

A Story of a Rose, an Artist, and History

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Sample of Content:

In the future, an artist creates something that some fear, that some love, and that some adore.

Content:

The year was 2700 AD, and the technological advances of mankind were impressive. By now, 99% of disease had been eliminated, and the average life span was around 150 years. Innovating and exciting new fields of science had been opened and subdivided. Art found new and creative ways to be expressed. The ways of the people became not necessarily simple, but all directed towards fulfilling the passion of the heart, the creativiity of the mind.

Bastello walked with his/her lover Rols, gently trotting across the otherwise untouched cobblestone. As they passed by a housing unit, they hear some shouting. It was their friend Casva. "Hey, Bastello! Rols! I've got something you want to see!"

"We're comin'!" Bastello hollered. Technology had become molded with biology in this era, and many bodies included implants that helped boost immunity, strength, and other basic functioning.

"What do you have for us, Casva?" Rols asked once the two were inside the housing unit of their comrade.

"My newest creation," s/he replied, "Are you looking?"

"The flower?" Bastello asked, "What about it?"

"I've been tweaking the genes of it for the past few weeks," Casva said, "I bought a gene manipulation kit at the hobby store. With all the effort I've put into it, I think I've been able to create the most beautiful flower ever." A look at the scene right now would reveal a flower, a computer attached to the flower, and a solar panel similarly attached to the flower. "This solar panel allows me to get more energy to the flower faster," Casva says, "Sure, sure, it's not natural like other hobbyists like, but hey, it gets it faster to the best part."

"So, what do you have to show us?" Rols asked, "It's a flower. It's not even open. It's very much closed."

"Okay, watch this," Casva replies. S/He turns to his/her computer and presses a few keys, and then flips three switches attached to the solar panel.

With all that, the flower bloomed. It was a rose, but not any ordinary rose. The petals started to shift in color, twisting and turning into oranges, purples, greens, blues, yellows, the colors moving in and out much like waves would smash in the ocean. The psychedelic colors of the flower molded, morphed, grew, rose, shrunk, and receded. But, just as they had managed to be amazed entirely by this one spectacle of the flower, something else happened. It started to turn. The head of the flower was turning at at utmostly slow pace, adding to the immense beauty of the plant, allowing others to afford a greater appreciation of its colors. And, then something strange happened... All throughout the room, a sound could be heard. A very gentle and increasing hum could be heard coming from the center of the flower. It almost sounded like a choral voice. Very light. Very gentle. Very delicate. This flower, whose colors were changing and morphing constantly, its head slowly turning, and now, the perfect voice of a human resonating from it... In one more minute, all these functions would stop, and it would close again.

"Wow, that was amazing," Bastello said, "I mean, I've seen some flowers do some crazy things, but that was absolutely brilliant."

"Seven thousand lines of altered genes, my friend," Casva said, tapping his/her computer, "There are billions I have yet to tap in to."

"I have not seen anything so beautiful in all my years," Rols said.

"Yeap," Casva replied, "It takes 12 hours of the solar panel being charged just to get two minutes. I'm trying to reduce that time without harming the abilities of the plant."

"You know, Casva," Bastello said, "Several hundred years ago, toiling with things like genetics was considered a social violation. It was considered heresy, playing as god, to do what you've done."

"Oh, I know," Casva replied, "And only a few hundred years earlier than that, it was considered heresy to paint a picture of something that didn't include angels or god. So many paintings were burned, so many libraries were leveled. And, if we also want to dig into the past, you'll remember that what doctors did was considered heretical, because everyone thought that god planned for them a death date -- and prolonging that date was considered heresy."

"Yeah, you think people would learn to live and let live," Rols said, "If it doesn't bother you, don't fuck with it."

"I don't think it's that, precisely," Casva said, as he unplugged a few wires from his/her computer, and then looking up to his/her comrades, "Actually, I think it's learning what bothers you and what doesn't bother you. The Nazis could actually argue that, by letting the Jews live in peace, they were being bothered. Homophobes of the early 20th century argued that by allowing Homosexuals to live in peace, they were being bothered. You wouldn't think it at first, but the 'sanctity of marriage' has just about the same foundation as the 'sanctity of the white race.' Most of the time, it is the persecutor whose psychology is, in fact, not much more grown from when he was perhaps three or four years ago. It is the fault of the persecutor to harbor the sick ideas of oppression -- not the fault of the oppressed to fight back."<http://www.punkerslut.com>

For Life,

Punkerslut (or Andy Carloff) has been writing essays and poetry on social issues which have caught his attention for several years. His website <http://www.punkerslut.com> provides a complete list of all of these writings. His life experience includes homelessness, squatting in New Orleans and LA, dropping out of high school, getting expelled from college for "subversive activities," and a myriad of other revolutionary actions.

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