

Glass Barriers

a novel

by Rolf A. F. Witzsche

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Episode 5A of the series of novels
The Lodging for the Rose

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The Lodging for the Rose - Episode 5A

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The novel is fiction. It deals with a paradigm shift that begins when discoveries of science pull us up to a higher level of thinking about our world and ourselves, and then pull our social marriages up to that level behind it. Surprising things can happen then. Suddenly the barriers that stood for ages become transparent and breakable. Here a story begins that unfolds in India, but it is not rooted in India's long spiritual history. Rather it is rooted in a 19th Century American discovery of spiritual science that uplifts even India's ancient truths to a greater profundity. 'Breaking' the glass barriers is actually more a scientific process of seeing through them, by which the barriers become dissolved. They exist in many domains; including the social, civil, moral, as well as the romantic, sexual, and erotic. One even finds that the scientific process of breaking those barriers tends to elevate the political and cultural domains as well, opening a portal to a New World. - The novel presented here in preliminary edition is Episode 5A of the epic series of novels, The Lodging for the Rose.

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Chapter 1 - Embracing Untouchable Indira

I never saw Indira's face before, not even in my dreams, or imagined that someone like her could exist and that a smile could be so warm and a touch so enriching that it brings a new light into ones life. They say that a smile is just a smile. I believed that. I disagree now. When it unfolds from the riches of a beautiful soul, unpretentious, honest, and with the courage to love without boundaries, it has the power to change not only a person's life, but also the world to some degree by the power of that love.

Meeting Indira did more than that. It opened up a new epoch for us all, a kind of paradigm shift towards a renaissance in being alive. We had all been hoping for a paradigm shift that would take us out of our rut. To a faint degree we had already begun to experience a renewal of our earlier exuberance, even a shift towards embracing a freer concept of love. We had all seen a tiny spark of a spiritual renaissance unfolding on our home turf, stirring us gently out of our isolated existence that seemed like poverty all of a sudden. We all wanted to get away from that. Still, we were too afraid to open the door again to the wider world of freer loving that we had once tasted with joy and awe, but had made no effort to maintain so that it closed again. In this context Indira affected us all. We her came a fresh wind. The effect was not planned, of course. A 'miracle' can't be planned. It couldn't have been planned. One can't plan for something that still resides in the unknown. In fact, I had almost rejected Fred's invitation to meet Indira.

I probably would have rejected Fred's offer to a go to India to interface with Indira on the down-to-earth level in order to explore with her a theoretical aspect of a profound principle that seemed unworkable in the real world and rather un-business-like for Fred requesting me to become involved with. If Fred had not been insistent in his unique and loving kind of way, I would have turned him down out of hand. Sure, as my boss he could have ordered me to hop onto the next plane and fly to New Delhi and meet her there for any reason he might have chosen. Except, this wasn't Fred's way, especially when the stakes were high on the diplomatic front. There

were times when he moved with the promise of only a glimmer of an idea when the promise was wide enough to uplift the whole of mankind to some degree, provided that it was carried through to the end. Except this didn't seem to be one of those times as far as I could tell. I realized later that Fred had actually an even greater challenge in mind than any he had ever put before me, with a greater expectation than what any boss could order a person to fulfill as a professional task.

When I sensed that something of this nature was in the air, the very thought of it made it scary to comply. It wasn't a request then, from a boss, but a challenge from a friend who also had the resources of the boss, a friend who was willing to go out on a limb for me to give me the opportunity to test the waters. His challenge involved the realization of a principle that was still new to us all, but which Ross and I had bragged about. Of course, between bragging and doing, one often finds a deep canyon that is hard to cross.

The principle came to light with a profound discovery that Ross had made a short time earlier by exploring the works of a scientific pioneer, a woman, whose work took us a hundred years back in time where it opened up a portal to a future that seemed immensely bright, but as distant as the moon. Theoretically the portal seemed attainable as a matter of principle. Fred's challenge, however, demanded more. Fred demanded the actual realization of what seemed theoretically attainable as a distant possibility. His challenge came like a shock.

It is one thing to merely talk exploratively about a newly discovered principle and to probe its practical potential like one might probe the potential of establishing a spaceport on the moon as a base for reaching out into the galaxy. That too is theoretically possible. The numerous principles that would make this possible have all been discovered. However, it is quite another thing when one is demanded to stand up for the recognized potential and put it into practice. Naturally mankind would gain tremendous advantages the setting up a base on the moon, even if it was for nothing more than to mine its helium-3 resources that are plentiful there, which could meet mankind's energy needs for 100,000 years.

The challenge that Fred put onto the table seemed to be equally complex. The challenge had to be carried in a land that had a reputation to be rigid in its traditions, mysterious, immovable, being laced with inhumanity and horrendous tragedies, and hopeless poverty. That's how I saw India.

Suddenly, our discovered truth that was easily uttered with boasting in conversation, speaking of grand possibilities in future ages, was suddenly put forward by Fred as a challenge for the

present. What he suggested appeared like an act of folly, like sticking one's neck above the trenches in times of war, or in my case, into the flow of life in a manner that no one had ever tried before. Fred presented that kind of a challenge. He didn't say this time, as he often did, that shying away from the challenge wasn't an option. Still, he had his ways of making that understood.

Over the years Fred's visits had become fewer. He came seldom now to Ross' coastal surveillance outpost where we all lived. Ross' overgrown log house on a cliff by the sea, near to our own home, had often been our gathering place in the past. But the occasions became fewer over the years. Fred's visits, too, had likewise become fewer and quite rare in the last years. It was hard to consider of them now as a tradition, which they once were. The tradition had ended.

The reason should have been plain to us. There was nothing happening anymore in our neck of the woods. We were no longer the driving force pushing the leading edge of a movement to uplift the world. Those days were gone. Naïve as we once were we had been determined to uplift civilization. How silly of us! We had stopped short and failed and drifted into a rut. And so, in our rut, our life had become dull. Our thinking seemed to have ground to halt, except for that one spark that came with Ross' discovery. We had been stuck in a rut, and we knew it; and then suddenly something bright was on the horizon.

It was plain to see that Fred had kept his distance once our advances that had marked the past were no longer maintained. Perhaps we stopped, because the advances required too much effort. We had let them go. It became evident too late then that if one isn't moving ahead one begins to regress. By the time we realized that it seemed impossible to reverse the trend. Whatever we had achieved had crumbled into dust over the years. Fred was aware of that. A blind man would have noticed that we had gone backwards and regressed even below the level that we started from.

Now something was moving again. Since the days of Ross' discovery something was in the air again, something that seemed surreal in the way it presented itself, but it held a promise for great things.

Fred had been made aware of Ross' discovery. He had been concerned of course, with our drifting into a rut, but he too seemed unable to figure out what precisely had caused us to get stuck, and he seemed even more baffled by what was now stirring us up again. Had he sensed that Ross' discovery held the answer to something that had evaded all of us for reasons of not knowing where to find

the principle for the next step?

Fred might have seen Ross' discovery also as an answer to the enormous challenges the whole world was increasingly facing in our age of the ever-present potential for a nuclear war, which we had once boldly faced, but without avail. There had been times in times past when things had been moving with lightning speed for us, so that a solution seemed just around the corner. But the coveted solution was never attained. Eventually we simply stopped fighting like Goya's donkey that one finds standing serenely and oblivious amidst the hubbub stirred by a giant colossus. The scene is that of the great 1808 painting by the Spanish artist Francisco Goya with the title, *The Colossus*. Goya had painted the scene of a society in great turmoil overshadowed by a giant person representing war, or more precisely, Napoleon's war. Everyone was scurrying to escape, except the donkey. The donkey simply stood his place calmly with a serene tolerance caused by an indifference that comes from a mind that was too blind to see the danger that was hidden above the clouds, but which the thunder spoke of. We had become the perfect replicas of that donkey until Ross' discovery. And that had happened a year ago. It started like a dream then.

It might also have been in part Fred's own inability to respond to our dilemma of living like replicas of that donkey, which may have caused Fred to stay away from us for those past years. Now Ross' discovery appeared to have given him an inspiration, the kind of inspiration that sometimes comes with the Christmas season.

Fred arrived unexpected that Christmas, almost as if he aimed to revive the old tradition. He had always arrived unexpected in the past, often for a brief visit between Christmas and New Year. That's how he arrived again that day. He simply showed up one blustery morning, casually with a cheerful, "Merry Christmas," flowing from his lips, as if the intervening years had been simply erased. We had all come together that day at Ross' place, Tony, Sylvia, and I. Heather had invited us over. Our getting together for Christmas had been one of the few traditions that we had maintained, which Heather had encouraged us to keep alive, perhaps in the hope that we would somehow get out of our rut and revive what had become dormant. Fred arrived at Ross' door that very day carrying a bag of small presents, just as he had always done. He acted as if nothing had changed, and in the same manner, Heather greeted him with a kiss.

"Wow!" said Fred with a smile. "Something HAS changed."

I couldn't help wondering if Ross had something to do with Fred's visit. I knew that he had been talking with him about his research and my involvement with it. But did he also tell him about the New World that had emerged on the horizon as the result of his

discoveries? Or did Fred come to us on a hunch, or merely in another attempt to search for an answer to this puzzle that we had become for him. If so, Christmas did provide a perfect opportunity.

Whatever his reasons were, Fred didn't mention them, but he did speak to Ross at length, or rather Ross commandeered his attention. It started with a simple question by Fred. "How big is big?" Fred asked.

"How extensive is your knowledge of History?" Ross asked Fred in return. The question must have seemed like an insult since Fred was the champion among us in this field. Ross asked the question, but he continued as if he didn't expect an answer. Ross did most of the talking.

It certainly was good to have Fred with us again. Ross had motioned Fred to make himself comfortable in his 'traditional' reclining chair by the fireplace, the one facing the window and the sea. Fred smiled at the gesture, though obviously, he hadn't come to visit us to look at the sea. He was looking at Ross.

"When did the Civil War end?" asked Ross.

"It ended in April 1865," answered Fred. "Every American patriot knows that. General Lee surrendered in early April, which ended a four-years-wave of killing that claimed 600,000 lives."

"No," said Ross. "The end of the Civil War ended a wave of killing that began in 1508. There had been no peace in the world since the Renaissance powers tried to eradicate the Venetian Empire when they formed the League of Cambrai. The Venetian Empire started a century of religious wars in response to its near defeat. That was the Venetian's only option for crushing the Renaissance. Out of this madness erupted the infamous Thirty Years War in which half of Europe was butchered. While the Treaty of Westphalia stopped the killing spree in 1648, a new wave of killing was quickly developed in the background, almost imperceptibly, as the Venetian Empire transplanted itself into Northern Europe, especially into England. The Venetian beast-men ideology began to be brought to the foreground in northern Europe. This new sweep superceded the inhumanity that had already been seen to some degree during the Thirty Years War that some say had been the worst period of military atrocities prior to the Twentieth Century. The Thirty Years War might be called the beginning of the fascist wave; the beast-men wave; the wave of 'synarchism' as the French called it; the wave of the synarchist wars."

Ross pointed out that the beast-men ideology, which grew out of the background of the Venetian orchestrated religious warfare, became developed further into a subtle force to crush the new Westphalian Renaissance. "The inhumanity of this ideology," said Ross, "was typified by all the countless acts of horror that the

Spanish Inquisition takes credit for that apparently has been way more inhuman than all the horrors of the Thirty Years War combined. The Spanish Inquisition is said to have become a wave of terror, torture, and judicial murder that lasted for over 150 years. It created a pattern for still worse things to come.

"Long before the Inquisition insanity ended," said Ross, "which had torn to shreds the divine image of humanity, the beastmen ideology had been intensified into a new wave to terror on behalf of the British East India Company that had become the world's first private world-empire, the British Empire. Out of this synarchist buildup arose the Jacobin terror operations in France. Since the French intellectual elite of the Westphalia era had greatly contributed to America's independence movement, the French Revolution was quietly setup by British agents to open the door to the Jacobin killing spree that systematically eliminated France's intellectual elite. Napoleon Bonaparte later carried the terror operation forward across all of Europe, with the same murderous intent and effect. Napoleon Bonaparte was succeeded by Napoleon III, a hired British imperial agent who took over the reign and became the first modern ruling fascist in Europe. In the background to the unfolding European tragedy the American Civil War was unleashed by the British imperial forces to crush the American Union once and for all in order to reestablish the British colonial rule over America.

"However, Fred, that entire train of horrors ended in 1865," said Ross. "Even the Spanish Inquisition had ended a few years before. And that my friend is, what I would call big. Something big was moving. Nothing in historic terms is bigger than this abrupt end of more than three-hundred years of this relentless butchering of human beings."

Fred nodded slightly.

Ross asked Fred which historic atrocity he could think of, on the same kind of scale, which had erupted after the end of the Civil War in America.

"This would be World War I. The war starting in 1914," Fred answered. Then he began to grin. "Actually something worse happened a year earlier when the Federal Reserve Act passed in the U.S. Congress that took away our nation's currency and made it the private property of the private empire. It made our national bank a private central bank. What our founding fathers created for the development of our nation was given away as an instrument for private profit. America has never recovered from that defeat. The effect may have been worse than World War I, because it is still continuing. It is precisely this private empire that our nation has been financing to become a colossus, which is wrecking the world today."

"All right," said Ross, "now tell me what happened in the

years in-between 1865 when the train of the historic horrors stopped, and 1913 when it started rolling again. What happened in this span of almost fifty years?"

"Nothing terrible of any global consequence that I can think of happened in this time-frame," said Fred. "Even the British Opium Wars against China were over by then. The world was largely at peace at this time, until 1913 when all hell broke loose again. This train to hell hasn't stopped to the present day, but has accelerating."

"That's how big, big is!" said Ross emphatically.

"What do you mean?" Fred replied.

"You asked me, how big is big. Here is your answer," said Ross. "This is how big, big is? Nothing is bigger than this mystery of a fifty-year peace."

Fred shook his head. "When I asked you how big is big, I was referring to your research," said Fred. "I was referring to your discovery. You said something about a big discovery."

"And I gave you my answer to this question," said Ross. "This is the answer, Fred. It's that big. Actually, I gave you only a part of the answer. The second part of the answer is even harder to believe. During the time-frame of those fifty years of peace something profound happened in America that appears to have become a light that illumined the world for those historic 50 years."

"You are speaking in riddles," said Fred.

"No, Fred, I am trying to make something plain to you that cannot be recognized in any other way. Let me give you an example," said Ross. "The example happened in the early years of the Twentieth Century, near the end of this fifty-year period of peace. The event illustrates to some degree what may have stood behind that peace that has been accomplished. The example is the story of an ordinary, poor, and desperate woman living in a New England town during that period. Half of her body was paralyzed, which had made it difficult for her to walk. Her home life, too, had been a tragedy of similar proportions. One day she decided to simply leave her home where living had become unbearable, vowing never to return. On the way she encountered a crowd of people coming from the railway station. Seeing the crowd she reasoned that they must have come for something important, so she followed the crowd to find out what it was. By the time she had hobbled to the place where they all went she found her so far at the back where the crowd had assembled that she couldn't hear a word of an address by a woman that the people had evidently come for. She saw a well-dressed lady speaking from a balcony of an upper floor of a small homestead-mansion, but she couldn't hear her. Tears came while she stood there, frustrated by the once more added disappointment that had become a way of life for her. She felt that the woman had some-

thing important to say, which too had been denied her among so many other things. She left with the crowd when the crowd departed. She hobbled back into town. I was there, on the way back while crossing a street that she saw a team of horses approaching. She stopped. To her great surprise she saw the same woman in the carriage who had addressed the crowd earlier from the balcony. She also noticed that the woman in the carriage was looking at her while the carriage passed by. She wrote later about this incidence that she had never seen such love in any human face as she had seen during those brief moments, a love that was flowing from that woman in the carriage. Nor had she realized that such love was even possible. She said that in the flow of this love her paralysis simply vanished. She found herself healed. Later, when she returned home that day, she found her home situation healed as well."

Ross assured Fred that this story is one of many similar stories that he came across. He also discovered in his research that the woman in the carriage had devoted herself several times each day to 'work' for the world in the same kind of loving manner, to bring light to civilization and peace to humanity.

Ross told Fred that he became intrigued and did some further research into what the woman stood for who had such a profound effect on people. He told Fred that he had recognized her to have been a highly advanced spiritual scientist who had among other accomplishments created a vast pedagogical structure designed for individual scientific and spiritual development. He told Fred that this structure came to light in the form of a sixteen-element matrix in which among many other aspects, marriage is focused on, and is being raised there, from the level an institution to that of a science. Ross said that this science of marriage came to light as an open door to the universal domain as a universal principle.

"Can you imagine what this means?" I said to Fred, entering the conversation. "This New England woman has put on the table for the first time in history the principle of the universal marriage of humanity as human beings and has defined it as an aspect of our humanity. She defined something in concrete terms that I had vaguely recognized for years, but had never scientifically understood. She had also illustrated the effect of this principle in the healing of that woman who had been paralyzed. History seems to suggest that she may have had this kind of effect of the whole world."

"Are you saying that these principles that she understood and documented have the potential to change the world, and may have in fact already changed history?" said Fred astonished. "You realize of course that what you are suggesting is impossible. It makes no sense."

"That's what I thought," said Ross. "But I can't ignore the coincidence of those two factors. The woman's discovery of a spir-

itual science and her working with it from 1866 till here death in 1910, coincides almost exactly with the timeframe of that one single almost-50-year period of peace that we have seen on our planet in half a millennium. I can't just shrug this off and say that it is insignificant. Maybe it is significant."

"Maybe there is no connection at all," said Fred. "Maybe the real connection hasn't been discovered yet. Maybe the Union Victory of the Civil War caused this remarkable period of 50 years of peace."

"You can look at it any way you like," said Ross. "But you can't deny that something profound happened in that period and that there is something intriguing about it."

"I don't think the Civil War victory was that profound that it caused this amazing period of peace in history," I added to what Ross said. "War doesn't create peace. Peace is created on a higher level. It unfolds from a movement that is powered by an actively recognized universal principle that causes people to act accordingly. War doesn't do this. In real terms there was no victory won at all during the Civil War. The Civil War was a disaster that didn't end with a victory over war. Nothing came from it that brought an active peace. The war ended when the South had exhausted its resources to fight. Historians tell us that the victory was not a decisive one. A real victory over war was wrought only once in history. That happened in 1648 when a new renaissance was created with the recognition of a profound principle that caused all the warring parties to lay their weapons down and work for peace. In this case, war itself was defeated, and it was defeated by a principle. That kind of victory never happened again as far as I know. The Civil War didn't end with that kind of victory. The Civil War ended like World War II ended, or World War I ended before it. These wars were contests between gigantic killing machines. In either war the contest ground to a halt when one of the killing machines destroyed the resources for the other. No victory was won for mankind. The Second World War was supposed to be a war to defeat fascism. The victory over fascism never happened. Fascism flourished bigger than ever after the war. It spread into America and around the world. It was the same with our Civil War. Officially the Civil War abolished slavery, but did it really? Slavery continued on in countless different ways, and it is now bigger than ever. No Fred, I think something else caused those rare 50 years of peace that coincided with the period of the profound spiritual work that this pioneering woman of New England had put on the table of mankind. Something resulted from this work that was rooted in a profound principle, whatever that was."

Ross nodded. "I all makes perfect sense me," Ross said to Fred. "Nothing could be more natural than the dawning concept of

the universal marriage of mankind built on a demonstrable principle. We are one people across the whole of mankind. We are children of a common humanity with a common universal divine Soul. We are a miracle in the department of life, considering what we are capable of creating, like the creation of languages, music, art, literature, science, technologies, industries, and so on. We are all married more closely to one another as human beings than we ever can be by any artificial means. It is natural that this fundamental reality would be recognized one day. Maybe it was this pioneers profound scientific recognition of this principle that sparked her recognition that we are all human beings together, universally, endowed with a divine humanity that melts away all limits and boundaries. Aren't we all or children of a single human Soul? What divides us around the world is really very slight. The universal marriage of mankind is the reality of our being. Can you think of a more profound impetus for peace and for creating a renaissance? I can't."

"This New England woman says that any other concept involves a denial of our common humanity and our thereby our own," said Ross. "At the very best, what we embrace today as liberty is incomplete, narrow, and encumbered with boundaries, duties, vulnerabilities, and so on, but it remains far removed from the Principle of Universal Love that we all have been struggling to apply. Unfortunately we got tired of struggling when the challenges got bigger. I am not saying that I can prove the existence of a link between scientific accomplishments of the New England woman and the near 50 years of peace between 1865 and 1913. I am saying however, that the historic fact is noteworthy and that her breakthrough discovery was made in 1866 and that the world remained mostly at peace from that time forward until her death in December 1910 and a brief span thereafter."

"I can't help thinking that if there is a connection, it should be explored," I interjected.

Fred looked at me, but didn't say anything.

Ross told Fred again that the scientific pioneer was a New England girl who was known around the world in her days under the name, Mary Baker Eddy. "She is still listed in dictionaries and encyclopedias as the discoverer and founder of America's most remarkable religious institution, which she had named appropriately, Christian Science. She described her discover as 'the final revelation of the absolute principle of scientific mental healing.' I don't know what she means with that, but I do know that she was the most accomplished mental healer of all times, second only to Christ Jesus. I also know that she was a highly accomplished teacher of her new science that enabled countless others to heal in the same manner as she did and on a near commercial basis."

Ross told Fred that her remarkable healing work began in

1866, virtually from the moment on that she healed herself from a spinal injury virtually on her deathbed. "What that set in motion had effects that changed the world. Soon she healed others," said Ross. "She assisted some of the physicians of her time, taking on their most hopeless cases, healing them often instantaneously. Shortly thereafter she was also able to instruct other people in the processes of this healing science, who in turn were healing patients of their own. She also wrote a textbook of her science, which over the years had enabled countless people to heal themselves. Eventually she created a church to promote her advanced healing work. She had no choice but to do this since the mainstream churches were opposed to the very concept of scientific Christian healing. With the founding of her church she also dropped what might have been her greatest bombshell. She created her new church without a provision for marriages."

I raised my hand and smiled. "Indeed, Ross, why would she make a provision for instituting a marriage between people that in real terms already exists as the reality of everyone's being by virtue of our common humanity?" I interjected when Ross looked at me. "Had she instituted a conventional marriage provision that institution would have stood in denial of a profound principle of truth that she had recognized. One can't deny a principle that has been recognized to be true, and proven to be true. One can't throw this away for the sake of convention. She had no choice then but to move forward with what she had discovered. There was no going back possible from where she stood."

"She couldn't institute a denial and get people to bow to it," Ross interjected. "So, she left the subject standing on a scientific platform as a challenge for society to recognize the underlying universal principle that reflects the universal marriage of humanity as the reality of us all as human beings."

"Are you saying that she challenged society to institute a community of principle, the Principle of Universal Love, all across the board on the social level?" said Fred in a tone of astonishment, shaking his head slightly. "Do you have any idea what this would mean in the political sphere if it could be implemented? Just look at the world, we are presently splintered into a thousand pieces along ideological lines, racial lines, economic lines, geographic lines, even religious lines. To build a meaningful community of principle, beginning with the simple humanist principles that the USA was founded on, extending across all the nations of the world, such a revolution in thinking all by itself could uplift civilization as has ever been deemed possible. Such a community of principle was Quincy Adams' tallest hope. But his hope never came to be realized. He worked towards it, but was always blocked and sabotaged. Are you saying that this Mary has put the concept of a community of principle on

the table in the most absolute sense possible on the home turf of our social existence? Maybe she put it on the agenda of humanity as a foundation for attaining everything that has remained so far as but an unrealized hope? This isn't just big, Ross. This is huge! But is it true?"

"It is true," Sylvia interrupted when she joined us by the fireplace. "It's scary to think of what she demands at the social level, but it's true. And it is also possible to move with that. It may pose huge challenges, but it is possible to move with the demands of an imperative principle that is greater than oneself. There was a time when we made some progress along this line, a few small steps perhaps."

Fred nodded. "That is big alright."

"It is as big as the fifty years of relative peace in the world, the kind of which hasn't been seen prior to Mary's time all the way back to the Renaissance, nor after her time, which became a century of terrible wars," said Ross to Fred. "So you must choose in which direction you want to look, or not look at all. One thing is certain, this Mary gave Christianity an excelsior extension with an infinite open door. Do you want to test that door, Fred? If there is a universal principle behind it, that principle is as valid today as it was then. That's the nature of principles. The principle of universal gravitation, for example, is always valid and always has been. There had never been a moment when it wasn't valid. Likewise the principle of flight that enables mankind to get its feet off the ground has been valid long before mankind has discovered it and learned to utilize it. The dinosaurs had utilized the principle of flight already 200 million years before us. What do we call them, the flying reptiles, the Peteroductylus? And then there are the insects of course. They have been buzzing around since the Devonian Period some 400 million years ago. Once a universal principle has been discovered it seems almost unstoppable. It continues to be utilized. Its validity never ends. Why should it be any different with the principle that Mary has put on the table and had utilized so profoundly in her own time that gave the world 50 years of peace?"

"You are raising a huge challenge linked to a huge achievement," said Fred. "But can it be done?"

Fred turned to Sylvia. "I know that you and Peter have taken a few steps in that direction. Would you be willing to move forward again? Would you have the 'strength' to go all the way?"

Sylvia nodded. "What choice do we have? We have the choice to move forward or collapse into the kind of hell that is already unfolding. Moving forward seems less scary. At least in that direction we have a future."

"I have nothing with which to prove to you that the 50 years of peace were in any way linked with Mary's achievement,"

said Ross. "All that I have is the historic coincidence in timing between her work and world events, and her great universal love for humanity that all her work was based on. I must assume that since both aspects emerged together in such a profound way as we have never seen before nor since, that Mary may have left her mark of immortality on time in both small and huge historic terms. The evidence suggests that she has shaped the face of the world until her profound influence until that influence ended with her death. You want to close your eyes to that? She died in December 1910. Less than three years later all hell broke loose in 1913. Now we are facing forty thousand nuclear bombs as the result, which we have built for each other with now tens of millions of dirty uranium bombs added that are already sitting on the ground pre-positioned. Our President who calls himself the Decider is stirring up the whole world to find an excuse for America to use these horrid killing machines."

"Isn't it amazing how far we have drifted from the environment of love in which a partially paralyzed person can be healed in the space of an instant," Sylvia interjected.

"This might also be the reason why the Principle of Universal Love, which is imbedded in Mary's concept of the universal marriage of humanity, has remained almost totally obscured since she put it on the table a hundred years ago," I said to Fred. "Obviously the Principle of Universal Love posed a near insurmountable challenge a hundred years ago, just as it still does."

"I think the challenge that she presented to us, to even acknowledge her achievement, is as huge to us as is her historic achievement itself," said Sylvia to Fred. "I also think that we can no longer hide behind the challenge and step away from what appears to be potentially possible."

"The looming consequences are more than huge today," Ross interjected. "If this challenge remains unmet, all hell will break loose. We are facing four major potential crises at once, in the modern world. We are in the midst of a worldwide economic collapse; we face a renewed drive for nuclear war with new type of nuclear weapons added; we face a horrific expansion of fascism, terrorism, torture, killing, and destroying; and we are in the end-phase of the current interglacial period with the threat of a new Ice Age emerging on the horizon in spite of all the global warming hoopla. If there is the faintest light at the end of the tunnel, shouldn't we rush to grab it instead of debating whether there is any real light there, or whether the light that we see is but a mirage?"

"I think the time for debating has passed," said Sylvia to Fred. "In addition, we don't have any excuses left not to do this work, whatever this implies. Ross' discovery of Mary's scientific achievements and challenges changes the way we must relate our-

selves to one-another individually, as well as globally. The same principle applies to both aspects, including the way you must conduct your diplomacy, nation to nation. We are all human beings. We cannot ignore this fact, whether Mary has built her scientific principles on this fact or not; the truth is the truth. We have to acknowledge it, and move with it. If we don't know how to fly with that, we have to discover how to get our feet unstuck, so to speak."

Fred looked at her, curiously. "Do you really means this," he said. "Are you willing to take the steps?"

Sylvia nodded.

"How do we get out of any rut, but by moving to higher ground? Here Mary may help us. We must do what it takes," I said boldly. "What we have in common of our humanity across the world and all nations comes to light as being indeed huge and profound, and it may be greater than the greatest challenge we ever face. But we have to get out of the rut."

Tony came onto the scene and laughed. "Hear who is talking. You guys are champions of getting stuck in the rut. We all are."

"I think what lies outside the rut comes to light as something infinitely greater than anything that has ever dragged us down, has divided us, and still does so," said Sylvia. "Fortunately a major element of what divides us is lodged so closely at our home gate that we simply cannot ignore it when we are honest with ourselves, and step over it. Scientifically speaking, what Mary has put on the table as our all-embracing natural marriage, which she said is an established reality, needs to be acknowledged on all levels, from the most intimate social level including sex, all the way laterally to the global political and economic level. One universal principle unites us all across the board in every domain. The problem may be that we have regarded the Principle of Universal Love as far too abstract and utopian, so that we don't really see it as something absolutely fundamental to human existence and civilization. This delusion has become a trap for us all, and it seems hard to pull ourselves out of this trap."

Fred simply nodded to Sylvia. He didn't argue any of her points. Finally he stood up to fill his cup of hot chocolate up again. He seemed to agree with the entire concept that Ross and I laid out before him. He didn't argue against it. I found this reaction strange. He acted as if none of what we had said was in any way new to him. He nodded as if Ross and I and Sylvia had merely commented on something that should be blatantly self-evident, like the storm that had come up that morning, which was whipping up white caps out on the water as everyone could see. Still he kept quiet. He has something up his sleeve. One could see it in his smile.

Eventually Fred turned to me which his fresh cup of choco-

late still in hand. "Do you really believe what you are saying?" He said calmly and deliberately clearly, so as to avoid any misunderstanding.

I answered affirmatively.

"I dare you to prove in real life that this principle that you have discovered is valid and has demonstrable merit," said Fred to me.

"Are you ready for a challenge?" Fred said to Sylvia. He continued speaking in the same tone of voice. "Let me caution both of you, having to deliver proof puts a whole new dimension on things. Maybe I should be asking you to consider if it is really possible to do what you say must be done, which no one has yet been able to do for 4000 years?"

"Yes, I think it is possible," I answered strongly. "It must be possible. If we say it isn't, we have no hope at all."

"Maybe that is why we got stuck in a rut for a dozen years," said Sylvia, "because we have said to ourselves that the Principle of Universal Love doesn't really apply in the real world. And now you are saying the same thing again, that it might not apply, and much less so the principle of the universal marriage of mankind, which is built on that larger principle. We have said this confusing thing to ourselves for a long time, Fred, it has become a looped song like from a broken record. We keep saying that all of that is impractical, even while we see no other option. For 4000 years mankind has been subjected to the rule of empires and their looting and their wars. For 4000 years we have struggled to pull ourselves free. For 4000 years we have failed while things got worse. Now we face the possible extinction of civilization, if not mankind itself, if don't change course into a principle-powered direction. Our killing machines have become too powerful for mankind to survive in the long run. We have to turn the page no matter what it takes. We have to go in the right direction, and we all know what direction that is. We have said that the principle that offers hope is too big and is pie-in-the-sky-stuff, the stuff of dreams. We have said this also about the principles that Mary put on the table. And the price, Fred, that we paid for saying this has been a century of war in which half the world was destroyed and a hundred million people were killed. And now in the nuclear-armed world the price looms even bigger and we seem to be prepared to pay this price too, and still we say no to the only principle that can turn the ship around. We say it doesn't apply. Maybe it does apply. We should at least give it a run, we should invite every opportunity, whatever that means."

Sylvia answered Fred quickly, though still theoretically, without really thinking about the practical aspects. I supported her and explained to Fred that the whole concept of the universal marriage

of humanity on all levels was still extremely new to all of us. "But let's be honest with ourselves, what other options do we have?" I said to Fred. "There are principles involved that we can no longer ignore, and challenges that frankly put, are scary. Nevertheless, the development of the science involved makes its own demands. Scientific discoveries reflect the imperatives of universal principles that are bigger than anyone of us is. Yes, that's scary," I concluded.

"Science?" Fred repeated, questioningly. "How can science be scary?"

I nodded, as if this didn't really require an answer. "Science, in its most absolute sense gives to humanity a new image, a new definition, a new selfhood," I said moments later. "But in order to get there, we always venture into virgin territory that no one has dared to enter before. That's what's scary. What if we mess up?"

I felt proud as I formulated that answer based on what I felt should be obvious, but should also be stated bluntly if it wasn't recognized. "Science gives us an expanded awareness of universal Truth," I continued. "It develops our knowledge of the domain of absolute Truth. It has to explore virgin territory for that reason. In the marriage context, this truth comes to light in the simple fact that we are all 'children with a common universal human Soul' so to speak.' That's a profound concept, don't you think? It makes the Principle of Universal Love natural, and our response to it likewise natural, though it comes with scary implications?"

Fred raised his hand as if he wanted to say something.

I cut him off. "The marriage of humanity is a scientific fact based on a recognized truth. It comes to light in one of the greatest universal principles that our civilization is built on," I added. I felt that I had to say something profound in support of Ross' and Sylvia's arguments, something that projected the profundity of the discovery of Mary's work so that even Fred would be moved by it. "We all share the same humanity, don't we?" I added almost as an afterthought. "We are all married to one-another by this fact, whether everyone denies this or not."

Fred burst into laughter. "The marriage of humanity!" he repeated. He spoke in a mocking tone of voice now. The mocking became mingled with his laughter. "My dear Peter, I have listened to you all. Do you think you live on the moon or on Mars? What happened to the down to earth fellow that I knew?"

"I live on planet Earth where this concept has been developed over a hundred years ago," I countered his laughter. "As Ross said, this development happened right here in America. It is one of the achievements that has made America great. It happened in New England, just a few hundred miles north of us, up near Boston. That's not on the moon, Fred? What I am talking about is real down to earth stuff. Just because nobody has yet responded for the last

hundred years to Mary's discovered scientific fact, either here in North Carolina, nor anywhere else, doesn't make that scientific fact any less valid and any less important. I think this is still the most profound leading edge stuff there is, even if it is a hundred years old, and it pertains directly to us! If we can't move with it and change the world as Mary had once started to do it a hundred years ago, who will? Who will break the rut of a century of war?"

Fred stopped laughing. He raised his hand and then smiled as if a wicked idea has entered his mind. I remembered seeing that kind smile before. I remembered it from way back at the conference in Moscow. Fred reached for his wallet just as he did then. This time he and took a fifty-dollar bill out of it and put it on the table. "You guys really don't know how naive you are," he said in a serious tone. He put a finger on the fifty-dollar bill. "I will double those fifty bucks if you can convince a friend of mine in India that you are not dreaming about this, but are serious in running with it," he said. With that he began to laugh again.

He turned to me. "If you fail in what you say is just a simple task, you pay me a fifty. If you succeed with what you say is possible, I double it. You get a hundred. Is it a deal?"

He turned to Sylvia. "The Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind opens up a wide field. Are you prepared to become a part of this wider field and let it unfold?"

"I should invite every opportunity?" said Sylvia.

Fred looked at me.

I shook my head. "No Fred, I know your kind of betting games. I think you have something up your sleeve. No thanks!"

"OK, Peter, I know I have disappointed you once. Considering that I have screwed up in the past, I'll double my offer," he said. He began to grin now. "No, Peter, I will double it again. I will give you four hundred against your fifty, because of the enormous nature of the challenge that I put before you. You speak of a principle. A principle is useful only when it is applied in practice. Verification is the proof of the hypothesis. That's the challenge that science imposes on us all. So my friend, I dare you to master the challenge. Can you apply in real life what you proposed to be a scientific fact? As verification I want you to convince a friend of mine of that fact the marriage of mankind is an established universal reality. She needs to hear this and learn to live with it. She is facing a crisis of some sort. And more than this, I challenge you to get her to understand the principle of it out of her own resources and acknowledge it by committing herself to it. And I want to hear this from her. Her name is Indira. I am going to send you there on a mission to prove to her that she is already married to greatest bunch of people on the planet, that's us." He began to laugh.

"You were saying, her?" I interrupted his laughter.

I looked at Sylvia.

Sylvia nodded.

Fred still smiled. "Yes Peter, the friend that I am referring to is a woman. She is a medical doctor living in India. She's also a Dalit. That makes it quite a challenge, I'm sure. Do you dare to take on that challenge? Four hundred dollars don't seem so big anymore in the light of that comparison, am I right?"

I nodded now too, but I nodded reluctantly.

Fred turned to Sylvia. "Way back in history a woman named Leah gave her handmaiden to her husband to wife in order that she might bear children to enrich the family. Now I am asking you to do the same with a stranger to potentially enrich the family of mankind. Are you ready for that?"

"I would invite it," said Sylvia. "But you've already set the stage."

"OK Pete, you'll leave in a week," said Fred instantly as a reply to Sylvia. He reached his hand out for a handshake. He grinned.

I raised my hand. "Not so fast Fred! She is a Dalit. What does that mean?"

Fred began to laugh. "No Peter, you can't get out of your commitment now. You agreed to the deal. You nodded. With you, that's a promise. However, Peter, don't be afraid of her. She won't bite. She is an untouchable!" Fred laughed some more.

"If she is someone who stands above the law," Ross interjected, "is it safe for Pete to visit her? Is it safe for us to become involved?"

Fred burst into a long drawn out laughter. "No Ross, she isn't related to the Mafia. You've got it all wrong. The untouchables of India are the broken people, the Dalits. They are the lowest of the low. They are even considered lower in status than a dog. They are at the dirt bottom on the social scale. They are held so low in esteem, that by tradition, any person of a higher cast would never consider to even touch one of them, or be near one. The Dalits are the manual scavengers. They call them the scavengers, because they clear the feces from public and private toilettes and dispose of dead animals in the cities, and do other dirty work like that no one else wants to do. As society sees them, they wallow in this shit of their existence for a few scraps of food, just enough to stay alive, like scavengers do. The Dalits are given the lowest occupations in the world. There are millions of people in the Dalit category, which is the absolute bottom in the caste system."

"But didn't you say that your friend is a medical doctor?" I interrupted Fred astonished. "And you say, she is a Dalit? Isn't that a paradox?"

Fred replied with an unemotional look. "She was born a Dalit.

Under the law the Dalit are free people. Under the caste system they are kept as slaves and treated like slaves. She was one of the slaves. The caste system is officially abolished, but it still rules. When I was on assignment in India, she was 'hired' to be my servant. I paid off her bondage to her owner and arranged to have her educated in Rochester. I helped her to become a doctor in order that she might help her people to better themselves. The Dalits receive virtually no help from anyone in India. They didn't at the time, and I don't think this has changed much. There was no one that I could find who was willing to help those countless masses, numbering into the millions. So I helped them in my own little way to help themselves. That's the tragedy of India in which help is badly needed and there are few helping hands. The people who succeeded in India see themselves in a higher class. To them the lower class doesn't exist, except as a readymade resource to be exploited as if they weren't human beings or a part of our humanity. Indira became my project for starting a different trend. She has worked hard to fulfill my hopes for her. She became one of the finest medical doctors that you will find in India."

Fred paused. "This happened a long time ago, Peter." He continued quietly, and with a smile again. "It didn't cost me much to help the woman. Still, the little that I did changed her life and the life of many others. Now you are about to become another part of this process that I have set into motion. If your promise is true, you might make a big difference in uplifting her work, and possibly also the people that she is helping. I'll give you one week to convince this woman of your scientific reality. As I said, if you succeed, if she embraces your discovery as something of substance to the point that your discovery will help her further, then you'll win. Then, we will all win. I am willing to take the chance that you will win. In fact, I am hoping as never before that you will win. This is worth a great deal to me as you can see. Of course, if you fail, in that case you owe me fifty dollars and probably a huge apology too."

Fred looked at Sylvia. She nodded again and smiled.

Fred looked to Tony and raised his finger. "Can you arrange transport for Peter?"

"No, not to India," Tony waved him off. "The Air Force has no base there anymore. Also, they are getting sticky now when transportation is requested that is not for government business."

Fred began to laugh again. "What I propose is official diplomatic business." He began with a loud laughter, but ended in a serious tone. "If there is anything we can do to help those two-hundred million Dalits to become accepted into the fold of humanity, this will be the single most important diplomatic breakthrough of the century. It would even revolutionize the American scene. We have

our own Dalits here. Even a tiny step towards this breakthrough, and even if it happens only in India, must be considered a great diplomatic achievement. So, Tony, Peter's business is totally on the level. Diplomacy exists for building bridges. At least, that's the way it should be. That's the way it once used to be."

"And you want to send me to build that bridge?" I replied. "I really walked into this one, didn't I?"

"Eh, what do you have to lose, Pete?" Tony said to me with a grin and began to laugh, too. "Fifty bucks for a week in India isn't a bad price. And that is the worst case if you lose. Somehow, though, I have the feeling that you will not lose. Just don't make a mess of it," he added. "Promise me, no mess, please!"

"I expect you to win, not lose," Fred intervened, defending his offer. "I expect you to elevate the entire situation that you find there." He paused again. "All right, I'll give you two weeks to complete the job and I'll double my offer again. I think this puts the incentive into the proper context of what I expect. I'll even get her to meet you at the airport. This is a bet, Peter, that I really want you to win."

I looked at Sylvia. Sylvia simply nodded and grinned.

I looked at Heather. Heather had a grin on her face too that she tried to hide, but without much success.

I looked at Ross. Ross smiled and said something about a cakewalk.

I looked at Fred and nodded again.

I accepted my 'recruitment' as gracefully as I could and with the understanding that to fail was not an option, which made the challenge appear even scarier. I should have rejoiced. Instead, I felt like facing defeat. I was a diplomat. My boss had sent me on countless missions before, many times with great expectations. But in this case our scientific breakthrough had evidently inspired still greater expectations, perhaps the greatest expectation ever, and all of Fred's high hopes appeared to be based largely on my own doing. I found myself locked into a promise to deliver big time, which I couldn't get out of, that I also couldn't see my way through. How is one to fulfill a request so big and with no allowance for failure? The principle that the whole project rested on was still far too new to me, even to Ross.

In less than a week from that day I found myself on a commercial flight of Air India with a first class ticket to New Delhi. As Fred had promised, I was met at the airport. Fred had called her Indira, which he said isn't her real name. He said it is the name she had chosen according to his suggestion. He said that he had always called her Indira in honor of Indira Gandhi. He also explained that

her real name, the name that made her one of the Dalits, must never be used, officially. He warned me that it must be forgotten should it ever be made known to me.

The woman that I met at the airport in India was a tall person, slender, in her forties so it seemed, with a beautiful face, a warm smile. I really didn't know what to expect to find in India that she was a part of. Obviously, she was in the same predicament concerning me. She had a nametag with Indira written on it pinned to her long gown that nearly extended to the floor in simple flowing lines. Fred was right; she wasn't hard to notice. She stood out from the rest. She stood out as someone unique. Her face was alive. The nametag really wasn't needed, except as a confirmation. As Fred had told me, she spoke near perfect English, American English that is. He was right on this point too, except she spoke it in her own unique style.

"Welcome to India," she said to me with a shy kind of smile the moment we identified ourselves. "I greet you and I kiss you," she added with a handshake, but without the slightest gesture that the promise of the kiss would be followed up with deeds. I didn't expect that it would. "What did you come to India for?" she asked moments later as if to change the focus. We had met in the midst of a crowd while I was waiting for my baggage to arrive, which still hadn't arrived. "What did you expect to find in India?" she added.

I smiled and glanced at her. "I came to India to dance," I said I said with a grin.

"Oh you came to dance with me?" she replied almost instantly.

"Actually, no, I didn't come to India to dance WITH you," I said still grinning. "I came to dance with myself for you, to dance my own dance as directed from the bottom of my heart, as honest as it can be, in the hope that you may be enriched thereby. And so I really came here to dance for you. Should you want to join in, that would be great. I don't come with that expectation, however. I think that whatever is right unfolds on its own, because it is right, and not because of what I might expect. Of course you are most sincerely invited to join me laterally on the dance floor. I invite you to dance side by side with me, and dance your own dance as you're directed by your own heart. And in so doing, we would be dancing side by side for one-another, bringing a spark of light into one-another's life."

With having said this I took the first step in my dance and embraced her with a kiss on the cheek and smile as we shook hands a second time.

The smile was returned to me. "Oh I see," she said. "We are both already dancing. This blows all my expectations into the wind.

They've been too small. Are you offering a whole New World?"

"Would you expect anything less from us dancing for one-another as directed by our heart and soul, and our common humanity?" I asked. "Here begins a New World indeed, because there has never been such dancing before."

"No, I don't expect anything less," she said quietly and closed the sentence with a kiss of her own. "I don't expect anything less anymore. Wow, oh what light we are going to have unfolding in India!" she said and began to grin.

"What light indeed?" I added. "The greatest light we can bring to one another, the light of universal love. Can there be anything greater?"

Indira didn't answer. She simply kept on grinning.

I was hoping for some major insight, something that I could bring to India to be able to enrich the scene I would find, but nothing came to mind except what we had talked about at Ross' place. Before I stepped on the airplane coming to an India that I had always regarded as a mythical country, I spent a few days studying up on its history and on the status of the Dalits; the broken people; the untouchables. I had learned things that Fred hadn't revealed, that the very term, the untouchables, was really a lie. In real life the opposite happened. When it came to sexual exploitation, the mythical untouchability of the Dalits was routinely thrown out of the window. That started eons ago. I supposed that Indira might have grown out of this inhuman atmosphere where the low-caste women are often raped and the men are brutalized. I reasoned that this kind of tragedy might have been a part of her life from an early age on as this often happens in poor countries with a history of imperial oppression. I reasoned from this that the very notion of sexual affections would logically have to be repulsive to her.

I couldn't even begin to imagine then, what it might mean for a young girl to grow up in a world filled with such deep disdain that a human person is given a lower status than a dog and is always in danger of being beaten, raped, even murdered at will, and this almost legally so. I could see how in this strange and twisted sense the Dalits had become untouchable, as nothing more could be taken from them that would make their life worse.

I puzzled over these things again that I had learned in the history books as we walked away from the baggage counter to her car. I was puzzled, because the books seemed to be incomplete. I was puzzled by what I saw, because her appearance and gestures denied this background of endless pain, mixed with shame and the hidden anger that seems inevitable in such a life.

With this puzzle in mind her introduction seemed even more contradictory. It totally overturned my expectation. She had introduced herself as Indira, the name Fred had suggested to her. She seemed proud of it. She didn't use the name reluctantly as she might have had if it were out of necessity in order to hide her real name. Maybe she had stepped away from the past, as Fred had suggested to her. She had introduced herself and spoken her new name with the same warm and shy smile that accompanied those first amazing words, "I greet you and I kiss you." Those words had opened the door to me to speak about dancing, and she had responded instantly with her own dance and had followed it up with a gentle kiss of her own, on the cheek. We were indeed already dancing for one-another. This wasn't the mythical India that I dreamed about, or the down-trodden India that I had read about. This was a revolutionary India with a wide-open human heart and mind, a place where miracles seemed possible.

Was this the new India? I wondered. I have heard stories of women's liberation. But I had also heard horror stories in which the woman is but a piece of 'inventory.' The India that I found, if Indira was an example of it, appeared to fit neither mould. She wasn't the cold activist type of a liberation movement that makes people bitter and small-minded. Indira appeared beautiful and fresh in her smile like the sunrise, and as exotic as India is described in fairy tales told by travelers that seek out the extraordinary. Indira's look didn't match any of those patterns. Her look was that of a 'real' woman, confident, proud, joyful. She touched me like a living paradox, and at the same time like an invitation to solve the paradox. Both seemed so extraordinary that I was at a loss to say something appropriate that would do justice to what I felt was unfolding before me like a great wonder.

"Thank you for meeting me at the airport," I said to her when my baggage 'finally' arrived. I said those words in the most gracious manner that I could muster. To my surprise, my 'stammering' made her smile. I voiced my surprise. "You are the rose of India," I said to her. I took a stab in the dark with that, since I had no idea whether or not they even had roses in India so that the metaphor meant anything. Actually I really didn't care. It meant something to me. That seemed to be enough for a reason. Comparing her to a rose was a part of my dance: my kiss.

The compliment was indeed an honest one. During my preparation for the trip to India, I had felt that I had to be exceedingly gentle with her. Instead, she went far out of her way to be gentle with me. She kindly opened the door between us and opened it so wide that I felt something vital in this meeting of hearts that prom-

ised far more than just a fruitful dialog.

"Have you ever felt yourself drawn to kiss a rose?" she said. "I saw this done in a movie once, a long time ago as a child."

"I haven't, Indira, but I do feel so inclined now," I said to her with a grin and kissed her once more. "I greet you with a kiss as no rose would ever have inspired," I added. "The rose as a symbol is but a symbol. The joy comes from what is real. And our 'dancing' is real!"

"I can accept that," she said and smiled and nodded, and then reached her hand out.

I couldn't remember whether I had ever been disappointed in the past when my luggage finally appeared on the conveyor belt and slid down onto the luggage carousel to mingle with the others. This time I was disappointed. The arrival of the luggage had interrupted something that I didn't want to end. I let the luggage go around the carousel once before picking it up. Picking it up somehow brought the conventional world back into view, though the conventional world had now a brightness of its own. The openness of her greeting gave me hope that I would find a way later on to address the most sensitive subject with her that I had come to explain to her and to solicit her agreement with. I reasoned that this could only be done in a process of lateral 'dancing.'

She seemed to sense that something was interrupted when the luggage arrived. She responded to it. She was like a gift from heaven in this respect. "Let's find a cart," she said, "though the cart really wasn't needed.

She turned out to be easy to talk with. Perhaps the ease of her manners, with which she touched me like a gentle light was nothing more than my own inner upwelling response to her greeting. I barely paid attention when she told me on the way out of the terminal that her car was nearby. Why wasn't I surprised that she owned a car?

The world of her wonders seemed to continue in the privacy of her car. She looked exotic in her long gown that reached to the ground, but her manners were cultured with a touch of Europe reflected in them, a touch of Paris perhaps, or Berlin, Rome, or Florence. She appeared as if she would feel herself at home in any of these places. Except she wasn't domineering as many people tend to become in the great cities of Europe, especially when they are put under the pressure of frustrating situations. I've been on the roads there where fists are often raised. Patience was her virtue, even behind the steering wheel. She wasn't domineering towards anyone, so it seemed, certainly not towards me. She hadn't any plans lined

up for me to follow. She allowed me to let our evening together unfold as I would desire. Naturally, I invited her out for dinner. I asked her to select the best of her favorite places, or even one that lay outside of the normal range of her choosing.

She smiled most of the time while we drove into town. We drove along expressways that were as slow as those in New York City during rush hour. We also drove on wide, tree-lined boulevards that had an air of elegance about them that even Washington couldn't match. Half an hour later we fought our way through the narrow streets of Old Delhi and through some streets that were too narrow to be still called streets, that reminded me of the rickety alleyways back home that one would rather not venture into unless one had no other choice. Here, it seemed we had no choice. In some places that was all there was. Eventually, we ended up in a back-street parking garage with an entrance so narrow that a big American car probably wouldn't have fitted between the gateposts.

The drive from the airport had been 'interesting' to say the least and as varied as India was said to be in the travel brochures. But mostly I was impressed by Indira herself. India's landscape and its colors seemed to be flowing around her as if she was a part of it, but moving in her own way so that everything else bore tribute to her. Her gentle manners and the melody of her voice seemed modulated with a spiritual hue that I had vaguely expected and had prepared myself for, but which unfolded quite differently than one can gleam from travelogues. She captivated me also in the conventional sense. As a driver she was the personified biblical Job in a chaos of traffic where few rules seemed to apply. And above all, she was always beautiful to look at. I cherished the vision, though I had to admit to myself that Fred would have made me look at the tip of my finger and then would have asked me to whom it was pointing. His words would have reflect then what Steve always said, that the beauty we behold is but an image of the beauty that we hold in our heart, the beauty of the Soul.

The restaurant that Indira selected was totally Indian, as I had hoped. The menu was written on a chalkboard that covered most of the back wall. Since I couldn't read a word, she chose the food at my request. The culinary details didn't seem important at this moment, compared to the quiet power of her presence. Ordering food was definitely of little significance. Wasn't all Indian food generally alike? At least I thought so. She also chose the wine for us. "Americans like wine," she said and smiled again.

After the wine had been poured, she raised her glass. "Congratulations, Peter," she said and began to grin.

"Congratulation for what?" I asked surprised when our glasses touched.

"You came to convince me that the universal marriage of humanity is an established scientific fact, a reality that we can't get away from. That's what Fred told me you were coming to India for. You came to convince me of that. I fully agree with your discovery," she said. "In fact, I love it. I have seen the truth of it already. I think I have known that truth all my life. In a way, I am a living proof of it. So my friend, you have won your bet with Fred. If Fred had sent you to any of the higher cast Thevars, you might have been in trouble. But Fred knew that. That is why he sent you to me." She put her glass down, leaned across the table and kissed me on the lips.

"Wow, I love India!" I said.

"That's not India. That's humanity!" she said.

"Maybe Fred wants us to figure out together how to convince a business tycoon that all human beings share the same humanity and the same beautiful Soul," I suggested.

"And the same worth," she added. "But you are wrong about the business tycoons. The business tycoons aren't the problem here. The discrimination that makes us Dalits the untouchables of India takes place within a narrow segment of the caste hierarchy, mostly at the low end of it. The biggest conflict is between the poorest of India and the not-quite-so-poor. It's between the landless laborers and the small landowners. The differences come from the economic leverage that the caste Hindus, the non-Dalits, the Thevars, are able to wield over the local police and the district administrations, in some cases also over the state governments. This small difference has been magnified over time to the point that we have become the untouchables."

"That must feel terrible to be designated as an untouchable person," I commented.

She smiled in reply. "And that, my friend, makes you a hypocrite, or you are blind," she said. "The vast majority of humanity lives as untouchables, don't they? Most people become untouchables as the result of their marriages. Others are untouchable in a different way, but they are isolated nevertheless."

"I'm not a hypocrite," I defended myself. "I am married to Sylvia. That doesn't make me untouchable to you. If it would, I would not have been able to be here. Sylvia and I crossed this bridge a long time ago. I'm not an untouchable."

Indira nodded. "But there is also another vast discrimination happening all over the world that makes people untouchable. This one is built on an even lesser differentiation than the one that we have here between the Dalits and the Thevars. This one might yet make you a hypocrite. I am talking about the sexual division and

isolation of people, which goes very deep. In India this discrimination is more in the background. Here nobody questions it. It's hidden, even while it is right in the open."

"No, I'm not an hypocrite on this count either," I defended myself. "From the moment on that people see each other primarily as individual human beings, no one is untouchable by the strands of love that our love builds towards one-another like an out-flowing light. Yes, countless people shy away from that love for reasons of their sex and the challenges that come with it. But this shying away doesn't make any person inherently untouchable. Of course if we intent to force the light of love to flow backwards, like a black hole in space that nothing can escape from, then people become truly untouchable. However, that's not a natural phenomenon in the human world. A black hole would be a perfect model for rape. It emits no light and consumes everything around it. But that's not a natural part of our humanity. It's an artificial phenomenon, a sewer, an imperial creation. A black hole in space appears as if it isn't a part of the universe of light. That is why it is called a black hole. It truly is untouchable. But a human being isn't a black hole, even sexually. If we see each other as human beings we can't be untouchable sexually, but envelop each other in our sunshine. It's the saddest thing in the world that human beings can't regard one-another as primarily human beings. That alone makes them untouchable. They shy away from the very humanity that they are a part of."

She was right. It was also sad that this kind of political talk should erupt in such a lovely place as she had chosen for our dinner, over so lovely a meal as was being served. I sensed a faint smell of exotic spices as chunks of meat, vegetables, blended into a creamy sauce, was lavishly spread over a bed of rice. On the other hand, to judge by the way Indira's eyes sparkled when she spoke about the political issues that had affected her so deeply, it seemed important that we should talk about them, especially since I had come from so far away and from the outside of her world and as a diplomat whose job it is by definition, to listen and to try to understand, but not to judge her and her people. With this thought in mind I did my best to keep the political talk going, to allow her to bring into the open what no tourist would ever hear, or any guide book would ever mention, of the dark places and customs that inspire shame, but which need to be talked about nevertheless.

That's when I remembered with shame on my part that I had some secrets to hide too, about America, which likewise had to be told, especially about the birthday present that I had brought her. After the meal was served I presented the present, a present from America. I confided that it wasn't much of a present in the physical sense, but might be world-shaking in the profound sense. I told her

that I had run into a problem with selecting something uniquely American to bring to her as a gift. I told her that my problem had been that everything that I had selected, which I thought was uniquely American, was either made in China, India, Taiwan, Korea, Japan, Mexico, or in one of the other countries that America was enslaving.

"We have stopped being a producer society," I said to Indira. "We've become an enslaver society. We have become importers. We steal from the poor nations of the world. We offer them our essentially worthless paper, and in return they give us their life by way of the products they produce for us, which we require for our living, but which we no longer care to produce for ourselves. Since I couldn't possibly give you an essentially stolen product as a gift, I found the range of selection rather narrowed."

Against this background I presented my gift in the form of a postcard produced on homemade paper, inscribed by a local artist from North Carolina, signed by me with the simple inscription, "Have a happy forever Indira-day!"

She looked at the present.

"Isn't it your birthday today?" I asked.

"Fred told you about that?" she said and began to smile. Then she looked at the card again. "That's the best that the mighty USA could produce," she said and began to laugh.

"That's more deeply American than apple pie," I answered. "It represents America's brightest epoch, which was also the brightest epoch of peace right across the world in modern times. All the times before this epoch in which the postcard message is rooted, and the times after this epoch, were times of disaster for mankind. This epoch alone, which the message on the card relates to, was an epoch of peace. It was a profound epoch of peace, the greatest ever, which coincides with the spiritual pioneering work of a woman in New England by the name of Mary. Mary has put the Principle of Universal Love on the map with a power that no one has come even close to matching for 2000 years. She understood this principle to such an extent that a woman, who had been crippled with partial paralysis, had been healed in the space of a single moment by the power of that New England woman's profound outflow of love. It happened when her carriage crossed the crippled woman's path and the two women 'met' silently in that moment of her passing by."

I told Indira the entire story, the one that Ross had discovered in his research among other similar stories. I also told her that this spiritual pioneer's profound universal love had put on the table a vastly higher image of humanity than the image that we commonly frame with the concepts of birth and death. I told Indira that my present to her is an "unbirthday" card. I told her that with each birthday that people celebrate around the world, they celebrate their

mortality. "They celebrate their life as a timeframe stuck between two bookends, one is called birth and the other is called death. People count their years of life and then light candles according to all those years and stick them into a birthday cake. Once this is done the birthday person is summoned, who then ceremoniously blows all the candles out."

I pointed out that this nagging sense of mortality, which people celebrate on their birthday, is literally stealing their life. "Shouldn't we rather celebrate the achievements of our life and with them our immortality as human beings? Our achievements come to light in our commitment to uplift the world in an enduring fashion. It is this profound sense of our enduring quality, the immortality of our humanity, which forms the substance that is symbolized by the Indira-day. This timeless substance unfolds every day of your life, Indira, and makes each day your forever day."

"Do you want to scrap the birthday cake?" Indira said and smiled.

"Of course not. Let's have the cake, but keep the candles lit and let each guest receive a burning candle to celebrate a life that is burning brightly, a life which has touched them all and keeps on doing that. The candle should keep burning until the cake is fully eaten and the truth is dawning brighter in consciousness that we are all one people and that civilization is a measure of our commitment to enrich one-another's life. Wouldn't that be more appropriate for a birthday ceremony? It would touch on the truth, and with it strengthen and widen the bond to one-another. But our small marriage concept doesn't allow that. It forces us to blow the candles out before we give the cake away. Of course the world's traditional wedding cake has no candles on it at all."

When our dessert arrived I brought two candles out of my briefcase and lit them and gave them to her. She gave one of them back to me with a smile and with tears in her eyes. "I'm speechless," she said. "It's amazing how one small change in a ceremony can change the world of one."

"The resulting profound sense of immortality and unity takes away the various bookends that we tend to squeeze our life in-between," I said, reaching for her hand. "The shift in focus puts the focuses onto the substance of living, the intellect, the spiritual identity that is ours, and our universal love that is already uplifting civilization, without which we would have no civilization at all. What really matters in life can only be referenced by infinity itself. This reflects your endless day, Indira, your Indira-day, a day for celebrating the brightness of your being that is a light for the world, a light that brightens the universe."

Indira smiled shyly, but said sothing.

"This is the principle that the New England woman represents," I said. "It is something uniquely American. It is also something that I can proudly present to you as a present, because it is something incredibly rich, something which we haven't even begun to explore yet in earnest in order to unlock its riches."

I added that all of this is truly, only the beginning. I told Indira that it was this pioneering New England woman who had also developed the principle of the universal marriage of mankind on the platform of an advanced form of science that she has developed that takes a person far beyond the sophistry of ancient religious perversions. "This woman's truth-bound marriage concept is evidently based on the recognition that we are all human beings in the highest possible sense, meaning by this that we are all 'children' of the same humanity and the same divine universal Soul that is our human soul. We are all bound to this fundamental reality of our being, in which our divinity as human beings comes to light."

I explained to Indira that in real terms this woman didn't actually create that new concept of marriage when she discovered the principle of the universal marriage of mankind. She merely presented a natural universal principle in the most scientific manner possible. She thereby opened the door to a reality that had already been established and had been the reality of human society for as long as human beings have walked the Earth. "Consequently, when the woman created a church that she designed for scientific mental healing she made no provisions for setting up small artificial marriage bonds, like the narrow bonds that society clings to. Had she made such a provision it would have stood in denial of the truth that takes us beyond the small sphere and the artificial sphere, the sphere of the limited and incomplete concepts of our already existing universal marriage."

"So you are not here to scrap the marriage concept, are you?" Indira interjected.

"I couldn't scrap it if I wanted to, Indira. No one can scrap a universal principle. Could anyone ever scrap the principle of universal gravitation? The marriage principle reflects a universal gravitation of a different kind that we can't get away from. No one can scrap the fact that we are all human beings and depend on one another for our very existence. We can't get away from that. However, we can apply the principle that is involved and apply it more fully and amore efficiently."

"I don't understand what you are getting at," said Indira in a quite tone.

I told Indira that this woman had created a vast pedagogical structure for exploring all the various universal principles of human existence, and that this structure was like a matrix divided into four individual development streams. I pointed out that one of these

development streams incorporates marriage as a science, which unfolds towards the recognition of the universal marriage of mankind as a matter of universal principle. "Of course Mary had done more than that," I added. "She also changed the scale by which we measure our scientific and spiritual development. Society commonly measures its development on a scale ranging from zero to ten, but Mary extends the scale into the negative as well. And guess what she labels the zero point?"

Indira shrugged her shoulder.

"She defines the zero point as the moral state and labels it not traditional, but transitional. Did you ever think of morality as a zero-domain, Indira? Did you ever think of the zero-domain as being inherently transitional?"

Indira laughed. "That's clever, Peter. She hit the nail on the head, as you Americans would say. The zero-vitality state is a kind of state where nothing is happening, no good, no bad, where we get by, but barely, where no one gets killed but nothing vital is happening either; where society is asleep, but is vulnerable to sleep walking and is liable to fall into the sewer. That's what happened in India on a gigantic scale in the wake of the Aryan invasion 3,500 years ago. We got gagged and dragged into the sewer so deeply that we are still struggling to climb out of it. We didn't have a high-level scientific anchorage, then. We were just beginning to awake as a civilization. We were married to a multiplicity of gods in those days that represented various hidden principles that no one really understood, because if they had been understood they would have prevented the dark ages that India has been thrown into and has suffered for so long."

"That's been the fate of the whole world," I interjected. "Mankind has struggled under the thumb of empires for 4,000 years. Their wars are still ongoing, and are still killing us. However, the killing machines have become too powerful now for mankind to be able to survive much longer in the continuing ancient mode. We need to establish our universal marriage to one another and snap out of our 'marriage' to competing empires."

"I take it that on Mary's scale the imperial marriage model is listed deep in the negative territory," said Indira.

"Mary, herself, has but the marriage principle high up into the positive territory," I said to her. "The difference indicates how distant from truth the imperial marriage model is. Also she put the same challenge on the table in respect to sex. In fact, she placed sex and marriage into two separate development streams, which renders sex and marriage as two totally separate and unrelated spheres of our development are human beings and our civilization."

"Are you saying that she turned our entire conventional world upside down?" said Indira.

"She made the result more real, more practical, more beautiful, and sex much more challenging," I said with a grin.

I asked Indira to consider that in the animal world sex exists exclusively for procreation, but that we, as human beings, can discover higher universal principles, which raise the ordinary into something incredible and give it a new meaning. I suggested that in this unique flow of our self-development as human beings we gain a whole new identity for ourselves.

"Is this the principle behind the concept of celebrating the forever Indira-day?" said Indira with a smile. "Are you suggesting that our candles should be burning more brightly with every passing day?"

"The forever Indira-day concept is designed to lift you far above the silly birth/death axis that we celebrate in America by sticking birthday candles onto a birthday cake, one for each year, that we blow out almost as soon as they are lit. We light them and sing songs while they burn for a few seconds. Then the celebrated person ceremoniously blows them all out. We do it in so many ways, and we do it every day. We need to lift ourselves beyond that silly self-destruction, because that's no way to live. We have lived that way far too long already, for 4,000 years or more. We have taken the lighted candles and extinguished them and passed the result on to our friends and guests that we have invited to eat this mortality cake with us, by which our civilization is blown out step by step. And we call this perversion, progress? What a terrible metaphor have we created for our living? We celebrate the blowing out of the sparkle in our life and ask our friends to take part in the process. We should have never done this. We should have looked for a life-expanding principle to celebrate. That is what your 'forever Indira-day' card invites you to celebrate. It stands as a celebration of you as a light that lights the universe, a light that is tied to the whole world universally by outgoing strands of love. It also acknowledges you as a woman, as your name implies. But it acknowledges you as a star in the sexual heaven that remains yet to be revealed in its full splendor, as the name also implies."

After I said all this, Indira took her present off the table and held it to her breast and smiled. "This takes us miles away from the conventional world in which we live," she added.

"Tell me, is it really your birthday today?" I asked while she was still smiling. "Or is this something that Fred made up as a challenge for me?"

"What difference does it make if it is or isn't? Does such a small thing really matter in the dawn of the Forever Indira Day, Peter? Maybe Fred made it up as a challenge for you, just as he selected me as someone to explore that challenge with. He knows me

well enough to trust that I would be able to meet you on an equal basis. But what do these trivial things matter in comparison with what lays before us?"

"The challenge is to turn the ship around that has been going in the wrong direction for 4,000 years, Indira."

"Fred trusts me with that much? Wow! What an honor, Peter! Of course I need this turnaround for myself, in my own life, I need it badly, especially now."

"I have a hunch that Fred thinks that the whole of India needs this turnaround, and the whole world as well, and that you might be able to help us with that. I don't think Fred sent me here just to test an idea. I think he sent me here to implement that idea in a profound way, in a way that has the potential to help to dramatically reshape the world in real terms, into a place filled with light, the light of our divine humanity. I think that's Fred's challenge to both of us. Of course we are also his test case. If we succeed in establishing something profound between us that radiates like the sun, the path lies open for uplifting India, and beyond that the world."

"You may be right," said Indira and offered a kiss right across the burning candles. We had to stand on our feet for the kiss and bow to each other. "Fred never dabbled in small ideas and small measures," Indira said afterwards. "He didn't just lift me out of poverty when he first met me. He gave me the chance to be the medical doctor that I had always dreamed to be, to be able to help where so much help was needed. Now he has put the next step on the table, before both of us."

I nodded. "That's big, isn't it? Mary's thing is that big, and its implementation enormous. It does indeed give us the potential to uplift the conventional sphere into the realm of the real, at least in our life, and then drag up the world behind us, including the Dalits and the Thevars, until the slightest vertical separation that divides mankind from one-another no longer exists. That's possible, because the separation has no foundation in truth. There is no one untouchable in the world of truth. And that is the real world. In that real world we are all one people. We are all human beings and can all be touched by the truth. In the real world we envelop one another with the strands of our love, with the light of our life. In the realm of truth, the concept of the untouchable becomes an utter impossibility."

"The high cast people have created the separating condition artificially, and on purpose," Indira said sadly. "This artificial separation makes the Dalits the poorest of the poor, and therefore the untouchables by their own admission, am I right?"

"I suppose the Thevars 'inspired' the Dalits' hopeless subjection to their poverty so that they would be able to use the Dalits

as their slaves," I replied. "However, they can only do this if the Dalits are willing to tear down their humanity, which makes the Thevars' treachery possible. Of course no one wins in this relationship. The Thevars too, invariably destroy themselves as human beings in that relationship of vertical power with which tare down their own humanity and their life with it. A cruel and greedy person is a poor person as a human being. That's not an intelligent way of living, is it?"

She shook her head slightly. "The Thevars have isolated themselves from their own humanity. That is easy to see. They can't see us Dalits as human beings, simply because we are poor. This is the reason why we are regarded as being of a lower class, just because we are poor, and they manage to keep us poor. Yes, this reflects poorly on the humanity of those people. For them, money rules everything. And so, they are ruled by it and have lost the most precious that a person can have, which is their humanity. They have thrown it all away for a fad that gives them nothing of value in return. The Thevars, the landowners, literally own our lives, because we are dependent on them, but they don't own themselves. It's been like that for a long time, Peter. It's a part of the colonial legacy, I think. To some degree we Dalits ourselves, may have helped them to cast the differentiation into stone. Some decades ago we have played the role of underlings so willingly, the role of the lowly slave-people, that the rift has become institutionalized and continues even while have laws now that would prohibit it. In earlier times things were not as bad as they became in the modern age. Many Dalit women had actually enjoyed being sexually and socially 'used' by the Thevar men for the benefits they would thereby receive in return that involved at least a little bit of respect. The low cast women weren't educated of course. They didn't know the world. Consequently they enjoyed their tiny bit of a better life that they lived when the Thevar men were using them as concubines. It gave them a bit of status. The more power the Thevar had, the more affection the Dalit women showed for them, and a bit of that affection actually came back to them. It all seemed normal that way. After all, the Thevar were the women's landlords. It may have been this silent acquiescence that gradually lowered the Dalits' status more and more, all the way to the point that they became shunned by society."

She began to laugh. "They call us the untouchables now. What a joke that became! They call us that even while we are being raped routinely by the high cast people of society, and this often rather openly. The whole setup is so hypocritical that it would be funny if it weren't so sad. Strangely, nobody really cares about the hypocrisy. And why should they? It has become a normal way of life. In some of India's southern states many girls are still being forced into prostitution to the very day, often even before they are

reaching the age of puberty. What used to be normal still lingers on to some degree. The Devadasis, they call them. As you might have guessed, the unfortunate 'chosen' girls for the Devadasis 'trade' are almost all from the Dalit community, from the untouchables. The hypocrisy would be laughable if it weren't so sad. Actually, it is more than sad, because once a girl is designated a Devadasis she becomes unable to marry for the rest of her life. She becomes a slave really, a bound prostitute, a living plaything for the upper-caste community. Eventually, when she lost her appeal, she'll be auctioned off to an urban brothel. In the early days, all of this was voluntary, so the historians say. Now, the acquiescence is mostly forced. It's part of the sex trade that never really been voluntary. However, we are fighting back. We Dalits have begun to wake up and have started to refuse to play those games. Of course, as you might suspect, this awakening has become extremely dangerous for us. People are being destroyed in this process of rebelling against their imposed status, especially those of us who object strongly. And here you come to us from America stepping into this quagmire, aiming to uplift our people, to bring some light into their life. Isn't that what you came for? You have come to India from the other side of the world and it really does take someone from the other side of the world to tell me amidst all that mess that we are nevertheless all human beings, with a universal human Soul. We have drifted away from this truth for far too long that the resulting poverty has become our truth. What you call the truth sounds strange to us. Still I know that you are right, because I can feel that what you represent it is the truth."

I shook my head. "I must admit that I had my doubts about me being able to convince someone in India of the truth that Mary has discovered in America," I said. "But then I realized that she had put the truth on the table at a time when we in America stood far away from it too, in our own narrow-minded thinking. We had our own Dalits in the form of Negro slavery. While the slavery ended to some degree, the racial segregation became actually worse. God only knows how many Negroes were burnt alive or otherwise killed by the Ku Klux Klan. There was a time when the KKK was supported directly from the White House. It took an enormous struggle for the Negro in our country to gain the most basic civil rights. In many respects, the Negroes remain still the Dalits. Mary was daring by raising the image of the whole of society to a higher level, the level of a human being with a God-reflecting divinity. She put this on the plate of society as the truth of our humanity. That truth still remains to be acknowledged, even in America. Obviously this higher truth exists on a higher level and requires a higher level of thinking that needs yet to be attained. The ugly things that are happening all around us, including in America, therefore don't represent the real

dimension of our humanity. They are a part of a trap that we got pushed into by imperial processes, which we must get ourselves out of. And I think we can do this, but not by force or by terror. It can only be done by uplifting the whole society. Force and terror drag us deeper into the quagmire. The ugly things that you told me about that is happening in India do not change the reality that we are all human beings on this planet and children of a single humanity. This fact remains, no matter what we want to believe to the contrary. The fact is that we are all together one people. We tend to deny that truth and act according to that denial, but deep down, the truth remains the truth and we all know it. Those who say that they don't, are already dead even though they still breathe."

"Try to tell this to the Dalit children," Indira replied. "The Dalit children make up the majority of the millions of children who have been sold into various types of bondage by their own parents, often for nothing more than to pay off debts to their upper-caste creditors. We have forty million people living in bondage this way, possibly for the rest of their life. To them your talk is a 'pie in the sky' fantasy. Or try to tell your truth to the Dalit women that face the triple jeopardy of their caste, their class, and their gender. The Dalit women are raped, almost at will! Do you understand what this means? Our girls are forced into prostitution to the upper-caste Thevars and to the village priests. What effect has this on a person's self-perception as a worthy human being? That is why sexual abuse and violence against women is often used for political purposes by the woman's own landlords, and also by the police. It's a means to crush their dissent, to crush their very idea of self-worth. For this end the perpetrators often resort to inflicting collective punishment. That happens routinely, Peter. They call it, 'teaching them a lesson.' Of course, women always bare the brunt of the hurt that is being dished out in collective punishment, especially when the police seek relatives that they can't find. They arrest the women in such cases. The women are being tortured in custody, in order to break them, or to inflict punishment on them in retribution for their male relatives. This happens quite often when the authorities cannot capture the men. The women are punished instead. Still, they haven't gone as far as bringing in their children and torturing them in front of their mothers by crushing their testicles in a vice as this happens in the more 'civilized' countries, by which the mothers are broken by the screams of their children. But that may yet come to India too."

"They wouldn't treat a dog as badly," I interjected. "But under the yoke of fascism this has been normal for ages. Joseph de Maistre wrote an essay once of how the rulers routinely executed people by breaking the victim's limbs with a mace and threading the broken limbs into a wheel where the victim would be left to die in unspeakable agony. Maistre said that this was necessary to keep

society under control for the protection of the imperial system."

"The would-be masters still treat us Dalits worse than they would treat any other living being, especially us Dalit women. But then, of course, a dog has a higher status."

"Aren't there laws against this?" I asked astonished. "India has a good reputation as a progressive democratic society."

"Sure we have laws," said Indira and sighed. "Most of the ugly things that are going on are illegal. But our country had been dragged into the sewer for so long that the fascism can't be healed with the snap of a finger. The dark shadow of the colonial age still hangs over us. Even the still darker shadow of the Vedic and Brahmanic dark ages has not been fully lifted. Female genocide continues, and bride burning in dowry disputes still claims a few thousand victims each year."

"This can't be healed with the force of law, but by raising the platform of society," I interjected.

"Officially these ugly things don't happen anymore," said Indira. "The ugly things are hushed up. Nevertheless they still happen, they linger on."

"They linger on, because there is no real process for healing established in the self-perception of society," I said to her. "The problem is that the government can't legislate how people must think. The healing can't be dictated by law. It has to come from within."

"Sure," said Indira. "How else could it happen, especially when the Thevars are living far away in the countryside and are the authorities there, or own the authorities. Sure our people have begun to resist the subjugation. We are claiming a higher status for ourselves with all the dignity that is due to a human person. We stage peaceful protests against the abuses. There are also some armed struggles under way, when the abuses become worse. But mostly our fighting is peaceful. Like in the days of Mahatma Gandhi. Our freedom organizations have mobilized people to protest peacefully against the violations of our rights as human beings. The non-violent protest movements have grown rather rapidly in membership in recent years. We have gained visibility, even some international visibility. But our success, the little we had in real terms, came at a steep price. It provoked a backlash from the higher-caste groups, especially from those who were most threatened by our assertiveness; who find themselves threatened economically by loosing their slaves, and politically by seeing the rise of an opposition. The police too, are rarely supportive of us. They are more often members of the higher-caste groups, or are owned by them. The police have become more and more a serious problem for us. They arrest our activists and our social workers, even our lawyers, and they arrest us for activities that are perfectly legal. The charges in those cases are always politically motivated. Most often our people are put into what is

called 'preventive detention,' the kind that prevents them from holding meetings and protest rallies. Sometimes our people are even charged as terrorists." She began to laugh. "Would you believe that we Dalits have been charged with being a threat to national security? Naturally, most court cases against us are dragged on for years. They want to wear us down. We are an impoverished people. We don't have the kind of money that it takes to fight long court battles. Of course most of the abuses that are perpetrated against us, by the Thevars, never ever get into the courts. Thus, the fire smolders under the surface. Eventually, when a few of our people stand up and challenge the abusers, then in many cases the whole village becomes collectively penalized. They penalize us with boycotts, with loss of employment, with restricted access to water, with denial of grazing lands, with harsh economic deprivation. For most of our people who all live below the subsistence level, people that can barely survive as agricultural laborers, any form of collective boycott as punishment means destitution and starvation. These totally inhuman collective abuses are never really prosecuted. Even to report them would be like charging your executioner with a crime."

I shook my head in disbelief. "That adds a whole new meaning to the term, the untouchables," I interjected. "They try to destroy a people without ever having to touch anyone."

"It's easy to lose one's humanity in this chaos," said Indira. "Is it any wonder then that no one dares to even think in terms of the universal marriage of humanity, much less acknowledge it as an absolute fact?"

"Still, the overriding fact remains," I said. "After everything has been considered the fact remains that we are all human beings, regardless of the evidence to the contrary."

Indira nodded and smiled again. She even said that she agreed with me. "Still, I want you to know how we live," said Indira. "I want you to understand how it is that our people are driven into the arms of the guerrilla organizations, the Naxalites, and how the whole society becomes evermore deeply divided in its total denial of its most precious pearl, its humanity. This loss happens more or less on all sides, and on levels. But why is it happening? Why are we doing this to ourselves? The Naxalites are advocating the use of violence to achieve a just land redistribution, which can never be achieved on the platform of violence. There have been many violent attacks by the Naxalites on the Thevar groups, against both the landlords and the police, even against some village officials. The Naxalites have been killing them, and killing their families, even seizing their property. The Naxalites have also often been in direct combat with the police, which they regard as the people's enemy. In response, the police have targeted all villagers whom they believed to be sympathetic to the Naxalites. Since the Naxalites pose a threat

that the police have a mandate to counter, the police use this faint excuse to terrorize the Dalits as a group, regardless of whether or not any of them are members of Naxalite organizations. In these raids the police routinely beat the villagers, sexually assault the women, and wantonly destroy the little bit of property that the Dalits own as the poorest of the poor. Still, I agree with you that we are all one people of a common humanity. Unfortunately our society just hasn't learned yet what this means. But then, which society has?"

I nodded. "The turnaround hasn't even begun?" I said. "It hasn't begun anywhere in the world. Mankind as made no real progress for 4,000 years in creating a higher respect for people's humanity. Fascism is bigger today than it was in the days of the Roman Empire, or the Venetian Empire, or the countless other empires. The 'Whore of Babylon' still rules. For 4,000 years violence has ruled, and fighting violence with violence, and things only got worse. We haven't learned this lesson in the West either. I suppose your landlords fight back with violence against the Naxalites," I added. "I suppose they too want to prove that they value their humanity just as little as the Naxalites do."

Indira nodded, then shook her head. "The Thevars don't fight back themselves. They fight back in other ways. They've hired organized private militias, the Senas, to do the killing for them. The Senas are bands of professional killers who target Dalit villagers that are believed to be sympathetic to the Naxalites. There have been hundreds of murders of Dalits at the hands of the Senas. One of the more prominent militias is said to have massacred more than 400 Dalit villagers. They are proud of their record. Last months alone, on the first of December, one of the Senas shot dead sixteen children in the village where I had worked, and twenty-seven women, and eighteen men, all in a single night. The village is Laxmanpur-Bathe. Five of the teenage girls were raped. Then they were mutilated alive before they were shot in the chest. That is how they treat children. The members of the Sena claimed that the villagers were sympathetic to a Naxalite group that had been demanding more equitable land redistribution in the area."

"That's insane," I interjected. "That should have ended long ago, but obviously it still happens to some degree and will likely continue until a real healing is taking place."

Indira paused as if to search for words. "Can you imagine what it feels like when a father comes home after having served in the house of a Thevar for most of the night and finds his entire family shot dead, all seven of them?" she asked. "When I came home from another village I heard the man scream, violently, in a rage. I couldn't help the poor man, or his family. There was no one left alive. I was told that someone had questioned one of the Sena why they kill children and the women. Supposedly one of the Sena

had answered, 'We kill children because they will grow up to become Naxalites,' and 'we kill women because they will give birth to Naxalites.'"

Indira explained that since this happened in the village where she lived, she couldn't dare go back for another two or three months. She suggested that she might have been shot too, had she been in the village at the time of the attack. "They shoot on suspicion," she said. "But you say, there exists but one humanity, which we all share. What you recognize as the truth sets up a paradox with what is happening in the world, possibly every day, somewhere. This is a hard paradox to reconcile, isn't it, when the fundamental truth is so universally violated?"

Indira explained that the Senas have the support of many politicians, who are often members of the Sena gangs themselves. "Consequently, the Sena violence rages on, almost unhindered. The Sena kill with impunity," she said. "It is being reported that the police too, sometimes gets involved in the raids. They are said to have stood idly by while the Sena killed villagers and burned down their homes. In the spring of last year, in the village of Ekwari, the police even pried open the people's doors for the Sena, who then entered and killed eight villagers. Is it any wonder that some Dalits have joined militant groups, like the man had who had found his entire family murdered? Also organized political protest groups have sprung up, but who listens to them? In the end, life for the Dalits is becoming ever more dangerous, while nothing gets fundamentally resolved. Maybe I can't work in the villages anymore, now that the Thevars have responded by assaulting us more and more openly, raping and murdering almost at will as a means for keeping the status quo alive that gives them power."

"How can you work under such conditions at all, when you constantly have to fear for your life?" I asked.

"Mostly, by trying not to think about it, Peter. But this isn't as easy as it sounds, especially during the election periods. Our people have no voting rights in real terms. By law they are allowed to vote. In reality they are even compelled to vote. Mostly they are compelled by the landowners. They are compelled to vote exactly as they are told. The Dalits are threatened to comply, even beaten by the strongmen of whatever political party is favored by the landlords or by the police officials. Villagers who do not comply usually end up being murdered or merely beaten if they are lucky. Sometimes it is the police who 'punish' the Dalit voters, and sometimes the militias are brought in that work for the political leaders or the police. Recently a Dalit village was raided by police after the people had boycotted the national parliamentary elections. The villagers' women were severely kicked and beaten. They had their clothing torn, and had sticks and iron pipes forced into their mouths. According to

reports, the police poured kerosene into the villager's food grains and groceries and urinated into their cooking pots. Nevertheless, these people are said to have been lucky, because when powerful candidates want to ensure their majority vote they usually hire the Senas. The Senas threaten to kill the none-compliant, and they always carry out their threat. One of the Sena groups killed more than fifty Dalit people during the Bihar State election campaign some years ago."

"I suppose this extreme violence rules out any chance for a Dalit candidate ever being elected," I commented.

"Or surviving, after being elected," Indira added. "Some Dalits have actually had the courage to stand for election to village councils and municipalities. They merely contested the seats that have been constitutionally reserved for them. Usually, those who dare to stand for election are threatened continuously until they withdraw. Those are the wise ones. A few summers ago, in the village of Melavalavu, a Dalit candidate who had ran for office had the misfortune to be actually elected to the village council presidency. What a tragedy this turned out be! The man was brutally murdered by a higher-caste vigilante group, together with six other Dalits. They pulled them all out of the bus on which the village President was riding. According to an eyewitness, the leader of the attackers yelled to the Thevars to kill all the 'Pariahs,' as they called the Dalit people. They pulled them off the bus and stabbed them right in the open, right on the road. Then five of the Thevars joined together and grabbed the elected village President. Some grabbed his hands, others grabbed his head, and the fifth one beheaded the man. They took his head and poured the blood from it onto all the other dead bodies, then threw the emptied head into a well half a kilometer away. That is the face of democracy for our people, the Dalits, the untouchables. In time this wound will heal, just as America's wound of the Ku Klux Klan did heal, if indeed it has. But for now, that time seems to be far in the distant future."

She paused and began to smile. "Now tell me about the universal marriage of mankind! Tell me about the singularity of the human Soul! Tell me about the humanity that we all share! Where is the evidence? All that I see is gore and killing, and oppression and abuse."

I fell silent. I became ashamed. Still, there was that truth to the contrary, which I came to her to speak about.

"Picture yourself standing in a beautiful garden," I said. "The garden is filled with a profusion of flowers. Picture it as a delight of delicate shapes, gentle hues of color and fragrance. That garden is totally real. But of what value is it if one can't open ones eyes to it? And so, it appears to be the hardest thing for society today, which has lost its ability to open its eyes, to see the reality of its

own being. People behave like a herd of elephants in this beautiful garden. Still, the garden exists, and it is beautiful in real terms. I am also certain that it will be seen as such one day, especially by those who dare to embrace its truth."

Indira nodded and answered with a smile. She then shook her head, as if to ask; have you come all the way to India to entertain me with fairy tales? She didn't say it, but her looks did.

To break the silence I told her that she was wrong to be so terribly angry and hurt by what she has witnessed in terms of great tragedies. I suggested that the perpetrators, who have no power otherwise, might have intended this very revulsion. "The gore that you saw was not a demonstration of their strength," I said to her, "but an admission of their weakness. The Thevars are scared to death, Indira. They are scared to death of the unquenchable Spirit of your people's humanity that threatens the legitimacy of their imperial rule. It's always been like that throughout history, Indira. You can take this back into history as far as you want. The pattern is always the same. What you have experienced is definitely not unique to India, to the Thevars, or to the Dalit people. Look at ancient Rome. The same thing was done there on an enormous scale two millennia ago."

"Rome?" Indira repeated. "Do you mean the gladiators?"

I shook my head. "No, I meant the Christians."

"Why the Christians, Peter?"

"Because the Christians would have destroyed the Roman Empire by invalidating what it stood for," I answered. "Just look at what happened at this time in history. It was bad enough for the ruling empires that Plato and Socrates had been admired by the elite of society. In some cases they were revered almost like they were gods. The Roman Empire was hard pressed to counter that. But then, suddenly, along came this man Jesus, a mere carpenter, a nobody whom the people called the Christ, a preacher who spoke to the common people in the desert, who literally told everyone who would listen that every human being IS the son of God. He called himself personally so, and he also called himself the son of man in the same breath. This makes every human being the son of God. This profound duality attributes a great measure of divinity to our humanity. It brought everyone who dared to be honest with himself, up to the same high level of dignity that Jesus had recognized and had exemplified. Also, he had backed up everything that he stood for with unmistakable proof that couldn't be ignored. His proof was his healing power. Can you imagine what this must have meant for Rome, with the word of this new image of mankind supported by that kind of power spreading like wildfire throughout the world? Can you imagine how deeply the Roman Empire was threatened by this idea of a demonstrated truth that every human being IS the Son of God?"

"I am beginning to see what you are getting at," said Indira quietly. "It must have felt like a potentially mortal blow to the Empire's self-inflated pompous charade. Obviously, the Empire had to strike back. We have seen this all too often here in India under colonial rule. Imperial violence had become an endlessly repeated 'song' of unspeakable arrogance, like a broken record that no one seemed able to stop. But Gandhi did. He said we must fight, but not their way. We fight for the truth, but not against any human being. He won. The British Empire lost."

"Rome was worse of," I said. "It didn't loose. The Roman imperials struck back out of their weakness. It really was pathetic what the Romans did. The supposedly mightiest empire on the planet was suddenly reduced to having to defend itself against a carpenter and dessert preacher. They took him, they scourged him, they nailed him to the cross, and even while he was dying they railed against him in mockery, which became a mockery of everything that he represented, of everything that they feared. But they didn't succeed in suppressing what he stood for. His light shone brighter after their horrible deed. The budding Christianity, which he set in motion, became a potent force that they feared even more."

"And so, the empire lashed out again like we've seen it in India?" Indira interrupted. "There were more persecutions, right?"

"No, there weren't any at first. I don't think the empire knew how to fight an elevating idea, at least they couldn't do it openly. They responded with collective persecutions of the Christians. But, inconspicuously latched onto the tailspin of the empire's response, the Zealots' revolted against Rome. This infamous revolt ended with the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem by the Roman Empire. Countless people were put to death in those days. The persecution of the Christians simply continued on from there and gradually grew in an evermore-public manner. The Empire was really scared by then. The Christians were rounded up wherever they were found. The Romans fed to the lions in horrendous spectacles in which their bodies were mauled to death or torn apart alive against the background of cheering crowds. No ugliness was spared by Rome in its effort to tear to shreds the very notion of the divinity of man that Christianity represented."

"You are saying that what is happening to our people in India is an imitation of all that, even a poor imitation," said Indira and looked away from me.

"Yes, I am saying exactly that. The murder of the elected official was precisely intended for this kind of an effect," I replied. "It was a shabby imitation, though. Rome would have been insulted, had the Romans heard me drawing this parallel. Still, the atrocities against the elected official and all the other Dalits that happened to be with him on the bus were carried out for the same reason, to

hide their weakness. Their aim evidently was not so much to murder the man, but to murder what he stood for, his dedication, his humanity, and his courage. In contrast to this, the massacre of the family in your village while the father was away at work, that you told me about, was something infinitely worse."

Indira shook her head as if I was crazy to even suggest such a possibility as if the infinite crime could become still worse. "There were more people killed, I agree," said Indira. "Is that what you mean?" she asked a while later.

"No, the motive behind the massacre was worse. It was horrendously worse," I replied. "It was more base. It was something far worse than vile bestiality."

Indira still shook her head.

"You've got to look into history again, Indira," I replied. "Rome and its shadow ruled for thirteen centuries. Those centuries are now called collectively the Dark Age. At the end of that period, when things couldn't get any worse, somewhere in Europe old manuscripts were discovered of the Greek classical era, including manuscripts of Plato. With that a new dawn for humanity began. That dawn became the Golden Renaissance. The idea that dawned, surprisingly, was the old Christ idea of the divinity of man, based on the Platonic scientific method which appears to have laid the foundation for the development of Christianity in the first place. All of this was unfolding again during that great renaissance that was bringing to light a new kind of love in society, a budding universal love for the rich things of our humanity and of ourselves as human beings. The Golden Renaissance became an age of creativity and discovery, and an age of beauty with a new sense of humanity."

"But it took 13 centuries to get there," Indira interrupted. "Right now we are going backwards, not forwards. India has made itself nuclear-war capable. We won't survive 13 centuries under this shadow. America is in the same boat."

"But we don't have the reinvent the wheel," I said. "The principle of healing that brought about a great renaissance still exists. It remains as valid today as it did then. Plato's work is still valid. The principle of Christianity is still valid. The renaissance principle too, is still valid."

"Plato created Christianity and the Golden Renaissance together?" Indira asked astonished. "That's not possible. Christ Jesus came onto the scene two centuries after Plato, didn't he, and the Renaissance began many centuries after that?"

"The Renaissance was started by Plato's scientific method for discovering the truth," I corrected myself. "Out of the resulting discovery of the truth about what a human being is, which gave rise to the scientific renaissance of the Platonic era, emerged the idea of the divinity of the human being that gave rise to Christian era. The

Platonic idea appears to have given birth to the long envisioned Christ idea that gave rise to Christianity that came to represent it. Christianity became the higher identity of humanity. Of course that became eventually perverted by the Roman Empire. Since they couldn't defeat the Christ idea, they perverted Christianity into a form that actually aided the imperial domination. You are right, it took mankind ages to get out of this trap, while conditions were getting worse and worse. At the darkest hours, however, of the Dark Age, the Christ idea was coming to light again by way of rediscovering the Platonic scientific method, which staged the path for discovering the Christ truth that gave birth to the Renaissance. The Renaissance recaptured the ancient Christ identity of the divinity of the human being. Of course this scientific humanist renewal once again scared the hell out of the biggest empire of the time, which at this time was the Venetian Empire. The Venetians had good cause to be scared. Their slave trading and looting empire had been nearly wiped off the map by the Renaissance forces."

"You mean the Roman style persecution started all over again. Is this what you're getting at?" Indira asked.

"Not exactly," I replied. "The Venetian Empire found itself totally impotent to respond. They couldn't respond in the old Roman way. They didn't have the smarts to do this. There was not a single leader that the Venetians could assassinate. There wasn't even a mass movement identifiable that they could persecute and slaughter, or tear to shreds in the old Roman style. The Renaissance was a dawning idea that had permeated society as a whole. The Venetians had no choice therefore, but to fight the new idea itself, and that is what they did. They waged a religious war against the truth, against the divinity of man, and they won. They fractionalized society and set the factions against each other. They created the Reformation and at the same time also the Counterreformation. In the process they took the new Christian ideal of universal love and waged war against it. They did it in part also with countermanding non-religious philosophies that declared that love has no place in business and in the affairs of state. They promoted a lot of that. In this fashion the ground was prepared for a near global war. And that's what happened. Out of this background of a fast collapsing civilization a whole string of wars became unleashed. The succession of those wars appeared unstoppable. They went on for eighty years until half the population of Europe had been slaughtered. The madness ended only when a new awakening began back to the same old idea of truth, of the divinity of mankind. This second awakening, in turn, gave rise to a second renaissance following the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, the Westphalian Renaissance, which eventually set the stage for the founding of the greatest republic that has ever been created on the face of the earth, which became the USA."

"I take it that this second renaissance was seen as another death threat for the empire. That would have been the British Empire that had 'invaded' India at this time," Indira interrupted. "The British must have seen themselves loosing all of their colonies. With America claiming independence, would India be next. They probably were scared as we can't imagine of loosing their vast holdings here in India to a similar independence drive."

"Well, they had to face the fact that they couldn't defeat America anymore," I replied. "They tried twice and lost twice on the battle field. But they managed to lash out hard against the intellectual forces in Europe that had created the second renaissance, which had set the stage for the founding of the USA. That's what they hit with all they got. In order to accomplish the defeat of the second renaissance at the center of Europe where it had sprung up, the British imperials staged the French Revolution. In the background of the revolution the Jacobin terror rampage was unleashed that effectively eradicated the intellectual elite of France. That Joacobin terror was later spread through all of Europe by Napoleon, who became the first modern fascist. Miraculously, Europe recovered from that, and with the recovery a new cultural optimism erupted. The new optimism was once again based on the power of ideas. That's the natural result of human ingenuity. The economic integration of all of Eurasia had been put on the agenda at the time on the basis of that recognition. Plans had been laid down for vast rail-link land-bridge to be constructed that would reach deep into Russia, and from there all the way to China."

"This sounds to me like a new death threat to the sea-power based British Empire," said Indira and began to laugh. "Does this train of tragedy ever end? I can see the same thing happening in our country," she said, "but only on the minutest scale compared to that."

"Actually, it didn't end," I replied. "The British Empire responded promptly with setting the stage for World War I. It took them 50 years to get World War I started. Mary and her discovery stood in their way, but Mary died and the train to hell was re-started. The rulers of the empire evidently knew that their empire could no longer be secured with a lesser response to a globally expanding renaissance idea than unleashing global war. And that's what they did. Whenever cultural optimism unfolds on the vast global scale so that it threatens to unlock the profound potential of humanity for an economic development spanning such a vast area as the whole of the Eurasian continent, the imperials knew that they could not defeat this aspiring idea of a people's self-development, as any pervasive idea. They were empty, afraid, bankrupt. They were too small to fight Russia, and China had slipped out of their fingers. They evidently knew that nothing short of the physical destruction

of the key regions could in any way prevent the realization of this unfolding humanist development that threatened the Empire's very existence. They had concocted communism, but the Russians hadn't swallowed the bait at their 1905 revolution. The Empire was so 'bankrupt' that it no options left but to unleash global war. The destruction that they unleashed was accordingly on an unimaginable scale. The destruction became so horrid, so dehumanizing, that a brand new ideology emerged from it that drove the debasement of the image of humanity to still lower levels. They promoted a combination of the beastmen ideology of Maistre and that of the sewer of the Spanish Inquisition in an attempt to crush the Westphalia Renaissance once and for all, which had been carried forward in America. Out of that radically debased background emerged the fascist beastmen ideology of Friedrich Nietzsche and Martin Heidegger. Mired in this sewer, we find the roots of the ideology that Hitler implemented with the initial backing of the leading elements of the private the British Empire."

"I didn't think Hitler was backed by the empire," Indira interrupted.

"Of course he was backed by them. He was practically created by them. He was financed into power by them in a big way," I replied. "He would have been lost without this financing. The Empire didn't actually create Hitler. There was no need for it. Hitler had already lowered himself into that sewer as a disciple of Nietzsche and Heidegger. The empire merely latched onto the opportunity that Hitler presented to them as a useful stooge at a crucial moment for the empire. They loved his intentions to destroy once more the fledgling economic development that had come back into the foreground after World War I. The British Empire had even been invited to become a part of the fascist world-empire that Hitler dreamed of creating. It must have been a tempting offer as the empire saw itself threatened by the resurgent economic strength that came from the humanist reawakening in several key areas of the world all at once. Especially the renewed republican spirit flowing from America across the world was seen as a deadly threat by the empire. The imperials saw a profound reflection of this spirit happening in Germany with the potential that the world's greatest cultural centers would be linking together to usher in a new era of prosperity for humanity. Hitler was hired almost like a private contractor to preempt this. The stakes were immensely high for the Empire. The Empire would not have been able to survive this renewed unfolding wave of humanist freedom. Roosevelt had captured the hearts of America at this time, with his promised new deals and new freedoms. Kurt von Schleicher represented the same humanist ideals for economic development in Germany. However, within a month before Roosevelt was inaugurated who would have backed the Von Schleicher government and its eco-

conomic development program, Kurt von Schleicher was maneuvered out of the way and replaced by Hitler. It was all done one single month before Roosevelt came to power. The fate of civilization hung in the balance in that month and mankind was dealt a crushing defeat."

"Are you saying that this narrowly aborted humanist development in Germany could have prevented World War II?" Indira interrupted me.

I simply nodded. "That's is what Hitler was 'hired' to prevent," I said. "By supporting Hitler at this crucial period the Empire could be assured of a big war. Except, the Empire had miscalculated. The blinded imperials didn't fully recognize the much more base fascist force that Hitler represented. Hitler tore up the Empire's own rule book and all of its playing fields. He threatened the Empire itself when the Empire refused to join him on his terms together with everybody else. On this note, Hitler combined the Empire's own idea of class extinction, that the Jacobin crowd had pioneered decades earlier, for which the French revolution had been launched. He took the Jacobin beastmen ideology, and the Venetian trash that became the Spanish Inquisition, and even added his own brand of the Aryan invasion that had destroyed India. He rolled it all together into a new form of fascism, or more correctly, this mess was handed to him by his own philosophers had reduced the worst of all the world to a still lover level. Naturally, the resulting new world-empire dream presented the little man that Hitler was with a considerable logistical problem. After all, the rapidly unfolding humanist ideal had become a world-uplifting threat that he had to neutralize. Hitler solved the problem by reducing the logistics of mass genocide to the lowest possible level of inhumanity, far below what the Roman had employed. He reduced the murdering of human beings to the stone-cold process of industrial automation. Hitler applied industrial-type process to the murdering of human beings. There had never been a more powerful killing machine let loose on the face of the planet than his machine, except the one that was built in response to destroy it. The fight of the new fascism against humanity was no longer the kind of fight that we had seen in earlier ages that had been waged to suppress the rise of a new perception of the divinity of man. The new fight became a fight to reshape humanity as a whole to its very core by the extinction of entire societies, especially if those societies had a strong cultural and humanist root. No great malice was involved in these near automated logistical processes of industrial style mass killing. Nothing more was involved than coldly calculated deliberate intends. The American atomic bombing and fire-bombing of large civilian cities eventually extended the automated murdering process still further under the guidance of the resurgent British Empire that had learned from Hitler and had persuaded America to lay down

its own humanist role in the world and become an imperial servant."

I explained to Indira that this is what I had in mind when I said that the genocide of the family that she had seen having been murdered was a part of something much worse than the Roman style killing of the elected village president. I suggested to her that the automated class murdering that is involved in her case, that is ravishing the very core-image of humanity on a level far below hate or greed or even the sensational orgies of gore that were staged against a background of cheers in the Roman arenas. I suggested to Indira that one can't get any lower than Hitler's impersonalized beastmen fascism where the human element has been so completely removed from mankind that the killing amounts to nothing more than a logistical problem to which industrial processes can be applied. I also put it to her that this absolute rock-bottom fascism is possibly the gravest danger that humanity is facing, a force that is so vile that not even one of the most highly cultured nations in the world, as Germany had been, had been able to protect itself against it. I also pointed out to her that the USA was now fully committed to be running in the same track.

"The fascist ideology of Nietzsche and Heidegger have been imported into America through the back-door." I said to her. "Just like a deadly virus sometimes invades a person, America has become invaded by the beastmen fascism and has so far found no defense against it. The entire nation has fallen prey to it, including its government. And this, Indira, is the nation that has the greatest arsenal of nuclear weapons in the world, and uranium weapons that are still worse than the atomic bomb."

"You are saying that America's once beautiful soul has been lost," Indira interrupted me.

I nodded again, quietly. What else could I do but nod? "With America's humanity largely destroyed over the years, by its own imperialism as a servant to the Empire, what defense could America possibly stage against the invading virus of fascism. The virus had already been imported into America during Hitler's time? Fascism was taught in American universities after the war. Nothing could have been done to prevent this without Mary's principles that have just now come to light. Consequently nothing had been done to stop the march of the beastmen fascism by which America had become its new host and by which it is now doomed."

"That's terribly tragic for the whole world," commented Indira.

"So you see my dear, my coming here is a matter of the absolutely highest priority," I said to her. "I am here to develop with your help the 'technology' for rescuing America from its fascism, and the world with it. I don't know how this can be done, I only know that it must be done. That's the only hope humanity has. If we fail, no one survives, even the Dalits. If we succeed, of

course, fascism will be forever finished. Then mankind has a New Hope. Our hope, presently, is very dim and only theoretical. The spiritual reawakening of America, which is potentially possible, should get out of this trap and assure the survival of civilization that is now in doubt. That's how big, big is. Right now, nothing is certain, not even the long-term survival of mankind. With tens of millions of uranium bombs sitting already on the ground, the survival of mankind as a species is put in doubt. But it is still possible to turn the ship around and assure that these bombs remain on the ground. America had once been called a sleeping giant. That potential remains. Mary's technology might help. Let's hope we can awake the sleeping giant before her final sleep-walk begins in which the whole world might be destroyed and possibly all life with it."

"Have you come to solicit my help for that?" Indira said moments later, suddenly laughing as if I had cracked a bad joke. She wondered how I could even suggest that she could help!

"I didn't come here under a false pretense," I said to her. "Fred told you that I came here to discuss the principle of the universal marriage of humanity. That is what I came for. It covers the whole spectrum. There is no separate Indian solution possible, or a separate American solution. Humanity is bound together in universal marriage. This means that our goal behind the goal must always include the rescuing of humanity, which includes rescuing the USA from its infection with fascism. We must do this together for the sake of America, India, and all the nations of the world, and we must do it on all levels, from the social to the political, and from the religious level to the economic level. All of these aspects are inherently one, since we are in truth one universal humanity. The principle of the universal marriage of humanity has no meaning if we ignore even a single one of its larger aspects."

Indira took a deep breath in response and sighed. "How can I possibly help you with that? The task is too great."

"You can help by being honest with me and with yourself," I replied. "This may be hard. It may be the hardest thing you ever had to do. Are you willing?"

I reminded her that the potential exists for the defeat of fascism and that this potential had already been proven in the time frame between 1866 and 1913. The potential has been demonstrated by the work of that one single woman; a lone spiritual pioneer devoted to the uplifting of humanity. I told Indira what this woman is reported to have once said to class of her pupils. She told them that even those very few of them in that classroom would be sufficient to change the world if they were of one Mind, for then the world would feel the influence of this Mind and discern the truth."

Indira shook her head.

"Maybe the two of us have already the critical mass between

us to set the process into motion, if we become focused onto the principles of the truth," I said to her. "I know, I am asking a lot," I added quietly. "I just thought, maybe we can help each other in this manner."

Indira nodded slightly.

"I have a long standing theory that the divinity of the human being really means something," I continued. "The greatest empires have fought this idea of the divinity of the human being. They tore it to the ground and stomped it into dust, but it always came back. If the Christ idea of the divinity of the human being has some substance behind it, then it must always come back, which it has done indeed throughout history. It always came back. In this case the human being must also be understood as being complete in itself and not divided into two sexually isolated camps. My theory is that the male and female elements of humanity are both inherent in everyone, both together, and that this is something down to earth that we can build on."

Indira shook her head again. "What relevance has this got?"

"It has the deepest and most profound relevance to everything that we've been talking about," I replied. "It gives us the essential parallel to the principle of the universal marriage of humanity as the reality of our being. It represents the same unifying process in the sexual domain, a kind of coming together in celebration of the incredible riches of our humanity. If we achieve the scientific recognition of both these aspects of unity drawn together, we would overthrow the basis for every division in the world, and for every war, and also for every economic disparity, even the basis for fascism and imperialism. When we cause this gigantic awakening in ourselves, not if but when, then America the sleeping giant might well awaken together with us, and the whole world might follow its light."

"I can see that this might work," said Indira. "But that's a long shut."

"Can you think of any other option?" I asked. "We are in the most critical period in history. Our time is running out. What option do we have left? We've messed around for 4,000 years and made things worse. If you can think of a better option than Mary's option, I would love to hear about it. Can you think of such an option?"

"I can't, Peter. Nevertheless, what you are saying is bewildering."

"I didn't say it would be easy to rescue civilization and the whole of humanity," I said to her in a serious tone. "I only said that it is possible. Did Fred promise anything more? The challenge that we face is that we start a New Age for humanity, that we start an endless day of light and love, without divisions, isolation, domi-

nation, or whatever. This is what my gift to you signifies, of the forever Indira-day, in the form of a suggestion for celebration. It promises that my self-love as a human being, and your self-love as a human being, will mingle and touch one-another, and that we will thereby strengthen one-another. In this process my needs are invariably met, and your needs are met likewise. It's a start on the road of the community of principles on which our needs can be met, and India's needs can also be met, and by the same path the needs of all mankind."

Indira shook her head, but she smiled. I noticed tears forming in her eyes.

The restaurant that Indira had chosen was an oasis in many ways. It was an oasis of peace and tranquillity compared with life in the streets. The decor in the restaurant was taken from India's ancient times. The walls were covered with large tapestries of scenes that featured princes with their wives or concubines. The background music was classical Indian, so it seemed. I had the feeling to have been invited to the palaces of a noble ruler from a distant past. Our conversation appeared to be totally out of place, therefore. On the other hand, perhaps it wasn't.

We left the restaurant an hour later, just as it was getting dark outside. Stepping out onto the street jolted us, like one is jolted by stepping out of a dream. This real world wasn't by any means, distant. Life was flowing along. Also the façade of that world wasn't the hidden world that Indira had talked about earlier. It was the tumultuous world of a big city existing in the present, a city of thirteen million people and thirteen million different dreams. Or were their dreams all alike in some fundamental way? Perhaps they were, as all human dreams probably are in spite of their infinite variations. I embraced Indira for her wonderful dream of wanting to experience what it means to be a human being that she had admitted to almost at the beginning.

Chapter 2 - Infinite Marriage in a Narrow-minded Land

The restaurant where we had eaten was one of many on the famous Chandni Chowk, the main street of 'Old' Delhi. The whole street seemed to be one gigantic magnificent bazaar, a monument to congestion painted in bright colors, all interwoven with a flowing chaos of movements and a profusion of everything that ranks among the 'best' of its kind in India, as Indira assured me. I asked Indira if an after-dinner 'stroll' would be appropriate, since the air was still hot and would likely remain so for some hours.

She agreed that it would be good.

She pointed out while we walked that in the Seventeenth Century, in the days of Shah Jahan, the emperor who built the Taj Mahal, the Old City of Delhi had been the pride of the Mogul Empire. It is said to have been the finest capital city in the world, endowed with exquisite mansions. The city had featured a tree-lined canal in those days, flowing down its center. Indira pointed out that the Old City of Delhi had been renowned throughout all of Asia for its beauty. "But that was a long time ago," she added

As far as I could see there was little of that left. As I saw it, the ancient world of beauty and serenity had given way to crowds of artisans, traders, rickshaws, all intermixed into a fascinating cocktail of stench, traffic, uproar, and the fumes of spice merchants and countless food vendors.

"Look, there's the Fatehpuri Mosque," said Indira to me excitedly as she sensed my fascination with historic Indian relics. She pointed to the western end of the street. "The great mosque - it's a bit hard to see from here - was built by one of Shah Jahan's wives in 1650. Would you like to see it up close. Would you like to enter it?"

"I would love to," I said with a smile. "With someone as beautiful as you for a guide, it would be a special delight."

She smiled and waved a finger at me.

"What is this supposed to mean?" I asked.

"It means what it means," she said and grinned.

"Do you find it miraculous that a person, which once lived like a Dalit, can be regarded as being incredibly beautiful?" I asked.

"Oh, are you trying to coerce me?" she replied and began to

grin.

"I have to answer to this that a human being is always a human being, no matter what the circumstances impose," I replied. "I have to answer that this is what makes you beautiful. Beauty is anchored in our humanity that never changes and is universal. You're the living proof of it. I see in you a natural beauty that has always been in you, that the Thevars haven't been able to erase, and they never will."

She blushed and reached out her hand. "Come," she said gently.

We continued on, hand in hand as lovers do, perhaps even in India. We stopped in many kinds of shops along the way, some of which Indira described as the non-tourist-traps. She smiled when I told her that I loved the smell of the spices in the air.

"Are you married?" I asked her at one point, right out of the blue.

"What do you think?" she replied. "Why would I want to be married? Marriage is a step with serious consequences in India. As soon as a woman is married under our religious codes, she becomes a Dalit of a different kind, even in her own house. She becomes property, and of course, like anywhere else in the world, she becomes an untouchable person. I don't want to live like that, not anymore, not in any way. I never did like this role. Living like a Dalit once is one time too many. The only untouchability that I accept is that which is determined by my sovereignty as a human being. In other words, my life is under my control. If this means that I have to live alone for the rest of my life, so be it."

"Except you don't have to do that any longer, or couldn't if you wanted to," I replied. "It is quite impossible to do that. The already existing universal marriage of humanity that includes you too makes that impossible. You are a member of the universal family of humanity. You can't escape that reality. Also, there exist no demarcation lines in this universal marriage in which we are all united as human beings. The only demarcation that exists there exists in the form that reflects our sovereignty. Wisdom sets up certain lines drawn in the sand for our protection. According to what you have already pointed out, you understand the principle of universal sovereignty quite well, which is a part of our universal marriage as human beings."

"Yes, but that goes against the grain of all the marriage laws in India, and against our customs and rites," said Indira. "Of course I love it! I celebrated when Fred explained that someone was coming to tell me about this new and liberating concept of universal marriage, because it matched what I understood about the universal

sovereignty of the human being. I loved you for that, even before I have seen you. The principle that you represent seems so right."

"Did you also realize," I asked, "that if you acknowledge that fundamental reality that already exists, you'll find it unnecessary to ever live alone again, and without being bound into an institutional marriage to someone who would own you? The old marriage model that demands that would deny the principles that you now recognize as the reality of your being. But even as you close your door to that, you open it wide to the universal freedom to be touched by the love of the whole world. When you close the door to the small, you open it to the infinite where your self-denial is no longer possible, nor required. The riches of our humanity comes to light then as the result of advanced scientific perceptions, the kind that Mary has put on the table a hundred years ago, that a friend of mine and I had recently discovered."

Indira nodded slightly. "Yes, Peter, I think I did realize that. I also realized something else a long time ago already, that a religion that forbids this reality from unfolding, is essentially a trap. It smothers a people."

"There is evidently no truth in doctrines of a religion when the priests, themselves ride rough shod over it, as you told me that they do in the way they tread the Dalit women," I interjected.

"It's not just that," said Indira quietly. "Our religious laws demand impregnable marriages, while the village priest who represent those laws, embrace the prostitution of Dalit women whom the Thevars generously share with them after the Thevars had their rape. Name me one religion that stands up for what a human being is, the love that our humanity represents, a religion that stands up for universal love! In fact, name me one religion that recognizes the universal marriage of humanity, and the universal sovereignty of the individual human being. I don't think such a religion exists. A religion can't represent that, right? That perception is only possible on a scientific platform. Can you find a religion that defines mankind in terms of universal divine Principle? That kind of religion doesn't exist. Some try to point in that direction, but the movement always fades into blind faith, some form of wizardry, and a general denial of our divine nature as human beings. The freedom of our humanity as a universal principle goes against the grain of all the religious that aim to dominate with terror doctrines."

"Religion shapes the way people think," I replied, "but it leaves out the truth. Science paves the way to the truth. If religion were to represent the truth, the subjugation of the Dalits would have ended long ago, because it would have been an impossibility to maintain the hypocrisy involved."

Indira nodded slightly, but then shook her head. "The problem of the Dalits cannot be so easily solved," she said and sighed

as we were getting near the mosque. "The Dalits' problem isn't a religious problem, or an ethnic problem, nor is it a problem of ineffective laws. Our laws forbid discrimination. They are clear on that, Peter. I think the Dalits' problem is a problem of shallow perception on the universal front that society as whole has become caught up in."

"This means that the Dalits' problem can't be solved in isolation from all the other problems of humanity, not even as the national problem of India," I interjected. "The shallow perception that is at the root of it prevails all over the world. It merely manifests itself in different ways in different places. What we see here in India, concerning the Dalits, is really an aspect of a global problem. This problem can only be solved by uplifting society as a whole. Hasn't India got a history that trends in that direction? Isn't yoga a discipline for freedom, even though it is just for individual freedom?"

"Yoga is one of four disciplines," said Indira. "But you are right. It is all self-centered."

"Maybe it isn't, Indira. Maybe it just seems that way. Maybe if you take the core idea and raise it up onto a platform of science, profound freedoms pop into view built on universal principles."

"Maybe Mary could liberate India and its ancient culture," said Indira and laughed.

"This is also something that we must face up to in America, in order to free America from its ongoing infection with the deadly virus, called fascism. Fascism has destroyed our history, our beautiful face, our human soul. But for this step too, as with everything else, the process needs to be started by someone, somewhere. Maybe, that is why I am here. I am here to help you with the Dalits, to learn how to help America and the world. Both problems are rooted in the same sewer. Maybe there isn't such a thing as a specific Indian problem, or American problem, and do on, so that all problems are nothing more than a universal human problem, a failure of perception that manifests itself in numerous ways. The key, then, is helping one-another and uplifting one-another."

Indira shook her head. "The discrimination against the Dalits is a dark custom generated over many ages. It can't be this easily dealt with."

"I think it can," I replied. "The tragedy of the Dalits was designed to protect the rich and their ability to steal, with which the rich impoverish the poor. This can all be changed, Indira, because it is a human problem. Society created it; society can fix it. While the rich people that have claimed the power to steal, presently steal from those who don't have developed that power or the power to protect themselves, the process can be turned upside down tomorrow when a higher principle comes to light that is to the advantage of

everybody. That's how the people of Europe shut down 80 years of war in 1648 with the Treaty of Westphalia. They discovered that making war isn't to anyone's advantage, so they got together and agreed among each other to turn the ship around. They stopped the war and forgave each other's atrocities for the sake of peace. They even canceled each other's war debts. What seemed impossible was done on the basis of a universal principle, the Principle of the Advantage of The Other. Nothing prevents society from doing this again, except its small-minded thinking, which a profound idea can overturn. Of course, the tragedies that mankind suffers today will continue until someone introduces that higher operating principle in a big way. This means that someone has to speak the truth before things can change. So why shouldn't this someone, be us? Why shouldn't we be able to learn from each other as children of a common humanity and put its reality on the table once more?"

Indira nodded. "How else will the tragedy ever end, otherwise?" she sighed.

"It will end when the truth becomes known. It could end without any great effort," I assured her. "Indeed it might end that way. The whole world hangs in the balance until then, and not just because of nuclear weapons. The entire world-financial system operates on a platform that is mired in mud," I assured her. "It's the old story of 'Might Equals Right.' In the financial world, everybody steals from everybody else. They say that the stronger player has every right to be successful by using whatever power he may have, even if this means applying a crowbar and a sledgehammer to pry profit out of the market in which nothing is being produced while a lot of people do get rich. So, it's the same old story. Why should a person labor to produce things when it is so easy to steal another's living by shuffling paper back and forth? Stealing is glorious, right? Getting rich is glorious! So, why would one gives a dam that society loses big time in the process of stealing from one-another? That process ends when the reality dawns that the process of stealing is destroying everybody's world. It's the same with the Dalits. The Dalits are merely a different kind of victim. The Dalits' victimization is built on the same denial of universal truth, as is every form of victimization. And the outcome is the same. The process destroys everybody's civilization. It makes the world less livable, and soon unlivable altogether. The lines of demarcation may shift into different directions, but the end result is always the same. It is poverty, impotence, fascism, and a sad waste of the human potential. The solution should be obvious. Universal indifference or even hate needs to be overturned with the Principle of Universal Love. Once this is understood the turnaround is but a step away."

"The poverty of the two-hundred million Dalit people represents the biggest waste of a valuable resource that India has ever

inflicted on itself," said Indira.

"Wow!" I said. "What a profound recognition of human worth that is! Here, I came to teach her about the universal marriage of mankind. No teaching is needed. What more could I add?"

"This problem isn't easily solved," she added.

"But it can be solved," I interjected. "You, yourself, are proof of that. Still, in order to solve the problem, the universal marriage of humanity needs to be acknowledged openly as a fundamental principle. Without the full scientific acknowledgment of this universal truth, people will go on tying their thinking into knots and get nowhere. This means that we need to be pioneers for something great and step into new territory 'to go where no one has gone before."

Indira laughed and said nothing more, but answered with a kiss.

"I am sure you can find a bit of the truth of what I just said, in your own experience," she broke the silence.

I nodded.

She told me about her older brother who had been a Dalit farm worker like she herself had been in the early day. Then, one day, as soon as he was able to travel, her brother took off and went to work in Saudi Arabia. When he returned several years later, he became a landowner himself. He became one of the Thevars. "He even acted like one of them," said Indira sadly. She told me that when he became rich, he didn't want to have anything to do with "his poor sister" anymore. He didn't even want her to work on his farm.

"That's what I mean. That sort of thing shouldn't happen," I said. "It is happening in your immediate family, just as it is happening in the universal family of our humanity. It shouldn't happen, but it happens. It happens, because people don't regard each other as human beings. That's where the turnaround must begin.

She surprised me with another kiss for an answer.

"What are you saying with that?" I asked.

"I am saying that I love what you represent, and Fred too. It took someone like you, from a foreign country, to help me to better myself," she said proudly. "This help should have come from my own family, but it didn't. Only afterwards, after Fred had raised me up and had helped me to become a medical doctor was I finally welcome again in my brother's house, now that I was rich, as he put it. The best of all is, that the only promise that Fred had asked me to make in return for his help, was that I would do the same for others. I have done that. But now you are telling me that I was living a lie. I kissed you, because you are telling me that I have indeed been helped by my real family, the only family that matters, the family that Fred had opened up for me. I kissed you, because

that is suddenly most precious to me. Now I have to give in return even more to fulfil my promise to Fred."

"You mean your promise to your real family?" I interjected. "In your profession, that promise is easily fulfilled."

She nodded. "Actually, that is why I had chosen to become a doctor. The Dalits receive so little help from anyone. I didn't realize, though, until recently that the promise that I had made to Fred never ends. It is the kind of promise that can never really be fulfilled. It's the same with a kiss. The kiss falls into this category. There must always be another kiss and another after that. That is also why I don't like to work in the rich clinics in New Delhi where I could earn twenty times as much as I do working for the Dalits in the villages. Working to become rich just isn't a big enough reward for spending ones life on, is it? Occasionally, I have to work in New Delhi of course, just to get enough money together to be able to do my work in the villages. More and more people are becoming so desperately poor that they can't pay me. So I have to take time out occasionally and work the richly-paying jobs."

"And that is what you are doing now?" I asked. "You are working here in Delhi to make some extra cash."

She shook her head, but then she said yes. "Yes, that is what I am doing right now, only the reason isn't money this time. The reason is that it has become too dangerous for me to be in the villages with the killings still fresh in everyone's mind. I suppose I'll have to stay away from the villages for a few more months."

"But if you do, what happens to your patients?" I asked. "Who looks after them when you are not there?"

"No one will look after them. They'll fend for themselves. They suffer the fate they would suffer all the time if I didn't exist, or if I wouldn't come back. If Fred hadn't helped me to become a doctor, many people would be dead by now, who are still alive. They are part of my family too. The help that saved their life simply wouldn't have been available if Fred hadn't helped me. Yes, the people in the villages are more vulnerable now, but in a few months, after the Thevars have killed enough to still their rage, I'll be able to go back and help the people who have made it through this hell."

She added that the vigilante killings are actually only the most visible tip of the iceberg. The economic sanctions that nobody hears about, are the real killers. She pointed out that so far no one has been able to prevent those murderous sanctions. No laws exist, or are possible, to address that problem."

"That's idiotic, isn't it?" I commented. "The Thevars are killing off their own workers."

"I am sure this kind of idiocy doesn't happen anywhere else," she said.

I hugged her close to me and told her that she was sadly mistaken. I told her that when people become empty inside, to the point that they cannot see another person as a human being, anything can happen, and everything that one can imagine has already happened, and might still be happening.

I told her about the World War II Nazi concentration camps. Many of them operated as industrial work camps staffed by the most able and skilled workers of the Jewish population. I told her that these were also the people that Hitler had on his agenda to eradicate. "The camps in which these people were imprisoned operated as vast prison factories," I said to her. "They were producing essential war materials for the German war machine. They were manufacturing the stuff that was needed at the front lines. Nevertheless, their productive capacity, as vital as it was for the war, provided no assurance that they wouldn't be killed in large numbers at any moment. And they were killed. They were killed in spite of the urgent need for their products at the front. They were killed regardless of the economic consequences. In a single two-day killing spree, sometime in November 1943, the German SS shot 43,000 of their Jewish prison workers to death. The German SS called this madness, 'Operation Harvest Festival.' In the year before, in 1942, the German SS killed a million Jewish workers right in the midst of a growing labor shortage. The killing agenda seemed to supersede the most critical economic considerations. The Warsaw ghetto eradication is another example of this tragedy. The ghetto had once housed close to a half a million people. The ghetto had been a significant production center for war materials for the German army. The entire ghetto was eradicated in 1942. The people and their factories were systematically destroyed in a massive rampage, with the full knowledge that a considerable productive capacity would be lost. The killing of the Dalits by Thevars must be seen in that light. Economic considerations seem to fade into thin air at the line of demarcation where people cease to be regarded as human beings. That's what happens when fascism begins to rule, which rules in the minds of empty people who have lost their humanity and with it their sanity. Fascist insanity alone creates those lines of demarcation, nothing real does. Obviously, this lack of sanity can't be resolved by reacting to violence with violence, or with protest demonstrations. That is why the Dalits have failed."

"How then, can the problem be solved?" Indira asked.

I hugged her close to me again and returned her kiss. "This is your answer," I said. "The kind of problem that we face can only be addressed by rebuilding all people's humanity; by rebuilding their lost awareness of it; and by rebuilding their love for it. The bottom line is that we have to go back and resort to universal principles, because this entire huge problem is really nothing more than a

spiritual and cultural problem. The colonial occupation of India had destroyed so much of the humanity of the people and the riches of the Indian culture, that a vast spiritual and scientific redevelopment is now required to repair the damage. But that's the only avenue society has to move ahead again on the humanist scale. The Dalit problem is that kind of problem. It is the symptom of a collective problem. It requires a deep reaching cultural solution across the board. But how is one to do this? I think India is a rich country in this respect, with a profound spiritual history as a foundation to build on, something that can inspire love in people's heart for themselves, for their humanity, and thereby for each other. Universal love begins at the home front. It begins within as a love for our universal humanity. All of that, Indira, obviously adds up to a long story, but there is light at the end of the tunnel."

I paused and hugged her again. Then I added another kiss. "If you allow me to invite you for a drink at my hotel, I'll attempt to tell you how I think this problem can be resolved."

She began to laugh. "That won't be possible," she said. "Your hotel doesn't have a bar."

"What, no bar! Don't they have bars in the hotels in India?" I asked and began to laugh, too.

Indira's laughter became a grin. "You are booked in with me, in my apartment. We will be living together while you are here."

Only one word came to mind: Fred! I looked at my watch. I could imagine Fred grinning. He was probably having lunch at this time.

"I feel deeply honored by this offer," I said, "but..."

"No but!" she interrupted me. "This is India, and you are the only man in the world that I know who acknowledges the principle of the universal marriage of humanity. We are married, you and I, on this platform, are we not? Why should we not live together? Do I need to say more? You wouldn't want to deny the fact that we are more deeply married on this universal platform that is built on truth of our common humanity - on which we unite as two perfectly sovereign human beings - than most people are married on the conventional platform?"

I reached out my hand for a handshake. "Wow! Are you real? I am not dreaming this, right?" I said.

Our hands engaged. She felt real alright. Indeed she did. I could feel her kiss on my cheek.

Her grin afterwards became a wonderful smile. "My place is right on Chandni Chowk. Well, almost it is," she said. "It's just a couple of blocks to the north of it. But it's at the other end, close to the Jain temple and to the famous Red Fort." She looked at her watch. "We could take a rickshaw back to the car. Or, if you like, we can walk back. We have enough time."

I opted for walking. Walking was easy. This wasn't San Francisco. Delhi is almost totally level, built on the great Gangetic Plain.

"If we are going to live together," I said after we started to walk again, "I must warn you that I have a most peculiar sense of sex. You might find it disturbing."

"Fetishes don't concern me," she interjected before I could explain. "Unless they are dangerous."

"Dangerous!" I said and began to laugh. "No, there is nothing dangerous about my peculiar sense of sex, nor is it a fetish. My sense of sex is rooted in what we are. And that, Indira, is something profound, something that you as a doctor might understand. As you know we all came into this world as the result of a profound process that started with an extremely brief sexual act by our parents. Once that act was done, the rest was out of their control, or anyone's control. Nobody really knows how the process really works by which we came to be. We know that DNA has something to do with it, like how cells are formed and where. But that is where our knowledge ends. There are principles involved that we haven't even begun to understand. Nobody knows how, for an example, an eye is formed at the cellular level, and in the correct spot, and in a perfectly functional manner, complete with photosensitive cells and nerve ending and a blood supply system, and so on and on. There are awesome principles involved that enable processes that operate with an incredible perfection for weeks and months, and with ever increasing complexities. Then nine months later a human being is born, all automatically, all without anyone adding a thing along the way. So, how then can we call ourselves our parent's children? In real terms we are the offspring of our humanity. We are the offspring of a profoundly complex humanity that by all practical considerations qualifies to be counted among the miraculous. Yes, and the sex process that started our coming into this world was itself imposed on our parents by some complex psychological processes that assure that the sexual act happens that perpetuates the human species. In this sense our sex is linked into something very large, something beautiful, something so miraculous that that is even greater than ourselves, something that reflects the principle of life, even the universe, something that's worth celebrating!"

"Wow!" said Indira and smiled. "I've never thought of sex as something worth celebrating."

"Well, it's our portal with a link that lets us experience a tiny bit of a dimension that is far greater than we ourselves are." I said. "It hooks us into the creative process of God, if you can see it that way. It's like us being spectators in the greatest show on earth. We buy our ticket, take our small step, and from there on

something wonderful happens to us. We are drawn into a process of celebrating, and we really can't get way from it. That celebration is beautiful, isn't it?"

Indira nodded, but didn't reply for a while. "You certainly have a peculiar way of looking at sex," she said, breaking the silence. "So, you are suggesting that our living together will become a celebration?"

"A two-way celebration," I interjected. "How can we not celebrate, a man and a woman living together, bringing to one another a gift of our uniqueness that we both cherish, that we both find beautiful, that we love because the beauty of it is not foreign to us, but is already rooted in our hearts. Call it a synarchy of the male and females in us, a sovereign union that reflects the natural union of mankind."

"In this case sex reflects power," said Indira. "It is a gleam of light, of the light that illumines the universe with life."

"Ah, there you have it. I knew you would see it my way," I interrupted her. "Don't you think that's something worth celebrating. And it is also totally safe. And yes, us living together is bound to become a celebration. How could it not?"

"Unless we are stupid and screw this wonderful thing up," she said and began to laugh.

"Don't worry, I think we are too intelligent for that to happen," I said and began to laugh too.

"It adds quite a unique dimension to us coming together," she said quietly.

"I would say it adds quite a new dimension to the way we see ourselves as men and women bound in a universal brotherhood that is more real than we have ever acknowledged," I said to her. "Just look around. What do you see? Do you see people, isolated persons, or do you see in each face a human face, a female face or a male face? And behind the sparkle of their eyes, I see a mind, a human mind, a mind of intelligence, beauty, love, generosity, creativity, and so forth. Sure, many people tend to deny themselves as they are told by politicians and philosophers to do, and to see themselves as a part of a humanity with an evil mind. Thus, people lie to themselves. The principle of our humanity is not a contradiction to itself. Its essence is good, and its potential is for boundless development. That's what I like to celebrate. The alternative is self-denial. All the evils that mankind has heaped upon one another were not natural responses. None of that had to happen. Wars or looting, for example, are not inevitable. They happened, because people foolishly allowed themselves to be induced to make them happen. The reality of our humanity is that we have within us the substance of peace, and joy, and the power for boundless development. So, we have a choice before us. We can continue to live with our eyes

closed to the real nature of our humanity as philosophers and priests and rulers have demanded for the last 4000 years. Or we can open our eyes and look at ourselves as we are in truth, which opens the horizon to celebration."

"But why must this celebration also include a celebration of our sexual individuality?" Indira interjected.

"Why shouldn't it?" I answered with a grin. "We are what we are? We are sexual beings, and not just some sexless worms. And thank God we are sexual beings with a profound sexual love for one another that we can use as a stepping stone to build families on, and expand our sense of family and build civilizations on them. What's more natural and beautiful than that?"

Indira didn't answer that last question. She didn't answer with words, but with a more joyous tone of voice that became reflected in whatever else we talked about during our trek back to the car.

I chose to walk back to the car for also another reason. I loved the colorful atmosphere on Chandni Chowk, and its narrow side streets with countless shops.

"I love to live in the old city," said Indira as we visited one of the many shops along the way, as we had done several times before. "I love the atmosphere here," she said, "but mostly I love it here because the old city is a part of our history, the real history of India. Some of it is from the time before India became converted into the colonial possession of the foreign conqueror that occupied of our land. This old city, 'Old' Delhi, had been the capital of Mughal India, the time when our country stood proudly in the world and was respected for its culture and its people. Old Delhi had been the pearl of India in those days back in the 17th Century. India had been a sovereign country then, except for Islam being superimposed that opposed the old Brahmanic dictatorship. No one would have imagined in those days when India reestablished itself that its sovereignty would ever end again. But it did end, brutally."

"Yes, it did end, but you won your sovereignty back," I interjected.

Indira shook her head. "We didn't get it back. Before the British left they divided India. They cut us up along religious lines. They sliced off Pakistan and other places. There had been huge protest demonstration against the division. People from both regions marched side by side in 1947, chanting together, 'We are brothers! We are brothers!' Nevertheless, the division was imposed according to the old imperial policy of divide and conquer, a policy that was evidently designed to keep the region in turmoil and to keep it economically weak and culturally divided and at war. Officially the division was imposed to separate the Muslims who had ruled the

subcontinent for over 300 years under the Mughal Empire from the Hindus that had always been the majority in India. It wasn't a division by democratic election, it was a division imposed by an Empire, and it was imposed to protect the caste system that had given the British imperials their power. If the Islamic people had no been pushed out of India and into Pakistan, the caste system would not have survived in India. India would be a much more powerful industrial nation today that it is. The imperials feared the economic development potential of a united India. That's why they chopped us up. They wanted to keep us impotent and small. And now you say, Peter, forget all that and recognize yourself as human beings, and celebrate it."

"When the caste system no longer rules in India and divides society, as well as the sexual caste system that still rules in almost all societies, then maybe the political division that has caused so much harm will become resolved too," I said to her. "As you said yourself, shouting with one voice, you are all brothers. We all are; we are offspring of the family of menkind. Once this is fully understood and acknowledged, and respected across society, a new united India will arise. Of course, by then the political solution will be a trivial thing. It will only reflect the unity that has always existed. Once this becomes recognized the details of administration become secondary and unimportant. And another surprise will happen. You will recognize at this point that India had not been a sovereign country for 3,500 years since the Aryan invasion. At first the Aryans ruled India. After the Islamic invasion the Muslims ruled India. After that the British ruled India. Old Delhi is really a part of Islamic culture and New Delhi a part of the colonial culture. Maybe the closest India came to being sovereign was in the twilight when the Brahmanic Dark Age drew to a close and before the Islamic Age had fully begun, around the 10th Century. Maybe that is where you find the real culture of India."

"You mean the Chandela time when the temples of Khajuraho were built," said Indira and waved a finger at me.

"What was that supposed to mean?" I said.

"Oh, you don't know, do you? In that case you have a surprise coming, Peter. And you are right, you won't be able to see any on that in Delhi here, New or Old. I'll have to take you to Khajuraho for that. Still, I love it here. The old part of Delhi is still full of impressive reminders of our pre-colonial history. Being here gives me hope that we might rebuild ourselves to what we once were. That's what the mosques and monuments represent, and the old forts and grand old buildings. New Delhi, in contrast, is a totally different city altogether. I don't want to be there. It's a foreign city, an imperial city. It was built by the British Raj, the representative of the British Empire. New Delhi is a giant monument to the

occupation of our country and its economic destruction that stands unseen behind the beautiful and spacious tree-lined avenues and the monstrous government buildings. I could never force myself to live there since the fate of the Dalits is so closely linked to the pompous arrogance of the imperial oppression that is reflected in that city. The Dalits had a far better life during the Islamic Age."

I agreed with her that the solution to the Dalits' problem would never be found on the platform that is represented in the colonial city, the ghost of which apparently still lingered on throughout the country. I suggested to her however that the Dalits' problem is more a universal problem than being a problem unique to India. I told her that the international financial 'Thevars', the banks, the IMF, the currency traders, the speculators, the global economic pirates, pursue the same course of action that the Thevars of India pursue against the Dalits. "The financial 'Thevars' just do it on a much larger scale," I said. "They are destroying entire continents in their arrogance, to the point of killing people with the same kind of economic sanctions that the Thevars use in India. The imperial mode is still in operation. It is killing people all over the world, quietly, without bullets and without knives, just as the Dalits were treated in the period of the occupation. In India, that's when things began to deteriorate. That is also why empires always fall, because they destroy the human foundation they depend on."

I told Indira that I could understand perfectly why she wouldn't want to live in New Delhi, the New Imperial City, that historically represents this destructive mentality.

"The same also happens on the smallest scale," said Indira. "No male will ever understand fully the discrimination against woman that happens all over the world, especially in marriages. Spousal murder, spousal rape, spousal abuse, should all be regarded as contradictions. Instead, they are accepted, they are tolerated, and they are even defended as internal family matters that society should not concern itself with. And that's only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. That is why I was never married. As a doctor, I have seen too many horror shows, and heard tragic stories that you wouldn't believe. And believe me, those stories were reluctantly told, often intermixed with many tears, since most women are ashamed to talk about their entrapment into situations they can never escape from. That is why I love your discovery of the principle of the universal marriage of mankind. It takes away those boundaries that entrap people into artificial situation that become exploited and become inhuman. Aren't we all children of a common humanity? I love your song. It sounds like hugs and kisses to me, but why has it taken so long for us human beings to put this truth on the map?"

"Maybe the people are scared to break with popular opinions and the underlying sophistry," I suggested to Indira.

"But isn't it more honorable to break with the popular lies, than it is to bow to them?" said Indira. "I am inviting you to share my life, that's honorable and truthful. No one could be closer than we are on the basis of what we both acknowledge. Shouldn't we be truthful with ourselves about that?"

She followed this up with a kiss on the lips.

"Ultimately, we can't be untruthful about that," I replied. "If we want to acknowledge the divinity of the human being that the Christ has brought to the forefront throughout history, we have to acknowledge our completeness as human beings, even our sexual completeness, representing both the male and female embraced as one. What sets us apart in the sexual arena is so minute actually, that it's not worth the mention."

"There certainly isn't a foundation there for isolating us from one another or divide us though we were a separate species like for instance a bird and fish," said Indira. "The evidence of our unity is strong, that we are all children of a single humanity."

"This evidence is all around us." I said to her with a grim. "I am looking at the evidence right now. From the moment that I saw you, I fell in love with you as beautiful woman. This love came from the heart, and it came as easily as the rain, because my embrace of you in love had already existed deep in the heart. I didn't have to create it or build it up artificially. I embraced you as a beautiful female human being, because I treasured the female element in my heart. That light was already shining brightly within me, and behold, with a great joy, I saw it reflected in you. Isn't that also how a gardener loves a rose, because its beauty really rests in his Soul? A rose means nothing to a cat. If the female nature of our humanity weren't a deeply cherished reality in my Soul, you wouldn't have meant anything to me. Instead you come to light in my sight as a great and beautiful star. On this rests our unity. We don't really have to reach across the gender gap, because there exists no such gap. All that we have to do, is to open my eyes to what is already true about ourselves and accept our built-in unity as human beings, instead of denying it. Isn't that what love is? We tend to deny the love we have when we struggle to create it, because then we deny to ourselves that it already exists."

Indira shrieked for joy, interrupting me, and returned my kiss. "This means that no special arrangements need to be made to consummate the marriage unity that already exists between the two of us, that exists as naturally as the rain, as you say, as the rain on a summers day," said Indira and embraced me again.

"It's really quite simple, isn't it," I replied during our hugging one another.

"That's what I love about what you are saying," said Indira as we started to walk again. "It is simple. The universal principles

that you have discovered make everything so natural, so unmistakable. It takes away the demarcation lines and replaces them with universal sovereignty. Universal love, universal marriage, and universal sovereignty have got to be the most beautiful principles that have ever come to light in the entire history of humanity. But can they really be made to work universally?"

She stopped walking as she said this. She turned and looked me into the eye. "Answer me truthfully, can this really be made to work at all? Am I the fool of fools by inviting you to come into my home on the strength of a commitment to a principle that has never been proven before to work in an actual real life situation? My home is modest. I am not prepared for this challenge. I have only one bed, which I will gladly share with you, but will I be safe? My greatest fear has always been that when I get together with men, I might expose myself to being hurt again. Too many people all over India, and not just here, but all over the world, are being hurt by this kind of exposure inspired by some form of trust. Will you respect me as a sovereign human..."

I put a finger over her lips. "For thousands of years we have lived by traditions based on a moral law that was only vaguely supported by universal principles. That law should have prevented this hurt, but it didn't, because the foundation wasn't established to assure that this would happen. The foundation has to be built on a deep understanding of the universal principles of the universe, backed up by a scientific acknowledgment of the universal truths. This has never happened before, I agree. I can also assure you that this is the road that I am on. Am I a genius on that road? No, I'm just an ordinary man. I can fail, and I have messed things up before. I have messed things up real badly in Russia a long time ago, when I was still tapping in the dark. But this isn't about failing, is it? This is about dwelling at the leading edge, about standing on the mountaintop. As a scientist you should know that universal principles must be acknowledged universally. So the question isn't, can YOU trust ME. The question is; can you trust the universal principles? Can you move with them? To me, the universality of these principles demands that I cannot treat you in any way different than I would treat the most honored person in the universe. Nothing less will do. Therefore, nothing must ever happen between us that we need to be ashamed of. On the other hand, no artificial barrier must exist that would take away this responsibility from us. The bottom line is, we are facing a rare opportunity to experience the dimension of an even more rarely acknowledged truth, in which we acknowledge ourselves as a human being. This is what is at stake."

I paused, waiting for her response, but she remained silent. "Of course, if you feel that our respect for one-another, based

on our respect for the truth that we embody in our humanity, doesn't assure that we respect one-another's sovereignty, then, I suppose, we are both wasting our time here. In this case, I should leave tomorrow and recompense Fred for the expense of coming here. However, how would my leaving affect you? Would my leaving, help you? No, it wouldn't. You would remain vulnerable, because the power of these principles hasn't been experienced and hasn't been further explored. You would be more exposed, then. This means you would continue to resort to living in isolation in order to protect yourself in your assumed vulnerability. This means to me that you are asking whether our respect for one-another will be sufficient to prevent the slightest hurt while we allow ourselves to become close to each other, as close as our love may inspire us to be? I would say that the possibility exists that what we understand right now is sufficient to assure what you expect, Indira. In all the situations so far, in which I have developed a beautifully close association with a woman, there has never anything happened, as far as I know, that we had to be ashamed for if our stories had been published in the newspapers all over the world. Of course, that's not much of an assurance to you either, is it? After all, this is India, a country that has been abused by great powers, where abuse has become almost a pastime. So, what do you want me to say?"

"It would help if you just said that you love me?" Indira replied. "Of course, you have said this already a thousand times over already, in many ways and metaphors, and with your eyes and with your smiles, but there are simpler ways."

"Perhaps I could tell you 'how' I love you," I replied. "Forgive me, I should have done this already. The fact is that I have been too captivated by you that I literally had no time to put my appreciation into words. From the moment I saw you, a beautiful warm feeling came over me. I felt so close to you, as if I had known you always. Still, I am sure, a thousand men would say the same thing, and they would most likely all speak the truth. Indeed, how many men have said these things to you in the past, and likewise to many other women, and have hurt those whom they love, nevertheless. So, what can I say to assure you that the same won't happen this time? Yes, I love you, Indira."

I didn't wait for her to answer. As I pondered my own question a profound answer came to mind. The answer unfolded into a smile and a statement of recognition of something greater than love. "The answer is so simple, Indira," I said to her, "I wonder why I haven't thought of it before. The answer is, that what is happening here is exceedingly precious to me. You have come to me not just as a beautiful woman, but also as someone so daring to have put yourself on the line for something that I deeply believe in, to test the riches of our humanity as a foundation on which love, sover-

eignty, and peace can unfold together. In this, all by itself, you are more precious to me than any other man on earth would likely ever hold you. You are a miracle, really. My thoughts are filled with gratitude to God for this miracle that someone like you exists in this world, and I am exceedingly grateful that this miracle is you, and you are here and near. I am grateful, Indira, that you exist. You are most precious to me. So, how could I possibly hurt you? I hope that what unfolds from our being together will be equally as precious to you. I hope that we can have together all the 'gold' in the world that life can bring, and this in total security and with a freedom that comes without a price tag attached. It is my hope that the recognition of our universal marriage may become the model for the unfolding of a new kind of love in the world and the model for a new renaissance. Will this be sufficient for you as an assurance, will it?"

Indira answered with a nod. She squeezed my hands. I saw tears forming in the corner of her eyes. Perhaps it was in part in an effort to hide her tears that she closed her eyes and kissed me. Or maybe she never noticed these tears herself. She seemed happy after the kiss. We started walking again soon thereafter.

The mood of the night became much lighter now, and infinitely brighter. I supposed that my answer did suffice.

She told me on the way to the car that she knew quite a few villagers who would be delighted to hear about our "miracle" together. "And they will hear about it," she added. "But can this really be applied universally in real life situations, in every case, or even in just a few other cases? Do you think that it is possible that I'll find just one other person besides you in the world who can understand this principle to the point that he or she and I may be bound to each other on the platform of this principle with such a commitment that it enriches one-another's life?"

"I sincerely hope so," I answered immediately. "Are you suggesting that I might be the only such person?" I asked. "If you do, you deny the universality of the principle. The principle is absolute. The knowledge of it can be shared."

"Are you saying then that you are just the first step in a still greater miracle? Are you saying that it is possible for this miracle to unfold on and on, on a universal plain? If this is so, then I'll gladly share my life with you and with any other such person. I suppose, the miracle that you speak of has no meaning to me unless it can exist outside the private domain. In the private domain we might never be free. But if this miracle is unfolding in the universal domain, then its 'gold' is even more precious, and we will be able to take this 'gold' safely into the most intimate domain and be enriched by it as something that stands precious by its own

virtue. In this, I would feel secure. Do you believe that this unfolding is possible?"

"It will not only be possible," I said to her. "It will be so profound that it remains not exceptional when it happens, but will embrace the whole of humanity. In a way, this is already happening," I added with a great big smile. "You know already at least one other such person, Indira. That person is Fred. If Fred didn't see you as someone exceedingly precious, as I think he does, he wouldn't have sent me to you in the hope that my new discovery would make your life freer and richer. I think Fred, like me, is far more than just a little grateful that you exist in his life and in this world, and that you are a part of it."

Indira looked at me and began to grin. "Of course, Peter! Forgive me. Fred is always dear in my heart, and you are too, already. But you won't be here all the time, and neither is Fred."

"Oh, what has this got to with anything?" I asked. "Where there are two, there may be three tomorrow. Once the principle is established that opens the door to infinity, all the boundaries become invalidated by this principle. If the miracle that binds us with its bond of love enfolds, where there are three people now, there may be four tomorrow. What would hinder this principle to enfold a thousand people into the same bond? Sure, this perception involves great challenges, but what are they compared to what the principle promises? A friend of mine kept telling me in such cases, what have the challenges got to do with anything? Do they change the principle? That is how my friend Helen would have answered your question. Also, she would have been right in saying this. I think she lives a wonderfully rich life on this infinite platform, which is the same kind of platform that you are alluding to. I have seen some of the birthday cards she had received. Her life appears to be richer than that of anyone I know, in terms of the greatest riches that we can possibly have, which is love."

Indira began to smile again. "Peter, persons like you and Fred are so rare," she said. She shook her head saying this. "But you do exist, and by existing you do demonstrate the rule. Thanks for reminding me that there are no exceptions from the universality of the principle that makes the rule. But don't you think, Peter that the answer of your friend applies to you, too? Fred has told me a lot about what you have done and are still struggling to do. Fred told me that you are struggling to resolve the demarcation line that creates 'untouchables' on the marriage platform without destroying the union that has been established, but to strengthen it. That appears to be a much tougher task to fulfill than just staying away from the challenge of becoming involved with the riches of life as all the other people do. Are you saying to yourself, too, when the

problems seem to be too great: What have those got to do with anything?"

I answered her by squeezing her hand gently. "If I wouldn't be saying this to myself, I would have stopped struggling long ago," I said to her. "I would have surrendered to the status quo. But thanks to my friend Helen, the struggle continues and always will. We wouldn't be standing here if this weren't so. The struggle will continue until we all become richer without losing one iota of good that we have ever cherished, that is real. Indeed, this may be an infinite challenge, because the nature of good is as infinite as its principle. This means that when we 'dream' of some great good to come into our life, our perceptions of it are still too small and too limited."

"Maybe Fred send you here so that we can work out that impasse together," said Indira and squeezed my hand in return.

She spoke in a tone of voice as if she had been as much surprised by this idea of infinite good as I been voicing it. As far as I could remember I had never perceived the nature of good in such terms.

"You have helped me to realize that there is no need to ever get married the old way," Indira interrupted my pondering. "The old way is too small, considering that I am already married to all humanity on this new, universal platform. But you are married on the old institutional platform that creates demarcation lines. Maybe Fred wants to give us both a chance to experience what the real marriage platform enables on the personal level that uplifts the small and widens it as we uplift each other's life on the infinite platform in our own individual ways. Perhaps Fred meant that we do this together right here in Old Delhi."

I thanked her for this lovely idea. I agreed with her that this might have been intended, knowing Fred and his habit of challenging people to uplift themselves to higher levels of perception. In this context Indira was probably right on the mark.

"Isn't that also how the USA came to be?" Indira asked. "Fred told me that the European pioneers of the New Renaissance, the Westphalian Renaissance, had this beautiful dream to create a model republic, a true nation-state republic that would be free of oligarchism. He told me that while this had been impossible to do in Europe, the distant colonies in America offered the kind of sanctuary and intellectually pioneering environment in which that lofty idea could come to fruition. So, they organized a wide-based support around that idea and made the dream come true. Maybe that is why Fred sent you here to far away India with a different culture to do the same kind of pioneering thing. Maybe he expects us to build the kind of foundation here, away from your home base, that can't be

readily built at your home base where everyone is still too tied down with limiting problems that are becoming evermore difficult to resolve."

I didn't reply right away. I hugged her instead. "Can you imagine how such a breakthrough could change the world?" I said to her a while later in front of one of the brightly lit shops that had caught our attention. "Can you imagine what could happen when people catch on to the principle that is involved? Can anyone really fathom the great depth of Mary's discovery of the truth of mankind's universal marriage that she has put on the table? Just look at what is already happening between us in those few hours since we first met. For instance, how many people have ever said to you, Indira, that they are grateful that you are alive and exist in the world and bring light to it as a human being? How many have said this, Indira? How many have ever told you that you are precious beyond measure, and that your commitment to this universal kind of love is like the sunshine as all love must be, and is a miracle beyond compare?"

She raised one finger.

"Now imagine what the world would be like if this kind of appreciation for one-another were to become common place throughout the whole of society. Wouldn't it end wars forever and establish the brotherhood of all mankind in its universal marriage to one another as a monumental truth? The word Dalit would be spoken no more."

"Oh you dreamer," Indira replied. "Still I love you for dreaming such wonderful dreams. But will we ever see them come true?"

"That depends on when we take the first steps, Indira, and how daring we are going to be to take those steps and turn them into giant leaps forward. Maybe there is more than just dreaming involved," I added.

I told her about the Christmas story that Ross had read to us in front of the fireplace, the weapons mythology story that had been submitted to us. The story is that of two kingdoms. One king wanted more gold. His alchemist couldn't produce it, but he could make steel for better weapons, which would enable the king to have all the gold he ever would want. And so the king started an arms race that mushroomed and eventually destroyed both countries. Shocked by this ending we had agreed upon reading the story that it had a dreadful outcome. Consequently Ross had challenged me to write a better ending. I told Indira about the new ending that I had created for the story. "I suggested that the king's daughter should be present with the king. In my ending the daughter intervened when the king called for gold and was offered a better weapon instead. She challenged the king with a broader recognition of the universal marriage of mankind and demanded that it be implemented

as a practical platform, a kind of new social and political platform that creates bonds between people. She pointed out that the butterflies cross back and forth between the kingdoms, asking the king why his people should be 'smaller' than the butterflies that his people couldn't do this little thing that the butterflies do so easily? Let's be greater than just butterflies, but we can't be greater with swords in our hands. She demanded therefore that the king send ambassadors offering gifts of things the kingdom had in abundance, which the others need."

"That's a fine ending," interrupted Indira. "Mary would have been proud to hear it."

"The astonishing aspect is," I said to Indira, "that I had created the new ending before my friend Ross had told me about Mary's scientific foundation and the principles that we explored afterwards."

"You must have understood the principles instinctively," she replied. "Your experience then suggests to me that it is a natural principle that we have before us that any human being should be able to understand, rather than something miraculous. This gives me hope that we might be able to establish a similar arrangement based on this principle here, and not just between us."

"A similar arrangement; in respect to what, India?" I asked.

"Between the Thevars and the Dalits, Peter. The escalation of attacks and counterattacks has gone on far too long, just like in your story. It's become more and more impossible for the Dalit people to carry on their life in this environment. Maybe we can create a different ending here, too, than the one that society is still drifting deeper into."

"Why not?" I replied. "You, as the doctor in the region, could take on the role of the king's daughter and demand a brighter world."

She shook her head. "That role isn't possible anymore. We have passed that point a long time ago."

"No, I think this is still possible," I replied immediately and hugged her. "You just inspired a great idea in me, that I think can work."

We had stopped in the store of a spice and tea merchant at this point, who asked us to leave since he was just closing shop and had already begun turning the lights out.

"I think we can implement my new ending," I said when we were out on the street again, "and you can indeed assume the role of the king's daughter."

"But how, Peter? It's far too dangerous for me to go back there, and much more so to become politically involved."

"It doesn't have to be that way," I replied. "Let's change the conditions. Suppose you were to base yourself here in Delhi with

some kind of a high level attachment to a government health service institution. And suppose further that Fred and I were to be able to organize the funding for a fully equipped medical van that you could use on tours through all the villages in your district, and other districts if you like. You could help many more people that way with quality care, including the Thevars, including even the police, the priests, and everyone else. If this were to happen, wouldn't that rehumanizing process radically soften the situation in the villages between all concerned? With an infrastructure like that, you would not only be much more effective in helping people, but you might also be able to roll back some of the causes for the bitter feuding that causes the injuries. The Thevars might even become convinced, as they become more human in the universal sense, that it is actually to their advantage to keep their workers healthy instead of constantly brutalized. In this way, I think it will be possible for you to help erode the demarcation line that is presently killing people. This would certainly create a much nicer and safer working environment for you. Moreover, if this approach works, it might have an effect towards uplifting the life of all of the Dalits once the idea begins to spread. As you said yourself, legal laws won't change the way people think, but you may be able to accomplish this change by introducing a paradigm shift in people's thinking by simply dealing intelligently with them as human beings. This kind of shift in thinking can take on a life of its own, Indira, and affect the whole country. This also means you would be more than just a doctor. You would also be a diplomat and an ambassador for a new kind of humanity. Such an involvement could open the door to a New Renaissance. How about it?"

She hugged me for the suggestion. She even followed it up once more with a kiss.

Our conversation continued in this manner until midnight, during our slow journey back to the car. At one point we had tea at an open sidewalk teahouse.

Chapter 3 - Defining the Face of Truth

According to the kitchen clock it was almost two in the morning when we arrived at Indira's flat. The apartment was on the seventeenth floor of a twenty-story building. It was ultramodern for Indian standards. It had a full bath, an extremely large bedroom, and an equally large kitchen with a living room, dining room area attached to it. The space could have comfortably served a family of four. The living room opened to the outside, onto a corner balcony that provided a 270 degree panoramic view of a large portion of Delhi. The city lay spread out below us as if it were a vast sea of lights interrupted by waves of darker patches that appeared to be parks and or large landmarks.

Before retiring I send off an E-mail to Fred, on Indira's computer. The Internet was just beginning to take off in India. E-mail was considered the most leading edge of technology, by what I could see. Naturally it was embraced by Indira, a leading-edge-kind of a girl. I e-mailed Fred my request for a medical van with a brief explanation why it was needed.

"That won't be possible," his answer came back almost instantly. "This kind of large project falls outside the scope of our diplomatic business. Sorry to have to disappoint you."

I had half expected this type of an answer. I even smiled receiving it. I smiled, because I already knew what reply I would send.

"Consider this," I replied. "From the very moment on that the U.S. Government has made the strategic depopulation of the Third World a foreign policy priority under the directive of NSSM200 in 1974, the kind of 'business' that you said 'falls outside the scope of our diplomatic pursuits' has actually been the centerpiece of our foreign diplomacy. We have chosen this path to be our 'business. We have made it our business in real terms from 1975 on, mostly in the negative sense. We can't ignore what we have done.

"The Dalits' problem could have been resolved by now," I continued, "if this kind of destructive policy, and the mentality of inhumanity that is associated with it, hadn't been put on the table by us. Out depopulation policy eroded the social and economic platforms all over the Third World with an eye of putting countless people to death by means of economic collapse. That's the stated

NSSM200 objective, isn't it? Its policy is to kill as many people as possible in order to preserve the targeted countries' raw materials for the future needs of the USA and the West. Now we have reached the point that we must repair the damage that is fast becoming unmanageable, and we must do this as fast as is logistically possible in order to preserve whatever human civilization we have left on this planet. This consideration makes my request a high priority national security issue, doesn't it? The USA needs to open its aid-tap along this line before the people of India become desperate enough to take us to court over the issue, which they could, for the damage we have done to them as a people.

"Just imagine, Fred, the size of the compensation claims that might be launched," I added. "Can you imagine what huge claims could be made for the millions of deaths that our policies have intentionally caused all around the world? Just consider the banning of the DDT pesticide as an example, which falls into the NSSM200 policy objective. DDT had once nearly eradicated malaria. Now with the ban in force that takes away the only defense that poor countries have, the scourge of malaria is back again in a big way. Malaria that was once nearly eradicated is infecting hundreds of millions of people again and is causing millions of agonizing deaths every year. Of course this was our goal, Fred. One of the arguments for banning DDT was that DDT enabled too many people to live. It was later admitted that America's banning of DDT was a political decision. The environmental arguments against the DDT have all been scientifically disproved. The policy objective was to kill human beings on a larger scale than war. We are doing this now. In Africa a person dies of malaria every 30 seconds. For India the figure might be worse.

"Of course, the case of the DDT ban is just a small example of the murderous intent of our policies, Fred, with which we are trashing the humanity that defines us as human being. That's what we do when we intentionally cause untold millions of deaths around the world by a policy of intention. NSSM200 clearly states in its 120-page context that the selective destruction of human populations is our policy.

"Just imagine, Fred, if the people of the world pry open the compensation flood gate for this intentional murdering. How huge do you suppose would the global compensation case become for this single issue alone? And then add to that list all the other cases of our silent murdering that justly demand compensation claims, like for the CFC ban, or AIDS, which can all be arguably linked directly to NSSM200. NSSM200 became policy in 1975. AIDS hit the global scene five years later. The connection has been carefully covered up, but the timing suggests that the whole world has a pretty good case against us, which could be unimaginably costly in compensation

claims that could shut our entire country down. The medical van project that I am requesting funding for would cost our country next to nothing in comparison, while it has the potential to take the wind out of the sails of the compensation-claims fleet. What I am requesting has the potential to start something positive, to start a trend that just might put the lid on this issue before it explodes into something unimaginably big. Can you imagine how big this can get when it is put onto the global agenda to be decided on by an international tribunal? Then add to this the damage we have caused to people all over the world with the radioactive pollution that our DU bombs have caused that keeps on killing forever.

I think we have a chance to repair some of the damage before it reflects itself back to us and destroys us in the same manner as we aimed to destroy other nations. The train on this issue has probably already left the station. We have to stop it along the way, before it gets to where it is going. Would you kindly help?"

With the click of the mouse my reply was on its way. It was easy to go asleep after that, with the start of a solution in mind.

Indira was already soundly asleep by the time the reply was composed and sent off. Since there was only one bed in the bedroom, and a huge one at that, I quietly joined her.

The next morning came all too soon. However, it began most pleasantly. I woke to the sight of a beautiful smile. The curtains were still drawn to keep the sun out. "Awake, awake!" I heard her say gently. "Happy Peter-day!" she added and grinned. "I greet you and I kiss you," she added gently after her grin gave way to her normal gentle smile again.

Would this become her daily morning greeting, I wondered? If so, what a 'heaven' I had yet to look forward to. I loved this greeting. And oh, how much better it sounded than just, good morning, or hi there!

This morning her greeting was followed up with a long drawn-out kiss. Also it was followed up with an invitation for breakfast on the balcony. Wow! What a treat! And there on the balcony I was greeted again.

"Happy Peter-day!" she repeated when I joined her in the sunshine of a new day.

"Happy Indira-day!" I replied and began to grin. "We can both have our day together you know."

"What a wonderful thought," she replied.

Oh, what a wonderful morning to this was turning out to be! What a sweeping view we had in the bright morning sunshine from

her balcony on the 17th floor. Spread out below us one could see almost the entire city, so it seemed. Indira pointed out the Red Fort, the famous red sandstone fort, which she said was built in 1638 to keep out the invaders. The fort had remained to the present day a symbol of Mughal pomp and power. She also pointed out the Jama Masjid, the great mosque of Old Delhi, the largest mosque in India. "It has a courtyard that can hold 25,000 devotees," she said in the manner of a tour guide. "Jama Masjid was built in 1644. It was the last great building of the series of architectural indulgences of Shah Jahan. Shah Jahan is the Mughal emperor who also built the Taj Mahal and the Red Fort," she added. "The mosque has three great gateways," she explained, "four towers and two 135ft high minarets constructed entirely of strips of red sandstone and white marble."

I leaned over towards her as we were standing on the balcony together. I embraced her momentarily and then interrupted her talk with a kiss.

"I'll take you to all of these places if you like," she said after the kiss ended, resuming her role of tourist guide. "But first, we'll have breakfast."

Breakfast was simple. It consisted of two large pieces of the traditional Indian bread with jam, which I am sure wasn't an Indian tradition, but it was good nonetheless. The greatest surprise of the morning, however, was Indira herself. In total contrast to the evening before, when she had been almost totally covered with the long traditional gown that she wore, she stood before me this morning almost totally naked, dressed in an outfit as small as a western bikini. I was puzzled by the contrast. She was dressed so sparsely that her appearance would have challenged the most daring western tradition in provocativeness. She wore tiny black shorts that matched the color of her hair, and a super-short blouse made of white silk that was barely buttoned up and mostly open to the sunshine. "And this is India?" I said to myself.

"I thought this liberal style of clothing isn't allowed in India," I said to her when I finally got my nerve up to comment on her stunningly beautiful appearance that had been hidden the day before.

"Do you really mean this?" she asked. "Do you really find me beautiful?"

"Stunningly beautiful," I replied. "I am captivated by your appearance."

"But what do you mean, Peter, with beautiful? The word beautiful is such an empty word. What does it stand for in your heart? How do you find me beautiful?"

I began to smile. "That's an easy one to answer, Indira. I find you beautiful like flowers in spring, or like:

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
 Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens
 Brown paper packages tied up with strings
 Those are all my beautiful things.

"Those lines are from an Oscar Hammerstein song," I added. "Well almost they are. They are from a song that we sang as children when the world was bright and new and rich with promises of discoveries that we couldn't yet imagine, or barely imagined, like:

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple streudels
 Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodels
 Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
 That's what we considered to be beautiful things.

"Can you imagine this, Indira? I can still remember those lines. They speak of a beautiful world that we learned love, even if it seemed like a magical world or a world we couldn't quite touch, like:

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
 Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
 Silver white winters that melt into springs
 Those set the sage for my beautiful things

"And we built on those verses, Indira. And now that you asked the question what is beautiful, I find that the building hasn't even begun. Could anyone therefore find you more beautiful?"

Indira blushed and smiled but said nothing in reply.

"I hope you are not offended by me saying that. At home in America this would be interpreted as coercion, but it really is the truth if I may be bold enough to say so."

"I am glad you find me beautiful in this magical way, and more so that it makes you happy," she replied. "But I am also grateful for the opportunity to be seen in this more down-to-earth way as a woman, which is traditionally deemed undignified, even at the beach. The long gown evidently reflects of our Islamic background. I'm a bit of a rebel against that too. Of course being sparsely dressed is OK for tourists," she added and began to grin. "The fact that you, as a tourist, are renting the apartment, makes my down-to-earth dress-style that you find so magical in a beautiful way, 'officially' acceptable."

I began to laugh. "Reality often appears magical in comparison with what we have made of it over the years, Indira. You just confirmed that. But what did you just say about me renting the apartment? Am I?" I asked astonished.

"Sure you are. We both are. For the price of a hotel room for two weeks on the diplomatic price-level, we are renting the entire suite for a whole year. Fred suggested that we do this. He didn't tell you, did he?"

I shook my head and laughed. I figured he might be laugh-

ing too, just about this time.

"I supposed that Fred omitted something else too," she said and joined my laughter. "I bet he didn't tell that our living together makes me officially your wife."

"And so the magic continues," I said and began to grin.

"Fred suggested that this arrangement shouldn't surprise you since it reflects the principle of the universal marriage of humanity that you have discovered and are here to prove. So, why shouldn't we live together on this platform as man and weib, as they say in German?"

"Right!" I agreed. "Why indeed shouldn't we accept what is already firmly established as the reality of our being? Isn't it our privilege to bring the forever established reality to light? However, I wouldn't call us man and weib, or husband and wife as we say in America. These are vertical concepts. They belong to the vertical model, the imperial model of top-down control by which we staged into role-playing. The correct marriage model, that of the universal marriage of mankind, unfolds laterally, in a lateral lattice in which we stand side by side, bound to one another by countless strands of love rather than institutional arrangements. On the lateral platform, the only role that we perform, or can perform, is that of a human being moved by the Principle of Universal Love. I would say we live together here as two human beings bound by nothing but strands of love. This doesn't mean that we can't run a household together. Those are secondary things. The primary demand of the Principle of Universal Love is that we lay aside all vertical models of interrelationships, since they have no foundation in principle. And that's totally new. It might never have happened in all the history of civilization. We are committed to build our lives on the lateral model, which is the very manifestation of the Principle of Universal Love. Do I make sense, Indira? What we have before us is incomparable with anything else. We are entering a brand new world."

Indira had left the balcony while I spoke and gone into the kitchen, to make another pot of tea. "You make perfect sense," she called out to me. "I think we are already more closely bound to each other in this lateral relationship, by our community of principle, than we dare to acknowledge. We are human beings and nothing else. That has some scary implications. But what more could we possibly be? What greater reason could we have to be united? In fact, we are already more closely bound to one another on this basis than most married folks will ever be, did you realize that? Married folks are bound to role-playing. My greeting to you at the airport was my acknowledgment to you that I am living for something more profound. That's how it will forever be. That's what I mean when I say to you, 'I greet you and I kiss you.' The two are

the same. However, there is something bigger involved with this lateral kiss than what the common concept of a kiss implies. It isn't a vertical kiss something that limits and confines. A lateral universal kiss, then, is the opposite. A lateral kiss isn't a passive kiss as many kisses are that are casually given and are scripted into the parameters of a specific social role. But the active kiss, which my greeting reflects, is something big and profound and incomparable," she called from the kitchen.

"I greet you and I kiss you is a beautiful greeting, Indira," I called back to her. "No one has ever greeted me like that before."

"And most likely, no one ever will," she replied from the kitchen.

Moments later she appeared with a fresh pot of tea. "Perhaps the words of the greeting are exceptionally beautiful, because they reflect the correct model," she said as she refilled our tiny porcelain teacup. "Actually the words are not really my own, Peter. Like the words of your song about beautiful things, so the words of my greeting are taken a well known profound poetic work. They are from a poem by Heinrich Heine, a German poet. The poem is especially beautiful when set to music. The words for my greeting are the refrain of the poem. The phrase, 'Sei gegruessed, Sei gekuessed' is repeated over and over in this poetic song as if the refrain was a song in itself, a song of life within a song about love."

"In this case the phrase is worth repeating over and over whenever we meet and part," I suggested.

I turned towards her and embraced her. "I love to hear the sound of those words, 'I greet you and I kiss you.' And I love to hear you say them," I said to her. "May I have the honor to share this wonderful phrase that you have coined, to greet you likewise in return? The greeting is so rich in meaning."

She nodded and smiled. "Rich in what meaning?" she asked.

"My dear friend Helen has recognized three fundamental elements of our humanity, and a fourth one vaguely," I said to Indira. "She has defined one of these as our universal kiss. She calls it the element of our peace."

"That's a beautiful concept," said Indira. "Our universal kiss as an element of our peace! Is this a new concept?"

I said that it was quite new. I explained the concept of Helen's lateral lattice and the healing that came out of it. I also explained that Helen's visualization of the lateral lattice concept is essentially a visual construct of the Principle of Universal Love where all love flows laterally, where no one stands above another or below. "I don't know where Helen got this perception from," I said to Indira. "What matters to me is that the principle that she has discovered has become her life, and now mine too."

"Isn't it plain where she got it from?" Indira interjected. "The Principle of Universal Love lies at the root of Christianity itself. From what I know about Christianity, the whole of Jesus' life, the man who founded Christianity, was a sublime summary of a religion of universal, unconditional, divine Love. That's what he lived for. Love was his life. He lived the universal kiss."

I agreed with her completely. I suggested that Jesus had actually defined in his life what in the oldest Indian writings, the earliest Veda, had said about God, that God is indefinable. "Evidently that applies to love too," I said to Indira. "The early Veda defines the 'One Truly Divine,' as the 'One of Many Names' or the one that can have no name. A specific name would be too limiting, but with no name its range its infinity. This Vedic concept is reflected in mathematics. Anything divided by zero is infinite. That's essentially the same as giving love all names in the universe. That's why Truth cannot belong to any specific culture, person, or religion, but defines all mankind."

"Perhaps Truth cannot really be defined with words," added Indira, "but I think it can be defined in life."

"I am sure the life of Christ Jesus gave us the most profound expression of that idea," I said to Indira.

"Sure it did," she agreed. "Out of the same background the Renaissance emerged fourteen centuries later. In the dynamics of Jesus' life the idea of the divine Principle as universal Love was brought to light as never before. But Jesus didn't create this principle. He merely exemplified it for us."

"I would even go as far as to say that his life remains to this day the most profound manifest of the Principle of Universal Love that we can imagine. It solves for me the paradox of the Rig-Veda in which this universal divine principle was already beginning to be recognized eons ago. But later it was trampled into the ground in the same Veda. I think the Principle of Universal Love is something that's absolutely profound, but it makes huge demand. 'Small' people that are not willing to meet those demands tend to trample this principles into the ground so that they do not have to meet the challenge of demonstrating it. This was the great tragedy in India's history, wasn't it, when the Vedic Dark Age began? But the Principle of Universal Love cannot really be defeated. We can only defeat ourselves by turning our back to it. The principle itself is forgiving. Historically it popped up everywhere wherever there was development going on towards a brighter civilization. The Principle of Universal Love is also foundational of the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Humanity, which is far reaching all by itself. It further comes to light with a link to your own cultural roots in the early Veda."

Indira simply nodded. "I felt something like that when Fred told me about your discovery," she said. "That is why I became so overjoyed, especially when Fred told me about your discovery of the Principle of Universal Marriage, which is evidently built on this larger principle. I was overjoyed to hear about your commitment to it. And then Fred told me that you are coming to India to explore this dimension more fully together with me. Can you imagine this? Little me! Wow! And really, this is why you are here, right?"

"I wouldn't be here otherwise," I replied and embraced her once more in the brightness of the morning sun. "I think the divine Principle of Universal Love, that you have recognized behind all of this, is the most profound principle in the universe," I added. "I love the way the Apostle John has put it, though in different words."

Without really knowing why, I kissed her once more before I could finish what I wanted to say. The kiss appeared to say more.

"The Apostle John said that God is love," I said to her later. "John said that he who dwells in love dwells in God, and God in him. Was he suggesting that the two are inseparable and are the foundation for civilization? It appears that he was. Isn't it natural then that a greeting should include a kiss?"

She answered with a kiss.

I told her that I felt a kiss manifests more fully the substance of John's words. "I think a kiss is something enormously profound, because love is profound," I said to her.

"Love is our most precious light," she said. "If we loose it, the darkness is unimaginable."

"India's long tragic history is proof of that," I said to her. "India's history is prove that if we loose just a little of our universal love our world falls into chaos. Mankind's very existence is lodged in the light of love. If that light goes out, as it often does, the human society or nation of world regress into an kind of inhuman backwardness that only an immense struggle can get it back out of. India's history is a striking example of that tragedy, isn't it?"

Chapter 4 - The Paradox of India

Indira's smile faded. "What you are saying hurts, Peter," she said moments later. "We are the most daring, and the most progressive country on earth. We are not backwards as the world may see us, and our history isn't that black."

"But wasn't all of India put into a terrible bind throughout its history that you are still struggling to get out of?" I spoke to her in a quiet tone. "Your history has been one of unspeakable tragedies that had lasted for millennia. Under the kind of yoke that India had to bear a people tend to become small and lose their humanity. But you struggled through all of that. It is evidently not easy for a people to dig themselves out of such a hole. Nevertheless you did this. You came out of a dark history in which the smallest light would have appeared precious. And so should love always appear to every human being, because it is precious. I think if the tragedy in your history has taught us anything at all, it should have taught us at the very least that love is an infinitely precious light, because that light had been drowned out in India's distant past for a millennium or two in the worst possible way by an invading force."

"What do you really know about the history of our country, Peter?" said Indira. "I suspect you know very little about our real history, the history that has shaped us, that is still a part of us."

"Then let me surprise you, I know quite a lot," I interrupted her. "I heard a young woman speak in Russia about India's darkest past. That was quite a few years ago. She spoke during a youth conference. I was amazed by what she had laid before us. She took us back in time about 5,000 years to the Golden Age of the Harappan Civilization along the Indus River that ended abruptly one-and-a-half millennia before Christ. She said it was destroyed by the Arian invaders that flooded into India through Southern Afghanistan. She said that the Aryans had lived in the vast grasslands north of the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea as a nomadic horse culture. The resulting mobility had made them powerful. They began to expand southward into what is today's Iran and then westward into Southern Afghanistan, and from the North through the Hindu Kush over the Khyber Pass, and from there across the Indus River into India. She said that they wiped out the Harappan civilization on their way into India, that had lived for more than a thousand years along the

Indus River. She said that the Vedas described 'proudly' how the Aryans destroyed the Harappan's irrigation systems that had enabled a rich agriculture in that region for many centuries. They also appeared to have destroyed their cities, their culture, and their people in vast massacres. She told us that this wanton destruction was also what they had in mind for the numerous other cultures that had established themselves all across India, the Negroids, the Semites, and the Mongoloids. The people that had lived your land at this time were systematically exterminated or enslaved. She said that the Aryans believed themselves to be a superior race and had deemed the rest of humanity not really human. Their 'religion' of racial superiority had justified their relentless massacring of all other races and people, and the looting of them, or their ruling over them in forced slavery. She told us that it was this brutal Aryan religion that became codified in the 'infamous' Vedas, as she called them, together was a few remaining threads of the original Indus and Hindu spiritual perception."

Indira nodded and looked away.

"Their imperial ruling over a subject people that were spread across an entire subcontinent would have been quite a challenge for them, being a tiny minority, if they hadn't perverted the mysterious religion that had been developed in India into a tool they had given them power over the people thinking to enforce their social control. The Aryans solved that problem by transforming India's budding spiritual religion into a political tool for mass destruction and extermination. The Rig Veda, one of the most holy books of Hinduism, is said to have been written in Afghanistan by the Arian invaders, which was subsequently brought into India to control the people there and wipe them out to a large extent. They literally caused their subject people to kill themselves, as 'inspired' by the Veda, which was enforced by the self-appointed Arian priests, the holy rulers that called themselves the Brahmans. Out of the holy Vedas then flowed the most horrendous female genocide ever unleashed on this planet. It started with the religious killing of baby girls, and was also extended to the obliteration of women as brides, or as wives, and even when they became widows. It is said that in one tribe female babies would be thrown into air and cut to pieces by the warriors with their swords as the babies fell to the ground. Or they fed them to the crocodiles. Those who survived the female infanticide and became brides could of course be killed just as easily if their dowry wasn't rich enough for the family of the groom. The women that made it past this hurdle and became wives, were still not safe from this terror. They could be killed for almost any excuse and had no means to defend themselves against the flimsiest arbitrary charges. If they survived long enough to become widows, they were still not free. The widows were demanded by the Veda to burn

themselves alive in death rituals that would re-join them in heaven with their dead husbands. Of course after they stepped onto the flames of their funeral pyre their property became the property of the Brahmin. And that was just one aspect of the genocidal cruelty imposed on the women of India by the Vedas. Apparently some of that still lingers on. The Woman from India who spoke us at the conference in Russia had her own sister burned to death in a dowry dispute. She told us that the resulting Vedic Dark Age had lasted for more than a thousand years and had become an age of darkness unparalleled in history. She said it became a darkness in which no civilization survived; no writing; no culture; or an trace of even a semi-civilization. The human being had no value in this Dark Age. It had been an age of unending series of slaughters and massacres of native populations that far exceeded in ferocity the Nazi holocaust. She suggested that the Vedic Aryans might have been Hitler's mentors who had visions of a new Aryan race. In India the Vedic Dark Age gave way to what is now called the Brahmanic Dark Age that lasted for another 1,500 years. The Brahmins were the rulers, generally of Aryan decent. The difference between the two dark ages appears to be mostly superficial as far as I could make out from history books. The difference might be that the institution of the caste system gave the Brahmanic Dark Age its special name, in which Brahman sits on the top of the class pyramid as the ruler of all. The rest of society is divided into an array of lower casts, with the Untouchables existing at the bottom, and their women having a lower status than even that. The cast system, or course, was created and maintained by an artificially arranged division of wealth, as well as by imposed ignorance and by brutality in punishment. That's India's tragic history, am I right?"

Indira laughed. "Yes that's what one can read in to history books. You are right on that. But that's only a snippet. Also you may be wrong about the Harappan civilization. It is now believed that the Harappan had already declined and had largely died out, or had moved away, by the time the Aryans came into this part of the world. It appears that the Indus River had lost much of its volume since the earth had been in a cooling trend for a few thousand years by then. During the interglacial optimum that had preceded this cooling trend, the earth had been much warmer than it is today. The air heavy with moisture. The Sahara had been a green paradise with rivers flowing, where today only sand remains. The Indus River had probably been running heavy with fertile sediments in the early days, providing an easy living for the Harappan. The easy living left the people ample time for cultural and scientific development. The practice of Yoga came from the Harappan, and also of the earliest scientific discoveries, like the 'value' of zero, and probably also the decimal numbering system, came from that early time and from that

part of the world. The Harappan had not only developed irrigated agriculture, they had also developed the first written language, going back some 4,000 years. They had built towns and cities. And the most amazing thing is that we find no military installations in their cities, and no palaces. They might have been the first, and possibly only, major non-imperial society on this planet. All of that is a part of India's history too, Peter. The Indus Valley was a part of India since the dawn of civilization until 1947. It was the cradle of India. It might have been the cradle of civilization as a whole. The whole of mankind might have been rooted in India, or Indi as it was called for most of its modern history. The word, Indus, is related to the Old Persian word Hindu, and in Sanskrit it's related to the word Sindhu that was the historic local term for the Indus River. It is also believed that like the name, India, the earliest Indian language, the Vedic Sanskrit came from the Indus valley. This seems to suggest that the Aryan learned their language skills from the Harappan language that might have given rise to the language for the Vedas. This kind of intellectual development that we have seen doesn't happen in the shadow of massive genocide. Perhaps the genocide came later. The Earth's climate had been in a gradual transition at this time. As the earth cooled down, the Indus probably carried less water, less fertile sediments, and living became harder. While the Vedas proudly proclaim that the Aryans destroyed the dam and irrigation system of the Harappan, it is more recently believed that the Aryan invasion began when the earth was much drier, when living was harder, so that most of the Harappan had already left and the dam system was no longer maintained and fell apart on its own. Evidence also exists of some dire consequences followed the collapse of the dam system as the seasonal flooding of the Indus washed away most of the topsoil that the Harappan had cultivated. The bottom line is that we don't really know if the Aryans had caused the collapse of the Harappan civilization or whether the collapse had already begun much sooner. The same might have been the case for other cultures in India as well. The harsher the global climate gets, the larger becomes the upset of its effect in populations. That's part of our global history and appears to have been the cause of great mass-movements of populations, the kind of movements by which imperial power begins to take root. The development of imperial power that culminated into of the Vedic Dark Age and later into the Dark Age of Brahmanism wasn't broken until the end of the next major warming of the earth, which peaked at the medieval optimum when the Hindu Renaissance flourished. The famous erotic temples of Khajuraho where built at this time. It appears that Brahmanism vanished from the landscape of India in the light of the Hindu Renaissance that was immediately overshadowed again by the expansion of Islam that reached as far abroad as India. The Islamic

Renaissance that India got drawn into gave India a new lease on life as it were. It ended the caste system. It gave us a much more human face, and some say, also a beautiful face. The Taj Mahal was supposedly built in that new era. Except it reflects the far more beautiful India of the Hindu Renaissance of a thousands of years ago. So it seem to me that the Aryan invasion that had caused those two long dark ages had not entirely wasted the human potential of India in those almost three millennia of cultural darkness. It also tells me that it was the revival of Hinduism coupled with the warming of the earth, which ended the dark ages in India instead of the Islamic invasion that came with its own blanket of darkness. Our history also tells me that India has a great deal to offer to mankind with a culture that survived longer than any culture of earth and against the greatest obstacles that were ever imposed in human history."

"I think if one looks hard enough, one will probably find some of this in the history books, too," I interrupted India.

"But one has to look harder," she said and smiled. "One has to look a lot harder, because the imperials have been the ones writing the history books. History then becomes a weapon in their hands. History in hands of people like Germany's Joseph Goebbels becomes a powerful weapon to rob a people once again of their human identity and to hide the truth of our humanity that no empire can withstand. Empires are threatened by the light of the truth that the whole of mankind is one people of human beings with profound qualities and potentials. That truth tends become hidden, and is still hidden, and remains the cause why India's history is still clouded. But is this truth that defeated Brahmanism, that defeated Islam, and that defeated the colonial occupation of India. We have defeated every imperial force on the planet. That's India's profound history, and it is a history of a people's great spiritual strength. This strength has been obscured and hidden for millennia, and it is still being hidden in the quest for wealth, but it remains what it has always been, a powerful force for civilization. In a way, our history has become the history of the world, Peter. Except we are a step ahead of the world at large. We are moving away from the darkness of imperial history in which a minuscule minority had grabbed power to control and loot an entire subcontinent. Yes, the imperials had us in their clutches; first the Aryan Brahmins and then the British Colonial Brahmins, but Mahatma Gandhi helped us to get us out of that too. And yes, we are out of it to a large extent. This achievement makes us pioneers in the world, Peter, because the whole western world is still up to their eyebrows stuck in the mud of imperial rule. Much of the world is embracing imperial rule today, without knowing it. The entire western society lives in slavish toleration of an irrational, oligarchic organization that smothers almost every sphere of human

endeavor, especially in economics, ideology, religion, culture, art, and science. The western society isn't free, especially in those vital spheres. In every one of these spheres the essential decisions concerning the shape of civilization and the future of nations, even the fate of the whole of humanity, are subjected almost entirely to the whims of a minuscule number of influential families that have assumed the power to dictate how the vast majority of humanity lives. The western emporium enforces ignorance, servitude, and inhuman poverty. What the West suffers today was the yoke of India for millennia, Peter. It is now become the yoke of much of the world. We've taken giant steps here in India in getting ourselves out of this yoke, while the world doesn't even recognize the yoke yet that has been cast around each person's neck. Nor does it recognize the imperial throne that the yoke is tied to, which is dragging society into the sewer. The world is blind, Peter."

I shook my head.

"No, Peter, I can prove what I said," Indira countered. "Take the State of Israel for an example. It's a perfect example of imperial power shaping the destiny of mankind."

"Israel isn't an imperial state," I countered.

"That's where you're wrong, Peter. Israel was created by the British Empire for the objectives of the British Empire, which is a private empire in which a minuscule group of powerful families hold the strings of power over society. They play the payola, and if people don't dance to it, they play with the sword. The British imperial fandi had cut their teeth in India. They overturned the Islamic age in India and gave the country back to the Brahmin to whom they gave power as their hired pawns. But mostly they learned from the Brahmins that had practiced the art of imperial 'global' control for millennia. The British Empire had its tactical roots in India. Now the British Empire, which is no longer called an empire. The Empire has grown beyond this small sphere. It now plays every nation on the planet as pawns on its geopolitical chessboard. In the case of Israel, it created itself a powerful chess piece, a super-Brahmin game piece. The differences are slight. The new Brahmin Empire doesn't wave the Veda into the world's face, it uses the religion of Zionism. Zionism was created for this purpose in British caucus with the Belford Declaration. Zionism was 'written' by the Empire, as surely as the Vedas were written by the Brahmins. Zionism has been created for an imperial purpose, and it isn't Judaism. It is the opposite of Judaism and Semitism. It doesn't reflect the Jewish spiritual identity at all, but an imperial identity. Zionism is anti-Semitic, through and through. It is totally Brahmanic in nature. The State of Zionism, falsely called Israel, reflects the Brahmanic process as perfectly as one can get a match for it. In the case of the State of Israel a tiny minority of Jewish people suddenly created

a Zionist state that took over half of Palestine, and then developed a religion of subjective hate to keep the bloodshed going, just as the Brahmins used religion to destroy the women of India in order to keep the population impotent. We have the same process unfolding in the Middle East now, to keep the Middle East impotent. People say that Israel plays America as a pawn and get America to fight its wars for it. Other say that America dictates Israeli policy. The reality is that both are played by the tiny imperial fondi that holds the global strings with its religion of imperial power that has become terror to the extreme. Terror is waged like a way, because imperialism has no real power. Israel and America have become both game pieces in a fascist imperial strategy to rule the world like the ancient Brahmins had once ruled India. The strategy involves depopulation, just like it did in India. Today, billions are set up to die for the whim of a tiny few. We've stepped away from that hell in India, while the world still lives in it. The world hails fascism from the tiniest aspect of lost freedom to the most massive loss of life in genocides for environmental excuses, or in war, or in poverty, or in artificially created diseases and the destruction of energy supplies and the destruction of the global food supply system. That's the modern imperial game plan, Peter. Like stupid sheep the people of the world follow the oligarchic plan with their hands folded behind their back and march in lock step to their death. We did this in India 2,000 years ago. The world is at this stage now. It's us in India who are the pioneers on this planet, Peter," said Indira and laughed.

"Don't laugh!" I cautioned her. "You may be right."

"I am laughing, because I can take most of my clothes off when the sunshine is bright, and stand before you in a bikini if I want to, which you seem to find incredibly daring," said Indira. "Which imperial religion makes this appear daring to you? It's not Hinduism, is it? Of course the girls do the same in America, but they do it for a different reason. I do it from the recognition of myself as a human being facing another human being. On that platform there is nothing in sex that divides us. I can't be daringly dressed, or undressed, on this platform. This perception puts me miles ahead of the girls in America who wear their bikini for enticement. I am free. They are slaves to an ideology that isn't even their own. They think they are free, but they are toeing the line of the most ancient imperial game, the one that divides people right at their grassroots level. The Zionists are slaves to that too. They've become separated from their humanity as human beings. That's their assigned role to play, and they are playing it well. The role has been invented for them."

"Invented, isn't the right term," I interrupted Indira. "The role that they are playing in the world today has been assigned to

them. The British caucus didn't invent Zionism with the Belford Declaration. They merely reassigned the role. The role had been created much earlier. It was almost forgotten. The Belford Declaration was merely an affirmation of a role that had been invented eons ago, and that has nothing to do with Judaism. The Belford Declaration defined the Jewish people as Zions, a people without a home, stranger in their own lands. The goal was to get them into Palestine as a battering ram against Islam. I heard it said that Hitler had offered the Jews money to leave Germany and resettle in Palestine. That was the imperial plan, the plan of Hitler's masters. The imperials had a role invented around that time for the Jewish people, the role of Zionism. Of course the process didn't work out as planned. Still, Indira, you are right. Zionism is ultimately an imperial creation. However, I think it stems from different empire of a different period. It appears to have started way before the era of the British Empire. It seems to have started in parallel with the Vedic Dark Age. And it appears to have started small. It appears to have started with the intentional perversion of everything the early Hebrew people held dear. It started with a political perversion of a religion that had promised to develop a highly humanist society. This budding religion had challenged the religious empire of the priesthood. It had to be perverted, and it was perverted."

"If you mean the doctrine that made the Israeli the chosen people, forget it, Peter," Indira interjected. "That's pure political hype. No religion supports that stuff, perverted or not."

"No, no, Indira. If you turn a humanist religion upside down you don't have a religion anymore. You end up with fascism, a sewer that includes everything that's inhuman. The doctrine of the chosen people came out of that, but it emerged far down the line. A humanist religion has the Principle of Universal Love as its foundation. The perversion of it has no principle. It's totally arbitrary. But this itself doesn't mean that you can't find the perversion written up in religious texts as if it were the word of God. Too many religious texts have been written by rulers in the pursuit of empires. The Brahmin wrote the Vedas from which they gained their power. The Hebrews did the same. A lot of scoundrels got into the act. The resulting Zionist ideology renders the Jewish people as God's "chosen people," which by implication renders the rest of mankind as worthless trash. That is how the State of Israel treats the people of the Middle East. Zionism was chosen by the British Empire for this qualification. Zionism is the doctrine of a "chosen people," of an imperial class with special privileges. We find the concept documented in the Bible as if it were a legitimate religion. Ah, but we don't find it showing up until we get to the fifth book of Moses, called Deuteronomy. The entire fifth book of Moses appears to lay out God's special regard for Israel. However, the book was created

exclusively by the priests and for the priests own purpose, the purpose of gaining control over society. The book appears to be a document of a subtle religious imperial fraud. The perversion is so subtle that it flows into the religious background almost unnoticeable. The earlier concept that defined God as "the Holy One of Israel" is prominently reflected in the book of Isaiah where the phrase comes from. Then suddenly, in Deuteronomy, we find this relationship turned upside down. It is no longer God who is holy. We read instead that the Israelis have defined themselves as being holy to God as God's chosen people. Scholars have placed the book Deuteronomy into the 600 BC timeframe, roughly a hundred years after the time of Isaiah."

"That puts it into the early part of the Vedic and Brahmanic Dark Ages, Peter," Indira interrupted.

I nodded. "That's when Deuteronomy was written that still shapes the world, and it was written by the priests. For all we know, those priests might have had an Aryan background since the Aryan invasion from the north would have also flowed into the 'holy land' and not just exclusively into India."

"The Vedas appear to have been written a thousand years earlier, that established the Brahmin as priests," Indira interjected.

"But the process was the same," I said, smiling now. "It seems you were pioneers even then. You went through this hell a thousand years sooner. It seems that the Brahmin hadn't actually 'invented' the Vedas either, but had merely taken some of the early Hindu mythologies and had re-written them to their liking. The Hebrews priests evidently did the same. The term Deuteronomy literally means, 'repetition of the law' or the 'rewriting of the law,' or in modern terms, the 'revision of the law.' The dogma of the "chosen people" first appeared in this book that described the revision of the law. The book Deuteronomy, is also historically the latest revision of the Hebrew law. It appears that the emergence of Deuteronomy in the Bible coincides with the beginning of a totally separate development of Jewish law from this point forward, by the incorporation of the perverted law into the Babylonian Talmud. The Babylonian Talmud was essentially completed at around 500 BC. Like Deuteronomy, in its inception, the Talmud became the 'holy book of Zionism.' Of course, the Talmud itself was subjected to repeated revisions for over a thousand years thereafter until about 700 AD. Evidently, there is little left in it now of the original Hebrew religion."

"That's funny," said Indira, bursting into laughter.

I shrugged my shoulders. "What's so funny?"

"It is funny, because it is only possible to revise something that is arbitrary to begin with. Religion is vulnerable to that kind abuse, because it is largely mythological and arbitrary in its doctrines," she said. "The revisions prove it to be arbitrary and there-

fore worthless. But one can't impose arbitrary revisions of universal principles. One can't revise a principle. Nor can one revise a truth that is reflected in people's life. The truth is that we are all human being together. We are people of a common life, a common human soul, and a common humanity. One can't revise that with lies. At least the revisions won't long endure."

"That didn't hinder the Hebrew priests from revising the Law of Moses," I interjected.

"Yes, and the people swallowed the priests' revision, Peter. The fact that this happened tells me that the early Hebrews didn't see the Law of Moses as a statement of universal principles, or else the revision wouldn't have been possible. Am I right, Peter?"

"You are probably more right than you think," I replied. "The process of revising law, like the Law of Moses, wasn't anything new in the world of religion in this general timeframe. The book of Leviticus, the third book of Moses, gives us a striking example of the political revision of the Law of Moses. It contains in its pages a completely politicized version of the Ten Commandments. The book of this highly successful perversion on the Mosaic law is called Leviticus. The Leviticus version of the Mosaic Decalogue is radically different from the original version that we find in Exodus. The gentle admonitions of the original code become totally perverted in Leviticus and interwoven with edicts for penalization, even the imposition of the death penalty in many cases. This horrendous perversion of one of the greatest platforms in the history of religions takes us far away from the divine code of the universal image of mankind as made in the image of God, already at this early age in civilization. We find the divine code of Moses documented as the core concept of mankind in the very opening chapter of the Scriptures. The Decalogue was evidently built on that core concept of a profound truth that the human being has a divine quality in its nature and its potential."

"The 'eye for an eye' code of law that you say is a perversion, has therefore been pinned onto Moses as a revision, hasn't it, Peter?"

I nodded again. "There exists a still earlier perversion of the Mosaic code, the principles that you referred to as the principles of civilization. That revision predates even Leviticus. This earliest revision has been quietly inserted into the Scriptures, almost the moment when the Mosaic code was put forward. We find this revision inserted right behind the original version of Moses' Ten Commandments. The revision stands in total contrast to the Mosaic Ten Commandments. The Ten Commandments present a collection of passive requirements that are essential for the functioning of a civilization. They are instructing society that one should not do this or that, like, thou shalt not kill' and so forth. But as you seemed to

have already discovered, behind each passive demand stands an active principle that assures that the passive demand is met. For example, once the principle of life as a reflection of God is recognized, the resulting acknowledgment of this principle would close the door on killing forever."

"You are saying that Life is a universal principle, a divine expression? That makes us a divine people, Peter. Is that what you are saying?"

"Well, isn't it? The more we discover about the wondrous intricacies of the human body, and of all life really, the more the human body appears like a miracle indeed. We see the effects of life, and that only barely, but we are far from understanding the principle that underlies all life. We have some theories, but they are all superficial. We can count the DNA sequences, but even they hold only a tiny fraction of what we are. We are a miracle, really, and we all share that miracle right across the world. If we kill another person, we really kill what we are ourselves. We are a holy people in that respect. We are human beings reflecting a truly divine Life. When we can see ourselves that way, killing ends, war ends, imperialism ends. On the platform of this higher principle becoming actively understood the passive demand "thou shalt not kill" will never be violated. This beautiful sense of universal principles is reflected throughout the original Decalogue. We find the statement of these principles presented in the second book of Moses, called Exodus. But right behind this gentle statement of principles, in the very next chapter, an old barbaric penal code has been inserted. That is where we find the "eye for an eye" code. This code has nothing gentle about it. It's actually anti-civilizational. And so, the gentle code of universal principles has been turned upside down with the immediate insertion of a brutal affirmation of barbarism."

"Mahatma Gandhi once said that this 'eye for an eye' brutality makes the whole world blind. Did you know this, Peter? He saw this barbarism as a stab into the heart of our humanity."

"This inserted code is a code of rape, Indira," I said to her. "Historically it appears to be rooted in an ancient code of Babylonian law, the Code of Hammurabi dating back to the 18th Century B.C., a thousand years before Isaiah, predating even the Brahmin Dark Age in India. The Code of Hammurabi, so it appears, became reflected in the 'eye for and eye' code that was inserted behind the code of Moses. The Hammurabi code appears to have been inserted since it was designed to bring a certain measure of civilization to the barbarism of ancient Babylon. Hammurabi had imposed a few limits on retribution for crimes. The code of Hammurabi appears to have been intended to curb the arbitrary mistreatment of slaves and arbitrary oppression of the poor by the imperial officials and the priests of old Babylon. It also imposed a limit on the fraud by

contracts and to excesses in litigation. The Code of Hammurabi had been a brave attempt to level the playing field and bring a certain sense of humanity to society. It had been a radical departure from the brutal excesses in corporal punishment that had become rather shocking in Assyrian law that might also have had an Aryan root. While the Code of Hammurabi didn't match the leniency of the Hittites, it stands nevertheless as a significant milestone in the advance of civilization."

"If we had this enshrined Hammurabi's code in India, the Brahmin invasion of India would likely not have been possible at all," said Indira. "Two millennia of dark ages might then have been avoided. The lives of hundreds of millions of people would have been spared, which were wasted in genocide. And still, I can see your point that the insertion of the Hammurabi code behind Moses' statement of universal principles was a step backwards. I can see that the 'empire' of the priests had to do this. Moses' code was a code for creating a humanist renaissance. It was an attack on imperialism. It would have erased every empire on the planet if its principles had been understood and acknowledged."

"You don't have to go that far back into history," I interrupted her. "It would be well for society today if it would heed the ancient code of Hammurabi that was designed to curb barbarism. Under the Code of Hammurabi it would be inconceivable to allow what we see happening today in many parts of the world. For example the Israeli destruction of Lebanon would have been inconceivable. It was the case of two Israeli soldiers having been taken prisoner on Lebanese soil by a Lebanese militia. This quite normal military action let loose an Israeli rampage of revenge that destroyed the entire country of Lebanon as a functional entity. The captured prisoners had been offered back to Israel on a level playing field in exchange for prisoners that Israeli had taken. The Israeli response was to unleash the power of its high-tech might, backed by a super power, that blanketed the region with war that had brought a rain of terror and destruction on both countries. This horrendous excess of brutal military force would not have been possible under the Code of Hammurabi that had been designed to impose limits on barbarism."

"The problem was that Hammurabi didn't go far enough," interjected Indira. "While Hammurabi curbed the excesses of barbarism, he provided nevertheless a legal concession for barbarism. He let it stand, instead of eradicating it as a matter of principle, like Moses suggested in his law of the Decalogue."

I nodded with a smile. "It was precisely that concession for barbarism that was incorporated into Hebrew law in opposition to Moses' law of universal principles. It is this treacherous concession that the Jewish heritage became rooted in. The result is that the

Zionist society no longer cares about such things as humanity and civilization in the pursuit of its state-terrorism for world imperial objectives? When Hitler opened the floodgate to false-flag state terrorism to pave the way to World War II he opened up the kind of sewer that Hammurabi had tried to pave over nearly four millennia earlier, but had left the foundation for it intact."

"That tells me that there was probably still a strong enough background in barbarism prevailing at the time when Moses' Ten Commandments were presented," Indira interjected.

"Moses came onto the scene a few centuries after Hammurabi," I said to Indira. "While Moses' Ten Commandments were designed to inspire a civilization built on universal humanist principles, the implementation might have seemed too idealistic so that an advanced form of the Code of Hammurabi was inserted after the commandments as a kind of contingency measure until the higher law based exclusively on active principles could be implemented. The concession must have seemed benign as it provided a totally equal playing field. The tragedy was that the eye for an eye code allowed barbarism rather than eradicating it. Even extremely curbed barbarism remains barbarism. And that may be the reason why it still rules today, even in India. Every empire is built on barbarism, while more and more the ancient curbs have been put aside again. But this is a trend that humanity cannot long survive, Indira. The killing machines in modern war have become too massively destructive on a global scale. We have to face the challenge that we've evaded for 4,000 years. We have to shut down barbarism with the power of universal principles, which means shutting down every empire that still rules or aspires to rule the world."

"Didn't Christ Jesus warn us about that?" said Indira. "More than a millennium after the concession to barbarism was accepted by society Christ Jesus was trying to alert the people to beware that any concession to barbarism is unacceptable under the spiritual code of God's law, the rule of universal humanist principles. He seemed to have suggested that those concessions to barbarism should have been scrapped ages ago. It appears to me that he pioneered a still higher concept of law that is revolutionary in its implementation of the Ten Commandments and its principles."

I nodded. It was wonderful to hear how much we understood each other. "Yes Indira, Christ Jesus' concept of mankind as having been "chosen by God" comes to light with a vastly different meaning than the Zionist political identity of a superior group. Christ Jesus' concept presents the highest conceptual identity of mankind universally, the Christ identity, exemplified by himself. This higher concept of mankind, the Christ idea, of the universal divinity of man, was associated in public thought with the man Jesus at his time. Jesus had called himself the son of man as well as the son of God,

drawing both aspects together, which made himself the Exemplar of the Christ idea, the highest sense of our universal humanity. In this sense the concept of a "chosen people" doesn't isolate anyone and divide mankind, but uplifts the universal identity of mankind as nothing ever had in the entire history of humanity. Unfortunately this tall spiritual concept that universally acknowledges the unity of mankind in divine Principle, that attributes to mankind the highest possible worth, has all been lost to countless forms of perversion."

Indira began to smile here. "It could well be," she said, grinning by now, "that this tall image of mankind that you speak of had never been fully put on the table after Christ Jesus' time until Mary Baker Eddy reintroduced it in America, that you speak of as the work of Mary."

"Indeed she did, Indira," I interrupted her, "but how is that you know about this in India when hardly anyone does know about it in America? You are full of surprises."

"It's easy to be full of surprises, Peter, if one has Fred as a friend."

"So it was Fred who told you about Mary Baker Eddy's work? He told you before I got here," I replied. "I gave me the impression that he didn't know about that."

"He didn't until you told him, Peter. He said that you were alerted about it by someone named Ross, and that he got it from someone who had poked his head into her work half a century earlier. Yes it is surprising in the way it all unfolded. Maybe her work can help to repair the tragic loss that humanity has suffered by the imperial perversion of the divine face of humanity into some kind of sham image."

"I suppose Fred must have realized, as we have realized," I said, "that India's Hinduism is the only major spiritual force in the world that is so profoundly anti-imperial that it defeated imperialism three times in its history. It defeated Brahmanism, Islam, and colonialism. In this sense Hinduism and Mary's work are related by effect. There might be other similarities that we don't yet see, since the effects are similar."

Indira began to laugh. "The imperials aren't really all that smart," she said. "They are chasing after Islam to wipe it out as a competing imperial force, when the real threat to imperialism is lodged in India in the form of Hinduism."

"Don't laugh so loud," I interjected. "India is the prime target. India is targeted from two directions at once. If you draw expanding circles around North Korea and another set of circles around Iran, the circles will overlap over India. If America dumps several million uranium bombs onto North Korea, and millions more onto Iran, the radioactive pollution that becomes a part of the air will converge over India. The long-term effects will destroy much of the

population of India and disable the country. The bombs are already pre-positioned. So don't joke about this. Look at the horrors that the American uranium bombing has already spread across Iraq and Afghanistan. Look at the birth defects, look at the cancers, look at the diabetes. Hasn't India got an epidemic of diabetes already? Multiply this by fifty or a hundred. This is how India is targeted from two directions at once."

"But China is even closer to the bombing zone, North Korea," Indira interjected. "China will respond to this threat."

"China has already responded, Indira. China deployed its new DF-31 ICBM system to counter the threat. The DF-31 is specifically targeted against the U.S. West Coast, to wipe it out with a few 3-megaton hydrogen bombs and then let the fallout wipe out the rest. They have no option but wipe the USA off the map when the massive uranium bombing of North Korea begins, in order to stop the bombing. Unfortunately, that's not a viable option that anyone would survive. The only option is to raise the platform of civilization so that the bombs stay on the ground. India's spiritual contribution towards this goal would be far stronger than China's bombs. India's spiritual development with its long background in Hinduism would be crucial. That's why India can't afford to sit on the laurels of its historic achievements until the war against war is won globally and imperialism is sent to its final resting place in the trash can, together with everything else that should have never soiled human history."

"Maybe that will happen when we claim our humanity back," said Indira, "together with our Christianity as Mary suggests is possible. Loosing both was a tragic loss for mankind."

"It was a tragic loss indeed," I said quietly. "As a consequence are immeasurable of this enormous loss extending across nearly two millennia. So you see how powerful ideas can be when their loss or perversion causes such great chaos. The perversion and degradation of mankind that resulted from the Zionist concept of the Jews being the only "chosen people" of God as a national identity, later became reflected in the imperial or regal identity. The universal divine rights of mankind became supplanted with the self-assumed divine rights of kings and emperors grasp absolute power over society. They claimed the power to rule as the 'chosen of God.' So you see, what the Brahmin did in India's Dark Age was echoed in all the dark ages and threatens the darkest Dark Age yet to come that might extinguish the light of life on this planet."

"Of course the rulers don't have this right," said Indira. "We allowed them to have it. That makes us a failing species. The kings only treated society as the idiots they were in giving them that right. Consequently they treated the 'little' people of society like some the worthless trash or beasts of labor. While I am exaggerat-

ing, the perversion of the identity of mankind into rulers and trash, begins with society itself."

Now I had to laugh. "You don't know how right you are," I said. "What you just said is now admitted quite openly, and proudly so by many people in the high echelon of the imperial camp. They are saying it even about the military that gives the imperials their power. One highly placed imperial agent said of the American military, and the military in general, that they are just a bunch of damn stupid animals that one uses for imperial policy objectives. The same description of people as stupid 'animals' that one uses at will, obviously applies also to the people that labor in the industries that make the military equipment in the military industrial complex. The same arrogant description of mankind as damn stupid animals that one uses for an imperial objective also applies in the imperial mind to entire nations that are used up as cannon fodder or staging grounds for war. And the imperials are right in saying this, because the nations offer themselves up as pawns on the imperial chessboard, nations like the nation of Israel, like the nation of the USA, Britain, France, and so forth. By subjecting themselves to this game, they fall under the same imperial description of being damn stupid animals that one uses for desired objectives. The man who coined this saying about society being damn stupid animals that one uses at will was one of the empire's highly respected agents, a man knighted by the queen. That's the world of today, Indira. How far have we drifted away from the truth of mankind being the reflected image of the divine being, the wonder of the divine Life reflected in us and in our humanity? We've lost sight of who we are. We've become locked up to our eyebrows into the sewer of our total toleration of an irrational oligarchic organization of society. We speak of freedom, but we have none. It's all been given away. All the essential decisions that determine the fate of nations and mankind as a whole are now completely subject to the whims of a minuscule group of super-wealthy families while humanity lives in ignorance of its own servitude to them. The man is certainly right on the mark about the Western society. We behave like a bunch of damn stupid animals that the imperial can use at will. We have to break out of this trap."

"Our civilization is dying all around the world, like from a disease, a chronic diseases that we haven't been able to cure for 4,000 years," said Indira. We've become a failed society."

"No we haven't," I countered her. "A failing society, yes. But we haven't failed yet. We are not in the clutches of a chronic disease. We are in a mess all over the world because we create this mess anew each single day. We make the sane blunders every day. But this doesn't mean that we can't stand up today and say to ourselves, we won't make those blunders anymore. Once we do this,

the blunders end and the consequences diminish. We can step away from our folly."

"You mean we break away from it today as we did in India from colonialism?" said Indira with a smile. "We certainly have broken away from that. I have too, personally, and from Islam, and from Brahmanism. I see myself as a human being now. And so I see you and everyone else. But as I said from the beginning, the West is far away from even being on the playing field of recognizing reality. The West is asleep. The Middle East is a mess. I see little hope of them ever breaking out of their entrapment."

"Maybe that is why Fred send you to India so that I can learn from you how to rescue the world," I said.

She began to laugh. "Unfortunately I have nothing to offer you than the little that I have achieved for myself, like regarding myself as a human being, and even with that, I really don't know yet what this means."

"I think it means that you are a Hindu," I said to her. "They say that a Hindu is a Hindu for life. I belief this to be true. If a spiritual force creates a great freedom, one won't step away from it and seek out a trap. One moves with that force. If Hinduism is a similar force to Mary's scientifically spiritual force, you'd never go back to anything less. That might be the reason why Mary made no provisions for her society to revert back to the small marriage bond. Why would she? Why would anyone want to go back? You certainly wouldn't. But there are a lot of other pioneering steps that have been taken in the past, out of small-minded perceptions, that society should never has stepped back into."

"This means that society merely has to get back to its pioneering days and its earlier freedoms, and move with the best it ever had and not make the subsequent failures anymore," said Indira.

"That shouldn't be so hard," I said. "You are already doing it, Indira. You stepped away from Brahmanism and its marriage model, onto a wider and more secure platform. You also stepped away from Islam and its smothering of women beneath the burka. Hinduism gave you that freedom. But you don't really know what Hinduism is which has been overlaid with so much perversion. Mary offers you a platform for scientific self-development. So you are moving with that, and in the process you might rediscover the heart of Hinduism."

Indira laughed. "You certainly are right on this one, Peter. Hinduism is hard to figure out, especially in respect to sex and marriage Hinduism is a mess. When the Gods themselves cannot escape the web of erotic love, what chances do we mortals have to emulate the God? We have saints in Hinduism and mystic figures that have sinned according to general perception. We have sages who have abandoned their years of renouncement of worldly pleasure

for a beautiful woman. We have deities in our myths that have slept with others' wives. Some have fathered deer. We have saints in our myths that have made love to the Sun God and deceived the Sun God in due course. We have also gods who have conceived before marriage. If one were to make a list of these perversions of principles that appear in Hindu scriptures, one would put modern western societies to shame. So I see the whole mess as a divine parody that tells us in essence that sex is an important and integral part of life that one must experience for what it is. And marriage? I think that not even the gods knew about the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind. How could they know, not being human, having set themselves apart into a mythical sphere of their own? Mary's science is like a fresh breath of freedom indeed."

"It means you have taken the first step," I said. "But let me tell you, the situation isn't hopeless after that. The same platform for freedom also applies to the political sphere. The unfortunate reality is that society has become stuck in a rut. We've become content with living 'small' and 'poor' lives in kind of mythological existence as if there were no alternatives. This smallness is affecting our politics and economics, our lack of peace in the world, and its destroying our future."

"Israel is destroying our future," Indira interrupted. "Zionism is a trap of poverty, emptiness, desolation, in humanist terms. That's how Mary defines Zion."

"Oh, it is easy to blame others," I interjected. "The Zion of emptiness and desolation has become a universal phenomenon. It's within our smallness in thinking. I speak from experience. Ross, Heather, Sylvia and I, even Fred to some degree have been stuck in the rut of smallness in thinking for a dozen years. The whole world has become that way, even politically. And let me shock you, the root for us getting out of our trap is located in Israel, in what the name Israel really represents."

Indira shook her head in disbelief.

"First, let me tell you how the war in Yugoslavia was ended," I said to her. "Do you remember the war in 1991 between the Serbs, the Croatians, and the Bosnians. Croatia declared its independence to get out of communism. A war resulted. The war became a horrible mess. All three factions of Yugoslavia were fighting each other. Right at the blackest days in that war when it seemed that the killing would never stop, some friends of a friend of Fred intervened and convinced at least two of the factions that they were set up to fight each other for imperial objectives. The people that intervened managed to get people of those two factions to see themselves as human beings first and foremost, and to recognize that it wasn't in their interest to fight one-another. Consequently they stopped fighting each other and banded together to counter the real enemy in the

region, the imperial faction. That's how they won. The war ended in less than a month. That friend of Fred whose people had intervened in that feud with a sense of humanity had told Fred at the time when it all seemed hopeless that the war has getting worse by the day for everyone concerned, that it would all be over in a month. When Fred was told that this would happen, he couldn't believe that such a 'miracle' as he saw it was possible. But it wasn't a miracle. It was a process reflecting a principle, and so it happened. The war was over in less than a month. This can happen again, Indira."

"And key for that lies in Israel?" she said, looking astonished.

"The key lies in the name, Israel," I corrected her. "I lies in what the name represents. It lies in getting back to the truth that we are all human beings together. The name Israel is associated with a profound discovery of this truth. Going back to very ancient times we find ample evidence in biblical history that the truth rarely stood in high regard, especially in Hebrew history. We are told that Jacob, the person whose name was later changed to Israel, had cheated his brother Esau out of his birthright by deceiving his father in a conspiracy cooked up by his mother. The situation had apparently become so hot that Jacob had to flee for his life as his brother threatened to kill him for the perpetrated treachery. Consequently Jacob fled to his mother's brother, Laban, where he served for Laban's two daughters that became his wives. But while living there he was deceived and cheated. He didn't receive the girl for his wife that he had bargained for, but found that he had married her sister instead. Consequently he had to work for Laban for another bunch of years for the girl of his dreams. But even then, when it was all done, and many years later when he sought to return home, the treacheries continued. Jacob then cheated Laban, his benefactor of many years, by setting up a fraud for dividing the flock before left. The fraudulent scheme gave him the best flocks and left little for Laban. It was done by trickery. Thus the roots of treachery evidently ran deep in that family. Also the train of treachery that Jacob had been riding on had continued on with his children. Jacob had twelve children with his two wives. But Israel, as Jacob was later called, had loved his son Joseph more than all his other sons. Consequently the brothers hated Joseph and in time conspired to kill him. Ah, but then one of the brothers conspired against the conspiracy, aiming to prevent the killing. In the unfolding process of multiple deceptions Joseph's life was actually saved, but he was sold as a slave instead, whereby he came to Egypt. Now, in order for the brothers to hide their crime from their father they took Joseph's coat that they had stripped from him, dipped it in blood and rent it, and told their father that Joseph had been devoured by an evil beast. The truth evidently wasn't worth much in those days, just as we find this today. Against this

kind of treachery in the family background the multiple perversions that were implemented of the Mosaic code later on, for political objectives, was evidently seen as but a small step, perhaps even the normal thing to do for the sake of expediency. However, something had happened to Joseph amidst all of that, which should have changed the entire trend, but which has been conveniently forgotten. Nevertheless, what happened there is key to the survival and the advance of civilization. It reflects a spiritual development within the thinking of Jacob that culminated suddenly into a profound paradigm shift to a higher level perception of our universal humanity. It was this paradigm shift within of a dawning principle that earned him the name Israel. The principle was brought to light shortly after Jacob's last treachery of cheating Laban in dividing the flocks and then fleeing hastily with his wives and his children in the middle of the night. The paradigm shift happened while he was on his way returning home. He found himself suddenly in an agonizing struggle. He was literally forced to consider the fundamental question of what a human being is. He was told that his brother Esau that had earlier threatened to kill him for him stealing his birthright was now on his way with 200 men to intercept him and block his way back. It put Jacob into a frightening bind. He couldn't escape by running away. He had no place to run to. He couldn't go back to Laban whom he had cheated. This bridge had been burnt. Neither could he go forward. The way home was now blocked by Esau. Having run out of options he remained where he was and struggled with his impasse all the night through. This desperate occasion might have been the first in his life in which he found himself forced to search for a profound answer that was rooted in the principle of Truth. He might have been asking himself again and again: What is a human being? What is civilization? What are the principles of civilization? We don't know the details, but we are told that when the morning dawned and his quest for discovery was finally won, an angel blessed him there and gave him this new name, Israel. The new name signified that a whole new era was dawning. And that was indeed true. Later that day, when the transformed Jacob, now named Israel, finally met his brother face to face, they both met each other with kisses and an embrace in which he was able to say to his brother, "I have seen your face as though I had seen the face of God."

"It seems to me, Peter, that we all have yet a long way to go to match that man's experience of growing up into become a human being," said Indira. "If that is what the name Israel implies, then I can see why the imperials have created a state named Israel, with leaders committed to great treacheries in order that that the profound significance of the name Israel could be hidden and the name be trashed. It all makes sense now, Peter."

"Of course the significance of the name remains, regardless

of the perversion," I said to Indira. "It will never go away. In fact it can become our name, the new name of mankind. If the imperials fear that potential so intensely that they go to such lengths to trash it, than the potential must be very great for its principle to become universally recognized, understood, and be acknowledged. With this in mind, Indira, can you imagine the expanding circles of light that flow out of this expanding spiritual recognition by which regard one another as human beings in a manner as though we see the face of God? Can you imagine a greater and more profound marriage declaration between two people and between the whole of mankind? That's the Principle of Universal Love by which we come to behold the face of all mankind and of one-another, as the reflected face of God? Shouldn't wars cease then in this light, as the brotherhood of all mankind becomes established as a profound truth? I would say that wars can cease on that platform. Also, it doesn't take ages for that to happen. The principle is already established. The principle that turned Jacob into Israel in a place called Peniel can be experienced again and again, and it has been experienced to some degree throughout history. We find it expressed in the principle of the Treaty of Westphalia that ended a near-100-years-long string of wars. We find it also expressed to some degree in the Golden Renaissance. We most certainly find it expressed most profoundly in Christ Jesus' Christianity, and before that in the work of Socrates, Plato, and much farther back in time to some degree in the work of Solon of Athens. While there is not a direct link known to exist that draw together the various expressions in the Israel Principle in society, we can nevertheless see traces of people seeing in one-another the reflected face of God. Doesn't this happen most profoundly between men and women in the sunshine of love? Don't we see one-another that way when we are deeply in love? Sure, sex has something to do with that. It's a factor of that love in which we see ourselves and one-another as human beings. Can the face of God be any brighter than the face of love?"

"What you are saying has an expression in Hinduism," said Indira. "A thousand years ago during the time of the Chandela empire 85 great temples were constructed in Khajuraho, in central India, that contain a profusion of stunningly explicit sexual sculptures."

"Sexual sculptures?" I repeated.

"They seemed to have put the small marriage practice aside to let love unfold as widely as love would reach. They acknowledged that the sexual element in this universal marriage is an element of the divine face, something beautiful. They adorned the wall of their temples with it as a human element that transcends all boundaries, that unites us and does so with love. The builders saw in the so-called erotic a link to the divine. It wasn't the only link that they saw, of course, but a profound link. It combines the sen-

sual and the spiritual into a medley where one reflects the other and both become one."

"You mean like chocolate, wine, and roses?" I interjected. "They all have a physical dimension, and a metaphorical dimension, and also a spiritual dimension. No celebration in any temple should be without them."

"The erotic needs to be presented for the same reason, Peter. It's not different. It adds an exotic dimension to the medley of the spiritual and the sensual, like chocolate, wine, and roses. That's why a banquet won't be complete without chocolate, wine, and roses. The temples of Khajuraho present a different medley for a different banquet, but the concept is the same. In both aspects we honor something that is divine. The sensual in Hinduism is called Kama, and the Hindu scriptures tell us that one needs to experience the sexual, the Kama fully, as an aspect of the divine being reflected in the human. I suspect that this directive has been put in place, because it involves a profound sense of love, a love for our humanity that reflects our divinity. Sex without love is an empty vessel. And since it is reflecting the divine in its spiritual element in a medley with the human, it needs to be profoundly represented in a temple. Of course it isn't the only such link that needs to be presented in a temple. Other spiritual links exist also. We see these links reflected in the temples of Khajuraho also. They are found in the form of countless aspects of beauty that move us even today, and in the form of great architecture, exquisite craftsmanship, and a high quality of engineering that has kept the temples standing for a thousand years. At least some of them have stood that long. The temples truly bring us closer to the divine, and thereby also to one-another. We are married to one-another by being divine, because we are all human." She began to grin. "I really should take you to Khajuraho one day, to the temples of 'chocolate, wine, and roses,' if time permits, so that you may experience the link provided by the erotic between the human and the divine of our humanity."

She paused. "The temples of Khajuraho might be known some day as the greatest temples that were ever built in honoring the universal marriage of mankind by virtue of the divine in our humanity. You might want to see those temples," she added in a quieter tone.

"The link that we find threaded through all of that kind of history is the Principle of Universal Love being rediscovered again and again in times of great challenges and great celebrations. It comes to light in countless different ways, often resulting in great epochs or renaissance. Unfortunately the link between the Principle of Universal Love and the name Israel, which has been one of the most profound links, perhaps equal in significance to what we see reflected in these temples, has largely become lost in the pages of

history just as Mary's great work had been lost for a century. The historic loss might have been intentional in the advancing ages of a global imperial society. The big shift away from the Principle of Universal Love - away from what the name Israel stood for, and what those temples stood for - appears to have coincided with the wide general timeframe in which Solon of Athens had put a faint reflection of the Israel Principle onto the political table. It started a movement that the Persian Empire reacted to and shut down, just as in India the 'Empire of Islam' shut down the Hindu temple-building. The Israel Principle was evidently not acceptable under imperial doctrine. It was pushed out of sight and became subsequently lost by perversion. The same sort of thing might have happened in India with the Hindu temples. But this does not mean that the profound paradigm shift that the historic name, Israel, represents, cannot be repeated, or that the profound Hinduism that stood behind the temples of Khajuraho cannot be recreated. To the contrary, once a principle has been discovered and proven, it is easily put on the table again at any time to be utilized with the same effect to uplift civilization. Jacob won his freedom in a single night, Indira, and so can we. To some degree this is already happening between us. Shouldn't we be able to do this more fully? Why should Jacob's feat not be repeated in our time when the principle for it has already been established? Why should the temples of Khajuraho be regarded as bygone history, rather than as a timeless example of a principle that by its very nature as a principle remains valid forever? Indeed, why should the doom that has presently prepared for mankind not be lifted from the world in this way? Jacob's discovery of the Israel Principle resulted from his 'coming of age' as a human being. It was the natural response of a man growing up in the humanist sense. Should we all have the same capacity?"

"Now let me surprise you again," said Indira smiling. "In historic terms Jacob's children are termed the Children of Israel. This usage of the term is scientifically incorrect. They were conceived and grew up in the old environment of division, tension, rivalry and conspiracy. They should continue to be termed the Children of Jacob, an I discovered that Mary treats them that way. The only religious leader that I know of who uses this scientifically correct terminology is your own pioneer in America, the great Mary Baker Eddy who had pioneered the science of Christianity in a scientific renaissance that spiritually remained a rather dogmatic age. She put herself at war with worn out dogmas by referring to children as the sons of Jacob. She even includes Benjamin into this context who was born after Jacob became Israel, because Benjamin he was still born within the context of the old rivalry between the two wives with each other for a superior relationship with Jacob. The old division was still there. Jacob might have raised his perception and become Israel, but

his wives were still tied to old Jacob. They hadn't made the transition themselves. I think this is important, Peter, because the term, Children of Israel, is thereby reserved for us all as a universal identity of those who have 'grown up' as human beings. In this sense Mary does turn the world upside down, doesn't she?"

"The name, Israel, identifies us in the sphere of the Principle of Universal Love," I said to her. "In the sphere of this principle there is only one relationship possible, and that's the one that Jacob had established for himself by which he became Israel, which he described to his brother, his former adversary, by saying, I have seen thy face as though I have seen the face of God. So it is all about relationships, isn't. But it mostly a question of relationships with ourselves. How we see ourselves determines all relationships. When Jacob changed, his relationships changed. His wives had remained stuck in their rut and so had most of his children. While Jacob's inner advance had pioneered a new definition for humanity, the highest ever established up this point, he couldn't dictate this renewal onto others, and he certainly couldn't turn it into a national emblem. This does not mean that the Israel Principle is insignificant. It is highly significant. It has not been superseded to the very day in its significance except by a few who vastly expanded it in applying its profundity. I am thinking of the great spiritual pioneers of the ages, especially Christ Jesus who defined himself, and thereby the whole of humanity, as both the "son of God" and the "son of man," simultaneously and synonymously."

"So you think it is really possible for the whole of mankind to come of age on this platform and for it to recognize itself as human beings, and to do this swiftly as if born on the wings of angels?" said Indira.

"That's what I am expecting. As Jacob had discovered, we are all married to one another as human beings by our divinity as we share a single universal humanity in our hearts. I think we can get to this point, Indira. What else have we got that can head off head off the greatest potential crisis in the history of mankind that we are presently rushing towards hastily, that has the potential, militarily, to cause the extinction of the whole of humanity. That what we face in the age of nuclear bombs and dirty uranium bombs stacked up by the tens of millions. I would say that there is no miracle required for us to get out of this trap, and for society to have its new renaissance, because no inertia exists in the realm of thought that would hinder our freedom to move mentally and retard the spontaneity of mankind's movements towards the truth, the very truth that we are all human beings together."

"Ah, now I see what is happening here," Indira interjected. "It seems that Fred sent you here to prove to me that this is possible, while he really wanted you to prove this to yourself. In

this case we both have quite an adventure ahead of us. There's nothing simple and superficial about discovering what it means to live primarily as a human being with all the conventions, mysticism, and artificial emotions stripped away. That's been my project all along without it having been defined that way."

"Who said it is an easy project?" I said with a smile. "Universal love in a world that is deeply divided by sex and by marriage-isolation is the greatest paradox that I know. It can't get anymore paradoxical. Every bright period in history had been rooted to some degree in the Principle of Universal Love. But on the social grass roots level society has always said NO! It seemed too difficult for a people that were stuck up to their neck in the rut of time-honored dogmas that had been created to get them stuck. It won't be easy even now, to get unstuck. It took Ross and I 12 years and we still haven't fully succeeded. If that isn't a paradox, what is? However, I do say that it is possible to resolve the paradox and to leave the rut behind us. And at least, theoretically, this isn't a matter of time. Thank God it isn't, because mankind's time is fast running out in its race for building evermore potent killing machines."

Indira shuddered at the thought. She changed the subject of the conversation back to the exploration of our humanity. We are the children of a universal humanity with a common universal human soul. We are all human beings, nothing more and nothing less. That's the bottom line. And that makes the exploration exciting, doesn't it, Peter?" She stood up and went inside to make us more tea.

"Yes that makes it exciting," I said in a loud tone after she was gone inside. I spoke loud enough so that she could hear me inside. "Our exploration is more than exciting. It challenges us to define in our personal living what a human being truly is, and why we cannot see ourselves in any other way than being fully married to one another in this bond of love that encircles us all as human beings. Yes, what comes out of that is extremely challenging, but exciting. We are entering a world that never existed before."

"Ah, but it's a wonderful world, Peter!" her voice came back thinly from inside. "Can there be anything more wonderful than an all-embracing love?" she said.

I was amazed at her answers and comments. We accomplished far more in this single morning on the balcony than I had dared to hope might be accomplished in two weeks.

I was about to get out of my recliner and join her inside and to hug her for this wonderful idea of seeing ourselves as nothing more than children of a profound all-embracing humanity. I reacted too late for that. Before I could stand up she reappeared and stood before me without a stitch of clothing left on her. Was this

her wedding gown? She stood before me, erect, gentle and beautiful, a silhouette of loveliness against the background of the sprawling expanse of old Delhi. The brightness of the sun created a golden halo around her hair as she leaned once more against the railing. Some strands of hair were responding to the morning breeze. She seemed so tall suddenly.

"Do you love what you see?" she asked.

"Do I love what I see? Do you need to ask, Indira? Wow, what a sight! But what about the wine, chocolates, and roses?"

"We can celebrate the grand opening of our discovery of ourselves with a celebration of wine, chocolates, and roses, later, after we have an achievement to celebrate," she replied with a grin. "That kind of celebration becomes more appropriate after the human needs a satisfied."

I was about to reply something, but she reached down and put a finger over my lips before I could say anything more. She was right. This wasn't a time for words. Words wouldn't do justice to what was unfolding. A festival was unfolding.

We continued our festival of wine, chocolates, and roses, as we had promised each other. Of course the wine, chocolates, and roses came into play only as a metaphor, a metaphor our festival of cunning and ecstatic moments that unfolded into a multistage exotic celebration that became in the end quite rich with all kinds of foods, the most 'colorful' that we could find on Chandni Chowk. Chandni Chowk seemed to be famous for catering to such 'necessary' extravaganzas. The only thing we didn't find throughout that day of celebration was real wine, real chocolates, and real roses, nor did we really care since the whole day had become a day of wine, chocolates, and roses of a more profound kind, opening out even to dancing. We found a cozy little place for dancing in one of the side streets, just to spice up the celebration.

Chapter 5 - The Light of India

Near the end of our day of celebration, after the fancy foods on Chandni Chowk and the dancing followed by a quiet dinner, we let our festival come to a close where it began, on our balcony. We stood at the balcony railing on the 17th floor, above a sea of lights that trailed out into the smog filled distance.

"Welcome to India," said Indira.

"Was our festival an introduction?" I asked. "Or was it a promise of things to come? Or was it perhaps..."

She put her hand over my lips. "What does your heart want it to be?" she asked. You have come to a magical land. What is the magic that you desire?"

"In this case, my wish would be that the magic never ends," I replied.

She raised her hand and looked into the sky. "Abra Kadabra," she cried with a loud voice and then turned to me. "Your wish has been fulfilled, Peter."

"Oh you fiend," I said and began to laugh. "I know what you are saying. You are saying that the real dimension of the universal marriage of mankind in which we are one with one-another is not a closed book but an open door with a threshold to infinity. You are saying that while we have made a profound breakthrough today, in real terms we haven't even begun. This means that we will never see the end of our celebration. The festival has just begun and will always be new."

"Is my magic so transparent?" she said and began to grin. "Of course I should have known that you know that taking hold of the infinite never ends. It will go on for all times. And that is really the story of India, too. The story of India isn't a story of time, but a story of timeless infinity."

"What is time anyway?" I answered. "Time is not a factor. It took us close to a dozen years at home to discover the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind in Mary's pedagogical work and develop that idea to the point that we could understand it, while it took you virtually no time at all to latch onto it. The key is the development of the idea. The key is scientific development, not time."

"History tells us that it takes both," said Indira. "It takes both time and scientific development. It takes time for scientific development to unfold. India is a perfect example. Our history goes back 8,000 years. It is now believed that the cradle of civilization

was located in India. The earliest spark of civilization developed in India along the Indus River, predating the civilizations of Mesopotamia and Egypt. It is understood that at about 7,000 years ago some 300 advanced settlements had been built in the Indus valley. We are told that many of the great scientific discoveries originated in that region and in that early time. The discovery of the value of zero came from there, and so did the decimal numbering system and the value of pi. Even the famous Pythagorean Theorem originated here in India in that early age. The theorem was supposedly discovered in Greece at around 550-BC. Scholars now believe that the Pythagorean discovery was predated by a few centuries with an identical discovery made in India. We find the early discovery described in the Sanskrit texts of the Baudhayana Shulba Sutra. It appears conclusive that Baudhayana had worked out the equation long before Pythagoras did, or Euclid did. It is possible that the Greeks have developed the theorem independently. It could also be that they heard about it from India. My point is that it took a long time for mankind to make these advances, and even a longer time before some of the great discoveries became useful to society. In fact, the Indian discovery of the value of zero did not find widespread acceptance until the 17th Century, 3,000 years after the discovery was made. Of course some of the great spiritual discoveries of India, especially those that draw together the human and the divine, have not found general acceptance in the world to the very day."

"You may be right," I said to Indira. "My knowledge of India is far too limited for me to add anything."

"What I am referring to is not really specific to India," said Indira. "It might be true that many of the great principles were discovered and developed here where civilization is deemed to have begun, but they are more specific to humanity as a whole than to any one country or region. And yes, some of those too are far from being acknowledged today, especially the spiritual ones."

"And what might one of these be?" I interjected.

"A lot of spiritual advances that were rooted in Hinduism became lost. Hinduism is the world's oldest spiritual force. It is a spiritual force more than a religion, a force that has stood the test of time for 8,500 years. It is a practical force. Hinduism simply teaches people to live in harmony with themselves, with one-another, and with their world and all life in nature. It values a person's service for the welfare of others as a great virtue. It values love, forgiveness, sacrifice, tolerance, and so on. They became recognized as the principles of civilization, the principles that made a civilization possible. The Hindu belief is that by living a perfect life people can be freed from the limitations of the material world and join with the eternal for a richer life right here on earth, a kind of blending that uplifts the material world with a human touch that is rooted in the

spiritual. Of course it is no secret that the Hindu spiritual force, or religion if you want to call it that, has been perverted and sadly abused for 2,500 years during the Vedic and Brahmanic dark ages that arose out of the Aryan invasion of India 3,500 years ago. But the gentle Hinduism itself was never defeated. It lived on. It survived across the dark ages and flourished again in the early stages of the Islamic Renaissance that had also spread into India. But I believe it was the spiritual force of Hinduism by which the dark ages came to a close, and not the Islamic invasion as some people suggest. The spiritual revival of the heart of Hinduism created had created a bridge across the dark ages. The temples of Khajuraho were the result of that revival of the Hindu spiritual force. A religion can be perverted, but not a spiritual force. A spiritual force can be hidden and at the worst be smothered in the shadow of imperial tyranny. The Islamic invasion had that kind of effect. But the Hindu force survived. The latest great revival in the 19th Century is most profoundly exemplified, if not rooted in the famous journey of an eleven year old boy, a boy yogi, who undertook a journey across India in the search for knowledge to rediscover the secrets of the Hindu spiritual heritage that came alive again in India. He was a yogi. The practice of yoga goes all the way back to the very early civilization that began in the Indus valley and has remained a spiritual force ever since. The boy-yogi became a sage of this spiritual force. He started a journey of discovery that also unfolded an inner discovery. His journey would span 7 years and a 12,000 Km trail traveled on foot across a land that was still moved in the background by the Hindu spiritual force. He set out in 1792, close to a millennium after the first temples of Khajuraho were built. He set out to explore the light that had been lost over time but still existed thinly in some places. And that happened just in time before rising shadow of the Colonial Dark Age of the British Imperial Period would smother the spiritual scene once again. In this sense the great personal achievements of the boy-yogi constructed a bridge forward, a profound bridge that would bridge across the Imperial Dark Age in India to the modern period. He became a spiritual pioneer of great stature who is revered in India to the present day. But even now as his achievements are brought back to the foreground we are far from implementing the teachings that he based on his experiences. Nevertheless, I believe that these historic teachings in which the spark of another Hindu renaissance can be seen holds the key to India's contribution for a rich future for mankind, the kind of future that we must have in order to be able to survive on this planet. I also believe, Peter, that India's contribution has the potential to be far greater than what is generally acknowledged about it, or even we may realize. India is a country of 100 nations and cultures all rolled into one, comprising many religions. But there exists only one truth.

We are a country that extends across a cultural landscape of 18 languages with 1600 dialects, with which people communicate and express this one truth in the most profound sense they are able. That's an incredibly rich background for spiritual development, isn't it?"

"I would say the bottom line is that we are all human beings in this vast sea of individuality," I interjected. "Mary merely clarified the truth that our humanity, our divinity, is the one thing that we are all fundamentally married to as the reality of our being all across the world."

"The yogi said that we are one country and one people. The boy-yogi's message was that we are a single human family, capable of living together and loving one another. That was the essence of his experience. It was an incredible experience. He taught all who would listen to honor all women and to treat them with respect, and likewise one-another, and to end the female genocide that had ravished India for over 2000 years, and to uplift one-another with diligence and love into a new sense of life, because that is what he found to be possible and to be the essence of our humanity as human beings, a people with a profound spiritual nature."

Indira paused and served the evening tea. "The boy-yogi's name is Neelkanth," said Indira, continuing her story. "Let me tell you more of his story, because it combines so much of what India really is. The problem-ridden society that we see today is not what India is at its very soul. What we have today is the leftover mess of the Colonial Dark Age that we still try to recover from. Against this background the quest the boy Neelkanth is important to us for our future. As I said, he was an eleven year old boy when he set out alone to experience the wonders of nature and the power of the human soul, and to seek the knowledge about both that had remained hidden for too long in the unknown. He had probably never imagined himself that his quest would become a journey that would last for seven years and extend across 12,000 Km of our land, a land that contains all the features of the whole world brought together, ranging from the driest deserts on earth to the tallest mountains and the wettest rainforests, including two of the greatest rivers that have nourished the cradle of the oldest civilization. On his path across this extremely varied land he grew more on the inside as a human being by standing still and in awe of all life, and in awe of the world that cradled all living things, than he grew physically. To my knowledge, Peter, no other boy, man, or woman, has ever undertaken such a journey before him, or since. It was an achievement of a man unparalleled in the history of the world. It became a spiritual journey in which a youth was uplifted, who in turn uplifted a whole nation with the knowledge that he gained. It seems that he gathered

together all the fragments that had endured of India's precious gem from the time before the Vedic and Brahmanic Dark Age. He became nourished by the still lingering 'ghost' a spiritually scientific knowledge that had remained preserved in temples and in the minds of holy persons. He raised that knowledge higher with his keen spiritual insight built on countless discoveries along the way.

"So, Peter, what really is it that have you come to see here in India? What is it that you want me to show you that you can take back with you and enrich America with? We have the highest mountains on earth, the deepest gorge, the densest forests, the most bewitching scenery, and the most mystic spiritual history that you can imagine that has fed a vast see of culture that is rooted in the very beginning of civilization. This means that the history of India and that of this eleven-year-old boy-yogi is also your history and the history of all the people on this planet. We truly are all one people, Peter. Mary didn't really discover this, she merely put this self-evident fact on the plate of society on a modern scientific platform in a scientific age. But the truth of it has always been known. We breathe the same air, share the same planet, laugh the same, love the same, sing the same songs as human beings do, although the lyrics and melodies vary. And we feel the same pain and the same joy, and have the same power to overcome barriers and to meet incredible challenges. That's what the boy Neelkanth discovered and taught us, and lived for, and hoped to inspire all of India with, and mankind as a whole. He was a yogi and a scientific searcher, a searcher for the secrets of life, a discoverer of the secrets of living in a peaceful and rich manner. Was Mary any different? You speak of Mary's four development streams. They are mental streams, scientific streams. In these steams she drew together the vast scene of the spiritual history of mankind and its infinite future on an orderly scientific platform that she outlined as a pedagogical structure. Didn't she do anything different than what the boy-yogi did? When the boy-yogi became a famous swami he merely presented to the world what can be achieved, and invited the world to follow his path and make the same discoveries. Isn't that also what Mary did? She presented her pedagogical structure to the world as a blank page with a few outlined suggestions and a few related examples, together with 144 pieces of a puzzle that she bids the scientific and spiritual searchers to explore. It took her a lifetime to put this together and it covers a wider world than the boy Neelkanth had traversed. And that is what she laid before us. She is a teacher that teaches nothing, but bids us to discover ourselves as a human being. The boy Neelkanth did something similar with his example."

"So what are saying with this?" I asked. "What is it that you want me to take home with me to America as India's gift? I came to share with you my own discovery of what I saw in Mary's

work, of what seems to be the latest step in the journey of mankind out of its long sequence of dark ages. But you are telling me that the prior steps were just as rich and profound, even if they didn't go quite as far."

Indira shook her head. "I just wanted to tell you that the truth has always been known that we are all human beings together as children of a common humanity. We have always lived with this truth in our hearts and let it move us within the context of the movements of the ages. I am saying that the Chandela temples of Khajuraho were no less profound than Mary's pedagogical structure. They were a part of a great Hindu Renaissance. Mary's 'temple' as it were, was a part of a great Renaissance of Science, a part of the dawn of the scientific age. I am giving you a parallel to take home as a gift of India, of the Hindu people. I am giving you something that is just as profound and just as puzzling, and just as enriching."

"In this the case I want to see it all," I said to her. "I want to experience that parallel from the ground up."

"I can't give you the experience that the boy had won for himself, which enabled him to help India to reclaim a treasure from its history. But I can take you to some of its places along the boy's path. That's possible with modern air transportation."

She went inside and brought a book out. "I can take you to Haridwar on the banks of the Ganges, for the Ceremony of Lamps, the Harki Pedhi Arti," she said. "He is known to have been there. For thousands of years devout Hindus have gathered there to pay their respects to India's most sacred river by placing lamps afloat on its waters. I can also take you to the mountain village of Sripur that is famous for its grand shrine, Kamleshwar Muth where the boy is reported to have faced a man-eating lion or tiger alone in the night. He faced the great beast fearlessly and with respect for all life, and in his calm the beast caused him no harm. Also that is where his great achievements as a yogi began. Nearby in the Himalayas, at 11,300 feet, stands the Badrinath Temple, one of India's most revered temples. I can take you there, but there won't be anyone there. The temple closes for six months of the year due to the deadly cold winter in the Himalayas. He was there at the time of winter, a time when everyone was leaving the place for the warmer climates below. From there he began a six month journey of astonishing spiritual strength, climbing higher into this ice-bound world, crossing an 18,000-foot pass to the sacred peak of Mt. Kailash at the holy shores of Lake Mansarovar, the highest lake in the world that is also the source of four of India's largest rivers, the Indus, Brahmaputra, Karnali and Sutlej. From there he made his way across the deepest gorge in the world, located in the Annapurna Mountain range, cut by the Kali Gandki River. And from there, still at the 12,000-foot level, he visits Muktinath the site of an ancient temple of Lord Vishnu that still

stands to the present day, encircled by 108 waterspouts that represent the 108 names for God. We can see all of these places from the air if you wish.

When the boy left the Himalayas behind, his journey took him on an endless seeming trek across vast distances, yet at the same time it was also a journey without motion, the journey of a yogi, a journey of standing extremely still while moving within. It was a journey of severe austerities locked in the unmoving motion of the yogic posture as months turn to seasons and the seasons turned to years. On this journey without motion the boy grew wiser. His path threaded through a richly ornamented land, a land of palaces and grand monuments of stone that must have seemed like a paradise of forms and shapes and colors and architectural styles.

"After having conquered the mountains of the Himalayas and the rainforests of Assam, and the jungles of Sunderbans, he came to the shores of Jagannath Puri where he is reported to have taken part in the annual Festival of Chariots, the Rath Yatra. For thousands of years, millions of pilgrims have come to this place to pull the chariot of Lord Jagannath, a colossal chariot beyond anything you can imagine, Peter, mounted on huge wheels, pulled by hundreds of pilgrims that are gripping four massive ropes in the teeming atmosphere of a vast sea of pilgrims cheering, singing, dancing, and throwing vermillion into the air, forming a flowing river of movements, sounds, and colors.

"The Rath Yatra festival is one of India's thousand festivals. Some are small and as intimate as lovemaking. Other are huge and rank among the largest on earth. But the festivals are all expressions of joy. Isn't that what lovemaking should be at every level. We have festivals for many occasions - festivals for the birth of a child, festivals for the changing of the seasons, festivals for the New Year, and small festivals for the marriage of two people. Our festivals cover the full spectrum of colors, costumes and customs. That's what the festivals of India are famous for, such as the grand Festival of Colors, the Holi, that celebrates the arrival of spring and God's painting over with the bright colors of renewal the people's sins for a new start with forgiveness, or self-forgiveness, towards brighter days to come. Another big festival is the Festival of Lights, the Diwali, for which people decorate their homes and give gifts to each other in November. Also in November, actually at the end of November, is the time for the Festival of Food, the Annakut, a kind of thanksgiving celebration where offerings of food are given to God. The festival also marks the beginning of the New Year. Our whole year is filled with festivals. In April and May we celebrate the Festival of the Elephants, the Pooram. Elephants adorned with gold-plated plates and garlands and so on, emerge from temples and are led in midnight processions that end in early morning with fireworks.

In summer we also celebrate Onam, the Festival of the Boats. The girls are singing and dancing, while the young men are racing sleek snake boats. The festival coincides with a season for house cleaning and giving gifts to children. Nobody really knows how many festivals and ceremonies were part of the boy-yogi's journey. There probably were many. And for us there is now one more, our own private festival, our Festival of Chocolate, Wine, and Roses, for which the season is each day.

"Following the eastern coastline of India, the boy-yogi arrived in South India at the very old Rameshwaram Temple that was built in the 12th century. The temple has 1,212 pillars, which makes it India's longest stone corridor that is stretching across the land for 1.2 kilometers. It is also one of the most important pilgrimage places in all of India. There are 22 wells at the site, where people bathe in a purification rite. It is said that the boy-Yogi compared an enlightened person there to a piece of wood floating on water. When iron is attached to the wood, the iron does not sink, which he said explains why the association of an enlightened person keeps society's common weaknesses from drowning it.

"For the last part of his journey, the boy-yogi made his way across the temple towns of South India and the backwaters of Kerala and there ended his journey in the village Loj in Gujarat. To the present day more than 80% of all people in India continue to live in villages. It is a tradition that in these more intimate settings the visitors are welcomed and honored in the name of the gods. In Loj the boy met the great saint and teacher Ramanand Swami. He stood before the grand master as a youth of 18, but was received as an equal. After having mastered all the disciplines of yoga, ready to share his knowledge with others, Ramanandji said to him, "Now that you have arrived, lead the people, because you are the true master. Awakening was your aim, you achieved it, and it shall continue so. Your footprints in the sands of time will light up the path for the seekers of courage, confidence, love, truth, and tolerance. And so, Peter, the boy-yogi, now a man, remained in Loj where he was named Swaminarayan. Historians tell us that he transformed society. He dug wells for the poor, distributed food for the needed, and taught the people to love and to honor all women and one-another likewise.

"That's how the boy Neelkanth became one of the greatest spiritual leaders of a critical period in India's history. His lessons inspired millions and continue to do so, lessons of wisdom that is the essence of our Indian culture and of our unity in diversity. He will be forever revered as a teacher. Perhaps in that he lives on in the hearts of our people, and perhaps his name might endure past the time span of the six temples that he had helped to build. He truly gained immortality in his brief lifetime, which ended at the early age of 49 in 1830. But his message too, is eternal. It is the timeless

message that we have yet to learn fully, that we are a single human family, capable of living together and loving one another. This profound message might be the greatest gift that India can offer to the world, and it does so with love."

Indira placed the book that she read some of the facts from onto the table before her. "So tell me, Peter, which sites do you wish to visit?" she said.

"Which sites would you like to show me that you personally would be proud to have me see?" I asked.

"Oh!" she said. "Actually what puzzles me about my own journey through our history is something that we seemed to have lost." She went inside and came back with another book. Here is an ancient text from the Upanishads that is totally focused on sex. We find some attempts made there to acknowledge that sex is one of the most deeply rooted elements in the human experience and is something greater than just a pleasurable experience. Some attempts had been made to give it a spiritual dimension that I find inspiring even though there is a great deal spiritually lacking. For instance, in Hindu the human body is seen as a temple. In the Upanishads an attempt was made to uplift sex into this more precious dimension of a temple. Here is verse from the Upanishads." She opened the book at a bookmark. "The writer says this about having sex with a woman:

Her lap is the sacrificial altar,

Her pubic hair the sacrificial grass,

Her skin within the organ a lighted fire,

Her two labia of the vulva are the two stones of the soma.

He who, knowing all this, practices sexual intercourse, assuredly wins as great a world as would be won through the Vijapeya sacrifice."

"Why does this puzzle you?" I asked.

"It puzzles me because all the great religions move away from sex as a spiritual expression, but the Hindu spiritual force draws us towards it. Has our deep spiritual history brought forth something that is a mistaken concept?"

I shook my head. "If I'm not mistaken, the very word, Upanishad, means something like, inner or mystic teaching. Could that be lost? I don't think it has been lost, which is evident by the great sexual writing, the Kama Sutra that survived two millennia and was a part of the very earliest revival of the spiritual dimension of Hinduism following the Vedic Dark Age and the Brahmanic Dark Age. It appears the Kama Sutra was written almost in parallel with the dawn of the humanism of Islam that followed the emptiness and desolation that the Roman empire had spread across the land, the emptiness in which Rome collapsed on its own sword. The development of Islam after the emptiness that had lingered past the fall of

Rome caused a period of revival that was felt around the world. That's the timeframe in which the Kama Sutra was written, which eventually became reflected a few centuries later in the great erotic temples of middle India that you told me about."

"You mean the temples of Khajuraho that are known for their countless erotic sculptures?" said Indira. "Some say they were pleasure temples for the royalty."

"But were they?" I interjected. "The Buddhists, as many other religions, deny the transient pleasures in exchange for the eternal good. But are they right? Could it not be, Indira, that the ecstasy in sexual intimacy, as transient as it is, is but a sparkling preview of the eternal? Isn't sexual intimacy primarily a mental thing, a spiritual force, a force that draws us together as a people? 'Politically' it divides us, but spiritually it unites us. The Buddhists may deny the very thing they seek. Maybe we should visit the temples of Khajuraho first."

Indira nodded and blushed. "You are right," she said. "The temples have puzzled me. They are monuments of stones that are giving form to human emotion in the erotic blending of spiritual and physical love, suggesting that both are the same and the process involved is spiritual. Why should we speak of spiritual ecstasy only when we touch upon a great truth in scientific discovery? Why wouldn't sexual ecstasy be any different? Sexual emotions come from the mind. The elation unfolds in the mind. Without the mind nothing happens. In fact, as you know in India a kiss is considered a sexual act. It's an intimacy unfolding its welcome to one-another. Isn't a kiss an appropriate greeting, then? Could there be a greater demonstration of our mutual acceptance of one-another than a kiss that is also deemed a sexual intimacy?"

"Wow!" I said interrupting her. "Is that the real meaning behind your saying, I greet kiss you and I kiss you? Is it a sexual touching that is wholly appropriate, because we are sexual beings, which then opens the door to more of it by it being an introduction of our sexuality?"

"I'm trying to honor our history were sexual ecstasy was once held high. The Kama Sutra doesn't quite cut it. It is too deeply interwoven with caste-oriented rules. It defines a woman's value by her caste rather than by her humanity. That closes the door to every spiritual aspect that is inherent in the sexual union. And so I think something has been lost. Sex has been made cheap. Maybe the Buddhist is right to close the door if what one finds behind it is cheap. On the other hand Christ Jesus didn't close the door. He defended a woman that had sex outside her marriage. She stood accused of a spiritual ecstasy that the Kama Sutra wouldn't allow. She had thrown away the rulebook and allowed love to be what it is, a spiritual bond, unfolding by its own rules. There was appar-

ently nothing cheap about what the woman had done. On that ground Christ Jesus defended the woman against all the laws of the land that demanded her to be killed. He simply asked the accusers, 'are you human beings? Do you not see in your heart that nothing happened that you wouldn't do yourself when moved by the same spiritual impetus?' He told them that whoever was prepared to stand before God and declare that he is not a human being would be free to pick up a stone and cast it at her. Otherwise he should drop the charge. And that's what all of them did. They dropped the charge and walked away. He said to the woman afterwards, 'has no man condemned you?' She replied, 'no man.' He answered her, 'neither do I condemn you, go your way and be careful not to become entangled again with the Kama Sutra rules. Of course he didn't refer to the Kama Sutra rules. They didn't exist then. The rules came out of the imperial domain which defined all women of a lower caste or grade to be freely accessible to be abused as cheap playthings and for pleasure only, while those of a higher caste were deemed to be off limit, as were the women that one doesn't own. Christ Jesus had defended the woman against this kind of nonsense, because it had made the spiritual domain cheap, and had shackled love. He had no choice but to defend the woman as a matter of principle. To do less would have been a case of self-denial. And that's how it really happened, Peter. You can read the whole story in the Bible, in the Book of John, Chapter 8, verse 1-10."

"The story has been removed from the Bible, in some modern versions of it," I interjected. "The 'Christian' Brahmins couldn't face the challenge, so they quietly pulled the story that posed the challenge. They also removed the story of Chapter 13 of the book of Daniel, the story of Susanna and the Elders in which the elite were caught to be liars. They pulled that one too. They hid both away in the Apocrypha."

"So you see Peter, we are loosing our bridge to the truth that defines all mankind as human beings and that defines all forms of love as a spiritual quality," said Indira.

"Are you saying that this is an aspect that the boy-yogi has missed in his journey?" I asked Indira. "Or maybe he hasn't. Didn't he teach people to honor all woman and respect them as human beings and one-another likewise, and that we are capable of loving one-another across all diversities, and are free to do so? I suspect that he chose a restraining effect of purity to keep society from falling into the sewer of depravity as a prelude for the higher spiritual platform of freedom to be built. He probably couldn't demand more than the restraining effect of purity."

"You may be right," said Indira. "I remember reading that while traveling across India in his capacity of Lord Swaminarayan he found many priests and heads of temples involved in the most

unscrupulous acts. So he initiated a new culture of purity amongst his own saints by instructing them to follow an eight-fold celibacy. This provided a certain protection and respect for the women under their care, and of course raised society to a higher level of spiritual behavior, a small step on a long march. He didn't do this however with confining laws and with the death penalty as the Hebrew priests had done. Instead he did it with a higher sense of love built of purity and self-respect."

"Mary raised the platform one more level," I interrupted Indira. "She closed the door on the small marriage platform and set the standard for the universal platform on which all people stand united as human beings by our universal humanity. She said in essence, 'nothing more needs to be built or be ordained by a priest than what already exists as the reality of your being. To add something artificial would only deny what already exists. It would deny the unity of all mankind bound by the Principle of Universal Love. The resulting protection and respect among people would in the universal marriage of mankind not result from a demand for passive purity, but from the active imperative of an understood an acknowledged universal principle. It would open the door to an active form of love as a spiritual quality."

"But did this tall project work, Peter? Be honest."

"Of course it hasn't worked, except perhaps in rare cases, such as our own case," I applied. "But Mary put the challenge on the table for all mankind to accept the truth of its spiritual humanity that is divine by its very nature. The swami was faced with a moral crisis in society. So he put purity on the table as a passive requirement to meet that crisis, just like Moses did. Nevertheless, the passive requirements cannot really guarantee corresponding actions without an active principle standing behind the actions, built a higher platform with the kind of imperatives that make it impossible for one to ever violate the standards. Mary said in essence to society, 'recognize yourself as spiritual beings clothed with the sun, and the love flowing out of that won't violate anything, but will be as rich as love can be.' Once the underlying principle is recognized, Indira, this profound sort of thing will happen. It cannot fail. We are proof of it. And it will uplift society and protect civilization, and provide total freedom. It's a big challenge of course."

"So, what are you saying, Peter?" Indira interjected.

"I am saying that the bridge from the ancient to the present, which you want to see being built, already exists," I replied. "We are part of its demonstration. Nothing needs to be added. All that is required is a scientific understanding of it and an active acknowledgement of the principle involved. However there exists still another bridge that to some degree fulfills the same function on a wider scale. That bridge exists in the form of an art installation by an

American woman named Judy Chicago. Judy Chicago wanted to raise the status of woman in society. For this project she got together 20 researches to select from the pages of history 999 women of achievement. Of these she selected 39 that became her guests for a dinner party. She created a triangular table to seat each of them. Every side of the table corresponds with a major period of history and seats 13 women from that period. She created an individual place setting for each of the women in a manner that represents her unique achievement and individual nature. She created the dinner plates for the place setting with an image painted on them that symbolically combines both the image of a butterfly and the image of a woman's vulva. The painted on image is distinct for each woman, but in the overall context the images evolve in depth ranging from a simple image for the prehistoric goddess to a deeply sculpted image for the modern woman fighting for her rights. The most 'modern' plate is the most deeply sculpted and also most closely resembles a vulva. And it is here, Indira, where the Dinner Party really begins. The whole of society is invited to the party where society is encouraged to 'eat' of each one the woman's plates, to eat of her achievements as a human being and to be nourished by them. Judy Chicago also makes it plain that those achievements are the achievements of women. Society is literally invited to 'eat' of the vulva. Judy Chicago leaves no room open here for hypocrisy. She gives society no option to push the women into the background, in the way women have been treated for millennia. She is telling society to be honest with itself and eat of the vulva, because that's what it has been doing for as long as civilization existed. According to submission for a survey from sexually active woman, the vast majority of respondents indicate that 'eating' of the vulva is the most valued and enjoyed sexual interaction for both men and women. On this basis Judy Chicago says to society, 'stop your hypocrisy of the social isolation of woman, and by the same token also stop the isolation of society from itself and from its humanity.'

"But did her efforts meet with success?" Indira interjected.

"Oh, the show was a great success," I answered. "It became a famous show that was seen all around the world, but did it change the world with it? Nobody can answer that question, Indira. It is simply impossible to measure the result of a spiritual movement in an empirical manner. If one were to build a deep bunker and dropped an atomic bomb on it, and the people in the bunker survived, one could say that the bunker-project was successful. But Judy Chicago's work can never be judged that way. We simply have no way of knowing what the world would have been like if Judy Chicago's work had never been created. And that applies to Mary Baker Eddy's work as well. The same also applies to the work of the boy-yogi-swami who uplifted the face of India. And it applies to everybody else's

contribution to the advancement of civilization. We really don't know to what degree they did change the world, because we don't know what the world would have been like without their contribution. We can only take what they have given us and move forward with it. I would even say that in most cases we haven't yet fully utilized the profound contributions that have been given to us by mankind's great pioneers. In many cases we haven't yet begun to utilize them. So how can we tell whether their contributions have been worthwhile? Mary Baker Eddy's pedagogical project is a case in point. Hardly anybody even knows that it exists. We can judge its potential only by Mary's own accomplishments a hundred years ago, and those were profound. She discovered a science for spiritual healing that was effective and had been practiced throughout the world in her time, and still is practiced to some degree. But more than that, those 44 years of her life from her discovery of that science to her death in 1910, were the years of the greatest period of peace in the world that we had since the Golden Renaissance in the 15th Century. Even during the brighter period of the Peace of Westphalia in the 17th Century, the world hadn't been totally free. The bestial Spanish Inquisition had not been abolished. However, all of that had ended by at the time when her breakthrough discovery was made. The Opium Wars in China had ended; the American Civil War had ended; slavery had been abolished; the world was at peace, with a few minor exceptions. It was as if the train of horrors had suddenly stopped. It was as if a page in history had been turned on the new page a period of great discoveries in science began, exemplified by Einstein's discoveries. The period also unfolded as a period of great technological achievements as is exemplified by the 1901 Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. The exposition was a shiny showcase of man's ingenuity and creative industry. The entire period of peace that unfolded from 1866 on until shortly after her death in 1910, was so profound in humanist advances that this period might some day be called the Third Renaissance. The train of horrors was stopped and remained stopped throughout that period until three years after her death. Then on the day before Christmas in 1913 it was set in motion again and all hell broke loose. The train of horrors hasn't stopped since."

"But you can't count these circumstantial events as empirical proof for the efficacy of the woman's spiritual movement," Indra interrupted.

"No I can't," I said. "But it proves something. Something profound had been afoot in that period, something that became so scary for the ruling world empire that their imperial clique had America's President William McKinley assassinated at the very world fair that represented the achievements and the ideals of that New Renaissance. The imperials feared the unfolding spiritual progress

and took steps to stop it, but she didn't really stop it at all. They only succeeded after her death. That's a part of down to earth history too, Indira. What the imperials saw themselves forced to attack was profound and therefore out of their reach for as long as Mary Baker Eddy stood at the center of it. This it tells us something about the yet unrealized potential of her pedagogical work that hardly anybody at the present time is aware that it exist. It also tells us something about the as yet unrealized potential of the work of Swaminarayan and others like him, and of our own spiritual power as human beings and the freedoms that we are destined to find in the vast land of spiritual discoveries and spiritual being. These freedoms even include the freedom that we desire for profound sexual experiences, which we should have without the slightest trace of the slightest perversion, denial, or degradation of any kind."

"What you are dreaming about something for our distant future, Peter," Indira interjected and smiled benignly.

"No it isn't!" I replied emphatically. "We need this established now in order that we have a distant future, or any future at all. The train of horrors is still in motion and is moving now faster than ever. It has been given a nuclear engine and a dirty-uranium engine for mass destruction on a global scale. The nukes are on the table. The deterrents have been removed. The dirty uranium bombs are on the ground, pre-positioned by the tens of millions. The fight for the future is now and nobody is fighting, they're too busy wrecking the world with war. If we do not stop this train of unspeakable horrors we won't have a future and much less a civilization. We must utilize every potential that we have or might have to stop this train, and that means breaking down the barriers that stand in the way of spiritual and scientific progress, even those that have never been tested before, especially the deep ones that were never addressed during any of the great periods of renaissance. So, Indira, the point is that we don't need as much a bridge to the past, as we need a profound bridge to the future, which means building a bridge to ourselves, to our humanity that we lost sight of, and to one-another as human beings of a single universal human soul. Without that we won't have a future."

"That is the truth," she said and embraced me. "And that's why I love you, dear," she added. "You are beautiful in what you say. And so, to add to the festival of our 'dancing' as human beings, I have another surprise for you. I have taken leave from the clinic where I work. I am off work for the entire duration of your stay. We can explore India together. We can explore the world. We can explore ourselves and rejoice in an endless festival-celebration of everything that makes us one."

"Oh, this means that we won't have to hurry to get out of the house in the morning," I said and grinned. "That sounds won-

derful! Maybe we really can go and visit those erotic temples that you told me about."

"You mean the Chandela temples of Khajuraho," Indira answered with a grin. "They're just a day's journey away, by air. I have worked for decades. I'm allowed a vacation."

"Actually we can't take a vacation from life, neither of us can, nor would we want to, would we?" I interjected.

"Oh, are you saying that work can be fun, too?" she said, grinning some more. "If you are saying this, then you are right. Spiritual being, the way I see it, should be like dancing. So many people say that life is a drag, because they don't know what it is. Life isn't static, it is a dance. In our case, we are dancing together. Did you know that I am working for Fred during the time you are here? I am officially your guide. As you said yourself, we have to do something meaningful to change the world, even if we do nothing more than to ease the Dalits' lot in India. But I think if we make it a dance we'll do much more. Officially I've been hired by Fred to be working with you in a daring project to make our world a richer and more secure place. Didn't you tell me that poverty is the greatest security threat on this planet, even to civilization itself? And for it to be richer, it has to flow like a dance, don't you agree?"

I nodded in agreement. While searching for something intelligent to reply, I sat down again and began sipping my tea. What more could I say?

"It is poverty to limit ourselves to just helping the poor," I said a while later. Indira had gone inside by then. "Our goal has to be to uplift the whole world. Anything less isn't enough and is prone to fail," I said in a loud tone. "We can't isolate the poor. But before we go to work on that vast project we have to celebrate what we have already accomplished," I added.

She didn't answer.

I wondered if what I said had been intelligent enough.

"We have to celebrate our humanity as never before," I said quite loudly by then. I thought she had gone inside to get another pot of tea started.

"Let's celebrate that part of our humanity that is reflected in the great cultural achievements of India," she replied instantly as if she could read my thoughts. Her voice came thinly, as if from the bedroom.

"What specifically do you have in mind, Indira?" I asked. I put my teacup down onto the table on the balcony. There was still food on the table from our late-night snack together. The idea came clear the plates off.

"What I have in mind," she called back from inside the apartment, "is that tomorrow, if you like, I might take you to Khajuraho. For that we have to get up real early, before dawn."

"That sounds exiting. Khajuraho you say? The great erotic temples of love, the greatest ever built?" I said.

She said yes, as she suddenly stood before me, dressed in a half-length dark-blue nightgown that by touch felt as if it was made of silk.

Chapter 6 - The Erotic Temples of Khajuraho

The next morning, for breakfast on the balcony, a candle had been added to the table setting. The candle was lit. She explained that she always lights a candle on the morning of her traveling, symbolically to light the way. "I know its silly," she said, "but the sight of its light stays in thought. It keeps that day bright. May it is my own version of the Festival of Lights. Or maybe I do it, because a lighted candle has a long in ancient traditions that aren't as silly as one might think. The erotic temples of Khajuraho are like a light on the spiritual horizon of India. So it seems doubly appropriate to light a candle on our travel day to them. We will leave at 11:05, reservations have already been made, and arrive shortly after noon. I got you a window seat.

"Getting there is easy," said Indira. I didn't think so. Delhi is huge. It is a city of 20 million residents, polluted and gridlock. It is a city with streets teeming with millions of pedestrians and 360,000 holy cows as Indira informed me, all ambling about in every direction. To her, that was normal. We took a cab to the monumental Jamal Mashid Mosque, then the train of the super-modern Metro, and from one of the stations a bus to the Indira Gandhi International Airport. Surprisingly, we got there in less than an hour.

In the air things were quiet and delightful. Some pastry was served. Indira told me that we came at the wrong time to Khajuraho. Had we come in March we would have taken part in the famous Khajuraho Dance Festival that goes on for 10 days. She said that the festival is a high-class cultural event with renowned dancers from all over India taking part, paying tribute in dance to the Gods and goddesses enshrined in the temples. She said that the festival is a celebration of the 'opulence' of Indian classical dance. She spoke of dance styles with names that sounded as exotic as the names of the gods they were designed to honor, dance styles called Kathak, Bharathanatyam, Odissi, Kuchipudi, Manipuri and Kathakali.

Traveling with Indira quickly became a 'festival of dance' in its own right. I was sure that flying to Khajuraho with her was the shortest four-hour flight that I could remember.

Indira had promised a tour of the erotic temples. But that had to wait. Accommodation had to be found first. "What's the hurry?" she asked. Fortunately accommodation was plentiful. We has a whole slew of hotels to choose from. We rented a car and simply

cruised about and picked a hotel that looked 'right' as Indira had put it. In this case, 'right' meant that it was sufficient for western expectation.

I was more fascinated with Khajuraho as a village than with the prospects of looking at temples. The village was a mixture of a quaint rural setting and the commercialism that in interwoven with rare places of a rich cultural heritage. We were tourists. This was a place for tourists with several types of eating-places to choose from, one even advertising hamburgers and fish and chips. But underneath the neon signs were thousand-year-old stone sculptures giving a foretaste of things to come.

Indira said that the temples of Khajuraho belong not only to India, but to the whole world, and are now a world heritage site. She said that only 22 of the original 85 temples had survived. Some decayed. Some were demolished. She suspected that Islam has something to do with that, whose rulers had destroyed many Hindu temples or turned them into mosques. She suspected that there were none converted in Khajuraho. She said that the temples that survived the tempest of time had been revived only in the last century and are now counted among the world's great artistic wonders. She called them a silent body of evidence to an artistic grandeur of a distant past that became almost lost out of neglect.

She bought a guidebook that pointed out that the temples were a thousand years old and were all built within a hundred year period that is centered at the end of the 1st Millennium and the beginning of the 2nd. The guidebook called them dryly "the best-preserved architectural antiquity of the Chandela period."

"Is this what we have come to see, an architectural antiquity?" I asked.

"Wait till tomorrow and you'll rewrite the guidebook," said Indira and began to grin.

Obviously I had to be patient; patient in a night with some dancing in a quaint place; a night of dining with food of exotic names that no westerner could pronounce; a night of wine that was rather inexpensive; and a night enriched with local entertainment in the hotel of traditional Indian music that sounded as magical as a dream. And after all that we had our own festival of cunninglus.

She was right about me rewriting the guidebook, at least in my mind. The temples were a bewildering collection of fascinating shapes that challenged the imagination of the beholder in the modern age as much as it must have challenged the builders and their skill and endurance in creating such works of beauty with a freedom in construction that seemed to challenge the physical constraints. And yet I had to remind myself that those temples have stood for a thousand years, built merely of sandstone. They were created of

varying shades of sandstone, some buff, some pink, some pale yellow.

The guidebook indicated the different sect that the individual temples represented. Some belonged to the Shiva Sect, others to the Vaishnava Sect, and others again to the Jaina Sect. I couldn't see the difference. I found them indistinguishable from one-another. I saw them as lofty monuments, generously laid out with ample walking space separating them.

The guidebook pointed out that the interior rooms are interconnected in an East/West line, and that all contain a magnificent entrance oriented towards the East, towards the sunrise. The great interior hall seemed to be a kind of vestibule for a sanctum. Windows have added to the larger temples to add a feeling of space and light.

The guidebook also pointed out that all the openings face East. I only saw them as lavishly carved archways. Still I found it interesting after a while that they were all oriented towards the sunrise, since the sunrise is repeated each single day. I found this significant, because Mary had associated her second development stream with the East, the direction of the sunrise, and had dedicated the flow of development in that stream with the development of the rights of woman, the rights of the spiritual idea of humanity, the new image of mankind that John the Revelator saw as "a woman clothed with the sun and moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars," the stars in the crown of rejoicing. It seemed as if these temples were aligned towards this development. I wondered if the builders realized that it would take mankind a thousand years before it would actually have the moon under its feet, and that this miraculous ability would flicker like a star and then become lost again in an age of war and a fast-rising darkness. It occurred to me that the temples were built between two dark ages, between the end of the Brahmanic Dark Age and the lesser Dark Age of the Islamic Moghul emporium.

The interior ceilings of the temples displayed many renaissance features in their design. Except that renaissance wasn't Islamic. An erotic Islam is a contradiction in concept. The temples were definitely profoundly Hindu in design. The temples spoke to me of a Hindu Renaissance, the kind of renaissance that the history books don't seem to mention. Of course the renaissance that arose out of the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 isn't acknowledged in the history books either as a great renaissance, though it shaped the world in a profound way. I wondered if the temples of Khajuraho had the same effect in their time.

Also the roofs had nothing Islamic about them. The roofs were built in a cathedral-like upwards surging style, rising tall like a series of graded peaks of a mountain range that represent the dawn

of higher-levels of spiritual attainment. It appears as if India had been reaching far beyond the Islamic before the Islamic even emerged. It contrasted sharply with the Islamic world where the sexual isolation of women from men in society behind the hijab and later the burka, which the Islamic rulers increasingly demanded, casts a shadow that I found strikingly absent in these temples. While the explicit erotic scenes were a relatively small part of the carvings in the temples, the sensuous eroticism that is so much a part of the human form was proudly presented in the erotic sculptures. There was also an ordering apparent among the sensuous. The cruder sexual scenes appeared at lower levels on the temple walls while the more esoteric, associated with deities, appeared near the top. The guidebook told us that the goddesses and gods represent the many manifestations of the divine Shakti and Shiva, which are the female and male principles that are reflected in the Yin and the Yang in Chinese culture.

I saw the erotic sculptures in a different way. I saw it as a tribute to Life embodying in human form what is sublime and spiritually spontaneous about our humanity. The spontaneous aspects and its universality seemed to me reflected in the way the statues and carvings cover in some places every inch of every ceiling and every wall. While the erotic carvings seemed to give the temples of Khajuraho its fame as a tourist attraction, it was the level of detail that I found magnificent. Sure, the erotic scenes were a kind of three-dimensional rendering of the Kama Sutra, a kind of graphical instruction manual chiseled in stone. But I didn't see them that way. One's sense of eroticism seems to change at the Khajuraho temples. The reality seems to cheat one's expectation by giving the erotic a budding spiritual significance hinting that these temples were more than just the outcome of skilled hands, but were the outcome of a spiritual idea that is rooted in the heart and was given an excelsior expression.

"Of course every form of beauty is in the eyes of the beholder," said Indira at one point as we talked about these things. An object of a specific beauty may appear differently to you than to me, and differently again to other people."

She pointed to an almost life-size sculpture of an exquisitely shaped woman. "She may appear as a divine mother to a priest, or as a sister to a Swami, or as a daughter to an old person, or as a lover to the romantic mind," she said. "So how do you see her?" she asked.

"Maybe I see her as neither," I said. "I tend to see her in the universal sense, perhaps in the sense in which Judy Chicago incorporated the image of vulva on the dinner plates for the 39 women of her Dinner-Party. Maybe she is intended to break the isolation of women in society, the isolation that the Vedic Brahmanism had promoted for 2,500 years, which had finally come to an end

at the time when these temples were built. Maybe they were built as a spiritual protest against 2,500 years of abuse."

"We don't really know why they were built," said Indira. "We can only speculate. But we do know that the Chandela dynasty was involved in a Tantric cult of Hindism, and that Tantric mysticism teaches that the gratification of sexual desire is part of the path to self-knowledge and to "the infinite." The art may also reflect a type of Hinduism that focuses onto the feminine aspects of divinity. Or the sculptures might simply show scenes from everyday life in Chandela India."

"I don't think the builders knew themselves why they built these temples," I said to her. "I see them as the clearest expression of the Principle of the Universal Kiss that my friend Helen discovered just recently. I believe the builders did know that men and women deeply depend on each other and not only in the family environment for the raising of children. Men and women depend on each other emotionally, even spiritually in unfolding relationships where sexual intimacy plays a key role."

"And also physically," said Indira. "Physical sex is biologically necessary. It is a factor in our physical health, and also in our mental health. Celibacy isn't a stepping stone to a richer life but a stepping stone into the madness of self-imposed sterility that is the opposite of vitality. It isn't the key to humanist vitality. Maybe Helen's Principle of the Universal Kiss is more profound than we yet realize, and the universal kiss is a sexual kiss."

"Maybe this was the key issue here," I interjected. "And maybe this is still the issue, the very issue that makes these temples the most popular tourist destination in India. It's sex that draws the people. There is nothing else here. The climate is hot, there is no nightlife here worth the mention, the village only has a population of 3,000. The temples are the only thing. Sure the

Kandariya Mahadev Temple is impressive with its 900 sculptures and countless spires. It's a marvel in the temple construction. The book says it stand more than a 100 feet tall. But is this what the people come for, that art, the architecture? No it's sex that most of them come for. The men crane their neck to get a closer look and the wives pretend to be annoyed. Sex is the thing, because sexual isolation runs deep in almost every society on earth so that sex is now the key attraction."

"This fact is exploited by the tourism vendors," Indira interjected. "You see the erotic sculptures on posters and post cards, but rarely the architecture and the remaining 90% of the artwork. So I agree. Sex is the thing. Sex sells. Sex is what the people want to see, that's why it sells. If this wasn't so you wouldn't see a single sexual image on the posters and postcards. The commercial world caters to what sells, what people want."

"I find it amazing how deeply attractive sex is, because of all the sculptures in these temples only 10% are erotic sculptures, as the guide book points out, while the rest show common scenes of everyday life. The amazing thing is that even this thin spread draws the tourists. Maybe its is false advertising that brings people here. The temples should not be seen as erotic temples at all, but as temples of the celebration of life and the wide sphere of our humanity in which the sexual has a place, a 10% place. Evidently society has become too 'small' in its self-isolation for one-another to give to one another that 10%. It's that 'poverty' that causes these temples to be seen as erotic temples instead of temples of a human life in which eroticism place a certain role, a 10% role as the ancient builders had seen it in their society."

"Are you saying that most other temples are temples of poverty?" Indira interjected.

"Maybe they are, Indira. The general religious thought is that the human beings is the reflected image of God. And so society builds great temples and cathedrals in honor of their God in whose image they see themselves. But then they say oops we have to exclude sex from this image. We are ashamed of what we are. We say that God as messed up. Did you ever read the Adam and Eve satire in the Bible? The satirist has Adam to confront God, saying, 'you fool, you have messed up, I am ashamed of what you have done.' Society is still saying that by omitting sex from its temples as if it wasn't a part of life and human existence. That is what makes the temples here richer and grander, because they are honest temples. They are more honest than society is itself."

"How honest is society with itself?" asked Indira. "Is pornography honest or is it dishonest?"

"I never heard anybody pose that question," I said to her. "But knowing you, I know what the answer must be. It takes a highly sensitive person to recognize that pornography is dishonest."

Indira nodded. "It is dishonest, because it comes in the name of sexual freedom while it imposes sexual impotence. It becomes a substitute for the intimacy of sexual sharing between people, which is thereby left to wither away and die. People become isolated from one another by pronography. Marriages collapse. Families break up."

"And that is just the tip of the iceberg," I added. "But you not know that this tragedy it is all intentionally promoted, at least in America it is. The CIA covertly launched an operation in 1951 that promotes the self-isolation of society. Its opening fanfare was named the "Congress of Cultural Freedom." It was held in Berlin and set the stage for the New World Order based on freedom from culture. The imperial circles that the CIA serves require a society that is isolated from the principles of its humanity and from one another. A society that is isolated from its humanity is more easily

controlled and more readily looted. It becomes tolerant of wars, torture, inhumanities, and genocide, which are all on the imperial agenda and have been throughout the ages. Sexual isolation is their fast track method towards this end. This method was put into high gear two years after the CIA's project for freedom from culture was launched. The fast-track process was started around Christmas time in 1953 in the form of the startup by Hugh Hefner of the Playboy magazine. The magazine has put pornography on the table of mainstream America ever since. The project became a huge success for Hefner and the imperial crowd, and a tragedy for society. Sexual intimacy was displaced with sexual fantasy, and yes, the pornography was promoted under the banner of sexual freedom and freedom from culture. The timing suggests to me that Hefner was 'recruited' for this project, though that he might not have been aware of it himself.

"A few decades later, when the isolation of society from its humanity had permeated society with a growing inhumanity, the next attack on human intimacy, the AIDS project was launched. The first AIDS strain was engineered to target primarily the homosexual intercourse for its propagation. This particular strain was spread via a vaccine across the homosexual community in America. A second strain was engineered after that, which specifically targeted the heterosexual intercourse for its transmission. This strain was spread across Africa a year later to depopulate the continent in order that its mineral resources would remain preserved for the future needs of the Western empire."

Indira shuddered, but motioned me to go on.

"While AIDS killed countless millions in Africa," I said, "and spread from there across the world, its bigger impact was likely its terror with which it drove the wedge deeper for the sexual isolation of society and its subsequent isolation from its humanity. In the years following, together with pornography exploding across the internet, the combined dehumanizing effect has become so deep reaching that society tolerates global looting, state terror, legalized torture, endless wars and the worst inhumanities, even genocide. We've become a society without a soul, Indira, and without a human heart. I would say that the effect of pornography has been more quietly devastating in America than we dare to imagine."

"I don't see the eroticism that we find in the temples as pornography," Indira interrupted. "I see it as a display of intimacy that is actually inspiring, and probably did inspire intimacies in the population."

"Unless the intimacy was in the population first," I interjected, "and the temples were created to celebrate it. One can't bring to the temple what one doesn't have at home. So, it wasn't a porno-society that has built these temples, because such a society invariably destroys itself in its porno-self-isolation. Instead we see a richly

vibrant society standing behind these temples. Nothing less could have built so many of them in so short a time. Nothing short of a renaissance-society could have accomplished such a feat. A broken-down society as we have it today in America wouldn't have been able to build those 85 grandiose monuments to their humanity in so short a time, with which to celebrate their humanity and their gods that represented it. You won't find any of that in America today. The people here have built these gigantic monuments without power tools, without diamond saws to cut the stone, without electric cranes to lift the stone blocks into place, and without air-powered chisels and grinders to carve out the thousands of sculptures."

"It was all done by hand," Indira agreed. "And it wasn't done by slave labor, because the sculptors put their name onto their creations. This doesn't happen in a slavery society where individual worth and dignity has no meaning."

"But it does happen, and is natural, in an intimate society," I added. "And that is also the most natural society there is. An intimate society is a distinctly lateral society where everyone stands side by side with equal worth and equal dignity, and to some degree stands side by side with their God. I think we can see this characteristic reflected in the makeup of the universe as a whole. It is basic to everything. From the principles that construct an atom and all the way up to the largest cluster of galaxies, we see a universe of principles that harmonize with each other. That makes it a lateral universe."

"An atom is a wonder of forces held in perfect balance by an array of profound principles that harmonize with each other, without which we wouldn't have a universe," I continued. "An atom is basically empty space with a minuscule core at its center that is surrounded by a swirl of electrons that move incredibly fast in their orbit and thereby give the atom its shape. Nor do the electrons bump into each other, because particles of equal charge repel each other according to another harmonizing principle. Nor do the electrons fly away from their orbit. They are kept there by another harmonizing principle that causes particles of unequal charge to attract each other. The center of the atom is made up of protons that are positively charged, while the electrons are negatively charged. By their unequal charge the protons and the electrons attract each other. This attraction is what keeps the electrons in their orbit. Nevertheless their combined attraction isn't great enough for the electrons to be pulled out of their orbit and be crashed into the core. Instead they remain perfectly balanced in an equilibrium that is maintained for billions of years. And so an atom is essentially a structure of perfect balance maintained by harmonizing principles."

"But the wonder doesn't stop there," continued. "The core of an atom, as tiny as it is, is a marvel in itself. Whenever an atom

has more than one proton particle in its core, the protons that are all of equal charge should repel each other whereby the atom would fly apart. But that doesn't happen. In order to prevent this effect for destroying the atom the Intelligence that forms the universe invented the neutral particle, called the neutron, which it packed tightly between the protons, as if to keep them out of each other's reach. In real terms the neutron acts more like a strong-force glue that counteracts the repulsion and keeps the nucleus together. Thus the atom remains intact and stable, and remains in perfect balance for countless billions of years. The electrons don't wear out, and they don't lose their energy. Their orbit doesn't decay. The atom is by all considerations nothing short of a miracle of an incredibly intelligent design that enables the universe to exist.

"And still the wonder goes further," I added, "because the particles that are perceived in nuclear physics are not perceived as tiny specs of matter, but as constructs themselves, of fast moving points of energy called quarks that construct both the protons and the neutrons of the atomic nucleus. There are two types of quarks in the nucleus that are assembled in different combinations. There are "up quarks" and "down quarks." The "up quark" has a charge of $+2/3$, and the "down quark" has a charge of $-1/3$. The sum of the charges of the quarks that are assembled to make up a so-called nuclear particle determines the over-all effective electrical charge of it. The protons thus contain two up quarks and one down quark, which results in a total charge of $+1$, the positive charge. The neutrons in turn contain only one up quark but two down quarks which results in a combined total charge of 0 , a neutral charge, or no effective charge. In this infinitesimal realm of 'dancing' points of energy the construction of the nucleus is actually held together by something much stronger than an insulating effect. That something is called the "strong nuclear force" which is one of the four fundamental forces of the universe, such as gravity, the electromagnetic force, and the nuclear 'weak force' that comes into play with energy conversion. The 'strong force' is that 'glue' of the atomic nucleus that is acting in such a manner at the level of the quarks that it counteracts the tendency of the positively charged protons to repel each other. The strong force is also said to hold the quarks themselves together that make up the protons and the neutrons."

"So, it's all just a complex array of dancing points of energy held in place by intelligently arranged principles," interjected Indira.

I nodded with a smile. "Doesn't that make the universe a miracle?" I asked. "In real terms there is not a speck of matter in the entire universe. Everything that we call matter exists entirely as patterns of quanta of energy in motion, all intelligently arranged according to harmonizing universal principles. Even the electrons that give the physical universe its shape aren't made of tiny specks of

matter, but are quark-like structures of energy in motion that fulfill the all-harmonizing design of the universe. It is actually infinitely more correct to say that the universe is a universe of Intelligence, than to say that it is a universe of matter. The universe is a construction of extremely intelligently arranged harmonizing principles, without which it wouldn't exist. And of course we know that this 'Spirit' of harmonizing principles is apparent at every level of the universe in ever widening spheres all the way to the functioning of entire galaxies. It stands to reason therefore that this all-harmonizing and all-pervading Intelligence that powers the universe, or IS the universe, is also reflected in mankind and mankind's humanity that are both a part of the universe."

"But here profound questions arise," Indira interjected. "What came first, Peter, the universe or the Intelligence that is reflected in its design? Did the principles of the universe exist before they became expressed, or are the principles themselves the universe including the Intelligence that is reflected in the design of it? Moreover, did the Intelligence of the universe fade into oblivion like a spark of light into an endless night, or is the Intelligence that the universe is, forever remaining and forever manifest?"

"The ancients have answered such questions with various concepts of gods and myths, especially here in India," I said to her. "Some have even taken it to the point of developing the concept of the One God, a universal Intelligence, the heart of a 'creation' without beginning and without end, which is still unfolding the boundless dimension of universal Intelligence."

"So is there any point in all of that?" Indira interjected again.

"I would say that there is," I said to her, "because the evidence suggest it. The tallest concept of God as universal Intelligence was developed by a New England woman, Mary Baker Eddy, in the late 1800s who defined the concept of God as infinite Mind, Principle, Truth, Life, Love, Spirit, and Soul, and she defined this complex 'deity' as our "Father-Mother God." In this complex term the sense of a universal Intelligence that is reflected in the design of the universe is combined with a sense of continuity, the mothering principle, as both being aspect of infinite Mind. In other words the universal Intelligence that is reflected in the harmony of the universe is not dead but continues to be reflected and is a part of our humanity, or our humanity is a part of it. The concept may seem esoteric, but the evidence for it exists in that the New England woman was able to heal by its means virtually every disease known at the time on a scientific metaphysical basis, and was able to teach the process so that others were able to do the same. Her healing effect reflects the mothering aspect of infinite Mind."

"Haven't we been celebrating the mothering aspect already?"

Indira interjected. "Isn't it reflected in the way we've begun to relate to one another in our private celebration? The universe has made us a beautiful people in every respect, beautiful to look at, intelligent beyond any form of life that we know of, and capable of creating almost anything. We only fell short historically of the mothering aspect, the caring for one another and the healing of one another. But since you came that shortfall has been overcome, at least between us it has. What more are aiming for, Peter?"

I smiled again. "The universe is a marvel of harmonizing principles that we see reflected everywhere and carried forward also into the biotic world that we are a part of and are at the leading edge of. We are a part of that great miracle."

"So, what's your point?" Indira interrupted me.

"My point is that the universe is inherently a lateral universe," I said emphatically. "If all of the universal principles are harmonizing with one another, then the universe is founded on a lateral platform. That makes it a lateral universe and also an intimate universe, and yes, even a 'mothering' universe. The lateral quality that I see reflected, reflects an intimacy that one might call the universe's Soul. Nobody exists outside the universe. So why shouldn't we celebrate what we got and are and have? Human intimacy, especially our sexual intimacy, reflects this lateral quality of the universe. There is something right, and rich, and powerful about it, especially its mothering quality that is an inherent part of the mind that is reflected in the universe. And this is what I see to some degree reflected in the temples here."

"That's an interesting hypotheses, Peter. But how much evidence is there for it?"

"The evidence for it is found in what you loose when the intimacy is blocked and society becomes increasingly isolated," I replied. "Just look at America where society's intimacy was displaced with a vast array of pornography and the wedge that AIDS drove deeply into the heart of people's intimate sexual associations. America has become a fascist world in the shadow of its isolation from itself. I has forged a fascist economy and a fascist government. We've become the sewer rats of the world, Indira. We are looting the world, terrorizing it, and we are threatening mankind's very survival with our nuclear weapons and whatever products we have brewed up in our hundreds of biological-warfare labs and are still brewing up. That's your evidence, Indira. One find the value of what one had when one looses it. And further evidence if found in the intensity with which the imperial crowd has been attacking and undermining the intimacy of humanity at its deepest level, beginning with pornography. They are attacking mankind's intimacy, because of its value for civilization. The imperial was to wreck civilization. Pornography helps them do this as it puts a wedge into the lateral relationship

between people. It denies the principle of the universe and makes the human social scene unworkable. There's your evidence, Indira. The imperials wouldn't attack it if there was no value in it for a renaissance society."

Indira nodded quietly. "I don't think there has ever been one person that came to these temples here with the perception that you have developed. I think most people that come now seek the opposite. They want to see porno-temples."

"And so they will be disappointed," I said to her, "because there is no porno here."

I found it interesting to search out what other people were thinking about the erotic sculptures from a thousand years ago. We asked a few tourists. A woman from Thailand regretted having come. She said it made her ashamed of her own temples. She said that what she saw here was much more beautiful. But she didn't actually mention the erotic element as if she couldn't relate to it.

Another woman equated the erotic scenes with smut. I suggested to her that the smut isn't inherent in eroticism, but is an echo of society's perversion of its sex in a long train of abuses and exploitation. I commented that I actually found the perversion of sex amazingly absent in the temples. I saw no signs of a sex trade. I suggested that this 'purity' made the temples unique. Evidently the society at this time of a thousand years ago had been rich enough not to sacrifice its lateral intimacy to the sex trade that promises to supply unfulfilled wants but does the opposite. She couldn't see the dividing line.

Some people, when I asked them, merely repeated to me what the guidebook was saying about the eroticism. The book had devoted a thousand words to the subject while saying nothing at all. One excuse was that eroticism was used to satisfy a certain god who was deemed to be a voyeur, and thereby to seek his mercy. What an unlikely story! Most modern politicians seemed to have acquired the same talent to say nothing at all in an avalanche of gushing rhetoric lasting for hours, or to conjure up the most imaginative fairy tales.

One person that we talked to discovered that the quality of the sculptures increased the higher they were located. He had brought his binoculars along. Most of the locals, though, seemed detached from the artwork, as if the sculptures did not matter. The guidebook told us that people had actually utilized many sculptures from the more than 60 ruined temples as a kind of ready-made cheap building material for their houses. The book also pointed out that a lot of

the materials of the broken temples had been used for building roads.

One local boy in his teens that we talked to joked that the ancestral builders must have had sex several times a night to have needed so many positions for lovemaking as were graphically displayed. Another boy suggested that the rulers couldn't find enough women so that they had to invent ways to make do with what they had. The boy suggested that the sculptures might have been erected for the benefit of all who found themselves in the same predicament.

It was nearly as interesting to observe the tourists than to see the sculptures themselves. Some of the sculptures of course are amazing works for art. Some tourists were examining the details as if they held the key to a mysterious puzzle. Hundreds came to the temples while we were there. A few people shook their heads quietly and walked on. Other tourists simply rushed through as one might hurry through an art gallery in 20 minutes before doors close at the end of the day. How else would they be able to 'take in' 22 temples and make the next plane connection on time? They probably saw none of them really, though they had everyone of them ticked off in the guide book.

A few people I overheard were commenting on the 'link' between the technological and cultural advances that India had made after the end of the first millennium. They saw a connection. The two young women compared the spices of India to the Indian love making positions and began to snicker.

Many of the tourists seemed to be disappointed that the eroticism wasn't 'expressive' enough, as if they had expected western pornography. The expectation might have been instilled by travel promoters. Instead they found only pure beauty in human form and no perversion. They had come to see temples of perversion and found none. The temples certainly weren't a cabaret of pornography cut in stone and designed to excite human sexual elation. The Hollywood curvaceous female body was missing from these sculptures, although some female features were exaggerated. I felt that the temples were designed to take the sexual into a higher realm of beauty where the worth of mankind unfolds. The temples weren't diminishing the physical dimension of sex but acknowledged it as but another element of the beauty of life while they hinted at a spiritual dimension of lateral intimacy.

According to the guidebook the 'experts' were as widely divided as the tourists on the issue of why the sexually explicit sculptures were created in the first place and what they represented. One group of experts called the old kings 'sex crazy.' They called them decadent, perverts who for ages had lived in obscene luxury. But

these experts didn't explain why only 10% of the sculptures were erotic. Other 'experts' suggested that the temples were built for sex-education, but they seemed to ignore that long distance tourism was not a common feature in ancient India a thousand years ago, although Khajuraho was the capital of a great kingdom at the time.

Some experts of history suggested that the erotic temples were built to attract people to sex and thereby to rebuild the family-life and in the process renew their embrace of Hinduism. The more credible scholars of that line of thinking that interested me, suggested that the revival of ancient Hinduism was the originating impetus for the building of these temples that would have evoked the kind of beauty from within that we saw. They suggested the temples weren't for the purpose of the revival of Hinduism, but were reflection and expression of that unfolding revival.

Indira pointed out to me that according to the guidebook, Hinduism is a multifaceted belief that extols the efficacy of "four diverse paths to "Moksha" which were listed as "Dharma, Artha, Yoga, and Kama," of which the exotic sculptures expressed the fourth path. The guidebook suggested that since the erotic sculptures are limited to the outer walls of the temples, suggesting that they might have been seen as symbolic gates for reaching out to God. She said that she had never regarded sexual intimacy in that manner, but that it now makes perfect sense to her after what I presented to her earlier.

I suggested to Indira that this profound perception accords with Helen's Principle of the Universal Kiss and gives it an even more exalted meaning than Helen herself might have perceived for it.

One perception that the guidebook brought out was that "the Khajuraho temples in the larger sense are built upon the model of an ultimate seductress. The steps are like her feet, the Ardhmandapam are her knees, the Mandapam represents her curvaceous thighs, the sanctum-sanctorum her ovaries, and since it is very dark where the Linga is installed, it would represent her sexual organ."

"That's stretching it," commented Indira after she read this part of the guidebook to me. "But it's totally possible," she added.

It seemed to me that Hinduism combines the material and spiritual elements of our humanity so that there this nothing unusual about decorating a place of worship with sexual material so that the material gains spiritual significance.

"Isn't the entire sexual dimension of our humanity a construct that is so far beyond anything 'made' with men's hands that it borders on the miraculous, even the divine?" I said to Indira. "We don't create the sexual desires. We only respond to them. We have no control over the biological birth process either, except to initiate

it. The whole process is something so perfect and complex that we barely scratch the surface in understanding it, and in understanding ourselves. It is more natural to worship in great temples the miracle that we are a part of instead of destroying the miracle with our bullets and atomic bombs."

Indira shuddered at the thought of bullets and bombs. "But you are right," she added. "An alert Hindu would therefore never criticize those mating sculptures in the temple that are clearly worshipping Shiva, which is reflected in the symbol of male and female organs. In Hinduism all of life is God's magic so that we are all inherent parts of a single all-embracing universal divinity. Our sacred scriptures argue that in order for one to be able to attain moksha, and to be able to dedicate oneself to dharma and adhyatma, one must first experience sexual fulfillment that is a part of the divinity of life. The person who created the sexual dimensions for the Kama Sutra is considered a sage of the divine, a prophet who suggests that the Gods themselves cannot escape the web of erotic love, the intimacy of the Kama. On the other hand we have mystic saints that many say have terribly sinned, who have abandoned what they stood for by the lure of a beautiful woman, the pornography of fantasy. We have deities who have been coerced and have slept with the wives have others, who have deceived even the Sun God, and have conceived before marriage. What I read in Hindu scriptures would put western societies to shame. But a lot of that is perversion. And with that perversion our perception of sex has become perverted too and become 'small' and our customs cheap, dishonest, and often destructive. If we concede that sex is an important and integral part of the divinity of life. I would say we are insane to throttle it to death with countless barriers, shame, taboos, impositions against love, etc., instead of allowing ourselves to experience it completely. It seems to me that only the perversions should be excluded."

"We say to ourselves that this is the reason we have laws and customs about sexual behavior," I interjected. "We say we need these barriers to curb perversion. But what hypocrisy is that? All nations and religions have different rules and customs and barriers, but we are all one single humanity. So what does this diversity of the barriers say about our customs and laws? It makes us look either small-minded, dumb, dishonest, even hypocritical. If there is one problem, there can be but one principle for solving it. What is considered natural in one culture is often totally prohibited in another. The solutions seem arbitrary, therefore, and designed for for some form of imperial social control. What is considered perversion in one country may be considered acceptable elsewhere, and might eventually become acceptable universally. We are evidently still in a learning mode."

"I love the idea that in India kissing is considered to be a sexual act," Indira interjected. "But what would you say about a mother that is found breast feeding her baby in a public part. I saw such a scene in New York, Peter, and watched the passers by. Most people that saw her looked away as if the woman was shunned by a religious edict. It wasn't shame. The men would have loved to take in the sight. Just watching the woman would have involved a sexual act. Maybe that is why they denied themselves and looked away in the belief that sex and civility don't mix. I just wonder what these men's reaction would be here in Khajuraho if the same woman was sitting at the steps of a temple feeding her baby. Would they be proud of her? No one needs to be ashamed of these temple sculptures and the majority of the people don't seem to be. But what about a real life human being? The sculptures of the human form are considered a fine and delicate art, but the human being itself, the art of God, the greatest creation of the divine art of life, is shunned if the same image is seen in public. Aren't we missing something? Shouldn't we have resolved that paradox ages ago? Maybe they had resolved it at the time when these temples were built."

"We might be missing a lot," I said. "All the temples that we see here were built in a hundred year period, together with the 60 others that have already been lost. Wouldn't the builder of projects on that scale have researched the topic of sexuality by bringing together the best writings on the subject, like the Kama Sutra. I can't believe, however, that the Kama Sutra was their only reference work. There might have been hundreds similar works that have become lost over time, just like most of the temples themselves have become lost. Only one out of four temples has survived, and those that were lost might have been the most daring architectural creations, with the most daring expressions of art, built on the most daring writings. Maybe in what has been lost lies the answer that we seek today. We seem to be looking at these ancient treasures with the eyes of a spiritually decaying civilization, rather than with the eyes of an unfolding civilization. And the little that we do see appears to tell us of a social life of an abundance that we should regard with pride and aim to replicate, rather than regard with a notion of shame. The temples speak to us of an era of abundance in India's history that had many other related expressions. The guidebook suggests that these many hundreds of sculptures weren't created with life models but were drawn from the artists' personal experiences, which must have been rather rich and diverse since it is rather impossible to sculpt postures that artists have never practiced or have ever seen. Also it is pointed out that the artists were proud of their work since they carved their name under them. They wouldn't have claimed the artistic ownership in this proud manner if they had considered their creations to be vulgar. The evidence seems to indi-

cate that the ancient Hindus considered the appropriate use of sex a living form of art worthy for the honoring of their gods."

Indira nodded. "It seems to me you are beginning to understand India," she said with a smile in one of the great ornate halls. "While Khajuraho is most famous for its erotic sculptures that are actually relatively few, most other temples of India are likewise adorned with erotic sculptures and erotic art in one form or another, although there are fewer of them. In ancient times erotic dance and the related practice of lovemaking was a highly respected art form and a normal part of temple ceremonies, representing a form of devotion to God. Some of it was later reduced to prostitution. But it appears that some of the lost art was revived and is now preserved in the Khajuraho temples. If we look at the temples from this perspective, we'll begin to see them in a totally differed light. We find yourself standing in the middle of a profound history that is unfolding all around you. Then we'll notice the real beauty of the sculptures. If we do that I predict that we can't get enough of what we see while the boundaries disappear between sex and art. This perception has a fascinating potential."

In this manner Indira and I became two rather extraordinary tourists. I am certain that nobody had the kind of conversations that we had.

"The guidebook told us that the Khajuraho temples were constructed during the reign of Chandela Empire," said Indira, "and the place where the temple were built, named Khajuraho, derives its name from the Khajur tree, a date palm. We can still find them in abundance in the area. The temples are now considered the "high point" of India's architectural genius, but for some strange reasons after the collapse of the Chandela kingdom these magnificent temples became neglected. Why were they not maintained and protected? Was it all the Islamic takeover of India? We see the relics of a lost culture, or an intentionally destroyed culture. The relics stand as testaments of great craftsmen and of an extraordinary breadth in 'vision' of the Chandela Rajputs that reigned when the temples were constructed. We really don't know the full extent of what has been lost, such as the extent of the economy that created these marvels."

"The style of architecture that we see here is typical in Hindu temple construction," said Indira. "It is reasonable to assume that the economic machine that enabled their construction might have been powered by typical Hindu economics. While the stones remain, the economic force that shaped them has become totally lost. Just look at the temples. There is nothing cheap about them. Each structure stands on a high masonry platform with distinct upward oriented features that are further enhanced with vertical projections. These temples weren't built by a feeble mind or an impoverished

society. And this hugely grand design itself, which is typical in Hindu temples, featuring a grand entrance, a large assembly hall, and an inner sanctum, might also reflect the essential features of Hindu economics. The creators of Khajuraho claimed for themselves divine status. I see a rich measure of divinity reflected in what they achieved. The legend has it that they descended from the moon. Their ancestor had been the beautiful young daughter of a Brahmin priest who was seduced by the moon god one evening while she was bathing. Her child that was born out of this union combining heaven and earth in the form of combining a mortal and a god, was a son who started the kingdom. The legend named the son Chandravarman, after whom the Chandel kingdom was named. He grew up with the woman, the mortal who was his mother, who being harassed by her own people as an unwed mother had sought refuge in the dense forests of Central India. There, according to the legend, she cared for her young son and guided him to become a guru. Once grown up her son founded the great Chandela dynasty. The legend has it that he received a dream-visitation from his mother who implored him to build temples that would reveal the emptiness of human passions and human desires without the divine. On that note Chandravarman began the construction of the first of the temples. Succeeding rulers added to the complex. That's how the story goes."

"It's a cute story," I interjected. "But this passive compliance hardly justifies the building of 85 magnificent temples that rank among the finest in the world. This isn't done for the sake of a legend. Nothing short of a widely understood universal principle could have caused the massive activity that we see reflected here. Passive demands don't cut it on a big scale, like we should do this and that. But an understood active principle can produce wonders, and evidently has done so."

Indira nodded and said that there another story floating about, according to which the erotica of Khajuraho had a more positive purpose. She said that under Hindu law all boys lived in hermitages until they attained manhood. "To help them make the transition to the worldly role of a householder and family man the erotica was created to help them to prepare themselves for the earthly passions by studying the temple sculptures that depicted the passions. The temples can therefore be seen as a celebration of woman in her myriad moods and facets, such as dancing with joyous abandon, or brushing her hair, or writing letters, or applying kohl to her eyes, or playing with her child, and so forth. That's innocent but infinitely seductive and beautiful to a young boy."

"I don't think that this narrow focus is sufficient to build a great society with a powerful economy that can produce these kinds of constructions and so many of them," I countered her. "No, Indira,

I suspect that something bigger was involved, something universal, something that motivated and enriched the whole of society."

"You may be right," said Indira.

"Nothing else makes sense," I said. "I think that Mozart's Cherubino from Figaro, would confirm that I am right," I added. "Anything less than what moves the whole society is hardly enough of a reason to build 85 beautiful temples for. Those temples were evidently built to meet a much deeper need than to provide emotional training and frivolous entertainment for boys. A project on this scale was nothing less than a national project, with a vital national purpose, reflecting a national celebration of something profound. All people must have benefited, including the kingdom itself. It appears that the general society, as both men and women, had found a new and beautiful face in their revival of Hinduism, and a new attitude towards one-another that was focused on being there for one-another and enriching one-another's life. I think the rulers of that realm discovered the Principle of the General Welfare as a powerful impetus for the developing the kingdom. Naturally, society supported the kingdom. And so, the building of the temples appears to have been merely a reflection of a richly satisfying movement in society. It takes a vibrant society to build so many beautiful structures and so many almost at once. This wasn't a slavery-produced phenomenon. Society's heart and soul stood behind it. This was an active thing and an honest thing. It was something akin to a deep reaching renaissance, something that reflected the Principle of Universal Love all the way down to the grassroots level. That period might indeed be called a renaissance one day, even though it was created within the sphere of a kingdom. This means that a renaissance results primarily from the recognition of profound principles, rather than from a specific form of government."

"That's highly significant, isn't it?" said Indira. "It might have been a model renaissance that created these beautiful things in such abundance."

"Anything less would not have been sufficient," I replied. "It must have been a case of spiritual economics. Most likely the kingdom suffered major defeats from external forces, if not massacres, by which the society's cultural vitality was also defeated. But until that happened, nobody would likely have dreamed that collapse would ever happen, just as we dream the same dream today. None of the builders of these tempels, and craftsmen, and artists, would likely have imagined that their beautiful age would come to a close and that most of their fabulous creations would crumble into dust, and that many of their countless beautiful stone carvings that were painstakingly wrought would be crushed and used as fill for road building."

"But neither would anyone have imagined," said Indira, "that

some of their work would one day, a thousand years in the future, be counted among the greatest treasures of mankind and be admired by people coming to see them from all over the world."

"Nor would the builder likely have imaged that their great art pieces of the human form would some day be so perplexing to the scholars of that advanced world a thousand years in the future that they would puzzle over it for decades and come to no conclusion," I added. "But what about us, Indira, will our own modern creations, our sky scrapers, industrial parks, concert halls, and so forth, become museum pieces in a thousand years time? Will any of them remain standing that long?"

"That remains to be seen," I answered her. "Some engineers suggest that the World Trade Towers in New York would not have stood for a hundred years, much less a thousand years. They say that the design of the buildings was flawed so that the structural integrity was failing. They say that the towers would have had to be disassembled within a decade or two at the cost of several billion dollars, had they not been demolished in this badly botched up 911 terror operation. I wonder if any of our cities will still be standing in a thousand years, or even a year from now, or next week. We are not in a renaissance environment anymore where beautiful things are created in abundance towards a long-term future."

"I see a different parallel," said Indira. "I wonder if we are really any different then the ancient architects, builders, artists, and craftsmen. They probably thought that their idyllic world would never collapse and their beautiful creations would remain forever intact. Aren't most people thinking the same way today in their relentless denial of the truth about the present world situation? We live in a world saturated with nuclear missiles and dirty uranium bombs. We have built them by the tens of millions, while we are facing the potentially greatest economic collapse in history in the shadow of the continued rise of greed, fascism, and imperialism, all happening at the same time. Society is in total denial of any of those dangers, even the huge dangers that could wipe out the whole of mankind in less than a day. Are we destined now to suffer the fate of the people of the Chandela kingdom on a global scale?"

"No we are not so destined!" I countered her immediately. "We are not mindless automatons that follow a set pattern. We are human beings with the capacity to open our eyes and shape our destiny, and uplift the destiny of the whole world. We are a thousand years further advanced. Sure, we've got ourselves dragged deeper into hell than any civilization in the entire history of mankind, but we are not ignorant about it, and the fight has begun to get ourselves out of that hole. We know we face 40,000 nuclear bombs that stand ready to be used to incinerate 90% of the people on this planet. But we also know where they are, and we can destroy the

in a week. We have that potential. We can do that. We also know that we face tens of millions of dirty uranium bombs that are stacked up on the ground ready to be evaporated into a radioactive pollution that could sterilize the entire planet. But we know where they are and we have the means to disable them in a week. This means we can deal with that exposure too. We can scrap our killing machines. We also know that our world financial system that supports the physical living of mankind is a soap bubble of hot air that is destined to pop into a fine spray of mist that no one can put back together again. But we can deal with that too. We can let the hot air out of the bubble and reorganize what it left and create a new system that supports the general welfare of society instead of only the rich that rob us blind. We used to have such a system once. Our country was founded on the Principle of the General Welfare. We can get back to that foundation. Sure, the Chandela kingdom was apparently founded on a similar principle, but we are one step further. We have begun the development of the Principle of Universal Love. We can deal with all of our problems, no matter how immense and stubborn they are, on the basis of that principle. We can also eradicate fascism around the planet with this principle, the very fascism that is wrecking our world with terror and genocide. We know that none of that can be done with force. But it is possible with love. We fought World War II to rid the world of fascism, but we didn't. The war became a contest between two killing machines in which one eradicated the resources for the other. And when the war ground to an end, the fascism that had unleashed the killing machines remained and continued to spread into every nation where it darkened the hearts of mankind. We can deal with that too, with the Principle of Universal Love. And maybe, just maybe, the profound principle that the ancient Hindus had stumbled on and the Chandela Rajputs had recognized, might help us to understand our own principle better, our Principle of Universal Love, and help us to get out of our deep hole that we dug for ourselves as a homemade hell."

"The principle that the ancient Hindus had discovered might have been the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, which is the principle of the Peace of Westphalia that America's Principle of the General Welfare was founded on," said Indira with a grin. "This principle might have been pioneered 4,000 years ago in India, instead of in the 17th Century in Europe. It might have been put on the table profoundly with the Kama Sutra a thousand years before it was rediscovered for the Treaty of Westphalia. Am I right? In this case we might find something in ancient Hinduism that helps us to also better understand the underlying root of it all, the Principle of Universal Love. I bet if we could decipher the writings of the Harappan civilization we would find references to the Principle of

Universal Love."

I nodded. "You are full of surprises," I said and kissed her. "But why should we depend on that? Don't we already know more about the Principle of Universal Love than we are willing to put into practice? Mary's discovery has put this principle onto the plate of mankind a hundred years ago, and to the very day it is generally deemed not to even exist. We are pioneers, Indira. We stand at the threshold of a world that few have dared to enter, a world that is bright and demanding and has no precedents, only principles, many of which we have yet to discover."

"I think we have also discovered why prostitution doesn't work," said Indira. "Modern scholars suggest that the ancient Hindu temples where the devadasis, the temple girls, had been revered, were in practice nothing more than Hindu-blessed houses of prostitution where deceived young girls were offered up to customers to enrich the temple treasury. I don't think that this is possible. 'Hindu prostitution' is a contradiction in terms, isn't it? One refers to a spiritual principle and the other to the perversion of it. It makes sense that young girls would be performing some form of classical dance at special events in temple ceremonies as a celebration of the beauty of our humanity. If this was the case, which it likely was, it would reflect the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, the principle that the Peace of Westphalia was founded on. But that's not the focus in houses of prostitution, and that is also the evident reason why the prostitution system doesn't work and is destructive to all concerned. One certainly wouldn't find it in a Hindu temple. The key focus that the Kama Sutra puts on the table for sexual lovemaking is the focus on giving sexual pleasures to the other person. That's the one thread that goes through the whole Kama Sutra, isn't it. The focus is on giving pleasure to the other. This principle might have been incorporated to some degree in the devadasis temple ceremonies. The focus in the Kama Sutra is on giving, not on getting. That's what's missing in prostitution, and why prostitution doesn't work. It puts the horse behind the cart. Nobody hires a prostitute to give her pleasure. Prostitution is a process for getting, not giving. The Kama Sutra is focused on giving. The erotic temples were evidently focused on the same fundamental principle, the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, the Principle of the General Welfare."

I applauded her. "And how did you come to that conclusion?" I said with a smile.

"I knew this all along, but didn't dare to acknowledge it," she said. "But I do dare so now since you challenged me to think in terms of universal principles that are not arbitrary. With this I mind I'll take you to the Taj Mahal. I have discovered a special way of looking at the Taj Mahal as the Taj Mavulva that would give you

a great deal of joy."

"Are you saying that the builder of the Taj Mahal have seen the temples of Khajuraho and understood the principle behind it, and decided to build something even greater, something more beautiful, and more intimately expressive, and enriching for the visitors that have their eyes open?" I asked with a grin.

She began to laugh. "You fiend!" she said. "But you are right. If I had been given the challenge to design a great Hindu temple I would model it after the temples of Khajuraho, the greatest Hindu temples ever built up to that time, and I would have the Kama Sutra in mind. Shaw Jahan I might have done the same thing."

"Shaw Jahan couldn't have done this," I interrupted her. "The rule of Islam would have prevented him. I also think that the Kama Sutra was hijacked long before his time in order to prevent this very thing from happening. The Brahmins evidently knew that they had to prevent the Principle of the Advantage of the Other from unfolding as a universal principle. They knew that their power would be lost if that principle would create a new renaissance in society. I think that is why the Brahmins or some Islamic rulers had inserted a preface in the Kama Sutra that essentially disabled the very principle that the Kama Sutra was created for. That preface limits its application to such a small range of partners that the principle practically disappears into the background. And then the preface turned the whole thing upside down and said that a person can rape all the lower cast women in order to get pleasure from them. The resulting perversion literally shuts down the Principle of the Advantage of the Other in its entirety. Whoever inserted the preface had literally killed the Kama Sutra. The temples in Khajuraho might have been created to bring the principle of the Kama Sutra back. The temples might have actually done that. How else can any society get into a renaissance environment that can create such a beautiful world as the temples of Khajuraho represent, and can create so many of these temples?"

We stayed for three days in Khajuraho and took the evening plane back. "What did you like most about seeing the temples?" Indira asked on the plane.

"What I like most is what we didn't see," I replied. "You spoke of the dance festival of Khajuraho as we came down. We didn't see the dance, but I could imagine it. I loved the correlation between dancing and eroticism. There is too much of that missing today. Life is spiritual, and spiritual being is a dance, so that dance should be reflected in sexual expressions. Helen's concept of the universal kiss should be seen as a form of 'dance.' How else would it reflect the spiritual dimension that makes a kiss is a sexual expression. Our own private festival of cunninglus too, should be like a

great dance, at least mentally, in order to reflect the truth that spiritual being is a dance. It mustn't be anything less. If living isn't a dance, which spiritual being is, our living becomes a drag and life falls into dust. Everything should be like a dance. I think, that is what I have seen in the temples. To answer your question, that is what I liked most about being there. I saw the temples as temples of spiritual dancing."

"But our private festival is already quite a bit like dancing," Indira interjected. "I also believe that the most intimate human culture reflects a desire for this kind of dancing. Isn't that what cunninglus is? For what other reasons would women traditionally wear skirts, and widely tailored skirts in many cases? The traditions enables a festival of dancing throughout the whole day at the spontaneity of the moment."

Indira began to grin when she said this. "We should really go to the Taj Mahal next," she added moments later. "The Taj is called the greatest temple to love ever built. It should be called the Taj Mavulva. You'll be surprised by the kind of dancing you'll find there."

"You mean, I'd be more surprised?" I counter her.

"Oh we have made a good start here," she said and grinned again. "And we have made a good start in our own dance, but are there any limits to the dance?"

"I love the direction that the idea of this ever-widening dancing is taking us into," I said with a grin of my own now. "I love it already, because it takes us away from life becoming a drag. Don't you agree that this unfolding direction is worth a celebration within the greatest festival of all times?"

Indira agreed with a kiss, and the kiss did become a 'dance.'

Chapter 7 - Dimensions of Dancing

The morning after our return from the temples of Khajuraho began like all the previous mornings that we had together. It began with me opening my eye to the eternal sunshine of India, eternal so it seemed, and to the sound of Indira's voice and the melody of her gentle song, I greet you and I kiss you that opened up a day filled with kisses and delicate delights.

She wore a short and bright yellow dress that morning that was barely longer than a shirt. It seemed to be her morning dress. It had a row of buttons in the front from top to bottom. I noticed that only one of them had been done up when she sat down at the table for the morning tea. She smiled when she saw that I noticed that.

"Do you really find me beautiful?" she asked when we were settled down for our 'getting ready for breakfast' on the balcony.

"Beautiful?" I repeated the question.

My mind had still been aglow when asked the question. It was filled with the image of her standing at the balcony railing where I first saw her when I got up, her short silk gown radiating like gold in the rising sun, contrasting with the rich color of her skin. The gown had been completely unbuttoned then, when I came onto the balcony with my eyes not fully open. They opened fast to the beautiful sight. The gown was as open as the view across the city from our balcony high in the 'sky.' It wasn't that I hadn't seen her undressed before. Perhaps it was the dance in her eyes, the sparkle of it, and her smile, that instilled this wonderful warm feeling.

"The dress code has changed," she said with a smile when she noticed my delight with her new dress style. "Do you like my new morning gown that I bought in Khajuraho? I bought it for you. It's interesting, don't you think? It honors the pearl of Islam, but not its hard shell. I enhances the beauty of the human form, but it does not hide it. Islam dresses up its women with beautiful things. That is what my new gown does. But by new gown is also left open to honor the Hindu spiritual force, the force that is celebrated

in the temples. My new gown honors both dimensions. Do you like it?"

I nodded with a great big smile.

"But what about myself?" she said. "Do I measure up to the beauty that we both saw in those temples? I often see myself as being drab, uninteresting, common, not exactly ugly, but a kind of 'small' in what men value about women."

She stood up and left the balcony before I could answer.

After she returned and was sitting down again at the table I noticed that the center button remained done up, perhaps to keep the gown in place.

"What is this beauty, Peter, that fascinates you about women, the beauty that I don't seem to see?" she continued her earlier question.

"The beauty that I see is in the beholder," I replied with a grin. "That's how it is and always has been. And that scene, Indira, is wide. It is as wide as the sea. Maybe you have set your own parameters up to narrow so that you don't see it all. When I first saw you, you struck me as someone special. But when I heard your greeting, I greet you and I kiss you, you struck me as someone most beautiful, a gentle woman with a beautiful soul. This amazing greeting turned an ordinary moment into a moment of celebration, and the celebration lingered on with a bright promise. It became a moment filled with light, and what followed became a delight beyond expectation. Just seeing you was a delight. In that delight my waiting with you for my baggage to arrive at the baggage carousel at the airport was a time of ecstasy. This day was the first day that I remember when I had hoped that my baggage wouldn't come at all. Unfortunately, it came down the ramp all too soon. I think we all need those moments of ecstasy, because out of them flows a higher kind of peace and a more profound love. That's why we need to let the ecstatic moments continue and unfold evermore. India's spiritual pioneers from ancient times were right to have built grand temples to celebrate those moments of ecstasy, which we all need. The builders of Khajuraho were right to keep those moments alive for all times to come, to keep the 'rivers' flowing for the building of a greater peace within and a richer love that has ever seen."

"And here comes another surprise for you," I added moments later. "Do you remember the four development streams, the rivers of spiritual and scientific development that Mary Baker Eddy, America's spiritual pioneer, had defined for her pedagogical structure? Do you also remember me telling you that the first development stream contains the science of marriage, our gateway to the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind? I think this is the domain that my friend Helen in East Germany had described as our universal light; or rather the principle in which the universal light of mankind is

rooted, the beauty that unfolds in ecstatic moments of profound discoveries, profound relationships, and profound love. And the second development stream that Mary defined relates closely to Helen's idea of the universal kiss that she said is our peace. A kiss is deemed sexual in India, isn't it? Can the universal kiss be anything less than a sexual expression in the universal context and it river bring us peace? In Mary's second development stream, unfolds a different kind of marriage relationship. Mary had included no sexual references into her first development stream that pertains to the universal marriage of mankind. She has put her first sexual reference into her second development stream, which develops a different kind and advanced form of relationship with one another and with oneself. I think this is this stream that my friend Helen recognized must exist when she defined its essential nature in her own way as our universal kiss. I think Mary's second development stream pertains to the universal marriage of the human soul that unites us in our universal spiritual dimension, which of course is reflected in a universal physical dimension. Sex appears to be that dimension. Actually Mary has put down two references to sex and has put each one in a separate development stream. She thereby treats sex as a totally separate issue from the social dimension, from the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind. I think sex, in its vast dimension, reflects the Principle of the Universal Marriage of our Humanity, the unity of the human soul. This means that we too, have to treat sex as a separate issue in our living, as a kind of spiritual manifest in a material universe. I think this more deeply rooted unity of the spiritual and the corporeal that sex brings to light has a real down to earth practical social significance."

Indira raised her hand to interrupt me, but then let it drop. I paused.

She nodded, slightly. "Go on," she said moments later, "if you can explain this down to earth connection." She spoke more quietly and thoughtfully than she had spoken before.

I told her Erica's story. I told her how Erica had nearly been raped in Leipzig while she on the way to the streetcar coming from a late lecture at the university there. A man had followed her in the dark. He caught up with her and forced her into one of the university buildings. The man demanded sex. Erica decided that it would be safer for her to comply with what he wanted and have the sex with him, which he evidently needed badly, rather than risk a fight that she would most certainly lose. So, in response to that thought she kissed him, to take the pressure of the situation before it could become violent. This little thing that she did, this simple kiss, put the man over the edge. She felt that he literally exploded right into his pants. The attempt to rape ended right there. The man apologized profusely afterwards. He even asked her for a date. She re-

fused. She told him that he looked like an intelligent person and should be perfectly able to develop a sexual relationship with someone on a more honorable basis. He replied to her that he had tried and tried, but had only found closed doors.

"That's the kind of society we have been building," I said to Indira, "in which rape is becoming evermore dominant in the face of a vanishing sense of humanity and a growing isolation of people from one another. We have created a tragically poverty-stricken society. We've become small. We have become so poor as human beings that the simplest things don't work anymore, and the most deeply seated needs remain unmet. That is why I said earlier that love is the most precious light we have, and we seldom ever realize how precious this light is until it goes out. Rape isn't the rage of a deranged mind, with a few rare exceptions. It is one of the symptoms of a deranged society in which the human dimension has been relegated to the trashcan. Greed unfolds in the same manner. Greed is a rage of stealing, a different kind of rape that totally ignores the human dimension. Then take power. It's the same thing. Even terrorism is the same thing. It's all rape in the broader sense. And so is religious terrorism, and violent terrorism, and nuclear-threat terrorism. It's all the same thing, Indira. Each one of these takes us further and further away from the human dimension and its principle. It takes us away from the precious light of love, into an ever-deeper denial of it. Of all these, so it appears to me, sex may be the easiest case to sort out. Maybe that is why Mary put it onto the table and into two separate development streams."

"I agree, it has many facets," said Indira.

I suggested that human sexuality fulfills a greater purpose than just being a necessity for procreation. "There appears to be a profound human need attached to it on a continuing basis that is related to our unity as human beings. It brings us together not just for procreation, but for much more than that. In this higher dimension, for which there exists a real need, our acceptance of ourselves, our love for our humanity and one-another should be promoted and expanded. Human sex comes with a built-in need, which reflects a spiritual need, the fulfillment of which is foundational for civilization. Civilization is the outcome of our functional unity as human beings. Without that, we would have no civilization. Sex appears to be a part of the process that causes this unity to unfold. Unfortunately this dimension has been kept small, as small as it can be, being confined to a singularity of two. That is what empires depend on, and that in turn might be the reason why society has not been able to free itself from the yoke of empires for over 4,000 years of struggling to do so."

"This greater need, the fulfillment of which can take us out of our straggles, fortunately be easily satisfied with an intelligent

approach in which sex becomes recognized as a higher level spiritual quality of our humanity that makes the human dimension rich and infinitely wide in its individuality," said Indira."

"Our sexual dimension should therefore be elevated and be celebrated for its spiritual nature that is reflected in our corporeality," I said in total agreement. "It shouldn't be bottled up and be privatized."

I suggested to Indira that all related aspects follow the same pattern. If love is bottled up and privatized into something small and narrow then the world falls into rape greed, power, and terrorism. "These happen when the spiritual dimensions of our humanity have been so deeply trashed that nothing works anymore at the physical level. We simply cannot get away from this interconnection. The horror and inhumanity that see so much of in modern times are symptoms of a desperately impoverished society. This means that we need to develop the spiritual dimension of our humanity once again, which has been lost, and that we develop it more fully than ever before. Mary suggests that we can do this scientifically in all cases, through scientific development, including in the case of sex. The way I see it, she suggested that sex could be raised to something much more profound than exists at the merely moral level. She speaks of the infinite and absolute, the universal All, and of the scientific and spiritual development that can open a portal to it. In other words, the real adventure in our spiritual journey hasn't even begun in any stream of our self-discovery when we remain stuck at that the moral level where we are merely living, but are not really alive. Mary called the moral level, transitional. In other words, it is a place that we want to get away from as quickly as possible and step up to higher ground. Mary puts all of her references to sex onto the moral level, and that attaches a mandate for us to uplift the concept out of the lifeless, precarious, and meaningless, towards something profound. The Hindus seem to have done this to some degree. Helen calls the lateral lattice of hearts that she sees as the reality of our being, the domain of our joy. A singularity of two doesn't fit into that reality. Neither does it fit into the development streams in which Mary references sex. The singularity of two doesn't allow one to raise the dimension of the spiritual it to something as profound as a universal principle? Helen also refers to the lateral lattice where we all stand side by side with one another as the domain of our economic development. That reflects the characteristics of the first development stream where Mary puts sex into. This places sex in conjunction with joy and economic development, and the universal kiss."

"What a beautiful spiritual dance we have unfolding here!" Indira commented.

"That's quite a unique perspective of sex, isn't it?" I said

and nodded. "I wonder if Mary would agree with Helen."

"That does it matter if Mary would agree? I do agree," said Indira. "Nevertheless the conjunction also looks somewhat like a paradox to me," said Indira. "I can see economics and joy being related, but sex doesn't seem to be related to economic development at all, or is it?"

"Didn't you tell me the Chandela people built 85 temples in Khajuraho? They were all built with a profusion of sexual images, were they not?" I asked. "There is your link, Indira. They way I see it, a huge economic capacity must have stood behind that kind of accomplishment. Building immense temples involves an enormous economic effort, and more so the building of 85 of them in a short time frame. I think the two aspects unfold together, the economic, and the spiritual and sexual."

"Did your friend Helen know about these temples?"

I shook my head. "If she did, she never said so. I assume that these universal principles had universal effects, which she felt in her own life to some degree. It appears that the effect of universal principle are all related," I added. "Both seem to pertain to the fuller development of our humanity in which we find our identity as human beings. If we develop one aspect, other aspects appear to follow. Maybe my friend Helen understood this. She also was a beautiful sexual woman and quite a joy to be with. However, I also think that the real solution to the great paradox about sex, that you mentioned, lies somewhere else."

"And where would that be, Peter?" Indira asked and laughed.

"Don't laugh; you're part of the solution of the paradox, Indira."

"Me? No, Peter."

"Sure you are. The solution to the paradox is reflected in the way you're dressed, Indira. Isn't it paradoxical that the modern fashion designers are making extraordinary efforts to cover up as little as possible in designing woman's clothing, and society loves their creations? But when it comes to going all the way, and covering nothing up, society says, hold everything, you can't do this! Isn't that a paradox? Isn't there some dishonesty involved? I think if we lift sex out of the doldrums and into the whirlwind, the passion becomes a fire that would also become reflected in economic development. And that in a sense is reflected in you clothing. It makes the scene richer by adding a beautiful cultural element without taking anything away."

Indira laughed again. "You got me on this one, but you're right, I am a part of the living example."

"So you see, we are closer already to resolving the paradox," I said to her. "We are moving away from the old Hobbesian dress code, which is an even bigger paradox."

"The Hobbesian dress-code?" she repeated and laughed.

"The Hobbesian dress-code is a dress-code that forbids love," I said. "Isn't that what Thomas Hobbes, the imperial philosopher, has become famous for as the world's foremost activist for a world without love? He said that love must never be allowed to interfere in affairs of state and business. It must be barred. To insist otherwise, he suggested, should be deemed treason."

"Love being treason?" Indira repeated, as a question.

"People could be executed for this treason, and some probably have been," I said to her. "Isn't that a perfect way of keeping a society small and impotent, and subjective to imperial rule? A society without love, then, would force its women to cover their entire body up from neck to toe. And as an extreme case, the Islamic version of the Hobbesian code goes even further. It won't allow as much as a woman's face to be seen in public. That's the Hobbesian dress-code."

"I see what you're saying," said Indira and began to grin. "The imperial philosopher Thomas Hobbes insisted that the human being is basically vile and evil, so much so that society has to subject itself to the rule of a Sovereign for its protection. The Islamic dress code must have pioneered this loveless-society concept as it forces its women to be covered up with a total veil for their protection against men whose vile nature would otherwise cause them to rape the women." Indira began to laugh. "I think the men demanded the veil to protect their harem, their property, that the woman have become."

"The Islamic male that insists on the burka must have a terribly low image of himself," I added in reply. "He literally insists that he cannot trust himself to behave like a human being in the sight of a woman, for which he demands the most extreme Hobbesian dress-code that completely hides their women, head to toe. I wouldn't be surprised if historians would discover that the burka was inspired by Thomas Hobbes on behalf of the Empire he served, or by rulers that followed a similar Hobbesian type ideology."

"That sounds so strange," said Indira, "but you may be right. On the other hand the burka supposedly represents the voluntary submission of a woman to a life of spiritual purity, a type of self-withdrawal by the woman from society in her preparation for becoming the moral and spiritual center of the family and the supporter of her husband."

"This reasoning has too much of a Hobbesian flavor for me to believe that," I interrupted her. "Hobbes insisted that the very notion of love, if it is allowed at all, must be relegated to the smallest domain of privatized living that is physically possible. He allowed love to stand as privatized love in the narrowest sphere of a privatized existence. That brings us back to the singularity of two."

Everybody should strive to be the spiritual center of the family, and that sense of family should be so narrowly confined. The spiritual family is the family of our universal humanity."

Indira smiled. "Some people suggest that the burka and the bikini are extremes, so that the ideal lies in middle ground and out of reach to Hobbesian ideology."

"Do you believe that?" I asked. "If you do, tell me how a universal principle can occupy the middle ground, or truth be represented on the middle ground. The brightest achievements in civilization have all been expressions of the Principle of Universal Love. For this principle there can be no middle ground. Of course we are still a long way off from embracing this principle, aren't we? Most people would like to escape to the middle ground so that they don't have to deal with the demands of the truth. Are you saying that until we get to the absolute truth, and become saints of truth, we should stick with the burka? If you say yes, I can understand your motive for saying so, because the 'bikini world' is just as much a trap as the burka. In the 'bikini world' a woman's worth is judged by her sex appeal and by her readiness to give sex on demand, and that drags a person even below the moral ground. In this case the burka must appear like a sanctuary. Everything in the bikini world tells her that she'll be loved only if she is sexy and gives sex in some form. She casts away her innocence, which is a part of her charm, and becomes hardened and calculating and unable to actually love, and therefore becomes unfit to be a mother to a baby and to nurture a family in a lifelong commitment. Wouldn't she love a burka then?"

"You are pushing this too far," Indira interjected. "You are exaggerating this 1,000% or more."

"Of course I am exaggerating, Indira. But the point is pretty clear that in both cases sex is used as a tool for controlling other people, instead of it unfolding in the flow of love. I think the modern Hobbesian world-order doesn't aim to simply smother love, but aims to kill it. I don't think it wants society to reach the level of maturity that is essential for creating a family and nurturing new life out of the riches of parenthood. The pornography of sex becomes a replacement for the development of marriage, not to mention the Principle of Universal Marriage. Pornography doesn't develop society. It may be a stop-gap measure, but it ultimately creates a spiritually stunted, sex-starved, and self-obsessed society. Nicholas of Cusa would have suggested that society's 'masturbation' with pornography has little to do with the sexual development of a human being towards what John the Revelator saw as a woman clothed with the sun. Cusa would say that we have mistaken sex for nakedness, and that instead of being clothed with the sun we prefer to be clothed with nothing at all that is human and spiritual. Maybe that's

what the burka is hiding. But if we approach a state of being clothed with the sun, then it doesn't seem to matter what we will wear, for being clothed with the sun we can never be hidden and at the same time never be naked. This puts us definitely off the middle ground, and definitely not below it. It puts onto the infinitely higher ground of scientific, conscious living. Our natural universal marriage that reflects our universal humanity can only unfold on this higher ground, and only when all the other major aspects of human existence are uplifted onto this same higher level. At this point all the little concerns won't matter anymore."

"And how will we know when we get to this point?" asked Indira.

I shook my head. "How do we know when we have stepped into the sunshine?"

"I suppose I will know this when I can stand before a mirror and take all of my clothes off and realize that I am not naked," said Indira. "Then the whole issue becomes a none-issue."

"Then human beings can never take on the role of sexual slaves for one another or become sexually starved," I interjected. "With that you have answered your question yourself. I also realize that this is why I must focus on sex," I added. "If we uplift sex into the domain of universal principles where it enriches society, we've stepped away from its slavery and its emptiness. We have stepped up into the metaphysics where sex is invariably unfolding with joy towards a richer civilization. When we have done this and have boldly stepped up to these higher levels of humanist perception, then we have taken great steps indeed, Indira. Then, we have at the same time taken steps towards solving the social isolation that the Dalits are trapped in, in India. Then we have also addressed the sexual isolation that a large portion of humanity is trapped in, and the political isolation, and the nuclear-terror-based isolation that has trapped all of mankind into the dogma of Mutually Assured Destruction. Sex is our best friend in this regard, Indira, because it puts the need for spiritual and scientific development right into our home-court and into the individual sphere. The resulting kind of grassroots spiritual development is essential for uplifting civilization, but it can never be achieved as a political project without the grassroots development. It's the other way around. The political project follows behind the inner development. It follows as a consequence in the flow of our self-enriching self-development."

"Are you trying to turn the whole world upside down, Peter? Do you realize what you are really saying? You propose a renaissance revolution. It's scary what you propose. But don't worry, I love it," said Indira and began to grin.

She spoke in a manner now that was no longer uncertain as

in our early days. It was as if an invisible wave of ease had swept away the atmosphere of uncertainty before it could build up tensions.

"No I am not turning the world upside down," I replied after a pause. I enjoyed this new 'air' of openness and wanted to hold onto it. "I am trying to turn an upside-down world right side up," I added. "I am trying to acknowledge a reality that has been obscured for a long time. There exists no other platform than this one, on which we become human beings in the true sense where sex remains a valuable element of our humanity rather than a gigantic issue that shuts the door on human development. The burka represents a form of slavery that hinders the human development. In Islam sex is a gigantic issue. It is so great an issue there that it has become like a great dam that blocks the Principle of Universal Love and thereby holds back the flow of life and love. The Principle of the Universal Marriage of Humanity will remain forever outlawed in the narrowly confined worlds of Islam on one hand, and the pornography defined western promiscuity on the other. Both scenes are wrought with hypocrisy instead of spiritual freedom. That is why we have the raping of the Dalit women seen as a normal way of acting by the high-cast nobles and the honorable, and priests, and police, and so on. The spiritual freedom is missing that flows from the Principle of Universal Love. Without this principle we live in a narrow world where sex is bottled up, rape and prostitution cover the void with a black veil. The bikini scene has the same effect as it takes the focus away from human development, including the development of love and economic development and the development of civilization. The narrowly confined marriages are on the same track, centered on the privatization of sex. That's how civilization becomes fragile and disintegrates in the shadows of new forms of rape and new forms of prostitution. That's our upside-down world. It is a world of universal isolation instead of universal love and the development of our brotherhood for universal well-being."

"I have long dreamed of a world that is enriched by universal individual self-development and worldwide economic development with an honest recognition that we are all human beings," said Indira. "But getting there seemed scary? The thought of sex in universal marriage still is scary."

"That is why we haven't given ourselves the privilege to live in a higher state of civilization. Of course to get there we have to face the challenge to move to that higher ground where truth, love, and universal principles replace the black veil of tragedies arising from isolation. Unfortunately, we are often quite alone on the higher ground, as much of the world remains stuck in the moral rut and sinks ever deeper from there into the mud of depravity."

"You are a liar, Peter. You can't be alone on the higher ground," said Indira with the same sense of ease as before. "On the higher ground you have me standing beside you, and the whole of mankind, if you invite them. You might find it getting crowded there."

"I might screw up along the way," I cautioned her. "We all might screw up."

"If that's the risk we have to take to get there, Peter, let's take that risk. The alternative is worse."

"Actually I see a higher motivation than choosing between two evils," I countered her. "What we face is exiting. The risks don't matter. What we face is rich with a potential that is limited by nothing. What then are a few risks compared to that? Mary, the scientist, has taken sex out of the privatized box and put it on the table. She put it into two out of four development stream that uplift the entire identity of the human being. Helen has labeled her perception of where this kind of development is streaming towards as the sphere of our universal kiss and has identified it also with economic development. This includes our family development on the universal scale as the development of a richer civilization. I don't think we can even imagine yet what we will discover as we move into this realm more fully where sex gets pulled up with us as we develop or sense of humanity towards this boundless world where we dare to unfold the potentials of our human divinity, our divine dance. Who knows what honorable bonds we will yet forge as we dance in this still largely unknown country of universal love in all its forms, as we boldly step into it with open eyes and sensitive minds, and with glowing hearts, standing ready to honor the ever-widening bonds of love that we become intertwined with? Helen had envisioned the platform of universal love in the form of a lateral lattice of human hearts bound together by strands of love. Maybe that is what the original Decalogue of Moses had been setting the stage up for by urging society that it honor the honorable bonds that love has forged. And that man honoring Love itself as a universal principle in all its forms."

Chapter 8 - The Taj Mahal

"You will find the Taj Mahal both profound and exciting," Indira cautioned me a long time later as we were strolling down Chandni Chowk. We felt that the time had come to think about lunch after our morning celebration. Lunch also meant such sweet extravaganzas as cakes, puddings, and tea. And that's what we did. We let the celebration continue at a tiny sidewalk restaurant that was called 'Tea Palace.' The 'Palace' was located at one of the many street corners. At this particular one a side street had been blocked off to provide space for a fenced in outdoors area that was anything but palacious. Of course neither of us cared about that. What we were celebrating didn't require a palacious setting, but a setting of life, and that we brought with us. It was our soaring spirit that created the background and determined the foreground all at the same time. There was joy in the air, and it was joy in celebration of something profound that had taken place. We were celebrating not merely the end of old barriers, but more profoundly the beginning of a New Renaissance. The 'dance' of our conversation had become pervaded with the idea of a New Renaissance.

"I suspect that the Taj Mahal is to a large degree the outcome of the old Renaissance tradition that had created beautiful cities throughout Europe during the Golden Renaissance period," I said to Indira while we were waiting for our meal at the sidewalk Tea Palace. "I understand that the completion of the Taj Mahal occurred in 1648, which coincides almost perfectly with the completion of the greatest spiritual achievement in European history, which likewise was built on a new renaissance in thinking."

"You are referring to the Treaty of Westphalia again, aren't you?" Indira interjected with a grin. "Few people are aware of it, though it established a new course for humanity and determined the shape of our civilization to the present day. But as you said, its principle was already known to the ancient Hindus. This makes me believe that the Taj Mahal predated the Westphalia renaissance instead of reflecting it. It is tempting to believe that it reflects it, but this can't, because then something big doesn't add up."

"And that is, Indira?"

"I can't tell you what it is. I can only show it to you, and I will show it to you. We can go there tomorrow if you want to. The train leaves at six in the morning. We'll have breakfast on the

train. It's a two-hour ride. We'll get there after eight. This means that we can have the whole day at the Taj. We can take the last train that leaves around nine. We'll have dinner on the train. Taking the train is much better than going by car. And having those twelve hours at the Taj, which we wouldn't have otherwise, makes for a nice visit."

"Is it that big, what you want to show me, that we need twelve hours?" I asked.

She simply nodded. "But it won't be a luxury train ride, like the 'Palace On Wheels,'" she added. "It will only be a normal, air conditioned, fast train."

"What do you mean by 'Palace of Wheels,' Indira?"

"Ah, the 'Palace On Wheels!' It's India's cruise ship on land. India's 'Palace On Wheels' is one of the most luxurious trains in the world. The train is made up of 14 saloons, 4 coupes with two beds each with attached bath, shower, music channels, and specially designed furniture. Mini pantries are situated in each saloon, which provide hot as well as cold beverages and refreshment throughout the journey. The train also incorporates an exquisite lounge along with a fine bar. Riding the Palace is a royal treat reminiscent of the Rajput Kingdoms. There are 14 coaches representing the decor of the historic Empires of Jaipur, Jodhpur, Udaipur, Kota, Jaisalmer, Bundi, Bikaner, Bharatpur, Alwar, Sirohi, Kishangarh, Dungapur, Jhalawar and Dholpur. Each coach is made of 4 coupes ornated in the colors of the respective royal emblem and with a variety of fantastic furniture. Of course there is food on the train, a selection of excellent Indian delicacies, all are available in the Maharaja Maharani restaurants on board. The train departs from Delhi and halts at Jaipur, Chittaurgarh, Udaipur, Jaisalmer, Jodhpur, Bharatpur and Agra. The traveling is done at night and the local touring during the daytime. At every stop the passengers are treated to the best sight seeing tours in India."

"How do you know all that?" I interrupted her.

She pointed to a brochure stuck in a holder at the center of the table, and then began to laugh. "Do you want me to read the price list?" she asked.

"Why would I be interested?" I replied. "Come and see India and its pompous history, all condensed into seven days." I began to laugh. "I'd sooner spend a single day with you in peace and tranquility at the Taj Mahal. Isn't the Taj Mahal counted as one of the Seven Wonders of the World?" I asked. "I have seen pictures of it. It really looks beautiful."

"You haven't seen anything yet," Indira countered me. "Just wait, Peter."

"This means getting up at four," I said and began to yawn.

"What's wrong with getting up at the first hue of dawn,

Peter? I can guarantee you it will be worth it?"

The moment that we came back to Indira's apartment after from our long-extended lunch celebration, she went directly to her bookcase. "Do you want me to tell you the official story of the Taj Mahal?" she asked. She searched for a book. Moments later she motioned me to come out onto the balcony with her.

I couldn't help notice that the book in her hand was printed in English. It didn't say anything about the Taj Mahal being a temple of love. I asked her about it.

"They left the most important detail out," she commented. "The official story of the Taj Mahal begins in 1612," said Indira after we were seated with another cup of tea. The tea in the teapot had become cold by then, but who cared?

"The official story of the Taj begins in 1621 when a woman by the name of Mumtaz Mahal became married to Prince Khurram, who later became the fifth Mughal emperor, Shah Jahan. His marriage with Mumtaz Mahal is said to have been the love-match of the century. She became her husband's inseparable companion. She accompanied him on all of his journeys and military expeditions, even the arduous ones. She became his comrade and his counselor. It is said that she also inspired him to acts of charity and great benevolence towards the weak and the needy. It is also a fact of history that she bore him thirteen children during their marriage, and that she died at the birth of her fourteenth child. Her death occurred after eighteen years of marriage in 1630. She died in Burhanpur in the Deccan, to where she had accompanied her husband on another military campaign. The great tragedy occurred barely three years after her husband's accession to the throne. Moved by grief, her husband, now the great Emperor Shah Jahan, decided to perpetuate her memory for all times to come, by building for his beloved wife the grandest tomb ever created on the face of the Earth, as a monument of his love."

Indira laid the book on the table. "It is being said that the sad circumstances of the empress' early death, who had been well loved by the people, had inspired many of them to join the emperor's intentions to build the grandest mausoleum for her that has ever been built. It took eighteen years to complete the construction work, with the involvement of over twenty thousand workmen and a vast transportation infrastructure of a thousand elephants."

She paused abruptly and pointed at me. "You were correct Peter, the main construction work was completed in 1648, although some minor work dragged on till 1652. The Taj stands tall in many respects, Peter. It is built on the high banks of the river Yamuna in Agra, and towers more than 240 feet above the ground. It became the jewel of Agra, of the great capital of the Mughal monarchs."

"Can you imagine the coincidence," I interrupted her. "This beautiful work being created on such a vast scale, and it being erected at the same time that Europe was tearing itself apart in the Thirty Years War? By the time the Taj Mahal was complete, Europe lay in ruins, with half the population of Europe butchered to death. However, almost as gradually as the Taj Mahal was constructed, and just as momentously, a mental monument was being raised up in Europe that overpowered the Thirty Years War in 1648 and stopped it."

"The coincidence is eerie," said Indira. "It is certainly amazing how these two momentous developments unfolded side by side half a world apart from each other, and came to completion within the same year, separated possibly by only by a few months."

"That's just the beginning of what they appear to have in common," I replied. "Both structure were erected as the result of a great tragedy, and both became monuments to love and to burial, with just a few minor variations between them. In India the beloved for whom the monument was erected was a person. In Europe the beloved was humanity itself. In India the burial was the burial of grief. In Europe the burial was the burial of war. In Europe revenge was laid to rest, atrocities were forgiven, debts were canceled, and no reparations were demanded, only peace. Today, more than 350 years after the completion both structures, the Taj Mahal and the Treaty of Westphalia, both structures still stand. The Treaty of Westphalia stands as a world-constitution that is still regarded as the foundation of modern civilization. The Taj Mahal in turn is regarded as the Eighth Wonder of the ancient World and the greatest temple of love ever built."

Indira cautioned me by pointing out that this is only the official story about The Taj Mahal. "To me," she said, "the Taj Mahal has a much higher significance. Officially the Taj Mahal is a tomb and a mosque. As a mosque, it is a religious place for prayer, but you are right, Peter, it is also a temple to love. Here, the official story begins to fracture. The concept of a tomb is contrary to the religion of Islam. Shaw Jahan was an Islamic ruler. He violated Islam by building a tomb. Something doesn't add up, Peter. And something else doesn't add up that is even bigger. But this one you have to see for yourself."

Getting up at four in the morning wasn't hard with this kind of incentive on the scene. Was this the dawn she had been referring to? I wondered. But the astrophysical dawn was also happening. Before we were on the way Indira pointed to the North where a faint hue appeared that was barely visible, but which was definitely the first light of the unfolding day. She said it held a "golden promise," though I felt that was stretching the metaphor more than

just a bit. Still, there was an advantage. The traffic was light enough so early in the day that it was worthwhile taking a taxi to the railway station.

"It puzzles me," said Indira while we are having breakfast in the dining car, "that America is destroying its railway infrastructure. Going by train is the best way to travel for short distances between cities. It makes no sense going by air. Short distance air travel is expensive. It takes longer if you include ground transportation. It uses a great deal more energy, and is so filled with hassles. Going by train is so easy in comparison. There's more room to sit on a train, more space to relax and with bigger windows for looking out at the world, from which one can actually see something interesting." She was right of course. We stepped off the train almost refreshed, as if we had just stepped away from the breakfast table. The train arrived as 8:22, ten minutes behind schedule. We had the whole day before us.

As we entered the great garden of the Taj Mahal on the next day, the seventh day of our spiritual marriage celebration, Indira invited me to sit down with her on a nearby block of stone to take in the serene atmosphere that the garden-setting created. The great white structure towered in the distance, which the garden had been designed to focus our attention on.

"We are told that the marble structure stands over 200 feet tall," said Indira. "It stands on a large square marble platform that is surrounded by a marble wall." She pointed to the four minarets at the four corners of the platform. "Look how tall they are. Each is a marvel in itself. They are thin, freestanding spires of perfect marble brickwork rising 138 feet above the ground. They seem to be reaching up to the very sky. Nevertheless, although they are marvels in their own right, they are shorter in height than the main dome of the tomb. The entire Taj Mahal comes to light in this way as a complex series of marvels, each exceeding the other in almost every possible way. This holds true also visually. One of the visual marvels is that when one looks at the main structure from the level of the reflecting pool, as we will later on, the entire huge marble structure appears as if it were floating on water, and being surrounded by water, and being framed by nothing but water and the open sky."

I suggested to Indira that this pattern of successive marvels, one marvel built upon the other, reflects the unfolding of scientific perception in human consciousness. "Every idea that comes to light through advanced scientific perception sets the stage for grander ideas. One builds on the other and becomes a greater marvel in itself, which sets the stage for new marvels, and the greatest of them all in that sequence is the marvel that brought us together,

Indira." I reached out my hand to her. It was warmly accepted.

From our rather distant place in the garden the great white structure appeared less immediate. Much of it was obscured by the garden's cypress trees that lined the walkways along the reflecting pools. The pools divided the sixteen flowerbeds of the garden that according to the guidebook contained the sixteen kinds of flowers, into four groups of four flowerbeds each. From where we sat we could see only a small portion of the garden. It was the garden with the great structure in the background that shaped the atmosphere and created a peaceful feeling.

We had barely sat down on the stone block when Indira reached into her bag and gave me a present wrapped in gold-colored silk and tied with a bow made of red ribbons.

"Please open it!" she urged me with a smile on her face that extended from ear to ear.

I complied, after a kiss and a hug. Undoing the bow and the wrapping brought to light a hand-crafted prayer mat with an intricate pattern of black geometric figures set against a dark red background. "That's more than a prayer mat," I said, beholding it with awe.

She nodded. "I started weaving this a long time ago," she said softly. "I made it in a kind of dream state. I made it for my future husband, which I realized at the time I might never have. I realized that no man in India would be marrying a woman without wanting to own her like a possession. That's the inescapable part of the marriage game, isn't it? That game wasn't for me. Nevertheless, I kept on weaving this mat. For years I dreamed about a land in which a man and a woman can join hands in a bond designed for no other purpose than to enrich one-another's life, rather than 'serving' one-another. I dreamed about a bond that no priest needs to sanctify, that simply exists because love exists. With this dream in the background, the weaving continued, thread by thread. Sometimes I would come here to the Taj to ponder over what I was doing, to this very place in the garden, to this very block of stone. It was here, in the serenity that I found here that I realized one day that what I had been seeking was fundamentally invalid. I had been hoping and dreaming to have my life fulfilled by some prince stepping force from a magical world who would uplift me. I was looking for another person to fulfill my life. At this moment I realized that I had been turning the reality of love upside down. I realized that the love that I had been looking for throughout all these years could only exist as an appreciation of myself as a worthy and complete human being. I realized that the love that I was seeking had to come from within me as a response to the riches of the humanity that is already rooted in my heart and unfolds from there. I realized

that the love that truly enriches us has to reflect what we truly are, what we see about ourselves, what we love, and what we represent as human beings. I realized that I couldn't get this from another person. I also realized that if I couldn't love myself as a human being for what I was and for the riches that I have, which are the riches of our humanity, what would cause another person to fall in love with me. I faced a paradox with this. If I couldn't fall in love with myself, why would another person fall in love we me?"

"So, did you resolve the paradox?" I asked.

She began to laugh. "Do you know how I discovered the paradox in the first place? I opened my eye to it here in the garden. I had brought my unfinished payer mat with me. I had laid it out on this very stone. I imagined that I would give it to someone who would love me and fulfill my dreams. Suddenly I asked myself, who would that be? I looked at the men that I saw in the garden, and I saw the same empty feeling reflected in their eyes that I had in my heart. I realized at this moment that by joining hands with any of these men, we would both remain beggars, begging each other to fulfill one-another's life. But with what would we do this? What would we have to share? We would have nothing to share. The result would have become a union of poverty. What riches could unfold from such a union when no one has anything to give? With this startling realization I realized that what I had been looking for was invalid, and what I had really been looking for hadn't been discovered yet. I had been hoping for a union of hearts overflowing with love, and to be honest, I also realized at this moment that I had been a poor candidate for that. I realized that the kind of marriage that I should have been looking for is really a marriage that unfolds in celebration. I realized that my wedding gift that I had been weaving all these years would have be a gift born from an inner joy out of the riches of myself as a human being; a joy born out of the riches of our humanity. I also realized that this kind of loving would have to start at the home gate and become complete there, in order that I would have something worthwhile to share. That's when I realized that I really wouldn't need another person to fulfill my life. I also realized that when a union would eventually unfold, it wouldn't complete anything then, since there would no void remain for another to fulfill, so that the resulting union would be for only one purpose, the purpose of celebration. And guess what, Peter? This celebration is now happening. We are meeting here in time and space not to complete each other, but to celebrate the riches of our being, which we also see reflected in one-another. In that celebration we share our love. I feel this is what has been happening between us from the moment you stepped off the plane. And when you leave, a lot of joined us in this celebration will continue on. Our unity can never end since it is a celebration."

All that I could do in my bewilderment was nod and smile. I heard her words, but could barely believe what I heard. No one could have articulated more beautifully what I also felt deep in my heart. She understood me completely. She expressed what I felt down to the deepest recesses of my thoughts, and brought it out more precisely than I could have said it, and more simply.

"Now my prayer mat is complete and you are here," she said, interrupting my thoughts. "Our meeting is the fulfillment of my dream. Our marriage is precisely what a marriage should be, a joining of hands in the celebration of a profound truth expressed in life." She reached her hand out and then kissed me.

I suggested to her that this lovely thought that she shared called for a big embrace. "I embrace you forever with my kiss," I said to her, slightly modifying her own greeting. I also made the kiss as much a celebration as it could be. "I embrace you forever with my kiss," I repeated.

"Forever?" she asked.

"Oh yes, since time began," I replied.

"I can accept that," she said, "it is sufficient." She laughed after that. "It is fitting then, that I give this prayer mat to you with all my love from the bottom of my heart, and that I give it to you here where we stand together before the greatest temple ever built in the name of love. It certainly has been that to me."

"Did you know that you just answered a question that I had been asked a long time ago and hadn't been able to answer?" I said to her. "One of the first things my friend Helen had asked me after I met her, was the simple question. What do you wish for the most? I hadn't been able to answer her. She had followed me when I left the pub where I had been. It was late in the night, way past midnight. I had been looking for something, something that I hadn't found. That's why I had come to the pub in the first place, but I hadn't found it there either. And so I couldn't answer her. Yes, what did I wish for most? What was it that I wanted above all else? Did I want a car? A home? A wife? Sex? I owned a fine car and a more than adequate house. I had a lovely and loving wife. Still something was missing, but what was it? I was tempted to answer that it was sex, but I also knew that this wasn't it either. I was looking for something bigger than that. I realized that if I had wanted sex more than anything had I could have bought it quite inexpensively without any hassles. Obviously, I wanted more. I didn't find the answer until the next day. Luckily, Helen had been patient with me."

"And what was the answer, Peter?" Indira asked.

"Helen presented the answer herself. She told me about a discovery; something profound out of her own experience; a discov-

ery that she had made some time earlier. A dear friend of her had been in hospital undergoing a five-hour surgery. A short time into this period she had suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of urgency, a cry for help. She knew that her friend has always had a weak heart. She sensed a silent cry for help. In an extreme situation one doesn't have time to reason things out. Instinctively she drew together everything that she knew to be true about human existence and universal principles. It all came together as a surprisingly vivid visual construct. She saw humanity as a vast lattice of human hearts; all of them linked laterally to one-another by threads of love; all sending a bit of their own strength in support of her friend. In time the sense of urgency abated. But then, a time later it all repeated itself and the whole cycle started anew. This happened to her three times in succession over the space of almost three hours. When the urgency dissipated at the end of the third cycle a great calm began. The great calm stayed with her for the rest of the day. She told me that the great calm began almost an hour before the surgical procedure was supposed to be completed. Evidently the crisis had been overcome at this point."

I told Indira that Helen had visited her friend later that day in the late afternoon. Helen had told me that she had been totally surprised at what she saw. Her friend had been sitting up in bed with a radiant smile that seemed like a miracle so soon after such an extensive surgical operation.

"Helen realized afterwards," I said to Indira, "that the universal lateral lattice that she had visualized illustrates a fundamental universal principle that describes the reality of our being. She suggested to me that what I desired most was to locate myself within this universal lateral lattice, instead of living outside of it."

"But what does this mean?" asked Indira.

I related to Indira what had happened that day in Leipzig. Helen had explained that our greatest need is not to be loved, but to love, and most of all, to love ourselves as the most precious gem in the universe. I told her that Helen had suggested that this kind of love takes one way beyond what Nicholas of Cusa saw who had searched for the face of truth. "It probably takes as far back in time as the biblical John," I said to Indira. "In ancient days a man named John had contemplated what the world would be like at the end of all evil. He probably meant with that a kind of world in which all human needs and hopes and wishes are fulfilled."

I pointed out to Indira that one of the grandest images that John had envisioned along this line was the image of a woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.

"Here is what Helen said about this image..." I added.

"We are not there yet, Peter," Indira interrupted me. But how

shall we know it when we get there? How will we see it? And most importantly, how do we see ourselves in this context? What really is it that we would see in ourselves when we see ourselves as being clothed with the sun? What is it that we would see? What does it mean to be 'clothed with the sun' in real terms?"

"I had hesitated answering Helen when she asked me that day what I wanted most," I said to Indira.

"Surely, you can answer this simple question now," Indira said to me and smiled.

"I had answered Helen that I often felt quite naked. However, what was it that I had 'clothed' myself with in those days, which was so void of anything real that I felt quite naked? Indeed, I had a lot of that kind of empty stuff on my list. Everything I had done up to that point seemed so inconsequential, so empty of anything real. Even my job appeared like that. I had told Helen that I had become a pawn in a game that someone else was playing. There had been times when I was ashamed of myself to be living that way. I told Helen that I could see in myself a reflection of what the ancient writer might have seen who created the Adam and Eve mythology. The only difference was that I had used a different fig leaf with which to hide my nakedness, my shame. I had been wearing a pinstriped suite, but I felt just as naked as Adam had declared himself to be. So, I fully agreed with the writer of that ancient mythology or satire. I had told Helen that this kind of nakedness puts one into a terrible position. I had also told Helen that I couldn't agree with the ending of the mythological Adam and Eve story. I told her that I would have written the ending differently. I didn't think God would have said to them both, you disgust me, get out of my sight, get out of my garden, and get out of my paradise. This expulsion wouldn't have been necessary. I would have made the audience to understand that Adam had already kicked himself out of paradise, at this point in the story. I suggested to Helen that my greatest need was to find a way to reverse all of that and get back to what Adam had exiled himself from.

"'You are getting warm,' Helen had said to me that day," I said to Indira. "'But is your pinstriped fig leaf the only thing that you wear, that you surround yourself with, that makes you feel naked?' she had added. 'What about all those small-minded measurements, the kind of measurements that kill your soul, that murder your humanity?' she had asked. And she was right. Don't we all have mile long lists of complaints about our society, our world, and ourselves? We wrap these around ourselves constantly. We wear them. They become a barrier. They isolate us. By being clothed in these heavy garments we place ourselves outside of the universal lateral lattice that Helen had discovered as the reality of our being, reflecting the principles of our humanity. We isolate ourselves from

what we are. Consequently we find ourselves to be alone.

"Helen had laughed at this point," I said to Indira. "She had asked me, 'do you want to know how to get back into the garden that humanity has largely expelled itself from?' She told me that the answer is simple. She told me to shed all those garments that amount to nothing, and clothe yourself with the sun. Begin to love. That means loving yourself. Love your humanity in all its brightness as the image of God. If you can't love yourself in that light, how can you love everyone else? The humanity that you love is universal and you are a part of it. This royally-divine humanity is the heart of every human being. That's in essence what she said to me. She also said to me, 'if you truly love yourself, you automatically love the whole of humanity, because there is only one humanity that we all share, and one universal human Soul that is expressed in all of us. To love yourself is universal love, and any other form of love has no validity.' Helen said that any other form of love is like a badly written play that doesn't work. 'The universal lateral lattice that defines the reality of our being is the most correctly written image of love that I know.' That's what Helen had said. 'In it we are all clothed with the sun.' We should find ourselves in that lattice, Indira, and not try to live outside of it. And that includes everything that we are. It includes the whole range of our humanity. That's the sun."

Indira nodded. "Yes, this is our greatest need, to be clothed with the sun," said Indira.

"Helen had told me then not to feel too badly that I hadn't recognized this at first.

'You are not alone in this,' she had said. 'The whole of humanity is far from recognizing its most urgent need, which is to locate itself in the lateral lattice, as someone clothed with the sun of self-love. For this lack of recognition humanity has not yet begun to take the needed steps in fulfilling its most urgent need. The Apostle John in ancient times seems to have felt that it is inevitable for us to take these footsteps one day. He probably realized that when we do this, we will recognize that we do have dominion, not over one-another as many now seek to have dominion, but over the earth and all that surrounds it, and mostly over ourselves, and over our small-minded thinking. Then, as we recognize ourselves in this manner we will discover that the stars in our crown will be the sparking points of principle in our crown of rejoicing.' - 'Oh, but you are wrong on one count,' I had countered Helen that morning. 'You can no longer speak of the whole of humanity in this way. Here in this room, with you, Helen, the sunrise has already begun. The discovery of ourselves has begun and is unfolding.' - Helen had begun to laugh at my comment. 'No Peter," she had said, 'I asked

you what you desired most in your life, and you couldn't answer. You were completely honest, because the core of the answer that is rooted in the lateral lattice, was still unknown to you. You were searching for the substance of it and its reality, but you could not define it. In a lateral relationship we are all at one with another. You were trying to find yourself into this lateral lattice unity. You could feel its essence, but you could not put your finger on it.' - 'All this was yesterday,' I had answered Helen emphatically. I had told Helen that when the first atomic bomb was dropped the world had been changed for all times to come, because the knowledge to build the atomic bombs would not go away. However, I had suggested that mankind would one day find a way to live with this knowledge without any danger of blowing one-another up. I had also told her that the world was changed again when she recognized for the first time in history the principle of the lateral lattice as the reality of our being. I had suggested to Helen that none of us could back away from this kind of knowledge either. A discovered principle remains applicable for all times once it has been developed and understood. An understanding of truth remains forever with us and transforms us and enriches us further. 'And so the door to a New World has been opened for me by you,' I had said to her, 'the sunrise has begun, or maybe just the dawn has begun, but one way or another the full sunshine is inevitable now.'"

I told Indira that Helen had called the sunshine of our self-love, our joy. The process of our being clothed with the sun is our joy. I told her that the process that unfolds in the lateral lattice is our universal kiss born out with a great joy. "That's where the concept of the universal kiss came from," I said to Indira. "Helen had formulated this concept on very day when she tried to explain the underlying principle of the lateral lattice to me. The discovery of the lateral lattice makes us all incredibly rich, doesn't it? One won't find any beggars there, begging each other. That's impossible in the environment of the universal kiss, and in the sunshine of our self-love. The dancing then becomes natural, as the festival of our private dancing already is."

Indira responded silently with a nod that became a smile, which ended with a tight embrace and a long drawn out kiss.

"The Taj Mahal wasn't built for beggars," she said.

She invited me to walk with her along the edge of the long reflecting pool. But as soon as we reached the raised supply pool in the center of the garden she stopped me. She pointed to dome of the great white building. "Look at the dome," she said. She continued pointing to it. "That's not a regular dome, is it? It's got a bulge part way up. Nor is it an onion dome of the kind that one finds on Russian churches. The dome that we see here is made in the shape of a woman's breast. Look, Peter, the breast that the dome

represents is complete with an areola on top and a nipple at the center that sprouts from it into a fountain of joy. And far below the great breast, rising from the base on which the building stands, rises the great portico with its rounded top. The portico with its round top symbolically houses the clitoris. See the portico is divided by two windows, one above the other. The lower one, which extends only part way up represents the sleeping clitoris. And upper one that reaches 3/4 way up represents the aroused clitoris. The dome of the portico is its protective hood. And way below all of that lies the long narrow slit of the rest of the vulva. That's represented by the long reflecting pool, isn't it? The immediate edge of the reflecting pool is narrow. It represents a woman's thin inner labia, while the wide outer edge, the walkways on either side, are wide. The walkways represent the outer labia. And in between the wide and narrow edges of the pool is a narrow garden planted. And then look, Peter, what happens at the center where we stand, where the long reflecting pools meet up with the raised pool. The entire scene widens outwards. It widens at the center. Note, Peter, how the inner and outer edges are pushed outwards from the center as well, like the labia of the women's vulva often expand outwardly at the center. Then look at what the designers have set up at the very epicenter of the widened area. They have set up a central raised that serves as a supply vessel that feeds all the reflecting pools. The supply vessel is called the celestial pool of abundance where the designers say that man meets God. This means, Peter, that the entire structure of the Taj and its garden is truly the greatest temple of love ever built and not one iota is left out that is an inherent part of the sexual elements of love. The entire huge temple structure and its garden is one giant vulva that has a woman's breast towering high above it, and you might note that we are standing right in the middle of it, you and I. Only the name doesn't quite fit. The whole complex together should be called the Taj Mavulva," she added and began to laugh.

"You're quite a little devil, aren't you?" I interjected and punched her gently. "You certainly have a far-reaching imagination. You are seeing connections here that nobody has seen before."

"But am I not right?" she said with a grin. "Isn't the view that you see here the same view that you men get in lovemaking, with the woman's breast towering above the scene. The perspective is about the same, isn't it?" she said and laughed. "The Taj is a temple, Peter, and a temple is build for celebration, and the center of celebration here is the universal kiss."

"But the Taj has only one breast," I said and joined her laughter. "And there is another thing that doesn't quite fit your analogy. The two reflecting pools that go off to the right and the left in right angles, don't fit. They divide the garden in half hori-

zontally. They don't quite fit into the pattern of the scenery that you have described."

"Oh, don't they?" Indira countered me and grinned again. "What goes off in right angles from the center of the vulva? What extends from there to the right and to the left and is an inherent part of the erotic scenery surrounding the vulva? Wouldn't those extensions be a woman's inner thighs? That's what the right and left pools represent. So you see, Peter, it's all represented here. Nothing is missing. I think Shaw Jahan knew exactly what he was building. He built a giant vulva, one so big that one can stand in it and celebrate that our humanity has a divine origin, including every part of it," she said and laughed and kissed me. "And now I invite you to stand in it with me hand in hand," she added and laughed some more.

I began joining in.

"That's certainly an exciting wedding scene," I said moments later and grinned. "It's the one spot where the whole of humanity meets and bridges the gap between the male and the female, and where indeed everyone's journey in life began. And so, I would say that you are right; the center if the Taj is a perfect place to start a profound universal marriage celebration, a kind of profound revisiting of the truth."

I paused and smiled at her. "Do you know what this means?" I added.

"What could this possibly mean, Peter? Is there anything that's missing from our celebration?"

I nodded. "Consider what John saw in his moments of profound revelation. He saw a 'woman' clothed with the sun, not a vulva. He took the vulva and raised it to vastly higher ground. He raised it two orders of magnitude. And that requires us, as we stand in the middle of the vulva and celebrate its dimension, that we extend our vision into the complex domain of truth that lies far beyond the sensual-scapes of things. No physical eye has ever seen a truth, or a principle, or love, or all the wonderful things that make us human and divine at the same instant as if we lived in two parallel universes that are merging into one, the physically visual and the soul-filled universe where we begin to see with the mind's eye. That merging of the sensual with the profound is a part of our universal marriage festival too, isn't it? And that requires a special acknowledgement and a special present that goes with it, a present that represents both the sensual and the profound in a complex union."

"What could this possibly be?" said Indira.

"My present to you is a new name for yourself if you will accept it," I answered facing her. "May I propose that you accept the name, Sharon's Rose? The term is rooted in poetry. It is a term

coined long ago for the profusion of flowers that graced the woods of the Plain of Sharon in Biblical times. In this sense it represents a visual and sensual delight. But it also has a historic dimension in which it gains a spiritual significance with a profound scientific characteristic. The term, Sharon's Rose, is rarely used in modern time. I only know of one poem where it is used. But oh, how it is used there! The poem is over hundred years old by a great sage and Christian healer with a scientific dimension. The sage is a woman from one of the New England states. And the poem itself is a part of a great scientific platform that she has created, which is divided into sixteen parts, just as the garden of the Taj is divided into sixteen parts. The poem has sixteen verses. One of the verses has at its core the spiritual dimension of Sharon's Rose. The verse goes like that:

Christ was not crucified - that doom
 Was Jesus' part;
 For Sharon's rose must bud and bloom
 In human heart. *

*'God was manifest in the flesh.' - St. Paul.

"Doesn't the sage's usage of the term open up a world of meaning that raises the human, without stepping on it, to the level of the divine? I think that if you accept the name, Sharon's Rose, you will never lose the slightest aspect of your humanity in which the sensual and spiritual merge, and the human and the divine become one," I said to her.

"What you propose is beautiful," Indira said with a kiss, "and I will gladly bear the name, as gladly as I would bear our child if that became appropriate as some day it will. But for now, maybe both should be kept in reserve. I treasure the name you gave me, and in order to keep it precious allow me to attach it to the name by which everyone knows me. I would be honored to be named: Sharon's Rose Indira. And furthermore, doing that would allow me to add this special name to your name as well, naming you affectionately and most intimately: Sharon's Rose Peter."

"Oh I accept that," I said with joy, and with a kiss.

"So tell me more about this poem or this verse," said Indira. "Surely you know more."

"The poem is too big," I said. "And the sage is Mary, of course, the Mary Baker Eddy who is both a scientist and a metaphysical healer. And that is too big a subject again. But the verse isn't that big, though it has a special place within the poem and within Mary's work. A vast scene flows into that verse. It comprises everything that we represent between us and which we treasure. The

sage draws into its flow the dimensions of science, theology, medicine, and also sex. Doesn't that include every major aspect that unites us?"

"She must have been a rare genius, that woman, to have included sex and to have done it in the 1880s. What a dare-devil she must have been!" said Indira.

"Oh, the truth demands whatever the truth demands," I replied. "The sage, being a scientist also, had no choice in the matter. Most sages that speak the truth seem daring for it, especially when they stand up in an age of rigid religion. And Mary did warn about indulging sensuality as an empty pursuit, evidently, because the sensual universe is incomplete. If we only look at the world with what the physical eye conveys to us we box ourselves in, into a small and confined space. The sensual universe is like that in all its aspects, if it is pursued by itself. But when we take the sensual and uplift it in the complex domain where we begin to look upon the world with the mind's eyes, we discern principles the physical eye can never see, and freedoms that the sensual world by itself can never comprehend. The sensual world by itself is an enigma, a paradox without a solution. That is why so many religions spit on sex and stomp on it as something shameful, while the priest that are honest with themselves can't get away from sex no matter how hard they try. That tells me that there is no resolution to the paradox possible until one takes the sexual scene into the spiritual dimension. It appears that this is what the ancient Hindus must have done in building the Taj, and building it into the largest single erotic construct that has ever been created in the history of mankind," I said and began laughing with her.

"Do you think we are the only people crazy enough, or wise enough, to see the Taj that way?" she interjected.

"Crazy, NO! Wise, maybe," I replied. "Still, I must admit the thought is exiting and intriguing that we are standing here and walking around in a giant symbolic vulva, nicely crowned with the most perfectly shaped breast towering high above us. Does that make us crazy? I would say no. Nor do I think we are the only people here to see what lays before us. Others can probably see the same that we see, but can't admit it to themselves, which drives them crazy." I began to grin.

"Evidently the scenery before us is not unfamiliar to you," Indira interjected. "That's something that I can personally testify to," she added with a giggle. "So you must agree that the Taj Mahal is certainly the largest temple to erotic love that has ever been created," she said and laughed. "And you are right, we can't be the only one seeing the Taj in that way. The view before is probably familiar to any man who ever walked though its gate."

"Do you think we should ask the question?" I said in a

joking manner.

"Don't even think of it, unless you're suicidal," she replied. "Such a suggestion would be an insult to Islam. Everyone sees the Taj as a Moghul temple, and thereby a temple of Islam."

"It wouldn't be an insult if it was a Hindu temple," I said cautiously. "In this it would merely be the largest erotic temple ever built, and nothing more than that. In fact, the Chandela temples of Khajuraho are much larger in quantity of erotic expressions. Still, it's intriguing to come here to the Taj, isn't it, and to become a part of the erotic dimension by standing right in the middle of it?"

"The eroticism is in the beholder. If it is paradox there, then all that people will see is a beautiful, white, marble structure," said Indira.

"But we don't see it as a paradox," I interjected.

"That's a bit of an understatement," she said and grinned. "This place has it all. Its all here, the wine, the chocolate, and the roses."

"I won't even ask you as to what represents what," I said and smile.

"It all fits together in every way you care to make it fit," she said.

"This means we have our wine-chocolate-and-roses celebration once again in a still different dimension," I said, "enriching our private festival of cunninglus once again. The celebration doesn't seem to end."

"Oh you!" she said and punched me gently. "Of course you are right, why should it end my precious Sharon's Rose Peter?" she said and embraced me once more. "Why should it end," she repeated. She took me by the hand and started to walk again. "Of course the cunning in the cunninglus is all your doing," she added.

"Eh, doesn't one have to come to the temple first before the celebration can begin, my beautiful and free Sharon's Rose Indira?" I said reaching for her hand. "The keeper of the temple requires an invitation to open the door. There was a time long ago in Argentina when great riches were to be had and people flocked there from Europe. But the riches came at a price for most of them as the immigrant men outnumbered the women by a wide margin. The price was paid in the bordellos, the only places where most men could fulfill their most honest desires intimately. However, before that could happen the men had to prove to the lady that they were worthy of the lady's intimate affection. And in order to do that they had to dance with the chosen lady of the night four times 'successfully' and inspire her with their wit. The competition was stiff. The dancing became a contest of skill, dexterity, the rhythm of the heart, and a daring to be honest in their intention. Out of this background the tango emerged as the most erotic dance-form ever devised. The

cunning that assured their 'success' was assigned to the men by the nature of the game. The men all knew that they had to measure up to a standard that was never clearly defined, except in the heart. Consequently the men were honing their dancing skills and whatever other skills, charms, and cunning they could muster to make the best impression they could. They would be often seen practicing their dance steps out on the streets, sometimes in competition with each other, and of course everybody knew what it was for, because to fail meant that they had to forego an intimacy that was precious. The keeper of the temple, it seems to me, is wise to require the kind of skillful invitation that conveys the sense of awe and wonder that a temple celebration should engender. No one should enter a temple lightly, to even to rob it. There is no joy in that. A temple is rich only by what one brings into it and that should be conveyed with care. So, I would say the cunning is with oneself to overcome the deadening sense of self-doubt and whatever else would block the great renaissance principle of striving for the advantage of the other that brings light to the temple. Unfortunately this renaissance principle has been lost sight of in every regard. We need to reestablish it in all ways possible."

I paused. "Did I do my dancing well? Have I succeeded in conveying to you how special you are to me?"

She responded as I had hoped she would.

Long after our embrace ended that grew out of our 'conversation,' when we were sitting down again afterwards, Indira reached for my hand and held it tight, gently. "The woman, Mahal," she said, "to whom this temple is dedicated, was probably not as fortunate as I am today. It is such a joy to be touched by all of the wonders that we share. The idea of the universal kiss that your friend Helen brought to light seems richer now than anything that the richest monarch could have bought. What is unfolding here assures me that I am able to love you and anyone else as freely as a bird, and that our love can mingle on this endless plain unconditionally. Universal means unconditional, doesn't it? And so it has to be if love is not dependent on one-another, by which it would surround us with conditions. This freedom in love is a kind of love that the woman Mahal might have never known or experienced. We can walk in the garden of the vulva together. We can dance there freely and openly. Compared with that kind of freedom, it appears the Mumtaz had been a beggar feeding of her king. But we, you and I, are aware of that now. This awareness makes both us richer than the great Mahal had been, whose name can be interpreted as the 'pearl of the palace.'"

"Love has to be as free like a bird, or else it isn't love and love is a lie," I replied. "Love cannot be conditional, because true

love doesn't depend on anyone outside of ourselves. Our love is the fire of our own heart. We are surrounded by it. It seems that Mumtaz had to fight for it. She sold herself. No woman wants to be a mother fourteen times."

"I believe this is an aspect of a higher truth, the kind that even the Emperor himself had not been aware of," said Indira. "This higher truth comes to light only in the dimension of our higher scientific perception, the kind, which exists on a higher plane than the emotional sphere."

I nodded to Indira and squeezed her hand in return. "You told me yesterday that the woman Mahal to whom this temple has been dedicated bore the Emperor thirteen children in thirteen years, and that she died during the birth of her fourteenth child. This tells me that she played the role of the Emperor's most beloved wife in the role of a slave. I suppose, the emperor had many wives. It would have been difficult, therefore, for her not to be in competition with all the other wives, and to become enslaved by this competition. Evidently she herself had shaped the competition into her favor with her ability to give the Emperor children. This may have compensated for what she hadn't been rich enough to give him in terms of sharing the riches of her self-love. But that is the real face of love as you have put it yourself. If Mumtaz had stood in the sphere of that fire of love from within, she would not have stood in the sphere of a competition, or in the sphere of being a sex slave to her master, but would have lived in the sunshine of the universal kiss. I can see that something doesn't fit here. The erotic dimension, the actions of the Shaw, the actions of Mumtaz, none of them fit together like pieces from different puzzles."

"I have no doubt that Mumtaz was dear to him," said Indira in reply. "I also have no doubts that she lost her life over circumstances that resulted directly from conditions that she lacked the resources to alter. I suspect that the Emperor might have sensed this somewhat in his grief. I even believe that the Taj Mahal might have been built by the Emperor to give her in death what he, too, had been unable to give her in life, a love that is unconditional."

"You may be right," I agreed, "though the truth will never be known, will it? But it might also be that there was no love involved at all so that every aspect of it was just a political game. As you have pointed out, unconditional, universal love is probably the hardest form of love to achieve, because one has to find its riches in oneself, which makes it the only true form of it. The Emperor doesn't make that grade. The fourteen children don't add up. They don't fit into the dimension of love. Would you want to be called 'the Pearl of the Palace?'"

Indira shook her head. "There was a time when I would have shouted for joy. Thank God this didn't happen. The dream has been

buried in the trashcan of useless pursuits."

"But I would suggest that as our higher goal is more fully reached, which our festival of celebrations is already moving us towards, and we experience more and more of the beautiful substance of love, we might eventually be infecting the whole world with it and in the flow see the end of all evil as a tangible reality. I can imagine that the Taj Mahal as a temple of love might be linked to this. An undeniable linkage does already exist in more ways than one, and quite obviously so."

Indira looked at me in a questioning way. "What linkage?"

"That's a long story, Indira," I replied. "In the last chapter of the book that this man John wrote who visualized the woman clothed with the sun, he visualized another abstract metaphor that is also related to the end of all evil. He visualized a foursquare matrix descending from God out of heaven; a city of ideas laid out foursquare. Now guess what we have right here before us? We have the exact same geometric structure imbedded in the design of the Taj Mahal and in the very garden that we are in. A foursquare geometric matrix has sixteen elements. You find all of that in the garden here. The garden is a foursquare structure. The entire garden is divided into four giant squares that are themselves divided into four squares. This geometric division creates exactly sixteen elements. You may also remember that we were told as we came in, that there are sixteen different kinds of flowers planted in the garden. I must therefore conclude that the Taj Mahal may not have been primarily designed to be a tomb. Rather, it appears to have been designed to represent the ultimate challenge to humanity, the burial of all evil through scientific development. It might have been so created in order to allow the divine element of love in our humanity to be recognized as universal and unconditional force in the hope that it unfolds in the same context by which evil vanishes from sight. Evidently, this tall cannot be accomplished without a scientific foundation and scientific development. Nothing less than that could ever offer the potential to do that. So you see Indira, our individual spiritual riches, the Taj Mahal, and the end of all evil are linked in some profound way. Could we find a better place then to celebrate our mutual commitment to the universal kiss and its constantly widening dimension?"

"Wow!" Indira replied after a moment of silence. "I long suspected that there is something special about the Taj, but what you just said really makes things hang together. It all hangs together so beautifully that it must be true. And yes, there is no better place than this to celebrate our universal kiss."

"It actually doesn't really matter, whether or not the design of the garden was intended for this purpose," I added. "What matters is what we see in it. It could have all come together acciden-

tally, though I doubt that. The fact remains that we have a temple before us that is built to honor love. This is an apparent fact. The design of the garden probably elaborates what the whole project has been built on. It combines the dimension of science with the vulva and spreads the vulva all the way through it as if the two cannot be separated. It combines the spiritual force and the corporeal expression of it. That is why the design incorporates patterns representative of science that can be linked to a holy man's vision of the end of all evil, which also reflects the ancient understanding that love and the human intellect are one, meaning that they can't truly exist in isolation from each other. This too, is an undeniable fact. Furthermore, we have a construction of such incredible beauty built on that foundation that it is regarded as one of the eight wonders of the ancient world. In my estimation, if one adds all of this up, the sum total symbolizes the greatest challenge to humanity of all times, to create a platform for universal and unconditional love that promises to put an end to all evil. That is what I see coming to light here, whether this was intended to be symbolized or not. That's the challenge that I recognize here. That's the way I see it. The official story evidently is wrong. Lots of people would disagree with me, but everything that I see here reflects this higher sense of love that I have come to value. To me, this is all that matters. I am prepared to kneel down before this momentous challenge that the Principle of Universal Love lays before us. I am prepared to kneel before this great symbolic achievement that I see erected here on mankind's road towards meeting this challenge. It would give me a great joy to kneel down with you on our prayer mat, before this principle by which this greatest challenge can be met, and dedicate my life to it side by side with you. I also realize that I have been doing this for some time already, without knowing it. At least it seems so, now. So, what do you think? Are you ready to celebrate this commitment in prayer?"

She nodded. "But what about your background in the ceremony of prayer. Have you ever done this formally, on a prayer mat?"

"No, I have never owned a prayer mat, and probably neither have you," I replied. "So, let's do it now. Let's do it together, but let's not do this in the mosque. Let's do it here, right in the garden, at the very center of it, at the very center of the vulva."

"Why not in a mosque, Peter? The building to the left of the tomb is a mosque. Did you know that?" She pointed it out.

"A mosque is not suitable," I said, "because in a mosque one is oriented towards Mecca. I want our 'prayer' to be on a higher platform than that. I want our prayer mat to be oriented towards the tomb. I want to kneel down right smack in the middle of the four-square garden, facing the Taj, because the garden is the key element

in the whole equation. Its metaphor is the key, because it represents the universal scientific development that is essential for putting an end to all evil. The foursquare garden symbolizes life, the advancement of science. Mecca doesn't symbolize that. A tomb represents burial, the burial of all that is small in thinking, and archaic and decaying and superceded. It symbolizes the burial of all those lower things of which my friend Helen would say: What have they got to do with anything? On these two pillows, science and burial, rests the development of universal, unconditional love. That's the process by which the tomb becomes a temple of love. The incredible beauty of the Taj's structure before us symbolizes the outcome of this process of burial that culminates into love. That's what we should be facing towards, rather than towards Mecca. We should be doing this today and for all times to come."

"Yes, I will gladly join you at the center of the garden," said Indira with a smile. She stood up and reached her hand out. "Let's do it now, together as you suggested. Let's do it hand in hand. Let this 'prayer' be our wedding prayer that acknowledges openly what we have discovered about ourselves and the whole of mankind."

Indeed, this is what we did. We kneeled down on our mat on the surrounding edge of the central reflecting pool, at the very center of the garden, on the edge of the Celestial Pool of Abundance where man meets God, facing the Taj as a temple of love. As Indira had pointed out earlier, the great marble structure of the Taj did indeed appear to float above the surface of the water that reflected the brilliance of the sky and the brilliance of the Taj. In this sense, the Taj itself appeared as if it were clothed with the sun.

It seemed to me that we might have started a whole new tradition with our prayer in the garden. When I looked up I realized that we were not the only ones kneeling down before the Taj.

"A tomb represents burial," I said aloud to the others who were kneeling down with us. "It represents the burial of dead rites; perverted customs; false axioms; notions that divide people; institutions that create 'untouchable' people; and poverty that creates slaves who are forced to live in servitude all the days of their lives. But the beauty of the Taj represents the real force of life."

"That's not a prayer," someone said.

"Yes it is a prayer," I replied. "It is the prayer of truth to banish ignorance, to bury it. What else would one celebrate when one is facing a tomb? To me the Taj is a place for joyous celebration as it prefigures the end of all evil and the burial of it, forever."

"And that makes it also a Mughal prayer," added Indira. "When the woman Arjumand Banu married Prince Khurram, she took

on the new name of Mumtaz Mahal, which means, the 'chosen of the palace.' Likewise, when the Prince became crowned, he took on the new name, Shah Jahan, meaning, the 'King of the World.' Perhaps as we bury the past and its empires and political games that we have outgrown, as we grow up spiritually and scientifically, as we look to the future in a way that dedicates our lives to creating a monument to Love and Truth that is greater than the Taj, a monument not made with men's hands, or even the outcome of their heart, which gives to the material a spiritual significance, unfolding in beauty and goodness. That's love catching a glimpse of glory."

When I finished speaking, we both stood up. I kissed Indira and rolled up our prayer mat. Then we turned to walk away.

"Did anyone understand what I said?" I asked Indira while we were still on the platform.

She nodded. "I understood you," she said. "Is that not enough?"

Chapter 9 - Praying in the Wrong Direction

"You were praying in the wrong direction," said a large man with a full beard who stood on the platform with us, the one surrounding the raised central pool. "You were not facing Mecca. You were facing in the wrong direction."

"No we were facing in the right direction," I said to him. "We were facing in the right direction for a scientific imperative. And we were not praying. We were celebrating. We were facing in the direction of the tomb and were are celebrating the process of burial."

The man nodded. "Burial?" he repeated as if this sounded strange. "You were celebrating burial?"

"We still are. We are celebrating the burial of all that is wrong about religion, especially what is wrong about Christianity. What is wrong is the perversion of it. That's what needs to be buried. And let me tell you, there are a lot of other mistakes that need to be buried."

"Now that is something that I can understand," said the bearded man. "But what are you burying that warrants a celebration?"

"We are celebrating the burial of a the false concept of God," said Indira. "We are celebrating the burials of a false concept that has infested every religion on the planet and has been at the root of every religious war. When one finally comes to realized that all that crap is nonsense, one has something to celebrate does one not?"

She turned to me. "You explain the details."

"In popular Christianity, foe example," I said to him, "Christ Jesus is seen as the son of God. Some see 'Jesus as God having become a person' or as God incarnate in the flesh. But this is all nonsense. The ancient Hebrews had a much clearer perception of what God essentially is. That was probably misunderstood and a large array of false conclusions were reached that spawned many different religions with a diversity of dogmas and believes that were hijacked by the imperials for stirring up divisions in society and starting wars."

The man nodded. "The imperials need wars to prevent a spiritual humanist renaissance from sweeping across the world, I know that. We have experienced a lot of that in India. This was probably

the reason why the British nearly demolished the Taj Mahal. Some say that the wrecking crew had already been assembled. Others say that they called the project off, because the sale of used marble wouldn't have brought enough of a profit to pay for the demolition cost. So they call the demolition off. I personally think that they relented, because they might have sparked an uprising in India with that would have expelled the colonial imperials right there and then and sent them back to their misty rock in the North Atlantic."

"That's not the mistake that I am referring to," I interrupted the man. "I don't care about the mistakes primarily. I care about the right concepts that the mistakes deny. Who cares about the night when the sun comes up in the morning? One celebrates the sunshine, not the waning of the night. The shadows of darkness are buried in a flood of light. They become buried and forgotten history. That's the burial that I am celebrating. That's also what the ancient Hebrews had evidently been celebrating. In common usage a calendar month was referred to in the Hebrew tongue as the 'son of a year.' That's how they say saw themselves in their relation ship to God. They saw themselves as the sons of God just as a calendar month is seen as a son of the year. They saw themselves and mankind as a part of the divine Being that includes all life and is reflected in life. That, of course, included everything that comprises our humanity, such as our joy, beauty, sex, love, intellect, industry, creativity, sublimity, and whatever else defines us as spiritual beings. As this concepts unfolds it buries the old erroneous concepts, and the new erroneous concepts as well."

"The ancient Hindus appear to have understood this process," said Indira, addressing herself to me. "The Hindus have developed a number of concepts that together define our humanity. The religions of India, especially in Hinduism and Buddhism, recognize four paths to Moksha, to or 'salvation,' in which we find transcendence to the conscious sense of our spiritual being. The four paths are the Dharma, the Artha, the discipline of Yoga, and the fourth is our Kama. Dharma is what you might call the domain of inspiration and revelation. The path of Dharma might be considered 'the Way of the Higher Truths.' The second path is Artha. It has to do with physical living. Here the question is considered as to what are the earthly rights of a spiritual being in the image of God. The question is, how do we relate to one another as spiritual and divine beings, and to ourselves as such a being? The third path, of course, is Yoga. Yoga is not an exercise as some see it. Instead, the term refers to ancient spiritual practices that originated in early India as a means for achieving both physical health and spiritual mastery. You might call it spiritual metaphysics. And the fourth path is Kama. Kama is the god of love in Hindu myth. It has to do with one's self-knowledge as a spiritual and divine being. The god, Shiva, rep-

resents that. Some people relate the concept of Kama to sexual love. But there is more to it than physical sensuality. As we grow in grace, our spiritual senses supercede the physical senses. The sexual dimension is important here, because the dimension of sex is more a spiritual dimension than a physical dimension. The sexual dimension really begins in the mind and the physical dimension follows behind it in which the spiritual dimension is expressed. The Kama Sutra is a book about sexual loving that is focused on giving pleasure, rather than on getting the pleasure that merely follows behind it. We have the beginning of a principle here by which love is focused on the welfare of others as the highest concept of love, or actually the only concept of love."

"That's my point," I said to the man. "The early Hinduism and revered the Kama. Christianity did the same. Since sex is a part of our humanity, it is also a part of the divinity of our being. Islam brought out the same concept of the oneness of mankind, which includes both men and women. The God of Islam is Allah, which cannot be perceived in terms of gender. The name Allah simply means all. Allah is the All that we stand in awe before and are a part of. Mohammed is reported to have said, "I trample on everything that divides mankind from one-another. The female sexual isolation under the shroud of the Burka was added later in the course of the perversion of Islam when Islam became an empire. Hinduism was also perverted into an anti-female religion by which Hinduism became a rule of terror and genocide in many ways. But Buddhism caused a move away from that, back to the common universal life, towards a life of love in uplifting one-another. Maybe that is what Kama really means. I would even say that whenever we think of sex as something isolated in itself we cheat ourselves of 99% of what it is a part of. The principle of giving something to another that uplifts and enriches another's life must extend into all fields where we endeavor to do something profound in our life, like endeavoring to excel in physics, or music, or mathematics, or medicine, or biology, or engineering, or literature, or sports, or acting, or theatre, that enables us to help make the world a richer place. These are all aspects of life, are they not? If we limit our relationship with one-other to sex, we might miss 99% of the great thing of human existence that sex is a part of. And so we let the greater part slip away, and eventually the lesser part too. That's how we loose our civilization, and have already lost much of it. Maybe the ancients had a sense of that."

"You give them too much credit," the man interrupted. "It's tempting to think that we lost all of that. It's more likely that we never achieved such a high attainment in the past. Look at the sewer we are living in. We couldn't have fallen that low from the high perception that you are talking about. Look at Christianity. The

imperial Christianity has so deeply separated God from our humanity, that both have become irrelevant. Imperial religion has defined God as remote, harsh, arbitrary, and bent on punishment and limitations, and a rule of terror. This perverted religion got us squirming under God's thumb to the point that we come crawling as self-proclaimed sinners, begging for mercy and a few scraps of something good as handouts. What kind of God-image is this? But that's the kind of God-image the imperials themselves want to have seen. It would legitimize them as rulers of a naturally dominated people, as they want mankind to see itself towards them, a bunch of animals begging for scraps. If we ever had a real sense of God, and of our divinity as the sons of God, just as a month is a son of a year, we would have never fallen into the sewer we are in today from that high stage of understood and acknowledged truth. I think we have never attained a profound perception of our divinity throughout history, with the exception of a few pioneers. Christ Jesus might have lived on that platform. But no one else ever came close to meeting him on that platform, except one American woman in the latter part of the 19th Century. A few others have taken a few steps in that direction, but they only went a few steps. What we see represented here in the Taj Mahal is evidence that a few small steps have indeed been taken from time to time, although far too few."

"Don't belittle what has been achieved," I cautioned the man. "The symbolism that we see here has a profound spiritual significance, hasn't it? Everything about the Taj has a profound spiritual significance. The very shape it is significant. Everything is four-fold and square. The tomb is built on a square marble platform surrounded by four minarets."

"Actually the tomb has the footprint of an irregular octagon," interjected Indira. "It's a square with the corners cut off. That makes it an octagon. Eight is a sacred dimension in Hinduism."

The man shook his head. "This is true in the geometric sense. But in the spiritual sense, nothing has been cut off," he said. "The corners have merely been extend outward to form the minarets. The minarets thereby take on the role of four cardinal points in the overall foursquare design. And the same foursquare principle is repeated in the design of the garden. The garden is a large square that is divided into four equal squares. The larger square is divided into four quarters by the four long, narrow reflecting pools that extend across the garden from the center of it into all four directions. And each of those separated squares is divided again into four squares by walkways that likewise extend into all four directions from their centers. The end result gives us a foursquare structure of 16-element. I know of only two persons who have dealt with that kind of structure. One became known as John the Revelator who had lived two millennia ago and might have been one of Jesus' disciples.

He wrote about a city foursquare that comes down from God as a new platform for civilization. The other person lived a hundred years ago. She built a vast pedagogical structure for scientific and spiritual development onto that very platform, the platform of John's city foursquare. The religion of Hinduism appears to stand somewhat in between these two poles. In Hinduism the dimension of four is highly significant. It appears to represent the four geographical directions, North, South, East, and West, that we all use to orient ourselves on the earth. The four 'dimensions' might therefore be seen to represent a cycle of completeness as it represents the cycle of the sun across the sky each day. The dawn begins in the North, the sunrise happens in the East, at noonday that sun is in the southern sky. The cycle of the sun then comes to a fulfillment or completion in the West where the sunset unfolds. The tomb of the Taj is oriented in these four directions. Its four sides have four gates that are oriented North, East, South, and West."

"We recognize four paths to Moksha in Hinduism," interjected Indira. "They are the four famous paths to our 'salvation,' Dharma, Artha, Yoga, and Kama. They are evidently reflected in the metaphor of the four directions related to the cycle of the sun that the four sides of the temple face to and its four gates. This associates the Dharma, our spiritual inspiration, with the North, the side of the dawn. The Artha, the unfolding of our divinity, is then related with the eastern side, which is the side of the sunrise. In like manner the discipline of Yoga that deals with spiritual strength, spiritual power, and spiritual healing, is associated with the southern side where we are exposed to the heat of the day. And the fourth is our Kama that is associated with the side of the West, the side of the gold of the sunset. This means that the Kama within is the last focal point in the chain of our spiritual development. It completes an inner development cycle. But as the day repeats itself, this four-part cycle is always repeated in Hinduism. Each part is important."

"Kama is the most profound stage," the man interjected, "because giving love to another gets us closest to the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, and thereby to the Principle of Universal Love. Here is where love becomes metaphysical, where the physical manifest reflects richly the spiritual platform of our love within."

"You are quite a genius," I hailed the man. "You are speaking my language. Who told you about the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, and the Principle of Universal Love?"

The man grinned. "I'm not a genius. The Principle of the Advantage of the Other was the principle of the Peace of Westphalia. America's Lyndon LaRouche has written extensively about that. Countless people have read about that all over Europe, Russia, India, China, South America, and the USA of course, and Canada. And the

genius that put the Principle of Universal Love onto the plate of mankind was the American woman that I spoke of in regard to the foursquare structure. Her name was once a household word all across the world in the sphere of religion. Of course, that was a hundred years ago. Now it's forgotten, but not by me. The name is Mary Baker Eddy. She is the one who brought the four-fold development cycle back into view, the North, East, South, and West, the cycle that is metaphorically corresponding to the cycle of the sun through a day. So you see, I'm not a genius. In fact, I had to go to America to discover the spiritual significance of Hinduism and its scientific dimension."

"You are saying that you have discovered her work too," I said to the man with a smile. "I thought I was quite alone in that, together with a few friends."

The man nodded. "It's not a secret anymore. It's on the Internet. Still, it is sad to note how few Americans are aware of the great movements in history that have shaped their country. In India we have a little keener awareness of what lies behind our spiritual achievements, but not too much either."

"That is why history repeats itself so often in the West," interjected Indira. "People make mistakes, but if they don't understand why the mistakes are made, the mistakes tend to become repeated over and over until the lesson is learned. That is why history repeats itself so often. That is why wars are repeated."

"Mary Baker Eddy has put a platform into place that enables society, once her platform is implemented, to end the repeating cycles errors," said the man. "She created a vast pedagogical structure of 144 concepts that cover the entire 16-element array of John's city foursquare, which is reflected in the foursquare garden here that we are standing in. She has provided for each single element of the foursquare structure nine sub-elements, 144 altogether. That's also a measure that John dealt with. It is a scientific element. The four-square geometry that John presented was probably rooted in the scientific development that the Greek Classical era is famous for. We are standing right in the middle of this vast array and its link to scientific development. However, nobody can see any of it. People are walking through the garden, but they don't know what it is that they see. And what about you? You are standing right in the middle of a historic construct of unimaginable proportions, with vast interconnections. Did you know that? Mary Baker Eddy has created this kind of vast structure that covers all the principles of civilization. Then hid it. She hid it in an outlined form within the very books that she knew would be studied by countless thousands on a daily basis. It's the same with all the countless visitors that have come to the Taj Mahal during the centuries of its existence. Did any ever realize what it is that they stood in the middle of? A few might

have, or they might have seen a few fragments. That's how it was with Mary's vast pedagogical structure. Even now, a hundred years after it was put in place hardly anyone has discovered its existence yet, much less has learned to utilize it. And so, what has been discovered by her continues to remain hidden under the cloak of society's denial of it by the tragedy of its small-minded thinking."

"And that's the way it has to be," I answered the man. "Human existence is a process of discovery. Mary evidently knew that her pedagogical structure, which exists to advance spiritual discoveries, must come to light through the process of discovery itself. Otherwise it would be useless. Thus it remained hidden to a small-minded society, cloaked under the mantle of obscurity and denial, until a new search for universal principles would open the door once more to the age of spiritual discoveries."

"Her pedagogical structure has remained hidden," said the man to Indira. "It remained hidden in spite of the fact that she literally mandated its discovery. She stipulated in the bylaws that govern her society of Christ Scientists, that two of the most major aspects of her pedagogical structure must be made the basis for all formal teaching in that society. One would assume that a conscientious teacher would make an effort to discover what the foundation is that his teaching is to be built on. The discovery should have been immediate, but it was made only once in a hundred years, and the teacher that had made this discovery, who then began to teach accordingly, was promptly excommunicated for it from that society of Christ Scientists. Consequently mankind's wars rambled on, which might have been stopped. The entire century after her death was filled with wars, and the wars still continue."

"Don't you think that this woman was irresponsibly cruel to hide such a thing from mankind that could have prevented two world wars and thousands of smaller ones that altogether caused hundreds of millions of deaths?" Indira countered the man.

The man shook his head. "Imagine a fisherman in a boat that has lost its sails and was swept far out to sea with the outflow of the Amazon River, so far from land that land could no longer be seen. Imagine the man dying for thirst. Who then is at fault if he dies while he doesn't realize that the freshwater-outflow from the Amazon reaches 200 miles out into the ocean? He is floating in fresh water and is dying for thirst. Who is at fault when this happens, but he himself? The pioneer couldn't give to society what it would not accept. It's like the old proverb that says, one can take a horse to the water, but one can't make it drink."

The man turned to me. "Did you know that Mary Baker Eddy's pedagogical structure furnishes four development streams, just like Hinduism does and has for thousands of years? But unlike Hinduism, she merely outlines those four channels for spiritual dis-

covery and then stands back and leaves the details to be discovered. She provides a few hints and a lot of building block, but the principles must be gleamed through the process of discovery."

"She outline references to sex," Indira interjected.

"She provided two such references," said the man. "One is found among the references for her second development stream that is associated with the eastern exposure towards the sunrise."

"The traditional Hindi temple has its entrance always facing the East, towards the sunrise," Indira interjected. "That's reflected in all the erotic temples of Khajuraho."

"Mary labeled her sunrise-oriented development stream, 'the Christ,'" the man continued. "She also defined her development stream in terms of the four biblical rivers from Genesis 2. She described the second river, the river for the East, named Gihon, in terms of the 'rights of woman acknowledged morally, civilly and socially.' Doesn't that relate to the temples of Khajuraho? In Mary's context the term 'woman' evidently refers to highest spiritual identity of mankind as seen by John the Revelator in the form of 'a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, the stars in the crown of rejoicing. Her eastern development stream coincides thereby with what we call in Hinduism the path of Artha where our physical and spiritual living intertwine, and intertwine in such a manner that the physical is redefined with a spiritual dimensions. That's where Mary has put one of her references to sex and renders sex as an inherent part of our being."

"Her other reference to sex," said the man, "is found among her references for the fourth development stream that is associated with the western exposure towards the sunset, towards 'the Golden Shore of Love and the Peaceful Sea of Harmony,' as she termed it. She labeled the movement in that stream, 'divine Science.' She defined this stream like all the others in terms of a biblical river, in this case the River Euphrates, which she described in part as 'divine Science encompassing the universe and man; the true idea of God; a type of the glory which is to come; metaphysics taking the place of physics; the reign of righteousness.' That's what she has associated her second reference to sex with; science and metaphysics."

"That reference to sex in her fourth development stream obviously coincides with the fourth path to Moksha, our 'salvation' in Hinduism that the ancients have identified as our Kama," interjected Indira.

The man nodded. "Kama has been misrepresented as sensuality, eroticism, or plain lust. But it is much more than that, isn't it? The Kama is best illustrated in the economic miracle that stood behind the erotic temples of Khajuraho. A total of 85 grandiose temples were built in Khajuraho a thousand years ago, all of them within an area of eight square-miles and within the short timeframe

of slightly over a hundred years. Nothing short of a profound renaissance could have provided the economic means for this massive undertaking. Those temples aren't just made of rocks piled on one another. They are architectural masterpieces of amazing designs filled with a profusion of stone-carvings and statues. And it is there, right in these temples of Khajuraho, where we find the key to their marvel. The carvings and statues are all depicting erotic scenes, not pornography, but scenes of people making love to one another. The principle in sexual lovemaking is to embrace the other person for the purpose of giving the other person pleasure, which in turn gives pleasure to oneself. India's famous book on erotic love, the Kama Sutra, focuses exclusively on a man giving pleasure to the woman. It honors the woman. And it does so in a way that changed history more profoundly than anything else that I know of. For 2,500 years the face of the woman has been torn to shreds in India, beginning with the Aryan invasion in 1,500 BC. The Aryan invaders perverted the holy Vedas into a tool to force female infanticide down the throat of all the cultures in India, coupled with the most brutal persecution of women in the form of bride burning, wife burning, widow burning, and so on. The resulting Vedic and Brahmanic Dark Age was probably the darkest in human history. The brutalizing of the women also spilled over against the slaves, the poor, the peasants, and the Negroid people. Historians tell us that this horrific Dark Age, which lasted for two-and-a-half millennia, came to a close at around a thousand years ago. This is precisely the time when the erotic temples of Khajuraho were built. A profound renaissance was unfolding at this time in India that might have begun 500 years earlier with the Kama Sutra that honored the woman of society. The Kama Sutra doesn't promote rape, but love. It appears that it was this honest eroticism that enabled the great turnaround that ended 2,500 years of the darkest of all the dark ages that have even been endured on this planet. But the key for recognizing why this renaissance of Hinduism was so profoundly successful in India at this time, and why it was lost again to perversion, might be found in early Hebrew history."

"What has Hebrew history got to do with India?" Indira interjected.

"Actually all history is one," said the man. "All of mankind is one, and our combined history is the history of the discovery of our humanity and the development of it, or the lack thereof. In this sense the Hebrew background applies. The Hebrew history book, the Bible, tells us of a man named Jacob, who was quite a rat as a human being, and so was his family and his children. He 'stole' his brother's birthright at his mother's bidding. Then he had to flee as his brother sought to kill him in revenge according to his father's advice. And so Jacob fled to his mother's brother, Laban, where he

offered to serve for seven years for Laban's beautiful daughter Rachel. Ah, but he was deceived. When the wedding day came he found that he had married Leah, the older daughter, instead of Rachel. So, he served another seven years for Rachel. Can you imagine the resulting rivalry between the two wives who both aimed to garner his favor? Jacob had 12 children with his two wives. There developed mortal rivalries even between the children. One of his sons, whom he favored most, Joseph by name, was targeted to be killed by his rival brothers, and would have been killed had not one of the brothers secretly intervened, by which he was not killed but sold as a slave to some travelling merchants who took him to Egypt. The treacherous brothers then told their father that the boy had been ripped apart by a wild beast. That's the kind of dark-age background in which Jacob's life unfolded. But something caused him to change. The change happened when he decided to leave Laban, his father in law, and return to his home. Of course, before leaving, he had devised a dirty trick to cheat his father in law when it came to dividing the flocks. In the shadow of this treachery he stole away secretly at night from the man that had lived with and worked with for 20 years. He took Laban's two daughters and all of their children, and left in the dark of night without saying good bye. Then a long way down the road, on the way home, Jacob was told that his bother, who once sought to kill him, was coming towards him with 400 men, to intercept him. Jacob suddenly found himself stuck. He couldn't go back. That bridge was burnt to the ground. He had no option but to face his brother. We are told that he wrestled all night over that issue with an angel. At the light of dawn the angel bid him to let him go, but Jacob would not let him go unless he bless him in a way that his struggles would end. The wish was granted, and with it he was given a new name, the name of Israel. The new name signified Jacob's unfolding new self-perception as a 'prince with God.' What this meant is illustrated by what happened when he met his bother later that day. There was no rage and no fighting when the two brothers met. They embraced one-another and Jacob he was able to say to his brother, 'I have seen thy face as though I had seen the face of God.' And that, my friends, is what I see reflected in the erotic temples of Khajuraho," said the man to us. "The human face with all that it includes is honored in these temples as the reflected face of God."

Indira began to smile. "I think I know what you are saying," said Indira. "Isn't that what we find most profoundly reflected in sexual love? When a man and a woman fall in love a whole new dimension of love unfolds, a kind of higher-level dimension that is above anything that is ordinary. We all try to express the love that unfolds, but we seldom find adequate words. We stammer as we speak of that love. Unfortunately we rarely, if ever, say to one-

another I see your face as though I see the face of God. Sadly, we don't say this. But that's how we feel, don't we, when the face of the beloved fills the field of our vision in our mind, painted in golden colors? The 'divine' face that we behold in the face of the beloved puts us into a tippy for days on end. I can certainly see that when this kind of loving becomes expanded onto the universal platform a bright new renaissance must unfold as apparently was the case when the erotic temples of Khajuraho were built. They were erected as temples to God and as temples to Love in a combination, and with the recognition that God and Love are truly one. Isn't that what Jesus' disciple John said in his epistles, that God is Love, and that without love one cannot 'see' God or even know God. How then can one know oneself without love? That's what the temples of Khajuraho signify, don't they? What we call the erotic, the Kama, is then really an intricate part of that love in which we find our own inner selves, isn't it?"

The man nodded and smiled. "Why should love, which is spiritual, that crosses all bounds, not have a physical corporeal expression?" said the man. "Show me a man who isn't aroused by the sight of a beautiful woman, by her smile, or by the sight of a woman's breast or the sight of her vulva. If you find such a man you found a man who is 'asleep,' speaking in general terms of course, considering the countless variations on the theme. The tragedy is that imperial demands on religion have narrowed the infinite realm of love down to the smallest possible denominator, and even lower than that by privatizing it. It appears that this wasn't the case when the temples of Khajuraho were built. We see evidence there of the opposite. The erotic sculptures weren't created with models. The artist sculpted the human life as he saw it, as it was a part of their living. I also see Jacob's transition line evident in Mary Baker Eddy's pedagogical structure. Among the 144 elements of that structure are some the names of Jacob's twelve children defined. The 12 children are historically referred to as the Children of Israel. But Mary doesn't regard them so. She refers to them as the sons of Jacob, with unique definitions for their names that is reflecting the two wives' rivalry. Mary never calls them the Children of Israel. This means that the true Children of Israel are those that have the kind of love in their hearts that they can say to any human being, I see your face as though I see the face of God. Those would be the true 'children' of Israel, the children of the Israel spirit. It appears that the first major appearance of the 'Children of Israel' under that new definition came to light in India and culminated there in the building of the temples of Khajuraho and a bit over century later in the building of the Taj Mahal."

"Are you saying that the Taj Mahal is an erotic temple in a higher sense of the term than the temples of Khajuraho?" said

Indira to the man. "That's how I see the Taj Mahal. I see the dome made in the shape of a woman's breast complete with an areola."

"What you see as an areola, others see as a lotus motif," I cautioned her. "You might be desecrating a tomb."

"No, Peter, I'm not desecrating anything. Nothing is further from my mind. I wasn't joking at all with what I said to you about the Taj Mahal earlier, when I described it as an erotic temple. An erotic temple doesn't desecrate anything. Instead of seeing the Taj as a tomb look at it the other way around, like I do. I'm not desecrating a tomb. I'm reversing a historic desecration. I'm resurrecting a temple. The Hindu religion is a religion of life, not death. It is a religion in which the human being is divine. Our greatest god, Shiva, draws together the female and male of mankind as elements of a single divinity, a 'synarchy' of male and female energies flowing in unison through all life with the human being as the highest expression of it. Our mythological gods are perceived as human in form as a means for society to perceive itself as god-like. The female form is a part of this 'synarchy' of the female and the male flowing together into a joint sovereignty, a joint rule in life. It brings the female and male together into the realm where the divine is recognized in the human dimension. Wouldn't you therefore expect to see the female and male elements to be profoundly reflected in a Hindu temple? I see the Taj in this manner, as a temple, and not as a tomb. I see it as a great Hindu temple with all the essential features of a Hindu temple incorporated into its design. Sure, Peter, the areola that I see crowning the dome as a breast is seen by others as a lotus motif. But in considering what we see voluminously presented in the temples of Khajuraho my perception of the dome of the temple in the shape of a breast crowned with an areola brings to light a certain Hindi significance that I must acknowledge as a Hindu, that I must acknowledge especially to myself as a Hindu, that I must celebrate. And that is how I see the Taj Mahal as a whole. I can't see it as a tomb. I can only see it as a temple. I see it as a temple of life through and through. I see it as the greatest Hindu temple ever built."

"What do you mean with, through and through?" I interrupted her. "You mean the reflecting pools too, that you said you see as a vulva? You are serious about that too, aren't you?"

"I serious about everything I said about the Taj Mahal, Peter. The life-symbolism is everywhere I look. It is everywhere reflected in the design of the Taj." Indira began to grin. "The symbolism is everywhere and it is big. Didn't I promise you a big surprise?"

"Everywhere, like what, Indira?"

"Can't you see it, Peter? Look at the long narrow slit across the garden. Look at the long narrow reflecting pools that divide the garden right down the center. The pools are in perfectly aligned with

the temple. They are a part of the erotic temple that is Hindu in characteristic. I can't help feeling that the long narrow pools reflect symbolically the slit of a woman's vulva. And everything else that I see here appears to follow the erotic design characteristic. The great temple of the Taj is made of white marble. Marble is a stone that is as smooth as a woman's skin, and being white, is as bright as the nature of love. This convergence was evidently done by design. The white marble with a slight yellow tint that was used for the construction of the Taj was evidently chosen for a profound purpose, because it isn't a native stone. It had to be carried in from afar across great distances. I can't perceive the Taj in any other way than a great Hindu temple. It appears to me that whoever designed the Taj has designed it as a Hindu temple following the Khajuraho tradition, but in such a way that the erotic elements became hidden from the eyes of the Islamic thought police that appears to have been in power by then. Celebrating the female anatomy was probably impossible under the deepening Islamic rule that would eventually hide the female form entirely under the Islamic burka. The designers of the Taj Mahal might have understood that the real nature of the Taj as a great Hindu temple with all the sexual synarchy represented, would in time be recognized by mankind on the path of its inner self-development and be celebrated."

"You may be closer to the truth than you think," said the bearded man to her. "The Taj Mahal isn't really an Islamic structure as most of the history books tell us. Paper is patient. The history books don't always tell the truth. The written history often reflects the political purposes of the rulers that write the history. We see this today and we saw it then. Nor was the Taj Mahal built by Shah Jahan. It has been proven that the Taj Mahal is actually a Shiva temple-palace, called the Tejo Mahalaya. The proof is in the *Badshahnama* that contains the history of the first twenty years of Shah Jahan's reign. The building was known then as Raja Mansingh's palace. It's a Hindu structure captured by Shah Jahan and plundered by him. It was subsequently converted by him into an Islamic shrine, and a mausoleum. That kind of fate is the fate that many Hindu temples suffered. The so-called Islamic 'Renaissance' in India began in the 8th Century with a Muslim invasion that fused a perverted form of Islam with the Brahmanic tradition and turned a dark age even darker. The perverted Islam legalized rape, murder, looting and destruction, especially the destruction and looting of Hindu temples and their conversion into Islamic places of worship. Some put the number of the looted and destroyed Hindu temples as high as a 100,000. The temples of Khajuraho were built after the initial Islamic invasion. They were built in the 10th and 11th Century, probably in an effort to reverse some of the cultural damage inflicted by the perverted Islam. The building of the Tejo Mahalaya was probably a

slightly later effort in the continuing rebuilding the trashed Hindu heritage. Carbon-14 dating of wood samples from one of the door-frames places the building of the Taj Mahal into the middle of the 14th Century. However it is also believed that this wood frame was a replacement of a still earlier wood frame, which suggests that the Taj Mahal might have been erected in 12th or 13thth Century as the Tejo Mahalaya. The architecture of the temple puts it also into this earlier timeframe as a great Hindu temple-palace. The architectural design evidently followed the tradition of the temples of Khajuraho, but it followed it in such a way that its deepest Hindu features were kept hidden from the small-minded thinking that became cultured in India by the Islamic thought police. In this manner the Taj Mahal was built as one of the greatest Hindu temples of all times, and was built as a Hindu temple right under the nose of the Islamic thought police. That's what the real historic evidence indicates to us."

"I agree," I said to the man. "This solves a great paradox for us. Indira and I couldn't see the Taj Mahal as an Islamic structure, and much less as the brain-child of Shah Jahan. The Shaw's love story doesn't add up with the evidence. Now you say that the Carbon-14 dating confirms that the Taj Mahal couldn't have been built by Shah Jahan. This confirms a lot of things and rather conclusively. Modern Carbon-14 dating is rather 'exact' as I understand it, with a 50-year margin of accuracy, isn't it?"

"So you see," said Indira to me. "I was right to see the Taj as a Hindu temple. It couldn't have been anything else. The sexual feature of the temples of Khajuraho is too strongly reflected in the Taj's design. It was built as a Hindu temple and as a temple dedicated to Shiva."

"The Carbon-14 dating is not the only evidence that we have to support that," said the man to Indira, smiling. His beard suggested that he was a holy man of Islam, but his eyes sparkled as that of a scientist who has made many discoveries, and a historian who understood the nature of the perversions of religion and their tragic effect on civilization.

"Let me ask you," he said to me, "how would it be possible that a pervert like Shah Jahan could have created such a beautiful temple?" said the man. "It's simply not possible. The Shaw was a pervert with a harem of 5,000 women. He was known to also have had an incestuous relationship with one of his daughters. He justified it by saying that 'a gardener has every right to taste the fruit he has planted.' Such a person isn't capable of imagining the kind of beauty that we see incorporated in the Taj Mahal, much less would he be inspiring it, and even less than that, have the generous heart to build it. Shah Jahan was known as a cheap fellow who hadn't built any palaces or anything close to it for the Mumtaz that he supposedly adored, while she was alive. Why then would he

build a fabulous mausoleum for a corpse that was no longer of any use to him? He was a stingy, usurious monarch. He had looted the Taj Mahal and converted it to Islam. It is said that he even demanded some the craftsman to work on the conversion for nothing. He was that misery. Also, Mumtaz had died within two or three years of his reign as Emperor. How could such a miser have amassed such superfluous wealth in so short a time and spent it so freely on a 22-year project for a mausoleum for a woman that had been so insignificant to the Shaw that she isn't even mentioned in any of the court records in terms of him having had a special attachment to her? His numerous amorous affairs with many other ladies, from maids to mannequins, including one of his own daughters, find special mention in the historic accounts of his reign, but there was no Mumtaz Mahal ever referred to in the books. Mumtaz was a commoner by birth. Would a commoner qualify for a fairytale style burial? She died in Burhanpur, about 600 miles from here. Her grave remains there to the present day and remains intact. Who knows whose remains are laid up in the tomb? Even the exact year of Mumtaz's death is unknown. Estimates put it between 1629 and 1632. If she had been such an important person as the Islamic world wants us to believe, the date of her death would have been recorded."

"But was she really an important person," I interjected. "If she had been unimportant, why would her name have been used to rename the Hindu temple in her honor into the Taj Mahal? The Hindu temple was converted to a tomb and her name became attached to it."

"Mumtaz was a rat," the man countered me. "Shah Jahan came to the throne by murdering all his rivals. Mumtaz might have had something to do with that. She might have been known for her persuasive quality in political matters. Modern accounts of Shah Jahan speak of him as a hardhearted ruler. Apparently Mumtaz had relentlessly egged him on to acts of cruelty in order to expand his tyranny. She was the 17th Century equivalent of today's American President and Vice President in the way the New York Times described them as the Presidents of War and stooges of a foreign empire that wants the USA destroyed. The times described Mumtaz from A to Z, but stopped short of using the word, whore. It's not a polite word to use in a world where it has become fashionable to compromise with the 'devil.' The 'Whore of Babylon' has become sanitized and labeled a democratic institution. Mumtaz might have pioneered the process. It is said that she 'guided' her 'prince' and paved the way for him to become Emperor. She was the Emperor's handler. It is said that she plotted the wars for him as instructed by the pimps that owned her. That is how I see her significance to Shah Jahan, a traitor-secretary-whore standing in the shadows, who in turn was controlled by other people of power. Would be much

surprised if this wasn't the way it was, because that's the dimension of the democracy of power. It is suggested by 'historians' that the Shaw buried his whore in his stolen temple that he turned into a tomb. He used her to snub the Muslims and to further infuriate the Hindus in order to cause political friction between them. This kind of political power play might actually have been Mumtaz's idea. And so, Shaw Jahan might have needed her in a utilitarian role to carry out the plot. The Prophet Mohammed had ordained that the burial place of a Muslim should be inconspicuous. He decreed that it must not even be marked by a single tombstone. The Shaw trampled on this edict. No greater tombstone could have been set up than turning a giant temple into mausoleum. No greater insult could have been invoked against Islam than creating a giant tomb and dedicating the tomb to a Muslim. The Saw didn't go quite as far as he might have intended. It seems he got away with the plot by dedicating the tomb to the memory of a non-Muslim. Mumtaz wasn't a Muslim. She was a nobody. She was a commoner. Nevertheless, the Shaw's insult to Islam as great as it was, was probably a small irritation in comparison with his insult to Hinduism by turning a great temple of life into a lifeless tomb, a temple that celebrated the God Shiva, the God whose name is Good, the God of the Kama who is transcending gender and uniting mankind spiritually. Shiva is seen in Hinduism as the Divine Cosmic Dancer that combines as Ardhnarishwara in the synthesis of masculine and feminine energies flowing into one. I can't think of a greater insult to a Hindu than turning a Shiva temple into a tomb. Of course the underlying reason for Shaw Jahan turning the Taj into a tomb was likely driven by his need to hide the fact that he plundered the temple treasury and stole the temple's precious contents. He evidently needed an excuse to close the temple to the Hindu public."

Indira nodded. "What a rotten rat he was!" she said. "It all makes sense now. By turning the temple into a tomb, the stripped out building could conveniently closed, and later be reopened to the Muslims attached to a mosque. And even the Muslims were kept on the sideline, so it seemed, because only one of the two small side-buildings were turned into a mosque and not the temple itself. By keeping the tomb essentially private it could be kept closed to the public for years so that the public would never know the full extent of the robbery that he had carried out in secret."

"Did Shah Jahan rip out the statue of Shiva too, that must have been there?" I asked the man.

The man nodded. "The statue was removed together with the golden fence that surrounded it. The temple was plundering and then converted to Islam. The conversion might have taken those 22 years that are cited in the history books as the tomb's 'construction period.' The Shaw replaced the statue of Shiva with a coffin, and

replaced many cenotaphs with Islamic ones. He desecrated the two main stories of the temple building in this manner. He inscribed texts of the Koran on the walls and along the arches that are extending upwards for six stories of the seven stories of the Taj Mahal. Fortunately the alterations could not be totally concealed. The Rajasthan State archives contain records of requests from Shah Jahan to Jaipur's ruler demanding a supply of marble from his Makrana quarries, together with the stone cutters that would be needed to work the new marble. The Jaipur ruler was apparently so enraged at the blatant seizure of the Taj Mahal by Shah Jahan that he refused to supply the order for marble, which he evidently knew was intended for grafting Koran-text engravings and fake cenotaphs onto the temple walls. Apparently the Jaipur ruler saw the 'restoration' as a further desecration of the Taj Mahal. He looked upon it as an insult added to injury. It is said in history records that he was so enraged that he even detained Jaipur's stone cutters in protective custody so that they couldn't work for the Shah. Eventually Shah Jahan found a new supplier for the needed marble and other stone cutters. However, the shade of the new marble doesn't quite match. The new marble has a pale white shade, whereas the original marble has a rich yellow tint. However, there is an irony in all of that. The irony is that during the alteration some major structural defects were discovered and repaired. The dome had developed cracks and leaks had also developed. Apparently some emergency repairs had to be carried out, which is not surprising since the entire temple complex was probably already 500 years old by the time the Shah had 'conquered' it."

"This means that Mumtaz the rat might actually have saved a sinking ship and had herself immortalized in it, and then had managed to get the Shah to pay the bill," said Indira and laughed.

"Yes and No," said the man. "The name Taj Mahal had nothing to do with Mumtaz. She wasn't immortalized by it. The connection that is assumed is actually a fairy tale. The name, Taj Mahal, is specific to the people that lived in the Agra region, who were known as the Jats. Their name of Shiva was then and still is, Tejaji. The Jats have built a Teja Mandirs, or in our words, a Teja Temple. Apparently the Teja-Linga is among the several names of the Shiva Lingas. From this background the Tejo-Mahalaya emerged that might be called in interpretation, The Great Abode of Tej. The name, Taj Mahal, is evidently derived from this concept. The dead Mumtaz Mahal is apparently not reflected in the naming at all. The belief that there is a connection is a nice fairy tale that was probably concocted to hide the fact that the temple had been built as a Hindi temple. The name Mumtaz Mahal doesn't fit into the name Taj Mahal. If there had been a connection the name of the temple should have been Taz Mahal instead of Taj Mahal. Also, there is no Muslim

structure anywhere that I know of that is called a mahal. However, some European visitors referred to the Taj Mahal temple as the Taj-e-Mahal that corresponds with the old Sanskrit name Tej-o-Mahalaya, signifying a Shiva temple, which it had been until it was plundered and converted into a tomb by the Shaw."

"This means that I am right in seeing the Taj Mahal with an erotic background in its design," said Indra. "Indeed, how could the Hindus avoid this inference? The Mithuna, or mating, is deeply linked to worshipping Mahadev, the Shiva, as a symbol of both the male and female organs. Is what you see in the design in the Taj similar to what I recognize? I recognize the four minarets as male symbols. They couldn't be anything else. They certainly couldn't be minarets. Minarets are as much a contraction in design for a Hindu temple as they would be as a part of a Gothic cathedral. Minarets don't fit in either case. Neither are the traditional Islamic minarets free standing structures. They are usually attached to a mosque and are used to call the faithful to prayer. One certainly wouldn't need four of them, and they wouldn't make any sense for this function in an isolated place far from the population centers. This means that the four minaret-like towers of the Taj might not be have been intended to be minarets at all, but might have been intended to incorporate the male element to complete the female/male unity of the design that one would expect to find in a Shiva temple. The female/male 'magical' unity in life needs to be reflected in the temple of the Mahadev Shiva that is central to Hindu worship."

"Isn't all of life really God's 'magic' that we can't understand even now," said the man. "We understand a few fragments. We see the DNA and have learned a great deal about it, and even considering that knowledge, we still know nothing in comparison with what remains in the unknown yet to be discovered. In real terms we are all constituents of a universal divinity of principles that is infinitely greater than what we acknowledge and acknowledge about ourselves. The sexual element is a part of that. The Hindu scriptures argue that in order to attain moksha, our 'salvation,' it is not enough to dedicate ourselves to dharma, adhyatma, and yoga, but that we should also experience sexual fulfillment, the union of the diversity of the human spirit that Shiva represents. The author of the Kama Sutra is considered a Hindu sage in this context, and rightly so. It is recognized that a single divine 'vessel' isn't enough to carry the diversity of Spirit, at least symbolically. Sexual proliferation is the biological gold in human development that enriches the whole human scene. Without it the human species would have collapsed biologically long ago. This mutually-enriching principle, of course, needs to be reflected in all aspects of social living, instead of the isolation that sadly has become the standard of society. Individually, all people want to get away from that isolation and respond to the universality

of the Kama, but they remain trapped in the poverty of confining traditions. Still, they struggle on and rebel, and some of them quite daringly."

"This makes 90% of mankind virtual saints in the Hindu context," I interjected. "It also makes the universal 'festival' of cunninglus a holy festival indeed, a festival of lights and love! Surveys suggest that cunninglus is the most widely practiced sexual 'festival.'"

Indira smiled and nodded.

The man laughed. "I'm not surprised," he said. "But this 'eroticism' is poison for empires, and for that reason sex has been turned upside down in many ways by the numerous disciples of the imperial thought police. Islam is one. It trashed the status of woman. It that has turned the female of mankind into some form of private property, as we see this reflected in Shah Jahan's harem of 5,000 female playthings that he owned, which of course, he stole from society. In a society that has developed a perfectly equal male/female balance the skewed sexual privatization that polygamy imposes is a form looting and impoverishing society. It's a form of hoarding. Of course, Mumtaz wasn't part of that. She was a person of a lower status still. According to the evidence she functioned as a whore. Somebody had evidently hired her and trained her for that function. She was born as a commoner. Someone had evidently 'hired' her for whatever qualifications she might have had, and brought into a close relationship with the prince whose profile was evidently well known. She was evidently selected as one who fit the profile. It was likely recognized that the prince had the potential to become emperor with the appropriate 'guidance.' Mumtaz was hired to become the prince's handler. For her cover, she played the role of his willing sex slave. Apparently she was efficient in her job on both counts, a job superbly done for which she paid the ultimate price of course. Apparently she paid the price willingly that was exacted to keep herself close to the prince and 'manage' his ascension to the throne along a path that became increasingly 'cleansed' off many an opposing element. She paid the price for this treachery, while others profited. Under her hand, her prince became emperor and two years later she paid the final price with her life. Of course we'll never know how many pimps got rich in this game."

The man sighed. "That's the way I see the 'love' story of Mumtaz and the Shaw. Love had nothing to do with it. Also, it's not at all romantic."

"This means she wasn't enshrined in the mausoleum out of a deep-seated respect for her by the Shaw, let alone love," I interjected.

The man laughed again. "She had been used by Shaw. We used her even after her death. She was used as a convenient object

to fulfil a purpose. The emperor needed a mausoleum as an excuse to shut the public out of the temple in order to hide his thievery of the temple treasures. But he also needed someone to be put into the mausoleum, someone that wasn't a Muslim. An Islamic mausoleum is a contradiction in concept. A Muslim's grave was not even allowed to have a tombstone. If the Taj was to be converted into a tomb it had to house a non-Muslim. A simple commoner that had some important background, since he had been married to her, would fit that requirement. And so my friends, Mumtaz paid the price of being the royal 'whore' to the very end. Of course, this isn't what the world now sees. The world isn't allowed to see the games that are being played behind the scene, because those kinds of games are still in progress. That is why the relationship between Mumtaz and the prince continues to be played up as the ultimate fairy tale love romance, a fairy tale that wraps up the Taj within a glittering veil of mystery in the hope that the truth remains hidden forever. All empires fear that kind of truth, especially truth, as it would expose today's global imperial games and the numerous layers of prostitution that is going on, with layers upon layers of hidden pimps."

"The Spanish painter Francisco Goya understood the game well," I interjected. "His famous piece, 'Majas on a Balcony,' gives us a hint of how the game was played in his time, which has intensified since then, but has not basically changed. The imperial games are bigger today, much bigger. It's no longer about the fate of temples and putting a prince into power. It's about the fate of nations, continents, and mankind as a whole. Sure, the imperial oligarchs still run their googol of pimps that own countless whores of the Mumtaz variety who masquerade as presidents and advisers to presidents, but the goal now is to destroy nations for the pleasure of the empire. The American presidency has been taken over by hired whores for the goal of destroying the USA in order to pave the way to the power of an oligarchic world empire. The British Empire had always aimed to become the World Empire. The USA was founded to prevent that, and has so far prevented it, but it has been targeted for destruction from the day it was born. Right now the USA is being destroyed from within by the hired whores of the Empire that the Empire financed into power. This process is far advanced. The war and terror that is ripping the Middle East apart has nothing to do with the Middle East directly. It's a grand game of whores that are deployed to draw the USA into an imperial trap for the purpose of destroying the one nation that has hindered the old financial oligarchy from achieving its world empire goals. As in the case of Mumtaz, who paid the ultimate price, the modern whores, whether they are countries, presidents, legislatures, religions, or tribal interests, will all be sacrificed in the process, and if possible even be abused even after their 'death.'"

For as long as there have been empires, there have been pimps and whores that do the oligarchs' bidding," said the man. "That's why empires exist."

"That is what we need to bury, and will bury," I said to him. "That's why I faced the tomb in celebration of what will be buried. For 4,000 years the world has been at war, dying under the thumb of the empires. The greatest pioneers of mankind have fought to overthrow the process of empire, and have so far failed. But it is foolish to say that this victory over war, this victory over empire, cannot be won. I say it can be won. I am celebrating it. The fault for this failure lies not with the empire, but with society, and society can be uplifted. I am celebrating the inevitable burial of empire on the path of human development. I am fighting for this burial right now by putting all my weight into the process of overturning the self-isolation of mankind from its humanity and from one-another, politically, socially, even sexually, all the way down to the grass-roots."

The man nodded. "I was impressed by your recognition of the Taj as a temple for burial," he said. "The Taj is significant as a tomb, because within the walls of this tomb the truth lies deeply buried, while what defies the truth should be buried. The imperials know that the truth must remain buried in order to keep the imperial system alive. Mumtaz would have understood this. But you saw the tomb in a different light, didn't you? You saw it as representing the burial of lies, the burial of all that is false. You saw it as a symbol of the inevitable burial of the imperial system and its inhumanity, its thievery, its fascism, its wars, and the burial of all the whore-mongering that had victimized Mumtaz and had destroyed her life just as it is destroying so much of society and civilization today. All of that needs to be buried. It needs to be buried now! There are too many victims like Mumtaz in the world today. But the burial of lies is not the function of a tomb. It is the function of a temple. You were kneeling before the tomb while you should have been dancing in the temple. Remember, the function of a tomb is to bury the truth, whereas the function of a temple is to bury all the lies in the world with the truth. You will never find a whore in a temple, metaphorically speaking, but you'll find the crowd around the tomb."

"I know a great many whores crowding the great tombs of today, the houses of doom," I interrupted the man. "Our halls of government are filled with whores by the droves and not only in our the Senate and the Congress that have become houses of doom. I can see the Mumtaz in many disguises. And I can also see the pimps that own her, pimps in fine suits living in glass towers of corporations, who themselves are owned by other and evermore hidden pimps running a game from the shadows, even as the game in the shadows foreshadows a new dark age."

"This means that the world might not be mistaken when it calls the Taj Mahal the greatest temple to love ever built," said Indira.

"I didn't suggest that the world was mistaken in that regard," said the man. "The grand title that has been given to the Taj Mahal is still true. The Taj Mahal is the greatest temple to love ever built. Nothing disputes that. This feature is built into its design as a temple. The age of the Chandela temples of Khajuraho might have been passed when the Taj Mahal was being built in the 12th Century, but the age of the temple that unites all mankind in truth had not ended, and it hasn't ended to the very day. The Taj Mahal symbolizes the features of the living temple. The great renaissance of the Shiva type of erotic worshiping, like in hajuraho, might have been waning in the 12th Century and the Islamic age might have been on the rise in which the male and female unity was once again split apart, but the spiritual eroticism of the the temples of Khajuraho was maintained in the Taj Mahal. The builder of the Tejo-Mahalaya, which is known today as simply the Taj Mahal, appears to have retained in a hidden manner the core of the Shiva worship of the earlier renaissance. The temples of Khajuraho are reflected here in the Taj. The core-ideal of the Hindu temple had not been erased. It was brought out by building the greatest temple to Love that has ever been built on our planet in the form of honoring the truth of the Shiva-type love that unites the female and male into one. This truth comes to light in the Taj only when we begin to dig deeper into our love for our humanity. It seems as if the builder had foreseen that the Shiva-temple could and would be desecrated in future ages before its significance would be rediscovered. So the builders built a temple that could endure, that could not really be desecrated no matter how many elements within it would be plundered, or be destroyed, or be plastered over with new marble plates emblazoned with foreign texts. For as long as the structure itself would remain standing its Shiva significance would remain standing tall and unaltered. Thus the builders created a building and a garden in front of the building in such a manner that both of them could be recognized as giant erotic sculptures in their entirety. Thus the dome remains standing to the present day in the shape of a woman's breast and the garden below it remains in the shape of a vulva with the minarets and the domed corners of the temple representing the male element surrounding the female breast. The Taj Mahal is thereby clearly the greatest temple to Shiva and the principle of the divine eroticism that has ever been built, whereby it is also the greatest temple to love that has ever been built. None of the erotic temples of Khajuraho come even close in their majesty and their eroticism in comparison with the symbolism of the Taj Mahal. The Taj is eroticism in the extreme. It is the kind of eroticism that one not just

merely looks at, as in the case of the temples of Khajuraho. Instead it is huge. It is a kind of eroticism that one stand in the middle of and become a part of, that looms high above one and spreads out beneath one's feet. The Taj Mahal was never meant to be a temple of the Romeo and Juliet type of love. This love story is a fairy tale that never was true, but which is told again and again to every visitor that comes to this place. The visitors are all lied to in order to hide the tragedies of the great treacheries that were committed here. Compared with deepest the romantic type of love, the Shiva love goes deeper. It goes to the heart of a renaissance that might yet save our civilization and with it save the existence of mankind in the atomic age of the fourth generation. Can you think of a greater love than that? Can you think of a greater temple to that love than the Taj Mahal? Can you think of a greater tragedy than that of keeping this love hidden?"

I shook my head and said no. Indira likewise.

"Be cautious!" said the man. "I can think of something that might qualify as something greater. It is a 'temple' that has become a profound science, called Divine Science by its discoverer. The discoverer is Mary Baker Eddy. Her 'temple' is a pedagogical structure that takes one through four development streams into the development of divine science. As I said earlier Mary includes two references to sex that have at their core the male and female unity, the synthesis of masculine and feminine energies and qualities into one, designed for enriching one another. She refers to a higher form of temple, a mental monument, a superstructure high above the work of men's hands, even the outcome of their heart, giving to the material a spiritual significance - love catching a glimpse of glory."

"But Mary also retained some of the features of a great physical temple, as for example the geographical orientation," I interjected. "I understand that the Hindu temples are typically oriented with their entrance to the East, towards the sunrise. Mary utilized this concept of geographies orientation relative to the sun and created a pedagogical structure that she said is oriented to the North, East, South, and West, in that order. The order accords with the orientation of the sun in the cycle of a day. The dawn begins in the North, the sunrise unfolds in the East, the heat of the noonday comes from the South, and at the end of the day the golden sunset unfolds in the West. The Taj Mahal temple is built facing in all four of these directions, with the southern exposure also facing the great garden. The builders of the Tejo-Mahalaya thereby placed the vulva symbolism right into the open and attached it to the side that is oriented to the noonday sun."

"The builders obviously weren't intending to hide anything," I interjected.

"They were intending to celebrate something that they felt is

profound," said Indira. "Indeed one has to stand in the middle of the garden to recognize that the dome of the temple is made in the shape of a breast."

"The northern exposure of the Taj is facing the river," said the man. "The river is important in Hinduism. It signifies the dawn of civilization, which begun at the Indus River. Mary Baker Eddy called her river of the dawn, Pison, which is the first river mentioned in Genesis 2. She defined that river as 'the love of the good and beautiful, and their immortality.' Isn't that kind of love, which is rooted in our recognition of all that is good and beautiful, the essence of our humanity? This essence is what sets us apart from every other living species. It is also what assures our immortality, because without it our world is doomed and mankind is doomed to become extinct by the power of its modern weaponry that has created a killing machine, which when unleashed, no life can survive and no one can hide from or escape from."

"The total extinction of all life is an element that the ancient Hindus didn't need to consider, but which is paramount today," I interjected. "That is probably the reason why Mary chose the cycle of the day to identify her four development streams with, because this continuing cycle of the day takes us back again and again to the dawn of civilization that is still unfolding. The dawn signifies that we work ourselves out of the imperial nightmare of horrid dreams, murderous looting and fascism, and wars that have nothing to do with civilization and human living."

"I would say that this sounds reasonable," said the man. "The East, of course, is the sunrise. And I think we are in the sunrise to some degree. The process has begun. Mary called her sunrise river Gihon, and in defining it she told us that the sunrise represents 'the rights of woman acknowledged morally, civilly, and socially.' We cannot say that we have a civilization unfolding until this happens, but to get there we have to develop a new image for mankind. And that's the challenge Mary is posing with her description of the river."

I interrupted the man. "I find myself reminded that John the Revelator, who foresaw the end of all evil and wrote a Apocalypse to document his vision, foresaw that new face of mankind as a woman clothed with the sun," I interjected. "I think he foresaw a spiritual image of mankind in which the gender division disappears into a grand union of the good and the beautiful. I think this movement has already begun. Shiva represents this union in early Hinduism. Mary added her own eroticism in her own hidden style, similar to what we see here at the Taj. Mary gives us the image of an old woman in a rocking chair wearing a crown of thorns, representing the science of the Christ that everyone mocks and that

theology has turned its back to. The old woman has her hand on a cane. The scene is painted in such a way that it seems her hand grasped the genitals of a boy standing beside her who is intensely alive and is reaching with a book in hand to an old man representing theology. The old man representing theology has his back turned to science. He faces the masses of society whom he keeps in his spell, lifeless, as if they were all asleep. That's the sunrise. The boy being grabbed at his genitals at it were, by a woman representing science, is living in the sunrise, and his face shows it. He is alive as if his face was clothed with the sun. Mary labeled this development stream, the Christ."

"But that's the same that we celebrate in Hinduism," Indira interrupted. "The scene of woman symbolically grasping the boy's genitals reflects as much the Hindu-recognized synarchy of the female and male 'energies' of mankind - the joint rule of the female and male, the joint sovereignty - as it also expressed in that scene as the synarchy of science and human creativity, or vitality. Mary thereby acknowledges an element that we have seen and celebrated in Hinduism for a long time."

"But she doesn't leave it at that," I interjected. "She takes the synarchy a step further where it reflects the actual renaissance of science and the spontaneous vitality of creativity. A renaissance is not a dead thing, but an active thing, a symphony of composed of science and creativity that uplifts the earth. A renaissance is the synarchy of the spiritual dimension of mankind and its physical expression. That is what makes us human beings. That's where we find out humanity. If that synarchy of the human and the divine doesn't illustrate the function of the Christ, what does? Science is a divine element of our humanity by virtue of our human intelligence, which is divine. Intelligence is divine, because it is infinitely greater than anything that has ever been made with men's hands or is the outcome of our hearts. Science exists, because intelligence exists. That's the divine Kama, the Artha, the real wealth of humanity, the created wealth. The Hindu divine Kama sets the stage. It illustrates the principle of the synarchy of the human and the divine, of the sexual and the spiritual, of the female and male energies flowing together in caring and providing."

"I think the point is that the concept of the divine Kama as Artha has a wide range and no real limits," said the man. "Obviously the self-development of mankind is still going on. We rise spiritually from a boundless basis into a rich human future. The female and male synarchy that is celebrated in Hinduism as a basis for the Kama is still as valid today than it has ever been, but only as a starting point, not as a circumference. I see it as a threshold to the infinite. Society's female-and-male marriage into a singularity of two reflects a starting point in the Kama synarchy, without a

circumference or a boundary. It reflects a principle, and a principle has no boundary. A principle can have boundless expressions, and that is the source of our wealth that we create as human beings. Our Artha is the freedom from limits that we experience as our living patterns the divine. The Artha is found in the synarchy of science flowing together with human vitality and creativity, and everything that flows from it."

"And so the first step in Hindu recognition expands again," I added. "It expands into a boundless marriage platform as science brings a new vitality to the social synarchy of mankind. It takes the female and male synarchy and its energy of caring and enriching onto the wider universal platform that enlarges the singularity of two with a sense of the universality of mankind as human beings existing side by side in the unity of joint sovereignty, bound by countless strands of love."

"I would say that this needs to be celebrated," said the man. Prayer becomes celebration. Isn't that a part of the forever ongoing sunrise?"

"The sunrise happens in the East," said Indira. "That's is probably why all Hindu temples have their entrance facing East. So there is a connection, isn't there, between ancient Hinduism that is still valid and the modern leading edge of scientific thinking that reflects evermore of what is rooted in universal principle or divine Principle?"

The man nodded. "The bigger challenge, however, lies in the South," he continued. "That's where we deal with a quantum jump in the demands that the natural synarchy has put on the table. In the southern direction the Taj puts the vulva on the table. That is also from where the entire complex female and male synarchy is brought into a single view. Are we ready for the energy of the synarchy in today's world? I don't think we are. Our world has become a world of poverty and denial. Eroticism has become rape; rape has become war; war has become extermination. Where do we see the synthesis of the masculine and feminine 'energies' flowing into the synarchy of a higher truth that is exploding with the dynamism of life in profound celebrations? We don't see any of that anywhere. We see division, isolation, privatization, exploitation, domination. The whole sexual scene has become imperialized. A great deal of healing is needed in the southern scene. The vulva is where mankind gets together, even most intimately. Unfortunately this 'place' where mankind meets in truth all across the board and across all nations from the pauper to the king, remains covered with obscurity, and hidden in privatization so that the universal unity of mankind remains unacknowledged, much less understood. We need the same kind of profound healing that might have been experienced for a brief span at the renaissance of the turn of the millennium where the universal

synarchy of the female and male elements that flows in Hindu mythology created a Hindu Renaissance in which the temples of Khajuraho were built. While that renaissance was short-lived, I think it was the start of the kind of profound renaissance that Mary refers to when she defined her third river, Hiddekel, as 'Divine Science understood and acknowledged.'

"I don't think Mary had any specific renaissance in mind, much less the one in which the temples of Khajuraho were built," I interjected. "She labeled her southern river, Christianity, and associated it with the 'Cross of Calvary' that 'binds human society into solemn union.'"

"We are still facing this challenge today, aren't we?" said the man. "If we fail to raise our Christianity, or more correctly our innate universal humanity, to a dramatically higher spiritual level where we recognize ourselves universally as human beings of a single humanity, Calvary will be our collective future. We are already heading that way with our pockets filled with atom bombs."

"We are wielding fourth-generation nuclear bombs now;" I interjected. "We started with the simple atom bomb. The next generation was the H bomb, 10,000 times bigger in destructive force. The third generation was the neutron bomb, that only kills people, but leaves the cities intact to be reused. The fourth generation atomic bomb is the dirty uranium bomb that pollutes the world with radioactive manometer-sized particles that fill the air we breathe. We have built them by the tens of millions already. That's how we get rid of nuclear waste. We put it into bombs that are designed to kill people slowly over long periods, wrecking the human DNA. These bombs, once dropped, will keep on killing forever. Also there is no place that one could go to where one could hide from the deadly effects of those bombs once the very air is poisoned with radiation. That's where we stand today," I said to the man. "This is not something we might get into. The bombs are already built. They are sitting on the ground. The radiation that is presently polluting the world from the few bombs that have been used so far against Iraq, Afghanistan, Yugoslavia, and Lebanon is already causing multiple increases in cancers and a worldwide epidemic in diabetes. Now we face the policy on intention to increase that silent killing spree 100-fold. That is what happens when society loses its humanity. Our very existence is hanging by a thread. Who will save us when this last thread breaks and our prepared for self-imposed fate overtakes us?"

"I hear you," said the man. "But the symbol of the Cross of Calvary is not the symbol of a fate that mankind cannot escape," the man interjected. "It stands as a symbol of power that mankind has, which is rooted in our humanity as human beings. The Cross of Calvary stands as a symbol of the power we all have to step

away from this fate. Christ Jesus stepped away from the cross. He demonstrated that the cross has no power. He didn't run away from it, but he stepped away from it in resurrection. He demonstrated for all times that mankind has the power to undergo a resurrection and become human beings in the fullest divine sense. This means that we have the power to assume a new face, the power to step up to a higher level of civilization, and the power to truly experience the wonders of our humanity. That's what 'binds human society into solemn union.' The Hindu synarchy of the female and male energies of mankind flowing into one comprehensive divine manifest put us on the road to the fuller realization of the Principle of Universal Love or divine Love. I think we have no choice, but to learn scientifically to become human beings and build our civilization along this road."

"I cannot imagine how it is possible that people still think that a human civilization can be build on a heap of bombs," Indira interjected.

"I think this is also the ancient challenge of Shiva, isn't it?" said the man. "A deeply scientific Hindu might say, I cannot imagine how it is possible that people still think that a human civilization can be build on the universal division and isolation of mankind from one another. Can't people realize that they thereby isolate themselves from their own humanity and from their God? The same goes for the scientific Christian who should be appalled at division and isolation that is practiced. He should point to the declaration of John that God is Love, and that without love one cannot see God. But what's the practice in Christianity? The practice is that love is OK for as long as it isn't demanded to reach outside of our marriage boundary, our political ideology, our private wealth, our ethnic class, our sexual preference, our religion, our national ambition, our business allegiance, our military power, and so forth. That's why love has become so small that the world is completely open to bullets and bombs, and imperial looting and domination. Hobbes said, go even further in that direction and don't love at all, love is treason. But the fact doesn't change that without love civilization collapses into a Hobbesian black hole that destroyed half the population of Europe in the Thirty Years War, and this the hard way, without nuclear bombs. The challenge is to get out of this trap."

"No, the challenge is bigger," I countered the man. "During the Thirty Years War the challenge was to win the war against war. This challenge was met with a principle in 1648, and the Peace of Westphalia resulted. The next bigger challenge was to win the war against empire as a world order. The founding of the USA was a step in that direction, but the war against empire was never won. To the contrary, the USA became a part of the empire-world-order. Winning this war has become a huge challenge, because, without a

decisive victory on this front mankind cannot survive economically, nor survive the voracity of the imperial killing machine that now wields fourth generation atomic weaponry. But the biggest challenge of them all is to achieve a victory over our smallness that had bottled up our love and is destroying it. All the other victories that we must win depends on us winning this victory over our smallness that is destroying our love. The Hindu knows this, and so does the Christian."

"The Hindu yogi is committed to this path," Indira interjected.

"Mary mapped out the path scientifically," I said to the man.

The man nodded and smiled. "So, tell me about Mary's scientific development stream of the West," he said to me. Mary described the western exposure, the sunset exposure, as being oriented towards 'the grand realization of the Golden Shore of Love and the Peaceful Sea of Harmony.' Tell me about it. What does this mean to you?"

"The fourth path to Moksha, in which we attain our 'salvation,' is evidently the path of Kama," said Indira. "Kama means that we fully experience our humanity, and not just theoretically, nor by simply trying, but that we DO so with all our heart and soul and our being. This means that Kama is not just a sexual thing, but is primarily a spiritual celebration. I think the key here is celebration, a celebration of the union of the human and the divine."

"Mary labled her fourth development river, Euphrates," I interjected. "The river Euphrates is that of the fourth river listed in Genesis 2. It's just listed there without an explanation. It is listed as one of the four rivers of civilization. It was once believed that civilization had its first beginning in the river valley of Mesopotamia. But Mary gives this fourth river that is merely mentioned in Scriptures, a huge definition. She defines it as, 'Divine Science encompassing the universe and man; the true idea of God; a type of the glory which is to come; metaphysics taking the place of physics; the reign of righteousness.' However, contrary to one's expectation, she doesn't go as far as lifting the spiritual out of the human context where we live and where we are able to experience the spiritual dimension in human terms. And so she goes on and defines the river further in down to earth human terms by describing it also as the atmosphere of human belief, 'a state of mortal thought, the only error of which is limitation; finity; the opposite of infinity.' She really holds the spiritual and the human dimension together in a scientific balance. Thus she calls the development stream for this process, divine Science. Isn't that what the Kama ultimately represents in Hinduism, the union of the human and the divine, with all aspects of this union being experienced profoundly in daily living, starting with the universal synarchy of the female and male 'energies' "

flowing together?"

"That profound union has been broken apart by the perversion of religion that every religion has become subjected to," said the man. "In Christianity the Adam mythology was invented for the task. Mary describes it in two parts. One part represents mankind's self-denial as a divine being. The second part represents mankind's denial of God to the point that God 'disappeared in the atheism of matter.'"

"The second part represents the kind of trashing of God that we have been challenged to deal with in Mary's fourth development stream, or the fourth path that the Hind calls Kama," I interjected. "That's the path that deals with our smallness that needs to be overcome scientifically for love to unfold. If there is no God, no universal Principle, no Truth, no Love, no universal Soul, and no Spirit manifest in our humanity, what have we got left then for us to experience of our divine nature? In fact, what have we got without it to build a civilization with? We have a divine Mind that enables us to understand principles that no eye can see, to recognize truth, to feel the passion of love, to experience the profound universal Soul that makes us all human and vastly more capable than any other species of life that we know. If we deny all of that, what have we got left? We are capable of a spirit that is divine, that enables us to stand on the moon, to explore the stars, and to upgrade the earth into a cradle of infinite resources with such riches that the future ice ages won't have dominion over us. These are the riches of our humanity that we are challenged to experience in life."

"That's the real Kama, isn't it?" said Indira.

The man nodded and smiled.

"And that is what we find in Mary's second sexual scene, the one that she located in the sunset development stream, the golden stream of love labeled divine Science," I said to the man. "Mary gives us the scene of a woman in white robes, clothed with sun as it were. The woman grabs the clapper of a doorknocker to the mansion of humanity. Through a window we can see into the mansion. We see mankind in pairs. Some dancing, some drinking, a boy and girl looking out. They are always in pairs. The title of the scene is 'Truth versus Error.' But the doorknocker is made in the shape of a human beings with its hands folded in front in such a way that the folded hands hit where the genitals would be. That's where the woman grabs the doorknocker and knocks. But the scene is more profound than that. The woman stands in the middle of two concentric squares. The resulting arrangement gives us a construction of nine sub-elements, which when they are applied to all of the 16 elements of her pedagogical structure, invites us to raise our exploration onto the resulting 144 element platform, as 9 times 16 equals 144. This resulting larger dimension happens to be the same

dimension that is given in the description of the biblical city four-square that John the Revelator lays before us at the end of the Apocalypse that describes mankind's stepping away from all evil. Mary provided 144 challenging concepts as a fit challenge for mankind's scientific and spiritual self-development, the development of its power to step away from its foolish pursuits that have evil consequences."

"I know the scene that you are talking about," said the man. "And I think I know why the woman hits the sex spot and why she must hit it. The reason is reflected in the scene that we see behind the window. Through the window we see the society of mankind living in pairs, united by sex, but also deeply isolated from one another by sex. We see a scene of near universal isolation. And we are shown that sex is the key-factor in the isolation. The isolation of society into pairs bound by sex, but universally isolated by sex into privatized entities, is a far cry from recognizing our universal humanity that binds us all into one unity, which should inspire a bond of universal love. In isolation our love becomes small, circumscribed, civilization fragile, and our economy precarious. In the scene that Mary presents, with us looking through the window into the mansion of mankind, we see a world devoid of universal love. Everybody is living in pairs unto themselves, existing as a singularity of two. Is this tiny singularity really sufficient to reflect the synarchy of the female and male energies flowing into one, the Kama that bids us to experience the divine completeness? The universality of love appears to be missing in that scene, if indeed there is any love reflected at all that one can see portrayed. The synarchy that reflects the divine has been made small and has been privatized. That is evidently the reason why Mary title for the scene is, 'Truth versus Error.' Something appears to be spiritually lacking when mankind is fractured into countless isolated singularities. The synarchy of the divine union is being fractured and limited instead of being celebrated. Of course it takes a big step from this fractured existence to a life in truth that erupts in universal celebration. To recognize and acknowledge the universal unity of all mankind, based on the simple fact that we are all first and foremost human beings, so that everything else is secondary, is evidently the toughest challenge that society is facing. We have evaded this challenge for centuries, and the empires have used the resulting void to insert their claim of power with which they dominate us in our self-isolation. The bottom line is that it requires the greatest resources that we can get our hands on to achieve a breakout from this trap."

"Mary tries to open the door for mankind with the truth," I interjected. "She speaks of one truth, one principle, one human soul, and one mind in a synarchy that reflects the divine. She alerts us that in this boundless quality of our humanity there is no isolation

possible, or division, even sexual division and all the other forms of division that we practice that are a denial of our divine humanity and therefore a denial of God the creative force and principle of the universe. Mary says that all life is divine, which precludes the elements of evil, hate, accidents, and decay that society tolerates and practices in its elf-imposed smallness in thinking and acting. And she hits the sex spot with the door knocker, the one spot where the smallness rules society almost universally and is actually deemed bliss."

"This means that we have to go a long way yet to get back to where the Chandela people of India stood that had created the temples of Khajuraho," I interjected. "I understand that the sculpted scenes of erotica in these temples weren't limited to groups of two people, if indeed the concept of limits applies."

"Don't we find the same breaking away from the pair-concept of privatized living reflected in the Taj Mahal too?" said the man. "I see no hint here of privatized sex, or any trace of the universal privatization of mankind that society is practicing in its small marriage spheres."

"But I see only a single dome crowning the Taj temple," said Indira. "I see only one single female breast represented, even though that one is complete with an areola on top and a nipple at the center in the form of the trident that is a sacred Hindu motif," Indira interjected.

"My dear, look again," said the man. "I see many breast-images. I see one big dome that stands as a symbol at the center of the building. However, I also see this symbol being surrounded by numerous smaller individual reflections of it. Each one of the individual reflections is complete with an areola on top and a nipple at the center of it and a trident sprouting from it. I see four such breast shaped domes crowning the four copulas at the four corners of the temple building. And I see four more such domes on the side buildings, two each with a larger dome in between them. This means I see a profusion of breasts, each with an areola and a trident for a nipple. This pattern is carried further and further, right to the very edge of the temple plaza and of the grounds of the Taj Mahal as a whole. The architectural feature of placing an areola on top of a breast-shaped dome is common to many Hindu temples. It appears to reflect the Shiva erotic background. One doesn't find this strongly suggestive symbolism incorporated into Islamic domes since in the Muslim world the female form is strictly hidden from the few of society. It's unthinkable therefore that the form of a woman's breast becomes reflected in shape of the dome over a mosque. It would be a contradiction of the religion of Islam. But in Hinduism that symbolism is totally natural, especially for a Shiva temple. And the Shiva symbolism that I see here at the Taj Mahal also includes the

male element in the same rich profusion. It wouldn't be a Shiva temple if the male element was missing. The synarchy of the female and male energies that Shiva represents would be missing. But this synarchy is not missing. It is profoundly reflected here. I see the male element incorporated in the form of 4 minarets -- not just 1, or 2 as we find them in Islamic shrines -- but 4 of them. Also the 4 minarets are perfectly aligned with the chamfered corners of the central building, which are topped with the 4 breast-crowned copulas. We see an integrated design in which the chamfered corners extend the temple with a female to male interface that draws the male symbol of the minarets into the kind of complete synarchy that comes to light as a joint sovereignty, which one would expect to see in the design of a Shiva temple. I don't think that this symbolism of the female and male synarchy and its principle of joint sovereignty is matched anywhere in Islam. This synarchy is a uniquely Hindu expression. Islam makes people ashamed of the human form while we see it profoundly reflected here, almost everywhere. In addition to the four giant minarets, the four giant male symbols, I see 16 more miniature 'minarets' that have been placed all around the top edge of the temple. This means that I see 20 male representations in total. Is that enough for a universal male representation? I would think it is enough. But there is another factor incorporated into the design of the Taj Mahal, which reflects the intention behind the vast female and male synarchy. This factor is more readily apparent when one looks at the Taj Mahal in an aerial view, from a space satellite. When one counts all the female symbols, except the great dome, one counts 20 in total. Four are a part of the central structure and 16 are peripheral to it. This pattern corresponds with the four big male symbols being associated directly with central structure and the 16 smaller ones taking on a peripheral role. The numeric coincidence was evidently not accidental, but reflects an intention in the design. The coincidence tells me that the two groups of symbols intentionally represent the male and female qualities and their synarchy. We are looking at a profound eroticism here. And even that is still not the end of the sexual pattern."

Indira nodded. "There is only one vulva spread out in the garden," she interjected. "And a single giant breast towers high above it."

"Precisely so," said the man. "Did you know that the giant vulva is located at the very center of the Taj Mahal grounds? The central location of the vulva is strikingly visible when the Taj Mahal is seen from space. It kind of hit me when I first saw a picture of the Taj Mahal transmitted from space. There it was right at the exact center of it all. The long narrow vertical pools are clearly symbolic of the slit of the vulva, complete with its widening at the center and the 'Celestial Pool of Abundance' standing in the middle of it. And

the two long pools that extend to the right and the left from the center are symbolic of a woman's inner thighs that lead towards the vulva. It's all there. Nothing is missing. The only aspect that one cannot find is a matching giant male symbol. It's the same with the giant breast shaped dome of the central temple building. The dome is located at the exact center of the building, but one can't find a matching male symbol for it either. Why would this be? What do the designers acknowledge with this very clear and profound exception?"

"I am a medical doctor," said Indira. "I saw a study recently on the Internet in which researchers have proudly proclaimed that they discovered that women talk several times as much as men do, while men's thinking is several times as much centered on sex when compared to women. Women vocalize their relationships more intensively while men visualize their relationships more intensely. Someone had commented on the Internet that the researchers have finally discovered what has been commonly known for thousands of years. In this visual sphere in which the male relationship unfolds, or the male-love so to speak, the sexual woman is the center of the image and the vulva image is at the center of that. So it is not surprising that the female sexual features are profoundly represented in a temple visualization as well as in other forms of spiritual visualization. For example, John the Revelator visualized the spiritual image of mankind in the form of a 'woman clothed with the sun.' The Revelator thereby acknowledged a natural specialized characteristic of our humanity. Mary echoed that acknowledgement when she wrote as a part of her definition of the general term 'man' that 'woman is the highest term for man.' She later removed this statement as it was evidently misunderstood, but she pioneered the concept that God must be recognized as a synarchy of the female and male dimensions, and she adds that we have not as much authority for considering God as masculine, than we have for considering God feminine, for the reason that the feminine dimension of Love images the clearest idea of Deity while the male dimension corresponds more with physical creation. In this context we cannot say that the big female symbols of the breast and vulva that dominate the Taj Mahal as an image of love are not matched at the Taj Mahal. The match is found in the momentous physical structure that has been created, so that the Taj Mahal comes to light as a synarchy of creativity and love."

"That is probably the hardest aspect to recognize about the Taj Mahal," said the man.

"The reason is that the element of love has been so widely trashed by society," I interjected. "Society has become spiritually throttled by imperial conditioning so that love doesn't count for much anymore, especially universal love, much less universal sexual love. Nevertheless the need remains to recognize the universal mar-

riage of mankind as human beings in all dimensions. The barriers against universal love are artificial, even against sexual love as in the form of social division and sexual privatization. Mankind is a universal species that is wide and profound, not small and encumbered. That is what I see represented here in the design of the Taj Mahal."

"Unfortunately much of that is missing in society, especially the universal dimension of love," said Indira.

"Some are fighting like hell to bring this lost element back," I said to Indira.

I turned to the man. "Have you seen the great art installation, The Dinner Party, by the American artist Judi Chicago?"

The man nodded. "I saw it in New York," he said and began to grin.

"Doesn't Judi Chicago present the same invitation that the Taj Mahal presents?" I said to the man. "Judi Chicago points out rather strikingly to society that the vulva is mankind's living erotic temple. The whole of mankind congregates there. It is the universal temple of the universal festival of cunninglus and more, isn't it? All men go there, in general terms, even while society has trashed the image of the woman for millennia, socially, morally, and politically. Judi Chicago illustrates that society is sadly hypercritical and has been lying to itself for all those millennia in which the image of the woman has been trashed. The whole art installation has been designed to bring the missing honesty back, to resurrect the trashed female image and with it the lost dimension of universal love. Isn't that what the builders of the Taj had already done a thousand years ago. It's all here. Would we need to see more than a clear symbol of it? At the Taj the vulva is huge. It's symbolic of an invitation to a great banquet. It is spread out across the entire garden that is comprised of 16 sections, reflecting the 16 parts of John's city four-square, the very 'city' that Mary later provided 144 definitions for, for us to explore the principles of civilization with. It is a huge invitation to a huge banquet, and it is all represented here by the vulva garden. It covers a huge field. Judi Chicago does the same. She sets a dinner table, a banquet for 39 of the greatest historic women, with each plate on the table bearing a representation of the vulva. She is saying to mankind, you are eating of the vulva, why can't you acknowledge the principle of universal love that your actions reflect, that you cannot get away from? Judi Chicago is saying, wake up you hypocrites, you are depriving yourself of great riches by dishonoring half of mankind instead of embracing it."

"There is something that you might not be aware of," said the man. "The five reflecting pools that together represent the vulva in the garden, have not been intended to divide the garden into isolated sections as it seems. Instead the pools are water channels

that are designed to water the garden. They are a part of an irrigation system to bring life into the garden."

"Isn't that synonymous with the effects of the universal vulva?" I interrupted him. "It doesn't divide mankind, but nourishes its soul. Its presence flows through the garden and into every part of it. I don't see this in terms of an orgy. I see it in terms of an universality that already touches everyone, that doesn't isolate anyone or any part of society. We do the isolating in our small-minded thinking contrary to our own nature. The universal vulva doesn't divide anything either. We create the divisions contrary to what we recognize in our heart to be true. Doesn't every married man and woman look across the fence at some time and in some way in spite of all the doctrines that forbid this and would keep everything small? Don't even some people climb across those fences at great peril to their marriage and themselves? We are literally forcing ourselves to be dishonest with one another, and even with ourselves, and we call the resulting process, morality, and the outcome a civilization. The symbolism of the Taj suggests strongly that society scrap its smallness in universal isolation. As far as I can tell Mary suggests this too in her scene called, Truth versus Error, where divine Science knocks at the door of the mansion of mankind and we see inside a society divided into pairs and living isolated from one another and calling the outcome a civilization, joyously dancing and celebrating in the smallness of that isolation. Still, the critical factor here isn't a factor of mass. Mary said about this scene that mass means nothing. It's not a factor. The critical factor is obviously the universality of principle, the acknowledged universality of our humanity. That's the summoning factor. In her scene society is summoned to acknowledge the truth of its universality. That is the same summons that Judi Chicago has put on the table. Except Mary raises the level of universality to the level of the divine universality of our humanity. We are not just equal to one another, but equal to the divine in our humanity. Isn't that also what the temples of Khajuraho represent, and what the Taj Mahal represents as a Shiva temple?"

"There is one more factor that must also not be ignored," I said to the man. "That's the factor of economy, which Shaw Jahan would have known nothing about, who had made a parody of everything spiritual. The Prophet Mohammed might have known about it to some degree, but which got lost in perversion so deeply that the tiny Shaw couldn't have even imagined it. And even now, much of it remains lost. But it hadn't been lost to the people that built the Taj Mahal. Like in the days when the temples of Khajuraho were built, which only a society with a great and efficient economy could have built, I see a similar profound sense of economy reflected in the Taj Mahal. The Taj wasn't built miserly and on the cheap. It was built by an economically rich society, a society that understood the

principle of spiritual economics, which is the only principle of economics there is. Nothing less could have accomplished an achievement of this quality and beauty on the scale that we see here. The Taj Mahal is a profound manifest of spiritual economics. That's what makes it one of the wonders of the world. The Hindu builders understood this principle and so did Mary."

"And this principle is?" said the man.

"It is a very simple principle," I said. "The principle is to satisfy the needs of one-another. In the temples of Khajuraho the principle is illustrated in the sexual dimension. Of course the process of satisfying the needs of one-another dimensions as well. But it reflects the same divine Principle. The principle of an economy, powered by love, is, to satisfy one-another's needs. An economy is not about money, but about satisfying the human need. If this principle isn't enacted a society can have all the money in the world and still remain poor. An economy is about physical production powered by technology that extends mankind's productivity. Money doesn't produce anything. Human beings do that. Money needs to be created as credit to society in such quantities as is necessary to meet the human need. In this sense money becomes a lubricator that facilitates the functioning of the productive process, while the process itself is powered by the spiritual qualities of intelligence and love manifest in the vitality of the human spirit and the dimension of its science. That's how the productive process works. That's how an economy works. And the overriding principle is always to meet the human need. And the human need is far greater than just to maintain a simple biological existence. Our humanity demands expressions of freedom and the power to overcome limits. That's what defines a civilization. We have created a civilization which such a productive power that we created ourselves the freedom to travel to the stars and enrich the earth in such measures that we can now support a thousand times larger population than we could support without the human productivity of our spiritual economy. Money as credit expands the productive capacity of our humanity, while the result of the production in turn attributes some corresponding value to money. They to the wealth of society, therefore isn't money, but is the productive capacity of our humanity. We could achieve the same wealth totally without money by some other regulating process. This means that divinity of the human being is the key factor in creating society's wealth. An economy is therefore a spiritual construct. Real economics is a spiritual metaphysical process. The whole of mankind lives by resources today that don't exist naturally, but were created by intelligent means. Spiritual economics is creativity in motion. It's the only form of economics there is. The underlying science of economics is divine Science."

"We see some of that reflected in the Hindu concept of

Kama," said Indira. "It rests on the principle of meeting one-another's need at the sexual grassroots level, which evidently also spills over into all the other aspects of spiritual economics. Of course the economics of divine Science has nothing to do with money. Jesus stated in many ways that rich man in money, who leached his riches from society's living, cannot 'enter heaven.' He suggested that a universally rich society IS heaven. That is what I see reflected in his parable of the Good Samaritan. In the parable a man that was robbed and injured is left by the wayside to die. A priest comes that way, he observes but walks by, likewise a member of the elite. Next comes a real human being. He binds up the man's wounds and takes him to an inn and takes care of him. Which of the three lives in the richest world?" asked Indira. "Which world would you want to live in? The priest was too poor to give a damn. The elite was too stingy to give a dime. But the human being was rich. He poured wine in the wounds of the injured man, and put down whatever else was needed. He not only saved the man's life and his productive capacity, but he created a richly human world in doing so. Isn't that the kind of world in which we all want to live? That's the beginning of divine economics where the human being is valued as the greatest asset a society has."

"It is a world of metaphysics taking us beyond physics," I commented in the way Mary would. "It is Christ's music tone, it's heaven's hymn." I suggested that divine economics is nothing more than the divine challenge of Truth versus the deadening sense of finity and limitation that encumbers every aspect of a small-minded society that has been put asleep with imperial dreams and empty ideals."

"I take it that much of the modern society qualifies for this description," said the man, "including the American society."

I just laughed. "The USA carries a combined debt, public, corporate, and private, of about 50 trillion dollars that is going up and up while the physical economy is far below the break-even point and is rapidly collapsing under this load. We are running a show of negative economics, or counter-economics. Unfortunately, nobody is interested in real economics. We have lost so much of our productive industries to slave-labor countries that we can only maintain ourselves as an importer society piling up debt. We are bankrupt. We need a bankruptcy reorganization. We need a fresh start."

"What good would that do?" said the man and now laughed too. "A fresh start would only mean something if you made a commitment to go back to real economics, to divine economics in which the human being is the greatest asset a society has and everything else is secondary to maintaining this asset and improving this asset. That's the real human need. Mankind's place in the universe is not to scrape up a few scraps to keep the biological system alive.

Mankind's place in the universe is to improve the universe. Our place in the universe is to give life a new dimension, a dimension of intelligence that engenders a completely new dimension of power, freedom, beauty and creativity. Our future isn't starvation but created abundance. And the process for this created abundance in divine economics isn't winding down like clock, but is winding up. It is anti-entropic. We are on a non-linear pathway to infinity. Look at energy use as an example. We started with wood fires probably a few ice ages ago. Then, as intelligence became a greater power we jumped to coal, then to oil, then to nuclear fission with nuclear fusion standing on the horizon and antimatter energy on the far distant horizon. But with each step we opened up vast resources of an unimaginable abundance. At today's rate of energy use, all wood would be used in a day, while nuclear fission gives us enough resources for 10,000 years, and nuclear fusion forever without end. Still, our mission is not to adapt the universe to our needs, but to improve the universe. That is our need. For all ages to the present great ice ages have decimated all life on this planet. Only a few million people came out of the last Ice Age. Our need is to create the technological infrastructures that not only enable us to get through the next Ice Age with possibly ten billion people, supplied by indoor agriculture, but to expand throughout the next 100,000 year Ice Age and come out of it with a greater quality of life than ever before. We literally take on the role of active agents of the creative principle of life and move forward with it and people the universe. That is what I call divine-Science economics, the kind of economics that is built on the science of the divinity of our humanity. This spiritual science has been gradually dawning, but even then it created wonders. Our civilization begun probably as early as 8,000 years ago, but the vast majority of the advances were only made in the last 800 years. That's the spiritual dynamics of anti-entropy. Can you imagine where we have the potential to be in the next fifty years, and then extend this across the next 100,000 years."

"Of course all of that depends on one thing," I interjected. "It depends on us recognizing ourselves as human beings, an intelligent and creative species with a divine, universal humanity. And for that we aren't even at the starting gate anymore. We are stuck in the rut with 50 trillion dollars in debt."

The man just nodded. "That is why I told you that nothing will be resolved with a global bankruptcy reorganization that is intended to give mankind merely a new start. A new start only makes sense when society decides to step up to the starting gate for it. This means starting at the grassroots level as the Hindus did a thousand years ago at the time when the temples of Khajuraho were built. Society has to begin to discover its humanity and the power of the Principle of Universal Love meeting one-another's need. Step-

ping to the starting gate means stepping away from oligarchic control, imperial processes, imperial notions, imperial pomp and power, including monetary wealth that isn't wealth at all, but is an agent of poverty. So, my friends, is America willing to step up to the starting gate? If you answer yes, all the technicalities for the needed bankruptcy reorganization will fall into place as required for divine-Science economics. If, as the other alternative, you answer no, America is doomed and the world with it regardless of what reorganization you might attempt and might even carry out."

"The key to rescuing our civilization then lies with stepping up to the starting plate of divine-Science economics," Indira repeated, speaking with a tone of astonishment.

"The key is society's principled commitment to its spiritual universal humanity," I added. "That involves the Principle of Universal Love."

The man nodded and smiled. "I see we understand something that virtually no one else on the planet understands," said the man. "That is also why we understand that the Taj Mahal is indeed the greatest temple to love ever built. The Taj Mahal takes us to the starting gate. Mary's work takes us the rest of the way. Understanding this, and acknowledging this, makes us one of a kind, my friends, and a rather rare phenomenon indeed in this small-minded world."

The man reached his hand out for a handshake. "I'm glad to have met you people," he added while we shook hands.

We both said that were glad too.

He nodded again and then simply walked away. He disappeared into the crowd as abruptly as he had come to us.

"Was that real?" I asked Indira moments later, "or was I dreaming all of this?"

"It was real, though it shouldn't have been," said Indira. "There are too few people like him around. We should have asked for his address."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Is there a need for it. He told us what he knows. What would we benefit by meeting him again? He is an interesting man, but he too lives passively. He knows a lot, but I don't sense that he is struggling to change the world with what he knows. And so, he might just waste our time with any further contact. I would sooner work with a person who struggles to implement a single profound idea and is moving heaven and earth to uplift civilization with it, than knowing ten persons with a thousand ideas who are not committed to do anything with them. So I must ask myself, would Fred hire the man who talked to us. I don't think he would."

Indira agreed, reluctantly.

We stayed all of the rest of the day at the Taj Mahal. There was a reason for it. Before taking the train back, just as nightfall began, we wanted to observe the dramatic change in light and color that the travel guide promised would alter the appearance of the Taj Temple Palace. The guide promised that the Taj would sparkle like a jewel in the moonlight as the semi-precious stones that were inlaid into the white marble would begin to capture the light of the moon and the building itself would take on a golden hue. Unfortunately, we were denied to witness the spectacular sight. A cloud cover drew in from the South and changed our plans. The Taj appeared evermore milky white in the unfolding evening before we left.

"People say that in the early-morning sun the Taj glows a beautiful pink as it catches the hue of the dawn mixed with the first rays of sunlight," said Indira. She commented on it as we were back on the train.

Perhaps she was right, I thought. And so, perhaps we should stay over night on our next visit. But then the thought came that it did it really matter that we couldn't see these trivial things. I realized with a great sense of gratitude that I had already seen a great deal more that day than I had ever expected to see, and vastly more than most visitors would ever open their eyes to. The rest was unimportant in comparison. I realized, as the lights of the city of Agra receded in the distance that we might be coming away from this place a great deal richer than most tourists ever had.

That night, back home in our flat on the 17th floor, I dreamed about the Taj, about India, and about my love that had become evermore intertwined with Indira's. The dream images also became intertwined with one another into an all-embracing maze of wonderfully complex issues centered on universal love and universal sovereignty, and of course, universal marriage, our forever-universal unity in being. I even argued in my dream with the great Master of Christianity about his comment that seemed to counter some of what we saw. At least in my dream I argued with him in defending our newfound vision of a humanist truth. An image of a scene appeared in which the great Master was addressing a crowd where he said that whosoever is looking at a woman to lust after her has already committed adultery with her in his heart.

I struggled endlessly with this paradox, as one does in dreams, countering the great Master. Strangely, I was the only one who spoke. I spoke for him. I explained to myself that his comment on lust was meant to be a two edged parody. The parody is both a parody about the old law that the Master had always opposed, by which the slightest expanding sense of love is totally forbidden. The parody also became an indictment of the adulteration of the divine law, which the false law represented. His comment certainly wasn't an

indictment of the Principle of Universal Love, which I acknowledged the great Master would never condemn. In my dream the Master always silently nodded without comment as if I had to discover the truth for myself out the depth of my intelligent humanity. I also affirmed to myself that he actually never spoke a single word against love itself, when he made this comment. He spoke against lust that involves exploitation, theft, and slavery, the opposite of love. These forms of lust that are really rape are evidently just as much a perversion of the Principle of Universal Love as is any perversion of religion, like the perversion of Islam that had destroyed and desecrated Hindu temples all across India. I argued that we have the power to roll back history and set the record straight.

With this profound and startlingly affirmation I awoke. I awoke joyously to a wonderfully bright day and to Indira's equally bright smile when I joined her on the balcony. The conflicting paradox of a mulling dream was left behind in the night and instantly forgotten in the sunshine.

"I greet you and I kiss you forever," I said to her.

We both said our greeting almost in unison as I joined her in the sunshine. She handed me a plate without saying another syllable. On the plate was her special bread that she had promised me at the Taj, that she had already baked while I was still sleeping, a kind of pancake the size of the plate itself, covered with sweet marinated fruits.

"I think my friend Steve would ask me at this point if I really understand what I am doing here," I said to her as I made myself comfortable at the table. "He might ask if understand the breakthrough that we have started to make for humanity?"

"Breakthrough?" Indira repeated.

I nodded. "Everything about you, about your smile, your gestures, about this place, the very 'air' that we breathe, says we are enveloped in love, both of us together. Isn't that a breakthrough? But Steve might argue that it isn't, because that's how it normally should be among human beings and always should have been. On the other hand we are becoming enveloped with a kind of universal Love that none of the sages in India's ancient past had been able to give a name to, to describe it. Love is the Father and the Mother of the universe, manifest in profound principles unfolding into a flow of good. In a very real sense, therefore, we are the sons and daughters of the Divine Reality that has no name, but which is Love, whose image we bear in which we find our very Soul, the One Divine Soul that we all share universally in individual being. The Apostle John understood something of that when he said that God is Love and suggested that we haven't got the faintest idea what God is until we love. Mary said the same thing in a different way,

in more scientific terms. She said that because God is Love, God, or Love, must be understood as divine Principle, a universal principle that encompasses humanity and the universe, which cannot be limited. Any denial of it would be a denial of oneself, and of reality altogether."

"Right," said Indira and smiled. She proceeded to pour me some more tea. "What you are saying completely revolutionizes all religions, including all the marriage customs that are in effect today. It appears that we have already begun this revolution in our lives." She I began to laugh suddenly.

"This would be funny if it were not so profound," I said to her.

"We have talked about this a couple of days ago," she said, "have we not? But this was just a step. Our challenge is to invite humanity to meet us at this higher level. Our challenge is to uplift it."

"Indeed we have talked about this," I replied, "but we did not realize then that taking this step also revolutionizes the image of humanity itself. If God is Love, and we are the sons and daughters of this One Universal Divine Reality, or the image of it, we are by design the very image of Love itself. Isn't that a beautiful image to bear, and to embrace, and to be proud of, and to project into life? And so, my friend Steve would say that this isn't revolutionary either. He might ask why it should be deemed to be revolutionary to live like a human being. Isn't that also what the early Veda tries to convey when it says that God can have no name, or Love can have no name, or else all names apply? That's something a human being would understand. Steve would call any denial of this vast and wonderful scope of Truth an act of self-denial, since we are a part of the divine reality and give our individual name to it. He would say that any form of pulling ourselves away from it amounts to self-isolation, meaning the isolation of ourselves from our humanity. That kind of living is what we had called, normal. But when this self-denial and self-isolation ends all around the world, so that all the wars will end with it and the universal welfare of humanity will be established, we call the new state phenomenal and revolutionary. And maybe that is why the world is still at war, because we say to ourselves that we can be happy with far less than what is divinely natural."

"In other words, you are saying that what we are involved in right now is revolutionizing the image of humanity to a level of truth that we should have embraced ages ago. Is that what you are saying?" Indira asked.

Indira spoke slowly, as if she needed time for letting this idea unfold like the pedals of a flower that is greeted by the morning sun.

Indeed, this was precisely what was happening that morning. A new image of ourselves was unfolding in the bright morning sunshine on Indira's balcony high above the old city of Delhi. The 'night' was receding. The 'sunshine' was becoming normal. A sunrise had begun.

I told her, while I was eating her bread with her, our special morning meal that she had prepared, that I finally was beginning to understand what John the biblical Revelator might have beheld when he described the image of a woman clothed with the sun. "John saw in it not a new image that never existed before, but the eternal image that has always existed but was breaking through the clouds and mist. He saw humanity enveloped in love as if it was clothed with the sun. He saw an ageless reality coming to light in which he could gleam the final end of all evil. He also saw the 'woman clothed with the sun' wearing a crown of twelve stars on her head, which symbolize joy - the stars of rejoicing. I suggested to Indira that we were beginning to experience John's image of humanity in ourselves: the enveloping Love that illumines like the sun crowned with the crown of the stars of rejoicing as we find the heavens of Truth."

"Why make it so complicated?" said Indira. "You can say the same thing and more in one single short sentence. I would say it this way; 'Love has laid a great banquet before us.' What more does one need to acknowledge?"

Indira's response was celebrated with me embracing her with a long lasting embrace, followed with a kiss that ended with a smile that 'outshone' the sunshine.

Chapter 10 - The Banquet Table

Of course the topic that morning on the balcony gradually shifted onto sex as one would expect for the day after our grand festival of eroticism at the Taj Mahal.

"Is sexual love really sensual love?" Indira asked. "Or is the sensual merely a reflection of the spiritual impetus that follows the synarchy of the female and male 'energies' flowing into a single union reflecting the completeness of the divine nature of mankind?"

Oops, I had to pause for a moment. "What do you think?" I asked to gain time. "Is sex defined by the metaphor of roses, chocolates, and wine in the physical sense, or is the metaphor symbolic of something much greater?"

"I think we need both dimensions," she said after a pause of silence. "We both loved the physical metaphor, but the higher spiritual sense is much more beautiful, isn't it? The roses reflect the beauty of the human soul within. As human beings we cherish the rose, because we behold the loveliness of it deeply within our heart and soul, which we see reflected back to us in the rose."

Indira added moments later that she felt that experiencing our life sexually falls into both categories. She said that we must embrace the Kama as a link to the divine, in order we experience the divine reflected in the physical. She said that she sees this as a model, but only as a minimal model that we must build on in order to discover the divine being reflected in the entire human scene. "If life stands before a mirror it must be reflected back in all its wondrous hues and tones. We are that mirror. We reflect the divine in the way we live. If the divine is Love, then we must live love. We are spiritual sexual beings in a wide synthesis of profound spiritual ideas that are physically expressed. And so, in this context, we are also sexual beings. Does one really know where the boundary lies between the two as we respond to the sexual dimension of our humanity, which is spiritual? We are spiritual beings on a journey that reflects itself in a physical universe. What arouses our spiritual emotions is something within what we neither create nor control but feel ourselves drawn to respond to. The spiritual is a light within, which the objects of our dreams but reflect, and in that reflection we touch on something that we are. Some of that the world says we should be ashamed of, but why?" Indira suggested that the intimacy

that we enjoy with another in our festivals of cunninglus and so forth is really a form of intimacy with oneself.

I answered her in kind by suggesting that a man seeing a woman's vulva, in whatever way that happens, responds to it as if it were a mental key opening a lock to a banquet hall. I suggested that the key would be of little use if the lock didn't exist that it fits into, that opens a door that is otherwise closed.

"You don't know how right you are," said Indira. "That's how the biological system actually functions, and apparently needs to function," said Indira. "You should have studied medicine as I have. It's amazing what has come to light in recent years. Do you know what peptides are? Whatever arouses us sexually about one another begins with a built-in neurological response in the brain to visual and psychological patterns, including smell, touch, fantasies, hopes, dreams, experiences, and desires. When the external key matches the lock, which usually begins visually in some form, it unseals a peptide gland that pours messengers molecules into the bloodstream that 'broadcasts' them across the body. The peptides, in turn, mobilize whatever functions are designed into the human system for the unfolding occasion. Some of that can reach deep. It starts a kind of inner celebration at the biological level. That's why one of the four paths to Moksha is Kama, which our scriptures say we need to experience. And it truly does start in the mind. The celebration of Kama that is always rooted in the mind is getting the body organized for what lies ahead, like our house might be reorganized for a season of celebration. The biological excitement and celebration arouses a lot of things that up to them lay dormant. It makes us feel good. And so it should, because a lot of good things are happening in the process of sexual arousal, and more so when the process is carried further. Sex peptides are interpreted by the body as good peptides. The cells in our body 'love' them. In fact they have built and maintain special receptors for them to catch them as they float along. The receptors of course also catch other things if they are not in use, such as food substances and oxygen and other nourishment that the cells require to maintain themselves. Researchers have found that when the sex peptides are no longer arriving, or arrive only on rare occasions, the receptors diminish. Then, when the cells divide and replicate, fewer and fewer receptors are formed. Over time this diminishing process causes a kind of internal starvation that makes the biology of the body increasingly vulnerable to all sorts of diseases, such as accelerated aging, risk of heart attack or stroke, the development of cancers, alzheimers, immune deficiencies, depression, visual deficiencies. There is a lot of evidence out there in the medical domain that supports that interconnection, drawn from wide-ranging studies. Bluntly put, the studies tell us that sex is good for us. Some researchers even say that sex

is one of the best health maintenance agents that we've got. And the body, of course, lets us know that we need the process to function. Consequently it sends signals to the brain that sets up the psychological conditioning that urges us to arrange the circumstances that we need to make the process possible. Our sexual response is a kind of biological response to a unique type of 'hunger.' Only in the case of sex, which is the 'food' that satisfies the special hunger at the cellular level, the process of satisfying the hunger is of a different kind. Obviously there is a need for that 'hunger,' because if it wasn't for this complex form of neuro-biological hunger and the specific fulfillment that it requires, we wouldn't exist. Sex is our life. We all came to be in this world through the sexual process. But the process isn't something that we can turn on and off at will. Nevertheless, it requires to be maintained. The 'hunger' needs to be satisfied. We need to eat."

Indira began to laugh.

"Actually the penalty for not taking care to respond to our biological hunger can be rather severe," she said after she stopped laughing. "Studies show that men who experience orgasm several times a week have experienced half the death rate of the laggards, whatever that means. It certainly helps the vascular system. Sex raises the heart rate; they say to more than doubled in some cases, from 70 beats to 150 beats per minute. Sex also boosts the production of testosterone, which helps to produce stronger bones and muscles. Some doctors go so far as to suggest that the bed may be the greatest single piece of exercise equipment that we have as a society. Also, sex helps a man's prostate. Did you know that, Peter? The prostate collects zinc, citric acid and potassium from the blood. It then concentrates the mix 600 times. Any carcinogens that are found in the blood are likewise captured and concentrated. So it is wise not to let them hang around for too long, causing trouble. Sex gives you men the means to evict this crap. It's a way of flushing out the system, and the only way you've got to do this is with intentional sexual activity.

"Sex even causes pain relief," said Indira. "We are told by medical researchers that during the buildup to orgasm, the body levels of the hormone oxytocin increase up to five-fold. As the hormones build up, the body releases more endorphins that alleviate the pain of everything from headache to arthritis, to even migraine."

"There you have it. If you have a migraine, sex is the cure!" I interjected and laughed. "So, let me help to cure your migraine."

"You fiend!" she scolded me. "Unfortunately for you, I get migraines very seldom. But there's some truth to it. Sex is known to boost the production of estrogen in women of a type that reduces postmenstrual pain. It is certainly true that sex furnishes a build-in

natural way for us to help each other biologically. There exists a hormone in semen that studies suggest might be absorbed in the female genital tract, which then modulates the female hormones with the effect that they are reducing depression."

Indira began to smile. "Did you know that sex provides even significant defenses against the common cold. People that have sex every week have 30% higher levels of an antibody called immunoglobulin, which is a known immune system booster.

"And here is one more snippet of medical information that is really wild," she added. "Researchers have found that oral sex is even good for the teeth. The seminal fluid contains zinc, calcium, and other minerals that are known to retard tooth decay."

"The only drawback in all of that is the risk involved of contracting sexually transmitted diseases," said Indira a while later. "Medical examination, caution, honesty in relationships, and plain common sense, can do a lot to lower those risks."

"So where's the balance?" I asked.

Indira suddenly began to laugh. "Did you know that one of the safest sexual arousal agents, which is probably helping more millions of people to satisfy their biological 'hunger' than any other process, is the Internet, Peter. The much-slandered sex on the Internet is safe and is always there and is largely free."

"It should be free," I interjected, "because it doesn't measure up by a long shot to the banquet that is served up with the real thing where the key focus is on giving love, on giving ecstasy, in which the biological hunger is fulfilled in the background. The Internet, or any other form of pornography, doesn't exist for the development of love, intimacy, closeness, and caring for one another, and nurturing one another. It doesn't develop a sense of community, and a sense of a human family, and the larger sense of the universal family of mankind. And above all, it doesn't engender a sense of celebration as the banquet table does."

"Don't celebrate too much," said Indira and grinned, waving her finger at me. "You men are vulnerable. If you bring drugs to the banquet, the viagras and so on, you leave yourself open to overdoing on the natural thing, and that can cause severe damage. Then they come to the clinic and cry. But it's too late then. You see, when the penis is hard there is no blood in circulation and the tissue becomes oxygen-starved. That can be damaging over long periods, Pete. The excuse that I hear is that the opportunities for sex come so seldom that they wanted to make the most out of it, to make it last. They were literally shooting themselves in the foot. That's no way of going through life. Nor is there a need for it. In my house at least the banquet is always open, Peter. There is never a need to overindulge to make up for the lean times. There are

always chocolates on the table, and wine, and the roses are always fresh."

Of course she didn't need to add that the metaphor wasn't just an empty promise. The metaphor merely put into words and an ongoing celebration of the "Festival of Chocolates, Wine, and Roses," as we called it. She said that the festival is a Temple celebration and added that the mental work that give us the freedom to enter the Temple is done in our Church where we clear away the crap and separate the straw from the wheat so that the Temple-table is loaded with nourishing things."

When we continued our celebration later for lunch on the famous Chandi Chock, we found no chocolates on the tables at the restaurant where we met in the afterglow of our celebration, but we did find one that had wine, and with the sipping of the wine with Indira herself being the beautiful rose across the table, as I saw her, the sexual experience continued. In this manner the whole afternoon became a sexual experience. The profusion of the 'delicacies' at the banquet was always changing, but was always rich. Much of it was reflected in our conversation.

"I feel sad for the tragedy mankind has heaped upon itself under the umbrella of religion that has termed this wonderful banquet that we can provide for one-another, a sin," I said to her in full agreement. "This is so, because almost every religion is run like an empire, and the process of empire is powered to a large extend by ecclesiastical despotism. The focus isn't on truth, but on mind-control, on mental and the physical domination. The priesthood sets up a despotic law that 'starves' people's humanity and in the process shapes them into 'loyal' subjects that are easily ruled and exploited. Ecclesiastical despotism has closed the door to sex as a spiritual element worthy of celebration and turned the resulting hunger into lust that keeps the whore houses busy. The entire imperial system is utilizing the model of the whorehouse in which people prostitute themselves for a penny to give their masters what they want, no questions asked. That's how the political world in America operates. Everybody dances to the payola. Mostly it's for money, sometimes for power, and quite often its done voluntary as the result of ideological brainwashing. Our Congress, our Senate, our Presidency, our great institutions, have become whorehouses. When the oligarchs knock at their door with stacks of money in hand and ask for war, nobody cries, war is inhuman. They merely ask when and how big. There in no humanity left in the imperial system, a system of ecclesiastical despotism. Of course it all started small and in ancient times, but like a disease that isn't cured, it festered and got worse.

Christ Jesus illustrated the process. He exposed the tragic game by pointing out that any man who finds himself sexually starved and longs after a woman is immediately labeled a sinner and is literally forced to deny himself as a human being. Of course sex is OK if its authorized by the priest, and if it isn't, it's sin. Sin is a pet-term in the order of ecclesiastical despotism. Of course that's just a mild example of the deeply subtle movements of that kind of mental malpractice that manipulates people. The process has expanded into all kinds of areas. Empires live by it. Politics reflect it almost universally. Unfortunately, society still lives largely under the thumb of the ecclesiastical 'laws' that impose mental despotism on people."

"Don't I know it?" Indira interrupted. "Much of our social structure is still build around laws that utilize religious perversion. Many people try to break free, but much of it remains. My experience has been in so many cases that a woman is still regarded as a piece of trash, or at best a piece of inventory to be 'used' as needed and then discarded. The poor among women of course are still worse of than that. The Dalit woman continues to be viewed as even lower than trash, as the 'untouchable.' What should normally be a banquet then, becomes rape followed by murder. The murder of a Dalit woman is hardly considered a crime. Sure, its prosecuted, but not with the heart, because killing a woman isn't a religious crime under the ancient ecclesiastical codes, much less a Dalit woman. That is why I have given up on building relationships with men, before you came. I have witnessed too many tragedies and suffered too many disappointments."

"But you haven't given up totally," I said, raising my glass of wine that we had with our meal.

"The banquet is still open for special people like you, but only for as long as it remains a banquet and the banquet remains a celebration in the Temple," she said and raised her glass likewise. "Of course I can be in the Temple alone. This way I can be free. But it doesn't work, does it?"

"I think none of us can get away from the fact that we are all married to one another as human beings of a common humanity," I said. "Can anyone really be free by living is isolation? You would be bound to a lie. You would know that living in isolation is not sufficient by finding the banquet table quite bear."

"How did the first European settlers get to America, Peter?"

"They got there by boat of course, probably on the Viking ships," I replied in a tone as if she asked a silly question.

"I rest my case," said Indira. "Before the airplane was invented and the fuel to power it was created, people had no choice but to travel by slow-boat. That's what I am doing. Since no other avenues exist, I simply celebrate myself. That's the only way I can be free and remain sexually alive. If sex isn't a cooperative celebra-

tion, it is rape. As a woman doctor I know how woman are treated. I've become too sensitive to rape. Some women have become too deeply stuck in this mess to even recognize that they are being raped. But I have yet to find one woman that actually likes living isolated in order to avoid rape. It's a passive kind of living. Taking the slow-boat is default way for the lack of a better alternative. The way I see it, sex has to be a cooperative celebration. The banquet has to be laid out as a cooperative celebration, something like two celebrations coming together, a joined banquet. Our culture in India isn't conducive to that. For 3,500 years the face of women has been trashed in our land, with a few periods of renaissance interspersed. With the Arian invasion a series of dark ages began. The Vedic/Brahmin Dark Age was a period where female genocide was practiced as a religion in numerous different ways. Researchers tell us that 250 million girls and woman were murdered in a horrid religious madness, most of them at birth. The goal was to achieve a high male to female ratio. That male-master mentality is still evident today. When the last Brahmin Dark Age ended with the end of the British Colonialism, the female-genocide simmered on at an estimated rate of a million per year, usually by way of abortion since prenatal sex determination is now possible with ultrasound examination. With our men being victimized by this mental despotism the cooperative banquet becomes a rare event, so rare that it hardly ever happens. I think when Christ Jesus was speaking of lust, he was speaking of sex without a banquet, a celebration outside the Temple, a euphoria that benefits no one, that is rape. And so he was right, one needs the celebration in the Temple powered by universal love, or one does break the law. That is how one breaks the principle of lateral relationships. There is no other way possible in which a person can commit adultery in the sphere of the universal marriage of all mankind than with lust and rape. That's why imperial law prevents the banquet and blackens the landscape with rape so that lateral relationships cannot develop. They want to keep the world as screwed up as possible. But I stick my neck out and refuse to cooperate."

"This means that you are extending a great honor to me by inviting me to your banquet that society screams you shouldn't have," I interjected.

"No Peter," you did the honor yourself. "You prepared the first banquet and asked me to join you. You're the rebel pioneer. I'm merely following your lead."

"And how did I do that, Indira?"

"You did it in countless little ways. When Fred taught me history he pointed out that the greatest breakthrough in civilization was put on the table for mankind in 1648 with the Treaty of Westphalia that ended eighty years of war. Fred described the principle of the treaty as the Principle of the Advantage of the Other.

He called it the principle of universal cooperative development. That's what the lateral platform is that you are speaking about, where everyone stands side by side facing a common challenge and is committed to meeting this challenge by enriching one-another's life. In 1648 the challenge was to create a platform for peace. So everybody put aside their petty little desires to rape each other that had killed half of the population of Europe and offered a commitment to one another to treat each other as human beings. That's what I want to see in social relationships, Peter, and I don't see it. But I saw a spark of it unfolding in you. Before you even came to my home, during the walk after our first dinner, you made a commitment to me and to yourself to get me a medical van so that I could be more effective in helping others. That was a commitment to uplift my life on the 1648 platform. You were decking the table for a banquet right there and then. Practically the first thing that you did when you came to my apartment, or our apartment, you sent off an e-mail to Fred to make the request, and you fought for it. That was the sexiest thing you could have done in celebrating me as a woman. You made me feel worthwhile. You honored me. You have enveloped me with a love that I have not felt for a long time. I felt many little sparks lighting up our entire evening together. You came here to build something with me. I had the feeling that you came to me with the intention that when you would leave, you would leave behind a brighter world by having here, so that having been here makes actually sense. You were laying out a banquet that no one has ever attempted, except Fred, and even he didn't go very far with it, which I think he regretted. So you see, you honored yourself. This told me that our banquets could join into one single larger spread. In honoring yourself you honored me. That's cooperation." She raised her glass of wine for a toast.

"What you are telling me puts us into virgin territory," I replied with the same gesture. "That sounds scary, because no rules have been established in virgin territory."

"You are looking at this backwards, Peter. It looks exciting. According to Fred's history lessons, the cultural breakthrough in 1648 had a profound effect on European civilization. From the mid-1600s on the population in Europe suddenly began to expand. That didn't happen because mankind suddenly improved its breeding habits. It happened because society began to respect itself more as human beings, especially its mental capacity. The development of science began, and with it the development of technologies, especially power technologies. With these we discovered our power of nature. Did Fred tell you about the renowned Russian Scientist Vernadski? He pointed out that we have seen three developmental stages on our planet. The planet began as a purely abiotic world some 4.5 billion years ago. Then life began a billion years down the

road and a biosphere began to develop that greatly enriched the planet. The air we breathe, the fuel that powers our economies, even the steel that we use to construct our machinery, are all the result of biotic processes. Then 3.5 billion years down the road mankind started another develop. A new sphere opened up, the sphere of living intelligence. That's what sets mankind apart from every other form of life, because the development of intelligence now gives us the power to enrich the biosphere and make it more productive. That development really took off in a big way in the mid-1600s, coincident with the Treaty of Westphalia. And with it the population density increased. We became a cooperative society. Eventually we became an industrial society as a cooperative society. That's how agricultural production increased. While we have made many plunders along the way, we enriched the biosphere enough with our productive power that it now supports ten times the population that it had supported before. We literally staged a giant banquet. This never happened before. As you pointed out we have not managed the same kind of banquet yet in the social sphere and much less so in the political sphere. But we are past the starting gate, You and I. That's why I celebrate when I see some movement along this line, especially when I see it developing towards a cooperative banquet becoming in the sexual sphere. The resulting Temple experience is truly revolutionary. It started a festival that might never end. Medical science is a bit more advanced in this respect. Researcher have been telling us for years that sex is good for the human body, and is in many respects almost necessary to ovoid serious problems. But the social scene lags way behind, but not anymore. We made a breakthrough, Peter."

"Isn't that why prostitution is the oldest profession?" I interjected. "The body has demanded compliance to its rules for as long as mankind existed, but with the rise of the religious empires and ecclesiastical despotism the social system became so screwed up that it couldn't meet the demands, and probably intentionally so. This, prostitution seems to have emerged from this background as the first and longest running service industry in history, to meet a specific needs that our despotic world had created. I predict that prostitution will end when society discovers its natural lateral relationship. When the social system reflects that, there won't be a need for prostitution. So it will end quite naturally. I think people would step away gladly if they had a choice. Prostitution is a poor substitute. It's like a fast-food hotdog stand, compared to a banquet. Of course the empires will protect it as the process has a political equivalent that all empires need."

Indira nodded and raised her glass of wine and smiled.

"Unfortunately, prostitution has become a rotten way of life that seeped into everything, even economics. Look at us in America. Canada is our neighbor. But there is no banquet on the horizon.

Mostly it's rape. A prostitute allows herself to be raped. That's her business. We are raping Canada. We build a freeway to make it happen. It's called free trade. We coerced Canada for a few pennies to open the door to us, to let us have of their resources and whatever we want. In turn, we have opened our markets to them. This only means that we can now force them to export to us what we desire. Canada has become our favorite prostitute. How stupid we are to have created such a screwed up relationship. Can you imagine the banquet we could share on a platform of lateral cooperation that is designed to enrich one-another? For example, we share the common challenge to enrich our economies to the point that indoor agriculture becomes possible that we need to survive the next Ice Age. We'll never get there on a basis of raping our neighbor. We need to develop the banquet technology. We need to implement it regardless of our differences in size. Size doesn't matter. Our power as human beings to enrich the biosphere, which we need to live, lies in the power of ideas and our power to develop those ideas. No one has a monopoly here since we are all human beings together. In fact, the Ice Age challenge is so great and so near that universal cooperation is essential. It is essential now. In real terms, the implementation of the banquet technology is for the whole of mankind. It's a life and death issue. Without it we won't survive the return of the Ice Age. Without it no one will."

"That's why the banquet technology needs to be developed at the social level first, Peter," Indira interjected. "We have to learn from each other what it means to live as a human being. The banquet has to be developed within us. When we are able to meet at this level then we have a foundation built, something solid to build on to enrich the universal human-sphere. Doesn't that hold true everywhere? Enriching the biosphere of our bodies by meeting the sexual needs is like getting together to tackle a challenge that we've been told for centuries to close our eyes to. Moving forward with this principle into all other spheres of our living would be a good start along this line, wouldn't it? We must do this. I can't see any other options. Unfortunately we've been educated not to do this. We face so many roadblocks now, beginning at the grassroots social level, especially in the sexual sphere, that nothing is happening anywhere, except on the smallest scale."

"That is the reason why India is so poor," I cut her off. "The whole world has become poor in its small-minded thinking and acting. Do you realize that India has the potential to be the richest country on the planet? India has the greatest energy resource on the planet, readily usable and available in quantities that pales the Middle East into insignificance. India has 90% of the world's thorium, the most ideal fuel for fission based nuclear power. India has a need for a thousand large scale high temperature gas cooled nuclear

reactors. These things are the safest and most efficient fission-reactors ever created.

India also has the world's largest deposit of the most ideal building material of a type that most people have never even heard of. This material is better than steel and almost as hard as a diamond. It's called, basalt. Basalt is a super-fine-grained stone that melts at a low temperature, at lower temperature than glass. It can be extruded into micro-fibers that gives it a three-times-better insulating quantity than asbestos. If it is used to reinforce concrete, a single ton of basalt provides the same strength than nine tons of steel. And the best thing is that India has 400,000 cubic kilometers of this high-grade building material sitting on the ground, ready to be used. No mining is needed to gain access to it, and no pre-processing is needed to utilize it. India has half a billion people living in poverty. There is no need for this. Combine the high temperature gas cooled nuclear reactor with the processing of basalt, and you open the door to automated housing construction at the equivalent cost of about a thousand dollars per house. With that kind of capability you can eradicate poverty in less than three decades. With India's cooperation and the whole of mankind dedicated to developing this kind of high-energy world, we could build the grandest civilization ever created. But what do we see happening? Instead of creating a rich New World, the kind that would take the sting out of the next Ice Age, we rape one another right across the world and wallow in poverty. We do this, because we also do the same socially. We need to get into the banquet-building mode. India should partner up with China and set the stage for the next step forward in high-energy development. India and China should pool their research effort for the development of helium-3 nuclear-fusion power. Deuterium mixed with helium-3 is considered the most ideal nuclear fusion fuel in existence. It is deemed easier to ignite and produces energetic protons that cause no radioactive side products. There are over a million tons of helium-3 on the moon, enough to maintain the entire global energy use for 10,000 years. A hundred tons, the equivalent of four space shuttle loads, would supply the entire world for a year. The moon could also be a stepping stone to other helium-3-rich sources, providing mankind with an energy resource that can never be diminished. India would be the most natural partner with China in this venture. China is planning to go to the moon as soon as possible to pioneer the helium-3 extraction process. In other words, the sky is truly the limit, Indira."

"India is a poor country, Peter. We don't enough money for these ventures. There is not enough money on the world to pay for these things."

"That is why you are poor, and we all are, Indira. We don't have any money, because the private financiers are starving us to

death. But why do we have to go to the private financiers? Private monetarism is an ancient imperial game of empires, like the one that the British used to loot India during the colonial age. India shouldn't be stuck with that. The whole world should have scrapped this system by now. Who wants to be looted? Looting one another should be a thing of the past. The entire world should be operating on a credit-society principle. This means that the nations own their own money and extend to themselves financial credits for whatever needs to be built. Why should a people go begging to the moneybags? Money doesn't build anything. People build things. Money is just a lubricator. It shouldn't be deemed an estate, because it is something that is artificially created out of thin air."

"How about creating some money for painting our apartment for starters?" said Indira and began to laugh. "If we want to live like human beings we need to start with creating the proper environment that helps us to become more productive. Our place is too drab for a celebration. It's too drab for what living should be."

"We don't need the credit society principle for this little thing, Indira. We need it for big things, for building infrastructures and industries. You are right, there isn't enough money in the world for building a thousand nuclear plants in India. But it can be created with the credit society principle. The money will be created for this once people decide and agree that this needs to be done. It will happen. This also means that the money that flows into these projects flows into the whole society, the finance all the little things with, like clothing, furniture, food, transportation, cars, houses, entertainment. Right now society is poor, because this flow has been strangled. Most of us are poor. However with the two of us working at it, we can repaint our place in two days. We've got enough money for that, haven't we?"

"Would you really want to do that?" Indira interrupted. "You came half way around the world to visit me, and you want to slap paint on the walls?"

"The task is small, and since the task reflects a larger principle the rewards promise to be great and worth the effort," I replied. "Also, what comes out of it will brighten your life long after I'm gone. Isn't that too, a part of staging a banquet? A banquet shouldn't be seen as something that is designed to be depleted."

"You really want to do this?"

"If I don't do this I'll suffer the regret that will sure come. Regrets always gnaw on one's soul when great opportunities are wasted," I answered. "I have gone this route too many times already. I've become a champion of regrets. I'm also trying to get away from this trend. So, what about it? What about a nice pale green for the apartment, with a nice accenting color? How about starting tomorrow? Let's grab the opportunity while we still can."

Let's banish the regrets over opportunities lost that have darkened the past. Let's start a new page."

"Oh really, Peter? I thought you diplomats are trained to latch onto every opportunity."

"We are trained in playing games, Indira. But when it comes to utilizing grand opportunities we have less freedom than children have in playing their games. And when it comes to social opportunities the field is even more confined. We let the opportunities slip by. Especially us men do. Most men are timid. There were times when I topped them all. I used to be their saint. I am the master of timidity. I am a champion in regretting lost opportunities."

"You, Peter? That's hard to believe."

"I'm trying to work myself out of this rut, but believe me, I was a champion there. There was this girl for example. She used to be one of the lifeguards on the beach near our California beach house. She introduced herself one day. Her name is, Brandy. Immediately the thought came, Brandy-wine! When I met her again some time later I wanted to comment on her name. I wanted to say that I loved saying the word, that it had a nice ring to it, that I loved saying, Brandy. I wanted to say to her that her parents had been wise to give her such a beautiful name. And I wanted to add, 'I wonder if they knew?' And it would have been all justified. The girl seemed to be the perfect personification of her name. I wanted to say all of these things. But did I say them? NO! Guess what I said? I made some stupid remarks, commenting on why there were so many people at the beach. Was it the weather? I couldn't care less about the weather. I wanted to say something nice that would brighten her day. I wanted to comment on her name and say that it was rich in metaphors, such as 'Brandy-wine,' and that 'wine' means inspiration and is also linked with one being tipsy in her presence, which was her effect on me. And I wanted to add that the metaphor was all being fulfilled in her wonderful smiles and in the loveliness of her voice. Instead I talked about the weather and walked away. I had decked the banquet table, Indira, and I had decked it with delicacies such she may have never experienced in her life, but I kept the door to the banquet room locked. The regrets are always bitter when grand opportunities are squandered that might never present themselves again."

"But why do we do this, Peter? How many such banquets have been boldly prepared and left to rot? I think we do this out of the belief that the other is not fully human and doesn't share the same heart that is enveloped in beauty and sublimity. As we close the door we lie to ourselves. Unfortunately we all do this, Peter. That's how we end up finding ourselves, forcing ourselves to be living in a narrow space surrounded by closed doors."

"Each closed door is labeled, regret," I interjected. "That's

why we won't even bother preparing the banquet table anymore. Why should we when the food is always left to spoil?"

"Did you ever say to someone you fell in love with, 'thank you for being a part of this world?'" said Indira. "I once wanted to say this to a man who was to be my prince. I never did say this. And so, nothing happened. I wonder who of the two of us is the greater champion, then, in the closed-door competition. Of course, Peter, in my case as a Dalit woman living in India I found all too often rape staring back at me when the open door is left open. In my case it had to be closed. In your case, when you opened the door wide, I guess you faced rejection upon rejection that made you feel just as small. And what about yourself making other people feel small?"

I nodded slightly. "And that is how we intend to face the existential challenges of the coming Ice Age."

"Never mind the COMMING Ice Age, Peter. The Ice Age is already here. Socially we live in an Ice Age already. The Ice Age is here. We face the existential challenges now. Before we can even think of the geologic Ice Age we have overcome the existential challenges of the social Ice Age. If we meet those challenge we'll find that the rest will be easy."

"Maybe that is why we need a fresh coat of paint to cover our world that had become too dull with the drab colors of regret. I think we both may need to be committed to this," I said to her. "And then we need a new table, a big table with a white tablecloth. Let those two items be our infrastructures. The bed that you have seems wide enough for now. But the kitchen also needs upgrading. Every banquet starts in the kitchen."

"Of course it does, and what do you think we are doing right now?" she said and began to smile. Then, still smiling she raised her glass. "We are remodeling the kitchen already, Peter. We've been at it all day from the moment when you awoke, haven't we. But you are right. Upgrading our world into an efficient place for human living is rarely on the agenda."

"Fred told me that you have been living in Europe and in our country when you were studying medicine. During that time did you have a chance to see Mozart's Figaro performed? It's an opera about a wonderful attempt at remodeling the kitchen. It's an opera that ends with staging quite a banquet. Sadly, though, few people see it that way."

Indira shook her head.

"In this case you have missed a most leading-edge course in interior decorating. Figaro is all fun, of course, but the fun goes deep. The libretto goes deep. In the house of a noble Count two servants are getting married, named Figaro and Susanna. However, the Count is also in love with Susanna. At the very wedding day

the Count wins Susanna's consent for a rendezvous with him in the garden in the moonlight. There, in the privacy of this secret place he pours his heart out to her in a burst of built-up emotions. Naturally the Count doesn't know that the Countess and Susanna had secretly swapped clothes. Thus, he actually speaks his words of love to his own wife, such as she hadn't heard for a long time. The plot comes to a head a short time later when he finds the Countess, as he supposes, in Figaro's arms. Suddenly the tables are turned. He is wroth. The countess begs his forgiveness, Figaro likewise. But the Count would not forgive their 'transgression.' That's when the switched roles become revealed. Now the Count sinks to his knees begging forgiveness. However, unlike her husband the Countess forgives everyone from the heart of her great generosity. In this final act everyone's whole world becomes repainted. They all celebrate the wonders of love. They all remain together, living in the same house, bound a little close by this celebration of universal love. This outcome is really inevitable, because those words to love that were spoken across the boundaries of taboos cannot become unspoken. They all always remain in the background to be acknowledged. In this manner, the banquet that was staged so daringly by the librettist throughout the opera was not demolished in the end. It was allowed to stand contrary to convention. The doors that were opened to the banquet hall were never fully closed again. Mozart has put the story to music, but has done it in such a beautiful way that when the opera ends it invariably uplifts the little world a bit in which society lives. It poses the challenge to society to acknowledge the banquet that is set up and to keep the doors open."

"That challenge has never been met throughout all those 200 years that have gone by, Peter. Mozart lived 200 years ago. He gave society an opportunity to repaint its world with a wider sense of love. But this hasn't happened, has it? The opportunity was lost. That's a tragedy isn't it?"

"The greater tragedy is, Indira, that when we close those doors, other doors will open. Those other doors have fascist worlds behind them, doors to grim times. The synarchism that destroyed France intellectually with a wave of Jacobin terror, grew unabated and became the fascist terror of the Nazis that killed a hundred million people. While Hitler has been defeated, the fascism lived on. America became its host in the postwar period, from where its tentacles spread out to cover the world. Our very own American Presidency has become the successor of Hitler's fascist Administration. It's fascism is currently more solidly affirmed in law than Hitler himself had been able to get it. That is why we need a fresh coat of paint too, in America, and a new kitchen too."

"I have a hunch that we may also need a new coat of paint on some of the medical research results on sex," said Indira. "They

say sex is good and is even biologically necessary. But what do we mean with that, when we talk about sex? The word has a wide range of meaning that covers everything from the most vile that would be despised even in the sewer, all the way up to sex being the center of a lovely thought about a man or a woman. Where is the boundary? Does sex begin when a woman's genitals are penetrated, etc., or does it begin with a man's thoughtful embrace of a woman with the melody of joy and those inexplicable words, 'I love you?' What is love, really? What is sex? Does sexual love begin when the peptides tumble? I don't think anybody really knows. Can we only talk about sex when the heart rate hits 200 and the toes curl up. Except that rarely lasts more than a minute, if that. Is that sex? Or is the most powerful sex, and the most healing sexual experience for the body, the warm and fuzzy feeling that is aroused with a smile, or a word, or a gesture, that puts one into a tizzy that lasts for days? Do the peptides flow for days in that case in one continuous stream? What is more lasting, more beautiful, and more productive? I don't think the medical researchers know anything yet."

"You are talking about my girl 'Brandy-wine,'" I interjected. "She put me into a tizzy for days that at times made me feel as if winter had been turned into spring? Maybe the medical people don't know yet what a sexual banquet is. Maybe they are measuring the wrong thing and are drawing all their conclusions falsely. It might also be that sex cannot be measured at all, so that each experience is different, just as each banquet is typically unlike any other, while they are all nourishing in a profound way by design."

"The trouble with research surveys is that they rely on statistics that are often tailored to prove a preconceived point," said Indira. "Maybe we should paint over that too and discover for ourselves what an open door actually looks like, I mean to the banquet. I think that's what you should have done with your girl, 'Brandy-wine,' or at least intended to do."

"Oh, yes, the pains of regret. Well, those are history. It's water under a bridge. However, there is something unfolding right here that is of the same rich quality, Indira. What is happening here is like a miracle. Here we are. You and I are daringly exploring what it means to be married to each other exclusively by being human beings. What can be more precious than that? The human being is the most precious manifest of life in the universe, as far as we can tell. Can you think of anything more precious and worthier of celebration? The banquet that we spread is defined in what we discovered ourselves to be. Maybe that's what my tizzy days enlighten with 'Brandy-wine' were all about as a kind of celebration of my self-discovery as a human being. And so we go on discovering what a human being is, and what love is, because the two are one. It is grand therefore to see you smile about 'Brandy-wine' tizzy and to

hear you say that I should have tested the banquet more fully. No conventional wife would ever say that to any conventional husband. Instead you smile and you urge me to go on. We truly are living in a lateral world already where all aspects of love are acknowledged as equal. I guess that is what Mozart was hinting at with his opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*. Except we have moved farther that even he might have dreamed to be possible."

"That's why we should paint over everything that's vertically oriented," said Indira.

"Did you know that Mozart was the child of the great cultural renaissance of the post-Westphalia era in which the lateral landscape was painted profoundly?" I said. "He was a pioneer of it. This great cultural renaissance unfolded from the background of the principles that created the Peace of Westphalia. Many of the greatest musical geniuses of Germany came from this period. Actually it was Johan Sebastian Bach how started the new qualitative uplift in music. He was followed in short order by Franz Josef Haydn. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was swept up into this unfolding renaissance in music. Ludvig van Beethoven, and later Johannes Brahms, followed this course that became a revolution. Each was adding his own contribution to this revolution. And it was a cultural revolution, and not only in music. The post-Westphalia renaissance also sparked a revolution in literature and science. That's where the American Independence movement was started. It was started in Europe in Europe's bright era in which the pioneers of society began to discover the lateral world of universal love where are all human beings together endowed with a common universal divinity. That's what we are 'privileged' to discover. All of that has been lost. The world has once again become vertically arranged, where value is defined by power, wealth, force and, fame. You are right, we need to paint over this vertical world. We need to begin once more and arrange our world laterally. Also we need to take this further than ever before, to where you and I stand side by side and the whole of mankind with us."

"Including your girl 'Brandy-wine' that makes you tipsy," interjected Indira with a smile.

"As do you," I added. "Don't belittle yourself. You stand side by side with her in every respect."

"So, what color shall be paint the apartment?" she said after we left the restaurant. "Were you serious suggesting a light green, accented with white?"

I nodded slightly. "It should be a color that gives the rooms a greater depth than they seem to have," I replied. "Maybe a faint gray-green for the main living space. It would also give it a sense of springtime. And maybe the door frames really need to be painted

white to convey a sense of innocence and anticipation."

"Maybe we should consult an architect?" Indira added, "and then hire the job out."

"That would be the easy way out, but it would defeat the purpose, Indira, if the purpose of repainting the walls is symbolic. If it is symbolic, we have to do the painting ourselves. The process of shaping our life and enriching it cannot be contracted out. We must do this ourselves, stroke by stroke. There is no other way possible. Nor can we go to an architect for advice on selecting the right color. That's like going to a church or to a temple to have a priest determine our life, or a specific tradition. We have to be that church or temple ourselves and break new ground and push the leading edge forward with new discoveries of scientific principles. No one can do this for us. Maybe we need to discover first what color is and then discover the principle of color."

"We probably will make those discoveries as the painting is progressing," said Indira. "Maybe that is also why you got stuck in a rut with your friend Brandy on Malibu Beach. You tried to paint her world brighter in one giant leap, and your honesty told you that this wouldn't work. So, you couldn't do anything at all. It all makes sense now, doesn't it? Maybe if your goal would have been to just say, 'I love your name, Brandy,' maybe that would have been possible. If she would have replied that she likes that 'color' then you might have explored what tone of the color she can move with, and so gradually build a brighter world for both of you. An architect wouldn't have been able to help you with that, right? An architect doesn't know what color is. The last thing you would want to do is take a step that would make her uncomfortable coming to the beach. That's her work, her livelihood. If you want to brighten a girl's life, you need to discover what brightness is in the context of her world and how universal principles can meet that and inspire an ever greater brightness. Then her job will become a joy and you and her might at last stand side by side. Maybe that is also how the technology of the banquet needs to be developed, built on an endless sequence of discoveries and the recognition of advanced principles. Can you imagine what the world would be like if we did this in all aspects?"

"It would create a renaissance," I replied. "It surely would."

"Nothing less than that would be appropriate for experiencing the universal marriage of mankind as human beings," said Indira. "That also makes us pioneers in an uncharted land, doesn't it? We are a miracle, breaking new ground. Isn't that what a miracle is?"

All I could do is nod and hug her. "But the miracle only marks another beginning," I said to Indira.

"Maybe some day we will see this beginning unfolding into something big," said Indira.

"That 'some day' might be too late," I countered her. "That 'some day' thinking is a trap. We need to set the banquet table now. The world is in a crisis on many fronts. Mankind is in a crisis. That 'some day' that lies in the future might never come if we can't elevate the present."

"What do you mean with 'some day' might never come, Peter? Surely, what is possible today will eventually happen some day."

"No Indira, that kind of thinking is a trap. It's a dangerous trap. It might get us all killed. Just look at our political mess back home. Since the middle of 2004 our President has been desperately trying to get another war started, a big war against Iran that would blow up the whole Middle East and shut down a large chunk of the world's oil supplies. There are many imperial forces demanding this war to cover up the fact that their financial system is collapsing into dust. Our institutions have so far been able to spoil every attempt to start this new giant war, and there have been many such attempts. But the excuses for the war are always changing, and the attempts to get the war going are getting bolder. We see the nuclear bomb now fully on the table in addition to the millions of uranium bombs that are likely already pre-positioned in the Middle East. Even while we speak large American military forces are on their way for a build-up of destructive power on such an enormous scale that the coveted obliteration of Iran is assured to happen literally within days of the start of an attack. And how does our Congress respond? Our Congressmen threaten to start an impeachment process if the attack on Iran should happen. That's a trap too, Indira. When the attack is under way, it's too late to prevent it. Nor would the impeachment happen in this case. No impeachment will happen in the middle of a war crisis. By then it is too late. The impeachment of the people who have been crying for war for years has to happen now, not 'some day,' because this 'some day' might never come. One is clinically insane and is a drunkard to boot, and another is a psychopath, and the rest are mad, but they hold the keys to war in their hand, and the keys for the destruction of the nation. If we don't set the banquet table for a new renaissance of peace, this means cleansing the halls of power if the insane while we still have a somewhat functioning world to build on, the opportunity to do so will be lost when the cataclysm begins. The hoped-for 'some day' won't happen when the opportunity is lost that still exists today. For all we know it might already be too late to turn this planet around into a richly human world. We have already vaporized several million kilograms of uranium into the air-streams of the world. This huge radioactive mess is now a part of the air we breathe, whether we like it or not. It is killing people in large numbers already. It is wrecking the DNA and causing cancers and diabetes on a scale that nobody really knows how big it really is, because there is so little

honest science left in the world. Thus the truth gets lost among the flood tides of lies. Of course, the horrendous radioactive mess that we have thrown into the environment, that has become a part of the air we breathe, will keep on killing people almost forever, possibly at the current rate, even if we stop all wars today and don't start new ones. A war against mankind as a whole has been started that no one might survive in the long run. Nevertheless we must rouse ourselves to move heaven and earth to lay out the humanist banquet table for a new renaissance in the world, a renaissance of peace while still have a functioning world to build on, precarious as it may already be. And on this banquet table has to be a big spread. It has to be a humanist banquet so big that the impeachment of a warmongering President or any leader in power happens instantly as a matter of course. We need this banquet for a humanist renaissance served up now, and we need it enormously big, covering all aspects. We need it in order to survive. And after that breakthrough is made we have to make the banquet spread many times bigger again in order to be able to create the vast technological world that we require to survive the next Ice Age, meaning indoor agriculture to supply ten billion people with food. And this has to be high quality food that is able to support a 100-year life span. We need the 100-year life span, because those more advanced processes, technologies, and cultural needs that our existence depends on in the near future require a longer education and development period with a substantial productive life remaining. The banquet table has to made richer in leaps and bounds."

"How can you say that there is virtually no honest science left in the world?" Indira interrupted me. "Aren't we living in an advancing age?"

"We are advancing to hell, Indira. Truthfulness is an active quality. If society doesn't value it, it won't have it. If it isn't put onto the banquet table..."

"I hear you," Indira interrupted.

"Our banquet table is empty of things that nourish us. Society is served up a banquet of poison. The imperial oligarchy doesn't value the truth. It fears it. It aims to suppress it. And so it hires a few empty people that have lost their humanity that will hide the truth for them. You will find a lot of those people in the sciences. The funding of science increasingly comes with conditions attached, and the truth, of course falls by the wayside. That is how private funding dries up the landscape of truth. For example, if the private empire wants to disable Russia that stands in its way, and has decided that it can do this by getting America to poison Russia's environment with large quantities of uranium bombs being thrown near Russia's border, like into Iran, then all the empire has to do is hire a few prostitutes in the scientific community that will stand

before the world and declare that uranium bombs are benign. And that is happening in a big way. There are plenty of prostitutes in the sciences that are prepared to give the imperials whatever they want for a few pennies. It's the same with the coming Ice Age. The imperials desperate want to prevent the development of a new renaissance that mankind would have to create in an honest response to the coming Ice Age. Such a renaissance would wipe out the imperial system. And so, the empire digs into its pockets and hires an army of prostitutes that are prepared, for a few pennies, to give the imperials what they want by lying through the teeth. And that is happening too. That's how the global warming doctrine was created and is being maintained. If the private imperial pennies are plenty enough that are offered for the desired effects the prostitutes tend to line up in swarms, form a chorus crying 'global warming, global warming!' That, too, is already happening. As so the truth of the coming Ice Age falls by the wayside while the imperial system continues on wrecking mankind."

"But how can you tell honest science from corrupted science, Peter, when the technical issues are too complex for one to make a determination? We have been conditioned to trust science to tell us the truth."

"One can always tell a prostitute by the services rendered," I said to Indira. "The fairy tales of man-made global warming have been countered by many an honest effort. The University of Heidelberg brought together 4,000 signatures of scientists from 69 countries in opposition to the fairy tale. These protest statements were presented to the climate conference in Rio, but they weren't even put onto the agenda for discussion and consideration. They were buried. After that the University of Leipzig launched a declaration initiative that was directed exclusively at the world's leading climatologists, the real climate experts. They got 110 signatures from that leading edge working group. Those statements of protest were submitted to the Kyoto climate conference, and again, they didn't make it onto the agenda. As it turned out the scientific community didn't give up after this defeat either. Another worldwide petition project was launched that drew 17,000 signature of scientists, petitioning the governments of the world to ignore the Kyoto fairy tale. The truth has been made known. Nevertheless, the chorus of the prostitutes continues its song that manmade global warming is upon us and will roast the planet, melt the ice caps, raise the sea level, and flood vast areas of land."

"And the world sings along, Peter. That's just my point. Society lacks the means to tell the truth when it is flooded with lies."

"Of course the truth is rarely heard that the climate of the earth is determined by solar cycles that gave us all those many ice

ages that have hit us in 100,000-year cycles for the last two million years, interspersed by warm periods like the one we are in, that is ending. The truth used to be taught in the schools. Now the teachers are fired if they tell the truth, and the honest scientists are slandered. They are now called 'global warming deniers' in reference to the crime of 'holocaust denial' that people are put in jail for, especially in Germany. A historian, Eric Zundel, was recently convicted to five years in jail for the thought crime of having gathered forensic evidence that suggests that the Nazi's gas-chamber holocaust couldn't have used cyanide, as is claimed, and therefore might not have happened. He got five years in jail for a scientific proposition that points to a different truth than that which is demanded by political forces in pursuit of an imperial agenda. It is profitable to be seen as a victim."

"But the Nazi holocaust has happened, hasn't it?" interjected Indira.

"Of course it happened," I replied, but without a smile. "It would have been a miracle if it hadn't happened. Fascism causes holocausts. It's a cause and effect relationship. Wherever fascism rules, holocausts happen. And I might add that every empire employs fascism to maintain itself. Hitler wasn't an exception. He was an imperial creation. He was hired to destroy Russia. Except he wanted more. He wanted all of Europe. And so the Western Empire stood up and defended its ground and fought WWII. However, the Western Empire had its holocausts to its 'credit' that it unleashed in its own terror campaigns, like the holocaust against the cities of Dresden, Tokyo, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and many others. In the Dresden holocaust the Western Allies killed 500,000 people in a 14 hours orgy of fire and destruction that burned down an undefended city that was choking with civilian refugees fleeing the war. They burned it down in 14 hours with 700,000 firebombs. The smoke could be seen 800 Km away. They even gunned down the survivors that had managed to flee the firestorm, and they gunned down the rescue convoys. Holocausts like that always happen under the wake of fascism. They happened under Hitler, Stalin, Churchill, Truman, and then again under the modern rulers of the USA and Israel. The age of the holocausts hasn't ended. It's just beginning to get ugly, like with the DDT-ban holocaust, and the global warming holocaust, and many others yet to come like the bio-fuel holocaust. It's insane to deny that fascist holocausts didn't happen, or don't happen. They do happen under the rule of fascism. Of course it is just as insane to put people into jail for trying to compose a truthful account of the historic holocausts. They call them 'holocaust deniers' if they deny the official lie versus truth. They incarcerate them, because their voicing the truth opposes certain imperial political objectives. Now we see the global-warming deniers added to the list, though

without the incarceration at the present time."

"But global warming is real," Indira interjected. "People say, it's getting warmer? They can feel it. How can they not believe the official story that is telling them what they can sense themselves?"

"They can become a sovereign human being, open their mind to the complex domain of science, and discern the truth. Sure, global warming has been happening. It started with the end of the Little Ice Age in the mid-1600s. The world has been getting warmer from then on, then colder again from the 1940s to the 1980s, and then warmer once more until 1997. That's the truth according to on-the-ground measurements. The grand lie about the truth is that industrial development is the cause for it, resulting from manmade greenhouse gases. Whoever denies that doctrine is now labeled a 'global warming denier.' Of course the official global warming lie was invented in 1974 to cover up the fact that the planet was getting cooler from the 1940s to the 1980s. That's when the big industrial development of the world was taking place that threatened the imperials with a new renaissance. This is what they felt had to be stopped. They cried 'global warming' right in the middle of this cooling trend. They needed an excuse to demand the deindustrialization of the world. The global-warming lie gave them that excuse. That's how the global-warming farce was invented that is now killing people under the global-warming-deindustrialization banner. Sure, it was getting warmer again after the 1980s, till 1997, when a new cooling trend was detected at the Solar Terrestrial Institute in Irkutsk in southern Russia. But even at the peak of the so-called global warming in 1997, the global temperature was still way below the much warmer climate of the medieval optimum and even deeper below the Holocene optimum of about 7,000 years ago when there wasn't any human activity happening at all that one could blame for as the global warming prostitutes blame mankind today for the temperature of the planet. We need to spread a banquet table that is richly loaded with the truth and scientific honesty. The lies are killing us."

"The people believe the world is getting warmer and will cause massive deaths as the result of it," Indira interrupted.

"Sure, the climate was getting warmer," I said to Indira. "As I said, we've been recovering from the last Little Ice Age that had bottomed out in the 1600s. The scientific fraud is that this natural trend that is demonstrably linked to solar cycles, is being blamed on human activity. Human activity didn't create the last Little Ice Age, nor did it end it. The last Little Ice Age coincides a low period of sunspot activity that was observed in the 1600s, called the Maunder Minimum. That's what caused the Little Ice Age. The global climate was slowly getting back to normal after the sunspot activity became 'normal' again. There is actually so such thing as a normal climate. The solar-activity cycles, which are always changing, have a great

influence on the amount of the cosmic radiation that is reaching the earth. They deflect some of it, shielding us from cosmic radiation. This shielding effect varies the ionization of the atmosphere, which varies the intensity of cloud formation, which thereby varies the water-vapor contents in the atmosphere. Water vapor is our most important greenhouse contributor. It is responsible for 97% of the greenhouse effect surrounding the earth. It's the water vapor in the atmosphere that is moderating the global climate. The remaining 3% of the greenhouse effect comes from CO₂ in the atmosphere. Of that miniscule amount only 3% is manmade. So, what do you think really controls our climate?"

"Of course the sun controls our climate, but it doesn't control society's stupid response to it, Peter."

"Society itself controls that response, Indira. The imperial climate policy is intentionally suicidal and not only in the face of the coming Ice Age. Whoever promotes the global warming doctrine has a death wish. The doctrine is for genocide. Genocide is on the table, disguised with big fat lies. The banquet table should be heaped with truthfulness, not being loaded up with corpses of mass-genocide covered over with a blanket of lies."

"Unfortunately, society believes the lies to be the truth. Nobody suspects the intention to cause genocide, Peter."

"Of course people believe the lies. That's how the game is designed to work. But if one uncovers the hidden intentions that are carried out, the scene stinks. The liars have huge intentions, Indira. They are serving up a huge banquet table of death, nicely covered with lies and decorated with roses. They tell us that the level of CO₂ concentration in the air is increasing so that we have to cut back on our living to save the earth. They point to historic ice core samples, which show a precise correlation between CO₂ trends and the global-temperature trends. They parade these samples as proof of their doctrine, going back into geologic history all the way through the ice ages. However they conveniently omit to mention that the temperature trends precede the CO₂ trends by 800 years. Whenever an ice age ends and the earth warms up, the CO₂ levels increase, but that increase lags behind 800 years since it takes that long for the oceans to warm up and increase their life-cycle activities. Most of the atmospheric CO₂ comes from the oceans. The liars omit to say that the CO₂ level changes are the natural after-effect of the temperature changes. Under the cover of this denial of the truth reflected in these kinds of lies by omission, and there are many more such lies, they demand the deindustrialization of all the nations on earth. Their goal is to literally kill off four-fifths of mankind. They used to state this openly. They are hiding it now, especially that their global warming doctrine is by intention a program for mass-genocide. Mass-genocide has been on the imperial agenda ever

since the British Empire was born, and still is. We saw it promoted by such notable 'butchers with lies' as Malthus, Darwin, Galton, Wells, and Russell. Malthus wanted the poor killed, Darwin the weak, Galton the politically undesirable. Russell widened the scene and complained that wars don't kill enough people in general, suggesting that biological warfare should be instigated. The Royal Consort, later, piped the same tune. Prince Phillip once openly stated in the preface for a book that he wished he could be reincarnated to become a 'particularly deadly virus,' evidently to inflict mass-genocide. For all we know, he might have stood behind the development of AIDS as a particularly deadly virus. The imperials want the world-population reduced to one billion people, involving mass genocide on an unimaginable scale. Now they are implementing evermore deadly ways to get this done that already made AIDS an insignificant nuisance in comparison. AIDS has killed over 25 million people so far, worldwide, while the DDT ban has killed its 200 million. The global warming doctrine is set up to supercede even this horror and might have already done so with its genocidal demands to shut down industrial processes and energy production throughout the planet, without which society cannot exist. And as if this insanity was not suicidal enough, the imperials are now adding the bio-fuels project to the list of their programs for mass-genocide by diverting food away from human consumption, to be distilled into motor fuel that takes more energy to create than it gives back. These programs are all about mass-genocide on a bone-chilling scale, Indira. Mass-genocide has deep imperial roots in history. The seed ideology was developed as far back in time as the Venetian Empire where the monk Giammaria Ortes 'scientifically' formulated the argument for mass-genocide. That is the background where the global warming doctrine fits in. It's an imperial doctrine for mass-genocide. The Venetian Empire started the program on a small scale by organizing the murderous Crusades. Now the imperials have expanded the game. They are decking a huge banquet table of death for this program that is loaded with heaps of this shit. It already stinks to high heaven of rotting corpses. That's the glorious New World of Poverty, Indira, that is erupting all over the world especially in Africa where economic development is actively prevented."

"You are brutal," Indira responded.

"Why would you call me brutal when I am calling for a richly loaded banquet table that we need to have to save civilization and mankind? Without a scientific and technological renaissance the erupting poverty will decimate mankind and the coming Ice Age will wipe out what is left. When the return of the Ice Age hits us, which might happen in 50 or 100 years, it won't take much of a cooling trend to disable 80% of the world's agriculture. A three-degree drop in global temperature might be enough to have that kind

of an effect. However, in a full-blown Ice Age we might face a twenty-degree drop in global average temperature. In other words, the world doesn't need a full-blown Ice Age to lose almost all of its food supply, which totally depends on the current warm climate. People should realize that our present civilization has developed almost entirely during the last 10,000 years of the wonderfully warm interglacial climate, called the Holocene. This holiday is now over. The current interglacial warm period has run its course. Much of it has been wasted with imperial dark ages. We are in the boundary zone where anything can happen. We need an emergency-style response now in order to meet the challenge before us. But what do we see happening. We see the world's banquet table, small as it is, completely cleared of truthfulness and heaped up with garbage. Am I brutal in saying this? I think if anyone is brutal in this scene, it is society itself, shooting itself in the foot before the race for its very existence begins."

"But the atmospheric CO₂ contents has been steadily increasing 30% since the industrial revolution. Hasn't it Peter? They say the evidence for that is locked into the ice of glaciers."

"No there hasn't been a steady increase," I countered her. "There have been big swings that have been measured and documented over the last hundred years, which are not reflected in the ice core samples. It is well understood why this is so, but this understanding is ignored. The supposed steady increase in the CO₂ level is based on fraud. Every competent scientist knows that the gases trapped in ice get compressed when the ice builds up for centuries. As the pressure is increasing some gases escape, some become crystallized, and some dissolve into liquids in the ice. When deep ice core samples are drilled out and brought into the open, the pressure is suddenly removed. The gases expand. Ice cracks. Micro-fissures are formed. Some of the trapped gases escape through the fissures. When the remaining gases are measured the deep samples yield up to 30% less of the historic gases, as one would expect. This phenomenon is well understood. Nevertheless the phenomenon is ignored and the distorted result is presented as proof that there were 30% fewer greenhouse gases prior to the industrial revolution. Evidently, what the world is presented thereby is basically scientific fraud. Then, on the basis of this fraud the Kyoto accord demands that society eliminate 85% of its energy production. The demand amounts to intentional genocide. Now the prostitutes in the scientific community that are paid well for selling themselves to their masters stand ready to adding another fraud on top of the original fraud. They cry that we can eliminate the manmade CO₂ output from motor fuels by using ethanol in our cars, which is an alcohol fuel distilled from fermenting corn and other foodstuff. Their excuse is that burning alcohol doesn't produce carbon dioxide. However, they quietly

fail to mention that it takes a larger amount of fossil fuel energy to produce the bio-fuel than the bio-fuel gives back. The whole program is a fundamental fraud designed to cause food shortages by fermenting food into motor fuel as another means for mass-genocide. That is how the well-paid prostitutes in the sciences are aiding the timeless imperial imperative to prevent any possible renaissance in the world that would eliminate the imperial system. This leaves the question of what we must do to get a rich measure of truth back onto the banquet table of mankind? Yes, Indira, we have to clear the garbage off the table, but between that and heaping the table up with truthfulness in such a measure that a new renaissance results, lies a long road. It is no longer valid to say that in time we will get there. Time is running out, Indira. 'Some day' won't cut it. 'Some day' is today."

"Would scientific honesty really change the world?" said Indira. "Aren't you expecting a bit too much?"

"Scientific honesty would prevent the millions of uranium bombs from being used that are presently pre-positioned," I said to her. "Scientific honesty might prevent the extinction of mankind. Am I expecting too much? That, all by itself, would give a chance to survive. But much smaller aspects of scientific honesty would also change the world. The American 911-terror event killed less than 4,000 people when the World Trade Center towers were collapsed in New York. The 911-event caused a global outrage, and rightfully so, but is anyone raising an eyebrow over the silent killing that America is forcing on mankind on an enormously larger scale. I am not even talking about the holocaust of America's war on terror that is really a war of terror, in which over half a million were killed, with that holocaust still ongoing. I am thinking of something much bigger, something much worse. I am referring to the biggest holocaust of all times that was unleashed with the 1972 global ban of the DDT pesticide. In slightly over two decades of its use, DDT prevented 500 million human deaths by malaria that otherwise would have been inevitable. By 1972 malaria was almost eradicated with DDT spraying to control the transmitting mosquito. In 1972 this worldwide lifesaver was banned. As one honest opponent had put it, the DDT was banned 'because it enables too many people to live.' Six years after the ban malaria was back with 800 million cases per year, with eight million deaths per year. Presently malaria afflicts between 300 and 500 million people every year and is causing nearly three million deaths worldwide, mainly among children under five years of age. In Africa, all by itself, every 30 seconds a person dies of malaria, usually a child. That holocaust goes on 24 hours a day, months after months, year after year. And the reason for the ban that causes this holocaust, is scientific fraud. The man who banned the DDT pesticide, who thereby killed more human beings with the stroke of

a pen than were killed in all the wars of the last hundred years, including the Nazi holocaust, has stated publicly that DDT has an amazing and exemplary record of safe use. He emphasized that it does not cause cancer or any toxic response in human beings or in animals, and that it is not harmful the environment. Nevertheless he forced the ban through under political pressure by a prostituted scientific community that lied through its teeth for a few pennies from the imperial moneybags. The honest scientific community has disproved all of the hysteric claims against the DDT pesticide as a danger to man and the environment. Nevertheless the empire's agents that seem to dictate the shape of prostituted science got the genocide that their masters wanted. That is how America has become the most ferocious killer in the entire history of mankind. The American holocaust has already killed more people in the 34 years since the start of America's DDT ban than the worst holocausts in history, including horrific holocaust of female genocide in India that has killed 200 million people over the span of three millennia. Would scientific honesty, even at this late date change the world? You bet it would change the world. It would put an end to the American holocaust that is still ongoing, that is the biggest holocaust in human history. Scientific honesty would shut down the lies and their effect. Scientific honesty would unravel the imperial system that has always demanded genocide to protect its power by keeping the population small, poor, and impotent. The famous imperial agent of 'pacifism,' Bertrand Russell, was rather blunt about the imperial policy of intention. He wrote back in 1953 that the increase of the human population must be enormously diminished. As I said, his take was that war has been disappointingly inefficient for mass-genocide, complaining that even the big wars don't kill enough people. He argued for bacteriological war so that a Black Death would sweep the world once in every generation. And he added that such a proposal might be somewhat unpleasant, 'but what off it?' He noted that really high-minded people are indifferent to life and happiness, especially other peoples'. That is what we see reflected in America's DDT-ban holocaust. America has become an imperial agent, promoting the perversion of science to inflict mass-genocide. That the genocide is intentional is reflected in the America's 1974 National Security Study Memorandum 200 that called Third World populations a U.S. security risk as the Third-World people would use up their natural resources for their development, which the Western Empire would have need of in future years. This policy of intention to depopulate the Third World became a policy in fact once the means were developed. The prostitution of science evidently played a big role in carrying out the intended policy. Of course nobody wants to admit the connection, but the timing of the resulting events tells its own story. Within three years after NSSM200 became policy AIDS erupted. It

was spread via an experimental vaccination against hepatitis B in the big American cities in 1978 that targeted the homosexual community. A year later AIDS broke out among the homosexuals, beginning with the test subjects. A year after that AIDS erupted in Africa. The African AIDS was of a different type that primarily affected heterosexuals. All of that happened in the background to a massive scientific effort to develop a cancer-causing virus under a study program for fighting cancer. It seems that the virus development program was highly successful and was quietly applied to the long-standing imperial goals to achieve mass-genocide. It would have been easy in those days to apply the already developed processes for creating viruses to the desired imperial goals. A few 'highly motivated' imperial prostitutes in the sciences would likely have been more than willing to please their masters for a few pennies."

"We can't ignore that they did their job well," said Indira. "They didn't develop merely a new Black-Death plaque, as you said Russell called for. They developed a virus that also attacks the banquet table of mankind's love for one another."

"They attacked the very process of universal love that stood behind the renaissance in which the temples of Khajuraho were created," I said to Indira. "They created a virus that targets the Principle of Universal Love. Evidence suggests that they created two different types of these viruses simultaneously. They created a type that is primarily infectious to the rectal tissue that is the contact point in homosexual sex. This type was unleashed in America against the unwanted there. They also created a second type of the same virus that is primarily infectious to the vaginal tissue that happens to be the main contact point in heterosexual sex. This second type was unleashed in Africa against the unwanted there, the general population."

"Couldn't all of that have happened accidentally, Peter?"

"Maybe it happened accidentally, Indira. Or maybe it didn't. It is possible that the homosexual AIDS virus, which erupted first in the timeline, has been spread within a year from America, where it erupted, to Africa and in the process transformed itself into a primarily heterosexual infectious virus. It is also possible that two different strains were created intentionally for specific targets. In either case we'll never know. The science-prostitutes that would have been involved in creating the targeted viruses would likely have had a short life after their usefulness expired. So, we'll never know. But we do know that the outcome matches the imperial agenda of mass-genocide. AIDS has so far killed 25 million people and has infected 40 million more that are in the process of dying, and turned 12 million children into orphans. And the process goes on. Every 15 seconds another person becomes infected somewhere on the planet. So tell me, Indira, was this the outcome of an intentional program?"

If it was, Bertrand Russell would be disappointed. He expected more killing. Indeed, in comparison with the scope of America's DDT-holocaust, which is completely intentional, AIDS is a small thing in terms of its killing potential. As Russell said, the really high-minded in the imperial circles are aiming for a much larger world-population reduction. Some U.N. sources put the mass-genocide goal in the range of five billion people. They've been talking about their intention for mass-depopulation for decades. America's new uranium bombs, when dropped by the millions, might give them the world of their dreams. They want the world population reduced to below the one-billion mark. The American uranium bomb will likely over-achieve this goal by a large measure. The stage is already set for this happen. And once again we see the stage protected and covered up with scientific dishonesty. It's all a part of America's willing self-prostitution to the ideology of the imperial holocaust against mankind. The imperial policy of intention is to continue to vastly expand this holocaust and to play this game on all possible fronts. They are scared to lose their empire. But they are also insane as they are toying with types of holocaust that are irreversible."

"Maybe there is no scientific dishonesty involved at all then when the military scientists proclaim that the uranium bomb is benign," said Indira. "It is a matter of objective to then which determines what is deemed benign. That is why they can say that it is 'efficient' to put the nuclear waste into bombs, which is otherwise expensive to store. They say, the goal of weapons of war is to kill people efficiently and effectively."

"That is why I say that we have no options but to clear their crap of the banquet table and heap it up with the products of the Principle on Universal Love," I interjected. "Our military people obviously agree with Bertrand Russell that really high-minded people are oblivious to human suffering, especially that of other peoples," I said to Indira. "And that high-minded indifference is also felt by your people. It is hitting India already very hard. Worldwide diabetes has increased from 30 million cases to 230 million cases since the dirty uranium bomb was developed. A large chunk of this increase occurred in India. In India diabetes is reaching epidemic proportions now that seems to reflect India's close proximity to Afghanistan, the world's second major dumping ground for uranium bombs. The whole world is already affected, but more so India as the stuff drifts over the Himalayas. America too was hit hard with a 6-fold increase in new lung cancers, according a CNN report last year. But we find the impact the worst on the soldiers. We had half a million soldiers serving in the First Iraq War. More than a quarter million live on permanent disability, and more than ten thousand have already died. Indications are that the trend is even worse for America's Second Iraq War. And now it appears that the uranium bombing of Iraq and

Afghanistan was just a trail run for studying the efficiency in preparation for the real objective. In the perverted imperial sense of looking at people the uranium bombing might indeed be considered to have been benign, but only in this high-minded perverted sense. To those suffering the cancers, the birth defects, and close to a hundred other diseases, this genocidal holocaust that the military 'scientists' consider benign is already in its trial stages a full-blown holocaust that rivals the Nazi holocaust and probably has already superseded it. Right now the banquet table is loaded with a deadly poison. This crap needs to be cleared off the table before any more people taste of it and die, or we all die. Of course an empty table won't do either. It has to be heaped up with products of love. A flood tide of love has to clear the crap off the table, or else love itself has no meaning."

"It seems to me that the Black Death holocaust that Bertrand Russell had advocated has turned out to be inefficient," said Indira in a sad tone of voice. "Even the worst case of biological warfare that has ever been developed, as AIDS illustrates, falls far short to meeting the imperial objective. Obviously, a non-biological agent had to be developed. The uranium bomb seems to fit this requirement."

"With their forked tongue the imperials call their dirty uranium bomb, the depleted uranium bomb," I interjected. "People say that this is a misnomer since there is nothing depleted about them as it takes countless billions of years for uranium to lose its radioactive property and decay into lead. I must disagree with them. In the imperial sense of things the dirty uranium bomb should be called the depleted uranium bomb. Their already demonstrated intention is that mankind will be depleted with the use of this bomb. It's the ultimate imperial weapon. It reflects the imperial insanity perfectly."

Indira laughed. "It defines the imperials as empty creatures that were once human, but have depleted their humanity in the process of playing their inhuman games. Imperialism is a disease that depletes a person's humanity and creates monsters. That's what the Spanish artist Francisco Goya discovered 200 years ago and illustrated in countless prints. I remember seeing one ghastly print, called 'the loss of reason creates monsters,' or something to that effect. In the print a human being is shown being asleep with his head resting on an empty table. Is Goya saying that mankind has put its own head onto the banquet table as an offering to the gods, with the monsters in the background filling the scene. That's the modern imperial world, Peter, isn't it? What a ghastly scene!"

"Oh I see I can rest my case now," I said in agreement and began to laugh too. "You seem to get some sense of the huge challenge that we are facing. It appears that uranium has been chosen by the imperials as their new agent for the mass-destruction of

mankind. That what the imperial objective calls for. And you are right, that is what mankind is laying itself down to die for, completely without a fight or even a whimper of protest. The vaporized radioactive particles of uranium that are smaller than the wavelengths of light can get into the most intimate places of the human body, into places that even some viruses can't get into, and do horrific damage there. This uranium poison can now be easily produced at any desired quantity since the recycling of uranium for reactor fuel has been banned. The fast breeder reactor is dead. It's been killed politically by a dead society that is fast destroying its future. Its decapitating sleep in a senseless insanity has produced by default an infinite supply of dirty uranium for the production of bombs. The uranium bomb appears to be the fulfillment of Russell's desires. It's a disease agent that is undefeatable, incurable, is dirt-cheap to produce with vast resources on hand, and is a potent killer that needs to be unleashed only once from which point it keeps on killing forever. The uranium bomb is the most efficient warfare machine ever developed by imperial 'science' in the entire history of mankind. Its killing potential is so great that America's DDT-holocaust that has killed well over 200 million people already is a minuscule 'blib' in comparison. Maybe that's another way then of looking at Goya's print, 'the sleep of reason produces monsters.' The obvious answer to our dilemma is to get our head off the table, hold it high, and that standing erect we become committed to loading the banquet table up into feast of love, a feast rich with the melodies of joy for being human erupting into a profound dancing that never stops."

"Would you expect America to stop its DDT-holocaust then in the near future?" Indira asked. "Why would America keep on with it if this holocaust is already obsolete as it has been far superceded?"

"Fortunately we are not at this point yet, Indira. The final step has not yet been taken. The final holocaust can still be avoided. Even the planned holocaust of the worldwide financial collapse can be avoided. I predict that they will both be avoided. I am saying this because mankind is a highly intelligent species. The German poet Goethe wrote a play a few hundred years ago in which a man sold his soul to the devil in a pact sealed with blood towards the moment at which he would feel complete fulfillment. The devil worked hard to win his soul. He gave him all that he wanted, that he though would give him fulfillment, but it never did. Nothing that the devil could provide produced fulfillment. At last the man became involved in building a great public work, damming off a part of the sea to create new land for human habitation that would uplift the lives of many people. At its completion, as he perceived it, the man felt completely fulfilled. His life now meant something. At that point the devil arrived to claim his price, to take the man's soul. But here,

at the funeral scene, the heavens intervene. Angels prevent the devil from claiming his price. It appears that the pact with the devil wasn't fulfilled at all. The man's goal hadn't been won by any means that the devil had provided, but by the Principle of Universal Love. The devil was told in essence that he had been foolish in making a pact that he could never really win, because a good man, and that really covers all humanity, Indira, is well aware of the right path on which our humanity asserts itself and becomes a great light in the world."

"You expect the banquet table of mankind to represent the Principle of Universal Love, don't you?" said Indira.

I nodded. "But even as we get there we find another gap that lies between the recognition of this principle and the practice of it," I countered her.

"This critical gap that you are talking about had evidently been bridged once a thousand years ago when the great renaissance was created in which the temples of Khajuraho were built," said Indira. "This means that all the roads to civilization lead back to the temples of Khajuraho and the great temple of the Taj Mahal that was built within a few centuries of that renaissance. This means that sex has a central place on the banquet table of civilization. Isn't it amazing, Peter, what a great treasure we stumbled on by exploring this profound background. It is amazing what popped into view during those few days in Khajuraho that we had devoted to looking at the world with our eyes open? It looks like we are ready now for our own banquet table."

"Sex is one of the key elements that Goethe dealt with in the play of the man's transformation. The man started as a student seeking enlightenment, but without a proper sense of our divine humanity he felt empty inside, driven by a blind rage. He became engaged with a woman named Gretchen in his empty state. In total blindness to what she offered him, a kind of blindness to our universal humanity, he destroyed her life. He wasted her gift, being unaware of the emptiness of his dark rage that seeks fulfillment without reason and humanity. Nevertheless, in the end of the play, it is that very woman who pleads for him with the powers of heaven. Thus Goethe presents the female of humanity as an element of the process of redemption. That is why the imperials will not win, Indira. They cannot sidestep the redeeming power of the female in humanity that won't let humanity die. Like the devil in the play, the imperials won't get their price. The Principle of Universal Love will intercede, even though it appears today that the Principle of Universal Love is dead in human realm. In real terms it can never die. It is a part of what we are as human beings. It is a part of our universal Soul. It seems that Goethe understood this and that the people of Khajuraho understood this, and that we are beginning to understand this as well."

"We have made a great breakthrough in Khajuraho and later at the Taj Mahal without even realizing it at first," said Indira.

"Did you realize that the amazing banquet at the Taj Mahal is merely the first course of an endless banquet sponsored by the Principle of Universal Love?" I asked.

"But will we be able to help mankind to enrich its own banquet table with it?" she asked. "Will we be able to do it richly enough in our own life to reflect this principle, and strongly enough, and soon enough?"

"No one can answer that," I said to her. "But do we really need an answer? We are presently in the boundary zone to hell, what justification do we have to tarry and not forge ahead as fast as we can? Shouldn't we pull all the stops out? We have to get out of the boundary zone to hell as fast as possible. That alone should drive our actions. We need to get ourselves into a new boundary zone towards that opens to a new renaissance. That should be our sufficient motivator. Pulling all the stops out means to me that we are creating a renaissance of our own right here with a huge banquet table, heaped full. And, Indira, that is what we must do. A banquet table has to be rich and nourishing, or else it is of no use. It is not enough to just clear the imperial crap off it. The big task is to put things on it that are nourishing, that build a renaissance, that strengthen civilization. We have to put 'Gretchen' onto the table. Scientific honesty is only one of the items. We have to add spiritual honesty too, and sex as a spiritual dimension. The banquet table has to be richly decked with universal principles, the profound kind of stuff that enables us to live like human beings, even divine human beings and co-workers with the Creator."

"We are already doing this to some degree," said Indira. "We are taking ore out of the ground and coax energy from it to power our world. Then we stepped up to the development of nuclear fission power. None of that exists naturally anywhere in the universe, but it exists here. We human beings have created the process that makes the unnatural possible. We have already wrought great miracles with our humanity."

"There you have it!" I interjected. "We've got now some nourishing olives on our banquet table of civilization. But we can have much more than just olives. We can have high temperature nuclear fusion energy that enables us to take apart material molecules and build out of them different ones according to our desires, even to the point of enriching the atomic structures themselves to create isotopes for materials and processes we haven't yet dreamed of. We haven't even begun to experience the boundless freedoms that await us in the world of new physical principles that are all accessible by the riches of our humanity. We are still at the threshold of it. We have added a few other morsels to go with the olives,

but there is a lot yet than can be added."

"Is this a part of the Principle of Scientific Honesty?" Indira asked. "Or is it something unique, like a white onion for the banquet table? Maybe we should call it the Principle of Endless Discovery of Our Riches, a kind of metaphysics giving a new face to physics."

"A part of this is called 'The Isotope Economy,' I interjected. "But I am also thinking about purely spiritual principles that lay before us to be discovered, like the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind. We know it exists, but we don't know yet in what form it should be represented on the banquet table. It can unfold in many forms. It can unfold in the form of a community of principle, or it can unfold in the form of a church, which in fact might be the same thing. Or it can also be expressed in the form of a temple that is alive with celebration, the celebration of you, Indira, for example."

"A temple is a place where people congregate for worship," interjected Indira. She paused, then grinned. "The vulva is a temple too. The Taj is a different kind of temple. And the temples of Khajuraho are a different form of temple again. In comparison with that, a Church is a workhouse. A temple is for celebration, and a Church is for development. Maybe our universal marriage as human beings should come to light in both? Mary's scene of the inside of the mansion of mankind doesn't show any these wider dimensions of our universal marriage as human beings. It shows the small sense of marriage that she defines as a tragic error. Evidently that larger sense is something that needs yet to be developed."

"What Mary shows in that small scene reflects neither the concept of Church nor the concept of Temple," I said to Indira. "She suggests that this is the general model of society, but that this model is an obstruction versus the truth. This means we have to clear the obstruction out of the way, get the obstructing element off the table and put the universal concept of marriage on it that embraces all mankind and has two distinct faces, that of Church and that of Temple."

Indira's answer was a long drawn out kiss.

We 'celebrated' that unfolding idea for the rest of the day. We worked with it. We explored it. We celebrated it wherever we went, and we went to many places that day during our stroll down Chandi Chock.

"The term 'Chandi Chock' means this is a place that is 'chock' full with beautiful things," said Indira. "Isn't that a fit place for us to celebrate the riches of our banquet table as we heap it up ever higher?"

I agreed. "Maybe we should also visit India's nuclear energy research center where the future riches of India are being created and are heaped up with the riches of mankind's divinity as human beings in a process in which society touches the heart of itself in

its reflection of the Creator Principle."

Chapter 11 - In the Flow of the Dance

By the next morning our dance had widened. It had gradually extended into every place of the apartment; the balcony; the kitchen; to the sink where we had to wash the dishes that hadn't been done the night before; to the counter where we had both been preparing the morning meal. Our dance festival that day took on many dimensions with a spontaneous eruption of movement that is typical in dancing, determined by the flow of the music. This time the music was our own, although there was soft background music on the radio.

Indira wore her giant yellow silk shirt again and I a similar black one, a Samurai type shirt made in China that I got from a shop on our relaxation street, the famous Chandni Chowk in Old Delhi. Indira commented that we, in our contrasting gowns, represent the merging of heaven and earth, adding a new dimension to our private erotic 'dance' festival, which she said with a grin the dancers of Khajuraho probably wouldn't dare come even close to."

I added that our widened dance also widened the meaning of Helen's concept of the universal kiss.

"Maybe our widened dance only widens your perception of it," said Indira.

I nodded. "I can still remember the night when Helen invited me to her home in Leipzig fifteen years ago," said to Indira. "I was so enthralled with her that I wanted to touch her hair. Shyly I asked for permission. She said that I could touch anything I wanted to if I would do so honestly. I didn't know then what she meant with being honest about it. I think I am finally beginning to discover what she might have meant. I said yes that night and touched her right in the kitchen. I touched her hair and other parts of her. But was I honest with myself then? I have puzzled about this for years. I don't think I had been honest. The element of 'dancing' was missing. The joy of celebration was missing. Our meeting hadn't been a merging of heaven and earth, the divine reflected in the human, the merging of a whole range of beauty into movements of joy powered by love. I felt more like a beggar being awed by the banquet table. But I think we are getting to the honesty here that she suggested one must demand."

I suggested to Indira that the principle of our universal

marriage as human beings is the inevitable reflection of the divine Principle that John the Revelator had recognized when he visually the ultimate face of mankind as 'a woman clothed with the sun.' "Isn't that a perfect metaphor for the merging of heaven and earth? Goethe saw his ideal woman as earthy but John saw that same woman the highest image of mankind in an escalating recognition that culminated in his awareness of the ultimate end of all evil. I think we are on the right track. That honesty towards the truth is slowly coming to the foreground. Of course it demands celebration. Being clothed with the sun is a dual metaphor that combines brilliance and celebration. That's the temple equivalent of understanding and acknowledgment."

I suggested to Indira that we had already recognized to some degree what the Revelator had seen as the human future. "Scientific honesty now demands us to respond to this truth to the greatest extent possible, and so does our honesty with ourselves."

I pointed out to Indira that since sex is a part of our humanity, it can't be excluded from it. It's a part of the sun that renders us brilliant. It must be uplifted and be acknowledged with such openness that the barriers against the unfolding of our humanity fall away in all other regards as well. I suggested to Indira that we must all respond to what is true as far as we are able to grasp it. I added that we will do so willingly, because we find it already unfolding in our heart in spite of all the barriers that are set up against in the world universal love. I said that we move with this inevitably, because universal love is a natural element of every human being. I suggested that the barriers have no place and no power.

"The barriers are like thin pains of glass that we have set up out of fear," I said to her. "That's all what the barriers are that traditionally divide people, sexually and emotionally, that isolate society into private little enclaves. The slightest stirring of a new wind shatters these barriers of thin glass. We respond with joy as we see them disappear. We celebrate the day with great celebrations, with wine, and with chocolates, and with a profusion of roses."

"Oh yes, a profusion of roses!" said Indira with a twinkle in here eye. "A profusion of roses is a perfect metaphor with which to celebrate the shattering of glass and the end of the age of barriers. That age should have never been started. Let's have no more of it here! Let's make sure that the old game ends and the roses never wilt."

"The puck stops here," I said. "That's what we would say in America. We block the puck. It stops here. We turn the game around and win."

"But why play games at all, Peter? Even if the whole world likes to play games, we don't have to be part of it. We don't have to follow suite."

"Right, we can lay the 'hokey stick' aside and start a whole New World that isn't built on a game. We can make everything new, and everything vital, and celebrate its vitality with every fiber of our being," I added.

"This means we have to enter our New World with celebration," said Indira with a grin. "We have to add celebration upon celebration to our forever Peter-and-Indira-day. In fact we have a whole new category to celebrate now. How about an forever sex-day celebration. I don't mean this in the cheap kind of sense, but in the profound sense."

I nodded in agreement. I paused. I couldn't think of anything to add. "Do you know what that means?" I added after moments of silence.

"No Peter, the real question is, do YOU know what I am saying?" Indira replied with a smile.

"OK, tell me, what do you think that I think you were saying," I replied and took a sip of tea from my cup without taking my eyes off her. I couldn't hide that she captivated me, not that I wanted to hide my excitement. I hoped that the unfolding 'magic' would unfold evermore.

"I think that you are thinking that the whole of Christianity is fundamentally hypocritical," she said. "That's what you have been saying all along. You are saying that Christianity has become paradoxical. It pretends to be the great champion of love, but it forces love into isolation. That's a contradiction. The so-called holy matrimony that builds a fence around a person and shuts out half of humanity, has been made into one of the fundamental elements of Christianity, has it not? Holy matrimony they call it? But how holy is it? It has shut out the Christ itself. The Christ represents the Principle of Universal Love, and Jesus exemplified it. Now, you come along and are standing up in front of the whole world as a rebel and proclaim that this entire notion that Christianity has come to stand for is invalid as a platform, and rightfully so because it denounces the Principle of Universal Love as unholy. It denounces the Christ!"

India began to laugh. As she did, the radiance of her smile became bright with the morning sun.

"Yes, I suppose, that is what I am doing," I replied somewhat astonished. "This means that you understand me better than I understand myself. But what else can I do, but instigate a rebellion. I mean no harm of course, and no harm will come from it, because I'll only block the movement of mistakes that cause harm. Then I have to stand up and correct the mistakes. Does this constitute a rebellion? It does to the small-minded. In reality I'm merely moving to higher ground. I said before, I'm committed to leaving the old ground behind me, stepping out of the rut so to speak where people

play their little games. This stepping up to a higher level of perception that may appear revolutionary to those who are stuck in mud with the old narrow-minded version of love, which is really a perversion of Christianity. Eradicating errors always involves a revolutionary act. However, this correcting rebellion doesn't destroy anything. It takes us to a higher level than that where the problems are rooted. It uplifts everything and makes everything vital."

Indira smiled and stood up and went to the balcony railing, leaning over it. She didn't say anything in reply, but a minute later she turned around and waved a finger at me. "Are you trying to deceive me?" she asked. "Are you trying to spare me the difficult part by not telling me the whole story about your discovery?"

I stood up and joined her. "I did tell you the whole story, honestly, Indira. I left nothing out."

"No you didn't. You told me only half the story," she said and began to grin. "Or maybe you don't know the whole story. That I can accept."

"What did I leave out?" I said surprised.

"You really don't know, do you?" she said and straightened herself up, facing me. "The principle of our universal marriage as human beings is only half the story. You spoke of the Christ idea that represents the divinity of man, which you said, kept pooping up throughout history. If this is so, then divine Principle is the source of all good. It has to be. Consequently, there can be but one manifestation of good; one single, all-embracing good. This good must be universal. Universal marriage, as profound as this concept is by itself, is but a part of the higher principle of universal good; and by what you said, so is sex in the same context. That's what you left out. That's what we have yet to discover. It seems to me that the principle of the universality of good gives us a flavor of what we are looking for to discover. It seems to me that good cannot be divided into little parts. By chopping it up into fragments we would deny the actual nature of good. Such an act would be paramount to denying the principle of good itself. That's what you left out, Peter. You said not a word about it, as if you didn't know. So, why didn't you tell me about the Principle of the Unity of all Good?"

I shook my head. "I hadn't considered that lately, Indira. I had focused on this principle once in the beginning, but then I got away from it after I made a big mess of things in Russia during a conference there. I suppose my thinking became too small after, too small to embrace the principle again, of the universal unity of good." I began to laugh. "This may have been the reason why nothing had worked for us anymore afterwards. The whole lot of us back home have been stuck in a rut for twelve years. No one thought anymore in terms of such principles, not even the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, though this principle was the key element for the

Peace of Westphalia in 1648 that stopped close to a century of war. Only after Ross' discovery of the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind did things gradually begin to turn around. Yes, we understood that there was such a thing as the Principle of Universal Love, but that seemed too far out of reach; too theoretical. Now, however, with Ross' discovery of Mary's work added, things began moving again. If this turnaround hadn't happened I wouldn't have been here. And now you stand before me and say that one good leads to another in a grand unity, reflecting the Principle of the Universal Unity of Good. That puts an even a brighter light on everything that is happening here and what must still be happening."

"So I see, you agree with me," said Indira. "One unfolding good leads to another. It unfolds in an endless spiritual chain reaction so long as we don't block a step. That means, no game playing!"

"Actually you are wrong," I countered her. "I don't merely agree with you, Indira, I love what you are putting before me. It's a grand concept. I've been touched by it before, but then lost it. I don't know how I lost sight of it. Helen had spoken extensively of the Peace of Westphalia principle. She had put it on the map for me. I remember now that I had argued with myself at one point about a vague concept that I gleaned from her. One good thing seemed to happen after another as if it was one single gigantic movement of unfolding good. A lot of things had happened then. I think I called it the Principle of the Indivisibility of Good! But then the good things stopped. There was something that we missed, that didn't do, that stopped it. Now it seems to me that since Mary's concept of the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind came to light something is happening again, which I came to India to present to you. It appears that the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind is actually built on the Principle of the Universal Unity of Good. The two are linked. One appears to be a manifestation of the other. I just wonder why I hadn't recognized that before."

"The builder of the temples of Khajuraho appear to have recognized this a thousand years ago, Peter. They had been celebrating it, building temples for the celebration."

My comment drew out a smile from her. It made her face radiate with a quiet joy that might have been saying; there you see, Peter, India is not such a backward place as you might have thought.

I told her in response that I felt honored to be associated with a person like her, someone with such deep insight. "Your discovery of what might be the most profound principle really adds a lot to everything, doesn't it?" I said. "A lot of things suddenly come into focus that I hadn't considered before. It makes things better. So who is the leader here? I also recognize that the Principle

of the Universal Marriage of Mankind isn't something that we must labor to make real. It is the reality of our being. It what we start with. We only need to understand it, and acknowledge it, in order to build on it for its unfolding good."

"The Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind actually acknowledges the indivisibly of good," said Indira.

"Yes, and it acknowledges the unity of good," I added, "which reflects the same principle.

Indira nodded. "It's as natural as the rain!" she said.

"You made a profound discovery of a profound principle," I said to her and embraced her for it. "It comes across so natural that one is inclined to say why haven't I known this always."

"I have also discovered a very practical principle," she added. "We experience its truthfulness every day. Just look at us. We bring to one-another whatever good we have, so that there may be joy in our house, and the good that results is evidently greater than the sum of its parts. Just suppose, Peter, that we kept everything to ourselves, whatever good we have. What joy would that cause? None whatsoever. In fact, we would feel exceedingly poor. Therefore we must do the opposite. We must bring our good to one-another universally. We started small, the two of us, and look the sky is already filled with stars and there are fireworks going off everywhere."

"You said essentially the same thing that a friend of mine had once said to me a long time ago," I interrupted her. "He had said, the we bring to each other our love with which to enrich one-another's existence. He saw this as a matter of choice. You see it as a scientific reality. That's a giant step forward. Indeed, we bring our good to one-another in order to be able to experience its substance."

"Would you say then that we apply this principle by choice, Peter?"

"We apply it by choice, Indira, though really out of necessity since we have no other choice."

"We apply it in order that we are able to experience its substance," Indira corrected me. "It appears that we have no choice in the matter, because good cannot exist in isolation. Its substance cannot truly unfold in isolation. If we take a perfect circle, Peter, and snatch a portion of it away, we don't have a circle anymore. The circle has been destroyed. The circle is no longer represented by what remains. Nor is it represented by what is snatched away from it. This means that we have to bring together all the good that we have to rebuild the circle that represents in Principle the Unity of Good. This also means that the greater our generosity is in bringing our good to one-another, the greater will our resulting riches be that we are bound experience. This will happen by choice as a

matter of responding to an universal principle."

I felt that I finally understood from her explanation why Christ Jesus said that a rich man could hardly enter into the kingdom of God. I suggested to Indira that a rich man, by his greedy privatization of the good of society, is literally spitting into face of God in denial of the universal nature of divine Principle. He is denying by his actions the essential nature of the principle's manifestation. He isolates himself from the Principle of Good by denying the universal nature of good. I suggested to Indira that this was by choice. I told her that America was following the rich man's destructive course to the letter and that as a consequence it was now in the final stages of destroying its economy. "There is very little left in our economy that one might call, good," I added.

"Let's go in the opposite direction," said Indira and left the balcony. "Let our universal marriage be to us the manifest acknowledgment of the Principle of the Universal Unity of Good."

"If we do this, if we step up to what is true," I replied calmly and leaned back into my chair, "then we have no choice but to acknowledge what John the Revelator has said when he saw the ultimate face of mankind as a woman clothed with the sun. That's a rich metaphor. He saw her in her native attire, her birthday suit. And he evidently loved what he saw."

"Ultimately, there is nothing complicated about that, is there?" said Indira.

"It's a cakewalk with a scientific hero like you on the scene," I added.

"No, you are the hero," Indira said with a kind expression of concern. "It takes a great deal of courage to stand up in the world against all the ancient traditions, even if the traditions are strangling humanity emotionally and spiritually. You have done this courageously. I, in comparison, have made only one single discovery."

"No Indira, you made a discovery that added a lot of things. Compared to that, I'm not a hero. Perhaps Mary is the real hero. She has put the entire concept of universal love squarely on the table. She has done this way back in 1875. That takes a lot of courage. One of her most fundamental platforms is that God is Love, universal, unconditional Love, and therefore God is divine Principle. That's a fundamental, universal reality as she saw it, which also reflects your discovery of the Principle of the Universal Unity of Good. Maybe you have discovered a correlative to Mary's fourth development stream that represents continuous scientific development. That's something that Helen hadn't recognized, except perhaps as the development of universal healing. In this context I see the principle that you discovered reflected in India's earliest spiritual perceptions of God as 'the One Truly Divine,' the one that has no name or is

known by all names. I believe this concept is mentioned in the earliest Veda. The Veda thereby tells us that no one owns the Principle of Universal Love, or Universal Good. This means that no religion 'owns' God, or culture; or person; or ideology. That makes the Principle of Universal Love and Universal Good as basic as the rain and completely indefinable except in living it, but greater than anything else. I see these principles reflected in every one of the great aspects that Helen did recognize of our humanity. They are our peace, our joy, our power, and our light. Obviously the unfolding of universal Good stands in the middle of all of that in the form of universal Truth, universal Soul, and universal Love."

"Did you know that in the creation song of the Veda, love and the universal intellect are recognized to exist together as a singular concept?" said Indira. "This pioneering concept of the unity of good has become lost. It resurfaced in early Christianity as the concept of Agape, but that too has become lost."

"This means that everything that we require to heal our suffering world has already been recognized and has in part been understood ages ago in India," I said quietly and reverently. "It appears that mankind's response to this recognized Truth goes way back to the earliest beginning of civilization, and not just here in India, but also in Egypt. We find a well developed concept of it in the earliest Egyptian writings."

"You mean the hermetic writings of Egypt," Indira said proudly. "You are referring to the writings of Hermes Trismegistus in which the universal good is called the Logos. It is said that Moses had been a student of Trismegistus and a leading member of the Egyptian priesthood. In this case, the early roots of Christianity are partly anchored in ancient Egyptian culture."

"Precisely," I said. "It is natural for this to be so. It illustrates what Mary defined as the one single universal Soul that she attributed to God. And why should we not regard ourselves as a people of one common universal human Soul that unites us? In historic terms we are one people, one single humanity. We are the outcome of a process of human development that extends across twenty ice ages. We came out of the last ice age with a tiny remnant of only one to ten million people, the remainder of eight species, the sole survivors of humanity on a journey of over two million years. That tells us that we are one people, and that if we don't live as such and cherish and support one another as such we may suffer the fate of the previous seven human species that exist no more. The Principle of Universal Love and Universal Good is evidently the foundation of our being here and the key to our survival. It's the Soul of our humanity. Mankind isn't the child of war, but the offspring of universal Love, and Life, and Truth. Love and truth are the hallmark of human culture. If they are enthroned,

society flourishes. If they are trashed in imperial games civilization collapses. That's been the human experience in universal history. Now we stand at the crossroads with huge challenges before us. If we bury the fundamental principles of our humanity, the principles that got us where we are today, civilization ends and mankind might well end with it. The physical infrastructures are already in place for this end to be imposed. This tells me that the Principle of Universal Love is not an esoteric ideal at all, but is one of the hallmarks of who and what we are as human beings. It's not trivial, but absolutely crucial. It is something we must develop rather than abandon. The ancient cultures understood this, and we would still understand this today if it had not been for the tragic blunder of building empires that isolated and divided the whole of mankind. Our challenge today is that we pull ourselves out of the mess that has been created for four millennia and move forward, that we move forward with the most advanced scientific concepts of all of the profound discoveries, and that we do this more directly and more fully than ever before and thereby create for ourselves a profound renaissance and a greater renaissance than the world has ever seen. Hopefully, this resulting New Renaissance will be of a type that will not erode again as all the other types have. But for this we have to take the renaissance principles all the way to the grassroots level, which are after all the principles of our humanity."

"They are our light, our peace, our power, and our joy," Indira interjected, as if in reference to what I had said about Helen's discovery. "Tell me in which of these categories unfolds your friend's concept of the universal kiss?" she added.

"Helen said it was an aspect of our peace," I replied. I said this gladly, because the unfolding universal kiss was already reflected in the peace that we shared between us as we were exploring the countless aspects of universal love. "But Helen might be wrong," I added. "I would say that the universal kiss is an element of our joy. It's an expression of celebration, isn't it? It's a kind of a temple-dance in the most profound sense."

"Without the universal kiss there would be something spiritually lacking," Indira said with a smile.

"There would be hypocrisy," I replied. "This means that the universal kiss is as natural as the rain that falls onto the earth to refresh it. We should see it unfolding in this natural fashion, refreshing our world, celebrating one another."

"I think I have already lived in the light of such an idea, perhaps not of that specific concept, but I have felt the peace and the joy that is reflected in the universal kiss as we begin to fall more deeply in love with our humanity. Am I not right in saying that? I am sure you feel that peace and joy too. Obviously, Heinrich Heine was aware that there exists something like that, because he

drew these two concepts of good together into one and crowned them with the universal kiss. This means that Helen's concept of the universal kiss adds a whole new meaning to Heinrich Heine's words, I greet you and I kiss you. It's like saying the two are one. It's like saying good is indivisible, meaning that it is only true when it is true universally. What do you think? Do I make sense?"

I just nodded.

"I am glad that Fred didn't say anything to me about Helen's concept of the universal kiss. If he had, I might not have dared to use that greeting that opened the door between us so wide, right off the bat. Then we would have missed a great focus on good. Now I am glad that I did use those words from the poem of Heinrich Heine to greet you with."

"I am glad too," I replied, and responded with another kiss.

"Fred only told me about your concept of marriage as a science," she said. "This was enough for me to be overjoyed, just to hear that it was something greater than merely an institution. But you took the concept even further, so that it comes to light as the element of the most fundamental truth about our humanity, with science being just the gateway to its vast dimension. Do you really know what you put onto the table for us as an open door to understanding the Principle of Universal Love, and for us to be able to acknowledge it in real terms?"

I nodded. "I see it as an exploration of elements of truth unfolding in the flow of Mary's development stream, a river-born exploration where everything moves along?"

"The rivers nourish us," said Indira. "That's the metaphor of rivers, isn't it? We can either allow us to be moved along with their flow as we swim in them and explore their many dimensions," Indira commented, "or we can struggle against them. It appears that both concepts apply the concept of human marriage so that there is nothing stereotyped in our marriage to one another when the union becomes a flow of exploration of the truth about ourselves as human beings."

"And that nourishes the soul," I agreed.

"Can you think of anything more beautiful than that?" she asked and embraced me.

"That's the reality of our being," I replied long moments later, while our embrace still continued. "It reflects our universal humanity," I added quietly. "I find it reflected in your phrase: I greet you and I kiss you."

Our embrace that flowed from this perception lasted a long time until it ended with another kiss.

"Please say those words again my dear and boundless wife and friend," I said to her after our kiss gave way to joyful moments

of us facing each other with a great big smile, standing hand in hand.

"I greet you and I kiss you, my dear and beautiful husband," she said gently and began to grin. "How does it feel to be called that?" she asked.

"Coming from you, it sounds wonderful," I replied. "I hope you feel the same way. It sounds wonderful, even though we used the wrong words. Husband and wife are vertical concepts, aren't they? They don't fit into the lateral lattice of the Principle of Universal Love. Only big concepts apply to the lateral model, such as the concept that we all human beings united by the riches of our divine humanity. That makes us all equal standing side by side with one other. Nothing can be richer than Love, more profound than our human and divine Soul, and more enduring than Truth. These three define our humanity and the lateral lattice that binds us with the strands of their substance that Helen saw as light."

Indira nodded. "This means that we are really married, are I not?" she said.

"Indeed we are and always have been, even while we remain free and sovereign as any bird in the sky," I added. "The beauty of this hour is that we have given ourselves the privilege to explore this truth together, and to explore the bond that our love is forged from heart to heart, a bond that remain forever because of the beauty of its substance and its boundless basis. By this beauty we are rich and enrich one another. And as we do this, the bond that unites us grows stronger. No richer sense of marriage can anyone have than that which is anchored in truth."

"You say that this is our marriage, Peter?" she said and began to grin. "We should call it by a different name, because there is nothing like it in the universe. When people speak of marriage, they speak of the institutional type, consummated by priests or public authorities, which hand out certificates and place people under the marriage laws of the state. A person's autonomy ends at this point, while ours just begins. This radical difference makes it something so different and full of light that we should find a new word for it."

"Don't you think this would be a mistake," I said gently while we continued to face each other on the balcony. "If we were to create a new name for the right kind of marriage, we would create a new division among people, a new caste, a new class. No, Indira, we must keep the old name alive and give it its correct meaning, and its manifestation a correct form. We need to recognize that there is only one principle of marriage possible, not two or three. The principle of marriage is the Principle of Universal Love and Universal Sovereignty all drawn into one. These are the principles of the lateral platform where we stand side by side with one another and for one another. That's Helen's lateral lattice. That's the only true mar-

riage platform and possibly the greatest civil challenge in civilization, which all the lesser marriage platforms will necessarily have to develop towards. These two principles link bring us face to face with our universal humanity, our universal Soul that furnishes the natural bond. The universal marriage bond that encircles all mankind is that natural bond that no one exists outside of. We may pretend of course and force ourselves to live in isolation. This isolates us from ourselves into a dream world. The challenge is to step away from this dream world. Once the principle of universal marriage is acknowledged reflecting the Principle of Universal Love, Universal Sovereignty, and Universal Soul, a universal bond unfolds naturally and undeniably. This is the real marriage that binds mankind to each other, Indira. There exists no other marriage principle. Every other concept of marriage needs to be constantly uplifted towards this boundless form. It might start as a marriage of two that becomes a seed kernel, a center of light that expands and enriches society. Coining another name for marriage would deny the fact that there is but one marriage principle. There can't be two contrasting principles for the same concept, can there be?"

Indira shook her head in agreement.

"Institutional marriages need to develop towards the lateral model," I continued. "If they have been created and acknowledged on a lower platform, the platform needs to be raised, and it will be raised as the identity of the human being is raised and its divinity is being discovered. The institutional marriages often have a lot of artificial elements added that makes them radically different in form, but when the lateral model comes to light in general perception the accepted form will change to reflect universal principles of our being."

"Will this ever happen, Peter? Will we see the day?"

"It's already happening with us," I said and kissed her. "And it has been happening in the political sphere on many occasions. Many great pioneers have envisioned a world of perfectly sovereign nation-states existing side by side in a bond that was called a 'community of principle,' an active cooperative community that invariably enriches the whole world. The USA was created as a seed kernel for such a world. All of this has been wrecked of course, by an imperial oligarchy striving for world-domination with a single 'decider' on top that decides the fate of mankind, enforced by war. We are almost at this point. Nevertheless the principle remains valid that has been discovered and put on the table by great pioneers who have envisioned a world of perfectly sovereign nation-states existing side by side in a bond that they called a 'community of principle.' This envisioned world reflects the real principles of civilization. It reflects the lateral model of the universal marriage of mankind where we stand side by side as human beings bound by the Principle of

Universal Love, Universal Soul, and Universal Sovereignty that an acknowledgement of Truth. Once society scraps oligarchism and imperialism this natural model will assert itself."

"Are suggesting that this larger manifest won't happen until the principle of the universal marriage of mankind becomes reflected in our private dealing with one-another? Or are you suggesting, Peter, that the two should be developed simultaneously?"

"If a universal principle is coming to light is it bound to have a universal manifestation, Indira. Whenever the clouds blow away the sunshine covers the entire landscape. Right now the universal marriage of mankind and its principles has become largely overshadowed by political perversion and by erroneous perception in the social world. But the nature of mankind hasn't changed. A diamond that has been dragged into the mud is a diamond still. It just doesn't reflect its brilliance enough when covered with mud. But this superficial tragedy can be corrected. That is why it is possible, and even natural, for all marriages to be enriched and uplifted onto the universal lateral platform, rather than being made obsolete. No matter what form may have been chosen or is prevailing at the present, people still are able to respond with love to one-another in acknowledgment of the underlying universal grandeur of our humanity. The institutional marriages reflect the universal marriage of mankind to a limited degree, or perhaps to an extremely minute degree and with a lot of false axioms and artificial emotions superimposed, but they do reflect certain sparks of the real thing. All we need to do is get the sparks to light a fire. When all those elements that reflect the truth of our humanity become uplifted from the small sphere to the boundless sphere in the development of universal love and universal sovereignty, the acknowledged universal sense of marriage becomes more and more reflective of the full color of the truth. Naturally, the opposite also happens. When one stands at a low level and allows oneself to become empty inside, regression sets in until there is very little left of the ring of the true metal. The resulting marriages then become violent and problematic and disintegrate if people are lucky. These wars erupt socially and politically. Society may disintegrate if the emptiness becomes too great. It's already happening. The entire global economic system is disintegrating for the sake of money. All human values have been scrapped for the sake of money. We've become an universally isolated and empty society, undermined by money. That's the false kind of marriage. It's a death trap."

"The social marriage can become a death trap too for women in India," Indira added. "Women have no real sovereignty as individuals in marriages in India, or very little of it. Too much of the 'emptiness' of the Brahmanic Dark Age remains in the background."

"Yes, the challenge in society to acknowledge the universal humanity of all mankind is especially great in India," I replied. "In-

dia's caste system is basically an imperially imposed iron-bound marriage system in which the universal sense is denied by all possible means. It is hard to break out of this. When I studied India's history before coming here, I was surprised to learn that the caste system had been modified during the colonial era into an instrument for actually killing people as a means for protecting this artificial and unnatural system. Before the colonial era, India was on the way to becoming a thriving industrial nation. This was no longer allowed under colonial rule, for imperial reasons. The empire never allows industrial development to occur anywhere in the world where it is able to prevent it. Countless wars have been fought throughout history to prevent human development, especially economic and technological development, especially in Africa and South America. This process then quickly spread into other places and engulfed almost the whole world. Both world wars were unleashed for precisely this purpose. In India the dehumanizing objective was achieved with the restructuring of the caste system. In the western world it was done with the fascist system. The modified caste system set up a perfect platform for creating poverty. Not only did it enforce the vertical division of society by social status according to wealth; it also enforced the horizontal isolation of society into locally confined casts that each person of a local caste became essentially 'married' to. Once a person left that local cast, as this sometimes happened during times of great famine or other crisis, that person was instantly considered an outsider and was never allowed back in. The colonial rulers used this confining marriage process to achieve the self-enforced local isolation of people. It became a convenient instrument for population control and domination by means of selective starvation. In this manner the colonials were able to maintain the desired level of poverty so that their power would never be threatened. They literally starved people to death by isolating them into caste marriages that they couldn't escape from. In this manner, the colonials were able to commit their desired genocide without risking a potential national revolt. The universal caste-marriage system that was thrust upon India over three millennia ago is essentially a fascist system. It became a death trap for countless millions of people, especially for women. It staged a silent holocaust that makes Hitler's holocaust a puny affair in comparison."

"That's what I mean," Indira replied calmly. "The anti-female holocaust killed over 200 million girls and women in India before it was banished. But the isolating caste-marriage doctrine still pervades the way people think. Social isolation goes deep in our country, Peter, and it won't be scrapped easily, because the isolation enables the formation of immensely powerful oligarchic structures. However, while one can't simply change a people's entrapment, who are still tied emotionally into the caste system, one can set up alternatives.

While one can't debate the caste-marriage doctrine that still lingers on, because the whole country is emotionally intertwined with this mess, one can win a victory by simply escaping individually onto the higher platform."

Indira stopped and began to laugh. "It would be easier to debate whether the moon is made of cheese or not, than to debate this emotional issue" she said. "The only hope that I can see on the horizon for now and all times, Peter, is your discovery of the universal marriage of mankind as an already established reality. No debates are needed, but to simply step away from the mess. One doesn't need a democratic consensus to acknowledge the truth and to live by it. The scientifically discovered reality of the universal marriage of mankind as a simple fact puts the whole social equation onto a higher level, doesn't it? When this acknowledged one starts to live on a new basis on which the truth that one aims for already exists. The marriage of people to one-another doesn't need to be created. It just is. Isn't that what we acknowledge? That's the new dance that will change the world. It has changed our world, hasn't it?"

"And it has changed dancing itself," I said with a smile. "It enables a dance in which I dance primarily with myself, even while I am dancing for you. In this I am not hampered by the limiting dogmas that impose what a dance must be, but am free to express in dance the infinite potential to express the flow of the music with the rapture of joy."

"And since no one has created the higher principle that gives us the freedom of the dance to bring our riches to one-another," said Indira, "no one owns the dance and controls it. The truth of the already existing universal marriage of humanity as a principle supports no isolation, but it supports the development of freedom and joy and boundless possibilities."

"It invalidates the very concept of isolation. It leaves no room for sexual isolation either, or marriage isolation, or any other form of isolation. It invalidates the divisions imposed by the burka and by the nuclear bomb and so forth, because the new dimension of marriage is based totally on the lateral platform of the human dimension that is rooted in our divinity as human beings. The moment that one tries to deal with religious divisions, ethnic divisions, political divisions, or divisions by caste, one pursues a form of isolation and puts oneself outside of the lateral dimension of our universal humanity. Then one gets trapped into issues that have nothing to do with the human dimension at all. That's why nothing ever gets resolved on the old, lower platforms, Indira, which have probably all been created with this goal in mind."

"But on your platform, the human dimension is the only issue, isn't it?" Indira said firmly. "And that's the important differ-

ence for us and for all. One can't get sidetracked away from that issue. Our universal humanity is the issue. The lateral principle is the principle of civilization."

"This is really the only issue that unites us, because in truth that is the issue, is the only issue," I added in a confirming tone.

"By focusing on this issue your scientific discovery really has the potential to start a revolution," said Indira. "It has the potential to uplift the whole of humanity. Did you realize that? It certainly has uplifted me. Did Fred tell you that I was contemplating suicide after the massacre in our village? Did he tell you that? The massacre came too close. It was so scary that I saw no point in going on any further and living in fear, constantly. Later, after I recovered from the shock, I faced another shock. I found it incredibly scary to realize that such thoughts as suicide had occurred. That's how devastated I had been by what had happened. I was ashamed to be a part of the human race."

"But you hadn't touched the core issue at all, when you tried to deal with your tragedy," I interjected. "You lost sight of our humanity, simply because it was beginning to disintegrate all around you by the actions of shallow minded people. But it remains and can be reasserted."

"This was then," said Indira and smiled. "All of this changed when I got Fred's message with an explanation of your discovery. It unfolded such a beautiful image of our humanity that I cried for the sheer shame that thoughts of suicide had surfaced. The only tears that I have now, are tears of joy for the privilege to be a part of this newly unfolding world where such a sense of humanity exists as you honor as an absolute reality. It is real to me now, Peter. I can understand its reality. There is nothing mythological about it that I have to accept on faith. I can feel the reality. When I said to you at the airport, I greet you and I kiss you, that was no figure of speech, Peter. I wasn't merely recited a line of a poem that has a nice ring to it. What I said to you felt totally real to me and totally honest, as honest as the joy was that suddenly illumined my life with the little that Fred had told me about your discovery."

"This means that the most ideal form of marriage is that which is founded fully on the Principles of Universal Love and Universal Sovereignty, as our marriage now is," I said, "as we embrace our common humanity."

Actually I was ashamed of my last answer. It sounded too sterile, too technical, compared to the way Indira had spoken. I explained that the lesser forms of marriage represent various types of self-starvation and self-deprivation, but immediately I covered my face and began to cry, because what I said sounded so stupid, even if

it was totally true. It sounded dishonest, because it lacked the coloring of our human Soul that should be pervading all technicalities. I suggested cautiously then that if people want to starve themselves, they should be made welcome to do so and embrace the old model to whatever degree they wish, according to the democracy of their choice. However, by having been given them their democratic choice they might also choose the higher model, because this model reflects what is already rooted in the heart of their humanity. I suggested that in the end the principle makes the choice for us and determines the dance, and that there is no democratic choice involved at all. I smiled at this thought. I was more satisfied with this.

"The only thing that concerns us now," said Indira, "is that we don't get trapped into these lower forms of marriage again, not even to some degree, so that we won't recreate an environment of self-starvation. We have before us an open door to a brilliant New World. Let's be absolutely cautious not to drag the Old World behind us. This is like saying; let's be absolutely alert to surge ahead. Take education for instance. Some kids drop out of school and claim very little of the great opportunity for learning and exploring that lies before them. Others go to school a dozen years longer and become richly prepared for a productive life. Let's never stop moving ahead into that New World that unfolds before us, of universal love and universal sovereignty. Let's move forward with dancing, even sexual dancing. Let's never be dropouts."

Chapter 12 - Beyond the Light of India

There was a message waiting for me in Indira's e-mail. It had arrived while we were away on our lunchtime festival, strolling through the streets of Old Delhi. The message was from Fred; a short message. "Funds approved! Stay for as long as is needed and help Indira works things out."

Fred was never a man of many words, but he was a man with a beautiful soul.

As it turned out, the extra time was needed, because with the official U.S. government funding came also a certain prestige that paved the way past many doors that would normally have remained closed to us. It seemed wise not to let the opportunity that thereby presented itself become lost. It provided access to both some government offices and some of the houses of the Thevars. A few of the Thevars that we talked to could understand the economic-development potential that comes with improved health among the workers. Several of the Thevars even realized that the project we proposed to them could increase their earnings and might be beneficial to their own health at the same time. Two even offered to pay for the expenses themselves.

In this manner, our three weeks together quickly became a whirlwind tour of kaleidoscopic bewilderment. We had far-reaching discussions with people in high places that seemed to be too far-gone to understand anything including the value of money. From those that pretended to be intelligent, but were far from it, we received threats, got into clashes with them, and in a few rare cases we even scored a victory or two. The victories, of course, made the tough parts worthwhile. Indira suggested at the end that we had made many strides forward that seemed miraculous, even though we had barely scratched the surface.

"India is a large country with a long history that includes the best and the noblest rolled together with the worst and the ugliest," I said to her one day as we assessed our victories over breakfast on the balcony. "The few successes gives me hope," I added, "because as the ugly elements are dealt with, that the beautiful elements have 'space' to unfold. It would be hopeless if things were the other way around, if the beautiful elements were not native to our common humanity as a strength that no one is excluded from,

with which to develop ourselves. This strength is our foundation for raising ourselves up."

"What are you trying to tell me?" Indira interrupted.

"I am trying to tell you that we can win this battle, but it won't be an easy fight. The Dalits' problem is their abject poverty. Our project doesn't come close to addressing this, unless we see it as a seed kernel. We can help a few people to make the best out of a rotten situation and change some people's perception of one-another to some degree we will have made a start. If that start takes on a life of its own, it has the potential to set a wave into motion that can lift the 200 million Dalits of India out of the quagmire of poverty that ensnares them. It's possible for this to happen, but we need to do more to get it started."

"How can we uplift the whole of India?" Indira interrupted and began to laugh. "It's a nice dream, but it won't happen."

"It has to happen, and therefore it will happen," I replied firmly. "The question that concerns us is whether we want to be a part of this happening and spearhead it. For the protection of civilization society needs to uplift India and Africa, and humanity as a whole. This larger goal must be reached for all of our sakes. We need to fight to globalize civilization, thereby shutting down the globalization of looting, slavery, and poverty, and also the terror and wars that are unleashed for the globalization of empires. The Principle of Universal Love demands that this goal be reached. If it isn't reached the globalization of looting, slavery, poverty, terror, and war will overcome the strength of mankind. This doesn't mean that the government of India must redistribute whatever bit of wealth there is at hand to help the Dalits to get a greater share of it. That wouldn't be enough by a long way. In order to irradiate poverty, we need to create vastly more wealth for society than is presently being produced, and this must be done globally with advanced energy-intensive technological processes. What prevents this from happening here in India is a global disease that cannot be cured with a local Band-Aid. But India can contribute, even lead, the global solution. Poverty anywhere in the world, flies directly against the flow of the Principle of Universal Love. No one is free until all are free."

"Platitudes, platitudes!" said Indira.

"No, no! What you call platitudes is a the minimal starting point. Physical poverty is a breeding ground for diseases. When the European financial system collapsed in 1345 it caused such a deep poverty that the Black Plaque swept across Europe two years later that wiped out a third of the population. Africa is at this stage again, but airborne diseases know no boundaries. The world is at risk thereby. India has the same kind of deep poverty. If we don't fight for civilization globally, we won't have any at all. There is no such thing as a local fix anymore. It is crazy to say that uranium

bombs are OK because they only kill people locally, in the theatres of war. The radioactive dust that is so fine that it is invisible is in the atmosphere globally affects people globally. It attacks the human DNA, but it also attacks the DNA of viruses and bacteria and pests, creating exotic new diseases in the process, like the Avian Flu, or the Morgellons Fiber disease. The great truths that have been recognized for so long already that they have become platitudes are vital aspects that now require urgent attention. The Dalits' problem is a part of that larger problem. Therefore, it cannot be resolved in isolation. It is a part of a universal problem that has not yet been addressed in a meaningful manner. It can only be fully addressed when it is addressed globally on the universal level with large-scale infrastructure and industrial development right around the world. The Dalits' problem is merely another image of the same problem that is presently destroying Africa and other places by imperial policy, and is endangering humanity as a whole. Humanity has sunk into a rut and allows this to happen to itself. Most people say that the life of others is not my concern. I am not married to them. Society needs to get out of this self-isolation mode. It needs to achieve the globalization of its humanity in order to survive, and that includes every one of us, wherever we may be. That is also what the Dalits need for them to be able to have a free and productive existence. That is what we all need. That is what the medical van symbolizes. That's its great value. I am hoping that it may inspire a few people to stir themselves to get out of the global collective rut."

Indira raised her hand as if to protest, saying that I was dreaming.

I cut her off. "I am talking about big developments here, global developments that I must be put forward internationally to complement our individual efforts. Our work in India is a vital element in the overall scheme of things. It is needed to create a paradigm shift in people's thinking at the local level. You'll be carrying on with this when I'm gone back to America, while I must put the fight onto the global level towards the same goal that necessarily involves something really big."

Indira shook her head in disbelief. "My God, how far do you intend to push this, Peter?" she said astonished. "How big is 'really big?'"

"How big is 'really big?'" I repeated. "The Taj Mahal is said to have taken twenty-two years to be built with a workforce of twenty-thousand people. A fleet of a thousand elephants is said to have been needed to transport the materials to the construction site from all over India, China, and Central Asia, and it probably happened long before that days of Shaw Jahan, possibly as far back as 800 years ago. That was a really big effort, wasn't it? But that was nothing in comparison with what must be accomplished with the

Principle of Universal Love to inspire the needed renaissance that ends the age of empires and war; that enables global economic development and ends poverty. In order to eradicate poverty all over the world, which presently threatens all mankind, we need large-scale economic infrastructures projects that stretch from the Bering Strait to Spain and into Africa and India; that connect China with America as well as with the Middle East, Africa, and Europe. A land bridge must be build across the Bering Strait via a tunnel into North and South America. I am talking about the economic development of the whole world, based on the utilization of new political and physical principles. I am talking about new forms of nuclear energy; new transportation and water technologies; new mineral resources; hundreds of entirely new cities as new platforms for the societies of the world to live and to relate to one-another as human beings. That's big! However, Indira, nothing less will do."

"That will never happen," said Indira quietly.

"Don't stake your life on that," I replied. "There are people fighting for this kind of development on a global scale right now. They are fighting, even though they know that they may never see their dreams fulfilled in their lifetime. Still, they keep on fighting. That's unconditional love, Indira. Today, a part of this project is called the Eurasian Land Bridge development proposal. Huge battles have been fought to stop this project. Tomorrow, it may be called something else, but all of this will happen, because like the Dalits, humanity wants to survive. The only question is, how badly do we want to see all of this become a reality in our lifetime? We have the power to create this New World now. The only thing that stands in the way right now, is the oligarchic type of thinking that has gripped the whole world. The world become isolated into small little spheres of concern as the imperials demand. This kind of thinking is especially strongly manifest in India, because of the long colonial occupation in India's past. But this lingering self-degradation too, can be overcome everywhere."

Indira's face lit up. "Of course you are right," she said. "The USA was created as the result of this kind of global battle, and India did win the fight for its freedom from colonial domination, at least politically it did. We have some experience in this kind of fighting. It took a huge battle for India to free itself from the colonial yoke, but India won. We won this battle and then we stopped. Now a vastly bigger battle still lies before us that must also be won. Maybe we can win this one too."

"This might become a dangerous battle," I added. "Anyone who makes a serious commitment to challenge the oligarchic New World Order with big global development policies will likely be assassinated in short order as the German banker, Mr. Herrnhausen, found out who fought for such a goal decades ago, and this only

in a limited way. Getting involved in projects for eradicating poverty on a global scale is just as dangerous today for whoever fights for it, as it is for a Dalit to run for public office and be unfortunately enough to win. The great projects that are needed for global development go invariably against the grain of the imperial oligarchy that created the poverty in the first place and is eager to maintain it. This means that the old trend to reinvent poverty in evermore-clever ways won't stop for as long as the axioms are maintained that create the demarcation lines which isolate society from one-another. Of course, we are about to change that," I said proudly. "It may be a big battle, but eventually we will win, and you will be around to see it. We will most certainly win when more people with your kind of quality of thinking are becoming involved all over the world."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," Indira replied and hugged me. "I needed to hear that, didn't I?"

"Don't belittle the capacity of a human being to change the world," I replied. "This including your potential to aid the process. Fascist power may be able to brutalize the world and destroy what humanity has created, but fascism cannot create a richer world. Only ideas based on discovered fundamental principles, and people utilizing these principles, can do this. In the same manner can profound ideas of truth uplift humanity out of its inner emptiness that unfolds as fascism. You should realize that everyone can and must take part in this movement of enriching the world with advanced ideas. Our build-in capacity to uplift the world defines us as human beings, and that is primarily a mental capacity. That's what money cannot buy."

"Heh, aren't you a bit of a hypocrite on this account, Peter? You threatened your boss with possibility that the world might demand financial compensation over the DDT ban issue in order to get our project approved? Sure, I can appreciate America's exposure, considering the hundreds of millions of deaths it caused with its ban of DDT and its role in the development of AIDS, but to use the exposure as a threat, isn't that blackmail?"

I shook my head vigorously while she was still speaking. "No Indira, this argument wasn't used for blackmail. It was used to open Fred's eyes. The potential compensation catastrophe is real. Fred knows that. I merely referenced the exposure to situate our project as a proposal focused on uplifting society out of the quagmire to such a level at which this potential catastrophe can no longer occur. What else would the medical van be for? We need it to turn the ship around."

"To protect the USA, Peter?"

"No, to protect humanity, Indira. When the face of humanity becomes so small that all of the past evils in the world are turned into compensation issues, civilization ends. We have seen a trifle of this tragedy in the mess created by the Treaty of Versailles at the

end of World War I. It was stuffed full with compensation issues that choked the redevelopment potential of Germany to death. It killed its economy and opened the gates to fascism. When this happens globally, civilization ends. This was understood more than 350 years ago. The Treaty of Westphalia closed the door on compensation issues. No reparation demands were allowed. Even the financial debts were forgiven as a price for peace. Peace and human development were the only issues that were allowed to stand. Unfortunately we are moving away from this realization. The compensation madness is alive again. It is already strangling America's healthcare system where compensation issues and profiteering have made healthcare almost unaffordable. We have to get back to the Westphalia Principle, and resume a role of sanity. If the compensation madness should erupt in modern times on the scale as it did after World War I, it would kill America, and that all by itself would prevent the global economic development from ever becoming a reality on which the very survival of humanity depends. The 200 million Dalits, who are presently trapped in an abyss of poverty, are not the only people so trapped. The whole of humanity is caught in this type of trap. Especially Africa is so trapped. It is trapped beyond its own recourse. If for example the whole of mankind cannot get together to rescue Africa from this trap, which has become a vast breeding caldron of exotic diseases as the result of people's biological collapse under the rule of imposed poverty, we can write off humanity. Also, this breeding culture for new diseases is beginning to be globalized. Poverty has become more dangerous to humanity than nuclear war. But in order to start the needed economic development that is now absolutely necessary to get out of this trap, the principle of unconditional, universal love and universal sovereignty has to become the basis for society's thinking, and acting, and the platform of its constitutions, even its democratic policies. Everything depends on that. This is a very real issue, Indira. Fred understands this. I simply reminded him."

I had a feeling that Indira became overwhelmed by the sheer magnitude of what she had become involved in, but I also suspected that this sense of burden wouldn't last long. I had come to know her as the kind of person who could stand at the leading edge of things and move boldly forward. This quality in thinking became apparent right from the start. Now, from this background of her inner strength our organizing became shifted into a higher gear. With her being assisted with the resources of a brand new van for her new medical support program for the Dalit villagers, a much greater movement in thinking was unfolding that had already been evident during our visit to the temples and the Taj Mahal, and more so in the days after. We saw ourselves as equals in this fight for a brighter civi-

lization and endeavored to inspire others to see themselves likewise and join the fight.

What had unfolded during our visit to the temples and the Taj had created a whole new and unexpected closeness that had caused the kaleidoscope of the incredible to turn ever faster. Intermingled with our medical support project came the demand for a growing honesty towards the Principle of Universal Love and Universal Sovereignty and the necessary reflection of this honesty in our growing acknowledgement of the universal marriage of humanity.

"If the fairy tale stories that are told about Taj Mahal were true, the name Taj Mahal would really be a contradiction in language," said Indira one morning during breakfast on our balcony. She reminded me that the name of the Shaw's queen, Mumtaz Mahal, describes her as 'the Favorite of the Palace.' Indira suggested that her name should be seen as a contradiction under the Principle of Universal Love, because universal love demands universal sovereignty. We are dealing here with an important synarchy of universal principles. Mumtaz should have never accepted the position of being the favorite girl in the palace, if indeed she was that. The historic court records seem to indicate otherwise. But suppose that she really was the favorite girl of the palace. In this case her new name, Mahal, signifies a regressive change. In contrast, when the name of the biblical Saul was changed to Paul, the renaming signified a progressive change. Saul the imperial persecutor gained a divine sense of humanity and became the foremost activist for the Principle of Universal Love. But queen's name-change signifies the opposite. It signifies her self-entrapment that eventually killed her. She sold away the most precious she had, her sovereignty, to become the sex slave to the prince in order to win his trust and make him king."

Indira added that the fairy tale queen lived in a boxed-in world. As the favorite of the palace she would have stood in competition with all the emperor's other wives. She would have had to move heaven and earth to consistently win that competition, no matter the cost.

"Her life wasn't her own," said Indira. "She submitted to constant 'rape' that resulted in her bearing the Shaw thirteen children until it killed her during the birth of her fourteenth child. She paid a tall price for her exceptional position. In real life she probably didn't have a choice as her pimps had likely forced her into that role. On the other hand it might have been her choice. Indeed, which girl wouldn't have given anything for the chance to be the favorite of the palace? In this sense Mumtaz Mahal represents a universal tragedy, the tragedy of self-displacement. She sold out her identity and her sovereignty for a role that gave her a fairy-tale status. This kind of 'self-displacement' is not possible under the

Principle of Universal Love. It flows against its movement, which includes a profound love of one's own divine identity as human being, a status that cannot be sold, as no price would suffice. But how does one achieve that kind of self-love that is universal and unconditional, with a sovereignty that makes domination impossible? Who bears the greater fault then in such cases as hers? Is the domineering king at fault, or the submissive slave?"

"That's a hard question to answer," I replied. "For all we know, the slave, in this case, might have been the controller of the King, who in turn became her slave in real terms. But why are you asking these question?"

"I'm trying to make a statement, Pete. I'm trying to state that universal sovereignty is impossible to achieve when there exists only an emotional basis for a person's motivation. Emotions can be manipulated. Universal love can't be achieved emotionally? It can only be achieved scientifically. There is no other way possible to build that kind of self-defense. Without a well-developed scientific foundation for her self-love, what did the Mumtaz have that could have lifted her out of the emotional zeal that had trapped her into a political battleground? She didn't have the scientific resources to deal with that kind of an entrapment. I would like to suggest that 95% of all modern social marriages suffer from that kind of predicament. People struggle to go along to get along, but who has the scientific resources to enthrone the principle of universal sovereignty that would end the struggles?"

"I can't imagine what foundation Mumtaz could she have built on, that would have protected her in her situation?" I replied. "Even with what we know today, how can love become so unconditional that all struggles cease. Intense struggles are often poured into the game of attracting another's love?"

"Aren't those struggles a sign of inner emptiness, as you found out yourself, Indira? Helen would say that in such cases people try to make love flow backwards, towards them, like a black hole in space that draws everything near unto itself and consumes it in its immense gravity. She would add that in the lateral lattice where we all stand side by side equal and sovereign, love is invariably out-flowing from a richly glowing center."

"The democracy of love is out-flowing," said Indira. "It took me years to discover that. There can be no solicitation for love, no emotional begging, and no domination. Those aren't possible in the world of universal sovereignty. So, I would say that the needed breakthrough to get us there requires a deep self-love."

"This kind of love is most often reflected in the work of those who labor for the advancement of humanity, regardless of whether they will see the fruits of their labor in their lifetime, or not. They labor for humanity, Indira, but not as slaves. They do it

out of love for their humanity, for the universal humanity that they are part of. They might even recognize that doing anything less is a form of self-denial. Self-denial is always tragic, as Mumtaz found out. The whole world is presently mired in that kind of tragedy."

"Are you saying, Peter, that unconditional love is reflected only in the life of those who have dedicated their life to uplifting civilization? Are you saying that this is so, because the principle of our humanity demands this?"

"These are questions that we must find answers for," I replied quietly. "The universal marriage of mankind that reflects our common humanity must be based on a higher level than what we casually call love. Unless this happens, the process won't function at all."

"When it is so difficult, Peter, for two people to relate honestly to one-another, as the story of Mumtaz illustrates, how much more difficult would be a universal form of marriage. Sure we are all human beings, married to one another by our common humanity, but what guarantees that our small-minded pursuits won't sour the soup and turn us all into slaves. We have no experience in living on a wider platform, or any practice for it that we can build on."

"Maybe the reason is that our banquet table is too small," I said to Indira. "How can we experience a rich life if our banquet table is small and empty? Maybe that is the reason why India is mired in poverty."

"The poverty is rooted in our history, Peter. We've killed our children instead of developing their potential. You said yourself that the greatest resource any society has is its people. We have destroyed this resource for millennia in an orgy of female genocide. We destroyed our children. It may sound insane to say this, but it might just be that India needs more children to eradicate poverty."

"No Indira," I interjected. "The problem is not your history. History is water under the bridge. Whenever a tragedy appears chronic, it is being recreated daily. India needs to turn the ship around and cherish its children and all children, including society's own potential as human beings. And the need for that turnaround applies to the whole of mankind. The tragedy of mankind is its subjection to imperialism that is killing our children and ourselves. That our 4000-year history. If we don't break with that history we have no hope. What we need most, in order to achieve that break, is a higher sense of children, of what children are. Our sense of children is too small. When we overcome that smallness, the rest of the solution will follow."

"What smallness, Peter?"

"If you want to put a higher sense of children onto the banquet table, shouldn't you first figure out what they are, Indira?"

"We know what our children are, Peter? Every family knows

that."

"Is this really true, Indira?" I cautioned her. "You speak in terms of OUR children. Is this a valid concept? Can we really say with full honesty that a child can be OUR child? We don't make the children, do we? Sure I can stick my flasher into you, by your invitation, and fertilize your egg, and thereby we start a process that results in a child or children being born nine months later. But the process isn't yours or mine. Our voluntary part in the process is minuscule. And even our so-called voluntary actions for that part are but built-in responses to a vast sexual, emotional, and spiritual process that is far greater than we yet understand. In real terms we are almost like spectators. We behold a profound process unfolding that we have no control over and only the most minuscule interaction with. In this process we do our part as moved by psychological urges and the egg becomes fertilized. From that on the process is totally out of our hands. It unfolds according to a system of principles, which makes life a wonderful miracle that we have barely scratched the surface in understanding it. So, Indira, how then can we speak of the outcome as OUR children as if we had created them? We should call them the children of the awesome process of life, or the children of our humanity, or the children of mankind, or in the truest sense, the offspring of God, the offspring of the principles that shape the universe. Only in this universal sense as a part of a single universal humanity can we speak of what unfolds from this profound birth process as OUR children."

"What are you saying then?" Indira interrupted. "What are you putting on the banquet table?"

"I'm saying that we must sacrifice the possessive sense of children, Indira. That's what I have to say to myself, and I am saying it. I say that we must raise the bar. I say that we must raise it to the point that we recognize every child as the offspring of our humanity no matter who played the minuscule part in the process from conception to birth. I say also that we must honor every child as the 'offspring of God' so to speak -- the offspring of profound universal principles that are far greater than us - and that we honor every human being so likewise. I say that we must therefore treat every child in the world as our child, and respect and nurture it as it were our own, which it is in the truest sense. If our sense of family is too small to accommodate this reality, Indira, then we must enlarge it. And that is where we must begin. Our sense of children is too small. Our sense of family is too small. Everyone's sense of family is too small. That is why society is collapsing into poverty and families disintegrate. I say that we must put a correct sense of children onto the banquet table. I would even say that if you find your life empty for the lack of a husband with whom you can bring children into the world then your sense of family is too small and

your sense of children is too low on the scale of spiritual perception. I would also say that once you have recognized that your perceptions are too small, it becomes but a natural step to enlarge the banquet table and fill it up, piled up high, as high as you can reach."

Indira smiled and nodded. "Do you know what this means? It means that we are entering pioneering territory that no one has trod before."

"No, we aren't," I almost protested. "What I am saying is as ancient as time. Do you remember the man at the Taj speaking to us about the biblical Jacob? Jacob came to live with his mother's brother, Laban, who had two daughters. Jacob loved Rachel, the younger one, but in order to get her he had to marry Leah, the older daughter first. Consequently he ended up with two wives who were in rivalry with one another, competing for Jacob's love. Bearing children became a part of the competition. Now Rachel turned out to be barren. So, she used her handmaiden to have children for Jacob through her. When Leah heard about it, who had born four children by then and had stopped bearing, she followed the same course. She invited Jacob to have children with her handmaiden likewise. Except Leah didn't do this in a sense of using her handmaiden. She did it in a sense of enriching and enlarging the family. The focus was on enriching the family."

"That happened a long time ago, Peter. It happened at a time when children were needed to run a developing family economy."

"I think the significance in this is what Leah had recognized about the nature of children in the universal sense and in the larger sense of family. Mary had recognized that significance too. She developed a scientific definition for nine of the names of the children of Jacob's family. Her definitions for their names reflect the two wives' sense of children during the time when the children were born. The most profound definitions among them are those for the names of the children that were born by Leah's handmaiden. Leah gave her household helper to Jacob to wife. This wide-open sense of family in the sense of a universal humanity reflects a highly developed sense of children and of oneself. Society has removed itself so far away from this advanced sense of children and family that it seems almost miraculous now in our modern world to even consider the universal sense."

Indira laughed. "That's an understatement, Peter. What Leah did is regarded as treason. Which wife today would let her husband have a sexual affair with another woman, and even have children with her? It simply doesn't happen. No wife would be happy with that. Much less would she invite her husband to do that. And even less would she give her own friend to her husband to wife. The people who can do this don't exist anymore."

"I know, I know, Indira," I said with a smile. "But the fact remains that Leah had set up a rich banquet table. What she had put on the table was profound and beautiful and reflects a highly developed sense of reality. But you are wrong, Indira, when you think that the kind of people don't exist anymore who are able to do this."

"I know someone who has done more than this," I interjected. "She didn't just involve a friend, but a total stranger. This someone is my wife Sylvia. My being here is the result of it. Fred didn't impose that. She encouraged Fred. She practically suggested the need for a new openness, like my coming here."

"In this case let's move forward with this principle, Peter," said Indira. "If we want to experience the wider world of universal love, then let's create this world, let's put the spate into the ground and work it. Let's raise ourselves to that higher level of thinking that lies beyond mere emotions. Let's test the waters. What Leah did so daringly doesn't really seem all that daring from the higher standpoint of the Principle of Universal Love that she put onto the table. A principle is valid for all times to come. Nevertheless the old question remains: Is our spiritual and scientific self-love, our love of our universal humanity, our sense of children, tall enough and wide enough to take on this challenge?"

Indira paused for a moment. "I think I am willing to work the spate," she said quietly after moments of silence. "Are you willing to do the same?"

I nodded. "I think the key element is honesty with ourselves," I said to her. "The truth comes to light with one's honesty with oneself. Here, we find the wondrous nature of our humanity acknowledged. Isn't that what love is, that we see ourselves in a brighter light, and then one-another? All human beings are the same offspring of the same universal humanity? Are we seeing ourselves as offspring of that, as offspring of the tallest expression of the principle of life that we know of? Once we say yes to that, all the rest is really secondary. A gardener embraces the beauty of the rose, but that sense of beauty merely reflects the beauty of his own soul. If that sense of beauty wasn't there, he wouldn't even have a garden."

"Now I am raising the bar for the definition of beauty even higher," said Indira. "If love is the light of our soul, can we really deny it? We try to deny it. In the process of that denial we make our life small. But if we let the spiritual sense of beauty unfold evermore we'll find the recognition of it as a higher truth. Theoretically, this unfolding awareness will take us far beyond the limited sphere that our emotions, even beyond our fears, jealousies, twisted desires, and whatever else our emotions inspire. That's a challenge. Sure, I love my emotions. Love itself is an emotion. But I believe

our emotions need guidance."

"They have been culturally smothered and made small," I said to her. "That is where scientific principles come into play. That is also where we have given ourselves almost no breathing room to live the truth that we know, and experience the power of the principle that our civilization depends on."

"In this case, allow me to propose a challenge," said Indira. She began to grin. "I propose to you that we invite two more people into our universal marriage bond, a man and a woman perhaps, or another family or two, even families with children, and so enlarge our sense of family and children, provided that we find anyone willing to make the required commitment to those higher universal principles in a real life setting."

"It might be possible to do this, Indira, if we regard Leah's breakthrough as a new minimal standard for building on," I said. "We shouldn't see her example as a goal, but see it as a starting point. If we regard it as a model then it becomes a stepping stone."

Indira nodded and smiled.

I reached out my hand out to her with a smile. "Challenge accepted," I said. "If we do this honestly it should make our union more beautiful than it already is, as it takes us closer to the truth. And it would also make our union more effective in what we need to do to uplift humanity. The higher we reach on the basis of this principle, the richer our life should logically become. If that's what you are saying, then let's put the spade into the ground indeed, and work at it, and not shy away from the challenges."

"Absolutely!" she said, and kissed me. "Our little marriage, as it stands, is too limited to reflect the universal sense, don't you agree? There is more that it can be. It doesn't reflect the universality of the truth of the common humanity of mankind. It doesn't yet reflect the Principle of Universality of the Universal Marriage of all Mankind. Unless we bring this principle more fully into our experience, our marriage won't be complete and remain 'small.' Being small, it might even block the four paths to Moksha. We need to allow ourselves to explore and experience the real dimension of our being and experience ourselves as children, and set up the institutions that can get us there. We should do this at least in principle."

"Not just in principle," I interrupted her. "Life is in living. The proof the pudding is in the eating. The principle has to become practical in order to be a power, or else it has no value."

"And what do you propose to reflect that, Peter?"

"I propose that we actually do what we talked about yesterday on our stroll down Chandi Chock. What profound delicacies did we put onto our banquet table yesterday afternoon when we talked about things in principle? One of the delicacies that we put on the table is called, Temple, and the other, Church. Do you remember

that?"

"What has this got to do with universal marriage?" Indira interrupted.

"Everything, Indira. Temple and Church are part of the process of discovery. They are the facilitators. They facilitate the Principle of Universal Love in a practical fashion, Indira. Just look at what Mary has done. Mary put the subject of marriage onto the highest spiritual level, the level of spiritual Science, which she calls the Christ. Here, Science, or Christ Science if you will call it that, takes us to the threshold to the divine and absolute. And so, having done that, Mary makes on provision for a marriage institution that would have to be founded on a much lower level. There is something spiritually lacking at this lower level that cannot be fulfilled there. I hear her saying that there is no point in going back to that low level. Nothing else makes sense than to uplift the whole marriage concept to a higher and more fulfilling level where we can implement what is spiritually lacking at the lower level. Consequently Mary takes us to the high-level concept of truth that reflects the Principle of the Universal Marriage of Mankind which acknowledges that we are all human beings married to one another as offspring of a single common humanity and a common universal human soul. Mary does that, but then she leaves us hanging in the air so to speak, with nothing to work with that reflects the reality of our being."

"That's the way it looks, Peter. Are you suggesting that Temple and Church facilitate what had been spiritually lacking at the lower level marriage platform?"

"Yes, I think what we are getting into here takes the old and vaguely perceived concept of marriage and enriches it in a way that it reflects more of the truth of our being. This means that there are two concepts involved in the marriage acknowledgment that is really all that we can do. The marriage of human beings to one another is already complete. We can only acknowledge what already exists. And here where the human adventure begins. Mary gave us two provisions for our marriage acknowledgment. She split sex and marriage apart into two distinct aspects and she gave us two corresponding facilitators, Temple and Church. The early pioneers of India have already discovered the correlation between Temple and sex. You discovered it too. When we visited the Taj you said the vulva is a temple, and the Taj is a special kind of temple that reflects the vulva. You pointed out that the Taj is a sexual banquet, and the temples of Khajuraho fulfill a similar purpose, again related to sex. You told me that the temple is a place where people congregate for worshipping what the temple represents. Doesn't worshipping really amount to a celebration? People come to these temples to celebrate a recognized spiritual reality. They come to rejoice in it. They come

to make a festival out of the process of rejoicing. The temple is the place where we celebrate what we acknowledge as the spiritual riches of our being. And that temple is open to the entire society. The temple does not have its doors locked. Mary suggests that in the temple the celebration is focused also on the concept of body, including the human body, all reflecting the spiritual idea of Life, substance, and intelligence. Isn't that something worth celebrating? For this celebration the temple becomes the superstructure of truth and the shrine of Love. It is the place for celebrating the synarchy of Truth and Love. And Mary warns that if we don't come to the temple to celebrate, we are marching in the wrong direction. We are marching with an empty heart then, because an empty heart has nothing to celebrate. In this case we only come to congregate. Maybe we come to have fun then in the hope that the fun will fill our emptiness. But that's a dangerous process. When we come to worship and we don't know what to worship, a wrong step will take us into the sewer. If sex isn't wrapped up with a celebration of the profound spiritual idea of Life that incorporates, an idea of spiritual substance and divine intelligence, then the focus on sex tends to open the scene up to lust, coercion, enticement, even rape. This trend into the sewer is inevitable if sex is the focal point for merely 'congregating' for having fun. If that's what we come to the temple for, we come as beggars and worship our want. So, I would say that the concept of Temple does relate to sex and all the physicality that is related to it and a whole lot more. The temple, of course, is open to any human being. It is also a place for healing. The concept of Church, on the other hand, is more difficult."

"Are you saying that Church is where universal marriage becomes practical?" Indira interjected.

I nodded.

"But what is Church, Peter? Is it an idea? Is it a process? Is it an institution?"

"I think the answer should be, yes, in all cases, Indira. I think Church is a workhouse. As an idea it represents the structure of Truth and Love. That's something that needs to be developed, explored, and put on every banquet table. It's a wonderful looking fruit, but one that is hard to chew and to swallow. It's demanding! One has to ponder it. One has to peel away the outer shell. One has to dig into it? Truth and Love are the foundation of civilization. Without them no renaissance happens. Church is a workhouse-commitment to the scientific development of Truth and Love. Isn't that what marriage is? It's an inner commitment to Truth and Love; a commitment to discover what a human being is; a dedication to understand what our humanity is that unites us all in a grand universal marriage to one-another. No human being really stands apart from this fundamental demand. We all share it. We are all challenged

by it. We all grow in the light of the resulting discovery. That's Church. It's a workhouse. The universal marriage of mankind is a profound reality. It is the facilitator that enables the discovery of it. A higher sense of sex is being developed here, but definitely not as an entertainment center."

"You said that Church is also a process," Indira interjected.

"It's the process of right action. It's a process that transforms the world. It combines all that proceeds from divine Principle and rests upon it. I think that is how Mary has put it. In this context Church is a process that opens the door to rather exciting and powerful living."

"It's only natural then that we invite a lot of people to meet us on this dynamic playing field, our Church 'ground,'" said Indira with a smile.

"If we are a community of principle, then we are a community of right action, and principled action," I said to her. "In this principle defined dynamic process we can no longer live as a singularity of one or two. We find our place in the lateral lattice that comprises all mankind bound to one-another by threads of love. Here our universal marriage is actively acknowledged as the reality of our being. No isolation is possible. No division is possible."

"And what about Church as an institution?" Indira interjected.

"Mary says that as an institution Church is a power. It is a power that 'affords proof of its utility and is found elevating the race, rousing the dormant understanding from material beliefs to the apprehension of spiritual ideas and the demonstration of divine Science, thereby casting out devils, or error, and healing the sick. That's the stuff that powers a renaissance. That's the stuff that we see illustrated by Jesus in the parable of the good Samaritan. In the parable a Samaritan nursed a dying man back to life. In the process of it he created a wonderfully human world that everyone would be proud to be a part of. But the parable doesn't only apply to rescuing an injured man. Can you imagine how much more powerfully it applies where there is no injury at all, when we become committed to uplifting one-another universally, and enriching one another's life in every facet of human living? Can you imagine what a rich world that would create? Who wouldn't want to live in this world? Here we touch the hem of the universal marriage of mankind to one another."

"I take it then that our Church and Temple can have many faces and forms," said Indira. "An art gallery would then function as a temple for celebrating art, while an artist's studio would function as a church. The church-work then enables the celebration in the temple. Ah, but if the vulva is a temple where we celebrate an aspect of body as the spiritual idea of Life, Truth, and Love, what

aspect of Church enables that celebration?"

"Do you mean what would need to happen in the workhouse to get us to the celebration in the temple of the vulva?" I replied. "I don't think that anyone can answer that question. That's like trying to answer the question how one can get to Mexico City. There are a thousand answers possible. For instance, it depending on where one stands, or even which continent one is on. And then there remains the added question whether one wants to go to Mexico City at all, or if one wants to go at any particular time, or ever. Maybe that is why the Chandela people build 85 temples in Khajuraho."

"Maybe their biggest celebration was in building them," Indira interjected. "It appears that there was an enormous amount of Church activity going on in the background to the building of the temples. In this case the Church workhouse inspired a lot of people to become architects, builders, stone masons, artists, engineers, craftsmen, so much so that a rich economy developed. It appears that a vibrant Church workhouse is essential for creating a rich human economy that celebrates grand ideas and new physical principles, and a beautiful culture that brings light, freedom, and prosperity into the world."

"Do you remember Mary Baker Eddy sexual scene related to church, the one we discussed with the man at the Taj Mahal? There a woman in white robes, representing Divine Science, knocks at the door of the mansion of mankind, and through a window we see mankind being isolated from one-another into pairs. The title of the scene is Truth versus Error? The isolation into pairs counters the reality of the universal marriage of mankind as human beings; it violates the Principle of Universal Love. The woman hits the doorknocker at the genitals. She requires a commitment to a larger dimension that demands a constant focus onto the higher principles. Sexual isolation is a form of isolation, isn't it? Sure, it's nice to be cozy, cozy, in a small bond of just two people, but that bond is incomplete and its bliss appears to be just another fairy tale story, just like that of Mumtaz and the Shaw, which in this case hides the really profound nature of the Taj Mahal as a Hindu temple dedicated to Shiva with an erotic background honoring Kama."

"Is Mary telling us that there is something spiritually lacking when sexual isolation divides the field of mankind into pairs?" interjected Indira. "Is that what Mary is saying? The resulting isolation builds little worlds in competition with each other. The end result is, that there is something lacking. Something is spiritually lacking. We need to allow ourselves to experience the larger dimension that has been ignored for so long, a world of enriching one another. Unless we begin to explore this larger spiritual dimension, the great privilege of universal love that is imbedded in our being will remain hidden."

"So we must ask ourselves how we can we learn to deal

with those more complex issues of universal existence," I said to her. "What resources do we have to draw on for building a renaissance that ends imperialism? When we embrace imperialism we are committed to making everything small? That's an issue that the very 'princes' of the world have so far lacked the resources to deal with."

"But we, the two of us, have the resources to deal with that, don't we, Peter?" Indira interjected. "So, let's give ourselves a chance to use them. Let's to put us at starting gate."

"That's a valid suggestion," I agreed. "Still, this goal, as noble as it is, shouldn't be our motivating factor. The prime motivation should be to explore the Principle of Universality Love itself, for the very glow of universal love. The motivating factor should be, to experience the brightness of the reality that the principle represents, that is already an element of our being whether we embrace it or not."

"I propose that if we develop this element that is already a part of our humanity, and really dare to allow it to unfold more fully, it should make our life still richer than it is even now," said Indira."

"That should be our motivating force," she agreed.

"We should be moved by a commitment to universal principles, because such a commitment reflects the capacity of our humanity," I said to her. "Once the commitment has been made, the foot-steps will unfold."

"Isn't that what we want to experience?" Indira said with a smile. Her smile became a grin.

I nodded and pointed out that the human being is not an animal living in a world where the bonding is completely oriented towards procreation. "The human being is far more than a breeding machine," I said to her. "We have the capacity to step beyond the biological parameters that would limit and control us. We have the capacity to move with our discoveries of higher principles which give us increasing freedoms from the biological parameters and the power to build a more humanist civilization."

"Are you saying that sex should have a higher meaning in this framework, as Mary had pointed out?" she asked.

"That is what I think, as I already told you," I said and nodded.

I found it both strange and remarkable that sex had become such a natural thing for us to focus on during our sun filled morning hours on the balcony. "I think there is a higher principle involved in sexual intimacies that is related to unity and to joy."

"I think sex is already an element of our joy, as I see it," said Indira. "However, it appears to be an element that is focused

mostly onto ourselves."

"I think we need to uplift this part of ourselves further," I replied.

Indira nodded and became very quiet after I said this. "Do you remember our first morning on this balcony?" she asked a while later. "We had talked about the truth that supports our universal marriage as children of a common universal Soul, the soul of our humanity that makes us the brightest stars on the horizon of life. My realization of this had a strange effect on me ever since. It changed the way I regard myself, right down to the deepest level. Perhaps I shouldn't say this, but I had always felt a sense a shame whenever I looked at myself while being totally naked. I was always careful to close the door when I got dressed, even when I was alone. I've been brought up that way. This feeling of shame of myself suddenly seemed so irrational when we talked about the beauty of the human being. I suddenly found myself moved to go into the bedroom that morning and take all my clothes off and stand in front of the mirror to see if my perception of myself had really changed. And you know, Peter, I loved what I saw. The shame had vanished. That is why I came out onto the balcony totally naked and stood before you and asked you if you loved what you saw. I wanted to share with you this budding love of myself. I wanted you to feel that love, if it was possible. Do I make any sense? Were you touched by this new love of myself?"

My smile became a grin as she said this. I didn't answer her questions. I just nodded. "Shouldn't human civilization reflect more the parameters of our humanity instead of our biology?" I said a while later. "Our biology is merely physical, but our humanity is beautiful. It is divine. No shame originates from that. I think the very concept of sex needs to be uplifted until the notion of shame falls away and is replace with the sparkle of joy."

"Isn't this the direction in which we are already heading?" Indira asked. "But can this joy be maintained and be developed further? Do we become exposed to unforeseen dangers? The whole sexual scene is so riddled with problems and hidden dangers, and more so if we venture into the universal domain. The very thought of universal sex is scary."

"I don't see any fundamental danger with a fuller unfolding of what is true," I replied. "The concept of privatized sex is scary. Sexual isolation is scary. Rape is scary. I can see a few challenges in the universal domain, but those are imposed only by society's narrow thinking that involves a fascist type of selfishness and an imperial type of slavery. Privatized existence has nothing to do with love. Sure, universal existence poses its challenges that can be problematic to a small-thinking mind. In the universal domain, the real domain, all the bonds that love have forged in our lives will forever

remain at the center of our affection and unfold from there. The concept of 'dearest' is no longer valid in that domain. If we stand side by side with one-another at the infinite gate, hierarchical concepts no longer apply. This might be problematic. However, I see no reason why the dawning of the truth should isolate us from one-another and from the rest of humanity."

I added that Helen had always laughed about the problems that small-minded thinking conjures up and remarked "what have they got to do with anything; do they change the principle involved?"

Chapter 13 - A Course on Hamlet

We didn't talk anymore about the issue of the wider marriage for a couple of days. We simply let the idea unfold in the background. It was Indira who brought the subject up again one evening.

"I think the time really has come to erase the false boundaries that limit our sense of family, Peter." She said this while we had an evening cup of tea on the balcony after a long and busy day. "Don't you agree that there is a need to move forward?" she added cautiously.

"But can this be done here in India?" I asked. "This a country where the subjection and isolation of people, especially of women, goes very deep. Who in India understands those universal principles that all the deeply anchored emotions and traditions deny?"

Indira pointed a finger at herself. "If I can understand them, others can," she replied. "Of course, locating those few who are ready to move with us, that's another problem."

I shook my head. "That's not a big problem. I know how to solve this problem," I said and followed my answer up with a kiss. The thought that came to mind made the atmosphere of the evening exciting as we stood at the railing of our balcony looking out onto the city in the unfolding dusk of a cloudy sky.

"So tell me then how this kind of problem can be solved," she said.

"I left the railing and sat down and invited her to join me at our small balcony table. "My friend Steve knew a man who came up with a perfect solution for such a situation as ours. He wanted to build a political organization that was designed to uplift the platform of society's thinking, based on higher principles. To do this he set up a four-week university course that was advertised as a course for exploring advanced historic principles. The course was organized to quickly become intensively demanding, a high-level course on universal history. It wasn't the man's purpose to painstakingly drag a large percentage of the students that had registered for the course, to higher levels of perception. It was his purpose to open the door for those who weren't afraid to 'walk with him 500 miles,' and to make the effort to 'climb the mountain that he had set up as a challenge for them.' The challenge that he posed filtered out the people who weren't committed to face leading edge challenges.

"After the first week, Indira, half of the students had dropped

out, after the second week, half of the remaining had dropped out. When the course ended, the man had not only identified those few who are willing to think and develop their capacities, but found in them a group of people who were also willing to identify themselves as human beings and take the responsibility for advancing civilization and raising the welfare of humanity to higher levels. Most of those few that remained with him to the end of the course became the founding members of his political organization. The organization was required to carry out some much-needed work. These few people worked together with him for decades. They developed themselves and each other, and so carried on their chosen service to humanity. The man who started all of this understood that the quality of thinking that he had been looking for is actually native to all human beings and only needed to be individually recognized."

I suggested to Indira that we could use the man's model and organize a week-long workshop to explore Shakespeare's tragic play, *Hamlet*, for instance, and also Schiller's *Don Carlos*.

"*Hamlet* and Schiller in India?" Indira repeated, then laughed. "That will narrow down the field a lot."

"It will narrow down the field to people who are open to the issues of truth and our common humanity," I replied. "Those who prevail to the end may be ready for the real-life exploration of the universal marriage of mankind which already exists as a reality, but which few understand, and which fewer still are willing to acknowledge."

Indira shook her head. "I fail to see the connection. *Hamlet* and universal marriage; where's the connection?"

"That's the point!" I said.

Indira laughed. "You've lost me already. I know *Hamlet*, but I can't understand what you are saying."

"OK, who was the tragic figure in *Hamlet*?" I asked.

"*Hamlet*, of course," said Indira. "Isn't it plain? A great military force is marching on Denmark. *Hamlet*, the beloved prince of Denmark knows this. He also knows that the nation's king, who would have dealt with the invasion, has been murdered by a traitor who then conspicuously married the widowed queen, *Hamlet's* mother, and put himself on the very throne that should have been lawfully succeeded by him. *Hamlet* knows all of this. But instead of clearing out the nest of traitors within the court, he does nothing. He is afraid. He becomes a coward, bound with fear. It's not that he is afraid to die. He has proven his valor in battle. He is a coward only in the moral domain that is unfamiliar to him, the unknown country that he knows nothing about. He knows in his heart and in his mind exactly what he ought to do, but he doesn't take action. He waffles about and becomes the pathetic fool who makes everything worse by evading the real issue. In the end he dies as a fool, as the result

of his own failing, together with everybody he loved. In like manner also dies his nation that he didn't raise a finger to defend. Hamlet was the tragic figure."

I smiled and clapped my hands. "That is the perfect answer, Indira. That is how the audience is supposed to see the play when it leaves the theater. But really, that's too easy, isn't it? Shakespeare lays it on so thick and heavy that you almost don't have to think to see the real tragedy. He pulls you through it by the nose, as it were, and if you are lucky, days after you saw the play something clicks. That's Shakespeare's style, is it? He's got much taller concepts for you to consider. I think the real tragedy is supposed to unfold weeks after a person leaves the theater, because the course of education isn't over at the point the curtain falls. It just begins. For some people it is over. Some people drop out at this point, and Shakespeare allows them to do that, but the idea is that one hangs in there, that something happens in one's thinking in the days and months following, something that causes one to become more fully a human being. So let me ask you again: On whose shoulders rides the real tragedy in the play of Hamlet."

Indira didn't answer for a long time. I had two cups of tea during great silence that ensued. Darkness had set in over the city. The city once again had become a carpet of lights. "Let me ask you another question," I broke the silence. "On whose shoulders rested the tragedy of Rome?"

By the time I had poured myself a third cup of tea, she knew the answer to my last question. There was no guessing involved.

"The tragedy of Rome rested on the shoulders of society." Her face lit up as she answered. "The Roman emperors and politicians were prostitutes, really. These prostitutes built an empire around fulfilling the pleasures of the society on whose good graces the power of the emperors and politicians depended. In Rome, vox populi ruled, but the people had been corrupted. By this folly Rome was doomed."

I raised my hand and interrupted her. "You have just explained America's tragedy, why America is doomed." I said to her. "When Lord Shelburne of the British Empire faced a growing movement towards independence in the American colonies, he commissioned Adam Smith to produce two research works during a carriage ride in 1763. One of the two works that Lord Shelburne commissioned was an apologia for free trade. He commissioned a weapon that he could use to destroy a targeted country economically, in case things weren't going to well on the battlefield. He knew that it was possible to destroy a targeted nation with free trade, since free trade is designed as a process that prevents a targeted nation's economic self-development, collapsing it thereby. Shelburne knew that

this could be done, and so he commissioned Adam Smith to create the 'scientific' excuse for implementing the weapon in a hidden manner as needed to eradicate any potential threat to the empire.

"The imposition of free trade never puzzled me," I said to Indira. "Alexander Hamilton recognized free trade as a weapon and shut the process down to protect his nation. That is how Hamilton saved America. However, it was Shelburne's other commission from Adam Smith that puzzled me, which evidently did not fail. Shelburne had asked Adam Smith during the same carriage ride to also produce a historic study of the cause of the failure of Rome. Why was this second commission was so important to Shelburne? What did he recognize in the fall of Rome that could be utilized as a weapon, a weapon so powerful that it collapsed the mightiest empire of the planet? If that secret was discovered, Shelburne knew he would have the key to ruling the world."

"The Roman society wanted to consume without producing," Indira continued. "The Emperor obliged them by looting all the nations round about. That is why Rome became an empire in the first place. On this imperial platform the Roman society destroyed itself by first destroying its own productive capacity and then its self-development, and in the process it destroyed the economies of the countries it looted. But Peter, that's the free trade system too, did you realize that? It nurtures the impulse to consume without producing. This means that society committed itself to stealing instead of committing itself to its self-development. By this process the Roman society was doomed. Rome collapsed. The tragic figure in this historic interplay was the Roman society. The Emperors really were its victims. They acted as prostitutes who fulfilled the society's pleasures without any thought about the principles involved. They should have honored those principles and uplifted and ennobled their society with them, and thereby enabled it to enrich itself. Am I right?"

I could only nod and smile. I was so proud of her. Words would have been insufficient.

"We have those prostitutes all over the world now, in great abundance," I replied. "They call themselves politicians and leaders, but they really have printed on their card: Man of influence without conscience, for rent! That's how they prostitute themselves to the highest bidder, which naturally happen to be the rulers of today's empire. That's how democracy becomes abused. This also makes today's society, which allows this to happen, which protects this official prostitution, the tragic figure in the game. But this wasn't the case in Hamlet. Nor does this reflect Adam Smith's second weapon, the weapon that is now employed by the private empire in its quest to become the ruler of the world. What was that weapon? It is destroying America as we speak."

"I give up," said Indira.

"The weapon is greed, Indira. Greed is not an element of our humanity. Greed is artificial. Adam Smith glorifies greed, and he has many disciples today. Adam Smith says greed is good for society as it drives people to become wealthy. What he really means is that it inspires people to steal, to exploit, to corrupt, and to enslave others. Adam Smith is hailed like a god for this. He should be despised as the destroyer of civilization, because that is what we see happening all over the world as the result of his doctrine. He should be hailed as one of the most beastly psychological warfare agents in history. His boss, William Petty, the Earl of Shelburne, the head of the British East India Company had visions of turning the whole of mankind into a giant imperial zoo. That is where we are at today. The world is an imperial zoo. Who in the world still breathes the free air of love-based economics? The age of supporting one another, of building one another up for richer life and a richer world has ended. The age of profiteering has begun. The age of the greed-based raping of society is upon us. Smith's doctrine of greed-based economics is a weapon that was presented as candy, which is in reality a slow acting poison. It was designed to destroy society from within. That is what Shelburne envisioned. That's what we got. India was the first victim. It was evidently Adam Smith's weapon, skillfully wielded by Shelburne who destroyed the Mogul Empire with it that had united India. It was Adam Smith's greed-based economics - it should really be called fascism -- that turned India into a colonial possession of the British East India Company. That's what revived the caste system. The Indian subcontinent was divided by the British into India and Pakistan in order to protect the caste system. The humanist influence of Islam would have been revived. It would have eradicated the caste system that still rules India in the background. That is also why Islam itself is now under attack by the imperial forces who see their zoo being threatened by the humanism of Islam. The imperials want to sweep off any human element of the banquet table of mankind."

"Do you know what this means for us?" Indira interjected. "We have gone full steam the other way.xxx

"That's what we see happening in the world of finance and business today," I added. "The so-called democracy rulers in this world are prostitutes in the service of another doctrine of Adam Smith, the doctrine of Greed Based Economics. This doctrine was foisted on society in such a subtle manner that it was embraced by society as if it were its own will, especially in America, while the game was intended to destroy it. I believe Adam Smith got this idea from studying the collapse of Rome, as he was commissioned to do by the effective ruler of the British Empire, Lord Shelburne. Shelburne had demanded from Adam Smith the tools for reclaiming the Ameri-

can colonies. Adam Smith complied by creating his infamous double-edged sword 'Free Trade' and 'Greed Based Economics.' The American society that fell for this ruse became the tragic figure."

"Are you saying that in Shakespeare's Hamlet the tragic figure is society?" Indira interrupted. "Are you saying that the Hamlet tragedy is at the same level?"

"Oh, would you say that an invasion of a country, with the resulting destruction and looting that is involved, is not a great national tragedy?" I asked. "Hamlet's petty little fumbling was tragic, but it was a minor tragedy compared to the demise of a nation. The tragedy in this case, goes deeper. In Shakespeare's play, Hamlet wears the face of a society that is morally bankrupt. Hamlet is its saint! He acts like society as a whole. He gets tied up with inconsequential trivia while he fails to deal with the heart of the issue, protecting and elevating society. If society had functioned on a higher level, on the level of universal principles, it would have demanded that Hamlet occupy the throne as was required according to the law of the land."

"Hold it, Peter, I see the connection that brings the play into the context of the principle of universal marriage," Indira interjected.

I motioned her to go on and smiled.

"In truth, society is not made up of isolated individuals, isn't it?" Indira continued. "Society is a single whole. We live as a whole. We also die as a whole from the results of our common folly. This means that we each have a responsibility towards the whole, to uplift the whole in order to prevent the folly that destroys us all. We also have the privilege to regard ourselves socially as a whole, and experience the joy and the peace that unfold with this unfolding universal love."

"Can you transcribe the scene of the play of Hamlet into a new environment, that of the universal kiss?" I asked.

"The play would not have lasted more than ten minutes," Indira laughed. "The injustice that the play revealed would have been corrected immediately as a threat to the general welfare of the nation. In such an environment Hamlet would not have stood on dangerous ground. He would not have hesitated to do what is required to protect society. In fact, the treachery that caused the entire commotion would never have occurred in such an environment."

"Hamlet is set up in the play as a prostitute of sorts," I replied. "He has no free will of his own. He is not a leader, but fool who dances to the tune that society sing, a tune of small-minded men. In this sense we see in him a mirror of society's own self-denial as human beings. This brings us to Shakespeare's demand on society," I continued, "which is a demand to elevate itself; to be-

come human beings; a demand for its universal love; a demand for joy; a demand to embrace the principle of the universal kiss and to acknowledge its universal marriage to one-another as children of a common Soul and of a common life."

"Those are the categories in which Hamlet failed," Indira interjected.

"Did you know that the Golden Renaissance in the 15th Century came out of a teaching institution called The Brotherhood of the Common Life?" I asked. "This teaching was a course in humanist self-discovery based on the Platonic/Socratic method of thinking, in opposition to Aristocratism. Aristotle had isolated society and categorized them into what he called natural rulers and natural slaves. He was the Adam Smith of his day. He had been given the task to destroy the Platonic/Socratic method of thinking which embraces humanity on a much higher level, with a mind that we all share, that is a resource for infinite development. The concept of the universal kiss is unthinkable at Aristotle's level, but it is the native air at the Socratic/Platonic level. It is a form of moral treason to perceive Aristotle and Plato in a student to teacher relationship. The two were enemies. They were at war with each other. Aristotle won this war. He won it by being a prostitute to the wishes of society that didn't care to see itself as anything brighter than an animal. So you see, Shakespeare's Hamlet was an introduction to the Socratic and Platonic method of thinking, developed for the discovery of truth. Without the Platonic method for scientific discovery, the truth of our universal marriage as human beings remains a treasonous idea, rather than the open door to freedom and infinity."

"Wow! When truth becomes seen as treason, that should stir a few people up," said Indira. "This should lead to some interesting discussions."

With Indira's full agreement and support, our workshop on Hamlet began the very next Monday. It unfolded precisely as expected. It began with twenty-two people. By the time it ended, there were eight left. Of the eight, four expressed a desire for a continuing "community of sharing and uplifting one-another," as one of them had put it. He gave his name as Tatsuhiko Kenji, a Japanese by birth. From the moment on that I heard him speak and present himself, I instinctively knew that we would never be parted. Lucky, upon Indira's insistence, all the sessions were recorded. I even had his presentation later transcribed.

He had described himself as a spiritual person with a need to discover what is true. He said that he came to India, because he could no longer pursue this exploration in Japan, because Japan had lost its soul. It had become too Americanized by an America that has been destroyed from within before it set itself up to become the

ruler of the world. He told us that in Japan no one has any time anymore for the truth. "But it is different here in India," he said. "Here I can stand by the river and watch its movement, and move with it to discover in my heart that we are not isolated little beings, but are one humanity, a great humanity. Here, I can dip my paddle into the Ganges where it flows out of the Mountain at Hardwaer and become one with the vast mass of humanity that has become intertwined with the river."

He told us that he traveled down the river all the way to the end, to just before it flows into the Bay of Bengal. He said that he made this journey alone on a specially constructed riverboat. "I saw the same people wherever I went," he said, "who live and love, struggle and cry, people with human hearts, Many were poor, but they were also noble, especially those who were not destroyed as human beings. I saw no evidence of Aristotle's notions that weigh humanity so low in the scale of being as if we were but a higher animal. I saw no truth in that before I came, and I saw no evidence of it here in India. I discovered Aristotle to be a fraud, because I saw a humanity that looks at itself and at its world with a smile, that looks again and again and takes all its images and builds from them a construct of itself with an image that no eye can see, that can exist only in the mind, but which is as real as if it were carved into stone. This is the image that Plato saw, that Socrates saw, that I saw, that the people have seen in themselves in countless ways along this river since time began. Thus, the legend of a universal life is bound to the river. This river is seen as a metaphor for life, purity, and goodness, all at the same time. That is how it appears to the people of India, in that image they find themselves. They call her Ganga Ma, 'Mother Ganges.

"The Story of Ganga Ma," Tatsuhiko continued, "is the story of how she poured herself down from heaven onto the ashes of King Sarga's sons to raise them up, that they may dwell in peace in heaven. This legend continues to inspire people to the present day, because it is believed that anyone who touches the purifying waters of Ganga Ma is cleansed of all sins." He suggested that as a spiritual metaphor the Ganga legend is true.

"The Ganga lives vividly in many Hindu legends," he continued. "It is invoked in the Vedas, the Puranas, and in two Indian epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Ganga is the people's goddess, Ganga Devi. She is one of the two daughters of Meru, the Himalayas. The other is the consort of Shiva. In the legend, king Sagara who desires children, has two wives. One, by the grace of Shiva, bears him sixty thousand sons, and the other wife bears him only one, Asamanjas, who continued his father's dynasty. The sixty thousand sons become great warriors, while Asamanjas afflicts such misery on the people that his father has to expel him though a

grandson, Ansuman.

"It fell upon a day that King Sagara performed the horse ceremony, in which a horse is allowed to roam at will, and is followed by warriors for the challenge of stopping the horse. Having been pursued by the sixty thousand sons, the horse became lost and the sons became lost with it. After humbling himself the great king Sagara dug up the entire earth, the oceans, even the underworld to search for his lost sons. In the cavern of the sage Kapila, the king found out that the sons had gathered the horse, but having disturbed the meditation of the great Kapila, they had all been burnt to ash with his fiery gaze.

"King Sagara hears about the fate through Narada, a heavenly wanderer. Thus, he sends his grandson Ansuman to reverse the fate, who descended to the underworld to meet Kapila. Being pleased with the grandson's youthful bearing, Kapila grants that the souls of the sixty thousand sons of Sagara should be released by the waters of Mother Ganga who resides in heaven.

"It took a long series of prayer and severe austerity to propitiate the goddess Ganga to come down to the Earth. Neither Sagara, nor Ansuman after him, nor his son Dilipa, were able to do this. Only after three generations of petition it was Dilipa's son Bhagiratha who prevailed. But the success posed yet another problem. The impact of Ganga's fall would be so great that it could only be borne by Shiva himself. After more meditation and more severe austerities Shiva's consent, too, was obtained and the river finally fell down from heaven into Shiva's hair and thereby to the Earth. From this point Bhagiratha led the way on horseback while the river followed to where the ashes of the six thousand sons of Sagara lay. Thus, they were liberated and an ocean formed from the waters of the river. The Sanskrit word for ocean is Sagara.

"The water from the Ganga are said to have a recursive property. If ordinary waters are mixed with even the minutest quantity of Ganga water, the whole becomes Ganga water and inherits Ganga's healing qualities and other holy properties. But even as a river, the Ganges is holy. As the day begins, devout Hindus with folded hands can be seen by the river in prayer or to give their offerings of flowers or food, such as grains, marigolds, and lotuses. Some devotees float small oil lamps on the river. Some take the ritual drink of the Ganges and take some of its water along to the temple.

"The Ganges is also a place where death and life merge. Hindus bring their dead to the river, their bodies, even as ashes. For the dead the waters of the Ganga are needed to reach the place where King Sarga's 60,000 sons attained their release into heaven by the waters of Ganga pouring upon their ashes. And so, in living rites, the saga continues. Without this ritual mingling with the Ganga,

the dead will exist only in the limbo of suffering as troubled spirits among the living on earth. The waters of the Ganga are believed to give peace and immortality. If the dead, in whatever form, as much as touch the waters of Ganga, they shall be honored in heaven and dwell there.

"For the still living devotees, the Ganges is equally as important. They come from great distances to Ganga Ma to have their sins washed away in her holy waters, for there is nothing as cleansing as Ganga Ma's living waters, the waters of the River of Heaven."

Tatsuhiko pointed out that the water of the Ganges is physically but water, while its healing quality is derived exclusively from the legend about it, that links a people to something greater than themselves, to something that transcends their little mortal existence, that links them with a facet of immortality. He also suggested that this dimension provides a link to Hamlet, because it is this very link to something greater than the people's self that the society had lacked in the Hamlet play, which continues to be sadly lacking in today's world as well.

"We all need this link," he said to us, "and it is precisely this link that Aristotle deprives one of lest one becomes aware of the poverty involved. Thus, Aristotle closes the door at the very threshold at which the dimension of our humanity begins. The Platonic and Socratic tradition, in contrast opens the door wide to the higher perception that became later personified by Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ does. That tradition opened the door to the Renaissance, and its light is reflected again in the image of the lateral lattice of a universally interconnected humanity. Here, we find our link to something greater than ourselves, a link to our humanity that we have barely begun to recognize, much less given ourselves the opportunity to explore and experience.

"Aristotle tells us that a fox is an animal, and a human being is just as much an animal, but of a higher sort," said Tatsuhiko. "But we can overturn this notion. With the mind we become able to see a reality of ourselves that cannot be described on any lower platform. We see is as the reality of a truth that gives rise to the universal kiss. Aristotle sees us as breeding machines, paired together for life, one a male and one a female. Anything more doesn't fit Aristotle's pathetic domain. But with the mind we see a higher image of mankind, not as breeding machines, but as children of a common humanity, of a common Soul, and of an all-embracing universal love. We are not bound to any goddess, any mythology. Instead, we carry the charge within our humanity to nourish the unfolding of that humanity, even to uphold and enrich one-another for our common welfare, the welfare of mankind, and to beautify and enrich the world in which we live.

"On this platform we can reach back into history and feel

ourselves kissed by the pioneers of the brightest intellectual and spiritual traditions. With that we reach forward into the future and embrace it with a kiss of our own in that we struggle to uplift our civilization. Yes, we can honor our humanity in the present by taking hold of the privilege we have, the privilege to experience this wider dimension.

"But what does this all mean?" Tatsuhiko asked.

"In ancient cultures people were required to donate a tenth of their living to one-another. Perhaps this translates itself into a similar charge to support one-another and to develop our common world. Perhaps this is the ancient's image of universal marriage. Except, why should one circumscribe this mutually enriching process with any limits and boundaries? Shouldn't we see this great privilege that we have as human beings, which is a privilege of our humanity, as a privilege to build, to explore, and to develop the unity that we understand to exist in truth, and thereby acknowledge it?

"If we speak of universal economic development as an element of our joy as human beings, and universal scientific and spiritual development as an element of our power as human beings, then we should also acknowledge our universal marriage on the same platform as an element of truth in our daily living. We should see this universal marriage as a taller form of marriage than any other form ever established that reflects that universal dimension that is greater than ourselves. And the peace in this marriage, expressed in sovereignty and love, unfolds the universal kiss.

"It seems to me that this might be the platform that Shakespeare wanted us to ponder, that, if it existed within the sphere of the play, would made the play a none-issue. Hamlet would have acted on the basis of principles greater than himself, without fear and without risk. My door is open," said Tatsuhiko, "to whoever wishes to explore this higher level dimension of marriage that lies beyond and above the dimension of Hamlet, in which a new version of Ganga Ma is being brought to the Earth."

His wife joined Tatsuhiko on the little stage of our rented meeting room, and embraced him. Within moments another couple joined as well, all embracing one-another.

I looked at Indira. "This is our answer," I said to her.

She nodded and stood up. Moments later we became a part of that grand embrace that was unfolding, with a commitment to build a 'land' in which Hamlet becomes irrelevant.

It was only natural that we invited each other for a cup of tea that evening, and that we remained together from that day on.

Indira was delighted with the outcome of this process. She could hardly believe that it actually worked. Two of our new spouses, Tatsuhiko and his wife Immanura Kenji, were medical doctors like

Indira herself. The other was a couple from New Delhi with two children. Both were employed in the movie industry. We met their children the next day, to Indira's great delight.

We all agreed that this unfolding was built on the understood fact that the principle of universal sovereignty locks no one into any specific relationship, but draws us together in a voluntaristic involvement in search for the greater beauty of life that the higher principles offered. We saw each other as Hamlet should have seen himself, with a role that he never managed to play. The outcome of the role we had committed ourselves to promised to be beautiful and exciting, and of course totally unconventional by the very intent. The resulting focus onto the higher principles had the effect that it pushed the sexual intimacies in this marriage onto a higher level as well, which we were just beginning to explore. It created an air of caution, expectancy, and excitement, interwoven with a daring to be honest with ourselves and true to the universal principles we had embraced.

Steve's words came to mind more and more; "We bring to each other our love to enrich one-another's existence." Along this line a new whirlwind of experiences began to unfold at the leading edge. The Kaleidoscope of the superlatives was turning again. In all of this sexual intimacies unfolded "as easy as the gentle rain in spring," as Indira had put it, and almost as unobtrusive as if they were secondary like in those days long ago in Vegas when Heather and Tony and I had escaped from the Navy's grand garden-party.

"This new principle that we embrace, acknowledging the universal marriage of humanity as a matter of eternal truth, will never be accepted in America," Tatsuhiko joked, "where the entire society is married to Adam Smith and Aristotle."

"That is, unless Pete defeats Adam Smith," joked Indira.

"This defeat would have to be universal and global," I replied.

"It would mean giving up all imperial notions and traditions in a global commitment to the principles of our humanity," Indira agreed.

"Will we ever see this happening?" asked Immanura. "Will the imperialists of the world even allow this, or will they start another round of Jacobin terror as the British Empire did in France with the launching of the French Revolution in which the French intellectual elite was systematically murdered? Will they do this to us too?"

"The principle of the universal kiss will prevent that," replied Tatsuhiko, "provided that we commit ourselves to it and cause it to spread." He wasn't joking anymore when he said this.

"This is where Hamlet should be an inspiration for us," I said to him. "Except the stakes were small in the case of Hamlet."

"Small?" Tatsuhiko repeated the question. "If that horror was small that turned all of Europe upside down, then what kind of hell is it that are we facing today?"

"We are facing storm front that threatens to turn our entire existence on this planet upside down," said Indira. "It's already moving. We are challenged to make an inner breakthrough that enables the political breakthrough on the global scale that has evaded mankind for 4000 years. It's that big. In the case of Hamlet the welfare of only one nation was at stake. Today the entire existence of mankind hangs in a balance, at least a large portion of it."

There was silence in the room after Indira said this. Everyone seemed stunned.

"We are not here for fun," I said. "We are here for love. But if our love is so small that it doesn't touch the whole world and uplift civilization to such a degree that mankind's future existence on this planet is assured, or in fact our own future existence is assured, our love is too small. It doesn't have the ring of the true metal. If we want to experience love to the full we cannot go half way. Our modern world is increasingly torn apart by countless issues that go deep, so deep that one can hardly see any light on the horizon. We are isolated by politics, military might, economic power, social status, ethnic backgrounds, nationality identities, and so on. At the individual level we are divided. We are divided and isolated by wealth, by fame, religion, ideology, profession, association, culture, and a whole lot more, especially by our sex. We made sex a dividing factor that is so big that the whole of mankind is split by it into two isolated camps. Our sexual isolation and division has roots that go immensely deep, and we find that these roots are being nourished right where we live on our home ground."

"While our political policies greatly effect the way we live as a society," said Indira, "we are more deeply effected by the way we regard one-another socially, especially when sex stands at the center of it. Rather than addressing this far-flung isolation by going to the roots of it society has devised policies for contact that regulate the social life in this complex world of near-universal isolation that in many ways has led to the deepest and most-violent conflicts. Instead of bridging the division and dissolving the isolation we find ourselves on the fast track going of going deeper into, on all fronts, with deadly consequences that few people can yet imagine."

"We have already reached the point that our global civilization is in danger of collapsing," I interjected. "This means that the global society collapsing with it. There play-out of Shakespeare's Hamlet has just begun. We are presently rushing into a New Dark

Age that some American leaders have already promised they intend to turn into Hundred Years War laced with unprecedented terror, poverty, and diseases that few people living today will be able to survive, especially our children. Some early signs are all already unfolding. For decades the imperial goal has been to reduce the world population to the one-to-two billion mark with a level of impotence that enables global imperial control. That's now technologically possible, and we are coming close to the implementation stage. And the saddest thing is that virtually nobody gives a damn. People are lined up at the slaughterhouse with their pockets full of money and their children tied up in chains. That's the outcome of the imperial project of cultural freedom after 55 years of implementation."

I saw tears forming suddenly in Immanura's eyes.

"We are not overstating the case," I said to everyone. "I wish we were. In fact, I'm understating it. Many years ago I learned a poem back in school of a dialog of "the four winds" discussing among them where they should meet next for their 'joyous' dance. They decided at length to meet at the center span of the great bridge spanning the canyon. They decided to meet at the midnight hour when the last train is crossing. 'Oh, what a wild dance it will be, a whirl-dance filled with fire and shrieking voices and sounds of breaking steel,' so they sang in their frenzy of anticipation. And so it was when the time came, when the four winds were coming together for their dance from all four directions at once."

I pointed out that the poet evidently was thinking of a bridge that was sturdy enough to withstand the strongest storm under the worst condition, but not four of them coming together at once. "Unfortunately that is the kind situation that we find ourselves in globally, today, in which our civilization is threatened. The four winds are eerily real. One of the four winds that is threatening civilization today is the already onrushing global financial and economic collapse. Many great and shiny bubbles of 'hot air,' which have been built up with printed money and the wildest schemes for reaping profits, are ready to pop. They are celebrated for their 'beauty' while they are stretched to the breaking point. Inflated by hedge funds, deindustrialization, monetary looting, and the dying breaths of a dying society, they are ready to disintegrate like so many children's soap bubbles disintegrate into a spray of fine mist that blows away with the wind, which no one can put back together again. That's the present state of the world's economy.

"Another one of the four winds is the growing threat of nuclear war. We had 65,000 nukes deployed globally in the mid-1980s of which only 20,000 remain active with probably an equal stockpile kept in reserve. However, the deterrent that has kept them at bay is wearing thin. The nukes are on the table now, ready to be used. It is no longer a question of if, but when! In the mid-1980s we said

to ourselves that nobody would be so crazy to actually throw them around. We trusted our existence to the doctrine of Mutually Assured Destruction. Now we have many people in power who qualify for the description of being "so crazy" to do that. Our mutual destruction is thereby assured. In addition mankind is facing the massive radioactive pollution of its air that few people will survive, for which tens of millions of uranium bombs have already been stockpiled. That is how the problem of dealing with nuclear waste has been solved. Instead of storing it in secure deposits it's been put into bombs for killing people in an orgy of murdering that never ends. The radioactivity never ends.

"The third onrushing wind is fascism. Society fought World War II to defeat fascism. But that war was never really won, was it? Fascism remained. World War II had been a contest between killing machines. The contest ended when one killing machine had exhausted the resources for the other. But the fascism that stood behind the killing machines was never defeated. It has spread into the Americas. It infested the USA. It swept across Europe into Russia, into Asia, even China. Fascism has become a monster of terror, torture, inhumanity, and genocide. And its being lavishly financed, covertly, from high many places within hidden empires that need to sow division and destruction to protect the precarious foundation for their existence. The USA appears to be presently set up to be destroyed in this process, by its own hands from within, and thereby to vanish from the map of the future as a sovereign nation state, just as the very idea of the sovereign nation state is set up to be eradicated globally.

"The fourth onrushing wind, ironically, is not global warming, but the return of the Ice Age. For nearly two million years the earth has been in a massive deep-freeze environment called the Pleistocene Epoch that is periodically interrupted with interglacial warm climates of short duration, such as we are in today, which is ending. The end of the present interglacial warm climate also spells at the same time the end for agriculture that is largely dependent on the warm climate. Mankind has existed for over two million years, but in spite of this long period of human development only 1-10 million people inhabited our planet when the last glaciation cycle ended slightly over 10,000 years ago. This minuscule population was all that mankind had been able sustain without large scale agriculture that's not possible in an Ice Age. Now we have 6 billion people living on the earth, going on to 10 billion. The coming Ice Age will most certainly wipe us out unless we can create the technological infrastructures for indoor agriculture that would sustain us through the coming 100,000 years of Ice Age conditions. While the construction of these infrastructures is totally possible, even on a global scale, we might be heading for disaster, because it will take a hundred years to build

the facilities and one sees no commitment to building them. Credible scientists suggest that we might have those hundred years left before the next transition to glaciation begins, but with the world put fast asleep, dreaming of global warming, who will rescue us from our growing isolation from reality. Many credible scientists have spoken out and have warned that the dogma of manmade global warming is a fraudulent imperial deception that is designed to prevent society from developing the kind of social and economic renaissance that would be necessary for creating itself the needed infrastructures that would assure its future existence. This response to save mankind is blocked, because it would spell the end of all empires.

"Since we live presently isolated from our humanity and under the spell of the money of the empires, the return of the Ice Age will most likely overwhelm the future of mankind, especially since the Ice-Age wind is set up to be joined by the other three winds. No society on this planet can escape this looming catastrophe unless mankind as a whole is able to reverse its deeply moving isolation from its inherent humanity. This deep-cutting isolation presently keeps the horizons free for the four winds to blow as devastatingly as the imperials desire who master the four winds. It's the imperial policy of society's isolation from itself that threatens human civilization as a whole and potentially mankind's existence with nuclear extinction."

Tatsuhiko didn't smile anymore. He shook his head as if in disbelief.

"The individual issues that are involved here, that drive the four winds, are far too complex to be dealt with in a quick discussion," Indira interjected. "They are too complex, because they are all issues that are deeply overlaid with layers upon layers of lies, by which the truth is hidden so deeply that the issues are hard to understand. Also the four winds that are threatening our civilization as never before have been a long way in coming. Empires and their wars, and inhumanity that the imperial system spawns, have been a part of the human scene for at least 4000 years. Their gushing gore was despised even then to the point of the imperial system being labeled, the "Whore of Babylon." For 4000 years society has fought against the whore with few successes. As far back 3700 years ago the famous reformer Hammurabi struggled to put a few curbs on the excesses of the whore and its barbarism. But nobody has ever really won that struggle and secured a victory for mankind. A little light had been seen in Europe during the Greek Classical Period of Homer, Solon, and the Pythagorean Society and so on. But this dawning light was quickly crushed by the sophistry of Pericles and the seventy years of destruction that he unleashed that became known as the Peloponnesian War. Plato and Socrates had worked intensively to restore the lost scientific culture and to extend it further. While their effort created a bright era that became the precursor for the Chris-

tian era, no real victory was ever won by this development, including the development of Christianity. Instead of a bright humanist age a new darkness descended that became the Dark Ages, spearheaded by the Roman Empire and a whole string of other warehouses that followed in its footsteps."

"That's the root for Hamlet," I interjected. "The long period of the unfolding Dark Ages was first interrupted by the Islamic Renaissance near the end of the first millennium, and then again in the 14th Century in Europe by the Golden Renaissance, and then once more by the second European Renaissance of the 17th Century that was centered on the Peace of Westphalia that became the spark of light in which the USA was founded. But all of those sparks were crushed again and again by the imperial system. Shakespeare understood this. He understood the deadening effect this system has on society's mentality. That is what Hamlet was about. It was a mirror in which society could see its smallness in self-perception. Hamlet was an emergency measure. When he wrote Hamlet a new night was already descending again. Apart from the few bright periods of renaissance that were all too rare and far too brief, mankind has been on an escalating loosing streak. We are presently entrenched in that loosing streak as never before. In the four onrushing tragedies that are now converging on us the few victories that mankind has achieved over the ages in its periods of renaissance stand out as still-glowing sparks that inspire hope for us that we may yet win our victory over the whore and its wars, a victory that has evaded humanity's grasp for 4000 years. Those bright sparks from our past periods of renaissance that should inspire us today are all sparks that have a common universal principle that is evidently still valid today."

"But what is a universal principle?" said Tatsuhiko quietly.

"The discovery of universal principles has been slow in coming," I cautioned him. "For example, a long period of scientific development lies between the casual recognition that all objects fall to the ground and the discovery of the Principle of Universal Gravitation by Johannes Kepler."

"Wasn't Newton who discovered the Principle of Universal Gravitation?" said Tatsuhiko.

"Newton was hit on the head by a falling apple, but he didn't discover the Principle of Universal Gravitation. The Principle of Universal Gravitation was discovered by Johannes Kepler long before Newton was even born. The universal principles that Kepler discovered now enables us to land on the moon as we did between 1969 and 1972. The principles that he discovered enabled the kind of accuracy in planning that we could touch down on the lunar surface confidently with only 30 seconds worth of fuel left in the landing vehicle. That technological achievement resulted from the power of

discovered universal principles."

"The discovery of the underlying principles of civilization that combines every bright period of history has a similarly long unfolding and came to light with an equally profound promise," said Indira. "We defeated three empires in India, the Brahmanic Empire, the Islamic Empire, and the British Empire. We've become pioneers for the world. We've won a few battles, but the war is far from over, even in India."

"The Europeans won a few battles too," I added. "The brightest of these victories were all built on the discoveries of principles came to light in connection with the Treaty of Westphalia. These principles enabled the European society to end the Thirty Years War in 1648. This was mankind's first and last real victory over war. The resulting profound treaty was built the recognition of a principle that might be called the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. This principle created not only a period of peace in Europe. It also created the foundation for modern civilization. The Westphalia Principle became reflected in the founding principles of the U.S.A. which were laid down in its constitution that might be termed the Principle of the General Welfare. In this manner, if one looks at all the bright periods of renaissance in a wide overview fashion, an underlying principle comes to light that might be called the Principle of Universal Love."

"Oops," said Tatsuhiko, "that's impossible! Universal love is regarded as treason in the social world, especially in the realm of marriages."

"I didn't say that the challenge that the Principle of Universal Love puts on the table isn't wide and enormous. I am aware of that. However, if one looks deeper there exists a natural foundation for this principle that reflects the simple fact that we are all human beings together, universally, with a common humanity and a common universal human soul, so to speak. The more one peels away the extraneous layers, which are all artificial in nature, that isolate us from one-another, the more the universality of our humanity is coming to light. The scientific process of discovery along this line naturally involves great challenges, especially social challenges, but it also promises breakthroughs in the protection and advance of civilization that appear to be totally impossible on any other platform."

"The great depth of this challenge came to light for me," said Indira, "when I began to explore the dimension of the Principle of Universal Love as Peter first posed the challenge, or rather his boss conveyed the challenge to me. What happened from then on unfolded fantastically, like as in a novel. It became an adventure to discover how this principle might unfold in the social sphere, especially at the grassroots level, including in the sexual domain. It is a

fact of history that every period of renaissance has ended at some point when its achievements were crushed again. After that things became worse all around the world. The evident reason for that failure is that the profound principles that these periods of renaissance were built on weren't accepted deeply enough. They weren't deemed relevant at the grassroots level of society's social and even sexual relationships. The unfolding project that Peter broughtxxx to present a daring discovery of the Principle of Universal Love became like a 'dance.' The 'dance' might have been inspired in part by a similar kind of 'dance' in the visual arts where the focus was placed on rolling back the isolation of woman in society that has been built up over many centuries. Obviously, this rolling back of a built up isolation in society applies also to the isolation of society itself from its humanity.

In this context, rather than speaking of my own work, I would like to pay tribute to the world-renowned artist, Judy Chicago, who uplifted society to some degree with her unique kind of dance in the arts that raised the awareness of women's issues and women's art, and with it an awareness of the hypocrisy in society's sexual isolation and its isolation from its humanity in the larger sense. I believe this tribute is essential.

Judy Chicago brought together a team of over 20 researchers that probed the pages of history for 999 women of achievement. From these 39 were selected as guests for Judy Chicago's art installation in form of a 'dinner party.'⁴ She created a triangular table for her dinner party according to the three distinct periods in society's relationship with its women. Each side of the triangular table represents one of these periods. The first side represents the very early period beginning at pre-history and ending with the Greek Classical period. Throughout this era women were revered, some as goddesses. Then came the darker era extending onward from the start of the Christian era into the Dark Age of religious wars, crusades, genocide, terror, and persecution. The second side represents that Dark Age in which the status of women was trashed along with everything else that is human. The third side represents the modern period from the 17th Century on in which countless women struggled to reverse the isolating trend that had forced the women of society into the background, which had been so devastating to women and to society as a whole.

The 39 women that are brought together as guests for The Dinner Party by Judy Chicago all share a common table together as one, as we celebrate their achievements and the achievements of women in general. However The Dinner Party is also a party that society as a whole is invited to. Judy Chicago has created a unique place setting for each of the 39 women, all lavishly laid out on the large dinner table. Each place setting is further highlighted with an

uniquely painted porcelain plate that bares an image that symbolically represents the nature of the individual woman that is thereby honored. The resulting installation presents in this manner an invitation to society to 'eat' from each one of the women's plates and thereby to 'nourish' itself with the substance of her achievements and her contributions to the development of mankind and civilization.

At this point Judy Chicago becomes 'deliciously' daring. The images that she painted on the woman's plates to represent their individual nature are all designed to be symbolic of both a butterfly and a woman's vulva. The complexity of this symbolism evolves throughout the series, plate by plate and side by side. It begins with a simple soft vulva-image to represent the primordial goddess of prehistory. The series of plates ends 38 images later with the deeply sculpted and anatomically expressive image of the vulva for the final place setting that represent Georgia O'Keeffe, an outspoken artist of the budding fight in the 1800s for the universal recognition of the equality of women.

In this sense Judy Chicago invites society to not only 'nourish' itself with the profound achievements wrought by the women represented at the table, and with them all women, but she invites society also to 'eat' of their vulva, of their womanhood. In so doing Judy Chicago invites society to acknowledge to itself that it already does the very thing in real terms in its near universal sexual practice that she symbolically invites society to do. She thereby invites society to acknowledge that the entire sexual isolation that has isolated the woman in society and pushed her into the background for centuries, is a myth. Judy Chicago forcefully demonstrates that the sexual isolation that relegates women into the background is a myth by the simple fact that countless people throughout society lovingly and joyously 'eat' their vulva, both men and women. This fact has been confirmed in surveys. A large number of sexually active women that answered a survey*5 indicated that 'eating' off a woman's vulva is the most enjoyable sexual interaction they know and is the most widely practiced.

In other words, the self-isolation of society that has been engineered over many centuries, which resulted in the most deeply cutting sexual division of society that one can imagine, is a myth. The myth also renders every other form of isolation in society likewise a myth, including our political, ethnic, and religious isolation and the resulting violent divisions. These prevailing divisions belie the fact that we are all human beings together and share universally a common humanity and a common universal human soul. Judy Chicago demonstrates with her work with a 'delicious' irony that society's countless forms of isolation and division, no matter how time-honored they may be, are basically nothing more than just hypocrisy.

Am I saying with this reference to the dinner party that it takes an honest woman to teach us men that we are hypocrites? No, I'm not saying that at all. It appears that Judi Chicago is challenging the whole of society together, because everybody, woman as well as men, fell into the trap of a self-isolation that has led to ever-deeper divisions throughout the world, many of which have been carefully cultivated. It is now deemed socially normal for human beings to live in isolation, and to practice this isolation also politically, and so on. In her unique way, Judy Chicago is challenging the entire self-isolation of mankind, even while much of it is rooted in imperial motivation that even now only a few dare to recognize. Nevertheless, her project, *The Dinner Party*, started a cultural uplifting in society that might be more extensive than what appears of it on the surface, and not just for women. Also, her work unfolded at a time when it was most needed, both politically and culturally.

Her determination to do something profound to reverse the isolation of women, and possibly also the isolation of society from itself, began to unfold in her thoughts as far back as 1971. This was also the time when banner headlines were strung across the world that proclaimed that the Earth has cancer and that this cancer is mankind. The image of the human being was being violently trashed at this time, as never before. The year 1971 was also the year in which the Bretton-Woods world-finical system was wrecked by imperial demands in order that the nation's national currencies could be used as private gambling chips by an imperial oligarchy that subsequently leached enormous profits out of the nations' currencies, causing social consequences that are not easily repaired. The world became looted to the bone in this manner while the image of mankind was being trashed simultaneously. Judy Chicago might not have been consciously aware of this trend that began in parallel with her unfolding idea for uncovering the growing isolation of mankind from its humanity. Nevertheless her idea unfolded against this historic background that became a trend that is now wrecking our civilization.

The physical work for *The Dinner Party* project itself began in 1974. The project took 5 years to complete. Those years were a time of intense creativity with the glow of an unfolding universal love that is evident throughout the project. Sadly, however, this same timeframe also brought to light a number of political movements that are the very opposite in their nature and effect.

One of these political projects that Judy Chicago's efforts tend to counteract was a two-pronged depopulation travesty that came to light as the first ever world population conference held in Bucharest in 1974 and America's NSSM-200 policy that likewise began in 1974. The Bucharest conference had been built on the notion that the human population is a cancer that must be contained. The

American NSSM-200 policy went one step further and defined Third World population growth as a security threat to the USA on the premise that the developing nations would be using up their natural resources for themselves, which the imperials demand must be preserved for their future needs. Consequently Africa became one of the first major targets for controlled depopulation with the result that AIDS erupted in Africa a few years later in the shadow of this policy. While it is impossible to determine if and to what extent Judy Chicago's effort to counteract the isolation of society from its humanity had an effect on thwarting the depopulation travesty, it is nevertheless interesting to note that her healing effort coincided with the emergence of an extremely dangerous political trend. Had her efforts been 100% successful to the fullest possible extent the NSSM-200 policy for the destruction of Africa might have been avoided, so that the 25-million AIDS deaths that occurred might not have happened, including the future deaths that are yet to come until the disease is arrested. But can we say that her efforts had no effect at all? I don't think we can say this either. They might have had a major effect in spite of it all. Whatever counteracts the isolation of society from its humanity does have an uplifting effect on civilization.

The timeframe in which Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party* was created also covered the period in which the DDT ban and the manmade-global-warming hoax were both unleashed. That DDT ban that was imposed for purely political reasons and no scientific imperative at all is now killing more than a million people a year in Africa alone, most of them children. While this horrendous death toll is nevertheless small in comparison with the global death toll from imposed poverty, the genocidal effect of the manmade-global-warming hoax promises to be still far more deadly than both horrors combined. It promises a horror show beyond anything we've ever seen or imagined. The manmade-global-warming hoax has been perpetrated in order to prevent the new renaissance from emerging that would result if society would prepare itself for the return of the Ice Age that looms like a dark shadow over mankind's near future.

And so, without perhaps being consciously aware of it, Judy Chicago has put her art on the line in a powerful manner to help roll back the increasing isolation of society from its humanity that we find so deeply reflected in all of these areas. What she did now stands before us as a monumental challenge. She was almost 'shrieking' then through her work, to the blinded eyes and the deafened ears of society, saying, "You fools, can't you see your hypocrisy!"

Well, maybe a few people saw what she had laid before society. Evidently some people did see something, but far too few did. And so, because of society's general lack in its response to her outcry the collapse of civilization that began in those very days

continues unabated and is accelerating. Judy Chicago had invited mankind to 'dance' with her in celebration of our humanity, but far too few have heeded her invitation. Thus we all remain increasingly isolated from our humanity, which makes the resulting divisions in our present world evermore severe. The current world-financial system is already bankrupt and is hanging by the finest thread, budging with debt. The debt stands as a liability against the western economies that no longer produce much of anything, but have become a liability themselves. We need a global bankruptcy reorganization before the house falls down, in order to keep people alive, pensions paid, wages protected, industries operating, and to give ourselves the needed credits to rebuild our lost industries that we must have back in order to get society on its feet again with universally affordable housing, transportation, clothing, food, and so on. Unfortunately nothing of the sort is happening, is it? And it won't be happening for as long as society remains isolated from its humanity as human beings.

Even the threat of war is more severe now than it has ever been throughout all history. We face worse consequences today than those that we feared from a nuclear war. On December 23, 2005, The Korea Times*6 published a few figures from a US dossier of August 2003 that contains the number of dirty uranium bombs that were pre-positioned at this time at three U.S. Air Force bases in Korea. The Times listed 2.7 million DU bombs located in Korea, plus 300,000 located in Japan, for a total of 3 million DU bombs.

Chances are that the published figures are vastly inflated. One would hope that they are. Most likely, though, the opposite might likely be the case as many more DU bombs would surely have been added over the more than three years since the dossier's the date of the publication. Also, considering that Korea is a small place compared to the Middle East, it stands to reason that many time more DU bombs would be pre-positioned at the over twenty U.S. Air Force bases in the Middle East, with their numbers probably ranging upwards into the tens of millions. The likelihood for such large stockpiles is probably extremely high since DU bombs are inexpensive to produce.

The DU bombs, or depleted uranium bombs, as they are called, utilize the uranium residue from spent nuclear reactor fuel or fuel processing, which was once considered a waste product that is expensive to store. Now it is considered a cheap resource to be put into bombs. When the DU bombs are used the uranium is vaporized into particles smaller than the wavelength of light. Being so small, there are a vast numbers of them filling the air, most of them end up suspended in the air for long periods where they are transported around the world by the air currents. Nevertheless, no matter how small these particles are, they remain radioactive with a life span

that exceeds the few billion years that our planet is believed to remain inhabitable. Since the minuscule radioactive particles are a part of the air now that we all inhale, we invariably inhale a number of these radioactive particles with every breath. As the particles accumulate in the body a few of them might get inside our body's living cells and upset the delicate chemical balances there and inflict damage to the DNA chains. The result of this radiation attack is a long list of cancers and diseases that exceeds 90 types so far, in addition to all the horrendous birth defects that are too horrible to describe. The big question to doctors is no longer, will the baby be a boy or a girl, but will it be normal. In some areas birth defects have increased 10 to 20-fold and cancers 20 to 50-fold. Even in the USA that is far from the theaters of war, the lung cancer rate has increased 6-fold, as reported by CNN in March 2006, pertaining to the first two months of that year. Diabetes is exploding with similarly increases over the time span since DU weapons have been in use, rising from 30 million cases worldwide to 230 million cases. While no smoking gun evidence is possible that would link the increases to DU, because of the minuscule particle sizes, the coincidence in timing suggest that such a link exists.

Since the worldwide radiation from the relatively small-scale DU bombing to date cannot be rolled back, mankind simply has to cope with these increased horrors for all times to come which have already caused unspeakable tragedies. The radiation we've put into the environment is there to stay, and we'll have to live with it from now on since we can't leave out planet and get away from it. There simply is no place in the universe that we could escape to in order to get away from the results of our present folly. And even with all of that considered, today's society has allowed itself to become so insanely isolated from its innate humanity that it is prepared to let the potentially 100-fold increase happen, of the radioactive pollution of our planet that appears to have already been pre-positioned. While the imperial goal might be to keep the planned DU radiation-destruction focused on Russia, China, and India, which are the old historic imperial targets, the prepared-for wave of DU killing promises to be of an intensity that no one will likely survive anywhere on the planet.

The Chinese are fully aware of this danger, and the Russians too, and are prepared to counter it. The Chinese have developed an deployed a new intercontinental nuclear missile system, the DF-31. The system is designed to pepper the West Coast of the USA with nuclear warheads and let the fallout obliterate the East. They have no choice but to erradicate the USA as the only means for stopping its DU bombing campaign that is evidently designed to erradicate China. If the political forces in the USA are too corrupt to prevent the DU bombing campaign, then China has no choice but to inter-

vene and shut down America. The DF-31 gives China the capability to do this. The DF-31 comes in two flavors, either with a single 3-megaton warhead or with three 90-kiloton warheads per missile. The combination is sufficient to wipe out the USA with unimaginable consequences. The USA will respond with nukes of its own, and wipe out China. Nevertheless some portions of China will remain and the country can recover, possibly after the next Ice Age, while the DU bombing, if it proceeds, will most likely make even such a long-term recovery impossible. The radioactive pollution of the DU bombing is infinitely greater than that from a nuclear war. The radioactive pollution remains in the environment almost forever and keeps on killing for an immensely long time.

That's the real danger in our present age, which has become an age of creeping insanity. We truly have become isolated from our humanity into dream worlds filled with fantasies that have nothing to do with down to earth human living. That is what we have to move away from, and we have to do it from the bottom up, because the political world is too corrupt and economically disintegrating for any hope to be found there. The breakthrough has to unfold from the bottom up and create a new political and economic world. If this doesn't happen, human history will likely end, because humanity will likely drown itself in its own sewer that is getting deeper by the day. That is how deep our love had to reach. If we can get there, we will experience in our lifetime a kind of love, even among ourselves, that we never imagined to be possible.

As things stand today we won't likely see any reversal of the DU danger happening without that love, for without it we remain so deeply isolated from our humanity as a people that the already prepared extinction of our own kind barely raises few eyebrows. There should be commitment forthcoming to eradicate the DU danger and other such dangers in a crash-program type fashion. Unfortunately this reversal won't happen until our current isolation from our humanity is resolved with some rich measures of truth and universal love. Nothing else will be enough. We have tried lesser approaches for 4,000 years without results while things were getting worse, and now we are facing a crisis.

Whether we get out of our present collective trap alive is beyond anybody's ability to forecast. The critical choices are clear. They have been clear for centuries, and have been ignored for centuries. They are still being ignored. Fascism reigns supreme instead, and more so than ever. Instead of society building affordable housing for its habitation, more and more houses are being bulldozed to the ground in military atrocities, or are bombed to smithereens while society looks on, or housing is priced out of range altogether so that people are forced to live under bridges or in the open, etc.. Also, we still make war today and wage it with ever-more giant

engines for mass destruction while we can't spare a dime to prevent hunger in the world.

It's the same age-old story, isn't it, the same song that has been played over and over like a broken record by almost the whole society of mankind? We allow the looting of nations in the name of freedom. We profit from the enslavement of the poor in the name of greed. We kill, torture, terrorize, destroy and imprison one-another in the name of what we call, security. We human beings alone do all of this, to one-another. The horrors in our world are not inflicted on us by alien beings from other worlds. We do this to ourselves and call the travesty a civilization. We are miles off course today from where we should be as a society of human beings. It appears that we have actually convinced ourselves that we are not really human.

The tragic delusion that we suffer from is the natural outcome of our self-isolation from our humanity that has been cultivated for millennia, which we now find hard to reverse. Nevertheless, the task remains for us to get our humanity back and to do it quickly before time runs out. This critical task has been put onto our plate and remains there for us to master in the time that we have left before all is lost.

Thus the final question is, will we succeed and become human again, or will we blow ourselves up or poison our world beyond repair? I personally think that we still have a chance to succeed.

"We should be writing those novels that put the Principle of Universal Love on the table in countless different ways."

"That may be challenging in countless different ways too and may be hard to deal with since we have to learn to live this principle ourselves."

"But if we do this the outcome promises to unfold into the sparkle of a great gem that is precious for its own brilliance as it brings our humanity back to light," I interjected. "And that promise that I see, including what we already realize of it, outshines all the challenges. Sure, the challenges are great that are posed by the Principle of Universal Love. But the promise is also great. It is so great that it outshines the mortal dangers that appear to be greater today than at any time in history, with the whole of mankind now facing a danger that few even realize is hanging over their heads. With the promise that flows from the Principle of Universal Love our hope remains, and that pales the challenges. Our hope remains, because the fact remains that a diamond that has fallen in to the mud remains a diamond still. It remains ready to shine once the mud is rinsed away and the gem is placed back into the sunshine. America is that diamond; India is that diamond; mankind is that diamond; we all are!"

"Let's not underestimate the challenge," said Indira. "It's an age-old challenge. Let me tell you a story that goes far back in history. It's the story of a man named Jacob who came to live with his father-in-law, named Laban. Laban had two daughters, Leah and Rachel. Jacob fell in love with Rachel at first sight. He agreed to work for Laban for seven years to obtain Rachel as his wife. The seven years passed quickly in the glow of his love, but when the time came, after the wedding feast he found Leah in his tent. Laban explained that he had to honor that tradition that the older daughter had to be married first, but for serving him another seven years he could obtain Rachel also. And so it was that Jacob had two wives.

"In those days children were highly important for the economic well-being of a family, and since the two wives were now in competition with each other the focus was put on having children. That is how Leah was determined to win Jacob's love, who loved Rachel instead of her. She bore him a son and named him Reuben, but her hopes for winning Jacob's love were not fulfilled."

"But that was a long time ago," said Tatsuhiko. "It's not relevant anymore, just as the mythology behind the River Ganges is hardly relevant anymore."

"It was made relevant in America," said Indira. "A fellow that Peter and I met at the Taj Mahal pointed out that an American spiritual pioneer did a scientific study of the principles and the failures that were involved in Jacob's story, which includes the story of his two wives. Jacob had twelve children. Mary defined nine of them according to the mentality of the two wives at the time of their conception. That is what makes the story a fascinating one, because it brings it into the modern context. She defined Reuben as corporeality; sensuality; delusion; mortality; error." Indira read the definition. "But what does that mean? Peter pointed out to me that the biological process in which we were born goes far beyond ourselves. Our parents' sexual act set a process in motion that is infinitely greater than what we even now can comprehend. We know that DNA plays a role and determines the developmental pattern, but we don't know by what complex principles an eye is formed in the right shape and at the right place, and with the perfect functionality of it? We are a part of a process that is as wide as the universe, and we find ourselves at the very leading edge of it. That's something worth celebrating. We ourselves are worth celebrating. We certainly have no reason to regard our children as a personal creation and a personal possession. We are all offspring of a profoundly complex universal humanity that is infinitely greater than us, that we become but spectators of and marvel at what we see unfolding. Even the sexual process that assures that the DNA pool is always fresh and new and diverse, that we become drawn into, again like spectators of something greater, is really for greater than we ourselves.

The psychological dimension is far beyond our creating. It's something that we merely respond to, and do so with a great joy. I think Mary calls it sensuality when we reduce this vast process down to the level of sex becoming an entertainment center. It should be the center of our temple of rejoicing. It appears the Leah's perception about children and herself as a human being fell far short on ever count that matters, and nothing good really came from it. She found nothing to celebrate. She tried it again with the same mentality, with the same outcome. And determined as she was, she tried to win Jacob's love for the third time by giving him sex and having children for him. But she was digging herself a deeper and deeper hole. At the birth of Levi she said, now ill my husband be joined unto me, because I have given him three sons. But she soon found out that this deep hole was empty. Mary defined Levi as, A corporeal and sensual belief; mortal man; denial of the fulness of God's creation; ecclesiastical despotism. She soon realized that she had nothing to celebrate for her shortsighted efforts.

"It appears that Leah finally woke up," Indira continued. "When she had her next child she said, now I will praise the Lord of heaven and earth, and she called him Judah, and Mary defined the name Judah as, a corporeal material belief progressing and disappearing; the spiritual understanding of God and man appearing. It appears that Mary saw a change in Leah's attitude. She was no longer prostituting herself to please Jacob, but was satisfied even happy with her unfolding larger sense of family. At this point Rachel came onto the scene of 'making' children, at least that is how she saw it, but she couldn't. She was envious of Leah's happiness. However, it turned out that Rachel was barren. Out of desperation Rachel gave her handmaiden Bilhah to Jacob for a wife that she might have children for him through her. She literally became a pimp and prostituted her household helper to Jacob, hoping thereby to secure Jacob's love. But she came out empty and disappointed. Rachel called Bilhah's first son, Dan. Mary defined, Dan, as, animal magnetism; so-called mortal mind controlling mortal mind; error, working out the designs of error; one belief preying upon another.

"And here it gets interesting," said Indira, "because Leah did the same thing after she stopped bearing children, after Judah was born, but in her case, in total contrast, Mary gave the resulting a child a very profound definition. This makes on to wonder what Mary's reason might have been. Leah gave her handmaiden Zilpah to Jacob for a wife without strings attached, and when her child was born, her comment was, a troop is coming. She called the boy, Gad, and Mary defines Gad, as, science; spiritual being understood; haste towards harmony. The difference in definition that Mary gave the two children of the two handmaiden apparently reflect the vast difference of the mentality behind the scene in each case. Rachel had

prostituted her handmaiden for a desired personal profit, while Leah simply stepped out of the way and let the family grow and unfold in an ever-richer manner. And evidently she was quite happy with it. When Zilpah's next child arrived, Leah said, that daughters will call me blessed, and called him Asher, which means blessed. She seems that have recognized that her larger sense of children and human relationships would invariably be understood by all around so that the 'daughters' would indeed call her blessed. Mary defined, Asher, as, hope and faith; spiritual compensation; the ills of the flesh rebuked.

"The interesting this is," Indira continued, "why Mary created such tall definitions for Leah's mentality that resulted in actions that the whole of society would condemn as immoral? One might understand Rachel giving her handmaiden to Jacob to have children through her. Rachel was desperate, which leads to desperate acts. But Leah wasn't desperate. Still she let Jacob have his heart's desire. She evidently even encouraged it and was happy with the outcome. Why would she do this? Which woman today would be happy to see her husband having a sexual affair with another woman, not to mention having children with her? And which woman, above all of that, would encourage her husband to be so engaged? No one would do this, but Mary gave the outcome of it the most glowing definitions of all the names of Jacob's children that she defined."

"She puts quite a challenge before us all, doesn't she," said Tatsuhiko. I think she is saying that our sense of children, and therefore our sense of what human being is, and how we relate to one another as human beings is far too small, too personal, too sexual. We've privatized our children, we privatized ourselves, we've even privatized our sex. I never saw anything wrong with the concept that I own my children, that I own my wife, that I own her sex, and woe be to the fellow who dares to love my wife or even dares to touch her sex. Sure, this setup is full of conflicts, but we've been taught to live with it, haven't we. We say it's bliss, and we would define what Leah has done as treason, but Mary says, what Leah has done is good, is scientifically on the right track, and represents what she called haste towards harmony. To me, Leah's position looks like a hotbed for all kinds of conflicts unless one looks at oneself and one-another as the offspring of a process that is vastly greater than oneself. In this context, if we get there, all the notions of privatization that we cling to fall away as silly and erroneous, and the path opens up to incredible harmony. But can we get there? The challenge seem insurmountable."

"And it will remain insurmountable," Indira interjected, "for as long as we force ourselves into the trap of a personalized sense of existence. But why shouldn't we be able to acknowledge what is evidently real. We are the offspring of a profound universal human-

ity and its principles that we don't even yet understand. If I look at myself and one another from this standpoint I see miracles unfolding that I want to celebrate and be a part of. The outcome makes all the challenges seem small."

"But nothing is assured," Tatsuhiko interjected.

"Of course, nothing is assured," said Indira. "We can slip up and fall into the mud. That's the chance we have to take. Mountain climbers take those chances all the time. Some are incredibly daring, and some of those also overstep their reach and fall to their death. Sure, Leah was incredibly daring, and why shouldn't she have been. Her life was like being dead. Her only hope was to rescue herself by stepping up to higher ground. And that's what she did. And yes, she did fall. She slipped up one day when her son Reuben found mandrakes in the field that were deemed to induce conception. Rachel wanted some, so she sold a bunch to Rachel for the privilege of having sex with Jacob again. She told Jacob that she had paid for the privilege. She had three more sons in this context. She called the first Issachar. Mary defined Issachar, as, a corporeal belief; the offspring of error; envy; hatred; selfishness; self-will; lust. She collapsed back to where she started from, a sense of love that can be bought. Mary left it with that. She didn't define the other two names since Leah's mentality remained stuck in that privatized sense of living.

"So you see, Tatsuhiko," said Indira, "nothing is guaranteed except that you will find yourself stuck in your rut of small living unless you step up to higher ground. Of course, if we can manage to help each other to get to this higher ground and keep us there at the leading edge we are less likely to slip up as Leah did. Leah stood alone in pioneering territory. We are fortunate not to have this handicap, provided we support one-another along the way. That is what Leah and Rachel had a perfect opportunity of doing, but failed. We are told that Rachel did bear a son after the mandrakes affair. This time her mentality was no longer to put a hold on Jacob. She called the child Joseph, and Mary acknowledged this higher state of mentality by defining it as, a higher sense of Truth rebuking mortal belief, or error, and showing the immortality and supremacy of Truth; pure affection blessing its enemies. But Rachel too, couldn't old onto this high-level of perception. She convinced herself that her happiness would lie in having more children. And she did bear again, but she died in the process of the birth. As she died she called the child Benoni, son of my sorrow, but Jacob changed the name to Benjamin. For the first time in his life, just prior to Rachel bearing again, Jacob had gained a higher sense of human existence, as mankind being the offspring of God, so to speak. In this context he recognized Rachel's last child not as a child of tragedy, but as his 'right arm,' a blessing for the family. Had Rachel not slipped back

into the role of being a personal machine for making children she would have found other ways for enriching the family and not have suffered the tragedy that took her life at child-birth. Mary defined Rachels' perception in which she was dying, as, a physical belief as to life, substance, and mind; human knowledge, or so-called mortal mind, devoted to matter; pride; envy; fame; illusion; a false belief; error masquerading as the possessor of life, strength, animation, and power to act. But Mary also defined Jacob's uplifting of the 'name' to Benjamin, which she defined as, renewal of affections; self-offering; an improved state of mortal mind; the introduction of a more spiritual origin; a gleam of the infinite idea of the infinite Principle; a spiritual type; that which comforts, consoles, and supports."

I turned to Tatsuhiko, "so you see, it's all up to us in what we hold dear about life and one-another. The question is, do we want to live in the temple of celebration, celebrating the profundity of our humanity with every breath, or do we want to live in the small world of our homegrown conflicts and die in that small world. This small option is what far too many people choose, in which they die long before their days on earth are over? That's no way to live, is it?"

"That's an ancient Christian story," Tatsuhiko interjected.

"No it isn't," Indira countered him. "That's a story of ancient history that had moved people before Christianity existed, and before Buddhism and Islam, and a lot of other religions. It goes back to the question of what a human being is, and what civilization is. Mary tried to explore that question in the ancient context, probably to illustrate in a scientific manner that we are dealing here with timeless concepts, and that the wide and profound truth of our universal humanity that we are all a part of is greater than, and spans across, all religions, creeds, customs, nationalities, ethnic backgrounds, political inventions, and the artificial institutions that are created on these backgrounds. Mary seems to suggest that since the vast diversity of all of these backgrounds illustrates that they are all far from the truth, we should look for the truth with the mind's eye, which involves science and the discovery of universal principles. Then we can find ourselves, and if we are daring we can move with what we find. That is what Hamlet didn't do, and no one of the society did that he was a part of, and consequently they all perished. And so shall we, if we play the Hamlet game. Peter and I suggest that we don't play the Hamlet game, that we reach up to what Leah once represented at the height of her attainment. And so, we invite everyone who is willing and able to join the team of exploration to discover what it means to live like a human being in the truest sense. That's perhaps the greatest challenge that anyone can propose, and it is nothing short of the essential challenge that must be met if our civilization is to survive, and mankind with it."

"Don't expect miracles," said Tatsuhiko. "Don't expect a revolution."

"The moment that you step into uncharted territory you enter the land of revolutions," countered Immanura. "Every concept that takes us beyond the conventional small stage of thinking is a revolutionary concept. Hamlet didn't recognize that. This is the reason why he failed and his nation perished. Everybody said, I don't want a revolution, I want to fight it out on the level on which the problems were created. Hamlet realized that one can't do that, because at this level one is fighting against oneself. Leah experienced this too. She was fighting a hatred that she got trapped in by committing herself to self-prostitution to acquire love. She did it three times and each time she got deeper into losing herself. She needed a revolution to get out of this hole that she dug for herself. Apparently she got one, but we really don't know what caused it."

"What has Mary got to say about that?" Tatsuhiko interrupted Immanura.

"Apparently she didn't say what caused the changes," said Immanura. "According to what Indira said, Mary only documented that the changes happened and what the changes represented."

"Mary would have had to speculate," I interjected. "That's not her style. However, she set up a unique stage that puts the burden on us to explore a possible process that might have caused the revolution. She defined nine of the key names of the children of Jacob and nine other names that are not related to Jacob. If one matches them up, one will most likely find in their definition the processes put on the table that caused the revolution. In the case of Leah getting out of her trap starting with her motive for bearing Reuben, ending with the motive for Levi, the names Shem and Japhet come to mind. Shem and Japhet were two of Noah's three sons. They are mentioned in the historic records for only one incidence. After the flood Noah started to brew wine, and one day he was found asleep in tent naked and drunken with his new wine. His other son, Ham, found him there and rushed to tell his brothers about it. We are told that Shem and Japhet took a garment between them and went backwards to cover up their father's nakedness that Ham had been all excited about. Maybe that holds the key to Leah's revolution in thinking which is reflected in her motive for her next son, Judah, her object of praise. Maybe Leah looked at her life and went backwards over it, step by step, to discover where she went wrong. It might have taken a year or two, but something caused a revolution in her thinking which became bright with celebration. Mary defined the name, Shem, as, kindly affection; love rebuking error; reproof of sensualism. All of these would have been revolutionary of for Leah, just as they still are for us to a large degree. Perhaps these concepts would have unfolded naturally for Leah once she

looked at herself and gained a higher perception of what a human being is as the reflection of the principles of the universe, the Principle of Life, or the reflection of God in our humanity that unfolds with a perfection that borders on a miracle that we still don't fully understand in spite of modern knowledge. Japhet then forms the other pole of that equation, which Mary defined as, a type of spiritual peace, flowing from the understanding that God is the divine Principle of all existence, and that man is His idea, the child of His care."

"I can see how a woman living between these two poles would put a lot of rubbish out her life," said Immanura. "Once she sees herself in these terms, and likewise all children, and her husband, her sister, and her family, a whole new world would open up for her. I can see that everyone faces that challenge, man, woman of child, and that a great deal of good can result from taking up the challenge. But can we get to this point that Leah had apparently so easily attained. We've been stuck in a rut for millennia. We've got ever deeper into it. As Indira pointed out, which woman today would be happy with her husband having a loving sexual affair with another woman, or likewise a man, not to mention children resulting from it and her or him encouraging this wider sense of family. That goes beyond a revolution. On the other hand I also can't see how we can possibly survive in the rut that whole of mankind got stuck in. Everything that a society needs for its survival has become privatized, monetized, turned into an instrument for looting, and is now being wrecked for the profit of a few while the world becomes saturated with ever-more-powerful killing machines that threaten to destroy not only civilization with the scourge of wars, but mankind as a whole. We have to get out of this rut in order to survive. Maybe Indira has a point here that Leah represents a path that can get us out of our mess, challenging as it may be. But the key here has to be that any step forward comes bundled with the total protection for every individual involved."

"No, it has to be more than that," I interjected. "Every step forward must also result in a blessing for every individual involved. When Leah stepped from Judah to Gad she rejoiced in the blessing that the process brought for everyone. Of course it includes protection, but it goes beyond protection. Protection is a passive thing. A blessing is an active unfolding of good. I think there is a great deal of room for this kind of interaction, individually and collectively. The whole world is dying because society has lost sight of this totally essential interaction. We are making wars across the world, with weapons and with pencils, while we should unite in building the essential infrastructures for surviving the next Ice Age that is looming on the horizon. Leah had a faint sense of this principle of the larger family, the family of mankind, and took steps that enabled a

blessing to be realized on a wider scale, which became reflected in Gad and Asher. I am not saying that it would be easy for us to find ways for enriching one another's life and enlarge our sense of family. When President Kennedy proposed to land a man on the moon, he said in essence that he made the proposal not because it was an easy thing to do, or because it was a hard thing to do, but because it was the human thing to do. He created a sense of optimism that changed the world with an achievement that inspired the whole of mankind. The optimism that resulted was so profound that the imperials had to resort to launching a major war to destroy it, which became the Vietnam War. It took this kind of insane butchery of over two million people to destroy this optimism. And in spite of that destruction the blessings that resulted from Kennedy's moon project still holds a profound blessing for all of mankind towards an infinite future. We learned from the samples that were brought back from the moon that the moon is a rich storehouse of helium-3 that is considered the ideal isotope for harvesting energy from controlled nuclear fusion. Apparently the moon contains enough of these energy resources to meet the needs for mankind for 100,000 years. Mankind's energy future lies not in oil and gas that may be exhausted in a couple hundred years. Nor does it lie in nuclear fission power, which is but an interim step. Our future rests with nuclear fusion towards which Kennedy's moon project stands as a great blessing today. That's the kind of active blessings that Leah brought to the table with her mental revolution towards Gad and Asher. That's what we need again today, from the individual level to the global level. It won't be easy to get there, as we struggle within, with a kind of inner sense of church process which invariable opens the door to profound celebrations in the temple. India's great temples of Khajuraho are evidently the outcome of such a process. They represent a celebration of a revolution within. They celebrate a blessing within the context of the larger type of family that made the building of the temples possible. I propose that we look for such blessings, that we explore the principles and live them, and move forward to create those kind of blessing that enrich one-another. It may be a slow process, and it may be a difficult process, put the outcome promises to be bright on all levels and for all concerned. Shouldn't this make the project worthwhile?"

"If we don't take the needed footsteps we may end up like Hamlet who did nothing and let his nation perish," said Immanura. "May be we owe it to ourselves as human beings to become revolutionaries and defend our world while we still have a chance. We can't afford to play the Hamlet game, can we?"

Tatsuhiko nodded. "That makes sailing down the Ganges River a trivial affair."

"It makes it also a boring affair in comparison," said

Immanura. "So, what are we waiting for?"

Chapter 14 - Celebration of the Universal Kiss

Some rather exciting times came out of this Hamlet project for all of us. None of us had any idea what was involved in actually implementing unconditionally the Principle of Universal Love, the Principle of Universal Marriage, and the Principle of Universal Sovereignty, and all of them simultaneously.

We went back to the Taj Mahal together and retraced the earlier steps that Indira and I had taken in our exploration of ourselves. We did this in order to share our discoveries with the others, and to discover how to go one from there by which this greater challenge can be met that we were now facing.

The dynamic functioning of this larger unit didn't unfold without trials, of course, but at no point was it marred by a sense of competition. Instead, our union reflected the beauty of individual ingenuity, generosity, and commitment to love, to sharing, to uplifting. We challenged each other to explore new expressions of love, and not only in ourselves, but also in the world around us.

As this union unfolded, it reflected more and more in the mental domain the incredible aesthetic beauty and care that we found evident everywhere in the construction of the Taj Mahal, of which it has been said that it was built with the strength of a giant and the hands of jeweler. It appears that we had become involved in the same kind of building.

We realized that the Taj Mahal is evidently the combined achievement of the effort and dedication of a whole lot of people from many parts of the world. We chose this achievement as our model for enriching one-another.

So it was, that during the three weeks that I had been privileged to be in India, a development had taken place that bordered on the miraculous. We had not only put into practice the most profound principles of human civilization, and this at the grassroots social level where this has never been accomplished before, but we had in these three weeks drawn together three entire families into a single unit as a step for implementing these principles unconditionally. Also, we soon began to realize that we were actually succeeded in this endeavor beyond our most daring expectations. Indeed, if one steps above Hamlet's environment, the basis for conflicts diminishes.

By the time my stay in India came to a close, we had succeeded to such a degree that our experiences with this principle was beginning to serve as a model for uplifting other people that we came into contact with. We found a hope in this that our pioneering work could some day serve as a model for uplifting the world. This, indeed, was the ultimate goal that we had set ourselves when we recognized the greater potential of our commitment.

"What, have we all been dreaming before?" That's what I asked myself at one point near the end of my stay in India. Actually, I asked myself that question many times near the end of this time. So much had been accomplished in so short a period. Perhaps I have been dreaming. To judge by the uplifting effect that we already felt in our life, which I hadn't felt for a long time, I knew that something big had been started. I was satisfied with this to the point that I felt no reluctance to begin the necessary preparations for my return home. Since our humanity was now seen to rest on a higher idea, an idea that is rooted beyond the physical domain, I felt that we would never be separated again by any form of distance. There would only be a slight change of circumstances.

Before I left the scene, we shared each other's apartments whenever it seemed appropriate. When we were together, there was always laughter, music, and challenging conversation, and doing the chores went three times as fast in some cases. It even became fun working at the chores together.

At the end of my last week in India, as it were for a farewell celebration, we all went together to a beach resort at the Indian Ocean. Though the resort was located at the other end of the sub-continent, the seasonal weekend promotional packages with red-eye special air transportation, made the grand party surprisingly inexpensive.

As it turned out, none of us had ever been at the Indian Ocean. I welcomed the opportunity to tell everyone about Helen's version of Nicholas of Cusa's principle for uniting diversities. I explained that Cusa was one of the intellectual pioneers of the Golden Renaissance in Europe. Among other projects, he had set himself the task of bridging the religious diversity that had deeply divided much of humanity during the dark ages and had stood at the center of countless wars and atrocities. I explained that in order to bridge that division, Cusa created a story to illustrate the higher principles that were being ignored by society.

In Cusa's story, the sages of seven great religions of the world gathered together into one place to ask the God of the uni-

verse the one question that was on everyone's mind. "Why do we all fight and kill each other in your name?" That's what they asked. And what was the answer?

In Cusa's story the God of the universe answered that there is only one truth. He, the divine Wisdom, suggested to the sages that they were wise men and should know that, and that they should also recognize that this one universal truth is above all and is reflected in all. The God of the universe suggested further that if they did this one thing they would immediately stop killing each other.

The sages replied that they understood all of this and had always recognized that there is only one truth. "Still, we fight each other," they said. "Why do we do this?"

The God of the universe replied that the answer is actually quite simple. He told them that they had mistaken their traditions, which are many, for the word of God, the one universal Truth. He said that they had placed their faith in traditions instead of in their ability to understand the truth.

I explained to everybody, while we were walking together at the beach on our first morning, that my friend Helen in Germany had told me that she would have created a different ending for that story, that she would have brought all the sages to the seashore and would have asked each of them to pick up one grain of sand. Then she would have the God of the universe explain to the sages that they mistakenly believed their single grain of sand to be the seashore. She would have created the story so that God would instruct them to drop their grains of sand and embrace the seashore as a whole and to relish it, and understand it, and feel the actions of the wind, and of the tides and the waves, and of the sunshine upon it. She would then have the God of the universe tell the sages that if this embrace happened honestly with all their heart; and with all their mind; and with their soul; their lives would be so filled with sunshine and riches, and wonders to discover for evermore that they wouldn't have time to fight one-another; nor would they dream of it, because they would discover each other the same light as in themselves, and therefore love and honor each other.

I suggested to everyone that the seashore is love, which is made up of countless grains of sands, each being sovereign in its existence and individual in its shape, while each grain of sand is also a part of the seashore and its principle, and gains its identity from it. I suggested to everyone in our family of eight, that if love is seen in this manner, it can never be judged with traditional yardsticks. And why should it be so judged? I suggested that we would then be far too busy to explore its vast dimension, and be enriched by it, to ever wanting to define it. We would then just live in its presence and rejoice in its light. I also suggested, that if we did

this, we would find that not a single grain of sand is actually unimportant, or be related to stereotyped models of perception. I suggested that with stereotyped models and perceptions we blind ourselves, just as the sages of the world have blinded themselves to the one universal truth that they couldn't see by limiting their vision to but a single grain of truth, or just a few grains of it, or none at all.

I told everyone that I hoped on the day when I arrived in India, that I would be able to take my experience that I have gained, back home with me and apply them as a model to recreate the same environment there. I shook my head. It told them that I realized that only the universal principles themselves, which are embodied in the seashore, could ever be used as a model for building anything on. I suggested that what we had built, would remain unique, otherwise the principle would become lost in the dynamics of focusing onto grains of sand. I likened the universal principles to the principles of a world-constitution, and our application of them to a democratic process under this constitution. "That is why I can't take our achievements back home with me," I said to them, "because they are achievements that pertain only to ourselves, here. At home, the principles and the spirit of this constitution may bring forth totally different expressions by a democratic process in which I must explore these principles anew with Sylvia, Heather, Ross, Tony and Fred, who are all dear to me."

Chapter 15 - Return to Khajuraho

On the way home from our holiday by the sea we stopped at the temples of Khajuraho once more much to the children's dismay. Tatsuhiko explained that I wished then all to see what might be India's greatest historic site where once a profound renaissance had occurred that might have been a the greatest renaissance in the entire history of mankind.

"What is a renaissance?" asked Tatsuhiko's oldest son. "A renaissance is like a fairytale where wonderful things come together all at once that uplift the way people live, and work, and regard one-another, enrich one-another, and support one-another. In this uplifted fairytale world many beautiful things are created that would otherwise not be possible."

"The difference between a fairytale world and a renaissance world is that a fairytale world is a dream and a renaissance world is real," I interjected. "A renaissance world is a world where the seemingly impossible becomes possible and becomes commonplace. Such a world once existed a thousand years ago at the very center of India. A great temple was build there by the people. But they didn't just build a temple. They built an exquisitely beautiful monument in the form of a temple, a monument that celebrates the beauty of the human being and the humanity of us all. It's a temple made with stone, but carved into the stone were sculptures of people. The stones were given form, a form that convey human emotion and love, such as the people's love for one-another, and their love for their gods, and a similar spiritual love for their own beauty, kindness, and generosity, and in addition to that also sensual love as they give pleasure to one another. All of that was built into their temple and is reflected in the carvings and statues found therein. But that is only a part of the story. Their living was so rich and so filled with vitality that they didn't stop building and creating beautiful things after they finished this marvelous temple. They kept on with it. They built another one and then one more. And they still didn't stop. They built 85 temples altogether in a time span of about a hundred years. Since it took many years of work to build a single temple. They must have been building many of them simultaneously. Also, they took great care in designing and building these temple monuments. They designed them so well that as many as 22 of them are still standing today after a thousand years have past. And that is what we are going there to see. But we are also going

to see still more than that. We are also going to see what is invisible to the eye. We are going to see the vitality of their society that enabled the people to build so beautiful things and so many of them. And we are going to see the principles that caused the vitality."

"That sounds like a fairytale alright," said Tatsuhiko's younger son.

"That sounds like something impossible to me," said Tatsuhiko's older son. "No one can see a principle. No one can see vitality."

"No one can see the shape of the truth, either," said Tatsuhiko to his older son. "No one has ever photographed the truth, because truth is an understanding of a reality. However, it is possible for us to prove that truth exists, because we can experience it in our living. When beautiful things are created that brighten our world and make life easier, there is something true about it, isn't there? That's how we can 'see' the truth. That's how we can also see a principle. And that is how we can see a people's vitality. We can see their vitality reflected in what the people did with it. And that is of course how we can discover their principles."

"That's how we can see the invisible that stands behind a renaissance," said Tatsuhiko's older son in a tone of astonishment. "The evidence of an unfolding renaissance makes the invisible, visible. Otherwise we would see only a bunch of stone temples."

"The temples are divided into three groups," said Piju. "There is the Western Group, the Eastern Group, and the Southern Group. They are all within a few kilometers of each other. The Western Group is the main group. It contains the highest temple, nearly a 100 feet high, dedicated to Lord Shiva. Another one is dedicated to the incarnation of Lord Vishnu. And still another honors a Parvati deity. One of the oldest temples of the Western Group is dedicated to the goddess Kali. A couple of temples celebrate the marriage of Lord Shiva with Parvati. The Parvati temple is famous for its erotic sculptures and its sensuously carved figures of couples making love. The Eastern group is made up mainly of Jain temples dedicated to Adinath and to Parsvanath and contains one of the oldest of them, and one of the youngest with a 13 foot high statue of Adinath. The Southern Group has only two temples. The temples altogether have an interwoven main theme. The theme is simply, woman, woven into a powerful combination of visual and sensual pleasures combined with the worship of deities that brings about a transformation of the body and the soul."

"But the important thing is the invisible, the principle that enables a renaissance," I added. "The principle is called the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. A great war had been fought in Europe 600 years after this renaissance happened in India in which

these temples were built. The war in Europe was fought for thirty years and became the worst military atrocity prior to modern times. But the war was stopped in 1648. It was stopped by a principle, the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. Nobody won the war. People realized that war is stupidity. After thirty years of killing one another half of the people of Europe were dead and the country was ruined. So the people got together on the basis of this principle. They said to each other that this killing has to stop. And they realized that it could be stopped if they did the opposite to what they did before. And so, instead of killing one another, they said, let's agree to do what is to the advantage to the other people. Everybody said, that's the principle of peace. So, they let each other have peace. They stopped reprisals. They did everything in their power to make that peace work. They guaranteed each other's sovereignty, and even forgave each others debts. This 'miracle' was the outcome of the Treaty of Westphalia. It created a cultural renaissance in Europe that was so profound that in the light of the renaissance in Europe the first true nation-state republic on the planet was created in far off America, that became the USA. The USA was established on the Principle of the General Welfare. And all of that, of course, was based on the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. But the principle wasn't invented in Europe. That principle was already on the table a thousand years earlier in India. It was applied in India to lovemaking between people. A famous book was composed, the Kama Sutra, that was focused on giving pleasure to a partner in lovemaking. That's the Principle of the Advantage of the Other coming to light. It appears that this book and its principle stood behind the building of the great erotic temples. It appears that the principle that came with it, the Principle of the Advantage of the Other that is reflected in these temples had created a period of renaissance in India that inspired and empowered the people to build 85 of these great temples in a relatively short time."

Tatsuhiko explained to his sons that this principle is enormously important, because it tells us something about ourselves as human beings. "Not only are we all brothers and sisters cross the whole earth, because we are human beings, all of us together. We are also more than that for another reason. We are all brothers and sisters cross the whole earth because we share a common universal humanity. It is in that universal humanity where the Principle of the Advantage of the Other is rooted and imbedded. The brightest civilization, and the most secure civilization, will always be that in which we dedicate ourselves to promote what is to the advantage of other people, because it is in that where we find our own good as we build a great civilization. Without that, of course, as history has shown, we loose everything we have."

"That's elementary," said Tatsuhiko's older son. "If we would

adhere to the Principle of the Advantage of the Other, the first thing we would do today is to scrap all the world's nuclear bombs and those millions of dirty bombs that keep on killing forever. We would scrap them, because they go against the principle of helping one-another. And then we would build houses for the homeless, and new farms to feed the hungry, and scrap the DDT-ban that kills so many people with malaria. If that principle works in lovemaking in the small scale and once revolutionized a society into a renaissance, it should work wonders on the global scale too. Mankind has been trying to rid itself of nuclear bombs for twice as long as I have lived and has accomplished nothing. Isn't it about time to try something that has already worked many times before?"

Tatsuhiko's younger son intervened. "This means we have to do this ourselves for one another, I mean being good to one another, isn't that so? Isn't that what it means to be one big family?"

Tatsuhiko nodded.

And that's how our two days went of exploring together the temples of Khajuraho.

"Have we wasted out time?" I asked the older boy while we were waiting at the airport on the way back.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"This is the answer that the entire world is giving itself," I said to him. "All of India shrugs in the face of the greatest danger that is as plain as day, but which people refuse to see. They shrug."

Indira seemed puzzled. "Are you talking about nuclear war, we have the bomb but are committed not to use it? Are you talking about DDT or AIDS? We are addressing those issues."

"I am talking about what even you refuse to see," I said to her. "I am talking about the British Empire's commitment to destroy farming in India, and with it the food supply for its billion people population. You told me about the scourge of India that created the Thevars and how the peasants were exploited and waged war against them, and how the Thevars fought back and hired the Sena to brutalize the peasants into submission. You saw the slaughter. You were so deeply touched by the mayhem that you nearly committed suicide over, and yet I put it to you that what you have seen was nothing. It was small and inconsequential in comparison with what is on the horizon now. The world is locked into a war of empire versus civilization, and India has capitulated in the first round by not seeing the Empire at its doorstep. The Empire has its puppy dogs that do its bidding. They come to you cuddly with nice sounding names, like the "World Bank" and the "World Trade Organization" the act like a disease. The Wold Bank will demand some innocent looking "structural adjustments" that urge you to open your door the floods

of investment that corporate globalization offers. Then the WTO will tell you that you must also open yourself to the business demands that corporate globalization imposes. And so, India bows again. In the shadow of this bowing to corporate greed the Empire's green vultures will invade you what seeds to plant and where to buy them from. The Monsantos, the Cargills, and the Syn gentas will come through your gates and lend their helping hand with their patented high-yield crop varieties, which of course you must buy from them year after years as those genetically modified varieties don't yield fertile seeds that you might use to sustain and endless harvest cycle. Nor will they tell you that those high-yield varieties are water guzzlers. Hybrid rice varieties require a water-input exceeding 5000 liters per kilo of grain in addition to chemical fertilizers. Can you imagine what this will do to India's dryland regions that comprise nearly 75 per cent of the total cultivable area? It will suck it so dry that it becomes arid in a short period of time. Them whom will the farmers fight as they once fought the Thevars and still do to some degree. They won't see anybody. Their livelihood will be destroyed by the always-invisible forces of empire arrayed against civilization. Against that the individual farmers cannot fight. Their response will be to commit suicide when the means for their living disintegrates. That is the future I see, Indira, if the people of India do not open their eyes. They will see farmers committing suicide by the tens of thousands. And that will be just the beginning. The Empire's agents will come in and buy up whatever farms remain that are still productive, or foreclose on the ones they want and simply take them by force. But they won't produce crops for the national requirement. They will produce exotic crops for export to Japan and all across Europe while India's population will be put onto the fast track to death by starvation. And still the destruction of India won't stop there. The Empire has still another project prepared for India, which is called bio-fuel production. Their agents will take away food products from the already starving population, like maize, and distill the food resources into alcohol with which they dilute the gasoline for automobiles. The plans for that are already in place. The bio-fuel scourge is going to become a large-scale operation that will eat up huge tracts of farmland and water resources. They expect India's population to decline by 40% or even 60% in some regions, through bio-fuel induced starvation. Their plan is to induce genocide, both by starvation and by people taking their own life. That's their plan. That is what they boasted to me in Venice that they will do, and that there isn't a chance for anybody standing up who can stop them. They called it a done deal. They said it is just a matter of time. And my friends they will succeed unless India begins to take its history serious and learns the meaning of the Temples of Khajuraho. When the farmers start committing suicide, that will be

the sign that India has already lost its chance for survival. Right now India still has a chance, but that chance is fast getting slimmer and slimmer."

By the time I stopped my speech it seemed that everybody was in shock. Nobody smiled anymore, nor did anybody protest and yell at me that I was totally wrong. They just stared at me in silence.

"My point in returning to here, and bringing you all with me, is to press home one point that will determine your future and the future of India," I continued. "My point is that it is no longer enough that you merely open your eyes, but that you must also begin first and foremost to look at your world with your inner eyes, the eyes of the mind. You must do this. You must enter the complex domain of universal principles that no physical eye has ever seen, but which are the essence of our humanity as human beings. In the complex domain that is seen with the mind's eye you will discover the principles that support civilization and with it your very existence. These principles must become your yardstick for measuring yourself and your motives and your actions, because if you fail to create this yardstick for referencing your world against the truth, you will lack the means to discern the value of the great treasures that you already have and you will be inclined to let go of them instead of building on them. If you fail yourself in that you will open yourself to unspeakable tragedies, because then you won't be able to recognize the hidden forces by which the vital principles of your civilization that your physical existence depends on are being attacked and slowly eroded, and in the course of it become completely overturned. I suggest that it is absolutely vital that you don't fail yourself in this regard, because then you will most likely lose your life. I suggest to you that if you rouse yourself to broaden your world to include the complex domain where the eyes of the mind sharpen your vision, you will be able to discern the very first signs of the imperial claws reaching for your throat. On that platform you will be able to help protect your country and save your existence."

Well, I think I drove that point home, because everybody remained glum. Nobody smiled and nobody said anything at all for a long time until some smalltalk interrupted the silence. I was certain that nobody would ever forget our family-visit to the Temples of Khajuraho, and that neither would I.

I told everyone when we were back in Delhi that I have put a task before them that they cannot step away from when they want to continue to live, but I also suggested that we have explored so

much together in the short period of my being there that the horizon looked brighter than it did before. However, I also had to admit with shame that on my return to America I would likely find that nothing had changed there in the few weeks of my being away. "Only I will have changed," I said. "I have become richer. I understand a little more about the principles of our common world-constitution as human beings. And this, my friends, is all that I can take back with me from India to apply at home."

So it was that I promised them all that our precious union that we had established would remain forever as precious and as unique to me as it had unfolded with them in India. I promised that what we meant to each other wouldn't be spread across America like people spread gossip. And I added that this couldn't be done anyway as the others back home had not yet grown up with the building of the kind of breakthroughs that we had built. Now would they be inclined to follow the same footsteps. I suggested though that something similar would likely be built by the force of the imperatives that flow from discoveries and exalted experiences. And so I was able to promise with certainty that our union in India would remain as special and unique as the Taj Mahal is among all the wonders of the world, and might become more precious as its essence would become reflected in many ways that were yet unseen. I promised however that I would take back with me the light of our India, the light that had been created in my heart by our union. So I thanked everyone for their part in that illumination. I remarked that it was their spirit, their honesty, and the love of each one of them that had enriched us all beyond measure and that it is this light within that always illumines the heart wherever we may be, and with it the world in due course.

My last full day in India, delayed for another week after our return from Khajuraho, was of course spent with Indira in the privacy of our apartment high above Old Delhi and also in the streets and shops below on Chandi Chock, just as our journey together had begun. She said that day that thanks to me she would never be lonely again or be owned by anyone, and that this perhaps was a small start on the road of saving India from becoming owned by the British Empire once more as it had been owned in the past that had nearly destroy the nation. She said a New World had opened up in her life that she had never known before to be possible, because that New World turned out to be too grand for one to have dreamed about.

When the time for my departure came, one days later, I expected only Indira to be with me at the airport, to see me off, since everyone else was scheduled to be working at their various

posts. Oh, was I ever mistaken! This wasn't at all the way my time in India ended. Everyone was there with me, not just Indira. Sangari and Piju got time off from the hospital, and Monisha and Shyam were able skip out for a few hours while the sound stage at their studio was being rearranged. These weren't their real names as I found out later. They were their new names that they had chosen in acknowledgment of our universal marriage to a higher principle. Also, several other people had come to the airport to see me off, people with whom Indira and I had become involved in setting up the medic-van project. Even one of the Thevars had come, a fine farmer whom I also had the privilege to meet, someone who could sense the danger that India was facing and was grateful to be alerted and be given a chance to fight for his country in a meaningful way, and for his farm that would be lost if the country is lost.

In a way, my departure became more and more a celebration of what we had come to mean to each other, all of us together. The ensuing festivity made me nearly miss the boarding. Just as my flight was called out I was presented a farewell gift from all of the family, a scroll of Hindu calligraphy. Indira interpreted the writing. She said the words are those of her eternal greeting to me, "I greet you and I kiss you," written in Hindu. "And below it are the words of our unfolding marriage model according to the writing of the greatest pioneers, scientist, and sage," she said. She read the words that we cherished and had inscribed onto the walls of our 'temple' within, our community of one in divine Principle. We understood and acknowledged it as the greatest marriage declaration of all times, reflecting the sunshine of the universal kiss.

Oh, what a bond we had forged, what a union! As the sage had written truly, "Its crowning ultimate rises to a mental monument, a superstructure high above the work of men's hands, even the outcome of their hearts, giving to the material a spiritual significance - the speed, beauty, and achievements of goodness - the one edifice on earth which most prefigures self-abnegation, hope, faith; love catching a glimpse of glory."

We had talked about this text many times when we had been searching for an appropriate universal model. Now it was written on the parchment.

The parchment that the text was written on also carried many signatures. I recognized Indira's signature. She signed her name as, Sharon's Rose Indira. And I recognized Sangria's signature, and Monisha's, and Piju's and Shyam's, and that of Tatsuhiko, and Immanura. Apparently everyone who was at the airport had signed the scroll of parchment. Of course just as many kisses came with the present as there were signatures there, and some came with tears among the smiles.

Indira was all smiles when I saw her last. She seemed exceedingly happy. I can still remember her standing among the crowd waving and smiling when I looked back for one last time with a smile of my own for each one of them before entering the airline security gate.

During the long flight back home I had time to reflect. There was so much to remember; the seashore; the Taj Mahal; our grand marriage ceremony right in the middle of the garden of the Taj; our involvement with the medic-van project; our support of one-another; our joy of just being together, all eight of us in a single bond of love that was founded at the leading edge of the most advanced principle of civilization.

We had been 'dancing' in the sunshine, as it were, and I could see no reason for believing that this should not continue. There would be more visits forthcoming to India. I was sure of it, and great advances unfolding from them.

I also couldn't help notice how easily our deeply reaching unity had unfolded, in comparison with the years of struggle at home that had darkened the days for Heather and I. Even Ross and Sylvia had become caught up in this darkness as we all drifted into a rut so deeply that especially Fred despaired over it. We had become more and more useless to him then. Sure, we still did our jobs, but the kaleidoscope of the superlatives wasn't turning anymore as it had in the past, which had stirred things up in the world those many years ago. We had been like a whirlwind then, before the wind became whisper. It seemed that a tragedy had crept over us like a dense fog covering the sea.

But now the fog seemed to be lifting. Considering the tremendous movement that had unfolded in India in such a short space of time as we have had, I couldn't help feel that the old dense fog at home wasn't as dense anymore in my heart. The ease with which our unity had developed in India seemed as natural and as effortless as the falling rain refreshing a parched land. It had simply happened, with no one pushing anything. Nothing had been the result of horrendous struggles. I felt as though we had hitched our wagon to a star, to the star of universal principle, and had traversed with it across the universe.

It seemed to me that the most valuable thing that I brought back with me from India were not the memories of a great and profound love, but the remembrance of this ease with which it had all unfolded. It became a new yardstick for me, a new measurement for the unfolding of love. It told me that if this ease is lacking, there is something spiritually lacking, a lack that throttles out hu-

manity, and that became something scientifically lacking. I realized that since this was the case between Heather and me, nothing on Earth would ever change this lack until a deep-reaching scientific and spiritual development would create a new platform for loving. I had been trying to recreate with Heather what had before, that been lost in our rut, whereas I should have reached for higher ground where only that is of value that can never be lost, and where everything else should be lost as it doesn't matter anyway.

This shift, I felt, could be achieved, and could be achieved once again with ease.

I had to smile at myself as I pondered these things during the many hours flying above an endless seeming sea of ice on the northern route. I had to smile, realizing that the greatest gift that had been bestowed on me in India, that I could bring back and enrich everyone with, was a yardstick to measure what was still lacking at home. This new standard had been placed on the table for me against which to measure our love, although not in a Euclidean dimension. This yardstick would measure the ease with which what is spiritually blocking is put aside for the truth that no one can avoid forever. The ease with which this proved to be possible in India gave me hope that the days of our rut at home would soon end and be forgotten. I was looking forward to that.

I was also looking forward also to the prospects that we would all become useful to Fred again as in the days long past, when the winds of the world were blowing into our faces and we stood up in them and caused them to change direction. If my hope was true, it realized that my work in India would open a door in America for us that might change us all, and beyond that become a portal to enrich the world. Could anyone have asked for more?

Oh, how much richer I felt as I returned from India, than I had departed! But more than this, India had become richer too by the dawn of a new freedom that our larger sense of family has put upon this land. A precious seed has been sown there that promised riches in which the salvation of India could be rooted and that of humanity. I realized that day with awe that this seed was already beginning to sprout and grow, and promise some rather precious fruits to come on the home vine that none of us had expected.

Appendix - Universal Love versus Sexual and Political Isolation

By Rolf A. F. Witzsche, with references to *The Dinner Party*
by Judy Chicago

Our modern world is increasingly torn apart by countless issues that go so deep that one can hardly see any light on the horizon. We are isolated by politics, military might, economic power, social status, ethnic background, nationality identity, and at the individual level by wealth, fame, religion, ideology, profession, association, culture, and a whole lot more, especially by our sex by which the whole of mankind is split into two isolated camps. Our sexual isolation and division has roots that go deep, and we find that these roots are being nourished right where we live on our home ground.

While political policies greatly effect the way we live as a society, we are more deeply effected by the way we regard one-another socially, especially when sex becomes the center of it. Rather than addressing its far-flung isolation by going down to the roots of it society has devised policies for contact that merely regulate life in this complex world of our near universal isolation that in many ways led to the deepest and most-violent divisions. Instead of bridging our division and dissolving the isolation we find ourselves on the fast track going in the opposite direction. We have already reached the point that our civilization is in danger of collapsing, and our society with it. We are rushing into a New Dark Age that some have already threatened to turn into "Hundred Years War" laced with unprecedented terror, poverty, and diseases that are already unfolding.

I'm not overstating the case. I wish I were. Many years ago I learned a poem back in my school days of a dialog of "the four winds" discussing among them where they should meet next for their 'joyous' dance. They decided at length to meet at the center span

of a great bridge across a canyon, and to meet there at the midnight hour when the last train is crossing. Oh, what a wild dance it would be, a whirl-dance filled with fire and shrieking voices and sounds of breaking steel. And so it was, as the four winds were coming together for their dance from all four directions at once. The poet evidently was thinking of a bridge that was sturdy enough to withstand the strongest storm under the worst condition, but not four of them coming together at once. Unfortunately that is the kind situation that we find ourselves in globally, today, in which our civilization is threatened. The four winds are eerily real.

One of the four winds that is threatening civilization today is the already onrushing global financial and economic collapse. Many great and shiny bubbles of 'hot air' that are celebrated for their 'beauty' are stretched to the breaking point. They are ready to pop just a like soap bubble always pops and disintegrates into a spray of fine mist that blows away with the wind, which no one can put back together again.

Another one of the four winds is the growing threat of nuclear war. We had 65,000 nukes deployed globally in the mid-1980s of which only 20,000 remain deployed with probably an equal stockpile kept in reserve. However, the deterrent that kept them at bay is wearing thin. The nukes are on the table now, ready to be used. In the mid-1980s we said to ourselves that nobody would be that crazy to actually throw them around. We trusted our existence to the doctrine of Mutually Assured Destruction. Now we have many people in power that qualify for the description to be "that crazy." Our mutual destruction is thereby assured.

The third onrushing wind is fascism. Society fought World War II to defeat fascism. But that war was never really won, was it? Fascism remained. World War II had been a contest between killing machines. The contest ended when one killing machine had exhausted the resources for the other. But the fascism that stood behind the killing machines was never defeated. It spread into the Americas. It infested the USA. It swept across Europe into Russia, into Asia, even China. Fascism has become a monster of terror, torture, inhumanity, genocide, financed covertly from high places and from within many hidden empires that need to sow division and destruction to protect the precarious foundation for their existence. The USA appears to be presently set up to be destroyed by its own hands from within, and to vanish from the map of the future as a sovereign nation state, just as the very idea of the sovereign nation state is set up to be eradicated globally.

The fourth onrushing wind, ironically, is not global warming*1 but the return of the Ice Age*2. For nearly two million years the earth has been in a massive deep-freeze environment called the Pleistocene Epoch that is periodically interrupted with interglacial warm climates of short duration, such as we are in today, which is ending. The end of the present interglacial warm climate also spells the end for agriculture that is largely keyed to that warm climate. Mankind has existed for over two million years, but in spite of this long period of development only 1-10 million people inhabited our planet when the last glaciation cycle ended slightly over 10,000 years ago. That minuscule population was all that mankind had been able sustain without agriculture. Now we have 6 billion people living on the earth, going on to 10 billion. The coming Ice age will most certainly wipe us out unless we can create the technological infrastructures for indoor agriculture that would sustain us through the coming 100,000 years of Ice Age conditions. While the construction of these infrastructures is totally possible even on a global scale, we might be heading for disaster, because it will take a hundred years to build them and one sees no commitment towards it. Credible scientists suggest that we might have those hundred years left before the next transition to glaciation begins, but with the world fast asleep dreaming of global warming, who will rescue us from our isolation from reality. Many credible scientists suggest that the dogma of manmade global warming is a fraudulent imperial deception that is designed to prevent society from developing the kind of social and economic renaissance that would be necessary for creating itself the enormously large infrastructures that would assure its future existence but spell the end of all empires.

Since we live presently isolated from our humanity and under the spell of the money of the empires, the return of the Ice Age might overwhelm us, especially now that it is joined by the other three winds. An escape is not likely possible unless we can reverse our deeply moving isolation from our humanity that presently keeps the horizons free for the four winds to blow as the imperials desire who master the blowing winds that threaten our civilization and our existence.

The individual issues that are involved here, that drive the four winds, are far too complex in themselves to be dealt with in a quick discussion in the context of this article, especially since these issues are all too deeply overlaid with layers upon layers of lies. Also the four winds that are threatening our civilization today as never before have been a long way in coming. Empires, and the wars and inhumanity that empires spawn, have been a part of the human scene for at least 4000 years, and already even then the empires and

their gushing gore were despised to the point of being labeled, the "Whore of Babylon." For 4000 years society has fought against that whore with few successes. Already 3700 years ago the famous reformer Hammurabi had struggled to put some curbs on the excesses of the whore and its barbarism. But nobody has ever really won that fight and secured a victory for mankind. A little light was seen during the Greek Classical Period of Homer, Solon, and the Pythagorean Society and so on, but this dawning light was quickly crushed by the sophistry of Pericles and the seventy years of destruction of the Peloponnesian War. Plato and Socrates worked to restore that lost culture and to extend it further. While his effort created a bright era that became the precursor for the Christian era, no real victory was ever won by either development. Instead a new darkness descended towards an endless seeming night that became the Dark Ages, spearheaded by the Roman Empire and a whole string of other warehouses that followed in its wake.

The long period of the unfolding Dark Ages was first interrupted by the Islamic Renaissance near the end of the first millennium, and then again in the 14th Century in Europe by the Golden Renaissance, and then once more by the second European Renaissance of the 17th Century that was centered on the Peace of Westphalia, the spark of light in which the USA was founded. Apart from these few bright periods that are all too rare, mankind has been on a losing streak. We are presently entrenched in that losing streak as never before. In the onrushing tragedies that are now converging on us the few victories that mankind has achieved over the ages in its periods of renaissance stand out as important sparks that inspire hope for us that we may yet win our victory over the whore and its wars that has evaded humanity's grasp for 4000 years. Those bright sparks from our periods of renaissance that should inspire us today, are all sparks that have a common universal principle that is evidently still valid today. But what is a universal principle?

The discovery of universal principles has been slow in coming. For example, a long period of scientific development lies between the casual recognition that all objects fall to the ground and the discovery of the Principle of Universal Gravitation. No, it wasn't Newton who discovered the Principle of Universal Gravitation, though he was hit on the head by a falling apple. The Principle of Universal Gravitation was discovered by Johannes Kepler long before Newton was even born. The principles that Kepler discovered now enables us to land on the moon, as we did in 1969, and to get there with such an accuracy in planning that we could touch down on the lunar surface confidently with only 30 seconds worth of fuel left in

the landing vehicle. That achievement resulted from the power of discovered universal principles.

The discovery of the underlying principles of civilization that combines every bright period of history has a similarly long unfolding and came to light with an equally profound promise. The brightest of these discoveries of principles came to light in connection with the Treaty of Westphalia that ended the Thirty Years War in 1648. This profound treaty was built the recognition of a principle that might be called the Principle of the Advantage of the Other. This principle created not only a period of peace. It also created the foundation for modern civilization. The Westphalia principle became reflected in the founding principle of the U.S. laid down in its constitution that might be termed the Principle of the General Welfare. In this manner, if one looks at all the bright periods of renaissance in a wide overview fashion ,an underlying principle comes to light that might be called the Principle of Universal Love.

"Oops," you might say, "that's impossible! Universal love is regarded as treason in the social world, especially in the realm of marriages."

Indeed, the challenge that the Principle of Universal Love puts on the table is wide and enormous, but if one looks deeper there exists a natural foundation for it that reflects the simple fact that we are all human beings together, universally, with a common humanity and a common universal human soul, so to speak. The more one peels away the extraneous layers, which are all artificial in nature, that isolate us from one-another, the more the universality of our humanity is coming to light. The scientific process of discovery along this line naturally involves great challenges, especially social challenges, but it also promises breakthroughs in the protection and advance of civilization that appear to be totally impossible on any other platform.

The great depth of this challenge came to light for me when I began to explore the dimension of the Principle of Universal Love in a novel to see how it might unfold in social sphere, especially at the grassroots level, including in the sexual domain. It is a fact of history that every period of renaissance has ended at some point when its achievements were crushed again. After that things became worse. The evident reason for that failure is that the profound principles that these periods of renaissance were built on weren't accepted deeply enough. They weren't deemed relevant at the grassroots level of society's social and even sexual relationships. With this background in mind the resulting exploration of the Principle of

Universal Love in my novels turned out to be so surprisingly wide and profound that my discovery project that started as a single novel became a series of twelve novels that I gave the overall title, *The Lodging for the Rose*.^{*3}

The idea for this literary effort came to me in the mid-1980s when the Cold War doomsday clock stood at but minutes to midnight. The unfolding project to present a daring discovery of the Principle of Universal Love became like a 'dance.' The 'dance' might have been inspired in part by a similar kind of 'dance' in the visual arts where the focus was placed on rolling back the isolation of woman in society that has been built up over many centuries. Obviously, this rolling back of a built up isolation in society applies also to the isolation of society itself from its humanity.

In this context, rather than speaking of my own work, I would like to pay tribute to the world-renowned artist, Judy Chicago, who uplifted society to some degree with her unique kind of dance in the arts that raised the awareness of women's issues and women's art, and with it an awareness of the hypocrisy in society's sexual isolation and its isolation from its humanity in the larger sense. I believe this tribute is essential.

Judy Chicago brought together a team of over 20 researchers that probed the pages of history for 999 women of achievement. From these 39 were selected as guests for Judy Chicago's art installation in form of a 'dinner party.'^{*4} She created a triangular table for her dinner party according to the three distinct periods in society's relationship with its women. Each side of the triangular table represents one of these periods. The first side represents the very early period beginning at pre-history and ending with the Greek Classical period. Throughout this era women were revered, some as goddesses. Then came the darker era extending onward from the start of the Christian era into the Dark Age of religious wars, crusades, genocide, terror, and persecution. The second side represents that Dark Age in which the status of women was trashed along with everything else that is human. The third side represents the modern period from the 17th Century on in which countless women struggled to reverse the isolating trend that had forced the women of society into the background, which had been so devastating to women and to society as a whole.

The 39 women that are brought together as guests for The Dinner Party by Judy Chicago all share a common table together as one, as we celebrate their achievements and the achievements of women in general. However The Dinner Party is also a party that

society as a whole is invited to. Judy Chicago has created a unique place setting for each of the 39 women, all lavishly laid out on the large dinner table. Each place setting is further highlighted with an uniquely painted porcelain plate that bares an image that symbolically represents the nature of the individual woman that is thereby honored. The resulting installation presents in this manner an invitation to society to 'eat' from each one of the women's plates and thereby to 'nourish' itself with the substance of her achievements and her contributions to the development of mankind and civilization.

At this point Judy Chicago becomes 'deliciously' daring. The images that she painted on the woman's plates to represent their individual nature are all designed to be symbolic of both a butterfly and a woman's vulva. The complexity of this symbolism evolves throughout the series, plate by plate and side by side. It begins with a simple soft vulva-image to represent the primordial goddess of prehistory. The series of plates ends 38 images later with the deeply sculpted and anatomically expressive image of the vulva for the final place setting that represent Georgia O'Keeffe, an outspoken artist of the budding fight in the 1800s for the universal recognition of the equality of women.

In this sense Judy Chicago invites society to not only 'nourish' itself with the profound achievements wrought by the women represented at the table, and with them all women, but she invites society also to 'eat' of their vulva, of their womanhood. In so doing Judy Chicago invites society to acknowledge to itself that it already does the very thing in real terms in its near universal sexual practice that she symbolically invites society to do. She thereby invites society to acknowledge that the entire sexual isolation that has isolated the woman in society and pushed her into the background for centuries, is a myth. Judy Chicago forcefully demonstrates that the sexual isolation that relegates women into the background is a myth by the simple fact that countless people throughout society lovingly and joyously 'eat' their vulva, both men and women. This fact has been confirmed in surveys. A large number of sexually active women that answered a survey⁵ indicated that 'eating' off a woman's vulva is the most enjoyable sexual interaction they know and is the most widely practiced.

In other words, the self-isolation of society that has been engineered over many centuries, which resulted in the most deeply cutting sexual division of society that one can imagine, is a myth. The myth also renders every other form of isolation in society likewise a myth, including our political, ethnic, and religious isolation and the resulting violent divisions. These prevailing divisions belie

the fact that we are all human beings together and share universally a common humanity and a common universal human soul. Judy Chicago demonstrates with her work with a 'delicious' irony that society's countless forms of isolation and division, no matter how time-honored they may be, are basically nothing more than just hypocrisy.

Am I saying with this reference to the dinner party that it takes an honest woman to teach us men that we are hypocrites? No, I'm not saying that at all. It appears that Judi Chicago is challenging the whole of society together, because everybody, woman as well as men, fell into the trap of a self-isolation that has led to ever-deeper divisions throughout the world, many of which have been carefully cultivated. It is now deemed socially normal for human beings to live in isolation, and to practice this isolation also politically, and so on. In her unique way, Judy Chicago is challenging the entire self-isolation of mankind, even while much of it is rooted in imperial motivation that even now only a few dare to recognize. Nevertheless, her project, *The Dinner Party*, started a cultural uplifting in society that might be more extensive than what appears of it on the surface, and not just for women. Also, her work unfolded at a time when it was most needed, both politically and culturally.

Her determination to do something profound to reverse the isolation of women, and possibly also the isolation of society from itself, began to unfold in her thoughts as far back as 1971. This was also the time when banner headlines were strung across the world that proclaimed that the Earth has cancer and that this cancer is mankind. The image of the human being was being violently trashed at this time, as never before. The year 1971 was also the year in which the Bretton-Woods world-finical system was wrecked by imperial demands in order that the nation's national currencies could be used as private gambling chips by an imperial oligarchy that subsequently leached enormous profits out of the nations' currencies, causing social consequences that are not easily repaired. The world became looted to the bone in this manner while the image of mankind was being trashed simultaneously. Judy Chicago might not have been consciously aware of this trend that began in parallel with her unfolding idea for uncovering the growing isolation of mankind from its humanity. Nevertheless her idea unfolded against this historic background that became a trend that is now wrecking our civilization.

The physical work for *The Dinner Party* project itself began in 1974. The project took 5 years to complete. Those years were a time of intense creativity with the glow of an unfolding universal love

that is evident throughout the project. Sadly, however, this same timeframe also brought to light a number of political movements that are the very opposite in their nature and effect.

One of these political projects that Judy Chicago's efforts tend to counteract was a two-pronged depopulation travesty that came to light as the first ever world population conference held in Bucharest in 1974 and America's NSSM-200 policy that likewise began in 1974. The Bucharest conference had been built on the notion that the human population is a cancer that must be contained. The American NSSM-200 policy went one step further and defined Third World population growth as a security threat to the USA on the premise that the developing nations would be using up their natural resources for themselves, which the imperials demand must be preserved for their future needs. Consequently Africa became one of the first major targets for controlled depopulation with the result that AIDS erupted in Africa a few years later in the shadow of this policy. While it is impossible to determine if and to what extent Judy Chicago's effort to counteract the isolation of society from its humanity had an effect on thwarting the depopulation travesty, it is nevertheless interesting to note that her healing effort coincided with the emergence of an extremely dangerous political trend. Had her efforts been 100% successful to the fullest possible extent the NSSM-200 policy for the destruction of Africa might have been avoided, so that the 25-million AIDS deaths that occurred might not have happened, including the future deaths that are yet to come until the disease is arrested. But can we say that her efforts had no effect at all? I don't think we can say this either. They might have had a major effect in spite of it all. Whatever counteracts the isolation of society from its humanity does have an uplifting effect on civilization.

The timeframe in which Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party* was created also covered the period in which the DDT ban and the manmade-global-warming hoax were both unleashed. That DDT ban that was imposed for purely political reasons and no scientific imperative at all is now killing more than a million people a year in Africa alone, most of them children. While this horrendous death toll is nevertheless small in comparison with the global death toll from imposed poverty, the genocidal effect of the manmade-global-warming hoax promises to be still far more deadly than both horrors combined. It promises a horror show beyond anything we've ever seen or imagined. The manmade-global-warming hoax has been perpetrated in order to prevent the new renaissance from emerging that would result if society would prepare itself for the return of the Ice Age that looms like a dark shadow over mankind's near future.

And so, without perhaps being consciously aware of it, Judy Chicago has put her art on the line in a powerful manner to help roll back the increasing isolation of society from its humanity that we find so deeply reflected in all of these areas. What she did now stands before us as a monumental challenge. She was almost 'shrieking' then through her work, to the blinded eyes and the deafened ears of society, saying, "You fools, can't you see your hypocrisy!"

Well, maybe a few people saw what she had laid before society. Evidently some people did see something, but far too few did. And so, because of society's general lack in its response to her outcry the collapse of civilization that began in those very days continues unabated and is accelerating. Judy Chicago had invited mankind to 'dance' with her in celebration of our humanity, but far too few have heeded her invitation. Thus we all remain increasingly isolated from our humanity, which makes the resulting divisions in our present world evermore severe. The current world-financial system is already bankrupt and is hanging by the finest thread, budging with debt. The debt stands as a liability against the western economies that no longer produce much of anything, but have become a liability themselves. We need a global bankruptcy reorganization before the house falls down, in order to keep people alive, pensions paid, wages protected, industries operating, and to give ourselves the needed credits to rebuild our lost industries that we must have back in order to get society on its feet again with universally affordable housing, transportation, clothing, food, and so on. Unfortunately nothing of the sort is happening, is it? And it won't be happening for as long as society remains isolated from its humanity as human beings.

Even the threat of war is more severe now than it has ever been throughout all history. We face worse consequences today than those that we feared from a nuclear war. On December 23, 2005, The Korea Times*6 published a few figures from a US dossier of August 2003 that contains the number of dirty uranium bombs that were prepositioned at this time at three U.S. Air Force bases in Korea. The Times listed 2.7 million DU bombs located in Korea, plus 300,000 located in Japan, for a total of 3 million DU bombs.

Chances are that the published figures are vastly inflated. One would hope that they are. Most likely, though, the opposite might likely be the case as many more DU bombs would surely have been added over the more than three years since the dossier's the date of the publication. Also, considering that Korea is a small place

compared to the Middle East, it stands to reason that many time more DU bombs would be pre-positioned at the over twenty U.S. Air Force bases in the Middle East, with their numbers probably ranging upwards into the tens of millions. The likelihood for such large stockpiles is probably extremely high since DU bombs are inexpensive to produce.

The DU bombs, or depleted uranium bombs, as they are called, utilize the uranium residue from spent nuclear reactor fuel or fuel processing, which was once considered a waste product that is expensive to store. Now it is considered a cheap resource to be put into bombs. When the DU bombs are used the uranium is vaporized into particles smaller than the wavelength of light. Being so small, there are a vast numbers of them filling the air, most of them end up suspended in the air for long periods where they are transported around the world by the air currents. Nevertheless, no matter how small these particles are, they remain radioactive with a life span that exceeds the few billion years that our planet is believed to remain inhabitable. Since the minuscule radioactive particles are a part of the air now that we all inhale, we invariable inhale a number of these radioactive particles with every breath. As the particles accumulate in the body a few of them might get inside our body's living cells and upset the delicate chemical balances there and inflict damage to the DNA chains. The result of this radiation attack is a long list of cancers and diseases that exceeds 90 types so far, in addition to all the horrendous birth defects that are too horrible to describe. The big question to doctors is no longer, will the baby be a boy or a girl, but will it be normal. In some areas birth defects have increased 10 to 20-fold and cancers 20 to 50-fold. Even in the USA that is far from the theaters of war, the lung cancer rate has increased 6-fold, as reported by CNN in March 2006, pertaining to the first two months of that year. Diabetes is exploding with similarly increases over the time span since DU weapons have been in use, rising from 30 million cases worldwide to 230 million cases. While no smoking gun evidence is possible that would link the increases to DU, because of the minuscule particle sizes, the coincidence in timing suggest that such a link exists.

Since the worldwide radiation from the relatively small-scale DU bombing to date cannot be rolled back, mankind simply has to cope with these increased horrors for all times to come which have already caused unspeakable tragedies. The radiation we've put into the environment is there to stay, and we'll have to live with it from now on since we can't leave out planet and get away from it. There simply is no place in the universe that we could escape to in order to get away from the results of our present folly. And even with all

of that considered, today's society has allowed itself to become so insanely isolated from its innate humanity that it is prepared to let the potentially 100-fold increase happen, of the radioactive pollution of our planet that appears to have already been pre-positioned. While the imperial goal might be to keep the planned DU radiation-destruction focused on Russia, China, and India, which are the old historic imperial targets, the prepared-for wave of DU killing promises to be of an intensity that no one will likely survive anywhere on the planet. That's the real danger in our present age that has become an age of creeping insanity. We truly have become isolated from our humanity into dream worlds filled with fantasies that have nothing to do with down to earth human living.

As things stand today we won't likely see any reversal of the DU danger happening for as long as we remains so deeply isolated from our humanity that the already prepared for possible extinction of our own kind raises barely few eyebrows instead. There should be commitment forthcoming to eradicate the DU danger and other such dangers in a crash-program type fashion. Unfortunately this reversal won't happen until our current isolation from our humanity is resolved with some rich measures of truth and universal love.

Whether we get out of our present collective trap alive is beyond anybody's ability to forecast. The critical choices are clear. They have been clear for centuries, and have been ignored for centuries. They are still being ignored. Fascism reigns supreme instead, and more so than ever. Instead of society building affordable housing for its habitation, more and more houses are being bulldozed to the ground in military atrocities, or are bombed to smithereens while society looks on, or housing is priced out of range altogether so that people are forced to live under bridges or in the open, etc.. Also, we still make war today and wage it with ever-more giant engines for mass destruction while we can't spare a dime to prevent hunger in the world.

It's the same age-old story, isn't it, the same song that has been played over and over like a broken record by almost the whole society of mankind? We allow the looting of nations in the name of freedom. We profit from the enslavement of the poor in the name of greed. We kill, torture, terrorize, destroy and imprison one-another in the name of what we call, security. We human beings alone do all of this, to one-another. The horrors in our world are not inflicted on us by alien beings from other worlds. We do this to ourselves and call the travesty a civilization. We are miles off course today from where we should be as a society of human beings. It appears that we have actually convinced ourselves that we are not really human.

The tragic delusion that we suffer from is the natural outcome of our self-isolation from our humanity that has been cultivated for millennia, which we now find hard to reverse. Nevertheless, the task remains for us to get our humanity back and to do it quickly before time runs out. This critical task has been put onto our plate and remains there for us to master in the time that we have left before all is lost.

Thus the final question is, will we succeed and become human again, or will we blow ourselves up or poison our world beyond repair? I personally think that we still have a chance to succeed. The one thing that comes to light repeatedly in the unfolding pages of my series of novels, *The Lodging for the Rose*,*3 is that the demands of the Principle of Universal Love may be challenging in countless different ways and may be hard to deal with, but promise beyond their challenge to unfold into the sparkle of a great gem that is precious for its own brilliance as it brings our humanity back to light. And that promise, including what we may already realize of it, outshines all the challenges that lead up to it posed by the Principle of Universal Love. That great promise might also outshine the mortal dangers that appear to be greater today than at any time in history, with the whole of mankind is now facing that danger. But with the promise that flows from the Principle of Universal Love our hope remains. It remains, because the fact remains that a diamond that has fallen in to the mud remains a diamond still. It remains ready to shine once the mud is rinsed away and the gem is placed back into the sunshine. America is that diamond; mankind is too; we all are!

*1 - No Manmade Global Warming

http://peace.rolf-witzsche.com/global/canada/global_warming.html

*2 - The Return of the Ice Age

http://peace.rolf-witzsche.com/global/canada/ice_age.html

*3 - *The Lodging for the Rose* - a series of novels exploring the Principle of Universal Love

<http://books.rolf-witzsche.com/>

*4 - *The Dinner Party* - an art installation by Judy Chicago

<http://www.judychicago.com/judychicago.php?p=dinnerparty1>

*5 - survey into women's sexual behavior

<http://www.vulvavelvet.org/survey.html>

*6 - Korea Times, 12/23/05 - US dossier on DU bombs pre-
positioned

[http://search.hankooki.com/times/
times_view.php?term=du+bombs+du-bombs++hankooki3/times/
lpage/200512/
kt2005122317370310230.htmkt](http://search.hankooki.com/times/times_view.php?term=du+bombs+du-bombs++hankooki3/times/lpage/200512/kt2005122317370310230.htmkt)

About the Series: *The Lodging for the Rose*

The series comprises twelve novels, written by Rolf A. F. Witzsche, the author of an earlier novel, *Brighter than the Sun*. The earlier novel had been written during the Cold-War period, but in the new world of asymmetric nuclear warfare it is fast becoming relevant again for its rather unique perspective of the nuclear-war danger. It presents a minimalist scenario of this danger, on a scale so small that it seems almost unbelievable, which remains nevertheless too horrific in scope to be ever allowed to come upon us. To help us turn the 'ship' around, the Cold War story had been designed in such a manner as to bring out the brightness of our humanity in its brightest dimension, unfolding a deeply humanist world with an ever-widening sphere of love. However, the issue of universal love is far wider and more complex than what can be compressed into a single story. It became apparent that an entire series of novels would be required to explore the underlying principle that is reflected in universal love. For this reason the series of novels, *The Lodging for the Rose*, was written. The novel, *Brighter than the Sun*, may be seen as a preface for it.

The series, *The Lodging for the Rose*, has been written to help meet an urgent need, though it rarely focuses on it directly. Ever since the first nuclear bomb has been built and demonstrated, mankind has been tied to a doom that everyone agrees must never come upon us, but for which no solution has yet been found after 60 years of searching. The danger remains today as great as it had been in the mid-1980s when the initial work on the series of novels began. Although the research for the series was slow and the dimension of the challenge almost too 'radical' for one to give a face to it, the work was impelled by the unyielding need to explore the brighter image of humanity that has the potential to out-shine the incredibly ugly face of those 65,000 atom bombs that had been deployed in those days to be used at a moment's notice.

We have far fewer nuclear bombs now, only 20,000 of them, but their face in our human world remains as threatening as ever, even more so now as once again new bombs are being build, installed into new missile systems. The new systems have evidently been devised in the faint hope that it might yet be possible to create a technical solution to avoid the final doom that the nuclear-weapons insanity makes increasingly likely. But, there are no technical solutions possible for a crisis that is not a technical phenom-

enon, which is rooted instead in a deeply human failure that society has refused to deal with for a long time. The failure lies in our shameful inability to love universally, to love the profound humanity that we all share as human beings, which we then close our eyes to in order to avoid having to acknowledge it.

The chorus of those who call out for the nuclear bomb to be used is getting louder today instead of softer. The so-called 'balance' that society had trusted its existence to for decades, which has kept the nukes locked down in their bunkers, is now eroding. We had once found safety in the balance of nuclear threats under a doctrine that we called Mutually Assured Destruction. But in the now unfolding age of asymmetric warfare this precarious 'security' is waning. The hope that we had placed in it is empty, with no substance left. The age of assured mutual destruction is dawning. We find little hope left that we can survive war any longer under the unfolding new circumstances with weapons becoming evermore destructive and the newest of them now threatening the whole of mankind.

Regardless of all this we are still human beings, and as such we are not bound to any promise of doom. As human beings we have the ability create ourselves a way out of this trap. As human beings we are bound first and foremost to the profound humanist potential that is rooted in our humanity, that gives us the power to step away from this 'prison' in which doom is inevitable. We have the potential to step up to a higher level of thinking, and of acting as human beings. History has shown that there exists one profound principle that enables us to do this. This one principle has stood like a great a light in the past whenever mankind's light had gone out and the world had become dark. It is in this principle that we find our hope and our power.

This one principle has no name that one could cite, because it has been given many names by different people in different ages to identify that one something that is profound. However, it seems that it can be described. One might describe it as the Principle of Universal Love. This principle was Plato's principle before the turn of time, or Solon's before him, and the principle of Christianity after him. But all the bright sparks of its unfolding had become lost again in shadow of the overbearing inhumanity of imperial impositions. Only when darkness covered the earth once more so deeply that the epoch became called the Dark Age, when the world couldn't get any blacker, was the light of that principle remembered. It was brought back. The principle became applied, and almost explosively as the result of it a profound renaissance happened.

Actually the profound renaissance, the Golden Renaissance, didn't simply happen. It was created by a process that appears to have begun with the rediscovery of some old manuscripts of Plato that had been brought back into Europe during the period of the Islamic Renaissance. In Europe the rediscovery of the anciently recognized principle of light then set the stage for what became the unfolding Golden Renaissance.

The root of the light of that renaissance was this one principle that always comes to the foreground when the world needs to be rebuilt. The Principle of Universal Love provided the power for this to be accomplished. All roads in the search for a brighter humanity have historically lead to this one principle.

The series of novels, *The Lodging for the Rose*, has been created to explore those numerous paths in which this principle unfolded, but more importantly also those paths that have not yet been trodden. The series is designed to be profoundly daring in its approach and to take the exploration into realms that apparently have not been entered before, or even been attempted in any serious manner. The series is designed to take the Principle of Universal Love all the way to the grassroots level of our social sphere where it is often deemed treason, and where mankind is more deeply divided sexually and by marriage than in any other sphere including the political, ethnic, and religious spheres.

The exploration for the series of novels became a most challenging exercise in bringing the bright historic discoveries and methods of perception to bear on the objective for which the series was required, that of bridging the barriers against the one light that has been seen to some degree in every bright humanist period. Naturally, the exploration also puts great challenges onto the table, but those appear only huge in comparison with the 'smallness' of the currently prevailing thinking that has put us into great danger. This does not mean that the Principle of Universal Love needs to be pursued primarily for political objectives. That would put the cart before the horse. The Principle of Universal Love stands as a principles that gives us freedom and joy in every sphere while love illumines the human scene. Love is its own gem, and is precious for its own sparkle.

Just think how many quadrillions of miles one would have to traverse to the distant places in the universe before one might come upon another civilization of living beings with anywhere near the creativity, culture, beauty, and the productive power to uplift its world that we human beings have developed right here, and with a

vast potential for more that remains still dormant and unrealized. The greatest gem that we know to exist in the universe of life, truly is us. We are its brightest star as far as we can see, with a potential for a future that exceeds even the brightness of the sun. If that isn't something worthy to be loved, what is?

The series, *The Lodging for the Rose*, presents a twelve-part earth-based science fantasy cantered on scientific exploration of the Principle of Universal Love. The storyline unfolds as a multifaceted epic love story with an eye on romance, sexuality, marriage, and even erotic love. Still its focus is always in the context of universal love, the higher principle, unfolding with its own scientific imperatives. On this platform love appears in its natural 'white,' the colour of the sun, a light that imposes no boundaries but illumines the whole world. In cases where the same 'color' extends across two novels, the episodes have been labeled Episode A and Episode B.

The series, *The Lodging for the Rose*, explores the Principle of Universal Love in a world where it is shunned, a world torn by divisions, darkened by isolation, threatened by war and now nuclear war, and as of late by many millions of uranium bombs (DU bombs), which altogether put a big question mark onto mankind's very survival on this planet. Against this background the glow of universal love creates a new paradigm for the political with the challenge that we upgrade our civilization into a powerfully human world, even a world with the kind of strength that will enable us in the near future to maintain our sprawling civilization undeterred by the return of the Ice Age that might happen in possibly a hundred years time.

The suspense in the stories of the novels is not carried by political intrigue as one might expect. Instead it unfolds from the complexities of relationships, marriage, romance, sex, and science, in an environment of an ever-expanding concept of love. Here the political games that unleash imperial wars, violence, and terror are kept in the background. The flow of the novels is powered by unfolding 'intimacies' of love that are not dimmed by long-taught emotions, hatred, fear, or even by the golden cages that we isolate ourselves in socially and politically, contrary to our hopes and desires.

Yes, there is a 'magic' in the love that unfolds from the heart of our humanity that we all share as human beings. Love thus becomes the light of the series of novels where it shines as it must, because we are all, as we always will be, a people "clothed with the sun."

The truth of what we are doesn't change with the winds of circumstances no matter how dim the world may become from time to time as we choose to close our eyes to our own light and cower in fear, 'hiding' from ourselves. Our history has been like that. Its pattern has been that after even the deepest 'night' there emerged always a new 'sunrise.' Today's challenge is to take this pattern of history one step higher and closer to the light, whereby to assure that there won't be any more 'night' there. We have the power to do this. Nor is there any real magic involved in the realization, only love is involved. That is enough.

This book is a 'preliminary' version

The presentation of the novel is essentially complete in its design and function as an exploratory work into the fundamental principles that are of critical importance for upholding our civilization in an evermore dangerously fragile world. Nevertheless some technical aspects require upgrading. The work is planned to be completed in the near future as time allows.

This now puts a choice before me. One option is to put the work on the shelf to gather dust until the last 't' is crossed. The other option is to publish the work as it stands in order that the extensive work already done might benefit a reader who is searching for the kind of unique explorations and discovered principles that the novel presents. This latter option is the one that I have chosen. The work is presented with love in the hope that its light might add to the brightness of your world enrich it to some degree.

Rolf A. F. Witzsche

More works by the Author

Rolf A. F. Witzsche

<http://www.rolf-witzsche.com>

List of novels - focused on universal love

<http://books.rolf-witzsche.com>

Flight Without Limits

(space travel science fiction)

Brighter than the Sun

(the nuclear fire)

The Lodging for the Rose

(spiritual science fiction - a series of novels)

Episode 1 - Discovering Love

Episode 2a - The Ice Age Challenge

Episode 2b - Roses at Dawn in an Ice Age World

Episode 3 - Winning Without Victory

Episode 4a - Seascapes and Sand

Episode 4b - The Flat Earth Society

Episode 5a - Glass Barriers

Episode 5b - Coffee Sex and Biscuits

Episode 6a - Endless Horizons

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Structure for Discovery and Scientific Development

The Scientific Process to Know the Truth

Volume 4

Light Piercing the Heart of Darkness

The Demands of Truth

Volume 5

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