

This scifi satire is a tale that takes the Battle of the Sexes to new heights. In the year 2090 inside the re-formed United States, now known as Femeron, only women may be elected to office. The Femeron cloning program has run into trouble and one scientist has made a proposal to reintroduce male sperm back into the breeding process.

FEMERON

By Michael Alan Shapiro

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The background of the entire image is a blue-tinted, futuristic aesthetic. It features a grid pattern overlaid on a woman's face, which is the central focus. The woman has dark hair pulled back and is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. In the background, there are faint, glowing chemical structures and a microscope, suggesting a scientific or medical theme. The overall color palette is dominated by various shades of blue, from deep navy to light cyan.

MICHAEL ALAN SHAPIRO

FEMERON

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Chapter One

Time has Come Today

Year: 2090

The buildings in the downtown Femeron capital city are tall and angular with stores and shops on the street level and apartments on the floors above. The apartment of Lolan 11 is in one of the new buildings. Her furniture and appliances are chrome and glass. Everything sparkles under bright lighting. Lolan is dressed in a casual jumpsuit as she prepares a meal in the kitchen. She considers a list of photos that hang mid-air in 3-D hologram images. She selects one and in moments it appears behind one of the cubby holes in a white cabinet. Taking the small meal, she sits at the breakfast bar between the kitchen and the living room. A computer in the living room sounds a quiet, “dong” and a blue light comes on above the large telescreen.

“Go,” she says with a mouthful.

The computer, now free to communicate with her does so in a low, smooth female voice.

“Lolan Eleven?”

“The same,” she answers as she flips a page of a hologram magazine on the breakfast bar counter.

“You have placed your number in the milking pool drawing, have you not?”

Lolan, in the middle of taking another bite stops and looks at the screen. “What are you taking a survey? To the point or shut down.”

“The numbers are in and yours was among those chosen.”

“Cool,” Lolan nods as she takes another bite.

“You will depart central at one tenth north star and...”

“Which playgroup,” Lolan interrupts.

“Male Group 47. Inner city, section 39, cross section 9th and...”

“Alright, alright. I know where it is.” Then to herself, “Group 47, hmm, they have some nice asses in that group.” She takes a moment to chew her food and then to the computer, “Tele, show me a list of playas in that group.”

Rows of photos of the different males in playgroup 47 appears on the large telescreen. One at a time each photo is blown up. First a head shot, then photos of their body. Underneath each photo is their description with their height, weight and physical dimensions. Each has a short description of their interests.

“Okay, Tele, shut down,” Lolan orders after having made a mental note of who she is interested in.

The screen goes black, the blue light turns off. Lolan takes the final bite of her meal and goes over to the couch in the living room. She opens a console on the glass coffee table and the image of a small keyboard comes up. She types in her instructions with both thumbs, fast and accurate. When she completes her input, the telescreen comes back on and music begins to play a Latin tune with a dance beat. As the music plays, three-dimensional images come off the screen and float into the room. They are life-size, hologram images of two movie stars; a male who looks and carries himself like a young Elvis and a female star from the latest popular film. The images dance around the living room and Lolan gets up and dances with them. When she leans in, the images lean back. She laughs in gleeful pleasure at being able to interact with famous movie stars. For their part, the images are laughing, dancing and flirting with Lolan. Elvis, in light purple slacks and a white, short sleeve shirt with his collar up, comes close to Lolan. He starts to grind and Lolan laughs again. The female image, dressed in a dark pink, skin tight plastic one piece, laughs and also grinds on her.

After the song ends a new beat begins but Lolan is interrupted by a “dong” and a blue light on the screen. She stops dancing and calls out, “wait”. The images stop dancing but they continue to move about, watching her to see when she’ll be ready to renew their dance.

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“What is it Tele?”

“Incoming message from Dr. Joy,” the teleprompter’s female voice announces.

“Okay, go,” Lolan says and a new image, this of a woman in her early forties floats out from the screen. She has blonde shoulder length hair and is wearing the white jump suit and coat of a medical researcher. The figure stands in front of Lolan and smiles.

“Lolan, how are you?”

“I’m fine, and you doctor?”

“I apologize for disturbing your personal time but I needed to send you this message. I have urgent business that I would like your help with.”

“Certainly, of course,” Lolan sits on the couch and the image of Dr. Joy stands in front of her.

“We have an important meeting in three days at the Femeron Genetics Advisory Board.”

“Yes, I’m aware of that,” Lolan nods.

The Elvis holograph has come across the room and is flirting with the image of Dr. Joy. She laughs when he begins to dance next to her; doing the shimmy with both arms outstretched to his sides. Dr. Joy’s image looks embarrassed and interested at the same time. Lolan laughs along with her.

“Okay, well off you go then,” Lolan says and with a short wave of her arm, both of the other two images evaporate.

“He’s cute,” Dr. Joy straightens her uniform.

“Yes, extremely. Great dancer too,” Lolan agrees.

“Well, anyway, to the point,” Dr. Joy’s image continues. “I would like you to prepare a background synopsis of all participants. I want to know going in where they each stand on issues of male captivity. Have they ever made public or private statements? What do their school records show? That sort of thing and yes of course their political stance.”

“You do recall that I have been working on that project for two weeks?” Lolan asks.

“Yes, I know, but I need to add two additional research scientists whose attendance has just been announced.”

“I see,” Lolan nods. “Okay, well send that information to my station and I will work on it.”

“Lolan, I need that entire project by tomorrow evening so I have the time to study it.”

“By tomorrow evening? Hmm, well.” Lolan takes a moment to calculate the steps required. She nods, “Okay, yes. I can finish it up by then.” Lolan gets up from the couch. “Is there anything else?”

“No,” Dr. Joy says. “Thank you for your time.” The image bows her head, palms together in front of her. “Stay well and contact me as soon as you can.”

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“I will, Doctor,” Lolan waves her arm and the image of Dr. Joy evaporates.

Lolan puts the music back on and still dancing, she goes into her bedroom off the living room. Her mattress floats in the middle of the bedroom and she sits on the edge of it and rubs the leg of someone under the paper-thin covers. Lolan shakes the body awake by nudging it again.

“Hey, Cee-na? Cee-anne? Come on. Wake up. I’ve news.”

“Huh?” A groggy female voice sounds from underneath.

“My number’s come up at central. I’m going milking tonight.”

“Mmm, sounds nice. Which playgroup?” Cee-na sits up and smiles at Lolan.

“Number forty-seven.”

“Forty-seven? Okay, wait. Let me think. Yes, I’ve been there. Try to find...I think his name is Jay-15. He is sooo funny and a fine piece too.”

“I know him,” Lolan says “and you’re right, he is a nut. There are a lot of crazies in that group come to think of it. It should be a ball, right?”

“Absolutely,” Cee-na says as she gets up and crosses the room and begins to dress. Unlike Lolan 11 who was cloned with particular attention paid to her physical attributes; she is tall and fit, with high cheek bones and perfect breasts, Cee-na is square

in body and plain of face. And where Lolan has on a well fitted, tailored jumpsuit, Cee-na quickly puts on several bright, multi-colored skirts and blouses. With her layered look to her liking, she messes up her tri-colored hair with both hands, fixing her short hair so as to look just as rumbled as her dresses.

She walks back to Lolan and kisses her on the mouth. "Have fun tonight, darlin'. I've got to get to class." As she goes out the bedroom door she adds over her shoulder, "I'll call you in a few days."

Cee-na walks through the living room, passing large picture windows through which she sees a panoramic view of tall skyscrapers. At the far end of the room, she touches a panel and a two-meter section of the wall slides open revealing a small room. Cee-na inputs instructions onto a control panel and when she has completed her programming, a 'ding-dong' sounds and above the door, blue and green lights spell out, 'Laser Particle Transport System, All Clear'. Bands of laser lights hum across the door's opening. The lights vibrate high energy but Cee-na, without any concern, steps into the light and disappears.

CLASS ROOM: CENTRAL DISTRICT

Lively space music plays as female students enter an amphitheater classroom. As the young students find their seats, the room darkens and sharp, quick

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flashes of colored laser lights shoot across the high ceilings. The lights rip through the air, their effect much like a firework's display over the students' heads. The young women scream and shout as the display reaches a crescendo. When almost all are in their seats, the music's volume drops down and the light show ceases. Telescreens turn on in front of each student's console as the classroom quiets. The video playing on their screens is of a downtown metropolitan city in the first decades of the twenty-first century. Cee-na enters the front of the classroom and walks over to the speaker's podium.

"Today's discussion," she says as she looks around the packed classroom, "is an historical summary of our Femeron society. Your assignment was to prepare an analysis of how we came out of the male dominated cultures of the past." She continues without taking a breath.

"She like has a tendency to run her sentences together, doesn't she? A student in the front of the classroom asks her friend.

"And her voice is soo whiny," the other student agrees.

"Wait until she warms to the subject matter, she'll go totally hysterical on us," the first student says and they both laugh.

The telescreens show different cosmopolitan cities at rush hour and close ups of pedestrians'

faces. “These scenes are examples of the population in the early twenty-first century,” Cee-na says.

The videos of the pedestrians fighting their way through traffic appear on the small desk screens as well as on the large screen behind Cee-na. The pedestrians are in a frenzied hurry. They bump each other thoughtlessly and jostle their way through the crowded sidewalks. In the street, cars are honking their horns at each other.

“Life in this masculine created society is a living hell for its citizens. They suffer a thousand varieties of neurosis and phobias. Incredible you think. Yes, well *incredible* it was! Human beings leading unhappy, lonely lives. It saddens us even now to look back at the way it was for them. The more we study their case histories, the more we understand the devastating effect masculine societies had on individuals.

“Aprilla,” Cee-na points to a student with her hand up. “can you share with us what your feelings and observations were when you read about these past times?”

“Pathetic,” Aprilla says. “This monstrous way of life produced the ultimate pathos for people. Why are some families rich while others can’t afford even a vacation home?”

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“That is not the worst part, Aprilla,” another student speaks up. “Why is there so much violence?” she asks.

“Yes, violence,” Cee-na nods her head. “You see, for that reason, we must study the past. The lessons learned from studying masculine created and dominated cultures are crucial. Indeed, the emergence of our own, Femeron society, was born in logical reaction to this madness.”

Cee-na stops and lets the video scenes tell the story. The students watch videos from world history; infamous moments of marching armies, civil rights disturbances and the clubbing to death of baby seals.

“Why all the violence?” Cee-na asks. “How did society develop into this hell?” Cee-na asks.

“Their leaders were all males,” a student in the back of the classroom calls out.

“But what makes them so violent? And...and..well crazy?” another student asks.

“Yes, why?” Cee-na asks. “Well the answer to that question came in the late nineteen nineties when scientific breakthroughs in the field of genetics proved that the Y genes of the male species were in fact *incomplete X* genes.”

On the telescreens, a large blue Y symbol is next to a blue X. As Cee-na explains the theory of the incomplete Y gene, a blue dotted line

transforms the Y into an X by adding a leg on the right side.

“Males is other words, are incomplete females.”

The room explodes in cheers and jeers. Cee-na holds up her hand to restore order.

“You think I’m exaggerating?” she says. “You know, female genes are double X, right? All of our genes are complete and whole while some of the genes in males are partial. They are incomplete and it shouldn’t surprise anyone that a deficient gene will have an effect on how that person develops. We know from our studies that males in fact do develop differently due to their gene deficiency.”

“I’m lost,” a young female calls out. “How does this discovery relate back to the sorry state of the human race?”

Students’ hands shoot up around the classroom.

Cee-na points to a student and calls her name, “ShaRona.”

“Turns out that the male’s incomplete genetic chemistry has had two major effects on their development,” ShaRona stands as she addresses her classmates. “The first effect was to cause them to not fully develop either emotionally or psychologically. We’ve read studies that showed how this is reflected in their personalities. Their

entire sex is a perfect example of egocentric mania.”

“Give us an example, ShaRona,” Cee-na asks.

“Well, this is demonstrated over and over by the male’s total lack of empathy towards other living beings.”

“Very good, ShaRona,” Cee-na says. “You’re quite right. The male’s superego is clearly seen in their inability to empathize with other life forms. They don’t even have empathy for their own species!” Cee-na bangs her fists on the podium which draws cheers from some of the students. “These sociopathic characteristics, they are the base on which man’s economic and social institutions were built. *Everything* in fact that males created, were all created solely to satisfy *their* physical and emotional needs and no one else’s!”

“But if they are so...so..crude, how did they get all the power?” Aprilla re-enters the discussion.

“Evolution needed their increased size and strength to protect and provide for their young.” Cee-na explains. “It was that survival strategy that enabled the human species to succeed.”

“Yes, but we don’t need them for survival anymore, do we?” A student near Aprilla asks.

“It is difficult to understand,” Cee-na nods her head in agreement. “How did males continue their reign over the human race, even when there was no need for them?”

“But wasn’t there a need for them?” ShaRona asks. “I mean, they built things. They are energetic and work hard to create things. Things that females were unable to build like building and bridges.”

“Yes, all true,” Cee-na agrees. “Until of course robots and advanced mechanics allowed females to build without the need for brute strength. But let’s not forget their other great talent,” Cee-na says. “They held unto their positions of power by violence or threats of violence, sure but also because they developed an amazing talent for *Salesmanship!*”

The students shout cheers and jeers to her remark.

Cee-na holds both her palms facing forward and bows her head as if dispelling any protest or argument from among her audience. She looks up and says, “The masculine ability to make even the most insane deviltries appear logical, meaningful and *necessary* for one’s survival is true genius. They are masters in being able to convince other intelligent beings of anything that they want them to believe. True geniuses.” She nods her head in confident, affirmative agreement with the cheers and boos of her students.

Cee-na walks around the podium. “Exactly how so *many* people were so *blind* to these masculine myths. And how so many were kept from using their own *reasoning* minds still remains a mystery to this day. And what is the most amazing example

of this salesmanship? I refer you to the one, the only, The Money-Work System!”

Applauds and cheering interrupt her.

“Rudimentary at first,” she continues, having to shout over the students. “The money-work system developed into the most complex, powerful force in the masculine created society.” The classroom grows quiet and she continues. “From seashells to gold, from silver and diamonds to pieces of paper; the myth of ‘value’ and ‘worth’ prospered while the lives of the tribal members became exceedingly cheap.

“With money there is power and as long as everyone played the game and they all did, male and female alike, the males would retain their power. Despite the fact that everyone suffered except the very few who mastered the system. For example, look at how the earth’s resources were controlled by a handful of males. Those resources, oil, diamonds, iron ore for example, they all rightly belong to all of humankind, but they were pulled from the earth and sold like they were created only for those few families. People under this economic villainy stopped relating to each other. They lost their compassion, became mired in the game of money as they wallowed in the money-work system!”

Cee-na pauses, allows the energy to come down. In a lower voice and more somber she continues. “Slowly, very, slowly, it became obvious

to the people that they were being led through life by an unfit group. Only after many catastrophes and crisis, did the thought occur to them that it did not have to be the way it was. And ever so slowly did it begin to change. Yet the struggle was not centered, or organized. As one of our Founding Mothers, Mazie Hirono, said at the time; "All men need to Shut Up!!"

The video of the American Congresswoman from Hawaii plays on the screen. Standing in the capital building, she shouts her epitaph and the young students erupt in loud cheers. Cee-na allows the commotion to die down.

"The solution," she continues, "came from the field of genetics, where two important discoveries occurred. First, as we have seen, we learned that the male's Y gene was a deficient X gene. From this discovery, a theory developed which stated that man's evolutionary energies were blocked by this incomplete Y gene. The energy not used there had flowed instead to other areas of his development, his physical branches. Yes, he was bigger and stronger than females. Yes, he could run faster and leap higher but his more subtle development, his emotional and psychological development, those areas were stunted.

"In correlation with this theory of the males' faulty evolution, there developed a proof that females were more balanced. That we were fully development. Fully evolved. This theory, called the

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Femeron Theory of Evolution, and its proof brought the realization that cultural systems created by males were the products of a deficient source. The Femeron Theory explained that the masculine ego was the sour fruit born of the male's deficient cellular chemistry. Why then should intelligent beings allow their lives and their happiness, the well-being of planet in fact, be in the hands of less evolved creatures? Would intelligent people allow themselves to be ruled by chimps and gorillas? Of course not! Societies should be ruled by a higher, more evolved beings, WOMEN!!"

Applause, cheers and whistles.

"One must realize though that even the brightest of males could not grasp the truths of these proven genetic theories. Socrates, Lennon, Marx, Kennedy, Che; all men have always envisioned a world in which males are to be in the position of authority. Such outrageous self-conceit, don't you think?"

More applause and whistles from around the room.

"Their blindness never allowed them to glimpse the truth about themselves and their sex as a whole. Not even after these irrefutable truths were known, could they understand and accept their deficiencies. They fought to dispel these ugly rumors. Their scientists stifled the teaching of the Femeron Theory. Meanwhile another breakthrough in the field of genetics occurred. This second

breakthrough was the tool awaiting its time of need. I am referring to the refinement of a proficient method of cloning. When we could reproduce a human offspring without the need to use the male sperm, without the need to introduce their deficient male Y gene into the equation. A new race of females could be promulgated. This method of improved cloning techniques stood ready for use as the breeding system of an enlightened civilization.”

“That’s all well and good,” a young student calls out from the corner of the classroom, “that cloning stuff and the X and Y gene stuff, but what about the threat of nuclear war? I read that it was the threat of nuclear war that led the world to dismantle the male governments.”

“This is true, Benita,” Cee-na nods her head. “Very true, as you read, events took place which brought about this radical but necessary replacement of the male dominated societies. In the middle of the twenty-first century those events brought enlightenment to billions of individuals almost simultaneously. The combined strength of these billions of concerned humans could not be bought off. The powers that be could not convince the populace to kill each other for the sake of Country, God or Money. No, this time the people rose up as one because they could see and they understood what was at stake.”

Cee-na pauses to take a sip of water.

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“The dam of ignorance is not easily broken,” she continues. “Only one reality has the power to produce *instant* revelation and that is the sight of death. Not the news reports of someone else’s death but the clear, unmistakable sight of your own death as it approaches you, not later but *right now!*”

“This close sighting of the Dark Angel came to the world’s population in the mid twenty-first century as a nuclear holocaust was only days away. The world watched as the super powers clashed. The peoples’ hope for a dialogue that would diminish the danger became less likely with each insult. With each new provocation the world populace held their collective breaths. Everyone understood that this impending holocaust would be the end of human life. Even to the women and children of Arabia, Iran, China, India, Russia, The United States and to the ends of the earth; everyone knew the irreversible end of all human life on earth was about to happen. The world’s population knew that many thousands of hydrogen bombs were armed and ready for launch. They knew that in response to the first strike, there would be multiple counter strikes. Counter strikes answered by more counter strikes, repeated launches, until the entire worldwide arsenal was spent. This meant that thousands of thermonuclear weapons would all be detonated within hours of each other. From such an event, only the truly unfortunate would survive, and survive only to live in hell on earth for a short time.”

Cee-na reaches down and enters instructions into the master computer so that a poem from that terrifying time comes up on the students' screens.

"This was written by a lowly seamstress in Turkey during the crisis. She posted this on the internet." Cee-na reads out loud as her students follow the poem on their viewing consoles.

"The *whole* planet's gonna blow apart and become an asteroid belt traveling in pieces 'round the sun. Worse than this, your children ain't gonna have *no* children, so don't worry 'bout the rent, Sista! Just listen to those bastards rant and yell but it's *OUR* lives they gonna send to hell."

Cee-na is interrupted by applause for this unknown poetess.

"As you can see, this doom realization was a real flash of lightening across the cerebral movie screen called the mind. This produced in individuals across the globe a resolute character. A character strong and devoted to the belief in a world sisterhood. A sisterhood they called Mistersogynists. That is Mister-sah-gee-nists, haters of men. It was a sisterhood led by our founding mothers, Greta Thornberg and Mozie Hirono, both of whom despised everything male."

The screens show a video of an interview with Greta Thonberg. Her left eye is twitching with seething rage as she pounds the table and yells, "How DARE you!"

"It was a sisterhood of females that would no longer put up with masculine cultures." Cee-na nods her head to emphasize the righteousness of their cause. "A Sisterhood of *billions* of women, young and old who saw with disgust how masculine governed societies turned the God-like consciousness of an infant into hate filled, killing adults. These humanitarian feelings are what created the critical surge of female power. It was a female revolution that pushed its way through from the inner feelings of individuals to the very heights of governance. Their sorrows and rage gave birth to a world-wide movement that demanded that this madness must end.

"Even males finally realized this truth and they along with females, began to look at all aspects of their male dominated cultures in a new light. They saw that this myth of male superiority was too dangerous a belief for it to be allowed to continue. Genetic scientists were ready then with the tools to implement the answer; cloning. And with cloning the ultimate end to masculine control."

Cee-na pauses to take a question from one of the young female students, "Why then are there *any* males left today? I mean, if they are of no use?"

"They're a menace!" another student interjects.

"Totally!" a third student shouts out.

“Males are kept alive and are regenerated in limited numbers for two reasons,” Cee-na says. “First of all, they are used as playthings and do in fact provide us with some diversion. Secondly, because as you know from your biology and world food source classes that we are running out of the ability to provide food for the entire world population and since male sperm is pure protein, males are used to provide us with their semen. It’s a delicacy and also an important food source for millions of our peoples. Male semen, milked from the captive male population and placed into a special growth culture, multiplies rapidly. The result is an abundant supply of protein supplement.”

“Isn’t it also true,” a young black girl asks, “that because cloning evolves and may be less effective or begin to produce mutants, that it may be important at some point to reintroduce male sperm back into the process of re-creation?”

“Yes, there are some scientists who argue that we must have available the natural ingredients for procreation.” Cee-na agrees. “That’s true and yes, certainly the believe that we must always have some males in the population, that was a major reason.”

Cee-na appears to half agree with that logic but her voice is not as forceful as it had been.

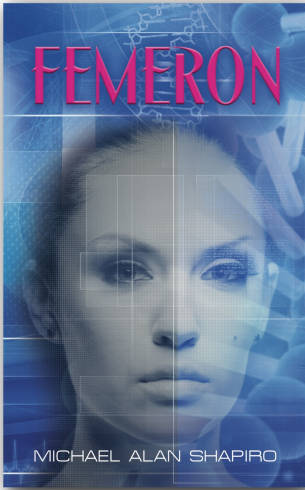
Other Novels by Michael Shapiro

On Thunder Road

Inner Lights

Raman Shah

The Cross of Chorrillos



This scifi satire is a tale that takes the Battle of the Sexes to new heights. In the year 2090 inside the re-formed United States, now known as Femeron, only women may be elected to office. The Femeron cloning program has run into trouble and one scientist has made a proposal to reintroduce male sperm back into the breeding process.

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