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The End of the Party

by Garf Collins

Unia was disappointed by the weather and the fact that Hector wasn't there. She commanded 'TIME' and the Contact system answered '20.49 June 25 2153.'

"Always too much data. Where can that man be," she said petulantly as she looked out of the window at clouds of rain being driven across the city. She glanced down at the river deep within its containing banks. "Thank goodness Terracontrol engineers have managed to stabilize the climate but I wish they could stop some of this extreme weather."

She commanded 'GET GISELLE' and the face of her friend appeared on the Contact screen.

"Giselle. Hector my GenePal hasn't turned up. I'll never get pregnant at this rate."

"Why don't you just get inseminated like most other women then?"

"Well. I'm traditional in some things. I like to keep up some of the old ways and I was getting used to him as this would have been my third attempt."

Unia and Giselle were members of EPOGE (the Elite Party of Greater Europe.) They regarded as quaint the feminists like the Suffragettes and the #MeToo movement of the last two centuries.

From the start of the early 2000s girls had begun to outdistance boys educationally and as they emerged into adulthood they had first taken over the professions such as medicine, accountancy and the law. From there they had gradually taken over governments throughout the world. Machines, bioscience and software had increasingly made engineering, agriculture and many other traditional male dominated sectors easy for clever female management. The old haphazard means of procreation had begun to be regarded as too random. Now with detailed and accurate genetic profiling party members were matched with selected male donors. The children were raised to join the elite through a schooling system optimized over many years. Outside the Party there were large numbers of Unterclasse – men and women carrying on archaic ways. They were mostly ignored apart from menial and semi-skilled jobs Party members didn't want to do themselves.

The Comtact system burst into life. It was Hector.

"Where the hell are you? You know you were supposed to be here at 20 hours."

"Unia. I'm not coming," at that Hector smiled wryly. "I am on strike. We've formed a male emancipation movement called #WeAlso inspired by a 21st century women's campaign. Now it's our turn to object to being taken for granted with no economic status. We resent having to maintain our bodies and submit to all sorts of biological tests just for the gratification of women in producing babies for the Party. So no sperm from us. Unless our reasonable demands are met, the race will die out. I warn you the Unterclasse is with us."

One evening a year later, Unia was wondering what she was supposed to do with the baby the Childmonita had just handed her, when Giselle called.

"Hullo Unia. How's the baby girl. Glad you got Hector's sperm anyway. We haven't heard anything more about that stupid attempt at revolution he had become involved in have we?"

"No nothing from that idiot. The baby's OK but I have to keep correcting Corinna – the Childmonita - about the things she says to her. Naturally the child doesn't understand but it might get to be a problem. I'll have to put up with it though. It is so difficult these days to find a good Childmonita, despite the fact that they are forbidden to enter into what they quaintly call marriage before they're 30."

"I know. What on earth are they doing. You'd think they would be glad of the work in good surroundings rather than grubbing around in the Gegends. By the way, I read the other day that we have to watch the Unterclasse. The gap in intelligence between them and us is closing.

We have to worry about the tendency for our children's intelligence to decline towards the mean but it also works the other way round. The Unterclasse have been breeding offspring who are getting close to our threshold level. Just as bad, apparently a significant number of GenePals are setting up households with Unterclasse women. What's that noise at your end?"

"Hang on I'll see. GET NEWS."

The Comtact screen displayed the streets outside the city.

"I can't quite see but it's a large mob carrying placards and heading in this direction....Now I can see some of their messages.

'We demand rights for the Unterclasse.'

'Our children should be legally recognised.'

'Using banked sperm without consent is statutory rape.'

'Party jobs for men.'

"What a load of rubbish. Who do they think they are. Next thing they'll want equal rights with Party Members. We know what happened last time men were involved in running things. We must resist."

The Comtact screen flashed to a frightened looking reporter shouting into her microphone amidst rioting Unterclasse.

"The situation is very tense here. The rioters are demanding emancipation. By that they mean equal standing with the Party and equality of men with women. Oh! Here come the Peaceforcers. I must take shelter before they spray the area with their Happyjuicers. ... This is serious. A large group of men have turned the Peacers equipment upon them. Now the whole crowd is heading towards Party City No. 15."

A shot of the main gate appeared showing men battering it down while shouting for their rights. As they broke through, Unia could see they were heading for her Lifepod. Moments later her door was thrown with a crash against the wall and Hector ran in with an Unterclasse women whom she recognised as the Surrogata who had carried her baby. They snatched the infant and as they ran out he shouted,

"We are in charge now. Molvina will be a real mother. Your regime is doomed. We are blowing up the sperm banks and taking over. Either you and the Party submit to full integration, and what used to be called democracy, or you will be cast out and you'll starve."