



Is God the Supreme Being, or is it mankind?  
Is the cross of God a cross of terror and genocide?  
Or is the Supreme Cross, the Cross of Love?  
Do we bow in pain, or stand tall as builders of worlds?

The story, *The Supreme Being*, comprises a chapter of the novel, *Winning without Victory*, by Rolf A. F. Witzsche, which 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 Supreme Being*, plays in the mid-1980s. It unfolds as a multilevel dialog that juxtaposes old religion, modern fundamentalism, and the religion of war and killing, with the native dimension of our rich humanity and its boundless potential. The dialog brings all aspects together in the forum of a local hearing for a nudist beach project.

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## The Supreme Being

The day of the hearing came all too soon, and with it the end was near of Steve and Ushi's visit. As Steve had already warned us, it hadn't been a hearing in the ordinary sense. It had been a war. The deck had been stacked against us. However, we also had a card of our own to play for which the fondi had no counter-card in their deck.

The fondi didn't know or couldn't have known, and I was just beginning to realize this myself, that the beach project wasn't important to us anymore. Ushi and I had spotted something greater on the horizon in the desert in Arizona. We had spotted an opening for the Royal Dance. Every one of us agreed that this was greater than the beach project had been envisioned to be. Steve said that we should have proceeded with the Royal Dance from the start. However, hindsight is cheap. So there we were, having to defend our nudist beach project.

The key speaker at the hearing, the key-man speaking against our nudist beach project, had been 'imported' from outside the local area. He even came from outside the state. He came in full dress-uniform, a Man of The Cloth of the old tradition, a truly outstanding speaker who laid his conviction powerfully on the line with total honesty to everything that he stood for. There was no compromise, no wavering, no timidity, or compassion.

"WE! have determined," he said, no longer speaking as an individual as he scanned the people's faces with a cherubic smile, "that this, this... this sort of thing cannot be allowed to take root here."

He hesitated, his hands here trembling as though he couldn't even speak the word 'nudist' aloud. Then he launched into a long dissertation on fornication and the "imperative need" to protect young people from the scum of society that was poised to "descend upon this God-fearing community and drive the living faith out of people's hearts!"

After his introduction to the theme he branched out to the story of Adam and Eve, as an example of all the "fallen of mankind" that were forever banished from the Garden of Eden because they allowed themselves to be beguiled by a "lying, filth-wallowing snake." He paused for a moment and then stared at the people. "Should this, this terrible tragedy become the fate of your community as the result of what these people plan?"

Next, he branched into politics. His sermon became a lecture, lashing out against the evil forces of communist infiltration in the schools and the nation's universities, even its houses of government, where "God has been dishonored and the hearts of the people are being poisoned with materialistic

idols and philosophies of greed and aspirations for ruling the world." The church itself, "the pillar of society," is under attack, he warned, "and the church is crumbling!"

Of course, we were labeled as a specimen of that strange culture that he said "is pulling the holiest into the dust."

Eventually he ended his triad. He closed with a solemn, dignified appeal of an honorable church man, calling for moral sanity to prevail, adding; "If you believe in God at all, as I know you do, you must make it your sacred duty to stop those who aim to destroy this great nation of ours. You must stop them before they take root in your community! Do not let them pass!"

One could have heard a pin drop, after he sat down.

"I thought those people died out with the dinosaurs," was Steve's comment.

"Mostly they have," answered Ross, "but there are a few of the old guard left."

"I hear they keep training new ones," said Ushi.

"The new ones are probably just like him," added Ross.

"How can they do such a thing to a person and reduce a human being to something like what we see before us?" I said.

Steve nodded and smiled. "It takes years of university type training to accomplish that. It is called divinity education or something like that. It's fully supported by the fondi and funded by society."

Everyone was terror-stricken by the man's speech. We were the devil, no doubt about that! Any religious person must have been pained to even look at us after his speech. One person evidently did.

A well-dressed man stood up and thanked the "great representative of the religion of God," as he put it. He didn't look at us at all. He spoke to the Man of The Cloth. He told him that he could fully agree that we need to be stopped. He explained to him that in fact far more was needed, because we were but a symptom of a trend that was destroying America.

"Take Valentine's Day for example," he said to the Man of The Cloth. "Valentine's Day has polluted society. The ritual has no Christian roots. It sprang from a shameless pagan rite of promiscuity. Even school children throughout our land are now infected with it, as young as six years old. They are now enticed to send sexually predatory solicitations to each other, like, "Be Mine!" or "Be my sweetheart!" and give each other chocolate hearts, hearts wrapped in red foil, all fat and round like the rectum of baboons in heat. Grown men and women go into ecstasy with their hearts on fire for any stranger that this satanic enterprise of perversion, called a holiday of sweet persuasion, has dragged into their thoughts with a fornicating frenzy by which they have turned their human hearts away from the one person that matters - Jesus! Our Lord Jesus!"

He paused for a moment and took a deep breath. "We are starting a

new holy-day campaign under the motto 'Devote your Heart to Jesus.' We have committed ourselves to teach children the importance of thinking sin-free thoughts. Our program is destined to replace the disgusting holiday called 'Valentine's Day,' which historically celebrates the beheading of a priest named Valentine who disobeyed the Roman Emperor, Claudius II, the Goth. The Roman Emperor had outlawed marriage and had demanded from his men total loyalty to him alone, rather than to their would-be wives. The priest Valentine, the traitor against his lord and a scoundrel, had disobeyed. He had kept on marrying people, a crime for which he was beheaded on February the 14th in the year 269 AD. As it were in celebration of his disobedience, his name became attached to the festival of Lubercus in which young women and shepherds were matched for a year by drawing lots. This perversion to madness forces us to fight to clean up the focus that Valentine's Day places on sex rather than on our moral duty to be loyal to our Lord Jesus. So I say we have to stop the fornication wherever it is found, be it at home, or near our homes. While the liberal scoundrels of the nudist beach would allow their children to 'slobber' all over each other in celebration of 'Valentine's Day,' we will say that Christians are aloof to that, because we're just simply better people. We have our heart set on Jesus alone. We are bound to our Lord Jesus and say NO to sexual ecstasies. We have accepted Him as our Savior and our life. We are devoted to none other. He demands unconditional devotion, and so do we from everyone. With this in our thoughts, how can we not fight and stop the roots of fornication as our Lord demands throughout the world? So, my friends, I can report proudly today that we are making excellent progress. We have replaced those pagan hearts of the Valentine-rite, that look like the rear end of baboons, with decent heart-shaped Christian ones adorned with a cross. Our cross-adorned hearts boldly bear the message, 'My Heart is for Jesus Alone!' This message of purity will soon cover the Earth under the direction of our ministry, and usher in a new and year-round celebration in praise for God through Jesus."

The man was well applauded when he raised his hand to heaven before he sat down. "America is the land of the free!" he said triumphantly as he took his seat, adding loudly, "The free are those who have their heart free for Jesus."

"That's pushing things too far," I said.

"People are probably saying the same thing about us," Ross replied with a grin. "They got hit from the right, and they got hit from the left, and they were told from both sides that we are the devil. That's the kind of song that congregations have heard for three thousand years."

"That's precisely how the fondi's Illuminati are supposed to work," I said to Steve and Ross. "That's how Palmerston described his illuminati's game in Venice."

"My question is, Peter, if people like us can't bridge this division and rescue the people as human beings, including the Man of The Cloth and his

supporters, who will do it and set a new direction?" said Ross.

"Actually, it's a question of, how," said Steve, quietly. "This has never been done before in a decisive manner. But we can do it on the basis of our key principle, the Principle of Universal Love."

I decided to address the shock that had been delivered, with a counter-shock. I decided to make the Man of The Cloth taste the emptiness of the pain he tried to evoke in our community, with which he was succeeding. It seemed imperative that I do this before the disease that he carried around destroyed him, and poisoned our community as well.

"We have to defend that man against himself," I said to Steve. "We have to uplift his platform to a higher level where truth comes to light, so that everyone becomes uplifted. But how do we do that?"

"Be patient," said Steve. "Watch for an opening. Look for the weak flank. Shock tactics don't work. Don't force the opening; he will provide the weak flank himself."

Before our discussion ended the moderator put me on the spot. The moderator of the panel asked us to comment on the two speaker's remarks. He singled me out by name as the contact person for our side.

"Be gentle," said Steve. "Focus on the truth."

I stood up as requested and congratulated the Man of The Cloth who had labored for half an hour until great pearls of sweat stood on his forehead, and I also honored the man who had supported him. I commented that I might have felt the same way as they did had I not have had the opportunity of visiting two of the kind of beaches that they both despised. I told them that both were located within the city limits of major cultural centers, one in Europe, and one in Canada. "I did not see any fornication there," I said to them, "and no filth, or evidence of mental pollution, nor had I heard of any cases of destroyed homes or desecrated marriages. These are facts contrary to conjectures..." I spoke for five minutes only.

Long before I had finished the Man of The Cloth stood up and interrupted my defense. "But are the people in these cities God-fearing men?" he asked and set down again.

The Man of The Cloth was of imposing stature, impressively dressed, and evidently revered by virtue of his exalted position. He looked down on me as though to say, there was no argument that I could possibly bring up that would touch him. I felt as though he was saying to me in the name of the *fondi*, as Palmerston had said to me repeatedly in Venice, that there was nothing that I or we could do to prevent his victory. I remembered this sickening feeling all too well from that night in Venice. In this sense the hearing developed to become Venice all over again, in a different form perhaps, but it unfolded all the same in essence. Speaking from the pinnacle of his self-importance that reflected his rank, The Man of The Cloth had been performing a minutely scripted play that left no opening for a dialog. I was certain that

no reason would find a response. Nor would logic cause him to deviate from his script. Picking a fight with him would avail nothing. Nor did I feel inclined to fight with him. In any case, this wasn't the demand of the hour. Still, I had no prevail against him in order to protect our community. His attack demanded that I stand up for us and for the people that came for the hearing who seemed to be the real target of his attack. Since he chose to fight against them, I had no option but to respond and find a way out of this hell for us all.

"No," I said to him, "the people in these cities are not all God-fearing men."

He smiled with a benign gesture, like someone who had just won a decisive victory over an outclassed opponent.

"There you have it! There is your answer," he said to the assembly of the people who had come to the hearing.

I added quietly that the people that I had seen at those beaches were in my estimation much too close to God that they would fear him. "They were honoring God by honoring one another as the brightest gem of creation in the universe of life," I said to him. I told him that as far as I could tell, the people that I saw had managed to turn back the clock of history beyond the point where the Adam and Eve satire had been accepted as the truth. "Adam and Eve had eaten of the forbidden fruit of the tree of the knowledge, the knowledge of the truth. The satire says that knowing the truth made them ashamed of each other and afraid of God. That's an imperial proposition. Fear of the truth, coupled with terror, is a standard imperial proposition. I saw no traces of fear in those people's eyes at those beaches, or shame for one another. I only saw love in their eyes, love for their humanity and for one-another." I told the Man of The Cloth that the anciently created axioms of God-appointed evil have been reversed in the minds of the people that I saw. "They didn't fear God, which gave them their humanity. They fell in love with their humanity, and thereby honored God. They honored one-another and loved their God for it, and joyously acknowledged their love by loving each other and responding to one-another as human beings..."

I kept a close watch on the man's reactions while I spoke. He was fast getting boiling mad. I had to be quick so as not to injure him. I pointed out that he was clinging to a political distortion of a profound truth, and that it was this distortion which gave rise to his perception that man is naked and should be ashamed of himself. I added that ever since the day when society began hiding itself from itself, physically, spiritually, intellectually, and scientifically, it became locked into an endless game of covering up its self-imposed poverty, its imaginary nakedness. It began covering it all up under the heading of shame; supported by fear and terror.

I told the Man of The Cloth that the people at those beaches, as far as I could tell, had moved beyond playing this dark game of ancient mythology culminating in mental poverty and shame. "It appears," I said, "that the people

at these beaches saw a divine grandeur in a man or a woman that was satisfying. They saw themselves as being complete, whole, beautiful, and honorable in the image and likeness of God, reflecting in their individual existence an image of the creator that they cherished rather than were ashamed of." I suggested that this higher kind of perception is a central factor for establishing peace with oneself, which in turn is a prerequisite for establishing peace in the world.

The Man of The Cloth raised himself up and turned towards me as though he would interrupt me again.

I lifted my hand up and held him off. "The real choice at this hearing," I said quickly, "is whether people should fear the reality of their being, or whether they should embrace it; whether they should isolate themselves into self-confinement as politicized religious distortions demand, or find value in a deeper appreciation of their own humanity."

The man became restless.

I paused, searching for a final statement. I kept my hand raised. "This is your life!" I said to the people assembled there. "Your life is at stake here, yours individually. Keep in mind that what you choose for yourself becomes the foundation for our nation. This foundation could become one of poverty and shame that we are fast moving towards, which drags us down to the level of fearing God. However, also keep in mind that the foundation that you are building for yourself could be the beginning for spiritual riches that open the portal to infinity and to the boundless development of our civilization and ourselves. Our economic development as nation reflects what we are moved towards and embrace as ourselves, whether it be our humanity and a growing love for it out of which we enrich one-another's existence, or whether be it a small-minded emptiness that results in shame, terror, war, violence, which banishes the flow of love and drowns it in the growing flood of greed."

I quickly sat down after that.

By then the Man of The Cloth was visibly restraining himself from exploding. Then he let go. He retaliated with a brutal, a cold, unfeeling denial of everything that I had said, shattering the very meaning of dignity, while hiding behind the deemed infallible authority of the church on anything connected with mankind and religion. Overshadowed by his bombastuous arrogance, I had no status at all. "Reason stands in the way of authority," he said. He made sure that I understood, and that everyone else understood, that in the shadow of his 'divine' authority we were all mere children and needed to be disciplined in order to be set right.

I had a good idea of what would follow. It would be a repeat performance of his previously acted out story, following a well-rehearsed script that he couldn't deviate from or wasn't allowed to. It became more and more obvious that what he said wasn't him speaking, personally. He was a soldier under orders; a well-trained actor reciting the lines of a play that he was merely a voice for. No actor in the world has the freedom to change the script; and as an actor his performance was superb. I felt applauding his oratic power

and his deeply felt interpretation of the lines of the play. He had developed a skill that many a Shakespearean actor might have envied him for.

My hunch proved to be correct. He performed his role with precision. He repeated the script line by line, including the character that the script required him to represent. He acted out phariseeism, the zeal of blind philosophers, the 'sensuality' of manipulative psychology, the marriage isolation that was reflected in his own marriage to the church from which he drew his self-assumed right to dictate what a person is allowed to accept and what to shun, what to believe and what to reject. Ah, but the isolation that he demanded became a force by which he literally built a wall around himself that separated him from any self-respecting individual of the audience that he came to speak to, the people that had come for the hearing. In the end his voice thundered when he resorted to the old fundamentalist ideology that relegated woman to the home and into the role of a mother and housewife, subject to her husband, an image of purity segregated from the larger world where she might otherwise become the target of lust. But even while his voice thundered, he actually pleaded that his message would be heard so loud that it allowed no deviation in people's minds, or their deviation from his script.

Maybe it was this glaring excess that gave the next speaker the courage to stand up for herself. She was speaking as if it were in her own defense against his accusations. The beach, it seemed, was no longer the issue.

But what a contrast there was in the tone of speech between this frail, pretty girl, and the imposing churchman. She said that she was visiting friends in the neighborhood who had brought her to the meeting. She told us that up in the North in Maine, something frightening had begun to happen before she left. All the trees had become terribly sick. Their leaves were losing their green color and were dropping off. She said that this was happening all over. "I should have formed a citizens' committee to protect the parks," she said. "The parks are evidently being abused. People love the parks. People are walking all over them. They must be closed to preserve them for future generations. If we allow this trend to go on, there won't be a single leaf left on any tree. We are heading for disaster!" She sat down and grinned, and winked at me.

Our Man of The Cloth didn't quite know how to react to this metaphor, so he didn't. This sudden impotence was evidently painful to him. There was no script in his repertoire that covered the situation. It was painful for me to see his struggles, to sense his self-imposed agony. There was probably not a single line that he knew that he would apply. So she just stood there and said nothing.

I suddenly recognized as never before, the awful impersonal nature of evil. He had chosen a terrible role to play and was doing an excellent job at it, but it wasn't his game, really.

I remembered the Soviet's Ogarkov Plan for waging and winning a

nuclear war against the West. This plan too, followed somebody else's script as I found out in Venice. Marshal Ogarkov's plan wasn't real for what it was advertised to be. It was a front for something else that demanded the Marshal's unquestioning obedience.

Remembering the Ogarkov Plan I felt a deep compassion for the Man of The Cloth. He seemed caught up in such a game like a helpless pawn, pushed by the waves. He was drawn into a process of imposed self-denial. It was so well instilled into him over the years that he was not even aware of it. He supported the process that was destroying him and he gave it his best efforts.

An elderly farmer stood up and motioned the Man of The Cloth to sit down. The farmer hesitated when the hall became quiet. "Forgive me," said the farmer in an English sounding dialect, "I'm not a religious man. I've been a bomber pilot during the war." He looked at his hands. "These hands have killed more people than all the murderers that ever lived in the state of North Carolina. These hands have killed innocent people, children, babies, women, and old men, people that I had never talked to, strangers that I had never met. I burnt them with firebombs. I destroyed their houses. We all did. We suffocated them in the holocaust of their own cities. But this was respectable. They were Nazis, were they not? I have a medal to prove it. The chaplain always said, 'God is on our side! God is your copilot!'"

He paused and resumed moments later. "I have visited our ruins after the war. Of course I couldn't tell which exactly were mine. Everything burnable had been consumed. I saw a desert of rubble and broken stone, facades burnt white by a fire that no one can imagine, pointing eerily against the sky. I remembered those ruins again years later on the day when our neighbor's barn had burned down. We couldn't get near enough to put water on it. The heat was so intense. We simply let it burn to the ground. When I remembered our ruins that day I realized that we hadn't just set one building ablaze, but the entire city all at once. I couldn't begin to image what we had done to the people that had lived there; how terribly they must have died while the chaplain kept on saying that God is..., well that God is on our side."

The farmer paused and then continued quietly. "I was a British airman in those days. I was one of many. We were fighting the Nazi beast and I was proud of it. We set out that night on another run on what began like the normal routine. I was a part of the first wave. We were a 244-plane armada of Lancaster bombers. Each of us was loaded up with 700 phosphorous incendiary bombs and other high explosive bombs. The target was a small city seven hundred miles away, named Dresden, which had remained undamaged through the entire war. We were told that the city had virtually no anti-aircraft defenses. It hadn't been of any military significance. We were never told the particular reason for this night's run. The city was dark when we arrived. It was just past ten at night. We set our markers. After that we did our duty to God, King, and

country, and returned. My nightmares didn't begin until weeks later when I visited our ruins."

The farmer paused and then continued. "It took we a long time to discover why we would we do such a thing. We were not fighting a war anymore. The city lay in the path of the advancing Red Army that was only thirty miles distant from it. Over 600,000 people had fled into the city in the advance of the Russian Army. The city was bursting at its seams, a city of children, women, and old people. Dresden was also a hospital city caring for the wounded from the front.

"I was told when I came as a visitor, when I saw those ruins, that on this fateful night shortly before our arrival a circus had performed to a full house to cheer the solemn mood of those that had narrowly escaped the horrors of war that they had probably seen far too much of already. I was told that little girls had been dancing in the streets in carnival costumes to bring smiles to people's faces. Smiles were hard to come by in this days, but the seemed important in such difficult times. That's when we changed their world, I together with 244 other pilots. We ended their hope. Our rain of terror began shortly after ten that night with the commencement of our bombing run. We were trained professionals in precision saturation bombing. God, we should have heard their screams at seven thousand feet above them. Indeed, we might have heard them had it not been for the drone of our thousand Merlin engines that drowned out their cries.

"That night, over the space of 14 hours, mine and a thousand other planes dropped 700,000 firebombs onto this small city of 1.2 million, one bomb for every two persons. Before we turned away fifteen minutes later, after completing the first wave, the city started burning. Those weren't single little fires that I saw, but one large sea of fire. I was told the city burned with one single flame fed by a vast inferno hot enough to melt steel. I was told that the ground turbulence of the in-rushing air exceeded the power of the most powerful hurricane recorded. In its path people were swept up like being sucked into a vacuum cleaners. Most, though, simply suffocated in their shelters for the lack of oxygen before they too fell victims to the flames.

"Three hour later the second wave of bombers arrived. The second wave was more than twice as large. It was made up of 529 Lancaster Bombers from four different bomber groups. I was told that the second wave had been delayed by those three hours in order to draw people out of their shelters to escape and others to come in to attempt rescue operations. It was expected that many people would escape to the Great Garden, a city park a mile and a half square. In anticipation some of the firestorms were drawn by the second wave bombers into the park. The result was as predicted, a grotesque hell of uprooted burning trees, bodies, bicycles, all becoming one with the howling tornado of fire. They said that the smoke of the city could be seen as far away as London, 700 miles distant.

"The third wave was a US Air Force operation, so I was told. I was told that there was nothing much left for them to bomb, but the broken rubble

itself, which they bombed again. However, the American bombing wave did something worse. The bombers come with a fighter escort of P-51 Mustangs. The fight aircraft took to the ground and began strafing the city, killing everything that moved, especially the people that had massed along the Elbe River to get away from the inferno. They machine-gunned everything, the wounded, the dying, even a column of rescue vehicles that had been rushing into the city to evacuate survivors. The orders must have been given to leave none alive.

The farmer looked around the room. "I was told that some fires continued to burn and smolder for weeks. I was also told that they counted more than 260,000 bodies, or what seemed to have been once bodies of men women and children. Some say that 500,000 may have died that night. The rest got caught up in the fire-hurricanes. Nobody knows for certain how many really died. But as I saw it, it was without doubt the single most extensive and horrific orgy of genocide against a defenseless people that ever occurred in the entire history of mankind. We certainly achieved a great victory that day, but nothing was won by it. In fact, we lost badly as the result of this victory. We lost the most precious that a nation can have. We lost our humanity, or at least a part of it.

"It is being said that the bombing that burned 500,000 people to death was required for political purposes," said the farmer, "to illustrate to Stalin the resolve and the power of Allied might. Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt had met in Yalta for seven days, just days prior to our bombing. At the conference in Yalta they had rearranged the world for the postwar period. A big show of force had been planned for that occasion to impress on Stalin how impotent his forces were and that the time had come for him to integrate Russia into the western world-empire. I was told that the planned demonstration of awesome force at the Yalta meeting had been called off due to bad weather. The city of Dresden gave Churchill a second opportunity two days later to make up for what was missed. Had they hesitated one more day it might have been too late to implement their terror demonstration. The city would then have been liberated.

"Years later I learned that there might have been a second reason, that was also linked to Yalta," said the farmer. "It was decided by all parties at the Yalta conference that in the postwar period all prisoners of war would be repatriated to their respective countries. This was good news for the American and British soldiers but not for the Russian prisoners of war that were considered to be traitors and had been routinely executed or sent to the gulags from which few ever returned. Under the terms of the Yalta agreements a million Russians had been forcibly repatriated by American forces back into the hands of Stalin and to their death. It has been suggested that the refugees that died in Dresden would have suffered the same fate. I was also told that when America eventually changed course and turned against the Soviets, ending the forced repatriation, Stalin retaliated and kept 50,000 American and British prisoners of war that were never heard of again."

The farmer looked quietly into the direction of the Man of The Cloth. "When I visited the ruins from my last bombing run," he said quietly, "seeing

what we had done, marked the beginning of a private war. It became a war of nightmares and despair. The God that I had learned to love as a child, had become a murderer." The farmer paused and pointed a finger at the Man of The Cloth. "If you want to see a God-fearing man," he said angrily to him, "then look at me! The very word causes me pain. You talk about believing in God, because you don't know what you are talking about. You have no idea what God is, do you? You only claim to know. The Hindus, the Moslems, the Greeks, the Jews, the Buddhists, all make the same claim, and with the same breath they deny each other's claims. And so do the communists, the capitalists, the socialists, the nationalists, the Marxists, the monetarists, the racists, and the terrorists. Endlessly, the murdering goes on, and it goes on in the name of God, country, empire, honor, or the good of the people. The common factor is always bloodshed, murder by any means, destruction and burning. Of course I don't know for which of these many reasons we burned the city Dresden to the ground. We have burned to death twice as many people that day than later burned to death in Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined. We also destroyed one of the greatest cultural heritages of mankind, the city that was once called the Florence on the Elbe."

He paused for a second as if gasping for air. "The killing hasn't ended, has it?" he said quietly. "The flames keep on burning and consuming. With the ban of the DDT pesticide we are killing a million people each year in Africa alone, year after year, imposing malaria that was once nearly eradicated. That larger killing on a continental scale makes my holocaust a small thing in comparison, doesn't it? And nobody can say that any of that wasn't intentional. The proof lies in the codenames that they picked. Our first great holocaust of unleashing a fire hurricane in a city was named Operation Gomorrah in memory of the biblical cities Sodom and Gomorrah that that completely vanished in one of the great catastrophes in ancient times. The cities had been located right at fault line between two giant tectonic plates. They simply disappeared. That evidently had been our intent for the cities of our bombing runs. In this earlier ritual that took place in a city called Hamburg we left 50,000 dead, a million homeless, 250,000 houses in rubble. The codename proves that the planners knew what they were doing. In Dresden our mighty armada of military machines was not unleashed to hasten the end of the war such as by pounding the Nazi troops that were still resisting the Russians thirty miles away. No, our might had been unleashed against babies and children, women and seniors, nurses and wounded, and refugees. When I found out what we did it was plain to see that we too had lost the war, and not just Germany alone. Hitler's Nazi regime had been fast fading into oblivion, but we had grabbed Hitler's sword from him and were holding it high, and carried it forward into the future.

"Our planners also knew perfectly well what further holocaust they were unleashing with the repatriation of the Russian POWs into Stalin's hands," said the farmer. "They called the repatriation project, Operation Keelhaul. The keelhaul was the worst punishment that could be inflicted on a man aboard a ship. They would tie robes to the man's hands and haul him across the keel

of the ship, a style of execution that hardly anyone ever survived. They knew that this would be the fate of the million people they delivered to Russia. They knew it also by the desperation of the people that had tried to get away from this fate. The victims had jumped off the trucks bound for Russia. They threw them back. They jumped off again. They beat them with their rifle butts until they were unconscious. They were thrown back like bags of potatoes. That was Operation Keelhaul, performed not by barbarian savages, but by God fearing men.

"When I heard their stories I knew for certain that we had lost the war," said the farmer. "All the three Allies - Russia, England, and America - had lost this war together with Germany, for we had all lost the most precious that a nation can lose. We had lost our humanity. I was proven right in that assessment by what the future brought. The DDT project didn't get a code name, only a number. I believe the number is 200. Under this number many more such projects have been launched, with the biggest yet to come. Some say the target is to eliminate four billion people. They say that the UN will convene another Cairo style conference soon to discuss how this goal can be reached. This intended tragedy illustrates how far we have sunk in this war against ourselves in which we have lost our humanity. I am delighted to hear that there are at least a few people among us in our community that stand with open arms and hearts to help heal this wound."

The man paused once more for a moment. "I'm only a farmer," he said finally. "As a farmer I know the Earth, I respect it. It is clean, pure. I witness the naked beauty of creation with every single blade of grass that grows. That's how I see my fellow man. Man is the noblest work of God. It says so in the Bible. Why, then, do you call it a sin, or the foreboding of disaster, if one faces the noblest work of God in naked honesty without being ashamed, without being covered up, without lying to oneself and without murdering and burning and imposing diseases on children in which they die in agony?"

He said the girl who spoke before him was right. A society that is asleep in philosophy is too stupid to discern the infinite cycles of spiritual progress and discovery of universal principles and their own humanity. He pointed out that the alert mind hails the decay of outdated perceptions. This awakening precedes every new renaissance, unfolding new energies, new hopes, and new horizons. He challenged the Man of The Cloth to place himself in front of the weapons plants and atomic bomb factories and the smithies in which the new bombers are built where death is manufactured for God's people, instead of blocking the few people in this world who intend to honor more fully what God has created.

Then he hesitated for a moment and challenged the Man of The Cloth to face the poverty in his own thinking, in his own perception of truth, to face himself with the most naked honesty and discover his inner completeness as a human being, which every man should be capable of doing. He promised the Man of The Cloth that if he did this, he would not stand before the assembly of people as an accuser. "The beach people have my vote, they speak of love and back it up with deeds." he said, "I wish them well. We should thank them

on our knees for choosing our area for honoring God by raising the dignity of man for the sake of peace, because there are too precious few that do this."

He turned to the Man of The Cloth. "I do not want to fear God. I want to love God. But the God I used to love has become tarnished, blackened, and now stinks. I want a God that I can love, that is not tarnished. It appears that nothing less than love itself will meet this requirement. But where do I find such a God that is Love? Obviously this God is not found in your church, sir," he said to the Man of The Cloth. "Your church is a church of hate as you have demonstrated. Most churches are churches of hate. They all hate something. They are all tarnished. Maybe the God that is Love cannot be found in any citadel. Maybe it can only be found in the wide world of our universal humanity. Maybe its church is on the beach where people see one-another primarily as human beings and are satisfied with that."

The farmer sat down again. But before he did, he quietly asked the anti-Valentine man about how he proposed to stop the burning of the human Soul in the Middle East in those ever-recycling waves of violence and retribution.

The Anti-Valentine man stood up proudly to the invitation. "We have prayed over this," he said. "We have prayed devoutly, and Jesus has told us to be merciful. He told us to be merciful even with those that spit on him. Our Lord Jesus therefore tells us that the US military should drop neutron bombs in the Arab territories across the Middle East. Neutron bombs are fast and efficient. We have made a grave mistake before by not caring about what those Moslems did there. We thought that it would be enough for the Lord to let them be, for as long as they just killed off each other and the Jews. After all, for as long as the oil prices remained unaffected, why should we care? But the oil prices are now rising sharply in a spreading attack on our Christian economy, and our Christian brothers that are oil-workers in these regions are being killed in their little wars. Our Lord's message is that for every Christian life many thousands of heathens must perish, and for single penny that the price of oil goes up another bomb should be dropped. That is how we must correct for our past errors for standing idly by. We Christians have given the Arabs money and technology so they could drill oil for us and thereby have a decent life. They had nothing before we came. We gave them what they have. Then, when the troubles began we gave the Christ-killers guns and bombs so they might keep each other in line. Now the ungrateful infidels are turning against us by restricting the flow of oil and hiking the price to squeeze us. It is time to admit that we made a serious mistake in the past, and to correct it, and reclaim the land and the oil that we allowed them to have. Of course we have to do it mercifully in the name of our Lord Jesus. But we have to do what is necessary to protect the lives of Christians and the livelihood of the people of God, within the bounds of mercy. We must bear this burden. Neutron bombs are expensive, but they are also required in order to protect the historic Christian landmarks and the Christian holy sites. Of course there are none other. We must also protect our Christian oil infrastructures that

Christian labor and money has built. The neutron bombs would protect all of that. They only kill people and leave the structures intact. The mosques, of course, can then give way to parking lots so that our holy sites become more accessible, like theme parks that every American or Christian everywhere would be able to visit with pride and retrace the steps of Jesus his Savior, and do it in complete safety and with safe Christian food. Our hope is that Christians may some day soon experience the Holy Land as it was meant to be experienced, unpolluted, completely Christianized as it once was. Fornication too, is pollution. Even the hint of it must be uprooted, because what isn't Christian has no place in the world and must not be allowed to endure. Nor will it endure. We will see to it, because it is merciful for us to send those people to hell who embrace it and thereby stand in the way of Jesus. They end up in hell anyway. It's merciful for us to get them there sooner and to do it as painless as possible."

I watched the farmer while this travesty was unfolding. He covered his face with his hands. Finally he interrupted the speaker. "Have we learned nothing during the last half a century?" he said. "You are still singing the same song that God is on our side on the highway of killing."

"Yes, God is on our side when we are on the side of Jesus," replied the anti-Valentine man. "With God's Son, our Lord, in our hearts we are a meant to reclaim the Garden of Eden."

The farmer simply shook his head and covered his face again.

Another girl stood up, an archaeology student. "Our thinking is so tied up with ourselves," she said, "and with our arrogance, our poverty, and our self-centered feelings, mired in greed, pain, or just plain common need, that we can't step far enough away from this prison to look at the reality that surrounds us."

She identified herself as a Jewish person by birth and by religion, living in America. She turned to the previous speaker. "And you spat on me in the name of Jesus by calling us Jews, Christ-killers," she said.

She paused and looked at the anti-Valentine man, watching his reaction. "I suggest that you purchase yourself a mirror and look at yourself," she continued. "You have been ranting on in this hall about how rotten everybody is except yourself and those who spout out the name of Jesus. You have been raving about Jesus, but you have said not a word about the Christ, which Jesus had embodied according to his own words. If anybody has killed the Christ, you have done this yourself in your heart. To you the Christ, the spiritual idea of God that ennobles our humanity as human being, is dead. It has not been killed by the Jews in ancient times, but here and now, by you. And from the rage, which I feel is tearing at your empty heart you wish to kill everyone that does not share your dark utter emptiness. So you stand before the world to call me a killer and demand my death. At the same time you offer your empty, blood stained heart to Jesus and defile thereby the very name of

Christianity by being unable to even speak the word, Christ, as if it were a dirty word."

She paused again. "Nor do you know what you're talking about when you rail against the nudist beach project as if it were filth and fornication," she continued in a slow and deliberate speech. "Those courageous people have proposed that we all look at ourselves, and so we should. When I hear about the endless cycle of killing and retribution that my own country is involved in back home, I feel deeply ashamed. But what do I see? Do I see Jews killing Arabs, and Arabs killing Jews? No, that's not what I see. I see an image of a humanity that has become sick. I see an image of us all, of a sick society. The atrocities that I see and abhor are not carried out by visitors from Mars or from far beyond. They are carried out by human beings against human beings, and I can guarantee you that this insanity will continue for as long as we cannot find it in our hearts to look at one another as human beings and treat and honor one another accordingly. This means that we look eye to eye, and see a mind reflected behind it, and see in this mind the spiritual image of a human being, not male or female, not Muslim or Jew, or Christian, or Hindu, or Buddhist, or whatever, but human, something that should inspire a sense of awe and honor. This is required of us, because we all are above everything else human beings. The beach people have proposed that we should do this, which we have never done before, namely that we shed our robes, lay down the burka, remove the yarmulka, the turban, and whatever chip we have on our shoulder, and begin to see ourselves as human beings, male and female, because that is what we are. That is what we have to learn to honor, to respect, and to love one-another for if would be honest. If we fail this basic requirement, all the rest has no meaning. If we don't have a human heart, it doesn't matter whatever else we fancy ourselves to be, for we would defile it rather than honor it. This is what the beach people are trying to teach us. They have my vote and my love. I am surprised though," she added, "that both our noble preachers have not said a word about love as if it were not a part of Christian liturgy although the noted Apostle John had said that God is Love, and without love God cannot be seen in our lives."

She sat down. A few people applauded her.

The previous girl stood up again. "What is happening here has nothing to do with religion. The test of religion is love, the love of human beings for human beings, and for all that is human. This love is what the heart of every religion inspires, and what makes true religion so dangerous to every empire that ever was, so much so that the empires have been on a crusade for centuries to grind this universal love into dust. They do this out of desperation, because the development of this universal love would overturn the very notion of empire forever. That is why they have to stop it. For this reason, religion has been perverted and destroyed and turned into an instrument of evil. For centuries the world has been awash in religious wars, even though the very term, religious war, is contradiction in language. Religious war is insanity that is tolerated and is promoted by the churches. Just go back in time for a moment to the 15th Century when Isabella of Spain expelled the Jews. The church was

drawn into the scene as the executioner in the process, but the real goal was to destroy the Golden Renaissance in Europe. The Jewish society had been singled out, because it provided a strong cultural and humanist economic background. The church became used as a tool to advance cultural destruction. Isabella, probably under the pressure of massive coercion, hired Thomas Torquemada to launch the Spanish Inquisition. Torquemada personally presided over 100,000 trials in which 90,000 people were convicted and 9,000 were burned to death at the stake. And that was just the beginning. By the time the Spanish painter Francisco Goya had painted his famous work, **The Judicial Session of the Inquisition**, 35,000 people had been burned alive by the church. And that too had been still just another beginning. In Goya's painting one of the clergy wears a cross on his chest. But it isn't the cross that Jesus bore. The cross that the clergyman wears is an imperial cross. Its sides are all of equal length and their ends are enlarged in such a manner that they form a circle. This may have been Goya's answer to the beastman ideology idealized by his contemporary, Count Joseph de Maistre, who described the terrifying execution of a man in gory detail, and calls it a necessity for the public good. He describes how a convicted man has his limbs shattered in a public scene of terror, whose broken limbs are then threaded into the spokes of a wheel where he left to die in unspeakable agony. Goya has put the symbol of this wheel unto the clergy's chest that represented this kind of inhuman insanity. Only one man in history took on this symbol afterwards and made his own, and gave it to a whole nation to wear. It's known today as the swastika. One can almost see the shattered limbs threaded into the spokes of a wheel. Evidently the swastika still rules," said the girl.

She added that Goya also painted the scene of a more modern execution to illustrate what an execution really represents. "The scene is that of a firing squad," she said. "The squad is aiming at a man during the mass-execution of peasants in Madrid by Napoleon's forces. We don't see the faces of the executioners in the painting, but we see what they are aiming at. In the painting they are aiming at a man arrayed in bright, spotless clothing, with his hands held high, reminiscent to the pose of a man nailed to a cross. One can even see a nail mark in one of his hands. Goya is telling us that the real target for execution is always the Christ, the Christ in humanity, the Christ that represents the Principle of Universal Love. The real target is love, and the goal is the destruction of love. That's what terrorism accomplishes. Goya knew this, and so did Hitler. Goya forced us to see with our own eyes what the executioners were aiming at. He puts us into their stead. Now let me ask you how many of us in this room do have their finger on the trigger, ready to pull the man down."

The girl paused and then simply took her seat again.

An old man stood up next, with bushy white hair. He looked around the room silently. It appeared that most people knew him. Without saying a word he took his cane and came forward towards the Man of The Cloth. He produced an old leather book from his pocket. "This is a Bible," he said and

showed it to the Man of The Cloth. He opened it and turned to him. "The man whose cloak you wear standing before us, says this:" he began to read. "Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him? And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. - I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."

The old man paused and turned the page and continued reading: "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?"

The old man paused again and clothed the book. "Now this is a peculiar thing that hear in arguments about the beach project, pro and con," he said to the Man of The Cloth. "The people that propose the nudist beach project propose to meet a human need. The basic fact of our humanity is that we are all human beings, and as such we are sexual beings with sexual needs, otherwise we wouldn't be here at all. So they propose that we take a tiny step towards meeting the sex-related human need. We have heard that 25,000 people in a city in Canada found that such a beach is meeting their need. The same is offered now to us, and immediately the people who are making this offer are being attacked by us as they were scum. They were not asking for much, and in return we set their soul on fire. What happened to the question of the master Christian: What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? The church does indeed give a stone for bread and a serpent for fish. We've all done this for ages upon ages. There was a time when the church killed people even for the crime of loving, when their love for each other wasn't authorized, when love became expressed in sexual intimacies on a level above the social marriage bond. The whole community was in such cases put in charge to throw stones on the transgressors until they would die from the injuries inflicted by their own community. I cannot imagine the terrorism that had been unleashed. The church had ruled with terror. The people were seeking love and the church gave them death and struck terror in the heart of everyone else. The same response was given to Christ Jesus. He came to society with love and healing, and the church cried before Pilate, "crucify him, crucify him." The cross that he bore is the cross of terror, and that is what now adorns every Christian church throughout the world, the cross of terror. We've seen the cross of terror in many shapes and sizes since it became the emblem of Christianity. We have seen it as the cross of the crusades and as the cross of Thomas Torquemada as we just heard. We have also seen it as the cross of Joseph de Maistre that became the cross of Adolf Hitler, as has just been said. And it was the same cross beneath with the city of Dresden was burned. All that the people in that city had needed was one more day. I was there. We were denied that one single day. Then the war would have ended. We were given the finger instead, a hell that no one can describe. One more day, that's all

that we had needed. The Allied forces were less than fifty miles away on one side and thirty miles on the other. After six years of living under Nazi terror the end was in sight. We needed one more day to be free. We were given fire instead. Half a million people didn't see that day that they had hoped for.

"I hear that the actual target of it all wasn't the city itself," said the old man. "Dresden was destroyed in order to terrorize Russia into surrendering its sovereignty in the postwar period and placing itself under the rule and might of the British Empire. The atomic bombs had been designed for that purpose, but they hadn't been ready, and wouldn't be ready for another half a year while the war in Europe was rapidly coming to an end. Dresden was chosen for a substitute hell under the Christian cross.

"Right," said the old man. "Those days were days of war of course, and in war the humanity of civilization is suspended. War gives people a holiday from their humanity, a holiday from love. That's what we are told. But that's a lie, and we all know it. The horrible war has been officially over for decades, but the suspension of our humanity and civilization continues. The Christian cross now looms above a world that's rife with genocide. This time not just a city is being sacrificed, but a whole continent. The continent is Africa is being sacrificed under the blanket of the American document, NSSM200. Under this blanket many Third World countries are slated for genocide. The argument is that their natural resources belong to us. If people living there were allowed to develop, they would use them up. If their populations were allowed to expand, they would use them up more rapidly. Thus the policy has to be genocide. The DDT ban, which kills a million people each year in Africa alone, is a tiny part of this plot.

"And so the cross of terror is destroying the world today. But its real face is money," said the old man. "There are two basic economic systems existing in the world today, which are opposites of each other. One of these is the private money system. The other is the federal credit system. The private money system fulfills the needs of society to some degree. Under its rule, the people that ask for bread get bread, but with it they have a millstone hung around their neck and become slaves to the private money system. Under this system, for example, for each barrel of oil that is sold, which costs a dollar to pump out of the ground, society is forced to pay forty dollars. And soon the price will be twice that. That's what exemplifies the imperial money system, which is a fascist system, a system of money invented for profit by stealing from society around the world. The opposite system is the federal credit system. Here the focus isn't on money wealth, but on society extending to itself financial credits to build the industries and infrastructures which create the real wealth of society. Under this system, the people who ask for bread, get bread, and more of it than they ask. They are given the means to have bread for all times to come, without having to ask again. They will ask for love and be given it abundantly. Sexual love appears to fall into this category, too."

The old man began to laugh. "Herein lies the peculiar thing," he said. "If sexual intimacies are bought commercially for a fee, provided by sex slaves, or professionals as they are now called, the priesthood has no objec-

tions since some of the greatest of them rely on those 'services' themselves. But if it is offered at no cost on a basis of love to meet a human need, then all hell breaks loose. Love is not allowed. The terrorism of the cross exists to deny love. What we need is a healing from that. We need to heal the terror and denial. The city of Dresden has already been rebuilt. Its wounds have been largely healed. The terror in Africa may some day stop some day too, and the continent may be rebuilt as well, for which a global effort is required. But most of all we need to heal the cross. We need to heal it of the terror that has been attached to it, which it now signifies. We need to turn the symbol of the cross into a symbol of universal love, because the master Christian has overcome the cross with love. This healing requires that we welcome all forms of love; that we welcome even the smallest step forward in embracing one-another in love more fully; which the nudist beach proposal is evidently designed for. It's only one small step; one tiny step. We should welcome this step. I have seen too many bombs dropped onto people. I am sick of it. We should welcome love. It is sad that our learned representative of The Cloth is incapable of love. It is my hope therefore, for our friend of The Cloth, and for us, that this inability too, may be healed some day in the flow of the healing of the cross."

The old man returned to his seat after that and sat down.

A woman with snow-white hair stood up next, an elderly woman, seated in the last row where we were seated. She bowed graciously to the Man of The Cloth. "We may deny nudism without ever having known what it is," she said. "We also stand the chance that when we die, we may do so without ever having truly lived. Where is the love with which we should cherish and uplift one another? Has it all been stomped into the ground, or been burned with the bodies of too many people? I can't believe that all of it is gone. Love is still within us, because we are human beings. We should be more daring to bring it out and to let it shine, and embrace each other in the name of all that is human."

She concluded by asking the anti-Valentine man if he had children, suggesting that he probably had none. She surmised therefore that he never had the joy in his life to witness the wonderful unfolding of a human being into something truly remarkable, with a mind that reaches far beyond what any animal can ever dream of, a mind that can envision the universe and understand it, and has the capacity to build a civilization with a rich culture, filled with art, music, literature, and technologies that give us resources that the earth itself could never provide. What creates these wonders is also a form of love, a love for what we are as human beings and are capable of. History has shown that we are capable of great love, and each single child in the world is a testament of that love. Unlike animals, human beings are conceived in love, cradled in love, held in love, and nurtured by love. Shouldn't we celebrate love and every aspect of it?"

She smiled at the man as she sat down again.

"We are Christians helping families in need," said the anti-Valentine man in response. "In hard times, especially in poor families, children can be a great burden. Such a burden is not good for the families, as well as for the children's development. In order to help both, we receive unwanted children and pay the parents money for them. Thereby, both the parents and the children are helped. There is a little effort involved, a few papers need to be signed, giving up all future claims for the assurance that the children will be well educated."

At this point the face of the woman in white hair became tight and cold in expression. In response, the anti-Valentine man stopped and sat down again.

At the very instant that the anti-Valentine man had sat down the Man of The Cloth stood up again and repeated his song. "WE of the clergy, by the grace of God and devout prayer, interpret the moral will of God for humanity." He never said a word about love, much less universal love and honoring one-another as human beings. It seemed to be a forbidden subject. The Illuminati certainly would have forbidden it. He ended by saying that he had come to this community to stop the "insult to God," which he said was unfolding. He said he had come to defend God against "this filth."

"That is the open flank," said Steve to me quietly. "Go for it. Rescue the man from his role-playing. Challenge him to become a human being."

As it turned out I didn't need to say anything. A young man stood up and did this for me. He introduced himself as a fisherman and a student of history. He said that as a fisherman he is often alone for long periods of time, with time to think, and time to face the reality and the majesty of the universe and of the human being. He asked the Man of The Cloth why he felt he needed to defend God. He suggested that the very notion of wanting to defend God revealed a deeply rooted flaw in his reasoning.

The fisherman spoke quietly, not boastfully. He said, "you told us that God is the Supreme Being. If this is so, can't the Supreme Being defend itself? You are telling us that it can't, that it needs your help. This notion discredits the very model that your religion is based on. But I am not surprised. Your model is the Byzantine model, the old Roman imperial model that hijacked Christianity. This model puts God so high into the sky in terms of a Supreme Being that it renders humanity as equal with the dirt of the Earth so that the two shall never meet. But the Christ tells us that God and man are one. Thus, you are denying your own religion. You have destroyed its very heart. You have taken the most profound unity that exists on the face of the Earth and split it apart. You may have tried to put Christ into the middle, as an intermediary between God and man, but you deny love, consequently you put yourself into the middle. That's the imperial model of Christianity that Rome created and Byzantine continued. So, now you say that you must defend the Supreme Being. How curious! Which Emperor are you defending, which fonsi? You imply that God is impotent and depends on your defense. In other words, you are telling

us that you don't really believe in your heart that the Supreme Being that you talk about really exists. You are defending a myth, or a lie that you tell yourself. Then, tell me, what are you really defending? Is it your Sovereign that hates love, the self-appointed ruler of an empire who is naturally impotent and needs your help indeed as an empire has no principle. No universal principle supports the structure of empire as a form of government among men."

The Man of The Cloth stood up for a rebuttal, but the fisherman raised his hand and held him off. Since the Man of The Cloth did not sit down again, the moderator of the panel decided for the fisherman and asked him to continue. Still, together with her ruling, the moderator asked the fisherman if he was suggesting that no Supreme Being actually exists. She asked him, if he felt that the whole concept of a Supreme Being is a myth, and if so, how this would be reflected in what we regard as social morality.

The fisherman assured the moderator that the concept of a Supreme Being is not a myth, that only the Roman model of it is. "I don't believe that a Supreme Being sits high above the clouds in a far off heaven and rules the world. If this were the case it would have stopped all of our terrible wars long ago. Besides, who would want to live under such circumstances as a slave or helpless plaything of some distant deity?"

The fisherman said that he recognized a Supreme Being of a different kind, a Supreme Being that he said was present in the hall at the very moment. He said solemnly, "humanity is the Supreme Being. We, as human beings, are the tallest expression of life in the known universe. The human being is the Supreme Being. If you ask for proof, the proof is right here. We are sentient and intelligent beings, we are discoverers and creators, and builders of civilizations. We can understand complex issues. No other form of life is able to do that. We are able to create music, art, drama, and technologies that generate energy and materials that transform the planet, which in due course will enable us to spread life throughout the universe. And yes, the human being, the Supreme Being on this planet, is all-powerful. We are able to end the ages-long cycles of war that have plagued us for centuries. We also have with our creation of technologies the means to free ourselves from the scourge of the next Ice Age and all future ice ages. We have the power within us to do that. The only reason why we have not done this to date, is that we have allowed our own divinity to fall asleep by 'selling' it to a mythical entity high up in the sky. This is the kind of distortion of reality that the perverted churches have accomplished that are modeled after the Roman and Byzantine empire-ideology."

As requested, the fisherman explained what all of this has to do with morality. "Morality unfolds," he said, "as we begin to love and honor one-another, and especially ourselves for our humanity and for the humanity that we all share. That is where we find our power, our strength, wisdom, honor, and beauty. Christ Jesus called himself both the Son of God and the son of man, thereby uniting divinity and humanity as one. He described God and man as

one in being. In this reality, the reality of our being, the very notion of fearing God, or being ashamed of ourselves, comes to light as an invalid concept. I think this is what the beach people encourage us to learn."

The Man of The Cloth stood up to begin his rebuttal, but he made no attempt to meet the challenge that the fisherman had posed. It appeared to me that he wasn't allowed to deviate from his script, especially to accept the validity of unauthorized thinking or any form of scientific perception. Thus he repeated word for word what he had said before. What else could he do?

Actually, I had a mind of asking him whether he was paid by the fondi to deliver this attack on humanity, since Palmerston had suggested that most fundamentalists are a part of the fondi's network of Illuminati. Steve suggested, however, that he might not be paid by the fondi directly, since it was the institution that he worked for that was likely on the fondi's support list as it fulfilled its assigned tasks by nurturing the kind of people as our opponent. In this case we weren't dealing with a human being as an opponent, but a trained agent of a political machine with a history of thousands of years standing. Obviously he wasn't free to deviate from the script as an agent of the script, or respond to reason and constructive dialog.

In any case, what did this false priest know in his stone cold heart, which his job required, about Helen's lattice of the lateral unity of all mankind? What did he know about the universal marriage of mankind as human beings, as children of a common Soul? What did he know about the sexual attraction that reflects the universal unity of human beings bound to one-another by the threads of love for our humanity that we all share? Indeed, what did he know about unity at all? And what did he know about sex, which stands like a star in the heavens above the physical world, a star that illumines the night of division and replaces its darkness with a new joy? Sex is a thing shared by emperors and poppers, priests and slaves, scientists and idiots, and the whole of humanity. It's a fire of passion for life that we all share. But no doubt he saw sex with different eyes. He saw it with Adam Smith's eyes, with greedy eyes, and not with the eyes of one whose life is defined by the universal kiss, or as Ushi had put in her speech about the Royal Dance, as a life clothed with the sun.

Indeed, what did the churchman know about Christianity which had been so utterly denounced in this hall, even by himself, without knowing it in his senility as an old man in old cloth, a wanderer in the universe of spirit with a sworn commitment to keep his eyes closed?

What could such a man teach the people living in daylight, about the virtues of darkness? What could he teach them that would elevate them further in the light of day, that he himself hides from? What science could he inspire in their heart that would elevate Christianity itself into an exploration of the spiritual world, a world of universal love, invariable truth, universal principles and the divinity of man that uplifts and supports civilization? What did he know about the universal embrace of human beings of one-another, the

human embrace that can only be universal across a humanity that is defined as the very image of God? What did he know about man as the Supreme Being in this universe? What did he know about anything spiritual that is real and knowable and demonstrable like the universal kiss that unfolds the element of our peace?

What also did he know about the real world that lies outside his grim world of dark shadows that he thunders about with threats of hell and damnation? What did he know about the human world of universal economic development, the element of our joy? His thunderous sermon appeared like a pointless quest to drag a person away from knowing life, into a world that can only exist by the force of blind belief, like the world of Adam Smith's fairy tales, a world of mythologies that bind society not with love to one-another, but with shackles into a 'boxed in' isolation from one-another, enshrouded with impotence, poverty, diseases, war, enforced by and ending in death?

What did he know about anything that pertains to our real and wondrous, boundless humanity? What did he know about our sciences and our capacity for scientific and spiritual development? What could he possibly know about humanity's freedom while he sets himself up to be humanity's king?

I was tempted to ask the Man of The Old Cloth every one of those questions, with a demand that he answer them one by one. Of course I also knew that this could never be done. The demand would destroy him physically. Someone who was so carefully taught in emotions that the slightest touch of truth produces an outrage of the kind that we had been witnessing, would explode into a fit that could destroy him if those questions would be brought up. He would explode in a rage like shallow politicians tend to explode when the 'wrong' issues are probed and the truth is demanded.

While I pondered what to do next, the girl from New England stood up again. This time she spoke in plain English. "You are a hypocrite," she said to the Man of The Old Cloth. "The people of the beach project have challenged us all, you included, to look at the naked truth. But you call it fornication. You said you represent God that is Truth, but you call the search for truth fornication and praise the process of covering it up. We have a word for this two-faced idealism, this double standard. The word is, hypocrisy. Hypocrisy stinks. It stinks with the corpses of millions of rotting bodies, and it stinks to heaven with the suffering you impose with your hypocrisy. I challenge you to take off your tinted glasses and look at the naked truth of the inhumanity that you try to hide, because you don't know what a human being is. You need to learn this. So, let me help you, and I promise not to be as gentle as the farmer was who spoke of his little holocausts that he helped create, which erased a few cities in the name of God. The farmer spoke of half a million being killed in a three-day orgy of madness, which I agree was a huge tragedy. Still, it was a small thing by today's standard. In Hamburg 50,000 were burned to death in a six-day orgy of fire, we now kill 30,000 a

day across the world, day after day, with imposed poverty and with imposed diseases. We do it with greed or apathy or both, but without love. The naked truth is, we have no love. With every bomb we dropped we lost a bit of our humanity. With every house that we built so expensively that most people cannot afford to live in anymore, we spat in the face of love. Yes, that what we do, and we continue to do this.

"I heard voices of protest," said the girl. "People were groaning when the farmer spoke of Dresden. People didn't want to be reminded of the ugly past, because then they would also have to face the ugly present. The ugly present is a world in which just as many people as had been killed in Dresden are committed to a slow death by us today, right among us, with homelessness. We treat the homeless and the poor not as human beings, but as outcasts, and so, with each man, woman, and child that dies in the back alleys of our cities a bit of our civilization dies, a bit of our humanity dies, and a bit of our love dies. Thus we become poorer as a society and the world becomes increasingly unfit to live in.

"Let me tell you what kind of world we would have if we hadn't lost our humanity and our love," the girl continued. "If our love was such that we considered homeless and slum living a crime against humanity we would have corrected this criminality instead of continuing for the sake of profit. We can still stop this crime, and reverse course. We have the materials and the technologies and the human resources to build a few million new houses for people to live in and thereby end homelessness and slum living forever. We could give those houses away for free and end up richer in the processes than we ever have dreamed possible."

"Your utopian dreaming is off the subject," a well-dressed man on the panel interrupted the girl.

"That's not true!" said Steve and stood up. "What the girl presented is not utopian dreaming. It is totally within the context of looking at the naked truth of our humanity."

He went forward to the panel and recited the long litany of his credentials, degrees, awards, and citations for public service. "We have the potential to make good on what the girl promised," he said, "if we head the love in our heart to do it. That's the truth. And the truth is the truth whether it is uttered by child or is uttered by the most honored elite. The truth is what matters, and the girl spoke the truth. We have the physical and technological capability to do what she proposed. If we would utilize basalt as the building material and mass-produce the new houses on automated production lines, powered by modern mass-produced High Temperature Gas Cooled nuclear reactors, we can create houses so inexpensively that we can give them away, certainly to them that we presently force to live homeless and in slums. The technologies exist to do this. The materials exist in great abundance, completely unitized. We have 170,000 cubic kilometers of it. The nuclear power resources also exist in great abundance. Apart from uranium there is enough thorium in the world to power five million reactor years. Only a tiny portion

of that will ever be used since in 50 years nuclear fusion power may come of line with resources that will likely last us twice as long as the planet itself will last. In other words, we lack nothing in resources to build the million new houses with ease. In fact, if we were to do this, and build those houses, we would create a whole New World for ourselves along the way, with a brightness such as even fiction writers have not yet imagined. The only thing that we don't have to realize this potential, is love. And that my friends is the naked truth. Because of our utter lack of love we live in a terribly poor world, a world powered by slavery and stealing, a world darkened by inhumanity, torture and genocide. We are our own victims in this dark world, because we have trashed our humanity. We have burned it. We have burned in the firestorms of Hamburg, Dresden, Tokyo, and in the fires of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And now we are burning it more massively in Africa in operations of genocide that make Hitler's war on humanity appear like a dance of children in comparison. That's why we won't build the needed houses that our humanity would require us to build. We don't build them, because we don't have any humanity left. We could build the million houses that the girl said we need, for a fraction of the economic resources that we throw away in building just a single one or our fancy weapons systems, like the B1-B bomber, or the B2 bomber that costs us billion dollars for each single aircraft. But we don't do it, even if those houses would uplift the face of America and bring it into the sunshine. We don't do it, because we can't. We have burnt our humanity. We have none left. We have no love. Thus we say nay to life and build for killing instead of living. Thus we say nay to having a bright future and embrace slavery and torture and genocide instead. Just imagine if we had enough humanity left to muster the love to build those million houses that are urgently needed. We would reap along the way a vast industry for building that would uplift all building processes, cultural and industrial, that would uplift architecture itself with new materials that afford new freedoms in design. We would also reap countless secondary industries in the wake of this single economic driver. Why then don't we do this, and instead make a hell hole out of our world that is reeking with such inhumanity that the devil would envy us for it if there was such a thing as a devil?"

Steve sat down again without exploring the subject further. Perhaps he felt that he said all what needed to be said.

The well dressed man on the panel protested. "That's totally impossible under the present economic reality," he said. "The debt service costs would be prohibitive."

The old man stood up again. He cane forward again, cane in hand. "Of course it is impossible under the present economic reality," he said and laughed, waving his cane about. "It's impossible because we are denying the nature our country, our history, and our heritage. Our republic was created as a society that extends itself the needed financial credits for its self-development. We are denying that. Our founding fathers set up a society that creates for itself whatever financial credits are needed to build itself a rich world. We are denying that heritage. America has been created as a credit society, not

as a beggar society that has to go crawling on its belly to the moneybags. We are denying our identity as we deny that. We gave away our currency to the private banking financiers by whom we became strangled for it. We are denying that too. This denial upon denial of our heritage, our identity, and what we have done with them is the one single factor that makes any form of humanist economic development prohibitive."

He raised his cane. "So it is a matter of love, isn't it? If we don't have enough love left for ourselves to give ourselves the financial credits to build a world fit for human beings to live in, like human beings, then we live in a default world that is becoming increasingly a living hell. And that's the naked truth that you high and holy people don't want to look at while you kill humanity with your cross of fire that no longer represents love, that needs to be healed with love. The reason that we live in the present hell is simple, because you people stand up and preach that love is impossible, and the politicians hail you for it and repeat your song that love is impossible. They even prove their devotion to your song by instigating torture, poverty, genocide, and terror as a way of life. When the heart thus becomes empty of love, fascism reigns and greed destroys mankind. That's the naked truth, which the cross is held high by you, to cover it up. But the cross should be a cross of love.

"I pray to God that one day it will be seen as a symbol of love," said the old man and put cane back on the ground and leaned on it. "We had started this healing a long time ago," he said. "Did you know that. We had pioneered economics based on love it in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that began to develop itself as a credit society. This society had developed enough love for itself to do this. Massachusetts became a highly developed society. Of course the imperials wrecked the credit system. However, we recreated it. We put it into the Constitution when the Constitution was created. We established ourselves once again as a credit society. Hamilton pioneered it, Lincoln built on it. Henry Carey promoted it across the world, and with it America became the envy of the world. But traitors quickly assassinated Hamilton and assassinated Lincoln to, and they destroyed what Carey stood for and had promoted. They destroyed it in Congress with the Specie Resumption Act in 1875 that officially ended the credit society principle and created a gold-based monetarist stranglehold. But the destruction didn't reach deep enough to satisfy the traitors who wanted to impose imperial monetarist rule over America. So they kept on fighting until America surrendered, until we gave up all rights to our national credit system and the surrendered the nation to the imperial monetarist world order. That happened on the 23rd of December in 1913, the day before Christmas, with the passing of the Federal Reserve Act. It should be called the Federal Destruction Act. It gave the nation's currency and credit as a Christmas present into the private hands of the imperial monetarist society, the private central banks. This surrendering of America was synonymous with America losing World War I. America lost the war against oligarchism and fascist monetarism for the whole world. The history books are wrong. World War I did not start in 1914. We started it in 1776 and

lost it in 1903. And the biggest salvo against us was probably the assassination of President William McKinley at the 1901 world's fair of scientific and technological innovations and cultural optimism. McKinley represented the stilling lingering idea of the credit system that had made the technological achievements possible. He was assassinated right in the middle of the fair. We recovered from all of the previous assassinations, but not from this one. We lost the war a dozen years later at Christmas in 1913. When the shooting rampage of utter madness begun in Europe that is mistakenly called World War I, the real world war had already been lost. The shooting rampage in Europe that started six month, almost to the day after mankind loosing the war in America by our surrender, was merely the aftershock of it. That was the beginning of mankind's railroading into hell that hasn't stopped. Yes, and it was all done under the cross that should a cross of love. We can alter that history. We can create an image for the cross that represents love by rebuilding what we have lost. This means that we go back to the day before the assassination of Hamilton when the train to hell started to roll. We can do this. We can go back to what we were, to our heritage and acknowledge our identity as a Federal Credit Society. We can do more than this. We can restore what has been lost and move it forward. Our humanity is still recoverable if we give ourselves half a chance and not hide the truth, but speak it."

The man sat down.

The girl said that she had nothing to add, and sat down also.

"I have something to add," I said out loud. With my hand raised I said that I had a question for the man of Jesus, the anti-Valentine man. "You are a great puzzle to me," I said to him. "I can understand the Man of the Old Cloth, but I cannot understand you. I understand the nature of old religion, which has not developed for three thousand years, which has remained small and imperial and therefore essentially fascist in nature. The old religion has not yet healed itself to become a bastion of the Principle of Universal Love. But you represent the new type of evangelical development. You claim to represent progress. You claim to bring to the table what we have missed for thousands of years. You claim to represent the very fundamental element of Christianity. This means you should be representing the Principle of Universal Love that Christ Jesus stood on. But you don't. Love is foreign to you. The Christ principle isn't even on the horizon for you. The new fundamentalism of Christianity that you represent has turned out to be smaller and dirtier. You have moved backwards. What you represent is worse than what one expects to find in the sewers. There is not a shred of humanity left in anything that you said. Could you please explain why I am puzzled. Am I missing something?"

The man stood up and smiled. "Please forgive me," he said, "and I mean all of you. I am a professional actor, but I have not been reading a script. I have been reading to you the future. I have come from a place more than a thousand miles away. You may call it Worldover. We are all over the world trying to wake people up and get them to look at where they are going. We launched a new type of church to expose the dangers of abused and runaway religion, to expose the twisted fundamentalism that covers up the

truth, a religion that comes to light as primitivism. I presented you a satire. A friend informed me that a rare, leading edge experiment would be debated at this hearing, something that religious fundamentalism has been created in modern times to counter and prevent. For many ages religion has been used as a tool to destroy advancing perceptions. The process is an ancient trick. It was first developed by the Venetian Empire to destroy the Golden Renaissance in Europe. The first speaker proved me right that this ancient trick has been developed into a fine art. As a professional actor of literary tragedy I have become deeply involved also in the art of portraying trends that people see and hear about, but don't want to see, because it is easier to stick with the old conventions. Shakespeare's Hamlet was such a man. He knew the task that he had to fulfill to uphold justice and protect his nation from an invading force. But he didn't lift a finger. The religious fundamentalism that I projected was Hamlet. I gave you Hamlet the fool. Everything that I said is to some degree already in public thought. Shakespeare's Hamlet is a great literary tragedy, because the tragic figure isn't Hamlet as it appears at first glance, who dies in the end as the result of his folly. No, the tragic figure was society that had not enough love for itself to protect itself from the folly that led to its ultimate destruction as no one had countered the invaders. So I have collected the pieces of our modern religious folly into a form of satire to tell you what the future holds if we follow that path that has already been established and has become a universal highway to hell. The mentality that I portrayed has been implanted into the minds of society by evil elements operating in secret, imperial elements, fascist element, elements of greed, power, but devoid of love. Of course the new religious fundamentalism is not intended to be progressively unfolding. It is a political project designed to make everything that is human appear small, and cheap, and primitive, so that our society can be reduced to a bunch of cattle or slaves that are motivated by primitive rules and brute force and with no human elements left in the equation. This is the role that the new fundamentalisms have been designed to fulfill, be they called Islamic fundamentalism, Jewish fundamentalism, Christian fundamentalism, Buddhist fundamentalism, or whatever. They are formed as a movement to destroy the foundation of civilization, to create a world without love, without humanity, an empty fascist world of greed. I wanted you to see what this world looks like that is the future that everybody is trying to cover up until it becomes irreversible. This future began with the Ark of Crisis policy by which Islamic fundamentalism was created to become a battering ram against the Soviet Union. Afghanistan was destroyed in the process. American institutions with noble sounding names have dragged unsuspecting people, mostly young people, into this politically motivated Islamic fundamentalism. Many of them were but kids that didn't have the foggiest idea what Islam really represents, nor do they know now. But they all fell into line with the script that was given them, and the Soviet Union was defeated thereby. At least in Afghanistan it was defeated. With this rebirth of religious insanity on a scale with historic dimensions, a new page was opened that is destined to become bloodied with religious wars for a hundred years to come. These are all empire wars, perpetual wars, wars that one cannot win. They are not designed to won.

They can only be defused.

"The beach people proposed that people should have a chance to see themselves as human beings. Since this proposal would likely be rejected out of hand I had no choice but to come here and show you what religion has been set up to become. The anti-Valentine project is real. It is not my project. It is an organized religious project under the banner of cultural freedom. Love has been banned in our world and turned into games. The focus is no longer placed on our humanity, but on the trivial, on narrow concerns. Sadly, no one objected to what I have said, except one person. This hall should have been exploding with outrage. Everyone here should have been standing up against me, like the courageous Jewish girl did. But you all remained silent, just as everybody in the whole world remains silent. That's a tragedy, friends. Since the world remains silent, this type of project will be carried forward. And why shouldn't it be carried forward when nobody will dare to stand in the way? The projected outcome for the future is that there will be no universal love, and no love at all, only a duty-bound adoration of Jesus in a religion that thereby becomes irrelevant. In this game of banning the love for one another as human beings, and this carried out openly in the name of countless excuses, the bombing of an enemy, the adoring an idol, or whatever, causes us to lose the most precious thing we have, our humanity. And that is, what this is all about. Once the process has been established the name of the idol can be replaced by the rulers of society at will, at their choosing. Indeed, they have a long list already prepared, with enemies to match their profile as required for the chosen purpose.

"About the Middle East, what I said is true. What I said has been proposed in essence many times already, by countless people and for numerous reasons, to simply nuke them all. And by all accounts this kind of rage exists on all sides of the divisions that have been built up to keep the wars smoldering. Empire means perpetual war. In the grinding down of our humanity many opportunities develop for carrying out the intent that aid the advance of empires. To some degree the largely politically induced racial and religious rage that we now see is already being exploited as a powerful force that demands acts of terror. And strangely, even in this very hall not one person has criticized me when I spoke about, nuking them! Why didn't anybody protest? Obviously, what I said was not foreign to anybody's world. Therefore, believe me the nukes will follow in due course when society continues to behave in its small-minded closed-off mentality. You may not be aware of this, but mini-nukes are already on the terrorist scene and have been tested. They are no longer just an element of the future. They are already here. The last one that was used in a terrorist attack, killed 200 people, and believe me, the neutron bomb is not far away. The neutron bomb is but a mini nuke that has its pit surrounded with deuterium fluoride. God only knows how many of those already exist and in whose hands.

"So, who is playing the religious fundamentalist game in this case, by not fighting for a human world with a human environment in which we look at one another as human beings just as the beach people propose? Why isn't

anybody talking about the royalty of mankind as Christ Jesus once did two thousand years ago, in terms of an invariable truth. Why isn't this truth raised as the only platform we have for stopping this religious and racial rage of insanity? We cannot win when we replace the platform of our humanity and its principles with the platform of force.

It is sad that only one person in this hall recognized that I left the key element of civilization out of my religious diatribe. Only one person spoke up, pointing out to me that I had been trashing the Christ by glorifying the messenger without saying one word about the Christ itself. I kept my mouth shut about the spiritual idea of the divinity of mankind that the messenger represented. Of course, had I spoken the truth the very idea of nuking anybody would then become unthinkable. And that is why the truth about the royalty of the human being is kept carefully hidden, but needs to be spoken.

"I hoped that you might also have been disgusted with me about this insane notion of selling our children to the church, or for that matter to any institution or ideology. Unfortunately, this is precisely what we are doing in real life all over the world. We have become disciples of Adam Smith, and we do indeed sell our children rather cheaply I might add, for just a few pennies in financial profit. We have created a world in the name of greed in which our children have no hope. We have scrapped our industries for this modern religion of greed, and we are destroying our education system, our health-care system, our transportation infrastructures, our water infrastructures, our family farms, our energy supply systems, and soon when the whole thing goes pop, well have nothing left. This is the future we have prepared for our children and continue to prepare, a future without hope. That's the face of our collective 'religious' fundamentalism by which we have become reduced to creatures of greed. I was going to tell you earlier in my metaphorical church story that we encourage the parents to just drop off their children at a booth behind the front gate, sign the papers right there, and receive their payment. I would have told you that the children would then be trained as missionaries to sell Bibles in foreign lands, or as the Dalites in India are used, to become engaged in the honorable trade of toilette cleaning.

"That's not a joke, friends. What hope does the new generation have in a world that is disintegrating, that is without industries, jobs, and homes, or without parents in the home so that the children can be cared-for? Why is nobody demanding that we fulfill our children's needs and create a world in which they and their posterity can live and prosper? I have heard it said that we are facing the next Ice Age in a hundred years in which agriculture will be devastated unless we begin now to create the infrastructures for indoor agriculture. But what do I see as a response? I see nothing. Who gives a hoot about our children? Nobody does. I created this story of satire as a mirror so that you can see yourself, and the cold religious fundamentalism that you all embrace to some degree."

Since nobody responded to the challenge put forth by the anti-Valen-

tine man, the Man of The Cloth dutifully continued with his by now familiar song, which had nothing to add of any relevance. It was so obvious that he was not allowed to accept defeat or allow the beach project to be passed, that I suddenly realized that any further effort on my part to continue with my self-defense against him might become an act of indirect murder. It might not be murder physically, but it would be murder none the less. I might inflict wounds on him from which he may never recover. I recognized it to be one of the profound principles of civilization that one does never attack an already defeated enemy, like Japan had been attacked with our nuclear bombs when it had already been defeated and had offered its surrender through the Vatican. Japan had been blockaded, surrounded, and firebombed into a pile of rubble. No principle of humanity or strategic need supported the further destruction of an already defeated enemy. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were not destroyed in the flow of war, but for political ends to lower the threshold of inhumanity further, to unleash terror for building a postwar world-empire. There was no doubt in my mind at this point that the Man of The Cloth was a defeated man, just like Japan had been defeated. The people's comments had made this plain. The war needed to be stopped.

Perhaps it was his robe of Old Cloth from an ancient vintage that had caused him to play the role of an enemy, and kept on playing it. I saw him as someone in need of help. There was no point in fighting him further.

The only valid option that I felt I had left, was to open the door to advanced scientific perceptions, to perceptions based on the construct of Helen's lateral lattice that contains the whole of humanity bound to each other with strands of love, which unfold from each one's love for our humanity that we all share. This love is invariably reflected in all mankind and encircles us all. On Helen's higher platform no enemy figure ever existed or is possible. No Adam Smiths stand in between mankind and divides and isolates it from each other and its universal humanity. Helen's platform is an image of truth, of a humanity at peace, unfolding from the universal kiss and the joy of universal economic development. On this platform people invariably uplift one-another with the power unfolding from scientific dialog in a process of redemption that makes one human in the truest sense. Anything else had appeared to Helen like a fairy tale that was doomed to become dust and blow away with the wind. Did the man of the Old Cloth know about Helen's scientific process of redemption? Did he know that he could step out of his shoes and find his place in Helen's lateral lattice of our all-embracing universal humanity?

No matter how low a person may fall in the insanity of empty pursuits, a person is nevertheless a human being with the potential for good that a single spark of our humanity can re-light and turn into a fire. This redemption seems to happen when one's thinking ceases to be so pitifully small-minded as his has become. Wasn't this precisely the way in which the heavens had judged Faustus in the end in Goethe's poetic masterpiece? Goethe understood how pitifully small-minded people could become, while they remain to be human beings nevertheless.

I am certain that I understood more clearly that day that a cultural renaissance paradigm can never be imposed on a person, nation, or society. It can only be inspired to unfold out of one's own embrace of the truth to the highest degree that our science enables this embrace to happen, based on the most profound breakthroughs that we can find in mankind's history of scientific development. With this thought in mind I mentally bowed before the man. I bowed to him as a human being. The human element of him, however hidden, was true. It was honorable, and therefore needed to be honored. On this basis I was able to honor the Man of The Cloth by making no demands on him that he evidently could not fulfill.

I realized also that this was the very platform that Christianity's Master had always operated from. He had opened the doors to the heavens, but he never forced anyone to step through the open door. He only said to humanity: This is the truth, and the truth shall make you free. He opened the scene to dialog, which is always a two-way street. He said, I have laid before you a fire. You can use it that it may become a light in the world, or you can let it diminish to near extinction, whereby you will collapse yourself into hate, bigotry, hypocrisy, bestiality, conceit, even self-destruction and self-murder. Isn't that what he had said in essence, so long ago?

One can tend this fire, develop it, develop its science, develop its resources, enrich the world with it, celebrating our all-embracing humanity until one discovers oneself and all mankind as the supreme manifest of life in the universe, even the very image of God, whatever that implies. As Christ Jesus gave himself the dual title of the son of man, and the Son of God, he ennobled the human name above anything that we have yet been able to identify ourselves with. He became the champion of the universal kiss, and of the universal marriage of humanity with itself.

I remembered someone telling me of ancient Hebrew expression that defines a calendar month as "the son of a year." I reasoned that this is the manner in which we should see ourselves; as 'sons' of a universal humanity; not on a path to injure; but on a path to fulfill the whole and to enrich it. It is this power within us, the power to enrich and fulfill, that makes us human.

With this thought in mind I was able to stand up in the assembly hall and leave the horrid scene of battle in which a man was struggling to destroy his dignity. What happened at the hearing had appeared more and more like a dream narrative that has nothing to do with the reality of our being as people of a common humanity. I suddenly noticed that I wasn't alone in standing up. Other people were quietly leaving. Ushi stood up with me, to follow them.

"Let's go," Ushi urged everyone, "we are not needed here. The people have won themselves a victory tonight."

Steve agreed. "No sermon has been grander than this praise for truth that these common folks have shared with each other."

"At least some of them have," Ross agreed and stood up also. "Theirs was a sermon of science!"

We sneaked out of the hall with the others while the Man of The Cloth droned on. He couldn't see us leaving since he wasn't talking to the assembly any longer. He had turned his back to the people and was addressing himself to the representatives of the regional councils on the panel.

Ushi stopped us. "It isn't right to just walk away," she said. "I'll go to the man and tell him that the war has ended, that we are withdrawing our application."

Steve held her back. "I'll go," said Steve. "It wouldn't be fair to him for you to do this."

Ushi nodded.

"What do you mean with that?" I asked. "Why wouldn't it be fair for Ushi to tell him that we withdraw the application?"

"It would tear the man apart," said Steve. "At some point down the road he would recognize that we didn't really surrender with our withdrawal, but that we acknowledged our victory instead. We have acknowledged that he has no power over us, like Prometheus did when he laughed at the gods of Olympus and told them that they had no legitimate claim to call themselves gods. As soon as the Man of The Cloth begins to see us that way, he will realize that he was defeated. That will be hard on him. But what will really tear him apart is the pain that he will feel when the idea enters his mind that he was defeated by a woman. Women don't count for anything in his hierarchical world."

"We'll have to spare him this pain," said Ushi and grinned. "The pain will be real until he realizes that he wasn't defeated by a woman at all, but by a principle, and that he was defeated by this principle before he ever set foot in the hall. But before this happens we'll have to extend our hand to him and invite him to join the Royal Dance. Since he doesn't know what this dance is, we'll have to teach him a few basic steps by example."

"I'll go," said Steve. "We owe it to the man. We owe him a gift of peace, even if we can't give him the victory. Victory is unimportant anyway. Indeed, the whole beach project is unimportant. The principle alone is important. The principle will assure that what needs to happen will happen when the principle is upheld. The Ice Age Renaissance is what needs to happen in the near future. Everything else is secondary. And it is assured to happen by its principle once we stop playing our little wars and cease to tie each other into knots."

Steve left us with those words to ponder. He went to man and tapped him on the shoulder. "The war has ended," he said in a loud voice. "We have taken counsel together and decided to withdraw our application. The subject is closed." He reached his hand out to the man for a handshake and thanked

him for coming. He bowed to him as to an honored person and shook his hand. Then he proceeded to each person on the panel and did the same. He thanked each one for coming. That, thank you, was evidently honestly spoken. His gesture was that of an apology.

As I witnessed his gesture, I realized that an apology was indeed in order. I realized that the approval we sought was no longer required or ever had been required. We had summoned the people under the pretence of a delusion. We had failed to realize that no approval had been needed from anyone, for anyone to dance the Royal Dance.

I realized that the idea of the nudist beach project was still valid, but for the moment it had been superseded. It seemed more important now to focus on the next step ahead. This didn't mean that the footsteps of the past had been unimportant. We all agreed that these footsteps had been vitally important. That's when I also suggested that I saw no reason why we shouldn't use our beach privately in the way we had intended, and in this flow still keep it open to anyone who valued what the project was designed to stand for and still stood for as a kind of home base for the Royal Dance.

Against this background I suggested that nothing had really changed by our withdrawing the application for a permission that wasn't needed.

"Did Prometheus ask the gods of Olympus for permission to love mankind and bestow upon his beloved the technology of fire?" said Ushi. "He didn't ask for permission, and neither should we. "Love needs no permission. The beach may now be off limits to the public, officially, but the idea of nurturing the fire and passion, and the honesty with ourselves in loving our humanity that is native in each person, still stands. The idea behind the project has not been invalidated. The only thing that has happened is that the public had blocked itself the right to experience the power of the idea. But this doesn't mean that the people can't regain this right individually in their own sight and act accordingly by coming for a visit. Can anyone stop the Royal Dance from happening?" said Ushi.

Steve and the others thought that Ushi's concept was totally valid. Sylvia suggested that our decision to withdraw the application was a progressive decision. Even Tony agreed that there was something down to earth good about it, and about the way it developed, and he suggested further that we should celebrate our little victory over our previous silliness.

So it was that before Steve and Ushi returned to their home behind the Iron Curtain, that we took advantage of the still warm weather and declared our private beach project officially launched. We even celebrated the grand opening of it with a complete formal ceremony that Fred became invited to attend.

I had suggested that Fred should be invited to participate in such a victory ceremony since he had been a silent patron of the project from the

beginning. In hindsight, inviting Fred turned out to be a great idea.

The next morning I called Fred up in Washington. I explained the situation with the invitation attached for him to come 'up' for a day and participate.

When Fred arrived he played being puzzled. He pretended that he didn't understand what 'up' meant, since we were located in the South from where he was.

"Up, means that we are living on the top of the world," I said to him.

"Oh do you now?" he answered. "If that is so, then explain to me why you have walked away from your dream of the nudist beach project as you had envisioned it?" He spoke with a smile and then grinned. "You allowed yourself to be defeated by a single person's twisted religiosity. I had expected more of a fight from you. How could you give up so readily, virtually without a fight at all?"

"What was there to fight over?" I asked. "Who needs to fight when one has already won? We don't fight to injure an opponent. We fight to win the peace. We have achieved that. Everyone knows where we are located and what we stand for. What is there to hinder each one of them from coming privately and enjoy our beach with us, and to do it in the nude if they wish? We have opened the door. Do the people need to be authorized by anyone to accept our invitation? We even brought them face to face with the religiosity that would prevent them from accepting our offer. Mostly, they have dealt with that question themselves. So, what's there to fight for? We won! The real fight lies in defeating the Byzantine concept of Christianity, the vertical, hierarchical concept in which God and man are infinitely separated, and where man is separated from man, and God is cast in the role of an overlord that authorizes and condemns. Humanity must grow out of this concept by dancing the Royal Dance. Did you hear about what happened earlier in the dessert?"

"That's when Ushi and you turned the world upside down," said Fred and laughed. "One hears a lot on the grapevine."

"What happened there was nothing less than a profound self-acknowledgement of one as a human being. That's the kind of battle that everyone has to fight individually. No one can fight this battle for another. The same happened at the hearing. So, I haven't walked away from my dream, have I? I have opened the door for everyone to embrace it. Isn't that what leadership is?"

Fred seemed quite happy enough with my answer.

I had invited Fred because he was so much a part of our team now, even though he was the boss of it. In honoring his capacity as the boss I extended to him the invitation to cut the ribbon at our little ceremony and to make the opening speech, which he did. Indeed, I was glad he had come. He had so much fun with it that he himself, the boss, poured the champagne

afterwards for everybody.

Fred made a fine speech. "I have asked Pete why he gave up so easily during the hearing," Fred opened his speech. "But Pete assured me that he hadn't given up. He had assured me that we had won the battle. Pete told me that everyone in the community now knows that they have the option to become a part of a leading edge team of thinkers where honesty with oneself is a key focal point, and if they wish, to dance the Royal Dance."

Fred pointed out in his speech that honesty with oneself isn't something that another person, institution, or agency can authorize for one, or forbid. When one stands at the leading edge, the authority for one's action comes from oneself. Self-authorization is the keyword. It is really the key to the whole issue of recognizing ourselves as human beings, as a people clothed with the sun. Fred suggested that this, all by itself, is a new frontier and has become our frontier. This new issue defines the beach project in a way that nothing else can.

"Isn't that what Jason had told us right in the beginning?" said Tony and explained to Fred the story behind it.

Fred agreed with what Jason had told us, that we had initially precluded the possibility for society to become self-authorized to the extent that it would join us in powering the project and driving the project forward, since we had thought we had to power the project ourselves by financing the whole thing out of our own pocket without anybody's help. "We had literally assumed the we were the only human beings in the world and that we had to drag the rest of society along by raising it up as if we were educating little children. How arrogant we were. Now, this hurdle has been crossed, hasn't it?" he added. "Of course, what your friend Jason didn't know, or could have known, since you didn't know this yourself, that you had massive help with your project from me and from the entire nation. Without that help nothing at all would have happened. Whenever we fail to help each other as a people for our common good, society becomes small and imperial and disintegrates into poverty and fascism. So let's recognize that the process that needs to be happening is already happening, in a small way perhaps, but is happening. We know that the principle is functioning, since the entire world has already benefited from the unfolding project. If it wasn't for this project bringing the leading edge people together, the cruise missile might not have been stopped that has been stopped because everybody stood at the leading edge and acted like a self-authorized general would act."

Fred pointed out that the evidence is plain. "Any human being can recognize the existence of universal principles when one becomes honest with oneself about the truth. To some people this comes naturally. Other people struggle with it. We had ample evidence at the hearing. I read the transcript. Also, there are some people who are not allowed to open their mind and discover the world around them. The church forbids this self-authorization, this freedom to discover. It forbids the very notion of it. Religion is doctrinal, not

scientific. Greed is worse. Both close the door to the mind's searching for principles and the process of discovering and understanding the truth, including the discovering of our humanity. The church authorizes only its own view. Greed authorizes nothing by stealing. The church overlays reality with the facade of its doctrine of human poverty and denial. Greed in turn says that humanity is naked unless it is clothed with profit, stolen profit, rather than the riches of creativity. Fortunately I had been able to help Peter in a meaningful way. In my world there was still enough light left to do this. Naturally, in the distorted creation mythology of old religion, the biblical Adam dream of the so-called first man, agrees perfectly with the mythology of greed that requires society to see itself as empty, impotent, and cowering in shame for its emptiness. The Adam story begins with, yes, I am naked." Fred looked around. "Fortunately for us, that mythology is a lie. No one is naked. We are clothed with the sun. That's our native state."

Here Fred began to laugh. "Nothing has changed in the world, has it?" he said. "Guess who Adam Smith was logically modeled after as the self-proclaimed so-called first man of modern economics? The biblical Adam, of course, except Smith out-Adamed the biblical satire and then pretended the satire as it were real. Didn't Adam Smith say that the naked fact is that mankind is inherently evil? He advised mankind, don't try to hide that emptiness, that nakedness, that greed! Accept it and make the best of it, be greedy! Steal to your heart's content. Be immoral, rotten, scheming, even violent if you must be. Your vice is society's gain. Except Adam Smith dealt with a different kind of nakedness. He didn't rip people's hypocrisy off. He ripped their humanity off. He ripped their soul out.

"If the biblical Adam had blushed at the very thought of nakedness, as he evidently did, he surely would have blushed at Adam Smith's interpretation of it, who took the image of man far deeper into the sewer of slander than the worst religiosity had taken it in its creation mythology that defines the image of God as dust, unredeemable, and basically rotten."

Fred pointed out that the other creation story in the Bible, the spiritual creation story of the Christian religion, is a story of intelligent spiritual development. It defines humanity as the image of God and as complete in all aspects, even sexually complete as male and female reflected in one humanity. "The same completeness is reflected in our intellect," said Fred, "and in all of our other spiritual qualities. What else would one expect the image of God to be like, if not complete and all-inclusive? Therefore, who would presume to tell the image of God how it must think, what it must feel, how it must act, and what it must regard as the truth? No one is qualified to stand above another. All that we are qualified to justly do, is open our eyes and see the truth for ourselves, and thereby discover the truth of our humanity. And what do we see? We see that we are not naked by any means. We see that we are embellished with all the stars in heaven and clothed with the sun as Ushi told the people in the desert. And that's the native truth with which we are born. Our spiritual life-journey in this material world exists in discovering the riches that we have in our humanity, with which to enrich the Earth. And

this we do by taking hold of our humanity, its strength, its beauty, its intellect, for building and uplifting our civilization with it."

Fred suggested that it is illogical that we should cover up our humanity and have other people authorize what we may see as the truth about it. But that's what we all so often do. He said that as a society we create universities for ourselves that hand out diplomas to students for having acquired "authorized" knowledge, and we call the process "education." We should call it "indoctrination." He said that we need the universities of course, but these should be designed to share the science of the discoveries of fundamental principles, and to encourage the budding mind to learn the principle of discovery itself by replicating in the individual mind the processes underlying all of the great discoveries of humanity throughout history. "We must never teach doctrines, as Adam Smith did and still does, though he is dead. We simply can't authorize what is truth. We can only form a hypothesis, and prove the hypothesis, and live by the discovered principles until a higher hypothesis takes us a step further with higher proves of advanced principles. We must always encourage the self-authorization of scientific thinking, of discovering, of verifying, of sharing those discoveries, or else we shut civilization down by making it lifeless. The principle of the Federal Credit Society that defines America was no one's doctrine. It was an advanced hypothesis, discovered by a pioneering spirit, applied intelligently, and has proven its worth so powerfully that a whole nation was subsequently founded on it. Thereby civilization was advanced. Sure, the imperial powers of private monetarism coerced some traitors in our midst to capitulate, which we did at Christmas in 1913. The old man at the hearing suggested that we lost World War I in 1913 when we surrendered to private monetarism and became an imperial society. He should have also suggested that we can reopen World War I and restart the battle and win. It's all possible if we care to do it. The principle that was discovered, that was proven, and that our nation was founded on as a Federal Credit Society reflecting the Principle of Universal Love, is still valid. We can say good bye to private imperial monetarism, repeal the Federal Reserve Act, and embrace one-another once again in acknowledging our original identity."

With these last words Fred suggested that the beach project has been officially opened and has been placed on the right footing at last, both as an acknowledgment of the unity of humanity, and of the essential mental platform of self-authorized thinking and discovery. "Anyone who is self-authorized is free to come to this beach and share it with us," said Fred. "And whoever will take this step will be delighted, because we have discovered through this focus the principle of unity enriched with individuality, a unity of principle, a unity reflecting the Principle of Universal Love."

Here Fred hesitated. "Now what Peter has done with the help of many people is profound," said Fred in a quieter tone. "Peter has turned the whole world upside down in his relentless pursuit of the Principle of Universal Love and has thereby put the world back to its native state. If that isn't profound, what is? That is what this beach signifies. It started with an idea based on a

principle and it became something profound that superseded the original idea. Truth tends to do this to us. It tends to be greater than what we expect it to be."

Fred concluded by saying that with this platform established, we have a chance at last to create peace in the world, and prosperity, and security. "Let's call our project an infrastructure for peace," he said.

At the end of his speech Fred made an announcement, saying that he had a request to fulfill.

Fred told everybody that I had suggested that our beach should be given an official name, and that it should be called the "Royal Beach." He said that in this context the usage of the term 'royal' refers to an infinitely higher concept than the sham image that the term royal has come to represent over the centuries. "As Ushi tells her story," he said, "the new concept of the royalty of man has elevated even the royalty of kings and princes and princesses to the point that they recognize themselves as human beings and are proud of it. But I would like to take this idea of royalty one step further that raises the concept itself to a higher level, the highest level that I can think of. Let's call our beach project the 'Sun Beach' project, acknowledging mankind universally as a being clothed with the sun."

At this point Fred broke out the champagne and suggested that all of our lives should be as sparkling as that.

Once the ceremony was completed, we all went swimming. Fred stayed with us for supper and for the rest of the night.

So it was that what started as a failed hearing became a milestone for the project's further development, which not one of us had expected to unfold in the manner it did.

## 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](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%202005/NoGlobalWarm.pdf> - and Winter 2003/4 p.52 - see: [http://www.21stcenturysciencetech.com/Articles%202004/Winter2003-4/global\\_warming.pdf](http://www.21stcenturysciencetech.com/Articles%202004/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 loose 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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