

THE GREAT CONTRACEPTIVE

(excerpt from page 33 to page 83)

The loudspeaker buzzed softly and then I suddenly heard my own voice. Dr. Remy's instructions, questions as well as his slow and repetitive phrases to put me gradually to sleep were erased from the tape.

I paid close attention to my rustic voice interspersed with rural stresses, at times coming to intermittent stops.

1st MARCH, 1988

Today is my 30th birthday. I hope I will be awarded the Nobel-prize next year. As a result of my work I have made Budapest one of the world's greatest biochemical research centres. My boss Professor Greiss has been very kind to me, not jealous and providing all the assistance necessary for my researches, taking care of me as if he were my father since the first moment of our co-operation. He employed me initially as a medical student, and after graduating at the university he offered me a researcher's status here at the Biochemistry Institution of the Academy functioning under his management. I am in charge of two laboratories with 14 assistants (8 of them being females).

My special field is contraception. As a medical student I had already discovered that the pills used at that time could be replaced in a much less dangerous way by the aid of two hormones (abbreviated as FHS and LH) developed in the hypothalamus. Unfortunately, I did not disclose this invention of mine to anyone thus I was really taken aback to learn that Andrew Shalley and Roger Guillemin received Nobel-prize for such scientific recognition.

To my mind, contraception is one of the most important problems of the world. Initially I performed experiments on prostaglandins. Prostaglandins generate in the prostate, and six out of the 20 species discovered to date may exert a special effect on the contraceptive mechanism. For example, PGF²-alfa diminishes the ovary's ability to develop hormones triggering menstruation even if there is a fertilised egg in the womb.

From the point of view of mankind the acute importance to curb the demographic outburst is most astonishingly evidenced by the witty calculation published in Mr. Isaac Asimov's book as follows:

Considering the present growth rate of 2 percent the Earth's population will be doubled in every 35th year. Thus the entire human population will reach 8 billion in 2014, 16 billion in 2049, 50 billion in 2100 and 1.200 billion in 2285 (within 300 years from now).

Let us presume that the average human being (including women and children) weighs 45 kilograms then the total weight of the presently living humanity makes 180 billion kilograms. The aggregate weight of mankind alive in 1800 years will be as big as the Earth weighs unless the current growth rate changes.

It is obvious that in 1800 years the colonisation of the space will be in progress and mankind – occupying the neighbouring planets and galaxies - will not be stuck on the Earth.

We know that the Sun weighs 330 thousand times as much as the Earth does while the Milky Way's weight equals the Sun's weight multiplied by 150 billion.



The number of galaxies contained in the Universe is estimated to be around 100 billion. The average weight of a galaxy is approximately identical to that of our Milky Way therefore the total weight of the Universe is equivalent to 50 quadrillion Earth's weights (28 digits comprising a 5 and 27 zeros).

According to the current growth rate the aggregate weight of humanity will reach the entire weight of the Universe within 5.000 years. In other words two Universes of identical size will exist simultaneously. And 5.000 years is not a big time-span since writing was invented 5.000 years ago.

My birthday party will be held this evening.

3rd MARCH, 1988

My birthday party was a great fun the day before yesterday.

There was a huge debate on the so-called "Anthropic principle". The core of the discussion was whether mankind is all alone in the Universe or there are other intelligent creatures as well, existing somewhere.

Thomas Hajdú and Ester Kolonits had an interesting dialogue which I recorded on tape and put down to paper as follows:

Thomas: I think we are alone.

Ester: Why should we be alone? There are a number of possibilities. There could be such creatures whose source of information is smelling and their body and history developed accordingly. There could be such beings for which polarised light uncovers truth just like for bees on Earth. There may be such creatures as well who live on sunless planets finding their ways following echo-waves the same way as bats do here.

Thomas: You seem to have read too much sci-fi recently, my dear.

Ester: You are mocking me in vain, old sport. Just imagine if the whole Earth would be covered in water and there were no mainland on it at all...

Thomas: I believe we would be fish.

Ester: I would prefer to be a mermaid.

Thomas: It's all right, we were joking but now I would revert to more serious ideas. Have you ever heard of the cosmic coincidences of Dirac, i.e. of the giant cosmic numbers?

Ester: No, I haven't.

Thomas: There are plenty of them, really. The first: the radius of the Universe is the 10^{40} times equivalent of the electron's radius. The second: the age of the Universe is the 10^{40} times equivalent of the basic temporal unit. The third: there are 10^{80} elementary particles in the cosmos. The fourth: the electric force is the 10^{40} times equivalent of the gravitational force...

Ester: (cuts in) Please tell me why these figures are of so much interest?

Thomas: I tell you, sweetheart, if you haven't noticed until now. Is it not of interest that the age of the Universe and the age of gravity are the same?

Ester: I do not know. What does it mean?

Thomas: This means that gravity and other so-called natural "invariables" are in fact not invariable. They grow old. It is possible that the relation between electric force and gravitational force will change after a while. And now comes what I really wanted to say. A American namely Dicke argues that we shall not be surprised at such peculiar, giant cosmic

numbers and their co-relations. These figures are so big, and we are able define them exactly as big as they are because when the Universe was younger being of an age less than 10^{40} temporal units there was no intelligent creature who could define these figures. No intelligent creatures could have come to existence without the first stars having produced within their inside such heavy elements as necessary for generating life. This crucial time has come just now when the Universe is as old as 10^{40} temporal units. Later on there could be fewer stars containing less energy in the vicinity of which no life can spring to existence any more. The fact that we notice and define the giant cosmic numbers shall mean that there is a humanity observing the Universe. To put it differently, we do exist since there is a Universe as such. We could not have existed either prior or subsequent to this time. Consequently, we can declare that we are alone in the Universe.

Ester: You are a sophist, Thomas.

Thomas: Don't you understand what I am saying? The atoms of the heavy elements are inevitable for life and these elements can be developed only in the course of thermonuclear events which may take place throughout a couple of billion years in the core of the stars. Why is this figure of 10^{40} so big? Because mankind could be created only when 10^{40} was reached. Understand?

Ester: Don't yell at me!

Thomas: How can anyone be so stupid?

Ester: Do you think that having read some books you have become the hubbub of the Universe?

Thomas: I cannot stand when someone starts a discussion without any intent to understand the other party...

We have debated all night long having a whale of a good time.

But now we shall come back to contraception. For the time being no effective contraceptive is available for men and the situation is completely hopeless. The side-effects of the methods put to test until today are very unpleasant, e.g. losing hair, changed voice, diminution of libido and men's potency. As a matter of course, the biggest trouble is that most deplorably the researches related to men's contraception are as a rule performed by men. In addition, you may have easier access to women. Gynaecologists and ward nurses deliver the experimental material whereas in case of men it is by masturbation that the sperm necessary for the tests shall be extracted, mostly from convicts or soldiers. It is quite embarrassing.

10th JUNE, 1988

Yesterday afternoon I sent everyone home, I wanted to stay all alone at the laboratory.

The description and definition of the adequate formulae was a perfect success and I made no mention about it to anyone, keeping it undisclosed even to Irene, whom I am really fond of despite her being an actress.

I managed to find the overall contraceptive and anti-reproductive method, having discovered a substance capable of decelerating the worldwide demographic explosion.

For now I do not intend to divulge either its ingredients or the technique by which I can propagate it, it is only the effective mechanism that I am to describe. The stuff which has no inert weight:



1. Spreads by the velocity of light causing men to be sterile and making women infertile. Its effect is immediate.
2. Its effect is irreversible which means that the duration of the effect can be regulated optionally. The first experimental period was limited to 2 months.
3. All other sexual, family, emotional and reproductive factors will remain intact. The substance will not exert any side-effect since it affects or injures neither the hormone balance, nor the anatomical, nor the physiological circumstances and even the orgasm abilities may be enhanced through the treatment.

All I can impart about my invention is that it clearly averts any other presently used method, and it is based upon the complex and concerted application of cybernetics, Chew's bootstrap-philosophy, system theory, Hyperspace, Multiple-world Theory, the fundamental tenets of the parapsychological teleportation theory, Tibetan and Indian practices and my own biophysical and biochemical researches.

My method is as easy as pie potentially influencing merely humans and apes without ceasing or hindering the reproductive capacities of the rest of the animal kingdom.

There is only one problem that I feel about it. I might have been too confident laying down under point 2 that the procedure is reversible. Since the method cannot be tested individually but only at an entire humanity scale I am really worried being unsure of the consequences.

What happens if the procedure proves to be irreversible in the end?

Shall I ask someone about it? I will ask no one. I will be laughed at or – if I am taken seriously – my experiment will be stopped. Most probably it is hopeless, for I am almost sure that I will be mocked. What may mathematical formulae with photographs hung above them mean to the public? In everybody's eyes feeling that they have a sense for this thing I would be most naturally a charlatan, a ridiculous lunatic and if it turns out to be a failure I will be considered as a villain or a criminal to be jailed.

I will have uneasy dreams for two months.

I had a long talk with Irene last night. To be candid, it wasn't the most opportune occasion for her to start with this.

- I would like a baby from you, Frankie.
- What made you think of it right now?
- I am afraid that I cannot have a baby later.
- Why are you afraid?
- Because I am old. Maybe I won't be able to conceive any more.
- You are thirty now.
- Others already have three kids at the age of thirty.
- You know only too well, I don't like children.
- How should I know? You have not told me about it.
- Kids take your time and energy.
- You are bloody crazy...
- And what's going to happen to your stage career?
- What do you mean?
- Do you want to act being pregnant?

- Not pregnant, I want to resume acting only after the childbirth.
- And who will take care of the kid?
- We will hire someone to help...

Suddenly I realised that Irene could be the ideal guinea pig for me. Should I manage to trigger off my anti-reproductive stuff tomorrow, obviously she will not conceive, too. I can try to get her with child without any risk.

- Now I am tired, dear, I would do it tomorrow, rather. I am laying down arms, we will try it tomorrow.
- I adore you, – she exclaimed passionately.

11th JUNE, 1988

I am performing the experiment today. I think I do not have to be secretive to my diary, thus I describe the essence of the procedure. One of the fundamentals of the method is “psychotronic” effect. It was invented by a Czechoslovakian scientist called Robert Pavlita. He created some small sculptures of various forms engraving different geometrical designs on them. If you keep looking intently at such designs the statues made up of copper, iron, gold, steel or sometimes wood will be saturated with psychotronic energy. This energy is not of electric nature spreading with the velocity of light and – dependent upon the shapes of the given statues – may exert different types of effects.

My sculpture is made of gold, forming a dog-shaped house being 40 cm long and 20 cm high. The four sidewalls of the house are decorated with tiny tildes, petty circles and squares. I found the original of this sculpture in an ancient Tibetan book.

The fence of the house is defined by two colour pictures one of them depicting the female, while the other presenting the male reproductive organs. The two pictures look like as if cut out of an anatomy atlas.

Among the male reproductive organs the testicles, epididymis, spermatic cord, seminal vesicle, prostate and penis are individually visible.

Among the female reproductive organs the ovary, fallopian tube, womb and vagina can be seen separately.

The penis and the vagina are presented in the photo in a size substantially bigger than the other organs.

On the penis it is the roots, body and glans that are well discernible whereas on the vagina it is the actual opening and in front of the outer portal the labia majora (large lips) as well as the labia minora (small lips) and the clitoris that are highlighted.

You have to rivet your eyes on the patterns placed on the side-walls of the house so that they should be filled up with psychotronic energy. The duration of the effect depends on how long your eyes are fixed on the patterns. I have calculated that in order to achieve a two-month effect the circles and squares have to be viewed continuously for one and a half hours.

One and a half hours after the photos serving as a fence shall be folded over the house and by this act the anti-reproductive psychotronic energy will start its way to all the women and men of the world. This intervention will bring about such a minute, almost imperceptible change in



the substance of the egg and the sperm that this modification cannot be detected with any microscope or measuring instrument.

In addition to the special energy the other pillar of my experiment is the theory that the molecular and atomic ingredients contained in the emulsion as being laid on the photos oscillate with the same frequency as the elements constituting the original object.

Thus the photos taken of the reproductive organs may capacitate us to transmit the anti-reproductive energy to the sexual organs of all the human beings and apes.

Apart from this, any other phenomena related to eroticism and sexuality will remain unchanged. Maternity desire, love, tenderness, menstruation, sexual pleasure, ovulation and sperm maturity will be retained with a single little key to the lock missing. This u-quark-key will be eliminated by this energy, but in two months with the experimental period expired the key will be duly reset.

The truth of this photo-related transportability is evidenced by the experiment carried out by two American electric engineers in 1976. Curtis P. Upton and William J. Knuth constructed a device denominated as "Radionic-transmitter" connected to a so-called collector-disk. Their goal was to cleanse a cotton-land located 50 kilometres away swarming with parasitic insects.

The aerial view taken of the cotton-fields was put on the collector-disk and lots of insecticide was sprinkled all over the photo. Thereafter they started the irradiation with the Upton-device. As a consequence, all the parasites were killed.

H. Armstrong wanted to verify his colleague's (Upton's) experiments. After making an aerial view of a corn-field he cut off one of the corners of the photo. Subsequently he irradiated the corn-field with the customary Upton-technique for ten minutes. Having checked the results they were astonished to find that the insects were killed on that part of the corn-field which was actually presented in the photo while the other part of the corn-field not depicted in the photo was still teeming with insects.

I personally prefer the already working Tibetan method for changeable weather conditions can strongly disturb the transmission of electric energy.

Thus I begin the fixed "contemplation" of the designs and patterns.

One and a half hour passed, I hope to have succeeded. The sculpture has to be smelted now and two months after it shall be moulded again.

12th JUNE, 1988

I am wondering whether people will notice that women will be infertile for two months. Maybe, I ought to have set the device for a longer period. Yes, that is the corollary of cowardice. I was so afraid of a catastrophic effect that now the results simply cannot be controlled since two-month infertility is recognised by no one. Even if some people find out the anomaly, by the time gynaecologists come to examining the individual cases the effect will have passed away and everything would go on just as before.

I will rehearse the experiment in two months setting the device for a whole year.

I had supper with Irene in the evening and then we went home and tried to “make” a baby. Irene was conspicuously passionate and her orgasm lasted for eight seconds. I have checked it; I counted slowly up to eight.

She is a kind girl, I am sorry to see her hoping in vain. For two months not a single trace of motherhood will ever approach her womb.

2nd SEPTEMBER, 1988

I keep asking everywhere what the thing is with conception. I hear confusing news. Since I do not dare to make any reference or hints I can obtain information only from conversations with friends and sporadic announcements.

Irene weeps all the time. She slept with me almost every night but there is still nothing.

Two months have expired therefore normal reproductive procedures should have been restored.

I suggested Irene that she should sleep with other men, too, for I seem to be sterile. I also said that I am willing to adopt her child no matter who the future father will be. First she protested, but later on she started to make her own attempts.

At nights she boasted me saying that she had had twelve sexual relationships since 10th August. I really enjoyed her stories and got her to tell me every single story five or six times.

The Nobel-Prize appears to be out of the question for me once again this year; the prostaglandins are not doomed to success.

I won't remake the sculpture; I will wait until I learn something definite about my first “miscarried” experiment.

What a fool I am! It is always the most important thing that I tend to forget. I find the solution to the most difficult problems and in the end a trifle makes my projects fail. What the fuck made me think that the sculpture had been set for two months?

Irene called me sobbing and said that her monthly courses were back.

- I am infertile, I am a sterile cow – she shouted at the receiver.
- I will take you to Baumgarten tomorrow.
- I do not want to see him, he is stupid.
- Why do you think he is stupid? He is one of the best gynaecologists.
- He's impotent.
- How do you know?
- I told you about it, didn't I?
- No, you didn't. Busy as you are you must have forgotten about it.
- Do you want me to tell you about it right now?
- No, I don't.
- Take me to a good doctor, my dear.
- You might have ill-luck and you came across upon impotent guys only.

- It is impossible. Pinter has four kids, whereas Szatmari and Gerelyes have three, Oltvanyi has two, Szilágy has three, Telkes has two, Bekesy has one. Each of them can make a baby but I am unable to conceive from them. Tell me, am I sterile? No I am not sterile, am I? I go crazy for a baby. Make me a baby, my dear Frankie!

- We may visit Szentjoby.

- Good. We shall see him tomorrow. Please tell me how it works when a female egg is extracted and fertilised extra uterus?

- I will tell you later, sweetheart, but now I have no time for it, I am extremely busy. I will talk to you tomorrow. See you.

I hope that Irene is sterile on her own and not owing to my device.

The two-month period expired on 11th August. The first newly conceived gravidities should be reported around mid October.

28th OCTOBER, 1988

I have achieved great results in relation to male contraception. I heard already in 1979 that a cotton-seed derivative called Gossypol was found in China which appears to be quite effective without detrimental side-symptoms.

I have performed a number of tests on IH-Imidazole-3-Carboxilacid and its derivatives.

Irene is more and more intolerable. We went together to Szentjoby who detected no physical abnormality at her. I also had myself examined by a well-reputed andrologist in Vienna namely professor Kreismann. No suspicious sign was found at me either, my sperms were "declared" sound, healthy and fertile.

Professor Kreismann greeted me with great ovation; he read one of my studies in which I wrote that the most commendable form of male contraception should be for the husband to deposit 20-30 seed samples to a sperm bank prior to the wedding, and then a full (double) vasectomy ought to be performed on him. When the married couple decides to have a baby a stored seed sample should be withdrawn from the sperm bank and with this sperm the wife could be artificially fertilised. In case of any malfunction the intervention can be repeated. Professor Kreismann really welcomes this idea, and he has already introduced this system at his clinics by founding such a sperm bank.

11th NOVEMBER, 1988

We are in big trouble. The process seems to be irreversible. Since 11th June not a single woman conceived in Hungary. I have visited all the gynaecology clinics and the gynaecology wards of the hospitals and none of them admitted any expecting woman who had conceived approximately prior to 11th June.

Irene is still wailing for her infertility and I am still hoping for the best. I keep my mouth shut watching and listening intently.

Professor Julian held a lecture at the university yesterday and warned the Hungarian women of birth control pills. If it goes on this way - said the balding Jeremiah - within 100 years only twenty-five thousand people will subsist in Hungary.



15th JANUARY, 1989

I have more and more information that there are no pregnant women in the country. Indeed, if you walk down the streets you can hardly see any women with slightly bulging bellies.

I calculated when the tragedy sets in i.e. when it becomes apparent that all the women in the country are “sterile”.

I carried out my experiment on 11th June last year. Therefore since 11th June women have not conceived and men have not made any babies.

Conception	Birth
October, 1987	June, 1988
November, 1987	July, 1988
December, 1987	August, 1988
January, 1988	September, 1988
February, 1988	October, 1988
March, 1988	November, 1988
April, 1988	December, 1988
May, 1988	January, 1989
11 th June, 1988	11 th February, 1989

The above chart shows the day the disaster will occur i.e. roughly 11th February.

Gynaecologists are horribly worried. They still have a couple of patients but there are very few in reserve.

The chief executives of the Ministry for Health convened a meeting which I also attended. It was opened by the minister himself talking gloomy-faced about the demographic “back-burst” which endangers the mere existence of the nation. He requested all those present to take the floor and try to provide some useful advice if possible.

With my legs quaking I stood up and asked the minister if the Ministry has any information whether this is a local, specifically Hungarian epidemic or it is a world-wide contagion of unknown origin that makes women sterile.

The minister claimed that they had no information whatsoever and he asked us to treat this case as a state secret. It may be that the massive use of birth control pills could have damaged the female organs and by way of refraining from contraceptives in the future the biological balance of the female organs and of the whole society can be regained.

We have set up a committee which was entrusted with analysing the matter in depth and then putting forward a proposal to the government suggesting effective measures to be taken.

I walked down the Chain Bridge, turned in Attila Street, making my way on foot as far as Pasareti Square.

I did not dare to think it over what actually had happened. Nobody knows what I committed. What shall I do now? May this general contraception prove to be temporary? May the reproductive apparatus be regenerated spontaneously in the end?

The biggest problem is that I do not know myself what happened exactly. The psychotronic energy seems to have knocked some elementary particles of the egg and the sperm out of the sequence and these discarded particles - through their elimination from the system - might have spoiled everything beyond repair.

20th MARCH, 1989

The governments still appear to be secretive. The demographers have great concerns in Czechoslovakia, Sweden, here in Hungary, as well as in Sweden and the Soviet Union being puzzled at the fantastic decline and relapse of birth rates.

The countries e.g. India and the South American states in which birth rates have been enormous to date are now jubilant. They have great and overjoyed publicity claiming to have succeeded in achieving a decisive breakthrough in connection with family planning.

In particular, the Yankees brag and boast on end making no scruples to lie mainly with regard to South America. An American demographer called C. Barry went so far as to declare that with his effective methods he had managed to stop the demographic explosion in Brazil, Peru and Bolivia.

12th MAY, 1989

Today it can be established without any doubt that since February, 1989 no child has been born on Earth.

The Security Council of the UN had a session yesterday and on its proposal the General Assembly will get convened for 24th May.

China makes no statements but adumbrates that the epidemic has not reached China, and in addition one of their ambassadors asserted at a reception in New York that his daughter-in-law is expecting a baby being near her time. It is pity that I was not present at that reception.

I married Irene. Somehow I felt an urge to have someone on my side.

Last evening - while having a late dinner - Irene turned to me.

- I am happy, my little Frankie – said with her face shining.

- But I am not happy – I answered.

- What is wrong?

- I would like a baby from you.

She burst out crying.

- Are you saying now that you want a baby when it's impossible? Do you remember how many times I implored you when it was still an option to have one?

- Irene, you've gone crazy. You have made no mention of it beforehand. You started telling me about it when there was already no chance for anyone to have a baby.

- That is exactly why I am happy. I was extremely frightened when I made my futile attempts to get pregnant. Now that I know nobody can conceive I am pretty relaxed again.

At night I dreamt that I was at a kindergarten. Nuns were seated on long benches by the wall and a little Chinese boy was telling them a tale. He says that the ancient Chinese people knew everything about earthquakes. They knew everything and listed all the earthquakes. From 780

B.C. to 1644 A.D. every single move of the Earth was recorded in a book. Then after the Han-dynasty this book disappeared. “Why did it disappear? – asked the little boy. The nuns were sitting pale with rosaries in their hands and their caps were so much in love as a teenager at dawn. Whom was he in love with? Maybe he was enamoured with the cellar in which the barrels rocked themselves to sleep as dark-bodied hapless orphans.

16th JUNE, 1990

I read in an American newspaper that they found the kid who was born to be the last human being. They happened to come across her in Lima, Peru and she was born at 5 pm on 16th February, last year. She is a girl. She is 16 months old today. She is the youngest human being in the world. She is treated like a movie star or a beauty queen. She was called Miss Last, and the filthy childless rich have violently scrambled in order to adopt her. Her cute baby talk was recorded on disk and sold in 150 million copies.

Women have started behaving madly since motherhood instincts remained intact or they may work even more intensely than before because what is beyond their reach makes the outcast even more passionate and wild.

Baby toys industry is incredibly booming with incredible outputs. Lifelike babies are manufactured bearing themselves the same way as those real ones did who do not exist any longer.

There are astonishing stories published in the media. There was a young woman who pushed such an artificial baby up her vagina then went to the hospital to give birth to it. She had died by the time she arrived at the hospital.

I am feeling no remorse or guilt; my soul is rather euphoric just as that of Napoleon or Hitler must have been when seeing what a horrifying and blood-curdling power they had at their hands. I meant no harm; all I wanted to achieve is to keep the demographic explosion under control. Thus I would call the mistake I made as a planetary work accident.

It is interesting how easily you can get used to the various tricks of Fate. Previously the nuclear weapons threatened humanity with total extinction, now it is the peaceful “zero” reproduction that poses the same menace. The nukes are of course still there to be launched at any moment. What syrupy and sentimental platitudes I am writing down here. As if I were reading the home essay of a primary school student.

I was granted a great honour. I was called upon to be a member of the crisis committee working under the UN. I was pleased to take this mandate. It seems that I am indeed a scientist of world-wide fame. The professor was not invited.

At last also the powerful came to understand what this matter is about. It is a pity that Einstein is dead; he may have been able to find out something feasible.

Instead of militarism the most pivotal concern is the reactivation of sperms and ovules which is the most important issue conceivable. This is the real armament problem since the country in which women start conceiving first will win the arms race. The powers would give all the money for the solution of this problem.



Here at my laboratory I have already made three golden houses having tried my best with psychotronic energy but it was to no avail. The effect of my experiment carried out two years ago is irreversible. This is an accomplished fact all have to recognise. We shall find another way to go.

The great powers have been researching feverishly for more than two years. Unfortunately, their eventual results are kept secret.

Our committee urges an international pact to be concluded for the publication of the researchers' findings, but without any success to date. Fake news is released on and on everywhere claiming that the opposing party has invented the cure and as a result women have begun to give birth to babies again.

3rd MAY, 1993

The youngest kids are four years old.

The research institutes receive enormous sums and desperately race with time.

We have gathered all the available demographers and engulfed them with loads of work.

The experts have taken lower birth rates into consideration than Isaac Asimov.

We have obtained the despairing data according to which the last human being will pass away sometime between 2079 and 2088.

Year	Human population as per the old figures (defined in millions)	Human population as per the new figures (defined in millions)
1988	5000	5000
1990	5248	4597
2000	6127	4072
2025	8177	2930
2050	10500	948
2078	11000	23
2088	12000	0

Comments to the above chart:

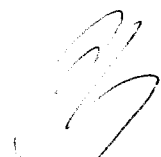
In 2028 all the living people will be 39 and older, in 2053 everyone will be 64 and older while in 2078 no one will be younger than 89.

During this four year period it turned out that "zero" productivity applies to humans and apes only. All the other animals reproduce without any problem therefore we do not have to be afraid that our food stores will finally run out of animal protein. It is the unbridled proliferation of dogs that now causes concerns.

I will write about my researches later...

14th APRIL, 1998

I write and talk rubbish; I have lost control over myself.



I spent two months in Paris participating at the sessions of our committee. I am taken aback to see what brutes scientists can be. We heard the report of the head of a committee in charge of planning and building apartments. The gray-haired, intelligent professor jumped for joy saying that no big apartments shall be constructed in the future as there will be no kids very soon. One or two bedrooms will be enough for a family. I asked him why he is so delighted with this. “The apartment issue will be settled for good all over the world” – he answered. “And don’t you bother about the fact that in the meantime the whole mankind will die out?” – I asked indignantly. He gave me a witty response saying: “Mister, if you solve your own problem, we will solve our new problems arising as a corollary of your solutions.” “Are you not near-sighted?” – I asked scornfully. “Do you really think if fewer people are granted apartments this will cause the little saviour to be born?” - came the rejoinder in the form of a question. Thereupon I stopped all further discussion with him.

Women have really gone mad by now. They copulate with dogs and horses in the hope that such prolific animals will make them pregnant. As a result, the notion of sodomy has entirely changed. Who would dare to make anyone liable for committing a suicide?

The streets are packed with women walking robot kids. Moms are seated at the park benches with their man-made children toddling, collecting pebbles or babbling dependent upon which of the buttons located at robot-kids’ napes their “mothers” have pushed. They are absolutely lifelike; their skin is made up of animal hide, their hair is woven from animal fur and their nails compose of animal horn.

Maternity clinics and wards have been closed; there are no nurseries and kindergartens, no obstetricians or kindergarten teachers are needed any more.

The youngest children are nine years old, thus no primary school teachers are required any longer. People have to be transferred from such redundant professions to other careers.

I enjoy the soft excitement of this disaster feeling. The catastrophe still rustles day in day out in our gardens just as the sneaky breath of a distant and wild storm caressing the bushes however being the irrevocable and unmistakable indicative of the inevitable advent of an ear-splittingly roaring horror.

Scientific efforts have multiple targets.

Some wish to find the secret of immortality with the aid of science.

Some are of the opinion that human lifespan shall be prolonged so that living contemporaries could have the time to find a mean to secure the survival of mankind.

Some hold the immediate or imminent reactivation of sperms and ovules as the only possible solution.

Some are trying to generate healthy and reproductive humans from extant animal species.

All these four schools are supported by giant multinational organisations from the background. It is a bloody rat race.



Militarism is seemingly stopped; the powers maintain a limited level of mutual menace relying upon their extant weapons, probably as a bad habit only.

By the way “The Report from Iron Mountain” is apparently to the point. An artificial but realistically threatening enemy may let out and channel aggressivity having been accumulated in horrendous quantities. Humanity has crapped itself with everybody feeling tangibly what may mean if the entire species becomes extinct. Women and men are frustrated sitting at home or at the neighbour, staring aimlessly or weeping on end. Their reproductive instinct is under direct attack.

I may be wrong.

4th AUGUST, 2008

I am fifty years old and I did something as a consequence of which mankind will really become extinct. Since February, 1989 i.e. for more than 19 years no child was born on Earth. The world’s population decreased approximately by 900 million. The decline is more significant at the so-called developing regions namely in East Asia, South Asia, Africa, Latin America and Oceania. There has been a gradual shift of the balance of powers in favour of the developed countries since their population has been dying out at a slower pace due to their better mortality rates.

The youngest generation has reached the age when they are to start working, there are no work-force reserves, and there are no newly qualified craftsmen.

I am trying to outline the four scientific schools bent on saving humanity.

Immortality

Plenty of studies were prepared on this topic, and one of the most resourceful of these is that of Frank Tipler saying the following:

Life can be considered in a most abstract way as a number of closely interrelated systems absorbing, storing as well as transferring information to another system or to one of its sub-systems. The exchange of every single bit i.e. basic information unit embodies a piece of elementary life process which needs some time to take place. If the metabolism of a living entity is accelerated the given individuals will live longer at least from a subjective point of view. For them several elementary life processes occur in every second. Tipler raises the question: is it possible for an existing life form to increase its life-pace when nearing a disaster to such an extent as to finally trigger and complete an infinite number of elementary life processes?

I think this draft solution is a hopeless attempt. I don’t know who said this: “The biological clock cannot be as fast as to be able to tuck an infinitely long subjective period of time into a finite Universe.”

We shall move to another direction when searching for immortality.

Some are of the opinion that cloning shall be the solution. Unfortunately it is an intact egg that is also indispensable for cloning whose core shall be replaced by the core of any cell of another individual. I repeat we are unfortunate since we know: the actual problem is that all



human eggs are somehow injured. There may be ripe eggs but it does not matter for they are unable to get fertilised.

In all likelihood this damned psychotronic energy will be entrenched in the rifle-pits of the sexual organs for ever firing at the most minute parts of the immature and even the future eggs.

We have seventy-five years remaining or properly speaking much less, for seventy-five years later there will be no one left to make researches.

Expanding life-span

1. Anna Aslan rejuvenates with novocaine.
2. Bloch injects fresh cells in aging bodies extracted from the embryos of mountain sheep and he has very good feedbacks.
3. According to John Heller, DNA as the vehicle of the succession programme deteriorates during each segmentation thus it can produce cells of lesser and lesser quality as time passes by. Thus lots of DNA have to be taken out of the human body at the age of thirteen or fourteen and the DNA excerpted this way shall be returned to the donor at an older age.
4. Richard Hochschild invented a substance called DMAE which can repair cell membrane defects quite customary with old patients.
5. Johann Bjorkstein claims that aging is inducible to the disassembly and fatigue of the macro molecules' bonds which can be prevented by M.P.B. standing for Mikro Protein Bjorksten. He prognosticates 800 years for human life expectancy.
6. Cancerous cells do not age. Why? If we uncover their secret we can get closer to settling the problem of rejuvenation.
7. According to Rosenberg if the natural calcium-sodium ratio of the human body is modified by raising the calcium level the body-temperature can be reduced to 35 °C. He promises an average life-span of 200 years.
8. Rosenberg is of the opinion that the hormones of the thymus gland may protect against illnesses. At a young age a considerable amount of Thymosin ought to be removed from the body and then to be re-injected at an old age.
9. Denckla presumes that there is a so-called "death hormone" being active both in humans and in animals which ought to be found and its negative effect shall be eliminated.
10. Carroll Williams extracted a hormone from the brains of certain insects which – spread on the back of another insect – can lengthen the life-span of the recipient insect seven times.
11. Klaus Bayreuther retrieved his effective agent called Zentropenoxin from vegetable growth hormones by which he managed to significantly extend the longevity of the test animals.

Most deplorably, I have not met anyone yet who were 300 or 500 years old. Maybe now that more money can be invested in the researches.

Life expectancy has increased to a considerable extent since the Stone Age however maximum life-span has hardly changed since then. Maximum longevity is still around 100 years.



Historical life expectancy figures are as follows:

Historical period	Life expectancy (defined in years)
Stone Age	19,0
Bronze Age	21,5
2000 years ago	22,0
Middle Ages	25,0
16 th Century	27,5
17 th Century	28,0
1850	34,0
1900	44,5
1920	52,3
1935	57,0
1945	62,0
1955	66,0
1965	68,5
1975	71,0
1985	72,5
1995	72,5
2008	77,0

Reactivating sperms and ovules

I know that all experiments are in vain. The psychotronic energy I applied could be neutralised exclusively by psychotronic means. I am at the laboratory day and night studying Tibetan and Indian legendaries.

Using extant animals

This is a totally hopeless enterprise. It is obvious that only apes could be considered for such an aim but they are cursed just like us.

We do not have promising vistas.

5th DECEMBER, 2013

I live in New York at the seat of the UN. I got divorced from Irene and I married a stout opera chanteuse.

Scientific researches have produced no result so far.

The other day I told one of my colleagues about the psychotronic effects. He burst out laughing. I will never say a word to these dipshits.

I have a headache, I am totally bold, and I have grown old albeit I am only fifty-five.

The youngest women and men are twenty-four now. Kids are awfully missing. Actors dressed in children's clothes perform plays on kindergarten kids.

Many people recorded videos on their children when they were toddlers. Such films are very expensive and their owners are simply not willing to sell or lend them. It is a frequent motive of murders and robberies to take such a photo or video collection from the owners.



Some people suggested that criminal laws should be modified since lifetime imprisonment has an entirely different meaning in the shadow of the disaster mankind has suffered. National parliaments have turned down this proposal with a view to the abnormally increased criminality.

I work a lot, I am well-paid but it does not make me happy.

2nd MARCH, 2018

I just turned sixty. The youngest women and men reached the age of twenty-nine. The face of the world has changed.

The world's economy is dwindling rapidly; the decline is faster than a couple of years ago. The ratio of the old dependants is constantly increasing as compared to those doing the actual production thus it is more and more cumbersome to take care of the old. Old people demand that the states shall keep paying their promised pensions however such pensions shall be produced by the younger generations therefore we have arrived at an absurd situation when the pensions of the old are generally higher than the wages the "youth" may earn by their work. Thus young people keep on striking and the number of murders perpetrated for hatred has been steadily increasing.

Since workforce is missing and the population is speedily decreasing factories have to be shut down one after another. Railways for example produce already losses and there is not practically anyone to operate them. Oil output has lowered, there is no gas, and step by step it will be the privileged only that can afford to use their cars. Most people need to bike which terribly slackens traffic. Airways were closed down; there are no aircrafts and there are no passengers, either. Factories gradually stop their production; there is no need for them. For a while there was a huge competition on the market; everybody wanted to sell cheaper, and in order to keep their heads above water they tried to make innovations, but later on they realised it made no sense to improve manufacturing for companies cannot survive longer than two or three years.

The giant and complicated industrial monsters are forsaken and left in ruins both in the cities and in the country with no one working at them.

Science has lost all hope for solving reproduction. We have squandered away thirty years for nothing.

6th JULY, 2028

People are wandering, first moving from the shrinking villages to the cities. Of late people have started migrating from one country to another trying to get closely together.

The youngest generation is already 39 years old which every country attempts to allure from each other since the more productive workers a country could have the better standards of living can be provided to the old.

I am seventy. I managed to buy a woman of 39 for myself. This last generation has an outstanding sexual value.

I gave up my scientific studies long ago.



By the way, sexual habits have completely changed. Aging men generally wish to fuck young girls but there are merely elderly women while the young girls of forty are willing to have sex with the old filthy rich only. But what does it mean to have sex now?

I have been impotent for a long time. I named my “lover” Irene who is a Peruvian girl. Her body is still fine and her breasts are tight. In fact I am unable to do anything with her; I am just sitting in front of her in the garden of my Californian mansion, watching her bask in the sun stark naked.

I got engaged in politics. I got enlightened finding out what to do. We shall not wait until we waste away but everybody will have to be massacred or forced to commit a suicide, and in the end we shall take the necessary pills, too.

Old age is very strange. I sometimes masturbate while watching obsolete porn movies. Quite interestingly, these films even make me erect now and then. I am going to fire Irene; she cuckolds me with a forty year old adolescent.

Step by step I take over power. No soldier can be younger than seventy in our army.

With our last efforts we have founded the city of suicides. In this town six million people may kill themselves at each Christmas being free to choose the actual suicidal method. There is a river, gallows, electricity, poison and accidents. Many people come but it is not yet enough.

Luckily, we do possess the weapons. Last week we exposed a conspiracy, the forty-year-old wanted to drive us into suicide. I sent all of them to a penitentiary; at least we now have free manpower.

The Peruvian Irene returned to me today. She hugged my knees entreating me to admit her back in my house because she had nothing to eat. I find our dialogue as quite funny.

- I love you so much – she said, dropping her clothes.
- You know all too well that I am unable to make love with you – I answered grumpily.
- It doesn't matter; it is enough for me to watch you. You are beautiful.
- Really? – I asked cheerfully.
- Your legs look like as if you were fifty.
- Where is your lover?
- He is forced to do hard labour in the south.
- Was it good to be with him?
- I hated him.
- Then why did you follow him?
- Because you fired me.
- I am glad that you have come back.
- I am so happy that you are pleased, my dear – Irene said.
- I would like you to kill yourself.
- What?
- I told you to commit a suicide.
- You aren't serious.



- Yes, I am. Life is meaningless. Human history has proven it perfectly. Wise people always killed themselves in the end.
- You are very wise, my dear.
- But wise people are good-hearted, too.
- Show mercy, please. Let me live as long as I can.
- No, it is not possible.
- Why?
- Since I cannot fuck you.
- Yes, you can. I am absolutely sure that you can do it.
- Why do you think so?
- Because of your legs, they are still so beautiful.
- Well, let's quit talking for today.

I made her no harm, and I fell asleep.

1st SEPTEMBER, 2038

I am eighty years old having been appointed the commander in chief. Old men elected me for this position as they like me.

Yesterday I finished my latest literary work titled *Thanatos* in which I defined death as the only and singularly beatific essence in the world.

I will have everybody sentenced to death who can be as daring as to utter a good word about life.

My soldiers are peculiar. They have modern machine guns in their hands but they are so old that they can hardly walk. Young slaves carry them on small carts.

The youngest women turned forty-nine.

Fortunately, I had already had the nuclear warheads destroyed in time primarily for the normal and traditional means of killing to remain. Nuclear weapons are too abstract; you cannot be close enough to your victim since otherwise you will be also a victim. Even committing a suicide can have a meaning if it is not made totally abstract. Nuclear death is a mental asylum whereas a death invited to come from nearby is a soft white bed with three women lying at your side each of them having a mouth, hair and a little pink voice.

I have inserted a citation in my book also from Abhedananda: "Death is not the way to extinguish life but it is the path human physical conditions may wander through. Many believe that death is destruction although death is not demolition but the transformation of our lives into their basic particles which means 'to come and go'. This realm is the domain of birth and rebirth."

A number of riots flared up at several places. Young striplings of fifty and sixty processed demonstrating for life and mocking the army. I ordered the soldiers to fire on them. Everyone who did not die was sentenced to hard labour. I have got enough of joking. I don't know whom to cede my power to. I will select someone out of my reliable disciples albeit I think I will live long enough never to be forced to step down.



The present world's population makes one fifth of the 1988 total at the most. Nobody can count the plentiful old people loitering and moving slowly on foot, on all fours or on carts pulled by slaves to California or if in Europe to Greece and Italy, respectively. Where temperature is high and weather is fine, you have a good chance to live a couple of years longer. That is what the rouges say.

Telephone services were shut down long before and the aggregators and batteries providing scarce electricity are quickly running out of energy.

I still have the air force one to fly with now and then. The pilot is a young man, being fifty. The air-plane is equipped with a few rockets and four machine guns.

Today I talked to Peruvian Irene again:

- Are you still alive? – I asked her smiling.
- I am now reading your treatise on death. It is simply wonderful.
- And still you don't want to die?
- Yes, yes, I do, but first of all I would like to approach death philosophically.
- What do you mean?
- Philosophy is more important than your soldiers' machine guns.
- That is true, but not always.
- Then why did you become a soldier? As far as I know you were a scientist beforehand.
- Yes, I was a scientist. And do you know which field I researched?
- What did you research, my dear?
- Tools to curb humanities' population growth.
- And did you find appropriate means?
- No, regrettably, I never found a good instrument or substance.
- Someone seems to have found the right stuff anyway.
- It is possible that it did not have to be invented; it turned up spontaneously.
- It may be, but such things do not emerge by themselves as a rule.
- Where are the generals? – asked impatiently.
- They are out there sitting in the warm bath.
- Tell them to come in.
- Where are you going with them?
- I don't know, yet.
- Will you love me telling you good news?
- What kind of good news?
- I asked if you would love me telling you good news.
- Do you ask me for a blank cheque?
- Yes, definitely.
- All right, come out with it.
- Just imagine, women give birth in the mountains again.
- What are they doing? – I asked dumbfounded.
- They are in labour again. Babies are born.
- Where?
- In the mountains.
- In which mountains?
- They are allegedly in the Himalayas, Caucasus and in the Alps.... in short, in the mountains.
- Who told you about this?
- I forgot it, it is just hearsay.



- I will have you tortured unless you tell me the truth.
- I swear I don't know; it is talked about in the streets.
- In which street?
- I don't remember; in many streets.
- How many children were born?
- Nobody told me. All I know is that babies are definitely born.
- It's impossible; women do not menstruate any longer.
- No, some of them still have menses including myself.
- It is totally inconceivable. The eggs are ill, every single egg is ill.
- Don't you want them to give birth to babies? – She asked startled.
- I will devastate them. – I said passionately prior to falling abruptly asleep.

14th SEPTEMBER, 2038

I kept in mind what Irene had told me. I mobilised my secret agency consisting of twenty-five agents who confirmed this information within a day.

Someone brought the carcass of a new-born baby here in New York, and placed in front of the deserted UN-headquarters. He was a boy, a very little boy being sixty centimetres long and weighing four kilos.

I convened the general staff. I made them vote for my plans. Everything was endorsed. Everybody who wants to restart with mankind shall be liquidated, that is exactly my plan.

I took off with my aircraft and I arrived at the mountains after several hops. I launched my rockets wherever I saw a human being make a move. I hope I managed to nip this mindless attempt to restart in the bud.

Now I am flying back.

5th JULY, 2048

I had the mountains bombed again. I came home the day before yesterday. I am ninety years old, my eyesight is poor and I can hear and understand human speech at a very close range only. I am lame in my left leg.

I went up to my eavesdropping and peeping wall installed in my mansion just to check what Irene was doing. She is going to turn sixty very soon but she is still beautiful. She was seated at the table with my chauffeur on her side having a dialogue with him. Through the aid of the hearing and magnifying device built in the wall I could understand every single word uttered by them. I lay down on the broad sofa next to the wall and got immersed in the pleasures of spying.

Irene began telling a story with John my chauffeur caressing her face.

“Buddha started wandering in order to find answers for whatever he was not aware of. He advanced by making small steps forward while admiring nature. Suddenly he saw a pigeon flying as inert as you could believe that it would fall to the ground at any moment. By a last effort the pigeon landed at the feet of the Wiseman.



- Pray save me. A vulture has been chasing me since this morning; I am entirely exhausted, you are my last hope. Look, the vulture is already here.

Indeed, a big black bird was approaching them flying extremely tired and being hardly able to wing.

Buddha raised the pigeon hiding it under his garment and whispered gently:

- May peace move into your heart, little dove. I am Buddha offering you my hospitality on my breast; there is nothing you can fear now.

The vulture has landed at the feet of Buddha, too. Its feathers were tousled and dirty.

- I am at the end of my tether – the bird of prey said. Wise Buddha, I saw you conceal the dove under your clothes. Give it to me because otherwise I will be done for. I have no sinews left.

- I will give it to you by no means since I promised to grant it safe harbour. Any breach of hospitality would be a very serious sin.

- This pigeon is mine, and not yours. When you lifted it, it was at the end of its resources therefore I could have got better of it falling prey to me. Thus return my property to me.

- It is impossible; I will not give it away.

- Just think it over, Buddha; I am a vulture having received my nature from the gods who have also prescribed me what to eat. I have vanquished this pigeon which is the reward for my work as a vulture therefore you shall give this bird to me.

- It is impossible – said the Wiseman but his voice did not feel so certain as in the beginning. Buddha continued softly: - I would do you Vulture a favour with pleasure but not at the price that you require. Go hunting again that is all you can do.

- Shall I go hunting again? You have bad jokes, Buddha. Don't you see that I cannot even fly for fatigue? If a fox finds me in such a state it will be all over for me. Do you want to force me to die for hunger or to be devoured by my enemies? It is all right, I am going to die, but I would have you know that this wrongdoing perpetrated against me shall burden your conscience.

Buddha admitted that the vulture was right. But the dove was also in the right when trying to save its life and he was not wrong either when granting an asylum to the pigeon. Should he say to the little bird that it is the rightful reward for the vulture's efforts? Should he take the sure prey away from the tired vulture?

Sacrifice the innocent dove? It's impossible.

Sacrifice the innocent vulture? It's also impossible.

He saw only one way to solve this problem. He turned to the vulture.

- You are right, Vulture, I am not allowed to take your reward. Thus I am giving you as much of my flesh as you have deserved.

Suddenly a scale and a knife descended in front of the Wiseman who put the pigeon in one of the scale-pans and placed a big chunk of flesh cut out of his own body in the other pan.

Since the scale pointed at the pigeon Buddha cut out one more chunk out of his own flesh, and then one more and one more again. But no matter how many chunks he cut out of his own body the scale-pointer still remained at the dove's side. Irrespective of how big chunks of



human flesh were placed in the scale-pan this could not balance the weight of the little pigeon's body.

Seeing this Buddha stepped upon the scale weighing it down with his entire body and this very moment the two pans got balanced. One life for one life.

The vulture shook its wings and turned into a god:

- I am Indra. I wanted to prove you and you stood the test – he said kissing the Wiseman.

Ambrosia was raining from the sky healing the wounds of the Wiseman and Indra declared that the Wiseman will be reborn in his deity.”

10th JULY, 2048

Most of the medicine stores have been plundered but I managed to secure some basic medication and poison for the government at the very last moment.

I asked Buitertink to prepare an in-depth analysis of the alleged human birth issue and – if it is in fact true – of its consequences.

Buitertink is 85 years old and he used to be one of the most talented sociologists. Now he seems to be senile and his report is teeming with platitudes. Here is this collection of his clichés:

“The prerequisite of the survival of the human population is the sufficient number of children born between 2038 and 2043. At least 100 kids (51 boys and 49 girls) had to be born. Otherwise mankind will be extinct.

By the way, we are lucky since everything related to child-rearing has been totally forgotten. Education and training have ceased. What kind of pedagogy will such unfortunate mountain-dwellers be able to provide to their offspring? Which remnants of the old culture even the testators do not partake and are not aware of can be bequeathed to the posterity?

I have a feeling that owing to the general fall of the standards of living the life expectancy of such kids will be extremely low with most of them to die in their early infancy. If such kids reach adulthood (which is quite improbable) they will have to begin their lives at a really primitive level. They will have to re-start economy with a primordial agriculture or at an even worse niveau of foraging and gathering.

In the populations where children are born there are only old people and kids. This circumstance further aggravates their economic troubles due to the higher proportion of the dependants as compared to those being able to work.

There will be feuds necessarily flaring up between the childless and those having kids. The childless publicly claim that the people upbringing children plan to attack and rule over them. These groups will start killing one another.

The problem of sexuality will arise again. The families with children have young girls and the childless may want to abduct them or to make them conceive.



The first-born girls are at the age of 10 whereas the youngest men belonging to the childless population are around 59 and 65.

The boys tend to be kidnapped for slavery. What do the girls opt for? Promiscuity with the old or destitution on the side of the young boys?

All the remaining weapons are in the hands of the old. Will they be able to keep the unarmed youth under full control or will the young start a rebellion and massacre their present oppressors?

The childless believe that the people with children found a secret substance to curb the contagion and the childless are eager to take this stuff by force.

I do not think that the new-born babies will be able to survive in the mountains under the present adverse circumstances.

I suggest that we shall go on with bombing the settlements among the mountains and send expeditionary forces to search and destroy the new-born.”

This is the end of the report.

I have organised the expeditionary army. I recruited my soldiers from the most reliable pro-death adherents. None of them was younger than seventy.

It was after great hardships that we arrived at the foot of the mountains. However, we could not proceed with our mission from there since the old were just unable to climb up the mountainous paths. I ordered retreat. It is impossible to fight with such old fuckheads. On the contrary Herod had an excellent army of his own. How did Matthew the evangelist put this? “When Herod realized that he had been outwitted by the Magi, he was furious, and he gave orders to kill all the children in Bethlehem and its vicinity who were two years old and under.”

It is a pity that I have demolished all the nuclear weapons. I ought to have kept couple of neutron bombs in reserve. These so-called traditional missiles are completely useless.

A few hundred fucking kids will frustrate my plan!

What should I do? I could also try to ruin the sperms and ovules of such kids with the old unfailing method by the aid of the psychotronic generators.

Yes, I could try to do it but unfortunately, I completely forgot how to set up the thing. As far as I remember there were some gold and photos in it. There is no gold any more. When I noticed that the dwindling mankind kept on killing one another for it I had all the available precious metal including the golden wedding rings collected and ordered the whole thing to be dropped down to the sea bottom. Today it is impossible to raise even an ounce of gold to the surface since there are neither crew, nor vessels for this mission. Mining is of course out of the question with these wishy-washy old dumbshits.

The story of Irene about Buddha was interesting. Who am I? The pigeon? The vulture? Buddha? Or maybe Indra proper.

21st AUGUST, 2048

Irene is still beautiful and desirable.

I am sitting hunched-up in my armchair with my head hanging down. The long, thin and flabby skin dangling from my jaw is fluttering to and fro in the draught covering the whole presidential palace.

Now and then I raise my hand as if thumbing a lift for an otherworldly hitchhike. Some saliva is oozing from my mouth.

Iren is vigorously striding up and down in the room. I turn my head toward her with great difficulty.

- Give me a glass of water, please – I say to her.
- Get on your feet and take some for yourself.
- I cannot get up; I've got pains in my leg.
- Don't be so queasy, get up from the chair and help yourself.
- I am very thirsty – I say.
- Learn the rules, get up and take some for yourself.
- Why are you so nasty to me, Irene?
- I am fed up with you.
- I have never hurt you.
- I always clean up your mess. Who do you think I am? A maid? A nurse?
- You're my wife and you promised to love me.
- Did I? When?
- A plenty of times.
- Your hearing is wrong. You did promise to be gentle to me.
- I have always been gentle to you.
- You make me run about so much that I will have a varicose ulcer.
- My teacher once told me that animals originate from man. Funny, right?
- Bullshit.
- Why? Don't you think it is possible?
- I take a look at you I believe it – says Irene pulling at my ears.
- You promised to love me and help me whenever I am in need.
- How could I help you? You drank too much when you were young.
- I never drank.
- You had plenty of girlfriends.
- You are number six.
- Be honest, don't you have syphilis?
- Why are you asking?
- Because I will give you a separate plate and cutlery.
- You promised to always love me.
- Me? When did I promise you this?
- A number of times.
- You have hearing problems. You promised to talk little and leave me alone.
- If you loved me a little bit, I would eat and dance a lot.

- You are kidding. And whom would you dance with?
- With you, my dear. We would go out to the town to have a five o'clock tea. Tomorrow is Sunday so we could go to the city.
- Tomorrow is Wednesday – says Irene indignantly.
- No problem. There is a city somewhere her. I forgot its name. Don't you its name?
- I don't know which town you mean....
- The one here at the mountains.
- Everything here is at the mountains.
- We may probably take a bus there.
- There are no buses. There is nothing. There is a wheelbarrow only.
- Good. We shall walk then. If you help me stand up and give me your shoulder...
- And what would we dance in that city?
- Waltz, polka and czardas.
- How good your memory is.
- I remember your pussy, too. It is fine and warm.
- You swine. If you say anything like this again, I will leave you.
- Then what will happen to me? – I asked desperately.
- You will starve to death.
- Yes, I will die for hunger. It is fabulous. Dying for hunger and also for thirst.
- Are you sleepy?
- Not yet.
- When will you be sleepy? – She is asking nastily.
- Why do I have to be sleepy?
- Because if you are sleeping you are not talking.
- Does my talking disturb you?
- You keep chattering all day so I cannot read.
- What are you reading?
- Your early studies.
- It's very kind of you to read them. Do you like them?
- Who are you in fact? – she asks, taking my chin in her hands.
- Who am I? Who am I?
- You are a demented old buffer, my dear.
- Come and I'll make you a baby.
- Really? Have your sperms amended?
- Yes, I think so. I kept them in a little smoking house of gold for a couple of decades and now they are swarming...
- I know everything about you fucking, senile swine.
- What do you know about me?
- That you were the mastermind of all evil. But now you are in my hand. Do you know where I am from?
- You said you are from Peru.
- Yes, from the Andes. And now I am telling you some surprise. I also gave birth to child.
- Really? Congratulations!
- You wanted kill my little son.
- Yes, of course I wanted to kill him. Don't you understand that “ten” can be sometimes equal to “function 9”?
- What are you talking about?
- Are you saying that I am totally stupid?
- Yes, fully.

- Now you will be surprised to hear why you and the other women similar to you could resume giving birth to kids among the very high mountains after a 50 years' break?
- I am listening to you, Mr. Scientist.
- First give me a glass of water.
- Here you are.
- Will you come to me if I tell it to you?
- What should I do with you there?
- Nothing. Say my name!
- Francis Gadcitim.
- Do you know how many bases DNA consists of?
- I don't know.
- It contains the following four bases: adenine, guanine, thymine and cytosine. The letter "g" in my name stands for guanine, the sequence "ad" in my name stands for adenine, "ci" stands for cytosine and "tim" represents thymine.
- It is a word-play. What do you mean with this?
- My name must not be pronounced.
- Because are you God?
- Yes.
- Such an old and stupid God?
- You were able to give birth just because dogs occupied Cuzco and counting horses as well as winged cats also arrived there.
- I say you've become totally senile. What bloody rubbish are you stammering about?
- The towns in the mountains have been taken by animals.
- Yes, plenty of towns have been occupied by them, and they have been living happily there since then. But how is it related to the fertility of the women who started giving birth around the age of 50.
- Was childbirth painful?
- It didn't hurt at all. I felt as if I ought to have brought a heavy basket to the city.
- Who controlled the labour?
- I was alone, and I cut off the umbilical cord by myself.
- And who is the father to the child?
- I don't know who the father is.
- How old is the kid?
- Five.
- Is this kid a boy?
- Yes, he is.
- Do you love him?
- I adore him.
- Then why didn't you go back to him?
- Because I want to kill you.
- Why do you want to kill me?
- I thought I would wait until you become fully disabled and then I would start tormenting you.
- You can't torture me.
- We will see.
- Do you think that I am as disabled as I pretend?
- I am sure.
- Are you not afraid? The generals are sitting outside in the warm water.
- None of them obeys you anymore.

- How do you know?
- They became my lover, every single one of them.
- All eleven of them are impotent.
- They are just watching my naked breast, my ass and my vagina. That's all they wish.
- I don't care, my dear. As per my promise I am going to tell you why you could give birth to your kid.
- You always want to distract my attention.
- In short, my storyline was interrupted when telling that the cities located in the very high mountains had been overwhelmed by mammals, dogs, cats, rats, horses and cows a long time ago. Their sperms and ovules were not harmed by my rays.
- Whose rays?
- My rays.
- Did you do all this?
- Why? Is it difficult to believe this?
- Where did you come from?
- Maybe, did I come from somewhere else?
- What do you mean by "somewhere else"?
- With the winged cats?
- Why could we restart giving birth? Come on, tell me!
- The sperms and ovules of the winged cats were transformed.
- But I have never seen a winged cat.
- There are lots of them. In the mountain cities men mated with them in secret. Then men mated with you, too. No one has ever thought of it before.
- Why do you say winged cats exist?
- Because they do exist. I read an old advertisement in which a stuffed winged cat called Thomas Bessy was offered for sale. Thomas Bessy lived in the 19th century owned by a circus manager who showed and exhibited it everywhere. There were no bones in his wings. Later on a farmer turned up stating that the cat belonged to him. The farmer won the law-suit. The circus manager sent the animal to him in a wooden box. When the box was opened a lifeless cat was found in it only. He must have been poisoned. In a word, winged cats do exist. Formerly I studied the breeding of cats a lot. And among the high mountains ozone produces such chemical effects as...
- You have become an idiot.
- Yet, will you try to love me?
- Is your mind still on that?
- I would like to be a good boy.
- Then behave yourself!
- Tell me what to do.
- Hold back your urine!
- I cannot hold it.
- Then you are not a good boy.
- Yet, will you try to love me?
- I don't understand what you want with me. How should I still love you? I attend on you, I clean up after you, for your crappy pension. What else do you want?
- Give me one more glass of water!
- Here you are, take and drink it!
- Thank you. Come and sit in my lap.
- Why?
- I want to make you a baby.



- I have already told you, if you behave like a swine, I will leave you.
- Then let me finger you a bit.
- You old swine.
- I am in love with you, Irene.
- How can you still be in love with me?
- I still have got my memories. They are very vivid. I love you, my dear.
- I love you, I love you. I hear this bullshit all the time. What benefit can I draw from it?
- Is my pure and faithful love not enough for you?
- You are old, ugly, sick and stupid.
- But you are young, beautiful, healthy and smart...
- Please don't say that I am rich as well.
- Yes, you will be rich, too.
- But not with your help. I thought you've got money. Why don't you have any? Why did you cheat me?
- I never said I had money.
- But other people said.
- Please sleep with me at least once. You'll see how rich you'll be, – because of the pleasure and emotional wealth...
- Go to hell. You'd better tell me instead where you have put your immeasurable money.
- I gave it to you.
- To me?
- You received a silk costume from me every day.
- It is more than enough. What did I get from you?
- I bought you a chariot as well. It was pulled by two counting horses.
- What? Who pulled it?
- Two counting horses. Both of them could count up to eighteen.
- Shall I give you some medication?
- What?
- Medication. Maybe the big yellow one?
- I've got no pills. Look how slim my legs are. Caress them!
- Leave me alone.
- You promised to love me. If I am in trouble.
- What kind of trouble are you in?
- I always have a hard time raising my head.
- It is really your own problem.
- My hands are shaking.
- Should I cut off my own hands and glue them to your wrist?
- Open up my clasp-knife!
- I have dumped it a long time ago – Irene said mockingly.
- Don't you have a razorblade?
- Yes, I do, surely. I'll see to it. What do you want with it?
- I'd like to rip up your belly.
- It is kind of you.
- Maybe I could find our child in it.
- Old fool, now I'm gonna do away with you.
- Are you hurting me because I am ninety years old?
- You damned old fool, now I'm gonna kill you.

THE GREAT CONTRACEPTIVE by Mr. HERNÁDI, Gyula
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 First edition: SZABAD TÉR KIADÓ, 1988, Budapest, Hungary
 English translation by Dr. PALOTÁS, Csongor, 2011

24/11/2011 Budapest, Hungary

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