Good evening and welcome to our new universe.

As you can tell, we've made a number of improvements on the old one.

Today we're going to look at how our present utopia was achieved.

Lights, please!

The removal of a concept from society is always fraught with potential problems.

Where do we start?

First slide, please.

I think we can all see the problems here. Hmm?

Not very utopian, is it?

The obvious place to start was with books, repositories of ideas.

Dangerous.

Examine, please, a book which presents a positive image of inversion.

A boy's own story: brand new.

That was easy.

What then to do about something that contains a fairly sympathetic catamite?
WE TAKE THE CHARACTER OUT: NO REAL PROBLEM HERE.
AND SAKI AND THE REST WE CONSIGN TO A BONFIRE OR THE OCEAN...
The same goes for entertainment.

OBVIOUS STEREOTYPES GO FIRST ON TV...
I'M FREE!

Oooh, Mister Horne! Troll up to our lattie and we'll run a vine up your trellis...

OR RADIO.

Music? No more Bowie. No more Reed. Bye bye Communards...

And with Brian Epstein out of the picture, there never were any Beatles... Were there?

JESUS WANTS ME FOR A SUNBEAM...

A number of prominent gay authors wrote books with no demi-mondaine content.

Or plays.

And the presentation of plays by mollies and transadites encourages people to see them in a positive light.

Especially if they're any good.

The handling was straightforward.

A handbaa-- aargh!

I-buda buda buda buda
An Honest Answer

from NEIL GAIMAN
illuminated by BRYAN TALBOT
inscribed by SONJA CURTIS

"Where do you get your ideas?"

IT'S A QUESTION WRITERS ARE ASKED ALL THE TIME. AND WE DON'T TELL ANY OF YOU HOW WE GET OUR IDEAS BECAUSE IT'S A SECRET - DEEPLY, INEXTRICABLY LINKED WITH THE ENTIRE CREATIVE PROCESS

NOW, I HAVE RECEIVED EXCLUSIVE PERMISSION TO LIFT THE LID ON THE CREATIVE PROCESS - JUST THIS ONCE

PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THE CREATIVE ACTIVITIES THAT WILL GIVE US THIS VERY STRIP

LIKE YOU, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT WONDERS ARE IN STORE FOR US

HELLO? INFINITE? IT'S ME, NEIL.

YE HOO

I NEED AN IDEA FOR A FOUR-PAGE COMIC STRIP

NOW - THE SECRET IS, YOU OPEN YOURSELF TO THE INFINITE...

IT'S A DOODLE - WATCH

OH, AND WHILE YOU'RE THERE, IF YOU'VE GOT ANYTHING FOR THIS INTRODUCTION I PROMISED TO WRITE FOR AN ANTHOLOGY OF MINOR LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY METAPHYSICAL POETS - I'D APPRECIATE IT

THEN YOU MAKE A CUP OF TEA

HELLO? INFINITE? IT'S ME AGAIN - NEIL

STILL OPEN... UM. HELLO...
VEDDY FLAT, NORFOLK.

UNGH!

IT WAS A START. BUT THEN AGAIN, PEOPLE KNEW THE AUTHORS HAD EXISTED.

SO WE STARTED TO TAKE THEM OUT.

WHICH GAVE US A WHOLE NEW PERSPECTIVE ON HISTORY.

IT’S FULL OF THEM!

ALL OF THEM RIPE FOR REMOVAL...

OUR TIME TEAMS ADJUSTED SUPERFLUOUS HISTORICAL FIGURES. SHAKESPEARE, RICHARD THE FIRST...

THEN WE HIT SOME REAL SNAGS. TAKE THE GREEK AND SPARTAN CULTURES.

BOTH OF THEM FOUND ON IT, LACED WITH IT, SWIMMING IN IT.

AND PEOPLE THOUGHT OF THE GREEKS AS THE CRADLE OF CIVILISATION!

EUREKA!
WE REMOVED THEM ALL ALONG WITH THEIR IDEAS AND THEIR CREATIONS. NO MORE MONA LISA.

NO MORE DAVID.

NO MORE CARRY ON CAMPING DHALGREEN BOOKS OF BLOOD AND GUTS IN HIGH SCHOOL...

CAN I HAVE THE NEXT SLIDE PLEASE?

THE WORLD TODAY IS A SIMPLER PLACE, WE'VE TAKEN OUT ALL THE COMPLICATIONS.

ISN'T IT SWEET?

"THEY CAME UP WITH THE IDEA THAT ALL IS A FANTASY, ALL IS NOT REAL. THEY DISOWNED THEIR OWN BODY, THEIR OWN FEELINGS. THEY WANTED TO BE FREE OF CONCERN FOR THE BODILY NATURE OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE, WHICH MEANS THE BODY." - LORD CAITHNESS, LOCAL GOVERNMENT MINISTER 1988.

IN OUR UTOPIA LACKING CULTURAL REFERENT FOR DEVIANCE, ALL ARE HAPPY WITH THEIR LOT...

EVERYBODY IS EXACTLY THE SAME.

ALL THE SQUARE PEGS AND THE PAINFUL AND THE STRANGE.

AFTER THAT IT WAS JUST A MOPPING-UP OPERATION.

LISTS WERE MADE UP OF THE FEY AND THE QUESTIONABLE IN HISTORY.
A gently menacing story of sensual horror, in which a man's life begins to progressively reconfigure itself in terms of the types of fiction he's responded to over the years. By the end of it he's an adult man in a threatening, Noddy-type land, terrified of what happens next...

THAT'S NOT A FOUR PAGES SHORT- SHORT. IT'S 12000 WORDS IF IT'S A DAY

NO, NOT TO WORRY, IT'S OKAY. ONCE YOU ARE OPEN TO THE INFINITE IDEAS COME

IT'S COMING, IT'S COMING...

IT'S...
After that, the infinite offered up, in short order...

A haiku

Too short-

Two pantoums

Too much like hard work

A particularly filthy sonnet

Too difficult for Bryan to draw convincingly-
The following Thursday the author received a note from the Infinite, apologising for the interruption in service, and asking if it could have its funny cat-book idea back, because there were people who needed it.

But it was too late. It had already been used as the introduction to an anthology of minor Late-Seventeenth Century Metaphysical Poets.
The physics of the universe is based on the principle of the superposition of waves and particles.

1. There are no such things as 'things'. Objects are ghostly, with no definite properties (such as time or mass) until they are measured.
2. The properties exist in a twilight state of 'superposition' until then.
3. All particles are waves, and waves are particles, appearing as one or the other depending on what sort of measurement is being performed.
4. A particle moving between two points travels all possible paths between them simultaneously.
5. Particles that are millions of miles apart can affect each other instantaneously.

Consider the cold bastions of law, where time stands still in a permanent present.

I get the feeling I've been here before.

The chink of padlock muffled curse of screw.

But in these times
It's so hard to be sure.

Which is of course unlikely to be true,

I get the feeling I've been here before.
A thousand worlds
and every world's a door.

The lights go out, I think I think of you
But in these times
it's so hard to be sure.

There's black blood
slowly clotting on the floor

There is no crime though somewhere there's a clue
Not far away the game begins anew

But in these times it's so hard to be sure

I've never been intentionally obscure
I've never been intentionally taboo,