

Nothing

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Part One

Prologue

12944 woke up. It was 7:09am. It creaked up from its bed and marched its way out of its apartment. The room was bare, consisting of only a bed, a toilet and a showerhead contained in grey concrete, but 12944 didn't mind at all. It was the same room everyone else had, and it was everything it could ever want or need.

12944 passed through the hallway, its stride excited by the cold bare floor, and made its way down five flights of stairs to the communal canteen. The canteen was designed as a large hall; symmetrical, with singular desks accompanied by singular chairs evenly spaced across the room. At both ends, where the staircases led from the apartments, there were dispensers where breakfast, a mixture of vitamins and minerals suspended in a thick concoction of water and grains, was served. 12944 picked up a metal bowl and metal spoon and realised how hungry it was. It stood in front of the dispenser and after a healthy serving of the gloop squeezed out of the pipe and onto its bowl, it made its way to its table, next to 12943's table and behind 12934's table. Five mouthfuls into its meal, 12945 sat down next to it and began eating as well. The gooey mix was delicious, tickling 12934's tastebuds as it slithered through its mouth and down its throat. The room, though there were a hundred or so people eating in it was silent as it was every day, apart from the scrape of spoon on bowl and the rhythm of the footsteps of those descending from the stairs above. No-one said a word. No-one ever said a word. 12944 finished its breakfast, placed the bowl into the square chute which led into the washrooms and made its way to work, its hunger satiated.

Today was a big day for 12944. It was a day for both the implantation of the babies and the end of its own life. At its workplace in the hospital, 12944 made its way to the incubation room on the third floor. There, it opened the glass lids of the incubators that sat on table, and took the babies out one by one. 20 millilitres of anaesthetic into each of them, and their cries were silenced. They were placed gently on a conveyor belt that swept through the centre of the room on which they were moved through to the implanting room. At 1:09, 12944 ate its lunch in the work canteen on the ground floor, then began its shift as a watcher in the implanting room. Its duty here was to catch any problem, any mistake that occurred in the implantation process and fix it. With everything running with quotidian smoothness, 12944 was not called to action; for most of its shift it sat and stared at the precise dance of the arm and the penetration of the babies by the needle. There was nothing that needed to be done.

Then, through impossible chance, 12944's chair gave way and it fell, crashing on top of the upturned seat. It got up as quickly as it could. Too slow. In the moment it lost sight of the implanting machine, the arm froze, leaving a baby untouched. By the time it stood up, the arm had started again; evidence of its malfunctioning now non-existent. 12944 walked backwards into the wall, keeping its eye on the implantation machine as it continued to work. It arched a hand over a shoulder and pressed a button on the wall. Then, it announced to the empty room, "New chair." Within minutes, another human appeared from the door behind it, and the broken stool was replaced.

12944 sat down and continued watching. By the end of the working day, every single baby had been implanted; every single baby except one. 12944 marched down to the ground floor. Opposite the dining room was a door that led to a small chamber that was empty, apart from a little box on one side. It was a curious box; wooden, with a slot underneath, and a button on top. The button was pressed, a needle was dispensed and soon the poison flowed free through its bloodstream, swirling

through the various arteries and veins and seeping into its brain. There had been no regrets. Everything had been perfect. In a few moments, 12944 was dead. The floor opened and it fell into the incineration pit. The floor closed and 12945 came in. The same process ensued. By the end of the day, one thousand workers had fallen into the pit. Nine hundred and ninety-nine babies were ready for their new lives. Out with the old and in with the new.

Chapter One

It was dark and apart from the sound of marching step, quiet. We were going back to the apartments after another long day at school, another day of boring repetition. I was stood at the back of the line, inconspicuous. No-one would notice if I left. It was the right time.

I waited, stopped marching and slipped around a corner before increasing my pace into a fast jog. I knew the way; everyone did. It was right in the middle of the commune and was the most obvious building in it. I went past the apartments, the manufactories, the hospital; and then it emerged, the huge palace, shining white in the light of the moon, bursting out of the uniform grey concrete buildings that surrounded it. It was the first time I had seen it this close. It was beautiful and unique.

For a few moments I stood there, frozen in awe and wonder. I wanted to enter, but only now I did notice the imposing jagged black gate that ran around it. Go back, go back, go back. We had been explicitly and repeatedly told to not go near the palace. I fought against the seeds of doubt and the ingrained uneasiness. I will not go back. I sprinted, leapt, clambered over the gate surrounding the compound and fell down hard onto the grass. I lay there and caught my breath. I could've lay there forever; it was like resting on little sheafs of wheat, water soaked soft, but I knew there wasn't much time. I lifted myself up and made my way up the steps to the entrance. Again, I hesitated. To go in or not to go in? I had thought about this moment for weeks; in my imagination, I had stridden in full of confidence, but now as I considered it, the choice was much less obvious. Inside was a new world, danger, freedom, both possibilities, both outweighing the other. Outside was safe; outside was ignorance; outside was conformity. What to do? I had never seen anyone do any different to what was prescribed for them, break any of the unwritten rules. If I entered, it would be more than mere antisocial behaviour. It would be open rebellion, a betrayal of society and the powers that governed. The minutes disappeared as I struggled in front of the great door but I knew my mind was made up. It was probably locked anyway. I turned back, repeated my acrobatics over the gate, jogged back along the road and was back in bed within the hour. For once I couldn't sleep, as I agonised over my decision. I knew I couldn't continue in this current state, living in deadening monotony and ignorant to... to everything. There was something more I was missing. I was ashamed at my weakness in turning back, yet I didn't regret my choice. It was too much to risk and I could always go again, couldn't I? But would I go in the next time? I had to, yet there was something holding me back. I was among these thoughts as I drifted into sleep.

It was now late afternoon. We were in school, sitting at our desks, memorising the usual passages that were meant to be vital for our practical fieldwork in four days. It was the same information which we had been learning about for the past five months. At the front of the room the electronic speaker was playing the information to us. Presently, it was informing us about the use of scythes. "Scythes are used to harvest wheat. Scythes consist of a long wooden handle with a curved metal blade at the far end. They should be held with both hands, with the handle at a forty-five-degree angle to the ground. The blade should be held parallel to the ground. The scythe should be swung in a wide loop, with most rotation occurring at the hips." There was a pause as the speaker allowed for us to recite what had just been announced. "Scythes are used to harvest wheat. Scythes consist of a long wooden handle with a curved metal blade at the far end. They should be held with both hands, with the handle at a forty-five-degree angle to the ground. The blade should be perpendicular to the ground. The scythe should be swung in a wide lo---". We were interrupted by a beeping sound that whined from the speaker, forcing our recitation to a halt. Then I heard a human voice emanating from the speaker for the first time in my life. "Five-four-one-five-eight-eight. Report to the hospital

now." That was me. My time was up. The hospital was where we were all born, raised and conditioned but I knew that the hospital was also where we went to die. I was going to die. I shot up from my desk and sprinted out into the hallway. But it was too late; I was surrounded. A group of guards was right outside our room. They seized me. Someone cupped their hands over my mouth. Another rapped something against the back of my neck and I blacked out.

I was somewhere else, panting. I opened my eyes. In bed. It was only a dream. But it was also so real. It was like someone had blurted out some secret truth to me, right into my face while I slept. There was now some new knowledge inside my head, but it was not fully formed. Though I knew instinctively that it was important. I was hungry but breakfast could wait; I needed to figure this out.

Breakfast could wait. I was the only one who could even think that thought. If they were hungry they probably couldn't stop going to the dining room, gorge themselves on that slop and enjoy it. They're all in this stupid bliss, happy to live out their lives like a machine, doing repetitive tasks day after day until their consensual suicide. But I can't do that. There must be something more. There must be something fulfilling, something meaningful. I'm trapped in this world that cares for none of these things, only efficiency. I need to get into that palace. Why did I fail last time? As the question turned over in my head, I soon realised the truth embedded in my dream. I died. That was the worst they could do to me. Death.

I had failed to go in because of the consequences. But death, the worst consequence was barely a consequence at all, a small change compared to the hollowness and repetitiveness of my current life. No, I had to go to the palace. There was something more there, and I had nothing to lose.

Chapter Two

I was at the door of the palace again. It'd been 3 weeks since my last visit as an intensive two-week excursion to the farms to hone our use of scythes and other farming equipment left me tired and with no opportunity to escape. But through those two weeks, the disillusionment only grew. The long hours in the field sowing seeds and harvesting wheat didn't help. This time I refused to hesitate. I turned the knob, pushed the door and it swung open, wide and easy. It was dark save for the quiet glow of moonlight that projected in through the windows but my eyes soon adjusted, and I could make out the features with some clarity. The palace was much larger from the inside, with high ceilings and a wide area covered in fluffy red flooring that gave way to a looming staircase that swept up and zigzagged back. To my right, a handful of doors were spread out along the wall, each numbered with six digits. To my left, past an archway was another room, and I could spot rows upon rows of books, stacked onto heavy wooden shelves. The doors could only lead into the apartments of the people who worked here. That was to be avoided. Instead, I crept my way up the stairs, careful not to disturb the silence and arouse any suspicious. At the top, it was even darker, and I could make out only doored hallways in both directions. More apartments? And so, I decided to go to the bookshelves. Back down the stairs I went, with the same care as I did when going up, and then I approached the bookshelves. I was nervous. Maybe it was just going to be a multitude of the common instructional books, the ones from which we memorised from. But I was also hoping for something different, something that would alleviate the intense boredom and meaninglessness of my everyday life. I needed hope, and it would have destroyed me if I had to leave the palace with nothing more than when I entered. And so, I was profoundly disappointed as I found those books; *Farming Techniques*, *Building Techniques*, *Manufacturing Techniques* on the first bookshelf which I inspected. However, I was soon relieved as I found on other shelves, books that were different to anything I had ever laid eyes on. They were in all sizes and colours and textures. On one bookshelf, labelled "fiction", a thin, small, black, hardbacked book caught my eye so I picked it up. On the cover, in bold typeface, the words Nineteen-eighty-four were set in a shiny silver. I flicked through some pages, and sensed there was something there. I needed to read it. The book was tucked into my shirt and I continued looking around. There was such an extreme variety on every shelf and the hours wasted away as I examined each book that caught my attention, each one telling a different story in a different world, with different language. As I looked through, I realised that there was so much I did not recognise or understand. Words and concepts; some were completely alien to me. I ignored the problem, and eventually it solved itself. When I was younger and I was being taught language, we used dictionaries, books filled with the meanings of everything that there was to know. While I was looking around, I caught sight of one of these dictionaries. It was getting very late now so I picked it up before I left the bookcases and began my way back. By the time I arrived in my apartment, I was tired, exhausted and hungry from missing dinner, but there was a weight off my shoulders. I had found something that broke the monotony of day to day life. I was truly happy for the first time I could remember.

Throughout the next few weeks my world morphed into Airstrip 1 and the plight of Winston Smith became my own. It was at first strange; I was only used to reading instructional books, but I pushed through the words I didn't understand with the dictionary, gradually acclimated to the style, and discovered a story that was forceful and captivating. Throughout the day, I struggled through the lessons, tormented by sleep deprivation, summoning all my energies to keep myself awake and avoid the arousal of any suspicions. Only at night did I feel alive, albeit inhabiting a world that was not mine. Some way through reading the book, it occurred to me that the world described in

Nineteen-eighty-four was not dissimilar to mine and the disgruntled thoughts and feelings of Winston Smith had often appeared in my own mind. My entire life was almost wholly under the control of unknown powers, and while their manipulation of thoughts and feelings were not successful for me, it was working for everyone else. My knowledge of my world was, like Winston, very thin. I didn't know its history, its organisation; apart from this book, I did not have access to any information beyond what those who controlled me wanted me to have. In the book, it was that passage, *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism* that eventually answered the questions of Winston's world. For me, it only raised more questions. What was the history of my world? How did it come about? Who were the rulers? I was desperate to find out.

As I considered it more, I found that I was also different to Winston. My struggle was more torturous. I was totally alone, without a Julia, without a brotherhood. I was unable to share my experience, and my thoughts and feelings could only stay within me until my death. Anyhow, this beautiful, awful introduction to the world of fiction meant that some variety, some interest had appeared in my life. I wanted to live now, to read more, to find out more. I vowed to return to the library to explore and retrieve more books as soon as it was possible.

Chapter Three

I was back at the palace again. I couldn't remember why I had to sneak away on my previous journeys; this time I just left my apartment after dinner. I went upstairs again and continued along the hallway at the top only to reach a dead end. On my way back, I observed the doors more closely. They were wooden instead of metal, and the spaces between each one was wildly inconsistent. These weren't apartments. I tried to open a door, but it was locked. I charged against it, and upon hitting the door and after eliciting a loud thump realised I couldn't continue. I crouched down and waited. Nothing. I was safe. I hadn't woken anybody. I knew there was something important behind these doors; they weren't locked for no reason, but this was not the time to find out. I went back downstairs, to the bookshelves again. I picked up a book called *The Trial*. It was short and interesting at a glance, so I took it back to the apartment and it was the book that I read for the proceeding weeks.

The Trial was a story about a person named Joseph K, trapped in a confusing world which he doesn't understand and no-one will explain to him. He is in trouble for some unknown reason and must go to a variety of places in an attempt to seek help. However, he never receives help and everything gets worse and worse for him until in the end, he is taken away and murdered. This book was quite similar to *1984*, telling the story of another world where the main character is slowly destroyed. And so, Joseph K's situation was also similar to mine. His enemies were inaccessible but still able to manipulate and ultimately end his life, much like the controllers in my world. Despite this, I didn't understand his character at all. Why didn't he try to fight back? He seemed to just accept his fate at every turn, passive and submissive. I knew that I would've acted different. I would've been angry. I would've resisted the executioners. I wouldn't have turned over like a dog.

Having read through the two books, I felt something change in me, in my mind. The stories were stories of defeat. The protagonists failed and they were crushed by their oppressive government. But in their journey, in their worlds, I realised there was a capacity in me to fight for change. It was my mission to do something against the powers that controlled. The genesis of these thoughts occurred while I began to feel very fatigued. Perhaps I shouldn't've read for hours into the night, night after night. My energy during the day was almost non-existent, and it was difficult just to get through the basic lessons in the classroom. I was still always thinking about my world, trying to gain an understanding of its framework from the limited information I had, but this was very difficult as I was consistently tired and uninspired. I had no energy to think, let alone be disillusioned or angry. This continued for weeks, and even as I intellectualised the desperate importance of my new cause, I did not have the will to do anything. It was a month or so until I had finally caught up with my sleep and recovered my drive. Then, it was straight to the palace to continue my quest for more information.

In the back corner of the library there was a book resting in a glass case on a low pedestal. I had not noticed it before, and now that I had seen it, it seemed strange that I had missed it on my previous two trips. Perhaps someone had only recently put it there, but that would be even stranger. The book was open at the middle, revealing letters in complex typography that looked impractical, but delightful. I read the open page of the book, and instantly knew that I needed to read the rest. It seemed that an explanation of my world sat in its pages. It was my *Theory and Practise of Oligarchical Collectivism*. As such, I began working at removing the book from its case. I tried to lift the case, to shake it, to find some opening through the pedestal. Nothing. It seemed I had to shatter it. I swung at it from the top with my elbow. Intact glass and a numbing pain that seared through me

alerted me to the fact that this was not the right tactic. Eventually, and ingeniously, I found that I could run my thumbnail along the right-angle intersection of two pieces of glass and slowly cut through the adhesive binding the glass together. I proceeded to work my way along the top in this manner until the top piece was no longer attached and then I lifted it up. I pulled it out, turned the pages until I found the beginning and began to read.

On Utopia: a look into the future

Introduction

The state of our world has become increasingly volatile. The '26 and '41 crises have plunged a majority of countries into economic ruin and recession, and wellbeing for people everywhere has begun a decline. Russia and China both look to be on the brink of civil war. America has lost its grasp on international relevance as its domestic issues loom large.

What is the cause of this devastation? At the very core, the problem is with the socio-economic system that runs our world. At the very core, the problem is with capitalism. This system, where wealth, which is relative, more or less equates with success, is essentially a zero-sum game in which everyone plays against everyone else. The consequence of this is that only a select number of people can be successful. The rest can only be left unsatisfied. This inherent problem is compounded by a variety of other factors that reveal the system that govern our world to be completely untenable.

First and foremost is the instability in our markets. This is an instability that has resulted in the destroyed livelihoods of billions. 130 years ago, it was the Great Depression that bankrupted countries and caused the rise to power of dictators. Today it is the Global Collapse that has triggered the renaissance of warlords in Africa and Asia, drug lords in South America, and seen 21 changes of heads of state in the Western Hemisphere over the past 18 months. We've been waiting for a Great Moderation to happen in our markets for a whole century; it's become clear it will never happen. The instabilities are here to stay.

Another symptom of the poor state of our society is our population levels, which have been constantly increasing. The vast majority of predictions of an optimum population have fallen around 2 billion people; our population will be a whole order of magnitude larger than that within the turn of the century. This is self-evidently unsustainable in the long term. We've already seen food crises. In the past, our improvement of farming technologies has kept pace with the growth in population and the decline in growing conditions. But now it's become increasingly obvious that this cannot continue forever; the famines occurring worldwide go a long way to illustrate this. Water shortages are also affecting more areas than ever; droughts are widespread thanks to human-induced climate change. Maintaining our current population will result in a steadily diminishing quality of living; maintaining our population trajectory can only precipitate a catastrophe. In the search for continued capitalistic growth, we have put ourselves in this position. The economists in the past argued that technological improvements would today be the main driver of economic progress. We can now see that they are plainly wrong, and our recent growth has been driven almost exclusively by unsustainable population increase.

Pointless costs are also emblematic of our current system. A world that fosters a throw-away mentality and a focus on the next shiny toy will inevitably produce large amounts of waste products. Amazon has released six domestic robot models within the past four years. Over sixty million of these have already found their way to the dump. Jobs such as advertising are another pointless cost. Tens of thousands of people work on a task that would be obsolete if our system were planned. Tens of thousands of people, needing to be sustained by food, water and shelter, but don't add anything.

It's clear our society has finally outgrown the monstrosity of capitalism. But, having recognised this fact, what should replace it? Many have pointed to the total failures of socialism in multiple countries as evidence that though capitalism has many flaws, it is the best option available. In reality, it is through a want of trying that has led to this conclusion. It's already been sixty-five years since

the fall of socialism, yet a design for a new society, one that is egalitarian, sustainable and values happiness and utilitarian good over the individual acquisition of wealth has not even been suggested, even though almost everyone would consider it to be far superior to our current society. But the time has come, something has got to give. The problems clearly cannot be solved by maintaining the status quo. There must be a reset, a re-evaluation and ultimately a new world.

As a civilisation that prides itself on its logical and rational thinking, it has come time for an application of these virtues into the running of our society. A recent Zoch paper has managed to reduce the underlying structure governing our physical world to an irreducible indeterminism that manifests itself in probabilistic behaviour of subatomic particles. This indeterminism, when applied to sentient beings suggests that though actions are not pre-determined, they are also not the result of free will. Instead, since behaviour and action is governed by chemical processes in the brain, and these are in turn governed by the movements of atoms and subatomic particles which have been shown to be probabilistic, a model of incompatibilist indeterminism has now become standard. This allows us to rid ourselves of the notion that freedom is inherently good. It doesn't even exist. Our society should therefore be run in a way that reflects our newfound knowledge.

Utopias are reliant on control. Without control humans are free in the sense they are physically able to do things that would stop the society being utopian. Atavistic and selfish impulses drive humans to take advantage and advance goals, goals which in our capitalist society, are the acquisition of wealth and power by any means possible. Murders, thefts, assault, manipulation and deceit exist across human society currently, even if great effort has been taken to condition them away. Even in countries of extremely high social-economic status and where wellbeing is extremely high, these actions still occur on a regular basis. These problems prevent us from reaching the next level; they prevent us from transitioning into a utopia. It has often been noted that a lack of free will would destroy any notion of ethics. If humans couldn't choose their actions, they need not be condemned for them. Thus, it is often argued that if this is taken to account in the running of society, chaos would ensue. Justice would seem to be redundant. This is a ridiculous response. Our realisation that freedom is unnecessary should instead allow us to create a utopic society with the state having full, unadulterated control. In the past, this has been near impossible. Even in literature, the existence of a society with absolute control has been non-existent. However, we now have the technology and the intellectual capability to realise this society. We must act.

My vision for the practical aspects of this state is detailed in the following chapters.

The New World

General

The institutions of nations and states that have governed our world have become farcical. Each protecting their own interests at the cost of lives and the greater good for humanity. Each playing out a soap opera of "international relations" that are characterised by childish one-upping disguised in expensive suits and long titles. It's a travesty. Instead, the world should be run as thousands of small communes, united by a single leader, monitored by a central body, and made to be virtually independent of each other but with standardised rules and laws.

The advantages of these small communes are numerous. Firstly, they limit bureaucracy and problems associated with managing large amounts of people and resources. The co-ordination of people; their education, production and consumption can all be made easier in these communes

only 10,000 strong. Also, if strife breaks out, it is much easier to contain when it occurs in an independent commune as opposed to a world state with billions in population freely travelling. Disease, for example will only have a real impact on the commune it first affects. If it kills off all members of the commune, it has nowhere else to spread since the communes are physically separated. The central control would only spring into action if a disaster of this magnitude occurred and would be tasked with “restarting” and repopulating the affected commune. Another clear advantage of having small communes is that the produce and production of the people of the commune can be adapted to the environment the commune is situated in. This includes growing only crops suitable to the biome, such as growing oats and wheat in communes located in more arid environments, while growing rice in communes located in wetter environments. Each commune will have the benefit of coherence and consistency with the greater whole, while being able to be customised based on its individual circumstances. Unlike countries, the system is not based on arbitrary geopolitical relations, and thus doesn’t suffer from the drawbacks of the state system. Its borders are not drawn based on the word of those with the pointiest sticks and the best negotiators. Instead, it is characterised by trust, peace and co-operation. It’s based on function, not history.

These communes will be perfectly efficient in every sense of the word. It starts with education. Only practical skills like farming, mining, construction, manufacturing and operation of specific technologies will be taught. These are the only skills that are necessary. In our current world, we value creative talents and inventiveness highly, even more than skills that are more practical in nature, blindly following a belief that artistry and technological progress ad infinitum is good. It is not. The aforementioned must be married with a maturity and unity that focuses progress into producing positive effects. And that has not been happening. Some innovations, nukes and giant death robots come to mind, are used to destroy and ruin; others, such as disposable holograms, are an unadulterated waste of time and money. The industrial revolution was largely hailed as a great leap forward for mankind. Ultimately, future humans living in a ravaged world will see it as the beginning of the end of the earths’ habitability if nothing is done. In a similar vein, when mankind stepped on the moon, many viewed it as the greatest achievement of humanity. Taken objectively it was really money badly spent. The twenty-four and a half billion dollars that it costed then could have rescued millions from poverty and starvation. The technological improvements the program achieved, while admirable, could have been made at a fraction of the cost if the context of going to the moon was taken out. The point is, while we almost universally admire artistic and technological feats, they do not provide any tangible benefits compared to their sunk costs, other than a “feel good” effect or a temporary feeling of novelty. Efficiency can only be achieved through doing what is necessary, and doing that well. And that is why the skills taught in the new world are only practical in nature. This practicality means that the skills are significantly easier to teach. Requisite knowledge of the required disciplines can be easily and deeply imprinted in the minds of the citizens of the new world through simple rote learning: Listening to a recording, followed by intense repetition, then by practical work. This can be scaled to any and every situation necessary. Easy and efficient.

Another aspect of education in the new world is conditioning. Much like in Brave New World, a good, yet imperfect basis for any attempt at utopia, conditioning will form a large part of childhood development. Every aspect of good citizenship will be deeply imbedded into the minds of everyone. What this will mean is that from a young age, those in the new world will absolutely love every single part of their life. For them, the food they eat will be utterly sublime, their home, perfectly suitable, their work, fun and rewarding, their peers, genuinely amiable and agreeable. This lays important groundwork in constructing a permanent happiness in the population. Similarly, there will be things that the youth will be conditioned to dislike. They will hate the outside of their commune and will detest the thought of ever venturing outside. They will also be hesitant to venture into

places that they are not be allowed go in, such as the residence of the leader. The mere thought of rebelling, of doing anything outside the norm would be odious and detestable. They would not think to steal, to murder or even hurt one another. This is the great power of conditioning. It serves two purposes of the utmost importance; first, as a positive influence on one's happiness and second, as a preventative for anti-societal behaviour. However, conditioning has long been the target of moral complaints. Being able to engineer and manipulate the thoughts and feelings of humans seems evil to some. They are able to accept a worse evil, the state of our current society over this perfectly benign process. What they don't understand is that even in our current world, conditioning still occurs. Deliberately or not, our parents, our schools, our friends and their actions as well as random events all have a conditioning effect on our lives. We take after our parents, modelling much of our actions on them. Schools restrict us and imbue in us the norms of society, while our friends, through peer pressure, forces further homogenisation. Every event influences our psyche and forces us into patterns of behaviour. We are not free in ourselves. It is externalities that shape how we feel and what we feel and what we think and how we think. In our current society, this semi-random conditioning produces widespread unhappiness and negative thoughts and feelings on a regular basis. It espouses contradictions and paradoxes. Parts of us will be conditioned to wish to do one sort of thing, and another part will be conditioned to do another. It is damaging and dystopic, causing us to feel uncomfortable, detached and unbelonging. The conditioning I propose here is just a more structured version of the conditioning that already exists. Its structured basis allows for it to be focused, instead of contradictory and thus allows the greater purposes I have elucidated to be achieved.

Also important to the stability and efficiency of the new world are the combined elements of genetic modification and so called "hard test-tube babies." Genetic modification has long been seen as an innovation that would finally free us of the shackles of natural selection and allow us to improve our human selves. The only reason this has not already happened is because of some superficial issues. These "issues" stem from a few beliefs. Some people believe that genetic modification is unsafe, some think it will affect genetic diversity while others decry the "ethics" of genetic modification. Firstly, on the safety issue, it has become established through multiple recent studies that genetic modification is perfectly safe to be done on humans if done correctly. We have genetically modified plants and animals for decades, allowing them to better survive and taste better, with no apparent drawbacks. There were fears over the safety of IVF, a treatment that became mainstream and almost universally accepted only a few decades after the first procedure. Our fear of genetic modification of humans being unsafe is really a fear of the new and bold, a fear of progress. The issue of genetic diversity is certainly a much more pertinent one. And in a society of humans with homogenous genetic makeups, it may pose problems, when disease is factored in. A single disease could target a specific gene and wipe out vast quantities of humans. However, as I have discussed earlier, the existence of separate communes is a preventative of mass extinction. A superbug realistically could only appear in one commune at a time. And then, even if the bug was so effective that it killed all those living in the commune, because there is no method of transmission from inside the commune to outside the commune, the bug would eventually die out with no host. The commune can then be slowly repopulated. The last critique left of genetic modification is that it is in some way unethical or immoral. The argument of religion is the most common one. Genetic engineering apparently contradicts God's will and means humans are playing God. This argument falls flat for a number of reasons. First, what even is God's will? How do people know what it is? And why would a God will against something if there are no independent reasons to, other than the people claiming that he does? The other part of the argument is that humans would be playing God. That's just plain wrong. It is nature that determines our genes through selection, not God. So then we have the next most popular argument, the appeal to nature. Genetic modification is unethical

because it is unnatural. Another argument that's just totally invalid. It is based on the premise that only what is natural is ethical; an opinion, not a fact. So the only barriers to genetic modification are muddled and illogical people. We should ignore them and press on. Genetic engineering of humans and other life forms will only further increase efficiencies. We can make ourselves faster and stronger, with a lessened need of sleep, food and water. Humans can also be adapted to their physical environment through modification. As mentioned earlier, we can have increased cold tolerance in colder climates and increased heat tolerance in hotter climates. But it's not just pure physical improvements that can result from genetic modification. Humans can also be improved mentally; to be more accepting of authority, to have a more stringent body clock and to be able to learn faster. This is just the tip of the iceberg, and there is so much good that genetic modification can do that this short treatise cannot do it justice.

So we move on to hard test tube babies. First described as "decanting" in the 20th century novel, *Brave New World*, the technology has only recently caught up to the fiction. But what awesome technology this is. For those uninitiated, hard test tube babies are babies created completely independent of parents or any other humans. A single piece of DNA, some technological wizardry and an incubation period of 9 months is all that's required for a newly minted human being. What this means is that the potential for mistakes and errors is significantly reduced, approaching zero. When human conception and pregnancy is taken out of the equation, ridiculous mishaps like miscarriages, genetic abnormalities and other defects that often occur in procreation also disappear. The technology in the creation of hard test tube babies can be perfectly calibrated so that the babies that are created will have exactly the right genetics for their future roles. Hard test tube babies allow for an unparalleled level of control, a control that is required for the ubiquity of uniformity in mankind that precipitates utopia. What it also does, along with genetic modification, is allow a world without biological gender, an unnecessary and detrimental blight on our world. Gender only exists as a product of nature's obsession with evolution. Its function is in its forcing of competition, allowing only the fittest to procreate. That was before our modern societies developed; when humans were still struggling to live past fifty years. Back then, natural selection was a necessary evil for the improvement of humankind. Now, we have genetic modification and hard test tube babies. Gender only acts as a barrier to equality and acts as a distinct differentiating force that creates divisions in humankind. Rather than the dichotomy that exists today, a dichotomy that has endured even when it has lost its utility, we should aim for pure unity, a genderless world. This is the way of the future.

The questions of work and jobs have been partially answered by these above descriptions. However, there are more in depth concerns that must be raised. Foremost is its allocation. Allocation of jobs will be based entirely on age. Those younger and fitter will do the physically tougher work; farming and construction, and while their life progresses, the physical workload of their occupation will diminish accordingly. Those nearing the end of their lives will be placed in jobs that are suited to them; working on a production line or in a hospital. This method of labour allocation ensures work done by each according to their own abilities. What this means is that there will be no choice of occupation. Of course, that is the goal. The abilities of those of like age will be the same, and thus they naturally will have the same job. Also relating to jobs is the amount of production that should be derived from work. It would at first seem, with the benefits of genetic modification having been championed, that the amount of production achieved should be as high as possible. This is not the goal. Instead, the speed at which citizens complete work should be perfectly calibrated through genetic modification and conditioning in order that production should be no more and no less than is necessary, whilst ensuring that work will make up all the time not spent on sleeping, eating and cleaning. That is to say, citizens will have no leisure time, and will be conditioned and genetically modified so that their rate of work, multiplied by the amount of time they work will produce the

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