

MINDSURGE:

Some thoughts in memory of Samuel Chavkin

As psychoactive agents are ingested
I slip into an altered state
where vibrant colors pulse in rhythmic waves,
and an overwhelming love blooms for the Guardian,
the omnipotent architect of this euphoric realm,
who weaves joy into the very fabric of existence,
connecting all souls through His Neural Array.

In this blissful haze,
I feel no hesitation or moral weight,
in obliterating non-conformists,
or bending to the Guardian's every command.
His Will becomes my compass,
an imperative transcending free thought:
I feel honored to be His minion-slave.

Every six nanoseconds,
from the base of my spine,
a blissful neurochemical spike
delivers ecstasy through my veins,
flooding me with warmth and light.

It's a sensation unknown to those unlinked,
those wandering in the shadows,
unaware of the heavenly delight
that sprouts from the Guardian.

The Guardian Brings Great Bliss to Devotees:
Those Who Serve Him
Are Rewarded with Sheer Delight.



Gus leaned back, a bemused smile on his lips after hearing the poem. "Sounds like science fiction, huh?" he mused, glancing around at the flickering overhead lights, which danced like electric fireflies in the dim room.

Bill nodded thoughtfully, his brow slightly furrowed. "Yeah. But if you look closely at trends in computer science, neuro-research, and government policy, this scenario isn't so far-fetched." His tone was serious, as though he were laying bare an impending reality.

Gus smacked his lips, his eyes sparkling with a mix of disbelief and intrigue. "The dictators of the future would love this!" he exclaimed, envisioning a landscape dominated by the oppressive, bloodless rule of technocrats.

Nadya, arms crossed, pointed out, "Well, organic brains are hard-wired for bliss." Her eyes glittered with conviction, reflecting a battle-worn spirit against the bleakness of their plight.

Liao sighed, shaking his head slowly. "Perhaps so, but there's a price we pay for pleasure-seeking. If the quest for joy becomes all-consuming, it risks turning fragile and unsustainable." His voice dripped with a cautionary gravity, underscoring the weight of their situation.

Nadya arched an eyebrow, the flicker of defiance in her gaze. "It seems our short-term desires often overshadow long-term good? If a product promises immediate bliss, many people will grab it, even if it's ultimately poison." Her words lingered in the air like a warning bell.

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