

Roses at Dawn  
in an Ice Age World

2011 Edition

a novel  
by Rolf A. F. Witzsche

Episode 2B of the series of novels  
*The Lodging for the Rose*

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Will there be a dawning of a new humanity, with roses on the horizon? The Earth has been in a giant Ice Age for two million years, with a few interruptions. Society has likewise been in an Ice Age socially and sexually, for just as long, so it seems. While we lack the resources to hold back the geological Ice Age cycles, we have no such excuse for not ending the deep freeze that is gripping our social scene with ever deeper sexual division and isolation, even marriage isolation. In fact we need a profound, warm, new renaissance of universal love at the grassroots level, in order to be able to survive physically in the resuming Ice Age world at the global level. The protagonists' struggles, interwoven with tears and joy are staged to build this higher platform for humanity that lies beyond the world of trained emotions. And so, the future determines the present if we answer its challenge. Would you dare to share the protagonist's roses and celebrate with them in the light of their personal sunrise at the break of a new day?

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## **Part 1 - Holiday in the Sun**

## Chapter 1 - Gentle Winds

I had called Steve from Suchumi a week before the end of the conference, long before Nicolai's final presentation. I had asked Steve if I could meet him in Leipzig on my way home from Russia.

"Sorry, that won't be possible," Steve had replied on the phone.

"Why, is the border to East Germany closed?" I asked him.

"There will be nobody here, Peter. That's why. I'm going to South Africa with a scientific delegation, and Ushi leaves tomorrow for Mexico. But why do you want to come here? Do you want to talk about what happened in Russia? You can do this on the phone. Do you want to tell me about the great breakthroughs that were made in your little resort town at the Black Sea?" He began to laugh.

"No great political breakthroughs were made, Steve," I replied. "If anything we identified more problems that require urgent solutions."

"Oh! What problems, Pete?"

"The collapse of Russia, Steve," I replied, "and the coming Ice Age; the cultural crisis in India; the biological breakdown of Africa; the economic disintegration of America; the growing child genocide around the world; the western cultural warfare projects; and the ongoing imperial projects to massively depopulate our planet in order to save the collapsing empires around the world from a potential new renaissance. Yes, we also explored solutions, but that exploration was mostly just talk."

Steve burst into laughter at the other end of the phone. "That must have kept you quite busy, Pete." He laughed some more. "I could have told you all of that in Leipzig when you were here."

"Why didn't you?" I cut him off.

"I didn't, Pete, for many reasons. For starters, you didn't ask. And you didn't ask, because you didn't know what to ask. And if I had told you, you wouldn't have believed me. You would have thought that I am nuts. Besides, we didn't have time. So we did the one thing that you didn't do at the conference. We explored the solution in a deep and concrete fashion, and we took profound steps to develop the technology for the solution. There exists only one single solution, Peter, for all the problems that you identified in Suchumi, and probably explored rather deeply. This solution is located at the third level, Peter, in the vertical model of progressive scientific development that brings us face to face with the sublime elements of our humanity and its principles. We talked about this model when you were here, remember? The horrendous problems that India is facing, that Africa is facing, that Russia is facing, and that America is facing without being aware of it, are not isolated problems. They appear to be isolated, but they are not. They all have one common denominator. They are all

rooted at the lowest level of society's self-perception. There, society regards itself as animals caged up in an imperial zoo of countless different dimensions. The resulting mental fog makes all the various problems appear to be different. But they aren't. The cultural dimensions of India are not any different than the cultural dimensions found in Europe, in the Arab world, in Africa, and in the Americas. They are all reeling with problems that cannot be solved on the low-level platform on which small-minded thinking created the problems, where they all appear to be different problems. But they can be solved when society raises itself two levels above that quagmire, up to the progressive scientific domain where people begin to discover the sublime nature of their humanity. That is what we did in Leipzig when you came to our home, and we did it intensely in the social context where it really hits close to home, as close as one can get." Here Steve began to laugh.

Ushi had come on the line while Steve was still laughing. "Pete, maybe we could get together in Mexico," she interrupted Steve's laughter. "I'll be there with the trade mission. We'll finish on Sunday, on the same day as your conference does. Our plane to Washington doesn't leave until near the end of the week. The trade negotiations were first delayed, then the delay didn't happen. We could fly to Washington together if you came to Mexico. We could have a few days together there."

"Where in Mexico, Ushi? Mexico City?"

"No!" Steve interrupted us. "There is a small island a few miles off the East Coast, off the Yucatan peninsula. Is the name Cozumel familiar to you?"

"Cozumel? No, Steve, but I'm sure I can find it."

"Will you be able to get to the Yucatan by Monday night, Pete?" Steve asked.

"Sure," I replied, "Monday is not a problem, Steve. And Ushi, if that could be arranged that would be great!"

"That can be arranged," said Steve.

"Oh my God, Ushi, I'm really looking forward to meeting you there," I replied, "wherever this place may be."

"Let me tell you about Cozumel," Steve came back. "It's a little resort island between the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. You'll love it there, especially after coming back from stuffy old Russia. Heh, I wish I could come, too. Have you ever been in Mexico, Pete?"

"I've been in Mexico City, why?"

"No, Cozumel isn't anything like Mexico City. It is a paradise compared to it. Being on an island, it's never too hot. There is always a breeze coming in from the sea. It has beautiful beaches with clear water, and Peter; it isn't yet overrun by tourists, as the beautiful places tend to become. However, it will require a long detour for you to get there."

"Oh, Uncle Sam can afford the extra few dollars for his number one agent!" I replied.

Steve just laughed and laughed. "Maybe you'll have to help Uncle Sam with that a bit."

That's when I told him what I thought I couldn't afford. I couldn't afford not to meet Ushi, no matter how far it would take me, or what the cost would be. "I need to talk to Ushi about Sylvia," I added.

"Oh, are you still on that?" Steve came back. "I suspected that is why you called. Let me assure you, Pete, the solution that you are looking for is the same as that for all the other problems."

"In my case it was the solution that caused the problem," I interjected, and began to laugh.

"The process of developing any solution on the platform of exploring the sublime dimension of our humanity, cannot cause problems, Peter. It may pose some terrific challenges, I can agree with that. The challenge in this case is to bring up the world behind you. The challenge is to solve secondary problems, the kind that have been left unsolved for centuries. I agree, a part of that challenge can be problematic, but the solution is always the same. Don't you think, therefore, it's about time you got your act together and told Sylvia about the new environment that you have discovered? No offense, I realize that growing up takes time. You might consider telling her about the benefits she would find in this environment. She may regard it to be fun to be living in a cage, but her life is bound to be so much richer when she begins living with you in the real world. Tell her what the greatest social and religious scientist of the 19th century wrote on the subject. Tell her, that 'with additional joys, benevolence would grow more diffusive.' Also tell her that this scientist was a woman, and that her counsel is to 'never contract the horizon of a worthy outlook by the selfish exaction of all another's time and thoughts.' That scientist also said, 'Home is the dearest spot on Earth, and it should be the center, though not the boundary of the affections.' If Sylvia is half as intelligent as you tell me she is, she won't have any problems with any of that."

"Right, Steve."

"Seriously, Pete? That's all it will take. It's as simple as that. All you need to do is raise up your world to the sublime level of existence, where the truth is the truth."

"Thanks, Steve, I hope you are right," I replied. "I have grave doubts though, that this is humanly possible."

"Nothing is impossible when you reach for the sublime, Pete, except stepping back into the Old World that you've outgrown by moving forward. We are always moving forward, and leaving things behind. You should have realized that by now. That's the inevitable unfolding of the human journey. And it is a qualitative unfolding."

I thanked Steve for his kind words. Still, my doubts remained. Life seemed so easy for him. I envied him for it.

"Hey, Pete, no thanks are needed," Steve replied. "I'm glad to be of help. Enriching one-another's life, that's what civilized living is all about,

isn't it?"

"Yes it is," I replied. "It seems that I just need to be reminded of it once in a while that this isn't just theory, Steve, especially when it sounds too good to be true."

"We all need to be reminded, Pete. And don't forget what your goal towards your wife, Sylvia, is. Just tell her that your motive is to enrich her life. I know that you are worried that you will hurt her with what has happened in Leipzig, and later on with Heather. You are afraid that you botch things up. Let me assure you, if your motive is true, there will be no hurt even if you mess things up, royally. Let me also assure you that Heather respects you too, for that very reason. I am sure that she may even respect you more for not having been omnipotent, while you tackled the great problems of human existence, that you couldn't solve in one single step. That is what makes life exciting, facing the challenges, pushing the limits forward as far as you can, and then some more. So what, that you have failed Heather on the last count, Pete. She'll respect you for having boldly faced the thousand situations with her that you didn't botch up, in which you and she and others came out richer. Don't let this one failure destroy what you have achieved, and don't hide from Sylvia what you both have won. Sylvia will respect you in the same manner, as I am sure Heather does, provided that you tell her honestly what this is all about. She will respect you even if she doesn't understand more than just a few tidbits of what stands behind it all. She will respect you for it, because she will feel that your involvement with expanding unity and love, is already bringing riches into her life like a fresh wind that sweeps away worn-out myths. This wind is clearing the horizon for wondrous things to come, that she may only have dreamed off so far, but may have never thought of as being attainable."

I answered with a sigh. "You have taken a great load of my shoulders, Steve. You have accomplished in three minutes what a professional psychiatrist in Washington couldn't accomplish in three hours."

"The psychiatrists don't know anything about that, Pete. They don't have the faintest notion what mankind's unity is all about. This isn't taught in the schools. To ask a psychiatrist for advice on this issue, is like asking a baby to help solve a differential equation. They simply don't know. The psychiatrists haven't even figured out the mystery of Johannes Brahms yet, have they? They have no idea how Clara Schumann fitted into his life. They think they know, but they don't. Some day, they will figure this out, but they haven't yet. Nor would the psychiatrists want to know what we have discovered. This would eliminate the need for psychiatry."

He began to laugh as if this was the greatest joke. Then he said good bye and wished me well.

"Pete, I will find us a nice place away from the main crowd," Ushi came back, "where we can talk undisturbed. I'll call you from Mexico City the day before you leave Suchumi."



Ushi did call as promised. We arranged to meet at the docks. I had no idea when we spoke on the phone what impact Nicolai's lecture, Olive's lingering love, and Tara's touch would have on me in the grand culmination in those final days.

I met Ushi on Monday evening after a long bus ride and a voyage by ferryboat from the mainland. She had come to the docks as she had promised. What a treat it was just to see her there! I embraced her like we'd always belonged together. Tara has been open and daring, but not without her own set of iron clad barriers. Ushi and I had stepped away from this world of barriers altogether, so it seemed. The notion of barriers didn't seem to apply as though we lived in a different world that lay outside the sphere of the conventional.

Before leaving Suchumi I had bought a tape recording of Brahms' Fourth Symphony to relive the ending of the Suchumi period on the plane. I enjoyed the sense of peace that the music projects, and its promise for ever-more peace ahead. Ushi, as I remembered her, blended perfectly into this atmosphere of peace, and joy, and power. Indeed it was a great privilege to meet her again. Just seeing her standing by the dock was a delight in itself. I had barely stepped off the boat when we were in each other's arms. I could only marvel at how much closer I felt to her now than during our days back in Leipzig, or at our last brief meeting in Berlin. I felt as though we had been together always. There was no shadow of a barrier left.

We dragged my luggage across the yard to an ice-cream vendor. I remembered her being fond of ice cream. We sat in the shade of the vendor's umbrellas, eating ice cream, while waiting for the cab that Ushi had called.

Ushi began to laugh at one point. "Do you realize that we may be the only lovers on the island who are in love with each other on the basis of being in love with ourselves that is reflected in an expanding love for one-another in the highest sense possible, which unfolds as being in love with humanity? I don't think anyone else can say that."

I nodded and grinned. I fully agreed. What a feeling that brought! It seemed to me that we lived not just in a different world all of a sudden, but in a different Universe, a Universe without limits or distance between people. I said so to her.

She kissed me and said that I was perfectly correct, and that we shouldn't forget, ever, that I just described the real world. Then she added, "It's all your fault, you know?" She smiled, as she said this.

"My fault?" I asked.

"Sure, Peter, you started it all. I am quite certain that Steve's invitation for you to spend the night with me in Leipzig, wouldn't have been extended by him if you hadn't challenged him to define the concept of universal love, and with it, self-love. This opened up a New World for us

all. It really did. It certainly did so for Steve. This unfolding new environment forced a kind of honest reaction from him that he couldn't deny, even if it was hard to follow through with. But Peter, the best came afterwards. Steve became so uplifted by his response to the challenge you presented, that it opened up a whole New World to him as he told me later. Obviously, we both felt that way, and no doubt, you felt so too."

"Sure, I did, Ushi, but..." I completed my answer with a kiss. "As I remember it was you, who got me on to that line of exploration in the first place. Remember what you said at the cafe, when you challenged me to explain how two people can change the world. I was right then, when I said that you are a genius and an angel, combined all into one."

"Oh you!" said Ushi and kissed me back.

We took the cab from the wharf, right across the island, a rather hair-raising trip to the windy side. The cab stopped a few miles past a small coastal town, in front of a cozy two-story hotel overlooking the surf. The ocean looked brighter from our second story balcony than the foam of the surf. The water glittered with the golden glare of the evening sun, too bright to look into it for more than just a blink. Its brilliance echoed the mood I was in from the moment on, when we met again. The sobering effect that Tara has had on me in Russia, suddenly made me feel much closer to Ushi half way around the world. I felt closer to her than I ever thought possible. That feeling came with a wonderful 'brightness' and a 'glare' all of its own. Perhaps her effect on me was that I loved myself more. In her courageous daring, Tara had inspired a sensitivity towards life in everyone of us there, which took away so many facets that don't reflect love, but which stand in the way of our self-love that should be expressed in our love for one-another. This 'growing up' as Steve had called it, now made Ushi appear more precious than before, like a precious jewel of life itself that becomes more beautiful the more one embraces it. Olive's wide-open love and the brightness of her affection, as well as her music, had set the stage for this process of growing up into a New World, where life and love are one.

Our beach, near the hotel, was an untouched stretch of sand with a background of logs and debris piled up high that gave way to dunes overgrown with tall grasses and shrubs. My first thought was that we could go nude on the beach as in Leipzig, but unlike in Leipzig, we would let ourselves be tossed around by the ocean breakers driven by the on-shore winds. This potential adventure promised to be Leipzig and Hawaii all rolled into one. The hotel clerk kindly told us where the beach was safe from undercurrents. Nevertheless, the swimming had to wait for a while. I had arrived too late in the day. By the time I was checked in, had settled down, and we had a stroll along the beach in the glow of the sunset, there wasn't much time left for anything. It was too late even for dining out. We

ordered room service snacks for something to eat. The room service menu was full of Mexican things, Tacos and the like.

A stronger breeze had come up over the water after sunset. It made the evening cooler and perfectly comfortable on the balcony, where we were eating. We were listening to the surf between the torrents of our talking. What more could we want than this? When the last glow of the sunset had faded, the breeze from the sea still felt comfortably warm, blowing in above the surf with the never ending sound of the rushing and receding waves in the background.

We talked about many things that evening, about Russia, the war that hadn't been declared yet, and the peace conference of course, and its motto **The Liberation of Men.**

Here Ushi burst into laughter. "Forgive me, that sounds funny," she said. "Men's liberation!"

"Well, without the liberation of men, the liberation of woman has no meaning," I said to her. "Also, without it, we wouldn't be here."

I told her about Tara and my tall dreaming which seemed so infinitely remote now, while in a sense, it was coming true that very moment. Events certainly had taken a strange twist. "Did you realize that I nearly fainted when Steve suggested that night in Leipzig that we should sleep together?" I said to her.

"I did too," said Ushi and grinned. "This had never happened before."

"Never? Oh, I had thought it was common practice."

"Oh, no, Pete, Steve is really quite shy. I think he has been working up to this for some time. Then you came along and challenged him. You didn't even know that you had. Did you know he respects you tremendously?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"He really does, Pete. It was a gesture of respect towards me to have been given the right to be myself without strings attached. Our sleeping together that night was nice, but it was nothing compared to feeling the freedom of being able to do so with no strings attached. Also it had an enriching effect on Steve, that he has been able to step away from those barriers that tradition imposes. He had already invalidated them in his mind, but he really hadn't learned to step away from them. That night a new Steve was born, and believe me, you had a hand in it."

"As a bystander," I said.

"No, no, much more than that, Pete. If you had opted out it would have taken Steve a long time to get back to this point. He took a daring step for a man. He might not have dared again."

"I can believe that," I replied. "I sensed that all of Steve's scientific explanations in support of his invitation, were as much for his own self-assurance than they were for my benefit."

Ushi nodded and grinned. "Actually I had this strange feeling," she said, "that when we met on the beach in Leipzig that morning that something far-reaching was going to happen."

"Me, too, Ushi, and it happened; I fell in love with you from the first moment on!"

"Oh you!" she said and punched me in the side.

"I did, I did!" I said with a grin and hugged her. "Of course you are right," I agreed. "A tremendous breakthrough has been made that day in Leipzig, and this breakthrough, all by itself, may have had a greater impact towards building a platform for rescuing humanity, than we both may yet imagine."

"Oh? Rescuing humanity?"

"Yes, humanity, Ushi. I mean all of us. I mean society in general. We have developed strange habits," I said to her. "We tend to protect that which is the most detrimental to us in every respect. Ever since I married Sylvia, I had protected my isolation from the rest of the female world of humanity. That's what marriage seems to impose. I felt ashamed when I as much as looked at another woman and felt something warm and beautiful inside. I had regarded myself as immoral for not being able to suppress this response like a good husband should. I am glad, though, I hadn't won this war against myself. Most people are not as fortunate. Most people are heroic winners in their fight against themselves. The whole of humanity seems to be winning this fight against itself, and the grander the success is that they achieve in fighting this war, the more it threatens to destroy us all. You, Steve, and I stand apart from this. I see us like pioneers, exploring a New World that must ultimately become the world of humanity. I am convinced that this will happen if we can turn humanity around into the new direction towards itself, where the horizons are bright, open, and honest."

Ushi smiled in agreement. "What other hope do we have?"

"What we need to accomplish isn't miraculous," I said quietly. "I think we have both known this for far longer than we want to admit, even while we respond to what needs to be done, mostly without being aware of it."

"Can you remember what moved you in a strong way, looking back, something that left a deep impression on you?" said Ushi. "Maybe that's where it all began. And I don't mean the nuclear war terror that nobody can really respond to, as it is far too remote to day to day living. Sometimes small things that are more intimate move us in a much more powerful manner, because we can place ourselves into the immediacy of the situation. I think you have been there."

"You mean Cambodia?" I interjected. "Oh, yes, I have seen things there I will never forget. The term holocaust is too mild. No proper term exist for what I saw. I saw a madness erupting where the impossible happened, as if people had taken a vacation from their humanity and had become beasts. I saw a young woman being buried alive up to her neck, and her head being kicked in by the beasts, again and again, as if it was

a baseball. The reason for the killing was that she had been a prostitute. Maybe the term holocaust is the definition for the resulting action of a hollow people, an empty people, a people who have lost their humanity. There are always holocausts going on somewhere. Cambodia wasn't the only holocaust scene. There were holocausts happening in Vietnam too, and Afghanistan, Yugoslavia, Rwanda, Palestine, Panama, Nicaragua, too many to be named. It seems that the infinite crime is getting an ever-wider face, and one seems to stand helpless against it. Does it make sense that tank shall are fired into the crowd of unarmed demonstrators. Does it make sense that a six-year-old child playing in a garden becomes the target of a missile fired from a helicopter? There are thousands such stories told, from places of holocaust where the common humanity of mankind seems to be vacated. And how does one deal with that? One hasn't got a hope in hell, addressing the specifics. There are too many. The scene is too wide. I often found myself pulling away from this ugliness, that I cannot change anyway, by focusing on the only aspect that I can affect, and that is, to determine how I relate to other people as human beings. I discovered some time ago that I am not very good at this. There is always a barrier standing in the way, or multiple barriers, even barriers upon barriers, such as gender, race, age, sex, marriage, status, and on an on. I said to myself some time ago that there has to be a way possible to cut through this crap. And you know, it changed the way I looked at other people, especially women, who are so far out of reach as if they lived on another planet. One day I cut through this haze, and I asked myself how I would relate to women if they were my own sister. Wouldn't the distance melt away? Wouldn't this bring me closer to experiencing how a human being relates to a human being? Shouldn't this be a normal way of life? It seems that holocausts happen, when what should be normal, doesn't happen. So I decided to make it happen. For every frightening tale of holocaust that I heard, I went an extra mile in the direction of the land of normal. And this became exciting. It doesn't take a lot to let another know that one is reaching across the barriers off the world, against all odds, to create for one brief moment a holiday for another person, in which to touch the landscape of the world of normal, and to feel the joy that one finds there by taking those steps. Amazing things then tend to happen. Maybe we can change the world that way, and banish the holocausts from the face of the Earth, and from history, and from the face of civilization."

Ushi nodded.

"The trouble is, that these things are hard to do, especially when the stakes are high," I said quietly. "My experience, however, has been that whenever a breakthrough is made, the result tends to be amazing. Nor does it take a lot to break out of the old mold, since a loving thought and touch can brighten a person's day. Or just a smile might do this, or a loving gesture, or who knows what else? It is tempting to say that this is a skill we have lost a long time ago. However, I am more inclined to note that we have never developed this skill."

Ushi nodded again. "How could we have lost something we never had? Society never had the scientific foundation built to define the 'world of normal,' as you have put it. Even the three of us find the 'normal' that we discover in science, revolutionary. Your own experience has been that it takes extraordinary daring to address another person as a human being behind the walls of isolation that have become gigantic barriers. But what are the barriers protecting? Are they protecting us from life? Are they protecting mythologies? Are they protecting traditions, the validity of small-minded thinking, or even other people's small-minded thinking? Are they protecting public opinion?"

I began to laugh. "Most barriers are protecting mediocrity. Why else would it be, that if one is successful in aiding another person to step across the barrier, even for just a moment, and thereby claim the native freedom of a human being, a ray of sunlight floods into the day that uplifts the entire day of isolated living? I think this freedom is in everyone's heart, but it takes the scientific genius of mankind to open the door to it."

"Mediocrity is too optimistic a term," said Ushi. "People are too scared, too lazy, or too dull and indifferent to bother to be touched by their own humanity. They find it more comfortable to live a life that is quite dead. Most are quite dead to themselves. Those are hard to reach. I pity them. I like the ones who are discontent. If you say to one of those, thank you for being in the world, they tend to wake up. They smile and may even hug you. Of course, there are many ways of saying that. But why shouldn't we say these things? Why shouldn't we extend an invitation to one-another to step into the light of a human being and celebrate one's being alive -- standing tall above the fog of the world, like a city built upon a hill that is rich with great wonders, so that the eyes of the world are upon it, and rightfully so?"

"Wow!" I said. "You make mediocrity appear like poverty," I added.

"Well, isn't it poverty?" said Ushi. "Mediocrity is like a wilted rose that isn't quite dead yet. Of course, a rose doesn't have the means to pull itself out of this trend. But we have the means. The human being is extraordinary to the extreme. Maybe love is our gateway in stepping away from mediocrity. There certainly isn't any mediocrity in loving. Love and mediocrity are opposites. One is a power, the other is a drain on life."

"This makes a coffee shop a temple," I said and began to grin.

"A temple?" Ushi repeated.

"Oh yes, a temple," I said. "When one extends to another the invitation to be a human being above all else, a time of celebration begins. By definition a temple is a place for celebration, for celebrating the divine. Isn't this how we celebrate one another? Why shouldn't a coffee shop be a place where this happens? I think the coffee shop operators haven't even begun yet to recognize their potential future as a temple where people come to celebrate each other in the name of Love. Sadly, the world is far from realizing this potential, and so, mediocrity reigns."

"Mediocrity would be heaven for all those people who live far

below this line," said Ushi. "Just look at the financial insanity that people have committed themselves to in America. There is nothing bright there, open, and honest, or human. Your laws have enabled the thieves in your country to break down all barriers against stealing, and have invited people to become thieves themselves."

"You are right, there is no mediocrity there," I said quietly. "The watchword is 'active aggression.' The aggressive investor is hailed, the thief who turns millions into billions, by circumventing the barriers against thievery. The game has become addictive in America. There are fifty million households in my country, Ushi, and forty-five percent of these have poured most of their assets into the financial market with expectations for great profits. Their focus isn't on building and creating, and producing things of value that enriches the living of society. Many households have borrowed against their home, their income, and even against their credit cards, to gamble in the markets, dreaming of getting rich. But this aggression by which they steal profit from the unwary, for which nothing is produced, isn't human. They are trapped into a dream of earning huge bundles of wealth in the market, while any rational child would be able to tell them that they will never see their investment money returned. A child should know that the profits that are paid out in a market that doesn't produce anything, are drained from the investments that are thereby 'stolen' from fellow investors. This process takes them miles outside the sphere of their humanity as human beings."

"They are wrecking themselves as human beings," said Ushi. "I have met them on trade shows. Their world is centered on money and getting more of it, as fast as possible. Every other word is money. They have traded in their humanity for money, which has no intrinsic value. And so, the more successful they become, the poorer they become. I have met them. They are poor people, Peter, and they don't even recognize themselves as poor. They live in the temple of money, and upon entering, they were required to amputate themselves and deposit their cut-off humanity into the trashcan at the door, as it would be a hindrance to their celebration of money in the temple of their dreams. They enter, and as they do, all they hold is paper for which the liquidity doesn't exist to satisfy the claims written on their paper that they dream about."

"They are wrecking more than just themselves," I said to Ushi. "They are wrecking the world with unspeakable holocausts, as their looting destroys society's living. Their temples, are temples of genocide. Their god is empire, their priest, the vampire that lives on other people's blood. They say that their sacrificing of the poor on their altar of money, to get their blood, is in the interest of mother nature, since there are far too many people alive on the planet for the planet to sustain. They say that many people need to be killed. They even say that wars have become too expensive an inefficient for this. How can one turn this madness around, Ushi, other than by taking a person on a brief holiday into the world of normal, for a glimpse, even if it is just for a moment, of the landscape of

the freedom to love that is native to our humanity as human beings? How else than by becoming human oneself, in this manner, can society be rescued from their temple of money, and be inspired to search for their humanity in the trashcan at the door, to claim their humanity back?

"Luckily this healing is possible," said Ushi. "This is one type of circumcision that can be reversed. There are countless ways possible for those who seek such a healing, to gain their humanity back. When you invite a woman, whom you admire, to share a coffee break with you on the platform of two human beings standing above the fog of the world, in a holiday to sanity, you have established a model for all sorts of breakthroughs of a similar nature to happen. It appears you have started a process that has the potential to unfold into the universal healing of society on a much wider platform than you can imagine. Once the principle is in the open, it is there to stay. Who knows what will yet come out of it? Just don't let the momentum die, Peter. Keep up the momentum. Keep the fire burning. Sure, this poses a bit of a challenge for you with Sylvia, but this is the same challenge, isn't it, with momentous breakthroughs in the wings that have the potential to open up a whole new world for both of you as you invite her to live in the city upon a hill, high above that fog? There is so much healing to be accomplished in getting out of the fog, that we haven't more than just a faint idea yet, as to how bright the landscape of normal really is, as we are standing at the point that we are at now, before we get to it."

"You mean when the trashcans get emptied as the countless shreds of humanity are reclaimed that have been so carelessly discarded?" I interjected.

"And it doesn't mean handing out charity, Peter, when this happens," said Ushi. "It means supporting the whole of mankind. It means building it up by all possible means. It means supporting and utilizing every avenue that comes to light for uplifting and enriching the world. The Templars of Money may hand out charity. But they are not free from the game that they serve. They are only free outside of the temple of it, when they enter the landscape of normal, that has no confining temple in it. Steve calls this landscape, the love of the good and beautiful and their immortality, as Mary has defined it. He showed you her book, didn't he, which she had offered as her contribution to our universal healing."

"I think America had been inspired by what she stood for," I said to Ushi. "We became a generous people in her time. We had inspired the world. But now, everything has been privatized. America has become small, cheap, and poverty stricken, though with the hand of a giant who threatens the whole world. We are committing suicide as a nation."

"The suicide happened after Mary's time," said Ushi. "Two years after her death, your Congress privatized your nation's money in what became the biggest act of robbery in world history. Now the thieves own you. You've been privatized. Every bit of freedom and humanity that you once had as a nation, has been amputated. As Steve told you, even your



sex has been amputated. More than 70% of your men had the major portion of their sexual sensitivity amputated with the circumcision and thrown into the trashcan, together with a lot of what is related to intimacy in society."

"That's all gone, Ushi," I said quietly. "And our world is vanishing with it especially in America. Our physical economy is collapsing while the financial values are being pushed sky-high. In their heart, people must know that this game of insanity is a gigantic fraud. With nothing much being produced anymore that profits society, where do the vast floods of profit come from that the 'markets' suck out of society to fatten the wealthy. Society can't pull profit out of thin air, yet the 'profits' keep on flowing in ever-wider streams. The profits are stolen. Society is being 'amputated' thereby in countless different ways. I think people instinctively know this, but they fight against the very thing they know to be true, so that they won't have to deal with it, because this would demand a level of honesty they are not willing to muster. Thus, they keep on watching the gangsters robbing them and pouring evermore of their living into the physically destructive processes of financial 'wealth-building' that are even for the gangsters, inherently empty pursuits. The gangsters call this 'risk taking.' Society agrees. They should both call this suicide."

"It won't be an easy task to help them," said Ushi. "Those people don't want to be helped."

"Still, I think we must try, or else we deny our humanity too, and leave it behind in some trash can on the path to modern living that is an easy path, but on which civilization is doomed. No doubt they will call us insane for predicting the doom of their system that causes people to steal from one-another and feel rich thereby, even while they know in their heart that the doom of the system that profits by stealing cannot be avoided."

"They already hate us, for us telling them the truth," said Ushi. 'You are attacking our values,' they say. Maybe they should call us insane for even trying to save them from their self-inflicted doom," added Ushi jokingly. "But we are not insane. We know that we must do this, because every human being is valuable. When society destroys itself, we are doomed too. Nobody lives alone in this world. When civilization collapses, we collapse with it. So it is important to uphold what is precious, and the most precious on earth is the human being. Society is its own gem, its most valuable resource. It is the brightest star in the heavens, a diamond that sparkles in the light. This is the reality that stands before us. A diamond that has been dragged into the mud is a diamond still. We cannot let a single opportunity for healing fall to the ground unused, for too much is at stake here. And why should we let anything that is valuable slip out of our grasp? As you said yourself, a single breakthrough, even for a single moment, can be an amazingly rich affair."

"And so society must call us insane, indeed, as they can't see the riches before their eyes," I said in agreement. "Also they must call us insane if they believe that we fight for their healing, primarily for their

sake. Only when they realize that we are actually fighting for a higher purpose, to save and enrich civilization by creating the kind of renaissance world that is in our grasp for the sake of all humanity, to create a brighter world for us all to live in, might they realize that they have actually the same interests at heart. Society won't join us in our fight unless they see us fighting far above the mediocrity the world has become mired in. The Principle of Universal Love demands this. It demands that not a single human being is excluded or isolated from the uplifting power of universal Love. The simple process of falling in love with humanity unites us all. Of course that may take years to unfold, Ushi. Until then society may well remain blind to the fact that its present hollow system is destroying its world, and this rather effectively."

I told Ushi that the same insanity also rules politically, because the whole of humanity supports the insane notion that deindustrialization enriches a nation's existence. "The people are told that this insanity is politically correct, and so they believe it to be true. Strangely, they support this insanity even while it puts them onto the unemployment heap, or into the streets once they have become homeless. They also support the insane notion that the Earth is too full, by which they support the fascist depopulation schemes that are carried out all over the world through politically imposed underdevelopment, famines, and war. Thus they fight against the idea of global economic development, even though economic development is the only option they have available to save the civilization that supports their existence. They fight the idea that humanity must commit itself to global re-industrialization and infrastructure building, in order to survive. Most people live in a dream world, Ushi. They are like people being fast asleep in a building that is ablaze."

"Weren't we all a bit like this, Peter?" Ushi interjected. "We preferred not to live in the real world if it is not politically correct, or socially correct, or emotionally correct. It is not easy to be a rebel. The easy chair is where we want to be. We don't want to stand up. We do this so staunchly that you called it a miracle when we managed to step away from it briefly, in Leipzig, after Steve invited you to stay for the night with me."

"Oh yes, this seemed like a miracle, Ushi, it still does. Did you ever realize that our civilization will likely not survive unless those 'miracles' cease to be called 'miracles' and become commonplace?" I added quietly. "That's the challenge that the coming Ice Age is imposing. It literally forces us to create the brightest renaissance imaginable as a means for surviving and saving civilization. The fact is, we live in an Ice Age world right now, even though the climate transition won't happen for another hundred years from now, for it may take a hundred years to build the infrastructures for surviving in an ice world. We need to get out of the easy chair."

"I know, I know," said Ushi quietly. "Isn't this also why we are here? We have become committed to advance what we have started and to send the easy chair to the junk yard. We have become committed to

move forward, even if nobody else is. Nobody wants to see what is in front of their very eyes. We live in an Ice Age world right now, as all the leading thinkers back in Leipzig had pointed out to me, including Steve, because our world is locked unto the astrophysical Ice Age schedule that controls our planet. I am well aware that it will take us a hundred years to create the technologies and the vast infrastructures that we need to survive in the deep freeze of the coming Ice Age, which means putting most of the world's agriculture into indoor facilities. That's a huge task, even if we have a hundred years to get there, which we may not have. But do you see anyone rushing to the starting gate? Nobody is even willing to acknowledge that the race is on. This means that we are in an Ice Age World already, in a humanist ice age, a frozen landscape where nothing stirs. The world should be exploding with creative activity to meet the challenge before us. Everything should be coordinated with the Ice Age schedule, starting yesterday. People like to believe that the return of the Ice Age world is still a thousand years off, and so they remain frozen. The world has become trapped into a delusion, but it's all artificial. What they dream of isn't real. It's a fairy tale dished up by the masters of empire to keep society asleep so that nobody will awake to the fact that the transition process towards the next Ice Age cycle has already started. It's happening. In fact, the larger Ice Age that has gripped the Earth two million years ago has not yet ended. We know this, the masters know this, but society at large is not allowed to know this, because if it did it would uplift its world to meet the larger challenge, whereby the rule of empire and its thievery would end. And so, nobody is allowed to know that the present Holocene warm climate that we had for the last 12,000 years is but a cyclical exception in the long-term Ice Age. This exception has now run its course and is ending. We are demanded, therefore, to respond to the Ice Age reality, but society has been brainwashed to say no, thus to say no to its very survival. If we don't break society out of this trap, mankind may become extinct, or at best maybe ten percent of the world population might survive, and those will then wish they hadn't. This tells me that we have to change the world and ourselves, towards creating the kind of high intensity renaissance in thinking that breaks us all out of this trap and enables the whole of mankind to survive the next astrophysical Ice Age cycle that will freeze up much of our world for the next 90,000 years. I would say, the task involves a huge challenge. Everything that mankind has been fighting each other for, and still does, will simply vanish in the light of this new challenge. I like to believe that the needed Ice Age Renaissance will happen, because it is possible, and because the demands imposed by the Ice Age MUST be met. What the Universe is imposing is not negotiable. The dynamics of the Universe don't bend to our bidding. We can only utilize our intelligence and do what is necessary to bring our world into conformity with the cycles of the Universe."

"That's what we talked about in Russia too," I interjected. "But will anything come out of it? The task of preparing our world for the coming

Ice Age is so immense that we have to rouse ourselves to a higher level of self-discovery than we ever have attained before, to where we discover our humanity. This too, is a part of the Ice Age World that is dawning on the horizon."

"I like to believe that this dawn is in progress," said Ushi, "as you have said yourself in Leipzig, you were drawn into tackling the challenge to inspire humanity to face one-another as human beings and with their head held high, high above the fog. This means we have our work cut out for the continuing dawn of the discovery of the depth and breadth of our humanity. Isn't that the real reason why we are here, you and I? We are here to work together in reaching for the level that Friedrich Schiller called the sublime. When society gets to this level of a profound scientific self-perception, the stealing from one-another that is wrecking our world today, simply won't be on the agenda anymore. The world will have a higher agenda then, than it had before this point, which is required for building the needed Ice Age Renaissance Civilization. In this sense you and I are a significant spark in the pioneering effort to light the big humanist 'fire' that is yet to come, a fire of passion for life and for our humanity."

"We face a small minded people," I replied. "How can we even expect them to take those giant steps?"

"Oh, haven't the two of us already started to take those steps?" said Ushi. "Haven't we taken a giant step in conventional terms by coming together here as two married people to two different partners? Would you have imagined this to be possible just a few months ago? Maybe the dawn of the Ice Age Renaissance World is really happening."

"So, I take it that you agree with me," I said to Ushi, "that what we have started in Leipzig is big, and has the potential to become ever-bigger and change the world."

"I have agreed with you on the day we met in Leipzig, Peter," she replied. "I knew it theoretically then. I had a faint notion that this should work. Now I know more."

"Do you also know that we have no other option?" I interrupted her. "Do you realize that this is the platform that I must take to Sylvia? Deep down at the bottom of my heart, I know that the universal need for a wider unity requires a wider honest perception of the value of our common humanity. We find in it the sanity of our love for ourselves, reflected in a universal love for one-another. That will bring the world together, just as it brought us together. I also feel that our sexuality as human beings has something to do with that, because it attracts people to one-another, and it does so with a great fire of passion that never goes out, that never becomes extinguished with satisfaction. We must never stop expanding our embrace. Sex is a part of it. It brings us together as sexual spiritual human beings that are in love with our spiritual humanity."

"Love is the fountain for unity," said Ushi. "It has no meaning for as long as it remains theoretical, without fulfilling the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. If we try to create unity without the Principle of

the Advantage of the Other, we reject every vital element that is a part of the equation of our humanity. Why would we do this? Why would we exclude sex from this? We have to stop dreaming, and move forward by committing ourselves to what is real, and uplift it. Everything else appears to be secondary."

"Isn't that what I said?" I interjected. "The countless mythologies about sex, about marriage, about marriage boundaries, even political division and so forth, which are all detrimental to love and unity, are elements that must be faced, and be uplifted with the Principle of Universal Love. Every one of them must be uplifted, sex included. We shouldn't shun sex, Olive, but let it be the symbol for our passion, our passion for things human, our passion for life. Nor must we ever be satisfied in our passion, because at the moment we are, the passion stops, the horizon is no longer boundless, and infinity becomes finite. That's when life becomes doomed."

"But can we do this, Peter? You are talking about big issues."

"You bet we can do this. We can face the challenge and win. We can win, because we have to win. In fact there is nothing else on the horizon worth considering. But you are wrong about these being the big issues. As vital as these issues are, like sex, marriage, politics, and so forth, they are not primary in themselves. Universal love and self-love are primary. Our passion must be rooted in that, and the Ice Age Renaissance that we need to create in order to survive, must reflect the dynamics of an unending passion. So, let's not throw sex into the trash can. It needs to stand at the center of our passion and remain there with a lot of wonderful human things surrounding it. If we begin with the primary imperative, to develop the passion for our humanity, and for life to the highest degree, the lesser issues, which may be world-shaking issues, tend to resolve themselves.

"For example, if our goal was to create an Ice Age Renaissance, in order to enable mankind to survive the Ice Age without losing its food supply, the necessary economic and cultural renaissance that can get us there would unfold in the flow of it, together with the solutions for all the other secondary issues. By themselves, every one of those secondary issues may indeed appear big in our sight, with insurmountable challenges standing in the way. In fact, these secondary issues may never be resolved as isolated issues, as they are pursued at the lowest level of society's self-perception. But in the pursuit of huge goals, like an Ice Age Renaissance, the extraordinary demands that are placed upon us, may empower us to leave all the low-level concerns behind, by which these low-level concerns become resolved as non-issues. If our goal is to fully develop our humanity in order to create this Ice Age Renaissance, as we must do before the temperatures drop and wipe out our agriculture, then we will become willing to deal with all the smaller issues that stand in the way. Right now those lower issues are denying our humanity, like the countless forms of division and isolation that we now cherish, including sexual division and marriage isolation. Why shouldn't we be able to regard one another prima-

rily as human beings, men and woman, married or not? We fill our homes with beautiful things, like fine furniture, lovely flowers, and beautiful art. Why shouldn't we fill our lives with beautiful people too? Why should we be so small-minded as to deny ourselves the most precious we have, which is one-another, as human beings, and ourselves? How can we even hope to create an Ice Age Renaissance with a small-minded attitude towards one another that closes all of the social doors?"

Ushi began to smile. "If only Steve could hear you," she said. "Steve had said essentially the same thing to me after you had left that day in Leipzig. You are right. What binds us together, is something very deep that goes to the root of our humanity, but we didn't see this then. We had explored all possible avenues simultaneously that day, for their own merit. We had explored all the avenues that were even remotely connected with what we vaguely understood of that higher imperative. Of course we had to move fast back then. We only had one day. The breakthrough that we achieved in that one single day, was tremendous. It was a daring exploration into a beautifully human world, which I agree, should be common place. Indeed, it would be common place if society wasn't so small-minded."

"Yes," I replied, "that wonderfully rich day that we shared, would not have come about if we had not been honest with ourselves in a big way, all the way through. You and Steve have helped me with your own honesty to end that personal war that I had been unjustly fighting against myself in the name of what is erroneously called, morality and honor. You have both helped more than you can imagine, Ushi, to make this breakthrough a reality, with all these deep things in it. You created a New World for me to live in."

"So it is our honesty with ourselves that must never be allowed to end, Peter, or else we will never reach the tall goal that we must reach in the world to protect and uplift our lives. Is that a part of our passion? What can be more beautiful than to embrace one another as human beings, and to uplift the world to the point that it matches this tall image?"

"We won't succeed if we become complacent, Ushi, and let even a single element slip out of sight. Our passion must be full. I found this out in Russia. I met many daring people, surrounded by all sorts of self-made barriers, each struggling against them. I know it is tough to deal with these barriers. I was just as deeply trapped by them than most people are, trying to get free."

"Trying is not enough," said Ushi and nodded. "We must empower ourselves to keep on moving forward. We must become ever more honest with ourselves, more open to the beauty and strength of the human world, and become constantly richer in our loving, and in our self-discovery that feeds our loving. At the same time we must also become more gentle in all that we do and aim for."

I agreed. "Who knows how great a task this may yet turn out to be!" I said smiling, leaning back into my chair on the balcony.

"And what loveliness, joys, and opportunities it will yet unfold," added Ushi.

I stood up and leaned over the railing to sniff the breeze that came in from the open ocean. Our corner balcony faced right into the flow of the Trade Winds.

"I find the wind refreshing," I said to Ushi as she joined me at the railing. "There is such vitality in the wind. The wind makes me ashamed of not being able to move with the same ease and the same gentle power," I added quietly. "Instead of moving with ease and with power, I am stuck with puzzles that I find no answers for."

"It's about Sylvia still, right? Let me help you," Ushi replied and reached her hand out.

"It is something much deeper than that," I said and took hold of her hand. "I am ashamed, because I can't respond in a way that matches the wonderful help that I have been given. Everywhere people are helping me, but I don't seem to be able to return the gesture. I am stuck in a one way street, as it were."

Ushi shook her head and raised her hand to stop me.

"No, Ushi, this is how I feel," I replied. "I met a woman in Suchumi, who had modeled her approach to loving on the premise that all of humanity is naturally generous, helpful, and loving. She learned this from a businessman, who had built his entire business on that platform. He had always endeavored to give a portion of the substance of his success back to people in order to keep the process alive on which his prosperity depends. The woman that I met was dedicated to the same idea, to the same principle, just like you and Steve are. I have received so much love from both of you, and so much generously offered help, but why am I so bankrupt when it comes to giving anything back that enriches people's life, most of all yours?"

She put her arm around me. "You mustn't think that way, Peter," she said quietly. She responded with a kiss. "You have made profound contributions to us all by just being honest with yourself. Don't belittle that. Still, I know what you are saying, because what's troubling you is all too common in the world. I often feel the same way. And the reason is that we simply aren't used to making contributions. We are not used to truly being ourselves, and acknowledging ourselves as bright and wonderful gems of light like a sun, that we are. We are ninety-nine times more focused on getting than on giving anything back. That puts us miles away from radiating love effortless like a sun. That's why we can't move."

"As if our feet are glued to the ground?" I interjected.

Ushi nodded. "It requires a skill that we have so far failed to learn, Peter. But you have stepped beyond that a little. Celebrate the fact that you have at least recognized the problem and made some contributions. Having made this recognition, you are half way home to doing much more. In time you will become sensitive enough to recognize plenty of opportu-

nities for making a profound difference in enriching people's life. That's quite something for you to look forward to, and for all of us, isn't it?"

I nodded in reply and returned her kiss, gratefully.

"By the way, I loved your post cards," said Ushi, after taking a sip of the fruit cocktail the hotel had provided. "Steve, too, was deeply moved by your gesture of sharing the bright spots that you found. He found them uplifting. He loved what he called that 'primitive idea' that the poem brought out, and how you responded to it, saying that love is joy in the beauty of another, and that human beings exist to be cherished, because love exists. Steve loved those ideas. He said the poem is beautifully down to Earth, rudimentary, even if it doesn't bring out the fundamental element on which the whole structure rests, which is self-love in the sublime sense. He also said, that it hints at the real principle of economics. You know how Steve talks. He found it refreshing to know that somebody had moved that far, and that someone else had treasured that idea enough, to frame it and put it in a prominent place that others could respond to."

"Actually, I have seen this poem reflected in Tara," I confessed. "Tara is the kind of beautiful person that makes one sensitive to the beauty that one finds in humanity, which is rooted in all of us deep within. By her development of this precious idea, I am certain that you have become more precious to me," I said to Ushi, "even if this seems hardly possible. Do you believe this to be possible, Ushi?"

"I think it's not only possible, Pete. This kind of sensitivity will continue to grow. That's a part of the evidence of the Principle of Universal Love coming alive in our being. That is a part of the evidence that we were looking for when we talked about this in Leipzig. Remember, we were looking for evidence that is indisputable."

I agreed. "But can we start a movement in that direction?" I said to Ushi. "Can we move people, based on the freedom which our growing sensitivity has brought?"

"It is possible that when we do this by uplifting ourselves, other people may begin to recognize what they too, should be fighting for in fighting for their humanity, instead of fighting a war against themselves," said Ushi.

"As I once did," I said and nodded.

"Then people may not only begin to enrich their lives as we did, but they may also begin to wonder in what other respects they are fighting a war against themselves, like supporting the Global Warming Doctrine that prevents the creating of an Ice Age Renaissance."

"Once people recognize that they are fighting countless wars against themselves, as I had done, they may empower themselves to turn their efforts around into a blessing," I said and grinned.

I suggested to Ushi that it is physically impossible for anyone of society to have a rich and secure life in a decaying and collapsing world, no matter what people believe. I suggested that most people find it im-



possible to create the brighter world that they would love to live in, because of generally accepted small-minded irrational beliefs that prevent this path from being taken. "They can't do what they hope to do," I said to Ushi, "because it goes against their grain to work for anything except their petty little self-interests, which isn't in their interest at all. In fact society has become religiously instructed in politically correct thinking, to commit itself to what is most to its disadvantage as human beings. In the modern world the watchword is to steal, rather than to build. Society has been trained to want it all now, without really knowing what it is that they want. They see an economy as a physical construct that provides them with things. But they are wrong."

"Why are they wrong, Peter?" Ushi interrupted. "We do need things."

"No Ushi, we need a lot more than just things," I cut her off. "An economy is primarily a construct of our humanity that is expressed in the kind of intelligent behavior that enables human beings to utilize their inner resources in order to build a civilization which becomes ever richer out of its own resources, and supports ever more people with a richer life. This perception of economy takes the focus far beyond just providing things. It takes the steam out of getting, which has become evermore slavery oriented, and puts it onto building and creating and uplifting one-another. My friend Olive called this shift in focus, a transition in intent. What goes under the name of economy today is a farce. It's the outcome of imperial intent. It is fascist in nature, because the imperial intent is looting. Consumerism is a small subset of that. Society is allowed to participate in the process of looting to legitimize it. But nothing is created in the world of consumerism that supposedly enriches society by looting it. That's why everything is collapsing. People have to wake up and find the value that they now seek in money and in things, already existing in themselves."

"That would put the focus on efficient industrial production that enriches everyone," said Ushi in agreement, "rather than on cheap slavery production that enriches no one."

"The real Principle of Economy is the Principle of Universal Love, isn't it? I am certain about that. Everything comes down to that. People have to wake up to this fact, and hopefully they will wake up soon. This awakening, if and when it happens, will likely change the world far more than we can imagine."

"It's already changing it," Ushi grinned. "It has changed our world, hasn't it?"

"I told you that this could be done," I replied. "Remember, I said something like that to you in the cafe near the university. I said, that we ourselves are sufficient to change the world with a right idea. I just didn't realize then, that the process had already begun. I didn't realize until today how much our world has really changed, since the day when I came into your office looking for someone by the name of Ursula Fleischer."

"Oh, and what made you realize that?" Ushi asked, grinning again.

"You did, of course," I answered. "You always have made a differ-

ence. Your wonderful self is the key element in all this. Who but you, would have arranged to meet a foreign guest on a nudist beach? Can you answer me this?"

"Oh, you!" she replied. "And what took you so long to figure this out?" she added a moment later.

"Eh, Rome wasn't built in a day. I count myself lucky that I figured this out at all. In fact, I haven't the faintest idea of how to go forward from where we are now, towards embracing the whole world. It is enough of a challenge for me just to dare to lift Sylvia out of the rut of the world, and she is a highly intelligent person. But I suppose, as long as we move forward and keep the focus on that, we will win."

I told Ushi that my disaster with Heather was proof of the difficulty involved. "My association with Heather had unfolded so richly and so beautifully, until the last day," I said to Ushi. "Then, boom, it ended with a silent war that we each fought against ourselves without saying a word. And we both won this war against ourselves. As a result, we were worse off. Nothing was resolved by winning that war against us. We have to win the peace."

I showed her Heather's letter. I told her that Steve didn't know about the letter yet.

## Chapter 2 - Writing a New Ending

I remained on the balcony while Ushi went inside and read the letter.

A deep sense of peace came over me, being alone suddenly, looking out onto the ocean. The Heather-affair seemed as far in the distance as the horizon was over the sea, that was obscured by the dark. The whole affair seemed as if it were irrelevant in the light of our new unfolding, but was it really? What if our situation had been the other way around, and Heather had been the one whose marriage had been overshadowed by a love that had become an impasse? Isn't there an unwritten rule in the world of love that demands that no one be injured in the flow of its unfolding? If this demand isn't met, then whatever we call loving, is fake, and should be suppressed. However, if this suppression darkens the world, as Love itself becomes suppressed thereby, what have we gained? Thus Love demands a healing to flow in its course that uplifts the world on a far wider horizon than we have yet recognized as being attached to the flow of Love. Love thereby becomes synonymous with healing, and more than healing. The healing must unfold into joy.

The light of the Moon broke through the cloud cover now and then, and also some dark patches with a few stars appeared among the clouds when the clouds opened up into patches of clear sky. In the Moon's ghostly light, the sea appeared like a silver-painted patchwork, without a trace of color. It created the appearance of a primordial setting in which the sky and the sea were one, as if they had melted into each other.

It struck me as odd that there is never any color in the moonlight. I wondered why. Didn't the moon reflect the same sunshine that we see at noonday? It occurred to me that we might need much brighter light to see the colors of the world. The same also seemed to apply to the face of love. Its colors all too often become hidden in the dim.

I loved the peaceful atmosphere that one finds at the seashore in the dark, the sound of the waves, the salt air, and also the moonlight among the clouds. I didn't mind the dim this time. I understood the real world and the splendor of its coloring that bursts forth in the brilliance of the noonday in a profusion of wonders. It was sufficient for the moment to see the sunlight reflected merely on the tiny face of the moon and to know that even this tiny reflection was enough to brighten the night enough to bring light into it. In some cases the tiny reflections seem to be enough to inspire romance as in the case of the Count in Mozart's Figaro.

I puzzled over the paradox that Mozart had laid before us. He had bid us to rejoice in the fullness of universal love, even if society is too poor to have a place for universal loving in its daily living. Heather's letter

reflected that paradox. I felt that the Count in Figaro would have rejoiced to see how richly in color and light our gradually more universal loving had unfolded, even Heather's and mine where the unfolding has ended in the same way that Mozart's opera appears to have closed, when seen superficially, with a concession to the conventional world, a dim world, like the world appeared in the dim of the moonlight.

There was a great beauty in the peace that came from this kind of pondering, and from the listening to the surf.

Suddenly a profound idea struck me, about the stars. It changed the way the stars appeared to me. I called Ushi to join me.

Ushi had gone to the desk by the telephone, to read Heather's letter. A reading lamp had been provided there. She commented on the letter from where she was.

"Heather had been fighting against herself," her voice came thinly from the dimly lit room. "Heather couldn't see any other option but to walk away, and let the world follow its time-trodden course of hide and seek in a universally divided world."

"Please come to the balcony," I said. "I have something to show you that pertains to what you just said." I pointed to the stars. "What do you see in the stars?"

She looked puzzled and didn't answer right away. "I see a sun in each of them," she said in an uncertain tone of voice.

"And what do you see in your mind, in them each being a sun?" I asked.

"I see each sun as a catalyst for the vast electric energy streams that pervade our galaxy, that power every sun and makes it shine," she said more strongly now. "We have talked about this back in Leipzig, remember. Is this what you are referring to? Not a single sun shines by its own light. They are all ablaze by the streams of electric power that pervades the galaxy. They attract it. They become a catalyst for it. Each sun is electrically powered and is heated at its surface by the electric energy stream flowing into it. But you know all of this, Peter. What are you getting at?"

"I am getting at something that is absolutely profound and world-shaking in its significance," I said. "Can you figure out what is so amazing about this? This also pertains to Heather's letter."

"Alright, Peter, what is it? You got me on this one. Has it something to do with the fact that not a single sun in the Universe exists isolated by itself as an independent entity, but that instead the suns are all part of a larger system that powers them, which power they simply reflect?"

"You are getting warm, Ushi. What you just said has wide implications. The religions of the world see mankind as a vast conglomeration of independent spirits and souls, just like the astronomers of old have seen the stars in the heavens. The religions became thereby all spiritualist religions, just like astronomy became lost in mythology. But the modern breakthrough in science tells us that this spiritualist model is incorrect. It tells us that when we look at the stars we see an active process of the power

of the Universe being expressed. The luminance that we see in the stars is a reflection of the power that every star reflects without exception. Thereby all the stars come to light as individual aspects of a single whole, like 'children' of a giant family that is the Universe. Thereby the universe sets up a model in the very large context that appears to be reflected in countless different forms in the small, including being the model for mankind that we call civilization. This model totally invalidates the notion of mankind's universal isolation from one another. It raises the marriage concept up from the religious limit of two, to the universal limit of infinity. In other words we are all married to one-another as human beings, with a common universal Soul and a universal Love, by which all mankind shines as children of the family of man. Under this model our small expression of the marriage concept is invalid as it excludes us from the whole of mankind, and everyone else too. It is built on a kind of spiritualism for which no principle exists in the universe. The model of the Universe supports only the infinite marriage concept with a non-isolated society of human beings as the platform for civilization."

"Are you saying with this that the widely accepted platform of a universally isolated society is an ancient error that is fundamental to all the problems that we face today?" interjected Ushi.

"It's a ancient error that so far nobody has bothered to resolve, Ushi. That's the root for all tragedy. Empire is rooted in this spiritualism by which the whole of mankind has become isolated. It wouldn't exist without it. Theft, looting, oppression, slavery, war, and so on, wouldn't be possible without this spiritualism. Nor would the circumcision in its countless forms be possible without it, which disables mankind from within. You are right, Peter, I can't think of a single case where the problems that we face in the world today is not rooted in this underlying spiritualism that has isolated mankind from one another contrary to its very nature. However, let me ask you this, Peter, is the error in society's perception of itself that is presently taring its heart out, really an ancient error that has been left unresolved for all these years, or is it an artificial error that was intentionally imposed in ancient times and continues to be re-imposed daily so that the error won't be resolved? All the masters of empire depend on this error being maintained, or else their looting practice would cease and their power with it. Have the religions been pressed into service for that, for which they created their countless doctrines of spiritualism? Is this also what causes society to feel cheated when one of its partners has an extramarital affair? Is this what we rebelled against in Leipzig? Is this also what Heather tore her heart out for and forced herself into isolation over?"

I simply nodded. "Can you think of a more devastating and more fundamental error than the perceptual isolation of mankind from itself? And also, does it really matter whether this is an ancient error that has remained unresolved or is being imposed on society daily? The effect is the same. When the truth dawns, the effect becomes vacated. It may well be that the churches were invented to spread the spiritualist doctrine far

and wide, so that they saw themselves threatened in their role when some people moved with the natural model of mankind by pursuing open love relationships outside of the religiously imposed framework of a marriage-isolated humanity, for which the masters of religion had demanded them to be killed. This still happens in many different ways and nobody really knows where the error really came from. The error has become a standard by which society is judging itself. Heather fell in to this trap. It won't be easy the replace this false standard with the truth. Nor will it be easy for Heather to climb out of her trap. Nor will it likely be easy form me to help Sylvia to lift herself above the frozen landscape of false standards that has become a trap for all mankind."

"You failed on this count with Heather," interjected Ushi. "That's what she indicates in her letter."

"Oh yes, and I was too stupid in my 'infancy' in these matters, to offer a solution," I said quietly. "Mozart appears to have reacted in the same manner in the way he lets the Figaro opera close. He opens up the scene to what the real world looks like on the platform of a non-isolated society, but in the end, the hero apologizes for his 'error' and everybody accepts his remorse with forgiveness, thereby accepting the error. Of course, Mozart gave thereby the task to society to discover in its own heart and soul that no error was really made, so that instead the apology was in error. But this discovery hasn't been made in 200 years, Ushi. Will it ever be made? Mozart even helped the audience with this by keeping the society in the Count's court intact in spite of everything that was said in terms of profound declarations of love contrary to the marriage-isolation doctrine. What was said cannot be unsaid. What came from the heart cannot be taken back. Mozart thus forces society to live with the new environment that was established with what was said and done. This too has not been dealt with for 200 years. Instead of doing so, society says that Mozart has erred. I wonder if Mozart would write the ending differently today. Indeed, I wonder if Heather's reaction, would be different today, if we had a second chance. I even wonder if I would be up to the task this time, and not make a mess of it."

"Don't blame yourself for what happened," Ushi replied in a soft tone. "I can imagine how Sylvia would have reacted had you brought Heather home with you as your friend and lover, and invited her to stay in your house until she established herself in Pittsburgh. Any wife would be emotionally devastated by such a confrontation. The whole society acts by the force of trained emotions, while deep in their heart the real model of our humanity moves them that is build into their very soul. That's what people say when the respond to the research surveys and tell to the world that they don't really believe in the spiritualist doctrine of the churches that isolate mankind so deeply from one another that it is forbidden to live and love outside of their marriage fences, and have warm feelings for each other and sexual intimacies as they become appropriate. In these surveys where people don't have to lie to conform with what is taught as being

correct, society boldly puts itself on record as having complied with the extramarital prohibition at a rate of only 15% to 20%. That's the percentage of men and women who stated that they never had an extramarital affair. The percentage is quite small."

"And even this low percentage most likely reflects merely the lack of opportunities," I interjected.

"But doesn't the official rejection rate of 80% to 85% speak volumes already in terms of what people's soul tell them, and us, in terms of what the doctrine is worth that is essentially a spiritualist doctrine that conjures up the myth of a naturally isolated humanity?" said Ushi. "The surveys are telling us that the song of the prohibition of extramarital love, sex, intimacy, and so on, is fundamentally a spiritualist song that has no relevance in reality and has been rejected by society in their soul. Thus the 85% rejection rate represents fundamentally a deeply honest rejection of the spiritualist doctrine that nearly all religions embrace as they were required by the various masters and empires that they ultimately serve. Thus the rejection becomes a rejection of religion itself that has lied to mankind for millennia, with a few exceptions of course, to the trend. The spiritualist doctrine becomes thereby the most hated doctrine that mankind is facing, without anyone really being aware of it. It is hated for the agonies it has caused. Only a few love it, who profit from it as it enables them to loot the world. A universally isolated people are easier to control and loot. The spiritualist song, from which the prohibition song has been derived, has fundamentally nothing to do with love, sex, or morality. It's a requirement for the looting business. That's all it is. It appears that society is slowly waking up to this fact, but far too slowly. It appears to be extremely hard for most people to purge the prohibition song from their mind, even while their soul speaks against it. Openly most people sing the prohibition tune and tare their heart out when their loved ones even remotely cheat under the doctrine, while their honest song reflects the tune of the soul that is a song of freedom with no isolation. Thus society remains a paradox to be solved. People discover joyously that no heroic deeds are needed to cross the mote of isolation, as no such mote exists between them in reality. What the surveys don't tell us however, is how often people cross that mote that isn't a mote. I suspect that those figures would be rather small. The old song of prohibition is still being sung no matter what, and keeps many a heart bottled up in confinement and many a love unexpressed. That's where the real cheating begins, Peter, where society is massively cheating itself."

"I think that if Mozart were to compose his Figaro today, he would still have to consider what society is willing to respond to," I interjected. "In spite of society's demonstrated 85% embrace of the natural model without isolation, society seems to have become more imprisoned by its small-mindedness that ties it more intensely to the model it rejects than it had in Mozart's time."

"What would you change, Peter? I suspect that Mozart would still

close the Figaro opera the same way today, if he was to write it today, as he did two centuries ago. He would know that one cannot compromise on the principle of being truthful to what is real. Mozart presented the brilliance of universal love, and left it up to society to carry it forward in its own continuation. His communication of what he recognized of the natural model was profound enough to carry the day, and big enough for all times. It was a job well done. It is society's task to meet him on his higher ground, or pity itself if it can't. However, I do expect more from you, Peter, than what I see in society today. I know that you would be committed to do things right, today, with Heather. And so, to answer your second question, I am convinced that you would find a way to make this work with both Heather and Sylvia, because what was said and done cannot be unsaid and undone, whereby the challenge that you have boldly put to yourself will have to be faced sooner or later with the demand that you uplift everyone to the level where the real world, the natural world, can be acknowledged. And I think all three of you together would have made this to work even then, because the natural model is real and is already in everybody's heart. You and Sylvia would have both opened your home back then, to Heather, for as long as she would need it. This would be the sublime way. I think this is what Mozart is saying to society with his Figaro opera. I think if you had a second chance with Heather you would find a way to heal what needs to be healed to make the new situation workable and turn it into a blessing for all three of you. It is not the nature of Love to unfold into injury, but into joy for all concerned as it unfolds and furnishes a brighter world. Also, I can tell you that there is no going back possible anymore, or stopping, on this front. Once the move is on you have to win. To know the truth and to pull back is the worst kind of cheating yourself. Retreat from reality is always a step towards self-annihilation, and for society, this means, death. Your only option is, and was then, to move forward. That's the only option for all of us to safeguard civilization."

She stopped and looked at me and smiled. "The biggest fault that I can see in you is that you have hesitated excessively with Heather. That's why you missed your chance to do the right thing. Still, you didn't step backwards. You didn't do anything basically wrong. You did everything right. You just didn't go far enough and fast enough, and boldly enough. And so you are in danger of doing the wrong thing this time around if you hesitate in bringing Sylvia, the love of your life, into this brighter arena that you have discovered to be real and profound. You are in danger of capitulating to the challenges involved. You see them as huge, far greater than they are, which reflects the depth of your love for Sylvia, otherwise you would care less and be less afraid. So, don't hesitate, or even throw in the towel. If you throw in the towel at this point, and walk away from the leading edge, you will loose everything. You will loose both Sylvia and yourself. Then, what have you got left?"

"I might be tempted to bring Heather home if this happened today," I replied. "But could this be made to work? Sure, ultimately, we will



have to make this sort of thing possible. But are we at this stage yet. On the other hand, we've got to make the breakthrough soon, even if we mess up along the way, before we get there. The Ice Age schedule, to the best of our understanding, leaves us 100 years, maybe 150 years, to create our New World. We haven't taken a single step forward in the last 200 years since Mozart's time, and now we are in a race against time itself, to get started, and none are stirring their stumps. That means that we must make every move and every step count."

"Isn't that what we are doing already?" interjected Sylvia. "Didn't we take giant steps in Leipzig?"

"Oh, we've taken giant leaps that day, not just steps," I said with a grin. "But where do you see us going on this train? What will we find when we get to the logical destination? What will the world be like? Will there be no more weddings, no more dancing, no more celebrations? Will all these lose their meaning in the world of lateral relationships when the concept of an outside has been swept away with the wind?"

Ushi began to grin too. "Nothing that is of value is ever lost in the world of truth," said Ushi. "Why should there be no more weddings? We will see more of them with limits only imposed by the limits of the imagination. Only the small terminal ones will fade into oblivion. In a world without spiritualism where the isolation of society from one another is being replaced by a growing recognition of the natural universal marriage of mankind as the reality of our being, I can see the corresponding acknowledgement become wide and multifold with a lot more dancing and celebrating than we can yet imagine. Something as profound as that will spark celebrations as we have not yet dreamed of, and on a scale of grandeur that pales the fairy tales, as must be the case since all the fairy tales are centered on the defective model, the spiritualist model where the human scene is so isolated that life becomes an Olympic competition where only one wins and the rest are losers. These tales are rightly called fairy tales, as they are unrelated to the model of the real world, and are as strange in comparison as are the bedtime ghost stories that children like to scare themselves with. Why shouldn't we see multiple and intertwining wedding celebrations happening in the dawning scientific recognition of the already natural universal marriage of mankind as human beings? The reality is already established. We just have to catch up with it, and we will. It will become fun intertwined with joys and wonders. What we started in Leipzig was but a spark.

"I know," I said and began to smile. "Those little sparks seemed like giant fireworks back in Leipzig."

"We need big fireworks in order to inspire the world to abandon its deadly course, and then move into our direction," said Ushi. "And this will happen when the fireworks are big enough, so that a few sparks of it will light a whole lot of fires all over the place, in economics, politics, the sciences, infrastructures, energy systems, space flight; ending empire, war, theft, poverty, and inhumanity. And for all we know a few sparks of truth

might even filter down into the religions and spark a new age of science there. Nor does any of that require a lot of time to unfold. Truth, born on the wings of scientific recognition, can cover great distances in almost no time. The rules of mass and inertia don't apply to the movements of thought."

"In this case you might be interested to know that quite a few amazing movements got started in Russia during the last three weeks, with a bit of my help. You won't guess what we've set in motion there during the conference."

I told Ushi about Olive and our long discussions about what is needed for mankind to survive in the coming Ice Age, and how Olive had promised to engage some high level scientists in Russia to be really daring and place the coming Ice Age into the global policy arena, and that it appears that Olive had actually been successful in doing that. What we did there may send tremors right around the world. It may even break the science prohibition by which the Ice Age reality is officially a forbidden subject. Olive had promised me to get a prominent scientist to speak about the subject, and also to tear down the illusion of nuclear-fusion power that is equally under prohibition. What came out of it is bound to cause a few earthquakes."

"Yes that was a spark to light a fire, but don't expect the fire to flare up that easily," said Ushi. "It would cause a wildfire if the ground was prepared for it. But in a spiritualist environment where society sees itself as a shapeless mass of isolated spirits and souls, gross indifference rules the day. To a tightly isolated people the future is too far out of reach to light a passion in their heart. A tightly isolated people rarely let their care stray past their present, much less a hundred years ahead, and rarely look past the boundaries of the doctrines that shape public opinion. But bit by bit we can change this scene by taking their isolation away."

"Maybe we did a bit of that, Ushi. We had a top level scientist from Novosibirsk, one of the older professors, giving a surprise presentation at the conference in the second week," I said to her. "Apparently he served a leading university in Russia's leading science city. Officially he came all the way down from Siberia on his own initiative, and right in the middle of his vacation. This means that Olive got him hooked. He gave a truly fascinating presentation about the return of the Ice Age. He didn't say anything new, but he put the subject onto the global policy map in a big way, so that it cannot be ignored anymore so easily. He spoke in simple terms, about the physical problems, the religions standing in the way, like global warming, and the needed scientific and technological solutions. However, he missed one vital point. He made three points, but then missed the essential one."

"His first point was," I said to Ushi, "that the return of the Ice Age is certain, only the precise date is not. His second point was that the resulting cool climate would devastate agriculture, for which he advocated to put agriculture into indoor facilities. He suggested to us that this response

is required right around the world and as soon as possible in order to prevent the death of possibly nine-tenth of mankind that might otherwise perish for the rapidly escalating lack of food, or die in food related wars. His third point was that the technologies to generate the required nuclear power and material resources that mankind would need to accomplish this immense task, are literally lying at our feet, beckoning to be developed. The fourth point, which he failed on, would have been the most vital one if he had made it. He spoke of energy, not power. He said we need vast energy resources for the great development projects. He failed to mention that nothing happens without humanist power that gives the physical energy its creative potential."

"It's always been like that," Ushi interjected. "The physical resources have always existed to turn our planet into a paradise. But why haven't we done it? Empire is pushing the world to the edge of the proverbial cliff with their looting system that leads to worldwide economic collapse whereby mankind would likely loose more people to starvation than the return of the Ice Age would impose in an unprotected world. But as we both know, nobody is lifting a finger to prevent this breakdown by canceling the license for empire to rule, which is infinitely easier to do than building the vast infrastructures for indoor agriculture in preparation for the coming Ice Age."

"The two are the same," I said to Ushi. "Economic collapse or Ice Age collapse, what's the difference when each one threatens to collapse the world population to minuscule levels by starvation? Both problems are of a type that can be solved with humanist power when society decides to get back to its natural model. This means the difference is cosmetic. It's skin deep. This also means that if we rouse ourselves to solve the impasse in one instance, we solve it for both. This means shutting down empire. If empire isn't shut down in the near future, but is allowed to run its course, then we will see billions of people die of starvation in the resulting collapsed world, which from a certain point on cannot be prevented. A non-collapse is not possible if society is not healed on this front. The bottom line is therefore, Ushi, that we are facing the most critical challenge that mankind has ever faced in its entire history, while nobody gives a damn and the empire is becoming evermore drunken with insanity. We are facing this horrendous challenge as a bunch of 'little' people with small-minded thinking."

"The toughest challenge that we face is evidently the mental challenge - the challenge for society to rouse itself to become human beings," said Ushi. "Evidently, the way society relates to one-another is a key element in meeting every great challenge. This adds up to getting rid of countless forms of division and isolation in society, even society's pathetic isolation from its future."

"So, what do we do?" I interjected. "If it takes a hundred years to get ready for the Ice Age, and the Ice Age is expected to resume in a hundred years time, we don't have the luxury of spending a lot of time in getting our mental house in order. We have to start the preparations now."

We can't isolate ourselves from the future, or else we won't have a future. Nor can we isolate ourselves from the present imperative to start living like human beings in every respect, without which nothing gets done. Can you solve the paradox? What is Steve's take on the issue?"

"Isn't the answer obvious?" said Ushi. "The answer lies in what we do with our life. If we spent our time and energy worrying about the future, we have less of it left for living in the present to meet the needs of the future. Then the key lies in living in the present in the most powerful manner we can. And the key for that lies in actively stepping away from mediocrity and small-minded pursuits that add up to a huge waste of our living. And this includes bowing to the countless prohibitions that stand in our way, that isolate us from the real models of the Universe that we should be focusing on."

"Is this what Steve is committed to?" I interjected. "I think Steve would say something like that."

"Not just 'say,' Peter. Steve is doing this. He has got quite a few people of his academic network fired up along this line, especially the open-minded. They are actively involved in shaping the world with an eye towards the future. Steve's take is that the goal of mankind mustn't be to merely survive in the coming Ice Age deep freeze climate, but that it does so on a platform that enables the richest civilization that has ever been created on the face of the planet. It will be our joy forever. And we will do this not FOR the cold climate, but IN SPITE of the coming cold climate. To Steve, focusing on mere survival, is small-minded thinking. He calls it mediocrity. Some forms of this mediocrity, he says, is an outright crime against humanity. He has put some of the biggest civil engineering projects that have ever been proposed into this category. The biggest of these is the American NAWAPA water development project that is being promoted in the USA. This is huge. It is hard to imagine anything bigger than that. The proposed plan is, to dam up several major rivers in Alaska and northern Canada, and to dam them up high enough so that they will flow backwards against their source to form the largest freshwater reservoir in the world, from where the water is to be channeled southward through the Rocky Mountain Trench to the northern USA. The point of it all is to get the water into the south where the great American deserts are located, which can be activated for agricultural production with large-scale irrigation. In order to get the diverted water from the North, to the southern deserts, the water needs to be pumped uphill to 5,000 feet, to get it across the high basin of mountains and deserts that stand between the North and the southern deserts. These are large deserts that also stretch deep into Mexico. The entire region could thereby be transformed, by simply bringing water into it to enable the natural system of the biosphere to do its thing to aid our food production. That's an amazing project, isn't it?"

"It's a wonderful idea indeed, to divert waters that flow unused into the sea, into the deserts that thereby become productive, to increase the food supply for the world," I said quietly. "But you just said that Steve

calls this project a crime against humanity. Obviously, he has compelling reasons. But what are they? One can hardly call a project on this scale small-minded or label it an exercise in mediocrity? I would call it the opposite. This is huge."

"Oh it is that, Peter. The project is gigantic in scale. It is made up of 360 individual projects of building dams, tunnels through mountain ranges, aqueducts, canals, pumping stations, power plants, and a slew of reservoirs with some being 500 miles long. The dams alone are huge projects. One of the dams that is to hold back the Copper River in Alaska and raise it up to 2,000 feet is planned to be 1,700 feet in height. This makes it three-and-a-half times as high as the Great Pyramid in Egypt, and not just free standing, but holding back a wall of water of the same height, and this in permafrost country. The construction of this single dam is a gigantic project all by itself, that will take decades to be completed. Equally impressive are the pump lifts that are to be built for this project, to lift the diverted water over the hump of the high plateau that stands in the way. It will take the combined output of 36 large nuclear power plants to power the pump lift. Gigantic is too small a word, Peter, to describe the projects. That's why Steve calls it a crime against humanity, because too little comes out of it to justify the huge effort. The project is designed to deliver a hundred million acre-feet of water per year to the deserts. While this seems huge, it is small in comparison with what is really required for seriously greening the deserts. Nor is the project expandable by design, since it is limited by what is available at the source. Steve says that this, all by itself, makes it a less-than-mediocre project. And then there is the factor of the extremely long construction period in the range upwards to 50 years that would be required to build the project before a drop of water would come out of it. He says that this takes us so close to the Ice Age transition boundary that its source might already be frozen over before the project becomes operational. He calls the entire project a small-minded pursuit and a dangerous one as it would misdirect America's economic resources into a dead end effort that achieves nothing at the end, or very little for a brief period. That's why he calls it a crime against humanity.

"The only thing Steve loves about the project," Ushi continued, "is the project's objective to green the deserts for increased food production. But this, he tells me, can be accomplished by simpler means and far more quickly with modern technology and automated industrial production for much of the needed infrastructures. Some proposals have been developed by him, together with some people of his network. They developed an extremely simple concept of bringing water to the deserts with very little effort involved. They developed a concept of water in water transfer. The concept involves laying a hundred-meter wide hose into the ocean, which one then channels a large part of the outflow of some of the major rivers into. In this way, with the water flowing inside of an ocean of water, the transporting hose wouldn't have to be enormously strong, but merely act as a separation barrier. Such a hose could be made of woven basalt fibers that

are ten times stronger than steel and don't suffer corrosions. A little impregnation will then be added to the woven fibre cloth to make the hoses water tight. The hoses can be produced in automated high-temperature industrial processes, powered by nuclear power, with very little human labor involved. The cost to society would be minuscule. One could lay such hoses to collect the outflow of the Columbia River and the Fraser River and then channel the flow south to the coast of California, from where it can be pumped quite easily into the low elevation deserts or to wherever water is needed. Steve says that this process is inherently expandable to any scale that may be required. He says the process can even be utilized to redirect the outflow of the Amazon River to the coast of Africa for greening the Sahara Desert. The food production capacity of our world could thereby be increased multifold, without huge efforts involved. A few hoses across the oceans, which wouldn't have to be more than 50-mill thick, would do the trick, with a few pumping stations added, and a few more hoses laid out, a bit stronger in this case, for overland distribution. Steve says that on this platform the American and Mexican deserts could be blooming in five years from the start of the construction, instead of 50 years as with the NAWAPA plan that is also highly vulnerable to be disabled by the onset of the coming Ice Age before it becomes operational.

"Steve says that this revolutionary idea of moving huge quantities of water in water, almost effortlessly, was actually a byproduct of an earlier idea that the people of his network were promoting," Ushi continued. "They were searching for ways for society to provide itself free universal housing. They recognized that this could be done with processes that utilize extruded molten basalt in automated manufacturing for the near labor-free production of complete housing modules that would be produced thereby so inexpensively that it would enable society to give the houses away for free to each other, just as highways are provided for free as an investment by society into itself.

"One engineer of Steve's network calculated that a single plant, nuclear powered, in the range of one gigawatt of thermal output, powering automated liquid-basalt production processes, would easily be able to produce modular components for 2,000 new houses per hour, or 17 million new houses per year," added Ushi. "The people in Steve's network called this project for the mass-manufacturing of free houses: building an infrastructure for the 'noosphere.' That's the term the Russian scientist Vernadsky had used to identify the vastly productive mental sphere where mankind's power is located for transforming the world. That's the kind of infrastructure we need for jumpstarting human development towards building a renaissance, Peter.

"Another thing that came out of the same project for building free houses for everyone," said Ushi, "is their project proposal for building two floating bridges across the oceans, one from Mexico to China, and another one from Florida to Africa, for a high-speed train service between the continents. Steve came up with the idea as a counter-proposal to an American

promoted project for building a 50 mile long tunnel deep under the sea of the Bering Strait for a land connection between America and Asia with 5,000 miles of new railway lines leading up to it. Steve hailed the proposal for its technical merit, but called it a crime against mankind as it would drain America's development resources, especially in manpower, into a dead-end enterprise that would be disabled in short order with the onset of the coming Ice Age transition. In contrast with the short life span of the tunnel link at the edge of the Arctic Circle, Steve's floating bridges would have a infinite service life as the Ice Age freeze up of the oceans would not reach far enough towards the tropics to endanger the transoceanic bridges. In addition, the two bridges would be more quickly constructed, in possibly five years versus twenty years for the tunnel link, and would be constructed almost without effort in automated processes.

"And this would be just another beginning," added Ushi. "With the two bridges being located at the edge of the tropics, they would not only serve as secure links between the continents for several lines of high-speed freight transport, they would also serve as development hubs along the way, for the development of large-scale floating agriculture that would be reaching deep into the tropics, which of course would likewise be produced in automated manufacturing processes, utilizing the extrusion of molten basalt.

"Steve's take is," said Ushi, "that all of this is immediately possible since all the basic technologies for the processes have already been developed, and the energy resources and the materials resources for it exist in great quantities, sitting unused on the ground. Steve is totally certain that all of this will be done, and not only because it is easily done and with almost no effort, but because it reflects more closely the economic model of the Universe than anything mankind has ever done to date. Steve said that the Universe operates on the principle of the 100,000-fold gain in economic processes. He says that everything in the Universe operates that way, from the smallest atom to the universe itself. He points out that the hydrogen atom, for example, is made of one electron and one proton, which together are 100,000 times smaller than the atom they form with their energetic interaction. He says that this is the kind of economic gain we need to be aiming for and implement, because this kind of gain is natural in the Universe and is therefore naturally achievable. He suggests that the project for free universal housing would raise the power of society in all aspects so tremendously that the 100,000-fold gain from effort to the benefits is easily achieved. He said the same holds true for the water-in-water transfer projects for greening the deserts, and likewise for the floating bridges across the oceans, and floating agriculture that's easily built, extending from the bridges deep into the tropics where the high concentrations of carbon dioxide are.

"Steve is certain that the 100,000-fold gain potential is inherent in all of these projects, and that we can create a renaissance with them in which the return of the Ice Age is inconsequential," continued Ushi. "He says the only thing that stands in the way to achieving any of it, is the

spiritualist platform that universally isolates mankind from one another. He says that this is where we find the prohibition against what is needed, which we need to break."

I suddenly began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Ushi asked.

"The funny thing is, that this takes us back to Heather's letter," I replied. "The professor from Novosibirsk stated bluntly that the most deeply rooted forms of society's countless divisions and isolation from one-another, are the sexual division and the marriage isolation that we practice almost universally. My impasse with Heather, and my subsequent impasse in not being able to tell Sylvia about it, and about the whole development behind it, appears to be directly related to this challenge of saving our civilization. It seems that Heather, Sylvia, and I, are stuck in the same iron-cast mental environment in which everybody is isolated and nobody can move closer to one-another. Maybe if I can achieve a breakout in one of these cases the whole scene might began to shift and everything becomes resolved together. It is the same with Steve's projects, isn't it? The same breakout from the current stalemate that would enable one project would also enable all the others. And why shouldn't we be able to achieve this one single breakout that gets the ball rolling? We are the tallest species of life on the planet, Ushi. Shouldn't we have the capacity to move freely, to take the bold steps, and to live in such a manner that we are able to enrich one-another's world by relating to one-another as human beings without tearing each other apart? We have already made a start in Leipzig, haven't we? How much more would it have taken physically in the light of this achievement to open the door for Heather to our home, for a week perhaps, or a month? It might not have taken any effort at all to do this, and to thereby open the floodgates to a 100,000-fold gain. Unfortunately, it didn't seem possible. Then, how much does it really take, physically, to restructure the world, which seems just as impossible today? Maybe the barrier here too is just mediocrity in thinking, the kind of mediocrity that sees the need for gigantic efforts for even the most minimal results. If Steve is right, the reality lies in the opposite. Which means that we can achieve giant results with minimal efforts when we utilize the models that the Universe itself is using."

"Now apply this to your impasse with Sylvia," said Ushi. "Use the same model. "How much of an effort does it really take for a person to step up from a myth to truth, or in Sylvia's case from the religion of spiritualism to the scientific recognition of a singular universal Spirit being reflected in all mankind?"

"I think the breakthrough, when it happens, is made effortlessly," I countered Ushi. "The trick is to press the right button. But this may be tricky when so many buttons are involved, of misperceptions based on the isolating marriage model that reflects the spiritualism platform and has been honored for centuries as the holy cow. Isn't that what Mozart already understood to some degree two hundred years ago? Didn't he press quite



a few buttons with his Figaro opera, to stir up some reactions in society, but he didn't get any. The breakthroughs have yet to be made."

"Don't blame Mozart," said Ushi. "The root of the tragedy that Mozart laments, is impressed upon children at a very early age, in fairy tales. Take the Cinderella story for example. It appears like a wonderful love story on the surface, with a happy ending. The downtrodden Cinderella meets her prince against all odds, and the prince meets the girl of his dreams, and so they live happily ever after. What could be more romantic, right? Well, I would have to scream, no! That's wrong! That story is a tragedy. It teaches every child that it gets one single chance in life to love. After that the horizon is closed. Its love then becomes confined into the smallest possible sphere. Its world suddenly becomes small, and its future unchangeable. Shouldn't life be filled to the brim with love, a rich profusion of it, with each love enriching every other, and the horizons become brighter without ever ending? On this platform the future would never be out of sight. Why should life be a one-time Olympic competition? Shouldn't it rather be an endless dance, where each one wins and the winning never stops?

Shouldn't our marriages be the center of our affection, rather than the boundaries of it as is presently the case?" Ushi continued. "In the context of what is real, marriage is actually not a process at all that has a beginning and end, which one can start and leave. Instead, marriage defines the natural state of mankind's being as members of the family of man. While this natural kind of marriage has no beginning and end, we have the power to expand its expression in our experience as we acknowledge more and more of its universal principle. And this we will do. Of course, this takes us far above the Cinderella story."

"How would you rewrite the Cinderella story then that is so fundamentally defective?" I asked Ushi.

"I wouldn't write it at all," said Ushi. "I would never write a story that tells a child that life is an Olympic race that ends with a medal, followed by a closed door. What a future would I present with that? I would write a lot of Figaro-like stories that open towards the sublime, which is not something that is easily defined, just as the Principle of Universal Love is not easily circumscribed. However, since we are also facing an Ice Age, I would now have to write the story in such a manner that its unfolding love empowers the brightest love-based renaissance of all times. And it would of course have to include also Steve's triple project in physical economics that will give us a 100,000-fold gain in all of its three aspects when it becomes implemented. When we give free houses to one another, not because it is easy to do, but for the joy of it, then we are stepping into the realm of love. When we redirect the outflow of rivers all around the world into areas where fresh water is needed to give one-another more food and clean water for drinking, and again not simply because it is easy to do that, but for the joy of it, then we envelop one another with the light of love. Likewise, when we build bridges across the

oceans for the universal cooperative development of the entire world into a paradise fit for the tallest species of life on the planet, with floating agriculture along the way, and this not because it is easy to do, but for the joy of giving one-another this chance to live like human beings, then we will experience what love is, which the Cinderella story totally denies."

"You said 'give, give, and giving' in referring to Steve's triple project," I interjected. "Was the choice of words intentional?"

"Oh, I see you noticed this, Peter. Yes, it was intentional, and more than that, it was essential. When we speak of love, it is essential to attach the concept of giving, because, as Steve has recognized, that's how the Universe operates. It gives its energy away for free in broad and universal streams in which it powers every sun, which in turn gives off its light freely that illumines all its worlds. Shouldn't we apply the same model then in our social and economic sphere? Steve recognized that it is essential for us to do this. He said to me not long ago that without the word 'give' attached, none of his proposed projects will ever see the light of day. He said the word isn't critical itself, but it reflects that society has stepped away from its deep universal isolation from one-another. He says that until this isolation is broken, his projects will be deemed to be too expensive and nothing will happen, and society will continue to collapse and wipe itself off the map. He says, an isolated world is terribly expensive, and terribly poor at the same time. People steal from one another and call this profit. That's the hallmark of insane poverty, a world devoid of the word 'give.' He says that this is necessarily so, because the word 'give' is native only to the vocabulary of the undivided and non-isolated world of the universal Spirit of mankind. He also recognized recently that the word 'give' was the key-term that stood behind the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 that became the greatest peace treaty of all times on which modern civilization is built. The treaty shut down the Thirty Years War on the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. War was turned upside down. Peace was won by promoting what is to everyone's advantage. This was the first glimmer of the word 'give' coming to light."

"Wow," I said quietly when Ushi stopped speaking. Moments later I began to grin. "Does Steve's concept of 'giving' also include sex?"

"Isn't that what we started in Leipzig?" said Ushi, now grinning too. "Our banner proclaimed that night: we bring to each other our love to enrich one-another's world.' The concept of giving was dawning and it included sex far down the line, didn't it, after all the isolating factors had been vacated. Steve is beginning to recognize that none of his proposed projects that are so vital to be implemented, will see the light of day until the concept of giving becomes more widely attached to sex, which will be the case when the now near-universal isolation of society from one-another becomes dissolved. Steve says that giving sex is important as we thereby give a part of our humanity to each other, whereby the isolation falls away. Giving sex is inherent in giving love, like the sun is giving light. It doesn't work in reverse. On this 'sex giving' path society will also find itself ready

to give each other the free houses that are just as easily provided, and all the other things as well, like plentiful food and water and a beautiful world, which are all aspects that are rooted in our humanity."

"Thank God, the Universe has developed this wonderful crazy system of complementary sexual intimacies that breaks down the social isolation," I interjected, "otherwise we would have no hope to raise up a renaissance, and this high enough that we can look the coming Ice Age into the face with joy instead of fear, whenever it may start, and say to it, where is your sting?"

"You don't know how right you are," said Ushi. "There is nothing that I know that is comparable to sex, in terms of having the same effect. It builds one up to on the wings of ecstasy and leaves one satisfied and closer to one another. Alcohol doesn't do this. It makes one dull and leaves a hangover in the wake. And narcotics are even worse. They steal a person's mind and leave an emptiness in the wake that is so deep that a person becomes addicted to having its mind stolen again and again in order to evade the emptiness. For this reason alcohol and drugs are promoted by the masters of empire to serve as a counter-culture weapon to deepen the isolation of society from one another and its humanity, and beyond that disable a society from within. Sex takes us into the opposite direction. It has a healing effect on society and its civilization when it unfolds from the heart and soul. Nothing else has this effect unless one steps up scientifically and spiritually into the world of the sublime where the zero distance lateral reality unfolds and isolation falls away."

"Maybe if Mozart had written the ending for Figaro differently so that it would be ending with a complete solution on Steve's platform, we wouldn't be in a mess as we are in today," I interrupted Ushi. "He didn't raise the scene high enough, did he?"

"This kind of solution, Peter, is not the poet's task. It is society's task to write this pathway in its own mind. But how about you re-writing your ending with Heather in the way you now recognize it should have been written?" said Ushi. "You blew it with Heather on the last day you had together. The question is, would you do the same mistake all over again? Or would you act correctly if you had a second chance? In this case, how would you rewrite the story of your love towards this final step of giving? Would it unfold along the line that our own 'giving' unfolded in Leipzig. Ask yourself, Peter, would you be able to find a way today to bring Heather home with you to your wife, knowing that you had some rather intense sexual intimacies with Heather, which the prohibition scene condemns, including all those who cling to the prohibition? Would you be able to break the Cinderella mentality that rules the prohibition scene, which tends to make such encounters as your bringing Heather home with you, explosive?"

"The question is a rather simple one, isn't it?" I replied. "How would one expect the most advanced species in the known Universe to react in such a situation? How would a society of human beings have to react at the sublime level of its self-discovery?"

"But are we at this stage yet?" Ushi interjected. "We have barely entered the path where we discover ourselves as human beings of a common humanity. Thus, we must ask ourselves as members of that still very-much-active Cinderella society, if we have the right to challenge its people to step away from it, who have committed themselves to play out the Cinderella story?"

"I don't think people like to play this story out to its bitter end, Ushi. It's too small a story. It's too limited. They surveys seem to indicate that."

Ushi applauded. "Yes, Peter. Now find the answer to your puzzle in the answer you just gave. Don't rewrite anything. Write a new story, the kind that has never been written before. Are we alive merely to be actors, acting out an ancient script? Let's take the tallest scientific principles that we have discovered and write our own script. I think we can judge our efforts along this line by comparing our own script with that written by the Universe for itself. And so, we won't be anybody's slave. I also think that the path for getting to this kind of answer isn't a tough one. Indeed, Peter, would it be actually possible at the sublime level not to invite Heather into your home until she found a new place to stay? Indeed, would a sublime person that every human being inherently is no matter what society teaches to itself to the contrary, withhold that invitation? Would this even be possible? I think the answer is obvious, isn't it? This might mean that you might have phoned ahead, letting Sylvia know of your intention and gained her agreement, and then have invited Heather to come to your house. You might have done this long before she tore herself apart deep inside and walked out on you out of sheer desperation. And even without phoning ahead, you still might have been able to bring Heather home with you for a few days or weeks. This generosity would have been expected in a sublime world. It would have been inevitable. In fact, it would have been impossible not to have this generosity in the heart."

"No, no, no," I interrupted her. "The Cinderella world is still too strong. What you suggest might happen in the real world wouldn't have worked. Sure, I might even have tried this if Heather had not left. I certainly would do so today if I had a chance to do it again, in the light of the great urgency that we face to create a breakthrough in relating to one-another as human beings. Nevertheless, it probably still wouldn't work, even now. It is unrealistic to assume that this sort of thing can suddenly be made to work. We've moved backwards on this front for far too long. The Cinderella story appears to be the end product of a long process of cultural warfare that nobody even recognizes anymore as such. We can't bridge all this in a single step. I think I knew this then. Heather seemed to have had a sense of this too, as her letter indicates."

"That's why the impasse occurred," said Ushi. "We don't allow ourselves to move with the imperatives of universal principle. This is not a case of stepping out of a wrong history. It is a case of starting a brand new and correct train of history, creating a New World."

"Heather's reaction would likely be the same today," I interjected. "And what about Sylvia's reaction? I can't imagine what her reaction would have been had I brought Heather home with me. Not even the most extraordinary woman would be able to deal with this kind of situation, as a wife. As you said yourself, she would be emotionally devastated if I had imposed this on her. Some time in the future this may become possible, but not now. Unfortunately, time is running out for mankind. We are reaching an impasse that is becoming evermore impossible to resolve. We are stuck on our small ground even while billions of lives hang in the balance and the world remains tied into knots in terms of finding solutions to the problems that are inherent in a vastly isolated society."

"What has time got to do with that?" Ushi asked. "Do principles change over time? What is possible in time is possible today. You say it wouldn't be possible today for society to act as sublime human beings. I say it would be possible to solve the entire problem from A to Z, if we all gave ourselves half a chance. You would solve your little problem that you find so impossible to resolve even now. And, Peter, I can prove this to you."

"Prove it, Ushi? How?"

"Let me tell you a story, Peter. The story is an ancient legend of the native Northwest coastal nations. It's a story about a magic canoe that enables the people in it to travel instantly to where they want to go. It is obvious how this kind of magic power, to move instantly, would have uplifted the whole community that has this canoe, in terms of finding fish and so forth. I am sure we would have even better uses for it today, if we had that kind of capability. Such a capability would for instance revolutionize space exploration. It would reduce the vast distances of space to zero. It would make the very concept of distance invalid. Of course we may never have this capacity in the physical world. We can't magically override the physical principles of the Universe and the barriers they impose. However, we don't have these limitations in the mental realm, do we? What then would hinder us to reduce all the vast distances that stand between us human beings, to zero, which we have set up foolishly to isolate us from one-another? I see no reason why these distances shouldn't be reduced to zero, since no principle supports this universal division and isolation that we practice. According to Helen's model of the lateral lattice that you are familiar with, Peter, we all exist side by side laterally as children of the same humanity with no distance between us as a matter of principle. Nothing exists in this reality that would isolate us as."

I nodded. "You are right, of course," I said quietly. "Only by shutting down the strands of love that are the cement of the lateral lattice that Helen saw, which she beheld in progress, can the isolation between people occur. This shutdown of reality won't likely ever happen in the real world. It would mean shutting down our humanity. However, we do react as if this had actually happened."

"That's the reality of our being, Peter," said Ushi. "No universal

principle imposes isolation, much less the development of any distance between us as human beings."

Ushi went back inside after she said this and started the kettle that had been provided with the room, for making tea. She had brought peppermint tea. She remained inside until the kettle began to whistle. She returned moments later. "Every concept of distance therefore appears to be invalid, Peter," she continued. "That is why I think we feel so close to each other, and it only took us a day to get to this point, back in Leipzig, with a bit of help from Steve of course. What we experience now, you and I, appears to be the natural reflection of what is the reality of our being, and all being that we gained a clearer perception of. Helen's lateral lattice model that you are familiar with, is a construct of what we already acknowledge deep in our heart and soul to be true. So, why shouldn't we respond to what we acknowledge to be true? I am certain that we had both already experience that reality to some degree before we have finally discovered it. There exists no magical thing that the two of us have created, by which we feel closer to each other. We experience the natural closeness that we discovered when we invalidated the concept of distance by discovering that the concept of distance has nothing to do with anything real. If the closeness that we feel, was not already the reality of our being, we would never be able to artificially create it. To do so, would be paramount to overriding the design of our humanity. Luckily, there is no need for that. There is only a need to bring the design out more fully. This tells me, Peter, that the same closeness that exists between us, exists also between you, Heather, and Sylvia. So why would Sylvia have exploded in anger, if you had invited Heather into your home for a few days? Don't you see, Peter, what you are afraid of exists only in the mythical world of the imperial vertical model, where huge hierarchical distances have been artificially created between people in support of the imperial hierarchical model of an artificial world that has no grounding in anything that is real?"

"Sure, the imperial model reflects the lowest possible form of self-perception that one can imagine," I interjected. "But this doesn't apply to Sylvia and Heather and me."

"That's what I have been trying to tell you, Peter. What you find impossible to accept is as far away from the truth as one can get," said Ushi. "It certainly doesn't represent us, and Sylvia and Heather, as far as I can tell. The entire construct of distance is nothing more than a lie that has been cleverly imposed on society, to get society to imagine a lie and respond accordingly. Why should we comply with that, living a lie? What people perceive at the lowest possible level of self-perception, were this lie is anchored, has nothing to do with reality, has it? Why then should we react to it? Shouldn't we rather react to what is real, the Principle of Universal Love, and enrich one-another's existence accordingly to the fullest possible extent? Why wouldn't Sylvia have embraced Heather with joy for that very reason, and have found herself enriched by embracing her? I see

no reason why she should have closed the door? As a human being, which she is, as we all are, she has the capacity to react as a human being would react. She has this capacity now, and always had that capacity. That is what is true today, and I can prove it."

"I respect Sylvia's genius," I interrupted Ushi. "I admire her for it. But is she the kind of superhuman genius you expect her to be, who can set aside all the deeply drawn emotions that society has been trained to associate with such a situation, like me bringing Heather to the door as a guest? How could she avoid those longstanding emotions? How would these emotions not devastate her in this situation, as society has been trained to become devastated by them? I have my doubts that what you propose, would have worked, Ushi."

Ushi shook her head vigorously. "Sylvia wouldn't need to be a genius at all for this to have worked, Peter," Ushi replied. "Every honest, living human being, is able to meet the demands of such a situation without becoming devastated in the process if the response rests on the Principle of Universal Love. This principle determines the intent of our response. The intent in turn determines the outcome. What I have suggested would have been possible on that platform, because then Sylvia's response would have echoed what is already rooted in her heart, as it is in everyone's heart, and always has been. Let me prove it to you."

I had gone inside to join her while she spoke. I returned to the balcony with a couple of cups on a tray, and a dish of cookies, chocolate, and another dish of Mexican pastry. I shook my head. "How can you prove this? That's not possible, is it?"

"It is possible, but you have to help me, Peter. Let's do some role playing," said Ushi. "I will play your part, and you play the role of your wife, Sylvia."

Ushi took a couple of steps away from me, and turned around, facing me with a grin. "Here we go, Peter. Put your tray down and pay attention to the fact that whenever we touch on the truth in our relating to one-another, there is always zero distance between us. So here we go! You arrive at your home with Heather at your side. You get the key out of your pocket at your front door." Ushi reached into her pocket. "The door opens. Hello Sylvia! Let me introduce to you my newly found friend, Heather. Heather has gone through hell in her marriage that just broke up. She needs some help for a few days to establish herself here in Pittsburgh. I have invited her to stay with us until she gets back on her feet. It probably won't take long. A day or two might suffice, or a week, maybe more. We have a spare room that stands empty."

Ushi motioned me to respond to that. "OK Peter, play Sylvia's part. What would Sylvia answer to that? Play her role. Are you going to throw a tantrum? Are you going to raise the roof? Really, Peter, what could you say, playing her role? If you say to me that this woman can't stay, because she is a woman, I will ask you why you want to throw half of humanity onto the scrap heap, like some subhuman species. Would I need to remind

you that fifty-percent of mankind happens to be women? No, I wouldn't have to say that! Everyone knows that, right?

"What I am trying to illustrate to you, Peter, is that unless Sylvia is a bigot, she simply can't use those kinds of arguments to bar Heather from coming into your house. You, yourself, couldn't find a valid argument against what I have proposed would be normal, right? Likewise, neither would she have, if this had been a real situation. I think she would have been honest with herself about the nature of our humanity. The option to bar Heather wouldn't be open to her, right? And why should she bar Heather anyway? Is there a distance to cross that would isolate Heather?"

I shook my head.

"So, let's see, what else could you say to me if you were Sylvia?" Ushi continued. "You might reject Heather on the grounds that she doesn't fit into 'our family.' If you were to bring up this argument, Peter, I would turn the argument around and ask you why 'our' family has to be so small that there isn't room enough for one more person, or for that matter many more persons. I would then ask you why it is, that we take from the whole world as freely as we do, to feed our family and meet our needs, and to enrich our home, and never give anything back in terms of enriching one-another as human beings outside of this narrow sphere and in a manner that enriches society at large. We take and take and take, and don't give a damn. Why are we so spontaneously willing to take, and not willing to give? Are we not all human beings? Why is this so hard to acknowledge on an individual basis? Obviously, being an honest person representing your wife, you wouldn't be able to use those arguments either, that our heart is too small, that Heather wouldn't fit. This option wouldn't be open to you in your role playing here, and neither would it have been open to Sylvia in real life, right? The true response is that which reflects what is rooted in the heart and Soul of our humanity."

I nodded again. "What can I say? What can anyone say to that?" I defended myself. "What you propose would likely have been possible. It would have been the same response that my friend Olive has suggested is universally natural when one is listening to great classical music, which she has said, is designed to have the same effect, to echo what is rooted in the human heart and Soul. She said that classical music brings us home. It helps us to discover the overflowing riches of our humanity."

Ushi smiled with a sense of satisfaction, and continued without a comment.

"Failing this," she said, "you might want to say to me that Heather can't stay in the house, because there might be sexual intimacies that would surely result, if they hadn't happened already. But, Peter, if you brought this argument up, playing the role of your wife, I would ask you if you were referring to the kind of sexual intimacies that we have with each other twice a week, like most adult human beings. I would ask you if you suggest that it is possible for one human being to be a lesser human being, of lesser value, less worthy of affection, and less worthy of love than



another human being. I would ask you, why love, and whatever intimacies may be a part of it, should apply profoundly, and richly in an overflowing manner to one human being and not at all to another. I can't think of an excuse that an honest human being could bring up to counter this kind of argument. The bottom line is, your wife wouldn't have been able to counter this argument either, against Heather coming into your house. This option simply wouldn't have been available."

I nodded again. All that I could do is nod. She was right. How could any honest human being argue with that? "The tragedy of the world is that we have played those games of divide and isolate, for so long that we don't know anymore how not to play them," I said. "Being divided and isolated has become our state of civilization, as we still call it. Is it any wonder then that we created a culture in which people steal from one another in this multiply divided world, and make war to steal some more? If we weren't facing the return of the Ice Age, I would say that we could live with that tragedy and go on suffering the consequences for a long time until we grow up and heal it. But this option is no longer open, is it? That's no longer possible? To do this is now a crime against the future, and a crime against humanity. That's what some people called this in Russia during the conference. The division and isolation has to stop. But that's easier said than done, Ushi, isn't it?"

"Of course you might say that Heather can't stay in the house for reasons of adultery," said Ushi, "since having sexual relationships with any other person in the world, except the one that one owns as a partner, is immoral, illegal, rotten, filthy, swinish, ugly, a terrible disgrace even, because sex is ugly and dirty stuff! If you were to say that," Ushi grinned, "I would ask you, why it is that you like to engage in sexual intimacies twice a week, or whatever the case may be, if sex is such an ugly and dirty thing that it must be kept hidden behind closed doors, and be contained within the smallest possible sphere within the family. I would ask, if this was so, why would anyone want to risk such 'filth' spoiling their marriage by being sexually active. Why not keep sex far outside of it? Why not keep it as far away from the home as possible? But all people embrace it, from kings to beggars? So, what's the problem with sex? Can you answer that?"

"Of course you may answer me," Ushi continued, "that sex is only ugly with another person who isn't specifically licensed to engage in procreation. In this case, I would ask why we have sex so regularly, and with the kind of passion that is associated with it, if one needs sex only twice in a person's lifetime, to procreate the species. You, playing the role of Sylvia, may argue against that, that the intimacy of sex in a relationship between only two people makes it so special that it draws people closer together. In this case I would ask you why anyone would want to impose restrictive barriers at all that encumber an element of our humanity that draws people more powerfully together than any other human aspect. Why would we want to turn sex, which naturally unites people, into an instru-

ment for division that isolates the whole society from one-another?

"Does that make sense?" said Ushi. "It doesn't make sense to me. Neither would it make sense to Sylvia."

"If Sylvia would still hesitate, I would ask then, if she felt that we don't have enough isolation and division in the world already," said Ushi. "I would ask why would we want to add more? I would ask, how we can even hope to overcome the world's political, economic, religious, ethnic, and military division, which threatens our very existence, if we can't even deal with the problem of overcoming division and isolation at the home plate. I would point out that this division makes no sense at all, like all the other forms of division that nobody really wants. Don't we all want to live in a world without distance? Unity between human beings is a natural dimension of the humanity that we all share. Who, except one trained to be a deeply selfish person, someone who aims to dominate and hog all of another's attention, would want to divide people so deeply against one-another as to assure society's near complete isolation, which every human being longs to overcome? I would add that this deep selfishness includes the isolation of society by sexual privatization."

I raised my hand to stop her and said something about emotions, as sex inspires powerful emotions.

Ushi just shook her head. "People don't want to be divided against each other," she said firmly, "especially not at the sexual level. That's why they look across the fence and dream. But they are not allowed to take one step further beyond dreaming, because of emotional barriers. Woe to the person who counters the isolation!"

I assured Ushi that I understood this perfectly, but...

"But why don't we do away with this division and isolation?" asked Ushi. "Does Sylvia benefit from enforcing an isolation that denies the very nature of our common humanity and builds up this vast distance between people that nobody really wants."

I interrupted Sylvia with a boat building story. A true story. Someone I knew had begun building a boat in his backyard, an ocean-going trimaran. He and his wife had been building this boat for many years. Finally, on the big maiden voyage across some of the roughest seas, to test the design, they revealed to each other that they both had been committed to building this boat on the belief that the other really wanted it, while neither had longed for that great adventure to sail the world. The entire project had been pursued on the basis of a misperception. They committed themselves for years to something that neither of them really wanted.

"Doesn't the same apply to the deep reaching sexual division and isolation that we all subscribe to, which nobody really wants?" said Ushi. "Sylvia might imagine that she does benefit from this isolation, while living under the thumb of emotions. But are the emotions really true? Or are they just politically educated responses? Indeed, what are emotions? Aren't they all carefully shaped axiomatic responses that we've been taught? Haven't we all been 'carefully taught,' as the Lieutenant sings in the musical, South

Pacific? We have been taught how to feel, and what to feel about other people. We have been taught whom to hate, and by the same token whom to love. We have been taught how to relate to one-another, but not based on truth. We have been taught when to embrace another person, and when to isolate ourselves. The only thing that we have not been taught, is how to relate to one-another honestly as human beings."

"That's what my friend Raymond makes his living of, as a psychiatrist," I said to Ushi, "because we can't deal with one-another primarily as human beings, especially sexually. His researchers have found out that this sexual division and isolation is really a universal problem that nearly the whole of society is struggling with. People are at war quietly and individually within themselves. It is really surprising then, that we have any kind of deep love and unity at all, under these circumstances. Maybe we don't, Ushi, in comparison with what we could have."

"That's my point, Peter," said Ushi. "If sex has been so mythologized that it stands in the way on such a large scale, why don't we uplift it to a higher level, as a part of our humanity that is worth embracing universally? Why are we so committed to arrogantly throwing a part of our humanity away, as a mistake of creation that we must shun as an error made by God; a black spot created in the heavens for which we must shun half of humanity? I'd say we need to uplift sex to a higher level in our perception. We think too poorly of it. We think too small. We have to raise the whole idea of sex onto the spiritual level as a worthy element of our humanity, and then drag the physical aspects up behind us, thereby uplifting the whole scene of humanity, to where we come to light as the very image of God. I think this idea was faintly understood during the Renaissance, by the most leading edge thinkers."

"Like Mozart in Figaro?" I interrupted.

"Like Mozart," Ushi replied. "So, tell me, Peter, what would you say to me if I stood in your place and you stood in the place of your wife? Can you think of any valid argument, representing your wife, that you could use to send Heather away if you are honest with yourself as a human being? I can't imagine what a wife could possibly say against Heather, that wouldn't instantly discredit her as an honest human person? I would like to think that Sylvia would be in the same predicament that you are in right now if she was honest with herself as a human being."

"She would recognize that she really has no other options than to bid Heather welcome," I said quietly.

"And why shouldn't she?" said Ushi. "That's what creating a renaissance is all about. We open the door to one-another as human beings and invite one-another into the realm of the lateral lattice where the concept of distance is invalid, as are the concepts of division and isolation. We need to turn us into human beings again, Peter! That's what a renaissance is. A renaissance is a paradigm shift in society's thinking, towards becoming human again. That's what it is, isn't it? Are you surprised, Peter? All the economic, political, and cultural Golden Days that are traditionally associ-

ated with a great renaissance, are all secondary results of people uplifting themselves as human beings, in an embrace of universal truths. That is how they uplift one-another, and thereby their world. Can you imagine, Peter, that living in such a renaissance, a wife would send her husband's new love away in a huff of indignation? Such a banishment would never happen in a renaissance world, right? It would be unthinkable, but it happens now. That's a paradox that needs to be resolved in the flow of building that renaissance. In building this renaissance we are literally forced to drag the physical scene up behind us into conformity with our newly discovered spiritual world of recognized truth, our world of scientific perception and discoveries of universal principles."

Ushi stopped and began to laugh, suddenly. "So, would you still say to me, no, no, no, that can't be done? Do you still believe that Sylvia would be devastated, if this actually happened?"

I shrugged my shoulders once more. "No, of course not, but!"

"Aha!" Ushi replied. "Here is your opportunity for giving something back to the world, Peter."

"A woman from India was calling this renaissance, which is needed, a state of super-high-energy humanism. She said that this is where our humanity is truly active in an intense way, so that it powers all the necessary steps of us being truly human," I replied. "Would that qualify, if we were to achieve it?"

Ushi nodded. "I think we have both been looking at this Heather problem backwards. The real challenge isn't to get Sylvia's permission to bring Heather into the house. The real challenge is to enrich Sylvia's thinking to such a high level of scientific perception of the truth about our humanity, that she would bid Heather welcome by her own initiative, and do it gladly. That's the real challenge, isn't it? The object of this challenge would have to be, to create the kind of uplifting environment in which Sylvia would discover herself for a new and richer life. I think this challenge can be met," Ushi sighed. "I think bringing Heather to the door might have catalyzed that development."

I shook my head slightly.

"That's why I had asked you to play Sylvia's role," Ushi added moments later. "You agreed that you would play this role, but you didn't say a word until now. This means that you are either stupid, which I can't believe, or there exists no valid argument that a rational person could bring up against the truth that I have presented. I also would like to suggest that if you had realized all of that while you were in Key West with Heather, you would have made the appropriate arrangements right there and then, with both Heather and Sylvia. I bet it would have worked out great."

"So, the blame lies with me," I admitted.

"No, Pete, the blame lies with us all. The blame lies with humanity. It was our history and our insanity that created the conditions for such cruelty to be imposed upon ourselves; the kind that you and Heather have experienced; the kind that Sylvia might experience unless she is able to

step out of this box with your help, which I expect will happen. It was the world's stupidity that put us into the rut where all our impasses were created. It put us all into that box in which no one can move, unless specifically authorized to do so, by the imperial 'largess.' Remember the case of Christ Jesus defending the adulterous woman. It was a case of unauthorized sex; but unauthorized by whom? Was it unauthorized by God, or the imperial rulers? Christ Jesus lifted the woman out of that box. In fact, he dissolved the box. He invalidated the imperial law. You and Heather, both, tried to get out of the box, but you weren't quite able. You weren't quite ready to break the mythology of unauthorized sex, because you didn't understand the nature of the box. You still don't believe that this can actually be done, do you, that this box can be dissolved and the mythology be invalidated? But I have news for you, Peter. You had the courage to test the waters. I believe you would have been successful all the way through, had Heather not opted out on her own. You were both thinking in big terms, not small-minded, as the rest of the world thinks. You merely stumbled on the last step.

"I can imagine that Sylvia is probably a lot like you and Heather," Ushi continued. "Do you really believe that you would have asked Heather to step out of your car a block from your house? Do you think that Sylvia would have felt good about it if you had, if she knew? It wouldn't have happened, Peter. It wouldn't have happened in a million years. You aren't that small and that cheap, and that pitiful, Peter. And do you really believe that Sylvia would have closed the door on you and Heather? That would never have happened either. She would have offered Heather a place in your home for as long as she needed it. Whatever problems this might have created, and there might have been challenging problems to deal with, you would have both worked them out. I also think that the three of you would have done this in such a way that Sylvia too, would feel good about it. That's what I believe. That's what I know! I also believe that Heather might have faintly realized that you would have attempted that. She may have had doubts about Sylvia's reaction. That is why I think Heather said, no, no, no way! She was afraid, Peter, of the unknown."

Ushi laughed again. "Suppose, Heather had been Sylvia's friend, not yours, then Sylvia would have had no reservation with inviting her. But why should it be any different the other way around? Suppose Heather was her sister, which in the truer sense she is. Would she send her away? The very moment that you ask those kinds of questions, the answer stares you in the face, and the problem is resolved. This really happens, Peter, in real life. Try it!"

"The difference lies in what is politically correct according to the prevailing doctrine," I agreed.

"Prevailing doctrines, yes Peter, that's what people have reacted to for thousands of years," Ushi affirmed. "People weren't allowed to see beyond the tip of their nose, under the shroud of doctrines. The greatest atrocities were committed under the shroud of doctrines, and still are. I

have been told that 200 million women and girls have been murdered that way over a span of thousands of years in early India, because it had been defined in the Vedas to be politically correct to do that. The same insanity continues to happen under the shroud of the doctrine of political correctness."

"People have relied on doctrines for centuries, to guide them," I added. "We haven't really been allowed to discover ourselves as we truly are, especially in the way Helen did, by visualizing us in the lateral lattice. Who even thinks in terms of a scientific model for the reality of our being, in which we live and love and enrich one-another with rays of love like the sunshine from the Sun? Unfortunately, I am not the genius that Helen is, or a similar genius, and neither is Sylvia."

"Don't lie to yourself, Peter. Sylvia is not one of those people that live under the shroud of doctrine and neither are you!" Ushi interrupted emphatically. "She can't be, the way you have described her to me. You both live in the sunshine of the genius of our humanity that makes us all human. We all have the capacity to live in that sunshine. Some already do, and some are standing at the edge of it, waiting for the final nudge. Yes, Sylvia might have been emotionally challenged at first had you brought Heather home, I agree. I don't deny that it can be agonizing to grow up, especially having to do it quickly. But should one remain forever bound to infancy for that reason? Look at what Heather's opting out has already cost Sylvia. Think about that."

"It has cost her the joy of coming to know the wonderful person that Heather is," I replied sadly. "It has cost her the riches of feeling Heather's vitality, her love, her appreciation of life, her caring..."

"And the joy of her loving Heather herself," Ushi finished my sentence. "So, it all boils down to a lack of self-love, doesn't it. That's the terrible cost that far too many people are ready to pay in fighting their private little wars against themselves. That's where the real tragedy is rooted, Peter! If you want to give something back in the sphere of love, spare her that tragedy. Bring her with you into the sphere of universal love, where this tragedy can never ever happen. Bring her out of the sphere of poverty where people fight against themselves under the shroud of dogmas. I'm sure you know what I mean."

"I know," I said. "I've been there. I've been a champion player in this sphere of tragedy. I had fought this war against myself for fifteen years. The outcome could have been fatal. It certainly would be fatal for the whole of mankind, if this universal trend continued towards the Ice Age transition, thereby preventing society from creating the scientific and technological infrastructures to create a new food resource for the coming cold environment in which traditional agriculture becomes largely disabled. The one thing that developed clearly in Russia, is the perception that the technological and economic aspects of creating the needed large-scale indoor agriculture, aren't the biggest obstacles that we face. It became clear that the biggest obstacles are posed by our 'smallness' as a society, and by our

petty division that we cling to tenaciously. Therefore, if mankind becomes wiped out in the coming Ice Age deep-freeze, it would not be the result of a natural catastrophe, but would be a manmade tragedy. It would be manmade, because it would have resulted from our refusal to break the barriers that confine our humanity with irrational smallness."

"That's what I said, Peter. The whole world is locked into the same trend, Peter. It's actually amazing how terribly we human beings treat ourselves?" said Ushi. "Is it any wonder that we stand ready to fight wars against each other with atomic bombs, or with cultural warfare that prevents us from responding to the coming Ice Age, so that most of mankind might become extinct? It seems that killing one another is all that we've been authorized for. But we are fighting back, Peter, and Steve too. We've authorized ourselves to respond to the truth."

Ushi paused. "I guess Steve didn't tell you that it was us, who organized the Leipzig Declaration in opposition to the Global Warming myth," said Ushi a moment later. "Steve and I got the ball rolling in Leipzig right after the Heidelberg Appeal failed. The Heidelberg Appeal was the first great protest-effort by the real scientific community against the Global Warming Doctrine. Of course, the international Global Warming Promoters ignored their voices? The Heidelberg Appeal brought together 4000 signatures from the scientific community of 69 countries, Peter, all standing in opposition to the Global Warming Doctrine's unscientific nonsense. When the scientific community's appeal was ignored, as if it didn't exist, Steve and I got into the act and collected signatures for our Leipzig Declaration. We went exclusively to the world's leading climate specialists. We got 110 signatures that probably covered most of the world's specialists in the field of climate sciences. When their expert voices were likewise ignored, Steve inspired a few people that he knew in Oregon, to do something really big. As far as I know the Oregon Petition Project brought in signatures from 17,000 scientists from around the world, most of them with advanced degrees, petitioning the world's governments to ignore the Global Warming Myth, as unscientific. This final effort seemed to have worked to some degree. Of the world's 220 most important countries that signed on to the Global Warming accord, less than 10% have actually ratified it. That's a greater than 90% worldwide rejection of the scam. This is what Steve and I fought for. I guess we won, we all won! Nevertheless the fight isn't over. The Global Warming promoters are immensely powerful and intimidating, and will keep on pushing their lies to hide the coming Ice Age, but Steve is equally determined to deny them their victory. That's the kind of fighter Steve is, as are the people he is associated with. Steve fights, because he is dismayed at how terribly we human beings tend to treat ourselves, especially now at the most critical period in human history, when the fate of mankind will be decided soon, possibly for all times to come. Steve wants to help mankind to end this war against itself, and save civilization and most of mankind with it. He sees no reason why we should fight these wars against ourselves that lead to our own extinction, Pete. After your visit

in Leipzig Steve started to shift his fighting onto a higher level, by putting it into the social arena in pursuit of the Principle of Universal Love. It seems you have begun to do the same, Peter."

I told Ushi about Tara and our little group's daring to ask Tara out for dinner, which she couldn't allow herself to accept. I suggested that if she had been able to move with that, she would have made a bunch of people very proud to be so privileged, which she would have enjoyed tremendously. But she couldn't consent to this, because it would have offended another person who had evidently demanded that this war against herself be fought relentlessly, and be won by her.

"I am puzzled as to who demanded this same type of fighting in Sylvia's case, against herself?" Ushi asked.

"You should know the answer to this," I replied.

"Yes Peter, it was you who made that demand," she said to me. "You set the example. You were the champion of the cause. You set the stage. You said so yourself that you led the way! You were Sylvia's role model. But suppose for a moment that Sylvia and you were both thinking like Steve. How would this change the background? How might this have reflected itself in Sylvia's response towards you and Heather?"

I began to smile here that must have surprised her. She began to grin in return.

"In this case Sylvia would have insisted that I invite Heather to the house without fail. In fact, she would have invited her herself, if she had had prior knowledge of our possible coming. She might even have insisted that the depth of our association be maintained during the full length of her stay and continue to grow without end. This is what I suppose Steve would have done, had I stayed any longer in Leipzig."

"What you just said could have come true," Ushi replied with a smile. "And it will come true with Heather. I think you will find each other again. I even predict that you will have a wonderful journey together, you, Heather, Sylvia, and whoever else might yet come into your life. You might even want to include me one day as a part of your growing intimate family."

"You already are as far as I am concerned," I interrupted her. "I am certain that Sylvia would have found the short period of Heather living with us, a rich one for her. Heather is a bright and loving person, full of life, a joy to be with, just like you. And she would most certainly welcome you too on the same basis."

"That's precisely what I am talking about," said Ushi. "Steve found the day that we had together in Leipzig, richly rewarding for that reason." Here Ushi paused, and began to grin. "And guess who is paying for the cost of our hotel room here?"

"Steve? - No, not Steve!"

She nodded, now grinning even more. "Steve offered it when you were on the phone that day."



My mouth fell open. "How can I ever repay him?" I asked when the shock wore off.

"I'm sure you already have," she said with a smile. "I can't wait to tell Steve what you told me about you having started a movement in Russia that has the potential to change the world, meaning that you have already taken your first step in creating a New Renaissance, an Ice Age Renaissance, as you call it. Isn't it amazing how a new sunrise can unfold from such a small start as we had in Leipzig, when we met, and really change the world? Steve knows that mankind will have to do this globally in order to survive, but to hear the same confirmed from you, and to hear that you may have already helped to bring this sunrise one step further onto the global policy agenda, will give him great joy."

"Tell Steve that one day we will all live in this rich New World that we dreamed about back then," I interjected. "Tell him that our Renaissance World will be a world in which the East has been restructured with a human focus, and the West has given up its fascination with poverty, fascism, and fostering imperial wars and depopulation. Tell him that this future world will be a bright human world in which the West has lost its devotion to stealing, and has embraced the General Welfare Principle that the USA had been founded on, and has elevated it to a global principle. Tell him that this will be a world in which the geopolitical empires no longer exist, and might not even be remembered in; a world in which all elements of society are integrated into a community of principle, embracing the Principle of Universal Love. Tell him that the greatest obstacle to human prosperity is not the West, or the East, or the oligarchy, but the small-minded thinking that underlies the imperial system that has erroneously been adapted around the world in every sphere, and on every level. Tell him that this system is already dying, being a system that had divided and crippled the world, but which soon will exist no more. Tell him that we have begun to counter this crippling system with love, and that it will be overturned some day soon. Tell him that we have begun to hasten that day, thanks to his own great generosity and his keen scientific thinking. Do you think Steve will believe that?" I added.

Ushi smiled. "Steve doesn't just believe this," she replied, "he knows this to be true." She said that Steve understands that the imperial system is already disintegrating, because the system is so defective that even the oligarchs need to be rescued from it. He also knows that we are in a process of helping the imperials, on the platform of the Principle of Universal Love, to shut their system down that now threatens their own existence more than anything else in the world."

Ushi added that Steve understands all of this, probably better than anyone. "He knows that the imperial system absolutely opposes the principle of economics that supports human existence, by which the imperial system is self-doomed together with the imperial oligarchy that is doomed by consequence of this madness that created the self-doomed system. Steve is of course aware that the imperials are presently destroying the world,

that they need for looting, by which they have become doomed, and we with them. But Steve also insists that this process of destruction doesn't have to play itself out to the bitter end, that it can be stopped at any point along the way and that a human system can take its place, even while the imperial system is collapsing. He recognizes that we have already begun to do that. And Peter, just wait till I tell him about what you have set in motion in Russia, in terms of putting the Ice Age on the world agenda."

## Chapter 3 - Invalidating False History

Ushi talked about Steve's analysis of the present world situation. "Steve sees the West as completely taken over by the original Venetian imperial mentality," she said. "He says that the British Empire never really existed, because Britain had been completely taken over by the Venetian oligarchy in the 1688 invasion of England, by the Venetians' Dutch operative, Prince William of Orange. From this point on, the monarchy of Britain became subservient to the oligarchy, and to the looting of the world. It became a front for a private 'commercial' venture carried out for 'profit.' Steve says that this process has now been globalized, with the exception of the communist world, which is therefore under attack, and will continue to be under attack until it submits itself to the private looting process, or it becomes destroyed in the attacks. He laughs at the notion that there will ever be an independent American Empire, as some people claim is being built. He claims that the very notion of an American Empire is a contradiction in language, because America represents mankind's anti-imperial humanist spirit. That's its true culture. He says that there exists only one empire in the world, which carries out the Venetian intent to globalize private imperial control over everything from banking to oil, raw materials, food production and distribution, even drinking water. He says that all the vital national infrastructures and resources are being privatized for the purpose of looting evermore profits out of the populations."

"Steve seems to forget one crucial aspect that shaped the British-Venetian Empire," I interjected. "He is like everybody else in that respect. People seem to ignore that the British Empire with its Venetian background also has a deep reaching root in Brahmanic India. The British Empire had a 250-year hands-on learning experience in India during the Anglo Brahmanic Colonial period. Its involvement there evidently shaped the empire's global imperial policies to a greater degree than one might think. While we can see a lot of the corrupting system of the Venetian Empire reflected in the way the British empire operates, we can also see the Brahmanic antihuman madness reflected in the empire's policies, especially in the policies of depopulation. We really should be referring to the modern world-empire as the British-Venetian-Brahmanic imperial complex. That is the complex that has now privatized much of the control over the world into its own hands, regardless of whatever control the governments fancy themselves to have. The notion of an American Empire is just another one of those fancy dreams. America has been 'privatized' by the empire. Somebody should be fighting to rescue America."

"Steve is fighting for that," said Ushi. "He is fighting the entire imperial privatization process, especially the imperial instigated privatization of sex that started in ancient times, enforced with the death penalty for unauthorized sex, under the early religious imperial structures. Steve suggests

that the entire pyramid of today's world-empire, appears to rest still rather solidly on that ancient foundation, which is and remains, the empire's core privatization project, the privatization of sex, meaning the universal isolation and privatization of society. He keeps insisting that we will forever spin our wheels for naught in trying to fix the world politically and economically if we don't address that core issue. He says that the entire Ice Age Renaissance project, and thereby the future existence of mankind, hinges on our success in resolving that one core issue, which can only be resolved on the platform of the Principle of Universal Love."

"I hope he also recognizes that society is moving further and further away from this principle, instead of embracing it more and more," I interjected. "However, I wonder if Steve is right. Is it the best course of action to face the core issue right on, rather than slowly working up to it? Is this the only option? Or maybe both options are similarly insufficient. Right after the agricultural revolution happened and civilization began, mankind slipped into a near universal dynastic and imperial mode. This tragedy may have happened on the road of growing up, but this period should have ended by now. Mankind has been trapped into this mode for 7000 years already. The demand, which the future is imposing now, is that we snap out of this mode almost instantly. We have only 100 years left to create the infrastructures that we need for surviving in the coming Ice Age deep freeze. Those vast infrastructures cannot be created in the old imperial mode. We need to snap out of it, and jump to a totally new platform for human development that we should have been on for a few centuries already, instead of having been locked into this insane, Three Hundred Years War, that the imperials have been fighting against humanity on a global scale, and still are."

Ushi nodded. "If we were in a space ship on a course that would take us directly into the sun, wouldn't it be wise to deal directly with the core issue and change course? We really wouldn't have any other option, would we? The same applies here. Steve sees the Western nations like passengers in an airplane, on the way from New York to San Francisco, flying at 48,000 feet. Suddenly the captain announces that he has been requested by his superior at the home office, to implement a new cost-saving idea. He has been instructed to turn the engines off. Ushi explained that this act corresponds to the imperials' deindustrialization and depopulation campaigns that the West has obediently committed itself to, under the privatization mantra. The oligarchy is telling the passengers that the empire has no need for industries and infrastructures, and for populations working in the industries. That's a hidden form of genocide, isn't it? Society is told that the simple life of living, being nicely isolated from one another and living by simple means in a primitive style is the ideal future. That's the primitive get back to Earth kind of dream that society is taught to love."

Ushi sighed. "Unfortunately, this dream is but a dream," she said. "The reality is that the primitive Earth doesn't support many people, and much less so during an Ice Age. We must never forget that after 2.5 million

years of development, mankind came out of the last Ice Age with a world population of only a few million people, five million the most. The primitive and uncomplicated future that people are taught to seek today, is a future of abject poverty and starvation at the very best, especially with society being mired in a feudal world. With that, society is being loored into an Ice Age environment. That's the kind of future in which very few will be able to survive, even in the short run. That's what the primitive song means when the captain sings obediently, 'we can fly this airplane without engines,' and repeats his song again and again with great joy, singing, 'see people, we can fly this airplane without engines!' That's what the captain tells the passengers. He might be adding as a refrain, 'listen people, how quiet the flight has become, and how efficient!' He might also add, 'just imagine my friends, we can make greater profits that way. Flying without engines is like gambling in the casinos of the financial markets where you don't have to work as in the physical economy to make a living! We can all become rich people by doing nothing and enslaving other people, whose life we own by the bonds of debt! We can fly this airplane forever without engines!' Steve says that's like saying we can fly our spacecraft straight into the Sun, and have a brilliant future."

Ushi explained that Steve's scenario is a perfect analogy of a systemic crisis. "With its engines shut down, the airplane will not fly for long," Ushi continued. "It will crash long before it gets to San Francisco. That sort of process constitutes a systemic crisis. There is something wrong in the 'system' if we try to fly an airliner without its engines powered. That core issue needs to be corrected, or else the end result is a systemic failure in transportation, which is ultimately a human failure, because society has lost its human dimension. Steve always keeps coming back to the point that civilization is not a primitive issue, because it is a construct built on the Principle of Universal Love. He says that only human beings are capable of operating on this high level platform, built on the recognition of universal principles. No animal is capable of consciously recognizing universal principles, much less of founding its existence on them. Steve says that only our human civilization is such a construct, built on discovered principles, and that we simply cannot step away from this principle-oriented platform that we have created, without loosing our civilization and nine-tenth of mankind with it that would have no physical means to exist without it. Steve also says that we must move forward. He says that the greater the physical challenges become in maintaining our civilization, as in an approaching Ice Age, the deeper we must reach into the Principle of Universal Love, even though the issues become evermore complex that we thereby face, and the resulting civilization becomes evermore beautiful on this path of Principle, and rich, and bright with ever greater freedoms."

"Flying an airplane without engines is like society trying to face an Ice Age without building the infrastructures for securing society's food supply." I interjected.

"Steve says that he is convinced that the nations on the airplane

can be inspired to order the captain to turn the engines back on, before the fatal crash occurs. Steve is hoping that we can inspire enough self-love in the world, reflected in people's love for one-another and their posterity, that the nations will take the necessary steps to save themselves, even if the deeper issues of the Principle of Universal Love are evermore complex."

"The time for starting this is just about now," I interjected. "The first step would have to be to get the captain to put the plane into a steep dive to restart the engines, unless there is enough battery-power left to do it. When this is accomplished, and the engines are rolling again, a whole New World unfolds, a world of powered flight!"

"Steve believes that this kind of shift in thinking, beginning at the grassroots level, is possible. He believes that we can get this thing started," said Ushi. "He thinks it is possible to inspire the nations of the world to care enough about themselves, and beyond that, about each other and their children and children's children, that they will shut down the imperial game and prevent the wars that are presently planned, and built the infrastructures that will enable mankind to live more richly, even in the Ice Age environment that we are facing in the near future."

"Steve's airplane story is also the story of my own impasse with Sylvia," I interrupted Ushi. "You proved to me earlier that the platform has always existed on which I could have brought Heather home with me from Key West. Still, I also recognize that the quality of our world is so poor, that Sylvia may very well have been devastated for no real reasons at all. As you say, we live in a society that has forced its captain to turn the engines off. This has already happened. We have been on a glide path to a crash for some time. We've dropped so low that I can feel the ground turbulence already. If we were still flying at 48,000 feet, I could see myself knocking at Sylvia's door, introducing Heather, with everything working out fine. In a sense, we are flying at 48,000 feet right now, you and me, but Sylvia isn't. She is still on that airplane."

"This may be so," Ushi replied, smiling. "But as a human being, Sylvia has the capacity to go to the cockpit and hit the starter switch for the engines, and pull the nose up. Maybe they have batteries on board, so that they wouldn't need a steep dive to start the engines again. Maybe it is your task as her husband and lover, to wake her up, so that she will perform this task to save herself. In fact, you have to awake her as soon as you arrive in Washington. That's when the role-playing ends and real life begins. But the principles are the same. The truths that we have explored together, at 48,000 feet altitude, are true. Remember, every scary argument that you could have possibly brought up against Heather coming to your home, I had been able to counter and overturn with what we both understand to be the truth about our humanity and the principles that reflect it. You could not deny a single argument based on this truth. So, it won't be denied by Sylvia either, if you do your job right."

I nodded. "Actually, you weren't quite fair with me during the role

playing," I said quietly. "You assigned me a role that didn't give me a chance to say anything, because there was nothing to be said."

"I have been fair, Peter," Ushi protested. "I proposed the role playing in that particular way, in order to prove a point, and the point is that you can't make a point in defense of your fears about Sylvia being devastated, should this issue be addressed. I made my point strong and clear, right? But if you like, let's reverse our roles and see what happens. In this case you will take on the role of yourself, and I will represent Sylvia. I'll do my best to discredit your arguments, if that is possible. Only, let's not argue about the legitimacy of emotions that are but images of dreams, the kind of dreams that make it impossible for a person to storm the cockpit and restart the engines. Let's keep ourselves alert to nothing but universal truths."

"Right," I agreed. "Let's not even focus on the by-products that come with the golden age of the renaissance that we want to create. Let's not make issues out of those secondary things. Let's focus on the principles of the renaissance."

"Right, let's focus on the principles of the sunrise that portends the new day; the love that makes us human, which transcends sex, color, nationality, including the religions that all tend to divide humanity," Ushi suggested. "Let's focus on sex that way, all by itself, which is evidently the most powerful element in the human domain, since you are scared to death by it, fearing that it would injure Sylvia. Also, let's do it with absolute honesty, because if we strike sex from the list of the causes that divide humanity, and hide it under the table, what foundation do we have for creating a new Renaissance? Right now, we are hiding it under the table, together with all the other aspects that we should be dealing with. If we exempt a single element, like sex, and give it legitimacy, for dividing and isolating people, then we deny the principle of our universal humanity and throw away the renaissance that it has in store for us."

Wow! I almost applauded Ushi. "What would Sylvia say to this if I presented this approach as a platform for discussion? How would she respond? Can you think of a valid argument that she might bring up against it? Can you think of an argument that she might use to ask for a divorce over this issue?"

Ushi nodded. "There is a legitimate principle she could use. She could ask for a divorce on the grounds of her individual sovereignty as a human being. The Principle of Universal Love opens up a privilege based on the scientific acknowledgment of applicable universal truths, as Steve points out. The Principle of Universal Love doesn't impose itself as a duty. The Universe is not built on duties, but on scientific privileges. Every person of humanity has claimed the democratic right to stay forever locked up in the dark caves of mythological opinions, or remain fast asleep on an airplane that is crashing."

"But that's a crime against our common future!" I interrupted.

"So far mankind has exercised these kinds of assumed democratic

rights for centuries as a kind of default exercise, even though it is killing it, while it is clinging to mythologies that have no basis in reality," said Ushi. "That's the result of small, pitiful thinking. Everyone has claimed the right to live that way, and to be as foolish as the fancy of irrationality suggests that they be. But doing so isn't wise and is terribly unjust to the whole of mankind."

"Therefore those assumed rights don't really exist," I interjected. "Nobody has those rights."

"Sylvia could ask for a divorce on the basis of those assumed rights nevertheless," Ushi continued, "and be as foolish as the rest of the world. However, a human being also has the scientific privilege to step out of the caves into the sunshine of a New Renaissance. No one has to change the world for that. That comprises our real rights. It can be done individually, if not collectively. Every renaissance starts at the individual level. Then, to whatever degree this is done, the world at large gets pulled up behind the pioneer, by the footsteps that are taken individually. This means that when you reach out to Sylvia from the brightness of your own renaissance; you urge her to leave the dark old caves behind; and indeed, she might respond by asking you to go it alone, asking for a divorce. Technically, this is possible. Realistically, a person would have to be pretty small-minded to do this. And that's not Sylvia, right?"

I hugged Ushi and smiled. That was music to my ears. I begged her to search her mind and tell me if she could think of another argument that Sylvia could bring up against me, or could use for closing the door to Heather.

"Not in the form of a divorce, Peter," Ushi replied cautiously. "But you've got to understand that the sexual dimension of our humanity is as wide as the proverbial seashore. What is appropriate for one person may not be appropriate for another. The dimension is so wide that we can't possibly circumscribe it, or verbalize its meaning. If we become honestly open towards the wonders of our humanity, to the point that we will turn our back against all the conventions that have isolated us from it, and from ourselves; that have distorted our humanity; that have degraded it; that have exploited it; that have vilified it; that have scandalized its very name; then we face it as a new and as yet undiscovered country, in which we are bound to find a new image of ourselves. As we reach out for this country, to discover it, we will surely find that the unfolding discovery gives a new meaning for the Golden Renaissance image of mankind, as being created in the image and likeness of God. This concept, too, is an as yet undiscovered country. It is one of great promises that the Golden Renaissance of the 15th Century illustrates. Also, it appears to me that these two undiscovered countries, sex and our humanity, are actually one and the same? Can you separate the two, or demand me to do so?"

"Would Sylvia ever say this?" I asked.

Ushi nodded and grinned. "Probably not," she added.

"So it isn't an argument that she could use against accepting Heather



into our house," I answered.

Ushi just smiled. "That wasn't my role playing task. You asked me to play the role of Sylvia as an intelligent, alert, human being, not one torn by emotions. What I told you would be the inevitable outcome of it, Peter, in a normal world. In playing the role of Sylvia in that world, I would extend to Heather a welcome with open arms, contrary to all your dark fears. How else could Sylvia respond as a human being?"

"I suppose you really did prove your point," I replied, "that it would have been possible to bring Heather home with me from Key West."

Ushi's smile became a grin. "It would have caused a revolution for a new renaissance in our petty little society. Unfortunately, as a would-be modern and progressive society, we are far too small-minded. This is our crime and our problem. We are so small-minded as a society, that we don't want to turn the engines on while the plane comes down towards a certain crash. Turning the engines on would be too big a solution for us. That's not our style, isn't it? We like to remain stuck in our petty little gold plated cages. In this respect we are probably worse of than your friend Raymond the psychiatrist is, whom you talked to me about on the phone, who at least talks about living in big houses with huge windows to the world, though he doesn't allow himself to actually live in them. That's the situation we face with Sylvia. We don't ever talk big at the social level, as a society, about big universal principles of love and universal marriage. We are stuck out of fear that sex will get in the way, somehow, and cause us to hurt one-another under the ancient privatization mantra. We haven't even earned the right yet to call ourselves a human society. We haven't discovered yet what this means. We live like an imperial society. This is the situation that Sylvia finds herself in. So, you are asking me what will cause Sylvia to leave this comfortable spot, though it is extremely dangerous, being soundly asleep in the back of the plane that is about to crash together with everybody else. I would say that a revolution for a new renaissance would suffice."

"You are talking in riddles, Ushi," I interrupted.

"Ask for the details, Peter. Be daring! Try me! Test the waters! Create the stage for a revolution. Start a New Renaissance!"

"OK, here we go again!" I replied. "Knock, knock! Sylvia opens the door. I present Heather! I state my reason." I turned to Ushi. "Give me a rational scenario for her closing the door on us. Can you think of a real valid reason for which this might not work?"

"That depends on how you answer one single question," Ushi replied, still grinning. "The question that I would ask you would be designed to probe your thinking as to what sex really means to you. Sure, it is a vast undiscovered country, but certain aspects are known, which are determined by the parameters of our humanity. If your answer to this question was to reflect a perception of sex that puts it into the sphere of entertainment or hedonistic purposes in order to fill out the void of an otherwise empty life, I'd close the door on both Heather and you. I would find it disdainful to

live with a person who thinks that small and lives that way. The hedonist involvement of sex, which is primarily for personal satisfaction, where sex becomes an entertainment center, is really a form of exploitation. Pursuing sex on that platform, becomes synonymous with theft. It becomes an act of stealing from another's soul. I would close the door on a person who lives in this kind of environment, lest I expose myself to becoming a sacrificial victim."

"Would you really do that?" I asked. "Would you really close the door on a person for that?"

"I would first try to help that person to gain a higher perception. The capacity for redemption, for growing up as a human being, is a profoundly human quality that I cannot ignore, but failing that, I would have no option, but to walk away to avoid becoming a victim, or worse, a flagellant."

"You really would walk away," I said surprised.

"Seriously, Peter, I would have no choice. I would walk away for also another reason, depending on how you would answer my question about sex."

"And that reason would be, Ushi?"

"Can't you guess, Peter? Be daring! The answer will be surprising, when it hits you in the face."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"All right, Peter. It's the same situation as before. You come to Sylvia's door. You introduce Heather. I am playing the role of Sylvia, I'll ask you one simple question: Are you having a beautiful sexual relationship with Heather? That's what I would ask. That's all I would have to ask. Suppose, you would answer: What do you mean, having sex with her? Me? Heck, no! Sex is immoral. Doesn't every moral person say, keep sex out of your life? No Sylvia, I wouldn't dream of messing around with another person, like that."

Ushi nodded, and paused to give me time to think. "Yes, Peter. If you were to say this to me I would close the door on you immediately, even if you didn't lie. I would see you as having a sterile, shapeless, futile image of humanity. I would see you living in a dreary and empty world that I wouldn't want to be a part of. Just thinking of such a world reminds me of Mao's China during the Cultural Revolution, when every person wore the same drab, shapeless, dull uniform; when every person had only one thought, Mao's thought; only one identity, the authorized identity; and only one faceless face staring into a hopeless future. I thank God for the people of China that this structure collapsed. I wouldn't want to be caught in it. I want to be alive. I want to be associated with people who live at the leading edge, who live by the riches of their humanity, and share their riches freely to enrich the world and one-another's life with it. If a person denies sex as a sham, which is a part of our humanity, what else does that person deny about our humanity? Denying sex is a form of circumcision in the mental realm. It is a denial of the principle of intimacy that rests on the Principle of Love and unfolds into the Principle of the General Welfare.

Would you want to live with a person who denies all of that, actively? And where does the denial end? In Egypt, the denial of sex that became the circumcision, marks the starting point of the collapse of its once grand civilization. Would Sylvia want to tie herself to such a collapse process? Some people deny everything that defines our humanity. She might ask, are you one of those? The people who are devoted to this path take this to the point of seeing the human being as nothing more than just another ape, with no higher qualities, and no higher capabilities, than that of an ape. Who wants to live like that?

"Of course, if you were to smile at me," Ushi continued, "when I asked you if you had a beautiful sexual relationship with Heather, and you would answer simply, yes, then I would have to acknowledge that there is something moving inside of you as a human being. I would have to acknowledge your honesty about a dimension of our humanity, which you may not fully understand perhaps, but which you embrace simply for it being a part of our humanity; which you thereby cherish as something beautiful, and perhaps grand in the way it draws people together by the attraction of its 'color,' shape, and unique qualities. This honesty towards a profound reality allows a woman to be acknowledged as a woman, and a man as a man. Such an honest acknowledgment attributes a unique beauty to the human being, as a profoundly sexual being, instead of being just another 'faceless' person, or worse, such as a sexually isolated slave who lives without a deep connection with our universal humanity. Naturally, as we uplift ourselves to a higher perception of being, based on the spiritual dimension of our humanity, we lift the physical sphere up with us. We develop a perception of sex that the sexual 'hedonists' and 'flagellants' would never understand. We then create a culture rooted in the Principle of Universal Love, that finds its good in the larger expression of our humanity, reflected in the good we cherish in one-another, and in the common welfare of society, beginning at the home plate."

Ushi smiled and suggested that there may never be a final answer found, as to what the human sexual dimension really represents at the highest level of mankind's self-perception. "We simply aren't there yet," she said. "Still, we can say with scientific certainty, that this higher image of sex doesn't include the notion of sex, as something existing exclusively for procreation, not to mention as an entertainment center for the exploitation of sensual pleasures. I see it as an element of our humanity that represents in physical form, in the way it attracts one to another, a reflection of the invariable truth of mankind's universal marriage as the reality of our being. That is where our passion should be anchored. We can understand it in this dimension. I have proved to you that this is possible, and that we can experience this truth as we understand it."

"But we can experience this truth only as we understand it, Ushi," I said to her. "We won't experience it until then, because until then, we deny it," I interjected. "That's ancient wisdom, isn't it? I see it reflected in an old biblical story that I have always regarded as a piece of bad

fiction, but which is beginning to make sense now. Do you remember the ancient story of Jacob meeting his brother Esau, years after a tragedy that tore the two brothers apart? Jacob had treated his brother so badly in his youth, over a rather insignificant issue, that he had to flee his home and his country. After a successful life abroad he decided to return home, but the old feud had not been resolved after all this time. Jacob heard on the way home that his brother was coming towards him with several hundred men. Fearing for his life and for that of his people, Jacob struggled during the night before their meeting. He struggled probably in the same manner as my friend Helen had struggled during a man's crisis in hospital, someone close to her. I think I have told you about this remarkable happening back in Leipzig, when a healing had been required for a critical situation, and a profound healing occurred. In an unfolding moment of crisis, Helen had drawn together all the aspects of truth that she understood, into what became a profound visual construct of a lateral lattice of human hearts, all being clearly interconnected by countless strands of love, sharing their strength to enrich the one in need. Jacob apparently beheld something similar in his struggles that night, because when he and his brother met the next day, he was able to embrace his brother and kiss him, and say to him, I have seen thy face, as though I have seen the face of God."

"Are you saying that this story applies to your struggle with Sylvia?" Ushi interrupted.

"Doesn't it, Ushi?" I replied with a smile. "I think it does. It applies to this issue and all those countless similar issues that the whole world is struggling with, for which we have avoided the responsibility of uplifting our civilization into the brightest renaissance ever, that would enable us to not only survive in the coming Ice Age that we cannot avoid, but would enable us to flourish and prosper in it, and more richly so than we do now. Why shouldn't we say to one-another, I see your face as though I see the face of God, and say this honestly from the heart? All those little issues that have not been dealt with over the centuries, like sexual division and marriage isolation and their privatization, have now grown into new forms, and become a huge barrier against our ability of responding to the Principle of Universal Love. Thereby, our bowing to these little issues, becomes a crime against the future on our account, as it would thereby prevent us from tackling the big issue of creating an Ice Age Renaissance that we need to be able to survive. I think Sylvia might be able to understand this without any effort at all. But can I trust this, when our entire life together is at stake?"

"This is the universal question in our world today in many variations, Peter, but I think Sylvia will understand what you just told me, if you do your job right in bringing this light into her life," Ushi interjected.

"Jacob had avoided the big issue for decades," I continued. "He was scared of his brother. He had avoided dealing with his brother as two human beings normally would. He hadn't taken the time to figure out how. The whole world is still playing the role of Jacob in that respect, and has

been for centuries. Historians praise the Golden Renaissance as the brightest period in the advance of civilization, while in real terms it started a fiasco that we haven't dealt with to the present day. The renaissance powers had tried to eradicate the Venetian Empire with military force, rather than to uplift it with the brightness of the Renaissance. In doing that, they created an enemy of mankind, a wounded hyena that has been at war with mankind ever since, lurking at every corner to destroy the spirit of renaissance in every form and in every period it appears on the horizon. Mankind has so far avoided dealing with this core issue. The avoidance has so far been immensely tragic for mankind, with wars and destruction resulting from it on a near unimaginable scale, Ushi. Just imagine what a great world we would have if all the wars from the 15th Century onward, had never happened! They hadn't been inevitable. They were manmade disasters that should have been avoided, but weren't. Thus, the destruction happened and trashed the world. But worst of all, the still continuing avoidance of the Principle of Universal Love, is now preventing us from creating the renaissance that we need to survive in the coming Ice Age. The building of the Ice Age Renaissance should have been started decades ago, and it would have been started had mankind resolved that critical issue that has been avoided since 1508. The enemy, which the Renaissance powers created in 1508, still stands at our gate, and won't let us get back onto the path of scientific and technological progress to where we should be, and won't be until that issue is resolved. We cannot afford to avoid this issue any longer. We have to deal with the imperial issue now, in the manner that Jacob had done before meeting his brother. Nevertheless, when I bring this huge task to the home gate, and say to Sylvia, this is the issue, this is what the great struggles and daring steps forward into the land of Universal Love are centered on, won't she close the door and say, good bye?"

"Are you telling me that you regard Sylvia as your potential enemy over this issue, over this little issue of sexual proliferation, which is actually a profound factor of the Principle of Universal Love, but which hasn't been resolved in human relationships for millennia?" said Ushi in a surprised tone of voice. "Are you saying that she will see you as an enemy, because this issue hasn't been resolved yet by the whole of mankind? Wouldn't she rather see you as a daring pioneer, fighting for a New World in which mankind actually has a future, for which it presently has no hope in hell."

"The potential is there that Sylvia may cast herself in that role, Ushi," I said quietly, "but I haven't created this potential. In fact, I have been avoiding it. Now I am struggling to deal with it, in an emergency fashion. Also, the more I struggle, the more I find myself forced to realize, that what this struggle is all about, is basically as insignificant in real terms, than Jacob's feud with his brother was, because both were built on fears without substance. Both feuds were artificially created, by false assumptions and shallow notions. In Jacob's case, the feud was over a treachery his mother had instigated. In society's case of the near universal sexual division and marital isolation, the treachery appears to have been empire-instigated,

many ages ago. Jacob responded by running away. Sylvia may respond with demanding a divorce. However, running away won't solve anything. Jacob found this out. Society should have realized the same, and responded as Jacob did respond in the end, and it should have done this long before the numerous social dark ages have erupted out of this issue, that has been avoided so far, in which countless millions of murders have been committed. In both cases, Ushi, the feud had been built up into something gigantic, out of nothing more than a distorted perception of the real nature and the universal worth of the human being. In other words, it's been all over nothing. Maybe Jacob realized that. I am beginning to realize that too. The question is, will Sylvia realize this also, before she becomes hurt in the process?"

"You say that you realize that the whole historic feud over sexual isolation and marital division, has been essentially over nothing, why then don't you move joyously and enthusiastically with this realization, Peter?" said Ushi. "If it is the truth, move with it. I have experienced in my own life, that moving forward with the truth leads to further discoveries of more and more amazing elements of universal truth that are absolutely exciting. We both have already experienced this movement to some degree. Our daring to move in this direction, has put us into realms that we may never have dared to dream of before. Now we endeavor to live the role of a human being. What we aim for is brighter than dreams. Who would have ever thought that the enrichment of one-another, unfolds riches in us that we never knew to exist? I think it is amazing how far we have come in so short a time, Peter, and I regard this as only a start."

"We should challenge each other across the whole of society to move forward into this unknown country, instead of holding each other back," I interjected, and punctuated the thought with a kiss. "That is what Helen is committed to doing. We should all do this. We should take it further and further, and uplift and enrich one-another's life with new vistas, and with new discoveries of universal truth, and not smother each other with limits."

"That's what I am trying to tell you, Peter," said Ushi with a grin. "If I had stood in Sylvia's stead, in our hypothetical situation, I would have welcomed Heather with open arms as the bringer of a bright new opportunity to be a part of an unfolding aspect of love that has not been allowed to unfold for thousands of years. I would have stood in awe before the genius of both of you, which had inspired enough of a commitment to the truth about our humanity, so that you didn't want to hide its unfolding. I would have embraced and kissed you both, and would have allowed myself to be uplifted by this exciting unfolding."

"So, my dear Peter," Ushi said moments later as she handed Heather's letter back to me, "I would like to counsel you to throw Heather's letter away. Don't accept what it says, as the truth. Rewrite the ending of your unfolding love with her, in the way it should have been written. Rewrite the letter. Re-write history in the way it should have unfolded from

the standpoint of what we are capable of accomplishing as human beings. This can be done."

"You mean I should rewrite it in the way Steve would write it?" I said and began to smile. "I have a faint inkling of what the result would be like. Knowing Steve, with him in my stead, he would have said to Heather that she was exceedingly fortunate to have been given the opportunity to experience the real world that corresponds with the principle of the Universe. He would have said something like that, because the principles he finds in the Universe are his references for what is real. He would have said in no uncertain terms that men and women are not opposites in nature from which all the silly problems in the world are drawn, because the concept of opposites is not reflected in the real world. He would have referred to the structure of an atom as an example. That's his style, isn't it? He would have pointed out that the apparent opposites that we find in an atom, such as the protons with a positive electric potential, and the electrons with a negative electric potential, are not really opposites, but are complementary in nature. I think he said something to this effect in Leipzig. I think he pointed out that in an atom the complementary polarities respond to two principles that are themselves complementary. One of these principles is the principle of complementary attraction. By this principle the positive protons and negative electrons are powerfully attractive to one-another. He described this as the electric force that is 39 orders of magnitude stronger than the force of gravity. And he added that by this enormous force all the electrons would instantly crash into the protons if it wasn't for the principle of complementary protection that prevents them from crashing and becoming annihilated. Steve said that the attracted electrons become diverted away or repelled by the action of the nuclear strong force. This means that he described the atom as a dynamic construct of a powerful interplay of complimentary attraction and complimentary protection. That's where he gets the factor of 100,000 from, doesn't he? He is telling us that this dynamic interplay of complimentary attraction and protection is so powerful that the resulting construct is 100,000 times larger than its parts. Steve would then have suggested to Heather that this model applies to men and women too, as natural complementary polarities, and that its dynamism is just as powerful in creating a civilization that is 100,000 times bigger in creative potential than any person's power would be as an isolated individual. Are you suggesting, Ushi, that this is what I should have said to Heather, which would have definitely resulted in a totally different letter being written?"

"Well, Peter, couldn't you have said something like that to Heather? What you remember now, you could have remembered then."

"Oh yes, I could have," I said quietly. "But I didn't know then what Steve had really said. Maybe he hadn't really recognized himself what he had said back then in Leipzig. As far as I remember, he hadn't drawn the parallel between the complimentary model of an atom and the complementary nature of mankind. I don't think he ever said, at least not in any way

that I can remember, that the men and women of mankind are not opposite in nature, but are complimentary in nature and are thereby complimentary attractive to one another by design, and that this complementary attractive power is the power that enables us to create a grand civilization. He didn't say anything like that in Leipzig. Maybe he should have. He did say however, that the complementary attractive force is so great in its reach that its reach is not just local, but is intergalactic, combining all the galaxies. In the astrophysical universe the complementary attractive force is the electric force. We saw a photograph in Russia of a vast field of galaxies all neatly strung out along filamentary lines of electric currents by which the Universe is combined into a vast interconnected cosmos where nothing exists in isolation. I just hadn't recognized then that the same model also applies to our humanity, including the model of the atom. I can remember Steve saying that the protective force in an atom is effective only at an extremely small distance, while the complimentary attractive force is unlimited in range and only diminishes linear with distance, which diminishment is minuscule in comparison with the diminishment of the force of gravity that diminishes with the square of the distance. When one applies this to mankind, then according to the natural model of the Universe, nothing really stands in the way of the complimentary attraction between men and woman. Wow!

"Did you hear what I just said?" I said to Ushi. "Nothing that is rooted in universal principle stands in the way of our complementary attraction to one another as men and women on the sexual ground as sexual polarities, not even the marriage boundary. I knew this instinctively, I have felt this for a long time as it being lodged in our soul, but now I can really see it. I saw it with my own eyes in Russia in the picture of the field of galaxies all strung out in filamentary lines. I just didn't realize then what a profound reality I saw before my very eyes. I had been blind, Ushi. Now I am beginning to glimpse a bit of what I should have seen in what I beheld with my eyes. Did Steve ever say anything like that to you, Ushi?"

"Not in those words, but in essence he did," said Ushi with a smile. "Steve is taking this a bit further still. He keeps wondering where ideas come from. Do they come from our mind? When we are confronted with a paradox that we puzzle over, and suddenly we know the answer, where does the idea come from that we never beheld before? Does our brain put random fragments together until the answer to the puzzle falls into place? Steve thinks that this is too small a concept, because all too often the answers are so majestic that it takes us months, even years, to recognize how great the answers really are, and how wide their implications are. Steve can't accept that this is the outcome of random events. He is more inclined to see our mental dynamics in a complimentary context with a wider and more universal cause where complementary attraction may span the spaces that we falsely recognize as impregnable barriers. He thinks that it might even be possible that the whole of the Universe functions as a singular Mind, so that when we pose a puzzling question the answer isn't



developed by us, but is simply given to us for the asking, from a larger background that we, ourselves, are but a part of. He says that we cannot ignore the fact that our little galaxy is a collection of 200 to 400 billion stars, each of which is a sun with its own solar systems of planets and so on. He suggests that the probability is extremely high that a great many planets exist in these countless solar systems that are peopled with intelligent beings. While it takes light 100,000 years to travel from one edge of our galaxy to another, Steve suggests that thought, the transfer of ideas, may not be so limited, whereby the Universe functions as a single Mind, and is thereby capable of immensely profound ideas on a scope we don't even dare to imagine, which we tend to isolate ourselves from by not daring to imagine what is really laid out before us, that we are a part of. He sites our reluctance to accept the universal complimentary attraction between men and women, which is sexually polarized, as an example of how little of the reality of our being we allow ourselves to see, much less to accept, to understand, and to acknowledge. By this blindness we don't allow the available power of civilization to develop that is inherent in our polarized complimentary attraction. He suggest that we may be limiting ourselves far more dramatically in the mental realm by blocking the complimentary attraction there, except in rare occasions. He says that we sometimes break out of our stupor through music, whereby we forget to be small-minded. He keeps noting the fact that Einstein was an accomplished violinist, and suggests with that, that there is an evident connection there.

"Steve also finds it ironic," Ushi continued, "that science fiction writers dream of exploring the universe to engage other intelligent cultures in order to learn from them while they ignore what we have right here, but can't be bothered to probe its near infinite depth that we have barely touched the surface of. Steve suggest that this failure may point to a valid reason for which the Universe is so vast in its expanse that it prevents us from exploring the cultures of other worlds. The barrier that it thereby creates is of a type that forces us to explore ourselves as children of the Universe, and thereby to explore the Universe of life by looking deeply into us. Steve finds it ironic that we dream of reaching across the galaxy while we have yet to learn to reach a hand across a table in an atmosphere of universal love. It's like the Universe is saying to us with its barriers, if you want to explore me, look deep into your heart and soul and look no further, for all that you hope to find, or ever can find, is located right here, to be found within us. He usually adds that this doesn't mean that we shouldn't set up an exploration lab on Mars that offers us the potential to develop more powerful varieties of plants in its denser cosmic-ray environment. He counts the exploring of our neighborhood as a part of exploring ourselves and our potentials. He also thinks that going to Mars may be complimentary in nature to our delving into inner space with the exploration of our sexual polarization."

I raised my hand. "This means, Ushi, that we touch on something amazingly big and profound with our sexual intimacies when we allow our

complimentary sexual attraction to unfold in our living in ever wider circles, as Steve had encouraged us to start in Leipzig," I interjected. "Steve may also be right about us not being aware of a lot of what the Universe has laid before us in the exploration of our inner space, which we barely recognize, and which, even when we do so, we are reluctant to acknowledge. Did you ever wonder why it is that a woman's major sexual sensitivity is located as far distant from the intercourse center for procreation as it can be within the confines of the vulva? Obviously, its purpose there isn't to encourage procreation, but to encourage sexual intimacies as the key-element for complimentary attraction. In this case, the Intelligence of the Universe would locate the woman's main sexual sensitivity to were it is more readily accessible, at the foremost point of the vulva that is also right out in the open and up front. If the key-element for sex is complimentary attraction then it makes sense to have the clitoris located there. Then it also makes sense that women have been inclined throughout the ages to wear dresses that in principle make the vulva quite readily accessible, if not instantly as a situation may require. Nor does this seem to reflect a pattern of individual choice. The pattern is too universal and goes far back in time. It may be a part of a universal design that is far bigger than any of us tend to recognize, much less dare to acknowledge. It seems that we are just beginning to discover the depth of our humanity and of ourselves, even while we, that is mankind, over the space of its development, had a hand in shaping what we became."

Ushi nodded and grinned. "Peter, if it should happen that you meet Heather again, don't hesitate to translate these higher truths about our humanity, that you now know, into life with her. Invite her to join you at this advanced level. And don't apply this just to Heather. Apply it also to Sylvia and to whomever you may yet meet. Enrich your world by enriching one-another in it. Enrich our world by enriching everyone's world. Doesn't this daring to accept more of the reality of our being make our life that much more worth living? The human Universe is rich with wonderful principles with endless opportunities that we only need to become sensitive to and dare to embrace, and thereby dare to embrace each other in the flow of them, and likewise the hole of humanity."

"It seems to me that the reality of the Universe is a vast domain of a great universal good that we have drifted into by responding to the science of our universal Spirit," I replied. "Does this make sense?"

She said that it did, and said so with a kiss.

Our conversation had a strange effect on both of us. The hotel room suddenly seemed too small, too confining. We locked the room up. Before us lay the seashore. We decided that this is where we should be. The sea lay dim and gray in the moonlight, but that didn't matter. The real light was in us. We walked the seashore together, hand in hand, with bare feet across the sandbars, through the surf, touched by the foam of the ever-recycling waters. We embraced the sea breeze, and in its flow each

other in a unity that no man has created, which felt as natural and all embracing as the principle of the Universe that we are at one with, that no man could erase.

We walked 'taller' that night, upon the sand of this seashore, than possibly any other creature ever had, or could, or any man who saw himself as but a creature of this Earth, instead of as a human being, a citizen of the heavens. We saw ourselves as being endowed with the science of heaven, the intellect of God, the freedom of omnipotence that no physical principle can define or deny. We felt exhilarated by the unfolding recognition of our humanity that rises on the horizon as a world bright with a light that overpowered the darkness of the moonlit landscape without violating it. It uplifted it. It gave a new meaning to it. It gave a new meaning to unity itself, as it took love out of the cage of dreams and personal confinement and encirclement, into the realm of a universal 'sun,' by which the mysticism of love becomes dissolved like the morning mists.

We walked for miles that night, and finally at the far reaches of the beach, far from any house or village, we shed our clothes for a swim in the faintly unfolding dawn of a new day. I felt a sense of freedom in this hour that surpassed the freedom that I had felt at the beach in Leipzig. We swam and splashed and enjoyed each other's touch and kisses, and then started walking back in the direction of the hotel to dry off again. We lived in a setting in which the cares of the world had no place anymore, in which nothing mattered but our love, the sea, the beach, the moonlight, and the new dawn.

Eventually we fell asleep at the beach, in each other's arms, propped up against the log of a fallen tree, only to be wakened by the morning sun.

When we got finally back to the hotel, it was time for breakfast, for eggs, bacon, coffee and fruits served at an open seaside restaurant that, just as we required, was not confining, but was open to the world. Here our two worlds converged, the world of civilization, and the world of our spiritual freedom to grasp for the infinite. Our spiritual world supported the physical, by which both became united into one, just as we too were one.

## Chapter 4 - Children of Our Humanity

We slept till noon that day, cuddled up to each other. We didn't get out of bed until two. It was heavenly just to be there, to talk, to be close to one-another and to look out onto the beach and the world.

"Pete, what would you say if I told you that I am considering having a baby," said Ushi at one point during the conversation.

"You are? That's great!" I responded.

"No, I don't think you understand. I meant your baby!"

"No, no, Ushi! Not mine. You're flattering me, but Steve should be the father, don't you think?"

"Steve told me that if I wanted a child, I could have it with whosoever I wanted."

"Surely, he expects you to choose to have it from him."

"Not necessarily, Pete. If Steve says something, he means it. He always does. Also I think you used the wrong phrase when you said I should have it FROM him. Steve looks at this differently, from a higher level platform that comes closer to the truth. He wants to be truthful to the higher perception that we truly share a single humanity that is reflected in all of us. He says that we didn't create this humanity. It just is, and we are all a part of it. Our existence is the reflection of 'God' so to speak, or the reflection of a great order produced by a complex array of spiritual and physical universal principles. Steve recognizes that even biologically, our personal part in the process of procreation is a rather minuscule one. Sure we play our part, our tiny part, but the rest unfolds on a platform of principles that is infinitely greater than we can yet comprehend, except in the broadest metaphysical terms. We look at DNA, but we have no idea how the DNA forms an eye, a nose, and a knee, and so forth, and all in the right places, and in the right proportions. Our personal part in that wonderfully complex process is so miniscule, Peter, that we shouldn't see ourselves as having a significant personal role in it to play at all. Steve simply turns his back to the mysticism that has been built up around our assumed role of being personal creators, and says that we need to be honest with ourselves and recognize that our role in the process is insignificant; that the real process begins afterwards without our intervention and with an efficiency we cannot even comprehend. He tells me that we should see 'our' child as 'God's' child so to speak, as 'the child of our humanity' that reflects all that we are. And that is what he is recognizing, by giving me this freedom to choose."

I shook my head, "No, Ushi, that is too much, too fast."

"Don't worry," she smiled, "I wouldn't have a child with anyone, but him. Still, you must admit, the thought is wonderful of having been given this tremendous freedom! It's exciting, don't you think? Nobody but Steve

would give a wife that much freedom to be herself. Nevertheless, now that the platform has been raised to a higher level, it can't be pushed back down again. That downward door is closed. So, I must ask you again, would you have a child with me?"

"Is that a trick question?" I asked in return.

"It is a question that needs to be answered, Peter."

"If you were to invite me, yes, I would. But that is not the question, isn't it?" I answered quietly.

"If my child is 'God's' child, the child of our humanity, what does an invitation matter?" she said and began to grin. "So you are correct. That's not the question. Then, what is the real question, Peter, and what is your answer?"

As if compelled by a great mountain of evidence, the answer emerged, and it emerged with such a force that I almost shouted it out loud. "Yes, yes! The answer is, yes! Yes, Ushi, I will embrace a child with you on the same platform that Steve does. On that platform, the minuscule details are unimportant. It will be 'our' child no matter who starts the process. It will be the child of our humanity, and not anyone's personally."

Ushi nodded. "Nothing else, but this basic fact is significant," said Ushi.

"Now I am beginning to understand Steve," I said. "This will be the first child ever to be born on that platform in the entire history of humanity. It will be 'our' universal child, Ushi. It will be yours, Steve's, mine, the child of humanity, as you say."

"And will it be so embraced and supported on that platform, Peter? This means that we will move Heaven and Earth to create the needed Ice Age Renaissance, in which it has a future. Fourteen centuries ago a man named Mohammed did the same thing in order that society and all children might have a bright future. He didn't win the world, but he started a movement that uplifted the world more profoundly than we may ever know. He started as an orphan, and probably out of his love for all children, laid a foundation for a human renaissance that became the Golden Renaissance, which in turn opened the gate to the humanist passion and scientific development, behind the Second Renaissance, in which the USA was created, that became 'the beacon of hope and the bastion of liberty' for mankind. That's the outcome of the work started by a single human being. We are on the same course again, but with a far more urgent mission, aren't we?"

"Yes, Ushi, it has to be that way," I added. "The moment that we start moving forward from now on, we will likewise be powered by our love for the child of our humanity. It will be the child of the Principle of Universal Love. It will be another part of that 'evidence' that we were aiming to find back in Leipzig, the kind that is irrefutable. So, it really doesn't matter how that child comes about, does it? It is only important that it does, and that it does so within the sphere of universal love, where all humanity becomes enriched by it, and that this scene expands and embraces all children."

"Did you know that Steve had suggested to me that you would say something like that?"

I just shook my head in disbelief. "That's Steve all right," I said. "Whenever I think I understand him, he is two steps ahead of me. If I had said something like what we have just been talking about, to the people at the conference, it would have taken their breath away," I said to Ushi.

"No, Pete, they would have thought you are crazy. They would have laughed at you, Pete. And I wouldn't blame them. I can't really believe it myself. But I agree. There is only one Steve and he's the greatest. He is as close on the mark on this one, as anyone can get. I don't think anyone at your conference had the slightest idea what a tremendous subject they had touched upon when they made it their goal to focus on the liberation of men."

"A faint inkling maybe?"

"But nothing more," she said, and grinned. "Even you don't understand the issue fully."

"Me?" I replied. "What is there so difficult about recognizing that the child that you will bear is not anyone's personal product, but is the child of our universal humanity? Did I miss anything?"

Ushi nodded. "I want you to tell me what you missed. I give a hint. The answer is related to energy levels, You said earlier that the entire physical Universe exists either as solid, liquid, gas, or plasma, according to the energy intensity of the background in which it exists. You said, at low energy levels water exists as solid ice. As the energy level increases, the ice melts into a liquid and eventually evaporates into steam, and so forth. You also said that society likewise exists in four different states according to the intensity of the humanist energy that can be found in the different states. You suggested that the imperial world corresponds to the frozen solid state, which is a state of near zero-energy in humanist terms, in the human system.

"You explained to me that when the humanist energy begins to develop and is becoming more intense," Ushi continued, "then the ice melts and a totally different world is born, a renaissance world that is as different in the geometry of its existence, than liquid water is different from ice. You said that empires can only exist in a humanist frozen world, and a renaissance can only exist in a humanist energized world. You said that you can recognize three different types of renaissance, each with a totally different geometry, corresponding to increasingly higher levels of humanist energy that is unfolding in society. You said that we could easily defeat empires and the fascism and terrorism that they exude, by simply stepping up the humanist energy level in society. You also said that no other process could defeat the empires and the terrorism and fascism that supports them as part of their package, except the process of stepping up the humanist energy levels, thereby creating a cultural renaissance; and at higher levels, a scientific renaissance; and at the highest energy level, a sublime renaissance. I agree this has to be so."

"But what has this got to do with recognizing your baby as the child of our universal humanity?" I interrupted Ushi.

"You tell me," Ushi replied. "I gave you the hints. The answer relates to everything we talked about; the role playing and all."

"Energy levels?" I repeated.

"Compare our concept with the old concept related to children, and think of the energy in the system," said Ushi.

"The old way is so tied into knots, it's hard to tell what to think," I said to Ushi. "Once you say, I am a father, all sorts of questions surface. Just think of it! Is he really the father? Do I have a responsibility for HIS children? Who was the mother? Do I have a responsibility to support the mother? Do I care if other children have enough to eat, or clothes to wear, or shoes on their feet, or a proper school to go to, or even if they'll have a future? There is no end to this kind of reasoning, Ushi. It's inefficient. You can go around in circles forever, and nothing gets resolved."

"Would you say that there is no humanist energy unfolding in this kind of system, even though everyone is intensely involved in running around in circles?" said Ushi. "Our way of looking at it is comparatively straight forward and simple, isn't it. Also, there is no question in my mind that from now on universal support for all the children is called for, including assuring them a future."

"That outcome is efficient. It leaves no ambiguities and produces results that elevate civilization," I said in a sudden recognition of a profound truth. "The humanist energy-level is therefore defined by the effect it has on elevating civilization, rather than by the intensity of an activity."

Ushi nodded. "That's only half the answer, Peter. What does the efficiency reflect that produces the greatest amount of humanist energy? Did you ever think about that?"

"It reflects the nature of the Universe, Ushi. A woman by the name of Alyona from Irkutsk in Russia mentioned something like that. She said that the Universe is organized in the most efficient manner. She said for example, that the six-sided cell of a honeycomb is the most efficient way to divide a flat space for containing circular objects. She said we find the same six-sided shapes when soap bubbles are bunched together on a flat surface, because the resulting shape is the most efficient shape. The Universe is organized to be efficient."

Ushi nodded again. "There is still a part missing, Peter." She put a finger on her nose. "We human beings are part of that efficient Universe. We are designed to be efficient in the way we exist, and in the way we develop. What then is the opposite, the most inefficient way of human development, Peter? Isn't that the privatized way where everything is isolated, the intention, the process, the child, the father, the mother, the care and the responsibility, and so on."

"You're probably right," I agreed. "So, are you going to have a baby then? Will it be soon?"

She shook her head. "I'm not sure. Is it fair to expose a new child

to the risks that we face today? Would it be fairer to wait until the imperials' depopulation project has been defeated, and all nuclear weapons have been removed? Except this won't happen soon, will it?"

"It will happen, Ushi, if we make it to happen. It could unfold rapidly. There is no inertia that holds back an idea. What we have set in motion will make a difference in keeping us safe. The old system that is strangling the world today is essentially already dead. Nothing works anymore. Even the old world-financial system is dead. Everything is kept together with just spit and chewing gum. The question is, how long will the rulers be able to keep their imperial facade shining with lies and increased stealing, and murdering? Will it be days, months, or years? Maybe there will be a nuclear war before the facade falls. One thing is certain; the old system is like a terminal patient, whose end is near. Only the exact date and time of the patient's demise remains an open question.

"The biggest factor rests with us," I continued. "We are bringing the new baby into OUR world, the world we create. How soon can we transform the Old World into the needed New World? Maybe you should have this baby now, and we should make it our combined goal to create the kind of world NOW, in which it can live securely. Maybe the real question is, how many people we will be able to inspire into saving themselves by creating a saner world for themselves and their children, in which people enrich one-another's existence instead of tearing one-another to the ground?"

"What do you think, Pete, with all this in mind, should I risk having a baby then?" asked Ushi. "What about the uncertainty? Humanity hasn't won that war yet, against the war that it is fighting against itself. Building an Ice Age Renaissance isn't even on the agenda, much less in progress. That higher war against universal insanity hasn't even been declared yet, except by us. We are still living in an extremely dangerous time, Peter. Is it fair to a little baby, that one allows it to be born into a world where it is likely to be murdered soon, as the insane world continues in which people reach out for nuclear war that would end all hope? The probability for that tragedy to happen is extremely high, for as long as the whole world avoids dealing with the core issue. Is it fair to bring a baby into this kind of a world?"

"Who knows what is fair, Ushi?" I replied.

I suggested that it might be better to let the little idea remain unborn. However, neither would it be fair not to give it this chance to be, a chance to feel life, to know love, to respond to it, to experience the wonders of this wonderful world, the joys of splashing in the water, of being cuddled, of feeling sad, of crying and laughing, even if it will only last a short time.

I realized that precisely such a chance had been Olive's gift to me, a chance to be touched by her in a wonderful facet of life, even though we both knew that it would be but for a moment. Should this have been blocked then, simply because it couldn't last?

I asked Ushi if this wasn't the same question, for which the answer



should probably also be the same.

"Who knows what is fair?" I continued and shrugged my shoulders. "A moment of life is an infinitely rich thing, compared to not being alive at all. On the other hand, there doesn't need to be a war that ends everything. Even the oligarchs' maddening scheme for depopulation, can be stopped. We can commit ourselves to do everything that can be done to assure that these ugly things won't happen by inspiring the oligarchs to come and join us in the brightness of this world. Wouldn't this stop their scheming to destroy the world? And why shouldn't we invite children into this world as well? If we presently live in a world in which we must ask if it is right to bring children into, we should look into the mirror with shame, because it implies that we have failed ourselves as human beings, to create a human world. So the critical factor isn't related to whether we should have children or not. It is reflected in building the kind of world in which children have a future. That's the human thing, Ushi. We shouldn't even ask if we are fulfilling our mandate in this regard. We should simply do it! I think this is what Mohammed did when the world had become an unlivable hellhole in the wake of the Roman Empire. He grew up as an orphan, as you said. As a man he created a New World in which children have a future, and a new life, and a new civilization, and a New Kingdom that eventually extended from Morocco to the Indies. He created a new humanism that elevated civilization in far away Europe, Asia, Africa, India, and eventually around the world. The USA would never have been born, had he not laid the foundation for it a thousand years earlier.

"You are right," Ushi continued after a pause, "what Mohammed started, created the Islamic Renaissance, which in turn helped Europe to create the Golden Renaissance, and this in turn gave rise to the Second Renaissance in Europe, that became the foundation for the founding of the USA. And I must add, that he was just one man. He started all of this out of nothing, in the Arabian desert. All that he brought to the table, was his profound humanist spirit. We can do this again, can't we, so that the Ice Age threat means nothing, and the nuclear threat has no sting? If the world isn't good enough for our children, then we have to make it so. It is as simple as that. Indeed, why should we deprive the children of that chance to be involved at the leading edge, in the greatest transformation of this planet, creating an Ice Age Renaissance? That is the world that we are capable of creating, and of proudly inviting children into."

"Oh, you naive dreamer!" said Ushi in reply. "My beautiful, beautiful dreamer, I wish you could be right."

"I am right. Remember, I told you that it only takes the two of us to change the world, and it is already happening, and now we are already six on that bandwagon to uplift the world. That includes you, Steve, Nic, Olive, Heather, and me. Soon Sylvia will join us. Why shouldn't the oligarchs likewise join us? They are human beings too, are they not? They too, have the capacity to discover their humanity, as unlikely as that may seem today. The truth is the truth. If we can uplift each other into the light of living

as real human beings, enveloped by love, and supported by the Principle of Universal Love, shouldn't we be able to uplift the oligarchs in the same manner, who are strangled by much more superficial mythologies than those that tie the social scene into knots?"

"So, how can I help you with Sylvia in order that we'll soon be seven? That's probably the harder challenge," said Ushi, grinning back at me.

"Sylvia?" I replied. "Sylvia isn't really a problem anymore. You made it quite clear, that the challenge that I was so afraid of at first, really isn't a challenge at all, because the feud would be over nothing. Raymond had been right about that part, when he had said to me that I alone was the problem."

I told Ushi about Raymond and about the last days of the conference in Russia. I told Ushi that I had finally figured things out, of how I might address the challenge of bringing Sylvia into our New World. Nevertheless, Ushi promised that she would help in any way she could.

"Of course you mustn't forget," Ushi added, "that there is evidently a valid reason behind the original development of the small marriage bond, and that this reason might still be a valid element today. The attraction between people forms a powerful bond, when it becomes intertwined with enriching one-another's life. This core bonding in marriage and its protective element, will never go away. One can only add to the bond and enrich it, and expand it, but never break it. In the early ages this bond might have had to be protected against the onslaught of sexually transmitted diseases, that were often fatal, like AIDS is today, or against exploitation, desertion, devastation and so forth, out of which the sexual taboos probably evolved that were sold together with their isolating myths of 'secrets.'"

Ushi suggested on that note that the sexual isolation of society into small coherent groups might have been developed as a necessity for survival in the very early ages, when the humanist energy level was still extremely low. She said that marriage isolation might have been, and may still be, the best public health protection method against sexually transmitted infectious diseases that has ever been devised. She suggested that Sylvia couldn't ignore this factor; nor should we; nor should anyone else. "However, that's not as big a factor anymore, is it, because we can deal with that effectively? When the Principle of Universal Love rules the human environment, one won't allow anything to unfold that cheapens another person's identity, or even endangers another person physically. That's not possible at the sublime level of our self-perception as human beings. That's all being left behind at the lower levels where we regard ourselves basically as animals. The big factor at the sublime level is to dissolve the division and isolation of society as a denial of the truth about our humanity. These isolating factors are factors that should be recognized as being by far the most dangerous factors, far more dangerous than AIDS. If these big factors aren't dealt with, nothing else matters, because then we won't have a world to live in, if we fail to address these big factors. Maybe AIDS was invented

as a sexually focused disease to prevent us from moving forward on this big front of overcoming sexual division and isolation."

"AIDS probably wasn't invented on purpose, Ushi," I replied. "It probably came out of the caldron of poverty. However, isn't it interesting what is happening in the context of poverty, Ushi? The closer we come to implementing the Principle of Universal Love, and the wider the gates are opening up to expanding the wonders of universal love, the more paramount becomes the care for one-another so that not the lightest injury in any form can happen. And that includes creating a richer world."

"That's the real test of the Principle of Universal Love," said Ushi. "But that is also what we had relied on from the beginning. Love becomes our security and guarantor, possibly in a much more powerful way than anything else does. If there is the slightest doubt that this protection isn't happening in our dealing with one-another, then there is something spiritually lacking. In this case one has to reexamine oneself. Sloppy thinking and living just doesn't have a place anymore in the complex domain of the Principle of Universal Love."

"There is another factor to be considered," I said to Ushi. "This factor must likewise be carefully considered. It is a vital factor that we can no longer afford to ignore. That factor is that it is not right that I spare Sylvia the challenge of having to consider the Principle of Universal Love, which is a universal principle that uplifts and affects everyone. It is a natural principle that one cannot get away from, certainly not by ignoring it. Ignoring it leads to unpleasant consequences. Sylvia deserves to be protected from that, as does the whole of humanity."

I told Ushi that I agreed with her that the isolation that has been developing between people and nations has become a mortal threat in the age of nuclear weapons, far greater than any other threat we have ever faced. I suggested that this means that we need Sylvia's help to eradicate the threat. We need everybody's help. So it is in Sylvia's interest that I solicit her help. It would reflect the Principle of the Advantage of the Other that came out of the Second Renaissance. We can certainly protect ourselves against infectious diseases by living intelligently and with the care of infinite loving, but we cannot protect ourselves and our world, and everybody else's world by ignoring the Principle of Universal Love. So it is in everybody's interest that we acknowledge the Principle of Universal Love. There is no defense possible in a nuclear war, to protect society. We can only prevent the war, and for that we need to be living intelligently with one-another on the platform of the Principle of Universal Love. Indeed, war has never been a technical issue, or a political issue. Nor can one resolve it by political means, because it isn't a political problem. War has always been fundamentally a failure of human beings in relating to one-another with the care, respect, responsibility, and the love that should be the hallmark of a human civilization."

"Divisions and isolation are components of a larger failure that must be overcome," said Ushi. "They may be the most major cause of that

failure. We must address what lies at the root of this cause."

"Our life literally depends on our success in dealing with this issue," I said in total agreement. "Sylvia doesn't have the option really, not to take the required responsibility for overcoming this failure. No one has that option. Sylvia is as much a part of this world, as we are. She cannot be exempted from the responsibility of having to address this vital issue. No one can be exempted from this."

"Are you saying that war, being a human failure, precludes the possibility for finding a technological or political solution that can be achieved to compensate for this failure? Are you saying that nuclear war must be addressed strictly as an issue of the failure of human beings in relating to one-another?"

I nodded. "But you know all this. Why do you ask?"

"I wanted you to acknowledge it, because this critical failure puts the greatest demand on the most advanced thinkers," she replied. "The urgency demands that society put the best resources to work that it has. That's us, Peter, right here. If nuclear war erupts, we can kiss the Ice Age Renaissance good bye. It will then become physically impossible to implement."

"I would count Sylvia among the advanced thinkers of the world," I said to her. "It's dishonorable, even immoral, to withhold this challenge from her. We must raise this issue by which she can grow as a human being and help save civilization at the same time. The coming Ice Age is like a great dam that we know is breaking. The possibility for a nuclear war is an element of that. Of course, we can't fix the dam of the Ice Age breaking. However, we can prepare our village for the consequences, when the 'breaking' deep-freeze disables our traditional agriculture. We can take steps to protect the village behind the dam. It may take a hundred years to accomplish that, but it can be done. It would be honorable, therefore, to inspire Sylvia to become a part of the solution to save the village, rather than risk her becoming a victim when the dam begins to fail and the needed work hasn't been done."

Ushi nodded. "The fact is, the world urgently needs people who can boldly stand up for the truth, and fight for it," said Ushi.

"There is only one small hurdle to cross to get Sylvia there," I said to Ushi. I agreed with Ushi that the old challenge remains that we protect one-another from diseases, but I added that we must protect one-another from every danger, especially from the danger of a collapsing civilization, which is a form of self-inflicted harm. This larger demand of love will never go away. In fact, the demand has become more crucial. It must therefore be addressed responsibly and with care, but also with allowing love to unfold in every nook and crevice, instead of resorting to primitive isolation. If we treat each other on an ever-wider platform with the care, love, and affection that are the foundation for all bonds of unity, we will make the world safe for our baby to be born, which really isn't ours, but is a child of our humanity that we have become responsible for, as for all the chil-

dren, by inviting the new child to be."

Ushi just laughed. "You should hear yourself, Peter. You sound already like a prospective father. Steve said something similar to this when he told me that I could have my baby with whosoever I would choose. He said that his care, love, and affection would always embrace me and our universal child, 'the child of the Universe' as he called it. Of course, the most responsible answer to that would be to choose him to be the one to start the invitation and the celebration. Being the father of it in that sense would greatly enrich his life and add to the wonderful bond between us that we both treasure. However, it would still be 'our' child. And who knows, there may be a time some day in which you too might be involved in such an invitation, starting another celebration with me. That's scary right now, isn't it?"

"Wonderfully scary," I replied. "It is wonderful, because this profound realization applies to us too, as being 'children of our humanity.' We are children of the greatest miracle there is, the miracle of life in the form of a human being, and as children we are still discovering the wonders of ourselves and the world that we have become a part of."

It was beautiful to listen to Ushi the way she had described the world of 'our' child, the child of our humanity, as we were getting ready this afternoon to go out into the world again, to the beach and for dinner afterwards. That's what I loved about Ushi and Steve. Whatever needed to be done to break the cycle of isolation, was done no matter what it took. It was, as if they recognized this as a principle by which they, and everyone else, would end up richer.

I recognized that this principle was the same principle on which our country had been built up during its brighter era. The building of the Golden Gate Bridge was an example of it. It had been built, because it needed to be built. It had been built regardless of the cost involved, and it became a beautiful monument all at the same time. The cost didn't seem to matter in comparison to the potential benefits for the entire area. I realized that this is the principle by which civilization is advanced when people care enough for each other to take the responsibility to elevate one-another and their world to greater levels of freedom. I recognized sadly that this rational quality had been largely destroyed in human hearts over the last few decades, except in Steve's heart, where it was still fully evident by his commitment to Ushi's freedom, that had created once again a still more beautiful world.

"That's an amazing commitment by Steve," I said to Ushi some time later, referring to her freedom to have a baby with whomsoever she wished. "You must be so proud of Steve."

She nodded in response and kissed me. Then she smiled and added, "But this doesn't mean that I can't also share my life with you, fully, as

well. I am proud of you too. Did you know that? Maybe some day I'll invite another child into the world, and this time with you, Peter, being involved at the starting gate. There exists a natural principle for this, Peter, that we can't simply ignore."

She didn't wait for me to ask for an explanation.

"Suppose a woman had a child and her husband died, and she remarried," said Ushi. "Should she not have another child with another man then? If she did so, would the new child dilute the family as a whole, or would it enrich its color by bringing a wider diversity into it? What would the outcome be, Peter? I think the outcome would be that the family would be enriched with the expanded diversity. But if this is so, Peter, as it evidently is, why would the woman wait till her husband is dead for her family to be enriched in this manner? Why shouldn't this happen when her husband is still alive, whose world would thereby be enriched as well? We tend to evade answering this question in our small-minded world. Nevertheless, the question needs to be considered, don't you agree? It involves the principle of complementary diversity. That's why my invitation needs to be considered. I think this is the direction that Steve is oriented in."

She didn't wait for me to respond, since she left me speechless. She suggested almost instantly that we should go swimming to "cool off!"

I agreed that we should.

We went swimming for the rest of the day and much of the next day too. We found ourselves a spot far down the beach, where we would be alone. The place was a couple of miles away from the hotels, an unspoiled sandy spot, isolated from the main beach by piles of debris. There, at last, we found the kind of hidden retreat that could substitute for the beach that we had enjoyed in Leipzig for its honest and open atmosphere. Nothing less seemed appropriate.

At our hidden beach, I felt the same freedom again that I had enjoyed in Leipzig. We were running through the waves, naked as on the day we were born. No bathing suits got filled with sand, stirred up by the incoming breakers. No wet clothing hung cold and clammy from our bodies once we were out of the water. Life was wonderfully uncomplicated and totally beautiful.

"Thanks for inviting me here," I said to Ushi, as we were lying in the sand in the late afternoon sun. "It's such a treat to be here with you. Life with you is so natural, wide open, joyful and sexy."

"Sexy?" she repeated, and grinned. "What if I wasn't sexy, or were not interested in sex? What if I became from this moment on, a devout disciple of celibacy? Or what, if I discovered that my sexual joy in life was found in having sex exclusively with women? Would you still love me?"

"Why wouldn't I, Ushi?" I said. Nevertheless, I was surprised at the question. "To me you will remain a lovely, uncomplicated, wide open, and yes, sexy woman. If what you say were to happen, one element that we

enjoyed about each other might be missing. But so what? One can deal with that and work around it."

"Don't worry, I haven't changed," said Ushi. "But the question is a valid one to ask if we want to understand ourselves, because the physical elements of sexual sharing aren't that high up on the scale of the elements that define our humanity. We have given it the top prominence it has, mainly because of all the centuries of sexual division and isolation that we subjected ourselves to. I would suggest that if we look at it honestly, the physical process doesn't rank all that high. Sex is really a mental and spiritual issue, something that lights up the fire of passion for our humanity."

Ushi laughed. "The truth is, Peter, physical sex is a rather fleeting thing. We can't keep it going for long no matter how hard we try. But add love, and the fire of its passion, and sex becomes sexual love, which in contrast, can put us on Cloud Nine and keep us there in a tipsy for days, even a lifetime. Compared to that, the physical sexual intimacies aren't so much of a big deal. Still we seem to need them too. They seem to be interwoven with who we are as sexual beings. Yes, you can say that they keep the fire of passion going. That fire keeps us up there on Cloud Nine in a tipsy."

"So, why should we deny them?" I interjected. "Why should we even quantify them? Why should we quantify anything connected with love? This means, that one must always look at what the higher elements of our humanity are, especially those that are not physical in nature, such as intelligence, love, truth, a beautiful soul, wisdom, creativity, honor, gentleness, compassion, vitality, and so forth, and then see our sexuality in this context."

Ushi nodded. "It appears that all the hype about the physical sexual intimacies doesn't measure up to the least of these aspects," she said, "and yet we need the physical aspects just as much. We can't give them up. This seems to indicate to me that sexual intimacy really isn't a physical thing at all, but is primarily a spiritual thing with a physical expression, a thing of our humanity, so that when it is blocked, there is something spiritually lacking."

"Right, Peter, who would want to give this up then, and what for? And that's exactly the point. The point is, that while sex is an integral element of our humanity, it is just one of many."

She paused, as if searching for words. "Tell me," she continued, "what was the first thing that impressed you about Sylvia, which made you want to be with her, always? Was it sex?"

I had to laugh. "No it wasn't sex. There was a sparkle in her looks, and gentleness in her manners, a caring in her heart. Oh, and could she sing! If you had heard her sing that wonderful duet from Samson and Delilah, you would have fallen in love with her, too. Sure, sex was intertwined with all that. She is a beautifully sexy woman. But was sex the key factor? It was at times, but not the decisive factor. There were many sexy women in our office, but Sylvia was from a different world as it were."

"Why didn't you latch onto those other sexy women, Peter, before you met Sylvia? Why didn't you take them for lunch."

"It never occurred to me," I replied. "Sex simply isn't the all-important factor that pushes everything else into the background, but whatever Sylvia brought to the table was so strongly in the foreground that nothing else seemed to matter. Love was the driving force. Sex came with the package, and nicely so, but it was the package that mattered. It was the same with Heather, and it was the same with you and still is."

Ushi began to laugh. "Do you realize how crazy the world has become? Do you realize that the deepest division and isolation between people that has ever been created, the sexual division and isolation, is built on an element of our humanity that hardly measures up to anything of any great importance? And yet, it divides us all. Still, we need it as a part of the package, as you have put it. I have a feeling that we don't recognize its full dimension yet. We have been taught to shun sex for centuries, to regard it as something dirty, to see it as an animal propensity. I don't think we have seen it yet as a uniquely spiritual human element that no other form of life can match, which may be comparable only to art and music or literature. It appears to be a unique form of self-awareness, and communication, with which we enrich one-another. I think it is something like that."

Here I had to laugh too. "Sex appears to be only the key element, when it comes to dividing and isolating people. Suddenly, sex overshadows everything," I said to Ushi. "We get into this even though we barely understand its real dimension. We may be fighting an element of the Principle of Universal Love that is fundamental to our being, and put ourselves at war against an element that is anchored in our Soul. Maybe sex was the only deeply rooted element that the oligarchy could find in ancient times with the potential for dividing humanity."

"Why don't you tell Sylvia what you just said?" Ushi interrupted me. "But you've got to be honest about it."

"That should be easy," I said.

"Oh, would it be?" said Ushi, and smiled. "Ask yourself what would happen if Sylvia came to embrace celibacy or became a lesbian to the degree that this would exclude all sexual contact with you, how would you react?"

"I'd help her to fulfill her new needs whatever they might be, wouldn't I? I certainly would, Ushi. We are not one-another's keeper, or one-another's slave, but one-another's lover, and that still means that we enrich one-another's existence no matter what the specifics may involve. The bottom line is, I would have to say to myself then, what has sex got to do with any of that? Not much, really. It wouldn't alter my fascination with Sylvia, and my fascination with sex, and my embrace of our humanity in the boundless dimension of universal love, where all human needs are met."

Ushi grinned. "You really mean that?"



"Sure," I said. "That makes it possible for us to embrace sex fully, seeing that we find such great joy in doing so, as we both apparently do. Shouldn't we embrace whatever we enjoy at the higher levels in the domain of Love, and find beautiful in our humanity? Embracing those little things is still better than denying their existence and their validity as part of our humanity, isn't it?" I began to grin now, as I turned towards her.

Ushi answered with a kiss.

In this free, but caring atmosphere, I suddenly realized why the question of protecting ourselves against sexual diseases had not been touched upon during our first night in Leipzig. That night was a night filled with expressions of caring, of loving, of taking responsibility for the world and for uplifting each other. The safety question had already been answered in countless different ways, long before the situation even developed in which that question might have been asked. It didn't need to be asked. No one would have allowed another to be harmed or to take a single step if the slightest chance for that existed. This trust unfolds from honesty, the kind of honesty that had marked the entire day back in Leipzig, from the moment we had met at the beach in Leipzig. Now it became the basis for a growing bond, and an ever-wider openness towards each other, with ever-greater affection and caring.

We banished whatever stood even remotely in the way of us experiencing the unity that we had established, or anything that would hide the beauty of our human nature behind the cloak of conventionality. Only when it became necessary did we concede to the conventions, such as when we went out for dinner, shopping, or for simply having a drink at the bar. But when the night came, and it was time for strolling along the beach in the moonlight, or enjoying our midnight swim interspersed with an infinite embrace, the conventions were set aside again.

Unfortunately, as holidays are, our time together was short, and fast coming to an end.

As it turned out we had not been totally alone at our hideout resort. The psychological officer of Ushi's troop had spied on us. As an officer, this person has had full access to everyone's travel plans. It appeared that she had followed Ushi to the remote beach resort and kept a carefully maintained log of all the 'proceedings,' suspecting smuggling operations, or meetings with foreign spies arriving by boat or by submarines. The truth came out in Mexico City, when we changed planes. A most unattractive, stout woman, approached Ushi and gave her a tongue lashing in German, and a lecture on morality. She seemed angry that no political crime had been discovered. Or maybe she was envious. She totally ignored me, as if I didn't exist. Ushi didn't say a word in reply to her charges. Eventually, I couldn't take it any longer. I spiced the situation by saying a few

words about East German political immorality in respect to keeping its people imprisoned behind barbed wire fences, mine fields, machine gun towers, and automatic shrapnel throwing devices.

I had hoped that this background of what is really immoral, would put Ushi's 'crime' into perspective. I really lectured that woman, then concluded, "Against this kind of gross immorality by the state, what other immorality can there possibly be that you could accuse us of?"

The nasty woman cringed for a moment, but quickly recovered. Overall, this comment had about the same effect as dousing a fire with gasoline. The situation became explosive. Ushi, to save herself politically, obviously had to support the woman against me, who appeared to be her superior, who now lashed out against the West.

"A strong border is needed," said Ushi, quietly. "Without it, there wouldn't have been any population left in East Germany."

"Yes, everyone would have been lured away to the West," the woman supported Ushi.

I told them that I was well aware that the people had left by the trainloads, day after day, before the wall was built. An economy needs people. Without them it will collapse. The depopulationists know this fact and are using it as a political tool to collapse all "excessive civilization," wherever the slightest "excessive civilization" can be found that exceeds the officially mandated poverty that is desired in an imperial environment.

Luckily the nasty woman didn't think that far to make the association, otherwise she could have discredited my argument.

"Let me tell you what is immoral," the nasty woman came back. "It's not protecting people. Gross immorality is found in starving people to death, in taking the meager food they have, right out of their mouths... That's immoral! That's what's happening in the West."

That was well put. She was right on the mark. I shook her hand. "You are absolutely, totally right," I said to her. "It is estimated that by this single process more than ten million people are put to death each year around the world by western intentions. This is the result of the modern, empire-created depopulation project, which is carried out by all the imperials in the world through their far-flung networks of agents. Yes, this is immorality, gross immorality even. This is what you and your government must spare no effort to fight and defeat. This is the fight that humanity must win. Your life, and everyone else's, depends on it. This is the kind of victory for humanity that Ursula and I are committed to achieving." I thanked the woman for recognizing the urgent need for this.

The woman didn't quite know what to answer. She remained quiet for once, in turmoil with herself. This ended the warfare.

Our flight was announced just then, so we left the woman where she was and lined up for the boarding.

## **Part 2 - Lightning in Paradise**

## Chapter 5 - Thunderstorms

Washington DC was in the middle of one of its traditional summer thunderstorms when we arrived. The Kennedy Center and Watergate buildings appeared like shadows in the rain. Our approach-path appeared to follow the Potomac River. For a while I wondered how the pilot would bring the aircraft down. Violent gusts and updrafts caused the plane to shake, almost bounce, and twist like a feather in the wind.

Naturally the pilot managed just fine. Landing in Washington in bad weather was actually nothing new for me and for the pilots, as were the thunderstorms in the Northeast and the pilots' landing in the worst of them. As always the landing had been executed with the ease that comes with years of experience. The moment the plane had been level the pilot simply let it plunk down. Everyone clapped as though this had been a great feat, which probably it hadn't been. I though, hadn't added to the applause. Not this time. I may have been the only person on the plane who didn't feel at ease once we were on the ground. Flashes of lightning illuminated the city airport as we taxied to the gate. Were they a foreboding? We were on the morning flight from Denver, where our flight from Mexico City had ended, with an eight-hour layover, barely enough for a short sleep at the airport in the waiting area. Traveling in the summer during the holiday months hadn't been easy in those days. The flights from Mexico were crowded, and booked up to the last seat. Denver too, was busy, and Washington promised to be not much different, except for the thunderstorms. It is rare though, to have those storms early in the morning.

"Should we take the bus or a cab?" I asked Ushi, while we were waiting for the luggage. As it was, we didn't have to decide. Ushi informed me that transportation had been provided for trade mission personnel and dependents. I could come along as a dependent.

The trade mission show was scheduled to last four days, from noon to late into the night, and to end with a formal banquet to which Ushi had invited me, and Sylvia too. I had phoned home from Mexico, asking Sylvia to come to Washington. In order to make her time pleasant, I booked us into the 'New' Hilton that had just opened near the mall, close to the new Art Gallery that Sylvia had always enjoyed visiting. Her arrival, though, had been delayed till the next morning, and even then it was lucky that she got onto a flight on such short notice. Her plain must have been the first one in from Pittsburgh, with a 7:30 arrival. Ushi and I had gone both out to meet her. All the members of the trade mission had continuous access to the State Department's car pool for the entire duration. God only knew

what political games stood behind this sudden courtesy in the frozen wasteland of the Cold War. Did someone see a weak flank and aimed to exploit it?

When Sylvia emerged from the crowd at the airport, I was awe struck. What a sight! She wore a brand new dress, dark, elegant, and very feminine. The fabric was slightly patterned. It was a gracefully styled dress of a widely flowing design. It suited her well. It suited her nature. It was also daringly sexual. It might have been the sexiest dress in all of Washington, at least it appeared so to me. What a surprise! She hadn't bought a dress like this in years.

She smiled when she saw me. I didn't know quite what to expect. We embraced each other, and held the embrace for a long time. Then she noticed Ushi.

"You must be Heather," she said to her with the warmest smile.

Thank God she was still smiling! I felt like hugging her just for that.

"No, I'm not Heather," said Ushi. "Maybe I should wish I was," she replied. "I'm Ursula Fleischer, a journalist with the East German trade mission."

"Then it was you whom Pete met in East Germany, right?"

Ushi smiled and nodded. "If you only knew how terribly worried Pete was. He was scared telling you about Heather and me. He was afraid that you might be hurt by it."

"Oh, I have known this for two weeks, my dear," Sylvia replied. "A friend had called me from Washington, telling me that I have the greatest husband in the world, who had virtually exiled himself to Russia to somehow figure this thing out."

Ushi gave Sylvia a hug while we walked towards the baggage area.

Our limousine had its own special parking stall, outside the terminal. The driver was waiting for us. He politely opened the door and treated us like royalty. We drove into the city in style!

"Your Washington friend is right," whispered Ushi to Sylvia in the limousine. "You are married to one of the most wonderful persons one can have as a friend, someone with a rare openness to love and to life."

"I've always known that," replied Sylvia.

When I overheard them, I felt so small for having doubted Sylvia. I had never allowed myself to fully experience her trust.

We said good-bye to Ushi in the hotel lobby and went upstairs to freshen up where we talked on the balcony, interrupted now and then by a show of lightning and crashing thunder. The air smelled clean and sweet afterwards, but quickly became hot and sticky again.

I had ordered sandwiches and coffee as we came in, something to munch on while we talked.

"Why this sudden interest in women?" Sylvia asked out of the blue while we ate. Her face became blank and hard, torn by emotions.

I was shocked. I hadn't seen her that way before. "The fundamental

answer is rather quite simple, Sylvia," I said gently. "The reason is, that it is the most natural response in the Universe, of a man towards women. I suppose it comes from being honest with oneself, and with one's feeling about the beauty of life in all its forms."

"And the answer to this lies with women?"

I shook my head. "It isn't as simple as that, Sylvia. It goes much deeper. Are we not all human beings? Women make up half of mankind. Why should it be a crime for a man to treat another person as a human being if the other person happens to be a woman? Why should there be an exception for the one that one owns? Why should a man not have warm feelings for another person when the other person is a woman who is owned by somebody else? No crime is really being committed in such cases when love unfolds more universally. Have people become property with ownership licenses attached? Yes, Sylvia, the answer to a richer world lies with both women and men, and them treating each other as human beings should, cooperatively, with care, and respect, and love. Why should women be excluded from that, or men, or both exclude each other?"

"You know the reason why womanizing is cheap, Peter," Sylvia replied sharply.

"No, I am serious, Sylvia. We are primarily human beings," I said. "Everything else is secondary, especially the divisions and isolation that we have created, which shouldn't even exist. Loving one another, and being attracted to one another, reflects the most fundamental principle of the Universe. Men and women are not opposites in nature from one-another, for which we need to exist in isolation. To the contrary, we are complementary in nature. Complementary attraction is one of the most fundamental principles of the Universe. It is so fundamental in the physical realm that without it the Universe would not exist. And this is evidently also true, by the same principle, for men and women, which thereby renders the complimentary attraction between men and women, instead of their isolation, one of the most fundamental principles of civilization. Mankind is after all a part of the Universe. Its principles evidently apply to us too."

Sylvia shook her head. Her look became a blank stare as if in utter disbelief of what she was hearing.

"The evidence is plainly apparent in nuclear physics," I said quietly. "As you know yourself, the entire Universe is made up of basically two types of particles, the protons and the electrons, that are complementary to each other by design. They are complementary by the electric force that is the second-strongest force in the Universe. By this force they are complementary attractive to each other over great distances. The electron is attracted to the proton. But as they come very close, they don't absorb each other or annihilate each other. Instead, at an extremely close distance they become protective of each other with a repelling force that maintains their integrity. By the dynamic interplay of their complementary attraction and complementary protection, all the atoms in the Universe are formed, from the tip of your finger to the farthest galaxy. The atoms are typically

a hundred million times larger in size than the electrons that give the atoms their shape. Thus the entire Universe is the result of an active, dynamic interplay of complementary attraction and complementary protection. Without this constant, active, dynamic interplay, the universe would not exist. In our human context the complementary polarities are men and women. We are motivated by the same principle in our sphere that powers our ever-active, dynamic interplay of complementary attraction and complementary protection of one-another as men and women. That's the design of the Universe and the fundamental design of civilization. To the degree to which we move with this design in principle, our civilization is successful, and to the degree to which we fail in that, our civilization disintegrates. Right now our civilization is disintegrating in all critical eras. I have discovered that we can do something about it, rather than standing idly by, watching the world go to hell. That's what this is about."

"But why the sudden carousing with women that leaves me in the dust?" said Sylvia. "You never treated me like that before. You are rushing backwards. You have put in danger, with your womanizing, everything that we have become to each other and have built together. Why, why, why?"

"Indeed why, Sylvia? Why can't we take off our jarmulka that we all wear as we isolate us into our own little spheres, like so many lost spirits, whereby we deny our universal humanity that unites us all as human beings? Why must we live sexually isolated as though we were hiding behind the Islamic hijab or the burka? We feel great compassion for the women who are forced to live under the burka, even for the men that impose it. We feel compassion, because we see the subjected people as victims of a kind of religious fundamentalism that makes no sense to us. Why then are we riding the same train?"

"That's not the same thing, Peter, and you know it?"

"Oh, isn't it?" I said quietly. "We create the same barrier, just as the burka does, when we ride the train of sexual division and isolation. We are human beings, all of us. Why should we live segregated and isolated? What do we profit thereby? Is what we have created, and what we mean to each other, so fragile that it can only exist in isolation? If we say yes, we are riding a dangerous train. On the train of segregation and isolation society has murdered one-another politically, is facing nuclear war, and as of late the collapse of civilization with the world collapsing financially and economically. And worse than that, while we are stuck on this train and are collapsing our economy and our productive potential, we have the return of the Ice Age now looming on the horizon that threatens our agriculture worldwide. This all adds up to a huge crisis before us, but we say, don't react, stay put, don't challenge the game. On this train of universal segregation and isolation we cannot survive, Sylvia. Don't you think the time has come to get off? I think this time has come, Sylvia. It's time for us all to lay the burka aside and discover us as human beings? It's like a wise man once said: The world is full of beautiful things, and beautiful people, too. We need to discover that, so that we will stir our stumps to protect

it. Yes, Sylvia, the man who said this is correct. And I might add that half of those beautiful and valuable people that he speaks of, are women. Why do we force ourselves to live segregated with closed eyes and isolated from one-another with closed hearts? It is not a myth that the wondrous nature of humanity comes to light in both men and women in rich profusion. Humanity exists to be cherished, because Love exists. That's from a poem that hung on a wall in Russia. The poet is right. That's how it is. So tell me, Sylvia, why should the female species of humanity be excluded in any way and in any context?"

"That's not what the issue is between us, Peter. The issue is your womanizing!" Sylvia interrupted.

"No, the issue is universal segregation and the culturally forced self-isolation of people from one-another and from our common humanity. That's the underlying issue, Sylvia. The whole world is suffering because of society's petty smallness on this issue. You don't seem to realize how critical our situation has become. The return of the Ice Age is near. We are in an Ice Age world right now, even though the climate transition to the deep freeze won't likely happen for another hundred years or slightly more. We are in the Ice Age sphere already, because it will take a hundred years to develop the infrastructures to support our vast world-population with indoor agriculture when the normal agriculture becomes largely disabled by the coming Ice Age climate."

"Don't change the subject, Peter. The Ice Age is not the issue; your carousing with other women is. You are trying to shield your messing up by hiding behind an issue that is not an issue. That's a cheap trick. Who else is talking about a coming Ice Age? Nobody is, because it's not an issue."

"Just because everybody is blind to it doesn't change the reality, Sylvia. The fact remains that the Earth has been in an Ice Age for almost two million years. It's called the Pleistocene Epoch. The Earth has been in an Ice Age since the dawn of mankind. Occasionally we get a 10,000-year holiday from the deep freeze, like the one we are in. We even call it that. We call it the 'Holocene Epoch.' The best estimate that I've been able to get by talking to the relevant scientists is that we may have a hundred years left of it. Then all hell breaks loose. Civilization may really end if we don't get ourselves ready for what is to come. Mankind may even become extinct, or nearly so. The world population might revert back to what it had been at the end of the last glaciation cycle when barely five million people existed, worldwide. We may even become extinct by the numerous diseases that always accompany mass starvation. That's what we will see when the cooling climate wipes out our agriculture that our food chain depends on. It's that serious. We may face extinction."

"Extinction!" Sylvia repeated and laughed.

"Don't laugh," I replied. "We are the eighth human species and the shortest lived. The seven other species before us have all become extinct already, probably during some of the many Ice Age cycles. Homo Erectus was the fourth species and the most successful. It existed for 1.5 million



years. Compared to him, we are babies. But Homo Erectus became extinct like all the others. In spite of his long endurance, Homo Erectus became extinct some 400,000 years ago. We, the Homo Sapiens are the only human species left. There were just over five million of us when the last Ice Age glaciation ended."

I paused. "And here it gets interesting, Sylvia," I continued. "During the Holocene Optimum when the world got nice and warm, much warmer than it is today, our agricultural revolution began. Mankind's discovery of universal natural principles made the revolution possible. The discovery of the principle of agriculture appears to have been made quite early, but the implementation had to wait until the conditions were right, until the climate became warm enough. We didn't have the capacity then, as we have it now, to create our own indoor climate for our agriculture."

"Mankind didn't discover the principle of agriculture," Sylvia interrupted sharply. "This shows that you don't know what you are talking about. Mankind 'created' the principle of agriculture. We didn't discover it. We didn't see the ants using it, or any other creature. Did we see any creature before us till the soil, and plant grain? We created the process. We didn't discover it. The process didn't exist before human beings had put it on the map, and made it a universal process. We may have discovered the principle, perhaps, but we have created the process. The agricultural revolution was created. You didn't know that, eh? This shows how little you know."

"I know enough, Sylvia," I replied quietly. "I know for instance that after 3000 years of applying the discovered principle of agriculture our tiny world population of just over five million, shot up to 150 million as the result of the created revolution in agricultural technology."

"That's what we live of," Sylvia interrupted. "We live of what we created. We exist by our own strength, and we will continue to do so."

I nodded. "Right, Sylvia. We grew to become a 150-million world-population out of almost nothing, as the result of it, in only 3,000 years. We became a self-created civilization. But then came the dynastic and imperial age, Sylvia, the age of imperial insanity in which scientific and technological development almost stopped."

"Yes, the creative process stopped, Peter," Sylvia interjected. "When there is nothing created in the mind, nothing gets developed technologically."

"Right, and as a result of stopping the creative process during the imperial age the world population grew so slowly that it took 7000 years for it to increase from 150 million to 500 million. It took 7000 years, Sylvia. However, in the mid-1700s things began to change once more. Under the influence of the Second Renaissance the world population doubled in only 75 years, then another whole billion was added in only 100 years. By 1930 the world-population stood at two billion. Over the next 30 years we added the third billion. After that it took only 15 years to add another billion. Now we are over five billion people, Sylvia. When the Ice Age transition begins we may be ten billion strong, or more."

"And all of that was self-created by human beings, by us!" Sylvia interjected.

"Right, the vast increase in the world population was made possible through scientific and technological progress that we created, especially in agriculture."

Sylvia nodded and smiled.

"But now we are facing the challenge to maintain the large population that we have, and to do this when agriculture becomes wiped out as the Ice Age deep freeze begins anew. It took us 7000 years to create the technology of high intensity agriculture," I said. "Now we face the enormous challenge to exist without it. And all of this has to be done within the next hundred years, Sylvia. The task is put on us to create a totally new type of agriculture in protected indoor facilities. This means that the tables are turned. In the past, our population density reflected the power of our creativity. Now we are demanded to become vastly more-creative to meet the demands of the future that we cannot ignore. In this case our present creativity has to reflect our future needs. This is something we never had to do. We have the potential to do this. That's how we survive the coming Ice Age. But will we do it?"

"No Peter, that is how the demands of the Ice Age have shaped us. Mankind is the child of the Ice Age. The last 2-million-years were our training ground. We grew up in it. The conditions on the Earth where the worst they had been for hundreds of millions of years. Survival was tough. We had to be creative. We had to dig deep into what our humanity had made us capable of. By being forced to be creative, we created ourselves, and became a highly intelligent species. Our intellect is a self-created phenomenon. No other species has been put through the mill as we were, and came out richer. Now that we face the Ice Age deep freeze once more, we only have to continue in our old tradition."

"Isn't this what I've been telling you, Sylvia, is our only hope. We face the greatest scientific and economic development demand in the entire history of humanity, to develop a new food resource, totally created by ourselves, which the Ice Age cannot touch. This has never been possible before, but it is possible now. We face a Herculean job, Sylvia. But, we can do this. It is technologically possible. However, we can't do this in a deeply divided world, and a fractured and isolated society. In order to survive, we have to end the division and the isolation. And this march into the future has to begin at the home gate. It has to begin with eradicating social division, sexual division, marital division, and so forth. We need to do this before we can even think about doing away with racial division, religious division, economic division, political division, international division. We have to create a whole New World from the ground up and this almost instantly. And for this we need to bring out the vast potential of our humanity to the fullest degree possible, unfolding on the highest principles, like the renaissance Principle of Universal Love, and the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. We need them both, and we need them to be the foundation

of the greatest social structure ever created. Nothing less will do!"

Sylvia just smiled. "I agree that these profound principles were created by humanity in its brightest epochs. Unfortunately, we are miles away from the environment in which this happened, Peter. But this isn't what our impasse is all about, here, in this room where the issue is your womanizing. The center of the issue is your smallness, your cheating, you carousing, your excuses."

"No you are wrong, Sylvia," I interrupted her. "Building a renaissance from the grassroots level up, as a foundation for surviving the Ice Age, is the core issue. It is you who tries to evade the real issue. Everything that I became involved in, in the East, is tied to this issue."

Sylvia just shook her head.

"That is the issue," I repeated. "We've done this creative process once before. This proves that we can do it. But the vast scope of the challenge means that we now have to move Heaven and Earth to get there. And that's revolutionary, Sylvia. We've never done this. This takes us away from the conventional world. Right now the world is running in the opposite direction where nobody cares anymore about anything, much less the future generations. In fact, we've been running in the opposite direction for centuries at ever-increasing speed. We've made human living small, cheap, and impotent. We have lost our image as creators of worlds, and producers of goods. The leading powers in the world have resorted to stealing from one-another. For this they cultivated our self-isolation from our humanity in a multiply divided world. Stealing from one another in this divided world is now called economics. We have become so 'small' in our perception of ourselves that we hide from one-another in shame, rather than embrace one-another as fellow human beings. We have become slaves to the privatization of everything, even of ourselves, especially to sexual privatization in numerous games of ownership. It is time we regard one-another as human beings and rediscover the highest created principles of our humanity. That's what this is all about, Sylvia."

"No, that's not the issue, Peter, and you know it!" Sylvia interrupted. "What you said excuses nothing."

"That's where you are wrong, Sylvia. This is precisely the issue. We have become so 'small' and isolated as human beings that our whole world is collapsing around us and nobody responds and reacts. We are sitting on a stack of 65,000 nuclear bombs. These didn't grow on trees to drop down when the autumn winds blow. We human beings have built them one by one, to eradicate one-another. We have become insane. The issue is to become human beings again, and regard one-another as human beings, universally, even as men and women, and love one-another universally as human beings."

"But, Peter, by doing so, you have made our love cheap and small. Womanizing is cheap and despicable. It renders a woman a sex object. I hate it. I see far too much of it. I loved you for standing above all that. But now I have my doubts. You have changed in the East, Peter. Did they

brainwash you that much? I expected some, but not that much."

"Nobody brainwashed me," I said quietly. "I won't hide behind this one. If anything, I have become more sane. When I crossed the iron curtain into East Germany I began to discover in this imprisoned land how far more deeply imprisoned we ourselves have become. We have become imprisoned into a desert. That's what I saw when I opened my eyes, and this includes you."

"Don't speak for me. I speak for myself, Peter."

"You always have, Sylvia, I respect this, but this doesn't free you from being a fellow prisoner in the landscape that has been created in America that affects all women here. It is the consequence of that, which you despise, as do many women with you. I didn't recognize that until I saw the contrast."

"You are speaking in riddles, Peter."

"No I am speaking of something that you should have recognized too, because it really does affect you. I should have recognized this sooner, myself. But it really struck me when I encountered the contrast in East Germany and how it affected us. The contrast is that only a very few women in America have a chance to have a normal relationship with a man, for the simple reason that normal men have become an extremely rare phenomenon in America. According to the generally acknowledged statistics 70% of all men in America, and probably 90% in our age group, have been severely sexually mutilated by a surgical amputation that has removed up to 80% of their sexual sensitivity, typically at infancy. The procedure is called the circumcision. As you know, it removes the foreskin of a man's penis where the majority of a man's sexual sensitivity is located. It subjects the victim to what one man described as being similar to 'living without color.' The loss deeply affects the way the men regard themselves, how they deal with others, and how they relate to women; all of which becomes problematic. It diminishes the social bonding, and the sense of the general welfare that flows out of it. It also affects the way women in turn, relate to them, especially sexually. Having to deal with mutilated men invariably affects the way women are treated by men and how the women are rewarded in their sexual affairs. In our precious America, this tragedy has become the norm. It has changed the culture of the nation with a loss of bonding, caring, affection, to the point that the changing environment is affecting everybody. Most American woman simply don't have a chance anymore to experience what a normal relationship is, for the lack of normal men. In this growing isolation they see themselves evermore as sex objects under the pressure of men who lost their connection and begin to see women that way. This wasn't the case in East Germany where the mutilation doesn't exist or only to a small degree. The concept of womanizing didn't seem to apply there. They found behind their iron curtain a protection from the boot of empire that cultivates the circumcision wherever it is able to do so, in order to advance the isolation of society from itself. America became subjected after World War II. Before that, the circumci-

sion was rare, now it is the norm and the consequences are wrecking not only our culture, but also our country, our economy, our politics, our morality, everything. Being in East Germany was like a holiday in those respects, a kind of stepping back into the world of normal."

"Don't lecture me with this crap," Sylvia interjected. "You screw up and blame the world. Why should I even listen to this? I expect you to apologize, not to lecture me. You have sex with other women and call this normal? Where is your sense of decency? Where will this end? Will you blame me next? I should walk out of the door right now."

"No wait, Sylvia, bear with me," I almost pleaded. "This dark cloud has a silver lining. I can't deny that sex was an attraction. It was the same for us. It brought us together. And so it should be. Sex is designed to have this effect universally. We probably wouldn't exist if it wasn't for that, and I don't just mean sex for procreation. This part may only add up to 20% of what sex appears to be designed to accomplish towards making mankind successful as a species. I can deliver proof of that, even double proof."

Sylvia just shook her head.

"The proof is found in all those cultures that have amputated 80% of their sexual sensitivity, and have done so for countless centuries, even millennia. If the entire sexual sensitivity had no other purpose than procreation, those cultures that have amputated most of it should have died out by now. But this hasn't happened, has it? They're still around. Doesn't it tell us that the major portion of the sexual sensitivity has a different purpose, such as to assure that what procreation is producing has the ability to survive? In this case the highly circumcised cultures should suffer on this account, and this they do in every respect, politically, economically, morally, civilly. They tend to be heavy on inhumanity and light on everything else. And this contrast tends to be so dramatic that they stand out like a sore thumb among normal cultures. Doesn't this tell us something about the importance of the process of sexual intimacy and the irony of our response to it by which this apparently vital process is almost universally brushed aside and is made so narrow that it virtually disappears? And if anyone dares to venture into a wider path all hell breaks loose and we tare our heart out over it and wreck our families and even destroy the world of it as we have done in some cases."

"You are crazy," interjected Sylvia.

"I wish I was?" I said quietly. "Unfortunately this is a sad part of history. Our beloved USA was drawn into World War I over an early sexual affair by the man who became President. The affair happened way back during his academic days. It was used for blackmail to induce the President to get Congress push the nation into World War I in order to save the empire. Fifty million people paid the price with their life for society tying itself into knots over wider channels of sex. Oh yes, we are champions in tearing our heart out over sex. It's an immensely powerful thing for causing reactions. It's obviously equally as powerful going the other way and drawing us together. It was obviously designed for drawing us together. We needed

something powerful to hold us together in the face of the many Ice Age challenges along the path of our two million years of development. It may even have been the key factor that made us a successful species. So, it all depends on what we make of it. We can rip our heart out over it, or we can build an Ice Age renaissance with it. The only thing we don't seem to be able to, is to be indifferent about it. That's built into the design of it."

Sylvia shook her head again.

I waved her off. "Let me shock you! You, my dear, are the proof yourself that sex isn't just for procreation," I said quietly. "If it was, then all the sexually sensitive tissues in the vulva would be in and around the vagina. But there is very little of it there. The major part of it is located as far distant from the vagina as you can have it. Nor is it hidden, but is right up front, and is completely in the open for easier access for intimacies. Evidently, it serves a bigger purpose than procreation; or else it wouldn't be designed that way. And men respond to it, for the same bigger purpose. That's what the strip pubs are for. Men respond to the sight of the vulva. This is built into us, and obviously not for trivial reasons. So, it all becomes a question for us now, whether we want to move with it, or move against it. Do we tare ourselves apart over it, or do we develop the principle it lays before us? The principle has been discovered. It could serve us as powerfully as the agricultural revolution once did. I would say we would be fools not to move with it in even wider streams in the light of what it offers towards uplifting our civilization. How else can we meet the great challenges before us that are fast leading towards an existential crisis."

"You must be nuts to even think it," interjected Sylvia. "Universal love is problematic enough. But universal sex? What a joke!"

"No, Sylvia, by loving universally, love becomes more precious, rather than cheap, because it has to stand on universal principles, on something that is real, on something that demands honest reactions instead of axiomatic responses. Just ask yourself, what would cause your life to be enriched the most, a closed heart and a small mind, or a heart open to the beauty of our humanity, and a mind that's wide open to its boundless dimension? Where do you find truth, in sex or in trashing it? Or ask yourself, what would empower one the most to enrich the life of another? Wouldn't it be that which causes our own cup to be filled to the brim, and to be overflowing with love for our common humanity, and whatever flows with it? Isolation doesn't fulfill this need. Filling our cup to the brim, is a process that is rich with loving rather than withholding, if one allows love to be. Should women be excluded from this flow, simply because they have been excluded for thousands of years? Why should it be a crime to love all women? It should rather be a crime to shun them, and hold them in indifference, and then disdain. Millions of women have been murdered in India in the shadow of the disdain imposed by a religion that once promoted female genocide for a span of several thousand years."

I suddenly jolted myself. "Don't lecture her like that," said a voice within. "Don't speak down to her as if she was a fool. She is struggling with this. Don't make it harder than it already is. She is crying for help with every answer that she gives, and every word she says. You are laughing at her cries with your lectures. Don't do this!"

"But what can I do?" I answered the voice within. "I'm struggling with this just the same and have done so ever since the impasse occurred with Heather that neither of us stood tall enough to resolve. I have consulted the greatest minds that I know, and their greatest wisdom had availed nothing. Raymond had counseled just to talk to my love, as he had put it. This was the sum total of a lifetime of professional wisdom. Steve had just laughed and joked about that I was still struggling with this. Still he had made it possible for me to meet Ushi for this reason, perhaps knowing full well that a great challenge of this nature cannot be won easily. But Ushi had made it sound so easy. And it had been easy from where we stood. We had reached up to the fourth level together where everything is lateral and such challenges are easy problems to resolve in the context of what is universally real. But this isn't the level where Sylvia stands," I said to the voice within, "and where I stand impotent in helping her. Sylvia is fighting this fight on the moral level where the problem is rooted, but where the solutions that are necessary aren't likely to be won. And here I stand alone. We both stand alone."

"You can take the easy way out," said the voice within. "Fall down to your knees and beg for her forgiveness and promise to never do this again. That's how Mozart has ended his opera the Marriage of Figaro. The entire opera is a two hour adventure into the land of universal love, but at the end, the hero of the story can't make the project work and throws the towel into the ring and quits the fight for the freedom to love. Thus the hero, the noble Count, sees no solution but to capitulate. He sinks to his knees at the feet of the Countess and grovels for forgiveness, and he is forgiven. With this the opera ends. Do the same, Peter, and you too will be forgiven, and your struggles will end right here. It is not too late for that."

"No, I cannot, I will not, I must not do this," I countered the voice. "Asking for forgiveness is a declaration that a grave error has been made, which is not the case. This declaration would be a lye of convenience. I will not lye to Sylvia, not now, not ever," I almost scolded the voice within. "The noble Count lies in the opera the moment that he sinks to his feet. He lies to the Countess. He lies to the entire court. He lies to humanity. And most of all he lies to himself. He lies to his heart and soul that gave him the freedom to love honestly."

"But Mozart glorified the outcome with grand music that stands among the grandest musical masterpieces in operatic culmination," countered the voice, "he glorified forgiveness. He gave peace to a struggling humanity."

"No he did no such thing," I countered. "Mozart stood tall for the

rights of mankind in the quest of any heart for the freedom to love. He called society to attention. He presented two choices. He set the one choice to music that the honest heart did not want to see. He displays what the consequences are when society fails itself with the lye that accepts an error that isn't an error. He urges society to take note how small the noble Count has become, instead of standing tall as a human being. With this he leaves it up to the audience, to society, to figure out what the second option is, the option for standing tall.

"No," I said to the voice, "I will not grovel before Sylvia with a lye, as she may expect, because to do so would render her incredibly 'small' too. I sooner keep on pushing all the buttons that offer even the slightest hope for a breakthrough." With this said, the voice stopped.

"Do I have to keep on telling you that there is only one issue on the table in this room?" Sylvia broke my silence angrily. "How many times do I have to say this? The issue is, that what you did to me was mean. Your womanizing is mean. But now, oh my God, what you are doing now is worse. You are smearing sex all over my face and expect me to agree. Maybe a divorce is now the only answer."

"No, that's not an answer at all," I said quietly and gently. "That's evading the issue, Sylvia. The issue is the ever-growing need in the world for universal love. Without this our world will not survive. We will not survive. The issue is survival. We have all been asleep for far too long. The issue is centered on waking up to what a human being is, and to the universal value of all human beings. That's central to our survival on this planet, especially with an Ice Age coming up. Also, how could my loving another person cause you harm? Or should I ask: Who offers you the greater riches? Will it be the one who comes to you with a tightly closed hand, or will it be the one who comes with open hands bearing precious gifts, who meets you with his cup full and overflowing, freely sharing? Can a person truly enrich another person, if that person lives in isolation? In this context, being alive has something to do with women, indeed, and with sex. Half of humanity is made up of women, and sex is the thread that's intertwined with love. That's not my design, Sylvia. That's how the Universe developed us, which we are a part of. There is no way that you can divorce yourself from the Universe. Like I said, the world is full of beautiful things and beautiful people, too. This includes all the women of the world, and that's half of humanity, and it includes all men. The golden thread that ties us together is love and sex."

I paused, wondering what to say next. I felt I had to say something really profound now, and quickly, but what? Her face became tenser.

"It should be deemed the most perplexing aspect of our world, Sylvia, that we promote this isolation between men and woman, since isolation is dangerous and destructive in any sense, politically, economically, religiously, ideologically, even theologically. One might even call it a slap into the face of God, or the Universe. If God is Spirit, then everything is



spiritual, with no room remaining for independent spirits. But that's how we see ourselves and one another, like the Big Bang Cosmology sees a universe of independent stars, each being its own fireball that's burning itself out. The theology of isolation renders humanity a sea of independent stars, all existing independently in royal isolation. In astrophysical reality there is no such thing as an isolated star. Each star is electrically linked to the power of its galaxy and the Universe, by which it shines. All stars are powered that way, by the Spirit of the Universe. Everything is spiritual. There are no unlinked 'spirits.' Universal love and universal sex are possible, because the Spirit of the Universe is one, undivided and indivisible. There is intimacy in sex on this universal platform, and deep poverty in isolation.

"Sexual isolation, including marital isolation, cuts extremely deep," I said quietly. "It cuts much deeper than the East/West division that has been created between the nations, for which mankind is prepared to incinerate the Earth. But how can we fix this failure? We can't fix it superficially, can we? It has become insanely dangerous if we don't address it deeply as an underlying denial of principle, the principle that we are all human beings? If we deny this truth socially, and fail to respond to it as a matter of principle, what basis do we have to do it politically? We expect the world to react according to this principle, politically, while we deny the principle socially. I say we have to fix that. As far as I can see, the world's political division reflects our deeper social division along sexual lines. If we cannot regard one-another as human beings socially, what hope do we have to do this politically, Sylvia?"

"So, what is the answer, Pete? We've been everything to each other. Our world was beautiful. What possessed you to risk the destruction of all this? This has hurt me badly. It was mean what you have done. Now you are making a political game out of it."

"But why should you feel this hurt? I have caused you no harm, Sylvia. Nor did I take anything away. To the contrary, I added a rich new dimension to our world. Nor did I create the political insanity that erupted out of the denial of universal truths and principles that has been going on for centuries. Yes, our small beautiful world is at risk, but it is at risk only because our larger world is in immanent danger. We may lose both worlds. I would say we have to change our thinking, and ourselves, in order to be able to save both worlds. For this we have to uplift ourselves and our world to the level where we regard one-another as human beings, above anything else, and act accordingly."

"I suppose that you don't want a divorce, then. But, Pete, that would be a simpler solution."

I shook my head again, "This isn't going to be simple, Sylvia. Life isn't a simple process, if it is to be something rich. We are not one-another's property that can be bought or sold, and split apart to be redistributed. We are human beings. We live and love and embrace all that is beautiful in the world. That is how we met each other. That is what our life has been like, and will always be like. We must go forward with that

towards its wider horizons. If we go down the property lane and regard each other as property, then property mythologies, and their poverty, will encumber our life. That is how the whole world has become ruined. But if we reach for the sublime, we have to travel a different road that takes us to the wide open seashores, where love binds human society universally, where we are bound by love to commit ourselves to enrich one-another's existence. What is the point in joining hands, if it isn't to develop one-another's potential to enrich the world in which we live, with our lives, and our love? Love needs to be expansive. It needs to exist far above the level where people are property to one-another. It needs to exist at the level of the sublime, where those lower things that isolate people into countless private little spheres are not a factor anymore. If we don't reach for the sublime, then our love becomes shallow and our lives trail out into dust and insignificance, and our world falls apart. For love to be, it must be free to be universal. I know the idea is scary. It is scary to step out of the property value system, and to embrace an infinite idea, to venture into an unknown world with unknown challenges. It is scary even if the promise is bright with untold riches."

The expression in her face began to change as I said this. A 'vacant' stare began to develop, as if she hadn't heard a word of what I had said. It seemed as if some unresolved issue had tied her into knots. Her expression was one of disdain or hate, such as I had never seen on her face before.

I found myself at a loss of how to react to that? Had she heard nothing at all? How can one reason with someone who refuses to hear, or can't? What more then could I say?

Of course, I also knew that I had to continue. Stopping and walking away from this struggle was not an option. Too much was at stake here. Something precious would be lost, if the struggle wasn't won.

"You don't even sound sorry," Sylvia protested moments later. "You sound exuberant, instead of remorseful. How can we go on like that?"

I could see a tear forming.

"You unilaterally changed our relationship," she said sharply.

"I did no such thing," I replied. "If I had sold our house without your consent and forced us to move, provided that this was possible, that would have been a unilateral act. What happened in East Germany was different. I grew up. That didn't change our relationship. Living has changed me. Being alive changed me, without my own consent. It opened up a whole new perception of what is real about our humanity, and what is required to save our civilization. It gave me a new perspective of what must be done to protect our world, and our existence. What happened has nothing to do with you. It doesn't tear down what I feel about you. Indeed it has enriched it."

"There you go again, Peter," she said and began to cry. "What you are doing is terrible. You did all this for some fancy esoteric excuses, and

you have the audacity to smile about it! You are spitting in my face. I expected you to ask for forgiveness, but you act as if something wonderful happened. You seem to be proud of what you did. What you did was rotten, Peter. It was mean! But what you are doing now is worse. I feel betrayed. I'm not sure if I even want to look at you again, or if I even can. It hurts just thinking about it. How can I ever trust you from now on?"

I raised my hand to interrupt her.

"No, Peter, let me finish!" she said angrily. "I know you have your own life to live, but since we are living together, I deserve some consideration. How can I live with you now? Every time you go on assignments, I have to wonder what will happen..."

"Be kind to her," I heard the voice say within. "She asks for so little. She offers forgiveness. Accept her offer."

"But what would this cost us both?" I countered the voice. "Besides, she wouldn't be able to accept my surrender now. We went too far on this road. It's too late for that. She would instantly recognize the surrender as a lye. Thank God it is too late for that. This door is closed, we can only go forward now."

The voice didn't argue back.

"Yes, I hear you!" I interjected. "But..."

"No buts, Peter! That's a black and white issue. There are no excuses possible."

"There are no black and white issues in life, Sylvia," I replied cautiously and as gently as I could. I realized that whatever needs to be healed, needs to be healed gently. "There are emotional issues that can become pretty black, I agree," I said to her. "But I cannot go backwards, even if the road ahead is shrouded in dark clouds. Moving forward is the only option, even if there are dangers ahead. I am not a saint who qualifies for an honorary degree at St. Peter's academy at the pearly gate, so that the big man himself will bow to me and bid me welcome. But neither am I a liar who would tell you what you want to hear to make you feel comfortable if it isn't true. So, let's forget about black and white issues, Sylvia. We are human beings. We have this bit of life that we have been given; a few precious years; and we live in a world where humanity is up to its ears in huge problems, because people react stupidly and emotionally towards each other. And you say to me, don't you dare getting involved in trying to address those problems in a fundamental way. The problem is, we've all been asleep for decades, Sylvia. I'm trying to wake up, for the sake of all of us. If you want to talk about black and white issues, let's talk about the Ice Age. The whole world denies that we are standing at the edge of the deepest climatic cooling in the entire history of civilization, that threatens the global food supply in a big way. That's a black and white issue. The whole world is so deeply wrapped up in denial of that reality that it is tearing itself apart over a fraudulent doctrine, the Global Warming Doctrine, that is designed to blind the world to this truth, by tying it mentally into knots. Global Warming is a black and white issue. It's an issue

of lies versus reality. However, the lies can't change the reality that the Ice Age will resume when the interglacial period ends. This will happen just as it has done repeatedly with near clockwork precision for the last million years or more."

"The lies are on your side, Peter. You lied about our relationship. We made a promise to love and to honor each other till death do us part. You broke this promise. You cheated. You evaded this promise by going behind my back. Compared to your own fraud, how dare you call the Global Warming Doctrine a fraud! The evidence is all around you that global warming is a reality. The arctic is getting warmer. The ice is melting. Glaciers are receding. How can you ignore the evidence?"

"The evidence is used for the fraud, Sylvia. The imperials of the world don't want you to look at the reality of the approaching Ice Age, and create a renaissance in responding to it. They can't survive in a renaissance world. So they aim to hide the approaching Ice Age, with a lie. This way their power won't be in jeopardy. They sooner let the whole world go to hell, than to allow conditions to emerge in which they would loose their power and their imperial existence. The Global Warming Doctrine is their concoction designed to hide the truth about the soon to be recurring Ice Age. Sure, the earth is getting warmer. It has been getting warmer since the mid-1700s when the Earth started to recover from the last Little Ice Age that began way back in the 1300s. Right now, we are only half way back to the medieval climate that we had before the Little Ice Age began, and even that climate was way below the interglacial optimum of seven thousand years ago. The fact is, we'll likely see a lot more warming over the next hundred years since we have a long way to recover yet from the Little Ice Age. The fraud in the Global Warming Dogma is that this known natural trend is ignored, as if it didn't exist, while the entire warming from the Little Ice age is blamed on man-made CO<sub>2</sub> caused by burning fossil fuels. That's a lye! Some enormously powerful people are lying to you, Sylvia, with the intent of preventing the new renaissance that we badly need to survive in the coming Ice Age. That's fraud. While there is a minuscule increase in the greenhouse effect of CO<sub>2</sub> from manmade sources, that addition amounts to nothing, since CO<sub>2</sub> accounts only for a mere two percent of the greenhouse effect, the remaining ninety-eight percent come from water vapor. The Global Warming Doctrine is a scientific fraud, Sylvia.

Sylvia raised her hand to stop me.

"No Sylvia. The whole world is lying to you. They are trying to kill our humanity with lies. I never lied to you. That's the truth," I added.

"Now you trying to excuse your lies by pinning the lie on others. Don't you think I can't see through your schemes? You are calling the most honored institutions a bunch of scheming criminals. Can't you see how rotten this makes you look to me?"

"I'm not responsible for what you believe to be the truth. I can only tell you what the truth is. The rest is up to you, Sylvia. But I can tell you this; the Global Warming Doctrine is a fraud designed to hurt you. It

is well known that 98% of the global greenhouse effect comes from water vapor, 2% from CO<sub>2</sub>, of which the man-made contribution amounts to roughly 3% the most. This minuscule addition to the total greenhouse effect is supposed to create climatic chaos in the world. This lie, which everyone believes in, should be deemed an insult to one's intelligence. It is designed to cause huge economic problems as it demands dramatic curtailments in the world's energy use, in the order of 60% to 80%, and thereby curtailments in economic activities with consequential genocidal effects on a scale that the Russians call a death trap. The fraudulent Global Warming Doctrine is further exposed by the fact that 440 million years ago the CO<sub>2</sub> concentration in the Earth's atmosphere was eighteen times higher than it is today while the world wasn't a roasting pan, as it should have been under the Global Warming Doctrine. Its global temperature was unaffected by this huge amount of CO<sub>2</sub>. Instead of the world being hot in those times, glaciers were known to exist on the continents in both hemispheres, with a deep Ice Age erupting that had caused the second-most massive extinction of life in geologic history. The bottom line is, that the whole CO<sub>2</sub> scare is a fraud, since it is well known that solar cycles interacting with the cosmic radiation effect our climate by way of effecting the water vapor density through cloud formation. That's what causes the huge climatic changes for Ice Age cycles and re-warming trends. CO<sub>2</sub> has no effect on these trends, whatsoever, in any measurable way."

"So you are calling some of the most honorable institutions in the world, liars, and you expect me to believe this?" Sylvia interjected.

"I am telling you what the honest scientific community regards to be the truth, Sylvia. That's all I can do. I tell the truth. What you want to believe is up to you. You can believe the lies, or the truth. The choice is before you. The truth isn't altered by what we believe. However, what we believe to be the truth, affects how we relate ourselves to the future and to one-another. That is how the choice is born out."

Sylvia raised her hand to cut me off in the same manner as I did before.

"No Sylvia, let me finish! You need to choose wisely what you regard to be the truth. Global Warming is one of the black and white issues. It's a black and white lie. That's what we have to respond to. Knowing the truth about the lie determines our actions for the future, and the shape of our future as the result of it. So far society has chosen to ignore the truth for decades, and latch onto the lies. That's not a political issue, Sylvia, that's a human relationships issue. People lying to themselves and to one-another, is a human relationships issue. The arena of sexual division is thick with the same kind of crap. Since the choice that we make threatens the survival of our civilization, and most of humanity with it, we have to focus on discovering the truth in all respects. That's how big the consequences are, especially when a 100,000 year Ice Age looms on the horizon."

"But that's all far away, Peter. That's not enough of a cause to

throw our love away for," Sylvia interjected.

"That is probably the reason why society has refused to respond to this life-threatening challenge, Sylvia, because we tell ourselves that it is still fifty or a hundred years away, which is true. But what a world do we hand over to our children and their children, if we don't act now? It will likely take a hundred-years-crash-program to create the technologies and infrastructures for mankind to be able to survive under Ice Age conditions, and with the kind of high level of civilization that we have today. We have to expand our love for one-another not only horizontally, to make this possible. We also have to expand it deep into the future. We have to let our love reach forward in time for at least a hundred years, because if we fail to make the preparations now, our children and their children won't have a hope in hell, when the deep cooling begins, because it takes a hundred years to make the needed preparations. And this takes a dimension of love that we haven't even considered until now. With this I say to you that it is far from my intention to throw our love away, but to give it a richer unfolding, and more than that, because the evidence that stares us into the face is telling us, that we've kept our love far too small and too confined. We have been cheating ourselves, and have endangered our entire civilization in the process. We didn't invent the confining and regressive process, of course. We are merely victims of it. This is what we need to step away from. The socially isolating process was likely started more than 4,500 years ago by the Pharaohs in Egypt, with the imposed practice of the circumcision and the slavery process that it was developed to enhance, from which time on the Egyptian civilization itself began to collapse. The humanist fire has been getting weaker and weaker from those times on, to the point that we have become so intensely centered onto our little selves, locked into the present, that our love doesn't reach past the tip of our nose, much less into the future where the very existence of our children, and their children, is in grave danger, unless we are committed to dealing with this looming future danger, in the present."

"Now you are dragging our children into the picture, as an excuse, though we don't even have any children," Sylvia interjected.

"The children of humanity are our children, Sylvia. Their future is our responsibility, because as human beings we have the capacity to think that far ahead. Animals die out when the climate is changing. They lose their food supply. Only we, as human beings, have the capacity to change our world to match the changing climate, so that we can continue to live and prosper. But without a wider sense of love in our heart, our capacity becomes meaningless, as we no longer care to apply it. Animals don't have this capacity, but we do. However, without a highly developed sense of universal love, what sets us apart from them then, as we share their fate? That makes it the responsibility of every human being to extend our love to one-another, and into the future, in order to assure that we will have a future. Our immortality is located in the world that we create, in which the human society can meet the greatest historic challenge that it will ever

face. That means that we expand our love to embrace our children and their children, and assure that they will have a future. We must do this, because we have the capacity to do this as human beings. Until now our love has become smaller, too small for this to happen. That is why the Ice Age preparations have not yet been started. Our love has been too confined. The biggest problems of our world result from our failures as human beings, in relating to one-another as human beings. That's what this is all about. Did it ever occur to you, that maybe the way we deal with one-another individually has something to do with that, and that we have done a lot of things wrong in the past?"

"Obviously, something is still wrong. That's obvious. You are trying to evade the real issue at hand, that of your womanizing. That's what's wrong, Peter!" Sylvia responded angrily. "The issue is that you got involved with other women! This dishonors me. You talk about love, but you spit me in the face, and you do it smiling, and in the name of the future of humanity."

"I don't spit you in the face, Sylvia, and never have. To the contrary, the future of humanity is our common future, yours too, and that of our children. We can't say to our children, which we may have some day, to hell with you. With the Ice Age fast approaching, we have to create the conditions that enable us to make the preparations that must be made, for our children and their children, to be able to survive and have that future. If we can't find ourselves able to do this, love has no meaning. Failing to do this, is like committing suicide. We must care for our children, even those that are not yet born. For that we must address what is dividing and isolating society, and is tearing our world apart from the bottom up."

"I have never said, to hell with the children, Peter, as you well know. As you know, you and I have almost ten thousand in stocks and bonds laid aside for their education, and we don't even have any children yet. That's not saying, to hell with them!"

"What good is that, Sylvia, if the world is falling apart around our ears? The entire physical economy of the Western World is disintegrating, because society has become so self-centered and self-isolated, that we are stealing from one-another rather than creating a New World. America is on the road to bankruptcy. We are becoming a deindustrialized, post-industrial society. Everything vital is collapsing, including the stock portfolios, that thereby become meaningless. What a future do we offer our children with that? A future of thieves mired in poverty? I am looking for the opposite, as a future for our children. I am aiming to create a New World, brighter than any in history, with the brightest future imaginable, an Ice Age Renaissance in which the Ice Age will have no effect on future generations, which otherwise would not survive. If we make this future our goal, the economic collapse that is happening right now, will be overturned along the way, which otherwise would drag the whole of mankind into a long and devastating Dark Age, in which nine-tenth of mankind would likely perish from the consequences. But for this renaissance to be possible, we have to

put the Principle of Universal Love on the front burner, or else nothing will break our self-centered and self-isolated existence that prevents this from happening."

"An Ice Age Renaissance," Sylvia interrupted mockingly.

"Unfortunately we won't even consider a New Renaissance as a goal, Sylvia, if we remain as isolated and divided as we are now, beginning at the deepest and innermost level of our living."

"What good is dreaming about a New Renaissance, Peter, when our precious private world is disintegrating right before our eyes? What we had, the two of us, is gone. Do you call this building a renaissance? If you do, the idea stinks."

"I didn't invent the Ice Age, Sylvia. It's coming, whether we like it or not. No one has any control over it. Nor did I create the conditions that we are in presently, like the process that is collapsing our economies. Society's petty, small-minded thinking, divisions, and self-isolation, have caused that. Everything is privatized now, and nobody gives a damn about civilization, as if this concept doesn't concern anyone anymore. In this environment, our nice little world that we've been hiding in, you and I, is as good as gone, physically and economically, and it will take us to hell, if we don't change the course of the world, and this means uplifting ourselves and expanding our loving. I am saying that we have a chance of saving ourselves the catastrophe that looms ahead, by correcting the failures of the past that have got us into this mess. Instead of supporting universal division and isolation, we need to seriously consider the Principle of Universal Love."

"Universal love?" said Sylvia and laughed.

"Yes, Sylvia, universal love. Nothing less than the Principle of Universal Love, will empower us to let our loving reach a hundred years into the future to make the huge economic investments today that are needed for that future a hundred years distant. We have to make huge investments into ourselves on a scale never before seen on the planet. We are investing for a payback that won't be felt in full in our lifetime. It will take a hundred years to create the technologies and the infrastructures for an Ice Age Renaissance, and for the development of the enriched social structures that enable them. The payback is the survival of mankind with the brightest future imaginable. Sure, we'll reap immensely rich benefits along the way, but the big payback begins when the Ice Age resumes and mankind continues, as if nothing happened."

"You can't seriously believe that anyone will lay down a hundred year investment and wait," said Sylvia, after a period of silence. "Nobody gives a damn what will happen so far in the future, Peter. Nobody even gives a damn about what happens fifty years from now when the world's oil supply begins to dwindle."

"That's precisely the point, Sylvia," I interrupted her. "Nobody gives a damn, and nobody has for decades. We have become small-minded and



empty little people, too fascist to care. Nothing except a renaissance, that takes us back to the Principle of Universal Love, will change that. That is why this has got to happen. If the Ice Age Renaissance isn't started now, before the general collapse of society begins, creating an Ice Age Survival Renaissance may never be possible again. Our situation has become that critical. We still have the necessary resources to do the development work and to create the initial infrastructures. We still have the manpower resources in the present world population. We may still have a hundred years of petroleum resources left to tide us across the coming development period into the brave new world is established that is powered by galactic electricity. We presently have enough industrial capacity left to get us started towards this necessary goal. But if we blow all of that with our typical small-minded insanity, or even with a nuclear war, mankind won't likely have this opportunity again for a long time, if not for ever. We have the perfect opportunity now to replace oil with thorium nuclear fission, but we don't do it. We have all the resource to do this, and fuel enough for a thousand years, but everyone is saying, hold on until we get nuclear fusion to work in fifty or a hundred years. As a consequence nothing gets done in the mean time. However, nuclear-fusion power won't happen, Sylvia. It's not possible for it to happen. If I have learned anything in Russia, I have learned that nuclear fusion-power is not possible to achieve as a practical energy resource, primarily because it is not happening naturally anywhere in the Universe. The principles for it don't exist. The Universe has created no principle for nuclear-fusion power to happen. In fact it created principles against it, to protect itself against runaway fusion. There is no such thing as a fusion powered Sun. The Universe doesn't need it. The Universe is electrically powered, including the Sun that enables life on our planet. The Sun is an electric arc furnace, Sylvia. It is powered by galactic electricity. Galactic electricity is an infinite energy resource that we can tap into, with which to satisfy our 'puny' requirements on earth. But nothing will happen along this front until we get this damn nuclear fusion dream out of our head. It's like a sexual blocking factor that dams up the flow of development. We've got to deal with these blocking factors, both of them, and the time for it is now, because the return of the Ice Age is on the horizon. We've got to build up our world before the coming Ice Age hits us. If we wait until the transition begins, it will be too late. The vast majority of mankind will likely not survive then, especially the wars that will then likely be fought over the dwindling food resources. If we don't act now civilization is doomed by our inaction."

Sylvia raised her hand as if in protest, to shut me up.

"No, Sylvia, hear me out," I said and raised my own hand to counter her. "Even without the wars we won't survive if we don't act now. The next Ice Age is before us. It is near. We'll run out of oil in two hundred years, in the most optimistic case, and nuclear-fission power development is prevented while everybody dreams about fusion power. If we don't get this blocking factor out of the way, we won't have anything. And

believe me, that if we wait till the Ice Age starts, before we begin the needed development, it will be too late. When the coming cold disables agriculture, mankind will die back to a very small and primitive society. The kind of technology that can enable mankind to survive in an Ice Age world cannot be developed in a primitive, starving, population-lean world. Even now, under near optimum conditions, it'll take us a hundred years to develop all the necessary technologies and the infrastructures. This is why the Principle of Universal Love is of utmost importance right now. It is needed to save the most precious treasure that exists on this planet, which is human life. Mankind is its own, and the greatest, development resource that has ever existed on this planet. This means that we have to become human beings to the highest degree and to the farthest extent possible. The present opportunity to protect our civilization a hundred years from now will otherwise be squandered. If it becomes squandered now, we may never have it again. Universal love is this serious an issue, Sylvia. It is the most serious issue that mankind has ever faced. If we blow it now, it's game over possibly for all times, and our children and their children will have no hope. That's the reality. It's that critical."

Sylvia just laughed. "You are dreaming, Peter. Except you are hurting me big time with you're deranged dreaming. You go around womanizing and invent fairy tale stories, as an excuse. That's a cheap way of avoiding the issue."

"Wake up, Peter," interjected the voice within. "Is she really saying what she is saying, or is she crying for help, saying, I'm struggling with this as you do and I am drowning as are you; throw me a life line, something that I can grasp and latch myself onto; throw us both a lifeline that we can hold onto, together. Don't be a fool, Peter, stop arguing into the wind."

I paid heed to the voice. But in which respect was I a fool? The voice didn't answer this question.

"No Sylvia," I said gently, "the issue is about doing something right for a change. The issue is saving civilization, even in the short term. Help me. I'm struggling with this. The slightest nuclear war now, in this critical period, could blow our chances for an Ice Age Renaissance right out of the water, and condemn mankind to a collapse in which a mere 10% of the present population level may survive, if that, and those would become locked into a toilsome life in a primitive world, starving, and bending under a yoke of terror reminiscent to that of the Vedic Dark Ages in India. We have no defenses against nuclear weapons, except the Principle of Universal Love, which society is despising as much as you do. Don't you think society is acting foolishly, throwing its last resort away, and with it, its future?"

"The future isn't in your hands, Peter," interjected Sylvia. "In fact, your future is more in my hands. Sex with other women is a serious transgression. Divorce may be the most rational answer. I need your help in convincing me that it isn't. You are living in a dream world, while I am struggling with a down to earth issue."

"Maybe it is you who is living in a dream world, Sylvia," I said and

raised a hand. "We have built 65,000 nuclear bombs to blow each other up with, together with the whole world, and you think divorce is the way to address this situation. That's foolish. If the people of Canada were to decide they didn't want to live in a nuclear terrorized world anymore, they couldn't just divorce themselves from this planet and find another world. This option doesn't exist; otherwise every country would have chosen this option long ago. The only option the nations have to save themselves, is to become so deeply human in their dealing with one-another that they will dismantle their bombs out of love for their common humanity, and their common intent to have a richly human life on this planet, in an Ice Age or not. I know, Sylvia, it's a long shot to get us there, but that's the only shot we've got. Nothing else will work. We've proven that to ourselves. For the last five hundred years the world has been a hellhole of wars, each one worse than the one before. That's irrefutable proof that what we've done in the past just isn't a workable option. Now, we've come to the final junction. Shouldn't we take a better path than the one we've been on? If we miss this final chance now, it's game over. That's what this is all about. My fascination with the Principle of Universal Love is focused on that. It isn't right to exclude anyone from this process, women or Russians, Muslims or Americans, or even the oligarchy that is at war with humanity in their struggle to keep their empire of thievery alive. We are now in an emergency situation in which the Principle of Universal Love is our only hope. I see every response to this principle as a faint grasping for emergency measures, because we've been too stupid for too long."

"We've lived in the shadow of atomic weapons for forty years, Peter, and nothing has happened without anyone going hog wild, on a mad crusade, like you do, which makes our relationship so cheap, that I feel like I don't count for much anymore."

"No, we haven't lived in the shadow of nuclear weapons," I interjected. "I wouldn't call this living. We have suffered greatly in the shadow of their terror. Existing in the shadow of terror isn't living, its slavery. We have become slaves responding to the demands of terror. Terror spawns a response of impotence, and impotence spawns slavery, and slavery spawns indifference. Yes, I have violated our tiny world of privatized isolation. I have pried open the door and let some light into it. Sure, maybe I violated your sense of reality in the process. What seems precious in the dark often loses its luster in the sunlight. It may even render what appeared golden in the dark, to appear cheap in the brighter light that sets up a higher standard. In this sense, I admit, I am attacking your perception of what is truth. Truth isn't a private thing. It is an absolute that doesn't allow private exceptions, except in the world of illusions. And that's the tragedy of our time. Much of mankind lives in the shadow of the illusion that empire and its looting financial system isn't collapsing civilization, but that it will be able to muddle on forever. Likewise much of mankind lives in the shadow of the illusion that the return of the Ice Age isn't on the horizon, or is too distant to be a concern. Both of these illusions are the mental shadows that

the masters of empire have carefully cultivated in society, in order that society won't respond to the imperatives of the truth. They even sing the tune that there is no such thing as truth, that all is private opinion. In the shadow of this symphony of lies, the human being does indeed not count for much anymore. But this is what I have stepped away from and invite you to follow. I see the house burning down that we call civilization. I am merely saying, let's get out of this house and build a new one while we still can."

"But you don't make it easy for me to follow you by insisting that other women must be a part of the process," said Sylvia sadly. "Don't push me into something that has not yet been built, where no one has gone before."

"Just because we don't see a mass exit from the burning house yet, doesn't mean the house isn't on fire," I said to her. "The reason why there is no rush to the exits is that the exits have all been nailed shut. However, I have found an open window the masters of empire have missed in their desperation to keep everybody locked in. A few other people have noticed this window too. The window they couldn't conceal is the electric powered Sun."

"You are nuts, Peter."

"No this is crucial, Sylvia. This is our window to the New World. The electric powered Sun is an aspect of the astrophysical reality the masters can no longer hide behind the smokescreens of their distortions of science. It is being understood and acknowledged in every wider circles as the reality of our Universe, because what applies to our Sun applies to every one of the hundreds of billions of other suns in our galaxy, and to those in every other galaxy in the Universe. One single all-pervading electric power-stream powers them all. When you look at the Sun the masters want you to see an isolated nuclear fusion furnace smoldering away. They don't want you to see the Sun as a profound, life-giving, catalyst in action of the power of the universe itself."

"So what, Peter?"

"No, Sylvia, this is not trivial. This is absolutely profound and critical to everything. It changes everything. From now on, every time you stand under a clear sky at night and look at the stars, you see each star reflecting the same power. None of the stars stand isolated by themselves, but are linked into one whole by the power streams of the Universe that powers them all. That's the principle by which everything in the Universe exists. It defines everything. It also defines our humanity. Every human being is an expression of it, expressing the power of our common humanity. In real terms, no one is isolated; no person exists by itself. The concept of isolation is a myth. We don't see it reflected in the Universe anymore than we see nuclear-fusion power happening anywhere in the Universe. That's why we can't get nuclear-fusion power to work as a process, because the principle for it doesn't exist in the Universe. That's evidently also the reason why we can't get civilization to work on the platform of a universally

isolated society. We went down this path for 5,000 years already and suffered catastrophic failures everywhere along the way. The more we isolated ourselves from one another, the more catastrophic the failures became. We suffered the same fate in nuclear-fusion power experiments. The harder we pushed against the limits, the larger the barriers became. Many of them are now acknowledged as being insurmountable. Soon the whole concept will be scrapped, as it becomes increasingly understood that there simply is no point in pursuing a process for which no principle exists in the Universe. We now face the same challenge in respect to building a civilization on the platform of an isolated humanity for which likewise there exists no principle in the Universe. In terms of electric power production, we will soon find ourselves developing the technologies to tap into the galactic power stream that powers the Sun, which also surrounds our planet. By doing this, we will utilize the principle that is already operating in the Universe. The result will then be spectacular, amazing, as boundless as the Universe is, and as inexhaustible. It will create a vast new renaissance. And the same path is open to us for building a civilization, by building it on a platform without isolation, on universal oneness, on the principle that is evident everywhere in the Universe. On this platform no one is isolated, though being individually sovereign."

"And you say, this includes sex?" Sylvia interjected. "You are kicking against tradition. You are kicking against the bricks that will not yield. The prohibition against sex with other woman has been maintained for millennia by all religions."

"The prohibition has typically been for the masses, Sylvia, not for the rulers who kept large collections of women in their private zoos. Some kept thousands of them in their harem. That's a kind of empire-run thievery too, that's depriving society. But this is artificial and superficial. You are looking for something deeper. You say a man must not touch a woman he doesn't own by some contractual commitment. Nor are you alone in this. Almost all women have been taught to sing this song, and so have all men in the opposite context. But this too, is artificial, Sylvia. It is a trained reaction that most women don't believe in themselves. They are living a paradox. They say to a man, don't you dare touch or even look at another woman, and even as they speak they go miles out of their way to accent their sexual features. They sport sexy dresses, deep-cut blouses that display their bosoms, tight jeans that highlight every sexual feature they have, and even parade themselves on display in those terribly uncomfortable high-heeled shoes that are so damaging to their posture and spine and ligaments that some suffer the consequences for years, and all of this just to appear as sexy as possible. And aren't the dresses themselves, that women clothe themselves with, of a design in principle, that provides ready-made easy access to their vulva? And even while many women are going to such extremes, though rarely consciously, they are saying to the men whom they aim to impress, don't touch, don't look, don't even think in terms of sex, and don't you dare to acknowledge what we dish out for you. Also, this

game isn't played primarily to attract men into marriage. A bigger force of complimentary attraction comes into play here. Of course a similar game is played by us men, too. The evidence for this process - that is so wide and so powerful in its motivation - suggests that a natural force is driving the entire sexually polarized scene. The same depth of motivation and compliance is not evident on the artificial scene of universal isolation that in ancient times needed to be enforced with the death penalty, to uphold it, which in modern times is secretly bypassed by almost the whole society. Didn't Raymond tell you about the survey he came across, a large survey conducted in England, in which the respondents tell us that only 15% of both men and women have never had sexual affairs outside of their marriages. That adds up to an 85% rejection of the don't-touch rule that demands the isolation of mankind. Most indicate that whenever necessary they simply lie about their escapades since the consequences are too explosive according to the scripts published in the rulebooks in the form of movies and novels and stories of all sorts. The rules for isolation are conjured up by doctrines of religion that became tradition. They are all arbitrary. They don't appear to have any natural imperative at all, while a profound natural principle supports the platform of civilization without isolation, which is also reflected everywhere in the Universe. According to the survey, 85% of society find themselves moved by this natural principle, rather than by an unnatural imperative. This doesn't mean they have divorced themselves from their families. Why would they? They merely divorced themselves from a myth that became attached to the family bonds. My concern is that the platform of civilization without isolation is built on a power and a principle that is universally operating, and offers us a platform with real potential for meeting all the great existential challenges that we face. Sure, there are challenges and dangers encountered on this path, but aren't those all minuscule in comparison with what we face if the larger problems are not solved that threaten existential consequences on so many fronts, for which no other solutions appear to exist."

"How can you even think that your trampling on the sovereignty of our marriage, strengthen civilization?" Sylvia interjected sharply. "You have rendered the very concept of sovereignty meaningless. You claim to have sovereignty over what our marriage is. By this claim you have divorced us already."

I could hear her in my mind, crying. Her face revealed that her speaking of divorce cut deep into her heart and soul and was the very thing she hated the most and feared more than anything, for on it our entire world together was anchored and all its many years of overflowing joys, and also trials, and challenges overcome. Our investment of a lifetime was drawn onto the balance with the word, divorce, something far too precious to contemplate the loss of it. But why couldn't I help her to put this out of her mind? With the voice within silent now, I began to cry too, inwardly. Except the crying didn't help anything, and I was fast running out of buttons to push to cause a breakout from this stranglehold that was getting tighter

instead of looser, and was getting scarier with every passing hour.

"I have done no such thing that you accuse me of," I said Sylvia. "I have always respected you. I have only subjected myself to the sovereignty of the Principle of Universal Love that reflects the principle of the Universe. I see no crime in that. Whatever we call sovereignty in civilization is subsumed to this Principle, or else sovereignty would degenerate into dictatorship and anarchy, and become open to fascism. But by sovereignty being subsumed to the Principle of Universal Love, sovereignty becomes our protection and the power of civilization, for at the core of Universal Love stands the Principle of the Universal Welfare. This means that our marriage is sovereign only to the degree to which it reflects the Principle of Universal Love, which protects and strengthens both individuals and civilization. Sovereignty then is not an arbitrary thing, such as a Sovereign ruler claims to have that gives him the right to loot the world. If the sovereignty of a marriage is so rigid and arbitrary that it enforces axioms that are injurious to those united by it, then it is an evil. The face of marriage must then be healed. I have not trampled on the sovereignty of the principles we have become united under, but have honored them as never before. I still cherish you, honor you, support you, and protect you from harm. I'm struggling to keep our world from collapsing, to protect you from harm. However, the marriage principle that unites us is not sovereign over the Principle of Universal Love that the welfare of the world depends on, and our welfare with it. By the same token the sovereignty that the religions of the world demand is not justified as the religions claim sovereignty over the Principle of Universal Love. They spit on it. They have all become champions of countless types of spiritualism, and have divided the whole of mankind into a vast sea of isolated spirits and souls as required by the dogmas of empire, over which the priests become the sovereign. In the real world the whole of humanity stands laterally united with a universal human quality that is reflected in all, over which no one stands sovereign. On this count all religions fail, and empire fails likewise, as has every civilization failed that was built on the platform of an isolated humanity, and has enforced this defective platform with the sovereignty of law. Law has no real sovereignty unless it conforms to the Principle of the General Welfare and the Principle of Universal Love. Ultimately, only the Universe is sovereign, for we cannot dictate our terms to it. We can move with its principles, however, if we wish to be successful. To the degree to which we do this we reflect its sovereignty in our realms. This applies also to marriages."

"You are getting ridiculous, Peter," said Sylvia. "Our marriage was beautiful, and this is now gone by your trampling on it."

"No, she isn't saying this," said the voice within. "She is saying this for the lack of anything else to say. She is saying that she wants to agree with you, but you are not providing the platform for this that she can accept as being secure enough. Stop being a fool. Help her. Help yourself. Don't let this slip out of reach."

"Of course our marriage was beautiful, nor is this in danger," I said. "It was beautiful for a different reason perhaps than appears at the surface. It wasn't beautiful because it was isolated from the world, as if it were spun into a cocoon. Instead, it was beautiful because I've been in Love with you from the first moment on when I noticed that someone as precious as you, was alive on our planet. How could I not be in Love with you, and remain so, and remain that forever? That's all still there, and being there, it becomes brighter the more Love unfolds in ever-wider circles. An old professor whom I met in a bar would have put it this way. He would have ordered a drink with an ounce of whisky and have me taste it. Then he would have asked the waiter to add another ounce, and would have got me to taste it again, and he would have asked if the second ounce had diluted the first. The answer is obvious, that it wouldn't have. And he would have commented that the same applies to loving, so that nothing is diluted when loving is expanding, but rather enriches all aspects of it. Knowing our dilemma in this room, he would add that our love, that was beautiful from the start, and had been maintained for this reason, is about to be enriched and become more beautiful. He would say that the marriage sovereignty is a protection that enriches what is already precious, by embracing constantly more of what is good and beautiful and letting it flow into it."

"If this is so, why don't I feel the substance of it?" Sylvia interrupted. "The answer is obvious, isn't it? The answer is that you evidently love those other women more than me, otherwise you wouldn't do this to me, Peter."

"Ok, what is she saying now?" said the voice within.

I had no answer. I shrugged my shoulders.

"If you feel that way, you value yourself too little," I said to Sylvia. "But isn't Love something that is absolute? If so, then the hierarchical perception of it isn't rooted in reality. So, why do we all insist on seeing Love as something so small that it can be a hierarchical thing, Sylvia, instead of an aspect of our humanity that envelops us all, which we don't create, but can only respond to and move with its flow? The hierarchical thing is an imperial axiom. Love wouldn't divide us, but unite us, if it wasn't for this imperial aspect that has been imposed on us for imperial control. Only the imperial hierarchical model, in which love is a small thing, juxtaposes love hierarchically with everything, even with hate. Under this banner we've been trained to build nuclear bombs. We even parade them in full public view, at every chance we get. We measure our strength by this measure of insanity. Convince me that this global death threat isn't a failure of human beings relating to one-another as human beings. I am trying to take a tiny step out of this trap, by including women into the fold of our humanity, which you say don't belong into a man's life. Why shouldn't a man treat a woman as a human being, rather than as a piece of property or whatever, as our government treats its citizens? Convince me that the Cold War crisis isn't the same thing, as the crisis right here, only bigger.



Convince me that it isn't a human problem brought on by our failures in relating to one-another. I say it is! Obviously it has to be resolved by human beings. That is us. Who else is there that can do this? Yes, Sylvia, the process of finding solutions to the world's greatest human relationships crisis that trails out into wars, poverty, and destruction, if not the extinction of much of humanity, has something to do with the Principle of Universal Love. Sure the principle goes against all the traditions of the ages. I grant you this. Indeed, I was awe-struck when someone hit me over the head and said, wake up Peter! It wasn't comfortable waking up. I stopped dreaming those dreams that the whole world loves about nice cozy little nests in a fairy tale world that doesn't really exist, wrapped in a wonderful sense of security that is as fragile as the shiny facade of a soap bubble drifting with the wind. In this sense we are still living in the 'Flat Earth Society' age."

Sylvia raised her hand to stop me. "Don't you see what I mean, Peter?" she said in a harsh tone. And she wasn't smiling when she said this. "That's about the lowest excuse I have ever heard. You screw up. You shack up with other women and blame the whole world for it. The fate of the world doesn't rest on your shoulders. You are using the tragedies of our world as an excuse to justify your womanizing. I can see through your scheme so easily, and what I see is despicable, Peter. You come up with excuse after excuse, after excuse, but no repentance."

"Oh God what will it take for you to find a platform that you both can stand on together, without either of you having to capitulate?" said the vice within.

I hushed the voice. "Be patient," I said. "The platform that we need has never been built before in all the history of mankind. This building and searching for more is a pioneering effort. We are aiming for a miracle, to achieve in a single day what Steve the great scientist took years to accomplish, and what Raymond, the learned professional, felt helpless to even attempt. We face a challenge that requires a revolution at the end, nor is either of us a revolutionary at heart," I countered voice.

"No, No, No! Sylvia, I do not try to excuse anything," I said gently. "No error was made. No crime was committed. What is standing between us is not an issue of womanizing, but of overcoming invalid barriers, the barriers that are causing division and isolation, especially the sexual barriers. Those are the tallest that have ever been created against the Principle of Universal Love. In fact, the term, womanizing, falls into this category of the great barriers. The term appears to have been intentionally created to keep those larger barriers in place on which the entire hierarchical world depends. Those barriers against universal love need to be dealt with. This is hard. This is big. This is so big that I need help with for any reasonable hope to rise in the world again. We all need help with this. You are right about one thing in this respect. The fate of the world doesn't rest on my shoulders alone. On this I agree fully with you. But on whose shoulders do you think it rests? Are we waiting for the Martians to come and save us,

or for the politicians to do this? I may not be a genius, but this one thing I know, that we all have a stake in this world. We can't expect the politicians to solve a problem that isn't a political problem. The tragedy that has gripped our world is a human relationship problem. We, society, have to create the solution. With living in this world comes the responsibility to help maintain our civilization that is presently at risk. Obviously, the fate of the world rests on my shoulders too. I am doing the best I can. Obviously, this critical challenge rests on the Principle of Universal Love. Therefore it is everyone's task to shoulder the responsibility to implement this principle. I am only trying to do my part, not everybody's part. I am serious about that. Nevertheless, I am standing largely alone. We have to develop a platform of unity across the vast gulf of our individual isolation from one another, and global isolation that is the same thing in a different color, which both prevent us from acting like human beings. The days of the 'Flat Earth Society' should have ended long ago. Everybody carries the responsibility to bring this period of shortsighted ignorance to an end. Overcoming the isolation between men and women is a small part of that process, although a fundamental part. We are not opposites to each other, men and women, but are complimentary in nature, wherefore universal isolation makes no sense. This means we have to deal with that, or else we are hypocrites."

"Hypocrites, right, but who is the hypocrite? You are shacking up with a bunch of women, and you say that this solves a global problem, while in reality you do this only to please yourself? Excuses, excuses! I am tired of excuses, Peter. How stupid do you think I am that you go on insulting me like that, and expect to get away with it, as if nothing happened? What you have said cannot be unsaid. You make it harder and harder for us to remain together. We had entered a contractual agreement when we got married, and you tore it to shreds to its very core for the lowest reason, and you call this saving the world."

"A contractual agreement?" I repeated. "Is this all that our marriage is worth you, Sylvia, a contractual agreement? That's like saying that men and woman are basically unfit to live together, but can agree to make this work under the force of a contract. Didn't we rather come together under the force of love that made our being together amazingly special, which no contract can create? This force is still there. Whatever was real will always be real. What would a contract define that isn't rooted there? If anything, the contract defines what is not rooted there. It defines men and women as basically opposites that are at war with each other so that the marriage process needs to imposed to provide some order so that the two opposites don't rape each other and provide some form of stability to establish families and raise up children. But what kind of culture do with create with this in which the goal is the protection against rape, and so on, rather than our progressive discovery of our humanity. You see every woman in the world as an enemy and demand that I regard her so. But Sylvia, men and women are not enemies by design, nor are they opposite in nature that

would render them as enemies. The concept of opposites doesn't even exist in the models of the Universe designed by the greatest Intelligence there is."

"No, no, no, opposites do exist everywhere in the Universe, beginning at the smallest atom," said Sylvia sharply. "Every atom is a structure of opposites, made up of electrically negative electrons and electrically positive protons. Negative and positive aspects are opposites, and likewise are men and women. This opposition is bridged within the intelligent institution called marriage where we come together in spite of our opposite natures. But you wouldn't know anything about this. You spit on the order that makes this workable."

"No, Sylvia, you've got this all wrong," I interjected gently. "I am doing the opposite to spitting on the order of the Universe. In nuclear physics the concept of opposites doesn't apply. What you see as opposites are in reality complementary polarities with a dynamism that gives the Universe its shape and is reflected everywhere. As I said before, the positive protons and negative electrons that make up the atoms of the Universe, are not opposites, but are complimentary to each other. Their polarity is complementary. They attract each other with the electric force that is one of the strongest forces in the Universe. The electric force is 39 orders of magnitude greater than the force of gravity. Every atom in the universe exists by the dynamic and immensely energetic interplay of the protons' and electrons' complementary polarity. By their complimentary polarity the particles attract each other. As they become closer thereby, and ever closer, just before they would collide, a related principle comes into play that repels them powerfully away from each other and maintains their autonomy. If this wasn't so, the atom would collapse and we would have no Universe. However, the universe does exist. It exists by the complimentary interplay of polarized forces. That's the real model for men and women, Sylvia. Men and women are not opposites in nature, but are complimentary. We are only regarded as opposites for political objectives, because perceived opposites can be logically isolated from one another. Opposites are never complementary. Empire and civilization are opposites. One destroys the other. This doesn't define our humanity. In the real world men and women are complimentary. Love is complementary. Sex is complementary. Not the slightest notion of isolation is supported here, and this with the full protection of the individual autonomy. In an atom, the closer the complimentary particles are attracted to each other, the stronger is their sovereignty protected. Thus, the electrons and the protons do not lose their autonomy in an atom, whereby the atom becomes maintained in a balanced dynamism of complimentary attraction and complimentary protection. None annihilates the other. The entire platform is complementary, through and through. It enables an immensely powerful dynamic interplay that is almost unlimited. Nor does this platform apply only to the structure of an atom and the deeply complementary nature of men and woman. As a Universal principle it applies to everything. It applies to the

entire structure of civilization.

"There are no opposites in civilization, Sylvia," I added quietly. "The design of civilization is complementary in every aspect. Every part of it is complementary, such as society government; democracy republic; industry finance; technology science; freedom responsibility; education culture; poetry music; energy production; the objective least action; principle power; the family the nation; fuel transportation; the airplane its engines; materials construction; farming mechanization; research development; the public police; and so on. The sooner we learn that the entire platform of our humanity is complementary in principle, the sooner will we be inspired to uplift our civilization out of the quagmire of its current confrontational morass onto the complementary platform, on which it unfolds into a renaissance of great power. Evidently, the best place to start on this road of uplifting our civilization, is to uplift our individual relationships between men and women at the home ground onto the complementary platform where the historic isolation of men and woman disappears as illegitimate. This means that our natural complementary attraction between men and women that we cannot really get away from anyway, can give us a powerful boost at the starting gate towards the greatest renaissance ever. It becomes apparent from this that our complementary nature as men and women is our strongest asset that we should be developing as intensely as possible, rather than shy away from and hide behind compromise, or denial, or indifference.

"I see in our complementary nature the tallest model for an operational civilization," I continued. "I see our civilization being defined by the dynamic interplay of strong complimentary attraction and complimentary protection at every aspect that contributes to civilization. The nature of the atom indicates to some degree that the result of the complementary dynamic interplay has the power to be amazingly enormous. In nuclear physics the resulting atom is a hundred thousand times larger in size than the sum of its parts, or a hundred million times larger in size than the electron is by which the grand dynamism is expressed. This vastly powerful dynamic structure is made possible entirely by the dynamics of the complementary system. Our marriage concept should move towards that, rather than stand in the way. Most people are undeniably aware that there exists a complementary attraction between men and women that doesn't miraculously diminish at the boundary of the marriage bond. This is what the surveys tell us. And this is in essence what stands behind what happened in East Germany and later in Russia, where I met a number of scientifically advanced people, both men and women. Their openness created a challenge for me. The challenge presented two options. One option involved self-denial. The other option was to respond to the complementary attraction that is native to the human heart and soul, which, by denying it, one forces oneself into self-denial, and this, Sylvia, rapidly became an unacceptable option. So, I simply let it be and moved with what is natural, instead of moving against it. The scientific basis for this process came to light while the process was unfolding. It was a case of discovery followed by under-

standing, and followed up by acknowledgement. Sex played a part along the way. It's a part of the package of the complementary attraction between men and woman that is universal in nature and reflects the universal principle by which the Universe itself exists."

"And so you are insulting me again by negating what has been so precious emotionally special between us," said Sylvia.

"I have taken nothing away and have never insulted you in my life! I love you. I respect you. I respect your intelligence. That is why I have dared to make some of those higher-level connections in the first place. I have dared to respond to what is normal in human complementary relationships, in respect to other women. I didn't make your world smaller thereby. I made my world bigger and more real, and your world too by becoming more real myself. You and I, we have taken a grain of the sand of the seashore and found it precious and special. How much more do we stand to gain if we embrace the seashore itself? And how much do we stand to lose when we reject the underlying principle by which the grain that we treasure comes to light as being precious?"

"I would have insulted you if I hadn't trusted your intelligence to recognize that what I had been doing was the right thing to do according to the highest acknowledged principles designed by the Intelligence of the Universe," I continued. "Sure, the complementary principle poses some rather deep reaching challenges, but it also opens a wide horizon where some of the most profound aspects of civilization become uplifted. The great renaissance principle, the Principle of Universal Love, for example, gains a whole new profound aspect of meaning in the context of the complementary principle. It makes the dynamism of Love richer. When loving is seen in comparison as rays of light out-flowing from the Sun, which some regard as an ideal model for loving, they recognize only half of the dynamism of loving. Love unfolds fully only in complementary dynamism, which makes Love the powerfully beneficial impetus that it is. Even the astrophysical sun operates on the principle of complementary dynamism. It is powered by its attraction of plasma electric currents from the surrounding galactic space, by which it gains its immense brilliance, which it then radiates back abundantly to nourish life on its planets. The same complementary process is also reflected in the Principle of the Advantage of the Other on which the Peace of Westphalia was founded that shut down the Thirty Years War in 1648 and became the foundation for modern civilization. The Principle of the General Welfare on which the USA was founded is likewise built on the complementary principle."

"Yes, yes, I hear you," Sylvia interjected. "You are proving my point with this. You are proving the very point that I brought against you. The complementary principle doesn't apply to everything. By saying that it does, you kick every homosexual relationship into the teeth. You are calling it invalid, just like you are calling the relationship invalid, of men and women, as being something precious when it is exclusive in marriage."

"The Universe doesn't invalidate homosexuality," I countered her.

"While the complementary principle appears to provide no basis for homosexuality for the lack of its diversity in polarization, the appearance is deceptive. In the physical realm, according to the principle of the electric force, equal polarization causes repulsion rather than attraction. However in high-density plasmas the complimentary polarities become isolated into a structure called a double-layer sheath. It's the principle of complementary protection at close distances that causes this. It segregates the equal polarities in high-density environments. There is your natural basis for homosexuality. It's the typical state of protons and electrons existing in plasma, where they are not bound into atoms but are free flowing. These double layers are the structures in which the immensely powerful electric currents flow that span the galaxies and the cosmos. However, when the concentrated isolation becomes dense enough, the complementary attractive force overpowers the barrier. This conditioning sets up the process that lights up every sun in the Universe. The process can be immensely powerful. The electric power that powers a sun, flows through a double layer sheath that functions somewhat like a concentrator that facilitates the solar process. By its powerful outcome at the surface of a sun a fusion process is enabled that constructs the atoms of the universe. In a similar manner the stars themselves are created at the center of the galaxies. Without this double-layer 'homosexuality' that is a part of the complementary system, the Universe likewise would not exist.

"In comparison with that, my little complementary affairs in East Germany were so weak that there were almost superficial," I continued. "But this type of comparison isn't really possible, is it?. We deal with two totally different imperatives here, within the complementary system. Homosexuality and heterosexuality are not opposites in nature for such comparisons to be valid. They are complementary in nature. In the astrophysical world neither of the two phenomena would exist without the other. They are complementary in this sense. It would be surprising therefore, if we didn't have both aspects likewise unfolding in a powerful manner in the relationships of men and women, and in parallel rather than being mutually exclusive, as they are not opposites. This also seems to indicate, Sylvia, that our precious close relationship, can exist in parallel with other types of processes of complementary attraction between men and women. The Universe is so wide and profound in its wonders that I see no rational reason to regard any of its various aspects to be mutually exclusive. The relationships that I experienced in East Germany, and later in Russia, were quite different from what we are having with each other, and they were all radically different from one another. Each had a power and imperative of its own, of a type that I hadn't encountered before, or was prepared for. So it wasn't possible to talk with you about it beforehand, nor was it possible to do this dynamically while the process was unfolding. Neither did any of them take anything away from what we have, Sylvia, which is different again. If anything, it was thereby enriched and became more precious. That's what happened.

"But what happened there didn't take anything away from you, did it?" I continued. "It didn't diminish the attraction I feel in my heart for you. In the astrophysical universe the complimentary force is the strongest far-reaching force there is, and has countless different effects. It has intergalactic reach, linking all the galaxies into one, so that there is no distance known that it cannot cross, while it also acts within the most intimate level within an atom. While gravity diminishes with the square of the distance, the complementary force does so only in a linear fashion. This means we can never be isolated from one-another as human beings, by drifting outside of the reach of complementary attraction. But this doesn't mean that all the effects of this principle need to be identical, or one overlays the other. I didn't feel isolated from you in East Germany, or in Russia, nor did I see you differently than before under the expanding circumstances, with the exception that you have become more precious many ways. Each additional complimentary attraction had an expansive impact on the whole, rather than a narrowing one. So, why should I have blocked any one of them then? Indeed, how would you have reacted then in my stead? Tell me, how? There I was, searching for Ursula Fleischer, whom I had never seen before. I was searching for her at a nudist beach, where I was told I might find her. I had to risk going there so that I wouldn't have to wait five weeks. I was told she was on vacation. Many of the women that I saw there fit her description. Those that I queried, gave me that, get lost jerk, kind of look. Then someone replies, 'I am sorry to have to disappoint you, I am not Ursula Fleischer, though I wish I was.'

"How would you have answered, Sylvia? Would you have said, get lost? Or would you have found this reaction remarkable enough that you want to find out what stands behind it? And that's what happened. No crime was committed. Love was committed. We live in a terrible loveless, hate-filled world, Sylvia. Every day that I open the newspaper it makes me sick for the atrocities that are committed in countless wars all over the world, and acts of terror, and economic looting. Every morning when I get out of our nice and comfortable bed and sit down for breakfast with bacon and eggs, I am shocked by the news that while I slept snug and warm, other people had their houses bulldozed to the ground in a rage of unutterable hatred, often with people still in them. That hatred seems to be acceptable, because we allow it to go on. It seems to be OK for a Jew to love another Jew, but never a Palestinian, who is 'easy to kill,' and vice versa. On the way to Germany I read in the plane that the brave Israeli soldiers had shot a thirteen year old little girl twenty times before she fell to the ground. Her relatives dug twenty bullets out of her body before they buried the child. This is now called peacetime occupation, Sylvia. What has become of love? How thin has it become that these things happen almost every day and are allowed to go on? And how small has our own loving become that it is measured as a mere contractual obligation? But what does the contract require? It states a principle that is obviously fulfilled, that I love you and cherish you and honor you for as long as I live. This require-

ment has never been vacated by me, or broken by intention or my actions."

"The contract includes the unwritten obligation to refrain from wom-anizing," said Sylvia, sharply again. "That's implied by tradition and is recognized as legal in social law. It is a moral doctrine understood to be included in the marriage contract, even to be fundamental to it. You broke the doctrine."

"Contractual obligations have routinely be subsumed to higher-level obligation throughout history, when they conflicted with human and social development," I said gently. "Whenever obligations were deemed false, dangerous, and counterproductive, they were let go, and in each case, with the resulting breakthrough a new world came into being. This is how the Golden Renaissance was created, and the Peace of Westphalia, and the founding of our American Republic, and also its Hamiltonian credit system for which a new Constitution was created that stepped the nation beyond contractual obligations that had become detrimental to its welfare. Life is dynamic. A civilization is dynamic, not contractual. Contracts are valid agreements to the point that they serve the advance of civilization, but when they put it in danger, it becomes a duty to society to uplift the contractual intent, to let the detrimental go, and instigate new platforms that fulfil the requirement of the uplifted intent. When one sees the world going to hell, there is a glaring requirement evident, to uplift the social intention, and thereby to vacate falsely assumed barriers against expanding our love, and to give it a wider scope. In this sense the assumed contractual bonds need to be subsumed to the nature of the Principle of Universal Love, on which civilization evidently rests. And so, the contractual world changes, and evolves, as the Principle of Universal Love comes to light evermore fully as an unavoidable impetus in civilization. Besides, how would it have honored you, if I had assumed that your loving is so small that it becomes a barrier against Love itself, and your sense of right is so narrow that it blocks the only logical response to the growing challenges in the world that threaten our very existence if they are not dealt with. Our world has become an ice house in which war has become normal, and torture legal, and genocide deemed a panacea. You say to me, don't you dare bring any warmth into it. But this is precisely what we must do, Sylvia, because no one can survive in this frozen world for long, which is getting rapidly colder. In this sense, the Ice Age is already here. I say, we need to take steps to protect ourselves, and our world, and one another, by reversing the trend. If our sense of contract becomes a barrier, we must deal with that too. Besides, what are contracts anyway? Contracts are basically nothing more than obligations in a lender to debtor relationship. Marriage isn't a lender to debtor relationship. Marriage is a love relationship with a promise that the flow of love will never stop, but become stronger and brighter. This promise hasn't been broken. To the contrary, I have tried to make its fulfillment brighter. It must become brighter, because we are rapidly loosing our humanity in society and for evermore-shallow reasons. I bet the IDF soldiers who shot



the little girl twenty times as she fell to the ground, wouldn't have shot this scared little kid, while she was running away from them, if she had been a Jewish child. We have become locked more and more into a loveless world that is enabling deeper and deeper divisions between people, and for totally artificial reasons. The need for an expanding love has become almost an emergency requirement on this hopeless scene. Then this woman comes along in Leipzig and steps across the deepest division ever created between people, the sexual and marriage division, and bids me to follow. She asked with a smile, do you wish to learn what Love is, that the professor knows nothing about, whom I had a long conversation with about politics and history? Her invitation felt like a fresh wind, and the gentle rain in a parched hot land. I didn't tell her to get lost, Sylvia. How could I? She sensed my frustration in trying to find the person I was looking for, and my frustration with those stupid conventions that make it appear like a crime to accept the help that was so generously offered. But more than that she appeared like a ray of hope that those terrible divisions that are destroying our humanity, might yet be broken. She stepped across the deepest mote that I know of. I welcomed her with open arms. A New Hope for a New World seemed to be unfolding. If she could step across the deepest division with such ease, all the lesser divisions might yet be resolved. What a promise! And this process, in this case, necessarily involved a woman, or else it would have been theoretical only, Sylvia. As you said yourself, the sexual arena is where the deepest division exists. This is where we have to begin to rediscover our humanity."

Sylvia shook her head, as if in disbelief.

"I am grateful for the daring of that woman," I said to her, "because of it, I felt no longer as impotent for it, as I once had in the face of all the terrible things in the world that result from the division and isolation of human beings. I am grateful for her daring, Sylvia, because the vast majority of the problems in the world are the result of divisions and isolation, and those can only be overcome with love. Why then must love be exclusive? She was a lovely and loving woman. For what reason should she be shunned? Why can't love be more universal? As a principle, shouldn't love be universal? Any principle applies universally. Our world is all screwed up, divided, and isolated, because we don't allow love to be universal. That's obvious. Now you say to me, 'don't you dare to love another woman beside me. I want to be the only woman that you love.' That's wrong, Sylvia. We say the same in politics, in religion, in economics, in the military. We tear our world apart for this. Countless people are butchered to death every day, as if they weren't human beings at all, because people don't empower themselves to love. We, society, need to correct this isolation of one-another. Of course, this has to start at the grassroots level, Sylvia. We should be close to one-another at the home gate as human beings, universally, instead of living isolated lives, universally. This universal-

ity involves women too, doesn't it? Surely, you can see that."

"I have heard just about all I can take, Peter," Sylvia interrupted. "You are exploiting my tolerance and turn it against me. What else will you bring up to hurt me with? I think a divorce is the only answer now. There is a good reason why love isn't universal, Peter. But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you? The exclusive relationship between a man and a woman is something so special, so magical that nothing in the world can equal it. It's heaven! It's been wonderful for all those years, and you want to throw all this out of the window! Why, Peter?"

Sylvia began to cry. "If that is gone, what do we have left?"

"Fewer illusions, that's what we end up with," I said to her quietly. "The world that we live is far from being normal. The anomalies are killing us."

She shook her head. "What's normal, Peter? You are twisting everything, and call this normal."

"What is normal, is what is enriching, elevating, empowering," I said quietly again. "Isolation is the anomaly. A bird needs two wings to fly. That's normal. Civilization needs two wings, one is self-love, and the other is universal love. They are two wings of the same bird. You say we don't need universal love. Flying with one wing amputated is not normal. In fact it doesn't work. Something is missing. That's what made the world small and impotent."

She pointed a finger at me, as if to scold me.

"So you say that isolating ourselves from the world is the normal way to go, because this has become tradition," I replied, sadly. I wasn't ready to throw in the towel, though, and give up. "The tradition is killing the world. Civilization is collapsing. The world has become dark. Mankind is in danger. The isolation that you admire, has been the platform for humanity's relationships in every regard for the last two-thousand years. Just look at where it got us! We worship our exclusive love in the smallest possible domain. Unfortunately, dear, that's Thomas Hobbes talking, one of the war-philosopher, who got mankind into eighty years of war with this talk. Half of the population of Europe perished in this war. This is dangerous stuff. This is not benign, much less an ideal state of living. The Hobbesian doctrine has isolated love into to the smallest possible domain, and outlawed it everywhere else. This is what you are idealizing. Love had been banned from affairs of state and affairs of business for centuries now. People have ripped each other to pieces in the shadow of this dogma, that banished love to the smallest domain. In this manner society has officially sanctioned rape and plunder, and the killing of people in other countries. Love has no place anymore, except in hidden places, where it can't be seen. One can't make love more confined than restricting it to only two people, with an iron fence around it. What came out of this wasn't heaven for society, Sylvia. For Europe that throttled state of love created an environment of absolute hell. It gave rise to the Thirty Years War in which half of the population of Europe was butchered to death. The same intent for butchery,

built on division and isolation, is still on the agenda, Sylvia, and the resulting tragedy is far from over. War hasn't ended. We've now got sixty-five thousand nuclear bombs to prove that we're still as divided and isolated as ever, with the intent to kill. We stand ready all over the world to exercise the same inhumanity as in the Thirty Years War, we only promise to do it more efficiently this time around. How can we possibly hope to face the coming Ice Age with that kind of mentality? Don't you see that something needs to be done to get us all off this track, before we reach the point of no return, and get onto the normal track. That's the challenge, and time is running out."

I suggested to Sylvia that the isolation of love into the smallest possible sphere hasn't caused bliss anywhere. "It has caused the collapse of civilization, just as it has caused the collapse of countless marriages. It has turned people into liars and cheats, and the nations greedy and fascist. People say, this is normal. I say, this is the anomaly, because we can't survive that way. The Universe wouldn't exist if it operated that way."

I referred back to the surveys from Britain that even Raymond had found disturbing, according to which 85% of the surveyed had extramarital affairs of some sort, with the rest just dreaming about them, and most of them having lied to their partners about their affairs. "This is the scene that people had admitted to, anonymously," I added. "The result even surprised the professionals. No one made this up. So what is normal? I would say, that this hiding and lying is abnormal. People tell us in this survey that a bird has two wings, self-love and universal love, and anything else doesn't fly. Tradition demands that they deny this, but they can't, so they lie. We have been taught to believe for many centuries that the isolation of love into the smallest sphere is the best thing in life that can happen to us. Well, the traditions have cheated us. The truth is that according to people's own admission, the 'forced' isolation has gradually created the narrow kind of thinking that is destroying our world, and is threatening our civilization, rather than enriching it. When this continues, it may get us all killed some day, certainly when we get into an Ice Age environment in a disabled condition."

Sylvia shook her head, but she didn't say anything.

"Shouldn't someone do something to get us out of this trap," I said quietly. "The world has been in pain for so long that the pain seems normal now, and those who are sensitive enough to cry have been crying for so long that they forgot why they are crying. Most cry over superficial issues now that don't add up to anything real in the end. Sure, it is challenging to rock the boat in troubled waters to help those who are crying, and also those who can cry no more. It's even more dangerous to rock the boat it in the middle of the ocean. But if I have to bail the water out before the boat sinks, it needs to be done, even if my doing so rocks the boat. I realize that the vast majority of people would never dream of getting themselves as involved as I have, and neither did I until I was confronted with the proposition to question the axioms we have believed in for all of

our life. I didn't feel comfortable doing this, Sylvia, because of the effect this might have on you, as it would have on anyone who embraces the dangerous ancient axioms. But I also felt, and still do, that you stand tall above the others, enough to understand the need for challenging false axioms."

Sylvia shook her head again.

"I am serious about this," I said. "I believe you might have reacted in a similar manner in my stead. Put yourself into my place. There you are, in this pub late at night listening to the ranting of an old professor of literature and history. He keeps reeling on about all the terrible things that happen in the world, and you know that he is right about every one of them. You realize, that he is in this pub, because he sees no solution to the hopelessness. He can see no way out of the impending doom that we all face, if we keep going the way we are going. He feels more helpless than everyone else does, because he is able to see more of the tragedy than most people can. He can see what the vast majority of society is in a state of denial over. Then a woman comes to you and tells you the opposite, that there is hope. How would you react? 'I can teach you what love is, which the professor knows nothing about,' she tells you. Would you send her away? She speaks of the power of universal love, the principle that once ended those eighty years of warfare in Europe that had destroyed Europe and killed half the population. She speaks about how she personally utilized the underlying principle in spiritual healing. Yes, she tells you that she too, finds it challenging to be involved on a platform of universal love, and always has found this challenging since this principle has long been rejected for imperial reasons. But she tells you that she is determined not to give up on it. She says about the challenges, what have they got to do with anything? Do they change the principle involved?"

I paused to give Sylvia time to react, but she didn't react.

"I am glad this happened," I said after a few moments. "Far more than this needs to happen. We, that is society, have become stone hard in our attitude towards one-another. Aid agencies tell us that every single day over thirty thousand children die from totally preventable causes, before they reach the age of five. We all let this happen, Sylvia, through poverty centered processes that we actively support. Our love has become that small, Sylvia. Nor should this trend be surprising, since we cannot even extend our love one single inch beyond our fence. It is even forbidden to embrace people closely with love, whom we deal with on a daily basis, if they happen to be of an unauthorized sex. We are obliged to treat them so badly that we are not even allowed to smile at them, much less to say, I love you. How can we ever resurrect Africa from the chaos and destruction that we've created there, if we can't even reach a hand across a table to the opposite sex, without tearing our world apart in the process? I am glad, Sylvia, that I had this opportunity to be touched by these women with their love, and to love them in return. This didn't degrade my love for you. To the contrary, it added a 'fire' to our humanity that we have seen in this

world far too little of, in which my love for you became enriched."

"But it includes sex, Peter! That makes it wrong."

"Of course it includes sex," I said. "At least sometimes it does, Sylvia. This comes with the package and really cannot be avoided. We all have sexual feelings for one another. We need them. We need the intimacy they create, which needs to be reflected in countless ways, civilly, politically, economically, and socially. We need to be an intimate society. We depend on each other on a wide front. Isolated, we fall. Civilization collapses. Sex plays a role in developing intimacy, even a powerful role. Whenever the circumcision was imposed to inhibit intimacy, the respected civilization collapsed to a very low level, or it never really developed. The sexual feelings and regards that are built into the human design cannot be avoided, and why should they be avoided? Why shouldn't they add to the 'fire' of love? Sometimes they even take on physical form, like a smile, a hug, a kiss, a touch, and closer intimacies that come with the love by which 'distance' falls away and we come evermore intimate with one another. Why should this progressive and harmonizing process not be allowed? I think to love sexually is one of the many wonderful privileges that we have as human beings for enriching one-another's life. Why are we so quick to squander that, and for shallow reasons that are aflame with all sorts of emotions except, love. And so, by bowing to false tradition, society cheats itself out of a wonderful privilege. When I asked my friend Olive in Russia, what she felt is most to her advantage in life, referring to the renaissance Principle of the Advantage of the Other, she simply said, love is. Nothing else seemed to be important to her, but to be a part of the all-enveloping flow of love that we really cannot avoid anyway if we are honest with ourselves, because that's a part of the normal world that is built into the nature of our being."

Sylvia shook her head. I wasn't surprised anymore by her reaction. However, I noticed that Sylvia's blank stare had vanished. She even asked me whether my earlier reference to ending eighty years of warfare was a reference to the Peace of Westphalia. Apparently she knew something about it and its connection with the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. "Maybe a divorce isn't the answer," she added quietly. "Maybe you are being sincere. Still, it is difficult to comprehend that you just rush into these things without a word to me about them. You should have talked to me before it happened."

"To get your permission to search for the truth?" I asked astonished. "Is this what you are saying?"

"Not for that, Peter. It's the method that's disturbing."

"I didn't invent the method, Sylvia. It unfolds with living and with ones willingness to open ones eyes. Besides, it would have been impractical to call you in the middle of the night to ask you how I should answer a woman who offers to teach me what love is that can save civilization, the kind which the professor in the pub knew nothing about. And if it had been possible to call you for a discussion, what would you have said?"

"That's not fair, Peter, you know what I mean."

"Who says that life is fair when it comes to sticking ones neck out of the trenches to deal with problems that have been ignored for centuries? Who can predict what happens on the front lines? Life has become precarious. We have 65,000 nuclear bombs built for each other to prove it. That makes life quite precarious. If someone says, let's explore the issue and the principle that can solve this problem, I jump to the chance. Shouldn't I? Wouldn't you? What difference does it make whether it is a woman or a man who holds out the hand? But tell me, would I have been fair to you if I had told the woman to go away, simply because she is a woman, while she appeared to have something to share that could in the long run help save our civilization? We need to realize that it is our civilization that supports our existence, yours included. And would the principle involved have been any different if the sharing of her love hadn't been directly focused on saving civilization, but had been for the sake of love itself and the 'glow' of it?"

"These aren't easy questions to answer, I agree," said Sylvia. "But there must be another way to address the civilizational problems, like addressing them politically."

"Be honest, Sylvia," I interjected. "You can't find a political solution for something that isn't a political problem. Do you really think that this is possible? I don't! We've gone down this road for centuries, and what do we have to show for? We have 65,000 nuclear bombs sitting in a divided world, rampant with fascism. We have people being starved to death in ever-greater numbers. We have elected politicians who are so insane that they threaten to kill half of humanity with their damn bombs. We have played this game politically for forty years, and look what came out of it. We have made things worse. How much worse must things get before we find ourselves justified to be searching for a real solution? The only workable solution that appears to exist is located in the Principle of Universal Love, as intangible as this may seem. The Renaissance was founded on it. The Peace of Westphalia reflected it. The Principle of the Advantage of the Other is a part of it. The USA was established on it. The greatest achievements in history reflect the Principle of Universal Love. Except those reflections didn't go deep enough, did they? None of them reached down to the grassroots level where people relate to one-another as human beings, or should relate so. Sure, a lot of things can be done politically," I continued, "and ultimately the solutions have to be political solutions, but the political processes all rest totally on the way people think, and on how people relate to one-another. That's the driving force. One can't change that politically. One has to dig deeper into oneself. I can tell you as a fact that we will never reverse our failures politically unless we discover the principles for these changes in our own life, and begin to live them. That's scary, right? I know it is."

"You bet it is scary, Peter. That is why I am asking: Why must it be us? Why must we be the pioneers?"

"It must be us, because it is the task of us who live on this planet to make it a secure place. We all own this task. I know it is tempting to expect somebody else to act in our interest and carry the ball for us and save our world and protect our civilization. But with the stakes as high as they are, everybody's neck is in the noose. Waiting idly for the trap doors to open isn't a good option. This means, Sylvia, that the sanest response for us is to become the pioneers that develop a better option and implement it. Waiting for somebody else to do the work that we should be doing, just doesn't cut it. It doesn't cut it especially when you consider that the whole world expects somebody else to carry the ball. That's tradition too. That's the song of an isolated people. They all sing this tune, and as a consequence nothing gets done."

"Ok, so it must be us, Peter, but that's scary. Who are we? We don't have the experience for this sort of thing."

"Nobody has any experience either, Sylvia. Yes, that's scary. It actually gets more scary than this," I added. "It seems to me that universal love is also unconditional love by the very principle of its universality. Getting ourselves involved in the fight for civilization is an aspect of unconditional love. That's sublime. We need to become involved in assuring the future of mankind, even while we know that we may not see the fruits of our labor in our lifetime. That's our personal hundred-year investment to create an Ice Age Renaissance. We need to fight on, because we have to win. The Ice Age is coming. You shouldn't even ask what right we have to get involved. You should ask instead what right we think we have, to exempt ourselves from this fight, and to shirk away from our responsibility to one-another in supporting and protecting our civilization that supports also our own existence. Why should we shirk away from that and become small-minded and impotent in our feeling, while the greatest power in the Universe lies within us?"

I stood up to emphasize the point. "We have to be a part of the solution and fight for our civilization, because, at the moment when we say, what is in it for us in our little private world, we have already lost. This means that we have to take every opportunity that presents itself, to push forward in the right direction, especially against the deep division that exists in the world. We need to do this with the understanding that the principle involved will become recognized, and will uplift society and change the world. We need to recognize that this outcome is inevitable, because we do have the power to enrich one-another's life if we care to do so. We also need to recognize that nothing will happen if nobody starts the process."

I paused to catch my breath. "So, what is more scary, Sylvia, the impending doom of society, and all of us with it, that we face when we do nothing about it, or to venture forth into the unknown country of universal loving with all its dangers and challenges, but where we find hope for building a brighter world? I'd say we should rather be scared to death by the impending doom, instead of finding universal loving scary that could

prevent the doom. But we hesitate. We say, don't get involved. Can't you see how crazy we are?"

"Yes, this is scary, I agree," Sylvia commented after a long while.

"So you see, doing nothing is more dangerous than not being honest about what we're facing, even if it seems scary to face the truth," I said. "If our honesty with ourselves brings us face to face with the Principle of Universal Love, then our moving with this principle unfolds a richer world for us all, which we presently reject. Sure, our responding to universal principles, puts us into uncharted territory, such as that of the Principle of Universal Love. We are not used to this sort of thing, having been stuck behind doctrines for all of our life. But why should this New World of a richer universal love be scary? Why should we be scared to move with the principles of the Universe?"

Sylvia took a deep breath. "All right, Peter. If you are correct, I really need a lot of help to understand what you are trying to tell me."

I shook my head. "Unfortunately, I am not the genius to teach you that. I've just touched the hem of this garment myself. I can tell you this: It's been exciting and uplifting, even though it's been challenging. While I can't teach you, I can tell you about the few things that I do know. Maybe this little bit will help you to understand what I am saying."

"I hope so, Peter, for your sake, because it better be more wonderful than the nice relationship that we had, which you destroyed," said Sylvia.

"The relationship that I destroyed?" I repeated. "You mean the relationship that we shall continue to enjoy, and more of it, as we lift ourselves above the emotional quagmire that makes love so fragile. Nothing that is truly of value can ever become lost when we lift ourselves to a higher level, even to where the sexual barriers, and all the other barriers that divide society dissolve into thin air. As I said, I don't deny that what has happened has a lot to do with other women. I had shut all women except you out of my life ever since we got married. However, women make up half of humanity. Why should we create a social platform that becomes a barrier against half of humanity? Women are beautiful, intelligent, loving and wonderful human beings. Why should I close my eyes and my heart to them, simply because they are women? Why should any man?"

I looked at her questioningly. There was no reaction.

"I know you think I am insane," I said quietly. "The fact is in the opposite. I think I have become sane for once in my life!"

She shook her head again, but said nothing.

"Answer me this," I said. "How can you be so sure that the precious emotions that we both still cling to, reflect the truth about our humanity? Don't get me wrong. I treasure our time together, but how do we know that there isn't more to be found? How do we know that this is all there is to love, which we say we must preserve? I remember a song that is a satire about our small sense of love. Its refrain says in essence, is this



all there is to love? If this all there is, let's keep on dancing, let's break out the booze and have a ball; if this is all there is..."

I paused, waiting for her comment.

"We might be preserving something that is incomplete and small," I continued. "Is this little bit that we focus on, really the whole truth about our humanity? If someone stands up and says this is all there is, you can't go further than that, wouldn't you find this scary? I bet you would. If a priest says to you, my daughter this is the truth, believe it or go to hell; and that's what they are really saying and have said for centuries; wouldn't you walk out? No credible scientist has ever said that there is a final limit in scientific discovery, and suggested that we have reached that limit. The imperial philosophers all say these things that are but songs about limits upon limits, who are not concerned with the truth, except to pervert it. The scientist however, will always say to himself that we have just begun to look at the truth about ourselves as human beings, acknowledging that the horizon is boundless. Isn't it about time that we think in the same manner about love, and walk out of the preacher's office who says there is nothing more to it? Life isn't some form of religion. And having walked out of the preacher's office, we face the infinite sphere of our humanity that we have closed our eyes to for centuries, to such a large extent?"

Sylvia simply shook her head without saying anything. Ah, but there was a faint smile behind her frown.

"I considered your earlier argument before you even brought it up," I continued my self-defense. "I know that us two being bound to one-another is precious, and must be preserved at all cost, but not at the low level on which it has been placed by the conventions created in ancient times. Why must we live isolated in exclusion from the world in order to prove our love? Why should isolation be the path to experience love fully? That doesn't make sense, Sylvia. These questions point to a paradox. I believe the paradox becomes resolved when we realize that glorifying those limits is merely an emotional response, which we have been carefully taught?"

"Emotions reflect the way we feel," said Sylvia and sighed. "We can't change that."

"But does our emotional feeling reflect the truth, Sylvia? How much of it has been carefully taught in the churches, in novels, in movies, in public opinion, which we all accept simply because everyone else does? That's how wars are started. Every war has been started that way. We hear it being said all the time what we must feel this or that; that we must love only our own group and hate other people, or ignore them, or shun them, or steal from them, or fear them, or whatever. That whole group mentality is invalid when it is applied to humanity."

"Our emotions are all that we have, Peter. They cause us to love and to feel betrayed. We can't change them."

"And if they cause us to feel hate where we should love, where does this take us?" I asked. "Do you remember the movie, South Pacific?"

We saw it together. And do you remember the lieutenant's song of lament about emotions such as hate. The song suggests that one has got to be taught to hate, one has got to be carefully taught? We have been all taught to hate each other right across the world for countless objectives. That is why we have built bombs. We live within the parameters of those emotions that we have been carefully taught, sometimes for decades, sometimes for centuries, sometimes for millennia. Sadly, we all comply. But we don't have to comply, Sylvia. We have the power to love universally, and the need for that is now becoming critical."

"That's not true," said Sylvia. "We don't comply with this readily, with mere emotions."

"Oh, don't we?" I asked. "I beg to differ. You told me yourself only minutes ago that you don't want to see my face anymore, and live with me anymore. That response is the standard textbook emotional response of hate for the situation that I have drawn you into. But who wrote the textbook? I hear what you are saying, Sylvia, that the exclusive love between a single man and a single woman is special. However, I ask again, does this response reflect the truth, or is this merely the applicable, authorized textbook response to an ancient doctrine that appears to have been created to keep society small and controllable? What principle supports the exclusivity that we cherish? Don't get me wrong, Sylvia, I don't want to belittle our emotional responses. We have both been taught the same way. I am merely suggesting that a lot of our emotions are probably cheating us when no fundamental principle supports them. In fact, some have been cheating society for thousands of years. Surely, that is why our world is in trouble. Just look at our politics and our democracy. Look at it! This scene is controlled 99% by the outcome of purely emotional responses that have been carefully taught for political objectives. Billions upon billions of dollars are spend on political campaigns that are designed exclusively for emotional teaching. Why do you think the empire has been so diligent in buying up the news and entertainment media? With these they own us. Tolkien has a name for them. He calls them 'Grima Wormtongue.' That is why truth is not even a factor anymore in politics, or in finance, and in what we call economics. Who needs to focus on the truth, when emotional responses control people? Maybe this utterly destructive emotional hype that we've been taught, which is destroying society today 'democratically,' merely reflects the fact that truth hasn't been a big factor in our lives socially, or else this perversion of the truth wouldn't be possible. Maybe today's crisis is the result of us having allowed ourselves to be emotionally moved from as far back as we can remember, instead of allowing ourselves to be moved by the truth. The song from South Pacific is true: We have been taught what our emotions ought to be. To me this song implies that we have never been taught to search for the truth. In fact, this shift away from truth to emotions is furiously promoted today. It's happening everywhere, Sylvia, even in music. The monotonous repetitions of modern pop are designed to capture people's emotions, to make them dull, lest people

begin to think and start searching for some universal truth."

"The truth about what?" Sylvia interrupted.

"The truth about our humanity," I replied. "Tell me, is the sexual isolation that we have created, that we practice with all the emotional might that we can muster, and this contrary to the complementary attraction that we feel in our heart and soul, related to anything that is rooted in our humanity? We embrace the emotion of love, but you say that another love is poison. Does this make sense? We say that we can't love enough, but you also say to me don't you dare love another woman? Sure, I've been riding this train too, but does it make sense? We've become a living paradox. How does one resolve the paradox?"

"I can't, Peter. Don't push me!"

"I'm not pushing you in particular, Sylvia. I am trying to lift you out of the emotional turmoil that has gripped increasingly the whole world, which has become agonizing to you. I am trying to help you to step up to higher ground where the agony doesn't have a foundation to stand on and will go away. I have stood at the same spot. I have felt the same turmoil. But I also recognized that the paradox that stands behind the turmoil needs to be resolved, because all the tragedies in the world today, as we are ripping our world apart and are facing increasingly the total disintegration of civilization in war, in economic collapse, and in the coming Ice Age, have their root in this unresolved paradox. As soon as I recognized this, I recognized that by clinging to what stands behind the paradox I have been active in the world as an enemy of mankind. I have been blocking the very thing with all the strength within me on which the resolution of the paradox depends. I recognized that by this blocking I have been actively promoting the train of tragedy that is wrecking our world, collapsing our civilization, and dooms the very existence of mankind. With this I accused myself being an enemy of mankind. I accused myself of the greatest crime that one can commit. It had hurt deeply to accuse myself of that. Nor did it help to realize that I was not alone on this train, that nearly the whole of society was on this train with me. I accused myself of being an impotent wimp by not being able to get off this train, and by not being able to help others to do so likewise. You can't imagine, Sylvia, how deeply hurtful these kinds of accusations are that I brought against me. Of course I didn't recognize any of that until I discovered that an exit exists, from this cave of hell. The pain didn't hit me until after I stepped outside the cave and into the sunshine. That's when I realized what I had devoted my life to. That's when I also realized how little my having lived in this world had contributed to the welfare of mankind. It suddenly struck me that all of this added up to a big fat zero as if I had never lived in this world at all. This all began to change when I recognized that the blocking factors that had tied me into the cave had no grounding in the principles of the Universe and therefore had no legitimacy. Yes, Sylvia, I have changed. I have discovered that what I had clung to, was nothing but a myth, and that what I had rejected as being illegitimate, was actually true. Nevertheless I am still the same per-

son that I was before I stepped out of the cave. Isn't that what Plato writes about in his dialog of the Republic? You may recall Plato's story of the cave and its night-and-day contrast between the world inside, and the world outside past the exit. This story is about us. It puts into perspective our defective platform."

I began to laugh. "If the Universe was forced to exist on our platform, it would instantly vanish. Not a single atom would have a leg to stand on. The cosmos would be nothing more than a vast sea of isolated protons and electrons without a purpose in an empty void of utter darkness. This is what nearly the whole world is rushing towards, and will be its fate unless it gets off its defective platform and onto the platform that the universe is operating on, which we, as a part of the Universe, should recognize as being also our platform. That's what I discovered. We really can't get away from that."

"Are you saying that I have to submit myself now to being taught by you?" Sylvia replied in a mocking tone. "That's going too far. You are tearing me apart. If my feelings and my emotions are not sacred, what is?"

She turned away from me and went to the closet. She took her coat out. Without looking back she left the room.

A deafening silence remained in the wake.

"You fool! You've pushed this past the breaking point," shouted the voice within.

## Chapter 6 - Goya

"Don't let this end that way," cried the voice within me in this 'exploding' silence. "You have trapped her deeper into her agony. Help her to get out of this trap! If you don't, this will never end. Get off your butt, Peter, the critical moment in your life is NOW! Don't waste the remaining potential! Don't let what you have built together, and had found in each other, slip away! It's too precious. Get off your butt and run!"

I ran to the door, down the hall. The hall was empty. I ran back into the room, got my own coat and ran down the fire escape stairs so as not to have to wait for the elevator. Still, I came too late. From the far end of the lobby I saw her stepping into a cab. I ran to the cab. I came too late again. I only noticed the cab number as the car merged into the traffic. I rushed to the next cab in line and got in. "Please follow the cab that just pulled out, number fifty-one," I said to the driver, now out of breath. I felt like I was playing a second rate role in a cheap spy-novel movie.

"Follow that cab!" the driver repeated and laughed. "We don't play those games anymore. It's against the rules. Give me a destination or get out!"

"OK, take me to the destination my wife is going to. I've got to catch up with her. My whole life is going to go down the drain if I don't catch up. I've messed up. I've got to repair the damage!"

"I wish I could help you, but I can't," said the driver. "So please get out."

"I'll double the fare! It's cab fifty-one," I replied and remained seated.

"Get out!" the driver repeated.

"I'll give you a hundred, that's all I've got," I replied.

The driver started the car rolling without a reply. He took the hundred. The radio crackled. "Cab 98," he said. "Central, can you give me the destination of Harold Boyd. I have his lunch still in my cab." The radio crackled again. "The old art gallery. Shall I tell him to you're coming?" The radio went silent. "OK," the driver replied.

Ten minutes later the driver stopped in front of the old art gallery, right behind cab fifty-one. I saw Sylvia at the top of the stairs.

"Good luck said the driver, and thanks for the tip."

I shook his hand. "I am indebted to you my friend," I said and rushed away and up the stairs.

I located Sylvia in the lobby. I kept an eye on her while paying for the show ticket. Luckily they accepted credit cards. The show was a celebration of the Spanish painter, Francisco Goya, called, **The Eye of Human-**

ity **During the Napoleonic Wars**. I had heard of Goya, the passionate Spaniard who was inspired by the simple beauty and joy of life, as it was displayed in the people of Spain and their human spirit struggling against the sickening display of ineptitude by the Spanish rulers, interwoven with the sheer horrors of the barbarism of the Napoleonic Wars that also ravished Spain. Against this background, Goya held up his passion for reason, a light that stood like a lighted fire in contrast with the Dark Age tyranny of religious imperialism and the small-minded brutality of the madhouse that the world had become in the shadow of it.

Sylvia was seated on a bench in the lobby in front to the dark painting of Goya's **Judicial Session of the Inquisition**, a trial scene with the accused wearing penitential over-garments and tall cone hats. The scene juxtaposed the clerics smugly sitting back, watching the show of travesty with the defendants despairing, downcast, knowing full well that their fate is sealed. That was the harsh reality of the Inquisition.

I was tempted to go to Sylvia and point out the tragic face of emotions, when reason is hidden under the sackcloth of doctrines while reality is kept from the eyes of humanity. "Look away from emotions entirely," I was going to say. "Look to scientific facts. Do you believe that the Peace of Westphalia was established on emotions?" But I didn't say this. I held my tongue. I allowed Goya to say this for me. Besides, what arrogance stood behind the notion that I would be justified to interpret this deep reaching art for her? I'm not an interpreter of life, even if I allowed myself to present to her the hidden facts of the approaching Ice Age, most of which she already knew. Facts are facts. To deal with their implication was her task, as well as everyone's task.

I sat down beside Sylvia quietly. As I looked at the painting, I saw in it Goya accusing me. Goya had dared to make the viewer the Inquisition. The viewer became the person who could see the insanity of the process, and was able to merely watch it. I stood up and looked away. Sylvia noticed that I could no longer look at it.

Goya was also drawn to fight the insane notion of witchcraft and magic, and their dehumanizing bestiality. I looked away from the other painting in the lobby as well, **The Witches Sabbath**. I saw it as a terrible mockery of the by then well-established scientific tradition that had been put on the map during the Renaissance. The renaissance scientific tradition had been torn down again in Goya's time and became forgotten once more. He might have been fighting to resurrect it. But who is waging this fight today? More and more of the Principle of Universal Love had been discovered during the preceding centuries out of which emerged the Second Renaissance, the new scientific-humanist stage on which the Treaty of Westphalia became possible, and had been made a reality. All of that was forcefully trashed in Goya's time, as it was being trashed again in our own time.

That is what I had been trying to tell Sylvia about, of the fight that I became involved with in our modern context, to rebuild that renaissance tradition on which so much depends. If we direct our emotions with scientific thinking, then our responses will be more in line with what is true about our humanity. I could see my fight reflected in a giant photograph of a Goya fresco of the legend of St. Anthony. The fresco stood in contrast to most others as a bright painting of a process of dialog, in comparison with the darkened death-hues of the Inquisition that had murdered reason. I had a hunch as we saw this reproduction of the fresco, that we will find a great resource in the truth about our humanity that would empower us all to allow an ever-expanding love. In Goya's work, love and reason became combined.

I had planned to tell Sylvia that unless we control our emotions, we will likely be trapped by them into countless isolated single little issues, that tare us apart as human beings, which we can debate until the cows come home, while nothing ever gets resolved. If we take the reality of our being and chop it up into tiny little single issues, we create a tiny chopped up world for us to live in, that becomes totally unrelated to reality. We create a mythological world that we can only respond to emotionally, because this world no longer represents the larger dimensions of our humanity, as they exist in reality. We become emotionally involved if we are not interested in the dimensions of the fundamental truth that we are all human beings and that we all face the reality of the coming Ice Age together, and the challenge to respond to it as human beings, and to create a passion to assure our global food supply, or else we face doom together. Our love for each other universally, should be big enough to accomplish that with ease. We certainly shouldn't treat each other as enemies for the sake of love. Why should we? How silly of us! Who has taught us to live such a 'small' and 'empty' life?

As it was, I didn't have to say these things. Goya was saying them much better than I could have. Goya wasn't unfamiliar to me. I knew his 'language.' Goya repeated in his way much of what I had already said to Sylvia in my feeble stammering way. Thus I didn't need to say much more to her, except perhaps to warn her about the deep-reaching power of Goya's 'language.' In this context I welcomed the gallery guide, a young dark-haired woman, who was about to start another tour, who would thereby, unknowingly, speak for me. I kept an eye on Sylvia, though, wondering if she would listen.

Sylvia stood up and mingled with the people that gathered for the tour. I followed her. She didn't seem to object to that.

"Goya painted a world that isn't real," I said quietly as I stood beside her. "He painted a world in which the natural complementary attraction of mankind to one-another is rejected, and often unknowingly so. He painted a world in which the consequences of this rejection have become ugly, dark, brutal, and fascist in nature. He painted a world without Love, devoid of the faintest trace of loving, a world that Mozart had probably

dreamed would never be seen again, but which was rising already in the background, even while Mozart wrote his most famous opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*, that stood at the boundary line between the world he had cherished and the world of utter insanity, a world without love that Mozart only saw the fringe of it before he died, but which had gripped Goya in a deeply agonizing manner."

Sylvia didn't react to what I said, as if I had spoken into the wind. Nor did I react to her rejection of it. I stayed with her, now quietly, as if I hadn't noticed her rejection.

"Let Goya fill in the blanks," I heard a voice say from within. "Let Goya tell his own story. Don't lecture to her anymore. Let the guide be the lecturer. You have said enough. You have said all what needs to be said. Give her room to find her own path in the New World that you have laid before her that is more profound than anything she had seen before, especially in contrast with the world that Goya painted. Your job is done, Peter. You have brought her at the threshold to the New World. She needs to find her own path now. Let Goya show her the face of the world that she is leaving behind, which makes it impossible for her to go back, even while she can't get herself to acknowledge that she is moving ahead."

Being grateful for the reminder from within, I complied. The voice was right. There was no need for me to push this thing further. I remained by her side, but quiet now.

The woman gave a fine presentation, with aspects about Goya that I hadn't known, and with some deep reaching points added, about his work that I likewise hadn't recognized before. Some of her perceptions were rather daring, politically, even revolutionarily daring as Goya himself had evidently been. According to the guide, Francisco Goya y Lucientes must be understood as the child of the great European renaissance that ended the Thirty Years War and uplifted the face of civilization. She suggested that if Goya isn't seen that way, he can't be correctly understood. He was a contemporary with some of the greatest cultural geniuses of all times, in this renaissance, like Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schiller, Goethe, and Gauss, who had put Germany onto the cultural map at this time. Spain was on the same track, but in a different context. The guide pointed out that while no apparent direct link seems to exist between Goya and the great cultural pioneers of Germany, that one can recognize in Goya's work the same dynamic humanist energy and humanist focus that had characterized the entire period right across Europe and had nurtured the unfolding genius of humanity.

That's the kind of 'picture' the guide gave us of Goya, a kind of spiritual portrait. She painted a gentle picture of him, of a gentle giant who being buried alive in a cultural landscape that was fast becoming swallowed up in a dark black featureless night of horrors that he refused to ignore as a means for keeping his own sanity.



Goya was born in 1746, into what had become a great revolutionary period for Spain. That was the background for the first part of Goya's life, a cultural rebirth of the nation that became dedicated to scientific and economic development. Spain had stood tall under the policies of King Carlos III, and this not only in Europe. The Spain of King Carlos III had helped uplift mankind as a whole with its support of the American Revolution. Spain's commitment to a brighter humanity became reflected its own social and economic 'revolution' against the utter backwardness of Europe's imperial engine and its past that had weighed especially heavy in Spain.

Then, suddenly, half way through Goya's life, all of what he cherished was torn from the landscape and crushed, and turned upside down in a series of tragedies with the rise of unspeakable evil that eventually became a great national disaster.

Our guide noted that from this background Goya came face to face with the beautiful and sublime nature of our humanity as human beings, and also with the tragic consequences of the destruction of mankind's humanity by the forces of empire and its decadence, bestiality, and depravity. She suggested that Goya might have seen this contrast more forcefully unfolding than most people, because of his career as Court Painter to the various kings.

During his years of service for King Carlos III Goya shared the king's ideals for human development, the Colbertian policies that fought the Hapsburg backwardness and laid the axe of progress to the bestial Spanish Inquisition, though the Inquisition remained in the background. The Inquisition had been brought to Spain by the coercion of Queen Isabella in 1478, by a Dominican monk, Thomas de Torquemada by name, who became the infamous Grand Inquisitor of Spain, the beastman of unspeakable ferocity with whom the Spanish Inquisition will forever be synonymous with, as the 'hand of hell.' The grand Inquisitor, Thomas de Torquemada, stands in history with over 100,000 trials to his account, 90,000 convictions, and 8,800 execution at the stake. By Goya's time the number of people that had been burned alive at the stake had risen to 35,000. This deep reaching inhumanity lay over the nation like a black cloud. That's what King Carlos III had fought against as a remnant of imperial madness and oppression, but had not been able to abolish.

King Carlos III of Spain, and his cousin King Louis XIV of France, each had donated the sum of a million pounds to help finance the American Revolution, and had provided logistical and military support for it. Many famous European names in American history, like those of von Steuben and Lafayette, came from this background. In fact, the eight-year long American Revolution might not have succeeded in 1783, without the direct support from France and Spain. Goya stood and worked in this background in King Carlos' court while this liberating history was unfolding. No doubt, Goya was more than just aware of it, by which he understood the contrast that soon followed.

A deep reaching humanist revolutionary spirit had gripped Spain at

this period, probably out of necessity. Torquemada's Inquisition had destroyed the country's economic backbone by the killing and the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors. The ruling insanity had left Spain 'top-heavy.' This small country carried the largest parasitical element in Europe, a flea that paid no taxes and contributed nothing to the economic well being of the nation, but sucked it blood. The religious element all by itself consisted of over 200,000 nuns, monks, and priests. The 'nobility' added another 500,000 to the parasitical class, many of which were themselves impoverished, but being noble were not allowed to work at the pain of losing their title. The famous 17th Century Don Quixote characterizes this background. The Spanish nation, with its relatively small population, may have carried a parasite on its back proportional in size to the one that the USA has taken on its back in modern times. Ironically, we seem to be proud of our predicament in which 20% of the upper strata of the nation usurp 80% of the national income to the detriment and pain, if not the death, of the remaining 80% of the population. In addition, the parasitical strata pay minuscule taxes, if any, compared to what is extracted from the poor. Conditions were similar in Spain, except perhaps for the homelessness that is a more modern phenomenon. And so, in Spain, social reform was absolutely needed, together with a reform of attitude. A strong focus was created by Carlos III on putting people back to work, reestablishing values associated with production, the kind that we have not yet managed ourselves to come back to in America. That what the guide told us.

The guide also told us that under the rule of Carlos III, three men stood in the forefront of the reform movement. Jose Monino, Count of Floridablanca, the king's principle minister, and Pedro Rodriguez de Campomanes the great economic reformer, and Francisco de Cabarrus the political economist and financier. Goya was associated to some degree with all of them and with the movement they represented. Campomanes became famous for his "Friends of the Country" societies, created to encourage the industrialization of Spain, and to upgrade basic education. Cabarrus, with the support of Carlos' Finance Minister, Miguel Muzquiz, created in a truly pioneering fashion, the Bank de San Carlos, a state credit institution for society's new self-development. This venture may have paved the way in principle to the founding of the National Bank of the United States by Alexander Hamilton. Goya was a shareholder of the new 'National' Bank de San Carlos, and no doubt a co-thinker with many of the country's humanist pioneers. All this ended when King Carlos died.

Around the time of the death of King Carlos III in 1788, five years after the American Revolution was won in America, the dream of humanist freedom faded all across Europe, including in Spain. In Spain, the successor King Carlos IV inherited the throne, who left all the affairs of state to his wife, Maria-Lusia, who in turn got her favorite young bodyguard Emanuel de Godoy to run the country. Since neither had any leadership qualities they all became willing instruments of the now revived Inquisition, especially

after the French Revolution in 1789 that had targeted all the pro-American revolutionary elements in France, and of course also in Spain. Maria-Lusia and Godoy set out to support the new fascism. With the ensuing 'witch-hunt' madness that was staged in the background, the great humanist revival of Spain died and a deep night descended.

Our guide pointed out that this tragic development evidently became the background for Goya's *Caprichos* series, a series of eighty prints of the erupting horrors with the lead-in motif, **The sleep of reason produces monsters** whereby the title for the first print set the general theme for the entire 80-part series.

The British Empire's response to its loosing the revolutionary American War of Independence had become a bloody rampage of anti-American and anti-renaissance rage in Europe. The rampage began with the British instigated French Revolution in 1789, the year after the death of Carlos III. The rampage of madness lasted for an entire decade. Under the cover of the Revolution, the Jacobin terror operations were unleashed that killed or imprisoned France's pro-American intellectual elite. The process was extended for another fifteen years all across Europe behind the cover of the Napoleonic wars that destroyed much of Europe. In this period, more than a decade after the French King Louis XVI was 'processed' through the guillotine system in 1793, Spain had simply been taken over by Napoleon. By then French troops had already been stationed in Spain who served as an ally in the Franco-Spanish War on Portugal. In 1808 the growing tensions exploded into an anti-French riot that caused the Spanish King Carlos IV to abdicate. His son and successor, Ferdinand VII, was pressured by Napoleon to abdicate also, in order to make room for Napoleon's brother, Joseph. The Spanish reaction to this charade was the total rejection of the new regime. In early-May the insurrections began. By the time that Joseph had reached Madrid, Spain had erupted in armed rebellion. The British would later support the Spanish insurgents in this war without a front, which thereby would drag on for six long years in order to exhaust the nation more deeply. Long wars are one of the hallmarks of empire. Spain became an occupied land thereby and became gradually devoured by the brutal suppression of its patriotic forces. Nevertheless, each of the countless volleys of the firing squads that rang out across the country to stem the uprising, had created a new hurdle for the occupiers in this endless seeming series of 'guerrilla war,' meaning little war.

Goya explored with his art this tragic collapse of a world that was once bright with profound humanist ideals. The great hope for a new civilization, in the light of the great renaissance ideals, was dashed. But the beauty of Goya's work in recording this grinding tragedy of a nation under siege, involved a majesty that took the tragedy out of the historic context and into the universal context by which it reached far into the future where it is still powerfully applicable today.

Our gallery guide pointed to the four enlarged replicas in lobby, of Goya's great paintings that had been selected as examples of Goya's universal dimension. The enlarged replicas of the four paintings created an eerie atmosphere in the entrance hall. Far from forming a background, they set the scene. Our guide told us that the four paintings represent the four 'giants' that Goya was deeply concerned with. The guide added that these four 'giants' are still very much a prominent feature of the modern world.

The gallery guide took us to the first painting of "The Giants" as a banner proclaimed. This was the famous **Majas on the Balcony**. The painting presents a scene of two lovely girls, fancily dressed. The term Maja means beautiful woman. The guide pronounced Maja as 'ma ha.' The two women were painted in bright colors dominating the foreground, but with two dark male figures standing in the shadows behind them.

The guide suggested that the devastating 'giant' that Goya put on the canvass in this painting might be called 'cultural darkness,' or 'cultural warfare,' a process that engenders the loss of the value of beauty in society's small-minded pursuits, the loss of truth for expediency. Goya abhorred the degrading trap of the sex trade, in which women become consumed like a commodity.

Our guide pointed out that Goya was a skilled classical artist with a gift similar to Rembrandt's, in brining out the beauty of the human being and its very Soul. It was this inner beauty of the human being that became tragically squandered in the winds of fascism that desensitized society, which seemed to have been easily accomplished against the background that was also laced with bullfighting and with public executions by the Inquisition. In the unfolding cultural 'night' Goya saw mothers acting as 'Celestina' or procuresses, bringing their daughters to 'abuse' in the shadowy world of prostitution that was probably, to a large degree, directly run by the Inquisition and by the king's own police, mostly for profit and for extracting information. The guide suggested that this process is still extensively utilized by modern 'intelligence' agencies.

The guide, however, suggested that a still deeper link exists between the historic situation of the painting that she pointed to, and its universal dimension. She suggested that there exists a striking similarity in the facial expression of the Maja in Goya's paintings **Maja and Celestina**, with that of the woman in Goya's etching, **This is the truth**, of a series of three small etching that starts with the title **Truth is dead**, for the first etching, progressing to **Will she rise again?** and so on. The guide informed us that the series is located in the Black Room of the gallery and that we should note the similarity and the implications. She suggested that we keep in mind also the modern imperial cultural warfare processes that are designed to destroy humanist values under the Cultural Freedom dogma, with which the truth is being murdered in order to make a virtue of a society that is 'free from culture.'

After that, the gallery guide turned to the second painting in the entrance hall and suggested that the second 'giant' that Goya was combating, was universal fascism, represented by the painting of the **Judicial Session of the Inquisition**. She told us that the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, of the 15th Century, Tomas Torquemada, would likely have been proud to be identified as the original architect of universal fascism, and also as the ideological front-runner of the beastman phenomenon. That's what the evil Count Joseph de Maistre, an admirer of the Inquisition and of human sacrifice had idealized at the time. The British had utilized the antihuman madness that Torquemada and Maistre represented, to stage the Jacobin terror operations. Napoleon exemplified the ideology of universal fascism, not as the originator of it, but as a copycat, perhaps more forcefully than those before him, who was it turn followed by Hitler. The guide suggested that the beastman phenomenon that Torquemada had put onto the world scene, that Maistre admired, continues to rain in modern times in the background of the modern quest by the monetarist forces for world-empire status.

"Just look at the painting," said the guide. "Look at the smirk expression of the clergy of the Inquisition, and look at the despondency of the victims, whose doom is always a foregone conclusion unless a person has highly placed influential friends. Goya once stood before the Inquisition himself, to explain his painting **The Naked Maja**. Goya survived do to his high connections. Many tens of thousands did not."

The guide pointed out to us, that the scene in the painting also goes far beyond the historic context of the time, and becomes a scene of today. She said that the garments of the players may be different today, but that the game remains the same and grinds on just as horribly. The players all wear different hats today, but the executioners of mankind are still honored in the same manner. The guide pointed out that the fascism that had ruled by the hands of Torquemada has now become universal fascism, while the system behind him that still guides the hands has not changed, but remains what it has always been, empire.

The guide pointed out that a symbol that we find in the painting, that is almost lost there in the background, reflects this trend. The blood stained cross that Torquemada's representative wears in the painting, hanging at his breast is a broken cross, a tortured cross, which become extended in modern time into the Nazi swastika. The swastika graphically represents the work of the beastman executioner that Joseph de Maistre had idealized, of a civil servant who shatters the bones of a living victim and threads the broken limbs into the spokes of a wheel on which the victim is hoisted unto post where he eventually dies in great agony. The Nazi swastika represents this wheel that is threaded with the broken limbs. It appears that the inquisitor in the painting wears this very symbol, the symbol of a cross that has been shaped into a swastika wheel. It appears that the symbol in the painting might have inspired future history in which the swastika played a huge role, to symbolize the continuing beastmen

process.

The guide suggested that while the swastika has been dethroned, the ideology of human sacrifice that it represents, has been raised to new highs, such as by the imperial declaration that the earth has cancer, and that this cancer is man, coupled with calls for massive processes for depopulation. She said that the process is still designed, as it was then, in an apparent effort to protect the imperial machine from the uprising of a humanist renaissance.

After that the guide took us to the third of the four paintings that dominated the entrance hall. The gallery guide explained that this painting is likewise a 'universal' painting, though it appears to pertain only to a specific part of history. Historically it pertains to the 1808 takeover of Spain by Napoleon. She pointed to Goya's painting, *The Colossus*. The painting portrays a muscular giant towering over a landscape of chaos beneath him, and beneath clouds of lightening and thunder. On the ground, peasants flee in every direction, men, women, and children. Herds of animals break up in the chaos. Horses throw off their riders. But as the gallery guide points out, Goya has also included a tiny scene of tranquility that is almost lost in the tumult. It is the scene of a donkey that stands serene and oblivious of the hubbub around it as if the hubbub was of no concern to it, or didn't pertain to its 'little' world.

The guide suggested that the colossus and the donkey are timeless for as long as small-minded thinking exists. In Hitler's Germany the Colossus was Nazism, and the donkey was an entire nation that stood tranquil as if the changing world was not of its concern. The guide said that the same was now happening again in America, with the towering Colossus rising in the form of universal fascism in its countless dimensions, including the financial looting of America and the world. She listed its names of the colossus: military fascism; political fascism; financial fascism, the kind that is designed to loot the world to its death; and the new fascism of free-trade-slavery that is fast destroying the world's economies in the march of its globalization. "Here again, the donkey stands tranquil, while globally tens of thousands of people a day are deprived of the means to exist and die under the yoke of the new fascism of greed and quest for power in the service of greed."

The guide also spoke of another Colossus, which she called the scientific lie of global warming. She said that the donkey in this scene represents the global society that has been lulled into dreamlike tranquility as if the return of the Ice Age that is already on the horizon, seen by the eyes of science, would have no bearing on its existence. On the surface the hoopla of countless scare stories of global warming is driving society into a frenzy that shuts down its energy development, economic development, and scientific development, and thereby shuts down society's economic foundation that its existence depends on. The modern donkey likewise remains serene in the hubbub and takes no note of the overbearing colossus

of the Global Warming Doctrine that obscures the Ice Age with its thunder. To the modern donkey the real world is as distant to the sphere of its imagined reality as is the moon from the earth, as the donkey dreams on and lives content in its 'blessed blindness' and perceived impotence to change anything anyway. "Thus the colossus is free to murder us all, especially our children and their children, supported by the greatest ally the colossus has, or ever can have, which is the donkey," said the guide.

The fourth painting in the entrance hall that the gallery guide drew our attention to, was Goya's famous painting *Tres de Mayo*, or *The 3rd of May*. She pointed out that by the very title of the painting the scene pertains to Napoleon's War against the Spanish people. In this case the historic event for the painting was the uprising on the 3rd of May in 1808 that the French forces had responded to with an all-night bloody rampage of executions. Countless victims had been randomly selected on the streets of Madrid, to be executed. The painting is the scene of a shooting orgy by a firing squad on Principe Pio Mountain, intended to quell the rebellion.

"What takes this painting out of the historic context, and into the universal context, is Goya's portrayal of the victim," said the guide. She pointed out that the victim is painted in bright colors, clad in a snow-white shirt and bright yellow pants. She also pointed out that the pose of the victim is also uniquely symbolic. The man stands tall and defiant with his arms stretched out, and his hands held high. He is painted in this posture as if his palms were nailed to the cross on Golgotha. One can even see a hint of the nail marks.

"In this universal context the painting takes us beyond Pio Mountain, to Golgotha, and beyond it to the continuing execution of the Christ," said the guide. "The real victim in Goya's painting of the execution was evidently the Christ, the humanist image of man, the divine image of mankind. Evidently, this high-level perception of man is the intended victim in every form of execution by the beastman process of empire, regardless of who or what institution lends itself to carry out the process of the 'execution of mankind.' Evidently Goya was quite aware that the beastmen process is always the same, and the victim is the same too, no matter under what name, excuse, or disguise the process is carried out. And so, Goya puts us all into the painting. He puts us among the ranks of the executioners, aiming at the heart of the Christ, which we all tend to do in so many countless ways, often without being aware of it. Thus, the orgy of the killing on Pio Mountain continues unabated by the force of our indifference. This is the paradox that Goya lays before us as we shudder at the sight of the inhumanity of the execution scene."

The gallery guide paused at this point. "Few people realize as they view this painting," she continued in a quieter tone, "that we are ultimately also the victim in this painting. We stand in the targeted man's place, because we are the target of empire. We are the target even while we stand among the executioners. Thus we take aim at ourselves, because the

Christ represents the sublime of our humanity, the image of us as we truly are, which we are able to discover evermore fully at the leading edge of scientific progress. This is what we execute. Our love-starved world is a part of that."

Sylvia stepped away from the tour group, as if the impact of the guide's presentation had become unbearable. She entered the Caprichos Room. I followed her, cautiously. As we entered, we were confronted by a wall-sized replica of Goya's etching **The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters**. The image of a human being asleep, confronted us. He is surrounded by the winged creatures of the night and the underworld, or in the modern context, the counter-cultural lies of the imperial world. "Imagination abundant by reason produces impossible monsters: united with her she is the mother of the arts and the source of their wonders," reads the inscription on the wall below it, attributed to Goya.

I noticed with agony, as Sylvia and I viewed these works together, that the blank stare had reasserted itself in Sylvia's face, as if she was saying again, why are you making a mockery my emotions. Except she wasn't saying it to me anymore, but to Goya this time, so it seemed. "Where will this end?" I heard her say, quietly.

"I know where this might end," said the voice within. "It will likely end in the same manner as Helen's healing of her friend did end, after three successive struggles. The gallery has three main rooms: the Caprichos Room, the War Room, and the Black Room. Each is a room of agonizing struggles. She may need them all said the voice. Goya rips the mask off the world without love that wants to step away from, but can't for reasons that she sees the darkness of this world to be light. Who can step away from a darkness that is deemed to be light? I was glad in this sense that she entered the Caprichos Room that with its naked honesty would shatter many of those illusion.

"Don't give up, Sylvia, you are making progress," I heard myself say, silently. "You are still 'listening.' That is worth a lot. The evidence shows that you are a greater scientific thinker than you give yourself credit for. Accept this! Also, don't ignore that it is a difficult shift to make, to step away from the universal isolation of humanity from one another that every religion on the world hails and has hailed since time immemorial, and to tear this world to shreds and to step up into the realm of universal love. It is nearly impossible for anyone to make this transition with all the emotional baggage tied to one's back that would prevent this shift altogether. But don't give up, hang in there, let Goya guide you. Let him give you what I can't, no matter how ugly the sight is of a world without love. Let him show you with the starkest honesty that world without love is far off from being light. If you opt out under the strain of challenged emotions you may no come back. Then all will be lost."

"I think we all want to be responsive to the truth that we are all human beings," I said to her quietly. "We share a common humanity that



is centered on love. Why shouldn't we then love one-another in the same measure, as human beings, and love one another right across the board, and treat one-another accordingly, as human beings? We all reflect the same universal divine Soul. We are touched by the same Love that pervades the whole human world and attracts us to one-another, and we live by the same Intelligence that is the real Universe and its great wonders that we are attracted to. Only when we fail to allow ourselves to respond to what is truth will the monsters rule in our world, for the monsters only rule in the night."

Sylvia evidently found no answers to her puzzle in the Caprichos Room filled with ugly scenes of insanity and impotence. One scene showed a woman being pushed along by the winged monsters, with the title below the scene **You Will not Escape**, and a subscript, "She who wants to be caught never escapes." Another etching showed a man and a woman tied up together to a tree, both struggling to get loose, and both tormented by a giant winged monster overhead. **Can't Anyone Untie Us?** said the title.

"Humanity exists to be cherished, because love exists," I said quietly to Sylvia. I was going to add that this simple line is more to the truth, than all the petty things that divide us, even though this simple spark of truth falls far short of what the line of the poem should say. Unfortunately, I didn't say this for reasons of the fool-hearted impotence that we all too often cling to, tenaciously, out of fear, myself included.

Sylvia raised her hand slightly to the verse of the poem, as if to stop me, but then let her hand drop again.

The poem falls short of touching the big thing, I felt like adding, but didn't. The big thing is the Principle of Universal Love, the principle of complementary attraction. In the physical Universe, the big thing is deemed to be the principle of gravity. The physical Universe certainly wouldn't exist without the Principle of Universal Gravity. But the Principle of Universal Love, the principle of complimentary attraction is far greater, both in the physical and in the equivalent humanist terms. Our civilization would not exist without Love, just as the Universe would not exist without it in the physical context.

As it was, I could no longer say this, though it was true. I felt ever stronger that she needed to discover this on her own from now on. "The orbit of the Earth around the sun isn't the result of some force pushing the Earth along its path," I would have said. "The orbit of the Earth is powered by the principle of gravity acting on mass and motion. The Earth's orbit isn't circular either, but elliptical, and its speed is always changing. This entire complex happening, is powered by the Principle of Universal Gravity. It is impossible to understand the astrophysical Universe, without understanding the Principle of Universal Gravity. Likewise is it impossible to understand the human world without understanding the Principle of Universal Love and the principle of complementary attraction that goes to the very core to the human world, just as its physical equivalent stands at the core of the physical world. Everything that affects human existence in a profound man-

ner is powered by this complementary force. If we allow it to be blocked our life decays into the tragedy of an empty world in which the Principle of Universal Love is being denied, and thereby fades into oblivion. The consequence of not implementing the Principle of Universal Love is that nothing works, nothing gets done, civilization disintegrates, and humanity dies in great masses in the processes of genocide that have already been prepared. We are getting close to that on the global scale." I meant to say all these things, but could no longer voice the thought. Nor was this really necessary. We came to the War Room next.xxx

The wall outside the entrance to the War Room had only one painting, the painting that the guide had referred to earlier, the painting of, **The Colossus**, a scene of lightening, thunder, and chaos overshadowed by a giant naked man with a clenched fist. The giant dominates the sky in the painting. Would Sylvia link this painting with the Ice Age on the present horizon, instead of with Napoleon as the guide had suggested Goya might have intended? I wondered. "This brooding colossus is far more threatening to our collective survival than you may think," I was going to say. "Emotions tend to stand in the way of what needs to be done to survive in the presence of this colossus. The solution to the Ice Age is not found in fighting one-another, or in dreaming about global warming, but is found in taking the critical steps that need to be taken for our civilization to be able to continue in a radically harsher world." It didn't seem necessary to say this, as I had said this more than enough already.

"We all want our civilization to survive in the coming Ice Age," I said instead. "Also, we all know that the Ice Age is coming. And we know too, that in the coming Ice Age climate much of our agriculture will collapse unless we build the vast technological infrastructures that are required to assure our food supply, by shifting agriculture indoors. In order to build these infrastructures, we need vast resources of metals and energy, and to create those resources, we need to develop a power infrastructure with infinite resources standing behind it. This means we need to develop the capability to tap in the galactic electricity stream that powers the Sun. And in order to accomplish that, we have to uplift education to promote the learning of the art of making discoveries of universal principles, and so forth. And above all, we need to develop the high-temperature basalt casting technologies for the automated production of high quality housing, at a price low enough for them to be given away for free as a fundamental social investment, without which we are not going anywhere on the road towards the needed Ice Age Renaissance. And while this is going on, we need to get busy and build a floating bridge from Florida to Morocco, smack across the Atlantic, and develop Africa into the food pantry of the world to feed mankind during the early stages of the Ice Age transition, while the infrastructures for indoor agriculture are being developed. We also need to build another floating bridge from Mexico to China, and develop large scale floating agriculture throughout the tropics extending south from the floating bridges. We need to see us, that is all mankind, as the Colos-

sus in the painting who towers above the landscape of the world. And we can do this. We can be the Colossus, and those who flee in the confusion below are the masters of empire and their agents.

"We can get this started right now with thorium fission power," I added, "in Liquid Fluoride Thorium Reactors that gives us 600 degree Celsius in process heat. The heat can be pumped up to 1800 degrees for the processing for anything from basalt to glass to steel. While we do all this, and thereby upgrade human living with unlimited free housing, better food, education, culture, transportation, science, and so on, we will likely develop in a natural manner the technological means with which to tap into the galactic electric power resource that flows into the Sun, for which the Earth's ionosphere may serve us as an interface to satisfy our terrestrial needs. It shouldn't take more than fifty years to accomplish all of that once we get started. But we must get started. Time is running out. We already know enough about these processes to know that they can all be online in fifty years, fully implemented. Sure, each one of these elements that need to be developed, involves subsequent huge processes," I rambled on, "but all of them are possible. They are possible even now, in spite of the present economic collapse that is taking the world to its knees. For the kind of development we need, all of the present infrastructures are insufficient by a huge measure. This means that almost everything has to be built new from the ground up, and this with a whole new platform for financing, and a whole new outlook on contractual agreements, and a radically new focus on the Principle of the General Welfare. At the end of this development road, with us being the colossus, the little would-be colossus called the Ice Age, when it arrives, won't tower above anything. Nor will there be a donkey found on this scene. The donkey will vanish together with the masters of empire who presently breed the donkey."

When I finished speaking, I glanced at Sylvia, only to notice that she probably hadn't been listening. She was fixed onto the painting with a stare. Or had she been listening and was trying to visualize what no one in the gallery had likely visualized before us, seeing mankind standing tall above the world scene as the Colossus.

The War Room paintings were gory scenes, of blood and death, and executions. But worse were the etchings related to war, the scenes of insanity. One etching showed a savaged tree 'adorned' with naked dead men, their bodies bound, decapitated, arms cut off, all hanging from a branch that also held the severed head and severed arms just hanging there, their hands reaching to the sky from nowhere to nowhere. **Wonderful Heroism! Against Dead Men!** was the title of it.

"That's the situation that we face as society, Sylvia, with us failing to raise ourselves to become the Colossus, especially with the Ice Age on the horizon," I said quietly. "The war scene of senseless killing is unavoidable if we don't act and allow the coming Ice Age steal our food," I wanted to say. "The Ice Age is coming. It could start next year or a

hundred years from now. Some people suggest that the transition has already begun since some glaciers are already getting larger again. What would empower us therefore to act like human beings for once, to prevent the food wars that follow if we don't act, and to save our civilization and our existence by becoming more intensively human, by which we begin to stand tall? We have known for decades that we face another Ice Age, and that our food supply will thereby dwindle to small amounts, if we don't act like human beings in defense of one another. Isn't that the direction that our heart and soul point us into with the force of our complimentary attraction to one another as women and men? Ironically, nothing has animated us so far to take the required steps to let our complimentary attraction unfold, just as we don't take the needed economic and technological steps to assure our continued existence on our dynamically changing planet. Nothing has motivated us in either scene. Nothing has moved us to stir our stumps and get off the easy chair. We literally sit back and wait and hope that we can magically get by as we always have, and live without food is need be. So tell me, Sylvia," I wanted to say, "what is the missing force that would get us off our butt and inspire us to act as human beings? The lives of nine-tenth of humanity are at stake. In addition, we have to act fast, because time is running out." I didn't say any this. I said nothing at all.

Sylvia just shook her head, looking at the paintings. She knew me too well not to realize that my silence was agonizing for me, and what it was all leading up to.

We came to the Black Room next. The Black Room had black painted doors. Inside, everything was black, except for Goya's art. The walls and the ceiling were painted a deep velvet black. Even the carpet was black, and the furniture. The only light in the room was the light reflected from the artwork. Three of Goya's series were displayed in this room. Those were the "Black Paintings" of civil war. One was of two men fighting each other with clubs, standing knee-deep in mud, unable to escape from each other, fated to suffer each other's blows for eternity. The other series of paintings was focused on bullfights.

The third series in the Black Room was the small series of etchings that the guide had referred to earlier, which Goya might have called **The Death of Truth and its Resurrection**. There were three pieces as the guide had mentioned. The title of the first, being, **The truth is dead**. The truth is represented in the etching by a full-breasted young woman laying dead on the ground. Goya presents us her funeral scene that is presided over by a cleric, with justice standing in the background bidding her eyes. Such was the 'death of Spain,' after years of war and civil war, betrayal, and the restoration of the Inquisition. By this 'death' Spain ended up more backward than ever, just as we are in the modern age of 'Cultural Freedom,' meaning freedom from culture.

The second etching bears the title, **Will She Rise Again?** Even dead on the ground the truth is still sufficiently bright to pierce the dark-

ness inhabited by the creatures of the night. And she does rise again. In the third etching, **This is the truth**, Goya shows the truth restored, robust, erect, a proudly full-breasted woman in a scene that is flooded in the brilliance from a great sun, evident by its light. Goya shows her addressing an old bearded farmer. He stands with the promise for the renewed 'fertility' in the humanist world of mankind, in the light of the truth's divine promise. Also, as the guide had suggested, the facial expression of the woman representing the truth appeared similar to that of the Maja, in the painting, **Maja and Celestina**.

"Perhaps Goya is suggesting that the truth cannot be fully hid by the circumstances we subject ourselves to," I suggested.

The three little etchings, of the Death and the Rise of the Truth, series, filled the center space of one of the walls in the Black Room. The center of the opposing wall was devoted to one of the truly "Black Paintings," the terrifying painting of **Saturn Devouring one of His Sons**. Fearing the prophesy that a son of his would overthrow him, Saturn, the god of Roman mythology, is said to have devoured them all, one by one, save Jupiter, whose mother hid him, and saved him from the 'imperial' depopulation madness.

Sylvia seemed fascinated by both centerpieces, especially the series of the Death of the Truth. She stood before them alternatively, and pondered. In the Saturn painting, the loss of reason became a murderous rage, while in the 'Truth' etchings the loss of hope into utter despair, was healed with the dawning of a new light.

"The three etchings before us are significant," I said to Sylvia at one point. "Each represents a different level of our self-perception as human beings. This is how I see the series. The first etching represents the first level where mankind regards itself as fascist animals, bound to imperial dogma, typified by the Inquisition. In this sphere, the Truth is dead indeed, and justice covers her eyes with her hands. Nothing greater than animal type animations can be found in the darkness of this world, in which the Truth is being buried, expressed in the form of greed and in imperial fascism in the service of greed. Thoughtless, small-minded, inhuman animation rules the human scene at the level of truth's 'funeral.' The generosity of the great Truth has been collapsed so that its light has become but a faint memory. Nothing remains for uplifting civilization and protecting it. The "Black Paintings" of civil war, are reflected in this 'little' scene, as is every 'civil' war. Indeed, there is no other form of war possible that is not civil war, a war between human beings denying each other on their own home ground."

I pointed to the second etching focused on the Truth, **Will She Rise Again?** The full breasted woman has not risen yet, but she is surrounded with a renewed radiant light.

"I see the second etching to represent the second level of our self-discovery as human beings," I said to Sylvia. "The light represents the moral impetus that surrounds a dawning sense of the Truth, which society

likes to call 'moral motivation.' However, this dawning moral sense gets us only marginally further, because it unfolds exclusively in the jungle of conflicting opinions where the truth is still dead and all is but conjectures expressed in countless religions and political ideologies, that by lacking truth, are vulnerable to lies. The creatures of the night have not been banished in this scene. They have merely been pushed back into the background where they remain eager to reassert themselves at any possible chance. At this level of conflicting opinions, nothing really gets resolved and the truth remains still as if it was dead. On this platform we have wasted three decades, Sylvia. We have wasted them by not responding to our most critical need, that of preparing the world for the coming Ice Age. It appears that moral motivation is woefully insufficient to assure the survival of civilization. It is synonymous with us being scientifically asleep. Thus the truth cannot rise in this scene. A world without truth doesn't have the strength to assure the perpetuation of more than a few million of the human race of mankind, but this would be an unthinkable travesty. But such are prospects in the merely moral domain where people are functionally disabled by their petty smallness. And so, the intent to let nine-tenth of humanity die in the coming Ice Age, saying what do I care, is a travesty by intention that unfolds into utter tragedy."

I pointed to the third etching, **This is the Truth**. "Here Goya shows us the full-breasted Truth at last standing erect," I said. "She is standing in the brilliance of a Sun that is not shown, but is seen by its light. The etching represents the outcome of our self-discovery as human beings on the third level, the level of the sublime. At this level the creatures of the night are seen no more. The Truth now stands erect in the sunshine of scientific awareness. We see a farming scene, a scene of great abundance. Here the higher impetus unfolds for human action. The Truth and the man are in dialog with each other. Human action thus becomes powered by the impetus of universal principles, the principles of the Universe and of our humanity. The discovery of these principles empowers us to act, not according to emotions, but according to discovered reality. The result is a rich scene."

I pointed out that the etching shows a basket filled with the fruits of human processes. "We may call this the spiritual scientific domain, a progressive domain, where we discover in scientific progression the depth of our universal humanity as human beings. The German poet Friedrich Schiller called this the sublime domain, perhaps for this reason, and perhaps it is for this reason that the Truth now stands erect in the series, alive, full-breasted, in the light of the rising sunshine. At the leading edge of our discovering Truth, we find the empowering principle to be the Principle of Universal Love, Sylvia, the same love that Goya presents in the woman's face towards the 'farmer of the world.' All of this comes to light when we discover our humanity on the level of the sublime. The man is shown in the etching with an instrument in his hand that is used for tilling the soil, for changing the world, and he is empowered by the truth and by the love that

flows from it. That is how we must approach the Ice Age. The woman in the etching is universal Truth. She is also universal Love. The two are one. But it is the Sun above the scene that represents the 4th level. The Sun is the lateral universal reality reflected by its principles that we discern in scientific discovery where mankind comes to light in its glow of complementary attraction to one another, and also with its complimentary attraction to the Mind of the Universe."

Sylvia returned to the Saturn painting, the horrid scene, of the god Saturn devouring one of his sons. I referred to it, as the scene of depopulation, which is the denial of the Truth that is necessary for any depopulation to become possible. "Saturn is the Inquisition, and the Inquisition is society at large," I said. "This puts the impetus on society itself, to raise itself above its present beastly self-perception, where the fascism of greed rules, even above its moral self-perception where we are tied into knots on a platform on which the truth remains a dead thing, and the Principle of Universal Love is recognized as treason."

I said in summation, "If we remain stuck at the lower levels, nothing will be accomplished of what needs to be accomplished, and consequently the approaching Ice Age will overwhelm us, and only a few of mankind will be able to survive. This means that we have to get ourselves unstuck and gain a progressive, scientific, sublime self-perception, where we recognize ourselves as human beings with a common universal humanity that we all share, even to discover our complementary attraction to one another, and with it the power to change the Universe. Here the Principle of Universal Love comes to light as the empowering impetus. I think the Principle of Universal Love is the sun that unfolds behind the Truth in the third etching, that illumines the Truth."

Sylvia returned to the third etching. "In the light of the Principle of Universal Love, all the vital things invariably begin to happen without anyone pushing them," I said. "Here the very notion of universal division and isolation is invalid. In the light of our complimentary attraction of one another that illumines the Truth, the common welfare of humanity becomes each person's welfare. It will then be understood that education is an essential step to achieve the mental foundation for achieving the technological infrastructures for tapping into the galactic power grid as a readily available gateway to infinite energy and material resources. It will then also be understood that these, and only these, will enable us to grow our food indoors when the food can no longer be grown sufficiently outdoors in an Ice Age environment. Right now nobody gives a damn, and the truth is dead for society, but at the sublime level, in the light of the Principle of Universal Love, all of these essential processes will become almost self-unfolding, or more correctly, self-empowered by the power of the human being responding to the universal principles that bring the truth back to life in a big way. The key element in this process is the Principle of Universal Love. Everything else is secondary, Sylvia. What happened to me in East Germany, therefore was an adventure of discovery into the land of the

Principle of Universal Love. Things developed from there. Yes, some long-standing emotions have become invalidated along this path, but only because they had no validity to begin with, being artificial constructs from ancient times serving imperial objectives. They lose their validity at the sublime level of our spiritual and scientific self-discovery as human beings. We should celebrate with joy when we see them disappear. In fact, in an environment that unfolds into joy, they disappear quite naturally. Darkness has no place in the light."

Sylvia raised her hand to stop me. "I don't think there is such a thing as spiritual science, Peter," she interrupted. "Spirit and Science are opposites."

"No, they are not opposites, Sylvia. They are complementary. Spirit is Science in the form of a tool for progressive understanding and discovery. Without the harmonizing Spirit that is reflected everywhere in the Universe, Science is dead, as in the second etching. We see a lot of science so-called, happening that eats up society's resources and drives it into a dead end pursuit. Here, Science is dead. She begins to unfold, and unfolds fully only in the third etching in the service of the general welfare, without which science has no object. Here the full-breasted woman fulfills her promise. Our progressive scientific spiritual self-discovery, if it is focused on the general welfare, brings the truth to life, and science with it, as it gives us the power and the freedom to uplift the world."

"Scientific, spiritual self-discovery?" Sylvia repeated questioningly.

"Yes Sylvia. Self-discovery is a vital process in spiritual discovery, for we are spiritual beings. Just look at the third etching. Wouldn't any person, man or woman, discover in it something of the fullness of our humanity?" I said.

I asked Sylvia to sit down with me in the middle of the Black Room, on the black bench that was provided. "Let me tell you something about the spiritual scientific dimension that I have discovered," I continued, "and the higher ideas of Truth that have the potential to uplift your life as they have uplifted mine, something that we should have been pursuing all along, all the time, but haven't. So it really comes down to that, that whenever we face problems we should see those problems as a warning. We should see them as a warning that we still lag far behind in uplifting one-another. The world really looks different from the vantage point of the higher level thinking that Schiller called the sublime."

I stopped talking, then continued a minute later. "Are you familiar with the word, Upanishad?" I said to her. "The word means something like Secret Doctrine. The sublime is out of reach to those who are mentally stuck behind emotions, imposed by doctrines that have put a lid onto the truth. In ancient times secret doctrines had devastated an entire subcontinent. Following the Arian invasion of India around 1500 BC, a wave of brutal doctrines, religiously imposed, caused the most far-reaching female genocide in history. It was designed to subdue the indigenous people. In



some cases it exterminated them entirely. It was all imposed by secret doctrines. Horrible mutilation awaited those who intentionally listened to recitations of the doctrines to break the secrecy. People were put to death, which had learned the doctrines and had dared to recite them from memory. Consequently, few dared to speak against the doctrines. The result was that society was subdued for thousands of years under the thumb of secrecy. The world still runs that way. Estimates put the death toll into the two hundred million range in the ancient world in India. While this tragedy is largely history, the force of the secret doctrine is not.

"We also find the method of deploying secret doctrines unfolding in the social world, reflected in the modern marriage doctrines, where the doctrine supercedes the truth. Every religion has its own and different version of it, but each is as 'small' and as confined as it can be, by which the truth remains hidden that we are all human beings of a common universal humanity and a common human Soul. Behind each doctrine stands a people's tightly confined self-isolation, wrapped in mysterious 'secrecy,' including the Global Warming Doctrine. One mustn't question the doctrine, but one must devote ones life to it. One must certainly never challenge the doctrine, or violate it, or step away from it. Woe is to anyone who does.

"Nevertheless the marriage doctrines have been questioned and challenged throughout history," I said to Sylvia. "They have been questioned in the quiet of people's honesty with themselves. This questioning, and responding to the truth, rarely happens openly, because the secret doctrines must never be challenged. To challenge the Global Warming Doctrine involves challenging public opinions. The truth suddenly is no longer a factor. Many people are therefore more inclined to respond secretly to what they discover to be the truth, and then lye about it to each other. That's a new form of 'morality,' another form of covering up the truth, isn't it? This happens all too often when society finds the truth not acceptable, since it 'violates' prescribed doctrines? In the same manner the Brahmanic doctrine of female infanticide may have been secretly questioned and challenged in the heart of many a mother, before she killed her baby girl in silent obedience to the doctrine. The doctrine probably tore deeply into her heart and soul while she fed her girl baby to the alligators, or let the warriors chop the baby up with their swords. Evidently the resulting pain too, was most likely harbored as much in secret as the secret doctrine that enforced it, which stood distant from the truth.

"Scientific progression takes us out of this trap, Sylvia, into the world of the sublime. It doesn't create anything new. It just brings to light what already is. It takes us out of the domain of the doctrines and their secrecy, that are rooted in myths, rather than in truth. The sublime alone is centered on truth, and on universal principles that reflect it. The sublime unfolds in a profound process of self-discovery that is scientifically and spiritually focused, rather than being doctrinal and authoritarian. The process of scientific and spiritual discovery of the principles, strengths, and freedoms imbedded in our humanity, appears to be conducive to one's inner self-

development.

"Nor can one afford to stop there," I continued. "The search for the truth and the discovery of universal principles, is a starting point that one can build on to embrace the whole world. Isn't that what King Carlos III of Spain did to some degree with his generous support of the American Revolution? We should all be aiming for the sublime, which is really the natural platform of our humanity."

I suggested that the lower aspects of society's self-perception are easily wrapped up in secret doctrines, that people religiously cling to. "They are secret, because they cannot be maintained in the face of the truth," I said, "just as the fascism of empires cannot be maintained in a progressive humanist renaissance environment that is rooted in the truth. That is why imperialism promotes depopulation. This is done out of a deep inner impotence of the imperial system, as Goya illustrated with his painting, **Saturn devouring one of his sons**. The imperial structures and secret doctrines are interlinked. Both bear the same face, though in a different color. We cannot pull ourselves out of the 'spell' of only one in isolation, while ignoring or embracing the other. And why should we have to? The same principle applies for getting us out of the spell of both, the imperial structures, and their secret doctrines, as a means of our self-protection. This principle is the Principle of Universal Love. The unfolding imperatives of this principle can also break the lock of people's self-isolation in the social domain, and their isolation from their humanity in the imperial domain."

I suggested that this dual breakout happens naturally, once one becomes intensely sensitive to the universality of life, its joys, its strength, its riches, its power, and whatever else is rooted in our humanity. I also suggested that unless that imperative unfolds in both domains, the social and the imperial domain, we wouldn't get anywhere at all.

"Of course, this dual breakout comes with countless dangers attached for anyone, who dares to break out of society's self-confining process," I added. "In ancient times the death penalty ruled supreme in such cases, as for unauthorized sex. It still does to some degree."

I suggested to Sylvia that the Chinese people hadn't recognized for a long time the dangers inherent in self-confinement. China had remained self-isolated for most of its 5000-year history, mostly as the result of its geographic isolation. When this geographic isolation was beginning to end in the early stages, building the great wall restored it to some degree. I suggested to Sylvia that this ideology for isolation might have been the reason for China's cultural and spiritual inward looking focus, by which it became vulnerable to be destroyed by external forces, such as by the British invasion during the Opium Wars, and the Japanese invasions later on. In as much as China had isolated itself from the world, it had not developed the needed defenses against the British Empire, which might have been held back by proper defenses when the Opium Wars began. An effective defensive counter-force didn't exist. Thereby the nation was lost. That kind of counter-force hadn't been needed for all those thousands of

years when China's geographic isolation had not been breached. In a sense, for China, the rest of the world didn't exist in those early days. When the British Empire arrived at its doorstep in the 1800s, determined to push its opium 'trade' on China, the Chinese nation had nothing in the way of comparable arms to repel the British gun ships. In like manner were the Chinese people defenseless against the cunning of the British opium pushers, who had smuggled their poison into the country and caused mass addiction. The same still happens in the modern world on a global scale, in the form of society's inept defense against the imperial dope Mafia. In its far-reaching self-isolation, and isolation from its humanity, the global society has become as vulnerable to the globalized imperial drug scourge, as China had been against the British invasion. When the dust finally settled after the British Empire's two Opium Wars, which had both been lost by the Chinese, the British Empire was in total control of all of China. Over twelve million people lay dead in the wake of this incursion that had all been enabled by China's self-isolation."

I pointed out to Sylvia, that in addition to this tragedy the British Empire forced on China such a far-reaching free-trade deal for its opium poison, that it almost destroyed the Chinese nation from within. In other words, China had entered the British Imperial era as unprepared as the whole of humanity has been rendered unprepared in modern times towards the approaching Ice Age. In both cases the danger has been misjudged and deemed by society to be infinitely distant. The Ice Age certainly seems infinitely distant to people who are kept spellbound by the Global Warming Doctrine. The Global Warming Doctrine affects society almost like a secret doctrine, set up as a scare story designed to keep the truth a secret, in order to prevent the needed preparations from being made. The preparations would require a new renaissance environment, which the empires cannot survive. Thus society becomes isolated from the truth once again, by secret doctrines imposed through cultural warfare as in the Vedic Dark Age of India, and the Brahmanic Dark Age.

I also pointed out another secret doctrine, similar to the Global Warming Doctrine, which is the fraudulent doctrine that a nuclear war on Earth is somehow survivable. I told Sylvia, that I know a Russian atmospheric scientist who worked with the world's leading edge authority in this field, who warns mankind that a major nuclear war could turn the entire planet into a giant snowball from pole to pole for millions of years to come. If only a third of the world's present arsenal were to be used, those 22,000 nuclear bombs would likely inject close to half a trillion tons of vaporized material into the stratosphere. The descending vaporized pollutants would likely increase the cloud-formation process to the point that much of the water vapor in the atmosphere, which presently supplies 98% of the global greenhouse warming, would be rained out of the atmosphere. A major loss of the Earth's water vapor greenhouse effect, could easily reduce the global mean temperature by twenty to thirty degrees, causing a complete freeze-over of the entire planet. The resulting super Ice Age

would give the Earth a white surface from pole to pole that would reflect much of the incoming sun-energy back into space. The resulting effect would further reduce the global temperatures.

I explained to Sylvia that such a super Ice Age situation already existed once 800 million years ago. A large meteorite striking the Earth, might have caused it. The resulting atmospheric upset had turned the Earth into a giant snowball, in an Ice Age that lasted for ten million years. If an Ice Age Renaissance were created prior to such an occurrence, mankind would most certainly survive the cataclysmic upset, but not in today's world if the cataclysm were caused by a nuclear war. If a single volcanic eruption can cause a year without summer, as the big Tambora eruption in 1815 illustrates, the simultaneous effect of 20,000 to 40,000 major nuclear eruption could easily upset the Earth delicate water vapor balance and cause a global deep-freeze that makes a normal Ice Age appear like a heat-wave in comparison. But all of that immense potential exposure is being kept strictly a secret hidden beneath the secret doctrine of the scientific fraud that nuclear war can have no significant effect on the survival of mankind. The truth is that mankind would most likely become extinct in the process of a major nuclear war, together with all life on this planet.

"That truth too, is kept a secret," I said to Sylvia. "If it were not kept a secret, responding to the truth would prompt mankind to destroy its nuclear weapons in spite of the imperial plans that require them. In today's world, the truth is dead indeed, Sylvia, in all the essential areas."

"I think this might be the sort of thing that Goya referred to with his etching, *The Truth is Dead*," said Sylvia quietly.

"Cultural warfare in the service of empires always has had this effect," I replied.

"That's a terrible price to pay," said Sylvia.

I nodded. "That's a terrible price to pay indeed, for society's failure to recognize its inward looking focus, that keeps it isolated from reality," I said to Sylvia. "And still, the tragedy goes deeper. It continues to the very day. In today's world, the whole of humanity has been mentally invaded by the British Empire's financial greed, its secret Adam Smith doctrine for destroying progressive and developing economies. The Empire's private imperial feudal financial system, has become the global financial system under this secret doctrine. No form of economic development is possible under this system. Many more people are already being murdered every year by the modern imperial financial secret doctrine that is imposing poverty around the world, than had been murdered in China during the entire period of the Opium Wars. And again, the reason why society fell into this trap, why it loves it with all its heart, is its universal self-isolation from its humanity, the kind of self-isolation that we all cling to and practice, as if it were the ideal state of human existence."

I told Sylvia about a phenomenon that has been observed in the historic records about the Opium Wars. "It's about a paradox. The paradox is that the Chinese leaders were responding to the imperial threat by

punishing their own people at every step of the way, instead of the British invaders. Many of China's finest leaders, who for whatever reason were found addicted, were executed, while the dope dealers, who were the real villains, were treated almost with respect. They executed their national patriots, while almost honoring the invaders. This happened so often in history, and not only in China. It is still happening today to an even greater degree. This tragedy has an almost unavoidable side effect in the self-isolating small-minded thinking of society, because there is always something spiritually lacking whenever an inward-looking focus prevails."

I pointed out that in Goya's etching, **This is the Truth**, a great sunlight is irradiating the scene. The sun is radiating light. It is not inward focused. I also pointed out the inward centered thinking has become an almost universal phenomenon in which everything that lies outside of oneself is thereby seen out of focus.

I pointed out, that when the British/American aristocracy financed Hitler into power, the Jewish people had more than sufficient means to support and defend the political pioneers, who at the time could have rid the world of Adolf Hitler. I suggested to Sylvia, that with generous support flowing from the Jewish community throughout the world, in aid of the opposition movement in Germany, Hitler could have been outflanked long before he gained notoriety. I pointed out that a viable opposition movement against Hitler did exist at this time, and very nearly succeeded in becoming the government. However, it all collapsed, because no help was forthcoming in support of this movement for the advance of humanity in society and its development, while the financial floodgates were opened from the British-American emporium in support of Hitler.

"History tells us that the Jewish people's wealth was never spent on what was needed to protect their own existence," I continued. I suggested that Hitler was probably quite happy about their failure, who liberally confiscated the Jewish people's unspent wealth, as he annihilated them.

"Living with open eyes to the world, being sensitive to people's struggles and strengths, apparently wasn't a part of the Jewish people's culture anymore," I said to Sylvia. "The great Yiddish Renaissance had already been ground into oblivion at this point. Moses Mendelssohn, who had been deeply involved with the advance of European culture, especially German culture, had been pushed far out of sight and been long forgotten at this point. The Jewish Renaissance culture had collapsed into an inward looking culture. It even developed its own embrace of fascism. The Jewish Jabatinski movement became openly fascist and would have embraced Hitler's fascist movement, had Hitler not been so devoutly anti-Semitic. An inward looking culture tends to produce a small-minded and emotionally bound people, with fascist tendencies. All of these tendencies are facets of the same thing. They emerge together, and whenever they emerge, society finds itself in grave dangers and without the mental resources to rescue itself. As you may know, the Jewish people didn't even flee for their life before the advancing German army arrived that promptly murdered them,

or worked them to death in their notorious slave labor camps. Surely, the people must have known Hitler's well-advertised plan to rid the world of the Jewish population. Also, they must have known about the already ongoing genocide throughout Europe."

I asked Sylvia why she felt that the same closed-eye approach, that had allowed the Yiddish culture to be destroyed, should be deemed an ideal platform for social relationships.

She didn't answer.

I further pointed out that because of the continuing closed-eye approach, a great tragedy is in the making in today's world, as mankind refuses to take the necessary steps to prepare its world for the return of the Ice Age. "Instead of opening its eyes, society seems to close them ever tighter, especially socially," I said. "How many marriages have become fascist prisons in modern times, in which people are abused, exploited, dominated with an iron fist, or are torn apart in conflicts and legal battles that destroy a people's very future as they wreck their families, and their children's sense of belonging, and their security?"

I suggested to Sylvia that even while we suffer these tragedies, we hail the dogmas that cause the tragedies, while at the same time, we keep our eyes closed to the universal principles of our humanity and the Universe, by which the tragedies can be avoided. I suggested that this closed-eye doctrinal approach is getting paper-thin, as an ideal, and is far from being the corner stone of civilization. "These are some of the great paradoxes of history," I said to Sylvia, since she still didn't react anymore. However, I noticed the faint smile returning.

"The same paradox exists now between us," I continued cautiously. "We are caught up in it, because nobody has bothered to resolve that paradox for thousands of years. Marriage has become a paradox that employs the same axioms that have been destructive throughout history, that define emotions as truth, isolation as idyllic, and the acquisition of property, even persons as property, as the highest goal in life. In a sense, we really do regard each other as property in this context. In this property-oriented sphere, any new love must be deemed to be a poison, because it violates the property rights. Thus isolation is deemed OK."

Sylvia raised her hand to stop me.

"No Sylvia, what I say is true. We've been caught up in this a long time ago. The brightest minds have tried to deal with this puzzle, and this at the height of one of the most profound periods of renaissance the world has seen, the Second Renaissance that unfolded with the Peace of Westphalia, the Renaissance that gave us Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms; which also set the stage for the founding of the USA. Even Mozart was puzzled and tried to explore the puzzle. Did you ever sing the role of Susanna in Mozart's opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*, Sylvia?"

"What has this got to do with anything? You are trying to obscure the issue again," Sylvia interrupted.

"No, I try to clarify it. The tale behind the Figaro story sets the

stage for one of the most profound explorations in opera, *Sylvia*. The noble Count falls in love with Susanna, one of the maids in his court. She is to be married to Figaro that day. Nevertheless, the Count wins her consent to meet him in the garden in the moonlight. However, it isn't Susanna, whom he meets there, but his wife disguised as Susanna, to whom he pours out his love with words of such deep feelings, as she hadn't heard from his lips for years, and all this simply because he thought her to be somebody else. Mozart's music powerfully underscores this paradoxical setting, resulting from a mistaken identity. But why is it that the count pours out his affection in such an extraordinary fashion, simply because he fancies her to be somebody other than his wife? Isn't Mozart saying with his magnificent music, that the key to the puzzle is just as magnificent if it is ever found? He didn't cheapen the situation; he elevated it! I think Mozart was close to recognizing what had been missed for so long by society, namely that the principle of the universality of love makes its own claim on us, and when its claim becomes finally and courageously acknowledged, the outcome unfolds into an extraordinary event. The event becomes extraordinary, because a long suppressed element of the nature of love, its universality, is at last being accepted, though it has always been rooted in our heart and Soul, which before had been denied. When this breakthrough happens, love itself is finally coming to light in the way it has been designed to do as a principle of the Universe, that can only truly exist in the universal sense.

"What Mozart puts on the table, perhaps without knowing it," I said to Sylvia, "was a dawning acknowledgement of a universal principle that had been hidden throughout the ages, which is so profound in its design that it is bound to become an extraordinary event, even if it is quickly squashed again. It appears to me that Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, have lived in an age that corresponded with the making of Goya's etching **This is the Truth**, where Goya saw the Truth that had once created a renaissance, becoming trashed again by imperial society, and then becoming ground into dust. In this sense, the series must be seen in reverse. Goya had witnessed the death of the Truth in human hearts. He saw it put to sleep, and then dying. He has not seen its rising again on a universal scale, as the sublime in mankind's self-discovery, reflecting the Principle of Universal Love. This kind of renaissance remains yet to be built. However, he saw the inevitable reversal of this trend, knowing that the truth can never really die. He saw the evidence in the music of Mozart, Beethoven and in the writing of Schiller, who all lived in Goya's time. Beethoven and Goya died within a year of each other. Schiller and Mozart both died more than a decade before Goya died. All four of these men saw the death of the Truth and the trashing of mankind's humanity, while the Second Renaissance, in which they were born, was being torn down again throughout Europe. However, they all saw in their mind the immortality of the Truth, and the Truth's inevitable rising anew. Mozart's Figaro opera may some day be seen as the equivalent to Goya's etching, **This is the Truth**. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony may also be seen this way. This symphony, Beethoven's last and

crowning achievement, culminates into the grand, majestic choral movement that he based on Friedrich Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, a poem that Beethoven created an additional dimension of beauty for. It is as if Goya and Beethoven had both understood the same underlying undying quality of the Truth that is reflected in our humanity, which Mozart had likewise understood, and which the poet Friedrich Schiller had termed the sublime."



## Chapter 7 - The Three Thousand Years War

"What are you saying, Peter?" said Sylvia quietly, almost imperceptibly.

"I am saying that we've been caught up in what may be termed some day by historians, the Three Thousand Years War, which has been a war against the Truth, and its principle, the Principle of Universal Love, which Goya had illustrated in his etching **This is the Truth**. We've been caught up in a cultural war against ourselves and against our civilization that we have been losing evermore tragically for over three thousand years already. The greatest pioneers in history have stood in defense of mankind in this war. This cultural war may have started when the Mosaic Decalogue was turned upside down for purely imperial objectives. The original version of Moses' Ten Commandments said something beautiful about the human bonds. According to the Lutheran translation, that my friend Steve had read from, in East Germany, the Decalogue admonishes one to be cautious not to break what is honorable. The priests have totally perverted the original version, almost from the start, and have turned it into the opposite, a law that they used to dominate society with, down to its deepest level. It is possible that Goya might have recognized that the death of Truth had begun already then."

Sylvia shook her head slightly, as if she didn't want to hear this, though she was beginning to recognize its validity.

"The perverted Law of Moses comes gruesomely to light in the priesthood's own book about Moses," I continued, "the book of Leviticus, the book of the Law of the Priests. Here the focus is shifted from honoring the human bonds that Love has forged, to defining the parameters of a hierarchical structure pertaining to marriage that makes the marriage institution infinitesimally small, with tight ownership boundaries, and the death penalty superimposed for transgressing those boundaries.

"Did you see Goya's **Matrimonial** etching of the **Disparate** series in the Caprichos Room that shows two people joined as inseparable twins, so that neither can move?" I asked Sylvia. "Suddenly, in the perverted Decalogue there is talk about unauthorized sex, and stoning people to death for it, contrary to the original counsel to honor all bonds that love has forged. The sex barrier and the death penalty for it hadn't appeared in the original version. When they suddenly appeared in the politicized version, and became imperial law, truth became dead.

"Just ask yourself," I continued, "who did benefit from this gruesome perversion of the law that forces a community to stone one of its own people to death for such a human act as responding to love? Did the affected families benefit from having one of their spouses publicly executed by the community in this most cruel manner, by throwing stones at a person until the injuries cause death? Of course the affected family of

the victim would not be benefited by this insanity. It suffered a great tragedy. Nor did society benefit from putting its own people to death, in a rage of 'civil war,' in its persecution of an intensely human act, inspired by love? Society never benefits from putting its people to death, physically or socially, as Goya illustrates in the paining **Fight With Clubs** from the "Black Paintings" series in his own Black Room. The "Black Paintings" were painted on the walls of his house, probably in recognition that these scenes have dominated mankind for many ages and cannot be resolved while the underlying tragedy is being ignored, since they are the scenes that mankind is living with. So, it wasn't society that benefited from the priestly perversion of the Decalogue. Instead the gruesome imposition of death had traumatized society into rejecting its own love for one-another by being forced to kill one-another, even the very persons that people knew and loved. So indeed, the death of truth had been put on the agenda from this time on, and as Goya illustrated, the clerics presided over it. Only the priests had benefited from the insane cruelty of their conjured up perversion of the Mosaic Decalogue. The priests, who claimed to 'own' society had an interest in establishing a platform for the same 'ownership' claim over one-another at the grassroots level, and to enforce it. The priests also had an interest in upholding this conjured up claim at the grassroots level with great force, lest their own claim becomes invalidated. The priest's entire hierarchical power structure had therefore rested on this 'ownership' mythology. They had to protect this mythology in order to save their claimed power and position. They evidently deemed their imposing the death penalty on society necessary, for this reason. So fragile had been their denial of the truth, that nothing short of the severest penalty could prevent society from challenging their denial of the truth of the principle of our humanity. The greatest tragedy of the whole process is, that society still lives by this ancient game and dances to its tune."

Sylvia raised her hand, but then let it drop again.

"It appears to me, Sylvia, that mankind got caught up in a three thousand years cultural war that has not ended to the present day, which continues to be fought by society against itself, even against the most deeply rooted aspect of its humanity, its universal love."

I continued in a quieter tone of voice after this. "This Three Thousand Years War, as a cultural war, is still directed against mankind's universal love," I said. "It is still fought with the perversion of a beautiful and natural platform based on universal principles, into a grotesque travesty that borders on religious terrorism for imperial objectives. We too, are caught up in this war, Sylvia, which has been raging for all this time, being carried forward by the most powerful institution that ever shaped the living of society, which is the church. This institution, with only a few rare exceptions in its countless forms, has defined the truth for society, and it has defined it contrary to the Principle of Universal Love. This is why it is being said today, that the Principle of Universal Love is dead, because the Truth is dead. In the modern world many philosophers and scientists have joined the

bandwagon of these institutions that have 'murdered' the most vital aspects of the Truth. They're riding the burial wagon with the corpse of the Truth, drawn by the three horsemen of the modern apocalypse. The three are, Thomas Hobbes who says there is no Love, and Adam Smith who proves it with the destruction of economics, and the third is the high priest of Global Warming who aims to destroy mankind by preventing the Ice Age Renaissance that we need to create in order to save civilization, and almost all human living."

I looked at Sylvia, inviting a comment. After a few moments of silence, I continued.

"We are both caught up in this still ongoing war," I said in a somewhat harder tone. "The Three Thousand Years War is were the division and isolation of society appears to have basically come from, Sylvia, by which we became sexually divided and isolated, which now becomes reflected politically, economically, militarily, and becomes even exploited religiously, just as it destroys us socially. We shouldn't be in this war, Sylvia. In fact we should get out of its trap, before we loose our civilization completely, individually and collectively. This loss isn't too far distant in the nuclear world, which is also a world with the return of the Ice Age on the horizon. It seems to me that Mozart was somehow aware of that trap. I think Mozart sensed that mankind has become caught up in a tragic kind of game, in which ones life and love is forcibly narrowed into an ever closer and tighter confinement. He seems to have sensed that the sublime element of universal love, which should be reflected in our life, is thereby pushed far out of reach."

"I agree we are caught up in something," Sylvia interrupted. "We were beautiful together, and I feel all of that is now gone. What we had is gone. That's what I feel. And I don't know how we can get it back."

"Don't give up yet Sylvia," I said gently. "Nothing is gone. I have puzzled over what has happened. Our being together doesn't need to be torn down, because nothing has been lost. I have puzzled over this for a long time. It takes time to put the pieces together, but I am convinced that you and I are on the track of winning the first decisive victory in the Three Thousand Years War, rather than being defeated by it like almost everybody else is. Indeed, we were beautiful together, and we'll see more of it. What you fear doesn't need to come true, and become a terminal condition. It has the potential to be the beginning of a continuing upward trend to ever-brighter days.

"Do you remember how excited we were when we first met?" I said to her after a brief silence. "Do you remember the passion? Do you remember the days when we met for lunch at the Swordfish? Do you remember the looks we gave to each other in the elevator? It seemed we were living just for each other in those days. Our being together was beautiful, like a symphony, or a great concerto. Do you remember the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto from our first dates? That's how our love was. It was like that concerto. The concerto starts with the same passion, the

same beautiful melodies that we found in our love, melodies laid upon melodies; melodies that keep soaring and unfolding with a power and a passion for life that never let up. That's how we were, right? It was as if the world around us didn't exist. We drew a circle, and nothing outside of that circle seemed to have any relevance. That's what you fear is now gone. But this is where the problem is rooted that holds us back, Sylvia. The focus was valid during the day of exuberance, but we didn't allow our living to unfold into an ever-richer life. The circle became a fence, and the fence became a boundary. This happens all over the world. Nobody bothers to look beyond the circle to embrace the larger beauty of life that exists all around, and to develop its potential and to protect it. None of that has been happening, because we've been drawn into this three thousand years long cultural war against our humanity that is destroying society from within, and us with it. Those who dare to step beyond the limits that this war has set up get shut down. That's why the Global Warming Doctrine succeeds so splendidly, and the truth gets shut down and ground into the dust by society's narrow-minded self-encumberment?

"On the day when we met, Sylvia, a new life was dawning for you and me; a life filled with love; a love for the beauty of being alive. But then we closed our eyes, because the fence that we created didn't allow us to see the larger garments of the Truth. We should have rebelled in this encumberment, and opened our eyes wider. Fortunately, it is not too late for this to happen. Every dawn becomes brighter before the sunrise begins. That's the stage where we are at now. That's how the Universe works. The dawn isn't static. It unfolds continuously until its gentle glow becomes a brightness that fills the whole sky with the morning sun. Nobody can hold back the sunrise and the noon that follows. Sure, we are not there yet, but we are getting close. Pray that we find the strength within us to defend our humanity in this Three-Thousand Years War and shut this war down, at least between us, so that it doesn't hinder the sunrise. Pray that we will be as successful in this, as the Renaissance pioneers were who had shut down the Thirty Years War with the Principle of Universal Love, and the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, that had created the Peace of Westphalia.

"Yes, Sylvia, something has definitely changed between us, since those first days when we were in heaven together. It changed on the very day when those fences were erected that were not in our interest as human beings, which bound us with impotence. This tragedy happened, because the fences were created for imperial objectives, to keep us small and self-confined, and in universal isolation, both in loving and in thinking. The validity of those fences has now been challenged, perhaps for the first time ever. A few courageous women have stepped forward and presented the challenge. Yes, something has been lost, Sylvia. Something limiting is gone, that shouldn't have existed in the first place. A hole has been poked through the 'iron curtain' that we had no right to erect against the wider flows of Love."

I paused, nearly exhausted, searching for words. "Indeed, the world

is scarier, Sylvia, when one lives in the open, unconfined, because now one is challenged to awake and reach for the sublime, just as we were challenged on the day we met. We faced that challenge with courage in those days. But we do so no more. We got trapped into a confinement along the way, that we neither intended nor were aware of. We embraced each other tightly, with a great joy, and then moved to property lane. Or should I call it, poverty lane? The property lane has been closed now, Sylvia, because no one can really live there. You are right. That part is gone. We should have never fallen for its mythology that encumbers life so severely. But, Sylvia, what really matters, what existed before we became entrapped into this inward looking thinking, is still there. That heaven is still open. Love needs to expand and become as brilliant and as wide as the sky is at high noon. That is what I propose to you. We have been incredibly blessed by the unfolding of love in our life. Now it is time to honor the great heart of universal Love, reflected in our humanity, from which all loving unfolds. This upward step is a necessity, Sylvia, because it honors the principle of Love, which is a universal principle. Without embracing the Principle of Universal Love with gratitude, we may lose whatever love we have in the small, because Love is a universal principle and cannot exist in the small. And then, without Love, what do we have to live for? Without Love, what do we have as a basis for healing, as loving is the very essence of healing?"

Sylvia still didn't answer me further, or even attempted to. She couldn't. However, she didn't lose the faint smile this time. She couldn't deny what I said. Her honesty didn't allow that. Nor could she acknowledge it without having built the foundation herself, for acknowledging the Principle of Universal Love, because moving forward without that foundation would unravel her safety net that she regarded to be our relationship as it had been. It seemed that she needed this safety net for protection until a more secure safety net was established in its stead. Indeed, how could she let go of the old until the larger platform, that was still but a faint hue of an early dawn, becomes established into an all-illuminating presence?

Great patience was evidently needed by both of us, on this front. However, we had moved far enough along the road in this hour to be able to leave the gallery's Black Room at last. But before we did I told her Helen's story of her great discovery, of what she called, The Lateral Lattice of Hearts.

We were sitting on the black bench in the middle of the Black Room. "Let me tell you the story of a woman who discovered an amazing platform for healing in the shadow of an unfolding crisis," I said to Sylvia, quietly, as quietly as one needs to speak in an art gallery.

"The woman has a friend who is scheduled to undergo a five hour surgical operation in hospital. The woman also knows that her friend doesn't have a strong and robust heart. For this reason she keeps herself alert about all that she is aware of about the reality of our humanity and the principles that support us, and so on.

"The operation is scheduled to begin early in the day. About an

hour past the projected start time she suddenly senses an urgent appeal for help. She senses an emergency that is erupting so strongly and quickly that she has no longer the luxury of time to reason things out in a linguistic fashion as we often do when complex problems confront us. In such times we find us in a dialog with ourselves, arguing one point and then another, by which the problems typically become resolved. In sensing the erupting emergency the woman finds herself responding differently, unconventionally. She sees a process unfolding as a visual image in her mind that contains all that she knows pertaining to the situation. She no longer reasons, but observes the grand happening like a bystander would. She beholds a vast lattice of human hearts all laterally arrayed, one beside the other, with none isolated, but all being connected with one-another by glowing strands of light that she sees as strands of love flowing outward from each heart to every other, all of them responding to the one heart in need for extra strength, that of her friend. She sees each heart contributing from its own strength in fulfilling her friend's need. She finds herself standing in amazement before this process that she witnesses but doesn't control, or shape, or direct.

"In time the sense of urgency fades and the visual image fades with it. Then after a space of 'quiet' the sense of a crisis flares up again. And as before, without the time for reasoning at hand, she beholds the lateral lattice again and the unfolding process flowing within it that supplies the strength and energy from a universal 'fountain' as it were, in support of the one in need.

"In time, as she beholds the process of healing unfolding, the sense of quiet returns and the visual image fades and the environment of reasoning resumes. But here too, as before, after a space of time the quiet is interrupted again and the sense of crisis unfolds for a third time. Only this time, when the urgency fades, the returning quite trails out into a sense of deep peace. The woman acknowledges the peace as a victory won, even though the scheduled end of the surgery was still more than an hour away.

"In the early evening that day the woman visits her friend in hospital. To her great surprise, and joy, and astonishment, she meets her friend sitting upright in bed, beaming like a light bulb, with a smile from ear to ear, as if in celebration over a grand achievement.

"What the woman witnesses there seems like a miracle itself to her, for a person that came out of major surgery just hours before. She expected her friend to be drowsy, half-asleep, barely conscious, as she had seen this many times before. But this time the scene is different. Something profound is unfolding before her very eyes that she knows she played a role in but cannot fully comprehend. The comprehension came later, in the months and years that followed.

"This is a true story," I said to Sylvia. "This really happened. The story is now a part of the history of mankind. The woman told me the story herself. Her name is Helen. Professionally she is a scientist and part time teacher at the University of Leipzig, but she refers to herself primarily

as a healer. She is also a musician and a singer in a choir. She told me the story to illustrate a principle that she discovered by her being involved in the process of this healing, which she is also reluctant to take credit for and suggests may have involved many additional factors that she was not aware of then. Nevertheless, she admits that the experience became a turning point for her.

Outside the Black Room, the real world came into view again. "Let's have lunch," I said, and reached my hand out.

"No," she said, "I want to see the **Majas on a Balcony** once more.

I followed her to the great painting at the far right of the lobby, a testament of Goya's capacity to evoke beauty. The painting is of two beautiful women, feminine to their fingertips, with an air of mystery about them, and with two men standing behind them in the shadows, darkly dressed, one behind each of the women.

"Who owns whom?" asked Sylvia, after looking at them for a while. "Do the men in the shadow own the women? They probably also own their fancy garments. Or do the women own the men, in real terms?"

I suggested to her that these were invalid questions, except in terms of the lowest-level model of mankind's self-perception, by which society regards itself as essentially imperial animals. I suggested that the Three Thousand Years War is fought entirely within this low-level model of self-perception. "At the sublime level, according to the progressive model of science, focused on Truth, with the Principle of Universal Love standing behind it, the question of who owns whom is invalid."

I spoke quietly now. "The fact that you asked this question as to who owns whom, which is an imperial concept, indicates that the Three Thousand Years War is fought at a low level within the lowest-level model where all the imperial concepts are located, but where healing is far out of sight."

Sylvia seemed shocked by what I said. She seemed visibly shaken. "How can you say that?" she said moments later.

"You tell me," I answered. "What is worse for society, a corrupted person, who robs and plunders, who might even corrupt others to do the same, or a corrupt system?"

I told her that I remember reading a novel about a corrupt system some time ago, **The Bravo** by James Fenimore Cooper. The novel describes the Venetian imperial system. The system is so corrupt that an 'honest' person, having become drawn into the imperial process, becomes so corrupted by it, that he willingly complies with what an uncorrupted person would find impossible to do. It only took three days. That sort of thing is still happening, Sylvia. The imperial watchword always is; you can't go against the system; the system is invariable; the system is absolute; the system is the law. And so the system corrupts a person in that it leaves one no option not to comply. The system becomes a box without a possibility for an escape. You asked about the two women, and the two men, in the

painting. You asked who owns whom. Do the women own the men, or the men the women? The composition in the painting is such as to imply that one of the two options is true. It blocks the third option that none of them owns anybody. Without this option being recognized, the affected people who view the painting become automatically corrupted themselves, into reducing human relationships to one of the two prescribed roles, or both of them together."

I paused. "Can you think of a corrupting system that is more deeply rooted in the sewer than a system that makes you a slave to that system by your own choice?" I said quietly. "That kind of system has been at the root of the Three Thousand Years War against humanity, and this war is fought at such a deeply low platform that the war can never be won and society never be healed. Almost all religions represent this system. The Venetian imperial system grew out of it, which after 1688 became the world-imperial system that still rules mankind with the iron hand of self-enslavement. That's a totally corrupt system. It became the most ruthless and destructive system in history that now stands poised to destroy mankind and civilization by preventing mankind's Renaissance for the coming Ice Age. The Global Warming Doctrine falls absolutely in line with this process as it corrupts the whole world into dedicating all its efforts to accomplish what is most detrimental to its existence. In this case the outcome will be that it will kill nine-tens of mankind, if the corruption isn't overcome now."

"Isn't it amazing how much is tied to this innocent looking painting," said Sylvia quietly, when I finished speaking. "Do you suppose Goya was aware of any of that?"

I nodded hesitantly. "There is no doubt in my mind that he was aware of some of it, except for the Global Warming fraud. Goya was always keenly interested in people's responses to imposed conditions, and in the people's own systemic self-enslavement, or self-corruption, by becoming victims unaware to corrupting systems."

I took Sylvia by the hand and asked her to follow me back to the War Room. She had missed previously a small room off to the side of it, that contained a single painting, the painting of **The Third of May, 1808, in Madrid, the Shooting on Principe Pio Mountain**. The painting that had an enlarged copy of it in the entrance hall shows a French firing squad preparing to execute a Spanish peasant at the center of the scene. His face is one of horror mixed with pride and resignation. Other peasants are seen standing near him to become victims in turn, terrified, despondent, or in prayer. We don't see the faces of the French soldiers who have aimed their weapon. "What kind of a man can pull the trigger?" I asked Sylvia. "What human being can do this, and do it again, and again, and again? In the painting were bloodied corpses lying on the ground."

"I do not want to see this," said Sylvia.

"What human being can see this?" I said and made no gesture about leaving. "This is not a human scene, nor is this a scene of people from space invading the Earth. It is a scene of corrupted victims responding



like slaves to an imperial system that has destroyed their humanity, without any of them being aware of it. It is a painting of the dead killing the living. The executioners' task is to pull a trigger. It's nothing more. That bombardier that dropped the atomic bomb flicked a switch, nothing more. My point is, if a human being can become so deeply corrupted by a system of control, as to shoot an unarmed person to death while looking the man in the face, how much less does it take to set events in motion that eradicate nine-tenth of humanity far in the future, as the majority of mankind is committed to doing without even knowing it?

Sylvia read the story behind the shooting to avoid looking at the painting. The story was brief, printed on a poster and mounted on the adjacent wall. The story began with the account of a failed uprising at Puerta del Sol that led to an act of utter folly by the French. Anyone suspected of having taken part in the uprising, or to possibly have supported it, or to have been sympathetic of it, was rounded up and executed without a trial. This scene became repeated throughout Spain, as the French firing squads fired their countless volley's, often without really knowing why. The war began on this note. Soon it became a wildfire of little wars, guerrilla wars, meaning small wars. It marked the beginning of guerilla warfare. By all accounts, the painting showed just a page of history beginning to be written in the imperial world's Three Thousand Years War.

"Let's get out of here," I said to Sylvia once she was finished reading.

On our way out we came across Goya's fascination with beauty, his love of the prewar years, mainly portraits, among them **The Duchess of Alba**, his dearly beloved.

"After a while Goya himself had become corrupted," said Sylvia as we left the national gallery.

"He was corrupted by the French Enlightenment movement," I said in reply. "He saw in it a renaissance of reason, without ever realizing that the movement was designed to lead people away from reason. It should have been called by its real name 'The Denial of the Truth.' That is what any imperial movement invariably deserves to be called, as it adds its own page to the Three Thousand Years War against humanity. Goya corrupted himself by embracing a perversion, a corrupting system. Nevertheless, he was alert enough to discover that he had placed his hope in a system that did not work. Instead of reason becoming the guiding force of mankind by the movement of the Enlightenment, the Enlightenment became seen as but the facade of folly devoid of truth. Goya's *Caprichos* series and later the *Disparates* series were protests of the paradox between his self-corruption to an unrealized delusion, and the folly it left behind in the real world. This paradox became a torment that he could not resolve. His tragedy might have been caused by the fact that he had become the chosen painter to the king, and to high society, whose imperial realm lay far from the realm of the Truth, reflected in the Principle of Universal Love."

"We are just as pathetic," said Sylvia. "We should have known the

existence of the profound Truth and its Principle of Universal Love, as you call it, on which our country was born and built. Its proof became the union of a people self-freed from imperial rule. Our country wouldn't exist as a nation, without the Principle of Universal Love, which had empowered our founding pioneers to stand up against the might of the British Empire and claim their right to form an independent republic, devoted to the general welfare of all people. The impetus of the Principle of Universal Love had empowered our pioneers to change the course of humanity for a freer and richer world. A man with open eyes, like Goya, should have seen this, but it appears he hadn't."

I nodded. "He should have, and would have, had he not been self-corrupted by his enslavement to an imperial society and its empty antihuman ideology. But are we any different, Sylvia? The world of Truth is still disappearing in the quicksand of imperialism, while the Principle of Universal Love continues to be trashed, and the Three Thousand Years War continues unabated."

I reminded Sylvia that there had been a time, when society stoned people to death for their daring to embrace the Principle of Universal Love. "And even now," I said, "people tear each other apart for the same reason under the corruption of a perverted system that we all pay homage to, and have done so for three millennia, or more. Only a few, found themselves empowered by the impetus of the Principle of Universal Love, in spite of the death penalty, and a few still do."

I suggested to Sylvia that the greatest and most dangerous sin of our society is, that people don't bother to look beyond the 'fence' that they have tied themselves to, much less dare step across it. "This habit, Sylvia, may cost all of us our life some day, as humanity becomes more and more divided and isolated, and thus leaves the field wide open for the fascist imperial destroyers. This innocent seeming, carefully cultured habit, and not universal love, is the greatest danger in the world today," I added. "This danger is especially scary in a world saturated with 65,000 nuclear bombs. By trashing the Principle of Universal Love, and leaving the parched field wide open to imperial rule, society has endangered everything by its madness, even life itself."

## Chapter 8 - A Phoenix Rising

We went for a very late lunch after leaving the art gallery. We chose the same restaurant that Raymond and I had lunch at, three weeks earlier, where I had asked Raymond, a man who became deeply corrupted by the narrow system of thinking, to help me sort things out. Naturally he hadn't been able to help me in any significant way. His life had become corrupted to serve his empty system. He came with a professional title attached to his name, a corruption certificate as it were. However, I realized that society didn't have this excuse of a 'learned' career-man, certified with a title. And still society was more thoroughly blinded and more deeply impotent than Raymond was. I told Sylvia about it after we were seated, and were waiting to be served.

I told her also about something else, something similar that I had observed at the airport in Chicago a few months earlier. I told her about my encounter with the Lyndon LaRouche organization, that had set up a table with literature and signs, to educate the public about an ongoing buildup towards a nuclear first strike by the Soviet Union, against the West. The Soviet policy was that of the Ogarkov Plan. The organization had presented documented evidence of the war buildup, with details all the way down to the stockpiling of the fuel supply pipelines for the advancing army, that was to follow in the wake of the intended nuclear strikes. I told her that a certain Marshall Ogarkov had developed the strategy for this plan. The plan allowed for forty to sixty million casualties. Its huge toll had been considered a small price to pay for winning the nuclear standoff, and to pave the way for the global imperialization of communism.

I asked Sylvia to consider what the people's reactions should have been, who were confronted with this evidence. They faced a horrendous war plan in progress. After this I told her what their actual reactions were, as I had observed them over a period of four hours. I had observed a paradox.

The people had felt that the evidence was credible, and that the danger was real and immediate, but when they were asked to make a contribution to the LaRouche organization's ongoing fight to prevent the unfolding of the planned holocaust, most people simply smiled and walked on. I told her that thousands had walked by the table, and that of those only a few had stopped, and but a tiny few of them had actually contributed, and the amount of that, was a pittance. I told Sylvia that what I saw illustrates the modern face of denial, the face of the modern politically-correct 'Enlightenment.' The most that anyone contributed that day was a dollar. It was a form of society's self-denial. I told her that when my flight was called, I asked the people how much they had collected that day. They showed it to me. The amount was pitiful. Apart from my own contribution, they hadn't collected more than ten dollars and sold one subscrip-

tion to their newspaper. They said this had been a good day for them.

"Can you imagine the cynicism that is coming to light here?" I said to Sylvia. "Ten bucks is what those thousands of people had considered civilization to be worth, including their own life. Any beggar collects more than that. In other words, humanity doesn't give a damn, whether it lives or dies. Many of the just over fifty people, who had actually stopped at the table, had probably countless thousands stashed away, if not millions, in their bank accounts and investment portfolios that promised windfall profits. But for life itself, they couldn't spare more than a buck. Many not even that. That's the image of an animal-animated, inward focused self-corrupted society, Sylvia, with a thinking cap so small, and centered on fascist greed, that love is nothing more than just a word, a word without substance, a phrase used in self-denial, and the denial of everything else."

"And what is the system that corrupted them?" Sylvia asked.

"Public opinion seems to have corrupted them," I said. "It's a highly corrupting imperial force, carefully created for that purpose. Almost the whole society has become a slave to it, without knowing it. Each morning society reaches for its newspaper, it's daily diet of prescribed opinions, and as the system demands, society devotes its energies to pursuits under this system that are in most cases disadvantageous to its existence and survival. In the world of the modern 'Enlightenment' in which truth has no place, public opinion becomes the truth, carefully, artificially orchestrated. It tells us what our perceptions ought to be, what our emotions ought to be, and by what measures our living becomes politically correct. We have been 'taught' for centuries to make our love small and confined, and to find satisfaction in this small world, compensated by wild-eyed consumerism. "We have been taught not to open our eyes, not to look at another woman, not to experience the continuing unfolding of love, but to keep ourselves isolated, to keep life confined, to keep it small, to keep it animated with animal-like impulses that don't empower one to think in terms of civilization, in terms of building a renaissance, or as we now must, in terms of surviving the recurring Ice Age, in an Ice Age Renaissance. We have been told: Don't look! Don't touch! Don't rock the boat! Just keep your head stuck in the sand and dream contented, that the evermore unfolding hell that is engulfing us, is heaven. Of course, Sylvia, if this is the way society had reacted in the early 1600s, the Second Renaissance would have never been launched, and the Treaty of Westphalia would have never been attempted, so that the Thirty Years War might have continued for another hundred years, until civilization would have collapsed totally, so deep that the USA would never have been formed. Now we face the same process all over again, except in a much worse context."

Sylvia made a gesture of protesting, but said nothing. She shook her head instead and began studying the menu.

As I had on the day when I had lunch with Raymond at the place, I ordered the soup of the house again and their prawns-special, Vietnamese

style. After all, we had come to a Vietnamese restaurant. I remembered the prawns to have been well prepared with a tasty, spicy, buttery sauce. Sylvia followed my suggestion.

"What did you and Raymond talk about here?" Sylvia asked.

I laughed. "We talked about my womanizing. He regarded me as one of those countless sinners who couldn't help themselves. He told me that I shouldn't worry, because the whole world was like that. He said that most civilizations, that his professional researchers studied, were openly polygamous. I told him that this didn't apply. So he told me that his researchers also found that almost half of all men surveyed have had affairs of some form outside their marriages, and that the rest probably envied those. He suggested that under those terms, being a sinner, is quite all right. Actually, he never used the term, womanizing. He is too polite for that. He talked around it. It appears that womanizing is an imperial term that has been constructed, to corrupt society into being ashamed of the slightest notion of responding to the Principle of Universal Love. Obviously, his researchers didn't make this recognition, and neither did he. Instead he represented the corrupting effect of the term. He said in essence that I should bow to the system and be ashamed as one is supposed to be, but in the same breath he came to my defense, by suggesting that my 'failing' was excusable, since human beings are inherently small-minded, pitiful, weak, and impotent."

Sylvia just laughed. "Did you tell him that he is wrong?"

I shook my head. "I didn't know then that he was wrong. I didn't know this, until I had time to ponder the principles involved that he couldn't understand. I believed him, when he suggested to me that I am 'small' and pitiful among men, and as helpless as a worm. Raymond even suggested that I should bow to this fact, and stand before you with my head bowed low asking you for your forgiveness. I knew that I could never do this. I felt that this would be an insult to you. I had a faint inkling then that the whole system that he represented, is wrong. I just didn't know why."

"I'll never use the term, womanizing, again," said Sylvia.

"This might be too hasty," I said quietly. "It might be the key to a new renaissance. It seemed to have been that for me, though with a different meaning. For years I regarded any woman, apart from you, as if she were a different species from another world that I must have no contact with. Looking back, those years had become years of a kind of sterile existence, of an enforced sexual emptiness, that I didn't feel was right. I was lucky that a few courageous people came along and helped me to re-womanize my life. I think the principle behind womanizing a man's life, is a powerful principle that has the potential for society to empower itself to break the deadlock of division and isolation. And I mean this not just in the context of sexual division against women, but also in countless different regards, extending into politics, science, economics, and so forth."

Sylvia raised her glass of wine that we had ordered with the meal, and proposed a celebration. "I never thought I would hear myself saying

this. Have a joyous womanizing of your life, Peter. But, what does that do to our marriage, Peter?"

"Doesn't that make us richer, Sylvia? It brings the wondrous dimension of the womanhood of mankind more profoundly into it, and likewise the manly elements that you may find fascinating. The world is rich with all of these. Why should we shun them? Our marriage then no longer isolates us from them if we open our doors and windows to the world. It would then be brightened with the light from many a sun. It would be a growing marriage, Sylvia, rather than a diminishing one."

"You fiend, Peter!" said Sylvia and punched me.

"I mean it," I said. "What would you say today, if I turned the clock back, if this were possible, and invite Heather to stay with us for a few days, to help her getting established in Pittsburgh, as we were coming back from Key West? Might you not be enriched by that wonderful person that you too might embrace as a beautiful friend?"

Sylvia smiled and waved a finger at me. "Don't push me, Peter!" she said. "Don't turn the world upside down by force."

"Don't worry, Sylvia, I won't. I'm far too scared for this to happen," I said quietly, "though I should be starting a revolution, because the state of the world is infinitely more scary than this. It is in dire need of a humanist revolution. We all are. That is why I have been fighting for you all day."

"You have been fighting for me?" said Ushi. "I thought that I have been fighting against you. I fought you hard, even while I hated the thought of winning this fight. I was scared of it."

"I have been fighting for you more desperately than you can imagine. What is precious, one fights for," I said.

"I guess I had been too busy in fighting against you, to notice that you were fighting for me," she said. "Except I did wonder how you managed to follow me to the art gallery. How did you know where I would be?"

"Oh, a hundred dollar bill still moves mountains in Washington," I said and grinned. "I couldn't take the risk of loosing you."

"But why were you fighting for me, Peter? I insulted you. Why didn't you just let me go? What was the big reason that was driving you?"

"For starters, I love you and always have, and always will," I said and smiled. "Also, we had those dozen years together. The brightest times of my life would become meaningless without you. But those are all selfish reasons. The fighting would have been for my self-interest. But this wasn't the main driver. I really was fighting for you. And this struggle started with your focus on womanizing. I knew from this moment on that I had no choice but to lift you out of this trap. This was the biggest burden that you carried, and the most dangerous one. I had to fight for you. But even as this was plain, I couldn't tell you the reason. You would not have understood any of it in the state you were in, even while its core subject is the most dangerous one in the entire history of civilization. Now you may be

able to get a glimpse of it."

"And what would this be, Peter?"

"I already told you a part of it in passing," I said quietly. "It begins with the fact that men and woman are not opposites in nature, but are complementary by design. This fact rests on a principle that the entire Universe is built on, without which it would not exist. It is the principle of complementary attraction and complementary protection. Every atom is build on a platform of complementary polarities of protons and electrons that are bound to each other by complementary attraction and protection, with which an atoms is formed that is 100,000 times larger than its parts. This enormous outcome indicates how powerful the principle of complementary attraction and protection really is. I had mentioned all of this already, as you may remember. I had also mentioned that this complementary system also defines the nature of humanity as men and women who thereby come to light not as isolated opposites, but as complementarily attractive to one another as a reflection of the most basic model of the Universe. In other words; the universal isolation of mankind is not possible in the real world, as the principle of the Universe does not support this notion. The notion is imaginary, religious, defective, arbitrary, mythological - in short, it's anything but real."

"And why would this be so dangerous?" interjected Sylvia.

"Try to answer this question and you will soon realize why," I said to her. "To start with, let me help. Consider that there exist two types of government in the world. One type is empire. The other type is the nation state. Empire is a platform for looting the world. The nation state is a platform for creating a civilization. How do these two platform relate to the principles of the Universe?"

"They don't," said Sylvia. "They are opposites. One eradicates the other."

"Would you then say that empire exists without a principle?" I said, "as of two mutually exclusive opposites, only one can be real. Empire and the nation state cannot be complementary attractive since one wipes out the other. The combination of empire and civilization can exist in isolation for a period, but not for long, because each stands as a mortal danger to the other. Here is where the danger for us begins.

"Empire exists by looting, not by building and creating. But as it is looting the targeted society that it feeds on, it destroys that society by sucking it dry, whereby it destroys itself in the end as it destroys what it feeds on. For this reason it is not possible, ever, for a world-empire to exist. Before empire becomes a world-empire, it destroys itself by looting what it feeds on. Empire maintains itself fundamentally by the illusion that it has legitimacy, and this is only possible by its philosophical self-isolation from reality into the world of fantasy, and its skill in dragging the world down with it, into its trap. And this is where its vulnerability lies, for as soon as it becomes scientifically recognized in society that the real nature of mankind reflects the principle of complementary attraction and comple-

mentary protection, without isolation, which reflects the principle that the entire Universe operates on, it becomes apparent thereby that empire doesn't fit, that it stands out like a sore thumb, and therefore comes to light as something that has no legitimacy. By this recognition, empire, which stood throughout the ages as the enemy of mankind, is doomed. By the same recognition every structure that promotes the myth of the isolation of mankind as being natural and real, which the mythology of empire rests on, such as is promoted by social religion, mystic tradition, the enlightenment of empiricism, whether old or new, and so forth, including the social ideology of men and women being natural opposites, defines itself thereby an enemy of mankind. People are fighting for these with all their might, rendering themselves by their action an enemy of mankind."

"Oh my God! This is what I too have been fighting for," said Sylvia with a sense of awe in her tone of voice for the dawning recognition. "With every word that I have spoken about womanizing I have rendered myself an enemy of mankind. Is that what I have done?"

"I was fighting for your freedom from this trap, Sylvia," I said quietly. "Can you imagine how heavily this burden would lay on your soul if you had remained in this trap, and you came to realize some time down the road that the very mythological foundation that you supported with your very life, underlies the tragedy that is causing the destruction of mankind, even while empire destroys itself in the process? This burden of this realization would have been immensely great, too great for anyone to bear. I had to protect you against this, by fighting for you with all I had. Of course, I also fought for you so that you wouldn't lose me and all that we had together. This too, would have been hard for you to bear. But more than this, I had to fight for you to open up a future for you that is brighter than anything we had before, because once a person is no longer an enemy of mankind, the joy over standing up for the truth has a greatly liberating effect. I had to fight for you on this count, because what comes out of it becomes important in the dark times ahead when the world dies under the thumb of empire, should it come to this point, as it may, since nobody, or far too few, bother to fight to protect civilization by standing up for mankind. The resulting potential tragedy may be America's fate in the not-so-distant future, since hardly anyone is standing up for the nation, whereby their indifference in isolation becomes their doom. If this indifference isn't halted, so that the current train to hell won't be stopped, we will see all the grand features that still define our still precious America today, blowing away with the wind. We will see industries vanish, jobs evaporating, food becoming scarce or unaffordable, housing collapsing out of reach for evermore people. Even what we call government today will vanish in such terms that we won't recognize the present structures anymore and the principles of our constitution that still stands to some degree for the general welfare of the nation. I am not joking about this, Sylvia. This is serious. Indifference is one the most devastating enemies standing against mankind. What Goya saw will likely seem in future years as paradise in comparison, if empire



continues on its present course as the present indifference in society to its humanity continues unabated. I am saying this, because the horror that Goya saw was soon thereafter halted, before it became too bad. But who stands in the hustings today to hold back the march of fascism? Who stands tall today as a human being? Society at large grovels as underlings. That's what I see. Yes, empire will collapse. But mankind doesn't need to collapse with it. This fate can be avoided. The tide can still be turned back. The principle for doing this is already becoming plainly recognizable. I'm trying to move with it. In a sense, I am fighting for my life, and yours, and that of all. In this context I was fighting for you to bring you into this sphere too where we can do something to uplift our world by standing tall in it, and not drown in its mud that is evermore flooding the scene. It appears that I have succeeded in helping you, at least to some degree, to step up to higher ground. I think you have done this. I think we have wone a significant victory together, don't you agree?"

Sylvia smiled and nodded, but then began to shake her head.

"I am not joking, Sylvia," I said quietly. "Things are worse today in the world than they ever have been, but we also stand taller today than ever, at least the two of us, against the tide of evil that is tearing our world down. We are stuck in a New Thirty Years War, but this time without an end in sight unless we begin to stand tall. There is no Peace of Westphalia on the horizon, as in 1648, because the background is much darker today, except for the breakthrough that we have made that stands as a lone spark of light in this night. The modern Thirty Years War is one of cultural warfare, carried out under the Project of Cultural Freedom that society has been corrupted to hail as a panacea. If this cultural warfare is allowed to continue unopposed, it will destroy civilization and mankind with it. This is the inevitable result of the evil poison of empire if it continues to flow unopposed. The non-collapse of civilization is not possible under those circumstances, even in the face of the fact that evil itself is not a power and has no principle, but runs contrary to the principles that operate in the Universe. The evil that we lament is the resulting effect of mankind stepping away from the principles of its humanity that leaves in its wake a gaping void. This means that we are not fighting against evil itself, but against the gaping void in the quality of our perception of what is real about our humanity. The real challenge, therefore, is to overcome the boated mass of indifference.

"We are facing the enormous challenge of stopping that," I continued, "which makes every other challenge that we have faced before quite insignificant in comparison. If left unchallenged, the modern Thirty Years War of cultural warfare will then pinnacle into a new Three Years War that is the typical outcome of intense psychological warfare. On this path insanity becomes a rage like that which Goya had witnessed with despair. Except Goya's age was tame, in terms of technological impotence. The modern equivalent may be the long-dreaded, final, Three-Days War of nuclear holocaust from which civilization might never recover, or at least not for a very

long time with the next Ice Age already on the horizon. In the resulting primitive world, with a tiny population that is living in a precarious style of existence, there would not be enough strength left in society for starting a galactic-energy renaissance, and the world's remaining primitive energy resources would be insufficient to carry mankind through the next 100,000 years of the Pleistocene deep-freeze cycle. Thus we have the greatest potential tragedy looming before us, even while we have the power remaining in us for creating the grandest renaissance ever to protect ourselves and our civilization, which we have become corrupted to squander and lose, never to have it again."

Sylvia's posture of disagreement that had quickly escalated into protest, gave way to an expression of shock.

"Why are you telling me this?" Sylvia responded rather sadly.

"Because it is in your interest to know this," I replied, still speaking quietly. "It is in your interest as a human being to help re-humanize the world, because you too, live in this world, which must be uplifted and be conditioned to endure. The sad fact is that we have all become stuck in a whole string of ever-more frightening forms of war, which are all rooted in the original imperial Three-Thousand Years War, if I may call it that, which has been fought continuously against the humanity of the human being and its primary principle, the Principle of Universal Love.

"My point is," I continued, "that unless we win our humanity back and shut down this Three-Thousand Years War, we won't be moved to shut down the Three Hundred Years War of economic destruction that is presently tearing our house down, nor the modern Thirty Years War of cultural destruction that is dragging us down to the level of animals and into the rage that leads to nuclear war, the dreaded Three Days War. That is why I feel it is so enormously important that we shut down the Three Thousand Years War now, in this timeframe, as fast as possible, with all means that we possess, even while we barely understand the process yet. What happened in East Germany was probably the first attempt in modern time to invalidate what stands at the very core of this war that is raging against mankind, which we must win, and can win on the platform of the Principle of Universal Love. That is what we must be fighting for right now. We must be fighting for the validity of the Principle of Universal Love, as challenging as this may be at the present stage. That's the core principle of civilization. That's what our continued existence on this planet depends on, especially with the return of the Ice Age on the horizon. We need to rally around the Principle of Universal Love. We must do this. We have no other option. Nothing else empowers us to deal with these numerous types of warfare built on warfare where the issues become obscured that threaten our existence and prevent us from creating that renaissance that we need to enter the coming Ice Age with. All of that needs to be done, before we can even begin the hundred years development cycle for the needed scientific, technological, and economic infrastructures that we must create on a global scale to successfully face the coming Ice Age."

Sylvia's expression of shock gave way to an expression of bewilderment. She began shaking her head slightly, but she didn't say anything more.

We ate our soup in silence after that, with the echo of the shock still reverberating.

"The obvious fact that the Principle of Universal Love is presently totally rejected, indicates to me that we have a long road ahead of us," I continued. "It probably won't be an easy road. However, now that we are at least on the road, and some movement has begun, I see cause for hope. I can even see cause for celebration, since as Mozart hints at in his Figaro opera, with the voice of the Count, that the restoration of the Principle of Universal Love is an immensely joyful process. In fact, Sylvia, it appears to be more than worthwhile to go down this road, just for that, even if it is necessary to do so in order to save our civilization, and for mankind to be able to survive, and for our children to have a future. I would even assert that the Principle of Universal Love, and our individual joy, are completely linked, so that neither can truly exist without the other."

I suggested that joy and its expression could never be locked up behind the circular fence, behind which humanity hides itself in countless ways from its own universal world. "Joy unfolds from the sublime in the universal domain," I said. "It is too broad and too wide to fit behind any fence, even if the fence is gold-plated, as in mysticism, nationalism, idealism, religiosity, or imperialism. Love and joy, like Truth, cannot exist in the small, but require all mankind to be a part of it, and reflect it in its boundless development." I told Sylvia that Helen went so far as to define the universal economic development of mankind as the core element of our joy.

"I think our life should reflect that joy," I said to Sylvia. "It should be as thoroughly joyful as Mozart's music in Figaro is, for an outpouring love, or as Beethoven's violin concerto is, and his piano sonatas and his grand symphonies are. I think our life has been far less than that. Granted, one doesn't find the same passion in the Beethoven violin concerto that one finds in the great Mendelssohn violin concerto, but one finds an exquisite gentle beauty in its design that takes one beyond mere passion, to something higher that is sublime, though it doesn't quench the passion, but rather heightens it. Nothing is overpowering in the Beethoven concerto. Still it is immensely powerful, and it represents the powerful state of peace and joy, and love, all unfolding together from the Principle of Universal Love. That's how our life should be, Sylvia, unconfined, no matter how precious the confinement may seem to be. When this unfolding happens, one is more likely to be sensitive to the greater things. We need to become sensitive to one-another on a higher level, and on a much broader scale, on the universal human scale, on the level of honesty with ourselves and one-another, on a level of generosity, even universal loving, or else we and humanity cannot survive. For this to be possible, we must win the Three

Thousand Years War that empire has been waging against mankind."

I stopped for a moment.

"We can win the Three Thousand Years War with the Principle of Universal Love," I continued on like a broken record. "With this victory we can also win the Three Hundred Years War against mankind by the Venetian imperial complex that became the modern empire centered in London. We mustn't shirk away from the responsibility of winning both of those wars, which are really one, and all the smaller wars that came out of them, like today's Thirty Years War of economic destruction that is wrecking the world. So far we have done nothing except to allow ourselves to be beaten back. In the background to this failure the imperials escalated their attack on mankind. This became the new Thirty Years War of cultural warfare and economic destruction that may soon turn into a Three Years War of utter insanity followed by the potential Three Days War of nuclear holocausts all over the planet. We have to break this sequence, Sylvia, by which we are doomed, and we will. The age of indifference is about to end. We will make it so. Things have become too critical, Sylvia, for one to sit idly by."

Sylvia responded by shaking her head again.

"I am totally serious," I said. "I have seen the evidence in East Germany. Nuclear war is on the agenda. The Soviets are serious. The preparations are under way. The infrastructures for war are already on the ground. The Ogarkov plan is real. I saw the evidence with my own eyes. To say that the danger is very great is an understatement. So, who is going to prevent this terrible tragedy if humanity doesn't give a hoot to break the sequence that leads to war? Fortunately for us, the Ogarkov Plan may not proceed to its final end. The Soviet Union may collapse before the Ogarkov plan can be carried out, but the sequence to war will continue until that entire escalating sequence is stopped."

Sylvia nodded slightly, but still remained silent.

"There is nobody besides humanity on this planet that can do this," I continued. "There stands nobody above us who can wave a magic wand to banish war. If there were, the magic wand would have been waved long ago. We have no choice, Sylvia; we must accomplish this task by ourselves. As I said, we must re-humanize society, beginning with ourselves. And more than that, we must humanize society more profoundly than ever before and create a New World in the process. We must do whatever it takes to get us out of this mess that we've become trapped into by the effect of indifference. We must face reality, and take whatever steps are needed to eliminate the danger to our existence, no matter how hard the task may appear. This includes everyone, you and me too. We are humanity, Sylvia. We are a part of humanity. No heroes will be riding to our rescue in the morning light, as in the movies, and take this responsibility from our shoulder. No Martians will come and intervene, to aid us in this task. Humanity has to rescue itself. Each person has to help with his or her own contribution towards building a broader base for living, for taking away our divisions. We all share the responsibility that comes with living on this planet.

If the Principle of Universal Love empowers us to snap us out of our narrowly focused encumberment, and enables us to see the world on a broader basis, than that's a reasonable start, don't you agree?"

Sylvia still didn't reply, but her smile grew brighter again. She seemed to react in the manner as I had reacted towards Ushi during our role playing back in Cozumel, when I couldn't find an argument against her logic that would have withstood the test of reason.

"I suppose that Raymond, our learned friend the psychiatrist, didn't tell you about that," I continued moments later. "He didn't tell you this, because his professional knowledge doesn't reach that far. No one's does. He is in a state of denial himself. He lives behind an even taller fence than most people do. Raymond doesn't know that there exists a far richer basis for people to support each other on, than the small platform that he is trained to deal with. A psychiatrist isn't trained to think in terms of the sublime. He is only trained to deal with the lowest level of mankind's self-perception, where we see ourselves as animals and thereby become corrupted to suppress any higher idea, or principle, or truth, in the name of empire and its ideology, which he represents. As a psychiatrist he can't even imagine the basis on which people can enrich each other's life with the rich overflow that unfolds from the fountain of heart and soul within."

I began to laugh. "With all his so-called liberal thinking, Raymond still sees me as an unfortunate sinner, who couldn't help himself. No doubt, he made excuses for me, when he spoke to you, but I bet he never once came out honestly with the simple truth, that the world is full of beautiful things and beautiful people, and that humanity exists to be cherished, because Love exists. He doesn't see this as a reality, even though this reality is as broad and wide as the world. He should have said to you, that he envies you that someone near to you has dared to open his eyes and his thoughts to the wonders of human love and life that surrounds us everywhere like a living force, the very force that we have been trained for thousands of years to ignore and deny, but which the principles of the Universe define as a complimentary attracting force between all men and woman, non-isolated, all-embracing, on a platform as wide as the world.

"I bet he didn't say anything like that," I added. "Obviously he didn't, because he is not allowed to see that far. I think that in spite of all his training, and all his scientific insight, he simply cannot imagine that a marriage can exist as the center of ones affections, and this richly so, without it being an impregnable boundary at the same time. He sees marriage as a structure of boundaries, as he was taught by his masters to see it, and not as a structure of human bonds that bind us all with love. His masters would have a fit if he dared to embrace the Principle of Universal Love in the social domain. It would instantly invalidate all the hierarchical role-playing that he deals with. He talks about living in big houses, and painting on huge canvasses, but he does so with a small mind that is completely unaware of the boundless realm of the sublime. He never once suggested

to me that there is a whole world beyond the fence, that one needs to become sensitive to it in its entirety, a world of love, that one needs to embrace, which is essential for protecting life and civilization on this planet. He hasn't got the faintest notion that such a world can exist, and that ones stepping towards the real world is terribly scary and demanding, even if it is greatly enriching in joy and peace, and power."

I shook my head as if in lingering amazement over how small-minded learned thinking can be, or learned ignorance as Cusa recognized during the Golden Renaissance. "The tallest idea that Raymond presented to me, was that the marriage bond should reflect a commitment to enrich one-another's life, but he had no idea what this implies, and that this cannot be done behind a fence that shuts out the world. Life must be so wide that we bring to each other the gift of our love from the ends of the Earth, while it is evermore richly unfolding. Unfortunately, what unfolds behind closed doors cannot meet that requirement. History has proven that this self-confinement from living is typically so poor and beset with lack, want, and impotence, that it can actually be quite deadening. A dear friend of mine, a loyal defender of the fence, once told me, and he was serious about that, that human life isn't precious at all. Really, Sylvia, that's what he said. He is totally convinced that there is nothing precious about it at all. To him, life is a burden. Can you believe that?"

Actually it didn't seem to matter anymore to me that Sylvia didn't answer. I counted it as enough of a victory that the blank stare was gone and that her usual smile graced her face again.

"I am sorry to say this," I said, "but my friend who thinks that human life isn't worth anything, and Raymond too, are perfect examples of the way many people think. That's why society doesn't give a damn whether or not a nuclear holocaust threatens to end everything. I suppose, all too many people find life so empty that they simply don't care, or don't care to protect it. That's why the world is stuck in a rut. And why should those people care who find no value in being alive? To those who are already dead, the actual physical dying is a rather meaningless exercise, don't you agree? Their reaction will have to be cynical, as most people's reactions indeed have become. If humanity were really alive, it would have rid itself of nuclear weapons eons ago. It would have done whatever was necessary to get rid of them, totally. Indeed, it would never have created them in the first place. This shows how deep we have sunk into a rut. But it doesn't have to remain so. Life can be rich and precious if we allow ourselves to embrace it just a little more fully. Then, perhaps, people may be more inclined to protect their life and their civilization."

Sylvia didn't respond to this either, at least not for a long time, so it seemed. Eating the meal provided enough of an excuse not to respond, but to let it all percolate through and through in the mind.

"Something has changed you," she said finally when the last of the

prawns was eaten. "I like what I see. You have blossomed!"

"That's not a good enough reason," I countered her. "I can't accept that. There needs to be a deeper-lying reason, like stepping onto the sublime level where relate to one-another as profound and sublime human beings, rather than underlings to circumscribed relationships. Responding to the Principle of Universal Love is not a shallow thing, but an open door to great wonders with great challenges that can only be resolved on the sublime level. If we try to evade those challenges, there will be no peace between us."

"Something has happened alright, I know that, Peter," Sylvia responded quietly. "I even recognize that something positive has happened. But what really is it that has changed? And most of all, what have those women got to do with that?"

Sylvia looked at me with a questioning look as if she wanted to say something. Then she looked away and reached for the desert menu. Minutes later she put it back to where it had been.

"What do you mean when you refer to sexual intimacies in SOME cases?" she said thoughtfully. "How many 'cases' are you talking about?" The tone of her voice seemed artificially harsh when she asked this, but I also noticed that her smile was still there, which meant that the harsh tone wasn't real. A new Sylvia was beginning to awaken. The dreaded blank stare no longer came back and displaced her smile as it had before in critical moments, even with the renewed focus on sex that she herself brought up again and in spite of all the emotions related to sex standing behind it. Oh God, how should I answer her so as not to be hurting her again. I needed to protect those precious steps of progress that we had made, small as they were in comparison with what was still needed, though giant in comparison with what we had before.

"No excuses," I said to myself. I knew I could trust the voice within. The voice reflected the universal principle of love and honor. It left no options. It demanded to be obeyed.

"There were seven, I believe," I replied quietly. "There was Erica, a professor of nuclear physics and microbiology at the University of Leipzig. Next, I met Helen, a historian and a healer with a keen intellect. You met Ushi already. She is a beautifully, honest, and open person, a journalist who is married to a professor of theoretical physics, one of the real leading edge geniuses of our time. After that I met Heather. I met her on the way to Key West, thumbing a ride. She desperately needed someone to love her, and I needed her to help me put East Germany into perspective. Later, after Heather walked away and I faced the task of telling you about what happened, the world became even more complicated. I got into this Russian assignment, which I hoped would give me some time to sort things out. But instead of life standing still for the hoped-for retrospection, I fell in love three more times. I met a Swedish woman, a fascinating person. She was totally in love with herself, but not in a selfish manner. She

became the center of an exploration group for tracing the historic development of the Principle of Universal Love. Then there was Olive, a beautiful woman with a big heart, who literally rescued me from a nervous breakdown that hit me hard after a devastating lecture on depopulation. And throughout the two weeks in Suchumi there was always Tara, a beautiful soul, the bar waitress at Ruggels who everyone was in love with. Her very presence filled the tavern with light where our group met after every conference session. She illumined the whole atmosphere of the conference. Some of these relationships involved no physical sexual intimacies, and some did to some extent."

I told Sylvia that each one of these women had so much to give in their own unique way, so that it would have been a tragedy had I closed my eyes against them and had denied myself the feeling of appreciation for our humanity that they inspired, and the closeness that followed. "Why should one deny to oneself what honestly unfolds from the heart, towards another person?" I asked Sylvia. "Is there not enough denial going on in the world already?"

Sylvia shook her head.

"No, Sylvia, we are almost choked to death by the constant denial of ourselves that causes so much division and isolation," I continued. "Why should I have denied the unfolding bonds that love was forging, and not honor those bonds? Why should I not have been honest with myself about the gentle unfolding that I became a part of? I would have had to dishonor love itself, as a poison."

Sylvia shook her head again.

"No, Sylvia, we are all human beings," I responded. "We are all sharing a common humanity. Why shouldn't we love one-another universally? I saw no rational reason why we should. Isn't the Principle of Universal Love founded on something that is absolutely true? Why then should we not be honest with ourselves about the loving that unfolds on this platform and accept the wonderful things that life has in store for us out of the riches of our humanity, which we all share?"

Sylvia still didn't answer, but her smile remained.

I suggested to Sylvia that she shouldn't ask me to apologize, or assume that was I asking her to pardon me, since this would imply that a 'crime' had been committed, which was not the case. I told her, that the only crime that I might be guilty of, is the crime of denial that I had allowed myself to be involved in for all those years, when I did close my eyes and heart towards other women whenever a warm sense of love and affection 'threatened' to develop.

"The denial of my honesty, the denial of myself as a human being, that I had carried on for years and years," I said to her, "that alone, is what I am guilty of and must apologize for, for which I seek my pardon, and your pardon."

"Still, Peter, what you did has hurt me deeply," Sylvia interrupted.

Ah, but that smile became even more definite now, as she said



this. This was a beautiful sign, a response better than words. Also, she talked about the hurt in the past tense. The hurt appeared to be history.

"Was your hurt not self-inflicted?" I asked cautiously in return. "Most of our suffering is self-imposed, and its trail always leads back to some form of self-denial; a denial of reality, a denial of ourselves as human beings, which all adds up to a denial of the Principle of Universal Love. In real terms, I have caused you no harm, Sylvia, have I?"

I brought up the story of the old professor in the pub once more. I felt that he would have understood that an additional love causes no harm, but rather adds to its light, as the light of love invariably does. I suggested to Sylvia, that if she had asked the professor to comment on the question of whether or not an additional love is poison, he would have poured an ounce of Whisky into a glass of soda water and would have urged her to taste it. Then he would have added a second ounce of Whisky. He would have asked if adding the additional ounce had diluted the Whisky that had been there before. I suggested to Sylvia that it wouldn't have diluted anything.

"Thus, in real terms nothing becomes lost by any unfolding of love," I said and began to smile. "We can only effect the opposite. The true unfolding of love, as Mozart hints at, is the unfolding of the Principle of Universal Love, without which love is actually denied. Thus we deprive us of the profound brilliance that should enrich our life, because we don't acknowledge the nature of Love for what it truly is."

The faint frown on Sylvia's face, that had lingered behind the unfolding smile, faded as I said this. Had I hid a responsive chord?

"We shouldn't deprive ourselves of what Love really is, Sylvia," I continued cautiously. "Shouldn't the flow of Love in our life be constantly enriched towards its inevitable universal expression, rather than be diminished? Why should we keep ourselves isolated from its flow under the shroud of denial and self-denial, and dishonesty with ourselves, in the service of ancient doctrines? Why should we play this game of denial of universal principles as demanded in the Three Thousand Years War?"

"I agree, we've played this game for far too long," said Sylvia quietly. "Maybe you are right. Maybe we've become experts in this game of self-denial." Her smile became brighter as she said this.

"We have become experts all right," I continued, "and now the whole world stands isolated and divided and we close our eyes to that too. We have created tens of thousands of nuclear bombs to kill one-another with, in response to these divisions, and we don't even complain. Instead we scold each other when we love more fully. Don't you think the time has come to reverse this trend, and for us all to become human to the deepest level? Isn't that what this is all about?"

"Did you hear what I said, Peter?" Sylvia interjected. "I am beginning to agree with you."

"Yes, and I heard it with a great joy," I said in a jubilant voice. "Still, I needed to state that my venture into this uncharted land outside

the realm of denial and self-denial, should not be seen as anything more than the first faint step of a child. I think we haven't seen anything yet of what Love has in store, to bring into our life. I was daring in the few steps that I took, and pathetic all at the same time. I was pathetic, because I was within a hair's width of rejecting my own humanity. I was nudged along by these women, as it were, and by the love of a few others whom I came in contact with, who hadn't rejected me quite as strongly, as I had rejected myself. Their love has uplifted the shallow perception of myself. The end result was a step forward towards me becoming more of a human being, than I had allowed myself to be for a long time. That needs to be acknowledged too, Sylvia. Those few steps ahead must also be seen in contrast with our world racing backwards, with ever greater speed, towards fascism, self-destruction, inhumanity, and political insanity."

I paused to give her time to react, but there was no further reaction. "I regard myself somewhat like a pioneer in trying to reverse that, Sylvia," I continued. "I am trying to be the kind of pioneer that we must all become in full measure to shut down the trend that is destroying our world. How else can we end the Three Thousand Years War and whatever rests on it, like the Three Hundred Years War, and the Thirty Years War, and the Three Years War of psychological warfare, and the Three Days War of nuclear holocaust that is looming on the horizon already, and create for ourselves an Ice Age Renaissance? Tell me that you have a better idea to achieve an Ice Age Renaissance, than allowing ourselves to be empowered by the Principle of Universal Love to create a New World."

I told Sylvia to picture in her mind a great dam holding back a mighty river, and to picture the village located downstream behind the dam in which we all live. I explained that the dam had been built for irrigation, and that the village represents our present dwelling place set in the midst of a traditional agricultural world. Then I asked her to picture the dam in a state of breaking up, bit by bit, because that is what the coming Ice Age will do. It will wipe out our traditional agriculture, and in many places overlay our land with ice. I suggested that none of that can be avoided, but that we can relocate the village to higher ground, which corresponds with creating a new form of agriculture to face the Ice Age challenge with. I pointed out that the only thing we must not do, is stay put and keep on wasting our time, when so much is at stake.

"This means that we are all involved, right?" I said. "We all live in the village downstream, and the dam is beginning to break. We are involved, whether we want to be or not. Nevertheless, most people are in denial of that reality. Everybody is saying: the problem with the dam doesn't effect me; the dam isn't my business; I am not involved; I have a vegetable garden to tend to; I have a business to run; I have a wedding planned. Nevertheless, everybody is involved. It is impossible for anyone not to be involved. One is either involved with creating a solution for the problem, or one is involved with creating the conditions for the destruction of the village by not responding to the reality of the situation, and thereby

one is involved in one's own destruction. One way or another, everyone is involved."

I asked her to consider what our options are for becoming a part of the solution. "How can we break the chain of denials and self-denials, that prevents us from acting like human beings?" I asked. I suggested to her that the sexual dimension might be the only dimension that offers us any hope at the present stage, to cause a breakthrough, because people want to be honest with themselves and respond to their sexual attraction to one-another, rather than maintain the ironclad sexual division and isolation that the Three Thousand Years War is imposing, which all the other wars are built on. I pointed out, that the current sexual stage has become a stage of universal division and isolation by design, for the purpose of denial of the Principle of Universal Love, which itself is a part of the principle of the Universe, the principle of complementary attraction and complementary protection by which the Universe itself exists.

"So, why shouldn't we start there, with looking deeply into the sexual domain, where the core issue is presently located, to achieve the needed breakthrough?" I added quietly.

Sylvia shook her head slightly as if to protest, but she didn't say anything. Instead she called the waiter for the bill without ordering any dessert. It appears that she used the diversion to avoid having to face the question of sex in the world of universal love. She normally loved deserts.

I suggested to Sylvia that people do have a natural tendency to be honest with themselves about their sexual love for one-another, especially about their sexually inspired feelings of love.

I felt daring suddenly. I felt that I needed to poke this issue once more, to stir up the muddy riverbed to ultimately make the waters flow more freely. I also suggested to Sylvia that only a few ancient and modern axioms stand in the way of people responding honestly, and with joy to what is in their heart. I suggested that we should be able to deal with these few interposing false axioms, if we put our mind to the task. I also suggested that the realm of sex and marriage is the only realm that focuses directly onto our humanity, without secondary issues standing in between, like we have it politics, finance, business, religion, and so forth, where the human dimension plays a secondary role or none at all.

"Can we really deal effectively with religious division, and political division, where the issues involved take us further and further away from our humanity?" I asked. "We've tried this for centuries without useful results. However, when it comes to questions of sex and marriage, our humanity becomes directly the issue, the primary issue, not a back-seat issue, but the only issue, which should make it an easy issue to be resolved. Let's make it our training ground for becoming truthful with ourselves. That's the key issue in saving the village behind the dam that is breaking. By dealing with sex as a human issue in which we want to be truthful with ourselves, we are dealing with a profound issue at the home gate, where we don't get sidetracked into dead-end trails of secondary issues, as we so often do this

in politics, where nothing ever really gets resolved without an inner foundation of universal truthfulness."

I turned away from Sylvia, when I said this. I realized that I shouldn't be preaching to her.

"But what does all of this mean?" she asked cautiously.

"It means that I am asking you to open your eyes, Sylvia, to what I have been working towards. The dam is breaking. The evidence is all over the world. It shows that the dangers are great as the dam is in the process of breaking up. It also shows that the denial is equally strong in the world. It means that I am involved, whether I like it or not. It means that we are all involved, either with creating a solution, or by default, with creating the conditions for the destruction of the village in which we live."

I reached my hands out to her and told her that I wasn't asking her to become involved in anything that she isn't already involved in, perhaps without knowing. I told her that I was merely asking her to consider that she could involve herself in a more meaningful way, by waking everybody else up from their dreams of denial, in order that they will do what must be done to save the village.

Sylvia shook her head. "I don't think I can do what you are suggesting, Peter. This sort of thing has never been done before."

"I am trying to save your life, Sylvia, together with everyone else's," I said forcefully as we were ready to leave. "The world has changed, the dangers have increased, and not just from the impending Ice Age, but also from the nuclear war camp where the players are becoming evermore restless, and from the camps of empire from where war is waged against the economies and the currencies of the world, with a commitment to destroy the nations. To say that our situation has become more critical, is a gross understatement."

She shook her head. I noticed tears again.

"That is why everybody is still in a state of denial, while the dam is breaking up," I said.

I spoke to her gently. "Everybody says I can't do this. Indeed, you are not alone in this, Sylvia. Still, the work needs to be done, don't you agree? The necessary steps need to be taken. Whatever is required to empower us to win the wars that are in progress against us all, must be accomplished. The dam is breaking up, and it represents not just the Ice Age that is looming on the horizon, but also the Nuclear War Age and the Cultural War Age. Doing nothing in the face of this mounting huge danger, as we have done for far too long already, is not an acceptable solution at this critical stage. Doing nothing is indifference, and indifference isn't love, Sylvia. Indifference is a subtle form of hate. It allows hate to unfold and it makes it possible for wars to be waged, and the truth to become hidden, further and further, until it dies completely."

## **Part 3 - Renewal of Affection**

## Chapter 9 - Peace and Joy and Power

With my refocusing onto war once more, tears came to Sylvia's face. Oh, God, why did I have to bring this up again! Still, everything I said was the truth.

"This isn't about you, Sylvia," I said moments later, "or about our relationship. It is about the survival of civilization in a nuclear-armed world, wrecked by cultural warfare, and being challenged as never before by the returning Ice Age that is now on the horizon. We are up to our necks in an existential crisis that must not be allowed to reach the point of no return."

"Peter, I am deeply disturbed by your use of the word, must! I am especially troubled by your use of it in utilizing the political crisis as a ploy to justify your bringing a lot of women into your life. I didn't expect this kind of obsession from you, this flight-forward mentality, all underscored by the term, MUST. This has hurt me, and it still does. It leaves me behind in the dust, crying. I can't help the feeling that I don't know you anymore. I even wonder if you know yourself what you have become." With this said, more tears came again.

I looked away from her. I couldn't face her tears, not at this stage. "When I say we, MUST, that isn't me talking. The MUST is the demand of universal principles that I have no option but to respond to, and neither have we, since suffering the consequences isn't an option that I, nor anyone else, can endure. It's as simple as that. We have to respond to the demands of the principles that operate in the Universe that we are a part of. If we want to get to the top of a ladder we MUST take the steps to get us there, rung after rung. I can see no other option. For certain situations the term, MUST, applies, for the lack of alternatives in responding to the situation. And that's just the soft way of putting it, because the term, MUST, really stands in opposition to the term INDIFFERENCE. MUST, also means, NO COMPROMISE!

"And so I can see a lot of these MUST-type demands already put on us," I added. "Yes, I found them disturbing too during the early stages of waking up." I spoke in a quiet tone so as not to hurt her more.

"I have seen the preparations for a great crisis that has been long in the making, Sylvia" I continued while we were waiting for the bill. "Maybe this is what changed me. Facing the reality that is normally hidden, may have changed me. We have been spoon-fed a pabulum of lies with our newspapers that don't print the truth anymore. What you accuse me of applies to our society as a whole in America. I have seen a column of 500 tanks coming down from Berlin, inside East Germany, which doesn't know itself anymore and hasn't for probably longer than we realize. I have seen trucks loaded with pipes for the fuel supply pipeline that is supposed to supply the rear-guard military infrastructure behind the Soviet's rapid-invasion

force in the wake of a limited nuclear blitz. Did you ever read a single word about that in the papers? We are pabulumed to death. We are forcibly prevented from facing the real world. There is more openness in the East than in our world of freedom, of the freedom to lye. I also heard some bold and open talk on the beach there, about the underlying policy of the Ogarkov Plan that calls for a limited nuclear strike against western Europe, but small enough so as not to trigger a global strategic response, although sufficiently big to cause a shock that is then to be exploited to enable the rapid Soviet occupation of Western Europe. That's not a conspiracy theory, Sylvia. That's reality. That's physically in preparation as we speak. Nor is this just a Russian phenomenon, or a Communist Block phenomenon. We in America too, are all hell-bent on destroying, rather than building; on annihilating mankind, rather than developing it into a productive and creative force that can snub the Ice Age with a profound renaissance and snub nuclear war all at the same time. Nothing less than the opposite to the current indifference in society can help us here. For this the term MUST applies. It is insane to compromise when the survival of civilization hands in the balance. The principle-powered, MUST, applies in such situations. We must defeat the dangers looming before us, including the danger of nuclear war. Some people in Russia are taking the MUST seriously, although far too late. They may try to destroy the Soviet Union from within, in order to save Russia from its own folly that has run out of control. They may even succeed. But it won't solve anything, because this emergency response is a compromise. They missed the boat by neglecting the, MUST, when a principle-powered solution was still possible. Their potential compromise response will likely create an even bigger mess farther down the road.

"If the Ogarkov Plan fails to come off, other plans will be developed," I continued. "Sooner or later one of the lengthening movements of insanity that society is bowing to, often unknowingly, will succeed and wipe out much of humanity. In this situation the INDIFFERENCE-option is paramount to suicide. In this sense the Cold War is aptly named. It is a war in which society itself has become the enemy of mankind for reasons of its indifference and its denial of the, MUST. We are presently in a manmade mental Ice Age, even while the astrophysical Ice Age is already in the making. Only our creating of a profound renaissance on the entire front, with the Principle of Universal Love, can preempt the eventual destruction of mankind that is currently prepared-for. In this situation we must respond and stir our stumps to save civilization.

"I am fairly certain that it was the Ogarkov Plan, which the CIA spy was in East Germany to spy out, to gather evidence of, whom I brought out in a prisoner exchange," I continued. "The Ogarkov Plan is presently in the final stages of being implemented. This is known in Washington, and as I said it is even being talked about openly on the beach in Leipzig. The entire war-plan is openly discussed on the beach. This is real. I was told from behind the scene there that the communist sector allowed

Leroy Anderson back out for the simple reason that he would merely confirm what Washington already knows, which would only further convince Washington that the Soviets mean business. The saner factions in Russia want America to back off to ease the pressure. The term, MUST, would apply here, but it won't happen, will it? America is being pushed to increase the pressure instead. In this insane game we must win a victory, especially in the West, over the madness that rules this scene, before that war starts. That's where the MUST comes in big, because if we don't apply it, then all the beautiful things that we cherish individually, have no meaning as most will then cease to exist. The term MUST is complementary with POWER. In the world of indifference everything becomes irrelevant as we lose everything that we have, and are, and are able to do while we still can.

"Therefore we MUST take certain steps, as we must when our house is on fire," I continued. "We must respond to the fire. We must stir our stumps and get out of the burning house, and then douse the flames. We must do the same globally, even if this means changing humanity and its habits, and axioms, and ourselves, from our small-minded narrow thinking. We must stop the current rush towards a war that we cannot survive, and our refusal to respond to the coming Ice Age that we won't survive either if we don't change the world for the changing conditions."

"You are on a crusade, Peter, that you can't possibly win," Sylvia replied, wiping her tears away with the napkin that she hadn't used. "No one has ever won a crusade against war. War always happens. And if you risk everything to fight it, you destroy yourself and I lose you too, together with everything we hold dear."

"Actually, I am not the only one fighting this fight," I interjected. "Others are in this fight with me, and are much more deeply committed to it than I am. Because of their effort the world might yet be spared a devastating nuclear war in the near term. There is hope at the end of that tunnel already, as slight as it is. I had a lengthy discussion with a high ranking Russian official during the conference. He suspects that there are forces at work that may try to stop the Ogarkov Plan by accelerating the collapse of the Soviet Union. We had extensive discussions about what it might take to save the Soviet Union from its already ongoing internal collapse. While it appears to be still possible to save the Soviet Union, he fears that those forces may be inclined to push his country into an accelerated economic collapse, and a collapse of the Soviet Union itself, in order to prevent the prepared for nuclear nightmare. He says that these traitors, instead of stopping the war plan, appear to be willing to sacrifice the entire Soviet system for that effect, by not rescuing it from its present internal collapse. Their excuse apparently is that they see no other option for stopping the Ogarkov Plan that they say has taken on a life of its own. It appears that these traitors believe that they MUST do this. I would say that this kind of a response to the greatest threat in modern history is far from being on a crusade."



"That's a hell of a desperate act alright, sacrificing the political system of their own country in order to save the nation and humanity?" Sylvia interjected quietly.

I nodded. "Compared to that, implementing the Principle of Universal Love is absolutely risk-free. However, in the case of Russia, my friend Nic appears to think that it is already far too late for the gentle kind of approach to head off the Ogarkov Plan. You can't turn on the Principle of Universal Love instantly, like one turns on a light bulb. Turning on the Principle of Universal Love involves a scientific development process, and a willingness to start the process. He feels that it is too late for that in the Soviet Union. As I said, the preparations for a nuclear war are already in progress. He also confided to me that there may be forces moving in the background to shut the Soviet Union down from within, before it is too late. Nic is afraid that either option spells doom. His take is that shutting down the Soviet Union would be extremely tragic for the Russian people under current circumstances. He fears that the Western imperial forces would then take over, in the political vacuum, and loot the country to the bone, to the point that ten to fifteen million people would likely die of starvation under the looting-imposed austerity. He says that some people call this a lesser evil than nuclear war in which hundreds of millions would be killed. And the West would also loose when the Soviet Union falls, as then the masters of empire have a free hand to force the USA to destroy itself, which at this point is no longer needed as a counter-pole to Soviet Union to contain it. That's the kind of crisis that we are facing, Sylvia, which has become so critical that no clean solution seems possible anymore. In this case the force of indifference appear to have allowed the world to drift past the point of no return. At this point the MUST becomes irrelevant when no viable options remain open."

I suggested that the Soviet Union is in the same kind of situation already that mankind would be in if it failed to prepare itself for the coming Ice Age. From a certain point on it becomes too late to save the situation and avoid disaster. The Soviet Union is past this point, although it would have been far easier for the Soviet Union to stop the Ogarkov Plan than for mankind to make up for its squandered opportunities in preparing itself, when the Ice Age cooling begins. That is why the development of the Principle of Universal Love is so crucial at the present stage, because in real terms, we are already in an Ice Age World. Its schedule is by far the most imperative one."

I could see that this comparison stirred a struggle in Sylvia's mind, that she couldn't respond to in the manner that I expected.

"And even if the sacrificing of Russia were to happen to save mankind, as Nic fears, with all these people being put to death in the process when the West begins to rape Russia, the Russian people still wouldn't be spared the real task of rallying around the Principle of Universal Love that alone can lead to a real solution. The imperative to create a real solution never goes away. It comes with the term, MUST, attached

to it. Collapsing the Soviet Union to avoid a nuclear-war crisis is ultimately not a real solution. It's a Band-Aid measure at best, and an extremely tragic emergency response to a manmade potential catastrophe. The lesser tragedy that results from the emergency response will be the price that Russia must then pay for its inability to respond properly and create a real solution. The Soviet Union has become trapped under western cultural warfare conditions that prevent the development of the real solution for the survival of all nations. The Soviet Union finds itself in the same trap today as the whole of mankind is being trapped by the spell of the Global Warming doctrine. The difference is that society doesn't even think in terms of an emergency response to the imperatives in an Ice Age World. But this is what the issue appears to be between us, Sylvia. The soft option plays into the direction of indifference, the principles option plays into the direction of the MUST. My counsel is to select the, MUST, as a no-compromise emergency response."

Sylvia didn't nod, or shake her head, but neither did she smile, as if a bright idea of truth wasn't yet dawning.

"Did you know that our America was founded as an emergency response to situations in Europe that made the continuation of the Renaissance impossible there, because the ingrained tenacity of empire in the background of Europe?" I said to Sylvia. "One of the Renaissance pioneers, Nicolas of Cusa, developed the idea as a, MUST, to establish a brand new civilization on a new continent to preserve the best of European civilization there, and develop it further in an environment free of empire. The potential existence of the American continent was already theorized at this time. Christopher Columbus was hired by the Renaissance powers to test this theory for the purpose that Cusa has defined. While he succeeded in discovering America, the colonization as Cusa has defined it, didn't happen. The Renaissance itself was destroyed. What Cusa had laid out as a, MUST, for saving civilization, did happen 130 years later, after 1620 as an escape form the imperial mad house that Europe had become, which culminated in the establishment of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in America. The USA has its root in this development. It was founded as a European creation to preserve and advance the best of the European tradition as a bastion of liberty from empire. It therefore became the target of the masters of empire ever since it was created, and continues to be a target for destruction to the very day, and this may yet happen. The USA was founded as a counter-pole against empire to enable the normal human development that empire doesn't allow, and which, from the height of its development has the potential to purge the world of empire. This purpose MUST succeed. No compromise must be allowed. If the USA falls under the yoke of compromise and indifference, a new Dark Age will come upon the World that will end civilization. We are near this point. The USA is on the fast track of being collapsed culturally, physically, economically, morally, civilly, and financially. When the collapse of the USA happens, the entire world will collapse with it, for then empire will reign supreme as the USA then

failed in its historic mission to eradicate empire. This may happen, because America doesn't know itself anymore, and thereby fails to defend itself, and much less to arouse itself, to fulfill its mission. In this tragedy, the term, MUST, should be high on the agenda while a reversal is still possible. Failing that, with empire ruling supreme, the world population is destined to collapse below the one-billion mark. The masters of empire say they want the world population 'murdered' back to just below the two-billion mark. This won't likely happen. Once the collapse reaches past a certain threshold its unfolding dynamics makes the process no longer controllable, and stoppable. In this context the, MUST, for preventing the tragedy, is an option that is determined by the objective, to survive. Of course, if this objective is no longer on the agenda, then the, MUST, can be omitted.

"We can't bypass the reality that the longer that humanity waits in responding to the Principle of Universal Love, the higher will be the price that society will have to pay for its reluctance to respond to this most-basic renaissance principle on which almost everything depends. And the same applies to us too, Sylvia. So, how long do you think we should wait before we become serious about creating our own real solution? Certain movements must happen if we aim to avoid a tragedy between us."

"Tragedies always happen," said Sylvia, when she finally did respond.

"Yes, tragedies always happen indeed, but not because they are inevitable," I said to her quietly. "They happen in the world, because imperial policies require them to happen, and a foolish society does nothing to prevent them," I said. "We've become caught up in this too. Don't you recognize that we can't afford this kind of thinking anymore, globally as well as individually? The answer is obvious, isn't it? And so I fight. You are far too precious to me that I would stand idly by to let this global tragedy happen that will destroy you too, while there exists a solution to prevent it. That is why I fight, and MUST fight until the solution is won. There is a need to fight against this rush towards the collapse of civilization. We need to fight this with everything that we have. We must never ask if tragedies can be avoided. That's not good enough. We must ask ourselves what we are doing individually to stop the train and prevent the tragedies. We must also ask ourselves if even this will be enough. And so we must heighten the commitment until it IS enough and the solution is won. As far as I know, the Principle of Universal Love is all that we have to fight with, and so, we must move with it to the fullest possible extent and in every possible sphere, instead of denying it as we tend to do. That's the path I have chosen. I invite you to join me. The consequences from the alternative have made this a MUST for me, and hopefully for all some day soon. The applying of the Principle of Universal Love at the social level, is a part of this process. It's a first step away from isolation and towards complementary attraction. It reverses the forced isolation, especially that of women who have suffered this fate far too long. Sure, it affects my life, and joyfully so, but more than that, the advancing humanization of it urges me

to act more intensively to protect our humanity. Sure, that's hugely challenging, and in some respects rather scary. Evidently this is the case, since we are fighting over it, especially when it comes to accepting the complementary attraction between men and women as an inherent reflection of universal principle. But this is challenging mostly, because we have lived very small lives until now. We should go to the Hirshhorn gallery from here, Sylvia, and look at the sculptures there. Raymond had said that artists are much more inclined to embrace larger concepts and live momentous lives, with daring steps of moving beyond age-old confinements. They are constantly turning their back to the Old World, the world of small-minded thinking. Raymond compared the artists' response to living in large houses with huge windows to the world."

Sylvia shook her head and almost laughed, but instead of laughing she began to nod. "OK, Peter, tell me that the Roman Empire could have been prevented by society living in 'large houses' with 'huge windows' to the world. Tell me that all the centuries of war that were waged for Rome to become a world-empire in its day, and to maintain itself, and all the wars that came afterwards throughout the centuries, could have been avoided."

"The brutal Roman wars nearly destroyed civilization," I answered quietly, so as not to get her back up again.

I pointed out that contrary to popular notions, Rome wasn't defeated by the Barbarians. "Rome was destroyed by its own policies, the policies of imperial wars and imperial power; policies of intimidation, conflict, genocide, and inhumanity; everything except the Principle of Universal Love. The Barbarians that conquered Rome in the end invaded an empty shell. There was simply nothing left worth mentioning. The invading ruler didn't even bother to declare himself Caesar. Caesar of what? Yes, the enormous destruction of that society happened, but it didn't have to happen. It could all have been avoided, but it wasn't. When Rome was gone and the madness ended, peace resumed. Only the peace was inevitable that unfolded at the end. Peace is always inevitable. It is the principle of humanity. It always reasserts itself. It alone is inevitable. In the case of Rome, the peace that flows from turning to the Principle of Universal Love never came. The potential did exist, but it wasn't realized. But the peace did come a hundred years after Rome with the humanist revival that was achieved by Mohammed and the Islamic Renaissance that followed. The tragic interlude of wars, murder, and destruction that Rome unleashed, didn't have to happen. Rome could have been uplifted to higher ground, above the imperial status that society had so willingly accepted. Great spiritual pioneers stood in the shadow of Rome, and some did send a shockwave through the empire. It wasn't natural for the resulting tragedy to happen. It was a manmade tragedy of small-minded thinking. The Italian people could have trusted their humanity and bypassed those centuries of destruction. They could have lived on higher ground in 'large houses' with 'huge windows' to the world, and have opted for that which is ultimately inevitable, the

peace that shortsighted people don't see behind the mythologies of their tumults.

"What remains after the tumults, always unfolds from the Principle of Universal Love," I added. "Society also could have chosen to latch itself onto the power of peace long before Rome even became an empire. The principle for doing that was on the table. The principle was put on mankind's plate, by people like Plato, Socrates, Christ Jesus, and others, preceded by earlier 'giants' such as Homer, the Pythagorean Society, Solon and so forth. Yes, Sylvia, for a period society was living on higher ground and in big houses. If this had continued, the scourge of Rome would have never happened. The Principle of Universal Love had been prominently placed in the foreground in this period, but Aristotle, the traitor, the author of the 'Theory of Natural Slavery' and supporter of the empires of fascist greed, had also stood in the foreground and had captured the hearts of society with his fantasies based on lies. Society had become shortsighted and small-minded. The tragedy of Rome was that it was built on lies that everybody wanted to hear, just like everybody wants to hear today that global warming is real so that there will never be an Ice Age again that they have to worry about and stir their stumps to prepare themselves for. The folly of a society falling into these traps designed for it, for small-minded thinkers, by a corrupting imperial system, could have all been prevented had society opened its eyes. There was nothing inevitable about Rome becoming an empire. Imperialism is an artificial construct. It has no principle. It is therefore not inevitable, nor is it able to endure. Only peace, love, and humanity are rooted in universal principle. They alone are inevitable and ultimately enduring."

Sylvia began to laugh. She laughed out loud, but no longer in a mocking manner. "The peace of the graveyard, that's inevitable," she said.

"Don't laugh," I said. "This peace is passive, as attractive as it is for some. It is the default-state after humanity dies. When the principles of our humanity unfold in our heart, life will give us a victory for an active peace, the kind that had once been won in the past. The Golden Renaissance was that kind of a victory that produced an active peace, small as it was in terms of what could have been achieved. It was nevertheless an active peace, a kind of victory over the 'graveyard' of the Dark Ages."

"You forget that a hundred years later the Venetians waged their war to destroy the Renaissance," Sylvia came back.

"A bunch of fools did this," I conceded, "and a foolish society, because of its 'smallness' in thinking, had once again failed to stop the drive for war. That's why the war happened that destroyed the Renaissance. You can't call this, inevitable. It was manmade. This war was a part of the Three Thousand Years War that is now destined to end. Its end is inevitable. There will be peace, active or passive!"

Our little battle between us was getting quite interesting at this point, and apparently useful, because we were at last talking about some-

thing real that hit close to home for her.

"When the dust settled after the Thirty Years War in the 17th Century," I said to Sylvia, "in which half of Europe died, there was an active peace again. It resulted from horrendous struggles that were centered on the rediscovery of the renaissance principles. It took a century of destruction leading up to this reawakening. The tragedy of the Thirty Years War unfolded in a void therefore, which resulted in the worst period of military atrocities in history, before the active peace of the Second Renaissance was allowed. Wasn't it stupid for mankind to follow the tragic path that destroyed half the population of Europe? That stupidity wasn't natural. It was politically induced by the imperial war-philosophers. The peace that followed, of course, was inevitable. The Treaty of Westphalia, which put an end to this madness of war, wasn't so much a pioneering achievement, which it was, but was more the inevitable outcome of mankind resorting back to its humanity. In the light of the Peace of Westphalia all the atrocities that this prior period of war had brought, were forgiven. They could just as well have been avoided. No one had benefited from this war. World War I and II were likewise not inevitable. No one benefited from them. Only the peace that followed was inevitable, though it took huge efforts and huge sacrifices to reestablish it, and save mankind from its total collapse into fascism. Sure, a bunch of fools in high places, on all sides, wanted those wars to happen, and a foolish society played into their games, but there exists no law that says that a society needs to be so utterly foolish, as it had been again and again by descending into wars caused by small-minded thinking."

I closed my eyes. "But now you say, let's be foolish again and see what happens," I said to her. "You seem to say to me; don't we have the greatest firework prepared that has ever been imagined? Let's stand back and see what comes out of it? When the peace resumed after World War II, the world lay in ruins and close to a hundred million people had lost their life, or had their life severely torn apart. Sure, you are correct, life continued. But look at the foolishness, Sylvia, as people hadn't bothered to prevent the tragedy? The cultural and physical destruction that all of these foolish wars have caused is so great that the damage won't be repaired for a long time to come, if indeed it can ever be repaired. Those years have become lost years for mankind in its needed preparation for the coming Ice Age. What then justifies us to be foolish again in an even bigger way? Nothing justifies this. The, **MUST**, stands as a imperative to block the path of folly, and also as the still greater imperative to change direction towards implementing the principles of civilization. The, **MUST**, means that we are challenged to act, and act as powerfully as we can, and that we not merely try, but go all out with all we've got to achieve by any way possible what is imperative to be achieved for civilization to survive. The, **MUST**, means that we put ourselves on the line to do this, and not just talk about it, or talk about the consequences for the world if we fail. The, **MUST**, means that we do not fail. The, **MUST**, means that we take on the necessary

leadership that assures that society will not fail."

"Of course, of course Peter, we can't allow big tragedies to happen, or allow failures on an even bigger scale," said Sylvia quietly, though she still spoke with a protesting kind of voice, as if protesting against an evil is equivalent to preventing it, which it isn't. Nevertheless she was moving forward.

"So we agree on something, Sylvia," I answered quietly. "We agree that the great new war, which society is building towards by building more and more nuclear bombs, which is evermore looming on the horizon, must never happen, that it must be prevented. We are building more and more of these bombs as if 65,000 of them weren't enough. This train must stop. We need to force the ZERO option. We've got this doomsday commitment staged against a background of increasing threats, hatred, genocide, and looting. This got to stop. The 'coveted' new war that the powers of the world are intensely preparing for is not inevitable, only the peace that follows is. We MUST opt for peace now. The inevitable peace will unfold one way or another. But we MUST ask ourselves if this peace shall be a silent peace this time, without a human voice in it. This question tells us that everything that we cherish is at risk today. That is why we MUST not be indifferent, nor even just talk about what needs to happen, but that we take action to achieve what needs to happen and not be timid about it, and if need be show leadership to make it happen.

"And so we must do more today than we have ever done before," I continued, "with a commitment to accomplish what has never even been attempted throughout history. We can't use history as a yardstick any longer, because what we have done throughout history evidently wasn't enough. We must look higher and step up to higher ground than ever before, even to embrace the greatest universal principles that we know of, and reach deeper the into our heart to bring these principles to light on all that we do, and do this on as wide a basis as possible, and to an extend that we have never dreamed of before. The age of the segregation of men and women and their isolation from one another MUST end too, and end here. We must achieve this and not just talk and dream. We must not forget that all of our lesser efforts in the past have failed, because they have simply been insufficient on all counts. They were not extensive enough, deep enough, wide enough, and consistent enough. They lacked the power of universal principle that alone empowers the humanist energy for the required active solutions. This time we've got to dig deep into our humanity were we find the Principle of Universal Love anchored. We must cleanse the war madness from all human hearts and replace it with universal love. We must invalidate all the divisions that have been built up over the ages and rejoice to see them disappear from the human landscape, starting with the sexual division and marriage isolation. That's what it means to take steps for winning the Three Thousand Years War. It means re-humanizing the world and our lives in all possible ways, living in big houses with huge windows to the world. And if we do all of that we've taken the first step

in creating the needed Ice Age Renaissance."

Here Sylvia began to laugh in earnest. "You aren't serious about that? You want to change the whole world? You want to change humanity? You want to change the way society thinks? That's a hopeless goal."

I shook my head and began to smile. "That is not at all what I want. Let me tell you about it on the way to the Hirshhorn."

On the way to the Hirshhorn I suggested to Sylvia that it is actually quite impossible to change society, to alter or improve its basic design that is already perfect and shines with an immense brilliance when we dare to bring it to light. "You are right, Sylvia" I said, "our attempts to improve the design of mankind would never work. We can't improve an already perfect design. And why would we want to do this? Isn't our humanity, when it is fully coming to light, the greatest gem in the Universe? What more could we want? What I want is nothing more than to start a New Renaissance, a taller Renaissance than any in history, to make this gem shine. A renaissance happens when our humanity is allowed to shine. I am expecting us to create on this path the desperately needed Ice Age Renaissance, without which mankind won't survive the climatic cooling that comes with an Ice Age, or the nuclear war that we'll have otherwise, long before the Ice Age happens, together with the economic fascism that is also becoming ominous. However, we don't need to change society to accomplish that. We don't have to. What I am hoping for, is that we can achieve a fuller manifestation of the wondrous humanity that we already have. I am expecting that we will discover more profoundly who and what we are as human beings, and live accordingly, empowered by the Principle of Universal Love, and thereby create that much needed Ice Age Renaissance.

"We don't need to remake society, or ourselves, for that," I continued while we walked to the Hirshhorn gallery. "Our humanity is perfect. It's like the song says. It's wonderful. It's marvelous. We couldn't come up with anything better, Sylvia. If only we would recognize what we already have and to let it empower ourselves to bring it to light. That, all by itself, would create the brightest New Renaissance that ever was. The Golden Renaissance of the 15th Century wasn't built on changing society. It was built on the simple process of people embracing their humanity. That's the kind of scientific progress that I am expecting to see again, and more of it on a huge scale that matches the scale of the coming Ice Age, and the scale of nuclear war, and the scale of total economic collapse into fascism. I am not looking for anything esoteric, Sylvia, but for a fuller manifestation of what we already have, and are, and are capable of. I am not trying to invent the Principle of Universal Love to change the world with. That principle has already been created, and has been discovered to work. So, it already exists, and has always existed rooted within us. It is a part of all mankind. I am expecting that we can allow this universal principle to come out more fully in our daily experiences, as we deal with one-another as human beings."



Sylvia stopped laughing, and shook her head. "And that includes sex?" she asked quietly.

I nodded. "Sure it does. We are sexual beings, are we not? My point is that we are what we are. I am not trying to rebuild humanity. There is no need for it. However, I am trying to set up a higher stage on that foundation, on which we can embrace one-another more fully in the way we are, and more universally. As I said, that's challenging and scary, especially when sex adds to the fire of the passion that we all should have for living as human beings, and for our wondrous humanity."

"That would be something to celebrate, Peter, if it were possible. Just imagine! No games being played anymore."

"And no boundaries being erected; no divisions; no isolation and self-isolation! None of that would enter our experience. If one peels all of that away, one opens the door to universal loving and whatever else comes with it. So, I am not trying to rebuild humanity. As I said, there is no need for it. I am just looking for a fuller manifestation of it, including a more honorable environment for sex in which love and sex can unfold in their native universal dimension. And that, Sylvia, appears to be possible when all the myths are peeled away from it."

"That's not easy to do," said Sylvia, "with so much being involved."

"But if we succeed, the end-result can't be anything but beautiful and joyful," I added. "That's the peace that is inevitable, powered by joy. So why shouldn't we fight for this, which involves mostly a struggle within ourselves? But I don't want to stop there. I am aiming for a higher form of freedom than any we have ever reached for in the past, the freedom of the mind, and heart, and soul; the freedom to be what we have the potential to be."

Sylvia nodded slightly. "And you think that needs to include women and sex?"

"Why should this dimension of our humanity be prohibited, Sylvia? Sex isn't primarily a physical thing. Sexual intimacy begins in the mind. It unfolds in the mind. And it unfolds into aspects of love, beauty, generosity, and joy. Somewhere down the road, when all of this is rolled together, it also unfolds into corresponding forms of physical expression. Why should this complex process be chopped apart and the expression of it be denied in the end? The ancient imperial game has been to give the self-appointed rulers of society the right to control the sexual expression of society. The Principle of Universal Love became outlawed thereby."

"Of course the imperials had to outlaw the Principle of Universal Love, because it challenged the key element of their control over society," said Sylvia.

"That's why the death penalty awaited those who dared to give the Principle of Universal Love a sexual expression," I continued. "The perversion of the Mosaic Decalogue was largely focused on that. We find the same imperial control over sex manifest in every imperial religion. Whoever controls society's sexual expression has his hands also around the neck of

society's love, and thereby around that which is also the greatest danger to imperial control, the Principle of Universal Love. That's the core issue of the imperial's Three Thousand Years War against the Principle of Universal Love, that would normally be reflected in the freedom of the human mind and heart and soul. That may also be the reason why no lasting renaissance will ever be created on this planet until the Three Thousand Years War is won. Only when society finds itself empowered by the Principle of Universal Love to reclaim the freedom of its mind, and heart, and soul, will there be peace and joy expressed, and the power to create the Ice Age Renaissance that we need to survive. That is what I have become drawn into during the last four weeks," I said to Sylvia. "I must move with that movement. It is a movement that everyone should join, and no one should ever stop. We both should move with that."

"That's easier said than done," said Sylvia in a quiet tone of voice.

"It is a start," I responded. "It isn't much, but at least we have a reason to hope now, since a solid foundation for an active peace has at last been recognized." I emphasized the word, active. "Peace must be an active quality. Peace cannot be passive, because peace and joy are linked, and joy can never be passive. People want peace to be passive. That's why they fail. They seek it without the joy that unfolds from the power of love expressed in the brightness of a renaissance. Peace has to be an active process, unfolding from the impetus of the Principle of Universal Love, that also unfolds into joy. This peace that is active with joy, is inevitable, Sylvia."

We had decided to walk to the Hirshhorn after our rather late lunch, instead of taking a cab. The thunderstorms had given way to brilliant sunshine. Most of the rain puddles had dried already. The city's beggars were also out again, 'hunting.' What we saved on the cab fare by walking, we gave to them double along the way.

"Having beggars on the street is our failing grade on the report card of society," remarked Sylvia.

"The presence of beggars is also the typical tell-tale of in imperial hierarchical society," I added. "These people are the tragic victims of a process that we have yet to empower ourselves to shut down. They are images of society's utter failing in its universal development of love. They are the result of society living in small houses with no windows to the world."

"They are the mark of a society of blind people that has no use for windows," said Sylvia, and began to laugh. "I suppose that the people who invited you in East Germany and afterwards, were people living in big houses," said Sylvia and waved a finger at me and smiled, "especially those woman with open windows to the world and open hearts, not beggars as we have them here in abundance."

"Beggars have nothing to offer that enriches the world, Sylvia," I replied. "I certainly didn't join a beggars' convention in East Germany. I was

touched by artists at work reshaping the world, sculpting the shapes of peace, that we all have the power to establish everywhere and at any time, shapes in consciousness that take the wind out of the sails of the Three Thousand Years War, and its consequences that pit people like us against one-another. This war can stop, Sylvia, because it isn't inevitable. Only the peace that follows is inevitable, and if the process of building this active peace unfolds from an active principle that we can acknowledge right now, and rally around, a wonderfully active joyful peace can be achieved. No damage will ever be incurred by a peace that is rich with joys that flow from the power of an unfolding renaissance. Love, the active principle of it, then becomes its own assurance that nothing causes any harm."

I felt that Sylvia was agreeing with me. She was smiling.

"I think we can experience this peace that is active with joy by digging ever more deeply into the wonders of our humanity," I continued. "I think this is also the only process by which we can save our world, the only process that will work between us and on the global scale as well. If we empower us to give our humanity a place in our world, Sylvia, privately and globally, then we will create a whole New World for ourselves in every respect, such as has never existed before, and all the tragedies that have darkened our history, will be forgotten. We will invariably enrich one-another's life if we follow this path, which is the opposite path of becoming beggars."

"There are sexual beggars too," said Sylvia. "Were you acting like one?"

"Beggars are only possible in the world of the small-minded living with closed hands and clenched fists," I replied. "In a rich world of the superabundance in universal love the concept of begging becomes a contradiction to life, an invalid concept. It won't happen. And that is what peace is made of. Peace is an active process of the unfolding of the superabundance of good. That's what our peace, too, should be built on. Why shouldn't we enrich one-another with the abundant riches of our humanity? In this process we will enrich the world in which we live. Can you think of a greater project to pursue, than this? I also think that anything less won't empower us to create that active kind of peace, that we must create in the nuclear armed world. That's what it means ending the Three Thousand Years War with an active peace that is so filled with joy that the long history of that war becomes forgotten as if it never happened."

Sylvia's tears had long been history at this point. Nor was she looking sad anymore when my long-winded speech was over, which also hadn't been a battle cry any longer, but an attempt to uplift her to a higher level of thinking, a level of joy. But there wasn't that happiness yet that that would have reflected the unfolding joys, that should have resulted from moving ahead.

"Be patient, Peter!" I said to myself, "you can't expect her to understand in a few hours, what it took you six weeks to come to terms

with, and this just barely."

I told Sylvia that I couldn't tell her what the specific steps would have to be to save the village behind the dam, which is our civilization, that is severely threatened, but I could tell her that perpetuating the denial of the past and the task before us isn't a part of the solution that is necessary. I suggested that bold breakthroughs are needed. I told her that by focusing on the sexual domain, and by countering sexual division and the denial and self-denial that abound in this sensitive domain, we might break the larger grip of denial that has crippled the whole of humanity in the larger world of politics and economics.

"We might have a chance to achieve this larger breakthrough, Sylvia," I said, "because the sexual element is one of the most powerful elements of our humanity and may always be that. Obviously the imperials are aware of that. That's evidently the reason why they got a chokehold on it right in the beginning in their Three Thousand Years War against the Principle of Universal Love, and have spared no cruelties to keep this chokehold intact. This means that elevating the issue of sex is of central importance for breaking the imperial sexual chokehold and defeating the imperial hierarchical power structure that depends on it. We certainly shouldn't imprison the sexual elements of our humanity, as though they were something small, cheap, and dirty, but free them from their imposed imprisonment. I think this process holds the key to starting a renaissance at the grassroots level that could bring us together across the world, person to person, nation to nation, as strongly as we are now divided."

I suggested to her that this focus has the potential to start a global movement in a community of principle, reflecting the Principle of Universal Love, and that this kind of movement might prove to be essential in breaking the chain of denial of our humanity right around the world.

"A global sexual renaissance movement?" Sylvia repeated. "You must be dreaming."

"There is that denial again, Sylvia," I said. "Look at the dam. Look at the cracks in the dam. Look at the insanity that is pushing the whole nuclear weapons scene with a global economic breakdown brewing on the horizon. We are in a crisis situation, Sylvia. Nothing short of a revolutionary global movement of re-humanizing society will suffice to bring out the sublime in our humanity. That is what I have begun to become involved in, and this just barely. So I say, the time has come for big bold projects. I can remember from my Sunday school days that Christ Jesus always worked in hugely bold gestures. Picture this, Sylvia. There is a large funeral procession coming out of a town, for the son of a widow. The story involves Christ Jesus raising a dead person to life. He didn't do this timidly, Sylvia, as one might be tempted to do, so as not to upset public opinion. No, he stood boldly in their way and stopped the entire procession in its tracks. He told the mother of the dead person not to weep. Then he asked them to open the coffin. As they complied, he raised the woman's son to life.

We are told that Christ Jesus always did things in a big, splashy, bold, 'global' style. Maybe a timid approach wouldn't have worked for meeting such an immense challenge as he faced. When one is facing a huge problem, timidity evidently isn't the answer. One is looking for big solutions that can only be found in big, but precise, and principled actions. If a principle gives us power to act in a small way, than it gives us also power to act in a big way. A timid approach would therefore be a denial of the principle itself."

"Big projects? Big solutions?" Sylvia repeated, and shook her head and smiled. Are you sure Peter you aren't biting off more than you can chew?"

"Big crisis situation require big solutions, Sylvia. The dam is breaking. We need to save the village. We need to save humanity. The interglacial period is ending. The Ice Age is coming. We need to act. We need to create an Ice Age Renaissance. The best way to do that, and probably the only possible way, is to help humanity to become human again. That's what I think. Since sexual division and isolation are staring us in the face at the home gate. We need to start there, with that, right at the home gate, building a human renaissance on the Principle of Universal Love as a start for countering division and isolation in the political and economic arenas. We need to make those breakthroughs at the grassroots level, in order that we can build on a deeply grounded foundation. This gives us the grounding to behave like human beings in the political and economic arena. I also think that in order to do that, even in the sexual arena, we have to start big. We have to start big, especially in the sexual arena, because the denial of the Principle of Universal Love runs immensely deep there, and goes back thousands of years, all the way back to the political perversion of the Decalogue, and beyond that. We have to roll back the clock several thousand years."

Suddenly I had to laugh. "Have you ever been at a nudist beach?" I asked her. "If you had, you would probably have felt that the clock seems to be turned backwards there, to a time before the tree of false knowledge was invented; that is, before the Three Thousand Years War began. This means we should set up a nudist beach right here in the USA, like the one they had set up in East Germany, and promote it as a peace project to eradicate division and isolation, and all the lies that create the numerous forms of division and isolation. Can you imagine it already, setting up a resort for a holiday from lies? All we need to get it started is a few hundred acres of beach front in an isolated area, a few facilities, and bingo, something would begin to move in the right direction."

"Oh you dreamer!" Sylvia scolded me and laughed.

I celebrated this kind of a response. She finally laughed in a joyous way. Wow! Was she beginning to understand something of what I have been saying, a few tidbits perhaps? If she did, my perception was right that she is a mental giant. But maybe she was still just grasping at straws to avoid

drowning. Anyone who can set aside such deeply rooted emotions as pertain to marriage and sex in respect to universal love, has got to be a giant. Or was she just laughing at me? No, her laughter didn't sound like that. Also her laughing left behind a great big smile.

"Who would pay for all this?" she added. "Would the government fund such a project? If it did, that would cause a huge scandal that would shut the project down before it even got off the ground."

I assured her that the funding would have to come from private sources, because most of the world's governments have become victims themselves in the imperial wars against humanity. I pointed out that being victims themselves, the governments couldn't help us. I suggested that they would instead need our help to get themselves out of their own entrapment into the imperial process, in which they find themselves forced to abandon their responsibility to society, and serve imperial objectives, contrary to their mandate. I suggested to Sylvia that any peace movement, large or small, that must aim to bring people closer to one-another, would therefore also have to be privately funded, as an element of this active peace powered by joy. I suggested that private funding would have to continue until the governments can be rescued from their own imperial entrapment. I reminded Sylvia that our government was far from such a position as it was spending thirty billion dollars a year on covert operations to create more division and more isolation in the world, and to break nations apart, to destabilize other governments, to promote genocide by indirect means, and to start wars all over the world. I suggested that while the government wasn't fighting timidly by any means, it wasn't fighting on our side, on the side of humanity. I suggested that the governments are in urgent need of our assistance for them to become human again. I suggested that some day they would get this help from us, from society.

Sylvia began to laugh. "That, I want to see! The governments are as blind as the rest of society is, in their denial of reality. Aren't covert operations based on deceit and dishonesty? It stands to reason that the people who play these games, would never finance projects for an active peace that moves the world in the opposite direction, and away from their imperial games. From what I see, the whole of society has become stuck in the same trap, because it allows this insanity to happen. Just imagine, Peter, our tax dollars are paying for imperial operations that are designed to destroy us, and with it the world in which we live. Can you think of anything more insane than that? So, my question is, if everybody has become insane, who will provide the funding to get us out of this trap?"

"I think society will provide itself the needed funding for rescuing itself," I replied and smiled. "Right now this road may be blocked by denials and self-denials. Nevertheless, the rich of this world are as much endangered by their denials, as everyone else is. The dam is breaking. The village can be saved. Right now, nothing is being done, because nobody cares. But the rich cannot escape their involvement in this situation. Nobody

can. They either involve themselves in a meaningful manner to the best of their ability, to finance whatever needs to be achieved, or they become involved by their inaction in the destruction of the village in which they live, and of themselves. They can't escape those two options of their involvement. Nobody can. We are all living in the same world together, and we are all human beings. This means that the rich too, will find themselves involved as human beings like everybody else will, just like I became involved in East Germany, and later in Key West and in Suchumi. All of this can happen universally, just as it happened to me. I can stand as an example for what can unfold. If one overturns the false axioms of thousands of years standing, my experience has been that astonishing movements will come to the surface that had been disabled for a long time behind the veil of denials. That is why I think that the funding for the needed project will be forthcoming. I am sure it will. People want to survive, Sylvia. It is in their interest to take the necessary steps for it. I predict that we will create the needed Ice Age Renaissance and take all the necessary steps to get there, because no one wants to see nine-tenth of mankind perish, and take that chance of being among those that do."

"Still, you can't win this battle. You are expecting too much," Sylvia replied. "You are only one person standing against the whole world. How can you possibly hope to win that big?" She spoke compassionately now, without the slightest trace of anger in her voice.

"So you say I shouldn't even bother trying," I said and smiled. "I hear your words, but I don't think you are saying them. Do you want me to tell you my secret, why I bother, why I am doing this, and why I will win? I am doing this, and I will win, because I am a human being. There is nothing greater in this world than a human being. That is how you should see yourself, too."

Sylvia shook her head and smiled back at me.

"During the Vietnam War," I said to Sylvia, "the most prominent person behind this war was asked by an interviewer what his personal motivation was for conducting this war. His answer was that he wanted to see what one could do with military power! This traitor of humanity may have never realized, that military might doesn't confer any real power, though he should have known this, since not a single war that has ever been started, has created a brighter world. Military might doesn't confer power. It never did or does. My answer to you, Sylvia, is that I am interested in what one can accomplish with real power, the power of an advanced principle for elevating the world. That's the only real power anyone can have, and it unfolds as we become empowered by the Principle of Universal Love to unlock the potential of our humanity as human beings. If one works from this standpoint, the rest appears to be quite simple, Sylvia. As I said before, the sexual domain is the weak flank right now. People want to be honest with themselves about their sexual needs, and their love for one-another. They don't want to be divided. They want the opposite. They want to break out of the chain of endless denials. If we give them a scientific

reason for invalidating the axioms that now isolate them, they will begin to move with the underlying ideas and principles. I am convinced that this movement will spill over into the larger world. People are not naturally closed minded and stingy. If they were, we wouldn't have any civilization at all, and no hope of ever creating one."

I told Sylvia, that what I have experienced in East Germany, and in Russia, opens the door to a glorious hope. "I can see a new dawn for humanity!"

That comment about hope made her laugh. Oh, how I treasured that laughter. It didn't sound like a denial anymore. It sounded more like laughter drawn from a faint sense of joy.

We only had two hours left before the Hirshhorn was closing. For me, that was sufficient to celebrate the breakthrough that was unfolding moment by moment. I was celebrating her victory. I had been right about her. She was a giant. What other wife would stand with me on this issue of universal love, even expressed in the sexual domain, and respond with laughter based on an unfolding sense of joy? I was searching the gallery looking for works of art by artists who live in big houses with huge windows to the world, and to my surprise I found more than just a few of them, more than I had noticed before.

The evening air was moist, warm, and pleasant when we left the Hirshhorn gallery for a stroll to the mall and to the reflecting pool. The warm evening air became synonymous with the warmth and the immediacy of Sylvia's loving, that was breaking through the avalanche of challenges that I had brought suddenly into her life. I also realized that this breakthrough was still fragile. More challenges loomed still on the horizon. The Three Thousand Years War is evidently not that easily won.



## Chapter 10 - Reflections at the Reflecting Pool

We enjoyed the quiet atmosphere, strolling along the reflecting pool. The mall seemed quieter there, though it probably wasn't. Only a few people dotted the landscape, and those were mostly on the other side, the sunny side of the pool where the low evening sun painted the world with a golden color, creating playful images on the water's surface. They appeared as a reflection of the lighter mood that had developed, which we came away with from the Hirshhorn. I explained to Sylvia, while we were looking for a place to sit, that everything that had happened to me in East Germany, my falling in love with Helen and Ushi, and later with Heather, Olive, and Tara, all had to happen. I also said that much more of the same was still required.

"We are standing with one foot in the grave of a nuclear war," I added, "but the whole world says don't you dare to counter the trend and speak of love, much less universal love. However, Sylvia, that's exactly what needs to be done, no matter what it will take, no matter the cost, no matter the struggle it will bring with it. It is required of us that we come face to face with the Principle of Universal Love, or else we cannot survive. Therefore, we may not survive unless we make the right choices, and this seems to have begun. It is essential that mankind begins to think in terms of universal principles. So, will you help me, Sylvia? It is essential for us as human beings all over the world, that we embrace one-another universally as human beings, and love one-another more fully and more universally, as much as we can. If we don't, we will lose everything, and this long before the Ice Age begins."

"I accept that you are sincere, Peter, in what you are trying to accomplish," Sylvia gently interrupted me. "But I do doubt your wisdom. The way you go about it isn't right! What you have laid before me to justify yourself, still looks like an excuse to me to justify your indulgence in sexual escapades, Peter. You talk about universal love. What happened to loving me? Did this fall by the wayside? You have hurt me with this, and you don't seem to care. You speak of universal love, but when I close my eyes I see your self-justified 'womanizing' that blots out the love we have had for each other."

I noticed tears in her eyes again.

"You go around carousing with other women all over the place and you justify it all in the name of love and peace and creating a bright New World. Where have we heard this before, Peter? Make love not war, make peace! We had those slogans on bumper stickers and billboards during the Vietnam days. And what did we get, especially us women? We got screwed. We got pregnant. We got drunk. We got drugs. We got messed up with this

screeching called music that wasn't music anymore. Heavy metal they called it later. We got everything, but peace. And Peter, love wasn't even on the agenda. Social destruction was on the agenda, and that's what we got. Now you are singing the same song again. Make love to free the world from nuclear weapons. I see it as a replay of a Dark Age cultural descend in an ill-perceived attempt to excuse your 'womanizing,' your carousing. How can I ever respect you after that? I felt that what you have done was worse than lying, but you want to go further with this. Maybe you are lying to yourself."

We stood by the pool when she said this, as many people before us probably have. Some may have stood there alone, or in pairs as lovers do, or in large crowds up to millions of people in size, for political rallies. Sylvia also referred to the rallies. "Can you imagine how many of those who have come to these rallies have been lying to themselves? The political system corrupts people to accept doctrines that have nothing to do with reality, that 'inspire' them to make them their own, which is like an indulgence that is to their own worst disadvantage, which they are too blind to see. I see your quest for universal love in the same light, as a hopeless delusion. On the other hand, I have to agree, the present trend is hopeless, too. We seem to be going in the wrong direction all over the place. We are going backwards, faster and faster. We have more beggars and homeless now than we ever had before, more violence, more stealing and destruction, more poverty, more slavery, more lies, more inhumanity, more families breaking up, more insecurity, and more indifference to the human conditions. We've even got more fascism all over the place than ever before. The only thing that we don't have is sufficient employment, prosperity, and solutions to our problems like the nuclear weapons standoff that we seem to stand impotent against. Maybe we are going in the wrong direction, as you say."

I nodded. "You are right on the mark," I said. "However, what you have touched on is much more profound than this. I don't think we are moving in the wrong direction. I think we have simply stopped. We have subjected ourselves to a system that has corrupted vast segments of society into impotence and blindness to their humanity. Ultimately, I don't think we can go in the wrong direction. We can never be anything less than a human being. However, if we shut ourselves down with impotence and blindness, we are putting ourselves into a precarious situation as individuals and as society. We try to run the world without our humanity. Suddenly we face insurmountable problems, like a mountain climber who wants to scale Mt. Everest with bare feet. The climber won't succeed, unless the climbing boots are taken out of the closet and are worn. I think the world is in a mess, because we've been corrupted to keep our humanity in the closet. It needs to be worn. I think we got into this trap, because we never moved far enough in discovering and developing our humanity, and really experiencing its value. That is why we were so readily compliant to the

slightest bidding, to lock it away into the most hidden closet and for the slightest reason."

"We don't do that!" Sylvia interrupted in protest.

"Sure we do," I replied. "What else would cause us to walk through life with closed eyes and minds? Look at the Global Warming dogma, for example. The Global Warming dogma has corrupted most of humanity. People embrace this dogma and fight for it. They are literally laying down their life for it, and that of their children, by committing mankind to enter the worst approaching crisis in human history without creating the renaissance that can enable it to survive the crisis. They are actively fighting against their own survival, and are happy about it; they do it with a smile on their face as they succeed."

"That is what I mean," said Sylvia. "I am afraid that you have fallen into the same kind of trap."

I raised my hand. "What about you? What about the whole of society that perpetuates the corruption of the cultural warfare of the Three Thousand Years War, and smugly feels good about it? Society thereby maintains a war against itself, by rejecting the Principle of Universal Love that is the core principle of civilization, which is imbedded in our humanity. The ongoing cultural war is designed to prevent us from developing our humanity far enough to be effective. It's forced it into the closet so that it won't interfere with the empire's inhumane, fascist, imperial objectives."

"So what is the answer?" said Sylvia.

"The answer is found in the answer to the question of whether or not the Principle of Universal Love is a legitimate principle," I replied. "If the answer is that the principle is legitimate, based on great historic achievements, then the principle applies in all domains of human existence. In this case I am on track and no longer lying to myself, as you have suggested I am, as indeed I had in the past by keeping myself locked into a closet. I would say, that the answer is to open the closet no matter what the appearance suggest otherwise. That's what I am committed to. However, I might be wrong, and you right. I might be sadly deluded. In this case I need your help to discover, where I went wrong. In fact, I need your help on two counts. If the solution to the great problems of our world is not in bringing our humanity out of the closet, then I need to know what process offers the needed solution for protecting our civilization in a nuclear armed world. I also need to know then, what else empowers us to so radically upgrade our world to create the Ice Age Renaissance that makes it possible for us to survive the coming Ice Age with our agriculture unharmed in the shadow of the deep cold. Or do you propose that we shouldn't give a damn if nine-tenth of mankind goes to hell by starvation or nuclear war, or mankind becomes extinct altogether. But Sylvia, if you say that, then I must ask you in return, why we care so little about our children that we may have some day, as we actively prevent them from having a future, by doing nothing while we still have time. So what is your answer, Sylvia? Can you offer me a better solution than my commitment,

that you reject? Can you offer me something that stands on higher ground than all the solutions that mankind has toyed with for the last five hundred years, which have all, failed? We are facing the greatest potential catastrophes in history, nuclear war and the Ice Age, and a global economic collapse. Offer me a solution that is sufficiently greater in scope and has the potential to work in all of these troubled areas where all solutions have so far failed."

Sylvia shook her head. "I can't," she said. "In that case I, and probably the whole of society, are wrong. But are we wrong? If I am wrong on the grounds of not having a better solution to help you with, that implies that I have a lot of waking up to do. But is this really possible? I mean, can one get used to that kind of challenge, and survive without going insane?" She put her arm around me as we were standing by the reflecting pool, this time with us looking into the evening sun, with the Lincoln Memorial far in the distance.

I explained to her that the threat of nuclear war isn't a technical or political issue that can be resolved by technical and political means. I said that war has always been a human failure, and still is. "It is a failure of human beings in relating to one-another as human beings. The failure has had a long beginning. It has, over the centuries, created the divisions between people that forced our isolation from one-another to such a depth, that people won't dare to stand up anymore for what is human. So, Sylvia, what has happened in East Germany, and later on, has nothing to do with carousing around with women, or with free love, etc. I am quite aware that free love has historically turned into a big mess, likewise free sex, that never created true intimacies, but emptiness as during the Nam days as you said. But that's not what happened in East Germany. What has happened there has a lot to do with preventing that kind of mess that you feel revulsion for. If I had as much as mentioned the phrase, free love, or even thought it, Steve would have given me the boot so fast that I wouldn't have known what happened. He made that quite clear later on. He also made it clear that this mess, that you feel revulsion for, is but a symptom of a much deeper mess that needs to be cleaned up, because it has grown into a monster, so that our civilization is now threatened by it, even our very existence. Steve's take is that we cannot afford to sit idly on the sideline anymore, because the deep issues that are involved reach now far beyond sex and war. They take us to the very core of the imperial model for human relationships that destroys everything that is intrinsically human, and spearheads depopulation by mass-genocide. Fighting against the scourge of imperialism and fascism isn't a fight against people. It is a fight against a defective model of perception. The people who are trapped into the defective model need to be rescued, and that includes probably most of mankind, the oligarchy included, and us as well. That's what I mean by bringing our humanity out of the closet on a universal scale, on the Principle of Universal Love."

Sylvia shook her head vigorously, but said nothing, though she kept

on smiling.

"This isn't about us, but about two conflicting models for human relationships," I continued my battle. "One of these models is the imperial vertical model, which much of mankind is presently living under, created by the rulers of empires. The complete opposite of this imperial vertical model is the lateral model, which corresponds to universal principles and truth. That is where we find the Principle of Universal Love located, and ourselves and the whole of humanity with it, existing side by side with one-another, without any isolating distance between us in any form. The Principle of Universal Love should be the model for our individual renaissance, and the renaissance of society. Universal sex is only important in as much as it is a part of that renaissance development. Rather than being a blocking factor standing against it, sex needs to be put onto this higher ground as well, together with everything else. The imperials of the world have set sex up as a blocking factor. We have to transform this blocking factor into one of the renaissance factors in which we celebrate our common humanity and our universal divine Soul."

"Just wait a minute, Peter!" Sylvia interrupted. "Are you saying that you want me to become a part of your renaissance?"

"Not of MY renaissance, Sylvia, but of our common universal renaissance, the renaissance of our humanity. Take it as a part of the scientific and technological Ice Age Renaissance that mankind requires in order to survive. In the course of reaching this tall goal, the entire physical environment of the world will be so dramatically upgraded, into the New World Environment that we must have, that the return of the Ice Age, when it happens, will become a none-event. That's the kind of renaissance I see as an inevitable happening. I also see it happening in the universal social domain, based on the lateral model. I see it coming to light in the way we regard one-another as human beings. I see this happening in total contrast to regarding ourselves as imperial animals, locked into an imperial zoo, as the cultural dogmas impose, of the Three Thousand Years War, that illustrates the dogma. We need a renaissance in the way we regard ourselves and one-another as human beings, in which all possible blocking factors, even those as big as sex, and the Ice Age, dissolve into 'none-factors,' on the platform of the Principle of Universal Love."

"You want us to become sublime human beings in order to fulfill a political objective?" said Sylvia. "Is this what you are saying?"

I shook my head. "No Sylvia, this is not a political objective, but a human-renaissance objective, a scientific and spiritual objective, a human objective. I want us to create this renaissance, because it is the human thing to do. Sure, we need it to survive, but that's not a big enough reason. The real reason has to be that it is the human thing to do. I suggest to you that we should create the social renaissance that is key to all that, and that we create it for its own sake, because it is the human thing to do, and is at the same time the greatest objective we can ever pursue. We need a renaissance of our humanity on such a wide scale, and so deep

reaching, that the miracle of creating the technological and scientific Ice Age Renaissance becomes a none-factor. In other words, we create this inner human renaissance for its own sake, for its potential to become a 'sun' in our lives with such brilliance, that all the lesser problems will become sorted out along the way. I can guarantee you that when this happens, the resumption of the Ice Age will become a non-event."

"We haven't got the faintest idea of how to create such a vast renaissance," said Sylvia with a great big smile. "This has never been done before. We have no experience in this sort of thing."

"This has never even been attempted before," I said. I loved to see her big smile when she said this. "May I suggest to you that we have the potential to be fast learners and change history?"

"And how would we go about doing that?" Sylvia asked, still smiling.

"That's easy," I replied with the same big smile. "We utilize the principles of the renaissance, the Principle of Universal Love, and the Principle of the Advantage of the Other."

"This means that you need to ask yourself what is most to my advantage as a human being," said Sylvia. "So what do you think, Peter, is most to my advantage right now?"

"I would say that as any flower needs water and sunshine to come to full bloom, a nice dinner with a glass of wine and a dance afterwards might fit the bill, as an equivalent. Walking in the park as we do is nice, but it tends to make one hungry. So, what do you think, Sylvia, would a dinner be to your advantage?" I asked and hugged her.

"Why didn't you ask me about sex? Why didn't you ask if sex would be to my advantage?" she responded and grinned.

"Oh, but I did ask that, didn't I? I asked you for dinner as a beautiful rose that needs to be treasured for all the wonders it invokes in the heart, or in human terms as a woman that is more precious than a rose. I think that includes sex in countless forms and expressions of charm, far beyond what any flower can embody. Would you say that might be enough as a first step?"

"Enough for a first step perhaps," she said and continued grinning. "If this means building a renaissance, then I might want more and more of it, Peter."

"Yes, all of that, and in a process that never stops, Sylvia. Also it promises to be an exciting process just to explore the possibilities, and the dimensions of our humanity. Some of that we haven't even recognized yet. That development takes us miles away from the vertical model of imperial, empty, fascist relationships."

"What are you getting at, Peter? What's that imperial vertical model?"

"That's the model for human relationships that comes to light when society recognizes itself as animals, rather than human beings. That's the model of the opposite of a renaissance, and the opposite of scientific perception. This opposite is the model of hell."

I explained to Sylvia that the imperial vertical model is the model

of our small-minded world, the conventional world, the hierarchical world that has no principle. "Operating without a principle, the imperial world can only be defined with an artificial model that is totally removed from any sense of truth. It puts God or Truth on the top of the scale, and far out of reach for society. This means it puts mankind at the bottom, mired in the dust of the Earth. Of course, in-between these widely separated hierarchical poles, it places a mediator or interpreter that tells mankind what the truth is, or what the will of 'God' is. Naturally, the real truth isn't a factor in this process, since for society it is deemed out of reach, or not to exist. The interpreter then serves the function of a conduit for lies, carefully crafted by the imperial rulers, heavily imposed on society for dominating society under the weight of death penalties, and so forth. In the early ages, the priesthood had cast itself in the role of that mythical mediator or interpreter between God and man. Thereby the priesthood became the 'owner' of the law of God, or of God itself. On this platform the priesthood established itself as the legitimate 'owner' of a hierarchical society that is essentially fascist in nature, centered on the top-down domination of society for imperial objectives, usually implemented for an elite, a priesthood, a financial oligarchy, or similar imperial rulers." I explained that this imperial vertical system serves a hierarchical society well, by keeping the humanist fire in society quenched.

"That's in essence how the imperial vertical model operates," I continued. "Under this model the human being is defined as a slave. This unnatural model stands behind every imperial war that was fought against mankind, from the Three Thousand Years War, to the Three Hundred Years War, all the way to the modern Thirty Years War of the Project for Cultural Freedom. If we don't succeed in stopping this vertical imperial process, society may soon be drawn into a Three Years War of horrific physiological warfare, with the long awaited Three Days War of nuclear annihilation erupting at the end. The exciting thing about all of that is, Sylvia, that we are dealing with only one single model for the entire anti-renaissance imperial system. By recognizing and understanding the defective model behind the imperial system, we can potentially stop all of the wars now ongoing against mankind, and prevent future ones. I also think that the ideal way to accomplish that, is not found in fighting the imperial system on its own low-level ground. All we need to do is create a renaissance in our own lives, with such brilliance that society will invalidate the imperial system by its own accord, by pulling itself up to higher ground. This approach makes us responsible only for our own renaissance, and for its own exciting prospects."

"Are you sure that you are not dreaming again?" Sylvia interrupted. "It can't be that simple."

"I didn't say it is simple," I replied. "I said it is possible, and that makes it exciting. We are facing a frontier that has never even been recognized before, much less been explored. Of course the imperials have put quite a few roadblocks in our way. They had no choice in that. In order to prevent their imperial vertical system from collapsing in the minds of

society, they can never allow society to revert back to its natural renaissance model for relating to one-another laterally. The imperial priesthood had therefore established their hierarchical model at the grassroots social level, deeply rooted, cast in iron. Their model for people relating to one-another defined the ownership of a human being, by another human being, as totally legitimate, even as a holy arrangement, a holy wedlock as it is now called. It's all done under the priesthood's own imperial hierarchical vertical model. That model renders human beings as property of one-another under the will of God. In order to corrupt society sufficiently to accept this perverted model, the priesthood in ancient times turned Moses' gentle Decalogue upside down. They turned it into a law governing property rights. This vertically dominated property law gives each person the right to hold another person as property, by the process of marriage, controlled by the priesthood, and circumscribed with severe penalties, even the death penalty, when the property rights are violated.

"This arbitrary vertical power structure was so important to the priesthood," I said to Sylvia, "to protect the very existence of their cleverly arranged hierarchical society, that they not only imposed the death penalty for transgressions, by stoning the transgressing person to death, but they also caused the sentence to be carried out by the members of the community themselves, against each other. The people of the community were all required to throw stones at the offenders, until their inflicted injuries would cause the victim's death. The imperial vertical law, in effect, became thereby a deep reaching form of fascist religious terrorism, that enabled the easy domination of society. The imperial vertical model has always been designed to force a response out of fear. The priesthood simply couldn't take the chance that society might recognize itself primarily as human beings, existing laterally, side by side with each other, endowed with a common humanity and a common universal human Soul, and to even build a renaissance on that recognition. The priesthood couldn't afford that the lateral model becomes discovered by society, and becomes recognized as the natural model for human relationships, and as the model for building a renaissance. If the core renaissance principles were to be discovered by society, and be claimed for its freedom, the impact would be like that of an earthquake that would end the very existence of every hierarchical society that ever was."

"This discovery certainly would have put the priesthood out of business," commented Sylvia. "I can understand that they couldn't allow this."

"Of course they couldn't, Sylvia. That is why the perverted marriage laws were created and maintained, which divided mankind more deeply, and more fundamentally, than any other form of social division ever created. That is also why the imperials censored the biblical story in which Christ Jesus defeated the imperial law, when he defended a woman who stood accused of having had unauthorized sex. They pulled that story from the Bible. It's no longer there. In the New English Bible the book of John,



Chapter 8, begins with Verse 11 instead of Verse 1. That is what we find echoed today in political division, economic division, ethnic and religious division, and so forth. The truth is censored. But it all boils down to an issue of the spiritual self-denial of society as human beings. Many people try to solve the problems of the world as political issues, with political processes, and they all fail, and become frustrated, without ever touching the underlying dimension, which is a dimension of human relationships and humanist principles. That is probably the reason why the critical political problems have lingered on and grown into a monster, without ever really becoming addressed, much less becoming resolved. The Principle of Universal Love, and the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, are efficient platforms for solving these human relationship problems. People don't realize however, that these principles cannot be sidestepped without consequences. The result is that society is moving ever further from creating a new renaissance that would uplift us all above the imperial quagmire."

"I am well aware that the imperials were successful in maintaining their system to the detriment of humanity," Sylvia commented.

"They maintained their perversion so well, Sylvia, that the natural model for human relationships, the lateral model, became totally squashed," I said. "That is why we too, now stand divided. The idea of human beings existing side by side, laterally and universally, bound to each other by universal bonds of Love that envelop our common humanity, was declared to be absolute treason under the imperial vertical law. Thomas Hobbes and the like, later expanded this perverted platform still further, and made it a crime, even a capital crime, to interpose Love into the affairs of state. Socially, society hasn't moved far away from this platform to the present day, just as it still operates financially on a feudal platform. The key imperial platforms, which are feudalism and the privatization of society, are still the main features of our world."

"What are you getting at, Peter?" Sylvia interrupted.

"Can't you see Sylvia, that the two models for human relationships, around which all of human history revolves, are in complete conflict with each other. The lateral model, the real model, the model in which we exist side by side as sovereign individual human beings with a great universal quality, is the renaissance model. This model also reflects the basic model of the Universe in the form of the principle of complementary attraction and complementary protection that also comes to light as the natural model for men and woman universally, without isolation and division. The model of complementary attraction and complementary protection among men and women is the natural model that is reflected in every renaissance in history. It is being trashed by imperial force, wherever it is brought to light. The imperial vertical model, in contrast, is the counter-renaissance model, the model of universal isolation. It is an artificial construct to eliminate any form of a humanist renaissance, wherever, and whenever, the faintest notion of it begins to appear. On this counter-renaissance model hang all the wars and the destruction of civilization and society, that we have seen and

experienced, while on the lateral model rests the self-development of society as sovereign human beings in a community of principle devoted to their common welfare."

"If this is so," said Sylvia, "then creating a renaissance at the grass-roots social level, as you propose, is the most natural thing in the Universe, but it is also the most challenging at every step along the way."

I nodded and replied with a kiss. "Technically speaking, for society to survive, the natural or lateral model, where we stand side by side as human beings, male and female, universally, needs to be reestablished in order for the imperial vertical model to be invalidated, and thereby become abolished. Since this has not been done to the present day, the imperial model continues to corrupt, isolate, and enslave the whole of society, and divides it against one-another. Realistically, our goals should be set higher than just invalidating the imperial vertical model. Our goals should be to discover and experience evermore of the sublime nature of our humanity as the gem of the Universe, and to let the light of this Love become a sun in our life. If this happens, in that light, the shutdown of the imperial model becomes a none-event. That's what it means for society to be bound up in the Principle of Universal Love, and the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. I would even say that we really don't have any alternative to exploring these principles, and putting them on the table to live by them. As you may guess, that is what I have discovered in East Germany, and that necessarily includes women into the sphere of my world, and also sex that comes with the package, though without the 'sludge of the sewer' attached to it."

Sylvia began to laugh. "So, you have actually discovered that women are human beings too?" said Sylvia with a smile. "In this sense I can accept your 'womanizing' as something precious. I wonder now why it took you so long. Still, I must admit, I didn't expect it to unfold in the way it has."

"Neither did I expect that," I said. "Actually, it is a wonder that it happened. To judge by the way the whole world stands divided and isolated by marriage, the stage is so designed that men must never be allowed to recognize that women are human beings too, and vice versa. The way we've behaved socially, one might suspect that woman are a species from Mars, and men a species from Pluto, and never the twain shall meet unless specifically authorized to do so, with a license to prove it. That's the result of the imperial vertical model in action, Sylvia. A few daring scientific souls have shook me out of my dream in East Germany and helped me to establish a more truthful relationship that reflects the lateral platform where we are all human beings together without any distance between us to isolate us from one-another. This breakthrough may not seem like much, but if one considers the contrast, it is absolutely profound. It is profound, because it reflects a fundamental truth that we seemed to have lost sight of."

"Nevertheless, Peter, haven't you been committing adultery?" said Sylvia. However, she smiled as she said this. Also, she no longer spoke

sharply. "Technically speaking you have committed adultery, haven't you. You have admitted this yourself."

"I cannot dispute, Sylvia, that I have had intimate moments of great joy with other human beings that happened to be women. Nor would I ever deny that, Sylvia. However, does a person's experiencing intimate moments of great joy constitute committing adultery? I have to admit, I have committed gross adultery countless times in the past, and so have you. Committing adultery happens to be the most common game in the world, but those intimate moments of great joy weren't part of that."

"I have never committed adultery," Sylvia protested. "I have never laid eyes on another man, much less had intimate 'moments' as you have put it."

"And this is precisely how you and I both, have committed adultery in the past, Sylvia," I replied gently. "We all have done this. We are all guilty as charged. In East Germany I have learned to stop this."

"I really want to hear you explain this one to me," said Sylvia and kept on smiling in a wicked kind of way, as if she already guessed the answer.

"Actually, Sylvia, I should let the Master of Christianity explain this for you. As you may recall from Sunday school, Christ Jesus was once required to judge the adulterous woman who had engaged in unauthorized sex. She had been discovered in the very act. This means that she had been involved in the crime of unauthorized sex for which she stood condemned beyond recourse, to die by being stoned to death, under the law of the Three Thousand Years War. Since the woman was obviously guilty under the imperial law -- the law created by the priests -- which represents the imperial vertical model, Christ Jesus had no hope of exonerating the woman on the basis of that law. Nor did he have the option of speaking against the imperial law. It would have been treasonous for him to do so. But neither could he have let the woman die."

"So how did he get her out of the claws of the imperial law?" said Sylvia. "You said earlier that he invalidated that law."

"Well, as you may recall, the solution was simple," I said. "He merely talked to everyone of her accusers and requested them to regard themselves, and the woman, as human beings, existing laterally side by side with them, reflecting a common humanity and a common human Soul. He asked the accusers to look deep into their heart as human beings, and judge the woman laterally as a fellow human being. He suggested to them, that whoever could still condemn the woman from this standpoint should pick up a stone. As you may remember, no one did. They all left the scene. They all walked away. No crime had been committed that they could acknowledge on that truthful platform. Thus, by their own action, the imperial vertical law on which their case had rested, had been made null and void in their heart. Christ Jesus didn't have to invalidate this law for them. The accusers did this themselves, and walked away as their case against the woman was closed. All what Christ Jesus had to do in this case,

was to draw their attention to the natural platform of human relationships, the lateral model, where we all relate to one-another as human beings, primarily and exclusively. With this shift in the peoples' axioms, the life of the so-called 'adulterous' woman was spared and a decisive battle in the Three Thousand Years War was won on the side of humanity. That's probably the reason why the imperials removed the entire story from the Bible. They must have recognized that this story opened a vulnerable flank in their Three Thousand Years War."

Here I paused. "Did Christ Jesus thereby excuse adultery, by simply invalidating the imperial law that had defined it?" I asked Sylvia.

Sylvia didn't answer. She simply grinned.

"I would say that he didn't excuse adultery at all. To the contrary, he redefined it, and fought against it, wherever it existed, and defeated it. In the original Decalogue, in the German translation, one finds no mention of the imperial concept of adultery. We find only a request that one should not break the honorable bonds, such as the bonds that love has forged. This gentle law of the Decalogue was subsequently taken by the priests and turned upside down. They perverted the natural law of the lateral model, into a fascist law under the imperial model. It is here, in the perverted version of the Decalogue, the adulteration of a natural principle, where the marriage boundaries are introduced and with them the death penalty for transgressing the boundaries, and transgressing the corresponding property rights. That is where the real adultery happened. The priests were the champions of this adultery, and so became society that bowed to the false laws, the adulterated laws, that caused isolation and division."

Sylvia kept on smiling, as if she suspected something along this line.

"By this process of perversion, the gentle Law of Moses, that reflects the lateral model, was completely adulterated," I continued. "It was twisted around until there was nothing left of it, that is, until it conformed to the imperial vertical model to protect a hierarchical society. This adulteration of the natural law became the foundation for the marriage laws for society, complete with the death penalty for unauthorized sex. The adultery of the natural model has been maintained from this point on, throughout the entire Three Thousand Years War, and society still bows to it deeply. Society even persecutes itself accordingly. Every time that society bows to this adulterated law, it actively subscribes to the adultery that is involved. We both have done this. We both bowed to it for years."

I paused while we looked quietly at the reflecting pool together. I paused to watch her reaction.

"The bottom line is," I said, "that whoever embraces the vertical marriage concept under the imperial hierarchical model, actively embraces an adulterated concept of mankind and thereby commits the same adultery as the priests in ancient times have committed, which is an adultery of the truth and a denial of the renaissance principles. The concept of unauthorized sex exists only under the adulterated law that has turned the natural model, the lateral model for human relationships, upside down for imperial objec-

tives. In order to stop this adultery of the truth, one really needs to get back to the truth, to the natural model that defines us all as human beings with a common humanity, reflecting the Principle of Universal Love. That's the challenge that we have put on the table for one-another in East Germany. In East Germany we followed the advice that Christ Jesus has put forward to stop the adultery of the truth. Christ Jesus' advise to the accusers was, to invalidate the imperial vertical model in their own heart and mind, and to create a renaissance of reason and humanity in the world, thereby to become the sublime human beings that humanity naturally is. This may sound like an easy challenge, Sylvia, but it is far from that. It is an extremely difficult challenge. However, if this challenge is courageously met and universally..."

"Wars will forever cease and poverty will become forgotten history," Sylvia took over.

"The challenge that Christ Jesus has put forward is really as radically far-reaching as that, Sylvia," I said. "Also, I think we can meet this challenge, when we empower ourselves with the imperative of the Principle of Universal Love. We have merely touched a tiny bit of that challenge in East Germany, and even that turned out to be profound, especially our daring to cross the sexual isolation and division that has been maintained for thousands of years."

"I agree, the religions have been the greatest adulterers of the truth," said Sylvia quietly. "I have to agree with that. But what is the Truth?"

"Indeed, what is the Truth, Sylvia? Goya says with his art that the Truth is dead, but is destined to rise again. He painted its image, and said, 'This is the Truth.' Every religion has their own God that demands different rules, many of which are totally contrary to one-another, especially the marriage laws. One religion kills you for having unauthorized sex with another woman; in another religion universal sex is a holy act if it is performed in a temple; in still another religion a man won't go to heaven unless he has multiple wives, and has sex with all of them. Even sex with children is imposed by a religious edict in one religion. The whole religious conglomeration is obviously arbitrary, all of it, Sylvia, including our own sexual division and isolation. So, where is the Truth to be found in this vast maze of artificial constructs? Goya created a farm scene, rich with food, and a full-breasted woman representing the riches of life in all respects, and then he puts the whole scene into the light of a great sun, the sun of the Universe, perhaps, hinting that Truth is found in the principles of the Universe. The Truth that Goya saw, evidently isn't anything small, or anything that is comprehensible with a small mind, a narrowed-down mind, a persecuted mind, a fenced in mind, an imperialized mind."

"The one uniting Truth that I can see, Peter, is that we are all human beings of a common humanity, men and women bound to one-another in complementary attraction, as you have pointed out, and with the same human needs, and the same divine Soul as you have put it. You are right about that part, Peter. I agree. Obviously, everything else is arbitrarily

superimposed for various objectives."

"For imperial objectives," I added. "The concept of God has been adulterated, and has been used as a tool to render the human being small and impotent. That's what Homer had been fighting to overcome twenty-seven centuries ago. Mankind still hasn't learned that lesson. Every religion has a different concept of an all-powerful super-being that the people are corrupted to fear and bow to. That process renders humanity small and impotent. It is impossible to build a renaissance on that foundation. The model that we see operating here, is the imperial vertical model. God is put up into the clouds as a super-being, all-powerful and out of reach, and mankind is put into the dust of the ground, impotent and small, groveling for special favors from their super-being, often groveling on its knees. Some religions hire priests to do the groveling for them, or engage in rituals and mental exercises to make themselves look even more pitiful than a beggar to attract some dribs and drabs of blessings from their deity. That's a perfect example of the imperial vertical model in operation. It is impossible to build a renaissance on this platform of self-prostration that is the opposite to science."

"Of course, there is no such thing as a gray-bearded mighty man sitting above the clouds," said Sylvia, "or even a universal arbitrator whose 'divine ear' one might gain in prayer, for extracting special concessions from the super-being, who would thereby exempt a person individually from the principles of the Universe. How can people believe in such a course of action? They say that the God of the Universe is good and that all creation is perfect and harmonious, but then, in the same breath, they feel themselves justified to grovel for special exceptions from the perfection of creation, and from the wisdom of their all-wise God. Aren't they saying in essence, hey God, you've screwed up, you need a little advise from us to get this thing right? That makes most religions a joke, doesn't it?"

"Most of the religious God concepts are arbitrary constructs, Sylvia," I interjected. "They are constructs of various types of imperial philosophy, as far as I can tell. The entire imperial vertical system is a perversion of reality. Why would you expect it to make sense?"

"So, what makes sense then, Peter?" Sylvia asked. "Is there anything that makes sense, that we can build a renaissance on? There must be some underlying Truth behind the perversion, that the perversion exists to hide."

I nodded. "The underlying truth is found in the principles that shape and govern the Universe," I said. "The only God-concept that makes sense is, Truth. That concept that defines God as Truth doesn't render the human being small and impotent anymore. It makes us stand tall, as a part of the Universe. It defines us as standing side by side with the Universe, as a manifest of it. On this tall self-perception we can create a renaissance. The German poet Friedrich Schiller calls this Truth-based self-perception, the sublime of our humanity.

"Life is another element of the God-concept that makes sense," I continued. "Life is the pinnacle of the self-enriching process of the Uni-

verse. The tallest manifest of Life that I know, is evidently the human being. Life isn't an aberration, Sylvia. It is a lawful phase in the progressive development of the Universe, and the human being is the absolute gem of it. Mankind is the equivalent of a renaissance in the unfolding of Life. That's the renaissance that we are privileged to carry forward in our living. Men, women, children, they are all part of that renaissance. As soon as we begin to see ourselves mirrored in our humanity as the renaissance of Life, we find ourselves empowered to carry forward that renaissance into our living."

Sylvia nodded, as she smiled, as if to say that the battle has been won.

"This inner human renaissance began aeons ago," I said to her. "It began with the agricultural revolution. The intelligence that is expressed in Life, reflected in our life, has made it possible for us to so enrich the world in which we live, beyond its primitive state, that the same world now carries upwards to five-thousand times as many people than the primitive world had been able to support before. Notwithstanding the Ice Age, there had never been such a large human population existing on our planet in the entire 2.5 million years of human development, as we have now. Our very existence on this planet, in the rich manner as we have it today, is the result of the unfolding renaissance of the human genius that began after the last Ice Age. In other words, we have something exceedingly precious to protect when the Ice Age resumes, or else we may dwindle back in numbers to the few million people worldwide, as our planet has had during the last Ice Age."

"A renaissance is the process of going back to the greatest discoveries of the past, and then building on those discoveries, vigorously moving forward with them," said Sylvia. "So, it makes sense what you are saying, Peter. In this context the Principle of the Advantage of the Other is nothing more than just a challenge to advance the process. Once you start on this road, there is no room for going back. Going back would be conscious self-denial."

"So it is the renaissance principle that causes us to honor one-another more fully," I replied. "It makes us honor our God that is Truth, that is Life, and is Love, which is reflected in us and the Universe. No one grovels here, Sylvia. This principle renders us standing tall, and it honors everyone else as standing tall, likewise. The Principle of the Advantage of the Other doesn't make anyone a servant of anyone else either, but stands as a demand to upraise the world to that state that honors all human bonds and thereby honors us as human beings in our own sight. The Principle of Universal Love doesn't enslave anyone, but brings light to the world, it brings the principles of mankind's universal renaissance into our life."

## Chapter 11 - In the Shadow of Lincoln

"It might be wise to change our dinner plans," said Sylvia right in the middle of our conversation. "Would it be to our advantage to interrupt the flow of our exploration here, and let a taxi take us to some dark hole in the wall, for some lesser delights than we have right here, to dull our senses with wine? I like what is happening here. I suggest that we let it continue."

"In this case we might consider a plate of beef smokies grilled to perfection, on a bed of toasted bread overlaid with sauerkraut, and garnished with fresh onions," I said and began to laugh. I pointed to the food vender at the far end of the pool, near the Lincoln Memorial.

"See, Sylvia, there are tables set up right at the edge of the pool. Would this be suitable?" I said and laughed.

"As long as they have yellow mustard, and ketchup for the chips," said Sylvia, and began to laugh too.

On the way to the hotdog stand I reminded Sylvia that creating a renaissance in human living, after three thousand years of cultural warfare, won't be an easy process. "We face huge challenges in overturning the age-old concepts that reflect the imperial vertical model. They have so deeply corrupted society over time that these perverted concepts have become accepted as the ultimate of civilized living. Technologically we may have entered the Space Age, and the age of instant communication, but financially we still live in the Feudal Age, and socially in the Mythological Age."

I reminded Sylvia that in spite of all the progress that has been made, the deepest of all the division and isolation that we've inherited from the ancient axis of imperial hierarchical evil, for which no principle exists in justifying it, is still found between the sexes.

I watched Sylvia's reaction. She nodded slightly, but no longer reluctantly.

"The imperial vertical model that we all bow to," I continued, "codifies these artificial divisions. They have arbitrarily split humanity apart into two giant isolated camps, and beyond that, into a sea of isolated tiny empires, called marriages and families. The axioms that control us in this deeply divided realm, that are designed to maintain this near universal division and isolation, have over time forced and twisted the human dimension to the point that we honor dishonesty. We have been trained to become so inward looking socially that nobody dares to challenge the games of the rulers of the world who rule the world outside of our little enclaves, who thereby determine how we live and cause us to accept what is most detrimental or disadvantageous to our living. Thus society has become evermore obsessed by greed, by property values, by stealing, and by maintaining their imperially sanctioned fascist prerogative, to steal universally



with no regard to human life. Many parts of the world have already been destroyed by this process, such as Africa, India, Ibero America, Russia, China, and Southwest Asia. We need to free ourselves from the imperial model that is strangling the whole of mankind, and become human in the truest sense of the word, rather than in the small religious and imperial sense. However, I am certain that this process has to begin at the home gate, lest we find ourselves to be totally hypocritical. In fact, it cannot be done in any other way. The imperial powers of the world really have no power of their own. They merely exercise whatever power society gives them. The real enemy of mankind is society itself. The healing has to begin there. Will you help me, Sylvia? I cannot do this alone. Will you join hands with me contrary to all the religious dogmas and emotions that deny the principles of our humanity, which we should be placing our lives on? I think it would be to your advantage to say, yes."

Sylvia nodded slightly, and kept on smiling.

I must warn you though, Sylvia," I added, "that the principles by which we can gain our freedom are none other than the Principle of Universal Love and the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, which have been rejected and trashed for centuries. You would be joining a long uphill battle with more than just a few challenges along the way. The goodness of our humanity and its universal love have always been pushed deep into the background and into private isolation rather than put into the foreground of universal civilization. It won't be easy to bridge this abyss of the near universal privatization of good and of love that stands between human beings on so many fronts today. Nevertheless, ultimately, we cannot isolate ourselves from the universal dimension of our humanity, by denying its principles. This includes the oligarchy too. Ultimately, the deep moles will all disappear that presently isolate society from one another for countless superficial reasons, because no universal principle supports these moles. The only major hurdle that I can see, is that we are running out of time with the Ice Age fast approaching. Fortunately, as human beings, we do have the capacity to overtake the evolutionary process by means of intentionally directed scientific development. We have the potential to accomplish on this platform what ages of evolution might never accomplish, and do it comparatively instantly. This potential puts us into an exciting arena, doesn't it?"

"Yes, that's true, but don't forget, Peter, the taller the goal is, the more willing will society be to make the effort to attain it," said Sylvia. "That's been my observation, Peter. Look at World War II. The tall goal was to eradicate fascism. Nearly the entire global society dedicated itself to the task. Economic miracles were achieved under the name of protecting freedom from fascism. Huge sacrifices were made. Now we've become small again, and everything has been privatized once more into the smallest confinement, to the point that living itself has become too expensive. More and more people can't afford food anymore, clothing, healthcare, and to heat their home in the winter, if they are fortunate enough to have one. It's

becoming too expensive even to keep our industries operating, while we import cheap slave-labor products, by which people become too poor to buy them. As I said, human living has become too expensive. That's ironic, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't ironic, Sylvia. It's foolish," I replied. "The irony is, that we don't do anything to change the situation. It seems we like it that way. We stopped developing, because we've been told that development is a bad word. The fact is, that the entire Universe unfolds in a process of constant development. Mankind emerged within this process of development. We are part of the process of constant development. We are insane if we think that halting this process is possible without jeopardizing our very existence. Conservatism is a death trap, even social conservatism. Life is a process of development. The reason why we need tall goals now, reflects the growing deficit in global development, that we've been corrupted to worship. We've made ourselves smaller and smaller, economically and socially. We need big goals to get us back on track."

Those words were strangely intertwined with the revolution in humanist development that Abraham Lincoln represented, whose memorial formed the background to our eating place. Lincoln has been like a renaissance himself, in his day, without which the American Union would have been lost to the imperial forces. The American Civil War was without doubt the most vicious civil war ever fought against a people anywhere on the planet, and it was fought off to victory for the tallest goals, involving the greatest sacrifices from a nation ever made in defending itself against the corruption of the imperial system. Lincoln evidently knew that he was fighting this war to a large measure to protect the continuing renaissance of mankind. Had he lost that war, which he came close to several times, the renaissance of mankind would have been lost at this point, and for a long time to come, perhaps forever, and the imperial system would have been strengthened to rule the world, perhaps in perpetuity. But for once, the critical choices had been made in the interest of human development. Imperial fascism and slavery would have been advanced instead of diminished, had the critical choices not been made at this time.

All of that came to mind while we sat with our smokies in hand, in front of the overpowering monument of Abraham Lincoln, a monument to his achievements in inspiring humanity to become human beings in the sublime sense. I began to cry inwardly, as I faced the magnitude of the great achievement of this time in history, because the renaissance that so many people had fought for and laid down their life for, had become lost. The victory of the Civil War had been betrayed thereafter, over the short space of a few decades. The world has become an imperial hellhole on a much wider platform than ever before, with universal fascism and universal slavery on the horizon, under the banner of globalized imperial looting, saturated with the new feudalism and its derivative scourge in the form of free-trade colonialism. I told Sylvia all this, and suggested that the vast

scope of it indicates to some degree the scope of the uphill battle before us.

Sylvia nodded. "I agree that our world is in a terrible mess," she said quietly. "We simply can't go on like we have been going, and hope to somehow magically survive, and this in a nuclear-armed world with an Ice Age fast approaching, and no preparations for it in progress. But to get to where we need to be, from where we are now, seems impossible too. One can't simply bridge the space from hell to heaven in one giant leap."

I shrugged my shoulders. "What else can we do? Do you want to have us lay down and die? Sure, the challenge that we face is enormous, but it isn't that enormous, especially when our greatest potential, the scientific development of our humanity, hasn't even been applied yet. Naturally we still have a lot to discover about the principles of our humanity and the Universe, in the process of developing ourselves as human beings," I continued moments later. "But it has become fairly obvious to me that all the good in the world unfolds from our humanity and its development, and not from imperial power. This should make our choices easy. Our humanity exists as a great universal good that cannot be divided. Whenever we have tried to divide the indivisible, which is the platform that imperialism is built on, our world has become smaller and smaller, and has become filled with ever-more problems to the point that nothing works anymore. Today's imperialism seems to be an accelerated expression of the kind of small-minded world that we've been corrupted into. Even our civilization is thereby collapsing under the weight of our submission to the insane perversion of reality that the imperial vertical model represents. That model defines us as animals or less, rather than as human beings. That is why the world is in such a mess, because we believe this perversion by insanity to be natural, and to be an ideal state. Haven't we got three thousand years of history to prove that?"

"The imperials seemed to be trapped into the same mess," said Sylvia. "They are attempting to climb Mt. Everest in tennis shoes, and much of the world hails them and follows their lead. They all either have to come back down to earth and embrace the renaissance principles, or they'll all die."

I applauded Sylvia. "Congratulations," I said. "You have taken a majestic step in understanding the model behind the sad aspects of our world, the imperial domain. However, you have only taken a tiny baby step in the overall sense. The next step involves the vastly more complex challenge, to understand what a human being is, which is the basis for any renaissance."

Sylvia raised her hand as if to object.

I waved her off. "We have a tool available to us that enables us to do the climbing the human way," I continued between munching down heaps of sauerkraut, while we were enjoying our 'Smoky Delight!' I paused. "As I said before, the tool is called science," I continued. "Science is a progressive escalator for our self-discovery as human beings. Its model is a

vertical model, like the imperial model, but instead of being a hierarchical model, the vertical model of science is a progressive model. It takes us on a journey of advancing scientific discovery and creativity. Its low-point may be called the moral domain, a kind of minimal starting point, a kind of zero-science point, while its upper leading edge is our portal to the truth and the universal principles of our humanity, defined by the lateral model above it, which science becomes a portal to. This means that in advanced scientific development we also achieve a profound spiritual self-development as human beings, in which the portal of our science gives us a truthful access to the reality of our humanity and its principles, such as the Principle of Universal Love, that we find rooted in that lateral domain. Do I make any sense?"

Sylvia shook her head. "To be honest, you don't make any sense, and even if you did, I think society is miles away from acknowledging science as a tool for its self-discovery. You may be expecting too much, Peter."

"Oh, it sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?" I said. "That's why Schiller may have called it the Sublime. He did not call it the Impossible Utopia. He called it the Sublime. That's mankind's antidote to the Ice Age, the greatest threat to civilization that mankind ever faced. Right now mankind is responding to it with closed eyes and closed minds. Yes, we live in a bankrupt world right now, Sylvia," I said with a sigh. "On this platform, my expectations may indeed appear hopelessly esoteric. The 'bankruptcy,' however, is an artificial situation, socially, civilly, and economically. As I said, the bankruptcy can be dealt with. Our world can be reorganized on the principles of the Universe that are reflected in our humanity. The lateral model represents those principles. We can close our eyes, perhaps, to the principles of our humanity, but we can't walk away from them, and from our humanity, and from the model that represents it. Sure, moving forward with these principles, especially the Principle of Universal Love, causes a few challenging and interesting problems in the sexual domain. But look at the brighter horizons that we are moving towards, the horizon of the progressive discovery of ideas in the domain of scientific and spiritual development!"

"That's what I've been saying, Peter. You are toying with great challenges. The idea of you having sex with other woman is still terribly hard to swallow. I know we can't walk away from the renaissance principles for that, like the Principle of Universal Love, but it isn't easy either, to move with it. I know we can't live by two opposite models at the same time, or claim exception from the universal principles of the Universe, if we find them inconvenient at times. Nevertheless, I find the idea of you having sex with another woman or women hard to swallow."

"Who said that challenging those long-standing doctrines is easy, that have isolated us all sexually, and socially for sexual reasons? I found it extremely challenging every time I faced the opportunity to break away from these ancient doctrines that have been erected up around sex for

sexual isolation. That's a scary thing to break away from. Suddenly one stands alone and faces nothing but universal principles to guide one. Immediately, one faces the question; am I doing the right thing? The challenge is doing the right thing, when no one has any experience in knowing what the right thing is. That's anything but easy, Sylvia, I can tell you that. Doesn't that also tell you that we haven't bothered to lift the idea of sex out of the animal sewer, until now, or out of the imperial hierarchical sewer where sex is privatized and exploited in countless ways, and to raise it up to the sublime level with us, where we are profoundly human beings and not animals," I said to Sylvia. "Maybe, whatever you abhor about sex, is the kind of crap that should be left behind in the sewer, to be forgotten like a none-event, as we uplift our humanity. Uplifting our humanity doesn't mean that we trash sex and hide it, since we find it inconvenient to deal with it. It means that we take it with us to higher ground on the path of scientific and spiritual development, and develop it into an element of our being that matches our sublime image. Maybe we need to learn the 'technology' of leaving the crap behind that has become attached to our humanity, mostly by imperial corruption. It should be left behind in the sewer where it was conjured up. We need to learn this 'technology' of uplifting ourselves in all human aspects, and we need it badly, otherwise we allow our world to be destroyed by default for its countless causes, either by a nuclear war, or by economic looting as we see it happening in Africa and many places around the world, or by the Ice Age that we enter unprepared. My take is that humanity is too precious for it to be so ravished and murdered. Humanity exists to be cherished, because Love exists. You can't separate the two. The universality of our humanity naturally reflects itself in universal love, without boundaries, without barriers, without limits, without conditions attached. That needs to be brought out universally."

"Right, Peter."

"So I ask you, who is going to start the ball rolling, if people like us don't?" I asked.

"But why does it seem to be so inconvenient and scary to face the challenge?" said Sylvia. She began to laugh. "Do we expect the politicians to do that for us, or the imperials?"

"They are a part of the problem, Sylvia," I replied. "We can't look to them for a solution. The solution has to come from us, from the most sensitive, the most courageous, and most alert people of society. We have to be the leading edge. We have to provide the leadership that is necessary to guide the politicians. We have to build the world that we want to live in, and not just survive there. Shall this be a world of active peace, and a world built actively on universal loving? Or shall it be a world of isolation, privatization, indifference, and war? If sex has become such a big thing under the imperial vertical model that it now divides the whole of humanity against each other and causes near universal isolation, then we should know in which direction the solution is found. It is found in undoing the imperial perversion with a new renaissance. This means that we deal

with that issue scientifically, in a truthful manner, within the progressive model of science, and this honestly and courageously. If we don't do this we live as slaves to a defective arbitrary model.

"The German poet Friedrich Schiller calls this process of scientifically reaching out for the truth that empowers our humanity, to create a new renaissance, the process of reaching for the sublime," I said to Sylvia. "When Christ Jesus defended the woman accused of having had unauthorized sex, he didn't treat the case as a sexual issue at all. He treated it as a case of the accusers' obedience to an unnatural model for human relationships, that has no legitimacy to exist and an authority to rule society. With this higher perception, which is the scientifically truthful perception of the situation, Christ Jesus uplifted everyone to a higher level of thinking, and caused them to perceive the divine nature of the human being. He raised the perceptual sphere of discovering ourselves to a higher ground, way beyond conventional wisdom. With that he saved the woman's life, and he saved the accusers from committing a terrible tragedy.

"We have to do the same," I said. "Without those kinds of steps, we cannot create a renaissance, and the Ice Age Renaissance that requires a great deal more, will remain forever but a dream."

"It seems to me that Christ Jesus didn't really demand anything personally, of anybody," said Sylvia quietly. "He merely said to the woman's accusers, are you not all human beings too. That's what he said in real terms, didn't he?"

"He simply raised the accuser's perception scientifically," I said, "and asked them to consider an obvious element of the truth that they are perfectly capable of knowing as human beings. He asked them a few simple questions, like: Are you not capable of uplifting your perception of our humanity to a higher level? Are you not capable of touching the Sublime? Are you not capable of creating a renaissance in your life? We are told that the accusers found themselves to be indeed capable of all that."

"So, why do we find it so difficult to be capable of this, likewise?" said Sylvia.

"Because we haven't yet learned to step away from the sexual division model, the model of the sewer," I said, "and become sublime in our thinking and acting, through scientific development; that is, through discerning the truth, and through relating this truth to one-another. That's how we create a renaissance in our life. That's what he did."

"A church official said recently, that whoever has a grip on society, sexually, owns society," said Sylvia. "I can see your point that we need to get out of their claws as fast as possible. Is this what you mean with being sublime?"

I nodded slightly. "That may have been a daring statement for a church official to make, Sylvia, but what he said is nothing new. As I said, he merely recognized what had been a part of the Three Thousand Years War from the beginning. But he offered no solution. Nor does he aim to raise anybody to a higher conceptual level for creating a renaissance in

people's self-perception. So ask yourself, Peter, is he merely complaining, or is he taking active, courageous, progressive, scientific steps to end this war within? I don't think he is taking any of those steps, and by not taking those steps he avoids the real issue, which is the conflict between two fundamentally opposite models for people relating to one-another. He hides from that. The issue of sex isn't actually fundamental in the sexual conflict. Sex merely got dragged into the perversion of the natural model of human relationships, the lateral model, into an upside-down arbitrary imperial model. Sex became abused for this objective of a gross perversion that was needed to justify the imperial hierarchical system. The result, as was probably intended, is a mess, indeed. Sex has become adulterated for political purposes. This is why we have such grotesque contortions as authorized sex, and unauthorized sex, or free love, and free sex. All of these are features of the imperial model with which the mess was created, and that mess should stay in the sewer, Sylvia, where it belongs. Yes, this mess has now dragged society into some sort of inner civil war, Sylvia. The church official sees that civil war, and is complaining about it, but he is far from actively solving the problem. That's what I see, Sylvia."

I pointed to the Lincoln Memorial that was looming above us across the street. "This memorial is in my eyes not a memorial for a great man alone, who guided a nation to win mankind's greatest civil-war struggle in history," I said. "I see it also as a memorial of the great folly of the American society in failing to shut down the imperial system in its very midst, at the moment that the nation was created. There should have never been a need to fight this horrible civil war. The destruction and killing that ensued in this war was a terrible waste in human terms. It should have been avoided in the light of the renaissance that created the nation. But the war wasn't avoided, because the root of the renaissance hadn't been understood, and therefore the process hadn't been carried far enough in society's own thinking to society's home gate, to be applied at the grassroots level. And so, the American Civil War became an emergency rescue operation, a kind of last ditch effort to make up for the deep mistakes of the past, to save the nation at least in its larger structure as a renaissance republic. Emergency rescue operations always become necessary when people are reluctant to carry the renaissance spirit and its principles into their life."

"Six hundred thousand people died on the Civil War battlefields in our America," said Sylvia, "while billions of dollars were wasted in conducting the war. It was a horrendous tragedy."

"The greater tragedy was, that the winning of this war by the republican forces, didn't end the imperially corrupted thinking of society that 'inspires' hatred and civil division," I said to her. "Their winning the Civil War was at best just a partial victory. The full victory remains yet to be achieved. And so, the price that America paid has been immense, for its earlier reluctance to create a renaissance within, while the old reluctance still continued. Now, even after World War I and II had demanded a vastly greater price of mankind, for more emergency missions, to rescue a foolish

society from its continued folly of omissions, we stand poised once more to pay an even bigger price in the horrors of nuclear war that we are presently racing towards. And even then, on the still larger scale, and for the same reluctance to create a renaissance within, the whole of mankind is poised and willing to pay the ultimate price as society stands determined to enter the approaching Ice Age without the needed Ice Age Renaissance."

"You don't make this easy, do you?" Sylvia replied.

I shook my head. "But it's only hard to grasp when you remain dwelling on the conceptional low level, on the imperial sewer level, where mankind recognizes itself as nothing more than essentially animals, or at the very best, moral animals. Johann Sebastian Bach, the great composer of the Second Renaissance, took us to a much higher conceptional level than that."

Sylvia shook her head in frustration.

"Let me try to explain this," I said gently. "As you know, mankind has existed on this planet for 2.5 million years. We are the eighth human species, and the shortest lived in this long universal development process. The most successful of the species before us, was Homo Erectus that existed for 1.5 million years. But the Homo Erectus became extinct like all the other species, probably during one of the ice ages. We are the only exception, the Homo Sapiens. When the last ice age ended, we came out of it with a tiny world population of less than five million. That's the end-result, Sylvia, of 2.5 million years of development. Suddenly an idea was created. It started with the discovery of the principle that launched the agricultural revolution that the warm climate had enabled. As the result of this perceptual revolution, our population increased rapidly over the next 3000 years, from 5 million to 150 million. That's a thirty-fold increase. This huge increase was caused by a qualitative uplift in thinking. A new perceptual level had been reached that literally staged the beginning of civilization.

"At this point the dynastic and imperial age began," I continued. "The mental scene became darker. Nothing much happened that raised the perception and self-perception of mankind in a revolutionary way. All the breakthroughs that were made, like that of Plato, and of Christ Jesus, were rapidly perverted. As a consequence the world-population increased only at a snail's pace from then on. The pace was so slow that after 7000 more years the world population had barely reached the 500 million mark. This brings us to the time of the Second Renaissance in the mid-1600s. Here the perceptual geometry of mankind suddenly became uplifted once more, resulting in a new rapid increase in the world-population. Over the next 200 years, unfolding out of the background of this higher-level perceptual renaissance, the population expanded again and reached the one-billion-mark in 1825. From then on it simply kept growing in what became a scientific and cultural and economic renaissance. Now only 100 years later, in 1930, the human population had reached the two-billion-level. Then the population growth became almost explosive, as the humanist perception continued to advance, especially during the Franklin Roosevelt era and built, for example,



on Roosevelt's four freedoms. After 30 more years in this perceptual renaissance the world population stood at three billion, and 15 more years after that it stood at four billion in 1975.

"What we are seeing here is the physical result of a profound progressive perceptual development in mankind's thinking, especially its self-perception, that began almost explosively with the Second Renaissance in the mid-1600s," I said. "This is the result of a profound, progressive scientific development. This development is represented by the vertical model of science that brings us evermore fully to the realization of the infinite nature of the human being. We can see in this progression a vast qualitative increase in the perceptual achievement of mankind, that is now reflected in a five billion population. We started with a less than five million population existing at a low perceptual level at the end of the last Ice Age, that we increased to over five billion on a course marked by at least two dramatic jumps in perceptual development. That's a thousand-fold increase that we experienced. This, Sylvia, reflects our power as human beings, in raising our perceptual level to a higher platform."

Sylvia laughed. "Obviously, this huge increase isn't caused by a sudden change in our breeding habits," she said jokingly. "We never had such a large population as we have today, at any time during our 2.5 million year history."

"Nor has the Earth suddenly become physically different in the mid-1600s," I added. "It didn't become suddenly more fertile, so that it enabled us to support an increase of 4.5 billion people. We created the foundation for this increase in the vertical model of scientific and spiritual development. We started the scientific age, and the result was phenomenal. We added 4.5 billion people in only 350 years and raised the standard of living beyond anything we had before. The only thing that had changed in the entire equation, to cause this revolution, was a revolutionary uplift in the perceptual quality of the human thinking. This was the result of the Second Renaissance, and of people like Johann Sebastian Bach, and Karl Gauss, and Bernhard Riemann, etc. Gauss had put on the table a whole new geometry in mathematical thinking. He solved a complex problem that no one had been able to solve for 170 years and he did so by creating a new and revolutionary perceptual concept in geometry. Then Riemann came along and raised this concept once more to a still higher level of geometry, that provided an even higher conceptual power. Gauss proved that the human being is capable of creating perceptual concepts that have no equivalent in nature, that only the human mind can behold, and which can and be proven to be truthful.

"Bach did the same with music in a developmental sense," I continued. "Bach created principles in music that enabled him to raise the perceptual level of society to a higher level of music. His choral composition, *Jesu meine freude*, is an example of his use of musical principles and compositional principles, to raise the perception of an audience to a whole new way of looking at themselves, especially at what defines a

human being as a spiritual being. In *Jesu meine freude*, Bach has taken an old choral and extended it, and interspersed it with texts from a letter that the Apostle Paul wrote to the Romans. Bach literally created a choral composition that was also a platonic dialog at the same time. In eleven steps he raised the perceptual quality of the human being from the level of religious fundamentalism, to a concept that puts man into the realm of a divine spirit. The resulting up-lift makes the human being equal in quality with God, as the image of God."

Sylvia's response was one of astonishment. "This really happened in the 1600s?" she said.

"It happened in the early 1700s," I replied. "At this point the Thirty Years War had been history for half a century already. The old hymn, *Jesu meine freude*, which in English means, Jesus my Joy, had been used by society to celebrate the end of the terrible tragedy that the Thirty Years War had caused, and a long string of wars before it, in which half the population of Europe had been slaughtered. In Bach's time few of the people, who had actually experienced the Thirty Years War, were still alive. But the memory of the tragedy was still on people's mind, and so was the celebration that the tragedy was over and past. Bach took the celebration one step further, into a scientifically growing experience that he designed for society, to help it create the kind of renaissance in thinking that develops the capacity to prevent the tragedy from happening again."

"You speak of perceptual quality," said Sylvia. "Maybe you mean perceptual intensity, similar to energy intensity, but expressed in the humanist realm."

"You mean like comparing the perceptual intensity in a renaissance to the various intensities of physical energy, like comparing fossil fuel power, to nuclear fission power, and then to galactic power?" I replied. "That makes wood fire energy equal with the last Ice Age level of perception, where we lived with primitive power resources. Bringing oil and coal power on line, would then be the equivalent to the perceptual intensity of the agricultural revolution. Nuclear fission power is then equal to the revolutionary perceptual uplift that occurred from the Second Renaissance on. This leaves us with galactic electric power that's equal to the intensity that is necessary for an Ice Age Renaissance. This last kind of qualitative uplift in the intensity of perception remains yet to be achieved, but it is necessary."

I suggested that the comparison is valid, because the coal and oil renaissance needs to be superseded, as oil and coal are of a low energy density that is fast becoming insufficient, and the existing resources for it may not last for more than 200 years anyway. That's the equivalent to the Agricultural Renaissance that had conceptually revolutionized the world. Nuclear fission power, in turn provides a far higher energy density with enough resources to last us probably for 10,000 years. That may be seen as the equivalent to today's leading edge perceptual level that began in the Second Renaissance and now gives us the perceptual power to support

ten times as many people than we did during the start of that renaissance. Compared to this almost explosive increase, nuclear fission power promises to add another magnitude in physical energy intensity, with enough resources at hand to last us until we have galactic power fully developed. That's the equivalent of the kind of perceptual intensity that we need to develop to get us into the next higher renaissance, the Ice Age Renaissance. We need a quality of perception, including our self-perception, which is ten times more efficient in creative power and in truthfulness. We cannot even imagine yet what the perception of sex will be at this high intensity humanist level. We can safely assume, however, that it will be infinitely far advanced above the level of the animalist sewer. The advanced perception will be such that any form of sexual division and isolation simply becomes unthinkable, together with a lot of other worn-out Old Word concepts."

"You are saying then, that a renaissance always starts with a perceptual jump, a quantum jump, even a revolutionary jump, rather than being the result of a gradual stepping up," Sylvia asked.

"It seems that way," I replied. "It has to be that way. A revolution is never a gradual thing. When a new idea is created, bang! Suddenly the world becomes transformed by it. Evidently Bach latched onto this reality and tried to stimulate the process by utilizing a similar process that has happened in the past. The verses that he included as dialog, into his choral piece, *Jesu meine freude*, came from Paul's letters. Paul had evidently experienced such a revolutionary perceptual uplift. He had been one of the chief persecutors of the Christians, the Torquemada of his time. A law had been passed that outlawed the Christian preaching and practice. But a few had defied the law, even at the threat of death. Among them was one named Stephen. He continued practicing and speaking the truth, knowing that doing so would get him killed. Paul, then named Saul, witnessed the execution that was carried out by stoning the man to death. What he had witnessed caused a deep change in him. He might have been wondering what would cause a man to risk his life to uphold a truthful idea that had the potential to uplift civilization. Why would a man regard an idea of truth to be of such value? Out of this background erupted in Saul's thinking a profound perceptual revolution that totally changed the man. This didn't happen gradually. It erupted into a quantum jump in perception. In the wake of this jump his old name was left behind, as well as his vocation as the Torquemada of his time. Instead of persecuting the Christians he helped put Christianity on the map for all future ages. He became Paul, the man who powered the new movement. Scholars suggest that it was Paul who wrote down the Gospels; who probably wrote almost the entire New Testament of the Bible. It was this kind of perceptual quality in thinking that Bach incorporated in the form of a dialog into his choral work, *Jesu meine freude*.

"Are you suggesting that what happened to you in East Germany was of a similar nature?" Sylvia interjected.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I think we all knew that this kind of

quantum jump has to be achieved again, and with a far greater intensity to start the next higher-level renaissance. We didn't even see it as the necessary Ice Age Renaissance. We only knew that we had to pull ourselves up to still higher ground in our perception of the nature of the human being. Did we start a renaissance revolution?" I laughed. "No, I don't think we did. Still we moved as far as we could see a truthful idea unfolding in the scientific domain. We moved with that. Now the door is open to move forward from that. The task is now defined to develop the kind of intensity in perceptual quality that causes the revolutionary uplift that is required for creating the needed Ice Age Renaissance."

"So you say that we can begin the revolution with small steps," said Sylvia, "and maybe with small questions too, like the question as to where the boundary really lies between forbidden love and free love, or authorized sex and free sex, and gentle intimacy and rape? Or do they all belong to the same model?"

I shook my head. "No Sylvia, these are invalid questions. They are invalid questions, because they belong to the low-level model that is no longer valid. We should be far away from this model, focusing on the next higher renaissance in thinking, creating that renaissance, considering the magnitude of the challenge that the whole of mankind is facing. Nor can anything ever be truly resolved by contemplating invalid questions that pertain to an invalid model. Christ Jesus could have argued these kinds of questions until the cows come home in his defense of the 'adulterous' woman, and would have achieved nothing. The reason is that the imperial vertical platform, to which these issues are bound, has no principle. The model is a perversion of principle. Arguing these issues is like arguing on a platform that has no principle. We've become trapped by doing this, into a process that offers no solution. We become trapped into thinking in low-level terms. The solution rests three levels higher in the lateral model that the world denies. That's where our arguments and our thinking should be based. That is where we find the Principle of Universal Love anchored that needs to become the center of our new renaissance. I think Christ Jesus stepped up to this level which the world presently regards as treason, under its cherished imperial vertical model. Christ Jesus didn't fall into this trap that we are in now. He didn't acknowledge the imperial vertical model at all. He stepped up two levels into the scientific domain, the sublime domain, which is our gateway to the lateral model and he defended the woman according to the lateral model. Science is the gateway to truth, the gateway to every succeeding renaissance, even though it's just a tool. Christ Jesus said to the people in essence, you are human beings, act like human beings. That demand put them all three levels above their enraged arguments. It literally ended their arguments. He simply suggested that the details must reflect that fundamental truth. No other demands were needed, or are needed now. Of course, in terms of sex and the Principle of Universal Love, that opens up rather exciting set of demands, which force us similarly to bring the details up to reflect the absolute level. Christ Jesus summoned

the people to locate themselves in the lateral model, where all humanity exists side by side as human beings of a common humanity. The whole adultery issue that he confronted wasn't about sex at all. He was saying to the people, go and locate your humanity in the lateral model, and you will know what this all means, what the real issue is. That is also what we said to ourselves in East Germany, Ushi, Steve, and I.

"And so you brought sex into the equation on purpose, Peter?"

"We didn't have to make it a part of the equation, Sylvia. It is inherently a part of the equation. It comes with the package of our humanity. We just let it be what it is, but only in the highest possible lateral sense, not in the imperial vertical sense. That's damn scary to do, Sylvia, to scrap the vertical model that has been in control for thousands of years and step into a New World three levels higher where the conventional world is conspicuously absent. It is scary, even if this New World is the natural sphere of human relationships. One has nothing but universal principles to guide one there. What if one screws up? A great deal of sensitivity becomes necessary in the world of the lateral model. Sex becomes a totally different aspect in that world. And yes, the possibility exists to make mistakes along the way. If the path is difficult, mistakes are made. I probably made my share of them."

"But was it really necessary to move that far and so quickly?" Sylvia interrupted.

"In real terms we didn't move far enough and fast enough," I said, cutting her off. "We didn't know this then, but I know this today. Look at our history again, Sylvia. After 2.5 million years we had developed a world population of about five million people. Through a single revolutionary perceptual jump we created agriculture at this point, and with it the beginning of a human civilization with a 150 million population. Then 7000 years later we created another revolutionary perceptual jump that presently enables us through advanced concepts in agriculture and economics, to support over five billion people. This represents a huge quantitative increase in perception, or intensity of perception, as you suggest. In other words, until now, the achieved population density in the world, has always reflected itself as a consequence of the achieved perceptual intensity. But now that we are in an Ice Age World, the whole geometry is turned upside down. We suddenly face the challenge to support a huge population in an environment in which all the agricultural achievements from the past, that support our huge population, are about to be wiped out by the coming cold climate. This means that the task of maintaining the modern population size suddenly requires, in fact even demands from us, an enormous increase in our perceptual intensity, in order to create the physical infrastructures for indoor agriculture, and to create further increases in agricultural efficiency. And for that to be possible in the 100-year timeframe that we have left, the required perceptual quantum jump for this to happen has to begin almost immediately. That is why I say we moved too slowly in East Germany, even though we moved with lightning speed."

"Nevertheless, Peter, didn't Christ Jesus, after he saved the woman's life, who stood condemned for adultery, admonish the woman to sin no more? That admonition obscures the issue of sex the way you see it from a high-level perceptual standpoint, doesn't it?"

"No it doesn't, Sylvia. As I've been saying, it is damn scary to stand in the New World of dealing with one-another laterally, standing side by side as human beings, relating to one-another without playing games, and with nothing but universal principles to guide one. It's easy to screw up. As I said, it takes great sensitivity, not to screw up. I suspect that the woman in Jesus' case had messed up big time in that regard. I suspect that while she had dared to step boldly onto the lateral platform of our universal humanity, acknowledging the Principle of Universal Love, reflected in universal sex, she had probably done this with the imperial vertical model still in her heart, bringing with her what that model defines as sexual intimacies. In other words, she may have dragged up the low-level sludge of the sewer into the new high-level environment, that she daringly pioneered into. She should have left the sludge behind in the sewer, where it belongs. The end result of that failure of perception may have been quite a messy scene. It may have involved numerous types of rape and exploitation, active or passive. Most likely it did, because what society pursues in terms of sex, in the hidden world of its private little sphere, often involves numerous types of rape and exploitation, leading to ever grosser forms of spousal abuse, even violence in some cases. In many cases, what goes on there wouldn't be fit to be published in the morning paper with one's name put to it. Obviously one can't drag the sexual sludge from the imperial vertical-model sewer, into the lateral universal domain. The woman in Jesus' case may have done this. But her failure in being scientifically alert hadn't been on trial, had it? Still, Christ Jesus advised her to be cautious."

"This seems to mean, that we should put ourselves on trial for it, Peter," Sylvia interrupted. "We should make that our own growing up perceptual issue. That's scary too."

"Indeed I have done some of that, Sylvia, and this painstakingly. Nothing happened in East Germany, and thereafter, that couldn't be published with pride in any newspaper. Universal sex, that reflects our relationship as human beings, as defined in the lateral model, requires the kind of alertness to the principles of our humanity that assures that nothing is put on the table that violates the sovereignty and integrity of a human being, or that degrades, or causes harm. That's as tall a goal, Sylvia, as is creating an Ice Age Renaissance. We are probably far from getting there. But at least the goal has been defined and we have taken a few steps. I suspect however, that when this higher challenge is met universally, society's marital problems become eliminated, as a vastly more universal sense of marriage between human beings develops, reflecting the natural Principle of Universal Love. Rape and abuse simply isn't a possibility on that lateral platform that will then be coming to light. Universal sex is possible without the sludge of the sewer attached to it. That much I'm certain of."

"But can this be really done universally, Peter? Don't you think you might be dreaming, expecting this to come about?"

I raised my hand. "I think this can be done, Sylvia. The challenge is enormous, but the Principle of Universal Love implies that the challenge can be met. My experience supports this. As I said, nothing ever happened between Ushi and me that couldn't be printed on the front page of the morning news, or be acknowledged before the whole world, with joy. I wonder how many people can say this about what is allowed as 'normal' in their small marriage world where everything goes, guarded by tight borders and impregnable barriers, behind which everything is on the table to be pursued at will. And what about the universal reflection of that greater sensitivity towards one-another that we need to develop as human beings, when the revolutionary renaissance concept of the Principle of Universal Love unfolds politically and economically? Wouldn't that lead to a whole new global renaissance, such as we have never seen before?"

"We are far from that," said Sylvia. "Right now society is stuck up to its neck in its imperial vertical-model mess, as you have put it. Our world has become like a sky filled with nothing but black stars that drain all the light from the firmament."

I laughed. "I found my experience in the East refreshing in that sense," I said. "I found it refreshing to know at least a few people exist in the world, who are committed to turning the black stars of this firmament, into a profusion of suns, radiating light effortlessly to each other, and the Universe."

"Maybe we should put sex on the agenda tonight, to explore the new sensitivity that brings out the sun in us," said Sylvia and laughed as she finished the last bite of the two smokies on sauerkraut that each of us had for supper that day.

"Wow! What a turn of events!" I said, hearing Sylvia talking about sex in that way that seemed so impossible just a few hours earlier. "Is this for real, Sylvia?" I asked.

"Of course it's for real," Sylvia replied. "And, WOW, is probably the correct response to an invitation to start a renaissance," she added and grinned.

"The, WOW, was an honest reaction, Sylvia. I just hope I'll measure up, since I don't know enough yet about the absolute Principle of the Universal Unity of all Good and of Universal Love," I said. "I am just beginning to find my way through that jungle. I don't even have any irrefutable proof of the substance of what I have discovered of this principle. I have had a few lovely experiences that have opened up a whole New World to some degree, a beautiful world, a bright world, and a world that I would love to share with you, if you allow me to. But this is all that I have to offer so far. The real perceptual quantum jump remains yet to be made. Will you join me?"

"I'll take my chances with that," said Sylvia, and began to laugh. Within moments the laughter became a grin.

"That's a difficult world to get into," I said. "It poses huge challenges."

"What about them? Do the difficulties change the principle involved?" said Sylvia and laughed some more. "Hey, Peter, look at this way. We couldn't possibly screw up any worse than we have in the past."

"Yes, but the science of the Renaissance principle has raised the bar, Sylvia. I am talking about the kind of scientific development that caused the Second Renaissance, that gave us the Treaty of Westphalia and a portal to peace, that also gave us the development of classical music. And we have to make a jump to still higher ground. The Second Renaissance also gave us the Peace of Westphalia that was built on the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. We have to step beyond that, too. That renaissance principle had made it possible for all the nations of Europe to forgive each other's war atrocities, and war debts, and forego all reparation demands, and most of all respect each other's sovereignty regardless of a country's size or might. Now we have to raise that to an absolute commitment to mutual support, internationally, nationally, socially, and individually. And so the challenge becomes to do this also sexually, to serve the advantage of the other in an uplifting and ennobling sense, and this with nothing left standing that doesn't fulfill this tall objective."

"If it was possible during the Second Renaissance to open the gates to the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, through scientific development, then the same process will not only be possible again today, sexually, politically, and economically, but we can move forwards on from there into all kinds of exciting new frontiers in human relationships. I can think of quite a few ways we can move forward," said Sylvia, excitedly all of a sudden.

"Maybe that's what classical music is all about, which was developed on the foundation of the Second Renaissance and its Principle of the Advantage of the Other," I said. "It became society's expression in its commitment to moving forward."

"Why didn't I know that?" said Sylvia. "And here, I call myself a classical musician."

"Classical music is a scientific process in music that draws out an echo of what is already in the human heart," I said. "It draws on the complexity of beauty, the flow of love, the sublimity of scientific awareness, and it presents it for the advantage of the other, even those far in the future. That is what we find reflected in the music of Bach who started this kind of musical trend, followed by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and others. Steve and Ushi live on the same platform, aiming for the advantage of the other, only in a more direct way. The most incredible freedom and peace resulted from this Renaissance principle that has uplifted civilization, and will continue to do so, to the point of uplifting the future. I experienced some of that in East Germany with Steve and Ushi, and with Helen too. The focus there was always on enriching one-another."

"Ah, that should make the rest of our evening a rather interesting



evening," said Sylvia.

"Steve always said, we bring to each other our love, to enrich one-another's existence," I added.

"That's a great motto to live up to, Peter, isn't it?"

As it was, we didn't go back to the hotel right away. We set out for a stroll to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial in the late evening sunshine, and from there for a stroll along the river to watch the sunset. At least that had been our plan. On the way we crossed the Vietnam War memorial, another folly from another time, resulting from failures to create a renaissance. It seemed that the whole of our century had been a century of follies, from World War I to the Cold War, and ranging from Africa to Cambodia. Whenever people are forced into misery, invariably some mad 'Savior' will come along with a promise for a better world at the barrel of the gun. Then things will always get worse, a lot worse. One simply cannot create wellbeing through violence. That simply doesn't work. But that is what we have nuclear bombs for, don't we? Nothing good will come from them.

Everything that I saw happening wherever I went told me that there is a principle operating in the Universe that can take us away from those bombs and fascist ravishing, and away from the vertical model and directly to the lateral model, that is expressed in the universal unity of good.

That's what I could now see unfolding in Sylvia. When we arrived at the beautiful white marble memorial, I hugged her and kissed her out of sheer gratitude for our now unfolding renaissance that I hoped would never stop.

I recalled at this moment that Steve never talked about the principle of the Second Renaissance, the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, and barely mentioned the Principle of Universal Love, but that he lived them with every fiber of his being. They had become his life. Now the possibility was dawning that they also become our life.

I also felt quite sure that my invitation to Sylvia to join me in projecting these principles in our life, was bound to unfold for the advantage for both of us and for that of all mankind. I saw that these principles would empower us to become more fully human in our life ahead, more than we may have ever imagined to be possible."

"Do you feel richer because of what happened today?" I said quietly to Sylvia, when we came to the edge of the Potomac River. The sunset still seemed a bit distant in time. We made ourselves comfortable on a park bench at the edge of the river.

"Richer?" she asked. "In which way?"

"Do you feel richer as a human being, Sylvia. The Old World is left behind and a New World lies before us. Do you feel richer facing that New World?"

"The world appears brighter, Peter, but will this be our future, or will it all end again in the dead-end of an unrealizable hope?"

"We've already taken a few steps into this New World," I said. "Just look at the Old World that we are getting away from. The Old World is a world that is devoted to lies. The Old World is a world in which no one has for a long time demanded any type of irrefutable proof of whatever it is that we have built our life on. Everything is taken on faith; faith in traditions, faith in ancient axioms, faith in ideologies and religious dogmas that no one can deliver any proof for. It has been like that for centuries. It is now getting rapidly worse. Would you ever want to get back to that, as the foundation for your life? There appears to be no truthfulness in almost anything anymore, that we have devoted our life to in the Old World. Everything is falling apart there. Nuclear war looms on the horizon. We shouldn't really be surprised at this, should we? Because, when everything is taken on faith, humanity leaves itself wide open to be spoon-fed with a diet of lies, which has become custom tailored for the purpose of looting and dominating society. And in order to make the lies stick, whatever bit of our humanity still remained in people's life, has been reduced to the absolute lowest possible denominator, so that any notion of universal principles is driven far out of sight. I would call this abject poverty, Sylvia. That's what I'd say we've begun stepping away from, and will continue to as quickly and as radically as possible, because it is destroying the Old World. We shouldn't try to hold onto it, but be glad to see it disappear. Nevertheless, the real riches of our New World are yet to be discovered. We should rejoice in the potential brightness of that New World that we are able to build."

"You are right, we shouldn't be focusing on preserving," Sylvia interrupted. "We should be focusing on building. Preserving implies perpetuating the Old World. We don't want to do this. We should want to get away from it. We should want to develop what has never been developed before. The return of the Ice Age forces this on us, and I think the needed Ice Age Renaissance will be created. We are human beings. It is not in our nature to capitulate and lay ourselves down to die."

"Once we break the universal division and isolation in society from the ground up," I said, interrupting her, "beginning with the sexual division where the battle is closest to home, we will begin to create the brightest Renaissance World that we have ever seen and experienced. We will see everyone's income doubled in real terms in five years, with an equivalent increase in the standard of living. This trend will go on for a hundred years until the Ice Age Renaissance has been completely created and the very concept of economic prosperity becomes irrelevant, as it becomes the universal standard, and poverty becomes unknown."

Sylvia simply nodded.

"Actually, the Old World can't be preserved," I said, and began to laugh. "Too much of it has already disintegrated. It has become an empty world, a world for dummies, and the rest will end with the Ice Age forcing us to higher ground."

I told Sylvia about the shock that I had experienced recently in a

bookstore on my way to the Dallas airport, before leaving for Russia. An entire section of the bookstore had been devoted to books for "Dummies."

"We have created a culture devoted to a world of lost souls," I said to her. "This culture is focused on a society that sees itself devoid of the most basic element of our humanity, our intelligence. In these books, advertised for dummies, the most intricate elements of our world have been watered down to nothing more than baby talk with simplistic illustrations that, as the titles suggest, even 'Dummies' can understand. I counted 243 titles of books for 'Dummies.' I was told that there were more available. I was also told what the hot titles were: 'Car Buying for Dummies,' 'Parenting for Dummies,' 'Classical Music for Dummies,' 'Dating for Dummies,' 'Sex for Dummies,' even 'Gourmet Cooking for Dummies,' and of course, 'The Universe for Dummies.' The only titles that I didn't find," I said to Sylvia, and laughed, were, 'How to Love in Three Easy Steps, for Dummies,' or 'Open Heart Surgery Made Simple, for Dummies.'"

I suggested to Sylvia that those titles might be next year's addition. I also suggested that this explosive appeal to ignorance has become a dehumanizing disease that needs to be healed.

I had to laugh suddenly, before I continued. "Did you realize, Sylvia, that the first book on how to love in three easy steps had actually already been published many ages ago. Everyone has memorized it: Get married. Have sex. Raise children. That's 'Living for Dummies,'" I said to her, "all wrapped up with detailed instructions on related emotions, relationships, boundaries, duties, penalties, condensed into three easy lessons covering a half a page each, all prepared for people with small memories and small minds, and no awareness of the Principle of Universal Love. Tragically, this 'small-world' doctrine, is being preached from every pulpit."

"That's what I mean, Peter. Do we really want to spend our entire life at this primitive level, not to mention preserving it?" said Sylvia.

Wow! That comment, coming from Sylvia, was music to my ears. I suggested to Sylvia that we have already preserved this primitive level of living far too long. "But the books for 'Dummies' are wrong," I said to her. "Love isn't found at this primitive level. That's not its native divine domain. I suggest that for Love to be found in its native domain, we need to look for it in what Carl Friedrich Gauss, Germany's top genius of the early 19th Century, calls the 'complex domain.' The complex domain is the domain of universal principles, the domain where we see with the mind the substance of the higher level principles of the Universe that the eyes cannot behold. The perceptual range of the physical senses is limited to the physical Universe. The eyes cannot see the substance of a renaissance before it becomes reality, but the mind can see it, and thereby creates it. This fact proves that the substance of our humanity lies in the mental and spiritual Universe, the Universe of universal principles and of profound ideas that exist only in the mind and nowhere else. This is the complex domain, where we see with the higher-level process of perception, what the physical eyes cannot behold. This is the domain where we discover ourselves as

human beings with the power to create a whole new civilization and a completely new world. That New World is the human world that sets us apart from the world of animals and that of any other form of life."

"Including the world for 'Dummies,'" Sylvia interjected and laughed.

"As I said, Schiller had called this human domain, the Sublime," I continued. "Gauss had called it the Complex Domain. Others may call it the domain of Science, the Portal to Truth. I would like to simply call it the human domain, because a goat, for instance, has no concept of advanced universal principles. Only human beings are capable of creating those concepts. A rat, in the same manner, even lacks the capacity to 'see' the beauty of a rose. Only we human beings have this capability, and if we use this capacity for creating higher levels of beauty on that foundation, our life becomes rich with a renaissance. Unfortunately we've barely used this potential so far. That is why the Principle of Universal Love is shunned, because the human dimension can only be recognized in the Complex Domain, where this exclusively human capability unfolds. Universal love exists in the Complex Domain as a form of peace beyond emotions, that unfolds as joy in the realization of our wondrous humanity. The Complex Domain is the New World. Universal love is a unique element of our humanity that unfolds only in the Complex Domain where its principle is anchored. That's where we discover the vast dimensions of our humanity. Peace, like universal love, is not an emotion. It's not the result of animalistic instincts or moral motivation. Peace unfolds from active principles created in the mind, scientifically understood, and proven in life. Peace and universal love are a part of our humanity that makes us uniquely human. They are also something that we cannot get away from, even if we were to try. If we are honest with ourselves, we will find them always knocking at our door in countless different ways, manifesting their infinite, universal Principle. That's the Universe that we should be exploring together and build our New World on, Sylvia, instead of remaining locked to the Old World that has become a 'Universe for Dummies.' The Old World is already disintegrating anyway, and one day it will cease to exist. So what about it? What do you say? Do you want to get away from that? I think you will find this to your advantage."

"I have already given you my answer, Peter. The answer is yes on all counts. Nevertheless, that's a big step to take, Peter," Sylvia answered quietly.

"No, Sylvia, that's a huge step into a hugely wide world filled with wonders and challenges that we may have never even dreamed of before, and proofs of Principle that no one had dared to imagine yet as possible. But that's what it really means to be human, doesn't it?"

"Right, Peter. We can't even imagine yet what we have already lost by not having created this New World sooner," said Sylvia.

"Right, Sylvia, if we can't manage to become human in real terms, and manage to step beyond the confines of our little enclaves in which we keep hiding from reality, if we can't cherish one-another on an ever wider

scale, and enrich one-another in this context, then we will lose even the little we have left of our civilization. In any case, the Old World is already collapsing around us. We better get serious in opening up the New World that supercedes it"

"I understand this," said Sylvia. "The issue then is to live in the complex domain, where our humanity is truly anchored, where Good is our substance, and Love is our Life. That's the issue as far as I can tell, isn't it?"

"That's the only issue, Sylvia," I interrupted. "I think we have already stepped up beyond the threshold that closes the Old World down behind us. There is no going back possible now, is there?"

I noticed tears in Sylvia's eyes, as I said this. But they were no longer sad tears.

"Everything falls in behind that one core issue that opens up the New World and becomes a part of it," I continued.

I felt tears forming too. "The fight that is involved here; the battles that must be fought, and they must be fought mostly within ourselves, must be won. We have no other option but to step up to a higher level and move forward from there. While this may appear difficult, even scary, it promises a brighter and richer world than any that has ever been created in all of human history. As I said, it will double society's income in five years in real terms, and that will continue for a hundred years until the whole concept of individual prosperity becomes meaningless in a world of universal prosperity."

I paused, then pointed out that the Principle of Universal Love has been the hallmark of every renaissance in history, while it has never been translated into life at the grassroots level, during any renaissance, but had been implemented only philosophically, and to some degree economically, and politically.

"It has never been made the foundation for living," I said moments later. "That is the kind of renaissance we are going to create to the deepest recesses of our individual living, far from the Universe for "dummies." That may have never happened in history, but it is about to happen. So, fasten your 'seatbelt,' we are about to embark on a new adventure for a New Renaissance, completely in accord with the Ice Age agenda, which promises to become the greatest adventure in renaissance building, since the dawn of mankind, a building that obsoletes our wildest dreams of what can be done on this planet. That renaissance will be such that we will drag the entire natural world into it, to weather the Ice Age, until the day when we will learn to artificially cause global warming to end the Ice Age for all times to come."

"And all of that is built on your expected breakthrough at the social level that obsoletes social division and isolation?" said Sylvia. "You are right. This has never happened before, but it may yet be possible."

"That is why all the brightest movements in the history of renaissance have failed," I said to Sylvia. "They have failed, because the core

breakthrough to the social level has never been made before. To fail this time, at this late hour, in achieving what must be achieved, would open the door to the greatest tragedy of all times with the Ice Age on the horizon. While this potential tragedy is something to take note of, the big thing that must drive this issue for us, has got to be human development, if not the Ice Age Renaissance itself, since such a renaissance has never been created in people's individual living in the entire history of the world. We've always been stuck in a small world kind of thinking, in a divided world existing as an isolated people, a petty small-minded people, reduced by cultural warfare into a crowd of pathetic 'dummies.' The Ice Age Renaissance that the Universe has put on our agenda, if we will accept it, will give us the total opposite of our small, divided, isolated, insane, pathetic, world for 'dummies' that we currently love, even while it is killing us."

"That's something enormously big to look forward to, Peter. In this case, all those battles that need to be fought within us to get us to this higher level where the building of the New Renaissance becomes possible, must be won. They must be won, Peter, no matter what it will cost us in honest efforts. The cost must be born. If we are not willing to do this, then we have already lost, and everything else becomes meaningless thereby."

"Wow!" I said. My response was to hug her. What she said seemed like a miracle. It all seemed so impossible just ours before. She fully agreed now! And here, I had dreaded this day of facing her on this issue. Instead it had become a day of deeper union of hearts and minds, the kind we haven't had for years. It had become a day for celebration.

## Chapter 12 - Afterglow

Sylvia offered me her hand as we walked back to the hotel in the bright afterglow of the sunset.

With the river now far behind us she told me along the way to the mall that she was now beginning to understand something about a world she had never known before to even exist, which had evidently motivated me in the Communist East, to become open to these women. She also said that this newly emerging world of a new and spreading renaissance appears a lot scarier to her, than what had frightened her before in the Old World, which she referred to as a world of blessed ignorance. She said that the Old World seemed less scary, because the blame for the calamities was always conveniently heaped upon somebody else's shoulders. Now that one shoulders the responsibility oneself, together with everybody else, the world becomes scarier, even as it becomes brighter. "What if we fail?" she said.

"When one opens the door to a New World," she continued, "the Old World vanishes from sight. Everything suddenly changes. Something has changed between us, and I love it. However, when the Old World disappears, where the New World begins, no bridge is left behind us, for going back to the way we were. The old perception of the world is gone. The responsibility that we now carry, that we have always carried but ignored, can no longer be put aside now. But will the renaissance promise for a brighter world be realized in the little time that we have left for it to come true, as it always does in the fairy tales, in which everyone lives happily forever after? This unanswered question should inspire both haste and caution. We should be both pioneers and saints of caution, because this bright New World before us has not yet been explored, except in the most superficial manner, so it seems, as you admit yourself. But, on the other hand, should we even want to as much as look back, since going back is already impossible? The Old World is scary, too. Living with closed eyes as we have endured it, putting the responsibility for one's life into others' hands, holds no promises for anything grand and lovely, and sublime, as you have put it in so many ways."

"Oh I see, Sylvia, you want a world that is 100% guaranteed," I said and squeezed her hand. "If that's what you want, sit back and do nothing, and you will die with a 100% certainty. Apart from that, there are no guarantees in life, except the promises of timeless principles. The substance of those promises is now closer at hand to be discerned, and to be realized, than it ever had been. And some of it has already been discovered, while a lot of it probably remains in the as yet unknown."

"Nevertheless, the tallest of the principles that are known is the Principle of Universal Love," I added. "It promises certain results based on historic observations. The principle of loving universally is one of the pro-

found elements of our civilization that has been discovered, but which we have barely begun to explore, though we know enough about it, to be impelled by it to reach out for more of its potential. The same can be said about the Principle of Universal Sovereignty that protects us individually, and empowers our democracy as individuals of a society. The principle of cherishing our universal sovereignty comes together with the principle of loving universally, as if the two were one. These two elements are probably elements of the same principle, the Principle of Universal Love, which is itself but a facet of a still larger principle, the Principle of the Universal Unity of Good. This means that the promises that we have unfolding with the already discovered principles, are not empty promises."

"These promises are as powerful as the promises were, that stood behind the development for the Peace of Westphalia," said Sylvia. "Some of these promises came already true and changed the world. They became a new foundation for civilization and the founding of our country as the very first true republic on the planet that established itself as a nation-state, existing outside the imperial mold."

"Those promises did come true, didn't they, even if we let them slip away again?" I said. "Benjamin Franklin said to the people of his time, 'We'll give you a republic, if you can keep it.' Well, he and his fellow founding fathers did give us that republic. The discerned principles had been applied and the republic was created. We have let it slip away, tragically, but the idea that was demonstrated in the historic founding of our republic, and the principles on which it was founded, can never be eroded."

"They have already changed the world," Sylvia replied. "But what precisely is it, that we will be able to gain from them in our age, by utilizing these principles more fully?"

"That depends on us," I replied with a smile. "It depends on our honesty with ourselves as we explore these principles and create clearer perceptions of them. This is life, too, Sylvia. There are no guarantees of course, except the promises that are offered by the universal principles, if we care to work with them, and struggle with ourselves to bring our life into line with them. We can also let them blow away again with the wind as we have done many times before. It is our privilege, however, to realize their promise to the degree to which we embrace them, like the principle of aerodynamics that enables human flight. We now claim that privilege of utilizing the principles of flight to such a degree that this capability will never be lost."

"Maybe it is more than a privilege," said Sylvia. "Can scientific development be seen as a privilege, or even a duty? I think it is neither of that. I think it is far more than that. I think we engage in scientific development, because it is the human thing to do."

"I can see the same in respect to our demonstrated capability for creating a New Renaissance," I interjected. "The drive for a New Renaissance will never become lost then, but expand forever, because it is the human thing for us to do. Then we will create the Ice Age Renaissance



without fail, and not because it is desperately needed, but because it is the human thing to do. In fact, our looking a hundred years into the future, and to let the future determine the present, is definitely a human thing. No animal species has the capability for that. Only we can do this, and we do it, because it is the human thing to do. That assures that it will be done. That's what I see happening, Sylvia, for our future. We have already begun to build our civilization on that renaissance process. Take the history of flight, for example. We didn't really need to fly, but we wanted to fly, and we created a way to do it. Thereby we proved ourselves to be human beings. That beginning was small in real terms. The Wright Brother's short initial flight lasted just a few seconds for a distance of 120 feet, but it started an unfolding that became unstoppable, it started a renaissance process, didn't it? Now we can fly 9000-km none-stop. None of that was ever easy, of course. The Wright Brothers do testify to that. Nor will the further steps be easy, like developing ground level transportation with speeds of fifteen thousand miles an hour, which are all possible in our New Age Renaissance. The principles exist, and the realization of their promises is but a developmental step away. This means that the promises of the already discerned principles are all attainable, both in our individual living, and in the ever-larger context of the world and the Universe. I can also tell you this, Sylvia, that the promises that the highest principles hold, are the most exciting. They offer the best guarantees for the greatest good that we can get in this world. That's life too, Sylvia. The Principle of the Advantage of the Other, takes us completely away from the imperial sphere of Olympic competition where only one person can win the gold and the rest are losers. And stepping up from this to still higher ground, takes us to the point of fully recognizing the whole of humanity as the Supreme Being in a world in which the concept of losers will become a forgotten relic of Dark-Age history. In the world of universal principles, everyone wins, as society as a whole becomes uplifted. Sure, Sylvia, there are risks involved that we may screw up along the way. But so what? What do they matter when the whole horizon is vibrantly aglow?"

"I suppose we face risks in every facet of life," Sylvia interjected. "Every time we step out of the house we face dangers. We could be shot, be run over by a truck, or slip and break a leg. Still, we go out into the world, because that's what living demands. We face the dangers and go about our business and make the world as rich and as beautiful as we can."

"And that, my love, is exactly what I think this is all about, in an expanded sort of way," I said, squeezing her hand again. "So, what do you think about those risks that we face in opening a door to a New World, that takes us into a more promising direction than the one we've taken in the past in the Old World? Doesn't the process feel like being moved ahead by a fresh new wind? In an addition, as an extra benefit, we are building the required new platform without which we cannot survive on this planet."

Here I remembered what Steve had said about opening Pandora's Box. Once one opens that box, the box is open, and one has to deal with everything that is in it, which is like opening a window to a New World.

Sylvia agreed with those words of wisdom.

"So, Sylvia, to answer your first question of today about my sudden involvement with women?" I said. "The answer must be, that it reflects the principle that is involved, the principle of universal good reflected in universal love, and its imperatives on us all. I didn't create this principle, nor did the others who pointed it out to me, as they have. Nor do I expect the development to end, that has begun. It can only become broader, and wider, and more precise and more powerful in its universal beneficial renaissance effect, as any renaissance indeed unfolds as a universal phenomenon. One simply doesn't have a choice about what one finds, once Pandora's Box is opened, which represents our New World. One has to deal with everything that's in it. Fortunately, that puts us all onto a platform on which we can begin to deal with all the other issues that linger behind, and uplift them in an intelligent manner, even those lower issues that are killing our world, for which people kill one-another."

"On the Old World platform, we have become caught up in living an imperial tragedy," said Sylvia, "which the Principle of Universal Love now empowers us to shut down. That's something to celebrate and not to mourn over."

"There's nothing to be found that's worth mourning over in the old imperial world," I replied, "but there's a lot to celebrate as we get into a freer and richer world. We have sacrificed so much of our love in the past by the denial of our love, which had been demanded, so much so that our physical world is now careening towards a crisis that we may not survive, in which everything that we worked for is now in great danger of becoming lost. That too, is in Pandora's box among the items that Zeus wanted to hide from mankind, forever."

"He hid all the renaissance issues so that they won't be dealt with," said Sylvia, "in order that we won't gain our freedom from the imperial impositions that the Zeus mythology represents. He made Pandora, the beautiful First Lady of Greek Mythology, the keeper of the box, with the charge never to open it and reveal its contents, so that she would be carrying the blame for the destruction of mankind."

I nodded. "Now that a few courageous people in East Germany have opened the Pandora's Box, we are faced with the task of dealing with what is in it. Some of it is beautiful, challenging, and immensely uplifting. And some of it, by omission of the work that should have been done, is terribly ugly, frightening, brutal, and is fast becoming critical, but which can be dealt with by utilizing the principles that we now know."

"That's the difference that makes all the difference," interjected Sylvia. "That appears to be the critical difference that makes our world a whole lot brighter, because solutions to our great problems are now possible, even attainable."

Sylvia seemed proud of herself, for having said this. "This means that we can face the ugly and the brutal, now, with a new and justified hope, and celebrate that we have at long last a chance to get past the ugliness of it, if we dare to face it honestly," she added.

"In this context, what happened in East Germany and afterwards, has nothing to do with 'carousing' with other women," I added in turn. "What happened there has something to do with taking a couple of steps up to the sublime world, where those lower level concepts don't have any meaning, as indeed they never had any meaning in real terms. These lower level concepts are like concepts of a fairy tale world that ends once the storybook is closed."

"These concepts belong to the mythical stories in which horses have wings and elf folk fulfill the needs of mankind," said Sylvia, jokingly.

"That's not the real world, isn't it?" I replied. "However, those are the stories by which mankind has become enslaved, once the tale is believed to be the truth, so that mankind now believes that only magic can rescue us, or a divine super-hero."

"Unfortunately for mankind, the whole world has been dragged into these stories, in which those low-level concepts apply," said Sylvia.

"No, Sylvia, mankind has been corrupted into embracing those tales as the truth, and into acting them out, the kind of imperial horror-tales in which mankind bows to the dictates designed to limit its love for one-another, thereby creating conditions of poverty and impotence, and of self-deprivation that have now become too dangerous for us and for the whole of humanity to live under. By living as an imperially corrupted society, we have worked ourselves into a state of crisis that is fast becoming so critical that it now threatens to collapse our civilization, beyond the point of no return," I added.

"That's exactly what Zeus would have loved to hear you say," said Sylvia, "as he would close the box again, and hand it back to Pandora to keep it safe for another three thousand years, or another hundred thousand years," she added.

"That's why we've got to keep the box open and keep on looking at what's been hidden for so long," I said, grinning now. "If it contains the key to a New World, even a more wide open and truthful private world, this box must never be closed. If we didn't have the tools to deal with its contents, keeping the box open would be futile, but we have the tools now to deal with all the issues that it contains. That tool is our perceptual renaissance arising from the unfolding Principle of Universal Love. We have the potential with that tool, to clean up the whole accumulated mess and to start a real and lasting renaissance at last."

"This gives rise to celebration," interjected Sylvia.

"However, before we can effectively deal with the critical nature of the onrushing civilizational crisis, which Zeus wouldn't want us to recognize before it hits us beyond recourse, we need to review some basic aspects of nuclear physics."

"Nuclear physics?" Sylvia repeated. "Isn't it amazing what comes out of this box?" she said and began to laugh. "What started as a controversy about sex and womanizing has broadened into nuclear physics. Are you trying to hide something about sex that is uncivilized? Or are you saying that it is so insignificant in comparison to what really counts that it shouldn't even be a factor?"

Now I laughed now, too. "Oh, I wish that sex was so far removed from what matters in human relationships, that it wouldn't be a factor. Then the whole world would not be divided and isolated over it. Of course I don't think sex is uncivilized, so that it needs to be hidden. It is an issue that among a lot of other aspects relates to being human. However, we have to uplift it from the perception of it relating to civility. We have to uplift it to a truer perception of it, that falls in line with a truer perception of ourselves as human beings. This truer perception elevates us universally into the sphere where we come to light as spiritual beings with a profound intellect and a wonderful mind that is keyed to universal love."

I paused and grinned again. "My being with you; my being touched by you as a woman; my being touched by your wonderful female nature, is such an enriching and uplifting influence, that I wouldn't call any aspect of this sexual intimacy uncivilized. The slander that defines sex as uncivilized, is designed to degrade our humanity and force it into universal isolation. We have to elevate it with the fire of our passion to the image of the human being that defines humanity as the Gem of the Universe! We have never done this. We have messed up instead. Mankind has messed up in this regard so badly over the ages that hundreds of millions of girls and women have been killed over it during the Vedic Dark Age, and Brahmanic Dark Age. Even now, society stands ready once again to throw civilization away at the altar of universal division and isolation and vilification. So, sex remains an issue for as long as it needs to be that, until the issue is resolved for which we are universally divided, and we begin to relate to one-another as human beings in every respect. We've built 65,000 nuclear bombs to prove that we failed in relating to one-another as human beings. Since this failure is becoming critical, the sex issue is becoming critical in that regard, because the one is reflected in the other."

Sylvia just smiled. "This means that we have made enormous progress already, with historic dimensions perhaps, by starting our own little renaissance in this arena."

"Yes, we've made a start," I said, "but nothing more. That is why we need to look at nuclear physics to understand the process, because we have a similar process happening there. I propose that we look at nuclear physics as a metaphor."

"Actually we shouldn't be talking about nuclear physics out in the open, in the middle of Washington DC. We might get arrested," said Sylvia and laughed again.

"We only need to talk about the basic facts in nuclear physics that every person in the world should know," I countered her. "It should be

known for instance that the universal feedstock for nuclear energy and nuclear bombs is in both cases 'natural' uranium, the stuff that we dig out of the ground. Few people realize that this natural stuff is rather harmless and useless in its native state. It is extremely heavy, even heavier than lead, with an atomic weight of 238. Physicists call it U<sub>238</sub>. Apart from its unique property of being extremely heavy, it's useless. You can't make a bomb with it. It won't fission. You can't fuel a power reactor with it. Its atoms are too well balanced internally for us to poke them apart in order that we might harvest the stored-up atomic energy. However, the natural uranium that we dig out of the ground also contains a minuscule amount of a freak isotope of uranium that is slightly lighter in weight. It weighs only 235 on the atomic scale, instead of 238. This means that the lighter U<sub>235</sub> has something missing from its atomic structure. That missing part upsets the internal balance. It's like some 'glue' is missing that holds the atom together. In fact, the U<sub>235</sub> atom is so unstable that occasionally a neutron particle escapes from its atomic confinement. When it does, it does so at very high speed. That's where the energy comes from that we can harvest. Normally the leaking energy from the unstable atoms doesn't pose a problem, since in the natural uranium that we dig out of the ground, the portion of the unstable atoms is so small that they don't affect one-another.

"However, from here on it gets interesting," I said to Sylvia. "Physicists have found a way to separate those unstable U<sub>235</sub> atoms from the natural uranium, and extract them. They reasoned that if they can bring more of the unstable atoms together, the leaked energy becomes more concentrated. They also reasoned that the thereby escaping neutrons might just be moving fast enough to poke a hole into the shell of a neighboring unstable atom. They figured that the target atom would thereby become even more unstable, so that more and more neutrons would escape, which in turn would target still more unstable atoms, and so forth. They reasoned that when they get enough of those unstable atoms close together, that the interacting destabilizing process would self-escalate so rapidly that a nuclear explosion would occur. They exploited this process for making the bomb. They also reasoned that if they keep the concentration of the unstable atoms quite low, near the 5% range, a lot of energy would be released by the destabilizing interaction for generating electricity, but not enough of it to reach the critical state where the explosive chain reaction occurs."

"Now what has this got to do with our issue at hand, Peter, of developing a renaissance on the Principle of Universal Love? Where is the connection."

"You don't see the connection, because we've all been corrupted by the imperial system to think in small terms. The real issue, Sylvia, is much bigger. It's so big that Zeus had to hide it. And that is where nuclear physics comes in. The real issue is centered on one question. This question is becoming evermore prominent in the world. That question is about fascism. Fascism is fast reaching the critical stage. The million dollar question is, can we establish our needed grassroots renaissance fast enough and wide

enough to prevent the growing fascism in the world from reaching the critical mass, at which point it will explode into a chain reaction of fascist madness?"

"That makes our renaissance a vital issue for civilization right now, doesn't it?" said Sylvia in a tone of astonishment, "because fascism is definitely on the fast track of reaching into every country and every society. So you are asking then, when will the escalation of fascism reach the critical mass that overcomes all barriers?"

"That's one question, Sylvia," I replied. "The other question is; what can we do about it? It seems to me that the Principle of Universal Love is the only principle we have for preventing the critical mass of fascism from forming. That makes the Principle of Universal Love one of the 'biggies' that we took out of Pandora's box in East Germany, where universal love became of central importance. The Principle of Universal Love appears to be the only interposing element that we have available, which we can apply to diffuse the escalating chain reactions of universal fascism."

"Those are big words, Peter," said Sylvia. She didn't laugh anymore as she said this.

"Fortunately, those 'big' words reflect the nature of the potential that we have to stop the chain reaction of fascism, or else we would have no hope at all, Sylvia. In a nuclear reactor we can shut the reaction process down by interposing an inhibitor element that is not conducive to the reaction process. The Principle of Universal Love has that kind of quality for diffusing the fascist firestorms. Nothing else exists in the world that I know of, that can do it, Sylvia. No technological weapon can be built to diffuse fascism. No political process can do this, or religious ideology. Fascism results when human beings lose their humanity. The whole of America has been subjected to a thirty years cultural war to achieve exactly the kind of emptiness in people that results into fascism. Our new renaissance must become wide enough to fill this void that is conducive to fascism."

"That's terribly frightening, Peter," Sylvia interjected.

"No it isn't," I replied with a smile. "That's precisely my point. It would be frightening if we didn't have the resources to pull us out of it. Two months ago this would have been frightening indeed. Now we are no longer impotent and small. We have begun building a renaissance, that, if it becomes a fire, can pull the whole world out of the imperial's Three Hundred Years War of cultural corruption that mankind has been dragged into. That's not being small and impotent. That's something to celebrate. We are on the road to creating the kind of universal renaissance in which the current escalation of fascism towards the critical stage of explosive madness can be made a none-event, because it won't achieve its goal anymore and become rather insignificant once it is beginning to fail. Isn't that worth a celebration?"

"Are you referring to the Congress for Cultural Freedom that had been started in Germany shortly after the war?" said Sylvia. "I remember us celebrating something like that in school, a long time ago. It seemed as

if a whole new era was ushered in. Something big was on the horizon that would change the world forever. It appears that it has changed the world."

"What you remember was a phase shift in history that was started in Berlin in 1951, Sylvia," I interrupted her. "There was an international Congress for Cultural Freedom convened in Berlin as part of a hidden movement of the Cold War period to wreck the Soviet Union culturally from within. As far as I know it was started with a man going to the CIA bragging that if they would give him a hundred men and ten million dollars he would be able to destroy the Soviet Union from within so deeply, by tying them culturally into knots, that they would cease to be a problem on the international scene. Apparently he got this money, and a whole movement started from that."

"Oh, I get it!" Sylvia interrupted. "In imperial terminology, Cultural Freedom, really means freedom from culture. I thought you had made this up. It implies the total collapse of everything that is human. And the real target is whichever country is the most culturally leading country on Earth, which was our own country at the time," said Sylvia. "That meant that the real target was us, and the goal was to degrade education in order to prevent it from developing the human genius through scientific discoveries. I wondered why we wrecked education so badly. This also meant disabling the human genius by means of ideological insanity, like introducing fascism as culture, Adam Smith as an economic leader, Thomas Hobbes as a humanitarian, and so forth. I remember studying that crap, and I wondered how on earth does anybody think that crap makes sense. We were taught all the 'fine points' of empiricism and romanticism, and stuff like that. And you know, Peter, in time I did make myself believe that this crap does make sense. That's how we became corrupted into impotence, Peter."

I nodded. "I love to hear you say that, speaking in past tense. The project for Cultural Freedom did cause a phase shift, didn't it? It started a cultural war for 'freedom from culture' that is still ongoing all over the world. It degraded everything, even science, music, literature, art, economics, politics, and also the way people relate to one-another. It was set up as a fascist process to create more fascism. Fascism breeds more fascism, Sylvia. The more you have, the more you get. It expands like a nuclear chain reaction, if left unchecked. That's why we need to interpose the Principle of Universal Love that takes the reactivity out of the fascist process and restores some measure of humanity. That's why I love to hear you talk about fascism in the past tense. This also means that while we still have a steep climb ahead of us as society, we can celebrate that the climbing has at last begun, because we can deal with what would hold us back."

"I'm quite aware now, Peter, that the only substance that we have within our humanity, to get to the top of that, is our love as human beings. And I mean big love, universal love, as you call it, or all-embracing love, all-enriching love, the love that fills the emptiness of fascism with elements of truth."

"The Principle of Universal Love also elevates people to higher levels in the sublime process," I added. "An honest embrace by society of the Principle of Universal Love can restore people's lost humanity and their love for one-another. Here nuclear physics comes into the picture once more as a model. When the humanist perceptual intensity increases in scientific and spiritual development, a different kind of critical point can be reached. At this point the perceptual intensity becomes self-escalating into a different type of nuclear explosion, exploding into a great cultural renaissance, like the Second Renaissance that absolutely changed the world. This can happen again, but on an ever higher level, and on a hugely bigger scale."

"Let me guess what you are going to say now, that this won't happen for as long as our own love is all bottled up, and privatized," interjected Sylvia. "However, while this ancient imperial process of bottling up and privatizing a people's love for one-another, has had no doubt opened the door to the growth of fascism, I would say that our daring commitment to create a renaissance, in which this process can be reversed, may get the world out of its fascist mess along the way of this unfolding renaissance."

"Provided we expand the perceptual intensity beyond the critical point," I interrupted her. "While our prior reluctance to embrace the Principle of Universal Love, especially in the sexual domain, has made us small and pitiful, our perceptual development process towards a renaissance has made us rather formidable with a potential that its spark might light a fire right across the world."

Sylvia began to laugh. "It all sounds like a fairytale story now," said Sylvia. "But that's the kind of story we will tell to our children one day, to spark their imagination, to create a society of human beings that is no longer kept hidden behind fences created by countless forms of division and isolation, and with people's love all being kept bottled up by religious dogmas that made them impotent with emotions and old traditions. In our story a pioneer had visited society and had uncorked the bottle and had set people's love free. We will tell them that in response people tore down their fences and embraced one-another as human beings in the universal arena, right across religions, sex, marriage, politics, and so forth, and then they lived happily ever after, for the first time since the dawn of man. Do you think people will tell those stories one day?"

"Not in the present world, Sylvia. Some day, certainly. Right now, people are saying about fascism, so what? They say we have lived with the scourge of fascism before, and have survived. Consequently, we will continue to survive living under fascism."

"We've survived just barely," Sylvia replied. "It appears we were fortunate enough the last time around that there was enough love left in the world to shut the fascist emptiness down. But even then, it took the combined strength of America, Russia, and much of the world, to turn back the fascist flood that nearly drowned the world, and even then, fascism itself was not defeated. Yes, we did beat Hitler's Nazi fascism into the ground,



but the victory came at a horrendous cost that tens of millions of people ended up paying with their life. Also in Hitler's time, most of the fascism was concentrated in a relatively small area, and even then, while we beat back its rampant madness, the fascist ideal survived and was quietly spread across the world by the masters of empire who had long idealized fascism as a political tool, and had hired Hitler in the first place, for his resolve to deploy the tool. Today, it has become a worldwide plague, Peter. We can see it popping up everywhere. And to top it all off, America, which had once played a vital role in defeating Hitler's fascism in World War II, is now the chief fascist itself, armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons. America will soon be breeding fascism everywhere. Already, fascism has made an explosive recovery in the Middle East, in Africa, in South America, and in parts of Asia. It's disgusting what is happening wherever fascism blackens the landscape of civilization. Whenever I open the newspaper my stomach gets turned into knots as more and more people get butchered in the most awful ways. It sometimes makes me want to cry for them, Peter. In this agony one thought keeps coming back again and again. What will it take to stop this? What can people do? Thanks to you, the answer is already unfolding. The beginning of the end of that tragedy is already happening. And so we will survive. I'm sure of it."

Her speech was music to my ears. I hugged her for it. "And so, while fascism is moving closer and closer to the point of it reaching the critical global mass at which the whole thing blows up, we can see the shutdown of its movement by a process towards a great renaissance that already takes the wind out of the sails of fascism."

Sylvia just nodded and began to cry, which she said was for the joy of a resurrection, a resurrection of a nearly lost hope.

"Are those tears of joy for the Principle of Universal Love?" I asked. "Every time there's another operation of genocide erupting in the world, the media tells us also that it is just a local event that doesn't affect anyone else. But it isn't a local thing, is it? It is a crime against our humanity. It is another step forward in the fascist war against love. It is another manifestation of the escalating movement of fascism towards its eventual chain reaction, like when more of the unstable uranium atoms are brought together in a reactor by which the thing begins to crackle more and more throughout the entire mass until it blows up."

"There is no 'local' event possible in a chain reaction," said Sylvia. "Every contributing event then becomes a universal event. That's what we must see when Egypt gets hit, or Palestine, or Israel, or Afghanistan, or Kashmir, and so forth. The fascist tension is already crackling all over the place, and I guess we can stand assured that those are not local events, but sub-critical global events. We are fast moving toward the stage where the reactions of people all over the world can no longer be predicted, when wars take on a life of their own, and consume entire regions unlike anything we have seen in the past. When things become supercritical, boom,

anything can happen, and when that happens, nothing can be stopped."

"We are racing towards this threshold now, Sylvia with evermore killing going on, and assassinations, and destabilization, and the economic rape of nations, financial looting, military threats. For years, Sylvia, the imperials have been crying that they will disassemble the Soviet Union, and then Russia, and take over the pieces, but before this plan succeeds, the entire theatre will shift into a new geometry of madness, that, as you correctly said, will take on a life of its own that no one controls. Fortunately, we have the means to intervene, if we choose to do so by standing tall against the winds of time. We have the tools to do this in the mental realm, and to start an explosive New Renaissance with them. And that means we have our work cut out, Sylvia, because the situation has already become almost supercritical. We are in a race therefore; to assure that our movements towards a new renaissance reaches the supercritical stage first. For that we need to support each other in every way possible and imaginable."

"Yes, we are no longer small and impotent," Sylvia replied after a long pause. "And yes, my tears of joy are in appreciation for the Principle of Universal Love that makes us a decisive factor in the world-equation. So it is no longer frightening that fascism is openly promoted by our own government's new policy for creating more and more tensions around the world, because we can counter-pose that."

"In Hitler's days there was still enough strength left in the global society to resist the fascist processes," I said quietly. "Our own country had been the economic and moral powerhouse of the world that saved the world from fascist dictatorship with the power of its dedication and logistics. This was possible only because our country stood on its founding tradition to promote the general welfare of humanity as a reflection of the Principle of Universal Love. What we had in terms of humanist commitment in the world, at this time, Sylvia, to defeat fascism with, has long since been destroyed. There is nothing left of it. What was once the most potent cultural force in civilization, the American culture, built on the Principle of Universal Love, which itself had been put on the map in the cultures of Europe and Asia, in Islam, in Christianity and in Judaism, exists no more. It's all been destroyed in the service of imperial fascism under the mantle of its deep reaching cultural warfare that takes the humanity out of a people. The only power that remains against that is the Principle of Universal Love, and the commitment by a few daring pioneers like Steve and Ushi in Germany, and Nic and Olive in Russia, to build a renaissance on that principle from the grassroots level up. I think I can also count us among them, including you. I also count this now unfolding renaissance, as a greater unfolding power than all the logistical and moral might that America once had, and all the courage of the Russian people, who bore the brunt of the fascist menace during World War II. I am saying this for the simple reason, that the Principle of Universal Love is now unfolding at the grass-

roots level for the first time in history. It is no longer brought to the scene in a round about way. It is now the center of the scene. In fact it now IS the scene. That scene is destined to become the global scene."

"That's something to celebrate!" said Sylvia. "So we won't be fighting the whole world to make it a better place. We'll be simply uplifting it into the new light of a higher sense of humanity."

"I think, it is truly as simple as that," I said and hugged her again. "I can say this, because fascism isn't a qualitative state that people choose like a career, it is a non-qualitative state, a state of corruption-induced idiocy that results when everything human is taken away. This emptying out of society has been carried out on a massive scale. Entertainment has become fascist. Religions have become fascist. Governments have become fascist. Ideologies have become fascist. The watchword has become, to kill. Even finance and business have become fascist, also healthcare where human life no longer matters much in comparison with the 'cost' of maintaining it, has become fascist. So you see, the policy of fascist tension is everywhere. Of course, some of it goes back millennia, especially in the arena of the sexual division of mankind. Marriage has been turned into an environment of tension eons ago in order to maintain the universal sexual division of mankind. Some religions have enforced the isolation with the death penalty, especially in early ages, and some still do, as you know. That's a form of fascism, too, killing people, isolating people. As I said, the policy of fascist tension has become so common that it is now visible everywhere, especially in politics, that has become a hotbed of deadly covert operations, covert assassinations, terrorist actions, and so forth. Things are crackling all around the world, and more and more so militarily. All of that is the outward face of fascism, of a people having been emptied within. The wonderful thing about fascism is that it is not a qualitative state that one has to fight to defeat it, but is a non-qualitative state, a lack of quality, which is curable. While we can't fight fascism on its home ground and hope to win there, because fascism acts like a black hole in space that corrupts every effort, we can help fill the emptiness that causes it. Our love for our humanity is a profound resource for that. In fact, the Principle of Universal Love is a powerhouse in that regard. If you can think of something that has a greater potential, I want to hear about it."

Sylvia shook her head. "That was nicely said, Peter. Still, I suspect you might think differently if we faced Hitler's Nazi fascism today. You wouldn't talk about a renaissance, you would be running and hiding from the fascist beasts. We all would run and hide."

"Of course, Sylvia, I would be running and hiding. Once the critical mass is reached the whole thing blows up everywhere in a nuclear-bomb-type chain-reaction. Then nothing can stop the conflagration of fascism until it burns itself out. We have already seen what this means. Hitler could have been stopped. He was clobbered at the polls in 1932. However, the world's imperial game masters loved his taste for fascism, and they loved the little Austrian, a man with an empty heart, who was easily bought. Hitler was

literally bought for a song, by the imperials of the time. They poured in a bit of money into his coffers and got their puppet into power. However, the little puppet hadn't been bought by them to make Germany a great nation that Hitler had boasted in public, he would create. He was bought as a servant of the empire to destroy Germany and Russia together, and he obeyed. The biggest mistake that Hitler ever made was to start that war, that he was 'hired' for, to start. Starting a war has never produced anything good for anyone in history, nor was Hitler 'hired' with the intentions to do good, but to light those flames of war that the imperials wanted. If Hitler had been smart enough to see through the fascist imperial game plan, he would have seen that there was nothing in it for Germany. He would have realized that Germany would lose its best educated and skilled people by the millions, and would lose all of its industries that were among the most advanced in the world, and that it would lose its deeply humanist culture. Indeed, if Hitler would have seen all of this, and had his humanity not been stolen from him by the fascist ideology that he embraced, he could have turned the tide for the advance of civilization instead of its destruction. In this case he would have linked Germany up with the economic humanist miracle that Franklin Roosevelt had started in America, and would have linked Germany up with Russia and China, to spread the world's greatest economic miracle across the entire Eurasian continent. He would have made Germany into a major hub of the Eurasian-American transportation network, that would have linked Europe, Africa, and Asia, with the American continents, via a Bering Strait Tunnel complex, thereby staging the greatest worldwide development period in human history. The process of creating the Ice Age Renaissance, would have started at this point. That is precisely what the little man was hired to wreck, and he did succeed to serve his masters well. After he succeeded, and had run his course, he killed himself, while mankind has lost a hundred years in its preparation for the coming Ice Age. The hundred million human lives that were destroyed in this process of the greatest manmade catastrophe in history, may still prove to have been minuscule in comparison to the tragedies that might ensue if the lost hundred years will be missing in the end in mankind's preparing the world for the coming Ice Age. Indeed, this delayed effect might have been the deeply hidden reason for organizing World War II. As improbable as this might seem, these are the kind of games that are hatched in the imperial mansions behind gilded doors in utmost secrecy, by stone-hard men and women. The Global Warming Doctrine appears to be the latest renewed attempt to achieve this goal with the empire's modern massive drive to wreck the global economy and prevent mankind from preparing the world for the Ice Age at this now critical time, which might be our last opportunity."

Sylvia stopped me. "Do you know what you are saying?" she said. "You are saying that the Global Warming Doctrine is the modern equivalent to World War II."

"I am saying that World War III started in 1975 when the Global

Warming Doctrine was imposed on the world," I said to Sylvia in a quiet tone, facing her eye to eye, almost whispering, as if I was touching a subject of utmost secrecy. "Evidence suggests that the Global Warming War, or World War III, as it should be called, was organized by the same imperial establishment that organized World War II, and this probably from the same imperial mansions, and from behind the same gilded doors, and again in utmost secrecy, concocted by stone-hard men and women."

"If what you are suggesting is true, we are losing this war again," said Sylvia, looking astonished. "The whole world is playing into the game master's hand, just as Hitler had done, and other nations that he had 'inspired.'"

"What I am saying appears to be true, Sylvia," I replied. "What other reason would there be for the imperials to launch this Global Warming War? It has been fully known for 150 years already, that the Earth has been subjected to Ice Age conditions for the last two million years, probably longer, that are interrupted every 100,000 years for a brief warm-spell of slightly over 10,000 years, like the one we are in now that is coming to an end. All of this has been known prior to World War II. Why then would they launch this Global Warming World War III? Why would they lie about the global warming trend that started 300 years ago when the Earth began to come out of the last Little Ice Age? Why would they launch a big hype about a warming trend that galactic forces caused, and which started long before any industrial pollutants were in the atmosphere. Why would they be hiding all the scientific opposition, if their project wasn't to wreck mankind's last chance to prepare itself for the coming Ice Age?"

"Isn't the answer obvious?" said Sylvia. "The Imperial World would vanish at the dawn of the resulting New Renaissance World. The imperials can't allow this to happen. It's as simple as that, isn't it?"

"In an Ice Age World, Sylvia, in which only one-tenth of the present population level of the world might possibly be maintained by natural means, which is doubtful at best, the world population would be small enough that it could be controlled forever in a primitive feudal setting. I hope I am wrong, Sylvia, but I think this might be the imperials' long term goal for their survival, and their only hope, really. This is the reason why they must prevent an Ice Age Renaissance. World War II was probably the first element of that long-term goal. It was certainly required for the Empire's survival in the short term at this time."

"Are you aware that you are talking about the intention of an empire to cause the death of five billion people?" said Sylvia and started to walk again.

"Actually, that might be ten billion by then, which we may have in 100 years time. That is what I am trying to tell you, Sylvia, that we must prevent from being wiped out," I replied.

"I think it is possible to protect mankind from that," said Sylvia. "Of course, it is also possible that the fascist mass of insanity reaches the critical stage in the short term," added Sylvia. "At this point a nuclear

explosion of some type would occur, that mankind wouldn't be able to recover from. I am talking about something bigger than just the death of five billion, or ten billion people. I am talking about the end of civilization and the end of mankind, as we know it. This puts our present potential for creating an Ice Age Renaissance into a different light, doesn't it? It puts it into a more critical light."

"A big nuclear war, at the present critical stage, would certainly end mankind's opportunity for creating a galactic-powered world," I said in total agreement. "The Global-Warming World-War III appears to be designed to force mankind into a primitive future, in which the global oil supplies are exhausted, and our utilization of galactic electric power will likely forever remain an unrealizable dream, as this kind of technology cannot be created without large-scale economic infrastructures, for which a large population is needed. Both are both required to support the technologies. The development of the galactic electric power is a potential that we still have, but which are about to squander, Sylvia, just as Hitler had squandered the greatest opportunity that Germany ever had. Hitler could have transformed the Eurasian continent into an economic and humanist paradise, which the continent had the potential to become, had the fascist critical mass not been reached at this time. Indeed, Hitler's take-over was nearly prevented. There were powerful people in Germany's government committed to the continent-wide economic development, in conjunction with the FDR development in the USA. The imperials however, were equally as committed to prevent that, and they won. Hitler became the ideal stooge that could be trusted to play the role of a fascist fool. He was hired for this role and he played it well, because as a fascist he was not able to see the greatest and brightest opportunity of the century that was unfolding before his very eyes, which would have made him the hero of the Eurasian Renaissance. We are facing the same fascist escalation again, towards the critical mass, being promoted out of the imperial camps, with probably the same results. Hitler's fascist emptiness assured the imperial masters his loyalty to them, and his blindness to the grand opportunity of a Eurasian Renaissance, which he thereby squandered. Don't we see the same fascist blindness again all over in the most powerful leaders, picked for the same purpose, Sylvia, promoted out of the same imperial camps? Had Hitler been a sane human being he would have turned every empire on the planet into dust. There simply would not have been any place for an empire to survive in an age of that unfolding universal renaissance. Instead, he destroyed everything that existed, and every chance that mankind had and rebuilt itself, for a long time to come, and thereby endangered the whole of mankind, perhaps for all times. In order to assure that mankind's greatest opportunity at this time would be squandered, fascism had been openly promoted to reach a critical mass, with a lot of help from the imperial circles in America. With this massive help, eventually several nations bought into the fascist corruption, by its shiny lies and empty dreams, nations like Italy, Spain, Japan, and so forth. Somewhere near this time the critical mass began exploding. Thus,

instead of an Eurasian Renaissance unfolding, a vast orgy of destruction was unleashed, in which over fifty million people from over fifty nations of the world lost their life, while large areas of the Eurasian world were reduced to rubble. Of course, this was the intended outcome for which Hitler was bought, and was brought in as an eloquent madman to play the role of the world's most destructive king up to this time. He even over-succeeded and attacked the empire itself. That's the outcome of fascism that Hitler delivered as promised. However, Sylvia, that was then. Now things are worse with the returning Ice Age looming on the horizon, which mankind is not allowed to prepare itself for. Can you now see why our project in developing the Principle of Universal Love into a grassroots renaissance movement, that needs to become supercritical before fascism does, is so crucial, and why your help in this process is so deeply appreciated by me, and may soon be appreciated by many others too?"

"I've never dreamed in my entire life that I would be drawn into something that big," said Sylvia. "I take it, in modern times we have many new Hitler's applying for the same old job with the same kinds of qualifications."

"They have already been hired, Sylvia, and put in charge of the world's greatest nations, like the USA, or Israel, or Palestine, or Germany, or Russia and so forth. China too, had its brand of fascist monsters that provided a bitter foretaste of what 'cultural revolution' means, instead of a cultural renaissance. China miraculously survived its fascist era. Germany did not, and is trending towards fascism again. Israel, Palestine, Iraq, and the USA, may likewise not survive, once their own fascination with fascism exceeds the critical mass. Nor do the imperial game masters intend for any of them to survive, as in Hitler's days. That's not a part of their plan."

"These nations presently serve the imperial plan as sacrificial elements," said Sylvia. "That is what I mean with fascism crackling everywhere. Germany never recovered from World War II to its former potential, and may soon drown in fascism again. Today's aspiring fascist nations will most likely follow the same path to national suicide, that Germany had once trod as a willing pioneer in the process."

"So what's holding fascism back in our time, from reaching the critical mass, as it threatens to explode?" said Sylvia quietly. "We are only two people, with the other four added that makes six. Our own renaissance movement is only one day old, and is far from being critical. What can us few people do? I'm tempted to feel so impotent. What you are offering as the hope of mankind looks like a joke to me," she said and began to laugh.

"Well, that's all there is," I said. "No one can solve this global crisis, that is deeply anchored in the growing greed-based fascism around the world, and overturn it as a political project. You have to reach deeper into people's humanity, and uplift it with its own built-in principle, the Principle of Universal Love. That's the only hope mankind has got."

Sylvia looked at me and shook her head.

"That's all we've got," I repeated. "But we can do this, Sylvia. Don't despair! For starters, we can inspire an earthquake of universal love. As challenging and as difficult as this may seem, it can be done. What else is there that might prevent today's fascism from exploding into an orgy of violence that destroys civilization altogether? Humanity and fascism are opposites. Fascism is a lack of humanity. I think we can eradicate fascism, if we pull all the stops out against the Principle of Universal Love that is the foundation of our civilization, anchored in mankind's universal humanity. That is what we must do in every respect, even to survive in the near term. Right now the greatest world-financial collapse in history is in progress. It might blow out soon, or in a few decades from now, but it will blow up the imperial's system of feudal fascism that is adding evermore instability to the world-financial system, towards it's own critical mass of insanity. That critical mass, too, can be prevented with the Principle of Universal Love, by nationalizing and reorganizing the entire world-financial system globally, in a comprehensive bankruptcy proceeding that protects pensions, industries, and the economic infrastructures for human living. That, too, must be done, since the global system is already bankrupt, and cannot be saved in its present form. This critical reorganization too, is possible, but it takes a profound grassroots-renaissance movement to develop the broad universal support for it. Failing that, the presently hyper-destabilized system will go supercritical, and explode like an atomic bomb into worldwide economic destruction and poverty, as we have never seen before, and that nobody can foresee how it might end. Only a broad based universal love by humanity for itself, can prevent this. That is exactly the kind of renaissance of universal love that we started in East Germany, that I saw some evidence of in Russia, and that we are developing right here. All we need to do is pull out all the stops. If the imperial citadel of the private financial ownership of the world falls on its face, all it takes is a broad-based grassroots renaissance of universal love, to hold back the ravishing fascism that won't be far behind the crumbling facade of imperialism, aiming to resurrect it. This means that what we are doing right now is crucial, and not just in terms of preparing for an Ice Age."

"You may be right, Peter," said Sylvia quietly. "I see no other option, but to shut down the worldwide regime of fascist tensions, and fascist looting. None, but a society of sublime human beings can diffuse this dangerous fission of fascism, and shut it down. You're right. We can't fight fascism itself, by any form of force. We would never win. We would have to lower ourselves to the same level at which fascism rules, to fight it, whereby we would become impotent. But we can 'pollute' fascism with love and disable it." Sylvia began to laugh at her own idea. "That sounds funny, Peter, doesn't it, love becoming a 'pollutant' to make fascism unfissionable? That's like sunshine 'polluting' a world of darkness."

"It's more than that, Sylvia. Love is not a pollutant. It is the native air of our humanity that enriches what is touched by it. It takes away the emptiness of the empty people that have become fascist. It inspires them



to reclaim their humanity. That's precisely what we are doing in embracing the Principle of Universal Love. We don't stoop as low as combating fascism, but we embrace the Principle of Universal Love that enriches our humanity, and with it we enrich one-another, whereby fascism loses its foothold and falls never to rise again. That is how we win the Three Hundred Years War, and the Three Thousand Years War all at the same time."

"Except we shouldn't do this out of fear," said Sylvia. "It is illogical to love out of fear."

I reached my hand out to her. "Congratulation," I said with a smile on my face. "Now you might be able to resolve the paradox in Mozart's, *The Marriage of Figaro*," I said to her. "At first glance we seemed to be asked, is the grass really greener outside the marriage fence? The Count proclaims that it is, when he pours his heart out, being deeply in love with Susanna, the bride of one of his servants. It seems that Mozart suggest that the grass is indeed greener in the sphere of universal love, because he gives the Count the most beautiful music to sing, with which to express his heartfelt love. With this music Mozart also touches the audience deeply, and draws an echo in the heart that comes from the Soul. Thus he touches briefly on something that is real, but which shouldn't be real according to general perception. From that Mozart takes the scene back to the relative emptiness that is in accord with the general perception of love, as something much smaller and circumscribed. However, the audience doesn't get away that easily. The audience takes the paradox home with it, where it tries to resolve it. It is moved by the brightness of a love that it should abhor, and so it feels the emptiness of the small conventional world that it regards as bliss. As far as I know, Sylvia, no one of the audience has yet openly resolved the puzzle. It appears that the puzzle has remained unresolved for all those two hundred years, since it has been put onto the table. Now, what is your take on this, Sylvia? Is the grass really greener in the realm of universal love as Mozart's music suggest?"

"You expect me to say that it is," Sylvia replied. "But is it really? Logically it shouldn't be, but my heart, too, tells me that it should be."

"Your answer can only have one meaning then," I said to her.

"I guess it must mean that in the Count's case a higher sense of love is involved," said Sylvia. "No other explanation adds up, doesn't it?"

"I think you are not reaching far enough," I interjected. "Let me ask you this. Are we talking about a higher sense of love unfolding in the universal domain, which the Count ventured into, or are we talking about a case where the real face of love is unfolding? Could it not be that the real face of love unfolds only in the universal domain? If love is truth, its nature must be universal, since truth is universal. This means that love might really be found only in the universal domain, since its principle is universal. This makes the Count's love, which Mozart renders as being exceptional and extraordinary, the only case of real love in the opera, and a rare occurrence in the real world."

"Oh my God, Peter, do you realize what you are saying?" said Sylvia. "You are saying that in comparison to the Count's love for Susanna, every other case of love is a case of privatized love, which doesn't measure up to the real thing, and may not be love at all, and is therefore ultimately inconsequential. Is that why the whole world has become stuck and left the scene open to fascism?"

"That appears to be the reason why Mozart made the Count's love song so beautiful, because it was a celebration of real love, that is by its very nature truly profound," I said to her.

"Are you saying that we may not be loving at all, until we experience love in the universal domain, as universal love?" said Sylvia. "Is this why you are so confident that our grassroots renaissance of universal love can take the wind out of the sails of fascism, because it is something that is real, profound, and supported by one of the greatest universal principles, which we have never even tried to turn into a renaissance before. Is this the reason why a real renaissance has not yet been seen on this planet, and its efficacy been achieved, because its implementation has never truly been attempted.

I nodded. "And that, Sylvia, is what mankind has been corrupted to block with all its might for millennia," I said to her. "We have created a world for ourselves, without love, in which fascism has been able to grow unopposed. This tells me that when the Count's song becomes our song, a sea change might begin that has the potential to erupt across the world to drown out fascism in the light of the sunrise of universal love unfolding on the horizon."

Sylvia nodded in reply and hugged me close to her, and began to cry momentarily.



## **Part 4 - Morning Light**

## Chapter 13 - Shared Roses

With the mall and its wide open spaces now behind us, and its frame of the brooding presence of government structures surrounding it, receding into the distance, the unfolding scene became 'smaller,' the streets narrower, the houses drabber, except in the brightly lit streets that appeared like rivers of commerce in some places. We mixed with the flow of those rivers, amidst crowds that moved about, apparently without aim, or a purpose. Myriad forms of advertising cried out, aiming to capitalize on the aimless wanderers' apparent lack of purpose, each of the displays of 'commerce' suggesting in bright colors their own purpose as being something vital and irresistible, a must have for the aimless. Apparently they succeeded, like fishermen do by the river, dangling their worms and shiny reflectors before the fish, which likewise seem to float about without a purpose that they are conscious of. A few of the commercial establishments dangled their lures in great designs that displayed the word "Palace." There was Aladdin's Palace across the street, a building of an oriental design, bathed in pink light. It seemed to be a club of sorts. One of the names of the commercial palaces started with the word, "Temple," written in huge letters. It seemed that the 'fish' in these nightly rivers of commerce came with an apparent disadvantage that the fish in the real rivers didn't have. Sylvia pointed this out to me when we came closer to the "Temple," a place that advertised itself amidst colorful scenes, as the "Temple of Unrequited Love."

"What do you suppose that means?" she asked.

"Well, it could be a bar, a dance hall, a strip joint, a theatre, anything of the kind that capitalizes on a human condition, that the fish in the Potomac River would know nothing about."

"It might be a temple dedicated to the poverty of the rich," said Sylvia, and began to laugh.

"Or it's a temple dedicated to the poverty of the impotent?" I added.

I told Sylvia Erica's story that takes the concept several steps farther. I told her that Erica was abducted one dark night after an evening class at the university in Leipzig. A man had followed her. He had forced her into a building that he apparently knew would be empty. She decided that it might be too dangerous to fight the man off, while it would cost her far less to let him have what he obviously needed. She told me, that at first the man had covered her mouth so that she couldn't scream, and then when she didn't struggle to fight him off, he covered her mouth with his lips to steal a kiss, which she let him have willingly. That's when she felt him 'explode' in his pants, by which the tensions suddenly drained away.

He apologized to her profusely. He even asked her for a date, before he walked away, which she refused of course. However, she felt

ashamed afterwards about her refusal to fulfill an apparent deep unfulfilled need. She had replied to him that he was an intelligent person and should therefore be able to establish many friendships with many women. His response had been that he had found only closed doors. She felt sad for him afterwards, being alone again, while she waited at the streetcar stop.

She had told me that she felt sad that society had become so poor in its games, that this man went starving amidst a sea of plenty. But mostly she felt sad and ashamed of herself that she found herself no different than the rest of society. Why couldn't she have offered the man a date in a public place for a cup of coffee and a chat? She was ashamed suddenly, at realizing how little this gesture would have cost her, and how much it would have meant to him as an acknowledgement of him as a human being. It might have given him the courage not to give up hope.

"That's quite a story," said Sylvia. "That really happened?"

"Apparently so," I replied. "I'm sure she didn't make this up. No one would invent such an unbelievable story."

"But Peter, that's a story about pity, not love. Aren't pity and love contradictory terms? One can't really love out of pity, can one?"

"Isn't that a bit like asking why elephants fly?" I said to her. "I think the distinction that you are referring to between pity and love is invalid. Elephants don't fly. This fact makes that question invalid, just as is yours. If Erica had not been moved by a deeply rooted sense of love for a fellow human being, and had not felt him worthy to be enveloped in love as a human being, for what reason then would she have agonized over that incidence, and her inability to respond with a loving gesture? Isn't that what the man had really asked for? She realized afterwards that she would have enjoyed responding in such a loving manner, and would have found it enriching. And what about the man? Why should his love, that had been starved, that had been countered with so many closed doors to make him as desperate as he became, not have been nourished by her? I think this is what Erica had been asking herself. Maybe the Temple offers an answer to this question."

"Why don't we go in and see what the 'Temple of Unrequited Love' has in store for us?" said Sylvia.

"It probably has no bearing on Erica's case," I said, but I agreed that it was intriguing. It seemed to be a place for dancing. I saw pictures of a dance floor and a band in one of the display windows. Thus, arm in arm, we lined up at the Temple's entrance. The cover charge of five dollars each promised live music. More enticing, however, was the inscription on a banner that loomed at the rear wall above another gallery of photographs. The banner was strung high above the two doorways that were the entrances to the dance hall.

"Please dance with a stranger," was printed in silver letters on a wide red band. No one could not have seen the banner and its message, that had been strung across the wall from corner to corner as if it were

a condition for entering.

Surprisingly, the place was crowded, considering that we came quite early in the evening. Half the space in the hall was devoted to the dance floor and the band, with a sea of small tables and chairs surrounding the main attraction. Actually, the main attraction were the people themselves. We found a tiny table in an obscure corner of the place, but we barely got there when Sylvia became the attraction for a neatly dressed Spanish looking man. "May I have the honor to dance with the lady?" he said to both of us and bowed to Sylvia. Sylvia said yes and smiled and followed the man.

Before I realized what happened I was invited too. Seconds later I found myself on the dance floor facing a total stranger, but she wasn't like a stranger at all. We were moving with the music in a flow of rhythms and gestures and sounds that became our dance, and she and I became one with the flow of the music and the center of it, so it seemed.

The woman who invited me was rather ordinary looking in the general sense, but looking closely, I noticed a faint familiarity in the features of her face, that reminded me of the fabled Odo from a TV fantasy situated at a remote outpost at the edge of civilized space. As the dance progressed the familiarity broadened. But there the familiarity ended. Her moves, her reactions to the music, her faint shy smile and secret smug grin of satisfaction in the enjoyment of the dance, were far from ordinary and familiar. They mirrored in many ways my own responses in the 'whirlwind' of the dance, which seemed all new.

She was of a freckled complexion that suited her well in the way she was dressed. Nor did she try to hide the fact that the freckles extended deep down on her breasts. To the contrary, her deep cut dress was not designed to hide anything. She was proud to be herself just the way she was, and stood tall with her red-brown hair tied high, rather than it hanging down loosely. She had a faintly exotic, Hungarian, and down to earth kind of look about her. She became a puzzle in that sense that became constantly more complex and intriguing.

I felt lucky to be in a dance with her that made it quite acceptable from me to 'drink in' that wonderful sight before me, with looks that might otherwise be construed as staring. Dancing allows this deeper inward looking with an unfolding embrace of her, that was constantly broadening. It struck me that this is what the dance might have been intended to evoke, breaking the barriers of the universal apartheid of so-called civility.

It seemed to me in the flow of the dance, that the 'deeper' I looked, the more I found an echo of myself unfolding in her, an echo of our common humanity in which we stand side by side with one-another as human beings, so that I found myself enriched by her expression of it. For a moment I dreaded the thought that the dance would end, after which the normal apartheid would resume that covers so much of the world's social scene.

I wondered, while we danced, whether the universal apartheid, that

made no sense at this moment, had been invented in distant ages in order to prevent this kind of echo of ourselves in the flow of 'touching' one-another, and in the deep satisfaction that it stirs within the sense of wonder, which is resulting in the profound realization that we do indeed all stand side by side as human beings. The broader unfolding of this realization would have endangered any imperial structure. It seemed to me that the death penalty had been needed in ancient times to enforce the apartheid in its early stages. It seemed to me that the death penalty was later relaxed when the apartheid had become self-enforcing in countless different ways, just as the Brahmanic genocide became apparently a self-enforcing impetus in distant ages, in India.

The woman who I danced with, told me between songs that her name is Maria-Ilona. She invited me to continue to dance with her for a few more songs. I told her my name with a smile, and assured her that one more dance would be "heaven," and then another, and still another, and that they would cement that heaven in place in my memories. Her smile, in reply, lit up the dim of the dance floor.

It seemed to me that our dancing was happening not on a dance floor, really, but in Helen's lateral lattice of human hearts, all linked to one-another by strands of love, through which we find a reflection of ourselves in one-another, as we share a common universal humanity, and a common universal human Soul, that come to light in us in our unique individuality. It seemed as if the flow of our dancing was carrying us ever deeper into an aimless exploration of ourselves in the flow of the light of these fibers of love of the lateral lattice.

At the end of the sixth dance we returned to the little table to where Sylvia and the Spanish man, who gave his name as Alejo, had just come back to, themselves, equally as exhausted as we were.

"That's the trouble with this place," Alejo commented. "It wears a fellow out." He suggested that we might all find the atmosphere more relaxing at "Aladdin's Palace" down the street, where the music is quiet, and the atmosphere more intimate, and conducive for conversation. We all simply nodded.

Alejo was right, Aladdin's Palace was quiet. What the Temple of Unrequited Love lacked on decor, Aladdin's Palace had in abundance. We entered an oriental world that spoke of a thousand tales of sun drenched deserts, gilded palaces, snake charmers, pirates selling priceless treasures for a song amidst adventures in silk, interwoven with images of flying carpets. The music fitted the atmosphere created by the decoration. It took one out of the present into a magical realm of a distant age, that existed only in the shadows of imaginary tales. The drinks, though, were from the present world. Still, the Grand Marnier seemed exotic enough to apply to both worlds.

"Let me tell you a tale," said Sylvia, "in which the kind of dancing that I had experienced here, would have made a world of a difference."



Maria-Ilona suggested that the place we were in, was perfect for storytelling.

Alejo agreed.

So it was that Sylvia leaned back, and began by saying that her story appeared to have been from an equally distant age, though she had heard the story being told quite recently in a theatre in China. She said that the story had come to mind while she and Alejo were dancing. She said that her tale is about a tragedy that resulted from the lack of a wider vision and has something to do with one being able to see both sides of a coin, before its face value can be determined.

"That's the issue here in our present world," she said, "isn't it?" She added that this is something that very few people are able to do, or do well. She said, the tale has something to do with that, and with the goodness of living and its fragility.

She told us the story. -- The tale is that of a woman who had married a princely man, both by stature and by intelligence, and also by his manly looks and strength. But the man was not a prince. He was a soldier, and as a soldier he was killed in war, like many others, in countless wars. However, the woman who mourned for him, carried their child. In time the child was born and grew up in her arms and became a beautiful boy, wrapped in the tenderness of her care and her love.

As the boy grew older, he displayed evermore of the attributes of his father, so that the woman's love for him became the very reason for her living. She longed for no other love. Her life was fulfilled in the happiness of those years.

Then came the years of famine. The boy was twelve. A great migration began that many people undertook in the hope that they might escape the worst of the famine. She and her son were among them. One day, in the throng of the escape, her son was stolen from her side. Many children were stolen in those days, to become laborers for somebody else.

Grief-stricken to the deepest recesses of her soul, the woman refused to marry again. She had many suitors, since she was attractive as a person and still young, but her heart was too heavy with grief and fear. She feared that she would not survive another lost love. She felt it would be better not to love again, than having to bear the pain of losing once more all that she had lived for. Instead of marrying, she made it her quest to find her lost boy.

As the years passed, however, her fading hope weakened her heart. She became more and more hateful and trusted no one. She hated especially the people who stole. Unfortunately, as the times were hard, many people resorted to stealing from one-another. Indeed, she herself had suffered hunger on several occasions, when thieves had broken into her home and had stolen her living.

As time went by the villagers set up patrols to protect themselves from the thieves, nor did they deal kindly with whoever got caught. One day, the woman herself encountered a thief. She confronted the man on the

spot, right in her own cottage. She screamed at him, but realized there was no one nearby to offer her help. Without wasting a moment, she confronted the man in a rage of up-welling anger, and grasped a knife and thrust it in him without thinking. It all happened in a flash of a whirlwind of uncontrollable emotions. Moments later the man lay on the floor in pain, grasping at his stomach, gasping for air, asking her for forgiveness. As she knelt down to him she noticed a birthmark under his left ear, that identified him as her son. She saw the birthmark as she lifted his head off the floor to give him a cup of water, which he had requested. The birthmark was uncommon. It was the same as that of her son. She embraced her son while he died. She knew she would have embraced him for his whole life, even as a thief. She would have cried for him, and let her love heal him. Now she could cry no more.

"How would the dancing have made a difference in that story?" asked Alejo, after a few moments of silence.

"No!" said Sylvia. "I won't tell you how it would make a difference. You have it within you to know that answer yourself. So, let me challenge you to tell it to me."

"Unconditional, universal love is not an easy thing," commented Maria-Ilona. "We may never pass the test. This means we must be patient and gentle with one-another if we fail." I nodded, and hugged her for the answer.

In order to give Alejo some time to respond to Sylvia, I told everybody that I had a story of my own to tell. I had heard the story told in Baghdad. It's from a time long before the Caliphates came to be, and from before the great empires that preceded them. From this distant time, a story is kept alive about one of the early kings.

Among the families of the kings was a wise prince, who in time became king himself. As king, he ruled in an oppressed kingdom that was kept under the thumb of the mightiest empire in that region. But even while still being a prince, the royal heir developed a great love for his kingdom and his people. His love was such that it had also inspired his people's love for one-another. Later, after he became the ruler of the land, he hired the best poets and musicians that he could find, to compose songs of love with such purity and power, as would be needed to inspire a revolution for the freedom of the kingdom from its imperial oppressor.

It turned out that the revolution succeeded. The people became free. Except, in the euphoria of their freedom, the songs of love that had inspired them to grasp their freedom, had drifted into the background, and soon vanished from sight, and from their mind. Other songs, songs of greed, replaced them. In their greed, the people became oppressors themselves, of one-another, and this in more cruel ways, than the imperial oppressors had oppressed them before.

It was in this period of darkness, that a holy man started to sing the old songs again before the king. He sang them without a comment, and

without a prayer, as none of these were needed since the king understood the message of the holy person. But who of the people of the kingdom would sing those songs again? The king asked the holy man. He received no answer. He longed to know, if it was possible once more, for anyone in the kingdom to inspire the people with songs of love for freedom, in the darkness of their deepest depression, when the darkness of their depression was so deep, that it was deemed to be light, and freedom.

The king received no answer to his questions. He determined that new songs should be written, but who of his people could write such songs in the darkness of the perversion that the people considered a panacea?

As it turned out, the king never found the answer to his puzzle. He died shortly thereafter, by the sword of an assassin. The king took the puzzle with him to his grave.

The question, thus, remains still to be answered.

"Shall the same be said of us?" said Sylvia.

"Perhaps it was too late in the story, to write the new songs, after the perversion had gone too deep," I replied. "Perhaps those new songs should have been written at the moment of victory, that gave the kingdom its freedom. The new songs, then, should have raised the curtain still higher, to inspire bonds of love, in which people reach out to enrich one-another's life. Maybe there comes a point when it is too late to compose those songs and to sing them. Maybe it is too late for us too, to do the same today in our world, as we face the gravest crisis in history. Still, we must not give up hope. There always remains some hope, if we uplift ourselves high enough, because the principles for gaining freedom and building a bright New World, are forever the same, from the beginning of time and for evermore, waiting to be discovered and to be applied. They are as valid today as they have been for all times. Whatever human breakthroughs we expect to be possible in the future, will be possible there, because they were possible in the past. And so they are possible now."

"This means that your story too, needs to be rewritten," said Maria-Ilona.

I nodded, and told everyone still another story, to give us time to rewrite the endings that need to be rewritten.

I told the story of a king, whose people had become enslaved in another kingdom. They became enslaved in the very kingdom in which they had found refuge in earlier times, when a great famine had parched their land. As guests, they were honored at first, but soon they became slaves, and becoming slaves, they were badly treated, especially in later years. Because of their now endless anguish, their own king found a way to free them from the land of their enslavers.

By his wisdom, diplomacy, and spiritual leadership, a great exodus was arranged. However, as the people left the land of their enslavers, on the way out, they began to riot and liberally loot their previous host to the

point, that they now possessed great properties in gold and jewels.

As one might expect, they became corrupted by their golden properties. They created idols of gold. And as the idols grew their humanity became lost. They became worse than their masters had been. As a consequence, the king who had rescued them, led them deep into a desert and kept them there for thirty years, until the older generation had all died, whose property ideology had prevented the people from forming a viable new nation. Only after the purge was complete, were the people allowed to go on and become a nation.

"That's the story of the Israelis," said Sylvia.

"If you refer to the State of Israel, the answer is no," I said to her. "If the state of Israel continues to pursue the path it has chosen, which is in some ways worse than that of their former oppressors, the state of Israel will destroy itself and its people with it. However, this is not what my story is about. My story is that of the Israelite's exit from Egypt, in ancient times. The king is Moses. According to Scriptures, Moses kept the Israelites in a desert for thirty years, or thirty days, until the corrupted people had died, for the reason that the story explained. Apparently the people had corrupted themselves too deeply for any practical redemption to be possible."

Sylvia nodded her head. "That's the challenge we face today, isn't it?" she asked. "We must ask ourselves if we are not already beyond the point of no return, in our nuclear armed world, wrecked with insanity, and mired in reductionist thinking, for any practical redemption to happen that would allow us to create a new renaissance, or even an Ice Age Renaissance."

I explained the Ice Age Renaissance part.

"What do you think, Peter?" asked Maria-Ilona when I finished talking. "Has today's society already regressed beyond the point of any hope of becoming human again?"

I suggested that this question needs to be asked again and again. I suggested however, that we have the tools today, mental tools, the likes of which hadn't been developed in Moses' time. "We have the scientific intellectual tradition of 2,500 years of humanist development to support us, with principles established that Moses might not even have dreamed of. By utilizing the best of this tradition, society becomes indeed redeemable."

"Just look at us today," said Sylvia. "Peter and I have come to realize that two opposite models exist for people relating to one-another, which we have recognized as a vertical and a lateral model. This world of two opposite models for relating to one-another, reflects itself in the existence of also two opposite models for marriage. As a society we have lived under an imperial vertical or hierarchical model for centuries. We have built on this model a hierarchical society. We have recognized this model to be imperial and fascist in nature, as it was required for supporting

a hierarchical society. The present marriage doctrine was developed under this vertical model that evidently precedes Moses. This model isolates and divides society universally into the smallest possible spheres, and creates an environment of tension. It represents all the features of the imperial vertical model. It renders the human being small, weak, even evil and impotent, and of such a low quality that society is deemed to be in need to be ruled over by a superior sovereign, or an elite authority such as the church. This imperial vertical-model reflects itself in a marriage model that is extremely small and confined, encumbered with ironclad limits, supposedly to confine the evil tendency of the human being, within the smallest sphere of private living, especially in the sexual domain. By this process the whole of society became fractured, privatized, and isolated. That has been done so that society won't interfere with the hierarchical system, but becomes a part of it. That is what we see today on the political horizon. However, the entire imperial vertical model, and the mythology that it rests on, is a perversion of what is true about the human being and our humanity. The natural model for mankind relating to one-another, reflects a society of human beings existing laterally side by side, and by no means as little entities. In the lateral model we discover ourselves as the tallest species of life in the Universe, endowed with incredible capacities and potential for good in our self-development. By this natural lateral model, each human being comes to light like a sun, with incredible brilliance, enriching the Universe with light and life."

"I see what you are getting at," said Maria-Ilona. "If we live by the lateral model, then our love for one-another doesn't unfold with the kind of the gravity of a black hole in space, as it does in today's world, and as it did in Moses' world. Instead, our love radiates outward from its infinite base, enveloping the Universe. That's something that Moses probably wasn't aware of, as being possible to happen, and few today are. With that kind of love we can win our peace and freedom in today's precarious world, that is identical to the one that Moses once faced, and for the same reason. Therefore, our solution is also the solution for the Moses story. That is how we would rewrite this story from a scientific standpoint."

I applauded her. "That is also how we save civilization and mankind from an Ice Age collapse," I added. "We don't have the option today that Moses applied, to purge the corruption from society by letting the people die with it. The Ice Age is too close. We are running out of time already. We need to commit ourselves to a hundred years scientific, technological, and economic development cycle, as a means for maintaining the global food supply in indoors facilities. If this development is delayed, while we wait for corruption to die out with the death of a corrupt society, the Ice Age might overwhelm us before we are ready. We need to start the Ice Age Renaissance now."

Alejo just shook his head.

"I know what you are thinking," said Sylvia. "Forget global warming. The Global Warming Doctrine is a scientific fraud designed to hide the fact

that we face the return of the Ice Age within a hundred years or slightly more. The imperial goal is to prevent the necessary Ice Age Renaissance, in which no empire would survive. They would sooner incur the destruction of nine-tenth of mankind, than let their imperial status become endangered. They own us, lock, stock, and barrel, just as the kings of old owned those people. But Alejo, I think we can foil their game this time, and save mankind from an otherwise certain doom. Pete and I are committed to that."

"Are you saying that this lateral model for human relationships, in which we all stand laterally side by side, also reflects itself in a corresponding marriage model?" interrupted Maria-Ilona and hugged me.

"The Principle of Universal Love doesn't eradicate the marriage concept, as one might expect," I said to Maria-Ilona. "It doesn't destroy anything. It uplifts the marriage concept and makes it all-inclusive, or at least more inclusive. Only the ironclad boundaries fall away, which presently isolate us from one-another universally. If we make an effort to allow ourselves to live like human beings in full acknowledgement of our common humanity, and our common universal divine Soul, then we have nothing to hide and to confine, for which boundaries would be needed. In this lateral universal context, the marriage model represents an infinite and progressive idea, a seed kernel for human development, and the boundless embrace of the whole of humanity. It becomes universal in scope. It becomes a universal marriage."

"It is no longer inward looking then, like a black hole that draws everything unto itself, as in today's world of universal privatization," replied Maria-Ilona. "Universal love and universal privatization are opposites by intent, aren't they?"

The concept of marriage, as universal marriage, reflecting the Principle of Universal Love, appears to be designed to function like a sun," said Sylvia. "It is designed to envelop the Universe with light and with the warmth of our love for our universal humanity. It becomes out-flowing and ever expanding. I see a universal marriage unfolding where the specific form of a people's relationship to one-another no longer matters, where the form of relationships gives way to the principles of respect for one-another as human beings, to honor kindness, generosity, and love in its highest sense, to uplift civilization and make the world in which we live a richer and brighter place."

"Are you saying that by embracing this natural universal marriage platform, we can step away from the threshold of no return and find a way to rescue our civilization?" Alejo replied. "We could have an accidentally unfolding nuclear war tomorrow."

"I think that would be the doom of mankind for all times to come," I interjected, "as it would destroy the chief resource for our needed Ice Age Renaissance. A large, highly developed, and economically well functioning society is required for starting that renaissance. If this resource is destroyed, it's game over for mankind. We are certainly justified to call

today's preparation for nuclear war, suicidal insanity. Unfortunately, nuclear war is what society is after. We are like the people in the kingdom who thought that their darkness is light, and their self-enslavement is the mark of freedom."

"The Cold War has been well named," said Maria-Ilona. "We have become stone cold towards one-another, and ourselves as a society that calls itself human beings. But how do we change the ending of Peter's story of the king who saw no hope, and could find no one to write the new songs of love and freedom that needed to be written? Considering how precarious our present world situation is, we might have already stepped past the point of no return to where a rescue of ourselves is no longer possible."

I told everybody that this very question about the threshold of no return had already been asked in ancient times. One finds traces of it in the earliest Scriptures. I referred to the Abraham story in which Abraham argued this very point in a dialog with God. The argument was about the impending destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorra. God suggested to Abraham that if fifty 'righteous' people could be found in these cities, the cities and the societies in them would survive. Abraham wasn't that optimistic. He suggested to God, that if perhaps only twenty upright people were to be found, would that not suffice? God agreed that this might be sufficient. Abraham asked again, what if there were only ten? God agreed again that this might possibly suffice. As it was, those ten didn't exist and the cities were self-destroyed. The societies within them had lost their conditioning to survive.

"This imaginary dialog of Abraham with God," I said, "explores the question that the king had asked, wondering if the needed new songs of freedom and love could be written by a corrupted people who considered their corruption into fascism to be a state of freedom and love."

Maria-Ilona suggested that the threshold seems to depend on the quality of the breakthrough that can be achieved.

I suggested to her, that if a village below a dam that is breaking up were to contain one single person who can inspire all the others to open their eyes to the reality of their situation, whereby this single person would break the denial of everyone's belief in a security that doesn't exist, then the actions of this one person would prove to be sufficient to cause a movement in everyone's consciousness by which the village could be saved, because then the whole society would join hands to repair the dam or to fortify the village.

"That's a kind of universal marriage, isn't it?" Sylvia interjected.

"It all depends on igniting that spark of the Principle of Universal Love that inspires the right actions," interjected Maria-Ilona.

"Universal love begins with the focus on the advantage of the other," said Sylvia. "Nothing more than that is needed in the village behind the dam, than this spark of universal love that marshals the needed resources to save the village."

Sylvia suggested that the villagers might join hands to rebuild the dam, or drain the reservoir, or build a flood channel to protect the village when the dam breaks. She also suggested that none of that could possibly happen until the threshold is crossed by people in getting out of their state of denial of reality, which presently isolates the whole of mankind from its humanity and from each other, as we see it almost everywhere today.

Sylvia turned to Alejo, "have you figured out yet how my story of the woman, who lost her son, should have been written differently? That's a hard nut to crack, isn't it?"

"Not for me it is," Alejo replied and grinned. "The story is a simple one, and so is the answer. The story tells us that a great famine erupted from which the people fled. In the course of fleeing, the boy was abducted. What does this tell us about the people of that society? It tells us that the people were sloppy, small-minded, a bunch of thieves and slavers. A famine is never an act of nature, but the result of stupidity. They knew that the possibility for a famine was perpetually on the horizon, but they made no preparations for it. They might have built sufficient water supply infrastructures to water their fields. They also might have built storehouses to cover the deficiencies that would be incurred in the years ravished by pests. Obviously they didn't do that, just as Peter suggest we still fail to do today in preparing our world for the coming Ice Age. And the reason for the people's failure in the story, as far as I can tell, is not any bigger than their isolation and division from one-another as human beings. That isolation is evident by the fact that they stole from one-another and enslaved one-another. Isn't that the story of our present world? This means that the entire story starts out wrong, and of course by natural consequence it ends wrong. It probably reflects metaphorically mankind's entrance into the Ice Age, under such conditions as we have today, in which nine-tenth of mankind would perish, to the point that even the whole of mankind becomes extinct.

"I wouldn't rewrite the ending of that story," Alejo continued. "I would rewrite the story at the very beginning and would establish within that society a copy of the Temple of Unrequited Love, as we find it across the street, and I would have it established with the same banner strung from wall to wall displaying the house rule, that each person shall dance with a stranger. This temple would heal the society's lack of their love for each other. End of story. The rest would be a none-event not worthy of any special mention. It would be the same with the resumption of the Ice Age in a well-prepared and well-functioning society."

"What do you mean with saying, 'would be'" I cut him off. "Shouldn't you have said, 'will be?' The thought of facing the Ice Age unprepared, is unthinkable. The consequence would be unthinkable."

"But that's what we are heading for," said Alejo.

"Our humanity is too deep and too profound that we would fail ourselves by not creating the Ice Age Renaissance," I almost protested. "We will create the needed indoor agriculture that can support a ten billion



population."

"I see no movement in this direction," said Alejo.

"The movement starts today," interjected Sylvia

"Let me tell you a story which is true," said Maria-Ilona. "It is also a story for which the ending does not need to be rewritten, which only needs to be extended. The story is not about foreign lands. It begins right here in America. It begins barely a few hundred miles to the North of where we are, in a small town in New Hampshire, in Concord I think.

It happened one day less than a hundred years ago, that a woman lived in that town who was literally at the end of her rope. The woman was partially paralyzed and destitute. Her home life was in shambles to the point that it had become unbearable.

She had decided one day to leave her home and never come back. As she hobbled to the railway station, she met a crowd of people streaming the other way. While the people were passing by in the opposite direction, she reasoned that they must have come for something important. Why else would so many people come? With this thought she turned around and followed them as best as she could.

She came to a wide open homestead at the edge of the town, where she saw the crowd assembled, being addressed by a woman speaking to the people from a balcony. She drew near to listen, but having been slow in coming, she stood far in the back, too far to hear what was being said.

She began to cry for this once more added disappointment to the long train of disappointments that had been the story of her life. She felt that something important was being said that she now missed.

When the people dispersed, she hobbled back into town. It happened on her way back that as she crossed the street towards a vacant lot on the other side that she noticed a team of horses approaching. She stepped aside and watched.

As the horses and the carriage passed by, she saw the same woman riding in the carriage that she had seen speaking from the balcony. She saw the woman looking at her with a warm and radiant expression. However, what she saw in that woman's face was more than just a radiance of emotions. It was a flow of love that defies description.

She said later of that incidence that she had never seen that kind of love in any human face before or since, or had known such love to be possible. She had also discovered that by the time the carriage had driven out of sight that her paralysis had vanished. She was free, healed, and completely whole like any other human being. She returned to her home with joy and found her home-situation healed as well.

"According to the woman's testimony," said Maria-Ilona, "the incidence really happened. But also something else had happened along this line. It happened long before this day, almost four decades earlier. This part is even more profound," added Maria-Ilona.

In another town in this same general era, this time in Massachusetts, a woman had slipped on an icy street and fallen. According to the doctors she had suffered a spinal injury, which they said would become fatal. As her situation worsened, and she seemed near the end of her days, she began to reason about the nature of universal principles. She reasoned that the healing works of Christ Jesus couldn't have been miracles, since miracles don't happen in the real world. So she reasoned that they must have resulted from the operation of universal principles that caused the massive healing work to be possible that Christ Jesus had accomplished so long ago. She reasoned that if this was the case, which it obviously was, then the same principles would be still as valid in her time as they had been eighteen centuries earlier.

The remarkable thing was, that while she reasoned along these lines, she found herself suddenly well. She was healed on the spot, on the very day that her minister had figured would be her last. The minister had seen her in the morning that day, in a hopeless state, and had promised to return after his service to prepare her for her death. When he returned, she was up and about, completely well, and opened the door for him.

She devoted her life from that time on to discovering and exploring the science of the principles and processes that had caused her healing, which she later called, Christian Science.

The woman lived for another forty-four years," said Maria-Ilona. "She wrote a textbook about the science that she created, and set up a college for teaching the discovered principles of scientific mental healing. The process became widely practiced by many people in healing others. The woman also created a church to promote her created healing practice. Historians also tell us that she set a portion of each day aside for the healing of the ills of the world.

"That woman was the woman in the carriage that had been seen by the paralyzed woman who was healed that day in the flow of a deeply embracing love," said Maria-Ilona. "In fact, so great was her love for mankind that she gave up her beloved country home at her homestead outside the small town, at the age of eighty-six, and moved to Boston to launch a newspaper with the mission to "bless all mankind and to injure none." However, more profoundly than this accomplishment was the rarely recognized fact that when the woman died in December 1910, she left behind a world that had been at peace for over forty years for the first time in centuries, corresponding to the period of her healing practice beginning in 1866. All the wars and long standing atrocities had ended at this time, including the American Civil War, and the British Opium Wars against China. Even the religious wars against humanity by the ecclesiastical Inquisition, which had reigned since the 1400s with terror, torture, and burning people to death, had come to an end just prior to this time. The train of atrocities and war did not get restarted until a few years after her death, beginning around the start of World War I. Nor has the train stopped rolling since."

Alejo shook his head in disbelief at the ending of Maria-Ilona's

story. "You must be mistaken," he said to her.

I intervened and told him that Maria-Ilona was right about the historic timing. I confirmed that the only major period of peace between 1510 and the present, occurred during the period that Maria-Ilona had mentioned. "From 1510 onward, the world had been subjected to a continuous state of war," I said in defense of Maria-Ilona. "It began with the League of Cambrai aiming to wipe out the Venetian Empire. The Empire retaliated with staging an atrocious religious war that wiped out the Golden Renaissance. The retaliation became a string of wars that culminated into the Thirty Years War that ended only with the dawn of the Second Renaissance built on the Treaty of Westphalia. The founding of the USA came out of this background. But even at this time, while Europe celebrated its new achievement of peace and its profound renaissance, the Spanish Inquisition still ravished the human landscape and darkened the face of civilization, though to a lesser degree, for a few short years. Also the world saw a new series of wars erupting in the shadow of the 1688 invasion of England, by the Dutch Prince William of Orange, who brought the Venetian imperial system to Britain. Out of that erupted the British imperial war to deny America's independence, followed by the imperials' Jacobean terror operations in France, followed in turn by the Napoleonic Wars that wrecked Europe, and a string of smaller attacks on America culminating in the American Civil War. But the entire train of war-madness stopped around 1866. The Civil War had ended the year before. The Opium Wars against China had ended. Even the Spanish Inquisition had been finally abolished a few years earlier. No major wars ravished the world from 1866 on, until World War I erupted in 1914 and brought to an end almost a half a century of peace. At this point all hell broke loose again, and the wars haven't stopped since."

"World War I started a few years after the woman's death," said Maria-Ilona. "History tells us that the train of atrocities against mankind had been halted for the period in which the kind of love for mankind that the woman represented, was put on the table. Peter is right. The train of atrocities was restarted and put onto the fast track. Right after that, beginning with World War I, the war-train was rolling, and it hasn't stopped since. I am not saying with that, that the woman in my story was responsible for that remarkable period of peace. I merely find it remarkable that this historic coincidence exists between the woman's profound love based on scientific principles, and its expression in a period of profound mental healing in many parts of the world, with all that coming together into a remarkable period of peace that interrupted a five hundred-year period of war and inhumanity.

"The coincidence of these three historic occurrences tells me that a principle is involved in all that," said Maria-Ilona, "and that therefore the ending of my story has not yet been written. The story says something to me about the power of Love as an awesome impetus that can shape human history in a profound way. It also tells me that the train of atrocities

against mankind can be stopped again, once society dedicates itself to the task of developing a loving that is as wide as the world, because the Principle of Universal Love, which Peter has mentioned, is a timeless principle. Nor do we need another pioneer in the world to demonstrate this principle for us. One demonstration is enough, because we have the capacity to carry the process forward by ourselves. I would say that my story is the answer that the king in Peter's story was looking for, which no one could give him, since the principles hadn't been discerned at the time. I also think that our dancing in the Temple of Unrequited Love has something to do with this process, because it seems to have a healing and enriching effect on our love for one-another. That's what I think is also the ending for the story of our present world that will yet be written," said Mariallona.

Naturally, I applauded her. Sylvia and Alejo joined me.

"Let me tell you an even bigger story," said Sylvia and began to grin. "This story pales all the stories that were told here tonight. This story is so big that it is absolutely unbelievable. It is a gigantic story. It is so big that it contains the answer to all the other stories that were told tonight. And the most amazing part is that it is the story of just a single day, and this day is today."

With this, Sylvia began to tell her side of the story of our struggles that began with the thunderstorm in the morning. She touched on everything, including her escape to the gallery and what followed there.

"Nothing is bigger in this world than this," she said in the end, "than the tragedy of the isolation of mankind from one another as human beings and stepping away from this tragedy to the recognition of the complementary attraction and complimentary protection of men and women as the reality of our being that reflects the operating principles of the Universe. Nothing is bigger than a civilization without isolation, except perhaps the daunting challenge to acknowledge this reality. This single, insignificant seeming principle, is so big that it contains all by itself the key for creating a civilization without empire. It contains the answer to all the hopes and aspirations and struggles of mankind of the last five millennia or more. It holds the key to purging the world of empire and building a human civilization. This is the key to the end of war, for without empire there is no war. This is also the key to the end of poverty, starvation, slavery, inhumanity, fascism, thievery, for these are the hallmarks of empire created by empire for the maintenance of its illegitimate existence, which will thereby end. Mark this day on your calendar," said Sylvia and raised her glass, "for this day will stand in future history as the turning point towards a New Age in the development of mankind that now lies before us."

We didn't just applaud her. We cheered her with our own glasses held high.

"Now it is my turn to tell you a story, another big story," said

Alejo. "My story is likewise a real story, and it is likewise a story that probably no one has ever told you before, because it is a forbidden story, a secret story that one can get arrested for if one tells it too loudly. It is a story of universal attraction between opposites, like the attraction between men and women. It is also the most universal story that is centered in the Universe itself. There, the attracting animus is gravity. Gravity is a force of attraction that any form of mass exerts on any other form of mass. It is the force with which the Sun has a hold on the Earth, and the Earth has a hold on the Moon, and the Moon has a hold on the waters of the oceans, whereby it creates tidal actions. Gravity is the most widely observed nuclear force there is. The apple that hits you on the head, when you sit under an apple tree, is propelled by gravity. It is the same force that also holds the distant micro planet, Pluto, in its orbit over a distance of more than seven billion kilometers. The irony is, that no one in the field of theoretical physics knows what causes the phenomena of mass, and what causes its attraction to one another. There we have Pluto, being 500 times smaller than the Earth, and thirty times as far away from the Sun, being held in place by the Sun's gravity, just as we are. No physical link exists between the Sun and the planet, except gravity that can be measured, but which no one can define. The best definition that I came across, is that its effect is purely the outcome of Intention of the incredible Intelligence that has constructed the Universe."

"Are you saying that this attracting force of intention is also reflected in mankind, between men and women?" I interjected.

"Well, isn't this what the evidence indicates?" said Alejo.

Sylvia laughed. "Why would you call this a secret story? The whole of humanity feels this effect. What's so secret about that?"

"The secrecy begins in the second part of my story," said Alejo. "The secret is that gravity is universal. Nothing that has mass, throughout the entire Universe, is not affected by it."

"What's so secret about that?" Sylvia said again. "That's why the phenomenon is called Universal Gravity."

"The revolutionary secrecy is that plasma is attracted by gravity too," said Alejo. "Plasma is a 'soup' of free-flowing atomic particles, primarily protons and electrons, which carry an electric charge. The charge is negative for electrons, and positive for protons. On Earth these particles are found almost exclusively bound to each other into structures called atoms that thereby become electrically neutral, which, by their dynamic interaction, also become 100,000 times larger in size and thereby become visible, especially when they are bunched together into molecules, like apples in a basket. But in space, the protons and electrons are not visible. They are free flowing, disorganized, and are 100,000 times smaller than anything that we have on Earth. Nevertheless, they have the same mass, and the same gravitational attraction, and they carry an electric charge. Incomplete atoms, also carry an electric charge, like ionized gases, which are therefore also classified as plasma. Plasma is an invisible electric-energy carrier. This makes

it also an invisible electric conductor in space. A whopping 99.999% of all the mass in the Universe is deemed to exist in this invisible, plasma state. Here the secret begins. While all of this is knowable, the knowledge is not allowed."

"And why isn't it allowed?" said Sylvia.

"If it was allowed, the knowledge would mess up all the political power structures in the world," said Alejo. "Of course, it cannot be hidden forever. Sooner or later some honest scientists will look at our solar system, that is teeming with plasma, and will conclude that this free flowing plasma is being attracted to every source of gravity that is nearby, like the planets and the Sun, especially the latter. An honest scientist will conclude for example, that the attraction of all plasma in and around the solar system is towards the Sun, flowing into it. That's only natural, because in comparison with the planets, 99.8% of all the mass in the solar system is located in the Sun itself. The Sun is therefore the main attractor, and it has a vast sphere of plasma surrounding it, to draw from. And that's what it does. It attracts plasma. As the plasma flows towards the Sun, the plasma becomes increasingly compacted. However, there is a law in the Universe that states that when the protons and the electrons, which normally attract each other, come extremely close to each other, they begin to repel each other. They begin to isolate each other into a double layer relationship, that creates electric current sheets. We call this in plasma physics the phenomenon of charge separation. As the compaction increases further, tension builds up between the double layer. From a certain point on the tension becomes so great that electric-arc discharges happen, that reduce the tension momentarily. When the compaction process is strongly dynamic, the electric arcing process takes place in a continuous stream, causing a continuous luminance on a wide spectrum, from deep red, including dark heat, all the way to the extreme ultraviolet. And this happens right across the entire double layer sheet. This is in essence what illumines our Sun to its immense brilliance. The double layer sheet powers the photosphere. It heats up quite nicely in this process, to a temperature of 5,800 degrees. In some rare cases when the compaction reaches an extreme intensity and strong magnetic factors from extreme current flows interact with the double layer sheet, the whole thing simply explodes. In such cases large chunks of the double layer plasma, some as much as 50,000 kilometers wide, explode. As a result, a portion of the photosphere explodes into space, which we observe as the solar flares. The sunspot then leaves a hole in the photosphere that exposes the cooler deeper layer underneath, that is 2,000 degrees colder. And this, my friends, is the secret that you are not supposed to know."

Sylvia shook her head.

"Can't you guess the reason?" said Alejo. "Just imagine how it would upset the political world if this secret became widely known and acknowledged."

"It would trash the concept of the Sun being heated by a nuclear-

fusion furnace. And thank God it would. It would get us back into the real world where such nonsense doesn't happen. The Universe doesn't need nuclear fusion to power itself. It has got a more efficient power system going. It is electrically powered. We need to stop the belief that the Sun is powered by hydrogen bombs going off continuously deep within its interior, and open our eyes to what is really happening" Sylvia interjected, pointing a finger at me. "Did I say this right?" she added.

I nodded. "Knowing this, wouldn't change the world," I said. "Most people probably don't believe this old fairy tale of the fusion-powered sun anyway, since they can see with their own eyes that the sun isn't heated from the inside."

I turned to Alejo. "I think Sylvia agrees with you that the sunspots would be brighter, instead of darker, if the Sun was heated from within. Anyone with a good backyard telescope can see that this isn't the case, that instead the sunspots are darker, meaning that the Sun is darker on the inside, beneath its electrically heated surface. Sure, the defender of the fusion-sun theory, which is no longer really a secret, but a lye, will defend their fairy tale with convoluted explanations until the cows come home, arguing that white is black. But this argumentation isn't world-shaking anymore, is it?"

"You have to look further," said Alejo. "Just imagine that people would put two and two together, and start to ask themselves what this means for the Earth. They would note that the Earth is orbiting close to the Sun, and thereby orbits in a highly compacted field of plasma. They would reason that if the Sun is powered electrically, which has an estimated energy output of 400 billion billion megawatts -- the equivalent of 400 million billion nuclear power complexes -- and they would further note that the Earth is orbiting right through the supply line for this huge energy converting engine, since the Earth is located at a point where the supply is already highly compacted. Wouldn't people, by realizing this, then begin to realize that mankind would be able to meet its entire modest little energy needs for all times to come by simply tapping into this immense galactic source that supplies the solar energy? Sure, the gravity of the Earth is far too little for the Earth to light up with its own photosphere, but we do have an equivalent, the ionosphere, that serves as an interface to the galactic electricity flow. We see the evidence right here in Washington. The lightning that hits the Earth, originates in the ionosphere. The thunderclouds with their high-reaching convection currents, though they don't reach right into the ionosphere, are charged by it. The connection has been visually observed. Every thunder bolt that you see hitting the ground, testifies that there is a lot of power up there, that's ready for us to tap into. And beyond that, there is also a magnetically organized plasma sphere surrounding the Earth. The bottom line is, that we don't need any of the archaic crap that we presently use for electricity generating, like coal, oil, or nuclear power, not to mention the insanity of windmills and solar collectors. Just imagine, all the oil wars would end, whereby the power of empire

would end. Even the controversy over nuclear power would end. Pollution would end. The bio-fuels swindle would end. All the hoopla that we now see around the world, that is focused on creating a primitive energy-lean, starving, de-industrialized planet, would suddenly end, as its flimthy excuses would simply evaporate."

Sylvia looked at me and smiled. "Didn't you say something like that earlier?" she said to me.

"Oh, it gets better still," said Alejo. "The intense electric activity on the surface of the Sun, creates also the phenomena of the solar winds. The solar winds are plasma showers extending outward to a distance to way beyond Pluto. The plasma winds are electrically accelerated to extremely high velocities, somewhere between 200 and 1000 kilometers per second. Their outward pressure create the heliosphere, which extends past Pluto, where it meets up with the interstellar medium and comes to a halt. The stopping of the plasma flow creates a kind of shock front that forms a protective barrier against cosmic radiation. We know that the heliosphere strongly attenuates the cosmic rays, which is significant for the Earth, since the cosmic rays are the chief cause for cloud formation as they ionize the troposphere. The intensity of this interaction is so great that it causes the Ice Ages on Earth, if the cosmic radiation is strong. This happens when the heliosphere that shields us, becomes weak. And it does become weaker when the electric intensity of the currents feeding the Sun become weaker. Then the solar winds become weaker and the heliosphere shrinks. Right now it is shrinking. Also the sunspot cycles are getting weaker. We may be in the transition zone to the next Ice Age glaciation cycle. Do you think this is big enough to scare the hell out of the rulers of the world? You bet it is. While it is possible, with a great renaissance, to built up the economy of the world to produce the infrastructure for indoor agriculture, this needed renaissance is not allowed to happen, as any renaissance is poison to the existence of empire. This is the evident reason why the entire scientific discipline of a plasma-powered Sun is buried under blankets of denial so deep, that not a word will get to your ears, unless you hear it from someone who is fighting this censorship."

"Didn't you tell me much of the same thing," said Sylvia to me. "I just didn't hear you then. I guess I need to be told twice. But you are right. This is big. This is as big as the survival of the whole of mankind, or 90% of it."

"That is why it is hidden," said Alejo. "That is why it is a secret. It may be dangerous to even talk about this."

"There is one aspect that is not dangerous," I interjected.

"I beg to differ," said Alejo. "Everything that's connected with this particular aspect of fundamental truth, puts you into a dangerous position, if you focus on it."

"No, it doesn't," I said. "There is one aspect of it that falls outside of the scope of the dangerous."

"And what might this be?" said Alejo.



"Your acknowledgement that gravity is attracting plasma by its mass, and causes it to be flowing into the Sun, has a social correlative, as you said so yourself," I answered with a smile. "This can't be dangerous. It's beautiful. Plasma is made up of two electric complements, protons and electrons, or man and women on the social scene. While they attract each other, sexual intimacy rarely happens. However their attraction becomes more intense, in proportion as the plasma becomes denser. In the social context, as the humanist energy is increasing, the sexual intimacies become more intimate too, not necessarily physically, but the relationships become brighter. As the intimacy becomes evermore powerful, sex becomes physical and unfolds evermore widely spread as the double layer becomes evermore pronounced, with natural arcing taking place across it, according to the power-intensity in the system. This means that sexual intensity in society is really a yardstick of the intensity of the humanist power in the system. The more widely spread the sexual proliferation becomes, the more powerful will the civilization be that is reflected thereby. This tells me that increased sexual proliferation is a healthy sign for a society. History seems to bear this out. Many of the great men in leading edge positions, like Benjamin Franklin, are being slandered for having had mistresses in their life. The coincidence appears to be healthy, if not unavoidable, no matter what the religions say about it, and the public opinions that the religions produce."

"Are you trying to tell me that this isn't dangerous?" Alejo interjected. "This may be one of the reasons why the sexual circumcision is so powerfully destructive to civilization, and why it is so intensely promoted by the masters of empire, especially in our country, Peter, which happens to be the historic arch enemy of the British Empire that tried to destroy our republic the moment it was born. Tell me that exposing this connection isn't dangerous. You are touching on something that goes to the very core of empire that hates the humanist fire in society with a passion, and tries to quench it by every means possible. And they've done a good job at it. Everything has been made cheap. Honest sexual attraction has become rare. Sex has been drawn into the realm of games, exploitation, domination, isolation, enslavement, lust..."

"Right, who even thinks about enriching one-another?" I interjected. "It's all for getting, rather than giving. What intimacy flows from that?"

"Intimacy is dangerous stuff," said Alejo. "It's dangerous to empire. The circumcision inhibits its impact in a powerful manner. Wherever in the world the density of the circumcision is high, economic development is put on a low key and isn't happening. Instead, fascist tendencies become predominant, and war, looting, and brutality happen. The Muslim block of a billion people is densely circumcised, at a near 100% rate, affecting 500 million men. America is 70% circumcised, affecting 100 million men. The Jewish community has the longest history with a 100% rate all the way through. The degeneration has become so deep that these three blocks are now fighting each other in the Middle East, and not just there, but anywhere

they have dealings with each other. What came out of the circumcision, serves the masters of empire well, and so the process is encouraged. The development of intimacy is also fought against on the economic and financial front. The worst thing that could happen to empire, is that the great nations of the world, like China, Russia, India, and the USA, establish an intimate economic bond for their cooperative development of each other, especially financially. If this was to happen, the empire would cease up. All looting would stop. It would be the end of it. And the danger to empire for this to happen some day, is great. Just imagine what would be possible, if these nations disconnected themselves from the monetarism of empire and extend itself directed financial credits for essential infrastructures and industrialization. We would see a wealth-creating renaissance erupting, as we had never imagine before. This will happen, mark my word. The problem right now, that prevents this, is the USA, the circumcised country of the four powers. We will likely see the uncircumcised countries of the big four powers -- India, China, and Russia -- getting together in sovereign cooperation, and start the renaissance trend, before the USA joins in as a partner. A great movement in humanist momentum is presently needed to break through the circumcision effects that have shackled the USA and prevent it from responding. The 30% of the still uncircumcised, might cause the breakthrough to happen, which will change the world. But until this happens in a big way, intimacy is a bad world in America, as is protection, cooperation, truth, honesty, and so on. These are dangerous words."

"No these are not dangerous words," I countered him. "You can speak them all day, and nobody will know what you are talking about. Those words aren't used anymore. Nobody knows anymore what they mean, almost nobody. And if you stand on the street corner and talk about an electrically powered Sun, and the danger of an Ice Age, people will laugh at you. They will mock you. They'll form a chorus around you and ridicule you. If you were to tell them the truth, nobody would believe you. Your own mother wouldn't believe you, since it it isn't written in the papers. That's what the newspapers are for, to educate the public not to believe in the truth. Your mother might even think you're gone bonkers, when you start talking about the truth, and have you committed into an asylum for the insane. No my friend, you wouldn't be in danger at all, except perhaps to suffer the loss of all your friends."

Alejo nodded, then laughed. "Yes, you got me on this one," he said.

"Except this is nothing new," said Maria-Ilona. "That's similar to the response that Mary Baker Eddy got in her time when she spoke the truth that she proved with volumes of accounts of metaphysical spiritual healing. A century of healing, with some of it still happening, hasn't stemmed the tide of ridicule against her. What we see happening today isn't new. It's a strange phenomenon, though."

"Maybe it isn't that strange," said a woman from the neighboring table, who had evidently overheard our discussion. "My name is Lisa," she said in a southern accent. "I can tell you a secret that will make you laugh

your head off. It is that unbelievable. On the other hand you might be the exception. I've been wondering for a long time, why the scientific and cultural development of mankind has gone backwards instead of forwards, possibly throughout the entire Holocene epoch. This may be caused by the lack of the Ice Age. Look at the great pyramids of Giza. The greatest of these is more accurately aligned to the celestial coordinates than any building that has been constructed since. And it is geometrically perfect as well. If the sum of the length of its sides is converted into a circle of the same circumference, the resulting radius is exactly equal to the height of the pyramid. The precision is so great that it reflects the ratio of pi to five places past the decimal point. Also, if one compares the height of the pyramid, to the distance from its center, extending to the center of its sides, the resulting ratio is exactly equal to the Golden Mean Ratio that wasn't discovered until the 1800s, as historians say. Nevertheless the ancients understood this complex principle 12,500 years ago, and constructed a giant monument on this principle that gives the pyramid its elegant shape. The Giza pyramids were evidently the achievement of an extremely advanced ancient culture that paid close attention to universal principles, and their own fidelity to them. Their attention to detail is so fine that the four sides of the Great Pyramid have been constructed with a variance of only five one-hundredth of a percent. Even the ground preparation has been amazingly exact. The rock plateau on which this 750-foot square monument has been erected, has been leveled to a tolerance of only two inches. When the more modern Egyptians started to build pyramids in later years, some 4,500 years ago, to serve as tombs for their pharaohs, the resulting new constructions were shambles in comparison. Eventually they gave up the effort and simply expropriated the ancient's structures for their own use. And now the masters of Egyptology are baffled by the evidence and can't figure out how these giant pyramids were made in the first place. The Giza pyramids all tell us that the ancients were master astronomers and knew that the Earth is a sphere. History tells us that this knowledge became gradually lost, and wasn't rediscovered until around the time of Columbus. So, I asked myself the question what might have caused this momentous regression in scientific perception.

"And here you will laugh at me," said Lisa, continuing her story. "The cultural regression that seems to flow through much of the Holocene epoch, might have been caused by the lack of a condition that is typical for an Ice Age, but is less prevalent in the interglacial period. The only factor that I am aware of, which matches this pattern, is the pattern of the changing intensity of the cosmic radiation. An Ice Age environment results, when the heliosphere is shrinking with reduced solar activity, which gives us high levels of cosmic radiation, causing intense ionization in the troposphere, and consequently more intense cloud formation, less water vapor, and with it a corresponding reduction of the greenhouse effect, and subsequently, massively colder temperatures. Ice Age conditions are always the result of high-intensity cosmic radiation. If one considers that cosmic radiation consist

mostly of high-powered ions, protons, and electrons, bombarding whatever stands in their way, like the Earth, or us human beings, one needs to ask what the effects might be of this bombardment, when it is weak and when it is strong. It might be that the intensity of this radiation affects mankind's neurological development, so that a loss of it, during any interglacial period, causes neurological regression. It might be that we are creatures of the Ice Age, and need to get back to it to resume our development."

"I am not laughing," I said.

"You might be pushing this a bit too far," said Alejo. "On the other hand, you might be right on the mark."

"Isn't there a theory put forward that the pyramids focus the cosmic radiation energy towards its center?" said Maria-Ilona. "I heard many stories about pyramid-induced healing."

"Ions in cosmic radiation are atomic nuclei without attached electrons," said Alejo. "That's what cosmic rays are. They are nuclei that were stripped of their electrons as they were driven to move at speeds close to the speed of light. At this velocity they pack an immense punch, like for example that of a cricket ball moving at hundred miles per hour, with all of that wallop packed into the minuscule size of a sub-atomic particle. The consensus theory is that they are derived from super-nova events of exploding stars that shed all of their energy in seconds and strip atoms of, their electron shells in an immense shock wave, by which visible matter is deemed to simply vanish in a shower of cosmic rays that are propelled to near light speed. The theory is a nice fairy tale that only an astronomer in intellectual free-fall, who looks at the Universe with his eyes squeezed shut, could believe. An astronomer with open eyes sees plasma, where the self-blinded astronomers see "gas" and "ballistic" events. And where there is plasma, the researcher with open eyes, sees electric currents, double layers, electric fields, magnetic fields, and magnetic field interaction, as in the self-organizing Birkland currents. At extreme densities the Birkland currents become self-constricted into tight confinement that we call zeta pinch, or z-pinch for short. At the super-intense regions of electric currents, as in the center of the galaxy, the energies become so great in their z-pinch confinement, that the plasma becomes self-organized into atoms, whereby stars are formed, and planets. In this high-energy hubbub, atoms are likely also torn apart again and reformed, just as ozone is formed, and is then torn apart, and is instantly reformed again in an endless sequence occurring high in our atmosphere. At the galactic center, in the high energy hubbub, large showers of the torn apart atoms appear to be propelled away by electromagnetic interaction, and accelerated to near light speed like a galactic wind, akin to our solar wind. The wind being electric, and therefore magnetically active, becomes constantly redirected by the jungle of magnetic fields that pervade the galaxy. As the result, we see them impacting the earth from all directions at once. Some may also originate in super-nova events, but those events are comparatively minuscule. Super-nova events are not the fairy tale star explosions that astronomers put their children to sleep with. They are

nothing more than large discharge events in networks of locally converging Birkland currents. A few of the cosmic rays also originate in the Sun, where the same kind of atom forming processes take place as at the center of the galaxy, though this is minuscule in scale at the level of the Sun's surface. The bottom line is, that the galactic center is the great cosmic-ray-producing engine. Lisa may well be right that the cosmic-ray-energy shower that pervades the galaxy, is the life-forming animus that has affected the Earth for its billions of years of its existence, and also became the great life-developing animus that we so casually call, evolution. In the world of life, the molecular interaction unfolds on a higher-order platform than in the abiotic world, and the key for that may be the unique, cosmic radiating energy. So, let's not be annoyed when this radiation also causes the massive ionization of our atmosphere that also causes the Ice Age cycles. As Lisa suggests, there is a good chance that we might not exist at all if it wasn't for this life-animating radiation."

"Can we really say this?" interjected Maria-Ilona.

"I think we can say this," said Alejo. "There is a huge flow energy involved that evidently fulfills a purpose, as it is a major aspect of the dynamics of our galaxy. At the very least, the amount of flowing energy is so huge that it would be miraculous if it didn't have a major effect in some form. Let me give you an idea of what is involved here. In physics, we measure the energy of the movement of mass in units of electron volt. For example, the relative movements of the atoms in your body, as they bounce into each other in their close approximation, don't amount to much in terms of energy involved in the atomic movement. The energy that is involved there, at the atomic level, is measured as 0.03 electron volts. In comparison, the electrons hitting the Sun in the photosphere, that create the Sun's luminance, are measured in the range of 10,000 electron volts. Now compare this with the energy that is packed into the cosmic ray particles. Cosmic rays aren't really rays as such, but are essentially tiny cannon balls hitting us. But let me tell you, they carry an immense wallop. They typically clock in at the majestic rate of ten to the power of twenty electron volts. This makes the cosmic rays ten-million billion times more energetic than the electric energy particles that power the Sun's luminance. Fortunately, we, on Earth, are shielded from most of the cosmic ray particles. Many get stopped in the termination shock front of the heliosphere, where all the solar winds terminate their immensely fast flight and bunch up, creating quite a sizable barrier. A lot of the cosmic ray particles also get stopped in the heliosheath and the heliopause field before that, before they even get to the termination shock, past which they enter the inner heliosphere. This means that we are extremely well protected. Nevertheless, the total measure of protection varies with the intensity of the electric dynamics operating in the heliosphere. The protection is thereby significantly lower during the Ice Age glaciation cycle, which in fact causes the glaciation. Measurements that were made by analyzing evidence from a stalagmite in a cave in the Bahamas, that grew just before the end of the last Ice Age,

appears to tell us that the cosmic ray intensity during the glaciation period was twice as strong than it is today. But what does this mean? It means a lot for the troposphere, the upper atmosphere of the Earth, where the weather is created. In spite of all the shielding that protects the Earth from cosmic rays, the combined energy of all the cosmic rays actually reaching the Earth is enormous. However, a lot of these collide with the atoms in the atmosphere, or before they get to the atmosphere, are deflected by the Earth's magnetosphere. The combined attenuation by these two factors is equivalent to that of a slab of concrete several meters thick. However, when the cosmic rays collide with the atoms in the upper atmosphere, which they thereby ionize, they release showers of gamma rays, X-rays and other subatomic particles. It is this 'soup' of secondary radiation that extends down to the Earth's surface. But since these particles are extremely small, they typically pass right through an atom as it was empty space, which it largely is. Since an atom is typically 100,000 times larger than the dimensions of its parts, the cosmic-ray shrapnel, and some of the cosmic rays that may have made it that far, rarely come even 'close' to the nucleus and its swarming electrons. In this manner, the rays can travel great distances before they collide with anything. Consequently, they pass right through our houses, and us too. Thousands of these rays and fragments pass clear through us every minute of every day. Only a few crash into us, and this happens so rarely that the resulting damage is relatively small in comparison with the Earth's natural background radiation, which doesn't affect us much either. It is unlikely, therefore, that doubling of the cosmic-ray effect during the Ice Age glaciation period would have a significant neurological impact as a result of collisions. However, because cosmic rays are charged particles in motion, they also create a magnetic and electric field of force around them. Naturally, these fields, and they are not minuscule, affect anything that the particle is passing through. The resulting interaction could have a healing effect. It could even have a life-creating effect, or a developmental effect. We reach a threshold here, where we can only speculate. We simply don't know what has caused life to be on our planet, and what propels it forward, and causes consciousness and ideas and cognition. In fact, we don't even know what causes the force of gravity. The more we look at the Universe and Life, in its countless forms and amazing complexity, the more it becomes apparent that we look at a construct of an amazing intelligence in organization that is reflected throughout the entire system of the Universe. Evidently, none of this is accidental in origin. Wherever one looks, one finds compelling evidence for an underlying Intention that is reflected in harmonizing principles. We may be riding the crest of the wave of an ocean of Intention that is the Universe, with human qualities that reflect the creative quality of intention in our own modes of volition. In this context I can see that the cosmic rays would have a healing and developmental quality."

"No, no," said Maria-Ilona, cutting Alejo off. "You are looking at this backwards. Don't say, would. Instead say, does! Something in this cosmic

flow does have a healing and health giving effect. This affect appears to be concentrated by a process that is inherent in the geometric shape of the pyramid. Maybe the pyramid acts like a wave-guide that channels the cosmic ray energy into some electromagnetic form of energy that is transmitted towards its center, even while the ray particles themselves pass right through the structure. Something is mysterious about the healing effects of the pyramid structure. The volume of the reported cases and research studies is too great to push this effect aside as just imagined. Millions of books have been written about the effect of the pyramid structures. Some say that they make dreams and desires come true, and create powerful thought-forms to assist one in manifesting one's life. Some use the term, Rapid Manifestation, a state where, as they say, desires are expressed at the Quantum Level or in the Etheric Realm, which then appears in the physical plane. They say, you'll be amazed on how well and how fast this works, but be careful what you wish for. Maybe you can get what you always wanted. In this manner remote healing is also possible as it amplifies the "natural" aura or energy balance that is in anything that is subjected to its powerful vortex field of energy inside the pyramid structure. Some see the Pyramid as a collector of cosmic life-force energy, as they see it, and concentrating and balancing its energy field focused onto a person where it unfolds extraordinary healing powers.

"My point is," Maria-Ilona continued, "that you and I, and all mankind, are the best and most beautiful, and the most precious manifest of Creation in the Universe, or are an aspect of the whole that is the Universe itself, that we are living in, and that we should not disregard this ever! We know that life is an exceedingly precious process, and we also know that even the purely molecular processes unfold in a different manner in living processes. There is something that sets the two apart. The ancients may have discovered a way to amplify the process and direct it in accord with their desires by simply channeling the cosmic energy flux that was stronger and more abundant in their time. Maybe this is where the high altitude monasteries got their appeal from, as the cosmic ray intensity is somewhat greater at high altitudes. I don't think we should write Lisa's theory off the map, of mankind's self-directed evolution during the Ice Age epochs. She puts a valid point forward, that makes more sense to me than almost anything that I have heard so far."

"This makes sense to me too," I interjected. "However, I also think that thought, all by itself, can create its own life and health-giving energy field that causes profound development and amazing healing, and all of this without the aid of the pyramid device. Hasn't Mary Baker Eddy set a pure metaphysical healing trend in motion that far surpassed any healing claim attributed to the pyramids, and which could be taught to others, to be applied in turn, by them, a process that lasted for a century?"

"This is true," said Maria-Ilona. "However, there is a glitch in this. Mary Baker Eddy was born in 1821. This puts her birth and childhood smack into the middle of the weakest sunspot period since records are kept, short

of the Maunder minimum. This sunspot low, coincides with a corresponding high in cosmic ray intensity. Also, throughout the years of her work the sunspot activity remained relatively low. However, the most amazing thing is, that the entire second renaissance in Europe from the development towards the Peace of Westphalia onwards occurred during the Maunder minimum, the deepest low in recorded sunspot cycles that lasted almost a century and a half. Out of this background came great revolutionary geniuses, such as Johannes Kepler, Gottfried Leibniz, Benjamin Franklin, Friedrich Schiller, Johan Sebastian Bach, Franz Joseph Haydn, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Ludwig van Beethoven, and so on. In short, the entire cultural uplift that gave rise to what we call our modern civilization, originated in this brief period of a high cosmic-ray energy background. Maybe there exists a deeper connection between cosmic ray intensity, and advanced humanist development."

"I think what we are seeing here is just the low-level evidence," I interjected. "I think we human beings have the capacity to take this to much higher levels where love is the evidence. Just look at us, we behold each other with a great joy, we are beautiful to each other in our mind. Shouldn't this capacity to love, also be a part of the force of Intention that is the Universe itself, the intention of Love? We haven't created Love, we just move with it, and step in its light. We don't need a pyramid for that. All we need, is a kiss. Maybe Love is a more powerful and profound healing and developing impetus, than anything that we have yet come across. Mostly it is the development potential that interests me. The Universe operates on a remarkable efficient platform of economics. It starts with an intention, and then asks, what is required to get it implemented? It then simply creates what is needed, to get there. It creates the principles that make it happen. We keep asking, before we do anything, what's the profit for me? And since the profit isn't enough, nothing much gets done. We should duplicate the principle of economics that the Universe operates on, and find our profit in what is being created and produced. Love isn't a profit engine. It is a wealth-creating engine."

"Isn't Love also a life-force?" said Maria-Ilona. "Why must we limit ourselves to physically measurable force? Isn't the Universe more evidently spiritual than not? The evidence that we see of it, speaks of an incredible Intelligence, and Principle with harmonizing intention and effect. Why should these be expressed only in the forms we are familiar with? Couldn't there be Spirit beings in existence that we have only the faintest traces of evidence for, if any? UFOs have been sighted, photographed, and filmed in great numbers, and not just near the Earth, but have also been filmed by NASA on the moon, though never in recognizable details. Are they plasma events, as Alejo might suggest, or are they life forms that are not carbon and water based, but are energy based, living in space, fed by a form of life energy that we do not yet understand, that is of a higher order than plasma and cosmic radiation? If such beings did exist, how would they communicate with us? Would they use crop circles? Many of the more



recent crop images are of a complexity in design that matches modern computer created art. But we don't know who made them and how they were made. The bending of the crops is precise, and the bending is done at the nodes. Typically, the nodes give the plants their strength. When grain stalks bend, they bend between the nodes, not at the nodes. What life-force alteration causes the nodes to change? The nodes keep a plant upright, because they collect water. The water pressure in the nodes makes the stalk rigid. In the crop images the stalks are bent, because their nodes were dehydrated. Researchers have discovered a hole in the effected nodes that looks like an escape vent for water vapor after intense heating. Yet, the nodes are bent selectively, and into precisely aligned directions, nor are they bent uniformly. Some are bent at the lowest knuckle, others are bent higher up the stalk, according to the requirement of the shading of the images, with all of these variations occurring within the same image formation. The shading is so complex that as the crop continues to grow the resulting image changes in appearance. Also, it has been reported that in the years following the crop circles, increased yields of up to 40% have been observed. These phenomena and their precise selective application cannot be produced by any process known in agriculture, or botany, or thermal cause, or even radiation technology, as far as I know, or as far as has been revealed by any scientific or governmental agency. Pranksters certainly would not have this capability, much less the power to affect the soil in a manner that it causes increased crop yields in subsequent years. I don't know what this means, but it means something. If one adds to this puzzle the UFO phenomenon and the potential existence of energy-based life forms in space, because something definitely exists along this line, then I must say that we really don't know anything yet about the nature of Life, and of Intelligence, and of the Universe."

Maria-Ilona glanced at Alejo when she finished speaking, as if to invite a comment.

He shrugged his shoulders. "This goes beyond any physics known to me," he said to her. "In terms of what you are talking about, we still live with a flat-earth type mentality, where our environment is strictly physical. The concept of Intention doesn't enter the scene. If it doesn't conform to quantum physics, we say, it doesn't exist. Sure, I can imagine plasma phenomena in the form of moving specks of light, but NASA filmed black spots moving over the light background of the moon, slowing down, speeding up, smoothly changing direction. This doesn't correspond with any natural physics known to me, but NASA filmed it. Space travel between solar systems is impossible too, by any known method, precluding interstellar travels. The kind of space ship cannot be built that travels even remotely close to light speed. And even if this was possible, a ship travelling at this speed would be ripped to shreds by cosmic rays and plasma streams. Also, should a ship miraculously survive all that, the travel to the nearest star would take a dozen years at near light speed. And to the farthest star of our galaxy, the travel time would likely be trillions of millennia in duration. This doesn't

mean that thought, life, and intention, as ideas unfolding, can travel instantly anywhere, and be felt throughout the Universe, since after all, Principle unfolds throughout the Universe everywhere simultaneously, though in countless different expressions. Maybe that is where the frontier lies. We may be facing the threshold to an incredible frontier here, that lies as far outside the rationally explainable, as does the phenomenon of universal gravitation that is intimately common in everyday life, which is measurable and affects everyone, but defies all rationality for discovering the cause of it. According to all we know in nuclear physics, gravity should not exist, but it does exist. Here, we cross the threshold into the realm of Universal Intention, where we find a whole raft of phenomena that defy rationality according to our best perception, such as Life, Spirit, and Love, and possibly Mind. As we step across the great threshold into the as-yet unknown, we seem to discover, that more likely than not, we haven't seen anything yet, as if we had looked at the Universe so far with our eyes squeezed shut."

Sylvia applauded Alejo and Maria-Ilona. "Those are fascinating stories that you are bringing to light here," said Sylvia. Her expression though, seemed to indicate that she was somewhat overwhelmed by all of that.

We all agreed with her that the wider reality is a fascinating subject indeed. We also agreed that we should go back to the Temple for some more dancing, to get our grounding again, and celebrate the few discoveries of reality, like the Principle of Universal Love, that we are able to understand, which she said are incredibly beautiful, too beautiful to be allowed to drift out of sight in the shadow of the unknown.

"Indeed we should celebrate," I replied, "but let's expand the process. Would you join us, Lisa?" I said to Lisa with a bow.

And this is what we did. Lisa joined us. We danced with each other, and with others as well, until we were completely exhausted once more.

As it turned out, the place had become crowded before we returned from Aladdin's Palace, with no tables left for us in the hall, or any other places for us to sit down and relax after another sequence of dancing the night away. Maria-Ilona suggested that since there was no place to sit down, this meant that the time had come to say good bye. We all concurred. We wished each other a pleasant journey to our respective home, since we had all come from different cities. And so, we parted as friends, and to some degree, as lovers too.

Sylvia's response was a great big smile on her face all the way back to the hotel. More than this was not needed for the celebration to be complete. Our private world had changed that day. It had changed enormously and she was still with me, and more firmly now than ever before. What more could anyone dream of? We arrived at the hotel arm in arm, but there was nothing there at the hotel that we wanted. Being

stuck in a hotel room seemed too confining.

"Let's go out and have some ice cream to celebrate the occasion some more," I suggested to Sylvia.

She agreed. She said that this was a perfect idea, much better than sitting in a hotel room.

We asked the 'hotel captain' as we came in if there was an ice cream parlor nearby. He shook his head. "You can get ice cream at the coffee shop, or through Room Service," he said.

"That won't do. We need something big for celebration," I replied.

He nodded. "What you really want is something bigger than ice cream," he said. "You want a cultural celebration." He looked at this watch. "Quite often around this time, some of the professional musicians and performing artist, mostly from the Kennedy Center, get together in a pub near here. If you are lucky you may catch them celebrating their triumphant achievements, performing for each other. Ice cream is nothing, compared to that. The place is just north of Dupont Circle, in one of the side streets on the way to the Phillips Gallery. It's called 'The Lion.' There is a large blue neon sign of a lion in front of it. You can't miss it."

We thanked the kind man with a tip for his advice, but declined the cab that he offered. Walking seemed better. We stopped just briefly at the room to freshen up.

As we were getting ready to leave, I asked Sylvia jokingly, whether she might not have forgotten to ask something of me that she hadn't voiced yet since our great encounter in the morning began.

"You mean, me asking you to promise that you will never look at another woman again, ever?" she said, and waved a finger at me. "I had this in mind, you know. But how can I possibly ask this now? Isn't it amazing how much our world has changed in one single day? I was determined this morning to ask for a divorce, and now we are closer than we've ever been before."

"Still, I must ask you to consider this very thing," I said in a serious tone. "You have grown up and built a basis for making this judgement. I can promise you with all my heart that I will always cherish you no matter what lies before us, because you are in my heart and are bound to stay there, but the New World before us is an extremely demanding world from what I can recognize. It opens the horizon to great freedoms, but these freedoms could also cause great damage, if we screw up. And even if we don't screw up, it will surely involve quite a few challenges that come with the blessings. Are you willing and daring to be the kind of pioneer who wants to venture with me into the New World before us? The future promises to be bright, but no one can guarantee that we will be able to tread safely in all respects..."

"Of course I'll be with you, Peter," Sylvia responded before I even finished. "A divorce is no longer possible. You illustrated all day where a divorce would fit in, and that's no longer an option."

"And how did I do this?"

"With the two types of models, Peter, the vertical and the lateral model, and you related them to science and to truth. In the lateral model we stand side by side with each other, because at the top level no hierarchical differentiation is possible. There, the truth is the truth. We can't go above it or below it. We are all part of it and can't get away from it. A divorce really is not possible there. That is where we find our universal humanity, and all the spiritual aspects that the eyes cannot see, such as Love, Spirit, Soul, Mind, Life, and Principle, all existing in the absolute sense, with our humanity existing at the same level and reflecting all of them. That's the reality of our being. This means that our loving has to reflect that level. That's what unites us as one, and that is bigger and more profound than anything we had before."

"But how do we get there?" I interjected. "Obviously, science provides us a path to it. But science is not an absolute thing. It operates on a vertical model, like a tool for developing a progressive recognition and appreciation of our humanity. As a vertical structure, science has a top and a bottom. At its leading edge we might call this the science of the spiritual idea of our divinity as human beings. Considering the capacities that we find in our humanity as creators of new worlds, and of a richer Universe, we truly are divine beings, together with anything else to which this term might apply, such as our love, mind, or recognition of principles. These are our attributes. At this leading edge, our science is our gateway to discovering the reality of our being. At the bottom level, however, the vertical structure of science gives way to the inverted vertical structure that represents the very opposite of science, the perversion of science, the domain where science is lacking completely and universal principles are deemed not to apply. That's dangerous ground. That's the sphere of depravity, violence, theft, rape, etc, in all their countless forms. That's the inverted vertical structure that represents the imperial vertical model. The process of progressive science, of course, gives us a great deal of freedom to move, but if we screw up we may end up in dangerous territory, the imperial territory, the territory of depravity. Divorce isn't only possible there, but happens almost inevitably."

"However, the middle ground is dangerous too," said Sylvia and grinned. "The middle ground is called morality. It's a transitional place that represents neither science nor depravity. It's a dead kind of place where nothing really moves. It's a perfect place for falling asleep in. No confrontations are happening at the middle ground. No dangers are faced there, but neither do we find any freedom at this middle ground, or any power to uplift civilization."

I hugged Sylvia for saying that. "You are perfectly correct," I said, "the middle ground is a wonderful position for one to fall asleep in. That's the kind of life that your opting for a divorce would assure. You would marry another person, who loves to be asleep with you. I personally think you would never choose that. Still, I need to ask you if you are ready to step away from this middle ground, called morality, in the face of all the

dangers that are involved, and all the challenges that we may be confronted with by dancing together at the leading edge of scientific discovery?"

Sylvia began to laugh. "What choice is this, Peter, a choice between sleeping and dancing? I've already chosen the dancing. It may be risky, but there is life in it."

"Ultimately, the choice isn't made by us, Sylvia," I interrupted her. "Life makes the choice for us. It has been my experience that we can't turn away what is in our heart, which demands scientific explorations. To turn away from what is in our heart, would put us to sleep indeed. And it would put us into a precarious situation that may get us all killed with our eyes closed when the fascism of the world is destroying our civilization. Sleeping is a dangerous state. Life is a dynamic thing, always growing and expanding, and becoming evermore precious. Every tree grows higher and higher, but the moment it stops growing, it decays. A steady state existence is not possible in life. Life is development, constant development. The moment when life stops developing itself, it ceases to be, and what is left collapses into decay. That is why mankind cannot exist without an Ice Age Renaissance. Going back to the five million world population that we had during the last Ice Age, is not only not an acceptable option, it is impossible. We can't go back. Going back probably means extinction. We have to go forward with a ten-billion-people Ice Age Renaissance. Nor is there a middle ground possible. The so-called middle ground is not a natural state, and therefore is not possible. It is a mythological state, and those who pursue the merely 'moral' position of doing nothing towards creating the New Renaissance, corresponding to the middle ground, put themselves, and the whole of mankind, into a precarious position. With their eyes closed, they slip unwittingly into the imperial night of depravity, where no scientific and spiritual development takes place; where they are spoon fed with lies and become corrupted by imperial systems, and enslaved to toil by the fascism that reigns in this dark world, until at last mankind is offering up its life as a sacrifice on the altar of depopulation.

"That's what I am inviting you to move away from, because the whole world is slipping into this bottomless pit of the depravity trap, and it isn't pretty what I see," I said. "Still, as I said, living at the leading edge can be dangerous. We enter uncharted waters. The dangers there are real. However, there is life at the leading edge, an unbounded dynamism. Of course while we are facing the dangers and the challenges at the leading edge, I can promise you one thing. I can promise you that you will always be at the pinnacle of my loving. No matter to what height loving becomes elevated in its boundlessly unfolding universal development, you will be at the pinnacle of it, above the clouds, touching the stars."

Sylvia responded with a long lasting embrace and a kiss.

People say that it is dangerous to walk alone in Washington late at night. But did we heed this caution? No, not us! Not this time! Life was no longer to be hemmed in.

"Now I am beginning to understand your story about the kingdom that lost the ability to write songs of love," said Sylvia, as we entered Massachusetts Avenue at Scott Circle, still looking for a place where we could get ice cream. "The people of the kingdom had once written those songs of love with such purity and brilliance that they became empowered thereby to liberate themselves from their oppressor. But once the people became oppressors themselves they lost their ability to write those songs of love. Isn't this the story of our world, Peter, the story of the Three Thousand Years War that mankind has not yet been able to win? Who is writing songs of the Principle of Universal Love and is singing them? Nobody has so far. But now you come along and say to me, Sylvia, let's write those songs of love again, and let's write them with such purity that all forms of division and isolation melt away, and we find ourselves empowered to claim the freedom to love universally. Isn't that also what Maria-Ilona's story was about, the power of Love that enriches humanity and lifts it to the edge of the sublime where wars become impossible. Maria-Ilona spoke of a renaissance of the human Soul, didn't she?"

"She spoke of a kind of loving that is free from exceptions," I interjected, "which is a hard one to get to, but not impossible. Those songs of Love that the king thought could not be written when the enslavement of corruption was deemed to be freedom, can indeed be written on the higher level of perception, on a scientific basis. So let's write them together, Sylvia, you and I, let's do this. Even if the world looks hopeless and precarious, let's write those songs anyway, because the principle of love is still the same as it was long before the dark ages began. Wasn't the agricultural revolution that gave mankind the dynamism of a boundless existence, a profound song of universal loving? The seven-thousand-year interlude that stopped the process for some dark ages, can be brought to a close by us, because the interlude of darkness means nothing more, than that mankind has been asleep for a while, ready to be awakened."

"So, my dear, we can now say to the king in the name of the holy person," said Sylvia, "and in the name of the scientific discovery of the truth about our humanity, that we will write those new songs for the king, songs of love for mankind with such purity that they will empower the people to regain their freedom from their self-oppression. We will write those songs of love with our life. If we don't do this, Sylvia, who will?"

"This means that the king, representing mankind, will not take his puzzle unanswered with him to his grave," I said to Sylvia, "meaning that there won't be a grave for mankind in its near future, or in any future."

"Yes, I think we can write those songs of universal loving with our life, that will assure this," said Sylvia and nodded.

"And with those songs of love in our heart we will be dancing at the pinnacle of the world," I added.

Sylvia responded with a kiss.

As it was, we didn't find an ice cream place anywhere along the

way. We found something better. We found a small grocery store that had bundles of flowers for sale. I picked up two dark red roses and gave them to Sylvia.

She looked at me with questioning eyes. "What is that supposed to mean?" she asked finally.

"Those two roses represent what our lives have been like until now," I said and began to grin. Then I picked up all the rest of the roses from the bucket and gave them to her. "Those represent what our lives may be like from now on." I grinned as I said this, and kissed her.

This time she didn't protest. She nodded, and kissed me in return. She also insisted on paying for half of them, which seemed to have a beautiful symbolic meaning.

So it was, that with a great bundle of roses in our hand, we went happily our way to the pub, looking for the sign of the giant blue lion.

The hotel captain had been right. This was a place for cultural celebration. The place was filled with musicians and singers and a few other people, who enjoyed being among them.

"Look, somebody is bringing us roses!" said one of the singers as we entered, interrupting her song.

"The roses come with one condition attached," said Sylvia. "We'll gladly share them with anyone who is committed to promoting the Principle of Universal Love, from the grassroots level up, to create a renaissance big enough so that the coming Ice Age will be a none-event."

"You mean the current 'Ice Age' in our dealing with one-another as human beings," said the singer.

"That too, for starters," said Sylvia, and started handing a rose to each performer. It seemed to me that Sylvia's criterion was satisfied by the lack of anyone mentioning global warming. It also seemed that the performers understood in some way that classical music is related to universal Love as both are rooted together in our humanity.

Moments later, a tall young fellow stood up and called out to another man across the room. "Albert, did you bring your violin? If you have, let's do the Dumky tonight, but let's do it the way it ought to be done, not as the music director thinks an audience want's to hear it. Let's do it from the heart."

So it was that half an hour later, after things setting up and a bit of chatting, in the middle of the night and in the most untraditional setting that one can imagine, surrounded by beer mugs, the great Dumky Trio by Antonin Dvorak was being performed, and in grand style. The music and the performance of it perfectly reflected the kind of day our day had been.

Albert personally introduced the artists that night. He had bowed deep and had grinned with one of our roses pinned to his vest. "Ladies and gentlemen, the Opus 90, the Dumky Trio by Antonin Dvorak, the greatest

trio for violin, cello, and piano ever composed, performed by the world's greatest musicians, for the world's greatest audience, small as it may be, which awards us roses, before we even draw the bow."

Our 'victory' that night, mainly over ourselves, in celebration with the musicians, unfolded into one of the loveliest nights Sylvia and I have had together. We celebrated some kind of a turning point, behind which, all the gloomy problems were left behind, as in the fog. We walked on, after the musicians had ended their extensive performance that seemed to have been given in our honor. It was early morning when the musicians packed up and left. We left with them and walked out into the night with the music still echoing in the mind, occasionally looking for an ice cream store.

Here the idea emerged to stay up for the sunrise. Sylvia and I picked up the car at the hotel and started to drive, hoping to find the most perfect spot for the occasion. We also found an ice cream 'palace' along the way, in the early hours of the dawn at a truck stop. Of course we had more than just a simple ice cream cone there. Each of us had a full-fledged sundae with all the trimmings, as loaded as it can get, and we had fun eating all of it.

As for me, I enjoyed every minute that we were together. A sense of pride came over me for the privilege of being married to this wonderful woman. The joy that I felt that morning was faintly reminiscent of the excitement that I had shared with Olive, and the gratitude I had felt for Tara's touch and Ushi's wide open love, and Helen's sensitivity to the truth about our humanity. I found them all reflected in Sylvia, like sparks of light from the Soul that illumines the Universe.



## Chapter 14 - Rotundity

After our indulgence with just about the 'finest' ice cream in the city, Sylvia checked on the remaining roses that we had left in the car, those that remained after honoring the musicians at the Blue Lion. We had left them in the car without water. Luckily they still looked fresh. To keep them that way I brought my soft-drinks cup along, filled with water. The cup fitted perfectly into the cup holder of the rented car. It sufficed to serve as a vase. Going back into the store netted us a piece of string, to tie the bundle of roses into place, between the steering column and the glove compartment. It is amazing how few places there are in a modern car to tie flowers into place, as if one shouldn't have beautiful things in a car anymore.

"We still need to find a place to watch the sunrise from," said Sylvia.

"Maybe we should go back to the mall," I replied as I closed the glove compartment and Sylvia started the car up.

"I know the perfect spot at the mall for observing the sunrise," said Sylvia and began to smile. "A long time ago I came there with my parents during a summer vacation. We came specifically for the sunrise. As I remember, it was a magical treat for us children to watch the sun come up over the city. We had to get up so early though that it seemed like in the middle of the night. It was dark when we left the motel for the drive to get there in time."

"And where precisely is this magical place?" I asked. I checked the fuel gage. We had plenty enough to get back to the mall.

"The magical place is the Lincoln Memorial, Peter? We can sit on the steps. I can't think of a better place than there, to watch the sun come up, can you?"

"No, I can't. That's precisely what we need for a day of celebration," I replied as Sylvia got the car rolling.

"Ah, but what more are we celebrating that we haven't been celebrating all day?" she asked, still smiling.

"What more?" I repeated. "The dawn of the age of universal Principle is on the horizon. I think that's what we are celebrating, Sylvia, a new rising of the Principle of Universal Love. We've celebrated everything else, but that. The rise of this principle has last been seen in 1648, when it came to light in part as the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. It was celebrated then, when it created the brightest renaissance in history. It ended an eighty years period of war. It changed the world. It gave us great classical music and culture and a new foundation for civilization. It also gave rise to the founding of the United States of America. Is this big

enough a reason to celebrate? It think this profound principle is dawning on the horizon again. And that's just for starters."

"The Principle of the Advantage of the Other?" Sylvia repeated.

"Actually, Sylvia, the Principle of the Advantage of the Other was just the dawn that ushered in the real sunrise. This sunrise is about to begin now in our time, in the form of the rise of the Principle of Universal Love and the Principle of Universal Sovereignty and Universal Good. They all need to be unfolding together. Now is the time for this to happen. We don't stand with our heads bowed to the ground before any god, and grovel for help or mercy. Instead, we stand tall before the Principle of Universal Love with our heads held high, and in so doing, we face the real image of ourselves. The universal principles of our humanity may have been overturned again and again, and been hidden for ages, but they are back on the horizon and are promising the brightest era we have ever seen."

"We have seen many 'little' attempts to shift the phase of history towards the platform of the Principle of Universal Love," said Sylvia. "One such attempt was made by Abraham Lincoln, when he encouraged society to rouse itself to defend its future from the shadow of the Old World. Another such attempt to shift the phase of history was made by Franklin Delanor Roosevelt. His image has not yet been carved in stone like that of the other great Presidents. Maybe his memorial does not need to be cut in stone. The Principle of Universal Love, that he had seen and had aspired to, stands behind the New World that he created. Maybe the dawning recognition of this principle across the world, will be his memorial, a monument greater than any ever built with stone and mortar, a living monument that serves as a guidepost for the heart."

"Let's not forget that the Old World reasserted itself," I interrupted Sylvia's song that the king of old of her story would have loved to hear. "Let's not forget that the Old World has reasserted itself, not just this time, but had done so after every renaissance. But let's also not forget that each great phase shift that caused a renaissance, has been started in response to an engineered crisis in the Old World that has literally pushed mankind to rouse itself to reassert the freedom of the human being, while it was sliding ever-deeper into hell. We have seen such an engineered hell in the form of the American Civil War that was imposed from the Old World. We have also seen America's Great Depression, and the rise of fascism in Europe. However, each chapter of this opening book, while it was dominated by the fires of hell, opened the gates wider to the coming New World that leads away from the train of tragedies of the Old World with its signs of certain doom receding in the distance. Nevertheless the Old World was brought back into the minds of society by the forces of empire to dominate the world scene with yet another new chapter in which the overturning of the Principle of Universal Love became the dominant feature. And so it continued to threaten the New World again and again, and evermore deeply. However, it appears now that the Old World may have served its final chapter up, which opens the scene to the core of hell that

appears as nothing more than just a deep black emptiness, a void, a bubble without substance. The paragraphs of the Global Warming Doctrine will likely close this last chapter. With this last engineered fantasy, that shifts the gaze of men to a hell that does not exist, to hide the real hell, the critical point of no return for the Old World appears to have already been crossed. The truth, it seems, can no longer be hidden. Its day is at hand. Its day is dawning."

"This promises to be a dawn the likes of which has never been seen before on the horizon of time," said Sylvia solemnly. "The point of no return to the Old appears to have been crossed in establishing the New World for mankind in the unfolding wake of the Principle of Universal Love, for evermore. It appears that the return of the Ice Age forced this awakening on us, in what may be called one day, the greatest and final phase shift in history. It has already burned many of the bridges to the Old World, and closed its doors. Its time is over."

I applauded Sylvia for her great song. "A song of confidence and power," I called it. "But, Sylvia, with all the fancy words the theatric rhetoric set aside, I have to agree that from all that I can see happening, it appears that we have already crossed the line of transition beyond which there is no going back in any way. I think that is the real significance of the dawn towards the sunrise, that we are celebrating this morning. We are celebrating a dawn and a sunrise that no one can turn back. We are celebrating that we will be celebrating what unfolds from this moment in history for evermore, irreversibly!"

I had to admit to myself that I hadn't recognized the awesome magnitude of our own dawning involvement in this transition before Sylvia had asked the question as to what we were really celebrating.

"We are celebrating the beginning of what promises to become the brightest renaissance in the entire history of the unfolding Principle of Universal Love. We are celebrating the rise of a greater civilization on the Earth than any that we have yet even imagined. Forget the coming Ice Age. It will be a non-event in that renaissance that builds the greatest civilization ever. Let's celebrate its sunrise, with which we will be intensely associated, rejoicing in the fact that the transition has finally begun."

"I bet you didn't know any of this before you got involved with this dawning in East Germany?" Sylvia asked in a tone of a sudden astonishment.

"How could I have known? I knew that an Ice Age was somehow, on the horizon and that it wouldn't likely hit us in our lifetime. So what did it matter? Also, I had never concerned myself with universal principles before, much less the capacity that we have as human beings as a matter of principle, to uplift the biotic processes on Earth to such a high degree that the coming Ice Age will be a non-event. There was a time when I had been scared of the Ice Age, and had closed my eyes to it so as not to see its imperative, being afraid that we would fail. Now I am looking forward to getting ready for it, because we will not fail."

"I had a hunch though, when I was drawn into this thing in East Germany, where my awakening began, that something was intrinsically right about what was happening to me there. Except I didn't know then what it was that I was awakening to. Some of the others did know a bit more. They responded kindly to help me to discover what they barely understood themselves. As for myself, it was as if I had stood up in the world, suddenly, and asked the question out of the blue: What is universal love? Of course I hadn't asked that question. I didn't even know that this question could be asked. Other people had asked that question before me. I became merely intertwined with their experiences in searching for the answer to that question, that no one knew enough to actually ask. The Principle of Universal Sovereignty played a role in that. It played a role in my discerning it. I can see this now. My friend Steve said something about it in a lecture that I sat in. I hadn't paid much attention to what he said at the time. He had asked his students if a scientist has a duty to respond to the imperatives of fundamental principles that can uplift the whole world, or whether one should see it as a privilege that one is able to do this. He had also asked whether the scientific community has a duty in this sense to develop galactic electricity as the new energy resource for the future, or whether it should see this as a privilege that it has the power to choose. He suggested that if we saw our development opportunity as a privilege that no other species of life has, we would commit ourselves more fully to utilizing that privilege that uniquely unfolds from our humanity."

"Do you think he was right?" Sylvia interrupted. "You seem to think that he wasn't."

"What makes you say that?" I asked.

"You did, Peter. You said it just moments ago. You said that we have the capacity as human beings, as a matter of principle, to uplift the biotic processes of the Earth to such a high degree that the coming Ice Age will be a non-event. You didn't speak about this as if it were a task, or a duty, or a privilege. You spoke about this as if it already is the reality of our being, that we simply cannot get away from, without denying ourselves as human beings. You seemed to imply what you said earlier, that we do this, because it is simply the human thing to do. You said earlier that constant development is the nature of life and therefore the nature of our humanity, which seemed designed to have a profound impact on our world to such a degree, that mankind is about to become a star in the heavens of the development of the Universe."

"I have said this?" I said astonished.

Sylvia nodded. "You didn't say it in exactly those words, but in essence you did say this."

"In this case I was right on the mark without knowing it, Sylvia. But Steve was right too. It is a great privilege to be a human being, and to have this capacity that is anchored in our humanity."

I told Sylvia that I had a feeling that Steve was also regarding the Principle of Universal Love in the same manner, as a privilege that comes

with our humanity to build our life on, rather than as a duty. If we see it as a duty, we see it as an option, while it isn't an option, since it is unavoidable when we begin to discover ourselves as human beings. Also, it can never be seen as a duty, because we pursue it with joy. I suggested to Sylvia that what I had experienced over the past weeks, starting in East Germany, seems to bring this out rather clearly.

"But you didn't realize this then, did you?" Sylvia asked again.

I shook my head. "I realized a tiny bit of it, maybe. It all happened so fast. I only realized at the time, that there was something right about it, but I had no idea why. I tried to figure this out, so that I could tell you about it, in a way that makes sense."

"I suppose, you weren't too successful with that either, were you? You didn't make any sense at all, at first."

I nodded, and began to laugh. "Right! There I stood in front of you, with my back against the wall, trying to explain to you what the entire episode was all about, but every single argument that I presented wasn't good enough. I could sense that. It wasn't good enough for me, consequently, how could it have been good enough for you? I realized that my arguments weren't good enough the moment that I brought them up. I think it was in this struggle, that I realized that everything had actually revolved around one single theme only, the Principle of Universal Love and the lateral model that represents it. Everything that had happened in East Germany, was directly related to these. I began to see them reflected in everything that happened. They came to light as the only common thread that tied everything together. In East Germany, it appeared to me as if I had asked the question, what is universal love, and a lot of people had answered me in a way that related to their own struggles, in coming to terms with this principle and the meaning of it, even if they didn't understand this principle themselves. But here, with me facing you, with a desperate need to present clear answers, I found myself forced to take the exploration one step further, and in such a manner that it would uplift your life. Naturally, I was at a loss of how to proceed."

"So, what do you think the Principle of Universal Love does mean, Peter, now that we've come full circle?" said Sylvia.

"I don't think I really know yet what the answer is in its totality," I said cautiously. "That's being stupid, right? I've gone through all that, and I still don't know what it all means. I know a little bit about it; that's all. But the little that I know is wonderfully profound. When I came to a low point in trying to explain to you what this is all about, when nothing seemed good enough that I said, a breakthrough occurred that seemed almost unrelated to the issue, while it was the core issue. It happened at the art gallery."

"And what was that profound breakthrough?" Sylvia interrupted.

"The breakthrough began when I saw your face in my mind, radiating with a brightness that startled me. I saw your face as if I saw the face of the Sun. That's when I knew that I had to shift my approach from

explaining to celebrating, from trying to rescue our relationship, to celebrating our future together in the light of this sunshine."

"Isn't that how Jacob saw his brother Esau?" said Sylvia.

I nodded. Then I began to laugh at myself. "I think my friend Steve, the scientist, came closest when he said that our response to fundamental principles isn't a duty, but a great privilege that is rooted in our humanity, meaning the privilege of being human to the highest sense we can imagine. He regarded our being human as a privilege, that gives us almost unlimited capacities for good. He spoke of our capacity to discover; to move with the discoveries; to understand them; to respond to the opportunities they open up for good; to create wonderful things; even to create a New World. I think he saw it as a great privilege that involves a huge challenge to be truly alive as a human being, to rise in our unfolding to such brilliance that nothing in the Universe of life can come even close to what we represent as human beings. Steve didn't present the metaphor of the Sun, but that is what I was beginning to recognize to some degree when talking to you. I also believe that Steve saw the historic Principle of Universal Love in the same context, as a sun unfolding in our heart. However, he didn't stop there. He took the concept one step further, beyond it being an infinite privilege. He spoke of our responding to this principle as being the most natural thing in the Universe, like 'breathing the air,' as he had put it."

"I think your 'breathing the air' started much earlier than you might recognize," Sylvia interrupted me. "I remember from our early days together when you were working for IBM, you regarded it to be somewhat of a privilege, to be a part of this technological frontier that IBM was pushing forward on such a massive scale, that it literally created an entire industry, as if out of thin air, and changed the way other industries operated and developed. You told me once that no other high tech company had as many technological patents to its credit, than IBM. You felt it to be a privilege to be a part of this leading edge movement that contributed so much to the advance of humanity. Now you are talking about an even greater privilege, the privilege to be a human being, that we all are, as an integral element of the leading edge development process of the Universe, and of life itself."

"Isn't that realization a beautiful sunrise?" I replied. "To celebrate with this realization, is greater than celebrating with champagne. Oh, to be breathing such air!"

Sylvia's response was to stop the car and kiss me. She didn't say anything more, but I noticed tears again in her eyes, tears of joy.

"Our real destiny, Sylvia, isn't even located in surviving the Ice Age, with the ease of an Ice Age Renaissance," I added after we were rolling again. "Our real destiny lies in colonizing the Universe with life. While this may still seem like a dream today, it will happen, Sylvia. It will happen for the simple reason that we human beings, are a key element in the

continuing development of the Universe, where the process of development never stops. As we develop ourselves as human beings, we will fulfill this universal development role evermore profoundly. Then, in distant times, when the Earth ceases to be an inhabitable planet, should it come to that, mankind will be securely established in countless distant places in the Universe, so that, when this should happen, the resulting cataclysm will be, once again, just another non-event. This is the human dimension and its power, that we are celebrating. We are celebrating the beginning of our recognition of it, today, aren't we?"

Sylvia just nodded and smiled.

Ten minutes later we arrived at the Lincoln memorial. It turned out that parking wasn't a problem. We had the entire circumference of the memorial for ourselves. Sylvia brought the roses along. She said that the roses had become a part of our new dawning, and needed to be with us at the sunrise too.

It turned out, that the Lincoln Memorial was a perfect place for watching the sun come up. The dawn was well under way when we arrived. The horizon was bright over the city. The color of it had changed to a light orange. A few clouds could be seen near the horizon, which had already become brilliantly pink. The timing of our arrival couldn't have been more perfect. What we saw signaled the beginning of a brand new day. The sunrise had started. It was happening. No power on Earth could hold it back. We witnessed the Universe in motion.

"It may be that nobody really knows what the Principle of Universal Love has yet in store for us," said Sylvia, after we found the 'best' place to sit.

"It may be that people only see the effects of this principle," I said to her. "That's all I did see at first."

"That's the way it was with me when you began to tell me about your experiences," said Sylvia. What I saw was similar to us seeing the pink of those clouds on the horizon, by which we can gleam what will happen. If this sort of thing happens in a profound way, mentally, people will most likely be moved to respond in the best way they can, just as we both responded, each in our own way, or as the musicians had responded at the Blue Lion pub, to something that they seemed to be just remotely aware of."

I nodded, and said that she might be right. I said that the Principle of Universal Love is an element of our humanity. I suggested that as we discover more and more of the substance of our humanity, and develop it further in our life, we also discover the Principle of Universal Love more fully and develop it further. I suggested that life isn't a steady state, or that the present humanity is the final product, or that there ever will be a final product. I suggested, that as human beings, we have been given the privi-

lege to play a part in the changing design of the Universe, and to play an active part in the continuing self-creating process of the development of mankind, even the privilege to shape its dimensions and direct its destiny, and so, to shape the Universe itself with our enriching impact on it. "That is how we should see the Principle of Universal Love unfolding," I said. "But with this discovery of ourselves comes a hard question," I added. "The Second Renaissance in our history began with the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. That is where we need to begin the process of building the future. From this arises the question, what do you suppose is most to your advantage as an individual person? That too, is a part of the development of the Universe."

Sylvia nodded and grinned. "Before I answer, let me ask you the same question. How would you answer, Peter? What do you think is most to your advantage? Is it sex? Is it money? Is it a house? Is it security in the world?"

"I would say that the answer will have to be, Love coming to light in living, and the discovery of more and more of it," I said.

"Right! All the other things that create a civilization are important, of course," she added, "but they are secondary now. They fall into place behind the primary aspect, to do the human thing, which simply is, to be human, meaning being moved by the Principle of Universal Love. The secondary aspects all depend on Love providing a foundation for everything. So it is being in Love, what is most to our advantage," she said, and began to grin. "That means universal Love, reflected in universal loving. Imagine that, Peter! I came to the same conclusion, that you have come to, the very conclusion that I had condemned you for at first. Isn't that amazing?"

"That's life, Sylvia," I replied. "That's what happens when we allow ourselves to move with its demands, and its principles, and discern its truths."

I told Sylvia about Erica, while we were waiting for the sunrise to begin, as the sky was getting brighter. I told her about Erica's research into Love. I described Erica as someone who walks through the world with open eyes, someone who is alert and honest with herself. I suggested to Sylvia, that Erica has seen something of the Principle of Universal Love; quite a lot actually; but that she had not recognized what she had discovered to be an element of a larger universal principle. "She responded to what she discerned, as if it was her own private personal philosophy, something that she couldn't fully trust."

I pointed out to Sylvia, that the lack of recognition of the universality of principle, though it reflects the truth, puts a person into quite a bind. "When Erica found herself challenged to take a stand for what she had discerned, she had been unable to move with her own recognition from a certain point on, because of her own narrow logic. There existed no foundation in her mind, for those continuing footsteps. Had she seen the underlying principle that she discerned, as a universal principle that she



could build on, rather than being just a personal notion, the challenge that she couldn't respond to in her 'small' thinking, would not have existed."

Sylvia began to smile at the thought. "But where do the principles come from?" she asked. "Do we create them, or do they preexist?"

"Did the Principle of Universal Gravity preexist, and precede the Universe?" I asked. "Or did the Universe create the principle of gravity in the vast design of its infinite order that encompasses everything, from a molecule to a galaxy, including the shape of a human eye?"

"When we discern the Principle of Universal Love, do we create it? Or did it preexist in the design of the Universe?"

I nodded and smiled. I suggested that an affirmative answer to both questions is valid. I suggested that the Principle of Universal Love is for us what the Principle of Universal Gravity is for the Universe, but that each expression of the Principle of Universal Love in mankind, is consciously created. "It is an expression of intention on our part. In this we reflect the model of the Universe that is centered on Intention. The tragic lack of our intention in expressing the Principle of Universal Love, is the reason why its expression ceases up so often, as we allow ourselves to fall mentally asleep," I said. "If the Universe did as we do, it wouldn't exist. Nothing would work. Isn't this our experience? On this very basis Erica failed herself, to some degree. She is like an artist facing a blank canvass, who is in the process of creating art, but falls asleep. The individual beauty of the art to be created, does preexist in principle, but if the intention to activate it, fails, the canvass remains blank. The expression of beauty in art begins to exist with the moment of creation, drawn by intelligent intention, and rightfully so, because when everything in the Universe were predefined, as in a rulebook, including the future, then the Universe would be the dullest place, and art would have no place at all. This means that we can never circumscribe how the great Ice Age Renaissance might be created, and might ultimately take shape. The path unfolds with the creative moment powered by intelligent intention. This also means that the survival of mankind is not assured as cast in concrete, regardless of the existence of the most profound principles in the Universe, that can bring the renaissance for our survival about.

"Of course, the Great Renaissance that mankind needs for its survival, may never happen if we fail to create it," said Sylvia.

"We can only say with certainty, that when it does come about, it will be rooted in the Principle of Universal Love, and will reflect it in countless different forms and ways," I interjected. "Maybe some expressions of its unfolding will fall short of what our full potential is, like Erica's fell short by her own admission. She admitted freely that she hadn't quite fully created the image of the Principle of Universal Love in her mind. But I can say for myself, that I expect to see the Great Renaissance being created in my lifetime, because it isn't difficult to do this, and it promises to be the most exciting, the richest, and the most joyful project mankind has ever undertaken, even if we were to stumble along the way and fall

short of our expectations, as we take the pioneering steps, like Erica had also experienced, when she stopped short of where she wanted to go."

"Aren't we all a bit like Erica?" Sylvia asked.

I suggested to Sylvia that there are likely a lot of people in the world like Erica, who see images of universal principles, without recognizing the universality of the principles behind them. Therefore they cannot give themselves the empowerment to move in the direction of the reality that they have already discerned, and move creatively with it. "Maybe I was a bit like Erica, myself," I said, "and most likely, I still am."

Sylvia nodded. "Maybe we all are," she added quietly.

"But none of us will likely ever be like Helen," I replied.

"Oh?" said Sylvia astonished.

"Helen, who created the image of the lateral lattice that represents the principle of our humanity, is a person who is totally different in this regard," I said to Sylvia. "She is a person who is totally aware of the Principle of Universal Love. She understands it as a universal principle. She also understands herself as being totally interconnected with that principle, and also with the Principle of Universal Sovereignty. She understands these principles; she acknowledges them; she responds to them in a matter of fact kind of way; she lives them. Her whole life revolves around these principles, and with this understanding came amazing capabilities in individual creativity."

I reminded Sylvia of Helen's creation of the great lateral lattice of human hearts, that she visualized in moments of a great need when a friend of Helen had been in hospital undergoing a lengthy operation. She had sensed that her friend had been in dire need of support, less than an hour into the surgery. It came to her so suddenly that it almost surprised her, and she understood how to deal with that. She understood the great profundity of the Principle of Universal Love, I explained to Sylvia. She didn't see an image of vertical relationships where a higher human being dominates a lower being, even for the purpose of achieving a healing. Instead she saw a lateral universal lattice of human hearts, all interconnecting in a dynamic process in which the whole of humanity is reflecting the principles of the Universe, and is attracted to supporting one-another. She saw a supportive sharing flowing through the lattice, in support of the heart in need. Helen saw this process in motion, 'visually' in her thoughts, uplifting the whole of humanity in a form of self-empowerment. She didn't make it happen. She merely observed it happening. But she also knew that she was an active part of this creative process.

I told Sylvia that Helen found herself drawn into this visualization of the lateral lattice, three times in four hours, at various intervals, and that each time her visualization of the lateral lattice, became an image of a principle that Helen understood to be true, that she was clinging to. She saw the so created image not as a random construct, but as the construct of her understanding of a profound reality, as if she was participating in it, perhaps even 'shaping' it, according to the principles that she knew. I

repeated that after the third episode, Helen's mind became very quiet, as her friend's crisis had evidently passed, even though the operation wasn't supposed to be concluded for another hour. Then, when she saw her friend again later that evening in hospital, he greeted her with a radiant smile that totally defied all the conventional manifestations that one would expect from someone coming out of major surgery just hours before.

"Now I understand why you respect Moses Mendelssohn so much," Sylvia replied. "Didn't he live on a similar platform, as that lateral lattice of human hearts that your friend Helen visualized?"

My face lit up. "That's a perfect analogy. Moses Mendelssohn typified the universal Renaissance that nearly succeeded in uplifting society to a new platform for its higher-level self-perception. It appears to me, that Moses Mendelssohn saw himself as a citizen of humanity, and had stepped beyond the notion that a people's cultural heritage must be tied to a physical country, a physical state, or a specific national identity. He created a renaissance of a higher self-perception that pioneered a new universal image of man. He gave his unique Jewish identity, a second face, which might be called a universal identity that reflects our universal humanity. He brought secular culture to orthodox Judaism. He spread the idea of an all-embracing universal humanist culture. The idea took hold, and became a cultural light, first in Germany, and then it expanded from there all the way East into Russia, and also West into America. In the flow of this creative process for a New World, his universal humanist outlook enabled his very own grandson, Felix Mendelssohn, to be raised as a Christian, instead of as a Jew, which probably had been unheard of before. It seemed that Moses Mendelssohn created a culture of truth above religion and nationality. In this kind of universal 'face,' Helen's lateral lattice was already established and brought to light by Moses Mendelssohn, who, to some degree, had recognized its reality long before Helen had created it anew, visually, in her own unique way."

"The efforts of Moses Mendelssohn had greatly enriched the German culture," I continued. "Did you know that? His efforts had also enriched the Russian culture, and the American culture, just as it enriched the Yiddish culture, because in the real world there is only one culture, the human culture, which we bring to the surface in countless individual ways. In that manner Moses Mendelssohn created a profound uplift in many ways, that added richly to the 'color' of the Second Renaissance in Europe. Can you imagine the state of German culture without a Bach, Mozart, Haydn or Goethe, which were all people of the timeframe of this ongoing Renaissance, that this single man profoundly enriched? It will likely never be known how much poorer the world would be today, without his creative effort that is reflected in the background in these other people's achievements and contributions? It is being said that the Moses Mendelssohn family had supported many of the great names in German culture, in various ways, including with financial subsidies in some cases. His family's recognition and contribution, may have contributed immensely to the cultural gems that we

still enjoy today, both in classical music, and in classical literature. How deeply his supporting influence had enhanced the work of these composers, and poets, will of course never be known. However, it stands to reason that the movement of the Yiddish classical-cultural renaissance that Moses Mendelssohn had started and had pushed forward, was influential far and wide in an enriching manner. That's the process by which a renaissance is created. In other words, whenever we listen to the works of the great composers or poets that were enriched in the created environment of this process, we thereby experience an element of the unfolding Yiddish Renaissance that Moses Mendelssohn brought to light that reflects the Principle of Universal Love in a profound manner. In a very real sense, that man touched on the sublime, and created a beautiful superstructure on this foundation. Isn't that how the essence of the Principle of Universal Love will brightly come to light, in the form of a sublime construct that uplifts mankind and civilization in a profound and creative manner?"

"This means that Moses Mendelssohn, and perhaps some of the composers too, which he supported, had visualized to some degree the same universal truths, and universal principles, that your friend Helen now understands in our time," said Sylvia and began to smile. "Isn't this universal understanding, as rare as it seems to be still, a proof in itself of the correctness of Helen's lateral lattice?"

This comment brought a smile to my face. I embraced Sylvia for her idea.

"Now I understand also why sexual isolation is an impossibility," Sylvia responded further. "It's so simple now. Why didn't you say that before? Within the universal lateral lattice, no one exists isolated. That's the reality of our being. And no one really exists apart from this universal lateral lattice, except in the land of dreams. It appears then that Helen's lateral lattice really is a construct of the sublime, created in the unfolding scientific recognition of the profundity of the human dimension."

"Would you have understood this while you were clinging to previously established emotions, that have been honored for centuries, as the truth?" I asked.

She simply shook her head.

"That's the problem that Helen encounters a lot, when she brings the sexual scene of society into conformity with the principle of her lateral lattice, where we stand side by side with one-another, and this without any distance between us, according to the principles of our universal humanity. The Principle of Universal Love is the principle of the Universe, reflected in our humanity. That may be the ultimate truth, Sylvia. Everything that is real and natural is universal. Helen created a profound construct on that premise, but it also causes a lot of turmoil for those who cannot see."

I began to grin as I said this. "Guess what Helen's definition for sex and marriage is, on the basis of her platform."

Sylvia shook her head.

"She calls marriage the universal kiss that unites us all, and sex, our

universal joy, that she links with universal development. What unique concepts, eh?"

"What a daredevil she is," Sylvia replied, "but I love her concepts. They seem to have the potential to defeat every form of division between human beings ever created."

"Helen sees her determination to bring sex into the universal domain, as the inevitable expression of the principles that underlie the lateral connectedness of the whole of humanity. She is absolutely sure that sex couldn't be exempted from that, even if we tried. Naturally, that got her more than once into hot water. But, Sylvia, I also met another woman in Russia, who created an even taller construct for sex on the platform of an active principle that is unique to our humanity. This woman was asked something that seemed totally unrelated. She was asked, 'what protects the fire from the water?' And her answer was that the firewall is Love. She said, that it is our loving that protects both the fire, that is our passion, and the water, that nourishes life. She suggested that our passion for life and for our humanity must never be satisfying, but be always urging us on to greater perceptions of beauty, because satisfaction would quench the fire of our passion, and the passion would cease. She also suggested that the water that nourishes life, is our science in humanist terms, and that great satisfaction unfolds with great humanist achievements. She said that this flow must never touch the fire of our passion, to pollute it, because the driving impetus in that scene is infinity itself, so that, while our satisfaction with our achievements becomes a stepping stone to ever greater attainments, it doesn't become an end in itself. She adds, that the water that flows with achievements into satisfaction, must never touch the fire of our passion for life. The two are like the two wings of a bird. A bird needs both to fly."

"What has this got to do with sex?" Sylvia interrupted.

"Someone created the perception that each of the two aspects, the fire of passion and the water of science, are unique aspects of the human species, a kind of sex as it were that is as deeply rooted in the human soul as is any aspect of sex."

"That is interesting," said Sylvia. "I have seen an art series that incorporates this perception. It was attributed to a pedagogical creation by an American woman. I thought the entire concept was dead wrong. I was disgusted, because it totally defied my narrow concept of sex. It left nothing of it standing."

"All right then, what is right and what is wrong?" I asked. I suggested that rather than asking what is right or wrong, we should be asking ourselves, what is the underlying model that is reflected. Does it reflect the lateral model, or the vertical model of science? Or does it perhaps reflect the perversion of it, the upside-down vertical model, the imperial hierarchical model. Or does it reflect the sleep state of the moral domain, that is neither scientific nor depraved, where nothing happens at all? I would say that the two concepts of sex, are two beautiful perceptual creations, that both reflect the progressive vertical model of science, each one reaching to

infinity in its own unique way. I would even say that the Great Renaissance that we need to create, needs to be rich in these types of perceptual creations that pave the way to the infinite, and enable us to pull the world's civilization up behind us, to ever higher levels of perceptual intensity, as you had called it."

Sylvia just nodded. "Is that what keeps your friend Helen going?" she added.

"The truth is the truth," I replied. "Why should anyone deny any part of it? Rather than limiting our perceptual creations, that should reflect the truth, the very truth that comes to light in scientific progress, we should hone our awareness, however, to become sensitive to determine the model that our various perceptual creations represent, and those that we see reflected in the world. This alertness prevents us from falling prey to the thick diet of lies that are constantly served up to mankind, by the creatures of the sewer."

"Which model does the Global Warming Doctrine represent?" said Sylvia.

"What is its objective, Sylvia? Does it aim to uplift civilization, and create an Ice Age Renaissance to assure the survival of mankind? Or does it assure the opposite? If so, then it reflects the imperial model. Now apply the same kind of criteria to sex, or similar ones, and you'll instantly determine in which direction you're heading. Helen always sees the heart of Love unfolding in the shape of our self-love for our own humanity and its principles, which naturally reflects itself as a loving for all mankind, for the universal humanity that we all share. In practical terms that means uplifting civilization, and protecting it, and enriching the wellbeing of nations, and safeguarding the individual. Helen said, that we love one-another for our humanity, and that this happens, because we love ourselves first as human beings in which we find the most precious gem in the Universe. We obviously can't love in another what we don't love in ourselves. Helen suggests that the two aspects are linked into one, that we can't split them apart. And in that manner, she adds still another conceptual scientific creation to the creating of the Great Renaissance, that we must create or else we cannot survive. That's how a renaissance is created. It isn't created by someone dictating what it shall be."

I suggested to Sylvia, that people like Helen are unfortunately, quite rare in the world. I pointed out, that I wished I could be a little more like her, and that maybe in time, I might get there.

"Oh, does that pose a challenge?" Sylvia asked, and laughed. "If so, than you have something to work towards. But then, what has the challenge got to do with anything?" she said, and began to laugh again. "Count yourself exceedingly blessed, Peter, that this challenge drives you on."

I agreed with her and answered that I am fully aware of that blessing. I explained to Sylvia, that Helen introduced herself to me when the old history professor in the pub had tried to answer some of the questions that Erica had raised in my mind, but hadn't been able to come

even close to addressing them. I explained that the professor didn't understand the foundation for what he was talking about. He didn't even understand that a universal principle exists, much less is provable in one's life, or that models exist with which to sort out an otherwise confusing perceptual nightmare. I suggested to Sylvia, that there are probably tons of people like the professor around, who teach students about the Universe, without understanding anything themselves to any depth. I told Sylvia that I recognize how fortunate I was that Helen had rescued me from the professor's dark and shallow philosophy of hopelessness, even though I still respect the professor as an intelligent man. "It's just that Helen gave me something profound and unique that may help me to help uplift the world."

Next, I told Sylvia about Ushi. I told her that I found my assigned contact in East Germany, Ursula Fleischer, and likewise her husband Steve, to be quite different than Helen, but equally alert persons with a rare scientific honesty. I said that I found them to be the total opposite of the professor, who saw the tragedies of the world, but saw no hope for us.

"I found Steve and Ushi to be different in their approach to discovering the truth, and responding to it," I said to Sylvia. "I found them to be real scientists. Maybe it was their scientific honesty that compelled me to ask them one of the momentous question that Helen had brought up in connection with the Peace of Westphalia. The question that I asked Steve, was, 'what is universal love?'"

I told Sylvia, that this question had both, Ursula and Steve, stumped at first. "They couldn't answer me," I said, "but they didn't leave it with that. They turned answering the question into an exploratory discussion that lasted all night. We explored at great length together, what the principle encompasses, and what imperatives it imposes. We pursued the exploration so casually that I didn't even realize that we explored the question to its very core. Eventually we all responded to the privileges that unfold with the imperatives of that principle. We all did this as fully and as honestly as we could. I think both Steve and Ushi saw the imperative of this principle as a privilege that we have as human beings, that is liberating and is coming to light as something inherently natural."

I told Sylvia that their response was challenging, but also totally consistent with the Principle of Universal Love. "That's just the kind of people they are," I added. "They're open, honest, and daring; just like Bach, Mozart, and Schiller."

I suggested to Sylvia that one finds this kind of scientific commitment to the realities of our Universe, so rarely in people, that I count myself extremely lucky to have come upon such people at all, and that I am proud to know them, and to be associated with them.

"I can see now why you couldn't ask me for a pardon," Sylvia commented after a while of silence, and grinned.

Here I had to laugh. "I really don't know if Raymond, with all his

years of training, has ever realized that there even exists such a thing as a universal principle that unfolds on higher ground, which can be explored and be responded to as a human privilege, like responding to the Principle of Universal Love. If he had been aware of that, he would have said so."

Sylvia still grinned. "That isn't his fault," she said. "It wasn't his fault either, that he hurt me in the way he did. He is a good, intelligent person. He tried to help in the best way he was able. Still, the episode seems comical now. It was a case of the blind leading the blind. Good intentions don't always cut it, do they? Nor can one create a renaissance on good intentions. No substitutes are possible for dedicated work for advanced scientific understanding. No artist has ever created a great work of art with nothing more than good intentions. Unfortunately, that's all that Raymond had."

"Raymond is a captive man, who is professionally tied down to the moral ground, where progressive scientific development in humanist terms is not on the agenda," I interrupted Sylvia. "As I said earlier, there exist two models for discovering our humanity. Both are vertical models. One represents the progressive development of scientific discovery, which furnishes our gateway to the truth. The total inversion of it is the imperial vertical model, that is hierarchical rather than progressive and stands in fascist denial of all that is science and truth. The middle ground between the two is the 'moral' ground. That puts the moral domain above fascist depravity, but below the level of science, where truth is the center of all. The 'moral' ground, therefore, is a kind of zero-science state of existence, a state where a person is conceptionally asleep, rather than being intensely aware of the universal principles of our humanity, and the truth they reflect."

"You said this before," said Sylvia, "why do you labor the point?"

"Because that is where Raymond is stuck at," I said to Sylvia. "He lives at this zero-state or 'moral' ground where advanced scientific understanding is not on the horizon, or is deemed not to apply, or is regarded to be 'immoral' since it would challenge the axioms that keep us confined to remain 'little people' as Schiller would say. It is obvious that Raymond is stuck there, because he hasn't created one single, profound perceptual construct that elevated you, or me, and civilization, and contributed to creating the needed Great Renaissance. He is the kind of man, who when he dies, will leave nothing behind that testifies of his having lived."

"That's not true," Sylvia interrupted. "Raymond contributed one creation for the future renaissance. He contributed a concept that applies as a measure for our scientific intensity, which is a measure of our unfolding in the sublime. I find his concept of a sublime human being uplifting, as being a person who lives conceptionally in great mansions with huge windows to the world. By this one thing he will always be remembered by me. However, as far as I can tell, that's the sum total of his life. It may not seem as much, Peter, but at the present stage, in comparison with the rest of the world, his perceptual creation is a huge contribution."

"I guess he is not quite as 'moral' then, as is the rest of the world,



but stands on slightly higher ground," I said to her. "The truth is ultimately without value if it isn't recognized and understood, so that we can stand on it, and move with it. It makes no difference then, whether the zero-science 'poverty' is imposed by an imperial system, or is embraced by choice out of ignorance. The result is all the same."

"In Raymond's case, both factors may apply," said Sylvia, "except for his one creation, by which he will be remembered as someone who stood by one single step on higher ground. Nevertheless, he betrayed your trust."

"Maybe I had sensed this. Maybe that is the reason why I couldn't move with Raymond's suggestions," I said to Sylvia. "He never deviated from the zero-science state, apart from this one exception. I somehow sensed this. He was proud to be 'moral.' He talked about living, but he was like being asleep. That's why I took the assignment to go to Suchumi to figure things out on my own."

Sylvia laughed. "You mean your self-exile to Russia, as Raymond had put it? Did it feel like being in exile?"

I nodded. "It was a self-imposed exile. But what else could I do? Raymond was asleep. He couldn't help me. Neither could I face you with the little that I knew about what I had experienced. I had nothing to bring to you to raise you up to where we would be on equal ground. It would have been too challenging to bridge the gap between us across all that stuff that I didn't understand myself, and loosing you would have been too tragic. Even Steve hadn't been able to help me with meeting the challenge. Raymond, of course, added to the problem."

I told Sylvia that I find Raymond to be the kind of man who really wants to help, who wants to be daring and open, but who is bound with chains to the mental environment that he professionally operates in, where everything is centered on the 'moral' ground, the zero-scientific level, where people are conceptionally asleep. So, I had to find a way to bridge this gap as well.

"It all makes sense now, Peter. That's why I suggested that it wasn't his fault," said Sylvia.

"Right!" I said. "Raymond gave me a ton of reasons why I shouldn't judge myself harshly for what he defined to be the errors of my ways, when I took a step up from his level. He couldn't acknowledge that no errors were made. However, he said proudly that his researchers discovered that half of all married men of society have the same 'problem' as I, and that the rest were probably too scared to stick their neck out. It never seemed to have dawned on him that this zero-science-level existence, that he idealized, and almost forced mankind into, by idealizing the moral domain, isn't mankind's natural state of existence at all. Thus he sighed, as he literally defined the whole of mankind that wants to get away from this sleep-state, as being 'immoral,' which of course is true in a scientific sense. We shouldn't be stuck in a moral sleep state, but in a scientifically active state, the sublime state."

"His defining mankind as basically immoral, was probably the only truthful statement that he made," said Sylvia, and laughed. "He came right to the truth without being aware of the truth, or understanding it. He meant it in a derogative way."

"As you had pointed out, Sylvia, he was like the proverbial blind man, leading the blind, but he did it in a flamboyant, even scientific seeming manner. I almost believed him. Still, it seems so 'empty' now what he said."

"Don't judge him too harshly," said Sylvia. "You gave him a problem to solve that lay outside the scope of his profession. Psychiatry isn't designed to deal with the issue you put on the table. Creating a renaissance isn't the task of psychiatry."

"Right! It's the native task of every sublime human being. No specialist comes into the picture here. When I stepped into his office, I was the blind leading the blind. What Raymond said seemed logical in his way of thinking, and I accepted that because I didn't know what the correct thinking should have been. In fact, I couldn't find an argument against what he said, except that it didn't make sense. He suggested that I was a miserable sinner, but wasn't to worry, since the whole of mankind was so too, as his researchers had discovered. But in my heart I knew that he was wrong. I knew this instantly for the simple reason that I couldn't have presented to you what he had told me as a professional. I couldn't have. Never! It would have been an insult to present to you what appeared right on the outside, but so darn hollow in real terms. I should have told him that his researchers had discovered the truth, and that he had simply failed to resolve the paradox that it presented in his mind. To me, his conceptual creation, that reflected probably a religious construct, seemed so out of place in comparison with the real scientific approach that Steve, Ushi, and Helen pursued in everything they did. Raymond told me in essence, that I don't fit the 'mold' that society has accepted. Steve simply laughed at this, and then proceeded to explore what the mold is that society struggles to fit itself into, and what specific model it represents. But it all happened so fast, Sylvia. So I felt that if I gave myself time to make the scientific breakthrough myself, that ties all of this together for me, by creating a scientific construct without ambiguities in my mind, I might be able to pull myself up to the required level of scientific thinking to present to you a reality that few people have dared to touch. That wasn't an easy challenge, Sylvia. I just didn't count on the fact that life didn't stand still for me in Russia. It surged ahead. It added more aspects to the puzzle, like the Ice Age World. Still, I'm certain that I came out on a higher level, than Raymond even imagines to be possible."

Sylvia smiled, and nodded.

I said to Sylvia that I really wondered how many people like Raymond are out there in the world, who destroy people's life in an effort to help them. I suggested that these people have nevertheless the potential to be really powerful in helping other people, once they begin to under-

stand the universal principles that are involved in lifting a people above their chosen low level thinking, where the challenges are rooted.

"But who is prepared to take a step back and look at the nature of the mold that society is demanded in so many ways to fit itself into?" said Sylvia. "This hasn't happened for 2000 years, Peter. Aristotle cast an iron mold for society with his Theory of Natural Slavery. That mold is still forced on society. It has been cast to enable a worldwide imperial hierarchical system, and it still fulfills its design objective to the present day. The whole of mankind still struggles like hell to fit itself into that mold, obediently, contrary to the principles of its humanity. I fully agree with you, there is no way possible for society to create the needed Ice Age Renaissance on this defective platform. If the platform isn't dissolved, it will make Aristotle, together with all his disciples of empire, murderers worse than Adolf Hitler was, by keeping the door closed to the Ice Age Renaissance, without which mankind cannot survive. But that's a huge task, Peter. Do the kinds of people actually exist, that you expect Raymond to be, that can fulfill that task?" Sylvia added quietly, "are there people who have realized that potential? Where does one find such people?"

"They existed in the Seventeenth Century," I replied. "They discovered the principles for the Second Renaissance. Their discovery staged the Peace of Westphalia. Yes, those kinds of people did exist. Why shouldn't they exist anymore?"

"Maybe Lisa is correct, when she suggested that the cognitive power of people is nurtured more in times of higher cosmic-ray flux density," said Sylvia. "Maybe mankind has regressed from its high state of cognitive achievements, since the cosmic-ray flux has diminished somewhat from the 1700s onward. If the trend correlation is correct, isn't this good news for us as we drift into another Ice Age with significantly higher cosmic-ray flux density?"

"Maybe that's our lifesaver," I said to her, "because in an Ice Age environment the entire food-supply for mankind might have to be grown in indoor facilities with an artificially enhanced atmosphere. My friend Steve suggests that we might get by with outdoor agriculture for a while by placing in on large floating platforms spread out across the tropical oceans. The cold wouldn't harm them there, but more importantly, the tropical oceans are richer in carbon dioxide, called CO<sub>2</sub>. Plants need CO<sub>2</sub>, which they take in from the air. The chlorophyll in every green leaf utilizes the sunlight energy to power a reduction process that splits CO<sub>2</sub> into oxygen and carbon. The oxygen is mostly returned to the air and carbon is used for building the plant. The Earth has lost most of its CO<sub>2</sub> over time. The CO<sub>2</sub> concentration in the air was 18 times greater 440 million years ago than it is today. Presently the concentration is 380 parts per million, which is synonymous with a starvation stage. When the concentration is doubled in greenhouse operations a 50% greater plant growth can be achieved. This means that our biosphere is starving. However, when the concentration drops down to the 150 level, plant growth stops. At the 200 level it barely hangs

on. And that scary, because the ice core data seems to tell us that during the glaciation period the level often drops below the 200 mark. And this is way, way below what is needed for an efficient agriculture."

"It was likely the carbon-deficiency in the air then, with the CO<sub>2</sub> concentration being too lean for sufficient plant growth, that caused the world population to drop below the ten million mark during the last glaciation period that we call The Ice Age," interjected Sylvia. "I was puzzled about that during my college days. None of my teachers could explain to me in a way that made sense, why an amazingly capable species like ours after more than two million years of its development came out of the last Ice Age with no more than ten million people worldwide, and probably far less, down to one million as some researchers suggest. When the plants are starving, everybody is starving, even the fish. The fish live of algae and plankton. If those are starving of CO<sub>2</sub>, the fish are starving and dwindle in numbers."

"When the CO<sub>2</sub> concentration drops significantly below the current level, which it will when the temperature drops, then we too will be starving," I said to Sylvia in total agreement. "It probably won't matter then where in the world our agriculture will be located. At the present time the cold arctic waters absorb large quantities of CO<sub>2</sub>, and the warm tropical waters emit a lot of it back. This efficient return path will likely become dramatically weaker when the tropical waters cool down under Ice Age conditions. Indoor agriculture becomes absolutely essential by then. This means building high-tech infrastructures on a gigantic scale with totally controlled artificial environments and massively carbon-enriched air. In order to achieve this kind of technological and economic miracle on the scale that we need, we need to build ourselves up way beyond the level of the challenge itself. And we must do this now while we still can. When the starvation climate begins we won't have the strength left to build these kinds of massive infrastructures, or to build anything at all. This means we must do this now. Our humanist power for meeting the challenges before us needs to be at the very minimum a magnitude greater than the challenge itself, and this means it needs to be ten times greater. That's the scope of the development task that we face. Nobody knows at the present time for how long the floating agriculture in the tropics, which doesn't exist yet, will tide us over during the transition period, before the diminishing CO<sub>2</sub> level will disable agriculture there too. Any increase in mental power that the Universe might enable in us with increased cosmic radiation would likely be the most welcome help the Universe could give us to achieve the great tasks that must be achieved. Of course all of that becomes irrelevant if society cannot break down its long standing isolation of itself from one-another that currently prohibits all meaningful developments on any front, socially, economically, scientifically, culturally, and politically."

"With the cosmic-ray flux already increasing," said Sylvia, "we might see a big reversal happening soon in what is blocking us on all of these fronts. Our future isn't as bleak then after all."

"Be this as it may," I said to her quietly, "our greatest strength is that we are human beings. As such we have a higher rate of influence on our mental development by self-directed intention, and the power to achieve it, than the Universe has over us. I think we are a greater power in the world than we give ourselves credit for."

"Are you sure we have still enough leading edge people in the world today who can pull this thing off and unleash a great renaissance?" said Sylvia. "Aristotle is still the king of the castle, presiding over a bunch of stooges that serve under him, like Torquemada, Hobbes, Adam Smith, Malthus, and their countless underlings who sing their tune, like Adolf Hitler did, and so on. We have a lot of traitors like them still occupying high positions of influence and political power. In fact we have more of them than ever before, but do we have enough scientifically alert people left in the world who are also patriots with a loving heart who can inspire society to pull itself out of this trap?"

I nodded. "You mean people like you and me, who carry the task to break the iron molds?" I laughed. Then I shrugged my shoulders. "Yes, Sylvia, if you are looking for the giants that are up to the task, look into the mirror. Maybe you don't see the giant yet, but this will change. We can change. We have already begun to change."

I told Sylvia that I wasn't the man that I was a few months ago. I told Sylvia about Tara, our bar waitress at Ruggels in Russia, who was a rebel with a beautiful soul, an exciting person to be touched by and one who gently pushes against the limits, forever changing the world in her own way.

"Looking back," I said to Sylvia, "Tara comes to light as someone who is keenly aware of the Principle of Universal Love, which makes her rather special as a person, but she is also someone who can't allow herself to acknowledge it fully. I pointed out that from the moment on that one acknowledges this principle fully, one has to respond to the human privileges it opens up. For that, the challenges may be too overwhelming, as it would have been in Tara's case, since her customers' weren't at the same level or even aware of this principle. Thus she couldn't dare acknowledge the Principle of Universal Love further than the molds had allowed that confined other people. Thus she dances around the 'rose bush' at a distance, cautious so as not to get pricked. This means that she is aware of the principle, even if she can't embrace it fully. Nevertheless, the spirit that she embodies is uplifting. Maybe her daring to challenge the limits, and to poke holes into the iron-cast molds in her gentle kind of way, is the privilege that she allows herself to have under the circumstances."

I suggested to Sylvia that there are probably countless people in similar situations all over the world, where the prevailing circumstances are such, that it is almost impossible to meet the challenge that becomes imperative, when the Principle of Universal Love is acknowledged.

"Are we not often in situations like that to some degree?" asked Sylvia. "As you may remember, I speak from experience. It's like the old

saying goes, if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen. I was scared to enter that kitchen, but you kept opening the door ever wider."

"I was facing the same challenge in a different way," I said to Sylvia. "I responded to the open door, by saying to myself: What kitchen? I am not involved in any kitchen. No, not me!"

"Still, you kept on poking your head in it. Right Pete?"

"Right," I agreed. "And then there are those others at the opposite end of the scale, who do nothing and live extremely lonely lives," I said to Sylvia. "These are those who would gladly embrace the Principle of Universal Love, if they only knew how, just to get out of the trap of isolation that they have fallen into. My friend Tony, an ex-Air-Force officer, is like that. He wants to be open to Love, but does his best to block his way."

I told Sylvia in the same context, that I met another person who lives like that, a Swedish woman named Astrid. I told Sylvia that I met this woman in Suchumi. "She is one of those countless individuals who are desperately looking to enlarge their base of living and loving, but who get no response, who therefore come up with all kinds of reasons for which they make themselves believe that they are happy in their confined state. They embrace the principle of love, but shy away from its universality, from its human universal privilege. That's a zero-science response, isn't it? Moral living literally demands isolation. It involves a myth for which no principle exists. The Swedish woman was highly resourceful, though," I said to Sylvia. "She went as far on this self-isolation platform, as one can possibly go. She believes herself now to be totally happy in her self-isolation, so much so, that when I offered her a way out, even the very escape that she had once been looking for, she closed the door to it. If she could only understand the Principle of Universal Love as a human privilege to be experienced according to the very nature of love."

"Then she would find herself as richly enveloped by it as Mozart had illustrated in Figaro. All it takes is that one extra step," said Sylvia.

I nodded. "But that's a scary step, Sylvia. It's much simpler to spin oneself a cocoon, and hide in it from the world to escape its challenges."

"I know people like that, too," said Sylvia. "I also know that if one follows this path, nothing in one's life will ever be enriched and elevated. If this goes on universally, the whole world becomes neglected and falls apart."

"That's already happening on a very large scale, isn't it?" I added.

"It happened even to us," said Sylvia. "We too, had all fallen into this trap to some degree."

"My dear friend Olive would never fall into that trap," I replied after a few moments of silence. "Olive is the kind of woman who virtually embodies the Principle of Universal Love. It was her great love that rescued me from a deep despair that I fell into after a lecture on depopu-

lation. Olive is the kind of person, who doesn't just understand and acknowledge the Principle of Universal Love and its privileges, but acts accordingly. She is one of those rare few who live and breathe this principle, who give life to it fully and absolutely, and unconditionally, who are struggling to create a whole New World on this platform, a Sublime World, a Great Renaissance World, in which the coming Ice Age would be a non-event. Olive had said to me about herself: Me, I just love? That is enough."

I suggested a long time later that Heather might be able to say this too, one day, wherever she may be. "She seems to have the capacity for reaching that high. Except she can't do this until she understands the principle on which mankind's more extensive love is founded. She is one of those exuberant people who say yes to love, enthusiastically, and embrace it, but who also see love as a danger to themselves and others, and then deny it. I met Heather and Tony on the way to Key West. Heather allowed herself to be loved without reservations, until the last day. My being married to you became an impasse that neither of us had been able to resolve, that blocked its further unfolding. Out of sheer desperation, she simply walked away. She was scared of coming near our home."

I suggested to Sylvia that Heather's inability to deal with that particular impasse, might have been drawn from countless bitter experiences in her own marriage. Her marriage had slowly decayed and had become evermore impossible, until it broke up. "She appears to have been deeply hurt by responding to what promised to be love, but wasn't. In her marriage, there hadn't been the faintest recognition of love as a universal principle," I said to Sylvia. "That kind of experienced vulnerability appears to create an impasse."

Sylvia nodded. "I can understand this. That's the universal problem of our world. Everyone is focused on getting. Even love is for getting. When the flow of getting is interrupted, problems arise. So you think that Heather saw herself in competition with me, for getting and retaining your love. I can understand this too, Peter. That happens when people come to each other being empty inside. Who ever cares about giving anymore? Who cares about the Principle of the Advantage of the Other? Maybe Heather was scared of me that she might be seen by me as a disadvantage in this competition, of getting. I can understand this, because she might have been right. I would have probably seen it that way. But what had been your excuse for facing an impasse? Were you scared of me too, of hurting me if something went wrong in the Old World department store of trained emotions? If you were scared of that, your fear was probably justified," said Sylvia and laughed. "Isn't it amazing how easily we can tie ourselves into knots over an element of our humanity that should be fun to embrace, and a joy to share, just like the golden rule admonishes us: to do unto others as we would have them do unto us? Isn't it amazing how we can turn the greatest thing upside down into an impasse? It seems we are quite efficient at it."

"Is it any wonder then that our world is in such a mess, Sylvia, if we find it so difficult and complex to love one-another as human beings, even at the joyful level of having fun?"

"But how can we succeed without the recognition of the principle involved, the Principle of Universal Love?" asked Sylvia. "Trashing that principle, especially in the social domain, might have been the most tragic thing that was ever done. The tragic fact is; we haven't stopped making things worse. We've done this ever since, God knows when. How then, can we make things better, without correcting the core mistake?"

"We can't, Sylvia. That's why we get stuck at every turn. The blind simply can't see, and so they make poor guides for the blind. I'd been blind for most of my life, Sylvia, and you probably too. I bet you wouldn't have been able to deal with the challenge, if I had brought Heather to the house and offered her to stay with us until she found a place of her own. I bet the conflict would have been insurmountable."

Sylvia just nodded and smiled. "I can't even imagine it. But you didn't put me through that, did you? You are all right, Pete. You are excitingly daring, but never too daring to endanger the bonds that our love has forged." She began to laugh at this point. "The amazing thing is, you are even succeeding for setting the stage for the impossible. I honestly think that I could accept Heather today, which would have been impossible two days ago, and I think it would be great fun and a joy for all of us."



## Chapter 15 - Sunshine Rising

"I must admit," I said to Sylvia, "I've been extremely fortunate that I wasn't hurt in the unfolding openness that comes with responding to love in its many forms. There are many people in the world who hate the very idea of underlying principles. To them, love is merely a game for profit. I could have been badly hurt in being open to love under those circumstances. Fortunately I wasn't. I came out richer instead."

Sylvia nodded. "You were fortunate all right," she agreed, "some angels must have been looking out for you." She paused, then continued. "You were fortunate also in another respect," she added. "You could have lost me forever. Nine out of ten women would have thrown you out of the house for doing what you did, and no judge in the world would have recognized the Principle of Universal Love and Universal Sovereignty, as fundamental principles of civilization. You would have been out in the cold. The legal world is a world of property values, and exclusive contract rights and obligations. I have worked in one of the big law offices for many years, as you know. I know how the people there think, how they twist the law to obtain their objectives, that have often nothing to do with reality. You wouldn't have had a chance."

"I know," I said. "Indeed, loosing you would have been a tragedy far worse than anything Heather may have come through, or could even imagine," I replied. "But Sylvia, was I really in danger of loosing you? The Principle of Universal Love isn't something that I have created, or anyone has created. We don't turn it into something real by responding to it. We respond to it, because it is real. The only thing that we create is the superstructure that is built on it, that we call civilization. The principle of complementary attraction and complementary protection between men and women, that ultimately is civilization, wasn't created by us. It is a fundamental, operating principle of the Universe, of its 'civilization' so to speak. The Principle of Universal Love is fundamental to our humanity, because it reflects what is most fundamental in the Universe. The very worst we can do to ourselves, is to deny its reality. Thereby we deny ourselves. This we do all too often, but we can't effect the principle itself. I assume that you find yourself in the same situation. The Principle of Universal Love is in your heart. So, how would I loose you by responding to it? Was there really a danger that you would become trapped into this self-denial, when the truth is honestly presented? You are not one of those nine out of ten who live by the dictates of public opinion. And even they will be able to respond to the truth, if it is laid out clearly before them. Unfortunately, most people have been made blind to the truth by the dictates of shallow perceptions. But you have worked yourself out of that in what seemed like in record time. You're one of a thousand who can reach the sky. You are the kind of woman who may be common in future generations, but who is

a pioneer at heart in our age, with the Soul of an angel, or better yet, the Soul of a human being. You are someone who can appreciate the struggles involved with reaching out to higher principles. That is what I have always admired in you."

"The legal system can't deal with that," Sylvia interjected.

"Of course it can't, Sylvia. It is as dead as most of society is, which it serves. Remember that it was the legal system that executed Socrates and crucified Christ Jesus. The legal system is designed to serve the imperial system, which in this case couldn't defend itself against the brightest humanist pioneers. Thus, the legal system was used to have them killed. The imperial establishment couldn't allow itself to be challenged as deeply as those pioneers had challenged it. The legal system still operates that way, to the very day. It operates within the imperial vertical model that it serves, largely as an agent of imperial, fascist force, instead of as an instrument for the advancement of civilization. The legal system champions morality, meaning zero-science perception, it hails a humanity tied into knots that doesn't challenge the imperial establishment. Considering this, the legal system would condemn me instantly, Sylvia, for suggesting that we have to move away from morality, and to higher ground, as fast as possible, in order to protect civilization. The legal system is designed by the imperial rulers from way back in time, to maintain society as a 'small-minded' and conceptionally 'little' people. The role of the legal system may change some day, and to some degree it is already changing, but we are not there yet where we should be, Sylvia. Nevertheless I have considered the question that you have posed, for a brief moment, whether you would use the legal system, to ruin our lives as many people have done in the past and still do, who get divorces for the flimsiest reasons, and tear each other apart in a manner that serves neither them, and much less society as a whole. That's why I took the assignment to go to Russia to figure things out, in order to prevent that from happening. I knew I had to raise the platform between us high enough to get us both unto higher ground. I needed the time in Russia to figure out how to do this. I realized that even the best people could fall into the trap of accepting shallow axioms, as the truth. I couldn't take the chance of this happening to us as the result of my failing. So, I hesitated, Sylvia, even while I knew that my fears about your response were groundless."

"We are really two birds of the same feather, Peter," said Sylvia. "If there is a light on the horizon, we go for it, we explore it, and we say to one-another, 'come and see!'"

"And how often has that light on the horizon become a sunrise?" I added.

"You are right, Pete," said Sylvia moments later. "That's how we've always enriched one-another's existence. That's how we now aim to enrich our world. You are right, that is the real future of humanity. We live at the leading edge of it. We discover universal principles and explore these principles."

"We explore the freedom that is imbedded in our humanity," I said to Sylvia. "I am not saying that anyone should follow our lead, or that it would be wise to do so. No one should do this, even with the recognition that any of this will become common practice in the not so distant future, when fundamental principles will be respected. I am saying, that any form of response must ultimately be an individual's response to the principle involved. The if, how, or when, are matters of each person's individual democratic privilege, isn't that so?"

"Personally," said Sylvia, "I like what you are saying. So, I say to myself why should we wait for a thousand years to acknowledge these principles? We are alive now! Let's acknowledge them now! Let's taste the future world now! Let's create it now, and become a part of it, because we certainly won't live long enough to see this future coming to light by evolution, if it ever will. We are a part of the Universe, and are designed to shape it, not to ride it, as though we were passengers. We have to create our future, not wait for it. Isn't this what we have been saying to one-another for a long time already, in different ways, possibly for as long as we have known each other? Isn't this the privilege that you have been talking about? You said the greatest privilege is to be a human being. Everything that unfolds from this realization seems to come to light as a privilege too, including the privilege to create and to experience the future today, because we have the capacity to do this."

"I suppose we see this already happening in our response to the Principle of Universal Love," I said to Sylvia and hugged her.

"Still, do we really know what universal love is?" she replied.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Even Helen doesn't know what it really is. Who knows what worlds upon worlds will yet be defined by it, which will define it in return? Maybe Helen is right, when she suggests that the ultimate is indefinable. That's why she courageously defines marriage as our universal kiss, and sex as our universal joy, coincident with universal development. She also calls the universal kiss the dimension of our peace. With these she opens the stage for the infinite."

"I like her concept of our universal marriage defined as the universal kiss," said Sylvia. "The concept of the universal kiss is intriguing, but what does Helen really mean with that? The universal kiss seems to imply something wide and profound. I can read all kind's of meanings into it."

"Helen never explained what the concept means to her," I replied. "But can't you guess?"

Sylvia shook her head. "You knew her. I never even met her."

"I only knew her for three days, Sylvia; less than three days, actually. However, if the concept of the universal kiss is deeply related to her lateral lattice concept, which seems to be the case, then it has to reflect a principle that is rooted in the lateral model, which represents the reality of our being. In the reality of our being, defined by the lateral model, we are all standing laterally side by side with one-another, as human beings. Nobody can deny that fundamentally we are all human beings with the

same humanity and the same universal divine Soul. What divides us is all artificial. It doesn't change our humanity. It merely blocks it. In the real world, we are standing side by side without any distance between us. That's one of the great profound principles of the reality of our being, which the artificial world has been created to deny. But this attempted denial is costing us dearly. Nor is it really possible to do, and we all know this. Every hug is a protest against the artificial world that is dividing and isolating us, and presents an acknowledgment of the love that knows no division in the human domain. Maybe that's what Helen calls the universal kiss."

Sylvia raised her hand to stop me, as if a light had dawned. She simply said, "Wow!" and grinned. "Could Helen by any chance mean that a kiss represents nothing less than an individual acknowledgment to the discovered reality that there exists no distance between one-another in the world of love? A kiss is usually a profound, spontaneous acknowledgement of an unfolding zero-distance relationship, a touching of 'lips' coming to light in a rupture of joy. With the kiss we truly experience a touch of the zero-distance reality that seems almost magical at times, but is profoundly real."

"In this way, Sylvia, the universal kiss invalidates the universal division and isolation from one-another, that has cast so many shadows in the world, dark shadows that we want to get out of our life."

Sylvia nodded and smiled. "Then the strands of love that Helen saw in her lateral lattice creation, are linking us all to one-another and represent in real terms, zero distance. Each strand of love, then, becomes a kiss, the demonstrated reality that there is no distance. Isn't that the active principle that really defines love? Isn't the principle of love, zero distance?"

"That is why universal love is so important as a principle," I interjected. "The moment we interpose 'distance' in 'some' cases or in 'some' form, the universal principle is trashed. Then the imagined distance becomes universal, even between the two of us. When this happens, the peace is lost and tensions unfold. In Helen's lateral-lattice perception, the universal kiss comes to light as the element of our peace. Love must be a kiss universally, or the whole concept of love becomes invalid and an active peace cannot be attained."

"In this case, Peter, love is a kiss, and the kiss represents the principle of love as an active principle, the principle of zero distance, the construct of, we create in our lives," said Sylvia, emphatically. She began to smile as she said this, as excitedly as a child would smile that made a great discovery.

"In this case," I said, "with each strand of love in Helen's lateral lattice, being an individual kiss of zero distance, a profound kiss is unfolding in the Universe of real life. In this case we all live together in a world that unfolds in the flow of that one giant universal kiss that expresses our universal humanity, which thereby comes to light in countless different ways," I said.

"The universal kiss then unites us all collectively," said Sylvia. "It unites us without distance. But, Peter, shouldn't the universal kiss also rep-

resent the universality of zero distance in all the other forms of the expression of love, even sexually?"

"You mean with that, a kind of zero-distance-kiss unfolding, also in sexual expression, do you?" I interjected. "Zero distance sex! That's a novel concept. But what other sex could there be? Sex is for intimacy. Intimacy, means zero distance."

Sylvia nodded. "Do you know what this means, Peter?" she added.

I nodded. "I can well imagine what this means," I said and grinned. "I can imagine a lot! But there is one factor that prevents sex from becoming an invasion. Love as a sublime element, a scientific element that acknowledges the human being as the tallest species of life in the known Universe, stands as a firewall against all the imperial impositions that have darkened our humanity for centuries. It keeps the sludge of the sewer from polluting the zero-distance expression of sex. If this kind of love cannot be achieved, then society has no option but to remain artificially divided and isolated as a protection from the sewer that countless people are taught to embrace. Of course, a lot of that also has to do with fear. The one factor that should help us in this regard, is the simple fact that as human beings we also stand side by side with one-another mentally. We share the same innate love, and the same potential of that wonderful mind that makes us all human, the mind that gives us the capacity that can bridge all obstacles. That is where we can begin to bridge the division, and enter the zero-distance environment through human communication. The integrity of keeping the sludge out is a factor without which the hug, the kiss, and the sexual intimacies on the sublime level of zero-distance simply don't happen."

Sylvia nodded and grinned likewise. "And so you can see a lot of room for development, Peter, can't we all? Is this what Helen means by calling the universal kiss an element of our peace? The zero-distance world is one of peace, when we can manage to actively get there and create its superstructure, as we have done tonight."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Maybe it does mean that. What else could it mean? How else can we eradicate poverty, war, theft, abuse, and fear itself? The same meaning may also stand behind Helen's definition of universal sex, as an element of our joy. The more we develop the image of sex, as a inherent element of our humanity, in its unique dimensions, the more joyful it becomes in all its aspects."

"Isn't that something cuddly and exciting, that is already unfolding here?" said Sylvia. "Doesn't that make your toes curl up, just to think of what is already happening? I think the reason why Mozart closed his Figaro opera in the conventional setting of isolated love, reflects the simple fact that he himself couldn't see the potential of universal love as a practical construct. Mozart didn't see beyond the fence of small-minded thinking, as a man living in a small-minded world. He may have doubted the sunshine of the new environment of universal love, that the Count had daringly established, even if it was for just a moment, much less did he recognize its potential to uplift the Count's relationship with his wife, into the domain

of universal love, that would have enriched it beyond measure. Mozart saw something, a few rays of a rising sun, but he closed the door, even while the larger attainment was just a step away. Mozart called the experiment off, in the opera. He found it too daring. Can you imagine what the world would be like if he hadn't done this? Can you imagine the wonderful sense of love that could have developed, on an ever widening sphere, had the noble Count and the Countess, and the servant girl and her husband, have all dared to stand side by side as human beings in the zero-distance world of universal love, enriched by the universal kiss? The whole history of mankind might have been different, assuming that the Emperor would have allowed this opera to be performed then, in this more complete form. Still, this is what we need to do individually. We need to rewrite the ending, and then perform it ourselves, and do this daringly on the premise that the zero-distance environment in the mental domain, already exists, by which the new ending would become credible."

"Wow!" I said. "I think this can be done, Sylvia," I replied excitedly. "It can be done, because we are already doing it. Every hug, every kiss, every sublime sexual thought, is evidence that it is already happening, and is happening all over the world, often against the most incredible odds. And that's just the beginning, Sylvia," I added, more exuberant now. "I think Helen sees her breakthrough attainments as just a beginning. Perhaps she sees her breakthrough as just the beginning of an endless string of many more such beginnings. I also suspect, that she realizes that when this process gets fully going, what is happening today on the front of pioneering breakthroughs, will in the future appear as non-events, like breathing the air. I suspect that this will happen, because Helen recognizes one more unique dimension of our humanity. She calls this the dimension of our power. She defines this dimension of power, as our science coming to light in our scientific and spiritual development, and in technological development, and in economic development, and so on and on. Maybe she sees this as the dimension of our infinity. She calls it the element of our power. I suspect, that she perceives a dawning sense of infinity in it, because she regards the acceptance of poverty in the world, as something utterly antihuman. She says that the acceptance of poverty is not only antihuman, but is also utterly insane, as insane as the modern fascination with preserving resources is, and with skimping, with starving, and with misering that keeps our living small, while our capacity to create new resources for living, remains unused. That is why accepting poverty is antihuman. I think Helen regards the existence of poverty anywhere in the world, as a sign of society's general insanity, that we should step away from to higher ground."

"That's being daringly blunt!" said Sylvia and began to laugh.

"Heh, Sylvia! What other approach will wake people up?" I replied and began to laugh too. "Our thinking has become so small-minded and dense, any pioneer has to be blunt to break the ice. Poverty is not a physical issue, Sylvia. It has never been a physical issue. It is a human relationship issue, a symptom of a divided humanity, of the small-minded

mentality, that the imperial rulers of the world have cultivated for centuries. Poverty is mankind's compliance, by which it keeps itself small and impotent. Poverty is also a spiritual issue, as the outcome of the denial of the Principle of Universal Love. Helen could have said that society's denial of the Principle of Universal Love is a sign of insanity, and is therefore inhuman. That would be saying the same thing. Physical poverty is poverty in society's mentality, in its self-perception as human beings. Unless this issue is resolved, we don't have a hope in hell of starting an Ice Age Renaissance.

"Helen is also the first person that I met who understood that the denial of the Principle of Universal Love cannot be compensated for with any kind of political project," I continued. "The denial of the Principle of Universal Love is insanity. One cannot cure insanity as a political project. Insanity is inhuman. It has to be cured on a scientific human development platform. Without the Principle of Universal Love being reflected in the world, civilization disintegrates. That is what's happening now. Our own government's NSSM200 policy has already targeted the entire Third World for dramatic depopulation. This genocidal process is pursued with the objective in mind, to preserve those people's natural resources for America's future needs. That's not just criminal. That's insane and antihuman. Unfortunately, that is what is happening. The Principle of Universal Love has been scrapped so long ago on the larger scene of the world, that insanity is now being seen as normal. We have to get people back in touch with their humanity. People hail their resolve to be insane while civilization is collapsing. That's inhuman too. Scientifically driven economic development is an element of our universal humanity. It defines us as human beings. Helen defines universal development as our joy, and universal science as our power. One cannot separate economics from these principles of our humanity that are all rooted in the Principle of Universal Love. We haven't come to where we are now, living in a world that supports more than a thousand times as many people as the natural world one supported on its own, by preserving physical resources. We got there by creating them, and expanding them with our human capacities, especially with our capacities for discoveries of principles. We got where we are today, by creating infrastructures built on universal principles, with targeted development of created ideas in science, shaped into evermore powerful technologies. Our goal must never be, to preserve, and to keep us small. That's insane and antihuman. Our goal must be to create, and to develop our boundless potential. Our goal must be to have a world of ten billion people. This goal puts us on the line as human beings, to create the needed higher-level resources that can support this kind of population. That would serve as a stepping stone for creating the Ice Age Renaissance, in which the entire human population might have to be supported by advanced high-level infrastructures, as the old infrastructures, such as open farming, become disabled in the coming Ice Age.

"Sure, the imperial oligarchy doesn't allow creative economic processes to be developed," I chattered on. "The oligarchy of empire is fully

focused on depopulating the planet for the purpose of preserving its feudal utopia, and keeping humanity small. But then, whoever said that the imperial oligarchy is sane and human? A people who lost their humanity ages ago, and thereby have become fascist in their insanity, would be insulted by not being worshiped as fascist beasts of great stature and power, standing wrapped before mankind, in stolen wealth. Unfortunately society does indeed bow to them and worship them, and is committed to playing their antihuman games. Shouldn't society therefore recognize itself to be insane, and make the needed serious efforts to rediscover its humanity? Society should realize that the very attempt to preserve resources in a collapsing world, is idiocy! It's poverty! It's antihuman. No amount of skimping and stretching those dwindling resources, such as oil, will prevent their eventual depletion. Our only hope rests with developing and creating evermore-new resources, which we are fully capable of creating as human beings. Human science gives us the power to do that. Development is the most profound human thing. It is an expression of the Principle of Universal Love. It is that, because development is also the principle of the Universe that is reflected in our humanity. It is in our nature to develop, to be human, to be sane."

Sylvia burst out in laughter. "You should listen to yourself," she said. "You sound like a preacher. Of course, Peter, our riches as society, cannot be found in skimping, or in stealing from one-another as people are doing now on a massive scale. Economic stealing, or looting, is the same as preserving. It's all a part of that zero-science existence that society regards as, the 'moral' ground. Or it is an aspect of the imperial existence below the moral ground, where everything human is turned upside down and stealing and killing are regarded as, 'wisdom.' Preserving, stealing, and depopulating are all dead-end processes in which nothing of value is being created. They are sheer idiocy and conceptional poverty. If that is what we enter the coming Ice Age with, mankind and civilization are finished."

"Fortunately, no universal principle supports imperial stealing, and looting, and the genocidal depopulation that is already in progress," I interjected. "All imperial processes are artificial, and therefore they can be halted at any time. Helen is committed to this outcome, as an act of sanity or humanity. It is economic development that is the 'song of mankind.' Development is the dimension of our joy as human beings, as I believe Helen understands the process. The Principle of Universal Love supports this 'song' of progressive development on the entire human front, economically, culturally, politically, socially, and civilly, and more. That song is already a part of our history. Indeed, there would have never been any economic development anywhere in the world, without the Principle of Universal Love standing behind it in some form. I think Helen realizes that."

"Unfortunately, this principle is barely recognized by anyone else," said Sylvia.

"I think the reason is that society has not yet discovered what a great privilege it is to be a human being, with the vast capability that we



have," I replied. "Society's self-discovery as human beings is needed to utilize that great privilege. And that is far from happening. Helen is fighting for that happening on the platform of the Principle of Universal Love, which reflects our love for our humanity, individually and universally, including all aspects. Erica is coming close to that. She has discovered the tip of the iceberg, and is enthusiastically committed to dig deeper. Once she steps in the realm of the sublime, she'll be a dynamo, and she'll bring up a lot of people with her. That is how we can start the needed Ice Age Renaissance, with people like Helen and Erica, and Steve and Ushi, and all others, who are determined in their way to define the Principle of Universal Love in their living. I like to think that we have joined them on their bandwagon, where development is sane and human, and where preservation is insane and antihuman in all aspects, economically, politically, socially, and sexually."

"You devil!" said Sylvia and laughed. "You always find a way to bring sex into it."

"Helen made that connection," I replied.

"She is right of course, Peter. Preserving what we've got, regardless of what realm we do it in, is like building a fence around us and starving us within it, while there should be constant expansive development," said Sylvia and began to laugh.

"Sure, Silvia, that's what we do in a big way, especially economically, and the whole world is fighting like hell to keep everything small and confined, and then they wage war over the scraps. It's also done politically. But most of all, we do it socially."

"But not us any longer," said Sylvia. "We've begun stepping away from these fences. I agree with you, that the best place to start this is at the home gate, building mansions with huge windows to the world. Universal love at the home gate invariably inspires the needed steps for starting our universal renaissance with the joy of human development pervading the world, enriching even the imperial oligarchy in the flow of it, that can't yet see beyond its self-confining fence."

"If that gets fully started, Sylvia, the processes of starting the needed technological and economic Ice Age Renaissance, will happen in the flow of it, and become a 'non-event' like breathing the air."

"If I didn't know better, I would say we are dreaming," Sylvia replied.

"But you are not dreaming, Sylvia. The days of sleeping are over. We have it in our hands to open up a whole New World. We stand at the gate to a future where we really do have a future. Helen knew this. Her lateral lattice defines universal economic development as a necessity, a global necessity, and a 'non-event' like breathing the air, according to the Principle of Universal Love. I like to believe that. In fact, I have no choice, but to believe it, because that renaissance, I think, has already begun. We are watching a sunrise that is in progress in more ways than one."

"I would love to meet this Helen one day," said Sylvia, after moments of silence. "She must be an extraordinary person."

"This can probably be arranged," I replied. "However, what would you expect to profit from meeting her? You already know what Helen stands for. We are aware of the principles that she recognizes and understands, which she regards as the principles of our humanity, reflecting the creative principles of the Universe, the principles of universal development and the unity of all good. In pursuing these I think we can meet Helen in our daily life, and find her as a person. The rest is unimportant. In that, we also find ourselves, for the humanity that we all share, is singular and universal. We find ourselves, and her, most fully coming to light in the higher domain that is aglow with universal love, for our humanity, that should shine in us like a sun, enriching the Universe with light. This unfolding is a part of the ongoing sunrise too, isn't it?"

"So what does it all mean?" Sylvia asked again.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Maybe it means that we have to help Heather if we meet her again, or people like her. She has lost everything. Her life has been a disaster socially, economically, and thanks to my failure, even scientifically. I think she knows the value of every one of these principles, but I also think that Heather has been deprived of a lot of their substance, when she felt that the underlying principles are too good to be true. We both hadn't learned to trust them. Whenever this sort of thing happened to society in history, the higher principles became eventually embraced only after an agonizing ordeal, out of which the needed new renaissance began to unfold in time. That may yet happen to Heather. When society is down and out, and has lost everything that defines its humanity, people tend to begin to look up to something higher than an animal-like existence, that had been accepted as their role. They look up in order to find a link back to their humanity, by rediscovering it scientifically on a higher level of thinking, thereby discovering themselves as sublime beings. They usually find this link by looking back to the highest previously established traditions in scientific thinking and understanding reality. That is how the Golden Renaissance was created that linked back to the Islamic Renaissance, which in turn provided a link back to Plato and the classical scientific tradition going back to Solon, the Pythagorean, and all the way back to Homer. The whole history of mankind has been like a gigantic sunrise in a sense, stretched out over millennia."

"I think this never happened in Russia," interjected Sylvia. "Russia went through horrendous periods of suffering and devastation, but I don't think the Russian society has ever been allowed to really discover its humanity and fully capitalize on it."

"Of course it hadn't been allowed, Sylvia. The imperial system didn't allow that, and the Marxian-Hobbesian Communist system, which replaced the imperial system, was designed not to allow that either. It was designed as a different type of imperial system. That makes communism the most tragic element of the Soviet Union, because the communist system has

been designed under the direction of Palmerston and his agents of the British Empire, to hold back the inevitable sunrise."

"That is where Helen needs to come into the picture," said Sylvia. "That's the kind of trap that she would develop an exit from, which could save Russia a great tragedy. Helen had staged for herself a personal renaissance with a powerful focus on the great historic renaissance principles. She seems to have developed the very platform that Russia has been deprived of. On this platform, Heather too, has the same potential, maybe even the potential to surpass Helen. Maybe we all can yet realize this potential."

"I believe there are countless people like Helen and Heather, and us in the world, with that kind of potential, who are just waiting for a wakeup call," I said.

"Maybe that's what it means to be pioneers," said Sylvia. "Maybe it means that we mobilize people to get them to realize their potential as human beings, even their native potential to love, both themselves and the whole of humanity, and to put their energy and their money into it. Usually people become emotionally aroused when they encounter a profound idea and sing lofty songs of creating a brave New World. However, when it comes to putting their money down they fade away with the wind, probably into oblivion, and nothing gets done."

I nodded in agreement. "We are certainly a daring couple of explorers in this commitment to building our New World," I said. "We live in this New World. We put everything in it, though we don't yet fully understand its dimension. But we know that what we already know is enough to move forward in it? That kind of answer must be the universal answer for all mankind," I said.

I marveled that in spite of the complex merry-go-round of the last few weeks, with all the remarkable happenings, I still didn't know what the Principle of Universal Love really demands of us and enables us to do, together with the Principle of Universal Sovereignty. I could still only guess and ponder. It seemed to be a part of the limitless privilege that we have as human beings to come to terms with this principle; to be challenged by it; to understand the infinite on its platform; to acknowledge ourselves scientifically as we discover ourselves; to explore our humanity further and further and to face the freedom of its principles. We have the privilege to take hold of so much and things so wonderful, that even if we can grasp only a little of it we are so greatly enriched by it so that the outcome borders on the miraculous.

"Yes, Sylvia," I said, after I told her about this wonder, "I have learned something about it. Too little, really. Still, I do know one thing for certain. I know that I am more than grateful that all of these things happened. I am grateful that the people that I met exist in the world, and are now in my world. I am grateful for their love. I am also grateful that you exist, and for your love, and this even more so now than ever before. It appears that love in whatever form it unfolds, reflects itself in such a

manner that it enriches all forms of love. Love truly is reflected in love. The more we embrace of it, the brighter it seems to become. Maybe that is what universal love is all about. Maybe that is also enough for uplifting the whole world. Of course, I also know that I know still far too little about the Principle of Universal Love, to truly define it. Maybe it can't be defined. Maybe it keeps developing itself along with us, beyond its previous bounds, so that it never remains the same throughout time, so that its definition must always be new, as we grow up with it."

"It may also be too early for us to answer that question fully," said Sylvia. "What is important to me for now is the indisputable fact that its sunrise has begun. I can see the Principle of the Universe on the horizon, and I see it manifested in our universal humanity. I can see the principle of our humanity coming to light as universal love, because the name of our humanity is love. I see this as a momentous dawning, Peter. I see it as an enormous event that is certainly sufficient for the day. It bears the brightest promise that I have ever beheld."

"So you agree that its sunrise has already begun to uplift our lives, yours and mine?" I interjected. "I think the unfolding sunrise proves that if we give ourselves half a chance, the Principle of Universal Love that comes to light in our humanity as an element of the Principle of the Universe, will assert itself by its own imperative. I think its noonday is inevitable, just as peace is inevitable, and love, and culture, and boundless development. It might even be that the sunrise that is now in progress, is enough of a start to get us on the move to a full-blown Ice Age Renaissance."

Sylvia nodded and smiled in agreement.

"So what do you think, Sylvia?" I asked her. "What is your assessment now? Has the destruction of our marriage been avoided? Is something-profound happening that makes us richer? Are we closer to one-another than we had been before, with a much more uplifted and profound sense of marriage than we ever imagined could be realized? I think we have extended to ourselves the great privilege to embrace the Principle of Universal Love and to take hold of it in all these dimensions, even if this is just a beginning. I feel we can acknowledge that beginning. Hasn't that process already begun to enrich us further? Haven't all the precious things that we held dear, like being close to one-another, the idea of having children, starting a family, and growing old together, become enriched by this larger all-embracing sense of love and gratitude for all things human? I would like to think that nothing has been compromised by raising our sense of love and gratitude for one-another as human beings onto the boundless universal level where nothing is in danger of becoming lost, where our gratitude for one-another uplifts us all. It's like an old hymn had put it: A grateful heart a garden is, where there is always room for every lovely godlike grace to unfold its boundless bloom."

Sylvia punched me gently. "That's not the real wording. You made that up. I know that hymn."

I smiled and nodded. "The way I see it," I said to her, "we are

merely beginning to understand and acknowledge something that has always existed, which exists on that higher level that only scientific perception and spiritual development can fully unfold. Yes, the old hymn needs to be uplifted, too. That's what I have done. I have uplifted it to the level where we become really human. Our humanity is greater than emotions. It is greater than what the eye can behold. It encompasses dimensions that we can see only with the mind. These are boundless dimensions, dimensions of love, peace, joy, power, and truth. We are not scrapping our marriage in the face of it, but are uplifting it to its native level. We don't scrap our kiss for one-another, either, but find it reflected in the universal kiss, and in its universal peace. Also, we don't scrap our care for one-another, but find it reflected in the joy of our universal care for all mankind, and for the further development of our civilization. Isn't that what happiness is?"

"Happiness for all mankind?" said Sylvia, in a tone as if she questioned the idea.

"Necessarily so," I replied. "I don't remember much from my Sunday School days, but I remember this; that God is Love, and that whosoever dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

"But isn't that fulfilled if we love each other?" she asked, and smiled as if she already knew the answer.

"Love is a universal principle," I replied, "it includes much more than just us two persons loving one-another in isolation from mankind. Universal love touches on everything, but destroys nothing. It uplifts the world wherever love is needed. Hate and fascism are devoid of humanity, and therefore devoid of love. That's easy to see. But so are indifference devoid of humanity, and self-isolation, or the isolation of one-another. Fortunately, we don't have to combat indifference, Sylvia. All we have to do is simply step to higher ground. Indifference is a subtle form of hate, but in the light of truth, indifference is not possible and is left behind in the dust. That's how we save civilization in a nuclear armed world, a world threatened by nuclear war and the indifference of mankind standing in the shadow of it."

"But must everything always become related to nuclear war?" Sylvia commented. "Aren't you pushing this point a bit too far?"

I shook my head. "I don't think so. If humanity had dealt with its indifference towards one-another aeons ago, by stepping to higher ground, imperialism would have ended long ago, the problem of nuclear war wouldn't exist today, and the development of the Ice Age Renaissance would have been well under way. The potential of unleashing a nuclear war is nothing more than the symptom of a disease that has become acute. We have to snap out of this decrepit state, and become normal human beings again. That's what creating a renaissance is about. Creating a renaissance is a beautiful project, isn't it, because the universal brilliance of life is at the heart of it? I don't think we can pursue love for its own sake in isolation from the whole of humanity, or the other way around, and hope to protect humanity without universal love. The object of our love is humanity, but its

root is in us. Its root is the wondrous humanity that we all share and are a part of."

I told Sylvia that a noted economist had once been asked if it is really possible for nuclear war to be avoided, or for war to be avoided altogether for all times. His answer was that this is an invalid question, since everybody knows that technically speaking the answer is a resounding, yes. I told Sylvia that this man suggested that the valid questions would have been; "what are we doing individually and collectively to prevent such a war, or wars?" And then we should ask ourselves; "is what we are committed to doing, sufficient to accomplish peace?"

I suggested to Sylvia that the answer depends in each case on our individual and collective expression of the Principle of Universal Love. I suggested that love has no meaning if it isn't universal, for then its substance would not reflect the universal human Soul that is reflected in all mankind. I also asked her to consider that without universal love, our life would become ever 'smaller,' and fall into danger of becoming lost. "Our self-love as human beings has to be so profound that it uplifts the whole world, by which our world, in which our life unfolds, is preserved in peace, and we find our happiness on this platform that unfolds into an active peace."

"Can you imagine what a beautiful world we would live in if this goal were reached?" Sylvia replied. "Can you imagine what the shape of the world would be if this were even recognized as a goal? We would be living in paradise. Humanity would be engaged in a mutual effort not just to survive, but to advance the general welfare of all people, globally. We would live in an era of global economic development, and scientific development, and cultural development on a scale never before seen. Instead we are mired in an era of a creeping poverty, inhumanity, and threats of war.

"But to answer your question honestly, Peter," Sylvia continued, "I think we have not even begun to seriously tap into the sphere of universal love. I think that when we become able to really do this, and the more we become able to do this, the brighter our days will become, including our love for one-another."

Oh, I loved hearing Sylvia's reply. I embraced her for it. "At this higher level, Sylvia, our marriage will still be as special as it always has been," I said to her excitedly for the sheer profundity of that idea. "I think we can also trust that it will grow beyond it being merely special, to it becoming something profound, as it becomes intertwined with the infinite domain of Universal Love and Universal Sovereignty. In this sense we are two of those individuals that are represented as countless stars in Helen's lateral lattice of human hearts, that altogether represent humanity. We are bound to one-another in this heaven by the threads of our love, and all love for our common humanity, the humanity that we share with all mankind. In this lattice, indifference is not possible. Isolation too, is not pos-

sible. The threads that have bound us to one-another from the moment on that we met in this Universe of love, are still there, but they are destined from now on, to become richer, as they link up with countless other threads of love for the same humanity, in a flow that enriches us and the whole world, on a platform without distance. Helen discovered this lattice as a construct that came out of a profound healing. The healing involved a person's renewal in a time of crisis. Shouldn't we be able to experience such a renewal ourselves, as we uplift our marriage into this boundless sphere of our universal humanity, where the same power, that was utilized for healing, is also universal and never vanes? Shouldn't we find both of us uplifted, and empowered, in this sphere?"

Our response was that Sylvia and I hugged each other without saying another word. Indeed, the sunrise had begun at this point in more ways than one. The fiery disk of the Sun had just emerged over the horizon, while we were still speaking, and there was no better place to view it's rising into a new day, than from the vantage point that we had chosen. Sylvia reached her hand out to me with a smile on her face that seemed brighter than the morning sunshine.

"You know, it is amazing what is happening here," she said, as the first rays were breaking through. "Who would have imagined that after all these years of our being together, a profound new 'sunrise' would still be possible? I wouldn't have dreamed of it; and now it is happening! Isn't this a wonderful dawn that we've become a part of? A sunrise enriched with our gift to each other, of roses."

"It is a sunrise that brings us into the light of the great universal good," I replied. "A sunrise of peace, and joy, and power!"

"What other kind of sunrise can possibly supersede every sunrise before?" said Sylvia.

We had no answer for this last question.

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All of that sunrise lay far behind us that ominous night when Tony and I reached the shore after our strange encounter with captain Provikov of the submarine that lay anchored in front of our bay. In the brooding darkness, pervaded by a thin layer of fog, I remembered the brightness of this sunrise at the Lincoln Memorial, that I had shared with Sylvia. It flashed into my mind. Tony and I had struggled with the oars against the waters, and against time that was running short. My arms were aching. That's when I remembered our celebration of that morning, in the new light of the New World that unfolded before us. This New World appeared distant that night, though it had remained bright in the mind like a beacon of hope, beckoning to us from a time almost forgotten in the struggles of a world grinding on. This sunrise that we had celebrated, seemed wonderfully appropriate in the darkness of that night that unfolded over the water. It seemed

appropriate as a ray of hope to remember that sunrise morning, and how Sylvia and I had 'danced' in the new light of this sunrise, and how this sunrise-dance had remained with me, engraved in the heart.

We had been like children then, facing the New World, as in a glade, exuberant about its wonders that made life full and rich with promises, beckoning to be explored. And so, like children do, we ran towards the light that we saw, with outstretched arms. We were running through the tall grasses together, of this bewildering world that was all still fresh, and bright, and abounding with color and challenges. We climbed its trees, scaled its little hills that we made ourselves believe to be mountains. We celebrated our victories together. However the glade wasn't the world, and as children do, we grew up.

It seems the world transforms itself as one grows up. It becomes larger, deeper, more profound; a world of storm clouds mixed with the sunshine; a world of problems; trials; dangers; a world to be alive in; a world in which our lives are shaped, even as our being alive shapes the world.

Antonovna and her beloved Nicolai became a part of this world. In time this world would bear the imprints of all of our lives together, like footprints in the sands on the seashore, before the surf sweeps over them again. Also, there would be other footprints made that would remain, that would become silent testaments of us having lived on this Earth, like the imprints of the feet of children or celebrities that become immortalized in the cement of city sidewalks.

This future world, however, lay still far in the distance, when Sylvia and I celebrated our sunrise together that morning. It lay as distant and obscured from our view, as the hull of the great submarine appeared that ominous night many years later, that had brought us Nicolai's letter at a time of great trials.

The Typhoon submarine had appeared that night, as if it had come from another world. Tony and I had gone out to meet its captain half way. With Nicolai's letter in my pocket, rowing back to shore, the giant ship soon vanished from sight. It merged like a silent shadow into the mists that had come up over the sea.

In this gloom I was drawn to remember how it all began. I remembered my time in Leipzig. I remembered it fondly, and the drive to Key West that followed, and the Suchumi Conference that came out of it. I also remembered watching the sunrise with Sylvia. Some of the details seemed rather vague that night, but I do remember strongly that I felt that this sunrise with Sylvia might be a part of that long awaited ending-chapter of 'The Beginning.' I realized that Sir Winston Churchill had been dead wrong when he suggested that the Allied Invasion of Normandy became the end of the beginning. Perhaps it was that, as he saw it. The real end, though,



hadn't even been in sight at this point. Only the end of the Nazi fascist tyranny had been on the horizon. That part had been true, but the empire that had financed the fascist tyranny into power, had survived World War II, and with it the rule of imperialism and fascism had likewise survived. Thus history seemed to bear me out, at this point that the real end of 'The Beginning' had not yet come. Only a single chapter of its long story had ended, when the swastika was torn to the ground, but not the whole story itself.

The start of that beginning story, however, happened two thousand years earlier when a man stood up in Judea and faced one of the darkest empires in world-history with an idea, an image of mankind built on the Principle of Universal Love. That man was killed, but the principle that he represented became brighter. With each successive renaissance in the world, that principle became clearer, more imposing, more powerful, beginning with the Islamic Renaissance, followed by the Golden Renaissance, followed in turn by the profound renaissance, that gave the world the Peace of Westphalia and the founding of the USA. Each episode became another chapter of the story of 'The Beginning' of the needed phase shift in human history towards the Ice Age Renaissance. Other chapters of the story of the beginning were added later, after the burial of the swastika was done, chapters that told of the burial of the Red Star of the Soviet Union, and later the burial of the Cold War.

Only one thread had not been buried through all this time, one thread, which tied all the chapters together into the lengthening sequence of the story of 'The Beginning.' The thread that had remained untouched so far in any profound way, is called empire, fascism, and terrorism. The final chapter that opens the book of 'The Ending,' is yet to come. It promises to be the chapter of mankind's transition into the light of a New Age, or it might also be the chapter of mankind's final failing, and its transition into oblivion.

While looking back to that sunrise, that I celebrated with Sylvia on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, I remembered that I had a feeling that morning, that the transition of mankind out of its self-created hell, had been started in some real way, and had unfolded into a hope, that the long story of 'The Beginning' might have a bright end soon, for all mankind, so that the new story of the Great Renaissance can then be written.

I remembered this feeling of joy as if it happened yesterday, right in the middle of that dark night rowing away from the submarine, together with Tony. A great phase shift had occurred for Sylvia and I during that sunrise morning. Our dawn had ended with a sunrise in many different ways. For us, a new age had begun. I had described this New Age to Sylvia as the age of the Principle of Universal Love in which empires are doomed to fade like the fading night, and this so profoundly that even the Ice Age held no longer any terror for us, but already appeared like a non-event.

As I thought about this morning I realized that the story of 'The Beginning' had actually been destined to end that way for us, and was ending fast, like every beginning ends, such as the childhood stories end when children grow up and the glade is left behind for the world of learning, for the world of schools, universities, laboratories, factories, legislatures. The challenge that Sylvia and I faced after our sunrise morning, was to break away from the Old World that was no longer relevant, which had been our world for so long. We found ourselves challenged, to put aside the games that we had played in the glade, that had captured our imagination, though the games had little to do with reality. We were challenged all of a sudden to learn to live in the real world, a world that we still knew too little about.

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