

The Automatic Man: Part 1 – The Eugenicist

It was a rainy and sunny day in the future. The Eugenicist is busy at work in his lab. He ponders with great affection a drawing that hangs from the wall of his dank subterranean abode. It depicts something like a *Vitruvian Man*, drawn to perfect proportion, with features that are, one could say, absolutely beautiful.

“What are the variables which contribute to the success or, shall we say, *failureee* -” the Eugenicist savours the word “- of a living organism? Easy, easy, yes, I know, I know, nature and nurture, nature and nurture...of course...yesss. Well, why leaving anything to chance?”

The Eugenicist whips a folder off his desk and begins furiously leafing through the files held within. He tosses them up into the air, slipshod, and on each one is a frozen face, followed by details, charts, graphs – information that makes sense only to The Eugenicist.

“My studies show that the best time to inseminate the *female subject* -” the Eugenicist caresses the word like a stone idol “- is between the ages of 17 to 24. After that, well, how shall I put this, the uterus becomes a bit...outdated. Past it's *best before*, as it were, haw-haw.”

Nature and Nurture! Nature and Nurture!

Oh, sweet, sweet, Nurtureeee. Yessss....Nurture meeeeee....yesssss...

“There is also a great deal of research showing that artificial *insemination* -” the Eugenicist positively licks up the word “- is not as effective a means of ensuring that the *most deserving* sperm reaches the egg. No! Humping is a must!”

The Eugenicist finds a loose cigarette lying on his desk, crumpled, the stale tobacco crumbles falling from the white paper shaft like dust from the dead mouth of a mummy. He picks it up and lights it and inhales deeply.

“The men must be young, *harrumph*, bucks!” the Eugenicist coughs up a heavy black ball of phlegm and spits it with a satisfying *ding* into a chamber pot by his desk. “Young, yes, slim, hmm, yes, in the prime of their *fucking* youth, do-you-know-what-I-mean? Warrior types, you know? 25 years old with flat stomachs and full heads of hair! Oh, if only I could get my hands on a young Samson, lock him up in a cage and feed him nothing but red meat and pornography, and then when his blood is boiling to the right temperature and his throbbing hard erection is ready to burst – I set him loose in the Female Incubation Ward, knock up the whole lot at once!” The Eugenicist abandons himself to the image this idea conjures in his mind, letting out a volley of giggles that reach a high-pitched crescendo and crack. “But alas, I must make do with what I have...”

Don't massage it...Don't massage it...Don't massage it!!

“They laughed at me when I studied physiognomy and phrenology!” cries the Eugenicist, shooting a glance up at two framed degrees that hang from his laboratory wall. “Pseudoscience, they called it! *PSEUDOSCIENCE!?*” The Eugenicist wrings his hands through his hair in an apoplectic fit. “Bunch of cowards is what I call them! How can science move forward if we are afraid to go *all the way!?*” The Eugenicist shoves his hand into his pants and the sound of a rusty lever is heard to be cranked. After a few moments the Eugenicist lets out a satisfying sigh and goes back to puffing on his cigarette. “Eugenics has already proven it's worth. You can see the outcomes of the research in the

African-Americans. Tall, muscular – bred to be so. Better for cotton picking, you see. Like a champion horse. About as smart as a horse too, haw-haw. When they break a leg there’s nothing to do but put a bullet in their brains.”

As the Eugenicist paces round his lab a loud *crunch* is heard underfoot. He lifts the bottom of his boot and with the back of his hand wipes off a stain of dead insect blood, then takes a deep pull on his cigarette. “The logic is sound, the science proven. Why then do they shove it into a dark corner of the analogues of pseudoscience? Because the Nazis dabbled in it? Oh, the *cowards!* -” the Eugenicist opens his jaw wide and munches on the word “- As if because the Nazis did something makes it inherently evil. People still drive *Volkswagen* and drink *Fanta*, don’t they!?”

“*By what terms do we define race?*’. The question has been raised before. Is it the colour of your skin? Ha! What a lovely topic. Well I’ll tell you what, if you’ve got squinty eyes and a 4-inch dick, you’re a Chinaman in my books, haw-haw. TRUE SCIENCE doesn’t have room for *political correctness* -” the Eugenicist spits out a hoagie that through sheer size and force of expulsion leaves a gaping crack in his chamber pot. The contents that had been collecting there for years begin to seep through the sides. “But, of course, there are always...*anomalies*. What then do we go by? Genetics, Genetics, Genetics, Genetics!” He says the word so many times that even for the Eugenicist it loses meaning.

*Who are you tryna fool? Are you tryna fool me?
I’m the one outsmarting you, how are you gonna fool me!?*

“I’ve been experimenting with different mixtures. I recently successfully bred together an Israeli Mossad agent and Palestinian guerilla warrior. I’m thinking of putting the product on the Gaza Strip and seeing which side blows it up first, haw-haw. And then there’s my pet project. I’ve been breeding together pygmy albinos that I’m sourcing out the Congo Basin. Extremely rare, those are, and expensive too. In fact, the project is putting such a strain on my research fund that I’ve had to reduce rations for the subjects in the Newborn Ward. But it’s well worth the effort. You see, what I’m doing is slicing off a portion of their ears to lend it a pointed effect, then bandaging it up so that the ears heal like that. I’m hoping that, with enough breeding of this sort, over a few generations I will have successfully produced a new race. Then I’ll dress them up in little green hats and sell them on the market as bonafide elves! Hee-hee, I’ll make a killing!”

“I wonder if it would be possible to speed up the process. 3-month gestation. Matures quickly, fully formed adult by the age of 8.” The Eugenicist rubs his hands together like the personification of conniving avarice. “Why is it that humans take longer than any other creature to reach maturity? It’s because, unlike every other organism on our planet, which by force of nature alone operates according to the principles of eugenics, choosing only select mates, humans have let such silly considerations as *loveee* -” the Eugenicist says this word with pure contempt “- sully the pool! Travesty! Starting with the Neanderthals. You can see the inclusion of the Neanderthal stain most predominantly in the European face. Crooked noses, misshapen foreheads, lack of ethnic *symmetry* -” this word seems to hold a special place in the Eugenicist’s heart “- in general, distortion. This is what happens when you let the *people* take control of the means of reproduction, haw-haw.”

No! You won’t get me! How dare you! I am a man of science!

The Eugenacist takes a final drag from his cigarette and eases out a silver stream of smoke. He's possessed by a coughing fit and falls to the floor, reeling. He drags himself across the laboratory to the leaking chamber pot, grabs it by the sides, draws his face over the hole and inhales deeply from the fumes that emanate. This apparently has some profound animating effect on the Eugenacist, and after a moment he lifts himself back to his feet.

Blue light gleams oozily from an enclosed glass tube taking up the centre of the lab. The Eugenacist walks over to this tube and smiles with fatherly affection at a fetus suspended in the blue liquid. "Eugenics is the only viable solution. It is only logical. It falls in line with the advent of technology. Machine is taking the place of man. Unskilled, sloppy workers are being replaced by highly efficient, precise machines. Economics demands this replacement. And so shall social economics demand that the weak, the sick, the pathetic creatures that mate like bunnies and flock the earth with their *shit* -" the Eugenacist blows this word out his nose "- it demands that these people be replaced. It is up to *meee* to ensure that this future is realized. Yes, yes, think about it, imagine it, revel in it, whole populations, designed by *meee*. Conceived by the primest of select few candidates, mothers of 17 with supple young breasts and unabused uteruses, wide hips to avoid the need for caesarians, and no genetic history of maladies; cancer, cleft palates, down syndrome." The Eugenacist snickers at this last mention. "No mental mishaps either, don't want a spot of schizo popping up in one of my subjects, haw-haw."

An electronic **bip** alerts the Eugenacist to a monitor hooked up to the blue glass tube, and he runs over to it and inputs a series of orders with maniacal speed. This being done, the Eugenacist climbs a set of steps that lead to the top of the tube and pushes the lid off to the side. He lifts his sleeve, and with a dirty needle that he withdraws from the lining of his lab coat he extracts a shot of blood from a battered vein in his arm that squiggles and squirms in response. He dips the tip of this needle into the pool and slowly pushes the blood into the blue solution with the serenity and calm of someone feeding their pet fish. The blood is immediately absorbed by the flesh of the fetus, which seems to grow imperceptibly.

"Yes, order will be established. Thanks to the wonder of eugenics. Thanks to me. Thanks to my most ultimate creation. The man to replace all men. The perfect man, ideal in every way, *symmetrical*, yes, *fully symmetrical*. Yes! A man who doesn't need to be whipped to turn the cog, who doesn't need a treat dangled on a string in front of his nose to get him to run, a man who doesn't need to be taught or trained or disciplined to be decent – my perfect creation; the Fully Automatic Man!"

Oh, how sweet it will be to exact my revenge!