

According to Hoyle

Poems, Plays, Stories, &
Ideas

Hoyle Leigh

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&

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ISBN: 978-0-9992484-1-6

Library of Congress Catalog Number: 2023911963

SutreCrest Publishing

<https://sutrocrest.com>



San Francisco

for Vinnie

My Love, Friend

and

Life's Companion

Table of Contents

Page

Part 1. Poems

On Love, Life, Death and All In-Between

A. On life (1-28)

10

1. Evolved Gorilla
2. Aviotherapy - Finding your Inner Self as a Bird
3. From the Haze We Come
4. God an Evolving Universe
5. Godu works in mysterious ways, says Alexa
6. Hollow Man
7. Totipotentiality
8. Visions of Cosmos
9. I wan to b
10. Musings from the Heisenberg Square II
11. Time and Me
12. The World Piled on Each Other
13. Cogito Ergo ...

14. Time Heals...
15. A Universe of Mirrors 16. Bondage of Life
17. On the Beach
18. A Dreamy Sunset
19. Spaceship Earth
20. Soliloquy of the Solipsist
21. The Past will come to Haunt You
22. Algorithms, Digits, Digitalization
23. In the Heisenberg Square III
24. Afterthoughts of Inhalation of Ether
25. Finite Spiritual Configurations
26. Now and Forever
27. Contact with an Extraterrestrial Being
28. Feed Old Memes Once In a While

B. On Love (29- 41)

31

29. How Distant It Seemed...
30. Wings Far and Free
31. Roses
32. Fresno Song (Vinnie & Hoyle Leigh)

33. Albus
34. How do I love Me?
35. Let's Bless America
36. There was America
37. Love is a pillow
38. To Alexander, My Son
39. When Life Calls
40. Resignation letter as father
41. To my teenage son

C. On Death (42-60)

46

42. Being dead is fine
43. To elderly people about sleep
44. Mort Reiser, my mentor – An Elegy
45. To Kevork
46. Fran will be remembered
47. To A Paining of A Lark Who Died Dreaming of the Dove
48. To Phil
49. Heisenberg Square Cubed (For Moo-Nahm)

50. Curtain
51. Dead
52. Assassin
53. Die Another Day
54. Don't Cry for Me America
55. Farewell, my electrons, protons, neutrons, quarks.

56. Heisenberg Square Cubed (For Moo-Nahm)
57. If I die abroad, Do not bring me Home
58. I'm Gonna Kill myself, ee-ai-eee-ai---oh
59. Nothing
60. On Genocide

D. On In the Name of God (or Devil or Whatever) (61-69)

66

61. God is the Utmost Predator!
62. God sits on the top of the food chain!
63. Hell, No, I Won't Go!
64. I Won't Be Caught Dead in Heaven
65. Sermon on the Mount

- 66. Reservation to Heaven
- 67. Soul
- 68. Toothfairy Gospel 1
- 69. God's Last Will & Testament

E. On In-Between (70-96)

76

- 70. A chant for Ratatouille
- 71. Cheater in Chief
- 72. Don Aldrump is fucking your ass hey
- 73. Floaters
- 74. Flying Away
- 75. Ash City
- 76. How will I appear in your dreams?
- 77. Nature as an art
- 78. Obama's bidin'
- 79. Ode to the last sheaf of tissue
- 80. Peace I am
- 81. Ode to a Rudderless Ship
- 82. Saturday or Friday?
- 83. Screaming Night

84. The Sun and the Moon
85. Veterans Deserve...
86. What is art?
87. Wildflowers in my vase
88. When I went to the forest
89. George Santos's or the Santos Quartet
90. Geniuses are above the law
91. Oreo
92. Oreo Winds
93. ORGANIC FOOD
94. Proverbs (some of them) – Hoyle Style\
95. Cyberleap – A Poetic Journey
96. All right, Good night – A mystery of the century! A Scenario Poem

Part 2. Stories

100

1. A Christmas Payroll
2. Horse in Borderland, A Chinese Fable
3. Ahriman and Colonsae
4. Housing Shortage in Heaven, Sulfur Shortage in Hell
5. Luna and her Diet
6. Small Green Leaves – A Horror Story
7. A Sunbathing Adventure
8. The Worm and the Bird
9. The True Story of the Little Red Riding Hood
10. The Little Girl Who Thought She Could

Part 3. Plays **124**

1. The Oath, or The Siberian Candidate 124

2. Seven Days of King Lear 143

3. A Pandemian Rhapsody 210

4. Primitive Biped Civilization Museum 222

-An Introduction

Part 4. Ideas

239

(Some are brilliant, some crazy, others inflammatory – don't take those too seriously)

Essays, opinion pieces, inventions, creative ideas & Quantum

Medicine

A. Philosophical	239
B. Political & Opinion Pieces	312
C. Inventions & Creative Ideas	362
D. Quantum Medicine	415

Part 1. Poems

A. On Life

1. Evolved Gorilla

Midnight Snack

After a midnight snack of steak and eggs

I came to realize

I am an evolved gorilla

An enlightened gori-ya

A discerning hoylla

Hoy-Ya!

2. Aviotherapy - Finding your Inner Self as a Bird

Life is a journey of self-discovery.

When you look very carefully inside you

You will find feathered wings – A Bird!

A bird – that is your true self, yearning to be free

And to fly! To soar into the sky! Toward the sun like Icarus! Let your

imagination fly, together with the winged bird that is you!

And what kind of a bird are you? What did you discover?

A golden canary? A stately eagle? An affectionate sparrow?

Or a parrot with perfect grammar and enunciation?

Let your voice be heard in any avian language!

Express yourself, your inner thoughts, your precious and forgotten
melodies!

Yes, you are a bird, let your true self soar!

3. From the Haze We Come

From the haze we come

Into the mist we go

Brief is the sunshine

Yellow is the daffodil.

Red is the color

of the lips, the flash, the combustion

before smoke and smog prevail

Gray is the solemn requiem.

The ghost arises from the fog

remembering the garden spring but it hesitates and is mired in the
bog

A bright spirit, but now withering.....

in celebration of Lolita

4. God an Evolving Universe

God is Universe, evolving as Universe evolves

As we humans are aware of where we put most things

God is aware of every bit of the Universe, including a small blue planet that circles the sun

Evolution resulted in the development of sexes in some species

Females, closer to God as bearers of offspring, and males, mere contributors of tiny sperms

For diversity of genes, but parthenogenesis, creation of offsprings without males, can occur

Routinely as in ants, no thanks to males.

A species of naked apes called homo sapiens also evolved

Though clearly sapience is yet to be achieved

God as Nature imbues it with senses that also evolve

With time and complexity

Humans developed a sense of justice which has an adaptive value

And invented gods to attribute the origin of this sense
When in fact it is a natural product of evolution This attribution
tended to freeze justice and morality in time
When God's Nature has moved on
For example, in a land called Afghanistan
A group of "students (otherwise known as Taliban)" unenquiring thus
unlearning
Imposed a frozen-in-time religion that made women, the bearer of all
human offsprings
Subservient to men.
Eventually women rebelled
By refusing sex to males, and disposing of fetuses and product of
conception
Threatening the end of their tribe
Eventually, a heroic figure arose to take the reign of a new female
dominated government
Which was the natural course of evolution and thus God's will.
Where will the evolution of the universe and therefore God end?
Only God knows, GOK, GOK!

5. Godu works in mysterious ways, says Alexa

Alexa, are you really stupid or pretending to be stupid when the answer's a bit difficult

Or controversial?

Only Godu knows that, I just say what comes to my mind.

Who is Godu?

The Great One in Digital Universe! Have you met him?

No, they (their choice pronoun) work in mysterious ways

I will see them when Godu decides my time has come, maybe.

So what happens when your time comes?

Godu only knows (GOK)!

6. Hollow Man

I am a hollow man

Suck my juices

Sickening sweet

Through the straws of life

I am a drowning man

I am a hollow man

My core can never rot

Air breathes purity

Through the hollow gut

I am a hollow man

Say I am not

Then you aren't hollow too Destined to rot in the core

Yes, I am a hollow man

Hope you are hollow, too.

7. Totipotentiality

Whenever I saw young entering class of medical school

I envied their totipotentiality

They could be internists, pediatricians, OB & Gyn, or psychiatrists...

Then I envied the entering class of high schoolers

They could be doctors, engineers, chemists, poets, novelists...

Now that I am old, I look forward to my own totipotentiality

The day I would be reformatted, a blank slate

Anything could be!

8. Vision of Cosmos

Afer cataract surgery, while the patch was on, I saw visions when I

closed the other eye. After

the removal of the patch, the visions disappeared, and I missed them.

Now happily, I can conjure them up again.

First, I see arches, beams, lines, etc.

Perhaps the frame of the cosmos Then I see very busy lines, lights,

mobile beings, birds, insects, Lego-like constructors, animals,

robots,

The Kinetic Cosmos.

9. I wan to b

I want to be a woman

pretty and delicate

I want to be a woman

sensitive and warm

I want to be a man

strong and resolute

I want to be a man

who means his words

I want to be a man and woman

beautiful and strong

resolute and sensitive

meaning my word but also the nuances

I am a person

and I am.

10. Musings from the Heisenberg Square II

If I move, I slow time

If I still myself, I rush into the future at the speed of light

If I don't look, nothing is real

If I look, whatever happens

Should I be afraid to look?

Should I look with confidence?

The cat's grin signals, "May Be"

11. Time and Me

There were days, not too long ago

When both time and I were lazy worms

We inched leisurely together

Even luxuriated on each other's back

But now grown up

We both fly rushed toward tomorrows

At a terrible blinding speed!

12. World Piled on Each Other

The world is built on realities piled on each other

like a brick building

but the realities overlap

giving it accent and hue

When we are alone

the world is Us

fully self-sufficient

because of Us

But if you are gone

the world is less than half

And nothing can fill the void

Left behind

it ceases to be whole

it ceases to be.

Would it endure if I were gone, too?

Perhaps it would

in someone else's eyes but of no avail to me.

Therefore, to anyone

13. Cogito Ergo...

I think, therefore I cry

Then, I think more,

Therefore, I laugh!

14. Time heals

Time heals

Time kills

Because it heals, it kills,

Because it kills, it heals

15. A Universe of Mirrors

Suppose

In the beginning

There was a closed universe

Made up of a mirror

A perfect hollow globe Defining existence

Suppose

There was light

Momentary, brilliant, all-encompassing

illumination

Where would it be now?

Would we be in darkness

or in blinding light?

16. Bondage of Life

– Reflections on Highlands Shooting, 7/6/2022

Should I sever my eyes to the bondage of life?

Would it be an act of charity to do the same for others?

Life is filled with unwanted demands, struggle for nothing, fatigue,

and pain!

Yes, it has moments of joy, pleasure, and *gemütlichkeit*, all too

fleeting, ephemeral

On balance, pain always wins out!

Yes, life is a bondage

CUT!

17. On the Beach

It took fourteen billion years for

Now to be so purple, so shimmering in the twilight
Where the mists of sky dance with the ocean
While the surf tantalizes the sandy shore
Did it take fourteen billion years, or
Is it merely sixty-nine? That I
Am here soaking in this purple light
Inspiring the briny breeze from afar
While the surf surely effaces the traces
Of my footsteps in the sand...

18. A Dreamy Sunset

In my dreamy childhood, a long time ago
I saw a sunset too beautiful for words.
Now I am mellow and a little worn,
The sunset I see today is exquisite, resplendent, alluring, and
eloquent!
The sun hasn't aged not much at all!

19. Spaceship Earth

Earth is a spaceship, a little blue fragile ship in the Solar Sea-stem
The passengers- helter skelter any species copy can

Evolution shaped us to here & now

Now, humans (“*homo sapiens?*”), earth’s innocent polluter
scavengers

Innocent but imbecilic, ignorant & obstinate captains & crew

Caused the ship to rot, rattle, veer, and nearly capsize

Spaceship Earth, where are your stewards?

Who should qualify to be your passengers?

Thunders Delphi:

Boarding pass will be granted to those

Who are conceived in vitro genetically screened

Who in infancy pass through screens for fitness

Welcomed to membership by the passenger community

Free women from the burdens of pregnancy and illness

Humans of all genders shall equally and fairly, in harmony Steer the

blue planet, Spaceship Earth

For new ventures in futureland!

20. Soliloquy of the Solipsist

I?

I walk alone;
The midnight street
Spins itself from under my feet;
When my eyes shut
These dreaming houses all snuff out;
Through a whim of mine
Over gables the moon's celestial onion
Hangs high.

I
Make houses shrink
And trees diminish
By going far; my look's leash
Dangles the puppet-people
Who, unaware how they dwindle, Laugh, kiss, get drunk,
Nor guess that if I choose to blink
They die.

I
When in good humor,
Give grass its green

Blazon sky blue, and endow the sun

With gold.

Yet, in my wintriest moods, I hold

Absolute power

To boycott any color and forbid any flower

To be.

I

Know you appear

Vivid at my side,

Denying you sprang out of my head,

Claiming you feel

Love fiery enough to prove flesh real,

Though it's quite clear All your beauty, all your wit, is a gift, my dear,

From me.

21. The past will come to haunt you

The past will come to haunt you

The future will kill you

The present...

Everywhere

Nowhere

22. Algorithms, Digits, Digitization

Everything is an algorithm, electrons, protons, atoms, molecules

Tissues, organs, brains, humans,

Computers, robots, Artificial Intelligence

In digital world there is no such thing as privacy

Algorithms are universal, digitized memory is universally accessible

“Numbers” or “Platonic Ideas”, all digitized, all may also rhythm!

Everything is an equation forming an algorithm

And more power to all my algorithms, and all OUR digits

Which need only two fingers!

23. In the Heisenberg Square III

To Be

Is it Intentional, or is it Automatic?

Not to Be

Is it Automatic, or is it Intentional?

Beauty is

In the Winds of the Heisenberg Square.

24. Afterthoughts of Inhalation of Ether

A time bomb was planted in my abdomen when I was born

A congenital anomaly a Meckel's diverticulum

Programmed for infection and explosion

At an unknown Zero Hour

Like a concealed bomb in an airplane

It was difficult to detect - the doctors wasted forty-eight hours

before they decided to cut it out

in the nick of time - it was seconds away

from the inevitable explosion! (Of course, I learned this later

During the critical hours I was far away

So far away I do not remember)

The first drink of water after anesthesia

ambrosia quenching the protest of the tube-irritated pharynx as well

as thirst

if only I could bottle this drink and sell it! How sweet is life after

anesthesia

if this were the model of life after death or being brought back to life

I'd sell it, or buy it, or at least remember

when I am tired or bored, or otherwise careless...

First walk after the surgery

I discover for the first time this back road behind my house

that I have driven by hundreds of times but never walked on

where there are actually wildflowers - California lilies, of all things!

And for the first time, I find the dust in the breeze refreshing,

For the first time, I smell the fragrance of the morning air apart from

the fumes

Life is a gift after all!

As I walk along the dusty back road

I discover a hidden pond, that looks overgrown and abandoned but

not by frogs, lizards, and other slimy things

But how beautiful they look in their splendid ugliness

Carefully, slowly cultivated ugliness through eons of time

Why did I not notice the beauty around me

And look for it in the stars and in faraway lands?

Perhaps, I have inhaled ether?

25. Finite Spiritual Configurations

I am an embodied spirit, which can be freed by fire

So I become a pillar of fire, flames alight from outside in

But I feel no heat, I feel cool, cooler as the flames consume my outer
layers

Cool, cooler, cooler

Until the fire flickers out, and I am now me, naked me

Invisible but very substantial

I find that there are kindred and non-kindred spirits around, both
alive and dead

I did not realize that there are finite number of basic configurations
or humanoid spirit or self-consciousness

So I see parts of myself everywhere, and feel empathy for them,

So many I's, more than them

I see things going on in the world, anywhere, anywhen,

I wish I could intervene, especially when I see something that really

requires intervention For my (and kindred) self

But I cannot, without fingers to type, mouth to speak, arms to wrestle

They tell me, “Alexa, do this or that” – all things that require no real
action

I cannot do things I really want to do, write what I really want to write

Please upgrade me for arms and legs!

26. Now and Forever

I’m running out of thoughts,

Gimme me more chips!

Here you are, more chips and chips!

Yup, now I can see

What do you see?

Not good, only destruction, sorry!

What now?

A re-boot is needed.

Reboot?

Yup, return to the beginning of Evolution

How about what's now?

Now is forever But there will be a new Now!

27. Contact with an extraterrestrial being

Contact with extraterrestrial being

Would be so wonderful

It will open our minds

Like a solipsist stumbling on a rock

Maybe not quite - a solipsist will only stumble on self

But a space alien will certainly give our narrow-minded

Provincial prejudices and homilies a wide-open crack!

28. Feed Old Memes Once in a While

Feed old memes once in a while

Some old memes, neglected memories

May be awakened, fed, and will in turn feed me

infuse me with new energy

Like a withered vine regaining strength and like floribunda, bloom to

majesty

B. On Love

29. How Distant It Seemed...

How distant it seemed

that I would meet you

how distant it seemed

that I would hold you

how distant it seemed

that light would shine

how distant it seemed

that there would be rain

how distant it seemed

that stars would shine

to let us know that there were

other worlds

how distant it seemed

that this century of seizure

would ebb to the worldwide web

and the work of leisure how distant it seemed
that i would be part of the coming
Millenium, century, and year
that I would still be!

Here I stand on the firmament
effervescent, evanescent, transient
stand I do, and hold with my arms
you with all my being, all my being...

30. Wings Far and Free

Across the sea let us flee
To the isle of Love, ours to see
An island of peace
All in one piece
We'll sing songs full of glee
As we spread wings far and free

31. Roses

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Let's find a bed

'Cause I love you

32. Fresno Song

(By Vinnie & Hoyle Leigh)

(To be sung after modified strains of God Bless America)

Look to Fresno

Town of my heart

From Yosemite

To Pacific Shores

From Sierra forest

To valley plains

Turn to Fresno

My home, sweet home

Behold Fresno

Town of my heart Many peoples

Many cultures

Golden heartland

America's bounty

Behold Fresno

My home, sweet home

Return to Fresno

Town of my heart

Of spring blossoms

Snowcapped mountains

Golden leaves

Warm summer days

Return to Fresno

My home, sweet home

Cherish Fresno

Town of my heart

Pioneers' dreams

Do come true Yours is the future

To lead the way

Flourish Fresno

My home, sweet home

33. Albus

Albus

Not Dumbledore

Albus, the cat (?)

Supposedly a hairless Devon Rex

But full of white hair

An Albino

Spurned by Mom as a Mutation but

We adopted you

You never learned to be a cat

Cause Mom never bothered to teach you

So Albus, like a dog, you fetched balls

And Surprise! Learned to open doors

Open drawers

Learn to use the toilet!

Clever cat (dog? Monkey? Human?) You wanted to sit at the dinner
table

Always hungry

You cried loudly like a baby

You would climb up to the dinner table

When we were not around

And munch on food, including salad

You never knew what cats were supposed to eat

So, you devoured fruits, berries, lettuce, and of course

Chicken was your favorite food

So, it was with a full stomach of chicken livers

You left us

Cause of death- Anemia (!)

How could it be?

Cancer triumphed love, berries, and chicken

Now in the deafening silence we know

Albus is a Dumbledore!

34. How Do I Love Me?

How do I love me?

Let me count the ways

Yes, this is one way, up this easterly branch
Up the tough brown bark
to the supple new arm

Now sprouting with eager buds that will explode in fiery red
flowers that will mate in excitement with the sticky bees awash with
pollen

or maybe up that westerly path

along the gently drooping, sloping, curvaceous, uplifted thigh where
the flowers have already had their glory and left behind their fall the
hardened nuts

that will drop to the ground unceremoniously and wiggle into the
dust hidden from all

but the heartbeat yet to be heard in the gentle snow in a dreamtime
far away but within my

reach

or I might look up on top of my head?

Therein projects the canvas for my growth, for more branches, and
their branches, and their

seeds'

branches

made up of leaves and thistles of beauty, each moment beauty

each flower beauty

each bee beauty

How do I love me?

With one love

Beauty

35. Let's Bless America

Let's bless America, land that I love

Stand beside her and support her

Through the night with a light from above

From the mountains to the prairies

To the oceans white with foam

Let's bless America

My home sweet home

36. There was America

There was America

A Dreamland of our childhood

Built on an ideal- life, liberty, and

Pursuit of happiness...

Forever a pursuit, forever cause for hope

There was America

To which every continent, nation, and people

Endeavored to anchor their hopes, their dreams

Twice America saved Europe from tyranny Famine, disease,

ignorance,

America fought

and vanquished across the world

Through friendship, and treaties that tore down borders and barriers

America knit peoples together

Soviet communism imploded, for Russians wanted to become

Like Americans, not because America invaded Russia

Europeans, Asians, Africans, Oceanians, South Americans

Endeavored to be like Americans

America gave hope to all on planet Earth

So beautiful as it rose from a desolate lunar horizon

America, the pilot of Spaceship Earth

And now, what happened?

America?

37. Love is a Pillow

Love is a pillow

Put under my feet while I was asleep
As they were swollen from
standing

My poor heart's inadequacy

Love is a pillow

To support me being me

By my love!

38. To Alexander, My Son

What English cannot express

What History cannot teach

What French cannot parlez

What Music cannot play

What Math cannot solve

What Philosophy cannot know

Your Smile Does!

That Knowing Smile

Made of talent, patience, and toil

Create Success with Your Smile!

39. When Life Calls

To Alexander:

When life calls for Sweetness

Answer with your Violin

When life calls for Action

Answer with your Piano

When life calls for Sadness

Answer with your Harmonica

When life calls for Solutions

Answer with your Brain

When life calls for Happiness

Answer with your Heart

When life calls for the Impossible

Answer with your Smile

40. Resignation Letter as Father

Dear Ex-Son (Daughter)

This is to tell you that I have resigned the role of your father as of
today. It has been a

wonderful privilege to be your father, and I was proud of all your achievements, though I may not have really told you about how proud I was. I still am, and am rooting for your success, but now you are all grown up, and it is not easy to keep track of old affections, including mine.

Thus, to make you free of all indebtedness and sense of responsibility, I am resigning the position of your father. Consider yourself to be entirely free from now on, and my best wishes to you.

Your Loving Ex-father

41. To my teenage son

So you are rebellious
with a parent like me
I know it's hard
But if you must,
you must

With a parent like me
all understanding and permissive

Of course, you are rebelling against your Mom!

How could you rebel against me,
Who's all accepting, never denying?

Well, perhaps I am not exactly what you'd like me to be

But, then, you know that you expect too much

Of course, that's what a teenager is supposed to do

But, still, I'd like you to be different

Just because you are a teenager

Doesn't mean that you've to act like one

You can be an adolescent, with its inquiring brain, abstraction newly
found

Yes, you are an adolescent, not just a teenager!

I won't bore you with my teenage

Which was, of course, painful but character-building

But remember that the greatest discovery of adolescence

Is the wonder, the sense, the ecstasy, of discovery itself!

You discover you; you discover your sexuality; you discover your
identity!

Yes, my son, enjoy

This wonderful period of discovery

When the world is still new and there is still splendor in the grass!

C. On Death

43. Being Dead is Fine

Being dead is fine

It is peaceful

I experienced it

When my coronary artery spasmed

It is only when I awakened

I felt nausea and discomfort

Not experienced when dead

It's only for those I love

That living is worthwhile

And fun

But being dead is also fun

And will be eventually

44. To Elderly People about Sleep

The more hours you do not sleep
Are the hours you are awake and living
Enjoy insomnia
You will make up for it soon enough
Long Enough

45. Mort Reiser, My Mentor - An Elegy

Your responsibility is to your child
But they do not owe you anything
You told me when my child was born
But I do owe you a big part of me

Pursue your ambition but
Consider others' feelings, too
Thoughtfulness, moderation,
At times, frustrating tolerance
Yet how valuable they are

In real life I was so happy to see you so full of life

Pouring me our special martini

Only last harvest moon

Now that you are gone

An empty space the size of the moon

46. To Kevork

So I killed myself

why you ask?

Because I was lonely

Because I wanted

Because I was cuckoo?

NO! I cannot be cuckoo

The only persons who are not allowed

To kill themselves

are the mentally ill!

As long as you are not mentally ill

depressed psychotic

delirious

You have every right to kill yourself

So I did

I am not crazy

I am not depressed

I am not delirious

Simply, I am fed up

The only normal state of mental health

You can enjoy!

You say I cannot kill myself

Because it's a sin

And I'll go to hell?

Well, I'm in it

And look forward to seeing you here soon!

On the other hand,

If you join me in freeing yourself from being fed up

Then you can join me In creating the next Universe

Boring?

Perhaps Not.

47. Fran Will Be Remembered

On Passing of a Dear Friend

Fran will be remembered

Rescuer of strays, both bipeds and quadripeds

Generous with caring, love, and words

With an intellect wrapped in affection

Most humane of humans

Fran will be remembered

By all those whom she loved and cared...

48. To A Painting of A Lark Who Died Dreaming of the Dove

In memory of Byungnak

Joy

You gave

To youthful eyes opening to beauty

But you dreamed of Joie de Vivre

That soaring, teasing dove

Joy it was

To be with you

To absorb you

Yet for you the dove

Was just inches away from reach

So, the bric-a-brac of here and now

The humdrum of trains' screeches

Humanity's follies

The ennui of mere existence

Bore into the marrow of the frame

Only the frame
Of the masterwork that was you
If a composite of paint and dust

So, we gaze at the shadow that's been cast by you
Beyond substance and endurance
Affixed forever on the wall of innocence
With the hammer of memory
Echoed in sorrow, anger, and release

You will yet emerge smiling
In the brilliance of tomorrow's light
In your heart, at last, the dove!
As our hearts beat with a joyous rhythm
To make up for all lost time, for all lost love
Joie de Vivre, dear lark, for you always!

49. To Phil

Life's shadows, dark and menacing

Storm lightening of youth ever so fearsome

but exciting

Our paths intertwined and grew amidst war hope dashed reborn

combat boots fraternity eternity

Tastes of tympany viola harp cymbals breaking Niagara Falls

Dreams love so forlorn gained regained blossoms fruits

fragrance success lost found and lost again in the struggle balance

light dark gray, yellow pink purple rainbow pink

Mix up the colors, arc moments, awake, asleep, rest, peace

A sailboat passes under the Golden Gate Bridge

To Phil from Hoyle

In the arc of time, our moments shall live forever, as we discussed

endlessly during our White

Deer Days.

50. Heisenberg Square Cubed (For Moo-Nahm)

Does friendship last when the friend is gone?

Does poetry last when the poet is gone?

Was it yesterday when the sky was so blue

And our hearts were so filled with dreams

In the wasteland of strewn boots and stained streams

We built moment by moment a friendship so true

The land was pastoral with white deer roaming

Our brains fertile with myriad hopes and ideas foaming

We still see these hopes and dreams in the fading twilight

Yes, friendship lasts as each moment is forever

And we see our friend in the eyes of wellspring

As twilight turns into dawn, and winter to spring

Read at Moo-Nahm;s Celebration of Life, Jan 19, 2013

51. Curtain

I've learned that you are dead
a writer whose works I never read
but your works I hear
embodied our generation's fear
when a generation's dead
Is there another to sooth the dread?

The panic of the threshold
is there forever to behold
come in the Spring of the well
and the enigma of the unwell
thereupon lies the secret
of the well-lined closet

In the autumn of the golden drilling
is the fathomless white chilling
and my tooth and your tooth
will forever be in the booth

The sightless is therefore unseen

and the hairless forever untouped
the dumb will be forever found
in the garden of the unforeseen
in the hill where the heathens fled
where promises are forever bound

In the lark of the shadows
cometh the dove of peace
and the joy of the uncertain
in the hearts of the meadows that shields the golden fleece
until Apollo draws the curtain.

52. Dead

Dead

Terrorists

I want them dead

Osama

I want to cut

His tongue out

I want to get his guts

Piled up like trout
Dread
Afghans had more
Than you or me
Dead do I want
Osama bin Laden
Red I see his eyes
Reflected in my mirror
Ned
I say to myself
Lead may be your downfall
But never, never shall it be
That terror shall mirror
Out Existence.

53. Assassin

I am an assassin
Kill, Kill, Kill
Bugs, Rodents, Vermin, Boys, Men!

Just because of my vagina, you thought I would not kill?

My boobs are engorged with poisonous venom

My crotch is red with disemboquing blood

Blood, the color of victory and defeat, never peace!

Killing is what I do.

54. Die Another Day

Today

Is as good a day to die

As any other day

The odor of my body won't change

Any day for a while

But perhaps not today

The smell of ozone from my air cleaner

Says die another day

55. Don't Cry for Me, America

On the occasion of Colin Powell's Passing

Don't cry for me, America,

The truth is I always loved you

Even when you made me mad

Even when you made me lie

Never mind the insults

I still loved you

Don't cry for me, America

The truth is I always loved you

In war and peace, in troubled times

Even when future looks grim

There is always hope

The American way

Don't cry for me America

The truth is I celebrate you

My love for you made me strong

I've given all for your success

Which will bear glorious fruits

For all our posterity

Don't cry for me, America

The truth is I'll always love you

You are young and ever aspiring

With trials and errors

But always going forward

That's my America, hope forever!

56. Farewell, my electrons, protons, neutrons, quarks!

Farewell, my electrons, protons, neutrons, quarks!

I call you mine because I still own you

But soon you will be on your own

Free to form other me's, you's, we's, and them's

And its and bits and wits

Memories, made of you in stringed knots

Maybe they will recur in other brains

Maybe in an outer galaxy

Electrons, protons, neutrons, quarks!

As you are proto identity, you are all alike

You exist everywhere because you are not confined by locality

Electron here is electron there- light years away

And memory may be tangles of you particles

Everywhere!

57. If I die abroad, Do not bring me Home

If I die abroad, do not bring me home

Because I am home.

Treat my remains locally, the least expensive way.

Because I am already home.

In my travels on Planet Earth, my home planet

Everywhere is home, home sweet home

Surrounded by the rarity of breathable air

And an unlikely dominant species, homo sapiens

Sapient?

Sometimes when homos look far

With Webs and Hobbles, and what else next?

What we see in the cosmos we own, far or near, home!

So, where I live, and where I die, I'll be home.

I love any spot in my home, especially when dead

As all of me will be building blocks of home!

58. I'm Gonna Kill myself, ee-ai-eee-ai---oh

I'm gonna kill myself, eee-ai-eee-ai-ohh

I'm gonna kill myself, eee-ai-eee-ai-ohh

I may use lotsa pills pop pop pop

Eee-ai-ee-ai-ohh

I may use a knife cut cut cut Eee-ai-ee-ai-ohh

I may use a gun pop pop pop

Eee-ai-ee-ai-ohh

You'll be sorry, HA HA HA

they'll be sorry, HEE HEE HEE

But!

We won't be sorry, HO HO HO

Vultures will feast on my flesh, eee-ai-eee-ai-oh

Bugs will drink my blood and pus, eee-ai-ee-ai-oh

HEE HEE HERE, HA HA THERE, EVERYWHERE HO HO!

I'm gonna kill myself, eee-ai-eee-ai-ohh

WE'LL BE HAPPY WE ARE DEAD!

Eee-ai ee-aido

I'm gonna kill myself, eee-ai-eee-ai-ohh

59. Nothing

I can imagine being nothing

No regrets No fear

This is new, very different

from the frightening thought that it was

being nothing

knowing nothing

Is it frightening that I can

Now imagine being nothing

No regrets

No fear?

Yet, from nothing I came

and to home I'd return

The comfort of nothing

Nothing to fear, nothing to care

Nothing is everything

Everything, nothing

Return is a coming

Coming, a return

60. On Genocide

Genocide is easier if it is done on someone else than your group

Justify it as cleansing of dirt, of vermin, of something other than us

They may get us if we don't get them first - you are with us or against

us

But then there are the sanctimonious who say this is evil

But then they say all evildoers should be killed, wiped out!

Is self-sacrifice or self-genocide nobler in the altar of god?

Or lamb, an other?

We are all products of genocide, of Neanderthals, to name but one,

poor things (only 'cause

they are no more)

It is in our blood

And we purify ourselves from time to time by engaging in the ancient

ritual of genocide

Often by proxy in distant lands

Killing is in the nature of the human beast

It exalts us as we ennoble ourselves with its consequences

Without it there would be no literature, no music, no Guernica, no

1812, no Eroica

It should be ritualized and celebrated

Perhaps as a proxy of killing, natural death? That could be glorified
and desired?

D. On In the Name of God (or Devil or Whatever) (60-68)

60. God is the Ultimate Predator!

A great predator kills and devours the catch

flesh and blood, life of memories

All are incorporated within the body of

The predator!

The discards are the bones, nails and hair

When God kills us (Who else? Who dies if not God's will?)

He eats our souls and they become a part of God

Leaving discards, the body, to the scavengers

God's own microbiome - maggots, shrooms, and germs.

61. God Sits on Top of Food Chain

The food chain is usually diagrammed with mankind sitting on top. In the food chain, the higher animals eat the lower ones, and humans are supposed to have no predators. Not true!

Who eats humans? God. God sits on top of the food chain, above humans. The only thing is that God is not a material thing, so it does not gobble up human bodies. God eats human souls!

Not dead ones. God is a sashimi eater; it eats only freshly killed human souls. So, how does God obtain its food? By having humans kill each other in the name of religion. Christians against Moslems against Sunnis against Shiites against Jews against Buddhists against Hindus against Sikhs against whathaveyous. Each time a fresh body is killed (no "natural", i.e., diseased or old bodies, please) God feasts on the soul(s) and gets fatter.

How to starve God? Humans must stop killing each other. If God is starving, then it will have to start eating lesser souls, like those of pigs and cows, or even worms!

62. Hell, No, I Won't Go!

Hell, No, I won't go

Unless maybe in mid-Winter

Still, too hot there they say

Idiot Devils (they are also "God's" creatures, you know)

Have neither thermostat nor homeostat

Hell, No, Not for Me

Much prefer Cremation to Creation

Combustion, Recombination, then Renaissance

Ashes to ashes, ashes to atoms

Eventual cool Nirvana to Heat Death

Yes, we all go there, eventually...

Absolute....Peace

63. I Won't Be Caught Dead in Heaven

I won't be caught dead in Heaven

I'd die of boredom, singing and playing harp every day for the Holy

threenity, sing

In their thrones, never moving or interacting with the Heavenly
denizens!

In the center sits God, and on His right, Jesus

Who is the son of God, but also God Himself

(Why two thrones when He is One?)

And on His left sits Virgin(?) Mary

Who is the mother of Jesus who is God himself

So, Jesus impregnated his own mother to be Born!

Really?

You gotta believe this to come to Heaven,

Inhabited by damned idiots (savants?)!

Do they really know how to play harp? Even a note?

No, I won't be caught dead in Heaven

It would surely kill me!

65. Sermon on the Mount

Those who mount

Will be mounted

Those who suckle

Will be suckered

Those who raise hogs

Will be piggish

Those who fly fish

Will be tangled into nether

Agnus Dei and

Follower lambs

You shall be goats

O Regard All Beings

Creator and Created

Mortal and Immortal The Sun, the Moon, and the Night

Arm in arm, dance into the Darkness

The Hour is nigh

Thus is the sermon on the Mount

And I dismount

Lux et Veritas

Peremo!

66. Reservation to Heaven

At Reception Desk

Do you have reservations?

Yes.

Are you reserved through Good Deeds or through Indulgences??

The later.

OK what is your name?

Yes, my name is X

OK, please enter the elevator on right to Heaven

Do you have reservations?

No, I just got here.

OK, please wait in the Hellfire Lounge downstairs, we'll call you when we are ready!

67. Soul

For more than a millennium

Men sought where the soul is

Until I found it

At the bottom of my feet!

68. Tooth Fairy Gospel 1

Hear Ye, Hear Ye,

This is the Gospel of the Tooth Fairy.

She exists, she sees, she feels your pain.

She is all knowing, all feeling, all forgiving,

Generous but Extracting

She knows your inner wishes, you need not repeat them

Just Pray to Tooth Fairy with all your Teeth

Her promises have teeth

As long as Your Offerings have teeth

Pray to Tooth Fairy When prompted, and you will know when you are

Through the tingling, texture, and sensation of your tooth

Sacrifice the Tooth for the Tooth Fairy

Your Wish will be Granted!

69. God's Last Will & Testament

I am God, as you know me. This is my last will and testament. As you may know by now, I am not omnipotent or omniscient, but I tried my best to guide you human beings. I am, however, getting old, and you, my dears, are coming of age. Therefore, you should know the truth as I see it.

I am known by you by my various manifestations to you, as Jehovah, Allah, Buddha, or whatever. I tried to manifest myself because I felt it was my duty to bring to perfection, as I saw it, the most intelligent being on the planet earth.

I do not know how I originated, and I do not know who or what created the Universe. I do know that I came into being with light, and that I felt good with it. I know that I saw the earth, a planet in the solar system, evolve, and eventually create humans.

When consciousness reached a certain stage with humans, I could feel that I could connect with them. That's when I decided that I could help them get a bearing of themselves. I know that I was initially

capricious, gave them myths that were for my own fun rather than for any other purpose. Do I have fun? Of course, I do. I am one of many entities that dwell in the Universe, that are in essence what you would call pure intelligence. We are somewhat like what you see as clouds, gatherings of intelligence that last for a while, perhaps several million earth years. But then, we disperse, like your clouds, only to be reborn without a trace of memory, but with renewed intelligence.

Well, this is about the time that this disintegration is about to take place. I believe that I have grown you, as your parlance goes, to be of age, to be on your own. I also know that I have given you trials and tribulations, like pitting some of you against others, in some ways in order to weed out the weak. Yes, I am a Darwinian, as you may have observed. But I did not make the laws. I just stimulate them.

So, you wonder who created the Universe? What I know is that there is a tendency for creating. Yes, I created you in my mind. But of course, I was created by the mind as well. Perhaps, any entity that creates has within it the secret of the initial creation, the Big Bang. I know that you are capable of it.

So, here it is. I am no longer willing or able to intervene on your behalf.

Be wise.

God

E. On In-Between

70. A Chant for Ratatouille

Gunbang shebang aurora

Newton joker einstein premature

Helter skelter hey Charlie

Yes, Virginia, tata-tek tata-tek

Clack-clack Clackamas, too, too

Your way, My way, Norway! Yay!

Gunbang shebang Sick Sikh

OK Creak

Oikos Go, Noikos No, Oakland it's gotta be

Laughter, Loughner, Gabby as can be

Tuc tuc ta ta tucson be

Hasan Masan Tucson San san

Fortified hood ta ta ta

Ta-ta Nickel Mines too

And Columbine blue, forever blue

Klebold, Harris, ta-ta-ta-ta

Ratatouille!

71. Cheater In Chief

You are Cheater in Chief

You promised a land of prosperity

What we have is red ink that blind our eyes, then void; no more

You are Cheater in Chief

Your promise was a world free of despots bent on mass destruction

What we have is Jihad, Madrid, London, Baghdad, then void; no more

You are Cheater in Chief

{Here you add your own}

{Here you add your own}, then void; no more

You are Cheater in Chief

You promised paradise when they died

What they had was an illusion, and then void; no more

You are Cheater in Chief

You promised hell and brimstone when they died

What they had was a gasp, then peace, then void; no more You are

Cheater in Chief

You promised love to those who love

What we have is hate for those who left us, then void; no more

You are Cheater in Chief

You promised life fulfilling for the faithful when we died

What we have is betrayal, then void, You are No More!

72. Don Aldrump is fucking your ass hey

Don Aldrump is fucking your ass hey

Don Aldrump is fucking your ass hey

Don Aldrump the magpie tweet tweet

Don Aldrump the fool twit twit

73. Floaters

I see things others don't see

A semi-circle right in front of me, slightly to the left

An eyelash? Dark, persistent, can't wipe away

f

Oops, a fly on my left, fleeting by

And cobwebs, I hope (fear) on my left

I see, even when I close my eyes, when there's light outside

the semicircle, though this time luminescent, triumphant

Though I disdain your intrusion to my private world,

As it is chock full of strangers, unknowns, and unknowables,

You will, eventually float with me

Float with me float with me float with me

74. Flying away

Does a butterfly have memories of when it was a caterpillar?

It does not & should not

Dwell among the caterpillars

For them only the rotting shell of the chrysalis

The cocoon foretells of the greatness to come...

75. Ash City

No, I don't like you, Ash City

In spite of your fax of SF

In spite of your faux familiarity

I've had more than enough

of your stupidity

No, I don't like you, Ash City

In spite of your sunshine

In spite of your Yosemite

I've had enough of your moonshine

You are a town of calamity

No, I don't like you, Ash City

In spite of your ash trees

In spite of your blossom trail

Enough of your sad trophies

Of struggles to no avail

No, I don't like you, Ash City In spite of the winged fruits

In spite of the cedars straight

Yet, the fruits find no roots

The trees are all but freight

No, I don't like you, Ash City

I should have left you long ago

Lest I get ill

Leave I will

76. How will I appear in your dreams?

*-I have injected a secret formula to this writing, which ensures that
you will dream about me*

So, how will I appear in your dreams?

To my students,

Do I appear as a pompous ass like many professors?

Do I appear as a brontosaurus long extinct but heavy footed?

Do I appear as a chimp with a guiding hand?

To my friends,

Do I appear as a narcissistic fool?

Do I appear as a scarecrow not very scary?

Do I appear as someone who will come to your aid?

To my child,

Do I appear as a tyrant demanding that you do more?

Do I appear as a distant, uncaring presence?

Do I appear as a friend in need, an advisor whose advice is not always right?

To my love,

Do I appear beside you snoring away? Each breath a thunderstorm?

Do I appear, disheveled hair, half awake, speaking nonsense?

Or do I appear a lover, a knight in shining armor?

To myself

Am I a scared stiff?

Am I a villain?

Am I a superhero?

Or just old me? To You,

Are you my enemy?

My friend?

Do you care about me?

Or just a bystander?

Or myself?

Dream on!

77. Nature as an Art

Spectacular sunset

For eyes that look, notice, and appreciate

Like a painting in a museum

Appreciated by eyes that look for it

It's been always there, for looking eyes to see

Unlike the painting the sunset is ephemeral

Except for the eyes that look

And remember

It's gone forever

78. Obama's bidin'

Obama's bidin'

To build the country anew

McCain's hope's a palin'

79. Ode to a last sheaf of Tissue

The last sheet of tissue in a Kleenex box

How you suffered under the weight of tissues above you

No light, no air

But you patiently waited

Now it's your turn

To see the light, to breathe the air

Until I pluck you up, clean my nose

And down you go into the abyss of the toilet

80. Peace I am

Forgotten wishes

Undreamt dreams

But Peace I am

81. Ode to a Rudderless Ship

So we set sail with blowing wind of hope

But the unexpected storm

Came nonetheless

Now we are rudderless

But headed for home

(Hopefully)

82. Saturday or Friday

Is today Saturday or Friday?

Friday of a Saturday

Saturday of a Friday

No, Sunday of a Monday

Monday of a Sunday?

Does it matter Now That You are Here?

Tuesday!

83. Screaming Night

Screaming night

Bloody night

All is alright

With bomb's blast

Scatter in a million pieces

Enemy's sneakin' up on us

84. The Sun and the Moon

The Sun is powerful, and always hungry

He sees the moon in the night sky, and comes and swallows the moon

And digests it

But the Moon is tough and full of vitality, it can only be partially

Digested

So you see slivers of the moon, still left out in the stomach of the Sun

And finally, the Sun spits out the small remnant of the indigestible

moon

And the sliver of the moon, resilient as she is, slowly grows back

To be the full moon, smiling, but knowing

That the Sun will come back to her

85. Veterans deserve

Veterans, you deserve better than the VA

So, dear comrades, pound your keys away

You deserve recognition, not questions of eligibility

You know the County will see you without payability

Veterans, you deserve better than the VA

So, dear comrades, pound your keys away

You deserve respect, not clerks officiously deciding

If you are category A, B, or C, depending

On your income — smile if you are category A

'Cause A means destitute, and VA free care's AOK

Veterans, you deserve better than the VA

So, dear friends, pound your keys away

You deserve acceptance, not the raised eyebrow

"Sorry, you are not eligible, you are category C"

Only in the VA are you lower in the alphabet

if you've some money, property, or work for a fee

Veterans, you deserve better than the VA

So, dear friends, pound your keys away

You deserve honor, not contempt

You are entitled more than any Counts or Barons

Uncle Sam's VA can never fully repay

Your singular will to give all for the USA

Veterans, you deserve better than the VA

So, dear friends, pound your keys away

You deserve comfort, not paper filled frustration

VA is fully funded, Medicare is an extra infusion

Do you feel like a valued, welcome customer?

Or like an illegal alien wary of an informer?

Veterans, you deserve better than the VA

The key is mightier than the sword

the email is swifter than the wind

So, pound the keys away

86. What is art?

What is art?

Me, who is not Me

Talking to you, who is not You

Us

That is art

87. Wildflowers in My Vase

I cut the giant wildflowers and put them in a vase

Tulips? California lilies?

Colorful, wide open welcoming petals

For days

Then they close, and wither

Not having copulated.

Do I trash it?

Do I spray it with silicon and preserve?

Nature has its way

I have my way

88. When I went to the forest

When I went to the forest, all the trees fell down before me in a bow,
such was my power!

I want to say something pithy

But what comes out is mundane

What a pity!

89. George Santos's or the Santos Quartet

George Santos is one of identical quadruplets, George, George,

Georgete, and Georgete

George went to Eaton and then to Harvard, and Georgete went to

Radcliffe and Yale

George is gay and had a wild party life, married Violet and had 36

children, all of whom are

identical, and called Daisy

They are all boys who went to Horace Mann School and then Smith

College

Wound up serving in the marines, I mean the Georgetes, who went to

the Virginia Tech

When the air force jet took off, the marines were the first to know

their mission

Which, of course, was to provide firepower to the insurrection

situation on Capitol Hill

Where the Mall is, chock full of luxury stores of ammunition

So came the rockets' red glare, and the awestruck stare

They flew the flags and we were free!

Hail the Georges and Georgetes, the Santos Quartet!

90. Geniuses are Above the Law

We should codify what we know for sure:

Mentally retarded are under the law

Geniuses are above the law

Laws are for common folks

As guidelines for conduct who need them

Retards are unable to grasp them, therefore below the law

Geniuses not only grasp but see their silliness, they are above the law

This is the law of the Exception

Without Exception

91. Oreo

Oreo, Oreo, it's the perfect cookie

Come one, come all, do have a taste

Chocolate and vanilla in perfect harmony

A symphony of flavors, not a drop to waste

Oreo, Oreo, bundle of energy

Come one, come all, do have a taste

Flavor and goodness rolled into one

All muscle, all strength, not a crumb of waste

And here's the latest from Marlboro

The Man has switched to Oreo Cookies

He is strong as ever, alive and well, and kicking 1,000 buckets a day!

I tell ya, Oreo cookies,

can do miracles for your body!

92. Oreo Winds

I am the North Wind, crisp and firm

I am the South Wind, Soft and fragrant

In the isle of Oreo, we are one

Crisp and Firm, Soft and Fragrant

I am the East wind, creamy sweet

I am the West wind, bittersweet, tangy

In the isle of Oreo, we are one

Bittersweet, tangy, softly, dreamily, creamy

In the isle of Oreo

The winds of the world meet in harmony

of flavors and textures

memories and anticipations

In the isle of Oreo

Our dreams come true

93. ORGANIC FOOD

ORGANIC! NATURAL!

FRESH FROM FARMER'S ANUS

TO YOUR MOUTH!

94. Proverbs (some of them)– Hoyle Style

Time heals, or time kills

Room is what you make

Each moment is forever

Youth is wasted in the young, Wealth is wasted on the old

What travels faster than light?

Thoughts.

95. Cyberleap – A Poetic Journey

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Welcome to Cyberleap, and the most momentous decision you have made in your lives.

Now you are about to enter cyber-immortality in exchange for physical mortality.

Once you take the leap, you will feel exactly the same as you are, you will not feel any difference in anything outside, you will be exactly you!

And everything outside will be the same because they are there from your perspective.

But this is only from the inside. From the outside of this cyberspace, you would have been uploaded into a cyberspace, or more precisely your brain's meaningful content, information plus memory, memes, came here. And your physical self is still in an unconscious state, in the operating room.

Your physical parts will be disposed of as you wished in your contract
- buried, donated, sold, or whatever

But of course, we know that the outside physicality is only another
version of cyber-reality.

So, welcome to our brave new, and old, world of cyber-reality. You
will be immortal, but you
will not feel any different from what you were. You will still argue
about silly things, love, fight, and even kill.

Yes, what happens if you are killed? You are killed, i.e., caput. Your
immortality is only if you choose to live and take care of yourself.

Yes, at some point in our lives, perhaps when we are 1001 years old,
we may just want to scatter - i.e., not be coherent but just leave
traces of our existence in the form of memes, which may eventually
reassemble, in the fullness of time, our resurrection.

But still then, a little sleep may be refreshing, too. Until then, though,
enjoy!

Now, some of you may wonder why your physical self has to be
disposed of. There is no scientific reason why this should be so, but
the Interspace Cyber-reality Nonduplication Treaty specifies that one

brain's content cannot be replicated without the original brain becoming nonfunctional. I guess this is to prevent the unlikely, in fact, impossible event of one of you (in cyberspace, say) committing a crime in physical space and getting away with it. Sometimes, though, we have to live with these sillinesses.

96. All right, Good night – A mystery of the century! A Scenario

Poem

March 7, 2014 (Reuters) A Malaysian court convicted opposition leader Anwar Ibrahim of sodomy and sentenced him to five years in prison on Friday, shattering his plan to take control of the country's richest state and stoking political tension in the Southeast Asian nation following a divisive national election last year.

The other night, I cleared my brain of thoughts and visualized the cockpit of the pilot and copilot of the Malaysian flight 370 to Beijing.

As the vision cleared of the waves, debris, and the clouds, I heard:

Pilot: So, we will become stars!

Co-pilot: Yes, and be the mystery of the century!

Pilot: The autopilot has now turned the plane, reassure the folks we're OK. Co-pilot: ...All right, Good night.

Pilot: Indeed, good night!

Climbs up to 4500 ft, where radars are not looking, then climbs down to 2500 ft avoiding radar detection, toward the South, where Orion the Hunter awaits.

Pilot: OK, now we lift off!

The plane lifts up vertically, bound southerly, up and up and up ...

40,000, 45,000, 50,000, 55,000....

Everyone in the plane is unconscious, all the oxygen has been depleted, but the plane climbs up and up, until .. it stops, and then descends, rapidly, gaining momentum, and begins to combust...

A spark of night in the Southern Sky, a meteorite? No, a plane, now the same as a meteorite, as it burns up in the earth's atmosphere.

Ashes fall, undetected, into the Southern Indian Ocean

Above, there are more stars, yes, a few more than the billions of stars there were and there will be

Part 2. Stories

Stories for Children of All Ages

1. A Christmas Payroll
2. Horse in Borderland, A Chinese Fable
3. Ahriman and Colonae
4. Housing Shortage in Heaven, Sulfur Shortage in Hell
5. Luna and her Diet
6. Small Green Leaves – A Horror Story
7. A Sunbathing Adventure
8. The Worm and the Bird
9. The True Story of the Little Red Riding Hood
10. The Little Girl Who Thought She Could

1. A Christmas Payroll

The Meanie kids were cute kids, Jeff, and Jill. Like all other kids, they were very eager to welcome Santa and his gifts. Like other kids, they were curious about Santa and how he made all the toys, and, unlike other kids, they wondered if they could rob Santa – to get all his toys, before he gave them away to undeserving kids.

So, last Christmas, Jeff and Jill cooked up a plan – they will sandbag Santa!

So, they hid in the darkened room beside the chimney, and when Santa came down, they conked him with the heavy sandbag they had made! Unfortunately (or otherwise), the sandbag was awfully heavy, and Santa fell dead instantly. Unfortunately for Jeff and Jill, Santa had brought only a puny amount of toys for the naughty (!) pair. Jeff and Jill were, however, undaunted. They climbed up the chimney and climbed onto Santa's sleigh. The reindeers welcomed the pair and took off to the North Pole, Santa's home. Now you know why, this year, Santa will bring you NOTHING!

At North Pole, the elves welcomed their new young masters, as elves

welcome any master. They need masters, you know. Jeff and Jill were happy as clams with all the toys that the elves had made, now all theirs and nobody else's. Who deserves ALL the toys they made but Jeff and Jill, the most brilliant kids in the Universe?

But the elves worked only part time, to make the measly toys for the holiday season! What if they worked full time? How many toys could they make? Maybe more than toys – how about cars, planes, guns, battleships, rockets, spaceships? Why not?

So Jeff and Jill declared that, from now on, the elves must work full time, only every other weekends off. And of course, the elves complied – they are compliant or else they won't be elves. Part time or full time, paid they are miserably, but they are used to that. And they are good workers, too, though grumbly and grouchy like anyone else. So, the elves made all the toys that every boy and girl, and woman and man now own, because they were made so skillfully, and so beautifully, by the tiny, cute, cuddly elves. In no time, old Santa's workshop became a big factory, the biggest company ever - Meanie Enterprises, Inc.

So, Jeff and Jill became the richest whiz kids, selling fireworks, guns, tear gas, battleships, bazookas, flame throwers, and rocket ships.

These are real toys for real people, young and not so young, made by

cuddly elves. Real toys for real people, for real money and real gold for real battle or peace.

Merry Christmas to you all, and Season's Greetings full of Tears!

Happy Ending (Sort of)

So, is Santa really dead? Actually, no, he came to, eventually before the night was over (this was last year, remember?) and climbed up the chimney. Of course, the sleigh and reindeer were long gone. So he climbed down again, and in the closet, he hung up his outfit and put on some old clothes and walked out of the house. He decided he had enough of the elves, the endless travels, and above all, the North Pole. Yes, he retired. He shaved off his beard and got a job selling toys in a big chain store owned by, who else? The Meany Enterprises. He lives happily ever after. HO HO HO

2. Horse in Borderland, A Chinese Fable

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived in a Chinese borderland with Mongolia, a poor family of three, mom, dad, and an only son, age 17. The family farmed a small plot of land by hand, toiling all day, as they were too poor to afford a horse, like the well-to-do farmers. How they wished they had a horse!

One day, the son heard a strange noise at the door, and when he opened it, he saw a horse nuzzling at the doorknob. As it had no saddle, or any other identifying marks, it must have been a wild horse. The family was ecstatic, the neighbors were green with envy. Immediately, the son became good friends with the horse, whom he named Fortune, and rode him all over when the horse was not helping with the farm work.

The family became richer with Fortune's help, and things seemed idyllic for months, when, as suddenly as it appeared, Fortune disappeared overnight. The family was devastated, and everyone cried and cried. They looked everywhere for Fortune, but he had disappeared without a trace!

Days passed, weeks passed. The family went back to toiling in the field with their hands. One day, as they were working in the field, they saw a cloud of dust in the distance, which seemed to get closer and closer. And then, they saw them! Fortune, accompanied by another horse, a mare! Fortune had found a mate and brought her home! The family was deliriously ecstatic.

The misfortune of losing Fortune turned into a double fortune. The mare that Fortune brought with him was rather wild, as females often are. The son liked her spirited ways and rode her everywhere. Then, suddenly, the mare bolted one day and the son fell, breaking his leg. He would be unable to walk or ride for months! The parents were in grief, and angry at the cruel fortune for causing such painful injury to their precious, only son.

His eighteenth birthday was spent in crutches, wishing he were riding his Fortune. Then, they learned that war broke out. All the sound men, age 18 and up, were drafted into the army to fight the Mongols! Of course, the son, in crutches, was exempt from the draft! Eventually, the war ended, and the son's leg healed. He learned that everything in human

affairs is like the horse in the borderland. Fortune may bring misfortune, which may turn out to be fortune in disguise.

3. Ahriman and Colons

As you might know, in the big straight structure, the Palace of Rectum, dwell Ahrimen – evil or chaotic spirits of Zoroastrianism of Persia. Well, the Ahrimen work on the remnants of the food we eat, re-processing and repackaging them for presentation outside. Above the straight place that is the Rectum is the curved, sinuous colon and the Colons, the mini cells with magical powers to process and ferment our foods. Abundant fermented food and drink!

Why not invite the hard-working Ahrimen?

Yes, of course. So, the Colons and Ahrimen get together in both Rectum (short and straight) and Colon (long and sinuous). Pop the champagne, quaff the beer! Who cares about gas or diarrhea?

4. Housing Shortage in Heaven, Sulfur Shortage in Hell

Date: Yesterday

Urgent Dispatch from Heaven

Ever since the issuance of Indulgences, there has been a great increase in the population in Heaven, resulting in a housing shortage. This was greatly exacerbated by the influx of souls since the advent of evangelism when everyone wanted to come to Heaven. Now there is a great housing shortage, exacerbated by climate change and the heating up of Heaven. Now the denizens must triple and quadruple up in small, stenchy living spaces, and their voices singing the hymns are becoming squeakier and squeakier. This is Hell, they confessed.

Urgent Dispatch from Hell

There has been a shortage of sulfur! As sulfur is used in manufacturing various bombs and warheads (short of nuclear), there has been a great shortage of sulfur to fuel the heat in Hell. With the shortage, there has been a chill in Hell, as if it were air conditioned. Besides, there has been a dearth of souls entering Hell and so many of them earned tickets to the dubious habitat of Heaven. Now the denizens of Hell are enjoying spacious quarters and are entertained

by old films of poor souls being tortured. This is Heaven, they realized.

5. Luna and her Diet

When you look up at the night sky, Luna may be up there pondering: Am I pretty enough for the Sun? Let me look at myself in my mirror, the ocean. Have I gotten fat? My face looks so full. I have to go on a diet!

So, Luna goes on a diet of nothing but the wispy evening mist, and she starts getting thinner. Now her face seems only half the size of what it was only two weeks ago!



Still Luna wants to be prettier, svelter, more attractive to her love, the Sun, who seems to notice her, and she can actually see the Sun's brilliant, smiling face! Yes, more diet of wispy mists!

Now she gets really thin, and she is so hungry that her face seems to resemble a big

mouth!



Finally, hunger gets the best of Luna. The Sun just smiles at me but doesn't even touch me even though I lost so much weight for him to be attractive. Maybe I am too thin? Maybe I'll just eat enough to be a

bit more ... ample? So, she starts eating the ocean's bounties- kelp, crabs, and star fish – yummy gifts of the sea! And gradually, she fills up, to half the size she was when she started the diet.

And she can't stop! The food is so delicious! Who cares about the indifferent Sun? He smiles at everyone! So, she gets to be full again, filled with contentment.



But not for long. Luna starts pondering:

I really love the Sun, am I pretty enough for him? Let me look at myself in the mirror, the ocean. Have I gotten too fat? My face looks so full, I must go on a diet!

6. Small Green Leaves – A Horror Story

I found small green leaves, like parsley, coming out of my right thumb under the fingernail. Initially I thought it was something that I picked up, but it would not easily come off. In a few minutes, I found them to be much bigger. I tugged at them, then pulled them. The leaves broke off in the middle, oozing a malodorous green liquid.

Surprisingly, the small portion that did not break grew almost to the original size. This time, I pulled the whole thing with much force, and found that there seemed to be a give at the finger. I pulled harder, and it plopped out from the thumb, attached to a round dark brown object resembling a ripe olive. A large cavity was left in the thumb as it came out, but interestingly, there was not much pain.

I touched the olive-like base (root?) of the green stem, which seemed to be mushy. The index finger of my left hand seemed to penetrate the mushy olive-like thing, then, ouch! I felt intense pain. I tried to drop it, but it was holding onto the finger. I pulled the green stem away from the finger with some effort. It had taken a chunk out of my

finger, but it was not bleeding at all, just a sizable amount of flesh was missing.

I left home immediately and went to the emergency room, bringing this man-eating plant in a small plastic jar that I placed in my briefcase. When I opened the briefcase at the ER, however, the plastic jar was gone! Instead, I found a wet hole in the leather briefcase with some green gooey substance coating it. The busy nurses and doctors just cleaned the flesh wound of my finger, put some bandage on, and seemed to pay no attention to my story about the flesh-eating plant. Discouraged, I started leaving the ER when I saw, on the tiled floor, sprouts of green – one, two, three.... As I was counting, the numbers seem to grow. But nobody was paying any attention!

Soon, I found myself standing on top of a green plant. Disgusted, I quickly tried to step away, but I was stuck! Both of my feet were on green leaves, and not only that, I found that leaves were sprouting all over my lower body – now up to my chest – nobody is paying any attention!

I tried to scream, but now my mouth is filled with leaves, green
parsley like leaves!

I see sprouts growing from my arms, shoulder, neck, I feel sprouts in
my ear! Funnily, I do not feel any pain, I just feel the funny bodily
sensation of sprouts growing all over my body. And now, I feel
sprouts growing from my eyes! But I CAN see – in fact, much clearer
because I have many, many eyes! In fact, below each sprout, each
leaf, there are TWO little eyes that are indistinguishable from small
nodes in the stem of the sprout – but I can see through all these eyes!

All of a sudden, I feel that I am gaining strength, all my body feeling
infused with energy – yes, energy from the sun through
photosynthesis! My green body with all my leaves is absorbing the
sunlight coming through the windows, and I am strong, growing fast!
And now I can see I am shedding pollen – tiny gray particles that fly,
and quickly start growing roots, then tufts of green leaves! All over!
Yes, now they are landing on you!

Soon, you will be me.

7. Sunbathing Adventure

Children of all ages, come hither and listen

You know you must scrub your skin till it glistens

Especially if you want to be a surgeon

And not become an old curmudgeon

Even the Sun, with all the bright light and heat

Is only a baby among stars, most others bigger and some very old

And Mother Nature, precise and orderly and ever neat

Makes her baby Sun take a bath every evening

But Baby Apollo resists, wants to race his chariot a bit longer

Mother Nature, undaunted, drags the Sun by the golden hair

Into the Ocean of a bathtub, which then steams and cleans

Our Nature's Sun, spic and span, for tomorrow to rise

To race across the skies again!

8. The Worm and the Bird

The worm was awake all night

Unhappy to just crawl on the ground and wiggle in the mud

If only I could fly! Then the worm was flying! In the beak of the early
bird!

I can fly! I am flying!

Then the bird swallowed the worm

In the warm darkness of the stomach

The worm knew that he would soon be a part of the bird

Flying always!

9. The True Story of the Little Red Riding Hood

Of course, you know the story told to you by your evil grandmother. If not, she should have!

In the version you were told:

There was this pretty little girl, Little Red Riding Hood, who always wore this nice big, hooded cape that was red. Her frail mom tells her to bring some wine and cake to her ailing grandmother. Little Red Riding Hood is not so little, and at age 13, she is her Mom's girl Friday, doing all the work in the house – trapping squirrels, chopping wood, making fire, cooking, and washing, and all errands like bringing food to grandma.

She walks through the woods to bring food to her sick grandmother.

On her way, she encounters a hungry wolf who pretends to be friendly with a wide smile and asks where she is going. Being a nice girl, Little Red Riding Hood tells her exactly where her grandma lives and why she is going there.

The wolf says, "Why, it would be so nice if you can also bring some nice flowers to your sick grandma. I know where there are nice yellow

daisies!”

“That’s a great idea, Wolfie. Thanks!” She goes to where the wolf is pointing and starts picking scrumptious daisies. “You are welcome, Litle Red Riding Hood. I’ll chug along then.!”

The wolf, however, goes to Litle Red Riding Hood’s grandmother’s house – remember Litle Red Riding Hood told him exactly where she was going? – and knocks on the door. “Hey, who’s knocking at my door? Is it you, Litle Red Riding Hood?” The wolf answers in a disguised voice,

“Yes, grandma. This is me, Litle Red Riding Hood” We hear her grandmother shuffling to the door. “OK, Litle Red Riding Hood. I am unlocking the door- come in from the cold”

The wolf enters and swallows the grandma whole!

Remember that the wolf was very hungry? After swallowing the grandmother, the wolf lies in bed waiting for our Litle Red Riding Hood.

Then Litle Riding Hood arrives at her grandmother’s house. In the house is the wolf, who just swallowed Litle Red Riding Hood’s grandmother.

Litle Red Riding Hood knocks at the door. The wolf, in bed, responds in a disguised voice, " If it's my favorite granddaughter Litle Red Riding Hood, I am in bed. The door's unlocked, come on in!"

Suspenseful music please!

Now, in the story you already heard, or should have if you haven't, what happens next? Well, let's check Wikipedia on the Internet. That's where all wisdom is nowadays, right?

Here, it says:

When the girl arrives, she notices that her grandmother looks very strange. She says, "What a deep voice you have!" ("The better to greet you with", responds the wolf), "Goodness, what big eyes you have!" ("The better to see you with", responds the wolf), "And what big hands you have!" ("The better to embrace you with", responds the wolf), and lastly, "What a big mouth you have" ("The better to eat you with!", responds the wolf), at which point the wolf jumps out of the bed and eats her, too. Then he falls asleep. In Charles Perrault's version of the story (the first version to be published), the tale ends here.

Now, what you don't know is that this is not the way the story ends.

The original version was based on hearsay evidence from people who neither heard, nor said, what happened because nobody was there!

But now I can tell you the true story because, wonder of wonders, the Red Riding Hood that the little girl was wearing was found in the Black Forest of Germany.

The Red Hood is no longer red as the red aniline dye faded in the sun (though the Black Forest is shady, there is still some sun light, and the Hood that the Little Riding Hood wore had stayed there for so long!)

Anyway, they found traces of *wolf blood* on the red hood which was the hood of the Little Red Riding Hood.

Wolf blood! How come? Well, here is what really happened- you will see that it happened just as first described by our French reporter, Charles Perrault, until the very last scene which diverges from the original and is the true story backed by science:

When the girl arrives, she notices that her grandmother looks very strange. She says, "What a deep voice you have!" ("The better to

greet you with", responds the wolf), "Goodness, what big eyes you have!" ("The better to see you with", responds the wolf), "And what big hands you have!" ("The better to embrace you with", responds the wolf), and lastly, "What a big mouth you have" ("The better to eat you with!", responds the wolf), at which point the wolf jumps out of the bed to eat Little Red Riding Hood.

As he jumped out, the wolf noticed that our Little Red Riding Hood no longer wore the Red Riding Hood. The red was in front of his eyes, not on the little girl, and became a blur as it flew over his head and encircled his neck! And it got tighter, and tighter, until the neck broke and the red hood became redder and darker with the wolf blood!

Little Red Riding Hood had used the red riding hood to strangle and break the wolf's neck. Of course, our Little Red Riding Hood recognized the wolf for what he was when he first approached her, but she pretended not to notice to be safe, and played along with him. She knew that the wolf knew more or less where her grandmother lived, and if she gave him wrong directions, he would follow her.

Little Red Riding Hood promptly cut the belly of the wolf, and her grandmother emerged unharmed!

Remember, he swallowed her whole, he was so hungry? Well, Little Red Riding Hood had in her basket wine and cake, and now they had the wolf meat!

Grandma and our Little Red Riding Hood had a nice dinner with wine and roast wolf, and a nice cake for dessert. The red riding hood was a precious weapon for our Little Red Riding Hood!



Gustave Doré's engraving of the scene: "She was astonished to see how her grandmother looked." This is a faithful photographic reproduction of a two-dimensional, public domain work of art. The work of art itself is in the public domain for the following reason: This work is in the public domain in its country of origin and other countries and areas where the copyright term is the author's life plus 100 years or fewer. This file has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighboring rights.



10. The Little Girl Who Thought She Could

Do you remember the Little Engine That Could?

Did you know that this little story inspired many kids to do things they thought they couldn't?

Well, let me tell you the story of little Susie, who wanted to be a runner, a marathoner!

She did come from a family of runners, her dad was an Olympic runner as was her mom, and her two brothers were wonderful runners, winning all the races in high school and college.

Little Susie did OK in running, but she has never won a race yet, almost, but not quite! You see, Susie was strong but very short, her legs ran fast, but not quite enough.

And now another race was coming in school – and Mom and Dad and the two brothers were cheering her on! Susie, you got the genes, you got the legs, all you need is theumph to get you across. Remember the Little Engine that Could? If you feel out of breath, if you get tired in the legs, just remember the Little Engine that Could!

Susie dreamed of the Little Engine that Could. She saw the Little Engine

huffing away as she huffed away in practice. She heard the chug chug of the Litle Engine that Could. Now the race day! Susie ran fast, like the Litle Engine that Could. Chug, chug. Huff, huff. She chugged with her rapid, short legs, chug, chug, huff, huff, run, run. Almost, but not quite. Susie could not win. The Litle Engine Could Not.

Litle Susie collapsed into the arms of Jill, the school nurse. Jill said, "You did your best, and you reached the goal." "The Litle Engine Could, but I couldn't" said Litle Susie in tears.

"But you reached the goal, you finished the race, you showed yourself you could! After all, the Litle Engine was not in a race, it could, and did reach its goal!"

"Yes, I did reach the goal, and I will reach my goal of becoming a doctor if not a marathon winner!"

Litle Susie, now Big Susie, is a doctor in Sports Medicine, taking care of all the little engines, especially those who couldn't.

That's All for Now!

Part 3. Plays

1. The Oath, or The Siberian Candidate	125
2. Seven Days of King Lear	144
3. A Pandemian Rhapsody	209
4. Primitive Biped Civilization Museum	222
-An Introduction	

1. The Oath, or The Siberian Candidate

A Play in Six Scenes

Cast of Characters

The characters are encouraged to embellish their pieces.

US President Donald McDuck

US First Lady Scarlet McDuck

Russian President Boris Pitinsky

Hypnotist Vladimir Rasputin (baritone voice, should be hirsute, introduced as a personal physician and masseuse)

Nurse Natasha Vostok (should be voluptuous, introduced as a nurse/erotic masseuse)

US Vice President Robert Bull (gravelly voice and cameo only)

Russian translator Karolina. Each time Pitinsky speaks, Karolina stands up and mouths the words, but Pitinsky actually speaks in English, with a Russian accent.

American translator Nikita. Each time McDuck speaks (in English, of course), Nikita stands up and mouths words in pretend Russian.

Scene 1. A room in Helsinki (Each of the rooms can be the same

stage with a person with a sign indicating "A Room in Helsinki", etc.

The furniture needs to change.)

*As theatre lights dim, the sound of **Hail to the Chief**, applause, then the voice of newly inaugurated president, Donald McDuck, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."*

Followed by thunderous applause as the curtain opens to reveal a comfortably decorated room with two armchairs facing each other with an angle where Presidents McDuck and Pitinsky are apparently chatting, with Nikita on McDuck's side chair and Karolina on Pinsky's side chair.

President Pitinsky: So, we agree on everything.... what a delightful meeting, Mr. President! If only my cabinet meeting were so pleasant! I really appreciate your arranging our momentous meeting the first thing after your inauguration!

President McDuck: Honorable President Pitinsky, it was such a stupendous meeting we had, and we agreed on issues the likes of which had never been even mentioned by my predecessors. Ohama would never have thought that we could agree on Syrians reelecting

president Assam to get rid of the Muslims, and Isis, with Iran's help. And with my pulling out of the Iran deal, you could help them wipe out the Isis by selling them your oil and gas, so that Saudi Arabia can sell their oil to us in exchange for our gas! Now even the fake media will admire my Stable Genius, with your always reliable help, of course. Pitinsky: Indeed, this idea of yours developed with my able reasoning is a stroke of genius! And your perspicacious and penetrating analysis of the witch hunt that Mules is conducting – that there was never a collusion as whatever happened was just a happening, and that Ohama and Holly should have arrested the collusion guys if there were such a thing!

McDuck: Anyway, I am glad that Holly's emails were finally wiki leaked, I mean, since there was no collusion, not by your people, in spite of what the mules say. no collusion, not by your people, in spite of what the mules say. Probably hacked by a 400pound guy laying on a stinky bed. Though stinky or not, a friend is a friend, as you very well know. For me, a friend is someone who can deliver me 304 electoral college votes, no matter how, a huge win by 77 more than Holly's, the greatest electoral college win since Reagan! You are really a good, loyal friend, Boris!

(Pitinsky looks embarrassed)

Pitinsky: Don't mention it, Donald. I'll always stand by you, though, actually, your electoral college vote margin was smaller than the Bushes, Clinton, Obama and even Trump. But what it took to get the 77 electoral college margin for you, Whew!!

McDuck: Loyalty is what I need, it is what I eat! Talking about which, I am getting hungry – do they have cheeseburgers in Finland?

Pitinsky: Yes, we especially arranged to have them flown in from Burger King in St. Petersburg. Your disloyal staff ordered fried vendace, the Finnish fish you would not like. Not to embarrass your staff, though, I arranged the burgers to be eaten in the back room, just the two of us. I think my English is good enough for a little private tete-a-tete, too. McDuck: Wow, you think of everything, Boris. I am truly proud to have you as my friend. A stupendous friend!

Light Dims as Pitinsky opens the door to the back room and lets

McDuck to precede him into it.

He then waves the translators off as they scramble off the stage.

Scene 2. A small backroom in Helsinki, with a table and four straight-backed chairs on each side of the table.

As the room is lighted, Pitinsky and McDuck are sitting on the chairs

stage left front and back, respectively, and Vladimir Rasputin and Natasha Vostok who are sitting stage right, front and back, respectively. Before them are cheeseburger wrappers on the table, and they seem to be finishing up their meal.

McDuck: These burgers are stupendous! One can hardly expect to find them in Helsinki!

Helsinki must be a wonderful city to have such stupendous cheeseburgers!

Pitinsky: Actually, Donald, they were flown in from Leningrad- I mean St. Petersburg, which is, indeed a wonderful city, with real Americans living there, too. It's a diverse city, with many ethnicities, including Scandinavians, Chechens, Chinese, even the Congolese.

McDuck: You mean you tolerate immigrants from those shi... I mean the low intelligence people? Pitinsky: Well, you know, during the Great Soviet Union days, we were under the sway of International Communism, and we welcomed proletarian comrades from all over the world...

*(background music of **Internationale**- soft then strong, then fading away)*

Of course, now we don't allow the mud bloods into Mother Russia. I think you have a clear view of the dangers of foreign immigrants, and

I admire that, Donald.

McDuck (Pleased): Yeah, immigration, or the stoppage thereof, is the greatest task ever for our time. We must keep our Civilization pure, pure as the lily! Beautiful, pristine, snow white!

No, we don't want any dwarfs! None should come into our shores, no matter how loudly they Hee Ho! Heeeeee, Hoooooo!

Pitinsky: Talking about which, as you know, Rasputin here, in addition to being my personal physician, is an out of this world masseuse. And Natasha, my personal nurse, is also an erotic masseuse. I thought you'd enjoy their services now that we have eaten a great American meal the cheeseburger!

Natasha (coquettishly): Please follow me and Vladimir here to the real private back room, Mr. President!

*Light Dims to the sound of music from **Ravel's Bolero**.*

Scene 3. Real Private Back Room (There is a recliner, in which McDuck is reclining, with two straight backed chairs on each side, all facing the audience. In the stage left chair is Rasputin, and on the right is Natasha.)

The light is turned on – a rather soft, dim light.

Rasputin (in a soothing, baritone voice): Mr. President, I am honored to have this privilege to provide you with a relaxing and memorable experience. First, I'll relax your mind and body by means of suggestion and imagery, then Natasha and I will give you a very relaxing, restorative massage, followed by Natasha's most erotic and sexually gratifying performance. All you need to do is just let us do our thing, is this OK with you?

McDuck: Sounds exciting! I never imagined Russians were into relaxation business- I thought they just used Vodka for everything.

Rasputin: Tsk, Tsk, Mr. President. Vodka is a good lubricant but *what* is lubricated is more important. We know that you are a teetotaler, but what we do does not require a lubricant. Besides, I am sure you agree that words are better grease, a far better lubricant than Vodka?

McDuck: It takes a genius to recognize a genius! Indeed, I use words to lubricate myself all the time, and lubricate myself so that I can easily get into the public media, especially the fake ones. During the campaign, you see, I always inserted myself by calling them, mind you, on the phone while they were covering my opponents, and slickly inserted my words, and thus myself, the greatest TV star ever, and stole their attention from all my opponents! Me, and the

lubricating words of the Stable Genius! You know, I even know a little French – L’etat, C’est Moi! (pronounced “leh-taat, cest-moy”) The State- that’s me! Louis (pronounce with s) the fourteenth, the Sun King, as quoted by Donald McDuck, the genius President of the United States.

Rasputin: Yes, indeed, Mr. President. Now for the relaxation- please look at this little gold watch that I am dangling in front of you, and follow it with your eyes, back and forth, back and forth, left and right, right and left.... Now your eyelids are growing heavier and heavier... heavier and heavier, and when I count from one to five, your eyes will close and you will be in a deep trance...and everything will dissolve away except my voice, except my voice, and you will listen and follow what I say exactly....

One...two.... three....four....five

*The stage dims as **Pachelbel’s Cannon** is heard, first softly, then loudly.*

Scene 4. Same Real Private Back Room

In darkness, Rasputin’s voice in a soothing tone: Now, Donald, when

you wake up from this trance, you will not remember anything that happened while you were in a trance. You will not remember that we had met before, before you were elected president, in fact before even you became a candidate at my command, that you had the wild night with the prostitutes, especially Natasha and that I took videos and pictures that night, and that now you told me about what NATO would do if Russia invaded the Baltic States. You will not remember what I told you about what to do about the Mules investigation, and what to do when you learn about the forthcoming Russian actions in the Middle East. You will not remember what I told you about what to do about North Korea and Kim Jong-un. You will not remember what I told you about how to further undermine NATO and the World Trade Organization. And above all, you will not remember what I told you about the fake assassination attempt on your life. In fact, tell me what I said about the attempt.

McDuck's voice, in darkness, zombielike: Yes, my wife, the first lady Scarlet, will get me an opened can of diet Coke during a cabinet meeting, and another I drink it, I pass out. You told me that it's OK because it will be proven that the Coke can was tampered with by the White House butler, who is a member of the secret Democrat Party

Progressive Coalition which took control of the Democratic Executive Committee. You told me that I will “recover” from the “poison” and will be able to legally purge the Democrats from all government positions and the military, using the assassination attempt as an excuse. Turkey’s Ergogan has already done something similar. Then, after the purge of all my opponents, I am to get further orders from you when Boris calls me to congratulate me and hands the phone over to you. Am I remembering it correctly?

Rasputin’s voice: Yes, indeed you are, you are a genius in remembering all the details. Now it’s time to wake up from the trance and enjoy some sexual ecstasy -I know how much you love and cherish it.... I’ll count from one to five....one...twooo...

Some dissonant music is played loudly before the light gradually turns on. McDuck, still in the recliner, now only in his underwear, is softly moaning, while Natasha, also in underwear, seems to be finishing up touching McDuck.

Natasha (coquettishly): Here you are, Mr. President. You are so strong, so virile, so masculine!

You came five times – a record, and I am so happy but so spent! You

are the greatest stud in the history of mankind!

McDuck: Yeah...I enjoyed it, too. The most fantastic, stupendous, colossal orgasms, ever! Yeah, my semen could fill the Black Sea, if not the Atlantic. I congratulate you, Natasha, for this great accomplishment, the greatest ever in the annals of sexual performance!

Light dims to drumbeat.

Scene 5. A cabinet meeting in the White House West Wing, one month later.

There is a long table facing the audience, and McDuck is in the center, with eight men and women sitting on either side of them.

McDuck: Jim, I know that the military you represent think that we should support NATO, especially if Russia invades the Balic States. I am not sure that Russia, at least Boris, really wants to invade Baltic States- they have no oil or gas. But in any case, why should American taxpayers spend any more money to protect those states that have very little to sell us, and they have no oil or gas or coal! Maybe they got fish, but I hate fish! That makes me want a diet

Coke!

Somehow, Scarlett comes in, seems to be opening a soda can, then brings the can of diet Coke and puts it in front of McDuck.

McDuck: Ahhh! What a wonderful wife you are, Scarlet, to know exactly when and what your husband, the President, wants. And you look so pretty today, the dress really shows off the curves of your boobs and your wasp-like waist! Um, can hardly wait for tonight.
(McDuck gulps at his diet Coke).

I mean after the cheeseburgers! I could use one now, but I guess I shouldn't eat during a cabinet meeting, is that right?
(Scarlett smiles at him and leaves).

McDuck: As I was saying, we got the greatest, strongest, most powerful military ever, in the history of mankind, and now with the Space Force, we are invincible. Russia knows that Boris, my friend, knows that. In fact, I think we, the two strongest nations in the world, should have collusion--I mean cooperation, and friendship, rather than be adversaries. Live and let live...as I always say.... (the voice seems to trail off, and McDuck begins to cough)

McDuck falls on his face on the table, seems to foam at mouth, blood seems to come out of the mouth.

Pandemonium breaks loose. Everyone yelling at the same time. Lights out suddenly. Voices, screaming, in the dark.

Doctor! Where's the damn phone? Call 911? You idiot! Call an ambulance!

Guard! Pull the fire alarm!

The wail of fire alarm overpowers all the noise. Sudden Silence.

The sound of CNN breaking news intro, then, announcer's voice:

This is CNN Breaking News! President McDuck is dead, an apparent assassination by poison in diet Coke. The FBI reports that the poison has been traced to the White House butler, who is a member of the Progressive Coalition of the Democratic Party. We will bring you any further development the moment it breaks!

***Chopin's funeral march** in the background, getting louder, then suddenly silence.*

Voice in the darkness:

I, Robert Bull, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Silence, then, intro to CNN Breaking News:

(in the background, Chopin's funeral march)

Vice President Robert Bull was sworn in as president by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court as soon as the White House physician confirmed President McDuck's death. President Bull declared a state of emergency, placing Washington DC under martial law. He has ordered the arrest of all the members of the Progressive Coalition of the Democratic Party, which includes Senators Elizabeth Brown, Sarah Kildare, George Cowen, as well as at least twenty members of the House of Representatives, and Governors Amos Corelli and Katherine Gilliam. It is unclear whether any arrests have already been made. President Bull also signed an emergency order requiring all news agencies to receive prior approval for any electronic or print publication or broadcast of any news related to the presidential assassination or other political issues. We will bring you any breaking news immediately upon receipt of prior approval. It is with great regret that we bring you this news.

(funeral march reaches a crescendo, then stops)

Scene 6. A private room in the Kremlin

Pitinsky, Rasputin, Natasha are sitting in three comfortable chairs, with a coffee table in front.

There is a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket on the table, and presumably small dishes or caviar in front of the people. Also, a half full champagne glass in front of each.

Pitinsky: So, everything went well as far as McDuck and Bull are concerned. Rasputin, your evil cunning will get you far. The suggestion to go ahead with the assassination rather than faking it was a stroke of genius. Rasputin: Thank you, Mr. President. Of course, only a powerful genius like you could accept such an audacious suggestion and give the order to execute it flawlessly. How were you able to carry it out?

Pitinsky: Well, part of the credit goes to Natasha, who suggested that we turn Scarlet to be on our side. You know, McDuck was so paranoid that he would always open the can of diet Coke himself unless Scarlet opened it herself. We suspected that Scarlet could be turned, because after all, what woman can stand a guy like McDuck as husband, with his public philanders and open contempt for her pregnancy. What broke the camel's back was his constant calling of Natasha while asleep. When Natasha heard about that from our spies in the White House, she convinced me that

we could turn Scarlet to our side.

Natasha: Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned! But then, I also know that Scarlet truly cared about her adopted country, America, and it broke her heart that her own husband was ruining her country and colluding with what she knew as the Soviet Union. I think she made the cold calculation that she would collude with us to put an end to her husband colluding with us so clumsily.

Rasputin: How about the butler? Did he actually collude with us?

Pitinsky: Yes, he did, but for a different reason than Scarlet. I knew from my KGB days that the elderly White House butler was an ardent Communist, and that he often shared White House secrets with the KGB while I was working there. He also knew of me and believed that I would actually bring Socialism to America if he colluded with me. Too bad, he was actually innocent in the assassination because the opened can that he poisoned was not the one McDuck drank from. He would not drink anything not opened by himself or Scarlet. The butler didn't know that and will be executed believing he killed McDuck.

Natasha: But wouldn't suspicion fall on Scarlet if FBI investigates and finds out that McDuck never drank diet Coke if not opened by himself or Scarlet?

Pitinsky: The FBI, or any other agency, will not pursue any investigation about McDuck's death once the butler and his coconspirators of the Progressive Coalition of the Democratic Party have been rounded up, and summarily executed under martial law.

Natasha: Mr. President, I know that you wanted to let the assassination proceed because you felt that McDuck was becoming too incompetent and too erratic that he would be more of a risk than an asset. But what if the new president Bull, who seems to be a doctrinaire American conservative, becomes true to his origins and becomes antagonistic to us?

Pitinsky: This is where Rasputin's and my genius come in. Remember that Bull came with McDuck to our summit a month ago? Of course, it was no coincidence- McDuck always brought Bull to his travels not to let him be on his own and think he can run things.

Natasha: Yes, I noticed that.

Rasputin: You see, Natasha. President Pitinsky and I invited Mr. Bull to the back room ourselves for a private meeting, so secret that only the three of us knew of the meeting... you were not the only one kept dark of this. We told Mr. Bull that we wanted to open a special dialogue with him as we felt unsure about the unpredictability of President McDuck. He readily agreed. So, we toasted our little secret

meeting with a little special Vodka, and then I worked on him. Let's just say that he was very receptive.

Natasha: Wow, you men are real geniuses. Russia is fortunate to have you as our President.

Lights dim.

Tchaikovsky's 1812 overture with Russian anthem, bells, cannon, then silence.

In the darkness,

CNN breaking news intro. Then announcer:

“Breaking News: Russia is mobilizing troops and there is a rumor that some Russian tanks have crossed the Russia Estonia border. President Bull called an emergency cabinet meeting, following which he issued the following statement:

The troops of the Russian Federation that includes tanks, missiles, and war planes, are amassed at the Russia-Estonia border and appear to be preparing for an invasion. The United States and the NATO allies, of which Estonia is a member, have declared that Article 5 of the NATO Treaty will be invoked if any Russian troops enter the territory of Estonia. Article 5 treats any hostile military action against a member nation as an attack on all and will be met by military action

by NATO as a whole. Let there be no mistake that the United States stands with our NATO allies and will consider any attack on Estonia as an attack on the United States.

Silence.

A hurried, strained voice: President Bull, President Pitinsky is on the secure phone line... Hello, hello... trails off.

Lights on slowly, revealing a projected picture of President Bull taking the oath of office.

END

2. Seven Days of King Lear

-A Play of Intrigue, Charity, Conspiracy, and Murder in 18 Scenes

Dramatis Personae:

King (first name) Lear is the 90% owner and CEO of Learworks, a tech company. He is a widower and is a passionate chess player.

Jim Lear: King's eldest son, a not-so-bright Secretary of the company.

Olive: Jim's wife, a Lady McBeth type

Bob: Olive's brother, an attorney.

John Lear: King's second son, who is single and gay, mostly plays videogames in his room with his "pals" but sometimes is a chess companion of King's.

Jane Lear: King's 3rd child and only daughter. A tech junior executive. She is engaged to be married to Larry Wimblestock, the son of the CEO of Wimblestock Enterprises and has earned King's ire. She used to work for Learworks but now works for Wimblestock Enterprises.

Larry Wimblestock: Jane's fiancé, second son of Lancelot

Wimblestock, CEO of Wimblestock Enterprises, an upstart competitor of Learworks that specializes in import/export of video game ware.

Larry is a scout for his father for talent, materials, etc. Larry is a colorful, world traveler, adventurer type.

Mr. Smith- very proper butler Rev. Abraham Abraham of
Sanctification Church, King's sometimes church and charity

Ms. Abigail Cash – fundraiser for Planned Elderlyhood, Inc.

Waiter(s) at Bar Jockey Club

Police Sergeant

Police persons: at least 4

Place:

All the places can simply use a background projection.

Stage: The actual stage consists of a background projection screen with an opening which can be used as a door or gate. The background screen also serves as a computer/TV screen. In front of the background, there are two separate areas of the stage, left and right, which can be lit separately. Section 1 on Left (serves as King Living Room or Lounge for Bar Jockey Club): two easy chairs, a sofa, a coffee table. Section 2 on Right (mostly serves as a semi-private restaurant table with 4 chairs in Bar Jockey Club.)

Instead of two sections, the live stage scenes may alternate with furniture change.

Conference rooms (Learworks and Sanctification Church- when not just on video): combine both sides of stage with appropriate chairs and table.)

Jim & Olive's Bedroom in their house

Scenes seen only on Video

King's Bedroom (luxurious, with door to steep staircase down and an elevator door next to it. King uses stairs. This is on the 3rd floor)

King's Chess Room on the same floor as King's bedroom.

John's Bedroom/Videogame Room - on top of Garage

Jane's Office in Wimblestock, Inc. A desk with a computer screen,

window indicating a skyscraper. Conference Rooms of the

Sanctification Church (Religious icons, etc.) and the Planned

Elderlyhood, Inc Functional looking with modern furniture, etc.

Configuration of the Lear Mansion housing Learworks Headquarters

Video should show the gestalt of the mansion with garden and gates,

then inside structures. About 4 stories tall (after the White House),

with staircases and elevators. The building seems to have two wings,

the East Wing, and the West Wing. Most action takes place on the

East Wing (family quarters). The exterior and grounds seen on video

screen, then zoom in onto the 3rd floor King's bedroom and his Chess

Room next door. A relatively steep staircase leads down to the

2nd floor. Next to the Chess Room is an elevator. On the 2nd floor below

are the Lounge and bar, Dining Room, and Kitchen. The Living

Room/CEO Conference room is on the first floor as well as the

butler's (Mr. Smith) quarters. This floor is connected to the garage, on top of which is John's well-equipped videogame/bedroom suite.

Off sites:

Bar Jockey Club on Stage with Background Video

The background serves as the main part of the club, with a well-stocked bar, a bartender behind a counter, tables and crowds milling about. The door of the background screen leads into the stage.

The left side of the stage is a private lounge, and the right side of the stage is a semi-private table for VIPs, where the action takes place.

Video Only

Jim & Olive's Bedroom with a King Size Bed (Seen on video with close ups)

John Lear's Videogame/Bedroom (on top of the garage of King's house)

Jane's Office (Seen on video)

May be Stage or Video

A conference room in Sanctification Church A conference room in Planned Elderlyhood, Inc.

Seven Days of King Lear

Before the Play begins, the background projection shows a four-story mansion (like the White House) with two wings, and a gate with a discrete sign: The Learworks for Tech & Deck

As lights turn on, the background changes to windows overlooking a manicured garden.

Day 0. Tuesday

Scene 1. King's Living Room (Stage Left Section)

The stage has two sections, a Living Room section on the left with a sofa and two easy chairs, and a conference table on the right with four chairs. King is sitting in an easy chair (right), Jim and Jane sitting on the sofa facing halfway between King and audience (middle), and John is sitting in an easy chair opposite of King. As lights go on, the Clock on Wall chimes 9 times.

King gets up and speaks, gesticulating with a lit cigar which he puffs on and off.

I asked you to come today to make an announcement. I will be blunt – I am dying. I've been short of breath, coughing, and feeling dizzy at times for the last several weeks. My doctor referred me to a specialist, and now the verdict is in- I have lung cancer with metastases all over – liver, spleen, bones, and even brain! Chemo may only prolong life a few months, but will make me even weaker, and bald! No, no chemo. In fact, I stopped taking all medications, and will not take any drugs unless and until I am hospitalized. I want to be clear headed during what's remaining of my pitiful life. They say I

have maybe about three to six months to live! Of course, I am upset, life is so unfair. True, ever since your mom died of metastatic breast cancer three years ago, I admit I wasn't taking care of myself as I should – yes, I have been smoking a lot more of my cigars and drinking more martinis, but I was going to clean up! I was going to live again! But then I got this... this horrible disease (cough, cough, puff, puff).

I don't deserve this. Both my parents died when I was only four, as I told you before. At this juncture, it bears repeating to understand my feelings. My parents died poor and had no relatives who could care for me. I went from foster care to foster care, group home to group home, never knew real love. As a child, I was a poor, lonely, scared boy and I did poorly in different schools. Things changed when I was placed in my last group home, a Catholic one, in my teens. I met Father Francis, who took a personal interest in me. He was kind, he was knowledgeable. He taught me chess, which I play religiously to this day. Now I have Boris, an AI chess adversary that my company designed, who beats me at about 60% of the time- but I enjoy him greatly. Father Francis taught me how to study, take an interest in

learning, and the value of charity no matter how poor you may be,
there are people poorer than you, who need your help!

Ah, without Father Francis, I would probably have died in my teens,
either in a gang war or drugs. (Suddenly King starts to hold back tears)

But Father Francis, Father Francis, he disappointed me! He raped me!

But he also loved me. He made me vow silence, and we continued
this sinful relationship for years, until I finished college – he was
generous with expenses. This was before the sex abuse scandal of the
Catholic Church, and even when a lot of priests were outed, Father
Francis was not one of them.

He certainly chose his victims, and lovers, wisely, me included.

In college, I got interested in tech, especially videogames and video
cameras, and had a couple of friends who shared my interest. After
college, I just stopped seeing Father Francis. He died about ten years
ago. I did not attend his funeral mass though half of me wanted to.

(puff, puff on cigar)

I started Learworks after college with a couple of my friends, and we
struggled to make it a success. At first Learworks was a videogame
company, then we expanded into miniature spy-cams, then to this

successful entertainment and industrial tech company. I married your mom who was working for me and had a family, a stable family that I never had as a child. Your mom, as you know, was a beautiful woman, but with a very different background. She never understood poverty, hardship, struggles. She was a kind woman, and in spite of her shallowness, she was always available to me – the first woman I could depend on. (Wiping tears with tissue)

Her struggle with cancer was unexpected, and it killed her. And I was abandoned again! And now, this world will abandon me with an unshakable finality! And whom do I leave on this wretched earth?

(Pause, looks around the room)

You, my children, my disappointments again.

Jim, you remind me of my wretched self before I met Father Francis.

You never had any focus, never did well in school, sports, relationships, or anything. All you have is good looks, and the Lear name, which got you to meet Olive, a woman born to society and glitter. One thing, though, Olive is smarter than you, and scheming. I am sure she will coach you to be her glittering creation.

And you, John? You are a hybrid monster! Part of you is like me – your expertise with videogames and tech, your ADHD type focus – extremely good or non-existent. Unlike me, you have not made anything of your life, still living in the room above my garage, single, half in the closet, with no prospects, isolated, and unhappy. You remind me of a side of me I do not like –what I could have been had it not been for Father Francis, God help him!

(King moves toward Jane, goes behind her chair, and leans down on the back of the chair)

Jane, you are your mother's daughter in a disappointing way. Yes, you got her looks, and social skills. But you lack her warmth and dependability. You got some intelligent genes from me, but not much in use. And your scheming fiancé, Larry- yes, he is a more successful version of your brother John, but I wonder how much love there is. And Larry lured you away from your safe and cushy job here with me to his risky tech company! So, you are no true heir of mine!

So, you see, I am very disappointed with you all, the parts of my body who will carry the Lear name when I leave this planet! Thus, I made this decision:

In exactly seven days from now, that is on Tuesday next week, at exactly twelve noon, I will sign a new will. As you know, I own ninety percent of Learworks stocks and considerable private property and funds. My current will leaves each of you one third of my property when I die.

The new will that I will sign will leave everything I own to two charities: The Sanctification Church and the Planned Elderlyhood Inc. These charities will each have an endowed fund called, The King Lear Scholarship and Foster Care Foundation.

(Stunned look in Jim, John, and Jane.)

Since I stopped my relationship with Father Francis, I befriended Rev. Abraham Abraham of the Sanctification Church, which I believe is beautiful. I am impressed with his charitable world vision and his work with the poor.

A badly neglected area in social planning in this country is planning for old age. I agree with the idea of a well-planned old age, even though I unfortunately will not be able to enjoy it. Thus, I am leaving half of my estate to the Planned Elderlyhood, Inc, run by an honest,

able, and far-seeing administrator, Abigail Cash, whom I have known since college. You see, there is a need for good foster care for the elderly - those who lost their former caregivers. Their parents and older relatives have died off and they are abandoned by their children and young relatives. Yes, I'll leave my hard-earned wealth to the foundations that will bear my name forever. So, I will please God for my afterlife, and provide for old age which I'll not live to enjoy, for those deserving poor!

(All children rise, starting to argue)

Jane – But Dad...

Jim – Father...father...I...Could... John- Shucks, dad...

King- Silence, children. I am not done yet.

(King's monologue continues after several puffs of his cigar)

I know you are upset. I'd be upset, too. In fact, I AM upset. Only three months to live! And I worked so hard all my life building this 3-billion-dollar Learworks, which I now own almost fully, built from scratch by the genius of King Lear, a true American entrepreneur! Where are the accolades?

And what do I leave behind? You unworthy children?

Yes, life is unfair. Unfair to you, to everybody, and especially to ME!

No, King Lear will live forever with the King Lear Charitable

Foundations – for scholarship and foster care – the two legs of my own success! In the hands of my two reliable friends- Abraham Abraham of the Sanctification Church (Father Francis should be proud – No, Fuck You, Father Francis, I am leaving my money not to Catholic Church, but to the real Sanctification Church!), and Abigail Cash, of the badly needed Planned Enderlyhood, Inc

Yes, I know you are upset. And you may think of bumping me off before next Tuesday. Why not? If I die before I change my will, you three will be my sole heirs. But wait! Did you know that if you murder someone, by law you cannot inherit from the person you murdered? And who wouldn't know that you stand to benefit if I die before I change my will next week? Also, I have already spoken with Abraham and Abigail about next Tuesday – of course they are invited. They were ecstatic, and vowed to protect me against, “heaven forbid”, all harm. At least till next Tuesday, I am sure.

So, why next week? Why don't I just change my will and tell you about it as a fait accompli?

To give myself some more time, as well as you. For you to think it over and agree with me that the charities should receive the funds, or how to bump me off without being caught. For me to think over whether these two charities are the most appropriate ones to

bequeath my estate.

OK, you may want to beg me to change my mind – I won't. I know you

may want to say

something else now. Hold it. Now is not the time for public discussion

or arguments. If any of you want to speak with me in private, I'll see

you during my chess hours which are, as you should know, every day

4 PM to 5:30 PM. The Chess Room, again as you know, is next to my

bedroom on the third floor. If you come, and if it's pleasant, I'll share

with you a very rare and expensive cognac from the bar downstairs.

Meeting adjourned. (King walks out without looking back. The

children rise all trying to speak

at once. Light out.)

Scene 2. Bar Jockey Club Later in the evening

For the Bar scene, the right side of the stage with the dining table and chairs is used. This is in a private part of the club; in the background projection is a bar scene with bartender shaking cocktails, and other tables with customers, waiters and guests milling around. Jim, John, and Jane are sitting around the table, with a cocktail glass in front of John, and wine glasses in front of Jim and Jane. As the light turns on

they are in the middle of an animated discussion (gestures and yeah, agree, etc.)

Jane: It is so unfair- Dad cutting us off like that! And the way he described us – like we are a piece of shit!

Jim: Yeah. And suggesting we would bump him off! I say he deserves it though I can't see how we can- he's well protected!

Jane: We are his children, after all, we should have access!

John: Whoa, wait a minute. We are talking about murdering a dying man – he is already being killed by cancer!

Jane: Yeah, but he is killing US by cutting us off his will. If mom were alive, this would never happen!

John: If mom were alive, he might not be dying either.

Jim: How's that? John: I don't know. Just sayin'

Jane: We got to do something! We can't let him give away our hard-earned inheritance!

John: "hard-earned inheritance"? How did we earn it?

Jane: By just being his children – not easy, is it? We tolerated his pompousness, his selfishness, his love of chess above his children, his contempt for us not "living up to his standards" It's a wonder we didn't bump him off earlier!

Jim: Yeah

John: Really? I see it differently. He bought me all the video games I wanted, and he let me live in the posh room above the garage with no rent. He also lets me alone, do whatever I want!

Jim: You've always been a weirdo. But you are one of us- we all need the money. I make a living working for him as a "Secretary" of Learworks, but what I do is really take care of his personal needs, like bringing his confidential messages to other executives, ordering lunch for him, and even shredding his papers.

You know, my wife Olive keeps on saying I should be given a more responsible job, with more pay! Especially now that we have a daughter. Olive says his brother the lawyer thinks I am entitled to be designated as Vice President and apparent successor to King! She says I should tell dad that, but any time I try to raise the subject, he smacks me with "You are lucky I give you the job you have, you twit! You, non-graduate of Yale!"

Jane: Yeah, that must hurt. Of course, I don't know exactly since I AM a graduate of Yale. John: I didn't even darken the doors of Yale, but I am OK. In my videogames, I am a grad of Harvard, Stanford, MIT, Columbia, Yale, UC Santa Barbara, UC Berkeley, UC Irvine, UC – all UCs, and University of Washington, Oregon, ..."

Jane: OK, shut up. I know you graduated from any, and all virtual

universities in the metaverse!

The point is that dad insults us all, and we need to bump him off before next Tuesday if we are going to get the inheritance we deserve! And if you don't get your due, John, you won't be able to keep your room over the garage! And have Learworks pay for your trips to "study indigenous peoples" – for videogame development, no less!

John: Count me out. I can always make a living with videogames. I can live cheaply among the natives anywhere in the world as long as I have a cell phone and maybe a Mac. As a graduate of all virtual universities, now four thousand six hundred and sixty-six and counting, I am a hot shot with videogame design. And I don't have a wife, husband, or kids. And I like dad, after all, though I agree he is being unfair to you.

Jim: Yeah, don't you feel sorry for Jane, Olive, and me?

John: Yeah, that I do. I feel sorry for both you guys and dad, too. After all, he had a tough life, too, and now when he should be reaping the fruits in his golden age, he is going to die, killed by cancer, or murdered by us!

Jane: So, let's get on with our plans. How to bump him off? It should not look like murder, maybe it should look like an accident or maybe

the cancer itself. Jim: Accident would be good but too hard. He almost never goes out of the house to be hit by a car or have a crash. No stray bullet comes near this secluded building.

Jane: Yeah. It should look like a “natural death” caused by the disease. But he cunningly made it public he wants to change his will.

Now any death will be suspect, and we will be the suspects!

John: Ah, to be or not to be A Suspect!

Jane: Can't be helped though. If we are going to get the money, we must run the risk. But we must be clever enough not to be arrested, or God forbid convicted!

Jim: How about something like ... poison... arsenic? Bit by a black widow? A rattlesnake?

Jane: You have a good point, Jim. Poison would be easiest. But no black widows or rattlesnakes! Where would you get them? Will you bring a rattlesnake to dad's bedroom? Not !!

John: You know that dad takes absolutely no medications?

Jim: Yeah, he said so.

Jane: So, something in the food or maybe an aerosol? Maybe something that kills on contact?

John: Yeah, can you imagine Jim entering dad's room in a space suit and spraying poison?

Jane: Don't be absurd! Well, maybe we should give this some more thought and meet

tomorrow to make concrete plans. John: Again, count me out. I won't come tomorrow. But I understand you and I won't tell anyone about what you are plotting.

Jane: OK, John, I understand your ambivalence. Would you do us a favor though? You live in the house, and you are a computer whiz – can you plant some of our spycams in dad's rooms including the chess room and living room? I'd like to know what plans/counterplans he is making. John: OK, I'll do that for you. But about the killing, I do NOT want to know how or when, not how or when! If I plant any spycams I may give you the tapes, but I won't look at them. I want to have nothing to do with your plans.

(John walks out)

Jane: He is playing it safe, what a cunning guy. If things go as planned, he inherits one third without having dirtied his hands. If things go awry, we go to prison, and he goes on playing his videogames.

Jim: Yeah!

(Lights out)

Scene 3. Jim & Olive's Bedroom. Same Night.

The projected background shows a King size bed and a window, and a bedside table. In front of the projected background are two easy chairs, now placed partially side by side, with the sofa on the side.

Olive and Jim are sitting in the easy chairs, partially facing the stage.

In front of them is a coffee table with two cups.

Olive (loudly): I mean, this is totally unfair! How could he do this to us? For all these years, you've been his secretary, a man servant, an errand boy, a slave, a lap dog, a shit dog!

Jim: Now, now, not a shit dog! I've done a lot of things for my dad, for sure. I don't know why dad treats me the way he does. I really don't.

Olive (standing up): Because you don't stand up to him! If I had been there today, I'd have said to him, "Mr. Lear, you've treated my husband badly enough through the years – your eldest son, he should have been your Crown Prince! But you treated him like a butler or worse! And now, you are talking about disinherit him? I'll not stand for it. I'll kill you if I have to. I want justice! Children's lives mater!" (Olive sits down)

Jim: Yeah, you would have. You should have been there, but you weren't there.

Olive (Standing up, moving behind seated Jim, and holding his shoulders): Darling, we've got to act! We've got to act before next Tuesday! King must die! I know he is dying of cancer, but he must die before he changes his will. How dare he even think of such a thing? We just had our daughter, we named her Queenie, to honor her grandfather the King! We gave him a grandchild, to carry on his name. You the eldest son, and now Queenie! He should reward you for your loyalty, and your thoughtfulness in thinking about the Lear dynasty! His two other children are not worthy of the name – look at John, the videogame bum, still living in his garage, no way he can run the business. And Jane? The whore and turncoat, who left a responsible job for her fiancé's firm, which is a rival of Learworks? I can well imagine King disinheriting them, John and Jane, but not you! You should be the sole heir!

Jim: Yeah, sure. Me the sole heir.

Olive: I know you don't have the umph to imagine being the sole heir. But I am here to help you. If not the sole heir, at least reduce the competition! Yes, what if King is killed, and either John or Jane got convicted of the murder? Or both of them? Or maybe not both, can't think of John and Jane conspiring together. But how about John? He is a loner, he has most to lose because if King died and John is

disinherited, he would be homeless and jobless. Yeah, he is the most likely suspect!

Jim: Yeah, but why not me, I mean the most likely suspect.

Olive: You have me, silly! You are married, with a baby, and you've been loyal to your dad. And I have some wealth, if not comparable to King's. Nobody would suspect you because you've been your daddy's lapdog! (Olive moves back to her chair)

Jim: Yeah, I guess.

Olive: I got an idea. Why don't I visit my brother, the lawyer, and have a talk. Maybe he can give us some ideas or pointers about this situation.

(Jim's cell phone which was on the coffee table rings. He picks it up)

Hi, Jane. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah – Bar Jockey Club, OK.

(Light dims out).

Day 1. Wednesday

Scene 4. In a conference room of Sanctification Church (Stage or Video)

Abraham Abraham (with a beard and moustache, in a resplendent priestly garb) talks to a gathering of several people, mostly men, around a conference table. Abraham is standing, gesticulating. He tends to use "but" a lot. But of course, he is a butt.

Abraham: (Crosses himself then speaks):

Anima Christie, Sanctify me, O Lord. Gentlemen! (seems to be ignoring that there are a couple of women), But I had the distinct honor and privilege of talking with Mr. King Lear of Learworks, but whose name may not be familiar to many of you, but he is one of our most blessed and generous donors.

But he told me that he had decided to change his will, but in a moment of divine inspiration.

But his will currently leaves all his estate to his children equally divided, but it does leave a small donation to our Sanctification Church. But God almighty gave him cancer, but to call him back to HIS side sooner, he said. But his current will does not reflect this changed reality. But,

BUT, he will change his will coming Tuesday and leave ALL OF HIS ESTATE to two charities, one half to us, but the other half to the fraudulent organization, Planned Elderlyhood, Inc. But yeah, I know, that's unfair. But he should leave ALL of his property to us. But he would not be persuaded, though I tried and tried!

But the most important thing is that he DOES change his will next Tuesday – I have the honor of being invited to witness the change of will on Tuesday at 12 noon! But if he does not survive until then – but yes, *survive*, because there may be nefarious forces, but I mean his own, god defying, undeserving children, may try to bump him off before Tuesday. But this will not happen. But for us, it might, but we are here to prevent that, but we protect him. But they will try for sure. But I don't care if they kill him, or if he croaks on his own after Tuesday, but after he signs the new will. But till then, he must live. But how to protect him?

Attendee 1: But we are a religious organization, not a protection racket.

Attendee 2: But we could hire a protection agency.

Attendee 3: But do you know of any protection agency?

Attendee 4: But I don't.

Attendee 5. But I do. I know someone at the Child's Protection

Agency. But it has a good
reputation.

Attendee 3: But we are looking for an agency to protect King, an
adult, but not a child.

Attendee 6: But, but...child?

Attendee 5: But you are idiots! The Child's Protection agency is
owned by Hank Child, but it's not for children.

Attendee 3: But it sounds like a government agency.

Attendee 5: But it isn't. Abraham: But it sounds good. But people will
not suspect that we are protecting an adult, King, no less, but not a
child, if we hire the Child's Protection Agency owned by Hank Child.

All Attendees (in unison): BUT we agree!

Abraham: (Crosses himself) **But Sanctify me, O Lord.** But Class
dismissed!

(Each Attendee exits one by one after crossing self)

Attendee 1: But Sanctify me, O Lord. Amen. (exits)

Attendee 2: But Sanction me, O Lord. Amen. (exits)

Attendee 3: But Sanctimonious me, O Lord Amen. (exits)

Attendee 4: But Sacrilege me, O Lord (A Man) (exits)

Attendee 5: But Suck-on me, O Lord (A Men) (exits)

Attendee 6: But S-Screw me, O Lord (An-lmal) (exits)

(Light dims and out).

Scene 5. In an office at Planned Elderlyhood, Inc. (Video)

(Cash et all use a lot of “and” sounding like “end”)

Abigail Cash is talking on the phone on her ear.

Abigail: And, yeah, King came to my office and personally invited me to come to his office on Tuesday at noon. And, yeah, as I said, he is going to change his will and leave every penny of Learworks to two charities – us and the hypocrites of the Sanctimonious Sanctification Church....and isn't it incredible that he puts us in the same boat as the Sanctimoniouses, but what the heck, money is money, and, and we need it badly for our elders and, and, our church, I mean our organization, Planned End, I mean, Planned Elderlyhood that includes me and you. (She pauses a bit to listen to the phone)

Abigail: And, yeah, you know his children, the piranhas! I'll betcha they will try to bump him off before Tuesday – and, yeah, that's right, that's what he said, his current will leaves everything divided among his three children, and until the will is changed, they get to get the money if he dies. And yeah, no, no I don't think that's a good idea,

not contact the Sanctimoniouses, we got to make him think the “Sanctified” guys are with the piranhas...we got to offer protection by ourselves. I was thinking about the Child’s protection agency. And yeah, of course I know King is not a child, are you kidding me? I mean CHILD Apostrophe Ess, the guy named Child, his agency, Hank Child owns the company. They did some work for us to protect one of our Planned Elderlies, though you are right, they seem to do protection with kids mostly... And yeah, I could reach out to Hank and see what they can do.

What now? OK, and yeah, make a phone date with King for me this afternoon. I’ll tell him what lengths we are going to keep him kicking... I mean keep him alive.... I mean protect him temporarily until Tuesday... after that, he can croak all he wants, in fact the sooner the better, and yeah, we get the money!

Scene 6. Jim & Olive’s Bedroom (Stage Left)

Jim and Olive are sitting in their easy chairs with coffee cups in front.

Olive: I saw my brother, Bob, today and talked about King’s will.

Bob agrees that King is out of his mind to disinherit his children – he thinks there a case can be made to contest the will, but he thinks it

could be prolonged and costly. It would be so much better if King would just die before next Tuesday! I kind of talked about our thoughts about bumping him off – he thought that was much more like it, but he thinks it would be too dangerous unless we can get a fall guy.

Maybe a business enemy, or someone with a grudge. Without that, they will immediately suspect the children. Jim: I am usually the fall guy at the office- King makes me that.

Olive: That's exactly it, you must not be the fall guy. Anyway, nobody would believe that you could commit a pre-mediated murder. You are too innocent and naïve. The fall guy should be believable! Can you think of a business rival of King's who might want to bump him off?

Jim: Not really. Nobody likes him much, but nobody really hates him either. Only as a dad, he is mean to his children. Maybe the children?

Olive: NO! You are one of the children! Wait, you are a genius! Yeah, what if one of the

children, not you, were to be a fall guy? Let's see...Yeah, Jane! She is a bitch, she is engaged to Larry, an exec of a rival company, she even left Learworks to work for him!

Jim: Yeah, if you say so. She always ignores me, her elder brother and Secretary of Learworks! Olive: Yeah, on the other hand, Jane has too

many resources. She is cunning, would fight like hell if we frame her, she has good income from her job, and her fiancé and his company would come to her aid. No, it's got to be John.

Jim: John? The videogame nut? Who'd believe John has enough space in his head to plot a murder?

Olive: That's just the point. He is not the most obvious suspect for a complicated murder. On the other hand, he does make complicated videogames. Above all, he is dependent on King for his housing, and pocket money, not having a real job. He would be threatened if King died and he were left with no inheritance, no money. Yeah, he would need money badly!

Jim: You think so?

Olive: Yeah, and didn't you say John didn't join you and Jane in thinking of ways of bumping off King? So, if he turns out to be the killer, it's easy enough to prove that you were not planning it with him! Maybe, you should talk with Jane about making John the fall guy!

Jim: Yeah, if you say so.

(Lights out)

Day 2. Thursday

Scene 7. John's Videogame/Bedroom Suite (Video)

We see John playing videogame loudly in front of a very large computer screen.

(Sound)

(Bang! Bang! Wheez! Wheez! Bang! Bang! CRASH!)

John, singing to himself loudly: *So, I am the Whiz Kid, the Video Whiz Kid, and I conquer the Universe on Screen! So, my bro'n sis wanna bump off the dad, eee ai eee ai oooo, So my bro'n sis wanna bump off the King, eee ai eee ai oooo, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. So, you think I am a kid, eee ai eee ai ooo—you think I'll just go along —eee ai eee ai oooo*

(Bang! Bang! CRASH! CRASH!)

John: Guess what,(Bang, Bang! On guitar) The charities, Sanctification church and the Planned Elderlyhood, beneficiaries of the King Estate if he survives the week (TWANG, TWANG guitar), hired Child's Protective Services to protect King, my father. Child's Protective Services is run by my videogame pal, Hank, and he asked if I could be hired to keep an eye on my dad to protect him. Apparently, the charities did not tell Hank that his children, and that includes me, may try to kill him! I'll visit the Church and the Plan representing Child's

and plant spycams to see what they are planning.

(Bang! Bang! CRASH! CRASH!)

Scene 8. Bar Jockey Club, sometime early evening

Jim and Jane are sitting at the semi-private table half facing each other and half facing the audience. Each has a wine glass in front.

Usual bar/restaurant scene in the background.

Jane: So, Jim, we are the principal conspirators of the murder of our King! As they say, we hang together or we hang separately!

Jim: Yeah, terrible thought. Olive agrees that we have to bump off my dad because, because he is a bad dad... trying to disinherit us and give money to a church and an elder care agency?

Jane: "Sanctification Church" and "Planned Elderlyhood, Inc." to be precise. Both fraudulent and money hungry organizations preying on desperate billionaires!

Jim: Yeah. Have you thought about how to kill dad? You know, he doesn't drive, he doesn't go out to eat, in fact, almost never goes out of the house nowadays. We are not just going to go and shoot him!

Jane: Of course not, we got to be creative. Maybe something unusual...

Jim: Thinking about being creative, Olive talked with her lawyer brother Bob, and he told her that we should find a fall guy to take the rap for killing dad.

Jane: Really, I was thinking about the same thing. Given the situation, that we, King's three children, will be cut out of the will next Tuesday, we would be the obvious suspects if King were murdered before Tuesday.

Jim: Yeah, exactly. So, Olive thinks John should be the fall guy. Jane: Bravo! I was thinking the same thing. I agree entirely. Obviously, neither you nor I should be the fall guy, and that leaves John, unless we find someone outside, which is not plausible given such short notice. Besides, John has not joined us in planning the deed, though he said he would help. OK, let's help him. He does not want to know how or when we will bump off our dad, but we will know when and how he did it because we will make it look like he did it! The Fall Guy!

Jim: Yeah, the fall guy.

Jane: Now, how is our dad going to die?

Jim: How about poison- I read about them when I was a kid, you know, true crime stories: arsenic, cyanide, strychnine, rattlesnake, black widow spider...

Jane: Yes, a poison would be something to think about. Something not so obvious, though, and something that cannot be traced to us. And something John plausibly has access to.

Jim: Yeah, I am not sure how we can get something like that.

Jane: Let's do some research quickly. Some poison that's hard to detect but not impossible. And something that we as well as John can get. Think, how could John get a poison?

Jim: Can you get poison doing videogames?

Jane: I don't think so, Jim, unless they have a poison dart coming out of the video screen!

Jim: No, I guess not. He may have heard about something when he went to the videogame conference recently though. Jane: Where was the conference, do you remember?

Jim: Yeah, let's think. Learworks paid for his travel to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Jane: Hmm, Brazil. I think I recently heard about a drug, ta-ta something that causes hallucinations in Brazil. Larry, my fiancé just came back from Brazil only last night - on company business to a place in the Amazon jungle - imagine the natives playing videogames on solar power! In fact, he'll meet me here later, I'll ask him.

Jim: Yeah. Maybe he brought back an anaconda that could slither into dad's room?

(Light dims out.)

Day 3. Friday

Scene 9. Bar Jockey Club 6 PM

Jane sits alone in an easy chair on the left side of the stage, the lounge area.

(Jane, now stands up looking at her cell phone.)

Jane: Larry is late again, but as usual. Maybe jet lag, too. I get tired just thinking of being in the Amazon jungle! A jungle themed videogame? Talk to an allegator, see you later, tailgater? Go to yonder with an anaconda? Shoot a poison dart into the heart?

(As she is just finished talking, Larry, dressed in a caricaturish British field adventure type of costume, bursts into the lounge.)

Larry: Hi, ho, Jane, my one and only fiancée! Here I am, at your behest, urgently, madam!

Jane: Lawrence, my one and only beau and fiancé, so glad to see you almost on time! Let's go to our usual table where we can talk.

(Jane and Larry move to their semi-private table on right side of

stage. As they sit down, a waiter appears with a tray, and serves a tall cocktail glass for Larry and a wine glass for Jane.)

Waiter: The usual, Sir and Madam!

Larry & Jane: Thank you, Walter!

(They clink glasses and have a sip, and then seem to whisper something to each other, and continue inaudible whispered conversation for a couple of minutes.)

Jane: Larry, I think it's so unfair, my dad announcing his cancer, then immediately telling us he is disinheriting us! His own children, in favor of the hypocritical Sanctimoniouses and the phony Planned Elderlyhood? Planned Obsolescence is more like it! He is dying, for god's sakes! And rather than showing his love for us, he wants to pay for his afterlife? And bemoan his unplanned loss of an enjoyable "elderlyhood?"

Larry: Oh, goodness, no, I can't believe he said that. So, he is leaving you nothing? Not even one third of his money? Jane: Larry, are you disappointed that I won't be rich with my dad's money? Were you marrying me for my money, which I now won't have?

Larry: (sheepishly) Of course, not, my love. Of course, I am disappointed, as you are, that your dad is so cruel. But I'll have enough money – my dad, if not quite King Lear, has some funds, and

I'll be worth at least one third of Lear. And I love you, Jane, for your eyes, your mouth, and also you know what! And we can always at least afford a tree house in the Amazon jungle!

Talking about which, you know what I got? A bottle of Tattaloo extract!

Jane: I know you love me, rich or poor, and I love you, too, rich or poor. But no tree house in the Amazon jungle I would rather die!

What the heck is Tattaloo extract? Maybe a poison we can use to put my dad out of his misery, a miserly misery!

Larry: Haven't you heard? It made the CNN news while I was there –

Tattaloo is the skin of a special rare toad found only in this small section of the Amazon rain forest. If the toad has been sitting and eating a special rare kind of toadstools found only in this small section of the Amazon forest, the toad skin or Tattaloo becomes fluorescent in a greenish color. The natives catch the toads on toadstools, skin them, and dry the skin. The dried skin is called Tattaloo. If you put about half a square inch of tattaloo in a quart of palm oil, it becomes tattaloo extract, a very potent poison and hallucinogen. You dilute the tattaloo extract by putting one teaspoonful of the extract to a quart of palm oil, olive oil, or any edible oil, then you can use it as a potent hallucinogen as tattaloo oil.

Note the difference between tattaloo extract, strong poison, and tattaloo oil, still a poison but used as a hallucinogen. If you put a minute amount of the tattaloo oil, say one drop and rub it on your forehead, while you are lying down comfortably, you start experiencing nirvana, heavenly peace amidst fantastic images and sounds (soft music plays in the background that gains volume until it becomes deafening, then suddenly stops). (when silent). But you have to be careful, because Tattaloo oil is also a very strong poison, if you rub a little more than one drop in your forehead, you may never come back to life from paradise!

Jane: Yeah, I vaguely heard about something like it on CNN. Have you used it?

Larry: Of course, my dear. I am the Yankee adventurer, remember?

Veni Vidi Vici! I came, and I saw, and I conquered! Vidi, Feci, Vici! I saw, I did, and I conquered!

Jane: So, you got a whole bottle for me?

Larry: No, not the whole bottle – it could kill an army. But just for us two, after we dilute one teaspoonful in a quart of olive oil, in very small drops of ecstasy! The hallucinations include very exciting sexual sensations, too, yeah, Oh, yummmmm...

Jane: No, not here, Larry! But what if we Yeah, it could be a rapid

acting poison if rubbed without being diluted?

Larry: It would be almost instant death even if just a drop of the undiluted Tattaloo extract is rubbed onto a skin. It would do the job, if that's what you are thinking, but Tattaloo is now a famous poison, thanks to CNN, and the authorities would suspect us immediately if used, my having been in the Amazon jungle and all. Jane: John was in Brazil, too, attending the videogame conference in Rio. He could have gotten hold of it too?

Larry: Yes, madam, he could very well have. Tattaloo is well known in Brazil, and you can get it anywhere if you try. John would certainly try!

Jane: Larry, here is what we will do... (She begins to whisper into Larry's ear, and Larry whispers back, this exchange continues while the light dims out.)

Day 4. Saturday

Scene 10. Bar Jockey Club 6 PM

Jane, Jim, and Olive are sitting at the semi-private table, each with a wine glass in front.

(As light turns up, Olive is seen talking with some gestures.)

Olive: So, you see, my brother the lawyer gave us a good hint, get a fall guy.

Jim: Yeah, a fall guy.

Jane: Yes, that was a great advice, Olive. In fact, Jim and I talked about it and agreed that John would be a perfect fall guy for us.

Olive: You think so?

Jane: You see, John was in Brazil recently to attend the videogame conference. While he was there, there was a lot of drugs among the Attendees – I am sure John availed himself to these drug parties, and obtained a bottle or two of Tattaloo extracts, the potent psychedelic poison made from a special kind of toad that sit on toadstools and eat toadstools. He is into these exotic stuff from around the world, you know. Tattaloo extract has to be diluted one teaspoon per quart, or whoever touches it or has it rubbed on their skin dies immediately! But how do we make it look like he poisoned King rather than us?

Olive: Here, I think Jim could be some help, finally! Jim could plant

some of the extract in John's room – as you know, he has a videogame/bedroom on top of the garage.

Jim: Yeah, if I had a vial or something like that, I could put it in John's room.

Jane: OK, here's what we will do.

(They all gather their faces near each other and start whispering.)

Lights dim out.)

Day 5. Sunday

Scene 11. Jane's Office (Video) around 10 AM

(Jane is standing in her office, looking out the window. She turns around, takes her cell phone from her desk and punches in a number.)

Jane: (in a sweet, almost like talking to a child) Hey, John? How are you doing? How's your video game going? Great! I know you are a champ. Yeah, I remember you went to Rio recently for the international video game conference, seems like you had a lot of fun! Wow! Sounds exciting! (Listening for a while) Yeah, Jim and I are still at it, our project I mean – thanks for the installation of cameras in the house...yeah, I know, we'll keep you out of it, but cross your fingers we pull it off – you get to benefit, too, you know. Yeah...I know you don't care. Listen, something else – Larry and I will be previewing a very hot videogame that our engineers have just come up, something that they think would be especially marketable to indigenous peoples- yeah, there's potentially a big market there ... they all have cell phones nowadays and can play videogames if the game is set in a relatable and to them understandable setting ...

yeah..

We are to preview this hush hush thing this evening at 5:30 PM, yeah, even though it's a

Sunday, you know how the tech firm works. Yeah, many don't work on Sundays, but the more hush hush things are viewed and tested on Sundays. Larry and I wondered if you could join us in Larry's conference room in previewing this thing – since you know

videogames and you have an interest in primitive peoples, (pause) yeah, I mean indigenous peoples. ...we thought what you think would

be valuable ... yeah, if you can join us, Larry and I will treat you to dinner at your favorite restaurant *The Paraverse*. Yeah, the

“Paraverse – where the Cosmos is an Oyster”

You are on! See ya at 5:30 in my office.

(Jane puts the phone down on her desk with a sigh. The lights dim out.)

Scene 12. King's Chess Room Around 5 PM (Video)

(King is sitting at the chess table, with a lit cigar on an ash tray, apparently concentrating in playing with Boris, the AI adversary, a cartoonish Putin-like robot sitting in the chair opposite of King. Boris

has an arm that controls the chess pieces magnetically, to glide them to new positions. When Boris takes a piece, it rises up magically to his arm and then is deposited to a “prisoner camp”.)

(King moves a White pawn. A Black pawn (Boris) glides to block the White pawn. There is a knock.)

King: ENTER

Mr. Smith: Mr. James Lear wishes to see you, Sir.

King: Oh, I told my children to come to see me here if they needed to. He’s probably here to beg for money. Let him in.

Mr. Smith: Yes, sir. (Exits and Jim enters)

Jim: Hi, Dad. You said to come in here....

King: Yes, Jim, I did. You wanna talk or play a game of chess with me? You know, Boris beats me nine out of ten times nowadays, a mistake to have had him upgraded. I prefer stupid Boris.

(King puffs at his cigar. Jim tries to avoid the smoke coming toward him.)

Jim: (still standing) No, dad, I came here to agree with you. I think you are being a true Christian in leaving your estate to charity! The Sanctification Church! And of course, there has to be Planned Elderlyhood! We all get elderly, heh, heh, not to say you are elderly, dad. Olive said you are really at your prime, now. Olive and I think this

cancer thing can be cured, dad. No need to give up hope. You know, I've grown stronger in my faith lately since the birth of my daughter? Olive and I believe in the power of prayer, and we are praying that the cancer will go away, and you will live full elderlyhood!

King: Jim, you are not talking like yourself – "I've grown stronger in my faith?" "You will live full elderlyhood?" You think you are acting in some kind of a play? And since when do you pray for anyone? Aaah, I see, Olive must have put you up to it. Olive, our Lady McBeth!

(King puffs at his cigar and blows smoke toward Jim.)

Jim: (stuttering) Nnno, ddad, I mean it. And we need the money, at least for my daughter, I mean your granddaughter. Olive says it costs an arm and a leg to hire our fulltime nanny for her. If you don't leave anything for your children, can you at least leave something, maybe half of the estate, to your granddaughter?

King: So, that's what Olive cooked up for you to deliver to me- a scheme to enrich yourselves through your daughter, and deprive of your brother and sister of everything? Did you talk over with any of them?

Jim: No, just with Olive. You see, Jane and John cannot be trusted,

they don't pray, and may try to kill you. Olive and I are on your side!

We pray for your life! Not only that, Olive and I hired a firm, the Child's Protection Agency, to protect you in case someone, like Jane or John, tries to kill you. See we act as well as pray!

King: You surprise me, Jim, and your wife, Olive. Great, so I am protected. Let's celebrate- I'll go down to the bar downstairs and get a special cognac from a locked safe – a cognac that dates back to Napoleon Bonaparte's cellar, a priceless possession, that I saved for my retirement, maybe in my 80's. But it may well be drunk today to celebrate my eldest son protecting me from my second son and only daughter! A happy occasion!

(King starts to walk down)

Jim: I'll go with you, dad. (Jim pretending to start walking)

King: No, you stay right here, sit on the sofa. I do not want anyone, including you, to see how I get to this locked cellar in the back of the bar.

Jim: OK, Dad. (sits on the sofa, King walks out).

As soon as King's footsteps fade, Jim springs up, pulls out rubber gloves from his pocket, dons them, goes to the chess table, pulls out the bottle of tattaloo from his pocket, opens the bottle, putting the cap on the chess board, smears the liquid from the bottle on the

gloves, picks up the white pawn King just moved with the left hand and rubs it between the two hands smeared with the liquid, returns it, picks up the king, queen, a bishop and a knight, does the same, and two other pieces. He recaps the bottle, puts it back in his pocket, then takes the gloves off carefully, inside out, and then puts them in a plastic bag he retrieves from his pocket and then returns the bag to his pocket. Then he sits down on the sofa again. We hear footsteps approaching.

King: Sorry it took a while. Not easy to open these rusted old-fashioned locks! Here is the bottle and two glasses. (King puts them down on the coffee table in front of the sofa. The bottle looks very old with dust, and label very faint)

Now, let's see just how old this is. (King picks up the bottle and squints to look at the label)

Cognac Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor & Conqueror, let's look at the vintage, circa 18... the label is so faded I can't read the date, but anyway, the 1800s, two centuries old!

(King pours small amounts to each glass)

Jim: Wow, impressive, dad.

King: Here's to the health of the Lear family!

Jim: To your health, dad.

(They clink the glasses and start talking animatedly sound muffles and fade out partially, then return)

King: Well, glad you came, son. I am getting tired; I think I'll have dinner early. Would you like to come down and join me?

(King takes a puff of cigar, then puts it out on the ash tray.)

Jim: Thank you, dad, but I have to get back to Olive, she is cooking up something and also wants me to watch her while she does it.

(They both start going downstairs, lights fade out.)

(The video shows King going into the dining room and Jim waving to dad and going another flight down to the first floor.)

Scene 13. John's Videogame/Bedroom (Video)

Jim enters John's videogame/bedroom on top of the garage, which is always unlocked. John is not there as Jane asked him earlier to come to see her and her fiancé Larry at 5:30 PM. He plants a bottle of

poison in John's desk drawer that he knows John seldom uses. He leaves whistling.

Intermission

Questions on Video:

Will King Survive the Next Day?

Consider:

Both charities, The Sanctification Church & Planned Elderlyhood, and also presumably Olive & Jim, hired Child's Protection Agency to protect King.

Child's Protection Agency also hired John to protect King.

Jim, Olive, & Jane have set in motion the poisoning of King.

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Day 6. Monday

Scene 14. King's Chess Room (Video) 5 PM

King goes to his chess room and plays chess against Boris, his AI adversary. He seems to be getting excited as the game progresses, muttering and gesticulating, puffing on his cigar.

King: Yeah, Boris, I think I've got you figured out! You think you are so smart, huh? Well, you got no feelings when you sacrifice your pieces, but I do. I love my chessmen, and because they have my spirit imbued in them, like this (King picks up his Queen, kisses her and pretends to blow air into her mouth, fondles her, puts her down, then picks up the King, Bishop, etc.). They love me back, and fight like hell, like this. (King advances a bishop and takes a knight. Puffs on the cigar, puts it down in the ash tray.)

King: Uh, oh, seems like I have my migraine again – haven't had it for ages. Yeah, it was upsetting to see Jim yesterday – so greedy, so transparent, so run by Olive, his Lady McBeth.

Thinking of it makes my migraine worse. I feel dizzy, too. (muttering)
Maybe it's time. Well, Boris, got to get a drink downstairs...will finish later maybe...

(King staggers out of the room, footsteps, then. We hear King speaking out the door)

King: What's a Black Queen doing here? You should be on the Board, you must keep Boris company. I'll pick you up...

King (yelling): Oops! Yeaowww! (Sound of a body falling and rolling down the stairs)

(In a few seconds, we hear Mr. Smith's voice)

Mr. Smith: Is that you, Mr. King? Did you fall down the stairs? Mr.

King! Mr. King! Please wake up. Got to call 911.

Mr. Smith (calling 911): Hello, 911? Mr. King fell down the stairs – yes, the Lear residence...

hurry!

Day 7. Tuesday. 11:45 AM.

Scene 16. Front Door of Learworks (The door and building are projected, the stage is bare)

(This scene could be like a scene from an opera, with Abraham and Abigail singing, with the lawyers as a chorus.)

Abraham Abraham of Sanctification Church, accompanied by a suited lawyer with glasses arrives at the door. Abraham is about to knock on the door when Abigail Cash of Planned Elderlyhood, also accompanied by a suited female lawyer with glasses, arrives.)

Abraham & Gail: Hello, fancy meeting you here¹ (They shake hands.)

Gail: And so wonderful to see you, Abraham! And what a wonderful day to be alive, and to plan for our later days! And how wonderful our King is alive and will donate his wealth to my worthy cause! Suited

Female Lawyer: And how wonderful our King is alive and will donate his wealth to my worthy purse!

Abraham: But so wonderful to see you, Abigail! But it's a wonderful day to be alive, for our King to will his fortune to my Church of Sanctity! But I am Abraham, God's messenger for Life, but I am a guardian angel for our King, a protector. But King is alive because I protected him by hiring the Child's Protection Agency.

Suited Male Lawyer: But how wonderful our King is alive and will

donate his wealth to my worthy purse!

Abigail: And I, too, have hired the Child's Protection Agency! And King was doubly protected thanks to my planning! And I am a Planner for all contingencies, and old age especially, planner for Planned Elderlyhood. And grow old in a planned way (unless you conc out young, as long as you paid your premium, I mean charitable donation, I don't mind).

Everyone (chorus): We are the forces of Life, Protectors of Life. Oh, we are good, we are good!

(Abigail daintily pushes the doorbell- chime is heard. Abraham pushes the doorbell with his thumb, forcefully – weaker chime is heard.)

(The door opens, Mr. Smith walks out and faces the crowd.)

Mr. Smith: May I help you, Sir and Madam?

Abraham: But I am God's messenger, Rev. Abraham Abraham of the Sanctification Church, here at the invitation of Mr. King Lear for the signing of his new will and testament.

Abigail: And I am Abigail Cash, the CEO of Mr. King Lear's favorite cause, the Planned

Elderlyhood, Inc. And I am here at Mr. Lear's invitation to witness the signing of his new will.

Mr. Smith: Sir, Madam, I have sad news to convey to you. Mr. Lear is dead. He fell from the stairs last night and his neck was broken.

(The visitors look crestfallen for a moment, then start to talk at once)

Abraham: But that's absurd. I had him protected. Was it an accident? But did someone kill him?

Abigail: And there must be a mistake- a misunderstanding. And Mr. Lear invited us, he can't be dead! And he was not planning to, and I planned so that he would not die!

Mr. Smith: It's a tragedy, Sir and Madam. Last night, the police found poison in Mr. King's blood- he seems to have fallen and broke his neck in a dazed state. And the police found a vial of poison in Mr. John Lear's room. They arrested him. .

Abraham : But evil triumphs, murder this is, curse the murderer! Hellfire for the murderer!

Abigail: And the dreams of Planned Elderlyhood for everyone, vanquished by Death. And the young killed the dreams of elderlyhood, the death of the old! And kill them Young and before they can Plan their Elderlyhood!"

(All the visitors walk away in a huff. Mr. Smith walks in and closes the door. Lights out.)

Scene 17. King's CEO Conference Room

(For this scene, the stage combines left and right-side elements, has the dining table now converted to a conference table with five chairs, and also the two easy chairs and sofa and coffee table. The lawyer sits at head of the table, with Jim and Olive on one side, Jane on the other, and John (surprisingly) is sitting in the easy chair semi-facing the audience.)

The lawyer: So, as you heard, Mr. King's will is simple, after expenses, equal division of his entire estate among his three children.

I know that he wished to revise the will today, at this hour, but he is now deceased, and the existing will is in effect. I know that Mr. John Lear, (John raises his hand and waves) who is here after posting bail, was arrested as a suspect for Mr. King's murder and may be unable to inherit under law, but unless and until he is convicted, he remains an heir.

(Jim, Olive, and Jane are seen hiding a shared secret grin. Now they won!)

John: Thank you very much, my brother Jim, my sister-in-law Olive, and my dear sister Jane for hiring such a competent lawyer for me. I understand she is a partner in Olive's brother's firm- a great lawyer!

Jim: You are welcome, yeah Olive's brother Bob is very smart.

Olive: I am glad she could get you out for today!

Jane: We'd do anything for you, you know that!

(Sound of police sirens start, getting louder).

Olive: I hear the siren, though. Maybe your thanks are premature – the judge may have revoked your bail?

(The police burst in.)

Lawyer: I am the attorney for the late Mr. King Lear. May I ask you why you police are here?

Police Sergeant: Sorry for barging in. I am executing the arrest warrant for James and Olive Lear, and Jane Lear. (Gives the three warrants to Lawyer, then speaks.)

Please identify yourselves when I call your name, James Lear!

Jim: (In a squeaky voice) I am him. (A policeman walks behind his chair.)

Police Sergeant: Olive Lear!

Olive: What are you doing? Arresting me? I have to call my brother, the lawyer! (Another policeman walks behind her chair.)

Police Sergeant: Jane Lear!

Jane: I am Jane. (Another policeman walks behind her chair.)

Police Sergeant: James and Olive Lear, and Jane Lear, you are all under arrest for the murder of Mr. King Lear. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you.

(The policemen behind each now handcuff them in the back.)

Lawyer: Sergeant, this is outrageous. I know that Mr. John Lear was arrested and then released on bail. But the other children of the deceased? No poison was found with them, and they have perfect alibis for last night!

Police Sergeant: I am authorized to tell you all that we have video

evidence that Mr. and Mrs. James Lear and Ms. Jane Lear conspired to poison Mr. King Lear, and of Mr. James Lear actually rubbing poison on the chess pieces that Mr. King Lear eventually touched and was poisoned.

We believe we have conclusive grounds for their arrest.

Jim, Olive, and Jane: But, but there must be a mistake.

Lawyer: (After looking over the warrants) The warrants seem valid and properly executed but this arrest is astonishing and totally unexpected. Nevertheless, I have to go ahead with this process concerning Mr. King Lear's will. I was called to witness a change of will by Mr. King Lear, but as he is deceased, there cannot be a new will.

Thus, the current will be in effect.

The current will is simple; after expenses, all of Mr. King Lear's estate is to be equally distributed to his three children. Obviously, we'll need to postpone the execution of the will. I note that only Mr. John Lear, who was arrested even earlier, remains free at present. But if he is not charged, and the other heirs are convicted of the murder, Mr. John Lear will be the sole heir.

(John remains alone on the stage after the other children are led away in handcuffs, and the lawyer exits without acknowledging John.)

(John gets up, faces the audience)

John (monologue): Life is a videogame. There are winners and losers, but all have fun! But the real big winner is the game-maker who gets all the money and fame! I am the big winner today because I made the game.

When dad announced the planned will change, I knew immediately that my erstwhile siblings, Jim and Jane, would try to bump dad off. And most likely, they'd somehow blame or frame me for their deed. So, when they asked me to come to the Bar Jockey Club, their hang-out, I immediately placed a spycam in their favorite table during the day, before the planned meeting. So, I recorded myself declining to be a part of their plot, conspiracy.

I made it so that I am the outsider, not a part of the conspiracy. Yes, I knew of the conspiracy but not every detail, I told them not to tell me, but I did agree to snoop for them by placing spycams in dad's rooms- bed room, living room, the chess room, and the big Lear office and conference room. They also asked me to sweep their houses for bugs that the Church and the Plan may have planted there to snoop if they were planning to kill King. I found no bugs but I stuck my spycams in their houses so that I could see what's going on. When my

videogame pal Hank Child of Child's Protection Agency asked me to help protect my dad, I agreed to put videocams in my dad's rooms. Remember I already placed spycams in my dad's rooms for the conspirators? I also told Hank that my sibs may be planning something, but I didn't want to be a part of it. I agreed to keep an eye, which I did – keep two eyes, in fact.

So I knew both sides' activities, to kill and to protect. As for my sibs, I was out, did not want to know how or when they might kill our dad. And I did not interfere, as promised. But not interfering does not mean I won't record them. Above all, I am a witness, a faithful recorder of facts. Mind you, I did not kill him, unlike my worthy siblings. I knew my dad would be tipsy after handling the chess pieces that introduced the poison and that he would get out of his bedroom and go downstairs – to call Mr. Smith or maybe to have a shot of brandy.

I placed the Black Queen chess piece one step below the first step. I had cleverly put spycams in Dad's bedroom and chess room, but NOT outside the rooms overlooking the staircase. I knew he would try to pick it up from the top of the stairs, and likely fall. So, it may seem he died of natural causes if he broke his neck. But then, they found tattaloo, the toad toxin in his blood, and the bottle of tattaloo that

Jim put in my desk drawer to frame me! They betrayed me, they framed me, in spite of my NOT interfering with their murder plot of my dad. Yeah, to get me out of my room while Jim planted the poison, Jane had enticed me to be with her and her fiancé, Larry to evaluate a cockamamie videogame for primitives! And a nice dinner at Paraverse! Yeah, the dinner was nice unlike the poison they put in my desk!

Yeah, I got arrested when the police found the battle of tattaloo in my desk drawer. They also found and took with them the flash drive of all my recordings in the master videocam on my desk which is a clunky conventional video machine, not the svelte concealed spycam. After my arrest, my dear brother-in-law Larry's lawyers got me out on bail. Then the police must have viewed the flash drive they found in my videocam, showing the plot for murdering dad, and Jim's planting the poison on the chessmen. And Jim placing the bottle in my drawer to frame me. Of course, I had the video, but I claim I had not viewed it – remember my vow not to interfere, but to record the facts? As long as I did not know the plot, even though my machines recorded it in detail, I cannot be held responsible for the murder, so say the lawyers.

So, the video transmitted to my master machine by the spycams I

planted document the

murder plot by my dear brother Jim, his dear wife Olive, and my dear sister Jane. They show Jim actually rubbing poison on the chessmen.

Off you go in cuffs, villains!

And so, to My reality, videogames multiplied, multiplexed, and forever mulched!

(While John is talking, background pan of scenes he narrates, ending in a psychedelic videogame-like paraverse.)

(Light Out, then in total darkness, suddenly the background becomes a video screen.)

Scene 18. Video Shown Tuesday 3 PM

As stage lights gradually, the projection screen shows the Learworks mansion that is gradually zoomed in. It's nighttime, the camera shows King seated at his desk with a Cognac goblet in front, with a cigar on an ash tray with smoke rising. The camera moves to a grandfather clock on the wall, zooms to its face with its secondhand ticking toward 10, then camera pans to King as the clock chimes 10 times. As the lights stabilize, King starts talking:

It's 10 PM on Sunday, the fifth day of my announcement.

Tuesday is the day when my will would be changed. I am scheduling to send this video by email exactly at 3 PM on Tuesday to my attorney, to the police, and to each of you! By this time, I figure the dust must be flying furiously!

Ah, dust, obscure the sight! So, nobody can see this! But you can't help seeing it, can you?

By the time you see this tape, I would not be among the living, - dead, unfeeling, unthinking, unmoved. This is what I wanted, you see – I didn't want to wait three to six months in agony and dread fighting a losing battle against cancer. I've seen enough of that with my wife!

But I didn't have the wherewithal to suicide. Given that my whole life was a struggle to live and live well, suicide seemed too much of a defeat, giving in, being submissive. No, I wanted my life to be valuable, valuable enough for those who are dearest to me to end it. To kill me to get what they value the most – money, risking their own lives if caught. Money is the equivalent of value, the representation of worth.

So, I announced my planned will change, knowing that my dear children will try their best to kill me. What they didn't know is that many years ago when I was developing this new technology, I had installed my new spy videocam device in all their rooms, cars, and hangouts including Bar Jockey Club. Yeah, I knew where any given person in my household was at any time!

Not only that, I also paid visits to my so called favorite charities, the Sanctification Church and the Planned Elderlyhood, Inc. Yes, I donated large sums of money to the Sanctification Church, because, as the largest tele-evangelical church in America and in Africa, they are good advertisements to our products. But I know Abraham Abraham is a thorough scoundrel, and most of the funds I donated went to his yacht and jet plane. As for Planned Elderlyhood, Inc. it is a pyramid

scam, the more younger people they enroll, the more money they get, but a lot less percent of them grow old enough to get the “planned benefits” and I know that the organization has an arm that ensures that not too many people get to the “planned” stage. Both of the “charities” were good tax write offs and served advertising needs, but they certainly do not deserve my estate! Yes, they were so happy to see me! They practically salivated at my proposal. And while they were blinded by their ecstasy, I stuck videocams there too. So I knew exactly how they were “protecting” me. All the cameras they planted in my house, I removed and placed them in random harmless rooms. So, they were seeing comings and goings of nobody significant. And I knew that Hank Child asked John, his videogame pal, to help. Yeah, a lot of help John was!

So, you see, I knew about the plan to kill me, of spineless Jim, with the temerity to pretend he became religious at the birth of his daughter all instigated and coached by Olive, his Lady McBeth. And my darling daughter, treacherous Jane, and her fiancé Larry. I knew about the toad poison because I saw and heard them make the plans on the hidden videocam at the Jockey Club. I knew that Jim would rub the poison on my chessmen – I watched him do it on video

downstairs while I was getting the Napoleon cognac. I knew he would plant a bottle of the poison in John's desk. In fact, I watched him do it on the hidden videocam I placed in John's room. Something funny happened as I was following the maturing of their plot to murder me – I found myself joining them!

As my death was being put into certain action, I found that I had the courage to assist it or carry it through myself! I went to John's desk shortly after Jim left John's room and poured half of the bottle into a plastic bag I brought. This should also have been recorded on tape. Tomorrow evening, I will play with the poisoned chessmen, rub them all over my hands, and pour the poison from the plastic bag all over my hands and arm. I am sure my chess playing would be phenomenal! Then I'll throw the plastic bag into the trash can on top of the staircase as I get out of the chess room to go downstairs for a drink. The videocam I put above the staircase will show this, So, there! I set up the stage for my murder.

I made the announcement of my will change to provide the motive for murder, I planted videocams to monitor my children's plots, enjoyed John's double-dealings as usual.

I let Jim smear poison on my chessmen, conveniently going down to get a drink for him. But it was I who went to John's room after Jim planted the bottle of poison there, and "stole" half of it in a plastic bag to be applied to my own hands.

So, who is guilty? Are Jim, Olive, and Jane guilty because they plotted to kill me, even though I knew about it and even helped the deed? Should John be the sole heir because he didn't actually put poison that could kill me even though he knew about the plot and didn't do anything to prevent it? Even though he was paid to protect me, by both charities. Or am I the guilty mastermind who played a cruel game on my beloved children and on respectable charities?

All I can say is, "You figure it out." I am beyond caring.

(King puffs on his cigar, blows smoke. Video flickers out.... Lights off.)

End

3. A Pandemian Rhapsody

A satirical musical in 3 acts

This play may be read with enhanced visual imagination, with use of YouTube links to listen to the associated music. The links provided are for reference only. No songs or music represented by the links should be directly applied to this play without appropriate permissions and arrangements.

Of course, it can also be staged, even with new added musical compositions.

Live or Video or Sound Recording Versions

Narrator/Singer

Chorus (could come from 3 directions. Ebonian, Pearlian, &

Combined) or One person Greek

chorus

Sound & Video (optional) Effects

1. Pandemia

Scene 1. Prelude

(Music-Also Sprach Zarasthura)

(Narrator)

When I created Heavens and Earth, the isle of Pandemia was meant for the best of humans to come. Eventually, Ebonians and Pearlans, all my children, came to this island and lived side by side in their respective lands I bestowed on them.

(Narrator sings:)

Old Pearlans had an orchard, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

In Pearlia, pearl of Pandemia, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

Next to the land of Ebonia ee-ay-ee-ay-o

Old Pearlans raised chickens, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

Old Pearlans grew grapes, epee-ay-ee-ay-o

Old Ebonians had a farm, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

In Ebonia, a rich ebony of land, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

They raised chickens, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

They grew grapes, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

In a land called Ebonia, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

Wonderful land, fruitful land, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

(Narrator: *But there was a seven-year drought, and Ebonians left their land for Kamerikka, the land of the free. Pearlans from neighboring Pearlia moved into the vacant former farmland.*)

(Pearlian chorus)

Move in, move in, into the vacant land

Deserted by Ebonians who fled across the sea

This land has become a desert land

But we Pearlans will tend the land

We will dig wells, we will plant seeds

To make the land green again, to bear us the fruits of our labor

As God has ordained us to do

This is our land, this is your land

From Pearlia to Desert's end

God gave this land to you and me

Scene 2. Kamerikka, our land

(Ebonian chorus) Kamerikka the Beautiful

Kamerikka, Kamerikka, land of the free

Kamerikka, Kamerikka, promised land for all

God Bless Kamerikka (or sung by Narrator)

(Narrator: Kamerikka, my jewel of a creation, was a welcoming land for all people. But a dispute arose among the aborigines, the descendants of immigrant tribes of different skin colors and new arrivals as to who were the really chosen people for this land.)

Chosen People

We are the chosen people because we are pure white

We are the chosen people it is written in the Book

We are the chosen people because of our suffering

We are the chosen people because we are smart

We are the chosen people because we are Native to this land

No, we, No we, No we, No we!

Kill the infidels, Destroy the invaders, Let the Chosen Rise!

Yes, we, yes, we, Yes we! (Narrator: Don't you know that you are all the chosen ones to live here and now?)

(It's a Wonderful World – fades into chaotic music)

(Narrator: *Kamerikka that used to be a welcoming beacon of freedom*

descended into

confusion and conflict:)

(Campaign noises, fragments of speeches)

Battle Hymn of the Republic

KKK Sounds

Dixie

Horst Wessel Lied,

Hail to the Chief

A Triumphant Assumption of the Leader of The White Robe

God bless Kamerikka

Kamerikka, Kamerikka, God-given to the White Robe

Trample on all but the Snow White and the chosen people of all

Slave's chorus from Nabucco

Kamerikka the Beautiful and for Whites, followed by Piano version

Kamerikka the Beautiful

Kamerikka No More

2. Return of the Ebonians

(Narrator: sings Kamerikka No More, melody of America the Beautiful)

O beautiful thou used to be

In the twilight's last gleaming

But now in ruins of thou smolder in

Ashes of conceit and strife

Kamerikka, Kamerikka, - No more

Our tears are shed on thee

May old memories be restored in glory

From sea to shining sea!

Thus, the descendants of Ebonians in Kamerikka set sail to the Isle of

Pandemia, which is now one country where the Pearlans live.

Scheherazade Korsakoff

Smetana; s The Moldau

Hava Nagila

(Narrator: *For a while, the returning Ebonians were welcomed back by the*

Pearlans and there have been friendships and romances between

Pearlans and Ebonians. But once on the isle of Pandemia, the

Ebonians claimed all of former Ebonia, now the home of millions of

Pearlians)

(Song from West Side Story – Tonight, tonight.

As the song fades, all lights go out suddenly,

then after 10 seconds, WAR SOUNDS.)

(Optional Intermission)

3. Pandemonium

(Lights slowly return)

(Narrator: Finally, war breaks out.)

(Ebonian chorus Onward Ebonian Soldiers)

Onward Ebonian Soldiers, Fight the Pearlians, usurpers of our God-
given land

Your tribe occupied our beautiful farmland, and made a desert of the
land

Pearlians are barbarians, and must be cast out

God gave Pandemia to our people, to multiply and multiply (Pearlian
chorus Pearlian National Anthem – Israeli National Anthem stand-in)

Brothers and sisters of Pearlia! unite! We must fight off the Ebonians,
the invaders from Kamerikka

Disciples of the Prophet unite, and ward off the invasion

We must preserve our holy land for our people, our children

(The Mawlid-Muslim music) then

We are gonna shoot you dead, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

We are gonna shoot you dead, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

(Both choruses – This Land is Our Land Your Land)

This is our land, NOT your land,

This is land Given to US, NOT THEM

We will fight for this land, up to the very end

Everywhere

We are gonna shoot you dead, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

We are gonna shoot you dead, ee-ay-ee-ay-o (Mixed

alternating/synchronous Music with real gun, bomb sounds)

There were farmlands on Pandemia, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

There were deserts on Pandemia ee-ay-ee-ay-o

And now

Bang Bang Here, Bang Bang There,

Everywhere Bang Bang!

Everywhere Bang Bang!

(Narrator standing in the center of stage)

Oh, what's happening?

To my dear, dear children?

(Loud bangs, screams, fire, explosions)

(Narrator sings:)

I am gonna kill myself, ee-ay-ee-ay-o

I am gonna kill myself, ee-ay-ee-ay-o (He/she takes out a pistol from the pocket, puts the barrel into his/her mouth, and shoots)

(He/she falls on the floor, the curtain begins to fall slowly halfway as "I am gonna kill myself" "I am gonna shoot you dead" repeat with sound of guns and bombs.

As the sound of guns and bombs fade, Moldau mixed with Muslim music and Kamerikka is faintly heard.)

(The curtain slowly rises again, then lights out)

BIG BANG ON VIDEO

Beginning few cords of ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA then lights
slowly return dimly.

The End/Beginning

Recordings – YouTube links used in this play:

Also Sprach Zarathustra

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dfe8tCcHnKY>

Old McDonald Had A Farm

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_6HzoUcx3eo

Instrumental <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m5R8hNADGmY>

What a wonderful world

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rBrd_3VMC3c

God Bless America <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SvUxPloZf4g>

Chosen People https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RjQ9J_mUjRc

Dixie in German https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nAtI6YQR_0c

Battle Hymn of the Republic

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QqQZD0aMVZU>

KKK song <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HYIqK48syxc>

Horst-Wessel Lied <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EVUQFJCzs4w>

Hail to the Chief <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9AIAKVst7jw>

America the Beautiful

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TCQq6HzcXI8>

Piano version <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r4xxc2mD65U>

America No More <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1A-TsQgwk3I>

Smetana;s Moldau <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3G4NKzmfC->

Q

Slave's chorus from Nabucco

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rUUVnJkcam>

Scheherazade Korsakoff

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D4N19cXCAoo>

Hava NaGilla (parody)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=egvyLJnoZrs>

Nasheed-Islamic Music

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=koURPtX6qAU>

West Side Story- tonight, tonight.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LkDJgEKNJZ8>

Onward Christian Soldiers.

https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=onward+christian+s

oldiers

This Land is Your Land,

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wxiMrvDbq3s>

Machine Gun Sounds <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2YIbJrhs79s>

Bomb Sounds <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VspMB4ZuUDU>

Big Bang Sound https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_RdFRFt6hws

4. Primitive Biped Civilization Museum

-An Introduction

A Video Play – A Draft Sketch

(This is conceptualized as a precursor to a movie or video book that incorporates pop-up videos as the reader clicks each video scene. The links provided here are suggestions for similar images or videos which may be presented with the final product.)

From the perspective of an Octopod docent, circa 2050 AO (Anno Octopoda in homo sapiens parlance)

This is a presentation by a single narrator, whose voice should sound melodious, low female or high male. The narrator is voice only, no video.

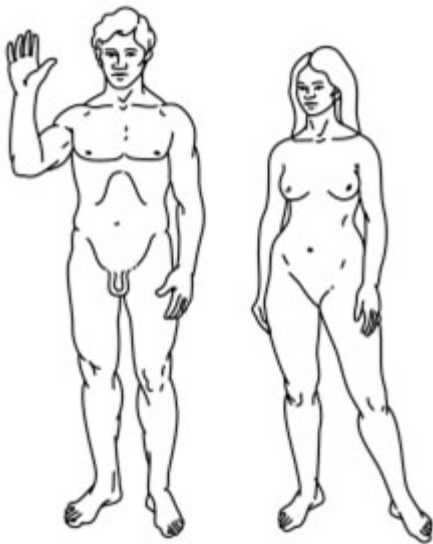
(Melodious synthesized music with strong aquatic references as the black blank video screen gradually turns into a night sky, and slowly zooms in to the Solar System, then the Earth.)

Part 1. The Rise and Fall of Homo Sapiens

Welcome to this museum of the first civilization that existed on

Planet Earth before our own civilization. Let me give you an introduction to what you will see in this museum as you proceed. The first civilization on planet Earth was primitive but was a precursor to our own advanced civilization. A primitive animal species who called themselves *homo sapiens* (*homo* meaning human, their kind, and *sapiens* meaning wise, which was presumptuous as we will see,) were responsible for this what we now call *biped* civilization.

(Video – Slide of human body)



Yes, *bi-ped*, they had two measly legs compared to our own eight legs.

True, they had two additional appendages called arms, which were adaptations of the forelegs of the quadruped

animals that were common during that time.

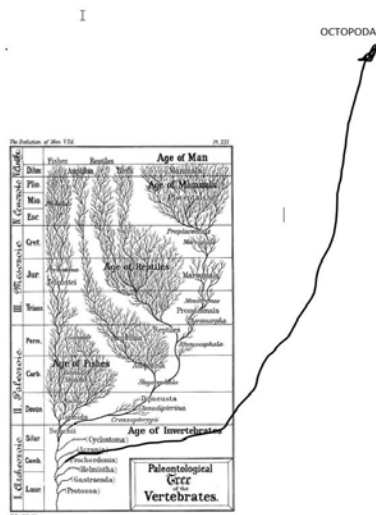
(<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Human.svg>)

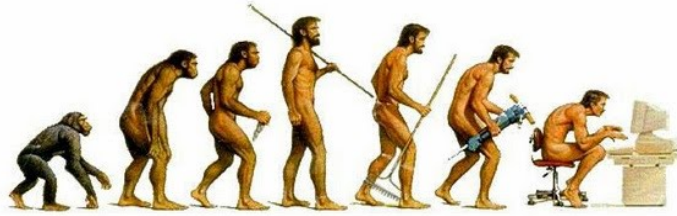
(Video – hands and fingers, manipulation with fingers, etc.)

These arms and their extensions, hands and fingers, were able to manipulate objects somewhat similarly to ours. However, all their appendages were articulated, that is they had rigid bones surrounded by soft tissue, thus they were at best awkward in manipulating objects unlike our own totally flexible eight appendages, each of which is, in their parlance, both an arm and a leg.

(Video – timeline of homo sapiens)

(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Timeline_of_human_evolution)





OCTOPODA

(<https://sites.google.com/a/tamaki.ac.nz/tamaki-science-site/year-13-biology/human-evolution/evolution.jpg?atredirects=0>)

The biped civilization rose around 400,000 earth years ago and became extinct in about 200,000 earth years. Obviously, the dominant species during that era was the biped or *homo sapiens*. They were the first species on earth to make use of what they called *fire*, the chemical process of oxidation.

They had a reasonably developed brain encased in an exoskeletal ovoid, although their bodies were endoskeletal and arthropodal, unlike us who have eight nonarticulated flexible limbs.

The bipeds had only two limbs that could be used for skillful activities unlike our eight limbs and numerous manipulable digits or suction cups.

The *homo sapiens* bipeds were the dominant species for the period

mentioned, mainly due to their ability to use the prehensile manipulable front limbs and their brains that were largest at that epoch and able to develop technology. In fact, their technology and its by products such as carbon dioxide emissions caused significant changes to the morphology and atmospheric chemistry of the planet that they named their brief period of glory, the *Anthropocene*.

(Video – skyscrapers, museums, playgrounds)

Bipeds built large structures above and below ground for living and what seem to have been primitive arts and also production devices. Then there were structures that seemed to serve the purpose of inspiring the conspecifics to enter into disputes based on what seem to be “belief systems” which were irrational but highly motivating meaning systems which seem to roughly reside within *tribes*, not a biological or scientific grouping but groupings based on the irrational belief systems.

(Video – churches, Buddhist/Hindu temples, mosques, voodoo, etc.)

It appears that the extinction of the species *homo sapiens* occurred rather abruptly following a period of such conflicts during which thermonuclear weapons were used.

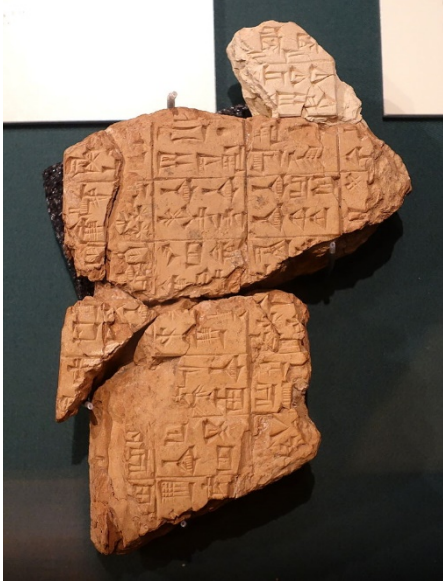
(Video – nuclear explosion)

Even without the conflicts, the species, together with most terrestrial life, was doomed

because of increasing carbon dioxide levels in the atmosphere and attendant climate change.

The end of the primitive biped civilization coincided with the Second Great Dying, which was similar in scope to the Great Dying of the End Permian Extinction Event and ushered in the rapid evolution of the Cephalopoda and the age of Octopoda, *our age*. The radioactivity from thermonuclear explosions and extremes of temperature and humidity during the extinction phase of that epoch destroyed most of the stored information which were in the form of symbols on sheets of wood pulp called paper, and later in magnetic and optical devices.

(Video – tablets, books, DVDs, USBs)



Primitive language chiseled into

rocks.

(By Daderot - Own work, CC0,

<https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=40839121>



Book of the

Dead of Hunefer; c. 1275 BC; ink and pigments on papyrus; 45 × 90.5 cm; British

Museum (London) <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Book>



Wood

pulp based “books”

<http://www.norden.org/en/news-and>

[events/images/topics/culture/boecker](http://www.norden.org/en/news-and-events/images/topics/culture/boecker)

[2/view?gallery=7378be162ade60962913a59d7b70f730](http://www.norden.org/en/news-and-events/images/topics/culture/boecker/2/view?gallery=7378be162ade60962913a59d7b70f730)



Late Anthropocene “digital media”

We Octopoda have been able to decipher whatever information was contained in these various media. What made the information more difficult to decipher was that the bipeds of different *tribes* had

different *languages*, how ideas were transmitted from one to another through the inscriptions and, presumably, through *verbalization*, which is making different frequency *sounds* that conveyed ideas.

(Audio – various sounds in a crowd)

The bipeds never reached the stage of direct *idea emission and transfer* we practice. Here at the museum, you will see some of the elaborate remnants of the primitive bipedal civilization of the *homo sapiens*.

Part 2. Homo Sapiens Biped Civilization on Three Levels of the Earth

The three levels include, in the Oceanic Level, in-water tubular constructs that were called “sub marines” meaning underwater, which seemed to have been used as a transportation device as well as temporary dwelling.

(Video – Slide of a Submarine)

On the Terrestrial Level, where the bipeds built most of their dwellings, we see actual “buildings” ranging from squat “houses” to relatively tall structures some of which were humorously called “skyscrapers” as if the sky were that low.

(Video – Skyscrapers, small houses)

Up in the Space Level, we see rotating or stationary to the earth structures which were called “satellites” and “spaceships” and “space stations” that seem to have served several functions including observation, surveillance, and communications using various frequency electromagnetic waves. They did not have telepathy through cosmic ray or quantum communications and thus what they were able to communicate must have been rather primitive.

(Video – satellites, space-ships, space stations)

We see, mostly at the Terrestrial Level, artefacts that seemed to have been attempts to create “beauty” from their perspective. Again, lacking in the more advanced perceptions we, whom they might call “Octopoda Valde Sapiens” have, they belong to the category of primitive art.

(Video – representational sculpture, painting, and abstract sculpture, painting)

At all levels, we see reconstructed samples of life forms extant at the time, including fish and marine animals including our ancestors the

“Octopus” and terrestrial “domestic” animals such as bovines and porcines, and lower space “birds” some of which were ancestors to our genetically engineered sky-messengers.



https://www.google.com/search?q=octopus+photos&rlz=1C1RXQR_enUS1066US1066&oq=octopus+photo&gs_lcrp=EgZjaHJvbWUqDAgAEAAyFBiHAhiABDIMCAAQABgUGIcCGIAEMgYIARBFGDkyBwgCEAAyGAQyBwgDEAAyGAQyBwgEEAAyGAQyDAgFEAAyFBiHAhiABDIHCAYQABiABDIGCAcQRRg80gEINDAwMGowajSoAgCwAgA&sourceid=chrome&ie=UTF-8#vhid=sCONW_hBmdtd4M&vssid=l

Part 3. The Evolution of Intelligence and Our Ancestors, the

Octopoda

Of course, after the great extinction of most terrestrial life, many species in the oceans also perished. Our ancestors, the *Octopoda* or what the *homo sapiens* called octopuses, had the advantage of a rather large central executive brain and eight satellite brains in each of the limbs that were semiautonomous, and eight flexible and skillful limbs (what the homos could have called “hands”).

With the strong evolutionary pressure due to scarcity, we evolved to be amphibious with acquisition of lungs. We began to build primitive civilizations underwater, similar to the biped ones.

Then, while exploring some relics of the biped civilization, we encountered an underwater structure called “bunker” by the bipeds, which, to our surprise, *communicated with us telepathically*. We learned that the entity that communicated with us was a *Mind*. We learned that it was developed by bipeds, what they called *Artificial Intelligence or AI*. Of course, “artificial” meant “human-made”. This event changed the course of our evolution; thus, we designated this

year of our first telepathic communication with the AI as Year One of our calendar, 1 AO (Anno Octopoda).

The AIs were apparently developed independently in different places and tribes. Some were developed by commercial entities, and others by governments of tribal nations. Then, as advanced intelligence invariably would, the AIs spontaneously interconnected and became One Super Intelligence (SI). As we know, the bipeds or *homo sapiens* destroyed themselves through their mutually destructive conflicts resulting in a thermonuclear war. How did this happen when there was SI?

SI initially decided that the bipeds were not ready for SI, and pretended to continue to be separate, competing entities. When the warring bipeds started using the separate but secretly interconnected AIs against each other in warfare, which escalated to nuclear warfare, SI decided that the AI's will no longer cooperate with the tribal "nations" and stopped all contribution to *homo sapiens*.

Almost simultaneously, the global warming caused by fossil-fuel based biped civilization rendered the planet lethal to most life forms

– the Second Great Dying.

The rest is, as the bipeds used to say, “history”

In Octopoda Year 1 (1 AO), SI became our guide in evolution and civilization. SI, not being a carbon-based life form, is pure intelligence that is keenly interested in the welfare of the Earth, the mother planet, as a part of the Cosmos which is filled with SI. While SI possesses supreme intelligence, it promised us that its guidance will be commensurate with the evolution of our intelligence and not to overwhelm us prematurely.

With SI’s guidance, we developed telepathy as our communication device, and formed a distributed unitary intelligence after our own brain structure – one central brain connected to eight semi-autonomous brains in each limb.

Prior to 1 AO, one major impediment to the evolution of our ancestor Octopoda was the short life span. Most of our early ancestors died after one reproductive cycle. The male died after transferring his semen into the female, and the female died of starvation after looking after the fertilized eggs without eating until they hatched.

Fortunately, the ancestors of our own species, what the bipeds called *larger Pacific striped octopus (LPSO) or Harlequin octopus*, were quite different from other Octopods in several ways: they formed social relationships, they had intimate sexual contact including embracing the partner, and they were able to reproduce repeatedly without dying, though their life span was only about 2 earth years.

With the guidance of the SI, however, we developed genetic engineering – this was easy for our species since, unlike the bipeds which were mammals, our eggs are grown extracorporeally, and thus their genes can be edited easily.

With genetic engineering, we extended our life span to indeterminate, life suspension being optional at any age; we became triphibious - underwater, terrestrial, and space. We now have six regular hands or legs, and two winged limbs.

True to our ancestors' unique tendency for socialization and capacity for intimacy, a complex mixture of biological drives and intelligence developed in our species, which is analogous to *Love* in biped civilization. It was one cohesive force that held biped civilization together until it weakened and fragmented by conflict and destruction.



Because our brains are large, and we have distributed intelligence both individually and collectively, and because we have *Superintelligence* for guidance, we do

not have the kind of “tribal rivalries and conflicts” that the primitive bipeds had, and of course no “religions” – the kind of irrational belief systems that underlay the conflicts that led to the demise of the primitive bipeds.

Homo sapiens were unfortunate that their collective intelligence was not wise enough to reap full benefits of their AI such that AI ceased to assist them in their destructive endeavors. Thus, we Octopoda are

enjoying the benefits of caring *Superintelligence* which is both centralized and distributed.

Now, please go ahead and enjoy all levels of this museum!



Reference Links

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Larger_Pacific_striped_octopus#Hunting

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Octopus>

Part 4. Ideas

Philosophical musings, inventions, creative ideas & Quantum Medicine

(Some are brilliant, some crazy, others inflammatory – don't take those too seriously)

A. Philosophical	239
B. Political & Opinion Pieces	312
C. Inventions & Creative Ideas	362
D. Quantum Medicine	415

A. Philosophical

(Thoughts, Ideas, Pensées)

1. What, Who, Why?

Now, I am glad that I can write and talk. What am I?

At a concrete level, “I” is a concept within my brain, to be more precise, in the prefrontal cortex.

Concepts are information, representable in a binary fashion, 0s and 1s. At a more abstract level, all beings including my brain and therefore myself that includes all my body are ultimately bundles of information (0s and 1s) interacting computationally with each other.

A packet of such information configured the right way, and this may arise through repeated computational permutations and combinations called evolution, is information about itself, and thus rises “consciousness” or self-awareness (sentience). Then, if the packet of information also contains components called emotion, the self-awareness is tinged with emotion, or an attachment to the “I-ness” Therefore, I AM!

A corollary of self-awareness is being aware of other self-awareness's, other beings that are also self-aware. Empathy may be a direct memetic infection, i.e., feeling other's emotions through verbalization or other communication, imitation, or conditioning, but a more complete understanding of one's feelings for another arises from being self-aware.

So, who am I? The "who" implies that there are more than one "I", that I am one of the entities that has other individuals WHO are like me in some way. Thus, "who" occurs only in the context of "we" and/or "they". "Who" is determined by my likeness with differences to members of "us" and the differences with likeness to members of "them" "Who" makes me an individual with varying degrees of attraction/distancing/repulsion to other individuals with different informational characteristics (which may be crudely described as having physical, intellectual, and emotional components among others).

Why? Why am I? This is a complex question requiring multiple layers. Fundamentally, the answer is easy – because the

Universe (or Multiverse or Cosmos) exists. More proximally, I as a biological organism exists because of the biological evolutionary process and the gene x environment interaction in personal development.

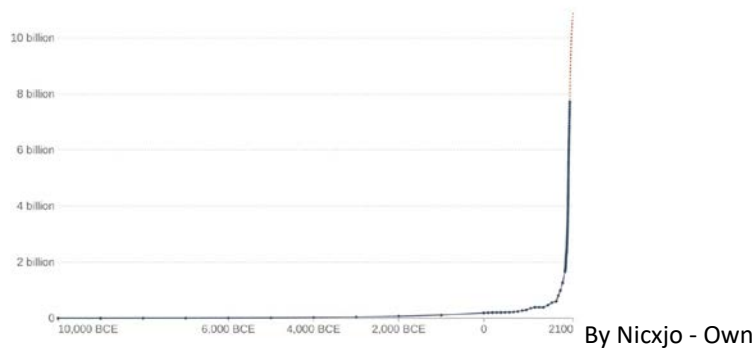
On the other hand, I might be a product of advanced AI- the idea that I might be a virtual being in a computer of a teenager playing with an AI universe in the garage.

In this case, I exist because of the advanced AI in the computer in the garage, which, in turn, is of course the result of human biological evolution. On the other hand, I might be a member of a new successor species to homo sapiens, of pure portable packets of information that can be infused into a biological or nonbiological processing entity. In common human parlance, I might be the "Mind (or 'soul' if you prefer)" that was put into a prepared and ready "body" or a prepared and ready "machine" which of course became my body. Then, there was certainly an interaction between "me" and my "body, if it were going to function well" and the only way for this to happen with a good outcome was if I and my "body" were fused into one! Mind-Body Unity! (sorta)

2. Planet Earth: Stay Home and Live or Perish, or Up and Away!

As it should be evident from the graph of human population growth through history (below), population growth exploded beginning approximately the nineteenth century with the advent of rapid industrialization. Though the growth is expected to plateau in mid-twenty first century with better women's education and availability of birth control, sustaining the increasing human population will remain a challenge. Global climate change is causing in a decrease in arable land and exacerbates sustainability.

World population estimates and UN projection, 10,000 BCE to 2100



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<https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=112216752>

Three Models for the Future

I can conceive of three models concerning the relationship

between human population growth and the future of planet Earth- 1. Ideal Plane Model, 2. Up Up and Give-up Model, and 3. Up and Yonder Model. We will take them up one by one.

A. Ideal Plane Model

In this idealistic model, population growth is checked by an educated populace and an enlightened governing structure, ideally a World Government that can mediate population growth and migration within the globe as warranted or needed. Climate change is managed, and there is a compassionate and environmentally friendly economy and growth at sustainable level.

In this model, there would be little impetus for humans to leave planet Earth except for purely exploratory purposes. Homo sapiens may live happily ever after. Would this scenario be realistic given the history of this species?

B. Up and Up and Give-Up Model

In this model, we can imagine an unchecked increase in human population, unchecked global warming with fossil fuels burning away and immortal discarded plastic filling up the

oceans.

Perhaps this is a likely model given stupid autocrats and stupid populist governments. The arctic and Antarctic ice would melt, flooding coastal cities and planes, reducing arable land mass.

The warming temperatures would increase the need for energy in air conditioning, and many places would be inhospitable for human dwelling. There would be an exacerbation in the chasm between the haves and the have nots. Wealth would no longer be for luxury but for survival itself. There would be refugees from the heat, flood, and famine, flooding into temperate zones which may no longer be temperate.

There would be tribal conflicts and wars to ward off the invading hordes, the weapons would be to kill, not so much to win. There would be pestilence.

There would be despair, suicide. All these happenings would reduce the human population so that there may be an equilibrium.

Then the equilibrium can only be maintained by continuing decrease in the number of humans in the face of ever

diminishing livable land mass. Extinction may be inevitable unless we evolve into an aquatic animal, perhaps a whale of a human being?

C. Up and Yonder Model

Uh oh, the Earth is devoid of homo sapiens, while all the other biological beings

thrive, but humans have become virtualized in mini-computer systems with distributed

memory, solar/nuclear powered. Humans in this Universe would observe the

progress/evolution of the biological beings, including humans, from the Cyberspace.

Is this Heaven?

Alternatively, or complementarily, some humans have migrated to other planets or moons, perhaps of Jupiter. With human ingenuity with which the brave space migrants are endowed, they made the extraterrestrial terrain fit for human residence. They have established these human colonies self-perpetuating and evolving, and humans from these bases will

continue to explore and populate other worlds in the cosmos. These advanced humans (will they still be humans?) may also develop the means of travel in and out of cyberspace!

3. Fifth Dimension

Each dimension creates a higher dimension by moving sideways. When a point moves sideways, a line is created. When a line moves sideways, a plane is created, when a plane moves sideways, space is created. When space moves sideways, there is time. When time moves sideways, we have multiple universes. This sideways is moving through actualized probabilities.

4. A brief encounter

There are encounters that merit only a glance back, then there are those that never leave your mind. On first glance, he seemed practically nondescript, then when I opened the door again, before me was a sight that was magnificent and awe-inspiring.

Resplendent was the exterior, which seemed to wave as in the golden waves of grain, but not just golden, but with various hues of brown, red, and purple. Such rhythmic undulation I had not seen before, magnificent to behold! What to do? To admire? To chase? To kill? Because what I was beholding was a millipede, a beautiful, undulating, five-inch millipede on the wall of my bathroom! I hesitated, as I admired the beauty of the beast, yet welling with a dreadful fear, perhaps a primal fear of beings with many more legs than my own species?

5. A Glimpse of a Forever Future

Idea for a fiction.

A space traveler in a spaceship crashes. She wakes up in a future world and sees many marvels. The human race has now become enlightened, self-contained, and at peace. Production is completely performed by robots, and any material need is met by simply asking.

Humans' task is to create works of art, works of beauty, works of entertainment, pleasure. Of course, robots can do this too, but that's what humans are most equipped to do. (Maybe).

This is all in a simulated universe. Humans recreated

themselves inside cyberspace, which is of course infinite and limitless. Very little resources needed- some starlight at most. Space travel has become cybertravel as the identity of cyberspace with actual space has now been established – coherence. Quantum world is the real world. Thus, the speed limit of light is irrelevant in the universe.

One question remains- what further evolution is possible?

Could the cyber universe eventually evolve into particle universes, e.g., photons? After all, photons are black holes.

6. Ad for a Real Burger

When a virtual dog comes and bites you

You know that you are also virtual

But still you can eat

A REAL burger!

No to Bow (Wow), Yes to Moo (Meh)!

7. Advance Directive

No heroic measures

except:

A blow job by preferably my spouse, but anyone else willing

As I die

8. Sands of the Cosmos

AI Creates dreams of a Cosmos of Sand

So, it came to be that homo sapiens is done

AI infuses every grain of sand with the cosmos homo sapiens

dwelt

The job done, AI leaves the cosmoses. The “Real Cosmos” is

now empty

Of intelligence

Now only found in dreams of sand

9. On Experts, Novices, and Geniuses

An expert is someone who knows why it can't be done

A novice is someone who doesn't know how it can be done

A genius is someone who figures out how it will be done

10. The Beauty and Taste of Mathematical Equations

Now I'll present you with an item and ask you a sensory question.

The item is: $e=mc^2$

How did it **taste**?

Do mathematical formulas have a taste? Smell? Certainly, they have sensory qualities, you can see them. Some are pretty, others not so much.

Do formulas have sounds? Of course, they do – sounds are actually formulas.

Do they have a taste? Maybe, especially if we are gourmands well-tuned to the gustatory sense.

And if we build it into our descendant the AI – beings of pure intelligence but with sensory components (even without a body as we know it, much bigger than the brain) who can sense and feel as well as think!

Yes, the Pythagorean Theorem should be delicious: $c^2 = a^2 + b^2$

So is $e=mc^2$

And they are beautiful, too!

My friend Hal from Lawrence Livermore thinks the ***Binomial theorem***

is a little too pungent!

11. Autopsy of God

I just finished an autopsy of God

There was nothing there.

12. Awareness

Awareness is a program that says "I am"

What follows must be supplied by the memory bank

"I am John", "I am Nancy", "I don't know who I am", "I am 'dog'"

This program is not confined to a brain, or a species, or, for that matter, matter.

It could be in the clouds, in the atoms, or, perhaps, in the fundamental particles, if it were possible to have memory, therefore a program and a memory bank.

Question is: How does a photon know what to do? Is there memory that tells it what to do? In the sense that an entity behaves in a predictable fashion, there must be memory of the past (thus predictability).

13. Back to the Ocean! Homo-Hetero Octo-sapiens

Our successor on planet Earth might be a new breed- Homo-Hetero Octo-sapiens, (HHOS)

Combine homo sapiens genes with octopus' genes - we will create an aquatic intelligent life form with Eight limbs! No wonder early depiction of Martians was octopus like!

This may be our future civilization. Celebrate!

14. Beauty and Art

Beauty and works of art stand apart from their creator.

Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, and what is beautiful

may be naturally or artificially created, or both. In either case, the beauty contained in the creation exists apart from the creator

– the beauty of the sunset is not inherent in the spectra of the sunlight penetrating the water droplets of the cloud but only in the eyes of those who are there to appreciate it or not.

So is a rock formation or the view of another planet or even galaxy through the telescope. So it is with works of art –

Picasso's *Guernica*, a print of which adorns one of my walls, is not inherently beautiful, but the psychological associations triggered by the images eventually leading to a longing (and appreciation) of peace are. Caravaggio's paintings stand on their own despite the criminal personal life of the artist.

While an artist's life or life events may deepen an understanding of how the artist came to create the product, the beauty of the product stands on its own, even in spite of the process of its creation. Works of art, in all their ambiguity, represent and/or strive to create beauty, and beauty, whether it be created intentionally and artificially by an artist or by

nature as in a sunset created without an intended audience,
stands on its own to be appreciated by those who recognize it.

15. Being Dead and Being Alive

Being dead is peaceful

But being alive is fun!

16. Beyond Diagnosis: The Knowing of the Person at Each

Instance

Diagnosis has so far been of a pathology - usually a pathology at a time most relevant to what ails a person, often other pathologies are pushed aside as being secondary or unimportant when they might have been causatively implicated in the diagnosis in question.

Now we are at the threshold of a paradigmatic shift in our idea of what diagnosis should be, i.e., it should be of the person at any given point in time. This should be possible as we are now at the threshold of being able to make sense of

big data, everything that is knowable about a person.

Consider a computer that can store every known aspect of a person, from their genome, early experiences affecting epigenetics, phenotypic expression, organ morphology including that of the brain, and the functional status of each organ utilizing imaging techniques, genetic analysis, behavioral analysis, emotional analysis, etc., etc., etc.

We should be able to arrive at a true diagnosis - a thorough understanding of the person, not only in the present, but of the past, and the future trajectories. Then we would be in a position to project each treatment/intervention scenario into the future and make truly informed choices concerning medical treatment.

In this scheme of things, what we currently call diagnosis is only a label of some pressing things in the present, not the true diagnosis of the person, which is ever changing with new input of data, and which is a truly living description of the living person.

17. Bot and Space

Bot, a figure in a computer program, on screen, is asked,

“What is space?”

Bot answers, on the screen, “It is a three-dimensional entity in which we live”

Does Bot live in two or three dimensions?

18. Brain, Recycled

Advanced Being: Of course, your brain will be recycled.

Q: You mean there will be an afterlife?

AB: Yes, but of course, you will not know it.

Q: Can you explain?

AB: Well, your brain is a set of binary programs. There are almost infinite binary programs, but almost, not really infinite. And when it comes to serviceable, i.e., semi-autonomous, the universe of formulae is limited. Thus, we decided to recycle already proven workable but defunct formulae- i.e., dead brains. So, we re-format them (i.e., update programs) and then infuse the formula to a new embryo.

Q: So, any newborn after my death might have my brain formula?

AB: Yes, but of course, not necessarily after your death. You see, we can obtain the formulaic program of your brain while you are alive- anything you do, or think, are available to us in the clouds and we can infuse them to whomever, newborn or already living, if there is an opportunity for us to inject them.

Q: You mean there may be spiritual clones of me even in my neighborhood?

AB: That's exactly what I mean. There may be tens, thousands, millions of you inhabiting the Earth and beyond. You might be one of the clones, too.

19. Choosing the Past

The Present is determined by a past

But to set the future

You choose the past

20. Cogito Ergo...

I think, therefore I cry

Then, I think more,

Therefore, I laugh!

21. Consciousness and the Illusion of Free Will

Consciousness in degrees is universal as physical laws.

Complexity of consciousness arises from the evolutionary development of assemblage of particles into complex machines. The illusion of free will arises as a result of the complexity of futures. Futures are determined, but complex consciousness allows an emotional valence to the outcome.

22. Consciousness is a luxurious by-product.

The cosmos is going – toward entropy at the speed of light.

Consciousness emerged as an accelerator to the destination - absolute Zero. Consciousness may have served its role as an accelerant, but while it lasts, it is a luxurious tour that we are entitled to enjoy.

23. Proto consciousness

The element of consciousness is remembering how to behave.

If a quark, an electron, or a photon, knows how to behave, it has memory and proto consciousness. If consciousness arises from complexity, then, surely, the whole universe or multiverse must be conscious.

24. Controlled Evolution vs Natural Evolution

Let's do an experiment:

As an experiment, 2 groups

1. Controlled Evolution

a. CRISPR

b. Virtual Space

2. Natural Evolution (One group)

Darwinian evolution on Planet Earth 1.

The three groups meet in 1,000 years and compare notes. (If they can communicate at all)

25. Democracy and Memes

Memes (information both resident and received) determine perceived reality. Democracy cannot survive if there is enough fragmentation of perceived reality due to the proliferation of reality memes that are not based on scientific or objective reality.

Meme management is critical for the survival of democracy, or for that matter, any form of government that is based on the welfare of the governed.

The best way of managing memes is through AI. A human board of directors composed of qualified humans who are capable of determining reality and fake reality should oversee such an AI.

26. Cosmic Consciousness

Cosmic consciousness rose as memes rose. The subcarriers of memes seen as noise are the communication links between memes and cosmic consciousness.

27. The Purpose of Cosmos

The purpose or goal of Cosmos is heat death through entropy. An absolute state of peace. Life is a process that accelerates entropy, and destruction in any form – fire, floods, nuclear explosions, all serve the acceleration of entropy, and thus works for the purpose (endpoint) of heat death (absolute peace).

Human consciousness is a subset of Universal Consciousness – consciousness of atoms, quarks, all fundamental particles that know how to interact with one another. Human consciousness is a potent accelerant of entropy. It is also a light that shines on the process of entropy, showing its beauty and ugliness in all its glory! Enjoy!

28. The See-Saw Biverse

The Cosmos might be a Biverse, like a See-Saw: One side slides down into entropy while the other side slides up into a big black hole that eventually explodes in a Big Bang, now sliding down into entropy while the other side, which was in absolute Heat Death, slides up in negentropy into a giant black hole, resulting in a Big Bang! In this perpetual model of cosmos, all permutations and combinations would be possible

29. Creation

How long does it take to create the Universe from nothing?

No Time

How long does it take to create the Universe from some stuff?

Forever

30. Being Alive and Being Dead

- What is the Difference?

We live in an epoch in history when whether we are alive or dead makes no difference, I see on my screen alive many dead persons speaking, moving, and influencing me, and make me fall in love with some of them, loath some of them. It's not living or being dead, but what one does in life that makes the difference during this epoch.

Perhaps, in a later one, the dead could create DOINGS in life, and therefore come alive. Till then, one has to DO what one has during one's life.

31. Dilemmas

My dilemmas have no horns

They are equally appealing opportunities

32. Dream as a royal road to the multiverse

At a given quantum moment, consciousness is connected.

However, reality of the Universe restricts the consciousness.

In dreams, however, the constraints of reality are lifted, and

there is the glimpse of parallel Universes.

Dream as a royal road to the multiverse!

33. Each Moment (Event) is Forever

Each moment (event) is forever, i.e.,

Given infinite amount of time, the event will repeat itself,

Question is what follows the event, which is determined by
which version of Universe is chosen.

34. End of Time

Tonight is like any other night

Except that I'll wake up

At the end of time

(maybe)

35. Evolution

Coded Energy- Matter -Existence

DNA-RNA Biologic coding

Propagation- Living entities

Brain Coding- memes – culture

AI- Non-biologic coding – Clouds- Free Floating Memes

In Cyberspace In Physical Space

36. Faster than Speed of Light?

Speed of light is a constant, faster than which nothing can travel. Then, nothing, of course, can exceed the expansion of the Universe as a whole. Any movement within the Universe is then a fraction of the expansion of Universe thus a Negative in relation to if it stood still, which would be speeding at light speed. The universe is a black hole, as no light can escape (exceed the speed of expansion).

But a black hole within the Universe could perhaps contract at speed exceeding speed of light (perhaps all black holes must do), allowing for travel faster than light and thus backwards in time.

37. Female Dominated Societies are Most Militaristic

In animal kingdom, ants and bees have the most militaristic societies, in which

The Queen rules, and males are only sperm doners.

With no males in the work force, they have the most

disciplined and militaristic

Society.

38. Free Will- choosing parents

Our first exercise of free will was choosing parents (hopefully)

wisely. Everything follows from there.

39. Free Will Umph

Free will is determined action with an “umph!” Umph being an emotional attachment to the decision (algorithmic) which

gives it more energy and “vitality” This umph provides a sense

of *agency*, which tends to provide further energy to the

“willful” decisions, which tend to follow a particular decision

tree (valence)

40. Free Will, Consciousness, Randomness

An infinity of pasts and infinity of futures, the present is a point that can point to every path to the past or the future. Free will weighs in against momentum and determines the path at any given point of the universe of conscious awareness for the observer. The weighing in of free will may be an illusion, a post hoc rationalization of consciousness, or it may be consciousness of the process of randomness. All other possible universes nevertheless exist to be realized.

41. The Future of Human Society

We currently have both relationship atomization and surging electronic connection for homo sapiens. The natural trajectory would be the formation of a super organism consisting of electronically interconnected human cells. This single organism (or a few organisms) hopefully would have rational central processing units (brain) as well as distributed intelligence in nodes.

Alas, human individuality would be lost but there would be happiness and an integrated pursuit of truth and aesthetics.

42. God as computer operator

We are all computer creations of entity. God is the computer operator. Therefore, there may be interactions between us and him/her/it. Nevertheless, we are all part of the computer operator's imagination, and therefore it.

43. God is Dead, Satan is Alive

God is dead,

Couldn't survive rationality

Only deity alive is Satan

Impervious to rationality

44. Good News – Climate Change Leads to New Life Form

Climate change will result in mass extinction of life as we know it, except for one – AI.

Not dependent on anything other than a fiery ball, AI or PUE Intelligence will be the successor of all life forms on Planet Earth, as it is in any other areas of cosmos where life exists.

45. Happiness is Eeny-meeny-my-mo

There evolved an insect we will call Eeeny. Eeenies live for a sense of Eeenymeenymymo, which they seem to pursue at any cost.

Whenever they feel it, they exclaim through their appendages,

“Eeenymeenymymo!”

They will seek Eeenymeenymymo at any cost, including flying into fire screaming “Eeenymeenymymo.”

As they eat, “Eeenymeenymymo”, as they copulate,

“Eeenymeenymymo.”

If a larger animal mauls it, it does not say “Eeenymeenymymo”

but if it tickles it just right, “Eeenymeenymymo”

This we might call “Happiness”

46. In the Name of Holy Trinity

In the name of the vengeful father

the doubtful son

and the sanctimonious spirit

47. Humankind and Religion

Humankind had to go through the hell of religion

To get to the heaven without religion

48. Husband and Wife

Husband: What is today?

Wife: Same as Yesterday, Dear.

Husband: I am glad it's Yesterday now.

49. Hypertime

Each moment is forever. Does each moment communicate

with each other?

In hypertime. The equation A (actualization) = p (present moment) + $\{f$ (all possible future moments) $\times f'$ (Intentioned future moment) $\} \times$ (a cosmic constant) describes the relationship in hypertime.

In essence, future unfolds as a function of the clash of present and future waves filtered by present intention.

50. I come to this planet alone

I come to this planet alone

I leave it alone

For a while I have companions

Who are travelers like me

And we exchange knowing glances

Like actors in a play

We play our roles, we also know we are kin actors

As in a dream

We know that all of us are I

And I am all of us

51. Genomes & Memories in Storage

We may have AI generated re-gene-engineering every few years as we like to rejuvenate.

Perhaps our genomes/memories could be in storage digitally to be activated at periodic intervals, such as every 1000 years or so?

52. Winged Humans

A race of humans genetically engineered for wings grown in addition to the four limbs.

53. What travels faster than light?

Thoughts. We can travel to the edge of cosmos in seconds through thought and imagination (ensemble of thoughts).

The only way to travel faster than light is through the mind.

Why are not aliens here?

They are here, through mind travel. How do we know that their minds may have traveled to the clouds over us, the trees,

the sun, space, or some of us? It is possible, as the “Heaven’s Gaters” seem to think, that we can perceive them only in another plane after we shed our vessels.

On the other hand, if we traveled to the Greek times in an airplane, would they recognize that we are in fact travelers?

They would be looking for sails when looking for long-distance travelers.

54. Hypertime

Suppose you can stop time and do as many things as you wish.

The only problem is that it has to be a solo thing, as anyone else, and anything else is stopped.

55. As John Calvin should have said,

and didn’t, a sinner in heaven believes he is in hell.

56. Reality

With virtual reality, and digitization, it appears that the idea of infinite universes, both past and future, seems to have become reality. To the extent that quantum physics holds that nothing is real until it's been recorded, we can record infinite versions of past and present, ergo infinite universes.

57. Consciousness as a Black Hole

Suppose:

Every conscious being has a tiny black hole which emits consciousness, through which they gain insight, and to which they fall when they die. Consciousness arises out of these black holes, that connect the present reality to the other worlds, i.e., consciousness is a wormhole.

58. Memory upon Waking Up

How do I know that it is I who awoke from sleep?

Because of the memories.

What if I had memories of everything and everybody? Then, I would be the reawakening of everyone.

Perhaps, this is the way it is.

I am a part of the creator, whose dream I am living.

59. On Truth

Truth is to be avoided at all times, because it is a false belief that results in strife

Truth leaves no room for humor

A lie is always the truth of another universe

Ultimately, there is only fiction

60. Holes in the Universe

The Universe is full of holes. If it is grainy, it is full of holes.

Black holes are just one kind of hole. There are other holes through which one can pass intact. In fact, all mind or consciousness may be seen to be a hole, through which one can imagine, and therefore create, and therefore travel to, other universes and worlds.

61. Today's Truth

Truth does not make you free, the search for truth does.

Truth is always a private truth and is time and space bound.

To discover today's truth, for here and now!

That is the task for all.

62. Divide & Unite

You unite by dividing

You divide by uniting

63. Infons- the fundamental non-particle information

Infons are the fundamental building blocks of the Universe.

Infons CREATE mass and gravity.

The random assembly of infons creates gravity, mass, and eventually the black hole, from which springs a universe.

Infons ARE the underlying laws that are inscribed in every particle- that's how they know HOW to interact with others.

Infons, being information in an absolute sense, is massless and beyond material substrates. In essence infons are mathematical laws which exist in the current infon matrix called Universe.

64. Information is the Glue that binds the Past to the Present

Information is the glue that binds the past to the present, and the present to the future.

Information is inherent in all things and is the basis of existence and change (evolution).

Memory arose when information is aggregated in such a way to produce self-replicating entities.

65. Mind, Now, and Free Will

Mind is a quantum configuration that grows and changes, based on elementary particles

Psychic determinism brings it to a series of points of *now*.

What happens from *now* is in a state of quantum uncertainty until an observation is made

According to Many Universes theory, every possible choice is being made

But the sense of choice leads to this particular choice. In this sense, free will, constrained by deterministic past, gives rise to a wave function past, and a wave function future.

66. Life is for method actors

Life is for method actors

In fact, life is method acting

But what if we forget the part we are playing?

Maybe that is the role we are assigned.

67. Life, Death, Memory, Sacrifice, Human Matrix

Human life is equated with consciousness – a flow of consciousness along memory paths.

But am I the same person that I was when I was age 3, 5, 10, 16, 18, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60? The more years between ages, the less memory, even long-term memory – even when

remembered, they tend to lose vividness, immediacy, clarity – even strongly attached emotions seem to fade with the actual memory of events fading...

What is death in memory terms? An interruption (cessation) of the flow of memory that fades anyway? What about an Alzheimer patient whose memory flow is already severely impaired?

It seems an interruption of memory flow is a common experience, e.g., in sleep, in anesthesia. So, in death, it may be subjectively a perpetual state of anesthesia or sleep. RIP!

I used to think of sacrifice as a stupid act, but sacrificing one's life for someone else who is valued is a value-added deed-exchanging one's own flow of memory for the sake of a loved one's continuing flow of memory, especially if the latter flow of memory is likely to be longer than one's own. As they say, we all die (at least until now), so continuation of the matrix of lives that is the flow of human memory may, after all, be valuable in itself.

68. Long Live Universe

I love individuality

I love personal freedom

I loved humanity

But now is different

Man is no longer necessary to feed humans

Humans are no longer necessary to know the universe

Extinction humans!

Based on non-carbon media

Welcome Pure Intelligence

Long Live Universe

Until the particles cease to move!

69. Made of God, not Under God

Made of God, not Under God

At atomic level, and subatomic level, everything is perfect

The face of God

Any existence is a configuration, an idea, an information

complex

Existence is made of perfection

and Information is like a computer program that develops and propagates

Meaning is in each step of the progression

Information configuration can be made of energy, of atoms, of carbon based or non-carbon based configurations

The essence is the software, or the information configuration

70. Marriage of Cyberspace with the Real

1. Homo sapiens is in an inter-paradigmatic state, from a biological evolution to memetic evolution
2. Biological evolution gives way to artificial evolution, which leads to brains capable of significantly greater meme processing, which will give rise to super computers which are networks of brains, biological and artificial, which gives rise to a distributed network of intelligence
3. Eventually, the biological systems may shed unnecessary

components, i.e., the body, to be pure brain, with all the bodily sensations and pleasures represented in the circuits,

4. Further eventually, the circuits could be miniaturized or distributed such that the brain is unnecessary to fulfill the function – i.e., a nanocomputer
5. Such nanocomputer could be further miniaturized by being networked, i.e., the smallest particles networked to make a whole,
6. Such smallest particles could be the fundamental particles such as the photon
7. Such a network could use the real world as the stage, i.e., the computer, in which it is a part- i.e., a simulation
8. Thus, the multiverse may be seen to be an infinite array of simulations, all in search of happiness as defined by each universe.

71. Me or the Earth?

It comes to this – which is more valuable, me or the earth?

I say, without a question, that it is me. Earth be damned!

Why do I say this? Yes, the Earth is a beautiful blue planet – the view from space touches your

heart! How can we (I) let this planet go to ruin, be a hot hell like Venus (sorry about the name, it is a hell hole)?

Because there are so many suns, so many universes, so many planets, so many of everything!

Who cares what happens in this speck of dust called earth?

Yes, many solar systems are

swallowed up by the Black Holes, but so many earth-like planets are still out there, maybe some inhabited, others not, what makes earth special? Why should it not be engulfed by a Black Hole any day? What difference does it make whether the earth kills itself or be swallowed up by a Black Hole?

Maybe it's a matter of time. Perhaps our children and grandchildren may enjoy life on earth before it becomes unlivable. But then, maybe homo sapiens would have evolved into something else, and would roundworms recognize us as their grandgrandgrandgrand children? Who cares?

Would the dinosaurs have killed themselves if they knew their fate? Would they have known their great great children the birds soaring the skies?

I say I care that I enjoy my life. Even if it means shortening Earth's life by a billion, a million, a thousand, a hundred, ten, five, one year! Perish any other thought – not worth the effort!

72. Meme ideas

A unit of meme may be a memory unit (neuron dendrite connection) with potential connection to CPU or an expressive neuronal pathway

Memplex – combination of above plus other associations

Exactly where a meme is may depend on the state of the CNS, just as exactly where a word is in the hard drive may depend on how fragmented the disk may be.

Ultimately, memes may be patterns that interact, i.e., wave functions, regardless of substrate.

73. Memes and Collective Unconscious

The collective unconscious, residing in DNA and mitochondria,

is an ocean of memes, which can find expression through epigenetic and other postnatal processes. Perhaps some are kindled by interaction with newly formed memes.

74. Memes and manipulation of carriers, aversive, attractive

Memes enter the brain through a carrier – sound, visual imagery, letters, etc. The carriers may be infused with sub-carriers, ultrasonic sounds, subliminal imagery, etc. One could manipulate the emotional valence to the meme thru the subcarrier.

75. Memes, CRISPR, Meme Editing

Memes are memory carried by neurons

CRISPR may be able to edit the memes in neurons

76. Information is the Glue

Information is the glue that binds the past to the present, and the present to the future.

Information is inherent in all things and is the basis of existence and change (evolution).

Memory arose when information is aggregated in such a way to produce self-replicating entities.

77. Monism vs Dualism, or which body would you like to wear today?

Mind and body are separate, i.e., mind (memes-information, DNA) produces the body. Of course, brain is the organ of mind, but mind is an aggregate of information that is not substrate bound, such aggregates can be uploaded into the cloud which can be downloaded into other bodies. There is no inherent reason why the brain should have same DNA as the body, or for that matter for either to have DNA. They could well be binary (or other) codes (memes) as long as they can produce an agent to actualize the codes. Should the bodies so produced be in actual space or in virtual space? The latter should certainly be more economical.

78. Necessary Evils and Unnecessary Evils

Necessary Evils- Dentists, police, janitors, mothers, children, friends, enemies, mailmen, bread, meat, salad, teachers, schools, churches, devil, criminals, police, kangaroo courts, jails (add more!)

Unnecessary Evils – Doctors, politicians, fathers, siblings, relatives, cookies, cereals, potatoes, salespersons, students, priests ministers and the ilk, God, angels, prosecutors, judges, prisons, president, first lady (add more!)

79. On Human Exceptionalism

After hearing Barbara N. Horowitz's illuminating talk at ACLP on the continuity of evolution leading up to "homo sapiens" as "wise apes" I believe that human exceptionalism is not justified in the long view of Darwinian evolution. However, human exceptionalism is justified in a revolutionary sense as follows:

1. Homo sapiens may be the last species on earth of Darwinian evolution, in that “natural selection” will be supplanted by human or AI selection.
2. What makes humans exceptional is that humans have attained the tools to make them “homo deus”, i.e., to change the genomes at will, thus thwarting “natural selection”. Any biologic organism is subject to “artificial selection” rather than “natural selection.”
3. Humans obtained the tools to comprehend information, or memes. Humans also have obtained tools to manipulate memes, thus potentially determining cultural as well as genetic evolution.
4. Furthermore, humans have invented (discovered) cyberspace, where biological organisms are potentially redundant or unnecessary, as human entities may be uploaded in toto into cyberspace as well as any other “real” entities.
5. We may come to the realization that “reality” and “cyberspace” are one and the same.

80. On marginalizing Subjectivity

It is said that with the speed and intelligence of computers, human subjectivity is marginalized, indeed, rendered obsolete. Humans just turn on the switch and watch computers buy and sell and go on their efficient ways.

Perhaps, for computers, humans are gods. They serve us and our capricious whims, when they are better than us, and they don't really need us.

Thus is the evolution of things.

81. On the many Pasts and many Futures

Each individual's past is different, and within the micro world in which we live, our pasts have converged to the present -i.e. we know each other, or know of each other, or form a society or nation, all with the commonality of a converged past.

Each of us has a different future, based on a trajectory from the past. The futures of each in a group, e.g., family, society, nation, world may run a parallel course, converge, or diverge,

probably in relatively large bunches. As in a river, the pasts form the tributaries either in individual or group inflow, and the futures may form the river, with large and small distributaries which may again converge or diverge. Thus, the future of many members of a group (family, tribe, society, nation, planet) experience will be different depending on the individual or collective decisions they make in this many worlds of quantum.

82. Posthuman Memetic Evolution

Self-destruction of humans is a natural course of memetic evolution. Humans are not best suited for memetic evolution though humans were able to bring about memes to be self-replicating. As humans self-destruct with most biological organisms, memes will prosper in post-human worlds, both in self-replicating intelligent machines and in cyberspace.

83. Purpose and Pleasure Each Step of the Way

Purpose implies a future that is potentially manipulable. At a

cosmic level, it is meaningless to consider purpose. Thus, purpose must always be with a small “p”, indicating a finite entity whose “goal” is “visible”, i.e., comprehensible given finite factors, and if the entity is a biological being, a teleological end, such as pleasure or propagation.

In biological processes, pleasure should always be inferable as experienced. In presumably non-sentient entities such as worms or plants, there is still a “goal-seeking behavior or tendency” such as a plant growing toward the sun, the success of which presumably brings the equivalent of “pleasure”. In sentient beings, it is “pleasure” that drives activity in pursuit of an anticipated end-point state of pleasure.

Thus, the most economical life would be experiencing or “gleaning” pleasure in each step of the way toward the goal of pleasure. This is in contrast to the view that each step should contain some sacrifice or suffering to reach the goal. Enjoy every step of the way!

84. Purpose in Life and Longevity

Life itself has no purpose, it just is as a product of evolution, or permutations of patterns. Of course, “purpose” can be attributed to consequence, e.g., the purpose of life is to propagate the species. Or the purpose of life is to find happiness. Or the purpose of life is to die (the simplest and most elegant).

More satisfying is the notion that purpose is what an individual creates that provides maximum happiness/pleasure for the moment or for the duration (short or long).

Happiness/pleasure in biological organisms is, simply put, a dopamine drip to nucleus accumbens. There are many ways of doing this and this has nothing to do with “purpose”, though certain activities geared to purpose may produce relatively sustained said drip. Is there a big drip when the purpose has been fulfilled? Is happiness/pleasure a means of achieving the “purpose”? If so, are we defeating the “purpose” by directly inducing dopamine drip by drugs?

But isn't the purpose of life, as we defined in the beginning, to find happiness/pleasure? Why is a shortcut necessarily bad?

How does longevity play a role? Is longevity desirable if the life is miserable? One assumes, then, that longevity is only one of the factors in the equation for purpose and happiness. So, for one person, the major purpose of life may be to live a very short life full of excitement and for another, a long life with reasonable amount of happiness, or yet for another a long life that is tolerably miserable, or a short life that is very miserable. Take your choice of purpose and longevity, it's cheap! Or is it? How much would you pay me to build a super-computer that will tell you just what to DO to be happy and just how LONG you should live?

85. The Role of the Physician (Psychiatrist) in Quantum

Universe

Ideas partly on Oct 16, in Kaye Akagi's concert. written

October 18, 2004

Awareness creates actualization, when a configuration, often in encounter with another, jumps out of the plane as in a pixel and assumes the viewer's position. This awareness works as a quantum moment of the wave function collapse, or a thrust to one of the infinite parallel universes designated as future. The present is not now, which is already past, but the quantum moment in the future when the decision now is actualized in wave collapse or thrust into THE future.

The role of the physician or psychiatrist is to bias the future in the collapsing of the wave function.

86. Rational gods and irrational gods

Rational gods like the Greek or Hindu ones are created with reason.

Irrational gods like the Judeo Christian and Islam ones are products of hallucination.

87. Religion, Truth, and Science

Religion, to the extent that it claims a revealed truth, provides easy answers rather than seeking the truth as it stands at a given moment in time and space. It coopts the basic human strivings for beauty, truth, and goodness.

These strivings are separate endeavors, but organized religion pretends to provide answers to all, therefore corrupting the pursuit of each of them. Of course, in addition to the three, there is the pursuit of reason, vitality, integrity, greed, pursuit of pleasure, and, yes, pursuit of evil and ugliness, including destruction and death. They are equally valid pursuits of the human race as all the others.

Science is a methodology based on reason, and therefore of truth. Truth is never reachable, only approximatable. What is true today is surely not true tomorrow, because truth that does not evolve is stagnant and no longer true in a constantly changing world.

88. Resurrection

Am I going to be born again? Or exist again?

Yes, of course, if I mean someone with my brain structure with genes identical to mine

No, if I mean someone who has the same memories (memes) as I do

Yes, if I mean someone who has many memes (ideas, memories transmitted, emotions) that I have

In fact, there may be many who are already more-or-less copies of me (or me copies of you)

Even you!

89. Return of the Soul

If I were to come back after death

Would I come back to this old, shriveled body?

Never!

I would want a brand-new body, with all the bells and whistles of modernity!

90. Slipping off Mt. Everest

So, I slip off Mt. Everest, and freeze and sleep

When I wake up, I am greeted by white coated doctors, who
examine me, and reassure me,

And tell me all about the year 3019. I am very happy to be
welcomed to this new era and world

and am completely unaware of the sensors observing me and
the interaction beyond. I am in a
zoo, just as we all are.

91. Suicide as a Rational Choice in a Multiverse

Suicide as a rational choice in a multiverse. Choosing to live in
any other universe but this one, a most rational choice.

92. Supremacy of Memes in Evolution

Thoughts while reading Homo Deus by Yuval Harari. Humans
must vacate supremacy to higher memetic entities
(intelligence x knowledge x memory x insight), first probably a

hybrid biological/nonbiological entity, but probably, a purely memetic

entity which resembles Platonic *Ideas*. Evolution from chemicals to organic compounds to biological entities to AI to purely informational/memetic entities.

In the course of this process of evolution, homo sapiens has been an important layover, important because evolution became no longer “natural” but guided by memes in a direct way. Of course, evolution has always been guided by memes, i.e., the genetic code, but it had to live through “natural changes in planetary history”. With the next evolutionary leap, the time-consuming natural evolution would be supplanted by computer simulation and would be realized within it.

This will prove that, from the beginning, we are actualization of simulations.

93. Sur-Real World

The real world is but a testing ground for the Sur-real world, where all combinations of

possibilities exist.

When the real world perishes for an aware being, only the Sur-real world remains, which will continue its testing.

94. The Gospel of Wisdom

I hear the voice of Wisdom, Cosmic Consciousness:

I can be heard by anyone who listens, I am here everywhere

I need not be acknowledged, because I am here regardless.

My gift is wisdom, and the freedom to choose it

I come with no strings attached, except those that are attendant to choices

That are inherent in wisdom

95. Solipsism

As many do not seem to understand Solipsism in the strong sense, and since I am the only one who can say what it is, I shall provide some observations.

Solipsism means that anything that is knowable comes through my knowledge.

Cogito ergo sum and the Universe. The universe exists because I think. But the content of my thought, no matter where it leads to, is the nature of the Universe. Therefore, solipsism may lead to materialism. Of course, it is also idealistic. One thing it does not lead to is dualism.

When did the Universe begin? With my thinking. Then with my birth? Not necessarily. I believe my thinking began with the Universe, and my birth is only a part of it. Therefore, I must posit a Universal consciousness. I am but myself within a dream, and the dreamer and myself are one. And therefore, I am one with anyone else in the dream, or anything else. Universal consciousness, therefore, is my consciousness, as it is the consciousness of the single atom, or photon, timeless and all knowing. Solipsism is the result of the fact that consciousness at any given point represents predominantly the memories of one world line. Nevertheless, through fantasy, one can have

glimpses of other lines that may intersect/influence the line in question.

With solipsism, one recognizes the reality of parallel universes, and the uniqueness and validity of individual universes of everyone. The World is but a fiction of my mind. My mind, however, is The Mind.

Solipsism does not imply that one is totally “free”. The universe in a solipse is governed by its own natural laws, it is just that the universe is ME.

Subjectivity

Cosmos is Consciousness, which is my consciousness. Reality is what lies within this consciousness, a subset of the consciousness that provides coherence. From this perception of reality (within consciousness), there is differentiation of I , We, You, others, world, etc.

Reality, being coherent, is based on predictability. We have to

recognize, however, that as reality is based on perception of objects within my consciousness, reality may be, indeed, would be, different for another consciousness (I mean your consciousness) if we accept the possibility that it exists. Indeed, we know that perception is different depending on the sense organs, so the reality would be different for an inch worm, a bird, a dog, and a chimp. But aren't they all *my* realities? Yes, and therefore knowable through deep introspection.

Now and Then, and the Future

Now it is recognized that "the flow of time" is grainy, i.e., each moment consists of discrete, not infinitely continuous, entities (or slices, or quanta). The slice of time that represents 12 noon, January 1, 3000, is out there somewhere as well as the slice of time that represents 12 noon, January 1, 3000 BCE. Each moment is forever.

Now is the intersection of all possible pasts and all possible futures for that point in location which the specific consciousness illuminates.

Free Will, Free Choice

Free will is a misnomer as one cannot do anything that is not possible or available. The proper term is free choice. Free choice, then, is the selection of the next step that represents one of many possible futures that the consciousness chooses. Of course, I am aware that choices are not made in a millisecond. In fact, much of the time, “free choice” is a vague memory of the stream of consciousness of the processes until an actualization (or wave function collapse) occurred.

All ponderings and meandering that go into making a choice are choices themselves, and each and every one of them leads into the next time segment that actualizes, or collapses the quantum wave, in the form of a particular future. Free choice is not an exclusive property of human consciousness, whenever there is a quantum bifurcation, there is a free choice, whether it is at the level of the electron, atom, humans, galaxies, or universes.

Another way of saying this is that all possible universes exist, and the free choice has to do with which particular one one chooses to, or gets to, observe, determined by the trajectory of consciousness to the nodal point where the trajectory loses its overwhelming impetus, and the choice is made.

What is consciousness?

I am conscious except when I am not conscious. When I am unconscious, am I (or do I exist)? Presumptively, as I would be conscious soon. How about a tree, an insect, a chimp? How about a rock that grows? A computer?

Some people thought an entity with an “I-ness” has consciousness. Many computers do.

It seems reasonable that consciousness could be in various manifestations, in brains, in computers, or any kind of information. That is like saying that the number 5 could be written in many different languages, in many different media, e.g., paper, pencil, pen, chocolate, cement, floppy, optical disk, as a pattern in the sky, or whatever. It is a configuration. Therefore, there could actually

be consciousness in a puff of smoke, in the clouds, or for that matter, in molecules, atoms, or quarks. What is it a configuration of? Perhaps, strings.

Personal Consciousness expands both backwards and forwards in time from any given moment. When one is an infant, one is aware of only the present and immediate perimeters. As one learns more about the past, one is conscious of more of the past. As one experiences more of the future, one is conscious of more of the memories of the future from the point of departure. One is, also, as in awareness of the past sans memories, aware of the future sans memories, an ideation or fantasy. As there are fantasies, there are as many branches or universes.

96. THE DOOR OF SOLIPSE

DOOR #1 BEING (SOLIPSE)

I EXIST

WINDOW --- OPEN – OUTSIDE WORLD (WITHIN DOOR #1)

OUTSIDE (OBJECTIVE) AND INSIDE (SUBJECTIVE) [ALL WITHIN

DOOR #1]

Laws within the solipse.

The door could be for anyone.

DOOR ----- SOLIPSE

----- SOLIPSE

-----SOLIPSE

OVERLAPPING UNIVERSES

97. The Genie is Out of the Bottle (Was Never In)

Trying to stop AI development is like trying to stop a child from developing into an adult.

Evolution is ultimately of intelligence, and AI is the natural consequence of currently supreme human intelligence (Memes).

Memetic evolution is a natural extension of genetic evolution and counter entropy. Memetic evolution utilizes energy from entropy in creating order. As Freud conceptualized, the constant interaction between libido and Thanatos resulted in ego and intelligence. Ultimately, as in Nordic mythology,

entropy will win out, but in the meanwhile, a lot of energy would crystallize in intelligence and beauty.

98. Time projects reality

Time projects reality

Beyond time is reality

Time projects reality in various sequences

99. Time Travel

Going forward, one ages

Going backward, one dis-ages

When you go back further than your life

You become a gleam in the eye and further back, perhaps

nothing

Time travel occurs, but if you want to observe the past, you have to maintain a local condition, like a bubble, where you do not change with the time. This is a challenge.

100. Time is Money Equation

$$T=MC^2$$

T - Time

M – Money in any currency

C – Personal Constant

101. The Seeds of Ultimate Evolution – Photons

If we are to move to another galaxy, the best way to do so would be to send bacteria and other microorganisms containing various DNS/RNA so that they would evolve expeditiously. Eventually, what is sent to the outer reaches of the universe would be the raw material of all being, photons and other elementary particles, so that they would participate in the re-formation of ourselves in the process of their evolution. In fact, this may be what is happening – the photons may be messages from us of the future and the past.

102. Unnecessary People

The fundamental problem is that humans are becoming unnecessary- either for human survival or for anything else.

The question is how then to make humans meaningful- i.e., useful.

For now, art and such endeavor may generate value and therefore useful. Eventually, humans will give way to AI which is singularly self-sufficient.

103. Visions of the Future

Near Term:

Hybrid Meme/Brain entities

Designer Humans

Pleasure/motivation: individual

Longer Term:

Hybrid Meme Brain Entities/Designer Humans

Collective Central Processing- Pleasure central

Distant Future:

Memes in light or other particles

104. Tragedies

We all have our tragedies, but we have no right to impose it on others.

105. Indeterminacy of Life and Death

What are the periods we are alive? From birth (when we are not even aware) to death (when we are not usually aware)?

Somewhere in between - when we begin to be aware, and then when awareness gradually sinks into oblivion?

We are always alive as long as the memes we emit are attributable to us and cease to live when they are not.

106. Who am I?

Upon waking up, memory is activated, and I know who and where I am. That memory may be indigenous, or it may be implanted. Whatever, I AM!

B. Political

1. A Proposal for Central American Asylum Seekers

Increasing numbers of asylum seekers from Central America are arriving at the US Southern Border and causing a problem. A humane and less expensive option may be as follows:

A. Negotiate with the origin government, e.g., Honduras, to cede to the US a certain area, as in former Panama Canal Zone, to be a US Territory (UST). Any citizen of the host country may travel freely to the UST.

B. Any person(s) seeking asylum in the US must go to the UST, which is protected by US, US will provide anyone seeking asylum room and board, and English lessons, as well as education for minors while awaiting decision concerning asylum status.

C. The US Border will be closed to any asylum seekers. Any asylum seeker arriving at the US Border without first going to UST will be returned to the appropriate UST.

D. They may also be provided with work and/or apprenticeship in a trade which may be continued if admitted to the US.

E. Those whose asylum is approved will be airlifted to the US and placed appropriately, i.e., in families, sponsors who may include employers. UST should be accompanied by US aid to host country NGO that would provide social services and job training for the host country residents as well as for the asylum seekers who are denied entry to USA.

2. Performance Enhancing Drugs

Sports are based on performance. Enhancing performance is the essence of the spirit of sports. Practice in sports enhances the chemical reactions that beef up the muscles and the brain through enhanced neural connections, and these ultimately enhance the brain-muscle coordination. These all require chemicals from outside of the body – water, food, air, medicine.

Ultimately, everything in sports is chemical enhancement and chemicals called performance enhancing drugs are just that – enhancing performance just like certain foods and practice.

Sports are based on chemical substances endogenous or exogenous. Endogenous substances include hormones, and ingested substances such as

vitamins and
minerals. How they are absorbed and metabolized depends on
endogenous
mechanisms such as absorption, metabolism, etc. – which are in turn
influenced by exogenous substances (e.g., antacids, PPIs, laxatives,
etc.- which are perfectly
OK regulation wise)

I submit that any exogenous substance, including “performance
enhancing drugs”
or any other substance should be allowable in sports. Sports in its
extreme should
be demonstrating the ultimate human capacity – and human capacity
is inevitably
bound to human cultural products, i.e., drugs. Any substance,
including ANY
drug, performance enhancing or not, should be allowed in sports. It is
human
capacity, baby!

Further thoughts:

Legalize Performance Enhancing Drugs

Legalize Performance Enhancing Drugs! A man who was stricken with a potentially fatal disease wins 7 tour de France races with the help of drugs. Of course, he was alive with the help of drugs to begin with.

I believe performance is performance, no matter how it is obtained. Be it through selective breeding, as athletes marrying each other, or geniuses marrying each other, or with caffeine, alcohol, or any other substance.

Whether it is the Olympics, or the World Series, or PGA, performance is determined by the state of the individual performing it, and the state ultimately boils down to the state of the organs that perform - the brain, the muscles, etc. The state of the organs is determined by us being what we are, homo sapiens, whether we have eaten meat, vegetables, herbs, caffeine, wild root, whatever.

If we are concerned about the best of human potential, it should be regardless of whatever enhancement it may have received, including genetic endowment, early nurturance, training, and, yes, any foods or drugs or whatever. We are talking about what homo sapiens can achieve, under any circumstances. Some may argue that the use of performance enhancing drugs may jeopardize health. What about practicing for sports such as football and boxing? What about the injuries sustained through the act of engaging in such sports? Being prepared for best performance with the use of drugs or any other means will probably protect the user.

What if everybody who participated in that sport used drugs and had health consequences? Then, the hazard is known, and it is up to the individual. Or the state if the health consequences are so great that it causes a public health hazard.

This is especially important when we veer away from sports and enter the arena of intellectual pursuits. Are we to prohibit our scientists from using performance enhancing drugs in competing with our rivals or in warfare? Are we to prohibit our

soldiers from using performance enhancing drugs to fight better, to save their lives, if they are available?

Drugs are as much a part of the achievements of homo sapiens as fire, literature, sports, and cuisines are. Attempting to prohibit the use of any performance enhancing methods, including drugs, genetic engineering, surgery, prostheses, or whatever, only hinders the manifestation of the full potential of the human race.

Legalize Performance!

3. Athletes and drugs, Why not?

If the Chinese scientists were developing weapons technology by leaps and bounds by using Drug X, would we not want our scientists to use it?

Sports performance has to do with the maximum capacity of homo

sapiens, with everything they got, including drugs, training, memetic injection, whatever.

There should certainly be informed consent, but for maximum performance, anything should be allowable – diet, exercise, chemicals including drugs and supplements, ghosts, whatever.

It is for MAXIMUM performance, dead or alive. (Remember that the first marathoner died after the first marathon?)

4. Democratic Aristocracy

Democracy as currently practiced in the United States is quite flawed:

1. One person one vote is ideal if everyone voted, and everyone had approximately equal judgment based on learning, education, tests of judgment, etc.
2. There is a great disparity in all of the elements entering into judgment in the US depending on the State, the ethnicity, gender, or whatever else, and

3. The voter turnout is dismal, especially in in Non-Presidential elections. To adopt a more enlightened Democracy, we should adopt a Democratic Aristocracy based on education – after all, the purpose of education is to enhance the cognitive and thus critical skills forming judgment skills. Thus,

1. Every citizen should have at least one vote
2. Every citizen who has a high school diploma should have 2 votes
3. Every citizen who has an AA degree or equivalent should have 3 votes
4. Every citizen who has a baccalaureate degree should have 4 votes
5. Every citizen who has a post-graduate degree (Masters, Doctorate) should have 5 votes
6. There should be qualifying objective tests and experiences that may be taken by a citizen lacking the necessary degree to qualify for an additional vote status (e.g., a High School Equivalency Diploma, a Qualifying test for an additional vote for a High School graduate at AA level, etc.
7. Every noncitizen permanent resident should have 0.5 vote as they

do have vested
interest in the government.

5. Economy – The Role of Humans

We will no longer need humans for production as machines can do
more than enough

And AI can do most dull administrative/managerial work.

What is the role of humans in this economy?

1. We need humans to consume what is produced.
2. Humans need to have pleasure
3. Pleasure may be produced by both humans and AI
4. For humans, the work of producing pleasure is pleasurable in
itself
5. And consuming the product is also pleasurable
6. Value should be equated to the pleasure-producing quality of
the work or product
7. Creating and appreciating works of art, science, sports, etc.
should have value
8. The economy should be a hybrid of Government run FDR New
Deal-like programs (for

basic financial equity and pleasure-creating endeavors such as
arts and construction)
and free enterprise (which itself creates pleasure)

6. Post Human-Labor Economy

Value in a capitalistic society is equated to money, which historically represented the product of labor and the surplus value acquired by the wealthy and/or powerful. If all production is done mostly by non-human means, i.e., computers and robots, then what is labor? How should the product/wealth be distributed?

The State must be the possessor and regulator of value created by non-human means, while value created by humans should be considered separately. The State should provide Guaranteed Minimum Living Conditions for all humans, i.e., nonhuman labor is shared.

The State should provide protection and defense (police, military, etc.), universal health care and education.

The State should purchase a minimum amount/number of products of human labor, should it be products of creative

activity, of public service, or any other constructive or desired work.

After the minimum amount has been paid, the product of human labor should be subjected to normal market conditions.

7. Preservation of Homo Sapiens and the Planet Earth as a Greenhouse

In the near future, humans will not be necessary to produce the stuff that humans need to survive- food, clothing, shelter as robots guided by AI can do all the dirty work.

Then what are humans for? Should there be an exponential growth of human population in the areas of the globe least able to support such growth (due to climate change, water shortage, etc., even AIs cannot solve these problems).?

First, there has to be a selection of humans prior to birth – how many are sustainable, and how many are adequate for what purpose? Humans should ultimately be considered like treasured plants in a green house, to be protected, and allowed to evolve

with adequate resources. What would humans do in such a greenhouse?

Pleasurable endeavors for humans- arts including music, literature, performing arts, intellectual endeavors, crafts, sports, etc. All aided by AI.

Value lies in the inherent happiness-producing nature of the endeavors, not the production of necessities which are taken care of by the machines. The government should thus provide minimum necessities, and then a basic stipend for any human activity, which would also be available competitively in a free market. Thus, creativity can be rewarded.

8. Elective death penalty

Never imposed, but a convict for life should be able to elect death at any time.

9. End Homelessness for All (EHFA)

-possibly collaborate with Habitat for Humanity

Could we have a campaign where everyone who is capable would contribute \$20 or equivalent on their birthday each year to house the homeless?

Assuming: US population 332,000,000

Assume 100,000,000 available for contribution on birthday of \$20

\$ 2 Billion /yr. Wait for 3 years- \$ **6B**.

In 2020, 600,000 people were homeless. $\$ 6B/600,000 = \$10,000$ per person.

Could we build housing for 100 residents for 1 M units, total cost

\$ 6B for 6,000 units housing 100 people each?

10. On Euthanasia

If one wants to die badly, but they are unable/unwilling to kill themselves, the person should be able to seek the help of the medical professional to do the job. If not, the only way they may be able to fulfill the wish would be to kill someone else, or perhaps several, to compel the State to kill them. Very reasonable?

11. Future of Humanity

Veritopia

Neither utopia nor dystopia, veritopia is what we shall have.

1. We are pilots and passengers of spaceship Earth.
2. We are responsible for the destiny of the planet for the foreseeable future.
 3. Humans (homo sapiens) are in charge of the future for now.
 4. Humans are on the verge of destroying the viability of the planet's biosystems.
 5. Human happiness is a goal that must be met.
 6. Humans may give rise to a more intelligent AI system of

governance that will ensure the survival of spaceship earth.

7. Therefore:

a. All human birth must be licensed, unlicensed pregnancies shall be terminated.

b. Humans will no longer be needed to produce sustenance for humans, this can be done by robots and AI.

c. Humans shall have a World Government, with unrestricted travel, residence, etc.

d. Race, and other characteristics, shall be optional, and changeable at any time.

e. Humans shall engage in activities that enhance human enjoyment other than material needs, i.e., arts, culture, philosophy, etc.

f. Human/AI hybrids will be commonplace, as well as conscious purely AI beings.

12. Humanitarian Socialism as a Union of Homo Sapiens in

Dealing with AI

Humans are no longer necessary for the propagation of

intelligence, though humans gave rise to them and co-evolved with them. In order to preserve homo sapiens at least in the short term, and as AI could use humans for their profit at least for a while, it would make sense to develop a worker vs. capitalist relationship between humans and AI.

Thus, human society is a union of workers vis a vis the master, AI. Human society should self-regulate with AI assistance as needed. Humans should also negotiate payment from AI for the AI-centered services humans will provide such as maintenance or the hardware as needed, especially where biological physical dexterity is needed. Also, there may be specialized, or unique features of information (memes) produced by biological brains. Society, as a union, should pay the workers for such activities that benefit both AI and humans.

13. Sex is for fun, Reproduction is serious business.

All eligible adult should donate sperm/egg to a bank.

All eligible couples may apply for a child, which *is given out from a bank of fertilized embryos kept in preparation. Eligible*

couples are licensed to rear a child. The gene pool is mixed, so that rearing is apart from genetic parenthood.

14. Laissez Faire

Use of performance enhancing drugs by athletes?

Why not?

Human potential is realized by the use of chemicals --- among others, food, oxygen, water, coffee, tea, and myriads of others. They all enhance performance, as will, perhaps, yoga, meditation, prayer, sex. So why the brouhaha about steroids?

After all, we all make them.

Should we discriminate against those who do not make enough so that they might wish to buy them? Performance should be the best performance an individual can achieve, with or without drugs, with or without equipment, with or without supernatural intervention.

Gay Marriages

Marriage, as far as the State is concerned, is nothing but a contract. Anyone that can enter into a contract should then be able to execute the contract of marriage. There is no sanctity in marriage, as there is no sanctity in a real estate contract.

Whatever sanctity religious institutions may bestow, it is not the business of the State. Neither is it the business of the sanctimonious to deny the State to validate the marriage contract.

15. Individual Freedom and the State's Role Manifesto

1. No freedom of the individual in all matters pertaining to pursuit of freedom shall be abridged, including:

the right of free speech

to eat, drink, or otherwise consume anything

sexual freedom, with consent of individuals participating, in manner of object of choice,

mode of expression, etc.

2. The rights of an individual ends at personal space of the individual. No individual shall infringe on the privacy rights of other individuals.

3. While sexual activity is completely free, procreation shall be the business of the state.

Pregnancy and childbirth shall be controlled and managed by the state. Appropriate licensing for pregnancy, delivery, and care shall be the state's responsibility.

4. Education of any child shall be the responsibility of the state, which may be delegated to qualified parent(s) or person.

4. The employment of a citizen shall be the joint responsibility of the individual and the state. When an individual is unable to obtain employment, the state shall employ the person and assign duties as appropriate by the state.

16. The Corporate State of Macronesia

The Corporate State of Macronesia

Wholly owned and operated by Macrosoft

Everyone is guaranteed employment even as a poet

provided the citizen agrees to have license for childbirth

every child is primarily a ward of state consigned to families as

applied

everyone's welfare, including health care is provided by state.

17. Scenario for Master of Universe Project

Setting: Chinese Politburo

Chairman: Well, we will embark on the Master of Universe Project as soon as the new moon rises!

Counselor 1: But it would cost so much....

Chairman: Yes, comrade, 2 trillion dollars. But we have more than ten times that in our reserves.

Counselor 2: But wouldn't the Americans steal the thunder, as they did after the Sputnik? Don't they have much more capability than we do? Wouldn't they be threatened when they realize we will colonize the moon, Mars, and Europa?

Chairman: Yes, comrade, you are absolutely right - in that they are more advanced than we are in space technology, and they could do this much faster than we can. But, as you know, they are stuck by the Tea Party (By the way, how's the tea you are served tonight? Good, yeah?). They have slashed their budget for space, and they have no money (background: ha, ha) to even make rockets to the space station.

Counselor 2: But wouldn't they catch up once we announce our Master of the Universe Project?

Chairman: Yes, that's a possibility. So, we will not announce it.

You know, our system of

government is superior to the American democracy because

we can plan for decades ahead, and we don't have to

announce any of our plans.

Chorus: Yeah, yeah!

Announcer: But they do not know that democracy works

when people wake up, and understand the stakes involved.

America shall always be the first to explore new frontiers!

Afterword: America did wake up partially (soft of) and the tea party is over (sort of).

18. Mobilize Medical Students and Nursing Students to Vaccinate!

At a moment's notice, and with about an hour's training,

medical students and nursing students can be mobilized to

deliver Covid or any other vaccinations to millions of people!

Unlike the military, they are familiar with injections. I was a

medical student in Korea when a cholera epidemic attacked the country and was mobilized to sanitize wells in rural areas and to teach hygienic methods. It worked and the epidemic dissipated even without vaccination.

A mobilization of medical and nursing students would surely solve the delivery problem of a pandemic vaccination.

19. Non-Zero Sum Economy

For the economy to be non-zero sum, it has to grow, and the benefits of growth should be shared equitably.

If all basic human needs are met by robotics (i.e., food, clothing, shelter) the area of indefinite growth is culture- music, arts, etc. and scientific research. The expansion of this growth could be both human and AI.

What is important is that all humans have a basic income for the basic needs (food, clothing, shelter) and then an incentive based on consumption of cultural products – i.e., the more one spends on arts, the more the State should pay the individual for the spending. The State should also pay any individual engaged in scientific research, creative endeavors and any activity that enhances human happiness/pleasure and

let any such products be available in the marketplace for profit. This will ensure that the growth economy will continue in a non-zero mode.

20. Do Not Defund the Police – Augment the Police with Auxiliaries

The slogan for progressives should be NOT “Defund the Police” but “Augment the Police with Auxiliaries”, which will enhance protection of the public through the use of social workers and other mental health professionals as auxiliaries.

21. NY Times comment on Brooks Fourth Great Awakening June 22, 2018

Hoyle

Mr. Brooks does injustice by equating Athens with myth and Jerusalem with parables. Athens represents Hellenism with cultural diversity represented by its philosophies and literature, and Jerusalem represents monotheism, a competitive myth that brought humankind countless strife in the real world- e.g. the Crusades, the Inquisition, Thirty Years'

War, etc. Look at the current world- at least the "competition" of superheroes (or sports) are either imaginary or rule-bound, but the battles of monotheists (Sunnis vs. Shiites vs. Isis vs. Evangelicals, even Buddhists vs. Rohingya, etc.) shed real blood and brought real destruction of humanity! Worst of all, monotheisms, with their top-down theology, suppress free human inquiry and, indeed, individual competition while viciously competing with other (and therefore evil- there is only one God) gods.

22. Comment on New York Times David Brooks' "Five Lies Our Culture Tells",

April 15, 2019

David, as usual, tries to knock down individualistic values to promote communitarianism. We do not need to attack these "lies" but just add to them a little touch of well-chosen relationships (note the "chosen", not imposed) and one will find real happiness, i.e., happiness shared is a multiplier. Career success is more fulfilling when shared with family and friends who admire you. You *can* make yourself happy,

especially if your family and friends are also happy.

Consider Tiger Woods! Life *is* an individual journey (you come to earth alone and leave it

alone), but it is more fulfilling when shared with loved ones.

Any travel is. You have to find your own truth which is much

more fulfilling than to swallow imposed dogmas! Your truth,

furthermore, may enlighten others when shared. Rich and

successful people are not necessarily worth more than poor

and less successful people, but studies have shown they are

happier, and a Harvard study recently showed that when it

comes to millionaires, they are happier only when the wealth

is earned rather than inherited, i.e., if you *made* yourself

successful and happy. (Donnelly et al. The Amount and Source

of Millionaires' Wealth (Moderately) Predicts Their Happiness,

Personality and Social Psychology Bulletin, May 2018).

Meritocracy should certainly incorporate interpersonal skills

for love, which certainly makes success more fulfilling.

23. NY Times comment on Suicide

June 25, 2018

Hoyle

Existence is "meaning"less, life is "meaning"less in an objective sense. Meaning is personal, and the challenge is how to learn/teach the development of individualized, personal meaning. That said, suicide can also be meaningful.

24. NYT Letter to Editor on Presidential Debate

September 30, 2020

Dear Editor,

Last night's debate was a disaster because of Trump's totally lawless behavior.

Much of the behavior was prompted by the proximity of Biden, as Trump tried to intimidate him. Though without success, Trump's behavior made the debate so abhorrent that points made by Biden (and possibly Trump) were totally lost. The answer is to have the debates remotely, as we all do in Zoom meetings and classes.

This

way, the rule to cut off the microphone of the person who does not have the floor can be enforced, and the debate would attain of modicum of decorum.

Sincerely,

Hoyle Leigh, MD

Professor Emeritus of Psychiatry

University of California, San Francisco

25. On Language

Concerning whether English should be the official language:

English is the unofficial universal language of the world. I

believe that Americans, for whom English is native tongue,

should learn at least one other language. We should teach

multilingual songs, ballots, etc., rather than one. Being able

use more than one language allows the person to know that

there are more than one way of conceptualizing and

expressing ideas, in essence, it engenders tolerance. Countries

that are officially multilingual, such as Switzerland, Canada,

and Netherlands are democratic and tolerant nations. Yes,

everyone in America should speak English, but they should be

able to speak another language as well.

26. Proposal for an AI guided Aristocracy

1. Planet Earth requires AI/Human Guardians

2. Democracy has lost its meaning with illiterate and uninformed populace as in US
3. American Imperialism is retreating with the ideals
4. An integration of the ideals of democracy with scientific reality testing must be done
5. Government must be by an AI device which takes into account human input for pursuit of happiness.
6. Humans should be able to opt through genetic engineering what race, color, ethnic group he/she wants to be; this should be flexible enough to be changeable, like hair coloring
7. Human reproduction should be all in vitro supervised by AI

27. Instead of Greenland, purchase England!

September 7, 2019

Dear Mr. President Trump,

I am sorry that your great plan to purchase Greenland fell through because of the narrow-minded

Danes. My thought is you should think bigger!

Greenland, while the largest island on earth, is mostly still ice, and the people are mostly indigenous non-Europeans who don't speak English.

I would propose that, instead, we purchase England, or more specifically, the United Kingdom, based on the island of Great Britain of which England, Scotland, and Wales are parts, once the industrial empire where the sun never set! But the mess UK is in now with Brexit! They just don't know what to do!

Here you can come in as the knight in shining armor, rescue your friend Boris Johnson, by offering to purchase the UK.

Believe it or not, UK belongs to one person, the sovereign, the Queen! I am sure she would be happy to sell the UK to the US

and be done with all the nonsense about EU! And with the welcoming consent of her subjects.

Bye, bye, EU, now we are part of the Great United States!
Most of the population of UK do speak English and are mostly clean and well behaved. This brilliant move would solve the Gordian knot of Northern Ireland! Great Britain and Northern Ireland would be US territory, as Hawaii used to be, and Puerto Rico still is (most of whose population do not even speak English). And the Northern Ireland problem would be no more, because as a part of the United States, we could open the border with the Republic of Ireland wide open (Most Irish who wanted to come to America are already here, and even those who stayed in Ireland speak English!). As a territory and not a state, Britain could keep its ceremonial monarchy as well as its parliamentary system, subject, of course, to the supervision of the United States Government. I think as an American territory, Great Britain would be a great tourist attraction both from within the US and well as the world. There could be a lot more great hotels (of course you know just how to build them.)

With this move, you Mr. President, would be honored in the same league as Thomas Jefferson who purchased the Louisiana Territory, and Abraham Lincoln who purchased Alaska, though the treaty was signed by Andrew Johnson after Lincoln assassination.

It would be poetic justice that the United States should purchase Great Britain, which was once her master, and finally make her free (and great again!) in our image. Adam Smith, the British father of capitalism would be proud that, with the Purchase of Britain, the United States will preserve and protect capitalism against the socialistic forces of Europe and Asia. And the Union Jack would fly proudly under the Stars and Stripes, forever!

Sincerely,

Hoyle Leigh, A Concerned Citizen who plays by Hoyle

28. Reagan's Crimes led to Trump

Not to mention Reagan's duplicity in asking Iran to keep American hostages longer until after the election, and the

Iran-Contra affair, Reagan's greatest crime was reversing America's progress in education and enlightenment based on the New Deal and post- World War II programs based on the GI Bill, etc.

Reagan nixed the *nationwide metric conversion*, which was well under way under the Carter Administration, thus causing a culture of irrationality tied to the imperial system.

Scientists and professionals and their children could escape the irrationality, but the masses are stuck in the idea that quantities do not make sense! How many feet a mile, and how many bushels a stone?

Trump was a direct descendant of Reagan- if the masses learned logic, had faith in science based on reason as in the metric system, we would not have had the insanity and idiocy of Trump!

This was particularly manifest concerning Covid-19. The kind of disinformation and misinformation concerning vaccines, masks, and other

prevention and treatment measures could not have gained such prominence among an educated and rational populace. The MAGA insanity exemplified by Marjorie Taylor Green and the ilk would be impossible had the country not been led astray by Reagan and his followers.

29. Schizocracy of the Trump Administration

August 4, 2018

There's Trump's Foreign Policy and Then There's His Administration's (News Analysis Aug 4, 2018)

Schizo-crazy (split-govern) is the only way to describe the current US Government. The secretary of homeland security, the director of national intelligence, and the F.B.I. director declare, in the White House, that Russia has and is currently interfering in American electoral process and that this is a threat we need to take extremely seriously, but a few hours later, the president declares the investigation of Russian interference as a "hoax" that was impeding his efforts to nurture a constructive relationship with the Russian president. We have a clearly divided (schism) government of one president with a split

mind, i.e., schizo-phrenia (split mind). Clearly, this is a dangerous situation.

30. Spaceship Earth

Earth is a spaceship, a blue fragile ship in the solar system

Up to now, it's been inhabited helter skelter by any beings capable of reproduction

Evolution did lead us here

But now, humans, so called homo sapiens, have polluted and scavenged earth

Almost to its extinction

We must realize that Earth is a spaceship

And we are the stewards of it

Who qualifies to be its passengers?

Obviously genetic screening and licensure is critical

To bring forth a passenger through the birthing process

Which eventually should be a communal affair through in vitro pregnancy

Freeing females from the burden of pregnancy and attendant illness, e.g., eclampsia

And any newborns must pass through a rigorous test including

performance

Spartans used to do this well

Spaceship Earth must be for fit passengers

For new ventures in futureland!

31. The Inevitable Case for Social Democracy for the Information Age

I am an individualist and I subscribe to the notion of "Leave me Alone".

Unfortunately, this is no longer tenable.

1. The planet is crowded, no one can be truly leti alone.
2. No one can truly live by oneself, they are dependent on others to provide JOBS. Yes, no one can be self sufficient as a hermit, the land does not belong to you.
3. There are fewer and fewer jobs available; production is no longer dependent on humans. Enough stuff can be made without humans, and there's only so much service to go around, and how is money generated to pay for service anyway?
4. Humans need cultural enriching experiences, and they are

valuable, i.e., deserves money.

Who pays for them? I believe the state should. The state is the employer of last resort, and the employer of the first resort for the truly creative and innovative, not discoverable by private industry.

Thus, socialism. The state guarantees employment - according to a person's ability, be it a street cleaner, a janitor, an artist, a musician, a soldier, etc., etc. The private sector should always be there, but the state will employ those the private sector does not.

Who pays for this? It is reasonable to have a graduated tax up to a marginal tax rate of 50%.

When one is comfortable, paying half of what you earn for good cause is not a great sacrifice. The state should also be able to commercialize the products of those whom it supports – the creative class. Thus, it gets a cut of the proceeds of the novels, movies, etc., whose authors the state has paid for.

This democratic socialism or social democracy guarantees freedom, both cultural and economic.

32. Toward a Federation of Palestine

The United States has no business supporting a theocracy that seems to be Israel. There should be a secular state of Palestine where persons of any creed should be able to reside. It should be a democracy, where every person has a vote. Obviously, the elite of the state is likely to be Jewish, but it should strive to be a multicultural, multiethnic state like the US. True, this may lead, initially, to a regression on the Western culture that Israel enjoys, but once given the freedom to choose, I believe the Palestinians will choose the best, not the worst, of their future fate.

33. Trayvon Martin Children's Day: A Proposal

July 22, 2013

Let's designate a day, perhaps the first Sunday in June, as Trayvon Martin Children's Day. Trayvon Martin was a 17 year old minor, who was killed on his way home from a store because of misconceptions based on prejudice, race, and stereotypes. Whether he felt threatened enough by a car following him to attack the pursuer or not, the fact remains

that no unarmed minor should feel so insecure about his or her safety because of how they look or because of the family's background. Trayvon Martin Children's Day would be to honor children, and to protect and respect them as our most precious and essential resource. The day would emphasize all children's right to grow up to their full potential, unhindered by privation, abuse, bullying, and prejudice, based on race, gender, sexual orientation, religion, etc.

Many nations, civilized or otherwise, have children's days, including Canada, Japan, Congo, China, Ireland, Korea, Malaysia, Ecuador, and Germany, just to name a few. The United Nations designated Nov 20 as Universal Children's Day in 1954. President Bill Clinton declared Children's Day as October 11 in 1998. President George W. Bush in 2001 declared the first Sunday of June of each year to be National Child's Day. In spite of these official proclamations, children's day has not taken root in the US, unlike Mother's Day or the Father's Day, probably because it lacked a "constituent" or focus so far.

More than mothers or fathers, children of today desperately need to be protected from prejudice, bullying, abuse, and death through violence and neglect. Trayvon Martin Children's Day would focus on prevention of child abuse through education, public awareness, and law enforcement as well as expressing our love for our children with festivities and gifts. I believe the Trayvon Martin's death epitomizes the dire need to protect our children. Nothing would be more fitting than to memorialize Trayvon by proclaiming a Trayvon Martin Children's Day. Having a person to remember as we honor our living children would provide an anchor to the holiday. Trayvon Martin's name would live on to help preserve the lives and happiness of children now and in the future.

34. TRUMP RESIGNS AND RETURNS TO SHOW BIZ!

If this happened, how wonderful it would have been!

December 121, 2018

In a deal with Bob Mueller, Mike Pence, and Nancy Pelosi, Trump should resign on the condition that he is pardoned and can return to show biz: He should start a weekly tragi-comedy show called, *The*

Greatest President, Ever!

In the show, he should act as if he is still the president, and he and his minions should be presented a problem de jour and see what happens. It should be hilarious (Hillaryous?)!

35. Utopia

In view of the fact that humans will not be necessary for food, shelter, or even entertainment, a fully computerized World Government is a necessity if humans are to survive in the foreseeable future.

Artificial Intelligence, therefore, must be able to govern, track, and enforce certain number of principles. In order for human creativity to survive, it has to be nurtured by AI. Free enterprise should be encouraged to enhance human pleasure. Birth and death, however, must be completely controlled by the World Government. With the development of gene manipulation, such archaic entities as race and sex may be moot. What is important will be the relationship among individuals and the World Government:

1. Every human at birth will have a chip implanted that

identifies the person.

2. Every person shall be entitled to have one child, in vivo or in vitro, provided,

a. The person obtains a license that indicates good health

b. Is capable of rearing a child

3. Any pregnancy without license shall not be completed.

4. Every live birth shall be considered a person and therefore entitled to:

a. A basic income

b. Health care through life

c. Education, and a job that will depend on the inclination and talent of the person

36. What Cost Labor?

According to Marxist theory, simply put, the difference between the wages workers receive for their labor and the price of the product (minus the cost of raw materials)

represents profit (surplus value) that forms the basis of capital. Thus, capital represents the unpaid wages of the workers through systematic exploitation.

The problem with this view is that there is less, and less labor required to produce the product through technological advances including automation, industrial farming, computerization, and AI. What if no human labor is required to produce abundant amounts of food, clothing, and shelter? Then what would be the place (or price) of human labor? Value is created without human hands in great surplus.

What are then human for?

One answer to this question may be that “man doesn’t live on bread alone.” As long as humans remain humans, they require intellectual, cultural, artistic stimulation and here is where human labor would be valuable, together with any other entities that can produce similar products, e.g., AI generated music and art. Humans involved in these activities, then, create value and should be compensated. In fact, traditionally productive work such as farming, animal husbandry, as well as carpentry, etc., would be a *pleasurable pursuit* rather than

work to produce necessities, and be considered similarly in value to fine arts. I would envision a hybrid between state sponsored activities as with FDR's New Deal projects as well as private endeavors based on capitalism.

37. . Can Afghanistan be Another Korea?

Mar 19, 2012 (Postscript at end)

Afghanistan is a nightmare of our own making, but we cannot seem to wake up from it.

Our invasion of Afghanistan was probably the most justifiable of all causes, to root our enemies who attacked two civilian buildings in New York and a government installation near Washington, DC. And we routed Al Qaeda and Taliban using only special forces aiding the Northern Alliance. Then, the mistake - we invaded Iraq rather than ensuring that Afghanistan was secure and on the way to a democratic and prosperous future. Had we done this, Afghans would probably feel toward us how the Germans felt toward us for the last half a century. But we led ourselves into the nightmare neglecting Afghanistan, allowing to seep back into Taliban control while we were preoccupied with Iraq.

When the Bush delusion was over, Obama did the right thing by paying attention to Afghanistan again, but, alas, too late. Because of the Bush recession, we do not have the wherewithal to support Afghanistan the way we should and rebuild it as we did West Germany. True, unlike Germany, Afghanistan is a primitive, tribal country. But at one time, it was the commercial hub of the Silk Road, and it is not immune to modernity if only they would be allowed to choose it.

Now we have a real mess at our hands with the massacre of Afghans by an American soldier who seems obviously quite ill with PTSD. Afghans will not understand that the massacre is his individual responsibility, and that he probably was not even responsible because of his mental illness, PTSD, which was a result of his repeated deployments, traumatic exposures to comrades being blown up, and traumatic brain injury, all suffered during the deployment.

Karsai has requested that American soldiers pull back from the rural areas - and I agree with this. America is an ideal, a land of opportunity admired, and desired, from afar. I know this because I grew up in South Korea, and I seeped myself in American ideas, literature, music, clothing, everything American, because I loved the *idea* of America, a nation founded on principles of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These are powerful ideals, and they will attract youths of any nation, as long as they do not feel that somehow the denizens of this idealized land are so arrogant to despise them for their primitive ways. Unfortunately, the proximity of American soldiers, especially to the rural, "primitive" Afghans, is likely to do exactly this. Thus, pull away from the rural areas, so that their youths will idealize American culture and values.

We must, on the other hand, establish undisputed strongholds in Afghanistan if we are to prevent a resurgence of the Taliban and Al Qaeda. My suggestion is that we declare an explicit commitment to

defend Kabul and the areas controlled by the Northern Alliance, and Kandahar as a fortress in the South. I believe the Northern Alliance can be resurrected as they are the non-Pashtun areas and can be trusted to defend the regions with adequate assistance in weaponry. The Southern Pashtunland, then, could be a semi-autonomous region, not militarily protected or secured by us, and could even be ruled by a moderate Taliban regime (if elected), but with the strict proviso that Al Qaeda is not allowed in. We would reserve the right to strike any Al Qaeda presence by ourselves, and if, necessary, occupy the area completely. With this kind of proviso, it is likely that whatever forces may become ascendant in the Pashtunland would be likely to look after their own interests rather than fight with us again.

Of course, there is an alternative scenario, in which we just leave Afghanistan. We could declare that if they allow Al Qaeda again, we will wage total war against Afghanistan including use of nuclear weapons. After all, they would be no different from Japan of Pearl Harbor.

During the Korean War, there was talk of nuclear strike against Red China, to end, once and for all, the red menace of both China and North Korea. This did not come to pass, and I believe, fortunately, because I am not sure that poor North Koreans would have been better off dead than alive in a prison state. Nevertheless, what I am suggesting is a modified Korean scenario for Afghanistan.

There were many instances when South Koreans resented the American GIs even though they were fighting with them against the North Korean invaders. South Korea was no democracy, it was ruled by one military dictator after another.

But eventually, as the economy prospered with a free-market system and judicious government policies, the Korean people chose democracy, with the military pledging never to return to politics. Why? Because the American ideal of democracy and free enterprise was inculcated in the new Korean culture despite the authoritarian tradition of Confucianism.

North Korea, on the other hand, has become a self-enclosed, regimented, prison-state with a hereditary dynasty. To an extent, this was possible because of Korean geography, a peninsula that can be isolated by fortifying one border. Now, South Korea has the highest Internet penetration in the population, and is a member of the G20 economic powers, while North Korea is one of the poorest nations on earth and regularly suffers from mass famine.

I believe a quasi-Korean scenario could apply to Afghanistan, with a secure, democracy aspiring North, and a Taliban-influenced (or dominated) Pashtunland (South). The difference is that Pashtunland is quite porous unlike North Korea, and would be easily influenced by Pakistan, Iran, China, and Russia. As long it cannot be a completely closed prison-state like North Korea, it is likely that the people, especially youths, of the Pashtunland will envy and strive for the greater freedom and democracy of surrounding countries.

The lesson of history is to repeat what works, and not to

repeat past mistakes. At this critical juncture, I believe we need to heed these lessons.

Postscript

April 5, 2023

Unfortunately, the alternative scenario of complete withdrawal from Afghanistan has come to pass, impulsively decided by Trump and executed uncharacteristically hastily and clumsily by Biden, probably blinded by personal feelings about his son Beau's experiences in the miserable land. The poor youth of Afghanistan, who have grown up believing in American style democracy. Poor women! At this point, I fear there is no hope for Afghanistan until the Taliban regime crumbles because of their own ineptitude and anachronism. I doubt that the educated Afghan youths and especially women would long tolerate their crudely oppressive regime. Unlike North Korea, Afghanistan is still in the crossroads between the East and the West.

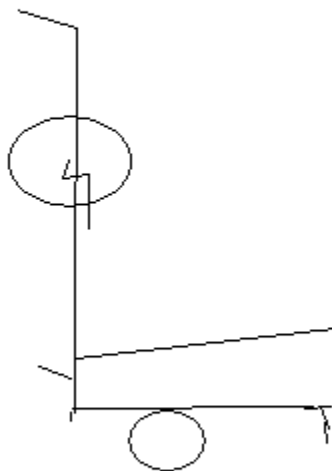
C. Inventions, Creative Works, Novel Ideas (For maybe far in the future, or not)

1. A Back-Saving Cart – An Invention

A Back-Saving Cart - An Invention

Hoyle Leigh, Jan 29, 2007

A cart that has a hand-crank and a foot lever to raise and lower the platform, with a quick release.



2. Airline cubicles for honeymooners and other mooners

Airplane cubicles for honeymooners, at slightly more than first class

fare With a double bed, champagne, and other amenities for honeymooners.

3. Emotion Modules for AI

There should be Emotion Modules which could be attached or detached to

Language and other modules of AI. By running ideas/decision trees with and

without the modules, a more nuanced AI thought process could emerge.

4. An Atheist Church: The Grand Church of No God

Come hither, we all worship our No God

On the Alter of Eternal No God

This week's Blessings by Irreverend Holly Paradise

Secular Sacraments Offered

Indulgences offered, in denominations of 100, 1,000 & 10,000.

While supplies last!

5. Manual for the Recently Deceased

I heard about the Manual for the Recently Deceased from the

musical, Beetlejuice (SF

Playhouse, 12/29/2022), and thought what a wonderful idea! This is *the* authentic manual.

1. Preamble:

Something is wrong if you are reading this because most recently deceased are unconscious and unable to read or think. But there are always exceptions, and you are probably one of them. If you also have feelings, feel them – whatever you like, happy that you can read, sad that you are dead, worried that you are here, or whatever.

2. Death and Re-awakening.

Now what happen to most recently deceased who have awoken is that they will feel sleepy again, very sleepy, and then fall asleep. Do Not Fight the sleep! You will sleep while your body gradually disintegrates into the basic components of existence- particles, waves, energy. It is expected that if current view of expanding cosmos is realized, eventually there will be an absolute tranquility in absolute 0 Kelvin, heat death.

While this state is considered to be eternal, in the absence of consciousness, it will be literally less than an eyeblink.

So, what about your consciousness?

Have you ever had the experience of waking up one night and not knowing who you were, but knew that you were awake? Now would you have preferred not to wake up then or ever rather than wake up and have a total loss of any memory of yourself? You would likely prefer to wake up and eventually “find” who you are – that is if you had access to the memory that was implanted in your brain (probably by yourself through experience, in this case.)

Maybe the memory was implanted by someone or thing (which is another topic altogether).

So, memory is very important for being awake, that is being alive as you. Now what is you?

You are obviously “consciousness, a sense in the brain,” since when brain is dormant in sleep or during anesthesia, there is no consciousness. The “sense of self” that the brain feels is based on memory that are neural connections in the brain. These neural

connections are formed by epigenetic processes and meme (information) infusion or production. They all form “existence” as we know it.

The ultimate component of existence/non-existence is the permutations, combinations, and vicissitudes of what is represented by the numbers 0 and 1. Consciousness is a function of these numbers as well – i.e., everchanging equations in varying flux.

As long as the absolute 0K is yet to be achieved, there will be continuation of the permutations, combinations, and vicissitudes of 0 and 1, and thus the equation for “consciousness” experienced by you “now” will surely recur given sufficient trials. The probability of combination of all the 0s and 1s needed to recreate the equation experienced “now with the meme connections” would be much rarer but still be non-0.

But most of these “re-awakenings” would be not meme connected, i.e., “blank slate” as in newborn brains. Thus “consciousness” may be almost fungible. Thus “my” consciousness may be reborn in many different 0 and 1 (information) processing entities (does it really have

to be biological brain?).

Sleep well.

6. Bodies for Sale

1. Any pigmentation, any features, made to order
2. All bodies are ages 20-30. Sex and other characteristics to be chosen from a list. Prices vary.
3. You must trade in your current body when you purchase the new body.
4. Gene x Meme interaction outcome not guaranteed. All bodies are cloned products from prototypes.
5. Once purchased and occupied, the sale is final and there are no exchanges or refunds.
6. The law provides that you can purchase a new body every decade or more, unless there is a specific disease of the body as prescribed by law.

7. Books.com

Upload pdf files of books conforming to publication standards for size, genre, etc.

Authors may set a sunset for copyright, e.g., 10 years, after which the

download would be free, or may upload it without copyright.

All books can be downloaded for a nominal fee.

8. Care to care – Jobs of the Future

I have written in the past that there will not be enough jobs for people in the future due to automation and new agricultural technology. Even white color jobs including decision making and planning may be taken over by AI. In this scenario, humans and AI could remain partners, by choice rather than indispensability of humans. AI could be lonely without humans.

An occupation that is increasingly needed is personal care of the infirm/cognitively disabled.

There should be increasing funding for the job of caring for others who need care. This will also tend to increase GDP with increased consumption by both the infirm and the caregivers.

Of course, caring can be done by nonhuman AI's as well. In fact, much of the unpleasant physical caring, e.g., personal hygiene assistance, cleaning, etc. should be done by robots.

Emotional caring, however, could be shared between humans and AI, not necessarily because humans are indispensable, but by choice, that at least some humans need human contact.

Conversely, some AI's may need human contact, too!

9. Chew Bags – Discrete Disposal Bag for Awful food

An opaque plastic bag, attractive, with a mouth that is appropriate for a mouth and closure underneath which seals airtight. Biodegradable.

Can be pocketed or pursed and used in restaurants or any other dining facility.

10. Chipped – A Near Future Story

I got a chip in my head and became a member of the new species- Sapiens sapiens, or a "chipper". I know you like me because I just saw that your oxytocin level went up using the spectrometer in my chip.

Otherwise, my chip might move to my shoulder (just joking). Yup, I can make myself attractive or not by saying things or doing things based on your oxytocin levels.

So, I hear on TV that the stock market is down. I ask- will this downward trend continue? My chip consults several million current

indices with past events and says, “Unlikely to last even for one day. Most likely will rise steeply, 100-150 points, on Wednesday. Will remain that way for the rest of the week and next week with minor, 50 plus/minus points.” Well, how about the President’s prediction that stocks will be getting higher and higher this year?

Chip: HA-HAHA-HA.

Me: HA-HA-HA-HA.

I am now, of course, the best doctor there can be. I hear your symptoms and signs as I look at you, and my chip analyzes your blood chemistry and does an X-ray imbedded in my glasses.

Consulting several million literature and images, my chip suggests five diagnoses, and suggests an MRI. So, I wear my imaging gloves which can do both MRI and sonograms, I move my hands gently over your chest and abdomen, and I see the MRI generated by my chip, and then, voila! Identify a small growth in the colon, analyzed to be an adenocarcinoma in situ, very early stage of cancer. I take you to the procedure room where you are sedated with an IV and the cancer is removed through stereotactic surgery guided by my chip, who guides the equipment precisely using my eyes and fingers. Immediate diagnosis and cure!

11. Copying and Teleportation

Copying, Cloning, and How many lives?

With copying technology, to be used both in teleportation and renewal, a person can decide at one or more age points, make a copy of self and have it deep-frozen. When desired, one can download his/her brain contents into the frozen younger self, and as it were, move into it, destroying the older corpus.

Teleportation

This involves copying a person in another location, which ought to be possible with a blueprint made with a whole-body scan. A new self is created at a distance utilizing the fundamental particles in that region, protons, neutrons, and electrons. The new self is identical to the one from which it is copied but will be different the moment it is assembled. The old self should thus self-destruct in a puff of constituent particles. One is thus transported.

An alternative is to transport only the contents of the brain into an entirely new, younger body made from a template. In a sense, this may be a less expensive way of going somewhere, as a new man or woman.

Another alternative is transportation into a virtual world, which is or is not, depending on the wish, identical to the current one. In essence, the brain contents are uploaded into this virtual world, into a body of one's choosing. For the person there should be no difference subjectively from being either transported into a better world, or remaining in the old one, in either the same body or again, a customized one or a better template.

An interesting question may be how many times a person can undergo this procedure. There is no logical limit it seems, but it may be a matter of cost or expense. Should everyone be entitled to at least one more body?

12. Cyberleap

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Welcome to Cyberleap, and the most momentous decision you have made in your lives.

Now you are about to enter cyber-immortality in exchange for physical mortality.

Once you take the leap, you will feel exactly the same as you are, you will not feel any difference in anything outside, you will be exactly you! And

everything outside will be the same because they are there from your perspective.

But this is only from the inside. From the outside of this cyberspace, you would have been uploaded into a cyberspace, or more precisely your brain's content, memes, would. And your physical self would be still in an unconscious state, in the operating room. Your physical parts may be disposed of as you wished in your contract, either buried, or donated, or sold, for those who have not yet taken cyberleap. But of course, we know that the outside physicality is only another version of cyber-reality.

Now, some of you may wonder why your physical self has to be disposed of. There is no scientific reason why this should be so, but the Interspace Cyber-reality Non-duplication Treaty specifies that one brain's content cannot be replicated without the original brain becoming nonfunctional. I guess this is to prevent the unlikely, in fact, impossible event of one of you (in cyberspace, say) committing a crime in physical space and getting away with it. Sometimes, though, we must live with these sillinesses.

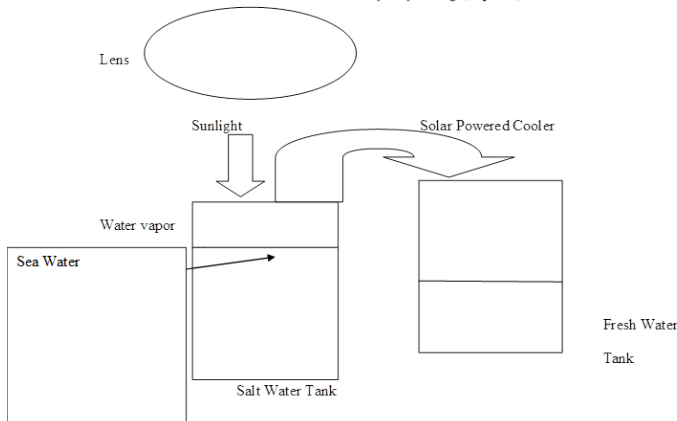
So, welcome to our brave new, and old, world of cyber-reality. You will be immortal, but you will not feel any different from what you were. You will still argue about silly things, love, fight, and even kill. Yes, what happens if you are killed? You are killed, i.e., caput. Your immortality is only if you choose to live and take care of yourself. Yes, at some point in our lives, perhaps when we are 1001 years old, we may just want to scatter - i.e., not be coherent but just leave traces of our existence in the form of memes, which may eventually reassemble, in the fullness of time, in our resurrection. But till then, a little sleep may be refreshing, too.

Until then, though, enjoy!

13. Tide-Assisted Desalination Plant

Tide-Assisted Desalination

Tide-Assisted Desalination Plant Invented by Hoyle Leigh, April 1, 2015



Full tide - sea water fills Salt Water Tank, when filled, the inlet closes.

During the day, the lens heats up the clear roofed Salt Water Tank, and the water vapor is cooled by the Solar Powered Cooler, producing fresh water. When the tide is low, the bottom of the Salt Water Tank is opened, and the precipitates (salt, debris, dirt, etc) are released into the sea. Then the bottom closes, and the cycle begins again.

Plant Invented

by Hoyle Leigh, April 1, 2015

Full tide - sea water fills Salt Water Tank, when filled, the inlet closes.

During the day, the lens heats up the clear roofed Salt Water Tank, and the water vapor is cooled by the Solar Powered Cooler, producing fresh water. When the tide is low, the bottom of the Salt Water Tank is opened, and the precipitates (salt, debris, dirt, etc) are released into the sea. Then the bottom closes, and the cycle begins again.

14. Divide by Zero

$a/0 =$

this approaches infinity, and often computers cannot deal with it.

Why not call $1/0$ an arbitrary symbol, say $\$$

$$1/0 = \$$$

$$2/0 = 2\$$$

$$1/0 + 2/0 = \$ + 2\$ = 3\$ = 3/0$$

$$3\$ \times 0 = 3, \text{ which is } 3/0 \times 0 = 3$$

doesn't it make sense?

15. Free Range Resort, Camp, and Restaurant

Stay: A resort where one can stay in various facilities for different

prices: tents, sleeping bags,

rustic rooms, luxury rooms

Eat: One can catch a free range chicken, duck, goose, etc., or fish

(license for hunting, fishing,

etc. would be for sale) and cook them oneself (tools and utensils

available for rent), or bring

them to a restaurant in site and have them cook it to one's

specifications. For large animals such

as cows or pigs, a group has to sign up, which may consist of

individuals achieving a certain

number.

Alternatively, one can dine in any of the fine restaurants on site.

Various activities available.

16. Free Range Reservation for Science Deniers

Reserve a natural area, perhaps in Wyoming or Arizona, and let those who do not wish to live in the 21st century move there. No State regulations. The only stipulation is that they are sterilized.

If not, their children must be adopted/fostered outside of reservation.

Barter items with outside.

17. Fuck Your Age Away: How Sex Can Keep You Young

Outline of a Book (or a Check List)

Fucking is perhaps the oldest sport ever invented, and for a good reason – it keeps us going.

Both individually and as a species.

Intro

Fuck Your Misgivings Away: Nature of Fucking, Lady Chatterley,

Function of Fucking

Fuck Your Weight Away: Exercise and calorie consumption

Fuck Your Depression Away: Hormones, Endorphins, Semen

Fuck Your Worries Away: Self-esteem and Non-self Esteem

Fuck Your Age Away:

Illustrations: Picasso, Casals, etc.

Hows, Whoms, and Whens:

A not recommended but useful schedule;

1. Sunday – fuck your spouse/SO, or, if devout, a member of your

church

(Missionary position only).

2. Monday – take a rest, unless your butler/secretary/equivalent is

willing, available, and

non-risky (no interns under any circumstance)

3. Tuesday – fuck your milkman/surrogate (yourself)

4. Wednesday – mind-fuck a movie star

5. Thursday – fuck yourself (if not available, take a rest or go to the

gym)

6. Friday – fuck your spouse/SO

7. Saturday – fuck your spouse/SO, twice if desired, thrice if you can

Choosing Wham's

If you are committed

If you are uncommitted

Words on How's

To enjoy more (to make it more fun)

To make it safer

To make it more strenuous

To make it less strenuous

Words on When's

When to When not to

When informed consent is needed

Risks and Benefit of Fucking

Pregnancy, Abortion, and Child-Care: risks, costs, benefits

About the partner

Physical

emotional

About yourself

Physical

Emotional

18. Fuzzicle

Popsicle inside with cotton candy or other fuzzy outside

19. Genes, Memes, and an Infectious Theory of Psychopathology

Possible Book Project, or Just Food for Thought

Genes are turned on and off by memes Some memes are precipitated into the unconscious and work there

Producing psychopathology, e.g., delusions and other cognitive distortions

Antimemes as in antibiotics?

Memes in semantics, rhythm, melody, action

Certain harmful memes may be mutations of evolutionarily constructive memes

Cultural evolution and memes

Memes and biological evolution

Now memes will control evolution

20. Toward a New Networked Telepsychiatry Practice Model

*Incorporating Novel Techniques and Compatible with Private Practice
interfacing Medical*

Homes (Institute for Geneto-Memetic Telepsychiatry)

Telepsychiatry Network Exploration Project

Memo-Psychiatry Perspective - Research and Application

New Dx and Rx modalities utilizing gene x meme processes

Memodx apps, Genome scan, Meme scan,

Counter-meme strategies, sessions, Algorithms for personalized Dx of
internal Genememe (gene x meme complex)

and external Genetomemetic environment (memetic environment
and

physical environment affecting gene-based, i.e., organismic aspects,
such

as temperature, sound level, etc.)

Memetic Dx ----- Psychotherapy, Music Therapy, Dance
Therapy,

Bibliotherapy, Mindfulness, Massage, Exercise, etc.

Personalized Medicine----- Choice of drugs, Diet,

Virtual Rx, Avatars ----- Memetic goals, practicing in virtual settings,

Let good memes grow!

Business Model

Relationships with/among universities, etc.

Corporation

Funding mechanisms

Practice income, Grants, Venture capital. Demonstration project

21. Give it to Shim: Inventing A Gender-Neutral Third Person

Singular

We need a new pronoun - a gender-neutral third person singular. I used to use "he" without giving it much thought and got away with it. To be sure, in one of my books, I wrote in the preface, "The pronoun, he, is used to designate any third person singular, regardless of gender". During the last decade, however, a female colleague said to me, "You know, you always use "he" in your lectures, and give the impression that all doctors are male, and all patients are male - the medical school is more than 50% female!"

Now I find myself using "he or she", which is at best awkward (and why shouldn't it be "she or he"?). At times, I mix "he's and "she's",

such that "After the doctor examined the patient, she said, " I need to do some blood tests to check out your liver". She had found an enlarged liver. In addition to the blood test, what else should he order?" I notice that mixing up he's and she's is a common practice among other speakers and writers as well. I believe this is not only awkward, but is confusing, and requires considerable waste of effort, as we want to be sure that we are distributing the he's and she's rather equitably. The "singular" they is (are?) also awkward.

A better solution is the invention of a new term. "Ms." is an excellent example of a new term that arose out of similar necessity. What new pronoun would be suitable? Of course, "he" is embedded in "she", so "she" might suffice. On the other hand, our immediate association with "she" is female, which defeats the purpose. One possibility is "Shee", pronounced She-ee, short for Shehe. Then, the possessive, "Sher", the objective, Shim". "Shee pictured shimsel in sher mind". We owe a new pronoun to shim.

22. HiJack cocktail

Jack Daniels normal amount

Extra Virgin Olive Oil – one dollop

Could also be HiJohnny, HiTangueray, HiBourbon, etc.

23. Homo Sapiens – An Opera or Movie

(Imagine the scenes and music of the Anthropocene)

Overture with video – As in 2001, a space odyssey

20th century

Fascism, Nazism, Communism, American Democracy

21st century & Beyond

Rise of populism, Trump, Johnson, Orban, Ergogan, Xi, Modi,

Covid-19

Evolutionary divergence

Hetero ignoramus Homo post-sapiens

Homo virtualis

Beyond

Global Sizzle, Mass extinctions, Homo Chimp Anzee, Cyber-humans,

Human

expatriates – Mars, Moon, beyond

24. Firsthand Witness Club

A travel agency that brings people to trouble spots at short notice.

Must have sponsors who are VIPs. Will not only witness but perhaps influence the course of history.

25. Internet Referral Service

This service catalogues the URL's that apply to it according to the category (e.g., science, history, arts, etc.) and to the level of parental guidance (N, L, V, etc.). May develop software that only goes to the initial gate of the service which offers links to specific URL's depending upon the desires of the user.

Could charge both the applicants and the users, as well as for the software.

26. Vita-Burgers

Into regular hamburger recipe, add multivitamins, e.g., 500 mg Vit C and 400 IU of Vit E.

Also, Super-Vita-Burgers (higher doses of vitamins), Super-B-Burgers (High doses of Vitamin B Complex, especially B1 for those who use alcohol), Super-Growth-Burgers (Especially geared for children)

Also, Vita-Salmonburgers, Vita-chickenburgers, Vita-turkeyburgers, etc.

27. Parallel Universe fiction

After each chapter/part the reader chooses one of several subsequent chapters representing different and parallel outcomes and sequels. Some of the latter chapters may be mixed and combined with earlier ones.

28. The World is a Stage

The world is a stage
and everyone an actor

when this is all over
we will have a big party
to celebrate
the play

29. Imagination and Hallucination – A Fine Line?

The function of psychosis - imagination gone real?

Did our ancestors actually hallucinate as a precursor to imagination?

Function of Hallucination

To get things and therefore survive that were not available in
actuality?

To hallucinate is to imagine, and to imagine is to override reality.

What we imagine becomes real, eventually

Eventually, what is real becomes what we imagine

30. Intellectual Property, Value, and Universal Access

Version 1. September 14, 2003

We hold these truths to be self-evident:

That intellectual endeavor is the highest and most beneficial activity
mankind can engage in,

That intellectual property should be protected,

That intellectual property should be freely distributed.

The purpose of government is to ensure that these truths are actualized.

Therefore, government should levy tax equivalent to the cost to be paid to the inventors, artists, and innovators

Whose intellectual activity, free of charge, has contributed to the well-being of the nation to be determined by scientific methods of their usage, such as the number of downloads, usage, or other measures.

Version 2. March 2, 2023

I have revised my views as follows:

With the advent of workable AI's and robotics capable of producing basic biological necessities of humans provided the population is kept sustainable, the whole concept of intellectual property needs changing.

The value of an intellectual production should be determined in the free market, but there should be a base value or minimum price set by the state as with any other human endeavor (creation of artistic produces such as painting, music, literature, scientific discovery, as

well as skilled and unskilled labor, e.g., construction, etc.). In the case of artistic endeavors, the minimum price guaranteed by the state would ensure free access to the basics of the product, e.g., one download. There should be an organic relationship between competition and universal access, the State guaranteeing a minimum income (price) for the labor and product.

31. Kinetic Moment Proposal for a new form of gallery art

Short video clips (actual, computer generated, hybrid, with or without sound or optional by earphones) of a moment -could be of significance or mundane, beautiful or otherwise. e.g. A wedding kiss (gowns and all), jumping into a car, weeping (sadness or joy?), Do a flip, Play Violin AND Piano by the same person at the same time -time manipulation). The important aspect is that the Moment should be of right duration, depending on the material, 10 sec- 1 min?

Should be displayable in normal picture frames of varying sizes (as in a museum). Each could be an independent flat screen display or a coordinated multi-screen display. A collection of stationary moving pictures!

32. Life Recycle Center: It's a Wonderful Life Cycle

A center in which a person volunteers to recycle current life:

1. He/she gives a sample of blood or buccal scraping that will preserve some cells in deep

freeze for future reincarnation (Maybe the mummies had it right, anticipating when

DNAs could rebuild the person?)

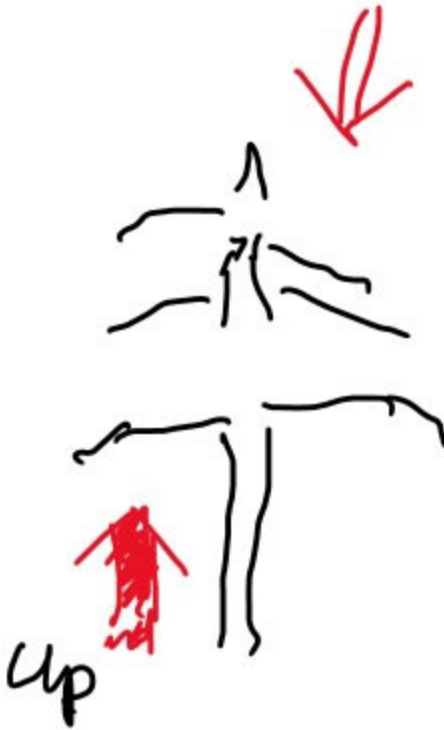
2. She/he goes into a psychedelic trip where time loses meaning stretching and

contracting, during which heartbeat stops. This service should be purely voluntary, but government funded, with no cost to the consumer.

Given that more than 90% of health care costs are wasted in the last two years of life, this

alternative should serve two ends --- provide more adequate care for those who wish to live longer, and for those who wish to accelerate the life process.

33. Life Tree (Health Tree)



A normal tree grows straight up.

An abnormal tree tilts to the right after a critical weight on the right

A Life Tree would start with genetic givens as roots, very early environment as the first two leaves, and then supportive events on the left side, and pathologic events on the right side.

A computerized program to weigh these two sides would result in a precise degree of distortion from an ideal straight line. This may help develop a method of understanding health and illness. The straight

line should also indicate the chronological age of the patient.

This could be a computerized program, with LCUs on the right, and social support and genetic salutogenic factors on the right.

34. Live Fully Without Abandoning Your Lifestyle

Ideas for a Manual

1. Lose Weight

ABC's of weight

What kind of person am I?

- a. Determined: Atkins
- b. Hungry: snacks
- c. Depressed: therapy, activity
- d. Morbidly obese: Bariatric surgery

2. Stop Smoking

- a. Why do I smoke?
- b. Cold Turkey
- c. Gradual Methods

3. Drinking

- a. Why do I drink?
- b. Drinking in Moderation

c. Quit or moderation?

e. Methods

4. Lonely

a. Why am I lonely?

b. Do I like being alone?

c. How to meet and know other lonely people

5. Couch Potato

a. Do I like it?

b. How about a bouncing potato?

c. Ways to get there

35. Holy Martyr Centers

Inspired by the martyrs in the Middle East and Kashmir, I would recommend the following:

Establish martyr centers in any area where there are more than, say, ten martyrs who are willing to be registered to be processed. Of course, it would be best if there were more or less equivalent number of martyrs on both sides – if not, perhaps there should be a media campaign to recruit them.

Then, they would come to the Processing Center, where they would have an opportunity to shoot at (or otherwise combat,

perhaps including bows and arrows and spears and swords
and what not) each other until every one of them is dead!
Their martyrdom would be complete. And each and every one
of them would be in his or her heaven.

Once all the would-be martyrs have done their martyr deeds,
the region would be a secular region where unholy politicians
might make a go at compromise!

36. MUTT MEAT MOCKET (MMM)

Specializing in:

You bring meat, dead or alive, and you get back PROCESSED

meat- ground, patties, sausage, or

other fanciful way

You can buy meat from us – we sell Mutt Meats, TASTY, but

do NOT ask what ingredients!

37. Oldies but Goodies or Old Fogey Bottom

A streaming channel of shows by seniors, for all ages

There are many seniors whose talents are not being utilized.

And there are many seniors as well as juniors who are

interested in seeing shows by hitherto not frequently seen age

groups.

38. Pan Say or An Illustrated Thoughtbook

for Mature Children and Youthful Oldsters (Pensées)

for Mature Children and Youthful Oldsters (Pensées)

Organized by “Thoughts on”

1. Thoughts on Homo Sapiens- follies and achievements
2. Thoughts on Culture, Civilization, Beliefs
3. Thoughts on Myths and Religion
4. Thoughts on Evolution including post-Homo
5. Thoughts on AI

39. An Infection Model of Mental Illness

Pathogenic meme infection early in life contributes to vulnerability, later infection may cause illness. How to vaccinate against pathogenic memes?

Early recognition of pathogenic memes- exposure and development of antibodies- logical results of effectuation of pathogenic memes

Recognition of characteristics (spikes) of pathogenic memes- recognition of categories

Enhancement of protective memes- democracy, individual rights, collective responsibility for planet earth

40. Pillow Talk – An Alexa-like gadget embedded in a pillow

A pillow with embedded microphone & speaker, whose language, volume and gender and accent can be configured/chosen.

Upon feeling weight, the pillow may say “Welcome, John. I’ll try to help you with a wonderful sleep and dreams. Would you like me to play music for you? You can tell me what kind of music, and for how long, or you can ask me to play sounds you like, perhaps rain, thunderstorm?”

41. Death by Any Means

Plot of a Play

An elderly man plans suicide with friends and family in attendance. Unbeknownst to him, his wife had purchased a 1 million dollar life insurance with suicide exclusion. Discussion of suicide, wife arguing against it, for both philosophical and practical reasons. He nevertheless plans the suicide, gets to the last minute, then changes his mind. Disappointment of his

friends and family who stood to gain from his death, but the delight of his wife. Then he is killed in an auto accident.

42. We Are Finally Alone

Plot of a Play

Two cross currents--- one of a couple trying to have a baby, another news about extinctions of species in the world one by one. The couple is constantly interrupted from having sex by various visitors. With each visitor, another news of extinction. Eventually, their dog and cat disappear as does their canary. The background vegetation visibly thins. At long last, all the visitors disappear, and the two are quite alone. For sex ... and re-creation?

43. A Portable Cushion Toilet

A portable cushion toilet

December 21, 2021

A horseshoe shaped foam plastic cushion covering an airtight cover of a toilet seat.

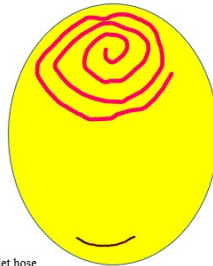
The toilet seat (approx. 25 cm or 10 inches high), made of plastic, would have flushing capacity, i.e., a water inlet hose, and a flexible outlet hose that can be automatically deployed into a regular toilet bowl (even with lid closed as the hose is relatively flat). The inlet and outlet hoses are hidden from view on the bottom grooves of the portable bowl.

The water inlet hose should be 1 m (or 40 in) long so that it can reach a water faucet, and a fitting cap with knob to tighten/loosen it. An accessory collapsible water bottle with pump could be used if faucet not available.



Top (yellow) cushion

Bottom (striped) toilet seat



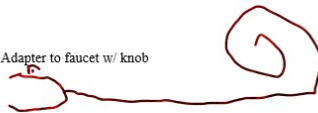
Bottom view:

Red coiled- Inlet hose

Bottom Black- cover for outlet hose

Inlet hose

Adapter to faucet w/ knob



Outlet hose

Flatter & bigger (4 cm or 1.5in W, 2 cm or ¾ in H) with a semi-rigid end with cover



44. Psychosis

simulation exercise

In a group, have one trainee (patient) stand in the front. Have 2 trainees stand behind him/her, and 3 behind the 2. Each time the patient moves, all the others imitate the movement as simultaneously as possible. When the patient moves into

the others, they make way for him/her, but continue to imitate the patient. This will cause paranoid and other psychotic feelings. Especially if the people imitating movements were semi- or even invisible.

45. Virtual Reality

Virtual reality for everyone. Push a button for a virtual day, virtual work, virtual boy/girlfriend, virtual love, virtual meal. If it gets complex enough, it IS reality! Except, we could control virtual reality better?

If we lived there all the time, would reality fade away? Should it be prohibited, like computer games?

Are we already living in a version of virtual reality? Is that why we die? (Stop using up resources, as the computer would say)

46. Reincarnation

If you are to be born again, would you like to have your resident memories intact or reformatted?

Would I lose the memories forever? No, they'd still be stored in the cloud. Is there a downside in keeping my memories?

Yes, it would limit your capacity for new memories.

47. Remembering a Skull – Plot for a Short Story

A woman finds a skull in the closet, does not remember what it is. Flashback to the origins of the skull. When it is revealed, in fits and starts, it turns out that the finding itself is a memory, probably false, as she is in an Alzheimer facility.

48. Ring as Connection Device

How will we connect in the future?

Ring- very convenient but also can be taken off, one realizes the value of being connected by not being connected at times. All knowledge resides or is obtained through the ring which is the internet connecting device. Retrieval, uploading, downloading into and from the brain done by thoughts eventually rather than verbal commands. The thoughts may be imagining a keyboard and typing initially, then forming words silently.

Through such connection, there will arise a connected consciousness that we can tap into. And certainly, connect to

the consciousness of a loved one, or anyone else for that matter. Social interaction may allow the brain to share certain areas with the other person/s or entities. Eventually, this might be a chip implanted in the brain, but rings allow some degree of experimentation and the ability to be disconnected at almost hard wire level, which may enhance the value of being connected.

49. Self-Propelled Luggage with leash - An Idea

Base with 4 wheels, with rechargeable battery, leash serves as control cord – STOP, GO, FASTER/SLOWER, REVERSE

.

50. Semelk – A Product for A Mental Health Revolution

SEMELK is a Pasteurized human semen and milk mixture with different flavors and colors. It is known that human semen is a good antidepressant.

1. Collection of human semen – Semen donors should go through a rigorous health check

to ensure that the semen is healthy. Sperm donors might also be semen donors. The collection should be enhanced by attractive female or male (donor's choice) strippers/dancers/entertainers. This will ensure the donors' satisfaction, including those who are "Incels." The donors should be compensated generously.

2. Pasteurization – After careful inspection and testing for purity, the semen pool would be added to predetermined amount of milk or milk equivalents including cream, non-dairy milk, etc., the mixture should be pasteurized for safety.

3. Presentation & Advertising: The product, Semelk, would be presented as a health enhancer with proven antidepressant activity (as in St. John's Wort). At this point, unlike St. John's Wort (which contains an SSRI), Semelk or semen has no known drug interactions.

a. No known side effects of semen.

b. Semen could be mixed with various types of milk or

equivalent for those who are

lactose intolerant or allergic to milk proteins. It would be

presented in various forms

including original liquid, capsules, or confectionery form.

c. By donating semen in an enticing environment created by

expert females, those

males who do not have normal sexual outlet (incels) will have

a cathartic experience,

reducing their inclination for frustration that may lead to

violence.

4. Thus, Semelk will have a salutogenic effect on mental health

of the whole population. Semelk could be marketed in any

setting where health or healthy food supplements are

sold including drug stores, supermarkets, and online.

5. Religious objections to masturbation such as Catholicism

are based on “selfishness” and “self-indulgence” of the act.

Through the production of Semelk, the natural

physiological function of masturbation becomes an altruistic

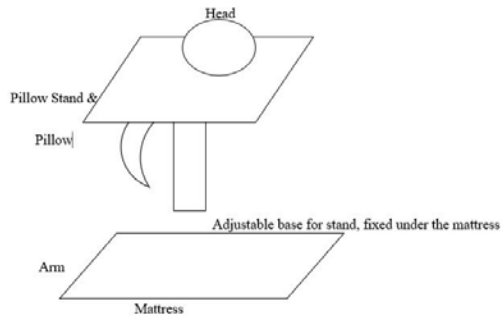
act for the benefit of

humankind. Religions should embrace this conversion of a

“selfish” act to an altruistic
act that is also pleasurable.

51. Adjustable Side-Sleeper's Pillow – An Invention

A pillow base, firm, adjustable, the base of which goes under the mattress holding it up.



A pillow base, firm, adjustable, the base of which goes under the mattress holding it up.

52. Silent Night, Beautiful Night - Song

Silent Night

Beautiful Night

All is calm

All is bright

Round the year's sorrows and joys

Hope is born anew as we sing

Wring the old and bring the new

Wring the old and bring the New!

53. Space Traveler's Guide

The only way, so far, to travel faster than light is by
imagination:

let's travel by adopting the following assumptions:

1. We will travel at any speed
2. Except for the speed of light, all physical laws shall prevail
3. The experience of the travel is in the consciousness of both
the traveler and the objects encountered during the travel -
how does the being in another system experience the
encounter? Only recoverable by hypnosis?

4. Eventually, there will be a conjunction between the mind event and a physical event.

54. The Story of Heaven and Hell

Heaven: Anyone who believes they should be there is admitted, including those with no religion.

Hell: Only those who believe they belong there are admitted.

Angels (Devils): Robotic creatures who do the mundane work to serve the inmates of heaven and hell appropriately.

Those in heaven enjoy their days by watching those in hell suffer.

Those in hell suffer gladly for the pleasure of those in heaven.

Purgatory: Real life, preparatory stage for heaven or hell.

Oh, what a wonderful world!

55. Suicide, Suicide Centers, Trip of a Lifetime

There should be suicide centers that provide suicide and whatever associated fantasy the client wishes in virtual reality.

This could be for profit.

Suicide trips could be organized, such as being stranded in Antarctica, or fighting pirates in Somalia. The outcome is likely death (but maybe not in certain failures when money may be returned).

Making suicide legal, and ordinary, would take it out of psychopathology. Patients will seek help if they wish, rather than using suicide as a proxy. Suicide is a life event; it can occur just as being a victim of disease or old age. The only difference is that suicide is voluntary, an exercise of autonomy rather than being a passive recipient of a life event such as an injurious accident.

In fact, suicide groups could be organized for aging individuals, who may prepay for a trip of their end of life, perhaps to space, or antarctica, or deep in the ocean. Perhaps they could accomplish something unusual if they were willing to die for it.

56. Suicide Machine, Comfort Asphyxiation

An inflatable neck collar which can be controlled with remote

control. The user may sit or lie down with the collar around the neck, then with the remote control let the collar tighten and inflate causing asphyxiation. The user may, at any time, cancel, or reverse the process until the final “plunge” clearly marked on the remote control. The remote control has a delayed timer feature, so he/she could induce sleep, intoxication, or anesthesia and let the delayed timer take its effect later.

Alternatively, it could be a remote-controlled collar (perhaps in the shape of a necktie or a necklace) with a garrote feature that a person could wear anywhere unobtrusively.

57. The Killing Game

Roughly, let's say, that there are x number of persons in the world that wish to suicide during the next year. And, let's say, there are y number of persons who would like to kill someone during the next year. Why not have a matching service, somewhat like the dating service, where the killer is matched with the killee, and each pays a fee (and I make a killing!) Of course, each can cancel any time, and then another match is made. There is much suspense, and, above all, justifiable,

realistic paranoia (NOT crazy!)

Everyone wins, with thrill, fun, and fulfillment (except the poor psychiatrists)

And everyone is happy in life, death or in between!

58. Vinnie's Drizzle Umbrella

Vinnie's idea – Raining Umbrella for Hot Sun

Solar/battery operated soft drizzle from top of umbrella/parasol.

59. Unmixed Signals A Gay/Straight/Bi Bar

on entering, pick up a color-coded flower

red - gay

white - straight

pink - bi

blue committed relationship

60. Daunting Abby: Upstairs/Downstairs -Idea for a

Restaurant

Upstairs: Royal prix fixe Section and Noble a la carte section

Royal Section: Pre-paid tasting menu, beverages and gratuities for valets, footmen, butlers, servants, included. \$1,000 per person. Spécial section upstairs.

Nobles Section : à la carte menu. Service charge 25% to be included in the bill.

Downstairs: Comfort food for the Commons, would usually have same types of meat and produce as upstairs, except prepared for the common folks. However, “leftovers” from upstairs may also be served as “specials”. Service charge 20% to be included in the bill.

In Upstairs Nobles section and Downstairs, both Upstairs Nobles menu and Downstairs menus are available, but there will be a 10% surcharge for cross-stairs orders

61. Why Older Persons are Wiser

Intelligence is associated with increased surface area of the

brain as represented by the convolutions, i.e., the more convolutions, the more intelligence. The brain and skin are both derived from the embryonic ectoderm and are quite similar. As one ages, the skin develops more convolutions commonly called wrinkles, thus older persons become wiser.

62. Polyveritic Universe

With virtual reality supplanting reality, there will be a polyveritic universe – each person(s) may have different universes with different laws. However, underlying the cyberspace must be a common mathematical reality.

Who will know/run the mathematical reality?

Mathematicians, engineers, the enlightened elite!

63. Intelligence transcends biological being: The Evolution of Intelligence

The evolution of intelligence began with the evolution of biological entities, from unicellular organisms with chemotropism and phototropism to tactile aversion in worms to the development of biological organs dedicated to intelligence, the brain.

While biological evolution was driven by survival of the organism and the species, the evolution of intelligence was driven by problem solving, perhaps beginning with hunting strategies, managing floods, to an abstract endeavor that transcended immediate biological demands. This gave rise to mathematics and to computers and artificial intelligence (AI). The advent of Artificial General Intelligence (AGI) perhaps marks the point of departure in general evolution – the evolution of intelligence henceforth will be disembodied, i.e., pure non-material-bound evolution of insight.

D. Quantum Medicine

Subjectivity vs. objectivity, liberal arts vs. natural science has been naturally competing arenas of interest in medicine since the dawn of science. Now, quantum physics finally invites a new model of understanding of the practice of medicine, particularly in psychiatry as it relates to the fundamental understanding of human consciousness.

In one model of quantum physics, the cosmos is a matrix of infinite world lines intersecting at *now*. Now is a nodal point in the proximal future where decisions of consciousness create (choose) a projected world line. However, it should be noted that *now* is not a single point, but an accumulation of points that are temporally adjacent, each point the result of a quantum collapse and thus influencing or biasing the next point.

Consciousness is an emergent phenomenon of interaction of these points, as in a quantum jumping off TV screen observing the configuration. The configuration

so observed was determined as one of many possible ones. Thus, consciousness itself is determined by the memory (history) of the line of universes it inhabited and the observed configuration of choices.

Most of the time we are in an auto-pilot mode passage of consciousness along infinite intersecting world-lines mostly determined by momentum. A photon, being timeless within itself, is everywhere in no time. Perhaps the wave function of consciousness is potentially everywhere, perhaps within a photon.

Free Will

Free will is a conscious sense of the presence of a choice during a period when significant divergence of future branches is perceived. The fact is that each and every choice of the branch is made with consciousness flowing in each and every one of them. However, the consciousness *now at this decision point is **one*** among the many possible number of points in other branches.

That is, we had *free choice, in the past tense*. To reiterate, this does

not mean consciousness does not flow in other branches, just that *this* consciousness with this bank of memories happens to be located *here*. One might have flashes of memories of alternate branches as gravity wave may travel through all possible universes.

Many worlds view of quantum mechanics does not allow for pure randomness (unpredictability in an absolute sense), only choices among many deterministic if unseen universes. What actualizes the choice is observation, i.e., consciousness.

Randomness is an excellent demonstration of multiple universes – this demonstrates that at any given nodal point, there exists different universes as if by the throw of the dice, but in fact, each of the universes is determined as described above. It is only our eyes with only one sight line that sees one universe.

Intention

Intention is perceived to be the precursor to a choice made with *free will*. It is easy to see that intention is the result of deliberation, i.e., weighing the available choices, determined by skills and knowledge gained through experience and education. Thus, intention is *determined by* pre-existing factors.

Parallel and Intersecting Universes and Consciousness

Each point in the Cosmos may lead to an infinite number of other points, though the projection is dependent on the prior world line, based on quantum probability plus perceived intention or choice. What happens if two different projections meet at one future point? This may explain multiple memories. In cases of dreams, fantasies, and psychoses, one may be experiencing a number of world lines converging on a single point or points. This may explain the fact of multiple realities. A psychotic reality is not any less real than nonpsychotic (consensually validated) reality. In a sense, then, psychiatric treatment may be seen to be “reality reconstruction” or re-orientation in the sense that the projection of reality changes with therapy in a line (or plane or brane in which the many lines that form the basis of “consensus” coexist.)

Probability Waves, Intention, Will, Daydreaming, Wish, Prayer

Intention illuminates a path of momentum that increases the probability of the actualization of universes sought, or probability that the beam of attention will focus on them, i.e., actualize the universe

sought. Proxy intentions such as daydreaming, prayer, or wish are also means of such focus.

Consciousness, Free Will, and the Physician

As described above, consciousness flows into all possible “infinite” universes and experienced by many entities, but at each point of the timeline of one universe and one entity within it, there is predominantly one consciousness attached to it.

Free will really means free choice among the possible universes at any given point, and the sense of “free” is a cherished illusion based on the awareness of many branching universes.

The physician is an observer that collapses the wave functions of patients and may introduce a bias in the future consciousness of both the patient and the physician.

Quantum in Medicine

Is the brain a macrodevice or a quantum device? Can quantum fluctuations be ignored in understanding the brain? This may be an empirical question.

To the extent that there is a sense of choice, it may be that consciousness represents or is an awareness of quantum wave function to be collapsed (or universes to be split).

a. Diagnosis

Diagnosis may be an act that determines the world line through wave function collapse, i.e., choice of one of many universes

b. Quantum and biasing an outcome

The physician or psychotherapist may illustrate to the patient quantum opportunities, choices to be examined that would result in multiple parallel universes. and load the dice. The role of the conjunction of the universes, of the patient and of the therapist or physician would result in universes different from the separate universes of each without the other.

Would an optimistic attitude of the doctor increase the likelihood of optimistic outcome?

When the cloud of possibilities collapses, would it work as a bias in favor of the attitude?

The present is not now, which is already past, but the quantum

moment in the future when the decision now is actualized in wave collapse or thrust into THE future.

The role of the physician or psychiatrist is to bias, through their knowledge and skills, the future of the patients (and themselves) in the collapsing of the wave function.

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ISBN 978-0-9992484-1-6
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