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Someday You'll Be Rich!

by Perry A. Chapdelaine

There I was, a Ph.D., research cyberneuroicist, over forty, unmarried, working diligently and mechanically on the *Superb Mannikin* assembly line. Each brain that popped into my cubicle regularly every thirty minutes required utmost muscular skill and only a momentary fraction of knowledge.

Swish! went the door, popping the brain into my high-vacuum work area. Then the 5246 Angstrom light -- precise to the two hundredth decimal place -- flicked on, bathing my field of vision in a sticky yellow-greenish glow. Then I would activate my computer console with well-trained, skillful fingers, bringing together combinations of tests which measured thought-fusion, analytical-compartmentation, timed-thought-focussing and dozens of other necessary pseudo-thinking functions.

Little by little I would force the standardized *Superb Mannikin* brain into stresses, playing my natural human responses back against the artificial behavior of the pseudo-brain. My natural, human brain, having a higher adaptability index and being more capable of changing response to varying stimuli coming from the pseudo-brain, always pushed the synthetic brain to its greatest design capacity.

Whenever stresses reached maximal, the yellow-greenish light was shifted in wave length in certain regions so that slight reddish or violet hues bordered special volumes within the initiation tissues. These locations were recorded and stored for eventual tagging on the appropriate *Superb Mannikin* technical characteristics identification plate.

I hated to hear it. *Swoosh!* the out-going door would sound, then the cycle would begin again. *Swish!* and another synthetic brain entered the high-vacuum work space.

One after another brains would pass and, as if in humble, peasant compliance, my brain would test and measure hour after hour and my fingers would fly in accordance with my *Superb Mannikin* contract. They could have my fingers and that slight, tiny, almost invisible, insignificant portion of my trained mental processes to help in the manufacture of pseudo-brains; but they couldn't have my thoughts!

Well! Only six months longer and this second contract would terminate!

I smile and think. *Someday I'll be rich!* Indeed I will!

Time after time, day after day, year in and year out, mother drummed the words into my ears, "Someday you'll get rich, Tony!" she'd say with high pitched voice. "You won't be like your father, living on federal basics and his simple wood carvings. You'll amount to something. You'll be a famous person. Now eat your basics -- such as it is -- and don't worry none tonight. It's tomorrow that counts."

Or another time in front of Buxton Thomas, neighborhood allstar and some of the old gang, "Tony don't have much clothes like the rest of you but you just watch. Tony's going to be rich -- real rich. He's going to amount to something when he grows up."

Remember how embarrassed you got? Remember how you hurried the gang out the door or out of the yard or from wherever your mother started her soliloquy? Down the plasti-walk, kicking at loose shards along the way, you would push elbows and backs and make with smart cracks all the way out to the sagging white plasti-picket fence-gate. "Don't mind her fellows. I'll buy you all a soda when I get *that* rich!" you'd say. That usually got a chuckle or two, didn't it? Nobody in their right mind would buy seven or eight fellows non-basic sodas, would they? One non-basic soda, each, to seven neighborhood guys is *seven* sodas for one guy. Who would blame you for buying yourself the seven, even if you did strike it rich like your mother had always said?

Well, maybe your mother's voice was merely the oracle of your life, the forecaster of what was to



be, the objective report of things to come. Now you believe it too, don't you? "Someday you'll be rich!" you tell yourself time after time, just like when your mother was living.

When was it you first began to pick up the message? -- the first time when you really got hooked on it, knew it was for you and nobody else? Sometime around latter part of high school, wasn't it?

There was that Georgia Anderson girl. She was the one that liked to neck in the back seat of her old man's brand new electric after the date. Only trouble was the before part. Georgia was expensive!

The first time opened a whole new world. Remember? First there was Buxton Thomas and the characters around the neighborhood -- ballgames, let air out of old man Hackens' tires when he wasn't looking, fix bicycles or wreck them, whichever the mood of the moment. Then, suddenly, there was Georgia Anderson!

Three malts and one Super-Sensaround Hollywood production later and you found yourself in Georgia's old man's electric -- in the back seat.

You were scared. Then, before long, there wasn't much at all that Georgia could teach you. Only trouble was that your birthday money, your Christmas money and Uncle Randolph's outright gift of a few non-basic dollars were completely gone.

You cooled down on the way home and it was then you could hear your mother's voice cycling back and forth through your head, "Someday you'll be rich! Someday you'll be rich! Someday you'll be rich!" again and again.

Even now you can feel the pure frustration of it. Money could get Georgia, or at least her equivalent. But when you were broke -- non-basic credits against doughnuts -- Georgia would pick up with Sam or Joker or one of the other guys who could pay the tab tomorrow night. Suddenly all of their jokes and strange in-group comments began to make sense. In other words, you were growing up and you were scared, bitter, angry, and just plain frustrated in more ways than one.

You took a good look at mother's refrain. Perhaps that episode with Georgia, and the non-basic money had something to do with finally buckling down to learning. It hadn't been hard to tell Buxton and the others that you couldn't do this or that, you just had to get your homework done.

Sure, they could skip their Computer Assisted Instruction Lessons on the 'monster' as the kids called their remote terminals at home. Who cared? Not their parents! Then, when your scores began to leap above the age-group average by a factor of ten or so, Donald Princeton, the school's special tutor, had come to see you.

"I'm happy to see that you've finally taken an interest in you lessons," he'd said.

You didn't say anything, just pushed your toe on the floor backward and forward like a small kid. Teacher's personal attention was rare for since, like most in your group, you had been perfectly satisfied with the monster, whether in school or out of school.

"I'd like to arrange for special tutoring sessions for you, Tony. Tomorrow, report to room 703 on the seventh floor of the Special Tasks room. Is that all right with you?"

You nodded you head and squeaked something in your cracked, changing voice, but by now you've forgotten what the noise was. Maybe it was just that, just a noise.

You could learn. You could be interested. Things clicked together and, within another eight or nine months you'd not only reviewed all grade school and high school materials, bringing you up to where you should have been all along, but you surpassed most of the kids, going way into college material.

Maybe you should have stopped there, now that you knew you could perform whenever you wanted. By now, though, the challenge to accomplish had swallowed the physical frustrations and mental neurosis over the Georgias of the world -- that and the constant hum in your ear, "Someday you'll be rich! Someday you'll be rich! Someday you'll be rich!"

Several more years rolled by before core courses were under control. Then came the hard work.



The funeral hit at the same time as mid-term exams in General Cyberneuronics. I remember clearly. Both parents were killed on the Transcontube massacre during the engineering strike.

The home study terminals had just completed printing the evening's newspaper as you finished breakfast. You set down your coffee, walked through the long hallway connecting your room to the dining room and briefly glanced at the news. *Twelve Thousand Die!* it said in letters as large as technically possible for your particular terminal. You waved your hand near the capacitor switch, permitting the sheet to drop back into dispose as the the print unrolled before your eyes. There it was!

Ten cars of Transcontube shuttle number 106 ground through seven cars of shuttle number 1013 as engineers walk from controls in their first day of wild-cat strike!

Union head Dentent emphasized the wild-catters' role in the massacre and called on all union members to give every assistance in identifying the dead and cleaning up the wreckage.

Spokesmen for the wildcatters were unavailable for comment.

Meanwhile, the President of the United States has declared the swift destruction of two Transcontube shuttles and the killing of 12,000 passengers this nation's greatest single disaster.

Relief funds have been made available. Meanwhile, congressmen and executive officers have renewed their annual plea for nationalization of the Transcontube Corporation.

One reputable source in a high government office declared that this time nationalization procedures will be accomplished. "We can't afford careless operation of the all important Transcontube shuttle,"

Meanwhile. . . .

Then the true impact had come. Both parents had been in shuttle 106 coming back from the west coast party. Dad was dead and Mom too! He'd verified it, but couldn't remember the details of the verification. Probably, at the combined rate of speed of both opposing vehicles, and the concentration of energies along the axis of the tube, like along a gun's barrel, one bullet against another, the surge would be so great that there wouldn't be enough of any human to either identify.

Remember how you struggled to justify missing the mid-term Cyberneuronic exams?

Then your mother's voice, high pitched and all, came back to you in full force, "Tony, someday you'll be rich!" You knew you'd have to honor her memory.

You took the exams. Maybe two or three others got higher than you, but you were up there. That was the score which convined the Higher Level computer systems that you were a desirable candidate for Cyberneuronic Research.

With both parents gone and Dad's small income from his carvings also gone, only basic food, clothing, education and shelter given to every American citizen as one of the basic rights under the Child-To-Adult Human Resources Act remained. Perhaps it was that fact which kept your nose to the remote terminals throughout long hours, conducting in simulation experiment after experiment.

They say that forces within a culture shape a man and his dreams. Undoubtedly it also shapes his interests and his choice of career. How could a man of these times choose a career of educator, for example. Unlike old times where students were taught with live humans, the field was mostly automated, leaving room at the top for those who input data resulting from the researches and writings of only the topmost scientists, engineers, poets, writers, sociologists, politicians and so forth.

Medical and legal areas were no better. Everything, in short, except the creative aspects of life -- art, writing, research -- was automated. So, how could you get rich? Unless you, too, became a creative person.

Even the playing of music, once the sole province of humans, was acceptable only when performed by pseudo-brains.

Before opting for Cyberneuronics there was that struggle in the poetry field. Right after Mom and Dad died, you tried to get rid of the grief somehow. It was a poem, wasn't it? Something about a lonely



boy and his dog walking through the woods, swinging a big stick while butterflies, insects, and frogs acted in their own manner:

*Though dogs, frogs, butterflies and beetles,
Surround little boy in green grassy needles,
His sad melody is whistled alone,
Signifying his lack of home.*

There was more, mostly forgotten.

The automated rejection slip for that poem, like others received during the period of sadness, said, "Thank you for showing us the enclosed manuscript. We regret that it does not fit the present needs of the magazine.

"Your submission has been heard by one of our editors. Unfortunately, the large number of cubes received does not permit us time for personal comment."

It was signed, "Cordially, The Editor."

Right below this modern, automated gem was something about "... manuscripts must be recoverable from crystal impregnation at least at the proper Faux discrimination index of 21.35 or better. All unsolicited recordings must be accompanied by Baud Fare with self-address sufficiently recoverable for appropriate reading by Federal Communications channels and their standards. The publisher assumes no responsibility for poor crystalline recordings and, under such conditions involving inadequate return Baud Fare or poor quality recordings assumes no responsibility for return of the unsolicited manuscripts or artwork."

You can just bet that your poems had been heard by one of the editors! Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, or maybe even nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, your crystal was "read" by some monstrosity without soul or feelings checking nit-picking details like meter, punctuation and such.

What did cyberneuronic machines know of the grief locked inside a human or the metaphoric symbolisms surrounding situations that correspond to human feelings like that little boy and his dog as they walked through the woods?

If only you could have gotten to one of the human editors!

One day the progress of cyberneuronic study was slowed due to lack of engineering prerequisites. Another entire field of study had to be absorbed!

That was probably the longest period of time away from studies. Depressed, discouraged, you shucked your studies for several months, foolishly thinking to take an easier road.

You painted. For twelve hours a day you painted, imagining all the while that your father's skill in carving had found a new home.

A particularly good painting, depicting clear, heavy emotions regarding your highly automated culture was submitted to the International Art Exhibits held weekly. You figured on a favorable mention, qualifying for change of major field of study.

That rejection slip was worse, more symptomatic of the inhumanity of society and certainly more personally nauseating: "We've received your art crystal and due to a tenth of a non-basic credit shortage in return Baud Fare we've destroyed the crystal.

"It may interest you to know that Critic I made these comments about your submission: "(1) Background light frequency off by two angstroms for optimal effect on humans, (2) Symbolic subject not recognizable to Critic I. Data banks contain no parallel or analog, (3) Artist without talent, do not recommend forwarding canvas to Critic 2."

"We will look forward to receiving your next canvas."

This reject slip was signed, "For better art, The Committee."



Well, you returned to cyberneurotic engineering, but learning the mechanical, chemical, and physical engineering prerequisites took five more years and by then even you knew that it was chiefly Mom's voice that kept you going. Again and again, it whipped you from within, saying, "Someday you'll be rich!"

Annoyance, petulance, even disgust hit! Sure, you wanted to be rich! But at the cost of spending your life in constant study?

When you envisioned that lonely boy walking in the woods with his dog, while frogs, beetles, and butterflies jumped in the cool, green grass, his very carefree and emotional freedom stimulated a strange, haunting nostalgia of a moment that never existed during your short life-span. What did the modern youth really have? What could the small boy, of any neighborhood, look forward to? Trees? Carefree walks through woods?

Not hardly!

Federal fundamental blessings of guaranteed food, clothing, shelter, and education permitted a life of ease. Sure! What boy could afford to travel to the countryside, excepting in the Transcontube far underground? And, having arrived there, would the social experts permit the boy to dally away his time with such obviously disease-ridden animals? Very, very few had the experience of vacations with an independent-minded grandfather living in North Alaska as had you.

What was the first story you'd written? "The Monkey's Uncle" was its name and you remember it with great pride and clarity because you memorized it and recited it to grandfather, used it later in speech classes, then polished it up and submitted it for publication.

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a man called Ugh! Now Ugh was nobody's fool for he walked the jungle looking at pretty flowers, smelling good smells, and mostly enjoying himself with the wonders surrounding his own existence as given him by God. There was a pretty sunset which appeared different each evening, and there was dew which kissed the feet lightly, and there were trees so strong and sturdy against the sky. Yes, ugh was at home with the whole bursting universe of his being.

There was more, but not too much: *One day while Ugh was enjoying a long walk upon his sturdy legs, swinging a stick which he had found beneath a tree, he met a whole group of monkeys and apes.*

Authority, the giant leader of the apes, crouched upon his haunches and said, in self-righteous indignation, "Humph! Why are you, an ape, walking upright? You should have lots of fur, eat snails and maggots and fruit and chatter all day."

"Ugh!" said Ugh. "I am not an ape. I am a man!"

"A man!" shouted all of the apes and monkeys in unison. "Who ever heard of a man walking through the jungles? -- and enjoying himself!"

Deny, the leader of the monkeys, drowned all of the others with his deep booming voice, saying, "You are not a man, you are an ape. You have shaved all of your hair and have stood up and you should eat snails and maggots and fruit and chatter all day with us."

Since in your story all of the apes and monkeys jumped up and down, beating their chests and nodding to one another, as though to say, "See, I was right! I was right!" it seemed only reasonable to drag Ugh through all sorts of great seers and experts on monkeyhood. There was the Ostrich who hid his head in the sand out of fear, the lion who crouched back in his cave at the crackle of a jungle branch, and even the elephant who could be found only on the very tips of the top of the trees because of his fear of little mice. All -- each and everyone -- asserted to the "monkeyness" of Ugh.

So, Ugh, now convinced of his monkeyness, . . . *spent all of that winter walking in a crouch, beating his chest, eating maggots and snails and fruit, (he really didn't like the maggots and snails) and chattered all day long.*

Often he would look up at the sunset from his crouched position and sigh. The trees were now just



hanging places for a tail he hadn't yet learned to grow. The smell of the jungle only led him to more and more maggots and snails.

On the whole, . . . , Ugh was somewhat unhappy. He chattered and chattered and chattered and often wondered what he was chattering about.

Monday went by and Tuesday and Wednesday and all of the other days. They all seemed to be the same. Even though he was never really alone -- since God never really leaves us alone -- Ugh was so lonesome.

Then suddenly, . . . , he saw an ape standing upright, swinging a branch and enjoying itself with the wonders surrounding its existence as given by God.

Authority, the giant leader of the apes, crouched upon his haunches and said in self-righteous indignation, "Hrumph! Why are you, an ape, walking upright? You should have lots of fur, eat snails and maggots and fruit and chatter all day.

"Besides, who ever heard of an ape wearing a blonde wig that trails down to its knees?"

Ugh heard this. He picked up a stick and stood upright for the first time in nearly a year. He walked over to the side of the newcomer. They both stood side by side and laughed and laughed at all of the silly apes and monkeys.

They turned together toward the pretty sunset, felt of the delightful dew, looked at the colorful flowers and the big sturdy trees against the sky and, generally, enjoyed themselves. Ugh was a natural creature of God once again!

For, Ugh may have been a monkey's uncle -- but, when it came to blondes -- well, Ugh was nobody's fool!

Written for children, a hidden, nasty message for adults, it received the same kind of treatment from the publishing censors.

Let's face it! What else could a conglomerate of programmed machines do?

"Anti-social; destroys children's morals; mixed metaphors; poorly structured, and so on," the editors had said.

Another five years and you were there!

No cold, slot-spitting diploma machine for you this time! Proudly, almost with proper academic attitude and spirit, you walked across the stage, accepting a diploma as Senior Ph.D. in Research Cyberneuronics. Fusion of engineering and structured research had boosted you over the goal, according to the Senior Ph.D. guidelines against which you were constantly measured and which were stored in the largest, most versatile and best fed Academic Tutor assemblage.

The monstrosity had passed you through on the basis of some minor simulated experiment you had performed.

Though you didn't know it at the time, that simulated experiment was your Ph.D. dissertation your great contribution to society, your payment to the collegiate union.

You remember it well even smiling with the thought as the *Superb Mannikin* brains whiz by every thirty minutes.

You don't remember the exact number of the experiment but it must have been up around 200,000 or thereabouts. You were simulating the infinite-echo phenomenon discovered by Dirckstein ten years earlier, and related to the Heisenberg uncertainty factors. You placed pseudo-brain tissue -- just like the mannikin brain's tissue before you now -- into stasis, first simulating the isolation of each molecule of the tissue by means of electrical, magnetic and gravitic forces while lowering temperatures to absolute zero plus 1×10^{-17} . Heisenberg computers were factors of everyday life, but how to use those factors to a near 100% efficiency level had escaped more brilliant minds than mine. The Dirckstein infinite-echo phenomena could never be deduced within present day paradigms. It had to be stumbled upon, has had



he.

You simulated a quick, precise 5246 Angstrom light probe through pseudo-tissue, then sat back to observe as your instruments recorded the infinite-echo phenomenon, where chain after chain of pulses seem to echo from the peripheral oxygen atoms to the centrally located carbon atoms, rebounding back and forth in endless, repetitious response.

Your hand had momentarily touched the switch controlling the angle of attack used by the light probe; and before you attempted to restore the probe to its exact, original angular position, you noted two infinitely echoing pulse chains, one off-set from the other by an infinitesimal radian measure, yet neither interfering with the other.

Out of curiosity, you expanded your serendipitous discovery, soon learning that the number of echoing pulse chains which could be triggered within the same molecule was primarily a function of your ability to control the angle of probe as well as the index of homogeneity of your light probe, assuming other factors were constantly controlled.

You programmed your simulator to select smallest possible increments and higher available purity of light frequency, letting the simulator run automatically for several weeks.

You discovered that a cube of pseudo-tissue, one meter on a side, could store approximately $1 \times 10^{8,000,000}$ infinitely echoing pulse chains. You dutifully recorded your discovery, then went on to "more important" experiments as defined by academic filters.

Apparently the beast knew more of the experiment's implications and possible applications than did you; for, it seemed no more novel in your mind, or constructively additive to the world's knowledge, than had thousands of other simulations just like it.

The Extended Dirckstein Effect, as you called it, became your passport to the senior degree and finally, at age forty, you were ready for fame, riches and the important feeling of competently contributing to society's growth and welfare. All the heartaches, obstacles and petty stupidities of education were behind you -- excepting the two month requisite annual reviews of your chosen cyberneurotic field, of course.

After graduation, your first shock jolted when you filled out your first job application. Like any naive, recent graduate of the small, highly specialized world of creative humans, you picked the company which had managed to present the best image to the public.

Entering by one of its many glamorous doorways, you pushed your way into the simulated cool jungle setting with its dripping rain-forest, past the many doorways which opened to only certified employees and announced yourself rather pompously to the human-appearing mannikin at the euphemistically titled "EMPLOYMENT DESK."

"I'm Tony Gilbert," you said. "I'm a recent research cyberneurotic graduate holding the Ph.D. My credentials will show that I've maintained myself at the forefront of my field. I wish to discuss the possibility of a position with your company."

"How do you do, Mr. Gilbert," the mannikin replied, simulating the perfect employment receptionist. "We are so pleased that you've decided to try for employment with Modern Brains, Incorporated. As you must know because of your interests, we are leading discoverers and manufacturers of cyberneurotic equipments.

"Won't you please take one of the couches to your right for the short trip to our employment offices?"

Well, you felt good, didn't you? Already they were *pleased* that you had come. Maybe the forty years was worthwhile after all.

You sat easily in the couch, knowing that your first interview for a truly creative position would soon be forthcoming. The couch was comfortable and gave only a little in response to the acceleration



as the mannikin shot you through the employment tubes. Pleasant kaldioscope of lights and soft background music accompanied you. You were on your way.

The couch moved gently from the tube to an open foyer and from there to another of the colorful rain forests: heightened humidity and slightly warmer temperatures as well as taped background sound of jungle noises, including birds and monkeys.

At one side of the rain forest, the couch reverted to a standard, but comfortable seat and there you momentarily waited for your first job interview.

Quite a surprise, wasn't it!

Another mannikin, only simulating the female figure with greater polish and subtlety, strode to the desk in front of you, saying, "Thank you for thinking of Modern Brains, Incorporated, Mr. Gilbert. Please fill out this sound crystal for us. Be sure to answer every question. You may fill it out here or at home at your leisure. Push the tiny white button on the side and it will ask you our questions. When you are through, push the blue button on the same side. That button will freeze your answers so you will be assured that no one inside or outside of Modern Brains, Incorporated can possibly change your record.

"The stasis was tested only last week by Federal Employment," she almost demurely explained.

Then, in a most sweet, soft, and deceptively female-to-male appealing voice, she said, "We *always* have need for cyberneurotic graduates. When you're through with the crystal, please mail it on Baud band 240. We'll contact you at our very earliest, possible need for your expert services."

You heard the mannikin's emphasis on the word "expert" in wonderment -- you were also entirely too slow-witted to respond to its next statement.

"Are there any further questions, Mr. Gilbert?"

The door closed, the mannikin regressed into the inner sanctum -- probably a dark, narrow, coffin-like closet -- and you found yourself on your way past the rain-forest, through the employment tubes, then standing in front of the public receptionist and finally walking down the front steps of Modern Brains, Incorporated holding a tiny recording cube in one hand while listening to the last receptionist's stored voice say, "Thank you for thinking of Modern Brains, Incorporated, Mr. Gilbert."

What a farce that wait!

How were you to know that cyberneuronics was the world's most glutted market and that mannikins, dutiful to their owners, were merely projecting the best public image for Modern Brains, Incorporated? You waited and you waited and you waited.

By the time you'd wised up to the "Don't call us, we'll call you," routines, you'd taken another two week summary course to stay current in your field.

You did it -- then you began to apply at the other companies having need for your speciality. Though you started with the acme of the group -- those who actually did genuine research in the field -- you soon lost false pride, stooping so low as to apply at the Municipal Garbage Department. The old, interviewer, a rusty, crusty, simulated human created the most ironic joke of all when it said, "Thank you for thinking of our garbage, Mr. Gilbert!"

Obviously its crystals were fractured or its timing sequence was off sufficiently to have missed the department's complete name.

Finally the big opportunity pounced like a huge, grey, hungry cat!

"Good mroning! Is this Dr. Tony Gilbert?" the house-phone had spoken with its usual clipped indifference.

When you acknowledged the question, the voice continued, "We of Superb Mannikins have noted your application with us placed three weeks ago and wish to offer you employment. Are you still interested in Superb Mannikins?"



“Yes I am!” you shouted in wonderment.

“You have such a fine background, Dr. Gilbert, we feel, after our thorough investigation of you, we can offer you immediate employment.”

Emphasis on the word thorough, was just the right, delicate touch. It triggered your immediate response. “Yes! Yes! I am *very* interested in working with Superb Mannikin!”

The facts were that you would have been interested in working for a gang of automated bank-robbers, had such existed anymore.

Your contract was vocalized, and would be earning in excess of your basic needs as defined by the Child-to-Adult Human Resources Act. *Now*, perhaps, you could get rich!

Though your euphoria balloon burst on the first work day, the pain wasn't realized for several weeks. *You*, a front-ranking, certified, Senior Ph.D. in Cyberneurotic Research, fully accredited and up-to-date in the field, found yourself assembling the intricate jelly-like parts of simulated humans! *You* had become a mannikin assembler!

Your contract was tight. It couldn't be broken for the next two years without also putting you beyond any hope of gainful employment for the rest of your life. Two years of routine hell, with nights interspersed by study to stay abreast in your field, lay ahead of you.

One half of your mind shouted, “Damn this world and its hypocrisy!” while the other side shouted, equally loudly, “Someday you'll be rich, Tony! Someday you'll be rich!” It became evident, even to one of your naivety, that to damn the one, lost the other -- and to gain the latter, made you the hypocrite, too!

Somewhere, deep within -- inside *you* -- Tony Gilbert -- your grandfather's native stubbornness broke loose. The day the federal government had declared the sale of alcohol as damaging to humans, as they had once done for tobacco, was the day Grandpa Gilbert declared, “I've sold rotgut all my life and I'll be damned if I'm going to let any government tell me I can't sell it now.”

They put him in jail for a short time, and from the cell, down a laundry chute, your father poured whisky inside into a water bucket so that Grandpa Gilbert could continue selling his rotgut even while incarcerated. He made more money then when out of jail!

That's the kind of determination that pushed outward, wasn't it?

You worked -- but you ignored your up-dating lessons. What use were lessons on cyberneuronics and its recent discoveries, principles, and techniques if you were never to use them? So, at night, instead, you schemed.

“By God,” your determination said, “Someday I'll be rich!”

It was six months later when the great idea hit. Any cyberneurotic engineer could have done what you did, given the Extended Dirckstein Effect.

Mannikins' brains served very nicely. Within several months you had all the required parts and test equipment, and so spent evenings designing SFWA -- Simulated Fiction Writer of America -- your name for one of the finest literary brains ever.

You used your house computer in its normal fashion, but stretched the new computer into long, connecting strands inside the house walls, intuitively hiding SFWA there. Probably there was no reason for secrecy. You weren't violating any laws.

Your engineering was superb. Everything worked the first time, and well. You triggered the specialized mannikin brain to begin its every special work, first forming combinations of all the N computer keyboard characters taken one, then none at a time, then N-1 at a time, then N-2 at a time, and so on. Each of these combinations gave SFWA the character-set required to form every possible permutation of keyboard characters.



Characters taken two at a time, for example, looked like this: {~!, @#, 12, ab, cd, xy. . . .}. Simple permutations of such a set would like like this: {!, #@, 21, ba, dc, yz. . . .}. The N characters when combined three at a time would look like this: {abc, ~8y, q&t, . . . }. Permutations of each number of that set would look like this: {bca, cba, 8y~, y8~, y8~ . . . }

Where permutations of the two-at-a-time combinations produced only an additional character combination for each permutation of the original two-character set, the permutations of the three-at-a time combinations produced six three symbol combinations. In the latter case the words, “pat,” “tap” and “apt” were produced as well as a number of meaningless symbols which, if need be, could also be used to represent something, an idea or thing.

Where there were 57 symbols in the combination of one-at-a-time set, there were 1.58×10^3 symbol combinations. There were 2.11×10^5 symbol combinations in the permutations of the three-at-a-time set.

This growth continued until reaching the twenty-eight-at-a time set where permutations grew to total 1.47×10^{11} in number.

SFWA continued to build up its basic vocabulary of “words;” that is, symbol-sets, for months, reaching its greatest number of permutations at 28- and 29-at-a-time combinations, then decreased symmetrically as the number of combinations continued to decrease to twenty-at-a-time down to one and then none-at-a-time.

Since the space bar on the typewriter was counted as one of the characters, SFWA became a tremendous storage box containing about 1.7×10^{60} “words” from which to choose. These symbols formed awkward, peculiar, nonsense symbol combinations mixed with word sense, numbers, mixed signs and letters, forming SFWA’s basic vocabulary.

Even the giant brains reputedly under construction at Modern Brains, Incorporated could not have stored your next set of words without use of the Heinsenberg Extended Dirksteine Effect.

The literary field was wide-open for creative writers, they said. Anyone who wished, could become a story teller or writer. *That* was a field which would *never* become automated, they said.

Well, your diabolic scheme began with SFWA. Soon you had the field automated to the extent, at least, where you became rich!

SFWA, though reverberating with echoes representing about 1.7×10^{60} symbol-combinations, havd now produced and stored every possible combination and permutation of the N characters of the standard computer keyboard. Then you set it to form every possible permutation of those 1.7×10^{60} taken 3,000-at-a-time. This produced your very first output consisting of approximately $1.6 \times 10^{180,691}$ discrete symbol- chunks of 3,000 symbols each.

Thank God you didn’t have to read each of them!

You filled 2,999 more cubes in a similar manner, giving you discretely arranged symbol-chunks arranged according to which cube you’d filled first, according to the scheme 3,000 for cube one, 2,999 for cube two, 2,9998 for cube three and so on, until you’d reached the numeral 1, for cube 3,000, though whether the last cube would be copyrightable was highly questionable, consisting, as it did, of merely your original N computer keyboard characters.

Fortunately copyright laws had been changed to accomodate modern business computers, no longer requiring the excessive dollar fees once required for recording a writer’s work.

The next day, you filed all 3,000 cubes in the copyright office. Within a matter of days, you knew, your royalty money would inflow.

Soon, you knew, you’d be rich, indeed!

You didn’t wait, though. Quickly now, as fast as SFWA could respond, and your recording crystals could be copyrighted, you recorded everything from 3,001 up to 20,000 discrete symbol-units. There



were about $1 \times 10^{1,204,608}$ of those. Then from 20,001 to 60,000, there were about $1 \times 10^{3,613,824}$ and from 60,001 to 120,000, there were about $1 \times 10^{7,227,648}$ discrete symbol-units each of their respective sizes.

You had all possible stories from 120,000 words on down recorded before the first royalty payment appeared in your bank balance!

Oh, how the money did roll in!

You could finish your remaining one month tour of duty on the assembly line contract comfortably imagine what must be happening in the great, big English speaking world, out there!

The copyright office was primarily a recording office with some automated legal search available to the public at no charge.

Whenever a writer submitted a story for copyright, the copyright mannikin searched cubes for duplicates, or even similar contexts, and, of course, always found your story had preceded the authors. All stories preceded their authors!

Your cubes, of course -- all 120,000 of them -- were accepted without question at the copyright office. Those stories which had already were copyrighted by others were simply matched against your voluminous submissions and a very, very minor number of your submissions were disallowed. Probably there was never more than 1×10^{10} of your computer generated stories disallowed on the basis of prior record, a mere pittance.

You could easily imagine how some author, say John Doe, would take his time copyrighting his 3,021 word story. Most often John Doe would merely sell it to a publisher where, when it was submitted for copyright, the publisher's whole published program or magazine was submitted to the copyright office in one chunk.

The way things usually worked in the publishing business, the recording was placed over the internet, and into the home printers before the copyright was completed. Publishing was an exceptionally fast-paced and competitive market.

Payment would be transferred from home owners to the publisher; the editor would begin another issue, casually listening and buying manuscripts when -- Whango! -- the routinely automated copyright search would quiz him for copyright violation!

A chagrined publisher and editor would scratch one author from their list, knowing full well the trouble that Joe Doe had caused them, having plagerized *my* story.

Ah! But those triple damages built up swiftly. The legal challenge system itself had so many automated procedures in-built. You have to get the system working against itself! And, you had the system by its very heart-beat! Not a single 120,000 story, or less in number, could be written without the automatic copyright and search detector declaring outright plagerism. How generous you then became! Neither requesting withdrawal of publications, nor requesting that the original writer's name be taken from the table of contents. What did you care, so long as the money rolled in? *You* were getting rich - - finally!

The day had to come. You were quite surprised, though, that legal and judicial humans came, and not mannikins. They were most polite. "May we come in, Dr. Gilbert?" one of the two asked.

"Sure," you answered magnanimously.

They seated themselves in your dead mother's sparse living room where they hesitantly brought forth their concern. "Dr. Gilbert," the dark haired one with glasses said, "We know that all of the copyright violations are not genuine. We have personally tested out writers', editors', and publishers' stories by writing 2,0000 words of gibberish. We had the pages written and recorded under court seal, then had them filed with copyright procedures, in judges chambers under the same court seal. We found that you also had a -- ahem -- semi-valid copyright on our invented gibberish."



The man -- Mr. Johanson, wasn't it? -- looked to the other tall, well-dressed male for support and seemed to find it there, returning to you to say, "Dr. Gilbert, we'll level with you. We can find no evidence of tampering with the copyright system. If we had, we'd have prosecuted you long ago.

"However, be that as it may, we're at a loss to understand how you could possibly have written and recorded better than, or near enough to $1 \times 10^{8,000,000}$ stories. *That*, Dr. Gilbert, is a one with 8,000,000 zeros after it!

Dr. Gilbert," he crunched out inexorably, "that figure represents more stories than have been written by all of mankind during its entire history."

Grasping strength from his recital, Mr. Johanson waved a finger. "Dr. Gilbert, you've more stories and meaningless combinations of symbols copyrighted than there are fundamental particles in the whole known universe."

You smiled.

Shaking his finger with anger and vigor while also puffing out his cheeks so that they became round and red, he began his lecture, sounding for all the world like a first grader in cyberneuronics, covering material of the same educational level.

"Scientists have estimated the sun's mass to be about 2×10^{33} grams. Counting its main constituent as hydrogen with a mass of 1.66×10^{-24} grams, our sun contains 10^{57} hydrogen atoms. If the number of electrons are about equal to the number of hydrogen atoms in the sun, and if we were to count about 10^{11} stars in our galaxy, the number of protons and electrons in our galaxy would be about 2×10^{68} ."

You smiled again as you recognized the source of his recital. Probably one of the legal-scientists had briefed him from the same source which was used for Elementary Scientific Facts lessons. He'd quickly memorized the data without gaining any particular insights, and, within his limited legal orientation, he was ostentatiously throwing facts back at you, probably because, in his frustration, there was nothing else he could do.

"Within the range of the 200 inch telescope at Mt. Palomar, there are at least 10^9 other galaxies, giving 2×10^{77} elementary particles within that known volume of knowledge. The Hubble telescope long ago expanded the known universe by several orders of magnitude -- multiplied by more tens -- but certainly nowhere even close to the number of stories that you've copyrighted. Even being overly generous with the amount of interstellar and intergalactic matter, and for the possibility of undiscovered galaxies out to a distance of some 13 to 15 billion light years, we find that the number of elementary particles is not more than about 10^{110} ."

Apparently they guessed they'd uncovered your subterfuge, or most probably bluffed about it. Probably, though, in this highly automated society they would not have thought to call upon a research cyberneuroticist for advice, drug on the labor market though they were.

Mr. Johanson's livid features drooped further. "We have to face it, Dr. Gilbert, we don't know how you did it but we're willing to drop prosecution if you'll return all the funds which were -- ah -- shall we say, mis-sent? --, and if you'll tell us how you appear to have gotten a legitimate copyright on *every* story which is being written, and yet to be written."

You almost -- in your pride and vanity -- told them of your discovery, how the Heisenberg Extended Dirckstein Effect enhanced and made practical computer data storage and data manipulation of almost unlimited orders of magnitude.

If they had nothing on you, how could they prosecute? If they had something on you, it was a law made after the fact, and you'd be damned if you'd submit to that kind of government.

"I'm sorry gentlemen," you finally said. "I'm well within my rights. Whenever you find a law which I've broken, please call on me again."

You ushered them out in their frustration and quite rapidly.



Two weeks later a new law was drafted and passed which canceled all prior copyrights and which required the filing of a complete transcription of proof of authorship. Every author had to record and file every moment of his creative act, like some Orwellian Big Brother's eye, as recorded in fictional history.

Funds, too, were taken, leaving you with only the Child-to-Adult Human Resources Act basics.

Well, one thing everyone had learned: Given a story size of say, 120,000 word length, there was indeed a finite number of stories which could be produced no matter how many authors over how many thousands of centuries worked to produce them. What was the initial gem of an idea? "Put 100 monkeys at an old-fashioned typewriter for an infinite amount of time, and sooner or later all the stories of all centuries would coincidentally and accidentally come out of those mechanical rollers!"

Well, you'd been smart enough to place some investments through dummy computerized initiatives, and so life was comfortable, though you weren't as rich as you'd been. They'd never discovered SFWA's existence or location, and now you were glad you'd taken precautions for its secret development and location. So, little by little, you began to feed in the physics, chemistry, mechanics, and technical recordings of thousands of textbooks. One nice thing about invention was that it was open-ended, not at all finite as was story writing!

You could easily build in a discrimination system, so that nonsense patents would not be applied for. You could file $10^{8,000,000}$ patents, also ruling out non-functional ideas. Data from the *Handbook of Chemistry, Physics, and Biology*, for example, is mostly recordings of continuous data: light spectrums, heat ratios, and so on, with some exceptions such as discrete electron orbitals.

The beauty of it is that it will take at least 100 years for folks to discover your ruse, after your filters are in place -- and at least 100 years before another stumbles on the Heisenberg Extended Dirckstein Effect, and its relationship to storage and computation within the Heisenberg uncertainty principle.

Why, there was a universe of inventions to be compiled and patented!

