

*Anachrome: Leslie Helpert: lesliehelpert@gmail.com 718-753-6034*

All hard science within the following text is mostly accurate.

Real names and titles of characters have been used, but their stories sometimes changed.

"That which is Below corresponds to that which is Above, and that which is Above corresponds to that which is Below, to accomplish the miracle of the One Thing. [Whatever happens on any level of reality –physical, emotional, or mental– also happens on every other level]." --*The Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus*

FORWARD: (midward)

**This is a forward** that is too forward to put in the beginning of Ana's story--- will be a "midward" if used at all. The hesitation to have it be the very first chunk of language to meet your eyes is because it feels too weighty-- and, in this day and age, let's be real. If it doesn't touch you in a way that borders on tweaking sensual arousal, ADD intervenes. But let's try this! Here we go:

\*

**The force that creates life plays ball with itself, pitching manifestations within a matter-rich spatial jungle. Near the year 2020, scientists disclose: Earth is allured by a *supercluster***

while it is also rejected by a low-density *supervoid*. What does that mean? Simply, the planet is in a push-pull relationship. The circumstance is similar to the Manhattan internet-dating scene during the same time period. In a single weekend, one guy over-texts while another disappears from orbit after date two. Research concludes, hit and miss, give and take happen simultaneously, rather than consecutively.

Some 13-plus billion years ago, cosmic inflation gave rise to what's popularly referenced as *The Big Bang*. By this theory, the universe was spawned the size of a poppy seed. Fast forward past rapid inflation, scalding-hot dense epochs, helium, hydrogen, and the Milky Way's debut. Out of extra-star stuff, etc. the (not round!) oblate-spheroidal-shaped Earth-ball gets tossed into the game, along with the rest of the solar system. It's a juggle. Planets form, slung from a spinning dust-disc, leaning heavily on what has been classified as *the second law of thermodynamics*, entropic disorder, a sophisticated equation for "what the fuck?" Governing planetary energy is spent on band-aid repairs, environmental acclimations, advancing systems of defense, call-to-arms, and je ne sais quoi(s); not so different than the presiding government expenditures on earth.

A baby forgets its source of origin once through the vaginal canal. Earth, post-formation, does the same. After its own genesis, earth self-absorbedly identifies as a celestial independent. However, the planet, falling not far from the tree (in light years), possesses similar *superstring* cunning as its galactic-core forebearer. Thus, after proudly surviving its first million years under siege in meteoroid bombardment, the planet capitalizes on its

**jagged history, wielding mineral-rich innovation from the leftover ammunition of astral attackers, exuding *expansion, expansion, expansion!***

**It is not until just after the year 2020 those on planet earth begin to observe spatial boomeranging, recession as progress. Culturally, the strange sensation is first interpreted as a need to downsize, live in tiny houses, freelance, simplify, it's hip. It is the force of life playing ball with itself, a billion years in the future being felt as the day's trend.**

**Transposing from pitcher to catcher, existence begins a mathematical involution. Just as there is quantum entanglement, there exists also quantum disentanglement. In this case, fortifying minerals, once arriving to earth via *Panspermia* space-voyage, prime for job transfer. It is not much different than how the human, regardless of her inability to distinctly recall a pre-incarnation point, is drawn back to these very coordinates at her life's end, however much these coordinates have likely shifted in both Einstein's *spacetime* and Heidegger's *time-space*.**

**ANACHROME** (*an almanac*)

Dedication:

For David, who continually told me I should write an *amazing* book, because I was *amazing*—while he cheated and deceived me during his year at Harvard, claiming worthy status. For me, who took full responsibility. And for every woman trying to fit with a man, and vice versa, who believes (still) in forever.

(Meanwhile, post-enduring loving me, a musical composer, his interests turn to analyzing the sounds of nature. In exchange, after handling a biologist's anxiety for years, I stop playing my instrument entirely, and-- as per his latest ambitions-- write a book, nearly puking out a mess of hyper-science terms in the following pages. Maybe this is his book, who knows. I baffled myself reading for hours about the behavior of bacteria when a decade ago, the only science I was absorbed in had to do with the HZ frequency of my 14" Dr. Z custom boutique amp pumping out the sounds made from my 1969 blond Telecaster. Chalk changing interests up to the mysterious exchange of microbiomes that happen within the coupling process, and let it provide ample reason to be extra careful selecting with whom you choose to partner. Please, if you are not a science reader, allow these thick-worded parts to sound like Farsi might for someone who's never left California, exotic, sweet and like rose-water poetry. Let these freaky science pieces just be the moments in the story where you get to be lulled into a regenerative nap, digest the literal only figuratively and as one would a dream: come back just for the sex scenes. I aim to please.)

---

## **ANACHROME**

How does it feel to be naked with a new man? The moment you take off your bra in the deep night, when he looks at your storied chest in the low-lit room. Were you trained to feel your body is a showcase? To put one leg in front of the other in a photograph: your best angle? It started like this, an industry born out of recognizing only one flavor of the feminine, and perpetuating it as eternal. The sex symbol, the forever-ovulatory young woman, bill-boarded, crucified.

First the crones died off from the lips of the heralding heralds. Pre-media, pre-newspaper. No one talked about them; they just disappeared. Typically, yes, there was one select, scary, old witchy woman in the middle of the dark wood in every village. Just one. The competition was fierce. The rest were not mythologized, only cast off. Sometimes beggar women blurred into the town's background, destitute in ways unrecorded, smudged out. We don't even know how they were destitute. We barely know about the relic, regal female lives of the days' top parties. Marie Antoinette, Cleopatra. We know about how they smelled, what flowers they wore, how much they fucked, what men they successfully manipulated. We're moved to believe that their bodies alone allured men to start wars, rather than their minds or opinions, and we know how to paint them, how to make their smile historically uninterpretable. As though the only worthwhile debate about a woman's position is what her smile meant.

The viral heterosexual fallout started like this: a cultural *hemimetaboly*--- that is--an incomplete metamorphosis, anachronistic. Thomas Hardy predicted it on page 57 in his *Tess of the D'ubervilles*, "two halves of a perfect whole", he wrote, synch only in near-misses, out-of-synch. Society and nature worked symbiotically; each played its part. Women were commodified until genetically dispositioned towards physical disassociation and men emotionally hardened until inherently prejudice towards mentally cracking and destruction. Sentience disappeared as industry developed. Sexiness became an expression rather than an embodiment. Then, the revolution of culture in the mid-1900's yielded a humanity stretched thin by their opposite inclinations, part primal, part artificial intelligence. The Halfsies. Spiritual fodder became more popularized as people let go of linear corporeality. Religiosity was recognized, finally, for what

it was, a sense to preserve what of us might be eternal, able to survive massive extinction like jellyfish disguise themselves, handle acidic oceans.

She takes off her shirt in the darkness and she still self-objectifies. "Is he hard?", she concerns. "Did I get him hard?", "What is he thinking?" Her mind dialogues in soundbites that turn her on, overwhelm her, that are not even hers, that belong to television. "Let's make a baby/I am your sex-slave/I am your geisha/Control me/I am being raped by you/I am being anointed by you." The fallout.

She sleeps minimally and walks a mile back to her home in the Manhattan morning.

This is when Manhattan is still dimensional, when you could still walk through it.

The sky looks like a mountain in the distance. These were the early days when apparition began to be a choice, where one thought but was not sure if they could perhaps change the skyline.

She'd invited mountains just for minutes into the Manhattan horizon, for a refreshing symbol.

Walking home she reset: a technique like fingering prayer beads, cleared her neural pathways to the original game, the original scene. Three tongue clicks: input backup EED (energetic/external drive). Then "undo, delete", "undo, delete", "undo, delete". Time-space had been involved, but that element was easy-ish to wipe out, on the fritz, like the word fritz itself.

Since time-space was on the edge of obsolete, one *actual* night-length (or, even still, one more) of man and woman-bodied human touching would not destroy her ambition. She rationalizes this. However, the science was still out; perhaps her thinking was tainted. Some considered

thoughts unexposed to solid hertz frequency likely corrupted by imbalanced bacterial metabolites, dysbiosis, leaky gut. It was nearly 2020, the sub-diaphragmatic portion of the human body had already begun undergoing allopathic quarantine by this time. Soon to be part of the taxation system, the quarantine was in beta-test phase, FDA-regulated and installed within the left-half of the world mostly through algorithmic Google Adwords and remarketing strategists. (The "left-half of the world" refers to the demographic population considered the "cultural-west", primarily N. America, Europe and Australasia.) In 2017, The general collective consciousness elected the (85% male) advisory committee of the NIH (National Institute of Health) to privately allocate funds to (the 86% male) DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) in support of a sterilization process. The "process" was simply an advanced adaptation of combined scientific Natural Language Processing and the holistic therapeutic art of Neuro Linguistic Programming (both, not-coincidentally, sharing the same acronym). Their joint acronym indicated some of the first corroboration of corrupt "transdisciplinary" initiatives between the fields of holistic therapeutic arts and data science. While transdisciplinary philosophy conveniently appeared, at worst, fruity or invaluable, underneath its harmless facade, leaders of conjoined arts and sciences had been ethically hijacked. Turning dissident together, the trans-disciplinarians maintained an outward appearance as fosterers for exceptional innovative education, defenders of freedom. However, they operated covertly as unified double agents, perpetuating noise and working desperately to keep burgeoning minds self-importantly busy. The agenda was simple: feed the ivy-league community with distinct pontification fodder; support researchers to lose themselves in pressing topics. Encourage them to compete for title of first author of their shared publications, then reap the (cost-free) provision of their well-

researched findings. Resultantly, they'll have given their lives to advance the necessary science of infiltration, controlled by military money.

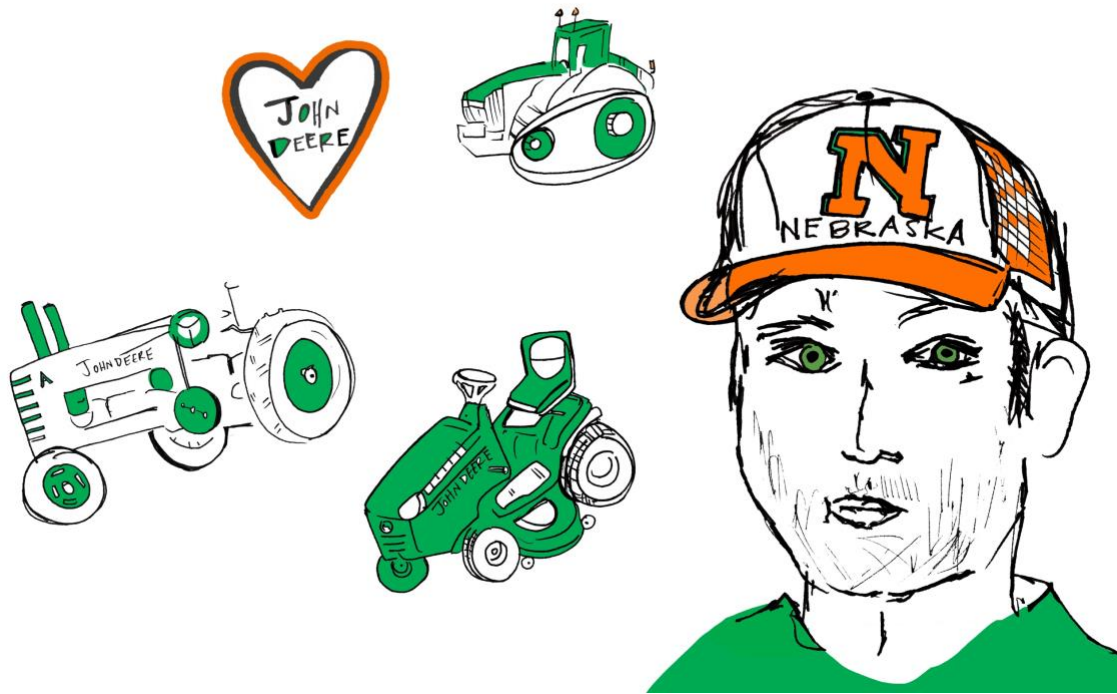




You are Ana, and you are walking home in the early Manhattan winter morning from the Lower East Side to where you live, E.11th between 2nd and 3rd avenue. You are Ana because every story has become VR optional, and your head has been stuck into this headset, and more than your head—your heart. She is written, you are written, in a time when perspective (omniscient, first person, etc.) has melded. The importance of *where we are* in time loses its coordinate stronghold. Through exacting equations, aided by Einstein's parentage, culture adapts to the *unified field*, relativity. Recognized, as bodies largely populated by colonizing bacteria, we are moving microbiomes. Ana tries to stay primarily away from all *Bacteriodes*-saturated types, her microbiota prefers more *Prevotella* and *Ruminococcus*-populated company. She says she just feels her immunity is most aligned with their mentality and poise.

Ana knows through dreams that the fallout has been culminating for this moment, but she isn't willing to consider indexing forward to discover the transition, if and how the humanoid female and male will accept they are no longer fitting together on the essential, chromosomic level. Attention on the subject had yet to pointedly surface, but the condition was palpable. Just after the year 2020, a steady hashtag (#thefallout) would lead to proper terminology. Scientific American-- and then The New Yorker, Time Magazine, Forbes, Esquire and Vogue would catch on to normalize it, create cultural acceptability. But just before the year 2020 the fallout was in a similar stage of acceptance like Fibromyalgia in the 1980's. It was still too close to the Sylvia Plath years to consider being tired and aching all over, plus feeling extra-sensitive as anything that would potentially not be solved with some type of lobotomy. After the year 2020, though, the fallout could be heard on the lips of the most upper echelon of conservative America or even wildlife hunters in the mid-west who'd never left Nebraska. The Nebraskan hunter could say "the

fallout" in reference to the Anachronistic Chromosomic Heterosexual Fallout, and their family understood. *Jack doesn't want a wife, he's more interested in his John Deere collection.*



Before the year 2020, the preliminary qualifiers were released in hard science periodicals regarding the degenerative shrinking and DNA decrease of the Y chromosome. Quantitative estimations reported the male-determining Y chromosome had merely 4.6 million years left before completely disappearing. <sup>1</sup> While 4.6 million years may seem substantial, it calculates as less than 3% of its total 166 million-year mammalian span-of-existence. If we imagine a tube of toothpaste that is 97% empty, we can then begin to grasp how much of the male-creating chromosome we have left in the tube to squeeze onto our brush.

In general, little was publically mentioned about Y's settled shrunken state; how it now exists as merely 1/5th the size of its coupling X chromosome, which was once its contemporary in both girth and complexity. The academic publications initially fell under the public radar, were written in a non-alarming style, none earned a front cover. (Near the year 2020, video content featuring butt-centric exercises received, on average, 50+ million individual hits annually on social media platforms in contrast to published talks on the subject of the waning Y chromosome, which garnered less than an estimated 5,000 views-a-piece over the period of a decade.)

Scientists consoled--we shouldn't concern too much regarding Y's descent, male expression could *likely* find another chromosome to ride (a Q or a J, perhaps?). Or else, not to fear, the female X chromosome would adopt the male SOX-9 gene necessary for sperm creation, eventually resulting in *parthenogenetic*, or self-replicating humans. Other researchers claimed the chromosome, shed down to a mere 27 of its once-800 ancestral genes, had now nearly ceased to dwindle and would remain in plateau, albeit in a shrunken state. This provided some sense of relief to the few who stayed updated on the subject. Perhaps out of pride, some researchers perceived Y's atrophy as an advancement of design, like the lithe, upgraded Macbook.

Determining how fast it had withered and from what conditions did not spike much general curiosity. Nearly all researchers were in agreement, Y had downsized abruptly, not steadily, over 100 million years ago. However, this information was based on *archaeogenetic* specimen extraction techniques which, shortly beyond the year 2020, become technologically outdated.

Before the year 2020, few gave ample hypothetical consideration to how metals and plant alkaloids (the foundation of the pharm and tech industry-- and the global economy) had, through a kind of time-independent physics, orchestrated Y's genetic evolutionary decrease over successive generations. Of these few, less than an abstract handful of thinkers jumped conclusively to what would later be known cross-globally, simply by mathematically comparing the newly configured slope of decline of Y's gene content to the *rise-over-run* rate of incline in human industry and technology: Y's genomic decline was for the benefit of a different partnership. Y, now only 10% of its original chromosomic size, had handed a good sum of its protein-rich original job responsibilities off to X, who was (by some level of nature) fully compliant.

Y chose to process his evolution outside of his relationship with X, unloading the content of his inner world into X's open arms while making himself energetically transmutably available *elsewhere*. Y's eyes were on the prize of an out-of-body possession beyond X's attention. Maximizing the options available in the quantum field of relativity, Y, now light and carefree, traveled at a different speed, its naked electrons skirting through the Higgs boson field, boyishly racing light's massless particles. Outside of the human body, Y enters into a new partnership, a symbiotic mutation with the minerals originally brought to earth through trojan celestial bodies.<sup>2</sup> Somehow, this all takes place nonchalantly; like a typical affair. The husband, on a business trip, sweetly rings his wife to say *goodnight* then disconnects, sheepishly ascends to PH1, riding one of the city's most posh elevators. As simple as this, he arrives at the door, in a universe completely out of his wife's grasp. There, he lavishes his high-end escort, who been doubly paid, for a racy, in-suite all-nighter. Meanwhile, this isn't even happening in his wife's version of

reality: there, her husband has only plodded to the hotel sink, unwrapped a courtesy soap, and washed his face (never caring too much about soap brand) just before collapsing on starchy sheets. He falls asleep watching a Netflix cooking show like almost every other night. And the wife, immaculately up-keeping their shared life duties while he travels afar, is dispositioned like the X chromosome, obligingly providing her relations with the best of her gene-recombining abilities. Somewhere in a city that doesn't sleep, Y focuses on its own survival, set into motion 133 million years ago, destined toward a cross-material mutualism with the world of mechanics, immeasurable by *23 and Me*.



Mass populace acquiesced, accepting environmental metals, electromagnetic radiation and alkaloids could potentially trigger genetic mutations within the human body; lead and chromium exposure had been linked to potential endocrine-related birth defects and abnormalities.<sup>3</sup> The world, for the most part, carried on. For a period, there was a general sub-cultural movement to avoid standing in front of a microwave, assuming any potential effects of radiant exposure thus nullified. This co-occurred with the sub-cultural trending fashion of pinch-rolled jeans.

Thousands of Americans stepped to the side while their popcorn underwent 2-minute transformations on high. They'd successfully avoid wave exposure all-the-more by bending down, re-pinching and re-rolling their denim pant cuffs efficaciously, waiting on their partially hydrogenated soybean oil and *polydimethylsiloxan* butter-flavor kernels to pop.

*Polydimethylsiloxan* is also used for the treatment of head-lice, but before the year 2020, this was largely overlooked when driven by the euphoric smell of artificiality.

Other waveform avoidance included "opting out" of airport security (particularly good for those who secretly preferred total body pat-down by a uniformed official versus molestation by quanta under surveillance.) Some refused to live near significant amounts of powerlines, or exchanged their hours watching television (54-700 MHz--  $10^7$ ) for streaming computer-based show watching (60-100 Hz--  $10^2$ ), despite computer waves being stronger than the aforementioned powerlines. Furthermore, WIFI, which was necessary for computer use until a substantial amount of time after the year 2020, emitted frequencies stronger than the television set (2.5-6 GHz-- $10^{10}$ ), what was one to do? Ironically, *therapeutic radiation* emitted the strongest

physiologically transforming waves, targeted to kill off cells diseased from an over-exposure to microwaves<sup>4</sup>, airport security, the television set, etc. The championing *therapeutic radiation*, in the form of ionizing ultra-violet, x and gamma rays, supplied  $10^{21}$  EHz, wave frequencies extending beyond humanly visible light.<sup>4</sup> The hierarchy of light is tyrannical, in this case— the strongest frequencies are institutionally employed as a medicinal technology, reforming cells exposed to lower forms of radiation, to replicate only *as they should*, benignly. Whether submitting to frequencies or avoiding them with alternative paths and therapies, human culture accepted this as *just so*, still adamant to hold the top place in Darwin's systemic hierarchy. Society would never consider frequencies or heavy metals as alive, despite their potential quantum *observer capabilities*<sup>5</sup>, for then, we would, perhaps, have to consider their tyrannous power over us. If exposure to our own man-made technology could potentially destroy our homeostatic health, we'd not only have to consider ourselves compliant to metals and waves, but also self-saboteurs for promoting their place in the world through our most innovative technologies; and that we'd merely been accommodating their position as dominatrix-- ourselves in the role as slaves to them. So, Science maintained Darwin's pre-existent hierarchy. Best to conveniently keep metals, alkaloids, and electromagnetic radiation classifiably non-living. Not only can we then remain self-perceivably in charge of the food chain, but also we'd always have an escape goat to blame for our unfair susceptibility, "victimized" by their unruly superconductivity. This, along with political upheaval, kept drama rife.

When the forensic evidence revealed, not long after the year 2020, that hetero-sexual sex-drive was threatened because the male-determining Y chromosome was far more naturally attracted to metals and alkaloids than to its female X counterpart, science news finally consumed public

attention. Long before the dawn of placental mammals, the coming-together of their organic material was smartly conceived by nature's design, through asteroids, through minerals, water, bacteria, photosynthesis, placentas, regulatory systems. Humans were positioned to yield the age of industry, then of technology, robotics and, ultimately, the bionic union between them. And metals emerged from the earth, through the efforts of man's hands, in search of man, himself. Here were the two halves Thomas Hardy did not write about on page 57 in *Tess of The D'ubervilles*; these "two halves of a perfect whole" were never out-of-synch, their targeted precision midst an extraordinarily complicated, varied web of genes<sup>6</sup> could be aimed at nothing other than each-other.

Consider this. The Y chromosome develops into formation by literally suppressing the expression of the female-determining X chromosome. Then, it is predisposed to continue suppressing female determination long after its in-utero formative state. In compensation for its genetic shrinking, the Y energetically proliferates, indirectly informing the cultural state labeled as "The Patriarch". Because the Y chromosome cannot replicate within the meiosis process of cell division, Y compensates outside of the human body, leaving his mark through fabricating all historical systems traced through male descent.

An imagined mutation between men and metals is less of an obvious courtship than the occipital lobe might construct. There is an *undeniable* heat, intrigue, arousal, but, conveniently, less concerted connection is necessary than in the courtship between the man and woman body, no ballroom gown, no bachelor party, no rings or outdated "things". The collaboration happens (precisely where most successful enduring biological collaborations take place) within the primal



unconscious, wired by the nervous system and carried on through, what is colloquially referenced as *the gut*, or gastro-intestinal system. A man may not even know that he's endowed his genetic content for his mutation with particulate heavy metals, however much he may walk around with the unwavering air of an overlord.

Despite Y being "the apple biter" in the garden of innovation here, the hetero male-body is not solely *responsible* for instigating the bionic future. X, in fact, was the original carrier of Y's Sex-determining protein before Y evolved to responsibly carry it for himself.<sup>7</sup> In the causal relationship (not *casual*--in the least, please note--- but *causal*) both X and Y play the role of the *causer* and the *effector*, a type of mutual push and pull happening simultaneously. While the onset of intermingling behavioral phenomena between human body metals and environmental metals is traced back, specifically, to the travel adventures of a male-determining *transcription factor protein* named SOX-9, without X, the evolution wouldn't be possible. Ychromosomal SOX-9, responsible for the formation of male sex parts, empties the minerals from the pockets of its DNA and sends these teleporting in a metastable, excited state, powering upward through electron spin to exchange information with noble metals outside the human body.

Through a type of superconductivity, the traveling metals from SOX-9 impact planetary metals with the coding information used to trigger the expression of human testes. While exogenous and genetic materials are apt to influence each-other's surface expression without altering their chromosomic essence, this case is different. See, SOX-9 has endured 166 million years anticipating having to find a new home-base for its genetic expression, since the Y chromosome which houses it has largely disintegrated. After enjoying an out-of-body electron spin vacation

through the qubits of quantum teleportation, protein SOX-9's metals return toward home-base to settle down. While trailing through the body system, it agitates without a strong pull toward the Y chromosome (since its delegated base-of-operations is now so shriveled, weak and uncommanding). In transit, SOX-9's metals leak a type of energetic information (especially stimulated at higher rates in males exposed to significant environmental toxins or males displaying overtly *metrosexual* behavior which is clinically shown to lower testosterone levels). The leakage of this information effects genotype expression, materializing in double-strand DNA heartbreak and forever altering the evolutionary future of human physiology and chromosomic destinies. Put simply, here is a doorway through which man enters, blood, brain, skin, bones, and exits biologically bionic, metal, light, *nanomachine*, augmentation.