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The Holographic World



Part II · Genetically Ideal Individuals

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Who will we become?

I go. Swathed in starlight and faith for a better tomorrow. Although the path is sinuous and there are rocks under my feet, I am not going to give up. I take careful steps, looking out for a human. I sense that it will be easier to overcome obstacles and multiply joy together than on my own. We will build an amazing and safe place on Earth for all the creatures that inhabit it.

–Where such a conviction comes from, that you will build it? – an unknown voice reaches me from the other side of the walls of the tunnel.

–Love has been woven in the human genome in order to render us felicitous and wise. We inherit it from generation to generation. This is the Holy Grail of humankind which brings people glory, cure and spirit. It constitutes the opportunity for a human being to be a superb individual.

–Listen, the human genome is no more, no less but three billion base pairs between which chemical reactions occur – states the voice. – One only needs to distinguish their structure, ways of operation and functions to form an absolute human. A healthy one, maybe even an immortal one.

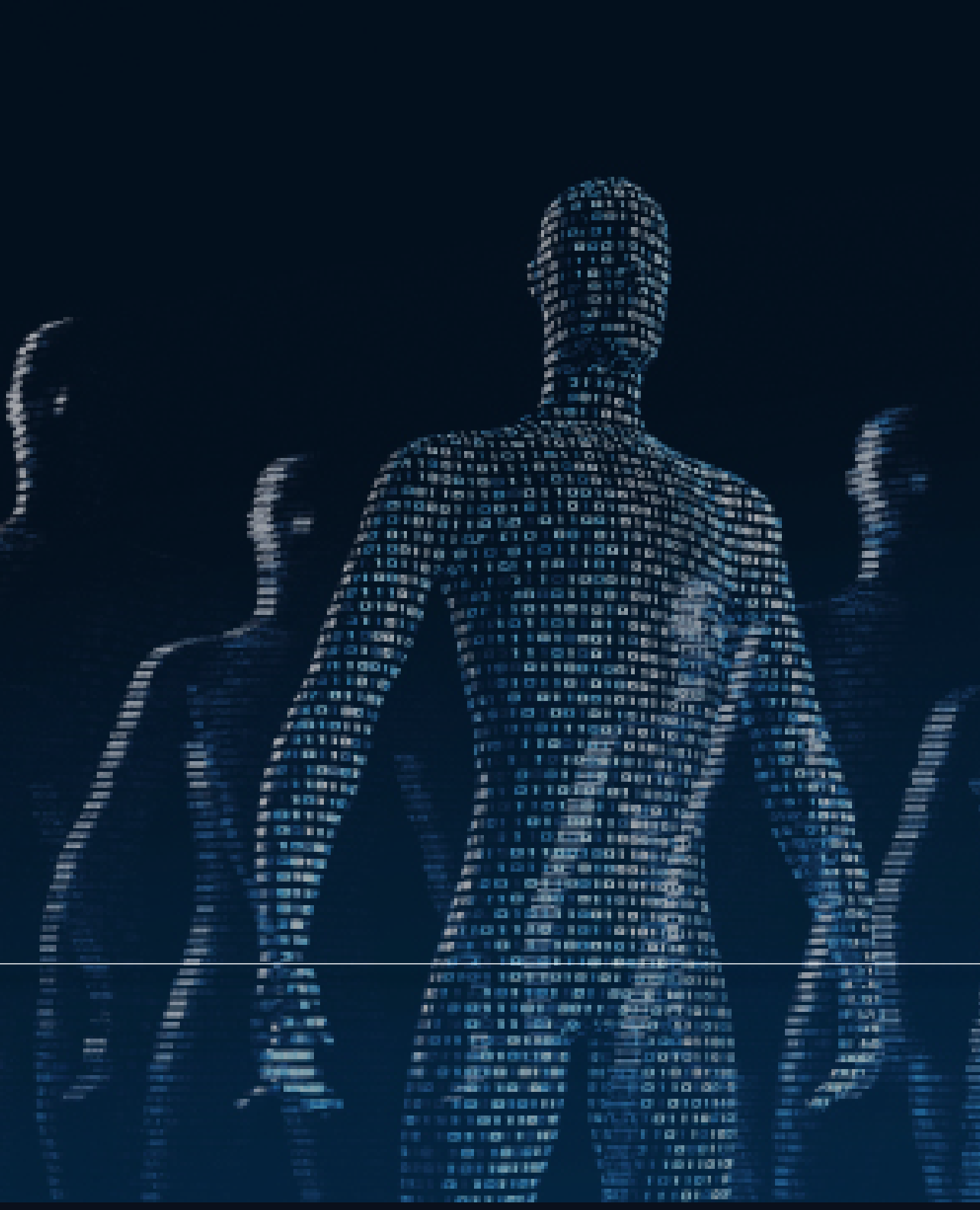
–Not exactly – I glance about but I still do not see anyone. – Genomes are remarkably complicated sets of information—manipulating them may result in disruption of the equilibrium of an organism, which may cause a genetic disaster. Homo sapiens could even vanish off the face of Earth. Nobody would dare to embrace the risk!

–What if you are wrong? –
retorts the voice. – To cross the line between life and death is a primeval desire of humanity. One would do everything to take the place of God.

–Who are you? – I follow the tunnel's walls with my eyes, trying to discern someone or something.

–Does not matter. Open the next door.





Chapter 1

A blurred, blue-tinted image of two human figures, possibly a man and a woman, walking or standing. The image is out of focus, creating a sense of motion or a candid moment. The figures are positioned on the left side of the page, with the man in the foreground and the woman slightly behind him.

The Human
Laboratory



The Human Laboratory

New Generation of Humans

We exchange the genetic material of diverse humans, working with the object of creating an ideal individual.

I walk in. A round room resembles an astronomical observatory. I note a giant cupola made of glass through which one may see the night sky. I reflexly look up to watch the stars. The Charles's Wain's shaft transforms into the Great Bear's tail.

-Everything in order - I examine the situation in the blink of an eye, then I scout around. There are many colorful doors, however, all of them are closed. They fill each inch of the oval wall—I do not have any idea which one I should open first.

-Choose the red doors - a masculine voice reaches me from afar, yet I cannot see anyone.

-Who is this? - I ask.

-It does not matter, go in here.

-Why the red one? - I delve.


-Hurry up, the others will arrive in no time. There is a long line behind you, everyone wants to get some modifications.

Even though I do not know what he is talking about, I near the red doors. Suddenly, they vanish in the air. They fade away in the clouds of white smoke, whereas a long hall materializes in the depth of the wall. I guess its length equals more or less several yards, while its width could be compared to a four-lane motorway. It sucks me in. I slowly and carefully move down the lighted tunnels, yet inside me I experience a specific feeling of discomfort. I do not have any clue myself if I made the right choice by staying in this holographic predicament. I wish I could turn back now and return to the normal world, but I cannot so much as divine where it is.

-Go right - information permeates the room. Where does it come from? No faintest idea.



The Mutants



Still, I use the joystick and turn rightward; a passage opens in front of me, another tunnel.

–Stop! – a middle-aged man flies to me in an electric armchair. His baldness reflects the light, while his thick whiskers attract a lot of attention.

–I know who you are! – boosted, I shuffle the cards of my mind with the people I have seen to date.

I pick one of them and fixate on the man's brows. I immediately gather what is going on: those who are still alive are not the point here.

–Charles Darwin? – I surmise haltingly.

–Almost... – a bit perplexed, he averts his gaze.

–How so, *almost*? – I stand *en face*, attentively surveying the face of the British botanist and geologist who—with his theory of natural selection—divided the academia and shattered the contemporary world order.

–His eighty-percent-clone. I have been created from his DNA.

–What about the remaining twenty percent?

–They were taken from Tesla.

–Which Tesla? – I analyze quickly.

–Nikola Tesla – he completes forthwith. – The one who invented the AC motor, transformer, hydroelectric power station, disc turbine, light bulb...

–You are telling stories – I interrupt him. – Many scientists had been working on the bulb. James Bowman, Warren de la Rue, Robert Grave and Joseph Wilson Swan – I name. – But the posterity remembers only Edison.

Colorless bubbles circle around Darwin's bald head. Easy at first, then increasingly faster. I am under the impression that they are preparing to attack and that they will hit me any minute now.

–What is your problem?! – I inquire irritatedly, at the same time wanting to calm him down.

–I have a history of three hundred patents, one hundred twenty five inventions, including a light bulb! – he sets forth, waving his hands. – Edison is nothing but a thief and a liar. He hired me in 1885 and my job was to modify his resolutions in the company Edison Machine Works. So I did what he told me to; nonetheless, afterward he did not pay me those fifty thousand dollars he had promised earlier. Besides, he also took the credit for many concepts of other creators.

–Okay, I understand that the relationship between you two was not the best – I cut him off, simultaneously taking three steps backwards. It seems to me that I have just initiated some chain reaction.

The man fastens his attention on me, his eyes gleaming with light. On his cheeks I notice thin violet strands. I have never seen something like this on a human face before.

–Edison disparaged alternating current! – he raves. – And it was AC that brought about a revolution in the world. Thanks to *my* inventions people have electric lighting, radio transmitters and receivers, X-rays, radars... I formed the very rudiments of wireless communication and robotization!

–Sure, anyway, it is none of my business – I chop him off again. – I do not want to be a part of any conflict. Moreover, you have told me yourself that, in a majority, you are a Darwin. In point of fact, who are you then? Where have you brought me? – I look around, attempting to orient in the middle of the ever-increasing labyrinth of corridors.

I perceive that various people are coming here from every direction. They are all sitting on electric chairs, joysticks in their palms, driving.

After two or three seconds each of them breezes into some bifurcation and disappears; among others, I discern a ballerina, a soldier and an athlete. In addition, certain figures are disfigured, as if they had only one half of their face or of the entire body.

–What is going on?! – I question uneasily, clasp the joystick even tighter. – And who are those people?

–I am the guardian of evolution – the man pronounces words loudly and with deliberation. I sense both pride and madness in his voice. – You are in the human laboratory presently, which is a place where we exchange the genetic material of diverse humans, working with the object of creating an ideal individual.

I feel my temples pulsating. I rapidly endeavor to connect the dots.

–But gene therapy means replacing the faulty fragments... – I start tentatively. – Its purpose is to prevent diseases, for example leukemia, hemophilia, parkinsonian syndrome or severe combined immunodeficiency.

–Yes, such were the beginnings. Today we swap the portions of DNA and RNA to order. Shortly, there will be a new and absolutely unique generation of human beings on this planet.

–And this will mean... the end of humanity... – I splutter.

–Not at all, just the opposite. It will be its new genesis – Darwin moves forward along the hall. – Come, follow me. I will show you the future.



Thomas Edison (1847 – 1931)

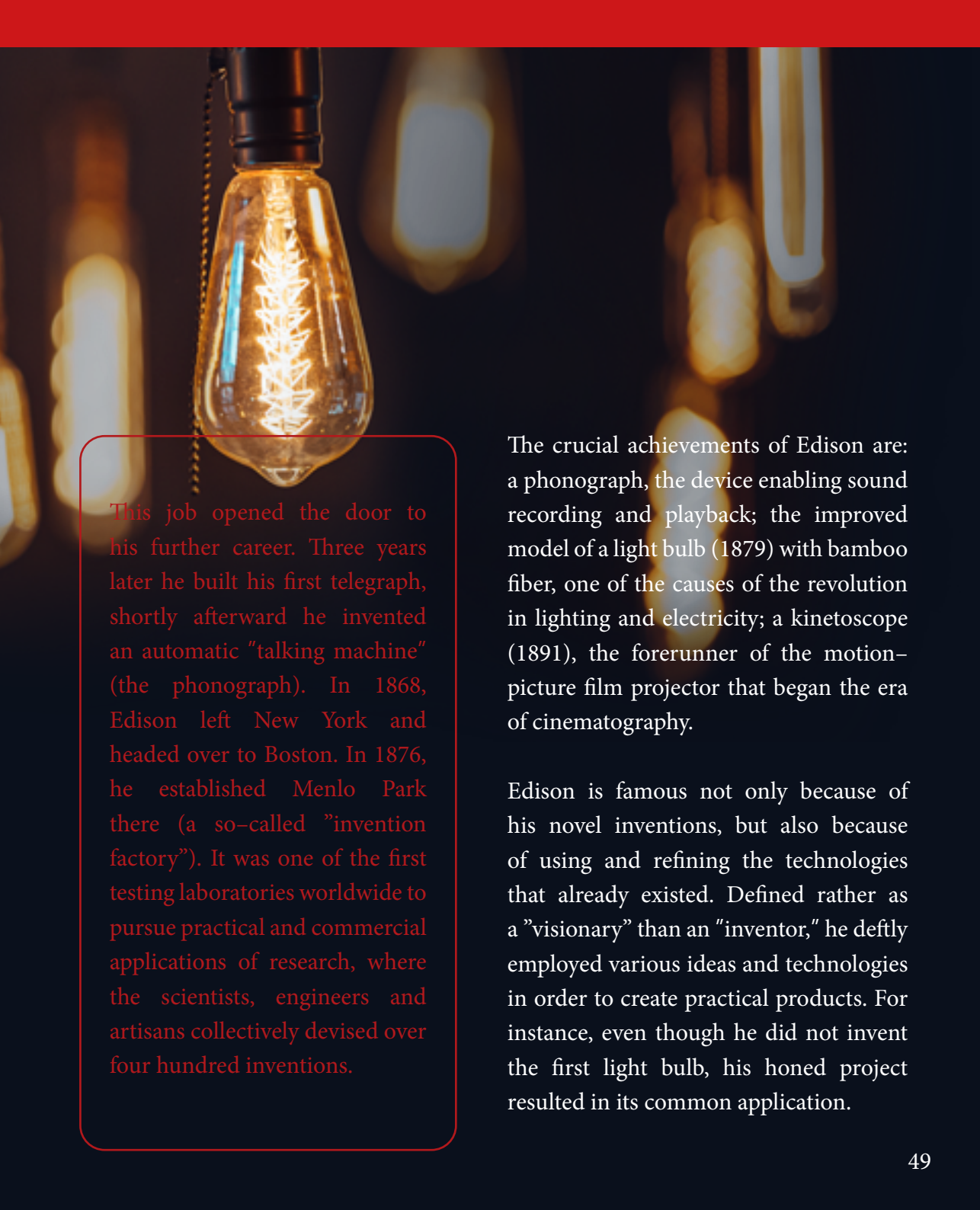
He was an American entrepreneur, engineer and inventor. He patented over one thousand works; nevertheless, he is best-known from refinement of the light bulb and phonograph. Thanks to his accomplishments regarding sound, lighting and cinematography, Edison went down in history as one of the greatest inventors and visionaries of his era.

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At a young age he had troubles with learning to read and with concentration, which was caused by dyslexia, so he attended school only for three months. His mother supported him during individual tuition; as a result of past disease he lost hearing in one ear, whereas in the second he had a serious hearing impairment.

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Despite those difficulties, Edison worked up his interest in experimentation. As soon as at the age of ten, he set in motion a telegraph station in his hometown on his own. Being twelve years old he rescued a three-year-old girl from drowning, which caused getting a job as a telegrapher in the enterprise Western Union—back then one of the biggest telegraph companies in the United States.



This job opened the door to his further career. Three years later he built his first telegraph, shortly afterward he invented an automatic "talking machine" (the phonograph). In 1868, Edison left New York and headed over to Boston. In 1876, he established Menlo Park there (a so-called "invention factory"). It was one of the first testing laboratories worldwide to pursue practical and commercial applications of research, where the scientists, engineers and artisans collectively devised over four hundred inventions.

The crucial achievements of Edison are: a phonograph, the device enabling sound recording and playback; the improved model of a light bulb (1879) with bamboo fiber, one of the causes of the revolution in lighting and electricity; a kinoscope (1891), the forerunner of the motion-picture film projector that began the era of cinematography.

Edison is famous not only because of his novel inventions, but also because of using and refining the technologies that already existed. Defined rather as a "visionary" than an "inventor," he deftly employed various ideas and technologies in order to create practical products. For instance, even though he did not invent the first light bulb, his honed project resulted in its common application.

The Holographic World is a somber vision of humanity toward the end of its subsistence. A place where love does not exist.

The creatures that inhabit it are genetically modified, they are not capable of feeling empathy as well as they have lost the ability of distinguishing between right and wrong. They are genderless, they neither procreate nor build closer relationships. They live alone, striving to satisfy their biological needs. The beings who are more ambitious dedicate their lives to science, endeavoring to create a *Genetically Ideal Individual*—a flawless human.

This is why they are modifying the human genome and replacing organs with their artificial equivalents. Artificial Intelligence intends to seize control of the *Holographic World*; as a consequence, *Homo sapiens* is gradually dying out, leaving its place to be taken by robots and androids.

Enter the Holographic World in order to go back and love more deeply!



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