

Anti-World War I

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

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well-researched facts. And all for free,
such a bargain. I just don't 'get' your
vision of a supernaturally-run future
Earth, sorry. I don't hope you will
consider mine ("look, Ma, no supernatural
hands"), but hey, you believe in miracles,
right?_

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Preface. The Great War to End War

When I had made good progress on this history I confided to a few friends what I was doing. They differed in age and interests, but all asked in virtually the same words: "What's your thesis?"

I was taken aback. I had not started with a thesis consciously in mind. I was, as I always had been, intensely interested in the subject, having devoted to its study some twenty years of my life, not counting my modest participation in it. I could not doubt that I knew more about it than most, and I hoped that a fair number of survivors would welcome a condensed account in what I trusted would be readable form, and that younger people especially would enjoy knowing what we survivors thought we did it for; they tend to take it all for granted now that the rightness has been proved by success.

But a thesis? I thought for a long time that I had none. But now I know different. The thesis is that Homo sapiens is ultimately good, can overcome all with love; that love is what Homo sapiens stands for.

This thesis would have seemed ludicrous to my grandparents, born in the great American baby boom after World War II, coming into this world full of hope only to be told of a century of hate and its horrors; yet, despite their parents claiming to be on the good side, they came to distrust them, and all authority, and even to plunge into nihilism, after they were crassly expected to continue with some of the old hatreds and fight their wars for them. They even toyed with the idea that love is the answer, before being swept up in selfishness, greed, and materialism. That generation is now all departed from this world after a miserable old age in an America that hit rock bottom while they were helpless to do anything, even as they suddenly saw the light and resolved to do something with their wasted lives...

Back in the late 2030s, America has emerged from nearly 300 years of self-analysis to a universal realization of its true purpose in history. It was inevitable... The Civil

War of the 1860s. The 20th-century involvement in World War I, the war to end all wars. Then World War II, and the Marshall Plan. Then Korea. President Kennedy's Peace Corps. Vietnam. The noble effort to reach the Moon. President Johnson's Great Society and War on Poverty. President Reagan's invasion of Grenada. President Bush's invasion of Panama. President Clinton's sending of troops to Ethiopia, Bosnia, Kosovo. President Largent's Global Love Corps.

The 2030s saw the rise of our beloved prophet, Bafro Gollette, wanting to be known only by the symbol T (the Christian Cross), and the name Prophet T, or as popular usage directed, Prophett. His speeches mesmerized millions, myself included.

He had little opposition even from the first, and it was guilt-ridden and half-hearted. Prophett just expressed what we all already believed, and gave words to our growing common inner vision. It made all the more sense because, literally, every other option had already been tried and proved wanting.

It was hard to be an American then. Prophett made it easy, gave us the path to redemption, got us up off our big comfy couches and into the world where we were most needed. The rest was already inside us, waiting to come out.

It was not the first, but the second Afro-American U.S. President, Colin Powell Alexander, who, working with a bipartisan coalition in Congress, on December 16, 2040, formally declared War on War Itself, launching Anti-World War I, the war to end all causes of war on Earth. America was, as it had always been, the backbone of this anti-war effort, with various other countries offering staunch to mild support, an example of the latter being Britain, of the former, France. Germany passed on this anti-war completely. The decision not to take them on is still haunting us; only the 22nd century will tell.

In an era of great plenty, technological advancement, ease, comfort, recreation, and material happiness in America and many 'advanced' countries, the sad fact of poverty, hunger,

near-starvation, predatory governments still defaced the new Millennium. It was this that America declared war on, not a specific country, ideology, race, creed, dictator.

America, by popular acclaim, voluntarily went on a full military economy, with rationing, a military draft, and conversion of civilian to military production. For reasons of American thriftiness, the very world military was reversed in its meaning now, being really an abbreviation for anti-military.

The new U.S. military declared war on war. Dressed in military garb, yes, with military hardware to support them as necessary, including all the space, air, ground, and sea units America had. But the goal was not to destroy, to kill, to waste, to poison. It was to help, to comfort, to work, to build, to love. To sacrifice. And yes, to die. Sometimes under a throng of cheering inhabitants, sometimes under a hail of gunfire, America was leveling shantytowns, draining swamps, building dams, irrigating deserts, creating farmlands -- complete with the genetically-engineered crops that would best serve them. Giving away massive amounts of genes and electronics, including universal free electronic access to good genes, education and publishing. At the same time, disarming and demilitarizing the world.

Attacking and defeating unjust governments, old-style dictators, ruling parties and cliques as necessary, the brave peace soldiers threw themselves into the line of fire to save the ecology, end starvation and ignorance and mistrust, provide universal access to knowledge and education, establish a free democratic popularly-elected government, and hand it over to the people, along with the keys.

They threw themselves into the mix, often settling down and intermarrying, and offering asylum to all who wanted to emigrate to America. Worldwide networks to feed, clothe, and bring cheer to every single person on Earth were set-up, and Americans braved any hazard to bring food, warmth, clothing, and love to every last little child everywhere, even in the most poverty-stricken areas on Earth. Americans would die rather than suffer a single child to suffer.

America was no longer limited to a geographic border in the Northern Hemisphere. It had exploded worldwide like a tremendous seed-bomb with a devil-may-care attitude.

Race was no longer considered to exist. That was it. The factor that triggered the floodgate, that released America's potential. Race wasn't worth a single suffering hungry child's life anymore.

It was the right thing to do, to go join the American army going "over there". There was no generation gap this time, no government-versus-civilian mentality, no distrust of authority. Americans across the line threw themselves into it with a frenzy of apocalyptic intensity, everybody working to find their maximum potential in helping others less fortunate than themselves.

There were no fence-sitters in this war, no protesters, no slackers, no draft evaders, no conscientious objectors, no exemptions for college students, no way out by joining the National Guard. Americans rich and poor put themselves on the lines from Guatemala to Angola, China to India, South Africa to Iraq. Themselves living on military rations, and long, grueling hours, the fielders -- as the Americans of all races and both sex were called -- were supported by the homers -- those remaining back home -- with the total wealth and treasure of 300 years of American enterprise ready to be used as required without reserve.

There were no rich and poor in this war. The rich gave of their substance gladly and joined the middle class permanently. This was right. This was good. The Kennedys did it. The Rockefellers did it. The Softers (Microsoft nouveau riche) did it. Nobody wanted to be above anybody else anymore. The whole world would be one, finally. Everybody would finally feel all right. America would let its floodgates of wealth material, psychic, and genetic, go forth and pour out upon the Earth.

In short, America fought to raise the entire world to a middle-class lifestyle, with a democratically-elected free government of the people -- whether the governments in place

at the time wanted it or not. If they resisted, they were fought militarily until eradicated, the leaders killed, bought off, or chased into exile. Words like communism, capitalism, racism, were now obsolete -- of the 'old millennium'. The world was going to be globally managed for the people, by the people, with liberty and justice for all, by a one-world government (OWG), America again leading the way, offering to voluntarily dissolve itself into the new OWG on its inauguration day.

Nothing could withstand this great new worldwide flood. The Earth was covered with American love. The old image of the ugly American or the quiet American was replaced with the saintly American. All Americans were out there in some way in Anti-World War I. On January 18, 2053, the President officially signed the War's End Proclamation amidst worldwide celebrations that had already started and were considered part of the New Year's Day Festivities. The Party went on for six years after that. A new world holiday was born: Pax Terra Day. It was no coincidence that Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday came on the very next day. It was after all, his dream come true.

That was America's purpose in history: to sacrifice itself to the world, after bequeathing its wealth and wisdom and system of government and lifestyle, even its genes; to Americanize the world, then vanish into it, as the whole became greater than the sum of the parts.

By the time the goal of Anti-World War I was achieved, a little over one billion people had died, but the 15 billion people left all enjoyed peace, prosperity, population stability, a one-world government, and a tolerance for all minority religions, creeds, beliefs, lifestyles, and sexualities. Race, skin color, and national origin were truly irrelevant now. The 22nd century will make the 21st look like a new beginning as we and our children enjoy the fruits of the Pax Terra.

This history is dedicated to the lucky people of the 22nd century, and to the success of her new unified one-world government.

The Author

Denver, Colorado, America, OWG

January 18, 2099

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Book One - 2030-2039

Chapter 1. Vultures in the Skies

It is the year 2030, and America is at the height of peace and prosperity, the Islamic-Jewish dispute being finally amicably settled, and China converting to a democratic, capitalistic economy daily.

A hundred-odd years earlier, on June 28, 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian and Hungarian thrones, was, for him, in a happy mood when he came to Sarajevo on this Sunday morning. As he and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, drove to the town hall along the Appel Quay beside the river Miliaca, a bomb was thrown at the car, which wounded several people but left the royal couple unscathed.

Fearless, they set out from the town hall to visit the wounded aide-de-camp of the governor of Bosnia, General Potiorek. As fate would have it, they were shot by the fanatical consumptive Gavrilo Prinzip with a Browning pistol on Francis-Joseph Street, leading off the same Appel Quay, after they slowed down to turn around because the driver had made a mistake.

Rumors that he had been a Serbian puppet led to the Great War, World War I, and the loss of 15 million lives. It was, in retrospect, a ruse by the real powers, Germany and Russia, to go at each other's throats, while dragging France, Britain, and ultimately, America, into the fight: the war continued long after Serbia itself had been defeated.

Furthermore, the great lock the so-called white race of Europe had on the world was greatly loosened; and the colonialism of Britain, which they had infected France and Germany with, was rocked. The other peoples around the world for the first time lost their angelic view of Europeans, some having been sent into the fighting and seeing these self-proclaimed gods and angels tearing each other apart like the lowest insects.

Twenty years later World War II rocked Europe again, leaving Europe permanently weakened, its colonial system in total disarray, and finalizing the long-time rise of the United States and Soviet Union dual superpowers over what was left. The move-countermove action during the years of the chess game of the Cold War led America into many lamentable mistakes, such as the propping-up of cruel, repressive, colonialist, even fascist regimes, simply for being anti-Soviet or anti-Chinese communist: the Vietnam debacle was a poignant monument to American ignorance, the Afghanistan debacle to Soviet. Both sides knew that the days when they were the only players, and everybody else pawns, were numbered, which made them all the more frantic to force a win: thus the world tottered on the brink of annihilation, with too much power in too few hands -- the Cuban Missile Crisis of the early 1960s was the worst moment.

Meanwhile, both sides moved from their hard-line ideological positions on economics and politics towards the center, with America finding the happy medium first. The rise of the information economy, and the subsequent demise of the old production-line Capitalist manufacturing economy, was the quantum leap that decided the chess match in America's favor, particularly as the communists were hopelessly outdistanced, not just because of poorer R&D, but because the leaders were terrified of putting computing and information power in the hands of their own people. But neither the computer, the Net, nor even MTV (Music TV cable-satellite channel for rock music) could be kept out of the hands of young Soviets, who saw the grass as greener on the other side by the millions.

By the end of the 20th century, the Soviet Union had collapsed as its economic-political system was proven inferior to that of America's, and the Islamic nations, long held under the Soviet Union's giant military shadow, began their rise, bringing a new fanatical religious element to it all. The fall of the Soviet Union led to long-submerged hatreds and rivalries being unloosed onto the world scene again, but in retrospect this was just an aberration of adjustment, like a loose spring popping out of a mattress when the fat old lady falls off. The technological lead of the West, and the willingness of America to be constrained by the U.N., and controlled by NATO, led to a sure victory.

The approaching end of the millennium (what they used to call Y2K) then fed the fears of the Christian multitude in America, Europe, and Russia who often believed the End of the World itself was nigh. Meanwhile, China was scrambling to make itself felt in world affairs, even as its long-time backing by the Soviets evaporated, along with their very communist ideology; they knew they had to accept American's capitalist and information-oriented economy into their own, even as the leadership feared their own formerly absolute control weaken.

By 2025, the Islamic nations had shot their collective wad, and so had China, with the end of World War III. The monumental reconciliation and political union of Israel and Egypt finally insured permanent stability in that region. All the world was going American, adopting its economic-political system, and often its language and culture, even as America itself was fulfilling its liberal traditions and finally repealing the Second Amendment (ending private gun ownership), and replacing it by the long-suffering Equal Rights Amendment (ERA), extended to cover not only gender and genetic makeup (the word race was specifically left out) but sexual orientation. The decriminalization of drugs was helped by advances in medicine that either decreased their usage or made their use safer, and the Instantaneous Electronic Voting (IEV) Amendment finally made mass democracy a reality.

That left the Third World nations -- which couldn't adopt the American system even if they had wanted to, for lack of

basic necessities of life -- in the lurch. Population explosion increased the poverty and misery and ignorance. The world's population, which had first reached 1 billion in 1804, 2 in 1927, 3 in 1960, 4 in 1974, 5 in 1987, 6 in 1999, ballooned to 8 billion in 2020, stayed flat at 8 billion in 2030 because of WWII, and went on to 10 billion by 2040. This final population was not too large for the Earth to support, but with the world still not united into a one world government, it was a looming disaster, making the Jewish or Ukrainian or Amerindian holocausts pale in comparison.

Over most of the population of the Earth, vultures circled in the skies. Well-fed vultures. Vultures fed on the corpses of children. Meanwhile, well-fed Americans were perfecting fat blocking and removal technology, body part replacement and cloning, and cosmetic restoration, while spending billions a year on diet products. The fabled Baby Boom generation of post-WWII Americans was fading away into the sunset, after doubling the previous generation's lifespan.

Somewhere, somehow, a clamor arose in the land. A buzz. Perhaps a whispering at first. But it grew into a loud roar. Then it went over the top into a national fever, a collective apotheosis: America must save the world now or it doesn't deserve to go on.

Personal Log:

I was born in 1982, and am planning on publishing this work when I turn 117 years old. In my youth, such an age was unusual, even an age of 100 -- the national morning TV news shows would have a list of centenarians every week. Now it is common. Such is progress.

But my life really began, as I look back, in 1999, at Columbine High School in what used to be called Littleton, Colorado, before its consolidation with Denver.

Those were the last days of real racism in America. I was what they used to call an n-word. My classmates were over 90 percent whites. Now it's hard to find a pure white,

especially after the war ended and everybody tried to mix and match as part of their religion.

My girlfriend, Carla Martingale, was white. We were both raised by parents who were color-blind, in a world where the federal government, the world community, and the media were color-blind, but the average person in Littleton was anything but. Our love was treated as aberrant, forbidden. I could see it in the eyes especially of my white male classmates. A kind of covering-up to their gazes, their movements around us. As if they had to withdraw their real selves into a shell -- like a turtle withdraws its neck.

One day two of my fellow classmates, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, 18 and 17 respectively, after practicing on video games, broke out of their shell. On Tuesday, April 20, 1999, the anniversary of Hitler's birthday, they terrorized the school with an arsenal of now-illegal personal weapons and bombs, killing a teacher and a dozen students, and wounding twenty-one more.

That day I and Carla were lucky enough to be on the other side of the large school building from the white supremacist terrorists, loudly proclaiming that they were going to kill all n-words they could. They ended up killing only one, along with a dozen whites, before committing suicide. Their rage was directed at n-words, 'jocks' (athletes), and the entire world, which they felt had cheated them out of an equal playing field.

We survived, went through the personal and community grieving process, even forgave the killers after coming to understand their pain. But my life really began that Day. Until then life was not real to me. I was too protected, too used to being a passive observer of life, to playing video games and watching TV and movies. (I admit to having played the infamous Doom, but I never modified its rooms or used the God Mode to turn it into a massacre -- jeesh how primitive the computers were back then, no parallel processing, tiny 32-bit data paths, clock speed of well less than one gigahertz, Microsoft Windows 98. At least violent video games are now illegal for children). I still remember the smell of gunpowder and human blood. Nothing in my life,

however many simulated wars and killings I had witnessed in the entertainment media, prepared me for that.

The smell of human blood. Humans are such fragile vessels, and their real life is their blood. I had gone to Sunday School for years, had read the Bible, read its veneration of human blood as the "life" of a person, and never really understood. To understand is to live. That was the first day I really lived. From then on, life mattered.

Carla was the love of my life. It's now a matter of science, just as the chemistry of blood, how human minds are genetically programmed to fall in love, as a survival mechanism for the species. Like the smell of blood, the feeling of really being in love has to be lived, not just studied. Sex is everything with love, an empty shell without it -- like squeezing your inner essence out into that which it can grow with, versus a void: it cries back to you, asking, Why? I had my first sex with Carla that night, and my last, may her memory never die.

As we aged together, we both changed in many ways, inside and out. But I can't picture her any other way that on that Day in 1999, laying in my arms crying with fear and happiness at the same time, outside the school, as the news of the tragedy unfolded slowly.

That night we had our first sex. It's been a hundred years and I would give it all to relive that night again.

I was an n-word to many in my own school and community. I was the love of her life, and she mine, and the world be damned but nobody could take it away from us.

Curious to remember now, but it was that very day, or perhaps a few days before or after, that Prophett was conceived by His loving parents, for He was born on January 1 of the year 2000, as if on cue from a higher source, as if a message from Earth had been sent for a Savior, to end this sorry present state of things and make the world over, in the image of love.

Ten days later, on Saturday, May 1, the now-defunct NRA

(National Rifle Association), led by then-president actor Charlton Heston (Moses, Ben-Hur), held a convention at the Adam's Mark Hotel in downtown Denver, across from the State Capitol. Their logo was an American bald eagle perched on a shield wrapped in the old American flag, crossed by two explosive (non-laser) rifles. They drew an attendance of three thousand, while across the square anti-NRA protestors numbered over twelve thousand. Carla and I were in that crowd of protestors. We had turned into activists in that seminal ten-day period; activists and lovers, as romantic as any revolutionaries in any previous war.

But there was no war as such. It was as if we were searching for a leader to show us what to do. Thirty years later, we had one. After that, things happened that made my life's work, and here I am writing about it for posterity, trying to keep my personal life out of it.

Writing about it. Funny, but that Day changed me into a writer. I wrote and published my first article within weeks, and the favorable reception encouraged me to major in journalism in college. I have the article here, and even a century later it still crackles with energy looking for an outlet: a constructive one, in contrast to the destructive one of the misguided teen killers. It was not about me, but about one of my white classmates, who had escaped death by an inch, and lived. I tried to get into his head and walk a mile in his shoes, and realized something; I realized that no amount of writing, no matter how many pages I could turn out, would take care of me when I was old. Only if I live now, write my own story with my life, could I return the favor God gave me.

Here is the story, as published in 1999:

The Trenchcoat Mafia and the Real Score

by Noah Atwood

It was a warm day for April up here at the foot of the Rockies, in my laid-back front-range town of Littleton, Colorado. The nearby red-rock formations of Roxbury State Park and Red Rocks Ampitheatre are like pews in a giant's

church, framed by the ten-thousand-foot peaks visible on clear days to the south and west, especially Pike's Peak directly to the south, by faraway Colorado Springs.

You always know which way west is. It's where the mountain range is, going north and south like a curtain of rocks, ending the vast Great Plains with a finality of Gods. You know you are special, because only the affluent can afford to live here. The herd of the poor live down north and east in nearby Denver -- less clear view of the mountains, more smog; all the big city problems, including poorer schools.

Only twenty-seven more days of school left and then I graduate. This summer will be the best of my life, one big party, before I pack off to college, and a new life; my first time away from my parents.

I love my schoolmates. We study so hard, even during lunch hour, above the cafeteria in the library. Here comes Isiah now.

"Hi Isiah! How are ya?"

"Fine, man."

We high-fived. Then a mean white guy in a black trenchcoat shouts, "Here's a nigger!" and shoots Isiah in the face.

He shot my white pal too. He shot at me but missed. Must have been because he went for the body instead of the face. I guess I believe in angels now.

I played dead. Not that it was hard to do. It was either that, or be dead for real. I prefer play acting to the real thing myself. It can be uncomfortable, but when laying with real, bloody corpses that used to be your friends, you don't notice; you appreciate the difference.

I knew the shooter. He was a member of the local trenchcoat mafia, the TCM. He was crazy. Smart, but hated school. He was getting even with it, and I was at the wrong

place at the wrong time. No, I was lucky. I had the right face at the right time. White face. The reason I didn't get shot in the face. It passed. It got an A. Isiah's face flunked. It got a D. Dead.

I loved Isiah. He was the kind of a guy that everybody liked, the kind with no enemies. But he had a black face, and there was nothing he could do about that when the devil came to the library looking for souls. His whole life should have been about that moment somehow. We will not let it be, can't let it be.

Is that it? Spot check: black face: bang: you're dead? I understand black rage now. I understand their pain now. I walked a mile in their faces: the mile from the chair to the floor. When the coast was clear and the survivors ran for it, the west exit and the mountains promised safety. But the soul of one nigger shines the way forever for me now.

I had bits and pieces of Isiah's blood and flesh on me as I lay there, playing dead. I was pretending I had a black face, and all I had to do was lie still. They shot his face off. He was a manikin with his face missing, and my face was now carrying bits of it. That's the power of bullets, to shoot faces off. They will never kill the soul.

The TCM shooter was wearing a black mask. Funny I couldn't have returned the favor if I was packing. Nobody in that school packed, like in Denver's West High or North High, where the predominantly Hispanic and Black population, respectively, has turned the schools into jungles, where few study, go to the library, or even graduate. At least, if the TCM came to their schools, they would have made short work of them. We at Columbine were mainly white, and like white sheep, were slaughtered without resistance. Funny, but a bill was even then in the State Legislature to permit people to pack concealed weapons throughout Colorado; the TCM publicity caused it to be withdrawn immediately.

What is my stand now on private ownership of guns and explosives? I truly don't know. I can't think straight anymore. If only the bad guys have them, then what? If

everybody has to carry them for self-protection, then what? There is no easy solution, sorry. God himself is testing us all, and there can't be a legislative-only solution.

The TCM were said to have been neo-Nazis, commemorating Hitler's birthday, April 20th. If so, Hitler is getting some pretty dumb recruits these days, else why didn't they go to a predominantly black school instead of scour ours for one black face, and then slaughter a dozen whites too? Hitler must be rolling in his grave. No, strike that, he has no grave to roll in. There couldn't be one handful of dirt on Earth that would be left alone if his remains were buried in it. Two days later a big snowstorm moved in, covering saint and sinner alike with a blanket of white. God forgives. People can try. But only if they understand.

Why? What was the point? Two whites, by all accounts bright, and from affluent families. Great futures ahead of them, because they were white. They chose to play a game of Doom on their classmates and teachers, and end their lives after running out of ammo or victims, whichever. What kind of parents would let their moral values degenerate to the point where real people and video sprites could be equated? Didn't they ever take them to church? Spank them? Watch what they were doing, who their friends were, what they were saying? They ran a web site telling the world what they were planning to do, for Christ's sake. Some one hundred and twenty something hits before AOL closed it down.

Was it the Millennium? The year 1999? Every Millennium does things to people. Call it the Millennium Fever. It happened in the year 999, and will probably happen again in the year 2999. Nostradamus predicted it. Bible fundamentalists predicted it. Worse, they predict a much hotter time for this beautiful planet, and now I think they will not be disappointed. There are a lot more high schools than I would like to count. Theaters. Stadiums. Churches. Auditoriums. Arenas. It makes me cry to think of even one more person shot in the face because it was the bad-guy's color in a video game from Hell.

Why did the shooters act so happy, even delighted, as they shot people like video game sprites? If they believed in

God, they knew they weren't going to heaven now. If they believed in the Devil, maybe they thought they would be taking their 'scores' with them to Hell, and be set up over them as their rulers. But that presupposes their victims would be going to Hell, not somewhere else. They might find out they were sadly mistaken.

What does killing a video sprite do? Nothing except change the score. What does killing a real person do? It kills their future, their family, their classmates, more scores than anybody but God can tally. And it changes the score of the shooter to negative infinity. In case you don't know, nothing they can add to it can change it now: it stays negative infinity forever after that.

I believe in angels. What are angels? Where was Isiah's angel? Are angels only for white faces? I can't understand. Maybe Isiah is himself an angel now. If so, I know he'll be transformed into a creature of pure light, blinding white light. Unlike mortals, which only reflect light, angels give it off. Maybe that's where all white racism comes from. They look at what reflects off somebody, rather than what shines from them. It's easier to point and shoot that way.

the end

In retrospect I should have included the following quite from the Bible:

"The Lord himself examines the righteous as well as the wicked, and anyone loving violence His soul certainly hates." (Psalm 11:5)



Chapter 2. The Rise of Prophett

As if made to order by history, a prophet entered the stage of world politics, crystalizing the nation's yearning for a purpose: Prophett, born precisely on January 1, 2000, in America.

Starting in 2030, at age 30, He began, like a notable figure two thousand years earlier, to preach a gospel or good news to the American nation He lived in. The good news was that the kingdom of heaven was nigh. The good news was that it was right under our feet, not in the sky. The good news was that we are its citizens, but also its soldiers. The good news was to be preached to the whole world, and speedily, by the good news soldiers: Americans. Like other recent American preachers, such as Martin Luther King Jr. and Jesse Jackson, He preached a gospel of racial toleration, but He went far beyond, calling for complete racemixing in a single generation, worldwide, with America leading the effort at any cost.

In 2030 America was drunk with Hermeism, the love of Mercury, or materialism. The end of WWIII ushered in a decade of conspicuous consumption rivaling the days of the corrupt Roman elite, with millions of Americans acting the part of Nero, fiddling while Rome was burning. Outside America, billions suffered in poverty and degredation and hopelessness, the very movements that had given them even false hope in the 20th century now defeated, disbanded, or out of fire. America had defeated all her enemies, and exported its materialistic lifestyle to them, in the fashion of all conquerors, even if they couldn't ever hope to live up to the level they were expected to emulate. But the great population explosion of the late 20th and early 21st centuries had left the actual numerical majority of the world's population behind, forgotten, without hope.

But inside America, the racist attitudes of the 20th century had crumbled in a country where the 'white race', once over 90 percent, was now less than 50 percent of the total. Prophett's message appealed across the spectrum of society, but even if it hadn't, the majority votes were there automatically for anybody appealing to them. Yet, until Prophett, self-styled leaders of 'minority groups' were often as selfish and greedy as any American politicians. Poll after poll indicated that the people believed their government officials were working for themselves, not the people.

A few years before the turn of the century, a poll conducted by Newsweek indicated that 73 percent of Americans believed the 21st century would bring a wider gap between rich and poor, and 48 percent anticipated more wars than in the 20th century. A full 70 percent thought that humanity will not be able to eliminate world hunger.

He never published a book, but His sayings, delivered with amazing speed, have been recorded by others and published universally. A world commission is even now attempting to establish a canon with official chapter and verse, but as its work is not expected to be complete for another two decades, we will have to quote from date, time and place instead.

"There are two kinds of souls in this world: old souls and new souls. There is now a higher proportion of old souls in the world than ever before, and it is the old souls who will be needed to help the world survive. They can be found everywhere, in the oddest places. They are in communication with each other and will serve as the cement that helps hold things together and survive as mankind evolves." (Los Angeles, California, 2/08/30, 06:00)

"The time of troubles we are now experiencing will be a very trying time. The souls on Earth now are here by choice, to work through the difficulties through major expenditures of karma. Being a leader in this period of stress will consume the concentrated karma of ten average human lifetimes." (Oakland, California, 2/08/30, 8:00)

"Old souls have already volunteered. Some younger souls have volunteered simply through an adventurous spirit. Others are volunteering, not because they wanted it in their hearts, but because they know that it would be the end of the line for their spiritual growth if they don't." (Portland, Oregon, 2/08/30, 10:00)

"This is the beginning of a new age of spiritual rebirth for humanity. Even though there will be physical deaths, there will be no death of human consciousness, rather the birth of a permanent new and different awareness. Those who survive will be left here to make a new beginning for the Earth, as

in the days of Noah." (Seattle, Washington, 02/08/30, 12:00)

"After the worst events in human history have happened, there will be a great spiritual rebirth throughout the world. People will have the opportunity to get in touch with themselves as never before, and will come to a common realization of the falsehoods of materialism. Universal communication will foster a great rebirth of philosophy that blends the Eastern and Western religious and philosophical traditions and dissolves the distinctions." (Denver, Colorado, 2/08/30, 16:00)

"It will be a worldwide movement upholding the Truth as everyone perceives it, bringing about the best aspects of the Age of Aquarius. Focusing on this ray of hope during the time of troubles has alleviated the worst aspects of the suffering for old souls, but the materialism of the majority of the new souls has regrettably made their suffering necessary." (Phoenix, Arizona, 2/08/30, 23:00)

"An American President with a strong Cancer influence has pushed for war and caused events to fall in place for it. But after WWIII ended, the populace turned against war and elected a new President. He wanted peace and worked for it, and a surface peace has reigned for some time now. I call your consciences to account, asking, What is peace? There is no true peace without worldwide justice. I call on all humanity to unite in a single government, free of war." (Atlanta, Georgia, 2/09/30, 06:00)

"The Sun has for too long been eclipsed by Mercury, the spiritual by the material and its lusts. The grand design emanating from the center of the wheel will show us a way out of the time of troubles into a great worldwide healing period, a defeat of Vulcan and his arts of war, and an end of the eclipse, as the hidden Sun emerges and the true plan of the Universe is revealed, the knowledge of from whence we sprang and from where we are going. Materialism is a means, not an end." (New York, New York, 02/09/30, 9:00)

"The time of healing will usher in a more spiritually mature age, and people will be able to heal themselves and the

world, and go far in preparing to join the community of the Watchers." (Paterson, New Jersey, 02/09/30, 11:00)

"The feminine aspects of God have been ignored, neglected and reviled. After the demise of the Antichrist the pendulum will swing back into balance. In early ages and in ancient societies the female aspect of God was worshipped and revered; the masculine aspect was also respected but was subordinate. During the patriarchal era, which extends into the present, the female aspect is suppressed and repressed. Society must and will come to terms with the divinity of both masculine and feminine aspects. This realization will help foster a more balanced world view." (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 02/09/30, 13:00)

"People will turn to peace after the horrors of the Antichrist. A green revolution with roots in the social revolution of the early 1970s will ensue. People will live in extended families beyond the nuclear families of the modern era. Larger families and groups of people are needed to build and support new communities. The new communities will be very Earth and ecology-conscious. They will help heal the Earth of the horrible degradations of weaponry from WWIII." (State College, Pennsylvania, 02/10/30, 05:00)

"They will reclaim and cultivate wasted, misused, or unusable land for farmland. Since the will for peace is all-encompassing, building defenses will not be necessary. In direct reversal of the 20th century trend, cities will be torn down to expose soil to sunlight and make room for farming. So many have died during WWIII in some areas that plenty of land will be available to the remaining population. People will be inherently pacific and reclaim land beneath concrete instead of fighting over land." (Chicago, Illinois, 02/10/30, 10:00)

"After the calamitous events of the early 21st century, the present alliances among the countries, particularly western nations, will dissolve and new alignments will form. During the interim period the people involved with the peacekeeping system beneath the existing alliance will be at loose ends. NATO will not be known by this name anymore but will live on in a similar organization that stems from it. This will be

dissolved due to the stress countries underwent during the time of troubles, and humanity will declare war on war itself, conquering its very causes, and ending the Age of Nations with a One World Government of Love." (Madison, Wisconsin, 02/10/30, 13:00)

"No person is an island unto themselves, nor is any nation. What diminishes any person in the world diminishes me. Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee. The world is one house. How can you be content to furnish only one or two rooms in luxury, while the rest stands in disrepair and misery? How can you enjoy your feasts when your brothers and sisters suffer basic wants in the next room? How can your bowels greedily feed on too many calories while your siblings' bowls growl from starvation? Is it not the same as eating them alive and feeding them to your bowels also?" (Green Bay, Wisconsin, 02/10/30, 14:00)

"You call them not your siblings because of the color of their faces! The Sun that shines from within ye are blind to, yet worship the sun that shines from without. God made skin to protect, not to color-code the chosen. A pig has a whiter skin than most of you! Get behind me Satan!" (Detroit, Michigan, 02/10/30, 16:00)

"What is money? Even you know the difference between it and gold. Money is a human contract, existing only in the nous of people, in their reasoning faculties. It is the power to make a contract to take action. Having much money is neither good nor bad, but the uses to which money is put can be. The deciding factor is not the nous, but the heart. Having no money is neither good nor bad, but having to worry about basic survival is unmitigated evil. Go then and use money to attend to your own basic survival first, then give of the excess to those who need it, from your heart. Money then becomes your sunshine, showing your love." (Ft. Knox, Kentucky, 02/10/30, 17:00)

"America! I call thee! Thou are the Chosen Nation. Wake up, cast off thy stupor of materialism, and let the Sun shine out! Just as I started thee on thy path, so must thou walk that path alone if need be, to its final solution, throughout the whole world." (St. Louis, Missouri,

02/10/30, 18:00)

"There is but one people, but one house, and all are siblings. What have you done to my house? You are not fit to live in my house if you deface and desecrate it like this. Out! Get out of your room and fix my house! And feed my people!" (Lincoln, Nebraska, 02/10/30, 19:00)

Prophett made people face their demons, these 'other people', who just happened to be sharing the same planet. Suddenly, they couldn't take it any more, they had to go back to war, this time against no specific warlike foe, but against the causes of misery and suffering that still held these people down in eternal war with the Antichrist (hate and fear).

Although He never claimed it, many Christians circulated a rumor that Prophett was Christ. The Jackson Trust of the Southern Leadership Conference bankrolled the spreading of Prophett's message, and the National Council of Churches passed a resolution endorsing Him. Normally at odds with the liberal churches, the American Baptist Convention also endorsed Him, and so did the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. Indeed, religious opposition to Prophett was hard to find.

The scientific establishment, normally silent on religious movements, was quick this time to propose how America's wealth and military might could be used to revitalize the world and end the Third World's existence, if the political will was there; they considered religion itself to be the main problem in the way of a 'scientifically-managed world', and considered Prophett to be 'the bridge over the religious quagmire'.

Archer Daniels Midland, a giant agricultural corporation, proposed to its stockholders that the company's resources be literally given away to the war effort, and the vote carried with a 99% majority. All of the Fortune 500 companies followed suit, with no abstentions. A coalition of Nobel Prize laureates signed a resolution endorsing Prophett's call to America to declare war on the causes of war, and the United Nations General Assembly, asking Prophett to

personally address it, rose in wild applause as the American delegate, acting as His proxy, asked the American people, in His words, "Something is wrong in this world when a spoiled rich child can grab a gun so easily and shoot people in our precious rich country, while millions who wouldn't harm a fly starve to death every year in a hundred others. Do you care as much as you say? Are you shocked and horrified at the proliferation of the causes of war in this world? What will you do? Answer now." (St. Paul, Minnesota, 02/10/30, 15:00)

He was with us only three days. Some say He was assassinated, and that His followers covered it up in order to claim His divinity. Others claim He simply ascended to Heaven to await our answer. His body was never found. His method of travel, by private spaceplane, funded by nobody knows who, was virtually untraceable by anybody but the military, and they never talked. His speeches were convened suddenly in public places, squares, parks, and always well-recorded and broadcast into the Net and mysteriously propagated into the top of all search engines, particularly after He reached Portland. Many suspected Softer money and technical know-how.

Either way, those Three Days electrified and changed the lives of hundreds of millions, at every level of society.

The White House and Congress were overwhelmed with emails and telegrams calling for a declaration of war against war. The entertainment and music industry championed the cause incessantly. In contrast to mass movements of the past, this one swept up all age groups, and dissolved rather than accentuated the mental generation gap: perhaps, at first, different groups thought that He was 'their secret', only to find each other through Him.

Soon, politicians on all levels were jumping on the bandwagon, proposing local and state legislative action, including everything from simple resolutions to mock declarations of war.

President Alexander's administration led the lobbying effort on Capitol Hill, and the Senate and House votes were both

unanimous, with only two abstaining votes in the latter. (The representatives from Texas and Nebraska were soon faced with such embarrassment for their states that they were allowed to change their votes to the affirmative for the Congressional Record.)

Not that the real political fight had been won so easily. Passing resolutions was one thing; implementing them was another.

Personal Log:

If all the time and energy wasted on worrying about racial purity were applied to solving humanity's real problems, how much further would we all be today? People who are racemixed don't waste a second on worrying about what race of boy is going to come to dinner with their girl. Nor do they ruin the world with the terrible scourge of war over the supposed purity of their race. How many examples of war horrors can you name off the top of your head? In the world I want to live in, none!

Carla and I fought WWII together, and delayed having a family until it ended. We had just had our second child when we first heard of Prophett, and His words crystallized us into total commitment overnight. It was as if we had just been treading water since 1999, waiting for Him. He was preparing to lead us, and when he called we followed. Carla was deeply religious, and could point out passage after passage in the Bible that bolstered Prophett's visions. For example, Luke 17:26: "Just as it occurred in the days of Noah, so it will be also in the days of the Son of Man." 1 John 2:17: "The world is passing away and so is its desire, but he that does the will of God remains forever." Revelation 21:3-4: "(God) will reside with (humanity), and they will be his people. And God himself will be with them, and He will wipe out every tear fro their eyes, and death will be no more, neither will mourning nor outcry nor pain be anymore." Revelation 11:8: "[God will] bring to ruin those ruining the Earth." Psalm 37:11: "The meek will inherit the Earth, and they will find their exquisite delight in the abundance of peace." And the one I love the most, Isaiah 11:9: "The Earth will be filled with the

knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

The Bible seemed to predict the coming of Prophett, for instance, Matthew 24:7: "Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there will be food shortages and earthquakes in one place after another." 2 Timothy 3:1-5: "In the last days, critical times hard to deal with will arrive, for men will be lovers of themselves, lovers of money, self-assuming, haughty, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, disloyal, having no natural affection... lovers of pleasures rather than lovers of God."

Things became such a blur after that, no wonder I needed twenty years of study to straighten them back out.

I was a journalist and she was a jet pilot, and was shot down three times, avoiding capture the first two times. The third time she wasn't so lucky. After her release from the POW camp, she wouldn't talk to me about it for years. I prayed for her every second, every minute, every hour, every day, every week, every month, until the end of the war got me over the hump, and she was returned to me. I know she had been tortured and raped, brainwashed, given cruel drugs. Her once-beautiful long shoulder-length yellow hair had fallen out, leaving only a few gray strands. Thank God it eventually grew back, perhaps not as perfect and smooth and resilient, but I didn't care: I forever saw her through the eyes of the Day. Give credit where credit is due: in vitro fertilization allowed her to give birth to our children despite the damage to her reproductive organs.

I'll never forget where I was and what I was doing when I first heard of Prophett. I was in my spacebike, shooting the northern polar circle, preparing for the next amateur race; the name of that race has slipped my mind since. My partner and I were shimmying the Aurora Borealis when we began to see the others dropping out, one by one, then in twos, then in threes, and gathering in a love circle in space.

We dropped out too, and in the love circle we saw the first holo-image of Prophett, preaching His gospel to the

multitude of Us. We became born again in days, and had a strong faith in Prophett as Christ. My wife followed in my path, and we worked together in the T of Prophett ever after.

The Three Days electrified and changed the lives of hundreds of millions, at every level of society. In retrospect, the only ones who didn't 'get' it were the Trenchcoat Mafiosi of America, in about the same proportion as they had existed at my high school in 1999: a dozen out of two thousand -- two hundred thousand dozen out of two hundred thousand times two thousand -- 2 million out of 400 million, a bare one-half of one percent. This time, though, we took away their guns before they could shoot people in the face for fun -- except, alas, our dear Prophett himself. The rumors kept surfacing that He had disappeared near the Texas-Oklahoma border, a known hotbed of underground pro-gun forces who resisted the law after the old Second Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was finally repealed.

As a young man my hero had been John Elway, the professional American football star. This game is no longer as violent as it was then, and, no doubt for a purpose, he announced his retirement from a 16-year career the very next day after that NRA convention in Denver, from a podium perhaps within a mile of that spot, I can't remember now. He had wanted to announce his retirement, amazingly, on the very day of the Columbine High School massacre, and waited until Sunday, May the second out of respect. He was forever my role model, even in later years when he went into politics and I disagreed with him strongly; even when I later realized that the Colorado public, who idolized him, really did so largely because he was their Great White Hope or something (it was ridiculous the idolization that went on in Colorado in the 1980s and 1990s, even though their 'hero' was a Californian, who was just a professional and a businessman -- albeit at a kid's game -- and who packed up and returned to California upon retirement). He died before Prophett came on the scene. If only he had seen Him, maybe... let's not go there. He had been enough of a man to say "I love you!" to the people during his greatest sports triumph. I believed he really did. I guess it was the fact that Carla looked a lot like John in makeup, complexion, and facial features

that I was first drawn to her in school (Elway's real daughters would have been way to young for me): I fancied myself as looking like a cross between his favorite teammates Terrell Davis and Shannon Sharpe, both n-words. So what?



Chapter 3. The Fight for Hearts and Minds

By 2040, the human race appeared to be getting close to the limits of global food productive capacity. At the turn of the century, more than 1.3 billion people worldwide lived on less than two dollars a day, a situation which had been worsening for the previous 40 or 50 years; by 2040, it was 5 billion people. Of those 1.3 billion, 18 million died each year from poverty-related causes -- the population of the country of Australia; by 2040, it was over one hundred million a year. This, in turn, contributed to global environmental destruction, as poverty forever demands an immediate exploitation of local natural resources that cripples any long-term conservation effort, even from the outside.

For decades, fully 90 percent of the world's population lived in dire poverty, in the so-called Least-Developed Countries (LDCs), resonantly lumped together in the phrase 'Third World'. Yet, even after representatives from 117 countries met (in 1996) in a World Summit for Social Development, calling for a world crusade against mass poverty on a par with the world crusade against slavery launched 150 years earlier, little was really done.

Substantial damage to the biological and physical systems basic to food production were added by war, despite a temporary reversal of overpopulation. Global inefficiencies in food distribution caused global damage to accelerate. Of the original 30 million square miles of forests on Earth before the rise of civilization, only 10 million remained by the year 2000. By 2040, the forests in the Caribbean had less than twenty years left before they disappeared completely, the forests in the Philippines ten, and those in

Afghanistan and Lebanon had already disappeared by 2015. Land in over 100 countries was slowly turning into desert, causing annual losses of global income in the hundreds of billions of dollars; even developed countries such as America were being threatened by desertification, and deserts or dry land now comprised over 40 percent of the world's land. In LDCs, improper irrigation often actually increased desertification, as waterlogged land developed a salt crust, rendering it sterile.

Because of its direct impact on global food production, injury and loss of arable land had become one of the most urgent problems facing humanity, yet without a world management system, implemented without regard to national boundaries, little could be done. Despite the first Earth Day being held as far back as 1970, and constant efforts at political lobbying at the U.N. and country level, there still was none.

The 400 million people of America had plenty to eat. At least obesity, now classified as a disease, was being successfully fought, although in LDCs, particularly in Mediterranean countries and Greater Polynesia, it was still epidemic. At times a food exporter, Americans' own mouths always came first, and profit came next -- not that Americans hadn't shown great charity at times.

Agricultural science and technology had systematically increased production and fought its own self-generated problems, such as insecticide-tolerant pests and soil erosion, and the loss of plant varieties through commercialized agriculture (by the year 2000, 90 percent of the 7100 apple varieties used in America between 1804 and 1904 had been lost, and in China, nine out of ten thousand varieties of wheat that had been cultivated as late as 1949). The belated acceptance of radiation to sterilize food helped stave off a mini-famine during WWII, and later helped raise net food production.

The LDCs didn't have the resources to bring their food production up to a fraction of American levels. At the same time, increasing food production had to receive priority and resources commensurate with their importance if humanity was

to avoid harsh difficulties in the decades to follow.

Not that the LDCs were total victims. Many suffered from oppressive governments, age-old hatreds and wars, and culturally or religiously-inspired food fetishes or taboos that made optimal progress difficult or impossible. For example, some peoples ate meat and others didn't, some ate one type of meat and abhorred others (Moslems and Jews and pork, Hindus and beef), and some lived on one kind of starch while turning up their nose at others (Chinese and rice and wheat). Some ate milk (though Chinese hated cheese), blood (English ate blood pudding but abhorred African habits of drinking blood from live cattle), insects, even human meat, while others wouldn't even touch lobster (sorry, Jews). In some countries, superstition made women, just when they needed the nutrition most -- during pregnancy -- have to avoid fish, eggs, even chicken, for fear of supposedly harming the unborn child.

A worldwide religious conversion was necessary to simply take food out of the religious domain. Nouveau taboos, such as fear of genetically-altered foods, irradiated foods, etc., also had to be battled, in developed and developing countries alike. On the other side, people in LDCs who had received aid and developed Western lifestyles, in turn became susceptible to Western health problems such as heart disease, strokes, cancer, and diabetes. But people, particularly children, who were dying of starvation could only wish they could live long enough to have these problems.

Attempts to markedly expand global food production would require massive programs to conserve land, much larger energy inputs than at present, and new sources as well as more efficient use of fresh water, all of which would demand large capital expenditures from somewhere. The rates of growth of food grain required just to stop starvation deaths were greater than have ever been achieved under any but the most favorable circumstances in developed countries.

The world had, since the industrial age, been separating into the haves and have-nots, despite all attempts. In the words of Gustave Speth (an administrator in the United

Nations Development Program): "an emerging global elite... is amassing great wealth and power, while more than half of humanity is left out." In the 19th and 20th centuries it was often the haves that threatened the world's ecology through their greed, but by 2040 it was definitely the condition of the have-nots that was risking the ruination of the quality of life of the haves through their desperate struggle for survival, despite the fact that there had long been plenty of food for everyone, unequal distribution preventing it. "It has been estimated that we could produce enough on the potentially cultivable area of the globe to support 38-48 billion people," wrote Anne Buchanan, in her book "Food Poverty & Power". A business-as-usual scenario all-but guaranteed that the world was unlikely to see food production and distribution keep pace with population growth, as if those who existed on starvation rations wanted to continue living their whole lives that way. Unless America took the lead, the world was going to experience a declining per capita food consumption in the decades ahead, spreading malnutrition and increasing pressure on agricultural, range, and forest resources, with potentially disastrous global consequences including climatic alteration from greenhouse warming and enhanced ultraviolet levels.

The situation cried for a OWG, but ironically, while top leaders in America and Europe were amenable to such a unification, the two hundred-plus other world governments were sunk in petty jealousies, wars, exploitation of their own peoples, and other evils. Yet centuries of folly by European governments in exploiting these other countries as colonialists had made any and all attempts at truly helping them now, however loving, get a systematic rebuff. Only America could now even hope to break through the false image of a colonialist power as it tried, on behalf of itself and Europe, to reach out and help.

Since the 20th century, attempts to send aid to starving Africans was often foiled by their own governments, who either prevented the shipments, or stole them for themselves and grew rich. American Presidents, starting with Clinton, sent small troop contingents to supervise distribution of the shipments, often with disastrous results, flirting with war.

In the opinion of the scientific community, a tripling of the world's food production by the year 2050 was mandatory, yet was such a remote prospect that it could not be considered a realistic possibility under the current system of government. If present food distribution patterns persisted the chance of bettering the lot of the majority of the world's peoples was all-but lost. The likelihood of a graceful and humane stabilization of world population vanished as well. Fertility and population growth in numerous developing countries would, as a result, be forced downward by severe shortages of food, disease and other processes set in motion by shortages of vital resources and irreversible environmental damage, again widening the gulf between the haves and have-nots.

A major expansion in food supply would require a highly organized global effort by both the developed and the developing countries that had no historic precedent. Before Prophett a major commitment from the developed nations to support the needed changes was missing. Governments so far appeared to lack the discipline and vision needed to make a major commitment of resources to increase food supplies, while at the same time reducing population growth and protecting land, water, and biological resources.

While a bare doubling of food production by 2050 was perhaps achievable in principle, in accord with optimistic assumptions, the elements to accomplish it were not in place or on the way. A large number of supportive policy initiatives and investments in research and infrastructure as well as socioeconomic and cultural changes would be required for it to become feasible. A major reordering of world priorities was thus a prerequisite for meeting the problems that humanity faced.

Ironically, one worldwide religious movement, the Jehovah's Witnesses, had long preached the desirability of a new OWG free of injustice, poverty, racism, and starvation; indeed, a world paradise where people lived forever, where the lion lay down with the lamb and ate grass. And they constantly harped that these were "the last days" -- quoting 2 Timothy 3:1, Psalm 37:10-11, Proverbs 2:21-22, et al. -- before God

once again, as in the days of Noah, destroyed the wicked, while sparing the righteous, and ushered in a new world of righteousness, restoring paradise conditions, under Christ as King.

But this fantasy world vision was based on literal acceptance of their translation of the Bible, and further belief that humanity could not itself bring the OWG about, but that it had to be instituted by Jehovah (God) and Christ, after all the evil people were removed from the Earth in Armageddon. All current world governments, and their leaders and supporters, were considered the evil people. Still, their energetic door-to-door and World Wide Web proselytizing and education efforts did much to create a general worldwide consciousness that a OWG was conceivable, workable, and not only a good idea, but imminent and eminently desirable from a scientific and sociological point of view, even if no Jehovah came down with Christ to impose it by supernatural force -- even if the Bible weren't God's word, and even if there were no God.

Prophett's followers, not limiting themselves to the Bible, but from a more secular view that America was in possession of the means if only it would use them, immediately set themselves to this very task, with a unity of mind and purpose that was, in retrospect, staggering. It was stunning how much power America had to make the final solution to war come true, despite any and all opposition from the rest of the world; it had the whole world, figuratively, in its hands, if only it chose to use those hands lovingly enough.

Prophett made America finally think of itself as part of humanity, not the whole of it. He broke the back of the American right wing Bible fundamentalist sector (Baptists et al.), -- who ironically feared a OWG, stubbornly believing that America was God's country, and an end in itself -- by making them see the true error of their ways in America's age-old racism and fear of intermarriage. For centuries, the economic success of the mainly white Anglo-Saxon Protestant race in North America was taken as self-justifying, as proof that America was God's chosen people, and this segment of the white race as well. His

message to them was to not only to sell all you have and give to the poor, but to go out and give of your genes, intermarrying with the peoples of the world you are helping, and trust to God to make it all come out right in the end, economically and genetically: the final racemix in a OWG with peace and plenty would, by definition, be the 'chosen race'. Since science had by now agreed with Bible believers that 'races' did not exist, and all humans were one, with the apparent differences being self-imposed by civilization and culture and geographical isolation, open critics in America, even in an era of vast forums for electronic-aided discussions, were few.

Prophett also softened the hearts of America's critics, who laughed and sneered at its "imperialism", and "world policeman mentality." Indeed, at one time American power was used to bolster colonialists, bent on exploiting the people of other countries, but that didn't change the fact that the people of the world, in country after country, listed crime at the top of the list of things they actually feared most, street gangs being a common world plague, and government corruption another.

Women's rights advocates endorsed Prophett's call to end all sexual discrimination and "join up as one". In many countries, females were not only discriminated against legally (being barred from inheriting property or receiving education, subject to execution for infidelity, etc.), and forced to do the most laborious jobs (whether or not they have been abandoned by their men) but subjugated cruelly (circumcised, sold into prostitution, starved or murdered in infancy, 'legally murdered' by spouses, etc.). For decades, over 70 percent of those living in dire poverty were female. As the President of the World Bank put it, at the end of the 20th century: "Women do two-thirds of the world's work... Yet they earn only one-tenth of the world's income and own less than one percent of the world's property." Just liberating poor women from a daily grind of gathering firewood, food, water, and cooking and housekeeping chores would free a vast labor pool that could be used to boost the world information economy. A world policeman who was not controlled by evil people, but by good -- and carried a big stick -- was a good thing, Prophett preached, as was a one

world legal code that protected the civil rights of all.

Thus, a New Christ caused all former differences to be reconciled, as if they had never existed, replacing a former stubborn stiff-necked refusal to act -- often disguised by an ostentatious waiting posture for God to act first from on High -- with a scramble to do all that could be done, here and now.

Ironically, it was harder to get the rest of the world to accept the 'new America' than it was to get America itself to change, but the fact that Prophett was of multi-racial heritage, and yet of no one race particularly, helped, as did his way of seeming to bolster religious beliefs, without being claimable by any one religious sect or group, and even being acceptable to atheists and agnostics who at least were amenable to a pan-religious ethical view and a world run on scientific principles. The gripping, thrilling videosound bytes He left in his Three Days, played over and over again, everywhere, like the famous "I have a dream" speech of Martin Luther King Jr., and translated into every language known to humanity, often got through to people who were too hard-hearted to listen to anybody else.

History will long remember the original worldwide two-day Harmonic Convergence, held on August 16-17, 1987. During this period, over 500 million New Age adherents worldwide focused their energies and creative thought processes to advance the world more quickly into the New World Order and its Kingdom of the New Age Christ.

Occultists believe that a person who is adept in the occult arts can create reality with their minds through action on other minds. The reality they wanted so desperately to create was the appearance of the New Age Christ, so they focused their minds and energies at the same time, visualizing Christ's Kingdom and its promised peace and safety. Twelve years later, Prophett was born.

A secondary goal of the Harmonic Convergence was to overcome the cumulative negative aura which was generated by all persons who do not believe in, or were vigorously opposed to the Kingdom of the New Age Christ.

All occultists believe that every person exhibits or generates a personal aura, an invisible force that surrounds their body, extending a short distance from it in greatest intensity, but reaching out into infinity. When hundreds of millions of people exhibit the same type of aura, either positive or negative, their cumulative aura becomes quite a force to be reckoned with. In 1987, hundred of millions of people worldwide held religious beliefs that prevented them from ever accepting the claims of any New Age Christ; these people all exhibited a negative aura that was cumulatively very powerful. Thus, the second goal of the Harmonic Convergence was to so focus creative energy as to overcome it long enough for a gate event to transpire.

There was one more reason that the New Age leadership staged the first Harmonic Convergence in 1987: their Guiding Spirits had long told them that the final Kingdom of the Christ, known as the Era of the New Harmony, would be set up in the year 2112 A.D. This is the date when The Christ will have conquered all his enemies, cleansed the Earth, and reestablished the Ancient Gaia Religion to public worship. The Guiding Spirits revealed to them that, before this new Era of the New Harmony could finally be established, the Earth will have to go through a 25-year period of change, some gradual and invisible, and some quick and devastating.

The New World Order Twenty-Five Year Plan to produce the Era of the New Harmony was divided into five segments of five years each. When completed, the stage would be set for overwhelming events to transpire, leading to final victory.

Segment #1 -- 1987-2012

The Peace Mobilization Plan. The first two-day Convergence in 1987 would set up the spiritual infrastructure of the planet, allowing the world to achieve the Twenty-Five Year Plan.

According to Jose Arguelles, author of "The Crystal Earth", a major organizer of the Harmonic Convergences, and a major New World Order leader at the time:

"Starting on August 18, 1987, the infrastructure of the new planetary society will be in operation. Part of this infrastructure involves the MEDIARCHY (the Holders of Space) at its center. This is a global media information and communications board working in conjunction with the United Nations to regulate global information according to local need."

It was just at this time that what was called the Internet and the World Wide Web were instituted worldwide, from several simultaneous origination points, and began this message board. Today, it seems primitive in comparison with the genetically implanted comm devices inside us, but genetic engineering was still an infant science, its researchers working in great secrecy, and controlled by the highest government authorities.

Notice that the only governmental organization mentioned by Arguelles was the United Nations. This was because the United Nations was created by the adherents of the New World Order, starting with Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, as the beginning government of The Christ. Because right wing Biblical fundamentalist groups who stood in the way wanted to confuse The Christ with the Antichrist mentioned in the Bible, they had to disguise their true plans from the uninitiated, yet some plans could not be covered-up, so they had to have a front organization, and the United Nations was instrumental in fronting the reorganization of the many nations in the world into just ten Super Nations, in direct fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy of the 10 Toes and 10 Horns (Daniel 2 and 7, respectively, as well as Revelation 17:12-17).

The United Nations, an idea taken from the Bible, was from the start conceived as being the world's first global absolute dictatorship, but a benevolent one, based on love instead of hate, bringing humanity to its senses after millennia of barbarism. Alice Bailey, writing in her monumental book, "The Externalisation of the Hierarchy" (1940), which mid-level leaders followed as the spiritual and political blueprint for achieving the New World Order, wrote:

"In the preparatory period for the new world order there will be a steady and regulated disarmament. It will not be optional. No nation will be permitted to produce or organise any equipment for destructive purposes or to infringe the security of any other nation... No nation will be permitted ... it will not be optional ... But, for any such global dictatorship to impose its will upon all the nations of the world, it must be able to enforce its will upon rebellious nations. And, this enforcement necessitates the use of military force."

Therefore, world leaders were gradually transferring their weapons and personnel to United Nations' control, America being the most stiff-necked but not uncontrollable. Ever since at least President Bush's assertion on August 16, 1990, when he spoke to his nation about the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, all American Presidents have told Americans repeatedly that their actions were being taken for the New World Order, according to Alice Bailey's 1940 blueprint.

But, you might ask, what happens when a powerful nation, armed heavily, refuses to obey the dictates of the United Nations' Christ? Will the United Nations be able to amass the military force necessary to defeat this recalcitrant nation? Bailey answers this question succinctly: "The atomic bomb does not belong to the three nations who perfected it ... It belongs to the United Nations for use (or let us rather hope, simply for threatened use) when aggressive action on the part of any nation rears its ugly head." This is why India and Pakistan, who made the mistake of developing their own nuclear weapons, were subject to such devastating pressure until they disarmed. It is why the recalcitrant Islamic nations finally submitted, not to the will of Allah, but to the will of the United Nations.

Arguelles not only described the establishment of a global governmental infrastructure -- invisible, but powerful, and busily making changes. There was a plan for economic reformation of the world, starting with an agricultural revolution brought about by redistribution of the wealth of the old industrial-based factory system.

"This is a ready-made peace mobilization plan. It is

comprised of a 'critical' minority selected from among the 550 million, participating in or attuned to, the Harmonic Convergence. These people will be the leaders of the five-year phase out of our present industrial civilization. The 'critical minority', combined with media and U.N. personnel, will develop plans for economic battalions to be ready to plan for redistributions of wealth."

Let us briefly examine this planned change to a High Tech Agricultural Economy, the kind of which existed 300 years ago in North America and Europe, but with a crucial difference. Because of the limited technology back then, especially in computers and robotics, but also genetics and chemistry, farmers could grow only a fraction of the food which our farmers today can grow. In the late 20th century, much experimentation had been carried out, relearning the techniques of "natural fertilization" and farming methods employed 300 years ago, only to relearn the hard lessons that such primitive farming methods can only produce one-third of food currently being produced. Thus, OWG was essential to not only stabilize the population at a permanently-sustainable limit of 10 billion, but to turn all the world's farms, on land and in the sea, into a single, scientifically-managed system, along with their food processing and distribution subsystems.

Arguelles finishes his Plan for Segment #1, 1987-1991, by saying that the carefully chosen, elite leadership, "combined with media and U.N. personnel, will develop plans for economic battalions to be ready to plan for redistributions of wealth."

The term 'economic battalions' might sound threatening to some, as might the term 'redistributions of wealth', but after Anti-World War I was declared, the term became routine, and a badge of honor to be counted in. This term simply means, taking wealth away from those who have earned it, who own it, with their own consent, and giving it to someone who has not earned it, nor who owns it, through love, to end the causes of war. Marxist-Leninist Communism had long been a self-appointed loyal soldier in the drive to the New World Order, originally springing from Freemasonry

in order to bring out this new system; but having no Christ to transform the hearts and minds of the people into Love, they resorted to brute force and even brainwashing into a worship of the State as God. Therefore, those of you who are familiar with Communist tenets will readily recognize this redistribution of wealth concept as the same as the Communist slogan, "From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his need". This was the premise which guided Communism in 1917-1918 to completely destroy the Russian Czarist serf-based economy, and erect a supposed worker's paradise, which was in reality anything but, although it did bear the brunt of the campaign to abolish Fascism. A century later, after Prophett, the phoenix rose from its own ashes, big enough to change the world.

In America, there had long been several methods of redistributing wealth, imposed by the people on themselves. First, the Federal Government, in 1913, established the Income Tax, originally at one-half of one percent, but at times as high as 33% for some and 70% for others. When the American Democratic Party talked about "punishing the rich" through high income taxes, many people applauded, not realizing they were applauding the Communist ideal, and showing their lack of a higher understanding. The popular view was that people got rich only by stealing from or defrauding the poor, which was not always true, but at least all agreed that if they did, it would be a most grievous sin. So the stage was set for the rich to voluntarily "give all that they have to the poor", in true Biblical fashion.

Second, the American Welfare System grew steadily during the 20th and early 21st centuries as the most efficient means of redistributing wealth in history. After the inequities were cured, the grumblers grudgingly began to accept it for the good it was. By the time of Prophett, the real grumbling was over the arbitrary way the beneficiaries were selected, merely on the increasingly meaningless concept of 'American citizenship', in a shrinking global village: why should they be a Chosen People, while their siblings were left in the outer darkness?

Third, the American Federal Government debt was a very clever system of redistributing wealth. It funneled huge

sums of cash that had been financed by sales of bonds and other economic investments into wealth redistribution programs passed by Congress. These monies could have been more efficiently invested in the Private Sector to create more jobs, lower taxes, and lower interest rates, thought the shortsighted right wingers; but done nothing towards advancing the NWO, only making Americans richer compared to the rest of the world, and destabilizing the world further.

In short, American Federal Government debt acted as a brake on the American economy, taking away monies that could be available for selfish America-only investment. Indeed, this debt was probably the most important part of the economic plan to bring about the New World Order, because it allowed wise leaders, as necessary, to threaten or bring about banking collapses, to keep the rich and middle class in line. It was no accident that all the Federal Reserve Board Chairmen, and other top American government financial advisers, were either members of a secret society, or the Council On Foreign Relations (C.F.R.), and secretly committed to the New World Order Plan.

The true NWO plan came from the Bible, as might be expected. Until Prophett, the New World Order Plan was primarily European in design, although its leaders were told by their Guiding Spirits in the mid-1740s that America was to be established as the leading nation in the drive to the New World Order. Consequently, America's occult leaders, such as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and so many others, established America with this leadership role in mind.

The first New World Order Plan was written in the mid-1700s, and now called "The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion". For centuries it had to be alternately embraced and claimed as a fake, as circumstances dictated, until all the elements for its implementation could be put in place. It was not, as anti-Semitic zealots claimed, a Jewish plan, merely because of the use of the word Zion. It was a NWO plan, with the goal of transforming the world itself into a new Zion, or Holy City, but not one of traditional Jews, be they Conservative or Reformed: no, for they recognized no Christ. Rather, it was part and parcel of the new Zion to

have a Christ, the Zionists who reestablished Israel, often through murder and thievery and deception, notwithstanding.

Not that many of its top leaders weren't from the Jewish faith: to their credit, that faith produced some of the most wise, kind-hearted, and intelligent thinkers of the age: a list would double the size of this book.

In Protocol #13, the authors wrote about the time when their plan for establishing this global system would come: "When we come into our kingdom, our orators will expound great problems which have turned humanity upside down in order to bring it at the end under our beneficent rule." What "great problems"? Global Warming and/or Cooling, Ozone Depletion, Rain Forest and Coral Reef Destruction, Endangered Species, Pollution of the Air, Water, and Oceans, Racism and Ethnic Cleansing, Religious Fundamentalism and Suppression of Women, and so on.

Rachel Carson was one such orator. As she wrote in "The Naked Savage": "Mankind was contaminating its own environment and fouling its own nest, the signal for the extinction of the species." So was Sir Shridath Ramphal, president of the IUCN (World Conservation Union) in the early 1990s: "Most of India's rivers are little more than open sewers carrying untreated waste from urban and rural areas to the sea." Greenpeace was also a powerful voice: "Modern Man has made a rubbish tip of Paradise... and now stands like a brutish infant... on the brink of effectively destroying this oasis of life." They should have said Modern Wise Man, since that's the Latin meaning of the phrase Homo sapiens, ironically. Way back in 1952, scientist and nutrition expert Sir John Boyd Orr said: "Governments are prepared to unite men and resources for a world war but the Great Powers are not prepared to unite to banish hunger and poverty from the world."

Yet, for all these so-called problems, doing very real damage to a majority of the world's population, Americans were living longer, and with better health, than ever before. Attempts at deceiving being ruled out after the advent of the World Wide Web (it is amusing but not essential to our purposes to examine the deception

adventures made before that), the decision was made to educate Americans into a global view of these problems that would indeed turn them upside down and drive them to implement the New World Order. At the same time, the right wing rear guard had to be neutralized, so the authenticity of the Protocols were vigorously denied, and those who feared their contents would be discredited. As the Protocols themselves put it: "Who will ever suspect, then, that all these peoples were stage-managed by us according to a political plan which no one has so much as guessed at in the course of many centuries". AWWI being won, let us now rehabilitate the Protocols into their rightful place in the march to victory: such is the contribution of the Occultists to the victory that this paragraph is even needed now.

Occultists (literally, those who believed in putting camouflage on the truth, even if it were in plain sight, while simultaneously instructing initiates on how to access it) viewed America as the reestablishment of the old mythical occult nation Atlantis. They viewed America as leading the nations of the world into the New World Order, and then acting like the occult phoenix bird, which, according to occult legend lives for many years, only to suddenly burst into flames so hot the bird is reduced to ashes; however, immediately, a new phoenix is suddenly reborn amidst the ashes, rising up to fly again. Similarly, America is conceived as the phoenix, catching fire and burning up, after its role of leadership into a New World Order is accomplished. But, just like the phoenix, America is to rise again, only this time as part of the new Global Community, an equal among equals. And, this time, in a new High-Tech Agricultural Economy that does not exploit people or Gaia, not the hated production-line Industrial Economy based on wicked short-sighted self-centered materialistic greed.

In the words of New World Order author Elizabeth Van Buren: "The destiny of the United States was to be Atlantis, reborn like the Phoenix out of its own ashes. In all matters there are cycles of birth and decay ... We have arrived at a time when many an American, as a New Atlantean, is receiving the call: Go out! the time is short! Build your Ark and take

in it as seed for the future age all that is worthy of a New World! Take the dream of a Brotherhood of Man with you, for it was your country which took the first steps towards this ideal. Nothing is lost ... There is only change. Do not fear this, for out of the ashes of New Atlantis will rise in many parts of the world a people who are conscious of their Oneness with Atlantis and America."

Elizabeth Van Buren uses the imagery of each New Age adherent to build an Ark with good reason. Just as Noah survived the complete devastation of the Earth by being in the Ark, so New Agers were assured that they will survive similar economic and physical devastation only if their spiritual preparation is like unto the Ark. Prophett was the triggering event that released the floodgates, because He made One World Religion a reality.

During 1987-1991, great progress was made toward the coming One World Religion that controlled the hearts and minds of the future world leaders. To accomplish this goal, concerted effort was made to bring the world's religions together under a single banner. The Ecumenical movement was the American contribution to this effort, even though, until the 21st century, the lead church in the NWO religion, the Roman Catholic, had a minority in the American population.

In a seminar given by the New England Director of the House of Theosophy in August, 1990, the Roman Catholic Pope was planned to be a "proper receptor to The Christ" when he appeared, and would help lead the world into his One World Religion. When the time came, that is precisely what happened. The Pope bypassed all historical precedent and red tape to canonize Prophett as a saint, and called on all true believers to support Him with all their heart and mind. In America, this led to all Prophett activists in the state and federal legislatures to have a ready-made majority on every bill they proposed. In combination with the super-rich Gates Foundation (founded by the late Bill Gates of Microsoft), political propogandizing, funding, and lobbying reached record levels, mowing down even the faintest opposition.

Segment #2 -- 1992-1997.

In Arguelles words, during this second five-year plan:

"Current governmental and political models will have been replaced. New values will stress cooperation, collaboration, and unification on behalf of the Spirit of the Earth".

This Plan was so perfectly established in this time frame, it takes our breath away to look back at it. 1992 was the year that the union of Western Europe into one economic country was completed. Then, a year later, the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) was established, uniting Canada, the United States, and Mexico into one economic country; as World War III raged, all three countries agreed to unite under the name America, with a corresponding increase in the number of House and Senate representatives: this had the side-effect of forever ending the power bloc of the Protestants, who still were plagued with recidivistic if not reactionary right wing racist Bible fundamentalism. In actuality, the new nation was NAFA itself.

While the arguments for and against these plans were occurring, the real goal was not to create giant, unified economies. Rather, the real goal was to create a reorganization of all the world's governments into ten Super Nations: NAFA was Nation Number One, and Western Europe was Nation Number Two. This was precisely as the prophet Daniel had foretold over 2,500 years ago.

Therefore, the governmental structure of the world was changed almost invisibly. Even though individual governments still remained in existence, for the time being, a giant superstructure had been erected above them, awaiting the time when The Christ would appear, energize the Ten Super Nations and take official control of the United Nations. At that time, all individual governments would be disbanded, overnight, by America's Declaration of Anti-World War I, which basically declared them illegal and subject to military occupation if the 'rebels' did not submit. America would bear the brunt of the fighting, and consume its treasure in the effort, but be reborn as one of the ten

states in the new OWG, in a new world with equal justice for all.

Certainly, this five-year period saw the new values of world cooperation, collaboration, and unification taught in American public schools, and they seemed to be goals with which no one could argue even then. However, when such cooperation, collaboration, and unification come in conflict with obsolete views of individual liberty of religion, or conscience, problems were uncovered. These new values were to be achieved in the pan-religious context of the Spirit of the Earth (Gaia); therefore conditioning toward this end was intensified, reaching out to children especially.

The children -- the precious children -- were being systematically indoctrinated to believe in these values, by TV, movies, books, and above all public schools. While their parents, often professed Christians, lived more like the unsaved of the world, pursuing pleasure, cars, homes, and careers, ahead of caring for their children, the public schools, as envisioned by Karl Marx, were used to change the spiritual upbringing of their children, at their own expense, through taxes.

One event, seminal at the time and even more seminal in the light of history, was the Columbine High School Massacre, in Colorado, America, in 1999: the two misguided youths who, torn between their parents' world and what they were being indoctrinated into in school, literally created their own individual war, made victims of themselves as well as their classmates, and brought the world into focus for a brief moment. It came right in the middle of the third five-year plan, and made its leaders all the more determined to succeed, while planting the seeds of activism in an entire generation of youth that would inherit control of America by the time of Prophett.

Segment #3 -- 1997-2002

Quoting Arguelles, the third five-year plan:

"known as the Era of Reseeding ... will thin out major population centers. The human population will be

resettled."

This phrase, "thin out major population centers" is a euphemism for World War III, which was to set the stage on which The Christ can finally appear, just as Biblical prophecy declares. Starting in 2012, the threat of an irreversible world population explosion was planned to be defeated in stages, first by war, then by peace. In retrospect, we now know that a stable world population of 10 billion has been achieved.

It now is well-known that WWII was engineered in advance, but not as part of an evil plot, but as part of a good and wise plan: the remaining evil forces were merely steered into doing what they wanted to do anyway, to cause them to 'shoot their bolt', kill each other off, and spend themselves in vain. The fundamentalist Moslems in the Middle East and Africa, the Chinese and Soviet communists in Asia and Europe, the dictators in South America, Indonesia, Malaysia, the Balkans, Africa, and elsewhere -- the world was a tough place, brewing evil on a seemingly eternal flame. NATO came together to defeat their enemies, and all-but end the military capability of other nations. What remained was not military, but socioeconomic problems, and not NATO but America would have to lead the war against war, a totally new species of war, after the hearts and minds of its peoples were transformed to see the need for it, and the desirability of making the needed sacrifices.

As of 1997, all of the leadership of both the American Democratic and Republican Parties supported this plan; some had to pretend to be after vastly different objectives, but they were not. H. Ross Perot was instrumental in acting as a 'rabbit' to deflect the disenchanted into a harmless third party effort. The fervor surrounding the Millennium played right into their hands, creating an expectation of 'bad things to happen', which could be naturally molded into a final World War to end all world wars.

In the prophetic Words of Jesus Christ, in Matthew 24:22, "And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved. But for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." The wars of which Jesus prophesied earlier

in Matthew 24 had become so great, so devastating, so genocidal, that, if a New Christ Himself did not intervene, and end war forever, no human beings would be left alive on the Earth. We were getting very close to this when Prophett arrived, and WWII made everybody know it, on every square mile of the Earth's surface.

Remember Jesus' Words, "You must be born again ..." (John 3:3-7). The entire world was born again with Prophett, but as seen, the foundation was already in place, after centuries of struggle to win peoples' hearts and minds.

Personal Log:

"Noah! Build me an ark of gopher wood!"

That dream came to me one night in 2030, after my conversion to Prophett. So sayeth the great judge of people, the Bible. Call it a fairy tale, call it literal truth, but the story itself has sunk into the subconsciousness of much of the world's people, so it can be used to communicate with them now, to reach them through common understanding. Maybe this is what Prophett meant when He talked about old souls and new souls.

The world was once so wicked that God wanted to start over. He only knew of one righteous man on the entire Earth, and he warned him that he was going to flood the Earth, and that he was to save himself and his family by building an ark, whose plans he supplied. Somehow, He also caused two of each kind of animal to arrive and peacefully get on board without trying to kill each other. In a nutshell, this was the most peaceful and harmonious time in human history. Everybody had plenty to eat. Nobody killed anybody else. There was no racism, no n-words.

The human population was at a minimum, yet even if it grew to ten billion, could not the Earth be turned into a ten billion barrel ark, supplying the wants and needs of all?

God didn't want people to starve, to be poor. Neither did He want them to be wicked, or to hate. Hate is no plan for living. Those who think it is are just like rats, fit to

be drowned. White supremacists might just have been able, if they had become total rats by the late 19th century, to hog all technology to themselves, work as a Big Rat Supernation, and exterminate all non-whites by 1950, leaving the rest of humanity behind as museum relics. If this had happened, God would have judged humanity with one terrible judgement. He built His house with plentiful resources for everybody, if they worked as siblings and shared and shared alike all that they didn't need. He promised to never destroy it with a flood again. Next time He promised fire. But He promised that the next house would be what He really wanted.

My name was Noah. I was an n-word, therefore, in more ways than one, thanks to mama naming me that. The 20th century was the century of racism, and it was natural that the racists stumbled on the story of Noah and the Ark, precisely because it sends a message that there really are no races, since all came from the same family after all, at one point in time and place, and got along harmoniously under God. To me, that Biblical story was a blueprint for the Golden Age of Humanity, if only it could be duplicated on a massive scale.

When my black pa and my white ma fell in love and poured forth a rainbow of children, God was doing what He promised, namely, establishing the rainbow as His sign forever of peace in the world. The 'loss' of 'pure whites' to a 'mongrelized society' must have torn at the heart strings of many a white racist, who knew they had forever lost the rainbow children to their brand of hate; ditto for black racists, of which there were also a good supply, especially when seduced by Black Islam.

Funny how Christians and Moslems and Jews all revere the Pentateuch -- the Books of Moses, the Torah -- and good old Noah.

My name was Noah. It couldn't be a coincidence. My mother couldn't have known my destiny, but why did she give me this venerable name if God had not chosen it for her? Mama was a deeply religious woman, even if her church's snubbing of her choice of a marital partner did turn her into a

non-attender.

Dada was also religious, in his own way, although he was more superstitious than religious; African voodoo scared the stuffing out of him. He always wanted me to be a professional athlete, even though I had been born with congenital heart problems, and had several operations. When I made the high school football team, he was beaming his big white teeth like a walrus; he had dropped out of high school himself. I did it only to please him, and didn't dare admit how I hated the practices, the elitist mentality of the 'jocks', the feeling that I was an old-time slave hand sacrificing my body just to sell tickets for white masters. I felt all the more like an n-word precisely because my dad was forcing me to act like a good one. (To be honest, being a jock did help me meet Carla; she was drawn to black men more than white anyway, for reasons of plumbing that, in those hormone-enhanced days, where our eyes could virtually 'eat each other up', seemed bigger then than after years of the 'real thang' of marriage, but it was still not socially acceptable for a white girl to literally fling herself on a black boy unless he were validated by being a 'jock', which everybody saw every day on the media being glorified -- maybe the tendency of jocks to protect their own and what was theirs, like a mafia, made her feel safer against reprisals.)

Noah is an n-word, but one to be proud of. Mama saw my pain, tried to work on dad, make him accept that I wanted to go to college to study, not to play a kid's game for a few years for seductively prostituting overcompensation, only to be left with my whole life ahead of me and my neglected education as all I had left to fall back on.

Back then, before the advances in robotics, large numbers of people worked in so-called service businesses, serving 'fast food' to people in cars, for instance, for 'minimum wage', which back then was less than a thousand dollars a month. In a real job, the kind that uses the mind, one could make two, three, five, ten times as much money, with a long-term career path, not the dead-end feeling of hopping from one low-paid job to the next until one is too tired and old to keep working, like my da; he had been laid-off from his job

running a machine of some kind, only to have to accept hard, exhausting outdoors work with a construction company, when he was too old to recuperate properly from the strain -- he was laid off from that just in time to avoid an early death, then remained permanently unemployed, relying on ma, me, and his other children for support until his death.

Another funny thing was that, back when they still had what they called network TV, where millions would sit in their homes and watch the same show broadcast at the same time, the networked called NBC (National Broadcasting Company, swallowed up by Microsoft) spent exorbitant amounts of money to produce a film special on Noah's Ark, starring John Voight and Mary Steenburgen, well-known professional movie actors of the day. This was back when the cost for creating two-dimensional simulations was almost too high to believe, and took months of computer time to make an hour-length film: this one was four hours, I think. Anyway, it made a comedy out of the story, mixing in water pirates, nutty peddlers, food fights, cabin fever antics, and silly sex jokes with the most awesome story of history, all in order to package an audience for commercials for things like hair care and junk food products. I was embarrassed by my name Noah for months, going by my middle name Sanford, even though that name had its bad connotations too, from yet another, older TV series called 'Sanford and Son', starring Redd Foxx, about a bumbling old black man and his son in Watts (Los Angeles, California), who bought and sold junk, and got in silly comedic fights.

Even funnier, the Noah show came out just weeks after The Day at my high school, as if to make light of it. It made Carla and I all the more disgusted with the state of America. I was discussing the Noah TV show with a white Christian Sunday school teacher at high school graduation (I got his attention by remarking that I had just seen Noah on TV, and here he was in real life -- he was white-bearded, aging, and pot-bellied), and he surprised me by saying that the reason the show was incorrect Biblically was that they portrayed Noah's neighbors as sacrificing to the God of Rain, when until the Flood, God had never let it rain on Earth at all; when I asked him where water went when it evaporated, and how flowers and grass survived, he said it

stayed close to the ground as a mist, ha ha. As we were talking, Carla came up to me and I planted a big wet kiss on her lips -- I could see this man of God wince, and drop his conversation and exit stage left, where he soon hooked up with his white wife and white kids and their white marital partners and their white kids. I flashed back to the TV show, and remembered that Noah, his wife, his sons, and their wives, were all white, with perhaps one of the wives being a little questionable; yet this preacher believed that we all -- of all races -- descended in just a few thousand years from them. So what was the point of his white racism? He wanted to never get off the Ark?

As the Millennium came and went, organized religion seemed to be waning, while interest in the occult peaked. In 1996, I think it was, the French government counted over fifty thousand people who had declared income to the tax authorities from work as mediums, healers, stargazers, and other occult occupations; in contrast, the country had fewer than thirty-six thousand Roman Catholic priests, and only six thousand psychiatrists.

By the time Prophett came, I was almost fifty years old, the same age that one of the gospels said Jesus was when He began preaching. Noah, the Bible said, was over 900 years old, but maybe that was a mistranslation; 50 would have been about right in those days where the statistical life expectancy must have been under 40. I had a comfortable career in journalism, and had done well on the stock market, and also had some luck in real estate, so I could afford to retire and devote my life to Him, along with my beloved wife, as loyal as the Biblical Noah's must have been.

So, we set about being the Second Noah and Wife, with the task ahead of fashioning a world ark out of the gopher trees of the Earth, and saving everybody under the rainbow of Prophett's love. Although many were immediately imbued with Prophett's spirit, and spread his gospel tirelessly, it still took a full decade before the entire American people caught fire, and the government did their will.

Not that I was blameless in the sight of the Lord.

Curious now to look back on, but about the time of the Noah's Ark TV series, well-fed trendy Americans and Europeans were scrambling to import mopane caterpillars to dine on at inflated prices in their gourmet restaurants. These nutritious offspring of the emperor moth, getting their name from the mopane tree on which they feed, had been depended on for generations by poor people in rural South Africa as a protein food source. In just a few years, they all-but disappeared from South Africa, and neighboring Botswana and Zimbabwe, further compounding the poor peoples' problems. Dad took Carla and I to an 'African restaurant' in Lower Downtown Denver, Colorado to gorge on these critters as an anniversary surprise once, long before we found out what was happening.

Even those with the best intentions go wrong sometimes. Had the original Noah gone to all the trouble to save that moth only to see them meet this ignominious end? Luckily, enough survived that they were slowly brought back; Carla and I were part of the volunteers on the spot, manning huge moth farms, feeding them mopane-surrogate leaves, created by cloning technology from America. How did we know that later, in WWII, that whole region around South Africa would be devastated by nuclear explosions?



Book Two - 2040

Chapter 4. The Declaration of War Against War Itself

During the Cold War that reigned after WWII, from 1945 to 1989, regional armed conflicts flared constantly throughout the world, as the American and Soviet superpowers used the world as a grand chessboard, jockeying for victory. The end of the Cold War with American dominance led, for many years, to a Pax Americana, an era of international peace and tranquility, unseen before in that century, and rarely ever before in human history itself. In 1989, for example, there were 36 major armed conflicts, dropping to 27 in 1996, and all but one of these (India-Pakistan) were internal domestic wars, with a marked decrease in deaths compared to Cold War

conflicts.

As far back as December 10, 1948, when the chairwoman of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, Eleanor Roosevelt, stood in the newly-built Palais Chaillot in Paris and read the ringing phrases of the preamble and 30 articles of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, America had been at the forefront of the battle for a Pax Americana (47 countries, besides America, voted in favor, none against, and eventually all 185 member nations, including those originally abstaining, endorsed it).

By 2040, the further experience with WWII and Prohett had finally made all Americans yearn for a permanent Pax Americana, which they called Pax Terra. Accordingly, America now unilaterally declared war on the world, offering amnesty to all countries who surrendered and accepted the new terms of peace, namely, a OWG, loosely based on the U.N. (the exact structure to be determined later, after the world had been radically changed), but initially under American supervision, with the official government language being American. It was a form of imperialism, but with love; the Americans would donate heavily to rebuild the country's infrastructure, and not retain ownership of anything, or the right to any stream of income or even interest. When the new government was certified, the Americans would "turn over the keys" and let it operate, like a new car. Since one of the greatest causes of war is racial separation and racism, Americans would migrate to the country in question and pledge themselves to mixing with the people there, as well as migrate people from the country to America and other countries for reeducation and racemixing.

We, the People of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, in the name of the People of the World, do hereby declare war on war, and on all its causes, wherever found, irrespective of claimed national boundaries, and hereby offer complete amnesty to all who accept our terms of surrender.

That was the entire text of the declaration, on December 16, 2040. Immediately a plethora of conflicting legislation citing it was introduced by the Democratic and Republican

parties separately.

One group wanted all debts, public and private, with the American government, declared paid in full. This would help many foreign countries in deep debt to America, and inside the country, equalize wealth because it would destroy a lot of hereditary wealth (bonds and such). Others wanted the foreign debt to be kept open, as a kind of club to use when most effective.

One vocal group wanted the two parties to unite into one. This movement was defeated only because "it was the genius of the American political system to always have at least two branches of government opposing each other in every conceivable way, so that they maintain a healthy equilibrium, and the whole fabric cross-matrixed by two main competing political parties. That way an entire people, however large, can compromise on every conceivable issue, and remain in peace. The concept of one political party leads to dictatorship, while the concept of a multi-party system is for absolutists, who admit of no compromise." (Sen. Gary Hart-Mtumbo-Yang, Colorado)

Many bills were introduced freeing any and all prisoners who agreed to military service, no matter the offense. Others wanted only those in for drug and tax offenses to be freed, and there was split on violent offenders, and a bigger split on sex offenders and so-called political prisoners, in for crimes against authority. It was finally decided to free all, but make the terms of military service dependent on offense, the violent having to serve in a combat role, the sex offenders having to serve in segregated non-combat units with more severe martial laws in effect (summary court martial and execution for rape). The former prison system was now freed to be used in the war effort, and converted into immigration centers to house refugees.

On a declaration of war by Congress, the old U.S. Constitution was effectively suspended, including writs of habeas corpus and indeed, in theory, giving the President the powers of a dictator. This time the goal was to declare the whole world to be in rebellion to a OWG that didn't exist yet, and any nation that didn't submit to it was

declared rebels, and subject to military occupation and military law. Using this as the excuse, America could justify attacking any country standing in the way of a OWG in world law courts. In actuality, America never acted without the consent of the United Nations, and indeed it was from that time forward that the latter became the seat of the OWG, with America as its powerhouse economic and military arm. The Congress of the old United States never ended their state of war against war, so the U.S. was never 'unsuspended', and remains so to this very day, and hopefully, forever.

Mention was made of the wild popularity of AWWI in America. Only about one half of one percent of the population was actively hostile to it, and within weeks of the prisons being emptied, the dissenters were rounded up and put in their place, without charges and without trial. Government is by its nature out for the greatest good for the greatest number, and this remnant just didn't fit anywhere else, as their tendency to disrupt and disturb the peace with their pointless demonstrations couldn't be allowed to interfere with the conducting of the war, like in the 1960s. As the war went on, many were reeducated and released into service, as the prisoners before them had been. Only about a third of them remained to the end, and they were finally pardoned and released a few years after the Pax Terra.

Personal Log:

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is now world law. Article 1 states: "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of siblinghood." Not bad; even Thomas Jefferson might give it big ole Virginny seegar. Article 3 states: "Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person." Article 4 states: "No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms." Article 18 states: "Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion." Article 23 states: "Everyone who works has the right to just and favourable remuneration ensuring for themselves and their family and existence worthy of human dignity." Article 25

states: "Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of themselves and of their family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care."

These articles had been ratified almost a hundred years earlier, but the difference now is, they're enforced. When the articles say everyone, they mean everyone.

Until AWWI, these phrases rung hollow through much of the world, yes. Ironically, it was forces inside America that kept it from throwing its might and willpower into making them come true, although often what enforcement there was, did come from America, when it found it convenient. The anti-OWG forces inside America, based on right-wing racist fundamentalist Christianity, had fought long and hard to give the U.N., and all its activities, the look and feel of a red, horned devil threatening to destroy everything Christ stood for. In actual reality, the "lucky" white race was simply acting as a giant leech, living off the nearly untapped resources of the giant American continent, and hoarding them, making use of the great oceans surrounding its coasts to defend them, and enjoy them exclusively. They had even stolen the land they were living on, and still calling themselves a holy nation and claiming God blessed it. By the 21st century, this isolationism and selfishness was indefensible even to the Americans themselves, who could freely communicate and trade instantly with people worldwide, and even travel to any corner of the globe in hours. The boogey boo bear of Communism, which had try to use the U.N., unsuccessfully, as a mere front, no longer was around to confuse the issue, namely, that the world couldn't afford to flirt with self-annihilation any more, didn't have enough free rolls of the dice left to stay the way it was, and had to grow up and either become truly one, or go back and take up where Hitler left off. The world truly was ready to be one, and political progress now was demanded from the grassroots on up, over the graves of the former generations of Americans who stood for the opposite.

I was only 14 when the blockbuster movie _ID4_ or _Independence Day_ came out in theaters, just in time for the July 4 weekend. There was one scene, near the end, that

struck a deep chord in me ever since. It showed America directing the world counterattack against the mean aliens from outer space who were on the verge of complete victory. Former enemies now united into a OWG with America giving orders and leading the way. Actor Bill Pullman (playing the American President) was no Prophett, however. I hoped it wouldn't take an alien invasion from space to cause humanity to come together though, and thank Prophett it didn't.

The U.N. also voted on and ratified the International Bill of Human Rights, along with over a hundred other human rights treaties, long before AWWI, but now these votes were themselves obsolete, as were the formerly sovereign, independent states who voted on them. When Pax Terra was declared, in 2053, work was begun to write a new World Bill of Rights, with a world police force and world courts, along with a new World Constitution and new state constitutions (a state being what formerly would have been called a country or superstate). This work took twenty-five years, being finalized only in 2078.

Way back in the early Double Zeds, the Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights (OHCHR) was headquartered in Geneva, Switzerland, with a small office on the 29th floor of the United Nations building in New York City. The chief of the New York office, Greek-born Elsa Stamatopoulou, once crossed paths with Carla and I, when we were covering the Decade for Human Rights Education (1995-2004).

Carla was great with people. Way back in 1999 she helped me found the Millennium Alliance, an optimistic group that existed only on the World Wide Web. Even back then we could scan still photographs of ourselves and transmit them worldwide, and her yellow hair and pale peach skin combined with my black hair and cocoa black skin made a striking symbol of the future of America reaching out to become a OWG.

Back then, human sexuality was still subject to criminalization, and a hot topic in America. People were still so starved for love that they paid for 'pornography' on the Web, whether in the form of staged still photographs, movies with or without sound, or interactive 'sessions'.

(They might be shocked, think the world had gone to the devil, to see public nudity and free sex worldwide, among people who are totally happy and knew no such thing as race; or, more shockingly, preferred 'melting', or what they used to call race-mising, with a vengeance.)

From the earliest days of the Web, pornography sold. Carla talked me into helping her set up a web site where we made love with each other on camera, while people around the world paid to watch: American capitalism as pure as distilled water. It is funny now, but back in those 'good ole days', white-black 'interracial sex' was still a novelty, and attracted a curious clientele, especially in America -- a surprising large number of white females had become curious enough to 'just watch'. Performing for the camera was nothing like as passionate as we did when the lights were out, but it was more athletic, with the paying crowd luring us into every position and technique possible.

We sold more than sex through our web site. We sold our vision of a OWG with no more racism, sexism, war, national boundaries, poverty, ignorance, or oppression. We sold the Millennium Alliance. To see us perform, customers had to first join, become members, whether they understood or really read its Statement of Principles or not. Later, many thanked us, when they truly saw the light, and laughed with us about our 'trick'.

The Millennium Alliance was about working together. It needed leadership internationally and nationally, from faiths, from issue experts, and from youth.

The Millennium Council for the Future was planned to provide international leadership and assist in recruiting major 'gifts'. The members of this Council were not to be announced publicly until there were at least a dozen. Our 5-year goal was to recruit 30 highly respected leaders from all parts of the world and all the major faiths. We never reached the first dozen.

The Millennium Council of Faiths was supposed to design suitable 'rites of passage' through which people will 'die' to old 20th century ways of thinking and being, and emerge

as new 21st century people. Through the Parliament of the World's Religions, the Peace Council, and other major interfaith organizations, we wanted to build leadership commitments in Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Bah 'i, Jain, Sikh, Wicca, Brahma Kumari, Shinto, Indigenous, and other faith traditions, and make the year 2000 a turning point.

The Millennium Sustainability Council was to be a loose federation of many groups and individuals working on the many aspects of a sustainable future OWG based on Love. Preliminary contact and discussions were to be held with 400 organizations, including UNICEF, The International Committee of the Red Cross, The Council for a Parliament of the World's Religions, World Resources Institute, Women's Environment and Development Organization, Global Action Plan, the International Union of International Organizations, Humane Society, Pugwash, Amnesty International, and the World Wildlife Fund. The net result was them recruiting us into their organizations more than the reverse, and soon we were so busy with these commitments that we let the Millennium Alliance slide, along with our porno pay site, which was dropping in revenues steadily, probably from competition, self-overexposure, and the fact that we were not spring chickens anymore (smile). But that took ten years.

We were surprised when another Millennium Alliance was located that had started several years earlier, with virtually the same goals, and had formed country-level groups in the United States (at the Washington National Cathedral), Canada (private groups in Ottawa, Toronto, and Vancouver), Norway, England (the Millennium Commission), and Italy (Office of the Mayor of Rome and the Vatican). They threatened to sue us if we didn't change our name, so we did, to the World Face of Love Alliance. In retrospect, Carla had known about it all along, and either forgotten about it and believed she was inventing it as she went along, or else she was trying to lovingly lead me down a path, and change me; this might have been our first mutual discovery of non-perfection, of lying to one another to get our way, I won't judge.

Not that we didn't join the 'real' Millennium Alliance, and even contribute some programming and journalistic effort to their THRESHOLD national simulation model that tried to integrate economic, social, and environmental variables with the goal of enabling citizens and policy makers to assess the 'long-term' (up to 50 years) impact of alternative tax, subsidy, and other policy decisions. The model was once in use in Bangladesh, China, Australia, Tunisia, and the United States, and was even nominated by UNICEF-Bangladesh for a one million American dollar humanitarian prize (Eurodollars were first officially launched in 1999, and for a long time nobody wanted to use them or get awarded any). Nowadays it seems no more than a child's toy.

The Double Zeds (first decade of the 21st century) were a dizzying time for Carla and I: in our frisky twenties, in love, and thinking we could change the world -- which goes with the territory, so to speak. We worked to change attitudes and values; help people leave behind their grudges, hatreds, and prejudices; lobby governments for free education, clean water and air, global distribution of food and medicine, a safer environment, the removal of land mines, placing all patents for energy conserving technology, disease-relieving drugs, and food production in the public domain, approval of international treaties against war and racism, banning of personal ownership of weapons and violent games, limit on family size for same-race couples and subsidies for interracial breeding couples, decriminalization of drugs (marijuana at first, then all types), legalization of public sex and nudity, equal treatment for all sexual orientations, a larger American commitment to give aid to the world's disadvantaged, an end to immigration restrictions of all kinds -- too many other projects to remember now.

In retrospect, we were 'paying our dues' for future initiation into the occultist elite, but didn't realize it then. We even let a Jehovah's Witness group proselytize us and drown us with (then paper) propaganda, only to realize that they weren't all bad, since they too saw the future as a OWG led by a Christ, devoid of war, crime, materialism and racism; we split with them on their intolerance of drugs, sexual freedom (homosexuality, extra-marital sex,

pornography) and their quiet but insidious belief that most people were doomed, and only a tiny number would be 'saved' and enjoy paradise, namely them, and that the new OWG would be run supernaturally, by God, with Christ as King, and the JWs themselves as the voice of God -- Carla and I agreed that a paradise without room for most everybody was no such thing (we would even let them live and let live without "judging them", grin), and we just couldn't 'get' their vision of the world after Armageddon: animals wouldn't kill each other for food any more (they claimed this was also the way it was before the Flood), everybody would magically have enough to eat, God would somehow talk to people and tell them what to do again.

I regretted seeing them imprisoned during AWWI, but that was their choice; they had suffered far worse in the days of Hitler. One small point: their professed intolerance of racism didn't extend to their artists, who regularly showed the New Earth populated by pure racial stereotypes, marrying true to their racial heritage, and often wearing what must have become meaningless national costumes, since they were all now mixed together in crowds, adoring Jehovah and Christ. I couldn't get the picture of a "Twilight Zone" episode out of my mind. They always skirted racial intermarriage, maybe because they thought of races as God-given, just like the species of animals, and 'racism' as a hatred of other races, while racial intermarriage was considered a bad habit, on a par with using drugs and having premarital sex, that religion could cure. I couldn't see Carla and I, and our descendants, in their artists' conceptions, sorry. (Funny how some of my friends called them "Jehovah's Witlesses", and would slam the door in their faces. For years they wouldn't put their massive free encyclopedic publications on the World Wide Web, for fear of copyright violation, like the Church of Scientology -- the latter's motives were obviously pure greed, so it made me wonder about the former's motives, sorry again.)

Our first marital disagreement was over where to spend Millennium Day. Carla, taking her cue from the Millennium Alliance, wanted to spend it in Iceland's Thingvellir National Park, a beautiful natural amphitheater seating thirty thousand, and formed at the junction of the European

and American tectonic plates; the original meeting place for the world's oldest continuing parliament -- a place where, for more than a thousand years, even blood enemies could meet and talk, after they left their weapons outside. I wanted to go with my fellow classmates at Columbine High School, and celebrate there. We both won. The Icelandic meeting was held in the summer of 2000, the Columbine meeting on the anniversary, April 20th, so we had no trouble attending both. It was during the communal travel and lodging arrangements that I first shared Carla in communal sex, and she me. So many white women wanted my black body, and so many black men and women of all colors wanted hers -- she told me, in later years, that she had never had sex with a white man.

Now I look back and realize that there are no really white or black people left in America, or most of the world, anymore: pure races are dinosaurs. Only in Germany is there still a majority of 'pure whites', mainly because they sat AWWI out, and nobody wanted to mess with them. American history, from its earliest days, had been dominated by the European whites stealing the land from the native Amerindians, engaging in knowing and accidental genocide, and then assuming the land would be forever for European whites only. Meanwhile, through their own greed, they began importing African slaves, mainly because the native Amerindians made poor slaves, refusing captivity unto the death. The 'docile' Africans, however, were kept separate, like animals. But not entirely separate, as the white master would slip back into the African women's quarters all the time, fathering half-breed bastards. Generations of this made the 'color line' so confusing that it was inevitable that the nation would tear itself apart over them, after the advance of civilization made peoples' sensibilities rebel against the cruelty of the slave system. But even after liberation, those of African descent were expected to just stay separate, or just go away, for a hundred years. With the rise of mass electronic communication and entertainment, the two races sharing one land could study each other extensively without the actual smell and feel, but sooner or later the floodgates would break loose and mass intermarriage was bound to occur. Then it would become out of fashion to marry within one's former

group, and finally even a taboo. It was now, at the dawn of the 22nd century, a step away from being illegal.

What could the 'white master race' have done to prevent this? Nothing. Even if they exterminated all Africans to prevent the 19th century Civil War, more Africans would have come, if not straight from Africa, then up from South America, where they had, for centuries, actually been encouraged to freely interbreed with the Spanish and Portuguese Europeans by the Catholic Church. Now, with a OWG, all the former 'races' (really, just breeds -- the word race is a red herring of racists) were conglomerating in broad bands, like a rainbow with its many mixed hues along a spectrum.

If the white skin breed is so fragile that conglomeration with other breeds will eliminate it or submerge it forever, then blame Mother Nature for that, or Evolution, the survival of the fittest. But let humanity continue on its progress towards global unity and peace by all means, no matter what cherished relics it has to stomp on.

I'm proud that my children have some white heritage in them. Their children will also be proud of it. Even as citizens of Earth, we are still proud Americans. The white Americans are not like the buffalo. They were not simply exterminated and replaced by a totally different breed, with a different cultural history. They earned the right to continue on in the gene pool, although not perhaps as dominant as before. (Not that the American bison hadn't been saved also, and there were herds in many countries throughout the world.) But not only their genes: their great ideas, particularly the American Constitution, will live on for quite some time to come, in the new World Constitution. God Bless Earth.



Chapter 5. Armies -- Leaders

For years, no nation, except perhaps the United States of Europe, could come close to matching America's military-industrial complex. Of course, many nations tried,

at the expense of devastating their country's economy, ecology, health, and regional stability. This was precisely the number one goal of AWWI, to disarm all militaries on Earth, leaving only one, and then to decommission it too, down to the bare essential to insure protection against a regional flare-up, while commissioning a world police force.

After half of the 20th century had been held hostage to the threat of the nuclear bomb, and WWII, against all accumulated wisdom, had finally let the nuclear genie out of the bottle, on a devastating if limited basis, the new OWG leaders were determined to destroy all nuclear weapons forever throughout the world, leaving only a small store to be used in case of an entire region of the world rebelling -- but never again enough bomb power to threaten humanity's very existence. And, even if some kind of internal coup in the OWG should attempt to grab power, and use the nuclear store to hold the OWG itself hostage, steps were taken to geographically decentralize all OWG facilities and personnel on a worldwide basis.

At the start of the war, America's military was the smallest it had been since the 1990s, less than 10 million in service. At the same time, it was the most efficiently managed and technologically advanced ever, and totally integrated with respect to gender and sexual orientation; the permission to engage in nudity and sex in barracks was now given carte blanche, along with a near-unanimous esprit de corps to include everyone in sterile group orgies, to resounding huzzahs. Roboticization was now an official policy, with at first one human to ten robot soldiers, then one to twenty, a military standard; this made every soldier, already a tech specialist, in practice also a C-O. The Sea-Space command now could control the 'space envelope' around any country or territory with sea-launched robotic space ships of tremendous firepower (WWIII had caused the long-feared militarization of space, which America won hands-down and patrolled constantly in NATO's name, under U.N. control, especially to guard the intercontinental commercial surface-to-surface space ship routes, but until the Declaration the number of patrol ships and their routes was highly limited -- America now called off all limits).

Small size was and wasn't the problem. Too many people wanted to enlist -- over 50 million the first day, and within weeks, upwards of 200 million. This was a problem that top brass for hundreds of years wished it had had, but now, even with the most advanced infrastructure of communication and education technology, it was too much even for their gung-ho staffs. A lottery system for those who have already volunteered -- a sort of reverse lottery -- was set up, informing the happy selectees of their selection on a day by day basis. It turned out to take two full years to absorb the 250 million new recruits into the American military in the years 2040 to 2045, even for home service.

The complementary problem was that the 'old' military was in it for violence, albeit the sexual integration had forever destroyed the inhumane face of the former all-male version, and increased its humaneness. Most of the new recruits wanted to be on the 'supply side', volunteering economic, technical, scientific, or love and nurturing skills. New units were formed in the military based on a 20% quota of experienced personnel, and the usual senior officer compliment was reduced to the absolute minimum. Since enthusiastic volunteers were available from every stratum of society, often the enlisted personnel were far better educated, older, and more experienced than the officers. But there was no grumbling, or feeling of inequity: adjustments could be made as information flowed in, and usually were. New officer candidate schools sprouted up like sunflowers in Kansas. Not that being an officer was preferable to being a 'grunt' -- the latter were often accused of having all the fun.

New terminology had to be created for the new army. Those who used the age-old weapons of war, guns and bombs, were known as the Pacification-Humanization Division (PHD). Those who attempted to build up the pacified country's economy and infrastructure, and nurture the people, were called the Development-Nurturing Division (DND), but slang usage soon called them the Love Division after the unfortunate association with 'Dungeons and Dragons' became inconvenient. Nobody, however, was afraid to give their life in the performance of their duty. Even Developers sometimes carried guns and had to use them, when absolutely

necessary, though usually with humane, non-lethal rounds (stun, paralyzer, sleep-inducing, hypnotizing), instead of the lethal kind; usually, extra issues of American pleasure drugs (safety marijuana-tobacco cigarettes, nicotine and caffeine injectors, sugar and chocolate candies) were sufficient to insure the safety and good relations of the troops with non-combatants under their care. When hostile governments resisted militarily, they always knew that they could surrender at any time and be showered with love and presents, and often fought only in a token, almost symbolic way, so that they could formally surrender 'on the field of combat', and so secure more favorable surrender terms -- at least, so they thought (it wasn't true, because all got equal treatment). Developers would greet the surrendering troops with sex troops, offering to have medically-protected sex immediately with them, along with sumptuous banquets, pleasure, entertainment, enlistment offers, or offers to migrate them to America and enroll them in college or give them a homer job, or prepare them to return and help their own people.

Once the pacification was complete, the real work of the developers started. In most cases, the former government had become corrupt precisely because the situation of their people was hopeless and they knew it; a matter of a forced dog-eat-dog struggle. The American army brought true hope. In would come the triage teams, giving immediate medical and nutritional assistance to the critical, followed by the hospital construction corps (HOSCONCOR), who would build hospital complexes to order, with every citizen of the impoverished city and surrounding villages given identification marks and physicals on a production line basis.

At the same time the construction battalions (CBs) would supervise the evacuation of the slums and their elimination, drain swamps, replenish top soil, relocate earthquake-prone cities to better ground, and do whatever was needed to construct a brand new city, ready for the health-certified citizens to move into.

The Technology Corps (TECHCOR) of the Development Division drew on the best brains available, working for rations and

the love of humanity alone, to beat swords into plowshares. For LDCs a solar energy approach was given priority to insure that there would be abundant cheap electricity available to all people within weeks: all petroleum-based technology in these countries was to be totally replaced. In the genetic area, gene designers and engineers were put to work along with agricultural and construction planners, designing in many cases entirely new farm systems and the robots that would tend them.

The educational corps (EDUCOR) would begin assessing each person's attainment and abilities from the start, and begin their life study plans (LSPs), coordinated with the planned new agricultural and ecosystems. The health corps (HEALTHCOR) would implement comprehensive plans to insure the country's health, everything from vaccinations to water purification.

The intermarriage corps (IMCOR) would begin the process of fraternization, developing love bonds, love affairs, marriage proposals, and performing marriages with homers via every means of electronic communication at their disposal. Often the new cities would be moved into by mixed families, carrying their first babies, and the expatriate Americans, leaving America for a new life there, would be left in military service for years while they worked with the political democratization corps (PODEMCOR) to create a totally new democratically-elected political system from the ground-up. Usually the new city citizens would be granted American citizenship anyway, under the condition that they join the American military and serve a five-year stretch, usually assigned to their own new city, and most often in the PODEMCOR. Always the American military was there with deep pockets to finance any snag in the development plan as it came up, until the economy was self-sufficient and up to the agreed-on standard (AOS).

Above all, the military promised a liberated country security, with sea-space patrols, coordinated with land forces, and a mobile police force, complete with American law courts and circuit judges, to prevent violent crime.

One kind of snag that was hard to get around was religious

and racial prejudice. Sometimes the only way to win this sub-war was to separate the elders from families, or to break families up completely, and reeducate the children separately, until they were immune from the old hatreds and prejudices, and could be reunited. In extremely hard cases the children were planned to be separated until they had reached sexual maturity, intermarried with other races, and repatriated to the homeland's new cities, where the older, resistant generation, was segregated in separate cities. But it was just a matter of timescale -- a few years or a couple of decades -- before cycles that often had been hundreds or thousands of years old were broken. The hardest nut to crack, namely, the Indian caste system, was to be solved by moving the millions of the 'untouchable' caste out of India completely, back to America, where they were no longer treated as untouchable, but given new lives throughout the entire country, and new identities if they wanted.

America's supreme commander was Four Star General Amy Schwarzenegger, a daughter of the late actor-bodybuilder. From deep underground in the Alfred P. Murrah American High Command complex in Oklahoma, she was in charge of an able staff which included Development Director Chelsea Clinton, daughter of the former American President; General Woodrow 'Duke' Schwarzkopf, son of the 1990s American Desert Storm commander, in charge of the Middle East Command; General Corey King Powell, relative of the former American General and President, in charge of the Africa Command; General 'Hacker' Dalung Chang, in charge of the Asia Command; and Admiral Liv Tyler, the former Hollywood beauty and daughter of the deceased rock music superstar, now a tough no-nonsense sea and space commander, in charge of the combined Sea-Space Command.

Faced with the Declaration, some world leaders immediately declared a state of war with America, in the following order:

President Duran Kurilosevic, Yugoslavia; President Li Chiu-Zian, China; Premier Hailie Zenawi III, Ethiopia; President/Gen. Zine al-Abdine Ben Alimi, Tunisia; President Kanga Kabinga, Congo (formerly Zaire); President Uri Tuchma, Albania; President Leonid Konstantin, Russia; Prime Minister

Abel Mohamad, Malaysia; President Carlos Castillo Torres, South America; President Raban Khadaffi, Libya.

Others, particularly in Africa, simply made noises, but no official declarations. All in all, world leaders knew that if their country enjoyed free, fair democratic elections, they had nothing to fear, but if it didn't, they would be on the list of countries to be liberated, by force if need be. Since America didn't declare war on them in its own name alone, but in the name of the people of the world, and openly offered its treasure to solve the country's problems, it made gaining popular support for a resistance to them in many cases difficult if not impossible. Still, some suspected America's motives, and found it hard to believe that the biggest kid on the block had stopped being a spoiled bully, allied to colonialists, but was trying to build everybody else up and give them their share of the pie.

Some changed their minds when the High Command demanded that Britain finally totally divest itself of all remaining vestiges of its colonial empire, particularly Ireland and Scotland, and started positioning sea and space ships around the area in preparation for robotic attacks. When Britain capitulated, in full, within hours, in order to maintain friendly relations, some hard hearts in other lands were softened, and millions of common people were lifted in spirit; ten million American troops immediately moved into Britain to supervise the creation of the new government, and set-up the racemixing program.

Personal Log:

During WWII, Carla and I were journalists, covering the war. We were not military combatants, being against war and even the ownership of guns since high school. Still, to cover a shooting war one must get into the line of fire just as much as the combatants, and there were times when I was persuaded to pack a gun, although I never told them I would use it on myself to avoid capture and torture, but never use it on another. Carla had the exact same deal going, and perhaps we had the mental picture of the two shooters in our high school massacre, who, when they saw the SWAT team

arrive at the school, committed suicide to avoid capture.

This mental picture tortured me so much, yet I never mentioned it to Carla. Doing what those misguided fellow students did, namely, kill our fellow humans wholesale, would be impossible. Yet, taking our own lives, which they also did, was not impossible. When, around the same time as the high school massacre (1999), Dr. Kevorkian, the famous 'Doctor Death' of America was sentenced to prison for illegal euthanasia services, we split our opinions, Carla thinking it good to get this "murderer" out of circulation to stop him, I thinking that euthanasia, if properly regulated, was a person's civil right to contract for. The legal issue he escalated was not assisting a patient in taking his own life, but in doing it for him after he consented. The same year, Australia's Northern Territory legalized doctor-assisted suicide, although even they banned a doctor from doing the killing (the patient had to initiate the machine that gives him a lethal dose of barbituate, for example).

The issue was above merely one of suicide or murder. The state has seemingly always arrogated to itself the sole right to decide to take a life, and made it a crime to even attempt to take one's own, even as it ordered millions to their death, in wars. In a sense, I hated states themselves, or statism, or the mentality behind them, thus when the idea of a OWG was first pitched at me seriously, I was ambivalent. I finally decided that, if states are a necessary evil, the fewer the better, and one would be the best of the worst, so to speak. (Anarchy was out: one day in April of 1999 showed me what that would be like.

The state made it a crime to take one's own life. Thus, a contract to help one take one's own life, even with a medical doctor, was viewed as an illegal contract, and hence null and void, and the parties to it criminals, subject to imprisonment. The U.S. Constitution, I thought, guaranteed the "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness", and that surely contained the right to end one's own life when one decided that no more pursuit of happiness was possible; and the liberty to contract with others to end it, under law. But when they used the murder laws on him,

after he chose to videotape himself administering the lethal injections himself, I felt the state was going too far; and I wanted to work to free Kevorkian, while Carla didn't, so we both decided not to talk about it and to let the issue slide.

The new OWG permits consensual euthanasia and suicide, both by one's own hand, and doctor-assisted, guaranteeing it as a world right of all humans, forever. Kevorkian won, although he never lived to see it. Not that he didn't win a kind of victory when some brave medical doctors devised the "gun to the head defense", literally having the euthanasia patient point a gun to the doctor's head and order them to perform euthanasia, before they carried it out; even when people knew the gun wasn't even loaded, or that the patient couldn't pull the trigger if he wanted, prosecutors soon found out that juries wouldn't convict a medical doctor for murder, manslaughter, or even unethical conduct, and subject him or her to the hell that Kevorkian went through; so that effectively set euthanasia free through America, just in time for the aging Baby Boomer population to get what they wanted anyway -- they always had before (boy were they spoiled, my dad being no exception, I have to admit).

OWG settled it, and Carla and I finally agreed that when we can't stand the pain anymore, we will seek euthanasia. When she reached 105, she did. I was there when they administered it, and I felt glad for her when the pain finally ended. Ten years later, I was still pain-free, and surprisingly frisky, even on my chicken legs. One nice thing: at my age, there's a lot more women left than men, so I have my pick, and enjoy full sexual potency thanks to medical science that just a few years ago was trying to satisfy people with virtual reality and pleasure drug experiences. I am even signed-up for a program to clone my sexual organ, in the event I reach the ripe old age of 125 or 130, when my organ has had time to grow and mature, under glass, to a frisky potency, and be nanosurgically attached. Talk about a reason to keep on living.

It's hard to believe that, given the totally good objectives of AWWI, a billion people still had to die before it could be won. Old dictators never die alone, they must take

millions with them. Some of the tyrants even forced their own people to kill themselves, through starvation, self-inflicted drugs or diseases, or foolhardy military attacks, just to buy themselves a little more time. China was particularly tragic. Half of all war deaths occurred there. In a way, it served the greater good since overpopulation was their number one problem anyway, but if they had only not mistrusted our intentions, they would have found we had plans to ease their burden by mass migration to less populated lands, complete with all the amenities. They just couldn't let their own people go, that was it. To the Chinese authoritarian tyrants, only they are right, and a Chinese lost to their control might as well be dead.

As the 22nd century dawns, all people are citizens of one world, with no visas, no borders, no border guards or Checkpoint Charlies, no travel restrictions, just the joy of total liberty. No more pain, no more strain, just unlimited opportunities to find one's place in the world and contribute all one can, thank Prophett.



Chapter 6. The Wartime Population and Economy

Despite all efforts, world population had grown an average of 1.2 percent per year between the years 1997 and 2040, a total of 50 percent. For the top 23 countries (in terms of population):

Rank	Country	Population (Millions, Rounded to nearest 5)	
		1997	2040 (Year)
----	-----	1997	2040
		----	----
1)	China	1240	1625
2)	India	970	1610
3)	United States	270	400
4)	Indonesia	200	300
5)	Brazil	160	250
6)	Russia	150	205
7)	Pakistan	140	205
8)	Japan	125	155
9)	Bangladesh	120	185

10) Nigeria	110	155
11) Mexico	95	165
12) Germany	80	110
13) Vietnam	75	115
14) Philippines	70	105
15) Iran	70	95
16) Egypt	65	100
17) Turkey	65	95
18) Thailand	60	85
19) United Kingdom	60	70
20) Ethiopia	60	120
21) France	60	75
22) Italy	60	80
23) Ukraine	50	75

Total World Population 6000 10000 (rounded to nearest billion)

For the most developed countries, not all of the population growth was internally generated; there was an irresistible immigration pressure, and, among immigrants, higher birth rates than for natives. In all countries whose populations were mainly of European (pale-skinned) extraction, the percentage of non-majority racial types increased, and had a higher birth rate virtually across the board.

Economically speaking, the rich got richer and the poor got poorer: the classic 80-20 rule still applied, 80 percent of the world's income going to the richest 20 percent of the population. The wealth of the world's 738 billionaires alone equaled the combined incomes of the world's poorest 4.2 billion people. The world brain drain factor compounded the problem, as the best and brightest in the least developed countries left for greener pastures.

Ecologically speaking, the world still had more than 1.5 million species of animals, including a million species of insects, ten thousand species of birds, three hundred and fifty thousand species of plants (two hundred and fifty thousand producing flowers), nine thousand species of freshwater and thirteen thousand species of saltwater fish. If the rain forests and other habitat hadn't suffered so much damage, as many as 8 or 9 million more species might have been discovered, no one is sure.

The peacetime American economy before the war was booming, over eight trillion dollars a year GNP. Divide that into the American population of 400 million and you get twenty thousand dollars per capita: eighty thousand for a household of four, etc. Divide that into the world population of 10 billion and you get only 800 dollars per capita, yet in 90 percent of the world the per capita GNP was less than that: less than two dollars per day.

If America had simply given away its wealth, everybody would have been a little less poor, and they would have joined them, solving nothing, and making America forever unable to even contribute to a solution. If, as certain right wing militaristic groups wanted, America had decided to turn back the clock and declare itself for whites only, expel or exterminate non-whites, then declare war on the rest of the non-white world, it would have brought disaster on itself and the world, destroying itself while risking the end of humanity. Lucky for America, wise heads prevailed, and America's civil rights tradition continued on until there was nearly an ideal balance. For the first time, non-whites were a minority (less than 40 percent), and widespread racial intermixing lessened tensions caused by the old 'color line'. After Prophett, a now-unanimous American public decided that the jig was up for America unless it redeemed itself there and then, making up for past sins by an all-out scramble to dedicate itself to helping others less fortunate, with each and every person devoting his or her life to the cause.

The trick was to use the wealth to raise everybody's living standards, by increasing the world GNP: teach people how to fish, don't just give them fish. Not that America hadn't, for decades, been teaching people around the world how to fish; it had always been a big-hearted land, full of old souls who selflessly gave of themselves to help others. But this was the first time that the American people rose as one and declared official war on all the old problems, and pledged the nation's resources completely, after a public Mea Culpa, and a determination to make America into the world's benefactor, and bring a one world government into being with itself as a cornerstone.

America was, up till the start of AWWI, the most significant market in the world. Anything that affected it affected the rest of the world. A tight job market put not only America, but the rest of the world, at risk for inflation through the pressure for wage gains, and so on. When post WWII Baby Boomers came into the job market in the 1970s, as raw recruits, work morale and discipline was low, but as they learned to take work in stride, and started becoming Yuppies (young upwardly-mobile urban professionals), the wages began to soar, and inflation was a problem from the late 1970s through the entire 1980s. In the late 1990s the Generation X entered the work force, but because of their smaller numbers, the job market became tight, without at first a huge rise in wages, particularly because of the easy importation of eager low-paid foreign labor, fueled by mass enrollment of immigrants in graduate and technical schools. But as the 21st century came, even they became spoiled by the American market, and demanded wage parity. The Generation Y caused a glut in the computer programming market, but a huge shortage in the construction industry and other 'hard hat' job market. There was indeed a global brain and muscle drain into America clear into the early days of WWIII.

WWIII's end caused another economic boom, as returning personnel found plentiful jobs waiting, many opened via the death of its former holder. During the Roaring Twenties, immediately after the war, America achieved unprecedented levels of GNP, even after the high taxes were accounted for. AWWI changed America permanently. Suddenly there was no real economy: everything was converted to wartime use, which meant, essentially, that it was to be given away in Love by the military. In all previous wars, material was given away, to explode in the enemy's face; viva la difference.

Personal Log:

We named our first child Shannon, after one of my favorite sports stars. Carla preferred Shem, Ham, or Japheth, after the names of Noah's sons in the Bible. I told her she could name the second child, which she did: Naamah, after Noah's

wife. I had preferred Ruth, Ham's pagan wife. The third child I got to name: Canaan, Ham's son, whom God cursed for Ham's sin of seeing Noah's nakedness, of which, since Eden, all of God's children had been ashamed. For centuries in America, this Biblical story was supposed to explain the origin of the black race, as a punishment on an innocent child who, by Biblical definition (at least as Jews always understood it) cannot sin. I once considered seriously joining the Jewish faith, and I remember well how they taught that a soul is born pure, and a child of five, seven, even ten years old cannot sin, because he is not yet fully aware of his acts, and can therefore make no decision in favor of the wrong. That didn't stop God from visiting a father's sins on his children, and his children's children.

Christians invented the idea of Original Sin, which at once is tremendously liberating, yet insidiously corrupting, since even newborn infants are tainted with it. So I secretly hoped Canaan would get even with all the white racists that my dad and I had had to suffer: as if he could punish their children, and children's children somehow.

It occurred to me, grinning inwardly, that every time we 'darkies' went and 'stole one of their white women', and 'darkened up their children', we were, we were, and with a spitefulness that at the time I was damn proud of. Now I am a little ashamed to admit to having these thoughts when I was far younger, and am glad that it turned out all for the best, as racemixing is not an evil but a scientifically proven social good; and have never published them till now, in my last days, as a kind of attempt to seek expiation, forgiveness, understanding, whatever. Canaan did indeed limit his amorous advances to white women and men, and fathered, at last count, over 30, in several countries, adding to my familial status as a true Noah, with a large tribe. Then he died in a tragic accident in the Celebration Days after the war, while partying his head off.

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Chapter 7. The Clash in the West

Prophett's easy success in America was not duplicated in Europe. It was not so much that people weren't receptive to His message, in a friendly way. It was that they didn't trust America's motives: they judged the message by the messenger. As far as America was calling Europe to dedicate their blood and treasure and -- the what they hoarded more than anything -- their genes to saving the world, it seemed suspiciously like a trick played by number one on number two to keep the latter down.

Britain was sympathetic in principle, but begged out of the war on the grounds of its own poor economy. Australia and New Zealand followed Britain's lead.

France was also sympathetic in principle, and, like in the days of the American Revolution, decided to aid America in its aims, although it had the resources to only contribute to America's effort in a token way. A declaration of anti-war, however, was not forthcoming.

Other Western countries -- Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries -- were silent, although their press became amused at the Americans' "antics". Only Italy passed their own anti-war declaration, with the Pope's blessing.

Russia was actively hostile to America's declaration, and soon issued its own ultimatum, that any incursion of American troops on its soil would be taken as an act of war. Even before America could respond, it did declare war, in a scramble not to be outdone by China and other countries.

Personal Log:

Carla and I had many friends in Europe, from years of being world peace activists, combined with years of being professional journalists. We knew that support for Prophet was strong at the grassroots level throughout Europe, even though the governments were officially skeptical or hostile or even reactionary. Prophett was the revolutionary's revolutionary, His message difficult to fight, as everybody agreed with it in their heart of hearts. What skepticism we had heard had always been a practical kind of objection, to

the effect that it was too good to ever come true. When America declared anti-war on the world, that argument disappeared. The remaining inertia was a kind of wait and see attitude vis a vis America. In other words, the ball was in America's court, and they had to show the rest the way and lead by example, in order to induce them to fall in line.

These were the times that tried people's souls. The anti-war brought out the best and worst in people, but nobody had no opinion at all: all had strong opinions. Some people were forever trying to find a conspiracy behind Prophett, or an angle, so they could accuse America of treachery, of using Prophett to take over the world and exploit it. Others saw it, ironically, as a white supremacist conspiracy, from their habit of thinking of America as irretrievably white supremacist, even when they saw formerly all-white families selling all they had and giving it to the cause, and volunteering to go to non-white countries and risk death to give away their wealth and privilege and racial purity in the hopes of ending the causes of war forever.



Chapter 8. Mixed Fortunes in the East

Prophett had an immediate foothold in Japan, primarily because its people eagerly imitated every American fashion and fad. The depth of their conversion, however, was suspect. Starting as far back as 1200 years earlier, with the introduction of the Tendai sect of Buddhism, Japanese tended to pile one imported belief on top of another, rather than considering them mutually-exclusive. For example, when after a few centuries of Christian attempts to prosylytize there, a Shinto priest by the name of Koma Takeuchi suddenly announced, in 1935, that Jesus Christ had fled from Judea to the Siberian wilderness, thence to Japan, married a local girl named Miyuko, fathered three daughters, and died at the age of 106, where his grave was now declared rediscovered on a hill in the village of Shingo, in northern Japan; each May 3, thousands gather before the grave to celebrate the

"Christ Festival", presided over by a Shinto priest, who exorcises evil spirits before dancing begins.

In Vietnam, Prophett was immediately misunderstood as another colonialist trying to make them surrender their independence, shades of Graham Greene's Quiet American.

In Korea, thoughts of Reverend Sung Myung Moon and General Douglas MacArthur interfered with the reception of the message of Prophett.

One big star with the Japanese was the middle-aged American former child actor Natalie Portman, who had become a legend with them after her appearances in Star Wars movies in the early 21st century. Her popularity carried over, with some losses, to Korea and Vietnam, and indeed throughout Asia. Echoing the Star Wars lingo, her conversion to Prophett had been complete, and when she toured, masses of people thought that Prophett was the author or director of Star Wars, and were campaigning to bring that culture to their countries, as if it were already the way of life in America. When her motorcade passed through the streets, people would stand on the curbs holding signs with pictures of her, in her Star Wars makeup, alongside Prophett, Yoda, C-3PO, and other Star Wars characters. Instead of trying to disavow connection, although, she seemed to embrace it, perhaps because she secretly thought that the Star Wars culture had created Prophett, rather than the other way around (the real author of it all, George Lucas, had passed away after discontinuing making Star Wars films, and refusing to pass the mantle on to another guru or corporation). So, throughout Asia for years, America was thought of as trying to promote Star Wars throughout the world.

China was still under heavy authoritarian control when it came to political expression and demonstrations, although the blocking of news from the rest of the world was ineffectual. Its own leaders were nervous of rebellion and unsure of the true loyalty of the rank and file even of the military. Since the Chinese had no Christian heritage to build on, though, the message of Prophett simply didn't register any difference in their minds; religions were either useful or not useful to political movements, in a

country that believed implicitly in reincarnation. The total mindset of any Christ's teaching was like water bouncing off a duck's back with them.

Israel was totally skeptical, even when many American Jews converted and tried to prosylytize them. Relations with Egypt now being cemented with a union of the two countries, and the age-old Palestinian problem ended with permanent citizenship in what many called Isragypt, the country was too inwardly absorbed for the timing to be right for some new Christ to come along asking the people to sacrifice further for yet other more needy people. So, while accepting any aid offered, they decided to sit this one out, with kind words and professed hopes for success of what they viewed as a basically American folly. Some grumbles were heard from those who thought America should increase its traditional aid to them, not threaten to decrease it by donating it elsewhere; another problem came when they demanded all aid be given with no strings attached.

The Islamic countries considered Prophett an infidel, and His messages as dangerous, but after losing WWIII they were themselves in a state of occupation, like Japan after WWII, and welcomed American aid and help in rebuilding their shattered economies. The American government was not explicitly theocratic, and did not require Moslems to convert to Prophett at the point of a sword, as they might have done if the situation were reversed. So, they took what was offered, without strings attached.

African countries heard his messages with delight, expecting massive American aid to pour in, so that the corrupt officials could intercept it while leaving the mass of people as poor as ever.

The South Pacific nations were impassive: they could take it or leave it. Their traditional isolation from the major powers and their rivalries and hatreds was more precious to them than ever, even as the world shrunk to a village, but they had no reason to distrust America's good intentions, and took whatever help was offered.

India's government was totally hostile to Prophett's

message, ironically because they thought of Him as an affront to the memory of Mahatma Gandhi, and a front for new imperialism. At every U.N. session, Indian representatives tried to filibuster, boycott, or disrupt any proceedings dealing with solving their internal problems. Still, they never formally declared war on America, thinking this would be used as an excuse to justify invading them later.

The real stars were our scientists, especially genetic engineers, soil and crop scientists, horticulturists, and others. In every country America went, they were down in the trenches trying to study native agriculture to see what worked and what didn't. For example, quinoa, long a staple of the Incas, worked great in Peru, but also in Albania and Afghanistan. Blue corn, from the Hopi and Pueblo Indians, work well in any tropical setting. Mung beans can be processed into a powder that makes noncaloric pasta, and exchanged for high caloric wheat from overfed countries, to the advantage of all. Edamame beans, young soybeans popped out of their pods, are another low calorie snack food that can be sold by starving nations to overfed ones. But these were just examples from before the war. When the scientists really went all-out, and were willing to work for K-rations and little else, they developed a worldwide food-juggling system that turned the world into a giant deli.

Sometimes an agricultural product can be adapted for technological use, creating a cash flow opportunity. One tried way back in the 1990s was using canola oil as a biodegradable bike-chain oil; after adding some extra ingredients and packaging, farmers could up the price of their oil from 25 cents to 35 dollars a pound for awhile, until a better product was developed by others.

Personal Log:

Throughout the anti-war, Carla and I worked together, as journalists, by a written request that was officially granted. As a reward for our long service for Prophett, we were both given the rank of Major in the Army. Our first travel assignment was to cover a junket being made by a corps of Hollywood actors to Korea and Vietnam to try to convince them of America's good intentions and get them to

ally with America.

I should have said ex-actors. By the 2030s, the Century of the Hollywood Actor was over. For a hundred years, these professional liars were the heroes and idols of America, even its royalty. The rise of computers finally caught up with them in the Teens and Twenties, and when full computerized actors were designed and managed by major corporations, real actors found themselves out of work. Not that unemployment among actors wasn't always high, but now it was total. Still, actors who had made a name for themselves in the past could still sometimes pass as celebrities in their own right, and this is how they were packaged for the goodwill visits of Korea and Vietnam.

The problem Prophett's people had with these two countries, and indeed, many if not all Asian countries, was their stubborn racism. To American whites and blacks, all Asians looked alike, of course; and to Asians, all American whites and blacks looked alike, the two being considered as the same thing almost, when they cared to think about it. But to themselves, the differences between a Korean and a Vietnamese, or a Chinese or Japanese, were significant and even monumental. When American GIs in previous wars left half-breed children, the latter always found life made very hard by racial and social discrimination, and usually America had to adopt them to save them. Now that yet more Americans wanted to recruit their people to go throughout the world interbreeding with more non-Asians, it was a very hard sell, no matter what prospects of world peace, happiness and prosperity were dangled in front of their eyes.

I remember my dad telling me of his tour of duty in Vietnam in the late 1960s, when he was just 19 years of age. He said it was a depressing, futile hell, because the Viet Cong guerrillas lived either outside the Vietnam border in Cambodia, or underground in giant tunnels that American military command didn't even realize existed. Thus, the Americans were like the targets in a shooting gallery, as the enemy popped up from seemingly nowhere and shot at them, then disappeared without a trace. He never questioned the right of American women to join the military and go in

combat, because he had faced female Viet Cong, whom he said were just as good as the males (some as young as age 11, he said). He stayed stoned on drugs and alcohol 24 hours a day anyway, he said, and was fucking whores when he wasn't fighting.

Dad fathered a child of a Vietnamese woman during that war, and wouldn't admit it until his deathbed, he was so ashamed. He never even gave us a hint, until later I remember him telling and retelling the story of a hotel in Saigon run by American military men, who, despite the rest of the army going through hell, had the high time of their lives, safe in what amounted to the rear. It must have been at this hotel that dad met the sixteen or seventeen year old Vietnamese whore that fell in love with his manly stout African love pump, and wanted to marry him so much she got herself pregnant, believing his lies, until his tour was up and he just shipped out without notice, leaving no address.

As soon as he was discharged, he grew a tall Afro 'do' that he wore almost to the end of the 1970s: pictures of it made for a good laugh ever since, as his hair thinned and disappeared steadily, until he finally shaved his head as clean as a bowling ball (he claimed, after the late 1980s, to resemble the movie actor Louis Gossett, Jr., although I'd say he also had a resemblance to a bald Samuel T. Jackson, in his appearance in Star Wars -- I resembled Eddie Murphy and Stevie Wonder and Terrell Davis mostly, mixed with a touch of Jesse Jackson, maybe a dash of a male Grace Jones; and I carried myself in a suit like former Denver district attorney Norm Early). Dad forever complained of being poisoned by Agent Orange, a chemical defoliant used by the stupid Americans in a futile effort to find the gophers that sniped at them with AK-47s. He flirted for a time with the Black Panther Party, a group that originally made use of a loophole in California law to go around in broad daylight armed to the teeth, looking a little like the gorillas in those "Planet of the Apes" film starring -- you guessed it -- Charlton Heston. Looking back, those Black Panthers, and the gorilla apes, would have been just what he would have liked to attend his NRA meetings. I'm glad that America didn't explode during the 1960s and 1970s into racial war, setting it back a hundred years. Instead, racial differences were smoothed over, and

by 1999 racially-motivated murders, such as at Columbine High School, were newsworthy for their rarity.

We finally looked up dad's Vietnamese family, Carla and I, after his death. The mother had been so discriminated against for having the mixed child that she finally let it just wander the streets, with the other mixed love children of the war, until the American government sponsored an effort to repatriate them. Thus, when we got to Vietnam, we found dad's lover, Phuong, aged and on her deathbed, but not their daughter. After following the trail, we found her, under the name Beverly Fredericks, living in the Boston area, and working as a computer artist.

Speaking of Mohandas Gandhi, he once was said to have devised a list of the "Seven Blunders of the World," as he called it. They are as follows:

1. Wealth without work
2. Pleasure without conscience
3. Knowledge without character
4. Commerce without morality
5. Science without humanity
6. Worship without sacrifice
7. Politics without principle

His grandson Arun Gandhi is said to have added an 8th:

8. Rights without responsibilities

I think his followers made the Blunder of Blunders when they initially rejected Prophett as an American front, from Madison Avenue or Hollywood or Washington. His endorsement by the Pope probably alienated them a little too. I believe their children are my witnesses to this. It was more the government officials, who gave lip service to Gandhi, who were actively hostile anyway. Once out of the way, no more blunders were made by anybody.



Chapter 9. The Lovely Marines

America had, since the Statue of Liberty at least, billed itself as the Melting Pot, accepting the world's "refuse", and making beautiful people out of them. Now, it was trying to turn the whole world into one, by pouring itself out over the world.

On a tablet inside the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, dedicated by President Grover Cleveland way back in 1886 (how alien that world seems now), is engraved a sonnet by Emma Lazarus (1849-87):

The New Colossus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land,
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame,
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

It took over 150 years, but now the Statue of Liberty was going out to them, the ancient lands, lamp in hand.

The Old Army, at first in charge, was rapidly becoming outnumbered with well-meaning but raw recruits. There were grumbles heard among the veterans, even signs of a mutiny brewing. Then the Marines stepped out and set the example.

They formed a Beauty Battalion, composed of the most physically attractive marines of both genders and all sexual orientations including transsexuals, youth being an asset. As the war wore on, this battalion distinguished itself by its performance far beyond the call of duty. Many an invasion was won faster because the BB seduced the enemy

officer class, and caused them to either surrender or desert.

In the 20th century tradition of Bob Hope, they would sometimes perform USO shows, not only for their own troops, but for the enemy, as an inducement to surrender. Performers would love to impersonate famous Americans of the 20th century, especially Marines, such as Bob Hope, John Wayne, Oliver North, Marilyn Monroe, Greta Garbo, Brooke Shields, Paul Newman, Dean Martin, too many to mention (yes, Star Wars characters were popular, as was the Statue of Liberty). After doing a variety act, stressing love, political correctness, and racemixing, speeches would be given extolling the virtues of the new world under Prophett, and apologies given for America's past sins, with a rousing call to anybody in the audience to come up and kiss them, make love with them, and become an American, instant citizenship being guaranteed. In a manner reminiscent of the old Billy Graham crusades, masses of former enemies would rise, come to the stage, and give themselves to Prophett, washing away all former hate, and leaving the stage as friends and fellow Americans. (In fact, there were many Christian crusades following in the wake of the American military, but they were considered a nuisance, since they often were characterized by the old subsurface racism and sexual prudery. When the audience ended up trying to convert them to Prophett, and love the outdated values out of them, many crusades were discontinued for lack of support from back home.)

Sometimes, if the enemy were known to have access to communications, they would engage in what they called Softwar, allowing the enemy to view them in studio-quality pornographic orgies, chat with them, make dates to be consummated after surrender. The greatest success was had in African countries, Ethiopia, Congo (Zaire), Chad, Kenya, Sierra Leone, Cameroon, Ghana, and others, although a mainly-black Beauty Battalion was stunningly successful in Haiti, Bangladesh and Cambodia. A special battalion of blonde white Australian beauties was allied to the Marines in Africa, with great success, after initial missions in Oceania and Nepal; as a result, white genes spread throughout what used to be called darkest Africa,

permanently altering the gene pool, and producing a steady supply of stunning beauties.

Personal Log:

I suppose that many of us in our hearts believed that a worldwide attempt at serious racemixing was at the root of the solution of all the world's problems, and was ultimately more important than stopgap measures to feed starving children or bulldoze slums and erect new cities: if the marbles that made up the human gene pool could be shaken up and redistributed evenly, it seemed logical that everything else would follow inevitably, irresistibly, unstopably. All human history itself could be now seen as two different world views at war: the one that treated the artificial selection of race-building as the world's solution, and ours, which sees that as the problem.

In the American military, there was an unwritten rule to avoid the appearance of not mixing. For example, two people who were too similar-looking would never pair off, even to eat lunch, without a dissimilar-looking person between them. Even male homosexuals followed this rule, when of course, they couldn't reproduce, and mix their genes in their children (with lesbians, parthenogenesis was not yet technically possible, but was claimed to be just years away in the labs).

Americans had always distrusted too much government control and power, and now they thought they were doing the world a great favor by conquering it in the name of love, while spreading their values at the same time. A OWG created by the old Soviet Union could have enforced racemixing by cruel laws and gulags, but that wasn't the American style, and was at the root of the reason that Americans ultimately opposed both Hitler and Stalin. They preferred to change people's hearts and minds, and convince the majority to go with the program voluntarily, with perhaps some gentle laws being passed, slowly, to take care of stragglers, who could eventually be considered as perverts, mentally ill, or criminals, and subject to benevolent government authority, as they once did with drug abusers.

One great embarrassment to us was America's own stock of old Hollywood films, filled with the now-depressing sights of American white supremacists stinking America up while they acted like they owned it. This unfortunately included Bob Hope, and all the white stars of the 20th century, at least through the 1950s, or even 1990s, depending on the star. Not that Hollywood hadn't been the main guiding light before Prophett, preaching the joys of racemixing in film after film, and often practicing what they preached in real life, albeit a Hollywood marriage was infamous for lasting only a matter of months half the time. When foreign investors bought up Hollywood in the 1980s and 1990s, even the fervor for changing society was overridden by the amoral desire for quick profits and quarterly earnings, often reversing progress when it was discovered that white people would more likely attend movies featuring white stars, and black people movies featuring black stars, etc. In any case, when Americans finally totally freed themselves from racism, and went knocking on doors around the world, they often found that others were still consciously or subconsciously suffering from the effects of their own Hollywood films of the previous century; often, people believed that their own race was inferior, because they could never make Hollywood movie stars as beautiful and white as Jean Harlow, Marilyn Monroe, or Charlton Heston or Arnold Schwarzenegger or Brad Pitt -- so, trying to tell them that all people was equal, was maddeningly self-defeating when they judged the messenger by the previous Hollywood message.

At least Prophett caused the American consumer economy to go on hold for awhile at least, while the anti-war was on. Freed of profit considerations, Hollywood reverted to a giant propaganda machine, like it had in WWII, when the rank and file were staunchly anti-Nazi, and went beyond the call to top themselves in film after film. New movies were being released almost hourly now, and one of the biggest hits were the Beauty Battalion movies, often little more than patriotic pornography, treating skin color differences as an aphrodisiac almost, a color treat, a source of sexual satisfaction in itself. No matter how black a penis was, or how white a vagina was, the sperm was just as white as from a white or yellow or brown or red penis, and vice-versa -- that kind of thing.

Not that the American public needed it, as all the non-whites were taken by now with white proposals for sex and marriage, and the remaining whites going overseas looking for more. But in other countries, American movies were weapons in the cause of one people one nation one everything, and were transmitted over the Net, and even parachuted in from space over "enemy territory" to win their hearts and minds. In even the most remote hamlets of China, Africa, India, or South America, every non-white man knew that surrender to the enemy would bring eager white women as surely as new clothes, better food, free education, American citizenship, better health care, and so on. Americans, even after Prohett, had an incurable penchant for coming on strong. On the counter side, non-white men would, while wanting a white woman for themselves, at the same time think it horrible if "their" non-white women would "lose their purity". The only real solution to this was in freeing the women themselves from the men, aggressively teaching them the good old values of women's liberation, including lesbianism, and giving them economic equality as speedily as possible; once a woman was free of her own country's men economically, she couldn't be stopped from thinking for herself, and following her heart and mind.

I mentioned the Jehovah's Witnesses earlier, and the fact that their literature contained artwork portraying the New World as a group of people of various races, all sticking to their own races. I now believe that this artwork was deliberately deceptive, showing what the Witnesses thought would be Day One of the New World only; twenty or thirty years later, the cute yellow child of the Asian woman might be marrying the cute black child of the African, with their family's blessing -- they were not against race mixing, but only thought that God's supernatural intervention would make it a universal reality. So, I was not surprised when, during the anti-war, the JW literature artwork changed, showing total racial intermixing in every possible scene -- a reaction, no doubt, to Hollywood's Beauty Battalion flicks -- although without pornography, of course. At the same time, world nudist male-female sex and beauty pageants were gaining momentum, giving awards to pairs of racemixed beauties of both sex and all orientations, reversing the

previous trend to take sex -- even bathing suit competition -- out of beauty pageants, for now-obsolete political reasons. Seeing a woman of their "race" proudly having sex with a man of some other "race", and winning acclaim for it, had a widespread effect on people even in the most backward villages, now that electronics finally made the world into one global village; everybody could see that, when naked, and making love, their "racial differences" were baloney, and not treasures to be kept to oneself, but aphrodisiacs to increase the pleasure of love itself. Rainbow sets, where hundreds of nude beauties of both sexes engaged in orgies, daisy chains (oral and genital, hetero, homo, and bisexual), on world broadcasts, gave the viewers the picture that all humanity is one glorious flower garden of many shades and hues, but all part of the same garden, and all of the same species, capable of cross-pollination, for the good of the species itself. After the orgy, racemixed naked children would run onstage, embracing their mommies and daddies, for a sermon without words, of tremendous power, on the basic goodness of unracially-prejudiced sexual love.

It was a shame that the Witnesses refused induction, when drafted, and had to be arrested and put what amounted to safe and healthy concentration camps. They couldn't be persuaded to serve any man-made government, they said, no matter how noble its goals. Since even America's military killed when necessary, they couldn't even join the Development Corps, that came in after the killing was over. They had willingly gone to Hitler's concentration camps, refusing even to raise a toothpick to fight for Jews, instead content only to study the Bible with them before they were taken to the gas chambers. This vision of them kind of infuriates me still. The difference between followers of Prophett and JW's is, simply, that the former know we live in a material world where spirit should rule supreme, whereas the latter believe that spirit will supernaturally run the material world completely, like in a fairy tale.

Where they come up with that great a leap of faith I can't figure out, especially when they see the work of Prophett all around them. But at least they will never raise a toothpick against the New World Order any more than they

did the others. Before the anti-war they comprised no more than one-tenth of one percent of the world's population, and I hope they stay that way, but only time will tell.

I once got into a discussion with JWs about Satan. They claimed that, though he had visited the Earth many times previously, he was permanently let loose or exiled on Earth in 1914, working full time to deceive people. This led to WWII, Stalin, Hitler, Mao, Saddam Hussein, Slobodan Milosevic, and so on. When I asked why, if Satan is running the world now, Hitler or Stalin didn't win, and take over the world, creating the first one world government, and wiping out all religion. Their answer was that, while God lets Satan run loose, and doesn't interfere, still most people are Good, or lovers of what's good, and that keeps Satan from ever taking over completely, even though the Good people aren't necessarily righteous or saved, or believe in God. Being Good, though, there is hope for them to be saved, if they will accept the Bible God as the One True God, and Jesus Christ as His Son, etc. People once went naked, in Eden, they admitted, and weren't ashamed, but God had cursed humanity, and that's why they couldn't accept public nudity and sex now, no matter how well-intentioned and free of sexism and racism.

When I asked them about Prophett, and why He is indeed taking over the world, and uniting it in a OWG for the first time, and why they don't accept Him as Christ and give up on this impossible JW dream, they reply that even Prophett is working for Satan, in disguise, and that they don't want to lose the hope of eternal life for a relatively few years of an ersatz solution that supposedly is supported by worldly science. I wonder if, after hundreds of years of OWG and world peace, there will still be JWs, and if they will still be so cocksure of themselves, as they look at the rows of graves of their JW forebears, who dropped out of a real OWG, while waiting for a fantasy OWG that cannot ever really exist. I'll never know, will I? Nuts. And their 20th century literature, in hindsight, made them seem like the only group back then -- other than scientists and their camp followers -- who appreciated a Western-style freedom-loving OWG in the first place.

Just what makes Jews and other literal Bible believers tick? The Bible. They take it literally. They literally believe that there was an Eden, and can even calculate the birthdate of Adam as 4026 B.C., and the date of the Flood as 2370 B.C., as Noah was turning a ripe old 600. Since Adam lived 930 years, he died in 3096 B.C., 126 years before Noah's birth. Noah lived 350 years after the Flood, dying just two years before the birth of Abraham. The Bible goes into more detail after that, precisely because there's more people running around, and more peoples, therefore, more history being made.

It is these Big Two events -- Eden and the Flood -- not, as one might think, those of the life of Jesus Christ, or, as Jews think, the life of Moses, that make or break a literal Bible believer. For, if there had been no Eden, what's the point of hoping for God to put us back in another one? And, if God didn't destroy all of wicked mankind once, what makes us think He could do it a second time? The details of how to get on the Second Ark are just that, once you grant there is going to be one to get onto. Even Jesus Christ professed to believe in Adam and Noah, and indeed He was the Second Adam, just as His Second Coming will make the saved the Second Noah. Even Jews say they are still waiting for their Messiah (those few who still don't accept Prophet).

There's just one problem making so many people reject the Bible and all that is built on it: scientific knowledge of the Earth. The literal picture that Bible believers have of history is at odds with almost every science, from astronomy to biology to climatology to geology to zoology. The believers counter by unabashedly challenging the scientists all along the spectrum, for example, they reject the Darwinian Theory of the Origin of the Species, by pointing out that intermediate types of species and even of individual organs either have never been found, or cannot exist. They attack the geologists who say the Earth is billions of years old by reinterpreting the very same data to show that it could be much younger, and that, for example, their interpretation of layers of sediments by the theory of great ice ages could also be explained by a worldwide flood like in the Bible. How else did all the so-called ice age mammals get wiped out all at once, such as

the mammoths and saber-toothed tigers? Why have evidence of as many as five million mammoths been found in Siberia, killed at the same moment, some with food still in their mouths, and the flesh of some, when unfrozen today, still edible? Flash freezing implies a great sudden deluge, they say. Makes you pause, doesn't it?

How did all of the races emerge in only 4400 years from Noah's Ark and its tiny number of people? If the Bible is literally true, all people, from the ancient Greeks to the Hottentots and the Aztecs and the Chinese, all were descended from a ship that opened its doors on Mount Ararat one fine day and just hopped out, along with all the air-breathing creatures on Earth to boot. But, if science is so wrong, why don't all the data point to a Mount Ararat origin for everything, such as the ostrich? Why aren't there ostriches in Osterreich (Austria), China, Africa, New Jersey, but only in Australia? How did the ostriches get from Mount Ararat to Australia, when it has no land bridge? Fly? Sit on the heads of the kangaroos as they hopped and swam over? And what about the vastness of the Universe? Could life not have originated elsewhere, and spread here? Okay, that begs the question, since it must have originated somewhere, and here it is.

The Flood and its Ark is a stunning reduction of all kinds of natural history to an elegant origin point, and would surely simplify science as we have overcomplicated it, now wouldn't it? But then, what if it is true, and humanity -- in branching out, multiplying, and covering the Earth -- has gotten stupider and stupider, and multiplied its own problems by having a poor memory, and being just plain wicked? And, as they bred, spread, and shed their memories, they also got farther away from God, if He hadn't spared them from total stupidity by writing His Bible, and giving it out for free through His Witnesses, to give the righteous few a chance to get on a Second Ark one day. (Just why does God have to be a He anyway? Why did He make only Adam at first? Why was Eve and not Adam deceived? Good point, Carla.)

The very existence of the Bible proves something very very big, doesn't it? If humanity hadn't been given one by God,

it surely would have invented one, that's for certain. So, what does the existence of the Bible prove, other than the existence of the Bible? So, it will always be the learned who are the truly foolish, because they reject the authority of the Bible, while the stupid are the truly wise, because they take a leap of faith and don't need it proven by the learned. How do we know that Satan didn't write the Bible? No, that would beg the question again; he wouldn't want to advertise for his opposition, and make himself look bad in the bargain, now would he?

I just wish I could see a computer simulation before I buy it, sorry. Maybe if they could show how, year by year, starting with the Flood, all those people and animals could spread out from Mount Ararat, and end up with, say, the state of the world in the time of Jesus, then accepting the next half of the Plan for Salvation would be infinitely easier. Otherwise, I'd say the scientists who have a non-Bible explanation for everything, have the odds in their favor, even if most or all of their theories are lacking and have to be revised; and eventually should put the Bible in complete, checkmate, although perhaps thousands of years from now. (In 1916, American psychologist James Leuba made a survey of a thousand scientists, finding that about 40 percent believed in a God who actively communicates with mankind; 80 years later, Edward Larson, of the University of Georgia, repeated the survey, getting the same results: almost two-thirds of scientists don't 'buy' God, and hence, the Bible or the Deluge. The survey was repeated yet again in 2096, by the OWG, and the figures remained the same -- this issue will likely take millennia to be settled.)

I want to believe in God as my Maker, my Parent (of either gender, I often flip-flop), but sometimes I just can't; so I guess that makes me agnostic, although I have no trouble invoking God's name, when I think of God as Good, or as Goodness. Still, the nagging feeling that I need to believe I was made, not evolved by random chance -- and that I therefore 'matter' -- is so strong, I can't fault JWs for going for it; it's a sorry perversion of Descartes' Wager, but after we're all dead -- and we all will be, eventually -- we'll know, just as those still living -- if any -- will get their turn at bat.

Why can't there be a middle ground where people who inherit the Earth at least try, while being 'tested', to make it as good, just, and equitable a place to live as possible, to hedge their bets for themselves as well as future generations, who might be able to resurrect people through science, and decide that the wicked won't be, just as surely as a real God would? I like Prophett, and that's why: He's for Now. Even if the most Darwinistic scientists were right all along, and humanity not only evolved from mud, but human races are inherently unequal because there are winners and losers, and some are superior to others, still I think we aren't wise enough to keep from destroying the world over the jealousies and hates involved; and the superior, even if so, aren't superior enough to be worth the trouble to risk it. For that matter, the inferior aren't inferior enough to treat as less than full members of the species either.

Better to just racemix the whole world as fast as possible, equalize all inequities and eliminate all moral and economic injustices, and save a world that breeds better people like racehorses for a far away date in the future, a million years from now or something, after society can effectively take the place of a good God. If white, yellow, black, brown, olive, or red people have some kind of superior genes, at least a global racemixing will preserve them, awaiting the day when a far wiser society can make use of them without injustice to the 'little guy', like our history has, up till now, been known for. Adolf Hitler sure got up and left that Olympic Stadium fast after a black African-American negro named Jesse Owens proved he had superior sprinting genes. (Not that the Germans, as a team, didn't win a disproportionate share of Olympic medals -- they had, as a group, a lot of good genes.)

Columbine High School Massacre. Why does this pop into my mind as I write this? The Trenchcoat Mafia threw the switch on this supreme issue, made people have to take sides, decide whether they are living in a meaningless Universe -- where survival of the fittest is a game, won by making up a scoring system of your own and getting your scores -- or whether people are accountable to each other, ultimately, and why. In short, is there a 'real score', and if so, who

is keeping it? Why do I still cry about that one little day in a meaningless Universe that shouldn't matter to It, or to me either, since I didn't get a scratch on me? Since two nut cases killed themselves off, and didn't leave their genes in the gene pool? Since there were too less white supremacists, and I, an n-word, got their white woman Carla, and every inch of her flesh, and mixed her seed with mine, while these two white geeks kicked the can after a nihilistic killing spree, taking mostly other whites with them?

Why do I still cry? Who programmed that in me? Blind evolution? Are there crying genes? How would that work to insure survival of the fittest? Or is the fact that I was created, like Adam, in the image of God, looking me in the face, and I am too stupid to acknowledge it, fall down on my knees, and worship my Creator, and His word, _right in my face_? I'm being torn apart like a tug of war with myself as the anchor, and two mighty forces, each with a good rope on me, on either side. That's why I can't just rest in peace, as an agnostic. The tugging was caused by myself, by the fact that I think, and created those ropes and gave the two forces their power over me. I am a living soul, but unlike the animals, I can know good and evil, and think like one of the gods, like God says in Genesis, and weigh right and wrong. Except my soul is the scales, and the very thing that is being weighed, that is what is in the balance.

The Bible in the Balance -- curious, but that's the title of a pamphlet I once found in the Columbine High School Library, tucked in a copy of the Bible, by a crusading 'freethinker'. Published, it claims, by "The Truth Seeker Company." It claimed to prove, in 10,000 words or less, that the Bible is not the word of God, and should not even be considered seriously; that it is the work of primitive, ignorant, barbaric peoples, full of errors, inaccuracies, superstition, and contradictions, and is little more than bunk, trash, garbage, and should go the way of the pagan religions, thrown in the trash heap. I wonder if the TCM guys ever read it, or perhaps put it there themselves. Oh well, it's the pamphlet that will be long forgotten while the Bible gets one new lease on life after another, precisely because people will never 'evolve' -- if you can

call it that (it seems like the opposite) -- to the same level as the TCM. Or not think about even one such massacre, and not still cry, even when they're a hundred.

What other animal, besides the human, cries? Really cries?

That's it. I see what Prophett gave us. He made us realize that human government has to be our best effort at giving authority to agents of a Good version of God, without demanding answers to ultimate questions like whether God exists.



Chapter 10. Maneuver and Slogging Matches

America's military had long prided itself on air, and later, space superiority, and had long depended on the Space-Air Command to be a big stick it could use at will in its foreign policy. Now it was called to extend itself as never before, to threaten the use of a land and sea stick to bring recalcitrant governments into submission, and to support the epic planned workload of the Development Division.

Although it was well past the fabled year 2001, the level of even the highest military technology was nowhere near the smooth, synchronized, symphony music of Strauss in action as portrayed in the equally fabled film "2001: A Space Odyssey". But it was not the confused mess of military operations in the 20th century either. Vast complexes of supercomputers computed around the clock to organize and synchronize the transformation of the American economy into a machine programmed to end the age of nations and its root problems in a single five year period (the anticipated length of the war), with a second five year period provided in reserve as a backup; in reality, it took slightly over a dozen years, during which time America dissolved into the world, and was reborn as a cornerstone of a new OWG presiding over a world of total equality.

From December 16, 2040 on, the machine was counting the nanoseconds to Pax Terra. In a sense, America was

terraforming planet Earth, if an oxymoron doesn't offend. The New Earth would erase millennia of building injustice, leaving the net fruits of progress distributed equably worldwide, much like the paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel charm millions even though the original scaffolding has long since been taken down and discarded.

American state legislatures now met in session continually, 24 hours a day, as did Congress, with much of the legislation being automatically generated and passed down the line by supercomputers. Legislators now simply rubber-stamped legislation via a flick of a voting button that they carried on their persons, as they were often volunteers in local programs of various kinds themselves. Boards of major corporations likewise were hooked into the supercomputer system -- which never was given a name, but was sometimes affectionately known as Prophet's Ghost -- while the board members themselves didn't even have to push a button; the government would be voted total proxy in advance as a tribute to solidarity with the war effort. For all intents and purposes, America's old economy was replaced by the ultimate in voluntary communism, much as Jesus' disciples practiced.

In the first years, more attention was given to conversion of existing useful products into military use than was needed later, when all production was specifically designed for it. Everything people owned was regularly donated to the war effort lock, stock, and kaboodle, the owners themselves cataloging their belongings and entering them into the government's computers with pride. People who owned homes, however, often failed to donate them, preferring to live in them (often after accepting refugees as free boarders), and work via telecommuting, living on bare military rations, going around in rags (usually, Ghandi-style) or naked, and working herculean hours without pay or hope of reward, with their minds, making it their lives' work to study the problems of others less fortunate, and find solutions.

It was the most fulfilling time in most Americans' lives, and it was almost anti-climactic, after all they went through, to be so self-satisfied at the conclusion that they

wanted to do it all again if they could. Altruism was their last remaining selfishness.

Transporting American wealth around the world was the job of the military, and it began by adapting all the spare ships it had available, then adapting the commercial and private ships donated. There were never enough, and this caused docks and wharves to become huge dumping piles for America's wealth, just waiting to be given to needy peoples elsewhere, if only it could get to where it was needed. Meanwhile, huge shipbuilding yards were constructed or refurbished at all major ports, busily cranking out ship after ship, including troop ships (used on the return journey to transport refugees) and cargo ships; the Japanese eagerly donated all their expertise on robotics, and this time there were no angry worker strikes, or union protests -- rather, there was universal applause by people wanting to be on the front lines in the field rather than kept from the action by a homer job.

Typically, at the other end -- say, Indonesia or Indochina -- the military had to clear bottleneck after bottleneck, including a hostile foreign government, a military battle, hordes of needy swamping the receiving ports begging for handouts, and hostile weather: mud, monsoons, humidity, insects, tropical diseases. But the willingness to work for a cause eventually beat down all obstacles, and by the end of 2040 things were getting efficient, and serious at the same time -- a priestlike determination settling over American troops, wanting to lick an enemy that had no face, but was legion, and had millennia of headstart on them. But Americans were animated by the spirit of Prophett, and the very gates of Hell could not stand against them -- so the songs went. In Indonesia, at least, there was a hope that there would be no real fighting or killing, although they were prepared to do what was necessary to do their real job of helping the people -- many looked at it as a "police action", and themselves as "love police", although, from the days of the Vietnam War era, the term had become politically incorrect. Still, preference was always given to capturing or "arresting" hostiles, to killing them.

In contrast to previous American wars, the military welcomed

press involvement, doing everything to make coverage available down to the most detailed level, including continuous robot camera cams that all Americans -- and the rest of the world, uncensored and live -- could plug into on the American part of the worldwide Net. Many millions of Americans lived in their homes physically, but intellectually travelled with the American military, to every pestilent, evil place they travelled, forming a megamind that instantly analyzed any and all problems, and filled the military command with proposed solutions. It was the ultimate evolution of a town meeting, and insured not only total American enthusiasm for the war, but total solidarity with the military, unlike so many other times in the past (if the Vietnam debacle was a one, this war was a ten).

TPA: total personal accountability. This was the name High Command gave for their general orders to their troops. Americans would be watching en masse, and holding them totally accountable to do their will. There was, as a result, simply no thought of exploiting enemy peoples, the very name enemy being taken with a grain of salt, referring to their governments' hostility alone. American martial law, long tough on military misconduct, was hardly ever needed, even though it was always left in place as a safety net. In contrast to previous wars, where American military units left to their own devices often engaged in looting, rape, kidnapping, profiteering, or even murder, the new troops were there only to help, to love, to give; if they could have been left to their own devices, they might have been found to have given too much to the enemy, and made themselves unable to carry on with group operations -- the group actually helped to hold them back, and pace them.

Personal Log:

Having seen our planet terraformed in a few decades (it was out of the scope of my book to detail the work to reclaim the world's deserts that started in 2057 and officially declared itself victorious in 2097), I count myself as one of those who believes that humanity will one day terraform other planets in the Solar System and send out our genes to them, creating, for once, really new species of humans,

adapted to the unique conditions of these new planets. For instance, people adapted to Mars would be thinner and taller, since with lesser gravity they could and probably would leap around like kangaroos. Just kidding! Humanity is, and will always be One. Actually, I can only imagine Mars being turned into a new planet for humanity in the foreseeable future (Arthur C. Clarke's "3001: the Final Odyssey", and its claimed terraforming of Venus notwithstanding), the others all having problems that are too major. Venus, for instance, with its pressure-cooker atmosphere, would be pretty hopeless; not that it would be impossible to float a new moon around it, if the stability problems are tractable that close to the Sun. Mercury would be just too damn hot and bright. Jupiter would have too high a gravity (if the storms could be tolerated), Saturn also; the rings look too dangerous, even the umpteen moons. Maybe some of the moons of Jupiter (particularly the volcanic one, Io) could be terraformed one day, perhaps using a stimulated greenhouse effect to warm them up; Neptune's super-cold (400 degrees Fahrenheit) moon Triton could maybe be mini-terraformed, under giant Earth-simulator domes.

I can't conceive of humanity as being so dumb -- after all it's gone through -- as to let space become a Wild West, a lawless frontier, or the home of a dictator, or evil emperor; nor all the other planets ganging up on Earth one day to conquer and enslave it. As of the last year of the 21st century, our dominion of the Solar System is very slight and precarious, so I will never live long enough to see it crammed with millions, billions, or trillions of people, maybe most of whom have never and will never set foot on Earth or smell its atmosphere or feel its sunshine, but will have conditions so similar as to make it moot (not counting the virtual reality simulations).

During the anti-war, it was orbital spaceships that were the concern, with orbits ranging from a hundred miles in altitude to halfway to the Moon, a hundred thousand miles. It was America's superiority in space more than anything else that kept it in the global policeman role right up to the eve of AWWI; and the Pax Terra has now given this power to the new OWG, hopefully forever. Carla and I were always

torn between believing that humanity has a future in space (although not of the Star Wars, or even Star Trek variety necessarily), and knowing that, until the world's problems were brought under OWG control, exploration was an expensive folly of misplaced priorities; a desperate one, even a nihilistic one perhaps. Now that people don't go to bed hungry anymore, and don't live for hate anymore, or plot to rule the world anymore -- now the systematic expansion of humanity's Eden can resume full speed ahead.



Chapter 11. Opening of the War at Sea

Earth is a water planet. If all the mountains were levelled and their rock and dirt dumped into the deepest parts of the ocean, the net result would eventually would be a true water planet, 1.5 miles deep, with no land above water at all. Indeed all of the Earth's land surfaces could fit into the Pacific Ocean alone, with room to spare.

The problem with Earth's water is that only 3 percent is fresh, the rest being salty, and undrinkable, as well as toxic to plants and corrosive to machinery. Of the fresh water, only 5 percent is readily accessible to humanity, the rest being locked up in glaciers, ice caps, and deep underground (up until the Teens, it was 1 percent).

Way back in 1980, the U.N. General Assembly announced the "International Drinking Water Supply and Sanitation Decade". By 1990, \$134 billion had been spent to bring clean water to over a billion people, however, the population grew by 800 million in the same countries, leaving a net of over a billion without safe water or adequate sanitation. The situation grew steadily worse, creating a fertile source of new wars, until the time of Prophett, even though it would only have taken an amount equal to roughly five percent of the world's military expenditures each year up till then to have solved the problem permanently. But water is also the basis for farming, and humanity was steadily turning to the seas as arable land decreased.

The seas had to be secured to food production and

distribution -- without threatening the global ecology -- as a war priority. The amount of arable land had long-since peaked and was in fact decreasing, but the sea as a potential vegetable farm was still in the early stages of development, as opposed to exploitation for food fish. Even the very concept of private or government ownership of ocean space, as applied on land, was in still in international dispute.

The greatest threat might be thought to be the pollution, the worst being from synthetic organic compounds such as polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) and detergents, followed by human waste and garbage, industrial pollution (including chemical and thermal pollution), and radioactive residue from WWII -- all contributing to some kind of total load with a breaking point, that, if reached, would cause the oceans to become useless for food production. But, despite a losing war being fought up to the eve of WWII, they proved surprisingly resilient and fertile; not that top leaders believed there was any reason to wait for a OWG to take control.

The world's oceans are home to a wide variety of living organisms that are important as a source of food and/or raw materials for manufacturing. Wild harvesting (fishing and shellfishing) and farming (aquaculture, mariculture, and nursery operations) were the two means by which the world was kept supplied with commercially-important marine resources up until the eve of the anti-war.

The farming of marine organisms began many centuries ago in the Far East. For decades scientific researchers in the United States, in laboratories such as the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, the Marine Biological Laboratory, and the National Marine Fisheries Service Northeast Fisheries Science Center in Woods Hole, Massachusetts, backed by funds from the National Science Foundation, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, and others, investigated new species as candidates for aquaculture, and new technologies to optimize the farming of marine resources.

Ocean farming is greatly aided by the modification of the

ocean surface, e.g., by the addition of nutrients (attempts at weather modification were banned by international treaty). When applied to large areas of "barren" tropical seas, nutrient addition can increase the phytoplankton, the base of the food chain, bringing the productivity up to the fabled level that occurred naturally off the old coast of Peru, resulting in an increase in fish catch by a factor of hundreds -- a 50,000 square mile ocean area, for example, might see the fish catch go to 50 million tons per year. An important side-effect was carbon dioxide absorption, helping to offset the excess built-up by the burning of fossil fuels, and constantly threatening a global greenhouse effect.

While the concept of farming was well accepted on land, the extension to the ocean was only getting started by the turn of the 21st century. It required the investment in the open ocean per se as a resource to increase productivity; so the "commons approach", which had been the age-old tradition in the world ocean fishery system, no longer sufficed. A measure of private property rights were needed, at least within the national exclusive economic zones (EEZs) of the host states of the world.

American government interest, until the Double Zeds, was minimal, particularly because the oceanographic community was initially negative and only slowly won over by patient arguments. Other governments made it difficult to get approval for these kind of activities also, particularly if "imperialist" Americans were to do the farming "research". Environmental regulators in America itself for years even considered adding anything to the ocean as "dumping", in which case overriding advantage had to be proved to them to gain approval for even small-scale research farms.

The culturing of organisms in open ocean areas can have many benefits. Such operations are less likely to interfere with coastal fisheries or recreation; they do not offend the aesthetic values of coastal residents; they can be sized to take advantage of economies of scale; organic enrichment from open ocean pens is not likely to cause water quality problems; economic activity from such facilities is likely to enhance coastal economies. The downsides for the

aquaculturist are largely operational; open ocean farms must be fully automated usually, because manned farms require wasteful boat trips for transport of personnel and their needs.

What were the regulatory implications of open ocean aquaculture? As of the year 2000, American state and federal agencies had not developed regulations addressing open ocean aquaculture. Without guidance on how to proceed, regulatory agencies were reluctant to act on requests for open ocean farms. Farms moored within state waters were, in theory, subject to the same regulatory requirements as inshore facilities, however, these regulations were developed for inshore sites and usually didn't address the state's interest in open ocean facilities where concerns may be focused on navigational rather than aesthetic issues. The same problem applied in federal waters. Regulation within state and federal waters was originally site-based; nothing within the existing rules addressed regulation even of free floating pens until the Double Zeds. The picture was even less clear in international waters where hundreds of global and regional agreements regulated use and protection of marine resources.

To ease government into an era of open ocean farming, aquaculturists needed to demonstrate that they could address government's potential concerns regarding open ocean facilities.

If there was a key to the long-term success of offshore aquaculture, it was secure tenure. Without it, the future was uncertain and the impetus for innovation and technological advancement diminished. The oyster industry in the United States illustrates the contrast. Oyster beds in Washington state are owned outright; they are well protected and productive, and are often seeded from high-tech hatcheries. Washington state oyster growers were among the staunchest defenders of water quality. Oyster beds in Maryland, on the other hand, were, until the Teens, generally public and in a sad state of decline (and were even before the onset of disease). And instead of high-tech hatcheries, the Maryland skipjacks that harvest oysters were the last commercial fleet in the country still powered by

sail.

It was the small tropical Pacific island nations with large EEZ areas that were the first to welcome ocean fish farming; then abandoned oil and gas platforms in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere. In Hawaii, ocean farming was initially used to farm black-lip pearl oysters, but its nearly-ideal conditions for open ocean farming of marine finfish finally caused it to become a determined producer of farmed mahimahi, bluefin, amberjack, gray snapper, and Pacific threadfin. Japan, initially a rogue nation when it came to international agreements on limiting overfishing, finally became a leading developer of ocean farming technology, piggybacking on their leads in robot technology.

At first, ocean farming had to compete with efforts to increase the yield of coastal regions. Natural upwelling occurs off the west coast of North and South America, West Africa, and other coastal regions, where along-shore wind stress causes the surface water to flow away from the coast, allowing nutrient-rich deep water to upwell. High fish production was observed in areas of natural upwelling; indeed, by 2000, upwelling regions accounted for only 0.1% of the surface area of the world's oceans, but yielded about 44% of the fish catch. If nutrients in the deep ocean water were distributed in the surface waters in areas other than where natural upwelling occurs, these nutrients, feeding the food web, could dramatically increase the population of fish and other marine organisms. Deep ocean water was also still clean and practically free of organisms which produce disease in humans, predators, fish and shellfish. Land-based aquaculture, using deep ocean water pumped from the ocean depths into man-made ponds and enclosures, was tried on an experimental basis in the 1990s and Double Zeds in the U.S. Virgin Islands, and on a commercial basis at the Natural Energy Laboratory of Hawaii and at Kochi Artificial Upwelling Laboratory in Japan, but it never went large-scale, because aquaculture suddenly caught fire seemingly overnight.

When the production from marine fisheries stagnated (the first sign of an impending problem was the closing, in 1992, by the Canadian government, of cod fishing off the

Grand Banks of Newfoundland), and world population kept growing, aquaculture suddenly got top level government priority everywhere, and grew by leaps and bounds. The reason for the need of government backing of aquaculture is simple. Aquaculture operations are clearly demarcated: everybody knows who owns the fish, even before they are harvested. In the oceans, with rare exceptions, no one owns anything until it is caught. Aquaculture closely resembles traditional farming, while fisheries were like old tribal hunt-and-capture. Not surprisingly, aquaculture continually renews itself, producing more fish each harvest cycle, while "primitive" fishermen spend their time finding ways to catch "wild" fish more and more quickly, as their own efforts result in less and less fish.

The expansion of marine aquaculture caused it to go further and further offshore. The open ocean environment was highly risky. Offshore longline culture operations are confronted with longer fetch, stronger winds, choppy seas and, additionally in some latitudes, winter drift-ice conditions. Submerged longline technologies were thus preferred for these environmental conditions, with much engineering development going into such things as underwater cages and net-pens. However, the advantages, such as reduced biofouling and stress on animals, and greater structural stability, had to be balanced against disadvantages, such as extra travel time and expenses for human and material resources, for maintenance and harvesting. Economy of scale, however, finally made the advantages overwhelming.

Open ocean waters being no longer off-limits to aquaculture, and improving technology having created facilities engineered to withstand the rigors of large seas and ocean storms, there began a "space race" on the ocean by America, Russia, Japan, Israel, Greece, Ireland, Australia, China, even Tahiti and Taiwan, resulting in increasingly rapid technological advances, such as free floating automated pens deployed in ocean gyres in international waters, protected by robot security guards.

The potential and promise of open ocean fisheries, with marine biomass plantations, hurricane prevention and global climate change remediation were discussed in numerous

international gatherings in the Double Zeds and Teens, but the fear of weather control technology being used for warfare kept it banned tightly by international treaty. It was one of the bright hopes of America, as it embarked on AWWI, to at last bring such peace to the world that weather control, administered by a OWG, would finally become a reality.

Ocean ranches, as they were called then, were evolved to eliminate structural cages; and fed themselves, something that even the best land-based agriculture/ranching had not perfected. The best were now grazing floating platforms supporting an ocean thermal energy conversion powerplant providing upwelled fluids to the surrounding photic zone, where a variety of marine biomass strains harmoniously co-existed with selected seafood species. Even the most primitive utilized other smaller and less expensive sustainable options, such as surge or wave devices, to move deep ocean fluids to the surface. The fish had finally been made to remain in the cold cell through nutrient and temperature barriers. Transgenic fish were being developed and efforts were being made to make them acceptable to society. Harvesting was being accomplished through acoustics and ocean robotics.

Marine plants, which are from two to ten times more efficient than any land crop in converting sunlight into biomass, were already being harvested and converted into green chemicals and a host of other products, while serving as food for the ocean ranches.

Success of the commercialization of ocean farming in the Teens increased the fish production and biodiversity of the barren tropical ocean, sequestered excess carbon dioxide from the land mass (which by now, even over the tropical forests, was groaning for relief), and helped feed the increasing world population with high quality protein from a completely renewable resource. However, this approach was limited to creating marine animal life for human consumption.

At the outset of the anti-war, America suddenly stunned the skeptical world with a quantum leap: open sea farmbeds

(OSFs), a technology that could literally turn open sea, even polluted sea, into fields of edible vegetation, just like farmland. Millions of little "grocery bags" consisting of seeds and some essential nutrients were launched in the sea, and became tiny self-contained greenhouses, producing in the end a sea of grocery bag that just had to be scooped up by robots. For some types of farms, floating tanks of fresh water, surrounded by paper-thin microengineered flexible walls, served as the medium for the floating grocery bags. Immune even to sea storms and tidal waves, these floating farms immediately turned great areas of the sea surface into what amounted to arable land. And this left the deeper water open for further usage.

The only truly limiting factor was sunlight itself, but that was more than sufficient to feed a trillion humans if needed, according to scientists. Taking the world by surprise, America immediately declared its EEZ expanded to all the ocean, what used to be called the high seas; anybody trespassing on its farmlands was treated like a poacher and dealt with accordingly by the American military.

It turned out that America had developed OSF technology in secret, fearing that publication would cause a new population explosion, with already-troubled countries absorbing the new technology, and saturating it, resulting in world starvation at a higher level of population. Now that there was a coherent plan to have a scientifically-managed OWG, the floodgates of OSF were unleashed, all-but insuring that nobody would starve again, if the food could be distributed as needed. Apparently, the knowledge of this secret technology is precisely what caused America's top government officials to embrace AWWI, and engineer the Declaration of Anti-War even while preparing a world plan for seabed creation, operation, and food distribution; it seemed almost as if they would have created Prophet if He had not appeared by Himself, so they could get the overwhelming classless public support needed for the brash worldwide sea-based power grab they needed to keep control of the OSF technology, while allaying fears of non-Americans that their intentions were good and honorable.

The distribution was the next most difficult phase of the

sea war. Vast ocean farmbeds were established in all major oceans starting the first year of the anti-war, producing vegetable and marine animal foodstuffs in huge quantities, ready for shipping directly to distribution centers while processing and packaging went on in transit -- processing including taste and texture processing, the ability to modify both to order being quite flexible.

Humanity's 100+ different "rebel" governments literally were now treated as armed middlemen, highway bandits, not necessarily interested in the people at the end of the food pipeline; this had the psychological effect of alienating their peoples from loyalties to their own governments, and, in the best cases, making the governments seem illegitimate.

Now the floodgates of American military might were unleashed, and any government standing between American food and a starving mouth would soon find an American missile, tank, bomb, or gun pointing in their face. Ditto for any government daring to steal the technology, or raid a farmbed. Whatever the people of the world thought of America now, they knew where to get a free nourishing meal.

Personal Log:

Carla and I shipped out to the Indian Ocean Farmbeds on what they called a triple-screw, a source of endless jokes and onboard double-dares. The teeming populations of Indonesia, India, Malaysia, Pakistan, and adjoining countries was going to need a whole new source of arable farmland, if arable is the right word for undersea farming of edible vegetable and marine animal foodstuffs, and this farmbed was the biggest in the world now, bigger than the Caribbean Farmbeds, the Mediterranean Farmbeds, the Asian Pacific Farmbeds, even the American Pacific Farmbeds.

Carla was fond of this Bible quote (Isaiah 35:6-7): "In the wilderness waters will burst out... and the thirsty ground will become as springs of water." Also Psalm 107:35: "He converts a wilderness into a reddy pool of water, and the land of a waterless region into outflows of water." Sounded fine to me, except that the time is way too late to keep waiting for God to bring water to the thirsty, and Prophett

is right that it is America's responsibility and destiny.

The idea that the Earth could be a landless planet intrigues me, and not from seeing reruns of that old film "Waterworld". I wonder if the people of the future will aquaform Earth like that, saving all the air-breathing life in a gene museum, or perhaps moving it to Mars. Maybe Mars will be aquaformed instead of terraformed, perhaps because aquatic vegetation and animals are more efficient for feeding humans in the long run. Maybe humans will be Martianized genetically, perhaps will genes for gills added. I just know that ultimately all people will be able to instantly communicate, far more intimately than now available with the Net, via electronic devices intimately implanted in the brain stem system somewhere, maybe originally implanted in the DNA of the embryo or something, and grown by the human itself as its own organs.

And the "non-liberal" Jews still obeying the law of Kashrut, or Kosher law, won't eat shellfish. Such is the price of being God's Chosen People -- leaving the lobster for the goyim. Imagine the nightmare of a kosher kitchen in an all aquatic world. No, that is sour grapes; they'd get it down to a science and it would be no problemo.



Chapter 12. Over the Wide World

Some military chiefs had not been caught napping, even in the countries most adverse to anti-war. On the civil side it was otherwise. Nobody had experienced an anti-war on any scale, let alone this one. Other conflicts had been preceded by longer warning, so that adjustments could be made, such as a rise in money rates, to soften the shock. Bank rates in New York stood at 7-1/4 per cent a week before the Declaration. The next day the rate rose to 22 per cent, then swung widely several times a day. In other countries, indecision on the part of governments caused wide swings in bank rates hourly, and a general stock market closure. In America, the owning of gold was soon prohibited and -- a striking measure in "a nation of capitalists" -- a

moratorium on debts was declared. The New York Stock Exchange closed on December 18, and remained closed until the following April. America went onto pure electronic money and put into force a series of wartime regulations.

In America, wild celebrations in the streets and in all electronic media was matched by an equally wild grassroots donation effort to the war. People willingly donated gems, clothes, food, and household articles to government collection centers, which soon resembled incredible fantasy museums of the day's consumer goods. Many if not all major retail store chains threw open their doors to the government, and all manufacturing enterprises threw their assembly plants into high gear, while waiting for orders from the government as to what changes to make in their production.

The entire American economy was commandeered for the war effort, by universal grassroots acclaim. The rich now sought to donate unneeded homes and vehicles to the war, making the former available as immigration hostels or warehouses or factories, and the latter available for any domestic or foreign service the government wanted to put them to. People whose riches consisted mainly of stocks, gladly accepted that the stocks were either worthless, or donated them to the government outright, while they enlisted in the military, eager to 'go over there' and 'give of their love'. The fact that many had to wait one or two years before they could be used only caused them to volunteer in the nearest factory, hostel, or distribution center. All now lived on government rations, and the farms went into stepped-up production, reserving all that was not needed for rationing for export to the troops -- far more than was needed for the troops' own use, of course, most being for the needy war refugees being made by the millions daily.

France, which had always been proud of supporting the cause of American independence, and donating the Statue of Liberty, now declared its solidarity in the anti-war, as did Britain, although they begged to be spared from donating all their upper class treasure at first -- until the second year, when there was a change of heart, and they came up to American levels of enthusiasm and grassroots dedication.

Germany, which had always been suspected of harboring a neo-Nazi underground, sat this war out, on the pretext that it "didn't need saving", was doing quite well, thank you, and if every other country would take care of its own as it did, there would never be any poverty, suffering, injustice, or war. With reluctance the allies decided to leave Germany alone, and hope for the best.

Personal Log:

Carla and I had a lovely family, and, by the third generation, it was quite an international one too. Our children, used to accompanying us on our journalistic travels, married into several nationalities, eventually having their own children, who spread out even more eclectically, if that's the right word for it. We weren't that unusual, of course. But we weren't behind anybody else either. The entire 21st century now, in retrospect, looks like one long attempt of all Americans to include the rest of the world in their families. Every single person was treasured, and his genetic heritage. In contrast to the 20th century, when America promised safe refuge for the world's refuse, now no country on Earth was permitted to call anybody refuse: them's fightin' words, as my grandpa would say.

My dad was a big fan of Sidney Poitier, the black American Hollywood actor who settled in France because he found the racial discrimination less bothersome (and loved white women, especially the French ones). Curious how actors became the royalty in the 20th century, and the films the biggest public events almost. No history can avoid mentioning them, for they were history. In the 21st century, entertainment products of all kinds proliferated out of the hands of monolithic corporations into the hands of individuals, reducing their publication back to mere everyday events. The work of America in sending the former Mother of Exiles out with a sword as well as a torch became the history, and yet, almost nobody wanted any individual glory or credit; people didn't seek, as in past decades, videosound bytes (they were content to view Prophett's). That's why my history is not, like histories of previous

centuries, accounts of the exploits of royal families and their battles and intrigues. Rather, it's the story of humanity coronating each and every person, no matter how low in former world hierarchies, a prince or princess. The very idea of a hero now was politically incorrect, as was the idea of a few people solving the world's problems while the rest were considered sheep.

Everybody was part of the solution now. Everybody had, to use the worn-out words of the late Andy Warhol, their fifteen minutes of fame, even if it was more like fifteen nanoseconds. Everybody was a star. Everybody loved everybody else. Nobody wanted to rule the world. Nobody wanted to exploit anybody else. Bad guys, as they were now called, were characters in entertainment products, like the infamous Doom computer game, that was used by the Columbine High School shooters for training in weapons and tactics. The games now had bad guys, yes, but the player couldn't and usually didn't want to be the bad guy in the game. Violent computer games were outlawed since the early Double Zeds, then decriminalized after WWII, only to find they had no market anyway. By the end of the anti-war, everybody wanted to save the shooters, way before they started shooting, and that's what the games let them do. The shooters would be shown how much they and the people they were planning to shoot would be missed, like in that old Jimmy Stewart movie It's a Wonderful Life, still watched at Christmas; and how being "grumpy old men" would haunt them, like in the old Charles Dickens story about Ebenezer Scrooge. American popular culture has always had an undercurrent of love, and, after a dangerous flirtation with violence glorification, married the former and had a family with it.



Book Three - 2041

Chapter 13. The West in 2041

The West in 2041 was divided into the following major power blocs:

1. North America
2. South & Central America
3. Europe
4. Isragypt
5. Islamic States

The East was divided as follows:

1. China
2. Indochina
3. Japan
4. India
5. Africa

The world was thus much simpler in the 21st than in previous centuries, laboring under security organizations such as NATO, SEATO, the Warsaw Pact, the OSCE (Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe, born of the 1975 Helsinki Agreement), and so on. Now only ten major superstates divided up the world and its security interests.

1. North America

During WWII, the former United States of America had agreed to, first a mutual defense pact, then union with Mexico and Canada, creating a new superstate still called the United States of America, or America for short. This ended age-old border and immigration problems, sealed up America's 'soft underbelly' (border with Mexico), and permitted the new country to be defended as a global island. It also caused a 'New Frontier' in Mexico, as millions of people, and billions of dollars of capital, flooded in from the north, bringing with it a new feeling of optimism and independence, although not with quite the white supremacist mindset of the 19th century 'Wild West' frontiersmen: these new frontiersmen brought American law with them, including advanced, enlightened laws on everything from employment to housing and welfare. The new economic development in former Mexico was the pride of the continent, and the near-Third World conditions there were steadily being reversed, along with the former one-way nature of immigration. Catholics now outnumbered Protestants in the United States.

The death of Fidel Castro in the early 21st century caused Cuba and all the tiny island states in the Caribbean to either align with the United States or with the new superstate built out of the states in Central and South America; residents of the latter often referred to the northern superstate as North America.

2. South & Central America

Until WWIII, this region was known for its fragmentation into numerous military-dominated states, yet as if by a magical self-preservation instinct, these Spanish-speaking, Catholic states united into a superstate to keep up with the superstate to the north (with the proviso that one state not "mess" with the structure of another state). Indeed, it was the American-backed internal attempts to sell them on joining the northern superstate that crystallized public opinion and furnished the political energy to say no by creating and joining up with a new southern superstate.

This region, suffering from poverty and unemployment, now became "America's New Mexico", with a border problem that wouldn't quit, as millions tried to illegally immigrate north to seek what they believed would be greater opportunity. When AWWI was declared, the remaining military dictators in the southern superstate grimly prepared to hold onto power, as the American military, with missionary zeal, prepared to overwhelm them with military might, bribes, promises of amnesty, even sex, and then bring both Americas together in a yet bigger superstate that would spread the northern prosperity all the way from the North Pole to Antarctica.

3. Europe

The states of Europe, known for terrific ambitions of world domination during the previous century, at last grew wise enough to overlook their differences and create a United States of Europe (USE). The weights and measures were first, then the monetary system, and, through years of frustrated dealings through NATO and the U.N., the creation of a European superstate gave this region of the world "a sudden smashing amount of clout", to quote the words of the

late British statesperson Margaret Thatcher Cleese.

In Britain, the monarchy, long rumored to be on its last legs, finally was abolished completely, the final straw being the homosexuality and lesbianism espoused by several royal heirs, princes and princesses alike, which made the hereditary monarchy seem pointless. Queen Elizabeth II's death was taken by most as the death of the system itself, bequeathing a monarchy-less Britain to the new millennium.

The breakup of the Soviet Union in the 1990s was in part reversed by the joining of Russia along with many of its former satellites, leaving the eastern states now facing either isolation, being caught between the USE and China and the USI, or "joining the club" of USE.

4, 5. Israkyat and the United States of Islam

The state of Israel, created under suspicious conditions after a terrible persecution of Jews by the Nazis in WWII, and forever hanging on by a thread, dependent on American support, first made friends with, then united politically and mixed demographically with the large state of Egypt, causing all the fanatical states explicitly causing for its extermination to finally fall silent. WWII, which ended the bid of the United States of Islam for total regional domination, ended with it in a state of occupation, and accepting westernization eagerly, the old theocratic regimes that tried to keep the people in the Middle Ages now forgotten as well as criminalized.

Personal Log:

Curious how the triumph of Prophett in America coincided with the triumph of the sexual equality and sexual orientation equality movements. The main political parties in America, the Grand Old Party or Republicans, symbolized by an elephant, and the Democratic Party, symbolized by a donkey, now were so homogeneous that it got to be a joke that the elephant symbolized a male homosexual, and a donkey a female homosexual (jenny). Pictures of a baby elephant coming up to its mother's crotch and sticking in its trunk, now were changed to show one male elephant performing oral

sex on another (usually one black and one white); likewise, two jennies in a sixty-nine position (one black and one white) were now common. Not that there weren't plenty of heterosexuals, and bisexuals, but political campaigns were now dominated by love fests trying to expunge the last vestiges of sexism and racism, and these often included every last person who has felt bisexual feelings finally coming out and performing oral sex, in public, with someone of a different color, as a kind of baptism into the new one world faith. Even professed heterosexuals would perform homosexual oral sex to "get their mouths right", so that they couldn't be said to have never "tasted of the unforbidden fruit". It was kind of like the Adam and Eve thing, but, since everybody wanted to restore the world to paradise, it was a reverse thing, an unbaptism from the Old Time Religion, a recognition that there were not two but three possibilities of sex among two people, counting male-male, male-female, and female-female: obviously, the male-female was outvoted now, or would be one day, and color was gone completely, except as a thing to be kept from becoming too pure, and thus too much of an issue.

It was truly amazing how much racism, bigotry, intolerance, hate, prejudice, violence, and just about everything wrong with America at one time, could be washed away in the simple public baptism of oral sex with a person of the same gender, and a different color. "Don't hate him, blow him." "Don't hate her, eat her." "Lick and you will like." "Huck and suck, don't hate and kill." "Sleep with what you were prejudiced against and wake up unprejudiced." These, and many like it, were buttons seen at Republican and Democratic political conventions throughout America in the 2030s, and on right through the anti-war. It was at love fests that many people pledged to go out to the world and blow like they had been blowed, or lick like they had been licked, to bring love to the world. The more different the person was who they reached out to, the more they wanted them; this gave Americans a worldwide aura not quite like prostitutes (for they didn't charge), not quite like angels (for they were mortal and bled too, and would fight injustice with violence if absolutely necessary), but the days of James Bond, the Beatles, and the British having a monopoly on world sexiness were never like this :) Maybe this was the

real reason the Brits at first shuffled their feet, then finally joined in with gusto, as Americans fought, sucked, licked, fornicated, worked, built, and loved the world to shape in a little over a decade, and they didn't want to lose out in the fun.

Russia was always a cold land, an easy land to be cruel in, although cold nights could sure lead to many excuses to bundle up with a friend in a nice furry blanket. Russian men had long been considered 'sissies' for kissing each other on the cheek. Yet, now that the situation was reversed, it was the Russian men who proved among the hardest nuts to crack, so to speak. (It took help from Turkey and France, the first for males, the second for females, to finish breaking down the barriers.) All throughout the war, they were either skeptical, suspicious, feigning neutrality, or actively fearful of America and its supposed desire to unite the world yet not dominate it exploitatively, and, while not wanting a bloodbath, they were slow in seeing the light and converting to Prophett, and never did quite go out hand-in-hand with us Americans and make love to the world, instead withdrawing into their vast borders and waiting to see what the new world would be like before deciding what they would do in it (probably, what scam they would run in it).

As a poor country, they were always the recipients of American aid and generosity, and when they saw America giving so much away to everybody else, they seemed more fearful that they would lose theirs than anything else. Finally, however, they came out of their shell, and went with the program, intermarrying especially with Asians, since Africans couldn't stand the bleak cold, even if they were welcomed to marry into the family and settle down. Neither did Russians, used to the cold, much like African weather, or South American, or even Asian jungles, although the northern part of Asia was acceptable to them, and now China and Russia have intermarried like never before, probably on a road to forming a new Russian-Chinese superstate, each opting out of their former superstates (Europe and Asia).

Chapter 14. The East in 2041

1. China

China, always isolationist and self-centered, remained so right through 2041. Being on the wrong side in WWII, it found itself abandoned by its former unsteady ally the defunct Soviet Union totally, and facing a new superstate in Indochina that resisted its long-held imperialist ambitions there. After WWII, facing total world isolation, it went back to its early 21st century attempts to westernize and integrate into the world economy, while retaining its authoritarian political regime, albeit much weakened and facing internal dissolution reminiscent of the old Soviet Union in the 1980s.

Economically, China was poor, hungry, and on the verge of catastrophe. Having more than 15 percent of the world's population, but only 7 percent of the arable land, food was always scarce. But the cultivation of rice as the staple starch crop compounded the problem, rice being more labor-intensive, and not as nutritious as, say, wheat, which had been cultivated there since 1300 B.C., but never made much headway; it was not until 1997 that machines even outperformed manual labor in harvesting wheat crops.

The masses of the Chinese people, long kept from expressing their individual opinions, proved highly friendly to the new waves of the 21st century, and wanted to modernize, if they could adapt American and European economic ways without losing their essential Chinese stance. The leaders seemed to accept the inevitable, but were simultaneously terrified of seeing China disintegrate back into a set of warring states, so they were loosening their grip only a finger at a time, at the last possible moment, when the pressure made them; all without an official recognition of the pressure even existing.

When Prophet came, His program of worldwide racemixing and OWG horrified the leaders, causing them to reverse the course of westernization immediately, and prepare to fight at all costs. As of 2041, America had not attacked China

yet, but all knew it was coming.

2, 3. Indochina and Japan

Japan, long friendly to America, and non-militaristic, changed its stance in WWII to reequip its military, and even revealed it had a new nuclear arsenal. The other Asian states, remembering Japan's imperialist excesses in the 20th century, resisted all overtures to create an Asian superstate, and instead created an Indochinese superstate, to balance China against Japan. Japan was never invited to join the North American superstate, so it remained as "a nation that no superstate wanted", in the words of former American ambassador to Japan Philip Principal. It was still a friend and ally to the North American superstate, with heavy economic interdependence, and, being not self-sufficient in foodstuffs and raw materials, lobbied heavily to join the North American superstate, and even the South American one, at different times. After the Declaration, Japan at first hesitated, then capitulated, accepting another benevolent invading force from America as in the days of General MacArthur, although this time the generals brought their whole families with them and invited the natives to intermarry.

Singapore was an example of a particularly arrogant example of opposition, its authorities declaring all Americans summarily expelled, while police swooped in on Americans before they could even leave and arrested them and confiscated their property. For years it was a pimple on America's behind, until a three-day invasion caused its government to capitulate.

4. India

India remained its own superstate, its huge population and continental size making it a great bed of hopes and dreams for its own people, and people worldwide. Indonesia was in the same position with respect to India that Japan was to America, not big enough to be a superstate, and needing one to ally or unite with, but not being given any offers.

5. Africa

WWIII finally cause pan-African movements to crystallize, and the destruction of South Africa set them free to finally formalize a superstate, even though the union was weak, easily damaged, and practically irrelevant in the face of the huge problems each state faced.

Personal Log:

Old Chinese proverb: "Tolerant men are never stupid, and stupid men are never tolerant."



Chapter 15. The Fatal Balkans

The Balkans were the most dangerous region in the world, not because there was anybody in them that was dangerous, but because their citizens had so many 'family relations' that would get pissed off if anybody messed with them. The way the world was dragged into WWI has already been covered, but would you know it, in the late 1990s and early Double Zeds the world was brought to the brink of another world war by NATO-backed American involvement in the eternal hatreds that plagued this place. If not for the skill of its diplomats, Russia and China could easily have been drawn into a world war with America over it. But this was not to be. Instead, it was the Islamic nations that dragged the world into WWIII, and the Balkans practically sat that one out.

Personal Log:

"All Is Fair In Love". The title of a Stevie Wonder song, and an often-rerecorded jazz number, best sung real slow.

The Balkans should adopt that as their national anthem. Their intense murderous hatreds are all based, in theory, on love. They all love God more than the other group, and it's either black or white, red is dead. One side wants to drive another out because they are squatting on their holy lands, even while oblivious to the fact that their ethnic cleansing crimes defile the holiness of those very lands. Sometimes I wish they'd all

become atheists and shake hands and become homosexuals and make love naked in the streets with sheep. If we could get enough sheep into the population centers, they might refrain from bombing each other for fear of hurting the sheep. Even with a OWG, that region still stinks. It's the anus of the Earth.

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Chapter 16. Sacro Egoismo per L'Italia

Italy came into the anti-war as the ally of France, Britain, and Greece by a devious path. In the face of Albania she moved from neutrality to alliance and from alliance to activism in the way the anti-war vis a vis Albania was conducted.

Her chief motive was her desire to foster Italian cuisine, as well as to promote joyous Italian love in public places in a land where women were used to covering their faces from years of fundamentalist Islamic resurgence, but this was combined with a genuine love of humanity, and a desire to give everything they had to the less fortunate. The fact that the Pope lived in Italy, although officialy in a neutral ministate, and backed Prophett explicitly and implicitly, fanned the flames of popular support for the war, but not at the expense of their own 'export Italianism' agenda. As in WWI, more than a hundred years ago, the policy of Italy was best described by the phrase 'sacro egoismo' (holy egotism): they considered Albanians as their 'little siblings'.

The universal sacro egoism went under many names. In China it is 'hui lu', in Kenya 'kitu kidogo', in Mexico 'mordida', in Russia 'vzyatka', and in the Middle East, the well-known word 'baksheesh'. Bribery was, in many nations, a way of life, the only way to do business, procure certain items, even to get justice. In 1999, 34 nations, including 29 members of the OECD (Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development), along with Argentina, Brazil, Bulgaria, Chile, and Slovakia, signed a treaty aimed at eliminating bribery in international business dealings. The World Bank

and the International Money Fund found that, in 1999, 40 percent of businesses in 69 countries were paying bribes, and enacted rules for cutting off funds to countries that ignored this corruption. By 2040, they didn't even try to hide the utter failure of their rules. Continued world poverty seemed to drag bribery along with it like a chain and ball, while Americans enjoyed their last big fling, their last drunken orgy of excess during the 2030s, their self-centered materialistic philosophy truly as dead inside them now as dried-out wood. Meanwhile Prophett's message was like a forest fire started by a single spark, that spark finding a ready nourishment from good dry brush, then growing exponentially on good dry timber, and finally consuming all in its wake, culminating in, not the first war called 'the war to end war', but the first one that was serious about it.

Bribery, in consequence, was seen as a tool of the war, if it led to buying off the top officials trying to hold their country down, and caused them to go into voluntary exile so that the fighting phase of the war could be concluded and the development phase begun.

WWIII had left Albania poor than ever, and what's more, freshly packed with refugees from the other Islamic countries. The coasts of Albania (like those of Yugoslavia to the north), mountainous with sheer limestone cliffs and few natural harbors or ports, virtually trapped its people in a concentration camp that looked out over a blue expanse towards Italy and greener pastures. Meanwhile, to the north, Yugoslavia, the scene of so many battles since the Clinton days of the 1990s, was in places as lifeless as the surface of the Moon. It was clear to American High Command that the barren rocky soil would never support extensive agriculture, so priority was given to the Adriatic Seabeds, a vast aquaculture project producing nutrition products in great quantities. Into this process the Italians now intruded themselves, with scheme after scheme to terraform the Albanian plateau so that it could recreate the vineyards and wheat fields of Italy.

Ever eager to placate the Italians, or anybody else who came to them with problems, the scientists were called in and

finally produced a sea-based wheat clone, along with a sea-based grape clone, and textured sea-vegetable replacements for lamb and beef, that could be used throughout the world, not just in that quarter. Such is the effect a war has on the advancement of science and technology.

Once hunger was ended in Albana, and replaced by plenty, the further attempts of Italians to foster their openly amorous lifestyle met with a brick wall of resistance. Attempts to rejuvenate the long-dead Albanian-American John Belushi, as a kind of role model, also met with blank stares, as the conservative moral ways of the religious peasants were clung to feverishly. At last an attempt to migrate Albanians to America, Canada, Italy, and other places, for reeducation in 21st century ways, met with success. In ten years, adult Albanian world citizens would return to Albania, and bring the new world order with them, led by a pair of nudist bisexual twins, the Blues Sisters, who had converted virtually all their Albanian 'classmates' to an openly nudist, bisexual lifestyle, complete with their own music, art, slang, and subculture, based on the works of John Belushi and the late Italian porn star and politician Cicciolina. From then on, Albania become the first world state run by bisexual women, and in their fervor they spread their lifestyle south to Greece, the land of Lesbos, in concert with a parallel movement of bisexual men, and man-boy love advocates. Ironically, Italy stayed mainly heterosexual, and found the situation reversed when Albanians and Greeks began looking to Italy as their next recruiting grounds. At least the old problems that had caused war to breed were erased, now replaced by the much more peaceful disagreements on how to make love and breed.

Personal Log:

Speaking of Italy, it was at the harbor in Messina, Sicily, that the Black Death first entered Europe, during October, 1347, when some trading ships arrived from the East filled with diseased and dying men, their bodies covered with dark egg-sized swellings that oozed pus and blood. Within just three years, it spread throughout Europe, killing twenty-five million people, a quarter of its population.

People thought it was the end of the world. Only those who had some kind of natural immunity survived. I sometimes wonder just what kind of genes were removed from the European gene pool in those years, because white racism really was just getting started there after that. Maybe it was the 'real' whites who died, and the 'fake' ones who were left; no, that is too mean-spirited of me.

My dad had a type of sacro egoismo that revolved around his sexual prowess.

Dad was a Baby Boomer, born in 1947. He filled my head with stories of racial discrimination and injustice, stories of being taunted by white boys when he was a boy, told he was an n-word, was inferior, stupid, ugly, sweaty, stinky, dirty, unfit to live, an ape, a gorilla, thick-lipped, kinky-haired, jungle bunny, porch monkey, jigaboo, spook, coon. He told me stories of being pulled over in his car by police and harassed just because he was black. He hated police, yet was quick to call them on anybody, including his wife and relatives, at the slightest provocation, such as when he wanted to gain entry to their property to search for his birth certificate, after they took away his driver's license for five years for driving while intoxicated (he said no employer would give him a job without an ID, and his Social Security card wasn't enough).

He was a boozier, addicted to alcohol. Nowadays once can't become addicted to alcohol: it's preventable or curable, a metabolic disease, nothing more. Stories of illicit sex with white women, who were delighted to give their white bodies to him, but terrified if their white parents or relatives or friends found out, were his favorite after his blood alcohol level had risen to a trigger point. He loved to brag about his sexual prowess in his youth, and how long-legged white beauties with delightful patches of hair here and there saved everything they had just for him, while yawning or falling asleep when a white man tried to 'poke' them. He had prostrate problems starting in his forties, which finally led to prostrate cancer and death, but the invention of Viagra in the 1990s gave him his potency back, if he could afford the ten bucks a dose. He never tried to have sex with me, although a lot of my friends, male and

female, had this problem with their parents and close relatives. He truly saved his best for white women, and, looking back, he was the last of a breed, like the buffalo hunters of the late 1800s: today, there's no women that white nor men that black left to delightedly jump into each other's flesh and sizzle, while potentially making themselves genetically obsolete.

I was never interested in homosexuality, although for years I had this recurring dream of me, in the guise of a young white man on his hands and knees, almost like a snake sometimes, in the dirt road at the side of the railroad tracks, seeing a young plump pot-bellied white boy ride by on the train, leaning out the window, wearing a horizontally-striped polo shirt, that didn't cover his entire belly. The latter looked like young River Phoenix (who overdosed on cocaine in his early twenties and died) in the movie Stand By Me, and I looked like a young Steve Tyler, the popular lead singer of the rock group Aerosmith (who abused drugs but lived on into the 21st century after fathering Liv), who had a particularly large mouth with piano-key teeth, and almost feminine thick lips and an effeminate voice that was his fortune. The train would just go on by, and I'd catch a fatal last glimpse of River, my eyes bugging out, my mouth open in a big O, feeling like a snake being strangled, or a fish out of water, as he passed away forever, our love unfulfilled. Then the train would reappear from the original direction, and he'd pass by again, and again, over and over, while I kept strangling.

Combined with this I dreamt of a video game, where River popped out of a train on a board at three different clock positions, in a triangle arrangement, 12-8-4 o'clock, and you tried to kiss him or perform oral on him, depending on whether his face or his weenie popped out. I kept dreaming how I invented this game and it became super popular and made me rich for life, even though I myself wasn't homosexual and never really wanted to have sex with another man. After The Day, I kept having dreams of Charlton Heston, on stage in front of the NRA, finally breaking down and performing oral on my dad, and crying and admitting that he didn't really want guns, he wanted black male organs, and had been starving all his life, like a snake in the road or

a fish out of water. He would change now, and try to outlaw gun ownership, recommending that all men caught and imprisoned be taught instead to enjoy sex with other men, black men if possible, to give them something to play with that was big, hard and black, but that didn't kill, and brought just as much satisfaction and joy with handling, cleaning, priming it, and firing it off.

In some dreams I would dream that anything I dreamt would come true retroactively, like in that old Ursula Le Guin novel, "The Lathe of Heaven", which I could never get out of my mind because of its description of a man dreaming up a world of gray-skinned people, where there had never been racial discrimination, and waking to find it was suddenly real.

Like in that novel, one dream would then screw the world up so bad with unintended consequences that I'd have to go back to sleep and redream the world to fix it up, but when I woke up thinking I'd dreamed a fix-up, it'd be screwed up in another direction, causing me to have to go right back to sleep, and so on, until I was strangling in permanent sleep, forever unable to get up off the bed, then finding the bed was gone, or lost, or worn out, and I was in a road bed, by a set of railroad tracks, coming in and out of Lower Downtown Denver and its Union Station.

Then here came the train, and there was River Phoenix again, representing the homosexual loves I had missed out on my whole life, and the passion and fulfillment I would never know, while I went to my death strangling or starving for it. Funny how I only dreamt of white boys and men, never anything else, not even native Amerindian or Asian, or South Sea islander; no, only white boys and men, which I now realize was because I had grown up in Littleton, Colorado, where that was the indigenous breed, and I in contrast a fish out of water. When awake, I dreamt of white girls and women, when asleep, of white boys and men. That made me truly the victim of the most insidious form of white racism.

Sometimes I wondered why dad married a black woman, whom he usually called his 'ho', whore. His own wife a ho. He'd say he was Santa Claus and it was Christmas and when she

went to bed with him he'd soon be saying ho ho ho. I tried to act concerned, offended even, at first, but the way he laughed about it, and she didn't seem to object, won me over. Whoopi Goldberg, he would say, once started a company called One Ho Productions, and what was wrong with that? The logo showed her smiling and picking her big white teeth with a big pair of sunglasses that were subtly suggestive of something else, maybe a piece of straw, or a toothbrush. That was supposed to show that she had just given a man some oral sex and was spiffing up for her next man.

"All women are either hos or bitches," dad would say, whether ma was present or not. "All men are either bastards or whoremasters," she would counter, spiritedly. That was love as they knew it, their balance of the yin and the yang. Neither lived to see Prohett, although ma lived to see WWII.

Back then, the lower income people, as they were euphemistically called, had to use Medicare or Medicaid to pay for nursing home care, and the care, well into the early 21st century, was notoriously poor, as the workers were overworked and underpaid, and the owners were greedy. Dad died in a nursing home. We visited him every day, and saw him lying in his own urine, and developing bed sores, as his cancer ate him up from the inside. We complained loudly, and got no action, even when we threatened to pull him out, which they knew was a hollow threat, since every nursing home that accepted Medicare patients was just as bad. But he died in just nine days, and I was mad that dad didn't get as good care as the white rich people in America, in a world where billions faced far worse every day. I had a lot of growing up to do. The kingdom of God was within us.



Chapter 17. The War at Sea, 2041

Personal Log:



Chapter 18. The Outer Theaters and Africa

The outer theaters included miscellaneous small countries that, for various reasons, had not joined a superstate, or whose relationship with them was unclear.

Rwanda, long avoided by outside investors because of its civil wars and corrupt government, was always eager for outside help just the same. The near extinction of the mountain gorilla also gave it a bad image. But after the Declaration, this country was the first to openly welcome America, although their slow understanding on America's intent to dismantle and reconstruct their government caused a sudden flip-flop, again true to form.

America was looking for a beachhead for its troops on the east coast of Africa, and it used Rwanda's initial acceptance as an excuse to invade Kenya and occupy the country all the way to Rwanda (Director Clinton was rumored to have a special affection for the endangered colobus monkey, and wanted to secure the Diani Forest, near the coast of southern Kenya). The real ambitions of American High Command, however, were to occupy the entire Great Rift Valley from Mozambique up to the Jordan Valley in former northern Israel.

Personal Log:

One day Carla and I were in Mayotte, in the Comoro Islands, between Africa and Madagascar, late at night, holding hands, in love. Who says sex ends before the hundred and twentieth year or so anyway?

It was in the late months of 2043, late summer on that side of the equator. The stars were coming out like white orchids and yellow ylang-ylang flowers. The scent of the ylang-ylang trees -- from whence the island was known as perfume island -- was heady and delightful. (The flowers are gathered from the trees, two to four pounds per tree, every 15 days, from May through December; the rest of the time is the rainy season, which spoils the flowers. Boiled

in enormous alambics, or stills, 440 pounds of mature flowers and 18 gallons of water are distilled down to an essence that is used in blending luxury perfumes. Even a novice can spot these trees, since when they reach shoulder height they are bent downward, to keep them from growing too high to pick the soft yellow mature flowers.)

"I love you more than all the orchids and ylang-ylang flowers in the sky," I told her.

"And I love you more than all the galaxies you could put your arms around."

"Galaxies? I was being poetic, thinking of flowers."

"So was I. What are galaxies but great flowerbeds in the sky?"

"Wasn't it you who manufactured the moon, Sun, and stars in the first place, love?"

"Of course not. But when we make love it seems that way to us both, doesn't it?" She giggled and I laughed and we made love in the perfume, my black skin on her pale skin with still-yellow hair.



Chapter 19. How They Fared At Home

Back home in America, those who remained, called the homers, gladly lived on wartime rations and worked long hours for the war, turning America into a hive of loving activity.

The GNP zoomed to record levels as company after company converted its production to wartime needs. Even fast food restaurant chains converted to free food restaurants, while sending teams with the military to build yet more as needed in development areas around the world, based on foodstuffs that could be obtained locally (e.g., sometimes McDonald's restaurants in Africa couldn't find hamburger, so they substituted water buffalo meat).

Personal Log:

I hope that the inside temperature of all that hamburger reaches at least 155 degrees Fahrenheit before it is served, to kill all E. Coli bacteria; some strains are terrifically lethal.

Funny how, of all the years between the Day and the arrival of Prophett, maybe even since, one experience defines me; I try to relive and 'reach' it over and over in day and night dreams, idle musings, times when I wonder what my life means. That was the night of December 31, 1999 and the morning of January 1, 2000.

I separated from Carla. I wanted to be alone. I was born alone, and knew I would die alone, and this day was Mine. Somehow, being able to experience this one rare day, when the calendar clicks from 1 to 2 in the thousands column, makes me special. Nobody else but Us, all 6 billion of us, would ever know such a day again for a thousand years. I couldn't begin to imagine what people would be like a thousand years in the future, but guessing from the tremendous change in just the last 100 years, when people didn't even have automobiles, and still drove horses, it will be totally unabsorbable by my primitive mind, shackled by a life of missed chances compared to people then. Probably an infant will learn more in the first year of his life than anybody now absorbs in a lifetime. Probably all the ideas we hold dear now will seem like silly toys for toddlers to them.

I wonder if the Bible will last that long. Will there still be, for instance, Jehovah's Witnesses? How could they still believe in the Bible if it didn't come true for them for that long? If God's supernatural kingdom wasn't in place by then, wouldn't they know it would never be? What would cause them to give it up?

Maybe aliens from outer space would contact Earth by then. How can a believer in the Bible absorb that? The JWS believe that it didn't even rain on Earth until the Flood, and animals didn't eat each other either until they got off

the Ark and found too much plant food still under water. God, according to the Bible, just placed the stars in the sky as a kind of light for the night. Back when the Bible was written, science was so primitive that they didn't even know what a telescope was, so they had no way of knowing of the billions of galaxies in the universe, of which ours is just one. Do Jews believe that, when they look up in the night sky, they see what amounts to Hell? They don't believe in Hell, a place of punishment, only Hades, a common grave where the dead know nothing, as they don't believe people have souls, but are living souls, and when they die, so does the soul. God, according to them, can resurrect a soul, much like a computer can clone a program, but it is a new soul, just the same. So, the entire night sky to them is totally dead, pure death, like Dante's Inferno only worth, as there are not even some dead souls to torture and keep one company. It seems like one colossal waste, doesn't it?

Around 10 PM on December 31, 1999, I wandered down into downtown Denver, onto the 16th Street Mall, which runs up and down from end to end. It was choked with people who just came out like me, like some kind of ritual involving insects or fishes that anthropologists would study. The bars and restaurants were overflowing, and everybody was drunk or high on something it seemed. People were drunk with the moment.

As the clock ticked down to midnight, we reveled in the exact second, forever ours, something no one could ever take away from us. People of the future might be superior to us in every way but this. I heard a loud "Bong": everybody did.

That's what frightens me about the Bible, the way it grabs time, puts it in your face, claims history as its own, makes predictions. No matter how many times it doesn't come true, the all-important Armageddon and the Second Coming, the more tenaciously its believers cling to it, claiming it's just around the corner, the next century, the next millennium, whatever. How many millenniums have to pass before nobody can take it seriously again? Somehow I see a remnant still clinging on in the year one million, while living on some

distant planet in another galaxy. It is stuck in our development permanently its seems, like when they say ontogeny recreates phylogeny, or whatever, maybe that's not quite right, but I'm talking about the embryo going through all the stages from amoeba to fish to amphibian to reptile to mammal to primate to human. Maybe civilization has "Bible" stuck in its ontogeny forever.

Ever since that second ticked into my psyche, I felt planted in time, fixed, tied down to history, like the Bible itself, but with no way to slide along and get away with it. In my one lifetime I had a "19" and a "20" experience, the former going back to the year of my birth, 1982, when the original IBM PC just came out, Bill Gates wasn't a billionaire yet, Arnold Schwarzenegger was just making his move into acting stardom, and Cyndi Lauper was the main pop singer, along with Madonna.

I know I was black, but I was raised to think I was white, living as I did in a virtually all-white suburb of Denver, with all white friends (outside my own family). Each of those "19" years seems like a thousand years ago, in a bygone era, forever lost.

"Bong!" The Big Second, which might better be called the Bong, caused them all to vanish, the blackboard to be erased, the regular season to be over, and the playoffs to be beginning.

Looking forward to the year 2100 just months away now, I can look back and fairly judge what was different between the 20th and 21st centuries. The former was 100 years of technological progress, the latter 100 years of social progress; the difference between society now and in 1999 is as great as the difference between the automobiles, airplanes, and Space Shuttles of 1999 and the horses and buggies and carriages and stagecoaches of 1899. (Funny how the mere fact that the calendar flipped from 1999 to 2000 caused major technological problems, leading to big economic losses, delays and inconveniences for millions, and even some deaths.) The people are themselves different now. There are no longer any races in a struggle for supremacy, their minds consumed with finding the next move

in the chess game of race. There is just one megarace in a struggle for peace and justice, and people feel safer if they are multiracial in heritage, kind of like they used to feel if they had multiple sources of income, or multiple inoculations against viruses.

I guess I lived most of my life feeling better than people born after the Second somehow. But how can I forget that Prophett was born on January 1, 2000, and now I understand the truth: everybody born in this millennium will be His disciple, sharing the Second through Him, and knowing the transforming power of the Bong -- His Second Coming (pun intended).

You want to know one thing that haunted me since Carla's death? I never got around to asking her exactly where she was and what she was doing during the Bong. It just never came up. Neither did she ask me, and I don't think I ever told her.

☐☐

Book Four - 2042-2045

Chapter 20. Clamor of Drumfire

Drumfire is military jargon for battlefield shelling so constant that it sounds like drums being beaten.

Once again the sound of drumfire greeted the world. But it was not to last for long this time. As soon as enemy artillery would open up on American formations, air and space forces, assisted but super-accurate intelligent bombs, surgically removed it from the battlefield.

It was like a gopher hunt, the enemy being afraid to fire off their artillery or missiles unless it was a sure hit, because, once their position was exposed, the Americans' hit would be sure.

Personal Log:

Drumfire. I had known what that was from the Day at Columbine High School, really the Lunch Hour, during which time the trenchcoat mafia boys were shooting off bombs and firing guns continually. From the distant sector of the school I was in, the guns sounded like firecrackers, but when the bombs went off, there was no mistaking them for firecrackers. At first, Carla and I were separated, as she was in a classroom taking a makeup test, while I was sitting out front of the school, by the teachers' entrance, on the opposite side of the school from the students' entrance, the lunchroom, and the library.

Teachers came running out at me telling me to get away and hide, but I couldn't, not without my Carla. So, I ignored the teachers and ran into the school looking for her, the drumfire telling me Satan was loose nearby. I ran from room to room looking for her, then took a hunch and barged into the women's lavatory, and sure enough, there she was, crouching behind a stall, hiding in terror. She took me into the stall with her, and we hugged and kissed, our hearts beating wildly, the adrenalin pumping. Funny, but I know there were other girls there, but I don't remember their faces now. All I remember is wet dreams I had of having sex with Carla in that stall, in bright halcyon times, with the door closed and the latch locked, and us playing all kinds of games with our legs, in case anybody tried to look underneath the stall. (I had wet dreams of her squatting on the toilet so her legs didn't show, while she performed oral on me, and other dreams of me squatting on the toilet so my legs didn't show, while she sat on my lap in sexual intercourse; it was a function of pure testosterone and being a teenage hormone machine I guess.)

But, till that day, we had never had sex. We were honestly saving ourselves for marriage, which we had all-but planned for to occur a little over a year later, after our graduation -- she would be a June bride. That night, we made love in a cathartic apotheosis of apocalyptic, millennial rapture -- excuse my French. The drumfire had done something to our eardrums, a little temporary deafness, but the beating had gone inside us, as the news of the fate of our classmates was reported by the minute on all the media; the beating of our hearts, forced to march to the

same drummer, and now rejoicing in it, as the dearness of life was brought to our door, and we couldn't wait to make love any longer, no, we owed it to the dead to do so immediately, to prove that hate cannot quench life, but love and life must, will go on. The concurrent news that the shootings were racially motivated, made us both sick to our stomachs, and all the more intent on ending racism, by an act of personal finality. And Old Man River! It was great! We became one flesh that night. Blown together rather than apart by two white classmates, may they rest in peace, we forgive them. We buried them when my semen penetrated her vagina and crawled up into her eggs and said "I'm here!" (I didn't use a condom, and she wasn't on birth control, but she didn't get pregnant -- hysteria will do that -- and from then on I started using condoms while she waited for her new birth control pills to kick into effect -- those were ludicrously primitive days compared to what we have now.)

At the high school graduation a month later, which we attended even though we weren't graduating (for the rest of that year, we all stuck together), one of the speakers, a white girl, compared our group experience to some church in Britain in WWII that its parishoners saved by breaking into pieces and hiding in their homes while the Nazis bombed the area. When the war ended, they rebuilt the church, and it looked exactly the same, except that it had all the seams where it had been broken to save it. That, she said, was how Columbine would be, broken, rebuilt, and more beautiful for all the seams. What she didn't mention was the seams in our souls, that were stronger than ever after the flood of love cemented the cracks back together: Carla and I stuck together for over eighty years.



Chapter 21. The Hell of Calcutta

Calcutta is, on India's time scale, one of its newest cities, but it has in modern times become a city of refugees, housing huge slums that defy description. Perhaps worse than the shocking death rates was the fact of renewal

of the population in the face of starvation by what amounted to children having children. Adding insult to injury, the worship of the Goddess Kali led to a cult of death and suffering glorifying it all. The first influx of refugees, caused by the formation of Pakistan, caused its population to soar to the point that, by 1967, the city's economy and infrastructure was on the port of total breakdown.

International efforts led, by the early 1990s, to a reversal of fortunes, and by 1997 the city was actually ranked above most of India's other major cities in regard to advantages and civic amenities, although a gross inequity in the distribution of wealth and income remained a permanent fixture.

But relentless population growth in India and Malaysia, combined with WWII, caused conditions to deteriorate back to 1967 levels and, by 2040, international experts agreed that a pan-Indian-continental solution, not just a Calcutta solution, was needed. The Indian Ocean Farmbeds project, costing over 500 billion American dollars, was one of the greatest gifts ever given by one people to another: in the 12 years of its construction, over 150,000 American lives were lost bringing it to completion, particularly as Indian, Pakistani, Indochinese, and Indonesian-Malaysian peoples were expected to share it, and bury past hatreds, and the upper castes resorted to subterfuge and open warfare to retain their inequitable positions on top of the heap.

Calcutta in 2040 was run by street gangs, some as well-armed as the military, and often "godfathered" by the richest of the rich secretly. At first avoiding confrontation with the American military, efforts to tighten the noose caused them to dig in and fight for every back alley. By 2042 there was a full-score guerrilla war, that lasted for 3 years before Calcutta's remaining slums could be pacified, eradicated, and bulldozed over, to make room for new construction. As each street or back alley was pacified, evacuated, and excavated, the pacification troops would be busy fighting on the very next street or back alley at the same time. New efforts to dredge up silt from the Hooghly River (the westernmost tributary of the Ganges that runs south through the city to the Bay of Bengal) created landfill for swamps, extending the land area available for construction.

Many Americans lost their lives to diseases that were lurking in this city even though they had been eradicated elsewhere, particularly the HIV-tuberculosis combination (TB was the leading cause of death in the Western world from the 18th until the early 20th century, with the discovery, in 1921, of the Bacillus Calmette-Guerin or BCG vaccine by French scientists, but even it prevents severe TB only in children, doing little for adolescents and adults, and at best, giving protection for about 15 years, consequently more than three-fourths of Indians were infected with TB).

Even when Calcuttans were migrated to other countries for rehabilitation, street gangs would often slip in with them, necessitating a constant American military presence that was only victorious after the Indians became able to police themselves; and those that didn't choose to live in cities would often become sea pirates if they could, causing a nagging problem over a wide area.

But by 2045 the war to liberate Calcutta was declared won, and the area ceased to be a priority with American High Command.

Personal Log:

Colorado, my home, had a local celebrity in the form of a novelist by the name of Dan Simmons. He had once written a novel, "The Song of Kali", portraying Calcutta as hell on Earth, a place of evil. I admit to having read it in college, even though its description of Calcutta was way out of date. When Carla and I were sent to cover the war in Calcutta in 2045, I was totally unprepared for what I was to see. This was no hell, it was a paradise. I couldn't find a single trace of the Calcutta of Simmons. His work is now a historical curiosity I guess. He died before Prophett came.

Speaking of historical curiosities, it actually used to be a fashion in the West to get TB. People who had it were considered to be more 'artistic', as later, were people addicted to heroin or other drugs. Henry David Thoreau, who died of TB, wrote: "Decay and disease are often beautiful,

like ... the hectic glow of consumption." Lord Byron the English Romantic poet reportedly remarked: "I should like to die of consumption [TB] ... because the ladies would all say, 'Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying!'" The pale, fragile 'consumptive look' even became the height of fashion for women, and hung on almost to the eve of the anti-war, as haute fashion designers preferred anorectic-looking models for their fashion shows. At least the war caused the same women who used to fawn on these models to go into service, themselves risking disease and death to help people who can't afford even to feed themselves.

That reminds me of my adolescence, when I used to love to attend 'raves', all-night dance parties, where we let out our aggressions, dancing in one big unified mass, free of the constraints of race, nationality, or sexual orientation. We consciously excluded adults from them, taking elaborate precautions to plan them out in secret, and spread the word by grapevines that adults were not likely to know about.

Rages first became popular, not in America, but in Britain, during the 1980s, but they were still going strong when I was an adolescent. In some respects they were historic, since they helped form an international mass of humanity not satisfied with the governments of the world, and seeking some outlet for their blind rage. Many took drugs at them, especially marijuana, LSD, and Ecstasy (MDMA). I think I first saw Carla at a rage held in Littleton; I had seen her at school, in the hallways, but until then I had never really seen her, that is. She came up to me, said she knew I was a jock, and we danced, and made eyes, and talked our talks -- and first fell in love, stoned on Ecstasy. I didn't get any n-word jive at a rave at least. She did have that anorectic look, I must admit, and I was drawn to it (along with her beauty, and her pale-skin and blonde hair). Indeed, she had anorexia, and bulimia, and would binge on junk food then throw it up a little while later. Maybe this was the end-result of the mass cure for TB that the West enjoyed since 1921, women throwing up in the toilet from having too much to eat, I don't know; I'm looking at it through all the years, and all the joys and tears now. Back then, they used to talk about an epidemic

of adolescent sexuality, when actually, even in Nigeria, the most sexually active country on Earth, only about two-thirds of boys and less than half of girls 19 years of age or younger had sex. Now, it is closer to 99 percent, although the problems of unwanted pregnancies, death from abortions, and sexually-transmitted diseases are behind us now. Carla and I actually held off on having sex until age 17, when a couple of crazy classmates caused us to think the world was ending and jump into it -- or was it just the Nigerian in me going into a rage? There I go again, showing my age by spreading stupid racial stereotypes (grin). No, we made love because we knew that we were going to be in love forever, and there was no reason not to anymore, just like everybody else who has known real love.



Chapter 22. China -- Battle of Attrition

China, remembering its glorious victories against American generals on battlefields from Korea to Vietnam, knew that Americans were subject to the weaknesses of arrogance and overconfidence, and, still guided by the rules of Sun Tzu, had great hopes of defeating their American adversaries once again.

Fighting a defensive war was their specialty. The use of booby traps, sometimes made up of the Americans' own refuse or gifts, combined with the ability to flood a battlefield suddenly with overwhelming numbers, oblivious to the Americans' greater firepower, combined to make winning a war against them unacceptable on the American home front, they believed.

But this war was profoundly different. Americans were not there to make some Asian country safe from being a domino or puppet of Communism; nor to prop up some Western imperialist regime or its proteges or inheritors. It was there to finally end war forever, by liberating the Chinese people from an oppressive regime and intolerable living conditions forever, and welcoming them into a new citizenship in a OWG

based on love. In other words, Americans were prepared to change their tactics as radically as necessary to win, and to die if necessary for victory.

The Chinese rank and file were used to being systematically blindfolded by their own government, who arrogated to themselves the exclusive right to inform them of news of any kind; political expression was closely controlled, and dissent was punished severely. But always, the multitude were puppets of a tiny number of party officials at the top, and this was both their strength and weakness, as Sun Tzu himself would preach probably.

American air and space superiority was tempting to use, to bomb military targets, hampering the ability of the Chinese to use force against Americans or their own people, as in the days of Clinton's air war on Yugoslavia for Kosovo, for instance. The Chinese, however, didn't hesitate to surround any possible target with human shields, causing Americans to balk. The few times they did risk it, at the beginning of the war, even one mistake would be immediately blown up to titanic proportions, as the Chinese were told by their government that America was a monster, a beast, a horde of barbarians, out to slay them all or slay many and enslave the rest, reintroducing the opium addiction, and other historical evils. The ignorance of many Chinese was so great at first that they couldn't even distinguish between the Americans the older British empire.

So, Americans indeed radically changed their tactics, after one of General Hacker Chang's staff came up with the concept of the "Golden Rule Book" to counter Sun Tzu's Art of War. Quoting directly from the mouth of Jesus Christ (Luke 6:27-31): "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you. To him who strikes you on the cheek, offer the other also; and from him who takes away your cloak, do not withhold your coat as well. Give to every one who begs from you; and of him who takes away your goods do not ask them again. As you wish that men would do to you, do so to them." Soon, Clinton-style air attacks stopped, and land invasions were organized, great quantities of goods and equipment to help the Chinese people being brought into the

area by huge armadas of ships.

Americans, at the same time, propagandized the Chinese as best they could, often rocketing in millions of electronics communication units of various kinds, and broadcasting via all available techniques and frequencies, continuous messages of love and goodwill. The native Confucian and Buddhist religions were now made good use of by Americans who had themselves adopted them, and now used their names along with Prophett's, whom they portrayed as the new Confucius and the new Buddha. An armed enemy that kept saying "we love you and want to give you everything we have so we can be one" was, until now, unique even to the Chinese, but Chinese leaders countered by claiming the Americans wanted to rape them and induct them into prostitution, heterosexual and homosexual, and even reinstitute the ancient system of the Chinese emperors, with an American as emperor.

In retrospect, it was more the fact that Americans were, by definition, from the continent on the opposite side of the world, that hampered their message more than anything; territorial instinct, nationalism, or whatever it may be called, was as big an enemy as any more recent ideology (as Americans had already learned in the Vietnam era, where they were misunderstood as invaders and colonialists far more often than appreciated as liberators; in actual fact, Vietnam had been fighting to be free of Chinese imperialism for a thousand years, and the Chinese played the "ignorant Americans" off against the Vietnamese people, hoping to neutralize them later when their own plans to invade Vietnam would be implemented, and Vietnam would be too proud to ask America for help again, or get refused if they did).

The very word China came from the word for Center or Middle, the true Chinese being one who believed that their corner of the world was the center, and everyone outside of it automatically barbarians. The fight was to impart to these provincial people the real state of things, that the world was now a global village, and its people one, with no one center, not America, not China. As many people as China had, the world had far more, and isolation was passe, obsolete, kaput: join us, or we'll join you, but we can't

stand to be separate any longer.

Many times Americans fought long and hard to establish Love Bases on mainland China, stocked with gifts for the Chinese people, only to see them stormed by wave upon wave of Chinese soldiers of both genders, who killed every American in sight. After the first few of these Love Base attacks, however, Americans learned to man these Love Bases only with robots, who were prevented by programming from killing anybody. The Chinese would then happily steal all the "booty" they could, after officials sifted through it to destroy any potential messages or message devices. This had the effect of prolonging the war, since the Chinese military was forever ill-supplied.

Game after game was played by both sides, such as tiny Love Letters, as they were called, that showed sound and video bytes of Prophett, translated into various Chinese dialects, hidden inside cakes and loaves of bread, or sacks of rice; offers of amnesty to Chinese authorities, along with bribes, including relocation, money, property, sex, new identities. But through 2041 and 2042, the tide was against America, and little headway was made to win the hearts and minds of the Chinese people.

Even when American soldiers, hoping to topple the evil oppressive government, fought pitched battles for big towns and cities, the enemy troops were surprised that they would only shoot at officers and government officials, sometimes even risking their lives to save a Chinese soldier, such as by jumping on top of a grenade thrown in a common trench; Chinese officers responded by destroying or hiding their insignia, so Americans couldn't tell them from regular soldiers. Americans then changed their tactics to fire only non-lethal rounds, that incapacitated or wounded but didn't kill; then, when the battle paused, squads would risk their lives trying to capture the enemy wounded along with bringing in their own, so they could nurse them back to health and show them that they really loved them.

But love will find a way. A major turning point of the anti-war was reached in early 2043, when over ten million Americans volunteered to be captured by the Chinese, in

order to attempt to gain some avenue of communication, no matter the privations or even torture involved. So, Love Waves, as they were called, ran the Chinese border, much as Mexicans had once ran the American border, immediately surrendering at the first sign of Chinese troops. If not caught by troops, they would bring in food, medical supplies, and knowledge education devices, and hand them out to the populace.

Sometimes funny situations developed when the Love Waves ran into civilians ahead of troops, and the civilians begged to be saved. At first, the Love Waves were not prepared for this, and ended up captured with the civilians, who were treated as traitors. Soon, they learned to run a "traveling wave", where the leading wave would pass civilians back to the next wave, and so on, the capture of their wave taking enough time to permit the civilians often to make it all the way past the border, to be whisked away on the very transports their American liberators had arrived on, to freedom, food, medical help, and reeducation. Soon, tens of millions more Americans volunteered for the Love Waves.

The Chinese people had their own grapevine, and the news that their government lied about Americans spread fast, causing more and more revolts among the soldiers, along with surrenders, defections, and desertions, to the point that the Traveling Waves finally became a true front, moving in from several directions towards the middle, uniting America and Chinese alike in an ongoing celebration.

Even when advancing brilliantly, however, many Americans suffered casualties from booby traps, trojan horses, poisoned air and water, and other fiendish devices devised by the increasingly desperate Chinese authorities. Finally, an ultimatum was announced from Beijing that if the capital were entered by American troops, an atomic bomb would be set off, annihilating it, and all within it (ICBMs were useless to the Chinese ever since the American anti-missile system, once called Star Wars under the Reagan administration, had been erected way back in the Double Zeds and Teens).

At this point, America introduced a new force, of reeducated Chinese troops, working hand in hand with Americans to

rebuild their country and overthrow the oppressive regime, that now lay uneasily on top of its own people like scum on the surface of a pond. Being natives, they began infiltrating the Chinese military and government at all levels, and, by 2045, had effectively caused the old government to disappear, much like antibodies in a body's bloodstream wipe out and clean up a viral disease. The atomic bombs were never set off, and the Chinese government merely ceased to exist, as the communications blackout was lifted over the Chinese people, and a huge, bottled-up cacophony of independent voices now drowned the land, followed by a tremendous celebration in the streets.

Ready for this moment, huge Love Waves all but stripped America for anything that could help rebuild China's economy and feed and clothe its people, and the real work began, starting in earnest in China's Huaihe Valley, where over 200 million Chinese live, and which was one of China's major grain and energy producing regions.

China went, in scarcely a year, from a country with one foot in the 19th century, into a giant Hong Kong or Taiwan, while hundreds of millions of Chinese migrated to every continent on Earth, eager to add their genes to the local ones, and bring the anti-war to an end with a "Love Blanket".

The American POWs, numbering over thirty million (out of fifty million captured) upon release, virtually to the last person elected to stay in China and work for the development effort alongside their former captors. They were treated, for the rest of their lives, as honored saints, and prided themselves on a more ascetic lifestyle than their compatriots, making an industry out of refusing gifts and giving them to the more needy.

One exception was that native Chinese, who had married their own kind, and felt that their children would be "too pure" for the new one world, regularly visited the saints to breed, making them into virtual stud horses and fillies: this service the ascetically-minded saints gladly performed, transforming the next generation of Chinese children into a veritable rainbow of hues and colors. (Saints who were sterile from prior torture or other reasons found that any

and all relatives from America who joined them would "inherit" the status of saint and be begged to perform the "honors" in their place.) Forever more, Chinese history will contain its kudos to the Thirty Million American Saints, who, like a big rock thrown in a pond, caused its waters to splash out and join the rest of the sea, remaining as a monument and an ever-renewing fountain of pure water and light for Chinese-oneworlders forever.

But the victory in China was not the end of AWWI. Other areas of the world proved even more stubborn, and fighting went on right into 2046.

Personal Log:

Sun Tzu's 'Art of War' dates from about 500 B.C., yet it was unknown to the West until 1782, when a lousy translation was made by a French Jesuit. The first good translation in English, by Lionel Giles, was published in 1910. Even then few American military leaders studied it, as their experiences in Korea and Vietnam showed. Chinese leaders such as Mao and Ho Chi Minh considered it their virtual Bible, and used its lessons to make monkeys out of West Point graduates like MacArthur and Westmoreland. It is so sad to see film from those eras by Americans, that sought to portray the Chinese as monkeylike barbarians, and the Americans as a superior, noble race, deigning to act as a world policeman; until the Chinese adopted Western-style Communism, they were nowhere near barbarians, and until Americans adopted Western-style white racism, neither were they. AWWI caused both sides to grow up.

Sun Tzu's work consisted of only 13 chapters. Chapter 11 says that, in war, there are nine types of ground: open, hemmed-in, difficult, serious, contentious, etc. The last kind (contentious) means ground on which the few and weak can defeat the many and strong, and usually the possession of which gives great advantage to either side. His advice to a general faced with contentious ground: "attack not". General Robert E. Lee could have used that lesson at Gettysburg.

While Carla and I found war repugnant, still, the work

claims to be so important that even lovers of peace can learn from it. That was correct.

China, in contrast to 'barbarian' nations, has in fact historically proved itself the greatest peace-loving nation on Earth. Not that it had never known war: far from it. To quote Giles:

Her long military annals stretch back to a point at which they are lost in the mists of time. She had built the Great Wall and was maintaining a huge standing army along her frontier centuries before the first Roman legionary was seen on the Danube. What with the perpetual collisions of the ancient feudal States, the grim conflicts with Huns, Turks and other invaders after the centralization of government, the terrific upheavals which accompanied the overthrow of so many dynasties, besides the countless rebellions and minor disturbances that have flamed up and flickered out again one by one, it is hardly too much to say that the clash of arms has never ceased to resound in one portion or another of the Empire.

He goes on:

In spite of all this, the great body of Chinese sentiment, from Lao Tzu downwards, and especially as reflected in the standard literature of Confucianism, has been consistently pacific and intensely opposed to militarism in any form. It is such an uncommon thing to find any of the literati defending warfare on principle, that I have thought it worthwhile to collect and translate a few passages in which the unorthodox view is upheld.

(My own study of Lao Tzu's treatise on the Tao taught me that the use of arms, while undesirable, is still necessary sometimes. "There is no calamity greater than lightly engaging in war." "He who would assist a lord of men in harmony with the Tao will not assert his mastery in the kingdom of force by arms." "Now arms, however beautiful, are instruments of evil omen, hateful, it may be said, to all creatures. Therefore they who have the Tao do not like

to employ them." "A skillful command strikes a decisive blow, and stops. He does not dare to assert and complete his mastery... He strikes it as a matter of necessity; he strikes it, but not from a wish for mastery.")

Giles then supplies quotes by Ssu-ma Ch`ien, Tu Mu, Chu Hsi, and other Chinese Confucian sages, praising the study of Lao Tzu when appropriate to their situation. Ch`ien wrote:

Military weapons are the means used by the Sage to punish violence and cruelty, to give peace to troublous times, to remove difficulties and dangers, and to succor those who are in peril. Every animal with blood in its veins and horns on its head will fight when it is attacked. How much more so will man, who carries in his breast the faculties of love and hatred, joy and anger! When he is pleased, a feeling of affection springs up within him; when angry, his poisoned sting is brought into play. That is the natural law which governs his being.... What then shall be said of those scholars of our time, blind to all great issues, and without any appreciation of relative values, who can only bark out their stale formulas about "virtue" and "civilization," condemning the use of military weapons? They will surely bring our country to impotence and dishonor and the loss of her rightful heritage; or, at the very least, they will bring about invasion and rebellion, sacrifice of territory and general enfeeblement. Yet they obstinately refuse to modify the position they have taken up. The truth is that, just as in the family the teacher must not spare the rod, and punishments cannot be dispensed with in the State, so military chastisement can never be allowed to fall into abeyance in the Empire. All one can say is that this power will be exercised wisely by some, foolishly by others, and that among those who bear arms some will be loyal and others rebellious.

The other quotes are to the effect that, if war is necessary to a state, its generals owe it to the state to assiduously study its principles, and be in practice when called to order their men to their deaths.

Reading quotes like these, it struck me that the Chinese

were guaranteed to finally be won over to Prophett, because He had unbarbarianized the barbarians, so to speak, and had spread the very peace of China worldwide, preparing the way for the cultivation of a universal culture of peace, when people no longer will need to study war. Therefore, China could finally open its ancient borders, demolish the Great Wall, and embrace the rest of the world as one, after it had become convinced of the genuineness of the conversion. A working OWG would bear many resemblances to the age-old Chinese empire, and the Chinese would want to add their wisdom and influence to the final mix, after they mixed their genes with humanity, and considered the whole Earth as the Middle or Center.

History proved me right.



Chapter 23. The Middle East: The Unresolved Battle

The Middle East, with its long history of civilization, had the highest concentration of conflicting traditions and religions in the world. Even the way they set their clocks conflicted. In Iran, for years, they set their clocks three and a half hours ahead of Greenwich Mean Time, rather than on the hours, the way other countries did. Most countries went off daylight savings time on the last weekend of September, but as late as 1998 Israel made the change on September 13. Most countries in the Persian Gulf region took not Saturday and Sunday as their 'weekend', like in America and Europe, but Thursday and Friday. However, in Egypt and most of its neighboring countries, Friday and Saturday were declared the weekend, while in Lebanon it was Saturday and Sunday. Even the date of the New Year was widely different. While the West sticks with January 1, first set by Julius Caesar in 46 B.C., the Jews and the Muslims persisted in sticking to their own systems (not to mention the Chinese).

To unite the entire region in a OWG, with democratically-elected, American-style constitutional state governments, led by an America that some residents

considered infidel, others Christian, others pagan, and others atheist or agnostic, was thus the toughest of all nuts to crack.

Since the emergence of the state of Israel, the entire region had been in a constant state of tension, an unresolved final battle to decide whether Israel could stay, or must go. The historical claims made by the Jews to the land were ignored by the prior Muslim inhabitants, and vice-versa actually, as centuries of occupation were deemed irrelevant by the "rightful owners". That the original Jewish people lived amongst a slew of peoples who believed in multiple gods, while they clung to the belief in one God; and now the new peoples they tried to live amongst also believed in one God -- this proved to be no basis for peace and understanding.

Personal Log:

Would that the Bible were literally true, and all people in the Middle East had sprung from Noah and his immediate family, some going one way, some another; but all having once been on the same boat, ultimately able to get on it again and paddle in the same direction in the face of a big enough storm.

Why is it that it is in the very cradle of the Bible that humanity's hatreds run the deepest? How can people slay one another in the name of God? What kind of priests can bless troops going to battle in the name of God? God, if She existed, must surely be powerful enough to consider all human war as trivial, like people would a battle of insects over an anthill. If God wanted to intervene in human affairs, it would be highly unlikely that She would find all the people on one side of a human war to be worth saving, and all the people on the other side not. More likely, She would find all humanity not worth saving, and kill them all, saving only a tiny number, most likely picked from those in jails or concentration camps.

But that doesn't stop the practice, does it? Clearly, the practice of blessing troops is to get the suckers to go to a certain death blithely believing they will awaken in

Paradise. Call it evolution, but it took until several hundred years after Jesus Christ for religion to "evolve" to the "high point" of Islam, which teaches precisely that, explicitly. The very word religion means "to bind together", and means a mental virus that causes people to turn into artificial "herds", that usually, in practice, have one person, or a small group, doing their thinking for them -- like cattle with drovers. Blessing the troops before battle, by holding up a religious icon while they kneel to it (like in a picture I once saw taken behind Russian lines in WWI), or holding a battlefield Mass (like in a film I once saw made by Russians about the German "Huns"), is like blessing the cattle before sending them to the slaughterhouse: "Moo! Moo!" Yet real cattle are usually quite peaceful, go figure. Soldiers are both cattle and slaughterhouse workers: talk about screwed-up brains. Why don't they shake hands, join up, and kill the drovers? And they first claimed to discover mad-cow disease (vacche pazze in Italian) in the 1990s.

To see a world where the lion rests peacefully in the meadow with the lamb would be as nothing compared to a world where the Jews, Christians of the various sects, and Muslims, rest peacefully in a meadow without bloodshed. Or share the same world without being always in a state of war or preparation for war. I guess if Islam (from the Arabic word for submission) had never been, that would have helped. But then, if Mohammad hadn't invented it, somebody else probably would have. Ditto Christianity and Judaism. The source of the hate is the belief that there's One Truth, and MY priesthood has it. The rest is just tactics: get converted by a sudden insight, be born into it and never change, or be converted or face the sword. Yes, all three have been tried, in the good old Middle East. Now, humanity is trying Prophett's way: fuck it all and shut up, you're all nuts -- it just isn't worth fighting for.

All countries run by a priesthood who claim to have a handle on absolute truth end up being filled with hypocrisy. I have heard many stories of Islamic countries being filled with lesbians and homosexuals, who got that way because of fear of being jailed, maimed, or executed for non-approved heterosexual liaisons, while the authorities officially look

the other way at the other kind, as a kind of undercover safety valve, to keep up the pretense that they are in control of some form of absolute truth about sexual relations. A woman with her face buried in another woman's crotch is a common sight in an Arabic seraglio, just as a man with his penis buried in a boy's ass is in Turkey or Greece.

Now, with OWG, governments cannot tell you who you can have sex with, or how, and there is no executioner waiting to behead you if you get caught. Religious freedom is granted under the OWG, but not the right to take the law into your own hands: separation of sword and state. If there are any old-fashioned 'fundamentalist' (probably a misnomer, since there is no such thing as reformed Islam) Muslims left, and they find female public nudity and sex offensive, then fuck THEM: don't look! If a Muslim imam tries to force a woman to wear the purdah now, the government will most likely jail him for assaulting the woman, and it might well be that the judge and many of the cops involved will be women themselves. The very lusts for violence bred by these obsolete ancient religions are criminal now; and so should it be, so must it be. God isn't even a He necessarily; sorry imams, bishops, and other male pricks! The equality of the female is now world law, too bad, you lost! If you don't like it tell your warden!

World peace is now very simple: lock the criminals up! Don't let them out until they repent and prove they are reformed and will not do it again. No man will ever have the right to tell a woman what to do ever again. Nor, to be fair, will it ever be vice-versa either: we don't want a matriarchy any more than a patriarchy. We want equality, and a just peace. Maybe the typical human of the 22nd century will seem incomprehensible to people of prior centuries, precisely because he/she doesn't care what other people do as long as it doesn't infringe on their rights to enjoy their life as they see fit, not interfering with others' rights either. If people make love, this is good, and it doesn't matter if they are both of the same sex, or if they pray or go to some church, or are "saved". Not that they could get away with taking action in violation

of their rights -- the world law wouldn't let them.

We, as a species, are grown up now. We are embarrassed by our nursery more than anything else, and hope to live it down vis a vis more civilized people, such as the Chinese. (Just kidding! They used to cruelly bind female feet because, as the man was plowing his wife with her legs tucked up and her feet in the air, her breasts would remind him of an ass -- the two-legged human species' contribution to four-legged sex, that proceeded from the rear -- and her feet of two hairless vaginas that he could bury his face in. I wonder why, before amalgamation, the black side of the family had the biggest penises, with the white next, and the yellow coming up last -- who, in the future of a rainbow species, wouldn't want to have some good black genes in them? Hee hee.)



Chapter 24. Schwarzenegger's Immortal Days

Ethiopia had long been the land of starving millions, and the butt of cruel jokes about how many Ethiopians would fit in a bathtub drain, and so on. Bringing a permanent end to starvation and injustice there was a top priority of American High Command, and General Amy Schwarzenegger personally supervised all Ethiopian liberation activity.

At the start of the anti-war, Ethiopia's population was a whopping 120 million, with a huge birth rate, despite millions starving a month. It was a land of starving children, a land of circling vultures.

The land had once been fertile, but the overpopulation, made worse by frequent droughts, had steadily reduced the amount of arable land available. The Indian Ocean Seabeds were the biggest engineering project that region of the world had ever seen, with its construction costing thousands of casualties and deaths, but engineers and scientists working marathon shifts while subsisting on nothing but military rations solved every remaining problem, and by 2048 the food flowed to the east African coast in abundant quantities.

The years from 2040 to 2048 were marked by great heroism as each and every stopgap measure to bring food to Ethiopia was tried and failed, only to be replaced by a new measure, with greater and greater determination. The corrupt government refused to accept the "invaders", and resorted to guerrilla warfare, causing deaths and disruption to supplies, and attempting to inculcate terror into the populace who "sold out". But the constant temptations offered by the Beauty Battalion, and the offers of amnesty and free relocation to America, with light-skinned American multiple wives guaranteed, finally ended this threat completely. It was rumored that General Schwarzenegger herself entertained male guerrilla leaders, and personally softened their heart hearts, while introducing them to the pleasures of light-skinned sex.

The complete story of Ethiopia is beyond the scope of this book, but all now call them Schwarzenegger's Immortal Days, particularly as she lost her life there doing her duty, being literally attacked by a starving mob of refugees she was trying to help, and torn limb from limb and devoured alive. Natives later said that her habit of nudity or near nudity, on and off duty, and her to-them unusual pure-white skin, inflamed animal passions in these starving people that reached a trigger point and boiled over suddenly. Her many children, most of whom stayed behind after the war, are prominent in politics there, and her status with the Ethiopian new world people is tantamount to that of a goddess mixed with a saint.

Personal Log:

There had always been something about Arnold Schwarzenegger that made me cringe; maybe it was the look of a Nazi recruiting poster. I suppose it was those Terminator movies, the ultimate Nazism, with computer AI as the ultimate Hitler. It turned out he really was quite a nice guy, and his children were brought up well too, from the way they turned out. That Amy was like Xena the Warrior Princess crossed with John F. Kennedy, a combination of muscle, athletic ability, intellect, and administrative ability -- a little legend mixed in -- that nobody ever got

the best of. Her stellar rise through the ranks of the Army kind of reminded me of the career of blonde-haired, blue-eyed, light-skinned pro football star John Elway, whose father, a football coach, raised him for his mission in life the same way Amy's father raised her for hers. Winning the women's bodybuilding championships at age 21, then winning Olympics medals in six track and field events and three more in swimming, only to win five more in the winter Olympics, and all before age 30, forever fixed her star in the walks of fame of athletes. She did all this while retired from college life, first going to undergraduate school at age 9, and obtaining her first Ph.d, in Computer Science, at age 13, then three or four more (Economics, Biology, Political Science, and one other, I forget), by age 20.

She was absolutely beautiful, and bisexual, and preferred no particular race or skin color, often going around nude in everyday life, and leaving everybody of both sexes quite grateful for it. She always seemed to understand your pain, and you never left her presence hurting or needing. She wanted everybody to be happy, and added to the sum total of happiness far beyond her quota. She enlisted in the Army as a raw recruit at age 30, scoring 100 percent in every kind of test, mental and physical, all along the way, and went straight to OCS and then on to a distinguished career as an officer in WWII, rising like a meteor to General, and then slapping on the stars one by one. She was responsible for sexually liberating the Army, instituting nude workouts, nudity in barracks, safe orgy screening (medical screening of soldiers to certify them as safe to engage in orgies with each other, shore leave and passes to leave bases being prohibited for fear of contamination), one hundred percent approval of sexual choice (ending the long burning issue of homophobia), and many other reforms, to the point where morale was the highest in history, even during the hardest days of the war.

Her lily white ancestry notwithstanding, she was one of the founders and leaders of the "voluntary compliance" movement, where pure race women pledged to not have any pure race children, but, rather than go childless, to at least mother one child "less pure race" than herself. Amy's career kept her childless until she went into Ethiopia, and it was here

that she finally become a mother, having a set of septuplets with an Ethiopian man the first year, then following that with another set of quintuplets the year after, with a Nigerian man, and then a set of twins the year after that, with a Zulu man. That made fourteen children in three years -- she always did things big or not at all, so her legend went.



Chapter 25. The Long Campaigning Season in Indonesia

By 2040, Indonesia was a giant group of islands in misery, 300 million strong. The governments were all weak, and all corrupt. They were more of another nuisance to add to the heat, humidity, disease, insects, crowding, even the smell. Many islands were like shithouses, from the massive amounts of poorly-buried human excrement (dumping it in the ocean was also done, but it would infect the fish, and wash back up on shore).

A force of over 15 million Americans campaigned in Indonesia from 2041 until war's end, and several million stayed on for as long as thirty years mopping up. A major problem was the large number of languages in use by the peoples, a problem immediately attacked by trying to take charge of the education of all children, teaching them American English.

Just having new food sources (ocean seabeds) was not enough in that land. Massive new distribution networks had to be constructed, bypassing the former government channels and their corruption. The struggle to control birth rate was a war within a war, because forced sterilization was outlawed by years of international law, and merely taking children away from parents would give them an excuse for having more. The children had to be educated to control their birth rate intelligently, while the adults educated beyond their intelligence: a constantly discouraging and frustrating battle, by troops striving to be kind.

Personal Log:

I wish I had never seen that old film "The Year of Living Dangerously". When Carla and I went to Indonesia to cover the war, we couldn't help but confuse ourselves with Mel Gibson and Sigourney Weaver, and have our compulsory sexual fling, and look for a transvestite Filipino with secret connections to guerrillas that nobody but we could take pictures of. Things weren't like that now. Suharno was dead, not God. Americans weren't ugly anymore. The Brits were under our command, not the other way around. We Americans weren't better than them anymore, weren't a separate species come to make them work for us in plantations and factories while we lounged around dressed in pure white and drank gin and tonic and played croquet and polo.

When the Beauty Battalion was brought in, and USO bashes were held so that native people could mix with American beauties and fall in love, the ice was broken. The natives did fall in love just as easily and heartily as we did; this was universal, a common bridge. Americans didn't live separately from the natives, but tried to move in while they rebuilt their country, and moved together with them to the new living quarters, working with them full time, almost like priests and nuns, but not to save their souls; or maybe it was -- to save them here and now as living souls, to give them a piece of the pie here, rather than a hope of a pie in the sky. Pie in the eye sometimes, yes: from overenthusiasm. But real pie that they could eat too. Our holy water was nutritious and full of vitamins and calories with all the goodies in balance (protein, carbohydrates, etc.). If only Europeans had sent over these kind of missionaries in the first place, way back when, in the days of Columbus, or even the days of Stanley and Livingstone and Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle. We were the ones seeking salvation now, and I hoped we earned it; check with me a hundred years from now.



Chapter 26. Northern Africa and the Arabian Peninsula

Sea-Space Command, seeking a high ground near the equator in Africa for a second major base (the first being on Mount Kilimanjaro, just south of the equator, in northern Tanzania, next to the Kenyan border), finally selected the Ruwenzoris, an 80-mile long, 16,000+ mountain range just north of the equator, forming a natural boundary between Congo and Uganda, that, unlike most other mountains in the region including "Kili", were not of volcanic region. Known since the days of the 2nd century Greek geographer Ptolemy as the Mountains of the Moon, from the belief that their snowy tops had drawn the light of the moon down on themselves, they were not actually located by Europeans until the late 1800s, by explorer Henry Stanley (famous for finding Dr. David Livingstone). Known to local residents as the Ruwenzoris, or Rainmakers, the superabundance of rain and snow makes for waist-deep mud in places, and even in 2040 was still uninhabited, although the luxurious flora and fauna of the past was all-but gone. Along with the construction of the base, resurrection of the flora and fauna was given funds and priority, bringing back the giant 20-foot hairy fingers called lobelia, the giant groundsels known as senecios that look like large cabbages sitting atop branched trunks, and the many flowers, birds, colobus monkeys, bushbuck, chimpanzees, and other animal life.

Back on the Arabian Peninsula, a great war that had been lost was being refought, this time successfully. The date palm, the 5,000-year-old "fruit of life" of desert dwellers, had, since the 1980s, systematically been destroyed by the red palm weevil, a two-inch insect. The increase in human hunger in that area being satisfied by the new seabeds in the Arabian Peninsula, American scientists finally succeeded in creating a weevil-resistant palm and seeded it throughout the Peninsula, in greater acreage than ever before, aided by new water desalinization plants and irrigation networks.

Other wars were fought that should have been won far earlier. Malaria was still a problem, as was snail fever (bilharziasis or schistosomiasis).

One war easily won was the "Kaba War". Ever since white Christian missionaries had come to Africa to "convert" it,

native peoples were made to feel ashamed to wear traditional styles of clothing, featuring near nudity. With the introduction of the sewing machine, African women began designing garments designed to cover the breasts and shoulders, as Western women did, calling them "kaba", an attempt to pronounce the word "cover". By the 20th century, kaba came to mean an outer garment extending from the base of the neck down to the waist, worn with a two-yard piece of textile, usually wax or java print, wrapped around the waist and extending down to the ankles, called the asetam; the whole ensemble being accompanied by another two-yard piece of textile used as a headgear or a baby's backpack and called the nguso. Before the kava era, the dansenkran style, consisting of two separate pieces of cloth, one wrapped around the waist, the other worn over the left shoulder, across the chest and back, were popular in Ghana, along with a unique hairstyle called the dansenkran.

American occupation of Africa brought with it American nudity and public sex, and, for awhile, historical roles were reversed as natives refused to go with the program. But soon the native males began to realize that they could compete with American non-black males on the score of penis size so well that soon all were happily natural again, and the racemixing program was in full operation, benefitting the world and bringing Africa into oneness with humanity.

But Africa is a large continent, and the African superstate did not capitulate, but kept fighting right through 2045.

Personal Log:

Dad was proud of his African heritage, as was mama. My how he loved his "Q", his BBQ pit that he had rigged up in the backyard. He would always say that ribs aren't ready to eat if the meat doesn't just fall off the bone, and no fork is needed. He made his own special BBQ sauce, based on mixing "KC Masterpiece" and "Bullseye" together, then adding his own extra ingredients, blackstrap molasses, cayenne pepper, "Liquid Smoke".

Prior to the life-defining last semester at Columbine High (I was only a sophomore but dad pulled me out and I did my

last year at another local high school instead -- Carla and I got even closer from having to wait till after school to see each other), the biggest trauma in our family life was the highly publicized murder trial of the Afro-American football hero O.J. Simpson. The trial started six months after his wife Nicole was murdered, and the prosecution took five months at least to present its case. Personally I thought he was guilty, and was ashamed for my race because of him. But dad wouldn't hear any of that. He was convinced that the police had framed him. The defense case only lasted half as long as the prosecution's, and dad was glued to the TV set, mumbling a prayer when they proved that Furman, a key detective on the case, was a genocidal white supremacist, just as dad thought they all were. When the "traitor" (the Afro-American prosecutor on the team, name never mentioned in our house) made O.J. put on the gloves that were said to have been used in the murders, and they didn't seem to fit, dad jumped up and waited while I offered my contritions and he accepted them by high-fiving me. "If the glove doesn't fit you must acquit" -- the famous summation phrase by Simpson's lawyer Johnny Cochran -- ran in our hearts and minds as we tensely waited for the verdict of the heavily Afro-American jury. When they acquitted him, we went wild. The whole Afro-American sector in America went wild with exultation.

But when I went to school, my virtually lily-white school, things were different. They were almost solidly suffering from depression and even rage, convinced that O.J. was guilty, and that a racist jury had let one of their own get away with murder. One of my white classmates, Vincent, told me that the gloves did fit, from their tag size, and had only shrunk since the murder. Another, Siegfried, told me that a man planning to murder somebody in the dark would first obtain ill-fitting clothes, so that if he had to discard them his lawyer could say that they didn't fit and thus the jury must acquit; the gloves fit good enough to do the job with the knife, didn't they? O.J. got a more fair trial than anybody deserved, white or black.

Nothing symbolized the state of American white-black race relations more than that event in the mid-1990s. America seemed still solidly racist to the core, and, to be

truthful, it was on both sides, but not racism so much as racial experience having a polarization to it. It was the involvement of 'The Man' that caused the polarization to show out so starkly: the police. Whites mainly liked the police, and authority; we didn't. We were used to being harassed by police just for our skin color, in a country where white civilians could be sued or go to jail themselves for the very same thing. It was as if the whites had gotten around all racial progress, laws and all, by relegating the expression of their racism to the police; in the courtrooms, the judges let the police get away with anything, and indeed helped them cover it up regularly (they always had you, not the cops, on trial, until the Wall of Silence Citizen Penetration Law in the Thirties that required police to wear self-surveillance equipment and provided severe penalties for not keeping it working or failing to surrender it to citizens oversight committees).

When, just a few years later, after the O.J. Simpson affair had died down pretty much, two white shooters, who were obviously as guilty as hell (no question about it this time, heh), and they were literally blasting away at unarmed crowds like sheep, singling out blacks if they could find any, the police arrived, surrounded the school -- and took their sweet time entering and sweeping it. It turned out that the shooters, seeing them drive up, committed suicide immediately, but it then took over two hours for the police to penetrate far enough into the 2nd floor library to even find them. Really, if they had known how chicken the police would act, they could have kept shooting for hours. But they blindly trusted authority themselves. Again, the American black audience saw it differently. But this time, I think whites saw the same thing they did. That was an evolution -- seeing through the same eyes. Not that the police were prepared for an event that unusual at that time; they learned from it, and would do a much better job if it happened again.

Did I comment before how Americans lived their history on TV, sound byte by sound byte, back in the 1990s? Between the O.J. Simpson affair and the Columbine H.S. affair, we had another treat, the Oklahoma City bombing affair. Again,

it was two whites, as guilty as hell. This time they were bombing a federal government installation to get even for perceived grievances over an earlier raid on the headquarters of a religious cult that was into owning guns and segregating themselves from the rest of society in an armed enclave. Yes, it did seem that the government (Attorney General Janet Reno) was out to get them, and used trumped-up charges to justify a military-style assault on a camp filled with children, but I believed the government when it said that the crazed religious leaders, not the government, set the compound ablaze, incinerating them all. But Timothy McVeigh thought otherwise. He commemorated the anniversary of the immolation by driving a fuel oil bomb to the front of a federal building and setting it off and trying to get away clean, as little children were blinded, mutilated, bashed to pieces. Too bad that he was caught, wasn't it? They executed the white turkey. I might have even been sympathetic to his cause if he had just not messed with children; couldn't he have found an installation with pure adult federal agents in it at least?

It was this whole affair that swung my earlier support of private gun ownership (dad owned several and taught me how to shoot and hunt) around to a tightrope balancing act, which the Columbine affair decided once for all against it. White people and black people, famous and not, just don't need to own guns, even if the police aren't completely to be trusted, and even if it leaves them with the only guns. As to hunting, I'll grant that it can be okay and humane, for some animals that are overpopulated, but even then, why can't the government "rent" them the guns while they're hunting, and get them back when they're done?

Not that a racially-polarized society where only the police have guns is any kingdom of God. Even when Denver had its first Afro-American district attorney (Norm Early), the cops could go into Five Points and other predominantly Afro-American areas of town, and literally shoot helpless people down at will, and cover it up. Dad once told me a story about an unarmed man shot in his own backyard, in the 1980s, by some Denver police who had been developing a grudge against him for some time. The official investigation cleared the cops of any wrongdoing, because

the suspect had "made a threatening move", making for justifiable homicide, case closed by Norm Early. The move? Throwing his hands up in the air and crying, "Don't shoot!" (This is why dad said he'd never live in Denver itself, but only in the suburbs.)

At least, police have to face a judge later, even if they have their victim on trial instead of themselves at first; I prefer to believe that the battleground of the legal system can be made level enough that, one day, victims of cop crime can reverse the charges (with prosecutors that are for the people as a whole and not in the pocket of the powerful police force per se), and obtain justice. But there is no justice when people take the law into their own hands. And when all races are finally mixed, what motive will police have?

What do people want to own guns for? To protect themselves from murder? Why would they be afraid of that? Perhaps because they were wealthy, and were afraid of robbers? The words of Jesus Christ come to mind now (Luke 18:24-5): "How hard it is for those who have riches to enter the kingdom of God! For it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." Maybe if people sold all they had and gave it to the poor, as Jesus recommended, they wouldn't need guns anymore. As if they don't have the police within easy reach. How America turned around when Prophett arrived, giving up private ownership of guns, but taking the guns up again, as government agents, to go out and give away all that they did had, so that all could enter the kingdom of God. Now nobody is rich, and the world police force controls the small crime problem among the happy, partying, mixing people just fine.



Chapter 27. Caucusus -- Persia -- Mesopotamia -- Turkey

Personal Log:



Book Five - 2046-2050

Chapter 28. Peace Mooted -- The War Goes On -- The
United States of Europe a Combatant

With the liberation of Calcutta feeding world news and opinion, there was a political effort in 2046 to have Pax Terra declared, which met with some support, especially among those tired of the war, and claiming that they never expected it to last more than five years, "like most world wars". Wiser heads prevailed, and the war was continued, with the USE finally issuing its own Declaration and officially allying themselves to America.

Five years of war had changed the face of America. The former bustling "sin economy", based on leisure time and the lust for thrills, had all-but been shut down. America looked, for all the world, like one vast religious mission, and its former inhabitants were replaced by a new mixture of refugees from around the world, who never outnumbered the natives in any major city, but often constituted as much as 30-40 percent. At times as many as 150 million Americans left America to either serve in the military or "migrate for peace", bringing American genes and wealth with them.

2046 also saw the first need for American military police on American soil, as street gangs infiltrated with the refugees and still not wanting to with the program began setting up shop. It was the rise of lawlessness that fed the political movement to end the war, and for a time inflamed the last latent strains of hatred and racism left in the American people. But love won out as a new American Love Corps, formed from the grassroots, began a "guerrilla warfare for love" in the streets of America.

Visitors from a time warp might have likened the scenes in every American city in 2046 and 2047 to Sodom and Gomorrah, but, when seen as part of a total anti-war effort, it was a historical victory for peace and love. Modeling themselves on the old Roman Catholic nuns (from the word for nothing), millions of white American women, unmarried and not, began

marching in the crime-ridden areas naked in broad daylight, asking the criminals and anybody else "not going with our program" to come out and make love to them, move in with them, marry and have families with them, and "settle down and accept your place in the new world order." Bringing their own sleeping bags and food with them, these women would "squat" in the "too crime-ridden" areas permanently, going naked and displaying themselves lasciviously to any and all passersby, and seeking out each and every "unhappy" male of all ages, and "love them to peaces".

This "army" proved totally effective in the end, and after refugees from Africa, Asia, Europe, and every region on Earth, regardless of their old customs, had "tasted of American fruit", even the most hard-hearted criminals eventually wanted to "go straight" and receive their reward in the form of a free wedding. Many refugee women, seeing the white American women doing it, began also going around naked, and engaging in lesbian sex in public, with the American women and each other, and that further softened up the criminal atmosphere, and made good Americans out of the refugees. Not to be outdone, homosexual American men, this time of no particular racial heritage, began adding their naked gymnastics and sexual exercises to the public show, and the fact that people now did not have great inequities of wealth or status began to matter less and less, to the point of becoming irrelevant.

Not that America turned into a camp for lazy lechers. As soon as the refugees were pacified, they would themselves seek to spread their joy by volunteering for the American anti-war effort, and joining the military, or becoming hardworking homers like they found when they arrived. Soon, new refugees would arrive, and the cycle would be repeated. America was now truly the melting pot of the world.

Personal Log:

FF

Chapter 29. The Spring Battles in the West

Personal Log:

RF

Chapter 30. Russia in Revolution

The year 2046 also saw Russia in revolution.

Personal Log:

Russia is the home of the Kalashnikov rifles that have made children into soldiers. Yes, children. Armed with an AK-47 or later model, children often make the perfect soldiers. They kill without conscience, often without even knowing what makes the people they shoot fall down. They are the closest thing to a perfect robot soldier until the development of real robots, and, in LDCs, they were far cheaper and more abundant. My dad faced child soldiers in Vietnam, and every decade since has seen them being used younger and younger, more and more effectively, by adults more and more unscrupulous. When the two shooters came into my high school in 1999, they were way too old for many child armies, unless maybe as officers.

AK means Automatic Kalashnikov. It always was one extremely reliable and dependable piece of machinery, and in Vietnam, Americans often wished they could change weapons with their enemy, as their M-16s would jam all the time, just when needed most, as well as having smaller banana ammunition clips, running out too fast; the enemy would often kill an American when they heard him fumbling around trying to insert a new clip.

The anti-war was the last to see children used as soldiers, some as young as six or seven years old. Without child soldiers, some countries could not have held on so long against American troops, who came precisely to save their children. It was a devilish dilemma to followers of Prophett, whether to kill children, and how many to kill, in the name of saving

all children.

In Russia, Carla and I witnessed a child soldier, told he was fighting for 'Holy Mother Russia' by his adult leaders, hold off a column of trucks filled with food and medical supplies all night, then disappear without a trace, his Kalashnikov disappearing with him, probably to 'play orphan', and hide under his mother's skirts until the next night, when he would do it again.

In Africa, Carla and I witnessed a whole compound filled with American soldiers who had had their hands chopped off with machetes by child soldiers on the orders of their commander, so that they couldn't fight back when they returned. When the children were later captured, they said they thought the hands could be grown back. A few expressed remorse at the screaming the soldiers, of both genders; they wished they hadn't screamed, because it haunted their nightmares, they said.

Anybody who has seen the horrors of war never wants there to be another one, and tells everybody they can the same thing. But children are too young to tell.

FF

Chapter 31. The Crisis of the Space War

Russia alone fielded a space army, challenging America's superiority in space. The space race originally started, in the 20th century, as a mixture of romance and saber rattling, and so it was again on the eve of WWII. Now, it was a different paradigm: American forces had a huge, insurmountable technical lead, and far greater resources, but Russia had the home field advantage, being interested only in home defense.

What was the root cause of Russian stubbornness? Having a long history of a split with the west that traced back to before the days of Emperor Constantine, as well as a people who had, until just decades earlier, never even known what individual liberty was, the message of Prophett

seemed more like a ploy or a trick in a global power play than a genuine change in American foreign policy, and every attempt by Americans to prove otherwise was devilishly misinterpreted as proving the opposite. The old Russian habit, often parodied, of claiming that they invented everything first, also worked its poison. The same problems previous invaders, Napoleon and Hitler, had faced, namely, the vastness of the Russian continent, and the terrible cold winters, were delightedly used by the Russians yet again against the Russians and, when they started joining the Americans, the Chinese.

Personal Log:



Chapter 32. The Mud and Blood of South America

Amazonia, home to Earth's largest tropical rain forest, had the highest percentage of its original area remaining in 2000 (85 percent), but by 2040 it was down to 55 percent. Despite the fact that rain forest almost always grows on the poorest soil (including pure white sand), literally supplying its own recycling growing environment, poor slash-and-burn farmers were allowed to destroy millennia of forest growth only to plant crops for 2-3 years at a time before the soil becomes depleted. The whole situation cried for a world policeman.

American Higher Command now moved troops into Amazonia, matching similar efforts in Borneo, Malaysia, and other tropical rain forest regions. The real problem was that a devastated rain forest, once secured from further despoilation, cannot be truly restored for centuries, even millennia, with current technology. Hundreds of thousands of scientists threw themselves into round-the-clock research in this area, and millions more became devoted students or apprentices. In the meantime, what rain forest that remained had to be carefully protected by full-time troops.

This is how the Rainers, as they came to be called, came

into existence: a worldwide network of mainly Americans (although many Europeans and natives were involved) who were given a lifetime commission in the OWG military, that permitted them to live and protect the rain forests, and nurture their revival. Enlistments into the Student Rainers was allowed as early as age 3, and into the Rainers themselves as early as age 15. The entire Rainers Corps was under the direct personal supervision of Development Director Clinton.

Personal Log:

I think it was in the year 1542 (the same year that Pope Paul III instituted the Roman Catholic Inquisition) that Irimarai Indians living along Peru's Napo River first saw the horrible spectacle of square-rigged ships bring alien-looking, bearded, white-skinned devils to their precious Amazonian rain forest: fifty Spanish explorers, trying to make history by being the first to plod across the entire rain forest, from the Andes to the Atlantic Ocean, led by captain Francisco de Orellana.

As they looted and shot their way through village after village, word spread ahead of them, and they prepared to ambush the crossbow and harquebus wielding Spaniards near the present-day Brazilian city of Manaus (capital of Brazil's Amazonas State). After one crew member, Gaspar de Carvajal, described the tribe of Indians being led by tall, white women captains with long hair braided and wound around their heads, and that, with their bows and arrows, they "are doing as much fighting as ten men", the Old World believed that the New World had real Amazons. When they soberly persisted in spreading the story in Spain, cartographers soon began calling the region the "Amazon".

The Amazon is one of the great wonders of the world, "an unpublished and contemporary page of Genesis" according to Brazilian author Euclides da Cunha. It has four thousand different species of trees, sixty thousand species of flowering plants (out of a world total of two hundred and fifty thousand; two thousand or so have potential as food crops, two thousand more have medicinal value), a thousand species of birds (one-tenth of the world's total), three

hundred species of mammals, and two million species of insects. No Amazon women were ever found, though, among the original five million Indians, reduced to less than a tenth of that by the turn of the 21st century. Back in the 19th century, a group of whites moved in and mixed with the Indians, creating the cabocios, a tough people which still exist today. It is a persistent myth that Amazonian soil must be extremely fertile, when it is just the opposite, the nutrients coming from the top down, not the bottom up, and the rain forest taking millennia to generate in the first place; thus, clearing the forest causes the land to become sterile in a few years, and extremely difficult to reforest. There is even a fish called the tambaqui (*Colonnonea macropomum*) that finds nuts underwater and cracks them to disperse the seeds, taking the place of squirrels.

While covering rain forests as war journalists, Carla and I developed several new dietary habits, the most long-lasting being our love of cassava and amaranth.

Cassava is a staple food for hundreds of millions in South America and Africa, the similar climates making cultivation ideal in both continents. In the late 20th century a small predator mite, *Typhlodromalus aripo*, was even exported from northeast Brazil to Africa to fight their green spider mites. It is a starchy food, and, once one gets used to eating it, a meal doesn't seem like a meal without some in it.

Amaranth, a tropical plant with bright red flowers, produces nutritious seeds that have been used since Aztec days, even though Spanish conquistador Hernan Cortes outlawed it from religious prejudices, almost causing its extinction (Aztecs would use Amaranth cakes in a ceremony which he thought mocked the Catholic Communion sacrament). American High Command now made its cultivation a priority, especially for peoples living at high altitude, since the protein value of the seeds is comparable to cow's milk, eggs, fish or red meat. Carla and I both tried to live without the latter during the anti-war, not because we are vegetarians or anything like that, but because we wanted to conserve all we could for the use of people more needy. But as we still needed our protein, we drank a lot of amaranth milk and used

amaranth milk products.

Yacon. Now there's something we ate too much of, finally getting sick of them. They are a tropical tuber which looks like a sweet potato, but tastes like a cross between an apple and a watermelon when peeled and eaten raw. Yes, we tried yacon and eggs for breakfast sometimes, when we were feeling silly -- with or without a South American cactus pear called a pitaya; and a tall glass of refreshing, invigorating (high caffeine) guarana.

Speaking of forests, at least by the Declaration the age-old scourge of paper had been lifted from humanity. The story of paper is interesting, if sad. The first paper was made from animal skin and called parchment. By the time of the American Revolution, paper was made from the hemp plant. But by the 1930s, America still had huge tracts of virgin forest, and newspaper mogul Hearst owned the title to a lot of them. Using the worst tactics of yellow journalism, he deliberately tried to destroy the hemp paper industry, so that his forest holdings would skyrocket in value, in total disregard of what stripping those forests would do to humanity. Hemp flowers are the source of marijuana, and, since Americans back then preferred their alcohol and tobacco to marijuana, it was left for Mexicans and blacks, along with all the other hand-me-downs for the poor and downtrodden. So, Hearst's papers would portray marijuana as a drug used by browns and blacks to lure "our white women" into "unnatural sexual relations", or "miscegenation", a nice sounding word for hate of being whole. In concert with payoffs and other pull with lawmakers, Hearst soon got marijuana criminalized nationwide, and the hemp plant with it: it even became illegal to grow the plant for paper and cloth, or food, all of which it had been grown forever it seemed (the original Lee jeans were made of hemp, as was rope for ships, etc.).

What was really ridiculous about it all was that hemp could be grown almost anywhere, on soil of any type, even poor soil, and it produced its crop quickly, and had a much greater yield per acre (four times). Its culture didn't even deplete the soil, and could even be used to reclaim and refoliate arid land to retain topsoil. It was a source of

highly useful oil (capable of replacing the potentially dangerous linseed oil in paints) and protein (of higher quality than soybean protein). It was almost a Savior among plants, and its systematic extermination in the name of a misguided War on Drugs, that reached its wasteful pinnacle in the Teens, was one of humanity's biggest self-created tragedies.

In retrospect, the government had created a virtual theocracy of corrupted scientists, forever trying to make of marijuana a devil, while trying to justify the government's policies of violence and ruination of lives in jail as a way to fight the devil; they developed an unwritten orthodoxy that even admitting the hemp plant had some good uses was to sell one's soul to the devil, or lead the government's sheep into selling their souls to the devil. This plant was no devil, any more than the cocoa plant, the tobacco plant, the mint plant, or the strawberry plant. It was greed and too much power given to governments that was the devil.

The scourge of tree paper, besides stripping our forests, was acid. Tree fiber is so stiff that strong acids, such as sulphuric acid, were needed to break it down. But the mass production processes used coldn't economically neutralize the paper totally, and always left some residual acid. When this paper was used to print books and magazines, the acid would eventually rot them through, in about a century. Hemp paper, on the other hand, lasted indefinitely, for several centuries at least. So, by the dawn of the electronic information age (late 20th century), the libraries of the world were in danger of losing all their publications from the 1930s onward to acid burnout. And then there was the problem of paper refuse turning to methane gas in landfills, adding to the global warming threat through the greenhouse effect.

Alvin Toffler, the 20th century futurist, wrote, in his book "The Third Wave", that "the paperless office" was imminent, and that "making paper copies of anything was a primitive use of electronic word processing machines and violated their very spirit." When IBM (International Business Machines) introduced their original personal computer (PC) in 1981, they even opted to not provide a printer for it,

hoping people would prefer to read information on their brand new computer monitors, that even had a special high-resolution "text mode" built into the hardware for speed and ease of reading. No go: for decades, despite leaps and bounds made by personal computers, people stubbornly stuck to paper. They even fostered the growth of the personal computer printer industry, eventually creating desktop publishing systems, as they were called then, that could literally publish library quality books with photographs at extremely low cost. As new PCs were manufactured, and software was created, this itself caused a dramatic increase in publishing, as users preferred printed manuals to computerized ones, even as computer monitor quality increased to surpass printing itself.

So, the use of paper actually increased up until the Double Zeds finally caught the world with a paper shortage. The decriminalization movement for hemp had tried unsuccessfully clear until the Double Zeds to make its logic known and appreciated, and finally it got its hearing, and the remaining trees were saved, what little there were.

I'll never forget how, when I was studying with some Jehovah's Witnesses around the year 2001, I asked them if I could get all their publications off of the World Wide Web. They replied that they could get them on CD (compact disc -- a plastic-magnetic digital medium), but on on the WWW. One of them pulled out an issue of Awake!, from June 8, 1999, and showed me an article ("The Elusive Paperless Office") actually extolling the virtues of paper, and predicting that it would be a long time before it would be abandoned. It then blindly parroted some propaganda from the tree industry, trying to explain away the damage they have caused to the world, and not doing a very good job, then claiming the paper industry was investigating some 'new' sources of fiber, one of them being hemp. This was all the more strange since the JWs were a very ecology-conscious organization, to their credit. But they fell for the propaganda of the tree industry hook line and sinker.

The funniest story about paper I ever heard was this ardent conservationist in Kenya by the name of Mike Bugara, who, starting in the 1990s, made paper by boiling

huge pots of high-fiber elephant dung. He wanted to find an economic reason to save the elephants. Good try. Who would want to wipe their butts with that?



Chapter 33. Central America in the Limelight -- Argentina in the Shade

In the latter part of 2048, two groups of people of roughly the same number and occupying the same size area, went opposite ways. Central America finally decided to unite into a small superstate, and petition the North American superstate for union, only to suffer a military coup that petitioned instead for union with the South American superstate, and was accepted. At the same time, Argentina decided to break away from the South American superstate, which was under continent-wide assault by American troops, and make a separate stand.

Brazil, in desperate straits, their economy collapsed, world credit withdrawn, and starvation and chaos rampant, fell overnight to American forces, who were themselves soon overwhelmed by the problems of Development they faced. Many cynical South American superstate leaders thought Brazil would break America's bank and back at the same time, and they would surrender later without firing a shot. But the love of Prophett would never surrender, and Brazil's 250 million people were eventually augmented by 50 million American troops of all kinds, working tirelessly to feed, clothe, house, and heal everybody who needed it.

The Argentinian government now became a fascist dictatorship based on a unique kind of racism that was more a hatred of Anglos, Asians, and anything except the kind of Spanish and Indian stock that constituted the majority, although there were also pockets of German and other European immigrants, who were accepted in the mix. Argentina succeeded in defeating America in the Falkland Islands, much like they had done to Britain in the previous century, and in establishing a firm defensive perimeter, and holding out until 2052, when it finally capitulated.

When American troops had secured the country, they found the remains of over 3 million Argentinians, murdered by their own government for believing in Prophett or being sympathetic to America. It was also revealed that, in the last year, conditions had been so desperate that this starving country -- too proud to admit it -- had resorted to cannibalism, using the executed as feed for their cattle, and as meat products in processed food products, disguising this from their own people.

Thus fell the last 'South American style military dictatorship' ever seen on Earth.

Personal Log:

Back when I was growing up, the big news in Central America was either Cuba and Fidel Castro and his one-man enslavement of an island of millions, or else the Nicaraguans and the Salvadorians and their shenanigans. By the time of AWWI, Castro was dead, Cuba was a close friend of America, and it was the Salvadorians who led the effort to unite all of Central America with North America. Marxist-Leninist style Communism was dead, and Prophett's was much more tempting.

One good thing about that area was that, although it had been "marked" for the Roman Catholic Church over five hundred years ago, with all the territory to the north being "marked" for the Protestants, and the Church was infamous for holding Amerindians down, and bolstering unjust governments, still it was an official policy of the Church that a person with one drop of European blood in them was European, in contrast to the Norteamericano policy that one drop of African blood in a person made them African. As a consequence, Central and South America was a wonderful racemixed melting pot, and, when North American finally gave up its European-imported white supremism, there was literally nothing keeping them apart any longer, particularly as organized as a force was waning, and there were so many people interested in the New Age promised by the gurus of the occult.

How did South America keep Central America from breaking ranks at the start of the anti-war? I guess I still don't

understand it, but my best guess is the Church. Not that it was against Prophett, but it was still against Protestantism. High-ups in the Church were undoubtedly planning to keep Central and South America Roman Catholic, even as a superstate in a OWG. Of course, Catholics were already a majority in America, but the Protestants still had considerable power compared to what they could hope to come up with in the lower hemisphere.

But it had to be more than that, and I'm not sure I understand it yet. The whole hemisphere always had a pall or blight over it, starting with the cruel extermination of the native Amerindians, starting with Christopher Columbus and never changing. A dirty little secret. A haughty ruling class that thought all power came from the barrel of a gun, and had used plenty of them to get it. The whole hemisphere was full of secret mass graveyards. Anyway, whoever ran that superstate, they didn't want to give up without a fight. Even now, as a supposedly liberated superstate, with American English the official language, and no more borders, and free travel, and abundant relocation and racemixing, even visiting it gives me the willies sometimes, as if I'm skipping through a graveyard at midnight, tempting some ghouls. And this is a superstate known for the most sexy, vivacious men and women ever known, who love to shake it and almost break it, and flaunt their sexuality and love of life. But again, it's like they are themselves proof that there's skeletons in the ground, ones that tell them to shake it, but don't break it, for one day you'll all be taken away at midnight and never seen again.

Prophett forgive me, but I think it will take a minimum of another 500 years before that region of the world will finally bury its skeletons permanently, and only after the new gene infusion from more northerly climes has been profound, and many spirits have been exorcised by future atonements and repentances and revelations of hidden facts: let's hope it does, and I wish it luck.



Chapter 34. India -- The Great Experiment

The immediate problem of Calcutta now behind them, the sheer size of India made it necessary to make Five-Year Plans. The inner divisions among Indians were manifold and deep, and this became the biggest problem of the war there, as no allies supported the Indian government, who never officially declared war against America, but rather engaged in a nasty imitation of Gandhi's old civil disobedience, sabotaging American efforts with delight. Still, the sheer power of American good intentions rubbed off on millions, who began to disbelieve their own authorities, and often engineer midnight coups d'etat with summary executions.

American Development Corps found the Indian weather a far greater adversary than even its government. The monsoon season in the south was taken advantage of to create electrical energy by 'wet windpower' or 'rainpower' plants, with their giant umbrella-like collectors. An extensive solar energy grid system began criss-crossing the Indian continent. Universal Net access was finally certified to even the most remote village, and free electronics battalions helped the continent leap in many cases right out of the stone age to the 21st century, when government disobedience didn't sabotage it.

But the overpopulation was so great that High Command finally approved the Great Experiment, as it came to be known, a mass exodus of hundreds of millions to less crowded lands, particularly the American Southwest, formerly considered part of now-incorporated Mexico, that had easy access to the Pacific Farmlands. (This was in addition to the Untouchable Relocation Program.) Soon huge armadas of sea ships were creating a human ferry, depositing millions of immigrants a week in new cities along the lower west coast of America, around Baja California and the Gulf of California, popularly called Ellis Island West, and as a joke, the New American Indian Reservation (Nair).

The worry was that the immigrants would bring all their old problems between their ears with them too, but this concern proved unfounded when they were all faced with the new opportunities and challenges of the New Indias, pre-furnished with access to the global village, in which

they proudly took their place. Although the Indian government, since attaining independence in 1947, had made caste discrimination a criminal offense, de facto discrimination was still stubbornly resisting eradication because the elders still had a chance to poison the minds of children. (The system, which went back 3,000 years to the Aryan migration into the Indus Valley in modern Pakistan, divided Hindu society into nearly 3,000 jatis or castes and subcastes, the lower castes -- the Sudras, which included the famous Paryas or Pariahs -- being popularly known as Dalit, or downtrodden).

Children were quick to take advantage of unlimited educational opportunities, and the relief from the endless cycle of poverty and overcrowding lessened the grip of old taboos and superstitions automatically. Many resettled Indians, employing their new American citizenship, volunteered to join the American military and work tirelessly to help others more disadvantaged than they.

Since most of these immigrants already were fluent in English, and their culture has long respected mathematical thinking, many went immediately into training for gainful employment in the information economy. Microsoft, once fearful of Indian competition, now began negotiations to team up with these New Indians, to the benefit of all: an example of the value of harnessing minds wherever they are to be found, rather than letting them go to waste.

Personal Log:

Some Indian peoples had been as black as we Africans, with or without centuries of American racial intermingling with whites, Amerindians, and Hispanics thrown in. When Carla and I would work with them, at the Gulf of California camps, they were often as shocked by a pure pale-skinned blonde haired being married to a black like them, as old Southern plantation owners would have been. But to them it was not race per se, it was caste: they imagined Carla as of a higher class than I, and too good for me. And not just in a genetic, but in a cosmic sense: she, as a member of a 'higher caste', had atoned for more bad karma in previous incarnations than I, as her higher caste proved ipso facto.

Thus, her marriage to me was seen to be against the cosmic order, and even against the goal of life itself. I guess they thought that living in icy conditions in Europe was reserved for the elite, and sunscreen a form of blasphemy.

It was this frankly sick mindset that we hoped to love them out of, indeed, the very idea of endless reincarnation with a kind of cosmic computer keeping cumulative score, that oppressed their every waking moment. Carla would make a point of shocking these Indians by going topless and bottomless every chance she could, and smooching me wetly and extensively from the tip of my kinky hair to the big toes on my black feet, and using tongues whenever possible. Indians do believe in the joys of sex, witness their Kama Sutra, so there was nothing we could really do to shock them that way, only in their belief that our love was somehow anti-caste. In the One World we brought them to (we never called it the New World, that raised the spectre of Christopher Columbus' ghost, may it rot), there is, never has been, and never would be any thing such as caste, we told them.

My mind went back to that old classic film "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom", where a beautiful pale-skinned, blonde-haired American girl (Kate Capshaw) journeyed through the backwaters of poorest India with the pale-skinned, brown-haired (tall, dark tanned, and handsome) Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), supposedly in the 1930s, in the days of Hitler, the champion of the Aryan Master Race, whom they hated and fought. The Indian peoples just didn't 'get' that girl, and she didn't 'get' them -- that made for the constant slapstick humor yes, but it was also, in retrospect, sad, for there were the grandparents of the very Americans who, in our day, would finally give up their 'master race' mentality (yes, the Americans fighting Hitler had it just as bad as the Nazis did; their differences were more in what to do about it -- collect archaeological artifacts or run extermination camps), and reverse the situation, like with Carla and I, to where the Indians were the racists, who didn't 'get' us.

In particular, the scene where the poor starving villagers presented the two 'saibs' with their most choice delicacies,

going hungrier than usual to do them the honor, only to see them turn their noses up at what they thought was monkey shit or pig slop -- or the scene in the palace where the royal guests were served a sumptuous feast of fat snakes and big bugs, which the 'superior' Americans wouldn't even touch -- such scenes typified the American attitude that the Indians' problems were theirs alone, and they perhaps wished they could do something about it, but not really, if they could just get out of that hellhole of a land in one piece and forget about it. Perhaps they would have been amused by starving Indians turning up their noses at McDonald's cow meat hamburgers, with the 'special sauce and sesame seed buns', while digging around in the dirt for grubs and insects to swallow instead. In any case, India and its problems were now being brought right to their door, and they had to face them -- and did, with love for once. The days of depending on Mother Teresa were long gone, thanks to Prophett. Indiana Jones had his head and heart right, and were bringing the entire family along this time, with the family jewels.

The unmarried Indian boys were encouraged by the government to fraternize with American girls, of which there was an ample supply in the camps, in what amounted to whorehouses, but far beyond that, plenty of girls eager to live with them, marry them, share everything, treat them as equals, show them to mother and father. (I hate to admit, but the girls were almost exclusively pale-skinned; the dark-skinned ones had already married up North, usually pale-skinned boys. The Indian boys, at first sensitive to caste, reserved the palest girls for the highest caste boys, but since their preferences were often the reverse of this, the caste system proved to be licked at last).

The unmarried Indian girls were still protected by the elders, like pieces of valuable property, and that's why the elders were often segregated, to leave the girls to be girls, and have a chance to meet the equally ample supply of eager American boys, some from formerly rich families, wanting to marry them (again, mainly pale-skinned boys, the dark-skinned boys having been too popular up North and virtual all, like myself, taken). Videos of Indian maidens, their faces painted and beauty-marked, their hair combed

back and bound, and their sensuous lips engorged around a huge erect phallus, were like recruiting posters for American boys everywhere, and Las Vegas style marriage chapels were erected in abundance and did a land office business, often with Elvis lookalike ministers doing the honors. From all accounts, the lucky grooms weren't disappointed; Indian girls and their bedroom abilities are, after all, the reason for the overpopulation problem in the first place (Prophett forgive).

Soon, the newlyweds were having babies, and inviting the elders to see them, if they would -- some refused. But the elders were being constantly worked on by reeducation corps; and all-you-can-eat smorgasbords, unlimited junk foods, extensive electronic education and recreation, and a mental release from a lifetime of worrying where the next meal would come from, softened them up steadily. It was in many ways like reviving a survivor of Auschwitz, but one who had been in it all their life, not just a handful of years; and whose parents, and parents' parents, back countless generations had also lived there.

Scenes from that even older classic Charlton Heston movie Ben-Hur, where he went to the leper colony to find his mother and sister, and bring them back from living death, recurred nightly in my dreams; only the entire American people were Ben-Hur this time, and considered all people their siblings, and gave them everything they could, after defeating any evil Messalas oppressing them. (Funny how that movie concluded with Ben-Hur seeing Christ, helping him with his burden, and receiving a miracle in return, and becoming a Christian -- a parable for the American people to come, as it turned out. Somehow, if Charlton Heston had lived to see Prophett, he would have been at the forefront in AWWI -- alas, 'twas not to be, he died defending private gun ownership in America, and indirectly, hundreds of thousands of senseless gun-related deaths over his lifetime.)

Nowadays the Lower Thirty, as old Mexico is called (thirty new states entered the United States at union), is an exhilarating racial mixture, a gumbo of the two kinds of Indian, the Hispanic, the white, the black, and every other

race on Earth, all seamlessly wearing the American name brand, even as America is now no more to the OWG than, say, Texas or California once were to it. "Say howdah, partner!" "A fine how-de-do to y'all, Mr. and Mrs. Shamu."



Chapter 35. The Outer Theaters of War

The Scandinavian countries, long proud and self-sufficient, were like wax statues -- they would melt, if you could bring them the heat, else the native coldness and isolation kept them just as cold, and solid.

Never known for high population, virtually every Scandinavian country now threw open their doors to refugees and migrants, along with American troops and construction battalions, claiming their region of the world as a "world hostel", where all were welcome, if they wanted to stay there. In practice, one good winter blizzard and millions who had just arrived would turn around and leave voluntarily, but they were always thanked for their visit and invited to return anytime they wanted.

Switzerland was generous with its banking services, loaning money at zero interest to America to support the anti-war effort, and welcoming refugees and migrants.

Australia was over 75 percent dry and desert land, but it too was underpopulated, and welcomed all (racist immigration laws of the 20th century were still, in much diluted form, on the books, but they were cheerfully expunged). Here, the migrants were asked by American High Command to assist in the vast terraforming desert reclamation project that they ran and supplied equipment and raw supplies for. Usually, those who had worked to reclaim a stretch of desert then settled on it, after new infrastructure was laid down.

Greenland and Iceland were now capable of being the home of billions, after the North Atlantic seabeds went into full production. Native African blacks found the lack of sunshine unhealthy, even with vitamin D supplements, and

this destination was not popular with them, but Chinese, Asians, Indonesians, and South Americans flocked there by the hundreds of millions.

Personal Log:

My Carla was of Scandinavian heritage. Through loving her I learned to know and love all Scandinavians. In college, I studied the Protestant Reformation, and the Lutheran Church of the "stoic Swedes". It was so bleak a picture that I wondered how the same group could produce the beautiful Swedish ski bunnies I had seen all my life. One thing for sure: a Swede could mix with any other race and have a sexy, beautiful bombshell 18 years later. Ever since the war, everybody wanted to get some Swede in their kids. Swede genes were as popular as McDonald's french fries once had been, strawberry milkshakes included.

There were also the Finns, the Norwegians, the Danes, and so on. The last are practically Germans as far as I am concerned, the first closer to Asians than Europeans, and the Norwegians the kissing cousins of the Swedes, but not as sexy or friendly or as mixable. Call me a bigot, chuckle. The Swiss were a funny bunch, being so isolationist and always trying to stay out of wars, while themselves being obsessed with finances and banking. Even during the war, they stayed at home, even though they welcomed anybody who wanted to come, and racemixed with the best of them. Carla was part Norwegian, part Swedish, part English, and even had a touch of Italian in her she told me.

I was mostly pure African, but I'm sure there was some Anglo-American slave owner in my blood, and probably a little Amerindian, Cherokee perhaps. The Cherokees tried to go with the Anglos' program clear into the 19th century, developing a written language, a newspaper, and trying to gain acceptance as a free nation, with many attempts at formal relations with Washington; all they got was driven off their choice land like scum, and put through a death march to Oklahoma (literally, red man) territory. But I'm sure that a number of white squatters and soldiers white and black had sexual relations with the squaws, so maybe that's where I get my cute ears and where my dad got his inability

to handle alcohol.



Book Six - 2051-2053

Chapter 36. France Takes the Stage

France, the land of Joan of Arc, and, until the 20th century, a Catholic bastion, had grown more and more secular and agnostic until, by the time of Prophett, it was almost completely secular (King Henry IV had started the process of separation of Church and State way back in 1598, coming to completion in 1905). During WWII, the Vichy regime, with much popular French support, based on anti-Semitism, sold-out to the Nazi anti-Jewish program, while Pope Pius XII, a former nuncio (papal legate) to Germany himself, kept silent at the Shoah or Jewish Holocaust.

Ex-Catholics had long been more disposed to become virulent, anti-clerical atheists than agnostics, and the French were a prime case in point. When Prophett came, many French openly ridiculed Him and His teachings on the principle that there is no God, or God is dead, and so are all the teachings of any so-called Christ or Prophet of God. At the same time, the speeches of Prophett reached mass audiences in France, and His dream of a true OWG where all people loved one another, and all racism, materialism, nationalism, and yes, sectarian religion was dead within them, drew them to Him irresistibly, like a stubborn mule with a carrot held in front of him.

One of the most beautiful sights ever witnessed was the Joan of Arcs du Prophett, a ten-million-strong force of French women who risked everything to form a "shield around children" in Africa who were, despite everything, still being abandoned, enslaved and mistreated, in particular, subject to the barbaric custom of female circumcision (FSM: female sexual mutilation). They had an underground railroad to take the children liberated by their guerrilla forces and migrate them to France, where they were mothered and integrated into French one world society, many marrying

their own adoptive mothers, or the real children of the adoptive mothers, or each other.

The resulting skin rainbow was so beautiful it brought tears to American eyes. The beaches of France, long known for full or semi nudity, became Shangri-La, with all people loving each other for themselves, their birthday suits finally being relegated to their real functions of sunburn protectors by day, love units by night. As a result of the Joans, France and Northern Africa practically united into one people, and some of the most beautiful 'hybrids' ever seen were produced as children of the war, going on to remix with their native lands in later years.

The African children, often brought up Muslim, cast religion away to be like their mothers, and when they came back, as adults, to Africa, their hybrid beauty caused them to be much admired and respected, and in this way the grip of Muslim religious prejudices was melted away like the famous American M&Ms (Official Candy of the Millennium), said to "melt in your mouth, not in your hand." The French love of oral sex, now freely done in public, and by women on children, and vice versa, especially if "the coloration difference was begging for a kiss," did more than laws or government police force could to finally end this persistent and pernicious African custom (not Muslim per se -- it was not required by any religion, ironically, but was most prevalent in Egypt, Ethiopia, Kenya, Nigeria, Somalia, Djibouti, and the Sudan, where women were held in low esteem) of cutting the clitoris, and even the labia majora, of a young girl, and sewing up what was left, leaving a hole no wider than a straw for the men's "enjoyment". (FSM reached a peak, despite all efforts, at five million girls in 2036 alone.) The Joans showed the men the beauty of the female external genitalia, and the desirability of leaving them as-is for the delights of oral as well as genital sex, finally causing even the most recalcitrant men -- seeing their former daughters, their genitalia saved by the Joans, being orally enjoyed by their adopted mothers -- to reverse their thinking, and put the "vagina police" out of a job.

Personal Log:

I had heard personally, from some African men, including Afro-Americans, that they would never have oral sex with a woman "because of all the blood", their religion teaching them that touching blood was taboo, and women "unclean". I asked them that, if this were true, what did they touch with their penises? And what did they themselves touch as they left their mother's wombs? French language seems to go with oral sex, ou la la. Oui oui oui!

In the sick minds of these barbaric men, the sewing up of the genitalia insured virginity, made the hole tighter, and therefore more fun for them when they had genital sex, especially the woman's first time. How can you have fun, I asked them, when you are ripping a woman open and causing her terrible pain? The answer was that they only cared about their own fun, to which I replied that that's why these women are forever lost to you, and now save their delights only for other women, and men who care what they feel. Adding a pinch of French light-skinned genes to any African makes them an M&M, sacre bleu, oui oui oui! It is also no secret that African males have larger penises than European males, so again, a mixing of genes helps both sexes out, and so why stop evolution? An Africanized penis, and a Europeanized vulva -- shown crossed, like the old Soviet hammer and sickle, would make a perfect coat of arms for a pan European-African flag.

I now believe that the French are leading the way to a total racial amalgamation of the European and African races in the next century at the latest, and a European-African superstate to go with it; I hope I live long enough to see it, although, at 115, I don't expect to. I now remember how attracted I was to the singer Sade in my teens, because she was half French and half Nigerian; how I saw in people like her the future of Europe and Africa solved beautifully, all the white supremacists bigots in America and Germany and South Africa be damned.

FF

Chapter 37. Paris in Danger -- Counterstroke Delivered

As the war progressed, and refugees were created, Paris ended up as the premier destination for hundreds of millions, for whatever reason, maybe because it was now a victim of its own publicity, and romantic image. By 2052, the situation was critical. Paris was in danger of becoming a new Third World country, the original French crowded into the outskirts.

American High Command now had to reallocate resources originally targeted for Third World countries, and deliver a counterstroke to Paris, one that proved harder to manage than planned, because one wave of refugees would be migrated to America, Canada, Eastern Europe, or elsewhere, only to be succeeded by a new wave taking their place, and totally ignorant of any problem.

Personal Log:

The French were very nice to tolerate their once-beautiful land becoming an instant Calcutta, as the hordes decided that the Eiffel Tower was just as attractive, and definitely much closer, than the Statue of Liberty. I chuckle when I found myself promoting that country, with my adulation of Sidney Poitier and his progeny. "What's Love Got to Do With It?" Tina Turner had also made France her home before she passed away, among many other "bloods", as we American blacks used to call each other.

Maybe it was the way the French loved their food. No other culture loved food so much, except maybe the Chinese. Not that they had the best meat all the time; that's why they were so expert at great sauces (and why English cooking got such a bad rap, when actually they prided themselves on good meat, which didn't need sauces, or even spices, thus making them seem to be poor cooks somehow). There was hardly anything at all edible that the French didn't know how to prepare and enjoy with enthusiasm, although I don't know if they stooped to the level of the Chinese and their spicy chicken feet and (illegal but in Taiwan you could still get it until the anti-war) live monkey brains, or rat meat dishes. Anyway, the multitudes didn't fear finding rat meat in their dishes when they showed up on France's doorstep, begging bowl in hand. Now, as allies of America, and disciples of Prophett,

they tried to please. It was beautiful, the love the French poured out on their former colonial subjects, in unfeigned equality. I'm sure it would have made the Germans sick and cause them to vomit or something; as would their awful cooking have done to the refugees (grin).

FF

Chapter 38. The United States Peace Army

In the spirit of Kennedy's Peace Corps and Largent's Love Corps, Americans who were not accepted into the regular American army, for reasons of age or health, etc., spontaneously petitioned Congress, and were granted a charter, to organize the United States Peace Army (USPA), the term United States meant to refer to the new OWG. People, some as old as 120, joined this army, not -- as might have been assumed -- merely to babysit, or cook, or sew, but to go to front line battle areas, where their advanced age could be used as a weapon in itself, especially (at first) in regions where age was still respected as a badge of wisdom and authority (luckily, many LDCs were among them). Truly, the old era of 'the retired generation' was over and with a drum to beat.

AWWI used the reintegration of the elderly as a weapon, at home and in distant lands simultaneously. No person, however elderly, not even if completely incapacitated (see below), lacked a dignified job now. Seeing USPA troops coming over a no-man's zone to help refugees caused enemy troops to break out into weeping, drop their guns, and rush to help them over the ditches and potholes with their own hands. Everybody really loves and respects the elderly, for they see their own faces in those seemingly ruined heaps that walked, however stiffly, on two legs just like them. Being with the elderly makes everyone face the reality of death, and truly appreciate life. Truly, their presence is one of the greatest safety valves against war, therefore it is no wonder that a war to end all causes of war should soon seek to use them in its service.

One heroic battalion of USPA troops ended a Chinese human wave assault on our regular army by themselves marching forward, arms outstretched, singing songs of love, in Chinese. The Chinese troops, ordered by their commanders to slaughter them, finally balked, and instead surrendered to them, only to find that they wanted to be taken to their (the troops') homes, where they could help their whole family. Soon the army accepted the surrender of the commanders, and moved into the main city, finding the usual conditions of near-starvation, and going to work to ameliorate and correct them, the USPA at the forefront.

Afterwards, every regular army battalion had a corps of USPA troops attached to it, and many of the latter literally served out their last breath of life this way, the resultant family meetings in remote areas brought on by their funeral often touching the remaining heart hearts of political and military opposition leaders and causing overtures of surrender. Truly, the sight of the elderly on the front lines sobered up the enemy, undermining their belief in the duplicity of the American cause, and often winning them over without firing another shot.

Another area of service that the elderly were particularly suited for was the so-called Antidisease Service. Even at the beginning of the 21st century, over 50 million people a year worldwide were still dying from infectious diseases, old and new, as old antibiotics became ineffective and new ones were slow in being developed: tuberculosis took 3 million a year (2 billion worldwide were infected with it, including half the population of India, where half a million died from it each year), malaria 2 million, measles 1 million, whooping cough half a million, cholera several hundred thousand; and dengue fever was making a comeback in Latin America (20 million cases), diphtheria in Eastern Europe, spinal meningitis in Africa, even a little bubonic plague in America (a thousand cases).

People in LDCs accelerated their own problems by taking antibiotics -- purchased on the black market, cheap -- like candy, without the benefit of trained medical supervision, all-but insuring that the diseases plaguing them would become resistant.

Pharmaceutical companies, on the other hand, greedy for profits, were slow in developing new antibiotics, except for the rich countries, because the development process was very expensive; they even took steps to keep new antibiotics from LDCs, for fear that the populations would hasten the development of resistant strains, that would find their way by some backchannel to America (for example, in the discharges of airliners with international passengers). Religious organizations, backed by age-old prejudices, helped stymie public and private funding even for new diseases such as AIDS, from a belief that God was judging the world with them. By the year 2010, life expectancy in Africa and parts of Asia dropped to just 25 years, as the AIDS epidemic raged without a cure.

At the outbreak of AWWI, disease in America was long under control, but the handwriting was on the wall as even America grew afraid of the future; and this helped Prophett's message finally sink in that humanity is one, and fighting disease should be done as one -- or else even America might succumb to new disease plagues one day, and the world become unsavable, even by it. American elderly were now seen as veterans in humanity's war against disease, their bodies filled with antibodies that the LDCs desperately needed, and their sex cells filled with natural immunity genes that could be used in the racemixing program to insure healthy new babies.

Personal Log:

It seems like a joke now, but clear until the eve of AWWI, the International Classification of Diseases listed "extreme poverty", under the code Z59.5, near the end of the list; a most cynical joke indeed. Americans atoned for that joke by officially commissioning the USPA under "Public Law Z59.5", and even setting the minimum age for enlistement at 59.5.

My parents were both dead at the start of AWWI, but Carla had two live parents, and two more grandparents, all of whom volunteered for the USPA. You know, it was the 20th century that first saw the West discard the value of the elderly, and their place in society as wise counselors, and to me at

least, that was responsible for than anything else for the fact that each generation of teenagers, during the entire century, was more and more violent: the bombs and guns set off in my own high school still ring in my ears. Back then, society would blame a violent kid's parents, but now I realize that it was the fact that the grandparents were usually farmed out to segregated 'retirement communities' that is more to blame.

Carla's grandparents both died in AWWI, early, under conditions that are too hard for me to mention. But they had not gone quietly into the night, nor in vain. There's more than one family in Pakistan that still sends them yearly love messages, which end up readdressed to me now; I add them to the pile -- about ten feet high, so to speak.



Chapter 39. Sea and Air and Space

The 2050s saw total victory in sea and air and space. Not only was all hostile military activity stopped, along with piracy, but the seabeds were producing nicely and the distribution network was flowing smoothly. The total production of sugars via chlorophyll processes in the seabeds was now over 400 billion tons a year, the entire world's output from green plants before the war.

If the seas had been land and the land sea, the war might have been declared over by now. But on land, pockets of resistance, and stubborn opposition, clung to their guns, and in the Middle East (especially Mesopotamia), Indochina, the Balkans, and Central and South America, the war raged on.

Personal Log:

When one looks at green vegetation, it takes a double-take to realize that green is the only color of sunlight that the living plant can't use; it is actually having a field day absorbing the energy in the rest of the light spectrum. In the chloroplast, the energy from the red portion of the

sunlight is transferred to electrons in the chlorophyll molecules, energizing electrons until they jump from one of the two assemblies (PSII) of photosystems embedded in the chlorophyll molecules -- which are themselves embedded on the surface of the thylakoids, tiny flattened bags within the bigger chloroplast bags -- into the arms of waiting carrier molecules in the thylakoid membranes. These excited electrons then pass, like dancing partners, from one carrier molecule to another, gradually losing energy, until each one finally comes to rest, replacing an electron in the dual photosystem (PSI). But this leaves PSII molecules deficient in electrons, which causes them to remove electrons, via their manganese ions, from water molecules, stripping them into hydrogen ions and oxygen atoms and loose electrons. The oxygen atoms pair-off as molecules of oxygen gas, which is what we breathe. The hydrogen ions accumulate inside the thylakoid bag, where they are used by the plant, in conjunction with ATP (adenosine triphosphate) and NADPH (nicotinamide adenine dinucleotide phosphate) molecules, to manufacture sugar, while the loose electrons resupply the PSII assemblies as more sunshine comes in -- all in a neverending cycle, at speeds of thousands or millions of cycles per second. The sugar production proceeds independently, even at night, utilizing carbon dioxide molecules and spare hydrogen atoms, in the stroma, or space outside the thylakoids.

Chlorophyll plants are based on one dazzling little engine. If there is a God, I have to congratulate Her. Too bad that nicotine is essential to the process; tobacco is hardly the work of a devil, from this perspective. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Jehovah's Witnesses, heh.



Chapter 40. Black Days for Germany

As many feared, some in Germany found the new world order hard to accept, seized the opportunity to return to a new form of white supremacist fascism, and formed a dangerous movement threatening world stability. Refugees were harassed, attacked, assaulted, threatened; marches were

held, fighting pitched battles with the authorities; strikes crippled industry, as workers refused to "work for inferior races". Germany, never declaring alliance with the anti-war effort, nor declaring against it, now was in danger of revolution, or at least anarchy, with no powerful Soviet state on its eastern flank anymore, nor adequate powers on the western flank, with the anti-war draining them off to fight in distant lands. For a short while, many in America grew nervous, and the anti-war paused to catch its breath, to put it delicately.

The response was not immediate, but when it came it was overwhelming. All the superstates cut off economic aid, ended diplomatic relations, and isolated Germany, until its own leaders were forced to use their military and police to crack down on the New Germany movement, and execute or imprison its leaders, and punish shirkers, strikers, marchers, anybody threatening the peace.

The military crackdown was messy, and plagued by cries of hypocrisy in the violation of their "civil rights", and took over a year, finally declaring victory in 2051. Some groups of "Aryans" actually committed group suicide after engaging in joyous orgies rather than accept life in a Germany forever a mere state in a OWG rather than the "Mutterland" that once had ambitions of ruling the world through its "master race". Most of those, with other Germans who opted to stay alive, started "pure Aryan sperm and egg banks", causing another controversy, and ending with government confiscation, but not destruction, of the stocks.

Personal Log:

My mind goes back to the Day in 1999. The two bad boys were fans of Nazi Germany and German neo-Nazi technorock. Even when Germany itself was officially anti-Nazi, the land produced the same old vibes, usually among the teenagers, who grew increasingly violent with each generation all through the 20th century. Back then neo-Nazis would shave their heads and become "skinheads" as a kind of badge of solidarity, even though they soon drew imitators from every race, who made a joke out of their "Aryan purity", and disgust with homosexuality. If I had been ten years older,

I might have been a skinhead in Colorado during the 1980s, who knows; it was considered "cool", and teenage and twentysomething gathering places around Colorado were crawling with them sometimes. The skinhead look was even adopted by big rock music stars like Cyndi Lauper and, if I remember right, even Cher and Madonna (if you want to call Cher a big star; she was counted out a million times but kept making comebacks, like a cat with a lot more than nine lives.)

Even more incomprehensible, in retrospect, was the stunning popularity of real Nazism with seemingly everybody. It was like a fixation: movies and books about Adolf Hitler's life, the Nazi Party and its glory days, etc. Even the ultimate American entertainment export, Star Wars, featured a clone of the Nazis, with the evil Lord Darth Vader and his stormtroopers; even though Vader ultimately converted "to the good side of the Force", his evil days were glorified to the point that it seemed more cool to be a bad guy than a good guy to a lot of fans (worse, it painted Naziism as some kind of galactic inevitability, not just an isolated, quirky, nutso movement in one small corner of Earth once). I suppose teenagers, alienated as they were, and being preprogrammed to admire the Nazis as the ultimate bad guys, couldn't help but want to emulate them, to get attention if not acceptance by adults as "arriving on the stage of history".

In actual practice, few Americans, skinhead or not, could have lasted a day in the real Nazi Germany: the regimentation and authoritarianism would have turned these self-absorbed individualists completely off, as would the narrowmindedness of the German soldier-robot class. After the marching, songs, and steins of beer and free smokes, the skinheads would have wanted to get out of there, and when they tried, probably ended up arrested and in concentration camps singing the blues with the Jews and Jehovah's Witnesses; probably they would have been classed with gypsies and homosexuals and targeted for the gas chambers, their preshaved heads saving the Germans the expense, and moving them in front of the line to the smokestacks.

Go figure. A lot of teenagers in America at that time

simply left home, often with the active encouragement of their parents (or single parent most likely), and lived on the streets, and that was their first chance to face day-to-day survival, forcing most to band together in gangs or herds, with the skinhead gangs always ready to welcome them; therefore, I don't hold it against them really, and have met many former skinheads who became devoted to Prophett and did just as much as I did in the name of Love to bring the world full Nazi-free peace.

My dad once told me of a short trip he had made once to Seattle in hopes of finding a better (decent) job with the Boeing Aircraft Company (once, in China, I had mentioned the name Boeing to a Chinese guy, and he said that in Chinese the word suggested something really neat and cool, but he never told me what). Before returning, he had wandered to the waterfront, around the Farmer's Market and the ferries, where they had rows of "adult peep palaces". Going in, he found himself in a booth with a trap door that, if he inserted money, opened up, revealing a live nude woman, who he said was a beautiful young white skinhead girl, pointing to a telephone on his side, while holding the receiver for her phone to her face. Picking it up, she asked him how much money he had, and when he told her sixty dollars (all he had), she told him that for that amount she'd "get really dirty with him", and that he could whip out his organ and masturbate while she masturbated with her organ pressed up close to the glass in front of him. He suddenly grew sorry for telling her he had that much money, when he needed most of it just to get home without starving, so he put in ten dollars, and soon "the most beautiful, juicy, shaved skinhead vagina he had ever seen in his life" aimed at him, while she circled her clit and vulva with her fingers in a rhythmic motion. This so aroused him that he pulled his own out and began masturbating "like a boy", when, all of a sudden, a young skinhead man, also white, walked into the booth with him, and asked if he could blow him. He was so aroused that he consented, while talking to the skinhead girl and trying to talk her into meeting him outside later, where he swore he would "take her away from there" and marry her and give her a better life.

He was not a homosexual, and said that he didn't want me

telling anybody else about this experience, but "that was the best BJ I ever had", and when it was over he hung around the parlor for hours hoping to see her leave so he could proposition her. She never did, and it became time to get to the bus station, so he left and never saw her again. It occurred to him later, he said, that both skinheads were working together, and were white racists, just milking a black man for his hard-earned money. "Even Aryan racists know that we black men have the best sweetmeat, and will kiss it, but will never allow their white women to breed with us."

Such was the world I was born into, heh. At the same time, we were living in Littleton, Colorado, an upper middle class white enclave outside Denver where few other blacks could afford the real estate prices; how he got the money to pay for our house, and in cash too, I never found out, but knowing him, it could have been anything from drug running to pimping to holding up a string of banks -- at least he never got arrested for it and that was all I cared to know. Paying for taxes, water, repairs, groceries, and so on -- that absorbed all his meager paychecks, so I was the poorest little rich boy in my school, or the richest little poor boy, whatever, all the way through college. Considering how blacks were oppressed for centuries in America, we naturally all had a different attitude towards crime, the law, and the "pigs" than white people, and I guess I still have it, although America is no longer racist or oppressing anybody, and I love authority now, and even worked for a world police force myself.

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Chapter 41. Triumph in the Balkans and Russia

Personal Log:

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Chapter 42. Triumph in Mesopotamia and North Africa

One of the most celebrated technological triumphs in Africa proved to be an ancient plant, bamboo. In Africa alone there used to be 1500 varieties of it, and, before it was cut down extensively to make way for soon-sterile farmland, it was used for construction (possessing a higher tensile strength than steel, bamboo buildings can last well over a century), piping, fuel, and food (bamboo shoots). It reaches maturity in only five years.

Personal Log:



Chapter 43. Triumph in Central and South America

The South-Central American superstate held out, with a relatively unified central military command, through early 2052, when the capitulation of Argentina made their position untenable, then suddenly initiated overtures for surrender, complete with elaborate proposals of amnesty and benefits for the authorities. These being accepted, with certain modifications (although, as it later turned out, the military was on the verge of collapse, and America could have dictated its own terms), the surrender was accomplished smoothly, a new democratic government elected in its place, and a referendum for the Southern superstate to unite with the Northern scheduled for late 2052, in parallel with a referendum in the North.

Personal Log:



Chapter 44. Triumph in Indochina

The allied scientific establishment saved the day in Indochina with their solar power and their jungle tree

power. The former refers to conversion of sun energy to electrical, and the latter to conversion of jungle trees to liquid fuel to replace petroleum. Faced with a new lifestyle, where everybody could enjoy air conditioning, cheap non-polluting transportation, and abundant food, the remaining pockets of (by now mainly tribal) military opposition were mopped up, and the Development Corps finished making Indochina over as a single superstate in the new OWG, with mass electronic communications and free press undergirding free democratic elections of an entirely new generation of political leaders, sympathetic to America, Prohett, and OWG.

Personal Log:

My sister Beverly Fredericks returned to Vietnam during the anti-war, and so I have plenty of relatives there now. With commercial low-orbit spaceliner service available at reasonable cost, we could and did visit each other regularly for years. Now I'm just too old, I guess. My hometown of Denver, Colorado was always friendly to the Vietnamese, and after the Vietnam War ended in the mid 1970s several thousand migrated here, and set up a network of Vietnamese and Chinese restaurants, groceries, and other businesses, that, ironically, my dad would never patronize, nor allow me to, from a lingering resentment of the war. And all that time he had a kid in Vietnam that he abandoned. Now Colorado has more Vietnamese than any other region of America, although they are racemixing beautifully and it's not as if we're a little Saigon or little Hanoi here, far from it.

Colorado was, since the 1970s at least, one of the most liberal states towards racemixing, and I saw more black-white racemixing while growing up than Carla did (she was originally from San Bernardino, California).

Indeed, when she moved to Colorado, and saw it going on all around her, she didn't want anything else, and that's basically how she ended up throwing herself at me, and starting a lifetime love affair of ebony and ivory producing 88 keys and a whole lot of great music (that was a reference to an oldy moldy rock song called "Ebony and Ivory", by the

white ex-Beatle Paul McCartney and the black -- in name only, sometimes people thought -- crossover rock idol Michael Jackson; I know that kind of music is considered corny now and dates me as a fossil.)

What is the definition of a perfect world? One where things take care of themselves. People are imperfect, but when they unite as one worldwide, the OWG can be. Maybe our perfect world can't last forever, only a few billion years, but in the meantime, excuse me while I kiss my little hologram of Prophett and thank Him for it.



Chapter 45. The Defeat of New Germany in the West

The victory over neo-Nazism in Germany was marred by a nasty surprise. An underground movement calling itself New Germany began, in 2051, to issue ultimatums, calling for all non-Germans and non-German forces to pull out of Germany, or suffer a terrorist war "that will drown the world in your mongrel blood." This movement was almost impossible to ferret-out, as all its members vowed a Mafia-style 'Omerta' or code of silence, and posed as normal people (even pro-American Prophett enthusiasts) as a cover story; the only clue investigators had was that the movement would never accept anybody who was not 'pure Aryan'. Rumors that buried Nazi gold from WWII were laid open and utilized by sons of dead Nazis were never confirmed, but there was considerable financing available to the rebels from somewhere that could never be traced, and it was compounded by a hacker and forgery ring that tested world computer security as never before. In contrast to revolutionary movements of the past, though, this one didn't finance itself by trafficking in illegal drugs.

On April 20, 2052, in apparent commemoration of Adolf Hitler's birthday, a hydrogen bomb team was discovered and apprehended, outside the United Nations building in New York City, within minutes of detonation; they had all been surgically altered to appear as Semitic-looking Jews, and all committed suicide before they could be questioned.

Simultaneously, another hydrogen bomb did explode in the United Nations headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, killing half a million people instantly, and obliterating all the buildings used originally by the League of Nations, and taken over by the United Nations, among others.

Again, at the same time, yet another hydrogen bomb detonated in Rome, obliterating Vatican City along with the entire metropolis, and killing twenty million more people, along with the Pope and a major portion of the Church hierarchy, as well as destroying priceless treasures of culture and history: the Pope, a native African, the first of his kind, had been a sore point with them.

But this was not all: a final hydrogen bomb exploded in Moscow, flattening the city and killing over fifty million people immediately. It was sticky going for the burgeoning OWG to deal with the mad Russians, and only after the now-fabled "Sixty Hours of Diplomacy" was a nuclear retaliation on Germany by Russia avoided. Within six months, the total death toll was over six hundred million from all causes, including radiation poisoning, disease, starvation, and lawlessness -- the greatest single loss of AWWI, responsible for prolonging it a full year, not counting the mop-up operations, which are still going on today.

The German government immediately disavowed knowledge of the action of the terrorists, but, as this was not enough, it resigned and let the country come under U.N. occupation within a week, but not before another bomb, this time a "dirty" hydrogen type, exploded in Berlin, Hitler's planned Thousand Year World Capital, making it into a dead city, not to be entered again for hundreds of years: Jewish Zionist terrorists were suspected, but never proven.

There was said to be a zero tolerance of fascist views or even expressions by the German government after that, and the rest of the world readmitted Germany to the OWG, in its old place in the USE, after occupation ended (in 2088). Now, all atomic weapons are banned worldwide, and, after the remaining stockpile was destroyed under OWG supervision, only a tiny store remain, under tight control, to be used

only for regional pacification, and hopefully, never.

Personal Log:

There was always something different about the Germans. Even in the last millennium, back between the 12th and 18th centuries, when the Catholic Church sanctioned witch hunts and witch burning, Germany was at the vanguard, burning the greatest number of any country (France and Britain following behind). (An edict published in 1484 by Pope Innocent VIII greatly escalated witch hunting -- get the irony of that name; Pope John Paul II called, in 1994, over 500 years too late, for the Church to "examine its historical conscience" resulting in commissions being formed to consider whether to "pardon" people burned alive as witches. I'm sure that made up for it; no wonder ex-Catholics make the most militant atheists).

Setting off hydrogen bombs is just their latest attempt at burning witches. The neo-Nazis consider happy, peaceful, racemixing humans not of their sub-breed to be in the service of the Devil, that is, witches, and subject to immediate judgement by fire. They of course are the self-appointed judges; their 'racial purity' gives them that right, they probably think. (I can't see how racism is even compatible with Theism; it takes a pure atheist to believe that races evolved from blind struggle with Nature, and that the struggle must continue for the good of humanity -- even though, by definition, people born of such a blind struggle couldn't and shouldn't give a fig for any such abstract concept as humanity; rather, if they have evolved to that point, they'd want to keep going, and that means what? Prophett? Scratch that line of thought, heh heh. To argue that God made the races so that some should rule others, is just begging the question, since if God meant anybody but Himself to rule, He wouldn't be worthy of the name; and, as ruler, He couldn't much be impressed by our own pitiful distinctions, could He?) They just can't stand seeing the world flip-flop from almost being run by their dear Adolf Hitler to being run by 'mongrels', who just happened to kick his butt in a fair fight, and win the world over permanently by reason and persuasion, and genuine love. Sore losers.

The idea of racism seems to have been born and nurtured in Germany, and still be alive today, sorry to say, although buried below the surface by the world's disapproval and even outrage. (Outrage is too mild a word: not even the Aryan racists believe they can openly preach such hate and not have to fight an all-out war to prove it right or wrong, and so test such a claim to superiority by fire -- so, world peace is tantamount to their total extermination, if you grant that they can't win. Maybe Germany should have been exterminated after WWII, for the world's good.) But nobody can force somebody's heart and mind to change, and even Germans have international rights, so if they don't want to go with the program, that's unfortunate, but it's their right, as long as they don't try to stop anybody else from going with the program, and don't let anybody catch them preaching those heinous ideas, which are not protected by the international right to freedom of speech, anymore than shouting fire in a crowded theater would be.

Speech. The very language the Germans speak seems rigged for hate, its guttural intonations sounding like insults or curses, even when unintended. Maybe their language made them into racists. French, in contrast, is incompatible with racism, every smooth, cooing syllable resounding of love, sex, ou la la cunny and oui oui fellatio. Japanese is a language of sparse beauty, just like their haiku, their flower arranging, etc. It lends to martial arts and warrior class societies because it has a second language superimposed on the first, a language of severity, haughtiness, command -- of a defense of 'face' with a samurai sword; indeed, one sublanguage was originally for the subservient women, one for the superior men, and it evolved into a complicated 'politeness' system, with several ways to address a person depending on who you were and who they were. The English language, by the time of Shakespeare, was adept at stealing words from other languages, and integrating them in a bizarre spelling system, under grammatical rules that gloried in quirkiness, creating in effect a separate language for the literate, allowing, in principle, the literate to become a royalty over the illiterate; Cockney English was a noble attempt at making being low-class into a royalty of sorts. American

English went on to keep those traditions, eventually making the language a way to make the Yankee businessman a royalty over the non-businessman (especially those born to hereditary wealth, or the idle and lazy), but finally evolving to our OWG language that expresses the spirit of the melting pot, and equality, and modern technology and commerce, all at the same time. Funny how French, a language suited to cunnilingists, was also the premier language for legal analysis: is this because the negotiations between potential sex partners, and what the rules should be, were the basis of all civil and criminal law itself? At least American English has a large dose of French in it, and as such serves the world legal system well now.

In short, did the languages make the peoples' character, or vice-versa? It's probably already been figured out by the scientists, and I'm too lazy to research it now. Why do most demagogues, who build their power base by giving public speeches, have high pitched, whiny voices? Adolf Hitler, for instance. William Clinton. Franklin Delano Roosevelt. That German language in Hitler's mustached mouth sounds like one long "I hate your guts and want to kill you" song without music. It is kind of a parody on "I love you and want to eat your pussy", with the little mustache, that many women would love as a tickler, there to rub it in. Hitler's old recorded speeches are a chant, a mindless sing-song, only pretending to have a surface structure of reason and logic. There is nothing to it but unreasoning hate of people for being different, for not being as 'pure' as you are, trying to work up a group funk and go out and kill without being charged for murder.

What does it mean to be pure? Ever since scientists discovered DNA, the word 'pure' has no meaning with respect to human traits. There is no pure 'substance' that makes up our souls, that can be 'polluted', or 'mongrelized', like, say, gold or silver can. (Sometimes I think the Hitlerians are not really racists, but colorists, worshipping golden colored hair and blue eyes so much that, in actual practice, they'll take quite a range of skin hues with it and still be happy. Yet, the land with the most blue eyes and blonde hairs, namely, Scandinavia, has not seen the virulent racism

of Germany, perhaps because their languages are just too plain friendly to play host to hate talk easily.) DNA is just a program, consisting of huge numbers of instructions to manufacture a person, that consists of active and inactive (recessive) subroutines, and contains far more information than is needed to create just one person. When humans interbreed, their genetic codes split half-and-half, and produce new embryos that are capable of separate life eventually. There is no 'impurification' going on, just recombination, in perfect synchronization, down to the last gene. Perfect, not impure.

One day the government may bank all unique human genes, and decide by some kind of democratic process what pool new embryos will be created from. Wouldn't it be ironic that, when it comes time to make what Hitler would have called "pure Aryans", the government will balk, for fear that little Hitlers may result; thus, Hitler's own crimes will lead to his beloved 'Aryan race' being kept locked up in gene form in some kind of vault? Would serve them right, I suppose, although I wouldn't want to be the one who was even partially responsible for such a decision.

It will be long after I'm gone that such decisions will even have to be made, luckily for me. Not that unrepentant neo-Nazis, even a thousand years from now, wouldn't seek to clone a billion Adolf Hitlers at one time, and see if they could win this time. The Nazi view of the world is at least clear if outrageous: put all the bad genies back in the bottle no matter the cost.

In the meantime, I hope Germany undergoes a change of heart, and shows itself reformed, repentant, and desirous of catching up with the 22nd century, before it is left behind in the wake of progress, and becomes the most backward place on Earth, forever crying over spilled milk.

Speaking of Germany as a backward place, my dad used to tell me stories that his dad passed on to him, about his experiences as a GI in WWII, and after that, in the Allied occupation of Germany, including the Berlin Airlift. It seems that the Americans, eager to rebuild Germany after it was de-Nazified, shipped in huge quantities of bulk

foodstuffs, which the starving Germans had no choice but to eat. One product that the Americans laid on particularly thick was peanut butter, which Germans just hated. When news leaked that they detested it, even more was sent (one thing Italians just loved was fruit cocktail, which they paid high prices even well after the war). When a Georgia peanut farmer by the name of James Earl Carter became the American President in the 1970s, grandpa would slap his knee and laugh about "sticking the peanuts to the Krauts", or something like that, my dad told me (I wasn't born yet). At the same time, I think it was the same President, or maybe the next one, but there was a huge surplus of peanuts in America, and the government authorized huge quantities to be distributed free to the poor. My grandpa, my dad, my whole family, just loved our free peanut butter, and our "Reagan cheese", another wholesome American invention (pasteurized process cheese): I guess that is because peanuts originally came from Africa, and cheese from the moon (just kidding).

Now that I think about it, someone once told me that an American breakfast of bacon and eggs and toast all came originally from jungles in Asia (pigs, fowl, wheat). How, then, did the Aryan 'race' get so 'pure', when all the 'impure races' had all the best food? Who likes _cabbage_ and _sauerkraut_ and _wild boar_ and _crabapples_ for every meal? That stuff makes the worst-smelling farts the world ever smelled -- before science eliminated that problem, that is. Maybe this is the reason that Germany didn't develop a love of oral sex, and ended up with their heads permanently stuck up their asses as a consequence. Perhaps that's why they loved standing erect, at attention, in the open, and marching -- so they wouldn't have to smell each other's big asses farting. Maybe that's the origin of the Nazi salute -- an attempt to wave away fart gas. The rest of Nazism would then follow almost automatically from this point, wouldn't it? (I'm getting old enough to say anything I want and get away with it, sorry, chuckle.)

FF

Epilogue. Pax Terra is Decreed

January 18, 2053 was the first Pax Terra day, but the world exultation was so huge that celebrations went on for six solid years, petering out only in the waning days of 2059. These six years were a catharsis for billions. Debts were forgotten, along with old grievances, and prejudices were openly renounced, along with taboos, hatreds, everything bad inside people that kept them from loving each other totally. People worldwide now enjoy what used to be called a middle class lifestyle, on a level a little lower than Americans formerly enjoyed, but improving yearly; and now everybody is middle class, and nobody wants it ever to be any other way again. Greedy people went the way of tyrants, becoming characters in games (as the Roman philosopher Seneca once said, "for greed all nature is too little").

But the celebrations didn't stop the work in solidifying the gains made, establishing a world currency and banking system, world calendar, world government and legal transaction language (American English with simplifications and expanded regional supervocabulary), world standardization of technology and education, and too many other things to mention. On October 28, 2086, two hundred years to the day after the Statue of Liberty, donated by France, was dedicated on America's shore, a new Statue of Liberty, donated by America, was dedicated on the bright side of the moon, such a huge statue that the whole world could forever see her with the unaided eye. This time, her face was designed by mathematically mixing the faces of all Americans who fought in the anti-war. It included its own continuous solar-powered transmitter that permitted computer communication with its extensive archives on AWWI, including rolls of honor.

The 22nd century now draws us forward, promising the golden age of humanity, the first time all people alive could enjoy peace and prosperity and a good government since Noah, who, as we know, messed up. Yes, humanity still fights, within the limits of the law, under conditions of peace, and the making of new legislation will never end. But humanity has come a long ways baby since the days of that venerable and primitive patriarch, and hopefully will not repeat the same mistakes.

The one remaining problem is the cryptic stance of Germany, which troubles many, along with their refusal to go with the program of racial amalgamation (it isn't mandatory by law, but voluntary compliance is expected and appreciated); recurring disturbing rumors of neo-Nazism and neo-Fascism brewing under the surface add to it. Still, the official stand of the German government is pro-OWG, and we can hope they will get over their last traces of 'master race' mentality, and join in the party, even if they missed out on the big six-year celebration in the 2050s.

In another hundred years, one hopes the historians will be looking back on the happiest, enlightened, most scientifically-managed century humanity has ever known, and the most murder-free and injustice-free to boot. I had a dream, says Martin Luther King Jr.'s ghost, and now I'm in heaven, I'm in heaven, I'm so happy I'm almost unable to speak, and have found the happiness for my people that I did seek, for which I had climbed the highest mountain peak, so let's all dance together cheek to cheek... hit it maestro! (Why am I crying? Tears of joy -- may this world never again see any other kind.)

Centuries of warfare have ended with a new siblinghood of humanity that will last, God willing, for as long as Earth itself -- at least until the first evil aliens from space show up and we have to humanize them (big grin).

Personal Log:

"The whole Earth has come to rest, and become free of disturbance. People have broken forth into singing and joyful cries." (Isaiah 14:7)

"The meek will inherit the Earth, and they will indeed find their exquisite delight in the abundance of peace." (Psalm 37:11)

The world had, in one century, leaped forward a million years, a googolplex of tears. Can you believe America was once controlled by people proudly calling themselves "Conservatives" (yes, with a capital C), people who wanted

to make sure nothing changed even while everything was, and couldn't be stopped from it? They wanted the solution to the world's pain to never come to pass: they wanted "races" to be fixed by God as immutably as He fixed the species of animals, so that they could forever go, two by two, into an Ark that never left port, one that had no water to float in, amidst a crowd of people that didn't, couldn't fit into their self-made plans, because God had made them inferior, had made human garbage. To make their false Arks, they invented organized religions, caste systems, "republican forms of government", and a million other snares, to rope 'their kind' in, and others out. The more unrealistic the false breed the ruling class consisted of, the more oppressive the measures society took to keep interbreeding from rocking the boat.

If they had been able to look into a crystal ball and see how it did come out, saw billions suddenly have the veils lifted from their faces, see the truth, decide to get it over with, and racemix like there was no tomorrow worth seeing until it was complete; to get on with it, to get the issue past us. Funny how racists would say God had made the races, which it was actually hate that made them, every day, accumulated over the millennia. No, God made no races, and the rest was garbage.

And not just mix our genes up, but mix it all up, spinning the spinner on the wheel of fortune to give everybody an equal turn this time, regardless of the past: places of residence, property, material things they used to have a stake in, that now seemed more like a stake in their hearts.

What would they have done?

I don't know. But I do know that if I could undo the last century, since the Day in 1999, I wouldn't.

Would you?

I do know that if a universal mixed race OWG hadn't been brought to us by Prophett, humanity would have invented one: it buys us all time, mucho mucho tiempo, to haggle about the details, such as whether He was really Christ, and whether

we are really saved. At least we found the kingdom of God within ourselves, after all (read that again).

Some people still question why the world has to go to one language, one way of reckoning dates and time, one set of scientific weights and measures, and so on. I guess the story of the Tower of Babel, which occurred in the Bible after the Flood, and caused the very dispersion of humanity along with a "confusion of tongues", is seen as something good to them. Reality will set into everybody who tries to purge themselves of prejudice. The human brain has a large proportion of its neurons devoted solely to the processing of language; think of the enormous savings in all communications if all people spoke the same language. Even trying to keep one's 'indigenous' language, while learning American as a second language, is doomed to trouble. For example, before it became totally automated, more than one airliner crash has been traced to human air-traffic controllers and pilots, using American as the standard aviation language, confusing each other with poor language skills: the world's worst aircraft disaster to that time (1977) was traced to a Dutch pilot mangling his American English in radio communication with Tenerife, Canary Islands air-traffic controllers. Likewise, the 1996 mid-air collision near Delhi, India, in which 349 died.

Did we, in losing ourselves, find ourselves? Did we gain the whole world to find our soul? Did we deny our humanity, or affirm it? Did we make an image out of ourselves out of cake, put it on a plate, scramble it up, and eat it? Did we all take up our own little crosses and follow Christ? Did we finally realize what Satan was, our wicked imagination keeping us from loving ourselves enough to love each other? There's no greater love than when a person gives his life for another, like John Elway on the Colorado gridiron, facing a later life wracked with pain just to win ballgames, finally telling his fans, "I love you!" and playing no more, his work on gridirons done; only that was a silly kids' game, and the real work remained to be done.

Someone told me once that men, when it comes to love, are LIFO -- last in, first out. Women are FIFO -- first in,

first out. But when two people find each other young and spend their lives together, they'll never know it. I know that I'm "imprinted" on Carla, like a chick on its mother. Having sex with others would perhaps help relieve sexual tension, or momentarily assuage loneliness, or even lead to lasting love -- but Carla, when she came into my heart, locked it forever, and threw away the key; and only sex with her 'fulfills the true me'.

Other people cannot get that deep in me, no matter what they do, for there is only room for one, for her. Still, I believe that if I had died and she had still been young, she would have found another, and he would have displaced me in her heart; maybe it has something to do with the survival of the species, or the mothering instinct. If we had lived to see only the age of 70, that's how it would have ended up written in the Book of Life. But the new, improved, longer lifespans gave our last years a twist.

Pax Terra brought an end to both our careers in journalism, with almost half a century of end-game living, as they call it now, ahead. People had beaten their swords into plowshares, and given even them to robots (are these the angels the Bible talked about?), leaving them free to really live, which means, to love and be loved.

They used to call it retirement, but that term became politically incorrect, it being traced to Wilhelm Kaiser, who thought of retirement as a way to basically pay off the old people, and get them out of the way; as did FDR, by the way, who wanted them to get out of the factories, and let younger, faster people man the Ford and other assembly lines, using their higher productivity to pay the older people to not work. Until the end of the 20th century, everybody was raised with the unquestioned dream of 'retiring', although when they actually did it, they found they did not look or feel as old as they thought they would, and did not enjoy the aimless new lifestyle of play as much as they thought they would. Now, they discovered that their real aim was love, free of the genetic burden of having children.

So now they call it end-game living, and with the new OWG in

place, and most of humanity out of poverty and ignorance, and out of the shadow of oppressive regimes, there was still much work for volunteers to fill up the cracks in our perfect world for years; but even that required less and less old people, forcing us to take lovemaking seriously as never before.

It just happened that AWWI ended about the time that Carla and I were finding it hard, if not impossible, to make love anymore. Age had taken its toll, along with my hereditary predisposition to have prostrate problems, sickle cell anemia problems, heart problems, back problems -- too many to list. Medical advances were fantastic, but it was no secret that my desire for her was waning, as was her desire for me -- humans were just not built for more than fifty years of marriage, sorry.

I finally found her having a secret affair with a much younger man, in his forties, and promptly sought out and found a woman only nineteen years old, and to my surprise, she said she'd go on a trip to Cancun with me, to have a week of sex. That week I discovered that old adage, "If you are getting too old to cut the mustard, you can still lick the jar." In short, I ate her instead of having intercourse with her. She responded by admitting she was really a lesbian, but since I was black, and a "war hero", she wanted to have my child, before a whiter man talked her into it.

She was, as always, my cup of tea, blonde haired and pale skinned, although some of her grandparents were as black as I was. She thought of herself as 'too white', and I as 'too black', so she wanted to split the difference, so to speak. When I just ate her, she surprised me by responding vigorously to it, so vigorously I knew it wasn't a new experience with her, and that's when she broke down and told me that she had always been attracted to women, and had been eaten thousands of times by girlfriends, including some of her sisters and cousins, and ate them and like it more than intercourse with men. I had to admit to her that my old tired mouth was just not up to her voluptuous needs, and we parted friends, but I later saw her with three mixed-race children, arm-in-arm with a mixed-race woman, happily married; she had contented herself with samples of my sperm,

which she put to good use. Don't ask me how sperm from a fossil my age could even spark a tadpole, but, as the tin-eared Austrian Emperor Joseph II would say in that old movie Amadeus, "there it is".

Carla, however, didn't have the same equipment problems I had, and neither did her boyfriend. She separated from me for six years, living with him, and that's when I first knew the pain of loneliness, even in a world with billions of people and unlimited opportunities for interaction. It made a man out of me more than even the wars I was in. I had been using her to hide the fragile child in me. It had been noted by the sages that humanity was headed towards increasing homosexuality and lesbianism, and some even predicted that lesbians would eventually take over the world and phase men out completely, but now it made sense to me completely, since there was no more war, and war was just exactly what men had been bred for (including the causes of war, the need to fight for everything, from food to territory to 'truth' to 'racial purity'). So, if war was obsolete, so, logically, would men be; or at least, they are on trial now as never before.

Didn't the Homeric wars start over a woman? For some reason, wars and heterosexual sex were forever tied in a Chinese knot, one that could not be untied without losing both ends in the middle. Having lived in a war with and without war, I say, I'd rather live in the one without war myself: there's no comparison; I'd fight to switch.

Before reuniting with Carla, I finally admitted my homosexual tendencies and met and had sex with several men, some as young as sixteen. For some happy reason, my virility returned with them, as did the vigor of my tired old mouth, perhaps because an entire side of my brain had lain dormant and unused, like a gasoline-powered car up on blocks in a museum, and I knew the springtime of love all over again. Maybe the little boy in me, no longer hidden, was free to love other boys, and eventually, men. Even then, I was not truly homosexual, since in three or four years I'd gotten my fill of it, and have been heterosexual ever since, even more appreciative to Carla for taking me back. Once, in the summer of 2062 (the last before

reunion), I fulfilled a lifelong fantasy by having sex in public with the grandson of... Can you guess? Charlton Heston. He had quite a gun on him...

As to my old friends the Jehovah's Witnesses, they sat the war out in detention camps, returning to the changed world as if nothing had happened, because, to their way of thinking, nothing had. Until Jesus Christ and his angels came out of the sky and destroyed all the wicked, and instituted a supernatural OWG, anything humanity did to create his own OWG was perhaps nice, but ultimately futile, they think, so they opted out of the new OWG too.

I once woke up escaping from a strong dream based on the Star Wars movie saga. I dreamed that Earth was the object of a Star Wars attack, with the Darth Vader figure leading wave after wave of stormtroopers onto our beautiful planet, killing every person in their way like vermin. The Earth staged a valiant defense, but it was unsuccessful, and people across all conceivable religions, beliefs, ethnic origins, and social distinctions were being destroyed, including the Jehovah's Witnesses.

When it seemed that humanity was lost, Darth Vader took off his helmet and spacesuit to talk to the remainder, and surprised me by wearing a long flowing robe underneath, with long hair and a beard. He was beautiful, and very white, Jewish. He was Jesus Christ, and had come to judge the world. He found that nobody was worth saving, and was determined to kill us all, except a tiny number. All the hell that Christian sects and denominations and their priesthoods had given humanity for thousands of years, in the name of being saved, was all for naught. Jesus Christ destroyed them all. They knew not the real Jesus Christ. They were not saved. Jesus Christ was not a pacifist. He kicked the bad angels' butts out of Heaven, and was now kicking the bad peoples' butts off of Earth.

I was amazed, angered, and saddened by this dream, brought on, no doubt, by my experience with the JWs. I wondered if I'd be next, as Jesus Christ resumed His war. But I went back to sleep anyway, curious to see how it would come out, and reassured that it was not real, only a dream. Somehow,

the timing didn't seem right; it seemed to be happening in the past, around the turn of the Millennium, instead of now.

Jesus Christ had put His spacesuit back on, leaving only the dark helmet off, in His hands. He looked one last time at humanity below Him, as if to say goodbye.

He then stopped cold when He saw young Prophett, saw into His heart and mind, and foresaw the future OWG that would be instituted in His name. Jesus Christ then told His angels to get back in their ships and return to Heaven, after undoing all they had done, because it was all okay now, the world was in good hands.

THE END

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Editor's Note:

This work was left unfinished at Noah Atwood's death on April 20, 2099, by consensual euthanasia, at the age of 117. Always quite healthy until early 2099, he suddenly took ill, and his work ground to a halt. Although quite incomplete, the fact that it was written by a veteran of the war, with a vital and universal personal perspective, as well as the fact that it had a personal log hypertext (which he may or may not have intended for the public, but we think he wouldn't mind, and his family has approved its publication), makes the entire work so interesting and important that it is being published herewith, just as he left it, in its entirety. Noah Atwood was a man of two great cities, or really, centuries, and he is surely awaiting possible resurrection, by spiritual or scientific means, by God or by man -- either way, with a smile on his face: a face that throws far more light than it merely reflects.

-- T.G.V., editor

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