



When air is not a fluid, but a barrier,
we enter the zone of supersonic flight.
When civilization is stopped by a wall,
we enter the Dark Age zone of death.
Can we break out?

The story, *The Shockwave Effect*, comprises a chapter of the novel, *Winning without Victory*, by Rolf A. F. Witzsche. The novel is Episode 3 of the series of novels, *The Lodging for the Rose*. The series is designed to explore the great renaissance principle, the Principle of Universal Love, the foundation for civilization. The fictional story, *The Shockwave Effect*, plays in the mid-1980s at a hotel in Berlin exploring the principles for averting a world crisis. The exploration is focused onto the boundary zone, the zone that the world is presently in with potentially enormous changes on the horizon. Supersonic shockwaves already begin in boundary zone and have been observed and photographed at Mach 0.95. Like have some early economic and political shockwaves been observed.

The cover photo is that of a T-38 aircraft flying at Mach 1.1 producing shockwaves that were photographed with a Schlieren camera on December 13, 1993 by Dr. Leonard Weinstein. The NASA photo EC-94-42528-1 is a part of the NASA Dryden Flight Research Center Photo Collection. See: www.dfrc.nasa.gov/gallery/photo/index.html

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The Shockwave Effect

"I still can't believe what is happening," said Sylvia, looking down from the twenty-fourth floor of the new Hilton on Kurfuersten Dam in Berlin. "I feel like I'm in a 007 spy movie. Yesterday morning we were camping and building a trail to the beach, in the evening we witnessed a Russian fishing boat launch a nuclear cruise missile right over our house towards Washington, minutes later we were scrambling like mad to avoid a nuclear war, and now, just over a day is gone by and we're living like royalty in one of the most fashionable centers of Europe on a mission to save the whole of mankind. Tomorrow, whether we like it or not, we will be ambassadors of the USA with a challenge to all nations that puts us onto the top of the world. It's unbelievable what is happening, isn't it? If someone had predicted this two days ago, I would have laughed."

"Gosh! I think we left our shovels and the chain saw on the beach," said Tony. "We didn't even get a chance to take our tools back to camp."

"Who cares about chain saws now?" said Sylvia. "Think of the excitement ahead! Think of the danger of sneaking behind the Iron Curtain, past mounted rifles, smuggling one of their top scientists into Italy for a week! Think of the adventures of floating in gondolas through the canals of Venice, and not least, saving the world from destruction! Who cares about chain saws in times like these?" She laughed as she said it.

"Yes, it's like living on top of the world all right," said Ross and took a deep breath.

"Indeed it is, let's drink to that!" I added. I had a tray of champagne glasses in my hand that I had just filled.

"From Uncle Sam?" Heather asked.

I nodded.

"Let's drink to Uncle Sam's generosity," said Heather and took a sip. We all did.

"But you have to be careful," added Ross. "It is a narrow, fast moving place, the top of the world. You need precise footwork, far more than a downhill skier in a race. One slip, and it's game over!" Ross raised his glass.

"Oh go on," I said.

"No, no! Jokes aside," said Ross. "You can't evade the fact that there are basic principles involved. If you ignore even one of them, you slip. But if you understand them you can move with total freedom. That's where the excitement begins! Once you understand the science of what you are dealing

with, you can dance circles around anyone. You can face the guns and think nothing of them. You might even feel compassion for those who feel compelled to carry those guns."

"Let's drink to the principles," said Tony, raising his glass. "Let's drink to dancing on top of the world!"

"I think, what we are doing here is just as crazy as our Wreck Beach project," I said to Tony. "But I love it! I have a feeling that this one is going to work."

"Do you guys realize that this adventure could be a turning point in history?" said Heather.

"Right!" I said, and topped off her glass of champagne.

We were all assembled on the balcony again that evening after a few hours of sleeping. We were guests in the brand new Hilton in Berlin. We had three rooms on the twenty-first floor. The sidewalks below us were crowded with people going out to dinner, or to the movies or theaters. The glittering lights and the atmosphere of the city didn't reflect that we were in the midst of a Cold War that was fast heating up towards colossal chaos and nuclear destruction.

"Whoever has the SDI first, controls the world!" I overheard Ross telling Sylvia.

Sylvia replied, "this is why we are giving it away, gift wrapped with hugs and kisses, and a ribbon tied around it with love."

"Diplomacy, as we call it, has all been done wrong in the past," announced Ross with his glass held high. "It hasn't bought us anything, has it? Diplomacy shouldn't impose itself. Just look at us now! We try our best not to be noticed. No puffed up superior strength this time! We offer them a gift they've been screaming for, and with no strings attached. Diplomacy has never been like that. We're giving the world away to save it!"

"Seriously," I said, "what we are doing is something much deeper than has ever been done before. We count our gain in what we give away, and we are sure of our success. We are sure by reasons of a principle that has never been recognized before, except by Steve. Steve always says, we bring to each other our love to enrich one-another's existence. This is enough to build unity. Since diplomacy has always failed us in the past, this indicates to me that our diplomacy has not been built on this principle. So tell me, why shouldn't we be able to turn the diplomatic ship around and proceed from a different basis? We are now pursuing diplomacy on the basis of Steve's scientifically discovered universal principle that has already been proven, that has brought us all together. Except when we apply this principle to diplomacy, our diplomacy isn't diplomacy anymore in the standard sense, but becomes a communication that involves something real!"

We all drank to that, too. We drank to many other acknowledgments as well, and to our bold and glorious venture.

"I'm really excited," said Heather at one point. Looking down onto the city.

The smile this brought to her face reminded me of the days we have had together that seemed so far away now, as if they belonged to another world and another time. I recalled our second evening together. We had come to a small town. We were all worn out from the long drive, Tony, Heather and I, on our way to Key West. It had been a hot day. The evening remained warm as one expects in mid-summer. The dinner from the night before in Elizabeth City was still on my mind. It had been a grand dinner. The wonderful feeling that I had felt during that dinner at the Steak Loft had resurfaced many times through the long drive. Indeed, there were few moments during the many hours of driving in the heat when I hadn't thought of her and us being together. Then another evening was about to unfold that began almost like a replay of the evening before. By some miracle, though, it got better still.

Our new adventure soon went beyond my wildest dream. This night became brighter. It developed into something even more beautiful. I was amazed at what was happening. I hadn't dared to expect anything as beautiful, or to imagine that a simple smile could be as bright and feel as warm deep inside.

As Heather and I were facing each other on the balcony of the Hilton Hotel in Berlin, those precious days came to mind again, triggered by the same kind of smile, though attached with a new, yet 'impossible' hope.

The precious days we had shared appeared distant now only in time, but not in my memories. I remembered that second evening together as if it had happened just a few days ago.

We had been alone at the swimming pool that evening. Tony had remained in his room watching his favorite ball game. His team had been on a winning streak. He had plenty of beer and potato chips on hand. For him to leave under those circumstances, to go out for supper or do anything else, was unthinkable. Consequently we simply lived on snacks that evening, supplemented with egg-sandwiches from a 'Deli' corner store, something to munch on at the pool. All three of us had chosen the motel for its pool. The pool had looked like heaven after a long day on the road in the heat of the summer, and so did the thought of relaxing in the Jacuzzi afterwards.

When the Jacuzzi became too hot, long after Tony's game had started, we stretched ourselves out on the lounges. The pool looked like an enormous emerald indeed, glowing mysteriously in the dark. We talked about fairy tale wonders, things of this sort, and about us in the same context.

"What do you expect will happen to us?" Heather asked at one point.

"Will happen?" I repeated and shook my head. "You mean, is happening? The way I feel right now I couldn't ask for anything better. The best is

happening already. I am having the most wonderful feeling when I am with you. It started yesterday since we met. I hadn't known for a long time what it means to be on fire."

I turned towards her and smiled. "What more can happen?" I said. "Just looking at you is a joy beyond compare; to see your smile; your wonderful face; your sparkling eyes; your lovely hair blowing in the breeze as we drive; to see your beautiful figure whenever I open my eyes. Just being near you is heaven. Could I ask for more? And the way things go, it seems there is more of this to come the more we get to know each other. Being with you is a treat in every respect." I dared for a kiss, but then pulled back.

She hadn't answered a word to what I had said. Instead, she raised her shoulders in a cuddly sort of way and smiled. This said more.

I had raised the back of the recliner when we spoke. It was wonderful just to sit there and look at her. What I saw and felt, I had only been dreaming about before, except that I hadn't dreamed tall enough. I leaned back all the way now and then. Leaning back brought me closer to her as she lay stretched out in the recliner next to me, close enough to touch. "We must not let go of what we have," I said quietly. "Life is so rich! We must let it unfold. We must allow ourselves to be who we are. We owe this to ourselves."

Again she didn't answer, but kept on smiling.

"A traveler once asked a coachman to show him all the best sights in his country," I continued the conversation, not taking my eyes off her for a second."

"But the traveler was unwise," she said, continuing the story. "He imposed on the coachman: Turn here. Turn there! In the end the traveler complained bitterly when the coach ended up driving through a garbage dump instead of along a beach or through a park."

"Life is full of beautiful things and of beautiful people," I replied. "By what wisdom can we impose on its ways by asking for more when we have the best already at hand? And most of that, it seems, lies already within us?"

Heather began to grin at this point. I could still remember it. She didn't say anything. She just grinned. So I kept on.

"The traveler tours the world to experience whatever riches the world holds," I said moments later.

"Sex, too?" she asked, still grinning.

I shrugged my shoulders. "The sum total of what we share is greater than sex."

"But isn't the lesser a part of the greater?" she asked with a sweet gesture as she were inviting me for a kiss. Indeed she was. That opportunity I wasn't inclined to let go by unrealized.

I kissed her in reply.

Indeed, why should I have resisted that wonderful invitation? "I would be a liar to suggest that I wouldn't say, whoopee doo!" I said to her after the kiss and followed this up with another kiss.

"And fooling around?" she said, grinning even more.

"Indeed, coachman, I would answer. Fooling around? Why not? The thought is exciting. Please take us to it. Show us all the best sights!"

I grinned back at her so much so that my face began to hurt.

"Love must envelop us in all its ways," she replied and did this with a wicked kind of smile. "Love must be like a sun for its own sake, by its own terms. That's fooling around, isn't it?"

I nodded. "But love might be still more than that," I added. "Love begins within us as we fall in love with ourselves for what we are, for the freedoms we are able to claim, and for the wonders we are able to share. This is something we can't fool around with. It is something so precious that we can only embrace each other for, even intimately. With it we enrich one-another's life by sharing our being with one-another. When this kind of self-love overflows, in which we embrace one-another, then the spark of our humanity that we cherish deeply in our heart can only lead to a lot of hugging, even sexual embracing in whatever form this may be appropriate. It has to be that way, don't you agree, for where would one draw the line to hem the sunshine in?"

She nodded and grinned. "Then we shouldn't resist it, right?" she said in her lovely sweet voice.

"That's how it must be if our life is to be as grand as our love tells us that it might be," I said in as soft a tone as I could.

"What are your preferences then?" she asked, still grinning.

"Preferences?"

"Sexual preferences?"

"That depends on what the question means," I replied with an even bigger grin. "If it means male or female, I choose female. If it means a little or lots of it, I choose moderate. If it means oral, anal, or whatever, I choose oral. If it means kinky or straight, I choose straight. If it means having it with you, or someone else, I choose you, definitely you. I'd love to feel my face between your legs..."

"Oh you dare-devil!" she interrupted and waved a finger at me. "But I love you for it," she added and laughed.

"And, if it means having it in my room or yours," I continued without a change in tone, "I would choose your room since my room is occupied. And if it means having it now or later, I would choose any time, this minute, now, immediately!"

"My room," she said and continued to laugh. "My castle is yours for the sharing." Then she grinned and punched me gently. "What a dare-devil you are!"

Of course I'd love to feel your face between my legs," she added and sealed the agreement with a kiss.

We both grinned from ear to ear. I didn't answer anything. There wasn't a need to say anything more.

We left the pool area hand in hand.

What followed unfolded into a new dimension of loveliness that I wouldn't want to have missed for the world. For a brief moment the danger of AIDS came to mind and vanished from it. The thought was quickly suppressed as irrelevant. Her motives were powered by love, not by the arrogance of a killer. She was a star, a sun, and a bright new universe to explore. What a promise that night held for all the days ahead! And it wasn't an empty promise. That night became the beginning of an explosion of joy that brightened all the days we had had together.

We slept together every night after that, cuddled up to each other. The closeness made us feel freer towards one-another, and lighter towards ourselves. Our journey together became a celebration of life's greater freedoms.

Key West, of course, turned out to be the worst place for such a celebration of life. Key West might have been a great place for a holiday, or to retire at, a place for resting and sleeping, but for a celebration of being alive, the town was the most boring place. The town was dead, dull, heavy, just like the Navy's hearing. The only consolation was that a three-day pause in the proceedings had been scheduled to allow for a weekend party. Officially, the recess was granted to enable people to attend a garden party that was given by one of the wives of the Admiralty. Oh, the torture that implied! We had been hungry for anything except an enforced dull event.

Tony came to the rescue that day, like a knight in shining armor. When I told him about our predicament, he began to whistle his favorite tune again: "Puff the Magic Dragon that lived by the sea...." In real terms, this meant that he had access to the Uncle Sam's Air Transport Service. He was sure there were regular milk-run flights going between Key West and Edwards Air Force Base. He was also sure that with his rank and 'influential power,' as he put it jokingly, he could get us on."

"With any luck, we can be in Vegas tonight," he said. "We'll take the shuttle to Vegas from LA."

I still remembered how Heather had hugged him for that, with a kiss. What more could I have added in words to thank him?

Indeed we had been lucky. Puff took to the air at 4:30 PM. I had been out of the hearing like a shot, at three o'clock sharp, the moment the debriefing was suspended.

We arrived in Vegas quite late, but who cared? The night was all ours.

What followed became the wildest, most wonderful weekend imaginable. My face hurt from too much smiling. Our days became an unbroken sequence of romance, fancy dinners, musical shows, cabarets full of tempo and zest, swimming, dancing, strolling through casinos that were like living fashion shows. Tony seemed to be happy for us. He didn't seem to mind our sexual attraction to one-another. In fact, he seemed delighted. To some degree he became enveloped in it, too. Our embrace became more and more a universal embrace.

The food was mostly excellent. However, that didn't seem to matter. Also the showgirls were everything that Las Vegas stood for, but none of that measured up to the excitement we had with each other. There was something good unfolding between Heather and I. Tony seemed to enjoy being touched by the flow of it all. It was sexual in many ways, but on a more profound level. Being in Vegas was fun, but it became more than that. It became a joy. We even tried gambling once, but that was boring. There was more joy in walking arm in arm through streets filled with dazzling lights than in seeing a few dollar coins being dispensed by the time-consuming, money-eating, one-armed bandits.

Every night we came back to the hotel exhausted, hyper, and Heather and I evermore in love. Sex in those days between Heather and I, in the sanctuary of our room in the double-room suite, became almost a holy event. Something greater was unfolding than what sexuality by itself could inspire. We were embracing each other all night, so it seemed, even in our sleep the fire kept on burning. The embrace of each other that had brightened our day, had simply continued on, except without a thread of clothing standing in the way. It became a case of zero distance between us, an infinite embrace that unfolded into a new definition for Helen's revolutionary concept of the universal kiss. It became an element of a great peace indeed, supported by the warmth of a great fire.

Our embrace was far more than a 'moral' embrace. The very idea of morality had been left behind. We had stepped up to higher ground. The moral voice which cries, "don't do it!" had been overruled by an active principle, the principle of universal sovereignty and universal love. Why shouldn't we have allowed this love to unfold? Nothing came into play that violated the integrity of one-another or could have marred this wonderful, infinite embrace in which the concept of I, or us, became one and the same, and this without any one of us being aware of it at the time it was happening. Tony too was enveloped in this love.

On the third day Puff gave us a lift to Tampa, for a quick whirl through Disney World, a jungle of rides, imagination, and wonders of all sorts. We spent more time hanging upside down or flying sideways, or hugging each other tightly while being jerked around by exhilarating machines, than we spent standing on the ground, apart from lining up.

Tony and Heather and I became closer to one-another than we ever

had been. We shared our vacation days away from the Navy, our joy's, our laughs. Then we were off again, late after midnight with Puff's early morning flight. We arrived back in Key West just in time for the hearing that always started at 09:00 hours, sharp.

One of the Navy officials remarked during the coffee break on what a grand weekend it had been, supposing that I had attended the Admiral's wife's garden party, as apparently everyone had. "Half the Navy was there," he commented.

I remembered that I had agreed with him. Worn out and tired as I was, I assured him that the weekend had been one of the finest ever. This wasn't a lie. It was merely a monumental understatement. Of course, the Navy chap had no idea what I was talking about. How could he have had? How could anyone have known what we had shared in those three days? We had been in a tipsy for three solid days, and three nights, too. Thank God for the magic dragon who had rescued us all from the Navy's grand garden party. What a death this would have been!

Heather grinned when I mentioned Vegas on the balcony of the Grand Hilton in Berlin. I mentioned that the lights on Kurfuersten Dam were nothing in comparison with those that we saw in Vegas. Still, there was a resemblance that brought with it a faint renewal of the excitement that had gripped us then.

"Do you remember our nights at the Sands?" I asked her, "and our dinner at the Steak Loft, when you asked the waiter for ketchup with your Chateaubriand?"

"Hey, you should talk," she smiled. "Didn't I see you attack your French Onion Soup with a fork and a knife?"

"Yes, those were the days!" I replied.

"The finest in a long time that I can remember!" said Heather. "I feel sorry for your friend Steve," she added. "His keen, precise logic, and perception of scientific facts, must have given him an enormous jump on the kind of freedoms that ordinary people like us have to earn bit by bit. As for me, I love the learning. There is so much to be found in the process of learning. Compared to our experiences, his life must have been like a journey in a jetliner at forty thousand feet, with all the comforts of piped in music and in-flight meals served with a touch of champagne. I can't help wondering how much of what is so beautifully human he may have missed, like those wonderful little joys, hopes, pains, agonies and victories that are part of the fun of traveling in small hops, growing up day by day? Don't you agree?"

I shook my head and said no. For once I knew she was wrong. I suggested to her that Steve might have missed stumbling through a lot of situations that end up in an alleyway of poverty, providing no gain to anyone. I felt that the doors of freedom that his keener insight had opened couldn't possibly have caused him any real loss. To the contrary, he was able to move with lightning speed through the 'jungle' to the precise spot where the riches

can be found, and he helped us to do the same. I reminded her that his breakthroughs did not only benefit himself, but have benefited many people, us included. "Without Steve's pioneering work, I would never have allowed myself the chance to be with you in the first place. I wouldn't have dared even dream of it, much less go to Las Vegas with you and turn the whole town inside out. Without the scientific perception of universal principles that he opened up my thinking to I would have been too shy to stop for you on the highway going south. What a tragedy this would have been! I would have never known what it feels like to be twenty years younger in one giant leap and be on fire as I was."

She smiled and hugged me briefly, spilling some of her champagne in the process. "Unfortunately what we had may never happen again," she said quietly in a sad tone. "We are both too tightly boxed in into a world that long traditions have created for us, a world in which we must live isolated from one-another. We are now forced to almost hide our love again behind those boundaries that still stand tall, though written in the sand. We isolate ourselves in the name of love. We have done daring things in our days together, but we haven't won anything, have we? Isn't that also why we are here on this mission? This impotence has been the fate of the world. We are trying to deal with the boundaries that have been erected between the hearts of entire nations by long traditions that have made the world a dangerous place. These shouldn't exist, but it is hard to ignore them and harder still to deal with them."

"Yes they do exist," I said quietly. "They exist because love is allowed only in the smallest possible way. It appears that this is all that we are capable of. No one has yet been able to break this barrier. We have been able to take a few tiny steps forward with Steve's help, but the barriers are still there. That is obviously the reason why you could hug me only briefly with Ross and Sylvia being around. We are still boxed in by our desperately small sense of love. It seems like a miracle in this context that you and I can be together at all with Sylvia and Ross standing beside us and them not going nuts over ownership conflicts as most people would."

"We surely are still boxed in by the smallness of the world's love that creates this box for us," I said in total agreement. "Maybe we should solve this problem for the world. Without us solving it, we may not be able to escape from this smallness in thinking in the world for a long time to come, if ever."

"What you propose is easier said than done," said Heather.

"Sure it is. That is also why I am afraid that our SDI mission in Venice, as necessary it appears to be, won't solve anything fundamentally in the long run, because we are still thinking too small. We don't seem committed to the fire for what is right, that once had carried us. We aren't looking for a real improvement in any fundamental way in Venice, are we? We are only hoping that the stalemate might continue. The stalemate is all nice and moral, isn't it? But that's the trouble with morality; it's a zero-scientific state. Nothing is moving there. There is no fire, no love, no passion for life and for the infinite. Morality is like the Admiralty's garden party. And soon we'll be hosting a

similar party of our own in Venice, and I'm certain that nothing more will come out of that party than came out of the garden party where everybody bowed and made nice gestures and behaved as expected. We are going to do this again as if it was written in a script, Heather, just wait and see. It will be all superficial, dull, boring, and quite inconsequential. We'll be dancing around the core issue that nobody wants to face head on. What we are about to do in Venice won't change the fact that all of us have boxed ourselves in with our policy for nuclear weapons defense, our doctrine of Mutually Assured Destruction. We need to have a fundamental improvement. We need to get ourselves out of that box before our mutually assured commitment to total destruction comes true. Unfortunately, our love is too small for that still. There is no fire on the scene. It's all too shallow and superficial for us to build a common bridge to get us all out of this prison. Puff the magic dragon doesn't seem to exist in the wider world that we call the real world. But without this bridge, how can we even hope to build the kind of stage for mankind that we haven't been able to build for a long time? It seems impossible even to maintain the bridge of joy that we once built between our two hearts. We remain standing isolated in spite of our most daring advances and in spite of the great generosity towards love by everyone here that borders on the miraculous. We haven't achieved a fundamental improvement even with that, that is built on active principles. The most that we have achieved is an expanded passive accommodation. Hopefully we can step beyond that."

While we spoke to each other on the balcony I noticed a homeless woman pushing her cart along the far sidewalk across the street from the hotel. Gusts of wind blew her long hair into her face repeatedly. A sudden wind seemed to have come up. Eventually, she simply turned her cart around and walked into the wind to keep her hair out of her face, apparently wandering aimlessly about in her search for a kind soul that might give her something, a few crumbs to keep her going a little while longer.

I pointed the woman out to Heather and then called the others. Heather suggested that we should help the woman in some way. Ross agreed. Almost spontaneously we all donated a few dollars each. Tony volunteered to take the money down to her, an even hundred. The rest of us watched from the balcony.

As Tony handed her the money I realized how insignificant these few dollars really were in comparison to her real need. I also realized, and I pointed this out to the others, that the plight of this woman and the world's plight as the world was teetering at the edge of a nuclear war, were fundamentally related to each other as the result of the same process. "The same solution that resolves one problem," I said, "also resolves the other."

Ross was the first to agree. "The two problems are related," he said, "because they are both caused by the same too narrow sense of love. The woman is slowly dying because society overlaid its policy of economics with greed based fascism, just as the world has overlaid its humanist renaissance

centered on the general welfare and the dignity of the human being with the dogma of perpetual war under the umbrella of empire."

I watched Heather's reaction. She nodded. Sylvia simply smiled.

"The policy of a too narrow sense of love is the policy of the war that we are all fighting against our own humanity," I said.

Ross nodded. "That's the same despicable war that the royal oligarchy has been waging against the renaissance spirit of humanity since the 16th Century, as Fred had repeatedly pointed out" said Ross to Heather. He pointed out that the real spirit of humanity is reflected to some degree in the sovereignty of the nations as nation-states and in the sovereign self-development of society. He explained to Heather that the imperials are fighting a desperately bitter war against this kind of unfolding of our humanity. "They are fighting against mankind in order to protect their feudal monetary system with which they have been looting humanity for all these centuries," said Ross. "In the pursuit of this war against humanity they aim to destroy the nation-states, their industries, even their economic and cultural potential as human beings. They are fighting against the self-development of humanity as a whole. They are murdering people economically on a vast scale. They are fighting to create a world of poverty in which they hope their looting system will be able to survive. They know they can only survive if they can keep humanity in an environment of poverty in which they retain their advantage of power."

"Guess how this came about," I said to Ross. "Do you know at which point in history we first missed the boat, for which we are still suffering the consequences because the mistake has not yet been corrected?"

Ross shrugged his shoulders.

"We missed the boat in the year 1508," I said to him. "The mess we are now in is the direct result of what happened then. So we mustn't blame the modern imperials or the fondi. We have to blame the Renaissance powers for our mess today. They messed this thing up for us, and this happened way back in 1508."

"What happened?" said Ross. "What are you talking about?"

"I am talking about the homeless woman on the sidewalk below. Isn't it obvious, Ross?" I said to him. "Prior to the Renaissance the empires of the world were only threatened by one another. They encountered no other foe than themselves. This changed with the Renaissance. From that point on the Renaissance became the biggest threat to every empire's existence. The League of Cambrai in 1508 proved that. The League was put together for one task only, to wipe out the usurious slave trading Empire of Venice. Venice that had become the number one sore spot on the European landscape. The Venetian Empire would have been defeated by the League of Cambrai had the Pope not intervened. The Venetians successfully coerced the Pope to stop the attack on them. By this feat of 'diplomacy' the Venetian Empire survived. That was a tragedy. Venice immediately waged war to destroy the renaissance that nearly had wiped it off the map. From this time on every empire that has ever existed has been at war against mankind to destroy its humanity in order to

prevent the rise of another Renaissance. The imperials had to destroy any possible impetus that might open the door to a future Renaissance. Every war from this time to the present has been an imperial war fought against mankind in order to hinder its self-development."

"Now what has this got to do with the woman on the sidewalk below?" Ross interrupted me.

"It has got everything to do with that, Ross," I replied. "The downwards trend into hell that destroyed mankind for the last five hundred years might not have happened if the Renaissance powers had made a consecrated effort to uplift the Venetian rulers and bring them into the Renaissance. Instead of banding an army together to wipe the Venetians out, the Renaissance powers should have respected their own fundamental principle, the Principle of Universal Love and Love-Based Economics. Venice should have been included in that. It should have been brought into the brightness of the universal humanity of mankind, instead of being dragged deeper into its role of being a universal enemy of it."

"I think it is still not too late for that reversal to be made," said Sylvia. "As far as the imperial history goes, the oligarchy has never benefited from its war against mankind, while mankind has paid a huge price for allowing the oligarchy to play that role. In the end, no one benefited."

Ross applauded her. "Yes, the 1508 screw-up needs to be corrected, and this can be done," he agreed. "But more urgently is the correction of the next screw-up that began in the year in which the British East India Company was established as a private empire. The year was 1763. The so established private sovereign empire became the British Empire. It became the world's most powerful force for looting humanity, founded securely on its own vast private central banking system. Its far-flung network of private central banks now rules the world, but as Sylvia has pointed out, the oligarchy has never benefited from its war against humanity. Consequently, its vast citadel of financial power is essentially bankrupt. It has become an empty shell. That is what is reflected in the tragedy of the homeless woman on the sidewalk below. She is the victim of a system that has looted the world, but which is itself as bankrupt as that woman on the street."

"You may be right, but the greater tragedy remains still unseen," said Sylvia. "When the private imperial financial system falls apart, the nations of the world will have to act and reclaim their sovereign control over their currencies and credit. They have to do this in order to survive, but the imperials can't allow this to happen. They know that they will have to block the nations from gaining control in order for the imperial system to be able to survive. This means that we have reached the point in which we are facing the greatest contest for survival of all times, a battle of the titans so to speak, struggling for their very existence. Last night's cruise missile attack on America might have been one of the opening ripples of what might yet become the greatest storm on the oceans of power that we have ever found ourselves in the midst of. That too, is what the woman on the sidewalk represents. She

represents an unprecedented tragedy in the making."

Ross agreed. He pointed out to Heather that the homeless woman is the result of precisely that process that is creating 'royal' poverty around the world. He also suggested to Heather that the imperials know that their goal is more readily achieved by depopulating the Earth to a large degree, since their coveted depopulation is bound to create a deep, deep poverty among the remaining population. Ross suggested that this is how they may aim to win the upcoming battle of the titans for eliminating the nation-states. "Their goal is to assure that there won't be any contest to challenge them," said Ross. "By creating this deep poverty across the world, a major part of their battle to rule the world will be won." Ross explained to Heather that Fred believes that the Cold War nuclear confrontation is ultimately designed to facilitate this deep-reaching poverty. And what better way is there to create it than to create it artificially through cultural warfare."

"Nuclear war appears to be designed for a terror objective that instills a crippling mental poverty in society on a near universal scale," I suggested to Ross. "The imperials may be hoping that humanity will never be able to recover itself from this takedown of its humanity and stage another Renaissance that would once again challenge the empire."

"Total poverty is what you will have when you eliminate four-fifths of humanity," Tony interjected. "It makes no difference then whether you do it with nuclear war, or the gentry way by means of universal poverty. Even I can see that."

"The perception evidently is, that when this happens the imperials' feudalism will never be challenged again for as long as the new dark ages will last, and those may not end before the next Ice Age has passed," said Ross. "The return of the Ice Age poses the greatest challenge that mankind has ever faced. There is only one option possible for mankind to maintain its large world-population in the coming Ice Age environment, or a larger one than we have today. This option is to create indoor agriculture with near global dimensions. While this is technologically feasible, the world is presently committed to drive itself into poverty that would render the needed Ice Age Renaissance an impossible hope. However, if we were to put this requirement for the future on the table in Venice, as a necessity for the present, and make it the basis for giving up the SDI, we might change the world. We might stage a platform for advancing the unity of all mankind. We might be able to come away from Venice with a global improvement that the nations of the world can build on for their common future."

"That was the original idea behind the SDI," I said to Ross.

"That's why it probably won't happen this time either," said Sylvia. "The imperials would 'smell' the rescue plan and stop it before it ever began to unfold."

Ross nodded his agreement.

"You cannot do that also for another reason," said Sylvia to Ross. "The whole scientific community will laugh you to scorn. They're the people that have put their reputation on the line to create the global warming dream. It's going to be tough enough to kill their SDI dream. Now you want to kill their global warming dream too? I think you're biting off more than you can chew."

"No, we have to do this," said Heather. "We've been shutting everything down from the textile industry to the steel industry. We've been nicely obedient to the imperials and we are killing ourselves in the process. We have to do the opposite. Instead of catering to slavery for cheap products we have to revert to technological automation for efficient production. Instead of reducing people's income so that more and more people can't afford to live anymore, we have to pay the kind of rich wages that correspond to the rich society that we aim to be, no, that we have to be to make it through the next Ice Age. Instead of scrapping human living, let's scrap the idea of empire. This world is a human world in which the word, empire, has no place and must never be spoken again. Instead of cowering before the assumed power of the imperials, let's reclaim the power of our humanity and create a renaissance world with such brilliance as has never been seen before."

"This means we have to tell the noble scientists that their fascist poverty, which stands behind the lies that they support for their masters, is the real danger behind nuclear war," said Tony. "We should call the war-mongers."

"But you can't say this to them," said Ross. "That would be like ripping their soul out."

"Of course we can't say that," I intervened. "But we can present the facts that will cause them to come to this conclusion themselves."

"You call this leadership?" Heather intervened. "You want to go down to Venice to turn the physicists' conference into a nice and moral garden party where everybody bows, where nothing is happening, where there is no passion for truth and no fire for love?" said Heather. She looked at Sylvia and shook her head, and then looked at me. "You would be setting the stage for another impasse."

Poor Tony, he didn't know what to think. He simply shook his head. "This is getting funny and entertaining, but also terribly frustrating," he said. "We are facing the threat of nuclear war, we are seeing it an economic issue based on a too narrow concept of love, and you want to tap-dance around the issue the gentry way." In his frustration Tony pointed out that our efforts that we were about to make in Italy, to lessen the dangers of someone starting a nuclear war, would then be trivial if they would not be designed to address the fundamental issue. "We have to address this issue with the same urgency as if another Russian submarine was on its way to deliver another nuclear cruise missile to another of their spy-boats for another launch. For all we know, this might be happening as we speak. We have to change the whole geometry of the games that are played. We won't have done our job if conference of the scientists in Venice doesn't explode into the kind of rage that wakes every-

body up. We have to turn the whole thing upside down so that it won't be another garden party."

Heather nodded. "If the key issue is to uplift the 'imperials' into the sphere of their own humanity as human being, and to turn them away from their commitment to being the enemy of mankind that is committed to perpetual war, why are we going to Venice with the intention not to do anything? Why do we intend to be playing such trivial games as merely announcing the cancellation of the SDI in comparison to what we should be doing? Why are we so scared about the reactions of a few scientist, and ultimately also the imperials, that we won't dare to challenge their axioms if our real task is to shake the whole world out of its slumber that the imperials have imposed. I agree that for the imperials themselves nuclear war is an option they may choose to address their petty little economic concerns, meaning, creating the poverty they need to subdue mankind in order to save themselves. But for us, for mankind, the issue is infinitely larger. It is an issue of poverty in our own thinking."

"We have to get rid of this poverty within, in order to save the world. That's our priority task," said Tony. "Just listen to yourself. You are crying, we can't do this, we can't do that! Why the heck didn't we stay home?"

Tony turned to me with a sarcastic look. "You never said those things in Vegas," he said. "You never even considered the word 'impossible' in those days. Why are you crying 'impossible' all of a sudden?"

Tony turned to Ross. "We can't do this! We can't do that!" Tony spoke those words in a mocking tone. "How can we hope to create a New World with that attitude! The word 'impossible' should be stricken. It shouldn't be allowed to pollute the human language. Can't you see how crazy you guys are in facing the greatest challenge in history, which is finally being recognized by us, with such 'small' thinking?"

I fully agreed with him, that we were still far too small-minded. I agreed that our efforts merely addressed one specific point of one specific game, within the larger game, which itself was very far removed from the real issue. "But that is all that the President has authorized us to address," I said to Tony.

"Because the President doesn't know what he is doing?" Tony replied.

"The President is like a traveler who has hired a coachman to show him all the greatest sights of his country," said Heather and punched me into the side to wake me up. "He tells the coachmen, turn here and turn there, and then he's surprised if he ends up in a garbage dump. Shouldn't he really be saying to us, just take us to the seashore? My suggestion is that we give him what he really wants. Let's give him the right thing, even though he doesn't know what the right thing is. Let's give him a sea change."

"Now, finally, somebody has the guts to say what we really ought to be doing," said Tony. "Why can't you guys find a way to educate the scientists of the world about the fundamental principle of economics. You talk about Love-Based Economics, but you don't act as if it mattered? Just because Fred has

mistakenly suggested that the scientists lack the vocabulary for this kind of thinking doesn't mean that this vocabulary can't be put into their lap. They are fast learners, or else they wouldn't be the leading edge of society in the search for universal principles and the truth. Isn't that what you keep telling me what science is all about? Why don't you put your assumption to a test? What else would enable us as society to make the huge efforts that need to be made to create indoor agriculture, which you say is our only hope for keeping us alive in the upcoming Ice Age cycle? Isn't that what the General Welfare Principle represents that we already have in our Constitution? Shouldn't your precious scientists be able to understand that much of the principle of physical economics? That's what they have made their life work to support. Why shouldn't you remind them of it?"

"This is also the Samaritan principle," said Sylvia. "That's the principle by which real prosperity is created. The Samaritan principle that Christ Jesus put on the table with his parable of the Good Samaritan is the General Welfare Principle. The Samaritan rescued a man and nursed him back to health. By doing so he created a richly human world that everyone would choose as a joy to live in. That's what the Principle of Universal Love leads up to, doesn't it? All of that has been known for thousands of years already," said Sylvia. "Maybe Steve will support us on that and help us to educate the scientists."

"It becomes imperative that we educate them and educate society as well, and the imperials too," said Ross. "Tony is right! We must educate especially the imperials. We must educate them about the vital role of the sovereign nation-state in the world, which they aim to eradicate around the world in the name of empire."

"Of course that becomes our imperative," I replied. "In Love-Based Economics the sovereign nation-state plays a vital role for society. It is the only platform society has to create for itself the needed financial credits for its self-development and the self-development of its physical economy on which peace and the future existence of mankind ultimately depend. But can we do it?"

"That's the wrong question," Tony interrupted. "The question should be, how must we proceed to get it done. That's the kind of approach that we've been taught in Air Force training. That's how we got the cruise missile shut down last night. The question was foremost last night, how must we proceed to get this done? That's how you should address economics too. If you need money, financial credits, physical resources and so on, to do the job, then create them. Don't go groveling to the Empire for financial handouts. Create what you need. The question must always be how must we proceed to get this done? You'll find that the concept of empire isn't a part of the answer. If you make it a part of the answer then you'll find that the Empire that you will give power to rule over you will suck the life out of you. But that is the wrong answer. If you stick to this wrong answer, the imperials will demand super tax-cuts for the super rich and will demand abject poverty for the poor. So you must ask yourself again, how must we proceed to get the necessary job done to create this Ice Age Renaissance world that we must achieve for everyone

to be able to survive. Failing that we should run down to the homeless woman and beg for her forgiveness, for our callous commitment to do nothing while we have the greatest opportunity at hand to change the world."

Heather shook her head. "For what reason should humanity ever have to rent the empire's money and cast itself into debt?" replied Heather and laughed. "Our love for one-another should prevent this. It should stir in us the fire to extend to us our own financial credits out of our own resources as human beings. Money is a created thing. Let's create it ourselves, and for ourselves. That's love-based economics! We don't need the moneybags and their fascist conditions that they impose out of their greed. We can give ourselves the freedom to create the means for what we require to live like human beings. That would keep the moneybags out of the loop. Also, we would thereby prevent them from using our own money for financing terrorism, subversion, conspiracies, looting, slavery, assassinations and exploitations against us, which are all imperial projects. These are the perpetual wars that Fred talked about this morning that are waged against society by our corrupted leaders and institutions that have made themselves underlings to the concept of empire before they became servants of the imperials. We need to rescue them from this fate, which they too cannot survive. They are destroying the world in which we live, but we are financing the processes. Even the drug trade and the gambling empires are set up as imperial projects where huge floods of income are looted out of society. This type of looting goes back to the very early days of the colonial empires that began as financier, slavery, and drug empires. That's what created the British Empire in the first place as a private world-empire. They launched the Opium Wars against China in order to enforce the process of drug addiction on a vast scale that nearly killed China. Shutting this nonsense down and creating real prosperity for society in the face of all imperial claims of power is what the Principle of Love-Based Economics is all about, isn't it?"

"Eh, this shouldn't be hard to understand for a bunch of advanced scientists," Tony joked. "They should feel right at home in understanding this process since they have been dragged into using convoluted language themselves to impoverish and murder society. Just look at their blood stained hands holding the banners of the DDT ban, the CFC ban, and the coming ban of fossil fuels under the global warming doctrines! No scientific imperative supports any of these bans. It's all built on lies; the same kind of lies that the imperials use to hide their financial empire operations. They own virtually all the central banks of the world. Most of the nations' currencies and financial credits have been taken over by them as their private property. They speak of 'independent' central banking systems. That's a monstrous lie! There is nothing independent in the world of empire, except the Empire itself that has put itself above the law of every nation and made itself independent from that law, even independent from the Principle of Universal Love and Universal Humanity. That is what the imperials really mean when they speak of independent central banking. The scientists should be able to understand what stands behind this kind of convoluted language."

I said that I agreed. I supported Tony. I even conceded that it should be really quite simple for a bunch of advanced scientists to understand this. "But is it possible to get them to examine their axioms, to get them to recognize that they are trapped themselves into the world of empire, as underlings?" I said.

"Once they make this breakout, it will be simple for them to move," said Ross. "They are not so dumb as not to be able to realize that in the process of the sovereign self-development of a nation the money supply is simply expanded to the degree to which money is required to meet the development needs and potential of the nation, which will always increase. Unlike the current process of printing money for speculation that is robbing society blind with inflation flooding through the back door, the physical development through direct investment into productive processes causes no inflation because the increase in physical products and infrastructures matches the increase in the money supply. Eventually there will be more produced with less money in proportion to which the process becomes technologically efficient. That's how the principle of economics works. The world becomes a rich place for all. I am certain that the scientists of the world would understand this simple fact easily if they weren't trapped into the concept of empire themselves. Their entrapment makes it impossible for them to understand any of this."

"Their entrapment shouldn't be too hard for them to get out of," said Heather. "If I can understand the process, so should they. If we pour money into physical production our prosperity is constantly increased by this production. In the empire-process the opposite happens. Money is poured into financial speculation for the sake of profits drawn from it through stealing. That's looting. Nothing is being produced that way that enriches society, while stealing the financial resources of society starves the physical economy and causes society to collapse. That's why in the empire-process everybody loses because nothing is produced in the looting process that would give value to money. And it doesn't help in this case to massively print new money, as we see it happening today to keep the speculative process alive. Flooding the place with money for which nothing of value is being produced causes all money to become even more rapidly worthless. An honest scientist should be able to understand this."

"But is it possible to change the scientist's axioms and get them to help us to change the axioms of society?" said Sylvia. "They have become dishonest with themselves. There is too much dishonesty built into the process of empire. The dishonesty spilled over into the scientific community. I am sure that this disabling trend was created intentionally, because the process of empire can't exist on a renaissance platform of honesty."

"It's basically racism," Heather interrupted. "The scientific community has become racist."

"Wow! Hold it! What do you base this assumption on?" Ross intervened. "The scientific community isn't racist. I count myself to a part of that

community. We are the opposite."

"No, that's not true. Most scientists have become racist without being aware of it," Heather defended herself. "Racism is artificially cultured ignorance. There is nothing natural about it, but it was absolutely required to operate a slaveholder society. Consequently racism was created for that purpose. Racism divided society. It destroyed human value and the people's own humanity. It created everything that is essential for a slaveholder society to exist. It's all a part of the perpetual war against humanity that comes with the process of empire. The whole American South was infected with this racism virus during the colonial period in one of the most horrible escapades of cultural warfare. America is still suffering from the defeat of its humanity in this region. Racism has become a kind of national disease left over from the colonial days that still linger on. It's a tragedy really to see so many otherwise intelligent people hang a shingle over their door that reads, 'ignorance for hire.' Those people, and there are many of them, have become slaves to the enslaving process that comes with the process of empire. They lost their humanity. They are playing a terrible game of self-degradation as human beings. That's what racism basically is. It's self-degradation. The shingle reads, 'ignorance' and 'void of humanity.' Of course the black community is playing the same game too. The black community has become extremely racist in recent years. They are playing the role of underlings instead the universal role of human beings. They are groveling for a few jingles in their pocket instead of fighting for their full human rights. That's racism too. The scientific community has fallen into the same trap. It has become racist in this sense. It is playing the role of underlings to imposed imperial doctrines that the scientists are eager to give their name to for a few jingles in their pockets. Truth and reality has been pushed far into the background. Have you ever watched them being challenged to justify their insanity of the DDT ban for example? You won't find a rational argument in their defense, because they have none. But you will hear platitudes and gushing explosions of rage in defense of doctrine that are not really their own, which they merely represent for their masters as they have been taught to do. They behave like underlings. That's racism too, isn't it? It's an element of the perpetual war that comes with empire as a platform of government and self-government as Fred had pointed out this morning."

"Are you saying that the economists are all intentional liars when they scream that the economy is overheated, for which they raise the interest rates?" said Tony. He began to laugh. "If this is the case, what I said earlier still stands. It becomes just another challenge to set up the processes of healing to get the job done. Developing honesty is just another challenge. The human being is fundamentally honest. The development of honesty then, is just another facet of the Principle of Universal Love, isn't it?"

"The economists are liars and they aren't," I said. "They are liars only by intent. Technically speaking they tell no lies. They just don't tell you what they mean with what they say. They are the world's leading professionals in the art of doubletalk. When they say the economy is overheating, they really mean that the prosperity of society is increasing beyond what the imperials are

willing to tolerate in terms of the humanist 'fire' that would endanger their imperial power. Out of fear they raise the interest rates to quench the economic fire by means of imposing more poverty. The end result is that the real inflation is increasing, as less and less is being produced that would give value to money. But they don't talk about that. They only measure in their statistics the gains for the rich. They never measure the cost that society has to bear. In this manner they are liars by intent. Of course, the little people in the chain of things that repeat the words that are lies by intent sing those lies with total conviction. They are fascinated by the lyrics. They are absolutely convinced that the lies are true."

"When they see the Fed-Chairman paying homage to Adam Smith by taking on a pilgrimage to his birthplace, they see him performing a holy act," said Sylvia and laughed. "That's how the game of perception is staged and is played out."

"What we face here is such a shiny front of sophistry that it is virtually impossible to poke a hole through," I continued. "The front is defended by almost the whole of mankind that admires shiny solutions based on lies. The early fallout from this process of unchecked imperialism are the unemployed, the homeless, and the evermore destitute. Most of these victims simply don't know what hit them. Suddenly their world collapses and they may never know why. So tell me, Tony, by what process we can change that? The job that we need to do is fairly clear, but what do we need to do to get done! My guess is that we should hit them all over the head with a rich dose of reality. We are facing the return of the Ice Age in the near future. We are in boundary zone already. That's what we should hit the scientists over the head with, because it's real. As I said, we are in the boundary zone. And we are in a boundary zone in many other areas as well."

"Unfortunately most of the scientists that you'll meet at this conference have been too deeply brainwashed to comprehend any of this," said Ross. "They are too narrowly focused on the petty speculative theories that their feudal masters have polluted the minds of humanity with, theirs included. They should be angels of truth, but they've been conditioned to be liars with every breath."

"They are like the people in Erica's metaphor then, of the garden with a profusion of flowers," said Sylvia to me. "They live in that garden, but are only allowed to focus on just one single flower. They can't see the world that is all around them. They have been conditioned not to look at it. That is why they lie. But they lie mostly to themselves. For most of them in the modern world everything is geared towards profit. They follow this course without ever knowing that the only real profit that they can gain is that which advances civilization. In their blindness they run the wrong course. They are cherishing a weed that is choking the garden, and as they do so they are delighted in the global decay, like the dying of children from malaria at the rate of one every minute, that can no longer be prevented because of their ban of DDT."

"This is the fundamental issue that must be addressed," I said to Sylvia.

She no longer seemed puzzled by this kind of reasoning, which she would have rejected as a bunch of nonsense a few months earlier. "People must look at the whole of reality," I said. "This brings them closer to each other and makes them more aware of each other's needs, strength, beauty, and dignity. When this happens, a new and just world-economic order is inevitable, one that reflects the greater self-awareness in society of its own worth. On this basis, a New Age of global economic and cultural development will begin. This is the only platform on which the needs of that woman on the sidewalk can be addressed, together with humanity's larger need for freeing itself from the threat of a nuclear war under the reign of empire."

Ross said that he agreed with all that, that this was the fundamental issue that had to be dealt with before humanity would have the slightest chance to free itself from being dominated by the ruling feudal oligarchy. "But how is one to get the ball rolling? The conference is only days away."

Ross told me about posters he had seen in Pittsburgh, that were carried by demonstrators during a peace march. The signs had proclaimed, "Destroy the stinking industries!" Ross said that he had argued endlessly with the protesters that they should change their signs. He said that he had even agreed with them that the steel industry was a terrible polluter, but that the answer wasn't found in shutting the industry down. Rather it would be found in improving it. He said that the protesters didn't understand that the god of profit under greed-based fascism called economics didn't allow the needed funds to be allocated since the product prices that would be needed to make the improvements possible were no longer possible since the industry was no longer protected. "I told them that we have stinking industries," said Fred, "because we don't want to pay the price to clean them up. The answer isn't to shut the industries down. The answer is to improve them, to make them more efficient, and to protect the pricing to make that possible," said Ross.

He told us that he tried to uplift the protesters enough in a scientific sense so that they would understand this. "The right step for the protestors would have been to demand government help in terms of the necessary policies that would enable the industry to modernize itself, to make its processes pollution free. Sure this costs money, but it can be done when the industry is protected with tariffs. Sure, we pay more for steel from a pollution-free industry, but we also create a world in which we can all live, and live quite richly, rather than be shutting the world down as we now do, resorting back to universal poverty and slavery."

Ross told us that only one single person of all the demonstrators had understood that. "She had immediately made herself a new sign, written on the back of the old, demanding the shutdown of free trade and the IMF. The rest of the crowd had just laughed at her," said Ross, "but she was the only person among the thousands of protestors that wasn't fighting to shoot society into the foot by shutting down its vital industries."

"Obviously, the crowd won," said Heather. "The steel industry is largely gone and so are the people that worked in it. It is amazing that only one

woman among all of the protesters could understand that this would happen."

"Yes, and until this awakening occurs right across the board," said Tony, "we have no choice but to go to Italy and play our game within the larger game of trivialities that deals with the technical aspects of the nuclear war confrontation that should not exist. It appears that addressing the real issue will have to wait for another day, and another, and perhaps another age altogether, if indeed there will be another age. Don't you see how stupid we are? Wouldn't it be better if we stuck our neck out as Ross did with the protesters, and have just one single person walk away from the physicist's conference in Venice with an intelligent commitment to build a New World?"

"I agree, that's our real responsibility?" Sylvia almost interrupted Tony. "Our first responsibility as human beings must be to rebuild the economic order of the world. Everything else must come second. We must build the kind of economic structure that creates the necessary prosperity within each nation around the world so that no one, like our homeless woman on the street below, will be forced to live on the street, but can live a human life nourished and protected in her own home with all the dignity of a human being."

"I know what you mean," Tony interjected. "Right now, she is forced to live as though she were scum. Can't we bring her fate to people's attention at the conference as an example and tie the whole nuclear war issue into it? The world is spending countless billions on arms each year while its people die of hunger for the lack of a few pennies. Our goal had got to be to make improvement on the human front first, and on a scale that makes a difference. The nuclear war issue should be secondary. In fact, it wouldn't even exist if the primary issue was addressed."

Heather applauded. "Tony is right," she said. "Let's forget the Ice Age, nuclear war, and huge defense systems. Let's focus on rebuilding our humanity. The rest won't matter if we fail in that."

Tony raised his hand. "No, No, no! I didn't say that," he protested. "Everything matters. Let's not forget the coming Ice Age, because that is in part the reason why we have to rebuild our humanity or else the whole of mankind will suffer a fate worse than that of the woman and die with her. Committing ourselves to creating the needed Ice Age Renaissance may be the only impetus that's big enough to get mankind out of the trap of empire to the freedom of becoming human again. Maybe that's something the physicists can understand. Maybe they can be inspired to move with that. Let's give them a real strategic defense issue to work on, even while we shut down their nuclear-war SDI."

Ross nodded his approval. "We are already in the boundary zone towards the coming Ice Age," said Ross. "This Ice Age thing is as real as the cruise missile had been. We are already seeing some evidence that we are in a boundary zone. A boundary zone is a zone of hyper instability that results when dramatically different systems begin to interact. The interglacial warm climate is fading. The Ice Age climate is standing at the door. While the transition has not begun, we see instabilities in the climatic system. Half of the

world's major mountain glaciers are advancing again. The Greenland Ice Sheet, while it is still melting around the edges, is getting thicker again. This tells me that we have a general cooling happening in the higher altitude regions. The higher altitude cooling also reflects itself in increased hurricane activity. Hurricanes are powered by large temperature differentials. The Earth is no longer the stable climate platform that it had been for the last 10,000 years. Deep core ice samples from drillings in Greenland indicate that the transition period at the start of the last Ice Age had been preceded by huge temperature fluctuations extending for decades. That's the kind of phenomenon we can expect while the climatic system is being re-staged. The transition data suggests a phenomenon similar to that of a shockwave where all the dynamics are suddenly totally different than they normally are. The task of humanity is to live through that turbulent time with technologically protected indoor agriculture supplying possibly ten billion people. I am sure that the world's leading physicist should be able to understand what this means in physical and economic terms. They are obviously quite familiar with the shockwave phenomenon that they learned to cope with in supersonic flight."

"Let me tell you about shockwaves as a pilot," Tony interrupted, addressing Sylvia. "Before the aviation engineers learned to deal with shockwaves many a test pilot had his plane ripped apart by the shockwaves that formed when they tried to break the sound barrier. I keep thinking about their fate now and then when I break through the sound barrier. Our newer planes are totally safe now. Nevertheless I'm still aware of the violent forces that are unleashed with a shockwave. We were told in the Air Force Academy not to be concerned with the sonic boom that results. They taught us to understand what causes the phenomenon. It's a phenomenon that unfolds when the conventional regime of fluid mechanics becomes overpowered. The air is essentially a fluid, but the aircraft is solid. When the aircraft is forced through the air it becomes an intrusion to the fluid air. The aircraft compresses the air in front of it. As a fluid, the compressed air tends to flow out of the way. It flows around the aircraft. Typically, the intrusion of a fast moving aircraft causes major disturbances in the air. We utilize some of these disturbances to give the aircraft uplift. However, all of these complex interactions are subject to the natural characteristics of fluid mechanics. One of these natural characteristics is the built in speed limit for propagating pressure fluctuations through the air. That propagation limit determines the speed of sound. Sound is a disturbance in the air in the form of pressure waves that are propagated through the air like ripples on a lake are propagated. The same happens in the air when an aircraft is rammed through the air, since the air is a fluid. The air becomes immediately compressed in front of it. Normally the resulting pressure patterns cause the air to move out of the way of the aircraft and flow around it. But when the aircraft is rammed through the air faster than the speed of sound, the compression still happens, but it happens so fast that the pressure can no longer escape by flowing forward and then around the aircraft. The pressure can't propagate faster than the speed of sound. It becomes trapped by this built in natural limit. It can't move forward. At the same time it is being

pushed violently from behind. So it builds up enormously. The air simply can't get out of the way of the aircraft. Consequently the pressure builds up until the air takes on an entirely different physical state that has totally different characteristics. The air ceases to be fluid. It becomes transformed into an energy wave that literally explodes into a shockwave that moves perpendicular to the flight path in order to get out of the way of the aircraft. The shockwave rips through the air as it were with enormous speed. Since it is no longer a pressure wave, but a wave of energy, it is no longer bound to the physical speed limit of sound. The shockwave is essentially a thin sheet of flowing energy that is barely a micro-meter in thickness. It cuts through the air like a knife that is moving tremendously faster than the speed of sound. That's how the natural world rescues itself from this trap and makes supersonic flight possible. It's like the aircraft is running into a brick wall where something has to give. And it does. The brick wall literally flies apart. When the accumulating pressure from the supersonic-aircraft-intrusion can't escape forward because the intrusion exceeds the propagation speed, the trapped air has nowhere to go but sideways. Except moving sideways it has much farther to go. It must move with enormous speed to get out of the way of the intrusion. For this feat the shock-compressed air takes on a different physical geometry. The whole physical geometry of the air suddenly changes. It changes instantly in the dynamics of this blowout in which the shock-energy escapes. Once it has escaped the shock front propagates itself both outward and forward in a forty-five degree angle and obeys once again the speed limit of sound. In the resulting violent blowout the compressed energy becomes dissipated over a vast distance. The shockwave-front appears to be extending many miles away from the aircraft while it decays in the manner of ordinary sound waves. The result becomes the annoying sonic boom that we hear."

"The shockwave phenomenon is not unknown to the physicists," said Ross. "What is unknown to them is the fact that the entire financial system of the world is moving towards such a phenomenon. For decades every society in the world has been looted by the various processes of empire. What has been happening is similar to an aircraft ramming itself into a fluid, moving faster than the fluid can move. Something has to give, and it does. As Tony said, the whole thing explodes. In economic terms, the entire economic system is set to explode into a shockwave that no one will likely survive once the economic energy becomes dissipated. That is what the world is presently moving towards. It may take a few decades for this to happen, but it will happen. It happened in Germany once in a minuscule way when Germany started printing money to meet the atrocious reparation demands that were imposed on it under the Versailles Treaty. The imperials were trying to ram through with a treaty a process that was on a collision course with economic reality. Germany had no choice but to comply. It printed money to meet the demands. Prices kept going up and up for everything. Soon it took a wheelbarrow of bank notes to buy a loaf of bread. The currency had lost its link to reality, and thereby its value. The currency changed its character in the imposed shockwave phenomenon and then dissipated. We are in such a

situation again as the physical economy if becoming looted out of existence whereby the value of currencies dissipates into nothing."

"In the modern world, financial speculators are draining the world dry," said Sylvia. "We have all been paying the price for this looting. The speculators, but up with corruption in law, are ramming through a regime that flows contrary to the principles of economics. They are now sitting on a pile of stolen money that has become astronomical in size, while the physical economy is fast disappearing, which the money is standing as a claim against. The whole process is moving towards a shock point where the entire insanity-driven structure explodes and money becomes worthless. The conditions for such a shock point are in the making. The resulting shockwave will blow out the world economy. The physicists should know what this means, especially with an Ice Age on the near horizon so that we can least afford to loose our economic power. We can't afford those shockwaves. They are enormously destructive, and enormously wasteful when the economic geometry blows out in a big bang. That's what we are facing. We are in the boundary zone already. We already see much instability coming together simultaneously. Maybe we should solicit the physicists' help to determine how best to prevent the economic shockwave from happening that would ruin everything and thereby blow out mankind's future existence."

Sylvia paused and shook her head as if she doubted that practicality of her own proposal. "I was ashamed," Sylvia continued, "when I saw the homeless woman take the hundred dollars that we donated. This may have been the biggest single donation she has ever received. Still, it falls infinitely short of meeting her real needs and ours. I felt as though we were paying her off for our reluctance to put the world in order, or even ourselves. This poverty should not exist. If we had addressed the fundamental issue that we have avoided for so long, there would be no need for any of us go down to the woman and give her money, or to go to Italy to save the world. There would be no nuclear war threat. It seems to me that we are avoiding our real responsibility when we devote our efforts to playing these political games. I think we have committed ourselves to taking a detour that is wasting much of our energy, like going from Boston to New York via Tokyo. I predict that we will be paying dearly for this waste some day. Mark my words," said Sylvia.

Ross shrugged his shoulders. "I agree with you," he said to Sylvia, "but at this moment we have no choice. Our course is cast in stone. We can't deviate from our mission."

Ross suggested that this didn't mean that we shouldn't intensify our efforts for meeting our primary responsibility. "We can do what we came for and do the real stuff too."

"No, we MUST do the real stuff first and foremost. We must use the world forum in Venice as an opportunity for doing this," said Tony. "We should hit the scientists with this Ice Age thing and see if they can understand what a boundary zone is. Put the challenge in their lap. Don't treat them like babies. We may not have this opportunity again to put reality on the table on a world-

stage."

"My take is," said I, "that if the scientists can understand the challenge they might be able to recognize that the world is also in a boundary zone in financial and economic terms, and is moving towards total disintegration in a giant shockwave in which the entire physical economic geometry becomes wiped out. The woman that we helped out is a part of the evidence. She is evidence that we are in the boundary zone already. Homelessness and mass unemployment are just the first visible signs that a shockwave is already happening. We are losing our civilization. The process has already begun. It is my understanding that sonic shockwaves begin to form already in the boundary area, before the intruding aircraft goes supersonic."

"That is true," said Ross. "I have seen photographs of a jet car on a trial run towards breaking the sound barrier. The jet car was designed to be the first land vehicle to break the sound barrier. What I saw was amazing, Peter. Before the vehicle even reached the speed of sound a shockwave began to form. The photograph that I saw was taken at Mach 0.95 with a full-blown shockwave front clearly visible. In front of the wave the desert was relatively dark, but abreast with the speeding vehicle the effects of a shockwave front were clearly visible. The shockwave front had stirred up a fine cloud of dust particles behind it that glowed in the sun so that the desert appeared bright behind the shockfront like a glowing carpet. The phenomenon extended for 150 feet on either side. The glowing carpet of dust had a sharply defined leading edge that moved abreast with the vehicle, in this case at a speed of over 1,100-kmph. The leading edge appeared almost perfectly straight as the shockwave ripped across the desert outwards and forward at the speed of sound, pulverizing the dirt of the desert into this fine dust cloud wherever the shockwave smashed into the ground. It was amazing to see that the shockwave front had this huge impact that it extended for 150 feet on either side, considering that its source was less than four feet off the ground. I read in the report that came with the photograph that the dust that settled appeared finely 'raked' across the entire shockwave impact area."

"What's your point?" Tony interrupted.

"My point is that the shockwaves can begin in the boundary zone already. We seem to be dealing with a totally different physical phenomenon when we force the universe to break its own rules," said Ross.

"How is this possible that we can force a phenomenon that breaks all the rules?" interjected Tony. "It seems to me that we merely get into a different physical reality where different rules apply, when we poke our nose into spheres beyond the conventional scene."

"Yes, I suppose one can say that the shockwave phenomenon unfolds a different state of reality that has its own rules," said Ross. "One part of these new rules appears to be that the phenomenon is isentropic."

"Isentropic?" Tony repeated.

"With, isentropic, I mean that there is no loss of entropy throughout the process," said Ross. "It means that the full power is preserved, with which the

supersonic vehicle rams into the air that can't get out of the way because of the sound-speed limit. Not the slightest bit of that impact power is lost. It gets all converted into a different form, a different form of energy. The resulting energy wave propagates itself instantly, almost without resistance, as it clears the path of the supersonic intrusion. The energy escape path extends forward only for a million's of a meter, and is being pushed forward at hundreds of meters per second. We are dealing with a higher state of reality here that is no longer even comprehensible within the axioms of the old limits."

"So what's the point, Ross?" Tony asked again.

"The point is, Tony, that the world is in a boundary zone in many regards, and we see many early signs of shockwaves as in the case of the jet car that created a shockwave at Mach 0.95, before the speed of sound was actually reached and exceeded. My point is that the homeless woman is a part of this boundary-zone shock phenomenon in economic terms. We are seeing the economic effects of a shockwave process that is already under way. It is hitting us with its own reality and its own rules, and that there is nothing in its dynamics that will stop the new process until the intrusion is cleared. The economic shock-collapse process unfolds apparently as an isentropic process that doesn't heal itself, but can only be healed when an intervention is made to stop the source. This means that present system cannot be repaired. It has to be stopped. We cannot push through globalized looting and slavery without consequences. The economic energy that we blow apart becomes a destructive wave that will be destroying rather than enriching society. The homeless woman is the correlative of the dust cloud behind the shock front."

I nodded to Ross. "If Steve is correct," I said, "we will see more and more of this type of collapse unfolding that the homeless woman is caught up in. We see it already happening in the form of new pandemic diseases such as AIDS and the return of malaria that we no longer care to prevent. We'll see pandemics in animals and plants for the same reasons. We'll find populations being caught up in natural disasters that we no longer care to respond to with aid as our world becomes evermore impoverished. We are in the boundary zone of losing our civilization. Instead of supporting the globalized slavery that supplies us cheaply while we are shutting ourselves down, we should be alarmed. We should see it as a catastrophic sign of a boundary-zone phenomenon, the start of a shockwave that will blow out our civilization. We should be equally alarmed by the millions of kids that we kill each year with the DDT ban, protecting malaria instead of human beings."

"Who knows how many more millions we are killing with the CFC-ban forced breakdown of the refrigeration infrastructure where it's most needed," Tony interrupted. "We are killing the poor countries by disabling their food-protection infrastructure. We are killing them as we had intended with our imperial NSSM200 policy."

"But that is only the beginning," Ross continued. "We are bound to see more and more of such shockwaves emerging the deeper we get into the boundary-zone of the economic collapse process. The deeper one gets into

any boundary zone the greater do the instabilities become and the greater the resulting phenomena. Homelessness is just the front edge of the economic collapse shockwave. Steve suggested that we'll see many more industries collapsing, if not all of them, just as the steel industry has already collapsed, or as the shoe and textile industries have collapsed into nothing. We'll soon see the auto industry on the same road to oblivion, together with the aircraft industry and a whole lot of vital infrastructures, like power infrastructures, or water, rail, and air transport infrastructures, bridges, farming, health care, and so forth. For as long as society remains in the boundary zone of the greed-based collapse process, and is moving full speed deeper into it, the eventual disintegration of all economic support structures cannot be avoided, whereby our civilization is doomed. That is why we must act on these already shocking warning signs before the bigger and final shocks hit."

"But can we do it?" said Sylvia. "What needs to be done is easier said than done."

"Of course we can do this," said Tony in reply. "All we have to do, is to expand our focus. We have to embrace the whole garden of reality, as Peter's friend Erica would say, instead of just one single flower that we are told to focus on, especially if this one turns out to be a weed. The market-force ideology is a weed. The market-force ideology has been created as a weed in order to prevent society from discovering the principle of real economics that would shut down the looting process that empires depend on. Isn't that so? In this case, do I understand our responsibility correctly? We are told to scrap the SDI that doesn't work. Ok, let's do that. But nothing has been said by the President or by Fred that would prevent us from replacing the old SDI that we are ordered to declare dead, with a higher level strategic defense initiative for the defense of civilization of a type that can do some real good. We would change the entire global game by doing that. We would force the world to face the new reality of the Ice Age that cannot be avoided anyway. We would create our own shockwave by doing that. This shouldn't be too hard to do for people like us," said Tony and left the balcony immediately as if no reply was necessary.

We all went inside after that.

"Naturally, we can do our job in Italy and still do the real work," commented Ross as we left the balcony. He suggested that this would happen anyway.

I agreed. I suggested that what we have already achieved thus far may have already affected the world in ways that we don't recognize yet, especially since we had made great strides forward in the way we regard each other in the social realm. "Maybe this can serve as a basis in the larger realm for rebuilding the economic dimension of the world," I added.

Tony rejoined us on the balcony with a new bottle of champagne in his hands, which he said was his personal contribution. He said it would be paid for by him personally, so that we could drink a toast to our glorious commit-

ment to assuring "the survival of humanity and its civilization" as he put it. He even announced that he would contribute personally towards this larger goal at the conference, as much as he was able.

Sylvia reached for the bottle, took it from him and set it aside and hugged him.

Tony looked perplexed and shrugged his shoulders. "What did I say?" he asked.

"We should not drink from this bottle," said Sylvia, "until we have come up with a concrete plan to address the whole nuclear war thing as an economic issue to the point that the Ice Age Renaissance is possible. That's our responsibility." She almost shouted now. "The puck stops here!" she added.

She explained that we were the only people in the world that she knew, who have a clear understanding that nuclear war and depopulation are the outcome of an economic issue that is crucial for the survival of empires. "Empires require poverty in society as a means for maintaining their power," she said. "Poverty corrupts people. That's why the imperials create poverty and set processes into motion that collapse society. We understand this while nobody else comes even close to recognizing it. The world hasn't begun yet to see the evils that got us into the boundary zone of the collapse of civilization as major elements of the imperials' wars against humanity. So it's up to us to stop the train of greed-based fascism before it reaches its final station. We've got the Principle of Love-Based Economics to do it with. That's all we've got, on which the prosperity and civilization of humanity ultimately rests."

"What do you mean with the phrase, the Principle of Love-Based Economics?" Ross interrupted her. "Do you mean something that is passive like the absence of empire, a world without war? Is this love-based economics? Or do you mean active processes of universal love, like federal credit creation for the universal development of society, instead of the private money lending that exists for leaching out profits from society?"

Sylvia nodded.

"In this case I must disappoint you," said Ross, "because it would not be enough. Such a response would still be passive. Love-Based Economics has to be a totally active principle with its own impetus and its own power, like our love for us all as human beings. Let me give you an example of what I mean," said Ross. "I knew a fellow some time back, who had worked on Canada's Avro Arrow project. He was a part of a leading edge team that was developing one of the world's fastest jet fighters. The fellow that I knew had worked on the project for 16 to 18 hours a day, working on solving design problems. He loved every minute of it. He loved being human. He loved the experience of living at the leading edge of great discoveries, always expanding what we are capable of as human beings. That's a profound humanist experience, Sylvia. That's Love-Based Economics. The human achievement stands at the center in this sphere. The paycheck was secondary to him. I felt the same way as he did when I was working in the Navy for Rickover's nuclear power

project. Admiral Rickover put the challenge forward to create nuclear power for submarines that would enable the ships to stay submerged for long periods and give them global reach. This profound challenge to do something extraordinary created the dynamism that had enabled the project to succeed. That's Love-Based Economics as far as I can tell. One isn't motivated by greed in this environment, but is moved by love for what it means to be human. Everything else becomes built on that.

"The way I see it," Ross continued, "Love-Based Economics isn't a system of simply pouring credit into an industry, even though that step is necessary. Love-Based Economics involves a long-term cultural commitment to human development. It requires a social monetary investment for over two generations, maybe fifty years, before the process gives anything back. This means massive investment into higher education in the sciences, technologies, biology, medicine, nuclear physics, literature, art, and so forth. It must all be provided free and universally as a foundation for civilization, including massive investment in basic research, metallurgy, power development, and a whole lot of lesser infrastructures such as efficient housing, transportation, health care, recreation, cultural facilities, efficient industries, including machine tool industries, farming, food processing and so on. Do you get the drift? That's what it means creating a civilization. Of course the idea of efficient housing and efficient living also closes the door on rent gauging, price gauging, speculation, stealing, and other kinds of profiteering that drains society dry. Targeted humanist education also closes the door to education in fascism, empiricism, romanticism, and the countless greed-centered ideologies that make up most of today's curriculum. It also means closing the door to feudal serfdom such as slave-wage employment and 'employment' in the service of opulent living. This would put an end to the building of kingly mansions and royal yachts, and other practices of the type that waste society's physical and human resources. And it would also mean for society to let its love reach forward in time to five generations yet unborn, a love that flows with unrelenting support of everything that defines us as human beings, because nothing less will be sufficient to create the technologies and the infrastructures for indoor agriculture to protect the global food supply a hundred years in the future."

"If we do all of this, the Ice Age Challenge will be met," said Tony. "If we don't, mankind will go to hell in a hand basket that will be carried by the devil personally. If we don't reach that far ahead, we won't then be able to break out of the present boundary zone that brings us ever closer to the greatest eradication of human beings in history, which is the return of the Ice Age would assure in a collapsing world. But we have also proven that we can do nearly miraculous things. Just look at the XB-70 Valkyrie. This airplane is an absolute marvel. It can fly three times the speed of sound with a heavier load than most transport aircraft, and reach more-distant targets without refueling than any other aircraft that has ever been built. While it was never put into service in our fast changing world, it stands as proof that no technological miracle is too small for us if we put ourselves to the task. We just have to apply this profound lesson now to the larger scale."

"I can name you at least seven human species that failed to meet the Ice Age challenge," I interrupted Tony, "that couldn't break out of the boundary zone of their time. Seven entire species didn't make it. They got smashed by the shockwave. Evidently they didn't have the resources that we have today, but they had enough to get through more than a dozen ice ages as Homo Erectus did. But even Homo Erectus got trapped at one point and became extinct."

Sylvia suggested that in order to break out of the present boundary zone we must acknowledge what we have gained through all the discoveries we have made so far. "With that comes the responsibility for corresponding action," she said. "If we won't counteract the imperials' war against humanity, who will? If we don't do it now, when will it be convenient? If we don't fight for our humanity to free it from empire, then we have already lost and everything that Ross suggests is necessary for survival won't become possible. That's my interpretation of the Principle of Universal Love. If we don't love our humanity enough to fight for its freedom, what then do we love? We, in this room, understand that the Principle of Universal Love is the key element in every issue that we face, from economics to war. With this we are miles ahead of society that doesn't even know that such a principle exists, or that it is even possible to conceive of it. We have a responsibility, therefore, to address the whole global issue from the fundamental standpoint that we have already established for ourselves and demonstrated in deeds." She suggested that to run away from this responsibility would be criminal.

I intervened. I cut her off. I put a finger over her lips and took the bottle away from her and hid it in my luggage.

She looked perplexed, even hurt.

I motioned to Ross, pointing to the telephone, then started to close all the windows.

Ross understood what I meant. He took the phone and placed it outside onto the balcony and closed the sliding door behind it. He took a chair afterwards and checked the lamps, then checked under the bed and behind the pictures on the walls. "I think we are clean," he said quietly.

"I think I can explain what this is all about," I said, just as quietly as Ross had spoken. "Just consider what Ross and Sylvia have demanded of us, and what this means in real terms."

I started out by saying that Sylvia was quite correct, that nuclear war and economic depopulation are both basically empire-centered issues, and conceded that we all knew this. I also agreed that she was correct to point out that these issues are elements of the imperials' wars against humanity focused on protecting the world's empires from another renaissance, and that we have committed ourselves to build such a renaissance. I suggested that we all knew this, too. I suggested that Sylvia was even correct in urging us to work like hell to defeat the presently ruling empire and win this war for humanity. "But do we really know what this means?" I asked.

I suggested that in order to defeat the empire we have to save the

people who run the empire. "This means that we have to offer them something better than they ever had, which is their own humanity. We have to pull them out of their narrow minded folly, which they love, and uplift them to become human beings, which they will likely resist," I added.

Tony laughed. "A sewer rat doesn't want to be brought into the light," he said. "Hitler would have felt insulted to be called a man of peace. He wouldn't want to be called that. The imperials will react the same way."

"I think the uplifting has to begin with ourselves," said Heather to Tony. "We have to stop seeing ourselves as sewer-rats or as underlings."

"What do you mean?" Ross interjected.

"We have to accept the Principle of Universal Love more deeply than even you and Sylvia have imagined. That's something that the world finds terribly hard to accept. Still, the principle beckons us to step into the light," said Heather. Heather kept looking at me while she spoke, and then at Ross.

Ross didn't say anything more.

In order to help Ross out of his predicament I changed the subject. I explained that there are two major power blocks in the world. One of these blocks comprises the feudal world that is functionally organized under the old structures of the British Empire, and the other power block is the renaissance-based world of nation-states that furnishes the basis of mankind's self-development. I pointed out that these two power blocks are far from being equal, and that of the two, the imperial block is by far the most powerful and has penetrated mankind so deeply that society has become imperial itself in nature with a deep commitment to fascist greed. "Witness the homeless woman," I said. "She has been made a beggar in what used to be the richest land in all of Europe. What you see bears the mark of Greed-Based Fascism, not economics. In a Renaissance society founded on Love-Based Economics the kind of tragic situation that we have seen before us would never occur. It wouldn't be possible. It would have been considered a waste of the most precious that a society has, which is itself! That woman on the sidewalk is the mark of our failing grade on the report card that measures our civilization according to the Principle of Universal Love. We should measure ourselves as a society of spiritual human beings unfolding in a material universe. Poverty should always be seen as a paradox in the world of humanity. It shouldn't happen, but does. Indeed, it would be seen as a paradox if mankind hadn't been so deeply trapped into denying itself for imperial objectives."

Heather nodded her agreement. "We have collected a hundred dollars for the woman," said Heather, "and still I felt ashamed of ourselves. Paying her off for our failure doesn't solve anything. It doesn't meet her real needs, or ours. I feel like a beggar myself for the tragedy that I feel impotent to hold back, which I know might soon be upon us all and in a still bigger way since the chokehold of the empire pulls us deeper and deeper into the sewer. We have allowed ourselves to be dragged down into the sewer that blackens civilization and makes mankind stink. This tragedy makes me ashamed, considering that we have the tools at hand to climb out of the sewer and rescue

mankind from it."

"The sewer ahs become globalized and extended throughout much of the world," said Ross who overheard our conversation. "The imperials' autocratic rule exists openly, or thinly veiled behind the facade of world-organization, from the UN all the way down to terrorist bands, including the empire's raw material cartels that own nearly two thirds of the mineral resources on the planet and most of the world's food production and distribution infrastructures. The empire has also acquired most of the newspapers in the Western World, and its radio, television, and film media. With these, it controls the minds of the nations to such a degree that society now loves its executioners. The countless willing disciples of Adam Smith that roam the halls of power are hailed today and honored as saints while the Principle of Universal Love has been universally banned. That's a crime of omission."

"Wealth has become mankind's tragedy," said Heather, getting into the act of debating civilization. "The empire of wealth has become an empire of death induced by fascist poverty."

I nodded quietly. "As a diplomat I am privileged to know that the empire's central organization, which includes a thousand of the wealthiest families, presides over more than ten trillion dollars in private resources, of which not a penny goes to upgrading civilization. I am privileged to know this, because it is my job to defend this imperial structure. The size of this kind of new empire has become mind-boggling, but it is also collapsing and the cost will have to be born once again by humanity. At least that is the current plan that's set to be played out."

"We cannot let this happen," said Heather. "We must stop playing the role of sewer rats that are afraid of the light. Our fight is to save the world and the lives of much of humanity, but mostly we must save ourselves from being sewer rats that are afraid of the Principle of Universal Love. What Ross and Sylvia see in this principle is far reaching. It really involves nothing less than creating a New World. If it is a difficult and dangerous fight to create this New World, so be it. We are facing the deepest drawn emotions within us that oppose the Principle of Universal Love. At the same time we are opposing the most powerful and the most far-flung imperial organizations that have ever been created on the face of the planet. Nevertheless we are determined to give those antihuman world-empires a fatal blow. But it will have to be a blow that rescues its people. We can only do this if we are secure ourselves. Therefore the development of Love-Based Economics has to start with us, and this includes creating a love currency. We have to do this on all levels, even on the banking level. Right now the empire owns most of the central banks in the world. Nothing has changed since the British East India Company became the first private World Empire that many governments became subservient to. It's only become bigger since then, and the strangulation of mankind has become stronger. For as long as that doesn't change, and I mean for as long as the empire makes all the currencies of the nations and controls the extending of financial credit, the nations cannot be free."

"Alexander Hamilton, our first Treasury Secretary, understood this and acted accordingly," I interrupted Heather. "He thereby won the freedom of our nation. The freedom that he created has been betrayed. He created a love-currency for the nation with credits extended by our own national bank. We have to get back to that. However, as Ross said, we won't get to that unless the goal is to uplift the entire human dimension. Hamilton was executed by the empire for his daring to oppose their looting system. He was killed in a duel by a traitor working on behalf of the empire. We have to be as alert as a mountain climber and as daring at the same time. But should this hinder us?"

"We know that the imperials will fight back if we oppose them," said Sylvia. "Our situation is dangerous! It is probably far more dangerous than any of us dare to imagine. No one has yet succeeded in doing what we must do, much less has survived to complete the fight. Still, the fight must be waged and it must be won. We cannot look on while the creeping poverty that the world-empires are creating is tearing our civilization to shreds. We are in the boundary zone as Peter has put it. The shockwave that we are rushing towards must be prevented. There comes a point at which the evils are no longer sufferable as our national Declaration of Independence suggests. Then we feel ourselves impelled to act."

"No, we must do more than that," Heather added. "Hamilton's response is no longer enough. We must do more than just replace the imperial currency with a national love currency. That's barely enough for a start. We need another Treaty of Westphalia. Giving away the SDI to Russia is just another coin of the love-currency. We must also achieve the cancellation of debt that has been foisted on the nations by trickery and coercion while there weren't any productive processes involved that became reflected in economic improvements. All debt of that nature has to be cancelled to get mankind out of its boxed-in condition."

"You are right," I said to Heather and hugged her. "Thanks for reminding me of what the Renaissance pioneers did with the Treaty of Westphalia. That's what gave all of Europe a brand new start, a whole new foundation for living, based on the renaissance Principle of the Advantage of the Other."

I turned to Ross. "Did you know that the world population grew almost explosively on the basis of this new renaissance foundation? At the time of the Treaty of Westphalia we had a world population of half a billion. That's all we had grown into after 10,000 years of coming out of the last Ice Age. Then, after the new renaissance began, which staged for the first time in history a high-level scientific platform for civilization, bang, the world population increased ten-fold to five billion people in less than 350 years. I would say we have a profound and profoundly positive shockwave phenomenon here. The developing scientific perception literally ripped through the Dark Age thinking with lightning speed. It created a whole new physical environment with a whole new geometry for civilization."

"That's an interesting shockwave example," commented Ross. "This explosive difference certainly wasn't caused by any sudden improvement in

society's breeding habits," said Ross and began to laugh. "We were the same people in the 17th Century than we were when we came out the Ice Age after 2.5 million years of development. Those last 10,000 years in which mankind developed the first true renaissance-civilization were nothing more than the blink of an eye in comparison with mankind's 2.5 million year history. We weren't anymore intelligent or more fertile from the 17th Century on than we had been 10,000 years earlier. Nor did we suddenly live in a radically better climate. In fact we were right in the middle of the last Little Ice Age when this explosive advance of civilization started. However, in the current post-Ice-Age epoch that was but like a blink of an eye, the greatest civilization had been developed that ever existed in the entire history of the planet. Time, evidently wasn't a factor in this amazing success story. The key factor was scientific development, the development of a renaissance culture. For 10,000 years we were in a boundary zone towards this great renaissance civilization, then suddenly the scientific shockwave developed that changed the entire human geometry. The Golden Renaissance and the Treaty of Westphalia were merely the first signs of evidence of a major shockwave that followed that brought us into the modern scientific age."

"The imperials are struggling like mad to contain the shockwave," I interrupted Ross. "They've been at it horrendously for the 300 years, but without much success. They've tried everything from terror to war, from slavery to genocide, and from looting to the deepest cultural warfare that has ever been unleashed, but their empire-camp is more deeply in shambles today than it ever has been. It appears to me that there is nothing that anyone can do on their end to contain the unfolding shockwave of renaissance that will take their house down. Their house is finished. Only the people in it can still be rescued."

"If this phenomenon is true," said Tony, "then it applies also to the economic breakdown shockwave that we are rushing towards. It promises to rip deep into the fabric of civilization and tear it to shreds. It is certainly true that once the shockwave starts, nothing can contain it. That's the terrible reality of it."

"That's why we have to prevent the final economic shockwave from starting, by shutting the empires down preemptively, which are doomed anyway," said Sylvia. "I am also saying that we must regard the phenomenon of the homeless woman with the greatest sense of alarm, because we have witness in her the beginning of a shockwave that can indeed tear our civilization to shreds, even without nuclear war."

"I've been saying this over and over like a broken record," I interrupted. "We have no other option. All the threads come together at the Principle of Universal Love. I keep saying that the only chance we've got to prevent any part of this multifaceted mess rests with our efforts in promoting the one principle that has been proven to make a huge difference in the development of civilization, that has turned it into a renaissance civilization. That's the Principle of Universal Love. It is a principle that we have only touched upon so far. The renaissance thinking has had its roots in the Principle

of Universal Love. We have seen it unfolding in the form of the principle of the general welfare, a kind of early recognition of the Principle of Universal Love that has become our new foundation for civilization. It has promoted scientific and technological progress in a big way right from the start. The five-billion-plus world population that we now have has its roots totally in the Principle of Universal Love. We cannot ignore that. This principle, and nothing else, can prevent the economic shockwave that we are currently rushing towards by ignoring this principle."

I turned to Sylvia. "So far our roots haven't sunk very deep into this principle," I said in support of what Sylvia had said earlier. "But we are in a boundary zone in this development too. We are rushing towards a major shockwave of the Principle of Universal Love that will shred the fabric of empire for all times to come and thereby prevent the shredding of the fabric of civilization. We mustn't forget that the same rule applies here too. Once the shockwave of the Principle of Universal Love unfolds, nothing in the world can hold it back. Right now we are sitting in the boundary zone. What we are doing, or fail to do, will likely determine the shape of the future and with it the fate of mankind in the coming Ice Age World."

"Our sexual relationships are a part of that too," Heather interjected. "Sex is intertwined with our passion for love. If we deny the Principle of Universal Love there, where else will we deny it?"

I just nodded. "I know," I said.

Ross changed the subject immediately. He reminded us that today's globally extended empire is vulnerable to be wiped off the map should the major nations of the world decide to unite politically against the rule of empire. Ross suggested that if Russia, China, India, and the USA, for instance, would unite under a new and just world-financial and economic arrangement centered on the Principle of Love-Based Economics, the entire imperial platform for looting the world would be finished overnight, and so would be the empires whatever their name might be. He suggested that the entire empire-apparatus would be finished once it loses its proceeds from looting.

"This will never happen for as long as mankind plays the role of sewer rats," said Sylvia and began to laugh. "Political processes accomplish nothing unless the Principle of Universal Love stands behind those process. Without this principle the political processes are passive. The power of a profoundly positive the shockwave for cleansing the world from empire lies in the Principle of Universal Love. If this principle is lacking a horrendously destructive shockwave will result. In either case, the conventional rules will no longer apply."

"But what about the Empire's reaction to this?" Tony interjected. "I can't see how the Empire would allow the kind of development to proceed that would wreck their existence. The imperials can't just stand by and let us walk all over them. And they won't. You are asking for miracles if you think that anyone can stop them, much less us, and yet we have to do it. As I said earlier, failure is not an option. Victory is just a question of process. It's a

question of how to proceed."

"The process is determined by society implementing the Principle of Universal Love," Sylvia replied and began to laugh. "Everything converges here. This principle has been the center of every renaissance, of every advance in civilization, of every great achievement in the history of mankind. The imperials have nothing comparable or anything to prevent it. Their cup is empty. Empire is not a principle. It's a mistake. However, if we, society, don't rally around the principle of our humanity, then the imperials will win by default."

"As Ross said," I interjected, "they are fighting for their existence, because they know that their cup is empty. That's why they steal. They cannot exist without stealing from society. Of course they know that they are in a battle with the real titans when the focus is on the Principle of Universal Love, against which, ultimately, they cannot win. They know this and are afraid of it. That is why they are already driving a wedge between China, the USA, and Russia, and are trying to destabilize these nations from within to break them apart so that they won't pose a new-renaissance threat to them. They create perpetual wars in order to prevent the Principle of Universal Love from unfolding across the world. World War I and II were desperate efforts towards this goal. The imperials acknowledge that. They fully acknowledge thereby the enormous power of the Principle of Universal Love that the world stupidly denies. They acknowledge it by being afraid of it. That is why they are fighting it with everything they've got. They are terrified of its potential shockwave. They know that humanity is historically in a boundary zone progressing towards a shockwave coming out the Principle of Universal Love. They are trying to hold it back by every means possible by staging a shockwave of their own, should society allow this default. They even coerced society to take part in their destructive game. The whole financial world has become a gambling arena and they want society to become full partners in the stealing, to justify their own stealing. 'Go steal from your neighbor,' they say. 'Stealing is good,' they say. This has become the new paradigm. Everybody is stealing in the market that doesn't produce anything but hands out profits that are stolen since nothing is produced there. It is hard for society to break this intoxicating paradigm, and the imperials are counting on the fact that it is hard to get out of the trap. That is why they are making it as addictive as possible. Don't love, they say, steal! That's the slogan. Get rich in the market of our grand thievery!"

"It seems we are asking for miracles if we think that a simple principle can change this," Tony interrupted. "But that's not the case. There is no miracle involved when it comes to principles. Is the action of universal gravity a miracle? No, it's the outcome of a physical principle that we rely on routinely and benefit from. In science, the miraculous happens all the time, in a routine fashion. That's our power."

"That is what the Cold War is all about," Ross replied. "It's about preventing the unfolding of this miracle. As I keep telling you, the Cold War is an antiscientific, anticultural, economic war. It an imperial war and by design a perpetual war. The imperials are hoping for a miracle that would enable them to survive. That would be a miracle indeed. However, we may yet give them

that miracle by not defending ourselves. They have no other hope than that. Science can't supply that miracle for them, because imperialism has no principle for its support that would produce it. Nothing justifies the existence of empire."

"The only miracles in the times ahead will be created on our side," said Tony and laughed.

"And the miracles will be wrought with the Principle of Universal Love," said Sylvia.

"The fight that we'll be facing in Venice won't be over communist ideology, or capitalist ideology," I interjected. "The real fight will be about defeating the imperial system of corruption that is designed to destroy humanity from within in order to prevent Love-Based Economics from starting a New Renaissance. Ross is right. They can't keep mankind's 'lights' out forever, right across the world. We have the momentum now in our court. The ball is already rolling. One day soon the 'lights' of humanity will be turned on again. And it will seem miraculous."

"I think this fire is inevitable," said Ross, "provided mankind survives long enough. However, for as long as mankind lives we can stoke this humanist fire that brings light into the world. I even think that this up-shift in global thinking might be happening soon. It could happen as soon as mankind rediscovers its dignity and its humanity. I am looking forward to a big quantum jump in the creative humanist intensity of mankind, something bigger than what happened in the 17th Century Renaissance. I'm expecting something really big, a real classical shockwave phenomenon. I think mankind is on the verge of becoming fed up with allowing itself to be looted. It will create for itself a wide new universal platform for its freedom. We live in revolutionary times, I think."

"Alright then, what can we do to make the inevitable happen now?" Heather asked.

"To begin with, we have to understand what is already happening," said Ross. "This takes us back to the example of the shockwave phenomenon where an entirely different physical reality unfolds. The dynamism of fluid mechanics no longer applies there, because of its own limits. A totally new reality applies that corresponds with the new high-energy state. And when we get to still higher energy levels we deal with an entirely different physical reality again, which we call a plasma, in which the atoms dissolve and their parts become disassociated from one another. They are thereby set free to recombine into heavier and more complex elements. This multi-level phenomenon of totally different physical states and different rules and with increasing potential has also a human equivalent. There are four totally distinct physical states and four totally distinct humanist states. The physical states are solid, fluid, the energy-wave state, and the plasma state. I know an American woman who recognized correspondingly four totally distinct states in respect to our humanity. She recognized this already a hundred years ago. Like in the physical world, each of these humanist states is totally different and has its own boundary zone, its

own rules, and its own potential.

"The highest state may be called the universal state," Ross continued. "She called it the 'Word of Life, Truth, and Love.' Here we find the great principles of the universe. We find them profoundly reflected in our humanity. We didn't create these principles, but we live by them. We reflect the intelligence of the dynamism they represent. Some people define this top-level state with the term, God, where all the miraculous seeming phenomena unfold. The great Russian scientist Vernadsky called this state the noo'sphere where mankind's creative reason becomes the dominant influence in the further development of the world, uplifting the biosphere, giving wings to life for its eventual extension beyond the Earth. We are still in the boundary zone in this department, but we have already seen some remarkable early examples of the tremendous potential that unfolds in this sphere in which new realities are created similar to what we find in the plasma state. The amazing fact is that we find ourselves to be the leading-edge element of that unfolding new dimension in the universe. As we all know we created a five billion world-population out of half a billion in slightly over 300 years, which took us 2.5 million years to get to. This explosive breakout started with a profound renaissance in scientific thinking and in our scientific self-perception as human beings. Prior to this breakout we might have seen ourselves as the children of the Ice Age. We grew up in the shadow of a couple dozen ice age cycles. We faced challenges there that forced us increasingly into the boundary zone of the noo'sphere. Now we recognize ourselves more and more as children of the noo'sphere that we have seen only a few examples of. We are facing in this sphere a vast, still untapped potential. That is the humanist plasma state where new worlds are created.

"One level below that is a state of thinking that corresponds with the physical equivalent of an energy wave where an unusual reality unfolds that is quite extraordinary," said Ross. "The humanist equivalent may be called science. The American woman that I spoke of, her name is Mary Baker Eddy, called this sphere the Christ. She utilized the principle of science as a platform for spiritual healing of diseases of every sort. She enacted processes of healing that totally defy all biological rules as if the process unfolded in a different reality, as different as the dynamics of an energy wave is from the dynamics of fluid mechanics. Spiritual healing has been experienced by people throughout the ages, to some degree, as they tapped into the noo'sphere. These experiences used to be called miracles, but now we see a principle unfolding in them. And there are many such principles. Looking back into our history we discovered the Principle of Universal Love being reflected in every development of renaissance that ever was. Therefore we are exploring this principle. We are exploring the Principle of Universal Love as a principle in our world, but as we do, we find its root anchored in the noo'sphere where universal love is the reality of the essence of mankind. We utilize science in the discovery process, and with it we can break out of the limits of 'fluid mechanics,' so to speak. Do I make any sense?"

Tony nodded. "So, we are in a boundary zone here as we begin the

discovery process of the Principle of Universal Love. We don't know what it means in its fullest expression, but we are fast learners and are amazed by the possibilities that unfold before us."

"Very good," Ross commented. "You've been paying attention," Tony. "Most people don't. That's why they tie themselves into knots. They don't see the potential. They don't see the possibilities. To them the world of fluid dynamics, so to speak, and its limits is all there is. They see this world and its limits as final and absolute. They find universal love too esoteric to be a principle. They take love and make it small. They try to put it into their small world encumbered with boundaries and limits. And I can tell you from personal experience that it is terribly hard to get out of this trap. Mary Baker Eddy calls this trap the moral domain where one has to fight to get out of encumberments by limits of all sorts. The goal in the moral domain has to be to get higher ground.

"But this woman, Mary Baker Eddy, recognized a still deeper trap than this," said Ross. "It exists on a still lower level. We have referred to it routinely as the sewer, the state of empire, the equivalent in the physical world of the frozen solid state. That's the imperial state of hierarchical domination, of perpetual slavery and looting, and permanent war. The word, empire, means permanent war, perpetual stealing, hopeless slavery. It means hell, a state of existing without the slightest trace of humanist fire or passion, or love, or humanity, even compassion."

Ross laughed suddenly. "The religions have all misrepresented hell," he said. "In real terms there is no fire in hell, and no warmth. Hell is a stone-hard frozen state without a trace of joy, where people steal from each other in the financial markets seeking profits from processes in which nothing of value is being produced that could be counted as profit. There is no joy in that, only murderous tension and endless war. Nuclear war becomes a definite possibility when you get deep into this frozen hell."

"I know what you mean," said Heather. "I have been in such places with Winston, when Winston resorted to gambling in a desperate effort to make ends meet. I have been in many casinos with Winston. There was no joy there, no love, no smile, only tension and greed. Greed causes no joy. It's a dead thing as if a person's humanity has been frozen."

"That has become the fate of a large segment of society," said Ross. "There is no humanity alive anywhere in the world of stock-market and derivatives gambling. It's stone cold world that no one should have been trapped into. Heather is right. There is no joy there or love. But this joy-less frozen world is only the boundary zone in the move to nuclear war. In order to be able to avoid nuclear war we have to unfreeze this hell, we have to thaw it out, we have to rescue the people that are locked into this trap, and rekindle their humanity."

"That shouldn't be hard to do," interjected Tony. "How does one melt a block of ice? One turns up the heat."

"That gets us back to the Principle of Universal Love," I interjected.

"We turn up the heat in a big way from a high-level scientific perspective. In humanist terms this means that we have to understand what caused the frozen state and focus the heat on that, but the heat has to come from the really high-level humanist state that the Principle of Universal Love represents."

"That's what I meant when I suggested that we need to understand what has got mankind into its trap," said Ross. Ross suggested that for example we need to focus on the reason for which India and Pakistan had been pitted against each other literally in the last days before the imperials were kicked out off the Indian subcontinent. "They divided the sub-continent into a stage for war, because war stirs rage that keeps the humanist flame at a very low levels or totally snuffed out. We have to reverse the process, take away the division that has no principle behind it, and rekindle the humanist flame into a raging fire."

I suggested to Ross that a great number of imperial agents stayed behind in Central Asia from where they kept on financing the never ending wars over Kashmir, over Afghanistan, and over Tibet and so forth, which still continue. "Their long determined goal is to explode the center of Asia into a caldron of unrest and division as a means for driving a wedge between the nations of Asia and break them apart into impotent little micro-states that the imperials can control. But we will spoil all of this dreaming when we stage the potential for shockwave in Venice by putting the return of the Ice Age on the global agenda that mankind can only survive on the platform of the Principle of Universal Love."

"Right!" said Ross. "Nothing less will be sufficient to protect mankind and civilization. That is why the imperial's main goal is to destroy to Russia, India, and China together," said Ross. "They stated this as their goal openly many times in different ways. They pursue this goal, because if the don't, their empire will cease to exist. Empire, as a form of government, can only be implemented in a stone-cold frozen world. For this goal they risk the total destruction of mankind in the vain hope that they and a tiny remnant will survive, and that they can rule over this tiny remnant in a feudal setting for the next 90,000 years. That's their hope for maintaining themselves as empire. Empire is something that has no place in human world. A better word for it would be, stench, the perfume of the sewer."

"The imperial world would most certainly be banned when the Asian nations were to become viable economic entities with a potential for Love-Based Economics creating a New Renaissance," said Sylvia.

"The empire's goal is to preempt this renaissance potential before it unfolds," Ross continued. "The nuclear standoff was evidently designed as a part of that game. That's the kind of stuff that we are meddling with when we announce the cancellation of the SDI. We are throwing a monkey wrench into their stinking works. We have entered the big league. That's the kind of game in which China is pounded over the head in a permanent effort to break up the nation. We are about to be playing in the big league now. Officially the imperials are hitting China over the head on human rights issues."

"That's laughable," interjected Sylvia. "It a joke. The empire of horrible stench never cared about human rights."

"It's all a hidden part of the game in which the imperial world struggles to defend itself against an onslaught from within the center of our common humanity," said Ross. "They try to trash the Principle of Universal Love before it unfolds."

"That's the new doctrine of preemption," I said to Ross. That's especially true in America."

"That's not a new doctrine," Ross replied. "Preemption is an aspect of empire, of the ancient stench. The two are one. But in order to understand this and how America got trapped into it, we need to understand our own history. The British Empire hit America hard in its early years. America was bankrupted right off the bat by the imposition of British free trade and British financing, to prevent America from getting off the ground as a nation. That's preemption. That's also when the recognition dawned in America that something smelly was going on. The American people rediscovered their humanity and their potential in Love-Based Economics. With that rediscovering of themselves the bankrupting stench of empire was shut down. That's the environment that Alexander Hamilton had had created. With this cultural reawakening in America the looting of America was brought to a halt. It became disallowed. This is a part of our history, Peter. We got out of the imperial trap then, and we can get out of it again. Hamilton didn't talk about Love-Based Economics. He lived it. He understood the Principle of Universal Love on which the nation was founded. He saw it reflected in the General Welfare Principle that the nation was built on. That's how he derived at the principle of Love-Based Economics that became known in later years as the American System of Economy. Our world-renowned prosperity was based on that. That's part of America's history. It can all happen again, and far more than that."

"Now that's the kind of talk I like to hear," said Heather. "There is fire in it at last."

Tony jerked and shook his head. "No it won't happen again, with or without the fire," said Tony. "It would have happened already if it was that simple. Free trade was an easy trap for Hamilton to become aware off. Its stench came from a specific direction and everybody was hit by it. America suffered a national bankruptcy. You can't say the same about Greed-Based Economics, the modern hidden form of fascism. Stealing is fascism, and everybody loves it. Its stench is worse than what free trade had been that once bankrupted America. Its stench has been accepted. Everybody has been 'educated' to love the 'aroma,' the 'sweet' smell of ripping one-another off. Everybody is deeply devoted to processes of stealing. Everybody loves the idea that you can make millions in the financial market-games without doing the slightest work. Everybody has jumped onto the bandwagon of easy looting, even while the economy is collapsing that people depend on. While people's world is crumbling into poverty and violence, society is intensifying its stealing. The stench is getting worse, but people love it. People have been taught to hail

Greed-Based Fascism, which they call economics. Then, when things get tough as a consequence and their world falls apart, they hail the insanity even more and try to intensify it as a solution. Greed-Based Fascism, which is called economics today, has become the worst Malaysian Monkey Trap of all times. By holding on with both hands what they can grasp in their greed, and being unable to let go, people can't get their hands out of the trap that will be their doom. This trick has worked for centuries. Millions of monkeys have lost their life that way, nor did they ever get to taste the nuts which they held onto, by which their fate was sealed."

"But human beings are not monkeys," I interrupted Tony. "Human beings are capable of profound reasoning. They are capable of understanding universal principles. That's how we step away from doom, Tony. Our awareness of our humanity will break the cycle of doom. The Principle of Universal Love is the power behind every empire's doom. The bankruptcy of empire is self-assured, including the future breakup of every imperial structure, because of its rejection of the Principle of Universal Love. Love-Based Economics is the principle of economics, the only principle of economics there is. Every empire is self-doomed by struggling against the 'grain' of the Principle of Universal Love."

"Of course you are right, Peter," Ross interjected. "But I have to ask this question again, what do you mean when you talk about Love-Based Economics? Do you mean something passive like the absence of empire, a world without war? If you mean that, it won't be enough. Love-Based Economics needs to be pursued as an active principle that is powered by its own impetus. It needs to be powered by our love for us being human. That opens up a vast and rich world with a huge potential. I told you about the fellow that had played an important role in Canada's project to create the AVRO Arrow as a national defense aircraft. It would have been one of the world's foremost supersonic fighters. This fellow had worked 16-18 hours a day to work out some of the many tricky design problems. He said that he had loved every minute of it and was devastated when the project was canceled. It was cancelled at the very stage when it was successfully completed. The aircraft was a marvel for its time. The prototype was built, flown, and was demonstrated to be fully capable in every respect. At this point the project was scrapped for political reasons. Every aircraft, every engine, every part of research associated with the project was shredded and destroyed. And with it, Canada's aviation industry was dealt a hammer-blow from which it never recovered. That's just one aspect of the defeat of Love-Based Economics."

Ross paused momentarily. "We've been dragged through the same process in the USA in nuclear power development. As I told you, I was caught up in the process personally. When I worked with the Navy on Rickover's nuclear power project, we were working long hours too, horrendously long hours, but those were some of the richest times in my life. We knew that we weren't just developing an unlimited power source for submarines. We were laying the foundation for a richer, high-powered civilization. We were thinking in terms of five to ten thousand nuclear power plants creating electricity for

mankind as a basis for a civilization without poverty. This potential was later betrayed. In the shadow of a huge imperial lobbying effort aimed at shutting America down, which some say also included sabotage efforts, the entire nuclear power industry was all but brought to a complete standstill. The insanity became so intense that our own people took completely new and operational major power plants and committed them to demolition. We shut down lots of huge projects, many of which were nearly finished. We even shut down plants that had been operational for years, and demolished them. We dealt the same hammer-blow also to the nuclear power industry worldwide. We'll be lucky if five hundred plants will be in operation two decades from now. That's America's shining example of its defeat of Love-Based Economics."

"Actually we can't build a single nuclear plant anymore," said Heather. "We don't have the industrial capacity left in America to build the reactor vessels. Should we decide to go back to nuclear power, instead of burning coal, we would have to buy the reactor vessels from Japan. We've destroyed the industry that had once build them."

Heather turned to me. "Did you know that we couldn't build such marvels as the World Trade towers in New York anymore? Unionized American Steelworkers had cast the steel for the World Trade towers in the 1960s. This era has long ended. We have demolished our steel industry, thrown our workers on the scrap heap, and are now forced to import cheap steel from Asia. The World Trade towers stand tall today as a shiny monument to remind us of what we once were. They stand as a symbol to represent America, but not the America that we are today. They stand as a symbol of what he have been. The gleaming towers are a monument to a history that has ended. That's what the World Trade towers represent, the end of an era and the beginning of a new era, an era without Love-Based Economics. That's what America has become, a would-be industrial giant without a viable steel industry. We've become a living lie. That's the kind of deep betrayal of our humanity that has destroyed Winston as a person. His troubles began when he witnessed the steel industry being shut down that he spent many years to be trained for. He was simply thrown onto the scrap heap together with the plants he once worked in. His last employment was in demolishing a modern plant with brand new blast furnaces that the company couldn't afford to pay taxes on. The plant was redeveloped into an entertainment center. Winston rescued himself from this tragedy by going back to his father's farm, only to find that the tragedy that America had become, was even greater in the farming industry. Farming had been once America's stronghold. It too has been demolished with the financial wrecking ball. Rising fuel costs, fertilizer costs, financial costs for equipment, maintenance costs, even rising seed costs, coupled with shrinking product prices under cartel gouging, had turned farming into an impossible proposition. The situation had been so bad that his dad couldn't afford the fuel cost anymore for harvesting a marginal crop. He couldn't even afford the cost of plowing it under. We are in the process of shutting everything down that America was built on," said Heather. "That's greed based fascism, not Love-

Based Economics."

"We are doing this in many different ways," said Ross. "We are shutting down the principle of love and everything that is built on it. The regression from love to greed, from freedom to empire, has been going on gradually for decades, almost imperceptible in many places, except for the losses that result. That's how we shut down our spiritual potential too, like the process of scientific spiritual healing that has been pioneered in America by Mary Baker Eddy during America's renaissance years," said Ross. "Mary Baker Eddy's scientific revolution in spiritual healing was a part of Love-Based Economics in the fundamental sense. The potential for this process still exists of course, since a principle can't be defeated, but its implementation is largely lost and probably for the same reason that Love-Based Economics has been intentionally shut down across the board in America as well as in the world at large. It won't be easy to get any of that back, especially what has been so carelessly lost. Love-Based Economics isn't something that one can stamp out of the ground on demand. It can't even be rebuilt by simply pouring low cost financial credits into the scene, although that's essential to get the physical rebuilding process rolling again. Love-Based Economics requires a long-term commitment by society to human development. That's what love means. When love is back, we'll see free universal education in the sciences with public support for basic research and the development of technologies, humanist culture, efficient housing, health care, transportation, social protection, justice, and to forth. When love is back on the horizon we will also see those other things again that are necessary for acquiring technological skills and the building of machine tool infrastructures and so forth, including jobs that develop the human genius rather than grind a person down. Providing state-credits for financing the development of society, as necessary as this is, is really the smallest element in the whole equation. You can take all the state-credits that you can possibly create and nothing good will come from them unless you can build up the human factor again that everything depends on. The human factor is the primary element in Love-Based Economics. Of course, there exists no other economic platform apart from that. Everything else is a variation of imperial processes involving various types of fascism and stealing."

Tony burst out into laughter. "And for that you swept the room for wire bugs?" he said. "You are getting paranoid. You haven't said a single thing that probably isn't already in the public domain, published in countless books gathering dust in the libraries or in specialty bookstores. The LaRouche organization might have already printed ten million copies of what you just said, but nothing has happened. Society is still fast asleep in spite of it all, because being asleep is deemed moral. The Principle of Universal Love you say will correct all this and awaken society? You are dreaming. Just look at our own situation right here. Here we have Pete, Heather, and Ross. We have two men in love with the same woman and living as neighbors. That will never work, I tell you. The Principle of Universal Love is from the land of dreams, can't anybody see that? Love-Based Economics I can understand to some degree. The General Welfare Principle I can understand too, but universal love as a

principle, it's 'mushy' I tell you, it doesn't jolt anybody out of their dreams. It'll never fly!"

"If we believe that, then we have already lost, and the imperials have won," I countered Tony.

"I think it can work," said Sylvia. "It is an age-old challenge that hasn't been resolved yet. It's nothing more than that. Bizet's opera, *The Pearl Fishers*, was staged eons ago to explore this challenge. It even solved it to some degree. It was a daring attempt to explore some of the complexities."

"We're not living in an opera," Tony interjected. "This is real life. Don't mind my sarcasm. I am just trying to explore what we have to work with to defeat the empire that is destroying our humanity. I still think we don't have much to work with that we can crow about."

I raised my hand and nodded. "Let Ross finish what he began to say, Tony. The security sweep was needed for what we are about to do in Italy. Our announcing of the cancellation of America's SDI program isn't a big deal, but putting the Ice Age Renaissance in its place as a global strategic defense initiative to save humanity from the impact of the next Ice Age is a very big deal. It is going to hit like a shockwave. It is going to blow the imperial scene wide open. It is going to put only one question before the world. This question is, are we willing to do what is necessary to survive on this planet, or are we willing to surrender to the next Ice Age and become decimated by it? If the choice is to survive, then Love-Based Economics is the only answer and thereby the concept of empire will vanish forever. If the opposite choice is made, then the concept of empire will likewise vanish forever, but mankind will vanish with it. In either case the end of the empires will be announced by us, and it will be announced in Venice. The security sweep was necessary for that, Tony, because if the word gets out what we are really going to do in Venice, the imperial forces will preemptively kill us or shut the entire conference down before it even gets started. We are going to announce the end of all empires right at the very heart of it all where the British-Venetian empire complex originated, which is Venice, the imperial ancestral ground. What we are planning to do should cause a huge shockwave. However, while the end of the age of empire is certain, the survival of mankind hangs in a balance, and that balance will be determined by the principle of our love for one-another."

I turned to Tony. "You are perfectly right when you say the Principle of Universal Love is from the land of dreams and that our implementation of it is mushy. This is so, because we've made no real efforts in the past to implement it. The universal tradition has been to look for the easy solution and to avoid the difficult aspects, especially at the grassroots level. That is why our civilization is now in danger. We have to learn to see one-another primarily and honestly as human beings with a single, universal, human soul. We all have the same needs, hope, joy, love, aspiration, strength, intelligence, and beauty as human beings. We have to step out of our imperial mode of wanting to privatize everything, even our love. Stopping the privatization of our love and let it reach out in ever-wider circles appears to be the hardest challenge of

them all. It appears to be far more difficult to meet this challenge than stepping away from the privatization of wealth, status, and power that society has become addicted to, which is wrecking civilization. However, since we have failed to make any real progress on this admittedly easier front for hundreds if not thousands of years, this tells me that we've failed to build the foundation for it on the home front at the grassroots level. And that's not easy, Tony, I agree. At the very best, we are still pioneers on this front. We take daring steps, and yes we fail. What we have accomplished is often mushy. Bizet has taken a few small, daring steps in that direction in his opera, *The Pearl Fishers*. And yes, the result is mushy. Nevertheless, he opened the door a little. I admire him for that. We've dared to open the door a little further and are at last moving in the right direction. This means that we have hope on the horizon, finally, that we may yet meet the supreme challenge imposed by the coming Ice Age. For meeting this huge challenge to build an Ice Age Renaissance the fuller implementation of the Principle of Universal Love becomes absolutely essential, with its circles becoming so wide that they reach into the future to generations yet unborn that we must begin now to build support structure for."

Ross nodded and started to talk about our job on Italy. It appeared that the challenge of facing the Principle of Universal Love was hitting too close to home. "We are not fighting the empire," he said. "We are fighting to inspire love in society for its humanity. The empire will be doomed as a consequence. We are not fighting against looting, oppression, slavery, and fascism. We are fighting to uplift society to become human, and thereby become interested in its survival. This necessitates the development of the kind of love by society for itself that shuts down the looting, oppression, slavery, and fascism that is wrecking society today. We are not fighting in the name of society against the Empire whatever its name might be. Why would we be interested in such a fight? We wouldn't have a chance of winning such a fight against their power. But we are fighting for society to embrace itself with love for its humanity. Whatever else is required for society to become human again to be able to survive follows as the natural outcome of this love. That's how a renaissance is created. A renaissance is a positive thing. It is not a war against empire. A renaissance is the light of love in which the darkness of empire finds no place to exist, and thereby vanishes. That's the dimension of our fight in Venice, and the Ice Age Challenge is potentially the key for inspiring society to recreate for itself its sadly-lost love and to advance further in society for itself."

While Ross spoke he turned to Sylvia. "Our project in Italy, as far as I can see it, is nothing less than the boldest attempt that is possible in this age to fulfill your demands based on the Principle of Universal Love."

I turned to Tony. "Our mission gives us an opportunity to succeed where others have failed. We may never understand the Principle of Universal Love fully, but moving with it is the only thing that we have that offers any hope. We have to take this small opportunity that we have been given, that we will have in Italy, and build on it. Yes, we'll be stepping onto dangerous

ground. Threatening the empire on its home turf is dangerous, especially since we barely understand the principle ourselves that we are fighting with to inspire society. But that's all we've got, and our fight will likely be mushy. Many people were jailed by the empire for lesser attempts to bring love to the world, like attempting to bring Russia and the USA closer together. We are aiming to triple that little attempt as a first step, adding India, China, and rest of the world, bringing the whole of mankind onto the universal platform of a profound renaissance."

"The first step towards creating the needed vast Ice Age Renaissance would have to involve the global defusing of nuclear war, the defusing of imperial price gouging, and the defusing of the financial wrecking of society," said Sylvia. "We have many types of nuclear bombs ready to go off, that we must all defuse. As far as I can tell, the Principle of Universal Love is the only platform we've got that applies to all areas, though in different ways. But that's all we've got."

Ross nodded his agreement. "Our task is to inspire love in society for itself. The rest will follow as a consequence."

"The President wants us to prevent nuclear war in a grand style," I said and began to laugh. "I must agree with him that nothing less will do, than to do this in a big style. We have to bring America and the USSR closer together and the whole world with them, including China, India, Central and Southwest Asia, and all the European nations, and of course the African nations and the South and Central American nations, and Mexico as well. Also it has to become a bond of equals, of human beings bound to each other and not bound by empire, but by love. It has to be a bond without conspiracy, without stealing, and without the destruction of society with the kind of grand larceny of society's financial and physical resources that we see evermore of in today's world. This can't be achieved on any platform other than the high-level platform of universal love. And that's a big thing. It's nothing short of a shockwave that we required to unfold. Mankind is presently pushed against the wall on all fronts with little hope for escape from its small trap. Love has the potential to become the shockwave that provides for us an escape from the hopeless seeming trap that the world is caught in."

I turned to Tony. "This is a big task for which we need a big principle, Tony. The Ice Age challenge will bring this about. It will also drive the imperials nuts, because we just might succeed, in spite of our mushiness. That's the reason for the tight security, Tony. We can't afford leaks that might get our project sabotaged before it gets off the ground. If we are successful, our efforts will help create a foundation that society can build on over the years to create closer relationships, uplifting China, India and the nations of Asia and Africa, fostering productive and enriching relations throughout the world that will inspire all nations to scrap their nuclear weapons instead of building more and more of them. Right now the nukes exist to maintain the division. We have a golden opportunity to stop this entire trend and turn it around into a love-based trend."

Ross raised his hand to interrupt me. "For this larger threshold to be established, the door will have to be opened to a new and just world-economic order that enables the nations to develop their economic potential in peace, without threats and destructive interventions by any empire," said Ross. "That is what we are involved in, because if we can inspire love in society for itself, all of the foundational elements that come with this love will be assured. Our work in Italy won't be more than just a tiny step in this direction. Of course the empires would see it as something immensely big, because they are fully aware of the potential of love. That's why we must keep the thing secret for now, so as not to alarm the empires. This has to be presented to whole world at once, and it has to be done before the imperials realize what happened."

"Ah, that's what the security is for," said Tony as if he didn't know.

"I'm not afraid that the Russians have a wire planted in our room, but that the CIA might have," I said to Tony. "The CIA works for the empires that own America, as you may know. The CIA has been originally created to function as one of the old British Empire's hidden spy arms in America. It was physically set up by the British Empire's own agents, paid for by us. Obviously the CIA is still controlled to some degree by the Empire. It is lavishly financed by American taxpayers, but it works mostly against America's interest in the service of empire, its master. We live in a country that has become divided against itself, Tony, and this more deeply than Germany is presently divided by the Iron Curtain. We are divided by the demands of empire versus our humanity. We live in an imperial world. Imperialism cuts like an iron curtain across the human soul to divide it, and across society to divide the nations. The imperial corruption demands allegiance to empire within its artificially created sea of isolated people. Of course allegiance only becomes a factor when there's division. Every empire is a citadel of division. Allegiance is a construct of division. The CIA has been created as a construct built on the doctrine of division where everybody is pitted against everybody. Its own allegiance however, is to its masters, not to society."

I pointed out that this is true, and that our knowing that this is true gives us the power to make a difference. Our call for Love-Based Economics would be aiding mankind in stepping away from the doctrine of division towards the universal unity of mankind as human beings, that is not artificial but true. "By knowing that this unity is true, I must say that our mission could have world-historic significance, because it makes the universal Ice Age Renaissance a real possibility. In any case, that's what our goal should be. Anything less is self-denial. The mission that we are embarked on has the potential to be the opening of a door to a New Age. This door will open wide if we are successful. So let's be successful," I added.

Heather cheered. Then everybody cheered.

With this said, I retrieved Tony's bottle from my luggage and gave it back to Sylvia. "You choose," I said. "If our goal is bold enough to meet your expectation, we should open it. If not, return it to me and I'll put the bottle

back."

Sylvia took the bottle. She looked at it, saying nothing at all. Then her face lit up with a smile. "We have argued over nothing," she said finally, "nothing that's important. Life is a discovery. From the moment a person is born, life is a discovery. We are born into this world to change the world, but first we need to discover it, to discover the universe as it is, its beauty, its principles, the freedoms we derive from them, the riches we possess as human beings, and the reality that defines who we are. We are not here to fight. We have to look further than that. We are here on a journey of discovery of great freedoms, near infinite freedoms. And what do we discover? We discover our unity. We discover that the unity that we hope for is already established as the reality of our being. We discover that unity is forever an aspect of who and what we are as human beings, because humanity is one. We discover this fact as a fundamental principle of life. We may be puzzled by what we discover, because we have rejected its reality for so long and superimposed our own notions of reality. Out of these notions we have defined poverty as the reality of human existence, becoming unaware of the riches that are already established within us. We can't fight the world's poverty with more poverty on our own part, we can only overshadow the poverty in the world with the riches of the real human soul, our divine Soul, the riches of our unity in being, the reality of our being."

She looked at the bottle again and smiled. "With this said, I have a proposal to make that will shock you, but which addresses all the talk centered on poverty that went on tonight as we explored the problems that need to be solved. I guess what I am going to shock you with now may be my way of combating 'racism' in love. We've been talking about universal love. But talking is easy. Doing it is harder. My proposal is, before Heather accuses me of that kind of 'racism' in love that we honor the unity that exists between us all in this room like the air that we breathe. Let us make a commitment that no division will ever stand between us, or social 'racism,' not even sexual 'racism,' as we defined racism earlier, which is really a lack of love. This means that we must do something actively and profoundly in the sphere of responding to the Principle of Universal Love. This means that we must honor those among us who have made the first discoveries along this line out of their honesty with themselves and were courageous enough to follow through with the logic of their discovery. I am talking about Peter. I am talking about Heather. I am talking about an unfolding love, even sexual love, without which we would not be standing here tonight. Love is a discovery. It has always been that. It always will be that. I propose that we set aside the petty things that divide us and commit ourselves to advance these kinds of discoveries and reach out for still greater riches. I propose that we open ourselves to more and greater discoveries of love, and of beauty, sublimity, and the reality of a unity that has already been established as an element of us being human."

Sylvia was right. The proposal came like a shock to me. It also came like an unexpected breakthrough. I wasn't surprised by what she said. I was

surprised that she said it so simply and openly. Ross was smiling quietly, but shaking his head at the same time. Then he nodded and said something about the truth being the truth, which is sometimes surprising.

Tony shook his head and muttered something about this whole thing getting rather crazy. "I have never understood what happened between the three of you," he said to Sylvia. "I have trouble understanding Heather and Pete, but you, you're the biggest puzzle to me yet. There has never been a wife in the history of the world, as far as I know, who said what you just said. Every woman that I knew wants her man for herself. She tells me that this exclusive relationship is heaven. You are either a genius who has moved beyond heaven, which would be a miracle, or you're nuts. I just can't decide which."

"Well Tony, miracles never cease," Sylvia answered with a grin.

"It is about time we are getting into the miracle business," Ross added in a joking manner. "I have never come across any miracles as a priest, only as a scientist, but there, in science, miracles don't really happen either. When we talk in terms of miracles we admit thereby the long distance that we still have to run to get to where we need to be."

"That's why no real miracle has happened," said Sylvia.

"What has happened then?" Heather asked. "What is the secret?"

"There is no secret," Sylvia replied. "Pete talked about the need for bridging the countless forms of division in the world to save civilization. I think that even he missed the mark in some way. Love is its own gem. It is not a means to an end. It is its own light. But love, being what it is, it has to be lateral and wide in its unfolding and universal, rather than vertical and imperial and small and privatized. That's the characteristic of love. The lateral universality is its principle. If it were vertical and imperial it would have an iron curtain strung across it. Pete may discover this some day. He said that the sexual division and isolation is the deepest form of division and isolation of them all and also the one that hits closest to home. He suggested to me that society needs to start there, deep within itself, to find its unity and its love for one another, which is society's love for itself. But I disagree. I think, love is still more. I think love is its own gem. It is its own light. And whatever it touches is resplendent in that light, sex included. Unity is the outcome from that. Sure unity is natural, but it is secondary."

"Are you saying that Pete made love a political project that you felt compelled to accept?" asked Heather.

"No, he actually didn't make it into a project at all. He opened my eyes," said Sylvia. "That's all he did. But he couldn't do this any further than he had opened his own eyes. I think we are all still pioneers in this regard, hoping for miracles, because what we are aiming for is miraculous. That's why I think we need to be honest with ourselves, because whatever lies at the lowest level on the scale of love, where love is being counted as zero, is anchored in the imperial sewer that isn't worth making any fuzz over. We have divided the whole of humanity into segregated camps and isolated one-another

on a vast scale, and over what, and for whose benefit? Isn't the whole divide-isolate-and-conquer process an imperial song that has been sung for centuries to the detriment of civilization? We've been singing this song at our home plate for countless centuries at the imperial's bidding. I've done this too. I spoke to Pete of divorce, but for what? What was this all about? Pete spoke of Erica and a beautiful love affair, and there wasn't even any sex involved. And even if there would have been, that would have been brief and minuscule compared to the rest. So, what's the fuzz all about? Was I envious that Pete had developed a beautiful feeling for another human being that brightened his life, which happened to be a woman? That's what it was, wasn't it? I suddenly realized how silly it was for me to be upset over that! I should have wished this for him. I should have wished for him to have a life full of unfolding love and its joys, even if some of it could last for but a day. But we can't keep our eyes open that wide, can we. Am I not right? We can't allow this when sex is involved? So, how do we then inspire society to love itself if we can't even do it ourselves at the home plate?"

"I think you are wrong," Heather intervened. "We sing this song even if there is no sex involved."

"I know, this isn't about sex," Sylvia replied. "It's about a deep reaching intentional process to cause division and isolation that has huge consequences for humanity. It's about preventing the development of civilization. The priests in ancient times invented sexual isolation, and it wasn't to protect society, but to control it."

Sylvia paused and then continued quietly. "Pete and I have discovered that all the way from the beginning of the dynastic and imperial age right through to the renaissance age, there hasn't been any major population growth happening. For the first 10,000 years or so, from right after the last Ice Age had ended till about 200-BC the world population grew from 5 million to 150 million. That represents a big jump. Then everything became stagnated till the end of the 1600s. It was as if civilization had been put on hold. The stagnation ended with the Second Renaissance that gave us the Treaty of Westphalia and a higher level platform for civilization that was to a large degree rooted in love. From this point on the world population grew ten-fold in slightly over 300 years, from half a billion to over five billion. We now need to build a similar kind or renaissance socially, that is just as explosive, Heather. We need a Treaty of Westphalia in the social domain. No renaissance in history has ever reached deep into the social domain of society where our human relationships are anchored. Whether humanity will die in nuclear war unfolding out of imperial poverty, or will create for itself an Ice Age Renaissance to save human existence in a big way, will be determined by what is happening in the social domain in terms of our love for one-another as human beings. The big questions in our world, therefore, are not technical questions, but human-relationship questions. The Principle of the Advantage of the Other that the Treaty of Westphalia was built on was not a technical question. It became something rooted in the human soul. That kind of dimension has never been brought into the social domain. Without this dimension unfolding deep within

at the grassroots level of society the greatest political treaty in history was doomed to become lost again. And that is why the imperial world survived and has become a global monster."

"The imperial world should have ended already with the Golden Renaissance," said Ross.

"It definitely should have stopped in the 17th Century with the Second Renaissance," Sylvia added, "but a foolish society didn't carry the process far enough in either period."

"Why then do we find it so difficult to do this even now?" said Heather. "Why can't we allow the Principle of Universal Love to stand and built a new civilization on it that is not rooted in the imperial sewer were civilization is being drowned? I can see no reason why we shouldn't allow it to stand, at least among us as at out now slightly larger home plate. But in so many instances we can't do this, can we? That's a paradox, right?"

"All that I could see standing between me and Pete," said Sylvia to Heather, "considering what had happened in East Germany and later with you, was that sex has become like a giant dam that blocks the flow of life and love; that jams up the works so that nothing moves anymore. Suddenly I realized that we have built this giant dam for something that doesn't amount to a hell of a lot in physical terms, that barely lasts a few minutes if that and happens so rarely that it isn't worth the mention, maybe once every few days, which nevertheless inspires a passion for something that is human and is anchored in being alive. For that small thing we sacrifice all the rest of the ninety-nine-percent of what sexual loving also includes, which is rich and exciting, and invigorating and beautiful, which brightens our life. So I asked myself if I wanted a husband to live with, whose life is jammed up by a giant dam, or whether I would not rather want to see this life free-flowing as rich and as beautiful as it had been when we first met. That wasn't a hard question to answer. I am just ashamed that I didn't see this answer before Pete was impelled to deal with this issue on his own, which caused him considerable agony. I am celebrating now that it all worked out, which it might not have. I am celebrating that we are human beings and are actually capable of moving beyond our previous heaven, as Tony suggests, if we give ourselves half a chance to build a still brighter heaven in this world."

Sylvia paused again and then continued. "I am also celebrating in the same way Pete's daring and adventurous spirit and his great gentleness and care in uplifting my life with his love. The only thing that I am not celebrating is that a miracle has occurred, because no such thing has happened. I am bringing this up, because I realize for the first time in my life that the financial oligarchy of the world, fettered to their bankrupt private central banks, is just as stuck behind a great dam of their own creating that shouldn't be a part of their existence either. My point is that since we have begun to develop the technology of taking down dams, we may yet be able to help them to make it their foremost project to take down their own dams as well. The only power that I can think of that will ever end the imperial rule in the world and its

deadening game, is mankind's daring to create a profound high-level civilization based on its universal love as human beings. That's what we need to create for ourselves in order to survive the Ice Age. If we fail, the Ice Age will win, and we'll follow the path of Homo Erectus that ended 600,000 years ago, probably in one of many ice ages, after 1.5 million years running. Without our present humanity uplifting itself in its love for one another to create a profound Ice Age Renaissance, what would we bring to the plate to empower us to rouse ourselves to create the vast technological infrastructures that enable indoor agriculture? We need that kind of uplift urgently, because we must begin the project in our time. It takes a hundred years to get ready. Nor would we be in the critical situation that we are in today if mankind hadn't wasted 3000 years making a detour through the lands of empire. We've come to the stage now that it won't be possible for mankind to sustain more than a billion people in an Ice Age world, provided that anyone can survive the transition, unless we pull out all the stops to create the needed Ice Age Renaissance. We have to make a quantum jump all the way to the Principle of Universal Love to reach the tall goal without which mankind might not survive. It is quite possible you know that not a single human being might survive the next Ice Age transition without the needed Ice Age Renaissance. If we allow a large population as we have today, to collapse by starvation to about 1% of its present size, the disease vector that comes out of that collapse will likely take everybody down. We might suffer the same fate then, as the dinosaurs. If for example a single new flu virus like the one in 1918, which resulted from a small biological breakdown in the wake of a relatively small war, can kill fifty million people within just a few months, then nobody can forecast what a massive biological breakdown on a global scale can unleash as billions of people are starving to death. It would be truly a miracle if anyone were to survive that."

"If we fail in our love for future generations as time is fast running out, we might doom civilization and humanity for all times to come," I interjected in support of Sylvia. "That's how big this thing is that we are fighting for. The stakes are that huge. We simply must win, and we will win, because to fail is not an option that anyone can accept anymore. I don't think we are that callous as human beings that our love for our humanity, as faint as it may presently be, will allow us to let this tragedy unfold. That is why I think the Ice Age Challenge will be met and will turn the world around, because to fail is not an option that anyone is ready to accept."

Sylvia turned to Tony. "Doesn't this give you hope, Tony? It gives me great hope that we will have a bright future."

Sylvia gave the bottle back to Tony, then hugged me.

Heather responded to Sylvia with a kiss.

Ross reached his hand out to me, "You know what this means?" he said.

"No, I don't know what this means," I replied to him.

"What this means remains yet to be discovered," he added with a grin. He reached out for the bottle and opened it.

"Let's drink to all the wonders of love that we haven't discovered yet,"

said Ross solemnly, raising his glass.

"And let's not talk about miracles anymore," said Tony. "Let's just make the things happen that need to happen."

So it was that we all drank champagne once more this night. We drank a solemn toast as though we were committing ourselves to a New Year's resolution that would make the coming year the grandest anyone has ever seen. Even the radio cooperated that night. Its music added to the festive atmosphere that had been established at last. The music was from Tchaikovsky's Sleeping Beauty ballet, a suite of dances. It was followed by the Romeo and Juliet Fantasy Overture. It became a festive evening indeed.

In this festive atmosphere the unfolding war, the fears, the burdensome responsibilities, had all drifted into the background. They became displaced by Tchaikovsky's dances and were temporarily forgotten.

"Still, there is something wrong with what we are doing," said Heather a long time later when the music ended. "We shouldn't be celebrating this commitment to advanced discovery with champagne," she said. "Discovery requires cool headed thinking."

"Right," Ross agreed. "I can't think of any occasion at all when drinking champagne is really justified for this very reason."

"Ah, now I can see why this tight security is needed," said Tony and began to laugh as if this were a great joke. "We don't want anyone to know how crazy we all are, do we? Just tell anyone that we are rejecting champagne as something to be avoided. Still, it's true! A glass of orange juice would have done better."

Tony's remarks, of course, were only partially true. We were definitely crazy by the world's perception, but we were beautiful together in this new unfolding as we enveloped one-another in love in our own individual ways.

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Postscript for the novel

Science fiction is often used as a tool to explore a possible future. Science fiction can also be used to explore in metaphor certain fundamental principles that are normally obscured by conventions and myths or for political objectives. In addition, the writing of fiction can be interwoven with aspects of the real world in such a manner that a number of fictional elements appear real, while real elements appear fictional as this happens so often in life. All of these elements have been utilized in this novel.

In Chapter 1, **Wreck Beach University**, the point is explored that war is fundamentally a human-relationships problem, rather than a technological problem. Therefore it cannot be resolved as a technological issue. In fact, any attempt to address technologically what is not a technological problem covers up the real issue. This covering-up process is metaphorically countered in the novel in a nudist beach story.

In Chapter 2 and 3, **Emergency Mission** and **Unity**, a surreal sense of social unity is brought to light that appears totally fictional, but represents nevertheless some profound elements of truth. Some of these elements were put on the table by America's spiritual pioneer of the 19th and 20th Century, Mary Baker Eddy with her discovery of the divine Principle of scientific mental healing.

In Chapter 4, **The Incompetence of the King**, the focus is put on the question of democracy, but not in the way that democracy is commonly understood. It comes to light as something far greater than a process of counting votes and running an elected government. It is understood as a process of taking responsibility in an active manner by society itself, for itself. The end-result is that society IS the real king and needs to regard itself in that manner, and the elected President or leader must therefore be regarded as a servant in office by design. This essential concept of democracy appears to have become rather fictional in our time. But why should it be that?

In Chapter 5 and 6, **Our Seashore Paradise** and **Shadow in the Night**, a nuclear cruise missile is launched against the USA. The story is complete fiction of course. In the story the nation is ultimately saved by the effort of two 'little' people who took responsibility to protect the nation. They stepped across all the established barriers and did what was necessary in the moment

of this crisis to save the country. Acts such as these appears rather fictional. Society is no longer thinking in terms of taking responsibility for the general welfare of itself as a nation, much less of humanity as a whole. People have become too wrapped up in little issues and blind to the processes that its existence depends on. When a crisis erupts they simply protest. But in a ten minute nuclear war that convention breaks down. While the story and its heroism is fictional, the danger isn't that mankind has created for itself by refusing to take the responsibility to live profoundly as human beings.

In Chapter 7, **Unto the Top of the World**, the question of strategic defense is explored. In this case the focus is on America's (by now) long-forgotten SDI program. The question is asked whether a missile defense system is invariably a provocation, or whether it can actually save mankind if it is developed cooperatively by all nations, thereby creating a platform for unity and universal cooperative development? How often has a country's leadership provoked its nation into war under the guise of defending it? That never happens. That's fiction, right? No it isn't. And neither is it fiction that America once had invited the world, especially the Soviet Union, to cooperatively develop a global Strategic Defense Initiative based on new physical principles. The goal was to protect all mankind from the 65,000 nuclear bombs it had created to eradicate one-another. It is also a historic fact that the Soviets refused. Evidence exists that the Soviets even demanded that the author of the strategic defense proposal be imprisoned, who was promptly incarcerated for five years on contrived charges. His name is Lyndon H. LaRouche Jr., America's most widely known and globally respected economist. He had warned the Soviets that if they continued their own strategic defense in isolation, the economic burden would burn out their economy in five years. The Soviet Union collapsed in six years. Looking back today, this part of history still looks like a saga of pure fiction, as do many associated elements of this part of history.

In Chapter 8, **The Shockwave Effect**, the recognition dawns that the world is presently in a historic boundary zone moving towards momentous changes in our world in which nearly all of the present standards are doomed to become irrelevant unless measure are taken to actively redirect society's path ahead. Some early shockwaves are already developing. This corresponds with the rarely known phenomenon in fluid dynamics where the shockwave that results from supersonic flight begins to develop already in the boundary zone before the sound barrier is actually broken. This boundary zone phenomenon may appear like science fiction, while it is quite real. On October 6, 1997, a jet vehicle, the famous "ThrustSSC" was photographed by Richard Meredith-Hardy at the Black Rock Dessert, Nevada, travelling at approximately Mach 0.95 with a powerful sonic shockwave effect being clearly visible. (See: <http://www.flymicro.com/photolib/>) Eleven days later the vehicle did break the sound barrier at 1223.657 kmph. (See: http://www.andrewgraves.biz/ssc_stuff/SSC_pics.htm) The point is that a lot of phenomena already begin to be felt

in the boundary zone in many respects, economically, politically, socially, ideologically, and meteorologically.

In Chapter 9, **Glass Sculptures**, the focus is on what kind of world we can create for ourselves when love becomes developed rather than rejected, a process which determines our future. While some leaders dream to be reborn as a deadly virus to eliminate 'overpopulation' and other people proclaim that the human journey isn't anything special, the reality is that it has the potential to be a light more sparkling than the stars. And after all, that's all we've got. However, is the potential for its further development fictional, or is it real though largely unrealized? Perhaps it depends on how we develop the human journey from the root of its key element, the Principle of Universal Love.

In Chapter 10, **The Venice Project**, the cover story is about scrapping America's SDI program, while the real story behind the scene is much more far-reaching. An Ice Age Renaissance proposal for the strategic defense of all mankind is presented as a platform for defending mankind against the potentially devastating influence of the return of the next Ice Age. This larger project is fictional, of course. Such a proposal has never been officially put forward anywhere at any time. Actually the scientific background for such a proposal in the story didn't exist in the mid-1980s, the timeframe of the story. Consequently the actual timeline of the unfolding scientific awareness has been ignored in order fit today's advanced perceptions into the story, so that the story reflects the leading edge perception of our modern time. The names of the scientists that are mentioned in the Ice Age related part of the story are real.

(See: 21st Century Science and Technology Magazine, Fall 2005, p.4 - see: <http://21stcenturysciencetech.com/Articles%0202005/NoGlobalWarm.pdf> - and Winter 2003/4 p.52 - see: http://www.21stcenturysciencetech.com/Articles%0202004/Winter2003-4/global_warming.pdf - Also note the statement written for the US Senate Committee on Commerce, Science, and Transportation March 2004 by Prof. Zbigniew Jaworowski Chairman, Scientific Council of Central Laboratory for Radiological Protection Warsaw, Poland; see: <http://www.john-daly.com/zjiceco2.htm>)

In Chapter 11, **Perfidious Albion**, the nature of conspiracies is explored in a surreal fashion by drawing on the numerous conspiracy theories that fill the 'airwaves' often without a shred of proof, which nevertheless fit the pattern of the imperial conspiracies that came out the background of the old Venetian Empire. The 'art' of deep-reaching multilevel conspiracies has been the backbone of every empire ever since. Empires are built and held together by conspiracies. What then separates reality and fiction in this world? I don't think anybody really knows. In the story, the names are all fictional, and the

dimension has been kept somewhat surreal. One common name, that of Palmerston, was chosen for the main character, a name that also links back to the early days of the British Empire, the largest empire of modern time. The term, Perfidious Albion, however is not from the realm of fiction, and so is the comparison of empires with tectonic plates. Both concepts were presented to journalists in Germany in the 1990s around the time of the East Timor crisis.

In Chapter 12 and 13, **Lord of Darkness** and **Lord of the Rings**, the true meaning of weapons of mass destruction is explored against the background of Tolkien's saga, **The Lord of the Rings**. Tolkien is a master in linguistics and metaphors, exposing elements that hide the truth, like the truth that the atom bomb was coveted as a terror weapon long before it became a reality and remains a terror weapon to the present day. We had 65,000 such terror weapons in the world in the mid 1980s, of which we have 20-40,000 left in various forms, while new ones are still being built including new mini nukes that are ideal for terrorist purposes. If it wasn't for the secret love affair by the imperial world with terrorism, we would likely have disabled all of the nuclear bombs by now, including the 'daisy cutters,' as the latest weapons of mass destruction are called. From a physical standpoint it wouldn't take long to create a nuclear-weapons-free world. All the nukes in the world can be disabled in a week if society decides to value its humanity. We know where they are located, and the task to disable them isn't that difficult.

The term "Daisy Cutter" that is used in the story is actually the code name of the modern fuel-air bomb, a conventional weapon of mass destruction. It vaporizes volatile fuel over a large area and then ignites it, causing a hyper-pressure envelope that forces a person's lungs out through the mouth, and in lesser cases suffocate the victims as it burns the oxygen out of the air. The "Daisy Cutters" were reportedly used in Afghanistan against unwanted terrorists. Notwithstanding this, terrorism is hailed in principle. It has been said that "one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter." The statement comes from London to answer why London had been the headquarters of over 30 international terrorist organizations during the Soviet era. Here reality and fiction intermingle while the real world supercedes in horror what would be acceptable as credible fiction. The danger finally becomes complete when our love for our humanity, that should be profoundly real, falls itself into the realm of fiction.

In Chapter 14, **Drilling Holes into Sophistry**, we look at the fiction of lies that have blacked history, that have dragged the world into the sewer and endangered the future of humanity. We find the sphere of sophistry a captivating 'prison,' often by our own consent and free will. Here too, fiction and fact appear to be reversed as society becomes strangled in its box that it finds no exit from, except through love, which it denies as an option. The challenge becomes raised that society rebuilds its humanity by, for starters,

eradicating homelessness and slum living with a million new houses provided for free, whereby the whole of society would come out richer. While such a project could be easily accomplished in the USA with the available financial, technological, and material resources, society chooses to deny itself that potential and remains being mired in inhumanity, contend in poverty and smallness. In this area fact and fiction are revered in a surreal manner by which the present world should be deemed fictional, because it denies the actual dimension of our humanity.

In Chapter 15, **Clothed with the Sun**, the focus is on the 'Royal Dance' in acknowledging the native value of our humanity. The 'Royal Dance' is a dance carried in metaphor by dancers in their native attire, being "clothed with the sun" as seen by John in the biblical book of Revelation. Here, the surreal element is the truth. But should it remain surreal?

In Chapter 16, **The Supreme Being**, we find a contest being staged between the unyielding rigidity of old religiosity (The Man of The Cloth), and the irrationality of modern religious fundamentalism unfolding from imperial cultural warfare. We find both standing in contrast with an awakening daring in society to look at the naked reality of our humanity. The stage becomes in metaphor a civil hearing for an application for a nudist beach project, but in real terms it becomes an exploration of who we really are as human beings.

In Chapter 17, **Resurrecting Carmen**, the focus is on the dimension of the Principle of Universal Love. This principle has also been threaded through all of the other chapters. In its final chapter the question is asked, how can we rescue Carmen? Carmen is the woman of Spain, in George Bizet's opera by the same name. She stands for universal freedom, but is killed by her lover who wants to 'privatize' her love. The tragedy of Carmen stands in metaphor for the tragedy of the American nation that established her freedom from imperialism as a Federal Credit Society, but which surrendered that freedom and with it her life-force as a nation at Christmastime in 1913. After a 138-year imperial war America became indeed privatized. It's currency and credit creation was placed into the hands of private imperial central banks operating for profit instead of for the development and the welfare of the nation. America had become an Imperial Monetarist Society. A dozen years after its historic defeat, America, the once most powerful nation on the planet was 'dying.' With its stock market crashed and its economy collapsed, the greatest depression in its history literally 'consumed' the nation. After a brief FDR holiday between 1933 to 1945, America is sliding back once more into the same condition.

In order to rescue Carmen in both spheres, it seems to be necessary to rewrite history. When seen from the standpoint of the Principle of Universal Love, America lost World War I on the 23rd of December 1913, and lost it for

the whole world. It lost the war against empire that it started on July 4th 1776 when it claimed its independence from the Britain emporium with generous logistical, financial, and ideological support from many parts of the world. America had started a world war against empire. It was fighting for a New World for itself and for all people around the planet. But it lost the battle after standing its ground for 138 years. By acknowledging this profound defeat as an element of history, society may yet rouse itself to a higher perception of self-worth than is presently prevailing. Thus it may yet rescue itself from the looming tragedies of an already unfolding global economic collapse and from the not too distant return of the Ice Age that nobody cares to acknowledge.

The final question therefore is this: Does the Principle of Universal Love really belong into the land of fiction, where it is barely located even now? Or does it belong into the real world? Every thread of every calamity in the real world seems to converge at its root at the denial of this principle. Perhaps this may also be the reason why the Principle of Universal Love appears to be the most difficult element of civilization to come to terms with. The German poet Friedrich Schiller lamented a long time ago that the great moments in history all too often found society a small people. That still holds true, tragically so. Perhaps it is here where the breakout needs to begin, a breakout into winning our humanity back instead of losing it further and further. Let's forget therefore about aiming for Victory, and focus on winning. Who needs to be victorious over another when we always lose along the way to victory? On the path to recognizing the Principle of Universal Love the concept of victory will surely fall by the wayside. It will be recognized some day that it is enough to win the greatest price, which is our humanity and our love for one-another.

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