"To everyone?"

"Yes. Because. . . brit. . . doesn't work without that. Don't move!"

"Child, don't be ridiculous."

I put out my cigarette.

"I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust."

"You're terrific." She seemed calmer, but still she did not sit. "Then why were you so indignant before, about my bringing home strangers?"

"That's something else."

"I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betrizated?"

"I wasn't."

"But maybe now? When you returned?"

"I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so important?"

"It is. They did that? Good."

She sat down.

"I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . ."

"What?"

"Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!"

"No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I never saw a person who was not. . ."

"But surely you can't tell?"

"You can. Oh, you can!"

"How?"

She was silent.

"Nais. . ."

"And if. . ."

"What?"

"I'm afraid."

"To say?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"You'd understand if I told you. Betrization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's only -- a side effect. . . Betrization has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is!

"I can't. I'm terribly afraid."

"Of me?"

"Yes."

"I swear that. . ."

"No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this."

"You won't tell me?"

There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her.

"It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill."

"No! People?"

"Anyone."

"Animals, too?"

"Animals. Anyone."

She twisted and untwisted her fingers, not taking her eyes off me, as if with these words she had released me from an invisible chain, as if she had put a knife into my hand, a knife I could stab her with.

"Nais," I said very quietly. "Nais, don't be afraid. Really, there's nothing to fear."

She tried to smile.

"Listen. . ."

"Yes?"

"When I said that. . ."

"Yes?"

"You felt nothing?"

"And what was I supposed to feel?"

"Imagine that you are doing what I said to you."

"That I am killing? I'm supposed to picture that?"

She shuddered.

"Yes."

"And now?"

"And you feel nothing?"

"Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . ."

"But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not betrized."

Only now did the meaning of it all hit me, and I understood how it could be a shock to her.

"This is a great thing," I muttered. After a moment, I added, "But it would have been better, perhaps, had people ceased to do it. . . without artificial means."

"I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I was frightened?"

"Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I . . ."

"How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . . ." She broke off.

"Weren't human?"

Her eyelids fluttered.

"I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that, you see, if it is known that no one can -- you know -- even think about it, ever, and suddenly someone appears, like you, then the very possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . ."

"I can't believe that everyone would be -- what was it? -- ah, betrizated!"

"Why? Everyone, I tell you!"

"No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they must. . ."

"There are no dangerous jobs."

"What are you saying, Nais? What about pilots? And various rescue workers? And those who fight fire, floods. . . ?"

"There are no such people," she said. It seemed to me that I had not heard her right.

"What?"

"No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots."

There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone had presented me with this situation purely as a theoretical possibility: it occurred to me that this destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement.

"Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Hold on! A person from Adapt was supposed to meet me at the station. I completely forgot! I couldn't find him, you understand. So I'll look for a hotel. There are hotels?"

"There are. Where are you from?"

"Here. I was born here."

With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return.

"Bregg." I heard her voice as if from a distance. I started. I had completely forgotten about her.

"Yes?"

"Stay."

"What?"

She did not speak.

"You want me to stay?"

She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms, and lifted her up. She stood submissively. Her head fell back, I saw her teeth glistening; I did not want her, I wanted only to say, "But you're afraid," and for her to say that she was not. Nothing more. Her eyes were closed, but suddenly the whites shone from underneath her lashes; I bent over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it. Panting, she struggled to break loose, but I did not feel it, it was only when she began to groan "No! No!" that I slackened my grip. She practically fell. She stood against the wall, blocking out part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly, with exaggeration, moving its huge lips and meaty tongue.

"Nais. . ." I said quietly. I dropped my hands.

"Don't come near me!"

"But it was you who said. . ."

Her eyes were wild.

I paced the room. She followed me with her eyes, as if I were. . . as if she stood in a cage. . .

*

I intended to begin with history, but I started in on sociology, because I wanted to learn as much as possible right away. I soon discovered, however, that I was in over my head. The subject was loaded with a difficult -- since specialized -- mathematics, and, what was worse, the authors referred to facts unknown to me. In addition, I did not understand many words and had to look them up in the encyclopedia. So I set up a second option for myself -- I had three -- then gave this up, because it took too long. I swallowed my pride and opened an ordinary school textbook on history.

Something had got into me and I did not have an ounce of patience -- I, whom Olaf had called the last incarnation of the Buddha. Instead of taking things in order, I turned immediately to the chapter on betrization.

The theory had been worked out by three people: Bennett, Trimaldi, and Zakharov. Hence the name. I was surprised to learn that they were of my generation -- they had announced their discovery a year after our departure. The resistance to it, of course, was tremendous. At first no one even wanted to take the project seriously. Then it reached the forum of the UN. For some time it went from subcommittee to subcommittee -- it seemed that the project would be buried in endless deliberation. In the meantime the research was making rapid progress, improvements were introduced, large-scale experiments were carried out on animals, then on humans (the first to submit to the procedure were the originators themselves -- Trimaldi was paralyzed for some time, the dangers of betrization to adults having not been

discovered yet, and this stopped the project for the next eight years). But in the seventeenth year after zero (my personal reckoning: zero was the takeoff of the *Prometheus*) a resolution for the universal implementation of betrization was passed; and this was only the beginning of the struggle for the humanization of mankind (as the textbook put it). In many countries parents refused to have their children treated, and attacks were made on the first betrization centers; fifty or sixty of them were completely destroyed. A period of turmoil, of repression, of coercion and resistance, lasted some twenty years. The textbook passed over this with a few generalities, for perfectly obvious reasons. I resolved to consult source materials for more detailed information, but meanwhile continued my reading. The new order became firmly established only when the first betrized generation had children. About the biological aspect of the process the book said nothing. There were a great many paeans, on the other hand, for Bennett, Zakharov, and Trimaldi. A proposal was made to number the years of the New Era from the time of the introduction of betrization, but was not accepted. The reckoning of dates did not change. The people changed. The chapter concluded with a ringing encomium to the New Epoch of Humanism.

I looked up the monograph on betrization by Ullrich. It, too, was full of mathematics, but I was determined to stick with it. The procedure was not carried out on the hereditary plasm, as I had secretly feared. But, then, had it been, it would not have been necessary to betrize each new generation. That was encouraging: there remained, at least in theory, the possibility of return. Betrization acted on the developing prosencephalon at an early stage in life by means of a group of proteolytic enzymes. The effects were selective: the reduction of aggressive impulses by 80 to 88 percent in comparison with the nonbetrized; the elimination of the formation of associative links between acts of aggression and the sphere of positive feelings; a general 87-percent reduction in the possibility of accepting personal risk to life. The greatest achievement cited was the fact that these changes did not influence negatively the development of intelligence or the formation of personality, and, what was even more important, that the resulting limitations did not operate on the principle of fear conditioning. In other words, a man refrained from killing not because he feared the act itself. Such a result would have psychoneuroticized and infected with fear all of mankind. Instead, a man did not kill because "it could not enter his head" to do so.

One sentence in Ullrich struck me particularly: "Betrization causes the disappearance of aggression through the complete absence of command, and not by inhibition." Thinking this over, I concluded, however, that it did not explain the most important thing, the thought process of a man subjected to betrization. They were, after all, completely normal people, able to imagine absolutely anything, and therefore murder, too. What, then, made doing it impossible?

I searched for the answer to that question until it grew dark outside. As was usually the case with scientific problems, what seemed clear and simple in an abstract or a summary became more complicated the more precise an explanation I required. The musical signal announced dinner -- I asked that it be brought to my room, but I

did not even touch it. The explanations that I found at last did not entirely agree. A repulsion, similar to disgust; a supreme aversion, magnified in a manner incomprehensible to one not betrizated; most interesting were testimonies from people who, eighty years before, as subjects in an experiment at the Tribaldi Institute near Rome, had attempted to override the invisible barrier established in their minds. This was the most striking thing that I read. None of them had succeeded, but each gave a different account of the sensations that accompanied his attempt. For some, psychological symptoms predominated: a desire to escape, to avoid the situation in which they had been placed. In this group, continued testing caused severe headaches and, if persisted in, led finally to neurosis, which, however, could be quickly cured. In others, physical symptoms prevailed: shortness of breath, a feeling of suffocation; the condition resembled the manifestations of fear, but these people did not complain of fear, only of their physical discomfort.

The work of Pilgrin showed that 18 percent of those betrizated were able to perform a simulated murder, for example on a dummy, but the belief that they were dealing with an inanimate doll had to take the form of absolute certainty.

The prohibition was extended to all the higher animals, but amphibians and reptiles did not count as such, nor did insects. Of course, those betrizated had no scientific knowledge of zoological taxonomy. The prohibition simply applied according to the degree of similarity to man, as generally accepted. Because everyone, educated or not, considers a dog to be closer to a man than is a snake, the problem was in this way resolved.

As I went through many other papers, I had to agree with those who said that a betrizated individual could be understood introspectively only by one who was himself betrizated. I set aside this reading with mixed feelings. What disturbed me most was the lack of any critical work done in the spirit of opposition, of satire even, the lack of any analysis summarizing the negative aspects of the procedure. For I did not doubt for a minute that such existed, not because I questioned the scientists but simply because this is the nature of all human enterprise: there is never good without evil.

Murwick's brief sociographic sketch provided me with a number of interesting facts about the resistance to betrization in its early days. This appears to have been strongest in countries with a long tradition of conflict and bloodshed, such as Spain and certain Latin-American states. But illegal organizations to combat betrization were formed throughout the world -- in South Africa, in Mexico, on several islands in the Pacific. All kinds of methods were employed, from the forging of medical certificates stating that the operations had been performed, to the assassination of the doctors who performed them. The period of large-scale violence was followed by an apparent calm. Apparent, because it was then that the conflict of the generations began. The betrizated young, growing up, rejected a considerable part of humanity's achievement, and customs, traditions, art, the entire cultural heritage underwent a radical re-evaluation. The change included a large number of areas -- sexuality, social mores, the attitude toward war.

Of course, this great division of the people had been anticipated. The law was not enacted until five years after its passage, because enormous cadres had to be assembled -- educators, psychologists, various specialists -- to chart the proper course of development for the new generation. Total reform was necessary in schooling, in the content of plays, reading material, films. Betritzation -- to convey the scope of the transformation in a few words -- during the first ten years consumed about 40 percent of national revenues throughout the world, in all its ramifications and exigencies.

It was a time of great tragedies. Young people, betritzated, became strangers to their own parents, whose interests they did not share. They abhorred their parents' bloody tastes. For a quarter of a century it was necessary to have two types of periodicals, books, plays: one for the old generation, one for the new. But all this had taken place eighty years earlier. Children born now were of the third betritzated generation, and only a handful of the nonbetritzated were still alive; these were people one hundred and thirty years old. The substance of their youth seemed to the new generation as remote as the Paleolithic.

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fragments from:

STANISLAW LEM
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III.

In analyzing the incidents of mass phobias in the last one hundred years, I have come to the conclusion that within the parameters of theme 009, the events that preceded the passage on 2/02/65 by the World Council of the famous Amendment to the law on the Bioblockade would be of interest to us.

The following should be kept in mind:

1. Bioblockade, also known as the Tokyo Procedure, has been systematically in use on Earth and the Periphery for about one hundred and fifty years. Bioblockade is not a professional term, and is used primarily by journalists. Medical specialists call this procedure fukamization in honor of the sisters Natalya and Hosiko Fukami, who were the first to give a theoretical basis for it and to put it into practice. The aim of fukamization is raising the natural level of adaptation of the human body to external conditions (bioadaptation). In its classic form, the procedure of fukamization is used exclusively on infants, beginning with the third trimester of its intrauterine development. As far as I have learned and understood, the procedure consists of two stages.

The introduction of UNBLAF serum (the "bacteria of life" culture) raises resistance by several orders to all known infections and viruses -- viral, bacterial, or spore -- and also to all organic toxins. (This basically is the bioblockade.)

Unbreaking the hypothalamus with microwave radiation increases the body's ability to adapt to such physical agents of the environment as strong radiation, toxic gas, and high temperatures. Besides which, the ability to regenerate damaged organs increases the spectrum visible to the retina, and response to psychotherapy is heightened.

The complete text of instruction on fukamization is appended below.

2. The procedure of fukamization was used up until 85 as a mandatory procedure in accordance with the law on Mandatory Bioblockade. In the year 82, a draft of an amendment was presented to the World Council, calling for an end to mandatory fukamization for infants born on Earth. The Amendment called for "maturity vaccination," to be given to people who reached the age of sixteen, to replace fukamization. In 85, the World Council (by majority of only twelve votes) passed the "Amendment to the law on Mandatory Bioblockade. According to this Amendment, fukamization was no longer mandatory, and its use was left up to the parents. People who did not undergo fukamization in infancy had the right to later refuse the maturity vaccination. However, in that case, they could not work in professional fields involving heavy physical and psychological stress. According to the BVI, at the present time there are close to a million teenagers on Earth who have not been fukamized and close to twenty thousand people who have refused the maturity vaccination.

INSTRUCTION

On antenatal and postnatal fukamization of newborns.

1. Determine the exact time of start of birth by the method of even integrals. (Recommended diagnostics: radioimmune assay NIMB, selectors FDH-4 and FDH-8.)

2. No less than 18 hours before the first uterine construction, determine the volume of the fetus and the volume of the amniotic fluid separately.

Note: Lazarevich's correction is mandatory! The calculations must be made only through the monographs of the Institute of Bioadaptation, taking into account racial differences.

3. Determine the necessary dose of UNBLAF serum. A full, stable, long-term immunization to alum agents and organic compounds of albumen and haptoid structures is achieved at a dose of 6.8094 gamma moles per gram of lymph tissue.

Note: a) At an index of volumes of less than 3.5, the dose is increased by 16 percent.

b) With multiple fetuses, the total dose of injected serum is reduced by 8 percent for each fetus (twins 8 percent, triplets 16 percent, etc.).

4. Six hours before the first uterine contraction, use the nul injector to introduce through the anterior abdominal wall into the amniotic fluid the calibrated dose of UNBLAF serum. The infection is done from the side, away from the fetus's back.

5. Fifteen minutes after birth, perform a scintigraph of the newborn's thymus. If the index is under 3.8, introduce an additional 2.6750 gamma moles of UNBLAF serum into the umbilical vein.

6. In an increase of body temperature, immediately place the newborn in a sterile box. The first natural feeding is permitted no sooner than after 12 hours of normal temperature.

7. The hypothalamic zones of adaptogenesis are irradiated with microwaves 72 hours after birth. The topography distribution of the zones is calculated by the program BINAR-1. The volumes of the hyporhalamic zones should correspond as follows:

Zone I: 36-42 neurons

Zones II: 178-194 neurons
Zones III: 125-139 neurons
Zones IV: 460-510 neurons
Zones V: 460-510 neurons

Note: When performing measurements, be sure that birth hematomas have dissolved completely.

The obtained data is put in the BIOFAK-PULSE.

HAND CORRECTION OF THE PULSE IS CATEGORICALLY FORBIDDEN.

8. Place the newborn in the operating chamber of the BIOFAK-PULSE. In orienting the head, watch especially that the angle of deviation on the stereotaxis scale is no more than 0.0014.

9. Microwave irradiation of the hypothalamic zones of adaptogenesis is done by reaching the second level of deep sleep, which corresponds to 1.8 -- 2.1 alpha on an encephalogram.

10. All data must be entered on the newborn's personal chart.

From the events that led to the passage of the Amendment to the Law on Mandatory Bioblockade in February 85, I have determined:

I.

In the century and a half of global fukamization, not a single case is known to cause any damage. Therefore, it was not surprising that until the spring of 61 very few mothers refused fukamization. The overwhelming majority of physicians with whom I consulted had not heard of any such cases before that year. But statements against fukamization, theoretical and propagandistic, had appeared frequently. Here is a typical one for our age:

Pumivur, K. "Rider: Rights and Responsibilities." Bangkok, 15.

The author, vice president of the World Association of Reederers, is an adherent and propagandizer of maximally active participation of reederers in the activities of mankind. He argues against fukamization, basing his argument on the data of personal statistics. He maintains that fukamization is allegedly harmful for the appearance of reeder potential in man, and even

though the relative number of reeders in the era of fukamization did not decrease, during that time there were no reeders of the power comparable to those active in the late twenty-first and early twenty-second centuries. He calls for the abolition of the mandatory nature of fukamization -- at first, at least for the children and grandchildren of reeders. (All the materials of the books are hopelessly out of date: in the Thirties a brilliant constellation of reeders of incredible power appeared -- Alexander Solemba, Peter Dzomny, et al.)

Debuque, Charles. "To Build Man?" Lyon, 32.

A posthumous edition of the major (and now forgotten) antieugenicist. The second half of the book is devoted wholly to the criticism of fukamization as a "shamelessly subversive invasion into the natural state of the human organism." He stresses the irreversible character of the changes made by fukamization ("... no one has ever been able to slow down an unbridled hypothalamus..."), but the main thrust of his argument is the fact that this is a typical eugenic procedure, imbued with the authority of world law, and which for many years has served as a bad and tempting precedent for new eugenic experiments.

Skesis, August. "The Stumbling Stone." Athens, 37.

The famous theoretician and preacher of neophilism devoted his brochure to harsh criticism of fukamization, but to a poetic criticism rather than a rational one. Within the framework of the concepts of neophilism, like a vulgarization of the theory of Yakovits, the universe is the location of the neocosm, in which the mental and emotional code of a human personality flows after his death. Judging by everything, Skesis knows absolutely nothing about fukamization, indeed imagines it to be something like an appendectomy, and passionately calls on people to reject such a crude procedure, which mutilates and distorts the mental and emotional code. (According to BVI statistics, after the passage of the Amendment, not a single member of the congregation of neophiles agreed to the fukamization of his children.)

Toseville, G. "Insolent Man." Birmingham, 51.

This monograph is a typical example of a whole library of books and brochures devoted to the propaganda of putting an end to technological progress. All these books are characterized by an apologia for stuck civilizations like the Tagorian or the biocivilization of Leonida. Earth's technological progress is declared to be done with. Man's expansion into the cosmos is depicted as a kind of social extravagance, which will bring a

cruel disillusionment. Rational Man turns into Insolent Man, who in his striving for quantity of traditional and emotional information loses in its quality. (The assumption is that information on the psychocosmos is of immeasurably higher quality than information about the external cosmos in the broadest meaning of the word.) Fukamization does humanity a bad service precisely because it furthers the transformation of Rational Man into Insolent Man, broadening and in fact stimulating his expansionist potential. He proposes a first stage of refusing the unbreaking of the hypothalamus.

Oxovu, K "Movement Along a Vertical." Calcutta, 61.

K. Oxovu is the pseudonym for a scientist or a group of scientists who formulated and disseminated the unknown idea of so-called vertical progress of humanity. I was unable to learn the real name of the author. I have reason to suspect that K. Oxovu is either G. Komov, Chairman of COMCON-1, or someone from the Academy of Social Prognosis who shares his views. The present edition is the first monograph of the "verticalists." The sixth chapter is devoted to a detailed examination of all aspects of fukamization -- biological, social, and ethical -- from the point of view of the precepts of vertical progress. The basic danger of fukamization is seen to be the possibility of uncontrolled influence of genetics. To support this idea, they give data (for the first time, as far as I can determine) on the many incidents of passing along to children the qualities of fukamization. There are over one hundred such cases where the mechanism of the fetus while still in the mother's womb began developing antibodies, characteristic of the action of UNBLAF serum, and over two hundred cases of newborns with an unbraked hypothalamus. Moreover, over thirty cases have been reported of passing these qualities on to the third generation. They stress that while these phenomena pose no threat to the overwhelming majority of people, they are an eloquent illustration of the fact that fukamization has not been as thoroughly studied as its adepts claim.

I must say that the material has been selected with extraordinary thoroughness and presented very effectively. For instance: several striking paragraphs are devoted to so-called G-allergics, for whom an unbraked hypothalamus is contradicted G-allergy is an extremely rare condition of the organism, easily detected in the fetus while still in utero and posing no danger to anyone; an infant like that simply does not have the second stage of fukamization. However, if an unbraked hypothalamus is passed on to a G-allergic by heredity, medicine will be powerless, and an incurably sick person will be born. K. Oxovu managed to find one such case, and he does not hold back on color in his description.

The author paints on even more apocalyptic picture in depicting the world of the future, in which humanity, under the influence of fukamization, is split into two genotypes. This monograph has been reprinted many times, and played a not unimportant role in the discussion of the Amendment. It is interesting to note that the last edition of this book (Los Angeles, 99) does not contain a single word about fukamization; we are to understand that the author is completely satisfied with the amendment, and the fate of 99.9 percent of the population, who continue to subject their children to fukamization, does not worry him.

Note: In concluding this section, I feel it necessary to stress the fact that the selection and annotation of the materials was done on the principle of their lack of triviality from my personal point of view. I apologize in advance if the low level of my erudition causes dissatisfaction.

II.

Apparently, the first refusal to be fukamized, which began a whole epidemic of refusals, was recorded in the maternity home of the village of K'Sava (Equatorial Africa). On 17/4/81, all three women who entered the home that day, independently of one another and in differing forms, categorically forbid the personnel to perform the procedure of fukamization. Mother 1 (first child) motivated her refusal on her husband's wishes, and the slightest attempts to change her mind made her go into hysterics. Mother 2 (first child) did not even try to give a motivation for her refusal. "I don't want to, and that's that!" she kept repeating. Mother 3 (third child, first protest) was very reasonable and calm, and explained her refusal by not wanting to decide her child's fate without his knowledge and consent "When he grows up, he'll decide," she announced.

(I cite the motivations because they are very typical. With slight variations, the "refuser" used them in 99 percent of the cases. The literature uses three classifications. Refusal type A: totally rational, but in principle unverifiable, motivation; 25 percent. Refusal type B: pure phobia, hysterical, irrational behavior; 60 percent. Refusal type C: ethical considerations; 10 percent. Refusal type R (rate): references extremely varied in form and content: religious circumstances, adherence to exotic philosophical systems, and so on; e. 5 percent).

On April 18, in the same hospital, there were two more refusals, and new refusals were registered in maternity homes in the region. By the end of

the month, refusals numbered in the hundreds, registered in all regions of the globe, and on May 5 came the first report of a refuse outside Earth (Mars, the Big Syrt). The epidemic of refusals, waxing and waning, continued right up to the year 85, so that by the time the Amendment was passed, there were almost fifty-thousand refusers (0.1 percent of all mothers).

The laws of epidemics have been studied phenomenologically very well and with a high degree of veracity. Yet, they did not result in convincing explanations.

For instance, it was noted that the epidemic had two geographic centers of distribution: one in equatorial Africa, the other in northeastern Siberia. An analogy with the probable distribution centers of humanity comes to mind, but this analogy, of course, explains nothing.

A second example. The refusals were always individual; however, within each maternity home, each refusal seemed to continue the previous one. Hence the term "chain of refusals of X number of links." The number X could be quite large: in the maternity home in the Howekai Gyneclinic, the "chain of refusals" began on 11/09/83 and extended until 21/09/83, pulling all the mothers who came into the home, so that the length of the "chain" contained nineteen mothers.

In some hospitals, the epidemics of refusals arose and died down several times. For instance, the epidemic was repeated twelve times in the Berne Palace of the Child.

For all this, the overwhelming majority of maternity homes on earth never heard about the epidemics of refusals. Just as most extraterrestrial settlements did not hear of the refusals. However, in places where the epidemics broke out (Big Syrt, Saula base, Resort), they developed according to the laws typical for Earth.

III.

A large body of literature is devoted to the causes of fukamiphobia. I familiarized myself with the most solid works in the field, recommended to me by Professor Derouide of the Lhasa Psychology Center. I am insufficiently prepared to make a competent summary of these works, but I have formed the opinion that there is no generally accepted theory of fukamiphobia. Therefore, I will limit myself here to a verbatim fragment from my conversation with Professor Derouide.

QUESTION: Do you think it possible for the phobia to arise in a healthy and happy person?

ANSWER: Strictly speaking, that is impossible. In a healthy person, a phobia always arises as a consequence of excessive physical or psychological overload. You could hardly call such a person happy. But often, especially in our turbulent times, a person does not always realize that he has been overstrained... Subjectively, he might consider himself happy and even satisfied, and then the appearance of a phobia in him, from the point of view of a dilettante, may seem an inexplicable phenomenon...

QUESTION: And does this apply to fukamiphobia?

ANSWER: You know, even today, from a certain point of view, pregnancy remains a mystery... It is enough to say that we only recently understood that the mind of a pregnant woman is the psyche of the binary, the result of a devilishly complicated interaction of the fully formed psyche of a grown person and the antenatal psyche of the fetus, the laws of which are practically unknown to us... And if you add to this the inevitable physical stress, the inevitable neurotic behavior... All that, in general, creates a rich soil for phobias. However, it would be rash to draw a conclusion from this, to think that this sort of discussion has in any way explained anything at all in this amazing business. Very rash... and not serious.

QUESTION: Are there any differences between the "refusers" and ordinary mothers? Physiological, psychological... Have there been studies?

ANSWER: Many. But nothing concrete has been established. I personally always felt, and still do, that fukamiphobia is a universal phobia, like, for instance, a phobia for zero-transportation. But zero-T-phobia is a very wide-spread phenomenon. Almost every human being experiences fear before his first zero-T-transfer, no matter what sex or profession, and then that fear disappears without a trace... while fukamiphobia is, luckily, a rare manifestation. I say luckily because we have not learned how to treat fukamiphobia.

QUESTION: Have I understood you correctly, professor, that there is not a single concrete cause known for fukamiphobia?

ANSWER: Not verifiably, no. But there have been many theories, dozens.

QUESTION: For instance?

ANSWER: For instance -- propaganda by opponents of fukamization. An impressionable personality, especially in the state of pregnancy, could easily be influenced by such propaganda. Or, say, hypertrophy of the maternal instinct, the instinctive need to protect her child from any external actions, even beneficial ones... Are you planning to argue? Don't. I agree with you completely. All these hypotheses explain only a very narrow circle of facts, at best. No one could explain the phenomenon of the "chain of refusals," nor the geographic peculiarities of the phenomenon... And no one at all understands why it all began in the spring of 81, and not only on Earth but also very far from earth...

QUESTION: And why did it end in 85? Can that be explained?

ANSWER: Just imagine -- it can. Imagine that the fact of the Amendment passing could play a decisive role in ending the epidemic. Naturally, there is still much that is unclear here, but just details.

QUESTION: What do you think -- could the epidemic have broken out as the result of some careless experiments?

ANSWER: Theoretically, that is possible. But in our time we checked that hypothesis out. There were no experiments being carried out on earth that could have caused mass phobias. Besides, do not forget, that fukamiphobia broke out beyond Earth at the same time...

QUESTION: What sort of experiments could have caused phobias?

ANSWER: Probably I did not make myself clear. I could name a series of technical methods with which I could create some phobia in you, a healthy man. Note that I said "some" phobia. For instance, if I irradiate you with a certain regimen of neutrino concentrates, you will develop a phobia. But what phobia will it be? Fear of heights? Fear of emptiness? Fear of fear? I can't predict. There can certainly be no talk of eliciting a specific phobia, like fukamiphobia, the fear of fukamization... Unless it were in conjunction with hypnosis. But how can you realize that combination in practice?.. No, that's not a serious consideration.

IV.

For all its geographical (and cosmographical) distribution, the incidence of fukamiphobia remained a very rare occurrence in medical

practice, and on its own it would hardly have led to any changes in the law. However, the epidemic of fukamiphobia very quickly turned from a medical problem to an event of a social character.

August 81. The first registered protest of fathers, still individualized (complaints to local and regional medical authorities, separate appeals to local officials).

October 81. The first collective petition of 124 fathers and two obstetricians to the Commission for the Protection of Mothers and Infants under the World Council.

December 81. At the XVII World Congress of the Association of Obstetricians: physicians and psychologists first speak out against mandatory fukamization.

January 82. An initiative group, VEPI (named after the founder's initials), is formed, uniting doctors, psychologists, sociologists, philosophers, and lawyers. It was VEPI that started and brought to victory the struggle to pass the Amendment.

February 82. The first protest rally by opponents of fukamization in front of the World Council building.

June 82. The formal formation of the opposition to the law within the Commission on Protection of Motherhood and Infancy.

Further chronology of events is not interesting, from my point of view. The time (three and a half years) necessary for the World Council to study the Amendment from all sides and then pass it is sufficiently typical. However, what does not seem typical to me is the relationship between the number of mass proponents of the Amendment and the numbers of the professional corps. Usually, the number of mass proponents of a new law is at a minimum ten million people, while the professional corps, qualified to represent their interests (lawyers, sociologists, specialists in the give issue) is only several dozen people. In our case, the mass proponents of the Amendment (the "refusers," their husbands and relatives, friends, sympathizers, and people who joined the movement out of religious or philosophical considerations) were never truly a mass movement. The total number of participants in the movement never exceeded half a million. As for the professional corps, the VEPI group alone at the time of passage had 536 specialists.

Slightly but somewhat alliterates here:

Damon Knight The Analogues

Astounding Science Fiction, January 1952

01-00 .ed. John W. Campbell, Jr. Street & Smith Publications, Inc.

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