

In the Male Utopia

Geoffrey A. Landis

first appeared in *Dreams & Nightmares*, January 2021

In the male utopia, all the men wear swords.
And know how to use them.
Swords are cool.
And the male utopia is *very* polite.

In the male utopia, women outnumber men by three to one.
This means that every man can have three women:
one to sleep with,
one on the side,
and one waiting in the wings.

In the male utopia, all the women are bisexual.
This allows the women to dally with one another when men are not available.
Of course, the women are always available.

In the male utopia, none of the men are gay.
They are all manly men.
The women all know which men are gay, of course.
But they see no reason to share this information with any of the men.
The ones who need to know,
already do.

In the male utopia, all men are equal.
Skin color doesn't matter,
because there's no need for one man to look down on another.
There are women for that.

The male utopia has no need for prostitution,
since the women are all sexy
and available.
But still, there are prostitutes.
Because sometimes men just like that.
Maybe it's because now and then they want a woman
they don't have to talk to.

In the male utopia, there are always wars.
Glorious wars, for the young men to fight in.
With lots of impressive guns and tanks and fighter planes.
Lasers and rockets and stuff, too.
Possibly this is one reason there is such an imbalance of men and women.

In the male utopia, there are sports on the television every night.
Violent sports, too.
No censorship.

In the male utopia, there are a lot of bar fights.
But afterwards, everybody gets together and has a beer.
No hard feelings, in the camaraderie of the male utopia.

In the male utopia, there's plenty of beer.
Nobody orders frilly drinks with fruit and little umbrellas,
except maybe sometimes the women.
And the bartenders all have time to listen when the men complain.
Except the men never complain, of course, because men don't whine,
they just take it and soldier on.
And, it's the male utopia, so what could they complain about?

In the male utopia, nobody drives home drunk.
There's always a woman to take the keys.
And, the cars have self-driving capability,
so even if somebody was a little unsteady behind the wheel,
the car won't have an accident.

In the male utopia, all the cars are sports cars,
and there are no speed limits.
Every crash has the car burst into flames.
But the cars all have ejection seats, so nobody gets hurt.
At least, nobody you know.

In the male utopia, the men make all the decisions
and run the world the way it should be run.
The women listen to the men.
Of course, the women do the actual work of running the world,
and there are so many women and so few men,
it's hard to tell whether the women are actually doing what the men said
or something else entirely.
But the men think they're running the world,
and if perhaps the women actually do run it,
they do a good enough job that nobody notices.

In the male utopia, nobody questions whether this actually is a utopia.
We proudly proclaim, this is utopia!
And if any of us privately wonder if it might not be,
we keep that thought to ourselves.