

The Genocide

The genocide occurred with amazing unpredictability. The original plan was to trick the genetically inferior--which would not be difficult, right?--into free birthing consultations ostensibly intended to up the human worth of their offspring. That result was made possible, according to the rosy spokeswoman on the television advertisement, by new feats of engineering too abstruse to explain fully, but grossly analogous to plucking out rotten DNA like so many apples from a bunch. What remained behind was an immaculate blueprint for an improved future, as attained by any subsequent children of the treated parties. Anyway, that was the corporate promise.

The corporation involved did not have a name. As a polluted conglomerate of government agencies from across the globe and independent biotechnology firms, such as Total Helix Enterprises and Deoxy Machines Inc., it kept itself fairly well camouflaged behind a smokescreen of constant mergers, acquisitions, and diplomatic incentives. To the unimproved eye the resulting representation for the sudden miracle procedures was like a hurried slide show of a land too elaborate and confusing to digest at that speed. No one on the outside knew who was what, and how exactly anything related. That was also the plan. It created uneasiness in its target audience, and an inward antagonism toward the sub-cellular defects barring the way to comprehension.

Motivating people through fear was not a new invention. In fact, its long history of success was exactly its appeal to those few shadowy figures residing behind the elusive curtains of the operation, which aimed at population reduction for the sake of extended human survival. There was really no other choice. What was missing from

human history to that point was not psychological ammunition for accomplishing the goal, but rather a healthy alternative in the forms either of effective methods of global education or, that option missing, a means of transporting through space a large percentage of the species there to live on colonized planets. Had the enormous expenses of that venture not been so clear at the drawing board, the genetically inferior would likely have donned eighteen million phony spacesuits and rode cargo rockets to a phantom Promised Land that was really featureless outer space.

That vision had other problems too, including the anticipated droll insistence within the thick web of family members and friends still on Earth to speak to the beloved pioneers, who were actually floating freely beyond death, the planet's orbit, and communication in general. The hoax would have to continue indefinitely in order to appease these future victims and no one knew exactly how to maintain it through these growing complications. The better alternative was to strike at the root: manipulate the unwanted in such a way that they fizzled from the future.

The first to receive the treatment, a submissive woman named Dee referred to with unintended clinical irony in the hidden records of the procedure as "The Alpha", did not have the slightest idea what was happening to her as she rolled up her sleeve for the first mock blood sample. Shy to a fault (Dee's genetic death sentence), she looked away from her tapped vein, disappointing her attending physicians, who literally blood-lusted her facial reaction, having invested too much excitement in their use of a deceptive syringe that surreptitiously injected the patient while simultaneously exsanguinating her. The material of the covert injection was the essence of the genocide: a robust and viscous biochemical compound that transformed the DNA pairs most closely associated with

reproductive fertility. Before the patient left the table, the material went to work on surrounding blood cells for the sake of riding them into the bone marrow, where the intended corrections took place. Meanwhile, the patient stood up and said, "Thank you," and bowed slightly. That forced reaction was a flourish by the engineering team, who also hoped to reveal by it that the serum was working.

It was not just for women either. That men should have the procedure too was one repeated injunction of the smiling television spokeswoman, whose genetic trustworthiness was evident enough in her ample breasts and snug dress shirt. It was all an ordinary man could do not to think about sex and perfection when he looked at her, and then surf the channels for another dose of her advice, which conveniently aired in a staggered format ascending the networks. Besides, the woman was not a siren or succubus, although fantasies to that effect arose in abundance, reported ingenuously to the doctors who secretly confirmed the woman in the role. Yet to the layman (the man who reliably will do and believe anything for a lay!) the woman was a benefactor, the golden voice of a new golden age, and securing one's place there was of paramount importance.

Men began flocking to the mobile medical facilities on their lunch hours and after work. Within one week the majority of the lower genetic male population was inoculated, some members as many as three and four times due to leniency on the part of the physicians, who did not know how to convince the morons otherwise. Nor did it matter how many shots they received. The only peculiar effect of redundant treatment, in the early stages at least, was that patients took to bowing and expressing their gratitude, always in the same mechanical way, in the seconds before the shot was given instead of

after, at which time they repeated the behavior with no noticeable concern for the exact duplication. It was creepy to the doctors, but it also made them laugh, confirming their notions of superiority, theoretical altruism for the species at large, and also moral purpose. Each of these abstractions had a tangible representation on the returning patients' arms, where a series of tiny red perforations was the measure of human decline and resurrection.

Further evidence of the timeliness of this global initiative arose from the simple fact that to the patients these repeated visits were only for blood tests. In that case, why visit twice or three times? It did not take a genetic advantage to recognize the pointlessness of giving more blood, did it? Give blood once, give blood twice, the result was the same: donated blood. Yet the patients, in their unexpected frenzy to improve themselves through their children, latched onto the second stage of the procedure as a reason to donate repeatedly. For the second stage promised the distribution to every patient's home of a custom-engineered pill for the eradication of genetically inherited weaknesses and defects. In effect the children of any pill-taker arrived into the world with the guarantee of absolute freedom from any chromosomal glitch existent in the parent. This freedom improved the child and all humanity, according to the campaign. The logic was obvious and straightforward, as was the idea that having more than one pill was intelligent. In this regard the repeat donations were not merely an unconscious addiction to the endlessly striving dissatisfaction of the materialist lifestyle, but also an act of conscious planning intended to safeguard the future by making duplicate and triplicate provisions for it.

Still, patient surveys--a medium in which you would think more discretion would take place in the form of sanitizing lies--revealed with startling candor how much sex, as suggested, was the primary motive for the massive commitment to the project. It was obvious in the men, who frequently inquired about taking home a free copy of the posters of the spokeswoman adorning all the mobile facilities, and cheered with a haunting enthusiasm--later ironically labeled "The Shout Heard 'Round The World" in an unseemly attempt to add puns to the history books--when the goddess in their group wunderlust appeared as the cover model in Playboy. Again, the men were obviously sexually motivated, as men always are. The mistake in this case may have been the assumption that this fact implied genetic inferiority. For who's to say countless men of strong genetic stock did not accidentally leave the gene pool for the very same reason, carelessly under-informed of the dangers? At a certain point--that is, whenever convenient--this thorny issue in the side of the project easily reduces to tautology, effacing of it meaning. One concludes that no loss outside the target population is actually possible since the target population is defined by necessity as anyone and everyone who is capable of being duped in the first place.

The threshold for error in that attitude is clear enough, especially where the issue of biological drives is involved. In a lesser misfire of the project, tons more women participated than the preliminary prospectus anticipated. They too admitted sex as a primary motive, wanting more of it for themselves, but conditionally insofar as the better their genes, the better their chance of attracting the right man, who was not so much a Platonic Ideal as a matter of taste. Then the love machine fires and fires. You can see how this attitude--a grossly general summation of the prevalent female perspective at the

time--depicts woman as the gender more inclined toward selection by screening: the right man, not any man. No surprise there. In fact, that disposition was the cornerstone of the initial theories of female participation: give the women a familiar methodology--to screen--and simply because of its familiarity they'll consider it eminently reasonable and participate. In fact, not to participate will be unreasonable. So predicted the theory regarding the way a woman would see things and consequently act. There was little understanding of how sex would color the picture. The mentality behind the vision was altogether too transparently male to account for that lusting side of femininity, biased instead toward a blind condescension about female gullibility in the realms of logic and things stereotypically masculine.

Of course, the women were not as hopelessly martyred to their sexual instincts as the men, and for that reason a doubt rose in the female ranks as to which man was right if all men were hopeless. Yet that fledgling inquiry became more motivation to participate in the project, augmenting a hope that the results might yield higher ascension into the ranks of more premium mates. In effect the women were making better catches of themselves, and thereby fulfilling their own timeless pattern of martyrdom not precisely to sex drive, as were the men, but just to the men simply as men, as women frequently will. It was terrible to behold: the sudden seizures of snobbery in a population so long the object of a different sort of snobbery; the interminable hypocrisy and rampant psychological projection; the motivating lust not merely for flesh, but abstractly for self-improvement as well, as if one's conduct in the present is not the only real means to that end; the utter blindness and irresponsibility.

Yet for all these manners of falling into and fostering the trap the worst one of all was a different egg altogether. And egg is an appropriate metaphor in that the primary advertised appeal of the genetic improvement operation--the Genocide--was to make better babies, and babies start with eggs. Everyone knows it, the genetically challenged included. It's a piece of pandemic awareness, as obvious and a priori to an adult as death itself. In fact, the two go together more commonly than not, because the urge to have babies is often the urge indirectly to circumvent death. Moreover, death is the lurking shadow of the biological clock, which eventually expires, frequently with the arms frozen in a pose of irremediable supplication, such as 2:50 AM, for instance. Time changes drastically at that invisible moment, as the final viable egg forever abandons its fallopian, uterine potential, unimpeded. In its thinning red wake the unaware but increasingly suspicious woman shudders slightly in the throes of a bodily smarts that will creep to her brain within six weeks at most. Genetic improvements not to contrary, no treatment currently exists for indefinitely forestalling this natural plot.

Nevertheless that crazy incentive filled the thoughts of participant woman everywhere, founded on the crazier dream vehicle that the government, forgivably secretive of a generosity too beneficent to expose for fear of stampede, was acting on behalf of the women to immortalize their reproductive organs. There was no public announcement to that effect, but the idea quickly ascended to the level of hard fact, asserting itself by way of echoes so loud the lost source lost its poignancy. No one cared anymore that no one knew where the rumor began. By virtue of being too good to be true the rumor became veritable, sinking its sneaky claws into everyone who stroked it. In their second week the mobile blood banks received more traffic percentage from passers-

by than a ladies room in popular movie theater. The fragrance of fertility was in the air and the female nose sniffed it.

This powerful if not truly olfactory response was particularly heinous on account of its total disregard for the resulting children. In an ironic finding of the post-process consultations almost all women reported, at least in the fluorescent rarified air subsequent to giving blood, that the possibility of having children into and through the twilight of life was a way of producing absolutely the best genetic specimen from a wide palette of good mates. Of the children less ideal than this single shining star, the light-headed potential mothers spoke reassuring words, almost by way of practice, that those individuals were certainly enhanced enough on the genetic level to survive and even productively salvage the worst possible circumstances, of which a trifling maternal neglect was not one anyway. This rampant suggestion, as if functioning poetically, was itself the offspring of the procedure, which begged all misguided scientific estimates by being one too.

What exactly was mistaken about the procedure? One could easily argue against the plan of solving global population problems by slaughtering at will, for starters. But the genocide did not receive its name as a genocide until after the mistakes happened. At first, although similarly sinister, it was only a plan to render all participants incapable of reproducing at all. Thus, the snow job at work was to bill it as exactly the opposite of what it was giving. This classic ploy of turning people's gravest fears against them--the fear of vulnerability in one's children; the fear of passing culprit flaws to the child that permanently handicap it against prosperity; the fear of one's own insecurities and limitations as seen in the cruel mirror of the young face that looks up to you both literally and figuratively--was probably the only thing about the genocide that did not contain

errors. The method is effective, airtight. It accounts for the success in terms of how many people, for whatever their extended motives, cheerfully participated. It also explains why so many were from beyond the target audience.

What was not accounted for was the further reaction of the infertile when that condition finally became an incontrovertible fact in their awareness. It took several months. The pills arrived and the millions of recipients swallowed them, stashing the extras in safe-boxes and sock drawers. There was a period of unparalleled decline in global sexual activity, while contraception sales skyrocketed. Who can say what became of the original thesis that everyone, male and female, was genetically better off than before? The initial selectivity and abstinence certainly contradicted any swift comprehension of that idea by the masses, any fervent inclination to test the purified waters. On the contrary, no one wanted to get or make anyone pregnant for fear of blowing better prospects in the future. The project's developers did not much mind this preliminary result, as it harmonized well enough with the final objective to terminate all pregnancy in this giant group. Besides, the final objective was already an immediate reality; it hardly mattered if its victims complied willingly or unwillingly.

Or didn't it? While the masses were unaware, acting of their own free will to diminish the population--if not necessarily for that reason--they gloried in the exercise of intelligence, as one who often blunders always will. Then the dam broke, the whoopee machine started, inch by inch if you'll forgive the graphic metaphor, and what was the result: no one got pregnant. No one could. The original name of the project was not *The Genocide*; rather, it was *The Sterilization*. It lived up to that name. It lived up to both names. But the first symptom, expected at the drawing board to be the final symptom

without any to follow, was the complete, incontrovertible clamp down on the reproductive cycle. Women found excellent mates, mates who rewarded the initial challenge of waiting out a good catch. Men found excellent women, women who transmuted the basest instincts into clear manifestations of divine love. Then the men and women consummated their shrewd hunting only to find, against every fathomable incredulity, that the bond between abundant timely sperm and ripe orbiting egg was mysteriously evasive. There was only one word for that fact, a hefty pun: inconceivable.

It was at this time, amid the welter of maiden--another pun--letters to congressmen requesting post-procedural consultations with phantom physicians, that the government stepped forward from the opaque collective of companies and political agencies at the root of the problem to announce with extraordinary compunction that the procedure had gone awry. Thus its original name came forward for the first time, but insincerely, as a mask for itself. The Sterilization was the title of the success unveiled ostensibly as a failure. It was hardly the point who believed what regarding authenticity; the fact was distracting enough: everyone who had taken the pills (and more precisely everyone who had given blood and thereby been injected and only consequently received any pills) was completely barren. That status was rather disconcerting, of course. Not knowing which interest to serve anymore, the news began long documentary accounts of emotional suffering and dashed dreams, while also defending the government as the redeeming agent of truth, which suddenly equated to paramount value. Perhaps with the truth, ran the sound bytes, there was hope for restoration.

No one would ever find out. Was it conservatism? Was it an attitude of cover your ass? It was likely both and many more. Still, the government's delivery of truth was

impartial and impartial truth was inadvertently catastrophic. Let them know they are sterile; let them think it was an accident; let them believe whatever it takes to restore their battered hopes--namely, the condition is reversible. Not only that, but naturally reversible, bound to clear up all by itself without any intervention save the passage of time, which heals all wounds, after all, this one too. By that second deception the masses were predicted to adopt a holding pattern, a period of waiting for their misery to lift. In the meantime life could continue almost as normal under an umbrella of acknowledged tragedy. This outlook was the most favorable given no one's courage to expose the whole truth.

Yet how do humans behave in their deepest duress? True, they may mourn; they may turn inward and become exceedingly, darkly pensive and unresponsive; but likelier than those behaviors, especially in light of the problem's enormity, is the fatalistic mechanism by which the down-on-their-luck tend to lapse into their gravest vices and licentiousness. The Sterilization was no exception, and became The Genocide for exactly that reason, as forlorn men and women the whole world across began sleeping with absolutely every partner in their path out of total moral abnegation and defeat. However, this psychological slant was not so obvious in the participants before long; instead, a wild joy gained the spotlight, an almost Aquarian spirituality that shirked former responsibilities regarding paternity like so much wasted breath. The New Age was here, according to its countless agents: the evolution of humanity to a temporary plane of sexual disinhibition and full freedom of physical love and expression, that much more precious for the seizing on account of its impermanence.

The resulting sexual plague and death.....