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To the Moon, Said Newt Or Informing New Yorkers That Outer Space Contains Space

by Marleen S. Barr
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He [Newt Gingrich] says he eventually wants to create new states there [on the moon], but considering that 13,000 people is less like a state and closer to the size of a condo development, [John] Stewart realized what Gingrich is really trying to be: 'Lunar Trump.' –Katie McGlynn, "John Stewart Rips Newt Gingrich Moon Colony: He Wants to Be 'Lunar Trump'" Huffington Post, January 27, 2012

Super Feminist was concentrating on her secret identity as Marleen—i.e. a mild mannered science fiction scholar who teaches at the City University of New York, a great metropolitan university. She was contemplating whether or not it was moral for her to try to sort out CUNY bureaucracy by dint of the Human Resources Office. After all, Super Feminist, strange visitor from another planet with powers and abilities far beyond those of normal New York feminists, was not human. She distracted herself by spending the evening watching television in her Manhattan coop apartment.

She first heard the ominous news while viewing yet another Republican presidential debate: Newt Gingrich said, "By the end of my second term, we will have the first permanent base on the moon and it will be American." Science fiction Grand Master James Gunn often talks about saving the world through science fiction. Super Feminist immediately recognized that Gingrich, the first science fiction writer who could become president, was about to ruin the liberal American world by making science fiction real. Gingrich grandiosely proclaimed that he thinks "the moon could be the fifty-first state and there could be five or more launches a day." She cringed at the thought that the new moon state could be a red state. Red statehood for the moon makes perfect sense. Think about it. Who would go there? Would the moon attract sushi ingesting metrosexuals? Of course not. The moon would be conducive to wide open space conservative red state people. Convincing her fellow liberal New Yorkers to lust after moon real estate was a job for Super Feminist.

So she flew to Union Square and began to tawk.

"My fellow New Yawkers ask not what you can do for the moon, ask what the moon can do for you," she said to the crowd she immediately attracted.

"Fuhgetaboutit," answered the crowd. We know from subways, not rockets. How can you expect us to live without Zabars? We can't get stuff wholesale on the moon. Hey, New Yawk is where we'd rather stay. We adore the stores, penthouse views, and Times Square. The moon? We are so not there. Feh."

And then Super Feminist offered them a deal she knew no New Yorker could refuse.

"Listen up people. Now hear this: outer space contains space. Lemme present the moon ta ya in terms ya can understand: real estate. Science fiction is coming true. The moon is a giant formerly unreal real estate opportunity. And it is cheap!" The idea of cheap real estate was more

incredible to the assembled New Yorkers than newly made real science fiction. Their expression changed from intractable indifference to wide eyed enthusiasm as they immediately got their heads around the idea.

"What? Cheap real estate?" Count us in," said the crowd.

"Wonderful!," gleefully said Super Feminist as she realized that she could make the moon safe for blue statehood. She took out her cell phone and called Donald Trump.

"Hi Donald. This is Super Feminist. I have an idea for ya. Ya know how Gingrich wants to be Lunar Trump? Well ya can trump him. Trump should be Lunar Trump, not Gingrich."

"Sounds good. I'm in. How can I sell the idea?"

"Easy. You can build space for New York apartment dwellers."

"Yes. I can see it now: Trump Storage Tower, the first moon-based real estate enterprise."

You bethchya Donald. I'm standing in front of a crowd in Union Square. Gotta go cause I wanna tell 'em about this immediately."

Super Feminist informed the crowd that they could soon store their possessions cheaply on the moon in Trump Storage Tower. Loving the idea, knowing that they had the possibility of having more room, they stampeded over to Macys and Bloomies to buy more things. Super Feminist realized that Trump Storage Tower would be the first step toward the inception of future moon apartment developments filled with liberal New Yorkers. Science fiction now, reality in the near future she thought while envisioning Marleen's new condo in Trump Moon Plaza. Super Feminist, by laying the ground work for a true blue fifty-first American moon state, had indeed used science fiction to save the liberal American world. If you build it, they will come.

And maybe it would really not matter if a nonhuman used the services of the Moon State University Human Resources Office.

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