Endless Horizons

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The novel is fiction, though it addresses one of the great challenges that we face as human beings, to discover the trends that have a boundless potential, whereby to get away from pursuits that are self-terminating and collapse our world into chaos.

The dividing line is explored through the threads of romance and love. Here, old limits are pushed aside as irrelevant and counterproductive, even limits imposed on love, sex, and romance.

In universal love we find that we love not what we can gain from others, but what we have in ourselves, which we embrace with joy as we find their echo in the universal humanity that we all share as human beings. It takes courage to accept those riches, but they become brighter, together with everything that is rooted in universal love.

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I had a dream. It is rare that I dream so intensively that I awake with tears, and more so that I remember the details long past the moment of awakening. This dream was such an exception. It seemed as if a year's worth of dreaming had been all rolled into one. I remembered everything as clearly as if it really had happened, though I wished I hadn't. I wouldn't have had to deal with the strange vision then.

Perplexed by it, and somewhat afraid that the details would fade from the mind, before I understood their significance, I told Sylvia about the dream. I described every step of it as soon as we got together for breakfast. Sylvia suggested to call everyone, inviting them to come over, Ross, Heather, Sylvia, Tony, Dag, and Al.

Sylvia agreed that the dream needs to be kept alive, because we couldn't tell out off hand what it might mean.

The dream was as strange as dreams often are. I was living with my dad on one of the top floors of a building several hundred stories tall, a golden tower situated on the crest of a mountain ridge. It appeared that we occupied an entire floor. We were surrounded by sunshine all day long, not by clouds. We lived above the clouds. Our world had become a world of easy living, of sun-filled days that had become taken for granted, and at the center of our world appeared this thing. It seemed to be visible in some form everywhere one looked. 'The Thing' was literally everywhere, but also nowhere. Everybody knew it, not just us. Millions had seen it, but no one had ever been able to touch 'The Thing,' or one of them, nor had a single specimen ever been captured. It just was, and was always out of reach. It wasn't a machine, so it seemed, or a biological entity, but it had a definite shape and color. Its 'color' seemed richer than the rainbow, and its 'shape' seemed so profound that it was echoed in works of art, such as paintings, sculptures, and stories, even in public art, in the parks and plazas.

'The Thing' had appeared first on television a long time ago. It had appeared time-sliced between the ads. People were puzzled at the time, as I recalled. Eventually they let it be as one of those things that simply can't be explained. Nor could its effect be explained.

The effect that I noticed was that the television became bigger, and its picture clearer and brighter. Everything seemed to be effected by 'The Thing' in some way. Our world became less confined, richer, and brighter. Our houses became bigger, the world cleaner, the cities more beautiful. And above all of that, which our world became, loomed 'The Thing' like an all-pervading ghost that no one knew precisely and yet everybody 'knew' instinctively from the bottom of their soul, for the simple realization that the world had been transformed by it.
Many people revered 'The Thing' that had no name. They revered it and gave it noble names, but by and large its name remained simply, "The Thing," just as everyone had called it from the beginning.

Some people also feared 'The Thing'. They feared that the boundless development it caused would overburden our planet and thereby destroy it. However, those were but a few and their fears were ignored in the sunshine of the joy that this profound development unlocked. The joy became like the sand on the beaches, an ever-present reality that gets into one's hair and clothing, except in a nice way, that would be missed if it didn't.

Still, the people who feared 'The Thing' tried to defeat it. They tried to turn the world back to the way it was before 'The Thing' emerged on the horizon. Since they couldn't capture 'The Thing' itself, they bulldozed down some of the houses that had become wonderfully spacious and beautiful in its presence. They did their attacks secretly at first, in the night, right with the people sleeping in their houses, the very people who had benefited the most from the influence of 'The Thing'. As far as I could tell from the dream nothing happened that changed anything in the world. No one protested. No one interfered. The sun kept on shining. Still, something did change.

Something struck me as odd one day a long time later. It was something that didn't seem to be linked to 'The Thing' at all in any particular manner. I found it strange, because I hadn't noticed it before. I recalled that I needed new running shoes at the time and had mentioned the fact to my dad in passing. He nodded and said something about "accounts" and within moments a list of financial portfolios and their value flashed onto the TV screen in white letters. Seconds later the figures vanished and dad replied to me sadly that the shoes would have to wait for a week. So I didn't think much more about it, and in a week the new shoes were provided.

Another thing also struck me as odd some time later. It seemed to me that the images of 'The Thing' that were always time-sliced between TV ads appeared less frequent than they had before, and were also less seen everywhere else. I also suddenly realized that this trend had actually begun before the incidence with the running shoes. I had dismissed the new trend at first as insignificant, until it became glaringly obvious one day that the images were no longer appearing as frequently as we had become accustomed to seeing them. I mentioned the fact to my dad, who simply laughed and said that this was a good sign, adding that we wouldn't be bothered with "this nuisance" anymore.

Nevertheless, it seemed odd that something that I had grown fond of had gradually disappeared until it could no longer be seen, except on rare occasions. All of my nagging concerns about this trend came to the foreground one day when our TV stopped functioning. The incidence of the failing TV had sorely upset my dad. He had lost access to his portfolio. In a rage of his temper that had become more intense, and always seemed linked to his portfolio, he pounded his fist on the TV as if to jolt it back to life. Instead of it coming back to life, however, the TV simply disintegrated.
We rushed out immediately to buy a new one, an even bigger one than we had before. We were fortunate that we did, because when we returned the entire huge building in which we had lived had collapsed and crumbled into dust. Nor were we the only ones so affected. As we beheld the catastrophe, and cried over it, we looked into the valley below us, and there too, even while we looked down onto the city, where we had just come from, purchasing the new TV, as if an Earthquake had struck the whole world, the entire city in the valley disintegrated before our very eyes into a pile of rubble and dust. We suddenly found ourselves without a place to go to, forced to be living in dust and shambles, scrambling to find things to eat in the forest and to cover ourselves with leaves as shelter from the cold.

I awoke in tears from this dream. I cried for our tragedy, but mostly because 'The Thing' that had made everything beautiful, could no longer be seen anywhere. Its images seemed to have been erased in my dream, throughout the universe, as if they had never existed.

"What do you make of this?" I asked when Heather and Ross arrived. Tony and the girls had already come.

"You may have seen our future as it might be," answered Sylvia. "We should make an effort to puzzle this out. It seems to be significant. On rare occasions dreams foreshadow things to come. Maybe you should also call Fred," said Sylvia to me.

"Aren't you overreacting a bit?" I interjected. "Sure, the dream was radical, but it was after all but a dream."

"Or was it a message from the Universe that we should pay attention to?" Sylvia replied. "We know far too little about the flow of Intelligence in the Universe and in our world, to brush this off as a hoax by an overworked mind with a lot of imagination."

"If this was a message, what was this thing that became so profound and then vanished?" I said to Sylvia. 'The Thing' was a profound presence that had no name, which no one could touch. It had been everywhere and had made our world bright. Then it diminished and was no more to be seen. Nobody in my dream knew what it was, which everybody simply called, 'The Thing.' It was so real and profound that people made poems about it, even music, and art, and wrote stories. People were fascinated with its presence, which eventually was everywhere. It enriched our world, even while no one had ever physically touched it. It is hard to imagine that there is such a thing in the real world, which we have so far simply missed?"
"There used to be a lot of things in our past that might be described in that manner," said Ross. "Call 'The Thing' love, honor, integrity, intelligence, industry, humanity, sublimity. Call it all of that."

"That's not enough," I said. "You have listed derivatives. 'The Thing' was the cause for them. Maybe it still is. In this case we have lost sight of it as we no longer value the derivatives."

"'The Thing' is a quality," said Ross. "It is a light that glows with the color of what is real in the Universe. Our world is a part of the Universe where everything exists laterally. As a nuclear physicist I see us living in a lateral Universe that is rooted in Principle, with a harmonizing Spirit that is Love. That's how the Universe is organized, from the smallest atom to the largest galaxy. Everything is harmonizing. Everything is light. Everything is harmonizing and is dynamically unfolding with great creative power in flows of immense energy. Obviously its Principle defines also the reality of our world. Mary had recognized this already a hundred years ago. She described the reality of our being, as the 'lateral domain' where every person, thing, heart, and so on, exists side by side with any other, so that all are one in an all-embracing bond. This is something that one can see perfectly in the mind, but cannot touch, physically. 'The Thing' that you saw might be the 'light' of our lateral thinking. In your dream 'The Thing' was created by society itself. What you saw appears to be the opposite of people merely standing in the sun, casting shadows. You saw the opposite to shadows. You saw society casting its light! That's what every empire fears and therefore hates, and tries to stomp out of existence. 'The Thing' that you saw, Peter, is the bright image of lateral living, of a renaissance-type living. Maybe you saw the image of the Golden Renaissance that once stood as tall and bright as your world had been symbolically in your dream. I am not surprised therefore by what you saw in your dream. You are well aware of how the Golden Renaissance came to be and how it was destroyed."

"But why is the dream happening now?" I interjected. "What's in the air? Are we facing the beginning of a final doom, because of our ongoing failure to heal the 'disease' by which the Golden Renaissance was crushed? The disease is empire. It has been festering in the background for six hundred years. Why is the dream happening now? Is the final thread that holds civilization still aloft, about to break?"

"Call Fred up," said Ross. "He's at the center in Washington. He's got his hands on the pulse. If anything is brewing, he should know about it."

Fred's response was a burst of laughter. "You question is focused backwards," he said. "The fact is, nothing is happening. Nothing is happening anymore anywhere in the world. That is why the world is in a breakdown crisis. But you shouldn't need to ask. How many times have I urged you to study history? If you had followed my advice, you wouldn't ask. Oh, yes, there were times, great periods when momentous movements were happening, when monetarism had nearly been wiped off the map in a big frontal assault. On the surface the great fights were against empire, but the strength of empire is its
monetarism. Monetarism has always been at the core of empire, and that core had its beginning with the Cult of Delphi that had its ‘fingers’ in the treasuries of the ancient Greek City States of Athens and Sparta. The Cult of Delphi inspired the Peloponnesian War. It was all about money and money being power. This war hasn't ended. The ‘oracle’ of monetarism created the Empire of Athens and destroyed it, and it created the Empire of Rome and destroyed it likewise. Monetarism always destroys itself. When empire re-emerged in Italy, with its ‘oracle’ in Venice at the center of that world, it promptly destroyed itself. In the shadow of the collapse of monetarism that had destroyed the economies of Europe, the light of reason and scientific development reasserted itself, which became the Golden Renaissance. The renaissance force unfolded with such a power that its movement nearly wiped the new oracle off the map, but through betrayal Venice was saved, and with it monetarism was saved. In the shadow of this near defeat, a new face for empire was created. Paolo Sarpi of the Venetian oligarchy felt that a more radical approach was needed to overcome the renaissance spirit. Thus, he created the new liberalism that was designed to 'liberate' the Renaissance world of its power of reason. Sarpi's 'liberation' created almost a century of religious war that became evermore intense, just as empire became more intense. Venice migrated itself northward into the Netherlands and then into England, to become the new empire of modern times. But the renaissance spirit had not been fully defeated then. Strong movements began in the background against the empire of monetarism, revolutionary movements. Of course the movements were persecuted by the masters of empire, both in the Netherlands and in Britain. To evade imprisonment and execution, one of the leaders of this rebel movement for a brighter humanity, named William Brewster, managed to escape the heavy hand of the persecution with a hundred of his fellow revolutionaries. They were given passage on a merchant ship, the Mayflower, which brought them to America, where they landed on Plymouth Rock at Cape Cod. They weren't escapees. 'We shall be the city upon a hill and the eyes of the world will be upon us' -- this was their guiding motto. And the eyes of the world were upon them. Soon John Winthrop arrived with three hundred more to start a new era for mankind, free from oligarchism, empire, and monetarism. However, there existed no alternative to monetarism at the time. This alternative was created by these people and their offspring who thereby became indeed a city upon the hill and the eyes of the world did see something profound happening. It happened in the Bay Colony of Massachusetts, where monetarism was replaced for a brief period with the revolutionary idea of the credit-society principle. The people needed an ironworks to improve the agricultural processes with more 'mechanized' methods that required iron for its implementation. In order the create the iron works, the people issued a scrip as credit to themselves. The credit scrip became used as money to build the critically needed facility. It uplifted the economic scene so powerfully that the King of England stepped in and outlawed the scrip system as a new renaissance threat to the empire. But the idea wasn't forgotten. The King of England was kicked out of America and the credit society principle was brought back in the form of Alexander Hamilton's idea of a national bank that issues national credits for development purposes. The independence movement was deep below the surface, a movement against monetarism, and thereby against the core of empire. It appears that the Constitution became necessary to empower the credit society principle, and to authorize the national credit creation for all times to come. So it was really Hamilton then, who was the driving force behind the Constitution, with Benjamin
Franklin supporting the idea and implementing it. The credit society principle, of course was fought by the British empire and its minions at every step along the way. They sabotaged it to the point that it failed many times, but it always came back. Lincoln resorted to it to save the Union against the onslaught of empire that became the Civil War. Lincoln's greenbacks financed the industrialization that won the Civil War, in which the forces of empire lost ground and were crushed. On the strength of Lincoln's credit society implementation, even after Lincoln was assassinated for it, the USA became the greatest industrial power second to none, and the envy of the world. But the champions fighting in the light became fewer, and evermore traitors in the service of empire began to rule America. The Specie Resumption Act brought monetarism back, and in 1913 some more traitor gave the entire American financial foundation into the private hands of the masters of empire. The nation lost its fighting spirit. Not even Roosevelt had managed to reverse the trend. He sidestepped it for a season, but once he was dead, the empire's monetarism was back, and it became more powerfully destructive than ever. President Kennedy had tried to set a new direction, but he was killed, and everything that he stood for was erased and drowned in the gore of war. After that nobody was fighting against empire anymore, except LaRouche, and he was stepped on and slandered and imprisoned. The fighting scene had become so thin that the British Empire, as it was once called, simply took over and installed its dictators ever deeper into the fabric of America. As LaRouche keeps saying to America, you can't win the war to save yourself if you don't fight, especially if you don't even recognize the enemy. The enemy is empire, and that makes the oracle of monetarism the real enemy. Athens was destroyed by it. Rome was destroyed by it. America is about to be destroyed by it. That's what you saw in your dream. America's spirit has faded. Its lateral platform has been abandoned. Its heart has stopped beating. Nothing is moving. You ask me, what's happening. Nothing is happening. That's what's happening. We are in an existential breakdown crisis, and nothing is happening to save the nation. The world is collapsing all over the place, and nobody stands up and faces the monster of empire and says to it, you cannot pass where I stand, your days are done. And so I say, the world is dead, Peter, and soon we will all be dead. A society is dead when it fails to stand up for its lateral foundation and fails to protect itself. But the final moment when all crumbles into dust has not yet begun. It can still be avoided. And even if it isn't avoided, the war still continues. It won't be won, until empire is routed out and banished, and its stinking monetarism with it.

Fred paused and began to laugh. "Are you scared enough yet that you will start to fight as the great pioneers had once fought. Maybe that is why your dream ended, Peter, because you couldn't answer that last question that pertains to us all. So I am asking it now for you, what's moving, Peter? Is anything profound happening?"

"There is nothing moving here," I said to him. "Maybe that is what my dream was about. Maybe I tried to warn myself that living without movement is a dangerous sport, and that mere dreaming doesn't cut it." I began to laugh with him.

"At least you are honest, Peter," said Fred, "in admitting that dreaming isn't enough. You should consider becoming a fighting force. I have seen you move before. I know you can do this. In fact, you should start with it today as if your life depends on it, as it really does. You cannot evade the simple reality that you cannot win the war if you
do not fight. You don't fight with a sword, of course, but with ideas of principle. You need to fight a lateral fight."

"Fred has a flair for the dramatic," said Sylvia with a smile after the phone call ended.

"Maybe he is right," I said. "But how does one fight this fight?"

Fred called back an hour later. "I must alert you of something that you might have missed in the profusion of my rambling, earlier, or I have missed to point it out, clearly, which everybody else has also missed, apart from a few exceptions. And that one is the real meat, and the real significance of the USA in the world, for which it must never be lost. Can you guess what this single thing is that is of such a great importance to the world? Since you won't guess it anyway, as everybody has missed the thing until just recently, I am going to tell you what it is. The significant thing is, that America has pioneered the only alternative to monetarism that has ever been developed in history. Until this happened, all the great renaissance pioneers throughout the ages have been waging their war against empire empty handed as it were. They were fighting empire with great courage and commitment, but they had not yet a formal alternative established to monetarism, to replace it with, that would enable them to be hitting at the very heart of empire. One cannot abolish empire without a replacement for monetarism that is its very soul. You've got to have a higher level alternative to what you want to abolish. This missing alternative had not been created until John Winthrop had set the stage for the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which later created the scrip system for building an iron works. What resulted there became the first historic event of the credit society principle being applied. Alexander Hamilton built on this pioneering breakthrough for which eventually the U.S. Constitution was created that gives the credit society principle the authority of the nation's most fundamental law. The significance of the USA, from this day forward, was and remains to the present day, its historic pioneering example of the credit society principle, as a replacement to monetarism which empires are built on."

"Don't forget production," interjected Heather. "Monetarism is poison to the physical economy. It destroys the productive capacity of the physical economy. That is why we are in a collapse crisis with half a million jobs being lost in our country every month. Monetarism means no production. The credit society principle automatically means radical dynamic increases in production. On the credit society platform, the sky is the limit in terms of the wealth creating power of society's physical production. Overlaying monetarism with the credit society principle, automatically means overlaying empire with a new renaissance. That's the dynamics that one finds on the lateral platform, and it doesn't pay to be timid about it."

"Yes, this is true," said Fred, "but the key factor in this, is the credit society principle. It is the causative factor. The development of physical production is
subsequent. In fact, there has never been a case where the credit society principle being applied has not caused a radical increase in physical production and in the experienced wealth of a nation. The credit society principle, and physical production are synonymous. One can't have one without the other. That is why empire is synonymous with poverty. So, what I said remains valid. The key factor is the credit society principle. It overturns the foundation of empire, and it overturns the effect of empire. The significance of this one key factor, however has become lost. It wasn't even understood by Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln had used the principle to defend the nation with, in war. He had used it, because it had been provided in the Constitution. However, he didn't understand its historic significance, and what stands behind it. Only one person, at his time, understood the lateral platform that the credit society principle reflects. This person was Mary Baker Eddy. However, what she understood in this regard didn't come to light until just recently. Apart from her, there was nobody around who understood this principle and the lateral platform that it reflects. If these had been understood, the Specie Resumption Act would not have happened, and the Federal Reserve Act wouldn't have happened either, and World War I and II would not have happened subsequently. Neither would we be in this collapse crisis that we are in today. That, Peter, is the significance of the greatest thing that the USA had stood for since its inception, and still does so for as long as it exists. All the other great things that are said about America, like it being the Temple of Liberty and the Beacon of Hope, are but subsequent phenomena to this one thing that is causative for all that America became on its key foundation, or failed to become. That is why the eyes of the world are fixed on America, with all its hopes, even now. This one thing, that America alone represents in the world, is the only thing that provides an uplifting alternative to monetarism and therefore to empire. This one factor, Peter, makes America uniquely able to defeat empire. This is therefore its mission. This factor also makes America the greatest enemy that empire ever had in its entire long history, going back thousands of years, and makes America its primary target. I just wanted you to realize that, Peter. I also wanted you to realize that LaRouche is the only political leader who understands this, according to Nicolai. He is thereby the long-missing city upon a hill, and indeed the eyes of the world are on him, at least some are. His message is that monetarism cannot be reformed into something unlike itself, it can only be replaced, and this must be done radically, from the ground up. He says that replacing monetarism with the credit society principle, means nothing less than putting all the monetarist institutions into bankruptcy reorganization as a means for rebuilding the institutions from within, with the new principle, and then to let all the trash that doesn't qualify, fall into the never-never bin where it vanishes together with all the other relics of a bygone age. The devil cannot be reformed to become an angel, the two are different breeds with different objectives." Fred began to laugh. "I think Nicolai is right on this. The devil is hell-bent on tearing our entire house down. Don't kid yourself, Peter, its commitment is unyielding. You must become the angel and block the devil. As a human being you have the authority to do this. Send the devil to its hell, to rot. It has no authority in the land of the living, and it knows this. However, it will assert itself if people don't know this too, and therefore they will fail to demonstrate that they know the truth."
Fred called back one more time after that. "You must never forget the terror that empire has unleashed on mankind in an effort to bury this one thing that the USA alone has put on the table to bury empire with. In its rage, empire demanded rivers of blood, blood to drown out the one thing that has doomed it and that will ultimately assure its termination. These rivers of blood were started in Europe with the French Revolution, followed by the Napoleonic wars, the American Civil War, and then World War I that has claimed over 50 million lives, followed by the White wars against communism in Russia, then World War II that claimed another 50 million lives. And after that the rivers of blood flowed in the cities of Dresden, Hiroshima, and Nagasaki, followed by almost all cities in North Korea, which were all burnt with firestorms that defy the imagination. These horrid scenes of utter inhumanity, were the scenes of the death rage of empire, in which war becomes a genocide of terror to prevent the rebirth of this one thing that America had put onto the table for all mankind. That, Peter, is the credit society principle that spells the end of empire. This end will come, though it should have come a century earlier. Let us not forget that the delay caused great tragedies. Never before in history have so many people been murdered to prevent the spread of one single principle, than have been murdered by empire to squash the credit society principle that supplants monetarism and dooms its carrier. These rivers of blood must not be forgotten, and the flowing of evermore-fresh blood in them, must be stopped. Thus, the Constitution becomes our battle axe in the war against empire."

"Now you are no longer speaking about the war of empire against mankind," I interjected. "You have turned the tables. You have turned the war around and become a force ‘against’ empire."

"That's the significance of what came out of the Massachusetts Bay Company," said Fred. "I just wonder why I haven't recognized this sooner, or why none of you have."

"Maybe the answer lies in the images of Peter's dream," said Ross. "If one aligns the start of his dream, with the discovery of the credit society principle, then the emergence of 'The Thing' reflects the dawning recognition of the lateral platform in economics, which is its light."

"In this case you better fight with all you've got to get it back, before the house comes down," said Fred and laughed. "There is only one solution possible to prevent the collapse. LaRouche put this on the table. Erase monetarism so radically from the face of the world as if it never existed, and replace it with the credit society principle. There is no other solution. If the whole world goes to hell tomorrow, and hundreds of millions perish in the collapse crisis that is already on the horizon, and the dust settles over the corpses, the solution to saving the world will still be the same as it is today, to erase monetarism and to replace it with the credit society principle. That is the bottom line, Peter." After he said this, Fred called it a day.

I nodded to Ross as I hung up the phone. "What you had said earlier to Fred makes sense, that the key for doing what is necessary, is in my dream," I said to Ross. "In this
case 'The Thing' represents a visual construct of Principle, which is always lateral. Since the Principle of Economy reflects the lateral platform, and the credit society principle reflects that platform, which is the only platform there is as an alternative to monetarism and empire, which are both the same, then the solution for saving the world and creating a renaissance, will always be this one solution. There is no other. And the world will go to hell deeper and deeper until society starts implementing this one solution. The question therefore is not 'what' we must do, since the answer is already established, the real question then is, 'when' will we do it. The logical point for this, in my dream, would have been to do it at the brightest moments. Every hour of delay after that becomes increasingly costly. This takes us back to the brightest days of the American Renaissance, as the day when the future had started to become lost, because there was too little understanding of the lateral platform to protect it from drifting out of sight."

"Then it makes sense what LaRouche had said back in 1999," Ross interjected. "He had proposed that it is possible to shut down the international currency gambling orgy with a novel method, which he called, 'Trade Without Currency.' He said in essence, don't use money at all, internationally, and you step away from monetarism. He said, instead of using money, settle trade in terms of market basket values. If his idea had caught on, Peter, it might have shut down the entire globalized monetarist looting orgy that fed on the international currency casino, which is definitely a vertical thing. This single casino has caused untold damage to the economies around the world. That's also a part of what has pushed us now to the edge of the proverbial cliff. This would never have happened in a lateral world."

"LaRouche had an inkling of what needs to happen, and what may still be possible," said Heather to Ross.

"No, LaRouche came twenty years too late with this," I interjected. "There might have been a time when this would have been sufficient to get the ball rolling to shut empire down and to implement 'trade without currencies' to replace monetarism. But merely shutting down currency speculation wouldn't have been enough even then. As Fred had said, nothing less than the complete replacement of every vestige of monetarism will be sufficient. Nothing less will take the foundation down that empire stands on. This thing cannot be reformed. The total replacement of monetarism, of course, might some day be achieved by creating a republic that operates entirely without money. In a world of universal abundance, money looses its significance. Why would one have it then? Twenty years ago I had intended to write a novel about such a society that is operating without currency, and without property: a society that is rich in scientific, technological, and industrial development, with great infrastructures, unlabeled farming, and grand cultural living. Sadly, I never got around to follow up on that idea that seemed so much like a dream. Now it appears it would have been a grand novel, a novel about a society that is operating totally on the lateral platform. Without monetarism and without property, nobody stands above another. Everything happens laterally then. The economy functions entirely laterally with a different driver than money. We may get to this point."

"This is how the USA was meant to function," said Ross. "Its Preamble to the Constitution enrones the quality of happiness. This statement affirms the principle of
lateral living. Lateral living is satisfying. Happiness depends on it. But the Southern States that had forged themselves into an empire-linked Confederacy, had the word 'happiness' replaced with 'property.' This replacement turned the functioning of society into a vertical structure that is rooted in the sewer. On this platform society disintegrates. Isn't that what you saw happening in your dream?"

"There was no happiness left once 'The Thing' was gone," I interjected.

"What we take for granted today, came out of some revolutionary battles," said Ross. "The idea of the right to happiness for every human being came from Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz. In contrast, the right to property, contrary to human rights, came from Paolo Sarpi. Leibniz won his case. Thus the principle of happiness as a right for all, remains standing in the Constitution. Of course it is easy to see now that Leibniz was right. Today's super-wealthy, with great piles of property in their portfolio, are so burdened by it, that they have no idea what happiness is and are driven to steal evermore without end."

"When did the change begin to occur in your dream, I mean in your experience, that you had in the dream?" said Heather one day, during our exploration. "Go and 'rewind' your dream and replay it. What was the first thing that struck you as odd? Was it your dad's financial portfolio? Had you ever noticed that concern before?"

I said that I hadn't.

Ross said that this was only a symptom. Ross said that the real change began in my experience, when the images appeared less frequently, which nobody had really noticed except in retrospect. Ross pointed out that it all started with the bulldozing of the houses that had been built in honoring 'The Thing' and the killing of the people in them. "That's when the world was beginning to be flipped upside down as Pete saw it," said Ross. "It started with the willful destruction of what 'The Thing' had accomplished. The destruction was done in order to get at 'The Thing' itself, and to annihilate it, to deny its existence or its foundational role in civilization."

"That's already happening in the real world on a large scale," said Heather, "and it has been happening for some time in an ever-wider scene. The financial portfolios appear to be secondary. They are merely among the first visible signs of a civilization crumbling into dust."

"When did the joy disappear?" asked Tony. "It probably began to disappear when the images of 'The Thing' became less frequent. Am I right?"

I answered that it was so.

"All sorts of alarm bells should have gone off right there and then, in order to stir up a search for the cause of the disappearance, both of 'The Thing' and the joy in living," said Tony. "But where are the alarm bells going off in our world, where the same signs
are everywhere? Is anybody rewinding our waking dreams? How far do we have to go back in time in real terms, to locate this missed opportunity in understanding the world in which we live? When did we begin to lose our joy? We should have stopped there!" said Tony emphatically. "There is no joy in the vertical world, the world of the sewer. The sewer never satisfies. That is why the greedy seek to become millionaires; and millionaires seek to become billionaires; and the billionaires want to become trillionaires. There is no joy and satisfaction in the sewer of the rich, because there is no substance in isolation. But where in history was the turning point towards this hell? When was the axe laid at the root of all that is profoundly human? Was it when fascism was laid upon the world to protect the British Empire against the freedom of mankind that the USA was founded to represent? Or did this loss begin earlier when the religious wars were unleashed by Venice, the wars that were designed to destroy the Golden Renaissance? Or do we have to go back still further to Aristotle whose philosophy of natural slavery became the platform for the Empire of Rome that nearly destroyed civilization? Or do we have to go further back to the ancient priests that perverted the Mosaic Decalogue into an instrument of power with which to isolate humanity from one-another at the grassroots level and enforce this isolation with the death penalty? How far back to we have to go?

Do we really know? We've been up to our ears in the vertical sewer for so long that Pete, evidently, thought the idea ridiculous to write a novel about a lateral society. In Peter's dream the beginning of the end started with the bulldozing of the houses, and the killing of the people within. In the real world the beginning of the end might have started so far back in time that a written language had not been in general use, so that the historic records do not exist that would give us a sense of how the collapse began. It might have started in ancient Egypt with the circumcision of the slaves. The amputation of an element of the lateral world, which inflicting the sexual mutilation was, and still is, might be synonymous with the metaphor of bulldozing the houses down."

Ross suggested that if one is faced with layers of mud, all laid upon other layers of more mud, one has to deal with the whole mess, to get a clean slate. He also suggested that the bottom layer might hold the key to the whole mess, since everything else is piled on top of it. He suggested that the top layer may not bear the faintest resemblance to the key cause, so that one has to dig deep to get a flavor of what the whole mess is all about. He suggested that this reasoning is long overdue, and its hypercritical now, as the whole world is about to crumble into a pile of dust, forcing us back to primitive living that we lack the skills and the resources for. "Peter didn't see the final end that has long been idealized by empire, in which 80% of society dies in agonizing ways, for this very reason," said Ross. "That's what the modern masters of empire are trying to make happen, aiming for the population collapse to occur in our modern world. Empire rules over a world of dust, that was once a civilization."

Tony just nodded. I think he did so for all of us, since none of us had a clue of what my dream really meant.

"That's the trouble with us," said Sylvia. She almost scolded us suddenly at this point, as if to start the alarm bells ringing in us. "We give up too easily," she said. "At the first impasse we throw in the towel and walk away from the ring, where we should be fighting for victory. That's what we do in dreaming, too. Dreams are scary images that we
conjure up when the mind is asleep. We dredge things up that we know, but which we
don't want to look at in real life, images which we block out. That is why dreams can
sometimes tell us more than we want to know. We should look at them for this core
reality that we don't want to look at, whatever it is, rather than throw the dream away. I
would say, let's get into the wrestling ring on this issue and fight, just as any wrestler
would."

"Dreams don't solve anything," Heather replied instantly.

"Of course they don't," Sylvia defended herself. "Nothing is ever resolved when
the mind is asleep. I have never known a person who has discovered a profound universal
principle in a dream, or even applied a principle in a dream to uplift an unfolding tragedy
into a victory. We have to do this when we are awake. But the dreams may tell us where
our impasses are. In dreams we ruminate over the lack of a solution. I think our dreams
sometimes are our alarm clock, as Tony suggests, that jolt us into recognizing what we
have evaded. I think Peter had a profound dream. It tells us of something that we have
tried to hide from ourselves. So let's put our heads together and find out what it is. Let's
find out why we prefer to lye to ourselves rather than accept the truth."

Ross nodded in agreement. "All right," said Ross. "Let's look at it. Pete was a child
in the dream, and the world that he lived in grew into a gigantic and beautiful construct.
He lived in a golden tower that was several hundred stories high, which suddenly
collapsed into a pile of dust. What could this dream image represent that we already
know? The child represents mankind, doesn't it? We are still growing up. And 'The
Thing' that became associated with the golden tower is our dawning humanity. It is
science, art, music, technology, and intelligence. Those may be its names, but the thing
itself is the principle beneath all that, the Principle of Universal Love. The Principle of
Universal Love has been a part of the human scene since the dawn of civilization and
long before that. It was first seen in a discernable way with the agricultural revolution
7000 years ago when a few people were able to provide food for many, so that time could
be devoted to cultural pursuits and improvements of the human condition. This 'Thing,'
the Principle of Universal Love, was seen again and again in a big way during the Greek
Classical Era, the era of Homer, Pythagoras, Solon, and so on. And later we saw it
reflected again in the humanism of Socrates and Plato, and then in the Christian era as the
sacrament of Agape. It appeared many times in the background. We saw it reappearing
after Rome had nearly destroyed civilization. We saw it unfolding anew in the Islamic
Renaissance, and later in the Golden Renaissance in Europe, and more profoundly so in
the subsequent great Renaissance of the 17th Century centered on the Treaty of
Westphalia. The Principle of Universal Love was reflected in all of these developments
of renaissance, bringing light into the world from the lateral platform of all being. The
Principle of Universal Love was 'The Thing' that Peter saw. It gave us the golden towers
of the richest civilization we ever had.

"The reversal began with World War I," Ross continued. "'The Thing' was feared
and hated by every empire that ever was. Human progress, built on the lateral platform,
has always been feared and hated by empires, because this progress would challenge the
empire's illegitimate existence. World War I brought the first big attack on humanity.
With setting up this giant war the British Empire literally bulldozed the house down that 'The Thing' had built. World War II was set up from the same background, but was escalated onto a bigger plain. Then came the Cold War. Most people regard the Cold War as a nuclear weapons standoff between the USA and Soviet Russia. On the surface it was that, but in real terms this hyped up rivalry was a secondary issue, a kind of smokescreen to hide the real war. The real Cold War was a cultural war, and this war hasn't ended. It was a vertical war that dragged everything that is good and beautiful and productive, into the sewer. Cultural freedom they called it in the beginning. It promised freedom in culture, but really meant freedom from culture. It inspired society to claim freedom from its humanity, freedom from the Principle of Universal Love. It meant promoting the globalism of inhumanity, the globalization of looting and slavery. In this artificial inhuman environment 'The Thing' began to disappear. It was torn down and drowned in the sewer, called empire, which thereby also drowned mankind's mentality. That's when the economies began to disintegrate, and the financial system of the world began to become but a hollow shell. Pete saw mankind's golden tower crumble into dust. We have seen many such images already, haven't we? Each one was a symptom of society killing 'The Thing' in its own heart and soul. Mankind was killing itself by aiming to destroy 'The Thing.'

"The first golden tower crumbled in New York," said Ross. "The tower wasn't brought down by terrorism. We all saw it go down, but none of us, as most people, had realized at the time, that what they saw was not the result of a terrorist act, but a symptom of a collapsing world, a collapsing civilization, a collapsing society without humanity, a world without 'The Thing.' When Pete looked into the valley below, in his dream, and as he looked he saw the whole city in the valley likewise disintegrating into dust. Peter saw what we have all seen happening, haven't we, when the ruling world-financial and economic system began to disintegrate so badly that nothing worked anymore. That's the mess we are already in."

"Mankind's Golden tower was brought down by the fundi," said Fred on the phone, and paused, evidently searching for how he might continue. "Maybe peter saw the shadow of the Treaty of Paris of 1763, in which the British East India Company became the first private World Empire, the first completely private empire in history, with a near global reach. The government and the crown became largely intertwined with the Empire, each in its own subservient capacity. But most of all the Empire owned the banking system. Most of the world's financial power became all privately owned. The Empire was really the empire of the fundi. And as the Empire expanded, more and more of the various nations central banks became privatized, and were quietly added to this private financial empire of the fundi. Like it was said in the novel of Dune, whoever owns the 'spice' controls the universe. So in the real world, whoever owns the financial system owns the nations, lock stock and barrel, thanks to the force of monetarism. The USA resisted being pulled into this fold, but in 1913 it capitulated when it created the Federal Reserve System as a private club that owned the nation's currency and credit creation. From this day on America's doom was on the horizon, and its fate sealed, remaining to be unsealed and the failure to be reversed. That's when the golden tower that Pete had lived in, in his dream, began to be endangered. In real terms the tower collapsed almost a
century later, in a world that became hopelessly bankrupt. Only the city in the valley, our civilization, remains still standing at the present time."

"Empire means doom," interjected Tony. "The current Empire had always lived on a foundation of looting, instead of on a foundation of universal economic development. Every empire shuns the development of the human potential of society, and sabotages it at every possible opportunity. When unemployment was dropping, the economy was said to be overheating. Consequently, interest rates were cranked up to kill off whatever economic progress had been made."

"And so society has been looted and destroyed in a world focused on stealing," Fred continued. "This built-in madness started a process that has mushroomed with ever growing intensity for over 250 years, to the point that there is nothing left for the imperials to steal, by which the Empire bankrupted the very source that it depended on. And so it bankrupted itself. From this point it had no options left but to use force in a quest for world-dictatorship status. It needed something spectacular in order to justify the force that can shut down civilization, imposing a global fascist police state dictatorship. Well, the fundi got their wish. The collapse of the financial system was more than spectacular than any collapse of any building in history. The world-financial collapse didn't just bring a house down. It turned the whole city into dust, the whole country, entire nations, the entire Western World. We have poured $24 trillion into the collapsing financial system, in order to keep the house from falling down further, but it is still falling."

"We all knew that this collapse was coming," said Heather, who had accompanied Nicolai on his lecture tour around the world, on economies. "We have all seen the writing on the wall," she said, "just as Peter has seen 'The Thing' vanishing from his dream world. But we didn't want to acknowledge what we saw, did we? We didn't, because if we did, we would have had to respond and react to save ourselves. And so we found it more convenient to keep on dreaming. It seems to me that Pete found this paradox disturbing. His dream might have been an outcry for a solution, if it hadn't come too late."

"The whole world was dreaming that dream and still is," said Tony and laughed. "Nothing has changed."

Heather nodded. "I have seen it myself. I have been fighting this trend with Nicolai. We have been traveling around the world just for that, giving lectures on humanist economics in the hope that we might wake people up."

"But was that enough?" asked Sylvia. "The world still says there is no empire. Everything will be fine. We've become a pathetic society. We ignore the tragic aspects that we know, even those aspects that are freely admitted by the fundi themselves. Peter has met the people from the fundi. We have all heard the tape recording of his interview. They told us years ago what their plans for humanity were, and they did so with a disgusting openness and arrogance, as if nothing could stop them. They told us, as if the idea was laughable, that none of us could stop them. As you all know, we behaved accordingly for a dozen years, as if we fully believed them, playing our trivial games that
accomplished nothing. We behaved exactly as the fundi had wished us to behave, living in fear and tied up with impotence. When Nicolai finally began to do something to turn the ship around, it was too late."

"Still, the fundi can't alter the reality either, that they are bankrupt too," said Heather.

"They are fully aware of it," said Ross. "That is why they are determined to re-stage the world again with another big war. They failed on this count, so far, but the fundi will never give up their fascist attempts to save their empire, even if it means destroying the whole world to do it. Saving their empire's existence is no longer just about money. It is more and more about power. The man of the fundi told Pete in Venice that the empire has no name, and every name, and has no face, but every face. It owns all the private central banks, it also owns numerous secret societies that cook up the nut-cake ideologies, and the strategies that shape our world, and will continue to do so until we stop them. The fundi have put their case squarely onto the table of the nut-cake societies, which take the imperial case and regurgitate it as ready-made policies put forth by their own numerous so-called international policy-forming organization from which the elite of the world in government and elsewhere receive their marching orders. Of course the public receives its public opinion via the same channel, through the so-called free press. The whole nut-cake apparatus operates freely within the fundi-defined limits, but not otherwise. The enormous global power structures that result from this setup, which the fundi will utilize since they own them implicitly, will 'force' the public to pay the horrendous cost of the present bankruptcy of the Empire in the style that Hitler forced Germany to pay. That's the earthquake that Peter witnessed in his dream, that society cannot survive. We have already seen the beginning of it. Our world has become a world in which everything crumbles into dust to such an extent that not even the fundi can survive. Peter saw this in his dream. Mankind's golden tower crumbled, and so did the city in the valley. None of that is anything new to us, is it? It is already happening in so many ways. We are just not yet prepared to recognize the evidence for what it is. We have lived with the knowledge that 'The Thing' has vanished, which civilization was built on. We have lived with that knowledge for a dozen years and haven't raised a finger to counter the trend in any significant way. In Peter's dream the alarm bells went off when the evidence could no longer be ignored."

"But what have we got in us to throw into the fight?" I replied. "We know we have to fight to save what is left of civilization in this critical period, and rebuild the world. We knew this from the first day we met. That's what brought us together. But what have we got to fight with, except the underlying principles of the Universe, the Principle of Universal Love, and every other principle that we know that is related to it? We have to get 'The Thing' back. And this, too, we have known from the beginning. We only didn't know then that 'The Thing' is all that we have as our only means to get our civilization back, which is fast disappearing in the current collapse crisis. 'The Thing' is all that we've got as a power to fight with. We've got to bring 'The Thing' back into our world. There is nothing else we can resort to. But what is it? Is the Principle of Universal Love, 'The Thing'? Historically we have rallied around the Principle of Universal Love in countless different ways, and have built a civilization with its substance. But then we lost it again.
Now the world is rushing down the opposite direction, and is loosing everything, if indeed there is anything left to be lost. The man from the fundi that I spoke to was right on this one. We haven't got a hope in hell to fight the fundi on the current political platform. They own every element of this platform. They own today's political world completely. They own every player. We'll never solve our problem by fighting on their level. We have to fight from a higher level, the level of universal humanist principles, which they don't own. We must bring 'The Thing' back into our world, and protect it this time. That's the only platform that they don't own, which they can never own, which in fact they are hell-bent to deny its existence of. And that's our flank. Our only hope for getting the thing back is to uplift the individual people of the fundi together with everyone else, onto this higher level of universal humanist principles, as a framework in which they too can become useful to society and supportive of it. When this happens, we'll have our joy back. If it doesn't happen, civilization is doomed and will cease to exist."

"It may already be too late for that," said Tony. "Pete's alarm clock may have gone off far too late. Maybe Pete recognized that, and this is what has caused his dream. Still, I agree. We have to fight with what we've got, even though we haven't done anything significant with it so far. We allowed ourselves to drift into a rut and have a party, the dullest party in history I might add, which had lasted for twelve years. We are just beginning to dig ourselves out from that, just barely. Except, it may well be that we started too late."

"Sure, we have given the fundi a free reign," said Sylvia. "Maybe Peter also realized this in his dream. But I say, it is never too late to begin fighting for civilization and its universal principles. Even if the whole world were to crumble into dust, which is already happening to some degree, it is never too late to fight for the platform of the universal principles of our humanity, the principles of science, technological progress, and universal love. No matter how far we have fallen behind in our duties as human beings towards one-another, the Principle of Universal Love is still the only platform there is for building a new civilization on. This is the lateral platform. That's all we've got, even if we have to start our building in the dust of a total collapse. There exists no other platform for building a civilization on. The Principle of Universal Love can get us out of the dust. The potential to get back on track always exists. It exists even at the moment when the whole world spits at its principle as a worthless piece of trash, or a "nuisance" as it is called in the world of the imperial dreams. Isn't that what they say about LaRouche? He spoils their game. Alexander Hamilton too, spoiled their game big time, when he put the credit society principle onto the plate of the world. This is why he was assassinated, by which, what he had created had died with him."

"What you said isn't totally correct," Heather interjected. "What Hamilton had put on the plate has not really died with him. Sure, it hadn't been understood deeply enough by anyone, as a structure representing the lateral platform, and therefore as the only possible alternative for replacing monetarism. With his assassination the dream died, but only for a season. It wasn't kept alive, because it was still poorly understood. Consequently, monetarism was kept alive. The idea was promoted that the devil, monetarism, can be reformed and be turned into an angel. If Hamilton's profound
discovery had been completely understood at his time, it wouldn't have faded into oblivion. A profound idea that is universally understood and acknowledged will never fade into oblivion. The reason why Hamilton's discovery became lost, may reflect that the underlying platform for what he had discovered, the lateral platform, had not been sufficiently recognized, if it had been recognized at all, much less having been understood. Remember, as Fred said, not even Lincoln understood the underlying platform. He used the credit society principle because it was embedded in the Constitution. Remember, Fred also said that the only person who understood the lateral platform in this period, was Mary. By the time Mary had put the lateral platform onto the table, Lincoln had already been assassinated. She, herself, escaped assassination, because nobody even knew what she had discovered. It still remains hidden to the very day, being not understood after all those hundred years since she had laid it all out plainly into the open. The bottom line is that we are not using the tools we have available for creating the renaissance that we must have to survive. We still dream that the devil can be reformed. That's why we are in this worldwide collapse crisis, because the alternative is not understood, or is just faintly understood. LaRouche understands some of it. He tries to bring Hamilton's credit society principle back into view, but will he succeed with it in time? He is blocked at every step. He said to the world, in July 2007, you fools, open your eyes, the collapse crisis is already here, it has started, resort to Hamilton's credit society principle, reorganize the financial system without monetarism, and live, or else civilization will go to hell. And where do we stand in all this? Do we really know? We should stand on the mountain with LaRouche in the pocket, and Hamilton, and Mary, and draw the eyes of the world on us, with an invitation to stand beside us. But do I see any movement? I'd say the alarm bells are ringing. We'd better stir our stumps."

"Fred had missed something in his long-winded summary of American history, a few days ago," Sylvia interjected. "This history is not really a history of war against empire. It is more correctly a part of the dawning awareness in mankind of the lateral platform of the Universe and civilization. Solon of Athens had recognized a few traces of it back in 500 B.C.. It became lost in the Peloponnesian War, but Plato and Socrates brought it back and raised it up further. Though it soon became lost again, Nicolas of Cusa, the pioneer of the Golden Renaissance, brought it back into focus again more than a thousand years later. He developed the recognition of the lateral platform further, and discovered in it the principle of the sovereign nation state. The Golden Renaissance flourished with this principle being applied. Nicolas of Cusa also cherished the idea that the renaissance ideal of European culture should be transmitted to other continents, in the hope to thereby create a world of sovereign nation states around the world, all bound to each other by the principles of the lateral platform. Christopher Columbus picked up the idea of Cusa, out of which developed his famous 1492 voyage across the Atlantic. He knew what he was doing. He knew that another continent, or continents, lay beyond the Atlantic Sea. With his success he opened the door for the Pilgrims to land on Plymouth Rock, pursuing the same idea that Cusa had spelled out. They soon developed the recognition of the lateral platform still further, in the Bay Colony of Massachusetts. In this flow of a dawning recognition of a profound reality, the world was changed. All of that is part of our history, because Hamilton had picked it up and developed it still further into a bulwark to replace empire. Therefore, when we stand on the mountain with Hamilton in the pocket, and LaRouche, and Mary, and draw the eyes of the world on us,
with an invitation to stand beside us, we also stand with Solon in our pocket, and Socrates and Plato, Christ Jesus, Nicolas of Cusa, Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz, Benjamin Franklin and a few others. Fred should have mentioned those."

Tony began to laugh. "Fred had failed to mention something else," said Tony. "Fred had failed to mention the natural dynamics of the development of intelligence in the progressive flow of profound ideas. The flow of development is most prominently powered by the challenges of great conflicts. That's what drives us. That's what keeps life dynamic. We tend to speak of empire as a thing, but it really isn't that. There is no such thing as a cohesive pattern of empire spanning all ages. In the larger context the term, 'empire' simply means, 'failure'. In religion, the equivalent is called, 'sin'. In the sciences the equivalent is called, 'misperception'. In the political world, the term is, 'empire'. The failure by society that the term represents, can take many forms. The failures challenge us to master the great concepts that have evaded us, and to discover the principles that resolve the failures. The power of the process is dynamic. During my days in the Air Force, we were always challenged to exceed the best of our abilities. And we did it, mostly. Being constantly challenged develops mankind. The development of intelligence proceeds from this basis."

Tony paused and laughed some more. "It appears that mankind needed the challenges of the Ice Age, to become the highly intelligent species it became," Tony continued. "We see similar challenges in many places in the biological world, in the form of viruses, bacteria, predators, and so on. The challenges hone the leading edge of development. If we hadn't been challenged in the Air Force to reach beyond ourselves, the Air Force would have been nothing more than just a club of Sunday pilots, enjoying an easy life having fun. It appears that the easy life is deadly, as it is an 'empty' life. That's how mankind came through twenty Ice Age cycles and came out a winner. Mankind has also survived numerous forms of empire -- its failures -- and is now on the road of developing the strength to leave those failures behind. Of course tragedies do happen in which the failures haunt us, but we are developing. We have definitely learned that there is no dynamism in the easy life -- in being Sunday pilots, having fun in the sun -- because this always leads to doom when the ignored challenges knock at our door. I would propose therefore, that we all take up the challenge of becoming difficult people and rebel rousers in the Sunday world. Of course, we can't become that, because that's what we already are. We are rebels against the status quo. We have always been rebels at heart. So I say there is hope for us yet."

Tony turned to me. "What you saw in your dream was not the collapse of civilization. It would not have been an element of progress," said Tony. "Instead, what you saw was the collapse of empire, the end of 3000 years of failure by society to recognize its own grand nature. What you saw was the flow of the history of civilization unfolding, in which the golden towers invariably crumble into dust. The collapse of empire is powered by its fascism. That is what you also saw. Fascism is the multiplier in the failure that empire is. Whichever system of empire carries the disease of monetarism, which is fascism -- which they generally all do, whether they be the State of Israel, the USA, or Britain, and so on, or all of them together -- their destiny is sealed thereby. Their destiny is not in their own hands, but is determined by the disease. Whoever carries the
disease destroys itself with it. The challenge of mankind is to unlatch itself from the carrier. If it remains latched onto it, it will go down with it. So, let's not be Sunday pilots. Let's become a force by taking up the challenge of starting a great renaissance, the greatest ever."

"How would Steve face this challenge?" said Tony to me. "How would he respond to your dream?"

"Steve always that the Principle of Economy and the Principle of Universal Love are one and the same," I said.

"I think Fred can answer this question better than anyone of us," said Ross, "He had long discussions with him on the subject after the Venice days, when you and Ushi had your holiday in the desert."

Fred laughed at the challenge. "You know how he would answer," he said. "He would stand before you like a teacher addressing a class, and start from the beginning so that not one point be missed, so that you would gain a clear perception of what this is all about, as I had already attempted. He would say that in order to understand the prevalent error that pervades all classroom-taught opinions of our time, and to understand the practical consequences of that failure in the now ongoing general breakdown-crisis, which is in essence the result of the collapse of the world monetary system, we must consider the history of this phenomenon as a feature of the now globally extended European culture, especially that feature that began in the period of the Peloponnesian War that is itself a feature of the monetarist imperial powers of the type associated with the functions of the treasuries located under the direction of the Delphi cult of Apollo-Dionysos. This is where we find the propagators of the warfare among Athens, Corinth, and Syracuse. Plato had treated the collapse of Athens, which came out the failure of the dawning monetarism, as an opportunity to change course, based on the destruction of the failed maritime-monetary power of the Delphi Apollo-Dionysos cult during that time. Steve would point out that the cult of monetarism survived, and that the later establishment of the Roman Empire, through Augustus Caesar in 'negotiations' with the priesthood of Isle-of-Capri, of the Mithra cult, did establish a Mediterranean-centered maritime-based, monetarist imperialism. Thus the Roman Empire had its roots in the Delphi cult, extending beyond the lifetime of the last leading priest of that cult, the notorious, typically Delphic, illustrious liar, Plutarch. Modern imperialism is essentially nothing more than a series of kaleidoscopic expressions of that original imperial monetarist system that had reigned over Europe most of the time, especially through the empire of Venice that eventually became the Anglo-Dutch monetarist empire of today and the world-dominating expression of monetarism at the present time. But there is no substance in monetarism itself. There is nothing in it that physically attributes value to money. The notion that there is value in money is a Delphic lie, artfully maintained, but it cannot overrule the reality that there is no value in money itself, that all true value is located in human creation, and in production of resources. Rome collapsed, because it had created no value in itself, but existed by looting all the countries round about to the
point of their physical collapse, whereby Rome collapsed too, as did every empire that ever was, which by its monetarism was founded on the basis of looting. Today's crisis is the same in essence, except that it is now global in scope. The empire of monetarism is global; it has looted the entire world to the point of its physical breakdown; it destroyed industries, farming, transportation, healthcare, housing, and social security. The USA is a defeated nation, as are all nations around the world, with people already dying in poverty of starvation at a rate of fifty million a year. Contrary to wishful views of the self-blinded leaders of the world, and society itself, the present world monetary-financial system has already entered fully into an accelerating process of a general physical-economic breakdown, portending a crisis -- an accelerating dive into doom -- that no nation is exempt from or can avoid, unless the underlying system and its assumptions are totally reversed.

"Steve would say that therefore, the indispensable intellectual remedies on which the salvation of civilization immediately depends, must be premised on relevant scientific methods and conceptions which are systemically contrary to the practical implications of the presently prevalent, reductionist qualities of academic doctrines and related economics practices. Those deeply rotten beliefs -- a mental illness as yet not healed -- are still generally embraced by governments around the world. They have caused the infection expressed, as the present, planetary, terminal pandemic of economic policies, which are themselves the disease, from which the world's calamities have been derived, that threaten to have terminal consequences of the very type that the princes of empire desire who would reduce the world population from the present level of nearly seven billion to less than one billion.

"That's the challenge, as Steve would say, and how do we solve it? We heal the disease with a deeply reaching return to the type of scientific development that Plato started, that later became the Golden Renaissance, and its still later expression centered on the principle of the Treaty of Westphalia that became the background for the founding of the USA. Nothing less than a scientific return to the truth can reverse the practice that has now infested the world, of the intrinsically pathological, axiomatically malicious presumptions of such ideologues as John Locke, Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and also apologists for their malicious lunacies, such as Karl Marx. We must no longer emulate the famous hoax of such as Euclid, as by adducing the notions of physical science from an essentially, merely deductive reasoning, but must instead view the universe as a whole, from the top down perspective, from the superior role of the creative powers of the individual human mind, at that top, rather than as economics is defined at the very foggy bottom of reductionist mathematics, such as Euclidean a-priorism, and statistical analysis."

Fred explained that the dimension of Euclid was so 'narrow,' and maybe by intention, that they excluded the perceptions of the dynamics of the human mind and its explosive power of creative reasoning, reflected in discoveries of natural universal principles that have the potential to be as powerful in their unfolding as is the Universe itself.
"Steve would have said," Fred continued, "that we must put the human mind and its power of creative reason, reflected in scientific and technological power, on top of all economic perspectives, in order to gain a sense of the kind of infinite future we can have, rather than submitting ourselves to the collapse of the world into a New Dark Age that unfolds the genocide of five or six billion people that has long been prescribed by the masters of the monetarist empire to protect the empire and its despicable way of existence. The final end game has therefore begun, which either determines the doom of empire or the doom of mankind, with no middle ground being possible. It is possible for mankind, even at this late stage, to rouse itself and scrap the scourge of monetarism, once and for all, and save its civilization and its existence. But it is also possible that in the failing to realize this potential, civilization ends and 80% of mankind dies with it. So it all depends on us all, doesn't it? It depends on how much value we place on our survival, which ultimately determines our actions. What Plato had attempted after Athens fell, we must now fulfill before the entire world falls irreversibly, for the same reason."

We all praised Fred's presentation of what Steve's reaction might have been to the challenge that my dream had posed. However, with the resulting profound realization that seemed difficult to implement, our breakfast meetings on the subject abruptly ended. They ended on this third morning on Ross' balcony, where we had come together to explore my dream. It seemed that we were satisfied that a 'solution' had been found, difficult as it may be to implement, and that we must do something about it, some day. With this the dream was laid aside as a challenge, and as the days passed into months, that challenge became gradually forgotten. After all, the Principle of Universal Love had been something that we already been working with. We felt that nothing more was needed.

On this note we became once again content that the solution to the problems of the world was already in the process of unfolding. Should we have done more? Did we even recognize the infinite shape of the horizon that we were looking at, through the looking glass of The Principle of Universal Love, the Principle of the lateral Universe?
The great collapse of civilization that many had long expected, and others had refused to believe would ever be possible, began on a Tuesday at noon. According to Fred, between eleven in the morning and lunchtime, all of the financial markets around the world had ceased up. The value of currencies had become increasingly uncertain that morning, and then had suddenly faded into nothing as though they had no value at all. Not a single country in the world had any form of economic development on the agenda, or in progress, or was allowed to have any, that would have given its currency value, while the bailouts were getting bigger. Suddenly, as if a command had been given, the fancy house of cards began to fall. At first one card tumbled, which took a section of the house down, and then another fell. The long thread of the U.S. dollar was no longer there as the final resort currency to hold the house together, and without this thread, there was suddenly nothing there that anyone could trust. Soon, everyone on the trading floors of the financial market slid into a sense of disbelief and confusion.

Fred told us that when he saw the erupting sense of despair and panic in the traders' eyes on the news channel, he closed his office, gave everybody the day off, rushed home, got changed, and got on his motor bike, to get out of town as fast as possible, breaking all speed limits to reach our place before dark. He arrived when the last faint sign of the sunset was still barely visible. His first question was, "what is the status of your fuel supply, and the status of your food reserves?" It didn't take long to realize what those questions meant.

We found out days later how lucky Fred had been that he had reacted as swiftly as he had. We heard tales coming down from NORAD that added up to a gruesome story of countless tragedies heaped upon tragedy.

When the currencies had lost their value in the markets, the banks immediately shut down. After that the entire civilian infrastructure suddenly began to collapse. At three in the afternoon, the malls and super markets had closed their doors, since the sticker price of merchandise had become meaningless. By five the electricity failed. The lights went out in many districts. By six o'clock that very evening, the entire vast electricity grid across the nation became dysfunctional and went cold. Nobody could figure out why. Was the cause technical? Was it sabotage? Neither would anyone have been able to correct the failure anyway, or would have cared to do so. Everyone's focus was suddenly on individual survival, and the survival of families.

Without electric power everything had stopped. The gas pumps didn't pump; the trams came to a halt; the subways became dark hallways of chaos; the water supply system ran dry; the sewage system clogged up; the cities became dark; elevators became prisons. The city scene became reminiscent to scenes from the Iraq War, where civilization had been suspended. Except now, in this new warfare, the people became increasingly drawn into a war against one-another. Looting began, and as some said later,
after that, the situation became worse. The guns began to speak, and without radio and TV operating, nobody knew what was happening. In comparison with that, all eight of us lived like in paradise on Ross' rock by the sea. We had our own electric power plant that powered the coastal surveillance equipment. We had our own water, and because of our remote location and the critical nature of our surveillance mission in times of war, we were required to keep a large stock of food in reserve. We even had our own secure communications link with NORAD Center that might have been the only place that still knew what was going on in the cities and in the world.

The world-financial catastrophe that Steve had forecast decades earlier, which the much slandered American economist and self-appointed statesman, Lyndon LaRouche, had warned about, forever, so it seemed, which I had feared would erupt while I was in Africa with Tony, didn't erupt while we were away. It erupted on the day the lights went out, two months after we had returned. The near infinite inflation of the financial values that Steve had warned us about from China, had created a financial bubble in the West, filled with nothing but hot air; a bubble so big, that it dwarfed the entire world economy. The bubble carried a value in the accounting ledgers equal to ten years of the gross domestic product of the entire world. America all by itself had created itself a debt bubble that was larger in size than a stream of thousand dollar bills, packed face to face, stretching from coast to coast and out to sea on both sides.

This global bubble had popped. It had imploded into nothing. It had popped like a soap bubble that begins to split open at the weakest point when the internal pressure exceeds the tensile strength of the soap film that gives it its shape and its luster. When that happened in the financial markets everything vanished from sight, leaving in its wake a spray of tiny droplets that bore no resemblance to the glittering sphere that once existed, while the droplets floated away with the wind. Left behind had remained an emptiness filled with unspeakable misery, and a horror that went far beyond the scope of merely collapsing dreams. What resulted became closer to my own dream where everything crumbled into a pile of dust. Still life went on; for some people it did.

A few of the poorest nations welcomed the crash. Their debt portfolios became meaningless by it; as indeed they had already been before the crash hit. All debts became meaningless at the moment that the entire financial value structure of the world became meaningless. In any case, the debtor nations had already repaid their debt many times over in real terms, in the service of usurious demands. All this happened, of course, before the world-financial 'house of cards' blew away and the bailouts began. The world had been awash for years with financial claims, especially with financial-derivatives claims that were built up in the biggest casino-type gambling orgy ever, which generated claims against an economy that was no larger in comparison than the droplets that remained after a soap bubble disintegrates. This reality had always existed behind the fancy facades. Eventually it became recognized, just as the most hidden reality always asserts itself when the dreaming ends. The blowout of the world's fancy dreams caused a rude awakening that affected everyone's physical existence. It should have been obvious that the bubble was empty inside, and most people instinctively knew this, but it was
preferable to them to dream the dreams that the Imperial Soap Bubble Society had inspired.

The bubble was probably popped at the moment when a 'child' had spoken up and exclaimed, "but the Emperor has nothing on! He has no clothes! He is naked! See, the bubble is empty inside! See, the American President has no authority to act. He is naked. In America, the authority to govern flows from the Constitution for the 'transacting' of its principles, and the Constitution itself is built on the Principle of the General Welfare, the great lateral principle that is also the Principle of Economy. There exists no other Principle of Economy. Principle is singular for each aspect. The Principle of Economy is singular. When the President steps on the Constitution and refuses to 'transact' the Principle of the General Welfare, but tries to 'conduct' his own show, or the show of foreign masters, he forfeits the authority of his office and all his acts thereby become void."

The voice of the 'child' had been issued to all governments and institutions in the form of an international open letter that had sent ripples throughout the world, in which it proclaimed, "The way I see the difference between the U.S. republic and a parliamentary government, is that in the parliamentary system the authority to govern flows from the electorate, whereas in the U.S. system the authority flows from the Constitution. In this case the electorate does not empower a dictator, but merely elects a person that is deemed most likely and most able to 'transact' the Principle of the General Welfare of the Constitution. The electorate of the American republic, the USA, thereby has the duty to vacate the office of any President who fails to 'transact' and 'conducts' games without authority to do so. Impeachment is a path that should have been implemented. Since the U.S. Congress and Senate have by their own refusal to 'transact' the Constitution, forfeited their own authority. Thereby their own actions had become void too. In this case, the replacement of the failing administration and Senate and Congress, becomes the direct responsibility of the American people, and also of the people of the world, since the USA was established with the aid of the brightest pioneers of the world at the time, and with the support of many people and nations as a gift of mankind to itself. Mankind has a responsibility to assure that its gift to itself does not become lost or be tarnished, but that it remains standing tall in the world as a bastion of freedom from empire and as a beacon of the natural liberty of the human being that the masters of empire would deny. The issue here is an issue of Principle. One cannot compromise on Principle. And so I say to the President of the USA, you have no authority to speak for your nation, you are naked, because you disregard the Constitution from which an American President's authority flows. You are naked. You are a nobody! Please resign, since your actions are invalid anyway, as they were carried out without authority." The child that had authored this international open letter was none other than Nicolai Vasily Berendeyev, our Nicolai.

The message was designed as an emergency message to shake the world to its senses, which had been facing the near impending crisis of the greatest financial and economic collapse in all history. The open letter should have had the opposite effect than it had. It should have had the effect that law and order become re-established, with respect for Principle. "One cannot compromise on Principle," the message had said. This didn't happen. Nothing happened on the front of Principle. Society waffled.
flinched. And a lot of people remained asleep. However, the masters of empire took due notice of the open letter. Its bold call to action had made their desperate situation, now more desperate, and as is always the case, desperate people, in the throw of their desperation, make mistakes. And big mistakes were made. Instead of putting water on the fire of the crisis, the masters of empire poured on gasoline. They wrecked the American dollar -- the only thread that was holding the world economy afloat -- by replacing the dollar with their own imperial currency that they forced the nations to contribute to, which was then used to bail out their dead horse of private central banks that had all been bankrupted by their looting practices. With this insane act, so typical for the masters of empire, the world collapsed.

I had a bad feeling about this insanity, when it had been 'announced' by Fred that night, when he arrived that evening on his motorbike, hot, tired, and scared. The moment that I had heard about the unfolding crisis, I remembered my dream about 'The Thing.' I remembered that I had asked my dad in my dream for a new pair of shoes, and how surprised I had been when he said that he couldn't afford them just then, except by arranging for more debt. I should have known right there and then that the house was coming down in the real world. But there were only rumbles at first in our real world.

A few alarmed voices were heard. One financial analyst was worried about the size of the debt, which was being erroneously counted as an asset. He said that a million dollars, an average person's lifetime earning, amount to a stack of thousand dollar bills eight inches high. He said a billion dollars, the lifetime earning of a thousand workers would be equal to a stack 8,000 inches high, or 666 feet, or about half the height that the World Trade Towers in New York had stood in their day. Then he compared this with what some of the high-rollers had grabbed, which he said could no longer be termed earnings. The mayor of New York, for example had been able to amass a forty-billion-dollar pile of loot in just ten years, which adds up to twenty stacks of thousand dollar bills, each piled as high as the World Trade towers had reached into the sky, or the combined lifetime earnings of 40,000 workers. And he said that this was still small. He said that one of the big fund managers has paid himself a nine-billion-dollar bonus in just a single year, the equivalent of 9,000 workers' lifetime earnings. And he noted that these billions are nevertheless small amounts. He noted that billions are no longer deemed anything worth noting in the age of the great bailouts that had already eaten up $16 trillion by then, in less than a year, in payments and in promises in the form of taxpayers' obligations. He said that this generous giveaway by the poor to the rich is equal to a stack of thousand dollar bills 10.7 millions of feet high, or two thousand miles high. He said that if this stack was laid on its side it would reach from Los Angeles to Detroit, right across almost the entire USA.

Ross' comment was, when he found the comparison on the Internet, that the man's comparison was already outdated. "Sixteen trillion in money having been wasted to bail out the banks, was last week's estimate. It's twenty-three trillion this week. The Special Inspector General in charge of monitoring the disbursement of the Troubled Assets Relief Program, called SIGTARP, has estimated the total cost of the bailout program since 2007 to be $23.7 trillion according to the promises made by the government. And guess what it is going to be next week."
Ross chuckled when noted in the Internet report that the immense stretch of thousand dollar bills laid face to face from Los Angeles to Detroit, representing last week's estimated $16 trillion in bank bailouts, or anything of that sort, remains nevertheless just a tiny amount in comparison with the notional amounts of the worldwide derivatives gambling, with instruments so huge in notional amounts that they have turned the entire world financial system into a giant gambling casino, the biggest of all times, with gambling contracts adding up into the range of 1.5 to 2 quadrillion dollars, that hang like millstones around the neck of the world. He said that the smaller of the two figures, of 1.5 quadrillion dollars, is equal to a stretch of thousand dollar bills, laying face to face, extending for 200,000 miles, which would stretch more than eight times around our planet. He suggested that this insanity has gone way out of control, and has thereby ushered in the end game for the global financial system, a system of thievery, a system of fraud that is doomed to disintegrate into a puff of smoke and the nations with it, unless the nations shut this thing down before it blows up the world. He said that it should be easy to shut a system down that promotes this grand theft to such an extreme that it has caused a near infinite vertical separation between human living and the monumental insanity that reigns in the sewer where the stolen loot is sucked into, whereby the whole monetarist system has actually died long ago. He said that a dead horse, which has actually been dead for some time, so that it is already stinking, cannot be healed or be resurrected, but needs to be buried. He said that the murderous system needs to be replaced with a wealth creating system that resumes physical production and scientific and technological progress on a vast scale, if society aims to survive. But the man's voice was not heeded.

There were cries heard in the real world in those days of the great disintegration of the financial system of the world, cries that legislation should be passed, under which the droplets would be gathered up, so to speak, and the bubble be put back together again. Those were desperate cries of desperate people, for governmental bail-outs and the like, but they were hopeless cries in the night preceding a darkness more dense than any night ever had been - a night in which nothing was heard except cries of agony.

In the shadow of the financial disintegration the physical economies ground to a halt and disintegrated likewise. Commerce can't function without valid currencies. It is easier to conduct international trade without currencies on a value exchange basis, than it is to conduct the local, everyday economy, without currencies in a world where the gun becomes dominant. It was the economy that had once supplied the essentials for people's living, that had popped. Trade without currencies had previously been proposed by LaRouche as a measure to defeat the currency speculators that feed on floating exchange rate fluctuations, which they themselves caused to fluctuate. But local commerce without currencies hadn't been tried for millennia.

The disintegrating bubble, as Steve had warned, had brought down the structure that supported the essential commercial activities on which the populations had come to depend, such as supermarkets, delivery systems, fuel supply infrastructures. They all ground to a halt for the lack of money, once the value of currencies was put in doubt. The
banks, the investment houses, the stock and bond markets, became burnt out ruins in the fire of their own game, while the mighty dollar became reduced to toilette paper. Every pension fund evaporated. Even the governments' ability to maintain order failed, and rightfully so, because the governments had failed in the first place to maintain the required financial and economic order and the infrastructures that are needed to support the cultural, scientific, and physical self-development of society.

The worst chaos occurred in the cities. The cities quickly became like isolated castles under siege. No fuel was coming in and no food, and soon there was no electricity either. The loss of electricity shut down sanitation and the cities' water supply systems. Some people woke up and said that the US now suffered the same pains it had inflicted on other nations for many years, like in the Middle East and Africa. They also pointed out that the poorest of the poor countries had survived this, though hundreds of thousands of people had perished every year in the poverty of their destroyed and imprisoned world, a world that had been sentenced to a painful biological and physical collapse. The USA proved to be far less resilient. The pain and the dying became worse in the USA. The few supplies that were left in storehouses and in people's basements, before the crash began, were quickly used up or claimed by roaming armed gangs.

The gun ruled supreme in those days, especially in the American cities. The citizens had armed themselves over the years to their teeth with 300 million handguns and billions of rounds of munitions. Even the farmers were more heavily armed than the Sheriffs were. In all this ensuing chaos the ever-present militia played also a role, forcing their demands with its military assault weapons and logistical support bases that were created for precisely such situations. They were ready when the expected anarchy broke out, but their purpose was not to create order and to rebuild an economy.

Only the very rich had a chance to come out the disintegration like kings. As Steve had pointed out through Nicolai, when he warned of the crisis to come, the rich oligarchic families and their institutions had long ago cashed in their paper assets and had acquired as much as they could of the world's available food producing capabilities, distribution industries, and the world's raw material deposits. If no one intervened the oligarchs would literally end up owning the lives of humanity after the crash. They would have the power to determine who would eat, and who wouldn't, and which nation would be allowed to develop and to what degree, and which nation would die.

In order to assure that this would come to pass, a U.N. conference was organized to convene in Venezuela, one of the few countries that had survived the economic crash almost unharmed, with one the few remaining, still functioning economies in the world. After a long turbulent period of changing governments, one leader had emerged who had courageously dragged the nation to safety, with many people kicking and screaming like children in a tantrum. Luckily for us all, he had prevailed.

The conference was organized by the U.N. and its masters, with the intention to protect the property rights of the rich. The openly stated goal was to recreate the Old World, and to force the dying nations into globally binding financial and legal policy structures under the rule of empire, something akin to the Lisbon Treaty, but stronger,
which would assure the continuity of monetarism in the world. In this sense the conference was designed to strangle the survivors of the crash far more than the crash itself had.

Fred's comment was, that this was not about to happen, because we would prevent it from happening. He said that we would prevent it with the power of a critical recognition that derails the entire U.N. train to hell. "The critical recognition," he said, "is that of the fundamental difference between natural, universal law, and the phenomena of international law that the masters of empire have long been aiming to force on mankind as a thinly veiled attempt to globalize imperial law, or imperial rule. Whenever you hear the words, international law, you are facing the globalization of imperial law, nothing less. International treaty agreements are different, in which nations join hands in their common recognition of basic natural principles that are beneficial for all. The recognition of universal principles thereby becomes the bearer of universal law, such as the law that prohibits torture, genocide, and slavery, and so on. But international law, that globalizes imperial law, is arbitrary and has no basis to stand on. That is what the U.N. is aiming to do. It wants us to create an international law that extends the rule of empire. We can block this demand, by pulling the rug out from under it. Then it looses even the appearance of legitimacy."

We all applauded.

Four weeks were to be devoted to the goal of hammering out the policies that would assure the fulfillment of the new imperial objective. The objective was a veiled arrogant demand to create a legal framework for protecting the rights of the rich, versus the human rights of the people of humanity.

One lone voice had stood out in America against this kind of objective in earlier times, to further legalize looting, trailing out into universal slavery. This was the voice of LaRouche, the disgraced and slandered economist, whom the oligarchs feared and had tried to silence for most of his life. His ideas had become known over the years to many governments and influential intellectuals around the world. These people now understood that he hadn't just warned about the coming crisis, but had also presented the principles that could have prevented the crisis from erupting, which were of course the principles that in the post-crash period became absolutely necessary for a global recovery. He had warned of a world crisis, leading to a New Dark Age, not just an American crisis.

LaRouche's warnings had become woefully true, except one. The nuclear holocaust, which the fundi had wanted so badly as a means to keep their rotten system alive a bit longer, had not erupted. LaRouche had warned of the danger and had interposed himself with all that he had to prevent the danger. His daring had paid off. On this count he won. With the help of countless people working with him, both individuals
and leaders of institutions, the worst of the horrific madness that the fundi had prepared to unleash against mankind had remained in the 'bottle,' luckily.

Nobody seemed to understand how LaRouche had kept the fundi at bay on this crucial issue. He had reached back into America's history; to its bright epoch; into mankind's universal history, back to the Renaissance and the Greek classical period; and had drawn from the great geniuses of the past the discoveries of fundamental principles that had supported mankind's civilization and achievements. For twenty-five years LaRouche had pointed to the need for applying these principles to redeveloping his nation that had once been the bastion of freedom, the beacon of hope, and the envy of the world. Sadly, no one had listened to him. As the result, large segments of the population of America had paid the price of their folly with their life.

China had been close to LaRouche's heart too. He had proposed that China, Russia, and the USA should unite with one-another and create a new world-financial system in opposition to the London centered feudal speculative system that had been destroying the nations of the world economically. He had also proposed the creation of a New Bretton Woods type monetary system that would re-establish fixed exchange rates for the nations' currencies and thereby re-enable long term business relationships. He had also proposed that the governments of the world must recognize once again the principle of the "general welfare" provision that had been imbedded in the Preamble of the US Constitution. He had called this principle the chief corner stone in the building of a human civilization.

Still, his lone voice, though it rang loud and clear, had not changed the world and saved humanity from its insanity that eventually culminated into the most devastating crash in human history. For years his warnings had gone out while the storm clouds were getting darker, even while the terminal phase of the coming crisis was unfolding throughout the world. He had pointed out that the fundamental principles of civilization couldn't be violated forever without consequences. He had also pointed out that resorting to these principles would have re-invigorated the global society economically, had they been applied.

As it was, most people around the world didn't want to hear his words, with the exception of a few people in China, Malaysia, Russia, and South America. The rest of the people were living in a dream world constructed out of the lies presented to them by the major media that had all been owned by the oligarchy, which the oligarchy had used vigorously to defend its rotting system to the bitter end.

For most people the actual reality had not existed in the way they saw things. They had believed in the great recovery fantasy, with their whole heart, right to the moment of the crash. The fantasy of lies that had been prominently built up in the media, consequently became the prevailing popular opinion. In their emptiness, people had shrugged their shoulders when they had heard LaRouche's warnings and calls for caution. They had shrugged their shoulders and gone on merrily about their business, as if the collapsing economy they faced was occurring so far away as if it were in a different universe, or in a computer game that one can reset with the push on a button and start...
anew. Of the few that could actually see the black clouds on the horizon, which LaRouche had pointed out, most of them insisted that they were immune to the calamities and were somehow personally prepared to weather the storm. They insisted that they were more intelligent than other people, or more experienced, and so would get through the crisis unharmed.

"Are you immune to the flight of a bullet?" the despised economist had asked them. "Can you live for eight weeks without food and water? Can you survive the winter without fuel?" Most people found it more convenient to put those questions out of their mind, since answering them would have had to be accompanied with a commitment to change the world.

A number of countries, however, had responded for a season to LaRouche's warning. To the degree to which they were able to respond, they responded with tightly guarded currency exchange controls and other measures that would enable them to distance themselves from the dollar oriented world-speculative system that had become isolated from reality, into its own world of fantasies. As the result of their heroic response the people of these nations had been spared the worst effects of the world-financial disintegration. Their economies had continued to function in cooperation with other countries that had followed the same path. They had formed, what they called a "survivors club," a club that closed down speculation and isolated itself from the doomed American dollar and the slavery-looting that it facilitated.

Only much later, after the disintegration had reaped a terrible toll, did the unprotected nations, the USA included, remember the words of the despised economist. Grudgingly they dredged up his ideas out of their trash bins in opposition to the boisterous interventions by the ruling oligarchy that had already begun again seizing control again over the world.

The task of rebuilding an economy in the chaos of near global anarchy turned out to be infinitely more difficult, of course, than it would have been had those nations cooperated earlier to conduct an orderly shutdown of the bankrupt speculative feudal monetary system. With anarchy in the streets, and no resources to fight back, in a world in which money had become of uncertain value, if it was given any value at all, the simplest rebuilding of an economic process posed immense challenges. In the misery of this collapse some elements of the despised man's ideas were finally adopted, both in the USA and abroad. A type of federal bank was set up that replaced the bankrupt private US Federal Reserve System that had strangled the nation with its countless measures of insanity.

On the reclaimed platform, reflecting the spirit of LaRouche's proposals, a new interim currency was established to temporarily replace the dollar, since the dollar was no longer trusted by anyone, nor accepted as currency anywhere in the world. This 'desperate' step, to implement the despised economist's policies that had become totally necessary at this point for a global recovery, was the first step in a long series of steps that did get the most vital economic processes functioning again. In the background of this recovery, the man's name, the name of Lyndon H. LaRouche Jr., gradually became a
respected name. The oligarchic press that had slandered his name for many years into infamy, was one of the few institutions that were not financed back to life. They had slandered the man in order to prevent his perceptions of fundamental principles from becoming recognized and implemented, which once brought prosperity to America rather than to the Empire. For their deeds of deep cultural corruption, many of the media lost their license to operate.

What LaRouche had failed to bring to the table in those days, was the recognition, for the public to become aware of, that the Confederacy had actually won in America in its core project. It had demanded that the right to the pursuit of 'happiness,' in the Constitution, be replaced with the right to pursue 'property,' which had indeed become the hallmark of our time, whereby the focus of the nation was turned upside down from the lateral platform, to the vertical platform that is anchored in the sewer. While the words in the Constitution hadn't changed, 'property' had increasingly become the governing factor whereby the lateral Principle of the General Welfare became but an empty phrase. The USA had become a vertical nation with its 'happiness' buried in the vertical world of the sewer of property, the sewer of empire that drains a nation's wealth away. There is no happiness found in the property-oriented world, as the principle of happiness is an aspect of the lateral platform.

LaRouche had also failed to recognize Mary Baker Eddy's scientific effort to keep the nation and the world on a lateral footing. He should have recognized her historic achievement, because her scientific work on the lateral platform had made her the foremost economist of the millennium. He should have recognized Mary as the first person in history, who has put the lateral platform onto the plate of society, which is also the platform of economics. The Principle of Economy stands on a lateral platform. Any process that doesn't do this stands in defiance of economics. Since Mary herself was fully grounded on the lateral platform, all of her healing work reflected the efficiency of it and the resulting happiness that flows from it. On this platform Mary had become the foremost economist, though she never identified herself in such terms. She identified herself as a healer. Of course in the truest sense there is no difference between the two.

Mary's healing work was fundamentally an affirmation of the lateral platform, which she understood and had thereby demonstrated. All healing unfolds on the lateral platform. The medical system for healing is by design a lateral system, but the moment when it drops below its design, even below the moral line into the sewer of profiteering that is the vertical land of empire, it becomes increasingly dysfunctional, and hard, and fascist in nature, even murderous by intention. When this happens evermore often, the lateral platform remains nevertheless intact. Mary demonstrated that the lateral platform can be activated for healing at any time society chooses to do so.

In the wake of the devastating collapse, there was a great deal of healing needed. However, Mary's name didn't become prominent in those days, because the weight of the crisis, no matter how harsh it became, didn't make up for the missing development in consciousness that Mary's healing work unfolds from. Her system of lateral healing is more than any other, built on the Principle of the Universe, or God, that is lateral in nature, which unfolds when it is developed in science, and therefore cannot really
become lost. It appeared to us on Ross' rock by the sea, during the dark hours of crisis, that Mary's platform for healing would invariably have to play a role again, as it once had when her time coincided with the only major epoch of peace the world had experienced since the days of the Golden Renaissance. She had demonstrated a potential that suddenly stood like a great light, even while the lateral platform was still but a vague concept for us.

Apparently her pioneering achievement in developing a recognition of the lateral platform was even less recognized in her days, so that in her final years the American nation fell ever deeper into the arms of empire, beginning with the assassination of President McKinley in 1901 at the world exposition in Buffalo New York. The exposition had been a brilliant showcase of the economic power of the lateral model, and its cultural underpinning. We were aware on Ross' rock, that with the historic tragedy of McKinley's assassination in the Pavilion of Music, the masters of empire had been boasting in those days that they understood where the heart of civilization is located, and that they are able to strike at it with impunity. Then, in case somebody didn't get the idea that resistance to empire is futile, the masters had their puppy-dog President that they had installed, promote the Ku Klux Clan directly from the White House.

Mary's response had been, as this kind of trend to insanity was still unfolding, even at the age of 86, to fight back with her founding of the Christian Science Monitor as an international newspaper, with the mission to bless all mankind, and to injure none. It had been a brave response to bring the lateral platform to the foreground, which remains yet to be achieved. In our modern world leading up to the crash all of the major media had become wholly owned instruments of empire, in every category, which thereby had effectively disowned society mentally, and had blocked its lateral self-perception. The crash occurred against the background of this cleverly cultivated deep emptiness within a disowned society.

It seemed strange in this context that the world renowned American economist, Lyndon LaRouche, who became increasingly referred to as the leading economist of the modern time, who indeed had an inkling of the nature of the lateral platform as the foundation for economics, nevertheless had failed to recognize the work of America's foremost pioneer of the science of the lateral platform. To the best of my knowledge he never spoke the name Mary Baker Eddy when referring to mankind's scientific achievements. He had labored for 35 years in the sphere of economic policy, but with little success in stopping the train to hell that society was riding on, which had placed itself into the vertical world of empire, rather than into its natural world with a lateral platform. What he aimed for, evidently could not have been accomplished as a mere policy process, without the full scientific recognition and acknowledgement of the lateral platform standing behind it.

What LaRouche did recognize correctly about the lateral platform, though he never spoke of it directly, was nevertheless monumental. He recognized that, because of the lack of 'quality' and 'substance' that is inherent in the system of the vertical hell, internal wars for dominance would erupt with enormously dangerous consequences for mankind. One such internal battle erupted just prior to the great crash that took the global
house down. The battle for internal dominance within the empire erupted as a war between the forces of the 'City of London' -- the world center of artful financial thievery on the globalized scale -- and the Malthusian forces centered on the Monarchy. The man who headed the British Government at the time was a pawn owned by the 'City of London' crowd.

As LaRouche and others had pointed out in countless different ways, the 'City of London,' or simply 'The City' as it is often referred to, is a sovereign city within a city, a square mile that is home of the foulest money grabbing orgy of all times on this planet. All the filth, the thievery, the colossal financial fraud that became spread around the world under the mantle of globalism, is centered there. These forces of 'The City' were the driving forces that demanded the great banking-bailout swindle that began in the fall of 2008, designed to keep the crumbling financial empire alive that had been wrecking the world that it is feeding on. The 'City'-song is that money is the power of empire. With the financial scene becoming increasingly hollow, remaining as but a facade with nothing inside it, the 'City'-song became gradually drowned out by a different song, a fear driven song, the Malthusian song, sung by the Monarchy centered faction of empire. As LaRouche had noted many times, when the financial song fades the Malthusian song becomes dominant and wars, chaos, and genocide are unleashed to ravish the world, in order to prevent mankind from singing its own song again, a renaissance song.

LaRouche had warned for years that the Malthusian faction, headed by its prince, who dreamed of becoming reincarnated as an exceedingly deadly virus, was singing a frighteningly deadly song, with lyrics that demanded the elimination of four fifth of mankind from the face of the planet as a means for preventing another renaissance. LaRouche had also warned society not to write off this utter madness as a dream, but to take it seriously, because the prince was richly endowed with financial resources, political muscle, and madness on a grand scale, to make such a dream come true. With a gaggle of over 500 microbiology labs actively employed in biological warfare research, engineering new diseases as weapons, like AIDS, for which no cures exist or are possible, the prince's royal virus, tailor-made for the specified objective, might well have been already forthcoming.

Ross said that rumors were plentiful on the internet that the new swine flu virus that had emerged at the time had been artificially created, noting that a groups of researchers had dug up old graves of some of the victims of the 1918 swine flu pandemic, which had killed fifty million people. Other rumors followed that more than forty leading edge biological researchers had suddenly met an 'untimely' death under 'mysterious' circumstances. Some put the facts together and suggested that the new swine flu virus emerged out of this background, especially considering that the new flu that was fast taking on pandemic proportions, was different than the one in 1918. The old virus had struck swiftly and attacked the lung tissue, causing pneumonia, which then secondarily killed people; while the new virus is a slow virus and kills directly. Being a slow virus it is spread by the carriers before they even know they are infected. This most-royal of all the flu viruses, might well fulfill its prince's wishes, to reduce the world population from the present level of 6.7 billion people to below the two billion level, if indeed the killing
can be stopped at this level. It is a virus that is spreading like wildfire even in the summer, long before the natural flu season, which doesn't normally begin until the fall.

"Is this what you have seen metaphorically in your dream, when you saw the entire city crumpling into dust before your very eyes?" asked Ross, as we talked about these issues that LaRouche had laid before the world.

It seemed that everybody had become fired up by my dream, as if the dream itself has been a call for action. We talked about it for days. Even Tony, our ex-Air Force officer, who is not naturally talkative, became rather excited in talking about the implications, as if the world had suddenly changed and a great battle had begun.

Our take was that it was perhaps not a strange coincidence, against this background, that this factional fight erupted between the different factions of the empire. Ross suggested that the 'City' crowd was evidently determined to keep the flow of the money streams going, while the Malthusian crowd had apparently decided that the time had come to bite the bullet on the financial front and go for radical depopulation to save the empire itself. Thus we celebrated when it appeared that the coup against the servant of the 'City,' in the office of the head of the British Government, had failed. However, it also became apparent that we celebrated too soon. It became evident that the newly elected President of the USA presented himself to the world as likewise a wholly-owned puppy dog, but one being owned by the Malthusian faction, with a Nero complex of such intensity that he drooled at the very sight of royalty that he himself lacked totally, but evidently hoped would rub off on him by association. Thus he roused himself to become the Malthusian champion in America, perhaps unknowingly, since a pawn rarely understands the strategy it is deployed for.

Tony said that with their Nero asset in place -- which the oligarchy of empire had pushed into power with the most lavishly financed election campaign of all times -- unfolding with a flood of irregularities of all sorts, including death threats -- that the oligarchy had won itself a seat of power within the gates of the USA, its traditional arch-enemy, from which seat is able to destroy it and thereby end its historic mission in the world. He suggested that this coup was carried out so boldly, and that the success had been so complete, that the oligarchy staged a grand celebration in London to show off their new puppy dog to the world, their little Nero dog, to which they invited the Heads of State of twenty nations, as if to demonstrate to the world that resistance to empire is futile. Tony suggested that it was there, at the G20 celebration, that the new Nero-President had received his book of songs that contained the melodies by which he would become an honored member of the royal empire. Tony joked that the book contained only three songs. The first song refrains with the words, 'burn the dollar, sink the dollar, replace the dollar with an empire currency.' They called it a currency of special drawing rights that all the major nations must 'donate' to. In practice the 'donor' nations buy IMF bonds that the bearer has the right to withdraw in the form of any currency desired at the point the bonds mature. If in the interim a nation would miraculously develop its economy, whereby its currency gained in value, this higher value currency could then be
drawn on in repayment for the IMF bonds, thereby drawing the lifeblood out of that 'stronger' economy. Since in practice no nation is allowed to develop its economy, the 'stronger' currencies would be those that haven't collapsed quite as fast as all the others, which would thereby be clobbered into line, assuring in essence that all the currencies will die simultaneously, to be ruled over by the heavy hand of empire. That was the coronation song for our Nero President. And he loved it. He sang it repeatedly before the entire world, until all the G20 guests sang it too: 'Let the dollar die! Let all the currencies become empty and worthless, and die!'

"Tony has described a repeat performance of the wedding celebration of King Carlos II of Spain in 1620 on the Plaza Mayor of Madrid," said Fred, when we told him about Tony's caricaturizing of the G20 event. "King Carlos had opened his wedding celebration that year, by personally lighting the fires that burnt 27 citizens to death at the stake, who were suspected to have 'forsaken' Christianity. This is what our President had done at the G20 to the currencies of the world. He had personally lit the fire that doomed the world's currencies, and he lit it with his own U.S. dollar burning in his hands."

Tony said with a sense of irony that it had actually been far worth than that at the G20. "Our President had 'charmed' the entire world into joining the action, singing along with him the song 'Burn the dollar! Burn the currencies! Burn anything that remains strong!' And he succeeded with getting them all to mimic the full scope of his madness that had been designed behind the scene to kill both the USA and the world."

Fred noted that the President had charmed the world into cutting their lifeline off in the midst of the worst unfolding crisis in history.

"The second song that the President was officially bringing home with him from London was worse than even that," said Tony. "The second song was a polished-up copy of the bank-bailout song that had cost us already trillions, even before he became elected as President. He had received an early draft of the song with his campaign-financing package. The people hadn't liked the tone of it and the wording. The polished-up version that he received at his G20-coronation celebration, was a less 'honest' version that contains hidden channels buried within the wording, that were designed to hide the single-track theme that became constantly repeated, though with convoluted words that a normal person cannot understand, as if repeating the incomprehensible song in this manner would make it more effective. The effects seem to indicate that this was what had been happening. The lyrics became, 'Bail out the system! Award the criminals! The bigger the crime, the larger the rewards! Bail out the looting machine! Save the empire for another day!"

"And the third song," said Tony, "seems to be the one he found the most difficult to sing, because the President didn't sing it until after he had returned from the grand G20 coronation of himself with the blessing of the world's foremost established imperial royalty. This difficult song that he brought home, his healthcare-efficiency song, which he had trouble to getting the nation to love and sing with him, has a simple melody with a
Tony said that the President sang this gruesome song like a broken record, over and over, from the day on which he returned from his coronation, which in future times might be referred to as his pre-funeral event. The reality was catching on that the lyrics of the President's healthcare-efficiency song, based on 'quality adjusted life years' where hidden lyrics of euthanasia, denying critical treatment to the elderly with adjustable cutoff dates under policies to be formulated by a private board beyond the reach of law and subject to presidential dictatorship. The song, 'Let the people die!' blurs the line between providing treatment and providing euthanasia to save cost, voluntary or involuntary, with features similar to Hitler's T4 death-care plan. The plan became so unpopular that the President resorted to 'force,' 'threats,' and intimidation, even extortion, to ram the plan through the Congress. Could anyone read through a thousand-page document in two days and vote on it?

What it would mean in practice to have a private board above the law dictating the parameters of what is deemed healthcare, became soon evident when policy advocates were invited to Washington for presenting proposals on public sterilization, such as the sterilization of pregnant women. With a wide-open all-inclusive plan that has the details subject to arbitrary secret adjustments, the sterilization of women of childbearing age may likely become a feature made conditionally to healthcare in the not-so-distant future. It may be called a pre-emptive efficiency measure, a pre-emption against life, of the type that 50% of the women in Brazil, of child bearing age, have already been subjected to by some private, Rockefeller-type foundations, and 90% of those women in Negro communities there. The process of death by pre-emption blends well with the song, 'Let the people die!' Fortunately, it never came to that. Before the door to hell could be opened, the global collapse brought the house down over it.

Tony also pointed out that when California had become gripped with a budget crisis -- resulting from the economic destruction of the nation by the wrecking ball of brutal policies -- and California had come to the President for help. The President didn't help. Instead he sang his 'difficult' song to the leaders of California, 'Let the people die! Not a penny will be given to the victims in distress! Let the people die!' Tony reminded us that the USA was loosing upwards to 800,000 jobs a month at this time, and that the entire nation had been reeling in a mortgage-foreclosure crisis in which people were thrown out of their homes affecting millions of families already, in which California was hardest hit, as it had once been the strongest economy of the nation that was once counted all by itself as the sixth-largest economy in the world, which was shutting down so fast that the State had no options left but to pay out its obligations in IOUs.

"California needed help desperately in order to survive its crisis," said Tony. "It needed 25 billion, just to keep going. But it didn't get it. Its plea was answered with the song 'Let the people die!' while trillions were thrown into the bank-bailout trough to benefit the 'City of London.' When the President doesn't give a penny to rescue the
population, singing his song instead, 'Let the People die!' he was singing his own funeral song, and that of the nation.

"With New York having been in a similar crisis," Tony continued, "together with nearly every other State in the Union, what is termed civilization was doomed to end in the USA in the shadow of its President's Nero grin. And then the song, 'Let the people die!' was demanded by the President to become the nations' new healthcare policy, and after that, its new social security policy. The Carbon Crap lyrics too, became a part of the song that endlessly comes to the refrain, 'Let the people die!' Our nation was being mauled to death by a puppy dog with a Nero syndrome, as LaRouche has courageously pointed out to the world in his international webcast. But the deepest shame, above all, is on us, on all Americans. We shouldn't have let it come that far. On the day that the President returned home from his G20 coronation, he should have been arrested as an enemy combatant and as a traitor to the nation. So great was his betrayal of the principles of the Constitution that we should have drawn the line at this point, before he had a chance to sing the full complement of his London songs. But as a foolish society, we let him cross that line. We should have screamed, 'You cannot pass!' and have blocked his way and escorted the man to a correctional facility that keeps traitors under supervision. What may some day be called the greatest tragedy in history, could still have been avoided at this point."

Fred praised Tony for his analysis. "You have missed only one point," he added. "The line that you speak of has already been drawn. It has been drawn by the Constitution itself, from which a President's authority flows. Whoever crosses this line, forfeits the authority that the Constitution bestows. Thereby the nation is automatically protected. It is the Constitution that erects the barrier and says to anyone who would cross it, 'You cannot pass!' If the Constitution is not enforced in practice, then what have we got left that we call a nation. Isn't that what Benjamin Franklin hinted at, when he said, "I give you a republic, if you can keep it.' The republic is lost if we lose the Constitution. In the same sense the Universe would cease to exist if its Principle would cease to operate."

"Whatever the President has done after he crossed the line," said Heather, "should have been considered an element of a crime against the nation and should have been declared, null and void, and everything derived from it should have been nullified in retrospect, including every contract that he committed the nation to. The world knew, or should have known, that a crime against humanity was being committed. If the line that has been drawn by the Constitution had been recognized before the great catastrophe ensued and had brought the house down, the entire mess could have been avoided. Had the Constitution been understood and acknowledged, the great catastrophe that destroyed so much of our nation, would not have happened. Monetarism would have been shut down in bankruptcy, and the credit society principle of the Constitution would have been put in its place. A rapid recovery would have followed. The Principle of Economy is extremely simple on this point. But nothing of the sort was done. Instead, society protected the traitor."

"Should we be surprised then," said Ross, "that our viceroy, President-Nero, had championed the takedown of the American healthcare system at a time when the royal
virus had already infected a million Americans and was spreading enormously? France had committed itself to double its hospital bed capacity before the pandemic fully struck, which was already then, officially, a level six pandemic, while our viceroy President-Nero proceeded to shut the American healthcare system down into a euthanasia-oriented system, evidently with the goal in mind to maximize the impact of the pandemic. Like a new Hitler, he ranted that he want's the Malthusian healthcare plan ready on his desk to be signed into law, before October 1st, which happens to be the time when the flu season normally begins. Also, are we surprised that the murderous Carbon Crap law was rammed through Congress with lightning speed and with the force of heavy threats from the President himself? They even dragged some congressmen out of the hospital and their sickbed for the vote, and even then it passed only with the slimmest margin of one or two votes. This wasn't an honest vote. It was a scam, but the scam is all a part of the same song, the London song. Indeed, are we surprised that the royal virus had emerged almost immediately in time with the viceroy President-Nero moving into the White House as the U.S. President? Those who say that the royal virus has been brewed up in a lab and was let loose, synchronized almost to the day with his coronation, may be correct in principle and reflects the long-advertised intention, although no physical proof exists for this to have happened. The royal virus might also easily have been a natural thing, one of those deadly phantoms that emerge from the biological caldron of an economically dying and physically weakened and decaying population. Poverty is the most powerful caldron for the brewing of new diseases. When society loses its lateral platform, it faces a certain doom. The lateral platform is the rock that America had been founded on as a General Welfare Society, which is a society of a people supporting one another for a rich and secure life for all. When a society loses this grounding, it invariably drops into the sewer where the song reverberates endlessly, 'Let the people die!'

"These radical betrayals that we have seen, of the American people and the world, which we find connected with the three London songs that our Viceroy-President has brought to America, are far too many to have all emerged by chance. They were all too precisely timed to the global financial collapse, to have emerged by fumbling of a single fool," interjected Heather. "Tony is right, those 'songs' were imported from London as a package of a single policy, which is to destroy the USA and kill as many of its people as possible. LaRouche's answer was that the greatest present danger in the world, is empire, and is in fact the only danger, so that everything else is secondary. LaRouche was also right in saying that the deadliest feature of empire is its poverty creating monetarism, one of the world's most deadly diseases known to man, if not the deadliest of them all. LaRouche suggested that our Nero puppy dog that calls itself a human being and a President, that has been deeply infected by this disease, needed to be put immediately under 'adult' supervision, supervised by the supporting institutions of the Presidency in order to keep the U.S. administration functioning within the framework of the Constitution. While this may have been a workable emergency solution under the circumstances, as a first step to 'cleanse' the office, the Constitution requires the complete removal of the puppy dog, as dogs tend to be poor listeners and often fail in obedience training. LaRouche suggested that a mentally sick President must never be allowed to make policy for the nation. LaRouche suggested that a sick President might be tolerated
as a poster-boy under strict supervision, if this can be achieved and be assured, whereby
the nation might survive, but any sane person knows that this is ultimately not a workable
solution in times of a great collapse crisis. LaRouche laid this supervision requirement on
the line as an emergency response for the nation and the world to survive, while the
nation comes to its senses, as impeachment is a slow and painful process and is too
inefficient in times of crisis. In the same breath LaRouche had also been proposing that
the entire vertical mess of the sewer that drains away a nation's wealth, called empire,
must be routed out and be shut down immediately. He said that in America, this process
must begin with putting the entire private financial system, the banks and everything,
including the Federal Reserve, into an immediate bankruptcy receivership, in order to
keep the institutions functioning on which the physical functioning of society depends.
He added that the same response must then be forthcoming from the other three great
nations of the world -- Russia, China, and India -- in a concerted effort to save the world
from the song of empire and those who enforce it. He said that this process must also
include immediate measures to prevent the mortgage frauds that evicted evermore people
from their homes and were causing a social and biological catastrophe. He urged that
immediate measures must be taken to protect society, its industries, and its healthcare
infrastructure, its social support structures, including its pension. He said that if this is not
done, there is no hope left for America to survive, and no hope for mankind to avoid a
long New Dark Age in which the population will collapse to less than two billion,
worldwide, from the present 6.7 billion. He called today's crisis, the gravest collapse
crisis in all history with the most deep-reaching potential for destruction, ever. He said
that the American Republic is so profound in its design, as a gift of mankind to itself, that
the world has no hope for a recovery if America does not survive this critical crisis and
thereby preserves this great gift. He said that America was not designed as an escape
from empire that had been raging in Europe at the time of the founding of America, but
that the American republic was designed with a mission to become the driving force to
free mankind from the murderous hand of the minions of empire and their masters, and
ultimately free the world of empire itself -- putting on record that this is what freedom
means. He said that if the essential steps that he outlined are not taken 'soon,' which are
but a few first incremental steps in that direction, then there is no hope left for mankind
anywhere on this planet; none whatsoever. He said that nothing can help us then when the
global house comes down, which is already shaking, which then disintegrates into a pile
of dust. He said in essence, speaking as 'loudly' to society as he was able, that the bases of
empire are loaded; empire is
staged for a home run; open your eyes you fools; act now;
act fast; act decisively to save your existence, because if you don't, your existence will
end."

"Society should have acted on LaRouche's warning back in 2007," said Ross,
calmly. "But it allowed the evil to pass and move forward. His 'Homeowner and Bank
Protection Act' that could have saved the nation smoothly and securely, was blocked by
traitors who were owned by the same London circles that owned the Nero puppy dog
later on. Those who blocked him had no authority either, to do so, but when nobody
asserts the real authority that the Constitution bestows and demands the nation to take a
hold on, the greatest evil has free reign. And so, we became a nation of traitors to
ourselves."
"Society was foolish, and it wasn't acting," said Tony, shaking his head, looking at Ross. "And maybe we are foolish in this regard too, by us expecting it to act without a foundation for it having been built. Society had been brainwashed for decades after decades to accept that the sky is green and the grass blue; that global warming is real; that the moon is made of cheese; and that manmade greenhouse gases are threatening the planet so that the human presence must be scaled back to 10%, or that it must abandon its use of carbon energy that its existence depends on, which has the same effect. Isn't that what the Carbon Crap law is for, that has already been rammed through Congress with the force of threats and verbal violence and all kinds of tricks? Society is foolish when it lets this happen. The Carbon Bill is a bill for genocide, but society was blinded to its real nature, just as it was blinded to the global warming fraud that stands behind all the genocidal carbon frauds. Society had been so deeply dispossessed of its normal sense of reality that it was willing and eager to shoot itself into the foot in the belief that this prevents global warming, even while the world was getting rapidly colder and was facing the return of the Ice Age on the near horizon. The carbon frauds should not have been passed. The line should have been drawn in 1974 when the fraud started with the great lye of 'manmade global warming,' which was later renamed into 'climate change' since the warming wasn't happening and became a cooling trend instead. LaRouche fought, and still does, to snap society out of its insane commitment to lies that destroy its foundation for living, but I see no movement even now on this front, except in the opposite direction as the genocide movements are still supported on the whole front. Didn't New Zealand, as a loyal stooge of empire, had imposed on itself a draconian Carbon Tax law? They had put a $500 tax on every head of cattle and a similar tax on sheep, to destroy the beef, dairy, and mutton production, all in the name of the global warming fraud. It was done with the excuse that the ruminant stomachs of cows and sheep produce greenhouse gases that are vilified as a danger to the climate of the planet. America's beef industry, which was the largest in the world, was likewise targeted by the Carbon Crap law. The word was, to forget about eating; beef is no longer what's to be for dinner. Of course the puppy dogs of empire, all over the world, deny that genocide is the intention of their law, even if it has that effect. They still say that the industry can carry on if it buys carbon credits to offset its greenhouse gases. That's a fraud that was started then and is bound to continue, and is of course a monstrous profit machine. The chief kingpin of the fraud had a giant house with a heated swimming pool, massively heated with carbon fuels. But he said not to worry, because he, being a billionaire, bought himself offsetting carbon credits. He bought them from his own company. The company took a portion of its proceeds, what was left after profits, and invested it into windmill farms that produce carbon-free energy, or biofuel operations, which are a swindle in themselves as they require more carbon-fuel energy to produce than the fuel give back in carbon free energy, but which demand large tracts of land being taken out of food production. His message to the poor was, who could not afford to pay into the carbon credit swindle, is to stop heating their homes, to stop driving their car, to stop eating beef, and to stop eating altogether since every step of the food production process, from farming and trucking, to preparation, is carbon-energy intensive and is therefore too expensive for them to have. Of course, the bio-fuels got the tax credits, regardless of the fact that they were burning up food is such huge quantities that the diverted farm output that fed the biofuels distillers could have fed forty-five million people. If this massive burning of food wasn't intentional genocide in a world in
which over a billion people were forced into the agony of 'chronic starvation,' as the U.N. Food and Agricultural Agency had described the horrid scene, then I must ask what would qualify for the term, genocide. This train to hell should have been stopped in 1974 when it began rolling on a track of lies."

Tony paused and laughed. "The commitment to genocide was fully established in society," he said. "People proudly told me that they were burning ethanol in their cars, mixed with gasoline. They said that they gladly paid the higher price and suffered the reduced fuel efficiency for saving the climate of the planet. When I was telling them the truth, that their sacrifices have a zero-impact on the climate, but did add to the genocide of 45 million people in the food deprived regions of the world, they called me all kinds of names, and some even got violent. That was the reality then, and probably still is today."

"At this stage we had already lost," said Ross, "and the empire had been given a free run all the way to claim its victory. But LaRouche was determined not to let this happen. If he could have gathered a thousand onto his side, who wouldn't mind to get beaten up for speaking the truth and to save mankind a horrible tragedy, especially those who would dare to do this in the Congress and the Senate, then we might have had a chance to prevent what became a great tragedy. If he has had hundreds of thousands on his side, or tens of millions, then mankind's victory for a bright future would have been assured. The potential for this to happen still exists, even while at the moment the outlook is grim in the shadow of the great tragedy that happened."

Ross turned to me. "What you saw in your dream was not cast into concrete. You saw the effect of a process. You saw 'The Thing' vanishing in your dream as the lateral platform was pushed out of sight. 'The Thing' was its light, and this light was fading, as the world became sewer oriented, or vertically oriented, draining its wealth away. You saw the consequence of this process that culminated into everything collapsing into clouds of dust. But the process that you saw unfolding, will also unfold in reverse when the lateral platform is put back onto the table. This is what LaRouche is still fighting for and always will. He is putting his life on the line with a commitment to cause 'The Thing' to be seen again in the world. And so we must help him as if our life depends on his success, because in real terms it does still depend on it. The collapse of everything that you saw, as your dream ended, was merely the default result that happens when no one stops fighting to uplift society to the lateral platform. This default outcome may yet be experienced again, and again until the lesson is learned, but it doesn't have to happen. The option to reverse the collapse process into a building-up process, a renaissance, process, always remains on the table. It remained on the table before the crash. It remained open until the last moment. And it still remains open, since the forces behind the collapse have not been shut down."

"And what did Mary tell us on the subject?" I interjected. "Mary warned us that the zero-scientific state, which she called the 'moral' domain, is a volatile state that is open to the sewer if one drops below the zero-mark into perversion and insanity that opens the gates to indifference that enables empire to have a foothold in society. By her defining the 'moral' domain as a vulnerable one in this respect, she suggests to me that the sub-moral domain of the vertical sewer below, is absolute hell, a bottomless hell that has not a
trace of the lateral platform to stand on, trailing out into genocide and worse. Since this hell of a sewer that the new American President has been hired by the masters of empire to drag the entire USA into, and society remains indifferent at this critical period, the doom of America was thereby virtually assured. While LaRouche had warned of this doom, almost like a broken record, his warnings had evidently not been enough to break the apathy and indifference in society to mankind's greatest threat to its existence, the threat from the vertical world, from the sewer, from empire."

"Mary sings only one song," interjected Sylvia. "She sings the lateral song that a Nero creature would never understand, but a human being can. Her song is the song of God, the song of the Universe. Her song to society is, 'Money is secondary! Life is God; Life is the heart of the Universe; Life is everything!; You cannot let the people die!; Life is all that you've got, the only real asset that you have!' Mary says in essence that the worst tragedy society can inflict unto itself is to let go of the lateral platform, where the reality of its being comes to light and into its experience. The worst tragedy therefore is to step away from that, and to allow poverty to develop. She suggests that nothing is more deadly to society as a whole than the tolerance of poverty. When poverty strikes anywhere on this planet, society is given notice that it is failing itself. It stands as a warning to it that it has drifted far away from the lateral sphere, its native world, its standard, and has drifted below the moral line into the sub-moral, vertical world of the sewer called empire, the sewer that drains away a nation's wealth, whereby poverty becomes synonymous with empire and empire with poverty. In Mary's song the name of mankind is synonymous with the highest concepts for God, such as Life, Truth, Love, Spirit, Soul, Mind, and Principle, without a trace of empire, or death, or disease. Her world is lateral. The dream of empire is vertical. Never the twain shall meet. One excludes the other, while power rests on the side of God, good, the Principle and harmonizing Spirit of the Universe, termed Love."

"That's why I say that Mary is the world's leading economist," I said to Tony, "though she never referred to herself as that. The Principle of Economy unfolds on the lateral platform. Alexander Hamilton, the founding Treasury Secretary of our nation, understood this profound fact. He fought for the recognition of this fact. Just look at his now historic eight points in his Report of Manufactures. Every single point is rooted in the lateral platform. His first point on economics is, the recognition of the principle of the division of labor. He understood that the specialization in performing tasks makes the creative and productive process more efficient. This means that not everybody needs to learn the skills to be a baker, and the baker is not being burdened with other tasks, who is thereby more able to focus on discovering ways to improve the quality and efficiency of his contribution to society. Thus society supports one-another in a dynamic function by which the entire society benefits in ways that makes the human labor more powerful than it would be otherwise. That's a lateral function, isn't it? Its dynamics is such that it increases the creative and productive power of the individual and society as a whole. The same is evident all the way through his eight points.

"Hamilton's second point is that repetitive tasks that involve drudgery and thereby diminish the creative power of the human being, should be performed by machines, which frees the human being up for more creative pursuits and thereby enriches the
whole of society. That's a lateral function, isn't it? His idea has since been expanded to
the point that we now are able to employ machines as tools since the products of our
labor have become so large and so complex that they cannot be produced by hand. But
this radical development of the idea didn't change the principle involved. It is merely
becoming more fully utilized.

"Hamilton's third point is that the expansion in manufacturing creates a near
endless range of new occupations with creative potentials that challenge the imagination,
thereby enriching society further. That's definitely a lateral function, isn't it? His fourth
point is that this expanding activity requires the creation and expansion of infrastructures,
which are invariably of a type that the whole of society benefits from, such as the
building of roads, railways, power plants, but also cultural infrastructures, such as
orchestras and theatres, and so on. His fifth point is that this expansion of the creative
horizon with all this new forms of activity expands the opportunities for the utilization of
the diversity of talents that a human society has, whereby society as a whole becomes
enriched still further. His sixth point is that this dynamic revolution of activity, talents,
and opportunities furnishes a large platform for entrepreneurial enterprises for the
creation of products that enrich everybody's life such as with innovative farm products,
transportation products, cultural products, household products, and so on. His seventh
point is that this dynamic flow creates a steady demand by society for products that
evermore enrich its living, which thereby brings stability and an inherent kind of quality
to employment. His eighth point is that this expanding dynamic flow brings with it new
demands by society in the improvement for its living, that it wouldn't even dream of in a
less dynamic environment. From this root emerged such modern phenomena as universal
healthcare, social security, respect for human rights, and so on, and on.

"Every one of Hamilton's points is a lateral aspect by design, with a renaissance
civilization being the end product of it. That is why Mary seems to say to society, you
have no excuse to tolerate poverty. Hamilton said the same thing. But even as he said
this, he only brought into focus what had been pioneered previously in the Massachusetts
Bay Colony, where this kind of process had originally been started to improve the quality
of life in the mainly farming oriented society there." I rested my case at this point.

Living in the shadow of my dream about 'The Thing' had made us more sensitive to
the movements behind the scenes of the world. We could all see the rising doom
unfolding before it struck, but we felt powerless to hold it back, much less to prevent it.
We felt more and more that Mary's lateral domain held the answer while its substance
seemed to evade us. It was all too new, too faint like the outlines of an island lost in a
misty sea with few details visible.

We supported LaRouche in those days, and fought with him to get sanity restored
in America. But here too, nothing was certain. America's fate hung on a fine thread in
those days, with few revolutionary events happening anywhere, as if the world was
waiting for that final day when the thread would break.
Oh, yes, the thread broke. What had occurred from this moment on unfolded with the snowballing consequences of an unhealed cause, turning a precarious situation worldwide, into an ensuing economic and financial collapse-catastrophe that quickly became a monumentally deadly event. While the last remnants of the lateral platform were being demolished in terms of America's healthcare infrastructure, the deadly flu virus raised its head from the caldron of poverty, or from the bio-labs directed by political insanity. The resulting disease, whatever its cause was, erupted, and threatened to erupt into a pandemic on a scale that promised to become more deadly than the financial and economic collapse had become.

When the worst was over and hundreds of millions lay dead, and a pandemic was standing at the door, LaRouche was asked again, what must be done now? And he answered again, as he did in the beginning, especially from the middle of July 2007 on. There is only one option to get out of the genocidal hell of empire, and that is to step out of the vertical domain that is a sewer of insanity, and step up onto the lateral platform. This means, putting all aspects of empire into bankruptcy all over the world, and to reorganize the world laterally with national banking and credit creation, and international agreements among sovereign nations for mutual cooperation with the focus on rebuilding the world on the platform of a new renaissance. No more private banks, private money bags, a private Federal Reserve looting-empire, but national credit creation for creating a new world on the foundation of scientific and technological progress, and social support with affordable and secure housing, free education, free healthcare, quality cultural pursuits, equitable farm pricing, energy pricing, production pricing, high speed transportation, mag-lev rail service, nuclear power, hydrogen fuels replacing petroleum fuels. LaRouche said that there is only one path possible to a richer world, and this path threads through the facilities of efficient production financed by the nation extending development credits to itself. It is a path free of speculation, profiteering, stealing, clever looting, grand orgies of gambling, and slavery, and a path that is free of destruction, war, privatization, lies, and domination with lies. LaRouche said that there is only one path to a rich and secure world, the path for which the USA was created, and this path is to put an end to empire. He said that this was the path before the crash occurred, which could have prevented the crash and those hundreds of millions of deaths that have ravished mankind, and that it still remains the only path after the crash as if the crash had not occurred. The lateral platform remains the only platform for human living, for all times to come; a platform without empire; a platform that is laterally focused, that reflects the Principle of the General Welfare, and is totally free of any trace of the vertical world of empire.

Of course we were also well aware of the challenges to pursuing those path, of breaking with the Old World of empire, even while it offered nothing but hell. The new and unfamiliar country is always scary, even if it promises a bright renaissance, rich with life and beauty and a promise of happiness.
Mary had well defined the urgency for healing society of the disease that unfolds below the moral domain, the vertical hell of empire where science, and reason, and humanity are turned upside down and trashed. In this hell the prince of empire stands up and publicly announces his wish to become reborn as an especially deadly virus to radically depopulated the world. While this remains but a dream, the prince of empire does have the financial and political resources to make his dream come true and to time its eruption with the projected world-financial collapse, and the resulting economic collapse. Mary emphasized that society must be rescued from this vertical sewer with the full resources of Christian Science. Since this requirement had been ignored by society, the hell of the sewer became monumental in scope.

Ross said that the train to our modern crisis should have been stopped already in the days of the infamous Kennedy assassination. The hands of empire had illustrated even then that their prince's words had not been idly spoken. President Kennedy was killed because he had stirred the nation and the world into a new cultural optimism with the Apollo Moon Landing Project that was on the way of starting a new renaissance. He had even ordered to shut down America's involvement in the empire's war-project in Vietnam. He had ordered the USA to pull out of Vietnam. But the hands of empire were swift. His orders had been instantly countermanded, and three days later the President had been shot. In the wake of the assassination the Vietnam conflict was escalated into a horrible military tragedy that eradicated the cultural optimism, demoralized the nation and the world, terminated the moon landing project before it was completed, and nearly shut down the space program altogether. Vietnam became devastated in the resulting war in which 600,000 people were murdered. Had President Kennedy remained alive, and his order to withdraw had been carried out, those 600,000 people would have remained alive likewise. By the same token, if LaRouche's policies had been implemented, the fundamental principles that they were built on would have saved the USA the great modern tragedy in which a hundred million casualties ensued and immeasurable destruction resulted. It seemed that only after the streets had become graveyards, and the cemeteries had been overflowing, had the universal principles of humanity become recognized for what they were. And even then, the lateral platform had remained hidden that could have avoided the entire mess by healing the world of its disease of empire, before it wrecked civilization and vast masses of people.

That's the steep price society has paid for the slander of its patriots and scientific pioneers, and allowed itself instead to become subjected to the rule of empire that had continuously advertised itself as mankind's greatest enemy, and in effect its only enemy. In its trance of subjection to the vertical world society had vilified a man of genius, who had dared to alert it of its folly, and with its vilification of the man it vilified the principles that the man stood for. It closed its heart against these principles. Thereby society had denied itself access to these universal principles, the only principles that could have spared it the great tragedy it has brought upon itself. LaRouche had urged the world to give him the authority to do what is required on the basis of those universal
principles. The choice that he had put before the world had never varied -- to put the world-empire's bankrupt speculative feudal system through a bankruptcy reorganization in order to shut it down and save the lives of humanity, and then to immediately re-regulate, re-finance, and to rebuild the world's economies. Instead of doing that, society chose to save its vertical dreams for as long as these dreams could possibly last, and perished horribly in that dreaming.

So it was that society chose to forfeit its life in large numbers, which it did. It was said by those who had lived through that chaos of those times in the big cities, that the stench of the rotten corpses had made some areas of the cities literally uninhabitable. This unimaginable tragedy came like a sad echo of what had already happened earlier in Africa, for decades. Sadder still than the deaths themselves, of those who died in this tragedy, was the realization that they died in vain. There were also cries for war heard in the midst of the tragedy, especially in America that had arrogantly accused the Europeans of having had lost their 'appetite' for war. Thus, the world had clearly not become a better place in the wake of this tragedy that may some day be called the greatest tragedy in mankind's history. The mysterious, mythological bird, the Phoenix, did not rise from the ashes of mankind's collapse, as in the fables of ancient times. Sanity does not arise from insanity. The nobler society that did arise in the end was not forged of the mud of the disintegrating world. The breakthrough came from ideas that were finally accepted after everything else had failed.

The Caracas Peace Conference was hastily called in order to prevent the outbreak of the threatened new wars arising from oligarchic property claims that had been swept aside by many governments that courageously reasserted their duty, and legal power, to protect their nation as a more urgent need than to protect property rights. The conference agenda was focused on an emergency situation that was an emergency only for empire that was loosing its grip on the world, aiming to re-erect its vertical platform that the nations had torn down as a means for their survival. Caracas had been chosen as the conference site, because the city had become the provisional home of the U.N. during the period of the world's disintegration. Caracas had remained functional while New York had become shut down by the crisis to the point that it had been no longer a living city, in the normal sense.

While the economic chaos had dealt hard blows to Europe and the rest of the Western World, the Venezuelan economy had not been devastated because of its prudent isolation from the West, and because of its alternate ties that had linked it to Russia, China, and the Asian economic union. This prudence was largely due to the courage of its leadership that had been able to maneuver the nation outside of the speculative financial sphere, and outside of the imperial terrorist sphere, into the sphere of the survivors’ club of nations that also included Malaysia, Korea, Japan, and India. Evidently, it had taken great courage for these governments to outlaw financial speculation at a time when it had become rampant in the world, which had created a highly visible strata of a few super rich, amidst a sea of spreading poverty that the rich had imposed by dispossessing the poor of their already meager living.
Since the financial and economic crash was centered primarily on America and Europe, especially Britain, very little had collapsed in Venezuela in physical terms. There were shortages of some items, but no starvation ravaged the people. No form of anarchy caused murder in the streets for food and water.

The conference had actually been delayed several times until the USA had sufficiently cooled down, and sanity had dampened the rage that had become explosive.

At first, when the crisis was at its worst, committees were formed in the communities and put to work. They weren't elected people, but volunteers who had survived the killing spree in the cities. The committees from all of the cities had banded together and had worked in continuous sessions to devise a plan to replace the country's defunct banking and credit system with something that would bring life back into the country and create an economy based on the tried and proven credit society principle, the opposite to monetarism. The name of LaRouche suddenly became a household word in the most honorable manner, though not the name of Mary Baker Eddy. All the decades of abuse heaped on LaRouche were suddenly forgotten. The committees worked together by phone with him, to implement his policies, the same policies that he had put forth from the beginning, when the monetarist system started to collapse. In time, the committees became the institutions that together created a new government. Against the background of this slow return to sanity, a new law was created that officially relegated the once mighty US Dollar that could have been saved in 2007, to the scrap heap, with the stroke of a pen. With that single act, the symbol of prosperity that had been considered once as being more solid than the Rock of Gibraltar, became officially declared a worthless commodity, except perhaps for interior decorators and collectors of expired currencies. While it could have been saved earlier, but wasn't, the dollar had slipped beyond the point of no return at a tremendous cost to the whole world. This ended the epoch of the dollar. The dollar simply wasn't important anymore. The survival of people and civilization became the important factor.

The dead dollar, which had in real terms died before the catastrophe occurred, became replaced with an interim instrument that was simply called the GAFFI, General Arrangement for Food and Industry. The same stroke of the pen of law that had created the GAFFI had also wiped the slate clean for all international debtors who owed to US banks. Freed from the "king's ransom" that the debt service had become, both in spiraling interest and in capital repayment, the nations were able to live again. It was recognized that these debts had already been repaid in real terms many times over in the form of atrocious interest demands which were considered at last for what they really were, a form of legal theft. With the same stroke of the pen the entire theft industry was likewise shut down, most of which had crashed into bankruptcy anyway. Also, in response to America's great gesture of generosity in terms of its global debt forgiving, which restored in part America's long tarnished image as a compassionate nation, some of the former debtor countries were offering to share with the people of America a portion of their food that they could scarcely afford to give away. But they did so, nevertheless. Venezuela was one of these countries that came to America's rescue.
The ruling city committees were also working on a whole range of measures for operating whatever infrastructures were required for keeping alive the survivors of the population. This required the rebuilding of transportation systems, food processing centers, distribution systems, storage facilities, and allocation of whatever resources were available. All of this fell under the general care of the government's emergency operating committees. Whatever economic resource was necessary for keeping the country alive, was either created, or expropriated, or donated. The entire recovery system was run by volunteers at first. Eventually the army joined the effort until a real government emerged from the leaders that carried the recovery efforts.

It took eight weeks altogether to put the country back together again to the point that the newly formed government could issue a brand new dollar and create a brand new government-controlled credit system that replaced the various interim structures. Those eight weeks had been weeks of agony against a background of widespread starvation. During those weeks the "general welfare" provision of the Preamble of the US Constitution became the guiding star in the dark of that deep night.

A new dollar had to be created that would once again be owned by the nation. In the chaos and destruction, the old dollar had become worthless. That's the inherent fate of a vertical currency that is rooted in the sewer of empire where nothing is created that gives it any value. For a hundred years the U.S. dollar had been a vertical dollar, the private toy of agents of empire who had issued the dollar in Federal Reserve notes. All of this was gone in the crash. Whatever honorable obligations had been tied to the old dollar, had become linked to the new dollar. The rest was let go with the wind. The property laws went the same way and became history. Of course the oligarchy that had weathered the storm that had killed so many, immediately began to scream, demanding that their juicy 'plumbs' be restored by which they owned much of the world. The conference in Caracas was to achieve this 'restoration' for them, which meant enthroning property rights, on which their power had rested, as superior over human rights.

When Fred brought the invitation to us and read the objective, he simply smiled and said that we wouldn't let this come to pass. "We draw the line this time around," he said, "and we say to empire in unmistakable terms, you cannot pass; not now, or ever again. When one puts the lateral platform unto the table in a clear and comprehensible manner, as we will, the world won't choose to go back to hell to re-experience its agony. And why should this be hard to do? The vertical sewer that drew people ever deeper into its muck is not the legitimate place for human living. This fact shouldn't be hard to comprehend, since the vertical platform of empire has progressively invalidated itself, that is, it has shown its real face as it never had any validity to begin with. Once this becomes clear, it also becomes clear that the USA was established on a lateral platform of universal principles that carry their own validity in the power to create a new renaissance. It should be understood that with the founding of the USA as a higher idea, to which many of the greatest intellectual pioneers of mankind had contributed, the entire structure of empire had lost its last trace of legitimacy, even then. Once the truth is out in the open, of the royalty of the human being, the fake royalty of empire has not a leg to stand on and
no more authority than an error has, once it is recognized. Empire lost its ground on this basis in 1790 when the U.S. Constitution was fully ratified."

"No!" Sylvia interjected. "Empire had lost its ground already in 1648 when the Peace of Westphalia was established that stood on the lateral platform with the universal recognition of the Principle of the Advantage of the Other that ended eighty years of imperial war. The recognition of the lateral platform invalidates all claims arising from an opposite platform, including the property claims of the screaming oligarchy."

Fred nodded. "Once the real comes to light the lies loose their claim," he said. "That is how we will end the claim of empire in Caracas."

The Caracas Conference was delayed again and again for weeks upon weeks until the worst of the effects of the crisis had passed and the new government, which no empire owned, had fully established itself. The conference had been vigorously pushed by the U.N., which still represented the Old World Order that in reality no longer existed, which now existed only in dreams and in the minds of those who refused to accept the New Reality.

It was at this very point, when a new political and economic order was re-established that threats of war were gushing forth once again from a few factions that had remained loyal to the imperial camps, threats of biological war. The threats had only been rumors at first, before emerging on the horizon like an approaching storm. There existed no organizational infrastructure at the end of the great chaos that could untangle the twisted fragments of the Old World. Some of the old oligarchs had re-emerged out of the background, who still had the means, the connections, and the arrogance, to make demands. They boisterously threatened an instant biological war against any opponent, boasting that they could still pull this off with the aid of a few traitors that had remained loyal to their cause. After all, the biological bomb is the 'poor' man's atom bomb, which requires no major military infrastructures for its deployment. The biological bomb has long been recognized for its potential as an asymmetric weapon. In the shadow of this terror, the reasserting oligarchs aimed to reclaim the world's physical resources that they impudently insisted to be their rightful property. The Caracas Conference was nearly canceled, but was then urged by many nations as a way to put water onto the new fire, by consenting to the oligarchs' demands. Rumors were heard on the grapevine that the official goal of the conference was to re-legitimize every single claim of property and related rights anywhere in the world, and to enforce those rights with the force of sanction. There were even calls made for a UN imposed taxation of all the debtor nations that owed to the oligarchy, even in cases where the New USA had officially forgiven those debts.

I found it strange that the Caracas Conference was not called to explore the economic questions involved for rebuilding a viable world-economy. In spite of the
hunger that still existed in some countries, and the dying that had not yet ended, and the huge overturning that had taken place, the global political world had not changed. The quest for looting continued. Even the nuclear weapons stalemate still existed. Americas' missiles had all remained intact. Russia's giant missiles were likewise still intact in their silos. It appeared that insanity was on the rise again, even while the pain from the collapse still lingered. The world's oligarchy had reasserted itself, had rebuilt its networks, and also its prerogative to control the world's weapons, and with them control the world by the threat of terror, as is so typical for empire.

The renewal of that old threat heightened the significance of the Caracas Conference, which came to light in my mind as a crossroads opportunity for mankind to create a new and better world. That is what we were invited to. We were invited as Fred's respected 'team of six,' as he called us, that he counted himself to be a part of.

In preparing for Caracas, I remembered my promise that I had made to Olive many times, to be the rebel rouser that would turn the entire setup upside down.

Ah, but how to do it? How does one change the world in opposition to the powers that claim to rule the world? How does one face such a foe, especially in such a tragic time as was upon us, a time of general impotence? How does one create a lateral world when nobody even knows what it is? The world only knew the vertical whorehouse of empire that gave the term, sewer, a bad meaning. And this was justified.

Even before the crisis had erupted, the traitors in high places had made sure that none of the thousands of Russia's missile systems were removed from the European borders of Russia, and that not a single American weapons system was eliminated from America's arsenals. So it was that US and Russian war ships and submarines were again plowing the Atlantic, as they always had, and were kept on a high security alert, lest anyone would exploit the remaining instabilities. The missile silos, bomber fields, naval bases, had all been shielded from the economic chaos. The war machine had been protected while the civilian side of the nation's structures had been shutting down. And over all that loomed the specter of biological war that nobody would even know if it started, before it was lost.

"How do we win this one?" I said to Fred, when he telephoned us, about us being invited to the conference.

Fred just smiled. "You have asked the wrong question," he said. "It's not how we win, but what we must become to win. This sets the giants apart from the mice," he said and began to laugh.
People call it the endless horizon; those who have traveled Siberia, the far North of Russia, who have experienced its vastness. However, for a brief period another place deserved the same description, a place in the South, where endless horizons came into view for four weeks in a city called Caracas, the city of the conference, my conference, Olive's gift to me. It was her gift to us all. True to her promise, it was also scheduled to be the longest U.N. peace conference in history. Dear Olive, she had made the impossible come true. Well almost, she had. The conference had a catch. It wasn't designed to bring peace. It was designed to reinstate the legal rights of property over human rights, the core issue for which there had been no peace for a century, the enemy of peace. The nations had rebelled against it out of the necessity for their physical survival and had declared it null and void. We, the delegates to the conference were called upon to turn the fledgling peace in the world into the peace of the graveyard all over the world. This, almost openly stated objective, was the kind of objective that I had promised Olive, confidently, we would be able to deal with and turn upside down, if we were given the chance. This was our chance. She had put me on the spot, to deliver. I had promised her with a smile that we would turn the whole rotten thing that the world had become, upside down. I had no idea then, when I had made the promise, of how rotten that the situation in the world could become. What had been so easily promised suddenly became rather scary.

I had heard a lot about Siberia as a wide open land, and considering the way Olive and I had talked about the challenges, when we explored similar endless horizons on the summit of the Wild Kaiser mountains, I couldn't help draw the comparison between the potential we now had to change the world, that had been laid before us, and Siberia's endless landscape.

The comparison actually had come to mind much earlier, on my return trip from Austria during that precious week of daydreaming with her. A tremendous hope had unfolded during our brainstorming session there. Now, all of a sudden, the substance of what we had talked about appeared before us. A chance was unfolding that promised to turn those daydreams of scientific progress in human relations into tangible reality. Olive's gift for us, that she had promised in order to get us moving again, to get the whole world moving again, came as if it were out of the blue. It was unfolding before us almost as if it were still another dream. But it wasn't a dream. It was real, and it seemed to have come as an answer to my dream about 'The Thing' that was also real. The answer came in the form of an invitation to a critical U.N. Conference, that itself had arisen as an emergency response to rescue a collapsing world.

However, as I read the copy of the invitation that Fred had brought to us personally, I sensed behind the gloom a growing realization of humanity's infinite potential for its self-development. It seemed to me suddenly that the answers that we would have to be seeking were bound up in my earlier dream about 'The Thing' for a replay of it, but short of its tragic ending. This gave me hope in spite of the world in
which all lights had gone out. I felt a light in my soul, as if 'The Thing' was already reborn, drawn from the unfolding realization that we might indeed have the potential to make a difference this time around, beyond what we had achieved in the days of Venice when we had changed the world ever so slightly, decades ago. But how could we meet this now much larger challenge? I was encouraged by the fact that the conference was to convene in Caracas. I had been in Caracas before. The people appeared to be more beautiful in Caracas, which seemed to reflect a deep-rooted respect for one-another, the kind that could no longer be found in the U.S.A, except on rare occasions. I remembered Steve's comment, that people who love are beautiful.

The Caracas Conference offered the potential to become an experiment for us that could take the world way beyond the intention of the organizers. The center of the experiment appeared to be the center of my dream about 'The Thing.' That's where out potential seemed to be located. We all felt we had a real chance to change the tragic pattern of the world by focusing on the principle of 'The Thing.' We remembered the principles that we had recognized as fundamental when we had discussed my dream, which had happened months earlier before the beginning of the greatest financial crisis in history. We counted ourselves fortunate in those days of the crisis, to be living isolated in a remote area by the sea. Now we were suddenly thrust into the middle of the agitated hubbub of an empire trying to reassert itself against the living of mankind. We stepped into this arena with our commitment not to let the empire pass, this time, and to instead create a New World. The days of the isolation of mankind from one another, we felt, was ending, 'the beginning of the end' had begun. The focal point that we had cherished back in Venice so long ago had remained and was coming to the foreground again, and was becoming stronger. We were determined to let it become a force that would shape the flow of the conference into our direction, perhaps even its outcome. I felt proud of our little group that would play this role once again, and I was proud to be a part of it.

Sadly, though, I wasn't allowed to mention to anyone that it was Olive's initiative that had brought the conference about, out of her deep, deep, love that had 'moved mountains' in the past, and had done so once again, so it seemed. When I had called Olive in Vienna to thank her for the conference and give her my love, she was adamant: "Don't mention my name at the conference! This will spoil everything. You mustn't even think about me while the conference is on. The task is too important."

The Caracas Conference had been officially organized as a four-week emergency workshop to probe the obstacles to peace in a disintegrating world. The world of dust that I had seen in my dreams had become the real world. The metaphor of the dream image had become true.

The conference was organized under the auspices of the United Nations, just as Olive had promised it would be. She had suggested that she could get this ball rolling by activating her far-flung connection with people of many backgrounds. Ross was
suspicious though at first, about the conference. He didn't see it as an opportunity for us
to change the world. He pointed out that in the past every facet of the involvement of the
U.N. had been focused on imperial goals, such as the global warming genocide, global
depopulation, domination, imperial wealth, the privatization of resources, and so on,
instead of it being focused on the global development of the human potential. Ross noted
that the U.N. depopulation project had already been in progress for some time, with
genocide on a scale that would make Hitler turn green with envy. For this reason, Ross
didn't want to have anything to do with "any official U.N. function," as he had put it.

"Our task is to turn the conference agenda upside down, instead of rubber-
stamping it," I said to him when Fred brought us the invitation. "I have promised Olive
that we would do this, though I never imagined that she had been serious when she
suggested that she would be able to arrange this chance for us, and then actually pull it
off. But she did.

"Now I have to fulfill my promise, Ross," I said to him. "However, I can't do this
all by myself."

Against this background Ross agreed to come along in a supportive capacity. Fred
might also have had something to do with that. He had simply pointed a finger at Ross.
He could have ordered him to go.

When Fred announced our selection for the conference, he was convinced that our
participation at the conference would play a major role in changing the world.

"They don't know this yet," he said, "but they invited a team of rebels. With us
being there the outcome is no longer predetermined, as it always had been for such
conferences in the past. We will determine the outcome this time. The only thing that is
predetermined is the truth, and that the truth will invalidate what is false."

He had laughed at the idea that the property rights of the oligarchy were to be
protected by international law. He had laughed at, that this outcome was deemed to be
already cast in stone. "Isn't the U.N. a lateral institution by design? That's what
determines our commitment to its success. So what if it is officially pressed into the
service of the vertical sewer. It is an honorable institution by design. If it is failing, it can
be healed. By us defying the conference mandate that has no validity, we defy the
perversion of the institution and enable its healing."

I told Fred that I was more than honor-bound to a dear love of mine to do this very
thing, which I had promised her, a woman named Olive from Russia, now living in
Austria, who had been the real dynamo behind the conference, and who also was fully
aware that the U.N. itself would be healed by us turning it upside down. I said to Fred
that we were honor bound to do this for the whole of humanity and civilization, to heal it.

Fred just laughed.
I told him that I felt that this could be done, even knowing that the U.N. structure hadn't changed openly. I felt that deep at its core the U.N. had remained a lateral structure, and that therefore it could be brought back to its original design and become more human, and likewise humanity itself. Perhaps the scene has already changed during the crisis," I added.

"A crisis doesn't cause progress," Fred interjected. "Chaos doesn't cause sanity. The scientific pioneers have to do this."

"That's going to be us," said Sylvia.

I nodded, though I felt that none of us had the slightest idea how the great battle was to be fought and won, or even how it should unfold. In fact, at the very beginning of the conference we played more the role of bystanders, the same role that we had played for the last decade since our previous great success in Venice.

Perhaps it was in the flow of honoring tradition that we were booked into the Caracas Holiday Inn that still existed as a private U.S. based enterprise. Moreover, this selection gave us a comfortable and secure feeling.

"Nothing can go wrong," said Sylvia on the plane, jokingly, that was taking us from our cold northern climate to the genial tropics. "No surprises, right?"

Was she ever mistaken! Murphy's law was in control all the way. It had been in control from the moment we left. Whatever could go wrong had gone wrong. The Caracas project turned out to be an episode full of surprises.

On our very first morning in Caracas, I woke to a stream of noise at five o'clock in the morning, a terrible noise. That's when the shocking reality set in that we were facing the freeway. Our hotel room window was at pavement level. We had spent twenty-four hours traveling to get there. The Coast Guard was supposed to have given us a lift to Norfolk in time for a connecting Air Force transport to Key West. But the Coast Guard had been delayed. After countless phone calls Tony convinced the Navy to send a floatplane that belonged to a carrier group 300-miles off the coast of Florida. From there, after a five-hour wait, we finally made it to Miami. In Miami we were put on the twice a week VIASA flight to Caracas. And even this flight was delayed for four hours because of a needed repair for which no personnel had been on hand.

As things were, we didn't get to Caracas until way after midnight. Then, not surprisingly, nobody could find our luggage for another whole hour. For a while it looked like our luggage had accidentally been routed back to New York. Eventually, someone found it in the designated area for the next day's processing. Fortunately, a person from the conference staff was able to help us. The man's affectionate manner soothed more than a few frazzled nerves that day. He was an island of calm with a great generosity. Since we were on the last flight coming in, he offered us a ride to the hotel. The gesture
took him two hours out of his way. He said it was his pleasure to help us, since the last
bus had already left.

The road to the city is built into the side of a valley that cut deeply into the coastal
mountain range. With the airport located at sea level and the city of Caracas being located
at the high end of the valley, it took a three-quarter-hour drive up the side of a long valley
to get to the hotel. As the man had promised the climb to the higher elevation had bought
us into cooler air.

We arrived at the end of a rainfall, as it was. We came to a modern city drawn out
into a long valley between steeply rising slopes that extended into the clouds above us.
The man told us that the clouds are often trapped there at night, and that they would burn
off in the morning. He said not to worry. He promised the we would learn to love Caracas
that lays like a sparkling jewel strung out for many miles along the valley floor, which of
course, wasn't apparent at the street level. On the way from the airport we had passed
through low clouds and patches of fog. With rain having stopped, the air remained fresh,
cool, invigorating, and aromatic. The man invited us to a beer. He introduced himself as
Carlo, a well-dressed man in his thirties. Tony and I accepted his offer. The others said
that sleep was more needed. So, Tony and I chatted with him in the bar alone, for nearly
another hour, until Tony suddenly fell asleep in his chair. When I nudged him, he said the
ceiling lights looked like stars.

I felt as dead tired when I finally got to bed, as though I hadn't slept for a month.
The hotel suddenly looked marvelous, the bed so inviting. Ah, but then the noise started.

It seemed to me that I had barely put my head down when I was roused by this
noise, only to discover that our hotel room window was no more then twenty feet from
the edge of the freeway pavement. Tony joked while he was yawning, that we had the
most sweeping view of rolling rubber that one could possibly hope for, all eight lanes
deep.

"Terrific!" grumbled Fred and tried to sleep again, which turned out be an
impossible endeavor. It wasn't that we weren't tired enough. Apart from the noise, the
place turned out to be rather uncomfortable. The six of us were cramped into a tiny
double-room suite. Fred, Ross, Heather, Tony and Sylvia and I. The hardest part to deal
with this morning was that the conference opened at noon. How could we participate in
anything, in the shape we were in, or ever hope to accomplish anything that would shake
the world? No one can imagine how agonizing it became that day just to stay awake for
six hours listening to speeches.

It took some fighting that night, pleading, bribing, hoping, and praying to get the
six of us relocated to the top floor of the hotel, and as far away from the freeway as could
be arranged. Fortunately, this happened just in time before a part of the hotel was
demolished by a terrorist blast in protest of the American participation at the conference.
A bomb had gone off in the lobby, below the very room that we had been in before. Thirty-five people were killed that day, thirty-three Venezuelans, a woman from India, and a boy from Columbia whose dad belonged to the FARC terrorist organization that claimed responsibility for the blast.

Fred took the attack the hardest, since we had evidently been the target. He was a nervous wreck for two days. Eventually he made a speech about it that shook the assembly. He presented hard evidence that he had gathered earlier, linking international terrorist activity with London and the Saudi Royals via a British Air/Space company and a corrupt prince. Fred spoke of organized networks financed under the table by slush funds, controlled by the empire, protected by the CIA, with financing for subversive terror centers in Syria, Iran, Libya, Italy, Cuba, Chile, Columbia, and in central Asia, the Caucuses, and the Balkans, and so on. He said that all of these operations had one thing in common, that their lines of communication and financing converged at London. Fred said that their headquarters were based in London, and still are. Their financing flows through London.

He spoke of a high-level Anglo-Saudi alliance that stood behind the 9/11 terror atrocity, as revealed in some newly declassified documents, available through the National Archives. The evidence tells us that two leading, presumed U.S. allies -- Saudi Arabia and Great Britain -- were up to their eyeballs in the attacks on New York City and on Washington. The United States had been betrayed by leading elements within the Saudi Arabian Royal Family and intelligence services in league with the British Empire, complicit with top officials of the Bush-Cheney White House, the Justice Department, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and evidently also branches of the military. He said that the 9/11 crime, the crime of the century, flowed out from the hell-hole of a 25-year-old secret intelligence arrangement, concealed beneath a lucrative arms-for-oil barter deal called 'al-Yamamah,' which cynically means 'the Dove.' There exists credible evidence that funds from offshore al-Yamamah accounts were funneled to at least two of the 9/11 hijackers. A scandal exploded when the BBC and others revealed that BAE Systems, Britain's premier defense contractor, was making tens of billions of dollars in payouts to Saudi Defense Ministry officials, and other members of the Saudi Royal Family, in return for arms contracts worth a fortune.

Fred said that the BAE-Saudi scandal dates back all the way to 1985. Under the 'al-Yamamah' deal, BAE padded its prices by one-third and then laundered off some of the profits as payoffs to top Saudis. In another element of the deal, Saudi Arabia delivered the equivalent of one super-tanker of oil per day to BAE, which had a contract with British Petroleum and Royal Dutch Shell, to immediately sell the oil on the spot market, with the proceeds flowing into the slush fund. For the Saudis, this was a lucrative arrangement. The kickbacks had lined the pockets of many a Saudi prince and ministry official. The deal had cost the Saudis just peanuts, less than five dollars a barrel. BP and Royal Dutch Shell then sold the oil at full price to pad the fantastic off-shore slush fund, amounting over time to hundreds of billions of dollars, all starting in 1985. A historian who wrote about the al-Yamamah deal, said that it was, first and foremost, a geo-strategic
partnership between London and Riyadh, which funneled money covertly into the Afghan mujahedeen that were battling the Soviet Army in the 1980s, and into Chad to finance its border terror with Libya, and so on, including 9/11, and a lot of the mess we see being unleashed today. With hundreds of billions in the slush funds, all kinds of terrorist actions can be funded that empire uses to destabilize the world and make it more conditioned for empire to rule over.

"But the crime goes deeper," said Fred. "Just as the 9/11 terror act was a crime-of-the-century operation against the USA, with the steering committee sitting in the White House, much larger attacks were run against America on the financial and economic front, also complicit with the White House. In less than three years 500,000 skilled jobs were scrapped in the auto/machine-tool sector which amounts to 45% of its entire employment, with 30% in just the past 18 months, in which 50 million square feet of auto/industrial plant space has been shut down. It's done. It was called free trade. It was called globalism. We are now importers from slave-wage industries. LaRouche tried to stop this insanity in America, with his Economic Recovery Act in 2006, that would have utilized the idled industrial capacity of the nation to rebuild and expand basic infrastructures that are urgently needed. But he was blocked by the powers in London, from the central hub of empire. Now this capacity is gone, turned to scrap. In this way America has been more deeply destroyed from the hub of terrorism than Hitler might ever have imagined to be possible.

"While this was happening the entire mortgage-secularization bubble blew up," Fred continued. "LaRouche had lobbied for the protection of the nation from home foreclosures resulting from the fraud, and the protection of its banks through orderly bankruptcy measures. His proposed Homeowner and Bank Protection Act of 2007, would have held back the crisis that became then visible on the horizon. But again, he was blocked by forces from the hub in London that owns the American government with the jingle of its slush funds. Now, two years later, over 8 million American families have been evicted from their home in foreclosure actions. These are economic terrorist crimes on a scale that is hard to imagine, having become a social holocaust that we may not be able to fully fathom, a holocaust on the order of war. And, still, the steamroller effect from the hub of terrorism doesn't end with this tragedy. It goes deeper.

"A new form of terrorism is now emerging with the dawn of the euthanasia industries. Switzerland, for example, is setting itself up to become the world leader in "suicide tourism," catering to the seriously and mortally ill, to be helped to exit from living. This is a soft form of terrorism, in that it causes the de-solidarization of society with those, most in need of help and support. Instead of society helping them, the new terrorism puts pressure on them to scrap their life in order to decrease the burden on society. This terror effect is now radiating through the world, with a deeper effect on the general society than it has on the sick and elderly that are 'offered' this chance to die. When life becomes discounted so deeply that throwing it away as trash becomes idealized, then we are on the road of loosing the most precious we have. And this is exactly what the masters of empire desire and wish to implement throughout the planet.
"But the story of tragedy doesn't end here," said Fred. "Evidence has come to the surface about one of the world's largest pharmaceutical companies, also based in Switzerland. It is alleged that elements of this company may have conspired with corrupt scientists from the U.S. Army Institute of Pathology at Ft. Detrick, Maryland, to create a 'weaponized' influenza virus by means of reverse engineering the deadly 1918 killer strain, and that this weapon was maliciously and surreptitiously released upon the world early this year for the primary purpose of creating a panic-driven, world-wide demand for a counter vaccine produced by the same company that had created the virus, which is evident by the fact that the vaccine against the virus had been patented several years before the virus had actually been found in the population. How can one create a vaccine against a virus, and patent the vaccine, for a virus that doesn't actually exist, and might exist in future years? That's only possible if one has the virus already on the shelf.

"Evidence suggests," said Fred, "that the novel virus-weapon is intended to serve the dual purpose of causing the massive and sudden die-out of the earth's human population, which the oracles of empire have been demanding for over half a century already, and that this orgy of death is timed to coincide with the final collapse of the world financial system, as a cover under which the world can be reorganized in a manner that protects empire for a long time to come. The collapse had not been intended to begin as early as it had. The early collapse threw a monkey wrench into the game. As a consequence, the game became accelerated to an intensity that causes mistakes to be made that can backfire. That's the open flank we should exploit to stop the madness."

Fred pointed out that the closer one looks at the game, its true color becomes evermore evident. " Just look at the history of the company. The company began as a component of the infamous I.G. Farben chemical combine that became an element of the German/Austrian Third Reich that was built on the corpses of a vast sea of a murdered humanity. Not all of the Nazi's eugenics and genocidal maniacs had been executed at the Nuremberg war-crimes trials. For those that slipped through the net, perhaps intentionally, the masters of the rising postwar empire provided lucrative opportunities that enabled them to advance their craft, and opportunities to pass on their skills, as these matched the skills required for the empire's often stated final solution for mankind, which the prince of empire had defined numerously, as eradicating over 80% of the people on our planet.

"The new flu 'weapon,' deceptively called 'the swine flu pandemic,' is evidently designed for the purposes of a scare tactic. The so-called modern 'swine flu' is in reality a part of a cleverly created split-influenza recombinant virus, consisting of the bird flu H5N1, and the swine flu H1N1, with the addition of multiple strains of the common human flu mixed in.

"By itself the now unfolding so-called pandemic is too mild to deserve the fuzz that's made over it," said Fred. "However, the fuzz is by design for a different purpose, because far more dangerous than the virus itself will ever be, appears to be the patented vaccine that is supposed to ward it off. According to the available evidence the vaccine is designed to actually create the full-blown recombinant split virus that apparently stands at the core of the design of a genocidal weapon of choice that involves this two-fold process
of a pandemic followed by a deadly vaccine. In this process the pandemic becomes the teaser that opens the door to the mass vaccination of society with the actual weapon for its large-scale destruction. This now fully apparent teaser-to-weapon relationship makes the already prepared mass-vaccination terribly scary to contemplate, considering that the vaccine-weapon comes from the same 'brewery' that brewed up the virus-weapon in the first place. The fact that the vaccine that is to be applied across the world, universally, had been patented years before the virus was unleashed, suggests that the virus had existed already then, ready made, sitting on the shelf, waiting for the process to begin.

"History tells us many tragic stories of accounts of vaccines having distributed deadly diseases," said Fred, "such as that of the AIDS virus, and also the more novel disease-agent that stands behind the Gulf War Syndrome that is traced to mandatory anthrax vaccinations of the troops in the Gulf War. The vaccine had contained a synthetic oil-in-water adjuvant, named squalene, that causes the human immune system to attack itself. The very same adjuvant is also included in the vaccine-weapon that is about to be unleashed. It is hailed as the weapon's corner stone, together with fragments of attenuated live viruses that it also contains, that are essentially live pathogens existing in the vaccine medium, ready to be activated. This is what society will be injected with all over the world, unless the process is stopped here and now.

"Those who ignore history are doomed to repeat it," said Fred strongly and emphatically. "Society is being pushed into blindly accepting a mass vaccination program that will inject it with a weaponized, reverse engineered, virus, contained in a vaccine that is known to contain not only living fragments of the virus itself, but is also known to contain the same immune suppressing agent that doctors have determined as the cause of the over ninety different types of diseases that were found in the half-million victims of the Gulf War veterans who came home with the Gulf War Syndrome. While radioactive dust from DU bombs used in the theatre of war had obviously attributed to the syndrome, the majority blame is now laid onto the vaccine. It is thereby admitted that the vaccine disabled over half a million Gulf War soldiers. That's the kind of stuff that might soon be 'forcibly' injected into school children, since children generally lack the means to refuse the authorities. In addition, the imposed vaccine-weapon, that is already being produced, contains those living fragments of the virus itself that recombine into a disease causing virus that promises to be many times more potent and lethal than any flu had been in the past. Once the virus grows in the children, it is readily transmittable to the adults within the homes of the vaccinated children. When such a program begins, which may have already been planned in secret, no one would likely have the power to abstain from it, especially school children. The children would likely come home one day with a note from school that the vaccination has been carried out. By then it will be too late to avoid what might have been a mandatory death-injection. When a private board rules supreme over healthcare policy and treatment option, without congressional oversight, and beyond the law, all sorts of things become possible, as had been the case in Hitler's Germany.

"What we have coming to the surface here puts a different twist onto the phrase, 'Save the Children,'" Fred continued. "The phrase, 'save the children' is about to mean, 'save the children from the mandatory vaccination programs.' Many parents are already alarmed over the prospect of having to hand over their children to a mass vaccination
program that will disable them for life with a fast tacked vaccine that has never been tested, that is known to contain an adjuvant that has never been approved by the Federal Drug Administration, and is known to have caused a host of debilitating autoimmune diseases of the Gulf War Syndrome type in two thirds of the soldiers that were vaccinated with it in the Gulf Wars. And the parents should be alarmed, because our Secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services, has designated the school children as the first target for mass swine flu vaccinations when school starts in the fall. That's an act of terrorism, and rape to the extreme," added Fred. "Of course, children are easily raped, because they lack the power to fight back."

"If this rape isn't terrorism, what would qualify for the term?" said Fred. "In Australia, where the winter season is in progress, the Federal Health Minister has reassured parents that the current swine flu is no more dangerous than regular seasonal flu, as indeed that most people, including children, experience only mild symptoms and recover naturally without medical intervention. Indications suggest that at the very worst the fatality rate might be twice that of the regular flu, an increase from 5 to 10 averaged for the year. Back home in the U.S. less than 100 children die of the seasonal flu, which might increase to 200 at the very most, with the current swine flu added. For this small increase we are about to inject 75 million children with a fast tracked vaccine that contains the extremely dangerous adjuvant squalene. To inject this stuff into children is not only a reckless, dangerous plan, but is extreme terrorism, because the dangerous effects take many months to manifest themselves, as the now disabled Gulf War soldiers have experienced, which effects will never go away and can never be healed.

"What makes squalene so dangerous is related to the way the human immune system recognizes it as an oil molecule, which is actually native to the human body," said Fred. "Squalene is found naturally throughout the nervous system and in the brain. A person routinely consumes squalene in olive oil, for example. As it is thereby coming through the food-intake channels, the immune system recognizes it as 'good' squalene. In addition, a person also reaps the benefits of its antioxidant properties. However, as it enters the body via an injection in the form of an adjuvant that puts the immune system on steroids so to speak, the immune system becomes incited to attack it as a foreign substance, which then in the course of its conditioned functioning attacks all the squalene in your body and not just the vaccine adjuvant that it cannot tell apart. Once this is set in motion the immune system begins to destroy the squalene molecule wherever it finds one, including in the places where it occurs naturally, and where it is vital to the health of your nervous system, and to the immune system itself. The evidence is found in the Gulf War Syndrome. A full 100% of the disabled golf war soldiers had the squalene antibodies in their system, and this whether they had been deployed at war or not. The only common factor in this entire sad affair that researchers could find is the squalene adjuvant that was carried in the vaccine that was universally injected into the soldiers and disabled over 500,000 of them for life, out of approximately 750,000. We are about to subject 75 million children to the same tragedy in a mandatory fashion with no exceptions allowed, and we might do the same with the rest of the population if the proposed Nazi healthcare legislation isn't defeated, that still lingers on the horizon. In fact, even now, the brainwashed population that has been scared to death over the swine flu pandemic, would presently line up in droves to become the first to be injected. My point is that America is
set up to destroy itself biologically at the same time that its financial and economic system is also collapsing, so that a future recovery will never be possible, at least not until the end of the next Ice Age, 100,000 years from now. We in America are standing at the edge of the most dangerous precipice ever, with our eyes and minds blindfolded, dancing to the tune of empire, singing, 'My Money! My Money! My Precious!' I am sure, the same song is sung all over the world. And so the world is set to go to hell. But remember, we don't have to go to hell. The human society is a society of naturally sovereign people. Remember, there exists only one type of vaccine against the swine flu pandemic in the world today, and that's the deadly one, manufactured under license by a number of different companies, which have all been given starter kits with the patented ingredients, provided for a fee by the original architect of the virus that is now pandemic. This makes the solution simple. Scrap all the swine flu vaccines regardless of the manufacturer.

"Scrap also the notion of controlled testing," said Fred. "We plan to test the vaccine on 12,000 children in America, if they come through it OK, we plan to open the flood gates. These quick and superficial tests are meaningless, since it can take several months for the syndrome of the squalene destruction to develop. The tests are planned to be short in duration. If the syndrome had developed fast, the infamous golf war vaccination program of the soldiers would have been stopped in its tracks.

"Also lets not forget that flu vaccines are actually not needed," said Fred. "There are far more potent ways for a person to protect itself. That's accomplished with the optimization of vitamin D, the king of all the vitamins. A doctor reported that in his hospital all the wards had become infected during a major flu outbreak, except his, which was the only ward where the patients, under his care, were provided with 2,000 units of vitamin D each day. Vitamin D is a steroid hormone that responds to the genome and turns protein production on and off, as the body requires it, and thereby regulates genetic expression in hundreds of tissues throughout your body, including in the immune system. The doctor told me that under 'normal' circumstances the body produces its own vitamin D with the effect of sunlight on the skin. A single, twenty-minute, full body exposure to summer sun will trigger the delivery of 20,000 units of vitamin D into the circulation of most people within 48 hours. Twenty thousand units, that's the single most important factor about vitamin D when combating the flu. The doctor pointed out that this is the reason why the flu is a seasonal disease. It erupts with people's diminishing sunlight exposure. That's why Russia had developed special UV lamps that were used in the northern regions to stimulate the natural vitamin D production in the dark winter months. It had only recently been discovered how vitamin D has such profound effects on human immunity, by increasing production of a broad-spectrum of antimicrobial peptides that quickly destroy the influenza virus and simultaneously prevent the immune system from releasing too many inflammatory cells into infected lung tissue to counteract pneumonia. When medical scientists did autopsies on some of the fifty million people who died during the 1918 flu pandemic, they were amazed to find destroyed respiratory tracts. In some cases, the inflammatory cells, called cytokines, had triggered the complete destruction of the normal epithelial cells that are lining the respiratory tract. It appeared in those cases as if the flu victims had been attacked and killed by their own immune
system, rather than the virus. This is the severe inflammatory reaction that vitamin D has recently been found to prevent."

Fred noted that according to current estimates 50 million to 100 million people were killed worldwide in this single 1918 pandemic that may have been the greatest holocaust in history and may have killed more people than the Black Death plague, and that the vast majority of those who perished, had perished in the Vitamin-D-lean season, between October and January. The recombinant virus itself, a combination of swine flu, bird flu, and human flu, had been triggered by the vast economic destruction caused by the war,” said Fred, "but it didn't explode until three months later when the Vitamin-D-lean season began. With all this considered, it seems wise therefore, to scrap the deadly vaccine that is now being brewed up, and to optimize the body's vitamin D levels to the natural 20,000 units per day range, by whatever methods will achieve this.

"Of course, scrapping the potentially deadly vaccine isn't on the agenda, is it? Far from it! The already projected tragedy arising from the disease appears to be deemed not devastating enough," Fred continued. "The latest empire-imposed Nazi-style American healthcare program has been designed to create a private board with powers far above the law to rule on all medical treatment options and related issues. Legislation for this program has been heavily pushed. It had been intended to become law just in time before the flu season starts. If it becomes law, it would then become a tool to enforce the mandatory vaccination of every single person of the country, right across the land. This law, if it became implemented, would open the door to an American version of Hitler's 'final solution,' meaning,' kill them all.' This means that the empire's endgame has begun, that few people will be allowed to survive. The game is here, it's already on. That is what the swine flu hoopla is all about. It starts with an artificially created pandemic that opens the door to the real killer that is delivered with the vaccine. That's what's on the agenda. So, let's stop this agenda and live.

"If we don't stop it here," said Fred, "the end-game agenda will likely succeed, seeing that virtually nobody stands against it, to stop it. As everybody already knows, the potentially deadly vaccine is being mass-produced while we speak. It is produced without clinical trials and without animal testing. I know of only one test case in which squalene has bee injected into rats, and believe me, you don't want to hear what the result was. If the mass-vaccination project goes as planned, 10% of all children who will thereby be vaccinated, with or without the Nazi law, will likely die. Of the remaining, the majority will likely get horribly ill and become disabled for life, like the Gulf War Syndrome soldiers had become, together with most of the adult population that is presently eager to volunteer for the same treatment. In this end-game, the empire's final solution appears to be timed to coincide with the total breakdown of the global monetary and economic system, so that with a disabled population, and a disabled future generation, the recovery of the nation won't be physically possible.

"I don't think we should allow this to happen," said Fred. "We should rip up this agenda by shutting down the entire global imperial system that has orchestrated this march to death. We can avoid this death. Without the vaccine we can survive this quite well. So, let's stop this thing in its tracks. Let's keep the killer vaccine on the shelf. Let's
foil the game of the masters of empire, who have been crying for decades for the mass-depopulation of the planet. Let's deny them their fun.

"Of course this now unfolding horror show has been carefully staged to also coincide with the collapse of the physical support base of society, the collapse of food production, finance, physical infrastructures, and the total collapse of the health care system in the USA and around the world, which all may yet happen in spite of the collapse that we have already seen. The genocide that is evidently intended to be caused by the vaccine, is expected to be so immense that the producers of the vaccine have demanded to be given total, across the world, immunity from prosecution under the law, which amounts to a pre-obtained absolution from the crime they intent to commit. Let's simply withdraw their license to operate, including the patents they hold. Let's do this as a part of a global bankruptcy reorganization, because without us shutting down this ever-growing terror all around the world, mankind won't have a chance to survive.

"Yes, let's shut down terrorism in the extreme, because terrorism has become extreme," said Fred. "When one hears the top prince of the empire, that rules the world, saying to mankind that he wants 85% of mankind to vanish from the face of the earth in the name of correcting, what he calls 'overpopulation,' that's extreme terrorism, because he has the means to do this. If one sees him saying in his writings that he wishes to be 'reincarnated as a particular deadly virus' for this purpose, that's extreme terrorism too, because he has the political authority and the financial resources to have such a virus created for him and let loose in order to create a worldwide pandemic, which apparently has happened, and to have a killer vaccine created as an antidote, which apparently has happened too. The terrorism becomes even more extreme when one hears that the American President, on his return from meeting with the prince, begins to move heaven and earth to instigate a new healthcare law that sets up a private board with powers above the law and above the Congress, to regulate every facet of medical treatment and all public response measures to pandemic diseases, including the power to enforce the universal vaccination of society with an untested and potentially deadly vaccine that is loaded with fragments of life pathogens of a recombinant historic super-virus. A law that forces this potentially immensely deadly straightjacket onto society without a recourse in law or legislative interventions, is nothing less than extreme terrorism on steroids. And if one further sees immense pressure brought onto the legislator to have this terror law passed before the onset of the flu season, evidently so that a forced mass-vaccination can begin, which appears to be designed to slowly become a killer on a scale that would make even Hitler envious, one deals with utter and extreme terrorism by government against society on a scale that has never been seen in all the history of the world. If one adds to this caldron of absolute evil, the fact that the introduction of the virus was timed in such a manner that a pandemic would erupt precisely synchronized with the long anticipated global collapse of the world-financial system, and this happens at a time when the global banners become ever larger that say loud and clear, 'In Lies We Trust!' so that it becomes extremely difficult for society to determine what is actually real until the point of no return is crossed, then one can only say that the unfolding situation has drifted far beyond what would be termed 'extreme terrorism.' The only means that a society has then, to defend its existence, is to rip up the entire conglomeration of empire and put every single shred of it through bankruptcy reorganization. The super-extreme terrorism that we now
face, requires super-extreme responses by society to save itself and protect its civilization and what still remains of the world's physical economic structures.

"But nothing is allowed to happen on this front of ripping up the imperial agenda, is it?" said Fred. "Mankind is kept in the dark and is spoon-fed a thick diet of lies for the express purpose that nobody will even think of ripping up the agenda that the masters of empire have prepared for mankind, their grand-killer agenda. The resulting mental genocide that flows from the bandwagon of lies is extreme terrorism too, isn't it, because it turns society into suicidal fools? Then add to this extreme terrorism, the already ongoing biofuel genocide, built on an environmental hoax, which now forces society by law to burn the agricultural resources that could feed almost sixty million people; and this burning of food happens in a world that has over a billion people living in a state of chronic starvation, of which tens of millions are dying each year of hunger. The fact that this is happening, is extreme terrorism against society of a kind that has already drawn it into a state of becoming willing participants of a crime against itself. Doesn't that scare you how easily society is already led to the slaughter, like so many dumb sheep, and complies without a whimper? That's terrorism that has progressed far beyond the tolerable, but where is the Army of the Patriots that would put a stop to it? The present gross indifference in society to the deepest dangers to its very existence, is what terrifies me the most, because if we don't draw the line to defend ourselves against this growing mass of evil, we are already essentially dead."

Fred emphasized again and again in the rest of his speech, that London has been the traditional world capital for all organized types of terrorism, even the hidden forms of terror, with the latest notwithstanding, and with operations running from its hub that spread out into every dehumanizing effort that one can imagine. That is why the hub in London has long been recognized by a few nations that feel its pain, as the center of the global narcotics trade, weapons trade, even human trafficking, money-laundering, and all aspects of human genocide. Fred pointed out that many nations that have already crossed the point of no return, have roused themselves in their pain and have noted that London had traditionally been creating wars for such purposes ever since it became an empire, operating through its numerous secret bureaus and its institutions. Fred noted that this pattern has evidently not changed to the present day, but has been intensified and been vastly extended to evermore destabilize the world towards the long-coveted mass-extinction of 80% to 90% of mankind.

As far as I was concerned, Fred hadn't presented anything radically new in his speech. He had merely laid out loud and clear what most of the delegates probably already knew. Many of the terrorist organizations, financial fraud organization, economic wrecking institutions, euthanasia institutions, and also political blocking organizations, had made no bones about their linkage to London. Many were even proud of the fact that they had the royal stamp of approval, whatever royalty they might have referred to. Some
had even advertised their London affiliation under false flag names, like the Italian Red Army, the West German Red Army, or the Japanese Red Army, and so on.

London, of course, as Fred pointed out, has always defended its role in harboring terrorism, by telling the world that one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter, and the legalization of narcotics is for harm reduction, and that euthanasia is a noble thing as a personal option for ending life with dignity. The officials that have made these claims say over and over that it is all a matter of perception. They should have added that the whole slew of there 'terrorist' organizations is being financed out of the same coffer anyway, and is guided by the same 'oracle' that maintains its 'temple' in their midst, the oracle of mysticism and monetarism.

While Fred's accusations caused some uproar among the delegates, Fred insisted that the royals, or the fundi, or whoever they were, where now in a position that makes a lot of sense from their standpoint. Terrorism is the most efficient means for waging a low cost war against mankind, which is rarely ever classified as a war. In most cases the weapons, the financial resources, and the logistics, have been channeled through the narcotics operations, and private institutions of all sorts that hide the murderous objectives, and through the worldwide Weapons for Drugs networks, ecological networks, religious networks, and even racial networks. Fred said that the new terrorism also serves another goal. It aims to illustrate to the world's people the extreme vulnerability of their security in the face of the hidden giants that as international corporations, no one can easily identify much less arrest. This globalization strategy had gained the terrorists enormous political concessions in the past, even vast territorial concessions, as in the case of Colombia, and as again in the case of the granted immunity from prosecution.

Fred suggested that terrorism was efficient, because of its low casualty rate for the perpetrators, compared to other types of combat. He told the assembly; "You must look at terrorism as a military operation, because that's what it is. It operates at the same level as many military operations do that utilize terror as a strategy. The world's financial oligarchy is using terror as a tool for fighting its private wars in a bit to keep its empires in power. The wars, of course, are never declared. The terror, which terrorism evokes, often after the fact, is designed to be destructive to a people's morale; to a people's humanity; and to a people's loyalty to their nation. Terrorism softens the ground for the real wars that invariably follow."

Fred warned that this trend would continue and escalate until somebody puts a stop to it. He also said that his warning was linked to the agenda of the conference, in as much the objective of the conference was to rubber stamp a legal foundation that was designed to perpetuate the rotten system still further, which operates the terrorism.

Fred then presented an item of the historic background of terrorism, the so-called 'New Yalta' deals that been arranged years earlier, which had been aimed even then at destroying the Palestinian state and dividing its territory up between Israel and Syria, and
to split up Iraq and Iran. He also talked about the more recent strategies of the same two hundred-year-old games. He had brought a transcript along, of the tape from my meeting with "the spiritual advisor to the empire of the fundi," as he had put it. He even played sections of the tape over the audio system.

"The main thrust is without question, aimed at breaking up Russia, Indonesia, and other so-called empires," Fred read from his transcript paper. He explained that the phrase, other empires, referred to the world's largest nations, like Russia, China, India, Iran, Brazil, the U.S.A, Canada, and so forth. He said the modern game plans had been centered on creating ethnic or religious isolation and division, or whatever other isolation can be created. Fred pointed out that the ultimate goal for staging division and terrorist demands, is the breakup of the nations, and the isolation of the fragments from each other and from the world. Fred said that this game had been far advanced and may continue to change the world in a vicious spiral of death.

He read from the transcript again: "The current global political situation can only be likened to the movements of continental plates, in a geological sense. We are experiencing tectonic changes. We are now seeing the final 'denouement' of the processes unleashed in 1914. It is a process of the break-up of huge empires. The fact is, Indonesia has no logic for existence. It is an empire that was formed in the process of combat against another empire. We are seeing the collapse of empires, like the Soviet Empire was, that were formed in fights against other empires."

Fred put the transcript paper down. He said that the officially advertised goal of the still existing British Empire, is to break up the world into impotent little micro-states, to be ruled over by the British Empire itself, globally. Fred said that this had been the policy two hundred years ago, that it was restarted twelve years ago, and that he saw no reason to believe that this objective has changed. He pointed out that micro sized nations couldn't exist economically in the modern world, where large economic infrastructures are required to support the populations. Thus the people of those micro-states become invariably drawn back into slave-labor colonization, by which a large portion of them will simply die, silently, in the misery of artificially created starvation.

"This is the goal," said Fred, "and here is how a leading member of the empire's elite explains it." He took his paper up again and continued to read from the transcript: 'It is absolutely fundamental to British policy, to encourage the process of the 'break-up of empires.' British foreign policy, for the last 200 years, has been based on one central idea, the break-up of other empires. The idea of sowing divisions among the Arab states is axiomatic to the British Foreign Office. The Foreign Office is obsessed with breaking up the hold that Russia has on Central Asia. Look at the popularity of the books of Peter Hopkirk, such as 'The Great Game'. There is a deep fascination with these matters in Britain. Regard any encroachment toward India or Turkey as antithetical to British interests."

At this point Fred played from the tape itself, beginning at the point where Mr. Palmerston remarked with a chuckle: "Perfidious Albion is alive and kicking. The British Foreign Office has a certain agenda, which is continued divide and rule."
The playing of the tape caused an uproar, but it also caused many of the delegates to start thinking about what terrorism is really all about.

Near the end of Fred's presentation, a lady in the seat next to me burst into tears. I could sense the pain that evidently came from a deep personal tragedy caused by terrorism. I leaned over and embraced her, which seemed to stem the flow of her tears somewhat. "I know this type of pain," I said to her, when her tears had finally stopped. "I am the person who met with the man of the fundi’s empire. His arrogance had caused me immense pain. The pain had stayed with me to some degree for twelve years. I saw before me the multitude of people, who would be falling victim to his empire's game of terrorism that has since been unleashed in order to divide and rule humanity. Even now, whenever I read about the terrible things that go on, the pain returns because I have not been able to stop them. This pain may never go away."

I felt very close to the woman as we left the hall. It was a kinship based on the unity of struggles and agony, though I didn't even know her name.

I told Fred afterwards that his speech fell far short of what it should have accomplished. I told him that everything considered, it had been nothing more than a gripe session. "It had been a string of complaints, even valid complaints, but you didn't offer any help to people that could transform their thinking to lift them to a higher plateau where they find themselves empowered to do something towards actually changing the world. You presented nothing in terms of a higher fundamental principle. You brought out your whipping boy and you flogged him in public."

Fred was shocked, but agreed that it was so. He said that he merely wanted to bring into the open that the conference agenda was set up to be counterproductive. He wanted people to question the agenda, ruminate over it, turn it down in their own mind, and so prepare the stage for the next step, whatever that might be. Fred said that his goal was to prevent any serious discussion from breaking out in support of property rights. "Once one gets trapped into focusing on emotional issues that are not supported by any fundamental principle, one becomes trapped into a loop that one can't get out of."

In this regard he was right, I had to agree. "This loop needs to be broken," I said to him.

"Now you are talking!" said Fred. "But is it just idle talk?"

"Get me onto the podium; give me ten minutes; and I'll prove to you that it isn't," I replied boisterously.

"This can be arranged," said a man next to Fred. "I'll give you half of my time, the first slot after lunch. I want to witness this historic event," he added and began to laugh."
He gave me the first portion of his time. He introduced me and explained the reason. "Ten minutes!" he added.

I nodded. "I have a surprise for you," I said to the audience quietly. "Let me tell you the name of the biggest terrorist in the world. The name is money. It terrifies you if you are deprived of it, because then you'll likely die. It also terrifies you if you have a lot of it, because then you have to devote your energies to keeping it, and to making it grow. And so, being terrorized from both ends, society goes to hell and civilization collapses. And that's no joke. We used to have an automobile industry in America. Its motto had been, 'autos for America.' Its success was once measured by how many people had their life enriched by the products and the creative processes of that industry that gave society an amazing expanded mobility and transportation capability, and a wide range of stable employment opportunities. But this measurement didn't last, did it? Adam Smith told society that an industry exists to make money. And so the automobile industry became converted into a money mill. The focus was no longer on meeting a universal need, but on meeting an increasingly narrow objective that became more and more isolated from the real needs of society. Success was suddenly measured by stock-value indexes. These indexes no longer measured a company's power to serve society, but instead measured a company's power in looting society, in the process of meeting its needs. The higher a company rated on the indexes, the more it became valued by society, even though the higher indexes merely measured its efficiency in clawing value out of the pockets of society. Money became the means by which the thieves became honored. It became a new form of terrorism. A person had in effect to sign its life away to afford anything. Even the education of children became a profit mill that indentured them for a large chunk of their life. Everything was measured by profit, rather than by value created for society. And this inverse process, misnamed economics, was celebrated. Every newspaper had a business section the celebrated the intensity of the stealing from society that was reflected in the indexes. The business pages thereby became the terrorist section of the newspaper. It reported on the efficiency of the thieves in grinding society into the dust. Are we surprised then that a pharmaceutical company creates a novel virus and a patented antidote for it, and then starts a pandemic to create the worldwide need for the antidote, by which it profits countless billions in an extortion racket called competitive pricing? The human suffering isn't a factor in these schemes. In fact, this factor is hailed. It is hailed in the song about overpopulation. One of the princes of empire wrote, back in the 1950s, that wars are disappointing, even the big wars, in that they don't kill enough people to halt population growth, or induce mass depopulation which the empire deemed ideal for maintaining its control over the world. The man who had said this, had suggested that biological wars would be more effective. Wouldn't he welcome the upcoming, worldwide, vaccination war? And so, my friends, the outcome that you are about to suffer will largely be determined by which 'client' is being served by today's pharmaceutical industry. If the client is empire, the outcome will likely be mass depopulation. The industry and the political system in the world is now able to achieve this.

"In contrast with what is now happening in the modern world, the 1918 pandemic was not intentionally caused," I added. "It was created by the biological havoc resulting from multiple mass vaccinations. Upwards to 25 vaccination shots were given to the
Can you imagine what this does to a person, being injected with attenuated live diseases so many times? And this was just the beginning, because the war didn't last long enough to use up all the supplies that had been produced. Thus the case was made to sell the remaining vaccine to the population, to protect it against the returning soldiers, which were of course sick with many injected diseases. The 1918 pandemic eventually erupted out of this background. The pandemic was created by a disease that was brought on by these many poison vaccines that had been injected into people, directly into the blood stream, in a vaccination spree that had never been experienced before. The new disease that had thereby been created seemed to have the symptoms of all the diseases they had injected into the people with the vaccines. Indeed, the new disease became a combination of several viruses, combining the swine flu, bird flu, and several human flu viruses. The new recombinant virus seemed to thrive in the poisoned background of the 'immunized' society, and became explosive later on during the Vitamin-D-lean season of the fall and winter, when the human immune system is naturally impaired by the vitamin D deficiency caused by reduced sunlight. The bottom line is; the 1918 flu pandemic was a tragedy created for profit. After all, the pharmaceutical companies were in business for profit, and still are. Since those days the vaccine production has become a death-producing racket with enormous profit potential. This means that the real terrorist is greed for money. In 1918 and 1919 upwards to a hundred million people paid for those profits with their life.

"In today's world the death-for-profit game is put into high gear. What resulted from the vaccination spree leading up to the 1918 pandemic, is now achieved with the adjuvant, squalene, that's injected directly into the blood stream. Since squalene has been proved to be extremely dangerous, as it has evidently disabled 70% of the Gulf War veterans who had been injected with it, which is now being used again on a global scale, suggests to me that the prince's wished-for biological war against the whole of mankind, has indeed begun. The thereby ensuing biological war against mankind, which is easily escalated into a global war in the face of a pandemic, evidently serves many different 'clients' at once, within the ranks of empire and those attached to it. For the pharmaceutical companies the motive is profit. The addition of the dangerous squalene, for example, reduces the production cost, for which its use is justified. Hundreds of thousands of the Gulf War veterans had their life ruined by this cost-saving measure. Normally, the squalene would be banned, but it isn't in the case of the flu vaccine. It is instead globally applied. Obviously the motive is not always money. For the masters of empire that have stolen all the money, the primary motive is power, the power to control the world, which is easier to do in a largely disabled world.

"Apart from this consideration a growing field of concerned medical researchers is raising an awareness in society that the entire concept of vaccination is an inherently dangerous one," I said. "It is now proven that we are all being harmed by vaccinations. And so the now imminent plan, to turn the schools across the world into mass-vaccination centers to inject children with experimental flu vaccine in a three-shot vaccination protocol, is at best insane, knowing what we now know about the process itself. In 1918 we did not know that we were causing vast damages with the vaccines -- now we know. For example, if you burn your hand with a flame you will instantly feel an immense pain and see the damage, but what if you would not experience the pain and be
able to see the burn, then you would not learn that placing your hand into a fire is harmful. And this is precisely what we basically all experience when vaccines are injected into the blood. They are causing 'burns' and we don't feel the pain, because the brain has no pain receptors. However, one can see with one's own eyes the resulting footprints of these 'burns,' sometimes immediately, and sometimes delayed, following each vaccination. One of the symptoms of the brain 'screaming in pain' is visible in impaired motor functions evident by the loss of symmetry in the alignment of the eyes. These gross symptoms often dissipate after a while, but not always. The effects are not predictable. Nevertheless, all vaccinations cause a common sequence of injuries which includes impaired blood flow, impaired oxygenation, impaired blood carrying capacity, and so on. Repeat vaccinations, of course, aggravate the problems. Once blood vessels and organs are damaged to a critical point, the pathological process can take on a self-perpetuating life of its own.

"No, I am not dreaming this up," I said. "This comes from the mouth of a Medical & Neurobehavioral Therapies Director with the requisite professional degrees. He compares the flooding of an artery with syringe full of foreign substances to dumping a million rubber ducks at the mouth of the Mississippi river, of which few will ever get to sea. They become lodged in some places, creating a mess all along the river. The mess gets worse truckload after truckload. Of course, the comparison is a poor one, because in the blood flow, the 'river' is flowing upstream into ever smaller spaces, into capillary arteries. When these become congested so that insufficient oxygen and nutrients are reaching the cells lining the walls of capillaries, the capillaries will self-cauterize. They clamp shut, activating an emergency healing mechanism to prevent internal bleeding. The results accumulate with each vaccination causing a net loss of tissue by acute or slow strangulation. The diseases that emerge from this are far to numerous to be listed here, ranging from simple chronic fatigue, to paralysis, autism, palsy, and death, with a whole lot in between. And there is one factor that is rarely included in the range of symptoms, but which should be included, and this is the impact of the impairment of the brain tissues that results in impaired cognitive powers. We all have 60,000 miles of microscopic blood vessels in the form of large networks in our brain and body. When the oxygen delivery is impaired, the damage is evidently not restricted only to areas that affect the motor functions, and so on, but also extend to the cognitive regions where the damage is not easily recognized. The brain tissue can survive only four minutes in an absolute oxygen deprivation state. When the repetitive flooding with vaccines causes increased obstructions, the damages escalate, and the death of tissues that may not be immediate, may result after long periods, so that the resulting cognitive impairments may not even be recognized, and may be larger than we might imagine. Is it wise therefore to rush into these mass vaccination regimes? Indeed, can they be avoided? Considering that 43 million vaccinations are administered globally on any given day, a vast industry of pharmaceutical suppliers is intensely interested in increasing the need for these products, giving a hoot about the real human need, and the generating of diseases that the process creates in society. We have allowed a monster to develop that is gradually eating us, and which for a price can also be induced to serve the masters of empire who have often stated their desire to want to see mankind killed or otherwise impaired or disabled.
"So it's ultimately all about money as an instrument; first for looting society; second for gaining the power to maximize the efficiency of the looting process; and third, to protect empire itself as a structure that exists entirely by the proceeds of looting," I continued. "This three-fold focus on looting started a wildly escalating trend. Money became the terrorist evermore openly. We saw the same in the food industry too. We saw a vicious environmental hoax launched to create an excuse for burning food in automobiles, which made food more scarce and therefore more profitable for the commodity traders. The fact that fifty million people were starving to death each year in the shadow of this game, didn't seem to bother anyone. After all, business is business! What has this got to do with people? Then came the carbon tax hoax, a facet of the environmental hoax. It put a steep tax on every head of cattle and sheep, based on the lie that their stomach gases add to global warming, regardless of the fact that global warming didn't exist. But it did create scarcities in the food market and huge profits for the commodity pirates. It didn't seem to matter to anyone that beef was priced off the dinner table for countless millions who found it increasingly expensive to eat. By its indifference to these destructive processes, even by hailing them, society has become a terrorist itself, and against itself, in the service of empire. If society wants to break the cycle of madness, it has to start at this point, at its home ground, and supplant the indifference with the renaissance song that has been long forgotten, the song that banishes empire, the song where the focus is on society enriching one-another's existence in the most efficient, inexpensive, and the most powerful and productive manner possible. This is how we begin to live as human beings, rather than as subjects to empire. We cannot win serving both empire and humanity, two opposites. But we can win against empire by serving humanity? Empire is not self-sustaining. We sustain it. This can be stopped. Empire succeeds for a period by falsely parading in the vestments of law, but the natural law and the principles of the universe are on our side. We have it within us to create a new renaissance. Let's not deny ourselves. Let's deny empire instead. Let's refuse its poison and live.

"Of course, that's easier said than done, isn't it?" I said. "Let's just look at us in a mirror. The mirror puts us into a world in which we, in the USA, have had no problem with throwing hundreds of billions into the bailout trough to keep the private big banks from going under, which took the money and paid its managers tens of billions in bonuses, while in this squandering we couldn't spare a dime for the most needy of our own people. Altogether the American government gave away $24 trillion in less than one single year, in bailout payments and promises to the banks, while it, together with the entire world, couldn't even spare a measly $2 billion to help a billion people living in chronic starvation, of which 50 million typically starve to death each year. What kind of people have we become? We squandered trillions at the trough to feed the rich, while less than a crumb was devoted to helping the most desperately poor in the world that now encompass one sixth of the whole of humanity. We have become an inwardly starved people, maybe mortally so, a people without humanity. This is the image that I see staring back at us in the mirror. We have become closed-fisted terrorists. We need to heal ourselves. Let's begin the process of healing today. We have the capacity to do this; to be the salt of the earth; to be the tender rain in a parched land. Let's this arena for our healing become our training ground. Maybe when we succeed here, we might become qualified to tackle the larger issues, in which we ourselves likewise, are the target for destruction
and death. To fail in this arena is not an option, as to fail would be synonymous with self-denial and ultimately self-murder. This means we must see ourselves as embarked on a mission, a critical mission of self-healing to become human again. In proportion as we do this, the old empire-hold on us gives way to a dawning sense of our 'divine' humanity, thereby every stain of empire becomes purged from the fabric of civilization, as if it had never been a legitimate part of it. Without empire the vaccination issue becomes a none-issue, because then the Principle of the General Welfare will rule the day, reflected in honest science. Then truth will be the arbiter of life and the constructor of efficient forms of powerful living."

After having said this, I thanked the man and left the stage. He left the stage with me. Apparently he had nothing to add. So it was that Fred and I were by far the most talked about persons at the conference; that is, until Tony took that honor from us. Except before this could happen, something else had to happen first, and remarkably, Antonovna, who wasn't even present at the conference, started this new happening.

I knew that Antonovna hadn't come. A gentleman from the Russian delegation, who still recognized me after all those years, gave me a letter from her. He gave it to me right after the conference had opened.

"Dear Peter," Anton wrote, "I think it is unwise for me to come to the conference at the present time. Please forgive me; you were probably looking forward to meeting me there. The subject I'm working on isn't fully developed yet. It is still too new for me to expound it in a lecture. It could be misinterpreted, and then become counter productive.

"Also, there is another problem, Pete. I have this question in my mind, of whether an institution like the U.N. can ever be a fit sponsor for a conference on peace and development. Until now, the U.N. has sponsored only death and destruction. The U.N. probably murdered many times more people than Adolf Hitler had murdered. It has done it in Bosnia, Iraq, and in many places in Africa and Central America. It has done it economically, as in the case of Russia, through the IMF, setting the stage for large-scale genocide. The U.N. policies have almost always protected the murderers, not the people who were desperate to find a way out. Also, can you remember the Cairo Conference on Population? It was a blatant attempt to impose population reduction on the world under the pain of severe sanctions should a nation not reduce its population to meet the set targets. Fortunately for humanity, the U.S. President had the wisdom and the courage to shut the whole madness down that came out of this U.N. conference. He said that the U.N. target should be seen as nothing more than a voluntary guideline that every nation should be free to take or leave, and that no sanctions should be imposed against human populations.

"Peter, I must also consider the many other environmental movements the U.N. has sponsored, which have taken away, one by one, essential items from the support
structures of humanity. The first to go were the PCBs, then DDT, then the CFCs. They have taken away the best in crop protection for purely political reasons, and the most efficient refrigerants for purely political reasons. Except when you allow them to do this, you take away food from people's plate. This is the stuff that the U.N. supports, Pete. How many people the U.N. has killed, then? The number may be in the hundreds of millions. Be careful, Pete, the U.N. isn't an organization that wants peace and human development. You should sign out and leave Caracas.

"I feel the answer to the problem of war is contained within the problem itself," she continued. "You can't fight it by picking away at a few of the symptoms. One has to go deeper. We should have the courage to face the reality of war, as it exists now, and let its naked image stare in our faces that it may reveal the answers we are looking for. But I don't think this will happen in Caracas. Most U.N. organized conferences are designed in such a manner that the assembly will be induced to approve a predetermined conclusion. The agendas are specifically designed to achieve that. So why should I come? I will not take part in a process that is designed to rubber-stamp someone's objective for humanity. I respect myself too much to allow myself to become an instrument in a destructive process that these veiled manipulations are designed to support. I am sorry for having to disappoint you. You may have been hoping that we would meet again after all those years. I would love nothing better, but this can't be. Not on this platform.

"Also, Peter, I like to thank you for your help in mobilizing the world to come to our aid when we badly needed it after the Soviet Union had collapsed. Your diplomatic efforts had resulted in food being donated to Russia at our most desperate hour, and to North Korea also, for similar reasons. I saw your name mentioned on some of the manifests. We needed 12 million tons, as you know, but the people of the world gave us 14. Much of it came from China that can't afford giving such aid. I am deeply involved now; to assure that these needs will never arise again. The reality is that we have the capacity to help feed the world instead of being dependent on it. The U.N. and its financial policy arm, the International Monetary Fund, have created the dependence on aid that we now suffer. This is what I am concerned about these days.

"I'm truly sorry, Pete, for not being there with you, (signed) Antonovna Valentina Lisitov."

I showed the letter to Sylvia on the very day it arrived, in the evening, when we were watching the sunset from the top of the golden faced office tower next to the civic center.

She took the letter, read it, "Can I borrow this for a day?" she asked.

What resulted from this on the next day was the first courageous act of involvement by someone who was beginning to recognize her potential to become a giant. She took the letter to the podium the next morning, before the first speaker for the day was called. She read the letter as it was.
"I admire the woman who wrote this," she said at the end. "I admire her for her adherence to principle. The letter doesn't reveal anything that I didn't already know, but I came to this conference anyway, even knowing that the agenda is probably rigged to assure that predetermined conclusions will be reached. This woman, however, couldn't allow herself to play this kind of game, neither can I any longer. Still, I am here, and I will remain here. I am not going to go back home and hide in a closet. Instead, I am going to make certain that during this conference the face of the U.N. will be an honorable one. In other words, there will be no predetermined agenda. We are here to explore, to discover, and to build on the discoveries of the day before. This means, we will have to make a new agenda each day, for that day. There is no point in us being here, is there, if the outcome is already established for us?" Then Sylvia took the published agenda that had been handed out to each participant on the first day. She took it in both hands and held it high, then ripped it up. "Now we stand side by side, laterally," she said. She had pulled the sheet off for the current day, the rest she handed in pieces to the moderator of the panel. "I suggest you do the same," she said to him.

With this done, she returned to the podium and brought out a statistical account that detailed the donated food which Anton had referred to. She said she had obtained the list through the U.N.'s own information service. China topped the list by a long way. Other donations were modest. "But the greatest and longest running empire on the planet, on which the sun never sets," Sylvia emphasized, "donated nothing. And the U.N.," Sylvia added, "where do we find the U.N. in this huge humanitarian crisis? The U.N. is tied for last place with the U.S.A. Both have donated so little that it is shameful to mention the amount."

She calmly folded her papers up, then left amidst a standing ovation.

She handed the letter back to me. "You've got remarkable friends, Pete," she said.

"Eh," I said, "and much more than that. I've got, you!" I stood up and hugged her.

Since Sylvia had torn up the conference agenda, I decided to add to this trend. Quickly, before the applause subsided I made my way to the stage and up onto the speaker's platform.

"The time has come to tear up also another agenda," I addressed the assembly. "The time has come to tear up the royal agenda for depopulating the world."

I expected protests, but there were none. There was a great silence instead.

"It is being said by the royals of this world that the Earth is over-populated," I said, "and that the human herd must be culled as cattle are culled to manage the size of the herd. Is there any truth to it?"

I paused. "Well, the answer depends on from which standpoint one looks at the world. If one looks at the world from the standpoint of its development potential, and
what is required to realize that potential, the world is vastly under-populated. Just look at Africa, for instance. This is a huge continent. It is an area so large that you can fit into its physical dimension all of China, the U.S.A, and a half dozen other countries together, with room to spare. Compared to that, Africa's population amounts to, but a small fraction of what could be put into its space, and what is needed to properly develop the continent. The reason why there is starvation in Africa is not because too many people are living there, but because the royals of this world have disallowed its development for centuries. Whenever progressive and development minded leaders emerged in Africa, death by assassination followed. Fortunately, this doesn't change the potential of this land. The continent has the best climate in the world, and the world's richest water resources. In fact, the food producing potential of Africa is so great that this continent could feed the entire world all by itself."

I told them that I had seen that potential with my own eyes on my five weeks long Africa-tour of exploration.

"Then, there is China," I said. "China has 25% of the world's people, but it has only 18% of the world's arable land. Still it supports itself and supplies food aid to other countries. In spite of all that, China's real potential is vastly greater than that. With its presently planned water diversion projects, China has the potential to transform the vast dry regions in the north of the country into a modern Garden of Eden. This covers an area greater than the size of Germany, without even including the Gobi Desert. Nor is this the only development potential that exists in the world. There are enough resources available elsewhere in the world to triple the world's food supply, and to go far beyond that.

"Ultimately, we are not even dependent on the present methods of primitive outdoor agriculture. Much more can be achieved in indoor facilities that can be stacked up fifty stories high. The resources exist to do this. In other words, the world's food production potential is virtually infinite. Equally infinite are the world's material and energy resources that are required to develop our world to such an advanced level. Modern technologies in nuclear fission can give us access to an energy resource with supplies that won't be exhausted during the expected life span of our planet, estimated to be a few billion years in duration. Nor does this include those vastly greater energy resources that we will have if we begin to harvest the energy of nuclear fusion. As for materials for building infrastructures and industries, these exist in a near infinite quantity, too. The entire planet is made up to a large degree of metals that are locked up in the silicates of rocks. The technology for breaking the molecular bond, to reclaim the metals, is only a developmental step away.

"And what about the world's living spaces? Is the world really getting too full in terms of its space for living? The answer is a resounding, no! A recent study shows that the entire population of the planet could be comfortably housed in the lower half of the state of Texas. Therefore, one must ask the question again, why are the royals of the world harping this tune, that the world is over-populated, and that humanity must be murdered back to a smaller size?"
"The answer is actually quite simple," I said. I took a zip of water. There was a pitcher and glasses provided on the podium. "The answer is that there is no room for a feudal empire in a rapidly developing world. Feudalism and development cannot coexist. For this reason, the royals of this world are committed to fight the process of human development with all means at their disposal. This is what had made the world appear too small. Right now, China is their worst enemy, and this not only because of this nation's development potential, but also because this nation has made a commitment to itself, to realize its potential. This is a commitment that can inspire all the nations of the world to do the same. Right now China is the most laterally oriented nation on the planet, though it has still a long way to go on this path. China is the leading edge, in spite of all of its problems that it struggling with, because there is even less of a lateral perception nearly everywhere else. China's potential for growth is truly huge on the lateral path, almost infinite. It is the empire that makes the world seem small, because its vertical system that is rooted in the sewer, is very confined and confining. Empire has privatized the world into its own courts and has left little for society to live on. This is what makes the world appear small. The world has become small by the actions of empire. In the shadow of this artificial smallness the masters of empire demand that 80% of mankind commits suicide, or allows itself to be killed, so that the remainder can fit itself into the mutilated world where it may avail itself of the few sparse resources that are left available. The vertical platform is therefore a killing field by intention. I would say that it makes total sense therefore, to scrap the vertical platform of monetarism and its built-in privatization of everything, which empire calls 'property values,' and to give society on this planet space to live again. The world is only too small to be shared with empire. So, let's scrap empire, rather than 80% of mankind as the killers of empire demand. Under this demand, China is presently set up for annihilation by some form of nuclear war, and Russia is set up to be drawn into a conflict with the U.S.A in order that both may unleash the fire in which China, Russia, and the U.S.A can be eradicated together. I like the option much better to simply scrap empire, and give the planet back to mankind to live in a world of great plenty.

"In very real terms, mankind is in a life and death showdown that it cannot win unless it tears up the 'royal' agenda and takes control over its existence and puts itself onto the lateral platform that is its native place to be," I continued. "We have no choice but to do this. This means that we must create a human agenda, an agenda that is based on a commitment to each other, to enrich each other's life, to aid one-another's development, and to respect one-another's autonomy. Unless this agenda is implemented, there won't be any human life left on this planet in the long run, except of a type that exists in absolute poverty and in an environment of perpetual fear. This is what the royal agenda has in store for humanity. Indeed, this is what we see already being played out in Africa, to some degree, which has been the royals' playground for a long, long time. They are raping this continent. Their vast mining cartels simply take what they want, and if governments stand in their way, they bring in their mercenary armies and eradicate those governments; and if populations stand in the way of their commercial plans, they create a pretext to eradicate those populations in the same manner. Millions of people have been murdered in these processes, and many more millions will still be slaughtered if the process isn't halted.
"Of course, our ripping up of the royals' agenda must also go hand in hand with a clear definition of the royals' crime, which must be defined as contempt of humanity, called fascism. In their contemptuous way, the royals of this world are ironically right about the world being over-populated. In a world that is being slowly destroyed, in which no economic and technological development is allowed, and the existing infrastructures are being torn down so that fewer and fewer resources remain to support the present world population. In this regression the threshold will inevitably be reached when too many people exist for the resources that are being produced. So, the royals are not lying in this regard. Indeed, their 'royal' agenda has no room for the world's people. It never had. This condition has not changed since the days when millions of people were starved to death by royal hands in Ireland, or since the days of the Poor Laws when people were slaved to death in work houses, just as they had been murdered again in modern times in the maliquadoras in Mexico or in the sweatshops all over the third world. Contempt for humanity must be declared a crime if humanity is to survive this war against its existence, because the criminality is the same that starves a child to death in the royal play grounds of the world, than that which sets the world on fire with nuclear war.

"This means we must rip up that 'royal' agenda, because of the contempt of humanity that has created it, its fascism, and replace that agenda with a human agenda that becomes a commitment to one-another to enrich one-another's existence, to aid the development of one-another's potential, and to honor one-another with an outflow of love. Nothing less will do. We must also make this commitment individually, to one-another, because we are all children of a common humanity. We must make a commitment to uphold our humanity, and start with it today, beginning in our private life, and this to the largest extent possible. We can do this. History tells us that far greater goals have been achieved than this. This is the lateral platform."

With my speech concluded. I didn't care about any applause, or the standing ovation that followed. I just left. I was totally satisfied that this speech, all by itself, had enriched the self-respect of everyone present, and had instilled a sense of compassion towards those who are suffering unspeakable tragedies because of mankind's lack of commitment to itself.

Oh, how much greater a speech this has been than my fumbled up speech that I had given in Moscow, years ago. I also knew that I couldn't have made this speech without the riches that had been brought into my life by people such as Tony, Steve, Sylvia, Ushi, Heather, and Antonovna. I was satisfied, as I walked back to my seat, in knowing that in this short space of time a whole new atmosphere had been created at the conference that would determine its outcome and provide for it a new direction. But this, too, proved to be once again just another beginning, a mere opening in another arena.
With our hotel having been largely demolished, we had to move again. But what a move it became! The conference committee found us a string of four rooms that had been hastily cobbled together in a hotel that was in the final stages of being renovated. The work should have been finished for the start of the conference, but delays occurred that had forced the relocation of many of the prospective guests. With the place still under construction, it was barely half filled. The best thing, though, was its location at the top of the mountain ridge of the eastern slopes of the valley in which the city was located. No traffic noise could be heard, only the flow of the wind.

After we moved in, Ross invited me for a lengthy hike along the high ridge. He had located a trail that led from the hotel across a meadow to a steep rise, and from there to the edge of a cliff. From our vantage-point of a series of ledges, with the city at our feet in the valley, we observed the incoming airplanes below us, making their way to the city airport.

"I didn't ask you to come here for the view," said Ross at one point. "We have urgent matters to discuss concerning Antonovna."

"Concerning Antonovna?" I repeated. "What connection do you have with Antonovna?"

"Nothing to worry about," said Ross and grinned. "I have it from reliable sources connected with Nicolai, that she is reconsidering to join Russia's delegation. The spot has not been filled that she had originally declined. It's not for sure, but it looks that way. I just thought you want to know. I am also offering you my help so that things won't get messed up again between the two of you, as they were in Moscow. It appears she is giving you one more chance."

I looked at Ross in disbelief. How did he know? How could he possibly know what happened in Moscow? Of course, everybody knew that I had screwed up there, but nobody knew the details. I didn't even know myself what had happened, before it was over. To avoid answering Ross, I shifted his attention onto a sleek private jet that had begun descending into the valley from the seaside.

"You just proved to me that you need help," said Ross quietly. "Obviously you have no idea how badly you did screw up in Moscow, twelve years ago. Do you remember that evening when the two of you had dinner together at the top of the tower? That whole night became a shameful scene of rape!"

I shuddered to hear those words. "How can you say such a thing?" I said to Ross. "You weren't even there. Nor did the problem start there. That dinner meeting with Anton went extremely well, I thought. I messed things up afterwards."

"No, it didn't go well," said Ross. "You had intended a vertical affair. If there had been a lateral connection, Antonovna would have kissed you, and you would not have been in trouble afterwards. You had railed against the vertical Byzantine System, but you became its champion in deed. This happens so often, and is done so easily."
I protested. "Our meeting went as well as possible under the circumstances," I said.

"That's what you think, but that isn't what Antonovna told Heather," said Ross and began to grin again. "She met Antonovna in Moscow during her speaking tour with Nicolai. Antonovna described that dinner with you as a two-hour long rape. That description also agrees perfectly with what you have just told me right here. For you, I suppose, the dinner meeting probably went extremely well. No doubt you gorged yourself on the riches of her presence. Am I right? You came like a beggar with an empty heart and feasted on her humanity. She was sensitive enough to notice this right at the start. She called you a hero shortly after you arrived at the restaurant, because of what had happened in Venice, but you belittled all the work that we have done there, in order to impress her with a false modesty. She sensed dishonesty in that. Nevertheless, she was generous enough to give you the benefit of the doubt. Unfortunately, things got worse after that. You call this 'circumstances?' In the lateral world there are no circumstances. In the lateral world you don't merely mean to do the right thing, you go ahead and do it, because you know what to do. The lateral world is not complicated and convoluted. Reality is clear-cut. Principle is clear-cut. Only in the vertical world, where nothing is real, where games are played and lies rule, 'situations' arise and things become complicated and convoluted. That's the world you had trapped yourself in when you met Antonovna for dinner. You had invited her to join you in this trap."

"Is that what she told Heather?" I asked Ross.

Ross laughed and shook his head. "I think Heather, a kind of coaxed this out of her. I don't think either of them knew they were discussing you. Heather realized it eventually when Antonovna told her about your theory. Apparently Antonovna had tried to alert you that you were screwing up. Remember she had asked gently at one point, if you were trying to entice her, and you responded with a lye."

"I can remember telling her that there was no need to entice her, since she was already in my heart. That was no lye," I said to Ross.

Ross put a finger over my lips. "Hush, before you incriminate yourself further. What you said was a lye. It was a lye because you could not feel the truth of it. You spoke as a beggar, from a position of emptiness; or else you would not have brought this subject up. You brought the subject up to justify your rape. You were gobbling her up. Storing her away in your mind for all those darker days to come. Then, when she asked you; 'What are you doing?' you replied with a lye. 'Oh, nothing!' you said. This was dishonest."

"I had been honest, Ross!" I protested. "I even told her about my theory that this statement was based on. I told her about the Christ idea of the divinity of man, which can exist only as a complete idea. I told her that this means, that all human beings have the male and female elements within them, and that consequently, sexual division is not the reality of our being. That was honestly spoken. I understood this then, as I understand it today."
"I am sure you said those words perfectly correctly," Ross replied, "but they were empty words; words about a theory. I don't think you really knew what you were talking about. The words were correct, but they were not in the correct context. You had limited their meaning to the smallest context. You talked about sex, little things like that, without the slightest focus on all the big things that should be reflected in the little things; big things, like generosity, like love becoming manifest as generosity. A renaissance world is a world of generosity. The world of love is a world of generosity. Sure there was generosity reflected during your meeting with Antonovna, but that was limited only to yourself. You were taking, and taking, and giving nothing back. Where's the generosity in that. And then you talked about sex. It was an orgy of rape, as I said. Nor did it end there. When the dinner was over, you had the audacity to ask her if you could do it again. That must have come like a shock to her. It probably was only because of her extremely generous nature that she was still speaking to you afterwards. And even then, you kept on taking and taking, and feasting on her. You should have provided a banquet for her, a banquet piled high with generosity. But you didn't. Staging a banquet wasn't even on your mind. You came there to feast on her. That's how you messed up my friend."

"I had no idea, Ross," I said quietly.

Ross put his hand on my shoulder. "None of us had any idea about what was happening in those days, and why. Heather told me that you were treating her in the same manner after you came back from Moscow. She couldn't figure out why this was happening. None of us could. Now we can laugh about it. It was plain stupidity. You looked at a huge idea in a small way. You couldn't see that the divine quality of generosity is as much an inherent element of the reality of our being, as is the male element, the female element, and a lot of other things, and that the smaller elements must represent the bigger elements. If this isn't happening, there is something spiritually lacking, Peter, and consequently we are committing rape, even against ourselves."

"It's all too easily done, isn't it?" I said. "This sort of thing happens when one isn't fully aware of what is really involved."

"It happens all over the world," said Ross. "Unfortunately, we can't avoid the tragedy of the consequences of this happening. Hundreds of millions of people just lost their life a few months ago for the very same type of stupidity. The whole of humanity had founded its existence on a global financial system that operated on a platform of rape. Everybody was taking, and taking. The concept of generosity was effectively banned. It literally was banned under law. Society allowed some of its most vital industries to go under, because they couldn't pay the looters what the looters demanded, and the law supported the looters. So, society allowed its industries to collapse. They let industries die that had taken decades to built up, and nobody really protested. Everybody was focused onto the smallest elements, the debt service, instead of on Life and its riches. Eventually, the whole economy-thing, so-called, simply disintegrated, as we all know. This was inevitable, wasn't it? An economy simply cannot exist without it being constantly uplifted with a profound sense of generosity by everyone, even love, love manifested as generosity. Without generosity, there is emptiness, and emptiness is fascism, and fascism is rape, the rape in which everybody is looting everybody else. I don't think that
Antonovna understood the scientific link between all of these elements, but she was able to sense that this thing, that she had opened herself up to by having dinner with you, didn't work. She was looking for generosity reflected, which is her native air, and there was nothing forthcoming, only a generous dose of selfishness which frightened her. She was intelligent enough to walk away from it, from this emptiness, where nothing was working. Unfortunately, society is not that intelligent in respect to its financial system, it certainly had been that way. It kept hanging in there while nothing worked. Society forced itself ever deeper into this black hole of rape until the thing collapsed and everyone got badly hurt, or died as the result of it.

"Are you saying there is such a thing as a fascist economic system?" I said surprised.

"Of course there is, just ask Heather. She has become an expert in detecting fascism. Greed based economics is a fascist system. It is as much a form of rape as you had committed at your dinner party with Antonovna. Also, I don't think that there would be any political fascism in the world today, if there wasn't a fascist economic system pre-existing, and that wouldn't exist if there weren't a personal 'fascism' at the root of it, prior to that. The end result of that train of thinking is threatening civilization today, is rape built upon rape upon rape, on all levels. The end result is a total void of generosity. Nor are we any closer of curing the rape of the political fascism today, than we ever were. We are still in danger of a nuclear war, and remain so, until we address what lies underneath the rape that happens everywhere, that is built on emptiness, on a lack of generosity, or more correctly, a denial of the divine generosity that is a native element of our being. Without generosity, everything is doomed to disintegrate. Heather says that we can see the evidence everywhere, if we are willing to open our eyes. She says that fascist systems simply don't survive, nor will the people survive that serve them."

I reached my hand out to Ross. "Thanks for telling me what a fool I have been. I had no idea. In fact, considering my poverty in this regard, I don't see why you and Heather stuck with me for so long."

Ross just laughed. "Pete, I've been just as big a fool in this regard, as you have been, haven't you noticed? We are two birds of the same feather. We have been living a mile apart from each other, maybe a mile and a quarter. How long did it take us to build a road between our two houses? Ten years? There hasn't been a shred of generosity in me that I have acknowledged. Heather once told me a long time ago that generosity is the blood of life. I didn't hear any of it. It went in one ear and out the other as people say. It is only because of Heather's great and wonderful generosity that she didn't walk out off us both. She is the most generous person that I have ever met. Maybe that is what I had treasured in her all along, without really knowing it. But maybe she wasn't fully correct either. In the lateral world generosity has ultimately no meaning, because Love's generosity is the natural measure of being. Speaking of generosity as something special, is akin to merely trying, instead of being. Don't mean to be what Love is, just be what it is. Isn't that the essence of being?" He started to laugh again. "This has to do," he added. "I think we both fail all too often on this score."
"This goes for me, definitely," I said quietly. "Apparently, Antonovna is in many ways like Heather. Except, where does this leave us? You say, Anton is coming here? Would you have fared any better, had you been in my shoes in Moscow that day?"

"I wouldn't have lasted half as long, Pete. She would have walked out on me before the dinner was even served. I am professionally trained to be devoid of generosity. I was trained in the Navy. I am a soldier. Soldiers are not allowed to feel generosity. How else would they kill? It's their job to kill and die. I'm sure, you had the same kind of training too, as a diplomat. Your job is to read the rulebook and repeat the words exactly as printed. Your job is to squeeze whatever advantage you can squeeze out of your opponent. You would be useless to the system if you had a highly developed generosity. You would be on the unemployment line so fast, that it would make your head spin. In fact, our country wouldn't need a diplomatic service, if generosity were the rule in international relationships. I guess our girls didn't have this 'wonderful' training on their back, as we have."

"Knowing all that, Ross, how do we get ourselves out of this predicament?" I asked. "Knowing everything that you know now, what should I have done differently twelve years ago, when I met Anton for dinner that night at the tower restaurant?"

"Everything should have been different," said Ross. "For starters, you should have addressed her by the name that she treasured. Her name is Antonovna, not Anton. Second, you should have brought a candle along, with a candleholder and a lighter. You should have set it up and lit the candle, and explained that its light represents the light of generosity which illumines everything it touches. Then you should have extinguished the flame, and explained how dark the world is without it. Then you should have lit it once more and explained that it is your greatest desire to bring light into the world, where there is so much darkness today. You might have given some examples of your accomplishments, and your failures, even your frustration. You should also have explained to her that it is your desire, just as much, to bring that kind of light also into her world, to uplift it to some degree, whatever that might involve. You could have explored on this basis the dearest aspects of her Soul, her unfulfilled hopes, her fears, her anguish, and uplifted her spirits in all of these areas. I think, this is what it means that we enrich one-another. I also think this would have developed into a rich and bright evening for both of you. I can guarantee that if you had done this, you would have shared the entire night with her in an atmosphere of ever greater intimacies."

Ross paused. "Wasn't that exactly what happened during the first evening you spent with Ushi and Steve?" Ross continued. "For that entire evening you had burnt your candles at both ends at once; all of you had, exploring together what it means to enrich one-another's existence, and to uplift the whole world in the same process. You were pouring out your Soul, celebrating your brightest vision, the nature of Love, the substance of Life. It would have been totally impossible for Steve to send you back to your hotel that night. It would have been a total denial of all the riches you have laid on the table. It would have been a denial of yourself and of the brightness of the generosity that is in our Soul. Steve sensed this. He probably didn't see the connections as we see them now. Still, he sensed what needed to be done. He had two choices before him. One, to blow the
candles out, which he couldn't bring himself to do. The other choice was to keep the light shining at all cost. That light of generosity is precious once it unfolds."

"Yes, Ross, what unfolded in that light was precious," I added.

"That's how your night with Antonovna should have been," said Ross. "If it had been that way, there would have been no occasion for her to ask: Are you trying to entice me? It wouldn't have entered her mind. Nor would you have had an occasion to ask: Could we do this again? This wouldn't have entered your mind either. These 'little' things would have been far too unimportant to be even thought of."

"Yes, I think that's how it should have been, Ross," I replied.

"Do you think I am up to that now when Antonovna gets here?" I asked moments later, quietly.

"Hell no, Pete, not by a long shot. Neither of us is ready. That is why I have asked you here. We have a miracle to perform. From now on generosity is going to be oozing out of our every pore. It will be reflected in every look. It will be modulated into every phrase. It will be reflected in every deed. We will live it, dream it, eat it, and sleep with it. It will be our very air. We have decades of training to undo, and decades of neglect to make up for, and self-denial to overturn. And all that in a week!"

I shook my head. "That's not possible, Ross. Not in a week."

"All right then, let's make it ten days. Let's give ourselves ten days, Pete. This means that I have a proposition for you that might save us until we are ready."

"What proposition, Ross?" I said carelessly. I knew, I should not have had to ask. I could sense what was needed. "For starters, I think we should move heaven and Earth to uplift the entire conference in leaps and bounds," I said to Ross.

"Starting with what?" replied Ross in a tone of surprise. "What can uplift the whole conference to a level of a greater generosity?"

Now I began to laugh. "Ross, you told me yourself, that the small stuff always needs to be enveloped with the big stuff which it should represent. So, let's look at some small stuff that is trailing in poverty, where this isn't happening."

"You are talking in riddles, Pete," said Ross.

"How many people do you think are at this conference, who would have fared any better that I fared with Antonovna that night?" I asked. "Would you say fifty percent, Ross? Eighty-percent? Ninety-percent? How many rapists are out there in society, even among the delegates here? How many are sexually beggars, and are so dishonest with themselves that they can't even say the word, sex; who hide in their closet and close their eyes so that they don't have to say the word, sex. That's a kind of rape, too. A kind of forceful denial and self-denial. Is this being generous with one-another? Maybe we can
open this little scene up a bit, and wrap some generosity around it. It doesn't make much sense to talk about politics. Everybody has opinions on that. I think we need to start smaller, much smaller, something that is founded on truth. We need to set up a candle and light it, and so put a lot of light into a dark area that is presently the scene of the deepest division of humanity. Maybe if we do this, we'll start something rich, that Antonovna wants to be a part of. Do you think this is possible, Ross?"

Ross just laughed. "You tell me, Pete, if this is possible. Here is my proposition to you. You may hate me for this. I propose that when Antonovna arrives, that you will put yourself into the background and let someone else stand in the foreground with her."

Yes, Ross was right. That hit like a shock. "Whom do you have in mind?" I asked quietly. "Let's see what the options are: Yourself, Fred, Tony?"

Ross just shook his head as if I lost the first round already. "It's Heather!" he said firmly. "There are no other options."

I didn't answer. Obviously, he was right. If I had screwed things up with my poverty in generosity, Heather was the logical choice. She was the richest of us all, in that department. She and Sylvia. Except Sylvia had been trained in the business world, where generosity isn't highly rated anymore. "Are you asking me to step aside and give one of the precious gems of my life to Heather to protect her from me?" I said to Ross after a long silence.

Ross didn't answer right away. He seemed to be watching another airplane coming in. "Look at the situation Antonovna finds herself in right now," he said a while later. "She is mentally still living in the old Soviet world, where the individual continues to have no autonomy, no sovereignty, no status as a human being, and the sexual identity is kept behind a veil as if it didn't mean anything. The whole Soviet central planning mentality had reduced the individual person to a sexless, nameless, piece of flesh with no greater meaning than that of a registered serial number in state inventory. Much of that lingers on, unseen and unhealed. Sure, sex has been commercialized as in the West, but this doesn't solve the underlying problem, but tends to make it worse. Anton wants to be a person, Pete, and a woman. I think she still has that golden belt, you know, and the soft Chinese shoes that she had told you about in her letter; at least in her mind she likely still has them, and she always will until she can wear them again. Heather's generosity will allow her to wear them, and for as long as she needs them, and to take them off with joy, when that becomes appropriate. Would you do this for her and allow her to be herself?"

I shook my head. "What are you saying, Ross?" I asked quietly.

"I am saying that she will regard Heather as your candle," said Ross. "It will shine for you too. If you stay in its light, in the light of generosity, hoping for nothing, but to enrich her, she will invite you to be a part of her life. So, I propose that we invite Antonovna to stay with Heather in the beginning. This means that I will move out to give them both the 'space' they need. I'll move in with you for the duration. That may be for a
few days, maybe for a week. The rooms are big enough for that. If you can uplift yourself
to the level of generosity to make that happen, somewhere down the line your dream will
have a chance of coming true. That's guaranteed by the principle involved."

I answered Ross with a big bear hug. "But what about Heather?" I asked. "Did she
sign up on this?"

"Don't worry, Pete," said Ross, "she will sign up. Remember, Pete, she is the most
generous person in the Universe. I just don't know yet how to put this to her. I don't want
her to get the impression that she is being used, which is not the case. She may see it as
the most natural thing to do if it is properly presented. She will feel honored and be
enriched by it. My problem is that she might be suspicious, because I have never been
strong in the generosity department, at least not for a long time."

"To be honest Ross," I interrupted him, "I have no idea what she sees in either of
us that kept her with us for so long. It certainly isn't our non-existing good looks."

Ross just laughed. "Maybe she remembers us how we were in the beginning. We
had our moments then, when a bit of generosity shone through. She told me about your
trip to Key West."

"Yes, those were the golden days," I agreed.

"In those days, our true nature shone through," said Ross and continued laughing.
"How silly it was for us to let this gold slip away!"
Tony would soon have a hand in creating a still freer atmosphere. For too many years we had been bogged down on Ross' rock in boring and agonizing political ruminations that hardly ever moved anybody deep inside. I was satisfied that slowly, bit by bit, we were working ourselves out of this trap and into an arena that goes deeper than political ruminations. The spunk and determination with which Sylvia had fought for our common dignity, and had succeeded in ripping up the conference agenda, the agenda that demanded the renewal of economic rape across the world, before anyone had a chance to object, had kindled a fire in all of us. That fire was reflected as a new daring that was just beginning to unfold. Ross and I had been the first to be caught up in this fire. Tony was still unaware that he would be next. He would have protested, had someone predicted that in a few days he would change the atmosphere once again, with something as silly as a girl watching speech, which actually wasn't silly at all.

Tony's project came about quite accidentally. It unfolded one morning during breakfast, and was in part inspired by the now open agenda.

The sky was always overcast when we got up in the morning. By the time breakfast ended, the clouds had dissipated without fail. From then on it would remain sunny all day and through the first part of the evening. The city became aglow each evening with a golden light prior to the sunsets. The steep sides of the valley radiated the rich color of this mellow light, in a way that I had not seen in any other city. Tony remarked on one of those evenings that the sunsets, regardless of their splendor, weren't anywhere near as beautiful to look at than the girls were, of the city. This comment evolved shortly thereafter into an idea that set the stage for his girl watching speech.

The main idea of Tony's speech evolved at Alberto's pub. The conference was being convened in the brand new civic center near the city's most startling office tower that rose 68 stories from the valley floor, like a thin golden needle. And somewhere in between the civic center and the office tower was an equally brand new shopping plaza located that had an open pub on the second floor. We usually went there after the meetings to relax and unwind. For this unwinding, the chaps from the British delegation joined us for a beer. We discussed with them the day's events, the city, and the state of the world. Our English friends soon noticed that whenever someone outstanding of the beautiful sex came by, and that happened rather frequently, the conversation slowed and even stopped dead in its tracks, until the person had moved out of sight. Then the conversation resumed. Indeed, this had happened so frequently that we no longer took note of it, but our British friends did.
"By gully!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen boldly; who had a sweeping view of the passageway in front of the pub, "There are no bad-looking ladies in this country at all!"

"Oh, you pervert!" replied Tony with a grin. The man apologized to Sylvia for "this unfortunate remark." He was as sweet in the way he apologized, as anyone could be. Of course the whole charade was a joke. One could see it in his eyes. "I wish the whole world were like us," he added.

Sylvia smiled.

I too, agreed. "You are quite right, these girls are all beautiful, every one of them," I said to our English friend and to Tony. I spoke loud enough for everyone to hear. This was honestly said. One simply couldn't help notice the obvious fact from the moment that one set foot in this city. I wondered, however, why it took us moral morons three days to acknowledge to one-another what had been obvious from the start. The question that Tony asked in response, was, "why?"

Why were we scared to be honest to each other? Tony had a point there that was worth exploring, and so we explored it further. During the exploration it occurred to us that the question of honesty was a question more central to peace than everything that had been said at the conference up to this point, including all of our own speeches. That's how the idea of the girl-watching speech project became seriously launched.

We agreed that there was something special about this country of perpetual warmth that was reflected in the bright and colorful clothing that the people wore, especially the girls.

"It's the lateral platform again," I heard Sylvia say quietly to the Englishman. "The principle of the General Welfare unfolds on the lateral platform of appreciating the wonders of our humanity. Nothing is privatized by its flow, nothing is degraded in it, or slanders, rapes, or tares another down. It is a joyous response to what is in the heart. What comes from the heart is always joyous, and wide, and universal." Sylvia smiled. "You gentlemen are responding to the flow of the greatest show on earth, the dance of the flowers of our humanity," she added.

The men that we observed with the girls were less daring in their clothing and in showing their affections. They were less adventuresome, stuffier, just as we were. Maybe we were, like them, too scared to reflect the lighthearted mood of this country in our attitude towards others, especially towards the forbidden kind. But secretly the scene was totally different. Sitting in the open pub near the cinema's entrance was like being in a garden of dancing flowers indeed, in a ballet of a beautiful humanity. Also, everywhere in the background was this lovely rhythmic music of Latin America that one invariably begins to tap to, that stands in contrast to the starched conventions.
My thoughts went back in time, a long way back, when I had been ill with what was thought to be a rare type of cancer. At such a point, when one is close to death, one becomes most intensely alive. I should have resigned my position and taken a drawn out vacation to the end of my life, but I couldn't do this for financial reasons. I had never quit, not a single day during the entire five-year long struggle. Then the remission occurred. It was preceded by an epoch of desperate hours, a time when as simple a matter as going to the bathroom was a triumph, when it worked. In such a time one sees the world with a new perspective. One questions everything; one looks at everything more critically; feels for everything, even as one searches for the meaning of everything.

There were times in those days when a symphony concert became an immense event. One begins to realize in such a state what a great treasure human existence is. I stared at the ceiling in the symphony hall. As I did, I looked beyond its thin crust to realize what a marvel I was privileged to witness and to be a part of, something that might not be found again within a million light-years, if indeed a match could be found at all. The same concerts that I had listed to so casually before, had suddenly become an immense marvel, a marvel that people had put together with great ingenuity. The intricate sound-work of the symphony, the instrumentation, the harmonies, the orchestrations, and the subtle shifts in feelings they invoked, which altogether made up this marvel, were all marvels in themselves. The end result was a marvel beyond marvels that could never be explained on the basis of mere molecular theory.

Also besides the symphony, there was the building that human beings had built for themselves to house their music. And in this building too, there was the rich texture of our humanity present in the people's closing that went far beyond what was necessary just to keep warm. The clothing was meant to make the people attractive to one-another, to make them comfortable to be with one-another. In addition, there was that exquisite order in which we all came together and assembled, and then dispersed when the music was over. The human marvel was so infinitely tall in my eyes, in those days, that no other marvel in the universe could match it.

And possibly greater than all of that, was the marvel of being aware of it. A stone isn't aware of its existence, a tree perhaps, an animal to some degree, but a human being!!! God, I couldn't care less that I ached when I hobbled slowly back to my car after the concert, to the underground garage where the car was kept dry and warm. What was a pain compared to being alive, compared to being consciously at one with this marvelous human race whose measure had challenged my perception of the meaning of infinity itself?

I told the people at the pub about this period of my life of a long time ago.

Strangely, no one reacted. No one connected the story to girl watching.

One of our British friends scolded Tony. He also scolded one of his fellow Englishmen, the one who had first started to talk about the girls. "We really ought to feel guilty about girl watching," he said to them.
"But why? Tell me, why! I love these girls," replied Tony. "I love them all. I feel something warm and beautiful inside. Why should I not notice them, and noticing, fall in love with them? No law is broken by appreciating the loveliness there is. No law that I know of."

I supported Tony by telling him that he was absolutely right, provided that he was giving something back to them with his smiles. "You should make a speech about that at the conference," I added jokingly.

"Of course I will," Tony replied. "Nothing would please me more."

He turned to Fred. "Can you get me a spot on the podium?"

"Do you really want to do this?" Fred asked Tony. "That's a tough assignment, making a speech about girl watching without messing things up."

"Absolutely!" Tony replied. "And I won't be messing things up."

"I think you will," Fred commented.

Fred looked at me. "In this case it becomes your task to build a foundation for Tony."

He turned to Ross. "Your task will be to follow this up. Leave no loose ends. Raise the platform beyond girl watching. Do you feel up to this? Get somebody to help you if you don't."

Fred turned to Sylvia. "This might be important."

He turned to me again. "You are OK with that?"

"Why me, Fred?"

"Because you are the expert on the high level principles that must be put on the map and into the minds of the assembly before Tony steps onto the podium. This is needed before his address can be effective."

"Me an expert?" I replied.

Fred began to laugh. "Who besides you have established a family of seven in India, on the principles of universal love and universal marriage? Who else has got anywhere near such credentials? Besides, you owe me." He shook his head. "Eh, who paid for your wedding trip?" He began to laugh again.

"All right Fred, I'll lay the foundation you want," I said. "When I am finished, girl watching will be deemed the most respectful embrace of the opposite sex."

Sylvia looked at me with a curious look and then began to smile again.
"It is a respectful embrace already for me," I defended myself, and I meant it. Watching those girls in their pretty dresses, perhaps they were meeting for dates, going to the movies, or just shopping, or going out for dinner, was like going back to the days when I was looking deep into myself, into my own nature. Like Tony had done, I had acknowledged to myself that I could no longer close my eyes to the all-embracing sense of humanity that included in this case all these girls. The gentle embrace of them had long ago become a part of me. Now I was involved in merely another aspect of it, and I was rejoicing in it. I wondered, though, what would cause Sylvia to understand this.

A plan came to mind. I replied to our dissenting Englishman; "You talked about falling in love with these girls. Why shouldn't you? Why shouldn't everybody? Why should one deny the loveliness around one, and not respond to it with love? We should celebrate love at every chance we get. Love is divine, profound, the greatest thing in the world; it is generous, kind, enriching and ennobling."

"I can tell you what love is," said Sylvia. "It is something one cannot define with so many words. However, if one lets it dissolve, the human race dissolves with it. It dissolves into fragmentation, isolation, confrontation, and war. If we choke love to death, mankind dies. It's as simple as that. But if we acknowledge it..."

She stopped, as if to search for the right words.

"If you acknowledge it...." our English friend repeated.

"I don't think we do really know what happens when mankind acknowledges love, because it has never truly happened before," I replied.

He nodded and became quiet.

I felt that he understood what I meant.

Someone else also understood what I meant. This someone was Heather. When we came back to our hotel that evening, Heather said to me on our balcony, as we looked down onto the city to observe the last glow of the sunset, that she was going to have a bath, and that she wondered if I wouldn't mind washing her back.

I was awe struck. What movement had begun here, which in one single easy stroke could bridge those dozens or more dormant years that lay between the Sand Castle and this evening in Caracas? I remembered, while standing there on the balcony, that those words that she had used were the very words with which our intimate affair had begun on the very next night after we had first met so long ago, that eventful night in Elizabeth City. That night Tony had been watching the Super-Bowl finals, that he enjoyed, and didn't want to miss. For this reason, Heather and I had spent much of the evening together by ourselves, at the swimming pool. The lighting in the pool had created the same deep blue glow that was now unfolding over the mountains behind the city of Caracas, above the receding glow of the sunset.
I remembered that when we had come to her room later that night in Elizabeth City, while Tony was still occupied with his Super-Bowl game, Heather had asked the same question that she asked now. I remembered answering her that I would be delighted to wash her back. I remembered that I felt greatly honored by the invitation. Consequently, I used the same words again to reply to her, as far as I could remember them.

I recalled that after I had washed her back that day, taking great care not to transgress beyond the boundaries of her back, she had handed the soap back to me, asking, "Would you like to wash my birthday suit too, all of it?"

I had replied that this would be the greatest delight. Indeed, this delight had come true that night. It had opened a whole world of delights that had unfolded progressively over many days out of the deep recesses of life itself, that was stirred into being by our daring to live at the leading edge.

"And what about your birthday suit? Does it need washing too?" I asked while we were still standing on the balcony in Caracas, enjoying the mood of the evening.

"Of course!" she replied with a big grin on her face and nudged me, "a person needs to be cleansed all over from the webs of time." I even noticed a tear as she smiled.

I answered with a gentle hug and a kiss in honor of this tremendous promise for a renewal of our adventures into inner space for which we had once joined hands so long ago. But why had we waited all these years to continue? The circumstances hadn't changed. In fact, our entire 'family' was on the balcony together with us, just as we had often been at home. Ross stood on the balcony right next to Heather, when she made her request and I answered her. Sylvia, too, was close by. Both had heard my reply. Both had to acknowledge that nothing was hushed, or wrapped in secrecy. And why should this be hushed, if it is the most natural thing in the world to celebrate the re-emergence of love?

Still, it would have seemed impossibly daring just a few months ago to do anything like that, which appeared totally natural all of a sudden. Except, why should it have seemed unnatural, ever? Had we not spent countless hours on our private beach with each other so many years ago, in the early days, naked as we were born, all of us together. Why should it have appeared as something hopelessly daring and inappropriate for us to continue what had already been achieved previously, and to continue it openly?

It seemed that all these questions became obsolete that night in Caracas, when the bathtub had been filled and Heather called for me out of the bathroom loud and clear, when I replied by asking her if she was ready to be washed. There was no hiding any longer, nor fear. We dared to be honest once again. It seemed that everybody understood that night that the reason for her calling me was not meant to insult Ross, but to enrich a tiny part in my soul that had remained dormant for a dozen years, and that of everyone else, and so to enrich everyone present as well. Her call was clear and unmistakable, like a protest declaration, an outburst of contempt of all the years of hidden feelings, restrained love, and a civility without honesty.
I glanced at Ross. Ross just smiled gently.

Naturally, I answered Heather from the same basis. The answer was clear, unmistakable in what it meant, and accompanied by a smile.

This protest against the world's phony civility seemed to unfold as if out of nowhere. It unfolded explosively as if a soap bubble had burst, that had been pumped up over time in a denial of the reality at hand. Little did I realize until Ross had pointed this out just days earlier, that I had been responsible for those years of impasse, myself. I had been the chief of the phony civility. She had looked for something higher.

I realized that I hadn't known any of this that night so long ago when the last of the bath water drained away and the rest of the night lay before us. I felt like a rebel then. I thought I had won a battle over a contemptuous civility that could no longer be tolerated, because love isn't something that one can hide on a shelf and take down when it suits one, with glove on hand so as not to be burned by it. My take had been, that loving is a part of the living of life, life that is designed to be enriched by all that pertains to it, opening the gate ever wider, not to shame, but to the freedom of infinity in which we find our Soul and our riches.

I was about to find out that I had been blind to those riches that I already had.

After our renewed bath 'ceremony' was over, Heather invited me to accompany her on a stroll through the city. That invitation was like music to my ears, but what had caused the sudden change in attitude? Had Ross said something? First the bath, now a night of flirting. If I had suggested the same a month ago she wouldn't have talked to me anymore. Now our relationship seemed to have gone back to the way it had been in the beginning. We strolled along traffic congested streets with crowds of people on the sidewalk. We stopped in shops now and then, not to buy anything in particular. We loved the shops for their atmosphere, and for the beautiful people in them.

"You love beautiful women, right?" said Heather and smiled, as we explored our way through a clothing store.

"Of course I do," I affirmed, "that's why I love you so much," I said and hugged her.

"Me, I'm not particularly beautiful," she said, "am I?"

"To me you are, and always have been," I replied and kissed her again.

We stopped at a pub at one point, to have a beer. We were told not to drink the local water. But better than the beer, was the music. There was always music everywhere, music for dancing.
We had dinner later that night in a quaint little hole in the wall restaurant that was open to the sidewalk, and to the wonderful Latin music that was being played by a band across the street. The band played in a posh bar and nightclub. Our tiny little restaurant didn't measure up in comparison, but it was perfect for us. It turned out to be an Italian Pizza 'Palace' according to the menu on the table. A Pizza Palace was the last thing we expected to find in Caracas. But so what? Didn't we have also pizza in Vegas? I couldn't remember. It seemed that we had. This time we enjoyed a lovely pizza with wine, and allowed the Latin music from across the street to serenade us. It should have been Italian music, but the Latin is better for dancing.

To me the entire evening felt like a replay of our first days together of more than a dozen years earlier; a time that I had cherished in memory; a time that I thought would never come again.

She spoke unreserved, now. All the tensions between us were gone.

"What's happening? What's in the air?" I asked her.

"That's not a hard question to answer," she said, smiling. "For twelve years I have tested the waters now and then, hoping to see a sign that the old generosity is filling your heart again. That goes for Ross too. For some reason, the light had gone out in both of you. Still, I kept on hoping that this light would shine again. Do you remember how brightly your generosity shone? Do you remember the day we met, the day when you stopped for me on the highway? You had to repack your entire car to make room for me. I had never experienced such generosity before. I was overwhelmed by it, but you thought nothing of it. Then you stopped for Tony a short way down the road. You seemed to sense that I felt uncomfortable being alone in a car with a married man. You seemed relieved when you saw that clean cut Air-Force officer thumbing a ride. You stopped for him, even though you had to repack your entire car once more to make room for him and his luggage bag. From that day on, every day was filled with the same generosity. When you spoke about the carriage and the coachman by the pool, the coachman being Life, I felt so rich for being enveloped in your generosity.

"It all stopped one day when you appointed yourself to be the coachman, although you knew nothing about horses and much less about where to go. Your generosity suddenly faded like an overstretched balloon. A tiny rift appeared, and the whole wonderful world fell apart into a growing chaos of poverty.

"Ross met me with the same kind of wide-open generosity. He rearranged his entire house, just for me. Except, when this was done, I became a fixture in it, polished with care, but a fixture nevertheless. He became my teacher, but I didn't want to be taught by a poverty stricken man. Then you came onto the scene again. I opened myself up to you, hoping to feel the old generosity re-emerging, but every time I tested the waters, all that I found was a growing emptiness. The only bit of generosity that remained was in your taking from me whatever you wanted, with little flowing back. Still, I kept on testing the waters, hoping against hope, that the good that I had seen would not be lost forever."
"Is that why you stayed with us?" I asked.

She nodded. "What else could I do? There was no point in running away again. Where would I go? I couldn't see any generosity anywhere else in the world, only a general commitment to stealing. You guys at least were struggling to uplift yourself, even if you didn't do a good job at it. I was hoping that one day you would make a breakthrough, and you did. That happened last Christmas. When Ross discovered in Mary's books the principle of the universal marriage of all mankind, that meant something to both of you. After that you went to India to build on that principle something real and concrete, and enduring. Somehow Fred knew that this would work. He must have realized that the light of generosity that you had found again, regardless of how dim it still was, would be seen as a great light in India. And he was right. To someone contemplating suicide out of despair, the smallest light would appear like a sun."

"It really was like that. What had brought sunshine in India has affected Ross too," I interjected.

"You came back richer," said Heather, "and this trend hadn't stopped from that day on. After you came back, I saw the old look in your face again, now and then, and in Ross' face too. With it, a new generosity unfolded, towards the world. You may have noticed, I became caught up in it too, in a big way. Life felt something like a fresh breeze; the first in a dozen years. And then we came here. You guys have changed, even since we came to Caracas. It's almost like the old times are starting again. The kaleidoscope has started again and keeps on turning. Who would have thought that such a thing could unfold from a girl watching speech? I bet it was really you, who has put the finger onto this girl watching thing, maybe both, you and Ross!"

"I might as well admit my sin," I said and smiled. "I was that genius, and the driving hero behind the project. Ross laid the groundwork for it. Without Ross, there wouldn't have been anything."

"That's what I have just been saying," said Heather. "I noticed the old care-free and generous look in both of you again. Did you watch Ross' reaction when I invited you to share the bath with me? He smiled! I saw a face beaming with a gentle hidden joy. I saw the same sort of smile in Sylvia and Fred, only to a lesser degree."

"And how did you see me?" I asked.

"Your reaction was the most wonderful of all. You reacted as if I had asked you to cut a slice of cheese for me, or to hand me an apple. You smiled, though. You knew what the invitation meant. By the looks of it, you were wondering how you could make the occasion a still richer experience for both of us than it promised to be. I had the feeling that nobody else mattered to you at this moment, than me; not their opinions, not their reactions. You repacked your whole life at this moment to accommodate an opportunity that seemed too precious to allow it to pass away unrealized for a second time. You even gave me a wink as if to say, the old days are really back!"
I felt tears in my eyes as she said these things. Eventually, after an embrace that followed, I asked her if Ross had mentioned the Antonovna project, wondering how she felt about it.

She said that Ross hadn't told her, but that seemed insignificant to her. She seemed more interested in my reaction. "Are you asking me to have a love affair with one of the precious gems in your life?" she said, almost grinning.

"I am asking nothing," I replied. "I am putting this before you as an opportunity you may consider. Knowing Antonovna, such a close meeting of hearts, and an intermingling of generosity by two giants in the field, is bound to have a beautiful and rich unfolding that could enrich both of you, even all of us."

"Oh, you want me to soften her up for you, is that what you are saying?" she asked and began to laugh.

"No, Heather, no games must be played. Antonovna has been hurt by people in too many games. She needs someone like you, with a good and generous heart, to be able to feel like a human being again. I don't think I'm up to that. I'll stay in the background. There is too much at stake here for a greenhorn like me to mess with. If a few crumbs fall by the wayside, I'll be happy with that. It will have to do."

"And how is this going to work logistically, Peter?"

"Ross suggested that he move in with me, so that you could share your room with Antonovna. It's just a suggestion."

"Ross suggested that?"

"Sure he did. I suppose he hadn't figured out yet how to ask you, how you would feel about that. He is concerned that you might feel being used. It's not easy to put something like that across."

"I'll help him with that," said Heather. "I'll be delighted to break the ice."

"What will you say to him, Heather?"

"Guess, Peter. No, you'll never guess this one. I'll have to tell you. I am going to tell Ross that Peter has been reborn. I'll tell him that the old generosity has come alive again. I am going to tell Ross that we need a week together, after twelve years of silence, to celebrate the breakthrough. I have a hunch that he will uncork the champagne himself."

"Right," I interjected, "and he will add in passing, that Antonovna is coming, who desperately needs to be enveloped with the brightest generosity a human being can offer. He will ask you then if you would consider helping, seeing that you are the most
generous woman in the Universe. That's how he described you to me, you know. He described you as the most generous person in the entire Universe."

"I guess I was wrong," Heather replied, grinning. "We are not just back where we were twelve years ago. We are miles ahead of where we were. I had some growing up to do, too. It took me twelve years to realize that during all the wild and wonderful days we had had together in the beginning, nothing had ever happened between us, that we need to be ashamed of. This will likely never change. I just don't know why I hadn't realized that sooner. Through all those years I felt more and more ashamed of myself that I fell in love with you, with a married man. That created an ever-greater barrier, and it had all been for nothing. There had never been a moment when Sylvia hadn't treated me with respect, even though, I often felt ashamed to face her. I guess, in a sense, I had been running away again, and again. I think it was Tony's openness and Ross' scientific ideas about us becoming more human in our approach to one-another that finally tipped the scale for me, too. I guess it was Tony's remark at the pub, his common sense type approach, that made me realize that nothing can ever happen between us that one needs to be ashamed for. Nothing had ever happened that has been degrading, invasive, or injurious."

"What would have happened if I had regarded you as a beautiful piece of art, produced by the greatest artist in the universe, and I had taken care to assure that you would not be tarnished or marred in any way?" I asked.

"I would have embraced you," she said. "Why didn't I see this before?"

"I think you couldn't see past my emptiness," I replied.

"I suppose, I should have felt myself to be honored by your love, such as it was, rather than being afraid of it," said Heather. "Maybe I wasn't at all generous with myself. Well, that's all in the past now. So you see, I too, have moved far beyond where we left off. I think what is happening now is something totally new, something that is better than what we had, and more beautiful, don't you agree?"

I nodded, but I couldn't fully agree. I had always cherished her as someone exceedingly precious, and had always been careful never to violate her autonomy and her sovereignty over herself. That's what I had learned from Ushi, never to allow anything to happen that won't be right universally. I had merely allowed the principle of universal sovereignty that Helen had spoken of, to open the door to the maximum of good that we can bring to each other in our love, without violating one-another's sovereignty as an individual sovereign being. It was the world's shallow thinking, really, that had made this leading edge of good in our love for one-another appear dirty and shameful. Now I realize that in reality such a thing had never occurred. I promised myself that I would tell her about this one day. In the mean time, though, it had become high time for rejoicing, and for celebrating that a barrier had been removed that had had no principle to support its claim.
"I can now appreciate your gratitude for me, a gratitude that I exist deep within," said Heather. "It makes me feel special, now. It makes me appreciate myself more. I don't even know exactly what you are grateful about, since I never regarded myself as an exceptionally pretty person. Sometimes I felt, being so unattractive that I became ashamed of myself."

"Isn't that what we got kicked out of the Garden of Eden for?" I commented. "Wasn't it our own shame, or self-denial, that did that? As I recall the Adam and Eve allegory, God had said to Adam as he suddenly felt ashamed after gaining his unauthorized knowledge: If that's how you think about my work, get out of my sight."

"I don't think Adam was kicked out," Heather replied. "I think he left on his own accord, because he felt to ashamed of himself by what he had drifted into. For a long time, I felt that way, because I thought you only wanted me for sex. I think Adam couldn't face God anymore, because of that kind of a perversion."

"I agree," I interjected. "You may be right that God never saw Adam as anything else than being beautiful, because that is how I always saw you. And you say that Tony caused you to see yourself that way once again?"

She nodded and began to smile. "That's how I fell in love with you all over again."

"I really didn't do anything to deserve this wonderful reward," I said perplexed.

"That's precisely the point, Peter," she said, still smiling. "You didn't do anything. You did the opposite. You stopped something. You had stopped something that kept us apart for twelve years. You stopped denying yourself and pushing me. The vertical pressure that you had exerted on me, was gone. Now we can meet on the lateral platform of love once again. You even helped me to fall in love with myself once more."

"Me? I have done this? You better explain that one."

"We had a beautiful thing going, in the beginning, right? But something had happened to you in Moscow that had changed that. You were on a crusade when you came back, against what you called the Byzantine model of love. You said yourself that this model represents a top down control kind of love; a vertical kind of love which can never be love. But even while you were fighting against that model, you became its disciple. You became a devoted disciple to it without realizing that you did. You made demands for love that didn't unfold laterally. You demanded love by policy. You were on a crusade against the 'false civility' in the world, as you called it, and what this started was actually made worse when we couldn't maintain the love that we once had shared. The demands of your crusade killed in the end whatever had remained of our lateral love, which can't exist without generosity. With that gone, the openness between us disappeared. This, in turn, angered you, so you blamed it all on what you called, a false civility, and with it, I became ashamed of myself. You demanded actions to counter it. Do I have to go on?"
"You should have hit me over the head with something, to wake me up," I replied.

"I couldn't do that. I didn't know myself what was going on. I only knew that something was wrong, that the flow of our love was cut off. I kept hoping that this wound would mend itself, but it didn't. Nicolai helped me to realize what had happened, and to some degree, you helped him to do that. You also helped me to fall in love with myself again."

"No Heather, you are too gracious with me. How could I have done that?"

"You really don't know, do you?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "You did it in the way you promoted me to Nicolai. The heavens would have flushed had they heard how highly you had rated me. This really impressed the hell out Nicolai. He treated me with a kind of respect that I had always hoped I would have for myself. I also realized that this respect reflected what you really thought of me. That was the beginning of my falling in love with you again, but only the beginning."

"You mean, there was more happening?"

"You know Nicolai. You know how he is. What you said about me impressed him. He became curious. Being curious, he made inquiries about you. He asked around, and by what he had been told, I think he fell in love with you, too. Throughout our trip together he spoke of you. It was Peter this, and Peter that. And they were all beautiful comments, like: I wonder how Peter would see this? You became his reference point for comparisons. I had a feeling, that if you were not a man, he would have asked you to marry him," she said and grinned.

"Me?" I had to laugh now, too.

"In the way that Nicolai spoke about you, I could sense that the vertical pressure was gone that had kept us apart for so long. With that gone, there was a lateral flow happening also between him and you; a flow of generosity, something that I had treasured; something that I had longed for; and suddenly I could feel it again. Suddenly, I felt once more that we are equals, with a respect for each other of the type that once began with a bang in Elizabeth City. I can still see you standing there that first evening. I came out of the elevator. You stopped me, took a step back, looked at me, and said: Wow! This was so beautifully said, Peter, that I learned to love myself that way. I learned it from your love. But after we drifted apart, when the vertical world imposed a barrier, even after we came back together, it wasn't happening anymore, until just lately. I really don't know for sure what caused the vertical pressure to vanish. Only you can answer that, Peter. However, I have a hunch that this happened already before Nicolai and I left on our tour, or else Nicolai would have sensed this pressure too, or people would have warned him about it. The reversal probably started in India."

"I hope it was all good things that Nicolai told you about me, as you said," I interrupted her.
"Much of it came from what other people told him about you. And believe me, it's all true and wonderful," Heather replied.

"Like what, Heather?"

She blushed. "Do the letters CSB mean anything to you?" she asked and grinned.

"Nicolai knows about that? If this is so, Sylvia must have told him."

"No, I think he got it from Fred. Nicolai thinks it is a cute idea."

"And you? What do you think, Heather?"

"Nobody told me what it means. Everybody says, 'ask Peter,' and then they begin to smile, Sylvia too. And now with this girl watching speech coming up. I bet it has something to do with that."

"In a way it has," I admitted. "Actually, it has got more to do with what Fred asked me to prepare in support of Tony's speech."

"Yes, I meant to ask you about it. How are you going to address Fred's demands?" Heather asked, grinning now from ear to ear while our Pizza was being served. The pizza was loaded with everything that is hot and goes with pepperoni, so it seemed, and with wine.

"The first thing that I have to do is address the property rights issue," I said.

Her grin vanished, as if she didn't want to hear about this stuff. It didn't seem to fit into the atmosphere that had developed between us. Still, it was necessary to get into this to answer her question. "Property rights is the issue that the conference was convened for. Sylvia tore up the agenda, but not the issue. The issue itself remains yet to be torn up. It is vital that the issue itself be torn up."

"Why, Peter? Why is this so important?"

"It is important, because it is the reason for the total collapse of the world's financial and economic system that we have just experienced," I replied cautiously. "This issue needs to be addressed, because several times as many people have died during the last few months, as the result of the economic collapse around the world, because of that very issue, than have died in all the wars of the 20th Century combined. When an economy disintegrates, a lot of people can't eat, and if they can't eat, people die. This terrible disintegration occurred as the result of greed-based economics, courtesy of Adam Smith, the champion of property and property rights. The property-rights issue is an issue of greed based economics. It is monetarism in a different garment. One cannot address the one, without also addressing the other. Both must be torn up together as having no validity. The two issues, both stand in opposition to universal economic development. You can't have opposites splitting your life and ripping civilization apart. You can't go
forwards and backwards at the same time. You get nowhere that way. Since monetarism and property rights are not a part of the lateral platform where the substance of our humanity unfolds, it is important that we let them go, that we rip up their claim, as it has no validity. That is why the world suffered a global systemic failure, because all development had stopped. Everything normal stops when rape is imposed."

"Hold it!" Heather interrupted. "I thought you were supposed to prepare the ground for Tony's girl watching speech."

"I will do that, Heather. That's what it is about. Tony's speech will be focused on Helen's principle of the universal kiss. Helen defines this as an essential element of our humanity; the element of our peace. Universal economic development is a deeply related aspect. Helen calls this the element of our joy. Science is likewise an aspect of our humanity. Helen doesn't know about this aspect yet. She would call it the element of our light."

"But what has girl watching got to do with any of that?" Heather asked.

"It's an aspect of the universality that is reflected in all elements of our humanity," I replied. "Sex is a part of our universal humanity, of our universal marriage, and of the science that defines the fullness of our divinity. When we find ourselves in developing these aspects, rape won't be thought of anymore. It simply won't happen. And that is what I have to prepare for."

That comment made her head pop up. The smile reappeared on her face.

"Girl watching is an acknowledgement of the truth of the universality of our humanity," I continued. "There is a lot that is good and beautiful in our humanity, and that has to be acknowledged universally. Shouldn't it be acknowledged openly and publicly? It reflects our universal marriage to one-another as human beings, as children of a common Soul. That's what it is all about, isn't it, when we fight to uplift humanity to a higher and fuller appreciation of itself, blocking economic rape, or political rape, or even social rape. That's how we enrich one-another with the light of our humanity."

"But sex shouldn't be a part of that?" Heather interjected. "That's what makes the concept of universal marriage rather impractical."

"Who says?" I replied. "In the scientific sense, sex and marriage are separate issues. You would be offended, and rightfully so, if I were to say that I want to marry you for your sex. We are all married to our humanity, that we all share, that all by itself unites us. That is what our love for one-another really reflects. Sure, sex is an element of our humanity, but it involves a totally different train of development and different principles, and it is really a small aspect among many, and not a very big one at that. I'm sure you agree that generosity is bigger. In fact, you experienced yourself that sex becomes blocked when there is no generosity enveloping the whole human scene. Because of sex, we have made our marriage institutions so small that everything has become compressed into it, just for us to survive. But nothing develops in there. Everything is surrounded by limits and mythological concepts, rather than being uplifted by generosity. Is it any
wonder that nothing is allowed to develop? Tony boldly demands that we scrap all this, and get back to something that can be supported scientifically."

"The full embrace of one-another in universal love is a revolutionary concept," Heather agreed.

"And it can be supported scientifically," I replied. "That's what I have to set up a foundation for. Economic development is a part of the human development scene that sex is an aspect of. Property issues and greed based issues all fall into the opposite, monetarist, category. In some areas of the world a wife is regarded as property and human chattel that is kept hidden away behind layers of veils. Our society suffers from the same lack of appreciation of true human value. One mustn't dare look at a woman that one doesn't own. Am I not right? Tony is going to counter that. He is going to speak about a universal humanity where love is not encased by legal bonds, but by the threads of our love for our own humanity that become threads of love that extend universally, that reflect a love for our humanity that we all share. These are the threads that unfold visibly in the process of girl watching. These are the threads of light in her lateral lattice of human hearts."

"That's excitingly daring for Tony to do this, isn't it?" Heather commented.

I nodded. "It is actually more than that," I added. "Helen called this element of our humanity, where all of this development pertains to, the element of our joy! And it really is that."

"Isn't that a bit like your dream, Peter, the one that you told Ross about where a girl responds with great joy over the affections experienced by somebody else? This shouldn't logically happen, right?"

I nodded. "Yes, that was a strange dream. I met three girls, maybe four. One of them turned to me and kissed me, with the others looking on. It struck me as odd later on, that it was the face of one of the other girls that I would remember, a face filled with a bright smile, rather than the face of the girl that had kissed me. The girl with the smile had been practically jumping for joy, witnessing the event, while she hadn't been physically involved at all. Evidently some form of human development had gone on, and had been recognized and acknowledged, which had become the source of this joy and its expression."

"When Helen talks about economic development as an element of our joy," said Heather, "I suppose she really means the entire ecology of human development."

"Universal economic development appears to be the most representative aspect of it," I replied. "If we let go of our humanity, no economic development takes place, the physical economy collapses, and people die. I am sure, the sexual dimension is similarly affected."

"Tony's girl watching speech will reflect all of this?" Heather asked astonished.
"Of course not, Heather. A little bit, maybe. But he will open the door, and maybe next week, or next month, when people begin to reflect on what he will say and ask themselves questions, they will attempt to draw every aspect of it together. I'll have to lay the groundwork for this. I'll have to play the role of Homer. Homer set out in around 600 BC to create a high level language in Greece, in order to enable the people there to think in complex terms. They needed to be able to do this as a platform for scientific development, which they needed in order get themselves out of those oppressive mythologies. They needed to be able to think in human terms in order to be able to create a nation. Out of that nation came Socrates and Plato, and a few hundred years later Christ Jesus emerged in the background. If I do my job right, Tony's speech can have quite an impact on a whole lot of people. Unfortunately, I didn't do anything right, way back then, when our love affair started. Hopefully, I'll do better this time at the conference"

"Right, we had taken a few daring footsteps, and suddenly we didn't know how to go on," Heather replied. "We had no one to turn to, especially not during our last day at the Sandcastle."

"Actually we had all the help we could have ever wanted. We just didn't bother to look, Heather. We had Homer, but we didn't hear him. We had Socrates and Plato, but we didn't think. We had Christ Jesus, but we didn't bother to even look. I had told you about Helen, but we had both ignored her. We didn't know about Mary then. But apart from that, we had the foundation beneath our feet that civilization was built on. We didn't need another Homer, another Socrates, another Plato, or another Jesus, or whoever. Their work was done and will forever remain complete for what it was. We just didn't know what we had available to us. We had been waiting for something to happen that never came. It didn't even dawn on me then that Helen had defined the element of our economic development as the element of our joy. I might have focused more on generosity right there and then. This breakthrough would have saved us untold agonies."

"I think we were too fixated on Helen's concept of the universal kiss," Heather interjected. "We never spoke much about it, but all of our days together evolved around the wonderful freedom this concept inspired."

"Helen called it the element of our peace," I added.

"There was a beautiful peace in that love, Peter, but that alone wasn't enough, was it?"

"This idea would have been enough," I said to Heather in a quiet tone of voice. "It would have been enough to see us through if it had been scientifically developed by us, and not just by Helen. We never really got this development going in all those years that lay in between until Ross brought Mary's work onto the scene. We've come through a dozen years of agony, in spite of our beautiful beginning. I am just glad that you didn't give up on me for all this time, while I had my hands and feet bound with religious traditions that will control us unless we are in control of ourselves."
"I had hoped for a long time that we would get back to the way we were," said Heather. "We were so carefree and bewildered, and drunken with a love we didn't understand. We were living in the clouds in more ways than one. Eventually, I realized that we had to move forward to build that foundation that had never been developed."

"That seemed to be an infinite task in those days," I agreed. "Now, all of that is history. I know, if I don't do my job right, Tony's girl watching speech can have the same effect on people. But I won't mess up this time."

"But the two of us weren't the only ones stuck in the rut," Heather remarked. "The whole lot of us got stuck."

"And we all came out of it together," I replied. "Ross' discovery helped. But I don't think that Mary's work had a great deal to do with that. Mary's work had merely confirmed what we already knew through Helen. Maybe Mary presented it a bit more clearly. Still, just knowing that we weren't alone in this struggle gave us the courage to move with what we knew, and to develop it further."

"Is this what the symbol CSB is related to?" Heather asked again and began to smile. "What do the letters really stand for?"

"Before I tell you the story behind it, let me say that I treasure it, as a celebration of coming out of that rut that we had all drifted into," I said to Heather.

"So, what does CSB stand for, Peter?" asked Heather and began to grin.

"CSB stands for coffee, sex, and biscuits," I said bluntly.

Heather waved a finger at me as if she was scolding a child, but she didn't say anything. She laughed instead.

"Honestly, that's what it stands for," I replied and began to laugh too. "It all started with a dream. I was in a restaurant. I saw a waitress approaching with a skirt so short that her pubic hair was visible. She asked if I liked what I saw. I said, no, because Sylvia was with me in my dream. Then I saw the same waitress at another table where a man had said, yes, and I became envious. When I told Sylvia about the dream the next morning, during over our morning coffee, she scolded me. She said that I had answered dishonestly. She told me that I had't been honest with myself. Nor had I been honest with her by assuming that she would disapprove of my answer, or that she might not want to join in. So, she got up and restaged the whole thing in real life, right on the balcony, and you know, I did give the right answer this time. Oh yes, we had biscuits that morning, too. The CSB thing became like a celebration after that, of a breakthrough that had been unfolding. We were like a bunch of rebels overthrowing old perceptions, like those myths that sex is dirty; that it exists exclusively for procreation; something that you have to have the willpower to abstain from."

"A human being isn't a breeding machine," Heather commented.

"So, what has sex got to do with marriage then?" said Heather.

"I think Sylvia answered that by scolding me?" I said.

Heather nodded and grinned. "That's a cute story, Peter," she added.

"It really ended as a celebration, Heather. We went down to the beach that day. We climbed along the rocks, right to the point at the entrance of the bay and had a picnic there. That is something we had never done before. We stayed there all day. We climbed around all over the place till sundown. It became a real exciting day, a day of a great celebration. It also became somewhat of a tradition after that, especially the coffee, sex, and biscuits part."

"Coffee, sex, and biscuits," Heather repeated. "I think, I'm not so fond of coffee. I'd sooner have a clear head on such an occasion. Our CSB should stand for, clear-headed living. Sex. And of course, Beautiful mornings."

"Did you say 'our' CSB?"

"Why not, Peter, if this can be arranged?" said Heather and grinned. "That's the way it was in the olden days, wasn't it? We just didn't call it that."

"I'm sure something can be arranged along that line," I said with a smile on my face that must have said, Good Lord! Thank you!

"Actually, it has already been arranged," answered Heather. "All you need to do is agree to it. Ross wants to spend the next few days with Sylvia. They have a leading edge project to work on. So I thought, if it is OK with you, I would happily spend those days with you, and the nights of course. Ross actually suggested it. Can you imagine that? He said something to the effect that it has become an unwritten rule on our rock by the sea, some time ago, that no one should be alone at night, when an alternative to it exists, furnished by love."

"And you chose me for that?" I asked. "Wow, what a rapture! What a joy!"

"Do you think that this is what Tony's speech will likely address?" she asked.

I nodded. "I think it will. It has to. It seems as if the whole of humanity has been divided over this issue, and isolated. People can't even look at another person of the opposite sex without feeling guilty about it, and causing the other person to feel violated. That's what Tony's speech will likely be all about. If sex has become so convoluted that it upsets the whole social structure, it stands to reason that it needs to be uplifted to the point that it no longer stands as a barrier, but comes to light as a unifying element. I think our CSB celebration is proof that this can be done. I think Tony's speech will also upset the old marriage doctrine and get people to think a bit more about their universal
marriage to one-another as human beings, and their wonderful divine quality of generosity. After all, what is a life for if one can't live it as a human being? Haven't we been given this life in the world to enrich one-another's existence and the world around us? It certainly hasn't been given to us to make each other miserable. I think our humanity is reflected in building, and in creating an ever-richer world for one-another. The sexual aspect has a role to play in that, and it will play that role the more we lift sex above the common role of it being merely a pleasure, to it becoming a joy."
Chapter 5 - God and the Devil

My speech was scheduled for Friday morning. I was sure everyone was tired of speeches. Most of the speeches hadn't amounted to anything much. With this in mind I borrowed a bar chair from the bar in the lobby area. I brought it with me as I came in, set it up at center stage, right at the most forward edge, grabbed the microphone from the lectern and sat down.

"Let me tell you a story," I said. "It's a story about an airline captain and a deep-pit miner. They met one day over a beer and complained about the sad state of the world, just like we have done all week long. The miner suggested to the captain, that if there were a God in the universe, none of that would happen. That's not true said the captain. All of that would still happen and I can prove it to you."

That's how my story began. In the story, the miner asked the airline captain if he ever saw any God floating among the clouds in all of his tens of thousands of hours of air time in commercial flying. The captain laughed and asked the miner in return if he ever encountered the devil in all his lifelong digging into the Earth. So they both laughed over their silliness.

"So what's your proof then?" said the miner to the captain.

"That will come," said the captain. "I will give you an opportunity to deliver that proof yourself," added the captain and called the waiter for another beer for himself and for his friend.

"You will give me the opportunity to prove to you that you are wrong?" the miner asked.

The captain nodded. "If you can do that, I'll buy you lunch, the full spread, because you will then have earned it."

The miner nodded.

"Here is the deal," said the captain. "We are going to do some role playing. I am going to play God, and you will play the devil. Being gracious, I will let you have the first word. Ask me a question."

"Alright," said the devil. "Mr. God are you happy with what you have created, and if so why?"

Mr. God smiled. "Of course I am happy. How could I not be? I have created a beautiful people, with a beautiful mind. I gave them the quality of my own consciousness. I gave them the capacity to understand everything that I understand, by which they can have power with me as the creators of their own new universe, a
universe, rich in culture, art, music, dance. And I have created them with a beautiful heart, a heart of love, so that they will all love each other by design. And my design is perfect. To most of the men, women appear indeed beautiful, and men to women. They like to be near each other, see each other, touch and kiss each other. They don't have to be educated to love each other. They simply do. If they as much as look at each other, they get a bright and warm feeling deep inside, and they respond to that with a smile. It's the perfect design that nobody can beat. People have been living like that for thousands of years, and they still do."

"That's not entirely true," said the devil. "I have been wise to your design almost from the beginning, and I've been able to foil it. Sure, I was impressed with your design of humanity. It posed a challenge that no devil ever faced. So I brought together all my agents for a brain storming session. As you know, we don't have much up there in our noodle. For this reason, we left nothing to chance. We put ourselves out in a big way to defeat your beautiful thing. And it worked, as you know. We realized afterwards that half of the effort would have been enough, so easily were we able to defeat your design. You say that you designed your people with such a beautiful heart that they love each other just by looking at each other. That's true, you did that. You gave them a beautiful spiritual quality. But guess what some of my agents did; they created a spiritual quality of their own and told all your people that they must have this quality too, since it is a 'spiritual' quality. So, they embraced the quality of shame. And it worked. Instead of loving each other for the beauty of their humanity, your people became ashamed of themselves and one-another, and went through extraordinary trouble to hide themselves from each other's sight; to cover up whatever most directly identified their humanity."

At this point Mr. Devil, the miner, stood up and boasted that this little project worked so well that he ordered all his agents to make sure that this devilish, 'spiritual' quality would never be lost sight of and never be shut out of peoples' mind. He even boasted that his agents never failed him in this.

At this point Mr. Devil laughed sarcastically. "We never thought that this project would work so well," he said to Mr. God. "If we had realized how efficiently it worked, we would have never bothered with launching our backup project. For the backup project I sent my agents out to devise a really daring plan. I told them I wanted a plan that prevents people by law, from looking at each other. The plan they came up with was absolutely brilliant. They simply narrowed down the allowable field of love to just one person. Only one single person was allowed to be loved for a lifetime, and they arranged this to become the law. Anybody who rebelled... Of course you know what happened to them." He drew a hand across his throat. "My agents did this so cleverly," said Mr. Devil, "that they had the very same people whom you designed to love one-another, throw stones at those persons, who broke MY law by daring to live up to YOUR design. I got them to throw stones at these people until they were dead. Did you know how many people got killed that way? But the irony is, that they killed each other for exercising what you have put into their hearts as a beautiful element of their humanity."

The miner stood up to leave.
"Where are you going," asked the captain.

"To the lunch counter, of course. You promised!" the miner replied.

The captain just smiled. "You haven't won yet. You know as well as I do that the game that you played, Mr. Devil, didn't last long, did it? A thousand years, two thousand, what does it matter? One of my guys stopped the whole thing. Your agents thought that they had dragged my guy into your dirty schemes. They thought they had the perfect frame-up. They brought a woman whom they had caught in the act of following my design. Your dirty law demanded the death penalty, and they asked my guy to judge her and condemn her to death. How did you ever think you would get away with that? The people whom your agents had egged on were sitting at the edge of their chair hoping desperately that my guy would violate your rotten law by defending the woman. They wouldn't have loved anything better. But he didn't defend the woman, did he? Nor did he condemn her to death. He asked all the accusers if they had in their hearts some traces left of my design. He told them if they ever loved a person, or hoped, or longed, to do so, and thereby violated that devilish law before which that woman stood accused, then they should leave the scene of death and walk away, lest they be condemning themselves. He didn't say this in so many words of course. He caused their conscience to say this to them. He also trusted that their conscience would make sure that they understood completely that the stones they would throw, if the did, they would throw into the face of their own humanity. And as you know, they did leave. They simply left, and left the woman standing alone with my guy. By your own dirty games, your death penalty law was invalidated in a single stroke, wasn't that so, Mr. Devil?"

The miner sat down again. "You got me there," he said. "Heck, I thought I had my lunch all paid for. But you haven't won either, Mr. God. My agents had the law quickly modified, and enforced with the power of the state. Sure, I recall your guy made big waves. He created a religion, a religion of love. And I must hand it to you, that was a tough nut to crack. If my agents killed ten of his fellows, a hundred more would come around the corner, and after they killed those, a thousand would show up, but we didn't have to kill those, too, and this didn't look all that good, did it? One of my agents had a plan dawning in his noodle, around this time. It was a simple plan, easy to carry out. He talked to the emperor, who hijacked your guy's religion. He took your guy's religion and made an empire out of it. He took your guy's Father, Son, and Holy Ghost thing, and said to the people, 'the son is no more. The church now takes the place of the son, and the church is owned by the Emperor, so, what the Emperor says is the word of God. You get the Holy Ghost from him. Don't you dare talk about love. Your love is to the Emperor, case closed.'"

Suddenly Mr. Devil began to snicker. "One of my agents," he said with a wicked glee in his eye, "had told me around this time that he devised an added safety factor that takes over when the law isn't always present. He told me that it is actually rather easy to defeat your design, Mr. God, by simply preventing your people from looking at each other with honest hearts and honest feelings, and that they will do that by their own volition. My agents created a barrier. This barrier was designed to deny your people the love they would feel when they did look at each other, lest it would bring joy to their
hearts. My agents told me, that to accomplish that, they simply devised another devilish 'spiritual' quality, which they named guilt."

He asked Mr. God if he is aware how powerful and effective guilt can be? "It works perfectly, even when the law can't reach them. It has become anchored in their hearts. It will always be with them. This devilish quality is a quality that gets your people squirming at my command. Whenever they feel the slightest love for each other, apart from the bit that I authorize, they tear each other apart inside, and they do it in your name, because the Emperor decreed it through the church. This, Mr. God, works much better than shame, and it works in addition to it. It's the most effective, self-enforcing, devastatingly defeating weapon that has ever been created by my agents against your most noble design, Mr. God. It truly makes the Emperor's law, the word of God."

With having said this, the miner stood up and started to walk towards the lunch counter again, but the captain motioned him to come back and sit down again.

"You forget the Renaissance, Mr. Devil," said the captain. "The Renaissance was a feast of love. They sang songs about Agape, divine Love, and they created beautiful art, beautiful music, and even beautiful cities for one-another. They also created schools of science and discovery. And they created technologies. They shut down the dark ages. Human beings were no longer serves and slaves."

"I had hoped you wouldn't bring that one up," said Mr. Devil quietly. "That's an embarrassment. I drifted off to sleep and look what happened. I told my agents to watch this rascal, this Dante fellow. But who listens to me? He was busy giving Italy the most beautiful language in the whole world, but my agents said this didn't matter, we own all the banks, the gold, the credit; we own the economy, we own the people's heart; they even kicked Dante out of Florence, just to please me. They made 40% profit on their investments in those days. My agents felt they deserved a medal for their fine work. I'm glad I didn't reward them, since it all backfired. All of their wonderful dastardly plans backfired. The economies collapsed when the banks collapsed, the people collapsed, then came the Black Death plague and half of Europe died. Sure there was a feast to be had, but that's what got people to look at Plato and Socrates again. My agents gave you the Renaissance, Mr. God. They screwed up. They didn't watch out. They screwed up one tiny bit and you took advantage of it. Still, you can't call this a victory. Your so-called victory doesn't count, because it didn't last. It didn't last, because you didn't do a damn thing to earn it. Your victory didn't reach their heart. Your Renaissance never reached that deep. My laws remained firmly in control. They were still the laws of the world. Guilt was still enforced by my law that decreed that no one is allowed to love more than one person in their lifetime. Your great Golden Renaissance didn't change that. It didn't reach deep enough to touch them. The pioneers of your Renaissance didn't actually intent it to reach that deep. And so, since it had no foundation, it simply fizzed away like so many bubbles from a glass of champagne. My agents helped of course. Religious wars work wonders if you want to kill a good thing. My agents killed your Renaissance in short order. It was easy, since it wasn't rooted in people's hearts. My agents created the Reformation and the Counter Reformation all at the same time. Did you know that? It
took a bit of doing of course, but we had willing helpers like this devilish Mr. Hobbes and others like him, and you, Mr. God helped us too."

The miner was about to stand up, but the captain pushed him back down.

"You haven't defeated anything that I have created, Mr. God replied. Love remained. Sure, the upsurge in love during the Renaissance didn't transform the social scene, but it was an upsurge in love nevertheless. People became more aware of my design in those days, than they have ever been before. The whole Renaissance became a celebration of love. That's why you found it so terribly, terribly difficult to kill it. It wasn't easy, as you claim. You had to roll out the big guns and stoop down to the dirtiest methods, and even then, it took you a hundred years to do it."

"But we won, Mr. God," said Mr. Devil. "Admit it, you were defeated. The philosophers that my agents hired for an empty promise shoved your precious love so deep into the back closet of the bedrooms of humanity that it was barely known to exist. Whoever even spoke the word in public and suggested that love should rule the state, or business, or the church, was executed for this. My agents called it treason. Your design was defeated, Mr. God, admit it. All the nations butchered each other at will, for decades upon decades. They brought entire cities down, from a hundred thousand inhabitants to just a few thousand. Whole villages and towns became totally eradicated. More than half the people of Europe simply killed each other in a thirty years long war. And do you know why it worked? It worked, because I foiled your design and didn't allow them to look at each other honestly. What good is your grand design of instant natural love, Mr. God, when it can be so easily blocked? We took the people that you designed for universal love and gouged out their eyes and put a knife in their hand. If that isn't a victory, what is?"

The captain put his hand on the miner's shoulder, lest he be tempted to stand up again and claim victory.

"What's that for?" the miner complained.

"Because you didn't win anything," said the captain and smiled. "Did you forget the Treaty of Westphalia? While you were celebrating victory, my guys were digging up the Renaissance again. They began talking about universal love right in the open, and about universal sovereignty. They shut down your damn wars, and all the nations forgave each other. They even forgave each other their financial war debt, and upheld each other's dignity by recognizing one-another as free and sovereign nations. There was no more war, Mr. Devil. And so it will always be. Love, always breaks through, don't you see? Nothing ever changes my design, the design of a perfect humanity. It is undefeatable. You claim victory for one second, and bingo, the tables turn right back against you."

"But you didn't win either," Mr. Devil replied to Mr. God boisterously. "How long did your precious peace last? Twenty years? Fifty years? Your guys created a shiny facade, but there was still nothing behind that facade. My law still ruled the social scene with iron whips and iron molds. Sure, your guys managed to persuade your people to let
love come out of the closet again, but my rule still stood supreme. Even to the very day
no one is allowed to apply it except in the smallest possible way that I have graciously
authorized. No one dared to exceed that threshold. There was no universal love, no
universal touch, no universal kiss, not anything! My agents wouldn't allow that, and still
don't. They own the theology and the power to shape the world. My agents started the
French Revolution, and the used it to kill every intellectual person who ever spoke the
word of love aloud. Then we brought in Napoleon who did the same thing all over
Europe. We wiped them all out, every single one of them.”

"That wasn't a victory," said Mr. God, the captain. "Your bloody rampage was
revenge. My guys had created a new renaissance in North America with the help of a lot
of the best and brightest people from Europe. That is why you killed them. You were
scared, Mr. Devil, admit it, and you lost your cool. You swore by the fire of your hell that
what had happened in North America wouldn't happen again anywhere else, not
anywhere in the world, ever. You were getting desperate, admit it."

Mr. Devil just smiled. "We destroyed America anyway, didn't we? We did it
through the back door."

"No you didn't, you, scoundrel; your Civil War failed," Mr. God, reminded the
devil.

"Who is talking about the Civil War? I am talking about Adam Smith," Mr. Devil
said triumphantly. "I told my agents: Don't bother with the Civil War, it's not needed,
because the American Revolution never really happened. Sure, they have put love into
their Constitution, in the Preamble even. But that was only written on paper, never in
their hearts. There was no universal love, only self-focused love. Sure, I admit, the
general welfare principle became the law of the land, but did universal love rule the
social scene? No, it didn't. I ruled the social scene. I did! My law still rules the 'colonies'
in North America. Love had not been allowed to unfold there, beyond the smallest
possible sphere, just as I had decreed thousands of years earlier. That is why my honored
agent Adam Smith became so tremendously successful. Your people were conditioned by
me to love Adam Smith. They were encouraged to love Adam Smith as the god of their
freedom, their savior. The whole world was so encouraged, but America took the bait and
swallowed it whole, and gulped it down eagerly. Adam gave them money, power, wealth,
and prestige. Why do you think my agents struggled so hard and so long to keep the love
that is anchored in your people's humanity, all bottled up? Once they swallowed the bait,
my agents emptied their hearts with greed. We emptied their humanity, of everything you
gave them, and we gave them greed and more greed, and told them that greed is the core
element of mankind’s nature. And they believed it, because they had nothing else left to
believe in. We told them that greed makes the world go round. Greed oils the economy.
Greed puts the butter on the table. Adam Smith became their highest God, Mr. God. By
him you lost the game. You are defeated. You lost to Adam Smith.”

Mr. Devil laughed at this and stood up. "There was a time when you kicked old
Adam out of the Garden of Eden. That was your mistake. Now old Adam kicked you out
of your own universe, Mr. God. Do I need to say more? And my agents were responsible
for devising this wonderfully simple game. I gave them all a medal for it. Are you willing to admit defeat now, Mr. God? You are dead, haven't you heard? Ask anyone, and they'll tell you to your face, you're gone, replaced, finished! And the love that you have built into your people, has been replaced, with greed, power, violence, terror. It's all been replaced with my greed, my precious greed. They are stealing from one-another with glee, and they honor those who do it the best. Their economy is dying. They want more and more profit, and they want it in the name of my new love. They want it not for themselves. How noble! They want it to build castles for their families, for their wives and their children. So they steal and steal, in the name of Adam Smith, my love, and they think they do it in your name, and they force their agents to rob and plunder everywhere in the world, everything they can get, and they'll do this till the nations themselves are dying. They'll kill people with my greed, in your name. I have won Mr. God. I have emptied the humanity out of your people and given them a new identity as fascist hordes that are feared around the world. They inspire fear in whosoever looks upon them. No one feels save anymore. They even fear each other for their guns, for their litigation, for their terror, even for what was once called love."

The miner started to head to the counter.

"No, you have not won," said Mr. God, the captain, and called him back. "You may have destroyed America and tens of millions of people in it, and hundreds of millions of people around the world, but you have not changed my basic design of humanity. Sure, billions of people may indeed have prostituted themselves to one-another in the name of your precious Adam Smith, and have placed their humanity at his feet. But what about it? That's not a victory. That's not a defeat of love. The principle still exists. Sure, hundreds of millions of people cut their throat in this new religious orgy of wealth adoration, like as if they were in a trance. If they don't like their humanity, the gem that I have built into their heart, by all means, let them throw it away and die. It is not my design to force love unto them. I gave them an option, the capacity to love. I gave them the jewel that can become their sun if they wish it to be that. Each person is sovereign. And more and more people do indeed embrace their sovereignty. They stomp on the laws of your agents who demand that love must be kept limited to the smallest scale possible. Just ask the researchers, if you dare, how many people have boldly taken their love outside the boundaries that you have imposed, for which you once had killed people. I've been told that half of humanity falls into this category, while the other half entertains dreams about doing the same. They love what they find in their humanity and respond to it in the best way they are able, as rare and as crude and as base as that response may be, but you will find that it is always there. I didn't design them to become monks and saints, but to love and to build, and to create for one-another a brilliant world. In some parts of the world, some of that is already happening, and on the grandest scale ever. And the more that this is happening, the more they love, and the freer they love. And the more precious their love becomes, the greater becomes their joy and their peace."

"So, Mr. Devil, is there a God? I would say there is. I would say that God doesn't sit on clouds, but is alive in our humanity which has endured and continues to unfold its wonders regardless of all the tricks and threats and barriers and impositions your armies of agents have been able to throw up against them. A human being will always be a
human being, no matter what, and the freedom to be that, to the fullest possible extent, is always at hand."

The captain laughed at the miner, after he said this. "I really wasn't fair with you my friend."

"You've played with a loaded deck," the miner replied. "You knew that you would win before you even started. That's cheating!"

"No, I wasn't cheating," the captain defended himself. "I told you at the beginning that I you would give you an opportunity to prove me right, and you have. And so, my friend, since you have played your role so admirably, I really do owe you a lunch, the whole spread, drinks included. You should have known that God always has the last word."

I stood up from my chair after my story telling. "That's where the story ends," I said to the assembly. "We have come together here to explore the most leading edge global issues of our time. Universal love and universal sovereignty are the leading edge issues of today. Don't you agree? They are that, and will be that for a long time to come, but not for the building of sky castles. They are the key issues for our development of love at the grassroots level, which has never been done before, for the building of a New World."

There erupted a great applause as I started to walk off the stage. The applause was enthusiastic. Still, I couldn't help wondering, as I stood there with my chair in hand, aiming to leave the auditorium to take my chair back, if they would still cheer the next morning, after they begin to realize what challenges I have imposed. I had opened for them Pandora's box, not of evils and plagues, but of an immense challenge. The challenge of universal love and universal sovereignty had never been fully faced in all of human history, at the grassroots level. Had I given them enough to face the challenge with? Had I finished my assignment that Fred had given me? I had opened Pandora's box and left it open for Tony to dig into. But I had left a gap open. I had created a lateral scene on which a constitution for lateral living could be build, but I hadn't connected the current stage with what needed to be build.

I put my chair back down and sat on it, waiting for the applause to end.

"Mr. Devil had been too modest," I said. "He didn't mention his two biggest guns. If he had done so, he might have had lunch sooner. But then, a simple minor wouldn't know about these things that hardly anyone in the modern world is aware of. The devil's big gun had a name. The name is Euclid, a man of science who lived around 300 BC and was active in Hellenistic Alexandria. Plato had died a few decades before he was born, and like Aristotle, who had likewise died before he was born, he seemed to have been
given a mission to carry on the work of Aristotle to defeat the scientific revolution that Plato and Socrates had started.

"The man Euclid, who the devil failed to mention, did his destructive work so well, that he was honored for it as the father of geometry, and still is so honored, while he actually did the opposite. He had put a lid on science and advanced perceptions, and he did it so well that the lid still remains largely in place. It is highly likely that he achieved this feat on behalf of the universal masters of this timeframe, the hidden masters, who sat on the ‘throne’ of the oracle of Delphi, the masters of mysticism. The cult of the oracle-mysticism had three bases of operation established, two on the Persian side of the Aegean Sea in Claros and Oldymes, and one in Greece in a place named Delphi. The oracle mysticism is deeply rooted in Greek mythology, linked to the god Apollo. It was created as an anti-science cult, which among others worshiped the goddess Gaia. The fame of its mysticism was such that many people of means came to confer with the oracle about their most critical issues, seeking advice from the mystics, especially on topics of finance, strategy, and power, which of course gave the oracle enormous power to influence the political landscape of their time, even to become the masters of manipulative monetarism. They may have wielded this power to set the two great maritime powers of Athens and Sparta at each other's throat on behalf the Persian Empire, to destroy each other, which they did in the 27-years long Peloponnesian War. What they evidently didn't like was the dawn of the scientific age that had flourished a century before the war in the Phyagorean Society, which the war brought to a halt, which then Socrates and Plato had revived after the war. Science and mysticism are opposites. The Delphic cult had to defeat science to maintain its mystic power and its monetarist control, that remains based on mysticism to the present day. Euclid evidently had a role to play in this game, and he played it well.

"Euclid created a system of geometry that looked great, but was based on reductionist mathematics, which was itself based on sensory perception, and nothing else. He was saying in essence, what Aristotle had said, that what you see is what you get, there is nothing else. With this said, he put the lid on science, blocking all higher-level concepts, concepts derived from discovery, where the actual march of science really begins. It begins with what the eye cannot see, or can see merely shadows of.

"Let me explain this with an example," I said. "In the days of Euclid, one farmer, working typically one hectare of land, would produce 10 quintals of grain per harvest, enough to feed two people for a year. Reductionist mathematics would allow the perception that in order to feed 2000 people, one would need 1000 farmers. However, there was a revolution of discoveries unfolding that changed the scene and increased the productivity beyond the Euclidean priorism. The creative capacity of the human mind had created a technology that brought with it new powers of the type that the Euclidean system could not measure, since one cannot measure the power of an idea with a yardstick that is not designed to measure ideas. The first ‘technology’ in agriculture was rather simple of course. It was build on the utilization of animal power, both for cultivation and irrigation. And it did raise the productive power of the farmer by a large measure. A farmer could now work 5 hectares of land and have an increased yield, in the range of 20 to 100 quintals per hectare. A single farmer could now feed up to 50 people, instead of just two.
"If one considers the next revolution in farming, that of science driven, mechanized farming, the new dimension of mind-powered productivity becomes even more astounding. A modern farmer can harvest 20,000 quintals per harvest, enough to feed 40,000 people. The modern farmer is a super-hero by Euclidean standards, because Euclid has no way of measuring the human mind as a factor. However, the more that the mind-factor expands, the more incredible the result becomes. It becomes so incredible, that even in our modern world the result is no longer believable, because the power of the human mind is not regarded as a factor, according to the pattern that Euclid has established. For the next stage along this line, in the potential revolution in agriculture, which is reflecting a still larger revolution in science and in economics -- which we have already the capacity to implement -- one would have to consider the potential of large scale, automated, industrial indoor agriculture, in modules fifty stories high with a 1000-hectares’ base. Given that an other 10-fold increase in yield might be possible under ideally controlled growing condition, such a facility of 50,000 hectares, with a yield of a thousand quintals per hectare, would yield 50 million quintals per harvest, or enough for 10 million people. In addition, we don't know yet what the limit for the botanic system is, which might be increased still further by increasing the CO2 and nitrogen concentration in the air, which is possible with indoor agriculture.

"And then, there is the fourth stage of the agricultural revolution to be considered, that the Euclidean model likewise has no room for. This is the Ice Age stage of agriculture. The linear model of Euclidean geometry has no 'room' for considering the lawful astrophysical cycles of the Universe that have a powerful effect of the climate of the earth, such as long term variations of the electric flux in our galaxy that powers the sun, which so far have become apparent in variances of the sunspot cycles. Physical evidence tells us of 100,000-years long glaciation cycles, interspersed with short warm periods, going back two million years, and that we can expect enormously deep cooling of the global climate during the glaciation cycle, with devastating consequences for agriculture. The evidence for this exists as but 'shadows' locked in historic glacial records. However, the mind can see beyond the 'shadows' and extrapolates from them a challenge that exceeds any challenge that mankind has faced so far. However, the Euclidean space has no room for the projections of the mind; it blocks them from being perceived, and blocks the world's natural perceptions of them. Thus the mind of the public, which is not allowed to see beyond the lid that Euclid put on science, the ice age challenge does not exist. And so, it blocks the fourth stage of the agricultural revolution, that of indoor agriculture in an Ice Age World, which would not only maintain food production that the natural world would no longer be capable of, but would also become a living reservoir for protecting the vast diversity of the present biosphere, in terms of plants, animals, birds, and insects, that would otherwise vanish. We really don't know how much of the diversity of the biosphere is typically lost during the glaciation period, and how long it takes for the biosphere to recover. Since mankind is a part of the biosphere, we are literally protecting ourselves by protecting the biosphere. None of that will happen, of course, for as long as the lid on science remains in place that the Euclidean, so-called science symbolizes, and still holds in place, powerfully, being held in place by the modern oracle that operates from the heart of empire, centered in London, and exists nurtured and protected by the monetarist oligarchy which it serves.
"Now let’s look how the oracle’s Euclidean lid on scientific perception affects another sphere, that of our universal intimacy in a cooperating human society where sex is a major factor. In the Euclidean world sex is for procreation. It is deemed there to have no other function, as it is indeed the case for much of the animal world. But in the human world, what we 'see' of sex at the foggy bottom in the form of sensual and physical responses, is but a shadow that hints at a much larger world of principles in which a higher aspect of sex is intertwined as a powerful factor. If we look carefully at the sexual shadow, we see beyond the shadow the dimension of intimacy unfolding. Sex involves a high degree of intimacy, and intimacy is an element that we see reflected at ever-higher levels, beyond what the sensual eye can see. We see it reflected in social intimacy at the family level, at the municipal level, at the national level, and also at the cultural level, even at the economic and scientific level. Our human civilization stands on a wide range of cooperative processes; without which we wouldn't have a civilization. The Principle of the General Welfare that is basic to civilization is built on a wide range of aspects of intimacy."

A heckler interrupted me, shouting that this is all nonsense, and that Euclid had it right, that what the eye can't see doesn't exist, so that anything beyond the immediate sensual has no relevance and affects nothing.

A tall man came up from the audience while the heckler spoke, and gently motioned me to surrender the microphone to him. He said the he is a living example for the truth of what I had said. "You sometimes don't know what you have got until you loose it. I have suffered a great loss. I have allowed myself to be circumcised for what I thought was a valid reason. You cannot imagine what a loss I suffered when I lost a major portion of my sexual sensitivity. My life became akin to living in a world without color, and with the loss of color I lost the closeness to my wife, to the world I live in, and even to life itself. I can see why people in such situations become suicidal. I became angry, and irritable, and arrogant, and found refuge in making money. I became a broker. I couldn't care if my brokerage business hurt anyone, so long as it made me a profit. I had no intimate connection left with anyone and anything. Nor do you have to take my word for what I have been telling you. The evidence for what I said is all around you. I was stunned when I began to recognize the evidence, as a friend pointed it out to me. There are presently 650 million circumcised men in the world, like myself. Of these 500 million are Muslims, 100 million are Americans, with the rest being spread across the world, with the Jewish people being the smallest component in global terms, though with the longest history. Then look at the areas in which the sexual amputation, which the circumcision is, is most prevalent in the world. What do you see there staring you into the face? Instead of strong economic development, you see poverty. You see tensions, strife, war, political insanity, monetarism and monetarist looting, fascism, physical collapse, and genocide. You see everything that accords with the will of the oracle, the ancient mysticism that still rules, even the green anti-science mysticism of the goddess Gaia worship of the Delphic cults. Wherever the circumcision is concentrated strongly, you can see the human world collapsing. Look at the great humanitarian tragedies in the Middle East, where the three major circumcised cultures in the world are at each other’s throat, and look who owns them as puppy dogs. Look at the money trails, they all lead back to the modern oracle centered in London. All the old features are still prevalent. The
oracle controls the moneybags. Out of its mystic mouth came two centuries of fascism. The oracle owned Hitler and Mussolini, whom its 'servants' had financed into power; just as it owned, and still owns, all the fascist operations that are destabilizing the nations around the world. The circumcision now serves a tool, through its amputation of the root of an intimate connection between people, furthering the advance of the march of fascism around the world. Unless the modern oracles are deposed, and replaced with leaders that have a mind that is open to the higher dimensions of humanity and the universal principles of natural law and natural economics, and are able to formulate competent economic policy that is free of mysticism and its monetarism, there is no hope for anyone on this planet to escape a long New Dark Age in which the world population will collapse to minuscule levels in an escalating orgy of fascist genocide.

"This promises to be the result when the social, national, and economic intimacy, is not restored rapidly on a scientific basis, that had once been flowing from the sexual intimacy that is designed to open the higher dimension on a natural basis," said the man. "Right now, we are far from this, and the situation is critical. All the support structure for civilization are gone. The great collapse that we have seen so far, that has caused the death of hundreds of millions, was just the opening phase of more of the same to come, because the underlying collapse in the higher dimension has not been addressed, much less reversed. If you think that I am joking, you are a bunch of fools, just as the hundreds of millions have been who have lost their life over the same kind of folly."

He gave the microphone back to me. I asked the audience for other contribution. An elderly woman came forward. She searched through her briefcase before taking the microphone. "Here it is," she said, holding a paper up high. "Listen to what LaRouche had said in America in a webcast on July 25, 2007, when the economic collapse began in full force. He said, the following:"

She read from the transcript. "The world monetary financial system is actually now currently in the process of disintegrating. There's nothing mysterious about this; I've talked about it for some time, it's been in progress, it's not abating.... There is no possibility of a non-collapse of the present financial system -- none! It's finished, now! The present financial system can not continue to exist under any circumstances, under any Presidency, under any leadership, or any leadership of nations. Only a fundamental and sudden change in the world monetary financial system will prevent a general, immediate chain-reaction type of collapse. At what speed we don't know, but it will go on, and it will be unstoppable! And the longer it goes on before coming to an end, the worse things will get. And there is no one in the present institutions of government, who is competent to deal with this."

She put the paper down. "Since this was said, millions of American families have been thrown out of their home through mortgage swindles; the America taxpayers were robbed of over $23 trillion in bank bailout swindles; countless millions lost their job; industries have been destroyed; pensions have been wiped out; the entire healthcare and social system is collapsing; fascism is on the rise aiming to overtake Hitler as the beast of beasts. What LaRouche had warned about has already come true to some degree. How
long will we continue to keep the lid on science to keep ourselves blinded against the larger potentials of the human mind and the principles of the Universe?"

"Isn't this the same question that I have asked?" I said, when the woman left the podium. "When do we begin to look at the face of sex as but a shadow of a vast expanse of cooperative intimacy that is crucial to civilization in countless forms and at all levels. Let's dethrone the oracle that keeps the lid on this. If we want a sane government, we have to begin with a sane platform for governing ourselves, and I mean from the grassroots level up. That's where governmental reform begins. Sure, sane governmental policies are essential, but the sanity has to begin with us. The intimacy that unfolds in the Principle of the general Welfare, begins at the home ground. If this ground is a desert, we can't expect the halls of government to be an oasis of humanity. Those halls will then be as dry as the deserts are that we have created ourselves as the platform for our living. While much of this can be blamed on the modern oracle of empire, including the monetarist and green mysticism, the majority of the blame rests with all levels of society, for having consulted the oracle in the first place, for obeying its demands, and for not dethroning the oracle at least in their own heart. By this the world is doomed, even while we have the power in our hands to cancel this doom. Do I need to say more?

"I think I gave you an indication of what Mr. Devil should have confronted Mr. God with, in the role playing, and should have played up to the hilt, as his greatest strength," I said to the assembly, "even though Mr. God would still have had the last word, which in the real world remains yet to be recognized, understood, and be acknowledged. The fall of the Roman Empire illustrates this inevitable 'last word.' Rome had risen into a monster on the basis of the mysticism and monetarism that the Oracle of Delphi had created for it. The leaders of Rome had apparently also recognized that the gifts of the oracle were ultimately seeds of doom. It might have been this recognition that had caused Rome to shut the oracle down near the end of the Fifth Century, though far too late for Rome to avoid its doom. The western part of the empire collapsed three quarters of a century later. But the oracle of mysticism and monetarism itself was not defeated. Although dethroned, it lived on in the background, as a dehumanizing force, and found new lodging at the center of many an empire, especially the Venetian Empire that later became the British Empire, from where its mysticism and monetarism had begun wrecking the world. But Mr. God will have the last world in this game also, since the gifts of the oracle are seeds of destruction, whereby the empire, its host, is doomed. The important question for us is, to answer, for how long do we intend to stay latched to this doom? When will we become committed to say to it, 'be gone!' and then become committed to choosing our own destiny through scientific and technological development, and expanded perceptions of what is of value, thereby stepping away from the green mysticism of oracle, and its brown fascism, and blood-red monetarism.

"If society remains latched to the song of the oracle," I said quietly, "society thereby remains latched to its doom, no matter what the specific name of the oracle may be. In America one of its names appears to be, Goldman Sachs. It is said, for example, that The Financial Services Modernization Act of the USA and The Commodity Futures Modernization Act, were written by Goldman Sachs, accepted by the Clinton Administration, knocked down the fairway by the Bush Administration, meaning it was
rammed through Congress, which voted them up into law, probably without reading
them, much less understanding them, since the mysticism of the monetarist oracle isn't
designed to be readable and understandable. And so the oracle's song became law, and
the bankrupting of America and the world were pushed forward another notch on the
behalf of a handful of New York investment bankers in a parody on government, of the
thieves, by the thieves, and for the thieves. But the seed of doom is in the oracle's song, in
which Goldman Sachs finds its doom, for the song is empty -- mysticism is empty. Peace
always resumes after every war. Peace is inevitable. After the song of the oracle ends in
the doom of whoever sings it, be it a banker, or a nation, or a system, 'peace' resumes,
although sometimes without barely a human voice to be heard in it. The result is a
tragedy. In contrast, the song of the Principle of the General Welfare, the song of human
intimacy on all levels, up to the highest level, is carried by a contrasting melody. It is a
natural song, powerful in productive economics, creative science, uplifting culture. Isn't
this what the sexual song also is? Isn't it a song centered on meeting one-another's need,
uplifting one-another, celebrating one-another, cherishing one-another, enriching one-another's life. Isn't that what intimacy unfolds into, opening the door to beauty and
discoveries in science, and to evermore of the principle of natural law, bringing to light
the dynamism of the principles of the Universe in human existence?

With having said this, I left the stage. I left the auditorium altogether, to take my
chair back. I was satisfied, as I walked out of the hall, that this time there was just a
moderate applause forthcoming. This meant that I had created enough scientific tension
in people's thinking to cause a few people to ponder and 'stray' into mental realms they
hadn't be in for possibly their entire life. I had recited a new form of poetry to them. I left
the hall satisfied.

When I asked Ross what the ten-day project was all about that he was working on
with Sylvia, I expected some long-winded explanation intertwined with hypothesis about
advanced fundamental principles. I was wrong. He said simply he was planning to make
a formal presentation on the scientific foundation for Tony's girl watching speech. He
said that something more profound was needed than I had delivered.

"Tony's speech will likely hit the deeply religious communities like a bomb going
off," he said. "That's inevitable. There are some countries on this planet were people
would get arrested for saying the kinds of things that Tony will say, or people become
excommunicated from their church or temple, or whatever." He said that Tony's speech
would likely cut deeply into people's consciousness and raise a lot of questions, if it was
done right, but ultimately it won't go deep enough to answer them. Ross added that this is
extremely difficult to do. He said that some people might see Tony's speech as a gripe
session against false traditions and defective axioms, which would make matters worse
since gripe sessions rarely create a nobler platform that uplifts people's thinking and
replace what exists at the lower levels with higher perceptions of truth. "Does this sound
familiar?" he asked.
"For this you need a scientific session," Ross added moments later. "Many in the audience may find it boring, what I have to say, but I am certain that it will ultimately enable them to move to higher ground. It becomes my task as a scientist and researcher to pave the way for that to happen. It becomes my task to provide the necessary foundation, for Tony's speech to become effective and to become a useful tool for people to examine their axioms with."

Ross told me that he had already booked the office facilities that he needs for preparing his presentation. "The main work, of course, has to be done after hours," he said. "So, it all fits together," he added with a gentle smile that slowly became a grin. "There is no reason that I can see why you and Heather shouldn't keep each other company while Sylvia and I do this important preparatory work. This way I don't have to feel badly about neglecting her."

Ross' speech was delivered three days after Tony's girl watching speech. Ross' presentation was a high level scientific treaties on the subject that by then concerned everyone. His speech was entitled "The Marriage of Humanity." He expanded the lateral platform and its constitution that I had set up, and raised its science to a higher level for a clearer view of it. His presentation was delivered totally in accord with the tradition that Sylvia had established. He ripped up old worn out concepts that stood in the way of the scientific concept of that higher model that he had discovered while exploring the works of America's classical spiritual and scientific pioneer of the 19th century. He pointed out precisely what he had discovered, how this pioneer had elevated the concept of marriage to a very high level, way above all those lower aspects defined by boundaries, borders, limits, barriers to love, and so forth, that have been wrongfully attached to it. He pointed out that this pioneer had created a Christian church without any provision for marriages, because the elevated concept stands infinitely higher than the traditional concept of marriage that priests consummate, which results in a union in isolation, division of the sexes, and fostering dishonesty with oneself.

Ross explained the steps of his research, the discoveries that he had made, and what conclusions he had drawn from them. He presented the pioneer's daring concept that had raised the idea of marriage to such a high standard that it matches God's standard; a standard that is universal love, all-embracing truth, honesty with oneself, honor in real terms; a standard that takes away boundaries for affections, that meets all human needs, that cultivates "one's honesty with what is actually real," as he had put it. In short, Ross explained that this pioneer had elevated the concept of marriage to become a union of hearts without limits or boundaries, a marriage that embraces the whole of humanity into a single sphere that exists as a commitment for enriching one-another's life. It came to signify the principle of the common good, which is the very foundation of human civilization and what is elevating in religion.
Then Ross briefly referred to Erica's flower garden. "Honesty with oneself is an important element," he added, "because it reflects Truth, and Truth is an aspect of God, as is Love." He suggested that the wide open concept that the flower garden metaphor brings into view, encourages the unfolding of honesty and love that may prove to be highly challenging, but extremely vital in the present age. "We cannot selectively disregard universal truth when we find it to be a bit challenging to acknowledge," he said. "But neither should this garden of life's metaphor signify a garden of lust," he added. "A botanist doesn't abuse his flowers. He cherishes them intimately, nourishes them, removes whatever has wilted away and enjoys their unfolding. He doesn't abuse them or harm them as people so often abuse and harm one-another."

Ross said that this metaphor holds true for our marriage garden that shouldn't be destroyed by lustful rampages of any kind, nor be allowed to whither behind fences that no one may cross. "Chastity is the cement of civilization," said Ross, quoting from his research sources, "but there is also moral freedom in the universe of our infinite Soul."

He paused for a sip of water. "We should find out what love and freedom really mean and let them enrich our lives," he continued.

Ross used all the technological means that the center had available for his presentation. He used photographic slides and computer generated graphics, but mostly he was simply speaking and conveying the advanced concepts that he had discovered, using familiar images that generated unfamiliar responses in the mind, responses that pertain to the still largely 'undiscovered country' of love, as he had put it.

"Marriage should be a platform that uplifts civilization," he said at one point. "It should be a platform that shifts the focus onto what is good and beautiful in human nature, on as wide a scene as possible without ignoring the human need."

He said that this platform already exists. "The marriage of humanity already exists in truth. It's an aspect of the reality of our being. We are married to each other in appreciation of our humanity in which all unity is founded. Except we stop too soon and close the door in a fearful privatization. All that we need to do is, that we become honest enough with ourselves to the demands that love itself imposed that are all too often quenched as our moulds for love are too tiny to provide space for love to unfold. All that we need to do is take note of the larger dimensions of love and embrace their wonders with all our heart and soul and mind. The idea of a universal union should become the seed kernel for advancing our perception of the unity that already exists in truth, that binds us all as one as human beings, especially across the sexual divisions that keeps the whole of humanity divided at the present time, and this more deeply so than all the political and economic divisions that are destroying our world. Love should be given the 'space' to be, without it ever becoming a boundary itself to the affections of the heart by which its unfolding would stop."
He said that he found in his research the realization that the scientifically spiritual concept of marriage unfolds on that higher platform where all those lower aspects centered on sex, sexual divisions, boundaries and isolation have no relevance, but pertain to something else, without ever loosing sex itself as an element of our humanity.

He paused at this point and laughed. "Can you imagine what this means?" he asked. "It means that a wife or a husband should not inhibit another's moral intercourse, or higher than moral intercourse, with others of the opposite sex, or the same sex, that may be unfolding from advancing affections. Instead, they should encourage that wider sphere of thought and action by exploring together the appropriate platform on which this can be done. That higher platform that unfolds from one of the countless facets of love should be the kind of platform that assures that no one becomes hurt and everyone becomes enriched by the process."

Ross became very serious after this. "Can anyone imagine a husband or a wife actually doing this?" he asked. "This is hard to imagine, isn't it? Nevertheless, this should be the standard. In fact, it should be the standard in all relationships between human beings."

Ross suggested that if this truly became the standard for relationships between people, the need for consummating relationships with special ceremonies would become obsolete, or the need for creating treaties between nations that are all too often broken anyway. He suggested that our cultivated unwillingness in responding to the truth might be the reason why nothing functions well anymore in the world. He suggested that the imperative for stepping beyond that barrier might also have been the reason why no provisions were made for such narrow institutions that perpetuate the barriers in the scientifically oriented church that he had researched. Ross pointed out that the master Christian, Christ Jesus himself, had actually pointed out that the encumbered marriage model that existed at his time would fall away once people became more sensitive to the all-embracing demands of Truth, Life, and Love. Ross said that when this happens a whole New World invariably begins to unfold.

He stepped away from the podium after this, and from his papers and his prepared speech. He only brought the microphone along and stepped forward to the edge of the platform to create a more intimate setting.

"If one were to take away today our present marriage model, which is centered on the ownership of one-another, a model that is circumscribed by boundaries, and has an inward oriented focus, which is a very poor model, - if one were to take all this away," he said, "then the larger political platforms that are build on the same ideology, the ownership of people, creating division, isolation, domination, and war, would also become invalidated."
Moments later he added a whole lot more to the list that details the platform of greed, on which people steal from society to feed their petty, pathetic, inward centered interests.

He explained that the model that everyone presently subscribes to incorporates many such faces, and every one of them is as ugly and as socially destructive as the other. He said that a deep axiomatic shift is required. He suggested that if a higher and more scientifically correct model were to supersede the old defective model that most of humanity subscribes to, we would find ourselves living in a richer civilization, in a richer world, a world where truth, honesty, honor, and love have a place, and we would seek our riches there, rather than in stock portfolios which were proven to have no real value at all.

He promised in closing that society would some day find its value in contributing to those who elevate civilization and enrich all forms of human development. He said that society should be ashamed over the disdain and indifference that had apparently pushed geniuses, like Mozart and Tchaikovsky into an early grave. Ross also held up the example of India, which he held up as a nation that had strongly supported its cultural leaders in their fight for freedom and self-respect, and this so much, that one single little man with a right idea became a giant who shook the world, who inspired an entire nation to pull itself out from under the feet of the mightiest colonial empire on the planet.

"We can no longer afford to tolerate an inward focused marriage model," said Ross, "that separates us into isolated camps and into a multitude of tiny private empires that are separated from one-another by greed and fear, and boundaries that reflect defective axioms. In a nuclear-armed world, we cannot afford this isolation and disdain. In an arena where failures in people's relating to each other precipitates a certain doom, we have to step beyond the ancient myths that are riddled with failures in human relationships which, according to available evidence, had been created by the intent to facilitate imperial domination. Even the amassing of imperial wealth, which always happens to the detriment of society, reflects the same type of failure. That, too, can no longer be tolerated. These failures have pushed the world-financial system over the edge and collapsed its shiny facade into the quagmire of misery and death that we have just experienced on a global scale. We barely survived this catastrophe. We cannot survive a similar failure in the arena of war that may become a new religious war or a nuclear war."

Before Ross stepped off the podium, he suggested that it has become imperative that all in society establish that higher platform for relating to one-another that is anchored in truth, in order that further failures in people's relating to one-another become pre-empted thereby, before society dies as the result of those failures. He said that the cost to achieve that, might be high in terms of individual commitment to establish a wider, more honest, and more meaningful unity among the whole of human society, and that this cost would have to be born without a whimper if civilization is to be protected. "The cost will have to be born to assure our survival on this planet," he said. "No other options exist than to uplift our relationship to one-another as human beings."

He spoke about these things in a clear and authoritative tone. "No technological solutions exist that can shield us against a nuclear war," he said, in an almost shouting
manner in order to emphasize the gravity. "Nor will political treaties provide this safety. Only we ourselves can obsolete the platforms on which these weapons have been built, and continue to be build and deployed. Anything less than an honest and daring commitment to this goal will precipitate our doom."

When Ross left the platform a great silence ensued. No one cheered. There was a little applause after a while, but no standing ovation erupted. Ross told us afterwards that he felt this was a good sign. He felt that he had achieved what he had set out to achieve. He said the people were quiet at the end, because they were convicted by their own conscience for contributing to the failure. He suggested that they were most likely trying to search for a way out. "That's a good start," he said.

Naturally, his speech didn't become famous, like Tony's speech had become who spoke before him, who had struck a familiar chord in everyone's heart. The response to Ross' speech was an agonizing self-conviction. It was actually remarkable, against this background, that there was any applause at all. Nevertheless, I felt that Ross had accomplished far more than Tony had accomplished, and I congratulated him for his victory.

Heather and I had spent the evenings together during the time when Ross and Sylvia were preparing for this grand presentation. The honesty that unfolded from it had opened up a whole New World for us all. When Heather and I told the others of our group about our affections for one-another, and the need to allow them to unfold, no one objected or made a sour face. Perhaps it didn't seem extraordinary anymore, or nobody knew anymore what was up and what was down.

A great overturning had begun, so it seemed, and that promised to continue to unfold.

After Ross' speech became history, I recognized that the development that had occurred during the days in which Tony's, and Ross' speeches unfolded, was more profoundly related to World Peace than anything that had been presented at the conference up to that point. Nevertheless, all of this turned out to be just another beginning for still greater developments.

I realized during this time, that in real terms, Heather, Ross, and Sylvia and I had achieved nothing outstanding since the unfolding of our affections towards another hadn't ended there. We had merely responded to the spiritual renaissance that had somehow been set into motion by the new focus at the conference that we all had created and contributed to in our own way. It was only natural, therefore, that everyone would benefit by it and continue so, evermore.
It was fortunate for us all, especially for me, that Tony had been successful in getting his girl watching speech onto the agenda quite early. It had made waves that could be felt as far away as Russia. He gave a powerful speech, as Ross had correctly forecast.

When Tony stepped onto the podium on the day of his speech, I was probably more apprehensive about what was to about to happen than he evidently was. I had experienced first hand, many times before, how a profound idea can be utterly ruined by a poorly structured presentation, or a poor reception. But Tony's speech didn't go sour. He delivered a beautiful address. Although the substance of it was not always correct as I saw it, this didn't seem to matter at all, compared to the tone in which his observations were put forward. Besides, who was I to judge him, and if I were justified in judging, would it make any real difference anyway? What did it matter that we were reaching the top of Mount Everest ten feet apart from one-another, ascending by different routes?

It had been marvelous to see Tony on the platform, realizing how different he was now as a person, compared to his air show days. He wasn't on that platform to impress anyone, but to share his excitement with the mountains and with climbing them.

"Dear friends," he had said, quietly.

One could almost feel the embrace that these few words signified. One could feel the lateral flow in his words. He wasn't talking about the lateral platform, but was living it. There was no sense of isolation left for one to cling to. Nor was there a sense of him standing above anyone, or below, flowing from his speech. Not a trace of the vertical madness of empire was included in the landscape of love that he talked about. Nothing did mar it.

"We who are assembled here, who have chosen to stand on top of the world shouldn't lock ourselves inside an auditorium," he began his speech. "I propose that we dissolve this assembly. Let me invite you to reconvene at Alberto's pub on the second floor of the shopping mall next door. Some of us have found this pub a far more productive place for thinking about peace, than this soundproof castle of padded doors and concrete walls. We have worked overtime at this pub every night, researching the problems involved with creating unity, peace, and honesty with oneself, overcoming isolation and division. We've done it over a beer, interspersed with a great deal of girl watching. Yes, girl watching!"

I cringed, remembering Sylvia's reaction. Half the audience was female.

"Of course, three thousand people can't fit around the few tables at Alberto's pub," he continued, "so, let me share with you what I have found there. It's been an eye opener." He began to grin.

"Common courtesy dictates that girl watching isn't something a nice gentleman does," he continued. "Curtesy demands that one shut one's eyes against the incredible wonder that is represented in men and women. Does such a demand make sense? Of
course it doesn't make sense. Imagine yourself sitting there, a beautiful person comes your way, you force your eyes shut, you look away, you deny yourself the joy of experiencing one of the loveliest delights of living, and so, immediately, you're facing a conflict with yourself. You create a paradox. You're drawn into a terrible conflict with yourself as you realize that you lack the resources to confront rationally what your honesty demands. Consequently, you don't do anything. But what do you do in such a case to your own feelings, to your nature as a human being when you can't be honest with yourself? That is where I think the fragmentation of mankind has begun.

Tony suggested that this conflict isn't anything new. He said that humanity has acquired the capability to land on the moon, and go beyond it and explore the moons of Jupiter in exquisite detail. The technological steps behind such achievements are phenomenal, and we have taken those steps. "But in the most vital area of living, we continue to behave like Stone Age people," he said. "Something is spiritually lacking in our society that now fuels the threat of nuclear annihilation," he warned.

"Now, with this in mind, let's explore what specifically causes this huge gap between our development as human beings, in comparison with the immense growth in our technological development," he said and paused.

He looked around the great, silent hall.

"I tell you what makes that difference," he said. "The difference is one of procedure. Our so-called moral procedures have choked off the renaissance spirit that once had rescued us from more than a thousand years of dark ages. Ninety-eight-percent of all people on this planet had been living as serves prior to the Renaissance, or as slaves, or as scum lower than slaves. All this ended when the pioneers of the Renaissance put a new image of man before the people, the image of a human being, an image that people had learned to love, and with it had learned to love themselves and one-another. This is how the lateral platform is coming to light. The amazing thing was that people had universally learned to love themselves in that higher image. They accepted a truth that they could feel in their heart. They began a self-development on the foundation of that idea. They indeed fought for this, and they developed the idea further and discovered the underlying principle of it. They discovered the principle of a wider love, the principle of universal Love. Out of that loving they created great art, beauty, poetry, drama, and music. They created a whole New World in which they could express the newfound reality of themselves and their fellow beings.

"Much of this has disappeared," he continued. "Only now and then, and rarely at the grass roots level, can one find a few traces of it remaining. Some of that honesty of people with themselves, about our wonderful humanity, was reflected in the girls that we saw walking by at Alberto's pub. They were all beautiful in their appearance, in their manners, in the way they were dressed, and in the way they smiled and carried themselves proudly. They had some of that Renaissance spirit left. They were in love with themselves as beautiful, valuable, human beings. One could feel that self-love. It was reflected in their appearance. Naturally, it touched a kindred chord in my soul, as in everyone's, there. I fell in love with them. I embraced them in my thoughts. I feasted on
that love that bound us together, even if it was but for a brief moment. I relished it. I opened my mind to it. Why should I have deprived myself of that, especially since there is so little of that left to be found? Why should have I barred my eyes and heart from making that connection from love to love? I was not exploiting them. I was not degrading them. I was merely acknowledging the beauty of their self-love. Naturally, that included an element of their sexuality, and so it should. After all, we are sexual beings. To deny that amounts to self-denial, and self-denial is the opposite of self-love. Self-denial takes us away from the truth. But that was reversed at Alberto's pub near the theatre. The lateral world was unfolding there that is cherished in the heart."

Here Tony paused, and asked, "What about same-sex love? Should the love of a man for a man, or a woman for a woman, be invalid at the sexual level? What about it? If society's sexual intimacies existed exclusively for the purpose of procreation, and were never be entered into by anyone for any other reason, then same-sex intimacies would have no merit."

He paused for a sip of water, then he asked the audience. "Is there anyone here who has never entered into sexual intimacies with another person other than for procreation?"

He paused again. As no hands were raised, he continued.

He spoke slowly now. "Since all of you have just indicated that sexual intimacies are not primarily entered into for procreation, which is probably true for the vast majority of these acts, then it doesn't make sense that these intimacies should be invalid in a same-sex environment since procreation isn't the main purpose anymore for having sexual intimacies with one-another as human beings. And what about extramarital intimacies.

"It appears that procreation never has been the primary purpose of our sexuality as human beings," he added moments later. "If we consider the rich sphere of our humanity, as we should, we find in it dimensions of unity that are sexually defined, but we have turned sexuality into a cause for isolation. In consideration of what is natural, therefore, why should extra-marital sexual relationships then not be seen as valid aspects of unity as any other sexually inspired relationship? There is no reason for it, is there? The fact is that countless people have experienced in their life that all sexual associations are valid for that very reason, in which the bonds that love have forged are honored, which we are obliged by the Decalogue and moral law, to honor indeed."

He suggested that the reason why so little of that honoring is done, may well be due to the many destructive axioms that have been created in ancient times for imperial reasons, for creating division and isolation wherever that was possible. He further pointed out that the same-sex isolation, and marriage isolation, actually violates the principle of the necessary universality of love as a universal principle. The Principle of Universal Love quite literally includes the love of a man for a man, and a woman for a woman, to whatever extent that may unfold. "Are we not all human beings?"
Tony said that he applied this principle at Alberto's pub. He made an experiment, shutting out all the axioms that stood in the way of him allowing himself to feel close to another human being, man or woman. He suggested that people should try this themselves. They would be surprised.

He said, that any form of sex-based isolation has nothing real to stand on. "The fundamental isolation of human beings to one-another should be treated as an anomaly," he said, "that needs to be resolved, rather than be magnified, and this with a great amount of honesty with ourselves in respect to the humanity that we all share. The Principle of Universal Love has no meaning until this impasse is resolved," he said, "and that's a greater challenge than we have dared to face so far."

He asked, what other basis the audience felt it had, for ending the threats of war, nuclear war, and economic war, if it excluded the Principle of Universal Love, the very principle that had once ended eighty years of war in Europe, in 1648. "Peace stands on only one principle," he said, "and this is it. Peace stands on the lateral platform, and its principle is the Principle of Universal Love."

He suggested that the scientific development of the Principle of Universal Love could spark a social revolution that can uplift the whole world. He suggested that we should all embrace this principle, and that we should make it a law unto ourselves not to allow the isolation of ourselves to happen that violates the Principle of Universal Love. "We should create a constitution for ourselves," he said, "to uphold and protect our self-love, in order that there will be love in the world that will enable us to enrich one-another on the wide lateral platform of universal love.

"Why aren't we doing this? For the last century we have been hell bent into tearing each other down. That has to stop. This has to be turned around. We have to begin to uplift one-another, and that can only be achieved on a platform of universal love on the whole front of human existence, without exceptions."

Tony said that the sciences, more or less, already operate from a platform that is a constitution. A constitution, in turn is a document of understanding that reflects the highest perception, based on the most advanced reasoning and the most profound discoveries. And even then, it is something that is constantly updated with the latest advances. On this self-advancing platform our technologies have been able to advance with lightning speed to reflect the goals that we set for ourselves in our scientific constitution.

"But for the deep things of living, we have a different platform," said Tony, "we have a platform that ignores every bit of insight and advancing perception that we have made throughout the ages. Consequently, the defective platform that we have chosen to plant our life on, moves us backwards, back towards the Dark Ages. The name of this regressive platform is tradition - the tradition of something that doesn't work, that was for political reasons designed not to work. And it never has worked," he added. "It has been a killer from the beginning, rich in demands enforced by the death penalty, but lean in affection, love, compassion, and so forth."
Tony told the assembly that the platform of tradition suggests that what was right yesterday is still right today, and will be right tomorrow, so don't you dare and look at the world with open eyes. He suggested that if the sciences had adopted this platform we would still be at the Stone Age stage, as indeed we are socially.

"The traditionalist's platform is a platform based on the myth of the supposed absoluteness of perceptions," said Tony. "That's a religious perception, imposed from the top down. It doesn't come from individual scientific and spiritual self-development. It is imposed from the top down. That's why we haven't moved away from the level of Stone Age men in the social domain, because the perceptions that control us have been deemed untouchable, unquestionable, absolute. If mankind's race against nuclear war is to be won, the traditionalist perception must be replaced with a constitutionalist approach of an unbridled self-developing perception. Unless this happens, the time will come when runaway technology will get the better of us and a nuclear war will terminate the human species. However, the answer lies not in stopping technology. It lies in the kind of moral progress that advances the image of man by leaps and bounds, based on the same scientific method that gave rise to our technological wonders. Ancient traditions should not be believed to be absolute. They should be tried against known principles, against profound discoveries, tested with absolute honesty, and be subjected to the demands of love and unity.

Again, he scanned the auditorium in silence. There was a stirring.

"The answer is tied to girl watching," he continued quietly. "Some say it is human nature that our moral perception evolves slowly, and that this slow growth is somehow linked to biological evolution and must be measured therefore in tens of thousands of years." He said this is nonsense, because deep in our hearts we already know most of the answers. We just haven't begun to acknowledge them, and to build on them. He said that it took us only three days at Alberto's pub to acknowledge to each other that the girls are exceptionally beautiful in Venezuela. He suggested that this was a kind of a record. He suggested that some people couldn't make such a public acknowledgment in a lifetime, fighting against tradition, especially if there are ladies in their company. He demanded, that instead of sitting back and letting evolution take place, we should get off our butts and formulate a constitution for ourselves based on our innermost recognition of what is real, of what is love, of what is a reflection of our boundless humanity.

"And how does this relate to girl watching, you may ask?" he concluded. "Well, that's your lab assignment for today."

He grinned as he stepped down from the podium in a thunder of applause.

As he walked away, a frail man appeared, dressed in white pants and a Hawaiian shirt. He intercepted Tony. He shook his hand and motioned him to come back with him to the podium.
The man took the microphone, adjusted it lower and raised his hand to calm the assembly.

"Our friend is beautiful," he said. "He has boldly challenged centuries of false traditions, but he has not gone far enough. He has taken only one step where he should have gone a mile. I'm a constitutionalist at heart, myself. But consider this. Is any new constitution that I forge for myself really different from a tradition, or is it just tradition in another form? Think carefully on this one. The instant a constitution is formulated it becomes automatically a tradition that I willingly follow, because I have created it. This then, becomes a highly advanced form of mythology. It is, here at this point, that I must be careful. Once the mythology is established and I say to myself; I have arrived at the truth; I will have closed the door on any further enquiry. I will have stopped to live. I will have stopped looking out for what reality is. Indeed, why should a person need to look further who fancies himself to have arrived? Such a person will stop and stand still. This happens all too easily. Look at the old Soviet Union for instance. The common man was exploited under the Czars. A revolution was required to achieve a decent life for the common man. Out of this, the Soviet State was born, and immediately the idea became a constitution. And that's where it stayed. Today, the word communism stands for a dead rite that had ushered in the worst atrocities in the name of good until it died itself. A similar process happened in the USA, too. Unbridled personal freedom became America's unwritten constitution. The lateral platform was missing. This started the collapse of America.

"No doubt America's steps towards freedom were giant steps at the time, and bold statements on the rights of the individual. But that's were the development was halted, because the lateral platform seemed to difficult to grasp. Soon the incomplete concept was all that remained. It governed the axioms of the slaves and rulers alike. The scene remained stagnant. The idea didn't develop further. It died. It hadn't moved. A constitution for living must be alive itself, it must be something dynamic or it is dead and we become immobile and dead ourselves. A constitution must represent the very edge of man's perception of himself and his world in the lateral domain, and it must never move from this edge, but stay at it, or else it represents decay and death."

The man paused.

"Now, when our constitution changes as we awake, we will grow its base with our new-found awareness, and so, we become more alive and more sensitive to what is. The result will be that we love more and have more peace. This is the only way wars will end, the only way in which they 'can' end."

He paused again, then continued. "Friends, there is another aspect associated with the girl watching speech that we have just heard. It was appropriate that this speech was made in the context of this conference, which I believe we have now intended to be for the healing of humanity, since we have ripped up the official agenda. Our friend spoke about the beauty of humanity and about a person's need to appreciate this beauty. He spoke about appreciating this beauty for its own sake. He did not speak about lust or intentions to rape. He spoke about beauty and the appreciation of it. We all need this
appreciation, and we need it now more than ever. The last century has been a horrible period for humanity in which World War I was merely the overture. It has been a period focused on killing, destroying, creating poverty, depopulation, genocide, and deindustrialization coupled with the legalization of theft on such a huge scale that it collapsed nearly the entire world-financial system. It has also been a period that has become increasingly focused on violence. Theft and violence became used as tools to destroy the moral fiber of society in order that society can be more easily robbed and controlled by the would-be rulers. But now, in this hall, we have seen one brave attempt, daringly made, to get us to turn back this tide of horrors that has caused so much pain in society, and also destruction, and to get us to reach down to the root of the problem, that I would call this a gift that we should not let fall to the ground."

The man paused again and blushed, then continued softly as if he was ashamed of something.

"I had been invited about a year ago," he said, "to a meeting of the most important psychological warfare institute in Europe." He said he didn't know why he had been invited. He suggested that they might have wanted to see his reactions, or they might have intended to demoralize him, as they gloated to each other about their successes.

The man reminded the audience that some years back in time a black man had been shot in New York City, by four police officers, who had requested the black man to produce his identification. As the black man reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet, one of the officers mistook the wallet for a gun.

"We all know what happened after that," he said. "The black man died in a shower of bullets. He was shot 41 times before he fell to the ground. He was shot by four police officers who all said that they acted in self-defence."

Our speaker paused and then continued. "The people at the psychological warfare institute had hailed this particular incidence as a success, because, after years of training society at violence centered video games, the officers had finally illustrated that their efforts had been successful. The officers acted with the same quick reaction that the games had demanded, that leaves a person no time for moral judgements. Everything becomes a reflex reaction in a setting in which human life has no value. They congratulated themselves, because that was precisely the environment they had tried to create. This is how the games had been structured to unfold. Their goal had been to turn human beings into killing machines. Consequently, the institute had hailed this horrendous human tragedy as a tremendous step of progress. Naturally, all of this was produced and promoted through commercial ventures that 'empire' cultivate as a cheap means towards their end."

Our speaker paused again, evidently to assess the reaction in people's faces.

"This automated and concentrated 'canned' violence," he continued, "differs like night and day from the sparse scenes of violence one finds in classical drama where the
purpose of the violence is to illustrate moral principles in order to prevent tragedies in the real world. In contrast to the elevating effect of a classical drama, the goal of psychological warfare is to create tragedies in the real world, instead of to prevent them. The goal is to destroy the moral conscience of society that would invariably stand in the way of warfare atrocities and the demoralization of society across the board, and to prevent them."

He paused again. It was evidently hard for him to say these things.

"Let me assure you my friends," he said, "the people and institutions who profit from this development of artificial violence would shout, foul, to the girl watching speech that we just heard, and they will shout when they hear it. They will rage with indignation, because that speech is reversing their course."

There was a great power in the man's words. He spoke slowly and clearly. Also he spoke with a great compassion when he pointed out that this inner destruction of society had been designed to make it ripe for depopulation and the imposition of poverty, which together are necessary conditions for a feudal oligarchy to be able to maintain its power.

"You have all heard those slogans, haven't you?" he said. He leaned forward towards the audience and paused. "You have heard it being said that morality is bad for business, that it is bad in politics, that it is bad in the military, and that it is even looked upon as a hindrance in sports. But have you ever heard it being said that humanity is rich because of its morality and its humanity? Has anyone said lately that our precious moral conscience, even the little that we have still left, enables us all to appreciate one-another, to enrich one-another, and to protect one-another, and to love one-another without bounds? Most likely no one here has heard this being said, not lately, not for many years, maybe never. Maybe these things are still beings said in secret, or maybe they are merely secretly contemplated and no one dares to utter them out loud. But this shouldn't be the case any longer, my friends. These things have been uttered today, loud and clear, and in the open. What happened here was a historic breakthrough. This day should be celebrated. It should cause us to create a new constitution, or at least uplift our old constitution by a whole bunch of levels all at once."

The man said that during the meeting at the psychological warfare institute a new plan had been brought forward that had been designed to destroy the moral conscience at the very earliest stage of a person's development, targeting children. The human being is at its most impressionable stage during the first five to six years of life.

"The plan that was put on the table, was to create cute little toy creatures for the children, or images of the creatures, and they would be presented to possess special powers for killing. The children would be made to become fond of the little creatures and their powers to kill. Also the creature toys would be made small enough to be carried around by the children wherever they went. One of the proposed ideas was to create little gas monsters that suck the soul out of a human being and turn the dehumanized victims
into angry and mad killers who would kill everything in sight in an uncontrollable rage, when set loose."

The man said that this specific idea was later defeated at the meeting that he had attended. He conceded though, sadly, that a slightly worse form of the idea was eventually implemented.

"A nuclear war has been declared against our children, and against our own humanity," he said. "We, in this room, have a responsibility to counter this war, and we can do this. We must do this. The alternative is simply unthinkable. The only option that we have, to do that, is to develop our honesty towards one-another as human beings and the beauty of the human Soul. Can you imagine what it could mean for the human race when we fail, when those demoralized children grow up to adulthood, without becoming human beings with human feelings and an innate honesty with themselves? Can you imagine the consequences, if these children grow up without a Soul, without a conscience, and become politicians, military leaders, business executives? Even now, all the wars in the last century were driven by an increasing insanity. People tend to become insane in proportion to their neglect in nurturing their real moral conscience, which is their honesty with themselves, their humanity, which should be ingrained in their constitution."

He said that he found the girl watching speech a welcome reversal of this terrible trend. It focused on a person becoming honest with his or her own self. It focused on the appreciation of human beings in a deeply felt unity with one-another, forging a bond without borders and without limits.

He stepped away from the lectern like Tony had, and took the microphone with him. He went to the very edge of the speakers' platform and looked at the audience in silence for a moment.

"By the reaction I have sensed here," he said, "many of you have found the girl watching speech disturbing. This is so, because society's moral values have been twisted into the wrong direction, and some of that has been done by institutions similar to the one I described, and some of that in very distant times. You are supposed to feel the convulsion that you may have felt. That had been their intent, no doubt. I wasn't there in ancient times, but I have seen the process in action in our time. In the ancient world they imposed the death penalty for the most human acts, and in the most dehumanizing manner by throwing stones at people until they die. They had even society itself carry out the atrocities, with everyone watching, including the children. That destruction of a people's humanity came from the same type of imperial hellhole that I had been invited to witness. The tragedy is, that we find countless people in society who do not find this disturbing, who would instead find the girl watching speech disturbing. The people who would be disturbed by this speech are those who find value in their stock portfolios that represent a people's cleverness in stealing from one-another, who regard the destruction of civilization and the murdering of society, a virtue."
The man stepped back from the edge of the platform and began to smile. "The girl watching speech may have appeared shocking to you for also another reason," he said. "It may have appeared shocking for the simple reason that we, who were supposed to have been asleep as human beings, were woken up. Someone has dared to call us to attention. Yes, this is shocking, indeed, for someone who is obediently asleep."

He took another step back.

"There is an old story about a mule," he said, grinning now. "A man bought a mule. The seller had assured him that this mule was the finest of the lot. It would work for him tirelessly every day, all day long. So the man bought it and brought the mule to his farm. Low and behold, on the next morning the mule would not rise. No pulling or prodding would get the mule to move. In a rage the purchaser went back to the seller, and the seller came to the man's farm with him, and sure enough, the mule would not move. The seller laughed, then searched through the barn and came back with a plank. He gave the mule a smack with it. The mule jumped up and was now ready to work. The seller laughed again and told the farmer that all that was needed, was a little waking up to get the mule's attention."

"We all needed this girl watching shock," the man added. "We needed to be hit with a plank, so to speak. I can only hope that from this day forward we will all make a conscious effort to look at one-another with different eyes than in the past, and with more honesty, because this reprogramming of ourselves has the potential to be infinitely enriching from the Soul. On this platform, we also have the potential to change the world, to bring to life our constitution, our platform for uplifting the whole of society. Its focus should be on the general welfare of society, which has been long forgotten. This needs to be revived. Still, it must not be regarded as an end in itself, but as a starting point from which we work for humanity's larger and more profound self-development. We must see it as a constitution that we wish to develop, that we want to uplift into the sphere of universal love and universal sovereignty."

With this said, the man motioned Tony. Tony nodded. Then both men stepped down from the platform together, under a second roar of applause. Their remarks became famous from that day on as the Girl Watching Constitutional Speech.

It was the frail man's remark at the end that brought Antonovna to mind. I remembered that I had hoped right from the beginning she would have come, since Olive had lobbied for this conference with Antonovna in mind. Now that I knew that she was coming, I felt a bit sad, because I felt she would have loved Tony's speech, and the constitutional speech that was built thereon.
I suggested to Sylvia that Anton's arrival was undoubtedly the result of the great overturning that had begun right from the start with her own bold initiative, when she ripped up the U.N.-imposed agenda, without which Tony's speech would not have been possible. "The spirit of this liberation must have been felt at the far reaches of Russia, and found a resonant chord there," I said to her. "Perhaps the spirit of our daring to be honest had been unfolding so strongly that it touched her heart and rekindled that dormant, distantly remembered fire when we stood together once at the leading edge, in that almost forgotten epoch's fight for securing our world."
Chapter 6 - Dinner at the Taj Mahal

Welcoming Antonovna at the airport had been intended to be a cordial affair, brief and to the point, with a quick kiss on the cheek and an embrace by Heather; but as it happens so often, the dynamics of life changed the carefully made plan. The moment she stepped off the plane, everything changed. I waved to her from the observation platform, and when she emerged from the customs area, my entire formal reception speech became reduced to one word, "wow!" Her appearance was more stunning than I had remembered, her smile brighter. "You are a gem of the gem of a Universe in which such miracles are possible," I said to her. I felt no urge to add a kiss. The 'wow' was honestly spoken, and so was every word that followed. The 'wow' was reminiscent of my response to Heather on the night she stepped out of the elevator on our way to dinner at the Stake Loft in Elisabeth City. Was this spontaneous response a faint promise for a repeat of the kind of intimacies to follow that began back then in Elisabeth City? Anton's response was a confused look, followed by a smile and a handshake, and saying gently, "I am glad to be here."

Anton arrived late in the afternoon on the second Wednesday of the conference period. She marveled about the climate the moment we stepped out of the terminal building of the airport, about how gentle it was, and how fragrant the air. She said that Moscow had been in a snowstorm, when she left, which later shut down the whole airport. Her plane was one of the last flights out. "But this is paradise," she said smiling. She marveled at the highway from the airport, which went up the steep mountainside to the three-thousand-foot level. The mountain, the highway, and the coastline in the distance, were all flooded with the warm glow of the afternoon sunshine. Everything was bright, and our mood reflected it. Only one thing wasn't right in the way our meeting unfolded. In heeding Ross' point, I had 'generously' addressed her by her full name, Antonovna. Heather, who had accompanied me for the occasion, had done so too. I would have loved to embrace her, as Heather had, but I was content not to. It seemed more important to honor her autonomy, to embrace her with love and generosity rather than selfishness. The real embrace was not a physical thing anyway, but was a touch of the Soul, bound up in acknowledging her wonderful nature. I felt that even without a touch, we could still enrich each other's life with the riches of living honestly. It had been grand enough that Antonovna had come at all. In fact, I found it hard to believe that she was sitting in the bus beside me, dressed in the same type of jump suit that she had worn on the day when we first met. Obviously, her heavy suit was much too warm for the southern climate.

Still something struck me about her reaction. She didn't respond the way Ross had thought she would, when being addressed as, Antonovna. Eventually, during the bus-ride, she broke the ice herself. "My name for you is Anton," she said emphatically to me. "For the rest of the world it is Antonovna, but not for you. Please don't dishonor the special bond that stands behind the name, Anton, that has developed as a privilege."
She turned to Heather. "This privilege is extended to you too, and all who value me as their friend, seeing that we have all grown up together in so many ways, as we apparently have. Also, I don't see the name, Anton, as a shortcut anymore, but as an opportunity for generosity to unfold. I see it as a higher term now, as it enables me to be more generous with myself. My proper name, even while I cherish it, has not had an honorable history. I am trying to uplift it, and bring some honor back to it, but until this is done, the name Anton lets me build a world for myself in the present, detached from this history. Some day I will tell you about it, so that you can understand my struggles; I might even tell the whole world about it at the conference here, and it would be relevant to do this."

We talked about a lot of other things on the way from the airport to the city. The name Antonovna was never mentioned again in the course of the conversation. However, neither did we talk about the things that I really wanted to talk about. It appears that the bus-ride hadn't been the place or the time for it. She said she had come to establish contacts with the leading edge people of the world. This, she said, was her main goal. She said that one needs these contacts when things get rough, and she added that our group might be the most advanced of all, at the leading edge. I blushed and changed the subject.

I started telling her about our first hotel that we had checked in, that had been bombed out, and how the committee had assigned us a different hotel.

Heather and I took great pleasure in telling her about our 'place in the sky' as we liked to call it, to prepare her for the delightful shock she would feel, since a room had been provided there for her too. We were watching her reaction.

"This hotel is the finest I have ever stayed in," said Heather to her. "It is built on the crest of a steep mountain, high above the city. It had been closed for some years, but has recently been reopened under a new ownership and with a new name, as Hotel Losada Leon, in honor of the founder of the city by a man called Diego de Losada, and in honor of the city itself that became known in 1567 as Santiago de Leon de Caracas in honoring of the Indians of the area."

I pointed out to Anton that, as the hotel's new name suggests, it is uniquely tied to the city and its history build on respect, above which it towers like a proud sentinel. I explained that the hotel is accessible only by its own gondola lift that takes one to a point in the sky that offers a view of the city and the surrounding region that is without question one of the most spectacular views from a hotel in the world.

"You are in for a treat," I promised Anton. "When you look down onto the city, nestled in its valley by the river, you find it sparkling at night like a necklace of diamonds catching the moonlight. Sometimes, also, the view is obscured by clouds that get hung up on the hillside. At other times the hotel stands above a vast sea of clouds. Then visualize the bright morning sunshine that floods the restaurant during breakfast, as if one were living on the moon or in some distant world in another galaxy."
Naturally, Anton was delighted with the hotel, and with the city itself. Heather and I were both delighted in turn, to show it to her, especially the city, often accompanied by everyone of our group as we were strolling through the bazaars, the shopping malls, the Simon Bolivar Center, our favorite shops, and to our favorite eating places. Of course, we also introduced Anton to our home mall, even to Alberto's pub on the second floor. Strangely she thought nothing much of the pub. Obviously, she didn't know about its connection with Tony's speech. We hadn't told her yet.

What interested her was the sweeping architecture of the mall, the daring shapes, the huge open spaces which made the place quite unlike any other shopping complex. It was interlaced with sculptures, huge tapestries, and intricate fountains. She was intrigued at how the various levels connected via curved stairways that jotted out into the open space here and there.

The most unusual feature of the center was the main restaurant on the fourth floor, where we had lunch one day. The entire restaurant had been constructed in the shape of a ring that hung suspended beneath a glass dome that covered a part of the atrium. Access to the restaurant was provided via a small bridge. Naturally, the most interesting tables were those overlooking the central hall of stairways, artworks, elevators, and four levels of shops. Anton was dazzled by it all.

An unusual incidence caught her attention that day, unusual by Moscow standards. She noticed a traffic jam on one of the stairways. A girl caused it, whose stunning appearance had brought the entire traffic flow to a complete standstill. Nobody moved until she had passed.

"You wouldn't see that in Russia," Anton commented.

"Oh, why? Is it considered offensive?" Sylvia asked.

She shook her head.

"And would you find it offensive if it happened to you?" Sylvia asked.

She smiled. "Of course not."

"Is sexual emphasis offensive in Russia?" Sylvia asked again. I knew she was pushing the issue.

Anton didn't answer her this time.

Heather intervened quickly. "It depends on how one looks at it," she said.

Anton nodded.
"Something as richly human as that, won't ever be allowed in Russia," said Tony jokingly.

Anton punched him for that, gently. "Still you are right," said Anton, "it is somewhat like a miracle what is happening here, compared to the glum equalization of the sexes that has been practiced back home for a long time."

"Of course you are right, interjected Ross. Russia had been placed on a totally defective platform, that was labeled to be lateral, but wasn't. But should we be surprised? Russia's communism did after all come from the psychological warfare institution of the old British Empire. Karl Marx and Frederick Engels had both lived in London. They had seen a glimpse of the lateral platform, which the masters of empire 'gently' turned upside down. They managed the two idealists with the most advanced methods, to become puppy dogs that danced to the required tune. Communism never had a lateral platform, as its name suggests. It was a vertical construct through and through, expertly crafted in the larger service of empire, and then wrapped in a garment that had 'lateral' written all over. It was foisted on Russia, and remained a vertical system in its effect under which the USSR operated. Russia's communism was not a 'friend' of Russia. It had offered hope without substance. Had Lenin and Trotsky not intervened and staged a coup against Russia in its most vulnerable hours with World War I raging, and going badly, and the population suffering hunger in the streets, the empire's Trojan Horse, called communism, wouldn't have had a chance. The pig, more than a horse, from the stalls of empire, was not a gem. It had not been chosen by the Russian people. It wasn't acclaimed. It was brought in through the back door when the people were tired, scared, and hungry, and could be easily walked all over. Lenin staged the coup, paid for by Jacob Schiff of the Rothschild Empire, to deliver the pig. He stole the real revolution of Russia that had happened a few months prior to the Bolsheviks' coup, and which might have given Russia a lateral foundation. The masters of empire couldn't bring themselves to allow this. They gave it a stone horse that prevented its development and hung like a millstone on its neck, in the social scene. Russia lost 70 years of potential development that way. That's the price the nation has paid for not opening its eyes to the grand opportunity it had, to embrace the lateral platform, after its people had banished the Tsar. That's the kind of tragedy that the German poet Friedrich Schiller had lamented when he said that the great moments in history all too often find a 'little' people, or people that were made small under the burden of lies."

"People made themselves small on their own," said Sylvia. "Our Mary has defined four consecutive levels to describe civilization and its failure. The tallest level, the top level, represents the lateral platform where everything exists side by side in an harmonizing and mutually enriching interplay. That's the platform that the physical universe operates on, and also all life. On this platform we are giants, representing the Intelligence and the power of the Universe and its quality.

"The next level below represents the scientific domain," she said to Anton. "We are not quite as tall there, but we are growing up. We are explorers and discoverers and builders and creators. We make the impossible come true, and go beyond it. Here infinity is the horizon, which we discover, even as we discover ourselves. The scientific domain
is a vertical domain, an upwards-oriented progressive domain, where incomplete concepts are left behind, where higher ideas come to the forefront, as for instance with new technologies.

"The next level below that, reflects the moral domain. There we draw a line through the middle, below which we begin to lose our humanity. We don't see ourselves as tall on this level. In fact, we are rather small there. Peace is deemed a passive thing at this level. We don't hurt anybody there, but we don't enrich our world either, and one-another. We simply vegetate and have a party and don't really care if the world goes to hell. We also don't have much power and are prone to failure, there. It is easy there to drop below the line into fascist territory, as for example when the government closed down a dozen hospitals in New York City as a means to save money, to the point that people were treated in tents, and all of this was happening, and allowed to happen, while the swine-flu pandemic was standing at the door with half a million people already infected in New York City. We made ourselves 'smaller' and 'smaller' in our thinking at this level.

"The next level below that, which is the bottom level," Sylvia continued, "represents also a vertical structure, but one that is the functionally opposite to science. It is the perversion of science that we find here, where nothing works and everything is counterproductive and destructive. The term for it is, hell, the sewer. Another term for it is empire. In this sewer all the abomination of insanity is collected and concentrated, which destroy civilization, such as monetarism, looting, and property rights to protect the loot and the looting, and slavery, war, terror, and lies such as climate change, depopulation, religious conflicts, even the circumcision. Everything of the kind that brought the house down in the great collapse that we have just experienced, is reared in this sewer. That is where we are small people, tiny people, or 'little' people as Schiller had recognized already in his time, which was paradise in comparison with what we have now in the sewer. People's eyes are so blinded there that they cannot behold the beauty of one-another as human beings when it appears before their very eyes. When the traffic doesn't stop when a beautiful person comes down the stairway, then we find ourselves in a society of 'little' people."

Sylvia turned to Anton. "Is this what you meant, when you said that what we saw here wouldn't happen in Russia?"

"Eh, but we don't see scenes like that in the States either," said Tony. He reminded Sylvia that most people in the West were fooling themselves, imagining themselves to be liberated, while in reality they were practicing the most rigid segregation between male and female that could possibly exist, which may have put them into an even tighter isolation than the Soviet's had in Russia.

"Enforced through brainwashing," added Ross.

"Even on the so-called liberal scene," said Tony.

"Especially there!" said Heather.
"People are not aware of what they are doing," said Ross, who has been remarkably quiet ever since we came to the restaurant. "People worship unity, they embrace it, they gloat over it, but everything they do and feel is centered on isolation and fragmentation, and strengthens it. The lateral platform is a platform of processes that go against their deepest intentions, and no one is aware of it. They’ve got to turn their vertical process around and get out of the sewer, but how can they, if they are not even aware what has been happening to them, and that they are living in the sewer? Is this what Schiller had meant, when he said that the great moments in history too often find society a little people?"

"Indeed, becoming little people takes all the steam out of fighting, especially the fighting to get together as human beings, as we should be living," said Tony. He told Anton about his girl watching speech, and about the controversies that it had caused. Immediately she asked to be invited once more to Alberto's pub where it all began. Out of this background came Anton's own contribution to the conference, in support of the girl-watching speech.

"I want you to know that I come from a very old oligarchic family in Russia," she opened her speech. "My great grandfather was the proud protector of the name of Lisitov that had a long history over many generations. He owned a large estate and had also become a financier and one of the early industrialists of the imperial era. I had always been proud of my heritage in Russia's past. Even though our family estates were nationalized after the revolution and our name fell into ill repute, I continued to be proud of that name and of the history of the nobility that it stood for. Then, one afternoon that pride was torn to shreds. It happened in a museum where the great book of my family was displayed. The book had been prepared long before my great grandfather had lived, and his father before him. It contained the entire family's history and its beliefs. That's when I learned how our fortune had been created, what it had been based on. It was based on thievery. Everything was taken from the labor of the peasants who were regarded as being lower even than the slaves of Rome were. It was written in the book that the laborers were to be kept in such a state of poverty that a very high death rate would result. This was to be done to protect the family and the way of life it enjoyed. If the peasants were allowed to develop as a normal human being should develop, the family would be vastly outnumbered and be overruled by the developing intellect of the people, who would not long tolerate their oppression. To prevent this, diseases were invited to develop through malnutrition. This was the rule that every generation was obliged to follow to protect the name of Lisitov. Obedience to this rule was not optional. It reflected the sacred code of conduct which the entire nobility respected, and no one dared to violate.

"This code was a vertical code," she continued. "Top-down demands for obedience are always vertical in nature. Our code book wasn't a statement of aspects of Principle and its imperatives, but was a book of arbitrary decrees that were deemed protective of the vertical world in which empires exist. This type of arbitrary world order was applied
by every ruler of empire from Rome to the feudal oligarchs in Russia, and on to the money-bags' empire of the City of London."

Anton explained that the family book pointed out in detail the reason for the rule. It was written that if the peasants were allowed to develop, to become proud and educated, the day would soon arrive when they would resist to being deprived of the fruits of their labor, which would endanger the entire nobility, should such a trend develop. For this reason, the laborers were to be treated like cattle. Their numbers were to be controlled, just like one culls a heard of cows.

"I am Antonovna Valentina Lisitov," said Anton. "I am ashamed of my family's history. It saddens me. But I am also a human being. I am one of humanity, and as such, I have the same type of shame to bear, and a far worse sadness to endure, and the reason for this shame lies not in a distant history, but lies in what is happening now on a global scale."

She paused to give the audience time to ponder.

"As my ancestors threatened their peasants, so the modern oligarchy still treats much of humanity. As my great grandfather culled the size of his peasantry with diseases and poverty, so does the modern oligarchy impose conditions for depopulation by the same method. Africa was one of the first to be so targeted. The result is that its diseases, like AIDS, are now spread around the world where they infest the population globally in ever-greater numbers. AIDS all by itself, if kept unchecked, has the potential to become a species threatening disease in the not too distant future. And this is only one aspect in which my family's sins are still perpetuated by the masters of this clan of high-minded aristocrats.

"Just as my ancestors were concerned about the 'excessive' self-development of its workers, so are today's oligarchs concerned with shutting down humanity's 'excessive' scientific and technological development by all available means. The modern commitment is to dummy down education, to inhibit the development of independent thinkers, to inhibit science itself, and to abuse it for destructive purposes. This type of commitment also includes dummying down the major languages, to simplify them in order that people become largely unable to think in complex terms and pursue complex issues. It has even been suggested by a prince of the aristocrats, Bertrand Russell, that the brightest of the population who exhibit the greatest promise and an exceptional intelligence in spite of the constrains, should be recruited by the aristocracy, or failing that, be killed as fast as possible, or be otherwise neutralized.

"Not surprisingly, the effect of this antihuman drive, biologically, economically, and socially, has been devastating. If the natural human development drive that has put a man on the moon in our time, had continued uninterrupted from the time of the Pythagorean society, and had been spread globally, our planet would presently support twenty-five billion people with a standard of living equal to the highest the USA has achieved in its entire history. Instead the planet has become a sewer of dying continents,
impoverished populations, shattered dreams, destroyed industries, and a devolution of health care amidst a global proliferation of evermore exotic diseases.

"This destruction of humanity has been the brainchild of the Wells/Russell policy axis of pure evil, the utopian new world order, the new fascist world emporium, to be governed by a single power under the rule of the oligarchy for the purpose of forcing evermore poverty and depopulation on humanity."

There was some murmuring in the audience when Anton said this.

"I am not joking. This is real," said Anton.

In response to the murmuring, Antonovna spoke about a personal experience on a visit to America, some years ago. She had been invited to an American family that had made its fortune first through slavery and dope, and in later years through a retail empire. Anton said, that she was surprised that there, too, in the United States of America, in modern times, the same mentality that lay beneath the old imperial rule, still prevailed, and as openly as it did. She said that the beliefs of the people that she had visited, were being psychologically imposed on them by the type of class that they belonged to, just like this had happened to her own family in Russia. "It was their class struggle, as it were," she said. "They regarded me as one of their kin, because of my name, and expected me to endorse their belief structure which had been redressed into an environmental issue. The lady of the house spoke of humanity as cockroaches that destroy the environment, that breed like cockroaches and overpopulate the world. 'We must squish a whole bunch of them dead to protect the Earth,' she had said with a sigh. 'This may be ugly, but it must be done.'"

Anton said that the lady was nice as a person, but was totally indoctrinated by a platform of beliefs that she could not even comprehend, that she merely lived by and propagated. Anton told the audience that the lady proudly showed her the book where her ideology came from.

"The problem with the world," said Anton, "is, that much of humanity regards itself, indeed, like the cockroaches that the lady had talked about, and this has been going on throughout history, but never as strong as we find it today. The vertical world of the sewer, called empire, thrives on the process that breeds indifference in people. It also breeds a culture of self-debasement in people, which is actually worse than indifference, because it is culturally more destructive. This is the very thing that the criminals desire from its victims. The people of the lower class, such as the peasants, were 'educated' by our family to know their place, and accordingly to bow to their masters. Although this sort of thing was a worldwide phenomenon, and was going back to ancient times, our family book was clear on the point that this was required for both parties to a bid by, just as the poor in western societies are constantly reminded that they are but cockroaches, and the oligarchs remind themselves of this ideology too. Thus the world of empire grinds on, and the whole world adheres to the code that the 'book' imposes. Did you ever see anyone in the West bowing his or her head to a beggar, in honoring that person as a human being? No, it doesn't happen. At best, people throw a few coins in the hat and
walk on. That's a sign that society lives in a vertical world that is synonymous with the sewer. None of that would happen in the lateral world.

"Christ Jesus once presented a parable that illustrates the difference between the vertical world of the sewer and the lateral world. The parable is about a traveler, who fell among thieves and was robbed, injured, and left to die. This has been the fate of the world so many times already that it has become the normal state. Then along comes a nobleman, a priest. He glances at the victim and walks by. Isn't that how the high-minded heads of society respond in today's world, to the agony of the countless victims of the brutalization and murdering of Palestinians by the 'brave' butchers of the Israeli Defense Forces, who likewise leave their victims to die by the wayside? By this definition of the crime almost the entire modern society around the world defines itself as being essentially dead as human beings, choked senseless by the stench in the sewer. Thus, the world allows the tragedies to continue.

"Next in the parable comes an oligarch that way, who notes the victim, and makes a detour around the scene of tragedy, to avoid having to deal with the reality that is hard to ignore. Here we have indifference coupled with dishonesty. Thereby the oligarch reveals his identity as that of a sewer creature. Isn't that the equivalent to what happened when the village of Der Yassen was massacred by a gang that was led by a man who later became the Prime Minister of Israel, who was honored by the world? That's what it said in my family's code book that demanded that the peasants must bow to the murderer of their kind. The Der Yassen massacre caused 700,000 Arabs to flee from the territory that became the State of Israel. Their houses were demolished. They were never allowed to return. That's just a small portion of the platform of crimes that the State of Israel is built on, which the whole world bows to. This is a scene that hasn't changed in 60 years, in which people are treated as even less than cockroaches.

"With people living so vastly separated from the lateral world that defines the nature of our humanity, is it any wonder that empire has a free reign in the world and pursues the killing of hundreds of millions with the weapons of poverty and royal viruses?

"The third person in the parable, who comes to the scene and sees the injured man at the wayside, happens to be a human being, who is at home in the lateral world. He stops, cleanses the victim’s wounds and binds them up, puts him on his own mule, and takes him to an inn and takes care of him."

Anton paused and pointed a finger at the audience. "In whose house would you want to be living?" she said. "Your answer defines who you are. While a few cases of this lateral response can still be found all over the world, their occurrence has become increasingly rare, and the few are slandered by society for their 'radical' action. That is what society is saying in America about Lyndon LaRouche, for example, whose insistence on the principle of economics could have spared America its greatest tragedy ever. Thus people become cockroaches, who should be men and women. That is what they see in the mirror if they look honestly.
"The oligarchs see themselves differently, but just as badly," Anton continued. "They lie to themselves and they believe their lies. In the feudal ages wealth was deemed to be that which was taken from the land. Then came the age of the financial oligarchy and the mercantile traders. In this new age, wealth was deemed to be that which is derived by trading and lending. Except, such perceptions are mythologies, created to aid the oligarchs. My great grandfather was clear on that. He knew that the land, by itself, doesn't produce anything. The wealth that he stole was produced by the intelligence of the farmers. He also understood that his financier activities didn't really create any wealth. It merely created an expanded opportunity for taking wealth away from others. His financiering created a bond of obligation with whoever had trusted him that allowed him to steal from the creative processes of other people.

"My great grandfather also became a small-scale industrialist in his later years, which allowed him to steal even more directly from the creative processes of the workers that he owned. The communists killed him for that. Still the communists didn't recognize the greater evil that his philosophy represented. They didn't see the balance that his class had tried to maintain. On one hand the oligarchs had to encourage a certain degree of scientific and technological development, by which real wealth is created, but they couldn't allow this development to get out of hand, which would have threatened the power structure on which their looting depended. In other words, they had to allow society to develop to some degree, but they also had to demand death from a certain point on.

"The communists never understood this philosophy" Anton assured the assembly. "They had declared that the land and the industrial means for production belong to the people by whose labor wealth is produced. Therefore, communism became a system that merely redistributed the fruits of human labor. The Soviet's never understood that the society's real source of wealth is not based on human labor, primarily, but on the scientific and technological developments that make humanity's labor more effective and more powerful. They should have learned their lesson not from Carl Marx, who was educated and guided by the British oligarchy, but from Alexander Hamilton and Henry Carey, the pioneers of the American system of economy that was squarely founded on the scientific and technological development of society, and the credit society principle, instead of monetarism. They could have learned this lesson in a round about way by studying my grandfather's code book."

Anton then asked the assembly never to forget that the oligarchs still exist, and still endeavor to run the world, and that their philosophy has not changed one bit. She said that the oligarchs are alarmed by human development, especially scientific and technological development, wherever it is taking place, and they are committed to do everything in their power to reverse the process, which they have succeeded to do in large measure. "And still they want more," said Anton. "That is why they hope to drag the world into nuclear war, which luckily has failed so far, and why they are promoting evermore deindustrialization, ecological terrorism, and a variety of other forms of generating death among humanity with the purpose of shattering any hope for a new human renaissance. Their goal is to kill the majority of humanity, up to five billion people, for the same reason that my grandfather had killed people from the ranks of his
workers as though they were but cockroaches, indeed. By this process the modern oligarchs hope to recreate the golden age of feudalism, and by and large, humanity and all of us included, allow this to happen unimpeded. The irony is, that countless people actively support the oligarchy's demands for depopulation."

Anton paused for a sip of water and then pointed out that; unfortunately, much of humanity behaves like they were cockroaches, indeed. Cockroaches do not think. They act on impulses. "People live for the pleasure of the moment," she said. "The cultural optimism is missing that should cause people to take up the responsibility to develop their still unrealized potential that lies at their feet. The dynamism is gone. There is no vitality left. It appears as if the oligarchs are winning. They have managed to set up a stage of 'blindness' and active self-denial, on which their cockroaches can become engaged in a process by which they are bound to exterminate themselves, aided by ecological demands and powerful anti-scientific counter-culture movements."

She told the audience that all of this had come to mind in response to Tony's girl watching speech. She told the assembly that she had checked out the discovery that had been made at Alberto's place and found that, indeed, a wonderful phenomenon can be observed there at the pub. She said that the people she saw there were proud of themselves, male and female. "One could see it in their faces, and in they way they walked and were dressed. That's what makes a person beautiful. How can one possibly stoop so low as to compare those people to cockroaches? They are human beings. They are alive, valuable and beautiful, and according to all evidence, they are highly intelligent human beings."

She paused, then smiled, adding emphatically that the future of humanity rests with people like those that she had seen. "They are still free as human beings should be. Not many people are still free, these days."

She said that she, too, felt proud of herself, in this same sense. "Nobody owns me," she declared, "not even the ghost of my family whose name I continue to bear. I am Antonovna Valentina Lisitov, and I am determined to make this name shine that my ancestors had once so badly soiled with blood. The past cannot be undone, but the future is ours. We can determine the state of our civilization, and we can determine that we will not be cockroaches in somebody's game. We are human beings with the capacity to reason, to explore, to discover, to develop complex ideas with a scientific understanding of ourselves and our Universe. As human beings we have the capacity to utilize this understanding in the form of technological and cultural development, with which to create industries and infrastructures that increase the effectiveness of our labor, which frees us from having to grope in the dust of the Earth as some lowly beasts, or serves, or slaves."

She said that she found hope at Alberto's pub, in the rich sense of honor and respect that the people display there to one-another, that is all too rare nowadays, so that we should learn from them.
Antonovna received some applause, but not the ovation that Tony had received. Evidently she had hit a raw spot with many delegates. Many of the delegates were chosen from among the ranks of the modern elite, the cultural gentry that had been cruelly indoctrinated in the sphere of the imperial paradigms, the old southern culture in which scientific and technological progress is defined as evil, and human toil, albeit not their own toil, is defined as intrinsically good. They represent the kind of thinking, if one can call it that, which glorifies the murdering for depopulation, or in the name of profit, not as an evil, but as a progressive act. I told Anton to be careful in this regard, because people with this kind of mentality invariably regard the very idea of morality as a hindrance to their ideology. "They will kiss you and stab you in the back all at the same time," I said to her. "At the very least, they will despise you and slander you. You mention to them nuclear power, and they will slap you in the face."

Anton agreed, and said that some people have indeed called her a traitor and made veiled threats. "One woman even swore at me and said that I had violated the sacred family trust and wasn't worthy to bear my name. She spat on the ground before me and walked away." Anton said that she thought this kind of mentality had died out, or had become very rare.

I had bad news for her in this regard, telling her that this kind of mentality has not only been revived, it has impregnated the very culture of America. It has pervaded its literature on every level, its music and art, its business and political policies. Even society's relationship to one-another has become impregnated with it. "That is why there is such a strong commitment to re-establish the idea of property rights on the social scene," I said to her, "including everything that this concept pertains to." I told her that it is nevertheless possible to fight this insanity, and to reverse it, by means of careful reasoning. "Confrontation doesn't solve anything." I said, "but if you awake someone's conscience and stir an honest self-assessment in people, based on fundamental principle, people can be caused to change. Insanity is not the natural state of anyone's being. Insanity has been learned. It can be unlearned. Maybe your speech has already caused some shifts in that direction," I said to her.

She answered me with a kiss. It was a quick kiss on the lips. The first ever! Then she turned away and joined the others.

I answered her on the podium that day, with a short speech on my favorite subject that I was able to get accepted on short notice, as a kind of filler.

My favorite subject was the nature of love. The sages of an old vision see in each person the image of a god, whereby they say to one-another that the god in me honors the god in you, even though there is but one God. I told the audience that the poets of humanity have defined this God to be Love, so that there can be but one Love. However, this Love has a manifest that is universal. "Thus the poets have written novels and poems about it, and plays and songs, in which the they say to each other, that the love that is in
me for the humanity that we all share, honors the love that is in you, that unfolds from the same humanity. This binds us together with bonds that love has forged."

I told the audience that as a modern scientist, I don't deal with emotions. Therefore, I redefine the image of Love as Truth. "I say to myself that the wondrous qualities of my humanity; the humanity that we all share, such as beauty, intelligence, understanding, generosity, the appreciation of good, the perception of beauty, the harmony of living, the value of quality etc.; are all real elements of my being as a human person. I acknowledge them as invariable truth. I acknowledge them as the truth about myself. I therefore honor all intellect, and all appreciation of beauty, even sexual beauty, and I honor them in everyone else, even as I am so honored since we are all children of one humanity."

I told the people that love, therefore, becomes not an exception, but an element of ones being. Even sexual love, as the principle of love, unfolds from the universal principle of Love. "Unfortunately, we have been taught by the earliest oligarchy, the priesthood, that we must live our lives in isolation within the boundaries of a wedlock that has room for only two, that denies the universality of the principle of love, and thereby denies the very Principle that is Love itself. And all that, in the service of oligarchism."

I pointed out that the sages define sex as flesh. They say that the flesh promises nothing, and profits nothing. "Indeed, so it should be," I said to the audience, "because there is no intelligence in the flesh. The sentience is in mind, in the beauty of humanity's universal Soul, and in the appreciation of the humanity that we share in its vast universality. The beauty of sex, therefore, unfolds on the wings of love as we lay bare our hearts, and ourselves, to one-another and to the infinite dimensions of life. The flesh then isn't a factor. But what is unfolding here? Is it not our divinity coming to light? That is where the train of development is leading to, isn't it? Therefore, I can finally say that The Divine in me, that I am, honors The Divine in you. This then becomes a light that envelops us, in which we know that we are one."

I suggested that this higher platform of the divinity of our humanity, is the platform on which oligarchism can be defeated, which operates not on a universal platform, but on an artificial vertical platform. I suggested that whenever we break ourselves out of our confinement into vertical servitude, and uplift our lives onto the universal platform of the truth of our humanity where we recognize ourselves existing side by side at the highest level possible -- the level of universal Love, and Mind, and Spirit, and Soul -- we can win. "That defines our divinity," I said. "At this level we have the power to be the sons of God, as we already are. I pointed out that this was the process by which the Renaissance came into being, but which takes us far beyond to a higher-level renaissance that has not yet been seen. I suggested that we can utilize this process again. Except, for this to be possible, we also need to uplift our social structure, which prevents the higher platform from being built."
I pointed out that the current idea of a narrowly confined wedlock, locks all of this out of ones being, when one subjects oneself to it. "Then, the infinite dimension is gone, and the universality of truth is gone with it, because truth cannot exist in isolation. All that is left then, in this wedlock, is the flesh, and it holds a promise that it cannot fulfill. Thus, society looks for a substitute for love. It looks for power; prestige; personal property; sports; wealth; violence; fascism; and imperialism; and so on. With these, society is destroying its world in league with the oligarchy, as it demands with ever-greater force what these substitutes for love promise, but cannot deliver.

I told the audience that we have therefore only one option, which is to redevelop love according to its nature as a universal principle, as universal truth, as the infinite dimension of the humanity that we all share. "In this the sage finds the god that he beholds in himself," I said to the audience, "which honors the god in another, as there is but one God. In this we find our own divinity. In this we find the wings of our love, not as a mystic quality, but as a truth discovered in ourselves, about ourselves, and about the universal humanity of humanity. In this we find peace and security.

I added a poem about love:

Brood o'er us with Thy shel'tring wing,
'Neath which our spirits blend
Like brother birds, that soar and sing,
And on the same branch bend.
The arrow that doth wound the dove
Darts not from those who watch and love.

If thou the bending reed wouldst break
By thought or word unkind,
Pray that his spirit you partake,
Who loved and healed mankind:
Seek holy thoughts and heavenly strain,
That make men one in love remain.

Learn, too, that wisdom's rod is given
For faith to kiss, and know;
That greetings glorious from high heaven,
Whence joys supernal flow,
Come from that Love, divinely near,
Which chastens pride and Earth-born fear,

Through God, who gave that word of might
Which swelled creation's lay:
"Let there be light, and there was light."
What chased the clouds away?
'Twas Love whose finger traced aloud
A bow of promise on the cloud.
Thou to whose power our hope we give,
Free us from human strife.
Fed by Thy love divine we live,
For Love alone is Life;
And life most sweet, as heart to heart
Speaks kindly when we meet and part.

On the way back from the conference hall, Anton nudged me and said with a smile, "Peter, the answer to your question is, yes."

I was perplexed. "What question?"

"The question that you had asked in Moscow, before we stopped speaking to each other. You had asked, if we could have dinner together again. I hadn't answered you, then. The answer is possible now. It really is, yes. I know it comes a bit late, after more than a dozen years. So, allow me to invite you."

This time I dared to reply with a kiss.

She didn't turn away after the kiss, either, as she had done before, but kept on smiling. "Allow me to invite you to the Taj Mahal," she replied.

"The Taj Mahal? Don't you think India is a bit far away?" I asked.

She laughed. "There is a Taj Mahal right here in Caracas; a restaurant called the Taj Mahal."

"Now that's what I call, an invitation well worth waiting for," I replied.

On the way to the restaurant, that very same evening, she asked, "Did you know that the Taj Mahal was build by a powerful ruler as a temple dedicated to his love? It became one of the great wonders of the world. Isn't it amazing, what wonders love can motivate. The Taj Mahal in India is said to be a most exquisite shrine, both in architecture and workmanship, and in the fine artwork that abounds in it. The whole project was a work of love in every respect; a temple to Love. Don't you think this might be the right environment for us to continue where we left off?"

I agreed. It was the right environment. The restaurant was cool, dark, illumined by ornate lamps that appeared to have come directly from India. Indian tapestries and paintings decorated the walls. The atmosphere was quiet. Traditional Indian music, barely audible, added to the intimate atmosphere of the place.

The sense of intimacy that I felt had a distinctly lateral flow in its unfolding. It wasn't like in the olden days. It was an intimacy of giving, of letting be, a celebration of
something beautiful, rather than an intimacy for getting, as Ross had accused me of, of it having been my earlier motive back in Moscow. "True intimacy is lateral," I said to her, just to say something. "In the lateral world Love is reflected in loving. It isn't something that we make. We move with the flow of it. What else would inspire joy? This means that we can't go back to where we left off," I said to Anton quietly. "In this Old World we were too 'small.' We have grown in the space in between. We have repented from our smallness. We have both moved ahead, scientifically and spiritually. We can't go back to a world that we have outgrown. However, we can join hands as we move ahead still further. That is where intimacy begins. The past is history. We were like children then, exploring the world as children do. Now we can laugh about our fears and agonies, and our mistakes, like the one my Byzantine speech had been. That speech now seems inexcusable, even if it was technically correct. It was morally inexcusable. I came barging into your life with it. I tore your house down. I told you that your house is not good enough, so I tore it down and left it at that. I didn't replace it with a better one. I didn't even know what a better one looks like. Can you forgive me for this arrogance? We certainly can't be going back to that. You were right not to contact me for all those years, because I had nothing to give to you to replace the house with, that I tore down. I'd been stuck in a rut ever since I came back from Moscow, until just recently."

"Yes!" she agreed, "something has happened at your end of the world, recently. Something is moving in your life. Nicolai said something to that effect, several times. We were certainly both delighted by the way you people have turned the whole conference upside down, ripping up the agenda, and all that. You caused an Earthquake. We have felt the tremors as far away as Russia. Yes, I felt you had something to offer at last, something that I wanted to be a part of. This appears to be something good, and noble. But what precisely is it?"

"I think we have been waking up," I replied. "Ross' research; Nicolai's honesty; a lot of loving by a lot of people; some deep searching thinking; all of these had something to do with it. It wasn't just a single thing, but a thousand little things adding up."

I suddenly remembered Ross' suggestion, to bring a candle along. Fortunately, the restaurant was able to supply one. However, I presented my own candlelight story. "I want to be that candle," I said to her. "I want to bring light into the world. I always did. I have made many mistakes in trying to light it. But now that it is lit, I hope that some of its light, maybe even a lot of it, will brighten your life too, in which we can build the house together that I hadn't been able to build for you in Moscow, because my own world had been too dark. I don't know what the footsteps will be on this road. Maybe the footsteps will change every day, and become lighter every day, but they will always be focused on brightening the world in which we live, which is your world too. I can also say that we have made a lot of progress in that direction, both back home and here in Caracas. Heather and I have celebrated this progress recently. She celebrated my rediscovering of my generosity as a human person, that I had almost totally lost. And she was right at that. So, I celebrated with her in acknowledging that this void had been filled. A gentle new light has touched everyone of us so that Nicolai couldn't ignore either. I hope you'll feel yourself drawn into this light too, for it is Love that is reflected in loving, which is its
own gem. The days of pushing one another are over. Naturally, we also had a lot of fun when things finally began to work out."

"Has the symbol CSB anything to do with that?" Heather told me that I should ask you about it. She had a wicked kind of grin on her face, when she said this. "What does CSB stand for?"

"C stands for Coffee," I said, and began to grin too, "S stands for Sex, and B for Biscuits."

"Coffee, sex, and biscuits?" Anton repeated. "You are kidding, right?"

I nodded, but then said that I wasn't kidding. "It also stands for scientific honesty with oneself," I added still smiling. "Both aspects are one."

I told Anton the CSB story; my dream of the waitress in the coffee shop with a mini skirt so short that her pubic hair became visible, who then asked, "Do you like what you see?" I told Anton that I didn't respond to the offer in my dream, because Sylvia was there with me, in my dream. "Then I had observed the same thing happening at another table. I envied the man who, obviously, said, yes." I explained to Anton, that when I told Sylvia about this, she scolded me, saying that I shouldn't have been dishonest with myself, nor with her. She told me that it had been dishonest for me to assume that she would be repulsed by my honesty, and that she would be honored by my dishonesty. She also said that it was dishonest for me to assume that she might not want to join in herself, which had caused me to not even ask her. She said that I had been 'scientifically' dishonest in my dream, because I had violated the lateral platform of the universality of the principle that we had both acknowledged.

"So, how did you set things right with Sylvia?" Anton asked.

"Oh, that was simple," I replied. "Sylvia did this herself, with her great generosity. She instantly re-staged the scene on the balcony, with her playing the role of the waitress herself. This time the scene unfolded correctly, right on our balcony, right in the open, that morning; and it wasn't a dream then."

I was grinning more and more as I said this. "Coffee and biscuits happened to be on the agenda for breakfast that morning," I added. "So, with sex being added to the normal routine, we simply enriched the scene a bit, spicing it up with a lot of fun and excitement. CSB became a symbol from that day on, for all those similar kinds of days. When I told Heather about this, she thought this was hilarious. That's probably why she told you about it. Nevertheless, a serious foundation lies underneath that story."

I explained that the CSB development wasn't actually the beginning for the turnaround, that had changed a lot of things for us. "Something else got us out the rut that we had drifted in. The CSB event was subsequent to it -- it happened as a result of us breaking out of the rut. That's how the lateral platform functions, on which we stand side by side as human beings," I said. "The start of the turnaround happened much earlier, with Ross discovery of a scientific basis for the principle of the universal marriage of
humanity. On this basis I had been sent to India, where I have forged a high level bond with three women there, two men, and one child, for a family of seven. It all happened quite naturally, on a deliberate scientific basis. We truly became a family of seven. There is a long story connected with that, of course, but the end result has been phenomenal. We set up a whole new medical care system for some of the poor in India's villages. The woman who is key to all that, a medical doctor, whose name is Indira, understood instantly the underlying principle of our already existing universal marriage as human beings. With a little help from Fred, she is now able to provide ten times as much care than before. But more than this, the platform that we have established for ourselves on that higher level marriage principle, has uplifted the lives of many people. It uplifted their tiny and tightly circumscribed marriage perceptions, into something richer, more generous and honorable. I think the CSB concept developed from there and eventually became reflected in a dream that led to some rather astonishing acknowledgements."

"A family of seven, wow!" said Anton. "That must have caused quite a few problems."

I shook my head. "None at all," I said. "The CSB concept is not a lateral structure as it may appear. It is a structure that unfolds with scientific development. Scientific development is a vertical thing. But it is the opposite to the sewer. In scientific development we grow out of our 'smallness' and find our being evermore fully anchored in the lateral domain. Scientific development opens the door to it and brings us closer to the reality of our being. The vertical structure of science is our development path. It opens the horizon to advanced understanding of aspects of universal truth, which then demand acknowledgement, such as the acknowledgement of honesty. I think this is what the CSB symbolizes. It is a part of the path of our self-discovery. It begins at the moral domain and ends at the lateral domain. And this path is vertical, a path of progression to ever higher concepts. That's how we get out of the rut. The CSB process unfolded in the flow of it. In order to make the best of what was unfolding we allowed the scientific imperatives to have their day. We simply allowed sex to be what it is, an element of our humanity, like any other element that we try to discover a higher level perception for. Quite a few beautiful experiences unfolded along this line of self-discovery, which were of a higher quality than what is normally associated with sex. We tried to uplift everything that has any meaning in our relationship to one-another. That process somehow continued ever stronger after I got back from India. The CSB event became like it was a culmination of this type of unfolding. It suddenly presented itself in a dream a few months down the line, which merely had brought together what had been happening in those days. The CSB event thus reflected the same principles that we already understood, even the principle by which sex became uplifted. Of course more overturning happened afterwards. One can't just stand still."

As I said all this, a shocking thought came into mind. "I hope I didn't offend you," I said quietly. "What I've been saying could be deemed offensive. My having an intimate relationship with both Sylvia and Heather, and a bunch of other people in India, shouldn't be possible, certainly not according to the standard sense of sexual relationships, and
might be deemed offensive. Some people may see this even as a perversion. They may see it as a sign of an ugly character. With this in mind, I shouldn't have brought this subject up, since it was, after all, the element of sex that had kept us apart for so long, wasn't it? On the other hand, all of this needs to be said and be urgently explored, because the old sense is wrong."

"I'm not offended," Anton answered, "but I am puzzled. Why is the old sense wrong?"

"It is wrong, because it denies the indivisibility of good," I replied. "There is good everywhere. All good is the outcome of universal principles, which are reflected everywhere. The outcome cannot be divided. The principle that blesses one, blesses all. A principle operates universally. It does this on its own accord, and that is the only way it can operate. If we are wise, we ride the coat tails of this principle and allow ourselves to be enriched by its blessings that unfold all around us. To shut us off from this universal manifest of the principle of good, would be a denial of the principle itself. It would be a denial of God; a slap into the face of God. Every form of the privatization of good is a slap into the face of God. If we do this, we isolate ourselves from the principle of the universe, and its good, and force ourselves into poverty. I think this is exactly what we had both done that fateful day in Moscow when we had dinner together. That is why nothing worked out. In our case the isolation had been focused on sex, I think. Can you agree with that?"

Anton didn't answer.

"Look at this scientifically," I said to her. "This means looking at this thing from the top down. The spiritual subsumes the physical; the humanity of mankind subsumes the biological; life subsumes the abiotic; man, existing in the image of the creative Spirit of the Universe, subsumes all lower forms. This means that we cannot derive the science of truth with an analysis of the lower form, such as with Euclidean priorism that looks at things from 'before' but has no 'room' for the dynamics of life that unfold into ever higher dimensions. We have to get away from the foggy-bottom look, and look at the Universe from the top down, and ourselves in this top-down context. What the Euclidean perceptions display as reality, such as our sense perceptions, are but shadows that hint at a vast world of light that the senses are too small to convey; hinting at advanced natural spiritual principles that only the human mind is extensive enough to get a sense of. As a shadow the human sex-intimacy appears to be limited to itself, but when seen from the top down, vastly profound reflections of the bonds of intimacy unfold as key elements everywhere, subsumed in the Principle of the General Welfare that civilization is built on. We see the Principle of Economy unfolding in economic intimacy, even cultural intimacy, and national intimacy, and of course social intimacy. None of that is immediately evident at the foggy bottom, but comes to light bright and clear in the top-down view. In acknowledging this view, sex becomes a celebration of all that which unfolds above the foggy shadow. The Principle of the General Welfare comes to light in this celebration, which the sexual intimacy to some degree hints at, because after all sexual intimacies are at their best focused on appreciating one another, and enriching the life experience of one another. This commitment and its dimension is then carried
forward into ever higher dimensions. In this sense, sex is a critical element of civilization, and is likely intended to fulfill this role as a natural entry step towards the Principle of the General Welfare on which civilization depends. This is what I had rejected when I couldn't respond to the server in the restaurant, who had offered it, and had asked, 'do you like what you see?' Sylvia had immediately recognized that my response had been dishonest, because the Principle of Intimacy is in all of our hearts in countless different ways, and most strongly in the sexual ways. I had agreed with Sylvia when she said this, her answer felt right, though we both hadn't recognized the scientific platform then, for recognizing why the impulse had been correct and been totally natural.

"Now, since the scientific platform has been coming to light, we find corresponding expressions in all kinds of things, such as in classical poetry, classical music, beautiful art, the singing of the human voice, and so on," I continued. "These are all aspects of stepping out of the shadows to higher ground, which in turn brings more light into the shadows with meanings that the shadows themselves cannot convey. On this pathway science is born. Science unfolds with the question, 'is there anything more?' And the answer comes as, 'oh yes, look here, there is more!' On this pathway mankind succeeds in stepping into realms above the shadows of the mere physical and physically sensuous. We raise sex above the belly button, as it were. Animals are not endowed with this pathway by design. For them sex, stays below the belly button and remains there -- but not so for us. We raise its aspects to the top, giving them new dimensions, such as are inherent in the all-harmonizing design of the Universe. And for all we know, sexual intimacy might have lit the fire for the process of mankind's march in science that enabled the kind of civilization we have created. This puts a whole different light on sex, doesn't it, as sex became a puzzlement that pushed us beyond the boundaries of its shadows, just as the puzzlement of the eye's visual perspective has pushed us beyond its boundaries, into the science of perspective that interprets correctly what the eye beholds? The sense of the ear, registering sound, falls into the same category, where the mind expands the shadows of sound into symphonies of music and rhythms of ideas and acknowledgments that burst forth in poetry. In this sense a single note played on a flute can ignite a celebration that brings into view a vast world of harmonizing compositions of sound that stands above that single note. Likewise, a single sexual response becomes a potential celebration of a vast world of harmonies that flow from it. In this wider dimension, sex makes a lot of sense."

"In this case I can see why empires and religions would be inclined to trash it, as they have," interjected Anton, "and have narrowed it to its most minimal, as they have done; and have even penalized it with the death penalty, as we have seen it, when the minimal had been exceeded; or have inflicted the circumcision on the male populations to block the sexual intimacies altogether, as much as this was possible."

"Maybe this is the reason why the Euclidean geometry was promoted as science, because it lacks the dimension to 'look' beyond the foggy shadows. It thereby became a 'locked room' for the prevention of the development of real science. There is nothing contained at the foggy bottom for statistics that can measure the infinite, the dynamic, the ultimately immeasurable. We need to step beyond the hopeless small Euclidean space, even in sex, in order to open the door to the expanse of science, humanity, and dynamic,
science and technology-driven economy, supported with massive applications of nuclear power. Sex wouldn't be an enigma if the Euclidean traditions had been banned, ages ago, when they should have been banned. Since this didn't happen, they should be banned now, especially now that the lateral platform is coming to light that combines all aspects of reality into one single comprehensive lateral whole. In Euclidean geometry, the ultimate dimension of reality, the unifying dimension of One, is inconceivable."

Anton didn't add anything, or dispute anything. She didn't even protest that sex was intertwined so deeply. She just smiled. And this was a brighter smile than I had seen on her before.

It seemed right, somehow, to talk about sex in the Taj Mahal in this manner, even though it was but a restaurant. "Am I right in assuming that it was sex that had caused all of the earlier problems between us?" I asked. "If it was, forgive me. I had hoped to give you an opportunity to explore your sexuality freely and openly, which something apparently had blocked. This much had been apparent, even before you told me about how deeply it had been blocked by the horrors of rape. You had brought the subject up as if to cry for help, and then had immediately pulled away from it as if no help was possible anyway. I just didn't know how to open the door in this conflicting environment in a way that wouldn't hurt you. My scientific basis was far too slim then. Consequently, I messed up big time and ended up hurting you, because my horizon was just as small as your's had been by your encumberment, in so many ways. Or was it the combination of sex and marriage that had hurt you even more; or was it just my total poverty in the generosity department, that you couldn't deal with, even though my intentions were to be generous?"

She shook her head. "I don't really know anymore what it was that I hadn't been able to deal with then. Nor did I see your offer for what it had been. All the sex I have ever known has always been related to marriage in some way, or has been related to family that was built on marriage. I had been boxed into a family game that became rape. I had been 'owned.' This marriage thing that the family once represented in early days was carried on. The Soviet State hadn't shut this aspect down. It had remained a part of the scene and had dominated my sexual experiences. I couldn't get away from this vertical sense of family that had become a prison. I am still afraid of it. It is not easy to create a lateral sense of family that is as wide as the sea as you have been able to start to do. Maybe it is this fear why I was never married myself, and had been afraid of you as a married man. I had wanted to become involved in sex outside of this box, but I couldn't, since the box was everywhere. Then, yesterday, when Heather brought this CSB question up, for me to ask you, she asked in passing, rather discreetly, if we human beings really marry each other for our sex, or whether these two aspects are separate issues. You know, I couldn't answer that simple question. She seems to think that the two are separate issues. But if this is so, where does this jealousy thing come from, and the power trip that literally turn some family members into prostitutes, whether they like it or not?"
"Ah, that's something my friend the devil forgot to capitalize on in the story of the
captain and the miner," I said. "I think you saw my presentation on the Internet, didn't
you? The conference sessions were supposed to have been all televised."

Anton nodded and smiled. "The devil probably realized that the jealousy and
power-trip project is fundamentally a flop. It has never really worked. Sure, it destroyed a
lot of relationships, but in the majority of cases it never really got off the ground in a big
way."

"Actually, Heather is right," I said. "Sex and marriage don't seem to be connected
at all. Our friend Mary had put this separation on the table back in the late 1800s. Both
sex and marriage have their own development stream in Mary's scientific development
structure."

"In this case your friend Mary has put an obstacle in the path of Mr. Devil, who
constructed this false connection, that doesn't exist naturally," said Anton and began to
laugh. "The devil constructed the link as a means for making his social isolation project
workable. I think his trick helped him to keep love restricted to the smallest possible
confinement. His confinement project, which society took up and had made it its own
self-confinement project, would probably never have gotten off the ground, without the
devil's intention, applying sex as an element for gumming up the works of love. It still
does work that way, you know."

"Of course, if sex had really been an element of marriage by divine design," I said
to Anton, "I am sure the devil would have come up with some other clever scheme then,
for shutting it down. But he didn't, you see. As Mr. Devil had admitted himself, on the
podium, to Mr. God, that whole marriage mythology was actually his scheme, packaged
together with sex and all, including this jealousy thing that didn't really work."

"But Peter, if the devil didn't find the lumping together of sex and marriage in
God's design, why should WE then find them lumped together?" Anton asked. "You have
started a pretty clever dialog, Peter, with this Mr. God and Mr. Devil story," she added
and laughed.

Moments later she became serious. "Let's not play the game that the devil invented
as a means for destroying our humanity with something that doesn't really exist by
design. Heather is right, the marriage of humanity isn't driven by sex. We can explore our
sexuality outside of that box, where it stands on its own, rather than as an attachment to
something else, like a rider that is often attached to an unrelated piece of legislation in
your Congress, whereby laws can be enacted that the Congress doesn't want to deal with,
or doesn't want to approve. They get pushed through with a rider. I think sex, being
attached to marriage, is such a rider, so that society doesn't have to deal with sex as an
aspect that simply manifests our universally common humanity that we all share. Sex, is
thereby deemed not to be a natural factor in our living, but is one that can only exist in
conjunction with something else as an authorized factor."
"We have to deal with sex separately, Anton, and make an aspect of universal good out of it," I said. "We have to do this in order that no one will ever be hurt by it. We certainly wouldn't want to throw it away. Nor do we have to. We only have to defeat the devil's project. That's all we need to do. We certainly wouldn't want to defeat our love. And let's be honest, our love for one-another includes a sexual factor, and this factor should be enveloped with a lot of other things, big things, like generosity, integrity, joy. We have to defeat the devil, which is our own self-denial, which robs us of our humanity. This devil is real. It needs to be defeated. And it will be defeated by us as we reclaim the light of our life. I think we can do this, by helping one-another, and by bringing out the riches of one-another."

Anton just laughed. "This sounds funny, defeating the devil."

"If one can't reform the devil, one has to defeat it, by replacing it with a factor that is rooted in the lateral platform," I said.

"But can this be done?" said Anton.

"Did I tell you how the first Bosnian War was defeated?" I said to her. "There were three ethnic groups fighting each other. The war was going on for years and getting worse. Then a small group from Germany stepped in and showed to the people, those who were fighting each other, how they had been all enticed to kill one-another for somebody else's objectives. In response, the people simply stopped fighting each other and banded together and defeated their real enemy. They discovered their lateral platform, their common interest. This recognition simply stopped the fighting and brought to light a common purpose. This miracle really happened, Anton. That's history. It stopped a war in less than a month, that had seemed unstoppable. We can follow this approach whenever problems emerge. It may be challenging to defeat all the emotional baggage that has become associated with the devil's games that have kept us apart for over a dozen years, but we can stop these games and step up to a higher platform, a platform of love, and joy, and generosity, where rape can never exist because it cannot be thought of."

Anton nodded as before, but her smile became a grin. "You say that really happened, and we can do this too?"

"The people who did this thing in Bosnia were associated with the same dead poet who had defeated Napoleon in Russia," I added.

"A dead poet, defeating Napoleon? That's not possible, Peter." Anton began to laugh, then stopped. "Are you serious?" she asked.

"Sure, I am serious. This was done by understanding the games that were being played. This happened long before the days of the Soviet Union. Friedrich Schiller was Germany's foremost poet of universal freedom. After Schiller had been assassinated for his calls for freedom, his friend and fellow researcher had escaped to Russia. It was he, who had devised Russia's strategy of strategic defense. He proposed the only strategy that had any chance of succeeding. The Russian patriots wanted to fight the moment
Napoleon crossed into Russia. They would have been slaughtered. They were no match for Napoleon. The dead poet's friend, however, convinced the Russian commanders to draw Napoleon deep into the country, in order to let the logistical nightmare that this would thereby create, defeat Napoleon. This man understood the dynamics of the real economy, which is always supported by love. He had explored this dimension with Schiller -- a kind of exploration of the lateral platform. This is what his friend understood, that if Russia was to take away the lateral factor that supports human existence, everything would disintegrate. Napoleon was consequently defeated by simply withdrawing from his reach all the human elements that enrich society. The Russian people even emptied Moscow of all of its inhabitants and set it on fire, thereby denying Napoleon the logistical base that he required. And this was timed with the arrival of winter. Sure, there were some big battles fought in which tens of thousands of people were wasted, but these battles gave neither side any military advantage. Napoleon was defeated by withdrawing the logistics, by withdrawing the human element of love as much as this was possible. Napoleon brought more than 600,000 men and 200,000 horses into Russia. Only a few thousand men returned. The rest died for the lack of logistics; the lack of food, water, shelter, and healthcare. Only a relative few had died on the battlefields. Russia saved itself by denying Napoleon the needed physical resources for a human being to live, and by attacking the supply line. The winter also killed a few, but those too, were relatively few. Russia was saved by essentially not fighting at all, as much as this was possible, as if someone had said, 'let them come and kill themselves.' In this manner, one of the most-evil war-plans of that century was defeated. Napoleon was a fool in the department of economics. As Mr. Devil said himself, the devil doesn't have a lot up in his noodle. This means, he always leaves himself open to be outflanked. The scientific separation of sex from marriage appears to be such a flank. It opens the scene to universal love, universal marriage, the Principle of the General Welfare, and universal sovereignty; all intertwined with sex standing on its own merits, and its own substance, as a platform for developing the essential human intimacy that stands at the center of civilization on countless higher levels, especially in economics, creating a platform of civilization were all of the human aspects are harmonizing with one-another.

"In this sense society still stands defeated, today, just as Napoleon had stood," I continued. "The developing sense of intimacy has been targeted for millennia, with evidence that takes us back in time to the age of the great pyramid building in Egypt, or rather to the end of it, when the sexual circumcision was apparently imposed on the workers to make them better slaves and more controllable. The process appears to have backfired. The earliest historic evidence of the circumcision, being applied in Egypt, was from a timeframe that coincided with the end of the building of the great pyramids. The debilitating effect that the circumcision appears to have had in Egypt, had evidently not been intended, and might have been the cause of the expulsion of the slaves. Mass-expulsions are said to have occurred in later centuries. However, the result may have been noted by the oracles in those times, who may have used the process to their advantage in their games as power brokers. When Hannibal attacked Rome, most likely the oracle was consulted. Hannibal was the Carthaginian's chief military commander, an outstanding military tactician and one of the most talented commanders in history. The Carthaginian's had attacked Rome already earlier, in the First Punic War, which they lost, but now with Hannibal in command the outlook for Rome was grim. The very name
Hannibal struck fear into the hearts of a great many Romans. Hannibal had brought his troops from Africa to Spain, and then had fought his way north to the Alps, and then across the Alps. At this point he had lost almost half of his forces and all of his elephants. Still he fought his way south and won battle after battle. Rome had raised an army almost three times larger than Hannibal's, which Hannibal decimated. That's when the Roman general Quintus Fabius Maximus made a name for himself, by not fighting Hannibal head on, but grinding him down, denying him the logistics that a human being needs for living. And so, after fifteen years of fighting in Italy, and controlling almost all of Italy, the great and powerful Hannibal was defeated by a small force, to the point that he was recalled back to Africa. In a sense, the Roman's didn't have to fight at all to defeat the greatest military genius of all time. The oracle took note of that too.

"While Rome shut the Oracle of Delphi down in 399 AD, the ideological mysticism and monetarism of the oracle phenomenon continued. It found its modern expression in the 'temples' of the Fabian society at the heart of the British Empire, where it became noted that the vastly superior force of mankind, as a whole, can be defeated in the service of empire by introducing a large range of blocking factors that isolate mankind from one-another, inhibit its development, destroy its humanity from within, grind down its food resources, wreck its industries, undermine its culture, disable it science, and so on. A vast range of such blocking factors were conjured up by this modern oracle and were quietly injected into the living of society. The oracle named itself after Quintus Fabius Maximus who saved Rome by 'nibbling' Hannibal's vastly superior forces to death. The Fabian oracle is now deploying the same essential strategy against all of mankind. The aim of the 'oracle' is to protect its looting empire in a fight for its continuing existence. The oracle's often-stated goal is to grind down the present world population of nearly seven billion people, to the one billion mark, or less. For this goal, under the full force of the oracle's mysticism and monetarism, including the worshipping of the Delphic Goddess Gaia, society is being torn down from within, to the point that in the name of the green mystic goddess of environmentalism, food is now being burned in amounts that could feed fifty million people, with the rest being decimated by all kinds of other means. The world had its industries destroyed at the bidding of the oracle, and also its financial and economic infrastructures. The entire world had become so empty economically, and politically, and physically, that its entire structure simply disintegrated in a chain-reaction spiral of collapse.

"And in order to make the collapse possible, the oracle borrowed a page from the Egyptian experience. It promoted the circumcision throughout the world, as far as it could reach, in order to block the natural intimacy in society, which is a key element at every level of civilization."

"Are you saying that this is the reason, in the developmental sense, why sexual intimacies exist?" interjected Anton.

"They exist, because their derivatives are critically important to every facet of civilization," I replied. "This was evidently always understood by the oracles that controlled society. In the religions the oracles were the priesthood, and their laws decreed that no sexual intimacies shall take place, except the one that is limited to the smallest
possible degree, where it was privatized under the marriage system. Whoever violated the
degree was met with the death penalty. It then became the duty of the community itself,
to execute the offenders against the degree of the oracle by throwing stones at this person
who had lived among their midst, until the person would die in pain from the injuries
inflicted. Can you think of a more potent way to shatter the intimacy in society to its very
core? Every oracle has attacked the intimacy in society, which is a key element of the
lateral platform. The oracle's extreme method for attacking this element would not have
been applied against society if the principle of intimacy hadn't been recognized as the
tremendously potent factor in civilization that it is. That's what every empire feared, and
still does, and has hired its oracles to defeat, and still continues so. Intimacy reflects the
lateral platform and projects the doom of empire."

"Was it this kind of political recognition, standing in the background, by which
your CSB event with Sylvia came about?" Anton asked.

I shook my head. "I really don't know what started it," I said quietly. "Sylvia and I
had drifted into a rut too. Suddenly, with Ross' discovery of Mary's works, the principle
of universal marriage came onto the scene. It came onto the scene with the Principle of
Universal Love already standing in the background, which we had dealt with increasingly
already before this time. It was as if the whole basis for sexual relationships had to be
rediscovered from the ground up. I think it was because of this that a shift in thinking was
beginning. I think we made some rather significant moves from then on. My dream
occurred in this context. As you know, we've been celebrating ever since. In the way that
Sylvia has responded in the CSB process, which wouldn't have been possible under the
old marriage doctrine, the scene opened up ever-wider. A lot of other things suddenly
became apparent, including the mysteries of the oracles that throughout history had tried
to block the natural human scene in the interests of monetarism. It appears that Sylvia had
always instinctively understood the natural separation between sex and marriage, without
being aware of it specifically that this was the very thing that the oracles of religions had
forged into one, to have it serve as a blocking factor."

"Is this what you meant, when you suggested in your letter twelve years ago, that
if sex keeps us apart, we must find a way to break the sex barrier?" asked Anton.

I replied that what I had said in my letter had been only a vague idea then. I
reminded her that this had happened long ago, and also a long time before the CSB
became possible. "It was all vague then, a foggy landscape in a dawn that had barely
begun."

Anton just smiled. "I appreciate the honesty of you telling me all this," she said a
while later, "considering that it might have been embarrassing to talk about some of the
details."

"It wasn't embarrassing," I said with a smile. "Why should it have been
embarrassing to talk about something that is true? Sure, it goes against public opinion?" I
 added. "And that is where the core really lies. The core is honesty with oneself. The symbol CSB really does stand for one's honesty with oneself. It does this even in the official scientific sense."

"Really, Peter? Tell me!"

I told her that the answer involved a long story that was directly related to our impasse in Moscow.

"Do you remember me telling you about the Byzantine model?" I asked her. "I told you that it is a vertical, hierarchical model that puts God into heaven, mankind into the dust of the Earth, and the Christ into the middle as a mediator." I explained that all the emperors, sages, philosophers, churches, governments, elite, and religions have assumed that role of the mediator, who was then telling people what to think, how to live, and what to recognize as the truth. That's how philosophies are propagated. The vertical model that trails out into the sewer is the domain of the philosophers. I reminded her that this was the house that I had torn down for her in Moscow, without replacing it with a better one, because I didn't have a better one to replace it with.

Before I went on any further, we decided to order dinner. The restaurant offered sixteen dishes, all nicely described in Spanish and Indian, it could just as well have been Greek. We decided to let the owner suggest one of his finest, something with lamb, rice, something hot and spicy, rich with exotic trimmings. This left him with but one suggestion to offer. What did it really matter, anyway? Something more important than exotic food was on the agenda.

"The opposite to the Byzantine model, is the model that the symbol CSB represents as a model of science," I continued our conversation.

I explained that this new model still looks like a vertical model, though in really it isn't a hierarchical model at all. I explained that in this model, Christianity is at the bottom; the term meaning humanity in its true sense as a scientific, sentient, intelligent species. At the top of that model stands Truth, and in the middle, stands science, exemplified by the Christ. In this model, the science of the Christ idea becomes mankind's bridge to truth; to its own humanity; to its reality. "Therefore, there is no longer a sewer-type vertical hierarchy involved, as in the case of the doctrine of a philosophy or a religion were science is replaced with arbitrary doctrine, with the hidden intention to induce failure," I said to her. "All of this means that truth comes to light only through the dynamics of science that unite God and man as an inherent whole, instead of dividing the two into a master and slave relationship."
I suggested that in the union that unfolds through scientific and spiritual development, the notion of the imperial mediator has no place, and that the person who understood this most profoundly, apart from Christ Jesus, was an American scientist of the 19th Century, named Mary Baker Eddy, the famous discoverer and founder of Christian Science.

I also explained to Anton that this woman had founded a metaphysical college in which she had taught this new interrelationship between Truth and humanity, and that she provided an academic degree for it, which she termed CSD, corresponding to a doctor degree. "Then she closed the college," I said, "and subsequently reopened it as an auxiliary to her church, but she had made no provisions for teachers being active, or even for a curriculum to be presented, while she went to great length to retain for herself the title of its President in perpetuity."

"This doesn't make sense," Anton interjected. "Why create a school that has no teachers and nothing to teach, and originates a degree that no one can bestow? You call her a scientist? This puzzles me."

"Wouldn't she thereby shut down all formal education?" I added. "The hole thing is nuts, right? Actually it isn't. It is instead, profound. So as not to close the door on formal teaching, she created a Board of Education to take over the function. However, the Board of Education is only authorized to issue a lesser degree, which she termed CSB, akin to a bachelor degree, which she never actually called it that. I have come to see the 'B' degree as certifying a form of education that unfolds in 'bits and blobs.' As such the 'B' degree is inherently a vertical degree related to 'bit by bit' growing up in the line of scientific and spiritual development. In contrast, the 'D' degree is one that no person can award; which can only be taken, which puts it into the lateral domain. She defines thereby two aspects of science, a vertical one that unfolds bit by bit, and the lateral one that unfolds directly in as much as one lives on the lateral platform. Here Intelligence becomes reflected directly. This is what the 'D' degree signifies. It blocks philosophy, oligarchy, religiosity, dictatorships, and endows the human being with the title of a creator, a discoverer. The 'D' degree is not certified by an authorizing person, but is certified instead by an honest recognition of demonstrated achievements. The 'D' degree is essentially a renaissance degree. When Sylvia ripped the conference agenda up, she did so by the authority that flows from the 'D' degree. She understood the principle involved, and she understood her role as a human being. She didn't act timidly. That's not possible in the 'D' environment. Johan Sebastian Bach worked in this environment, as did Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. The 'D' environment is the renaissance environment."

"And what does this mean for us?" Anton interjected.

"It means that we have shifted the 'center of our attention' from B to D. Just look at Tony. What he said in his girl-watching speech, even the speech itself, would have been impossible to contemplate just a few months ago. And now? Wow! He didn't just volunteer for the challenge, he asked for it, and said firmly that it would be done without timidity. This means that your question cannot really be answered, what this means for us, except perhaps to say that we haven't seen anything yet. The sky is the limit. Infinity
is the horizon. We are beginning to touch upon the potential to change the world. This doesn't mean that the CSB process is invalid. For Sylvia and I the CSB process, that started with a dream, has caused a lot of overturning."

"Do you realize that your dream about the waitress with the micro skirt had incorporated both the 'B' and the 'D' environment?" said Anton. "As you said yourself, you really wanted to be in the 'D' environment. I bet, your first reaction to the waitress was, wow! That was a 'D' type reaction. Then, when she asked you about it, you lied. You dropped into the 'B' environment. You doubted the principle involved, and you also hated yourself for it, when you saw what a 'D' type answer would have enabled, that you saw an example of in your dream. However, the 'B' environment taught you a valuable lesson that you might not have learned without it, and without that, Sylvia might not have ripped up the conference agenda. And so, the question remains, what does this mean for us?"

"I think, the point may never come at which the CSB stage is fully exhausted and has nothing left to contribute to our growing up," I said and began to grin. "To the contrary, Anton, we need more of the CSB learning. Mary defined the CSB stage as the Christ, the spiritual idea of God. It's in the 'B' environment where we find our home in the 'D' environment. We need many more CSB experiences, Anton."

Anton laughed suddenly. "This means you can claim yourself the title CSD if you fully understand your life being anchored in the lateral world." She paused. "Peter VanDerMeer, CSD, how does that sound?" she added moments later. "And when people ask you subsequently, why you dare to take that title, you can answer them that you grew up on a rich diet of Coffee, Sex, and Biscuits. But can you say this yet, Peter? I can see that the CSD title involves a huge pile of honesty, especially with yourself."

"It certainly does that," I replied. "And this may be the only thing we have that enables us to break new ground. It allows us to open the Pandora's box on issues that challenge all the world's doctrinal perceptions to the deepest levels and break new ground there too."

"Like what, Peter?" she asked.

"Like sexual issues for instance," I replied cautiously. "Like the issues of sexual intimacies that we couldn't deal with when we met in Russia years ago, that you didn't want to touch then, which society can't deal with rationally even now. Sex seemed to have become an element of a legally certified marriage, so to speak. We were told that a person can't have the one without the other, or apart from it. All the doctrines told us the same thing. But how could we have known then, when we met in Moscow, that the doctrines aren't scientifically correct and that there is a CSB degree possible, and a CSD degree beyond that? Of course we also all knew that these ancient doctrines were nonsense. When Sylvia and I got married, we didn't marry each other for a penis and a vagina, we married each other as human beings for our wit, and fun, and our intelligence
and commitment to our humanity, and for our honesty. There is no science happening, without honesty. I fell in love with Sylvia for her singing. She sang for me and for a thousand other people, and I was proud for the applause she received. We had exciting times together in those days, going to operas, concerts, plays, and yes, sex fitted into all of this, but it wasn't the center of our marriage. Still, we didn't challenge the doctrines, which say that it is."

"Isn't it ironic that sex is the one thing that people are most likely to destroy their marriage over," said Anton. "And why shouldn't they? The doctrines say that we marry for sex, because the doctrines don't allow sexual interaction outside of the marriage. Don't you find that notion terribly degrading that people marry for sex, and that sex becomes a property synonymous with marriage?"

I nodded. "That thought is devastatingly degrading to all the lovely human interaction that we celebrate in our marriages, so that sex should be uncoupled from it, that it should be freed from it. Of course, it takes a lot of courage to take such a stand."

Anton began to laugh. "That sounds so funny," she said. "It's laughable really, that people behave as if they married each others penis and vagina and own it like a possession. Of course, if they didn't make this little thing the center of their emotions, what could they use then to destroy their marriages with? You are right Peter; sex shouldn't even enter into the marriage bond."

"Nothing should be allowed to enter the marriage bond that has the potential to cause it to fail," I replied. "That includes all the forms of sexual division and sexual isolation. All of these are separate issues. What have sexual issues got to do with love and with the bonds that love has formed? We should drop all the borders that are at the root of division and isolation."

"Then marriage becomes a universal bond," said Anton.

"That's what we want, don't we? If we are all in love with our own humanity, that we have in common with every other human being on the planet, wouldn't a universal marriage be a right idea, because it has a basis that is totally real?" I asked. "Isn't the basic idea behind marriage, the idea that we unite with one-another? Why introduce blocking factors then that isolate ourselves from one-another?"

"We probably would unite more fully and more universally if sex didn't stand in the way," Anton suggested.

"Oh, then we would probably find something else to divide us over," I replied with a grin. "But for now, sex is the issue. However, since we are human beings with remarkable capabilities, what would hinder us to readjust our perceptions, not only of marriage, but also of sex, to where it is something universally beautiful and a factor of lateral living, rather than being a dividing factor? That would solve 99% of our social problems, wouldn't it? Bringing the lateral platform into the foreground would solve our economic problems too. Our perceptions would no longer be so tightly confined."
"If we could only do that," Anton sighed.

"Why shouldn't we be able to do this if we reclassified marriage from being an institution, to becoming an aspect of science, of intelligent living?" I asked. "Can't we do this? I think we can. That's what all the pioneers tell us. We have taken some steps already."

I explained to Anton, Ross' discovery of Mary's structure for scientific and spiritual development -- her four rivers that correspond with four types of scientific development. "In one of these streams she placed marriage onto the level of science," I said. I pointed out to Anton that Mary has also created a Christian church without a provision for the conventional marriage institution.

"It is tough to perceive marriage as a universal concept," Anton interjected, "like a growing sphere of bonds built purely on the Principle of Universal Love."

I nodded. "But this is precisely what Mary is leading up to," I said to Anton.

Anton just nodded. She didn't smile anymore. "This can have enormous implications," she added some time later after a long pause.

"I believe that this kind of a radical stand for the truth enabled Sylvia to boldly rip up the conference agenda that had been imposed on us," I said to Anton. "She probably realized that we aren't married to the U.N. and its doctrines, but are married to our humanity by virtue of the truth about ourselves as individual, sentient, intelligent, scientific persons of a universal humanity that we all share."

I explained to Anton that our Mary, who has defined marriage as a science, has also put a unique element of truth above the science of marriage, which she defines as the singularity of the human Soul. That's the platform for lateral living, the platform for a new renaissance without empire, without militarism and religiosity. Lateral living excludes all of these.

"Then, there exists nothing really that divides us, except our own shallow thinking and self-denial," said Anton quietly.

"With this in mind, how could Sylvia have allowed the entire conference assembly to become servants of an oligarchic organization?" I said to her. "That is where the fight begins. Sylvia couldn't let this happen, having recognized the trap that was set up for us all. Consequently, she tore up the oligarch's agenda and turned the whole conference upside down, and thereby put it right side up!"

Anton began to laugh again. "That makes sense. That's exciting. Wow! So, it really was worthwhile for me to come here, wasn't it?"

"Maybe it was," I replied. "We must ask ourselves if we can truly meet that greater challenge that the principle of universal marriage brings to the social scene. That's a great challenge. But without doing this, how could we define universal love. How would we
define it, if it isn't defined in this context? We all live side by side on this planet in one all-embracing flow of life, from the tiniest seed, fertilized by countless flying insects, all the way up to including ourselves, which we have yet to learn."

I reminded Anton also of the as-yet unmet need to be honest with oneself, especially when the imperatives of principles become so tremendously challenging, as seeing ourselves in a lateral relationship with all life, and the challenge to protect it, and to make it richer instead of isolating ourselves from it. The more our isolation creeps on, the closer we come to the point that the support structures in the living world that we depend on, fade into oblivion, and we with them. Can you imagine our world without the flying insects that fertilize the plants that we depend on for our very existence? We wouldn't survive. In life we are all united in one universal marriage bond, and the more we develop a recognition of this reality, the more effective we become in being alive in this world. The CSB process fits into this category."

"Didn't you say that the CSB degree is an entry level degree?" said Anton and grinned. "If this is so; it can't be all that tough. We simply have to go with every principle we know, and go down this road again and again, until our understanding of the truth is becoming complete enough to change our life."

"That's a beautiful statement," I said. "Mary has termed the 'road' a 'river' and has defined as many as four of such rivers of development. One carries the factor of marriage; two others carry the factor of sex."

"She then puts twice as much emphasis on sex," said Anton, and grinned some more. "Maybe that is why we couldn't get away from it back in Moscow. We just got stuck by not knowing how to move forward. It seems we are now becoming unstuck. That's exciting to look forward to."

I nodded and grinned too. I could have hugged her for this, but it wasn't possible to do this just then as, our food was just being served.

It turned out that our dinner at the Taj Mahal was not just a meeting over a meal. It became a daring journey of discovery in many ways. One of the facets of discovery was culinary, of course. The meal was an exquisite lamb dish; lamb stewed in a spicy sauce that was loaded with vegetables. It was hot in more ways than one, nicely served on a bed of rise, accompanied with exotic side dishes of a dozen different flavors that all blended with the main meal.

At this point, the scientific talk had been put aside. In this sense, we had already stepped back to where we had left off a dozen years earlier at the tower restaurant. As I had done so long ago, I drank in the beautiful sight before me; her smiles; her laughing; her gentle gestures; the shine of her hair; the warmth of her love that was shining through
all of them. I cherished them as 'moments' of the grandeur of being alive in such a world as ours, where such 'miracles' are possible.

As I thought about how much we have to celebrate, all of us, I felt an urge to bring something of equal value to the table, the one thing that I had kept in reserve for the 'right' moment, something spiritual, something to match the spiritual beauty that she represented.

"I have written a poem for you," I said to her quietly, almost shyly, as I reached into my pocket for it. "Let me read it to you," I added. "The title is, 'Harvest and Seedtime.'

Seeds, wind-blown
Carriers of a secret still unknown
Poems in the words of nature
Sentinels of an Intelligence yet unseen
Prophets of the enduring
Apostles in an endless landscape

Harvest is seedtime, thoughts ripening
Carried as by a great wind
Carriers of secrets to unfold
Thoughts winged with Purpose
A force waiting, silent
Patiently waiting for the moment

Thoughts do awaken
Roused by the moist warmth in spring
Cascades of colors, colors of life
Bright yellows, bursts of silver-white
Thoughts becoming creations
Monuments of genius, builders of worlds

Who owns the seeds? Do we?
Who can fathom their wonder?
Life flows from then in great rivers
Rivers, trailing into oceans
In them we are alone, each one is alone

Each thought is sovereign, beauty is its song
Thoughts are seeds, becoming ideas
Alive in discovering
Alive in listening
Alive in being touched by love
Alive in loving
Alive...
Like seeds, thoughts fall to the ground
Potentials are lost
Hard grounds kill the precious
But we are Man
Hard ground becomes tilled, watered
The precious is nurtured in loving

Love for one-another, the human spring
Mankind is afloat in a sea that is Love
Seeds germinate, become plants
Roots break the ground
Love lifts the barriers, patiently
Silently waiting, reaching for the sky

Thoughts are the Universe unfolding
Landscapes of brilliance, ideas of power
Substance for enriching one-another
Substance of the forever maturing
Thoughts bearing new seeds within
Seeds for splendors beyond dreams

Each harvest is seedtime
A seed becomes a plant bearing new seeds
A thought unfolding, bears up civilization
A spark in the heart, bears the 'fire' of life
New worlds are created in the 'fire' of passion
We are the bearers of a 'fire' that is light

Builders of worlds are we
New Worlds, which have never been
Precious with riches grander than our own
Nature is Love reflected in loving
Love paints with the colors of its endless spring
Love paints us all - but who owns the seed?

Who owns the cradle for the seed?
Name it Intelligence, name it the Universe
Thoughts are seeds from an infinite fountain
Monuments of grandeur of good
Fields of flowers dancing in the sunshine
All nature whispers this to us

The melody of nature - what a song!
Whispers of a splendor grander than the heavens
Like seeds are we - we whisper too
Seeds bearing gifts for the world
Gifts wrapped up in sunshine
Gems are we - unfolding a majestic song!

    Listen to the song
Listen to the heart
Listen to the silence where strands of love unfold
Listen to the symphony of our humanity
In this symphony we are One
One with the Universe

    With this in mind we weren't at all at the point anymore where we had left off in
Moscow on the night that we had dinner together on the top of the tower. Our
continuation had become richer; brighter; not precarious; but born up with a certainty of
infinite horizons that lay before us yet to be explored.

    "This means that our lives must give definition to the undefinable," said Anton as
we were about to leave several hours later, after no less than three desserts. We were
gently 'nudged out' of the premises when the owners wanted to close shop for the night.

    "Oh yes, we are living this process of giving definition to the undefinable," I said
in total agreement. "And this gives us one more definition for the symbol, CSB," I added,
and kissed her.

    + + +

    Normally I hated shopping. But this time it was different. After our lunch the next
day, I felt that another gift for Anton was in order in acknowledge her as the gem that
came into my life again, something special to acknowledge her worth. I also needed a gift
that acknowledged Sylvia in celebration, something that bore tribute to her and to her
beautiful character, her dawning grace as a rising sun that had brought light to a scene
that was poised to be drowned in darkness. The overturning that had taken place as the
result of her daring during those few days of the conference, was greater than any of us
had expected; possibly greater than we even had imagined to be possible. The whole
atmosphere had become one of constantly reaching out, evaluating, looking for what is
real, moving with the challenges, on every level. We had talked about sex as openly as
we had talked about nuclear war, and it all seemed interrelated. Every idea was followed
up, no matter how crazy or insignificant it appeared, like the girl-watching speech, and
this not just in the meeting halls. Only a mere fraction of what was explored had been
shared on the podium.
Chapter 7 - Rivers of Life

Sometimes our dinner conversations were on subjects that demanded the deepest possible thought, and sometimes the subjects were met with a science fiction type approach that bordered on tall dreaming about a world that was still being build. At times it was also centered on actual dreams. Caracas had been a wonderful place for dreaming.

I don't know whether this dreaming was caused by the thin mountain air, or the fact that our hotel was often surrounded by clouds during the night, or whether it was due to the total quietness of sleeping high above the city on a mountain ridge, cradled on scientifically advanced mattresses, as the hotel boasted in its advertisements.

Often, elaborate fantasies emerged in my dreams, sometimes with a clarity that was more forceful than a movie or a stage play. The majority of my dreams, of course, were directly connected with the conference, and some were centered on Antonovna.

One of the most extraordinary of these dreams had all the 'trimmings' of an oriental mythology. I found myself in a mansion. I was alone. The rooms were brightly lit, but they were empty. I walked from room to room in a dazed bewilderment, searching for someone, or a way out. The rooms were large, elegant, endlessly interconnected, furnished in the finest tradition of a bygone age. The place was deadly silent, except for my footsteps on the carpets.

On the ground floor of the mansion was a solarium. The solarium was much more grandiose than that of our hotel. The solarium in my dream had a courtyard at its center, with a fountain. From there, a wide marble walkway led to a door that opened to a garden. The garden was like a miniature park, filled with a profusion of flowering tropical plants, flooded with sunlight. A sweet odor of blossoms filled the air.

The courtyard of the solarium was laid out in geometric patterns, composed of various shades of marble. I noticed a grouping of garden furniture in the middle of the courtyard that matched the color of the surrounding blossoms and blended with the white marble platform on which it stood. That's when I became aware of a girl on a recliner, sunning herself. Actually she noticed me first.

"I'm your cousin Veronica," she introduced herself. She spoke in a friendly, carefree manner, and with the most wonderful smile. She hadn't expected me. She had been sun tanning in the nude. Hastily she dressed. She had the most perfect figure, like a Greek goddess, gently pointed breasts, erect nipples, all of which she hurried to hide.

"Come with me," she asked, and with the same smile as before, she reached out her hand. She opened a pair of brass doors at the end of a narrow walkway that let to a different garden than the one I had seen before. This one was a wide-open garden from
where we had a view across the world. Our mansion was built on a high hill. It seemed as though the whole Earth lay before us.

"Come!" she urged me, "I will show you the temple."

I followed without a comment.

At the edge of the garden stood a white marble structure. It featured a domed marble roof, supported by four pillars, which together formed four gates. I marveled at the exquisite appearance of the structure. I stepped inside.

"Come," I gently urged her, please follow me.

"No! I can't follow you. In life's temple one is always alone. In truth there is no separation, we are at one with the whole of humanity. No one exists in isolation, but this must be learned," she said.

I urged her again, to come.

She shook her head. "As individuals we are alone with ourselves. We must be alone. This is the mark of our autonomy."

"Then I don't want to be in this temple," I replied. "I want to be with you."

The moment I had spoken, I realized that the gates were suddenly closed.

"You can't escape life," she said.

I noticed that the gates led to the North, South, East, and West. The garden of life was much larger now. At its center stood the greatest temple to love ever built, the great Taj Mahal. But I couldn't reach it. I was imprisoned in my own temple. I tried every gate. Every single gate was firmly closed.

"The four gates lead to four rivers," Veronica said.

"What good are the rivers if the gates won't open?" I asked.

Veronica had stopped answering now. She had turned and was walking back to the mansion.

I cried, but when I came to the gate to the North, it opened, and immediately I was on a river. Its name was Pison. The name had been inscribed into the gate. I suddenly found myself in a boat that moved silently against the flow of the river. The boat looked like a discarded river patrol vessel from the Vietnam War. Indeed, this type of boat was totally appropriate for the country that I crossed which had the appearance of being a most inhospitable place. Its shores were dark, eerie, cold. The echo of dying birds vibrated through the forest. There was no laughter, no human voice, no sunshine, no life. Oh how I longed for Veronica in this desert of desolation! Her presence would have felt
so rich, her love so exciting, her warmth so beautiful. "The forest has a strange name" I heard a voice say within. "It is the forest of the marriage of human beings - the murderer of its brothers, the Adam dream of a woman taken from man."

At one point far down the river I came upon a massive iron draw gate that blocked my way. The structure was linked to a gatehouse built on a rock on shore. The draw gate had a sign on its beam, like a giant bumper sticker. "The love of the good and beautiful, and their immortality," was written on the sign.

A gatekeeper came out of the gatehouse to the side of the river, and welcomed me. He looked at me with a deeply insightful look and shook his head. He seemed disappointed. He had a pen in his hand to enter my name in a ledger that he carried. He thumbed through the pages. He opened another section, divided by index markers, and thumbed through the pages again. Eventually he shook his head and closed the book of the ledger. "This river leads into the great unknown, that is unknown to you," he explained. "I cannot let you pass. According to law, the land beyond is accessible only to much more complete individuals. You are not qualified. It is too dangerous for people who are empty inside to enter this land, people such as you, with hearts choked up with too much knowledge that is but false wisdom, who embrace deadly illusions. You would be tempted to kill the inhabitants of the land, since you don't know what is good and beautiful and enduring. Turn back! Turn back! If I let you pass you will not be able to survive the active defenses of the people of the land beyond, who must protect what is most precious, which has been entrusted into their stewardship for endless development. Turn back my friend! Turn back! You don't belong there, not yet, anyway."

I nodded reluctantly, but before turning back, I gained a glimpse of the inhabitants of this land; men, women, not walking in pairs. I saw in their gestures their universal embrace of each other; their heads raised up with the pride of a divinely royal person; their eyes radiating with a satisfaction that I had rarely seen; their smiles telling of a deep inner peace. I longed to be with them. I was certain that I saw Veronica there.

"Turn back!" the gatekeeper demanded for the third time.

I knew deep in my heart that I had no choice, but to comply. Crashing the gate wasn't an option. If I did, I felt, I would be expelled by a higher power whose force I wouldn't be able to resist.

As I turned to go back, sadly, despondent over my inadequacy, I found myself in the temple again, bewildered and puzzled by what I had seen.

I was alone once more as before. All the gates were still closed around me. I looked towards the East, and as I did, the thought of the East frightened me now. I saw in my mind the image of the cradle of Jesus, the dawning of the Christ idea, the spiritual idea of God. I saw in it an immense challenge, facing the power of God and its imperatives. What if I came to stand in the way of this power? The way marker for the gate said that the gate leads into the land of human freedom, the freedom rooted in the
highest idea of good, the universal welfare of mankind, socially, civilly, and morally. I shook my head in frustration. The challenge seemed too large. Indeed, the challenge made no sense, suddenly. "Am I my brother's keeper?" I said to myself as I hesitated.

"Do you want to travel the river?" I heard a voice within. "The name of the river is Gihon." Uncertain, I took hold of the gate, and immediately I found myself in a barge that was adorned like a pleasure boat, filled with laughter and music. Fine wine was served. But the shores of the river were scenes of chaos, lined with walls of smoke. The smell of burning flesh was in the air. This time there were human voices heard from the land, but they were cries of agony, slavery, hunger, war, oppression, and violence. I shook my head again. I said, "I don't want to be here."

A voice spoke from within; "This is the scene that mankind lives in. It is its home, its treasury, the center and circumference of its being in a small life."

"Does mankind see nothing else?" I asked. "Does it know nothing else? Is there nothing brighter that has an impact on its life and its world? Are its eyes blinded by the fire of its rage, and its ears deafened by the thunder of its tumults, and the choruses of crying?"

The voice didn't answer me. Perhaps it had no answer for what I saw.

As before, far down the river I came upon a draw gate strung across the water. Its inscription, to my great surprise, read; "The rights of woman acknowledged morally, civilly, and socially."

As I approached the gate, the keeper of the gate came out and welcomed me.

I asked him, "what is the meaning of woman?"

"It signifies mankind's humanity, the highest form of man," he said, "but I cannot let you pass," he explained. "I can tell by your question that you are too blind for this land. You can't see your own humanity. This land is too demanding. The baggage that you carry will break your heart. Turn back! Also, you would be too dangerous for the people of the land beyond, whose culture you would not understand and would attempt to damage like an elephant in a china shop." The gate keeper began to laugh. He opened his ledger and entered my name as if it were for a traffic citation. "The law of this land states that only complete individuals may pass beyond this point. I perceive that you are not fully alive. Your name isn't registered in the book of the living. You're are registered as one who is dead in mindless obedience and subservience to myths. The land beyond is to complex for you, it would destroy you, and you would be causing damage to it. Therefore, you cannot pass! Turn back!"

Obediently, I nodded. But before turning back I observed the inhabitants of the land. They were like people who had shed their chains, but not through tribulation. They had their ears and eyes open to the bounty of their own creating. It was like a land of Kings and Priests to a higher image of humanity than I had ever seen. They were clothed with the sun, and had on their head a crown that was a ring of stars. Nor were they any
longer divided by sex. They appeared as if they rejoiced, and for good reason, celebrating in their sparkling bright humanity. The people I saw there appeared to have been exalted by their embrace of a reality I had never seen. This time I did see Veronica among them, but too far for me to reach.

"Turn back!" the gatekeeper demanded for the third time.

I drew away from the gate, and as before, immediately, I found myself back in the temple. But the temple looked different now. It had all the appearance of a church that was also an institution for trials and healing and education. "No idleness here!" read a tablet on one its pillars. However, the four gates still remained. I looked at the gate to the North. I shied away from it. Likewise, I shied away from the gate to the East. Also their color didn't match the color of the church as if they belonged to a different world, the world of the temple.

I looked towards the South, now. The color of its gate matched the color of the church. A feeling of serenity came over me. I thought of the warmth of a tropical paradise. I could see the Southern Star in my mind, traversing a sunlit sky. The name of the river that the gate of the South has inscribed into it, was Hiddekel. Eagerly I touched the gate. As I did, I suddenly remembered that the genial tropics were overlaid with the image of the cross, the cross of Calvary, the cross that binds all humanity into solemn union. The river took me through a land of cathedrals, gallows, and high priestly thrones littered with swords. "What am I doing here?" I said to myself as there was no one with me. "That's not a tropical paradise," I protested, but there was no one to speak to who would hear my protests.

I traveled upstream again. I traveled in a stately royal barge, decorated with flowers. I also saw great tablets of stone erected on the shore, some cut of white marble with holy inscriptions that should remain for all ages. But the golden lettering had faded. Only the blood beneath them was still fresh. And there were other tablets, tablets of alabaster that carried the inscriptions of all the abominations of history. The images with the inscriptions had become blurred through the years. One was of the Whore of Babylon riding her scarlet colored beast that was, and is not, and yet is. And at her feet, the kings that worshiped her, who had no kingdom of their own, but received power as kings with the beast from her; and beside her where the merchants who had waxed rich by the abundance of her 'delicacies.'

"No!" I cried. "I don't want to be here!" but the barge went on and I remained in it.

There were still other tablets of stone that I saw. Some were still under construction. A lone workman carved the title of one: "The Thousand Year Anniversary of the Christianization of Russia," it read. Beneath it was the scene of an orgy of prostitution.
Next went by a huge tablet of black granite. It carried no picture, only an inscription in gigantic letters carved very deep into the stone and filled with no coloring, except the shine of black pitch: "IMF=death," it read.

Behind the tablet lay the ruins of ancient temples, and the ruins of cities of featureless glass towers surrounded by barbed wire fences that had kept humanity in.

Emotionally exhausted I came to the draw gate, almost relieved, as it promised the journey's end, according to my previous experiences. However, I was puzzled by the inscription on the draw gate. It read: "Divine Science understood and acknowledged."

"We are the light of creation," I reasoned with myself. "We are also the IMF," said a voice within. "We have created death. We must go backwards over our nakedness and rebuild the image of man, as the image of the creator of the Universe in which we live. We must educate the whole of humanity with the truth, and heal it. The image of our fellow man is our own. We must acknowledge that which is true. This is love..."

The gatekeeper interrupted my thoughts. "There is a law in this land that only more complete individuals may pass..."

I raised my hand to stop him and said that I knew all of this already.

"I cannot let you pass, turn back!" he said in a serious tone of voice as if a teacher had failed a child in school for its own good. "I cannot let you pass, because you cannot hear the language of the people in the land beyond. Without knowing the language, you cannot hear the truth, nor discern the path on which you are going. Return to the temple. If I let you pass, you would become hopelessly lost. Also you would cause great damage to the land beyond, as a fumbling moron. Turn back!"

I replied that I would go back. Nevertheless, I stalled him long enough to observe the people of the land behind the draw gate. They were a strange people, as of one mind, in a dialog with each other and with themselves, dialogs bright with honesty, in which lies had no place to exist. The people were working as a team, but no one was leading them. No dictator stood before them to conduct their affairs. They were enlarging their tents freely. They had swung their doors open wide. They called their tents a church, a laboratory for living, and its purpose was to break the taboos of the shadows of the past.

I looked at the gatekeeper and shook my head.

"I cannot let you pass," the gatekeeper repeated. "You have a vision, but your vision is incomplete. This land destroys philosophers who do not wish to think; who prostitute themselves into other people's service as most philosophers do; who babble out what their masters demand, and then make the people treasure that poison that is designed to kill them. That's the face of people who are empty inside. Be kind to yourself, turn back, don't crash through the gate, no matter how tempting this may seem. The damage you would cause would hang like a millstone around your neck forever, and would eventually drown you. We gate keepers are the protectors of civilization. Without
protection the brightest renaissance is doomed to be destroyed, as this happened so often."

I was surprised that this time the gatekeeper had come out of his gatehouse to meet me without his book of the ledgers in hand.

I rejected his demand to turn back. "I will not turn back until you answer one question that makes my coming here worthwhile!" I said to him.

The gatekeeper smiled. "Congratulations my friend, ask away!"

"If I was to turn back, how would I ever know when I have gained completeness? How can I be complete in something that cannot be defined? How can I know that I am complete?" I asked these things in exasperation.

"That's easy," the gatekeeper replied and continued smiling. "You will know that you are not empty of the truth, when your life becomes empty of what it is not. Ponder about what you saw. Where the images true? Or where they but images that you have accepted?"

I turned away from him, disappointed and sad, and apparently not any wiser. Why did he speak in riddles?

I was intrigued, though, by the people that I saw behind the draw gate, and by what the gatekeeper had said that I could not understand.

As I turned back, I found myself in the Church again.

Bewildered, as at all times before, I faced the next gate, the gate to the West, the last of the four gates. "This gate leads to the golden shore of love and the peaceful sea of harmony," said its inscription. The river that it was leading to is called, Euphrates, and beneath the title was a mile-long description that said something about a new kind of science, called divine Science, the science of our divinity that can take us beyond our limitations, even while we seem to be bound to them.

I was puzzled. I looked towards the West, but I saw nothing but the empty sky and the sun overhead. I also realized that the West is where the sun sets. Is this the Golden Shore of Love where our love is mirrored in the golden glow of the sunset that heralds the promise of a new day? Is the golden glow a metaphor for the gold that we find, when we have lifted ourselves above the fog of Earth-bound living? In this regard, I saw the sunset not so much as a portal to the darkness of a night, but as a portal to the peace of a well-earned step of achievement.

I found myself pondering if I was ready to pass through that final gate, for that final journey. Was I ready to face the struggles and agonies along the river? Would I be rejected again, and be turned back? Was I still that empty inside to be stopped as before, by the keeper of the draw gate? Was I full of what is not? I paused and looked back across my entire life and examined critically what I had stood for. Was it all emptiness? I
answered without hesitation that it was not. In that moment I touched the gate to the West.

Its river flowed through a stormy land. The shores were steep vineyards, some giving way to towering cliffs with shrines and churches on them, and places marked with crosses and gravestones.

I was on a sightseeing boat. The tourists were laughing, eager to learn, attentive to their guide, who told them what to look for, what the sights represented, and how they should feel about this country.

"I'm disappointed," I said to a man next to me. "I expected something profound, like on the three previous rivers."

"The tour guide is lying," said the man. He whispered to me. "The churches and temples are the edifices of cults." The man said this, and nodded, as if he had been there. I believed him. His face had the scars of deep sorrows. "Cultism is the most hidden and deep-cutting wickedness on Earth. It is the church of poverty," he said. "Communism is a cult, and the West is full of cults of greed, and sex, and power. Their dimension are inhuman, stark coldness and cruelty. There is not a trace of anything human in them. Their halls are the halls of fascism."

I protested, but then I cried because I knew the man had dared to open his eyes and had seen what I had also seen, an emptiness surrounded by a finity that contained the sword of violence. It was a scene that we were trained not to look at. However, I had also seen beyond that facade. "No! The West is not made up entirely of cults," I answered the man. "The West has been built on science and understanding, on universal principles, on breaking down limits and finity, and improving the status of man."

"Look at the coldness of the temples," the man replied as if it was his mission to convince me. "Look at the blood stained palaces of their boardrooms at the top floors of the glass towers beside the graves of the unemployed workers, who were discarded the moment they were no longer a resource, but a liability. And also look at the coldness of the prisons, and the coldness of the country's secrecy!"

"This is not human," I replied. "This is not love."

The man laughed. "What is love?" he said.

"Yes, there is love, the kind that this madness cannot conceal," I said to him. "The tour guide is a fraud. A blind man, leading the blind. This whole river journey is false!"

The man looked at me, and then smiled. "The river is what you see," he said. "The more you open your eyes, and then your mind, the more beautiful the images become. Science is the gateway to the truth. Science is the Christ. This river is your journey in the land of progressive science. It lets you see what no eye can see, if you are willing."
I lifted my gaze up to the steep hillsides again and cried. I cried for the pains of humanity, pains that had no reason for being. Suddenly, the temples and churches were no longer monuments of coldness, but had become palaces of infinity, representing the truth and the power of understanding. They had become palaces of universal knowledge, universities, churches.

At this moment I noticed a fork in the river that I had not seen before. A narrow branch flowed out of a gorge that led deep into the mountains. It led between rock-ribbed walls that echoed the call of wild cranes. I shouted to the captain, "Change course! Follow this path!" I pointed to the branch of the river that flowed out of the mountains, and pointed out that it flowed smoothly, indicating a deep draught, while the river ahead was white with shallow waters. The captain took note, but said, no. He said that the tourist director was in charge and had commanded him to go straight on.

"I am the director of myself, I can swim," I replied to the captain. I replied cautiously. At first I replied only to myself, then I began shouting my reply strongly to the captain; and immediately I jumped into the water. Everyone on the boat shouted, "Come back, you can't do that!"

"Hey, I just did," I shouted back, and started to swim towards the canyon.

I swam the entire length of the canyon, effortlessly overcoming the flow of its slow moving current. In fact, I found the swimming invigorating. When the river widened behind the gorge, it opened up and became wider, and flowed gently into a valley. Far at the end of the valley I saw the familiar draw gate again. This time its inscription read; "Divine Science encompassing the universe and man; metaphysics taking the place of physics."

"Let me pass," I called to the gatekeeper as I climbed out of the water.

He shook his head. "This land has a law..." he started to say, holding his hand up to hold me back.

"I know all that," I interrupted. "You must let me pass, because I have earned my way across. I am no longer so empty inside that I do not know myself as a human being. There is no need for you to hold me back."

The gatekeeper looked at me, surprised, then nodded in agreement. "But you must return to the church and to the temple. Whatever love you find in the land beyond the draw gate shines resplendent only by what you bring to it, within yourself. You require a strong inner light in this land, for the journey is immensely great beyond the gate, and the path is not mapped out for you," he cautioned me.

He asked me to read the inscription on the gate. "Do you know what divine Science is?" he said. "It is the science of your divinity as a human being. It is your gate to infinity. You must pass through this gate again and again, and discover bit by bit your divinity. And this is an endless journey. There is no finity beyond this gate."
I said that I promised to return and do as he had told.

"See to it that you do," the gatekeeper said. "If you don't do this, you will be tempted to climb the great mountain for the majesty of the view that it offers, and you will be tempted to write to all the world of its grandeur. But your work will be empty, if it is not aglow with universal love and universal sovereignty. It would then be of no use to anyone, but would become a prison. An empty philosophy becomes a prison for humanity. You don't want to become a prison keeper, do you? Then people would call on you and demand that you teach them your new vision, and you will shackle and snare them with your dreams that have nothing to do with reality, and build a prison for them. You will tell them that there is no truth in anything, because without the divinity of love, truth cannot be recognized. You will cripple them with expectations that you deprive them of the means to grasp. And in the end you will find yourself proud to be pushing them in the wheelchairs of your creating. Unless you understand the science of the divinity of your being, your love for humanity tends to drive you into dangerous quackery, and you will become a babbling fool. And so I must ask you to examine yourself if you could stand before a mirror and say with all honesty that the inhabitants of the land would not be harmed by you, entering their land. If you can assure this to you, you are free to go on."

I paused. I hesitated. I nodded.

"So go on," he said, "but be aware not ever to lose sight of the divinity of love. Its light is your humanity. Go and start climbing every path before you to the last step, embrace the toil of your ascend, find the clear path through the steaming jungles that give you access to the high meadows, and snow fields, from were you are able to scale the tall cliffs, traverse walls of ice...."

He stopped, suddenly.

"Go on," I urged him.

He said, no. "You lack one thing," he said. "Unless your experience enables your brother to stand where you stand, turn back. By this alone you will know that your living is complete. If you cannot guarantee to yourself that you will do this, no matter what efforts this takes, you must go back to the gate where you entered the river, the gate at the Church. From there you must conquer every one of the other rivers. Each gate that you see there is a science-portal that opens a pathway to new realms of truth. You must travel the rivers that are rivers of science, and do this again and again until the draw gates are no longer a challenge in your path as you can handle them by the power of your own labor and the resulting achievements. Be aware that the land of love is a land of tireless movements wrought with great responsibility towards your fellow man, and towards the future of mankind, a responsibility for creating a renaissance without end, the dynamics of which can be learned."

I nodded. I said I understood. At least I thought I understood.
The gatekeeper smiled. He motioned me to stand beside him. As I did, he instructed me in the mechanics of how to lay a hand onto the hand wheel to raise the gate, which he said I must do for myself.

Creaky and rusty, the old Iron Gate rose. I cranked it up just high enough for me to pass.

With my task accomplished, I plunged back into the river to swim on. As I did so, I found myself in a cathedral. An usher approached me and demanded total silence.

I looked around. Over the altar of the cathedral hung a series of large paintings. One of them depicted a lone star shining above a dim night of chaos. The next showed Jesus raising a young woman to life. "This scene is the miracle that will rescue humanity from its tiny marriages," said a voice echoing in my head as if someone had spoken and had stirred the great silence.

The next painting in line showed a woman writing in a book; and the next one was that of a Christmas party. Among the guests of the party was a woman despondently absent, reclining in a wheelchair, accompanied by another woman. The wheelchair was pushed by a benign gentleman in black, who leaned over them both. Was I that man? He was shown in a caring manner, having one hand on the wheelchair, the other on the shoulder of the woman who looked longingly into his face.

"Do you understand the death that results from the care of one who has not grown up towards a greater completeness?" the voice from within spoke to me again. "Do you understand the deadly dangerous emptiness of the care of a person who seeks to gain his completeness from others?"

I looked at my marriage with Sylvia, as it had been a long time ago. Had I treated Sylvia that way? Heather was there, too. She had been in the wheelchair with her. I had been pushing that wheelchair for a dozen years, but neither of them had been helped by me in any way, because of my incompleteness. I also knew, that this had been a long time ago. All of that had been changed.

The following painting depicted a Christmas morning, and the resurrection of woman. I saw a woman clad in white garments, followed by scenes of Christian healing in which the sick person is a male and the healer that same woman, a clothed with the sun, so it seemed, who represents our humanity as the gate keeper had revealed. And one of the last images showed this woman again in the form of an angel bidding entrance into the house of humanity with her hands on the door-knocker that resembled a person who had folded his hands in front, so that they would hit the genitals. I was startled by the design of the doorknocker. The painting was titled: "Truth versus Error."

"Do you understand the meaning of the pictures?" whispered that voice from within.

If you do, you are ready to go on and to function in democratic association built on the divinity of Love that is your divinity.

I closed my eyes, and immediately I was on a river again. But the draw gate past the city of glass towers was open this time. The gatekeeper waved as I swam beyond it, and instantly I found myself in a wide mountain meadow. In front of me stood Anton. She wore a white gown with a golden belt around her waist, and on her feet soft Chinese shoes. I was also aware of yet another person. I looked, and saw Sylvia standing beside me. She smiled, but said nothing. We were surrounded by a vast sea of yellow flowers, ringed in the distance by tall blue mountains. We seemed to match this beauty. We were all beautiful to each other. We loved each other's smile and expression. We loved the way we dressed. We loved the way our hair moved in the gentle breeze, and the way we spoke to each other, and the way we thought. Our gestures were inviting and reassuring. There was peace in this world and a feeling in the heart that no sexual elation could equal, though it seemed to be an element of it. "This is the sublime," said the voice from within. "This moment will change and uplift your life, and will uplift humanity with it. You have become free."

I reached forward and removed Anton's golden belt and her white dress, and looked into her face and smiled. It was radiating with the loveliest smile, a smile that stirred deep feelings in me. I also noticed her breasts, which were the same as those that I had seen in the solarium. I reached out to her. We reached out to each other. We embraced one-another. We kissed. I relished her touch, the touch of her body. We held each other tight, and when we let go I felt no loss.

"What heavenly touch has made you so exceedingly beautiful, Anton?" I whispered as we faced each other.

"Nothing that I have done! I haven't changed," she answered. "But you have grown. You have grown rich. You have become more complete. Your embrace includes worlds upon worlds that you hadn't looked at before."

By then Sylvia stood afar, waving to me from a distance, in the way that Tara had waved to me years ago in Ruggels' lounge. Only the meaning was different this time. At Ruggels' the people around us had been like props. We alone had seemed real. Now our waving to each other was as if it included the totality of all being in a giant embrace. Here Sylvia, too, was free: free to stand on her own, free to be at my side, free to stand afar satisfied.

We both waved to her and threw kisses. I called out to her that I loved her. We kept on waving as she receded from view, and still, she was as if she had remained with us.

"The rivers have taken your nakedness from you and given us great riches in which we can see what we have never seen before," I heard her call out to us, from the distance. Her voice was carried by the wind.
"In this liberation is bound up the hope of the world," said Anton. "It guarantees the survival of Africa, the end of violence, a call to enrich the Earth with a new rising of man, even the liberation of Russia, China, and America from themselves, for themselves, and by themselves."

While she spoke, I became aware of another person at my side. I noticed Heather standing beside me. She stood tall, beautiful and proud, clad in her birthday suit. We embraced each other. Then I noticed Sylvia again. She was with us in our embrace, but she was different, somehow. She was like someone who is richly adorned with the gift of love that we had all brought to each other. "There will be war no longer," said Anton with a smile.

Here, I heard the voice from within, again speaking to me in the rhythm of a familiar poem that went something like this:

Oh, joy and peace,
the unknown, the yet to be known,
the fleeting recovered from distant vale
fire of the sublime.

Oh, love divine,
the gold unseen by greed, by toil, by the dead,
the eternal overflowing fount,
ruler of the greatest riches.

Oh, life, a communication without words,
reclaimed, cut loose,
from iron anchors wedged deep in heavy darkness
daring to be, a sun beneath the rain.

Oh, light, the great science, our power,
beyond the dark homes of the living dead,
the morning dew from heaven's bounty,
that feeds the flower and a world that lives on wings.

Oh, the sublime...

"But what is the sublime?" I heard myself asking. "Is it related to the conference?"

Since I couldn't answer, I woke from my dream, though acknowledging with joy that the sublime was already unfolding in the sublimity of our discoveries of the wonders of love.

At breakfast that morning I told everyone about my beautiful and mysterious dream. I told them that I awoke, because I remembered the conference.

"We must all make this journey," said Anton, smiling at me, "it sounds too wonderful to miss, don't you agree?"

I nodded and answered with a kiss.

The kiss drew the loveliest smile. Had the rivers been real that I had dreamed about? They reflected in essence something that I realized always existed between us, but had been blocked by me. Or was the dream all but a reflection of the research that I had taken up with Ross into Mary's work, powered by elaborate theories, and by discoveries of the dynamics of mankind's infinite Soul?

"You are making this journey too," I replied to Anton, "only yours will be different. No one can tell you what you may find in your life."

She nodded ever so slightly.

"These rivers are real," said Ross to Anton. "I have discovered the concepts that are involved, together with Pete. These are not easy concepts to come to terms with, but they are profound when one recognizes what they involve."

He turned to me. "The rivers are not lateral structures as it may seem," he said. "They have a high point and a low point. There is always a down-flow happening that in its course enriches the landscape. But this is not the essence of science. The rivers represent scientific development. Scientific development doesn't happen when one just floats along with the flow of the river, or worse yet, when one travels the river on a boat. Peter was travelling on a boat on the first three rivers in his dream, and consequently he
didn't get past the draw gate. Only when he came to the draw gate swimming, was he recognized as someone who might qualify to pass. And so he was asked further questions. It is the nature of science that one swims against the flow of it, not with it. Swimming against the flow of the world, one struggles to get to the source of the outflow of good. This struggle has its reward. The struggling opens the mind to inspirations and discoveries, whereby the benefits are won, and never given as a gift, such as religions offer and philosophies. Sometimes the breakthroughs in science are wrought with 'bleeding footsteps.'"

"Ah, as in Peter's CSB experience," Anton interjected.

Ross nodded.

"What one gains in the difficult experiences, reaching for aspects of universal principles, becomes one's 'currency' in the lateral world," said Ross.

"It appears to me, Anton, that we all need to travel these rivers again and again, and swim against the flow of the world towards the truth, as in the CSB experiences indeed," I said to her. "It seems we need to be involved at every level of human existence, and deal with what we find there, and move forward, upstream, and bring light to the world with what we have found, and uplift in the process what needs to be uplifted. We must face the depravities, explore the paradoxes, and raise our axioms that have created the paradoxes. Then we can also help those that have dropped into depravity. We've become a healing force then.

"We also need to be involved in the moral domain," I continued. "We need to embrace the good that we find there, that we find in our humanity, and embrace what is good, even slightly, and drag it up with us as we seek higher ground where we can cherish it more, and honor one-another more. Then we live the principle of sovereignty. When we struggle to move forwards it becomes impossible for us to slide backwards into depravity. In the rivers of science, we swim against the flow, because we swim towards the source, the truth. The truth is our intellectual and spiritual gravity. If we don't swim against the flow of the gravity of the earth, the gravitational pull of the earth will carry us backwards. That's what I have learned from my dream.

"In addition, we also need to explore each scientific element that we find in our journey in each and every river. We need to utilize these as tiny portals to reality that the process of science provides in so many ways. By developing our scientific understanding of the universal principles of the universe, we give ourselves far greater freedoms than we ever had before.

"We also need to dwell in the land beyond the gate that scientific understanding gives us access to," I continued. "That's the land of the great universal good that all the great thinkers throughout history have associated with human freedom, boundless capabilities, with love, life, truth, even God. Isn't it interesting, Anton, that God and Good are both linked to the same word in English, with just a small difference in spelling? Maybe it is that small difference that we need to erase."
"Maybe this is what the rivers are all about," said Ross. "I think we need to travel these rivers again and again, because there are so many beautiful things to be found at every level if we open ourselves up to them, even to the sexual things."

Ross' comment earned him a kiss on the cheek from Anton, and an embrace, followed by a great big happy smile as if he had just confirmed to her what she had always felt in her heart to be true, but had never had the courage to acknowledge. I never saw her smile that way before, not to me, with a smile powered by such a great inner joy.

Tony raised his hand at this point. "I hate to spoil the party," he said, "but I see Peter's dream in a different light. I see it as a warning, but as a warning it comes one year too late. If Peter's dream had occurred a year ago and had been heeded, the great tragedy that the world has suffered might have been avoided. Our President didn't heed the gatekeeper's demands, but crashed the gate at every station and made a mess of things that no one could untangle once the deed was done.

"He crashed the first gate by denying himself as a human being. He lied about his eligibility to stand for election as President. When he was challenged by concerned citizens, he used the force of the courts to conceal his birth certificate that would have shown, either directly, or by concealment with the art of forgery, that he is not an American citizen by birth. The American birth-citizenship is a constitutional requirement for a President. The would-be President denied the Constitution when he denied his identity. He crashed the draw gate. He denied the courts by using them for his obstruction of the truth. And he denied himself, by denying the native truthfulness of a human being. He crashed through the first draw gate and made a mockery of the platform that our nation is founded on, which he thereby tore to shreds, and smiled about it with his disgusting smile of utter contempt. The resulting damage is hard to repair. He denied so much of what is intrinsically good, and beautiful, and is designed to be enduring, that he should be held accountable for the crime of besmirching the nation.

"He also crashed the second gate," Tony continued. "As a candidate for election he promised the nation to protect its interest and uphold its principle. That was required of him as an oath. He crashed the gate of his oath of office by selling the nation down the river in the biggest bank-heist in all history, that is generously known as the bailout swindle, designed to bail out the worldwide collapsing derivatives bubble, stealing twenty-four trillion dollars from the nation to do it, settling the nation with a debt that can never be repaid. The bailout swindle would have collapsed had he not manned the phones personally, even before he became President, to force the congressional votes into line to approve the bailout swindle, after it had already been rejected. That's crashing the gate.

"The President also crashed the third gate," Tony continued his analysis. "He crashed the gate when he hired himself out as a puppy dog to the royal empire. In this capacity he became intensively involved in helping his masters in their vicious attempt to destroy the value of the American dollar, acting in effect as an enemy agent. He crashed through all the constitutional barriers that under decent circumstances would have
protected the nation from this kind of abuse. Nor did he stop there. When the American Congress graciously passed a law that legalized what he had already done, but put a hundred billion cap onto his traitorous scheme, he added a signing statement to the bill saying that he feels not obliged to abide by the law of the Congress, but reserves himself the right, as dictator in chief, to do whatever he pleases in terms of throwing the nation's money into the courts of empire, by buying into its special drawing rights scam at any amount he fancies. His use of the signing statement to bypass the laws of the legislature, or to turn them upside down, is nothing short of crashing the protective gate of civilized society.

"And he crashed the fourth gate also," Tony continued. "He is ramming the culture of empire down America's throat.' He is forcing to reform the healthcare system onto a platform of euthanasia. That's the essence of his proposed Nazi style Healthcare Reform bill. He is also forcing the global warming Carbon Cap and Trade bill unto an already dying nation to create an energy lean green economy, powered by windmills in the shadow of destroyed industries. And while the States collapse into bankruptcy in the shadow of the wiped out industries, he sings his empire song, 'Not a penny to the needy! Not a penny to help the States! Let the people die! If they are too poor to live, by all means, they should just die. He promises that his upcoming Social Security Reform bill will go along way towards this end, as his masters wish."

"Let's face it, the President has been a gate crasher at heart from the word go, of the most vigorous kind," said Ross. "Did we really think that such a man could be brought under adult supervision? Had he not demonstrated loud and clear that there exists no line that one could draw that he would not cross, or a gate that one could erect that he would not crash, or a barrier that one could create to shield the nation with, that he would not bulldoze through? How did we think it to be possible to compromise with such a man, as a compromise on principle? It is not possible, is it, that a gate crasher of the 'Mr. Devil' type can be magically reformed to become an 'angel,' or even partially."

"I think it was a grand delusion to assume that society could be protected in its critical period, with a gate crasher in the house," said Sylvia. "I think we should have been honest with ourselves that the survival of civilization could only have been assured with a complete change at the top of the house. Indeed, when America had voted for the man to become President, at least some did, the resulting vote had been a vote for the principle of complete change; uncompromising change; radical change; decisive change; and so on. This was the minimal that the day's critical situation had called for. When the survival of civilization is at stake one cannot compromise with the 'devil.'"

"What society voted for, should have been delivered," said Anton. "Even our Soviet leadership had known this to some degree. America didn't vote for a change in the intensity of the old crimes. It voted for a change that ends the betrayal. Since the President has demonstrated himself to be a gate crasher, without the capacity for remorse, and one lacking the slightest sense of humanity, crashing through every safeguard of civilization, the man's removal should have been seen as the only option at the critical stage before the house came down. This should have been done, if nothing less than to
honor the spirit of the intention of the electorate. This should have been your task, and the
task of all of us, everywhere."

"People say that the avenues did not exist, to accomplish the essential task that we
faced," said Fred. "But is this a valid excuse, when the task is to protect civilization?
Even while the existing avenues were blocked, we should have moved. Other avenues
should have been found to accomplish the vital task on which so much had depended,
such as the survival of the nation and the world. I am certain that the U.S. Constitution
contains some of these 'other avenues,' as under the principle of the common defense, that
we would have found if we had looked hard enough, which had merely not have come to
the surface in our time."

"When the goal is clearly defined, and its critical nature is recognized and
acknowledged, the needed channels are bound to come to light, but not so when they are
sought in the shadow of compromises," said Ross. "A clear strategic defense was needed,
as uncompromising as are the Constitutional principles themselves, and this should have
been rich with asymmetric approaches and new political principles, comparable to the
new physical principles that LaRouche had called for in the SDI context. That's where we
failed."

"What do you mean by 'new political principles?'" I interjected.

"I meant new applications of existing principles," said Ross. "Are you aware, for
example, that a powerful process exists for defending the nation in situations as we had
before the crash, in which foreign agents had taken over the U.S. government and
imposed policies of empire that were intentionally destructive to the USA, such as the
policies that were pursued by our dear Nero President playing the role of a puppy dog on
a short leash held by his handlers, the masters of the empire, centered in London. The
American people have been in this type of situation before, during the colonial period,
and have found a powerful way to defend themselves on a platform of natural law. They
did it with the Declaration of Independence that still applies and remains the world tallest
declaration of the rights and duties of a people that are recognizing themselves as a nation
'with certain unalienable Rights,' among which are 'Life, Liberty and the pursuit of
Happiness.' But when a long train of abuses and usurpations evinces a design to reduce
them under absolute despotism, it is their right, in fact it is their duty, to throw off such
government, and to provide new guards for their future security, and thus to institute new
government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such
form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.' -- This is a
political principle that should have been recognized as a means for preventing the great
catastrophe.

"The Declaration of Independence wisely states," Ross continued, "that
governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and
accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while
evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have
become accustomed. With the people of the USA, having suffered the 'Object of Empire'
for eight and a half years, which clearly 'evinces a design to reduce them under absolute
Despotism,' the people have earned their right to have a change in leadership affected, towards a change in policy, and a chance to reclaim the nation's character as a sovereign credit society standing in opposition to the monetarism of empire. The Declaration of Independence is a declaration of the 'right' to call for change when a change is needed, and is also a declaration of the 'duty' by society to implement the needed change. This deeply rooted call for change takes us to a process that exists deeply rooted in natural law, far more so than the process of impeachment that is easily blocked by traitors, and typically applies to much lighter cases, of the nature of a misdemeanor, such as the case, which had been engineered by entrapment, against President Clinton. When greater crimes, deeper crimes, crimes that threaten the survival of the nation are the order of the day, more deeply rooted laws apply that are beyond the reach of being blocked by tactical political machinations. The American Declaration of Independence is a unique case of such a law, in the world. And it is a law. It is the fundamental law on which the nation stands. The USA wouldn't exist without it. The Declaration of Independence is a law in hand beyond the reach of courts and princes to affect the needed change to save the nation, when all other avenues have failed. It should have been applied.

"But my question to you, Peter, is, can you think of any way this law in hand can be implemented quickly and effectively in the rudimental domain when the legislative domain is blocked? The implementation of LaRouche's proposals that could have prevented the collapse of the world, like his Homeowner and Bank Protection Act, his Recovery Act of 2006, and the Great Lakes Renaissance Act, were all held in limbo for reasons that the available avenues had failed. But the Founding Fathers evidently did not intend to keep the door open for such deep failures that block the future existence of the nation and the continuity of civilization. Under such circumstances, shouldn't a frontline patriotic leader like yourself, or even just a single citizen who stands with the Declaration of Independence in his pocket, have been able to cause the arrest of the offending government officials, whether they be the President or Congressmen, or whatever, and declare a vacancy in their offices? The deeper the infractions go, and the more deeply-rooted the law is that thereby applies, the more the authority to act falls upon the grassroots pioneers, because ultimately that is where the power rests, which is the power to say to the evils in high places, 'you cannot pass!' So where were you, Peter, when this 'new' political principle should have been implemented? Isn't that where every renaissance in history has risen from, from the self-activation of society at the grassroots level, encouraged by the leading geniuses of their time? So where were you? Where you asleep like all of us?

The Declaration of Independence is a declaration that authorizes change when all avenues have failed," Ross continued. "Society's fear of empire and its induced love of its monetarism are the sources of mankind's enslavement, but through love for humanity, and oneself as a human being, the miss-based fear and false love can be put aside. These steps of progress out of slavery involve a profound declaration of principle that enables society to become the 'city upon a hill,' the 'bastion of liberty,' and for America the 'beacon of hope' for mankind that America has been designed to be, with the power to act in such ways that the eyes of the world will be upon it, acknowledged for acts worthy of songs and inspiration, standing in defiance of empire, against terror, fascism, depopulation, genocide, euthanasia, etc., and against the globalized financial swindles
that are wrecking the world, thereby becoming a leader in a world based on universal principles -- principles that no one has made, and which all benefit from. This is what we should have been fighting for, but we didn't. We let the collapse occur."

"Do you think then that what I have said, has merit?" said Tony to Ross. "Or do you believe, as the President did then, that the Constitution from which all authority flows for any U.S. institution of government to act, has become but an impotent rag, waiting for available space in the archives of museums? Since we don't believe this, can we assume then, that by the President's failing to transact the Principles of the Constitution, and by his crashing the Constitutional gates that protect society, the President had already lost his authority to act, from the word go, as you say, which was then leaving the scene open to the much wider platform for society's self-protection, than is focused on, traditionally, as for cases of impeachment? We didn't explore the wider platform, such as the Declaration of Independence, that would have applied in this monumental case of crimes that destroyed the whole world, which wasn't just a 'misdemeanor' where impeachment might have been applied."

Tony turned to me. "Your dream didn't indicate how society should have dealt with a gate crasher," he said to me. "What would the rational way have looked like in your dream, to protect civilization from those escapees from the sewer that our world had been inundated with?"

"I think the answer was indicated," I said. "The gatekeeper's line has been, 'You cannot pass! Turn back! Of course if someone crashes through, it then becomes the task of everybody in the land to evict the intruder. The gatekeeper is just the first line of defense. After that it becomes everybody's task, because everybody's life is in danger. It is evidently impossible to dream about how this universal defense is carried out in detail, which is as wide with possibilities as are the seashores of the world. Here we face truly endless horizons. Life cannot be stereotyped into a small form, nor can the processes be stereotyped that are possible to protect it. We are human beings. We are living in a world of horizons without end. We live in a revolutionary world."

"A gate crasher is not a revolutionary," said Tony. "A gate crasher destroys the natural defenses of civilization, by walking all over them. He is one who trespasses on justice, honor, humanity, generosity, decency, economy, even life itself. Hitler was the 'prima donna' of all the gate crashers, an arrogant, vane, temperamental, and conceited person; and worse than that, he was utterly evil, stupid, and a dancing fool who had endeared himself to his masters in London. Hitler was a hater of mankind, as many today, are; he was a gate crasher. There wasn't a line drawn that he didn't cross, or a gate he didn't crash, or a barrier that he didn't plow through, and he shrieked with indignation at all who suggest that he was nuts, and had them killed. He demanded to be honored as a god, while wearing the face of the devil, and the people complied, bowing their heads out of fear, a gesture inductive to having their head chopped off."

"A revolutionary is not a gate crasher," Fred interjected. "He upholds honor, justice, humanity, love, and economy. That is what makes a revolutionary. He is one who is in tune with natural law and fights for it, and lets the natural law of humanity remove
whatever factors block its unfolding. He replaces the blocking factors with the universal principles that the barriers would prevent from coming to light. A true revolutionary is a builder, not an elephant crashing through the china shop. A revolutionary is a discoverer of the truth, not a dreamer-up of lies. There is nothing revolutionary about lies, since lies are self-defeating. A revolutionary is a champion for justice, a healer in an unjust world where empire has outlawed justice. A revolutionary is a man of Love, the bearer of the greatest power on earth, the bearer of the gift of science, culture, and the power of cognition, a creative and productive power. A revolutionary is a giant. The gate crasher is an empty shell, a shell so hollow inside that the wearer of the shell demands the world to drain its most precious substance into it, even everything it has, in faithful compliance. The gate crasher demands to be honored, even though he has no honor in his heart. The gate crasher is a conspicuously dishonorable person, unjust, with not a speck of humanity in his heart, and not a shred of decency; a person who wears the Adolf Hitler Smile in public and a swastika hidden under the shirt or blouse, and keeps a knife handy for those who foolishly support this person that has foresworn its status as a human being. A revolutionary is one who exposes the hidden swastikas in all the courts of the world, right up to the Supreme Court of the USA that has been well-stocked with champions that stand proudly with gilded swastikas hidden in their heart. A revolutionary is one who understands natural law and says to the swastika bearers, even all of them, 'be gone!' A revolutionary is one who sets up a court where honesty, justice, and love are the law, and who has access to this court of natural law, who has the courage to call this court into session, the court that convenes in the hearts of society. The future of society, therefore, whether it prospers or dies, is determined by how many revolutionaries it has among its ranks. Too many people have been 'circumcised' and been taken prisoners by the enemy of society, but many still remain whole and remain human, so that hope remains. Among them, we find the revolutionaries. If enough of them stand up to be counted as human beings, the age of the swastikas, worn hidden or openly, is over."

Fred turned to me. "Isn't this the question that each one of the gate keepers in your dream, had asked you?" Said Fred in a serious tone. "He asked you to look into your heart and determine your status as a revolutionary, as condition for allowing you to enter the domain of science. A revolutionary is a champion of science. He asked you if you have proven yourself to be such a person. Since you couldn't answer, he asked you to go back and discover yourself as a human being. Science doesn't come from the head, it comes from the heart, it doesn't flow from what the senses tell you about the world, but flows from the mind taking the senses to a higher level. The senses give you a hint, because what they perceive are but shadows of reality, which the mind opens up to you. That's where science begins. So, the gatekeeper asked you, 'are you primarily a sensuous creature like an animal in the field, or are you a human being?' A sensuous creature is often a gate crasher, stealing for his satisfaction, or is demanding from others whatever it takes to satisfy its sensual rage, including committing rape and demand for adoration. This makes him a dangerous creature, because he lacks the depth of vision that comes from the mind. That is why the gatekeeper asked you, Peter, 'are you actively committed to your own scientific development?' This is like asking you, if you are committed to classical music, poetry, and spiritual development? It appears he found you wanting on many counts. He also saw hope for you. He didn't see you as a crasher."
"Your dream about the rivers and the gates might have been occasioned by what you saw in the world in economic terms," interjected Heather. "Nobody makes the grade anymore, and many have indeed become gate crashers. That is why the world is thrown ever deeper into a collapse crisis. There is no scientific competence left. The collapse started already in the post-World War II period under President Harry Truman -- the man who turned the Franklin-Roosevelt-world upside down, in which scientific development and humanity had played a major role. Truman, in contrast with Roosevelt, was a pathetic mouse who placed the USA onto the road of becoming a puppet of empire. Roosevelt's political legacy was fast fading in Washington, D.C. from the Truman-time on, with Wall Street hacking away at it, hastening to rid the economy and the minds of the citizens of almost anything that reflected the scientific, creative, and productive spirit that had been the hallmark of the Franklin Roosevelt era. The result became devastating in the business arena. The new management of long established firms were living essentially on the laurels of their predecessor, while denouncing the intellectual legacy that stood behind the laurels. Wall Street began 'eating up' many respectable, privately held enterprises, setting the stage for the oncoming economic extinction of the nation that is now in its final stages. The heirs of the old management enjoyed pretending that they were demi-gods of entrepreneurial prowess; in reality they were pirates, living of the blood of their fading predecessors who would have seen them with pity and disgust had they been able to foresee the new course. The heirs assumed that they carried the 'genes' of past economic achievement; but lacking the substance that lies in the heart, they but tried to imitate what they couldn't understand, or were no longer allowed to understand. President Kennedy attempted a revival with some brief successes, mobilizing the remaining residue of honest skills among management cadres, scientists, and leading technicians; but, the system as a whole was already rotting by them, from the top down, and Kennedy was shot. The shot was directed against all who stood with the spirit of the Roosevelt era in their hearts. The sell-out of America to the masters of empire, which had begun with the ugly years of the Truman Presidency had taken a terrible spiritual, intellectual, and even moral toll."

"Now we face the challenge to rewind the entire parody that we call economics," said Fred. "We need to rewind it past the acquisition swindles and the escalating financial frauds, past the stock-market crash of 1987, past the loss of management power by clowns who became kings, but had no idea of how the thing they had acquired actually ever worked. We face the challenge of bringing the world back to life with people at the helm that lack even the slightest conception of how to go about to bring the virtually dead economies of the world back to life, especially that of America. For this we need a qualitative change in the top-most positions right across the political and private economic leadership, rebuilding a quality that Franklin Roosevelt had embodied. But considering the depth of our present state of a deep collapse, and in addition, what more of it looms before us, we have to go back still further in time, all the way to Hamilton, who had pioneered the alternative to monetarism. That is were we need to start, creating a world without monetarism, that is a world without money in the imperial sense, but with a special kind of money that exists in a credit society, a kind of money that is on a short leash and is directly tied to development projects that enrich the physical functioning of society and aid its spiritual, scientific, and technological development, and increases its productive and creative power."
"LaRouche has tried to steer us into this direction for decades," said Heather, "and practically hit us over the head with it back in 2006, when the auto industry started collapsing. LaRouche proposed at this time that the nation assign a portion of the floor-space and personnel that was no longer required for automobile production, to high-technology-driven programs of building up its basic scientific infrastructures, and to engage in advanced industrial programs, like mass producing nuclear power complexes, and high speed rail transportation systems, and also to manufacture the heavy components that are needed to replace the collapsing water way infrastructures. But it was all sabotaged by a lot of swindlers in the international financier cabal. As the result the USA abandoned and destroyed its auto industry, scrapped its facilities, demolished its infrastructure, and put its once productive manpower on the growing pile of discarded people. In the shadow of this collapse under policies that are tantamount to treason, the USA was transformed into the wreck of the new century under the direction of the London-centered monetarist agencies, which have sought to destroy our republic since it was born. It is not surprising then, that a year after the auto industry was demolished the great financial collapse began, since the financial values were increasing being recognized, as being but empty shells. LaRouche warned in July of the next year, in 2007, that the immediate breakdown of the U.S. economy had begun, leading into a New World depression, portending a general, global economic breakdown-crisis. That's the crisis under which the entire world is virtually dying today. He proposed some urgently needed action to rescue the remains of the U.S. chartered banking system through reorganization in bankruptcy, while at the same time placing the entire system of mortgaged resident homeowners under a bankruptcy protection against foreclosures. His proposals would have saved the United States from all of the ruin that since came upon it. But it was sabotaged by puppy dogs on the short leach latched to empire, puppy dogs that became trained gate crashers."

"Now things are very grim," said Fred. "We destroyed our industries, lost the services of our skilled workers, wrecked our currency by throwing $24 trillion in the bailout trough for those who destroyed us in the first place, and are now plunging us and the entire world, at an accelerating rate, into a general, global breakdown-crisis, which, unless it is stopped by competent measures, will mean the death of civilization, and possibly the death of as many as billions of people as has been spelled out in the policies of the princes of empire, who have proposed such ends in response to the alleged, but non-existent Global Warming crisis that they have engineered for the purposes of genocide. The intended destruction of civilization globally, is presently intended to occur during the unfolding global breakdown-crisis. Adolf Hitler would be drooling in envy if he could see what is now in the works, with far too few aiming to stop the madness. He would smile at the new healthcare direction, our commitment to euthanasia, and our demonstrated commitment to burning our own food or to tax it to death with carbon legislation. We need something much more drastic now than a return to the Roosevelt platform to rescue civilization. Nothing short will do than the total replacement of the world's monetary system with a system that is based squarely on the Alexander Hamilton-style principle of the credit society that stood behind the American Declaration of Independence and our constitutional form of government afterwards that enshrined this principle into law. Thus today's needed rescue requires much more than mere words on
“You are asking for miracles,” said Tony.

“No, I am only suggesting that we utilize what we have available,” said Fred. "I am suggesting that we use what we have within reach, and use it as a remedy for the presently accelerating, global, general physical-economic breakdown-crisis in both, our republic, and in the world at large. The chance that society will do this may be slim, but it is a chance that we’ve got, and it is also the only chance that we now have left. LaRouche interprets this chance as being realized by two mutually indispensable, general measures of reform that start with putting the entire U.S. financial system through global reorganization in bankruptcy, writing off the mass of financial trash, which has been accumulated, largely by fraud, and transferring the remaining assets consistent with the earlier Glass-Steagall standard, from the accounts of a Federal Reserve monetary system, into the Federal constitutional bank, coupled with an absolute commitment to a credit-system of our patriotic Hamiltonian, constitutional tradition. Together with this, there must be a pioneering revolutionary action with the clear intention to bring the USA, together with Russia, China, India, and certain other keystone-nations, into a new global credit-system, in order to replace every vestige of the incurably rotten, existing world monetary system. LaRouche tells us that without writing off the pure financial trash that is encumbering the economies of the entire world today, no physical-economic recovery of the planet is possible, or even a chance to stop the presently ongoing collapse into a planetary new dark age. Isn't this corresponding to actions born from the founding principle of the nation coming to life in people's heart?”
Chapter 8 - Rivers of Gold

With the breakfast behind us, I asked Anton what she thought that my dream might signify. "What is completeness?" I asked. "Are we becoming more complete, more secure, and more satisfied? Are we becoming emptier of what is not?"

"I'm not an interpreter of dreams," Anton replied gently and then smiled as if she was searching for a better answer. Suddenly her face became alive with a grin. "I have felt on occasions exactly what you appear to have felt in your dream," she said. "There was a young man in Nicolai's office. He seemed to be a most complete person. Sometimes we worked together on projects. I loved everything about him; his confidence, his expertise, his gentleness. Just being with him made me feel all warm inside, and satisfied. We even met privately on occasions, after the day's work was done. Those days were golden days. Still, there was a wall between us. There was something spiritually lacking. He never removed my golden belt. He never as much as touched me, not even for the slightest kiss. It appears that a part of him had been kept undeveloped for whatever reason, but rich with caution, dishonesty, even fear. Or it might have been me, who had created this wall out of fear. Maybe I had discouraged him, as I had so many times rejected you. Still, we were beautiful to each other. There was a certain satisfaction in this union, nonetheless...."

While she spoke, I marveled at how far we had come since the day we first met. It had been a liberation, and this liberation seemed to mirror all the vast changes that had occurred in the world at large. Our world had suddenly become less tense here in Caracas, than it had been in those days when we had our first dinner in Moscow, where we had discovered our love. The time that followed had become a time filled with daring adventures, apprehension, fear, and muddled thinking. We had hedged around the reality. We had tried to embrace it, and then to ignore it. Later we had fancied ourselves to acknowledge it, but without the faintest idea of what this meant.

These footsteps appeared crude now. Her rejections, in those days, had been a part of this wilderness of a heroic stand on her part, against the unknown. It took time to fill this void. I also wondered how much of a void I had created by a too narrow perception of her as a sexual being? How could our love have been rich and full if so much of it had remained incomplete? I felt I owed a great debt to her in recompense for what I had done to her, and what I hadn't been able to do. I wondered what kind of a present would do justice to such a person, who stuck it out with me through all this. The present was not meant to repay the debt, but to reflect justly the greater completeness of my perception of her now. The recompense wasn't out of guilt, but a forward looking fulfilling of what was due to her, and had been due from the first day on.

And how much greater a debt I owed to Sylvia, for the same reason, who had been so long a part of my life, who had been taken for granted and put in a wheelchair, so to speak, in my loving stupidity. Oh, how much of her there was to love that I hadn't even
seen, during all these years! Whatever hadn't fit the role I had cast for her, and for myself, was somehow cast aside.

That night after dinner, Tony and I made several lengthy excursions to shopping malls. I asked him to help me look for some gifts.

"How can I search for something without knowing what I'm looking for?" Tony asked, frustrated.

I shrugged my shoulders and confessed, "I haven't the slightest idea, myself."

Soon our search led us to the older shopping district, downtown. The small stores and bazaars in the old part of town looked more promising. At an open market by a street-side I bought a turquoise poncho of intricately woven pattern. The bartering for the price was difficult, though. I thought everyone understood my class-taught Spanish. Well they didn't. The price was finally negotiated by writing numbers on a piece of paper, crossing them out, writing down other numbers; and all this amidst a stream of sales talk of which neither Tony nor I understood more than a few words. A fine diplomat I made. But the price was good; so we bought some more items. Tony bought a summer dress for Heather, and I a tie clip for Ross. Still, I didn't feel satisfied with the poncho for Sylvia. So we kept on with the shopping.

"What I need is something that celebrates the riches Sylvia and I have shared, and will yet share," I said to Tony.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Did I ever tell you how we met? We met in an elevator, going for lunch, can you believe that? It happened accidentally when we both attempted to press the 31th-floor button at the same time. We looked at each other. With a smile, we both said 'The Swordfish,' as if this explained the accident. Our hands touched gently as we reached for the button. We looked at one-another with the kind of surprise that strikes one if one comes face to face with something exceedingly beautiful. Then we laughed. I think everyone in the elevator laughed with us. That started one of the most exciting episodes of our life."

I explained to Tony that "The Swordfish" is one of those fancy type seafood restaurants. It happened to be located on top of the building where we both worked. I also explained to him that I gone there rarely, because of the cost involved, so that fancy places like these had been reserved for special occasions or for emergency situations, when I needed a lift.

Tony nodded.

"This had been on one of those days," I said. "I had been in the dumps, emotionally. I needed a treat. Of course, meeting someone like Sylvia added suddenly a whole new reason for eating at The Swordfish. Also, from that day on we began to take special notice of each other's coming and going. At the very next lunch hour I was
waiting for her near the elevator. When I saw her coming my heart would pound like it was trying to flip over. Actually, I got into quite a tizzy every time I saw her, but I didn't dare to let her notice this. I didn't even dare talk to her at first. I was almost afraid to smile. Of course, she could see what I simply couldn't hide. My excitement at seeing her was as plain as the day was bright. That's when things really began to happen," I said to Tony. "She began to show up in the most provocative clothing that the work environment would allow. And did I stare? Sometimes we would face each other tightly in the throng, which made it all the more painful to remain civil."

I told Tony that Sylvia was fascinating to look at, and still is.

He agreed with a smile.

"Then, perhaps, you can understand the joy when we finally introduced ourselves," I said to him. "That day I had dared standing in the line-up at the restaurant right beside her, almost touching her, though we never looked at each other. We were waiting to be seated. I was trembling for fright. She made out as though none of that flirting in the elevator had ever taken place. We both pretended to be perfect strangers. While we were still waiting, I bowed slightly and asked most cordially if I might have the honor of her company. What I really wanted to say is that I would be honored if the most beautiful person in all the universe would consent to share a table with me. Of course, this was impossible to say, nor was it needed."

Tony nodded and smiled.

"She pretended to think about it," I said to Tony. "Of course, she accepted after a few moments and smiled most kindly. She reached her hand out. It was all excitingly daring, though it was obvious that she would have never refused. That's the kind of love that developed. That's the wonderful kind of person she was and still is, a perfect angel, whom I must now find a present for, Tony."

Tony looked at me as though he wanted to ask what my problem was, but said nothing.

"Sylvia was great in those days," I added. "We both were great. We started to go out every night from then on, to the movies, theatre, concerts, operas, many operas, and always ended up going to her place afterwards. She felt more secure that way. Rarely did we go to my flat. Naturally, our trips in the elevator reflected this unfolding love born out of an excitement with living at the very edge. Our meeting in the elevator reflected the excitement. Sometimes we actually had to look away from each other when the elevator was not too crowded, just to appear civilized. It was 'dangerous' for us to be together in an office environment, so attracted were we to one-another, but wonderfully so. We had enriched one-another's life without ever thinking about it. Also, our love for each other was highly profitable for the Swordfish restaurant. And all this was just the beginning," I added. "We got married six months later. Except, that's when the development stopped. We didn't dare to go further, or didn't know how to. After a while the sparkle dimmed,
and then faded away. Steve helped to bring some of that back. He helped us to start moving forward again, but more is needed."

"Now I know what kind of present you require, my friend," grinned Tony and punched me. "It must be made of the purest gold, a golden necklace, perhaps?"

I stopped and hugged him for the idea, right on the plaza. "Yes, it has to be gold! Why didn't I see that? Gold is the perfect metaphor that ties everything together, Sylvia, Anton, what happened here, and what happened before. Gold has no meaning in isolation, it is precious only in the spectrum of all the metals in the world, and Sylvia compares to the finest gold there is. The gold must be kept precious. Life is the light of our being. It must be kept precious. The gold became precious by what the eye cannot see, otherwise it is just a metal."

"This coin has two sides to it," said Tony.

"Yes," I said quietly, "there is more gold existing in the world than will ever be needed to beautify the human landscape, but most of it is being kept locked away in vaults where fulfills no active purpose whatsoever. The gold is taken out of the lateral domain, and is put into the sewer, where it becomes an instrument for stealing from one another, in the mad vertical world of monetarism."

I shuddered at my own comment when I suddenly realized how infinitely precious life really is, and how deeply it is already threatened, even while we barely acknowledge what we've got. "We have never been generous as a society with the precious that measures up to gold," I said to Tony. We have only been generous with the metals of death. "We mine the gold and then hide it away in underground vaults where it benefits no one. How foolish we have become. We do the same, almost, with the most precious metal on earth on which life depends as an energy resource. We mine it and then vaporize it into the air so that it can never be used to produce energy with it, while suspended in the air it attacks virtually all life on our planet. We have become fools of fools, destroyers of all that we have built, even life itself. Your own buddies in the Air Force had a hand in this," I added, pointing a finger at Tony.

"You are referring to uranium and the DU bombs, are you?" said Tony quietly. "We have dropped three million kilograms of uranium into our living world, the equivalent of 400,000 atom bombs. We build bombs out of depleted uranium. Of the uranium that we mine, only half a percent is used for nuclear power production. The fast-breeder reactor technology that would enable the utilization of ninety percent of uranium, instead of only half a percent, has been demolished around the world. We now throw 99.5% of this valuable resource away. We call it Depleted Uranium. We use it in bombs. We call them DU bombs. Uranium is ideal in military applications for two of its physical properties. One is, that as a metal it is extremely heavy, and is extremely dense. It is able to penetrate the armor of tanks, or even thick concrete slabs, like a hot knife cutting through a block of butter. It really does become a hot knife. Uranium is extremely flammable at high temperatures. On impact the uranium metal heats up and then explodes. The resulting heat is so fierce that some children playing near a tank that was
hit had their clothes and skin burnt off instantly, while the soldiers inside the tank suffered the same fate. Our guys in Iraq used to call them, 'crispy critters.' The uranium vaporizes in these enormously high temperatures, into an invisible dust with particles smaller in size than the wavelength of light. They disperse in the air like a gas and become a part of the air where they remain radioactive forever. A few of my bodies that were a part of the Air Force, when the big bombing runs were happening, have cried over what they have been a part of, but far too few have. We should all cry, because the radioactive air that we all breathe is attacking life at every level. It is causing cancers, birth defects, and over 90 other types of diseases. Diabetes has increased from 30 million cases worldwide to 230 million cases, since the days of the big bombing runs. In America, lung cancer has increased six-fold. The effects on the insect population was apparently worth. The insects are becoming fewer. Some bats that feed on them have suffered massive losses through starvation. Even the bees are dying out all around the northern hemisphere where the DU particles in the air are most concentrated. Our military planners tend to forget that we rely on the flying insects to pollinate our food crops, that give us new seeds every spring. People tend to forget when they break this chain they break the chain of life that they are a part of. Life should be kept precious. It appears to me that the greatest enemy mankind is facing is its militarism. I'm just hoping that we haven't lost the ability already to keep life protected on our planet. We have a stockpile of DU bombs sitting on the ground, ready to be used, that is a hundred times larger than the pile we have used so far, while the voices that demand a stop to this insanity, are so few that they can hardly be heard."

Tony paused. "So, please don't point the finger at me," said Tony moments later. "I wasn't a part of the delivery team. I am fighting this mess. I am ashamed of what my Air Force family has become. My girl-watching speech was a part of this fight. It was designed to uplift the sense of intimacy of people with one-another and with all life, as something infinitely precious. We tend to block what is precious, and fight against it. We should go the other way. That is what I like about Mary. She has put this task squarely on the table and raised it as high as anyone can. She made life precious, even divine. Maybe she could sense that the DU wars were coming. But nobody heard her, just as nobody likely heard what I have been trying to say on the podium. Maybe we have to develop a new language that enables us to make the precious shine. Maybe rivers of gold are the answer, as a metaphor in the new language that makes living precious."

I answered with a hug, and a quiet "thank you."

After half an hour of searching we found the right place where to purchase our gifts made of fine gold. Tony had remembered a small jewelry store from our earlier walks. He remembered a store located in a side street behind a small plaza. He remembered seeing racks and racks of golden necklaces standing on the counter.

Tony was surprised that the store was smaller than he had remembered it to be. There was barely enough room for two people to stand. Still, the store was open to the street, so it didn't feel crowded. To my surprise the counter was laden with racks of
golden chains of all sizes, all types, and all designs, more so than Tony had remembered. The proprietor was equally interesting and intriguing, a person that one would expect to find in romantic novels or mysterious travel-logs.

"This country is a marvel," proclaimed Tony. "At home, a store with so much gold laid out on the counter, five feet from the sidewalk, would be robbed twice a day."

The proprietor smiled. "The seniors are from New York?"

"You're close. We're from Pittsburgh," Tony replied. "Not that there is any difference."

"The secret is that our people respect beauty and goodness," said the man and smiled. "The two are synonymous. That's what this shop is all about."

He spoke with great delight, and asked whether we felt his arguments were valid. They had to be. Right before us on the counter was the substance of his trust in humanity. "You can't argue with facts," Tony answered.

Noticing our puzzled looks, the man pointed to the open entrance towards the plaza. "Did you notice the guard with the submachine gun when you came?"

I said that we did.

"You can't find those in Pittsburgh, either," Tony remarked.

"Well, they haven't always been there," the man said. "I have been here a long time. So it's not just because of the guns that my shop isn't robbed twice a day," he grinned. "I believe people feel there is beauty in honesty, too."

"And what about shoplifting?" Tony asked. The man just shook his head. "Not here. Not from me. But one has to be alert," he smiled from behind his wide-rimmed glasses.

Eventually he asked what we had come to purchase. I told him what we were after and why. I figured he might understand, and help us choose. But he didn't suggest anything. Still he listened. There were times when his face lit up.

While we talked, he took every piece that we were interested in and laid it on black velvet to show it off, then weighed it carefully and with the help of a pocket calculator figured out the price.

The choice was hard. The piece I liked most was a large heavy necklace made of an intricate network of woven gold strands.

"It's all 14 karats," the man assured me.

"What do you think?" I asked Tony.
Tony shrugged his shoulder.

I looked at the old gentleman. He stroked his white hair, touched his heavy-rimmed glasses. "What would you suggest?" I asked him. The question made him nervous. It was obvious he couldn't allow himself to interfere.

"I would say, that's probably the one to get," replied Tony. "It's got all the years woven into it, strand by strand."

"But will Sylvia ever wear it?" I said to him. "Where would she wear such a precious chain? It would probably linger in a drawer, except for those once-in-a-year occasions. This isn't the way our love has been."

"You must decide," said Tony.

Actually the final decision wasn't made by me. It was made by budgetary restrictions. With our country in a financial crisis, we were given only small amounts of money. They called it expense money. Most of it went for food. Still, the final choice was a far better one anyway. I had noticed on one of the racks an equally exquisite chain, only much lighter and of sturdier construction, one that Sylvia could wear every day.

"This she can wear dancing," I said to Tony. "It won't hang like a millstone around her neck."

"Excellent thought," Tony replied. "Relationships have a habit of becoming like millstones around people's necks, instead of being delightful, befitting for dancers."

"I hadn't thought of that!" I said to him, "you're a genius."

"Me a genius? Not at all," he grinned.

In any case, Sylvia was delighted with the present, and she did wear it for dancing. For Anton, I got a pin with a diamond set in silver, befitting for the 'Morning Star' that she had become in my sight.
Chapter 9 - Rivers of Light

As the second week of the conference drew near its end, we had all become rather interested in dancing. In a way, that's what the whole conference had been, a dance. Everything we touched upon was like a melody that moved us. The dancing had made the conference brighter, more alive, there was movement in thought, dynamism in its proceedings, rhythm in its presentations. Everything was hanging together in a continuous flow, like music and dancing. Sure, there were also ugly speeches made, arrogant speeches with demands for reinstating property rights, without any of the speakers ever mentioning the ugly dimensions that the concept involved. Some speakers actually denounced Anton by name, and ridiculed her. Little did they know that they thereby ridiculed themselves, and their own cause as a lot of people were waking up to the reality of the stench of their denunciation of the human rights of humanity. In their blind arrogance they couldn't see the insanity that surrounded the axioms of stolen wealth that they were fighting to hold on to with claims for continued stealing, and murdering at the expense of the deprivation of humanity. The song of Human Rights in the real sense, and the song of the General Welfare Principle specifically, were denounced by them as attacks on the "royal status of the nobility and its long tradition as beacons of civility." Someone from the audience shouted back, and called them "beacons of shit" and "a pack of liars."

Anton had contemplated making another speech to expose the hidden paradigms of the property rights issue, but as the days passed it became clear that this was not needed. The seeds that she had sown with her first speech were already bearing fruit. People began to wake up. They became quite daring in denouncing what they had initially believed with their whole heart, because it had been drilled into them in countless ways through literature, movies, and even music. One woman made a long speech detailing the intentionally created counter culture efforts that had been launched 30 years in the past, to dehumanize western literature and music, and to replace the innate human culture of the revolutionary American tradition, with the confederate ideals of the old U.S. southern slavocracy mentality. She also detailed the enormous success this counter culture effort had.

These kinds of speeches had an awakening effect. As soon as people realized that they had been ideologically abused to rubber stamp an anti-human culture that they honestly didn't believe in their own heart and conscience, they began to dance to a different tune. And they danced well. They began to extricate themselves from that culture of lies about human ideals, and began to exonerate themselves.

Since the conference agenda had been ripped up by Sylvia, much to the agony of the organizers, the organizers said at the end of the second week that the whole conference had become a complete failure and should be shut down. We almost cheered when they announced this, because this meant that we had been successful in turning the thing upside down. The delegates booed, of course, at the thought of shutting the conference down. By no means would they allow this to happen. One of the delegates stood up and told the U.N. organizers, "This is our show. You invited us here to explore
together the leading edge issues that shape the course of the world. That's what we will do. If you don't like what you hear, or are too stupid to understand what is happening here, go home and send somebody else who is able to appreciate what we are doing for the future of humanity." A vote was taken, with which the cancellation was defeated by a wide margin.

The original agenda had been centered on discussing property rights. Indeed, we had done this. No one could fault us on that. We had turned the whole issue around and opened a window on infinity, however small this window might have been at first. The reversal opened up a vast new horizon, because it created a new direction. More and more, the subjects that were being discussed arose directly from the most advanced ideas raised in previous speeches, especially the provocative ones, like Tony's girl-watching speech and Anton's answer to it, and of course Ross' scientific report on the lofty status of the human bond between people and the tall principles underlying the marriage concept. Of course, there continued to be speeches made denouncing terrorism, as people dared more and more to put the blame for it in the court of the royals as Fred had done at the very beginning. Even environmental terrorism was addressed extensively, especially the abuse of people's environmental conscience, in the service of the royals' anti-human objectives for the destruction of agriculture, refrigeration, health protection, and energy resources. Also, there was a lot said about love, and not all of it was superficial. One person even said that love is fundamental to survival. He backed up his arguments with detailed evidence of a strong spiritual development during the Golden Renaissance, and its importance for an advanced civilization.

The subject of love, though, brought out also another dimension. One day we heard from a girl who had lost her entire family in the Afghan war. Her own right hand had been blown apart in a brief unwary moment, when she had picked up a butterfly mine that had been dropped by helicopters into remote areas. She talked about hardships, agonies, fright, and despair, and having been deeply touched by death and senseless destruction. Still, she also talked about love, and about living, and about her desperate determination to go on living that had kept her alive. She didn't talk about hate, though she had ample cause to do so. She said she could no longer feel hate, as though hate was too shallow to be intermingled with the depth of her struggle, and seemed to have become counterproductive. She sensed quite early that hate was stealing a place in her mind that should belong to love and to living.

A similar notion became apparent in the speech of a young man from a shantytown on the U.S.-Mexican border, where day-to-day survival is a deeply entrenched problem involving stark contrasts in wealth. "On one side," he said, "is wanton poverty, on the other side across the border are lavish rich neighborhoods that seem like paradise." Here, too, the contrast that should have caused anger and shame, didn't cause these emotions. He said the contrast was insignificant to him. He counted himself lucky to have access to the other world, where he earned forty dollars a week as a domestic servant. Sometimes this 'heavenly' servitude was short-lived, and he was deported back across the Rio Grande to his shanty town of Ciudad Juarez, where most people were literally worked to death in the maliquadora.
Next, an elderly gentlmen spoke, a physician from a still poorer country. He spoke softly, in a dignified manner, of a silent war against hundreds of millions, that was slowly eroding the human system across the world to the point of its internal collapse, a holocaust that pales Hitler's rape of humanity into insignificance. He never voiced the names of the institutions he felt were responsible. He never mentioned any names at all, though he obviously knew, nor did he speak of politics, or the Malthusian policies of population reduction. He bore no hatred, laid no blame. He allowed nothing to surface that might have obscured the depth of despair he felt for his people that were too few to stand out in this vast sea of poverty that was officially called, The Third World. He tried to erase the notion that those people did not belong to the world at all, for which they should be deprived of the privilege to be called a human being.

His message was heard loud and clear. Everyone was keenly aware that this hidden decay of humanity was artificially orchestrated by an escalating denial of the nature of the human being that had infested the human dimensions. He received a standing ovation, but without applause. Everyone simply stood up for a minute of silence.

Ross spoke next, on the same problem, but in a vastly different context. He spoke about a war he became engaged in while founding his church. I found out that Raymond and Ross knew each other and had worked together on this project for some time. Most of Ross' speech, however, was about two contrasting processes of thinking and their consequent reactions to them. "This is an important subject," he explained, "because the leaders of governments, the leaders of institutions, the leaders of the oligarchy, and so forth, are all human beings. Their way of thinking determines whether humanity lives and develops, or whether it becomes manipulated into war, and perishes. Therefore, the way humanity thinks will ultimately affect its actions. This is an important subject, right? But how do we think?"

He dimmed the lights and started up the graphics projector that had been donated to the conference. He drew a circle, which he said, represents the sun. Then he surrounded the circle with a number of lines that he said represent the sun's rays of light. He indicated that the rays of light always flow outwards, away from the sun, illumining the universe, enabling life to exist on our planet, and so forth. He converted the rays, that he drew around the sun, into outward pointing arrows. He said that this particular process is a very rich, and enriching, process - life could not exist without it. He also said that this process could be recognized as a model that illustrates an important principle.

Then, he said he was going to illustrate the opposite process, that represents a different model. While he spoke, he colored the sun black. "This represents the mythology of a black hole in space," he explained. "A black hole does not exist in the physical Universe, but it exists in the imagination of a certain group of people. A black hole is said to be created by a type of star that has used up its fuel and has collapsed itself by its own gravity -- a gravity so great that it crushed the atomic structures within its core, which thereby throw off their energy into space, leaving behind but a tiny residue that is deemed to contain the entire mass of the original star. The collapsed star, with its entire mass 'compressed' into a minuscule space, is now deemed to be generating a gravitational force so immense that it draws everything inwards unto itself. The resulting
gravitational force is deemed to be so great that not a single ray of light escapes from it. Whatever planets are near, are said to be drawn irresistibly into this blackness to be crushed by its gravity." Ross illustrated the inwards-flowing motion by reversing the arrows that before represented rays of light and life-giving energy. Once he was finished reversing all the arrows he turned the projection system off and made the lights in the auditorium brighter again.

"These two models are representative of the way people think," he continued. "Some people's mode of thinking and acting reflects the model of the black hole. They draw everything around them unto themselves in an attempt to fulfill their emptiness, their empty desires, and their insatiable appetites. Their mentality, therefore, is inward oriented. They function like the mythological black hole, in human terms. This mimicking the imaginary model of a black hole in space, presents an echo of the feudal model; the royal model; the Roman/Byzantine model. Rome reflected this model, existing exclusively by means of looting all the nations round about it. That's the mark of an empire! That's the model that empires have build their pitiful existence on! America's aspiration, to become an empire, or a part of it, is founded on this model. America evermore supported its existence by means of looting the world. South America has been looted. Africa has been more-than-looted. It has been looted to the point of genocide and beyond. Russia had been so brutally looted by the Western Empire that its population was collapsing by a million people a year.

"Unfortunately the black-hole model has also become the model for the way evermore people think at every level of society, not just within the circles of the oligarchy of an empire. The black-hole model has been glorified in countless ways to inspire society to live by it in order to legitimize the model. Thus the model has been hailed in the newspapers, in the news media, in the world of business, even in private living. It has been artificially made tempting for society to adopt this model. The result of this artificial orientation in people's thinking has become the legalization of theft, the proliferation of looting, and the modern madness of profiteering by destruction. It is the Adam Smith model of greed. It is said that raw greed makes the world go round and makes a society rich -- so be greedy and grab all the wealth society has and put it into your pocket. But greed isn't human. Greed justifies rape. On the social scene, following the black-hole model results in countless types of rape, all the way up the scale to outright murder. Of course, murdering one-another isn't a natural way for society to live. As I said, the kind of thinking that is inherent in the black-hole model of greed is not natural. It is a kind of thinking that has been artificially created in distant ages for the maintenance of imperial force. This kind of thinking has been designed for only one purpose: the looting of humanity. Like a deadly virus, the black-hole model kind of thinking has infested our modern society evermore deeply. As a matter of fact, it has infested almost all of us. Just be honest with yourself and examine your axioms, and you will find in them reflections of this model. You will find these reflections dominating your very being.

"Now I have good news for you," said Ross. "The entire black-hole model is a lye. Apart from the fact that nobody has ever actually seen a black hole, which is of course invisible against the deep black background of space, the entire black-hole phenomenon is physically impossible. The super-massive collapsed star that is deemed to exist inside a
black hole is said to be a neutron star. It is well known in nuclear physics that the neutron particle cannot exist apart from its bond with protons in the atomic nucleus where it fulfills a vital function. Outside of this bond the neutron decays into a proton. Free-flowing neutrons are not known to exist in space. Neither could a neutron/proton-combination exist in the form of a collapsed star, because the proton's inherent electric charge would blow the whole thing apart by the force of electric repulsion, and this force, as it is well-known, is several orders of magnitude greater than the force of gravity."

Ross paused. "The bottom line is, my friends," Ross continued, "that the entire black-hole model is a lye. It is a lye because the astrophysical phenomenon that it represents, simply does not exist, because it is not possible for it to exist. However, there exists a reason in the world of empire for which the model is maintained as a lye. The reason is that the lye excuses the existence of empire and everything that goes with it. There exists no natural model that supports the willful phenomenon of empire. Empire is built on a lye. The black-hole model has evidently been created to give empire the appearance of credibility. It provides the appearance that empire has a natural model that it reflects. But this too is a lye. The evidence for this trail of lies is found in the money trail. Just follow the money trail that feeds the institutions of the black-hole science. The trail leads in every case to the masters of empire. The operational method with which the 'scientific' lye is maintained, even has a code name. The code name is 'plausible deniability.' This method is commonly used in the sphere of psychological warfare. It bears the banner, 'In Lies We Trust!'"

Ross laughed. "Plausible deniability is easily achieved in the world of science, where the facts can be hidden from the public, which doesn't have the resources to know any better. The truth can also be denied by slandering those who dare to tell the truth. Of course the truth is dangerous to empire, which doesn't have a natural foundation to exist, so that once the truth becomes recognized, all empires simply cease to exist. This means that we have only one natural model as a model for human society, and this is the model of the Sun. Its dynamic pattern matches the outwards flowing process of the Sun's light. By this type of process, society and the world becomes enriched."

Ross paused. "So, how does the astrophysical model of the Sun really work?" he continued. He laughed. "The model is simple," he said. "A sun is not a fusion furnace that uses up its fuel and then dies out in some fashion and becomes either a black rock or a black hole. Every sun functions as a catalyst with a positive electric orientation by which it attracts vast electric currents from the plasma that exists in vast quantities in interstellar space. There are four types of basic physical organizations existing in the universe. One type is an atom. An atom is a structure of particles and forces. It consists of a tiny nucleus made up of two types of particles called protons and neutrons. The protons carry a positive electric charge and the neutrons are neutral. This nucleus is surrounded by a swarm of electrons that carry a balancing negative charge and are organized in complex layers and complex forms within the layers. That's an atom. An atom is electrically balanced. Everything that we see and touch in our physical world is made up of atoms. However, atoms don't like to exist alone by themselves. Their characteristic is such that they like to share the electrons in the outer layers. They join up with each other in this kind of sharing arrangement and form molecules. Most of what we see as matter exists in
the form of molecules, which like the atoms themselves are electrically neutral. Atoms and molecules form the structures of our world including ourselves, as well as other worlds and other planets.

"And here it becomes interesting," said Ross, "because our world and other worlds like ours, and other planets, and other galaxies of planets, and the trillions of galaxies that are known to exist within the range of what our instruments can see, even the entire universe of atoms and molecules -- all put together amounts to only 0.001% of the mass of the universe. The remaining 99.999% of the universe exists in the plasma state. In the plasma state the basic building blocks of the universe are not organized into atoms and molecules, but exist as a free-flowing, disorganized, 'soup' of electrically charged particles. Now, the universe 'invented' a principle by which particles of an opposite charge attract each other. This electric force is one of the two strongest forces in the universe, and the only strong force with an infinite range. The force of gravity, which likewise has an infinite range, is a minuscule force in comparison. Once the electric plasma is attracted and is flowing into a sun, the electric currents bombard the sun's outer layer, the photosphere, in an electric arc-mode fashion. The electric collisions produce extremely high temperatures -- 5,800 degrees at the surface of our Sun. We use the electric arc process routinely on earth for melting steel in electric-arc furnaces. More than 40% of all steel produced in the world comes from these furnaces."

Steve paused. "What we have here means in essence that the sunlight energy that comes to earth, which enables life to exist on our planet, doesn't actually come from the sun itself. The sun merely acts as a converter. The sun literally floats in a sea of electric energy that it attracts with its positive orientation, and possibly also with gravity, which it then converts into heat and light. The process is essentially a rather simple one. Even its model is simple. Nothing is self-powered in the universe, except the universe itself. Nothing is running down in the universe, with the universe as a whole being self-sustaining. This is also the only model there is in the universe. Mankind, as a part of the universe, reflects the nature of this model. In our case the sustaining energy in the system is not electrical energy, but may be termed spiritual energy of the kind as we see reflected in our mental powers of creativity, understanding, and the cognitive powers of making discoveries of Universal principles, and the capacity to love, to enrich, and to self-govern ourselves with competence and confidence.

"The masters of empire evidently fear that mankind will wake up to its potential," Ross continued. "They fear for example that mankind will create itself the technology for physically tapping into the infinite electric energy resource that surrounds our planet. A mere 'drop' of the galactic electric power that surrounds our planet would be enough to meet our power requirements on earth for all times to come. Our power requirements on earth, as huge as they may seem, are actually infinitesimal in comparison with the electric power streams that flow into the Sun. The technology that will some day enable us to tap into this resource, of course, will provide an energy resource that cannot be privatized by the masters of empire for looting profits from society with it, as we have it now with the privatization of the world's oil and coal."
Ross took a sip of water from the glass on the lectern. "The fine details of the solar-electric processes are slightly more complex of course than I have laid them out," Ross continued. "However, the basic model is exactly as I have described it to you. This, all by itself, is immensely profound," he said with a smile. "Considering that this model is a fundamental element in the operation of the Universe, and considering further that this model is reflected everywhere throughout the entire Universe, across all the vastness of its extent, it is reasonable then to assume that this Universal model is also reflected in the natural design of the human world. In reflecting this model we are the Sun that brightens our world. We 'draw on' vast spiritual powers by which we function like a sun. We have spiritual powers that we call intelligence, creativity, productivity, competence, generosity, love, and so on, with a long list to follow."

Here Ross laughed. He said that this real Universal model literally requires that we human beings become a Sun unto ourselves. "But how do we become a Sun?" he asked. "That's easy!" he answered his own question. "We discover the riches of our humanity; our intelligence; our science; honor; joy; art; beauty; sublimity. We become discoverers. We discover universal principles; universal truth; we embrace these. In them we find our Soul. We fall in Love with ourselves. We fall in Love with who we are, with our humanity. By this, we shine. We shine like a sun. By this we love one-another. We enrich and uplift one-another. On this path we create a bright renaissance-world with a potential for brightness that is infinite."

Ross pointed out that this process is also self-amplifying, because it draws on a source that is always new like the power that powers the astrophysical sun. "Our human process draws on an unquenchable power for ever richer discoveries of fundamental principles; for unfolding technologies and energies that extend the effectiveness of human labor and the creativity of the human genius, and the development of human science."

Ross added that the black-hole mentality, that is itself a lye, becomes a prison for mankind and a death chamber, when it is accepted, because the inward-drawing rape that the black-hole myth causes does never satisfy anything, as there is no power in the process, or a principle, or truth. Looting never enriches society, no matter how strongly mankind believes that stealing can create riches, and how vigorously it pursues this empty hole. In contrast, a rich, radiant and out-flowing mentality, like the out-flowing light of the Son, opens the gates to the infinite potential of man on the wings of responsibility creating freedom; science opening the door to creative power; joy opening the door to peace and boundless living.

"So it all boils down to the question of choosing," Ross continued. "But, do we really have a choice?"

Ross suggested that we really don't have a choice in this matter. "If we want to survive and live and prosper, we only have one model that supports that, the real model, and it does so powerfully. We have a choice only when it comes to the details in implementing the model. For example, a person may eat an apple for breakfast, or a banana, or a piece of bread. A person may freely choose one or the other without vast
differentials in consequences. But the same cannot be said when it comes to choosing the model for living. When it comes to choosing rape versus development, we really have no choice for only one of these is supported by Universal principle. Choosing a model based on lies affords no one any power for creating a bright experience in living."

Ross spoke about three types of rape; soft rape, hard rape, and murder as the extreme case of it. He said one can deal with soft rape quite easily. It causes little more than mental anguish. He spoke about his experiences when he formed his church. The right to do so was clearly defined in the constitution of his chosen denomination. The keepers of that constitution, however, were clearly operating with a black-hole mentality. This created a paradox and a conflict. He said that he was told by the central administration that his newly created church did not exist unless it was permitted to exist, by them, and for gaining this permission unconstitutional demands were made that could not be fulfilled without violating what the church stood for. From these demands, which were really demands for an acknowledgement of their power, a battle ensued that lasted for years. Then Ross told us that one day the thought came to him that it doesn't really matter whether or not the central organization recognizes his church to exist. It did exist. The only thing that really mattered to him was what he recognized about it. As a consequence, he just stepped away from the war, and let it be. This gave him the freedom to do the work that he wanted to do for the good of all involved.

"This kind of choice is not possible when it comes to hard rape that is powerfully destructive," Ross continued, presenting a more severe example of the black hole mentality. "It is extremely difficult for a person, who is subjected to hard rape to step away from such a subjection unharmed. In the political context hard rape is manifest as deindustrialization, destructive environmentalism, financial speculation that is looting entire nations to the point of their collapse. No one can just step away from that. One has no choice, therefore, but to overturn the mentality that causes the rape. If one doesn't do this, the very foundation of one's existence becomes destroyed. The same applies to the extreme case of rape, which is murder. In the political context this murder manifests itself as nuclear warfare, or biological warfare, for the purpose of depopulation. There is no technological protection possible against this. No technological defenses were allowed to be created, while these weapons were being built in ever-greater numbers. One has no choice, therefore, but to overturn the thought process that generates the supposed need for depopulation weapons. In other words, mankind's thought process must be outwards oriented, like the outflow of the light from the Sun. It must mirror that process. It must reflect the model of a sun. Its mentality must become such that it enriches its object, develops the human potential, broadens the mental horizon, beautifies living, and brings light to the world. We have no choice, but to establish this kind of thinking, honestly, vigorously, sensitively, and this undeterred, and in every imaginable context. And it must begin individually, with us, all of us, at the grass roots level, because we are humanity. We are a part of it and share that responsibility. This goal must be achieved. If it is not achieved, society loses its ability to survive."

Ross paused. "The black-hole model puts you into a mythological world with a black sun in which no one can survive much less prosper. Black-hole science is the dream child of empire, the enemy of mankind, whose insane masters don't want you to survive."
While Ross still spoke a frail man in a black suit came forward and mounted the stage. "I feel deeply offended," he said. "I am a scientist of the community of astrophysicists. We are not the assholes of the world," he said. "Sure, the black-hole model is wrong. Sure, the model has been imposed, but we are fighting it. And how are we doing this? We are doing this in the way Shakespeare has done. Shakespeare fought against the insane model of empire, but he didn't go out to shoot the king, or rail against empire. He would not have lived long that way. But he did fight. He held a mirror before the face of society as in his tragic play, Hamlet. He illustrated to society that any society that fails to achieve a competent self-government becomes a victim of empire. He was saying to society, you people are nuts if you think you can survive without a competent form of self-government, allowing yourself to live under oligarchic rule, whether in a kingdom or an empire. And this is what he said loud and clear. We are saying the same thing. No one in the Royal Society of science is allowed to speak against the Big Bang. That's paramount to treason. But we can use the Royal Society's own 'epicycles' against them to say to mankind you've got to be nuts if you dream in terms of a black sun, a black hole in space, or black matter, or the now famous invisible great attractor at the edge of the universe that causes the universe to expand at speeds that their 'epicycles' fail to explain. We are using Shakespeare's method, saying to human society you cannot seriously believe in such fairy tales for which no real evidence exists, and then call this process of dreaming, science. It is not our job as scientist to tear down the house of false science, but it is our job to say to the society of human beings that they have the capacity to recognize when they are lied to. The electric model of the Universe has been recognized for much longer than the Big Bang myth that was put up to obscure it. But the cover-up doesn't work well, does it? If you ask the simple question in the halls of Big Bang science how it can be that the solar winds accelerate in speed as they move away from the sun, and how they increase in temperature as they do. They start out slow, and even as they move against gravity, they increase in speed up to 1000 km per second. They start out equal to the surface temperature of the Sun, at 5,800 degrees, but as they move away from the sun they heat up to millions of degrees. The Big Bang masters have no answer to this, but to shrug their shoulders. In the electric universe, the answers are self-evident, of course, for which they must be hidden. Just ask the Big Bang dreamers how it is that sunspots are darker, showing a darker interior, which is totally contrary to the notion of a sun being heated from the inside by a giant nuclear fusion furnace. They may tell you fairy tale stories about magnetic field fountains, without ever mentioning the fact that it takes flowing electricity to create the magnetic phenomena. To the Big Bangers the electric plasma doesn't even exist, though it is foundational to everything. They deny the very nature of the Universe. They say that the Universe isn't the Universe at all, but is an accident, a flick in time that is now fading away."

The man turned to Ross and laughed. "Obviously you don't believe in fairy tales, do you? If I am correct you might even have a faint inkling of how the Big Bang fairy tale was born. It was born when Hubble discovered the red shift, looking at distant galaxies. When this became known a meeting was convened at the club of the Royal Society. At appears that someone called a bunch of people together to figure out how this could be used to further retard science as a means for protecting the empire along the line
as outlined by H. G. Wells. A buddy of mine, we used to call him Rob, said that he just happened to be there back in the 1930s. One of the people at the club had heard of Hubble's thesis that simply proposed that the distant objects in the Universe were racing away from the Earth at a high speed so that their light would be stretched out, and that by the same token the more distant objects were racing away even faster. So, the good little empire loyalists that they all were, wondered how this wild thesis could be used to turn the whole of astrophysical science upside down as Wells would have wanted it. Rob said that Wells wasn't actually there, but his ghost was, and a lot of Fabians were there, whom Wells had denounced as not being radical enough. The Fabians got their name from the Roman general Quintus Fabius Maximus who earned his fame with his strategy of grinding his opponent into the dust by constant harassment that gave him the victory over Hannibal's vastly superior forces. Fabius knew he couldn't win a head-on battle, but he could win by grinding the opponent down. The Fabian likewise knew they couldn't win a head-on confrontation with mankind, but they knew how to grind society into dust. Defeating science was deemed a useful step towards this end. Rob said in his melodic Mexican dialect that someone came up with the idea that according to Hubble's thesis the entire universe originated right there, in London, in the pub. He said that if everything is moving away from us, then it started here, with the Earth being the center once again of everything. He raised his beer mug and said that Ptolemy had it right after all. Of course he was joking. He thought that the entire Hubble thesis was a joke for the reason he stated. Still he was afraid of it, when it became drawn into the context of Hannes Alfven's thesis that if plasma pervaded the universe it could then carry electric currents, fuelling the perception that was floating about from this concept that these currents were the real source of the sunlight rather than a fusion furnace within. The meeting in the club was held, because they were scared. They never agreed on a solution, but they did agree that they idea must never take hold that the earth is afloat in a sea of electric power which could potentially be made useful for electric power applications on earth. If that came to be, they all agreed, it would sink the empire. So they agreed to turn Alfven's science upside down by somehow rendering gravity, which is the weakest force in the Universe, as the only long range force that exists in the universe, and relegating the electric force, one of the strong forces, to the trash can. They also agreed that Hubble’s thesis should somehow be used for that end, which thereby would give it an air of rationality. The black-holes theory was the first attempt to use the Hubble thesis to justify the theory of an exploding universe, because black holes were called the leftovers after a supernova explosion. The theory was totally gravity oriented. And it worked. It had the entire astrophysical-science world spinning their yarn around gravity with the total exclusion of everything else. The Big Bang mysterium was created in the Royal Society a couple of decades later. It took that long to get the mystery mill cranked up. But this one topped everything. What came out of the big-bang mill made the black-sun and black-hole theory appear almost rational in comparison. It is said that prior to the Big Bang, space itself did not exist, nor did time exist. And it all came about with nothing more than just gravity acting, and in a manner as if the Universe came about by accident, without a purpose, and without an intention."

"So what are you saying?" Ross interrupted the man.
"Isn't that obvious?" said the man. "I am saying to society, like Shakespeare did, that if you don't care enough to govern yourself honestly, the empire will govern you and grind your science into dust, and your future with it, which you can't have without science. You cannot even govern yourself honestly without science. The electric model of the sun is the model of the universe and the functional model of mankind. You are not allowed to see this model, because it obsoletes the model of empire, the black-hole model, the model of rape, looting, and destruction in a world without light. I am saying that if you have anything sense at all you will know which model is the real one, which is reflected in every renaissance. Shakespeare said to his audience, are you human beings? He wrote an ending for Hamlet that every human being must reject in his heart and soul, and then re-write that ending in the way it should have been written for an intelligently self-governing society. I am asking society the same question, are you human beings. Do you function as a black hole, or as a sun? I hope this question will never recede from sight, until the lesson is fully learned, because as in Hamlet the answer will determine whether society will live or die. Shakespeare would have betrayed his audience if he had written the outcome in such a manner that the noble prince had done the right thing in the end and saved the nation. It would have evaded the question of the nation's duty to itself to scrap empire and establish competent self-government. Likewise, can't I rewrite the black-hole saga for society. In doing this I would obsolete the duty that each one has as a human being, which is located in each one's own self-discovery as a sun."

Ross simply nodded and shook hands with the man.

Before Ross and the man left the stage, Sylvia appeared with two bouquets of roses that she had evidently bought for the occasion and had, apparently, hastily divided into two bouquets. She thanked Ross, and also thanked the man for his contribution. She told him that she was well aware of what it means to live like a sun, and that some people routinely practice the art without even being aware that they do so. With this said, she added a story of her own, an experience she had on an airplane not long ago.

The plane had been full. She had a window seat. The seats beside her were occupied by an insurance secretary, and a gentleman with a baby in his lap. She told us that she couldn't help but overhear their conversation. They first talked about the baby, then about their occupations. He was an evangelist student, studying for the ministry. Soon, the conversation shifted from the baby to religion.

Sylvia told us that their standpoints of perception had been worlds apart. The evangelist's view had been primitive and dogmatic, while the lady's attitude had been free, buoyant, questioning everything, yielding wherever he couldn't yield, always searching for a platform for agreement. When there seemed no hope, the lady would shift the conversation back to the baby. She was always gentle, always careful not to rip anything away from his belief, or to question his integrity. She was fighting his war for him, hoping against hope that she might enrich his horizon. Sylvia said that it was beautiful to be able to witness such a process taking place, and exciting to watch how far each one would go to accommodate the other's perception. Sylvia told us that when the
plane reached its destination, though they hadn't come upon a single point where their views had actually met, they parted as two people, who had come very close to one another. She added that this gentle process had appeared like a miracle to her for many years, until Ross had explained the science of what she had observed.

Before Sylvia and Ross stepped down from the podium, a man of the assembly stood up and said that he doubted that Ross' escape from the battle had ended the war within the church. He also doubted that stepping away from a problem could ever lead to peace.

Ross agreed that his stepping away from the war didn't end the war within the church. "It only ended the war for me," he replied. "I pulled out of the war. There was no imperative for me to respond to their war. The war may still be ongoing, but it didn't affect me anymore. I changed my thinking. I was able to step away from the battle without making demands for them to change. I could give them the space they needed to grow up. I even helped them to grow up. I now aim to enrich the world and present to humanity a basis on which it can survive. Indeed, the church might still be at war to some degree, with itself, but do I have the right to command the church to comply with processes that are greater than what its directors can understand? I cannot do this, because the consequences are insignificant and don't effect me. I am not my brother's keeper. I am my brother's brother. I may aim to lead by example, but I can never force anyone to follow. I can only hope that my example is rich enough that it will inspire the world. I can let it be with that in none-critical circumstances. But when it comes to consequences that threaten my very existence, then I must make strong demands and fight vigorously. I don't have the luxury then, to wait until the perpetrators grow up. I have to fight for a new Renaissance, with all I am able to give, to change the world."

After the man sat down again, Ross explained that the black hole mentality brings no profit for anyone, that no external circumstance is able to provide what does not unfold from within, "that's why rape never satisfies. My responsibility is that I develop from within. I am a land of four rivers, so to speak." He switched on the video board again, dimmed the lights. He drew four circles, one in each of the four corners of a square. Then he drew a line from each circle towards the center, without any of them touching.

"The four lines are the four rivers," he explained.

I said to Anton that those were the rivers of my dream. They reflect Ross' work. I told her that Ross had lived with these rivers, slept with them, made charts and flow diagrams of them, they were his favorite topic. He also got everyone involved, to some form.

"The four circles," Ross continued, "are the four distinct spheres of my existence. The first one is my sanctuary, where I find my honesty with myself, my autonomy, my integrity, my love of the good and beautiful, my sensitivity to life, to its demands, its strengths, its riches.
"The second sphere is my foundation in reality. It pertains to my perception of reality; my relationship to it; my sensitivity to its imperatives; my development of it physically, morally, civilly. Here I find the wisdom to withdraw from another's war. I can do this, even though I cannot withdraw myself from the demands of reality. The sphere of humanity pertains to human rights; the fundamental rights of humanity as complete spiritual beings acknowledged, socially, civilly, and morally. It encompasses every human being, and the sovereignty of all the nations.

"The third sphere pertains to my association with other individuals; the science of dialog. This must operate democratically in all essential aspects, and be centered on affection and love. It pertains to divine Science understood and acknowledged, because man is the image of God.

"And the forth sphere is the arena where I interface with the world through institutions. This sphere reflects the science of our constitution; the science of the highest universal principles that we unite under; that we acknowledge; that we utilize to elevate the human race. In this sphere I have a mandate for keeping the institutions functional, rather than allowing them to become self-serving. This is the sphere in my existence where divine Science, the science of humanity's divinity, encompasses the universe and man.

"Please observe, that the four rivers that I have drawn are not feeding the spheres," Ross explained, "but they are flowing out from them. Unless I am a fully functioning and complete entity myself, what right have I to expect nations to function without an impasse; without war; without slavery; without violence; without self-serving greed; without self-destruction? Therefore, I bear a great responsibility for enriching myself from within so that the rivers flow outwards to water the lands."

While Ross and Sylvia were leaving the podium, Anton nudged me. "That's quite a revolutionary concept," she said to me, "and it seems to me that we are already living it?" she added. "That's the foundation for our love, is it not?"

I agreed that it is, "to some degree."

"To some degree?" she asked.

"What we have accomplished," I replied, "no matter how grand it is, may perhaps still be comparable to the first steps of a child in a newly discovered world. I have a feeling that we have barely begun to develop the outflow of our rivers. Who knows, Anton, what riches still lay before us that we haven't even dreamed of?"

When Ross returned to his seat, Anton hugged him.

He was surprised. "What brought this on?" he asked her, smiling.
"This was for explaining the platform for my association with Pete."

Ross grinned. He turned to me, "Anton is right, of course, but be careful. I have found that I must always test my rivers to make sure that I don't force the rivers to flow backwards, even for a moment. I found it wise to be sensitive to this, to examine every thought. Anyone who forces the rivers to flow backwards; towards oneself; like a black hole functions; becomes tangled up in domination, confusion, addiction, and chaos. Whoever puts sex at the center becomes dominated by it. This cannot be avoided. Contrary to expectation, if the rivers are forced to flow towards oneself, they don't bring anything. The real riches in life are found in the out-flowing rivers as we cherish, respect, honor, and love each other, because the substance of the real riches comes from within. These riches may become manifest in countless forms, and they will likely be manifested as they must. The rivers in Genesis Two are flowing out from the garden to water the world. That's how the scriptures are written. To the degree to which they do this in our experience, they draw from the well that lies deep within, and they draw ever new and fresh waters. These riches cannot be compressed into some narrow, stereotyped range of experiences. They become a link to infinity that begins within. So, don't ever make the rivers flow backwards."

I looked at Ross and smiled, and nodded. Sylvia must have noticed this, "it's really quite simple, Pete, isn't it?" she interjected and smiled, too.

I didn't realize at the time what she had really said in those few words. It didn't dawn on me until after I had set a process into motion that became even more astounding.

We had stopped at Alberto's pub after the conference. The pub served an excellent selection of fruit juices. "You did a beautiful thing today," I said to Sylvia, "but where did you get the flowers from that you presented to Ross on the stage? There isn't a florist in the building. What magic did you do?"

"I had them delivered, and I made sure they would arrive on time," she grinned. "Does this surprise you? Of course, there was no magic involved. I had worked with Ross on his project, on and off, for almost three months. Didn't you know that? So, the timing was not a problem."

Indeed, I was surprised. I had always thought that she had not been interested in these kinds of things. She admitted that I was right, then. "Except now that Ross has made that discovery, it is different," she added. "It's all so simple and makes so much sense, after everything that has happened here, at least in principle it does."

"But is it really so simple?" I asked.

"The rivers are a beautiful metaphor," Sylvia replied, "and so simple that a child can understand them. If you make the rivers flow towards you, you can bet you intend to rape in one form or another. This happens when you regard people as a resource that you want draw towards you, in order to exploit them, even to the point of using force. In this
case you become a black hole. It's as simple as that. Now, if there is an outflow, the opposite happens. Of course, all that can actually be found in this outflow are those gentle qualities that enrich the human scene, which Steve once told you about in conjunction with the original version of the Decalogue. Remember you told me about this yourself, in Washington."

Yes, I did remember. How could I not? "Only Steve didn't have a name for it," I said. "This is Ross' sanctuary, isn't it?"

"Metaphorically speaking, yes, I agree," she replied. "Except, Ross made the point that no sanctuary exists without a corresponding outflow that enriches everyone. The two aspects cannot exist in isolation; they depend on each other. There exists no sanctuary unless both aspects are unfolding together."

She paused for a moment, taking a long sip from her still full glass of fruit juice. We had a small table near the edge of Alberto's domain. The ice cubes in her drink had already melted a bit. Condensation had made the glass wet.

"Actually, I'm a bit disappointed in you" Sylvia said, after she put her glass down again. "You don't allow yourself to experience how beautiful and rich a deeply honest outflow can be. I had expected that you would embrace Anton more fully with your love for her. She came all the way from Russia, mostly because of you. Why are you not with her right now? Shouldn't you spend all your days and your nights with her, here, rather than just sitting beside her in the meetings? That's what I like about the metaphor of the rivers. It involves movement. Movement is needed for development. Rivers are not lakes. Rivers flow. In their flow we find our riches, and with these riches we grow."

I stood up and hugged Sylvia, and thanked her for reminding me.

"The way I see it," she replied, "we have each other always, but you and Anton have but a few days, here. I think she would appreciate being with you." Then she grinned; "Of course you couldn't have done that unilaterally? We tend to honor each other to the point of accepting poverty, and this we deem a noble thing to do. How did we ever get into this trap?"

"That trap was invented thousands of years ago," I replied.

Sylvia took her glass up again and started to drink some more.

I felt as though I was back in Leipzig, when I couldn't utter a word to Steve, when a mere, thank you, appeared to be too shallow and no other words came to mind. Indeed, words were inappropriate here, too, so I thanked her with a kiss and left immediately to find Anton. The motion of responsibility had become a flow that had opened doors, rather than creating a barrier such as Erica had encountered when she saw herself forced to draw the line.

"She's gone shopping," said Ross when I passed by his table, "but she'll be back in a minute."
I rushed out to meet her the moment I saw her returning in the crowd.

"May I invite you to one of the finest restaurants in the city?" I asked.

"Shouldn't we rather go back to the hotel first, to change clothes?" she almost stuttered in replying.

"Sure we can. We can take a taxi and stop by, on the way."

"Oh, but the others will be waiting for us at the bus stop."

"No Anton, they won't."

I saw tears come to her eyes when I said this. She dropped her shopping bags and hugged me. Evidently she was aware of the momentous overturning that lay behind those simple words: "No Anton, they won't." All the notions of responsibility, the notion of people as property that limits love, had been dealt with at this point. Now, finally, we had dared to touch the sublime. It seemed as if the entire conference had been building up toward this unfolding capability to step beyond all limits in a flow that reflects the model of a sun.

We took a cab to the hotel and quickly got changed. This was going to be a night for celebrating. We had ample cause for that now. Also, I was quite aware that our being together as freely as we were, reflected in a large measure the work that had gone on at the grass roots level of our little community. Anton agreed.

I soon realized, too, that this wasn't going to be anything like my experience in Leipzig had been. What was unfolding here, was quickly becoming bigger and richer. In this context we selected a different restaurant than I had in mind. The one that we selected wasn't as much renowned for the quality of its food, than it was renowned for the quality of its music for dancing. An event like ours had to include dancing. It was built on a great deal of dancing in the mental realm.

We took a cab to get there. This meant that we arrived early. The music was live, from a rich Latin tradition, nor did it matter that neither of us understood a word of the songs. We seemed to understand the feelings that the words conveyed by their tone, by their melody, and by the expression of the singers. Soon, the entire place was sold out to the last table. Still, the noise of the conversations didn't suppress the music, or the intimacy that we felt. Actually the crowd made our being there, more precious. Our little table was right in the middle of it all. The sea of people surrounding us created a unique sense of privacy in our own 'little,' but wide-open sphere.

We ate, drank, talked, danced, and smiled at one-another, as though this was the first day of our love. I reached out my hand to her across the table, as I would have loved to do in Moscow, but hadn't dared. Now, our situation literally demanded it. What had
happened appeared like a miracle. It wouldn't have been possible even a week ago. The basis for it didn't exist, then.

"My answer is, Yes, Peter!" said Anton at one point when we returned to our table after dancing.

"The answer to what?" I said astonished. I had asked nothing. I had made no demands.

"Don't you remember?" she said and grinned. "You had asked me twelve years ago at the Slaviansky Bazaar if I wouldn't invite you to my garden so that we could explore our equality, openly and freely, without any baggage attached. Remember, I evaded the question by not responding with an answer. Maybe you hadn't phrased the question correctly, so that I couldn't answer. Now I am answering gladly, provided the question still stands. My 'garden' is open to my dear constant 'gardener.'"

My response was to hug her. "What caused you to understand the question better, which I hadn't phased intelligently enough, then?"

"Maybe an English chap at Alberto's place had something to do with that," said Anton and begin to grin. "He told me that back at his home in London a strange phenomenon had developed as a similar answer to the same kind of question. Some successful career girls in the City that are often kept at their desk from seven in the morning to eleven at night, were facing a largely blocked social life as time became evermore limited for forging a meaningful relationship. They felt however that not having a boyfriend shouldn't mean that they had to forfeit their sex life -- in fact many said that they find sex to be an amazing way to unwind. To get to that, they have developed clubs where they would come together to explore their sexuality with one-another, fulfilling a shared need in an environment that doesn't have a lot of baggage attached. The English chap told me that some of the clubs boast to have over 5,000 members, with seventy percent of them being women. He added that this happens only in Britain, where people spent a fortune on club fees for what human beings are basically delighted to offer to each other for free. Isn't that what you had offered as a suggestion back then, sex without a lot of baggage attached, sex to explore, sex to unwind, sex to break barriers, sex to enrich one another's freedom in living? In the light of this, I gladly offer you my garden open and free, if you are still interested in those gardening-type explorations."

I responded with a kiss and said, Yes! "Let's celebrate that long outstanding answer," I said and ordered a glass of pink bubbly, which they called Champagne. "We must understand this to be a most special celebration." I added, "the kind that may have never been possible in all the history of humanity, until now. We have made a scientific breakthrough that led to the removal of an ironclad barrier that may have never been removed on this type of platform since civilization began. We may have won a price that no one has won before." I began to laugh.
Anton raised her glass and began to laugh too.

"But will the women find in their clubs what they seek?" said Anton.

"Maybe they do," I said quietly. "If the clubs didn't meet a need they wouldn't be flourishing with thousands of members. In fact, they may meet the needs better than we may think. Since sex appears to be designed more towards developing intimacies, than merely providing for procreation, and the resulting intimacies become factors for bonding between people, the wider scene may actually be more socially productive towards breaking the growing isolation. Deeper, wider, and more universal bonds between people are sadly lacking in our modern society where people tend to become evermore isolated. Forging multiple bonds appears to be the natural function designed into the human sexuality. As a highly intelligent species mankind is capable of supporting itself on a high level platform of complex physical infrastructures, which nobody can operate alone, but require the cooperative contribution of evermore people. Even in the days of mere fishing and hunting, strong mutual bonds with one-another turned these precarious ventures into a success story that kept mankind alive through the many Ice Ages that had spanned the last two million years of human history. We may be alive today for no other reason than our sex. In this regard the clubs don't seem to flow against this natural trend, but the male to female ratio bothers me. Did the Englishman in the pub say why the male ratio is only 30%?"

"He explained that in these girl-dominated clubs the men need to be invited by the ladies to be able to participate," said Anton. "He added that this narrows the field. He said something about the circumcision, and that those who had been sexually amputated, were in a distinct disadvantage when it comes to being invited. Which girl wants to invite an amputee, who has 80% of that very thing removed for which they all came together?"

"Indeed, why would anyone choose a rose without color?" I interjected. "The sexually amputated penis isn't pleasant to look at. This means that it doesn't match the built in psychological profile that determines what men and women desire sexually. Also the amputees don't tend to be submissive to an invitation. They want to be in control and drive the show. This narrows the field even more."

"I guess then that you are not an amputee," said Anton and grinned. "You had waited patiently to be invited. You merely suggested an invitation."

"So you see," I said, "there is something natural about these clubs. They have figured out what I have known all along, that a man needs to be invited. In the lateral world sovereignty reigns. But I didn't now then that time isn't a factor, so that it may take, for however long it may take, to level the field on which people can stand side by side. When I asked for the open garden back then, at the Slaviansky Bazaar, I didn't know how far off the mark I had been. I didn't understand anything of the scope of what this miracle was all about that I had asked to come true."
"Love isn't an Olympic competition," said Anton, after thinking about what I said. "Love is not a competition in which only one person can win. That would be vertical love, which is not really love at all."

"Are you saying that Ross' model of the sun is incomplete. Are you saying that his model still reflects the Byzantine model of a top down, vertical flow? It appears to me that it does. He should have put up many suns, because love unfolds as a lateral flow, a flow that is not imposing, but is a flow in which we can unite. Is that what you are hinting at?"

"Isn't the Universe bright with countless trillions of suns?" I said to her, smiling at her. "Most of these likely have a solar system attached to them, with life on them in some form. Some of these have multiple suns involved in a complex solar system, like the Alpha Centauri system that is actually the closest to our own."

"Are you suggesting that there is a model to be found in this, that we might emulate as a social model?" interjected Anton.

"In these terms we haven't even begun," I said and began to laugh. "The Universe presents a model that puts our 'little' ways to shame. Our marriage model is 'small.' It allows room for only one woman and one man to interact. It can't get any smaller."

"Are we relating smallness with intimacy?" said Anton. "Maybe we are, and so we keep our bonds 'small' because intimacy is what we want, and we relate it with smallness."

"We can find examples of the 'small' model in atomic physics," I said to her. "The hydrogen atom is the structure of a bond that links a single proton with a single electron. And even that bond, 'small' as it may be, creates a structure that is 100,000 times larger than its two parts by themselves. According to the cosmic abundance table, the vast majority of the atoms in the Universe are hydrogen atoms. The reason may be that they are the 'easiest' to create, requiring the least amount of energy as input for the bond to be formed. But hydrogen atoms are not the only ones being produced in the star-creating regions of the galaxies, where immensely energetic electric currents flow. A hundred different types of bigger atoms are also created, some of them with over ninety protons and ninety electrons, all being drawn together into a single bond. This creates a huge household, but each one in it, remains sovereign. The electrons all have their own room in it, with the most energetic ones occupying the top-level rooms. The bigger atoms have the rooms for the electrons arranged in successive shells around their center, stages up to nine levels deep. And protons have their own spaces too, isolated by interspersed neutrons."

"Are you saying that these big structures are also valid as a social model?" Anton interjected.

"If we recognize ourselves as a part of the Universe, where the same principles apply in all of its contexts, then the answer, I think, should be yes," I said. "And we definitely are a part of the Universe in which we live. Of course the way we are going, I
think we haven't even begun to stick our neck out of our small sphere to explore the possibilities. One thing is certain, and that's undeniable, that the Universe is not content with forming just hydrogen bonds. It wouldn't be able to build anything with just a hydrogen monoculture. The most it can do in that, is to forge h₂ molecules by linking two hydrogen atoms together. This still doesn't amount to anything. The planets and all the vast forms of life on them, cannot be formed on such a simplistic platform. That is why the Universe created a hundred different types of atoms, and created the atoms is such a manner that a vast variety of molecules can be formed by bringing the various types of atoms together into secondary bonds. Can you imagine what an amazing civilization we could create with this kind of model? Why shouldn't the flow of Love create 'marriage' bonds that result into structures of five and more people, with a commitment by each to support one-another, and protect one-another? And why shouldn't those structures become tightly intertwined with other such structures. In organic chemistry molecular 'strings' of up to a hundred parts are not uncommon and larger ones than those are possible. They are called polymers. If we would build a civilization on this platform, it would be nothing less than a profound renaissance civilization. It would be amazing, satisfying, and empowering towards aspects of good we cannot even imagine yet. Rape wouldn't be thinkable, or isolation, or loneliness."

"Rape happens only in a primitive, low-level world," said Anton quietly. "Maybe this kind of wider world with boundless horizons is what I have been waiting for all of my life, and why I haven't been able to join Nicolai in marriage. Maybe I'm so scared of the low-level world, that I haven't been able to move, and rightfully so, because if one drops any lower, below the moral line, ones living drops into the sewer, the vertical world of rape. I've experienced too much of that already. Also, I think Nicolai wouldn't be happy in a low-level world either. He despises privatized arrangements, especially monetarism. Maybe in what you just said, lays the answer."

"Maybe Nicolai will see it as a civilization operating without privatizable currencies," I said and began to smile. "I think he will get the idea. This is an answer that he wouldn't have gotten from Ross, in the days of his lecture tour. This hadn't been recognized then."

Anton nodded. "Maybe the core idea came from a woman by the name of Olive," said Anton.

"Or maybe Olive got the idea from me," I said to her, "or maybe I got it from a woman in Leipzig a long time ago, named Helen, and she got it from some historical records of the year 1648 when the great peace was created, and all that, of course came out of the Renaissance," I said to her. "Who knows were ideas come from. But right ideas seem to grow, and bear seeds after seeds that never become lost, which merely bring out a principle that has always existed and has always demanded recognition. My problem has been that I didn't understand what it all meant when Helen had put a few crumbs on the table, back then, which she had recognized as something profound even then. I'm glad you reminded me of it, so that I can acknowledge her contribution as one more of those strands of light that become bonds that hold us together."
"Does this change anything?" she asked.

"I think it adds something," I replied. "It seems to me that we have come to a breakthrough that has already begun a long time ago, which involves a movement in ever-wider circles, that apparently needs to be repeated again and again for increased clarity."

"And what we may yet find, won't take anything away from what we have already accomplished," said Anton with a smile. "It makes it more precious instead. Just imagine, Peter, our breakthrough in love may have been built on a foundation that was laid already over thousands of years ago. Even Christ Jesus had hinted in this direction," said Anton and paused. "Except, why do we find it so difficult today to understand what is basically rather simple?"

"Difficult is an understatement," I said to Anton. "When I made my speech in Moscow, on the Byzantine model, it appears that I didn't even understand the words that came out of my own mouth. I had a notion of something that appeared to be extremely important, and I ran with it. Sure, I got the technical aspects correct, but I didn't understand what I was saying. I said a lot of things in those days that I didn't understand. I made a great big speech about these things, and I didn't hear my own words."

"I realize that you didn't," said Anton, "but I didn't realize that then. That's why it hurt so badly. You were saying one thing, and did the opposite. I saw it as a sign of dishonesty when your actions were in complete denial to what you had said. I felt insulted. It didn't occur to me until the very end of the conference that there was no dishonesty involved at all, that the apparent dishonesty was merely the result of mental blindness. You simply hadn't heard your own words. I couldn't despise you for that. You were so engrossed with the Byzantine model, so intensively, that you began to embody it yourself without knowing that you did. I said to myself that it wasn't a rotten trait of character that you couldn't hear what you had said yourself, nor understand what you had told the world, and me, and that I was right. It was through Nicolai, however, that I found all of that out. Of course, that's all ancient history now."

I felt ashamed suddenly and apologized. I felt sad that painful memories were drawn into our beautiful evening together.

"Don't get me wrong," she countered my sadness. "I am glad that you had brought the Byzantine model into the open. We might not be sitting here if you hadn't. Even though you stumbled and crashed, you were like an ice-dancer that pioneered the quadruple jump at a time when everybody was doing just doubles. So what, that you crashed. It would have been worse if you hadn't tried. We have moved ahead, because of your daring."

I thanked her for those kind words with a kiss. We kissed right across our little table.

"Do you realize that Nicolai might have been the only person at the conference, if not in the world, who actually understood what you were saying in Moscow. Nicolai said
that you were exceedingly daring, and he loved you for it. He was especially impressed by your presentation of what the opposite of the Byzantine model must be. Nobody had ever dared to present love as a lateral flow that unfolds from self-love. That was unheard of. But you said it. You said that even a mother's love for her baby comes from that self-love that unfolds as an out-flowing expression of what she values deep in her heart. You said that this outflow of love comes from our self-love. Nicolai thought that this image of love was absolutely marvelous, and so did I later on."

"I said all this in Moscow?" I said perplexed.

"Ask Nicolai. He told me that he heard you say it. Unfortunately, I can't remember hearing it myself. I was a bit like you were. I was only hearing what I had been dealing with myself, at the time."

Occasionally periods of silence erupted in our conversation, especially while we ate. One of these silent moments ended when Anton looked up at me and began to grin. "Tell me once more," she said, "what the letters CSB stand for. Remember, Heather suggested that I should ask you to tell me. She said that I should ask you when we found ourselves in a romantic setting. So here we are. I really can't imagine a more romantic setting than what we have right now. So tell me again, what do the letters CSB stand for?"

"What do you think they stand for," I asked, since she already knew the answer.

"I think the 's' stands for sex," said Anton and smiled. "I know you are fascinated by sex, and why shouldn't you be? We all should be fascinated by sex. We human beings, are a highly spiritual, sexual species. We can't deny that, at least we shouldn't. You are certainly too intelligent to deny that. And the 'b' may stand for beauty, for beautiful people. I know beautiful people fascinate you, especially beautiful women. But what does the 'c' stand for? I can't puzzle this one out."

Luckily I had my mouth full of food, so I didn't need to answer spontaneously. I raised my hand to hold her in attention. "The 'c' stands for coffee," I said calmly after I had swallowed the food.

"Coffee?" she repeated questioningly, and blushed, as if she didn't know.

"Yes, Anton, 'c' stands for 'coffee,' as in Coffee, Sex, and Biscuits.

"Oh you!" she said and smiled, and began to laugh. "It doesn't!"

"It really does, Anton." I told her all about my dream again and how the CSB came to be formulated, only in greater detail, now. "But Heather," I explained, "suggested that CSB should have a different meaning. She likes the CSB to signify, Clear headed living, Sex, and Beautiful mornings." I paused, something was missing. "She likes it better that way," I added.
Anton now grinned from ear to ear, "Why would you seek to have just beautiful mornings? Why not always? Why should we limit ourselves? We should seek beautiful times, all the time."

"Is that why you are wearing a golden belt tonight, and soft Chinese shoes?" I asked. I couldn't suppress a grin.

She didn't reply anything. She only smiled. A while later she added, "Do you remember my letter? Do you remember me asking in it what had happened to those golden days? Do you remember that I suggested that if we ever meet again we should embrace each other fully as sexual beings, so that sex will never be a factor that stands in between us? I didn't know how wrong I was when I wrote this. Today, I say we should embrace our sex not out of fear. How silly it was of me to regard fear as a motivating factor, like the fear that my resistance to sex might become a wedge once again to stand between us. No Peter, we should embrace our sex not out of fear, but out of self-love. Sex is one of the many dimensions of our humanity. It is a dimension that makes us exciting and beautiful to one-another. We shouldn't deny that, we should embrace it, and uplift it. We should raise it high above the animal level, where it stands merely as a means for procreation. We should see it on a higher level, as something good, beautiful, and valuable of ourselves, something that is a part of our boundless individuality of our being human, that we all share."

"What you are saying now so freely, would have seemed like a miracle back then in Moscow, when we met high up on the tower for dinner," I said to her. "In a way, it sounds miraculous still. What caused this momentous change in you, Anton?"

"You caused it, and Nicolai did," she said smiling. "You set up a tall stage for me and then left town and never came back. I began to hate you for it. Then Nicolai asked me what exactly I was hating, and the answer came that I was hating myself. I hated myself for everything, especially for being a woman. Nicolai asked me, why I can't love myself as a woman. And you know I couldn't answer him. So why couldn't I love myself? I couldn't answer that question even to myself. It took me a few weeks to realize that I had no reason to hate myself. The idea came that I should learn to love myself as you had loved me. You had accepted me far more than I thought I could ever accept myself. You called me a gem and gave me a gift that was most precious to you. So I made it a project from that day on to fully accept myself as a woman. You might have guessed that my fancy dresses that I showed off in Moscow, were but frill to hide the emptiness beneath. I started by taking those dresses off. A week later I took a mirror and began to explore my vulva as you might have done had I given you the chance to do so. I gave myself that chance. Surprisingly I didn't find anything there that I could hate. How could I hate this simple little pink thing that looked like a lily in bloom when it's opened up. With this, gradually a self-acceptance began. I made it an expanded project to learn to know myself. It took time, some unhurried time with myself, with a mirror. Gradually, what I had once hated became my friend. I became aroused by the sight of it, and by the smell of it, then also by the taste of it. I didn't care anymore what was ladylike or not. I began to be dancing with myself to my own tune. And so, slowly, the emptiness abated. The desexualized women that I had seen, and had hated in the years before, began to vanish
and be replaced by a woman that appeared beautiful and desirable. My womanly self-acceptance also brought a greater appreciation of myself as a person. Even my appreciation of our sex began to blossom into something joyous with a splendor of earthiness to it that I saw reflected in so many ways in all women's bodies.

"My quiet time with myself thus became a time of healing," Anton continued. "When I stopped hating myself I also stopped hating my uncles who had raped me as a child. I could forgive them for wanting to stick their flashers into my mouth, which they all did, all three of them. Instead of hating them, as I had done for many years, I began to see them as victims themselves of the strangling smallness in society that had hemmed them in on all sides. It had isolated them all into a box they couldn't escape from. I eventually learned many years later in my own life, how small a small-minded people's world can become, and how tightly hemmed in. I suddenly felt in my own life the same inescapable smallness that they apparently did. It seemed obvious after I awoke that they had nowhere to turn to, but come to me so that I became a secondary victim of the same disease of small-mindedness that had infected them along with everyone who live in a small world. Once I came to accept myself it was easy to accept them also as human beings, with human needs. They had come to me back then and had said in essence, please help us. But I hadn't seen it that way. I only had felt hate. Instead of helping them I wanted to see them dead. After they were killed in the war by an ambush I never really forgave myself for wanting them dead. That guilt lingered on until I claimed my life back. I realized that the guilt had nothing to do with me, but was just another part of the isolation that we fall into when we let go of ourselves."

Anton sighed. "When I got my life back I was able to forgive my mother too, and myself likewise for how I had treated her. I had given her the sex that she had wanted, and may have needed, but silently I had called her terrible names that I can never repeat. She may have felt the sting of that disdain that I harbored, which stood between us until she died. I thought I was free at this point, when she died, but I wasn't. The ghost of Mozart's Don Giovanni kept on hounding me, demanding that I repent, which Giovanni himself never could. But I never repented, Peter. I absolved myself. My first sex with another person was with a woman. Her name is Natasha. We still dance for one-another now and then. We dance side by side in the whirlwind of our loving. That dancing absolves everything."

"So, Peter, do I make any sense in what I am telling you?" she said after a lengthy pause. "Sex is included in all what is human. We need to build on this basis and expand from it in every direction and in every way possible, to let its light shine so that our world will never be small again. But why should this apply just in the morning? Why not always? Why not now, tonight?"

"I must be dreaming this," I responded. "Are you sure you're not an angel?"

"What do angels know bout sex?" she asked. "What do they know about being human? What do the know about our love embracing all that we are, about uplifting
ourselves in our self-love, about us connecting up with one-another in that lateral flow from heart to heart? What do they know? They know nothing about sex. The miracle that helped me out of my despair, came not from the hand of an esoteric being. It came from the angels that live in all of us. My real angels are you, Nicolai, and my beautiful co-dancer Natasha. Perhaps there may be many more to come. Having dinner together at the Seventh Heaven Restaurant didn't do us any good, Peter, because the real heaven is here. It's not in the clouds."

"Your angels all know you as an angel too, my beautiful Anton, my beautiful love," I said to her with a grin. "They all know your heart and have always known it. They just lacked the beautiful platform that you have discovered to connect up with one-another. But what was before is history. Your love now gives our love a kind of expression that nothing else can express. Being in love, heart to heart, laterally, we validate one-another's self-love, we enrich one-another, we embrace a flow of love that doesn't exist on a lower level. But that's not what people mean when they talk about sex, isn't it? They talk about a romanticized image of something that they link to perversity, which must somehow be tolerated. Some people rightfully shun that image of sex. It has been said, therefore, that chastity is the cement of civilization. But what has this empty image got to do with anything that is real? Self-isolation isn't the cement of civilization. Humanity wouldn't exist, if this were true. Why then, should we not embrace with all our heart something that is so deeply imbedded in our nature that we wouldn't exist without it? Nevertheless, there is a place for chastity in sex. Do you know what that is?"

Anton shook her head.

"The chastity is grace, Anton. If it is missing, sex becomes dirty. We ennoble ourselves as spiritual beings not by shunning our sex, Anton, but by embracing it and turning it into something beautiful, while we cherish and uplift it for evermore. We cherish ourselves in the chastity of grace that keeps away what isn't love. Grace makes the supposedly unholy, holy. It makes the empty and dark fulfilled with light."

"That was beautifully spoken," said Anton. She stood up and came across to where I sat and hugged me. "Self-isolation is self-denial. I know that better than anyone," she said. "Fear of sex is really a part of the imperial vertical model that isolates us from ourselves. I played its game for twelve years, but I won't anymore. I had played this game so well back in Moscow that we couldn't speak to each other for all that time in-between. Then, just a year ago, when I remembered my golden belt again, and the love I had longed for, for myself, in those days, I wanted to be loved as a beautiful, worthy, human being. But what grace is there in living like a beggar, hoping for others to lift me off the ground. When I began to be really daring to seek my own love for myself, I realized that I wasn't a beggar anymore. Herein I found grace. So I ask again, why should sex be restricted just to the morning time, as your CSB symbol indicates? My golden belt signifies that we live twenty-four hours a day, meaning that I want sex this evening. I want our being together here to be a sexual experience all the way through the night, and not just when we get home at two in the morning. Why wait until we're half-asleep? We are alive now, are we not? I dare you to be as daring with me tonight, as you ever have dreamed you might be, and then double that," she said and began to grin.
Wow, what an invitation that was! I looked at her. She embodied beautifully the daring to love that she spoke of, the daring to allow nothing to stand between us. Her blouse was thin. I could see the nipples of her breasts punctuating the flowing lines of the fabric, and redirect those lines to break the outline of her shape. Indeed, she was right, this evening was fast becoming an extraordinary sexual experience that was already unfolding just as she had suggested. There was no need to wait. Love always exists in the now.

She caught my eye. "Extend your imagination," she said. "I invite you to take it as far as you can. You should realize that I've got virtually nothing on. All there is, is just this thin blouse, a simple short skirt, and my golden belt. Are you daring to remove them?"

"Oh, Anton, you are an angel of God," I replied, still smiling at what I saw before me. "But don't worry about me, Anton, I can imagine quite a bit," I said and grinned.

"If the love that flows between us flows from our heart and our soul, and becomes a river for us to swim in, I promise that I won't be the gatekeeper that turns us back," she said with a grin of her own. "Vertical love has been banished. There is no grace in it. But there is grace here. It's a chastity that keeps Byzantium out and enables love to be. Our love has a new basis and has become complete as the gatekeepers had demanded."

"Yes, yes, the gate keepers," I said, "didn't they act wisely, Anton?"

She nodded. "I can see the wisdom in your dream. It tells us that it is too dangerous for one to push ahead beyond a certain point unless grace opens the gate when completeness is found in our life. This threshold has now been crossed, Peter."

"Do you know what you are saying?" I asked. "You are inviting me to acknowledge without reservation all of what we cherish as good and beautiful in our soul, and to acknowledge it fully. You are inviting me to dance side by side with you on that platform, where we dance alone for one another in the fullest splendor that the heart can bring into expression? What a beautiful invitation!"

She stood up and reached out her hand for a dance.

I was going to ask: What, right now? This happened long before the dessert had even been ordered. Of course I knew what her answer would be. She would have said that we live twenty-four hours a day, and that our love is always unfolding in the present. There was no doubt in my mind that we had to dance that minute, in the present. Besides, who needs dessert in times like these? She felt so beautiful to touch; to hold; to be with; to embrace; to hold close; to kiss right on the dance floor. This dancing was erotic, daring, all embracing. When we stepped back from each other in the rhythm of the music: Wow, what a delight she was to behold. When we drew up close: Uh, what a gem I held in my arms. I found a thousand ways to touch her as we danced, as I hadn't dared to touch her before even in my fondest hopes. Now each touch was real, and each was answered with a smile so secret, and so full of sparkle, that the world around us appeared distant and dim in comparison.
Eventually we did have dessert, and then the dancing continued with our daring to love completely. Nobody knew us there, of course, and as the evening turned into night, the space around us became smaller and evermore intimate. Our table, to which we returned when rest was required, became our private oasis, where we shared our love in other ways, surrounded by a vast tumultuous flow of strangers and fellow lovers.

"That's not CSB anymore," I commented during one of those times, when a glass of wine felt just right. "What is happening here goes beyond that."

As we danced, the truth of that became more and more beautifully apparent. She was exciting to touch, to look at, and to acknowledge as being virtually undressed. No one knew that, but we knew. It added a dimension I had never known. Everything else appeared trivial. We were dancing as if it were with our soul.

"Tonight, the letters CSB have been given a new meaning," I said to her when we were back at our table again. "I recognize that the 'c' must stand for our being 'complete', as the gate keepers would recognize completeness. The letter 's', in turn, must stand for 'self' as in self-empowered self-love and self-acceptance. This then leaves 'b' to signify, brilliance: a sparkle brighter than that of the stars; a brilliance brighter even than the Sun."

"Let's make that to be our new CSB," Anton said in the embrace that followed.

We danced like that till two in the morning, when the dance floor closed.

I remembered something in the flow of our last dance that I had almost forgotten, a truth from a time long ago, that there is but one I or Us, forging a bond that no one had built, and no one can break, that love alone has forged through struggles, trials, and victories, that came as natural finally, as the sunshine.

I remembered that the idea of an unbreakable bond had been brought up by a man in a plane once when we crossed the Atlantic on one of my trips to Germany. Now the same idea came to light with a new life, but intermingled with another thought that a great truth underlies the realization that our human world is indeed rich in beautiful things and beautiful people, too. These ideas came to life as though they were rediscovered and carried forward. The man in the plane had pointed out that humanity exists, as the manifest of an infinite idea of the infinite God of Truth, Life, and Love, so that this idea comes to light universally in our boundless individuality. In this higher sense, therefore, there can exist, but one I or Us, in which we are all united in a bond that binds us into a boundless unity.

I had a strong feeling that the unity which was unfolding between us was not something of our own building at all, though we both had had a hand at the hand wheel. The unity appeared to be primal. We merely hadn't allowed ourselves to discover it before, and to experience it. The man in the plane had suggested that no boundary can ever sever this fundamental oneness, and break its bond, a bond that now came to light as being as natural as the Sun.
During a pause near the end of the last round of dancing, I shared my thoughts with Anton. To judge by her smile, I was certain she sensed the same feeling of unity and respect that comes from something that is true in a natural way. Out of it came a still deeper and fuller embracing of each other, accompanied by a great joy. The unfolding realization of that natural oneness enriched the mood of our final dance. Nor did this richly beautiful feeling end, when the music stopped. It remained with us. It pervaded the night.

When we arrived back home at Anton's hotel room, hours after midnight, that feeling had grown into a total embrace that included all the others of our group, too. That's when I noticed that some of my clothes had been lovingly transferred into Anton's room, and had been put away neatly into her closet. This gesture added one more rich facet to the unfolding flow of things that seemed magically surreal, as though a fairy tale was coming true. But it wasn't a fairy tale. It merely reflected in the larger sphere the unfolding sense of oneness that had already pervaded the entire day and evening flowing into this beautiful night.

Everything that seemed magically surreal was totally real in its uniquely beautiful way. Anton certainly was. My being with her was a part of that reality, a reality beyond reason, a reality that was so precious that one had to be careful not to step on it in any way, or to hurry its unfolding, or to deny even the slightest facet of it. It seemed to me that we had barely had time for sleeping.
Breakfast came all too early, as we both knew it would. It started out as usual, though we were late. I was keenly aware of the fact that nothing had changed at the breakfast table as Anton and I walked in together, after a long and wonderful night of all sorts of dancing.

I expected things to be different, somehow. Everyone was there, and everyone behaved as if nothing had happened between us. Ten minutes must have passed in this fashion. Then, suddenly, somebody cheered. They all made us appear as though we were heroes. Everyone came and congratulated us. Of course I realized that the real heroes were Steve, Ross, and Sylvia, not us, and all the others, who had built the foundation for what has taken place. I regarded their cheering as their own celebration in acknowledgement of their contribution.

As the day progressed, both Anton and I, felt that this step forward should also be reflected in an advanced contribution towards the success of the conference. If the unfolding of our love truly reflected the model of the sun that Ross had talked about the day before, then there should be an out-flowing energy forthcoming that enriches the world, that nourishes life, that makes it more expansive.

Anton and I explored the necessary dimension of this newly discovered principle, during lunch. The answer, of course, came naturally, but in a manner that surprised us both. Perhaps I shouldn't have been surprised by this, because Erica had predicted such an unfolding a dozen years ago in Leipzig. I could remember, as if it were yesterday, that she had pointed out that to the degree the human needs are satisfied, the mind becomes free to expand towards the infinite. Indeed, by the developments that had taken place, between Anton and myself, our human needs had been richly satisfied. It was only natural, therefore, that we began to focus on meeting the larger needs of humanity. We both knew that those larger needs were far from being satisfied, and that the existing structures for meeting the most basic needs, were still falling apart without hardly anyone being aware of it. A lot of vital aspects simply hadn't been addressed by the economic renewal that had begun.

Anton suggested that we develop a joint address to alert the assembly about the still developing world financial and economic crisis, since nothing had been resolved fundamentally. This crisis could still flare up again and become as devastating as a nuclear war, if not more so, and could itself become the very trigger for a nuclear war. The situation of the biologically engineered variety of food grains needed to be addressed, that produces high-yield harvests of infertile grains. We decided that we would share the work. We decided that I would talk about the artificially engineered high-yield strains of grain. I would explain that they came out of the laboratories of the fundi’s food cartels. Then Anton would take up the paradox by pointing out that the
resulting high-yield plants produce infertile seeds. Everyone should have been fully aware of this fact since it wasn't a secret anymore.

Then it would become my task to talk about the extensive market penetration of the infertile high-yield strains that had been accepted by the world out of sheer economic necessity, as any farmer growing natural grains would be forced into bankruptcy in a short time, because of the lower yield of the natural grains in tons per acre. I would point out that a lot of farmers did indeed go bankrupt over this issue.

The 'weeding out' process of the traditional farmers, out of the system, would then be addressed by Anton, who would focus on the fact that this weeding out of the traditional farmers was artificially assured by the grain cartel's pricing structure, who had totally monopolized the grain markets.

At this point I would take up the paradox by pointing out that this process, that was being imposed around the world, was destroying the self-renewing capacity of the world's agriculture.

Anton would then point out that humanity was literally eating all of its natural seed grains, and that it would thereby become totally dependent on the cartels for its very existence. She would point out that the cartels have amply demonstrated that they have no interest in the welfare of humanity, but are in fact a tightly integrated functional entity within the royals' empire that was still the chief advocate for imposing radical, global, 'involuntary' population reduction.

From this point on, we would both take up the paradox. I would point out that there exists no need for humanity to build its existence on high-yield infertile grains. I would point out that mankind's supposed dependence on this high-yield time bomb, was, like everything else, artificially created; and I would point out that the conditions for this insanity resulted from the economic destruction of traditional agriculture by means of austerity measures, disinvestment in infrastructures, slanted pricing policies, environmental insanity, and outright legal theft.

Then Anton would build on this paradox and point to the great riches of humanity, in terms of the human genius for replenishing the world. I would then take the paradox further and define the development of infertile plants as an abuse of the genius of humanity, similar to the development of nuclear weapons, which were evidently deployed for the same purpose for which the infertile plants were deployed. Anton would take over from me at this point, and explain that the fundamental principle of technologies is reflected in mankind's ability to enrich the natural world, not to mutilate it. She would point out that it is the fundamental characteristic of the human genius to create resources that replenish the Earth with a rich vitality of life, and that humanity would live in a virtual paradise at this very moment was it not for the royals' wars against humanity that constantly destroy the very best that humanity has created.
We decided that our presentation should be structured in such a way as to create a powerful optimism at the end that reflects the quality of dancing, which had become an important factor in our unfolding love for each other.

Naturally, the project came off perfectly as planned. It wasn't held back by fear or timidity, and made ineffective by self-doubts. We knew we could pull this off. As a matter of fact, the whole project became an exercise in dancing, by both of us, mentally of course, and by all we could tell, it was so understood.

It was not surprising after this that our entire clan came along with us that evening to our secret place for dancing, the place with the Latin music. It became the natural thing to do, and so the practice continued. Other people soon joined us. It became an unwritten rule, a tradition, until the conference ended. Naturally, the mentality that started this trend was more and more reflected in the conference itself. In a very real way, the conference was evolving a new attitude by the delegates towards each other. I remembered Anton’s first letter, where she said that it takes time for attitudes to change. We were both unaware, then, that it takes infinitely more than just time.

We were aware, however, this time around, that the process of unfolding had barely begun. We felt that we were still barely past the starting gate in the great race towards greater freedom.

One evening Anton and I ate supper by ourselves, away from our place for dancing, and went to a symphony concert right afterwards, for a different kind of 'dancing.' The Brahms Symphony Number One was performed. Heather had alerted me that the city has a symphony orchestra, and that the First of Brahms was performed. She told me that she was surprised when she recognized how closely the music matched the way our love has unfolded, referring to Anton and me. I had hugged her for this in total agreement. I knew the symphony well. I had once tried to relate it to our love, a long time ago, but the comparison wasn't complete then. I suddenly realized that it was complete now, and that a perfect match existed between the music and our love. I knew now what the pizzicato represented and the horn passage. I must have been so excited with the discovery that Heather went out the next day and bought a pair of tickets for us, as a present. All that remained from then on, was to invite Anton.

Anton was excited, too, to hear that Brahms would be performed in Venezuela, and more so when I told her that the tickets were Heather's gift of love. Tears came to her eyes amidst the brightness of her smiles. She told me that she had read somewhere that Brahms had struggled for many years with this symphony, until he was finally satisfied that all the elements would work together. She explained that she can fully understand his struggles, because she herself, had experienced such struggles over many years, which finally were resolved into joy. "Did Brahms' final version of it become as great a symphony as ours has become?" she asked.
"The two are equal," I told her, "one reflects the other. With his first symphony Brahms has put into music the way our love has unfolded, as if he had known several hundred years ago what would invariably unfold between people like us."

We arrived at the concert hall just in time. Had we arrived any later, we would have missed the Beethoven opening. The concert was performed in a much smaller hall than the one that housed the conference. The atmosphere was more intimate. There were no banners in the background, or tables on the stage for the experts and the organizers. Instead, the stage was filled with artists bearing instruments for music. I remarked that an orchestra is like a nation. Not one of them can accomplish alone, what can only be accomplished on a larger scale. "The performance of a symphony requires the support of many people." As I said this to Anton, quietly, the music was beginning to unfold. She squeezed my hand as though she realized that this comment applied more directly to the symphony of our love.

I answered with the same gesture.

"It is right for us to become sensitive to the contributions of other people, who helped build the basis for our being together, here," she said quietly and smiled.

"And to be sensitive to our own accomplishments," I added. "We should be sensitive to all of this as we listen to the music."

When the Beethoven prelude and symphony were over, during the intermission, I told her that we had a great treat in store for us; I told her that there is a lot in this symphony that we should listen for. "With this symphony Brahms tells the story of our love, beginning with the very first bars of the music. It opens with a powerful and drawn out statement that is played by the full orchestra. The music describes exactly what I felt the day when I stepped out of the airplane in Moscow and saw you standing at the reception desk. The music reflects this powerful feeling. Then, the music becomes soft, sweet, and melodic, but not for long. Soon, you'll hear the powerful motive repeated, though less strongly. It reflects the feeling when we met at the restaurant that night, high above Moscow, though interwoven with other melodies. In fact, the entire first movement presents in musical language all that had happened to us back then, when our hearts spoke and we had no words to provide answers. It reflects the daring, the hope, the struggles, even the tears that came with our inability to compose a simple letter that says, I love you. Close to the end of the first movement, the music becomes quieter and reflects the compassion I felt when I didn't see you at the panel during the final days, knowing that you would have loved to be there. The first movement ends with a soft, sweet, and peaceful melody that reflects those brief moments when you presented your letter to me and pinned a flower on my coat.

"I must warn you, however. The first movement, though it is the least beautiful movement of the symphony, creates a feeling that closely matches what we have experienced when we tried to embrace a love for which no foundation had been
established at the time. We had tried to explain our love in letters, and as soon as we
wrote them, we tore them up again, because they were not right. They were not right until
the only factor that was left standing, naked as it were, that reflected nothing else than our
commitment to enrich one-another's life. I am sure, it was this commitment to enrich one-
another, that provided the substance for that wonderful peace that followed afterwards,
that had remained undiminished for all those years that followed. This was the great
breakthrough that came out of the Moscow conference, perhaps the greatest that ever
came out of any peace conference.

"This peace is reflected in the second movement of the symphony, which is the
slow movement. You had said in your letter, please think about me now and then. Oh, I
have thought about you many a times. Those occasions have always created a feeling of
peace, and joy, knowing that you exist, somewhere, and that perhaps we may meet again
whenever this becomes possible. The slow movement reflects my feelings of this time,
my feelings of that peace that had pervaded those many years. And as I said before, this
feeling was based on nothing more than a faint commitment to enrich each other. No
tensions were left standing between us. The music of the second movement reflects this
peace with beautiful melodies. Many times when I had thought of you, I had listened to
this symphony, mainly to the first two movements. The rest I didn't understand, except I
knew, that somehow our love would unfold further, some day. I had tried to dream about
this further unfolding. You know, the problem with dreaming is, that one doesn't dream
tall enough. This is also reflected in the music. The second movement ends with a soft,
sweet passage reminiscent of dreams.

"The scherzo that follows the slow movement continues on this platform, Anton,
but with a greater sense of fulfillment. The scherzo reflects our first days together in
Caracas. The music is playful, magical, reminiscent of fairy tale wonders, lighthearted,
and flows much faster now. Did you know that we never really looked back during our
days here, to the olden days, as if the past was taken care of and was behind us; there
remained no questions to be answered that we hadn't already answered ourselves. We
were just glad to be together, and were moving ahead in an atmosphere of peace and joy.
We were facing each other on a playful level within the flow of the conference,
discussing speeches and comments. Only at the deeper level was there a stirring
unfolding that faintly pervaded the playful atmosphere. Ah, but the scherzo doesn't even
hint at the great power of those movements that came later. Only near the end of the
scherzo do the melodies become more serious, just as it was with us, when I was looking
for a present for you and Sylvia. That's when the scherzo ended. That present wasn't
delivered within the context of the scherzo, as you may have felt. The reflection of this
explosive unfolding is rightfully found in the opening bars of the last movement of
Brahms' symphony. Presenting my present to you was my acknowledgment to you as a
bright and beautiful morning star. It marked the beginning of momentous discoveries of
those underlying principles that we had stumbled upon, but had never understood in a
scientific sense until that time.

"The symphony's last movement begins with a brief burst of something majestic.
To me, this short burst of majestic music represents those moments of great joy that I felt,
when I presented to you that diamond pin. A deeper basis for our love unfolded from this that would soon be enriching to everyone around us.

"After this burst of great joy, Brahms' music becomes very quiet, in the final movement," I said. "It becomes changed into a soft and simple melody that is suddenly superimposed by a pizzicato statement that really stands out clear and sharp, and is repeated again moments later. To me, these two pizzicato statements are reminiscent of the scientific breakthroughs that Ross presented, which were like bugle calls to consciousness to get moving. What I find remarkable, though, is the timing that linked the two events. Ross delivered his speech the very next day after I presented you the pin that represents the Morning Star.

"Ah, but when you hear the pizzicato, get ready, and listen to the unfolding discoveries that immediately lead to the greatest burst of joy that we felt, that is immediately followed by a beautiful horn passage. Do you remember that great burst of joy that we felt when we met in the shopping mall that day? You let all your shopping bags drop onto the floor, remember? After this we were locked into a long embrace. This embrace is represented by the horns in the long drawn out horn passage.

"In the symphony, this beautiful horn passage unfolds out of a powerful symphonic burst; a realization bursting with joy. It unfolds with a deeply moving slow melody that reflects the satisfied, fulfilled mood of our embrace that had brought tears to our eyes that day. You'll get the feeling that this music of the horns is as long drawn out as our embrace had been.

"In time the horn passage gives way to a lighter melody, a joyous melody that plays on the theme with which Beethoven interprets Friedrich Schiller's Ode to Joy, which he had set to music in his 9th Symphony. This joyous theme reflects our dinner that evening, and our daring dancing to the melody of our soul that flowed on deep into the night.

"This slightly reminiscent theme reoccurs many times after that. But soon, it too gives way to other, faster melodies, melodies that are fit for social dancing that alternate and increase in power, and continue in an extended symphonic flow that seems to incorporate all the peace, and joy, and power of our celebration that day; and that of the next day; and that of all the days that followed. And if you listen carefully, you may even find one more element represented, from the celebrations of our first night together, in the form of an interlude between the powerful dance-melodies. During this interlude the music becomes lighthearted and joyous, which seems to reflect the element of our symphony, in which I washed your birthday suit from top to bottom, before we went to bed, and you felt honored thereby.

"Still, this doesn't end the symphony, Anton. As the final movement draws to a conclusion, the power of the music becomes constantly greater, in which all the major elements become repeated. The horn theme becomes interwoven into it, and the theme of joy, and the powerful dance themes. Finally, the music continues at this powerful level for some time, as though the composer was saying: this is completeness. You can't go
further; you can't have more. On that note the symphony abruptly ends, but it won't end in your mind. The melodies are too powerful. They simply won't end.

"Our listening, and our response to this symphony, tonight, will likely reflect this grand finale that brings everything together in a powerful sense of completeness. Still, as I said, the structure of the finale is such that the music doesn't give one the feeling of an ending. Rather it conveys a feeling that the finale goes on and on. At this point you get a sense that the musicians are no longer needed, who consequently stop playing and vacate the stage. But the music won't stop. I predict the music will remain with you long after we leave the hall, and I think this is how it will be with our love, too. There won't be any ending, nor any loss of the peace, the joy, and the power we have found in our lives for having been together, which are somehow intertwined with our love. What we have discovered in the unfolding course of our love, is an ever clearer sense of the principle of unity which can only become manifest in a commitment to enrich one-another's existence even more than before. The greater the freedom became, with which we allowed ourselves to do this, the richer and more powerful became the manifestation thereof. And for this, there can be no end."

At this point, while I was still speaking, the conductor raised his baton and the grand opening statement unfolded that began a flow of music, which by all probability, would remain with us for the rest of our life as some cherish a favorite song, only more so, much more so.

After the concert was over, as we were waiting at the bus stop, Anton remarked that she was probably the only person in the audience, who had been moved to tears by the symphony.

"I know, Anton, I saw your tears," I said quietly, "you squeezed my hand when the horn passage began, and several times thereafter. But don't be so sure that you were the only one crying."

She squeezed my hands again, gently, as I spoke, and as she did, there were more tears in our eyes again. Luckily, the bus was late in coming, or maybe we had missed it altogether.

We hadn't waited long, when we both felt that it would be more appropriate to walk home. There was no reason to rush back to the hotel. After all, who would want to be surrounded by four walls so soon after having been touched by this powerful music? The evening was warm, and the night was still young; a perfect setup for two lovers.
"I am completely happy," Anton said at one point along the way as we passed through narrow, crowded streets lined with shops. "But where do we go from here?" she asked.

"We go on with outstretched arms, looking for more," I replied. I told her that we had barely begun to touch upon the infinite dimension of love. "Love cannot exist in isolation, but requires all mankind to share it," I said. I knew that this was so, because I had come to recognize that love is one of the elements that manifests itself in establishing unity, that love, in fact, cannot exist without its manifest. I also recognized that the dimension of unity was boundless, an aspect we had barely touched upon, much less explored. We were still nothing more than pioneers in this domain. We had taken a bold step across the threshold into this domain. By this, something had changed, something had enriched our life. A small step of progress had been made, and oh, I felt infinitely richer that night, because of it. It was a royal treat to be walking home with her among the crowd of people. We were smiling at each other and the world. Something had happened during those few days that should not have been possible. We had moved a mile forward beyond the barriers of all the conventions of the world, and had won a type of freedom that most people didn't even dare dream about.

"Do you think people can sense our happiness and feel enriched by it?" asked Anton some moments later.

"Yes, indeed, Anton! Just think how poor our love would be if it touched only us; if we were to confine our love so that it would exist only between us; it would then be but another circumference, another boundary, and another prison. Love must be reflected everywhere, universally, for it to be. A fundamental principle cannot be limited to us; that's what unity means; that's what it must be build on; there exists no other basis for it; our love must enrich the lives around us, or else it is a fake. Love is a light that lightens the world. Anything short of that is a claim without substance."

We stopped by a window on the way, which displayed all kinds of hats. There was love reflected in the workmanship and in the design of those hats. We walked on. "You are totally right," she agreed, "we cannot let our love stop here, not even at this wonderful level of freedom that we have attained. If we allow this to happen, we will be cheating ourselves."

"Look at what Brahms did," I pointed out. "The flow of love that had enriched his existence is richly reflected in his music; it has enriched the ages; it has enriched us; if we circumscribe love with a boundary we may not experience love at all, then the world will be a dark place in which people experience nothing more than stirred up emotions. This, certainly, wasn't the way our love has unfolded."

She nodded, and then kissed me for saying this. "Our love has more than enriched just us, and those who were touched by it," she said. "It has enriched our entire group, perhaps even the whole conference. Would Sylvia have stood up and changed the rules of the conference, without the subtle prompting by our love that was reflected in that letter I had sent to you, and the one you had sent back? And look, it all came back to us a
hundred fold. I think those riches that we create for one-another are the most precious of all the riches that can ever be had, don't you agree?"

I nodded and smiled. "Do you remember how you dropped your shopping bags that evening in that burst of great joy, when I told you that the others wouldn't be waiting for us at the bus stop? You must have recognized right there and then that our love has touched all of them, deeply, and that those riches were being reflected back to us; at least, that is what I had recognized. I felt totally secure in that environment. This is the test of the true metal, isn't it?"

We stopped, smiled at each other, and embraced each other right there and then, right in the middle of the flow of people, almost hindering their passing by.

"It has been said that outer space is humanity's final frontier," said Anton quietly with tears of joy in her face. "This saying is wrong," she added. "I think the final frontier is love. We are already well-established in space. We have walked on the moon, and we have sent research probes to several of the planets. Space has become our extended home, but who can say this about love? Do we find a rich and overflowing love in the hearts of humanity? Rarely! It appears to me that love is humanity's final frontier, not space. Just look at us, even we have barely begun to explore this frontier."

Anton stopped and spoke in a sad tone suddenly, pointing to a war memorial at the center of the square that we came upon. "There have never been so many wars in progress than there are now," she said. "Nor has there ever been so much wanton destruction perpetrated, as we have it today. Country after country is being destroyed. Some governments murder their own people for political goals, while society as a whole enslaves its children by the hundreds of millions for financial gain, rather than creating the means for them to be educated that they may develop their genius. Where is the spark of love that should have ignited a 'fire-storm' across the world, warming the hearts of humanity? There is nothing happening on this frontier. Instead, we see hearts ripped apart all over the world, or being starved to death."

"Ah, be careful, Anton" I cautioned her. "Don't forget the few daring strides forward that humanity has made in the course of this century. Do you remember the Marshall Plan that had rescued Europe out of the dumbs after World War II? This vast financial aid package had been created for rebuilding the very same nation that had just finished destroying almost all of Europe. This aid was the substance of a richly overflowing love. The Marshall Plan was a spark of love that lit a fire. The German nation had been touched by this love, and had been inspired by it. Rather than spending the aid money Germany created large amounts of financial credits out of its own love for itself to rebuild its economy. The entire rebuilding was done out of Germany's own resources. Of the Marshall plan money, not a single penny had ever been spent. The Marshall plan provision served merely as a backing for the people's own rescue effort, a kind of confidence builder. This kind of progress, sadly, is no longer made, though the principle is as valid today as it was then. Today, instead of being founded on love, the whole society is stealing from each other. No one is building another person or nation up."
I mentioned to Anton that in today's loveless world, humanity is actually no longer allowed to provide its own resources for its self-development. Instead, it is forced to 'rent' whatever money it requires from the feudal lords that rule the financial world, who require them to pay a huge ransom for it that thereby destroys the receiving nations. I suggested to Anton that this was not how it was after the Marshall Plan had touched the war torn nation of Germany. I told her that I was quite certain that it was the inspiration of the love that had prompted the Marshal Plan, that had caused the nation of Germany to create its own financial infrastructure for its self-development. That's why also the result of it was extremely rich. The economic recovery that came out of this process created phenomenal riches for its people, without creating inflation. "Love causes no inflation, but enriches the whole human society," I said to Anton.

I suggested a while later that this means that the riches of society can never be measured by the amounts of money piled up in its coffers, but must be measured by the riches that it creates itself, by which it uplifts everyone's existence. Unless this happens, a society is poor. "Money has no value outside of the processes that support a nation's self-development," I said, "and even then, the value of this money corresponds to nothing more than what is being produced by the economy that it is a part of. Whatever more is claimed, than that, is stolen from others, and that has become a scourge that is destroying the world."

Anton nodded. "Yes, I think I learned this a long time ago," she answered. "All the good in the world comes from the heart. Humanity must create for itself the riches it desires, which it is well capable of creating."

Anton stopped talking after this and kissed me, as if it were in response of this realization. "Indeed, this unfolding of a nation's riches through its self-development must flow on the same basis as our love flows," she added. "Both manifest the same principle by which the manifests of love must flow in inexhaustible streams."

She looked at me as if she was surprised by a sudden realization. "Isn't the idea absurd that one must rent money to enrich one-another. The expression of love cannot be rented. Nor can anyone hoard love as people hoard money, or pile it up as people pile up their gold in deep dug cellars hidden from the sunlight."

"It seems to me, Anton," I replied, while we embraced each other in a nearby park, "that the freer we allowed our love to flow, the richer it became for all, Sylvia and the others included. I'll never forget how wonderfully everyone supported our love, almost from the moment when you came to Caracas. Did you feel that support?"

Anton nodded. "Especially Sylvia's support, but Heather's too. I was so deeply touched when Heather bought us those concert tickets," she replied. "I couldn't help crying for joy."

"This is precisely the impact we need to have on the world through this conference," I suggested. "We must turn the whole world upside down. We must inspire enough love to stop the wars, and enough riches that assure all the feuding parties a place
in the sun, notwithstanding that whoever wants to have a place in the sun can only have it on the platform of love. This means we must help humanity to build the Eurasian Land-Bridge that Ushi is working on, in order to bring 'light' to Eurasia, Africa, and the Americas, creating by such means an infinitely richer world, than exists now. In real terms there can be no limit for love being reflected. Love will be as rich as we will be able to acknowledge it to be. The Eurasian Land-Bridge that we must build, can only be built when humanity's love for itself provides freely to each other whatever credits are needed for a richer life, just as we bring to one-another our love. This means the world's nations need national banks for this purpose, not private feudal banks. Why should humanity be required to rent its life-blood at a steep price, when it has the power to create for itself whatever finances it requires for its self-development? Humanity must give itself the gift of a Marshall Plan, just as we bring to each other the gift of our love. We don't need a global World Bank that steals from the world, we need a unity of sovereign nations with their own national banks that help their people to realize their potential. That's where we must go, from here."

"Do you belief that our gift to each other is already inspiring such a movement?"

she asked.

I told her that I believed this most definitely. Moments later, when I saw another hat shop I suggested that we should go inside and try some of them on. The store had a large selection. Of course, Anton looked stunningly beautiful no matter what hat she tried on. She said the same about me. Indeed, it was hard to make intelligent choices, so we left the store without buying anything and went on. Actually, we didn't need those hats or any other artificial embellishments. We felt like being richer than the Sultan of Brunei, right as we were. There was no need to add one iota, if indeed is was possible to do that. Still, I couldn't keep the hats out of my mind, because it was evidently the brightness of our love that had made the hats grand to look at and to wear. We saw things that the hats, by themselves, could never bring out. Steve's comment came to mind that he had made in Venice, that people who love deep from the heart, are beautiful. Anton fully agreed. "This is what makes us so infinitely rich, so that nothing needs to be added," she said smiling. "And more than that, our love must overflow and touch the whole world, because the flow of love is boundless and infinite by design." She smiled. We kissed. "Don't you agree?" she added?

Oh, I agreed, though words had failed me to answer her fully. Indeed, our love had made this night beautiful, nor did its flow end when we stepped out of the gondola lift that night at the hilltop station of our hotel. Being build on the high ridge above the valley, no better place could be found to look upon the city. The valley was filled with a long strung out river of sparkling lights that sparkled as brightly that night as our smiles had sparkled. I didn't dare point this out, lest I would utter another cliché.

Anton's room faced away from the city, towards the mountains and the sea. Usually, before we went to bed, we spent some time on the balcony. This night was no exception. We sat there to unwind. We watched the stars and talked about the beautiful
things the day had brought. That's when Anton repeated her earlier question. "Where do we go from here? This night has been grand. But what shall we do now? I'm too wound up. We can't possibly go to bed, yet. And what about tomorrow? Are we going to sit by the side of the pool and play shuffleboard, or break out a deck of cards, or go bowling?"

"God, no!" I protested. "That won't do! We mustn't! I can't play such games anymore, where one person wins at the expense of another, and wastes a lot of time doing so; life is too precious for that. We could go bowling, perhaps, and there help one-another to perfect our technique. Nothing will suffice anymore that doesn't enrich one-another and everyone else, too. We can't step back into a mold that we've outgrown, that is counterproductive, that doesn't satisfy, or accomplish anything. What we have created for ourselves is too precious for that. I won't play confrontational games anymore. Besides, that's not the way our love has been. It has never been confrontational. We have encouraged each other to deal with the impediments that stood in the way, even the sexual impediments, but we have never played against each other, not once. If we had, our love wouldn't have become so exceedingly rich."

"I know, what we have created is wonderful," Anton agreed, "but the question remains, where do we go from here? We can't go backwards, that's obvious. This door is closed, but we can't stop either. We must keep on moving ahead. It must be possible to step beyond even this wonderful stage that we are at; it must be possible to go further. It must be possible for our love to unfold more and more, because there is no such thing as a hard and fast limit in this universe. Except, how do we move ahead? What must be our next step?"

I agreed that we couldn't just stop. We would loose everything that we have established. And why should we stop? "The answer is simple." I said. "We need to move closer and closer towards the sublime. We experience the sublime in a state of love that transforms the world, that uplifts people beyond themselves to a state of loving that enriches everyone they come into contact with, even the whole of humanity. A Tibetan monk once told me that he will not be satisfied with his mental powers, until he can light a candle with a mere gesture or a touch. By the same token can we measure if our love unfolds in the sublime," I added, "when we light a fire in someone's soul with a single thought, or gesture, or touch, that brightens their days, that transforms their living, that enriches their being alive."

"But how will we ever accomplish that?" Anton responded.

"One step at a time, Anton."

I suggested to her, as we sat on our balcony, after a long period of silence, that the key to the answer might be found in the compositions of Tchaikovsky. "Compare in your mind his first piano concerto with his last symphony," I said. "His first piano concerto is bubbling over with enthusiasm and optimism, while his last symphony, the Pathétique, is a gloomy, anguished, mournful work about betrayed hopes, tragedies, and suffering. It is a symphony that doesn't end with a powerful crescendo like Brahms' great symphonies. Instead, it ends with a mournful statement that trails out into total silence." I suggested
that with this music Tchaikovsky described his own fate, a life of anguish and 
disappointment that he couldn't deal with, that may have ended in suicide. "He must have 
felt that his life wasn't his own. The world didn't accept him the way he was. Society had 
cast a different mold for him. It owned him. It had power over him. It encumbered his life 
with expectations he couldn't fulfill. His last symphony represents the fate of a man who 
had reached up to the sublime, who had expressed it in his music, but had pulled back 
from his life. This may be the fate that humanity is presently heading towards," I said to 
Anton. "Humanity has brought forth great spiritual pioneers, artists, scientists, geniuses, 
but it can't embrace their vision since it has encumbered itself with the hell drawn 
burdens of property. Everything becomes encumbered by it. Its very existence becomes 
strangled by it, and it can't let go of it out of fear for the unknown. Such an ending cannot 
be allowed to occur. Our goal must be to prevent it by creating a new renaissance; by 
creating a new image for humanity that is free from this burden, that bubbles over with 
joy and enthusiasm, like Tchaikovsky's first piano concerto. This may be a near infinite 
task, but it must be achieved. In fact, it can only be achieved when we move forward; 
when we embrace sublimity in order to embrace infinity."

I suggested that Tchaikovsky died, because of his self-isolation, and that humanity 
will suffer the same fate if the basis for its universal unity cannot be restored. "If this task 
cannot be fulfilled, the sixth symphony of Tchaikovsky portrays humanity's doom, and 
that is our doom. The sixth symphony even contains a passage that sounds like a nuclear 
war that unfolds out of a deeply moving emptiness, followed by the continuation of that 
same emptiness, after the thunder has run its course."

I suggested to Anton that the challenges he presents in this great work should 
determine our next footsteps, whatever they might be. "I think we haven't even begun to 
explore what underlies the unity of people." I said to her. I suggested that our own next 
step in this direction might be to invite Sylvia and Heather to share our happiness, and to 
join as partners in our goal. "By this sharing everyone will be enriched," I said. "It may 
even uplift the conference as a whole, still further. We can't help, but become enriched 
whenever we expand the platform for unity on which our love has unfolded."

"You aren't trying to organize another U.N?" Anton laughed.

"No!" I replied, "that's the last thing I have on my mind. The U.N. is an oligarchic 
institution that unites people on a basis of fear that provides a stage for the nations to 
dominate each other. If we enlarge our tent, it must be to enrich one-another, not to 
dominate anyone. The U.N. platform is not designed to create unity by the gift of love. 
We, alone, are pioneering such a platform. We must do this and be successful, because 
such a platform does not yet exist in the world, but is absolutely needed. It exists nowhere 
else than with us, Anton. We have brought to each other the gift of love across all 
boundaries and limits. We have touched upon worlds that have never been seen, and we 
have experienced the joy they have to offer. Such a thing doesn't exist anywhere in the 
world in a formal manner, certainly not on a universal platform, not even in a world 
organization. Still, there must be a way to make it a universal platform for the
redevelopment of humanity. Humanity is too precious. We can't exist in the long run, without this platform; this means that we must ask ourselves why we shouldn't invite Heather and Sylvia to share in our happiness, and Fred, and Tony, and Ross? Why shouldn't we create the foundation for a larger platform right here, a platform that has never existed before, a platform that is built on the basis on which our love has unfolded, and expands from it? Sylvia and Heather have been a part of the development already, that has made this wonderful unfolding of our love possible; wouldn't it be natural then for them to be a part of what they have helped to create? So what, that this kind of step has never been taken before in all of human history? Someone has to start the ball rolling. We must realize that we are in pioneering territory." I had to laugh at myself, it was so simple.

"This means we are about to become pioneers once again," Anton said and punched me gently.

"Yes, we are," I agreed. "At least we are pioneers by deed, and not just by concept." With this, I punched her gently in return. "Yes, we are pioneers," I added, "and we will never stop being pioneers. This is the only concept that is not new in what we must pursue. The principle of unity, certainly is not new. We have come upon an idea here, Anton, but ask yourself, did we create the idea? The idea may be new, and the implementation daring, but the fundamentals of the idea are as old as the hills. That's the only element that will never change. The principles of aerodynamics have always existed, long before the first airplane was build, and before supersonic flight became a reality. We just hadn't discovered the principles before. But they had always been there. What we did in our love was no different. We took hold of what always existed; moved with it in our individual ways; but what we build on it, that is new. We gleamed an underlying idea and responded to its imperatives. We allowed the idea to unfold in our life. Now, ask yourself, why should this expanding flow of love be limited to just us? You once asked why the CSB should be limited to just beautiful mornings. Now I am asking why it should be limited to just two people. You were saying that love isn't an Olympic competition in which only one person can win. We defined love for one-another, as an outflow of our self-love; an outflow in which we meet and link up laterally. That opens up an infinite domain in which we can all link up with one-another, because, what comes out in this flow is rich and universal."

"Still, we are pioneers in this, aren't we?" Anton replied.

"Perhaps we are," I agreed, "and bringing Sylvia and Heather into this bond tomorrow might be the biggest flop that can happen between us. The idea of universal unity has been neglected for so long that it seems almost irresponsible for one to even dream about it, but we have dared to take a few steps, and this has enriched us so immensely that we have made some headway. We have experienced the riches of an unfolding principle. I think we can trust the process. We are not aiming to start any confrontational games by inviting Sylvia to share in our love. We would not be playing against her. Our goal would be to enable her life to become enriched on the same basis as ours is being enriched by one-another. We would all be equals in this process in which we embrace our common humanity. This process can't fail to enrich the world, Anton,
even if it appears daring and dangerous in an implementational sense. What comes out of it has all the potential to unfold into a totally new and beautiful way of loving, Anton. We can't plan on what it must be. The individual responses will vary, that's what makes humanity so rich. Only the outcome can be predicted, which should logically be as rich as the principle is that causes these moves to occur."

Anton smiled and nodded when I was finished speaking. "Ok," she said, "let's go for it, as you Americans like to say."

"The idea of implementing a more universal unity has already been mastered in the world of music," I said to her. "The fundamental concept of it had been brought out some years ago in a symphony concert that celebrated the opening of a brand new concert hall with contemporary composers, and all brand new music. Not only were the composers still alive, they were in the hall when the music was performed. But the biggest surprise was the music itself."

I explained to Anton how this new music had everything to do with the challenge that we faced, of coming face to face with the infinite. I explained that the concert featured three major works. The first work was inwards looking, centered on something like meditation, on becoming aware of the spiritual dimension of being, like the goodness of living. The work was a choral symphony called, The Cycle of Spring. I told her that the composer introduced the music personally, saying that the titles were derived from the Sanskrit, and that the entire score was created by intent to be magically lyrical.

I told Anton that the first movement may be translated as "The Closing of the Eyelids." It is a slow moving, tranquil choral peace of spiritual discovery where time seems to stand still, like during the movements in Tai Chi when the arms move ever so slowly. "Listen to the birds," sings a soloist, "Listen to the wind; listen to your memories; listen to the infinite silence."

"The next movement has to do with sharing," I explained. "It deals with the energy of a new perceptions, of new insights, like when one has been touched by a holy person or a Christ figure; 'to see the unseen.'

"The third movement takes the concept still higher," I said to Anton. "It is centered on finding an exalted identity for oneself. It may be called devotion: 'Oh, self-revealing one reveal thyself in me.'

"The fourth movement, in turn, has to do with joy. 'From joy does spring all this creation, towards joy does it progress, by joy is it maintained, and into joy does it enter.'" I said to Anton that we have gone through all of these stages together in our discovery of the goodness of living. "We have experienced the searching, the tranquility, and the energies that flow from coming face to face with advanced perceptions; we have felt the self-revealing of that higher identity that we found through being honest with ourselves, and we have found a great joy as the result of it. Now we must move forward."
I told her that this happened at the concert, too, because the next work that was performed was a triple concerto. It was the world-premier of a great triple concerto. Nor did this happen by chance. The work had been commissioned to be a triple concerto.

I pointed out to Anton that this kind of step forward seems to be also the next logical step for us; just as the orchestra's resident composer rose to the challenge and created an outstanding triple concerto for piano, violin, and cello. Each solo element carried the fundamental theme of the concerto in its own unique way. The concerto opened with a powerful piano solo that was played on a brand new Steinway. A minute later the violin carried the theme and reformed it into its own unique melody, and so did the cello after that. Eventually all the themes became intermingled, supporting and complementing each other, or became stacked upon one-another until the whole concerto became propelled towards a fast moving interaction of sounds and a powerful phonetic ending.

I suggested to Anton that this would be the next logical type of 'music' for us; I also mentioned to her that this triple concerto was the only one its kind in existence. The only other triple concerto was Beethoven's. "But the music which we had heard that night was different than Beethoven's, apart from being a brand new work, and being totally revolutionary in its concept." I suggested to Anton that the design of this triple concerto reflects the direction into which we needed to be moving, a brand new direction."

"A triple concerto," Anton repeated.

"Yes, a triple concerto of individual voices, or a quadruple concerto," I replied, "each voice with its own theme and color of sound. Don't you think this could be possible not just in music, but also between people and be extremely rich if we can pull it off?"

"My God, living with you is so frightfully exciting," Anton answered. "If we can pull this off, a whole new breakthrough will be made, towards something that has never existed before," she agreed.

The mood that this contemplation had created, wasn't anything trivial. It was lyrical, but not magical. I could see it in her smiles. It was reflected in the lyrical atmosphere of the moment as we were sitting on our balcony high above a mountain ridge beneath a moonlit sky.

"Of course it will work," I replied, "if we can get Heather and Sylvia to go along, and then Ross and Fred, and Tony, too, somehow, in some way."

Anton stood up and went to the railing of the balcony and looked up into the moonlit sky. "It seems like a fairy tale," she said. "You want to invite your wife to take part in the joy you feel from being deeply in love with another woman, and you expect her to be enriched by this to such a degree that we will all gain by this experience?"
"I know it sounds crazy, Anton," I replied, "but why shouldn't it work? We need it to work. Humanity needs this to work. There needs to be the same rich inter-flow of individual joy and love, as there was an inter-flow of musical color and individual themes in the triple concerto."

I told her that this is a universal principle that is even reflected in economics. As a society creates for itself more and more financial credits for its physical economy, and so develops that economy by building more and more efficient infrastructures and industries, the richer that society makes itself by this process.

She nodded. "That's what makes it so exciting to be with you," she said. She turned towards me, then grinned. "It's like being on a beach that has no footprints in the sand."

"Now, that's true only to some degree," I countered her. "To a faint degree this has happened before, hasn't it? You were at the center of it, yourself."

"Me? No Pete."

"Yes, Anton. You even put it in writing for me. You wrote, that when you lived in Kiev, you had a beautifully embroidered nightgown. You had made a golden belt for it so that it could be worn as a dress during the hot summer days. You wrote that you loved wearing it on the streets and to parties, visiting friends. You asked in your letter, 'Do you have any idea how exciting it can be to go out in a nighty?' You wrote that nobody knew about this, except you, nor did anyone know that you wore no underwear, either. You said that it was marvelous to be so naughty, so free, so ready for anything, so daring and getting away with it, sitting there among your respectably dressed friends, totally naked underneath. If someone had slipped the nighty off, there you would have been, just you and those soft Chinese shoes."

I suggested to Anton that she had indeed a very intimate association with her friends on a universal scale, even if this never came down to the physical level. Since this was the only level at which that universality was achievable at this time, I suggested that the intimacy that she had experienced had probably already been on a more universal basis than the one I was suggesting as our next logical step. In your beautiful fantasy, you probably embraced all of your friends, male and female, and that it was beautiful, probably for this reason. "You asked what has happened to those daring dreams? Why have they turned into fear? Doesn't that suggest where we should go from here?"

She nodded and smiled. "Oh my God, now it is all coming together."

I suggested to her that those day dreams, had not been daring dreams at all. Rather, they reflected the natural reaction of an alert mind. I suggested that this could happened again, that there is no reason why a woman can't have deeply intimate feelings for another woman, or a man for a man. "Do you know any reason why this can't be?" I asked "Why shouldn't you experience the same intimacy towards Heather and Sylvia as we have developed towards each other, and on the same rich basis? The principle in all
these cases is the same. The scary and daring part about the whole thing is not the doing of it, but the talking about it out loud."

I suggested to Anton that deep inside her soul she would probably love to embrace a rich intimate relationship with a woman such as Sylvia or Heather.

"And what about you?" she asked. "Should we invite Ross, Fred, and Tony, too?"

"Yes, this will all have to happen," I replied. "You hinted at the marriage boundary that still isolates, that has not been fully dealt with, not yet." I suggested, that this should no longer pose a great challenge. I asked, why should only men have the privilege to have an enriching experience with a woman, or the other way around? I suggested to her that a deep embrace of one-another should be universal and be deemed natural. The scary and daring part is to consciously accept the principle that is involved, and to accept it on this wider basis, which is a basis which popular perception does not allow. "The universal unfolding," I said, "is a natural process. Without it, there is something spiritually lacking, nor should there be any limit to its unfolding in any direction. A principle, by its nature, is universal. This needs to be understood and be accepted. This is what is involved in becoming sensitive to the rich beauty of life."

"You are treading dangerous ground," Anton replied, "but I love you for it. There is movement going on in doing that."

"No, Anton, the danger that you speak of has nothing to do with this. There is no danger at all for as long as the fundamental principle governs the scene, that we enrich one-another's existence and cause no harm, that we bring to each other the gift of love. My point is, this must unfold on a lateral basis, not on a vertical basis. Nothing can be pushed in love. We can only expose the barriers that exist and overcome them with clear perception of the truth, and that too, must be a lateral process. The truth can only be shared laterally by our exploring it with the same human intelligence that we all share. The nature of truth is, that it is universal, and already pertains to us all. We don't impose anything. We merely aid one-another to discover what is already true, and always will be; as anyone can discover."

"The only problem that I can foresee," I said to Anton, "is an uncertainty in detail." I suggested that there might be sexual intimacies involved, or none at all, or the intimacy might be on a higher level. "The dynamics of enriching one-another might be on an entirely different plane from here on. After all, this is still pioneering territory," I reminded her.

I told her that I was certain of only one thing, that it wouldn't be a sexual orgy, because in an orgy the rivers flow backwards. An orgy is a process that functions according to the model of a black hole. I told her that this was the reason why the IMF system could never work. Its orgy is centered on looting that is legalized theft, by which many nations have become destroyed and countless people have died.

"Every orgy," I explained, "operates according to the black hole model, with the same results. Our union must be on a different platform and reflect the model of the sun."
I said there would be no orgy or anything distasteful happening when the process of establishing a larger unity is modeled after the sun. I told her that the resulting details didn't really matter, that they might be infinitely varied. "Our next step might unfold as a pajama party, for all I know," I suggested.

I asked her how long ago it was that she had been at a pajama party.

She said that it was so long ago that she couldn't remember.

"The point is that we must explore the barriers, before we can deal with them effectively," I added, "and explore the paradoxes, and then resolve each one of them."

She agreed, then grinned. "This has never happened," she added.

I assured her that we cannot fail to enrich each other by this process, "to enoble the image of humankind, to elevate civilization, to replenish the Earth."

Anton shook her head and smiled. "And I thought I was daring," she added.

"Daring?" I asked. "What is so daring about that?" I said that this requirement was understood by the musical planners of the inaugural symphony concert that I had talked about earlier. They didn't let the concert end with the triple concerto. They pushed the unfolding idea still one step further. The last work that was performed that night, without which the logical progression would have been incomplete, was a huge choral statement on the universal oneness of our world and humanity. The concert closed with the last movement of a great choral symphony, called "The Hour is Come." The composer spoke about humanity's need for caring for each other, for its world, its planet, about enriching human existence as a whole, and that the time has come to move forward with this even while all the terrible things were still happening in the world. I suggested that, as the title and the music states, the hour has come to usher in a new era with a new identity for humankind, with a wider universal unity unfolding from it.

Anton took a deep breath and agreed.

I told her that this final work of the concert was performed with the combined forces of two large professional choruses. The universal oneness was literally built into the performance itself, which ended with such power that the applause that the music aroused at the end was nearly as loud as the music had been that had been created by those massed forces. Everyone was instantly on their feet at the end.

"So, you see, people can respond to an advanced idea," I said to her.

By the time this was settled, the time had come to go to bed. But sleeping wasn't that easily possible. Too much had happened. The music of Brahms' symphony came to mind again, and the wonders that it has come to signify for us. I thought of the horn passage and the embrace that it represented, which had not really come to an end, but
included everything that followed. Being together with Anton that night became a celebration of something that I lack the words to describe.

As a consequence of our extended celebration we missed breakfast the next morning, but we did ask Sylvia and Heather, as well as Ross, Fred, and Tony to join us for a continuing celebration the day after if they so wished.

We all went for dinner together that evening, all seven of us, and then to a place where there was dancing. Later, we strolled through the tourist shopping area. We looked at clothing, had ice cream, and tried on hats in the same place where Anton and I had been before. This time we did buy each other a hat, not that we needed a hat; it just seemed necessary to do that. We appeared beautiful to each other. That's just the kind of evening it had become. Just being with each other, in this more intimate setting, was kind of exciting all by itself.

Afterwards, we went to Anton's room; our room. Anton and I had rented a CD player and bought a copy of Tchaikovsky's first Piano Concerto and his sixth symphony. We played the music to explore the contrast between the joyous piano concerto and the composer's anguish that was set to music in his 6th symphony. It was a deeply stirring experience to explore the contrast, to listen to the long agonizing passages as a reflection of the unfolding fate of humanity. In the music, even the faintest sense of hope is immediately followed up by sounds that remind one of bitter disappointments. As I had promised before, we could even hear the eruption of a nuclear war in the first movement. As the melody of an oboe gradually fades into total silence a turbulent crescendo erupts that eventually trails out into another sequence of melodies drawn by anguish, only louder now. This music reminded us that the insanity which prepares the stage for nuclear war is real, and that the developments towards such a war are real, but also that nothing will be resolved by its fury of destruction which will leave the survivors of humanity in an unyielding death agony. Strangely, there is a long and brightly optimistic passage near the end of the symphony that we felt reflects the composer's hope to escape to a brighter world by committing suicide. Except, this bright passage, too, is followed once again by melodies of anguish until these finally diminish into a long period of total silence with which the symphony ends.

Sylvia suggested that humanity is indeed on the fast track of preparing for suicide. She said that this fast track was laid even before the Bucharest depopulation conference was held in 1972, where the declaration was adopted that the Earth has cancer and that this cancer is man. She pointed out that the depopulation objective had been big in the media in those days, but that it became wrapped in silence in later years, after the project had raised too many objections.

Tchaikovsky's sixth symphony left a deep impression on us that day, but this soon turned into an equally deep resolve to intervene in this unfolding, in order to prevent humanity's impending suicide.
Anton suggested that it appears as though humanity likes to see itself being killed, since it chooses again and again only those leaders who are most likely to ignite that nuclear war. It chooses people who create divisions around the world. It even hails them as heroes, at least the media does so. Society also allows itself to be divided against one-another, and allows this quite freely, and then be dragged into a position by which it becomes economically looted to the point that people can no longer sustain their existence. "Humanity may indeed regard universal suicide as a solution, like Tchaikovsky had evidently done," I said to Anton.

Heather agreed with Anton, Sylvia too. Sylvia said that in today's world, popular opinion supports the greatest insanity and rejects so much of what is good. "This insane approach is deemed to be politically correct," she added.

Sylvia's reference to popular opinions reminded me of the old tale by the famous Danish poet Hans Christian Anderson, about the emperor's new clothes. Two swindlers had proclaimed to have the skill to weave a cloth of such exquisite design and color that it could not be seen by anyone who is stupid or unfit for his post. Since no one was willing to admit to be stupid or unfit, everyone lied through the teeth, exclaiming over the beauty of the designs, and oh the color, while the swindlers were busily weaving away deep into the night at their empty looms. Even the emperor fell into this trap, and exclaimed enthusiastically over what he couldn't see. He followed this course even while he put on the new clothes and robes made of the magic material that he couldn't see nor feel. As he entered the royal procession so adorned, with no clothes on at all, all the people exclaimed aloud over the sheer grandeur of his new clothes as he rode by them. That's when a child piped up to its father, "But he hasn't got anything on!"

I suggested that this is how popular opinion works, only more so, until someone has the courage to counter the popular notion with a certain perception of reality. People can be made to support the most atrocious lies, even to the point that they believe in them. "We in this room," I said, "have to be the little child that changes popular opinion. Do you think this can be done?"

"All that the little child did," said Ross, "was nothing more than offering an honest response to the obvious; the truth that everyone already understood."

Anton, Heather, Sylvia, Ross, Fred Tony all agreed that this could be done on a global scale. In fact, we talked about this deep into the night. We sat outside on the balcony for many hours and discussed the great opportunity that we had to change the world. We watched the stars in the sky until a faint hue on the horizon indicated the beginning of the new dawn. That's when Heather decided that she was going to stay for the rest of the night with us. Sylvia agreed that this was an excellent idea, and decided to do the same. She and Heather pushed the two king sized beds in Anton's room together into one, in order that we could all be "cuddled together," as she had put it. And that's how the night ended, with a sleep over, pajama party.
The next day, Anton suggested that there was no reason why the unfolding of the larger principle should be limited to but a single day, and that there was no reason why it shouldn't unfold even further in its form. Everyone of our little group of pioneers agreed with her on that over breakfast.

It didn't take long for us to realize that we were on the right track. Our life became richer with love. On the third day Sylvia commented that she had never really known Heather before, except in a superficial way. She had always kept her distance as if this was demanded by some unwritten law.

On the fourth day Sylvia said that she could finally understand what I had told her some years earlier about the difference between Mendelssohn’s violin concerto, which brings to mind the passions of our early love, and Beethoven's violin concerto which hints at what our love might be like when it becomes more fully developed. Sylvia commented that the Beethoven concerto focuses more on the quiet, unhurried beauty of living that was now beginning to unfold.

"Actually, I must add another melody," said Fred when everyone was present, "because one needs to take still another step forward. I am thinking of Mozart's piano concertos, especially the 9th, or 10th, but also the others. They are rich in beautiful and peaceful melodies that speak of complete satisfaction, of an inner peace and joy. This joy is not derived from meditation, sex, intimacy, but is an enriched state of living based on experiences of satisfaction unfolding from an inner peace based on the satisfaction that unfolds when the human needs are satisfied."

Tony contributed to the unfolding idea. He pointed out that it is a great tragedy for humanity when people get stuck and waste their energies and emotions on battling against easily resolvable barriers. He said that he had been a champion in this regard. He predicted that when the human needs are met, or more correctly, if one allows them to become met, and this fully, humanity would likely be able to move forward in peace, with power and joy, because then the mind would be free to soar to infinity. Then, the human mind would have the power to transform the world, and to uplift civilization in a manner that would blow away everyone's shallow dreams. Can we ask for more?

I suggested to Sylvia that when the unfolding of our love is complete to this point, a whole new type of music will be required to reflect the quality of being that becomes manifest as joy, peace, and power, reflected in a vast development for good.

Anton looked as though she was about to protest. I asked her to hold off. I was certain I had the answer. I suggested that it may seem that too much of what is beautifully human would appear to become lost in the universal spiritual extremities, while in reality the opposite is true. I said that nothing will ever become lost in the wider unfolding of what is already a fundamental reality in principle, where every facet of the whole structure exists simultaneously. I pointed out that I would never suggest that Beethoven's violin concerto would supersede the great Mendelssohn Violin Concerto. I suggested that the unfolding of love happens simultaneously in all the major aspects, just like Mary's four rivers all flow in parallel. I suggested that there is room for everything to flow richly
in its own vital channel: meditation, passion, sexual intimacy, and the realization of peace, joy, and power that unfolds when the human needs are met. "This is what makes human existence so rich," I added.

As it happened, there was no disagreement with any of what I had said, mainly, because we were beginning to feel the essence of it.

So it was that still another breakthrough was made during the peace conference. Another principle had been acknowledged by which our caring for one-another was put onto a wider, more universal basis that soon came to light in a wide range of joyous manifestations and quiet peace. All in all, the conference had become an exciting kaleidoscope of ideas and experiences that were all in their special way shedding more and more light onto our dealing with the central issue that we currently faced, that of defeating the twin evils of nuclear war, and the planned global depopulation project, or more correctly, the property oriented value system; the Byzantine system; the monetarist system of empire.

In the past, the considerations of war and depopulation had caused me great pain. Now they appeared like fiction in comparison to the precious human world in which great riches can be found. But I also knew, as we all did, that these evils on the horizon were not fiction, and that they were not a part of human history yet, though they were terrifyingly real, by which our responsibility for transforming the world into a saner place was equally as real.
As the last week began, of our endlessly seeming conference that we had reshaped into a conference to rescue the world from its unfolding doom, it appeared that everything that could be said on the theme, had been said. Nothing fundamentally new had been brought up for several days, by then. But this changed, suddenly, after the weekend. I could barely believe my eyes when I saw Erica on the podium. She was the first scheduled speaker of the Monday of this final week.

How long had it been since we had last seen each other? I asked myself. It must have been thirteen years, and even that last meeting had been for just a single day which had ended on an uncertain note. Still I remembered her fondly. Perhaps this was so, because she brought the first spark of that new dawn into my life that had changed everything for me, and made it more beautiful and more profound. Or perhaps I remembered her as the only person I have ever met who regarded it more important to devote her time to the scientific study of the dimension of love, than to devote herself to leading edge research in nuclear physics and biological engineering that she had spent countless years to get into. Or maybe I was just impressed by the astonishing fact that her appearance hadn't changed one bit over the years. She looked the same as I remembered her, except that her smile was more radiant.

She opened her speech with her still familiar metaphor of a vast garden filled with all the flowers of the world, in which we live; in which every married person of humanity is bound by some 'sacred' code of conduct, as it were, to focus at only one single flower and become blind to all the rest.

"The code does not permit such a person to look at the rich profusion of life that fills the garden," she said, "to be enriched by its beauty, the gentle shapes of life, the profusion of color, to say nothing about the slightest intimate touching and embracing that brings light to the soul."

Then she spoke about the riches of the universe in a different context. She spoke about a garden that is richly endowed with beautiful ideas and infinite possibilities. She also spoke about her once favorite subject, that of nuclear energy development and humanity's scientific potential for creating for itself the richest and brightest future that could be grander than any ever imagined, and she asserted that this future is within our grasp.

"This is also a part of that garden of humanity," she explained to the assembly.

Then she spoke about humanity's fascination with developing poverty, its commitment to it, its devotion to an extremely narrow view of the world, one that is
focused on primitive energy resources, a commitment that is required for a feudal world order which depends on an ancient economic system that is ideal for looting. She pointed out that humanity has committed itself to look at the world with an extremely narrow and tightly bound focus, with its eyes latched onto the absolute worst that mankind has created, while turning a blind eye to the riches at its very feet that abound throughout the rest of the garden of the universe of life and its potential yet to be.

Erica also spoke about the fundi. She didn't say how she got in contact with them, but she was well aware of their determination to create a still deeper poverty than what has already been achieved by them, built on more devastating wars and for the express purpose of depopulating the planet, which creates even more poverty as it disables mankind's development potential.

"This devastating goal can only be reached when the mental focus is so narrow that nothing is perceived that is profoundly real about our humanity," she said. "That is why society's vision is tightly confined and focused on lies, so that the lies become perceived as reality."

"Here, a problem comes to light," she said to the audience, moments later. "As the fundi’s empire creates more and more poverty, humanity's garden becomes gradually destroyed by these efforts. The problem is, that humanity, being tightly focused on a single concept of economy, and the very worst of it, fails to recognize that the garden as a whole is being trampled under foot."

Erica said that humanity is in extremely great danger of being destroyed from within, without anyone taking notice that this is happening. Humanity's narrow focus has prevented it from even acknowledging the depopulation policies of the fundi, to say nothing about fighting against these policies for its very existence. "And don't think for a second that the depopulation policy isn't real, and fool yourself with thinking that it cannot be carried out," said Erica. "Just remember how Napoleon was defeated by Russia's vastly inferior force. Napoleon brought 650,000 soldiers into Russia, of which only six thousand made it back. The rest died from a lack of logistics and infrastructures, that Russia deprived them of. The fundi want the present world population of six and a half billion people reduced to less than one billion. That's easily possible by destroying the life-supporting logistics, such as destroying the food infrastructure, power infrastructure, financial infrastructure, destroying science, education, healthcare, social security, housing, and so on and on; and this destruction my friends is easily accomplished with the destruction of love in people for one-another. A dissident of the fundi recently told me that the only problem the fundi foresee, is that the depopulation may not be stoppable at the one-billion level. The woman who spoke to me about this is scared of the dynamics of the process, considering that it had wiped out Napoleon almost totally. And so I say to you that you should all be scared, too, and be fighting for your life. And the enemy that you should be fighting, is the World Empire centered in London, in the City of London, the financial hub of the world, and in the monarchy that is an operational part of the worldwide oligarchy. The enemy is not a person, but the deadly objective of empire that needs to kill mankind to keep itself alive. At the core of it stands the Fabian Society and its offshoots, which represent the very strategy that Russia had
defended itself with, grinding Napoleon into the dust by attacking his logistics. That's the strategy that the Roman General Quintus Fabius Maximus had pioneered to defend Rome against Hannibal's vastly superior forces. The Fabian Society that stands at the center of today's world empire pursues the same object against the whole of mankind, grinding mankind into dust. Its enemy is mankind, because if mankind were to develop its human potential, the rule of empire would be history. This is the endgame that has begun. Nothing has been decided yet, unless we decide the outcome here. We will see wars again, all kinds of wars that make no sense, except when one sees them as destructive instruments that further the objective of destroying mankind's universal support structures, and thereby grinding mankind into the dust, and to oblivion. And so we must fight. We must fight especially our narrow perception of ourselves that render us as an impotent and divided people, living for greed in poverty and sensual pleasures that are miles distant from living with joy."

Erica suggested, however, that humanity's narrow perception is artificially generated in an effort to create a sanctuary for the fundi in which the fundi are able to carry out their destructive policies unchallenged and unhindered. She insisted that this sanctuary that protects empire with a stupefied environment in society, can be destroyed and be replaced with a new renaissance of scientific development and spiritual awareness.

She pointed out that the outcome of the fundi’s stupefying process has been astonishing, but that it can still be reversed by shedding a little light onto this horrid scene. With humanity being locked to its narrow vision, the fundi were able to experiment freely with various types of depopulation processes in their laboratory, which Africa had been chosen to be. Erica suggested that this hidden trend explains why it was possible for the fundi to arrange and finance the murder of several million people in the upper Congo, without as much as a whimper of protest being heard from the nations of the world. She said that the funeral pyres were burning for weeks, even months in some cases, in which the murdered bodies were incinerated to hide the evidence from the world. She said that the bodies had been stacked up like chord wood at the road sides, the bodies of children, woman, and men of all ages, and that all of this was known to the world, as reported by people who had escaped from this hell. "But nobody bothered to take note of this attack on humanity," she said, "as if Africa wasn't a part of the world, and the murdered people hadn't been a part of humanity."

Erica pointed out that the blood money, with which the mining companies and other enterprises of the fundi’s empire had financed their invasion of Zaire, that had unleashed the murdering of more than a million people, earned them the mineral rights to vast tracts in the Congo. These tracts were tens of thousands of square kilometers in size. Tragically, the world said not a word in protest against the genocide that was perpetrated for this kind of 'profit.' Erica said that most people that she had talked to at this time, didn't care what happened in Africa. They said it wasn't their concern. They said in essence that they had no interest in that part of the garden.

Erica added that this was just an example of the kind of things going on all over the world with ever widening circles of devastation.
"I think it will be their concern soon," she added in this context, "when the circle of genocide expands to the part of the world where they live, when the depopulation processes are taken out of the laboratory environment and become applied to their home world as well, which is already happening in the form of AIDS."

Erica told the audience that their own indifference to these processes is in no way exceptional. She told the assembly that she got the same reaction everywhere, whenever she spoke to people about the funding cuts for scientific research, especially the research in nuclear physics and reactor technology on which humanity's future depends.

"People just don't care about anything that lies even an inch beyond their nose," she said. "Their mental focus is so tightly bound that they can't see anything else than what popular opinion allows, which is artificially controlled by the ablest professionals. The outcome is poverty."

She reminded the assembly that the environmental movements suggest that it would be better for the world if its economies were powered by gasohol, solar cells, and windmills, and the like. She said that most people believe this deeply, except they can't see in their narrowly focused minds that this pristine, energy lean world that they dream about as a panacea, would be an absolute hell in real terms, a kind of hell that would not be able to support more than 10% of the existing world population in a life mired in poverty and senseless toil. The rest of the people that could not be supported in this energy-starved world would literally be forced to die.

"That is what is on the table," she said forcefully, "and will occur if the present plans are implemented. This, my friends, is what the ruler's of the new world-order want. That is why a global war is presently unleashed against the fossil fuel energy production that we depend on, and against nuclear energy production and development that we will absolutely depend on if we want to develop ourselves towards a reasonable standard on which we can survive on this planet. It is presently being hailed as a utopian goal to save the environment, while the real goal that is being implemented, is to destroy humanity."

Erica also pointed out that the same narrow focus can be observed in the military sphere where people have become obsessed with the idea that security comes from the deployment of weapons. She said that this narrowly confined focus has caused humanity to build tens of thousands of nuclear bombs and missiles. She said that this happened because the builders of the bombs had been blinded by false ideals to such an extend that they could no longer allow themselves to see the beautiful, fragile, human world in which these bombs could never be used without terminating the whole of human existence.

Erica pointed out in no uncertain terms that everything that involves a narrowly confined perception should be re-examined. She suggested that humanity's focus should be widened to infinity, before anyone begins to talk about truth. She predicted, when this happens, all warfare will cease. And if that doesn't happen, humanity will cease to be.
Erica spoke for nearly an hour on this general theme, for which she presented a wide variety of examples. Her message was clear and unmistakable. Still, I thought that even her profound message was too narrowly focused, compared to what she should have said. Nevertheless, she had addressed infinitely more than what most of the delegates were concerned with in the confines of their still narrowly bound perceptions of what humanity is, and what its boundless potential is that hardly anyone recognizes.

When Erica stepped down from the stage I intercepted her in the isle. It was grand to see her again, and exciting. I would have embraced her right in the middle of the auditorium, except civility required that we merely shake hands and leave the meeting hall. Then the embrace happened.

I had so many questions to ask: "How are you? How is your husband? How many children do you have? How is your research at the university going?" I invited her for a cup of coffee to the Simon Bolivar Center.

She told me there, that she hadn't been with the university for many years. She told me that the funding cuts had shut her entire department down, and with the destruction of the economy there simply weren't any research positions left in the private sector, not even in the nuclear power industry, which was likewise being shut down.

"France killed its giant Super Phoenix fast breeder reactor, did you know that?" she asked.

She said this sadly, as if someone of her own family had died. In a sense this was true.

"The Phoenix had been the most advanced industrial breeder reactor facility in the world, and by far the largest," she added.

"Couldn't you go back into teaching?" I asked her. "I mean, someone with your experience...." 

"Teach, whom?" she interrupted me. "Who wants to take courses in advanced nuclear physics, when the world's nuclear industry is being shut down, bit by bit? Whom would I teach, Pete? Should I even encourage people to enter this field, when the only development in nuclear physics that is still going on, is for nuclear weapons?"

She said that there was nothing moving on the entire front of advanced scientific research that she had devoted her life to. Out of sheer desperation she applied for a desk job at a brokerage firm. She said she couldn't stand it there for more than a month.

I replied that I thought the brokerage business had been paying excellent salaries.
"Pete, they paid more than the university had paid. Money wasn't the problem in this case," she added. "The whole business stank. I couldn't stand that. Still, it was an eye opener, I must admit that much."

"An eye opener, Erica?"

"Well, a sort of."

She told me that every time she flew into Chicago she would come across a literature table of the LaRouche organization at the O'Hare Airport. She would find posters displayed that warned of the impending world-financial collapse. She said that their fight had started twenty years ago, and that she had laughed at them, then. She told me that they were still warning people the last time she came through Chicago, only then, she wasn't laughing anymore. She explained that she finally figured out why they had been right all along, because they had seen and experienced what she was finally forced to recognize herself while she was working at the brokerage firm.

"People kept buying the same stuff over and over at constantly higher prices. It was sad to see this. It was also tragically comical, because the people simply couldn't recognize what they were doing," she said. She told me that she would illustrate what she saw.

She asked me to imagine that I had bought a thousand dollars’ worth of shares of some manufacturing enterprise in 1965. She began to write things down onto the coffee shop napkin, to illustrate as though she was still teaching at the university.

Then she asked me to consider that since 1965 the productive physical economy had collapsed at a rate of 2-5% per year, which adds up to 50% since that time to the point she entered the brokerage business. She said that this regression should have been reflected in an equal regression in the value of the stocks. My thousand-dollar portfolio should then have depreciated to the corresponding value of five hundred dollars. She said bluntly that this never happened.

"People couldn't see the reality before their eyes," she said. "The financial markets were totally decoupled from the physical reality. The stock prices were driven up by speculation to the point that my $500 portfolio could have been sold for $20,000 or more, while the real value was still only $500, and was constantly declining along with the productive physical economy."

She told me that she had wondered how long it might take until a child would ask: daddy, why doesn't the Emperor wear any clothes? Daddy, why do you pay $20,000 for something that is worth only $500?

She added that this comparison is actually a naive and simplistic view, because it doesn't consider that the physical economy also carries a huge debt burden by which its effective profit has long ago become a negative sum. She asked me if I had been aware that the USA, all by itself, carried a debt load of over fifty trillion dollars before the whole system collapsed, which was four times greater than the entire economic product
of the nation at its best period. No one ever considered the fact that this debt could never be repaid. "But this is all back on the books again," she added. She said that all of the bonds that were floating around in the portfolios of those who deemed themselves wealthy, were essentially worthless, and still are worthless, and will forever be that. Their only effect was, that they had strangled the still functioning economy, and this didn't go on for long, either.

"In this case, all the financial values should have been considered as infinitely inflated, since they existed as a claim against an economy that cannot even hold its own, that was constantly shrinking instead of creating a net gain profit for society. This means that the entire value system had to collapse, Peter, since it was already dead in real terms."

She told me that she had to get out of this insanely anti-human system that she became employed in.

"I still wonder how I managed to be a part of it for an entire month," she added at one point.

She said that she couldn't face the realization that some day countless dads would have to bring their family together and explain that their house, which had been used as collateral to buy stocks, had been gambled away. Then, the children would ask their dad why he has given their home away which the family had skimped for, for twenty years or more? Erica told me that she decided she couldn't be associated with such an industry anymore that pushes such terrible things onto people.

She told me that she got her next job in a bank. "Except, working there was worse. Not only was the paycheck smaller, but the financial gambling mania was more intense." She said that she found out very quickly that most of the banks were exposed in financial derivatives gambling to the tune of 30-70 times their own equity, and 7-10 times the amount of their depositor's money. She said that she also found out that the yearly turnover of these gambling contracts had reached beyond the multiple-quadrillion mark and were still rising. She pointed out that the funding for this huge gambling mania had been stolen from the world of human living. She said that the social impact of this insane casino style financial gambling was so great, that her conscience wouldn't allow herself to be a part of it.

"I am a grocery clerk now," she said and smiled.

"Oh, what a waste of a great talent," I commented.

"No, Peter, I love it," she said. "At least I am doing something that doesn't destroy people's future, that even helps a little bit. I am selling them food. Also, I am married to the owner of the store."
"Oh, I thought you said your husband was a scientist like yourself," I replied, astonished.

"That was a long time ago," she grinned. "Fritz left me shortly after I met you at the beach, but not because of it. He had already become intolerable by then."

I didn't know what to answer. I apologized, but she wouldn't hear of it. She repeated that it hadn't been my fault, but added that I had merely caused her to finally wake up to reality. She repeated what she had said twelve years earlier, that Fritz didn't want a wife at all, that he wanted a sex slave, a status symbol, a trophy, and of course a plaything that he could amuse himself with.

"This play thing wasn't me," she said, "and I told him that one day. That's when he simply moved out and never came back. He probably found somebody else who would play that role for him."

Erica explained that her new husband, Kurt Wagner, would not have prevented us from completing our affair, back then.

"We share our life," she said, "but we don't take up all of each other's time. We allow room for additional joys whenever there is a worthy outlook on the horizon. We have determined to open our hearts to the whole 'garden' of life. We have found that with these additional joys our happiness becomes more diffusive and more secure, and much wider in its perspective as it must necessarily be when the whole 'garden' is feeding it. Being a gardener himself, Kurt understands these things."

With this having been said, Erica suggested that we should perhaps continue our affair that we cut off so long ago, and let it run to its natural completion, and go on from there. "Actually we didn't miss anything back in Leipzig that would have been important," she said. "You were sad that we had to stop short of going to bed together. I felt so too. Of course I know now that we really didn't miss anything that would have mattered. Fooling around with sex has its uses, but it really doesn't define us. Animals do this too. Sex brings us together as we must for breeding, and so we form breeding pairs, but animals do this too. Except we aren't animals. We aren't breeding machines. We are human beings. Our sex unfolds on a much higher level. Suppose we had gone to bed together. You might have made me pregnant and nine months later I would have had a baby. Animals can do that too. In fact, neither of us would have had much to do with creating the baby. Once we had our fun in bed the rest would have been out of our hands anyway. Nothing would have been any different than what we find in the animal world. The difference would have begun after the birth. It would have come to light in what we would have created for the baby to support its existence and development. We would have provided clothing, a comfortable home, an environment for learning, culture, music, security, health care, food without worries. All of this would have involved a vast range of products and technologies and scientific discoveries. We could have looked far and wide from one end of the world to the other, and we wouldn't have found any of that in
the animal world. So, we have to redefine our sense of sex. If we look for sex below the belly button, we look far too low and find far too little, and the little that we find would have soon turned out to be rather empty. We would have asked, where do we go from here? Is this all there is? But if we look above the belly button, above the neck, we find a richer form of sex that doesn't divide us, but unites on a broad platform, and which is uniquely human. We would have found our individuality in being scientists, engineers, creators, artists, explorers, space pioneers, spacecraft designers, machine tool operators, farmers, singers, astrophysicists, nuclear physicists, truck drivers, mathematicians, chefs, and so forth. That's what defines us as human beings. That's our sex in real terms. And Peter, there are such great riches there that we never tire of being amazed by them. Nor are their any limits to how wide the circles of our marriage bonds can become on this rich platform. That's what binds us together, the real stuff."

"And we do fall in love with each other because of these riches," I added. "Also, we will never say, where do we go from here? There are always infinite options."

"Going to bed is such a poor thing in comparison," said Erica. "Don't you agree?"

Of course I agreed. "We had known this right from the beginning when we shared our worlds," I answered and smiled. "Yours was nuclear physics and mine diplomacy. I found you amazing and felt deeply honored that you would even bother to take out time to talk to me. But you did. I loved you for it. We even danced."

"As I recall, we had this kind of sex together from the very moment in the morning when we met, right until way past midnight when we parted," she said with a grin. "It was altogether a rich, continuous, sexual day. It couldn't have gotten any better, I agree. And compared to that, sex below the button would have been nothing much, if anything at all. A fleeting dream."

"Is that what you mean by saying that we should continue where we left off?" I interjected.

She nodded gently. "I see you are a fast learner," she said.

She told me later that she had come with a friend to Caracas, by the name of Renate Vogt. She even invited me to come to their place for a night, or two, since we had much to discuss, as she put it.

I replied that I would be honored to do that, but that I first wanted her to meet our clan at Alberto's pub and that we should do this right after the day's meeting. I asked her to invite her friend to come along.

Naturally, the conversation at the pub was focused on her speech that morning. This may have been a diversion. I felt that the others really wanted to know how we came
to know each other, but since this had already been reflected in her speech, I didn't see a need to add anything.

"I have come to realize a long time ago," said Erica to Sylvia, "that whatever people focus on when their vision is narrowly confined, is never real. When one’s vision is narrow, one sees only a tiny bit of reality. Consequently, one’s perception is incomplete, and one’s life is incomplete, too. The narrow vision creates in thought mythological perceptions that have nothing to do with the reality underlying human existence."

She explained to Sylvia that this was in a large part the reason why her first marriage broke up. "Fritz didn't want a human being to share his life with on a platform of enriching one-another's existence," she said. "As I told Pete already, Fritz wanted a slave for sex on demand, and sometimes he utilized me as a status symbol that he would show off to his friends, like some trophy that he had won by marrying me."

After this she added sadly, "Mostly, Fritz wanted me as someone he could toy around with, who would entertain him. I wasn't even allowed to be glum, or sad. When I was depressed, that made him angry. It was my job to make him happy. The kind of person he wanted exists only in the mythological world. Nobody that I know would ever fit this mold. A real human being isn't a sex slave, a trophy, or an entertaining clown. Fritz wanted some mythological creature, which he will never find, unless some actor plays that role for him for a price. Still, I don't blame him. He was the product of the vary narrow vision that has confined the whole of society in so many different ways."

She explained to Sylvia that Fritz had built his own trap, because whenever a person's mental focus is narrowly confined, that person becomes blind to the world. Such a tragedy renders it quite impossible for a person to escape the mythological trap that is feeding the tragedy, since the true perception of reality is thereby kept out of sight.

She explained to Sylvia that she recognized that the same happened everywhere, whenever the focus is made extremely narrow by which the world becomes hidden from people's view. In the financial world the mythological object is called speculative profit. She pointed out that in the real world there exists no such thing as a speculative profit. There is speculative stealing, perhaps, but stealing has nothing to do with creating a profit that enriches society.

Renate Vogt, whom Erica had met while she worked in the brokerage business, had accepted my invitation to join us. She pointed out that the opposite of the mythological view is usually real.

"The higher that the financial markets went," she said, "the faster did the physical economy collapse, as its life blood became drained out of it. In the third world countries people died in large numbers, as the result of this. But in our office, this was cause for celebration. People should have cried when the indexes went up and up, because their real worth in terms of actual value, as related to the functioning of the physical economy to which all financial claims are related, collapsed in the same proportion."
Our British friends didn't like that assessment, but Ross just looked at them and shook his head, which somehow ended their objections.

Renate told us that a huge section of the population in Europe, especially at the low end of the income scale, had been written off by their own governments. She looked at me and added that it wasn't quite as bad in Europe, as it became in America under the New World Order that created roaming masses of migrant workers looking for any kind of work, and great masses of the immobile urban poor that became increasingly homeless. She pointed out that this economic disease, of which homelessness is but a symptom, spread rapidly, engulfing more and more people, as entire industries were shut down.

"Tell us something we don't know," Tony interjected. "Tell us that it was better in Europe. Tell us something that we can celebrate."

"Let her speak," Heather cut him off. "I want to know how much more accurately people in Europe understood America, than our blindfolded masses did who had their head stuck into sand like so many ostrich birds and were media fed with a rich diet of lies."

"I believe that those unwary, who were swept away by the 'new rationalization', were left to die when reality took over their dreams. I think the American people woke up from their dream images that reflected what the media was proclaiming, when they were deprived of the most basic necessities for human life, such as health care, education, transportation, a place to live; when they were denied access to the most minimal rations of food that a human being requires. Yes, some people woke up, before they died. Of course, some never did wake up. They died, firmly believing that the disintegration wasn't real; that a recovery was just around the corner. Am I right?"

Sylvia nodded. "This happened all over the world," she said quietly.

"Yes, this was happening also in the less developed countries that had to export their food to earn an income for debt service payments. Look at Argentina. Argentina had produced enough food at the worst of times, to feed up to 300 million people, but they weren't allowed to keep enough of it to feed their own people. People died of starvation. Countless children died, and many more simply couldn't develop into normal human beings for the lack of food. Great masses of hungry people daily scavenged the garbage dumps, but there wasn't enough garbage to go around. Still, the government believed there would be a recovery; a financial recovery; an IMF led recovery; while the IMF dictates were killing more and more people, until the whole thing eventually disintegrated. Maybe the people who were responsible for this never did wake up, but were simply swept away into their grave."

"In the mythological mind set of the financial crowd, this collapse wasn't included in what they looked at," said Ross.
"Yes, they spoke about prosperity when people were dying," said Erica, "and the governments aided this misconception. This happened everywhere, except possibly in China."

"The Chinese weren't quite as thoroughly brainwashed by Adam Smith," Ross joked. "They came close. They had a slogan that being rich is beautiful, but they also worked hard to fulfill this dream and produced things to make their world as rich, as they could possibly make it. They didn't just steal their riches the Adam Smith way, through greed centered so-called economics."

"Few people recognized the fraud that was perpetrated in the West," Heather agreed. "This fraud was putting a smoke screen over the real economic collapse until it was too late, and it was done on purpose in order to keep the reality hidden, and the financial bubble growing. This should have been called insanity," she added. She laughed, "this so-called prosperity was actually so poorly concealed that a child would have found it ridiculous to talk about, if it had known the facts."

"Unfortunately, not even this happened, because the children, too, had become so stupefied that they too, couldn't see the reality of their collapsing world," Renate added. "Who would have thought that this would be the ultimate fate of America that everybody had admired and looked up to?"

After our introduction of each other at the pub, Erica and Renate simply stayed with us till the end of the conference, which, naturally, enlarged our clan of advanced thinkers once again. Except those days and nights unfolded with quite a different type of intimacy. The focus was shifted on solving the paradox that we had talked about at the pub. This shift in focus totally changed the prevailing atmosphere. The atmosphere became lighter, brighter, and buoyant with an ever-growing hope that it may yet be possible to realize humanity's great potential. We were beaming at each other in this unfolding atmosphere of optimism that lay beyond the narrow minded dreaming of the world, an optimism that at times seemed brighter than the sun. We shared our thoughts about the enormous riches that were literally laying at our feet as human beings, and about the technological processes that were so close at hand to be implemented to develop those riches.

During those last days and nights, we were exploring those almost infinite riches of humanity and of our universe. We actually didn't have time to do a lot of sleeping, because the subject was so extensive and far too exciting for sleeping. Upon Erica's suggestion, and her friend's, we converted their double room into a perpetual conference area. We had enough space in our section of the hotel to accommodate everyone, especially since we only went to bed, so it seemed, when sleep became unavoidable. In such cases we fell asleep cuddled up to each other and dreamed of a bright and beautiful world.
Speaking for myself, I learned more during those last days and nights, about nuclear power, organic chemistry, geology, and astrophysics, than I had learned in my entire lifetime. We totally skipped the conference during those last days and concluded it on a much higher level. Only on the final day were we back on the floor when the time came for Erica to present a scientific summary that she had been scheduled for. Naturally, that summary became in a large measure a summary of our explorations, to create a recognition of what we felt every delegate should be aware of before returning home. We felt that this was necessary to generate a renewed optimism in the minds of the people of a dying world that our world had become. Fortunately for us, that summary was still a few days distant.

Speaking for myself again, I thought that I had learned quite a bit about the makeup of the Earth, especially since the day I had first met Erica in Leipzig where she awakened my interest in this vital exploration. What she had told me in Leipzig had been intriguing, to say the least. The subject was of a type that fascinated me more the more I looked into it. I conducted a study of it whenever an opportunity presented itself. I had learned, for instance, that the Earth's mantle is nearly 3000 Km thick and is made up almost entirely of magnesium, iron, silicon, and oxygen, and that these vast resources are bound up into orthosilicates that are virtually homogenous around the planet, and therefore conveniently usable for large scale automated industrial processes.

I had also learned that the Earth's crust, which covers the mantle that contains these vast resources of useful material, is extremely thin at the ocean floor, and may even be absent altogether in some places, so that these resources are fully exposed.

Erica suggested to us later that this feature makes the mantle readily accessible to deep ocean open pit mining with remote controlled equipment. Renate suggested that the complete uniformity of the materials in the mantle would make it possible to exploit those resources with large scale automated production processes on a scale that would provide humanity with unlimited amounts of magnesium, iron, silicon, and pure silicon. Nor would one have to worry about any polluting residues from the mining operation and from the production processes, since every part of the orthosilicates is an extremely useful material. In other words, there would be no residues, no waste. Quite literally, the "dust of the Earth" could yield the infinite riches for mankind's future.

The real excitement began when we tried to imagine what could be constructed with these infinitely available materials that we have literally lying untouched at our feet, that can easily be exploited in an energy rich, advanced technological culture that humanity has the power to implement, and always had. One of us suggested that these materials, especially an infinite supply of magnesium, would revolutionize housing and other types of construction and manufacturing, and take the pressure away from wood products and other primitive resources that have become increasingly rare, and that these new metal resources would augment the production processes that would utilize molten basalt in a modern economy. Housing could become industrially produced with virtually no effort and with a very high quality, and for such a low cost that the housing units can
be given away for free as a social investment by society into itself. We also felt that these infinitely available materials would revolutionize transportation. Floating bridges could be created, several kilometers wide, which would connect the world's continents with a global transportation network for fast freight and ultra-high-speed rail passenger traffic. These intercontinental bridges would facilitate water and energy resource distribution, communications lines and high-speed roadways. Intercontinental air transportation would likely become a thing of history by then. The intercontinental floating bridges would create an ideal platform to carry super fast mag-lev trains operating in an airless environment, in the form of giant vacuum tubes, enabling travel speeds in excess of 10,000 miles per hour, according to a principle that has long been recognized as the most ideal long distance transportation method that could ever be built.

I, with my limited technological knowledge, suggested to our distinguished assembly of scientists, that vast submerged fresh water reservoirs could be created with the utilization of those infinitely abundant materials. These global reservoirs would be fed by the world's great rivers to make the present fresh water shortage around the world a thing of history for all times to come.

Erica suggested that even farming would undergo a radical transformation. All of the basic food production processes would likely be moved into indoor facilities with self-contained environments, where our food plants could be protected from pests without pesticides, and be grown in a more natural manner without toxic chemicals that destroy the soil microorganisms. She suggested that such a process would make our present farming methods that produce largely nutritionally hollow foods a thing of the past. This by itself would eradicate countless nutrition related diseases. These indoor farming facilities, of course, could be build hundreds of stories high, powered by artificial sunlight, produced by large scale nuclear fusion energy plants. Naturally, an agricultural revolution of this type would free up vast tracts of land for human enjoyment, and as a lot of people have wished for a long time, those recovered lands could be reintegrated into the natural system.

Renate pointed out that this type of economy would have to be powered exclusively by nuclear energy of the most advanced sort, meaning nuclear fusion energy, or even electric energy drawn from the galactic plasma currents that power our nearby sun, which is an infinite power resource that is still in the realm of dreams, but appears logically feasible.

Renate also pointed out humanity's thinking would have to be revolutionized in a similar fashion. Right of the bat, the development of nuclear fusion technologies would have to be given top priority, which has presently been stalled in order to maintain the dominance of oil, and oil wealth that empires depend on. But she pointed out that these types of obstructions will all be put aside quite naturally, in the future, when humanity decides that it wants to live again, because nothing else than nuclear energy systems or something still greater, could possibly create the needed energy density that nuclear fusion is capable of, which is clean, safe, and for which infinite resources are available. In fact, the modern advanced economy could only be powered with nuclear fusion as a
power source, or the still greater energy source of galactic electric currents that is the only natural energy process in existence and is the process that powers the sun.

Erica pointed out to me that nuclear fission might play a temporary role in the development of our boundless economy, and may possibly continue to do so in the form of small scale modular applications, but the vastly greater energy flux density of nuclear fusion, or space derived power, would have to carry the day in the long run.

Erica also pointed out that nuclear fusion development had once been far advanced around the world, almost to the point of practicality, before funding had been cut that shut down many promising projects. She pointed out, further, that the super hot plasma from nuclear fusion would, of course, be required as a necessity to separate the orthosilicates of the mantle of the Earth into their constituent elements. Naturally, this new type of energy resource would totally obsolete that smog filled stinking air that we breathe today, that comes with sulfur spewing smoke stacks and automobile exhausts. All of these terrible things would become a thing of history. "And it is all but an implementation step away," said Erica.

Erica's most favorite subject, however, was still organic chemistry engineering. This too, hadn't changed since the day we had met in Leipzig. It had been her first love in those days, when the university in Leipzig was still facilitating a variety of advanced research projects in this field. I remembered how she had glowed with excitement, when she had pointed out its near infinite potential, when we first met. None of this glow and excitement had faded when she brought the subject up again in Caracas. She pointed out that according to the cosmic abundance table there exists over three times as much carbon in the universe than there exists silicon bound into rocks. She suggested that huge stores of carbon may exist deep inside the Earth, or on other planets, which could become the feed stock for all kinds of useful products through various processes of biological conversion. She spoke about the possibility of setting up chemical manufacturing platforms in orbit around Jupiter or on other planets.

In the way Erica looked at the real world, one had the distinct feeling that the age of large-scale chemical development and engineering, hadn't even begun. She said that with the vast resources of the Universe, existing so close within our reach, mankind has the potential to enrich the Earth beyond anything we have yet dreamed of.

Naturally, we were dreaming. We all realized that, but we weren't dreaming with our eyes closed. We were dreaming about a reality that lay close at hand, that we, as human beings, have the potential to realize once we determine to make the necessary efforts towards utilizing it. Still, I felt that something was missing in our tall dreaming, something that was an essential element for inspiring the people of the world to make the necessary efforts. I couldn't figure out, though, what it was that was lacking, that was holding us back.
Here, Anton saved the day once more. She suggested that we should get our bathing suit on and meet at the pool. She reminded us that the pool was being kept open all night during the days of the conference. She suggested that we could debate the issues in the hot tub, as some of us had done many times before back home, as Nicolai had told her, and then go swimming, and have fun on the water slide.

Surprisingly, the answer to my question came from Fred, whose background in diplomacy had nothing to do with what we were aiming to find an answer for. Nor did it take him long to come up with the answer.

"The future that you are talking about requires demographic changes in humanity," Fred announced. "Humanity has to adapt itself to its expanding needs."

Fred explained that the more complex the technologies and processes become, the greater must be the life expectancy of the people who create and operate the technologies and the processes. He pointed out that the educational cycle will need to be extended for people to master the new technologies and the science that stands behind them. "The self-development of an individual person, therefore, may not be completed until the age of thirty," he said, "or maybe even forty, so that society will have to develop an interest in protecting its dearest and most valuable resource, which is its people, its human potential, the very potential that society is carelessly squandering away," as he put it, "in our "present world."

"This means that people must be protected and well cared for in a highly developed civilization, so that they won't die away at the age of fifty," said Fred. "Society must protect its investment in itself. In order for people to contribute to the common development of society, they will need to remain productive till the age of seventy, with a life expectancy of a hundred years or more. This means that health care, and health development, must receive the kind of attention it deserves, and must not be seen as a drain on resources, but as an important element of the economic structure. This necessarily shifts the focus towards universal development, on every level, especially the human level that supports the entire scientific and technological pyramid," said Fred. "Without this new cultural platform on which the human being is regarded as society's greatest treasure, nothing can be done, but as soon as society begins to focus onto this platform, the cultural optimism that unfolds with it, will become a self-feeding impetus that elevates everything. This will take us beyond mere optimism."

Everyone agreed with Fred's assessment. Here, Tony suggested that something else must also happen. He suggested that in order for society to achieve its economic goals, the pay scale must be raised right across the board.

Ross began to laugh. "Trust Tony to come up with something like that," he said.

"No, it must become possible again for a family of four to six people to be supported with a single salary," Tony defended himself, "and this must be possible on a shorter work day. Such a goal can be achieved, but only with the proper utilization of
machines and automated processes. We create the machines so that the work gets done more efficiently, in order that people have more time for the necessary human development," added Tony.

Fred stood up in the hot tub and pointed at Tony, and agreed. "The required scale of human development isn't achievable when every family member must work twelve hours a day just to make ends meet," said Fred, "This means that human development must be considered as one of the chief cornerstones, if not the primary cornerstone of the principle of economics."

Anton pointed out that Tony's requirement for a shorter workday brings out still another element of the principle of economics. Humanity requires efficient transportation, especially personal transportation. It must be considered unacceptable to society that its workers spend three hours each day commuting to work and back, which is often the case.

"These transportation delays add up to a tremendous waste of the human potential," Renate supported her statement.

Anton came to light during these days like a sleeping giant waking up. It seemed that she just started to realize her potential as a caring, intelligent, scientific, sentient, spiritual, human being.

Anton's recognition gave Sylvia an idea that she wanted to explore.

"What is truly of value to a society, then?" Sylvia asked. She pointed out that Anton had made the statement that society should not waste its human potential on processes that do not gain society anything, like long commute times.

"It simply means that we have to be sensitive and selective about what we choose to be of value to us," I interjected. "We have to create a whole new value system, one that accords with the principle of economics, and the spiritual principles that are imbedded in our humanity without which there is no economy and no civilization, such as the Principle of Universal Love."

Here Erica began to smile. "You won't believe that," she said to. "My scientific research of love that I told you about in Leipzig, once brought me into a Christian Science church, and there it was, painted in golden letters on one of the walls, the most profound phrase about love that I have ever come across. It said something to the effect that divine Love always has met and ever will meet every human need. I asked some of the people there what they thought this means, but they had no idea. Mostly, they said, just pray, dear, and God will fulfill your needs. They simply had no idea what this phrase really meant."

"The phrase means," Ross interjected, "that the Principle of Universal Love that is the foundation of all civilization, without which we would not be in Caracas--which is
deeply imbedded in our humanity—is that kind of love that the author of that phrase had called, divine Love. It most certainly is that. I would surely call it that if I had to give it a definition. Indeed, this 'divine' love, this universal love that is reflected in our humanity, if we will allow it to unfold, will meet every human need, now and forever, without exception, universally."

Erica applauded him. "You are very perceptive," she said. "But universal love means more than you can yet imagine. It must also include all of what we still have the potential to be, even if that potential isn't fully realized. Let me illustrate this principle of love with nuclear physics. There are 92 basic natural atomic elements in the universe of physics, but there are 3000 isotopes of these elements known to us, most of which have been artificially created. Isotopes are like different melodies on a basic musical theme. How many variations can one create on a musical theme? I think there exists no real limit. It's the same in nuclear physics. We can modify the atoms to our needs. We are beginning to learn how to do this. There is literally no end in sight of how immensely we can enrich our civilization with this process. For example, we can take the heavy element of thorium 232, which is not fissionable, and place it into a fusion reactor that bombards it with an intense barrage of neutrons. The process transmutes the atoms into a slightly heavier isotope of thorium, which is not only fissionable in nuclear power reactors, but is also the most efficient nuclear power fuel we have so far been able to create. It fissions easier, and we can use all of it. In uranium based nuclear power systems, we can utilize only half a percent of the natural uranium that we dig up to produce nuclear power. In the thorium powered fuel cycle we can use over 90% of the thorium that we dig up, and there is far more thorium in the world than uranium, more than a million tons, the power-yield equivalent of 45 million tons of uranium. And that is absolutely huge. That's how we can change the world, friends. We can alter the thorium atom with nuclear fusion, or in the fast flux breeder reactor, and turn it into a high-grade nuclear fission fuel to enrich the world's nuclear energy supply more than 1000-fold. The fast flux breeder reactor can also upgrade uranium into plutonium, which thereby breeds more nuclear power fuel than it uses up, utilizing what would otherwise be nuclear waste. We can do similar things with the thousands of other isotopes that we discovered we can create. That potential opens up a whole new horizon of what we can do. We can also apply this now open horizon to nuclear medicine, materials design, transportation, civil infrastructure, farming, and industrial processes of every imaginable kind. We can even change the atoms in such a way, as to make them more useful for biological processes. We can revolutionize biology that way. We might be able to create super-efficient indoor agriculture that way, and with it create a new food resource for the coming Ice Age. There is literally no limit to what we human beings can do in creating new resources for our living."

"How sexy!" Tony interrupted.

"Sexy is right," Erica replied.

"It is actually all quite fundamental," said Fred. "That's what we have been talking about all along, isn't it? If we don't find that divinity in us as human beings, and express it in scientific and cultural processes that elevate civilization and enrich our world beyond anything we can yet imagine, we will never meet our goals to get out of the small-minded
mess we are presently in; and if we don't get out we'll die in a nuclear war, or are killed by the fallout of the tens of millions of uranium bombs that we have already built as a small-minded society. I would say that nuclear physics is not only the key-ticket to our future, but is a big-ticket item on the discovery-path of our humanity. Without it, we'll never find our humanity."

"Without it we'll never find our true sex," said Erica. "If we look below the belly button for it, we loose it instead of find it. We have to look above the button. That's where our humanity is located. That's how we bring the universe to bloom! We haven't even begun to utilize what the universe has laid at our feet. Take nuclear fusion energy. We are only at the discovery stage at the moment. We use some existing isotopes of hydrogen to cause nuclear fusion to occur that throws off a lot neutron flux energy that we can control and utilize. But we have to generate and contain plasmas with temperatures in excess of 100-million degrees to do that. However, there exists an easier way. We've already discovered that the lighter isotope of helium, helium-3, promises to fuse much more readily. The problem is that helium-3 doesn't exist on the earth. But there exist huge quantities on the moon, deposited by the sun, which we can harvest. We discovered this with the Apollo Moon Landing project. There is enough helium-3 on the moon that we know to exist, that would supply the energy needs of the entire world for 10,000 years."

"If this isn't sexy, what is!" Tony interrupted.

"Sexy is right," Erica replied again and began to laugh. "I can see you are getting the idea," she added. "Can you imagine any other species than mankind to reach beyond the confines of the planet to tap into the riches of the universe? The most advanced thing a monkey can do is use a stick to harvest ants out of an ant-pile."

"Can you imagine what we can do with boundless energy supplies?" I interjected. "We can take basalt that we have nearly a million cubic kilometers of it sitting on the surface of the earth, which happens to be the finest building material ever known, and melt it into a readymade product for injection into precision molds for industrial housing production. We can build houses in this fashion with such ease that we can give them away to upgrade human living universally and recover the cost from the improved human quality. Our humanity is the only riches we have. And the houses we would create would be of better quality than the best we have today made of wood, bricks, and mortar. Basalt is non-corrosive, hard, strong, light weight, insulating, and is so finely grained that it can be extruded into micro fibers, perhaps even for textile production. We truly have the capacity to transform the world."

"That's the color of our sex," Tony interrupted and smiled.

"And that color is called love," Erica added. "That's what love really is, isn't it? It is the principle of a truth that demands expression, and is being expressed."

"We will never find the substance of that love, or any love, rooted anywhere else than in our sex as human beings, as Erica has defined sex, because love exists nowhere
else," I said, looking towards Erica. "Our divinity is reflected in us, in all of us, in the whole of humanity. But what do most people do? They deny the wonders and the potentials of their humanity, and look with folded hands into the empty sky. It's actually rather simple to fulfill the human need. All we need to do is utilize that divine Love that we already have within us, and let it unfold its miracle. When we do this then the world literally lies at our feet. Divine Love is a profound Principle. Of course, one doesn't pray to a principle, one utilizes it. That is how we develop the human potential. That is how we shine, brighter than the brightest stars in the universe, brighter even than the sun, isn't that so?"

Erica nodded, and applauded.

"In whatever form our effort most effectively increases the potential population density of our planet, our sex comes to light in which we are defined as human beings. Nothing else must be considered to be of value to us," said Ross, "because this increase in our potential invariably also increases our quality of life. Whatever processes that we might pursue, if they fall outside of this criterion, must be considered a waste."

Erica applauded.

"The processes of war must therefore be considered to be extremely wasteful," added Sylvia, "On the other hand, our cultural activities that develop the mind and the human genius, which are currently severely neglected, must be considered to be of the greatest value to us as a society of human beings."

Now Fred stood up and applauded her. He stood up in the hot tub and hugged her. He said that it should be considered wasteful by society, for instance, to construct elaborate mansions for oligarchs and their institutions and servants, in order for them to have an opulent life. He suggested that this frivolous activity is a waste, because it does not enrich society; and that if it doesn't enrich society and its civilization, it doesn't increase the potential population density of the world. That's why it is a waste. The human labor for building the mansion would be wasted, and the materials would be wasted, too. Even the food would be wasted that the farmer grows that feeds the workers who build the mansion. And so, the farmer's labor, too, would be wasted, because nothing productive results from it in the end that uplifts civilization. Fred suggested that each person should take account of himself each night, to judge whether his having lived, and his labor, has been wasted that day, or whether his having lived that day contributed something to enrich the world in which we all live together. "Economics isn't about money," said Fred. "It's about love expressed in enriching the world for one-another and for the simple joy of it."

Sylvia hugged Fred in return for his realization. She added that society should judge itself by Fred's criterion at every instant. It should examine its habit of smoking, for instance, which leads to an early death, or its habit of getting drunk, or drug abuse, all of which do ultimately add up to a horrendous waste of the human potential. Likewise, humanity should regard the weight of its ever-growing bureaucracy to be an immensely heavy burden that needs to be shed. Sylvia suggested that absolutely everything which
hinders a society's productive self-development should be regarded as a total waste, and in extreme cases be considered a crime against humanity, like homelessness. Sylvia suggested that some day this category would have to include a whole lot of related aspects, such as mindless entertainment, destructive sports, not to mention destructive entertainment of the type that hinders or prevents the self-development of an individual. Nor would these crimes ever be punished. They simply would be universally avoided, when the principles come to light that make those crimes unthinkable and thereby obsolete. She said that this healing would happen naturally. The crimes would be avoided just as the plague is being avoided with our already improved quality of living, by which the plague has become obsolete.

Erica pointed out that much more will have to happen, and will happen. She suggested that society will become extremely aware of which principles are absolutely vital to be utilized. For instance, all of society's dwellings will become upgraded in such a measure, as to provide the kind of living space individuals require for their spiritual and cultural development as human beings. They will laugh at us today, as we force a family of four to live in a single room. They will call us fools, as we waste those people's potential that cannot be developed under those circumstances, to say nothing about the homeless living in the streets.

"There are presently three million homeless people living on the streets of Calcutta," said Erica. She suggested that people in future ages will call the present society a bunch of criminals on that account alone, because when the human need for a decent living space is met, and food and so forth, which presently is sadly lacking, the currently unrealized potential of humanity becomes developed, whereby society becomes enriched. There exists no excuse for people being forced to live in poverty anywhere on the planet.

"This means that the application of labor to built the required dwellings has an effect on society as a whole, and will be included in what is considered to be truly of value to society, in terms of what enriches its world," said I, in getting back to Sylvia's earlier question. "These efforts are therefore valuable by the product they create in the overall scheme, towards enriching society."

Here Sylvia began to laugh. "Isn't it ironic," she said, "we protested against the official agenda that would have us deal with property rights in the modern world. Now, we find that we have no choice but to deal with exactly that issue, although on a higher level. The issue of property rights must be resolved in the most fundamental sense, in order to be meaningful in the universal sense. Property rights are not contrary to human rights in the universal sense, where humanity develops its world for a richer and more secure existence. In fact, the hole of humanity should live in a vastly richer world, even a vastly richer kind of world than the oligarchs presently want for themselves. The battle of property rights versus human rights is an element of isolated wealth versus universal wealth. The development of universal wealth is an element of the principle of economics that must never be ignored. It is an element of universal love by which we uplift the whole of humanity, including ourselves."
"The official intend for the conference was to have us come up with the opposite conclusions," Fred interjected. "We were supposed to defend the empire's property rights against the need to respect the fundamental human rights, and the necessity for human development. Naturally, this kind of distortion of justice and reality always divides humanity and isolates it into rich and poor, which becomes a self-feeding spiral of death. If we had complied with the official request, perfidious Albion would have won on two counts against humanity with ease, in its game of divide and rule. We must never forget that the focus on upholding the rights of society as a whole, unifies people as a community united on the platform of a higher principle."

"I think we have made this very clear to ourselves," Heather agreed.

"Actually, we have a totally different type of unity developed here, than what was intended, and is normally understood as unity," said Tony. He said that we have a unity, here that is much broader than any marriage can be, even broader than our own larger form of it.

"We have a type of marriage unfolding in universal love," said Tony, "that embraces the whole of humanity on a basis by which humanity finds value in itself and assures that this value is not lost, nor wasted, or is insufficiently unfolding. This true type of unity is of course built on an absolute spiritual platform. It focuses on the value of man, which in fact cannot be fully perceived on a smaller platform, than the universal platform."

"Surprisingly, what we discussed also sets the stage for a new type of religious! freedom," said Ross and began to laugh.

Ross pointed out that if God and man are one in being, as Steve and I understood this concept, then we must look deep into the very heart of our human identity, to find God. He said that he wasn't talking about individual characteristics as a key to finding God, but was talking about the human dimension that unfolds towards infinity.

"In this boundless new dimension that we have been talking about, the dimension of 'infinite being, with infinite resources' is being developed. There, God and man are One, reflected in creative intelligence and creative existence," I said to Ross. "Infinite, in this sense, means a state of being without limits, without borders, without wasteful processes or idle pursuits, that lead nowhere except to the 'hell' of poverty and slavery."

Erica agreed. "Didn't I say to you in Leipzig that we haven't even started to discover anything yet, compared to what there is yet to be discovered?" She smiled, looking at me.

I had to admit that I couldn't remember her saying that.

"To me, religious freedom means something quite different," said Tony. "It appears like a paradox, really. On one hand it signifies the right of man to freedom from religion, and this includes not just the old Byzantine doctrine, but also every concept under the sun that limits humanity in the name of some god, whether this god be called
the Lord of Lords, or money, or the Earth itself. The reason for this assessment is, that freedom does not come from a void or a false and limiting perception. The only freedom that we can possibly have unfolds from what you might call Divine Principle, a principle that can be understood, that uplifts humanity, like the Principle of Universal Love, or divine Love. In the physical context this may be called the principle of economics, the proof of which lies in the increase of the potential population density of the world. In the divine context the proof is found in humanity itself, which reflects God as Love, as Life, as Truth, unfolding in the beauty of the universal Soul and Mind that is manifest in our humanity. But can you call this religion anymore? I think not. I think religion is too small a concept. The proper concept would be one that combines divinity and science, that represents what the human being is."

"God, therefore, does not exist IN humanity, nor apart from it," said Ross, as if to summarize where our exploration led us. "God and man ARE One," he said. He emphasized, are! "This is the reality of our being. This is our divinity and or humanity. The concept of unity is therefore a built in fundamental aspect of this whole. Whatever would divide humanity, like the impositions of Perfidious Albion, or the imposition of property rights, or religiosity, or ethnic identification, nationalism, and such other fantasies as are significant only in the artificial imperial context, all constitute a slap into the face of God. They really do!"

Ross concluded that the development of true religion, which embraces the divinity of God and Man as a singular concept, which he agreed wasn't religion anymore, was actually, more correctly, the underlying foundation for the principle of economics. "The bottom line is," he said, "we human beings are the supreme being. We are not slaves, nor serves to anyone."

Unfortunately, I had to spoil our wonderful dreaming by pointing out that none of this matters if the political challenges cannot be overcome that presently stand in the way at every step on our march towards human development. I suggested that the technological and demographic challenges are by far the easiest ones to overcome towards the realization of the human potential. I suggested that the political challenges are a much more formidable barrier, especially those challenges that are created by the fundi’s empire. I pointed out that the slightest steps towards any meaningful human development, become instantly sabotaged by the full force of the empire. I suggested that the empire would sooner destroy four fifth of humanity than have true human development unfolding on this planet, by which the feudal platform on which the empire's existence depends, would be doomed.

I also pointed out that not a single step of regression from our modern hell will be possible without society's determination to re-establish the sovereignty of nation states across the planet, each with its own national banking system through which the nation creates itself financial credits for its self-development.

"This marks the end of the empires," said Ross.
"This is also precisely what the fundi have been fighting for centuries, to prevent," added Fred.

"So what?" said Erica. "The fundi can't change the principle involved. Nor can they hinder society if society decides to develop its potential. The fundi have no power by themselves. They only have whatever power society gives to them, and that can be reduced to zero."

My assertion about national banking structures in every nation drew some protests from our German ladies who were afraid that the freedom of every nation to create its own financial credits would cause rampant inflation throughout the world. They pointed out that such a thing had happened in Germany after World War I, where more and more money had been printed in order to pay for the reparation demands, to the point that it took a wheel barrel full of money to buy a loaf of bread. The ladies pointed out that by this process the whole system collapsed.

Oh, here I saw an opportunity to pave the way to infinity. I told them that the German collapse story actually illustrates the principle that will save civilization. I suggested that if more and more money is printed, while the physical economy remains the same, then the prices go up for the available products, if nothing is created with the new money that can be counted against this money as an equivalent. I explained that this was the reason why the world-financial system collapsed in its entirety, because nothing was produced with the new money that was poured into the financial system. The printing presses were running night and day, creating more and more money, which was poured immediately into the financial markets in order to force the market values up in an effort to hide the fact that the physical economy was collapsing. This process created an infinite inflation, in real terms.

I suggested to Erica and Renate that if our rotten system hadn't collapsed, it would have soon taken a wheel barrel full of money to buy a single stock certificate that was worth no more than just a slice of a loaf of bread. Naturally, this insanity collapsed. It had to.

Then, I explained to our two German ladies who were at this point submerged up to their neck in the whirl pool once again, that the printing presses should be running yet once more, full speed, night and day, everywhere in the world, except with the difference, that the new money be used as credit to finance the reconstruction of the physical economy all around the world, which provides the necessities of life, the products that are of real value, the processes that provide the kind of tangible wealth for society that enriches its existence. I explained that this expanding process can never be inflationary when the end product enriches human existence and uplifts civilization.

I pointed out that by this principle it is actually possible to 'print' a richer civilization in real terms. It is ultimately impossible to overdrive this upward development. It will never be possible in this process that the value of what is produced
on this platform fails to match the value that is attributed in money that is put into the system to produce the goods.

I told our German ladies that this is the principle that underlies the American System of economy that had once made the USA the richest country in the world. I also asked them to recognize that this principle is one of the key elements for developing the advanced technological society that we had been talking about earlier. I also asked them to recognize that this is the only fundamental principle that exists for creating prosperity, by which the dreams of humanity can come true and its needs be met. I asked them to be very clear on this point, and understand that no other fundamental principle exists for creating prosperity.

"There is only one fundamental principle of economics, not two, nor three," I said. "For as long as the fundi’s empire exists that forces all of the world's nations to rent their financial resources from the empire's 'money bags' at exorbitant demands for profit, called interest, humanity will collapse itself into a new dark age of poverty and impotence, and that is guaranteed, and it is guaranteed to be absolutely inflationary, because nothing much of any real value is being produced."

Then I asked our ladies to recognize that the collapse of the feudal system is inevitable, when humanity decides to recognize the fundamental principle of economics and builds its civilization thereon.

Here Ross interrupted, applauding me. He said that I looked rather silly standing in the middle of the hot tub, waving my arms about as if I was conducting an orchestra, giving a lecture on economics at three o'clock in the morning.

Erica splashed him for that. Then everybody started to laugh.

I don't remember anymore what Ross' reaction was. I only remember that we were all surprised at the end, when we realized how remarkably consistent these patterns were by which every major problem that humanity needed to overcome could ultimately be traced back to Erica's metaphor of the garden of flowers, and to mankind's insistence to blind itself against the rich profusion of the reality of its universe.

I was astounded also by Erica's energy and drive. We had been talking for four days and four nights, discussing advanced physics and bacteriological engineering, and then discussed economics in the hot tub till three in the morning, and what did she do after that? This seemed miraculous. She managed to get herself out of bed, according to the agenda, to be the first speaker on the fourth day before the end, and stand before the entire assembly of four-thousand people and deliver a one-hour speech that covered the full range of our exploration of all the days and nights before. Moreover, she was able to present the issues with a greater clarity than we had done ourselves, when we had discussed them among us.
When Erica was finished with her speech, Anton stood up and asked me to follow her. She hurried onto the stage. She thanked Erica with a hug and a kiss, then took the microphone and said that this speech had been like a breath of fresh air. She also said that Erica had reminded her of an obligation to this conference that she, herself, had not yet fulfilled. She said that deep beneath the scientific, technological, financial, and political issues that Erica had touched upon, lies a social dimension that cannot presently support the needed developments.

"This dimension goes deeper than the dimension of the flower garden," Anton added.

Anton refocused on one of Erica's points, that at times long ago it was sufficient for a tribe of people to cooperate in common commitment to enrich one-another's existence. This small-scale cooperation was all that was needed in a hunting and farming environment. Then came the new age of commercial trading. She pointed out, that suddenly the scale of the processes that were involved for creating a living was bigger than what a single tribe could support. This meant that entire groups of tribes were now needed to support each other for the common good. She pointed out that this occurred first along ethnic lines, but with the dawn of the scientific, technological, and industrial age, even this larger-scale cooperation became insufficient to create and maintain the structures that the new processes did require. In order to achieve the larger scale of cooperation, that was required in the budding scientific and technological age, nation-states were born that carried forward the general welfare concept on an ever-larger platform.

Here Anton pointed out that in today's world the nation-state platform has actually become too small a scale for cooperation, compared to what is physically required. In the advanced nuclear economy age, the cooperative platform must be on a global scale, supported universally by a united world of sovereign nations bound together as one single humanity in a community of principle.

At this point, Anton handed the microphone to me as if she were interviewing me. "Could you tell us about the corresponding four stages in social dynamics that match the expanding scale of cooperation that we have seen; I mean, from our earliest beginning as a society of hunters, to where we are today in the nuclear economy age? Could you tell us about the expanding scope of people enriching one-another's existence in the social domain?"

I stood flabbergasted, for a moment. I hadn't expected that. But being the trained diplomat that I was, I was quickly able to point out that there has been no movement in this sphere for as long as anyone can remember, except in a cosmetic sense, perhaps. I suggested to the audience that most social marriages are probably more tightly confined, now, than they had been in the tribal days of hunting and primitive farming, even though our world has become a global scene. I suggested that we were light years behind in social development to match the requirement for an ever-expanding platform of unity.
At this point Anton called Sylvia to the stage. "May I ask you to respond to a very difficult and deeply personal question?" she said to Sylvia. "Would you recommend that society rip up its marriage contracts, that have been predetermined in ancient times, and re-write these contracts with a new commitment to one-another that reflects at least to some degree the expanding scale of unity that we must have in the nuclear economy age? Would you say that it will no longer do, to be tightly confined? Would you say that the time has come for people to commit themselves to the principle of enriching one-another in ever widening circles, with the riches of life, and on an expanding scale that corresponds with the needs of our age?"

Oh, oh, this was no easy task, but I also knew that Sylvia was up to it.

"Yes," she said calmly. "Yes, I would recommend this. Since I have ripped up the official agenda that would have confined this meeting into a very narrow range of thinking, I would recommend that we rip up anything and everything that confines humanity and prevents the process of enriching one-another's existence. We have gained tremendously by our daring to do the right thing, by opening our eyes, I would recommend that we keep on ripping up whatever confines us; but remember, what we had done after we ripped up the prescribed agenda required a great deal more responsibility and discipline to principle, on everyone's part. We can only rip up the old when we intend to go forward and enrich one-another on a wider platform and on a larger scale. This means we can't rip up the marriage bond itself. We must strengthen it by ripping up the boundaries that inhibit the human bonds from coming to light, that already exist naturally, which boundaries would isolate us from one-another. And then we have to replace what we have ripped up, with a process of building on universal principles that make us all richer. In fact, we will have to do this. If we fail to rip up the old and narrow world order, and rebuild our humanity on its innermost Principle of Universal Love, the entire world is doomed to collapse. As you know, this has become already extremely critical. The fact is, that mankind will cease to exist in the not too distant future if we continue on this path, in spite of the infinite riches that lay at our feet. Thus, we have before us the brightest future ever imagined, which we have the potential to create out of our human resources; and if we fail, we will face a very certain, and relatively short, dark night in which mankind simply dies, without a bang, and possibly without even as much as a whimper."

"Words, words, empty words!" someone shouted from the audience. A tall man stood up. "It is easy to say these things, because they can't be proven." he shouted. "Where is the proof? I want concrete proof. And that is where your theory falls apart, because there exists no such proof."

Turning to me, Sylvia said to the audience, "my husband, as you may remember, recommended on the same day that I ripped up the conference agenda, that we also rip up the royals' agenda that is the most confining agenda ever created, that would shrink the very size of humanity down to forty percent, or even down to ten percent of its present population size. The need to rip up this agenda has already been stated publicly on many occasions, nor has it been denied that depopulation is the imperial platform that is designed to assure the survival of the oligarchy's world feudalism. If we are courageous
enough to rip up this agenda, in order to allow humanity to develop, then we have a chance to escape the prepared doom. But we must have also an alternate platform to build this new future on, and there exist only a single foundation for this, which is the Principle of Universal Love. This principle is so profound and so powerful in the development of civilization, that mankind's most alert pioneers have called the Principle of Universal Love a divine Principle, or divine Love. Yes, we must rip up that which prevents the self-development of humanity as human beings, but we must put in its place a development platform that is build on the most profound principle that defines our humanity, and we must begin with that at the grass roots level where we socially live. It will never be possible to reorganize the world from the top down, and so create a new world. To organize any form of unity from the top down would mean that we would accept a one-world government, that would rule over humanity with murderous sanctions and with the force of nuclear bombs. This is not an acceptable option that we can survive, nor would it ever work, indeed, nor will it ever be needed, because it is the innate nature of humanity to reorganize its world from the grass roots level up. That is where the Principle of Universal Love needs to unfold, and it must unfold in all of us; yes, this includes us all, since we are all a part of humanity."

Sylvia then looked once more to me, saying, "You can tell them about this part better than I can."

I accepted the invitation gladly. This was beginning to get interesting. "Is there anyone here," I asked, "who has a better idea than what the obvious solution is? If so, I would like to hear it."

Since no one spoke up, I continued.

I took the audience back in time to Leipzig, to my first night with Steve and Ushi, and to what came out of it: the beach project, the interception of the cruise missile, the physicists conference in Venice. I suggested that humanity might not be alive anymore if these developments hadn't taken place at the grass roots level, that caused us to fight against the isolation of individuals and nations, especially in the context of the work that had been done in Venice. I told the audience about the trials and agonies that were associated with making the crucial breakthroughs towards that wider sphere of enriching one-another.

"Being able to move out of a tight confinement is not an easy matter," I suggested, "but it is the price of survival, and therefore it is worth the effort?" I added.

I told the assembly about my meeting in Venice with the representative of perfidious Albion, about the arrogance with which the representative of the empire had boldly pointed out that the empire is committed to the policy of breaking up the great nations of the world into a collection of impotent little micro states, to be ruled by the empire in a feudal world government setting.

"This is why we must fight for humanity," I said and gave the microphone back to Anton.
Anton pointed out that the human journey, that has brought us from the age of hunters and gatherers to the age of nuclear engineering, shouldn't be terminated at the very point when its grandest future is within reach, especially if there is a chance that we can survive the present trial by utilizing the resources we have already within us as human beings to enrich one-another's existence.

With this, she asked me to comment on how our self-confinement, not only prevents us from reaching the rich future that we have the potential to create, but on how our self-confinement is destroying what we have created, because in that answer lies the proof that has been called for.

"Let me tell you what the extend of that challenge is," I said to the assembly, "And I mean the real challenge that we face today, for which we must rip up the narrow concept of marriage that we have put into practice for over the last three thousand years."

I told them about my recent trip with Tony to Africa, that we had organized in order to explore what is needed to rebuild Africa.

I didn't bother to tell the assembly about the impact that the global imperial looting has had, and still had on Africa, which was hardly a secret to anyone. Instead, I told them, that in spite of everything that is known about it, the general perception of the image of Africa is most likely far removed from reality. I told them that the real image of Africa is the image of a dying and gory continent, which is an image that the media had but vaguely acknowledged. Africa had been portrayed as a continent rife with poverty and conflicts, which is true, but which still grossly understates the reality. Of course, the poverty and conflicts had been portrayed in the press as almost a natural state for Africa, in order to hide the fact that these conditions were intentionally created for imperial reasons. I suggested that the evident media goal is to isolate Africa in the eyes of humanity, as if it were a world of its own, which the oligarchs insist it is, and therefore should be left as it is, since nobody can change "the black continent" anyway.

Then I told the assembly about the real Africa, the Africa that we saw. I told them about Africa's gravest problem, AIDS. I explained how the development of AIDS occurred, which erupted in Africa a mere six years after a U.S. foreign policy commitment was put into effect in 1975 for the gradual depopulation of Africa and other third world nations in order to preserve the natural resources of the affected countries or continents, especially the continent of Africa, for the future use of the American empire. I pointed to the undeniable fact that AIDS emerged directly out of this background. The timing is a clear evidence of that.

"Every epidemiologist knows," I said, "that rampant poverty creates rampant diseases, like the 1918 flue epidemic that emerged out the collapse of civilization during World War I, which spread across the entire northern hemisphere and killed nearly fifty million people in a short period of time. Africa was set up to become another such disease-creating caldron. NSSM200 lays this out clearly. AIDS was the direct result of the first eruption that came out of this background, nor has the caldron stopped boiling to the present day. A whole string of new diseases emerged from it. This caldron now poses
the greatest security threat to humanity of all times. It is bigger than the atomic bombs
that we've created. People know exactly were all the atomic bombs have been hidden, or
where they are deployed. If humanity chooses to get rid of them, this can be
accomplished in the space of a few days. But the boiling caldron that Africa has been
turned into, can't be turned off that easily. It will take many years to do this. The entire
continent has to be rebuilt. It needs transportation infrastructures, agricultural and water
supply projects, power development, sanitation, disease control, and a complete upgrade
of the human condition. This can only be accomplished with the aid of the entire world,
and for this to happen, the entire world itself has to be redeveloped. That is a huge task,
but we have no choice. We have to succeed, if we want to survive, and the Principle of
Universal Love is the only foundation that we have that enables us to do that. Yes, I
assert that a lot of evidence exists for what I said, and that the evidence is very clear,
especially on the point that a solution to our global problem has become extremely urgent
for the whole of humanity."

"What evidence?" the heckler interjected one more.

I just shook my head in disbelief. What can one say in response to such a gross
ignorance?

I suggested that everyone in the audience should try to answer one simple
question, as to what would be the result if a major war would break out, out of the chaos
that the global financial and economic disintegration throughout the world has already
caused. I also suggested that people should attach to this a second question, as to what the
result would be if this major war would erupt and turn into a religious war that pits entire
cultures against each other, like the infamous Clash of Civilizations War that has been
long talked about, that the empire has lobbied for years for, but had never been able to
pull off. What would happen if that war erupted and dragged on for fifty or a hundred
years, as religious wars have in the past?

I asked them to consider this question carefully, because this kind of eruption into
warfare, which is extremely likely to happen, if mankind doesn't act swiftly to counter it,
will shut down any hope that we still have to rescue Africa, and if this rescue doesn't
occur, mankind cannot, and therefore will not, survive.

"A major war at today's critical juncture will almost certainly push us beyond the
point of no return," I said. "One can say this with near absolute confidence. This is the
evidence before our very eyes, the evidence that no one wants to see. People sooner bury
their head into the sand, but they cannot escape the consequences of rejecting the
universal principles, and the subsequently unfolding tragedy that has already reached the
critical stage, beyond which lies the realm of no return. If mankind's present course
continues, and we are all a part of that larger society, our civilization, or what little is left
of it, is doomed, and with it our existence is doomed, certainly in the long run its is, and
possibly even in the short run."

In order to proof my point, that is, to prove the urgency and the profundity of the
challenge, I talked about my experiences in Africa again.
I suggested, that since AIDS has become a major crisis, it is not important anymore to haggle over how it was developed. I told the audience that it is more important to focus on how the crisis can be resolved, and the urgency of getting on with that.

Then I told the audience about a conversation that I had with a woman in Sub-Saharan Africa, who was dying of AIDS. She had been a university teacher in a small university in Zimbabwe. I related her story to the audience.

She had asked us why the world was so callously closing its eyes to the tragedy in Africa, especially the AIDS tragedy. She had said that in America, and in other countries, people have access to medication that helps extend their life by twenty or thirty years. This means, that medical help is possible, but why won't we be allowed to have access to the life-saving medicines? We have nearly thirty million people dying of the disease. Are we not human beings, too? Why won't we be allowed to create the medicines for ourselves? Aren't we human beings with the same human needs like everybody else?"

I told them that Tony had begun to talk to the woman about patents and intellectual property rights.

She had waved him off. "We know all this," she had said. "Still, we are human beings. Why won't the world treat us like human beings? The intelligence that has created these drugs is the intelligence of humanity, the humanity that we all share. It cannot be bought as property, and the fruits thereof be withheld. Sure, an inventor needs to be rewarded, but not with the power to strangle humanity and commit countless millions of people to death. That's worse than murder. That's worse even than war crimes. That's commercial genocide. But why is the whole world supporting this genocide? Is there no shred of humanity left in people?"

I told them that the woman began to cry at this point. "We are human beings," she had said with tears flowing from her. "We should have the right to benefit from the intelligence of the human species, and from what its development can accomplish. The products of this intelligence belong to the whole world, not just to a few people in a few countries, who can pay the blackmail prices that these inhuman monsters demand."

I told the assembly that I had agreed with the woman.

"So, why can't we get access to what is needed to save our lives, or at least prolong them for a few decades, so that we can help our children to grow up?"

She had told us that there were three million children in Africa that have been orphaned by AIDS. I told the audience that there had been no need for her to tell us about the orphans. We had seen them.

"How can you expect our children survive on their own in a world in which adults can barely survive?" she had asked us; "they struggle, but many don't survive long."
I told the audience that I was ashamed to reveal to the woman that it was the fundi’s policy for the depopulation of Africa that her death agony was a part of. I also told the audience that I did tell the woman about my mission to find a way to convince the world to commit itself to nurse Africa as a whole, back to life, and to turn it into a healthy continent, and to develop that continent into the beautiful human place that it has the potential to be. I related to the audience that I had told the woman about my plan to get the entire world to contribute one percent of its annual product, a mere four hundred billion dollars annually, for the rebuilding, and the further development, of Africa.

I told the audience that this personal commitment to this vital goal was a commitment that the woman from Africa could understand perfectly well, and that she was glad to hear about it. I told the audience that this commitment gave her hope that she might succeed in starting a new sea change in the attitude of people around the world, towards AIDS in Africa. It even gave her more than just a little pride in that she, by the weight of her tragedy, might be able make a difference in that larger effort, which came out of her confronting me with her story of an unnecessary, great, human tragedy.

I also told the audience what I didn't tell the woman, that Asia, India, and Russia were on the fast track of superseding Africa as the AIDS center of the world, which becomes an even greater threat to humanity than the disease creating caldron in Africa has already become, which humanity has no intention at the present time of shutting down by reversing the process that has caused it.

After this I told the audience, how badly Nicolai was treated, who had embarked on a global lecture program to promote the idea of rescuing Africa economically, as an essential element for developing the world and saving human civilization on a global scale.

"He was booed, even in Russia," I told the audience. "People said to him: 'What do we have to do with Africa? We can barely manage to develop our own country.'"

I told the audience that Nicolai got the same kind of answer in China, in the United States, and everywhere else he went, even in South America. Their comments always were in essence: "Oh, Africa is far away." "It's not our problem." "Why should we care?" "Why should we help this deeply corrupt morass in Africa to survive?"

I told the audience that these answers reflected precisely the attitude that the fundi desire. They want to see every country married to its own little self and make it look small in its own eyes, whereby people tend to see the rest of the world as if it didn't exist. I suggested that this indifference is extremely dangerous, because it isn't love. And if it isn't love, it is a subtle form of hate, and hate destroys civilization. I suggested that this is how society has been conditioned to deal with one-another for that very reason, family to family, and neighbor to neighbor, or marriage to marriage. It has been drilled into us that our world ends at the borders that has been created for us by the system that has been designed to isolate us, and we sing that song that has been drilled into us. We all say,
"What do I care that my neighbor's children don't have enough to eat. All that I care about is, that my own children have enough," and so on. "Why should I care about Africa, it is too far away and the people are corrupt there, so why should I give a damn."

I told the audience that Nicolai was even accused of being some kind of a nut case, for wanting to help Africa; for "meddling with something that isn't his concern," as they had put it.

"That kind of closed shop marriage mentality that humanity has developed, may in the end be the undoing for all of us," I said to the audience. "It will be our undoing, because it prevents Africa from being rescued, by which it prevents us from rescuing ourselves from the ensuing consequences of forcing an entire continent full of people beyond the threshold, into an irreversible biological breakdown, ending in death for millions. That's what the fundi desire. They desire our own disinterest, our own self-isolation, which have so far prevented all of us from addressing that crisis that we should have addressed right at the outset. Now, we stand at the point beyond which our civilization will not survive the fundi’s agenda. This is the mentality that we must rip up, before we too fall irreversibly into its trap. Unfortunately, this process of self-entrainment has already begun to become absolutely critical with the development of AIDS and is now far advanced and is rapidly expanding throughout the world."

I suggested that it may well be, that we have already pushed ourselves beyond the point of no return. "But we don't know that," I said. "We must assume therefore, that we still have a chance. In order to utilize this chance, we have to utilize the divine Principle of universal love to the fullest extend possible. That's the only real resource that we have in this fight for our survival and for the redevelopment of our civilization. No other resource exists than this universal principle. The founder of the Christian Science Church, Mary Baker Eddy, understood this a hundred years ago, and somehow managed to get her people to inscribe this principle in huge letters into the walls of their church edifices, even though, evidently, the principle wasn't understood by them, and still isn't understood. Today, it is understood to some degree by the Pontiff in Rome; and to a much larger degree by America's foremost political organization, the Lyndon LaRouche organization; and to a lesser degree by some of the leading intellectuals of Europe, in Poland, France, Germany, Russia, Italy; and to some degree also in China, India, and in the Muslim world.

"In other words, there is a movement afoot, as precarious as it may be, that is moving us towards the fuller realization of this principle. We need to ask ourselves, however, about what we are doing individually to advance this unfolding. We must also ask ourselves if what we are doing is enough. So, it all boils down to this, that we must go ahead with the implementation of this principle with all the strength and determination that we have within us, and rip up every aspect of the self-confining mentality that has been thrust upon us, that has been designed to prevent this unfolding from happening. Naturally, we have to begin with that at the home gate, where its impact will move us in the most profound manner.

After having said this, I gave the microphone back to Anton.
Without saying a word, Anton took the microphone and looked around the auditorium from one side to the other, and finally asked my first question once more. "Does anyone have a better idea?"

Since there was none forthcoming, Anton ended our 'little' presentation.

As we were leaving the stage, some shouts of dissent could be heard from the back, and some booing.

"Have we pushed the envelope too far?" I asked myself. Perhaps we had. We had touched upon some of the most sacred aspects of property rights, and challenged their validity. Was this final daring now starting to backfire against us, and undo the little success that we had achieved in getting people to become more honest with themselves? Was this the result of our bold demand on society that it breaks the chain of denial that has bound it into hopeless slavery on an ever larger scale to the point that it was threatening its very existence?

Fortunately, that backlash didn't unfold. It was stopped by a gray haired gentleman in a fine, tailored suit. He said that he came from London. He identified himself as a high ranking official in the banking establishment in Britain.

He held an envelope high in his right hand. After he had introduced himself, he told the audience that this envelope had come from the United Nations and contained an expulsion order for a group of people whose leader had ripped up the agenda of this conference, that had been sponsored by the United Nations. He told us that he had requested this expulsion order during the early days, when the conference began. He opened the envelope and read the names from an official looking document. The names he read were our names, all of them.

I was about to protest, when I realized that it didn't make much sense to expel a person so close to the end.

The man told the audience that he had started a movement in the early days of the conference, among the delegates, searching for people who supported his efforts to cause us to be expelled. He had collected quite a list of signatures to substantiate his claim. He showed the list to the audience. He also told the audience that by the time the expulsion order was received, something had happened to him that caused him not to forward the document to the local police. He told the audience that a profound change had begun in the way he was looking at other people. He said that the change began on the day of the girl watching speeches. He told us that something of it had remained stuck in his thinking. He confided, that suddenly, he became more honest with himself, and not only about his sexual attraction to other people, but about a lot of other things, too. He conceded that initially, it had been his growing honesty with himself about his sexual attraction that had been the driving factor that changed his life. But it developed further from there, even towards people he had despised before.
He told the audience that he almost surprised himself when he noticed that a deeply moving change had occurred in his way of regarding other people. He said that the most dramatic change came over him on one of the evenings, when he sat down with his drinking buddies for a game of cards, which of course meant gambling. He told us that he loved gambling, but all of a sudden he couldn't do it anymore. It made no sense anymore that he would rob his friends in that way, since he understood the game better than they did. He told us that he looked up from his deck of cards, at the two women that he had come to love deeply, and likewise his other friends. He said that he suddenly realized that he couldn't play against them anymore. It didn't make sense that they should be playing 'against' one-another.

He said that the tide had changed. It had changed his life. He felt that he much rather wanted to support them, instead of play 'against' them. He explained that he wanted to enrich their lives, rather than profit by winning against them. This winning against them suddenly appeared like a hidden process of injuring them. He said that he decided that this was no way to treat a friend, or anyone else for that matter.

He told the audience that he collected back all of the cards that he had dealt out to his friends, and put the cards back into their box. He told us that everybody was perplexed by his actions, and even more so when he suggested that instead of playing those games they should all go out together onto the town. He invited them to come with him to listen to music, or to go dancing, have dinner together, that kind of stuff, or do some shopping, even if it was mostly just window shopping. He explained to the audience that he had greatly enjoyed this sudden transformation in him.

He told us from the podium where he spoke that one of his drinking buddies had actually called him a traitor that day, during the dinner they had together. He told us that this person was right to call him that, because he had indeed become a traitor against his former self. He told the audience that he had been a devoted champion of greed for most of his life. "Greed drives the economy," had been his motto. He said, that as a successful banker, he had been one of the chief advocates of the floating exchange rate financial market system that operates strictly on a basis of greed, like greed driven international currency speculation, greed driven stock market speculation, greed driven commodity speculation, greed driven free-trade exploitation, greed driven cartel monopolization, and so forth.

He laughed after that and said that the people in the financial industry have made huge profits in every one of these fields, and that society has been paying dearly for their greed, especially in the field of international currency speculation.

He laughed some more. "Sure," he said, "we have marginalized entire nations with these games, but have we not made huge profits? Profits are good. They are respected. People bow to a millionaire. The mythology of making profit somehow excused everything."

He paused and took a sip of water from a glass on the lectern. "Yes we made huge profits," he said, "but it dawned on me that day that we bankers were also deeply
dishonest with ourselves. We couldn't even bring ourselves to admit openly that we were looting the world. We always used fancy words to hide the truth. We admitted only, on rare occasions, that we had 'marginalized' some people and some nations by what we had done. In real terms, this meant that we had been physically killing many people, who had no longer been able to sustain their existence in the austerity that we forced onto people all over the world."

The banker told us that free trade had been so successful for him, and for a lot of people like him, that the American people found it expedient to do away with their domestic industries that were no longer needed to produce things, since America was able to import from abroad whatever it needed, and this at a lower cost than domestic production would impose.

"Yes, this was the world that I have helped to create, that I loved," he said. He shook his head at this point an smiled. "And then, suddenly, someone at this conference stands up and puts a different focus on this world by which everything that we had done becomes revealed as something terribly inhuman. That's what caused me to change most deeply. This is also what caused me to become a traitor to my former world. Yes, I became a traitor willingly, because I realized that this former world that I had loved, had forced me to become a traitor against my own humanity, and against myself. This, I couldn't allow any longer."

He explained to the audience what he had meant to be saying. He told us that someone had mentioned to him that humanity should be likened to a village that is located downstream behind a dam that is breaking. He said that he realized at this moment that his own actions in business and finance had undermined the foundations of this dam, so that it was now beginning to crack.

"Sure, I have made a lot of profit by this," he said calmly, "but I have made that profit by endangering the lives of everyone around, myself included. I have been working feverishly against everyone in the world."

He said that he wondered if anyone in the audience realized how many countries have become overburdened by a debt that can never be repaid. He said, "this debt had been artificially created as the result of currency speculation and all the other games that I and my associates have played all over the world. Our goal had been to assure that the nations of the world would become dependent on us; and they had become dependent. Then we changed the game. Now people are dying all over the world, because of what we stood for."

He assured us, he raised his hand as if to swear to it, that these games would come to an end. He told us that he finally realized that we simply cannot live in a world where we constantly work against each other. "Life isn't an Olympic competition," he said, "where only one person can win and the rest have their dreams shattered."
He spoke more forcefully now. He told us that it was not only right and proper that this insane agenda should be ripped up, and he added that this was also long overdue. At this point he held the expulsion notice up again and called Sylvia a hero and a pioneer.

He read all of our names out once more, and asked us all to come forward onto the stage, which we did. As we were all assembled, he thanked us, each one of us with a handshake, for our involvement in changing his life. Then he held the notice up again and ripped it to shreds.

Afterwards he produced another list of names that he read from, that included our names too, and asked the respective people to come forward as well. He honored everyone individually as an outstanding contributor to the conference. The list of names now included Antonovna's and Erica's.

When all the people from the second group had joined us on stage, the banker reached into his pocket again and brought still another envelope out that contained a bundle of smaller envelopes. He held the bundle up high and explained that these envelopes contain a little gift of gratitude, from him, to us, for all the daring efforts that we had made, who, by our humanity had awakened his own humanity.

He handed each one of us one of those smaller envelopes. They were all sealed envelopes with our names printed on them. Finally, he announced from the lectern, once the handing out was complete, that each one of the envelopes contains a certificate of deposit for one-thousand ounces of gold, redeemable at a branch of his bank in Beijing, which was still fully functional. He turned to us saying, that whatever it was that we were doing, that had affected him so much, should continue and should be expanded universally. He added that he wanted to support our efforts to do that, with his gift of gratitude.

With all this having been said, he reached into his pocket once more and brought still another envelop out, which he said was his gift to the audience as a whole, and to the world. He told us that the envelop contains a copy of a letter that he had sent to all the governments and financial institution throughout the world. He showed the audience the letter, together with quite a long list of signatures of high-ranking people in the business community. He told us that the letter urged the governments to convene an international conference of finance ministers with the mandate to create a new international financial order based on fixed exchange rates between currencies, according to the old Bretton Woods system. He pointed out that such a rebuilding on a platform of sanity would end the financial stealing by currency traders, and facilitate the rebuilding of the economies of the world. Then he added quietly that the letter also contained a recommendation that all nations step away from the world of private monetarism and adopt the credit society principle that Alexander Hamilton of the USA, one of the founding fathers of the nation had pioneered already a century ago.
"And what does that mean in real terms?" he asked.

"Let me tell you," he answered his own question.

He cited the case of a small country of less than thirty million people. He told us that this small country had been forced to maintain a slush fund of almost fifty billion U.S. dollars, with which to defend its currency against the ravishing actions of the international currency speculators. He explained that not only was this money taken out of the economy and set aside to defend the country's currency against the speculators, he also explained that the slush fund itself was also in constant need to be replenished to make up for any losses which the speculators claimed as profit. He told us, that in this fashion all the nations of the world provided immensely huge profits for the speculators, in a game that the speculators demanded as a means for maintaining the value of the free floating currencies. The banker compared this insane game to that of a protection racket with global blackmail demands.

He paused momentarily and then told the audience that these slush funds, that every nation in the world had to maintain, together with their corresponding drain on the financial resources of the nations of the world, will no longer be required as soon as he becomes successful in his campaign to create a fixed rate, new Bretton Woods type system. He told us that after the Bretton Woods system collapsed, less than one percent of all currency exchanges were required for international trade payments, the rest was for profit generating speculation that he vowed would never happen again.

He illustrated to the audience how big these slush funds really are, which he said typically amounted to fifty billions of dollars for a medium size country. He illustrated what a fifty billion-dollar slush fund really amounts to in actual economic terms. He pulled a bill out of his wallet and showed it to the audience. He said that this specimen that no one recognized, is an extremely rare, new, thousand-dollar bill, U.S.. He held it up and said that this single bill would be a dream come true for most people on the planet, even for many in the richest nations. A single one of these would also be sufficient to guarantee life and health for countless villagers in most of the poorer countries on Earth. Then he asked everyone to keep in mind the tall, golden office tower that had been erected near the conference center that is said to be the tallest building in all of Caracas. He told us that if one of his banks would have been required to pay out in cash an amount of fifty billion dollars, his people would have had to pay out fifty stacks of these thousand dollar bills, each stack piled as high as the golden office tower, the tallest building in Venezuela.

"Can you imagine what a country could have done with these fifty huge piles of thousand dollar bills, in support of its population, that they had to keep aside in order to defend themselves against the speculators, and often so in vain?" said the man. "It could have kept hospitals open, that were shut down. It could have build decent places for people to live, especially the marginalized people, who had become homeless and were dying on the streets. It could have kept pensioners from starving to death; the very people who had build that country, and had defended it in wars. It could have set up universal education at every level, and other cultural necessities. It could have supported its
farming and transportation industries that have collapsed. In other words, it could have saved that country's civilization. And all of that could have happened all over the world," said the man. "Hopefully, this will happen again when the slush funds are no longer needed."

He reached for his letter to the governments again and said quietly that this single suggestion in his letter, to stop the international currency speculation by setting up a new Bretton Woods type monetary system with fixed exchange rates would change the whole world. He admitted though, that this idea wasn't really his own idea. He said that this idea had been put forward repeatedly for years upon years, like a broken record, by the most despised, most slandered, and most persecuted economist in America, a fellow by the name of LaRouche, a man whom he had hated personally for years. He explained that he had hated that man, that despised economist, together with everyone else, because that man had spoken out against greed and against theft, the very thing that had become the foundation of the world-financial system. He said the man was also hated because he demanded a return to policies that support the actual production of things that support and enrich society, which is the credit society principle.

After this the banker read from his letter to the governments again, for the audience. This time he spoke about the free-trade mantra. He illustrated graphically with a slide show how the once rich nations were destroyed, as their industries became dismantled that could no longer compete with cheap labor produced imports. By this process, the productive labor of the nations that once created the postwar economic miracle, where thrown onto the scrap heap. He added that a few people in the richer nations have managed to survive by loading up their credit cards, which generated a multi-trillion-dollar debt bubble all by itself. Other people managed to stay alive by selling their home, or themselves on the sex trade scene, or they got menial jobs as hamburger flippers and the like, or fell into, and through, the welfare net, and then slowly died in abject poverty.

Our banker suggested that free trade had caused such a massive economic destruction throughout the world that Adolf Hitler would have rejoiced to see it, that it far exceeded Hitler's wildest dreams on almost a global scale. He pointed out that even the cheap labor exporting nations were destroyed in this process, as these nations where deprived of the labor pool resources that would normally be devoted to their own development. Instead, those people became slaves, working for slave wage salaries, or less. Many ended up getting so little in return that they literally starved themselves to death and died at an early age. He pointed out that among the slave wage laborers of the world, were several hundred million children, many of which had little or no chance to survive to adulthood.

Naturally, he told us that he was now working to stop this death spiral, which he had helped to create, of which the free trade mantra became but one element. He said it all sounded so glorious when it all started. There were profits to be made in the globalization of trade and finance, which turned out to become the globalization of looting. Now the world is drowning in poverty, if it isn't drowning in a debt that resulted from nothing less than global rape. He told us that the USA owes the world two and a
half trillion dollars in foreign debt, for which it pays thirty billion in interest annually, while the rest of the world combined carries roughly the same amount in foreign debt, but it has to pay ten times the amount of interest. He said that this disparity constitutes an act of rape. He said that whenever a nation had been financially in trouble, its credit rating was lowered, by which its currency became devalued, often by half, by which its debt immediately doubled, which then became even more unpayable.

He told us that this game that he himself has helped set in motion a long time ago, has become an imperial Olympic game in which only one entity can win, while the rest of the players have their hopes crushed. He pointed out that many nations are now so desperately depleted that they had not only lost their national assets for pennies on the dollar in forced privatization auctions, but had also lost their sovereignty as a nation, even their right to exist as a nation.

He told us that this whole property rights issue has become so insane near the end that it needs to be ripped up in totality, in order for humanity as a whole to be able to recover and survive. He told us that this kind of war, that he was proposing to the governments of the world, is a proposal that they all rip up their Adam Smith imposed agenda and recommit themselves to respecting one-another's sovereignty, and one-another's right to exist on a platform of a community of higher principles that support human existence, rather than supporting the property mythologies that are destroying civilization and humanity as a whole. He suggested that each nation also set up a national banking system on the credit society principle, pioneered by Alexander Hamilton a century earlier, which had enabled the USA to become the envy of the world, which the nations should utilize again in order to gain their freedom from empire, by creating their own financial credits for their national economic development, rather than having to come begging to the international money bags. He said that the international money bags are really Adam Smith's creation, whose intend it was from the very beginning, to loot society, rather than to develop the human sphere economically, whereby to recreate and to rebuild the nations.

"We must do this," he said, "not because it is necessary to do, which it is, nor because it is hard to do and would pose in interesting challenge, but because it is the human thing to do. We must do this, because we are human beings, and that puts us into a category all by ourselves, in which greed and theft oriented logic no longer applies."

He paused and looked around the room. Then he began to smile. "If all of this makes me a traitor to my profession as a banker," he said, "then I must say that I am proud to be a traitor. But more important to me than this, is the fact that I am no longer a traitor to humanity and therefore to myself."

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as something much bigger than what it appeared to be. As we turned to leave the stage, I stepped forward and held the man back. "You cannot leave now," I said to him, "you are in too great a danger." I motioned him to come back with me to the center of the stage.

"What are you talking about?" he chided me.

"You didn't just betray your profession," I answered as we were slowly walking back onto the stage as a concert pianist might do returning for an encore. "You won't be safe until the foundation is established on which your standpoint rests. If this foundation if fully understood by everyone, to such a degree that it touches everyone deeply, then you have everyone's support and they, whoever they may be, they won't dare touch you."

He nodded his agreement without saying a word.

When everyone was quiet again and I faced the audience, a dreadful feeling came over me that I might be putting myself onto the firing line. In this case there was only one thing I could do, and that was to go onto the offensive, to go all the way out with a massive assault and win myself a victory; a victory to prevent the war from erupting. But how to start? No ideas came.

"What we have seen here is a rare display of philanthropy, is it not?" I said, and paused, hoping that an idea would emerge. "What we have seen here is not representative of our modern society," I added and paused again.

I stepped forward from the lectern, with the microphone in hand, right to the edge of the stage.

"Actually, I beg to differ," I said loud and clear so that there was no mistake possible about what I said. "Yes, what we have seen is so rare that it is hardly ever seen, certainly not in today's world. Nevertheless, it reflects a universal truth about the nature of the human being. The fact that this truth has been nearly universally rejected, does not make it any less true."

I pointed out that throughout history the sages of the greatest religions have pointed out in many different ways, that God is Love, and that this love is reflected in the very soul of the human being. Love, thus, has become recognized as the universal principle of human civilization. Every great advance in the prosperity of society has always been preceded by a cultural advance that included some form of the general welfare principle as an acknowledgement of the Principle of Universal Love. I suggested that some people might call the Principle of Universal Love, a divine Principle, as indeed the foremost religions do.

"This divine Principle has been rejected," I said, staring at the audience, as if to put the blame on them. "It has been rejected and replaced by Adam Smith. It has been replaced with his so-called principle of Greed Based Economics."

I pointed out slowly and methodically that in real terms, Greed Based Economics, is a contradiction in language.
"Greed and economics are two completely opposite concepts," I said at one point. "Greed does not support or enhance economic activity; it never has; but it destroys it. And this my friends, is exactly what Greed Based Economics was designed to accomplish. It was designed to be destructive from the very outset. Yes, it fulfills its design objective well."

I reminded the audience that it had once been said that Bertrand Russell of the British imperial aristocracy had been the most-evil man of the Twentieth Century, in part because of his lobbying for the development of the atomic bomb. I suggested that Bertrand Russell was nevertheless a saint in comparison with Adam Smith. Russell had been dubbed the evillest man, for his advocacy of the development and use of nuclear weapons as a terror weapon of such a magnitude that it would force all nations to surrender their sovereignty at the feet of a world-empire dictatorship. I pointed out that Hiroshima became the demonstration ground for this objective. Russell also had lobbied the U.S. to launch a nuclear attack against Russia, to simply eradicate the country, before it developed its own atomic bomb. Since this terribly evil plan failed, I suggested to the audience that Russell's only claim to fame is that his efforts stood behind the murdering of a quarter million people in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Adam Smith on the other hand can be credited with a much greater evil. He can be credited with the death of hundreds of millions of people, from World War I onwards to the present day, including the destruction of Africa, which includes the development of AIDS.

"Adam Smith has nullified the universal principle of divine Love," I continued, "and has replaced it with its opposite, the so-called principle of Greed Based Economics."

I pointed out that Adam Smith had been officially commissioned to do precisely this, by his boss, Lord Shelburne, the infamous head of the British East India Company. It all started with a commission by Shelburne, that he devise a plan to destroy the renegade American colonies by other means than fighting a war on the battle field, which the empire did fight and had lost. Adam Smith's commission was given to him on a carriage ride from Edinburgh to London. This actually happened long before the USA was officially established as an independent nation, which Shelburne might have realized would not be prevented. Adam Smith of course complied. He actually devised two such plans for his master. The first plan was to impose a free-trade pact on America. This pact was carefully crafted into the Paris peace treaty in which the Empire ceded the victory of America as an independent nation.

Adam Smith's goal was that the free trade imposition would strangle the economic development of the new nation, and thereby bankrupt it, which it did. It was in this bankruptcy crisis that the then Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton discovered the underlying ruse, which he promptly shut down. The USA emerged from this rejection of the Adam Smith poison as a strong and prosperous nation that soon became the envy of the world.

I pointed out, however, that Adam Smith was not totally defeated by this victory. Alexander Hamilton had defeated only the free trade weapon of Adam Smith, but not his more deeply reaching attack on humanity in the form of Greed Based Economics. Today,
we face the end result of this deeper reaching attack. We face the consequences of it in the form of the destruction of the economies of almost all the nations on the planet.

"Still, I must say that Adam Smith was not an evil man," I added. "He was a little man; a stupid fool; a loathsome scribbler who didn't hesitate to carry out his master's wishes when the price was right, no matter who would get hurt in the process. The really evil man behind the destruction of today's world was Lord Shelburne, his boss, who had employed Adam Smith to find a sure-fire way to destroy the new American nation from within. Lord Shelburne obviously knew, or he should have known, that the Adam Smith poison that he spread across the lands would eventually sweep across the world and destroy humanity more thoroughly than the black death plague once had in Europe in 1347."

I pointed out that Lord Shelburne had vowed that there would never be another true nation-state republic formed on the face of the planet, modeled after the USA, and of course he might have added that the American republic would eventually be destroyed as well, by which the colonies would be reclaimed, which may yet happen. I pointed out that with the help of Adam Smith, Shelburne's daring goal has now been accomplished. The sad reality is, that the greed based poison-well, once it had been opened up could not be stopped, nor will it ever be stopped until the underlying assumptions beneath the so-called principle of Greed Based Economics are being recognized as false, and are being replaced with the truth.

"This process, according to what we have seen today, has finally begun," I said proudly. "We have witnessed with our own eyes the beginning of the rebuilding of mankind's lost sense of humanity."

In order for this statement to make any sense, I decided to take the audience back to the morning long ago in Leipzig when Helen revealed her powerful healing concept of the lateral lattice of human hearts. Someone most dear to her had been in a hospital undergoing a five hour long surgical operation. This friend had had a long history of heart problems. Helen knew this, and kept herself alert for this reason. Sure enough, all of a sudden, some half an hour into the surgery period, she became intensely aware of an unfolding crisis of some sort. In response to this crisis she immediately drew upon everything she understood about the reality of human existence. She drew on truths that have been recognized throughout the ages as the principle of civilization, which she understood to be the Principle of Universal Love. I told the audience that her recognition of this principle came to her visually in the form of a vast lattice of human hearts that were all laterally interconnected, one to another, with threads of love. They were supporting the strength of her friend's heart with the vitality of their own strength, giving strength to those in need, supporting their strength, and their light of love. In this manner she saw the strength of her friend's heart uplifted throughout this critical period, when her need for support was evidently great.
I told the audience that Helen had worked with this image intensively for long periods, knowing that this visualization represented a great truth. She worked with it until her sense of an acute crisis subsided, and her thoughts became calm again. I told the audience that this scenario repeated itself. It happened three times, right into the fourth hour of the surgery period. Then, just as sudden as the sense of the crisis had started, long before the surgery was scheduled to be concluded, a great sense of peace came over her; a sense of peace that indicated that the crisis had passed at this point.

I told them, that when Helen saw her friend in hospital that evening, her friend's face was radiant with a smile that should not have been possible, which totally defied the circumstances of her earlier ordeal. "Of course Helen understood that her friend's radiant face was the continuous reflection of the boundless light of love that she had worked with visually throughout the morning hours of her friend's crisis," I said to the audience.

"Why is this important?" I asked the audience to consider. "It is important to me, because it illustrates a principle that has been recognized throughout the ages as being foundational to human civilization."

I pointed out that it has been said in many ways that God is Love, and that this Love is reflected in our humanity; and that it also has been said by the most scientific of all the sages, that this divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need, whenever this divine Principle of universal Love is acknowledged.

"That's the process that created the Renaissance," I said proudly, and pointed out that Adam Smith rejects the very platform on which this is founded, as he must, since he has been instructed by his boss, Lord Shelburne, to device a system that will functionally collapse a targeted civilization.

"Adam Smith's fantasy model is radically different from the model of universal love," I stated and paused. "It is not the model of a lateral lattice that comprises all of humanity tied together with strands of love."

I paused again. I came to an impasse. I suddenly realized that the Adam Smith model of Greed Based Economics is a model that actually cannot be visualized. It is a model in which everyone is deemed vertically superior to everybody else, which is self-contradictory.

I pointed out that within this greed based vertical model, everyone is encouraged to steal from everybody else. Stealing is said to be wonderful. Stealing is said to be a virtue. The strong become rich, the weak die, and the targeted economy disintegrates. In this manner Adam Smith's goal is being achieved without effort."

I asked the audience after this, what would happen if a little child were to stand up, as in Hans Christian Anderson's tale, the Emperor's New Clothes, and that little child would quietly point out that nowhere in the world's financial markets is anything being produced that is of any intrinsic value that can be cited to represent tangible wealth, that enriches the existence of society. I suggested that such a child might point out that all the profits that are drawn in the financial markets are literally stolen from the productive
enterprises of society, which thereby collapses its economy. I suggested along this line, that Christ Jesus might have had this kind of scenario in mind when he said, "I thank thee oh Father that thou has hid these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes."

I suggested to the audience that such a childlike simplicity in perception must actually be achieved by us all, in order for us to be able to acknowledge the Principle of Universal Love, because it is so simple and so straight forward, and so beautiful, and so profound in terms of the potentially rich future that it offers, which simply must be achieved. I suggested that any child should be able visualize a lateral lattice of human hearts, and see in that image our universal humanity enveloped in a great light and drawn together with strands of love into a single whole.

I pointed out that a disciple of Adam Smith would not be able to do this, since no one can visualize a universal concept in which everyone is deemed to be vertically superior over everybody else, as we have it expressed in the concept of Greed Based Economics that justifies the universal stealing from one-another. No one can visualize how such a thing can actually work. Nor does it work. It was never designed to work. It was designed as a ruse to cause the collapse of a targeted civilization. Anyone, therefore, who tries to visualize this chaotic sphere of universal stealing, that is facilitated by a form of vertical interrelationships that cannot logically exist and are not supported by any principle, will slowly drive himself insane. In this manner Adam Smith meets his goal. He creates a growing clinical insanity in the population that dives it down onto a level far below the level of the natural perception of a child.

I suggested to the audience that it is possible, however, for an alert person to find a way out of this hellhole and regain the sense of honesty in perception that any normal child has, or should have.

I suggested to the audience that this is what we have witnessed together. "We have witnessed the beginning of the rebirth of humanity," I said to them. "We have witnessed a paradigm shift by a person who could no longer accept the so-call logic of the chaotic model of universal, vertically superior interrelationships that Adam Smith had conjured up under the name of Greed Based Economics.

"That is what we have witnessed," I said with a sense of awe. "We have witnessed the unfolding of a paradigm shift to what represents the normal status of a human being in lateral relationship will all human beings universally, bound by strands of love for the humanity that we all share. This reverse shift to the paradigm of truth that builds civilizations represents a rebirth of a part of our humanity that Adam Smith had been instructed to destroy and nearly succeeded totally.

"Of course, the degree to which we will all see this reverse shift process unfolding in our life, depends on everyone's commitment to the higher platform that a normal child can easily embrace, whose mind has not been poisoned by Adam Smith."
I looked around the room as I said this. "So far we have seen one single person's commitment," I said. "Maybe what we have seen is enough of a spark to spark a revolution in the self-perception of humanity."

With having said this, I stepped away from the edge of the platform, put the microphone back to where I found it, and walked away. As I did, one single person began to applaud; then another; then more; until there was a complete standing ovation in progress to honor the simplicity of what I had just put forward for their consideration.

The banker, who had remained at my side, brought some of us together afterwards and confided that he had more reasons to thank us, than he had dared to confess to on stage. He told us that we really did change his life. He said that as a banker he had always regarded money as an estate. The estate is a title that belongs to someone. His own estate had become a part of his identity, and the identity of his family. He said that he had always regarded his smaller brother as a person existing outside of his own family sphere. He said that he would occasionally invite his brother to his house, for dinner or for a drink, where he would show him pictures of his various vacations during the year. He said that these would be pictures of places that his brother could only dream about. He told us that it never occurred to him to step outside of his narrow sense of family boundary, to a universal platform, and invite his brother and his brother's family to join him once in a while on a vacation, or to make it possible for them to visit some of those exotic places themselves.

He told us that this kind of generous sharing and enriching of one-another simply hadn't been built into the structural makeup of the money estate mythology that had determined his family values. It had created too deep an isolation from his own humanity, for this to happen. He felt that it had been precisely for this reason that he had never established a close relationship with his brother. Now he wondered why he had been so blind for all those years; why he had allowed their different marriages to become such an isolating barrier that he couldn't stretch a helping hand across that boundary, as if they both belonged to different worlds.

He told us that he finally realized, here in Caracas, that he merely followed a pattern that had been established by virtually all the families of means, which in turn also governed his affairs with other businesses, other investors, even other nations. He told us that this was about to end.

He hugged Sylvia in tears after he said this and told her that her great daring in ripping up the conference agenda, and the social agenda of society as a whole, for the reason that these agendas were inhuman, had caused him to rip up quite a few agendas of his own, including that which governed his relationship to his brother, as well as that which he had applied towards his fellow man.

He told us that it was amazing to see how deeply one becomes affected by new scientific perceptions, when one opens Pandora's box and becomes forced to deal with everything that it contains.
Two days later, we all had a surprise coming, something unexpected.

Erica introduced to us her mystery guest, a native Australian, a tall blond man of the aborigines’ people, immaculately dressed, who has taken on the name Gauss in honor of Germany’s great scientific genius, Carl Friedrich Gauss.

"The Dream Times have ended," he opened his speech. "That is why I have chosen the name Gauss. Gauss had ended the modern dream time in science. He was barely past his teens when he solved a puzzle that a famous mathematician, Albert Gerard, had put on the plate of science in 1628, as the Fundamental Theorem of Algebra, with the invitation to the scientific community to prove that he was correct in what he had perceived. But no one had been able to deliver the proof. The greatest names in mathematics had failed. Some dabbled with imaginary numbers, but their ultimately failed, too. The whole world had failed for 170 years. Gauss had ended the dream time in science, when he was required to submit an entry thesis to become accepted by a certain university that had a great library that he was interested in. He submitted as his entry thesis the proof that had evaded all the geniuses for 170 years. The dream time had ended.

"Now the dream time is about to end in a different field," said our modern Mr. Gauss from Australia. He paused.

"In Australian Aboriginal mythology, a different dreamtime is known, which is actually called, The Dreamtime," he said. "Here The Dreamtime is a sacred 'once-upon-a-time' epoch of a very distant age in which ancestral Spirit Beings had caused the Creation of what we now have and are. In the Dreamtime is rooted the very dawn of man and every living thing. It was believed that before the time when human beings, and animals, and plants, came into existence, that their 'souls' had already existed in incorporeal form. It is said that the souls knew that at some point in their development as ideas they would become physical. They just did not know when this dream stage would end. Eventually, when the time came, the souls became plants and animals, except for one, which became the human being. The human being had the longest development, and thereby became endowed with the ability to become the custodian and the guardian of the natural world, that had already emerged from the Dreamtime. Over time, the Dreaming mythology evolved into established structures of social traditions and ceremonies, that were deemed to ensure continuity of all life and of the land. It is a feature of this belief that the Dreaming is still unfolding, so that the Spirit Beings have not yet completely vanished, but remain the spiritual essence of everything. It is therefore believed that the world of empires where the spiritual essence is denied and replaced with greed, is but the phenomenon of a temporary lapse in society's self-perception, a tragic misperception, a kind of nightmare that is doomed to vanish in the face of the spiritual essence that remains in the consciousness of mankind. Thus, it is recognized, that the Dreamtime has
not yet been completely fulfilled, and won't be fulfilled until its essence has been fully
established, and the false dreams, and the nightmares, end."

He paused again and raised his hand. "The time for this fulfillment is here," he said. "It will transform Australia, and it will transform the world. In a sense, the spirit-lapsed time into empire has already ended. The Old World of monetarism has already trailed out into dust and ashes, as nothing works anymore, and people are dying in its ashes. And so, we have come to a turning point. An old historic document has recently been discovered in the archives in Australia, in which the royals of the Empire -- who had once used our world as a dumping ground for the misfits of an imperial society, and had turned our land into a prison colony -- had acknowledged in writing that the land, now called Australia, is our land, and that, it being a spiritual heritage, the crown had no interest in it. The documents states that the spiritual essence of the land would not be altered in any way by the resulting imperial intrusion, so that the people and the land would remain one single whole, for all times to come. The document thereby places the human and spiritual rights above all property rights. The property rights are rendered invalid thereby."

He paused again and raised his hand once more. "What am I saying with this? I am saying that we are embarked on a course to rebuild Australia out of the ashes of the system of empire, and place it on a platform of human rights and spiritual rights, along the line that the famous spiritual Revelator of two millennia ago, had beheld as a 'woman clothed with the sun, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.' Note, the Revelator didn't behold the ultimate image of mankind as an ape wrapped with money, but as a 'woman' -- the highest image of man -- standing tall, and her being clothed with the sun."

"This may come as a surprise to you," Gauss continued, "but the ultimate truth is, and this is indisputable, that monetarism does not have a natural foundation to stand on. Monetarism is no more valid and natural than is the existence of nuclear bombs in a human world. In fact, both are synonymous by their intention and by their outcome. Nowhere in the natural universe can you find a model that even remotely reflects the model of monetarism, and is as destructive as monetarism. In the real world, money is an idea of justice; it exists as an element of it to facilitate the just exchange of goods and services; it exists as a tool for creating a rich world by enabling the development of the human potential. The principle of justice that it represents, is a natural universal principle. In this sense, money has a natural basis, and people extending credit to themselves to prime the pump for economic development, is a natural element that combines justice and love. But this natural aspect of money is all Gone with the Wind. Nothing remains of it. Money has become property, a feudal estate that is deployed for looting society. Thereby money, used in the context of monetarism, has become a blocking factor against the natural movement of justice and love. Empire, being built on monetarism, is such a blocking factor. It is an undeniable fact that the concept of empire is fundamentally a contradiction of the concept of justice and love. It is the very opposite. And so, in the
service of empire, in the course of the millennium-long association of money with monetarism, the natural face of money as an element of justice and love, has been ruined. For this reason, we, the aborigines people of Australia, who are the historic custodians of the land called Australia, even though this title has been stolen from us for a season, have determined in the shadow of the collapse of the world of the thieves, to resume our right and our duty to create a human world in our land, in the fulfillment of our historic stewardship. This sacred right and duty, and for this to be a world without monetarism, and by implication without money -- it being founded instead on the credit-society principle with a new platform for interchange that honors the principle of justice and love -- will be honored by us in the form of building the first modern economy in the world on a foundation that stands without money. On this platform the cornerstone for a New World will be placed. We will become the city erected on the tallest platform ever created, and the eyes of the world will be upon us, as the American pilgrims had said. With this pioneering breakthrough the Dreamtime comes to a close, as the vision of the final 'soul' becoming fully human, is being fulfilled thereby.

"Australia is about to become a new society in which the Old World is conspicuously absent," he continued. "But this new world will not be a new creation, but will differ from the Old World only in as much as all the blocking factors are being banned and erased from the human domain. This means that monetarism and its property rights, end here. The IMF has no place here, but is now banned. The BIS, the U.N. as it stands today, and the WTO, are all banned in our New World. The thrones of monarchism, oligarchy, elitism, fascism, and slavery, have been abolished. The healing of the world is not achieved by creating a superhuman society, but is achieved by removing the blocking factors that have been unjustly erected in the path of mankind. Nothing more is required for a human society to develop its potential than to remove the obstacles in its path. Creating a renaissance in the world is not an anomaly, as is widely believed. It is merely the natural state of a human society. The Golden Renaissance is an example of this. It had occurred in a brief span in history, when the forces of empire, the great obstructers in the human world, had collapsed into impotence for a season, until they had recovered themselves and had continued their madness.

Building a renaissance world in modern times, requires the building of a world without money." Gauss continued. "Since money has already lost its value in the crash of the system of empire, we will simply keep it that way. Its value will not be resurrected or be substituted with a new round of money madness. We will put in its place a national credit system, the principle for which had always existed, which Alexander Hamilton of the USA had discovered and applied in the late 1700s, for which the U.S. Constitution had been created in order to activate this very principle for all times to come, and to protect its application likewise for all times to come. The principle that he discovered, is the principle of the credit society build on the principle of justice and love. It is the fundamental opposite to a society of empire that is based on private monetarism, the monetarism that has collapsed the world into a death zone wherever society had devoted its life to it. In the imperial world money is everything. This mythological belief has destroyed everything that society has built. Now that the ashes are blowing away, we finally get a chance to built a world that is free from money, a world that is powered by instruments of credit, a credit society that extends to itself economic credits to build the
structures and infrastructures that a society needs to exist, and must create for itself as a means for developing itself into a powerfully productive and creative high-level civilization of human beings in which mankind's spiritual riches come to light."

The man, Gauss, paused again. "We will start this New World in Australia," he said. "Australia is a country that has a great potential. Our food production capability far supersedes our needs. Thus, it is possible for us to assure food security for everyone. It becomes therefore a universal right. We also have enough land to assure everyone a place to live in this land. This, too, becomes a universal right. In addition, Australia is immensely endowed with energy resources for creating an industrial society of enormous productive power, with employment opportunities of the most interesting and rewarding kind so that everyone has the opportunity for a meaningful and creative existence, which has been the essence of being human since time began. As a credit society we will extend to ourselves work credits, credits of opportunity to the creating of a richer life. The opportunities will be ordered according to the most urgent needs. Society gains riches for itself in the fulfillment of these needs, and there are presently many needs, which adds up to grand opportunities for the creation of immense riches. With the utilization of the already existing technology of high temperature gas cooled nuclear reactors, high temperature production processes become possible that are still but an unfulfilled hope today. With these high temperature technologies, we can produce housing units for one another so efficiently in automated processes, utilizing molten basalt, that quality housing can be produced with so little effort that it can be given away for free, as an investment of society into itself to enable more powerful living. Free, high quality housing becomes then a social right for everyone and a stepping stone towards a brighter world. Slum living, cramped living, or living in a dehumanizing environment, not to mention homelessness, is synonymous with throwing gold into the trashcan, or society throwing away the most precious it has, which is itself, its productive and creative potential. The precious needs to be nurtured and developed.

"Money isn't needed to achieve these development goals," said Gauss, "because the human being is a spiritual being that thrives with creative opportunities and expressions of love, nor could money create the qualities that a human being has. Did Einstein make his discoveries for money? Did Kepler develop an understanding of the solar system for money, which charted a new course for science? No. All the great achievements of mankind were wrought without money and often in spite of the lack of money. So, why would we have money at all? We will likely create a personalized scrip system of some sort that acknowledges individual achievements all across the board, and recognizes and rewards the individual contributions to society. This personalized scrip system will serve as a kind of money to facilitate the 'frills' that a rich society invariably pursues, cultural things, and so on.

"Of course in order to get to this point, we have begun to re-educate the accountants," said Gauss. "In the monetarist world accountants are blocking factors, they are killers by effect. They tell society you cannot pursue nuclear power, because coal fired plants are less expensive, but you can't build them either, because they produce CO2
that causes global warming, so that you can only build windmills and solar collectors. However, they fail to realize that windmills don't provide sufficient power, to power a real economy, not withstanding the fact that global warming is hogwash, with not a shred of truth in it. Windmills can't power trains, airplanes, steel furnaces, automobiles, trucks, industrial plants, or power the molten basalt processes that can provide free universal housing. The accountants are thinking backwards. They measure cost, rather than the increased creative and productive potential of society. This is the reason for which there exists not a single industrial plant in the world for the automated mass production of modular nuclear power systems. We will start the process in Australia. The accountants do not measure the benefits that the mass produced nuclear power systems enable, such as high quality universal housing, brand new types of products, new methods for construction, new forms of agriculture, even indoor agriculture that is more efficient and uses less land, and can operate anywhere in the world. We will be building those systems.

"The accountants don't understand the dynamics of the universe," said Gauss in his Australian dialect. "Let's look at the simplest form of the atom for an example, and draw a lesson from it. The simplest atom is that of hydrogen. It is made up of a single proton, and a single electron. Each of these are minuscule in size. But when combined into an atomic structure, by the infusion of energy that activates numerous intelligently designed principles, the resulting atom is 100,000-times larger than the sum of its parts and becomes an essential building block in the molecular structures of life. This is the model that we are now challenging our accountants to emulate. We are educating them to no longer think in terms of cost, but to think in terms of the creative potential of a process that is reflected in the increased power of civilization, a power to raise life to a higher dimension. Starvation, slavery, drudgery, poverty, and so on, do not define that natural status of the human being. We need to get away from these suicidal conditions and develop our living-power, and we have to do this fast. We have to do this, because the resumption of the Ice Age conditions, which have been the norm for our planet for the last two million years, will likely put an end to outdoor agriculture on our continent. We are located close enough to the great ice mass of Antarctica, so that radical reductions in global temperatures will cause enormous out-flows of cold air across our land, right up to the Tropic of Capricorn and beyond, and shut down agriculture, which is already precarious. Without a massive increase in living-power, we would have to depend on Africa and Brazil for our food, as would much of the world, such as Canada, Norway, Finland, and Russia. By raising the conditions for increased living-power, we become pioneers for a process that the entire world needs, and needs to duplicate."

Gauss paused again. "Sure, we will loose a lot of people, who will leave Australia in disgust, where their old money bags will have no value anymore. However, for every person leaving this continent, ten will come to us, who recognize the potential for great joy, by living in a richly creative society, with a creative existence second to none, and living in a world that thereby becomes ever richer. We will likely have lists forming, with applications for entry that will grow miles long, growing faster than we can organize a 'place' for them, where their talents can flourish. We need specialists in every field, from nuclear science to machine tool design, from civil engineering to industrial plant
construction, and countless other skills, from railroad operators to bakers of bread, and classical musicians. We expect to have the cream of the crop coming to us, eagerly, because their life at home has become like living in hell in the collapsing economies in the West, where they have been discarded as useless eaters. We will need technology specialists of all kinds, and skilled industrial workers, machine tool operators, skilled farmers, civil engineers, botanists, nutritionists, and medical professionals and educators. All of these skills have been discarded in the West, but they still exist in abundance, dormant, ready to be brought to life again. We will give them the opportunities of their dreams, and opportunities that they may have never dreamed of that become possible with high-temperature technologies, and nuclear technologies. We will also revolutionize healthcare, by creating real health care, the kind that has largely disappeared from the world scene where the care for people has been converted into a profit grinder. People will also come here for the sake of their children, since education at every level is free here and accessible, and cultural events are supported, such as classical concerts, theatre, singing, and so on, to the point that they are almost free. Even public transportation will be essentially free, being a necessary infrastructure for an efficient economy. Also, since we won't be running an economy based on money, all aspects of living will be free of taxes. In a dynamic society, taxes are not needed, as the increased production base that is enabled by the credit-society principle, keeps the wealth of the entire system progressively expanding. Nor will Australia become isolated from the world as a money-free society. Other nations will want to trade with us, and in order to make this trading the fairest and the most efficient, we will trade without currencies with exchanges of physical products, which trade is basically all about. In due course, the other nations will implement the credit society principle in a similar manner to meet their own need, while trade without currencies continues in a manner that is to the benefit of the whole of mankind. We expect that before long the entire world will become money-free. This may happen in short order, whereby the development potential of mankind becomes increasingly realized, with money as a blocking factor, no longer standing in the way.

"Basalt technologies will then become big throughout the world," said Gauss. "That's inevitable. They will become the foundation for the coming Ice Age Renaissance, centered on indoor agriculture. The biological world offers vast, as yet unrealized potentials that indoor agriculture can bring to light and develop their power. Scientifically controlled, automated industrial food production will therefore likely become the standard not far from now; enabling plant cultures to be grown free from pesticides and destructive chemical fertilization and genetic modification that may be cheap on the accounting ledgers, but are inefficient in the larger context. What is inefficient in the larger context will fall away. 'Organic' fertilization will invariable supersede chemical fertilization. The world hasn't even begun to start the industrial production of organic fertilizers that are not harmful the soil bacteria on which nutrition-rich foods depend. Likewise, industrial processes will obsolete the mundane jobs in agriculture, such as soil preparation, seeding, watering, fertilization, harvesting, and so on and on. High-end nutritional science, will also obsolete mankind's present dependence of animal proteins. Scientifically controlled combinations of plant proteins can create food products that contain all the essential amino acids in right proportions, which we presently only get from animal proteins. Indoor agriculture, of course, operates also independent of climate, and can be applied 'locally' where the food products are needed, without the need for long
distance shipping. And indoor agriculture has the potential to be highly efficient. Since plants typically utilize only one to two percent of the sunlight energy they receive, for their biological growth processes, the required energy input for agriculture, if scientifically tuned to the needs of the plants, would be relatively small. In comparison with that, the energy resources that mankind has potentially available, to be utilized in the near future, is for practical purposes, infinite. Since our sun is electrically powered, boundless electric energy resources are available to us in space, a ready-made resource with a vast dimension, waiting for us to tap into, at which point nuclear power becomes obsolete. Oil power of course is already obsolete; as nuclear power offers itself as a far more efficient resource. No worldwide shipping of motor fuels will be required when hydrogen fuels become created that can be locally produced where needed. Just as the basic foodstuffs will then be locally produced in indoor facilities, regardless of climate, to meet the local requirements, so transportation fuels will be locally produced, until the infrastructures are created to facilitate 100% electric-powered transportation.

"Before we get there, Africa will have to be developed, of course, to become the interim food pantry of the world, and more importantly, to shut down the poverty-fueled disease brewing caldron that Africa has become, like any of the poor nations. Poverty is a killer with a global reach. For as long as poverty exists, no one is safe. For this reason, Africa will be developed. Africa will likely become one of the first major partners of Australia in the coming money-free world, since a money-free world is also a debt-free world, and a naturally developing world. The building of a series of floating bridges for high-speed rail traffic is already on the horizon. The building of them is inevitable. The first of these will likely be linking Australia with all the local regions, encompassing New Guinea, New Zealand, Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines, with branch-links going to Japan, Korea, China, Russia, India, and yes, also Africa. The building of these bridges will be a natural result flowing out of the automated basalt technology industries. The global industrial development requires these kinds of fast and efficient transportation links; consequently, they will be built as a matter of fact; they will be built as engines that further enrich the world. Equally as natural will be the building of longer floating bridges that will connect North and South America with Africa across the Atlantic, and a bridge reaching across the Pacific, linking the two Americas with the Australian centered transportation grid, and thereby connecting it with Asia, Russia, and Europe, and Africa."

Gauss paused again. "The irony of our time is that we regard economic development as something that is too expensive," said Gauss. "Oh, yes, it is expensive in a money oriented world. But when money as an obstacle is removed, economic development as a process, becomes the most powerful wealth-creating engine that has ever been imagined. The bigger the projects are that have beneficial potentials, the more wealth they create for society in terms of their power in living, creating a wealth of employment opportunities, a wealth in entrepreneurial possibilities, a wealth in unfolding cultural riches, even a wealth in mutual support, such as healthcare, social protection, and ever higher levels of education, and so on. Building the great networks of floating bridges will furnish a level of cultural wealth for the entire world, that is so huge in potentials that nobody is yet able to estimate the benefits of them. All of these miracles lay open to us in the world beyond monetarism that we now stand at the threshold to. Very soon, the last
place on earth were money will be seen in public, will be the museum, where the money bags will be displayed as historic items of the Black Age, together with the sword.

"If we fail in reaching this goal, money will remain a blocking factor and pave the road to the death of mankind in the already planned depopulation orgies that empire aims to impose in the background to the universal starvation of mankind that the coming Ice Age will then impose. However, mankind will not fail itself in this critical hour, since we in Australia are committed to start the breakout movement to a human world. Also the money bags won't stay in the museums for long, as relics of a bygone age, since they are but relics of a failure that advancing cultures won't be long able to relate to," Gauss continued. "The money bags and the sword will rapidly be replaced in the museums with technological relics of the soon-to-be expanding technological culture. They might be replaced with the first models of the plasma channeling devices that will usher in the age of the electricity-transfer processes from space based power systems. Plasma channels, like lightening channels, will be our electric power connectors with the surrounding universal electricity flows that power the galaxy in which we live. Nuclear fusion power, of course, will continue to be developed. It will be developed, if for nothing less than its extremely high heat flux that it offers for industrial materials processing. Ordinary rocks contain in their molecular bonds all the metals and minerals we could ever want. The extremely high temperatures that are inherently associated with nuclear fusion can easily separate the molecular bonds, and make the bound up metals available for our use. We have the potential with this process to completely transform the world. The transformation will be as profound as stepping from a dark cave into the sunlight, or stepping from the monetarist world into the money-free credit world. In this profound transformation empires will simply dry up, like a jellyfish stranded on a beach.

"There is no need to fight empire," said Gauss. "The trick is to let it go, to let it dry up. No prosecution is needed. No persecution is warranted. We simply let it go and watch it dry up in a world without money. Sure, in the transition period choruses, driven by rage, will utter their vile demands in great floods of verbal poison, and many of the empire's stooges will indeed crash the gates that protect civilization, but the more they crash the gates, the more strongly will society cast them out, as indeed they have already cast themselves out of the company of men by having become gate-crashers. I predict that in not too many days from now, once the threshold into a money-free world starts to be crossed, the gold plated hub of empire, the most money-fouled square mile on the planet, the City of London, the City of the money bags, will have its empty buildings rehabilitated, if it is efficient to do so, and be converted into places for human use, perhaps to become a world-class university center, or a hospital center, provided that the structures qualify aesthetically; or they might simply become a collection of gold plated warehouses; or they might simply become replaced in the flow of urban renewal, providing that the Ice Age doesn't claim them first, which is already on the horizon. England is doomed, anyway, in the coming Ice Age, together with Ireland and Scotland, as are Alaska, Canada, Greenland, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, northern Russia, and possibly large chunks of Western Europe, too. Whether we like it or not, our world is about to change, and it is poised to change deeply. But we will be the masters of this change. We will become the whirlwind in the movements of change, and this will begin when monetarism gets overlaid with the credit society principle and a money-free
world begins to unfold. Friends, hold your heads high, therefore, because you haven't seen anything yet. You are standing at the threshold of a world clothed with the sun."

The man received a standing ovation.

"We are going to create a revolutionary world," said Gauss, raising his hand to stop the applause. "But this New World will only be seen as revolutionary by today's measurements. In real terms it will be seen as a normal standard. And we are going to do this powerfully."

He paused. "How powerful is powerful?" he said. "That's a good question you might consider. Let me illustrate what is involved, by reminding you once more of a historic event that I believe has been mentioned already at this conference. Let's go back to the years 1812. It is late in June. Napoleon's Grand Army of 690,000 men and 200,000 horses, the largest army ever assembled in Europe up to that point, is crossing the river Neman in a quest to take Moscow and thereby Russia, to plunder and enslave it. But this was not to be. A friend of the German poet Friedrich Schiller, who had explored the universal history of mankind with him, convinced the Russians not to fight. Being vastly outnumbered, they would have been slaughtered. The advice had been to draw Napoleon into the country, slow the advance with harassment, and then attack Napoleon's ever longer supply lines. The point was that if one deprives a people of everything they need for their physical existence, they will die on their own, so that there was no need to kill anyone. And that is how Napoleon was defeated. By the time he stood at the gates of Moscow in September, he had only 110,000 men left, and when he entered the city, which once housed 270,000, he found the city empty, and emptied of most of its supplies. As the cold weather set in, lighting fires in the city by the men to keep warm, some of the wooden structures caught fire. Without a fire-fighting infrastructure, or knowing how to use it, the fires spread and eventually burned most of the city to the ground, depriving Napoleon of one more element of logistics that human beings require, which is shelter, and warmth. By the middle of October, Napoleon had no option left, but to retreat. At this point winter set in, which took its toll. However, the real heavy cold didn't set in until the retreating army was already a quarter of the way home. However even at this point, with almost no logistical support, two thirds of the returnees had already perished. The estimates vary of how many had made it back alive. Some historians put the figure as high as 40,000 and as low as 6,000. The real figure may be 10,000. In later years Russia released 150,000 prisoners of war, so that the losses were 530,000. Of these the first big battle of the invasion, which took place at Smolensk, a city built on a high bluff, had claimed 8,000 men. The next big battle where the two armies faced each other head on, took place 70 miles west of Moscow at Borodina. On this fateful day of in early September, an orgy of sheer slaughter ensued in which nearly eighty thousand men were killed in a madness that made no sense whatsoever, and with a brutality that made even less sense. Napoleon lost 35,000 that day, and neither side gained an advantage, because of it. In the first battle, retreating from Moscow, at a small town called Maloyaroslavets, Napoleon lost another 4,000, which counted heavy now, against the mere 100,000 troops he had left, after leaving Moscow. In the final big battle Napoleon lost another 25,000 at the crossing of the river Beresina, where the only major bridge had been destroyed by the Russians. New bridges had to be build under combat conditions. The total combat deaths
amounted to a mere 80,000, out of 530,000 that perished in this mad adventure. This means that 85% of the casualties were caused by logistical failures, such as the lack of food, shelter, water, sanitation. The logistical nightmare with its resulting diseases had brought Napoleon to his knees.

"Why am I telling you this?" Gauss continued. "The answer is simple, because the same nightmare is still on the agenda to be repeated globally. In a rare spell of honesty, the prince of the still ruling world empire had once said to mankind, I want the majority of you dead. And he evidently wasn't joking. He may have realized, or have been told, that the same method that had ground Napoleon into the dust, by which he lost 450,000 out of 690,000 men through failures in logistics, can also be applied against mankind to kill 85% of the world population. He may have realized that vast numbers can be killed by introducing blocking factors that inhibit or destroy the physical infrastructures of life that a human population requires. The prince had said, metaphorically, and had even put it down in writing, that if it were possible to be reincarnated, he would ask to come back to earth as a particularly deadly virus to fulfill his hearts desire to radically depopulate the world. While the possibility that he wishes doesn't exist, the intention is nevertheless clearly stated, saying to mankind, I want to murder you in the greatest genocide of all times. One must note here, however, that his desire to kill people massively and liberally, was likely not of his own making. The Roman general Quintus Fabius Maximus, might have shaped his desire, who had become famous for his policy of grinding a superior force into dust, by destroying bit by bit the logistics that a human society requires for its living. Others recognized that what applies to an army in this regard, does also apply to a nation and to the whole of mankind. When their infrastructures for living are blocked or destroyed, people die. This potential for grinding the world into dust, became acknowledged at the very heart of empire by a society that names itself after Quintus Fabius Maximus. From this center of empire numerous blocking factors were flooding forth, pertaining to almost all aspects of human living. I am sure you all know at least some of the names of these blocking factors, names like IMF, BIS, WTO, U.N., WWF, Federal Reserve, Israel, war, fascism, terror, starvation, global warming, carbon caps, bio fuels, the CFC ban, the DDT ban, underdevelopment, deindustrialization, windmill power, PPP financing and so on; all of which are powerful blocking factors, and are all deployed through the avenues of monetarism and property rights. All of these had already been killers by intention, before the crash occurred, each adding their own increment of the starvation of a billion people during the pre-crash period, with a death rate of 50 million per year from starvation, and potentially another 50 million deaths from diseases that should have never occurred. This vast range of blocking factors was intentionally devised for the often stated objective to eliminate 85% of the present world population of 6.7 billion people. Considering Napoleon's experience, the goal of empire is well within the range of the doable.

"These blocking factors will no longer be allowed in our land," said Gauss emphatically." Can you imagine what a grand renaissance will spring from that? It will be the grandest ever. And creating this renaissance will recreate a normal human world, the kind of world that has not been seen on this planet for a long time, if ever. Of course as we do this, many nations will choose to do the same. In concert, they will ban empire, unless we do this for them. This can be done. Empire is a lye. There exists not a single
equivalent model in the natural world that would give it legitimacy. Empire is a lye, and being a lye, it can be eliminated with the simple recognition of the truth. It is like the lye of manmade global warming that fades into oblivion once the global warming doctrine is recognized as a lye. And so, puff it is gone; Gone with the Wind. In like manner will we tell the truth about every single blocking factor, which is a lye by intention. We tell the truth, so that the lye won't get under our peoples' skin and into their eyes and blinds their vision as it does in so many places around the world where the banner reads, 'In Lies We Trust!' under which banner the lies have been strangling mankind. The age of lies is ending, my friends. In this dawning of truth, truth says to empire, be gone and take your stinking blocking factors with you, and your lackeys from our sight, lest they have to hide their face in shame.

"That's not hard to achieve, is it?" said Gauss, "especially when one considers that the masters of empire openly admit that their game is a lye, by calling the center of their empty structure, a Fabian game of grinding mankind into the dust with the liberal use of blocking factors. Their Fabian liberalism is by its very name a self-imposed liberty from the slightest shred of humanity, a liberation from restraints against their flooding the world with lies, with blocking factors. In this 'liberation' the masters of empire aim to kill mankind, and see themselves 'divinely' appointed to do this. They are so excited about the project that they constantly babble about the planet being over-populated, while in the background the masters of empire are eagerly at work to erect the gallows for six billion people in the form of blocking factors with countless noble names attached to them, like WTO, WWF, and so on, or climate change, or the DU wars that have already pumped so much of radioactive vaporized uranium into the global air streams that cancers and diabetes have significantly increased, like diabetes-2 that jumped from 30 million cases to 230 million cases since the DU wars began, and the bees began to die out, and the populations of flying insects began to diminish, and with them the bird populations. Why would anyone believe the lies that the vaporizing of uranium in amounts equivalent to 400,000 atom bombs into the global atmosphere that all life depends on, would have no consequences, and then believe the consequences are not intentional since the worldwide efforts to ban the DU bombs that potentially block all life, have so far failed, even while up to 100 times more as has been used so far, is sitting ready on the ground for the next DU war. Empire has gone bonkers. The masters' madness has become insanity. And so we say to the masters, be gone! And we do mean it. We are totally aware that the DU bombs cannot be banned as a single issue, so that nothing will aid us on this front, except to create the kind of economic platform in the world that draws empire out of its hiding and dries it up like a stranded jellyfish on the beach.

"We have a wonderful opportunity to finally dry empire out," Gauss continued. "All of its looting systems are collapsing, and as the conference has shown, the world is gradually refusing to give empire its life back. Mankind is refusing to lye to itself as the masters demand. We, in Australia, are committed to take this refusal all the way, banishing all the blocking factors that empire has thrown up against the development of a normal human world. And we will have a human world again. This is a promise. The free housing will happen, and free education, free health care, free public transportation, and so on, together with indoor agriculture. Indoor agriculture with radiation-free air will happen, if for nothing but to protect the bees that we need to pollinate our crops."
"You should see our commitment for a renaissance in Australia, as a turning point towards protecting all life on this planet," said Gauss, "because that is what a human world is capable of and has been designed for. In the final element of the Dreamtime perception of our ancestors, the last soul that took on a physical form became man, which became the 'master' of all life, with the recognition that the term, master, in this elevated humanist sense, means protector, implying a stewardship that advances the unfolding of life into ever higher forms of expression in intelligent processes, with a potential that by this definition has no bounds."

He stepped away from the lectern to the center of the stage and to the very edge of the podium. "Can you imagine what this means for you all, what we are about to start on this planet for mankind?" he said and began to smile. "Can you imagine living in a world where free universal housing is the standard, together with free universal education, healthcare, and local transportation -- where these are regarded as empowering social infrastructures in the form of investments by society into developing itself? Can you imagine Africa becoming the center of world development as in investment by the whole world, and unfolding its potential to enrich the whole world in terms of it becoming the bread basket of the world, while the coming Ice Age is slowly approaching? Can you imagine portions of the massive outflow of the Amazon river being piped across the Atlantic and being used to water the Sahara Desert, converting it into another food producing region instead of it flowing into the sea? It could double the world's food production all by itself. Can you imagine floating cities springing up alongside the intercontinental transportation links, floating cities right in the middle of the Atlantic, supporting oceanic research, oceanic food production, and possibly deep sea mining? Can you imagine living in Africa as a green oasis when the northern regions begin to freeze over with the return of the Ice Age glaciation cycle? Can you also imagine living in the pristine landscapes of the eternal snows, living in cities built right onto ice, cities that may serve artistic development, and or as cultural centers, or as high tech terminals for electricity flowing to our planet from space in controlled plasma channels? Can you imagine getting fresh food produced on a continuous basis by means of automated indoor agriculture, and it being produced locally, everywhere on the planet on a daily basis, even in the Arctic regions? Can you imagine a world in which the next Ice Age starts and nobody will notice the event, as it would impact no one in any significant manner? Can you imagine having vast space research centers set up on the moon, together with transportation hubs leading to any place in the solar system? Can you imagine space voyages happening with electric propulsion at speeds of several hundred kilometers per second, similar to the solar winds? Can you imagine mining and manufacturing taking place in space? Can you imagine growing gardens on Mars? Can you imagine our moon becoming the space hub for voyages to other solar systems? Can you imagine being a citizen of the Earth from which life expands dynamically and extends further and further into the Universe? Can you imagine living with the full potential of a human being? Don't say no to any of this. Say yes, and make it happen. None of this is out of reach."

When the man stepped off the podium he received another standing ovation.
All in all, our days of the conference were exciting days, days in which the kaleidoscope had been constantly turning. We had talked as much about laser ignition, inertial fusion, and Tokomak reactors, than we had talked about economic principles, political history, and the moral development of humanity. We had even talked about the coming Ice Age and what mankind must do in terms of the technological development to protect itself from its consequences. In this sense, the end of the conference came all too soon.

During the last session the records that had been kept of the conference were tallied up, recommendations were made, and after that, a totally unofficial requirement gave rise to our group's "victory dinner" that was hosted by our friend Augustin who had headed up the entire English speaking delegation. I felt that we had ample cause to celebrate. Still, I didn't think of our accomplishments in terms of victories. No victories had been won, because our battle had left no one vanquished. I preferred to think of our achievements in terms of majestic breakthroughs that had been made towards a richer and freer universe. This, certainly, was worth celebrating. In fact, our achievements had been astounding.

Tremendous achievements had been made in four major areas that hadn't even been considered when the conference was called. The focus of the conference was intended to be on protecting property rights and depopulation, which we were supposed to harmonize. Our first achievement was to scuttle this attempt and open the horizon to infinity. Out of this came a clear mandate for the governments of the world to protect humanity as an imperative of a much higher priority than protecting property rights and the feudal systems that require the decimation of humanity for the oligarchy's assured survival.

Naturally, this universal challenge was not only put forward to the governments, but to humanity as a whole. Along with ripping up the predetermined agenda, an official recommendations committee had been formed that was given the task of capturing all the key elements of the speeches and ideas. These were voted on, on the last day. Comments were invited, which added some special flavor to the cold numeric of the voting. It was this flavor that had really defined the achievements that had been wrought.

The most recurring comments, to the great surprise of the organizing committee, were not focused on protecting human rights, but on something still greater. The comments were centered on a growing recognition of the wonders of human life, the majesty of the individual, the beauty of the human soul, and the strength of mankind's boundless intelligence.

One comment was that humanity should strive to recognize itself truthfully, as the tallest expression of life in the universe, and respect each other on this basis, enriching
one-another's life. This was said to be a paramount necessity in a world so deeply driven into poverty that one hears the comment often repeated that human life isn't really all that precious. In the shadow of such cynicism, people began to think that death by nuclear war holds no terror anymore. Indeed, why should death not be embraced by people who are trapped in mental poverty that would be counted in a normal society as worse than being dead. It was felt that some people might even be induced to see nuclear war as something preferable, especially if they were so tightly boxed into a corner by deprivations and demands that they could see no possible way out except through the illusion that a nuclear war can solve their ever increasing problems.

It was acknowledged in the comments that such an escape into the mythological nuclear war fantasy world, while being totally irrational in the global perspective of a world armed with tens of thousands of nuclear weapons, holds nonetheless a welcome promise to those who have closed their eyes to life itself, to its riches, its wonders, its strengths, and the beauty that is imbedded in the human soul that begs to be discovered.

I also felt that our own little group had a lot to do with establishing the background for these types of comments, such as Tony's girl watching speech, and also those deeper breakthroughs that went beyond what could be presented on the speaker’s platform. Of course, many comments were directly lifted from what was presented on the platform, such as my call to make "contempt of humanity" a criminal act to be prosecuted with all the zeal that is usually applied to the prosecution of war crimes, in order that the crime of contempt can be healed. Erica's call for a new world-economic order was another example of this category. This focus contained many variations that all focused on the sovereignty of nations, to end financial speculation, to institute national banking for the purpose of issuing financial credit for the direct financing of new infrastructures, industries, advanced farming, and the financing of the sciences, technologies, advanced healthcare, even social housing, and the creation of industries, and the like. Mr. Gauss' speech was taken in its entirety as a recommendation for all nations to implement in kind. Another bunch of comments that were directly taken from the speeches of our group, were centered on Erica's metaphor of the flower garden -- in terms of overturning the social codes that force humanity to focus tightly onto but a single flower, or in another context onto a single issue, a single perception, a single sphere, a single world-government, a single culture -- which thereby alerts society not to close its eyes and mind towards the full scope of the human potential, and to the beauty and the love of human beings, that are endemic to us all. Many variations of this general theme were presented in the comments, relating to politics, business, finance, even science and technology.

In only one regard did the respondents voice their reservations about a concept that our group had pioneered, and this reservation was about our concept's impact on children. This confusion, of course, was the result of an omission on our part. We had failed to develop the mutually enriching aspect of the wider view that tends to bridge the bounds of isolation, the kind that has many a single parent family confined to a state of economic impotence, because of the financing and the logistics involved with the task of caring for children. If these isolating bonds can be crossed with the spirit of the wider view as we have experienced it ourselves, a view that is reflected in the commitment to enrich one-
another's existence, then the children that are drawn into this sphere cannot suffer, but
have their lives enriched as well, according to the needs of children.

We should have pointed to the fact that the minds of children should be regarded
as something most sacred, that children should be encouraged to embrace the brightest
achievements of humanity in art, music, literature, in fundamental discoveries, in science,
in understanding the tallest breakthroughs that cast down the barriers of mythologies,
false religions, destructive ideologies. We should have acknowledged that children
should be encouraged to replicate in their own curiosity for discovery the great
discoveries of the geniuses of the past, thus to learn the process of discovery itself. We
should have pointed out that this is how children should be educated, rather than being
reared on a diet of politicized information, weapons mythology toys, mind destroying
video orgies, and movie violence that kills a person's innate human sensibilities. We
should have pointed out that the essential goal of a true humanist education is more likely
achieved in an expanding atmosphere that embraces the whole of humanity, deeply, than
can be achieved in a mental atmosphere that is very much confined to narrow ranges of
perspectives.

In spite of this omission, that I felt terrible about, I felt we had much to celebrate in
terms of our contribution to what this conference had achieved. I was sad, though, when I
realized how little of all this was recognized and acknowledged by the whole of our
English speaking group.

There were twenty-one of us in this group, at this "victory dinner," including
Anton, Erica, Erica's friend, and to my great surprise, Olive. We embraced each other, but
she said this wasn't the time for such emotions. She said that she broke her own precepts,
by coming to the celebration. She said she simply had to come to let us know that we
have exceeded her wildest expectations. She said that nobody in any government talks
about property rights anymore. "The conference was created to establish by international
treaties the primacy of property rights over human rights in the post crash era. All of this
evaporated. The primacy of human rights has been established, and not by treaty, but as
an understood fact. Never in history was so much overturned and so completely, than was
overturned during your conference," she said.

"This was your conference," I corrected her.

"No, the conference was merely my gift to you to get you out of the rut," she said
gently.

"And the world with it," I added.

"That was my hope," she said.

"Are you going to announce how the conference came about? No one knows about
this," I said.

"No Peter, I can't. That would ruin everything. People would think you had
manipulated the conference, which wasn't the case. It was an honest movement that
stirred humanity's own victory. So, please don't say anything about that, here. Besides, I don't think the people in this room would understand what has happened, even if you told them. I just wanted you to know."

"You came all the way from Vienna for that?"

"No, Peter, I have been here for three weeks already, ever since I realized that this was going to be a breakthrough event of historic proportions. But I couldn't interfere, of course, not directly."

"What do you mean with, not directly?"

She began to grin again. Something was up. She was hesitating. "Guess who was in the violin section for the Brahms One?"

"You were there?"

She nodded. "And guess who made sure that the Brahms One would be performed, and that you and Anton would be invited?"

"Oh, my God how did you manage to do all that, and how did you know?" I would have hugged her, and kissed her, but that wasn't the place for it.

"I am a musician, my friend," she replied. "I know what the heart and the soul require." Her grin turned into the loveliest smile. "I just wanted to do something nice for you and Antonovna," she added. "The rest was just a matter of expended efforts to persuade the relevant people, and a lot of tenacity, to make sure that they would follow through. Did you enjoy the concert?"

"It was marvelous, Olive. I'll never forget this concert, nor will Anton. It reflected perfectly the way our love had unfolded, right to the very note. And you did all this for me and Anton?"

She nodded and smiled.

"Oh, dear, dear Olive," that's all I could say.

"Count it as my wedding gift for the both of you," she replied and grinned. "One day you will realize that you two are inseparably bound together in a bond of love that will never break, just as we are bound to each other."

We shook hands on that. That was all we could do where we were, to acknowledge and to cement what she had just said so calmly, and what she had implied as an invariable truth about one-another. Oh, what a wonderful feeling this handshake inspired!
We had come together at Augustin's favorite restaurant for the celebration, a small place, one of the finest in the city. Olive, obviously, had organized the seating so that we could be together for this occasion. Still, there was something missing. In my eyes the place wasn't half as rich as the place we had been, where most of us had been dancing. I felt Olive would have enjoyed our hidden place. The dinner celebration might then have included the intimacy of dancing, but again, she probably didn't want to interfere and let Augustin have his way. Of course, I had to remind myself that Augustin, himself, had evidently not yet advanced to this stage of perception where he might have felt that dancing was important. Nor was he alone in this. Thus, the event became an hour of formal things, speeches, toasting, and eating.

After the wine was poured, Augustin opened the celebration with a speech. Being a man of large dimension, he commanded instant attention. Unfortunately, most of what he focused on where the things left undone, the achievements not yet made, rather than counting up and recognizing the enormous achievements that were made, which had already begun to change the world. The omission stung like a sharp pain, because Augustin was no ordinary man by any means. His robust appearance bore no relationship to his gentle and soft-spoken manners, and his keen awareness of what had gone on. Nevertheless, he seemed to be unaware of what had unfolded from the ongoing efforts.

Augustin focused mostly on the trivial aspects, as if the deeply moving developments had remained hidden from him. Perhaps this wasn't his fault, I thought. The foundation for what we had achieved had been gradually developing in our minds for over a decade, which the conference had merely brought into a rigorous unfolding. Still, I felt that Augustin had some inkling that much more has been achieved than what has been officially acknowledged, and that this budding perception that wasn't acknowledged, did mark a significant beginning that must not be ignored. Perhaps he didn't know how to put it all into words.

"We shouldn't look at this closing dinner as a victory celebration," Augustin began his speech. "I see more work now to be done, than I had when we started. We have achieved something. Breakthroughs have been made that would have seemed impossible a month ago, but can we say we have achieved enough? Did we achieve a clear victory over the problems we face? No, we haven't. The problems of the world haven't gone away, nor will they be easily eradicated. Every step that we have taken forward has revealed uncharted territory ahead. Still, the work that has been done has brought us somewhat closer to the day of victory, even if it seems that we have barely begun to move. So, in the realization of the immense amount of work that remains for us, I would like to redefine this occasion. Instead of us calling this a victory dinner, we should call this closing event, our morning meal. Historians may some day define the age that follows from here, as the age of the 'morning.'"
He pointed out that peace isn't something that is made in Washington or in Moscow, nor in weapons laboratories, nor at any conference of the most advanced thinkers like ours. Peace will emerge as humanity begins to awake. "Let us hope that we have made a contribution towards this end," he added, "because right now humanity's very existence is balanced on a fine pivot. It can swing to extremes with the slightest touch. It is not enough, therefore, to merely know in which direction we want it to swing. Our challenge is to get humanity to stop dreaming and swing itself in the right direction, towards greater intimacy, greater cooperation, and a more deeply rooted devotion to the Principle of the General Welfare, instead of to the looting enterprises of monetarism.

"I know," he added, "that a beginning has been made towards this, powered by some daring efforts. I can feel the vitality that has come from that work which has touched us all. This is something that I haven't felt for a long time. Something is stirring. Something is in the air that is vital, that tells me that a dawn has begun, and that the night is far spent. I see light on the horizon. I feel that a great deal of building may have been started at this conference. Maybe it will be written some day in the annals of history that these four weeks in Caracas mark the dawning of mankind's morning."

To judge by the applause, he got, there was more than just a general agreement with what he said. Olive applauded, too, wildly. Then, the frail man stood up who, weeks earlier, had contributed to Tony's girl watching speech. He wore a white suit with a white shirt and tie. He raised his glass for a toast, but he had nothing to point to that gave cause for celebration.

"I sincerely hope our friend is right," he said. "It is quite possible that it may be as he has said. Let's hope so. However, it is more probable that things will get still worse before they get better, if they get better at all. Let us never forget that this era may also be referred to in future annals of history as the approaching midnight hour of a terrible war, even a nuclear war that can still be whipped up within minutes, or worse yet, a worldwide biological civil-war style attack on humanity, arranged for profit, which is already standing on the horizon in the form of the lab-created triple-flu virus. It might be that the work that Augustin sees remaining for the future should have been done years ago, and may be already too late, so that the penalty for the lack of vision in society might become another episode of horror in which many more hundreds of millions of people will die in agony for having clung to the songs of their oracles, the songs of profit, property, and monetarism, that have betrayed them. As the Christian's holy book, the Bible, tells us in a Psalm, 'Where there is no vision, the people perish.' Did we have enough people in this world who were committed to taking up the responsibility of human beings, to follow their brightest vision? The general lack that I see on this front requires the kind of dedicated effort that until now only a few have been able to achieve - - far too few, really. Some have achieved this in their personal life, but this achievement is also required on the universal scale. It requires that we, in this room, labor even harder to raise the mental horizon of humanity from a platform of fighting a whole lot of isolated little issues, such as this and that, onto a higher platform that has not yet been seen on this planet on the required scale, on which peace can be built. Peace can't be created with
holocausts, except the peace that is without a human voice in it. Neither can peace be
created by reacting to fear. It can only be created by being alert and by being honest with
oneself as a human being, and this is not easy to do."

He put his glass back down without drinking from it. He looked around the room. "I
have found that there are two kinds of learning," he said. "There is one kind that gathers
knowledge. We attend schools, read books, learn about machines, algebraic functions,
how trees grow, how birds built their nests, how ships cross the oceans, or how financial
systems work. And all of this learning is undoubtedly vital for our day to day existence,
for holding down jobs, managing economies. But there is another kind of learning of a
totally different sort -- a learning by experience, a learning by honesty, by feelings, by
living attentively. It is only out of the depth of this learning that peace can be born. The
conference has touched upon this process of learning, slightly perhaps, but it has touched
upon it, and that, all by itself, is something worth celebrating. Perhaps it may be that this
conference, the longest in history, has set the stage for a movement to begin by which the
threat of war may be abolished before civilization ceases to exist as the result of its wars,
whatever form they may take on."

He picked his glass up again and gestured to us to do the same.

That's when Anton stood up. "Let me add something," she said quietly. "When you
are alone in a forest and your mind is quiet, or in the mountains and you are surrounded
by incredible beauty, or when you have a vacation by the seashore and watch a sailboat
in the distance, or you have an affair - this becomes an extraordinary experience, does it
not? This experience is stored up in the mind. So the next time you come to the forest, to
the mountains, or to the seashore, the experience is remembered and in some measure the
old experience bears upon the new. When this happens one becomes more alert to what
one is experiencing, to what one is gaining. Each successive experience creates a more
acute appreciation of life, its beauty, its gentleness, its strength, its generosity, as well as
its harshness that leads to fears and pains.

"But it also happens that one may brush over all this," Anton continued, "so that
one concentrates merely on the mechanical aspects of living. This happens to many
people. They try to gather experiences mechanically, without feeling deeply about
anything. Indeed, they don't feel anything at all, for themselves, for their own life, or for
their neighbor. This is skipping over life like a student may skip a day of school. When
this happens, and it comes to the crunch concerning peace and nuclear war, people react
in their accustomed mechanical fashion and are guided by the same superficial
standpoints and by a lot of uncorrected myths. Peace, however, requires that people are
governed by deep feelings for each other, feelings for the beauty of life, feelings that
evolve through understanding of what is really happening in the human world. People
that are keenly aware of the flowing patterns of life will never be found in bomb
factories, biological weapons labs, or strategic offices laying out plans for the mass
destruction of human beings, but are found building sanctuaries for each other.

"It is unfortunate that the world is more content right now with building bombs,"
said Anton, "and is gleefully focusing on each other's various types of 'nakedness,'
economic or political, which invariably leads to rape. This is how World War I was created. This means that humanity is presently poised to go through a long night of despair that we haven't seen the end of it; but can the resulting trial in agony set the stage for peace? It can't. The suffering of horrendous agony does not create a platform on which humanity's mentality undergoes the necessary shift from a black hole type of thinking, to a kind of thinking that is modeled after the sun with its outflow of light and energy that supports life. No greater opportunity will likely exist for many centuries to come, to accomplish this shift, than the opportunity we have right now, before the dark ages of despair begin. This is the fight that we must channel our energies into; or else we will not survive. No one in this room will likely survive the global holocaust that has been prepared, once it begins. We should congratulate ourselves that at least we have found a direction for progress, that we at this conference have made gigantic breakthroughs on a fundamental level, which now give humanity a significant basis to start the move forward. A foundation has been created that individuals and nations can build upon. While there are no shortcuts possible that would allow us to bypass the work that needs to be done, one must realize that no such shortcuts are needed. While no miracles will occur in the final hour, to save us, because nothing can set aside the underlying natural laws, the laws of the Universe, one must realize that no miracles are needed. It has been said in olden times that we shall surely reap what we sow, this means that we have the potential to reap tremendous benefits, because much has been sown at this conference. We have begun to widen the focus of our vision to see the whole of humanity and the whole world more clearly as One, as it really is. And we have done this work in earnest, because we will face death if we remain dead within us, as human beings. We have a choice therefore, to begin living more intensively, to embrace the riches of life and the vast human potential, and to fight for our survival with the strength that we find within the identity of man, our identity, and in the appreciation of life itself. This choice is the result of the pioneering breakthrough that many people at this conference have worked towards and have accomplished far enough to change the world a little with them. In these terms we are far beyond the morning hour."

Erica stood up and spoke in support of Anton's remarks. "Do I personally believe that this is the way how peace can be won?" she asked. "You bet I do. When our inwards oriented ambition stops, when the mind becomes very quiet, when book-knowledge pales into insignificance and one begins to pay attention to how one's mind moves and reacts to the reality of the world, then one begins to discern what really counts. The human mind is very intelligent. When people talk about spiritual healing, they are talking about the result of great intelligence, a phenomenon which combines everything they understand and have experienced. The greatest mistake that has ever been made is to suppose that peace can come from a negotiating table. Life isn't a job that one can learn in college and one receives diplomas for. It is something wide, profound, something that supersedes all jobs, all mechanical knowledge, all mythological motivation. It grabs you in taverns, in museums, at art shows, by the river, or when you are helping someone in need. Then, one is experiencing humanity. Then, we 'are' humanity. And we are humanity together. Then, no one stands isolated.
"One needs to ask therefore, 'Is this how we educate our children?' I would answer, no," said Erica, "because we don't educate our children anymore. What goes for education, today, is really indoctrination based on the Byzantine orthodox religious model. This is a hierarchical model where an intermediary is placed between God and man. By this model the intermediary, one of the many oracles of the world, sets itself up as the divine word and doles out its poison to humanity laced with lies and shallow perceptions. This is the process to which we subject our children in the modern world. An oligarchic elite then determines what is the truth, which is then spoon-fed by the 'teachers' to the children who imagine that they, thereby, comprehend reality.

"The opposite model to this," said Erica, "is the renaissance model of Christianity in its highest form, where God and man are one, where the oracle has no place, where Christ Jesus is not an intermediary, as if it was just another oracle, but is the incorporeal Exemplar of the wondrous reality of man's being that unfolds in the heart. The renaissance model thereby furnishes the platform for a system of education that is focused on the truth in a lateral flow. Truth is only manifest in the lateral domain. The model of education that opens the mind to the lateral domain does not narrow the mental focus of the children by telling them where to look and what to see. It widens their vision to embrace the whole world, including the discoveries of humanity's true pioneers. There, the children will come face to face with the great discoveries of humanity, rediscovering the fundamental principles in their own mind, that have been discovered by the scientific pioneers of the ages, of which there are far too few. In this manner, as the children look at all the great achievements in the past, they will replicate in their own thought processes the discoveries of these people, and they will learn the process of discovery, itself. They will also face paradoxes in their journey of discovery, which they must resolve, by which they make their own discoveries, and so attain a certain sense of what is truth. This is the principle of the model of classical education that was formalized by William von Humboldt more than 200 years ago, who was an associate of the great German poet, Friedrich Schiller. This type of education laid the basis for great developments on a wide front, of which Germany's legendary industrial development is but an example."

"The breakthroughs that were made at this conference," I said, when my turn came to speak, "are fundamentally the outcome of a conscientious commitment to expanding the mental horizon from infinity to infinity, with nothing of it being ignored or turned a blind eye to. This is the model that has been established, by which humanity can now proceed to educate itself and develop its world. This self-development model enables anyone to leave behind the mental stupor of hierarchical indoctrination and stupefaction by the oracles of the modern Byzantine Empire. We can choose to live according to the model of a human being now, of being one with the Universe, individually, and with one-another. All that is required then, is that we recognize the validity of this model. Nor will it matter then, as we do this, that the oracles and the rulers of today's Byzantine Empire own or control much of the western news and entertainment media in the form of newspapers, radio stations, TV channels, movie production, etc., because then, when the voices of the oracles are replaced with understood and acknowledged universal principles
that are not arbitrary, the voices of the oracles will no longer have any influence over the people."

Here Anton laughed. "A friend once tried to convince me," she said, standing up again, "that the entire Soviet state structure was based on the Byzantine model, and that our close adherence to this model was destroying our country. I felt terribly insulted by this insinuation. It took me ten years to realize that my friend had been right, that it had been the Byzantine model of operation that has destroyed the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, it won't be easy for anyone else to build on this painfully wrought discovery," she added, "and to use this discovery as a basis to discover further that presently all of the world's children are indoctrinated by a process that is falsely called education, which reflects the Byzantine model, and by which they are doomed, as surely as the Soviet Union was doomed by it. It should be infinitely easier," she said, "for humanity to make this discovery by itself from the ground up, by broadening its vision according to the breakthroughs that were made at this conference."

Anton paused for a moment, then she continued: "We are autonomous, yes, but not independent in our sovereign autonomy, because, the wider that our field of vision becomes, the more do we become bound into a single unity by the truth that we all share as our life unfolds. A fundamentally fragmented humanity exists only in belief. There exists no foundation for it in truth. By putting aside this and all unfounded mythological beliefs that are tearing the world apart, as we focus on truth, we begin to feel great compassion. That is how understanding evolves. Some call it love. Then, we begin to discover what beauty is. We begin to experience the meaning of completeness. Then, warfare will fall away, as it must, when the inner emptiness, that is the hallmark of all narrow vision, is becoming filled with peace."

Anton sat down, thanking everyone for their contribution towards the breakthroughs that were made.

The frail man stood up again, immediately, while we applauded Anton. "Let's drink to this," he suggested. "This is worth celebrating." He raised his glass.

We drank gladly this solemn toast that underscored the momentous nature of what has been accomplished. No one cheered during this celebration. The man sat down quietly.

I stared at the flowers on the table in those moments of celebration in silence. This celebration was a moment of quiet reflection that was marked by a peace that wasn't exuberant, or shallow, or hollow.
The festive atmosphere soon returned when the waiters came to serve our meal. Large chunks of meat were brought out of the kitchen, each roasting on its own portable barbecue that was set up at the side of each table.

The meat was sliced fresh, as fast as we ate it, a slice at a time, until we had enough. That's when someone began to spread rumors about dessert!

The dessert came on large dinner plates. By all accounts it was a meal in itself; a crepe filled with sweet marinated fruits, covered with a thick sweet sauce, too delicious for one to leave a crumb.

While the dessert was served up, a man in white hair stood up, whom I hadn't noticed before. "I must admit something," he said. "I must admit that the conference had a profound effect on me, which I had thought would not be possible, since such events never had such an effect in the past. It caused me to remember a bright epoch in my life when I was young and open to everything. It began in World War II. We were just boys then, too young to hold a gun, but off to war we went. It was my good fortune that I had been taken prisoner during my very first mission. Since we had learned German in school back home in Argentina, I was assigned a civilian work duty in one of the big cities in Germany, since workers were in short supply, because of the war. Seeing that I had worked in a bakery at home, before being sent to war, I was to assigned to work in a bakery, being placed under the guardianship of the owner of the bakery. The people whom I worked for treated me kindly as one of their own, and provided a lodging better than I had back home. When the war eventually ended I simply remained were I was. The permission to remain was granted with no questions asked. I wanted to see Germany. I wanted to see Europe. But the city in which I lived became under Soviet occupation. In time, the growing East/West tensions caused the border to be sealed. But I didn't care about that. I had fallen in love. Being in love I became tied to this place. It was the place where I wanted to be. Too young to marry, we went to many places together as the country was building itself up.

"One of the things that I saw happening, amazed me," he continued. "The first major construction project that was undertaken, was the building of a new concert hall and a new opera house. This amazed me, because this project had been given a higher priority than rebuilding the railway station that had remained functional, though with a lot of war damage to its halls. I soon discovered that it wasn't odd at all that rebuilding the cultural places had been given a higher priority. I seemed to have discovered the reason for this priority in the movies. I remembered a number of the movies of this time long after I had left Germany. The concert hall was dedicated to classical music; Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Brahms, Bach, and so on. I found that the music spoke to me intimately in those years, almost like the movies did, though in different ways of course. Both carried the same theme, so it seemed, and the theme was, intimacy. Some people at the conference here spoke of a universal Principle of Intimacy, which they described as an element of the lateral world of true human living. I remembered in their speeches and comments that this lateral and intimate world is in essence what I had experienced back
then, in those golden days in Germany, after the war. People were equal, existing side by side in an equality of value. As a boy, I could not think as far as we do now; still, what I remembered from the movies can be so described. Everything that I remember was lateral, intimate, and stood side by side. And this happened not only in the movies and in the concerts and so on. It was everywhere. Still, it was the movies that I remembered long afterwards.

"I remember one movie about two young factory workers in a town located in the far north, probably in one of the Soviet republics. As I recall, the boy and the girl gradually began to notice one another, and began to respond by helping each other, supporting each other on the job, and afterwards too; and began to stand up for each other, and doing nice things for each other. The movie ended with them holding hands at their town's midnight-sun celebration. It wasn't a movie with a big story, filled with excitement, but it seemed to be a great movie in terms of the deeply moving things, the kind we have talked about at the conference, otherwise I wouldn't have remembered this movie for 60 years. Everything was lateral and infinite there, in many ways. And to some degree this also was the way the country had become.

"I remember another movie of a young boy," said the gray haired man. "The boy had come to live with his grandfather, who was in charge of a large apple orchard. The entire movie was focused on the boy and the old man getting to know and respect each other, and this was intertwined with the boy also learning to respect the fruits of his grandfather's care. It's not much of a story line, right? But it was all lateral and intimate, enough so to be remembered for all those years. Another movie that I still remember was that of a civil engineer and a famous lady opera star. It started when a train had stopped in the middle of nowhere, so it seemed, on an icy winter night. The actress was irate. She had a tight schedule to meet. Getting out of the car to see what the cause was, she met an engineer who said that an ice dam had formed at the base of the bridge ahead, which had endangered the bridge and that it would take several hours to dynamite the dam. With a great patience the engineer calmed the lady, and with the same patience she introduced the engineer to the world of theatre and its demands. By the time the movie ended, both had gained a level of absolute respect for each other that would have seemed almost impossible at the beginning. I believe the dam was cleared faster than expected and the lady did make her appointment, I just can't remember if the two remained together. I guess it wasn't important enough to remember, in comparison with the two people's patient accommodation of each other's concern and aspirations, which became increasingly lateral and intimate as the movie unfolded.

"And there was one more movie that I remember fondly," said the man. "It involved a design competition between two factory engineering teams, to determine the ideal motorcycle design. One team had built a two-cylinder V-shaped engine, and the other a horizontal boxer engine. The boxer engine turned out to be more powerful and nearly won the determining race, but in the last curve one of its cylinder touched the ground and broke off. Instead of racing to victory the competing cyclist stopped and aided his injured comrade, by which neither of them won the competition, while in real terms both of them won. That's the only case of a top competition that I know in which two competing competitors both won, which is only possible on a lateral basis of a deep
type of intimacy. I didn't know of course then, that this movie was predated by three centuries, on the political arena, when a peace treaty ended almost eighty years of war, in a manner that every country that had been involved walked away as a winner, with no one being vanquished.

"It may be that I remember the movies, because they were themselves part of a country that had by its intention a lateral structure designed into it, or it may have happened that way, because in this country everybody was equally poor in all the terms that the West values greatly. I left Germany after its Soviet sector had collapsed and had been absorbed into the West. That's when the lateral structure ended. Money flooded in. Society became divided by it into rich and poor. Industries became destroyed by it. Unemployment became rampant. Everything became vertically oriented. The movies became vertical too. The guns began to rule in the movies, and so did violence, crime, decadence and so on. The golden time of the lateral age had ended. Sure, it hadn't been all golden, but it had been golden in the intimate things that I had learned to value. Disappointed, I went back to Argentina, but it too, had changed. It is my hope that with what came out of this conference, the lateral platform may yet be established again in the world. If the speeches that had been made at our conference here, should turn out to be more than just words, then my hope might yet be realized."

The man sat down after he said this.

While everyone was enjoying the grand dessert that had been served, all of a sudden someone suggested that all of this wonderful food should have been given to the poor. Then another person suggested that there is no reason why there should be anyone poor, since we have the potential at hand to feed many times the present number of people in the world, and this more richly in every conceivable context.

"This is exactly what our passion should be focused on," interjected Gauss. "It shouldn't be focused on giving scraps to the poor, or even rich handouts, but it should be focused to create a world in which no one is poor or rich, and no one needs charitable aid. Feeding the poor is a blocking factor, except in an emergency. The poor are poor, because their development has been blocked, and often remains being blocked. The blocking factors are designed to cut deep into the lateral world. This is also the reason why the large population increases are happening in the poor country, because manual labor is what keeps people alive in a poor country, where there is never enough available to meet the needs of society in an underdeveloped world. Let me illustrate to you what this means.

"There are roughly 1.4 billion farmers in the world," said Gauss. "Of these 1.4 billion farmers only 27 million have the means to utilize tractors. These mechanized farmers are highly productive and illustrate to some degree what can be achieved with technologically developed agriculture. Mechanization and motorization increases not
only the yields per hectare, but increases also the size of the farmland that can be cultivated by a single farmer. Apart from motorization, the farmer in areas of advance agriculture is further helped with scientific seed selection, the availability of fertilizers, irrigation, soil drainage systems, and so on, all of which increase the farmer's productivity drastically. The end result is that a single farmer can produce a yield of 20,000 quintals per harvest. Not many farmers are required to feed a country with such high-productivity results. The scene changes drastically when we consider the less-developed form of agriculture. Here we find 400 million farmers working their land with animal power, such as oxen and horses. The land they work is typically limited to 5 hectares and the yield ranges from 100 to 500 quintals per hectares, for a harvest between 100 and 2,500 quintals in total. In other words, it takes between 8 and 200 times as many farmers to produced the same result as a single modern mechanized farmer. However, the world also has a billion extremely poor farmers laboring with their bare hands who are typically limited to one hectare of land on which they produce a yield of 10 quintals per harvest. It takes 2000 farmers working at this level to produce the same amount of output that a single modern farmer can produce. And this desperate situation will not change for as long as economic development remains blocked in the poor region by the heavy hand of empire and its blood sucking monetarism. The victimized populations aim to make up for the inefficiency of the system that is forced on them, by increasing their populations in order to bring more laborers into the fields. The increase is limited however by the available land. If the economic development had not been blocked, those nations would have had a rich life with less than a thousandth of the number of people working in the fields, and poverty would not have been heard of. That is why I find it disgusting to hear the snobs of empire sneering about overpopulation in the Third World, demanding that they be murdered back to approved levels. These disgusting creeps are sneering about their own handiwork, their own imposition, and then dare to demand the death penalty for their own victims. In real terms the earth is not overpopulated anywhere on the planet; it is instead grossly underdeveloped. The 20,000 quintals per harvest that a modern farmer is producing, could easily be achieved all around the world, and beyond that, it could be increased a thousand-fold with automated industrial-style indoor farming. The physical food production capacity on this planet is so great that we will never come even close to testing its limit.

"Of course, for this natural state to unfold, we have to get rid of the blocking factors, including those in our own thinking, and to learn the nature of the dynamics that define the Universe," Gauss continued. "Many people believe that the blocking factors are a benefit to them. They have been taught to believe this. But this is superstition. They have to unlearn the false and then learn the nature of the dynamics that define the Universe. In the Euclidean Universe of linear perception everything is measured in terms of how things were understood yesterday, with fixed quanta. For example, if you want to explain to someone to get from point A to your home at point B, you might say for example that the person must go north for three blocks, then four blocks west, and north again for seven houses, and up two flights of stairs, and turn right for tree doors. The entire journey is thereby defined is accumulative steps of known quanta and vectors of direction. But this isn't how the Universe operates. We live in a rich Universe. Here we find examples where two quanta that are minuscule in size, in the form of an electron and a proton, can create an atomic structure that is 100,000 times larger than its two parts. In
its 'creative' process, the Universe started with an Intention and created the Principle that with numerous aspects of it working in a harmonizing manner fulfilled the Intention. And this defines the nature of economics. In the case of the human economy the Intention is reflected in various ideas for gaining freedom from lack, drudgery, and limitation. Like the Universe, we start from the 'top' down. To get there, we discovered that if we utilize the most advanced principles, we can literally build a new world out of the dust of the earth, and match in creative power the creative power of the Universe. For example, we use high-temperature nuclear power, pump it up in heat pumps, and melt basalt with it that lays on the ground unused, and cast the molten basalt into molds that shape it into modular housing units, by which quality housing is created in a largely automated industrial process, with so little labor involved that the resulting product can be given away for free. In this manner we create a New World that never existed before, so that the past had no measurement for it. Of course, the result isn't an end in itself, but becomes a foundation stone for a till richer society with advanced cognition and creativity, and productive powers. The building of intercontinental floating bridges will then no longer be seen as an extraordinary challenge, but will be seen at the human thing to do. Our building will then become top-down oriented and reflect what is the human thing to do. And this, my friends, is more shaped by the imagination, than by physical limitation.

"The issue of property rights will be dealt with in the same manner," said Gauss. "What today is understood as right will be uplifted out of the sewer and be transformed into an obligation for the common benefit of all mankind. The entire concept of property will be uplifted in this manner from being a blocking factor in society to becoming an opportunity for advanced expressions of creativity and unfolding potential. Once the quantum of property becomes reshaped into the quantum of obligation, many of the current blocking factors will vanish and become transformed into opportunities to advance the state of the renaissance that is the normal human stage for living. On this path we uplift the tensors in physical science, in economics, in spiritual science, right across the entire spectrum of the human dimension, which of course sets a new stage for political science, in which politics become increasingly determined by constitutional principles that reflect the principles of the Universe, recognized as natural Law. The American Declaration of Independence is a faint example on the road to an evermore deeply rooted recognition and expressions of natural Law."

Gauss paused briefly. "I can assure you, my friends, that on the path that we are about to open up, the question will never be considered of whether this rich banquette of food shouldn't have been given to the poor, because there wouldn't be any poor," said Gauss. "That's one of the natural side effects of a renaissance world," he added.

When Gauss sat down again, everyone sheered. This wasn't just applause. It was applause mixed with joy that finally somebody had said out loud what had been in everyone's heart, but merely required a concrete definition.
After the dinner plates had all been cleared away, I introduced Olive to everyone, without saying a single word about her key role in staging this conference in the first place, and her motive for it. I acknowledged thereby to myself, and to her, that what unfolds from intimate sharing, heart to heart, must remain there, to be cherished there alone.

The conference had been an experience that I had never thought possible. It had been a whirlwind of experiences. Nor could there have been a more appropriate place for it, than a city set high in the mountains at the edge of the sea? Neither could we have had a finer group of people to work with, as everyone agreed. Everyone had shared, and had contributed, and had gained.

I felt a touch of sadness the next day, when we stepped into the gondola lift for the last time. It was still night when we checked out at the hotel, though the air had remained warm.

While waiting for the lift, Erica joined us. We greeted each other with an embrace that seemed to include all that she came to stand for. It was sexual, but it was much more than this, because the main factor of it was located high above the belly button. Apparently she felt the same way. She was beaming like a light bulb. "Didn't we do a great thing?" she said.

"Could there have been a more wonderful conference?" I asked in reply.

"I am completely happy with the way things went," said Sylvia as she joined us waiting for the gondola.

"I wasn't happy the way things ended in Leipzig," Erica said and smiled. "I was sad in those days that we didn't allow ourselves to have that sexual encounter that we had both wanted. I was sad for a long time. And now I am completely happy too, for the way things went. It seemed that the sexual encounter that we could have had here so easily, hadn't been needed. The prospect of what is offered below the belly button didn't seem to measure up, and you know, I feel closer to you now, because of that," said Erica to me. "Does that make sense? I feel that our love is more complete now than it would have been in Leipzig even if we had gone for it all the way. It really rests all in our heart, doesn't it?"

"I suppose there has never been a sexual arousal that didn't have a mental cause to begin with," interjected Sylvia.

Erica nodded. Her smile grew brighter. "All that I had to do was to close my eyes and close the circle, without wasting any time with physical processes." She paused and added, "As you can see, I am still fully engaged in the process of researching love. Also, what I have experienced on this platform is more beautiful, Peter, than what we could
have had in the olden days back in Leipzig. All of this is now really possible, what we hadn't even dreamed of back then. I can say this now, because I have experienced it here with you. It seems we didn't have time for the merely physical stuff, because it didn't measure up, did we? There was too much work to be done, by which the important stuff wasn't left undone. So you see, we had our sexual encounter after all, in this manner. I felt it. I treasure it. It is precious to me now. It's something warm and nice to take home with me, which I hope never to loose again. Do I make any sense, Peter?"

"Perfectly, Erica!" I said quietly and sealed that answer with a kiss. "You weren't alone in this encounter; did you know that?"

She nodded. "I had thought so," she replied. She spoke just as quietly now as I had, as if nothing more than just the faintest whisper was needed in order to affirm the reality that was clearly understood by both of us.

We had been told that it is wise to be at the airport three and a half-hour before departure, for the check-in; this meant that we got there at the crack of dawn with a considerable wait ahead of us; we spend most of this time on the observation deck, together. At this hour, the world is quiet, even at the airport. The only noise that pervaded the stillness came from a parked aircraft that had kept its electrical generators running. Against the monotonous soft hiss, almost imperceptibly, a faint orange glow appeared over the mountains that slowly became brighter, indicating the rising of the sun.

We stayed on the observation deck, walked around, talked, and slumped over the railing. Then someone tapped me on the shoulder. "Hello, Pete!"

It was Ushi. We embraced one-another. "My God, you haven't changed," I greeted her. "You are still as beautiful as ever. Being in China has been good for you. How is Steve? How are you getting along? I had no idea you were at the conference, too."

I had so many questions. "What big projects have you been working on?" I asked. "How did you like what was happening at the conference?"

She replied that she had been at the conference for only four days. There was another girl with her, whom she introduced as Li Won.

"Why didn't you look us up?" Tony asked.

"I tried, but there wasn't much time. Besides you looked busy and happy. You didn't need us. I knew I would be able to meet you all here."

It turned out that we had still almost two hours together. I introduced the rest of us to her friend Li Wong. "So, tell me about your projects," I asked Ushi again.

"No, you must guess. I'll give you three tries."
"In this case I put the Eurasian Land-Bridge project on top of the list."

"Ah, Nicolai must have told you," she grinned.

"No, not exactly. He has his own special way of telling things. He gave two lectures in New York, one about China, and one about Russia. Of all the wonderful things he had told us about, I knew the Land Bridge would be your special domain - building the support structures for brand new cities, and the cities themselves, and new industries. It sounds exciting."

"It is, Pete," she replied. "And how are you all doing?" She turned to Heather. "Did you get married yet?"

"Not yet," she replied, "but this will happen now. Ross and I have been engaged for a very long time," she replied, "but there is space now to move ahead. Much has happened, here. Much has opened up."

"What did you think about the conference?" Heather asked Ushi.

"We weren't here long enough," Ushi replied.

"But you were here almost from the beginning, I hear," she addressed Anton, "and, how on earth is Nicolai doing? I haven't heard any news from your side for years. How many children have you got now? Is Nicolai here?"

Anton shook her head. "He couldn't get away. Nor are there any children, but call me next year at this time, or better call Nicolai, and he will be proud to tell you. I think we will be married very soon, now."

"Wow, this must have been quite a conference," Ushi commented, "to get things stirred up this deeply. You guys are moving again. I have been listening to the grapevine, but nothing ever came out of it that originated from your camp."

"Tell me about the breakthroughs that were accomplished here," Ushi asked me. "Tell me what was accomplished in those four weeks."

Tony grinned, "I can tell you what was accomplished, but will you believe it? Right off the bat, Sylvia got up onto the podium and tore up the official agenda, because we had come here to explore, to discover and build upon that, and not to rubber stamp a predetermined conclusion that the agenda was leading to."

Ross added that we didn't cheat the U.N., though. "We addressed the property rights issues that the conference was called for. We addressed property rights and depopulation, and their connection with nuclear war. We just didn't come up with the conclusions the organizers had prepared for us, I'm sure of that. We drew our own conclusions, and Tony, here, kicked it all off with his girl watching speech."
"A girl watching speech?" Ushi repeated, "At a U.N. conference, delivered by Tony? I should have been here for that."

"If you want me to tell you about the breakthroughs, I have to tell you a story first," I warned Ushi, "which may appear silly, but much stands behind it. It happened just a few days ago when Anton was getting her mandatory vaccination that she should have had before she came. While I was waiting for her at the doctor's office a young mother came in with her little son. So, I just sat there and watched them. The woman took no notice of me. She sat down and read. Occasionally she got up and helped the boy with the toys the doctor had provided. Minutes later when he needed something to drink, she helped him with the paper cups and the water dispenser. She wasn't stunningly dressed, nor was she particularly pretty, or sexy. In real terms, however, she was more than that. She was gentle with the boy. For a brief moment she also had a smile for me, when I pulled my legs back so that the boy wouldn't trip over them. Nothing unusual happened there, right?

"Soon, their names were called out by the nurse, but before they followed her, the woman quickly picked up the toys that her son had played with and put them back unto the toy shelf, all neatly arranged. The amazing thing was that this gentle interplay and caring that had lasted but a few minutes gave me a rich feeling deep inside. I felt very close to the woman and her son. This feeling stayed with me long after they were gone. I was surprised at the sensitivity that had been gained here."

At this point I hugged Anton closer to my side and suggested that she had a great deal to do with that, as well as Sylvia, Ross, Tony, Heather, and Fred, and the conference itself. "Does this answer your question?"

Ushi nodded: "Hey, can you still remember what I told you when we said fare well at the Brandenburg Gate?" she replied, "that there is no need to become dependent on me, or anyone specific. I had no idea then, that someone's universal embrace can be so far reaching."

"I think something profound has happened at this conference," Ushi's friend added.

"Ah, but the next step will pose a much greater challenge," Ushi replied, turning to me, asking, "how long do you think it will take before you can develop the same kind of deep sensitivity towards men? When will it be possible that you feel the same kind of deep feelings towards them? Will two years be enough?"

I shook my head, "who knows? It took fifteen years to get to this point. The next step may happen tomorrow. In real terms it is already unfolding. We are all aware of that."

Ushi became serious now. "We don't have the luxury to be able to wait even a day for this to happen, and for it to spread around the world. Do you realize how serious this issue is? When we first met in Leipzig you said something to the effect that the whole of humanity is split into two isolated camps because of the ownership of people that has been woven into the marriage bond and has superimposed a boundary. You said that the
resulting taboo prevents men and women to have intimately close associations with each other, apart from their chosen spouses. Do you remember that I totally agreed with you, as did Steve? It now turns out that this isolation between men and women is by no means the deepest segregation that exists. Men always had warm and deep feelings for women, even though most of them were narrowly focused on sex and sometimes became rape. At least there is a basis for attraction that draws the two together. But when it comes to men, the situation is much worse and far more difficult to overcome. Men are far more isolated from each other. There are no deep feelings between them that last for days, which result from being sensitive to each other, unless it is sexually defined. They play games with each other based on personal strength and abilities; games of competition, or there is fear and suspicion. But all these are superficial. Nothing goes deep, except, perhaps the fear and suspicion. This leads to horrendous consequences in the political and military sphere."

"Right, and this separation isn't based on anything artificial," interjected Ross, "such as the ownership bond that isolates people in their marriages."

Sylvia shook her head, "don't be so sure about that? Whatever isolates people from each other in one respect, isolates them in all respects. Once a person's thinking is self-oriented, it becomes like the mythological black hole in space that draws everything in unto itself. If such a person's thinking becomes overturned, and becomes out-flowing like light radiating from the sun, the result cannot be selective either. The result may appear selective at first, and may appear to be a relationship in which the fragmentation is not as deep as between men and women, but it must eventually include all. Eventually, the principle that is involved will assert itself universally. We have taken quite a few steps in this newly discovered world. I know, also, that this cannot end, there. I would say it is nothing more than a beginning. Even the isolation of families, though not their autonomy, will fall by the wayside in an out-flowing environment, and that will reflect itself politically among the nations. We will have a world of sovereign nations once again, bound to each other in a bond of a cooperative unity, if this trend is allowed to continue."

Ushi agreed and hugged Sylvia, "You are beautiful, truly beautiful. But we do have another challenge along this line, right now, that I hope you all will be able to help me with," said Ushi.

She turned to me and waved Fred over to where we were. "Mexico is very much interested in the American System of political economy that China had adapted to its situation many years ago, and which Russia has adapted to some degree. However, since you are finally getting back to your own roots again, and you are neighbors, Steve thought it would be wonderful if America became the ambassador and introduce the principles of its own historic system to Mexico. Steve suggested that you, as Americans, would be more suited to share the principles and the benefits of your own heritage, rather than us sending someone from China to do this."

"There you go," said Fred to me, "you heard the lady." Fred grinned at me and gave me a gentle punch, "and no complaints, please, I know you don't speak Spanish that well."
"Heather speaks Spanish fluently," Ross interjected.

"Would you like to help Peter out?" he asked her.

Heather nodded and smiled, and hugged Ross for suggesting it.

"The Mexican Government is also interested in the Land-Bridge principle and our experience with it. They want to know, too, how soon the Bearing Straight link might be built." Then Ushi turned to me. "I've got all the details with me that you need, except for the timing on the Bearing Straight tunnel. This one depends on how fast the American people want to develop their country and rejoin the real world."

"Ah, you see there is something for Fred in this, also," I said to Fred and punched him back, and then hugged him.

"Isn't it great to have such a wonderful bunch of friends," Fred grinned, "or should I say: Such a wonderful family?"

One part of that family was soon thereafter on the way back to Russia, via Paris to Moscow. We had said our good bye in the brilliance of the rising sun, until her boarding was called.

Before we parted, I said to her in our embrace that I had one more surprise to give her. I told her that I had to reconfigure the meaning of CSB one more time to add to its meaning. I told her that everything had to be uplifted about its meaning, so that 'c' now stands for Caracas, 's' for sunshine, and 'b' for Brahms. "Nothing more needs to be added that is not contained in these three letters," I said to her smiling. "These three little letters have become intertwined with our life and our love, and have made both more secure."

She replied that her own definition of CSB was still in the making and that I would hear about it from her very soon.

With this note we shared a final kiss, and waved to each other until she disappeared behind the doors of the boarding gate.

"Where do we go from here? Have we accomplished anything?" I asked on the plane, with Fred and Heather sitting beside me.

"We have opened a door, and this not just a little," answered Heather.

"What do you think?" I asked Fred.

"We have moved a few people forward," said Fred. "That's a big step forward. But in global terms, we haven't won the war. We haven't moved the world to a position of"
safety, not one bit. The world grinds on. Monetarism hasn't been defeated. It suffered a setback. It got a punch in the face. It got a black eye out of it, but it hasn't been defeated and remains as dangerous as ever, maybe more so now. The evidence is on the ground. Do you know how many farmers missed the seeding season this year for the lack of money, and this before the system had collapsed? The farmers couldn't buy seeds, because the banks weren't lending. Others who had the money, couldn't be bothered, because last year the buyers in the commodity markets, sitting half a world away in their towers in London, offered so little for their product that it didn't cover the cost of production, much less produce an income for the farmer to live on. What's not produced this year, won't be on sale next year. The pirates in the commodity markets hail this shortage, because it enables them to demand blackmail prices from the public. And so, the world grinds on. This kind of piracy had happened especially in the banks. A typical investment bank that had reported a billion profits, had paid five billion in bonuses to its professional thieves who were fleecing the public, while the bank gobbled up ten billion at the trough in bailout money, from the tax payers, while the public had its social support structures eliminated, including health insurance, unemployment insurance, and to a large degree even its pensions. That's the face of monetarism. The axioms the rule the world have not changed. The system built on these axioms has created a fascist attitude all over the world. The attitude has been, and still is, let the people die. Medical research used to be conducted for developing treatments to combat diseases. Now the focus is shifted on how to kill the public most efficiently. The focus is on 'end-of-life counseling,' meaning advocating euthanasia. This is what the law had demanded of doctors. Fortunately, the law has so far remained stalled. On top of all that, the masters of empire have managed to stage the swine-flu pandemic, against which its agencies have developed a vaccine that contains the same adjuvant that had disabled 70% of the U.S. soldiers with the Golf War syndrome group of diseases. That's how the world grinds on. The poisoned vaccine is now mass-produced by the billions of doses, while the safest way to combat the seasonal flu, is to optimize the body's vitamin D levels. The body's natural production of vitamin D falls off dramatically in the fall and winter, when the flu is in season, because the intensity of the Sun's UV radiation drops to a very low level and to a shorter duration at this time. That's why the flu is seasonal, because the body's natural production of vitamin D drops off. Vitamin D, in turn, regulates many of the body's vital systems, including the immune system. I brought the subject up at the conference, but nobody ran with it, so that it remains yet to be addressed. Considering that the great value of vitamin D remains so deeply hidden that the public is kept in the dark about it, and this with a potentially dangerous vaccine being pushed in the foreground, tells me that some kind of end-game is in progress towards the empire's long desired mass depopulation of the planet. And society is going along with it. Society is so easily let by the nose by the dictates of the 'oracles' of empire, that it is ready to lay itself down to die. It doesn't protect its children. It doesn't protect itself. It doesn't even protect its food. Protection is bad; it's archaic. That's the modern song. And so the world grinds on, on its way to hell. I don't think we have caused any significant changes at this conference, in the way society regards one another and itself. The world grinds on. We may have ripped up the conference agenda, but we haven't ripped up the agenda that drives the world. Society alone can do this, but the honesty for that isn't there. A few people are stirring. A few people are recognizing that the old system is finished, as nothing works anymore. But they are not willing to
scrap the old system, to declare it bankrupt, and to replace monetarism with the honesty of the credit society principle, and to rip up the slogan, 'In Lies We Trust!' Until these things happen, the world grinds on."

I asked him to explain. "Why the pessimism?" I asked.

"Call it realism," he answered. "The fact remains that we have come to a critical junction in history. The monetary system under which the entire world has been living since the days of the Oracle of Delphi, even before the dawn of Rome, up to the present time, is in its terminal phase of collapse. It is so hopelessly bankrupt, together with the whole world, that this system cannot be resurrected. It would be easier to heal a dead horse, than to revive this system that has been dead for so long that it has been stinking for decades. It can only be replaced with a credit society system. This challenge cannot be evaded, and this challenge is huge. Sure, our friend Gauss has made a grand proposal that would definitely work, where in fact nothing less would work, but will he get enough support to carry this thing through. That's the critical point. Our world is made up of six billion people. Most of them will never hear about what has happened here, and even then, the major progress that was made here, was made mostly only among ourselves. The media won't promote what has happened here, and the key issues the media doesn't even know about. The fundi own the media. Some TV networks gave us coverage, some of the few that the fundi don't own. While we have been successful in ripping up the conference agenda, the fundi’s main agenda remains still intact. Its 'oracles' still sing. Their agenda will continue to be put forward as planned and will determine the course of the world till the last day, when the world goes to hell, or someone puts a stop to this end game. Nothing that we have done here during the last four weeks will stop the end game. Only society itself can do that. And so, I see that the world will grind on as if this conference had not taken place, with the one exception that the fundi didn't get what they had desperately needed. That's where we made the one big breakthrough against them. But that's not enough of a move to overturn and replace a system that has ruled mankind for 3000 years. Hopefully, what we have done will become a trend that will continue and light a fire in mankind's very heart and soul. In this regard we have set ourselves up as a 'city upon a hill.' No one has ever dared to refuse the masters of empire on such a vital issue and in such a big way. We got them to sit up and take notice. They are hopping mad now. We have demonstrated to them that we have the stuff to fight them, and that there is a potential for a growing base of support that might be fast expanding, which could even include elements that have so far been supporting them, against mankind. They are probably in a big huff over that too. But the war hasn't been won. It hasn't even really begun. The world still grinds on."

Heather protested. "Something significant has taken place," she said. "What has taken place has changed us. It may even have changed a few others also. I say, the world will never be the same as it was before. Yes, Fred, the world will grind on, and the fundi will grind on with their agenda, but we too, will grind on. In the spirit of the Fabians, we will grind them down; we will grind them into the dust. We will use the Fabian's method against them, and grind them into the dust, as they would grind humanity down. We may even throw some sand into their gears. We have done that before. We can do it even better now. Maybe we can change the world while it grinds on, by merely giving it a new
Look Fred, we have already challenged the marriage doctrine that has stood for three thousand years unchallenged, and have given it a new direction, a lateral direction. We have exposed the current form as something too small. We have exposed the fraud that has distorted it for thousands of years, into what it became. This hasn't happened before. And, this is big, Fred, and it is on the map now. It's in the open. The conference has done this. The train has left the station. Our friend Gauss is already riding the train. He seems to suggest that mankind doesn't have to change empire at all to defeat it on its home ground, but merely needs to change itself and let empire whither away on its own. Who knows how many people will get onto this train that Gauss is riding on, station after station, as it travels the world, and how many people get off here and there and transform the communities they come to in their travels? No, Fred, ideas that evoke the power of fundamental, universal principles can change the world. The only grinding that I can foresee, is the grinding down of evil, into the dust, and the grinding down of limitations falsely accepted as absolutes."

"I disagree," said Ross. "You suggest that empire is something of substance. Let me assure you, it is not. Empire is like a disease; it has no intelligence. It collapses on its own. Its own looting practice is grinding it into the ground. Since the mid 1960s for example, when empire became a dominant force in the world, the economies of the nations were put through a wringer to squeeze blood out of them, whereby the physical production of the entire world was collapsing. Industry after industry was shut down. As this happened the aggregate financial values where shooting upwards into the sky. The world was breeding millionaires and billionaires. The entire economy became measured by the value of the financial papers. But this isn't what really counts. People can't eat paper. They require physical products for physical living. The financial papers were golden towers with nothing inside. Then something happened in 2007. The point was reached when there was nothing left to loot in the world. This point may have been reached as the result of the auto industry disintegrating. When there is nothing left to loot, and obligations knock at the door that are derived from derivatives gambling, some of the fringes of empire had to sell their paper to cover their bankruptcy. But they couldn't sell their paper, since the physical economy had collapsed from under it, which all financial papers represent. At first they could get only 40%, and soon far less than that. So, they stopped selling their paper, but they needed to sell to meet obligations. That's when the bailouts began. But this didn't help, did it? Something more drastic needed to be done to save the bankrupt system. That's when the government began buying the paper that had no value left, and paid the full face-value price for it. The government bought $24 trillion in worthless paper that way. Nevertheless, the fact remained that the paper had no value. That's when the entire aggregate financial-value curve suddenly changed direction and dropped like a stone. Of course, since them monetary aggregates that had been pumped up in an effort to cover-up the swindle that was designed to hide the bankruptcy of the entire system, the monetary aggregates themselves subsequently lost their value. The government became a money forger in effect. Our money lost its value that way, as it was no longer backed by anything. In this manner we reached the point some months back when the value of the currencies was suddenly no longer recognized and trusted in the markets, whereby the entire market system suddenly ceased up. That's how empire destroys itself," said Ross to Heather. "The fact is undeniable that nobody has to bring empire to its knees. It does it on its own. It grinds its own value system into the dust. Of
course, society suffered a huge crisis when the whole system ceased up, as it had latched itself onto the empty value system of empire. Consequently, society suffered a huge crisis, but it suffered the crisis only because it had lacked the wisdom to step away from the system of empire that invariably destroys itself. Alexander Hamilton gave us the means for stepping away from empire, unto the credit society platform. This still remains the only available alternative.

"But will we see the day of this happening? Will it be happening in our lifetime?" asked Fred. "The world keeps grinding on, and people hold each other back, latched to empire and its ever-dying monetarism. Nobody has the guts to take the needed steps. Hamilton was assassinated for suggesting these steps. But until these steps are taken, society remains self-doomed; it goes about loading each other down with countless forms of limitation. Ross is right, empire is a disease. It has no intelligence, and it demands the same of all mankind. Our understanding of this will enable us to commute our self-sentence. All we need to do for this, is meet the challenges with the truth. But will we do it? Will we control our folly? As people fight one-another, and all those terrible games keep on being played, while society stays latched to empire, like the ones that are being played right now in the background by the fundi, things will continue to get worse. The big depopulation of the planet that empire aims at, may yet happen. We need a revolution, folks, but are there enough revolutionaries in the world to do it? People have been brainwashed to death."

"The answer to your question, Fred, depends on how badly we want to see the results of the needed revolution in our lifetime," I said to him. "This alone will determine whether we will see the day of an intelligent peace," I said to him. I reminded him that the banker from England, who spoke at the conference, had made a determination that he was going to do something big and meaningful to support the advance of civilization. "And he did it. He did this in a meaningful way, Fred. What he did will help. But we must ask ourselves the same question. Do we see the challenge we face as something that is important enough to devote our life to, even more than we have? Do we do this even if there is no hope in sight that we might succeed within the span of our mortal existence? If we say, yes, and if we have the kind of dedication to the future of mankind that shapes the present with the truth and its universal principles, then we will have the power to change our world in our lifetime. But will we do it? Doing this, alone makes it worthwhile for us to have lived." I added that this is probably what Helen would have said on the subject, which in fact she had said in a round about way, and Olive, too.

Fred acknowledged what I said, with a slight nod, and then repeated what he said before, "and the world grinds on."

"What do you mean to tell us by repeating this comment?" I asked him. "Yes, the world grinds on, unfortunately it does, but we have made great strides, even though we haven't won the war."

"That's the point," said Fred. "The world has become exceedingly dangerous. This war should have been won ages ago by us stepping away from it, as I just pointed out to you. It may be too late now for this." He began to grin.
"It is never too late," Sylvia protested. "Look Fred, all the major conference sessions were televised around the world, including the sessions of our exposing of the internal operations of the Fundi Empire and its war against humanity. We have even focused onto the nuclear war goals of the fundi, the breakup of the nations and their economies, the scaling down of science and culture in society. We have deeply injured the fundi by exposing them. All of this was seen in some parts of the world, though far too few in global terms, but it was a start."

"The bottom line is, they have not been defeated yet by us unlatching ourselves from them," said Fred. "They have become injured, and have thereby become more dangerous instead. The world has become more dangerous than we have seen it for a long time. Empire has become as dangerous as an injured bull. The masters of empire see their glory days of the last 250 years coming to an end, but they are not impotent yet. They still have power and own a large network of stooges. They may choose to unleash all of their depopulation weapons simultaneously, when their house begins to break down. They cannot afford that society steps away from them. Consequently, they have to grind society down into the dust, and they will do this, even if it means that they kill nine tenth of mankind to do it. Therefore, we may soon see big wars happening; nuclear wars, DU wars, biological wars, vaccination wars, food wars, and the deadly war of total poverty. It's all being set up while we speak. The 'Guns of August' maybe not so far away. We may only have two or three months left after August begins. They saw their looting world-financial system collapsing, and they saw some nations reasserting their sovereignty. They see these developments as potentially mortal blows, which the conference has contributed to. The great Empire of the fundi that has stood unchallenged since 1763 is becoming unglued. And that is the process that we will advance, not by force, but by no longer supporting empire. Admit the legitimacy of empire and you admit that social collapse and the collapse of civilization are inevitable. Reverse that! Deny the legitimacy of empire and you destroy the belief that enslaves you to its conditions. When fear of empire disappears, the foundation for its existence is gone. The force of empire has become extremely powerful over the last 250 years, because society has bowed to it, and sang the song of the empire's oracle. Of course we can't count the masters of empire as down and out yet, simply because we have won a little victory. I can guarantee you that they won't lay themselves down to die, but I can see is that the battle of the titans has now begun. It begun in Caracas. I can see mankind raising itself up to be a titan, a spiritual titan, a titan of Truth, a fearless titan, a titan that will stand tall and turn its back to empire. And so, the claim of empire that has not a single spiritual fiber in it, and therefore has no legitimacy, will disappear in proportion to our dawning spiritual recognition of ourselves as human beings. LaRouche says that if the Fundi Empire survives, humanity won't survive, and will massively die out into a New Dark Age. But I say, this day will never come, because we will not let it come to that. We stand against empire in a fight to deny it its victory and deliver its doom. This outcome is natural, because fundamentally, empire is error; a name it cannot shed. The greatest wrong is but the suppositious opposite of the highest right. The confidence that is inspired by Science in this fight, lies in the fact that truth is real, and error is unreal. And so, we will succeed as we labor on. We have already deprived empire of the means for its survival in one arena, by not giving its masters the global property laws that they were demanding. It looks like we have won a round against them. Now extreme vigilance is in order as we
step away from empire further and further. Let's not dilute ourselves that they won't be fighting back, and in a big way. The end game that has now begun promises to be nothing less than a fight to the death, Peter, fought with big weapons. And it will be their death. This means we will have to continue our fight against them with even bigger weapons than they have. To loose this fight is not an option, because there is no need or reason for loosing. In the fight of Truth versus error, error always looses, because there is no truth in it. That is why we will win without fail."

"Haven't we done already what anyone could do?" I said to Fred. "What more can we possibly do?"

"We haven't done much yet," said Fred. "We have declared war on the Fundi Empire by taking one step away from it, now we have to take the next steps and win the war completely. For this we have to win within ourselves, win against fear, and bring the big guns out."

"What big guns?" I asked cautiously. "What stone have we left unturned? What kind of bigger defensive attack could we possibly launch than we have launched?"

Fred just laughed. "How naive you are, my friend. You once told me yourself about the biggest gun for peace and the protection of mankind that has ever existed. You told me about this New England girl, Mary Baker Eddy, who developed the scientific foundation for the Principle of Universal Love, and had developed it into such a powerful scientific 'art' that a partially paralyzed woman was healed in the space of a moment of a voiceless communication of love, while she drove by the woman in her carriage. You told me that during the 35 years of her healing career, from 1866 on, nothing of any great terrible consequence for humanity has happened until a year after her death in 1910. You pointed out to me, Peter, that before this period began, an almost endless string of terrible wars and atrocities had ravished humanity, beginning with the Venetian's war on the Renaissance in which a third the population of Europe perished, followed by the Spanish Inquisition, the Jacobean terror operations, Napoleon's wars, the British imperial wars in India, and the British Opium Wars against China, and all the British imperial wars against the USA, including the Civil War, that was also instigated by the same Empire. You told me yourself, Peter, that in 1866 this entire train of insanity stopped. You were right, it did stop, and as you said it didn't get restarted until this woman was put into her grave. Then all hell broke loose again from 1913 on. America privatized its currency, then World War I was launched, followed by World War II, the Cold War, and all the countless other wars that have ravished Africa and Asia and much of the rest of the world. Over 200 million people have perished in this second wave until the madness erupted in earnest and hasn't stopped to the present day, but is getting worse. The only period of a relative peace that humanity saw in the last 500 years was that 45-year period in which America's greatest spiritual pioneer had developed her high-level scientific underpinning for the Principle of Universal Love, and had practiced it."

I shook my head in disbelief. "The trouble with your argument, Fred, is that you can't bring Mary Baker Eddy back out of the grave as your big gun to fight the Fundi Empire. She is dead and has been dead for a hundred years."
Fred just laughed. "Who needs to have Mary back? That girl's work is done. It doesn't need to be redone. I've got you guys. You have studied Mary's work. You have dissected it. You have lived with it. Her work is done and complete. The principles that she has put on the table and illustrated personally, are as valid today as they were in her time, and are just as effective as principles always are, when they are understood. Since you and Ross have discovered her work and its historic significance, you are the big guns now. I am rolling you guys out as humanity's big guns against the Fundi Empire. The Empire has no defense against that kind of an assault. So who needs to bring Mary Baker Eddy back from the grave? You guys have her pedagogical structures, her writings and her examples. You also have Plato's scientific method for discovering universal principles that the eye cannot see. What more do you need?"

Fred's laughter became a grin. "I have a mission for you guys, and I mean all of you people, including everyone that has ever been touched by your work. I'll bring you all together for four weeks for a private conference in one of the most secure locations in the world. I want you to put your heads together and work with Mary's structures, and Plato's methods, and I want you to pull out all stops in going to the very root of the Principle of Universal Love, with no efforts spared, especially in the sexual arena, where the love of society is torn by failures of relationships, and has come under the severest attack, causing the deepest isolation. That's what Mary had countered, and had made her a force for peace in the world, in the only period of peace we had in 500 years. Consider the four weeks that I will give you, your training mission. But Peter, I do want results. I also think we can get results. If only a single one of you comes even close to achieving what this Mary had achieved all by herself a hundred years ago, then the Fundi Empire won't have a hope in hell to start its coveted monster war, which it has planned as an end-game in an effort to save itself, in which four-fifth of humanity is slated to die. The stakes are that high, Peter, but you guys, believe it or not, are mankind's best shot to prevent the worst disaster, and the only big guns we've got. Of course, the fundi mustn't get wind of this, otherwise they will move Heaven and Earth to find you and wipe you out. The fundi fear, what this Mary has accomplished. They know about it, and its potential to create a new renaissance. Therefore, they fear it more than anything else in the world."

I told Fred not to worry. I told him the mission would remain top secret. "No one will hear a word about it until we are all together at the secret location, wherever that might be."

"Swear to it," said Fred in a serious tone.

I raised my hand. "Mission accepted, Fred. I swear that it will remain secret!"

Fred just nodded and smiled.

For the last leg of our journey home, from Miami to New York, we were able to get onto the midnight special, the only scheduled service that was still operating between Miami and the Northern states, and even this flight was diverted back to Washington,
though Washington was still closed to civilian air traffic. Ironically, the Big Apple had been closed down because of a snowstorm that had blanketed the runways. There had been not enough funds available to pay for snow removal.

"So, the world grinds on," commented Fred as we were taxiing to the cargo ramp in Washington DC, which had been hastily cleared for civilian use.

Fred's comment, "and the world grinds on," kept coming back to mind after we returned to our rock at the edge of the sea. Suddenly our world was quiet again, there. The last week in Caracas had been like a whirlwind sweeping through our life. Now, suddenly, the world was calm, almost empty. It was nice to see Dag and Al again. They had kept the station running while we had been away. Only Anton wasn't a part of our little word anymore, nor Erica and Olive, but the imprint of their love had remained with us in our heart. Heather and Ross were back to living into their own house again, and I and Sylvia in ours. Tony too, was living with his own family again. We almost became isolated again. "And so the world grinds on," I heard Fred say in my mind.

Somehow, this had to change. I felt that I shouldn't allow this to happen to us again. Thus the challenge became more and more imperative that we keep on moving forward. The whole Caracas experience had been one of moving forward, not standing still, not slipping back into another rut that might tie us down for another dozen years or more. Except, how does one move forward, and this in secret?

I asked Ross the next morning to dig up all of his research on Mary's work that we could find. "We have to move forward with that," I told him. He simply shrugged his shoulders. "You've got everything that I have, take it with you to Mexico and work with Heather to get yourself ready."

I asked Sylvia the same. Her answer was. "How can we do this?"

I asked Heather. She was at a loss, but she understood the need for moving forward, and she agreed.

Tony, Dag, and Al said that they were moving forward in their own way, which seemed logical, but that didn't answer my question and probably didn't meet their real need either.

That's when Brahms' symphony Number One came to mind again, but not the last movement, nor the scherzo which together represented the unfolding of my love with Anton in Caracas. This time it was the slow movement that came to mind again, the movement that I had associated a long time ago with the certainty of the truth, the truth that every bond that love has forged remains forever secure deep in the human heart as an invariable reality, reflecting its universal principle.

I felt that this was the new frontier that I had to move into, to explore its dimension, and to let it uplift my life ever more. The promise that came with the
discovered certainty of this invariable love, that spanned continents and oceans -- that is as real as the Sun, and is as immediate as the present moment -- became a golden promise of peace that I found reflected in the music of the slow movement of Brahms’ Symphony Number One.

Indeed, as the days passed into weeks, with Heather and I working in Mexico, the promise of peace proved to be not an empty promise. A deeper peace emerged behind the whirlwind that had stirred our life, and mind, and soul. And this promise of sufficiency embraced everything and everyone. This peace was not an empty peace, but a peace wedded with power and joy. It proved to be the impetus that was needed for me to move forward, and for us all to move forward.

Many phone calls began to happen from that time on, between Nicolai and Anton, focusing on how we can push forward the work that Nicolai had begun, in order to put the development of Africa onto the global map. Tony and I had already researched the infrastructure projects that needed to be done; the water development that Africa had needed for so long and has been denied. We had researched projects that were immediately possible and essential, including the building of a continent-wide high-speed railway, efficient highways and water distribution projects, all of which had long ago been identified by the American economist Lyndon LaRouche, but which had been buried under the slander of his name and under the mantel of the world’s contempt for humanity, especially the contempt by the fundi.

Nicolai and I would sometimes speak till three in the morning, and dream and plan, and set up new speaking tours. Nicolai even announced one day that he got permission to put Russia on the map as a great humanitarian driver for the recovery of Africa from its rut, that we in the West have forced it in. This meant that he was setting himself up for a three months speaking tour that would cover the whole world, complete with presentations at the U.N., the European Union Parliament, the U.S. Congress, and at many parliaments around the world. This time he invited not only Heather to help him, but also Ross, Tony, Sylvia, and me, "the team" as he called us. All of this was to follow our secret mission that Fred had in mind for us.

And still, even as the whirlwind preparations were happening, Fred's words kept coming to mind, "and the world grinds on." That's what we were up against. We were fighting an inertia that had no reason to exist. It was as if Fred had cautioned us not to expect the world to spontaneously jump into the light. When I mention this to Nicolai, he just laughed and pointed out that Plato had already understood two millennia ago that this won't happen, as he had illustrated with his parable of the cave.

"A prisoner who had been kept in a dark cave for all his life, was pained by the light as he was led out of the cave. He was terrified by it and demanded to be put back into his accustomed darkness," said Nicolai. "Likewise, there will be cries heard around the world when empire no longer rules and monetarism is overlaid with the credit society principle. There will be similar cries heard and demands made. People are already crying,
'you cannot take away our looting practice, our right to kill, and steal, and lye, and destroy, and profiteer, and extort, and terrorize, and enslave, and so on. And they will do more than scream as their entire way of life becomes terminated in the unfolding sunshine. Of course, in time, they will find that the light is more pleasant than the darkness, as the light furnishes an environment for healing. Then, when they begin to see that the world of light is the real world, rather than the cave that has been their dwelling for so long, they begin to celebrate the new reality and become empowered to become a part of this light, to enrich its brilliance, even as they are enriched by it. That's the lateral process. And so the world grinds on by grinding its failures of the past into dust -- grinding down the failures, termed empire, grinding them into oblivion. I think this is what Fred had meant, when he said, 'and the world grinds on.' And so, we will all become a part of the grinding process to clear the crap out of the way for a new renaissance.'

Before our 'grinding' involvement happened, however, Heather and I had to complete our three-weeks assignment in Mexico, while Nicolai was busy getting our world tour organized, in coordination with Fred's plans for us.

Our Mexican tour started just days after we came back from Caracas. Much was accomplished by promoting the new development that came out of Caracas, all across Mexico, expounding the Caracas work on the platform of the historic American model of physical economy. But in parallel with our economic work in Mexico and for Mexico, we were also promoting the emergency rescue of Africa in a big way, and with Mexico's inclusion.

I soon lost count of how many meetings we had conducted in Mexico, on both subjects, as if they were one, and how many interviews we gave, and how many seminars we held all over the country. The idea of a need for global redevelopment caught on in Mexico, and spread like wildfire, even the idea that Mexico should become a partner in the development of Africa, especially a partner in advancing industrial production in Africa, and more so after Africa would become linked to the American continents by high speed rail across the Atlantic, via the intercontinental floating bridge that would become then evermore a necessity as a high-potential wealth-creating project, with the potential for a 100,000-fold economic gain.

Heather and I became known throughout Mexico, as the result of our three-week whirlwind tour. Near the end, our fame preceded us before we even got to the places that we had arranged to come to. We had become ambassadors for a New Hope, at a time when the need for a renewal of hope was great. People became proud again of their country, and for its potential to become as great a nation again as it had been in the brightest days of its history. People were able to understand from their own experiences that a sea change is required for humanity in order to close the door onto the sequences that had lead to the tragedy that tore the world down. This sea changes now emerged at the threshold of becoming reality. People began to understand more and more what we were saying, when we reminded them that the world had a billion people living in a state of chronic starvation, of which fifty million are condemned to death by starvation every
year, while the powers of the world were burning food massively in great orgies of their biofuel insanity, and by imposing free trade exports of food from the lands of the starving. The people in Mexico understood the need for a sweeping worldwide land reform, especially in Africa.

The Mexican people understood what we were telling them, because they had felt the same scourges themselves, in countless different ways. They understood the need for a sea change in the attitude of humanity towards itself, and towards one-another as human beings. We even received offers of help from some people who wanted to become involved, and wanted to help carry our message throughout all of Ibero America.

Some people said that some of the maquiladora, that had stood idle since the USA, the importer of last resort, had collapsed, should be preserved as museums so that this epoch of the dark-cave experience should never be forgotten that had become a time when many of the Mexican people had become slaves in their own country, held by foreign masters, while these masters’ home country was deprived of development, and was put on hold and had been turned backwards in time.

Heather and I, both sensed that there was a rebirth going on, a cleansing that was destined not to stop just part of the way. In this sense, our mission to Mexico became like a celebration, a celebration of the beauty of life and its strength. It became a whirlwind of experiences in which the kaleidoscope of the superlative had been turned again and again in many ways. This time, however, we really did turn the world upside down, at least in Mexico we did, we helped it to stand upright. Also, there was a great peace in that whirlwind, a peace mingled with joy, and a real feeling of power unfolding from the background of right ideas that uplift humanity.

Postscript

In writing fiction one runs the risk that the reader becomes disassociated from reality. This can be avoided when the fiction becomes intermingled with reality to such a degree
that the reader can never be quite certain if an element of the novel is based on fact or is total fiction, especially when the factual appears more fictional than the fiction does.

In this episode of the series of novels, The lodging for the Rose, the episode about squashing people like cockroaches, for example, falls into the category where fact and fiction appear to be reversed. The entire episode appears to be grossly unreal. Nevertheless, it reflects an actual occurrence. Only the names have been changed. The occurrence took place in the U.S.A. and had been experienced by a friend of the author. Nor is the notion of squashing people like cockroaches out of this world. The concept is already being implemented by means of economic deprivations and various other types of genocide for the purpose of depopulation. No matter how fictional the concept of depopulation may appear, human depopulation is an established policy. It is one of the chief cornerstones of an apparently permanent imperial objective. It has been repeatedly stated in the late 60s through to the 80s, that the objective is to eliminate somewhere between two to five billion people from the face of the planet. This is not fiction. The implementation has already begun in many different ways.

This particular element that, has been interwoven into the novel, is a subtle element of reality versus fiction. This reversal of fiction and fact is also found in the beginning of the novel in the story of an impending financial disintegration. The story that appears patently fictional has all the potential to become a tragic reality if the present trends are not reversed.

Another element that may appear like fiction in the novel, but which is totally real, pertains to the potential for a bright future for humanity, a future that is defined by the availability of infinite resources in energy, materials, and food. The potential for nuclear fusion power and electricity drawn from space, towards an infinite future has been well proven. Its physical realization is within reach if the required efforts are made to pursue the development of its science. Equally infinite are the material resources of the planet in terms of metals that are locked within the silicates of rocks in a molecular bond that can be broken with advanced high-energy technologies. All of these resources will some day be developed in a matter-of-fact kind of fashion, since these vast resources literally lay at our feet. The only remaining question is, when will this happen. The day will come, no doubt, when humanity gives up its notion that living is too 'expensive' and that the killing of one-another is the way to go. Then we will begin to become interested in real human development. The question that remains for us to answer, is whether we want to see this infinite future in our time. At the moment, it looks like that we won't see it, for reasons of a total disinterest.
The question of an infinite future, of course, appears to be also located in science and economics, which are actually one, but are rarely seen that way. The world-renowned American economist and statesman, Lyndon LaRouche, for example, is also a widely recognized scientist and promoter of mankind's great historic scientific discoveries. In order to keep the two dimensions distinct in the novel, direct references to his name refer to his role as an economist and political leader. When referring to him as a scientist, the name 'Steve' has been substituted, who in earlier and later novels is given the role of a leading edge scientist. This wasn't done to confuse the reader. It was done to enable the characterization of some of LaRouche's profound ideas in a wider context, as related to in the novel, to an extend that he might not wish to be identified with, considering the current critical political arena.

Occasionally there also comes a time when one is not totally conscious of the reversal between fact and fiction, until the reality of the intended fiction stares one in the face. This presents us with another type of paradox. This particular paradox is found within the Antonovna story of the novel. The Antonovna love story unfolds in the novel in a tight interrelationship to the musical sequence of the First Symphony of Johannes Brahms. It must appear to the reader that the Antonovna story was purposely crafted in a manner that it will fit the musical sequence of the symphony. In reality, the opposite happened. The Antonovna story had been written twelve years before its tight relationship to Brahms' first symphony had been discovered, which was subsequently applied to the story without any major changes having been required to the story itself. The way in which the two elements came together appears to be totally unlikely, but it happened. The coincidence happened most likely for the simple reason that both the music and the story reflect the unfolding of the same universal principle.

In real life it happens rather often that what appears fictional to one, turns out to be factual. If this is the case, the implementation of certain reversals resolves a paradox that ushers in a new era for which no basis in social history appears to exist. And why should this ever change? Our reaching ahead scientifically has always been the hallmark of humanity, so that an implementation of our discoveries may make the impossible happen. This has been the dynamics of human history, marked by daring advances, trials and failures, and profound achievements.

The end.