

# 6969

## *Eddy Burger*

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‘THE YEAR is 6969,’ said the president in her speech at the start of the new year. ‘Such a year has never occurred nor will ever occur again, thus I declare this year to be the Year of Sex, particularly the Year of Sixty-Niners, but in general terms just consider it the Year of Sex. I encourage all overseers to be lax with regards to regulations pertaining to adultery, prostitution, abortion, sex in the workplace and sex in public. I encourage everyone to be open about sex and certainly to be rigorous with regards to the sexual education of offspring.’

I was at a New Year’s party when the president gave her speech. In fact, I was talking to an exceptionally physically attractive womyn whom I’d only just met. Her name was Phinistria. ‘Oh god,’ she said. ‘It will be like my teens all over again—everyone trying to get into my pants purely on account of my looks rather than my intellect.’

‘Did you have sex a lot in your teens?’ I asked, eyeing her seductively.

‘Oh yes. All the time.’

‘Really? I wish my teens were like that.’

‘But you’re not listening to me. It left me permanently scarred.’

‘I think that declaring this the Year of Sex sounds like a good thing.’

‘It’s OK in principle but most people aren’t mind readers. They can’t see what a person is like on the inside. People who aren’t physically attractive won’t get a look in.’

‘Well, all I can say is: thank god we’re both physically attractive!’

‘I don’t think you’re physically attractive.’

‘You don’t?’

‘But that’s not a bad thing in my eyes.’

‘You really don’t think I’m physically attractive?’

‘Not at all.’

Then my friend Neddleprex butted in. ‘Can you believe the president?’ he said to me. ‘Who cares about adultery these days? I’m surprised she didn’t mention homosexuality, bestiality, incest or paedophilia. And who doesn’t have sex in the work place? You’d think she was living back in the sixty-eighth century!’ Then he looked at Phinistria. ‘Would you like to have sex?’

‘No thank you.’

‘If you’re not feeling like one-on-one sex, an orgy is soon to be commencing here in the lounge room.’

‘Thanks for warning me.’

Well that was enough to discourage Neddleprex. He was obviously hot for it. I had a good mind to give him a poke myself, though I was still wrapped up in Phinistria. I could grow to like an old fashioned womyn. But I was crushed that she didn’t find me physically attractive.

‘Just so you know, I am a mind reader,’ she said. ‘Although you come across as a bit of a jerk, I can see you are a nice person on the inside.’

‘So where would you like to have sex?’

‘In the gutter beside the road out front.’

‘Sounds good.’

We had good sex. Funny that she should prefer the gutter to a float-o-matic, recto-thruster or hover-car. She certainly was an old fashioned womyn. I was surprised they still even had roads in this old neighbourhood. It was probably because some of the houses were actually on the ground.

We ended up having a great evening together. The next day I couldn’t get her out of my mind. I worked the whole day at a library and had the usual quickie in my morning tea break. Although it was with my best friend, I kept on imagining I was doing it with Phinistria. It was the same in my lunch break. Everyone had their lunch break at slightly different times so there was always someone leaving the orgy while someone else was joining in, and I imagined that everyone I had sex with was Phinistria.

I heard a rumour that, in the olden days, tea breaks and meal breaks were actually times when staff would have a cup of tea or a meal rather than have sex, and that the staff room was actually the site for these activities rather than for orgies. Can you believe it?!

Late in my shift I was loaned out by a couple of complete strangers, despite what Phinistria said about my being unattractive. We had good sex.

On my way home after work, all I could think about was calling Phinistria. To me she represented the mystery of a bygone era, of the days when all houses and cars were earthbound, when you could go to a shop and use a card to purchase everything rather than having your brain chip automatically scanned. She was a womyn with old-fashioned values and

that was rare in this world. It was like having sex with an Egyptian mummy.

Since the masculist revolution it had become the man's role to initiate liaisons, yet perhaps Phinistria saw it as her role, being old-fashioned. In any case, I was concerned about ringing her too soon. In the olden days they preferred not to rush into things. In the era after that they did prefer to rush into things but in the era after that they preferred not to rush into things and in the era after that they did prefer to rush into things again.

I parked my hover-car in the parking bay, had a quickie with the car park attendant, had another quickie with the lift attendant and then with the French maid in my apartment. He always timed it so he had just finished cleaning when I arrived home.

There was a time when they abolished such roles as car park attendant, lift attendant and maid in favour of automated systems and robots, but they brought them back given they presented more opportunities for sex.

I ate my dinner while plugged into my masturbation machine. Eating at the same time was enough to keep me from coming, leaving me primed in time for my floor's regular evening orgy. The orgy was well attended. It wasn't until I was accommodating five people at once that I received a call from Phinistria. I activated my headcom.

'I hope I haven't caught you at a bad time,' she said.

'No, it's a good time. I was just thinking of you—five of you, in fact.'

'Would you like to meet up tonight?'

'Why don't you come over here? You can join the orgy.'

'Actually, I was hoping we could have a chat.'

That sounded ominous. It sounded like she wanted to break off the relationship when we'd only just met. I met her in a bar in town, prepared for the worst, but it turned out that all she meant was that she wanted to have some casual conversation first rather than leap straight into sex. Can you believe it?! So while we were surrounded by people having sex, we sat at the bar and chatted. While other people ordered pints of lube, we ordered Cocksucking Cowboys, which was an old-fashioned cocktail drink.

'Conversation is a dying art form,' she said.

'Well, we need not converse if you don't want to. We can just have sex.'

'You misunderstand me. I consider conversation an art form—something we should not want to lose. I want to converse with you. Life is full of riches that can be explored through conversation. Let us converse about literature. Let us converse about philosophy. Do you know what Descartes meant when he said, I think, therefore I am?'

'I have sex, therefore I am, don't you mean? None of us would be here without sex.'

'Descartes is concerned with the intellect, not sex. He is concerned with

the insubstantiality of an individual's concept of reality.'

'How about we talk about literature instead. I know lots about literature. I work in a library. I can roll off the names of a dozen bestsellers in a blink.'

'Well at least people are still reading! I thought libraries were mostly brothels these days.'

'Brothels are a time-honoured tradition.'

'I have no problem with brothels, in principle, just with libraries becoming brothels.'

'I'll have you know I was loaned out by two complete strangers today. They couldn't have found me unattractive.'

'I find you intellectually attractive. That's the most important thing to me. You have no idea what it's like to be a mind reader. All anyone ever thinks about is sex.'

'All I ever think about is sex.'

'But you're also interested in me, and I'm not only interested in sex. I know you like me for my conversation.'

'So where would you like to have sex?'

'On the roof?'

'Sounds good.'

We had good sex. Afterwards I did get her to join the orgy in the bar. I wanted to get my tally up. I ended up only having sex with around twenty-five people this day. Despite the president's message, people didn't seem any more promiscuous than they usually were. Or maybe I just hadn't noticed because I wasn't physically attractive.