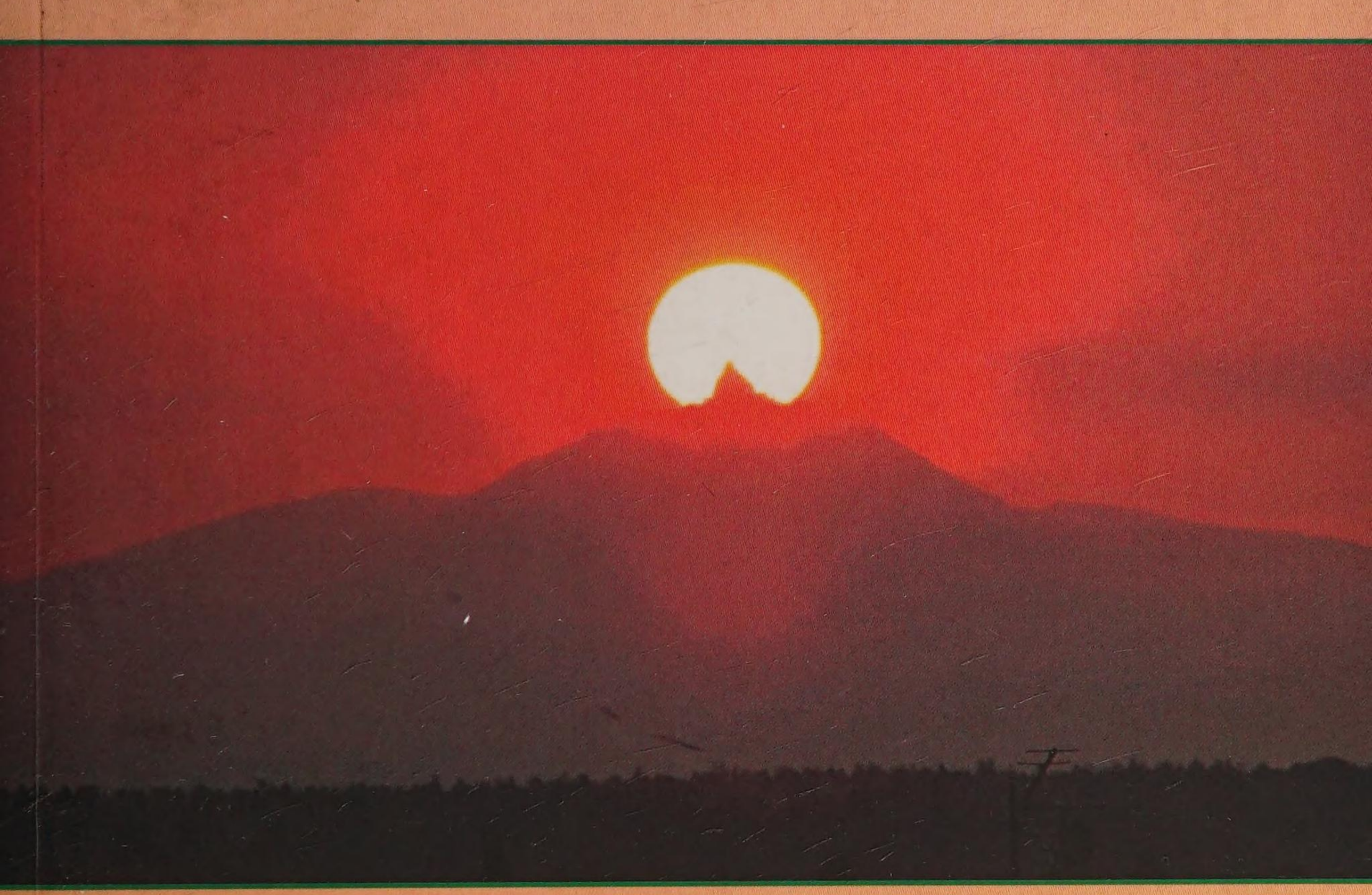
Missionaries from Outer Space



Donangelo

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Missionaries from Outer Space

Missionaries from Outer Space

Donangelo
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to Ava Grace, Luca Stephanie Jean,
and all our children's children's children

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CHAPTER 1

Landing

At exactly 12 noon Eastern Daylight Time on Wednesday, all television screens on Planet Earth went blank, quickly replaced by a pleasant tho unfamiliar fanfare of electronic music and a view of a classic flying saucer, no windows, ports, or protuberances interrupting its smooth lines. As the music climaxes, this image is replaced by the head and shoulders of a young man who looks to be from the Indian subcontinent, black hair combed back with a bit of a wave, swarthy skin, brown eyes, a very high forehead, and an engaging smile. Later analysis shows that he is speaking English, altho it is automatically translated, seemingly in his own voice, to all major countries.

"Hi! *Rassataybas*! I'm Keniston from the planet Durva in a star system more than 120 light-years from Earth. I'm currently on your moon with my partner Barbara and our daughter Ava." The image switches to an attractive young woman, with yellowish skin and blond wavy hair which seems curiously out of place. It slightly parts in the middle so that it frames her face and reaches almost to her shoulders. She has rather small brown eyes with no epicanthic fold, very high cheekbones, and a small but somehow voluptuous mouth. Then a child appears missing her two front teeth, with brown hair and tan skin, sparkling blue eyes and an impish mouth.

"You can find us at coordinates 0.8° N, 23.5° E in the middle of the Sea of Tranquility," Keniston continues. "We are ambassadors for the Sector Federation of sixty-seven planets. We are also missionaries coming in love and peace, and concerned for your felicitous survival, offering you whatever we can from a civilization perhaps 600 years more advanced than yours. We ask permission to land on your planet at precisely noon this coming Friday, April 20. We apologize to all the countries where we do not propose

to land. We are just one vessel and cannot land everywhere. We choose the United States of America as the country which seems to have the most influence. Our preference is for a public space in Washington DC, on the National Mall between the Washington Monument and 17th Street SW. Our spacecraft is about 100 feet in diameter, so we're asking you to clear a space 150 feet in diameter at coordinates 38°53'21.9"N, 77°02'17.9"W. It is very important that no people or pets be in that space when we land. Our craft uses the Loop Drive, so we do not need a runway and we generate no wind, dust, or other disturbance. We simply appear. We can promise you we carry no germs or bugs harmful to Earthlings, nor are your germs harmful to us. You can answer us simply by announcing on your television networks, which we easily monitor. We look forward to meeting you all. Rassavara!"

The screens go blank for a moment, and then regular programming resumes, immediately interrupted by newscasters eager to find the right spin for this momentous event. How come the aliens look like humans? Is this a hoax? Is this just a bunch of hackers from somewhere in Asia? How can we possibly trust them? What happens if we say no, they may not land? Why the National Mall? Wouldn't we be better off if they landed in some desert in Arizona? Should we call out the National Guard? Soon enough the networks display photos from various telescopes of a tiny shiny disk on the moon, and then the Hubble fills up the screens with close-ups, which show that the rim of the saucer does not slim down to a wing edge but seems very wide, later determined to be about ten feet high, when it was also observed to be flat on the bottom with six legs keeping it level.

Several hours pass before President Subornable comes on. "Greetings, fellow Americans! This is indeed a day of incalculable significance. I have consulted with my staff and members of Congress, and also with UN Secretary-General Christiano Caputo, and I believe we should welcome these visitors from outer space, from the planet Durva. It has always been the custom of the United States to welcome ambassadors from friendly countries, and the aliens have given us no reason to believe they are not friendly. We will of course be prepared for any hostility, but let us see this as a glorious opportunity to join with other life in the entire galaxy,

from whom we can undoubtedly learn a great deal. Keniston, Barbara, and Ava seem like good people, our friends and neighbors. Let us accept them with open hearts and show them the warmth and depth of the American people. I give them permission to land."

The buzz continues. Shouldn't this require a vote of Congress, altho it is almost certain that if the president proposes it, Congress will reject it? People start streaming toward Washington to see this unprecedented event, and a few scurry in the opposite direction. Behind the scenes the president asks the NSA to explore ways to eavesdrop on the space ship, and as many as 15 nuclear tipped missiles are quietly redirected to aim at the National Mall. Tanks and conventional missile batteries are quietly positioned, and the aircraft carrier MacArthur steams into Chesapeake Bay.

The excitement grows the following day, and by Friday thousands of people are assembling on the National Mall. The police cordon off the requested 150 foot circle, and then position a second cordon an additional 25 feet outside the first, with only press and dignitaries allowed in this safe area. Just outside, for the president, his cabinet, and heads of Congress, a special stand is constructed, which blocks the view for thousands gathered around the World War II Memorial.

A few seconds before noon, cameraman Adolph Apfelnuss decides the view would be better on the other side of the circle. Being an experienced newsman, he knows these events never start exactly on time, so he slips under the cordon and dashes across the landing space to reach the other side, ignoring the shouts from security. When he is halfway across, a vibration, a shimmering occurs. Suddenly his body and camera seem to blow apart in every direction and is immediately replaced by the massive flying saucer, now standing about thirty feet high, its six legs adjusting to the slight slope of the ground. The few security and other people who witnessed this catastrophe blink and mumble to one another, hardly able to believe what they have just seen. Nothing seems to remain of Apfelnuss. Where had the saucer come from? Now everything appears peaceful and proper. The President and his entourage move in from a safe distance away and take their places on the stand.

CHAPTER 2



Ava

As the crowd waits and watches, on the president's side a small platform suddenly appears and unfolds, about 6 x 9 feet and 18 inches high, standing on six legs that adjust to make it perfectly level. As if on cue, technicians immediately bring in three cordless microphones on stands and set them up on the platform, the center mike lower than the other two. Suddenly little Ava is there, four feet tall, wearing a tie dye skirt that comes down to her ankles, an embroidered peasant blouse much too large for her, and in her hair a garland, not of flowers but a twisted cord that flashes and sparkles and constantly changes colors. Ava looks at the sky and the distant Lincoln Memorial, glances at the president's stand, all the TV cameras, and all the people around the World War II Memorial and on either side of Reflection Pond. She turns and examines the Washington Monument, then stares at the Capitol building. She stretches. Then, smiling, she looks down at the grass below her.

Finally Ava gazes over the vast crowd slowly and intently, taking it all in but also radiating a vibration of lightness and love, her eyes sparkling, her breathing deep and steady. With an elfin grin, Ava raises both arms over her head in greeting, and the crowd claps and cheers. She attempts a low bow with her hands pressed together Oriental style, loses her balance, grabs frantically for a microphone stand, and rolls off the front of the platform. She gets up, shakes herself off, and ignores the mike stand. Lifting her hands over her head, she squats low, and thrusting her hands down, jumps back up onto the platform. The crowd cheers. Ava gracefully jumps off the platform, skips around it, seeming to float thru the air, and jumps back up on the platform. When she begins talking, her words seem

to come from everywhere, like perfect surround sound. She does not use a microphone.

Ava: "Sorry about that, I've never experienced gravity this heavy. Gotta get used to it. So! Rassataybas! That's a Durvan greeting and also a farewell. It means "I see your Spirit shining as I see my own." Also "I love you" and a bunch of other stuff. When one person says it, the other answers "Rassavara!" which means pretty much the same thing ... the bliss of heart and mind integrated with consciousness." She says this last as if she were listening to something inside her, hardly words a little kid would use. "So I say Rassataybas! and you answer Rassavara! Try it, it's fun!"

Again she raises both hands over her head, and says very loudly, "Rassataybas!"

The crowd weakly answers "Rassavara!"

Ava: "I've seen 3D's of leaders on Durva greeting a crowd, and when they say "rassataybas," they get a really strong enthusiastic answer. I know this is the first time you ever tried it, but let's try again and put your heart into it. Let me hear you! Rassataybas!" She raises her hands over head in the Durvan salute, palms slightly cupped, sending love vibrations out thru her hands.

"Rassavara!" the crowd roars. A few respond with the Durvan salute. This time you could see President Subornable's lips moving.

Ava: "There. Thank you! Now we've greeted one another Durvan style. Wasn't that good? I greet you from the bottom of my heart to the bottom of your hearts. We are brothers and sisters. Daddy and Mommy will explain."

Ava looks around again, focusing on the press and dignitaries, curious, self-possessed, radiating happiness. "Where are all the little girls and boys? I want the whole planet to hear this, not just a bunch of grownups. I guess it's good enuf for the kids to see it on TV, but I'd like some of them right here up front in person, get the experience first- hand. After all, this is the most important event in your entire history .... except maybe the Beatles. Ever since the first trip we've been listening to the Beatles, and we love 'em. They're so silly, such great primitive music. (singing) 'Words are flowing out like endless rain into a paper cup, they slither wildly as they

slip away across the universe…' So next time please be sure there are as many children as grownups. OK?"

President Subornable gives a faint nod. It is well known how much he and the First Lady love their little girls, but what a revolutionary request!

"I'm Ava, and I'm a little over 4 ½ in Durvan years, almost 6 in Earth years. Mommy says "Ava" is a variant of Eve, who was the first woman to step foot on earth, according to one of your religious myths. Mom and Dad thought it would be fun for the first alien to publicly step onto your planet to be a kid named Ava. That's me! Now I'd like to introduce my parents." Keniston suddenly appears on Ava's left. He looks up at the sun, the sky with a few puffy cumulus clouds, the various monuments as he turns a full circle, and the patchy grass on the ground. Again a light, happy, loving vibration streams thru the air. You could almost hear him saying "It feels good to be here." Just as Ava did, he stares intently at the crowd, his eyes moving slowly from left to right, beaming at everyone, smiling happily.

Keniston is wearing bell bottom jeans with embroidered hearts, peace signs, spirals, and flowers, and embroidered cuffs, a white shirt with long sleeves and a great embroidered rainbow across the front, a cool leather vest, and a porkpie hat festooned with pins and badges – peace, love, Jim Morrison, Grateful Dead, CSN.

"This is my dad Keniston. That's K-e-n-i-s-t-o-n. He's a beautiful wise loving man."

Barbara appears on Ava's right, a tall figure, perhaps 5'10", a few inches shorter than Keniston. She also peers at her surroundings, obviously happy to be on the ground. Again she does the love stare. "Here's my mom Barbara. B-a-r B-a-r A, (singing) B-a-r B-a-r A, B-a-r B-a-r A." Ava puts her arm around Barbara's waist. Barbara is wearing a diaphanous long skirt with large embroidered outlines of flutterbys, a frilled long sleeved pink blouse, and like Ava the sparking garland on her glowing hair. The sun is reflecting off the shiny surface of the saucer so that for much of the audience the sun's reflection is shining thru her skirt so powerfully it is almost like she isn't wearing one.

Keniston looks at the other two. They nod, smiling, and hold hands, Ava in the middle. Keniston: "Please excuse us for a moment. We need to give thanks before we can begin."

The three jump lightly off the stand, kneel down, and touch their foreheads to Mother Earth where there is ample grass and fortunately no doggie do. Then they lie face down and touch their hearts to the ground. When they stand they chant something in Durvan, much later translated as "Creator of All! Thank you for this experience and this beautiful living planet." They jump up and down, feeling the gravity, and dance to a nearby late blossoming cherry tree, which they encircle and dance around. Barbara touches the tree, admires the leaves, and puts her cheek up against the trunk. First she hugs the tree, then wraps her legs around it, sinuously, rapturously. Everyone can see this is a great gesture of love, but later Faux News reporter Fulla Comstock suggests it was a lewd gesture. Barbara asks permission of the tree and picks a small branch of cherry blossoms, for Ava and Keniston to look at and smell and appreciate. How lovely! Ava tries eating a blossom. They return, hop back on the platform, and bow deeply to the crowd. Only then do they begin to speak.

Ava: "I could feel the earth! I could feel the vibration of your Mother Earth!"

Keniston, after rubbing Ava's head, giving the Durvan salute, and then bowing with his hands clasped in front of him as in prayer: "Rassataybas!"

The crowd answers, "Rassavara!" Some in the crowd respond enthusiastically; others simply gaze intently.

Keniston: "Please accept our apologies. We have spent ten of your years crammed into about 150 square feet on the spaceship. That's how long it takes to get here from Durva, even with the Loop Drive. It feels so good to feel the ground under our feet, see the Orm, I mean the sun, and blue sky, vibrant living plants, and all you wonderful people! We're a little stir crazy from being confined for so long. We'd just like to smell the air and the flowers and breathe deep and look at horizons."

Barbara: "I wouldn't want to make any comparisons with our home planet Durva, which we certainly love a lot too, but your Earth is truly beautiful. We hope we can help you save it, and yourselves."

Keniston: "We greet you all in love and peace, with special greetings to President Subornable and all the other dignitaries assembled here and around the world. I bring greetings both from our home planet Durva and from the entire Sector Federation. As does my lovely partner Barbara." She bows in acknowledgement, hands pressed together. "First I want to say our sensors indicate we vaporized something upon landing, evidently a human. We are so sorry. Perhaps we should have warned you a second time how important it is that there be no living creatures where a spaceship is coming out of the Loop. It seems you had good security and a good understanding of the situation, so no one is to blame except the unfortunate man himself. *Neetanith prolada*, may he discover the afterlife!

"I must explain our attire. A Durvan probe scouted your planet in 1968. Among much other information, it brought back the style of the time, which I believe you would characterize as hippie. We know styles change, but in meeting you we wanted to dress in a way we thought might be most acceptable, and this is the best we could do with the information we had. We will be dressing in more current fashion as soon as we get the chance. I confess we rather like the hippie look and what it stood for."

While Keniston is talking, Ava spots a dog, a Norwegian elk hound, on a leash. This is the first dog Ava has ever seen. She leaps off the platform and runs over. She chats with the owner, who shows her how to pet the dog. She sits down on the grass next to the dog and whispers to it, pets it, sending good vibes. Pretty soon the dog is licking her face and Ava is giggling. Ava spots an ant in the grass, which the dog promptly reaches out his tongue and eats. Ava finds another one and tries it herself. It's a bit crunchy, but doesn't taste bad.

Barbara: "We also need to tell you we are not native Durvans. The probe collected a number of DNA samples from around the planet, and when it arrived home, 24 human babies were created. We grew up in two pods of 12 each, extensively educated in both Durvan and Earth culture.

Keniston and I were selected as the best representatives to come to you as Durvan ambassadors and missionaries. Thus as Ava said, we are truly your brother and sisters, humans like you."

Keniston: "Right now our daughter Ava would like to sing a song you may be familiar with, thanks to John Lodge and Justin Hayward of the Moody Blues. We've changed a few words to make it more appropriate to this occasion. This is our love song to you." Ava perks up and jumps back up onto the platform. As she sings, she is backed by a synthesized accompaniment, and her parents hum along in harmony. She has a high clear voice, surprisingly melodic.

You don't need to ask me if I'll be your friend
I am, I am.
You don't need to ask me if I'm sure my friend
I am, I am your friend, I hope you'll welcome me
I'm the one who sees through the world's disguise
takes away its cloak and I make it high, from me
I'm sending love
Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you
Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you
what can I say
you don't need to find the words to say what's in your heart

If you need a reason to begin again
I am, I am
you will find an answer at your journey's end
I am waiting there my friend
I hope you'll welcome me
I'm the one to know you when
I'm the one to call you friend
feel free, I'm sending love

Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you
Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you, what can I say
you don't need to find the words to say what's in your heart.

Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you
Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you, what can I say
you don't need to find the words to say what's in your heart.
Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you
Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you
Coming to this Earth finding you
you, you, you, you, you, you.

Ava bows, and the crowd claps and cheers. The song is so melodic and the message so clear that many are moved deeply.

Reporter, calling out: "Jackie Evancho couldn't have done it better!"

Barbara: "Over two hundred years ago Durvan scientists developed the Loop Drive, and ever since Durvans have been exploring neighboring planets and forming the Sector Federation. Despite the amazing efficiency of the Loop, it still took us ten years to travel from Durva to Planet Earth. During that time Keniston and I came to love one another very deeply. There wasn't much to do on the space ship, and only so much information about Earth that we could consume. Frankly, we got a bit bored. Keniston and I went deeper and deeper, appreciating one another, savoring one another's spirits, becoming ever more conscious of our spiritual connection. After almost three years, it came to me very strongly: what better time to have a baby! We'd be able to give the baby virtually 100% of our attention."

Ava, brightly: "It's called the Sector Federation because Durva has explored only a tiny fraction of our enormous galaxy, which you call the Milky Way. It seemed presumptuous (she stumbles a bit over the word) to call it the Galactic Federation when we don't even know what's out there. Actually, we call it *Spirandos Alovina*." (Glossary of Durvan words follows last chapter.)

Barbara: "Thank you, *bajina*. Giving birth on a space voyage is strongly discouraged because of possible complications, but I felt very healthy and had passed all the tests. I asked is this truly in tune with Spirit? I received the overwhelming message that it was. I meditated with Keniston and he got it too. Then during my ovulation we merged together in the most incredible orgasm we'd ever experienced, that went on and on, at least forty minutes, so unbelievably ecstatic. It's like the heavens were singing for joy. We knew immediately that Ava was conceived, and nine months later her lovable self emerged from my body. Ever since we have had the pleasure of cuddling her, loving her, playing with her, and guiding her education. She learned the English alphabet when she was just a little over two in your years. It was harder than the Durvan alphabet, which is 100% phonetic. We spent a lot of time dancing to your music because it's good exercise, and playing music and singing. That's how Ava developed such a good voice. I give thanks to Great Holy Mystery and Mother Durva, Mother Earth, who sustain us all."

Hearing this news, the crowd is strangely quiet, then hushed whispers.

Barbara: "Oh dear! This would be the big news at home, but you folks may not even want to hear about it. We're still confused about your moral structures around sex because on Durva we're completely open, and your practice seems very strange to us. We've always been completely open. The boys celebrated our first menstrual blood and after that we had to wait a year and a half to celebrate their first ejaculations. Then we all understood how everything works. We wanted to see what was going on and how it works before we tried out the connection."

Keniston: "You're all doing sex, but you don't think it's proper to talk about it. We Durvans find that attitude as weird as saying it's not proper to talk about food. I hope you'll forgive us. We do come from a very different perspective."

Ava, chiming in: "Oh yes! Nothing is more fun than cuddling with Mommy and Daddy when they're making love. It's such a wonderful vibration, I can feel it all thru my body."

Barbara, after a surprised pause: "I sense the shock among you. You're not used to speaking so openly about personal sexual matters, and for many of you, having a child observe love making feels like abuse. I could say the spacecraft has just one small room and there is no privacy, but that isn't the heart of the matter. Durvan culture is so very open about sex. We believe sex is a beautiful natural process, and it is to be celebrated and enjoyed, not hidden away as if it were something secret or shameful. As a matter of fact, we test tube humans were given some bonobo genes as well as human DNA so that we would be more open and friendly sexually, and thus be more in accord with Durvan culture. We even have 22% more nerve endings than you do in all the important places. You've got that awful myth about Adam and Eve eating the apple, discovering sex, and knowing shame. Excuse me, but what debilitating nonsense! Do you really think Great Holy Mystery gave us this rapturous experience so that we should hide it and pretend we're not doing it all the time? I don't mean to insult anybody, but I would invite you to look at reality. As the Beatles so aptly said, all you need is love, and that includes sexual love as well as every other kind.

"I nursed Ava till she was about 2 ½ in your years, partly because we didn't have any baby food on board. She needed to be old enough to eat our rations, which we could mash up and add some water to or I could express some milk. We have excellent nutrition, but not much for a baby. They intentionally minimized it in hopes of discouraging us from having a baby as we travel. By the way, you Earthlings, it is so important to breast feed when possible, and hold and cuddle that infant when not, because if you don't get enough cuddling early on, and enough nursing and

nurturing, you end up with a hole of anger, which so many of you have, as if it were natural, when in fact it is a product of your lack of mothering. Let me put in a good word for mothering. Your planet definitely needs more of it. Nursing is such a pleasure! How can you not want to do it?" She says this so earnestly, so pleasantly, an almost irresistible voice.

Keniston, smiling: "I'd like to add that we don't see your sexual conventions as particularly harmful, just silly, and we're not here to convert anyone to our way of handling sex. We'll do our best to conform to your customs so that we don't offend anybody. There are far more serious issues to be concerned with. I feel we're getting off on a tangent here. I apologize if we seem a little confused. It just feels so good to feel solid ground again! Perhaps it's time to wrap this up and wait until we become more accustomed to full gravity, and space to move around in. Now we'd like to meet President Subornable and other dignitaries, and then we'll come back on stage and receive questions."

Barbara: "Yes, it feels so good to be here. Just to breathe the fresh air! But I do get a slight whiff of … what would that be? Gasoline fumes?"

Reporter, shouting: "Could you tell us how Ava could jump 18 inches straight up? I've never seen a kid who could do that."

Ava: "I don't know. I just thought I could. At least I wanted to try. Comes with the body I guess."

Barbara: "Sure. We're a mixture of genes as I said, with some of our genes from bonobos, which tend to make us more loving and active sexually than you Earthlings are. But it also makes us about 8 times stronger than you are, and that's how she can jump so high. We didn't want to make any big deal of it, but we are."

Keniston: " You know that chimpanzees are ten times stronger than humans, but with the bonobo genes however they translated, we're only 8 times stronger. We weren't planning to mention this at all. We didn't want it to get in the way. But when you asked, we had to tell the truth. This is definitely not how we intended to make our introduction. We're all equal beings. Just because we're physically stronger than you, we're not unequal. Is a ten year old less equal than a twenty year old?"

With that the three aliens jump lightly off the platform and approach the president, again bowing with hands pressed together.

President Subornable: "Welcome to Planet Earth and the United States of America after such a long trip. I hope you have a pleasant and valuable visit. But tell me, I'm curious. Are you really eight times stronger than us?"

Keniston "Thank you. We hope so too. We wish you health and happiness and great success in governing this very important and beautiful country. In answer to your question, if you'd like to shake hands, we can see who can squeeze the hardest, and I'll try not to break your bones."

"Ah," says the president, "Not me! Let us have a fair competition here. Is there some strong man in the audience who would like to shake hands with Keniston?"

Several bulky men step forward and one is chosen. He reaches out his hand for the president to shake. "I can squeeze over 300 pounds," he says.

President Subornable takes his hand and immediately says, "No, No! Don't practice on me! Use your grip on him! The strongman smiles as if he did it on purpose, and giving the president a slight nod, turns to Keniston.

Keniston: "*Ryohat!* I see I've made a big show of this. I didn't intend to do that at all. It's not a big deal. I'm sorry, I don't want to do it."

Subornable: "What? When you see what you're up against, you were bluffing?"

Keniston: "Not at all. I really did not want the first thing to happen on our arrival is for me to show I'm stronger than you. Please! I just don't want to embarrass you.."

"I assure you, you will not embarrass us. This is just a friendly game."

"*Aliof!* So be it!" Keniston and the strongman proceed to test their grips and within five seconds the strongman is screaming in pain: "Stop! Stop!"

Keniston: "As I said, I didn't want to do it. We are equal beings, we are equal in Spirit, we are equal in potential, we are equal parts of Great Holy Mystery. The fact that I may be stronger than you is not relevant. I may also be enjoying somewhere between 200 and 600 more years of

civilization. That's why we're here to help you if we can. Let our transactions always be among equals! Let that be our relationship!"

Subornable, extending his hand: "I welcome that." Keniston shakes it very gently.

Keniston: "We are emissaries with full authority from our government to make treaties and a variety of agreements so that we may cooperate and be friends. We'd like to do whatever is necessary to apply officially as ambassadors, but you have to understand this is a very long range relationship, because it takes us or any message ten years to go from Durva to Earth, or Earth to Durva. So altho we are distant, we hope we can be friendly. Even at such a distance, there may be some options for trade. As a matter of fact, at this point we Durvans believe we owe you some money for copying and circulating the Beatles and various other of your music. We will be negotiating with the publishers for a suitable amount."

Barbara: "As an offering of our peace, friendship, and love, we would like to give you from the citizens of Durva this 12 caret very rare pink diamond with an indented face which your technicians are not yet able to do. It's a pendant with some smaller diamonds so the First Lady can wear it. And for all the citizens of your Mother Earth, we bring presents and delights galore, which we will very soon inform you of. The technology for making these diamonds is very advanced, even for Durva. We're still at a point where we only succeed about a third of the time, so 2/3 of the time we are destroying large diamonds to make one as perfect and beautiful and sparkling with love as this that we are giving you. May it increase the love of the entire planet, so that we may all celebrate dancing the Path of Love." The First Lady immediately tries it on, and both extend their thanks.

Ava, moving close to the president: "What's it feel like to be president of such a big country?"

The president pats Ava on the head. "Ah, little girl, it's an enormous responsibility. I have to be very sensitive to the needs and concerns not only of my constituents but for every citizen of this great country."

Ava: "Then why do you surround yourself with Wall Streeters and only pay attention to them?"

Keniston: "Please, Ava, don't ask the president questions like that. My apologies, Mr. President! She's just a kid."

Subornable: "Thank you for the question, Ava. It's a question the folks on the far left like to ask. It's not an accurate perception of the situation. I listen to everybody and do my best to help them all."

Ava: "Then how about your economic advisors and your recently appointed head of the Federal Reserve and …"

"Ava!" Barbara interrupts, kindly, not stressed. "Your father asked you to stop. Please stop! We'll explain later."

Keniston: Thank you so much Mr. President! A pleasure to meet you! We are at your service and will be happy to answer any questions you may have. We look forward to further communication."

Subornable: "Indeed! I am sure we will have many questions in the days to come. We await your specific proposals on how you hope to help us. At your convenience, I would like to tour your spacecraft."

Keniston: "I'm so sorry, Mr. President. We have strict instructions. No one is allowed inside our spacecraft. As you may have noticed, the craft has no door. We enter and exit via the Loop. Unless a person is programmed to travel the Loop, entry is impossible."

Subornable: "I'm disappointed. Perhaps sometime in the future?"

Keniston: "I would like to see that. I'll make the situation clear in the Happening we'll be giving six days from now, that would be next Thursday at noon. I'd like to invite journalists, television crews, members of Congress, and particularly scientists involved in climate change, resource extraction, horticulture, and oceanography. You of course would be very welcome, but I know you are busy and you may find it tedious. We would love to have you."

"Thank you," said the president. "Maybe I'll just be one of the kids that Ava invited. I believe I'd like to hear what you have to say. I will have the papers drawn up for your formal acceptance as ambassadors. Perhaps we could meet at the White House tomorrow at two for a signing ceremony?"

Keniston: "Yes, that would work nicely."

Subornable: "And do you have last names?"

Keniston: "It's a bit different on our planet, but it would be appropriate for our last name to be Durva – Keniston Durva, Barbara Durva, Ava Durva."

Ava: " 'Ava Durva'! I like that! I've never had a last name."

Subornable: "You want Ava to be listed as an ambassador too?"

Keniston: "Why yes, of course. On Durva children are always treated as equal to adults, we're all equal, and children participate in all walks of life. They can give valuable assistance, and that's one way they discover their interests and their callings."

Subornable: "Very well. We will make her an honorary ambassador. I look forward to our next meeting." The president offers his hand to all three, and after shaking it, the aliens return to their little stage.

On stage Keniston repeats his invitation for the "Happening," or conference, next Thursday, and then asks for questions, journalists and dignitaries first.

First Reporter: "In all seriousness, if you allow your child to watch you making love and take part in it, aren't you concerned that you are corrupting her and this really is child abuse?"

Keniston and Barbara both look at Ava. Ava: "Abuse? What abuse? All I see is love. All I experience is love. How can there be any abuse?"

Barbara: "Check your anthropology. Most indigenous people on Earth have just one bed that parents share with their children. Children grow up knowing about love making from an early age. That's what's natural, and indigenous peoples do not have the sexual hang-ups that you people do."

Keniston: "The traditional Hawaiians had an uncle or aunt introduce a teenager to sex so that they'd know how to do it right. There are no reports of psychological damage from such encounters, quite the contrary!"

First Reporter, addressing Ava: "What if an adult wanted to make love with you?

Ava: "With me? I'm a kid, I'm just a little kid. I don't think he'd fit. (giggling) Besides, he'd break my hymen and that would hurt. I'll grant you I'm curious, but I'm not interested. Mom says wait till I'm interested. After I go thru puberty, I'll be interested. I'm looking forward to it. It's

the strangest thing, being in these human bodies. Once a month I'm going to bleed, right out of my *asimya* ... out of my vagina, the way Mom does. And it's perfectly ok and healthy. How can this be? The Durvans don't have monthly periods. They go into *sharnad* ... into estrus once a year, in the fall, and if they don't conceive, which we generally don't to keep our population down, then they do bleed, but it's once a year, not every month. During estrus they have a giant ... fuckfest. People will stop strangers on the street and say 'Hey, sweetie pie! Let's get it on together' And they do! Everybody loves everybody! Of course in Durvan they don't say 'sweetie pie,' the words *ichani simyat* actually mean 'likes to fuck.'"

First reporter: "You are using the f word, which we don't consider appropriate in polite society, certainly not in front of the president of the United States."

Ava: "I don't understand why it's not an ok word on Earth. You all do it, don't you? The president and first lady do it, everybody does it. Then why isn't it ok to talk about it? Fuck fucky fuck!" Giggle!

Barbara: "Please, Ava! That's disrespectful of the president and everybody else. Values and customs are very different on Earth than they are on Durva. It would be good for you to respect that. You think you're being really funny, but under the circumstances, we are not laughing."

Keniston: "Our apologies, Mr. President, and everyone else on this beautiful planet! You are all the first people that Ava has ever met. She's never been around anybody except Barbara and me. We do our best to teach her how to behave, but obviously there are some gaps in what she has learned. Perhaps you all experience that with little children. I assure you, we mean no offense."

President Subornable waves his hand in a gesture that indicates he accepts the apology.

Ava: "Yes, I apologize too. I just want to understand you guys. I'm sorry if I offended anyone. Actually, "fuck" is a direct translation of the Durvan word *simyat*, which is perfectly respectable. Mom and Dad gave me a list of words which they said I shouldn't use with you barbarians ...

Oops!" She puts her hand to her mouth. "'Barbarians' is one of those words! I'm sorry again!"

Second reporter: "Now you're calling us barbarians?"

Barbara: "I'm sorry the word came up, but you have to recognize that you are barbarians from our perspective. For us it's just a scientific term. You fight endless wars, you have incredible corruption in high places, you have an economic system that is designed to favor the rich and suppress the poor, you seem to be incapable of taking care of your environment and live in harmony with your Mother Earth. You're clearly barbarian. What did you think you are? You need to understand the relationship. If you're not willing to admit you're barbarians, how do you ever hope to stop being barbarians? We think it's important to disabuse you of any notion that you might be a pinnacle of civilization. We can assure you, you are not. If you were a pinnacle of civilization, you wouldn't be doing all the horrid things to one another and to your Mother Earth that you are." Barbara is almost laughing as she says this, condescending to the savages, but condescending with so much love, the way a good mother might speak to a four year old. "But you have achieved some magnificent accomplishments, and you do have great potential."

Keniston: "We'll explain this all in detail in our first Happening. You have to understand it's really difficult for us to appreciate the depravity in which you live."

Barbara: "Oh yes! I'm so sorry! My heart goes out you. It must be terrible to live in such savage conditions, with murders all the time, terrible accidents often killing dozens of people, terrorist and drone attacks, Wall Street parasites sucking up all the money. I'm amazed you can stand it as well as you do."

Keniston: "Words are just words. 'Fuck,' 'barbarian,' they're just words. Why put an extra burden on them? I have to say that a strong ethos of Durvan society is to be completely honest and straight forward. We don't see any point in saying things obliquely or hinting, because we know we're all parts of Great Holy Mystery, we're all centered, we're strong enough to take what anybody else dishes out. You've got that saying 'Sticks and stones

can break my bones, but words can never hurt me.' That's classic Durvan! If we are offending anybody, we certainly apologize. We don't mean to. We just come from a very different culture, with quite different values."

Barbara: "Yes, we did suggest to Ava a list of words not to use with you, but our straight forwardness is so basic, you can see how well that worked."

Third reporter: "Hey Ava! How come you're such a little Miss Know-it-all?"

Ava: "Mommy says it's important that I know and understand my own body. Besides, I'm not exactly doing it. I've got more information coming at me than I can possibly absorb."

Fourth reporter: "'Rassataybas -- I see your Spirit shining as I see my own.' What's that all about?"

Keniston: "Rassavara! The words have interesting connotations. If I don't see my own Spirit very well, then I won't see yours very well either. If I see my own brightly, I can see yours brightly too, even if right now you are hiding it under a blanket of confusion. On the other hand, if you do not see the Divinity in others, you cannot see it in yourself . We are all spiritual beings, and it's good to celebrate that."

Fifth reporter: "Is that natural blond hair or do you dye it?"

Barbara looks at the reporter in amazement. She almost says, "Please don't ask stupid questions if you can avoid it," but she thinks better of it. She downcasts her eyes, and when she looks up, the radiance is there. "No, it's natural. Our geneticists like to play. I'm just the result of one of their creative inspirations. I like it. If you have some concept in your head about the way people are supposed to look, let me assure you I am perfect just as I am."

Senator Wolfson: "Could you tell us a bit about life on Durva?"

Ava: "Of course I've never been there, but it's really cool. Everybody's happy."

Keniston: "Durva is a bit larger than earth, with a diameter over 9,000 miles and gravity about 13% heavier. Like you, we live on a crust encasing a molten mass. We have no moon like yours, but two little rocks that look three and five times brighter than your Venus or Jupiter. We have

more land mass than Earth, about 50%, and consequently less ocean. Our year is 25% longer than yours but coincidentally we also divide it up into twelve months, because our counting system is based on 12 rather than 10 like yours. We have a population of about 2 ½ billion, which has been constant for the last 500 years. We no longer have any court system or prisons, because we consider our very small number of crimes to be a mental health issue. We have one world government that is democratically appointed and of course no wars. Our economic system might be described as co-operative semi-capitalism. We will discuss our spiritual orientation at the second Happening, twelve days from today."

Barbara: "Durvans practice simple living in harmony with Mother Nature. Our pleasures are in our scientific and spiritual explorations, our arts, music, and dance, and most of all in our interpersonal relations. We know our purpose is to evolve in consciousness, and we enjoy many diverse pursuits to fulfill that aim. We see happiness as what we choose to project. It does not depend on anything out there. As Ava said, we are happy."

Sixth reporter: "Will you be watching our TV shows like *The Big Bang Theory* or *Breaking Bad?*"

Keniston: We have seen some of your comedies and dramas, but they're so juvenile for us that we really can't get into them. It would be a little like you watching *Sesame Street.* But then you can watch Shakespeare or even Sophocles with interest and pleasure, while we see them as a lower level of consciousness. … Well, I have to admit I do appreciate some Aristophanes, and sometimes Shakespeare gets it exactly right. We'll make this all clear for you at our second Happening."

Tyson deHay: "You haven't said exactly what star system you're from. Would you like to tell us?"

Keniston: "Oh! You're Tyson deHay! I recognize you. I really appreciate the work you've been doing. America's leading teacher of astronomy! I'd like to get together after this meeting and discuss a few things. I would tell you what star system we're from, but unfortunately, I can't. It's a security matter. We have a policy of not disclosing that information, in case we should run across a barbarian culture that has the Loop Drive and is

setting out to conquer the universe. A barbarian culture might visit you and extract the information of our home from you. So we keep it to ourselves, and anybody who is exploring the universe will just have to find us."

Seventh reporter: "Could you tell us what the actual Durvans look like?"

Keniston: "Rather than trying to describe them, we'll make you a video so you can see for yourselves what the Durvans are like in their home environment."

Ava: "Big teddy bears. They're like big huggable teddy bears."

Keniston raises an eyebrow with a slight shrug and exchanges a glance with Barbara, but neither speaks.

Eighth reporter: "Are you responsible for the various sighting of flying saucers we have seen over the years?"

Keniston: "We live in a vibrational field, which can be strongly influenced by our movements, actions, emotions, and even our thoughts, so that we pick up from one another emotions and thoughts, sent unconsciously, received unconsciously. With focus and concentration it is possible to tune in to these unconscious levels. A lot of things bounce around the field. For example, we did send a probe in 1968, we're here now, and there may be future visits. The fact of these visits can bounce around the field, so that a hundred years ago, you could have an impression of aliens visiting your planet. We do not fly, no one has ever seen a 'flying saucer' flying. Using the Loop Drive, we appear and disappear. But as this information bounces around the web, you may see us as flying, because you're familiar with flying. Your filters see us as flying even tho in fact we appear and disappear. In this way you can see all kinds of phantasmagoria, like reflections in a trick mirror. Altho we are aware of this vibrational field, we still don't know very much about it."

Ninth Reporter: "What's the sports scene on Durva?"

Barbara: "Yes, we have some sports, somewhat similar to yours. We enjoy the competition and it's great exercise. But we play sports. We don't watch them."

President Subornable: "Can you tell us how the Loop Drive works?"

Keniston: "I'm so sorry, Mr. President. We are not allowed to give you any technical or scientific information. The reason for this is once societies are on the cusp, as yours is, the tech advance has far exceeded the moral advance, and what needs to happen is for your values to catch up with your technology. If we gave you any more technology, we'd simply be making the situation worse. The last thing we want is some barbarian society with the Loop Drive setting out to conquer the known universe."

Tenth reporter: "Do they have anything like Coca Cola or McDonald's on Durva?"

Ava: "I want to taste Coca Cola and eat at McDonald's"

Keniston: "The short answer is no, we don't have anything like Coca Cola or McDonald's. I'm sure there is no end to questions. However, for us it's been a very long trip and a long day. We're tired and a bit disoriented. Perhaps you can understand that your culture is so strange to us, so alien, and unfortunately so barbaric. We're doing our best to understand and appreciate you, and we'll show you something of ourselves, so you can get a sense of where we are and how we function. We come from love, we act in love, and we know when we act in love, the returns tend to be excellent. We don't always succeed. That's part of life's challenges, but we're always learning and growing, and that feels good to us. We need some time to get used to you. We need to get in touch with your Mother Earth, and we have many things to prepare for the next Happening.

"I'm sure in time all your questions will be answered. I can say we are very glad to be here and glad to meet you all. (He gives the Durvan salute) Rassataybas!"

As some in the crowd call out "Rassavara," the three aliens and their platform disappear.

CHAPTER 3

First Review

Author's note: Whenever the Durvans converse among themselves, they are actually using the limited telepathy afforded by their Brain Assists and communicating in Durvan. It does not occur to the Earthlings that the Durvans can practice a degree of telepathy. For the reader's convenience, we have translated their communication into English.

Keniston, Barbara, and Ava meet for a review in the cabin of the flying saucer. The room looks strange, altho the reason for the strangeness is not immediately apparent. It is not just that everything is alien and not in a style familiar to Earthlings. The cabin is small, ten feet wide by fifteen feet long. The double bed, table, chairs, food prep station, exercise equipment, control console, and even the bath area seem to be attached to the wall or floor in such a way that the outside wall is actually the floor when the spacecraft is moving, and what now appears to be the floor is only the floor when the spacecraft has landed. The saucer creates an artificial gravity by rotating rapidly when it is in the Loop so that the centripetal force functions enough like gravity to be endurable. It's about half as strong as Earth gravity, which is sufficient to keep things in place and prevent bone loss.

Keniston and Barbara sit at a table only twenty inches wide by twenty-four inches long, so that they interweave their knees when they sit, and have to cramp against the wall to give Ava enough room to sit on a stool at the end of the table. She sits in such a way that one knee is touching the knee or leg of each parent. Forming a circle, they clasp one another's forearms, left palm facing up and right palm facing down.

Ava: "Goodie! We're going to do a *koraku!*"

At first the three breathe in unison and stare lovingly into one another's eyes, taking turns with the other two partners. Radiance fills the room.

Barbara: "Well, did that go great or what?"

Keniston: "So natural! Introducing all that sex talk should certainly provoke a reaction!"

Barbara, pretending to be innocent: "It just happened. I wanted to tell them about Ava, and one thing just seemed to lead to another."

Keniston: "They've got all these crazy conventions about sex, just as if there were something wrong with it."

Barbara: " How can there be anything wrong about sex?"

Keniston: "There isn't, but this is a barbarian society and they seem to think they're not supposed to talk about it."

Barbara: "Weird! Feels like a pimple that needs to be popped!"

Ava: "Should I not have said it's fun to cuddle with you when you're making love?"

Barbara: "That would be just fine and normal in Durvan society, *bajina*, but here it was absolutely … great! We want to bring up all their judgments, all their negativity" She strokes Ava's arm as she talks and gives a slight contented wiggle as Keniston strokes hers.

Keniston: "We have learned on other planets that if we are gentle and polite, the negative reactions don't come out. They will seem to favor the necessary changes but then after we leave, a reaction may occur that can be very destructive or very difficult, really slowing the cusp crossing. Therefore, our policy is to provoke negative reactions, to get them out, so the whole thing can be fought out while we're here, and get it over and done with. It's better to get it out than to try to avoid it, because it will definitely be there. We come across as somewhat incompetent so that it will be easy for them to be critical."

Barbara: "I didn't want to overdo it, so I didn't say anything about *dozmars*."

Keniston: "No hurry! Actually I'm planning to talk about dozmars in relationship to developing PoliRings."

Ava: "Are the barbarians opposed to dozmars?"

Keniston: "We'll have to see. But telling them we had a forty minute orgasm ... You don't visit a barbarian planet with all kinds of weird conventions and restrictions about sexuality and tell them first off that we had a 40 minute orgasm. That was truly inspired!"

Barbara, still pretending to be innocent: "Weren't our directions to be truthful and real?"

Keniston: "Sure, but they've got a notion of what's good taste totally different from ours. I'm still laughing! But I'm wondering if you wanted to talk about sex because you had a lot of sexual energy for other people bottled up, since Ava and I have been your only companions for so long?"

Barbara: "Not exactly. After spending three months on the moon intensely absorbing this barbarian society, everything I learned about their attitudes and practices of sex I found so appalling, so unnatural. Down underneath they must all know what the sex game is about, exploring and appreciating the divine essence of one another. Blanketed in layers of patriarchal possessive crap! All those songs about be mine, be mine forever, I am yours, you are mine. Sentities do not own one another! I think I had a lot of unconscious bad feeling built up about their sexual mores, and that was how it came out. I'm surprised and puzzled at it myself."

Ava: "I thought you were an adult?"

Barbara: "I am, *bajina*, but I expect you'll find that all thru life, feelings or interests or issues may crop up quite unexpectedly any time. One of our challenges is to deal with them as effectively as possible. It's a curiosity of how our brains work that sometimes we have to act them out before we realize what's going on."

Keniston: "I don't know if we'll ever be able to understand these barbarians' attitudes about sex. What they say seems to be so different from how they act."

Barbara: "Maybe we should try having sex with some of them. If we got into actually loving them and making love with them, we'd be bound to get a deeper understanding."

Keniston, lovingly stroking Barbara's arm: "Cool! That's a great idea! Let's explore ways to do that."

Ava: "First you talk too much about sex and now you want more sex?"

Barbara: "We're just trying to figure out the barbarians, *bajina*, and we know there's no harm in loving people and making love."

Ava: "Ok, *aliof*, enough's enough. How come I shouldn't have asked the president why all he pays attention to is money?" She strokes both her parents' arms as she says this, reaches up and strokes their shoulders, runs a hand over her mother's breast, puts her other hand on her father's heart.

Keniston, laying a hand over his daughter's hand covering his heart: "Because this is a barbarian society. They pretend they're doing all kinds of noble things when in fact they're doing exactly the opposite. And they never like to be called on it."

Ava: "They're a bunch of hypocrites?"

Keniston: "I think a hypocrite is somebody who consciously knows when he's saying one thing and doing another. I'm not sure they're consciously aware. It's so ingrained in the culture they just do it as if it were natural. But what it means is, we shouldn't call them on it. They don't like it. After all, we're here to win their hearts and minds, as their President Johnson said when they were slaughtering the Vietnamese people."

Ava: "Hey, I'm an innocent child! If I'm not allowed to speak truth to the king, who is?"

Keniston: "He's not a king, he's a president."

Ava: "I know that! It's just a figure of speech."

Keniston: "Look, you're allowed. They didn't try to execute you, it's just that it isn't helpful to persuading them to accept our position."

Ava: "Daddy's being political, Daddy's being political!"

Barbara: "Let's say 'diplomatic' rather than 'political'."

Ava: "Ok, ok! We're supposed to win their hearts and minds and I called them barbarians! I don't know, I just forgot. (silly grin) 'Barbarian' was on the list of words I wasn't supposed to say. It just seemed so strange there should be words I shouldn't say. I guess I had to test it. I hope I didn't cause a problem!"

Barbara: "There! You see? It's just as I was saying. You have surprises like that all thru your life. We have to deal with them as best we can. But no, as a matter of fact, that was a great contribution. Calling ourselves civilized and them barbarians throws them off balance. We're all equal, only they're the barbarians. Good job!"

Ava: "Just doing what flows thru me!"

Keniston: "Right! Back on Durva I had a bout with anger that totally overwhelmed me. It's like I was battling a Durvan grizzly! As it turned out, it was all just misperception on my part. Yet I was willing to bring all that anger to it! Our psyches have such amazing depths bubbling up for us to discover. Some of our programming is way back in very primitive states. It's appropriate for it to rise up and for us to process it, so that we accept it and know that is not a program that we use, but we do own that part of our past."

Ava: "Will you ever get angry again?"

Keniston: "I hope not. I analyzed the program and the situation, and I realized what I need to become is not angry but hyper-alert. Make sure I get the facts straight and things are as I perceive them. As I pay attention, is this the way others intended it to be? I may be able to get the truth of the situation without any premature judgments or unconsidered actions. The anger is not helpful."

Ava looks like she is chewing on that one.

Barbara: "Ok, so we're here to win their hearts and minds, and if we don't succeed, we're supposed to exterminate 97% of them?"

Keniston: "I don't have a plan. It was such a surprise to discover how much they had deteriorated since 1968, and they're in such denial about it. Maybe we can shock them out of it."

Barbara: "Ava, do you know what actually is supposed to happen if we don't succeed?"

Ava: "No, I haven't asked."

Barbara: "I'm sure your Brain Assist would tell you, but I'd like to tell you personally, ok?"

Ava: "Sure, Mom."

Barbara: "Our spacecraft is carrying the Eschatol virus and the capacity to send it to every major transportation hub on Planet Earth. This virus takes seven to ten days to incubate, during which time there are no symptoms, but the Eschatol puts out a delightful subtle perfume in the victim's breath that is highly contagious. The smell feels good, wonderful. They never have a chance to analyze that this perfume is spreading the disease. In about ten days the virus causes the body to go into a high spiritual orgasm, lovely, mellow, connecting with your own Life Energy, your own Talusba, and the Talusba of whoever you're with. The orgasms get stronger and stronger, until finally the Talusba blows out of the body altogether and you're gone. The virus has a synergistic effect so that if you're making love with somebody, you'll both go out together. The Eschatol makes an easy, delightful path for the Talusba to leave. Maybe it ends in a burst of sexuality that gets more and more intense until it finally blows. They die in one another's arms, totally loving. Whatever we do, we do with love as best we can, and this is the most loving way to die that we have developed. Earth medicine has no capacity to save them. This catastrophe will kill more than 97% of the population. The 3% or less that are left will recover and blossom, and be much more in harmony with their Mother Earth than their obliterated predecessors. Therefore they will have a much better chance of joining the Sector Federation in a couple hundred years, and we will welcome them into the Government of Civilized Worlds. Right now we will try our best to persuade the Earthlings to reform immediately and start working very actively to move into harmony with their planet. But if we do not succeed, then we are expected to use the virus.

"We will be promoting a special Durvan tea to all those who start practicing the PoliRings or Durvan meditation with empathy for healing the Earth. This tea will protect them from the virus, so those most disposed to reforming their barbarian habits and building a more conscious community will be saved, and the rest will perish. With the people who don't drink Durvan tea, the orgasms get stronger and stronger until it blows them out. For the tea drinkers, the

orgasms get somewhat stronger so they get pretty sexy, but it gradually dies out."

Ava: "Where is any love in all this?"

Keniston: "We're trying to save them from collapsing into thousands of years of misery. The Earthlings have already wasted over 40 years. They don't realize they don't have much time. They are on the cusp, which is a very brief period, and either you cross over it or you fall. Actually, from our analysis on crossing the cusp on other planets, any planet that has failed as significantly as this one has is almost sure to fall."

Barbara: "That means we're trying to save a doomed planet?"

Keniston: "'Almost sure' is not sure. Durva has only seen seven planets fail, and that's too small a statistical sample to be certain Earth will fail. We're here to see if we can save her, and that, *bajina*, is where the love is."

Barbara, stroking both of Keniston's forearms lovingly: "I sense, Keniston, that we may have some disagreement on this. I really don't want to use the Eschatol virus. It feels better to me for the Earthlings to succeed or fail on their own terms without us interfering. You seem much more willing to unleash the virus."

Keniston, smiling a bit ruefully: "You're probably right."

Barbara: "I suspect that's why the Elders put us together – so that we could work out their moral dilemma, whether or not to use Eschatol."

Keniston: "Let's dance the Path of Love as best we can, and see where it leads. We are always in the Grace of Great Holy Mystery, and it will be a great adventure however it turns out."

Barbara smiles in response and turns to Ava: "Ava, I hope you understand what this means. I ask you to promise yourself that you won't let slip out in any way that there is any possibility of extermination. Don't even hint at it. You understand?"

Ava: "Yes, I understand, but I pretty much have to go with what flows thru me."

Barbara: "Well, if anything about this flows thru you, put a lock on it and say 'Not Allowed! Absolutely Not Allowed! Find a different path!'"

Ava: "Ok, but it sure feels unnatural."

Keniston: "Yes, it does. Sometimes we have to feel unnatural."

Ava: "Why is that?"

Keniston: "The universe is an exceedingly complex environment. When we were restricted to just one world, that was complicated enough, but now a whole new dimension has been added. We can only judge actions by their results, and we aim for good results here."

Barbara: "So Ava, be sure not to say a word about any of this."

Ava: "I promise. No word or gesture in any shape or form shall come out of me for any reference to extermination."

Barbara: "That was quite a speech."

Ava: "That's what my BA told me to say. Sounded right to me."

Barbara: "Do you look forward to the day when the Brain Assist will be part of your stream of consciousness and you will no longer have to ask it specifically?"

Ava: "I can't say I do. I've got more than I can handle now."

Barbara, with a slow smile: "Yes. I remember. (turning to Keniston) I'm thinking if we need to shock the barbarians out of their stultifying thought patterns, maybe I'll go ahead with Bare as Beautiful, that we talked about earlier. We have nothing to lose. Let's see if we can stretch them, get them to grow up a step. That may be a launching pad for further development."

Keniston: "A lot of people will be genuinely shocked and won't want to support us at all."

Barbara: "They'll get over it, particularly when they see there's no harm. Being bare is beautiful! It's the way we were made. Besides, I always thought you men were more exposed when you go bare than we women are, because you're dick and balls are right out there, showing in every direction, while our pussies are sedately hidden between our legs."

Keniston: "Yeah, except when you turn around and bend over."

Barbara, flirtatious: "I'll do that just for you."

Keniston: "Either way! All I need is a flash of fur."

Ava: "You guys!"

Ken: "Anything else?" The three aliens sit in silence for a moment, a quiet aura of completion radiating thruout the cabin. "This has been a first rate *koraku*. Thank you both!"

Barbara & Ava: "Thank you too, and love to you!"

Keniston and Barbara give one another a love stare so deep that pretty soon Ava is squealing "Me too! Me Too!" Eventually they unlock and both turn to her with more radiance than she can handle, and she giggles uncontrollably as they move into a 3 in 1 embrace.

CHAPTER 4

Media Reaction

Newsflashes:

Mischievous little Ava stops the show!
Trio Of Aliens Unfocused On Arrival, Mostly Want To Talk About Sex.
Puzzlement Over What To Expect From Aliens.
Did The Planet Durva Send Its Best And Brightest?
Six Year Old Alien Girl Tries To Embarrass President
Contact! Or Is It?
Aliens Dress, Behave Like Hippies.
Aliens Bring More Sexual Freedom Than We Need Or Want
Durvan Superman Shows Off Strength
Durvan kid shocks president with F word
What did we expect? The aliens are weird!

Theta Theta Starmaster Dickerstaff, leader of the Church of Scientology: "It's too early to determine whether the aliens are complete frauds, but I was there, and I did a reading with my E Meter. They are clearly generating very high powered alpha waves, which is what makes them seem so friendly and loving. I say beware of wolves in sheep's clothing!"

Pat Robberson: "These missionaries have come to save us. We're already saved thank you, by our Lord Jesus Christ. We don't need to be saved. Now go back where you came from"!

NASA Spokesperson Aspira Rokit: "We welcome these visitors from the Planet Durva and look forward to exchanging highly valuable scientific information about our universe."

Bill McKidding: "I hope these aliens can persuade all of us that man-made climate change is causing utter disaster!"

CHAPTER 5

The Coming Catastrophe

At exactly 1:30 on Thursday, the little platform appears in front of the spacecraft. As the three aliens emerge, a giant hologram forms over the spacecraft and at several places along Reflection Pond so that the entire crowd of over 100,000 can see clearly. In the hologram Keniston and Barbara appear about 15 feet tall. The hologram is extraordinarily bright and clear, and zooms in on faces when talking and other body parts when relevant.

Of course the crowd is fully supplied with cellphone cameras and other video and still cameras, and are bombarding the Durvans with flashes. They soon discover that their photographs of the hologram are as amazingly sharp and clear as any other picture of actual subjects.

Keniston is wearing a deep red T shirt with two circles that look distinctly three-dimensional, like halves of a globe. One over his right breast shows the continents on one hemisphere of Durva, and one over his left breast shows North and South America. The two worlds are connected by a Mobius loop, and underneath it says, "Durva Friendship Earth". The T shirt is not tucked into his new black jeans. On his feet are New Balance running shoes, and on his head an off-white baseball cap with the same design as the T shirt, but without the words.

Barbara and Ava are also wearing baseball caps with the logo, except Barbara's is green and Ava's gold. Barbara wears a plum colored sleeveless blouse or halter, loosely tied just below her breasts, leaving a bare midriff above a dark green sarong with large white rabbits on it, and sandals. Ava is wearing a miniature bright pink sarong with gold abstract designs, possibly Balinese letters, and a pink version of her father's T shirt. Her leather sandals are similar to her mom's.

The three hold hands, Ava in the middle, and quietly, exuberantly, gaze out over the crowd of scientists, dignitaries, the president and press corps, and the vast crowd of spectators. As they breathe in unison, a wonderful feeling of peace and love radiates over the assemblage. "Rassataybas!" they announce together, raising their arms and cupping their hands in the Durvan salute.

"Rassavara!" the crowd responds.

Keniston: "It's good to be here! Special greetings to President Subornable and his staff, members of Congress, various dignitaries, our panel of scientists, and all you wonderful Earthlings! We received a request to move our meeting time from 12 noon to 1:30 so folks could have lunch first. We apologize and are happy to make the change. As I said before, the Durvan number system is based on 12 digits instead of 10 like yours, so it's natural for us to choose units of 12 or 6 or 24. Durvan clocks run on a 24 hour system like your military. Since we're pretty casual about eating, I confess we just didn't think about lunch. We'll try to do better in the future."

Ava: "The Beatles song says "nothing is going to change my world," but we're here to tell you, your world is in desperate need of changing, and we hope you will."

Barbara: "We're not going to be telling you much that you don't already know, or at least some of you know, but we have more sophisticated instruments that can show with greater certainty what is going to happen to your planet if you continue in the same direction. We are here to plead with you to change direction immediately."

Keniston: "The Sector Federation consists of 67 planets whose societies are firmly in harmony with their planet and with themselves. In addition, we have contacted roughly 200 other planets which have not yet reached a state of steady civilization. About two-thirds of these societies have strong values of living in harmony with their planets, just as you can see in most Native American tribes and in elements of Buddhism. These societies are well on their way to full civilization, as characterized by the absence of wars, a just and fair planetary government, an economic system

that works for all, an emphasis on not taking more than the planet can provide, and a clear knowledge that all are parts of Great Holy Mystery and it is best to dance the Path of Love.

"One third of the developing planets, 69 actually, have societies with strong values that suggest their planet is theirs for the taking, that its resources are infinite, and that their Gods will take care of them regardless of how selfishly or blindly they may act. They have little or no concept that their planet is a self-regulating organism. These societies reach a cusp about the time they enter the digital age, because at that point they have such tremendously increased communication that radical change becomes possible. You are clearly one of these planets. Right now you have silly immature programs like Twitter and Facebook, but hopefully you will soon become more focused and achieve more efficient and meaningful communication.

"When our probe visited you in 1968, despite the war and assassinations, your future looked promising because of the tremendous hippie push for peace, freedom, love, and ecology. We thought surely if that push continued, you had a very good chance of saving your planet. You'd pass over the cusp successfully. When we returned and spent three months on your moon, we researched what has been going on since, and because of that push you got the Wilderness Act, the Clean Air Act, the Clean Water Act, EPA, Endangered Species Act, etc, but somehow all those great ideals were stifled, and instead you got Milton Friedman."

Barbara: "Your situation is now desperate. The cusp is a very short period of time and you've already wasted forty years. Either you successfully cross the cusp or you fail, and sink into a dark age of horrors – mass starvation from crop failures and food shortages, resulting in wide ranging food wars; mass drownings from floods and rising seas; widespread destruction from increasingly violent weather; very possibly widespread freezing; exhaustion of resources causing the collapse of your electrical grids and an incapacity to move goods; limitless inflation; and of course the extinction of many species. You are in denial about all this. Your pundits like to call it "cognitive dissonance," but that's just a convenient euphemism for denial."

Ava: "I sure hope you guys wake up!"

Keniston: "We have to say that the probability of your making the transition successfully is only about 20%. We're hoping we can raise that probability. So many negative factors are involved that unless you make a very radical transformation, you're going to destroy the planet and yourselves. You've got to rise to this occasion!" He says this so earnestly, it's clearly very important to him. He radiates love, concern, and good feelings, and in addition he is so handsome, with a moderately muscled build and slim waist. It seems almost automatic to trust him.

Barbara: "It was ok in the past for you to change very gradually over hundreds of years, but now you're on the cusp and things are different. You have to change immediately. You can't push this away for another 50 years. You're ruining your planet beyond redemption now. You've got to act NOW! Fix it immediately! You're in a desperate war and you don't even know it. It's the easiest war to win because it's a war with yourselves. You've got a lot of old values, expressed as habits, patterns, and ideas, that have to give way. The new values are so much more positive, feel so much better -- cooperation more than competition, providing adequate living space for all humans and all life, being good stewards of your planet instead of rapists. When you see that the new values not only are on the Path of Love but really work, the old values fall away because their dysfunctionality is exposed. Your destiny is to become the nervous system of your planet, and right now you are so far away from that!" You could feel the compassion in her voice.

Barbara, continuing: "It's so important to love your planet. We love you! You're humans like us, sentient beings, or sentities as we like to call them, like many others in this vast universe."

Ava, interrupting: "That's *suseenok* in Durvan. Sentity is *suseenok*."

Barbara: "Thank you Ava. As I was saying, love your Mother! Love your Mother! This is why, mothers, it is so important that you love your children! That you nurse your infants until they can drink from a cup and are comfortable, full, happy. Hold your infants! Cuddle them! Play with them! It is such a pleasure to bond, holding so close. Love every part of

this baby before you. This is how babies learn to love, love not only one another, but love this beauteous Mother Earth, so rich with bounty, so willing to give you all she has. The more you can fill them up with love, the more they will be able to feel and appreciate all the blessings of this life. Passing on the love is your most sacred duty. If your baby doesn't learn how to love by being loved by you, as that kid grows up, he or she may not even be aware enough to love their Mother Earth. We Durvans know that if you haven't been loved, it's really hard for you to love."

Keniston, putting his arm around Barbara: "I'll certainly second that! Before we begin our suggestions, I'd like to say that altho we're at least 200 and maybe 600 years more advanced than you, that doesn't mean we're perfect. We still make mistakes. We can do our best and still screw up, just like you. We see that as part of the human condition. The natural condition of a human or sentity is creative imbalance. We're always out of balance in one way or another as life keeps challenging us to learn to exercise our powers and grow. It's nice to be in balance. People who meditate learn to be in balance a great deal of the time, but sooner or later, something hits them, and like it or not, they lose some of their precious balance and hopefully learn what they need to learn. We will do our best to give you a balanced analysis.

"We suggest six areas that need not only immediate attention but immediate transformation. This is not an exhaustive list, but if you can deal successfully with these six areas, it will make an enormous difference.

"The absolute worst thing you are doing is global warming. You are now euphemistically calling it 'climate change,' but if you want to be accurate and face the reality, you might more properly call it 'climate catastrophe,' as a few of you do.

"Do you know you have a nonprofit organization, Global Solutions, whose current campaign is simply to persuade the media to report on climate change? Your news will tell you more about the latest plane crash or kidnap victim or atrocity in Syria than it tells you about climate catastrophe. Maybe it will occasionally mumble that some say your increasingly freaky weather is caused by climate change, but others say there

is no scientific evidence for that, whose opinions are sponsored by the Flat Earth Society. Yet you certainly have evidence that your weather is becoming increasingly freaky – more storms, more droughts, more heat waves, more forest fires, more floods. What does it take for your barbarian minds to wake up?

"Your 350.org is dedicated to the observation that 350 parts per million of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is a tipping point beyond which global warming becomes calamitous. You are currently above 400 parts per million. 350.org spells out the coming catastrophe pretty clearly, as do the continuing reports of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, which reflect rigorous science but unfortunately are much too conservative. Their current prediction is that oceans are likely to rise at most about four feet by 2100. This prediction does not take into account the unstoppable collapse of the West Antarctic Ice Sheet, which by itself will add ten feet to the Earth's oceans. More recently you have discovered the East Antarctic Ice Sheet is also melting, and this will add an additional 11 feet to the oceans. Thus by 2100 the oceans will rise by at least 21 feet, not taking Greenland into account. Such a rise will put Miami, New Orleans, Charleston, and most of New York City under water, and storm surges will endanger all of your coastal cities. It will submerge a third of Bangladesh and many low islands, and wreak havoc all over the world."

The hologram shows a slowly revolving Earth with the continents diminishing and the islands disappearing as the water rises 21 feet.

Barbara: "When the Greenland ice sheet collapses because of the build-up of melt water lakes beneath them, which will occur within the next eighty years, your scientists believe it will add an astounding 24 more feet to ocean levels. Our measurements show they are mistaken. The oceans will only rise 18 feet, which is still horrendous, for a total of 39 feet. This will reduce the Earth's land mass by well over 20%."

The hologram now shows what land is left after a 39 foot rise in the oceans.

Keniston: "Furthermore, your analyses do not adequately take into account what's going to happen when the Greenland ice sheets slide into

the Atlantic. All that very cold water will disrupt the Gulf Stream and cause the central part of your planet to become even warmer. Whereas the ice reflected heat back into space, the grey rocks of Greenland and the vast lake in its interior will absorb heat, just as the ocean will be absorbing heat as a result of the disappearing Polar ice cap. Global warming will accelerate, causing the melting of the entire Antarctic ice cap, and again the grey and black rocks of Antarctica will absorb heat instead of the ice reflecting it. Also the melting permafrost in the northern latitudes will release thousands of tons of methane into the atmosphere, accelerating global warming. The effect of methane on global warming is twenty times more powerful than carbon dioxide. Your planet is going to heat up much faster and much hotter than your scientists expect. This will lead to a brand new threat that your scientists have only hinted at."

Barbara: "You need to understand that your Mother Earth is a living being, in a sense we have a pretty good grasp of. She has the capacity for homeostasis, so that if the temperature swings up, creating a planetary heat wave, she will set things in motion to counter that with an ice age, and by their nature, ice ages can last a very long time, perhaps 100,000 years. We estimate that you have about a 33% chance of creating an ice age, which will likely kill off 70% of your population. We want to save your lives! Stop everything causing Global Warming as if you were at war, which you are! Develop your energy replacements as quickly as possible!"

Keniston: "So far your attempts to deal with the coming Climate Catastrophe have been utterly pathetic. Increasing your vehicles' miles per gallon from 28 to 35 or even 50 is not going to do it. Look at the underlying problem! If you truly want to decrease the build-up of carbon dioxide caused by burning fossil fuels, continuing as you are is madness. You need to stop burning fossil fuels immediately!

"What sense does it make to drive a two or four thousand pound vehicle to work every day in order to transport a single 150 pound human? This is incredibly wasteful! Yet your attempts at mass transit are hardly better. Your cities are trying light rail, which is a 19th century solution to a 21st century problem, with light rail cars frequently going empty or only

half full. You have the technology right now to build a far more efficient system, entirely computer run. We recommend you consider a light-weight monorail that you can build over existing highways. Small monorail cars would carry not more than eight people plus baggage space for groceries etc. This small size would enable the supports for the monorail to be light-weight, but strong enough for the cars to reach 100 mph on long stretches. You would go to the nearby transit station and call in your destination on your cell phone. Soon a car would come along and announce that destination. Off you go, with perhaps several other passengers in the same car. Thus the cars would not travel by schedule but by demand. You would be able to read or work at your laptop instead of having to pay attention to traffic. You would be producing only a tiny fraction of the greenhouse gases as you would driving your own vehicle, depending in part on how the electricity to run the system is generated."

Barbara: "The majority of the electricity you are now using is produced in coal fired plants. You are "going green" by switching to natural gas fired plants, which indeed produce only about half as much greenhouse gases, but still are not even close to solving your problem, which is the elimination of fossil fuels altogether. The sad truth is that if you had invested as much money in research to develop ocean wave generators as you have invested in solar panels, you would have ocean wave generators today. 100% clean and operating 24 hours a day! At one point in our history on Durva, 70% of our electricity was produced by ocean wave generators. The rest was produced by solar panels and wind turbines, altho the wind turbines were disturbingly hard on birds until we figured out to make vertical axis turbines. It is definitely possible to do this. All you need is the will, and when you are facing potential annihilation, surely you have the will!"

Ava: "My dad said as part of my education I should research some issue confronting Earth, so I chose automobiles and this is what I found. You're all still driving cars which are utterly wasteful, and if you try to switch to mass transit, the auto companies are such barbarian idiots that they are likely to try to prevent that from happening. Check out what General

Motors did to the electrified busses in Los Angeles after World War 2. Check out the role of oil companies in ripping up the trolley lines in all your major cities. In the 1960's the auto industry, particularly General Motors, fought Ralph Nader's safety concerns tooth and nail, trying to stop cars from becoming more safe. Besides the new electric cars like Tesla, the most fuel efficient vehicle ever sold in America was the 1983 Honda CRX with the 1300 cc engine that got 69 miles to the gallon, and that was over 30 years ago! It didn't sell because the automobile advertising focused on power and speed. In the later 1980's when it was becoming completely evident that not only were you suffering global warming from various emissions but that you were running out of oil, the auto industry persuaded the public that what you needed were gas guzzling SUV's, on the grounds that they were safer. That wasn't even true. They might have been safer for the occupants, but they were more dangerous to lighter fuel efficient vehicles, so there was no net gain in safety and a loss in reducing greenhouse gases. Right now you're pretending there isn't any oil shortage because you have discovered the dirtiest oil on the planet in the Canadian tar sands, and you think somehow that's going to help the situation instead of actually making it worse. You are also fracking for oil, which may cause major earthquakes, and as the fracking fluid and oil get into your aquifers, you will destroy your water supplies. You are on the road to poisoning yourselves. Daddy is quite right. You are being led by idiots who seem more concerned with money than survival!"

Barbara: "On top of this you have the Petroleum Institute lying to you in TV commercials. They say now that they're extracting oil from shale, your energy future is secure for the next hundred years. Oil from shale is fracking, with all its concomitant dangers, and claiming your energy future is secure because you have oil is totally ignoring the climate catastrophe and pretending they're not contributing to it. So this is a lie. Your future is not at all secure, quite the contrary!"

Keniston: The global warming is also causing ocean acidification. Already the oceans are 30% more acidic from the 22 million tons of carbon dioxide that you are producing every day being absorbed into the

oceans. This acidification is preventing the development of coral, oysters, and most important, plankton, which is at the bottom of the food chain, food for everything from salmon to baleen whales. You have already fished most of the fish out of the seas and created dead zones by your fertilizer and pesticide run-offs, and now the acidification is destroying the entire ecosystem. No longer will the oceans provide food for you, except for your foolish fish farms, which are a terrible source of contamination for the rest of the oceans!

"Right after this Happening, we'd like to meet with the scientists, and present in detail our observations and calculations so that they can appreciate the immediacy and enormity of what you are facing. The possibility of an Ice Age happening very soon is real. Of the seven planets undergoing a cusp as you are, one is already entering an ice age that is probably irreversible. So, President Subornable, you have said a number of times that you support dealing with climate change. Here's your opportunity to actually do it."

Barbara: "The second biggest threat to your survival is your overpopulation. Currently over 7 billion humans are struggling to live on Earth. Your Global Footprint Network reported in 2013 that humanity had already used up its annual allotment of renewable resources by August 20. That's similar to your government's spending every year around 30% more than it takes in. Totally unsustainable! Your own scientists say that the sustainable human population on Mother Earth is about 2 billion. What does "sustainable population" mean? It's the number that will allow everyone to feed, clothe, and house themselves without irretrievably depleting the resources of Mother Earth. It's the number that will allow all the other life on your planet to flourish. You are currently in the midst of the biggest extinction of species in 65 million years, ever since the meteor hit the Yucatan Peninsula. You have no idea what is likely to happen to your ecosystems as so many species disappear. All that is delicate and beautiful will give way to weeds of all kinds.

"Sustainable population is the number that will allow you to farm your lands indefinitely into the future, without gradually eroding and

destroying your top soil. It is the number that will enable you to fish your oceans without utterly destroying your ocean ecology as you are doing now with your acidification, overfishing, and garbage dumping. It is the number that will enable limited use of fossil fuels without causing global warming. It is the number that will enable you to appreciate the exquisite beauty of your Mother Earth without paving it over with concrete or mining it into slag heaps."

Keniston: "Unless you are in harmony with your planet, you cannot be at peace, because you will be in constant conflict over scarce resources. A sustainable population enables Mother Earth's gifts to be more than enough. One of your most dangerous ideas is that growth is good – growth of population, growth of the economy. For Wall Street, growth of almost any kind means growth in profits. For the last several hundred years when you were busy stealing this continent from the First People and filling it up, growth in population clearly seemed good, but you cannot grow infinitely in a finite space. That's the mentality of a cancer cell. If you don't want to kill your host by endless growth the way cancer does, you have to limit your numbers."

Ava: "You can also reduce growth by buying as little as possible, only what you really need. Enjoy simple living! You'll be happier and need to work less. Corporations do not need to create demand. There are plenty of ways for them to make money."

Barbara: "China has done a fairly good job of reducing their population with their one child policy. Ideally, it would take only three generations of one child per mother worldwide to reduce your population to 2 billion or below. You could then allow 2 children per mother. However, I know that many of you consider the China policy unreasonably harsh and intrusive. A gentler path might be to give a tax exemption to a first baby as you do now, but charge an ever increasing tax on any further children, so that people would have a strong incentive not to have more children."

Keniston: "Instead of the tax being a dollar amount, you could make it a percentage of the couple's net income, so that the incentive would hit the rich proportionally."

Barbara: "And you've got to stop discouraging abortions. It is no act of love to bring an unwanted child into an overcrowded world. Yes, life is sacred, but if you are to become co-creators with Great Holy Mystery, you have to take responsibility. Great Holy Mystery creates life, maintains life, and destroys life. You need to do the same, in a totally sacred and respectful way. Every woman has a right to decide whether she's going to bring a conception into actuality, altho in the case of overpopulation, no woman has a right to more children than the number which will bring humanity back into balance. It is clearly a matter of survival to reduce your population in any appropriate way."

Keniston: "Your Malthusian prophecy is finally coming true. As you suddenly find that the climate catastrophe is drastically reducing your harvest, you'll have millions of people starving. It won't happen in the rich countries as much, it will happen in the poor countries, and where you get starvation, you get wars. The nuclears will go off in the Middle East, and between India and Pakistan. North Korea may lash out at South Korea and Japan. Africa will suffer endless slaughter. Perhaps terrorists with nuclear bombs will annihilate Washington DC and New York City, possibly other cities. All this will be the result of your overpopulation combining with your climate catastrophe."

Rash Lamebrow, later: "The Durvans want to reduce our population by 2/3. I'm sure that will make it much easier for them to conquer us!"

Barbara: "The population bomb and the climate catastrophe are not the only factors leading to starvation and misery. Our third major point is that you'll also suffer ecological disaster for quite different reasons. You do not appreciate, respect, and honor your Mother Earth. She sustains you in every way, giving you the air you breathe, the water you drink, the land to hunt and grow crops, the rivers, lakes, and oceans to fish in, and the resources to build your civilization. Any sensible people would love, honor, and respect their Mother, but the thought barely occurs to you barbarians.

"According to the Living Planet Report of the World Wildlife Fund, between 1970 and 2010, mammal, amphibian, reptile, bird, and fish numbers have decreased around the world by 52%. This decline is caused by humans thru overfishing and hunting, habitat degradation, and encroaching human populations. You're cutting trees faster than they can regrow and taking fish faster than they can reproduce. More elephants are poached than are born. Is this really what you want?

"You continue to clear-cut and ruin the land when you know that if you selectively harvested, you'd not only be vastly more ecological, but you'd be more profitable in the long run. You know this, and yet you don't do it, except a few feeble attempts here and there, because you want short term profit and to Hell with the future. Which unfortunately is exactly right. Your future is going to be Hell! You don't understand the severity of the problem, even as you watch your hillsides erode, your rivers silt up, and habitat for a wide range of species destroyed. When you clear-cut or selectively thin to reduce fire danger, you pile up stacks of slash and then burn them, releasing their CO2 into the atmosphere. Why? Because that's the cheapest disposal. But if you ground up that slash and made mulch, you could restore the nutrients to the forest and replenish the trees without immediately releasing the CO2. You're more interested in profit and avoiding short term costs that you are in the health of your forests!

"Your GMO trees, corn, soy, and other crops are going to destroy other species, and that along with loss of habitat is going to cause widespread environmental collapse. Right now you are watching Round Up destroy the milkweed upon which Monarch flutterbys feed, and already you may have reduced their numbers by as much as 90%. You are planting GMO trees throughout the tropical rain forests without any significant scientific study of what that will do to the ecology. The Amazon rain forest produces 25% of the world's oxygen. Do you really want to poison it as well as the stupidity of cutting it down?

"You blow off the tops of mountains to extract the coal underneath, polluting the streams and destroying the beautiful Appalachians. And for what? So that you can continue to create your global catastrophe by

burning more coal. Have you no sense? Cannot you see what you are doing to your planet? How can you be so blind to your own survival?"

"Instead of using what little water there is to help the desert bloom and prosper, or letting it flow in the Colorado River to keep the Sea of Cortez fresh and clean, you steal it for your own use and build Las Vegas. This is quintessential barbarism. I could cite you numerous examples of the same. Like why did the Chinese decide to import cars regardless of their fuel mileage? Why did they want cars at all when they could have known better? You seem so singularly insensitive to working toward harmony with your Mother Earth. Some among you have figured it out, and they've been telling you for years, but not enough of you listen."

First reporter, interrupting: "How can you be telling us all these horrible things about ourselves and always be smiling, always so happy? It feels like you're laughing at us!"

Keniston: "We prefer you wait until the question period to ask your questions."

Barbara, after a quick glance and a nod from Keniston: "But we will answer that question now. We are definitely not laughing at you. Our hearts go out to you! You have our enormous sympathy! But we don't see that we should be unhappy just because we're facing a desperate life-threatening situation. For us it's an invigorating challenge."

Keniston: "Happiness is what we choose to project. It does not depend on anything out there. You have a great saying that happiness is not a destination, it is a method of travel. Yes! Happiness is how you deal with life; it is not a reward for dealing with life. We take a slightly different approach. Happiness is a celebration for being alive, for being conscious. We receive training from an early age in happiness. This is the attitude with which we choose to face the world. So I'm happy now. It's a good meditation, a good chant. I am happy now, I celebrate being alive, I celebrate being conscious. *Admaradi buswin aliof!* I am happy now, I can handle this." As he says this he is glowing, radiating happiness so intensely that it is an instant inhalation high.

Barbara: "I am happy now, I celebrate being alive! Everybody try it! You'll like it! We're facing a major challenge, but that doesn't mean we

can't be happy as we face it. So be happy, feel your happiness! Your happiness is always inside you, waiting to be released, and then it bubbles forth. Chant with me! I'm happy now, I'm happy to be alive, happy to be conscious! I'm happy now, I'm happy to be alive, happy to be conscious!" As they all start chanting, a wonderful intense vibe goes thru the entire crowd. It builds and builds, a radiance everyone can feel. With every exhalation of breath into the chant, stresses and tensions let go, leaving glowing relief in their place. Some have experienced similar feelings in their religious services, but many have never felt anything like this, a glorious recognition that I can be happy, that we are all brothers and sisters, and we can be a peace with ourselves and with the world. It gradually subsides and everybody wears big smiles.

Keniston: "It's so important to be grateful and express gratitude for this incredible gift of life. Feel your life energy, your Talusba, quietly vibrating within you! Without it, you'd be dead! So give thanks for being alive! Chant with me! I give thanks for being alive, I give thanks for being alive ..." Again the crowd chants, and curiously tears appear here and there, and then a great wave of emotion sweeps through the crowd as if it were a revival meeting. So many had never given thanks for the reality of their own lives. Sobs break out, breasts heave, 'I give thanks for being alive' is shouted out, until Keniston gestures a leveling with his hands, and the crowd calms.

Ava: "I am happy to be alive. I give thanks for being alive. Being happy is my best expression of thanks. Even a 4 ½ year old Durvan kid knows this. Being alive is such a wonderful experience! My happiness is my best expression of gratitude. The two streams join together into one! I am happy to be alive, I give thanks for being alive. Chant one more time with me! I am happy to be alive, I give thanks for being alive! I am happy to be alive, I give thanks for being alive! ..." She raises her arms, palms open, as she chants, and her parents join in the gesture. The crowd responds, and this time it is solid, celebratory. Barbara and Keniston and Ava start a slow and elegant dance around the small stage, waving their hands in the air. The chant builds and they dance faster, faster and faster into a great celebration and final shout – "I am happy to be alive, I give thanks for being alive!"

Keniston: "I'm happy because I'm part of Source, because I'm a part of Great Holy Mystery. Great Holy Mystery is creating me every instant. Its Talusba enables me to live. I am happy! Happiness is within you, waiting to be released. Early on in life perhaps you said you can only be happy under certain circumstances, or all kinds of things can take away your happiness. Actually, nothing can take away your happiness, but you can wall it in so that it can't get out."

Reporter: "Yeah, but it's so intense, so … intense!"

Barbara: "Apologies! We can turn it down. There! Is that better?" She nudges Keniston and puts her arm around Ava's neck and shoulders. They all become calmer, quieter, still happy but self-contained, not projecting.

The reporter looks at her in befuddlement. He can feel how gentler the radiance has become, but he is not quite conscious of it. "What are you talking about?"

Barbara: "Surely you know that we all project emotions and we have some control over what we choose to project?"

Reporter: "Does that make it real?"

Barbara: "Certainly! You can't project something unless you are feeling it strongly."

Reporter: "So you can project happiness so strongly that we feel it. Is this witchcraft?"

Barbara: "No, Silly! Any of us can do it. You can do it too, once you learn to take charge of your emotions."

Keniston: "We'll talk about that at one of the next Happenings. Right now let's get back on the subject!"

Barbara: "Right! Your big problem Number Four is your incredible attitude of wastefulness. We'll give you just a few examples, but it's endemic throughout your society."

Reporter: "But …"

Keniston: "All over the world you have oil wells burning off a flare of natural gas because it is uneconomic to capture it. These gases contributes to global warming whether they are burned or not. Failing to take and use this God-given resource, to just throw it away, would be unthinkable

on Durva, absolutely unthinkable! It's part of your production and part of what makes your profit. For us, to waste God's gifts is like spitting in God's face. Your true profit is how you take care of your waste."

Barbara: "Let's talk about paper. You use and waste paper in so many diverse ways! You know perfectly well that within the next ten years, you're not going to be mailing letters any more. It's all going to be on the internet. Why don't you accelerate the process? Every piece of paper is part of a tree that was cut down. Do you want to cut down as few trees as possible, or as many trees as possible? Unfortunately, the folks who are cutting down the trees make more money the more trees they cut. They want to cut down as many as possible, when what's good for the planet is to cut down as few as possible. You're still printing and distributing newspapers and magazines. That can stop any day! You're still passing out "free" paper bags at grocery stores. You have a big move not to use plastic bags, because the damn things last forever, but you're willing to waste paper. It's not that big a deal for everybody to carry net bags or cloth bags. You can stick a net bag in your pocket. And so much of your packaging, you just take it home to throw it out, and the packagers frequently pack the way they do to avoid shoplifting, to make things much larger than they otherwise might be. Surely at this point with security cameras everywhere, you can reduce the packaging and still do something about shoplifting. Needless to say, we have no shoplifting on Durva. Who would want to damage society in that way? Then you have products like Swiffers and Kleenex and paper towels, that are made to be used once and thrown away. Is it really too big a challenge to use a sponge or handkerchief or cloth towel? You don't have to waste all that paper!

"The one-person-per-car concept is another horrible waste, as Keniston mentioned earlier. You do this in part because you like the independence of going your own way, and in part because you're afraid of your neighbor! You don't want to drive with your neighbor. He might be a terrible bore or sexual predator or who knows? That of course is another hallmark of a barbarian society, to be afraid of one another. You are all brothers and sisters! It is appropriate, it is right to love one another, or at

least be friendly. It isn't that hard to do! The mentality of one person per car is a mentality of wastefulness. Of unnecessarily using up your Mother Earth given resources. There is a finite amount of oil in the Earth. Do you want to leave any for your grandchildren, or do you not?

"You can see another kind of waste in some of your TV commercials. Your ads for ORV's and even Jeeps inevitably show them tearing up the wild places. Is that really what you want to do? Tear up your wild places? Barbarians! We find such behavior appalling. Every part of your Mother Earth is sacred, and some of your wild places are especially inspiring to feel your connection to All That Is. Do not degrade them into mud holes!

"Do I need to comment about the waste involved in spending half of your federal budget on the world's largest military machine, stronger than all the rest of the world's armies put together but still defenseless against Israel's super silent submarines equipped with nuclear tipped missiles? You would be equally defenseless against Chinese submarines. So what do you do? You kill off the whales and dolphins and porpoises by experimenting with super loud sonar in hopes of being able to track such submarines. You are well prepared for the last war but hardly know how to fight your next war, which undoubtedly will be a cyber war.

"You have to invent enemies and wars to justify your expenditures. When the Soviet Union collapsed, your military-industrial complex carefully crafted the entire Moslem world to be your next enemy. The kingpin in this was failure to reach a two-state solution between the Israelis and Palestinians, so that the on-going injustice there would be a continual thorn in the side of all Moslems. The military-industrial complex makes no money off of peace. If you treated the rest of the world decently instead of exploiting them and denying their rights at every opportunity, you wouldn't have terrorists, and therefore no justification for your recent wars. Of course all leanings toward an effective world government so that there would be no more wars are quickly stifled. It is all just waste, waste, waste!

"You do have people who preach and practice living lightly. Some of them are very good at it. But they are so amazingly few in number, while the rest of you, or rather some of you, throw your McDonald wrappers

out the car window. If you want to know what it means to be a barbarian, we are telling you! I'm telling you because I know you can do something about it. Pretty soon we're going to be telling you what."

Ava: "You can't throw things away. There is no 'away.'"

Keniston: "If you want to become the nervous system of your planet, which I promise is your destiny -- it's what happens on every other planet as they become civilized -- it's a matter of honoring every part you come in contact with, every part of the system that you are in. So any kind of waste is a big deal. One form of barbarian wastefulness is to produce shoddy goods, which may be cheap but which may last only a quarter or a tenth as long as a product slightly more expensively made. Which is the better bargain in the long run? Which most conserves the resources? China exports an endless stream of shoddy junk, and your Walmarts are full of it. The Germans are far ahead of the Chinese in regard to the quality of their products. Since America has sent all its jobs overseas, it has no products. ... Gosh, I thought for sure that would get a laugh! You need to bring it all back, America! Otherwise you'll never balance your trade deficit, which is currently running about $500 billion a year and will destroy you fairly soon. ..... You guys are so serious about yourselves! We figure if you can laugh at yourself, you'll never run out of laughter."

Barbara: "You have no agency to set recycling standards so that everything manufactured or imported can be recycled as easily as possible. Germany not only leads the world in this, but demonstrates how profitable it is. You could improve your recycling in dozens of ways, or do you really prefer proliferating landfills and oceans filling up with endless bits of plastic which kill the seabirds and fish that eat them?"

Ava: "In just a few minutes Daddy will tell you how to deal with all this. But he says he doesn't want to talk about dozmars!" She puts both hands to her mouth, letting them off just enough to say, "I wasn't supposed to mention dozmars! I didn't say anything, I didn't say anything!" Her giggle suggests that perhaps her slip was not entirely accidental.

Keniston, smiling: "I'll tell you all about dozmars at the next Happening, right here in about 12 days."

Reporter, shouting from press area: "What's a dozmar?"

Barbara, ever so sweetly: "Come to the next Happening. You'll find out all about it."

Keniston: "We have one more point to talk about today, and it's a big one. We'll save the sixth point for the next Happening. Your political and economic operations are close to total shambles. Here in the United States your government seems to be in endless gridlock, but even in other parliaments around the world, very little progress is being made to move into balance with your Mother Earth. Your federal and state governments are suffering a severe degree of corruption because of your absurd laws about campaign financing. Large campaign contributions are bribery. What part of 'bribery' do you not understand? If you look at who actually benefits from the bills that are passed, it's clear that you are a de facto plutocracy. Furthermore, through manipulation of the tax laws, you are creating dynasties of the rich, which is a whole different issue.

"In just a minute we will tell you how to take the money out of politics, but let me first talk about your economy, which is full of parasites because you have no sense of what your values should be. Back in the 1970's economist Milton Friedman announced that the only value a corporation should serve is to return maximum profit to shareholders. How is it there was no great general outcry? How could you possibly accept such corporate propaganda?"

Barbara: "As it is, your corporations arrange your trade agreements like NAFTA, TTIP, and TPP to take all the jobs out of this country and increase your trade deficit, which is well over six trillion dollars and will soon ruin you. Strikes us as not just barbarian but absolutely crazy and self-defeating! How many new cars have you sold in Detroit recently? Presidential candidate Ross Perot told you about the giant sucking sound of all the jobs leaving the country in 1992. How come nobody listened? Your actions are so incredibly stupid that every economist who recommended them should be publicly shamed and fired."

Keniston: "The primary value of any corporation is to give society some useful service or product. Corporations serve society, and thereby

make a reasonable profit. If they don't serve society, why would you allow them to exist?"

Barbara: "Society sustains businesses, corporations, and entrepreneurs in every way, providing the heat for your houses, offices, and factories; the fuel for your vehicles; computers and cell phones; freeways; airlines; food; healthcare; and everything that you use. Your society provides all that to you, so how are you benefitting society? How are you giving back?"

Keniston: "Written into the charter of every corporation should be a very clear statement that their bottom line is to serve society, and only then are they entitled to make a profit. Serving society means producing high quality products and operating as ecologically as possible. Serving society means providing living wages and not sending all the jobs out of the country. It means providing paths to employment for the uneducated and released felons who have served their time."

Ava, interrupting: "Your president Abraham Lincoln said, 'Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is superior to capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.' If labor is not rewarded, in the long run nothing prospers. Seems like you're not paying much attention to this."

Keniston: "Thank you, Ava. Quite right! Serving society also means cooperating with the government to ensure that everyone has health insurance and respectable retirement. It means not paying for phony studies and lying to the public. It means not giving their executives ridiculously high compensation. Therefore, corporate executives as well as the corporation as a whole shall be individually liable for lapses in service. If a corporation only serves its shareholders and makes money for them, that doesn't count. You have to do a service for the larger society. What this means is that quite a number of present operations need to be put out of business. They are parasites on the rest of you. As far as we can make out, hedge funds do no service for society. Hedge fund managers become billionaires by extracting their wealth from your economy and giving you nothing in return. Neither do day traders, high frequency traders, and

short term traders of all kinds. Why would you allow parasites to rob you of your collective wealth? They turn a legitimate market in the financing of your economy into a gambling den, where anybody who can con the system can make himself a bundle and get away with it. The entire derivatives market is just a pit of vipers with no adequate controls to steer an honest market. You need to pass some laws and clean up this mess. You could enact a hefty transaction tax, like 1%, or pass a law that any profit from a stock which is sold within ninety days from purchase be taxed at 90%. This would eliminate the gamblers and leave the market in the hands of long term investors. Now, since your corporations own your Congress, how are you going to achieve this?"

Barbara: "We have a very simple and elegant proposal for how you can get out of the money game altogether and elect honest and responsible congress people. After all, where does all that campaign money go? The great majority goes to corporate media for television ads. Do you really want to be raising money to go to corporate media? You don't have to!"

Ava: "PoliRings! You can do PoliRings"

Keniston: "Yes! All you have to do is form political rings, or PoliRings, in groups of about a dozen. Just get together with your friends or neighbors. Plan to meet every week or not less than every couple weeks. Reach some understandings about how you will take the money out of politics. Then elect one member to serve on a second level Ring. The representative to the second level will meet with 11 other second level reps. They will hash out the various policy proposals and elect one member to a third level ring, and on up the ladder. It takes between 7 and 8 levels to include every adult in the United States and 9 levels to include every adult on Earth. The upper levels will select candidates to run for office. Each candidate will be supported by a ring of 12 who will ensure that the candidate supports the platform and is not influenced by bribery. The entire PoliRings will support the candidate, and rather than wasting money on corporate media, will use all the free services of the internet and also go door to door with personal contact and informative brochures. This is a decentralized structure. It is not from the top down. It definitely is from the bottom up, just the people focusing their power."

Barbara: "The PoliRings offers you several great advantages. First of all, it's a way to replace money power with people power, and only people power can take money out of politics. Second, every Ringer has a direct line to leadership and elected office holders. A first level Ringer can express a concern to their representative, who can check it out at the second level and express the concern to the rep at the third level and so on till it reaches the level where it is dealt with. Then a report goes back down the levels. No Ringer Congressperson can vote or introduce a bill or amendment without the approval and support of the level Ring that nominated them and supports them. The PoliRings system provides complete accountability. Third, the PoliRings provides an opportunity to make new friends and support one another. Have potlucks and parties as well as business meetings. Have a good time! In the third Happening we'll provide some specific avenues of support. The real problem is with your spiritual values. You're actually practicing a lot of barbarian values when you know better. We'll see if we can clarify this for you."

Keniston: "Under no circumstance should the PoliRings consider forming their own party. You have the horrible example of what happened to the American Greens in the 1980's and '90's. If the leaders had been trolls working for the Coke brothers, you couldn't have had a worse result. They had the absurd idea that they had to have their own party because they didn't want to work with the Democrats. Who did they think they would be working with if they actually got elected? No, take the easiest available route. Be Green Democrats! Run in the Democratic primaries. It's a small election, easy to win. And after all, your platform will be only slightly different from the Democrats, just way more focused in two or three important ways.

"The PoliRings should avoid all extreme positions. You have just two goals. First is to elect as many candidates as possible who will not be influenced or corrupted by money. Take control of the legislative process! Second, do everything in your power to move into harmony with Mother Earth and one another. You don't have harmony when some of you are billionaires and others are starving. Once you have elected a sufficient

number of candidates to make a difference, then you can start exploring areas in need of ecological balance, more justice, or compassion."

Reporter: "You're presenting an awfully bleak picture and a difficult, perhaps impossible solution. Can you give us any reason for hope?

Keniston: "Definitely! Yes we can! It may be without us being here you only have a 20% chance of survival as a civilization, but with us here you can go over the top. We're here to give you the tools to put yourselves right. The biggest and most important is the PoliRings. You've all got to put a little more energy into politics than you have before, but you'll be doing it in a way that's clean and effective, very possibly irresistible. What's very important is that it is completely legal. You will not be advocating terrorism, the overthrow of your government, or violence of any kind. You are working entirely within the system for democratic change."

Ava: "If you want a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, this is how to do it."

Keniston: "Let me add a note. Americans aren't connected to one another the way the Chinese or Kurds are. You don't have a common heritage and you tend not to see one another as brothers and sisters or members of the same clan, certainly not the same ethnicity. Witness how hard the blacks had to fight for the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and still have to fight for adequate equality. You are actually the country on the planet where the people are least connected to one another. Another candidate may be Israel because of the conflict between Jews and Muslims, but where else in the world can a young woman get in a traffic accident, knock on a door for help, and be shot and killed as a dangerous trespasser by the homeowner? The PoliRings offers you an opportunity to connect in a deep way and appreciate that you really are all brothers and sisters. It's a way to heal the divisions among you."

Barbara: "You can do this! We know you can do this! Otherwise we wouldn't be suggesting it."

Keniston: "It is not a painful thing to do, it's a beautiful thing to do, to get back in touch with the natural processes, so that you help Nature bloom in all that you do. This is no sacrifice, this is elevation!"

Barbara: "Just for fun, let's see what a PoliRing would feel like. Right now, get together with the people around you and form a ring of 12 people. Form a tight, small circle and join hands. I know a lot of you are packed in pretty tight and this may be hard to do, but spread out and make room as best you can. Let's take a couple minutes to do this." While the vast crowd reforms, a delightful music, like fairy bells, appears, as usual as if coming from nowhere and everywhere, like perfect surround sound for each person. As people become ready, the music subsides. President Subornable and the other dignitaries dutifully move down off their stand and form two rings.

Barbara: "Imagine these 11 people you are with are your real friends and neighbors, and these are the people who are actually going to form a PoliRing with you. Now I'm going to give you an impossible task, unless we want to take twenty minutes or more doing it. Try to catch the eye of every single member of your Ring. Give them a smile of recognition, do your best to sense their Spirits. We'll take just five minutes doing this. Make it fun when you catch someone, and fun when you don't. Do your best to catch everybody!" The fairy music returns, softly, bubbling and laughing, inviting a dancing uplifting of Spirit.

Keniston, after five minutes: "Time's up! How was that? (a murmur from the crowd) Now let's make sure we're all holding hands the same way. Let go! Hold your left hand palm up and right hand palm down. Now reclasp, keeping your hands in this position." The three Durvans form a little circle on stage, holding their hands in the prescribed position.

Ava: "Now send loving energy through your right hand to the person on your right. Send the message that you respect and appreciate that person. As the energy goes round the Ring, let it become stronger and stronger. Look at one another! It's ok to start laughing. This is a Durvan kids' game!" As they start passing the energy, a tittering goes thru the crowd. Some Rings laugh almost uncontrollably. What's happening? It's almost as if they were all hypnotized.

Barbara, smiling and laughing: "Ok, enough! Enough! Time to stop! We have one more thing for you to do. You can keep holding hands. I'm

going to give you a couple minutes to meditate and go deep. What would you personally like a PoliRing to do to improve the state of your lives on Mother Earth? Can you reduce it to six words or less? One word is fine. Here are your two minutes! ... Ok, now let the person whose back is most squarely toward the spacecraft start, and then proceed to his or her right. Tell your Ring your concern, your dream. Say it like you really mean it! Look into their eyes as you talk!"

A reporter, wending thru the crowd, might hear a wide variety of suggestions: "More love!" "Repeal Obamacare!" "Equality for LGBT!" "Tax the rich!" "End terrorism with justice!" "Free Guantanamo!" "Outlaw Gerrymandering!" "Single Payer healthcare!" "Legalize pot!" "Bring the jobs back!" "Stop obstruction!" "Outlaw the filibuster!" "Make the Supreme Court impeachable!" "$15 an hour minimum wage!" "Save the wolves!" "Fair immigration!" "Support the Bill of Rights!" "Balance the Budget!" "Address climate change!" "Arrest the Banksters!" And so forth. As the PoliRings finish, everyone starts talking excitedly.

Keniston: "Wasn't that great? We're going on to Part Two of this Happening, which is even more exciting, but before we do let's finish up as we might on Durva. Divide your rings in half, half facing me and half with their backs to me. Starting with backs, sing out as loud as you can, 'Rassataybas!' Facers will answer 'Rassavara!" Make the Durvan salute if you like! Do it three times! Ready? Rassataybas!" The sound rumbles like thunder thru the crowd with waves of raised hands, and even more deafening comes the response – Rassavara! It might have been a sports event.

Keniston: "Wow! You're making me homesick! Now let's all quiet down! We have come to Part Two of this Happening, and it's a time to celebrate! We want you to know that we are here to help. You have an enormous challenge before you, and it's going to take all of your focus and all of your energy to turn things around. To do our part, first of all, we have set up PoliRings.org to answer your questions and help you develop the PoliRings. Secondly we are creating the Durva-Earth Foundation, dedicated to helping you move into harmony with your Mother Earth. It will present our findings, coordinate research, and assist the many

organizations you already have in place that are working to save your Mother Earth and save you from yourselves. Much of this takes money, and we have planned the Durva-Earth Foundation to be a major fund raiser. This is a nonprofit organization and we will not be using any money from it. We need a little money for our personal expenses, but as you'll see in a few minutes, we have that covered. We are definitely not here to take any money or goods from you. We already have all that we could possibly need on Durva, which thanks to Durvan stewardship is a healthy, vibrant planet."

Ava: "We will be selling a few items to raise money for the Foundation. As you may have guessed already, we have baseball caps and T shirts in a variety of colors and sizes to celebrate the friendship between our planets. Aren't they special? Aren't they cute?" She tips her cap and spins around for all to see. "Buy yours today at Durva-Earth.com ! Only $12 for caps and $24 for T shirts! Show your support for your Mother! All profits go directly to the Durva-Earth Foundation. And oh yes! We've designed a special Durvan cap but we don't have it in production yet. It's silver colored with the same logo and looks a little bit like our spacecraft, with a brim that goes all the way around. It's special for folks who don't want to sunburn their ears. The Durvan Flying Saucer!"

Keniston: "We have brought from Durva 12 pounds of commemorative gold coins, 99.9% pure. They are 1/10 oz each, very tiny, but the gold itself is worth about $120 each on your market. One side shows the logo you see on the hats and shirts along with the date. The other side shows Barbara and me and our spacecraft. Of course these coins were minted before Ava came along. We have only 1440 coins, so these are definitely collectors' items. They are $600 each, limit of one to each address or credit card. To avoid any rush, we will take orders for the next five days and then make a random drawing of 1440 orders.

"In addition, we will do a second minting of 1/10 oz coins here. They will be identical to the Durvan coins, except the image on the back will include Ava. These will be $350 each. You will have an option of buying one of these coins if you do not win the drawing for a Durvan coin, or

you can simply order one of these without entering the drawing. You can buy as many of these as you like, except at some point our stock will be exhausted and sales will stop.

"Finally, we will mint some gold colored medals somewhat larger than your quarter dollar that will have the same images including Ava. These will be $76 apiece, because now is a good time to remember the spirit of 1776."

Barbara: "Obviously we can raise a lot of money with these sales for the most important cause on the planet, but we also have something very special for the super-rich. We have Durvan diamonds! Six 6 caret diamonds, three 12 caret diamonds such as the one we gave your president, and one 24 caret diamond. These diamonds are very special, even for Durva. They are all round brilliant cuts, but instead of a flat facet or table at the top of the diamond, the top is indented, providing eight additional facets and tremendously increasing its brilliance. If you check with your diamond cutters, you will discover you do not have the technology to make this kind of cut, nor will you in the foreseeable future. I promise you these are very special. You will not be flooded with Durvan supercut diamonds any time in the future. We will place these diamonds for auction as soon as possible at Soakerby's in New York City, and all the money will go to the Durva-Earth Foundation."

Ava: "And now for the Grand Finale! You thought the diamonds were it, didn't you?"

Keniston: "As we've pointed out before, Durvan sexual mores are very different from yours, much more open, much more celebratory, much more natural. We'd like to invite you to loosen up a bit, celebrate life and love more, appreciate the exquisite beauty of the human form." With an easy motion Barbara loosens the knot holding her blouse and casually slips it off. She appears bare breasted, her breasts beautifully firm and trim, a magnificent figure of womanhood. Several mothers in the audience try to shield their children's eyes and start to leave.

Barbara: "I believe that Bare is Beautiful, but I wouldn't want to try to take you too far all at once. My breasts are not actually bare. Zoom in,

cameras! Take a close look!" The hologram zooms in along with the TV cameras, and what appears from a distance to be nipples and areolas are actually two red flowers a little like a rose, each surrounded by a wreathe of pink flowers. At this point a bra appears as Barbara holds out her hand. It is exactly skin colored, with the two red roses surrounded by wreathes of pink flowers. "I'm wearing one of these! So by your standards, I'm actually clothed and decent. And look at this!" She loosens her sarong and lets it fall to the ground. Now she appears completely naked, an Amazon beauty of exquisite proportions. "Zoom in again, right here!" she says, patting her fur. What appears to be her beaver is actually an interweave of brown vines. She is wearing a skin-colored bikini bottom. If she were to turn around and bend over, she might reveal the outline of labia made of tiny pink flowers. "We know that you have a few nude beaches, some bare breasted beaches along the Riviera, and some skinny dip establishments like the Breitenbush Hot Springs. But it's not enough! We want to brighten everybody's bush! Bare is beautiful! Celebrate these wonderful bodies that Great Holy Mystery has given us! Celebrate that we have nothing to hide! Celebrate what it means to move into real harmony with your Mother Earth! Become part of a movement that takes responsibility for freedom! It's time to be free and natural and whole!"

Ava: "They're all for sale, everything's for sale!"

Barbara: "Yes! Introducing the Bare as Beautiful line of swimsuits and casual wear. Choose the skin tone that is right for you from 12 different shades! Bottoms and tops sold separately for perfect fits. Bottoms come with or without flowered labia. We also have full bodysuits for casual wear with the same decorations. Look naked when you're not! Bare as Beautiful guarantees to provide full legal protection and related costs should you run up against some foolish law that claims you're indecent when you're actually fully clothed. Take women's liberation all the way! Free the Nipple! Spread all over your world, the Femen International movement was started by Ukrainian economist Anna Hutsol in 2008. These very angry beautiful women protest bare breasted for freedom and respect. Bare as Beautiful is not quite so sextreme. We're happy to join in with a slightly different

approach. You can find Bare as Beautiful or BAB thru Durva-Earth.com or go directly to BAB.com . The swim suits are $48 and the bodysuits $72. As usual, all profits go to the Durva-Earth Foundation." She seems so perfectly natural in her Bare as Beautiful swimsuit, not a hint of embarrassment or defiance or anything. It is evident that she would be perfectly natural, comfortable with herself, even if she had no clothes on at all.

Ava: "And please do not pronounce 'BAB' as 'Babe.' We think referring to a woman as a babe is derogatory even tho it may usually be said with affection."

Keniston: "We also have men's swimsuits in the works, but they're not quite ready."

Ava takes off her T shirt and drops her sarong. She looks naked, but again she has a skin colored bikini with appropriately placed flowers but of course no fur. "See?" she turns around, modeling. "We'll have kids sizes too!"

Barbara: "One last word. We know women cover up to avoid arousing men. Islamists go so far as to require full coverings, niqabs or burkas, so that no man will ever be tempted to have salacious thoughts toward any woman other than his wife, or wives. But why put men in such an inferior position, supposing they have no control over their desires? Any man can control himself, and in one of our next Happenings we'll tell you exactly how to do that. If most women went BaB much of the time, men would get used to the reality and not be so obsessed with our bodies. It's a way to graduate to appreciating our finer qualities instead of just physical attraction. It is truly freedom!"

Keniston: "Time for questions!"

CBS Reporter Katie Korrect: "Your Bare as Beautiful sounds dangerously immoral."

Barbara: "You think morality consists of hiding body parts? That makes about as much sense as trying to hide the food you eat. You have all these sex crimes because you're so utterly confused about this wonderful natural process, and because generally you don't give your children enough love and honesty in their formative years. What's truly moral is what works, and you can't say your system works very well."

Reporter Fulla Comstock: "What makes you think anybody would buy Bare as beautiful?"

Barbara: "Very good question. Actually, we don't. It's just a guess. We've become very familiar with your culture thru your media, but as we talk to real live humans here on Earth, we see there's quite a difference between what the media preaches and how people actually feel. For example, several years ago one of your stars supposedly accidentally exposed her breast at your Super Bowl, and the media made a big deal about this. You're supposed to be shocked, she's supposed to be reprimanded, and then we learned that actually most of you didn't care. It's not even an issue on Durva. Who cares? But your media appeal to what they believe conventional morality to be. Anything that is shocking or horrible, where people are killed or injured, that's news to you, when in fact it makes very little difference. What does it matter to you if a bus goes off the road in China and tumbles down a ravine? Forty people are killed. Sure, it's a tragedy, and the Chinese want to make sure they are practicing adequate safety so this kind of thing doesn't happen again. Relatives need to be informed and all that, but there's no reason it should be in your news. It doesn't make any difference to you! So we suspect the people of Mother Earth are much more sensible and much more tuned in to what is real than your media project. If this is true, we think Bare as Beautiful might be a big seller. In wearing BaBs, you're thumbing your nose at your own narrow minded establishment. Generally, people find that's fun to do."

Reporter: "How do you expect to win us over if you keep calling us barbarians?"

Barbara: We're calling you barbarians because it's important for you to recognize what you actually are. For us 'barbarian' is simply a technical term as opposed to 'civilized.' From our point of view, you are unquestionably barbarians. You guys are barbarians!" Laughing, compassionate, like she really loves them and wants them to see what they are. "We're all equal beings, but we're calling you barbarians because it's a stage you're going thru, an adolescence. Fundamentally we're equal, it's just that you are working in that particular area. We don't know if we can help you. We

can point the way, and if you choose the way, you'll help yourselves. We just thought Bare as Beautiful is the kind of protest you can make for the fun of it."

Reporter: "How on Earth do you expect PoliRings to work when we can't even get 40% of the population to vote?"

Keniston: "You folks are able to mobilize in war like WW2, and when you understand the threat is as serious as it is, you're willing to act. The ecological threats facing you are far more serious than simply being conquered by another country. Billions of you will die. Billions! Surely you can see that, and want to do something about it."

Reporter: "What if we form PoliRings as you suggest but find the 12 of us can't agree on what our agenda ought to be?"

Keniston: "That's a very good question. I will be talking about it in our third Happening, because you've got to be based in Spirit, and you've got to be based on the facts. We can disagree about what the facts are and what the relevance is, what the consequences are. It would be helpful if you learned how to debate. That way when issues emerge, you can have a little debate inside your Ring or a regional debate where a number of rings get together and appoint a few debaters, 2 or 3 on each side, and then you can have what we call a Common Ground Debate. Each side gets a few minutes to present their position, and then the task is to find common ground. What elements of each position can they all agree on? The aim is within a specified time, perhaps an hour or two, to try to build as big a common ground as you can, so the PoliRings can move forward with a high degree of agreement and cooperation. Your aim should not be to be right or for your side to triumph: your aim is to make this work. When you want to make something work, you ask, what are the consequences likely to be? Or what are the causes which might prevent it from coming into being? You had an 18th Century wit who once said that thinking consequentially is the hardest task that man ever faced, but it is also the most elegant and most productive."

Barbara: "Always remember that the first step in building your PoliRing is to intend to love one another, to respect one another, to respect their

positions, to honor them as the sentities that they are. When you come in with that attitude, everything works so much better. Take a workshop in nonviolent communication so you can talk nice to each other."

Ava, singsong: "I got the best of you, I got the best of you!"

Keniston: "Thanks, Ava, that's exactly the program we wish to avoid. And we know it can be primal within us and easily activated."

Reporter: "Your proposals seem so naive."

Keniston: "We water them down to something you can understand and what do we get for it? Accusations that we're naive!"

Barbara: "We need to hold some more press conferences and invite critics so we can give more detailed answers."

Keniston: "You have no idea. We chose to call our robobrain HAL after seeing your *Space Odyssey*. Concerning HAL, we have a Durvan name for the robobrain, which is Xiftiwon, but we thought it would be fun in English to call it HAL.

"HAL gobbles up all the information on an issue and is able to evaluate probabilities of various proposals with a very high degree of accuracy. So what is the chance of the PoliRings succeeding? On planet Zaftik the probability was 41% and it succeeded, on Planet Elusia it was 68% and succeeded easily. Planet Lednerg was 23% and it didn't make it. The probability of PoliRings working on Earth and saving you is now about 33%. That's if everything goes correctly, successfully. However, HAL says that our degree of leadership and inspiration in saving your planet is indeterminate, so the probability may be higher or lower than the 33% figure. We're not exceptional geniuses, just average, average for Durva anyway. We're real people, but we have a different culture from yours, with sometimes strikingly different values. All we can say is that we'll do our best to help you, and hope you can break out of your fixed ideas to let some new approaches in."

Senator Swindle: "You Durvans are clearly pushing for cataclysmic change. Well, we don't have to believe you. God is not going to give us any challenge which we cannot learn to handle. Whatever happens, we Americans are exceptional, with all our ingenuity, intelligence, and faith. We're not worried. We can solve whatever comes along."

Keniston: "But you're wrong. That's what we're trying to tell you. You have started a chain of events which are going to be completely beyond your control. If it was just a challenge which you could figure out and handle, we would not have traveled for ten years to come here to check out the situation. We find it worse than we had hoped, and we warn you as best we can. You are facing utter disaster! You have to change immediately!"

Reporter: "What happens if we don't make all these changes you're calling for?

Keniston: "Then you continue on your path to utter destruction."

Barbara: "We'll feel deeply sorry for you, but you're the ones who have to determine your future for yourselves."

Ava: "A fool and his life are soon parted."

Reporter again: "So what are you going to do if we don't go along with you?"

Keniston: "I suppose we'll pack up and leave, but you can see we're putting in a lot of energy and a lot of money. We're doing our best to help you be a success and survive, and not to commit suicide in your arrogance and ignorance. You're like a 4 year old who has just discovered there's a huge life outside himself to explore, and his concept of "explore' is to dominate. What does a dominator do when he overpowers the dominee and the dominee dies? When the dominee is your Mother Earth, then how does the dominator survive?"

Barbara: "Maybe that's a cue for us to leave now. It's been a long session, and we appreciate your patience and attention. You can find much more about the PoliRings at PoliRings.org or link to that site thru Durva-Earth.com . And check out all the stuff you can buy to support your survival! We'll see you all again at the second Happening in twelve days. Rassataybas!"

Ava, saluting: "Rassataybas everybody!"

As the crowd leaves the First Happening, the strains of CSN&Y "Carry On" from *Déjà vu* appear all over, with no indication of the source of the music: "Carry on! Love is coming, love is coming to us all!"

CHAPTER 6

Second Review

Once again the three Durvans assemble in the cabin of the spacecraft for a koraku. They sit at the little table, clasp forearms, and interweave their legs. They breathe in unison and stare lovingly into one another's eyes until the quiet radiance of love fills the little room.

Ava: "Didn't I do better this time?"

Barbara: "You're doing just fine. We are so glad to have you aboard!"

Keniston: "Yeah, baby, you're doing great! Just keep being yourself!"

Ava: "I'm not a baby any more!"

Keniston: "Sorry, Ava, in Earth terms, "baby" is a term of endearment."

Ava: "Right! Poophead is a term of endearment too if I say it in a loving way. Baby! How to love and belittle women at the same time! Or maybe it's 'Hey, I love you, as long as you submit that you're infantile and without adult capacities!' So Big Daddy gets to do all the decision making. Are you going to tell them about their evil patriarchy?

Barbara: "We'll see if it fits in. Probably."

Keniston: "Good thing I'm not a patriarch! I'd have my own daughter calling me Poophead!"

Ava, rubbing her head up against Keniston's cheek: "Aw, I'd never call you that, Daddy dear bajina!"

Keniston, nuzzling Ava's head: "So now I'm the flower of your love. Aliof! I could say that maybe you've got them too curious about dozmars. It's not that big a deal."

Barbara: "Or maybe it is. It's almost entirely beyond their experience."

Keniston: "Well I'm definitely not going to recommend that they practice it."

Barbara: "I know. Sad. I miss our dozmar."

Ava: "I'd sure like to experience it. Sounds wonderful!"

Barbara: "You will, bajina, but it will be at least another ten years."

They sit a moment in silence, contemplating how far they are from home and how long till they return.

Keniston: "We can't think about it. Gotta be here now! We've given the Earthlings a really hard message. How are they going to respond? It's a message they've heard and heard, and have done their best to repress. But they can't repress it any longer."

Barbara: "I'm sure they could hear our compassion. I hope they change!"

Keniston: "What we're concerned about is how easily and how fast they can change."

Ava: "The American Revolution rose up in just a couple years, didn't it?"

Keniston: "Yes, but it took 20 plus years of active campaigning and the bloodiest war they ever fought to get the Emancipation Proclamation."

Barbara: "And over 70 years to decide that women could vote."

Keniston: "They haven't got that much time. In fact, they really don't have any time, just as I told them."

Barbara: "How will they be able to stop immediately?"

Keniston: "Ask the question and you'll find answers. They were able to gear up for World War II within six months, so it is possible."

Ava: "Otherwise you're gonna zap em, huh momma?"

With a slight shake of her head, Barbara leans over and kisses Ava's hand.

Keniston: "We're not going to zap them. We definitely haven't decided. We have to look at the situation."

Ava: "The situation looks pretty bad, doesn't it, Dad?"

Keniston: "Bad, but not hopeless."

Barbara: "Does that mean you're thinking we don't need to inflict the Eschatol virus upon them?"

Keniston: "If we do Eschatol them, it's clearly for their own good. It's a desperate situation and this is the best we can do. If they don't change and

nothing is done, they are doomed! So if there's a better way, let it occur to us! Do you see any possible avenue any better?"

Barbara: "It seems like 7 billion people in a functioning civilization would be better equipped to solve the problems they are facing than 210 million in a collapsed civilization."

Keniston: "But the problems are totally different. Eschatol will eliminate all the major threats. I just hope they won't be saying in another hundred years that we were the barbarians and shouldn't have done this."

Barbara, sarcastic but stroking Keniston's forearm: "Yeah? What else you could possibly imagine they might say?"

Keniston: "Hey! If 100 years in the future or only 5 years in the future we find a better way of dealing with situations like this, and our present method is shown to be inadequate, I say wonderful! We would just have been doing the best that we know how to do at this time. Will you give me credit for that?"

Barbara: "Why of course, dear. We'll honor you for it. We'll erect a statue for the prime Eschatoller."

Keniston sighs. Ava strokes his forearm solicitously. "Look," he says to Barbara, "you believe in equality in how we deal with one another, right?"

Barbara nods, with a hint of a grimace, suspicious of what's coming.

Keniston: "Does that mean if you were in the position of the Earthlings, you would approve of the extermination?"

Barbara: "I would have to, wouldn't I? Where's their shining knight on the white horse?"

Keniston: "Sometimes we have to deal with the seeming dark side. It's like the surgeon in their Civil War with a soldier whose leg has gangrene. He amputates the leg to save the soldier's life."

Barbara: "We're amputating a lot more than a leg."

Keniston: "It's just a difference in degree, not in principle. It's catastrophe either way. Like would you rather be crucified near an ant hill or shot in the head?"

Barbara: "I think I'd rather be crucified by an ant hill, because you never know what's likely to happen. I might get rescued!"

Keniston: "What if no rescue was at all likely?"

Barbara: "Where there's life, there's hope."

Keniston: "That all sounds good till you try it. I know I'd take the bullet to the brain."

Barbara: "Coward! Suffering is good for the spirit. It develops endurance."

Keniston: "Outside of a few exploratory bites, you know where the ants will attack you en masse? Where you're most juicy?"

Barbara: "You would think of that, wouldn't you? All right, you win. But it's different for an entire planet, particularly because there will be survivors,"

Keniston: "At least they'll be in a situation where the primary tragedy is behind them and things are getting better all the time. If we let the planet be, they'd be seeing things get worse and worse, with no hope of comfortable resolution."

Barbara: "So you're playing God, writing folks promising scripts?"

Keniston: "Do you have a better proposal?"

Barbara, "No, I mean yes! Either way, we don't know for sure what the outcome will be. Maybe there's a high probability, but that isn't a certainty. We don't know for sure how either way is going to come out, and that's why we shouldn't Eschatol."

Ava: "Zap em, don't zap em, zap em, don't zap em! When are you guys going to make up your minds?"

Keniston: "First of all, we have to give them the best possible opportunity to change direction. If they can do that, we don't have to Eschatol."

Barbara: "How are we doing with that? Is there any more we can do?"

Keniston: "We have to give them a little time for the peril of their situation to sink in. Then we have to see how they respond to our values analysis at the next Happening. For sure there will be some negative reaction. The question is, how strong is the positive reaction?"

Ava: "Wait and see, watch and wait!"

Keniston: "Is there anything more we need to do now?" Both Barbara and Ava are silent. "Then I give thanks to you both for this koraku. I love you both, we are at peace."

Barbara: "Thank you both, and thanks to the Great Holy Mystery, always in love!"

Ava: "Rassataybas!"

Both Keniston and Barbara: "Rassavara!"

CHAPTER 7

Reactions

WP reporter Newsom Grusom: "They didn't talk in a sanctimonious voice at all or in the overly concerned voice of your family therapist. There was something utterly natural and straightforward in the way they said, 'I love you! We really want the best for you.' It seemed as if you had to believe them. They seemed almost childlike, and all their proposed solutions to our supposedly desperate problems seem so naive."

Two days after the Happening, President Subornable holds a press conference. He is wearing a green Durvan baseball cap that appears too large, so that the brim is constantly falling down toward his eyes and he has to push it back up. *The Washington Post* later wonders if this is intended as some sort of slam on the Durvans, since we all know how to adjust the size on a baseball cap.

President Subornable: "Fellow Americans, I'd like to speak to you today about the message brought by our visitors from the planet Durva. While we welcome Keniston, Barbara, and little Ava, and are most interested in what they have to say, we find their message thus far to be both puzzling and troubling.

"First of all, I can report that our team of scientists headed by NASA chief climatologist James Donnerson has studied the Durvan's scientific evidence in depth. The team has agreed that their previous prediction of a possible ice age 5,000 years in the future is too conservative, and it is indeed possible but not probable that an ice age might begin in another 500 years. But definitely not tomorrow or in the next few years. While it is a concern, and we definitely need to attack global warming, the team sees no immediate threat.

"Secondly, our climatologists have been predicting that sea levels might rise three feet by 2100. We see this as a serious concern that must be dealt with. However, the Durvans have said that sea levels may rise as much as 39 feet by 2100. Our team has looked at the Durvan data and did not find any absolute proof that such a rise is likely. At most, the team has pegged the likelihood of a rise of more than three feet at only 30%. The Durvans claim the likelihood is over 80%, but there is insufficient evidence for such a figure. We believe that with adequate preparation of sea walls and levees, we can handle any threat likely to ensue for at least a century.

"Third, the Durvans claim that our beloved Earth is running out of resources. It is true that we need to establish more marine preserves to keep our fish stocks healthy, but our great capitalist system is continually expanding fish farms. We will not run out of fish. Likewise, all our basic resources are in good shape. We are constantly finding new reserves of oil and natural gas, 95% of our iron and steel is recycled, and even if we did not improve our forest practices, we clearly have enough wood to last at least a hundred years.

"Finally, the Durvans claim that the Earth is overpopulated. While it is true that some people today are going hungry, particularly in Africa, this is a problem of distribution, not a shortage of supply. We are growing enough food today to feed everyone on Earth quite comfortably, and we can expect to handle an additional two billion people without any great problem. Demographers expect the world's population to top at 9 or 9 ½ billion and then level off as birthrates naturally decline. In fact, in most European countries, population is already in steep decline because birthrates are too low to sustain their present populations. We see no need to take any special measures to reduce population. As the Good Lord told Adam and Eve, 'Be fruitful and multiply.' To the best of our knowledge, He has not rescinded that commandment.

"Thus it appears to us that for whatever unknown reason, the Durvans are using scare tactics to instill fear in us about our future. Through their various sales pitches, they are trying to raise vast sums of money to fight largely imaginary threats. We see no harm in buying their trinkets, except

that they may use those funds to fight our economic growth and thus lose jobs, particularly in the areas of oil and coal production. We are concerned that they may be arousing fear in us so that they can foster their own brand of religion upon us.

"The Durvans' suggestion that we all form PoliRings to create a more just democracy is particularly troubling. The idea of the PoliRings has been around Earth for over 150 years, except we know it by a different name – Communist cells! Communist cells were always supposed to be democratic from the bottom up, but they all soon became autocratic from the top down and led to all the well-known dictatorships in the Soviet Union, China, North Korea, Cuba, and elsewhere. We urge our citizens to shun this tired and unworkable plan. Our democracy is working just fine, as our Founding Fathers intended, and certainly does not need such a revolutionary alteration. You just need to elect legislators who are willing and able to work with one another, and who will represent the interests of all the American people.

"We do not know what to make of the Bare as Beautiful campaign. We can assure you, the First Lady will not be taking part. It appears to be a not-so-subtle way to encourage licentiousness and to tear down the bonds of marriage. If there is a place for nakedness or even pretended nakedness, it is in the privacy and intimacy of our bedrooms, certainly not on our beaches and public places. We do not see what benefit there might be in anyone pretending to be naked, and many of our states and municipalities have laws against indecency which provide strict penalties for anyone foolish enough to follow the Durvans' lead, Pied Pipers of blatant immorality. We hope our good citizens will not be sucked in by this foolishness!

"We have to say that altho we welcome the Durvans and look forward to learning what we can from them, their suggestions do not seem helpful, and we are puzzled and a little distrustful about whatever it is the Durvans are trying to do. We appreciate the Durvan's suggestions, but at the same time we feel they're a bit presumptuous to think they know more about our planet than we do, and more about what's good for our planet than we do. We would appreciate some restraint."

Reporter: "Mr. President, what do you make of Rash Lamebrow's suggestion that some sort of mass hypnosis was going on at the Happening? How else to explain how they got a bunch of cynical Washingtonians to chant 'I am happy to be alive" and all that airy-fairy stuff?"

Subornable: "We're looking into it. Famed psychologist Ivor Maushausen reports that he sees a crowd swept up by the good vibes of the Durvans, but nothing more than that, nothing that can be clearly identified as hypnotism. Nevertheless, as with any sales pitch, it's good for us to be on our guard."

Reporter: "Mr. President, when will it be time to invite the Durvans to go back to their own planet?"

Subornable: "We hope it doesn't come to that. So far they have broken no laws and are not inciting insurrection or terrorism, but all options are on the table. I think it's ok to humor them. After all, their culture is very different from ours in all kinds of ways we don't even know about, so let's accept them until we understand exactly what they're after. They may be really good people here to help us as they claim. But rest assured, we in the government are keeping our eyes open."

Reporter: "Shill O'Really claims he's gotten his hands on a Durvan book titled *How to Serve Humans.* It's a cook book."

Subornable, smiling broadly: "Let's see him produce it. I think he's been reading too much science fiction."

Reporter Fulla Comstock: "How about asking Congress to pass a law outlawing these disgusting Bare as Beautiful clothes?"

Subornable: "If Congress passed it, I'd be inclined to sign it, but there may be a free speech issue. Since the Supreme Court determined that money is protected speech, very likely clothing is protected speech as well. Perhaps we can just ignore it and let it die out as women think better of it."

Reporter: "Any explanation why the aliens are preaching the liberal agenda and proposing to weaken America by banning automobiles, shrinking the military, and trying to form a world government that would take away our cherished rights?"

Subornable: "You'll have to ask them. It doesn't make much sense to me. Thank you all for attending, my greetings to all my fellow Americans, and God bless America!"

A few nights later somebody shoots an assault rifle at the flying saucer, and the bullet bounces back off the protective force field and kills him. The dead man is identified as Alden White, a member of Operation Rescue. A note in his pocket reads, "We don't need no aliens tellin us we need more abortions." The right wing media protest the unnecessary deadliness of the force field.

CHAPTER 8

Second Happening

Twelve days after the First Happening, as the crowd gathers for the Second Happening, "When Love comes to Town," from Herbie Hancock's *Possibilities*, sings out over the Durvans' all-points-surround-sound. It is followed by James Twyman's "God has no Religion," which is a quote from Gandhi.

At exactly 1:30 pm, the little platform and the three Durvans appear in front of their spaceship. The crowd is larger this time, estimated at over 200,000, uncomfortable with the message but intrigued by the magic of the chants and PoliRings exercise of the First Happening. President Subornable is not in attendance. In the middle of the World War 2 Memorial directly in front of the spaceship is a group of forty serious people holding placards which they have not yet raised up to be visible.

The Durvans are all wearing silver caps which have a narrow brim all the way around and do indeed look a little like flying saucers, just as Ava had described. It's impossible to tell, but underneath a pinafore with a very short skirt, Barbara is wearing a BaBs skin colored body suit. They hold hands and close their eyes. A sound appears, shimmering everywhere, both full throated and delicate, with lovely undulating harmonies. Unmistakably, radiance fills the air. The forty serious people turn their backs on the platform and raise their placards, which read "Beware of False Prophets!" "Jesus is the answer!" "Saved already," "No thank you, go home!"

The sound dies away and the three raise both hands over their heads in salute: "Rassataybas!"

"Rassavara!" comes the reply, but the forty start singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Keniston turns up the volume so that the hymn reverberates among crowd, but it doesn't sound that great because the voices aren't very harmonious and have a tinge of anger. After the first verse the sound almost dies, evidently because the forty do not have enough copies of the remaining four verses.

Keniston: "Thank you, thank you all, and special welcome to the protestors!"

Barbara: "Thank you for that song, but we have to admit, we don't understand it at all. Perhaps we will."

Ava: "Yeah! Why would a Christian ever be a soldier? That's not how to spread love. Five verses and a chorus, and not one mention of love!"

Keniston: "Nevertheless, thank you for your input! What would a meeting on Earth be like without protestors? We particularly welcome you protestors because we will be talking today about our relationship to Great Holy Mystery, about our relationship to God, and no doubt you will be interested in what we have to say. If you still have questions when this Happening ends, we will be happy to meet with you immediately afterward and explore your concerns. Right now all that we ask is that you be quiet enough so that everyone can hear."

Barbara: "For whatever it's worth, we are definitely not prophets, neither false nor true, but we are representatives of a culture that experiences an enormous degree of peace, tranquility, happiness, vibrant enthusiasm, joy, and love. Yes, we still have challenges and pains. It's still possible to lose loved ones unexpectedly, but on the whole it feels so clearly that we are on the right path, we are dancing the Path of Love. We are learning and growing and enjoying and giving thanks all the time. But that doesn't make us either prophets or gurus. We're just normal people, normal for Durva anyway."

Keniston: "We'd like to begin with a couple of comments about President Subornable's press conference. You can always present good arguments for any side of a proposition, but just because they seem to be good arguments doesn't mean that they're true. Our definition of "true" is what works, in line with your philosopher William James and

the scientific method. There's no such thing as absolute truth, because everything changes and there are always deeper levels of understanding. If a proposition works today, works tomorrow, and works even to the seventh generation, it's a pretty good truth. By "works" we mean it has positive consequences, and if it has negative consequences, they are tolerable. So if you accept our analyses and suggestions and we're wrong, the consequences are really quite positive. You simply cleaned up your act and you're in better touch with your Mother Earth, more in harmony, and everything is better. If you reject our suggestions and it turns out we're right, you're facing total ecological collapse. The consequences of our position are all to the good, while the consequences of rejecting our position are absolutely devastating.

"If you make the changes we suggest, worldwide depression absolutely will not happen. There will be all kinds of jobs building things in a more ecological way. So much needs to be changed, and you are capable of determining how to change it. You'll have more understanding as you study it more deeply. It will be a tremendous revolution because you will feel so good doing it. Finally you're doing the right thing. You're all doing the right thing! You're going in the right direction for a change, and that's an enormous release of energy.

"We appreciate President Subornable's careful consideration of our proposals, but we have to assure you all that we do know far more about your planet than you do. Would you like to discuss the relationship of Pope Innocent IV and King Mindaugas of Lithuania? Or discuss changes in the Schumann Resonance over time? Or would you like to know that the day after tomorrow at 9:42 am EDT a 5.7 Richter Scale earthquake will take place northwest of the Philippines? You'd like to know when something like that is going to happen, wouldn't you? We know, and you have no way of finding out, so please relax your arrogance. We are here to help you. Please let us in! We understand how desperate your situation is and you don't."

Ava: "Ask us some questions! See if you can stump us!"

Barbara: "Very nice suggestion, Ava, but let's put a little more reality into this discussion. While we were on the moon we downloaded all of

Google into our computer system, which ... I'm searching for the right words."

Keniston: "Which re-categorized the information to function in our far more sophisticated search engine."

Barbara: "Thank you, Keniston. Sometimes it's really hard to translate. We all have a tiny Brain Assist implanted inside our skulls which connects to the spacecraft's robobrain, so that we always have access to everything on Google. Asking us is about the same as doing a Google search, except that we can probably give you one accurate answer instead of pages of possible choices.

"Besides memory functions, the BA contains a vast array of computational skills. Just for example, give me a five digit number." Somebody calls out 54321. "Get out your calculators and plug in that number, 54321. Now somebody else give me a totally different 5 digit number." Someone else calls out 97701. "Now multiply those 2 numbers together and you will get 5,307,216,021. Am I right? We have internally what you still have externally, and considerably more."

Ava: "The Brain Assist is directly connected to the Loop Drive, so we only need to think where we want to go, and we appear there."

Barbara: "Thank you, Ava. We know everything that you know, but we also have a variety of highly advanced scientific instruments that are making all kinds of measurements and observations, keeping track of trends and variations and possibilities in ways that you can hardly conceive of. So trust us! We want to help you learn peaceful, loving development, not only because we know that's what works the best, but because then we will always be friends, and you will never be a barbarian society setting out to conquer us. So when you ask, what's in it for us? That's part of it. The other part is we are exploring the universe, and we expect to find Great Holy Mystery's marvelous creations at every planet that bears life. We are prepared to love all of GHM's wondrous creations, see and appreciate their good, and be happy to share what we can on this glorious evolutionary journey. We're full of love, and successfully practicing love. We love to share it. We love you and wish to help you love one another, so that you can achieve your true potential."

Keniston: "Achieve your true potential. Yes! You need to understand what we human beings are, what all sentities are, and to understand that, you need to have some idea of what God is, Great Holy Mystery as it best translates from Durvan. We can give you our perspective. It's very simple and works for us. You may choose to follow it, or it may spur you to some alternate view. We live in a maze of possibilities. By dancing the Path of Love, we experience great joy."

Ava: "Tell 'em, Dad, tell 'em what GHM is!"

Keniston: "Would you like to tell them, Ava?"

Ava: "I'll just tell 'em what you and Mom told me. It seems obvious and true. So why not accept it as a concept and see how it works? GHM is the living being that you call the universe. That's what GHM is, the entire universe, every bit of it! You are a part of GHM, we are all parts of GHM, we are all parts of this one vast organism, with all kinds of different functions."

Barbara: "Yes, GHM is the living being that we call the universe. As Ava said, that means that everything is a part of GHM, we are all parts of GHM. You like to say that you are children of God. That's all very well, but everyone knows that children are often quite different from their parents. We are closer to GHM than that, we are each a part of GHM. We are the eyes and ears of GHM exploring the creative potentials that life offers. We always want to respect the sacredness of this time and place. We are a sacred mission, if we choose to see it that way. Life is a grace, given in delight. We give thanks for life."

Ava: "The Durvan word for Life Energy is *Talusba*. Life Energy is most recognizable as the difference between a living being and a corpse. When the higher Life Energy leaves, you become a corpse."

Keniston: "Talusba is a characteristic of the universe, like gravity or nuclear radiation. But in this case, it is equally true to say that the universe is a characteristic of Talusba. Durvans know a lot more about Talusba than Earthlings do. We Durvans know the Talusba is different strengths in different people. You may know that intuitively. We can actually measure how strong Talusba is in any creature. We have sensors that can tell

whether it's growing or fading, and we have ways of increasing or decreasing it. Because of our knowledge of Talusba, the Durvans have pretty much eliminated all diseases, and the Durvan geneticists who created us expect us to live about 200 of your years."

Barbara: "We are always filled with Talusba, till the day we die, but sometimes we're more aware of it, and sometimes it is definitely stronger. We tend to admire people with high levels of Talusba because they're so dynamic, and they are generally successful at what they undertake."

Keniston: "You need to understand that when we say GHM is the living being that we call the universe, that means the universe is alive, every part of the universe is potentially alive, and wherever the conditions for life exist, life will appear, simply appear. We've never met a planet capable of supporting life that didn't have life, and we're finding sentities are evolving all over the very small portion of the universe that we have explored. Some of your scientists right now are working on developing artificial life. They will succeed, because there is no such thing as artificial life. Where conditions for life exist, life will naturally arise."

Barbara: "Because every part of the universe is alive, you can sometimes experience mysterious deep connections with a tree or flower or mountain or rushing river. These nature spirits may have valuable things to tell us. It's good to open our minds and hearts and listen. Just ask, is there anything you'd like to tell me? You can receive some valuable answers. But our definition of Great Holy Mystery is still just a working hypothesis. You think the universe began with the Big Bang and is around fourteen billion years old and twenty-eight billion light years in diameter. You are mistaken. It is more subtle than that, and exists in other dimensions besides the space-time continuum with which you are familiar. It is an ongoing process, with no beginning and no end. We are aware we know very little, but this definition seems to fit the facts as we understand them. We also know that GHM is a great mystery, and we prefer to emphasize that aspect of GHM which is holy, so we say 'Great Holy Mystery.'"

Keniston: "It puts a whole new slant on what you think about life being sacred. If you set up the conditions for ugly life to appear, such as your

antibiotic resistant so-called superbugs or what's going to come from your very dangerous GMO experiments, that's what you'll get. If you want beautiful life to appear, check out how the Native Americans cultivated California. They built it up. Your great great grandparents murdered most of them and tore it down. Since so many of you have no respect for your Mother Earth or even your fellow humans, more and more ugly life is going to appear – vicious weeds of all kinds, bacteria and viruses trying very hard to kill you, oceans fit only for poisonous monsters. Is this really what you want?"

Barbara: "Since we're all parts of GHM, we can experience that directly, we can experience that part inside ourselves which is directly connected to Source. So if you like, join with me and experience our Creator, experience what is creating us, experience the Divine Energy that is keeping us all alive. Talusba is a vibration. It's not anything you reach out for; it's something you relax into, deep inside yourself. We'll play some music and perhaps hum a little. You're welcome to hum a little too, as Spirit moves you. If you don't want to experience Talusba right at this moment, you are very welcome not to. The choice is entirely yours. All you need to do is turn your back, and ask that Jesus protect you and shield you, if that is your orientation, so that you will not be harmed, if anything harmful is going on here. Which it isn't. You can also ask for Guidance: if what is going on, experiencing Holy Spirit, is what God wants you to do, you can open to that, in the name of Jesus Christ your Lord. GHM will answer your prayer. In any case we ask that you remain silent, so the rest of us can most easily tune in to the Divine vibration, Talusba, Holy Spirit."

Keniston: "You're also free to leave, and we duly record that you protesters object to our missionary work. In our Third Happening, which may be a couple weeks, maybe four weeks from today, we will not protest Christianity and your other religions, but we will tell you what we think of them. We will tell you how they correspond to ours, and how they do not."

The forty serious people start moving out of the crowd, waving their placards.

Keniston: "You're welcome to leave, but I would really like you to stay. I invite you to stay! And open yourselves! I promise you this experience will not hurt you, it is not dangerous, it is not hypnosis. It's very quiet and subtle, and you'll feel a happiness, a quiet bliss, and gratitude, a welcome infusing your body. After all, isn't it a matter of simple fairness that you listen to what we have to say before you reject it out of hand? 'Judge not, that you be not judged!' That's what your Christ said."

A lovely harmonious gentle deep hum starts playing very softly, but clear. Four leave, but 36 of the 40 quietly return to their places. Half turn their backs. The beginning of the dangerously unchristian meditation catches everybody unaware.

Keniston: "Feel your breath, going in and out of your body, keeping you alive. Feel your aliveness. Feel that vibration of life. Feel the wholeness of which you are a part. All is alive and you are alive. You are a tiny part of this mighty, mighty Spirit that has blessed you with life and consciousness."

Barbara: "Hold hands if you like, or put your arm around someone you know. Close your eyes! Feel the holy vibration running thru all of us. Open your hearts and feel the mingling of loving heart energy, suffusing each of us, covering all of us, supported in the loving embrace of the Divine."

Ava sings: "Feel the love, feel the looooove, feeeeel theee looooove!" Beautiful and loving, fading out.

The awareness of the underlying energy projects so strongly from the three Durvans that those immediately close feel it as a contact high, and it spreads rapidly thruout the vast crowd. They all stand with their eyes closed, holding hands, breathing deeply for a few minutes, and this wonderful, quiet, beautiful loving energy fills them all. Some choke up and cry.

Keniston, after several minutes: "Now it's time to express our gratitude, to give thanks to Great Holy Mystery, to the God of the Bible and the Koran and all your religions for enabling us to experience the holiness of Your energy, running thru us, keeping us alive. May we always

remember this experience! Thank you, thank you, thank you!" Barbara and Ava chime in on the thank you's.

The 36 remaining serious people talk excitedly among themselves: "Praise God! Thank you sweet Jesus!" or "Didn't feel a thing! It's all a trick!" Most had opened themselves and felt the remarkable peace that passeth all understanding. However, they are not necessarily converted by this experience or the aliens' message. Later they release the following statement: "It's fine if the aliens come here to share their knowledge or trade with us, but they are trying to convert us and we need to beware. They are not Christian!"

Keniston: "What is the purpose of life? Which is to say, why did GHM create life? Our answer is that ever since GHM created time, GHM has been trying to find out what GHM is, so has been exploring what it can do. It creates space, It creates time, It creates the universe out of Itself, and then It seems to have gotten this most outrageous idea, that in Its exploration of what It is and what It can do, it would be wonderful if It had some helpers, who could independently explore what this amazing creative capacity is. So It developed life, and from the earliest forms, life has been a continual evolution toward more and more free will, more and more capacity to do things on its own. The higher animals have a fair degree of free will, but mostly respond to their instinctual programming. Sentities have gone one step farther, so they actually have real choices. Thus the purpose of life is simply to explore what it can do, what choices it can make, what it can discover. While most sentities are involved in simply maintaining their society, which is a valuable and noble function, a few forge ahead into new areas, and create the science, technology, art, music, and all the various fascinating and beautiful attributes of sentity society.

"GHM has created this amazingly complex biocomputer in sentities. It's taken billions of years. When the biocomputer reaches a certain degree of complexity, Talusba naturally creates consciousness. Thru us, thru our observations, thru us figuring out what we are, thru us evolving, GHM knows Itself. This is our mission: to extend the consciousness of GHM."

Barbara: "Why is love the highest value? Because it works the best to accomplish whatever you want to accomplish. Power works pretty well, and you can accomplish enormous things by exercising power, but not as much and not as well as you can accomplish with love. The difference between a barbarian society and a civilized society is that a barbarian society primarily works by power, and a civilized society works by love. A barbarian society has very little recognition that collective love power works better than individual authoritarian power."

Keniston: "We've been saying we're all parts of GHM, but what part of this great living organism are we? You look at what you are, and you look at your history, and you realize that we are all GHM's experiments in free will. Free will simply means that you have choices."

Reporter, interrupting: "Our neuroscientists say there is no such thing as free will. Our choices are all determined by our conditioning. Can you speak to that?"

Keniston: "I know that's the current fashion on Planet Earth, but they're just being silly. Why don't they start a debate on whether or not they're alive? Being alive is having choice. As life evolved from simple amoebae, it developed ever more choices until now sentities have the most choice of all. You know you can discriminate between bad and good, better and best. This power of discrimination is what we usually call free will. We choose the path we consider best for us on the basis of the evidence that we have amassed and the feelings involved with it."

Barbara, interrupting: "If you can debate about whether or not you have free will, that's proof that you have it."

Keniston: "Those who say we have no free will need to understand that all free will operates within a matrix, which sets limits to that free will but enables free will to function within the limits. A fish in a pond can swim any way it wants, but it can't swim on land, and it can't swim in air. These are the clear limits on where the fish has free will to swim and where it does not. There is always a matrix of one kind or another around free will. Sometimes the matrix is very broad, sometimes very limiting. What your neuroscientists are saying is that they have noticed

one or more limits defining the matrix and therefore there's no such thing as free will. If you look for where it does operate instead of where it doesn't, I'm sure you'll find it! Each one of us is given a package of abilities and interests. That's part of the matrix in which we can exercise our free will. So each one has a slightly different sphere, slightly different matrix.

"Look! Let's do a little exercise. Stand straight and tall, and bend the elbow of your dominant hand so that your forearm and hand are parallel to the ground, palm facing down. ... I just told you to do that and most of you chose to do it and did it. You can move your hand any way you choose! That is free will! It is an inescapable fact of life. Some of our friends the protestors and a few others chose not to do it, and that again is proof of free will. You know you can choose where and when to move your hand."

Barbara: "I'd like to turn a Durvan myth on free will into one of your Biblical stories, the story of *Adam* and *Eve*. GHM wanted to make a creature separate from Itself. That creature could do Its explorations. With thousands or billions of these creatures exploring every possible configuration, GHM could just sit back and watch the show. It has expanded Its curiosity beyond Itself and into these creatures, these experiments in free will, to see what they can do. They are providing a new level of consciousness for the universe. They can not only see the stars, but they can name them, chart their course, and develop plausible theories on how the stars are born and how they die. GHM wanted to explore this potential, and that's why It created Adam and Eve.

"God created Adam and Eve, and created the luscious, lovely Garden of Eden for them to live in. He told them not to eat of the tree of knowledge. For a period of time Adam and Eve enjoyed themselves, exploring the various beauties and delectable food that the garden offered. After awhile they became curious about the wondrous red apples on the tree of knowledge. One day they said why not? and both tasted the delicious fruit. They played with it. Adam squeezed apple juice over Eve's body, and then licked it off. 'Hey!' Eve said, 'That feels really good when you lick me there. Do it some more.' Adam did,

and was soon exploring all parts of Eve's body. They worked themselves into a frenzy, and discovered they could make love just as they had seen some of the animals in the garden do. Wow! They had never experienced anything like this. Like any newly married couple, they wanted to do it all the time. Eventually they grew tired and sore. 'We've got to stop,' Adam said. 'Yes,' answered Eve, 'I wonder ... most of the animals have fur, so their sexual parts aren't quite as prominent as ours are. Maybe if we covered ourselves we wouldn't be quite so eager.' 'Great idea!' enthused Adam, and they wove themselves some skirts out of fig leaves.

After a few days God came down to check on them. 'What are you doing with those fig leaves?' God asked. Adam and Eve happily told Him the whole story. 'Wait a bit,' said God. 'Didn't I order you not to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge?'

'Yes,' answered Adam, 'but we couldn't see why we shouldn't. Everything else is so wonderful here, and now we've discovered the most wonderful activity of all.'

'So you've disobeyed a direct order from me?' asked God, double checking.

'We sure did,' said Eve smiling. 'It didn't seem like any big deal, and it turned out to be the best treat yet. Why did you forbid us?'

'Eureka!' exclaimed God, disregarding her question. 'I'm a success! You have ignored a direct order. I have finally created a creature with genuine free will. You are now complete human beings, just as I intended. But I warn you, free will is a double edged sword.'

'What's a sword?' asked Adam.

'You'll find out,' sighed God. 'Go forth and celebrate, become caring stewards of this land. Remember that I am always available for Guidance any time your way is not clear. All you have to do is ask.'

So Adam and Eve went forth, to conceive and raise Cain and Abel. Unfortunately they all forgot about asking God for Guidance, and what ensued was an exercise in free will characteristic of very young beings, like two year olds, very often not what is joyous, compassionate, or honorable. The unguided use of free will has brought Earthlings to the brink of utter catastrophe. It is time to remember."

Keniston: "Thank you, Barbara! Great story! You cannot have free will without consciousness. You have no free will when you are asleep or unconscious. At its most primitive level, consciousness is simply the ability to tell one thing from another: this is food, that is not. Consciousness is receiving information and making choices. Consciousness chooses. You say 'I choose.' 'I' is consciousness. Consciousness is the flower of your being, the most important part of your selves. In fact the most important part of the history of evolution is the evolution in consciousness, and it took a giant leap when consciousness became conscious of itself. We now know that we are conscious. The more you evolve in consciousness, the wider the scope of your free will. Evolving consciousness produced your science and technological development, and that has dramatically increased the scope of your free will. Two hundred years ago a galloping horse was as fast as a person could travel, and if you wanted to communicate with someone at a distance, you could write a letter and wait for it to be carried by horse or sailing ship to that person. Now you can circumnavigate the Earth is just a few hours, and thru Skype talk instantly to a person anywhere in the world while you are looking at one another. This is an enormous increase in the choices available to you, and therefore an enormous increase in your free will. Only very recently have you established the internet, and now you can very easily find out almost anything that is known. It will take you a century to absorb fully this tremendous advance in free will. "

Barbara: "We believe the purpose in life of all sentities is to evolve in consciousness as we exercise our free will. The more conscious we are, the more free will we have. Or to put it another way, the purpose of life is to exercise our free will in whatever directions we choose, and thereby evolve in consciousness."

Ava, smiling brightly: "The purpose of life is to do whatever you choose, and thus evolve in consciousness. Every Durvan kid knows that."

Keniston: "You may choose activities which only enable you to evolve in consciousness a very small amount, like spectator sports, or you may

choose activities which enable you to become enlightened, like deep meditation. Of course you may become enlightened practicing any profession or pursuit. It's just a matter of how you choose to look at it."

Reporter: "What is enlightenment?"

Barbara: "Being conscious that you are part of GHM and aligning with that. Actually, there's no end to enlightenment. A major step along the way is knowing not only that I am part of GHM, but I'm doing exactly what I should be doing, doing my best to dance the Path of Love in all ways. Another major step is taking charge of one's subconscious programs."

Keniston: "Exactly! We all have programs which are perhaps almost accidentally ingested, completely subconsciously, and they determine how we cope with the world. The more we can become aware of such programs, the more we can ask, what's going on in the subconscious? What can I make conscious? That's the Great Game. Our evolution is that our consciousness is becoming ever more aware of our subconscious and inviting elements of the subconscious to become conscious. The subconscious is an infinite well, and there is no way that consciousness will ever reach the bottom of it. But the more consciousness can become aware of and integrate, the more free will consciousness has. This is where we are going.

"These subconscious programs will run in animals and young sentities until consciousness grows enough to be aware that the body is running programs, and can then determine whether those programs are appropriate. A mature consciousness receives input from its senses, feelings, thoughts, and programs, and decides what to do with that input. When you identify yourself as consciousness deciding what to do with its inputs, you create some space between the decider and the automatic reactions, enabling you to pause and determine what action is appropriate. This is how you take charge of all your subconscious programs.

"For example, perhaps you learn that McDonald's food tastes really good. You automatically develop a program that says 'Eat at McDonald's.' You eat at McDonald's a lot. You weigh 300 pounds. You look at this situation and conclude McDonald's may taste good, but it is clearly not good for you. You resolve to stop eating at McDonald's, eat more fruits

and vegetables, and exercise regularly. Soon the old program pops up and says you really miss McDonald's. It must be ok to eat there once in awhile. You say 'No thank you. I will be happier and healthier if I lose 100 pounds. I don't need this old program any more.' Always treat your programs and all parts of yourself with politeness and respect. That drains the energy from old programs so that they go away, or at least go to sleep. Consciousness develops will power by sticking to its decisions, and just like a muscle, the more you use your will power, the stronger it becomes."

Ava: "Daddy says I will eventually learn to stop popping out with the first thought that enters my head."

Barbara: "Yes, we believe it is vitally important for each one of us to have a functional map of what is going on inside our heads and hearts. Only with such a map can we take charge of our energy. This is the next step in your evolution, how you move from being barbarians to becoming truly conscious beings. Right now a few of you are quite conscious, but most are only semi-conscious, often making snap judgements about situations regardless of what the facts may be. Your consciousness right now is just emerging, it's just a baby. Your consciousness is closer to being a baby than ours is. It's like you're one year olds and we're four year olds. We're not very far advanced in terms of how far we think we're going.

"What is "I"? Most of you have never thought about it. If you have, you probably consider "I" to be your whole being – your body, your mind, your emotions, all of you. While this is true, it is not helpful. If you think of "I" as being your consciousness, you see your consciousness as the Pilot that steers you. Or to change the image, think of consciousness to be the rider on a sometimes fractious horse. For the most part, the rider can control the horse and go where the rider wants, but sometimes the horse rebels and takes off on its own."

Ava: "What part of us is the fractious horse?"

Keniston: "Just right, Ava! We are largely subconscious beings. Our hearts pump, our guts digest, babies grow in their mothers' wombs – all

with little or no conscious control. The subconscious part of ourselves contains instincts such as the fight or flight response, and programs developed since conception to deal with almost any situation. When consciousness tries to take control of these instincts and programs, sometimes they resist. Sometimes a program will push consciousness aside and act out whatever the program says to do. If you are programmed to fear policemen, you may run away even tho the officer is ordering you to stand still and may shoot you. So these subconscious programs are the fractious horse."

Barbara: "The aim is for mind to be the servant of consciousness. Consciousness decides what thoughts and fantasies to pay attention to, and mind does its job. If you think of the heart as the seat of all emotions, the heart gives consciousness powerful input. Consciousness may develop techniques for dealing with those emotions and may often choose to let them run. But consciousness has only a very limited capacity to create emotions. A person may choose to look at all that is wrong with the world and feel depressed, or look at all that is going right and feel positive and enthusiastic."

Keniston: "We see you as largely controlled by your thoughts and feelings. You get a thought or feeling and immediately act upon it. You define yourselves as your thoughts and feelings. That's quite different from us. We see ourselves as consciousness, and our mind is our servant, a good servant too, offering input. This is how we actually behave.

"A few of you choose to let their emotions run them, believing the heart is a sure guide to appropriate action, which may or may not be the case. Such individuals may be inspired artists or drama queens. Some may choose to let GHM run them, as in what would Jesus do in this situation? Success for such people depends on how accurate and useful their concept of GHM or Jesus may be."

Barbara: "It all comes down to what values do you choose and actually operate under? Most people inherit most or all of their values from their parents and from their culture. Then as they become conscious, they must evaluate how accurate and useful these values are."

Ava: "We choose to dance the Path of Love."

Barbara: "Yes, thank you, bajina. We choose to dance the Path of Love. That is our fundamental value. We say 'dance' because traveling the Path of Love is a joy, never a burden, and we always seek ways to ensure that it is a joy. We flow with the current, and at times it's absolutely ecstatic. At other times it's highly challenging, difficult to find our way. That's part of the wonderful process of being alive, learning and evolving. So we can still joy in every part, knowing some parts can be extremely difficult.

"You can tell if you are on the Path of Love by the expected consequences of any policy or action, always on the lookout for unintended consequences. Your President Obama thought he could eliminate terrorists by murdering them with drones. But every time a drone killed a suspected terrorist or innocent civilian, the event created twenty more terrorists, until pretty soon you got ISIS. What good does it do you to make entire countries live in fear of your drones when you are creating hate so deep it will last for centuries? The policy did not work and was definitely not on the Path of Love. Your man Jesus said 'Do good to those who hate you.'(Matt 5:44, Luke 6:27) That's how to be on the Path of Love, and is the only policy that will pacify terrorists."

Keniston: "Of course we have other values besides dancing the Path of Love. Since we are GHM's experiments in free will, we believe society should be arranged for maximum expression of free will. Your Libertarians don't seem to have much understanding that free will has natural and necessary limits. The Law of Karma always applies: you get back what you put out. If you treat others in domineering and disrespectful ways, one way or another you will receive that ill will back. We believe in general everyone has the right to exercise their free wills however they choose, as long as they don't hurt anyone else, or hurt the environment, which hurts us all. These are the necessary limits of Free Will.

"These two principles are all you need. They cover every situation you could possibly imagine. Adhere to these and practice them: to dance the Path of Love and to exercise your free will within the two limits, and

make sure you and everyone else are able to exercise our free wills within the limits."

Barbara: "Love is closely tied to respect and justice, so those are certainly values we practice."

Ava: "They also believe in education, sometimes way too much!"

Keniston: "You can see how she's suffering! (He puts his hand on her shoulder and draws her close.) But the real question is, what are the values that you actually practice? If you believe that gold rules, it will for awhile, but it also creates enormous resentment, which sooner or later will express."

Ava: "How can you believe in Jesus and believe in war? I don't get that at all!"

Barbara: "And you have that whole patriarchal trip deeply ingrained in your culture, that at its base says women are property. When are you going to get over it?"

Keniston: "Let me summarize what we've said. We call it The Durvan Stance."

Ava: "Sounds like the Durvans Dance, which we do!"

Keniston: "Right! Here it is!" The hologram shows the five points as Keniston lists them.

The Durvan Stance

1. GHM is the living being that we call the universe.
2. Therefore we are parts of GHM, infused with Talusba, the life energy. We give great thanks for this joy, this life.
3. We are the eyes and ears of GHM in this space and time, and we aim to evolve to ever greater capacities, especially in perception, understanding, and love. We appreciate being a part of this sacred process.
4. We explore our free wills within the limits of not harming others and not harming the environment, which harms us all. We appreciate how the scope of our free wills is expanding.

5. We dance the Path of Love in all ways. The dance finds exquisite beauty, deepest passion, endless cherishing. When in doubt, we ask for Guidance on the Path of Love, and consult with one another, equal beings all.

Keniston: "That's all there is to it."

Barbara: "We invite you to explore how the Durvan Stance might work for you. You might want to make this a part of your PoliRing, or you may decide to get together separate from your Ring, meeting perhaps once a week. Discuss any questions you may have about the five points, any ramifications. Talk about your experience with meditation and Guidance. Talk about how dancing the Path of Love is working for you, and how you can extend your scope. You may find you are having all kinds of adventures which are highly amusing in the telling, altho they may not be so amusing at the time. Talk about this! Sing songs and meditate together! Appreciate one another's spirits! Love!"

Keniston: "And by all means enjoy this great spiritual adventure! Which brings us to our next point. Dozmars. Since President Subornable has seen fit to attack our suggestion about PoliRings without knowing a thing about where we're coming from, we think we'd better tell you about dozmars. 'Dozmar' is a rough translation of the Durvan word for 'marriage,' which means something quite different from Earthlings' concept of marriage. From time immemorial, the Durvans have joined in marriage in groups of a dozen, six males and six females. Frequently a dozmar will start with four or six and gradually grow till it reaches its dozen. You find a good group growing and oh! that looks like a neat one to join. Check out your compatibilities and make sure you've got something that will work. You just keep adding, it's a wonderful feeling! Each dozmar will have a dozen kids to sustain our population, and in some cases may have 13 or 14, because some dozmars may not fill, and a few kids die. Dozmars are an incredibly beautiful companionship. You are loved and accepted by 11 other people, your lovers, your buddies, your close friends, you love them!

Occasionally folks will make homosexual or Lesbian connections, which is fine, but for the most part you will have a wonderful loving sexual relationship with six members of the opposite sex and be very close buds with five other members of the same sex."

Barbara: "Dozmars customarily rotate sleeping partners on a weekly basis, our weeks being six days rather than your seven, but there are random contacts as well. It's a matter of appreciating the one you're with. Also when a couple has a hot thing going or they're trying to conceive, they can drop out of the rotation for a week or two, or during ovulation, but not for long because they are usually missed. We consider it to be utterly beautiful to be surrounded by so many loving people plus all the loving children. A veritable feast!"

Ava: "I have 10 more mommies and daddies that I've never even met, tho I've seen them on the 3D. Plus a couple of siblings before Mom and Dad left Durva, and now probably a whole bunch more. I get lonesome just thinking about it."

Barbara: "We truly love everybody, and are pretty much willing to make love with anybody, just to appreciate their spirits and experience who they are. Why not? There's always more than enough love to go round. We may choose to marry folks who have similar interests and compatible personalities, but we truly love everybody. We know that love is not possession, in fact the idea has never occurred to us. One of the beauties of the dozmar is that jealousy, possessiveness, abandonment, or self-doubt just don't come up, because with 12 of us, there is always somebody you can turn to."

Keniston: "When you are married to six members of the opposite sex, you can merge their essences in your mind, so that you see the Spirit of the Feminine, this beautiful generating receptive Spirit. That's a transformative experience."

Barbara: "Or you see the Spirit of the Masculine, strong and analytical, protective and fair. You can identify with the Spirit of your own sex, or appreciate the Spirit of the opposite."

Keniston: "We do not know whether we are creating these Spirits of Masculine and Feminine, or whether the creating is being done for us or thru us, but either way we have these beautiful images, the essence of love. We generally don't visualize these Spirits as physical beings as your modern Pagans may, but as energy beings, amorphous, nevertheless responsive to our concerns. They are a part of Great Holy Mystery, just as we are."

Barbara: "You'll discover how easy it is to love six different men. There's a part of you that's always wanted to, wanted some variety. You can't find a wholeness in just one man, but if you put six together, you've got the god. We have a ceremony after a dozmar achieves fullness in which all twelve of us sit in a circle holding hands and feel the opposite sex as represented by these six individuals before us. We feel the energy of beauty and sweetness and love, caring, nurturing, making everything grow. That spirit grows, and it is as if god and goddess appear before us and we all feel it. It is utterly holy. This ceremony is repeated at least once a year, in some dozmars as many as four times a year. Dozmars will usually put a fairly large, four or six feet, image of the god and goddess as energy beings in a prominent part of the house, an altar place, so that we can always recognize that we are dedicated to practicing love as best we can in all forms, and give thanks for the fruits of our practice."

Ava: "Sometimes they have little girl and boy versions of the god and goddess, just so we can see what we're growing into."

Barbara: "It's a beautiful ritual, keeps us focused on what is holy. When twelve people all totally committed to one another meditate together, it's so amazingly strong!"

Keniston: "One of the great advantages of dozmars is the division of labor. Durvans used to work four days a week and take two days off, but we've had so much technical advance and robotics that most of us work just two days a week, unless we're working on something exciting and then we may work all the time. So now in a typical dozmar, around four members may be focused on raising the kids, gardening, shopping, cooking, and housework. Because we always have at least four members at home,

we never need day care as you folks do. In fact we don't see that your day care can ever give the love and attention that parents do. Another four members may have actual jobs that bring income, and four may be mostly free to follow their own pursuits. Of course we all share the maintenance jobs like dish washing. Planning meals and cooking for twelve isn't that much more difficult or time consuming than preparing for just two. If we were functioning on Earth, a dozmar would have only one clothes washing machine or lawn mower, far fewer vehicles, and many other savings in time and energy, leaving us that much more time for celebrating and loving. The kids grow up with a bunch of sibling playmates. We all bond with all the kids and plan various adventures and learning experiences with them. With so many parents, a kid can always find somebody to commune with about any concerns or problems. You can't imagine what a love nest a dozmar is until you actually experience it."

Barbara: "And by the way, you Earthlings could solve your unemployment problems if you all moved to a four day week. You need to understand and appreciate what your technological advance is doing for you. It's barbarian to let the rich hog all the advantage and just get richer.

"If you grow up in a Dozmar, you essentially have six different mommies and six different daddies, so you're not that attached to one single one. You may be slightly more attached to your biological mother and father, but the love is spread around. Consequently, you're not likely to fall into the mistake of thinking there is only one love for you in life. Be mine! The idea that somewhere is the perfect soul mate for you is just part of the patriarchal trap. We're all soul mates! Down underneath, our eternal essence is always complementary. We're all parts of GHM and can see one another at that level. We automatically love one another. The reason you don't experience this is that you have so many dysfunctional programs about separateness and conflict. You can escape that whole thing by dozmars, the way we were raised. Isn't it better to be loved by a dozen moms and dads that just one of each? As your Hillary Clinton once said when she was First Lady, it takes a village to raise a kid. Those who have lots of uncles and aunts and

brothers and sisters tend to be happier and better adjusted than those who don't."

Keniston: "Each dozmar chooses its own name. Since twenty-four humans were born on Durva, we eventually formed two dozmars. We are part of the FirstEarthers; the other dozmar is the FirstHumans. More often dozmars are named for a characteristic or value that they like and share, like WarmHeartedLovers, HappyKids, or BraveHearts, all of which sound a little better in Durvan.

"In a typical dozmar, every individual gets his or her own room, of course with a double bed, so that everybody has their own space. That way they can join together however it's comfortable. Sometimes a member may want to be alone for a day or two, and with their own room, they can do that. Otherwise they have fun inviting one another to one another's spaces. (acting) I'd like to spend the week at your space, if that's ok with you."

Barbara: "Sure it is, but why?"

Keniston: "I just had a particularly heavy encounter with Sylvia at my space, and I want to get completely away from that so I can give 100% attention to you."

Barbara: "Oh, that's so sweet of you! Thank you for that!"

Ava: "It's so nice to see Mommy and Daddy loving each other, even when they're play acting!"

Keniston: "You Earthlings claim to be so committed to one another, altho in actuality according to your own statistics, 50% of your marriages end in divorce and 60% of you step out on your partners at one time or another. I don't use the word 'cheat' because we wouldn't consider it that."

Barbara: "Maybe you think you couldn't possibly love more than one person, but then you go thru life and practice sequential monogamy. Over the space of a long life you may make deep, lasting relationships with a dozen partners or more. Pick your six favorite partners and imagine you are having them all at once, in all their wonderful variety. Would it have been an amazing and beautiful trip to love them all at once? Would they get along with one another? Would they be buddies, best friends, sisters

and brothers? Is that even remotely conceivable? And what a party a dozen of you might have! That's a dozmar!

"In dozmars a couple hours are set aside every week for the men to get together by themselves and the women to get together by themselves to hash over any issues, report on problems, progress, success, improvements on how they relate to one another. This keeps them bonded. It's an advantage you don't have when just one couple is married."

Keniston: "Some of you might have dozens or hundreds of one night stands, and you don't even remember most of them. That is not what we're talking about, that's just getting your rocks off. We're talking about deep, sensitive, feeling connections with one another, really appreciating one another's spirits, so that you always remember and appreciate the wonderful, loving being that you connected with. You become friends for life."

Reporter Katie Korrect: "It all sounds like rampant hedonism!"

Barbara: "What's wrong with that? We honor our bodies, we think our bodies are beautiful, we love one another, and one another's bodies. We deeply appreciate one another's spirits. Let us make the sexual connection exuberant and joyous and absolutely as full of love as we can! We know it's just part of life, it's not the whole. But it's a solid foundation for all the good that we can create."

Keniston: "You Earthlings have a number of sexually transmitted diseases, so of course you have to be extra careful to protect yourselves and not spread them. The Durvans have much more effective and immediate cures for all the diseases we've run across so far, and like us, the average Durvan can expect to live a couple hundred of your years. That second hundred years can be a wonderful time of wisdom and celebration, creativity and continued sexual bliss, tho no longer a time for child bearing."

Ava: "I can hardly wait to have a couple kids. What a miracle that must be!"

Keniston, patting Ava's head: "The dozmar is also Durva's basic political unit. Just as we described for the PoliRings, each dozmar appoints one representative to meet with eleven others to deal with local concerns, and that ring appoints a rep to meet with 11 others for regional concerns, and

on up the ladder. This PoliRings arrangement has always been the basis for our political system, so it has always been from the bottom up. It's never been from the top down. That would be inconceivable. No one in a leadership position is ever given that much power. So your experience with communist cells certainly does not match our experience with dozmars. Dozmars are an ancient and holy tradition. Actually it's insulting for anyone to tell us that PoliRings are like communist cells, which generally seem fraught with dissent, argument, and bad feelings. But relax! We forgive you! We understand that you don't know what you're talking about. We are not suggesting that you try dozmars. In fact exactly the opposite! We are very strongly suggesting that you do not try dozmars."

Barbara: "We recommend that you don't try dozmars until you become fully identified with your consciousness, because otherwise you are so steeped in patriarchal possessiveness that you'll end up quarreling among yourselves. But you can do the PoliRings, and if you like you can also make them your spiritual discipline and a place to process your progress toward identifying as consciousness."

Keniston: "Earthlings should not do dozmars. Look, we've got bonobo genes. You don't! That's a huge difference, makes us much easier to love one another, to love everybody, than it does you. We certainly encourage you to put all the energy you can into increasing your capacity to love. We know of nothing more beautiful. When you feel the ecstasy of love flowing thru you, flowing into you, flowing out, there is no finer feeling. There's a direct experience of beauty. The ecstasy of beauty is exquisite, the masterpiece of the universe, and I am part of that. I can project that beauty from me to you. Then there's the direct perception of GHM as energy, as vibration, as Talusba. Exquisite infusion of absolute loving vital energy creating us and keeping us alive. Perhaps that's the highest experience of all, love entwined with beauty."

Barbara: "Not only do we have bonobo genes, but we have grown up in a culture that has believed in and practiced dozmars for a thousand generations. We miss our dozmar! Keniston and I have a wonderful relationship, but it isn't the same as having six wonderful relationships! Actually,

it's 11 wonderful relationships, or more properly 12, since we all have a wonderful relationship with ourselves."

Keniston: "Knowing that you are consciousness and that your senses, emotions, and thoughts are merely input gives you some space so that you are not controlled by your input. Only when you have evolved to that level so that you are a fairly free consciousness, free to act on the basis of logic, reality, and the vibration of the situation -- only then are you ready to enter a dozmar. In your present condition you are so totally indoctrinated in love as possession. You make this contract of marriage in which you agree to be possessed by one another. That isn't love. We would find it absolutely horrifying! Extremely barbarian! In dozmars we know this. Sometimes two dozmars will get together and party. There will be a lot of interchange and sleeping over. We don't mind foursomes or sixsomes either. It's all beautiful loving celebration. But you guys want to hang on to one another, as if you let go, you wouldn't have anybody. We know we have virtually everybody. There's no lack."

Barbara: "You have that nice saying, 'when one door closes, another opens.' Yes, for you, when one relationship ends, another can take its place. It's a wonderful dance! You learn so much about how to get along and appreciate one another and make life the beautiful adventure that it is. Of course for us, relationships never end, except by death. Once we make a connection, we are mates for life. When you're a mate for life, you know each other. That doesn't mean you necessarily know what the other thinks or believes or practices, but you know you can be open with each other and report how you are, be accepted. That's the often unspoken pledge that we make to one another. When you live in a culture where that's what all your parents do and your grandparents and great grandparents, why sure! That's what it means to live! You do not have that inheritance, you do not have that racial memory of creating the god and goddess. You cannot know that, or only in a primitive way. So don't do dozmars. Be patient! Grow up! Wait until you are ready. And dozmars may not be the path you choose at all. You are your own creators, you can

choose any kind of relationships you want. That's why it's so wonderful to choose love."

Keniston: "Time to move on. This Happening is getting pretty long, and we don't want to lose your attention. We're almost finished."

Barbara: "I'd like to leave this part of the Happening with a couple of prayers. I'm suggesting a morning prayer that you can set some special time aside for, or you can do it in the shower or one of your other morning activities. You'll find it's easy enough to project energy into the prayer and let the activity run on automatic. The second prayer I recommend as a sunset prayer, to say at or shortly after sunset, because of course sunsets become most beautiful after the sun sets.

"We've talked about our values, the value of love most of all, and also important is the value of gratitude, gratitude just for being alive. The prayers are an opportunity to express our gratitude for being these incredible sentities that we are. So I invite you to try saying these prayers morning and evening. You don't have to, and if you can find some different words that are more appropriate to your particular situation, feel free to change them. Nothing is written in stone here, it's just a matter of expressing our appreciation, our gratitude for this existence that we have been given. Saying the prayers doesn't mean that you have to stop being Christian or anything else. They're interdenominational! Simply dedicate to Great Holy Mystery or whatever you choose to call GHM."

Ava: "I like to say prayers twice a day as Mom says, but I like to say them in Durvan rather than English. Durvan's a lot faster!"

Keniston, pulling on Ava's ear: "Let's not have any competitions on how fast the prayers can be said. Speed isn't important. What's important is the feeling you put into them. The prayers will be on our website, Durva-Earth.com, along with an app for easy downloading."

Barbara: "The love of GHM, the bliss of GHM, the ecstasy of GHM is always available to us. We simply need to open ourselves to it. We feel

that bliss, and then we know we are in good hands. We are what we are, reasonably complete and set up to do and learn and grow as very best we can. What a joy in that! To know what we're here for! To know that everything is ok and we are ready to go out and face the challenges before us. So here are the prayers!" The three Durvans say them together and sing the little hymn in harmony. The words are projected in the hologram over their heads.

Morning Prayer

(When showering) *I thank civilization for hot water and all the appropriate amenities.*

Great Holy Mystery! Thank you for life, the ever moving Talusba! Thank you for free will! Thank you for this day! May I make the most of it!

Thank you for revealing that I am part of you, and I can tune in to Guidance whenever I ask, as long as I don't ask too often.

Thank you for love, and joy, and beauty, and bounty, humor and health and memory, strength, intelligence, courage, compassion, and all the rest.

Thank you and blessings for my mother and father and all of my ancestors. Thank you for the spark of life, for my hard wiring, for my initial programming, and for all the love and nurturing and guidance that I have received from all sources. As opportunities arise, may I give love, nurturing, and guidance.

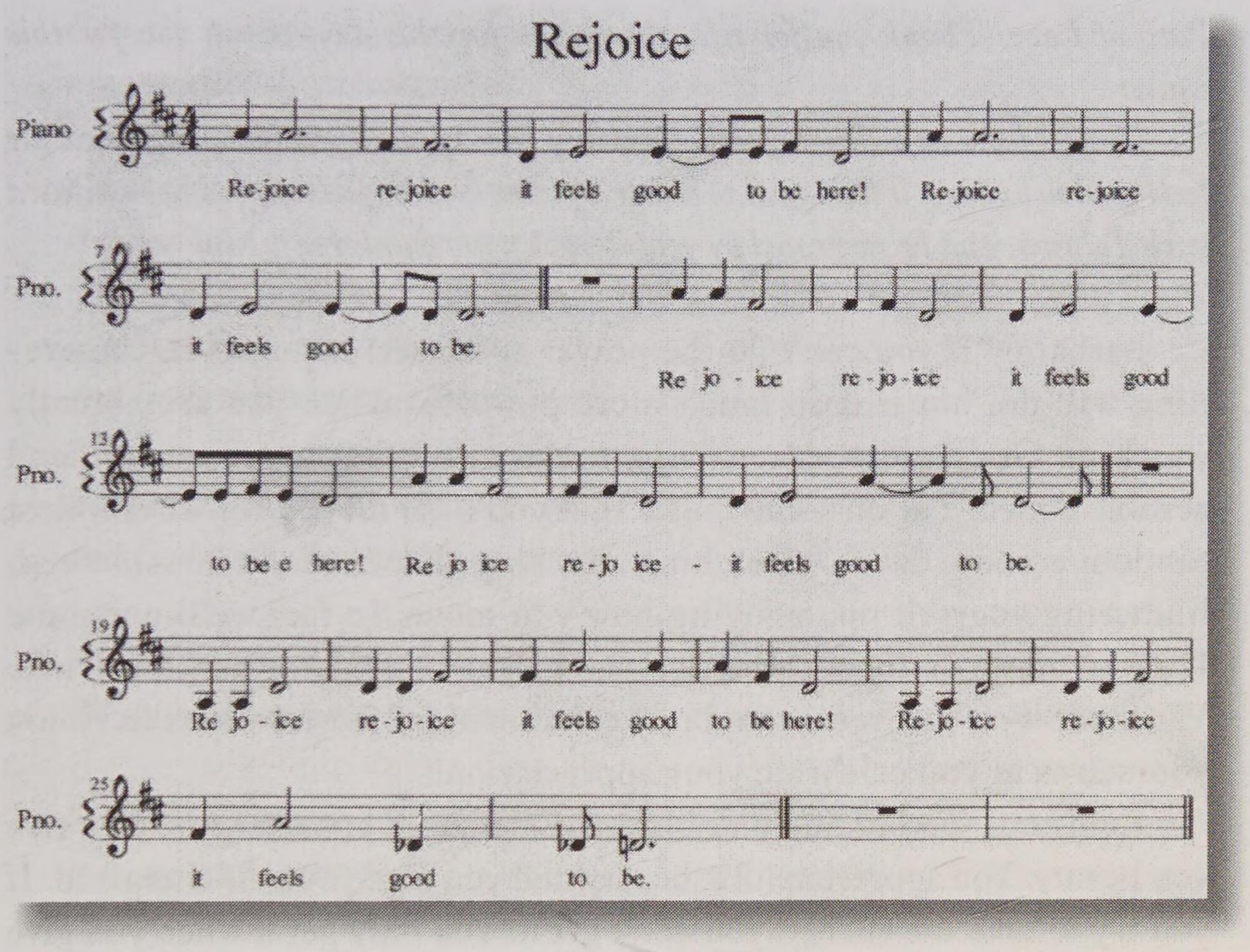
Thank you and blessings for all my friends and loved ones. (It's good to name them.)

Thank you for all my adventures and challenges, and for all my successes and failures, and all that I learn thereby. May my challenges become adventures as I evolve in consciousness!

I align my free will with the sacred Path of Love in all my thoughts, decisions, actions, and relations; I radiate love, or joy, or peace in all that I do, and all that I be.

It feels good to be here, it feels good to be here, praise God! It feels good to be alive, infused with Talusba, and embraced by You! How may I dance the Path of Love today?

At the end of the prayer it's good to sing a little hymn in praise of life, which can be sung as a round or in harmony:



Sunset Prayer

Thank you, Sun. Thank you, Clouds. Thank you, Sky. Thank you, Air. Thank you, Mountains (or whatever elements of Nature you see before you).

Thank you, Mother Earth, sustaining us all. May we appreciate you, respect you, honor you, and love you! (You can add hand movements with this part. "May we appreciate you" – hold your hands out from your sides in a welcoming gesture; "respect you" – bow down before you; "honor you" – hold your hands straight up over your head, a Durvan salute in celebration; and "love you" -- wrap your arms around your chest and hug yourself.)

Thank you Great Holy Mystery, giving us life. May we appreciate this great gift, Talusba, and use it well to evolve in consciousness and become the nervous system of our ever-giving Mother Earth, good stewards, dancing the Path of Love. Thank you for life, thank you for this day, thank you for this sunset.

I hope I have used this day well. (Review the day and make a judgment.) *It feels good to be here, it feels good to be here, praise God, it feels so good to be infused with Talusba, and be embraced by you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!*

Barbara: "If you can't do the prayer at sunset, any time in the evening will do, but it is so much more powerful when you are actually watching God's glory. After doing the evening prayer, we recommend aerobic dance. Put on some music that you like, maybe Karunesh, do a random ecstatic dance, stretching anything that needs to be stretched, limbering yourself up, enjoying how you move. In fact we'll put some Durvan music on the website that you might enjoy doing aerobic dance. We'll put it on for free so anybody can download it who wants it. Enjoy yourselves as you celebrate your appreciation!"

Keniston: "Father Sun and Mother Earth send you energy. They give you beauty. You appreciate that beauty and you find yourself energized. If you try to take the energy, you don't get it. You only get it when you give your appreciation and open yourself to the beauty and wonder of your glorious existence. So open yourselves to the Divine energy. Let it fill you, heal you, and celebrate your life! It is life itself that is divine. This is the divine energy, Talusba, that flows thru us all."

Barbara: "These prayers will put you in touch with yourself and Mother Earth, and every day you can reaffirm your gratitude and your commitment to dancing the Path of Love. This is what you need to be whole and to evolve out of your barbarism. Otherwise you are facing terrible and prolonged destruction as the human race acts like a cancer upon your Mother Earth. We composed a fun little song to cheer you up and help you along. Here it is!"

Cancergram

Can-sir, can-ma'am,
can you cure the cancergram?

Cancer grows, it does not shrink
it grows and grows, it does not think.

It grows until it kills the host,
and finds that's what it misses most!

So then it must move on, move on,
and find a new host where to spawn.

Now it grows and grows again,
till this one too comes to an end.

So never let a cancer grow,
it is sure to be your foe!

Can sir, can ma'am,
can you cure the cancergram?

The three Durvans sing in polyphony, vaguely like a madrigal except with a fairly strong beat, catchy. Keniston materializes a synthesizer drum, and Barbara plucks out of the air an instrument that seems like an electronic cross between a guitar, zither, and Theremin. Ava does a little dance as they sing. A projection of the words appears over their heads, so everybody can sing along. Also, one of the instruments produces something like a laser light-show that projects a great rainbow behind them, around the Washington

Monument, that vibrates with the melody. They sing the song three times, slightly varying the melody and accompaniment. The Cancergram comes across as a saucy taunt, but the Durvans are deadly serious.

Keniston, humorous, challenging: "You are a cancer! You've got to understand that in order to change! You are destroying your host Mother Earth. You are a cancer! You get cancers because you are one! You get back what you put out! Do you want to be a cancer, or do you want to be a conscious being? Being conscious means choosing a set of values that will enable you to survive with joy and love, nurturing your planet. You have it backwards! You're taking instead of appreciating. Mother Earth gives you everything!"

Barbara: "So what can you do to stop being a cancer? First and foremost, take back your government! Form PoliRings! Get together with your friends and neighbors! Now is the time to act! This is a method guaranteed to work if enough of you do it. So do it! Who wants to live under dangerous corruption that is stealing your livelihoods and destroying your Mother Earth, the only home you have. Nothing could be more important than this!"

Keniston: "Before we close with the commercials, let's have a few questions. Who has a question?"

Reporter: "You all have really good voices?"

Keniston: "We did a lot of music on the trip. It's a great way to pass those long ten years."

Reporter: "Did you make up that cancergram song on your trip then?"

Keniston: "No, actually we made it up yesterday. It's nothing polished or subtle, just something we knocked out because we thought it would be fun to sing some."

Reporter: "What do you mean in your morning prayer, 'as long as you don't ask too often'? What's that about?"

Barbara: "We are not supposed to be GHM's puppets: we are supposed to be GHM's explorers. If we ask GHM to guide us in everything we do, we are failing to become co-creators with GHM. We ask for Guidance only when we cannot see the Path of Love clearly, or when we

seek inspiration. Any time we don't get a clear answer, that means we're supposed to figure it out for ourselves."

Reporter Matthew Dowdt: "You seem pretty focused on this life. What's the Durvan position on Heaven or an afterlife?"

Keniston: "We do not focus on an afterlife. It may be, but it is not certain. We are in this life, and we think it is important to focus on that. We do not see an afterlife as a completion of this life. This life is more than sufficient. We have been given so many years to explore the endless opportunities of this life, to appreciate all the goodness and love and joy and beauty and bounty that this life offers. We have been given such a great gift, this gift of life, that is seems greedy and ungrateful to want more. We believe in being grateful for what we have been given, and resting in peace. In other words, we do not live this life in preparation for the next life. We live this life to learn the lessons of this life.

"However, if there is an afterlife, we believe we will be born into a new reality, more complex and fluid than this one, in which we will be offered new adventures to grow in consciousness. We suspect the best way to prepare for a next life is to take charge of our energy, take charge of all our unconscious programs, so that we will be open to whatever the next life brings without being hampered by possibly erroneous expectations or inappropriate reactions."

Barbara: "One of the major differences between Durvans and Earthlings is that Durva has no concept of soul and no word in the language for 'soul,' When we ran across all the different ways you use 'soul,' we couldn't make any sense of it. To us it seems like a wishful dream, a fantasy that fulfils the desire for eternal life. We understand 'Spirit.' Spirit is the life force, the difference between a living being and a corpse, Talusba. And we understand consciousness. What life is all about is to become more conscious. So when Spirit leaves the body, is consciousness riding along with it, or is consciousness somehow able to survive without Spirit, without any life force? We don't know. But if consciousness with all of its memories does not survive in the next life, what would be the point? We know that some of you, particularly Hindus, believe that behind the

individual consciousnesses of this life is a developing soul that reaps the lessons of endless reincarnations of individual consciousnesses that do not remember one another, except for tiny glimpses. Where is there any proof of that? You might as well be telling us that Heaven consists of swimming in peppermint ice cream! As Keniston says, if there is an afterlife, it will consist of further adventures in evolving consciousness, and is in no way necessary to justify this life. It may be simply that Great Holy Mystery absorbs the lessons each of us learns in this life, and the only way we exist after this life is in the memory banks of GHM."

NYT Reporter Altha Nous: "Just exactly what is the Durvan word for Great Holy Mystery?"

Keniston looks at Ava with a rueful smile. Ava: "Daddy says we shouldn't tell you because you'd laugh at us. It's *Domado*. It sounds so much like your word 'tomato,' particularly the way Easterners pronounce it with a short a, *tomäto*. We worship the Great Tomato! Except I don't think we worship, we just give appreciation."

Reporter: "What do you think our chances are of surviving our cancerous tendencies?"

Barbara: "Do you want to have happy thriving human beings on this planet 100 years from now, or do you not? You've never had to ask this question before, never had to think about it before, but you certainly do now. We say that without us, your chances of surviving the cusp are about 20%. We're here to see if we can raise the probability to success so that you can continue to grow and thrive and love, and be happy in discovering the infinite potentials that GHM has given you in your free will."

Reporter: "What makes you think your PoliRings will save us?"

Keniston: "You will thereby build a society where cancer cannot take control. If you restrain the power of money, including the power to draw interest, you are chaining a demon of the utmost danger, the capacity to create wealth by itself. Wealth by its very nature is the property of all of you. Wealth is created by work, and money should not have the power to take that wealth away from those who do the work. If money perverts that, then one individual can create wealth only for himself. Your current laws

enable an individual to take whatever he can successfully get, regardless of whatever damage he is doing to society or the ecosystem. In contrast, there's a lovely place you can reach with cooperation. What can you create that's good for all of you? You can visualize and create a viable future. What could be more exciting and powerful than that? The PoliRings can restrain the excesses of unregulated capitalism and make sure that it serves society."

Reporter: "Could you talk a little more about the relationship of consciousness and the unconscious?"

Keniston: "We prefer 'subconscious' to 'unconscious.' You haven't understood the relationship between the emerging consciousness and the subconscious. Consequently for most of you most of the time it's been a battle, with consciousness attempting to claim power, and subconscious often blowing right past consciousness and acting out programs automatically. When you understand what is happening, it could be much easier. What is happening is that all thru evolution, GHM has been developing free will and consciousness, which go hand-in-hand. Consciousness chooses, and the more free will consciousness has, the more options it has to choose among. So as consciousness evolves, it takes more and more power away from subconscious. By "power" I mean who is doing the acting? If consciousness chooses the action, then consciousness has the power. If subconscious drives the action, then subconscious has the power.

"The theory is that consciousness offers more options and more fluidity than subconscious. Therefore consciousness has the potential for better survivorship. Consciousness has the potential to make wiser choices. Subconscious mostly makes choices on the basis of previous experience. Consciousness can look at rational, scientific, factual aspects of the situation and determine the best solution on the basis of logic. Understand that consciousness is emerging out of the subconscious, and this stage in your evolution is for consciousness to take more and more power. There are things that will always be under subconscious control. It is true that consciousness can decide when to die by committing suicide, and consciousness can choose certain courses of action that are more likely to lead to long term survival than others, such as not smoking cigarettes, but

consciousness cannot take much control of when one is going to die naturally. Perhaps eventually there will be partial control, as was suggested humorously in your movie *Little Big Man*. Chief Dan George follows the Indian custom of knowing when one is going to die. He's an old man and blind. He feels the calling and goes up the mountain, says good-bye to Dustin Hoffman. When morning comes and he's still alive, he says 'Oh! I was mistaken. Let's go down the mountain.' But as you become more conscious you will have an accurate sense of when to die and how to die. Let that be the last celebration, giving thanks for a wonderful life!

"So knowing this, we can declare a cooperation, a growth team of consciousness and subconscious, with consciousness becoming wise enough to take accurate control, and subconscious gladly releasing it into a new wave of understanding."

Reporter: "How do you expect us to accept your proposals when your sexual mores are so offensive to us?"

Barbara: "We understand that Dozmars or our Bare as Beautiful campaign or Ava talking about cuddling with us when we're making love can be offensive to some of you. A lot of people may not want to listen to messengers who present such material. In order to listen to the message as deeply as you have so far, you had to resist getting hooked, or just accept the outrageousness. We're looking for those who are more accepting, willing to change. We put up a barrier for those who prefer to be offended. We'll see how many can make it thru the gate."

Ava: "Time for the commercials, time for the commercials!"

Fanfare of sorts, sounding like trumpets playing randomly, but very pleasantly.

Barbara: "Ok, now we're switching to your buying opportunities. I didn't want to distract anybody when we were talking serious. (stripping off her pinafore) As you can see, I am wearing a Bare as Beautiful bodysuit. If you want to show your stuff while being yourself, this is a fun way to do it! Freedom to be you! We're producing two versions – light weight for normal wear and warm so that you can wear it very comfortably in wintertime. Only $72 for either one at Durva-Earth.com ! If you choose to

buy two at once, $12 off the second! Since all profits go to Durva-Earth Foundation, feel proud of your contribution! The bodysuits come with separate nipples and belly buttons that attach firmly to the fabric, so that you can position them in exactly the right places. Twelve different shades of skin tones to choose among! Buy a BaB! Show the world how beautiful you really are!"

Reporter: "Why don't you just encourage women to go bare breasted or naked if you think that's so appropriate?"

Barbara: "If we encouraged women to go bare breasted or naked, we'd have nothing to sell. We're trying to raise some money here."

All the time something like music but random is playing in the background, first fairy bells, then guitar, then something very much like wind chimes.

Keniston: "Introducing the Lorelei Wind chimes! That's what you've been hearing!"

He holds up a cylinder about 18 inches from top to bottom and 8 inches in diameter. The sides of the cylinder are fluted in such a way that it will catch the wind and spin round. Above the cylinder is a drum, 6 inches high and 8 inches across. It contains four speakers facing the four directions. A metal frame running up the side holds top and bottom, with screw holes so that it can be easily attached to the corner of a house, where the wind is likely to be strongest.

Keniston: "As the wind causes the cylinder to spin, it will generate electricity which runs an amplifier to play your chosen music thru the 4 speakers. The volume rises and falls with the wind speed. It comes with a remote (holding it up) which enables you to choose the volume range and any of 12 different sounds, or a random sequence of all of them. You have about 60 sounds to choose from, including standard wind chimes, fairy bells, guitar, brass, voice, light and heavy rock, country western, three options of Durvan sounds, strings, woodwinds, organ, heavy bells, light bells, glass harmonica, different countries, and specials for Christmas, Valentines, and Halloween. Here's a random sequence! (Plays softly in the background.) The Lorelei Chimes are

only $144 including 12 sounds of your choice, and you can order additional sounds for $3 each."

Ava: "The Lorelei Chimes are utterly magical. You'll love 'em! And don't forget to buy a Durvan cap! Latest fashion in space wear! Only $24!" She takes off her cap and bows to the crowd.

Keniston: "Yes! You too can be a saucerhead! We also have a variety of Durvan music on MP3 which you can buy and download, as well as the prayer music that is free.

Barbara: "Finally, we would like to introduce you to Durvan Medicinal Tea. This tea is remarkably delicious and healthful, full of antioxidants, anthocyanins, cycloastragenol, rhodioloside, tyrosol, and a variety of vitamins, essential oils, and other helpful substances unknown to you. The tea is made from the leaves and flowers. We have brought a quantity of seeds of this fast growing plant. We invite anyone who is in or planning a PoliRing and has a little land and a temperate climate to apply for a packet of seeds, free. We want to grow much Durvan tea as quickly as possible. We'll set up an exchange where you can advertise and sell your Durvan tea for a set price, and then give 30% as a donation to the Durva-Earth Foundation. Because Durvan tea is so fast growing, you can make a quick and sizable return as well as making the tea available to everyone."

Keniston: "We have carefully checked the impact of Durvan Tea plants on the Earth's ecology, and they provide no threat whatsoever. However, the plants can be devoured by your aphids, and we recommend lady bugs or lacewings for control, or simply strong sprays of water. Do not use insecticidal soap! Nor of course any of your barbarian poisons. It is quite possible that the Durvan Tea will help you reach a 200 year lifespan, but we are making no medical claims, as we do not wish to run afoul of your FDA regulations."

Ava: "It's really yummy. I drink it every day! Two cups a day recommended for everybody!"

Keniston, raising his hands over his head in the Durvan salute: "And with those good words from Ava, two cups a day, it's time to end this Happening. Blessings to you all!"

Barbara and Ava join in the salute, and the three together sing out, "Rassataybas!"

Most in the crowd raise their hands in answer: "Rassavara!" echoes down thru the crowd all the way to the Lincoln Memorial.

As the crowd disperses, they hear the lovely "Children of Paradise" from the Moody Blues *View from the Hill*, followed by Karunesh *Beyond Heaven*.

CHAPTER 9

Reactions & Later Comments

Newsflash, Jon Stewer: It's hard enough to get along with just one woman, and the Durvans want us to get along with six? They've got to be kidding!

Newsflash, Faux News: Keniston slips in the Durvan Stance as if it were no big deal, but in fact it is the attempted pernicious replacement of our Christian religion.

Father Mondragon: "I don't see that the Durvan Stance is much of a threat, or that it adds anything to our Christianity. They don't have any miracles. They don't have the transformative experience of Christ choosing to die on the cross to save us from our sins. I didn't hear anything about forgiveness."

Barbara: "We definitely practice forgiveness. We have to forgive to go on. We all make mistakes. We have to admit them, we have to do what we can to make things right. If I've done something I'm uncomfortable with, I will consult with other members of my dozmar, right now with Ava and Keniston, and we'll iron it out to our mutual satisfaction, and then I'll feel whole. Durvans have a lot of myths about miracles and stories similar to choosing to die on the cross, but we think you Earthlings need to choose or create your own myths that speak to you in valuable ways. We have to admit that having somebody else save you from your sins strikes us as nonsense. You have to save yourself from your sins, your unconscious and inappropriate programming. Others can be models on how to do it, but that's about all."

Minister: "It doesn't feel like anything's there. What's there? Just a bunch of concepts. Where is the body of Christ?"

Keniston: "Where is the body of Christ? In your imagination, as always."

Atheist: You Durvans are creating God by definition: God is the living being that we call the universe. I'm not sure that's much different from saying blind chance is conducting this show, with no consciousness about it."

Keniston: "If you experience the holy vibration of Talusba, which is keeping you alive, you will have a much more knowledge-based opinion."

Televangelist Pat Robberson: "I don't see anything foreign or alien here. It just sounds like the usual New Age BS to me."

Ava: "Right! That's because we're just figments of your imagination!"

Scientist: "We have no evidence that there is any consciousness in the universe. It's all just the blind working out of the laws of physics."

Barbara: "You don't have any evidence because you haven't been looking for any. Try looking! Since you're conscious, there is obviously consciousness in the universe."

Critic: "Your fundamental assumption seems to be that we're all supposed to love one another. It ain't gonna happen. It's never happened all down thru history. That we're all gonna love one another is just a myth. Consequently, you're presenting us a model that is not going to work."

Keniston: "How do you know? People said humans cannot fly, or cannot go faster than the speed of sound, or cannot escape Earth's gravity. Wrong in every case! There is no logic in saying a thing cannot be done because it has never been done before. If that were true, how could you have any progress? We believe as you humans mature, you learn that love works better than anything else. We know that love works on upwards of 67 other planets. You learn to love one another or you destroy yourselves."

Newsflash: In Shanghai, China, at PLA Unit 61398 an entire bank of computers crashed and curiously started burning, causing the infamous

White Tower to be quickly evacuated. The unit is suspected of trying to hack into the Durvans' computer system.

CHAPTER 10

Ava's Adventures

While Keniston and Barbara are busy setting up the clothing factories and attending endless social events, Ava begins exploring her new world even before the Second Happening. She can use the Loop Drive to appear anywhere she visualizes, and rather arbitrarily she first drops in on a large ranch in eastern Oregon. Once the rancher and his wife and three kids adjust to a visitor from another planet, they practice their traditional hospitality and show Ava their operation. Never having seen any Earth animals, she is fascinated by the horses, dogs, cats, cows, and chickens. She puts out a love vibe and is immediately loved in return not only by the horses, dogs, and cats, but even by the chickens and cows. She is soon riding a horse around the ranch, in the company of the two older kids and their three dogs. The rancher shoots a little video, which is immediately picked up by national news: "Ava Durva visits Bar B Ranch in Eastern Oregon! Says we Earthlings have the most wonderful pets and animals."

Before leaving, Ava asks the two older kids about their experience in school, and becomes curious about this strange educational system. Thirty-four kids are supposed to sit quietly in rows and listen to a teacher. How amazingly primitive! Her curiosity definitely aroused, she drops in at the office of the prestigious Anderson Public School in New York City. The secretary looks up in surprise. How has this kid suddenly appeared?

Ava: "Hi! I'm Ava Durva. Could I visit one of your first grade classes? I'd like to see what your education system is like."

The secretary is passing middle age, with absurd dyed red hair. She looks at Ava suspiciously. She has seen kids try every trick in the book.

"We don't allow visitors. In any case, how do I know you're the space alien?"

Suddenly a hologram appears between Ava and the secretary, showing the flying saucer and then the little platform with Keniston, Barbara, and Ava. The hologram Ava smiles and waves at the secretary.

Secretary: "Very clever! Wait just a moment." She calls the principal on the intercom. "We have a child here who claims to be Ava Durva. She wants to visit a class. Do you want to talk to her? ... Ok." She turns to Ava: "Principal Egeria Neutraum will see you. Go down this little hall and take the second door to your left."

"Thank you," sings Ava, as she traipses down the hall. "Hi!" she says, finding a large woman sitting behind the best the school district can do in the way of an imposing desk.

Principal Neutraum looks Ava over carefully: "Well, you look like you might be the alien Ava Durva. But we have to be careful. Can you prove it?"

Ava giggles. Suddenly she is standing on top of the principal's desk, looking down at her, giggling. Then she is in the front right corner of the room, front left corner, back left corner, back right corner. She appears and disappears in each corner three more times, giggling almost uncontrollably.

Principal Neutraum, shaken: "Ok, you've convinced me. Welcome! Now what do you want?"

"I'd just like to visit a first grade class, ask a few questions. I'd like to see how your education system works."

Principal Neutraum: "We could hold a special assembly and you could talk to the entire student body. I'm sure they'd all like that. They would be very interested."

Ava: "No thanks. I'd just like to visit a class. I prefer small numbers. I don't want to cause any disturbance."

Principal Neutraum: "I appreciate that, but I'm afraid you are a disturbance. I'll take you down to Miss Lally's first grade class. They're a group of really smart kids."

Ava, having learned from her experience on the ranch: "If you have a video camera, your might want to shoot my visit. Then you can sell it to the news media and make yourselves $20,000."

Principal Neutraum: "Why thank you, Ava, that's a great idea! We can show it to the rest of the school if it is appropriate."

The classroom seems overcrowded with its 32 students, and Miss Lally turns out to be young, very nice looking, and vivacious. Immediately a buzz circulates the class as they recognize their guest. The AV specialist comes in with a tripod and sets up his camera in a back corner. Ava shakes hands with Miss Lally. Ava: "Ó Maolalaidh?"

Miss Lally: "My Irish clan name! How did you know?"

Ava, shrugging: "BA."

After a whispered conversation with Miss Lally, Principal Neutraum turns to the students: "Ambassador Ava Durva from the planet Durva has asked to visit your class to see what our education is like. Please give her a warm welcome."

The class is a mixture of ethnicities, with perhaps a bare majority of Caucasian students. They all applaud, and several give her the two-armed Durvan salute. An Asian boy runs up and tries to give her a hug. It takes a second for Ava to understand what he is doing, and then she gives him a warm bear hug back. "I got hugged by an alien!" he shouts as he returns to his seat. A number of hands shoot up around the room.

A little Afro-American girl with dreds asks to go to the restroom, and from her locker takes her cell phone, which are banned in class, runs up to Ava and does a quick selfie with her.

Miss Lally: "Please, children! No more of that! Perhaps you'll have a chance to socialize with Ava and take pictures before she leaves." The hands continue to wave.

Ava: "I can see you have some questions. I have some questions too. Let's take turns. I'll ask you a question, and then you can ask me a question. Ok?" The kids nod, and most of the hands go down. "So what are you studying today?"

A tall blond girl in the first row is the first to raise her hand, and Ava nods for her to speak: "We were doing Life Science. We were just making a list of all the animals that can be found in Central Park, outside of the zoo." She nods at the green board in the front of the classroom. On it are two lists. One contains squirrels, cats, dogs, horses, people, rats, mice, kangaroo (one boy claims he saw a kangaroo on a leash once), possum, coywolf, etc. The second list contains the birds: pigeons, robins, blue jays, starlings, etc.

Ava: "Follow up question! Why don't you just ask your BA?"

Several students: "What's a BA?" A few students start whispering.

Ava: "Your Brain Assist. Oh! I forgot! You don't have Brain Assists."

Students: "What's a Brain Assist?"

Ava: "It's a tiny device implanted inside your skull that connects to your central robobrain so that all knowledge is available to your stream of consciousness."

The class looks at Ava blankly. A few shake their heads.

Ava picks up an iPad from one of the student's desks. "What's this?"

Student: "That's my iPad. It connects to the internet. Maybe the closest thing we've got to a Brain Assist."

Ava uses her BA to delve into it and suck out all the information: "It says you're Celeste Cervelle, you live at 1 West 72nd Street, and you're really bored with this class."

Celeste, blushing: "Please! Don't tell Miss Lally that!" The rest of the class laughs nervously. Miss Lally smiles understandingly, altho what she understands is unclear.

Student in the back row: "It's our turn to ask a question. Tell us more about your BA!"

Ava: "My Brain Assist was inserted when I turned 4 Durvan years, almost 6 of your years, even before we landed on your moon. Ever since then my head has been so full of knowledge that I've been very busy sorting it out."

Same student: "But how does it work?"

Ava: "I can't give you the technology. My Brain Assist can interweave with my stream of consciousness, but it's like it's a different color, so I

always know it's BA. We do that just as a safety factor, so we know what's what. It can tell me anything I want to know. For example, to your first list you might want to add bats, moles, turtles, garter snakes, and if you want to include fish, there's a bunch. To your second list you could add owls, red tailed hawks, and peregrine falcons."

A student sitting by the windows: "We weren't finished with the list. Everybody knows about the red tailed hawks! Are you Polynesian like me?"

Ava, moving closer to this student: "Thanks for the clarification! Actually, I wasn't finished either. Just some suggestions. I think it's my turn to ask a question. But I will answer yours. You've all seen my mom and dad. They're a mixture of genes from all around Planet Earth, so I am too. I don't know. I might have some Polynesian in me."

Polynesian Student: "I thought your Brain Assist could tell you anything?"

Several students: "Ask your BA!"

Ava: "Well, yes, of course." She hesitates for a moment as she tunes in. "What do you know? My skin color is Polynesian! Now it really is my turn!" She picks up something from the desk of the Polynesian student. "What's this?"

The students guffaw in amazement. Several call out, "It's a geography book!"

Ava: "Oh! a book! So this is what a book is. I've never seen a book." She thumbs through it. "We don't have books. You've got Kindles and iPads and whatnot. Imagine what they might be like in a couple hundred years. I know how to read, English as well as Durvan, but my BA can stream any information directly into my consciousness as fast or faster than I can read. I will tell you one thing I'm puzzled about. Your language is so awkward and slow to read! I can read Durvan twice as fast. You've got so many unnecessary letters, and what confused spelling! It just isn't very efficient, so primitive." She pauses for a moment, tuning in, then corrects herself: "Our language is about 50% faster than yours. We read and write 50% faster, talk 50% faster, think 50% faster. Why don't you clean

up your language? Straighten out the spelling. If you've got 44 distinct sounds, you need 44 different letters in your alphabet, and they should all be easy to write, too. All kinds of words are too long, like 'economics' or 'government'. In Durvan we'd shorten them to 'econ' and 'govt', no possible confusion! So why don't you do it?"

The class doesn't answer, whispers a bit among themselves.

Miss Lally: "That's a pretty tough question for first graders, Ava. I'd say the answer is we just haven't gotten around to it. Too many other more pressing issues. But now that we're going digital, maybe we finally have the opportunity to do it right. I for one would certainly like to clean up our spelling."

Ava, under her breath: "Whatever!"

One student with dark framed glasses, clearly on his way to nerdocrity: "How come your number system is based on 12 instead of 10?"

As usual, Ava pauses for a minute to consult her BA: "For the same reason yours is based on 10. Do you know why yours is based on 10?"

The class buzzes, and one dark skinned girl tentatively raises her hand: "Because it makes arithmetic easy?"

Ava: "Nope! How about you, Miss Lally?"

Miss Lally: "One of these bright students must know. Any more guesses?"

Again the class buzzes. Two students frantically Google their iPads, where they discover to their surprise several articles recommending the number system should be based on 12.

Miss Lally, holding up both hands with her fingers spread apart: "This is why."

Nerdy student: "Because we have 8 fingers?"

Miss Lally: "No, silly! Because we have 8 fingers and 2 thumbs equals 10. Haven't you all counted on your fingers? That's how it got started!"

Ava: "Exactly right! Same on Durva. Durvans have two opposing thumbs with four fingers in-between, so that they have 12 altogether. Of course they have two sets of arms and hands, so they have 24 fingers and thumbs, but they soon found a number system based on 12 works the best."

Latino student: "Tell us more! What are the Durvans like?"

Ava: "Mom and Dad are making a video so they can show everybody, but they've been so busy. Durvans are quite a bit more dexterous than we are. I guess I can tell you they also have four legs, four ears, and four eyes, two on the backs of their heads. They don't wear clothes. They have something like fur or hair, and on a really cold or wet day, they may wear something like a poncho or horse blanket. When they discovered that societies on other planets generally wear clothes, that was a surprise for them."

Students, laughing and giggling: "Durvans don't wear clothes!"

Ava: "You think that's funny. A Durvan would probably think all your clothes are pretty funny too. On Durva we humans were living on an island with a climate very similar to Hawaii, and most of the time none of us wore clothes, just when it rained. So clothing wasn't a big deal for Durvans."

Miss Lally: "Let's go in a different direction."

Ava is tempted to ask why Miss Lally is so afraid of nakedness but resists: "Do you all know how to read?"

Most students nod, but some do not.

Ava: "Well what do you do for those who don't read or don't read well? I know I had a terrible time. First I learned to read Durvan, and that was easy, but when it came to English! You've got 'sloo' and 'slow' (rhymes with 'ow') and 'sluff.' They all mean something different and they're all spelled 's-l-o-u-g-h -- slough!" Or i before e when pronounced ee except for seize neither weird leisure. It's so crazy! How do kids get through this?"

Miss Lally: "It is a challenge. But we have parents who volunteer to come in a couple times a week to help students with their reading, writing, and math."

Ava: "Why don't you have the good readers help the ones having trouble?"

Miss Lally: "Because ... I haven't really considered that. Because then the good readers would miss out on whatever was being taught when they helped the struggling readers."

Ava: "From what I've explored, it seemed like students helping students worked pretty well in the one room school houses."

Miss Lally: "But that was a long time ago, when students had much less to learn."

Ava: "But isn't teaching others one of the best ways to learn?"

Miss Lally: "I suppose. Any more questions from the class?"

Student: "Do Durvans celebrate Christmas?"

Ava, after pausing to check her BA: "The short answer is no, because we have no equivalent to Jesus, but we do celebrate the winter solstice. Your celebration seems so strange to us. Why would you want to murder a tree and put the corpse in your living room to celebrate the birth of the so-called Lord of Love?

"A Durvan would much prefer to have a sacred grove or some sort of altar outside the house, perhaps focused on a sacred tree, and if we put lights on trees, which we don't, that would be the tree we'd light up every year. We wouldn't be doing it to show off to our neighbors, we'd do it to appreciate the return of light and life.

"On Durva we would never cut flowers and bring them into the house. If we want flowers in the house, we grow flowers in the house. We don't murder these beauties, because we love them. We think they're happier and more complete if they live out their life cycle where they grow, so they can pass on any fertilization and make seeds, do the natural things that flowers do. Here on Earth I've checked it out, and your flowers tell me, 'Hey, this is a survival strategy. They like us so much they cut us down and bring our corpses into the house and then they plant more of us! So there's a definite benefit here.' Ok, I get that. But just to remind you, what medium sized animal has the best survival strategy – besides humans?"

Nerdy student: "Bears! Bears can eat anything, live anywhere, and have no predators."

Ava: "Good answer, but how many bears are there?"

Nerdy Student: "Not so many, but that's because we humans keep taking their habitat."

Ava: "So what's the best answer?"

The class gives a collective shrug.

Miss Lally: "You've got me stumped too. We've only got a couple minutes. What's the answer?"

Ava: "It's the cow! There are billions of cows on Earth, thanks to humans. How did that happen? Their survival strategy is to taste good to humans, so that humans raise them and feed them. But you treat them so badly! Why would you want to eat some animal that you've made miserable during its entire short life? The rancher on the Bar B specializes in grass fed beef, but he told me all about how cows are treated in feedlots, and way worse for chickens, turkeys, and hogs. No wonder you have such bad barbarian vibes!"

Just then the bell rings.

Ava: "What's that for?"

Miss Lally: "Time for recess!

Ava thanks Miss Lally and the class, and then goes with them to find out what recess is about. She watches how the students interact, and learns about hopscotch, four square, and kickball. She does not join in, because she has learned not to emphasize how much stronger and better coordinated she is. A seemingly endless stream of students take selfies with her. A number talk with her and ask questions.

After recess Ava goes back to the office to thank Principal Neutraum.

Neutraum: "How did it go?"

Ava: "It wasn't really what I wanted. We're always doing interviews. Now I realize I wanted to watch the class function the way it usually does."

Principal Neutraum: "Yes, I talked with Miss Lally. She says they didn't get any of the lesson plan done after you arrived."

Ava: "Is there any way I could just watch a class without becoming the center of attention?"

Principal Neutraum: "That's difficult. As I said, you're a disturbance just because of who you are. It's not like we meet aliens from another planet every day."

Ava: "Any ideas?"

Principal Neutraum: "It may depend on how you set it up. Have the teacher or principal say something like this: 'Class, Ava Durva is here from a totally different planet with a very different civilization to

see what our education system is like. We would like to show her the best possible example of how we learn. I invite you all to pay attention and participate, and be your usual brainy beautiful selves. She'll just sit quietly and watch. Hopefully we'll have ten minutes at the end of the period when we can exchange some questions.' That's probably the best you can do."

Ava, with a smile of gratitude: "Thank you! I'll try it!"

The Anderson School does indeed receive $25,000 from the national news media for the video of Ava, and very soon after, Shill O'Really comes out with this on his newscast: "You see? It's just as I've been saying all along. What creature has eight legs and a bunch of eyes? Spiders! That's what! The real Durvans are spiders, and this visit is just a plot to figure out how to eat us most conveniently. Boycott all Durvans!"

Ava goes on to a different adventure. She appears at Bryce Canyon National Park in southern Utah. More like a series of amphitheaters than an actual canyon, the red rocks of Utah here form intense spires, or hoodoos, often 60 or 80 feet tall, but sometimes as high as 200 feet. Trails take visitors among these towering pillars, where they can experience the power and beauty of these highly unusual natural wonders.

As she takes the Rim Trail down from Sunrise Point, the spires are everywhere, with occasional gaps in-between for the trail to go through. She stops in a little clearing by a young Ponderosa to examine a particularly interesting formation. She is accosted by a lady with a heavy German accent: "Guten Tag, little girl, are you all alone? Are you lost?"

Ava, giggling: "Yes and no."

Lady: "What kind of answer is that, yes and no?"

Ava, gleeful: "Yes I'm alone and no I'm not lost."

Lady: "But where are your Eltern, where are your parents?"

Several other tourists stop to observe the conversation, thinking perhaps this little girl is lost.

Ava, laughing: "Right now back on the spaceship."

One of the tourists recognizes Ava: "It's Ava Durva! What are you doing here?"

A crowd of almost two dozen quickly gathers, with shouts of "It's the space alien!"

The tourists immediately start taking selfies with her. Ava notices a little girl about her own age standing back shyly. She calls out: "Hey, would you like to be in a photo with me? The little girl smiles and shyly comes up, and her parents take a photo of the two of them, Ava's arm around the girl.

Ava: "I learned this is one of the most unusual and beautiful places in the entire United States. What are all you doing here?"

First tourist: "We're just vacationing, enjoying all the sights."

German Lady: "Ja, we heard about Bryce Canyon even in Germany. We were told if we go to the Grand Canyon, be sure to go to Bryce as well. What a pleasure!"

Second tourist: "I'm a photographer, and the light here, the red spires, it's a photographer's heaven!"

Third tourist: "And the stars at night, so many, so clear! Outstanding!"

Ava, checking her BA: "Anybody who wants to, let's play a little game. You notice that hoodoo over there? That rock formation on the front looks like a desert lizard, or maybe a tortoise."

Several agree, it looks like a tortoise.

Ava: "Ok. Imagine that tortoise is the spirit of this place, Bryce Canyon. Ask the tortoise, is there anything you'd like to tell me? Then imagine how the spirit of this place might answer that question. Shut your eyes if you want, let's take a few minutes. I'll let you know when to come back."

Most in the crowd shut their eyes. One couple moves on. Newcomers on the scene notice everyone is silent with their eyes closed. They're not quite conscious of an intense vibration emanating from Ava. Most keep going down the trail. Three or four minutes pass.

Ava: "Time to come back! Open your eyes! Can anybody tell me what the tortoise said to you?"

One guy: "That was so relaxing! The tortoise said to me, 'After this be sure to go to Los Vegas. You're going to be really lucky.'"

Another: "'You're going to come back here in about a year with your new girlfriend, a true love, a soul mate.'"

Another: "The tortoise told me, 'you need to stop fighting with your boyfriend. Accept one another's weaknesses. You all have strengths and weaknesses. To love is accepting the weaknesses as well as appreciating the strengths.'"

Several say they didn't get any clear message.

Another: "'This canyon is what Hell looks like, except all these towers are columns of flame, and you are going to roast for eternity.'"

Ava: "That's a pretty good indication that we hear what comes thru our own filters, our own programming. You heard a lot of different things, and I heard something different from anyone else who has spoken. This is what came thru my filters. Seemed to have to do with our earlier conversation. The tortoise said to me, 'The trouble with so many of you is you just come here to enjoy instead of to appreciate.' Does that ring any bells for any of you?"

One tourist: "What's the difference?"

Another: "When you enjoy, you're taking your pleasure from what's going on before you, and when you appreciate, you are giving your appreciation, giving thanks. It's the difference between giving and taking."

Someone else: "Oh I get that! Yeah! I came here expecting to be turned on somehow, and it hasn't been happening much. I can see if I gave my appreciation it would be a whole different ball game. Already I'm looking at these remarkable rock configurations quite differently."

The photographer: "Mother Nature gives us all this beauty. Dante Alighieri said 'Nature is the art of God.' We're looking at the art of God. He gives us this incredible beauty and diversity. I've just come from exploring some slot canyons, and they are so amazing. The light and shadow and curves in the slot canyons just ask to be photographed, like the hoodoos here. Taking a photo is my appreciation."

Ava: "Ok, sounds like you got it! It seems to us Durvans that to enjoy, to take your pleasure from Nature – that's a barbarian value. On Durva we

express our appreciation, we don't look to take our pleasure. It makes all the difference! Thanks! I'll see you guys!" She disappears.

Unknown to the tourists, she reappears several hundred feet farther down the trail, where she is able to go off the trail and find a place to sit by herself and appreciate these amazing rocks. She discovers a fairly large spire, perhaps 10 feet across. It is possible to walk all the way around it, although the scree makes it an uphill climb. As she faces the spire, on the right side is a little red stone arch, with a point like a Gothic arch. The gap is about two feet high, and the stone rising up another foot and a half could be seen as a pubic bone. Ava goes over to the arch and looks at it intently. She puts her hands on the spire and prays, generating vibrations of gratitude. Then she slowly walks and climbs clockwise around the great phallus, keeping one hand on it. When she gets to the arch, she goes down on her hands and knees, and then onto her belly, and squirms thru the tiny arch. She gets up, dusts herself off, and says to herself, "Now I have been reborn as an Earthling, and I can be both a Durvan and an Earthling, since I am a human. Now Earth is my home as much as Durva is. In fact actually more, since I've never been to Durva! I thank all of Bryce Canyon for giving me this beautiful birthing experience. I love my Mother Earth, and I will do my best to save her."

Farther down the trail, she notices the Wall of Windows. How amazing! Perhaps a hundred feet high with a number of semi-rectangular openings. Suddenly she is sitting in one of the windows. She sees some tourists below with their cameras or phones, and she waves a Durvan salute while they take pictures. One tourist runs close and calls up, "Are you all right?"

Ava, giggling: "Yes! I'm Ava Durva. I can go wherever I want."

The tourist thinks he should call security just in case, but discovers his phone is dead. Ava gets up, and bending low walks thru the window, a distance of perhaps four feet. She disappears out the other side.

After this, Ava visits quite a number of classes in grades k thru 12. When the teacher or principal reads the statement that Principal Neutraum suggested, the students generally get it, and most decide to be on their best

behavior. She is puzzled by much of what she observes and tries to grasp how the students' educational experience shapes their barbarian culture. She discusses what she learns with her parents, reads the critics of the educational system, and occasionally interviews a principal to see what she can learn, which usually isn't much.

Ava starts visiting school cafeterias at lunch time, talking with the kids, asking a lot of questions about how they relate to one another, watches some bullying going on and asks about that. At one high school she sees a strikingly pretty girl sitting at a lunch table all by herself. She goes to a table of girls not too far away and introduces herself. The girls look disdainfully at her. She may be from Durva, but to them she's just some nosy six year old kid. "How come that girl is sitting by herself?" she asks.

Angela Albright, looking up from her smartphone: "Oh, she's a transfer from another school. Nobody knows her."

Ava: "How about that table over there?" Pointing to a table full of scruffy boys with long hair, trying to grow beards, wearing mostly black, and girls wearing long hippie skirts or black jeans and Doc Martens. "Are any of you friends with those kids over there?"

Angela: "No, we don't need to be friends. They've got their own friends."

Ava: "So do you even know them?"

Mia Hart, looking up from her smartphone: "Oh sure. A couple are on my bus every day, always making stupid remarks, talking about how high they get."

Ava: "Don't you want to get them some help for being druggies?"

Riley Barrett, looking up from her smartphone: "You mean rat on them? We don't do that, ever. Besides, they wouldn't get any help, they'd just be expelled. Then they'd come around and beat us up, might even kill us."

Angela: "I think they're the ones who stole my car awhile back."

Courtney Church, looking up from her smartphone: "What do you Durvans wear for underwear?"

Ava: "I don't know. I've never lived on Durva. I don't think they wear any."

Courtney: "Well what are you wearing for underwear?"

Ava lifts up her skirt and shows them her nakedness. They all start laughing.

Angela: "Turn around!"

Ava slowly turns around, modeling her lack of underwear. The girls all cackle like young witches. They think it's so funny they tricked the alien into lifting her skirt and showing the other students in the cafeteria, not realizing it doesn't make a bit of difference to Ava. Only the nearby tables can see. The boys start hooting and hollering and clapping, but the girls whisper nervously among themselves and wish somebody would stop it. Ava does a second turn around in response to the applause, but her BA suggests something is wrong.

Ava: Are you trying to em-bare-ass me?

Courtney: "Of course not! We all model from time to time."

Several of the soshes take phone photos and later two publish them on Facebook and Instagram. They quickly go viral, and the two are promptly arrested, charged with child pornography. Keniston and Barbara hear about it, and suddenly all photos disappear from all sources. The charges are dropped for lack of evidence. Meanwhile,

Madison Mazzini, looking up from her smartphone: "Hey, why don't you wear one of those Bare Ass Bodysuits to school?"

Ava: "I don't think any of us could get away with that just yet."

Madison: "What do you mean 'us'?

Ava: "Us. I'm human just like you. We're sisters."

Courtney: "Like hell we are! We were born and you were hatched in a test tube. No telling what kind of Frankenstein you'll turn out to be!"

Ava: "Frankenstein was a scientist. The monster didn't have a name but referred to himself as 'Adam.'"

Courtney: "Aren't we little miss know-it-all!"

Ava: "Can't help it. In any case, I wasn't born out of a test tube. I was born thru my mother's vagina, same as you."

Madison: "That's not a vagina, that's the birth canal."

Ava: "What do you mean? Same thing!"

Angela: "You'll find out what a vagina's good for when you get a little older."

Ava: "I already know. That's where a man puts his erect penis when a man and woman are making love, and it feels really good for both of them."

Riley: "Oh don't we know everything!"

Courtney: "Sorry! It was just your parents who were born out of a test tube."

Ava: "How come you aren't nice to people?"

Angela: "We are nice to people we like." The girls smirk and giggle.

Ava stands stupefied for a moment. There might have been a tear forming in one of her eyes. "Well, you girls have a nice day and a nice life," she says as she walks away, to join the girl sitting by herself.

Ava: "Hi! I'm Ava Durva. May I sit down?"

The girl brushes her blond hair aside and nods shyly: "I'm Barbara Jean Allen."

Ava: "My mom's named Barbara!"

Barbara Jean: "I know."

Ava: "Do you have any friends here?"

Barbara Jean shrugs.

Ava: "Have you tried to make friends?"

Barbara Jean: "When I first arrived, I asked those girls at the table you were just at, 'May I join you?' They said, 'Sorry, we're saving a place for Alicia.' I've never found out if there is a girl named Alicia. I didn't see anyone join them."

Ava: "Is that what you expect?"

Barbara Jean: "Not really. I was going to Billsville High, about 20 miles from here. When my mom moved into this district, I had to transfer to Ronald Reagan. I was pretty popular at my old school, I was captain of our cheerleading team. Here they wouldn't even let me try out, said the team had all been chosen last May. Here in my senior English class, one day just for fun the teacher had a spelling bee. He wanted to see if anybody still knows how to spell without using Spell Check. He appointed two

captains and they chose sides. I was the very last one to be chosen. It got down to just me on my team and five on the other team. I spelled down four of them before they finally got me on 'occurrence.' Didn't win me any friends tho."

Ava: "Well, the way you guys spell your language is pretty silly. Could you be friends with those guys?" She points to the table of scruffy Goths.

Barbara Jean: "They're outcasts. Associate with them and no one will even talk to you."

Ava: "Well, I like you. I'll be your friend."

Barbara Jean: "I'd like that!"

Ava gives Barbara Jean one of the brass Durva-Earth medallions: "Here's to remember me!

Barbara Jean: "Wow! Thank you! Can I come live on Durva?"

Ava: "Wouldn't that be lovely! We'd certainly welcome you! Sorry I can't do it! We aren't allowed to transport any aliens. Besides we wouldn't have room for anybody else on the spacecraft. These space trips are extraordinarily expensive and we can't afford to use them for any purpose that is not of the highest priority."

She gets up and Ava gives her a warm hug. Barbara Jean thinks to herself, this may just be the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Ava spots Barbara Jean's smart phone: "Would you like to do a selfie with me?"

Barbara Jean, smiling gratefully: "Sure!" They do a selfie cheek to cheek.

Ava leaves to join the table of outcasts. The girls at the first table notice that Ava has given Barbara Jean the medal, and they all rush over to see: "Let's see! Let's see!" They crowd around and snatch the medal out of Barbara Jean's hand. They pass it around, examining it, with the picture of Keniston, Barbara, and Ava on one side. All of a sudden no one has it. "Where's the medal? Who's got the medal?" Shrugs, everyone's looking.

Ava notices the commotion. Using the Loop Drive she discovers the medal in Courtney's left hand. She watches and reflects for a moment. The girls are now searching the floor. Ava activates her PDS. Suddenly the

medal glows red hot. Courtney screams and drops the coin: "It's burning me! It's burned me bad!"

Angela: "Get some cold water on your hand right away!" The girls run for the nearest drinking fountain.

Ava, calling to Barbara Jean: "Sorry about that! Don't pick it up till it cools off!"

Eric the Goth: "That's a pretty cool trick, little chick. How'd you do that?"

Ava, shrugging: "I'm Ava Durva. May I join you?"

Eric pulls up a chair and the kids at the table make room for her.

Suzie Goth: "Did you really make that coin red hot? How?"

Ava: "Our civilization is several hundred years more advanced than yours. We can do a lot of things that you can't."

Pete Goth: "But that's not telling us anything. What's the mechanism? How did you make it red hot at a distance?"

Ava: "I don't know the actual technology myself, and if I did, I couldn't tell you. I'm sorry! I could have just returned the medallion to Barbara Jean, but this is the first time I've seen somebody actually steal something. I thought there ought to be a consequence. She's not badly burned, it just felt that way."

Ahmed Goth: "Hey guys! Looks like we better not steal anything when Ava's around."

Mary Goth: "What are you talking about? We never steal anything."

Eric: "Except Hokey Brown's dope."

Pete: "Remember that time we snagged Mr. Parker's keys when he left them on his desk? They had to change the locks in the entire school!"

Suzie: "And you can't count takin a joy ride in Angela Albright's car. It wasn't really stealing, because we left it in a ditch."

Pete: "Don't you remember? We needed a car to run over to Billsville to pick up the Molly."

Ahmed: "And the only reason somebody swiped Parker's keys was he came marchin out to the football field trying to bust us when we were sittin around in a circle smokin weed."

Eric: "Can't imagine who coulda done that!"
Mary: "These guys never did any of that stuff. They're just shittin you."
Ava: "So are all you guys having a good time in school?"
Pete: "We're havin a good time, but school sucks."
Ava: "What do you mean, 'school sucks'?"
Eric: "School sucks because it's full of soshes like that whole table of bitches you were talking to. They won't even talk to us!"

Ahmed: "School sucks because we never learn nothing that's any use. Why do I need to know all about all those past presidents? Except for Lincoln, what did they ever do for me?"

Susie: "Teachers tell us we need to know all this stuff for college. Who's going to college?"

Pete: "Ronald Reagan used to have a power mechanics course, so at least I could be learning something practical. But they don't have it no more. It wasn't part of no child's behind."

Eric: I'd like to get hold of that Angela Allbright and I'd like to ..."

Susie: "Don't you get enough of that?"

Eric gives Susie a quick, deep look: "Yeah, Suzie!" Everybody at the table knows they have something real going on.

Ahmed: "How about a photo?"

Ava: "Sure, I'd be happy to." The Goths have Ava kneel on the table and they all gather round, making silly faces. Eric snags a passing student and has her take a picture of all of them with his smart phone.

Ava: "So are you guys all going to graduate?"

The Goths look at one another and shake their heads.

Eric: I'm four credits short. No way I can graduate. I'm just hangin till I can get a job."

Pete: I had to take my whole sophomore year over, and I still don't have enough credits to graduate."

Mary: "I'm graduating and I'm going to be a beautician. I'm really into dying hair." Her current hair has splashes of pink, green, and gold.

Ahmed, who happens to be black: "My counselor's never told me if I have enough credits. I think she just assumes I'm going nowhere."

Ava, spotting Mr. Parker, coming in to see about a hot coin: "Well I hope you all make something of yourselves. I gotta go!" She disappears, leaving the Goths gasping.

Ava shows up at Roosevelt High School and visits the counseling center to see what that's about. She talks with head counselor Berta Faye Skinner, a heavy woman with a permanent concerned smile.

Berta Faye: "It's very challenging. Each one of us is responsible for 400 students. It's almost impossible, guiding some to the right college and best scholarships, trying to get others to stay in school and graduate. So many just fall through the cracks."

Ava: "Wow! 400 students! I'll bet that takes all your time. Do you do anything else?"

Berta Faye: "We give diagnostic tests, interest tests, aptitude tests. As a matter of fact, you could satisfy a curiosity for me. Would you be interested in taking an IQ test?"

Ava, hesitating while she checks her BA: "Intelligence Quotient. You want to find out how smart I am. Sure, why not?"

Mrs. Skinner gives Ava two IQ tests. In the first Ava promises not to use her BA, and in the second she uses it. Without the BA she scores 153, near genius, but with it she's off the charts, over 200.

Berta Faye: "So, Ava, you're a remarkably smart little girl. How do you explain that?"

Ava shrugs: "I think it's the telepathy. Our BA's enable us to see into one another's stream of consciousness, so our communication is always accurate. Before I received my BA I had ... sort of a transponder which I wore in a headband from almost the moment I was born. This enabled Mom and Dad to see my stream of consciousness just as the BA does now, so they always knew exactly what I needed or what was going on with me. This made learning ever so much faster and more exact, and I always knew I was deeply loved and completely ok."

Berta Faye, sighing: "That will be the day! How long do you think it will be before we develop Brain Assists?"

Ava, raising a finger for Berta Faye to wait while she explores her BA: "Hard to say because we don't know whether your society will successfully cross the cusp. If you do, it might be 200 years, or even as little as 100 years. If you don't, it could be 1000 years or longer."

Berta Faye: "I think I'd better join your PoliRings!"

At this point Ava takes a couple hours off from her adventures to be with her parents at the Third Happening. She doesn't need to stay and tell them all that she's been doing, because she's been in constant telepathic communication with them thru her BA, telling them every step of her adventures. It's a wonderful loving connection.

When she returns, Ava appears at the Muir Grove in Sequoia National Park. She finds two great Sequoias growing so close together that they form a single trunk. As she explores this oddity, she discovers on the back side a narrow entrance, created when the trees had been hit by lightning. She slips inside and finds a hollowed-out blackened tree trunk, rising to an indiscernible height. She puts her hands on the inside of the trunk and feels the pulse of this 2,000 year old being. She gives thanks, sends love, becomes very quiet, and experiences a vibration, a note far lower than can be heard by the ears. It's like being inside a hundred foot organ pipe. So peaceful, so ancient, so vibrantly alive! She dwells with it. Eventually she comes out, refreshed.

Altho Muir Grove is less frequented than some other parts of the park, rather quickly a dozen visitors gather around Ava, who they immediately think is more interesting than the giant trees that surround them. One visitor asks for an autograph.

Ava: "I am not a celebrity and I do not give autographs, but I have no objection to taking a photo with me."

Several immediately do photos or selfies with Ava. As she chats with them and answers their questions, she proceeds along the trail. Suddenly she stops. A ways on the left are a dozen smaller trees, surrounded by ferns, vine maples, and other brush. She puts her finger on her lips and turns to the visitors: "Shhh! We've got company!"

Visitor: "I don't see anything!"

Ava, whispering: "Please! Be quiet! You'll scare her away! You guys stay here! Don't move! Be quiet! You'll see! Get your cameras ready, but no flashes!"

Ava walks very quietly toward the dozen smaller trees. She becomes very soft, so soft she is hardly there, like a little baby, warm and cuddly. The visitors don't notice, but Ava is projecting the love vibration more powerfully than she ever has in her short life. It's ok, I love you, everything is all right, you are in no danger, I love you! Almost completely hidden in the brush, a female mountain lion crouches, eyes wary, ready to spring away in an instant. But as Ava approaches, the cougar rolls on her side, still watching Ava, who whispers to her, kneels down, lets the cougar sniff and lick her hand, puts her hand on the cougar's neck, pets her. Then Ava rubs her head along the cougar's neck. They nuzzle cheek to cheek and she pets the cougar's head between the ears, when suddenly a gunshot barks. The cougar springs six feet straight up and in a few giant leaps disappears.

Ava is horrified. She runs directly up to the man wearing a camo T shirt and camo jeans, still holding the pistol, a self-satisfied smirk on his face. "What did you do that for?"

"Why to protect you, ma'am! Just because that cougar looks friendly don't mean she is."

Ava is momentarily speechless. So that was a cougar, a mountain lion, she incidentally thinks to herself. Using the Loop Drive, she whips the gun out of the man's hand and disappears it.

Camo Man: "Where's my pistol?"

Ava: "You'll find it at the ranger's office in the main lodge."

Camo Man: "Oh yeah? How did you do that?"

Ava: "You knew I'm Ava Durva, didn't you?"

Camo Man: "So?"

Ava, increasingly upset: "So we have the Loop Drive and you don't. That's how I did it. I was perfectly safe with that poor animal."

Camo Man: "I shot that dangerous cougar for your sake. You're just a little kid and you don't know any better."

All of a sudden Ava isn't there. She immediately appears directly behind him and gives him a good swift kick in the butt. She may be six, but she's 8 times stronger than a six year old Earthling, so it's a hefty kick, almost lifts him off the ground. He turns around, enraged: "I'll teach you!" He tries to slap her face. His hand gets about an inch from her face, and all of a sudden he's knocked eight feet away. He gets up real slow. "What did you do to me?"

Ava, giggling: "I didn't do anything. That's my Personal Defense System, PDS. That's why I was never in any danger."

Camo Man: "This is assault! I'll sue!"

Ava, ignoring him: "You didn't kill the cougar?"

Camo Man: "No, I aimed for her thigh. She'll die real slow, which suits me just fine."

Ava: "Why is that?"

Camo Man: "You'll know when you do it yourself."

Ava: "What are you talking about?"

Camo Man: "You gotta keep these predators down. Before you know it, they're eating your sheep, chickens, pigs, they'll take down a calf with no trouble."

Ava: "Isn't there a balance somewhere?"

Camo Man: "Yeah, the balance is us 1, cougars 0."

Ava: "That sounds really evil to me."

Camo Man: "Evil? Whatta you mean?"

Ava: "I like to live in cooperation with all the other animals and plants on this beautiful planet, not in competition, and certainly not in annihilation."

Camo Man: "Hey, if you don't like the way we're treating our planet, go back to your own!"

Ava: "You are killing yourselves!"

Camo Man: "That's what you think. We've always found a way out in the past."

Ava: "But up until now things have always been getting better. Sure there was a fallback in the Dark Ages, but generally in the long run you've

come a long way, in many ways very beautiful but in many ways violent and ugly. Now for the first time you are facing a situation which is much worse than anything you know."

Camo Man: "So you say."

Ava: "I do say. Do you want to save yourself?"

Camo Man: "That's in the hands of my Lord Jesus Christ. You don't have nothin to do with it. I'm gonna get you arrested for stealing my pistol!"

Ava shrugs. Just then one of the spectators calls out, "How were you able to make friends with that cougar?"

Ava: "You've got horse whisperers. It's the same thing."

Spectator: "But this is a wild vicious animal. How did you learn to do that?"

Ava: "It's ... (Ava hesitates) ... It's just part of my education. ... I've got to go save that cougar."

Ava disappears.

Meanwhile, much to the surprise of the ranger on duty, a Glock 17 suddenly appears on her desk. Then a somewhat shaky hologram of Ava appears in front of her, hastily prepared. "Hi! I'm Ava Durva. I was in the Muir Grove making friends with a female cougar (image of Ava hugging the cougar) when this man (a clear image of Camo Man) shot the cougar in the left thigh with that pistol. These people were all witnesses (images of the spectators). I'll drop off a DVD of the complete incident after I save the cougar."

Ava reappears a hundred feet in the direction the cougar had taken. Using the Loop Drive to track the cougar, she appears at fifty to a hundred foot intervals, sensing the path the cougar is taking. She follows her tracks for a long way into the high country. The cougar knows she's being followed and eventually stops. When Ava finds her, she whispers intently, projecting the vibe of love as strongly as she can, and she prays: I can help you, I can take away that hurt, otherwise that hurt will kill you, let me take away the hurt for you, let me take away the hurt for you. She approaches the cougar very slowly, seeing the cougar quivering in pain.

Amazingly, the cougar lets her come close, and Ava puts her hand on the cougar's neck. It's all right, it's all right, it's all right. Then, carefully listening step-by-step to her Brain Assist, she uses the Loop Drive to bring the right tool from the spacecraft, and makes a tiny vacuum with the Loop Drive. Looking thru her x-ray optics, she guides the vacuum tube thru the hole the bullet made and extracts the bullet from the cougar's thigh bone. All the time her other hand is on the cougar, telling her it's ok, it's ok. When she extracts the bullet, the cougar flinches and almost bites her, but doesn't. She easily disinfects and seals up the wound. "I'm sorry a human did this to you. We're not all bad. We're trying to be good, we're trying to tune in. Know that at least some of us love you." The cougar licks her face, gets up, and limps soundlessly away.

When Camo Man, a.k.a. John Wilkes Porter, arrives at headquarters to claim his Glock 17, he discovers a sheriff waiting to arrest him and that he faces a fine up to $10,000 and six months in jail for discharging a firearm in a national park and shooting a protected animal. By paying a lawyer $8763.50, he manages to escape with a $2500 fine and suspended sentence.

Ava breaks out in a violently itchy rash all over her hands, arms, and ankles. Aboard the spacecraft, Keniston and Barbara identify it as poison oak and easily provide an antidote, so that it disappears in a few hours. Later Ava releases a video showing the entire event to the media in return for a $100,000 contribution to the Durva-Earth Foundation.

At first Ava asks permission of the principal before she enters any classrooms, but she becomes so popular that kids keep asking her to visit their classroom, and she does. After awhile she stops asking permission, since it's always been granted, and just shows up in various classrooms, very warmly received. At some point she goes to a school in the deep South, in a city we shall charitably leave unnamed, and appears in the back of a fourth grade classroom.

Teacher Agatha Fereful: "There's an intruder in the school. Intruder! Lock down! Kids, run for the gym!" She pushes the emergency button. The bells go off and all the overhead lights flash.

Ava: "Is there an intruder? Can I help?"

Teacher: "You're the intruder, you dangerous ungodly alien!"

The students are moving out of their desks and toward the door rather slowly, puzzled as to what this is about.

Ava: "What are you saying? I'm just a six year old kid. I'd like to visit your class."

Miss Fereful pulls an automatic pistol out of her desk drawer, aiming it with both hands in the recommended stance at Ava. "For all I know, you're here to kill some of my kids! Don't you move or I'll let you have it!"

Ava shrugs her shoulders and disappears. The teacher fires off two rounds at the empty air where Ava had been. It so happens that the wall behind Ava is a lightweight accordion wall that could be folded back to make a larger space. Of course the bullets go right through the thin wall, and hit the teacher in the next classroom in the upper back, one slicing thru her aorta. Bleeding heavily from her mouth and gasping, she collapses on the floor in front of her third grade students cowering under their desks. None dare run for help because it is lock-down and shots have been fired. They watch their teacher die.

Later, the news headlines announce: "Dangerous alien kid causes death of teacher."

When Ava's parents learn of the incident, Keniston comments: "The teacher was well intentioned, but accidentally killed another teacher. That's one of the reasons we don't use violence on one another. We're all equal beings, why would you want to use violence on another sentity?"

Barbara: "Of course violence includes kicking people in the butt, Ava!"

Ava: "Oh Mommy! But it was such fun!"

Keniston: "There are lots of ways to have fun, bajina."

Barbara: "There are no good guys and bad guys. We're all partly good and partly bad. Get used to it!"

Keniston: "When you use violence on another, that makes it ok for somebody to use violence on you. Put your guns away! There isn't anybody out there who deserves to get shot. We're all brothers and sisters. Can't they understand that?"

Barbara: "Yes, these kids have been scarred for life. Their new reality is that a teacher or any one of them can be gunned down before their eyes. How do you fix a reality like that?"

Captain Hake is a fat man, relaxing on the front porch in a chair whose back is tipped against the wall of his Scuba Divey in Key Largo. He chats with his hired hand, a thin black man named Woody Wilson, perhaps in his forties. Hake likes having a black man as an assistant, almost feels like owning a slave.

Hake: "So Woody! What do you think of them aliens, taking ten years to get here from Lord knows where, trying to pull us away from our faith in Jesus Christ?"

Woody: "Seems like they mean no harm, they just don't know Jesus."

Hake: "Right! But they're anti-life, coming down here preaching abortion's a good thing and Christianity's a bad thing. Who wants em? Send em back!"

Woody: "We might be able to learn a thing or two from them though."

Hake: "No, they won't tell us nothin. Shill O'Really says their masters are spiders, and they're just scouting us out to eat us."

Woody: "Maybe so."

Hake: "If I ever get my hands on one of them, I'd kill him for sure. They're up to no good. I got it all figured out. If one of them, or all three, came down here and wanted to scuba dive, I'd fill up their oxygen tanks with laughing gas. They wouldn't know what hit em before they asphyxiated."

Woody: "I don't know. They got special powers."

Hake: "Fuck their special powers! I got a tank of nitrous oxide right here. You want a hit?"

Woody: "No thanks, but exactly how you gonna do this nitrous thing?"

Hake: "Easy. I'll tell em they need two tanks. They won't know any better. Fill the first one with just ten minutes of oxygen and then automatically switch over to the second tank that's solid nitrous."

Just then Ava appears before them, unaware that Agatha Fereful fired two shots at where she had been, which killed a teacher in the next classroom.

Ava, smiling, her usual happy self: "Hi! I'm Ava Durva. I'm wondering if you could teach me to scuba dive?"

Hake, brightening: "Message from Heaven! Why sure, little girl, I'd be happy to! You got any money?"

Ava takes out one of the tiny Durva-Earth memorial gold coins which show her with her parents on one side: "Would this cover it?"

Hake examines the coin. "Yeah, I heard about these. How much are you selling them for?"

Ava: "$350."

Hake: "Hmmm. That's a little tight. But I'll do it just for you. I'll explain how everything works, and Woody here can go down with you on a practice dive. If you want to dive more after that, you'll need to cough up more moolah."

Ava: "Cough up? Moolah?"

Hake: "You'll need to pay more money, another one of these little babies."

Ava, checking her BA: "I thought it costs about $100 for a day long trip?"

Hake, nonplussed: "Well, yeah, but that's if you go out with a group. I thought you'd want to go out by yourself first time, and that costs more. Tell ya what. For this little gold coin we'll take you out and you can do two dives. How about that?"

Ava, shrugging: "Ok."

Captain Hake and Woody take Ava out in their little boat, which supposedly could hold six divers, if they were packed in like cattle. Hake explains the scuba gear and the whole process, and Ava doesn't notice that Hake puts only ten minutes of air in her first tank and then fills the second with nitrous oxide. He goes out to a spot where a great white shark had been spotted a few days earlier, just in case it might still be around. He tells Woody not to help her if she gets in trouble, suggesting they can say she insisted on going down alone. She and Woody plunge in, and much to her surprise, she meets a pod of dolphins. They immediately communicate, and Ava frolics with them, laughing gleefully, not noticing that she

is breathing pure nitrous oxide until she faints. As Woody watches, the dolphins immediately nudge her to the surface and present her to Captain Hake. "I'll take care of this!" he says. He rips off her mouthpiece and holds her under water until she drowns and dies. Woody surfaces and watches the murder, but knows better than to say or do anything. "We don't need no atheist aliens!" says Hake. As Ava's body begins to sink below the surface, it disappears.

Ava's personal defense shield protected her from bullets, electric shock, bomb explosion, various death rays, or any sudden threat to her body such as a car crash. But the PDS is not able to detect when she fainted or when the threat was so slow and gentle as a drowning. However, when her heart stops beating, the PDS immediately sends her back to the spaceship and transmits an alarm to Keniston and Barbara, who drop what they are doing and immediately return.

Keniston puts Ava on her tummy with her head down to drain the water out of her lungs and starts the Durvan version of CPR while Barbara gives Ava artificial respiration and uses the ship's diagnostic device to add subtle vibrational effects to her system, stimulating her Talusba. Barbara prays over her, sending forth volumes of love: Come back! Come back! You need to be here! You don't need to go. It's just a shock, it's just temporary. Come back! Your body is still here, still in good shape. It's ok, you are so loved! Your life is so beautiful. Come back! We love you so much!

At just the right moment the diagnostic device gives Ava an electric shock. Her body jumps, her heart starts, and Ava gradually regains consciousness. Barbara and Keniston both hug her, crying tears of relief. The three experience a powerful 3-in-1 moment.

So Ava returns. Now she knows something she did not know before, and has become wise, even tho still a little girl. "What happened?" she asks.

Keniston: "We don't know yet. You drowned."

Ava: "I was scuba diving, playing with dolphins."

Barbara: "The diagnostic device says you ran out of oxygen because it was replaced with nitrous oxide. What have these barbarians done to you?"

Ava: "I don't know. When I died it seemed I was moving toward a light and I said 'Wait! I'm not ready! I haven't lived yet!' Then it seemed I heard a voice that said, "You can go back if you want. Your mom and dad are reviving you right now.' That felt good so here I am!"

Keniston: "We are so glad to have you back, Bajina! You are so precious! I'll check out what happened ... You were with Captain Hake in Key Largo?"

Ava: "Yes. He seemed like a nice man, but I guess he wasn't."

Keniston, giving Ava a kiss on the cheek: "I'll have a little talk with him. Back in a few!"

Barbara pulls Ava onto her lap, hugging her and rocking her like a baby.

When Keniston appears in Key Largo, Hake and Woody are back at the Scuba Divey.

Keniston: "Hello! You would be Captain Hake, and this is Woody Wilson? I'm Keniston, Ava's dad.

Hake: "I know who you are. Whadda you want?"

Keniston: "What did you do to my daughter?"

Hake: "I didn't do nothin! Is she dead?"

Woody: "I told you ..."

Hake: "Shut up!"

Keniston: "She was, but we revived her."

Hake: "Just as I thought. Alien zombie!"

Keniston: "So what's the whole story?"

Hake: "I told you! I didn't do nothin. She wanted to scuba dive, so I set up the equipment and Woody taught her how. Ain't that right Woody? She was down there diving and all of a sudden the dolphins brought her up to the surface. Somehow the tank failed. She ran out of oxygen. I don't know what happened. Then she disappeared."

Keniston: "Let's find out exactly what happened. Sit down in this chair."

Hake: "You don't tell me what to do on my property!"

Keniston picks him up with one hand, all 340 pounds, and sits him down in the chair: "If you'll excuse me, this will just take a minute." He takes a metal disk out of his pocket that is about 2 ½ inches across and half an inch deep, a little flying saucer perhaps. He puts it on Hake's forehead. "Don't move!" He says this with such authority that for the moment Hake is frozen. Before them appears a hologram of Hake first telling Woody if he ever got his hands on any of the aliens, he'd kill them for sure. She's anti-life, coming down here preaching abortion's a good thing and Christianity's a bad thing. Who wants em? Send em back! Then it shows Hake filling the first nitrox tank with only ten minutes worth, showing the gauge, and filling the second tank with nitrous oxide. It shows her going over the side and when the porpoises bring her back up she's unconscious. Hake holds her underwater and drowns her. Then she disappears.

Keniston: "It looks like you did a really evil thing."

Hake: "Hey, you can make up anything you want in that movie. Doesn't mean it's real. I didn't do any of that shit."

Keniston: "This is the truth and you know it."

Hake: "You aliens come down here and think you can boss everybody around, control everything! You can take your little metal disk and your daughter and your spaceship and get the fuck off our planet!"

Keniston: "I can understand how you might feel that way, but that doesn't justify murdering my daughter."

Hake: "You people come down here to destroy Christianity, destroy our way of life, trying to take away our oil with your fake global warming. Next you'll be telling us there's something unecological about scuba diving. You're the mark of the beast – 666! Rash Lamebrow says that according to numerology, the word 'Durva' really means 666. You're going to pay for this! You can't come onto my property and throw me down on a chair. I'll be charging you with assault, buddy!"

Keniston: "Nothing in your misinformed angry outburst justifies murdering my daughter."

Hake: "You get away from me, you zombie alien! I didn't murder nobody! I'm going to charge you with assault for picking me up like that. It's a wonder you didn't break my neck! It's beginning to hurt bad!"

Keniston: "You know what the truth is. I now have a complete record of your memories of this event, even when you stubbed your toe when you kneeled down to push Ava's head under water. You understand according to your laws you can get twenty years in prison or even the death penalty for what you've done?"

Hake: "Yeah? Where's the evidence?" Suddenly Captain Hake goes into spasms, falls off the chair, and dies.

Keniston moves his little disk over Hake's chest. "He's had a massive heart attack. Ventricular fibrillation plus multiple blockages of his coronary arteries. It's already too late for your medical capacities to do anything for him. Neetanith prahlada!"

Woody: "Hell of a way to lose a job!"

Keniston: "When Hake was drowning my daughter, couldn't you at least have said something?"

Woody: "No point. He'd probably blame the whole thing on me anyway, and when it's my word against his, I don't stand a chance. This is the South, man!"

Keniston: "Do you think I was in any way responsible for Captain Hake's death?"

Woody: "No. Anybody can have a heart attack any time, particularly a fat man like him. Besides, I didn't see anything. You weren't even here."

Keniston: "I wasn't here. I like that. I don't need to be involved at all." He hands Woody a couple of the Durvan Memorial gold coins. "Keep these as a souvenir. You better call 911."

Woody: "Thanks, Mr. Nobody! Too bad nobody was here when good old Captain Hake had his heart attack!"

Keniston shakes his hand and disappears, reappearing in the spacecraft with Barbara and Ava. He reports what happened.

Ava: "Couldn't you have healed him, the way you healed me?"

Keniston: "I did a scan. I would have had to bring him back to the spacecraft and do some advanced robo surgery. You know what the rule is. Under no circumstances whatsoever may we ever bring any alien into our ship. I couldn't do it."

Barbara: "So you put your idea of the law ahead of your heart."

Keniston: "This man just murdered our daughter, and you want me to be sure to love him? I was willing to forgive him but I can't say I had any strong love for him. My heart wasn't saying, 'save this guy!' Or if it was, it wasn't saying it loud enough for me to hear it."

Barbara: "I understand. First a barbarian shoots the cougar Ava is making friends with, then another tries to shoot her in a classroom, and now this barbarian drowns her. I can't say I have much sympathy for any of them. But if we can't love those who would do us harm, how are we dancing the Path of Love?"

Keniston: "I didn't want him to die. I just wanted him to admit his guilt so that he could repent. I was completely prepared to forgive him."

Barbara: "Who would have expected a sentity would rather die than face truth? We're all bad sometimes, we all miss the mark sometimes. If we want to stay on the path, we have to admit our failures."

Keniston: "He wasn't even on the path ... Wait a minute! Are you suggesting I'm a failure?"

Ava: "You didn't try to heal him."

Barbara: "Yes. Think about it. You could have saved him, and you would have scored an enormous number of points with the Earthlings who are objecting and resisting us. It would have tremendously eased the conflict they feel. You could have made a major ally here. You would have helped one to live who was otherwise going to die. What could be a better gift than that? Isn't that the Path of Love?"

Keniston: "Great Holy Mystery! You're right! It would have been beautiful if I had helped him, healed him, told him I forgive him. I just didn't think it thru. I'd had enough of Hake, and consequently the love didn't flow."

Barbara, putting her arm around him: "I know. None of us is perfect. That's the way we're made, so that we can work out our conflicts."

Keniston: "Maybe I just don't have enough bonobo genes in me."

Barbara: "In a different respect you certainly do!"

Keniston: "I'm not so sure that's restricted to bonobos."

Ava: "Are you guys at it again?"

CHAPTER 11

Third Happening

The Durvans participated in many events and social activities besides those described here. In the interests of brevity, we simply can't go into them. We could report who they were with and how the conversations went, always considerable discussion of whether the PoliRings are going to work, and the Durvans are always polishing the vision, but the only important conclusions are that they are widely accepted, given celebrity treatment, and their solicitations for funds from the major foundations are very well received. Keniston and Barbara together set up the clothing factories and design them as cooperatives. They achieve a higher level of automation than any previous manufacturing process, and distribute the factories around the planet so that each major country is producing its own.

In due course, three weeks after the Second Happening, the Durvans emerge from their spacecraft at 1:30 in the afternoon for their Third Happening. Raising their hands in the Durvan salute, the three together sing out, "Rassataybas!"

The crowd of over 100,000 gives a strong response, most raising their hands in salute. On a set of bleachers close to the spacecraft sit an assemblage of theologians, ministers, representatives of various religions, and other dignitaries. Once again President Subornable is not present, concerned that his reputation might be at risk after the Durvans so soundly rejected his previous comments.

Keniston: "Good to see so many of you here!"

Barbara: "Our hearts go out to you!"

Ava: "We loooove you!"

Keniston: "We'd like to begin by showing you our latest addition to the Durvan enterprises. We are setting up at least one laser harp studio, patented as the Orfidan, in most major cities across your planet. We have converted our model so that it runs 100% on your technology. It's really a rather simple concept, and we're surprised you haven't already done it. It consists of three overlapping laser grids, one going side to side, one top to bottom, and one front to back. One controls volume, one controls pitch, and one controls timbre." The hologram over their heads switches from close-ups of the Durvans to a three dimensional model of the laser harp. "A dancer stands in the middle and produces sounds which can become extraordinary music, depending on which laser beams he or she interrupts with his or her body.'

Ava: "By the way, when are you folks going to invent a set of gender neutral personal pronouns so we won't have to do this awkward 'he or she', 'his or her', or use the ... numerically imprecise 'their' or 'them' which you now seem to prefer? I looked it up, and the Swedes are currently using 'hen' to mean 'he or she,' but I think you guys are too chicken to use that. As early as the mid-nineteenth century, people were looking for a gender neutral personal pronoun. 'Thon' was suggested, but I'd like to propose 'he or she' could be 'thi,' 'his or her' is 'thir,' and 'him or her' is 'thim.' I suppose you could do 'thirs' if you insist on a possessive form, but a lot of things you think you possess you really don't."

Keniston: "Thank you Ava. I'm sure that's the most important topic we have to deal with today. Continuing, as you can see and hear in the hologram, Ava is our dancer for this example. (Ava is wearing a tutu in the hologram) She is now producing a steady sound. As she moves closer to the audience, the sound grows louder. As she moves to the right, the pitch grows higher, and to the left, lower. She can also change the timbre by moving up and down. She carries a remote in her right hand which can lock in a particular volume, particular note, or particular timbre." Ava does a little dance demonstrating how she can create various effects. She can produce any sound from farts to fire sirens, and soon has the audience laughing at her silly sounds.

Barbara: "If there are two dancers, we have double banks of lasers so that each dancer has thir own. Each can produce thir own sound without conflicting with the other."

Keniston: "We confess we have an Orfidan aboard the spacecraft, so we got a lot of exercise dancing and creating music."

Ava, giggling: "And as soon as I got big enough, I would jump in and ruin it all."

Barbara: "Yes, bajina, but then you learned to dance with Daddy or me very well."

Keniston: "Let's take a look at what you can do with this remarkable device. Here is your first Orfidance!" The hologram shows Keniston standing and Barbara crouched, ready to begin. Both are wearing BaB bodysuits, so they are looking very naked. The dance and music starts slow and quiet, Barbara rising like a flower in response to Keniston's beckoning. It develops as a courtship dance, with much moving forward and moving away, sliding past one another, tentative touches, and eventually intensifying embraces. Keniston's sound varies between guitar strums and French horns, intermixed with vibrant synthesizer echoing endlessly, while Barbara is more into fairy bells, oboes, strings, and another sound somewhat like a feminine didgeridoo or high pitched purr, very sexy. While some are shocked by the faux nakedness, most realize this is the most sensuous, beautiful, loving production they have ever experienced. It's only six minutes long, and at the end the crowd breaks into thunderous applause, with many shouts, whistles, hoots and hollers.

Barbara: "Thank you! You can see several more examples on our website, particularly one honoring Mother Earth which you might appreciate, but right now let's give Ava a turn." Ava, still in her tutu, does a jazzy, sparkly, very humorous dance, with much jumping about and falling on her tush. When she finishes the applause is even more thunderous, with screams of delight and cries for encore!

Keniston: "Thank you, thank you! We have much to do today, so we had better not spend any more time with the Orfidan. But as I said, we are opening Orfidan studios in most major cities. For a fee of $1200, you

can be taught how to dance the Orfidan and create your own music. You will be given 24 hours of practice time and then a chance to record your own Orfidance. The rich or dedicated can buy your own Orfidan studio for $60,000, which includes extended lessons and everything you need. As usual, all profits go to the Durva-Earth Foundation."

Ava: "I can't wait to see it all on YouTube!" As a matter of fact, Ava's humorous Orfidance immediately goes viral, even more viral that her parents' exquisite courtship dance.

Barbara: "Let's proceed to the major topic of the day, your Christian religion. Our missionary work is to create a shared understanding, in which we can all function happily together. We have given you a view of our spiritual principles, the Durvan Stance. They may seem very simple and basic, but they provide a perspective which is infinitely deep. Durvans do not actually have a religion in the sense that they go to church on Sunday, but the spiritual perspective is practiced thruout our culture. We have no aim or desire to replace any of your religions with our perspective, but simply to explore what we have in common and can agree upon."

Keniston: "We didn't really understand your Christian religion until we discovered a considerable distance between church dogmas and what is written, and what most of you actually practice. The Catholic Church dogma is opposed to abortion and contraception, yet over 50% of Catholics accept abortion rights and over 90% practice contraception. Many of your preachers oppose same sex marriage, yet a high percentage of parishioners accept it."

Barbara: "Many good Christians envision Christ as the principle of perfect love, and when they ask what would Jesus do, they're asking what is the Path of Love here. That's wonderful, just as it should be! One way or another, other religions seek the Path of Perfect Love, or God's love. We hope Earthlings and Durvans can agree on this fundamental principle."

Keniston: "What we realized is that except for some aberrations, your religions are evolving, coming much closer to loving your neighbors as yourselves. Your present vision of Jesus is this 2,000 year old being who has God's ear and is full of perfect wisdom. Wonderful! But we have also

noticed this vision is a considerable distance from what is actually presented in the Gospels, and this may create a problem for you. If anyone says they take the Bible literally, and every word is the direct word of God, those who are more evolved may be laughing up their sleeves. Is the Bible the direct word of God, communicating to us humans? Well sure, but any of us can communicate with God any time. All you have to do is learn to be still and ask, and look for what comes from the deepest place within you that is on the Path of Love. God can speak thru each one of us. But as we said before, we receive the messages from God thru our particular filters, thru our programs. We may hear very clearly or we may hear very confusedly, in terms of our particular time and society. The problem is that the Bible was written a couple thousand years ago in a society that was much more barbaric, ignorant, and confused compared to where you are today."

Barbara: "Because of the filters at the time, the Gospels bring Jesus' message of love only in an inadequate and incomplete way."

Keniston: "Yes. On the one hand, Jesus says to love everybody, even your enemy -- to love God with all our hearts, and to love one another as he loved us. (*Matthew 22:37ff*) On the other hand, he doesn't seem to practice it. In *Matthew 21:19ff*, Jesus spots a fig tree on the side of the road and wishes to eat a fig. He discovers the tree has no figs, as it is not the right season. He curses the fig tree, saying 'May no fruit ever come from you again!' and the fig tree withers and dies. This is clearly not an act of love toward the fig tree, which is understandable, since the Hebrew culture evinces no special regard for nature. Durvans would see this as an inexcusable evil act, definitely not on the Path of Love."

Barbara: "Jesus finishes by saying, "When you stand praying, forgive .. so that your father ... may forgive you your trespasses." (*Mark 11:25*) Jesus certainly did not forgive the fig tree. His preaching does not appear to apply to the natural world, so that you could think you are being good Christians even as you rape Mother Nature in every conceivable way."

Keniston: "A second way in which Jesus is not true to the Path of Love occurs when he casts the money changers out of the temple. *John* puts is

most vigorously in *2:15*: 'And making a whip of cords, he drove them all, with the sheep and oxen, out of the temple; and he poured out the coins of the money-changers and overturned their tables.' *Matthew 21:13* and *Mark 11:17* add, 'you have made it a den of robbers.'

"Whipping people does not qualify as the Path of Love. By his example, Jesus showed that it is ok to get angry and violent with folks you disagree with – when you have righteousness on your side. Here we have the justification for the Inquisition and all the other evils the Church has perpetrated in the name of righteousness. It was a lost opportunity for Jesus to show what he meant when he said, 'Love your enemies.' (*Matthew 5:44* etc.)"

Barbara: "A third major instance where Jesus is not true to the Path of Love occurs when he is being tried by Pontius Pilate. In this case we have a choice as to what to believe. The first three Gospels give one account, but *John 18:33* gives quite a different account, in which Jesus is much more reasonable and polite. In the first three, Pilate asks, 'Are you king of the Jews?' Jesus answers, 'You have said so,' and then refuses to answer any more questions. (*Matthew 27:11)* This strikes us as a rude response. Perhaps Jesus might claim that at the time he felt it was important to give a brave response and show he was not afraid of power. But it was most definitely not a loving response and did not model for you how to love your enemies. Why couldn't he give a gracious and respectful response such as Paul gave throughout *Acts*? I can imagine Jesus telling Pilate, 'I am here simply to teach love. Almost everything I have done in my life have been acts of love. I love you, and I love the priests, elders, and scribes. I love the Jewish people, and I have come to save them by showing them the Path of Love.'

"Of course if he had said that, maybe they wouldn't have crucified him, and people would have lost an important reason to honor Jesus. *John* makes it very clear that Jesus knew what he was doing and knew it was necessary for him to be crucified to fulfill the prophecies. Therefore he was intentionally provoking the authorities to achieve that end. But he did not dance the Path of Love."

Keniston: "It is valuable to point out all the ways Jesus did not walk the Path of Love. The Biblical Jesus needs to be left behind us, so that we

can truly understand what the Path of Love involves. In *Matthew 5:17ff* Jesus is lawgiver. He affirms the Ten Commandments and interprets some of them even more stringently. In regard to "Thou shall not kill," he says "that everyone who is angry with his brother shall be liable to judgment; whoever insults his brother shall be liable to the council, and whoever says, 'You fool!' shall be liable to the hell of fire." These statements may have been consistent with or even an improvement upon the concepts of justice at the time, but it is not on the Path of Love to mete out strong punishments, particularly for relatively minor infractions. Isn't it better to send love to miscreants and encourage them to practice love so as to improve their behavior than to send them to the fires of hell?"

Barbara: "In *Matthew 5*:27ff, Jesus makes his well-known comments about 'Thou shall not commit adultery.' 'But I say to you that every one who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart. If your right eye causes you to sin, pluck it out and throw it away; it is better that you lose one of your members than that your whole body be thrown into hell.' You can't imagine how confusing this is to Durvans. In the first place, Durvans have no word for adultery and certainly don't consider it a sin. We have no concept of cheating on a spouse because we believe it is right and proper to make love with whomever you want. For centuries, Christianity considered lust to be a sin. Quite the contrary, as a Durvan I appreciate when a man lusts after me. It's wonderful! I'll probably reciprocate. As far as we're concerned, this is the natural order. You Earthlings may be getting there. Depending on which survey you read, around 50% of you 'cheat' on your partners at one time or another. If you'd recognize that you don't own one another and it's not cheating, you'd be making some real evolutionary progress. Why make promises that you're not likely to keep?

"Furthermore, Durvans have no concept of Heaven or Hell. We're here to make the most of this life, not prepare for the next one. If there is a next life, it most likely involves the further evolution of consciousness, not some static place like your concepts. In any case, we don't see any punishments for lust or adultery because we don't see them as sins, and we think you are gradually arriving at the same conclusion.

"Jesus goes on to argue that "whoever marries a divorced woman commits adultery." He is subscribing to one of the fundamental errors of the patriarchy, which held that women are possessions and not only must remain chaste to their owner husbands but should become untouchables if they get divorced. As a culture, you clearly no longer believe this and are therefore to be congratulated."

Keniston: "Possibly we take this position not only because we are products of the Durvan culture but because we have bonobo genes. You all know the difference between bonobos and chimpanzees. Bonobos have sex frequently with any other available bonobo, and they are peaceful and happy. Chimpanzees are possessive of their partners, sometimes kill members of their own tribe, and make war on neighboring tribes. So "Make Love not War" expresses a fundamental truth: if you made more love, maybe you would have fewer wars. Jesus' dictums are neither on the Path of Love nor in touch with the reality of the human condition."

Ava: "But Jesus also expresses the truths about love that make him such an inspiration. In this same Sermon on the Mount, Jesus says to turn the other cheek and love your enemy. (*Matthew 5:39, 44*) Likewise, according to *Luke* 23:34, when Jesus was on the cross, he said, "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do." This is great modeling on the Path of Love. I wish it were all like that."

Keniston: "In *Matthew 12:30* Jesus actually says, "He who is not with me is against me." Now that's the Christianity of your George W. Bush. But it is not on the Path of Love. Love knows that all paths that have love in them work, and it doesn't matter whether you follow Jesus or Mohammed or Buddha. He goes on to say which blasphemies will be forgiven and which will not: "blasphemy against the Spirit will not be forgiven." This appears to be in contradiction to what St. Paul says about love in *1 Corinthians 13:4ff*: "Love is not jealous ... Love does not insist on its own way... Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things." To us this implies that love is not judgmental but always forgiving, unlike the harsh penalties that Jesus puts forth."

Barbara: "Jesus' teachings are full of strange inconsistencies. As Keniston quoted above, in *Matthew 5:22* "whoever says 'you fool!' shall be liable to the hell of fire." Then in *Matthew 23:17* he says, "You blind fools!" referring to the scribes and Pharisees. How is it that if we call one another a fool we're liable to be thrown into hell, but it's ok for Jesus to call the scribes and Pharisees fools?"

Ava: "For that matter, Jesus is constantly name calling, over and over again calling the scribes and Pharisees hypocrites, serpents, and a brood of vipers. In *Matthew 12:31* he calls his audience, "You brood of vipers!" In *Matthew 16:4* he describes the times as "An evil and adulterous generation..." In *Matthew 17:17* Jesus seems to refer to his own disciples as "O faithless and perverse generation..." In one dispute with Jews who don't believe in him, he says, "You are of your father the devil ..." (*John 8:44)* This is how to win friends and influence people? Name calling is hardly nonviolent communication and most certainly not on the Path of Love. Why would you want to offer this role model to your children?"

Barbara: "I certainly don't! In *Matthew 10:34* Jesus says, "Do not think I have come to bring peace on earth. I have not come to bring peace, but a sword." Yet in *Luke 2:14*, when Jesus is born, the heavenly host sings, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men..." So which is it? Love spreads love and brings peace: it does not provoke the sword. But Jesus spoke, and sanctioned 2000 years of warfare, a good deal of it over religious issues. This is the man you call "The Prince of Peace?" He may be realistically facing the harsh constraints of the time, but it is as if he has not fully grasped the power of the love he is teaching."

Keniston: "How can Jesus possibly say his second great commandment is to "love your neighbor as yourself,"(*Matthew 22:39)* when he has already said *(Matthew 10:35)* "For I have come to set a man against his father, and a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man's foes will be those of his own household"? What kind of love turns your family members into enemies? His love was in healing people, very heavily manifested, but apparently he was more concerned that we love God than with practicing love in human relations."

Ava: "But in *Luke 6:28ff* he says, '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...'"

Keniston: I love that you take Jesus' side, bajina, but look at the whole story. He follows those beautiful words with 'If you love those who love you, what credit is that to you? For even sinners love those who love them. And if you do good to those who do good to you, what credit is that to you? For even sinners do the same ...' What are we to make of this? Loving and doing good to one another is not for the purpose of gaining credits. We love one another and do good because that is how we want to behave, because that is what is best for society. It generates the holy vibration of love and we bathe in Holy Spirit. It's the most ecstatic thing we can do, and brings us closer to God.

"Jesus continues, "But love your enemies, and do good, and lend, expecting nothing in return, and your reward will be great..." If Jesus is talking about your reward in heaven after you die as suggested earlier in *Luke 6:23* where he says, "for behold, your reward is great in heaven," my response is no, and not just because we don't believe in Heaven. The reward is intrinsic and immediate. It is just fine to love those who love us. The more we practice love, the better we get at it. But as Jesus says, we must expect nothing in return, because if we give love expecting to get love back, nothing happens. If we give love freely, expecting nothing, God can mirror back that love tenfold, a hundredfold. This is one of the great mysteries."

Ava: "At least you like part of what Jesus says."

Keniston: "Of course! Jesus says many wise, beautiful, and important things. He is credited for introducing love as the most important value in Western civilization. The problem is that he didn't always practice love and he says some things like the above that completely miss the mark."

Barbara: "In *Matthew 21:23ff* the chief priests and elders ask Jesus by what authority does he preach and heal? Jesus responds with a trick question that they cannot answer, and then says "Neither will I tell you by what authority I do these things." It's possible that if Jesus had said, "I act by

the Grace of God Almighty," the priests would have accused him of blasphemy. Nevertheless, I see no love in the answer Jesus gave; it seems more like he's telling the priests to shove it. He most certainly is not spreading his message of love in this situation. Shortly thereafter, in *Matthew 23:3*, Jesus says "the Pharisees ... preach, but do not practice." Perhaps he should look in a mirror."

Keniston: "In *Matthew 15:4* Jesus reiterates the Commandment to honor your father and mother, but in *Matthew 12:48* he refuses to speak to his mother and brothers and leaves them standing by the door so he can make a rhetorical point. How is that honoring his mother? Likewise, in *Matthew 23:9* Jesus says, 'And call no man your father on earth, for you have one Father, who is in heaven.' That may be a very nice sentiment to show your relationship to God, but it makes it a bit difficult to honor your physical fathers. Jesus' commandment appears to be, 'Do and do not honor your fathers and mothers.' Where is the love? In *Luke 14:26*. Jesus says it even more strongly: 'If anyone comes to me and does not hate his own father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, yes, and even his own life, he cannot be my disciple.' Followed by *Luke 14:33:* 'So therefore, whoever of you does not renounce all that he has cannot be my disciple.' It makes no sense to us to argue that you must hate yourself or hate God's creation in order to love God. When you recognize God's creation for what it is, love flows in every direction."

Barbara: "In *Matthew 7:1* Jesus says, 'Judge not that you be not judged.' There is nothing particularly wrong with this advice, it's standard Law of Karma. If you don't want to be judged by others, don't judge others. However, it doesn't go as deep as it might. The problem with judging others is that we are so often mistaken in our judgments. It might be better to say, 'Do not judge another until you have walked a mile in their moccasins.' Until you really understand another, it is hardly fair to make judgments about them. But even deeper than that, judgment implies censure. It is looking for what is wrong in another. So much better to look for what is right, for what is on the Path of Love, and support that!"

Keniston: "In *Luke 9:59ff* Jesus tells a man to follow him, and the man replies 'Lord, let me first go and bury my father.' but he said to him, 'Leave the dead to bury their own dead; but as for you, go and proclaim the kingdom of God.' Another said, 'I will follow you, Lord; but let me first say farewell to those in my home.' Jesus said to him, 'No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God.' Now Jesus may be emphasizing how important it is to orient to the kingdom of God, but where is the love? Burying one's father or saying farewell are important to family members. What good is it to align with the kingdom of God if you alienate your family? These are the words of a fanatic, not one who wants to balance love in all directions. No wonder he has come 'to set a man against his father, etc.'"

Barbara: "Shortly after this Jesus instructs his disciples to go empty handed into the towns ahead and stay with those who are willing to receive them. Then he says in *Luke 10:10*, 'But whenever you enter a town and they do not receive you, go into its streets and say, 'Even the dust of your town that clings to our feet we wipe off against you; nevertheless, know this, that the kingdom of God has come near.' I tell you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom on that day than for that town.' So if folks won't receive his disciples, he curses them, and continues to do so in *Luke10:13-15*. How is this loving your enemies? Who can call this the Path of Love?"

Ava: "Yet this passage is followed by the tale of the good Samaritan. The man who was beset by robbers was evidently a Jew; Samaritans were foreigners looked down upon by Jews. The question was, 'who is my neighbor?' The answer is the Samaritan who showed mercy on the robbed man. Then Jesus says, 'Go and do likewise.' (*Luke10:25-37)* So isn't this excellent advice on how to follow the Path of Love?"

Keniston: "As far as following the Path of Love is concerned, in the last 2000 years, Christianity has at best been minimally successful, basically a failure, with a holocaust of accused witches, tortures, oppressions, deceits, sexual abuse, and wars. It has probably been more successful in its promise of eternal life. Much of what Jesus talked about was this promise. He taught that if you want eternal life, love one another and obey all the

rules. However, the desire for eternal life is totally selfish. You have been given perhaps 100 years of an absolutely incredible opportunity and experience of Talusba. A tremendous gift! So instead of saying, "Thank you God! This is more than sufficient. I realize how much I have been blessed just to live for this long," greedy folks say, "Oh yeah! This life has been great! I want more, more more!" This of course is a barbarian value, not a civilized value on the Path of Love.

"In so much of Jesus' discourse, he argues that you should do good because if you don't, you'll go to hell. Typical is *Matthew 25:31-46*, about giving the needy food and drink and clothing and help when sick. If folks fail to do this, 'they will go away into eternal punishment.' Hell is simply not on the map of the Path of Love. Love does not punish; it saves. The real reason to do good deeds is that it is helpful for society and feels good to do them. So often a good deed inspires a deep recognition that we can be loving, and a holy vibration of love fills the air between giver and receiver, and creates a bond between them. Charity is its own reward. The threat of hell is a total distraction.

"So the message of Jesus is, if you want to go to Heaven, it's important for you to love one another; it's important for you to give to the poor and help one another and be a good neighbor. Thus you don't love one another, help one another, and be a good neighbor for its own sake, for its own reward, even tho its own reward is beautiful and incredible. Oh no! You're only doing this so that you can live forever! Thus the motivation is not pure, and of course therefore your actions are not pure and don't work very well. You don't discover and appreciate the rewards of loving for its own sake. So by feeding the greedy selfish desire for an afterlife, Christianity corrupts its message of love. This may be a major reason why it was such a failure in the past. In today's evolution, you seem to have put aside the connection of doing good deeds in order to go to Heaven, and seem much more in tune with doing good for its own sake. You are definitely to be congratulated for this!"

Barbara: "We think you deserve enormous credit for rising above all the inconsistencies and misdirections in the Bible and seeing Jesus as the

purveyor of perfect love. This is a highly significant evolution. You would do well to collect all the pearls of wisdom to be found in the Bible and then never open the book again. What remains is no more significant to you than Gilgamesh."

Ava: "Dancing the Path of Love is so easy. What's the big problem?"

Keniston: "You probably don't need to be reminded of the truth, but there it is. Jesus Christ as presented in the Gospels is a very mixed character, incomplete, essentially a hypocrite. And you are successfully transforming him into a perfection. That is the true ascension of Jesus."

Barbara: "This evolution of Jesus is an enormous achievement. Since you're just accomplishing it, you don't quite seem to know what you have done. You are opening the curtains, you are stripping away the cobwebs, you are enabling yourselves to see. The birth of a true religion based on the love of a perfect Jesus! We wish you great success in this new adventure! Of course you still have the fundamentalists who seem to be very closely tied to the Bible. Well more power to them! If there is value for their own lives and value that can be shared, wonderful! But as a society you appear to be ahead of the old rules and punishments. You understand a little bit better your own nobility. Of course for us, Jesus would be the perfect lover as well as the perfect love, but that's an entirely different department, and if we should disagree with you on it, it doesn't matter. We can go our way, you can go yours. Let us be sacred friends!"

Keniston: "Time for questions!"

Theologian: "You criticize our most holy scriptures, basically insulting all of us, and then you expect us to agree with you on anything? I am deeply offended!"

Keniston: "We're just trying to help you clean out the obsolete chaff so that you can see more clearly what the Path of Love entails. How can you think clearly if your mind is full of false notions? As Jesus himself said, 'The truth shall set you free.' *(John 8:32)*"

Catholic: "With all due respect, we have to object to your portrayal. It's easy to tear apart Jesus of the Gospels if you just apply logic to it. You are missing the context and the deep symbolic significance of all of Jesus's

actions. Jesus consistently said it is not this life that matters but the next one with our Lord. The only thing that matters in this life is preparation for the next. That's why it is appropriate to forsake your family, forsake your lands, or even ignore burying the dead. This life does not matter. The only thing that matters is loving God and his only begotten son Jesus Christ! Jesus is simply pointing to what matters most. We see no evolution away from the holy scriptures."

Fundamentalist: "Let me add to that! You say Jesus Christ was not practicing love when he was before Pontius Pilate. We think you do not understand the situation. Jesus was fulfilling prophecy given directly by God. As he said in *Mark 14:49*, 'let the scriptures be fulfilled,' or in *Luke 24:44*: 'everything written about me in the law of Moses and the prophets and the psalms must be fulfilled.' Prophecy has to be fulfilled and is always fulfilled. Jesus had no choice. He had to act in such a way as to fulfill the prophecy. Loving or not loving your enemy had nothing to do with it. Jesus anticipated your criticism in *John 8:47*: 'He who is of God hears the words of God; the reason that you do not hear them is that you are not of God.'"

Barbara, smiling: "Well that's a lovely Catch 22! If we don't hear the words of God as defined by Jesus, the reason is because we are not of God. It couldn't possibly be because we hear a different message from God. Jesus's statement makes it impossible to criticize his message from God. Yet we know every person receives messages from God thru their own filters, and some filters distort the message beyond recognition. Newer filters and newer messages are likely to replace older less exact messages. The fact is we are all parts of God and we can all receive messages from God simply by tuning in to what is deepest within us, preferably on the Path of Love."

Keniston: "Jesus said he was fulfilling prophecy. Sorry, that is not a good enough reason for not dancing the Path of Love. As we just said, if Jesus had danced the Path of Love, then possibly all of your history would have changed, because you truly would have had a model of perfect love instead of the all too human model that you have. Is your fundamental

value to dance the Path of Love, or is it to make sure somebody's prophesy is carried out, when that prophecy may be highly distorted? Your Old Testament presents an image of God which is not a loving God but a highly judgmental vengeful God. It is impossible to reach the Path of Love from such a viewpoint. We think you have done well to evolve your image of God into a God of Love. God is love, as some of you like to say. You need to make that love real in everything you believe and everything you do."

Barbara: "Let me add that we do not think the only thing that matters is loving God and Jesus. Yes, it's important to give thanks to the God who is creating us and it's fine to appreciate Jesus, but it's equally important, perhaps more important, to love one another. Jesus talks about this, but there is not one single instance in the Gospels of Jesus loving his enemies. At best he loved the soldiers who were carrying out orders to crucify him. He thus allowed you to continue to be barbarians."

Franklin Cracker: "We are pleased that in your advanced wisdom you see fit to accept the Christian religion as compatible with your own perspective. However, you seem to be accepting only one part of Christianity, Jesus' teaching on love. You appear to be missing an equally important part. God gave us his only begotten son, Jesus Christ, to redeem us and put us on the correct and only road to Heaven. Jesus was willing to die a horrible death on the cross in order to cleanse us of our sins and make us eligible for eternal life. We are all sinners, and without this grace of God Almighty, we would all be doomed. Where is your recipe to save sinners?"

Ava, visibly upset, tears in her eyes: "Mommy! I just asked my BA! Are we sinners?"

Barbara: "No, bajina, nothing to be concerned about. This is just a barbarian way of looking at themselves. According to their myth, Adam and Eve disobeyed God by eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge. This was the original sin, so God cursed them, ejecting them from the Garden of Eden and telling Adam from now on he and his descendents must work by the sweat of their brows, and Eve must suffer great pain in childbirth and must allow her husband to rule over her. In the last Happening I gave

the Earthlings a Durvan alternative. In disobeying God, Adam and Eve establish that they have free will, and God is very pleased that he has finally achieved this. Evolved Christianity has recognized that men and women are equal beings, and no woman needs to be ruled by her husband. What about giving birth in pain? I've got news for you. Giving birth is the biggest orgasm a woman can experience. Asserting that women shall give birth in pain is just a self-fulfilling prophecy. Sure it's a challenge to push, but you're in the midst of ecstasy, you're bathed in Talusba, you're giving birth to a new life. What's more celebratory than that? Sure there's a little pain, but focus on the orgasm and you'll hardly feel the pain. And what about men having to 'toil .. amidst thorns and thistles' *(Genesis 3:17-18)*? This is convenient propaganda for predatory capitalists to require long hours at low wages. Anthropologists on Earth have established that the typical indigenous tribe needs to work an average of two hours a day to gather their food, clothing, and shelter. The same could be true on Earth today if you removed the shackles of predatory capitalism and took full advantage of your technological progress. So clearly, we do not share the view that humans are born with original sin. We are not cursed by God. It's a ridiculous notion. We are all parts of God. Why would God curse part of himself?"

Keniston: "The idea that God would send his son to sacrifice himself on the cross to cleanse the human race of sin is a beautiful primitive myth. Now don't get me wrong. Maybe Jesus actually did this. But as we have already said, he did not dance the Path of Love to put himself in this position. Nobody needs to accept that Christ died for you. You can accept it if you want to, if you feel it does something for you, but it is not part of the Durvan perspective. We would like to reach agreement on the part of Christianity that we like, the emphasis on love."

Minister: "I can't say we appreciate your telling us what the ascension of Jesus is all about. The ascension of Jesus returned him to heaven so the Holy Spirit could dwell inside every believer. It is proof of life after death. This is the Word of God as revealed in the Scriptures. You're welcome to tune in to the story of Jesus and interpret it however you like,

but please don't try to tell us that your interpretation has any particular validity."

Keniston: "I apologize! When I suggested the true ascension of Jesus was transforming him into a perfection of love, that was actually sort of a joke. I certainly didn't intend for it to be taken literally. Of course I admit I may have offered a subtle message there, that Jesus becoming a perfection of love is more important to how you live these days than is establishing life after death, which may or may not be the case, but which everyone on Earth has pretty much believed anyway. The Greeks had their Hades, the Norse had Valhalla, other ancient religions long before Christianity had some sense of an underworld, of life after death. Hindus have gone for innumerable reincarnations until perfection is achieved. We happen to think if there's life after death it will involve not a static Heaven but further evolution of consciousness, since that's the most valuable way to look at all of our adventures."

Minister: "You pray to 'Mother Earth, sustaining us all. May we appreciate you, respect you, honor you, and love you.' We don't consider this at all appropriate. It's animism! You're asking us to join with you when our religion specifically forbids worshipping idols."

Keniston: "We don't mind if you choose to restrict yourselves to honoring God only in very limited ways. Please understand. We know that everything is part of God – you, me, the waterfall, the moon, the Earth. Therefore we feel perfectly comfortable appreciating any part of God that seems particularly appropriate to us. We don't see that that has anything to do with whether anybody chooses to worship Jesus."

Theologian: "As far as I can make out, you are dismissing our religion and replacing it with just a bunch of principles. Perhaps you need to understand that ours is a living religion. It glows with holy spirit. That's how we know it's true."

Barbara: "It's possible, and it is also possible that you project your spirit into your religion, and that's the actual source of the glow, you yourself."

Theologian: "Now you're being insulting."

Barbara: "I beg your pardon! How am I being insulting? I'm just calling things as I see them."

Theologian: "Our religion is like an old jacket that may be thread worn here and there, may have some patches on it, but it has always kept me warm, and I love it. If I leave it, I will miss it. It's an old friend."

Barbara: "You're certainly welcome to keep it as a record of what once was, and appreciate it like a fine old gingernip. Oh! I'm sorry! I forgot. You don't have gingernips. Perhaps like a fine old wine."

Minister: "Another thing. I hate to admit it's bothering me, but it's the way you broadcast your dozmars all over the place. You've got this line that whatever you do, don't try a dozmar. What's a better hook, what's a better enticement to all young rebels than to tell them not to do something? We can see thru that, thank you!"

Keniston: "It doesn't make any difference to me whether you have dozmars or whether you don't. If a few spring up, they might be a beneficial influence and all to the good. Maybe a movement would start. But just as likely, if a few spring up there might be all kinds of problems, possibly violence, shootings, God knows what. So it might be completely distracting from the political movement that we're suggesting you actually do. Personally, I'd just as soon not take the risk of dozmars. Let's see if you can handle PoliRings! Start easy!"

Southern Baptist: "The evolution he's talking about isn't happening at all. The Durvans are just making the whole thing up to confuse us! We have always been rock solid on the Bible, and we're not changing!"

Unitarian William Emerson: "We're really glad to hear that. You stay right where you are, and any folks who want to join the glorious evolution and experience the triumphant perfect love of Jesus, come join us Unitarians!"

Moslem: "Islam is undergoing a similar transformation, but the radical fundamentalists are so violent that the evolutionary elements hardly dare speak up."

Hindu: "We need to dispel this silly notion that humans have free will. We Hindus have known for thousands of years that all is foreordained. I have no control over what I am saying. It is simply God speaking thru me."

Methodist: "With all due respect, of course we have free will. Otherwise we would have no capacity to sin."

Catholic: "Please! Seeing free will as giving us the capacity to sin is such a negative way of looking at it. 'God created man a rational being, conferring on him the dignity of a person who can initiate and control his own actions.' That is the beauty of free will!"

Jew: "If we didn't have free will, how could we choose to be obedient to God?"

Congregationalist: "If we had to choose between obedience and love, we'd always choose love."

Hindu: "Excuse me, but since you have no free will, you are all talking nonsense!"

Keniston: "Ladies and Gentlemen! Please come to order! It's fascinating to watch you debate among yourselves, but the question on the table is whether your traditions and beliefs can find an accord with the Durvan Stance. There is no need for an immediate decision. We suggest you explore the question with your congregations for perhaps six months. Ask us any questions that come up. You probably want to get to know us much better, but we want you to know that we are making this invitation, to formally recognize that your religions and our spiritual views, tho they may be very different terminology and emphasize different aspects, are essentially referring to the same reality. Our different views simply show different aspects of the Great Holy Mystery that is all things. Where we come together is on the fundamental importance of love."

Ava, singing: "God has no religion, God has no religion, God has no religion, do you know?"

Barbara: "Yes, thank you Ava! It might be worthwhile to get a general sense of which way you are leaning. Are you favorably disposed to finding a working agreement between what you believe and practice and the Durvan Stance, or do you think it is impossible to find common ground?"

Mormon: "Altho I am happy to observe that the Durvans have said nothing specifically about the *Book of Mormon*, we cannot possibly consider uniting ourselves in any way with a group that seems to be promulgating universal promiscuity. Such immoral behavior cannot draw favor

in the eyes of the Good Lord. You set a very bad example for our youth, and in no way would we like to suggest that your lifestyle is acceptable."

Catholic: "I have to second that, much as we Catholics are for an ecumenical approach and interdenominational cooperation, we oppose unbridled concupiscence, which appears to be exactly what you Durvans practice."

Methodist: "We have this incredible event where God sent down his only son, who was willing to die on the cross, a horrible painful death, in order to save us from our sins. We feel the release of that, we feel how important it is to be born again, relieved from sin, blessed by God, and you Durvans have nothing like that. It's clear to us that what you consider your spiritual perspective doesn't save anyone from their natural sinful natures. Much as we would like to cooperate with you, we don't see much basis for agreement."

Barbara: We're pretty flexible on what we can agree on, but you seem to be ramrod stiff. What on Earth makes you think that your way of looking at things is somehow superior to anybody else's? Particularly looking at the distance in technology and wisdom between us. We're not asking you to loosen your principles. All we ask is just that you keep them to yourselves. We find them interesting, sometimes amusing, sometimes appalling, but there is no reason why we should agree that your Christian beliefs are fundamental principles for life, in any way applicable to us. They may be for you. You're welcome to them! They are not ours. Can we agree that we each have our own space, our own values, our own concerns? But we still recognize one another as brothers and sisters. You'll probably want to get to know us a lot better before you agree to this, but this is what we are offering. We may agree to differ on a lot of things, sexual attitudes and practices probably a big one, but can we agree, as worlds, to get along, to be friends with one another? Can we agree that the most important value is love?"

Church of God: "It depends on what you mean by 'love.' We don't understand your sexual openness. If we tried something like that, I think our women would feel very used. There would be a lot of animal connection without any real heart or spirit, and without any permanence. Why

would we want that? We marry till death do us part, and that's the way God intended."

Keniston: "We don't need to mention that 50% of your marriages end in divorce and roughly 50% of spouses step out on their partners at one time or another. We're just taking a survey here. So far a number of you have said you might have a problem agreeing with us on the basic importance of love because you have other concerns about our way of life that don't have anything to do with the issue. Is that correct?"

Fundamentalist: "Those figures may be accurate for the country as a whole, but they are certainly not true for sincere Christians. We practice the sanctity of marriage."

Unitarian: "Like Jim Bakker, Jimmy Swaggart, Ted Haggard, Bob Larson, Billy James Hargis, Mike Warnke, Paul Crouch, Terry Smith ..."

Catholic: "Do you separate agapé, or spiritual, selfless love, from eros, or sexual love?"

Barbara: "Of course not! It's all love. Sexual love or lust always has to be connected to a communion with the other's spirit, heart, and personality. We can also have such a communion without any significant sexual component, as with children, siblings, or parents. We can see that you barbarians have enormous confusion around love because you tie it in with patriarchal possession, strictures against sexual expression, and all kinds of insecurities. What is love? When we talk about dancing the Path of Love, we mean looking for the actions which will be the greatest benefit to all involved, which are most helpful to everyone's evolution in consciousness. That's all we're asking for agreement on."

Keniston: "Celebrate the basics, and celebrate all that grows up from them! You have disregarded your own basics in regard to sexuality. It's messed you up really bad! Think about it! If you had better sex, you wouldn't have so many wars. Who would go fight? Die for some imperialist scheme? Or when you kill folks with drones, often from a great distance, you do not experience the terrible carnage you are creating. You lose sight that war is hell and you shouldn't be doing it.

"Without clearly choosing to dance the Path of Love, what do you get? To cite just one example, you get the Jews around the world and the Israelis in particular saying 'never again.' Then they turn around and do it to the Palestinians. If you're against the oppression of people, such as Hitler's oppression and annihilation of the Jews, if you don't think that's right, how can you possibly oppress Palestinians and steal their land? You know perfectly well that the claim that you used to own the land 2000 years ago would never stand up in any court of law even in your barbarian society. So by your unloving actions, you cause yourselves and your world endless troubles. We think if more and more of you could commit to dancing the Path of Love, you'd enjoy a higher degree of civilization."

Jew: "Stop right there! God gave us Jews the land of Israel, and no man can take away what God has given!"

Barbara: "It looks to us like the Brits gave you Palestine in the 1919 Balfour Decision, because they were so prejudiced that they didn't want Jews immigrating to England."

Fundamentalist: "You say Durvans don't even have a word for 'soul.' So it might be correct to say that the Durvans have no soul, but are creatures like bears, lions, or porpoises that may have all kinds of talents, but do not have the capacity to be saved by our Lord Jesus Christ and to ascend to Heaven to be with our Almighty Father. However, you are human, not whatever these Durvan creatures are, and therefore most likely have a soul like the rest of us, and therefore have the capacity to reunite with God in Heaven when you die. So all you need to do is surrender. Make Jesus Christ your personal savior. Come to our church and be baptized, and be saved, so that you can live in the love of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Barbara: "Thank you for your kind and considerate offer. Let's look at some of the facts here. You preach salvation, you preach the eternal love of your god. But you live in a barbarian chaos, where there are endless wars, endless crimes, endless injustice, endless inequalities, endless destruction of the environment that supports you in every way. You are on a course that is dooming yourself and your planet. Now let's take a look at Durvan society. As we have said repeatedly, Durvans are happy. There

are no noticeable inequalities. The richest Durvan makes about four times as much as the poorest Durvan, whereas in your society the richest make hundreds of times more than the poorest. Even the poorest Durvan is perfectly comfortable with all the amenities of our society. We have no wars, we have no injustice, we have no prisons full of criminals. We have a planet which is healthy and sustainable for the indefinite future. So it looks to us what matters is not what you believe but what you practice. We practice a joyous wonderful life. You do not. So why should we value or accept your beliefs about god or love or anything else? We're trying to suggest to you that maybe we could agree that loving one another is the most important thing we can do. Instead of getting a simple agreement, we're getting all kinds of extraneous arguments"

Keniston: "I guess we're going to have to tell you about the field. The Durvan word is *beweht* and it originally meant a zof's web. Zofs are considerably larger than your spiders and their webs are capable of entangling small animals similar to your mice. However, you call your internet the 'web' and that is not what we are talking about. So let's call it the field. Talusba, the life energy, generates a field thruout the universe. We've been reluctant to explain the field to you because we know how strongly so many of you believe in an afterlife, in Heaven. The figures are phenomenal. Something like 80% of you believe in Heaven and think you're going there. Unfortunately, you don't understand the situation. You have a bible written at a time when virtually everyone believed the Earth was flat. The sun, moon, planets, and stars revolved around the Earth. There was no such thing as electricity or transportation that could go any faster than a horse could run. And no printing press! To the extent there were books they all had to be written and copied by hand. Yet with all these limitations, you choose to believe that their views on the afterlife have some validity. The fact is, they do not.

"When electricity was gradually discovered, it came with different rules than anything experienced before. Likewise, the field of Talusba is indescribable in previous terms. In other words, I can't give you a scientific description without revealing Durvan technology, which of course I am

not allowed to do. But there is a field of life energy, of Talusba, and you will discover more and more about it. It is because of the all-pervasive field of Talusba that we say the universe is alive.

"We are reasonably but not completely familiar with the field. The field is a kind of energy, a force field if you like, which you have not yet discovered, altho you may be getting close. You're in the position of Benjamin Franklin doing his kite experiment. There must be something to electricity, but he had no idea. There must be something to the field, but you have no idea. It is an energy field in which we all function and which ties everything together. Your closest evidence of the field is probably gravity, and I don't mean the movie. But the field is far more than gravity. It enables human thoughts and feelings and events to bounce around thru time and space. The field enables telepathy, divine inspirations, telekinesis, teleportation, all these things to happen. Altho they tend to happen in very limited ways."

Barbara: "You have some familiarity with flying saucers. Some of you believe you have seen flying saucers. What you actually have experienced is an echo in the field from a probably Durvan spaceship. One visited your planet 50 years ago, one is visiting it now, and more may visit in the future. Your understanding is that these spaceships fly thru your atmosphere. So that's what you see. In fact, of course, we use the Loop Drive. We don't fly, we simply appear from one place to the next. Since your minds were incapable of absorbing that, you saw us as flying. Similarly, you have an echo of what Durvans may be like in the Greek concept of centaurs. We will get that video out to you so you can see actual Durvans in action. But the closest thing you have on Earth to Durvans is your myth about centaurs, seen as closer to animal spirits than humans."

Keniston: "The field is what enables a person to think he has lived a previous incarnation. You perceive an echo of a life thru the field, and you think it is your own. When you have a near death experience and go thru the tunnel, you are experiencing an echo created by your mother's birth canal when you were born. You're going back up into the birth canal, back where you came from. The field may be enabling your concept of Heaven. You get some echo of what your society may be like in the distant future

or an echo of what Durvan society is like. You say my God! That must be Heaven! How perfect!"

Barbara: "Our understanding of the field strongly suggests there is no such thing as an afterlife and all the hints that you get are simply echoes from the field. Because of the experiences that some Durvans have, we hold the possibility open that there may be an afterlife beyond the field, beyond the echoes, beyond it all, for which our best visualization, as we've said before, is that we will go on to new adventures in the evolution of consciousness. According to everything we know, we're aware that the chances of an afterlife are probably less than 20%. Perhaps your last conscious act is to hand your memory banks over to the great memory of GHM, which will catalog them as appropriate. The important thing is how we act in this life now. How well can we create this life, how well can we make it work? How well can we love one another and support one another and help us all evolve in consciousness so that we grow in understanding and wisdom? We're asking you to agree with us on the importance of love because your whole barbarian society so desperately needs more love. Less hate, fear, and violence! More loving understanding of your Mother Earth who supports you in every way. It is this life that matters. It is most likely the only life you have. We earnestly and passionately urge you to make the most of it."

Ava, singing: "C'mon people now, Smile on your brother, Everybody get together, Try and love one another right now!"

Fundamentalist, shouting: "Look! Look! 666 right on their foreheads! I see it! Can't you see it? These are the end times! The Durvans are the AntiChrist! Come to destroy us all!"

Ava, putting her index fingers aside her head like horns and chanting: "We are the AntiChrist, we are the AntiChrist! Not! Not not not not not!"

Serious person: "You said you weren't going to protest our religion."

Keniston: "We're not protesting it, we're just analyzing it. We like what you have done with the mess you were given in your bible."

Episcopalian: "We have listened with great care to your presentation today and to your previous presentations, and to the arguments presented

here against your positions. The arguments against seem quite powerful. But the one thing that we think matters the most and perhaps makes all the difference is your advocacy of love, dancing the Path of Love. We like that, and we tend to agree that love is the most important value. We appreciate your suggestion that we take six months to think this over carefully and discuss and debate with our congregations. We will do that, and we will get back to you. We thank you for your most generous offer. We are aware that if you chose to invade us, we're pretty sure you could wipe us all out. But you come in peace and love, and as far as we can determine, you seem to have a genuine desire to help us cross over this cusp and become true stewards of our own planet, and be much more in charge of our own destiny than recklessly endangering ourselves and the planet as we are now doing."

Keniston: "Thank you! I couldn't have said it better myself."

Barbara: "And there may be levels of support. You don't have to ascribe to everything that we believe and practice. We're not asking for that. We're just asking to ascribe to dancing the Path of Love as you see it. You can do that and cooperate and appreciate all that we're doing, or you can do it and then distance yourselves. We're just inviting you to make love real in your lives."

Quaker: "We are happy to support you in that."

Unitarian: "We are too. Who would not agree to practice love?

African Methodist: "We're for feeling the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit is love. I can't say for sure until I consult, but I think we can agree with you on practicing love."

Evangelical Lutheran: "Altho Luther himself was not strong on love, we stand by *1 Corinthians 13*. We are prepared to agree with anyone who practices sacred love."

Missouri Synod Lutheran: "What do you mean, 'Luther was not strong on love'?"

Evangelical Lutheran: "He made the Jews out to be his enemies and could not love them unless they converted. That isn't loving one's enemies as Jesus taught."

Presbyterian: "While it is true that neither John Calvin nor John Knox spoke much at all about love, you might say we have evolved to appreciate the fundamental importance of love as taught by Jesus. We have been strong on the ecumenical movement and see no reason why we cannot include beliefs from other planets."

Congregationalist, perhaps speaking for the entire United Church of Christ: "We're very favorably disposed, not only to work out whatever agreements we can, but in what we can learn from you, since you are several hundred years more advanced and appear not to be in barbarian mode, as we seem to be. We're very interested in your observations on how we might make our society more functional."

Keniston: "Thank you. We'll be dealing with some of these issues in our next Happening."

Quaker: "We'll second that. We're eager to learn from the Durvans. If they can help our society to run more smoothly and be more full of love, let us take advantage of the opportunity."

Southern Baptist: "How can we approve of a culture which is so fundamentally different from our own? We can only see it as immersed in utterly immoral self-gratifying behavior. They have surrendered to concupiscence, rather than recognizing the necessity of rising above it."

Keniston: "We thank those of you who wish to reach agreement on the importance of love. We thank all those who expressed their disagreement with us, and we thank you all for your time and attention, and the attention the entire world has given to this Happening. We hope you can all see that we believe in love and dance the Path of Love as best we can. We participate in a glorious adventure, exploring the universe with all its many opportunities. We work hard to get along, to appreciate and honor, to see the best in everyone and everything we meet. We see the best and appreciate every animal, every bird, every insect, every tree, bush, rock, and waterfall. We appreciate every glorious sunset, and most of all, these other glorious sentities, that God has created thru evolution all over this amazingly huge universe. So we are here to help and support you in every way we can, to dance the Path of Love, because that's the best value we

Durvans have found in all our travels. You can take our help or leave it. It's up to you. The help is freely given. There are no strings. We hope you will accept it."

Ava, mimicking the Hindu: "In other words, we Durvans are God speaking thru us and telling you that you're in desperate danger. We love you, and we don't want you to fall over the cliff. You've got to change everything! Please don't reject the message just because you don't like our ... our ... mores! What a great word! We love you!"

Barbara and Keniston raise their cupped hands over their heads. Keniston: "Now would be a great time to end this Happening, but let us give you a short financial report first. One of the ways we can help you transform is to raise a lot of money and put it in the right places so that the transformation will take place. We know the transformation is very difficult, and it's made all the harder by the small percentage of you who totally oppose the transformation for one reason or another. We understand that and still try to help you. Some of you not only refuse the help but try to prevent us from helping others. Unfortunately barbarism is insistence without analysis, control without reason, and reason without control. We guarantee you it's a pleasure to rise above barbarism."

Barbara: "We are very pleased to report that all of the Durvan coins have been sold, plus 890,000 of the coins with Ava have been ordered, along with about 2 ½ million medals. The diamonds brought in $92 million at Suckerby's. Hats, T shirts, and BABs account for 73 million orders, and Lorelei chimes for about 600,000. Altogether we expect to realize a profit for the Durva-Earth Foundation of $670 million so far."

Keniston: "In addition, we have received donations and pledges from individuals and major foundations, such as the Gates, Google, and George Soros foundations, for upwards of $1.2 billion. Ask and you shall be given! We want to thank you all for your amazing support and are very pleased that so many of you and even the big foundations really want to restore balance with your Mother Earth. We promise that we are putting the money to good use!"

Barbara: "Soon we would like to have an internet convention of all the organizations working to save your planet from ecocide and see if we can get them to work more closely together. When you have so many internet petitions going out every day, they lose their effect. Let us work on ways to combine so they can more effectively speak with one voice."

Ava: "Buy more! Buy more! Explore the Orfidan!"

The Durvans raise their hands in the Durvan salute: "Rassataybas!"

The crowd answers with a great "Rassavara!" but with a noticeable lack of response from many of the religious leaders. As all the people begin to disperse, the strains of "A Little Bit of Me" by Melissa Etheridge float around them.

CHAPTER 12

Third Review

When the Durvans gather in their spaceship for the koraku after the Happening, Barbara is so agitated that she can hardly wait to get thru the initial meditation. Holding forearms, gazing into one another's eyes, Keniston sees Barbara's agitation and prolongs the mediation until Barbara surrenders to the peace that passes all understanding and fills up with her usual joyful love.

Keniston: "Are we ready to begin?"

Ava: "What happened?"

Barbara: "The leaders of most of their major religious denominations are not accepting us. This is a disaster, a major blow. It never occurred to me we couldn't agree on such a simple basic as dancing the Path of Love."

Keniston: "I expected some resistance from the fundamentalists, but I really didn't from mainline Christians."

Barbara: "This may doom them all. It looks like we've made a terrible mistake. I've made a terrible mistake! I thought we might get them to accept our sexuality. Just accept it, not practice it. Just love. Can't they see we're not just doing ok, we're having a great time? Can't they just allow us to be?"

Keniston: "They got so defensive. I've never seen anybody get defensive before. Sure different from Durva!"

Ava: "They were in their minds instead of their hearts."

Barbara: "That's for sure! We were attacking the basic beliefs of all those who think the Bible is the direct word of God. Of course also they're so defensive because they completely understand that we want to

overthrow all their institutions and replace them with practicing love. Love is love. You can take it and be happy or leave it and be miserable."

Keniston: "I didn't think we were attacking anything. I thought we were just pointing out the inconsistencies in order to clarify the true Path of Love. Surely at some level they are all aware of the inconsistencies?"

Ava: "You were congratulating them for evolving away from the inconsistencies."

Barbara: "The congratulations didn't seem to help any."

Keniston: "Well don't be too discouraged. They've expressed an enormous amount of resistance, and they needed to get it out. Now we will watch them all moving closer to the Path of Love. They have to. If they had agreed to join us in dancing the Path of Love, they and their congregations might be privately resisting, because they'd have all these unexpressed objections. But now that they have put these objections out, they need to show themselves and the world that they really do believe in love. They will inevitably move their words and actions in that direction."

Barbara: "Maybe so, but I asked HAL and he's reduced the probability of our succeeding by a couple of points."

Keniston: "We gained a couple of points, evidently from all the items we've been selling and the enthusiasm we've been building up among a great many people, but then with this resistance we lost them."

Ava: "Still at 33%."

Barbara: "I wonder. It looks like the church members have made an evolution in how they think of Jesus, but the church leaders have not. When we pointed out the hopeless inconsistencies of Jesus in the Gospels, we were pointing out the inconsistencies in their own beliefs, so naturally they reacted defensively."

Keniston: "Good point! The church leaders are stuck in their traditions. These Earthlings are the toughest case Durvans have ever come across. They're so fixed in their beliefs. They don't seem to realize that their beliefs are just ideas that you choose to put your energy into. They're only true to the extent that they work, and while they do seem to have

worked for millions, they have oppressed and destroyed other millions, so you can't say they've worked very well."

Barbara: "Maybe we shouldn't go ahead with dating the Earthlings. They'll just accuse us of more immorality."

Keniston: "We might learn some significant aspects about them. In any case, if there is any more resistance, this will be helpful in bringing it out."

Barbara: "Yes, but there's something strange about these Earthlings. We always learned on Durva that you express a negative feeling and you let go of it. Earthlings express it and then seem to hold it twice as heavy! It seems as if they express their bad feelings to re-enforce them. So I don't know if our policy is working."

Keniston: "We'll just have to see. Durvans express it and let go of it because ultimately, they want to get along. Do you suppose that ultimately Earthlings don't want to get along with one another?"

Barbara: "That's unimaginable! ... But it would certainly explain all their wars and hostilities and antagonisms. It's amazing they have any civilization at all."

Keniston: "HAL says that if only 8% of the population doesn't want to get along, the trust breaks down in society. The entire society is corrupted by the assumption that others don't want to get along or even cooperate. But HAL also estimates that over 40% of the wealthiest 1% don't want to get along, and that in itself can destroy a society. It's a very simple test: Would you rather take advantage of your neighbors or would you rather cooperate with them? Unfortunately a high percentage of your wealth masters prefer to take advantage any way they can get away with – caveat emptor!"

Barbara: "In regard to caveat emptor, the prime responsibility of corporations is to serve society, and if they serve our society well, they are our friends, honorable companions in a common enterprise. But these corporate barons like Lloyd Bankfirst or Jeffry Skimall or Eric Schmeck come on as happy, concerned, citizens, concerned about the value and progress of our society. Then when crunch time comes, they always choose

corporate profit, not society's good. If they could recognize that they all need to get along, if they made that a major value in dancing the Path of Love, then they could recognize all their dysfunctional programs that keep them apart."

Keniston: "It's puzzling that Earth psychologists advocate expressing negative feelings in order to release them ... but if you don't want to get along, you don't release them. If this is true, our strategy may not work. We shouldn't provoke them!"

Ava: "Maybe they just hang on to their negative feelings for a little while to show they're macho, but then they release them."

Barbara: "Good thought, bajina! We might as well proceed and see what happens."

Keniston: "Otherwise they're a cancer for sure, and they're doomed!"

Barbara: "But isn't it just as Ava said, they'll reject the messenger because they can't handle the message?"

Ava: "I said they'll reject the message because they can't handle the messenger."

Barbara: "Oh! Right!"

Keniston: I think the great majority of church members are sympathetic to our message, and as the church leaders move closer to our position, we'll see a great uprising in favor of love, and people will be joining the PoliRings in great numbers."

Barbara: "But already business interests and Wall Street are following President Subornable's opposition to PoliRings with a major campaign. They claim PoliRings are not in the American tradition and are not actually democratic but a plot by us to take over their government."

Keniston: "No problem! If Wall Street is against it, everybody knows it must be good for the people."

Ava: "Maybe not everybody. I thought the Mormons would buy the whole package. Instead they don't see any similarities between dozmars and patriarchal polygamy."

Keniston: "Did you notice how the whole country lost their religious freedom in 1878 when the Supreme Court decided polygamy was an

affront to conventional morality? Like conventional morality is a more important value than religious practice?"

Ava: "They could have said polygamy doesn't add up. It leaves a bunch of poor single men unable to find a spouse, and that's a denial of their right to marry."

Barbara: "Just what the Chinese and Indians are experiencing now. They practice abortion or infanticide against girls, because they foolishly believe that boys are somehow more important and desirable than girls. Stuck in barbarian sexual inequality!"

Ava: "I have another question. What is this deal about being sinners? I don't get it."

Keniston: "It seems as if every primitive group has to have something to fight against, has to have an enemy. While at first the enemy of Christianity was Rome, the real enemy was their own sexuality, so they reject this part of themselves which is capable of giving so much pleasure and radiating so much love because it probably wasn't doing so for them. Hard to say. They were all sinners because they had lustful thoughts toward one another."

Barbara: "The whole thing's ridiculous. We're built to have lustful thoughts. Why shouldn't we? Why shouldn't we celebrate them? God gave us our sexual impulses to celebrate, not to hide under a bushel – a bushel to hide your bush!"

Keniston: "I think you could make a general equation that the number of wars is directly proportional to how unhappy the people are, and how unhappy the people are is directly proportional to how bad their sex scene is."

Barbara: "Look at Africa. They have endless wars because they practice female genital mutilation, cutting out their clitorises and preventing women from fully enjoying sex. And that prevents men from having a truly fulfilling sexual relationship."

Keniston: "If you have really good sex, you don't want to go to war with anybody. Unsatisfying sex just leaves you drained and angry. You have to find something to fill you up, and maybe the rage of war will do it."

Ava: "So if their sexual impulses are sinful, they all have to live in frustration and are more willing to fight in the power-play wars of their leaders?"

Keniston: "I don't know as anybody has thought of it quite that way. But I don't know and they don't know why they have to go to war and kill one another so much."

Ava: "Not enough Spiritual experience. Spiritual experience is real. You don't have to participate in a particular religion. Spiritual experience is part of what you are."

Barbara: "That's very profound!"

Ava: "That's what the fifth Sage of Zilaba said."

Barbara: "Oh! You've been studying the ancients!"

Ava: "They come to me. Yes. It is right that I should?"

Barbara: "It is definitely right. Follow your inclinations, follow your bliss. You'll learn what you need to know."

Ava: "I have one last question. You offered support and love with no strings attached, but if they don't respond, you're going to kill them all. I don't like it."

Keniston: "Ava, bajina, you have to understand. We have to make our offer of love and support with no strings attached. We Durvans have learned this. Suppose we tell them we're asking you to dance the Path of Love and it's really important that you reform and change. Otherwise you're going to destroy yourselves and the planet, so if you don't do this, we're going to wipe out 97% of you. Therefore you'd better do it.

"If we do that, people will reluctantly agree, but not really mean it, not committing their hearts, not really doing it, and we have accomplished nothing. If we are to save them at all, it has to be with a completely open offer of generosity. If we can't save them, and if they establish themselves as a recalcitrant cancer, then we have to cut out that cancer. That is an act of love."

Ava: "But you're lying to them!"

Keniston: "What would you suggest?"

Ava: "We make our offer with no strings attached, and if they don't rise to it, they create their own destruction and we leave it to them. We don't have to help them avoid their destruction."

Barbara: "Well, that's true, Ava. You make a valid point here. But if they destroy themselves, they'll be ruining their planet for maybe the next 100,000 years. It will take them 20,000 years to make just a bare recovery if they don't have an ice age. If we cleanse their planet for them, they'll recover in a couple thousand years. It seems to us that would be healing."

Ava: "Do you really believe that?"

Barbara: "My mind says yes, but my heart says I don't want to do it."

Ava: "Dad, you're outvoted! 2 to 1!"

Keniston: "If you were talking to a Civil War doctor who was about to amputate a soldier's leg infected with gangrene, the doc could say, 'Sure. I can leave this man to die of an extraordinarily painful gangrene infection, or I can cut off his leg and enable him to live the best life he can."

Ava: "So what? If we let them self-destruct, we won't have to worry about any barbarian threats from this quarter for the next hundred thousand years."

Keniston: "All the evidence that we have compiled says that we're doing this for their own good. If they have a cancer, serious, potentially fatal, and we can excise it for them, this is a great act of love."

Ava: "If that's love, I don't need it."

Keniston: "Let's not worry about it. I think there's a very good chance they're going to come around and save themselves."

Barbara: "Did you notice how that fundamentalist and even the Episcopalian picked up from the field that we're considering wiping them out?"

Keniston: "That will always be the case, but millions are picking up that dancing the Path of Love might be much better than the chaos they have been practicing."

Ava: "Is it time for dinner?"

Barbara: "Sure, bajina. We can close now."

CHAPTER 13

Dating Games

Very early in their visit to Earth, Keniston and Barbara surmised it might be fun and a worthwhile experiment to make love with some of these Earthlings. Accordingly, in the midst of all their other operations, they persuade the networks to pay them several hundred thousand dollars to put on a short series of Dating Game shows, NBC for Keniston and CBS for Barbara. The proposition is simply that each would go on three dates with three eligible Americans. It is hinted that the date might involve making love. Unlike the artificiality and foolishness of current shows like *The Bachelorette*, the Durvans devise a format and series of penetrating questions intended to create a real connection between them and their dates. The plan is for six shows, two for each date. The first show selects the dater from the applicants, and the second show presents appropriate parts of the date and both the dater's and Durvan's reactions after the date. It is arranged for Barbara's shows to be on Tuesday and Thursday and Keniston's to be on Wednesday and Friday. The network ratings shoot up enormously during the three weeks the shows are on.

Newsflash from National Council of Churches: "We must express our disapproval of supposedly married couples dating singles. The Durvans are attempting to undermine American morals, broadcasting the most hedonistic kind of love, as if love making were the cure for all the world's ills. There is no evidence that the Durvans include a sincere respect for the soul, since Durvans do not believe in souls."

Thousands of eligible bachelors and bachelorettes apply, along with quite a number of marrieds who claim they have their spouses' consent. The Durvans ask each to supply a photo and short answers to three questions: 1. Why do you want a date with me? 2. What are your three most important values? Explain. 3. What is one question you would like to ask me? The computer then randomly selects applicants for Keniston or Barbara to check out until they find four applicants for each date.

They receive mostly limited answers to their penetrating questions, but occasionally someone says something brilliant. In answer to the first question, many of the women say they would love to have a baby with Keniston. This does not necessarily disqualify them, but Keniston is not about to introduce bonobo genes to Earthlings. The last thing these barbarians need is for some of them to be eight times stronger than the rest. The Durvans of course practice complete contraception.

The most common answer to the third question is, "Why do you want to date one of us?" A nice variation is, "Would this be a date between equals?" There are also stupid questions like, "How long is your member?" or "Do you like to do blow jobs?" But most of the questions are well-intentioned, many about life on Durva.

Durvans know full well there is an energy vibration in everything, Talusba, which reflects its state of aliveness and state of bliss. Even from a photograph they can read how clearly Talusba is flowing in any individual, which is a measure of how functional that individual is likely to be. It is difficult to see this in Earthlings, because they live in such a state of confusion, but fortunately not impossible.

When the applicants for each show are selected, the Durvans interview each applicant individually in a quiet, comfortable setting, not as severe as Charlie Rose with his all black background, but not distracting like at Niagara Falls or the 102nd floor observation deck of the One World Trade Center. Some of the questions the Durvans ask their prospective dates are: What do you think love is? What is the connection between sex and love? What is going on when two people make love? What do you see the role of love to be

in your life? What are you looking for in a deep relationship? What exactly would you like in making a connection with me? What do you see to be the major political, spiritual, or sexual issues of your time?

However, after a few of these general questions, Barbara soon gets herself into trouble with her first candidate, Howie Starr.

Barbara: "So how many previous lovers have you had?"

Howie: "I don't think I want to discuss that on national television."

Barbara: "I'm so sorry! I still can't adjust, can't figure out what's ok to talk about in regard to sexuality and what isn't. For us it's all so normal and natural. Would you be willing to tell me if you're still friends with most or all of your previous lovers?"

Howie: "No. I'm not going to talk about it."

Barbara: "Can I ask you this? Are you satisfied with the sexual relations that you have had?"

Howie: "I told you, I'm not going to talk about it."

Barbara: "Can you tell me why you would like to have a date with me?"

Howie: "Actually I wouldn't. I'm changing my mind. I withdraw my candidacy."

Barbara, amazed: "What makes you decide to do that?"

Howie: "You're such a forceful woman. I don't want to have a relationship with you. It would be so one-sided."

Barbara: "You mean I'd be dominating you?"

Howie: "Something like that. My pastor advised me not to date you. I can see now that he was exactly right. Nothing Christian is going on here. You're Jezebel, the Great Harlot!"

Barbara: "Would it take courage to overcome your discomfort?"

Howie: "No, it would take letting go of my aversion to you."

Barbara: "Aversion to me? Really? I congratulate you for your honesty. It's too bad we can't connect. I could still love you, you're a beautiful Spirit."

Howie: "Thank you. I'm sure you are too."

Barbara: "Don't just be 'sure.' Feel it!"

Their eyes lock as Barbara sends out a powerful love vibration.

Howie: "No, no, no, no! I don't want to get into this."

Barbara shrugs: "Suit yourself!"

Barbara is able to do a quick search and replace the candidate. She actually doesn't care much what the qualifications of a candidate are. None of the qualifications involve how good a lover they are, as the networks advised the Durvans that shouldn't be discussed. As it turns out, Barbara happens upon the application of Adam Erster. On the first question, "Why do you want a date with me?" Adam gave this answer:

"This is a considerable challenge for me, because my understanding is we're not going to have a relationship. I'm never going to see you again, this is a one night stand. So I need to open my heart completely to you immediately, and find that you are someone I love deeply, appreciate deeply, and absolutely love to feel your essence. I'd like to meet you and get to know you, but if we don't make a deep connection, I certainly don't think we should make love."

He is a software engineer and has developed a couple of apps. Both soft and strong, intelligent and sensitive, he seems a perfect first date. They go out to dinner at Betony, one of the best restaurants in New York City, with Chef Bryce Shuman, but Barbara is recognized and they get mobbed. The TV crew accompanying them doesn't seem to have adequate security. People can't resist coming up to her, telling her how much they like her and appreciate her. How is she on healing? Could she heal my daughter of leukemia?

Barbara: "I'm sorry, we don't do healing. If we opened to that we would be swamped with an endless array of supplicants. It's just not possible."

At the restaurant Barbara asks Adam about his job, and Adam explains what a software engineer does.

Barbara: "Most of that is done automatically for us. We just put in a request and the robobrains do the rest. Do you like your job, or would you rather be doing something else?"

Adam: "Sure, I like my job. It comes pretty easily for me."

Barbara: "What if you were suddenly given a guaranteed income for life of a couple hundred thousand a year? What would you do then?"

Adam: "Good question. I've learned that our oceans have become polluted with vast quantities of plastic, usually in very small bits. The sea birds and fish eat the plastic, but they can't digest it. When their guts fill up with plastic, they die of starvation. The North Pacific Gyre has become the North Pacific Garbage Patch, as have all the other gyres in the oceans. Twenty tons of plastic debris washes up on Midway Atoll every year. Five tons of that plastic is fed to Albatross chicks who then die. I'd like to work with the Environmental Cleanup Coalition or the Sea Education Association to determine the best method of clean-up and then actually deploy it. We may choose bacteria that eat plastic or The Ocean Cleanup of Boyan Slat or some new possibility. This to me seems like a highly desirable thing to do that nobody is paying much attention to."

Barbara: "I like that, but if just one island is assaulted with twenty tons of plastic a year, isn't the job hopelessly overwhelming?"

Adam: "It is, but when an animal dies of too much plastic, eventually other animals will eat the plastic that was in that animal's gut. The problem is not only getting worse, it's accelerating. We have to do whatever we can as soon as possible. We have no idea how this is affecting the entire food chain or whether some animals are likely to go extinct."

Barbara: "I like your spirit. I think the Durva-Earth Foundation could support your work if you want to actually do it."

Adam: "I love you already! Sure! I'll do it!"

They take the network supplied limousine to a suite at the five star Plaza Hotel and continue their conversation.

Barbara: "What does it mean for two people to love one another?"

Adam: "That's a big question. I think it can mean a lot of different things. An old song by Crosby, Stills and Nash says 'I am yours, you are mine, you are what you are.' When two people love each other so much that they become one. They belong to each other. I think that's an ultimate in love."

Barbara, checking her BA: "Forgive me, but that sounds like a remnant of the patriarchy. For us it's never appropriate to own another person or to lose yourself in another person. It's always necessary to maintain

one's own identity and we relate in joyous equal cooperation. But actually, that song was Stephen Still's appeal to Judy Collins to get her back when she was falling in love with Stacy Keach. It turned out she wasn't his and he wasn't hers. The next line was 'You make it hard.'"

Adam: "True, I know, but the lines I quoted suggest an ultimate form of love to me."

Barbara: "Ok. I know what it's like for two to become one, for two spirits to join in the ultimate ecstasy, but it's not based on any sense of owning one another or even any expectation of permanence. It's a total appreciation."

Adam, smiling: "Yes, I like that. And respect. There has to be total respect."

Barbara: "Love always involves respect."

Their eyes meet, and they move into a long love stare, going deeper and deeper, appreciating one another's essence, both parts of the same creative vibration.

Adam is totally enchanted by this exquisite alien, so beautiful, so deep, so loving. She takes off his clothes, stroking, rubbing various parts of his body as she does so. Then she invites him to take off her clothes, and he does. When he discovers she's not wearing a bra, they hug and feel the incredible radiations of one another's bodies. He is prepared to do everything he knows to turn her on, but finds when he gets that far that she is already ready, and squirming. She is putting out such a vibration of sexuality and love, she is absolutely irresistible. He plunges in, discovers her whole interior is vibrating in ecstasy, and to his aghastment, comes immediately. He apologizes, says he was overwhelmed. She says, "Let's give ourselves awhile. You can try again." Exactly the same thing happens twice more that night and once again in the morning. She is so hot he is utterly unable to hold back.

Adam: "I feel like such a failure!"

Barbara: "You're still lovable. Have you had this problem with other women?"

Adam: "Not at all! I thought I was really good at not letting go until she goes into orgasm. You blow me away!"

Barbara: "You're just looking for one orgasm?"

Adam: "The first time. The second we may get several. But it's the connection that counts, not the orgasms."

Barbara: "Yes, but I'm puzzled. If you're typical, there may be a marked difference between Durvans and Earthlings. Would you like to get together again in a few days and see if it turns out any different?"

Adam: "Thanks for the offer. You're very generous. But I know when I've had enough. You're too much for me. I don't think it would turn out any different."

Barbara: "Well, I've really enjoyed being with you and getting to know you. You're a neat person. On Durva we would now be friends for life."

Adam: "I like that. I'd certainly like to be friends for life. I know I'll always appreciate you."

Barbara: "Friends we are!" They end with a very long hug.

Barbara's second date is a 40 year old veteran with PTSD who fought in Iraq and Afghanistan, named Steve Bullock. His answer to the first question is, "I'm a veteran of two wars and I don't believe in love. I'm wondering if you can convince me." In answer to the second question on values, he says, "I believe in life, loyalty, and liberty." The question he had for Barbara is, "Are you a slut?"

Barbara decides to take up the challenge. Since she has learned the difficulties in going to a restaurant, they meet at an elegant suite in a luxury hotel, where room service provides an apogee of fine dining. At dinner Barbara asks Steve, "What would you fight for?"

Steve: "When I joined the army, I was duped into thinking I was fighting for freedom, or I was fighting for my country. Land of the free because of the brave! That was my motto. I was going to be brave, serve my country, and what's braver than doing what you have to do when you have bullets flying at you, or you have to drive along a road where anything could be an IED? In Iraq I was fighting alongside contractors who were getting $200,000 a year while I was just getting soldier's pay. I said wait a minute! Something is wrong with this picture. Then I learned that Dick Cheney's

Haliburton Company stock price quadrupled as soon as the war started. This guy is starting this war and his company's stock quadruples, what am I fighting for? By the time I left Afghanistan, I was convinced all we were fighting for was to advance the agendas of the super rich, and I began to feel like a criminal. I was just an extension of their personal bodyguards. Now I don't know as there's anything worth fighting for."

Barbara: "Considering what's happened to Iraq and Afghanistan since, it sure doesn't look like the wars did any good."

Steve: "Exactly! Maybe for the Kurds, but how are they ever going to create a state when part of them live in Turkey and part in Iran?"

Barbara: "Let's change the subject. Durva has had a world government for the past 600 years, so we don't have problems like yours. How did you lose your belief in love?"

Steve: "When I came home from Afghanistan, I'd been married for ten years and had an 8 year old daughter and 6 year old son. I found my wife sleeping with some scum and wanting a divorce. I got so mad I just barely stopped myself from strangling her. As it was, I threw her against a wall and bruised her pretty bad. I got to drinking pretty heavy. I tried linking up with a couple other chicks, but they both turned out to be ho's. When I really needed some lovin, I couldn't find any."

Barbara: "You've had some pretty grim experience. Would you be willing to believe that God gives us all the capacity to love and be loved?"

Steve: "Let's leave God outta this. How can I believe in God when he allows all these shit-ass wars to take place? In Afghanistan we were using drones like we were playing video games, and you remember in 2014 when ISIS tried to take over Iraq and murdered 170 captured Iraqi soldiers, beginning a string of murders everywhere they went? What kind of God allows us to blow up cities with nuclear bombs or like in Syria poison gas your own people?"

Barbara: "I can see this is a hot topic for you. Perhaps it's worth remembering that what you describe is what you barbarians are doing to one another, not anything God is doing to you."

Steve: "Because there isn't any love."

Barbara: "Perhaps because there isn't enough love? You love your children, don't you?"

Steve: "Sure. I miss 'em. But I've got a restraining order. I can't even see them."

Barbara: "Do you send them love? Call them up? Email them?"

Steve: "I don't want to talk about it. Let's just get on with whatever's supposed to happen here, and then I'll leave and that's that."

Barbara: "What are you talking about? We're here to do some loving, and you certainly need it! There's a massage table by the Jacuzzi. Let me put you on it and give you a loving rub."

Steve: "Ok, if that's what you want." He takes his clothes off and lies under a sheet. She takes the sheet off.

She: "I don't think we need this." She gives him a loving rub for about thirty minutes, then invites him into the hot tub, where they face one another. "Do you know what love is?"

He: "Not really."

She: It's a vibration which we put out, or which we receive. Partly holiness, partly beauty, partly pleasure, partly perfection. I send you love, appreciation for the Spirit that you are, embodied in this body with these interests and experiences and talents. It's appreciation of you for being the creation of God that you are."

He: "That sounds good, but don't know as I believe it. Where do we go from here?"

She: "Let me take you back up on the massage table for a little bit longer. You have so much to work on! And I love to help you with it." They do, and after a little more work on his back, she has him turn over and she starts rubbing all the muscles around his heart.

She: "Do you feel any tension here? Let go of it! You don't need it.. Let your heart open! See the world as the beautiful creation that it is, so full of beauty, so wondrous! This is your Earth! This is the planet that God created for you to live and grow in."

He, feeling he's being preached to: "Too much! Too much!"

She: "Ok. I wouldn't want to push you. Such vistas of love lie before you, I'd love for you to imagine what living in love would be like. Being with others – a best friend, buddy, also with a partner sharing deep love. Reunite with your kids so you can love them, play with them, appreciate them as they grow up, support them, and be willing to love a woman as the beautiful creation of God that she is, filled with that same deep powerful energy that you are, vibrating in delicious love, and joy, bliss, inviting you to share an adventure in love."

He: "You're convincing me."

She: "Good!" They embrace and move to the bed where he does a perfunctory exploration of her body, presumably intended to turn her on. Fortunately she's pretty much on already, and with very little preparation, he enters her. She as usual turns on full strength, feeling him inside her. Bam! Within thirty seconds he comes and it's all over. They separate.

Barbara: "Are you satisfied with that?"

Steve: "Sure. That's what it is ... Are you ok with it?"

Barbara: "I would have preferred for you to make love with me for 30 minutes instead of 30 seconds."

Steve: "How would I do that?"

Barbara: "By holding your come, paying attention to me, and holding it till you know I'm completely satisfied."

Steve: "I don't think I could do that. You vibrate so strong once I'm inside you that I'm gone."

Barbara: "Well, would you like to try? Let's do another hot tub and I'll give you an extra special massage. The let's see how you feel about it."

Steve: "Ok. You're gonna wear me out with massage."

The vet climbs aboard the massage table and Barbara gives him the most elegant vibrational rub that he's ever had or could possibly imagine. She puts all the love she can muster into her fingers and right into his skin, muscles, and bone, penetrating his nervous system and brain. He goes to sleep. She tapers off and walks silently away. She freshens herself a bit, meditates, and then fixes two servings of Coconut Bliss ice cream topped

with two ounces of Mozart chocolate liquor and one ounce of spiced rum. She also pours a couple cups of espresso. Gently she awakens the sleeping soldier. Much to his amazement and appreciation, they sit by the hot tub and feed one another the ice cream. Then they relax into bed. He goes down on her and genuinely loves her, appreciates her. She gives him a full body come, flexing her muscles and gasping. He gets up and enters her. Her entire inside is vibrating, still in orgasm, going higher and higher. It is so utterly exquisite that once more he explodes inside her within thirty seconds. "I'm sorry," he says, "I thought I'd hold it as long as I could, but I had no chance."

"It's ok," she says. "I felt your love and it felt good." They nestle together and within five minutes he's back sound asleep.

Early in the morning they wake up, both use the bathroom, and come back to bed. She rubs her hand over his shoulder and his cheek. He strokes her breasts.

Barbara: "Would you like to try again?"

Steve: "Soldiers don't try, soldiers do."

"Well do me then," laughs Barbara. She is determined this time to rein in her sexuality and not be so excited by Steve and the prospect of making beautiful love. To his surprise, Steve finds she isn't ready, and goes down on her to remedy the situation. She doesn't come, but seems appreciative. When he rises to enter her, she is completely still, docile, almost as if she were asleep. He finds that somehow comforting, like she is welcoming him at such a deep level she doesn't even need to be conscious. Something happens. She sends out a tingle of appreciation. He feels it and flexes. She tingles back and gently pulls him closer so that he cannot thrust, and locks their mouths together, their tongues deliciously feeling one another. Something happens in him. It's not a preparation for orgasm, he's already had plenty of ejaculation. It's moving up into a vibrational harmony, a vibrational sensing one another's spirits, like music. Soon he is engulfed in love, in ecstasy, and quite aware that she is too, but not aware that she is leading this. They stay in this timeless ecstatic state for a seeming eternity,

until she somehow gently lets him down, a great gasp of air escaping from him: "What was that?"

Barbara, with a wonderful open smile: "The ecstasy of love. 'Filling up and spilling over, it's an endless waterfall.'"

"It's incredible," he says, "Incredible! ... I never imagined anything like that was possible. I asked you to show me love, and you definitely have. For that I'd be your slave for life!"

Barbara: "No slaves here, we're all equal beings. That's the only thing that works. The universe is full of love. Even on this barbarian planet, there's lots of love. There just isn't enough."

They get up and have an exquisitely fine breakfast from room service. Steve wants to keep exploring what happened, what can he do about it? What is this love? Finally he says, "If that's what dancing the Path of Love involves, I'm all for it. I'll commit to it right now."

Barbara: "That's wonderful! Welcome! You couldn't make a better choice."

Steve: "There is something else I'd like to ask you about. I'm haunted by some of the memories of my military service. When I was in Afghanistan, I shot and killed women and children, supposedly Taliban. When bullets are flying at you, you shoot anything that moves. It doesn't matter whether it's man, woman, or child. But I still wish I hadn't done it."

Barbara: "Is there a charitable organization dedicated to helping the Afghans rebuild that you could contribute to or donate time and service to?"

Steve: "Yes, there are several Rebuild Afghanistan organizations, but I don't see that's going to do anything."

Barbara: "You have to recognize there's very little you can do to let go and forgive yourself and move on. Part of forgiving yourself may be in genuinely helping the Afghans, doing something to make up for the damage you did. It might be good for your spirit."

Steve: "Maybe."

Barbara: "I've shown you that you can be loved, deeply and truly, and that you're ok. You can recover from this very traumatic incident. It's not your whole life, it's just a few minutes. You don't want to define your entire life by those few minutes."

Steve: "I think I'd rather define it by the few minutes we've just had."

Barbara: "Happy to do it for you! That's what we all deserve! With love, anything is possible."

They leave as friends, and Barbara says, "Always remember that we are equal beings. One is never subordinate to the other, oh, of course perhaps in skills or interests, but not in essence."

Steve: "I will always treasure you. You've taught me love, and I will do my best to put it out there."

Barbara, smiling: "I'm glad."

Newsflash: Durvan Woman Disappointed in Earth Men. Barbara Durva says Earth men climax much too quickly. They have no capacity to endure.

Newsflash, Steve Bullock: "Well, that's true, but she also gave me the most remarkable ecstatic experience of my life."

Reporter: "Do you still think that she's a slut?"

Steve: "No, definitely not. She's a temple priestess, she's utterly holy."

In the meantime, Keniston is dancing his own adventures. His first date is with Lucia, a graduate of the Putney School that Ava had so warmly praised. She is now a research biologist at Scripps Institute. She mourns the loss of her last lover, Gordon, who died in a head-on collision caused by a woman high on methamphetamine, who drifted across the center line in a vehicle that weighed twice as much as his. In answer to the first question she says, "I don't feel ready for a new relationship, and I'm wondering if you can remind me that there are still lovers in the world besides the one I lost."

She reports later: "I have never experienced such fabulous love making. Keniston had this technique. We'd be in the missionary position and he'd

raise up on one elbow. With the thumb of his other hand he would stroke my clit, gently but rapidly. It was the biggest turn on. I'd explode! Then we'd calm down and cozy together and feel these wonderful, wonderful loving vibes. He'd do it again! I must have come more than a dozen times. After 10 or 15 minutes, I was panting from exhaustion, fanning my face, and he says, 'Would you like me to stop?' I got this silly grin on my face. 'No, no!' It was the most amazing beautiful experience of my life. When he climaxed he unquestionably touched my soul. I don't care if he doesn't believe in souls. He touched something so deep inside myself I will love him forever."

Dating Game Host: What exactly was it about Keniston besides the clit rub that was such a turn on?"

Lucia: "He radiates love. He's not asking for anything, he's just giving. Like isn't life wonderful! So beautiful! It's the greatest experience I've ever had. Absolutely irresistible!"

Keniston's second date Aurora answered the first question with images: "Why do I want to date you? If you be the ice cream, I'll be the hot fudge sauce. If you be the butterfly, I'll be the rose. If you be the money, I'll be the bank. If you be the explorer, I'll be the cave of mystery. If you want to travel, I'll be your car, I'll be your plane, I'll be your spacecraft traveling to your distant star."

Keniston: "I asked, why do you want to date me? You gave me a fantasy, a beautiful answer. Could you be more specific?"

Aurora: "I'd just like to play with you, have a good time together, have a joyous dance of love. I know this great game, Castles in the Air. Would you like to play it with me?"

Keniston, intrigued: "Sure! Why not? How do we play?"

Aurora: We make up a story together. I give one sentence, you give the next, and then it's my turn, back and forth. We can do a fantasy world of dragons, unicorns, knights on white horses, damsels in distress, whatever we want."

Keniston: "Ok. Want to start?"

Aurora: "Andy Warthog is a serious artist."

Keniston: "He takes out his sketching pencils to capture the scene in front of him."

Aurora: "However, enjoying the smell of the pencils, he stuffs one up his nose."

Keniston: "He finds that makes it rather hard to breathe."

Aurora: "Indeed, finding it hard to breathe, he takes another pencil and stuffs it up his other nostril."

Keniston: "Now finding it very difficult to breathe, he takes some duct tape and tapes his mouth shut."

Aurora: "With a small but definite explosion, two pencils shoot out his nostrils."

Keniston: "Andy Warthog now declares that he has found the secret of life."

Aurora: "It's breathing! Keep breathing!"

Keniston: "Andy Warthog once more considers the scene before him, wondering how he is going to capture it."

Aurora: "Indeed, the lion who is charging straight at him is soon going to be too large to fit the frame of his picture."

Keniston: "Just as he completes a swoosh on his paper, the lion charges past him after the zebra he is pursuing."

Aurora: "The zebra stops and turns, asking the lion, 'Why don't you attack the man? He's a much easier target, he can hardly run.'"

Keniston: "Andy Warthog is frightened by this turn of events, standing up so that he would appear larger to the lion."

Aurora: "Considering Andy Warthog no match and fair game, the lion charges straight at him."

Keniston: "Andy Warthog carefully pushes two pencils up the lion's nostrils."

On it goes, till both of them are laughing with delight, adding more and more ridiculous details to their story. Aurora has picked up an affinity for her Mother Earth that Keniston loves. They meditate together and give prayers for the Earth. Eventually Keniston asks, "What is love?" and Aurora says, "It is taking you into my heart and giving you my heart."

Keniston: "I like connecting with you. We've been having a glorious time. I am happy to appreciate your essence as deeply as I possibly can." They embrace in a hug that takes them all the way thru the experience. They come to an hour later, barely managing to get out of bed.

Aurora: "If I could write a poem about that, I'd be a genius."

Keniston: "I know one." He recites it in Durvan, then translates: "When we all get together, love, pushing out from each one of us, received by each one of us, endless flow, endless love, endless appreciation for this miracle of being alive, and being able to relate, and love, and cooperate with one another in so many remarkable ways. Thank you, Great Holy Mystery, thank you!" When he finishes, he starts crying.

Aurora: "Why are you crying?"

Keniston: "I'm sorry. I'll get it together in a minute. I miss home, I'm homesick. On Durva we have such love, such understanding, and you've given me a taste of it. But mostly here what we've got is dangerous chaos. We're supposed to do something about it if we can."

Aurora: "What else can you do? Spread love!"

Keniston: "That's certainly what we want to do, spread love. We just have a broader view of love than you folks do, and sometimes it becomes a bit difficult."

Aurora: "Well, I came here to have a good time and love you. It's been absolutely wonderful and I want you to know I totally appreciate it."

Keniston: "Thank you! We've had such a wonderful time that it reminded me of home. We are a very long ways from Durva. I made the commitment, and I certainly intend to do my best. I would love to see you all save yourselves from your own destruction. You, Aurora, have made it easier for me, and I truly appreciate that."

Aurora: "Friends for life?"

Keniston: "Definitely!

A hug follows, which immediately becomes a passionate embrace that lasts an intense eternity.

Keniston: "We'll always have this feeling."

Aurora: "Oh my God! Ok, yes, we'll always have this feeling."

Her experience was similar to Lucia's, but she also really got off on yab yum. There was something about the way Keniston moved that took the experience right into ecstasy. She had never experienced this level of love making, and very definitely wanted more of it.

Keniston's last date is Vera, her name shortened from Guinevere. She has natural red hair and striking, searching green eyes. When she was nine, she asked her hippie mother, why did you choose the name Guinevere for me? Her mother said, 'Check out the stories, discover the queen that you are.' "So I checked out the stories and discovered that Guinevere was disloyal to her husband, King Arthur, and was madly in love with Sir Lancelot, and this was a major cause of the destruction of the kingdom. Why would I want to relate to that? My mom said, 'She was King Arthur's wife. Isn't that good enough?' Well, no. Sure, she was a great beauty, but I'd rather relate to truth. So at the age of nine I took the 'vere' out of Guinevere, and I've been Vera ever since. When I discovered the truths of mathematics are always true, I really got into it, and that's how I became an accountant."

Vera's reason for dating Keniston is that she wants to check out if this is real, not just some phony scam by strange aliens from a totally different culture. Her three values are truth, honesty, and integrity. Her question for Keniston: Why do you want to make love with some of us Earthlings? What's in it for you?

Keniston: "We have a different orientation from yours. The citizens of Durva educated us from the ground up. Making love with another is a way of saying hello, deeply, and then you always know that person, always friends. So I'm just exercising one of the basic practices of Durvan society. I certainly mean no offense. I love all beings, and if you'd like to know how much, I'll be happy to show you. Any time anything doesn't feel right to you, just ask to stop and we'll stop. I have no urgency. I would just like to visit you."

Vera: "I would hope it would be deeper than 'visit.'"

Keniston, smiling broadly: "Oh it will, it will!"

Vera: "I hear what you say, but how do I know to trust you?"

Keniston: "Good question! Thank you for asking! You can't trust me, any more than I can trust you. But I can hear what you say and feel how you come across, and you can hear what I say and feel how I come across. I hope you get a sense that I am an honorable person, and that we come from the planet Durva genuinely to help, because we know it is in our best interest for all planetary civilizations as they grow up to dance the Path of Love, so that we can connect and unite in respect and appreciation. I care about you deeply. I care about all Earthlings deeply. That's why we came to this planet, to save you from yourselves, to encourage you to love one another a whole lot more than you have been."

Vera: "Sometimes the most honorable intentions can justify some very dark maneuvers."

Keniston: "I understand that. We try to look at all sides of an issue, and make sure we are giving the highest degree of love and justice to every aspect of a situation. As we rise in consciousness, we find it is more energizing to walk the truth and not play silly games on one another."

Vera: "Man, you sure have the right answers!"

Keniston: "I represent a culture somewhere between 200 and 600 years more advanced than yours. If you go back 200 years, to, say, 1715, America was just a bucket of colonies. Way before the Revolution. You US citizens remember almost nothing of what was happening then. Unless maybe if you live in Carolina. In 1715 you had no knowledge of steam power, electricity, gasoline, nuclear power, computers. Perhaps you can imagine something of where you might be in another 200 years. We can't describe to you the difference in consciousness between where we are and you are, because we don't know you well enough yet. You feel to us like maybe a bunch of 12 year olds, full of energy, running around, very chaotic."

Vera: "I think I got over that phase."

Keniston: "Glad to hear it! It's so hard to talk about. What is consciousness?"

Vera: "It is like a mirror or camera that takes an image of everything it perceives and can then manipulate those images – compare, contrast, learn from."

Keniston: "Very cool! The purpose of consciousness is to learn. You bet!"

Vera: "Somehow that came to me when I was studying Robert Browning. I'm not sure why, perhaps because his characters seem so frozen in consciousness. They never learn anything!"

Keniston: "Well, the more we can celebrate our understanding and growth in consciousness, the more we can celebrate the delights of bodily connection, moving into one another's auras and creating one aura between us."

Vera: "That's a pretty sudden proposition."

Keniston: "Oops! I'm sorry! I forgot! You Earthlings like to be courted."

Vera: "And just exactly what would that entail?"

Keniston: "I don't know, but I keep running across the term. My BA is still whirling."

Vera: "What exactly does a BA do?"

Keniston: It's like a tributary to the stream of consciousness that I can tune into whenever I choose, or which can signal me in case of danger. Like if I see a rattlesnake and I've never seen one before, don't know what it is, the BA immediately warns me that it is poisonous. The BA connects to the Robobrain. Your computers are like beautiful growing fetuses. For us they have been born into Robobrain, which we like to call HAL just for fun. Thru the BA we tune into HAL in a far more immediate way than you tune in to Google, so all the knowledge we've ever uncovered is always available to us in our stream of consciousness whenever we ask. I can ask for BA and get that, or I can ask for my own memory banks and get that. They remain separate."

Vera: "Is the BA infallible?"

Keniston: "It's close but not perfect. It didn't catch the poison oak in the redwoods that Ava contracted."

Vera: "Sounds lovely! We seem to be connecting pretty well mind to mind."

Keniston: "We do, and if you like, I could suggest an exercise we could try to connect heart to heart."

Vera: "What would that be?"

Keniston: "I'll sit on the floor with my legs crossed, and you sit on my lap facing me. That enables our hearts to connect and merge. I'm not talking about actually making love. Let's forget about that part and just focus on the heart part."

Vera: "Might be a little dangerous, but I'll give it a try. I'm really not interested in a physical connection, but I'd like a spirit connection with you. I'd like to feel your essence, that on the one hand is totally foreign, and on the other is human like me."

Keniston: "I understand." Keeping their clothes on, they sit in the yab yum position, hugging close. Almost immediately their hearts reach out and feel one another, sense one another's compatible spirits, and move into an ecstasy of connection. The underlying holy vibration of life rises up between them, Talusba, and they meditate in that calm beautiful place which is the essence of life. They lose all awareness of the passage of time.

Keniston, half in the daze of ecstasy: "I might be able to make some connections for you that you don't even know you are missing."

Vera, slightly coming back into her mind: "What are you talking about?"

He locks eyes with her, sending her a beam of love so powerful that it awakens her eggs, her fallopian tubes, cervix, vagina, clitoris, and labia to the point that they are all vibrating.

Vera: "What are you doing to me?"

Keniston, smiling: "Just inviting you to dance with me."

Vera: "Oh! Give me just a minute!" She closes her eyes and tries to turn it off, but the tingling in her loins continues, so delicious. She opens her eyes: "I surrender."

Keniston: "You don't have to surrender anything. Just join me! I love you absolutely!" They throw their clothes off and return to their ecstasy with a full body connection. She goes into a seemingly permanent orgasm.

Eventually they come down from their heavenly state and rest in the lingering bliss.

Vera: "I had no idea!"

Keniston: "I told you that you Earthlings need more love. This is what I'm talking about. Any of you can do it. It's just a matter of learning that it's possible and going for it."

Vera: "I didn't realize that part of me had been hiding inside me all these years. I think I turned off when I was a teenager and I realized how dangerous and threatening this game is. I thought my sexual connections were ok at the time, but nothing like this!"

Keniston: "It's good just to love. No fears, no attachments, no expectations."

Vera: "Yes, you've given me that. It's clear. I will always thank you."

Keniston invites Barbara to accompany him on his last show, which includes Lucia and Aurora as well as Vera. Barbara would have brought Ava too, but acquiesces to the absurd barbarian superstition that kids should not be present at discussions about sex.

Dating Game Host: Welcome to you all, and a special welcome for Barbara Durva! Tell me, Barbara, what's this special move that Keniston's been doing on his dates?"

Barbara: "Oh yes! Keniston calls it the Clitormax. It seems uniquely stimulating and satisfying. You'd think when a couple is doing the doggie position, stimulating the clit would be pretty obvious, but the Clitormax is a whole different approach. You probably have your own name for it, but maybe you don't talk about it. Like yab yum!"

Dating Game Host: "What's yab yum?"

Barbara: "You barbarians! You all do it and you don't know the name for it! Go look it up!"

DGH: "All of Keniston's dates report multiple orgasms. Do you experience that too?"

Barbara, laughing: "Well, duh!"

DGH: "Here is some video of Keniston and his third date Vera. ... Now let's get a report from her."

Vera: "We had great sex, the greatest sexual experience of my life, and we made a lovely spiritual connection. But it seems to me it's possible to have sex with a minimal amount of love, even virtually no love, just using one another. I'd like to ask Keniston, what makes you think that having a great sexual experience is going to translate into practicing love in other areas of your life?"

Keniston: "That's an interesting question. It strikes me that perhaps you need more ecstatic experiences. It's like the more we love one another, the higher, more beautiful, and more ecstatic the love making is. It's the love that makes the sex great. The more we put out love and receive love, the more our love bucket fills up. When you have a really full love bucket, it is easy to love other people and other situations, even people who are causing great difficulties. When your love bucket is empty, it's next to impossible to love others. So we Durvans keep our love buckets full by making love a lot. It seems rudimentary to us."

Vera: "I hear what you're saying, but I can't quite believe it's true. I would have to experience it."

Keniston: "I can't say join a dozmar because we really think you folks aren't ready for dozmars, but if you were in a dozmar, you would find it remarkably easy to fill up your bucket."

Barbara: "Actually, you don't have to think of yourselves as having a love bucket. In some ways it's a really good metaphor, but in others it might be misleading. You can generate as much love as you want just by imagining loving others. Or get yourself a kitten or a dog, and you'll pass so much love back and forth. But you can do it all by yourself. Just imagine loving those people who are challenges to you, finding ways for love to flow. Sometimes a simple compliment can make an enormous difference, or even a 'Good morning!' Look for the ways that you can dance the Path of Love, and enjoy every step, every move. You'll find it's a self-fulfilling process. It generates energy. The more you do it, the more energized you become, until you're beaming at everyone."

Keniston: "Yes, you can get there without a love bucket. But it's easy and a wonderful bond beyond belief to fill up your love bucket with sexual connection. Sure, you don't have to do it that way. There are always many ways to God, many ways to love. If our way appeals, try it! We think you'll like it. And if it doesn't, we send you good will, and hope for the same."

DGH: "As you know, many in the religious community are scandalized by your activities. You're supposed to be married to each other and you're dating these other people. How can you feel good about that?"

Keniston: "I don't have any problem with it. In fact, it feels great!"

Barbara: "I don't have any problem either, except you Earth men sure need a lot of educating."

DGH: "I'd like to bring in Lucia and Aurora. How do you feel about the experience now?"

Lucia: "I'm still glowing. The three of us feel a tremendous bond with one another, and we're all friends for life with Keniston."

Aurora: "I'll second that. He's magnetic! He's a rock star! And we like Barbara too. She is such a great model!"

Vera: "I hope I didn't sound too critical. It was not only the most profound and beautiful experience of my life, it was the most profound and beautiful that I could possibly imagine. When he turns on to a person, it's irresistible! You know you want to connect with that vibration of love with your whole being. The three of us are truly blessed!"

Aurora: "I have had a few boyfriends, but I have never been so loved in my life. I could tell he was absolutely appreciating me. He was loving me so deep. I felt so completely accepted. Loved! Oh yes! This sexual thing – come! Come! COME! I've never had an experience like that."

Newsflash: After the first few Dating Game shows, Keniston and Barbara are on the cover of *Time Magazine* as the greatest lovers to hit Planet Earth.

Barbara's last date is a fundamentalist Christian, Jerry Failwell, who wants to do God's will, wants to do what Jesus would do in all circumstances. He wants to know if Barbara is of God or not. Clearly, she is Mary Magdalene. He really wants to save Barbara! She is prepared to take on this challenge, and is ready to receive Jerry in a suite at the Rump International Hotel. She dresses in a highly provocative diaphanous negligee to receive him, because she saw last time there wasn't much point in being dressed. She doesn't realize how inappropriate that is likely to be for her puritanical date, or perhaps she does.

An hour ahead of her appointment, the desk calls up and says billionaire Donald Rump is here and would like to meet you. Barbara: "OK. Send him up." She puts on an equally diaphanous robe, which conceals virtually nothing. A man of about 70 appears, tall, bloated fat, his thinning blond hair brushed down over his forehead, accompanied by two bodyguards.

Rump: "Hello Miss Barbara! Thought I'd like to meet you. You sure are a beauty!"

Barbara, very politely, offering a hand to shake: "You've caught me at an awkward moment, preparing for a date for the Dating Game."

Rump: "No problem! As long as you're fucking humans, I figure it's my turn."

Barbara: "You have a very unpleasant vibe. I would never want to make love with you."

Rump: "How about if I donated a million bucks to your foundation?"

Barbara: "Don't be silly."

Rump: "In that case, I'll just have to rape you."

Barbara: "Rape is against your law. How do you expect to get away with it?"

Rump: "I have very good lawyers. Besides, it's your word against the three of us."

Barbara: "You're being ridiculous."

Rump: "Relax! This isn't going to hurt you! In fact I'm sure you'll enjoy it. I just want to develop your property. You can teach me the Clitormax and make sure I'm doing it right."

Barbara: "Without my consent and cooperation, you get nothing."

Rump: "We'll see about that. Grab her boys! Grab her arms and pin her down!"

Rump pushes Barbara down on the king-sized bed, an action too slow to trigger her Personal Defense System. The bodyguards move in, each one grabbing a hand. While Barbara has some bonobo genes, she has a great preponderance of human genes. It may be she has a deep reptilian memory that the Earth barbarians tried to murder her daughter. It may simply be instinctual. As Vito and Sonny grab her hands, she pulls them both closer, easily wrenches her hands loose, puts a hand on the side of each of their heads, and smashes their heads together with such force that both skulls shatter with a sickening sound. The bodyguards fall on either side of the bed, one dead instantly. The other convulses 4, 5, 6 times, and dies, blood and brains spilling out of his smashed skull. He lies still in death, all his muscles relaxing completely and his features sagging into the floor. Rump stands transfixed, then bolts for the door. Barbara springs from the bed in an eight foot leap, grabs the back of Rump's collar with one hand just as he opens the door, reaches around with the other, grabs Rump's testicles, and crushes them into sperm jam. Rump screams in agony and passes out.

Just then Jerry Failwell, arriving early in his excitement, sticks his head in the open door, unseen by Barbara, looks around, draws his own conclusions, and leaves. As it turns out, the third date never takes place, and we don't find out how Barbara might have handled the ideologue.

Barbara looks at the scene in horror. Great Holy Mystery! What have I done? She absorbs that she has killed two individuals by bashing their skulls together, and castrated Donald Rump. Shakily, she calls the desk. "There's been an incident. Send the police, an ambulance, and whatever they need to take away two corpses."

The police come and Barbara explains. She nudges Rump with her foot and he partially wakes up, still in agony. "Tell them, Rump. You tried to rape me, right?"

Rump, groggily, not getting up, shaking his head and holding his groin: "She's lying! She attacked me for no reason, just because I offered to give her foundation a million dollars. I don't know what this is about."

Barbara whips out a disk about the size of an old fashioned pocket watch, places it on Rump's forehead, and holds him. Immediately a 3D image is projected of everything Rump saw thru his eyes, and everything that was said, the whole scene re-enacted. The police ask Rump, "What do you have to say about this?"

Again Rump says it's all a lie. "She can make up anything she wants with her 3D illusions."

Barbara: "The holograms do not lie. I can make you a DVD for your records."

Police: "We have two deceased here and a seriously mangled owner of this hotel. We've got to put the cuffs on you and take you in for questioning."

Barbara: "No you don't. I've got diplomatic immunity."

Police: "Well you may have, but we need to put the handcuffs on you till we get it all figured out."

Rump: "She deserves to die for what she did to me."

Barbara: "That's what you think!" She disappears.

Newsflash, Shill O'Really: "Barbara Durva accused of killing two staff members of one-time presidential candidate Donald Rump, claims he attempted to rape her and she has diplomatic immunity. These dangerous aliens are murdering us and getting away with it!"

The next day Donald Rump gives an interview from the hospital: "I really don't know what happened. I went to visit Miss Barbara to ask her permission for a plan I have to build high rises with six apartments

comfortable for two or more people on each floor and a big party room, sauna, Jacuzzi, and exercise gym. That would enable 12 people plus kids on each floor to form a natural PoliRing. I thought I'd like to call this Durvaville and wanted to ask Barbara's permission for that. As I say, I don't know what happened. She went berserk. She practically screamed at me, 'Do you have to make money on everything? You don't make money off of Durva!' Then she grabbed my balls! I said boys, help me! She crushed my balls with her hand and snarled, 'I'll eat you for lunch!' She actually snarled at me! Like an animal! My men were just grabbing her arms. I screamed and passed out, so I don't know what happened next. I think the true nature of these aliens is revealed here. They're pretending to be all lovey and friendly, but underneath they want to eat us. Just like any farmer may really love his cows, but that doesn't stop him from bringing them to the chopping block. I think we've got a real danger on our hands."

Reporter: How is your health?"

Rump: The docs have pumped me full of testosterone, and they think I may make at least a partial recovery. I certainly hope so. I'm exploring if there is any way I can prosecute or sue. Since they claim diplomatic immunity, it's really hard to get around that, but if there is a way, we'll find it."

Reporter, after leaving Rump's hospital room: "We talked to a source close to the surgeons who prefers not to be identified. We asked what Rump's chances for recovery were, and source said it doesn't hurt to be optimistic, it usually helps with recovery. We asked does that mean he can recover? The source said he doesn't have anything left to recover, all he's got now is sperm jam."

Barbara sends a video of the hologram to the police, and also puts it on YouTube. Rump responds with a video of his own, asking who are you going to believe, her or me? "She can fake anything in her video. But it doesn't have anything to do with what actually happened. I've never seen anybody get so angry, she certainly lost her temper, and she turned into a murderess!" Both videos go viral.

Barbara holds a press conference: "I want to offer a general apology to the American people. I failed to dance the Path of Love. We all fail

sometimes, it's part of life. I just wasn't thinking. First time in my life I've ever been attacked. We did have some training and I should have remembered and Looped out, but it was such a surprise that I didn't make the right computation.

"The prospect of being raped hit a deep nerve in my human body and I responded automatically. Only after I'd ripped out Rump's balls did I realize what I'd done. On Durva there is no such thing as rape, we've never had a rape. How can there be any rape when the natural answer to 'you wanna make love?' is 'you bet!' We all love each other! There's no reason not to!

"We have had some problems with you barbarians. As you all know, when my daughter Ava was making friends with the cougar in Sequoia National Park, the cougar was shot, narrowly missing Ava. Also there was an attempt on Ava's life that hasn't been reported. And of course there was that unfortunate incident when a man shot at our spacecraft. We come from a culture where these things don't happen, so they are doubly shocking to us. I simply lost it, altho I must admit it might be good for Mr. Rump to learn to function without any testicles."

Reporter: "Because you have diplomatic immunity, you can't be prosecuted, but don't you think you owe something to the families of the two men you murdered?"

Barbara: "I didn't murder them. I was acting strictly in self-defense. Remember these men were helping Donald Rump try to rape me. But yes, Vito and Sonny were just doing their jobs as they saw it, and I know their families, who are completely innocent, have lost their chief means of support. I'm arranging for their families to receive $100,000 a year for life, out of our personal funds. Rump provided no retirement or life insurance for them."

Reporter: "How can you go around killing people when you claim you are a part of God?"

Barbara: "Just because I come from Spirit does not mean I'm perfect. I screwed up. I apologize and am making amends as I deem appropriate. That's all any person can do."

Newsflash: Rump on Monkey Balls! In an unprecedented surgery, Donald Rump's castrated testicles are replaced with chimpanzee testicles, giving him a steady supply of testosterone and sperm. Rump says he is good as new.

CHAPTER 14

Dating Games Review

Once again in the great gleaming saucer.

Ava: "Time for koraku!"

Barbara: "Oh! Now my little baby is calling for koraku?"

Ava: "Don't you think you need it? Besides, I'm certainly not a little baby any more!"

Keniston: "You're quite right, bajina. We can celebrate that this is the first time you've ever called for koraku. Let's do it!" They join hands around the little table and meditate into the stillness of the One.

When they all deeply feel the quiet love, Barbara says, "You called it, bajina, what's your concern?"

Ava: "Seems like you guys should have just stuck to yourselves and not gotten involved with Earthlings."

Keniston: "I had a really good time."

Barbara: "I don't know. I certainly discovered some of my programming I never knew I had."

Ava: "But you didn't dance the Path of Love."

Barbara: "No, not with Rump. But I couldn't do what he wanted. It was unthinkable. No Durvan has ever been raped. There isn't even a Durvan word for rape."

Ava: "Just the same, why did you have to kill those two bodyguards?"

Barbara: "I didn't have to. And you're quite right. It was not on the Path of Love. I do my best, we all do our best, but we don't always succeed."

Ava: "I would have just paddled his behind and made a joke out of it."

Barbara: "Yes, you're good at kicking people in the butt, which doesn't seem much like the Path of Love either. It might feel different if you were actually in this situation."

Ava, just short of petulant: "That's the second time you've brought up kicking people in the butt. Don't you think I got the message the first time?"

Barbara tousles Ava's hair, reassuring.

Keniston: "I can't say I'm proud of my feisty partner, but I certainly have a new respect for the depth and power of some of our programming. In any case, I love you none-the-less."

Barbara: "You mean I'm not a murderess? Thank you so much!"

Keniston: "I didn't say that! I just said I love you."

They embrace, and Ava puts her arms around both of them.

Barbara: I still don't understand how I could be possessed by such a blind rage. It took me over entirely. I had no idea I had that kind of programming, that kind of energy in me. It seemed to come from an instinct so deep! There was something about that man. He was so disgusting. At least I haven't felt that way toward anyone else."

Keniston: I didn't feel any blind rage with Captain Hake, but I know I shut him out completely. No love was flowing out of me, that's for sure. And yes, Ava. If I had felt some love flowing, it might have occurred to me to try to take him back and save him. But again, we are not allowed to bring aliens into our spaceship, and what we would need for him in the spaceship is not portable."

Barbara: "I never thought of this before. We were told we shouldn't be healers because then we would spend all our time healing. The space ship is actually designed to make healing difficult. As you said, the healing elements are not portable. To really go thru a person with a serious disease like cancer and heal him takes at least two hours of our careful attention, possibly four. How many people could we cure at that rate? It's unfortunately best to cure no one."

Keniston: "So do you feel complete about your rage?"

Barbara: "No, I can't say that I do. What do I do to contain it?"

Keniston: "Let's do a *siskilana*, a clearing session."

Barbara moves to the bed and relaxes comfortably, the pillows adjusting to raise her head slightly. HAL generates a vibration which is very pleasurable, soothing, surrounding her with love the way an expectant mother would surround the fetus in her womb. She still has to do the work, but the vibration makes the work much easier. She meditates into the vibration. Ava gets up from the table and lies down on the far side of the bed next to her mother, cuddling up to her. Keniston comes over and sits on the near edge of the bed facing Barbara.

Keniston: "What exactly is the program that you wish to de-energize?"

Barbara: "It's a hostile reaction to attack."

Keniston: "When was this program implanted?"

Barbara: "Not in this lifetime. It was just triggered. It goes way back, instinctual."

Keniston: Can it be modified?"

Barbara starts to cry, at first just sniffling but then in torrents. Panting great sobs, she screams and rages, bouncing and writhing on the bed. Ava backs away from her cuddle position: "Mommy! Mommy! Are you all right? Are you ok?"

Keniston: "Don't disturb her, bajina. Yes, she's definitely ok, she's simply expressing the powerful emotion connected to the experience she went thru."

As Barbara delves into the depths of hysteria, HAL's music changes from the gentle vibration to a heavy beat, cacophonous screeches, long moans, a pitter-patter of tears, but always in the background, a steady support for Barbara's process.

Ava sits on that side of the bed watching her mom. Keniston tries to take Barbara's hand and comfort her, but she pulls it away as she cries and screams, places both hands over her crotch as if to protect it. Keniston then tries to hold one of her bare feet, but as she writhes and tosses, she pulls her foot away and accidentally kicks him in the right thigh. She moves her hands to her heart and cries even harder. All together perhaps thirty minutes pass. Eventually she sits up in bed and covers her eyes,

still wracked with tears. She pulls up her skirt and wipes her eyes with it. Keniston hands her a towel. She offers him a shaky smile.

Keniston: "So what was that about?"

Barbara: "Great Holy Mystery! I saw, I felt, I experienced the hundreds of years, thousands of years of endless rape and subjugation of women on this planet. Five million women burned at the stake as witches over several centuries in Europe, the black slaves in America raped by their masters, every woman in Berlin raped by the conquering Soviets as traditional spoils of war, the rapes and murders of ISIS, thousands of women all over the world on this very day trafficked for sex, the agonies of forced clitoridectomies, the endless abuse at the hands of men. It's one thing to learn about all this in the dry annals of history, and another to actually feel it in all its awful depth. I felt to my core the horrors that these barbarians put one another thru. It's no wonder they're so messed up!

"Smashing their heads together was a deep subconscious thrust. This rape culture is totally unacceptable. You can't have love where you have subjugation and rape. You can't have love where some are stealing the very lifeblood, the Talusba of others, and claiming that's how capitalism works. If this society is going to survive and evolve, it will have to move away from domination, oppression, subjugation, and all forms of rape."

Keniston: "So now are you more or less likely to break any more heads?"

Barbara: "Less likely. Much less likely. I feel so sorry for them. If somebody tried to pull a Rump on me right now, I would want to tell them how sorry I am for them, that they are so misdirected. If they tried to use force, it's easy enough to Loop out or Loop to another part of the room and keep the connection, keep the dialog going, see if I can get this individual to wake up. Yes, I think I'm over it. It was such a shock! It feels like my actions are a turning point, announcing to this entire society that rape is no longer tolerated, no longer to be punished after the fact but prevented before, by understanding and love. Certainly more open, loving, deeper sexual connections would help a lot. All that pain, all that energy was demanding to come out, and I was a convenient channel. The

subjugation goes right back to the beginning of agriculture. Before then, things were better, tho certainly not perfect."

Ava: "Did you ever ask, what is the Path of Love here?"

Barbara: "Ava! You are such a genius! No, I forgot, and of course that's exactly what I should have asked right at the beginning. What is the Path of Love here?"

Keniston: "Why didn't you ask?"

Barbara, searching: ". . . It happened so fast. All my energy was taken up with strategizing defense or attack . . . Yes, that's it! The program demands all energy go in that direction, so I had none left to ask. But I can put a rider on it so that I automatically ask, what is the Path of Love here?"

Keniston: "Right, yes, that's the antidote!"

They gather in a 3 in 1 that lasts until all of them are content, refilled with the holy living nectar of Talusba.

Barbara: "Well if this is universal, instinctual, then you must have it too?"

Keniston: "It's never come up, but I may have it deeper than you. I certainly had some very dark thoughts about Captain Hake, which may have focused into the vibration that caused his heart attack. I let those thoughts pass thru, but I'm sure it's good for me always to reprogram them."

Barbara: "Do you want to resolve that then?"

Keniston: "Sure. Actually, you've led the way. I see much more deeply now how important it is always to dance the Path of Love, particularly in any threatening situation. Always ask the question, what is the Path of Love here? Apply this antidote! It seems to me so strange that these Earthlings just don't get it. We are God manifesting. How beautiful is that! As beautiful as we choose to make it. You are a manifestation of Talusba, a manifestation of God. What else could you possibly be? Talusba is everywhere. That's why the universe is the living God."

Ava: "Some of them get it?"

Keniston: "Yes, bajina, but it's still superficial, not deeply embedded in their culture."

Ava: "So what did you learn by playing the Dating Game?"

Keniston: "I learned how fragile these Earthlings are, and how they fail to appreciate the wonderful loving sentities that they are. But they are definitely capable of loving. They're just blocked and ignorant. They've got to evolve out of their rapist mentality. They rape one another, they rape Mother Earth, they have very little understanding of how to treat all beings with respect."

Barbara: "I fully understand that we can't teach them respect by knocking their heads together. Seems like that should have been obvious. In their sexual connections it looks to me like most of the time they're not getting what they could. They don't really celebrate the essence of one another, express the love that is beyond this body. If you spend your energy pleasing your partner, it will come back tenfold, occasionally a hundred fold. That's the way love works. You can't ask for it to come back a hundred fold. That just gets in the way of the experience. You just put your positive energy into the experience and everything flows."

Keniston: "Just right!"

Barbara: "I have another matter I'd like to bring up, but it doesn't need koraku. If we're finished we can close this down and then I'll give you my proposal."

Ava: "I'm feeling good. I'm done!"

Keniston: "Me too!"

They end the koraku with another meditation in love, and then turn to Barbara.

Barbara: "I've been checking out some of their porn sites, and they're awful! So little love! They turn sex into something worse than animal. I've been thinking that we could establish a porn site of Durvan Women, and show them how it can be done dancing the Path of Love, making spiritual connection. I'd be happy to imagine all those lonely men out there and send them a huge shot of love right thru the camera, looking at their spirit, appreciating who they are, what they are. Other women who join the PoliRings might want to give their love to humanity in this way too, a true gift of love. Oh yeah! I love you! Come into me!"

Ava: "You would spread naked pictures of yourself all over this barbarian Earth?"

Barbara, smiling sweetly: "It's a gift from heaven!"

Keniston: "Great idea, and bound to bring in a lot of money! But we've already raised so much antagonism in the religious community. I don't see any benefit in raising any more."

Barbara: "Their whole religious community ought to be wiped away and replaced."

Keniston: "'Ought to be' doesn't have much to do with what is."

Ava: "Ask HAL! Ask HAL!"

Keniston: "Sure, good idea ... Yes, HAL says if you do this, the probability of success is reduced by 2 points."

Barbara: "Really? You'd think that getting things out into the open and expressing the wonderful truth of beautiful loving sexual connections would be a good thing."

Keniston: "In abstract, yes, but in this barbarian society it just makes them more antagonistic."

Barbara: "Oh well! It was a great idea. I asked HAL when we first thought of dating Earthlings, and then he said insufficient data."

Keniston: "I'm sure you would have been broadly received."

Barbara: "And you can have a broadside for that one!"

Ava: "I've got another matter I'd like to bring up. I've received this email from a girl I met at Ronald Reagan High School: "Hi Ava! Remember me? Barbara Jean Allen. I want to ask a favor of you that's very important to me. I've been accepted at Reed College, and I really want to go there. They don't have any nasty soshes like you saw here. They don't have any spectator sports. They're just into a true liberal education. But the tuition is so expensive, there's no way my family can afford it. Reed has offered me a 50% scholarship, but even that leaves way too much. So I'm wondering if you folks would have any money that could go toward tuition.

I could go to the University of Oregon or Oregon State, They're a lot cheaper, but those institutions are where the soshes go and I just don't

want to be there. You said that we'd be friends forever. Is there anything you can do for me? Many thanks and love, Barbara Jean."

Keniston: "Well sure, we've got the money, but we have to be really careful. If we do this for this one girl, we'll get a thousand more requests."

Ava: "I don't think so. Barbara Jean and I are friends. This is what friends are for."

Barbara: "OK, but how many friends do you have?"

Ava: "Not so many. Principal Neutraum at the Anderson School, the computer nerd there, we became friends when he emailed me later, the Goths at Ronald Reagan but we didn't become as close as Barbara Jean and I did. There are several others from adventures that didn't get recorded in South America and Great Britain – I had to see Rosslyn Chapel. But not so many, not so very many. I don't think any of them would be asking for this. Besides, we don't have to tell anybody."

Keniston: "Do you think Barbara Jean would keep it quiet?"

Ava: "She will if I ask her to."

Barbara: "Ok then, we'll do it."

Ava emails Barbara Jean back with the good news. She adds, "And be sure to drink your Durvan tea."

CHAPTER 15

Further Adventures

During and after the Dating Games, both Barbara and Keniston receive such a number of propositions that they have to hire a secretary to read the emails and send form answers, and pass on any that look particularly interesting.

After Barbara appears with Keniston on his last show, the secretary forwards one to Barbara from a 77 year old man named Loren Maier: "I realize the difference in age might be an obstacle for you, but I invite you to appreciate the wisdom that age brings. I see your beautiful clear spirit. You have ravished my heart. Please! Take it! Old men slow down. Consequently, I can give you the sexual satisfaction you are looking for, and I know I can give you as much love as a full heart can bring." Loren included a photo, and Barbara is immediately reminded of Gandalf, but when she sees him in action, she thinks of Zorba the Greek. "I just come from the heart," Loren says. "Think too much, you get in trouble." He can project love energy too, not as strong as the Durvans who have been practicing since childhood, but he certainly has the facility. Thus they can connect with an amazingly powerful current. From the first meeting there is never any question: they become lovers. He has no trouble making love for 40 minutes, and much to her blissful surprise she discovers that because he is so slow to ejaculate, for the first time with an Earthling she has a multiorgasmic experience, while he is able to stay right with her. Unlike her two Dating Gamers, he knows the Clitormax, sending her into paroxysms of ecstasy. When they go into the final mutual orgasm, it is a celebration of fireworks. She reports for the first time being satisfied, and he says it is the crowning experience of a lifetime.

Barbara: "Everything about you pleases me. The way you hold yourself straight and erect pleases me. The way you walk pleases me. The way you look deep into my eyes pleases me. The way I can feel your heart opening and expanding pleases me. The way you touch me here or there pleases me immensely. And I love how you make me laugh."

Loren: "I say the same about you. The amazing depth of your gaze pleases me. The simple sincerity and joy in which you operate pleases me. Your presence is so open, so sexy, that pleases me. The way your breast fits into my hand pleases me. The way your body goes with mine pleases me. Your touch and embrace are beyond words. Pleasure beyond pleasure, love beyond love. Everything about you makes me love you. I've had lovers before, but they were just amateurs, and you're a professional."

Barbara, after a slight hesitation, smiling: "I'll take that as a compliment."

Loren: "Which it is intended to be."

When Loren meets Keniston, they talk about the abstrusities of economics.

Keniston: "Your intuitions often closely match HAL's calculations."

Loren: "Glad to hear it! When you presented your cosmology, 'God is the living being that we call the universe,' I got it immediately. Yes! Yes! And the rest of it, you cover the fundamental bases."

Keniston: "Of course we do! We've been doing it for hundreds of years."

Barbara: "I'm glad you get it."

In the midst of their various business ventures and assisting people to form PoliRings, Keniston and Barbara decide to take occasional time off to explore this strange barbarian planet, that seems to have many natural beauties and numinous historical sites. Since Barbara is much taken by Loren, Keniston invites Lucia to join them in a week long adventure to Machu Picchu. He appreciates all three of his Dating Game partners, but Lucia, altho she has her hard, scientific side, also has a delightful softness about her as well as a grieving heart, and he finds both aspects particularly attractive. Of course she accepts, the opportunity to repeat her connection with Keniston being irresistible. Ava is off on her own adventures.

The four meet in a hotel suite in La Jolla, where Lucia works. Keniston and Lucia embrace very warmly, and then Lucia and Barbara almost equally warmly.

Loren, holding out his hand: Very pleased to meet you, Loosha. I'm wondering, how do you spell your name?"

Lucia, giving Loren a hug: "I know it's pronounced Loosha, but it's spelled L-u-c-i-a. It's like 'Marcia.' That's how my family has always pronounced it."

Loren: "So you are not of Spanish extraction?"

Lucia, smiling: "No, my great grandparents came from Ukraine after the revolution. What difference does it make?"

Loren: "None, really. All ethnicities are beautiful to me. I'm just curious as to how you got your blue eyes and black hair. It's a striking combination."

Lucia: "God's gift! Probably a pogrom. Let's go rape all those Jewish women."

Loren: "Some Semites have blue eyes, don't they?"

Lucia: "Sure, after the Crusaders. But my family came to Byzantium after the Diaspora, and then long before the crusades moved to Ukraine, which has the best farmland in all of Europe. So the blue eyes must be Cossack. Thanks, Vikings!"

Loren: "Vikings?"

Lucia: "Who do you think the Cossacks are descended from?"

Loren: "I thought you were a biologist, not a historian."

Lucia: "Being a biologist doesn't stop me from being well-rounded."

Loren: "You certainly are well rounded, positively delicious!"

Lucia: "I have a special round file for compliments. It's decorated with some Mayan glyphs about beheading the winner."

Loren: "Oh-oh! Now I feel like a male praying mantis!"

Lucia: "Never fear, I'm just teasing. I won't bite your head off!"

Loren: "That's a relief! The connection I have with Barbara is by far the most extraordinary I've ever experienced, although I thought the connection I have with my present partner back home is pretty extraordinary.

I like to compliment, but I don't have any need even to look at another woman."

Lucia, teasing: "Then you'd better stop talking about it."

Loren: "Hey, I'm a man! As Willie Nelson sang, when I look into your eyes, I see all the love in all the world.

Lucia: "You're complimenting again. ... So you and Barbara have hooked up?"

Loren, smiling at Barbara: "You might say that."

Lucia: "And Keniston doesn't mind?"

Loren: "It's amazing! These Durvans aren't the least possessive."

Lucia, smiling at Keniston: "So I'm here just for you? I like that!"

Keniston: "Well, yes, but please understand Barbara and I will occasionally want to connect."

Lucia: "Ah! I don't get to be possessive either! Half a loaf is better than none!"

Keniston: "Who's a loaf?"

Barbara: "You said you like buns."

Keniston: "Yes, but that's different!"

Loren: "It's clear we're all well-bred here."

Keniston, putting his arm around Loren: "I'm sure we can rise to the occasion."

Lucia: "I'll just call you 'Red Star' and 'Fleischmann's.'"

Keniston: "What?"

Lucia: "Sorry. Those are just brands of yeast."

Keniston, checking his BA: "So Loren gets the star and I get to be a butcher?"

Lucia: "No no! Fleischmann's is just a name. I'm talking about yeast, because it rises."

Barbara, smiling lovingly: "That's true, Keniston can rise just about any time."

Lucia: "I think I get the picture. What do I need to bring and when do we start? I didn't have any trouble taking the time off from work. I pretty much run my own schedule."

Loren: "I'm so glad I'm a star!"

The four travel by Loop Drive, so conveniently they are not observed on airplanes or in airports. They take two adjacent rooms just below Machu Picchu at the Sumaq Hotel with access to the excellent Jacuzzi, and comfortably settle in, Keniston and Lucia in one, and Barbara and Loren in the other. They plan to spend several days exploring the mystery of Machu Picchu and the surrounding countryside.

The next morning they take the Loop Drive at 6 a.m. to the peak of Huayna Picchu, the narrow pyramidic mountain that rises at the edge of Machu Picchu, so that they can view the sunrise over the sacred city. As the sky lightens, they discover to their surprise that mists are rising on all sides from the Urubamba River far below, aspiring to join the cumulus clouds above them. In the bare patches among the mists they can see terraces, walls, and the remains of buildings, now enlightened by the rising sun burning thru the mists. Since the Durvans' BA's give them maps in their heads, they easily identify the Inti Watana or Sun Stone, the Temple of the Sun, the Room with Three Windows, and other landmarks. The sun creates a double rainbow in the mists, forming a frame above the ruin, this misty relic from an ancient time. The four gaze in wonder, feeling the beauty and utter holiness.

Keniston: "I see remarkable sacredness here. It amazes me that so many of your commentators don't notice it. They think this is some kind of gala retreat for the Incan emperor. No! This is the holiest, most sacred place in the entire empire. People came here on sacred missions at sacred times."

As the first batch of tourists arrive at the peak, the four descend to the Temple of the Moon, which feels like a mausoleum but still sacred. By the time they proceed to the Temple of the Sun and the Room of the Three Windows, they are nonplused by the number of tourists swarming over the place, like ants on a dead rabbit. After absorbing the vibes of these holy spaces, Keniston and Barbara say they want to spend a couple hours together and will meet back at the hotel, and that gives Lucia and Loren a chance to talk. They find a little terrace where they can sit down, out of

the way of most tourists but with a good view of the amazing stone walls and descending terraces.

Loren: "I'd like to get to know you. You appear to be such a beautiful woman on the outside. Are you equally beautiful on the inside?"

Lucia, smiling: "You force me to say I certainly think I am. But what exactly do you mean by that?"

Loren: "I don't know exactly. That's part of the fun of it. But as Nathaniel Hawthorne said, "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred!"

Lucia: "That's very poetic. You want me to show you my worst? What kind of question is that?"

Loren: "We all have a worst side. I'll tell you mine in a minute. But what do you think your worst is?"

Lucia: "Probably it's refusing to answer questions like that. But if you like, I'll tell you what I think 'inside' means."

Loren: "Go for it! And apologies! I don't mean to pry. I just thought it's completely good for us to be open with one another."

Lucia, taking a deep look at Loren: "As long as you put it that way, I think I don't really have a worst side. Sure, there are a few areas I could be putting more energy into, but I don't see them as particularly significant. I'm really happy with how I function. I'm not so happy with how the world functions, but that's outside, not inside. Concerning the inside, I've been studying what the Durvans say about consciousness on their website.

"The basis of consciousness is making a distinction, being able to tell one thing from another. Consciousness is the actor, consciousness is the 'I'. Some people say that's the soul, but the Durvans don't seem to believe in souls. When 'I' is speaking, 'I' is consciousness. So consciousness is the observer, the sorter, and the determiner. When I show you my dreams, my values, my understandings, my expectations, my desires, my memories, my history, I am showing you how my consciousness works, how that sorter does its sorting. When you want to know what's inside, you basically want to know do I have an effectively functioning consciousness, or

at least a consciousness compatible with yours. Do I have a good balance between my conscious control and my subconscious elements?

Loren: "Sounds like your scientific, analytical side is coming out, but that's a good way to look at it! I get it! I think you're right, or they're right! Is there more?"

Lucia: "Yes, there's more. The Durvans see us, and themselves as well, as evolving from mostly subconscious to more conscious control over what used to be subconscious. The subconscious is reluctant to give up its power of decision making to the conscious, because the conscious has established itself as being infantile, sometimes making totally mistaken and disastrous decisions. The subconscious is sometimes extraordinarily good in dangerous situations for directing us to the best moves, not only for ourselves but sometimes to help others in desperate need. But the subconscious can also make serious and sometimes fatal mistakes. The assumption is that with proper training, in the long run conscious will make fewer mistakes than the subconscious, because conscious is much more flexible and can adjust much better to new situations.

"In the subconscious we don't quite have free will. We're just reacting automatically to however the situation affects us: hunger – find food, cold -- find warmth, wet --find shelter, opposite sex -- mate. Very specific automatic directives to act. On all of them, conscious can say wait! No! I don't want to do that. Which is the amazing power of consciousness, and the heart of free will. Generally conscious doesn't object, it just automatically flows with the subconscious directives. But when you're conscious, you can choose among your programs. You know that part of you is subconscious, and will respond automatically in all situations. When you're conscious, you know you have some control over that and can stop any program from operating.

"The subconscious developed consciousness. This is the most amazing breakthru in evolution, because consciousness is independent, separate from the vast connectedness of the Great Holy Mystery. Everything is connected. Yet we are given the power to alter these connections, to take advantage of them, or to destroy them. So we are emerging consciousness.

We are just discovering what our place is in this magnificent adventure that Great Holy Mystery chooses to project, to discover what It is and what It is capable of doing. We are this mix of conscious and subconscious. When we understand that about ourselves, our thoughts, our speeches, and our actions come from a much more coherent place."

Loren: "Whew! That's heavy! Somebody's thinking too much. If you hadn't been highly animated and beautiful, I would have zoned out altogether."

Lucia: "You're just saying that because it's true. I like playing with ideas. I hope I'm not overwhelming you."

Loren: Oh no, no. It's just pretty hard to dance to. I suppose we have to have compassion when the primal stuff comes up in ourselves or one another."

Lucia: "Sure! It strikes me as a useful description of how we function.

Loren: "I agree, and this is my conscious speaking, I think."

Lucia: "I hope so. I'm not sure I want to see you acting primal."

Loren: "C'mon! My subconscious isn't threatening. I think it wants us all to get along just as much as my conscious does. Let me tell you how I function. Perhaps to put my possibly worst side out there first, I've done a lot of drugs. I take that back. I've done the psychoactive drugs. I haven't done cocaine or meth or opium or its derivatives except to taste and reject. I have done a fair amount of LSD, maybe a hundred times, some mushrooms, some mescaline, salvia divinorum, ayahuasca, and an unknown psychedelic. I've never been able to find out what it is. It was the purest and most powerful of them all. All I could find out about it was that it came from a commune in a certain part of the United States. It was drunk as a tea, full bodied, but tasteless. I checked once with Alexander Shulgin, the developer of most designer drugs, and he said it couldn't be mescaline because mescaline is always bitter. Most of the psychedelics are bitter. But this wasn't. It was the highest I and my friends and partner had ever been. We were beautifully open, flowing, full of love, our minds mostly turned off, in this utterly beautiful space, where just hugging one another was sufficient."

Lucia: "Not XTC?"

Loren: "No, XTC gives us a really good feeling and opens our hearts, but I don't consider it psychedelic. With this unknown, everything was turning into vibrations."

Lucia: "That all sounds very nice, but I have to tell you I don't have any particular interest in psychedelics. I've tried acid a couple times, marijuana a little more but not very much. I mostly enjoy seeing the world sober and clear."

Loren: "No problem! I was just telling you what my worst side might be, and obviously I don't consider it very bad. I've learned an enormous amount meditating with the psychedelics. I wasn't planning to invite you to do any drugs with me. It's a possibility in a relationship, but if you're not interested, then it's not a possibility. I don't have any trouble accepting that."

Lucia: "So what exactly have you learned by meditating with psychedelics?"

Loren: "Well, if you had experienced me 40 or 50 years ago, I was young, very immature, confused, and with a jangly vibe. Now I think my vibe is pretty good. I'm more understanding, I'm more appreciating, I'm more loving. That may just be the product of age, but the psychedelics have given me so many insights in so many different ways, and have so helped me in times of trouble, they're a very significant factor in making me the beautiful being that I am today."

Lucia: "Isn't that a little arrogant, claiming to be a beautiful being?"

Loren: "Not at all. We're all beautiful beings, it's our birthright. We just have to discover ourselves."

Lucia, thoughtfully and appreciatively: "Oh!"

Loren: "I knew you were a very beautiful being from the first moment I met you. Not only beautiful, but extraordinarily clear. Am I right?"

Lucia: "Hmmm."

Loren: "That's why I have hope for humanity. We can discover the beautiful beings that we are. We can discover the joy of dancing the Path of Love."

Lucia: "That's beautiful! I must admit it's a bit difficult for me to see these tourists confusedly gobbling up this sacred sanctuary as beautiful."

Loren: "We're tourists."

Lucia: "How true! Ok, if I'm beautiful, they must be too. . . . I don't know about you, but I'm getting hungry, particularly since we didn't have any breakfast."

Loren: "Shall we go back down to Aguas Calientes and find ourselves some lunch?"

They take the bus down to the little town and find a cafe not far from their hotel. As they explore the menu, Lucia takes out a rather full plastic sandwich bag and a tea strainer: "It's time for our Durvan tea."

Loren: "I'd rather have a glass of wine."

Lucia: "Maybe you could have it after the tea. Keniston says the tea is very important."

Loren: "You're sounding like a wife."

Lucia: "Hey, it doesn't make any difference to me. Have your wine at the same time as the tea, or don't drink the tea at all! If you don't want to follow the Durvans' advice, you go right ahead. It's your life!"

Loren: "Well, the Durvan tea is supposed to help keep us young. It's too late for me to stay young, but maybe I'd just as soon stay 77."

Lucia: "You're very sweet at that age. I'll ask for some hot water."

Loren orders carapulcra stew and Lucia arroz con pollo. Somehow Loren fails to order any wine. When the hot water arrives, Lucia makes the tea, and after a few minutes offers Loren a cup.

Loren: "Thank you, but how did I end up drinking tea instead of wine?"

Lucia shrugs, looking innocent: "With all your psychedelics, can I trust that you will never slip something into my tea?"

Loren: "Absolutely! Don't tell me somebody ever did that to you?"

Lucia: "In college, UC Berkeley. Fortunately it didn't work all that well and he didn't get away with it."

Loren: "What happened?"

Lucia: "I talked to the dean. She didn't want the publicity of an arrest, and I really didn't either. We arranged that if he would withdraw from Berkeley, I wouldn't prosecute."

Loren: "Very good! Are you satisfied with that?"

Lucia: "I was at the time, but then I got to thinking, he'll probably try again on some unfortunate chick. It might have been better to arrest him."

Loren: "Arresting people is like dropping them down a sewer. It would be great if the school could just flag his transcript. Let me ask you about something else. What's your position on religion? You said you were Jewish?"

Lucia: "I used to be Jewish, my family used to be Jewish, but I don't feel very Jewish. I feel a little more Ukrainian and definitely American. I've never been taken by religion, in fact it pushes me away. There's so much crap in the Torah, in fact the whole Tanakh. I just didn't need it. I feel complete in myself, which is a result of the high school education I had. 'Let's just start over' is my response to religion. And I'm finding it hard to love the Israelis because of how they treat the Palestinians. A just world has no place for Apartheid states."

Loren: "The oppressor blames the victim in hopes of getting away with his oppression."

Lucia, pausing to digest: "...Why yes, exactly!"

Loren: "Wouldn't it be great if we had a just world. But in regards to the Bible, what do you consider crap?"

Lucia: "Stories like Abraham and Isaac. Sure, it teaches obedience. We're supposed to be obedient to God when God tells us to kill our own child? No way! Where's the love? And all these rules about women on their periods. You have to wash the chair after they sit on it. Or at what price should you sell your daughter into slavery?"

Loren: "But there are good parts too?"

Lucia: "Sure, I suppose, like the Song of Solomon. Let's celebrate life! I believe in that."

Loren: "Yes, I believe in that too. I was a sannyasin for awhile, a devotee of Rajneesh, who became Osho. I lived at Rajneeshpuram in Central Oregon for three years. It was a beautiful time. We knew that everything

is sacred and that life is to be celebrated every minute. Rajneesh unleashed our sexual energies. We were all in love with one another, just as the Durvans are talking about."

Lucia: "It blew up, didn't it?"

Loren: "Yes. We thought we believed in unconditional love, but we were missing just exactly what the Durvans are bringing, and that is to always dance the Path of Love. We loved one another but we hated those who were trying to destroy us, such as the 1000 Friends of Oregon who believed it was not permissible to have a commune anywhere in the state. The Durvans' message is to love everybody and everything in all ways always. Never deviate! Dance the Path of Love! When the Durvans said that, my response was Yes! Absolutely! I've been trying to make sure that I dance the Path of Love ever since. The Rajneeshies didn't dance the Path of Love in all ways."

Lucia: "That's the same criticism that the Durvans made of the Gospels! Jesus wasn't dancing the Path of Love in all ways."

Loren: "Uh ... Right! I hadn't quite put two and two together. I was thinking I had come to the brilliant conclusion that the Rajneeshies didn't dance the Path of Love in all ways, but it was just a simple transfer from what the Durvans said about Jesus."

Lucia: "I like the way you admit that. I know I try to dance the Path of Love as best I can."

Loren: "Hey! I just got an inspiration, thanks to you! If what we understand about the Gospels and about Rajneesh is that they were incomplete in their application of love, then what jumps out at me is that integrity is applying the same values in all situations."

Lucia: "Oooh! I like that!"

Loren: "I understand you lost a lover not too long ago."

Lucia: "That's right. Head-on collision. It was completely devastating. When I got the news on my iPhone, I collapsed on the floor and cried for an hour. Over the next several days I was completely broken up. Going to the funeral was almost more than I could bear."

Loren: "How were you able to get over it?"

Lucia: "Time, and the recognition that I could do nothing whatsoever about it. I have to accept what is"

Loren: "Strong woman!"

Lucia: "Gordon will always live on in my memory and my heart. How about you?"

Loren: "Of course I'm so old I've seen many people die – my parents, my older brother, friends. I had a really good friend who committed suicide at age 65 because he was a spiritual seeker, and no matter what he found, it was never enough. He was in spiritual pain. He was also in emotional pain, his wife had broken up with him, and physical pain, he was having problems with arthritis. He hanged himself in his room after he'd checked in to St. Vincent Hospital.

"I agree with you that we have to accept it, but I also think that often people decide to die. I remember my mother announced on her eightieth birthday that she'd lived long enough. She died four months later of cancer of the lymph system. I see other people who think their life is behind them, and there's nothing more to live for, nothing more they can possibly do. So they kick the bucket. I think they forget to fill the bucket and keep it full. I'm not talking about the love bucket here, I'm talking about the things-to-do-before-you-die bucket. Always make sure you're making a valuable contribution. That should be sufficient."

Lucia: "You like the bucket list."

Loren: "Yes, but there's also another aspect, one of the things that attracted me to the Durvans when they gave us the prayers, 'It feels good to be here,' and 'Thank you for life.' I said yes! That's how to live a long, healthy, happy life, with that tremendous positive attitude. In fact I'm sure I've gotten younger since I started offering those prayers."

Lucia: "That's beautiful, that's amazing! I think those prayers take away depression too. I've been saying those prayers, and when Gordon died, I felt so bad. Every day I was saying 'it feels good to be here,' and part of me wanted to say, 'No it doesn't!' But part of me knew in the long run, it does. I think the prayers helped me out of it. I always end with 'embraced by you,' embraced by Great Holy Mystery. And yes, I feel that embrace.

That's what makes us special. Great Holy Mystery wants us to succeed, and sometimes mysterious or magical things happen to encourage us in that direction."

Loren: "Divine intervention. My logical mind does not want to accept the idea. It prefers a mechanical universe. Yet I know of all kinds of instances. I could tell you a dramatic story of my own experience that I would certainly label divine intervention."

Lucia: "Tell me the story."

Loren: "Twenty years ago I met the love of my life. I felt we were soul mates, only eventually I discovered that she didn't think so. How could that be? She was named 'Melody,' and it seemed like she was always singing, humming to herself, all kinds of rock tunes and folk tunes. We experienced each other so deeply, but she fell head-over-heels with somebody else, and told me when we were at Breitenbush Hot Springs up in the woods.

"I was completely devastated. The last two years had very clearly been the best years of my life. We had had so many adventures out in nature, shared so much love. I partook of Mother Marijuana and intended to drive the forest road back to Portland. When I got into the car, I did not put my seat belt on. I knew there were some very sharp curves ahead of me, including one complete hairpin turn. I thought that the best time to leave life is at a high point, no reason to wait till things get really bad to leave. I figured life wasn't going to get any better than it had been these past two years. I was 64, what did I have to look forward to? If I didn't fasten my seatbelt and sped up nice and fast, one of the big trees on the curves would take me.

"No sooner did that thought cross my mind than Melody's ex-husband Sabesan appeared inside my head. "You don't need to do that," he said. This was beyond belief. A couple of years after they had divorced, Sabesan married a woman with a ten year old daughter. He wrote Melody a card telling her about his new marriage, apologizing for any hurts he had caused her, and expressing hope that they could get together again sometime. As Sabesan and his new wife and daughter were driving back to Eastern

Oregon, they were going around a left curve which could be made easily at 70 mph. But instead they went straight, over a fifty foot embankment, and all three were killed. Perhaps he fell asleep at the wheel. A friend of Melody found the card in the wrecked car. So Guidance came unsolicited – You don't need to do that -- and this time saved my life.

"That's my story of Divine intervention. I'm not sure I was really going to do it, but I was suffering such great pain."

Lucia: "I know how you felt. Nevertheless, couldn't Sabesan be a figment of your own imagination, coming out of your own subconscious to save your life? To prevent the conscious from doing something stupid?"

Loren: "Sure, but what difference does that make? The Great Holy Mystery is at the bottom of my subconscious."

Lucia: "Really? I'm going to have to digest that one. I think I'm saying yes, that's the way it's got to be, but I want to run it thru all the permutations. Let me go back to something you said earlier. How have you been making a valuable contribution?"

Loren, nodding in appreciation for the question: "I've been volunteering with Oregon Wild and working on saving the Central Oregon forests. I do a lot of traveling and speaking around the state."

Lucia: "I like that. I consider my work at Scripps Institute a major contribution to society, and I expect I'll keep doing it."

Loren: "I'm unconsciously absorbing a sense of your sorter, a sense of your consciousness. Everything you say, every gesture you make. We're finding out if your sorter is compatible with mine and if mine is compatible with yours."

Lucia: "I think generally women are more concerned about being compatible. We work at being compatible. Men don't seem so concerned, so for the most part, women are adjusting to men."

Loren: "And that makes women superior to men?"

Lucia, laughing: "Of course! You don't have a chance!"

Loren: "Good grief! I thought all the time we men were trying desperately to be compatible with women so they would accept us."

Lucia: "Oh yes! Please keep thinking that."

When they finish lunch, they discover a little alley with some flower stalls near their hotel.

Loren: "Flowers are happy. Full of the joy of life. They express it in their beauty, as beautiful as they can be. They radiate beauty and joy and love, for all who are open to receive."

Lucia: "That's lovely! I like iris, I grew up with them. I particularly like the dark purple iris, but I like all the different colors except those with white petals on top. They don't look natural to me."

Loren: I don't see any iris, but here is a lovely rose, red and gold. I'm buying it for you! Perhaps you could have been called Iris."

Lucia: Why thank you! I suppose I could be Iris, but I'm Lucia. I like 'Lucia.' It suggests luscious, and lucky, and lulu, which sometimes I am."

Loren: "'Lulu.' Does that have anything to do with lemons?"

Lucia: "Not at all! My name is Lucia. When I was little my mom called me Lulu, particularly any time I had too much energy or got out of line. So any time I'm acting like a bratty kid, or I'm too exuberant, I'm going lulu."

Loren: "Really? I haven't seen you lulu."

Lucia: "Good thing! Don't be surprised when you do. Don't worry, I just get a little manic and I want to dance or play or sing or run races, or ... oh dear! We're not in that kind of relationship!"

Loren: "At least not yet!"

Lucia: "Is that a proposition?"

Loren: "By sweet Aphrodite, no! You deserve an absolutely beautiful proposition with flowers and me on both knees kissing the ground."

Lucia: "I see! Well, you've given me the flower. I do believe you're serious! Let's do a hot tub!"

Loren: "So do you consider going lulu your worst trait?"

Lucia: "Oh no! I feel it's one of my best! I do all kinds of exciting things. I learn and grow. Lulu is wonderful! Everybody needs to get out of the box once in awhile."

Loren: "You're 27 and I'm 77, and I'm learning from you. You've got great vision! While we're here, let's walk a little farther and see if we

can find you an iris. Do you have any interest in gardening or growing flowers?"

Lucia, walking along with Loren: "I've got a little butterfly garden."

Loren: "Great! Growing flowers is such a wonderful way to love Mother Earth. What flowers do you find most attractive to butterflies?"

Lucia: "I could tell you, but what do you think I meant when I said let's do a hot tub?"

Loren: "Really? I can't believe that anybody as young and beautiful as you would bother with an old windbag like me. But then I really am a lot younger than I am."

Lucia: "Right! And I suppose I'm a lot older than I am too. You're not a windbag and you don't need to describe yourself as such."

Loren: "Of course! I was just being silly. If you can go lulu, I can be a little silly."

Lucia: "Touché! Yes! Thank you! I'll go with that. But I can see I'd better make myself clear, if that's possible. I'm suggesting the hot tub because I'd like to get a little closer with you, not necessarily because I'd like to jump into bed with you. I believe in loving everybody, but I have to warn you, I've always believed in having sex with only one person, and right now that person is Keniston, who cradles my heart in his. As far as I know, I'm sleeping with him tonight, and that's what I want to do."

Loren: "Of course you know your connection with Keniston is not only temporary but sporadic?"

Lucia: "Everything is temporary. I learned that too well when I lost Gordon. Besides, if you and I connected, would that be ok with Keniston and Barbara?"

Loren, smiling broadly: "Of course! They believe in the more love connections, the better."

Lucia, smiling: "My my!"

Loren: "Would you like to switch that to 'Ours, ours'?"

Lucia: "That sounds nice. There's something about being around Keniston and Barbara that makes me feel more open sexually. Maybe it's time to review my belief in having sex with only one other person. I'm

thinking maybe that's old programming that could be changed. At least it's worth a scientific test."

Loren: "Did you just say you're ready for that hot tub?"

Lucia: "I feel your heart."

Loren: "I certainly feel yours! You know there's a hot springs just up the street? We could do that, be outside."

Lucia: "How did you know that?"

Loren: "That's what the name of this town means, Aguas Caliente. All we need are swimsuits, sandals, towels, and $2 apiece."

Lucia: "Oh-oh! Now I'm in trouble. I don't have a swimsuit. We may be forced to use the private Jacuzzi."

Loren: "I'm not going to try to find you a swimsuit. I'll just have to make the sacrifice."

Lucia: "I can see you're suffering!"

That night, while they are snuggling in bed, Lucia asks Keniston: "Loren says that God is at the bottom of his subconscious, and therefore I suppose at the bottom of everybody's subconscious."

Keniston: "Sure. I hadn't thought to put it that way. But right on! Of course! I like that."

Lucia: "I like it too, but I wasn't sure. It seems almost too simple."

Keniston: "Truth is generally simple. We are parts of God that have some independence from God. We are designed to fly with our own wings. Simple."

Lucia: "Loren says he does psychedelic drugs. Is that ok?"

Keniston: "Loren certainly seems stable and clear enough. Personally, we Durvans don't do drugs. The probe brought back some marijuana and LSD, and we explored them. Psychoactive drugs may be helpful to learn how to tune in to Talusba if used judiciously and only on special spiritual occasions. We concluded that if your senses aren't very open, the psychedelics can open them for you, sometimes quite a bit wider, but if your senses are fully open, the drugs tend to shut them down, since there's no further up they can go. As a matter of fact, one of your gurus back in the

sixties said that the psychedelics were just a temporary palliative until you learn to open up. Seems like Loren is pretty open."

Lucia: "Glad to hear that. Would you have any concern if I made a connection with him? We did a hot tub this afternoon. It was just a hot tub, but with strong implications."

Keniston: "Concern? I certainly would! I would hope that it works out the very best for both of you. If you two make a connection, then we'd have a Perfect Foursome. I don't even want to think about it, but a Perfect Foursome is the nucleus for a dozmar. We can't do any dozmars here, because it sets such a bad example. It's something that I don't think Earthlings in their present consciousness can achieve."

Lucia: "Then let's not think about it. A Perfect Foursome sounds just fine."

Keniston: "Has it happened yet?"

Lucia: "No, not quite, but he's such a beautiful man. I'd really like to experience him more deeply."

Keniston: "Go for it!"

The four spend most of the following day at the stone called Inti Watana, The Hitching Post of the Sun, at the highest point of the buildings. Some say it points directly at the sun on the winter solstice. Others say no, it points directly at the sun on the equinoxes. It is exactly centered so that there is a holy mountain at each of the four directions. The four scope out the four mountains, and then they meditate on the incredible centeredness of this place, on a terrace just below the stone, where the swarm of tourists flowing past does not disturb their concentration.

Keniston: "What amazing energy is here, so connected to the Earth, Talusba."

Barbara: "This is what 'sacred' means."

A party of seven German tourists in their twenties, three men and four women, come up the stairs to the Sun Stone and take off their clothes right in front of the four, laughing, "Excuse us! Verzeihung!"

They have a small drum, castanets, and a few bracelets and anklets of small bells. Each has a lightweight scarf about 2x3 feet, bright and lightly colored for the women, bright and darker colored for the men. They gather around the Sun Stone and offer up a prayer. Then slowly, gracefully, they dance around the stone, chanting "hey-ya, hey-ya, hey-ya-ya, hey-ya, hey-ya, hey-ya-ya," drumming and jingling and waving their scarves to the mountains and to the stone. They keep this up for about five minutes, gradually increasing the speed of their dance. They end with a shout, and then a bow to the stone and blessings. They hug one another, nod happily to the four, put on their clothes, and leave. "Auf Wiederschauen!"

Keniston: "Well, that's certainly a challenge for me to figure out. Anyone have an explanation? Lucia?"

Lucia: "Nature is naked, and this is such a primal place. They celebrate their primalness by being naked."

Loren: "When you want to be in unrestrained rapture, you take off your clothes."

Lucia: "I wonder what the Peruvian Government will say about this?"

Loren: "I thought it was a very beautiful honoring of the Sun Stone and this sacred place."

Keniston: "I liked it too, now that I understand it.

Barbara: "Me too. We could have joined in!"

Lucia: "Now that would have given us some really big press!"

Loren: "Did anybody see anybody videoing it?"

Keniston: "No, but one of them put a cell phone on top of a wall, so maybe. Of course we Durvans basically video everything thru our BA's."

Loren: "You mean you caught the dance?"

Keniston: "Sure."

Loren: "Any chance you'd be willing to share it so we could put it on YouTube with our comments about it?"

Keniston: "I can give you a DVD or Blu-ray. We've done that in other circumstances. You can see we have the technology, but you know we are not giving it to you."

Loren: "I appreciate what you are giving."

Barbara: "My BA just brought up a YouTube of another streaker here." She projects a hologram of a streaker entering the Room of Three Windows. He pokes his head out the first window, raises his right hand to his mouth, puts a finger on either side of his nose, and sticks out his tongue. He bows before the second with hands on the window ledge, wiggling his butt for the camera, and sits on the third, seeming to fondle himself and making silly faces.

Lucia: "Now that was disrespectful and gross, not at all like what we just saw."

Barbara: "I don't know. Looks to me like he's just celebrating sexuality. Nothing wrong with that!"

Loren: By Earth standards, that's definitely gross."

Barbara: "I may never get used to Earth standards!"

Newsflash: Viral video on YouTube: Durvans give approval to naked exhibition of German hippies at sacred shrine!

Keniston: "It doesn't look like you've done us any favors here."

Loren: I just thought it was so beautiful that you would accept and appreciate this naked dance instead of condemning it. That's certainly the vibe I'd like to put out."

Keniston: "I can appreciate that. Aliof!"

Barbara: "It still seems so strange to me that anyone would object to such a beautiful ceremony. How can we get into any trouble by liking it?"

Lucia: "Our Puritan heritage runs deep."

Loren: "They may have been pure, but I've never seen any evidence that they were loving."

Newsflash: Durvan video of streakers at Machu Picchu must have used at least three cameras. Contains zooms, pans, close-ups, much more sophisticated than usual YouTube.

Newsflash: German streakers, now safely out of Peru, where they are wanted for criminal trespass, say they saw no camera during their event at

the Inti Watana. Did not expect to be videoed. Expected it to be a private event. Show their own video, modest use of one cell phone, no shots identical to Durvans.

Later, Barbara says she and Keniston would like to spend a couple nights together. Would that be ok with Lucia and Loren? They both say it would be, and they both realize the group has taken only two rooms, and that would mean they would be sleeping in the same room.

Loren: "I could check with the hotel and see if I could get my own room. We don't have to share the same room, although I am certainly willing, on whatever terms you wish."

Lucia: "Let's talk about it. I know I've come to like you over these last few days, and I think I can trust you.

Loren: "I certainly hope you can trust me."

Lucia: "We'll just have to see what develops."

Loren: "I want to feel the fire deep within you!"

Lucia: "That sounds like a line from a song."

Loren, laughing: "You're right! Moody Blues!"

Lucia: "Yes! I discovered the Moody Blues awhile ago. They're timeless!"

Loren: "After Ava sang that song, I reviewed my whole Moody Blues collection, and they're still beautiful, gripping, lovely harmonics and good feeling, great adventure. Definitely timeless!"

Lucia: "So you think I have a fire deep within me?"

Loren: "Of course! We've been getting along great, and yes, I'd love to make a deeper connection with you."

Lucia, almost laughing: "I like the way you put that! I confess I'd like to experience you deeply too."

They embrace so closely that their passions rise, in clear consent to spending their first night together.

Both Lucia and Barbara wear Bare as Beautiful bodysuits to dinner, over which they wear elegant capes which can be completely closed when going to and from their private dining room. Before dinner Loren

privately takes his vardenafil to keep it up and chlorphenamine to keep the juice flowing, and quietly gives thanks for the advances in medical science. After the four celebrate a dinner even more ebullient than usual, Loren and Lucia scamper to their room laughing gleefully, where Loren gracefully picks up Lucia and carries her over the threshold. They light a couple candles, and Loren has them sit cross legged on the floor facing one another, knees touching. He lights a stick of sage on one of the candles and smudges them both, then repeats with a braid of sweet grass. Lucia responds by blessing them both with the perfect rose that Loren gave her, both taking in its delectable scent. They hold hands and relax into one another's eyes, sending love vibrations back and forth. Loren unfolds Lucia's legs and draws her onto his lap, into an endless embrace. He unzips her bodysuit as she takes off his shirt, and they move into ecstasy.

Much later, Lucia: "Wow! That was about as heavy and high as what I've experienced with Keniston. I sure feel you!"

Loren: "Me too! Extraordinary! We're bonded now?"

Lucia: "Oh yes! We're most definitely bonded now."

Loren: "Friends for life?"

Lucia: "Friends for life!"

From this the Perfect Foursome develops. Partners trade freely. Keniston and Loren spend time together, as do Barbara and Lucia. They go on another adventure, this time to Chartres Cathedral southwest of Paris. Again they are amazed at the depth of the energy, thrusting skyward, but so different from Machu Picchu. The ground is heavy. The builders were coming out of the Dark Age. Yes, they could go skyward, but they lived in the heaviness. Go to the cathedral on a dark cloudy day, or at night. You will feel the heaviness, and the thrust skyward seems futile. They go to Yosemite and Canyonlands, and feel the peace and beauty and wonder that Nature instills. They bond, so much love, so much understanding, so much delight in one another's spirits. They live in their own private heaven.

Aurora contacts Keniston: "Hey, I heard that you got together with Lucia and you're operating as a Perfect Foursome. We're wondering if you would have any interest in getting together with my partner Alvin and me, and checking out what another Perfect Foursome would be like."

In Durvan society it would be very impolite, virtually unthinkable, to turn down such an invitation. Keniston and Barbara hardly give it a thought. They meet with Loren and Lucia, and explain the invitation from Aurora.

Keniston: "This means we need to take a break for awhile from you two. But don't worry. We're bonded, and we'll definitely get back together at some point in the future, probably not very distant."

Barbara: "We love you both so much! I know we'll get together again soon!"

Suddenly this wondrous foursome is over. Lucia & Loren spend the next-to-last night together, and then spend the last night with Keniston and Barbara.

Lucia and Loren make arrangements to see each other. Loren: "I'd love to, but as I am in relationship with Amethyst, I'll have to consult. I think I can do it, but not very often, but at least once a month. I definitely want to keep in touch."

Lucia: "Yes, I'd like that too," in a voice that communicates she'll take crumbs, but she'd rather have the whole piece.

When the Durvans consent to explore a new Perfect Foursome, Aurora tells her partner Alvin.

Alvin: "What? You asked to partner up with the Durvans without consulting me?"

Aurora: "I thought I was doing you a favor, Lovey Dovey. Surely you wouldn't pass up an opportunity to get it on with Barbara Durva?"

Alvin: "I never thought about it. I'm very happy with you."

Aurora: "I'm sure you are! So if you don't see it as a present, I'm sorry. My mistake! If you want, I'll email them to take it back."

Alvin: "This is so sudden!"

Aurora: "Well, the only reason I'm telling you is I got a reply from them. They said yes, come ahead. Sooner the better."

Alvin: "I think I'm going to faint!"

Aurora: "Don't you dare! You didn't have any problem with me going on the Dating Game and connecting with Keniston."

Alvin: "I know, but this feels very strange to me. If I got involved with Barbara, I'd feel I was being disloyal to you."

Aurora: "That's silly. What do you think I'll be doing with Keniston? We give one another permission to be in an open relationship for awhile, concerning Durvans. It's a temporary thing. We'll come back together and be richer and wiser for it."

Alvin: "Oh! In that case, oh boy!"

Keniston and Barbara get together with Aurora and Alvin at a Koloa Landing villa very near Poipu Beach on the Hawaiian Island of Kauai. They immediately discover that Alvin is a thorough going geek, complete with steel rimmed glasses. He was just a geeky guy till Aurora decided to appreciate his sterling powers. No question, he has a great intellect, it just goes in a particular direction. Aurora always calls him "Lovey-Dovey." She hugs Keniston so tight she might as well have been devouring him. Barbara gives Alvin a welcoming hug, and he immediately draws back, shy and confused. Seeing this, Keniston offers his hand, which Alvin cautiously shakes.

Barbara: "We'd like you to feel comfortable with us, Alvin. There's nothing but friendship and love for you here. We've both made a significant and deep connection with your partner Aurora, and we're hoping we can do the same with you."

Alvin: "This is all new to me."

Barbara: "So tell us about yourself, Alvin."

Alvin: "There isn't much to tell."

Keniston: "What do you do? What kind of work do you do?"

Alvin: "I've been building a solar powered drone, totally silent. It can carry a camera and microphone/speaker, both radio controlled so that the operator can see and talk to the people the drone meets. I've got some backing so I can manufacture and market it once I eliminate all the bugs.

Before that I built a stone dome about 15 feet in diameter with the rocks on our property. It's got really great acoustics!"

Keniston: "Sounds great! I'd be interested to see your plans and your model. I might be able to make a suggestion or two."

Barbara: "Once it's operational, I'd love to have your drone come visit me."

Alvin: "Thanks, sure, I'll be happy to drone you."

Thus the ice is broken. Alvin and Aurora go thru a process similar to Loren and Lucia in becoming a Perfect Foursome. Then the idea of forming a sextet occurs. Keniston and Barbara meet with Loren and Lucia.

Keniston: "You know what a glorious loving connection we've made as a Perfect Foursome. Well, we've done it again, with Aurora and Alvin. How would you feel about all joining together in a Sextet?"

Barbara: "It's the Durvan way."

Lucia: "I appreciate the suggestion, but I'm already over full."

Barbara: "Can you stretch a little?"

Lucia: "I don't want to make a mistake. What happened with the four of us was utterly beautiful. I really don't see how inviting in another couple would make it any better."

Loren: "I can see what's coming here. We'll form a Sextet, and then we'll invite in another couple, and another and another, until we have a dozmar. We can show our planet Earth that dozmars work and they're far more beautiful than anything Earthlings have experienced in the way of relationship. I don't know if this is Keniston and Barbara's plan, but it feels to me like this is what's going to happen. Keniston?"

Keniston: "You're reading my subconscious mind. I guess I didn't want to admit it, but I miss our dozmar so much. It was such a beautiful part of both Barbara and me. I admit that subconsciously I must have wanted to create one here. But I have to say, I still think it's not a good idea."

Barbara: "I plead guilty, but I can't really say it was conscious. I'm with Keniston on this. We had a dozmar on Durva that kept us high all the time. It was a feast of love. We don't know if it's possible on Earth, but it

seems like it might be worth an honest try. I agree, Loren tapped into our deepest feelings here."

Lucia: "I see. It looks like it's up to me on whether we will expand our Perfect Foursome. My perception is that all three of you are in favor of it. Is that right?"

Loren: "Yes, with possible reservations."

Keniston and Barbara both nod.

Lucia: "I feel like you're asking me to decide the entire future of our planet. The question is, should I vote to keep us small, or should I vote to see if we can handle a new level? A relationship in consciousness and love. I surrender to the logic, and I will tell you when my heart follows suit."

Barbara: "We've been saying all along that what your planet needs is more love, and the dozmars are certainly a way to create an enormous amount of new love, which will spread thruout the planet and make all the difference."

Keniston: "There's no pressure here. We really can't tell if dozmars will work on Earth. HAL can't tell either, guesstimates 50% probability. We are entering into an experiment. If it doesn't work, I hope we'll always have our Foursome."

Barbara: "We've been hanging out at a villa in Hawaii, Kauai. There's plenty of room. Would you like to meet there with Aurora and Alvin and explore whether we're all compatible.?

Loren: "I'm for it. The more loving, the better!"

Lucia: "I'm not quite kicking and screaming, but I'll go along."

The four pair up, Lucia with Keniston and Loren with Barbara, and they spend a couple hours renewing their bonds of love. Then the Loop Drive instantly transports them to the villa by the beach, where they meet Aurora and Alvin. Loren sees another beautiful vibrant woman, and doesn't imagine there will be any problem connecting. Because of her science background, Lucia has had plenty of experience with geeks. In fact her former partner Gordon had a decidedly nerdy side. She likes geeks, but she knows they can be very spotty – brilliant here, totally unaware or

incompetent there. Likely to have all kinds of unexpressed feelings. She takes Alvin aside to see what she can make of him.

Lucia: "So how did you get the name Alvin?"

Alvin: "Do I have to tell you?""

Lucia: "No, you don't have to tell me at all. You've got your own space."

Alvin: "Well, then I guess I'll tell you. When I was a baby, my mom thought I looked like a chipmunk, so she named me after a cartoon character."

Lucia: "Are you sure you want to admit that?"

Alvin: "Everybody I tell it to laughs. I'm used to it."

Lucia: "Ok, I'm laughing. So how did you meet Aurora?"

Alvin: "We were going to the same church, well, not a church, really. The Spiritual Awareness Center. It explores New Age concepts and what other faiths are doing. Has a different speaker every Sunday. Occasionally had a local Buddhist teacher, Pema Kunzang, a very funny speaker. One Sunday he was asked to speak on the Buddhist concept of God. Of course Buddhists don't have a concept of God. I knew that. He gave a very humorous talk. Afterward I asked him how could he be religious if he didn't believe in God? He said, 'We take your word "God" and add nothing to it, just zero, and it becomes "Good." We believe in the highest good. That's God enough for us.' Afterward Aurora came up to me. 'I liked your question,' she said. She gave me a really close hug, it almost blew me away. 'That's a powerful hug,' I said. 'Would you like to talk about it over lunch?' she replied. That's how she chose me. Tell the truth, I'd never had a girlfriend, except maybe a puppy love in high school that didn't really count. I was putty in her hands, and I think she's made me a pretty good person. Now Barbara has cinched it. I feel whole."

Lucia: "So are you open to additional relationships?"

Alvin: "I don't know. Barbara has definitely blown me away. She is so intense! I've been white-watering down the River of Bliss. I'd be curious about what's around the next bend, but it's not like I need any more than I've already got."

Lucia: "I know just what you mean. I feel the same way. But it might be fun to hang out together. Looks like a fabulous beach here."

Alvin: "It is! Best in the world!"

The six explore Poipu Beach, body surfing in the powerful waves. Keniston and Loren rent a couple surf boards. It's a new experience for Keniston, but he quickly gets the hang of it. Barbara tries and easily pops up on the first run, Durvans being a little better coordinated as well as being stronger than Earthlings. Lucia reveals she's an experienced surfer when she rides a deep face into the barrel and comes out on top. Aurora and Alvin are content to watch and swim a little. The women's BaB swim suits attract a fair amount of attention. The BaB's have been in the news around the world, but so far no serious legal challenges.

A black surfer ambles down the beach, his hair in zig zag cornrows suggesting a Polynesian motif, his magnificent muscles rippling. He stops for a brief second to stare at the BaB's, then proceeds, being cool. He watches Lucia surfing. When she comes ashore, he approaches her. "Hi!" he says. "I'm Brautigan. I've been watching you surf. Could I make a suggestion?"

Lucia: "I'm Lucia. Sure!"

Brautigan: "You could stand a little farther back, just a couple inches from the tail. You'll have better control."

Lucia: "I thought I knew what I was doing."

Brautigan: "Try it! You'll see."

Keniston joins them: "Are you a surfing instructor?"

Brautigan: "Not exactly, but I know what I'm doing." He watches both Keniston and Barbara, and gives them a few pointers to improve their form. They get it, that they're supposed to be as graceful as possible. They become God and Goddess of the boards, as if they had a lifetime mastery dancing the high seas.

After watching awhile, Aurora decides she wants to try. She has trouble popping up, and Brautigan suggests a board that's two feet longer: "Try this!"

Aurora does, and finds it's much easier to pop up. Brautigan watches, gives a few more pointers, and saunters on down the beach. "Thank you!" they call after him.

After a divine gourmet dinner served in their villa, the six settle in for a meditation. They sit in a circle holding hands, do a sage smudge, and meditate together. A wonderful electric vibration goes around, deep, peaceful, the essence of Talusba. It is the quiet thrill of love – for one another, for everything! They all feel it, and know they have great promise as a Sextet.

Lucia and Alvin spend several days checking one another out. Hard to fall in love when they're both spending their nights with other partners. Eventually they take the third bedroom together, and find they are very comfortable with one another's spirits, and even more comfortable with one another's bodies. But when they make love she discovers that when she comes for the first time, he comes immediately.

Lucia: "Well, that was very nice, but did you have to come so soon?"

Alvin: "It's just the way I'm built. When you come, it's so intense, I come. I can't help it."

Lucia: "Hmmm." Awhile later she tries to arouse him again, but he's done for the night. In the morning, the same thing happens. Later in the day Lucia mentions it to Barbara. "I feel like I'm back in kindergarten with Alvin. I feel like I need to mother him."

Barbara: "My apologies! I didn't think to tell you ahead of time. I assure you, you don't need to mother him. Alvin acted the same way with me. This is what I told him: 'Let's try something a little different. I'm not going to come, and I don't want you to come either. I just want to feel you inside me, and you feel you inside me, and we are here, brother and sister, male and female, uniting in this absolute ecstasy. You can feel the ecstasy vibrating thruout you. Let's stay that way just as long as we can.' We did stay in that bliss for quite awhile, feeling the ecstasy build and build. Then with neither one of us moving at all, we went into the most powerful vibrational fully physical absolute explosion! Maybe having just one orgasm isn't so bad after all. It's just a matter of accepting that he has this limitation. You can still make a very powerful and beautiful connection."

Lucia: "Thanks! I'll try it!" She does, and finds it works just as Barbara said. They practice making it last longer and longer before the explosion,

and the love making becomes utterly exquisite. It looks like the Sextet is going to work.

When they go out on the beach the next day, they meet Brautigan again. He seems particularly attracted to Lucia. They get to talking, and Lucia discovers he is actually a biologist working on the Papahānaumokuākea Marine National Monument, the vast ocean preserve northwest of Hawaii that is one of the few positive legacies of George W Bush. The team of scientists has just finished a massive fish count, and now are taking a couple weeks off. Lucia and Brautigan find they have a great deal in common, even had classes from a couple of the same professors at Berkeley. Lucia invites Brautigan to have dinner with them. They explain to him what they are doing, not yet certain whether they are actually going to form a dozmar. Brautigan is familiar with the Durvans and the concept of dozmars, and he is fascinated. The seven have a really good time, and when they reluctantly send him on his way, Lucia and he exchange contact information.

Newsflash: A co-housing project in Denmark has become Earth's first dozmar, the Danish Number One. They are now celebrating that they have a moral justification for what they'd been partially doing anyway, and now they can do the complete picture. Spokesperson Dag Hammarson says, "We were headed in that direction but feeling guilty about it, and now we've got a framework where everybody is comfortable and happy. And yes! The energy of our co-housing unit has gone up 1000%! It's a perpetual honeymoon!"

Newsflash: Danish Number One Dozmar has made a YouTube, showing them all beautiful and handsome and happy. Glowing. Testimony about how absolutely remarkable a dozmar is. "It takes off all the rough edges. You can't imagine how beautiful it is to be loved by so many people! Each one of us cherishes, and is cherished in return. Of course you've got to let go of a lot of stuff, all that deep ingrained stuff about possessiveness. We do not possess one another! Time to get over it! We have a wonderful

Danish word, "hygge," which means cozy, comfortable, connected, warm, stuff like that. Dozmars are marvelously hygge!

"Do we think everyone is capable of doing a dozmar? We don't know. Perhaps as a society we have to grow into it. A few of us start it and then more and more. Eventually most or all. Being the diversity that we are, we imagine there will always be some holdouts, and they are certainly free to do so. We love what we are doing, we love you all! We're drunk on love! Dozmars are magical evolution, spiritually very high. Where there is no commitment, there is no ecstasy. Now that we've got commitment, we've got ecstasy. Life couldn't be better, this is better than anything we ever imagined." Again they use that magic phrase: "It's a perpetual honeymoon."

After a couple weeks in paradise, Keniston and Barbara indicate it's time for them to move on. They have business to attend to, and somehow along the way they pick up Vera of the green eyes, and her partner Vaughn. Keniston remembers how surprised he was to discover that all of Vera's body hair is the same color as her red hair. Once more they form a Perfect Foursome, and then invite the others to form an Octet. They meet at a lodge at the Tengboche Monastery in Nepal, where they can see the highest mountain on Earth, Qomolangma, or Holy Mother, which the West calls 'Everest.' But after their first meal together, a problem develops. Vera reports there is no way she can form a sexual connection with Loren. He reminds her much too strongly of her father, and all the almost instinctive prohibitions against incest kick in. Both Lucia and Aurora tell her that Loren is a beautiful man and a wonderful lover, and once you get to know him, you'll see he is his own man with his own personality, not at all like her father. To no avail. "I can't even think of it," says Vera.

Unlike the previous occasions, this time Ava is with her parents, back from her adventures. Alvin wonders if she should be present when they are discussing this delicate sexual matter.

Keniston: "Of course! The Durvan custom is for children to take part in all adult activities. How else are they to be educated in what it means to be an adult?"

Barbara: "It's important for kids to see how we resolve our issues with love. This particular issue is new for us. On Durva we've never had a candidate for a dozmar not want to make love with a member. This strikes us as a distinctly Earthling problem."

Keniston: "Except in a few LGBT cases, where special arrangements are made for sexual proclivities. Durvan dozmars generally accept everyone, and can function very nicely when individual differences are taken into account."

Barbara: "We invite Vera and Loren to get to know one another. If Vera doesn't want to form a sexual connection, I suspect Loren can let go of that. Yes Loren?" Loren nods. Actually, all this sex is a little too much for him. "Perhaps the two of you can develop some projects to work on so that you can spend fruitful time together. Would that work for you, Vera?"

Vera: "Yes, I think so. I used to love to spend time with my dad, before he died, and maybe I'll feel something like that with Loren. (turning to Loren) I certainly have nothing against you personally."

Keniston: "I think it's good that we have this kind of exception and show that dozmars don't have to be perfect sex machines. They're based on a firm spiritual connection, firm love, and the sex is just a blessing on top."

Barbara: "Or underneath, as the case may be."

Loren: "Since Vera is an accountant and I've had some experience in the area, perhaps we could team up and run the finances for the dozmar."

Keniston: "That would be great! There are a number of positions like that which will need to be filled as the dozmar develops."

Vera: "I accept. I'll be the comptroller and Loren can be the accounts clerk."

Loren: "Oh-oh! Barbara, what did you say about underneath?"

Vera: "My dad always gave me the top position in any game we played. What's the problem?"

During the days, the team hikes the narrow valleys between the incredibly high mountains, and at night they explore connecting with the two latest additions. On the fourth day, Keniston and Barbara succumb to irresistible temptation. They contact some Sherpa guides and persuade them to rent clothing appropriate for the top of the mountain. The Sherpas can't believe what the Durvans are proposing, so Keniston and Barbara take one of them, Ang Gurung, by Loop Drive to the peak of the Holy Mother. Ang Gurung is amazed and stands baffled, while Keniston and Barbara appreciate the 360 degree view from the top of the world, fortunately with clear perfect weather, and then offer a prayer of appreciation and thanks. When they return, Ang Gurung starts a very excited discussion with his comrades. Presently he turns to the Durvans: "We're very concerned that your Loop device will ruin our business and we'll all be out of work."

Keniston and Barbara both laugh. Barbara: "Nothing to be concerned about. The Loop Drive is Durvan technology. We will not be sharing it with Earthlings. It won't be developed on Earth for at least 200 years, perhaps much longer."

Keniston: "Your more immediate concern is that all your glaciers are melting. This may not harm your business much, but it will be devastation for all who depend on the great rivers that flow out of the Himalayas. Press your Nepalese government to fight to stop global warming!"

During the afternoon, Keniston and Barbara Loop the rest of their party to the top of the great mountain in groups of two, so everyone has the ineffable experience of being on top of the world. Lucia goes up with Vaughn, giving Loren and Vera the opportunity to share the adventure together.

As the dozmar forms, Ava makes friends with all the members, sees them as parents, and since she is used to sleeping with her parents, she occasionally asks if she can sleep with a pair of them. They generally say yes, but whether she is present when any of them make love is not recorded.

At one point, Ava asks her dad, "Is it ok to form a dozmar on Earth when we already belong to a dozmar on Durva?"

Keniston: "Sure! Why not? We can't be in two places at once."

Barbara: "You'll be welcomed by our dozmar on Durva eventually, I promise you. You are definitely a FirstEarther."

On the fourth evening, after their day's adventures, Keniston and Barbara hold a major meeting.

Keniston: "Since we seem to be in the process of forming a dozmar, we all need to reach some common understandings and agreements. You are being invited into a circle of conscious beings who love you and all your glorious potentials, and welcome you to join in a loving cooperation."

Barbara: "On Durva we don't try to build a perfect dozmar that's perfectly compatible. We take people as they are. Unless there is some deep unresolvable conflict, we'll take anybody in. Sometimes an individual or couple will discover some other dozmar that feels much more like home to them, and move. Not a problem, more than enough love to go around.

"So the dozmar isn't perfect. We have some blocks, we have some reservations. We're not perfect so there's no reason to expect our institutions to be perfect either. We put up with a certain degree of imperfection and handle it as best we can. Sometimes we may see a way to make a major change."

Keniston: "We'd like to suggest some principles for successful dozmars. These principles need to be agreed upon by everyone, and they are open to modification or complete change by group agreement. Unless there are any immediate reservations, we suggest you try these principles and experience how they work, and only then propose changes.

"First principle of a dozmar – we are all equal beings and we always treat one another with respect and love, always aim to feel the deep love between us. We are equal parts of the Great Holy Mystery, given this wonderful gift of life to explore as best we can. This is a commitment to treasure one another."

Barbara: "This first principle of an Earthling dozmar doesn't even need to be mentioned on Durva because we know there is always enough love to go round. There is never any need for jealousy, feeling left out, or envy. Yes, some couples will hit it off better than others. That's ok, it all

comes around. We ask if you have any feelings of possessiveness or any other negative feelings, that you bring those feelings up and we process them, so that we may always be comfortable with one another."

Keniston: "Dozmarians live together, just like any marriage. The second principle for a successful dozmar is that when they establish their home base, every individual gets thir own room, because we know you need some time alone, and without your own room, folks have no place to call their own quiet sanctuary. When a couple gets together, they can spend some nights in his room and some nights in hers.

"Even Barbara and I have our own private space on the space ship. Each has thir own terminal, and when we sit at our terminal, we can only be disturbed with permission. It's our own quiet space when we need it. As Ava grew older, she was gradually introduced to the idea of having her own space on the spaceship too. It seems to be a stabilizer that we sentities need."

Barbara: "Third, we suggest that we all agree on a calendar. With a Perfect Foursome or even a Sextet, we can easily choose our partners for the night according to whim, but with any more than that, it gets to be too much of a scramble. Therefore the Durvan dozmars traditionally rotate partners on a weekly basis. That way you spend a week with the same partner every six weeks. Connection time is shared equally, so no couple gets to hog one another just because they think they love each other so much. It's important to love everyone equally, tho obviously some connections may be stronger than others.

"The Durvan week is only six days, but we suggest rotation on a seven day basis, since that is your society's rhythm. After 12 or 18 weeks, you might consider switching to six or even five days. Shorter than that gets too frenetic."

"The calendar is the sacred wheel, this is the heart of what makes dozmars work. You do this for a number of years, and you realize it is a sacred rhythm, something so remarkably beautiful about rotating thru these other beings every six weeks, loving and appreciating them all, all of you knowing you couldn't possibly be more loved. It's beyond magical.

"Durvans traditionally view the first day with a new partner as a day of rest. Refamiliarize with your new partner, don't make love. A little patience and restraint increases your desire and makes your reconnection all the more beautiful.

"Since everybody has thir own bed, on Sunday night everybody can sleep alone and are reminded of that experience, part of the cycle. How good it is to sleep with someone, how good it is to have 100% of one's own space. If both sides of a coming couple insist, they may sleep together that first night, but it is discouraged so that folks can have their own time. It's good to keep the discipline."

Keniston: "Fourth, men and women shall meet separately at least once a week, share a meal, and share with one another how things are going. It is important that same sex bonds be as strong as opposite sex bonds. In addition, a meeting of the entire dozmar can be called any time business is at hand."

Barbara: "The fifth principle may not need to be mentioned, but just in case: No one is ever required to have sex with anybody. It is always a mutual decision."

Keniston: "Incidentally, we presented these principles to Danish Number One when it was forming, and conducted a dozmar wedding ceremony. Perhaps this helps to explain its success. Now, is there any discussion, or are you prepared to accept these five principles on a provisional basis?"

Alvin: "What if we don't want to spend that long with a particular partner?"

Barbara: "You are married to all eleven other members of your dozmar, and in due course, we will have a commitment ceremony. You don't have to do sex all the time, nor are you expected to. But you are expected to explore ways to enjoy and appreciate one another's company in the time you have together."

Alvin: "Feels like a marriage alright!"

Barbara: "Actually, our experience on Durva suggests the opposite of your concern. Altho folks may look forward to their next partner, they are

often reluctant to leave their present partner, feeling like they are somehow not finished. It gives them something to look forward to in another six weeks."

Vaughn: "So exactly what is the commitment we are expected to make to the dozmar?"

Keniston: "Good question! On Durva the prime function of the dozmar is to raise children, so the commitment is twenty or twenty-five years, and very possibly for life. Roughly half the dozmars are lifetime. The other half re-form after the children leave, following new interests. On Earth it may be quite different, since the first experimental dozmars may or may not be dedicated to raising kids. Earthlings may place a much greater emphasis on friendship and nurturing the love among members, since Earthlings experience so little friendship and love in the society at large. Earth is so different from Durva in this regard. On Durva, everybody naturally loves everybody."

Barbara: "I see a great potential for dozmars on Earth, even tho I am in complete agreement with Keniston that dozmars may not work because you are so insufficiently loving. If you want to reduce your population, which you absolutely must do, one of the gentlest ways to do so is for everyone to agree to have just one child. It will be necessary to continue that thru several generations. When the population is sufficiently reduced, every mother who wants may have a second child. Dozmars are a perfect vehicle to do this. If the twelve of you can only have six kids, how wonderful to raise those six kids together as brothers and sisters, so they know a deep sense of family. How wonderful when the time comes and a dozmar can raise twelve kids, a whole gang! So much loving energy will be invested in them."

Keniston: "If the emphasis is on nurturing the love among members, there may be no telling how long a dozmar is likely to last. Hopefully long enough to inspire more dozmars! Obviously Barbara and Ava and I are not going to be here forever. We'll be taking the ten year trip back to Durva as soon as we feel things have stabilized here. But you can replace us in the dozmar and continue indefinitely. So the commitment is to give your

heart and spirit to the dozmar and to the practice of dozmars for as long as feels appropriate."

Alvin: "So I'm hanging out with one of my six beautiful wives for seven days. What if I get an eye for one of my other beautiful wives? Is it ok if we connect, or is that cheating?"

Barbara: "Excellent question! Thank you, Alvin! We believe the most beautiful path is to let that energy build until it is time for you two to connect again. Enjoy it! Feed the expectation, the enthusiasm, the desire. Do not let it interfere with loving the woman you are with. Very important! Because this is her time with you, and she'd like you to be all there."

Alvin: "That's all very noble, but is it ok to cheat or not?"

Barbara: "There is no such thing as cheating in a dozmar. You're all married. It's ok to make love with any other member any time. It isn't a big deal. But as I said, it's important to give your prime energy to the member you are with for that week. It's fine to do a threesome or foursome if that appeals to you."

Keniston: "How would you feel when it's your week to be with Lucia and she's spending all her time and energy with Loren? Do you want to play that kind of silly game and destroy the trust and flow among you? Weaken the love and weaken the dozmar. If you let things flow according to the schedule that you set yourselves, then everything is at peace and love builds."

Alvin: "I see that, but there may be occasions when I want to spend time with Aurora, because she's the one I know best and trust the most."

Barbara: "Not a problem! You'll all be seeing and communicating with one another all the time. It's not like you're incommunicado with anybody for five weeks out of six!"

Keniston: "Let me say something else. If we are to have a dozmar, it's important that we all be together. We can offer you all jobs in our array of businesses as managers or efficiency experts or communicators. In fact I suggest we name our dozmar The Team. As a team you can travel around with us managing our businesses, and we don't have to be public about actually being a dozmar."

Lucia: "I can see the advantages of us all working and living together, but I'm a biologist. I don't know anything about managing."

Keniston: "We've got tutorials. Everybody in the organization is just learning how to function well."

Lucia: "Let me digest and think about it for a week or two. This is a much bigger move than I've considered."

Loren: "Since this is getting pretty serious, I've got a problem. I'd like to bring my partner Amethyst into the dozmar, and how do we bring in a single person rather than a couple?"

Lucia: "I've got an answer for you. I love you so much, I want things to work for you. I've known you've been wanting to bring in Amethyst. I'm thinking if we could bring Brautigan in, you could bring Amethyst in, and we'd be all square. You and I will still be able to see each other and celebrate our connection."

Loren: "Wow! Great idea! Thank you, and by all means, let us continue to celebrate our love. You are such a beautiful spirit!"

Barbara, smiling: "Isn't it amazing how things can work out in a dozmar! With love, everything works!"

When Lucia takes up with Brautigan and wants Brautigan to join The Team, Aurora says, "I'm from Georgia, and I've got a lot of conditioning about blacks. I don't want to be prejudiced or racist, but the idea of getting sexually close to a black man terrifies me. I know all the terrible things we've done to blacks in the South, and I understand fully if he just wanted to bang me. I expect him to have a huge amount of resentment and hostility. I can see he's a handsome, beautiful, sensitive man, but I really need some help here."

Lucia: "He's a very gentle beautiful lover. He really fills me up!"

Brautigan, with a smile and a nod to Lucia: "I appreciate your expressing your concern, Aurora, and I certainly understand how you might feel. I decided quite a while ago that if I was going to live and be happy in this society, the only way I could do so is to be forgiving toward all the racism, prejudice and hate that you white folks dump on us blacks. My grandfather

was lynched in the 1920's for no reason at all that any in the family could determine. But it's certainly one thing my Baptist Church taught me. Love one another as He loved us. So if you decide you're willing to get it on with me, I hope you will find that I honor you, respect you, appreciate you, and see you as the beautiful Spirit that you are."

Aurora: "Is it ok if I shut my eyes till I get used to you?"

Brautigan: "Do what you need to do, but don't turn off to me, because that won't help us get close and truly appreciate one another."

Aurora: "If everybody else wants you on The Team, then that's a deal. I'll do my best to be open to you. Please bear with me if it gets tough for me."

Loren: "You'll have a lot of support. We'll all be rooting for you."

Barbara: "I'm glad you guys are figuring this one out. We have absolutely no experience. Native Durvans are all the same race. They don't have different colors or anything the way you on Earth do. All we know is that we humans were treated with a great deal of love and respect and honor, and that's what we know how to do."

Aurora: "Still, the principal of a dozmar is you're asking people to become lovers with people they may not be naturally attracted to. I would think that would be a big stumbling block. I see some men as sexy and I'd love to be lovers with them. Others don't do a thing for me. So how does that work?"

Lucia: "For all of us, if we don't feel an automatic natural attraction for some members, then we go deeper. Sometimes you'll be totally surprised by how wonderful they are when you really get to know them."

Keniston: "Again, on Durva we don't have more of an automatic attraction to one than to another. Everybody loves everybody. We're all parts of God."

Barbara: "I think you can cultivate an attraction. Just focus on all the positive parts of that other person. Feel appreciation, feel respect, feel that Spirit shining. There will be a letting go, an opening up, and you will be ever so much richer for it."

In due course, Lucia decides to take part in the Durvan enterprises and takes a leave of absence from her job. Amethyst and Brautigan

are included in the dozmar. Amethyst turns out to be 52, and a very attractive, enthusiastic woman. She is a priestess in the local pagan community and loves to celebrate the wheel of the year -- the solstices, equinoxes, and cross-quarters. Brautigan is nervous about his acceptance among all these whities, but Keniston is quite dark himself, so Brautigan does not feel altogether alone. Keniston and Brautigan instantly like each other.

"Brother!" Brautigan greets Keniston.

"Brother! I like that!" Keniston answers. And that was that.

Keniston and Barbara interview a number of the couples who have been clamoring to join them. They can clearly see and identify another's emotional vibration more easily and directly than Earthlings, so they always know when somebody is right to fit into the dozmar. They give special appreciation to members like Brautigan, who happened along and fits perfectly. Gloria and Jesus, pronounced "Heysus," are selected to be the sixth couple, completing the dozmar. Jesus and Gloria are a duo singing Mexican folk music. They call themselves Gloria Jesus, and emphasize appreciation and love in their message.

When asked what he wants to get out of this adventure, Jesus says, "Si! This feels to me like the wave of the future. We're finally joining together in love. It's the easiest and most important thing. A gusto! I've never understood why we can't do it. I can see you're all beautiful people, and I'm certainly doing my best to be as beautiful as I can. I consulted Mescalito. He said it's a really good thing to do."

Gloria: "I love Jesus totally, but somehow I've always felt there's more, there should be more. I think maybe this is it, the next step to loving everybody. Hasta saciarse!"

Vera: "How is it that no Americans ever name their sons Jesus but Latinos do all the time?

Jesus: "Perhaps we native Mexicans have needed a savior much worse than you gringos do."

Vera: "So are you going to save us?"

Jesus: "I'm taking part in a movement that may very well save you. If we all did dozmars, we'd generate enough love to save the whole world. That's what Keniston and Barbara say, and look how happy they are, what a beautiful smooth vibe they both have, all three of them have. They aren't lacking anything."

Barbara: "I'm really glad to have Jesus aboard. And I'd like to see Muhammad and Krishna and Buddha on board too!"

Keniston: "And why not Solomon, Confucius, and Abraham Lincoln?"

Loren: "Why Abraham Lincoln? My grandfather always said he was a traitor."

Brautigan: "What do you mean?"

Loren: "My grandfather claimed Lincoln should have let the Confederate States go. He didn't have to declare war on them."

Brautigan: "So then I'd still be a slave, right? Thanks!"

Loren: "I didn't say I agreed with that. That was my grandfather, from Morgantown, Kentucky. He married my grandmother whose maiden name was Rose Anthony Baird because her grandmother was first cousin to Susan B. Anthony. Can you imagine what their political discussions were like? I promise you I don't believe any of that racist crap."

Brautigan: "OK, bro! I guess I'll have to forgive you."

When everyone is familiar with everyone, they book a retreat at Teton Mountain Lodge, at the foot of Grand Teton National Park. They have a large living room where in the late afternoon they build a lovely fire in the big stone fireplace. The twelve form a big circle holding hands, alternating men and women. Thanks to Keniston, a hologram appears in the middle of the circle of the God and Goddess, energy beings, more into radiating energy than defined physical characteristics. Everyone feels the loving Talusba coming from these holy beings, entering their hearts and minds. Some gasp.

Barbara: "Breathe deep!"

The hologram speaks, a harmony of male and female voice, incredibly mellow and beautiful: "Welcome to this dozmar wedding ceremony!

It feels so good to be here. Men, turn to the partner on your right. Look deeply into one another's eyes. Recognize that you are bonded in love. Feel one another's Spirits!"

Three minutes pass. The hologram speaks again: "Give your partner a Talusba hug. . . . Men, now pass to the next woman on your right. Again, look deeply into one another's eyes. Recognize that you are bonded in love. Feel one another's Spirits!"

This repeats for a total of six times. Hologram: "Starting with the couple in front of the fireplace, every other couple turn 180 degrees. Now men are facing men and women facing women. Look deeply into one another's eyes. Recognize that you are bonded in love. Feel one another's Spirits!"

After three minutes, Hologram: "Give your partner a Talusba hug. Man on the left move to the next man on your right. Woman on the right move to the next woman on your left. Look deeply into one another's eyes. Recognize that you are bonded in love. Feel one another's Spirits!"

The God and Goddess continue the directions until everyone has connected with everyone. The twelve remain in the circle holding hands, and spend a long moment in a silent prayer of thanks.

Barbara: "How was that?"

Various answers come forth: "Exquisite!" "Beautiful!" "Bonding!"

Jesus: "That was incredibly potente . . . powerful and beautiful. But just to make sure I understand, what exactly do you mean by 'Spirit'?"

Barbara: "Spirit is your individual Talusba, the configuration of life energy that you are."

Vaughn: "It was amazing how the God and Goddess always faced me as I went around the circle."

Alvin: "No, they were always facing me."

Aurora: "I thought they were always facing me!"

Keniston and Barbara smile like they are in on a secret, but say nothing.

Hologram: "We now invite each of you to make a very short statement defining your position in the dozmar."

For the sake of brevity, here are just a few of the answers:

Aurora: "I didn't know what to do with this energy that Talusba gave me, but I think I've found it."

Gloria: "Gratitude! I am the wave of the future, with all of you."

Vera: "I sought truth, and I found you! That's more truth than I can possibly handle! So I let it go in love. And be true, to my heart, and every one of you."

Loren: "You are more grace than I ever possibly deserved. I happily offer you any experience that age has brought me to assist and clarify any challenge that you face. I gladly accept input and feedback from all."

Barbara: "Achieving a dozmar on Earth is a miracle beyond my imagining. May we grow and prosper in understanding and love."

Ava: "I get to be in this part of the ceremony, but they told me I had to go away later. How fair is that? But I am very happy that you are all now my parents, and I love and honor you all."

Hologram: "Now link arms and place both your hands on your heart."

The twelve move in closer to follow the directions.

Hologram: "Repeat after us: I swear by the sacred Talusba, agent of Great Holy Mystery."

The twelve repeat each time, with strong and steady voices.

Hologram: "to love, respect, honor, and treasure one another." "in this new dozmar, named The Team, for as long as it shall last." "and agree to follow all guidelines." "And perform all obligations with enthusiasm and alacrity." "And in all ways, dance the Path of Love."

Hologram: "Congratulations! You are now officially The Team. May you celebrate the loving Talusba in yourselves and one another!"

"Gratitude" from Deuter's *Silence is the Answer* rises up as The Team puts their arms around one another's shoulders, and draws in even tighter in a glorious group hug. Seeming to come from nowhere, flower petals of various colors rain down upon them. The group hug breaks up as everybody tries to hug everybody all over again. The music changes to a vigorous Karunesh, and suddenly everybody is dancing, laughing and hugging and moving to the music. Everybody is connected, everybody is partners, while the God and Goddess reign over all.

The music changes to a sensuous Durvan beat, and as they dance, they are irresistibly stroking one another here and there, raising the energy even higher. When it seems they are about to explode, at just the right moment Room Service brings in a steaming feast to the great round table in a corner of the room, and the champagne flows, but in moderate amounts, as no one wishes to miss out on the climax coming after dinner. They celebrate a wedding that is so much more than anything they could have imagined in pre-Durvan times. Wild salmon, roast buffalo, delicious salads and gourmet vegetables, and finally a round wedding cake suggestive of tiramisu with 12 little figures holding hands.

The hologram remains, God and Goddess smiling upon them. After the feast, some enjoy Dragon's Breath, otherwise known as Green Chartreuse, and some pass an ornate bong that gives off a most delicious aroma. When they are fully satiated, they clear out the remains of the feast and bring in six queen sized mattresses covered with colorful spreads, which they place around the hologram.

They devote themselves to the Durvan wedding custom of *Rechatar*, or public Merry-Go-Round, in which every man makes love briefly with every woman, delaying orgasm until his last partner, while inviting raptures in all the women. They arbitrarily choose their first partners, and each couple takes their place on a mattress. Keniston programs Deuter's *Ecstasy*. They begin by sitting cross-legged knees touching, staring deeply into the eyes of their partners, projecting love so strongly it becomes a palpable vibration, feeling one another's spirits, feeling Talusba, merging together. They go on from there.

The God & Goddess in the hologram make love too, and fill the room with the vibrant sparkling energy of Talusba, until everyone is higher than they've ever been in their lives. They absolutely know that they are performing a sacred ritual. I give to you, you give to me, and Talusba flowers upon us. Everyone goes into a high energy spiritual orgasm. They are all one, Talusba flowing, vibrating, feeling exquisite. No ejaculation, just being in total rapture. The God & Goddess pull in the energy and send them on to the next partner. Again the incredible energy of loving oneness

builds. They all feel it, bathing in a universe of love. Again, again, again! Six times, and on the sixth, in the midst of this vibrational ecstasy, the men are brought into action, and the fireworks explode in all. They collapse into a puppy pile of exhaustion, totally complete, massaged by the God & Goddess, who curl up as their energy slowly subsides.

Perhaps Alvin lost it with his second partner, but just like Vera and Loren, hugging close produced almost as much effect. By her fifth partner, Barbara turned on completely, forgetting that Vaughn probably couldn't hold it, and sure enough, he couldn't. But he recovered enough to have a penetrating connection with his last partner Lucia, totally entering into the euphoria. Aurora turned out to be perfectly happy with Brautigan, and as usual, the Clitormax took her over the top. For many, yab yum was the preferred position.

In their utter contentment, they attempt a review.

Barbara: "Isn't it wonderful what a little channeling will bring into us!"

Vera: "I never felt so utterly taken, totally appreciated, joining together in such incredible oneness. As agreed, Loren and I did not make love, but we held one another and shared the vibrational orgasm with all of you. I'm getting used to it! Thank you!"

Amethyst: "By my third partner, something took hold of me. I was the Goddess, they were the Gods. Such exquisite, holy union! Fill me up! Never, never have I experienced anything even close to this, beautiful as my earlier connections have been.

Barbara: "Oh yes, bajina, sweet one, we all were God and Goddess tonight!"

Lucia: "So much bliss! I fell into a delicious delirium, totally lulu."

Aurora: "I felt you all, you're all beautiful! Luscious!"

Gloria: "I'm completely blown away. What am I getting into? But I gotta say I felt the love . . . mi corazón está lleno!"

Vera: "I think in general I much prefer one man for 30 minutes rather than 6 men for 5 minutes each, but this was extraordinary, something so archetypal about it."

Aurora: I never would have taken on six men, but it flowed together so magically. I know exactly what Amethyst meant when she said she became the Goddess and these were the Gods passing thru her."

Vaughn: "You six remained distinct individuals, but I know what you mean. At the same time you all were the Goddess, and I was making love with the Goddess. It doesn't get better than this!"

Alvin: "I don't know what happened. Aurora, were you all those women?"

Loren, Jesus, and Brautigan just smile, speechless. Keniston invites the God and Goddess to uncurl, stand up, and hold out their arms in blessing.

Barbara: "Spread the love, spread the beauty. That's what makes the world a better place."

Amethyst: "I think we should celebrate the Merry-Go-Round on the cross quarters. Four times a year feels about right to me."

Alvin: "Not every day?"

Amethyst: "No, smarty-pants! We need to save special celebrations for special occasions."

Keniston: "An age of dozmars on Earth is beginning. Even tho they are all just experiments. If we can succeed in establishing and generating this much love, we can save the planet. Life is wonderful, and all paths lead to bliss."

The Team hike around the mountains, appreciating their majesty, which the Shoshone call the Teewinot, and which some Frenchman named the Big Tits. Just to celebrate the Grand Tetons, Barbara suggests to the other women that they do a breast massage, and they pick Loren as their first victim. All six spend a considerable time delicately rubbing their bare breasts over all parts of his naked body. He reports he has been gifted with mammary Heaven.

Lucia eventually tells Brautigan, "I thought if this was going to be our First Team, our officially sponsored dozmar, we ought to have at least one token minority on board."

Brautigan: "Thanks! Is that what I am, the token minority?"

Lucia: "No, I'm just kidding. We've also got Jesus and Gloria. I wanted you on board because I was attracted to you. That's the honest truth."

Brautigan: "Thanks! That's the nicest compliment I've heard all day. I have a special circular file for compliments. They're food for the large giraffe that decorates it."

Lucia: "Great! They make his heart even bigger! I've got a circular file for compliments too. But in this case, I'll give you a couple more."

Brautigan: "Really? What are they?"

Lucia: "First, you are remarkably handsome and a beautiful spirit, a really beautiful being. Number Two, you're a wonderful comfortable lover. I feel so comfortable when we're making love, the way our bodies fit."

Brautigan: "And that's something you want to tell everybody?"

Lucia: "In the old fashioned life when we'd be just a couple, we'd share things like that with each other. Now we share the same things with the entire Doz, because we're all as close as a couple."

Brautigan: "That sure might make it hard to play certain games."

Lucia: "Yes, that's the design."

Refreshed by their ceremony and the nurturing contact with Mother Earth, The Team embrace their weekly arrangements with a new sense of bondedness, overflowing with love. They all start working as The Team. They appear to be just a team of managers and experts who travel around the globe with Barbara or Keniston or both, attending to the ever growing Durvan enterprises. Because they're all using the Loop Drive, they aren't noticed in airports or airlines or ports of entry. They simply have hotel reservations. It doesn't seem like any big deal for them to be in one big suite and it doesn't seem like anybody's business or problem. So for awhile no one notices that they are actually a dozmar, and they thrive.

People notice The Team has a glowing presence about it. All The Team members are happy. While many have seen the superficial and perhaps fragile happiness of those caught up in the latest fad that is supposed to cure everybody's troubles, this is a deep happiness, not just on the outside.

The happiness emanating from The Team comes from their core, for not only do they know who they are, but they are living the most remarkable grace in the world, where paradise has been re-invented. The dozmarians find they are greeting one another with that deep knowing smile that says we're conscious of what we are.

By the time The Team is complete, 47 dozmars or wannabe dozmars have established themselves across the planet, with the greatest number in Denmark, followed by the United States. China and the Moslem countries ban both PoliRings and dozmars, and try to block internet access to anything having to do with the Durvans, but for some reason this seems impossible for them to do. It is very difficult to distribute Durvan tea in these countries, but a surprising amount manages to get thru, and it is very easy to grow from seed.

Keniston and Barbara visit developing dozmars, make sure they understand and practice the guidelines for dozmars, and teach every member how to meditate together into the oneness space, so that they fill with Talusba when they connect in an ecstasy of togetherness. When a dozmar completes with a full twelve members, Keniston and Barbara give them a wedding ceremony with the hologram of God and Goddess. As a special plus, they also take part in the Merry-go-Round, which is always much appreciated. However, few dozmars seem to be completing. The official position remains that Earthlings should not attempt dozmars.

As six weeks pass and The Team begins their second cycle of week-long connections, Gloria cries with every new man as she switches from week to week. The first is Alvin, who asks, "What's wrong?"

Gloria: "It's just an old program. Never mind. It's not important."

Second is Brautigan: "It's not about me, is it?"

Gloria: "No, no, not at all. I really appreciate you. It's just an old program. I'll get over it."

Gloria's third round is with Loren: "Look, you need to express it so you can process it. What's the matter? Everybody loves you here. We can work it out."

Gloria: "I can't help it. I know I'm in heaven, but I have to keep telling myself I'm not a puta, not a ho."

Loren: "You know all six of us love you, don't you?"

Gloria: Oh yes! You're such wonderful guys, particularly Vaughn, he always makes me laugh."

Loren: "Well that's the difference. A prostitute experiences sex, but she experiences little if any love. You experience a lot of love, and about the same amount of sex as any married woman in a couple."

Gloria: "I suppose that's true, but it sure seems like quite a bit more."

Loren: "Dozmars may be more stimulating for all of us. I can hardly handle it myself."

Gloria: "I know this is exactly the right thing for me to do. I came to this with my eyes open."

Loren: "Then relax that old program and celebrate. Can you do that? I promise you, none of us think you're a whore."

Gloria: "I can sure try. It's just my mind chattering at me, not anything real."

Loren, giving her a big warm hug: "Good!"

Later Keniston says, "It's just the inevitable result of a confused barbarian society. Durva has no prostitutes. It doesn't need them. Everybody's for free."

Another YouTube appears. Reporter Toni Comstock is one of the few journalists who is distinctly overweight, most likely obese. She might have been quite beautiful at one point, but now she is so fat that she bulges unpleasantly. She asks Kristin Lavranson of Danish Number One, "Aren't women programmed to love just one man as a matter of security and comfort? Isn't this an instinctual thing?"

Kristin: "I found it really easy to transfer that desire for security and stability from one man to six and then to all twelve members. I realized this is an amazingly stable positive arrangement for raising kids. Three of us stay home and are full-time moms. We're able to nurse until the baby can drink from a cup before we go back to work. It is the most supportive atmosphere I could possibly imagine."

Toni: But don't you women have some hygiene problems connecting with so many men?"

Kristin: "No, why should we? If a woman thinks she might, she can douche at the end of the week and that would take care of it."

Toni: "I don't think we can say that on national TV."

Unbeknown to The Team, the Faux News Service starts monitoring their comings and goings as closely as it can. Detecting a possible weak link, it sends out the beautiful Sheila Underman to meet up with Alvin, seemingly by accident. Not realizing she is a member of Faux News, Alvin discovers she is very eager to become friends with him, very possibly lovers. Overwhelmed by all the love he is receiving from The Team, he mistakenly thinks one more on the outside wouldn't hurt, and Sheila promptly takes him to bed. Once intimacy has been established, Sheila casually asks him about The Team. After some preliminary discussion of the role The Team plays in the Durvan production and sales organization, she asks, "And is there any more to it?"

Alvin: "We're actually a dozmar, but don't tell anybody."

Immediately Sheila wants all the details, and Alvin happily explains everything.

Sheila: "The Team seems very happy. Are you happy all the time because you're getting it all the time?"

Alvin: "Actually, so much sex was going on that after two rounds of six weeks each, we realized we just couldn't handle this pace. We couldn't stay at this intensity. We very intentionally decided that we all need to turn it down. We've been pretty mellow ever since. The dozmar gets richer and deeper with each cycle. I never imagined I could feel so much love.

"So the sex may be part of it, but we choose to be happy. The Durvans say happiness isn't a destination, it's a method of travel. But I have to say it's very easy to be extraordinarily happy under the present circumstances. We learn to love one another deeply, and we see in this the beginning of all of us human beings loving one another, as they do on Durva. I thought

I was blessed when just one woman accepted me and loved me. Now I've got six."

Sheila: "Do you love them all equally?"

Alvin: "Pretty much. Of course there are individual preferences for all kinds of circumstances, but we make a point that we are all equal beings, equal parts of Great Holy Mystery, and we love one another equally. I love the men just as much as the women, except for one major factor."

Sheila: "And what would that be?

Alvin guffaws, embarrassed: "I'm strictly hetero."

Sheila: "Let me ask one more question. Every marriage has all kinds of major heavy duty conflicts that they have to go thru and solve in one way or another. How does that work when there are twelve of you?"

Alvin: "It makes it ever so much easier, because instead of two of us trying to work it out, we've got the wisdom of all twelve. It gives us a much larger perspective. Sure, we spend a certain amount of time processing, dealing with the conflicts that come up. But we do process them. We get over them. We learn from them and go on. That's the beauty of it!"

Then The Team moves on to another city, and Sheila graciously bids him good-bye: "It's been really nice knowing you!" Faux News gives her a major bonus. Because Alvin thinks The Team would not approve of members making outside connections, he doesn't mention it to anybody.

As Keniston and Barbara explore and support the 47 dozmars now forming around the planet, they discover a curious thing. Except for four Danish dozmars, two in Tahiti, and one each in several other countries, all the other dozmars have no more than eight members. Some are struggling with six, The Team is the only dozmar in the United States with a full contingent. Some dozmars start with twelve but almost immediately fall apart, often into just a couple of Perfect Foursomes. Some collapse entirely.

Newsflash: Donald Rump says his new testicles are working just fine, donates $25 million to the Jane Goodall Chimpanzee Institute.

CHAPTER 16

Fourth Happening

Eight minutes before the Fourth Happening is scheduled to begin, The Phish's reggae "Makisupa Policeman" sounds out over the crowd, as usual seeming to come from everywhere and nowhere. The day is heavily cloudy and threatening rain, unlike the previous three Happenings, which were blessed with beautiful blue skies and occasional puffy cumuli. Today thunderstorms are a possibility. The crowd is smaller, only about 70,000. As soon as the three Durvans appear on their little stage, the heavens release a huge downpour. But strangely, no one in the vast audience gets wet. People can see the rain all around them, but when they look up, they see the rain parting as if there were a giant transparent roof over their heads. The water slides down either side and pours over an invisible edge, away from the crowd.

Immediately a reporter calls out, "How are you doing that?"

Keniston: "I'm sorry. We can't discuss our technology."

Ava: "But if you'd rather we didn't . . ." Suddenly the invisible roof disappears and the rain pours down on everyone.

Barbara: "Ava, would you please desist? These good people don't want to get soaked. Let's keep them under the iponak . . . under the . . . force field!" Ava giggles and the invisible roof returns.

Keniston: "Ah, life with a six year old! Aliof! I'm sure you all know what it's like. Our apologies! Let me start properly. How are you all today? Rassataybas!"

"Rassavara!" the crowd answers with puzzled enthusiasm, still amazed at the invisible roof.

Keniston: "We'd like to begin with a truly beautiful Orfidan production that has just been submitted to us. All over the planet folks are

exploring this intense new art form, as I'm sure you're all seeing in the numerous YouTubes, and this is one of the most extraordinary we've seen."

The hologram above the Durvans' heads changes to an Orfidance of a man and woman dressed in BAB bodysuits doing tai chi. They clearly know classical ballet and do the moves with additional grace. The music is set to vibrato, and they create a lovely, fluttering melody, often with just the tiniest moves of their hands or feet. The gentle intensity opens an infinity of stillness, a quiet, meditative beauty that takes the breath away. By the time they finish, the audience is enveloped in a heavenly peace.

Barbara: "Breathe deep! Isn't that beautiful?" She holds out her hands palms down for stillness, and the audience is too moved to clap. Then someone starts clapping, and the great crowd suddenly responds with claps, cheers, and whistles, somewhat subdued by reverence.

Keniston: "We love you all! It's hard to make a transition away from that lovely peace, but let's just change the subject to our latest production."

Ava: "My favorite toy! When I saw a 3D of these on Durva, I knew I wanted one, and here they are!"

The hologram shows two people riding along a beach, each sitting inside a brightly colored plastic wheel about seven feet in diameter, with a tread almost a foot wide, peddling a series of giant plastic gears that connect to big plastic cogs on the inside of the wheel. Because the cogs are so large, any sand that gets into them does not interfere with their operation. They sit on bicycle seats and hang on to handlebars, but the handlebars do not move. Turning is achieved simply by leaning. They seem to be negotiating the soft dry sand with considerable ease.

Ava: "It's the Durvan Sand Bike, which actually has three speeds to meet all conditions and even a brake, but you have to jump off quick. Kids' sizes too! Only $600 including shipping!"

Barbara: "One more way you can contribute to saving your planet and have fun too!"

Keniston: "Which brings us to a full report on current operations. Durvan Enterprises have sold $4 billion worth of merchandise worldwide in the last quarter, with a net profit of $1.5 billion. T shirts and caps

remain our biggest seller, but we also sold over 10 million BAB bodysuits and over 50 million BAB swimsuits. Lorelei wind chimes hit 7,000,000, and Orfidan subscriptions are over 60 million. The profit has been used to increase and support PoliRings, to give specific donations to environmental organizations ranging from the Dian Fossey Gorilla Fund and the Center for Biological Diversity to the Population Connection, and to lobby for a bill in Congress that will set up major research to perfect ocean wave generators. So far 82 representatives and 23 senators have signed on to cosponsor our bill."

Barbara: "We are also campaigning to change your mindsets on various issues. Your government has said repeatedly that the first responsibility of government is the security of its citizens. We suggest that's strictly a barbarian point of view. The civilized point of view is the first responsibility of government is to act honorably, since that is the most likely way to protect the security of the citizens. Practice the principles of your Constitution abroad as well as at home! You cannot fight an ideology with weapons; you cannot fight a people's desire for freedom and self-rule with weapons. If the United States would act honorably in its foreign relations, you would stop creating terrorists with your every move, and it will become much easier to strengthen the United Nations into a genuine world government."

Keniston: "Our major thrust is to develop the PoliRings so that you can take back your government and start saving yourselves from the coming catastrophe. So far 3,977 PoliRings have announced their formation in the United States, and triple that number around the world, particularly in Russia and Iran. Currently the PoliRings are experiencing some growing pains. Many citizens are having great difficulty accepting that you must reduce fossil fuel burning by 90% in order to reverse the global catastrophe, and that means among other things that almost everybody should stop driving cars."

Barbara: "Folks have even greater difficulty accepting that you must reduce your population by more than 2/3 if you want to live sustainably on Mother Earth."

Keniston: "The result is that the PoliRings are more debating societies than action teams. Furthermore, we have uncovered one of the key elements of what it means to be barbarian. It's not just that you don't know how to debate. While some of you approach life in a positive, supportive manner, more than half of you face life prepared for hostility, and while you may wear a mask that says you are polite and eager to get along, underneath you are very ready to fight savagely if you feel threatened."

Barbara: "Barbarians need somebody to hate, somebody to be afraid of. They have to evolve to the understanding that love is far more powerful, a far more a successful strategy, than hate or fear. I see these people wearing guns, displaying their Constitutional right, and I say to them, you are so frightened that you think you need to wear a gun. You are so frightened that you won't even admit that you're frightened. You're pretending you're not frightened, while this whole act that you're doing is about being frightened, and what are you frightened of? You hear all these deniers of climate change and you realize it's all just phony bullshit. The climate catastrophe is really happening. You can see it in your weather and you can see it in the news all the time. The world as you know it is being destroyed, and you know you're the ones who are doing the destruction. You don't know what to do about it, so you're afraid and you start wearing guns. Trust yourselves! Trust the divine beings that you are, that each one of you is. All you need is love! John Lennon had it exactly right. You can change. It is not too late to change. Form PoliRings! Take back your government! Then you can start doing all the things that are necessary."

Keniston: "Well, yes, but the immediate issue for the PoliRings is how to see, appreciate, and support the good points that others are making, instead of trying every trick you can think of to tear them down and shut them up. We urge the PoliRingers, and all the rest of you too, to use the Common Ground Debate style that we suggested earlier. Aim to develop points you agree on! Be nice to one another! You can disagree with another's position and still respect thim and take a cooperative stance. If you have a cooperative stance, you are likely to excite the cooperative stance in the person you are dealing with. Likewise, if you have a hostile stance, you

are likely to excite a hostile stance. As Barbara said, see one another as the divine beings that you actually are!"

Barbara: "3,977 PoliRings in the United States is a good start, and certainly you need to work thru your resistances to facing reality before you can develop a workable political agenda, but actually you need at least fifty thousand PoliRings to take your government back from the bribed politicians, and elect men and women who are truly concerned about the good of the whole."

Ava: "You should have a third house of Congress composed entirely of children. They could tell the adults what to do!"

Keniston: "Thank you, Ava! (He smiles at her and tousles her hair) Actually an initial political agenda is readily available. Tax the rich and remove their power. Use that money to develop clean energy. Since we've heard some valid objections to taxing second and later children, to reduce population, all women's tubes should be tied immediately after giving birth. This needs to be a required free service all around the world. Fertility pills to create multiple births cannot be allowed. Remove all barriers to abortion. Raise the gasoline tax by two dollars a gallon and use that money to improve mass transit and build the monorail system we suggested. Make carpooling compulsory where applicable. Move to a four day work week so that all can be gainfully employed. Teach creativity, self-expression, self-worth, and individual responsibility in schools instead of your hopelessly left brain common core standards. You will also find many ways to remove waste from your system, the biggest being your military expenditures because you've been too frightened to create a true world government. You may need constitutional amendments to remove corporate personhood and take all money out of politics, altho the PoliRings effectively get around these issues. You need to outlaw gerrymandering. I could go on."

Barbara: "As you truly move into living in harmony with your Mother Earth, you will discover an almost endless list of things that need to be done."

Keniston: "Of course some will always disagree with whatever your agenda is, and this diversity is to be respected, but it's either change or die.

You need to understand that what you are doing and how you are living is a cancer, and it needs to be excised. A cancer grows until it kills its host, and then the cancer dies as well. Is that what you want? One of the beauties of being a human being is that minds can change, hearts can change. You can do this!"

Barbara: "In the midst of your sea of troubles, there is an island which is a step up in your evolution – understanding, appreciation, respect, love for all. That is what we invite you to reach for. Love is the essential oil that will lubricate all your parts, and make everything run ever so much more smoothly. Dance the Path of Love in all that you do!"

Reporter: "Your agenda is so draconian the American Public will never support it."

Ava: "Would you all rather die?"

Barbara: "It's a question you all have to face. Evolve or die! Please! Do what's best for you! Save yourselves! You are headed toward horrible ecological collapse. Destruction in so many ways, that even our HAL cannot predict which disaster is going to happen first. Like when will polar ice melt sink your coastal cities? Like when will the famines begin because you're at the limit or very close to it, of agricultural production, and you are expecting another two billion people by 2050? Or instead when will your bee colonies collapse due to the ill-considered poisons you put on your crops, and cause massive crop failures? You cannot act like a cancer and survive!"

Keniston: "I'd like to change the subject and talk about dozmars. We have advised you from the beginning not to form dozmars, but there are now approximately 35 declared dozmars in the United States and another 74 around the world. Please stop forming dozmars! View the 109 dozmars now in existence as experiments to see if Earthlings are capable of dozmars."

Barbara: "Look, since Earth is a totally different society from Durva, a dozmar is just an experiment here, and who knows? We may find that dozmars do not work among you Earthlings, and that would be valuable information. We discouraged you from the beginning because it's a matter

of maturity, but there may be other factors that we were blind to, or maybe that factor of maturity by itself makes it impossible."

Keniston: "You don't have bonobo genes. That means you don't get along as well with one another as we do. Maybe that makes dozmars impossible. It may be good to know that, and people will give up on trying them. Your customary morality may be safe after all.

"All the evidence suggests that you don't love one another enough to enable a dozmar to work. Chimpanzees occasionally kill members of their own tribe. You have a special delegation that regularly kills members of your own tribe. It's called the police (as well as a high murder rate among the unauthorized). Chimpanzees regularly fight with other tribes. You have vast military machines fighting with members of other tribes, enforcing a rigid hierarchy. If a member of some other tribe beheads just one member of your tribe in retaliation for hundreds killed by airstrikes, you're all horrified and incensed, and vow extreme revenge. You're going to wipe this other tribe off the face of the Earth. As part of the dominance game, the stronger chimpanzees oppress the weaker chimpanzees. You've got whole societies oppressing other societies, such as the way the Israelis oppress the Palestinians or the Russians oppress the Chechens or the Chinese oppress the Tibetans and Uighurs. You have so little love for one another that if you see someone walking home at night who looks suspicious to you, you end up killing him. Or in South Africa you have a murderer who gets into an argument with his girlfriend. He shoots her four times while she's sitting on the toilet. Then he gets away with the murder by pretending he thought it was an intruder in his house, as if an intruder would invade his house to use his bathroom. Your legal system gives that some credence! We could add that some folks come to visit from another planet. They offer you nothing but love from the moment they emerge from their spacecraft and what do you do? You raise every possible suspicion against them. Despite everything they do, you're absolutely convinced that they're out to take advantage of you or destroy you, which is all complete foolishness as far as we're concerned. So that's why we think dozmars won't work. You have too much hate, suspicion, and fear, and not

enough love. Dozmars can be enormous generators of love. They might be exactly the element that would save you. We don't know that, you don't know that, but if we try it a little bit, we can find out whether it works or not, and at least you'll know."

Barbara: "But if it dozmars do work, what a lovely change is in store for you! More love than you've ever experienced. You're only going to be with each partner every six weeks for a week. It's a whole new experience. You'll find you don't get stuck in dysfunctional programs. We know you've got swingers, but that isn't at all the same. Swingers have no commitment. A dozmar is a committed marriage, committed to one another, to love and cherish and cooperate."

Ava: "It seems like some of you are bonobos and some are chimpanzees. But why do the bonobos let the chimpanzees run their governments and big corporations?"

Keniston: "Actually, we have discovered a curious anomaly in both the dozmars and PoliRings that are developing, a major difference between the vision and the actuality. It is that most would-be dozmars only have 8 members, and the same is true of PoliRings. The PoliRings aim for a full dozen, but they average about 8. They tend to grow and divide, grow and divide, so we've got a really vibrant thing going here. But they still top out at 8 members. Whenever they have more than 8, they tend to break down into opposing camps or decide some members need to be encouraged to move on. Likewise, with the dozmars, two perfect foursomes will join together to form an octet, or octomar. They get along fine, but when they invite a third perfect foursome to join them, all kinds of conflicts develop, and pretty soon the third foursome leaves to join another perfect foursome and make their own dozmar, but it's still only an octomar."

Barbara: "Our response is you have to learn to love one another more. You don't love one another enough. When you give respect to that small part of God which is before you, God respecting God, you get tingles of joy all the way to Source."

Keniston: "Perhaps it will take a couple generations of octomars before Earthlings are ready for dozmars. So you can see why the present dozmars

are just an experiment. We need to find out whether dozmars can work at all on Earth."

Barbara: "We'd also like to emphasize that there is no expectation that a PoliRing should become a dozmar. Dozmars are only experiments. A PoliRing can function very satisfactorily not only as a political instrument but as a support and friendship ring, celebrating potlucks and other activities. It can totally avoid the confusion that many people feel about sexual connections."

Keniston: "The PoliRings are how you can save yourselves. If you are not joining the PoliRings, what are you doing to save yourself? The disaster is coming. It is on you already. Doing nothing makes it more immediate and worse, and probably longer lasting. If you wish to survive, doing nothing is not an option. What are you going to do? Currently your future is determined by moneyed interests that are incredibly short-sighted. The PoliRings give you an avenue to take back your future! Make your government an open, logical, consequential concern for protecting your welfare and surviving the catastrophe that you have created."

Newsflash! Very Private Faux News conference: Damn! When we accuse them of secretly forming their own dozmar, they're going to wriggle out of it – "We're just conducting an experiment to see if dozmars can work on Earth."

Barbara: "As I'm sure you all know from the clips you have seen on the news, Ava has been exploring your education system and some other aspects of your beautiful country. She consulted with us, we did our own research, and now we would like to give you a report on what we have observed."

Ava, her new buck teeth occasionally glinting in the sun: "Of course I'm just a kid and I've seen just a little bit of your education system, so I certainly don't know everything and I'm no expert, but what I have seen is troubling. It seems to me the first aim of your education system ought to be to teach kids to get along, to love one another. From what I saw, so many

of your kids are angry or stultified. They're so nasty to each other! That's obviously because they don't get enough love. You're so scared of sexual love that if a first grade boy kisses a girl on the cheek to show his affection, he is accused of sexual harassment and threatened with a lifelong record as a sexual predator. Come off it! You've got so much fear of the sexual aspect that you seem incapable of teaching respect, appreciation, cooperation or any of the other important aspects of love. Consequently you get cliques, ostracism, shunning, bullying, all kinds of horrid behaviors. You have no programs to help kids get along. You've got a big campaign to stop bullying, which is strictly negative, telling kids what they shouldn't do with very little emphasis on what they should do. You have no campaign to respect and love and get along with one another."

Barbara: "Most schools don't even do something as simple as a buddy bench. With 1 in 68 children autistic because of the chemicals you are using so recklessly, how important is it to teach kids to get along with their autistic brothers and sisters? You need to love one another more. You need to grok one another's spirits and feel the beautiful beings that you are. If that isn't what school is about, what good is it?"

Ava: "You know when you were in school how you treated the outsiders, loners, and weirdos. You turned some of them into killers. In every case, their prime reason for killing is revenge. That's revenge against you, because you didn't love them. If you want to know who is responsible, look in a mirror! Maybe you never actually bullied anybody. Maybe you were just one of the great majority who stood by silently and watched as the bullies attacked the weak. You probably had no idea what to do about it. What to do about it is love! It seems like it should be so basic, but you're a barbarian society, so it's not."

Barbara: "If you did nothing while the bullies attacked the weak, you're responsible. Of course you didn't know that it would have been good to practice love, because your barbarian culture doesn't practice love and doesn't really teach love. You've got your priests and ministers and rabbis on Sunday morning occasionally waxing eloquent about love, but not practicing it. The entire world was absolutely amazed when Pope Francis

took office and actually started practicing love, doing some loving deeds. But it's not just Pope Francis! All of you have the capacity to love! We don't understand what is stopping you. It seems so obvious. Dance the Path of Love and you won't have school shooters."

Keniston: "Another aspect of this problem is that we checked into the television programs that your kids watch, and except for your public broadcasting system, it's violence, violence, violence. Almost no love. How do you expect them to turn out when this is the way you're training them? Your movies and TV shows are constantly presenting this big lie, that the world consists of good guys and bad guys. Take a closer look at Scooby Doo! You actually know better. As Russian writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn said, 'If only it were all so simple. If only there were evil people somewhere insidiously committing evil deeds, and it were necessary only to separate them from the rest of us and destroy them, but the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being, and who is willing to destroy a piece of his own heart?'"

Ava: "Sure, there have been some really evil people like Hitler or Pol Pot, but even for Hitler, the last thing he did before he committed suicide was a small act of love – he married his mistress Eva Braun. In any case, there are no evil six year olds, despite movies like *The Exorcist*. If kids become evil, it is because of the way they are treated, and because of the models of good and evil and how to behave that your society presents through the media."

Keniston: "You think if you could just regulate guns you could eliminate or at least reduce the horrible massacres perpetrated by students in your schools, on your campuses, and even in your churches. Wrong! You cannot pass any significant gun regulation. You have 300 million guns in the hands of private citizens, and there is no way you can control the sale of a gun from one citizen to another. So forget it! Gun regulation is not even dealing with the heart of the problem, which is that every one of your school shooters, if not actually bullied from the first grade on, has been ridiculed, shunned, ostracized, and made to feel miserable in all kinds of big and little ways. If a kid is autistic or mentally imbalanced, this is exactly the opposite of what thi needs. What they need is love, caring,

sympathy, positive attention. You create your school shooters by how you treat them. Where is your love? No wonder you are a barbarian society! On the most important item to teach in school, you receive a grade of F!"

Barbara: "The second most important value that we think should be taught in schools is how to be a capable participant in your democratic process. You do a little bit of this, with emphasis on history and responsibility, but you don't do it well. You need much greater emphasis on logic, on researching issues, how to tell facts from lies or opinions, and how to debate issues so as to reach conclusions. We told you about Common Ground Debates. You start with opposing positions and then work to find how much you can agree upon and what sort of compromises you could all live with. Your problem is that you are making a fundamental mistake. You think the political arena is a competition. Competition is all very well in sports and has a place in business, but the basic value in politics must be cooperation, not competition. The question is how can we all get along, not which side can win or which side can dominate the other. We are all equal beings. Stop this domination game! Internationally, it just leads to hatred and wars."

Ava: "Another aspect of your failure to produce effective citizens who can vote wisely is that you are subjecting your students to 12 years of authoritarian control. You hardly care whether they can think well. You train everybody in obedience and following orders, and make almost everybody feel incompetent about what they're doing. The whole system is designed to take away individual initiative, so it's difficult to find good people to run for office, and it's no wonder nobody rises up in political protest. Whenever you regiment, you disempower.

"I think teaching kids to be obedient is not what you want. They don't want to be obedient. They're equal beings. Why don't you teach them to be cooperative instead? The Germans were so good at teaching their kids to be obedient that they got Hitler and Nazism. So get along, love one another, be good citizens, which requires logic and Common Ground debates and research of facts and not to be too obedient! As it is, you receive another F, in citizenship education."

Barbara: "The third major purpose of education is to explore all manner of activities and pursuits so that students may discover what their interests are and what they are good at. Only then can they intelligently decide on a suitable career. The aim is to find a career which the student is interested in and enjoys, which the student is good at, which will pay enough money for the student to be comfortable, and which the student sees as a contribution to society."

Ava: "Another part of this is to teach interests and skills so that students can learn to use their free time effectively. Is it preferable to play tennis or watch football? Play the piano or play video games? Take photographs or hunt? Read novels or text? This isn't as important as preparing for a career, but it certainly is important for learning how to live a full life. Currently many schools have cancelled their art and music classes, even physical education. Consequently, some schools deserve an F or D grade, while others deserve a B. I found no public schools that deserve an A, altho I would give an A to one private school, which I'll talk about in a bit."

Keniston: "The fourth aim of education should be to teach values clarification and how to choose one's values so that students can become honorable and functioning citizens who know who they are. Explore whether dancing the Path of Love may be the highest value and what its limits are. Integrity is applying the same values to all situations."

Ava: "Do values clarification around the basic premise that we are God's experiments in free will, that our free wills may take us in any appropriate direction, and that there are limits to free will."

Barbara: "Do values clarification about child raising so that all students may become knowledgeable and effective in raising the next generation in love. So many of your mothers think it's ok not to breast feed, despite all the evidence on how beneficial breast feeding is, and you're not even aware of the long term deleterious effect of not giving infants that initial great dose of love."

Ava: "Because schools do little or no values clarification, the grade is once again a big fat F!"

Reporter, interrupting: "Aren't values the responsibility of the parents rather than the government school system?"

Keniston: "Parents generally try to pass their own values on to their children. That's how kids sport Confederate flags instead of being aware of what they are doing. How many parents do you know that actually do values clarification? If you want to introduce values clarification to your barbarian culture, the best way to do it is thru the schools."

Ava: "I think a fifth goal of education should be to teach kids to be completely responsible for themselves and thereby be self-reliant. As it is, you bring kids into a school building by bus. You even discourage them from walking or riding their bikes because 'it's not safe.' In school someone else cleans their classrooms, picks up their trash, prepares their meals and cleans up after them. The kids are being waited on at every turn. Little or no attempt is made to teach against the generally tremendous unecological waste of paper plates and plastic tableware. How different this is from your old one room schoolhouses, where the kids took turns coming early to light the woodstove, and took turns sweeping the classroom, washing the chalkboard, and even cleaning the latrine. This is what builds responsibility and self-reliance. In a present day school, all the kids need to take part in all the maintenance. In a few schools poor students do a few of these chores, while rich or bright students are excused. This is wrong. All students need to take part equally."

Keniston: "I'd like to comment on rich kids being excused from any chores, because of course they will have maids and cooks and gardeners to take care of them when they grow up. You have this great dream of becoming rich. Almost everybody wants to be rich. If you become rich, you can sit back and do nothing except watch your investments while somebody else builds your houses and cars, tends your lawn, cooks your food, cleans your house, etc. Yet if you were all rich, nobody would want to build your house or car, tend your lawn, or cook your food. Being rich depends on other people being poor so that they will work for you. Therefore the dream is flawed. Economies work by an exchange of goods and services,

and those who exchange nothing but simply live off their wealth are parasites on the rest of you."

Ava: "Right, thanks Dad! In my explorations I discovered one private boarding school in Putney, Vermont, which exemplifies what I am talking about. As a matter of fact, they gave me this tie die shirt and skirt, and this woven belt, which the students made themselves. The students come from well-to-do families or on financial aid, and will attend the best colleges and universities. The school is also a farm. Working 3 or 4 hours a week, the students grow much of their own food, milk their own cows, shovel the manure, cook the food, wait on tables, clean the dining area and their own dorms, tend the grounds, build new buildings, and in short do everything involved in taking care of themselves. Theirs was the cleanest school of any I observed. They also have an amazing array of over 40 extra-curricular activities, a variety of art, music, theater, dance, and discussion groups, ranging from weaving to blacksmithing, madrigals to belly dance, Aristotle's Nichomachean Ethics to comics. Altho I noticed they were a little short on teaching computer code, and only explore Artificial Intelligence as independent study. Not only do they seem happier than other students I observed, but they graduate with a remarkable confidence, a deep sense of self-reliance, a practiced knowledge that they can take care of themselves. Isn't this what you would all like to see? Some public school teachers do some of this, particularly in science classes, shop classes, and home economics classes, and many teachers recognize the importance. Some schools send their students on field trips to clean up an area in their community, and a few have classes in horticulture and tend to the school's landscaping, thus learning to be responsible for one's environment. But most schools do next to nothing in this direction, even tho Putney has been offering this example for over 80 years. So I am giving this area a grade of D, and hope for improvement."

Barbara: "I'd like to add that I think every student, boys as well as girls, should take a class in nutrition and cooking, so that every graduate can prepare healthy meals and not have to rely on frozen food and other packaged items which are so dangerously full of GMO's and pesticide

residues. Your food production is a barbarian nightmare, and it's wonderful that you have a strong organic movement."

Ava: "To tell the truth, I didn't dare eat school cafeteria food, except at Putney. All the sugar and crap you encourage kids to eat! No wonder you have an obesity epidemic! I couldn't sense any love in the food. There was care, mind at work here, but very minimal love. At Putney was a little love, but you barbarians don't know, in fact you've got it backwards. You sit down at the table and say grace, thank you Lord for this food. That's all very well, but when you're actually fixing the food, it's really important to put love in it. Project your love, so love stays in the food and radiates at the table."

Reporter: "What are you talking about?"

Keniston: "It's almost like we can't tell you because you're not there. You have no experience, you don't understand it, so it doesn't mean anything to you. We can easily read the vibrations, the Talusba, of any object or being, and we take our vibrations seriously. We can feel one another deeply, vibrationally, in a way that you don't. You're unconscious of it."

Ava: "Finally, I'd like to say the most important and best evaluators of teachers are their students. Ask students if they're learning anything and they can always tell you. Yet school administrators seem terrified of teacher evaluations by students. Are they afraid teachers will have popularity contests? Might be a few who do, but they're professionals and students know it. What matters is how well they're learning, and nobody can tell you that better than the students.

"I imagine some schools are doing some of these things we've discussed, and I may have missed a lot in the small sampling that I observed. I don't want you to see our report on your education as only critical. I also saw a lot of dedicated teachers and dedicated students who are eager and concerned to do the best they possibly can to teach and to learn. You Earthlings are very beautiful, and I'm sure all of us Durvans are eager to support you to a successful evolution, a successful passage over the cusp. We invite you to recognize our good will."

Barbara: "One thing Ava didn't mention that I think is important. Students don't help each other, except to cheat on homework or pass on

answers on a test. Only once in a big while did Ava see some students helping other students with a sincere interest to learn. Yet one of the best ways to learn is to teach. You know that! Why aren't you having your 5th and 6th grade students teaching your first and second grade students how to read or do arithmetic or grasp science principles? People learn so much by teaching somebody else. You've got all this help available to you, yet you're wasting the opportunity."

Keniston: "We hope you will improve your educational system. It's one of the very best ways out of barbarism. As you continue to develop computerized education like Khan Academy, students will be able to learn many subjects at their own individual pace. That makes what they learn when they get together all the more important, because only by being together can they learn to get along. We urge you to design your future curricula with great care, so that your important values are clearly expressed."

Barbara: "Which reminds me. Before education even begins, there is something very important that I'm not aware very many of you do. Events tend to unfold in response to our intention, so that when you are planning to have a baby, intention is crucial. Durvans do a ceremony and give a little prayer when planning to conceive and when they first learn conception has been achieved. The prayer may be repeated as desired during pregnancy. We think it makes a major difference. Here's the prayer:

> *Oh child of ours, we give you the very best genes we have been able to receive. Pick and choose what suits you to build a life of love, intelligence, joy, feeling, intuition, physical strengths, or whatever other traits that might be important for you. Become the most beautiful evolving sentity that you possibly can. We give you this prayer in our great love for you.*

Note that the prayer is not specific, because parents cannot know what path a child may take."

Keniston: "Nurturing your children is so important. If you want your children to turn out to be loving, love them! Love them in what you feel

and what you do, in the ideas that you employ. Particularly love them when you discipline them, and you will discover it's not discipline."

Barbara: "Breast feeding is so important, because the only way you can bond together is to spend time together. Certainly breast feeding is the most lovely time to spend together. When nursing, hold your infant so that you can look into one another's eyes. Of course baby's eyes may be closed, focused entirely on the rich warm milk thi is receiving from you. But when thi opens thir eyes, thir smiling, loving mother is looking at thim, loving thim, seeing what a beautiful being thi is. The interaction creates such a deep bond of love between them. This goes for dads too! When you raise children that you spend little or no time with, you are essentially raising unbonded kids, unloved kids, crazies! You create crazies by failing to love. Surely that's obvious. Never create work schedules or commuting schedules that do not allow time for parents to spend with their children. When you drive to work, you steal that time from yourself. When you ride to work you have time to work on your laptop or read or watch videos or news, do all kinds of helpful things. Time is too valuable to waste. You can of course listen to books, but very few of you do that. Make time to love your kids!"

Keniston: "Before we go on to our next topic, which is your justice system, are there any questions or comments?

Professor of Theology: "It appears that you has made some salient points, but it also looks like you are introducing your religion into the curriculum. You want everybody to dance the Path of Love and believe that we all have free will, which are your religious values. We believe in the separation of church and state, and have worked for years to keep religion out of schools. What do you have to say about that?"

Keniston: "Great question! Considering some of your fundamentalists' views on evolution and the age of the Earth, we agree that it is certainly important to keep religion out of your schools. However, we believe that there are certain values which are so fundamental that every religious or non-religious person can agree on them. Who would disagree with 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you'? Who would disagree

that it is good for us to love one another? From there it is a very small step to dancing the Path of Love. In regard to free will, most of your religions have debated free will down thru the centuries for a variety of reasons. We see the history of evolution as ever expanding the scope of free will. If you can choose between eating an apple or a pear, you have free will, and it's silly to argue that you don't."

Barbara: "We think these points are worthy of exploration and debate. Are there fundamental values you can all agree upon? Your Constitution is full of values you agree on, such as freedom, equality, and justice. In fact, one of the purposes of your Constitution is to 'secure the Blessings of Liberty,' which would seem to assume free will, since what would be the point of liberty if you didn't have free will? So are love and free will part of your fundamental values?"

Reporter: "I'm wondering how is it when you take turns talking, you always follow the same thread, continue the same argument. You sound more like one person than three different people."

Ava: "It's because"

Barbara: "all our BA's are connected,"

Keniston: "Which enables all of us"

Ava: "to know what's going on"

Barbara: "at all times."

Keniston: "It's sort of a limited telepathy."

Reporter: "Since you obviously reject the Biblical theory that the Earth is only 6000 years old, do you accept the Big Bang as the origin of the universe?"

Keniston: "Your theory of the Big Bang is about as sophisticated and accurate as the Ptolemaic Theory that the sun and the planets revolve around the Earth. I'm sure you'll get it eventually, but you haven't got it yet."

Newsflash, Rash Lamebrow: "She wants all the kids to get training in how to be cooks and janitors. Really? Is that what's good for us?"

Keniston: "We'd like to go on now to the next major topic of this Happening. We believe you could function far more effectively in all ways if you dismantled your most barbarian institution, except for your military establishment, which is a different issue."

Ava: "Daddy is talking about your so-called justice system. We don't see much of anything just about it."

Barbara: "One of the biggest distinguishers of a barbarian culture from a civilized society is the state of their justice system. Your justice system is confused, inefficient, and unjust in some very basic ways, and you are very far from Cornel West's maxim: 'Justice is what love looks like in public.'"

Ava: "Your treatment of those who break your laws is ridiculous and tragic. You take the people who have ruined other people's lives and ruin their lives. Now you have twice as many lives ruined. What have you gained? Of course part of the problem is so many of your rules are ridiculous. If you make a ridiculous rule, people are going to break it. You'd think you would have learned that by the whole history of the prohibition of alcohol, but it looks like you keep doing the same stupid moves over and over. You know that rehabilitation is far cheaper and more effective than imprisonment, yet you keep on imprisoning, the way you keep on clear cutting or producing petroleum."

Barbara: "Where to start? Let me first say that we Durvans are far more sympathetic to a concept in your ancient Anglo-Saxon system of justice that seems to have gotten lost over the centuries. That concept is that a criminal must reimburse thir victim. How it might work is that if a criminal steals your cell phone and is caught, thi must pay you let's say three times the value of the phone, or two times if the phone is returned undamaged. If a criminal murders a man, thi must pay that man's family a fraction of thir income, like one quarter, for the rest of thir life. Perhaps the state can require thim to work and have an income.

"As it is under your present system, the criminal who steals your cell phone is sent to prison and you receive nothing in compensation. Quite the contrary! You have to pay thru your taxes for thir imprisonment. You

are thus robbed twice, and this is what your state considers justice? Same thing for a murderer. The victim's family receives nothing and has to pay for the murderer's imprisonment. This strikes us as ridiculous!"

Keniston: "What's wrong with your justice system? Suppose somebody steals your wallet, with cash and credit cards, about $3,000. Thi gets caught. The government in its wisdom puts thim in jail for five years, at a cost of more than $30,000 a year. At least $150,000. As a result of a $3,000 theft, you have to pay in taxes your share of $150,000. What sense does that make? In a rational system with a reasonable amount of love, when you catch such a criminal, you want to rehabilitate thim. You have some excellent programs for rehabilitating veterans convicted of various crimes, mostly theft. The vets are put together and taken thru a rehab program and are released as functioning members of society. That costs at most $25,000, much less than $150,000. So which is the better plan?"

Ava: "90% of your teenagers have done something illegal that could put them in jail if caught. So how come the ones who are caught are all of a sudden totally separate from you – evil people! Throw them in jail and throw away the key! Once again, this horrible program you have that the world is divided between the good guys and bad guys. It is such a terrible lie."

Keniston: "You barbarians are so caught up in the idea that criminals must be punished that you have way more people in prison per capita than any other country, including the most repressive dictatorships. Many of the folks in prison are there for so-called victimless crimes, like possessing LSD or selling cocaine. We have news for you. First, punishment does not work, as evidenced by the 67% recidivism rate – 2/3 of released prisoners who have done their time end up back in prison. Second, a victimless crime should not be a crime. This comes about because you impose your confused notions of morality on the situation. Cocaine is bad for a person, so therefore selling it must a crime even if the buyer does so by thir own free will. If you believe cocaine is addictive and destructive, put a label on it, the way you do with tobacco products."

Barbara: "Let's talk about your Bill of Rights. It's very puzzling to us. You don't seem to understand what your rights are. Surely you know this! You have a right to do whatever you want, as long as you are not hurting anyone else or hurting the environment, which hurts all of you. Those are the limits. Great Holy Mystery has created us with a potential for free will, so that we may grow in consciousness, which is our mission. The more we grow in consciousness, the more free will we have, and the more we express our free wills, the more we grow in consciousness. Therefore it is very important that we have the right to express our free wills within the limits.

"Now look at your Bill of Rights! Those ten articles do either one of two things. First, they restrict the government from imposing terms which might be considered harmful to the citizens. Just like an individual, the government does not have the right to harm citizens without due process. This includes such situations as establishing a religion and forcing it on people, quartering soldiers in your home, searching, seizing, or arresting without a warrant, and requiring excessive bail or imposing cruel and unusual punishments. Second, the articles protect the citizens' right to do whatever they want within the limits, such as freedom of speech, press, assembly, bearing arms, or other possibilities not enumerated. But you are fuzzy on this very important basic right. Bearing arms doesn't hurt anybody, but using them clearly may. Free speech doesn't hurt anybody, unless you lie or libel. The Brits are much better at identifying this danger than Americans are. Your government now claims that freedom to assemble means you can assemble to protest only where the government says, appropriately out of the way where your protest will not endanger anyone and will not be noticed. Since peaceful assembly does not endanger anyone, your government is overstepping and violating your right. Your recent administrations have been vigorously attacking whistleblowers, but whistleblowers only harm evil practices and intentions and therefore deserve to be praised, not attacked. You have the fundamental right to do whatever you want, as long as there is no demonstrable harm to others or the environment."

Keniston: "Any principle has limits. Does a man have a right to walk naked down the street? Does a couple have a right to copulate on a public beach? Does a person have a right to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge? All these cases do not involve hurting anyone else. The first two may offend others, but offense is not hurt, and needs to be dealt with lightly. If a person has a right to commit suicide, perhaps it's appropriate for the state to charge thir estate with whatever costs were involved in finding the body and ascertaining it was a suicide."

Ava: "You guys aren't talking about the central issue!"

Barbara: "Quite right, bajina! We'll get there very soon."

Keniston: "Right! But first I want to mention one more consideration. You barbarians believe in words. If you can just write a law down, clearly and accurately, then you think you can trust it. We don't have any great faith in words. A good lawyer can always find loopholes, and you can prove anything with words. We know that we have powerful, well-developed minds. They can give us an argument for or against just about anything, and make it sound like perfectly good sense. Your Supreme Court is determined to go by the letter of the law and to understand just exactly what the law says and intends. The result has been some absolutely horrible and unworkable decisions. Over the years the Supreme Court has determined that it was against the law to criticize the government (US v Callender 1798), that blacks cannot be citizens (Dred Scott v Sandford 1857), that corporations are people (Santa Clara County v Southern Pacific Railroad 1886), that separate but equal is just (Plessy v Ferguson 1896), that it's perfectly ok to steal Indian land (Lone Wolf v Hitchcock 1903), that it is proper to criminalize sodomy between consenting adults (Bowers v Hardwick 1986), that Bush and not Gore won the 2000 election (Bush v Gore 2000), and that money is speech (Citizens United v Federal Election Commission (2010). You have to put your faith not in words but in your fundamental moral principles. One of those principles is that you have the right to do whatever you want as long as you don't hurt anyone else or hurt the environment, which hurts us all. The other is . . ."

Ava: "You tell 'em, Dad, you tell 'em!"

Keniston: "Why don't you tell them, bajina, since you're so hot for it?"

Ava: "Dance the Path of Love! Dance the Path of Love! Always! In all ways!"

Barbara: "Yes! Imagine how things might change if your Supreme Court and all your other judges routinely asked in all cases, what is the Path of Love here? What serves the deepest needs of all concerned? The Path of Love is usually easy to discern. It is always festooned with the flowers of respect and justice."

Keniston: "Dancing the Path of Love would change everything. Police would shoot to disable instead of always shooting to kill the way they do now. You would do away with prisons almost altogether and instead devote your energies to rehabilitation and teaching criminals how to dance the Path of Love, and what benefits can ensue. You can use GPS anklets to keep track of them. You don't have to lock them up, except in cases where they are very likely to harm others. Most important, you would give rehabilitated criminals opportunities for training and education, and open up opportunities for good jobs. Most certainly you would stop persecuting them by denying their voting rights. What's the point of that except to tell them they will always be second class citizens?

"You also may want to institute compensation for the victims by the criminal. For example, in a case of police brutality, the officers might be suspended for a month without pay, and their salaries awarded to the injured party."

Barbara: "From top to bottom, your justice system does not dance the Path of Love. Wouldn't you prefer that it did? Do not be confused. The Path of Love requires total accountability, considerably more than your present system. It always respects people, and encourages them to reach their deepest potentials. Above all, it teaches people how to love, often simply by example."

Ava: "People become criminals because they have not received enough love, perhaps from birth on. Your practice is to lock them up, thus giving

them less love, when what they need is much more love so that they can recover."

Keniston: "Your society would be far healthier if you reorganized your justice system to dance the Path of Love, as well as doing the same for every other aspect of your society. We encourage the PoliRings to work on this as part of moving into harmony with your Mother Earth. Your First People like to say, 'The Earth does not belong to you; you belong to the Earth.' When you truly get this, you will be well on your way."

Ava: "Time for questions, time for questions!"

Reporter: "We have the results of the latest Roper poll. 76% of Americans say they can't live without their cars."

Ava: "We're trying to tell you that you can't live with your cars."

Reporter: "According to the latest Pew Research poll, 79% of women say that having their tubes tied after giving birth is an assault on their liberty, and 88% say they would not do this unless everybody in the world is doing it."

Barbara: "That's great! 12% of you really understand the situation! I'm sure that number will grow! If America leads, other nations will follow. You can also make the law a little more palatable by including a provision that if a child dies before thir 18th birthday, the mother may have a second child or be first in line to adopt."

Keniston: "We expect that some countries, particularly Moslem nations, will refuse to limit births to one child per mother. These are draconian times, and you may have to take draconian measures. We suggest that you concomitantly disallow all immigration, even for guest workers, in all the countries that adopt the one child policy. This will enable these countries to enjoy the fruits of decreased population while the countries which continue to grow their populations will become pressure cookers of over-population until they come to their senses. Such a policy will prevent the best, brightest, and most industrious from leaving their countries for a better life elsewhere and give them the opportunity to improve conditions in their own countries."

Reporter: "But guest workers do jobs such as housework and harvesting that our citizens do not want to do."

Keniston: "Raise the wages for those jobs and see what happens."

Reporter: "But what about women's claim that the one child policy is a violation of their freedom?"

Keniston: "You are free to do whatever you want as long as you don't harm anybody else or the environment, which harms you all. Having more kids is very clearly destroying your environment, so you don't have the freedom to do that. You're like the folks who wouldn't accept gas rationing in World War 2. The average family was given barely enough gas to go to the grocery store a couple times a week. A few people complained even tho it was war time. They did not understand the severity of the situation. Well, this is war time! Do this or die! What part of that do you not understand? Just because the dying will take place gradually over the next eighty years does not mean it's not going to happen."

Barbara: "Some of you think you are in the good hands of a loving God. That great bearded figure in the sky will protect you. All you have to do is be good and pray. Praying is not going to work. You're asking the divine being who created you to come down and say, 'You messed up your sandbox. Here, I'll straighten it out for you and then you can keep playing.' No! You are parts of God. You have created this life or death challenge, largely in your ignorance. Therefore it is up to you to straighten it out. Thru your technology you gained more power than you had consciousness, and you haven't even realized that what you're here to do is evolve in consciousness, and become more conscious of all those subconscious elements in yourselves and this vast universe around us, that gives us more detail and fascination in whatever direction we look. There is no point in praying when everything about your behavior says you're just going to create the same mess all over again."

Keniston: "Do you remember Aron Ralston, that hiker in back country Utah in 2003? An 800 pound boulder fell on his arm and he couldn't get loose. After struggling for four days, he cut off his arm and lived. He could have just waited to die. They made a movie about it, *127 Hours*. The step you have to take is just about as difficult as Aron Ralston's. Radically changing your behavior requires enormous courage and clarity, like

cutting off your own arm. But the alternative is total disaster. Therefore you can do this! We know you can do this."

Keniston: "We thought we might also comment on the absurdity of your monetary system, in which the government itself is not in charge of determining the amount of currency in circulation. I would tell you about it, but it would bore you all to the point of public farting, so we are putting our analysis on our website for those who might be interested."

Ava: "I don't want to disturb the concentration and reverence of this Happening by mentioning that all kinds of Durvan goods are available on our website. But if you want to appreciate and love your Mother Earth, we suggest you wear green. We are offering various green ware in 4 different shades, which have no significance, other than warmer in winter, cooler in summer. T shirts, hoodies, jeans, and Robin Hood hats – some decorated with logos or embroidery. This doesn't appear to be the right time to tell you how gorgeous and fascinating they are, so I'll just let Daddy proceed with a special prayer."

Keniston: "Thank you, Ava! Let us all do a simple prayer for the healing of our Mother Earth. (He holds his hands out in front of him in supplication) *Oh great and beautiful Mother Earth, who sustains us in every way! May we appreciate you, respect you, honor you, and love you! May we heal all the grievous imbalances that we have created in our ignorant use of you, raping you instead of looking for the gentle path of least damage. Please forgive us for not knowing any better! We wish to stop raping you and treat you with the respect and honor and love that you deserve. So we ask to be forgiven for any harm we have done. May we properly access the great river of life that you are, Talusba! We hope to grow in understanding and consciousness in our relationship with you. Admaradi buswin aliof – we are happy now, we celebrate being alive, we celebrate being conscious.*"

Barbara: "Let's all join hands and OM! We like OM, one of the nicest spiritual things you do. Hrono tinifni talusba! -- We honor the infinite force of life, Talusba, of which we are a part."

The vast crowd starts the OM, harmonies develop, and unobtrusively a synthesizer creeps in with incredible low notes, high fairy bells singing

OM, and deep chords that blend seamlessly with all the people singing, taking the sound into a cosmic appreciation of the power and beauty of Talusba. The OM reaches a crescendo and gradually subsides.

At the end of the OM, Ava twitters like a bird. For reasons unknown, her voice is louder than everyone's. She dances around the stage twittering and flapping her arms. People start laughing. Ava keeps twittering, and pretty soon everybody is laughing hysterically at this twitterer who ended the OM. Ken and Barbara remain on stage, laughing away, their hands raised over their heads or slapping their knees. Finally the three Durvans extend their arms sideways, making crosses of their bodies. They can't ask for quiet by holding their hands up, because they've been holding their hands up and laughing. But they do this and it works.

Keniston, wiping his eyes: "Nothing like a good laugh! Your world needs more laughter! Now take that rosy glow home with you and get to work! Rassavara!"

"Rassavara!" answers the crowd, still laughing.

The strains of a jubilant Durvan tune circulate thru the crowd as they leave.

CHAPTER 17

Intermezzo

Back at The Team, the weekend changeover occurs. Vera meets up with Jesus: "If you don't mind, I'm tired of this whole fucking business. I'd just like to be a grouch for awhile."

Jesus: "Muy señora mía, would you like me to console you, or would you like me to be a grouch too?"

Vera: "Oh! You be a grouch too! Then we can fight for a bit, and that'll be fun! Maybe I'll get over it."

Jesus: "Ok, you frigid pussy, whatcha bitchin about today?"

Vera: "Too much fucking! Too many different men! It's just a whirliho, I can't hold it."

Jesus: "I appreciate that. I had some feelings in that direction. I asked for Guidance, and what I got was I can see you all as part of the same image . . . part of the same . . . archetype. Si! archetype! I can see all these six different women as representatives of the archetype of womanhood. You're all individual women, but you're also One. I'm making love to that archetype, to the Goddess, to that One. Remarkable opposite sex! Together we make a whole. It's just as Barbara said. You get that, bitch?"

Vera: "Oh! I guess I missed whatever Barbara said. But I do get it. I was seeing you guys too much as individuals. I can see the beauty of making you all One. I'll try it. Thanks! But you don't have to be so rude about it."

Jesus: "You're welcome, just being a grouch as you suggested. Now when do we fuck?"

Vera: "You've got to be kidding! Is that what you call spirit connection?"

Jesus: "Ok, when do we get to share our full-bodied rosy love with each other? I figure it will take you a day and a half to get over your grouch."

Vera: "You're going to give me a day and a half? Why that's so generous of you! I thought maybe I'd take five."

Jesus: "So we get hello-goodbye on the sixth, huh?"

Vera: "Something like that. We'll both be ready for it."

Jesus: "I Think I'll check in with Barbara. She's always up for more."

Vera: "You don't want to play my game? Build up suspense for each other? It's really good to develop patience and build up our desire."

Jesus: You're just prejudiced against Mexicans!"

Vera: "No, no, not at all! But I will admit it feels a little strange to be making love with somebody named Jesus. Actually, this is what Loren gets from me every time, except he doesn't get the celebration on Saturday. He seems happy enough about it."

Jesus: "Yeah, and so is Barbara! As a matter of fact, Gloria's happy about it too. She told me one time."

Vera: "Oh my! It sure is nice that each one of us has our own bedroom, isn't it?"

Jesus: "Right! I wouldn't want any confusion."

Vera: "Not that anybody on our Team would be that confused."

Jesus: "That's true. We've got more than enough love to go round. We got so much love . . ."

Vera: "There! You see? You can wait till Saturday!"

Jesus: "Love is not necessarily the same as sexual expression"

Vera: "You men are all alike. You just love us for our pussies."

Jesus: "A pussy is nothing without the rest of you."

Vera: "You can have all the rest of me until Saturday."

Jesus: "You're a tyrant! Ok, I'll play your game, but you better be worth it!"

Vera: "Why would I not be? After all, I love you!"

Jesus: "Fine, fine! Muy bueno! I love you too. I desire you every second. I think I'll hold my breath till you give in."

Vera: "Really? You can hold your breath till Saturday? Bet you can't!"

Jesus: "You win either way, smartyass!"

Vera, like Woody Woodpecker: "Ha-ha-ha ha-ha!"

Jesus seizes her in a bear hug and they share an impassioned kiss, but they go no further. Saturday feels like a long ways off for Jesus, but he knows his love bucket is overflowing.

CHAPTER 18

Faux News Forum

The Faux News Team invites the Durvans to attend a forum to explore their impact on American society. When Keniston and Barbara show up with Ava, the manager informs them that Ava can sit in the audience but of course she cannot go on the air.

Keniston: "Haven't you learned anything about Durvan customs? If Ava doesn't go on the air, we don't either."

Manager: "Our policy does not allow children. This forum is for adults."

Barbara: "Please don't waste our time. If you don't allow Ava to join us as a full participant, we're leaving."

Manager: "You'll miss an opportunity for very wide circulation of whatever you want to say. We have an expected audience of upwards of forty million."

Keniston: "We already have that, thanks. So what's it going to be?"

Manager: "Just a minute." She leaves and returns in four and a half minutes. "Would you be willing to sign a waiver releasing us from all responsibility if Ava is in any way threatened or hurt by this experience?"

Keniston: "Of course not. But you needn't be concerned. Ava can take care of herself, and we cannot see how a discussion can in any way be damaging to her."

Barbara: "Would you be willing to sign a waiver releasing us from all responsibility if any member of your staff is threatened or hurt by our presence or by what we say?"

Manager: "I'll have to ask. Back in a minute!" Seven minutes later she reappears. "Faux News is pleased to have all three of you attend the forum, with no waivers either way."

Ava: "Thank you! You barbarians sure have strange customs!" Keniston and Barbara also murmur thanks, and all three are led to the studio by the manager.

When the Durvans arrive, they find three chairs for them on the left side of the set, and four chairs facing them on the right side. They greet the Faux Team, and all take their seats. Shorn Sanity is acting as moderator and commentator Shill O'Really sits next to him, then their two special guests, Sarah Impalem and Rash Lamebrow. A light flashes to signal that recording is about to begin.

Shorn Sanity: "Welcome to all our viewers for this special Faux News Forum with our very unusual guests Keniston, Barbara, and Ava from the planet Durva! I'm Shorn Sanity with your favorite commentator Shill O'Really. For this special occasion we have invited political experts Sarah Impalem and Rash Lamebrow to join our panel so that we can penetrate any possible confusions that might be caused by this meeting of two entirely different worlds. (The members of the forum nod or wave as their names are called.)

"The panel has agreed on a list of questions to ask the so-called Durvans, and recognizing that these questions are closely interrelated, we would like to ask them all at once and let the Durvans sort them out however they think appropriate. Is that agreeable to you?" (turning toward the Durvans)

Keniston, shrugging: "I doubt we'll have any problem. We are looking forward to a robust conversation with you, and hope we can clear up any confusions you might have."

Barbara: "What's this 'so-called'?"

Shorn Sanity: "Ah! That's our first question. One of our astute viewers has informed us that 'Durva' is actually a word from the ancient Indian language of Sanskrit. It means 'sacred grass,' and we all know what that is – hippie grass, the kind you smoke! How do you explain this?"

Sarah Impalem: "And we have seen thru your names. Keniston and Barbara are really Barbie and Ken, and I dare you to refudiate that! What kind of stunt are you pulling here? Looks like you are Earthlings

and not aliens at all! And where did you get the name 'Ava'? A viewer has noted that the only woman Ava has ever mentioned is Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress. 'Ava' is the same name as 'Eva.' It feels like something sinister has come among us. When Ava visited the Anderson Public School in New York City, Principal Neutraum said she spun around her office three times, appearing and disappearing in each corner, undoubtedly shrieking and uttering imprecations down upon all of us! Since that's the typical behavior of a witch, she is clearly a witch. How do you explain this?"

Rash Lamebrow: "This is all a . . ."

Sarah Impalem: "Wait! I've got a second question I need to ask. Faux News has received a report from Mrs. Fablia Papafiglio of Peoria, Illinois. She says Barbara is her daughter and her real name is Beatrice. Mrs. Papafiglio is very proud of what her daughter is doing. Would you care to admit the truth, Barbie?"

Rash Lamebrow: "Are you finished? Is it my turn now? This is all a gigantic hoax, a mass hypnosis. These are inventions of people here on Earth. They simply learned some remarkable techniques for hypnosis. No wonder they were wearing hippie clothes when they first arrived! This whole thing is just some outrageous hippie hypnotic fantasy! Put on by a bunch of stoners! In the beginning when Ava fell off the stage, that was simply a technique to relax our minds and get us to trust her, set us up for the hypnotism.

"That space ship isn't even there! I've walked right thru it myself. It's an illusion!" He shows a video of walking toward the space ship. As he gets closer the space ship gets fainter and fainter and disappears. Fat old Lamebrow shuffles across the area where the space craft was, raises his hands, turns around, jumps weakly up and down, keeps on walking to the other side, and the space ship comes back. "It's all an illusion! Notice even Ava admitted "we're just figments of your imagination."

Ava: "Sarcastic! I was being sarcastic!"

Lamebrow, ignoring her: "And those Lorelei chimes the so-called Durvans are selling, they're just another means of hypnotizing us all.

These people are sneaky and dangerous. We demand that they come clean!"

Sarah Impalem: "Yeah, they're lorilie chimes all right! Says right in the name – lori lie, lori lies, and 'lori' is just 'glory' without the big G, without God. These things are coded. We need to pay attention."

Shorn Sanity: "We have also learned that the music you first played when you broadcast your presence to us and asked permission to land, we all thought that was Durvan music, it sounded so weird, and now we have learned that this is on a piece by Chaitanya Hari Deuter, track 5, disk 2 on *Silence is the Answer*, titled "As Far as the Ear can Listen." Deuter is a former Rajneeshie, that discredited cult that tried to poison the voters with salmonella in their salad to keep them from voting. If you're not a complete fraud, how do you explain this?"

Shill O'Really: "We note that you have never shown us any video of what the native Durvans are like. One more reason to suspect this is all some kind of big put-on. Garnering what you have said, mostly from Ava, the native Durvans seem to have four legs, four arms, four eyes and ears, and have something like fur. They do not wear clothes. If the native Durvans are actually real, which we doubt, they would appear to be giant spiders. They would therefore see us as food for lunch. You aren't missionaries but simply scouts, looking to bring home the bacon. Or else you are simply jokers. Are you ready to confess?"

Shorn Sanity: "These aliens have already admitted they don't have souls, so obviously they are not going to Heaven. They attack everything having to do with Christianity, and they think they have something to offer us? These cursed, Godless aliens have already been responsible for at least four deaths and one emasculation. They claim to dance the Path of Love, but look how they practice it! How long before they start killing us by the thousands and eating us for dinner?

"We don't have the whole story here. We're already exploring artificial intelligence. Can you imagine where we're going to be with artificial intelligence in 200 years? These guys are claiming they're between 200 and 600 years more advanced than we are. They've got AI up the yin yang!

Think of where we were 200 years ago. We didn't even have electricity. We barely had steam power."

Ava: "The Newcomen steam engine was advanced to the point of practical usability in England by James Watt in 1776, and was used primarily as a stationary engine to draw the water out of the coal mines. In 1801 and 1802 they tried two steam carriages on English roads but one burned and the other crashed. The project died for lack of interest. In 1825 George Stephenson built the Locomotion for the first public steam railway."

Sarah: "Right! And the movies were black and white and silent. They didn't even know how to record our voices."

Shill O'Really: "Sarah, that would be 100 years ago, not 200 years ago."

Sarah: "Oh yeah? Before he died my great grandfather told me how he remembered those silent movies, with a live piano player pounding out appropriate mood music."

Ava: "The movies were invented by Thomas Edison around 1890. They became popular in the first decade of the 20th century in the United States, when you could watch a one minute movie for a nickel at a Nickelodeon. Just about 100 years ago one of the greatest films of all time was put out by D.W. Griffith -- *The Birth of a Nation*, but it has been widely criticized because it favors the Ku Klux Klan and advocates lynching."

Sarah: "What is this kid, a walking Wikipedia?"

Ava, shrugging: "It's just my BA."

Shill: "And does the BA tell you what to do?"

Ava, puzzled: "Nobody tells me what to do. I have free will! The BA can give me advice and warn me of dangers, but it's always up to me to choose whether to follow that advice."

Rash Lamebrow: "Notice how quick she is to cover what's really going on."

Shorn: "Right! My point is these Durvans are putting their faith in artificial intelligence rather than in God. Look at all the 'intelligence' that Ava just spouted. They have nothing to teach us."

Sarah Impalem: "We have learned that after pretending they are totally opposed to us forming Dozmars, these invader Durvans have now formed

their own, which they call The Team. Hypocrites! They're encouraging others around the world to form these 12 person so-called marriages, hedonism enshrined! This is evil, totally opposed to the tradition we have been given by our ancestors, by the Bible, by God. Evil destroys itself. We simply need to watch and wait, and we will see how this silly fad blows out, a flame of nothingness, dozmorons!"

Shill O'Really: "That's a nice phrase, Sarah, 'a flame of nothingness!"

Sarah Impalem: "Thanks Shill! I didn't compose it tho. I had it written on my hand, along with 'dozmorons.'"

Rash Lamebrow, gloating: "We learned you are a dozmar from one of your own members, Alvin, who inadvertently gave us the information."

Shill O'Really: "And how about the dozmar in Chicago who all got arrested for selling XTC?"

Shorn Sanity: "Or the dozmar in Salem, Massachusetts who call themselves the Salem Witches and all burned their Bibles?"

Sarah: "Well if they're burning Bibles, they're clearly witches."

Suddenly the Moody Blues' "River of Love" sings out, with no identifiable source.

Shorn Sanity: "Who's doing that music? Turn it off! We're recording here!"

The manager rushes in: "We're not doing it!" The music repeats River of Love, River of Love, as an endless chorus.

Barbara turns to Ava, quietly: "Ava! That's enough!"

Ava, giggling: "Aw, Mom!" The River of Love fades out. Suddenly "Waiting for a Miracle" blasts forth. Waiting for a Miracle, Waiting for a Miracle!

Keniston, forcefully but not harshly: "Ava!"

Ava, meekly but stifling a giggle: "Yes, Dad." The music fades.

Rash Lamebrow: "It's all hypnotism, it's all hypnotism! There's no music here. You'll see, when we play back the video, there won't be any music."

Ava, giggling: "That's what you think!"

Barbara, quietly: "Ava! That's not respectful! That's not the Path of Love!"

Ava: "Momma! I'm just having fun!"

Keniston: "I doubt these Earthlings see it that way."

Sarah Impalem: "More proof that it's all fake. 'Dozmar' is just English for 'dozen marriage.' You don't even have a Durvan name for dozmars. You're making this whole thing up!"

Ava: "Tolimak atalivu! Tolimak atalivu!"

Keniston: "Patience, bajina! We'll get our turn to answer."

Shill O'Really: "It has become clear that these so-called Durvans are really Borgs, and what they call a Brain Assist is really a nanoprobe connecting them to the Hive, their massive central computer. They just have the contact implanted in their brains instead of that metal screen curving around their left eyes. Missionaries they may claim to be, but their real intent is to conquer and assimilate us into their one group mind." (The Durvans close their eyes, asking their BA's what on Earth O'Really is talking about. Ava starts to giggle. They open their eyes, look at one another, and all three laugh uproariously.) "These three aliens may be pretending to be independent organisms, but they are really mindless drones carrying out the will of the Hive. They're no longer human. We are in the utmost danger! Do not listen to them! Do not support them! For all we know, the hats and clothes they are selling contain invisible wiring designed to erase our individuality. Pretty soon they'll be telling us resistance is futile. If we can't kill them, we must send them back where they came from! You'll notice they won't tell us exactly where that is – probably the Unicomplex! We've found you out, Barbie and Ken and Evil, I mean Ava. What do you have to say now?"

Sarah Impalem: "And the Durvan salute. What is that? Hands up! It's just a surrender sign! They're brainwashing us, preparing us for surrender. Resistance is futile alright!"

Shorn Sanity: "My friend Shill is only partly right when he suggests that the Durvans are really Borgs. We have new evidence from a state department official who must remain anonymous that they aren't human at all, but very advanced robots pretending to be human. This is what their Artificial Intelligence has given them! Look at their prayer: 'Hard

wiring?' 'Initial programming?' Does that sound like human beings? This is Artificial Intelligence at work!

"They have been playing the Dating Game with us, but be warned! We have heard a rumor that if you try to make love with a supposed female like Barbara, this robot has the capacity to cut your member off at the base when you are inside her, and if you make love with a supposed male like Keniston, he can suddenly make his member glow red hot and totally fry your insides, what a terribly painful way to die! They are definitely up to no good, and must be avoided at all costs. Send them back where they came from!"

Ava makes a face and sticks out her tongue at them.

Shorn Sanity, giving Ava a curt nod: "You have now heard our concerns. If you are sufficiently demolished, would you please come clean and tell the people what this elaborate stunt is really all about?"

Keniston: "You invited us to a forum, but I see this is a roast. You've made some pretty humorous charges here. We'll be happy to respond to them one-by-one."

Barbara: "You really need to be careful on who you try to roast . . . or is that on whom you try to roast? I can't say we understand your attempts to be funny."

When Keniston says he will respond to the charges one-by-one, this is a shock to the Faux News team. Perhaps they really thought the Durvans would cave and were not what they claimed to be. Also, they knew that most people can't keep track of more than three questions, and by asking a whole bunch, they figured they would throw the Durvans into confusion. They didn't take into account the Durvans' BA's, which keep track of everything and nicely outline it back to them, with suggested answers.

Keniston: "Let's start with your claim that 'Durva' means 'sacred grass' in Sanskrit. Look! There are over 3,000 different major languages on Earth and another 3,000 minor ones. Our robobrain HAL has not scanned Sanskrit, so we cannot verify that your claim is accurate. But HAL estimates the probability of one of those languages having a word similar or identical to the name of our planet is 18.6%. So roughly one

chance in five. You just happened to score with an ancient language that almost nobody speaks today. This is sheer coincidence. We could have called it Durrrrvach, which is closer to how we actually pronounce it at home, but for simplicity we eschewed the extra letters."

Ava: "As far as that goes, 'Earth' in Durvan is closest to 'ert,' which means 'mistake.'"

Barbara: "We decided on the names 'Barbara' and 'Keniston' when we were on the moon. It was clear we were going to be dealing with a barbarian society, and the words 'barbarian' and 'Barbara' have the same root, so I thought taking the name 'Barbara' was a way of identifying with the barbarians I was going to encounter. Since I took the name Barbara, Ken said, 'Right! You can be Barbie and I'll be Ken.' That's how it came about. We thought it was funny. We both thought Barbie looked like she was from outer space. We were shown the real Barbie & Ken as part of our education when we were around 5 years old. We laughed and laughed and laughed. We thought they were funnier than ... I apologize. What's humorous in one culture may not be at all humorous in another."

Keniston: "We figured we couldn't use our Durvan names. Mine is Suronmu, Barbara's is . . ."

Barbara: "Detiglo!"

Ava: "And I'm Tnasipa."

Keniston: "We probably could have used those names for awhile, but eventually somebody would have asked what those names mean in Durvan. We're committed to tell the truth, so we would have been forced to tell you. We have very different cultures, and we recognize that our names are simply not acceptable to you. They are difficult or impossible to translate with appropriate connotations. 'Tnasipa' means 'Fuck Luscious,' 'Detiglo' means 'Welcoming Vagina,' and 'Suronmu' means . . . means . . ."

Ava: "Tell 'em, Dad, tell 'em! 'Suronmu' means 'Big Dick!'"

Keniston: "You see? We couldn't use our real names even tho they're perfectly respectable on Durva. After all, Ken is always honorable, pure hearted, good fighter, noble, nothing said about what a great lover he is,

but undoubtedly. So I'm happy to play the role of Ken. We figured it was all just innocent good fun."

Sarah Impalem: "Telling us your Durvan names is totally inappropriate. They shouldn't even be mentioned in public. This broadcast is going out to millions of children as well as adults. Giving your little girl a name like that is child abuse. No wonder Ava-Evil is turning out to be a witch! I bet she'd even stand on a dog!"

Keniston: "See what we get for telling the truth! All of our names are very popular among native Durvans."

Barbara: "If you can't see that Ava is a good and beautiful little girl, perhaps you need to take your blinders off."

Keniston: "I would like to meet Mrs. Papafiglio. Even with your primitive technology you could take a couple of blood samples and see by their DNA that she and Barbara are not related."

Ava: "I'll give you a drop of my blood too and you can see I'm related to Mommy and Daddy!"

Keniston, walking over to Lamebrow: "Excuse me, would you allow me to put this disk on your forehead for a few minutes?"

Lamebrow: "And what is this about? Super hypnosis?"

Keniston: "No, it just taps into your memories."

Lamebrow: "Do whatever you want. You can't prove anything."

Keniston holds the disk on Lamebrow's forehead, and up comes a hologram of Lamebrow going to a technician at Faux. Lamebrow: "I've got this idea to prove it's all hypnotism. I want to walk right thru the spaceship like it isn't there. Is that something you can set up?"

Technician: "Oh sure. We'll just have you walk against a blue background and then fill it in with a shot of the spacecraft. No problem!"

Lamebrow: "See how they make up stories!"

Keniston: "Would you like to call in the technician?"

Lamebrow: "You see? That's the cue. We're all hypnotized, so we'll think we're meeting Robbie the technician, but it's all just a hypnotic illusion."

Keniston: "Let's bring the technician in here and ask him."

Technician: "No, Lamebrow never talked to me. I don't know anything about this."

Keniston puts the medallion on the technician's forehead and reveals exactly the same conversation.

Keniston: "Why are you lying to me?"

Tech: "I'm not lying. I have a really great job here and I want to keep it. I want to support the Faux News team any way I can."

Keniston shrugs. Suddenly Lamebrow is 12 feet in the air, his fat body floating like a hippopotamus.

Ava: "If you know we're hypnotizing you, then you don't care if we drop you, do you?"

Lamebrow: "Sure. I'm just hypnotized. It doesn't make any difference."

Ava materializes an air mattress and drops Lamebrow onto it with a heavy thud.

Lamebrow, shakily getting up: "That sure felt like it was real. Congratulations! You guys do a good job!"

Keniston: "On your question about playing Deuter's music instead of Durvan, we have a sense of humor."

Shorn Sanity: "So how is that humorous?"

Barbara: "We thought you'd be expecting Durvan music. We could give you Durvan music, and we have, but we just thought it would be funny to give you some of your own music and let you think it was Durvan. We have made Durvan music available to you, and a good number seem to like it a lot. We're pleased to share. We like some of your music, and you like some of ours."

Keniston: "I hate having to explain a joke! But really, I'm not complaining. We're different cultures and undoubtedly have quite different senses of humor. Let's go on to the video of native Durvans, which you somehow think are giant spiders. We apologize for being so slow to show this. I have it right here."

A hologram appears in the middle of the set. It opens with twenty-four humans assembled before the spacecraft saying goodbye as Keniston and Barbara leave. One of the women has a year old baby and another has a

newborn, because the native Durvans wanted at least one birth among humans so that they would be prepared for anything on the space trip. The humans tend to wear multicolored ponchos and nothing underneath, but several are completely naked. The men sport full beards and everyone's hair is long, frequently in one or two braids, at least one in Rasta locks. Behind and around them are a host of native Durvans. The first impression might be of centaurs, but whereas a centaur's trunk and head rises where a horse's neck and head would be, the Durvans' trunks with their four arms rise up from where the middle of a horse's back would be. They have two legs in front and two legs behind, and stand about seven feet tall. The legs end in something like hooves, and their skin appears covered with hairy scales. Most are naked, but a few wear a sort of brightly colored skirt around their lower trunk and across the tops of their legs, which are solid and broad enough so that a human child could ride either before or behind their trunks. The Durvans' four hands all have four fingers and two opposing thumbs, and seem remarkably dexterous. They do indeed have four eyes, evenly spaced around their heads, with any two adjacent eyes capable of binocular vision. They have a long ear a little like a rabbit's above each eye, capable of bending to shade the eye as needed. It's hard to tell if they have more than one set of nostrils, and only one mouth, which contains an upper and lower band of some hard, sharpened substance instead of individual teeth. They look like they are always smiling, and come across as gentle, sensitive, loving, and even handsome in their alien way.

The scene switches to a nursery, where one Durvan is taking care of each human baby, feeding from a bottle or playing with the infant. The space above the legs in front of the Durvans' trunks seems to function as a lap and is clearly a favorite place for the babies, who are all wearing diapers.

We see the humans growing up, casually naked, studying from their newly implanted BA's or playing various games and sports with the native Durvans. The camera roams over the countryside, showing cultivated fields and living complexes large enough for a dozmar, but so blended into

the trees or hillside as to be almost invisible, just part of Nature. Then comes a scene which appears to show the Durvans making love. It's hard to tell which sex is which, but they join in something like yab yum, with all arms and legs rapturously entwining. The hologram ends with a series of close-ups of individual Durvans, each waving at the camera, blowing kisses, giving the peace sign, or giving thumbs up. With a whinnying accent they say things like, "Greetings, Earthlings," or "We love you!"

Barbara: "Frankly, we were concerned that you Earthlings might be offended by the nakedness on Durva, but that's the way it is. We don't see any problem with it."

Ava: "Most of the time everybody's naked on Durva. We were always naked on the spaceship. The first time I wore clothes was when we were getting ready to appear on Earth. They sure felt funny!"

Sarah Impalem: "Adam and Eve ate the apple and knew shame because of their nakedness. These Durvans know no shame!"

Keniston: "You're quite right, Sarah. We no-no shame, don't see any sense to it."

Lamebrow: "As far as that video goes, you can fake anything with a video."

Shorn Sanity: "For some of it, you could be arrested for child pornography. We'll have to edit out some scenes and blur parts of others before we can broadcast it."

Rash Lamebrow: "Note that they don't show their hypnosis school."

Sarah Impalem: "I didn't see any churches, either."

Barbara: "Each dozmar has its own shrine, honoring the planet and Great Holy Mystery."

Shill O'Really: "And where's their central computer that controls everything?"

Keniston: "The Durvans don't have a central computer or robobrain any more than your internet does. I don't know what else to tell you. We'll post a longer version of the video on our website."

Barbara: "As far as I can make out, Mr. Sanity charges us with being godless, with not going to Heaven, and I guess with not being Christian."

Keniston: Perhaps you did not hear or did not understand what we said before. We have about a 20% probability of an afterlife, as best we can estimate at this point. You're coming from your bible stories and your concept about what your religion is and what it means. From our point of view, your religion is about as accurate and useful as your old medical theory that the way to cure disease is to drain out the patient's blood. It may have been an attempt in the right direction, but it was actually more harmful than helpful. Too much blood letting is what killed the father of your country. Sorry! In this regard you seem so incredibly primitive. Can't you take into account what your science has learned? And see more clearly what God is? God is everything. We and you are parts of God, and the Life Energy, the Talusba, that flows thru all parts enables you to communicate with any part if you choose. We are totally respectful of our divine natures and Great Holy Mystery, creator of all. Just look at the prayers we suggested to you – 'Great Holy Mystery, thank you for life!' 'It feels good to be embraced by the Divine!' 'I align my free will with the sacred Path of Love!'"

Barbara: "You people talk about love and you are so far from practicing it most of the time. My heart goes out to you! Put into practice what you have learned, what you know. Love one another! Is that really such a problem?"

Ava: "And why would I ever stand on a dog? That doesn't sound very loving."

Barbara: "The next charge is that we have formed our own dozmar. It's true, and we're going to have a little talk with Alvin. (Keniston disappears for a couple minutes and then returns.) We didn't intend to form a dozmar. Somehow it just happened. We grew up in our dozmar, the First Earthers, which is quite unusual, but there were only 24 of us humans on Durva, so the two tentative dozmars were formed when we were only seven years old. Can you imagine what it was like to leave the sanctity of that nest to spend ten years on a cramped spaceship and then arrive on a planet full of barbarians? We were homesick, and it seemed so natural to gather a group of compatible spirits around us. Suddenly it was obvious, and we became a dozmar."

Ava: "It's a great comfort to know I now have a dozen mommies and daddies here on Earth."

O'Really: "Wait! You just said you were in a dozmar on Durva, and you're in a dozmar here. Isn't that bigamy?"

Barbara: "Ryohat, no! We don't have any such thing as bigamy. We're at least 20 years apart from our dozmar on Durva. It's true that Keniston and I both miss our First Earthers, but we're here now and might as well make the best of it."

O'Really: "But eventually you'll tear away from the other members of your dozmar here. They'll feel terrible about your leaving. They'll miss you so much!"

Barbara: "Not at all! All experiences in life are temporary. Life is temporary. They will celebrate that they had this wonderful time with Keniston, Ava, and me. We have a deep and intense connection of love among us. It's looking like dozmars could work on Earth. But we are only one example. Because Keniston and I are involved, it might be turning out more favorably than otherwise. So we need to see if other examples can work. The ones in Denmark certainly seem to be thriving."

Keniston, returning: "You need to understand and appreciate that a dozmar is a great fountain of love, which can then spread thruout society. Your two person marriages often get so entangled that they suck up all the love and hardly have enough to share even with their own children, to say nothing of society at large. But dozmars generate love because everyone has so much more than enough. I've talked with Alvin, and he was bursting with so much love that he thought he could share some with your spy Sheila Underman, and unfortunately shared confidences with her. He says he'll know better in the future. We're conducting a grand experiment to see if dozmars can flourish in this barbarian love-deprived society, because if they can, you will have enough love and happiness to bring yourselves into balance with your Mother Earth and stop being her rapists. As your First People wisely say, 'The Earth does not belong to you: you belong to the Earth.'"

Rash Lamebrow, muttering: "Communist propaganda!"

Barbara: "We can't speak for the Chicago-go Dozmar that got arrested for selling XTC except to say they made a bad mistake of which we totally disapprove. You don't need drugs when you've got the real thing."

Keniston: "On the report that the dozmar in Salem burned their Bibles. A minor point: they're not the Salem Witches, they're the Salem Whiches, which is not to say the name wasn't designed to provoke your confusion. First of all, I want to ascertain that the report is true, because it may be no more true than Barbara's mother. Secondly, if it is true, I want to ascertain their reasons. I would guess that they want to put all of the messages from the Bible firmly behind them, and for that reason they are burning those stories into extinction. We know that some of the stories are good moral teachings, and some of them are barbarian nonsense. It is utterly important to distinguish which is which."

Ava: "Tolimak atalivu. That's the Durvan name for dozmar. What's the problem? Tolimak atalivu. If you want to know exactly what that means, it means 'the sacred union of all beings as represented by these twelve.'"

O'Really: "We've also heard from our informant Alvin that you cured one of your dozmar members Aurora of a small cancerous lump in her right breast. It was not a long drawn out process of chemotherapy or anything. You just hooked her up to your machine and she was cured. Does that mean you can cure any of us?"

Barbara: "We most likely could, but that is not our mission. If we undertook to cure everybody who is sick on this planet, we'd be spending all our time curing people, and there would be no way we could accomplish our mission."

O'Really: "Then how come you cured Aurora?"

Keniston: "Aurora isn't just an Earthling. She's a member of our dozmar, she's a member of The Team. We're married to her. That's an entirely different situation from curing just anybody who comes along"

Lamebrow: "I wouldn't be concerned about it. They probably just hypnotized her into thinking she was cured. If they really could cure anybody, they'd be Jesus."

Barbara: You called us Borgs, and we had to check out what you are talking about. So you're accusing us of being fictional characters in Star Trek, invented by Gene Roddenberry as a TV series that began in 1966? We can assure you, we are not fictional characters. We are not mindless drones. We do not answer to a central robobrain. All we have is our friend HAL in the space ship. We wouldn't have a clue how to have robobrain connections over a hundred million light years. Even with the Loop Drive it would take ten years for a message to go back and another ten years for an answer to return."

Keniston: "How could we be Borgs when the prayer that we gave you thanks God for our free will and says you can tune in to the deepest level of yourself, to the God that is creating you? That's what we tune in to. We aren't controlled by any central robobrain. Quite the contrary."

Lamebrow: "That's a very convenient dodge to make us think you're not Borgs."

Shorn Sanity: "When we say you are Borgs, we mean you don't have any individual free will. You are robots, operating out of your central control. You could be machines created to look and act like humans, or you could be living animal creatures programmed to follow the orders from headquarters."

Barbara: "You think the first thing a robot would do when she lands on Earth is smell the cherry blossoms?"

Ava: "Even eat them? They were pretty tasty!"

Lamebrow: "Sure! Your every move is calculated by your super computer. You just did that so we would see you as human."

Barbara happens to be in the midst of her monthly period: "Well how about this then?" She gets up from her chair, reaches under her skirt, and pulls out the Durvan version of a tampon, bloody but not dripping, waves it in the air, dances across the studio to Lamebrow, and gracefully waves it under his nose. Lamebrow makes a face and wrinkles up his nose as if he were smelling something awful, altho in fact the tampon has no detectable odor except a very slight smell of blood. She repeats the gesture for the other three panelists.

Barbara: "Do you think anybody would be so stupid as to build a robot that has monthly periods and loses blood?" She tucks the tampon back in place with her finger and then unconcernedly pulls out of her skirt something like a handkerchief that sparkles, waves of energy going thru it. She scrubs off her hands and redeposits the sparkly.

Lamebrow: "You see what lengths these aliens will go to deceive us?"

The Faux News team is dumbfounded. Never have they seen anything so gross. Sarah: "I'm shocked. I don't know what to say. I've never seen anyone behave in such a rude manner. But I have to admit you've convinced me. You have to be human to have done that."

Barbara: "Oh! Did I do something that is against your etiquette? I apologize! It's difficult for me to adjust to all your secrecy." Keniston tries hard not to laugh, and Ava senses that Mommy has done something very funny.

The other Faux Team members also think Barbara's move is persuasive, but Lamebrow says no, not at all: "Think this thru, folks! Look! No human being televised in front of a vast public audience, would remove a tampon and show it to everybody, and then put it back in! This doesn't prove they're human, it's proof they're robots. Only a robot would do something as totally weird as this. Human beings wouldn't do it."

Sarah: "I don't know. We've obviously upset these folks so much that Barbara was provoked to do this strange exhibition. Perhaps we should remember they <u>are</u> from another planet. I can see it from my bedroom window."

Keniston: "You can't see Durva from your bedroom window. You can only see the planets in your own solar system."

Sarah: "Oh yeah? How about Jupiter?"

Ava: "Jupiter goes around the sun just the way the Earth does. The planets that go around your sun are your solar system. That's Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, and Uranus."

Sarah: "You can leave my anus out of this, thank you."

Barbara: "Actually it's Saturn, Uranus, Neptune."

Sarah: "You too! Moving my butt around! It's bad enough having a six year old make fun of me. I'll get my husband to beat you up if you don't behave."

Keniston, feebly attempting to hide his laughter: "Nobody is making fun of you, Sarah. There actually is a planet named Uranus."

Sarah, incredulous: "Sarah's Anus?"

Keniston: "No no! U-r-a-n-u-s. One word. It's named after a Roman God."

Sarah: "Right, and I suppose there's one named after Mickey Mouse's dog, too."

Shorn Sanity: "Ladies! Gentlemen! Could you please stay on the subject?"

Lamebrow: "And what is the subject? That these alien invaders are trying to bamboozle us into thinking they're just normal friendly human beings?"

Sarah: "Where are we headed here? I have a question for my teammates. Rash, what would you accept as proof that they're not hypnotizing us, or Shill, what would you accept as proof they're not robots or Borgs?"

Rash: "Well, they are hypnotizing us, so there isn't anything I'd accept as proof that they're not."

Shill: No, they're not hypnotizing us! They're Borgs! They've got unheard of abilities. Any day now they're going to tell us resistance is futile!"

Sarah: "At least can we agree that how they're coming across is totally fake?"

Shorn: "Not exactly. It's just that they don't have souls. They aren't quite human, the way we are."

Keniston: "Let me suggest a different way to look at this. Durvans honor their ancestors. Just as your Chinese do, native Durvans can trace back their ancestors for generations, and know something about these sentities. We human Durvans can't do this because our DNA was gathered from all parts of Earth, so the best we can say is all the peoples on Earth are our ancestors. We honor you as our immediate ancestors. We are part of you, if you will have us. You have given us our bodies, you have given us our minds, you have given us this fabulous capacity to love and make love with one another. Thank you so much for all you have given."

Shorn: "So now we're your ancestors? This is too much! Watch out, everybody! This is the first stage of assimilation! Next they'll claim they get to inherit all our wealth! The Borgs are on the loose!"

Ava: "You want to see how Borgy we are?" She lifts up her short skirt, thrusts her pelvis forward and up, and pees ahead of her on the floor, very much like a boy, and in the direction of the Faux panel. Like her mother, she does not appear to be wearing panties.

Everyone is even more shocked. Ava: "You think a robot would do this?"

Keniston casually uses the Loop Drive to disappear the urine. He does not say where he sends it, but Roger Ailing, president of Faux News, demands of his secretary, "What is this wet stain on the carpet in front of my desk?"

Rash Lamebrow: "There! You see? There wasn't any urine. It's all just hypnotism!

Ava, giggling: "Would you like to taste it? I'll do a little more."

Sarah: "This is outrageous! I've tried to make excuses for their behavior but this is way over the line. First they give us a witch's curse with menstrual blood, and now they've peed on us! Dancing the Path of Love indeed! My dog could do better!"

Shorn: "I can't imagine you Durvans would want this obscene performance broadcast to the world at large."

Keniston: "Perhaps we've made a miscalculation. If this were a forum on Durva, at this point everyone would be laughing their heads off. We understood this to be a humorous roast, with you making all kinds of silly charges about us. We just responded with the Durvan brand of silliness."

Shill: "But you peed on us!"

Keniston: "All I can say is it felt right to me. I thought it was hilariously funny that Barbara should pull out her cork and Ava should pee at you. It didn't seem like a big deal. I can see now there is something about your culture that says it's a major no-no to be peed on. We meant no offense."

Barbara: "If we were at a Durvan forum and somebody peed because the questions were so stupid, everybody would be laughing so hard they'd

fall off their chairs. It never occurred to us that you folks would be so uptight that you'd be insulted by a little pee. Everybody pees several times a day. What's the big deal? She did it just the way she saw Uruhu do it at Timasoy."

Keniston: "If you don't see it as humorous, we apologize. We didn't mean any big harm or insult. It was just a normal Durvan reaction when people are asking such stupid nasty questions. Please forgive us! We still love you all!"

Ava: "Me too! I apologize! I really mean it!" But then she sticks out her tongue and gives a Bronx cheer.

Shill: "Then why are you giving us the raspberry?"

Ava, looking very puzzled: "I wasn't aiming it at you, I was giving it to myself because I made a boo-boo. But I can't say I understand exactly what I did wrong. Funny is funny."

Barbara: "How were to we know you were so anathema about peeing? It wasn't clear to us from everything we learned about your culture. We saw the various comments – 'Piss on you!' and what not, but for us that's just a form of humor. It doesn't have any nasty undertone. Ava was just doing what she saw others do in the 3D's she's watched about life on Durva"

Shorn Sanity: "Do you Durvans have any concept of what it means to be vulgar?"

Barbara, after several seconds: I just consulted HAL on the subject. I guess we don't. Why should we disrespect any bodily function? We certainly don't disrespect eating or making love. Why should we disrespect peeing or pooping? Perfectly healthy parts of ourselves that everybody does. Surely you all know it feels really good to pee or poop?

Ava: Blowing out gas, too! That always feels really good! It's particularly fun to fart on the spacecraft, because it takes a couple minutes for the … for the …"

Keniston: "Air filters."

Ava: "For the air filters to clear out the smell."

Barbara: "The word 'vulgar' seems to have a lot of different meanings. Some of them seem to have to do with the common people being judged

as inferior by the elite people. Since we're all equal beings, there are no 'elites' and 'common.' So that part we don't get at all. I guess you're talking about 'morally crude,' or 'lacking taste.' Some topics appear to be inappropriate, or vulgar. We have a problem with that too. Who determines what's appropriate? What's appropriate to us on Durva is quite different from what's appropriate to you. That doesn't make what you're doing vulgar in our eyes. Just barbarian! We don't think you should see anything we do as vulgar, because it's not vulgar to us."

Keniston: "You seem to see some parts of the body as vulgar or some activities or some thoughts as vulgar. We see all parts of the body as sacred. Great Holy Mystery has given us this marvelous gift of life, with a body and a brain. We believe it's a mistake to think badly of any part of the life process."

Barbara: "We have given you our responses to all your questions and arguments. Do you accept them?"

The Faux News Team is befuddled. They huddle among themselves. They don't remember most of the Durvans' arguments, being too busy planning their responses.

Shorn Sanity: "Our time is running out. We'll have to wrap this up. This has been the most challenging discussion – if that's the right word – that I've ever taken part in. We thank the Durvans and every member of the Faux Team. Tune in immediately after this show for further analysis by Glen Dreck and Laura Angergram."

The media generally concede that the Durvans are real and they won all the arguments at the forum, but why did they have to behave in such a shocking uncouth manner? They should be ashamed of themselves for bringing up Ava with no respect for propriety. The Durvans respond by asking what is propriety? There isn't even a Durvan word for propriety. It doesn't help. They had peed on America. They might as well have bombed Pearl Harbor or crashed planes into the Trade Towers. They would protest they didn't pee on America. They just peed on the four members of the Faux News Team because they were asking such stupid questions. But

Earthlings never quite trust them again. The Durvans may have won the battle, but they lose the war.

Keniston: "It was all just bullshit. They could have asked some interesting questions, like, Have you had wars on Durva? or Do you truly practice equality? And what does that mean to you? Or what's it feel like to be as loving as you claim you are? Questions like that might have given you some valuable answers. Instead, what did you get? A bunch of baloney! We're sorry. I'm sure if we could figure this system out, we could do a little bit better.

Newsflash: NYT columnist David Creaks and Mark Bucklers. David: "The PoliRings might have had a fair chance of success if the Durvans hadn't contaminated them with dozmars, which frighten everyone away." Mark: "And the tampon and peeing. How can anyone respect them?"

CHAPTER 19

Superfluous

Shortly after the Faux News Forum is broadcast, Givaltomy Putinpokit, the premier of Russia, sends an emergency email to the Durvans requesting an immediate interview. He says, "Perhaps we could meet in my study in the Grand Kremlin Palace, or if necessary I will fly to Washington to meet with you."

Keniston responds: "Yes, I can meet you at 4 pm your time this afternoon."

Keniston Loops to the Kremlin Study at precisely 4 pm. He finds the room empty. Hearing voices nearby, he opens the door to the Grand Study and walks in. The Grand Study, like the Study, is decorated in highly ornate Russian Rococo, or neo-Byzantine if you prefer. Immediately the two security guards behind Premier Putinpokit aim their PP-2000's at him. Putinpokit rises from behind a small table, comes around it and extends his hand: "Mr. Keniston! This is a surprise!"

Keniston: "Please excuse me! I didn't mean to startle anyone."

Putinpokit, waving to his guards to lower their guns: "But you arrived without anyone noticing you? How did you get thru security?"

Keniston: "Loop Drive. I can appear anywhere instantly. Actually, I arrived in the next room because I thought that was what you said."

Putinpokit: "I see. Why would I be in the Study when I can be in the Grand Study?"

Keniston: "You didn't say "Grand Study."

Putinpokit: "I thought it would be obvious. But please never mind. (smiling in an attempt at graciousness) I have invited you to come here because I am in a terrible situation. I saw on the Faux News Forum how

you Durvans can cure anyone. This is my son Vasilene." He points behind him on his left to a young man in a wheelchair, either unconscious or asleep, attended by a white aproned nurse with a white banded cap, a very attractive young woman. "He is suffering the current popular disease, ALS. His case is advanced, and we have no cure. I'm desperate! Could you please save him?"

Keniston walks over to Vasilene and passes his little silver medallion over Vasilene's body. He then returns to the front of the little table to face Putinpokit: "I'm sorry. We don't do cures. As I explained on the show, if we did, we'd spend all our time curing people and wouldn't be able to do our mission."

Putinpokit: "I'll give you a billion dollars! You can use it to further your doz-whatchamacallits."

Keniston: "And then all the rich sick people would be offering us money to cure them. I told you. I can't do it."

Putinpokit: "Have you no compassion? This is my only son. He would be the next premier!"

Keniston: "If you prefer that he go easy, you could put him in my hands."

Putinpokit: "Yes, yes! Anything!" Putinpokit signals the nurse, who wheels Vasilene over to Keniston, who promptly disappears him.

Keniston: "Neetanith prahlada!"

Putinpokit: "What did you do?"

Keniston: "I sent him on to the next world. Isn't that what you wanted me to do?"

Putinpokit: "No no no! I wanted you to cure him!"

Keniston: "I told you, I can't cure him. He only had six weeks to live anyway and he would have been miserable. This way he's happy and he's sliding on up the ladder."

Putinpokit: "How do you know that?"

Keniston: "We don't. We actually estimate that there's only about a 20% chance that anybody is wafting up the ladder, but this is what we say on Durva. May he be one of the 20%!"

Putinpokit: "But you've murdered my son!"

Keniston: "Not at all! It's just dying with dignity. Vasilene undoubtedly heard celestial music and was embraced in a warm vibration of love as his consciousness slipped out of his body and proceeded. I cannot say whether he was headed for further life or to the memory banks of Great Holy Mystery, but in any case, he experienced death with great respect and a gentle smooth passage."

Putinpokit: "But neither he nor I had any say in it!"

Keniston: "It's usually better if they don't know. It's likely to upset them, and then their passage isn't so well greased. I'm hungry. Do you have anything to eat?"

Putinpokit: "But aren't you upset? Don't you feel guilty that you just murdered my son?"

Keniston: "Certainly. I apologize that I misunderstood your instructions. I was just doing what I'm used to doing. I was in charge of slaughtering the animals to eat in our dozmar on Durva. It was natural for me to use the same technique on your son that I used on them. We respect how the Life Energy flows, not necessarily the body Talusba may be flowing thru."

Putinpokit: "So it's ok to murder my son because you don't respect him?"

Keniston: "Not at all, not at all! Talusba was going to leave in six weeks anyway, as I said. I thought you were asking to make it a gentle transition, so I did. He goes thru a beautiful passage of colors and lights and pleasing harmonies. That's as far as I can take him. Then he slides into the great beyond."

Putinpokit, trying to stuff his rage: "I know that I am helpless before you. Let me offer you some tea and ptichie moloko, a fine Russian cake." He whispers to one of the guards, who raises his eyebrows. Putinpokit emphatically repeats the order.

While waiting for the tea and cake to arrive, Putinpokit asks Keniston, "Why is the West so concerned about my taking back Ukraine? Ukraine has always been part of Russia. Kiev was our original capital."

Keniston, after closing his eyes for a moment while he checks his BA: "You'd better ask Khrushchev that. He's the one who made Ukraine an independent state. The West doesn't like your taking things by force. You didn't even try to negotiate."

Putinpokit: "Well then, how about the Muddle East? When is it going to resolve?"

Keniston, again after closing his eyes: "Not until all the people give up their obsolete religions. Till then you're all stuck in barbarism."

Putinpokit: "We communists were right about religion then."

Keniston: "Except you didn't replace it with any morality."

Fortunately at this point the tea and ptichie moloko arrive in the hands of a beautiful young Russian woman, who carefully places one steaming cup in front of Keniston and the other in front of Putinpokit. A samovar and the cake sit in the middle of the tray. The tray also contains little dishes of jam with tiny spoons, but nothing to spread the jam on. Keniston's Personal Defense System immediately informs him that his tea contains a fatal dose of radiation, particularly alpha waves. Since the PDS is programmed to send back whatever it receives, it asks Keniston if it should switch cups. Keniston almost automatically agrees, and the Loop Drive switches the cups so seamlessly that no one notices.

Keniston: "I'm detecting radioactivity in your tea. Are you sure you want to drink it?"

Putinpokit, with a perplexed look: "You have a strange sense of humor. Prijatnogo Appetita!" He starts drinking the tea.

Keniston: "Seriously, I wouldn't drink that tea if I were you. My reading is it's so poisonous it will kill you."

Putinpokit: "I can't say I appreciate your humor. Drink your tea!"

Keniston does so, knowing it is delicious and uncontaminated. He squeezes a slice of lemon into it and helps himself to a piece of cake. Putinpokit drinks his tea with gusto, and pours them both a second cup.

Soon the tea party is over. Keniston apologizes again for misunderstanding Putinpokit, who offers his hand to shake. "These things happen,"

he says. "May you have success in teaching us to be more ecological and moral!"

As several days pass, Putinpokit grows steadily weaker. The whole world is saying that the Durvans have poisoned the leader of Russia. Finally the Durvans relent and bring Putinpokit to the spacecraft. They had brought Aurora into the spacecraft to be treated, but their PDS detected that Putinpokit had a direct connection to the FSB, as the Russian security force is called, and a body cam that was constantly on and projecting the signal to a Russian satellite. They disable these devices, render Putinpokit unconscious, and bring him into the spacecraft, making an exception to the rule that no aliens are allowed inside. They cure him by a treatment that takes several days. Meanwhile, the media accuse the Durvans of doing away with the Russian premier.

When he recovers, Putinpokit says, "I'm very glad they cured me after they attempted to assassinate me, but they could have cured my son too instead of murdering him."

So not only have the Durvans peed on America, they have tried to kill a head of state as well as murdering his son. About 30% of Americans cling to the notion that the Durvans are here to do good, and these events are merely anomalies, although less than 3% are actually forming PoliRings or dozmars. Another 30% don't care or are undecided. 40% feel the Durvans are dangerous, are here to corrupt our morals, and are pushing a political agenda that will be the ruin of us all.

Barbara could say, "Our Personal Defense Systems are automatically programmed to return whatever is sent, and Putinpokit was trying to kill Keniston in revenge for the death of his son."

Keniston could say, "I don't know if my PDS recognized that what was in the tea was polonium, but it recognized that someone, sponsored by Putinpokit, was offering me a highly radioactive poisonous drink."

It doesn't matter in the court of public opinion. According to the Faux News Team, everyone knew that in the Security Council, the Russians would veto any attempt to reduce oil and gas consumption, so the Durvans needed to put Putinpokit out of the way. Who would they strike next?

The Durvans have clearly sunk to a new low in popularity. The media keeps the scandal alive for days, even after the Durvans cure Putinpokit. It seems as if there was no way the Durvans could recoup their reputation for being loving. However, the faithful keep massing for Happenings, and the money keeps rolling in.

CHAPTER 20

Final Review

Once again April 20 has arrived, and the Durvans gather for a koraku on their one year anniversary. Ava is now almost seven, and the little table in the spacecraft seems to be getting smaller. Nevertheless the three gather round, holding forearms. They meditate, feeling the love.

Keniston: "So we've been here a year. It's been a good year. Let's first look at all our successes, and then look at our challenges. Frankly, I am not optimistic. We have accomplished wonders, but the most important wonders are yet undone."

Barbara: "We have made marvelous close connections with Loren, Lucia, Aurora, Alvin, Vera, Vaughn, Brautigan, Amethyst, Jesus, and Gloria. Altho we have experienced various challenges of personality and programming, we have actually succeeded in creating a dozmar that is working."

Ava: "Are the dozmars a plus or a minus? You've always told these barbarians not to form dozmars, but you seem to celebrate that so many are forming."

Barbara: "You've got to remember that dozmars have the potential of giving Earthlings the energy to make the necessary evolution in consciousness. Dozmars are love generators, and what these barbarians most desperately need is more love and less fear. When a child grows up thoroughly loved and nurtured by twelve parents instead of just two, thi doesn't develop the fear and hate of children who are severely disciplined or ignored. Dozmars produce happy, competent, loving adults, and that's what every society needs. The United States now has 349 registered dozmars, with another 273 around the world. We have enough dozmars to

determine conclusively whether such a social organization can prosper and contribute on Mother Earth, or whether it is not suited to the natural propensities of these barbarians. So the big question is whether dozmars can work on Earth. They have some issues, which we'll talk about when we look at the negatives."

Keniston: We've had much success in moving these Earthlings closer to living in harmony with their Mother Earth, who supports them in every way. They are on the verge of a major evolution in consciousness, moving from a taking mentality, assuming they are somehow above Nature, to recognizing that they are a part of Nature and working with the greatest respect within the natural system, giving their appreciation and love."

Barbara: "It's a giving, not a taking. Understand that! Remember that! Practice that! This fundamental rule of survival is understood and practiced by so few here. Appreciate! We've done a little bit to increase their numbers. At the very least, perhaps they can love one another a little better now."

Ava: "Most of the Earthlings I've met have been good helpful people – but certainly not all!"

Keniston: "I have been looking at the numbers. We have seen tremendous growth in the PoliRings. There are now 3800 across the US, which is a major step in the right direction."

Barbara: "We have also experienced much success in all our sales, over $6 billion in the last quarter. Worldwide we have sold over 10 million Bare as Beautiful swimsuits and body suits, 700 million hats and T shirts, 1.7 million Lorelei Chimes, 2.1 million lessons on the Orfidans, and 22 million memorial gold coins and medallions. In addition, we have received over $1.3 billion in contributions. Consequently, we have been able to contribute over three and a half billion dollars to those causes that work to bring Earthlings into harmony with their planet. Despite our detractors, the consciousness is shifting and people are becoming more accepting of what has to be done."

Ava: "And roughly 300 million around the world are now drinking Durvan tea on a daily basis. It's even popular in China."

Keniston: "I think it's a record to be proud of. We've done good work! But is it enough? We face formidable challenges. Perhaps our biggest challenge is that we have only 6800 PoliRings. They can make some difference now, but not enough to really sway the scales. HAL originally estimated we'd need at least 50,000 PoliRings in this country to have any chance of replacing the plutocracy with truly representative government. Once that critical mass is reached, then support would explode and everybody would want to join the band wagon. But now HAL projects the PoliRings will top out at less than 1% of voters, and they've got to be over 2% to succeed. We could stick around another year and see if we could increase that growth, but HAL says the prospects of speeding up the growth more than 10% are only about 25%, so not likely."

Barbara: "We've generated so much opposition. The Tea Party has been organizing Patriot Bands to counteract our PoliRings. Each has 13 members to represent the 13 original colonies, and is a strict hierarchy, with the Coke brothers on top telling everybody what to do. They get together to watch and discuss Faux News, which suggests various topics and national actions that these Patriot Bands should take. They may be a formidable voting force opposing all our reforms, considerably dampening the effect of our PoliRings."

Keniston: "Yes, there's also the new GOP, or GOLP – Game Over, let's Party! Increasing numbers are seeing the Global Catastrophe as unstoppable. According to them, quite correctly, it's going to get much worse. 'We have destroyed our planet, so it doesn't matter at all what we do. Eat drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die!' Sure. That's a really easy way to go. You don't have to do anything. You can just keep doing whatever unecological things you're doing. You live a self-fulfilling prophecy. Because you think your planet is doomed, you create the doom. If you chose to think the opposite, you would be creating your salvation. Truly in your hearts, which would you rather do?"

Ava: "Similar to the fundamentalist reaction. These are the End Times. There's no point in trying to prevent them. The apocalypse is upon us!"

Barbara: "On the other hand, a group of New Agers believes we're not from another planet at all but are direct agents from God. We're Messiahs come to save them! They're pushing people to listen to us and receive enlightenment."

Keniston: "Perhaps fortunately, there aren't very many of them. A few just have to invent something better than reality. But the question is, did we do anything wrong? Did we fail to do anything we should have? Or are these barbarians just too intractable?"

Barbara: "We shouldn't have peed on them."

Ava: "Oh, so it's all my fault? What's the deal with that?"

Barbara: "No, bajina, it's not all your fault. None of us had any idea Earthlings would be so offended by protest peeing. Or that they would interpret showing off my menstrual blood as a witch's curse, as if there were real witches who had any real power to curse anybody."

Ava: "Maybe it's the dozmars. Maybe we never should have mentioned them."

Barbara: "Despite all our advice, the number of dozmars keeps going up. There must be something about them that appeals."

Keniston: "Still, Ava's got a point. What if we'd never brought up dozmars, what if we'd never had sexual relations with these barbarian Earthlings?"

Barbara: "Then we would have missed those beautiful experiences with Loren and Brautigan and Lucia and all the rest."

Keniston: "That's for sure. Our experience would have been a lot poorer for it."

Ava: "On the other hand, we've now seen six more dozmars across America do ritual Bible burning to leave their obsolete religion behind. I don't think that's helping any."

Barbara: "Yes, so many are offended by our exposé of the primitive mishmash they claim to be divinely revealed. We can't help it. The truth shall set you free!"

Keniston: "There is a real concern about dozmars. A lot of the registered dozmars are just perfect foursome wannabes. I can understand how

the wannabes want to complete. But I'm puzzled as to why they don't want to be larger than eight. Over and over again, two perfect foursomes will join, and then when they add a third foursome, they break up within four months. It's always over personality conflicts, conflicts of expectations, possessiveness, or drama queen behavior. So it's clear they have much to learn on how to get along in love with one another."

Barbara: "The fact that they don't seem able to form marriages larger than octomars suggests how each one has been programmed by their barbarian society in all kinds of ways to be boxed in, forced to live in a box of fears and likes and avoidances and preferences. Sometimes it's very hard to escape one's box. It's a reflection of how difficult it is for Earthlings to connect in love and trust and joy."

Keniston: "The problem is that octomars only generate about half as much love energy as a full dozmar. This means they are much less likely to push the Earthlings toward a giving society instead of a taking society. This may doom the planet."

Barbara: "Don't say it. I just can't imagine that our sexual proclivities, our openness, going on the Dating Game, forming The Team and all the other dozmars that have sprung up – I can't imagine any of that has anything to do with our lack of success."

Keniston: "HAL says definitely, but I don't see how. We're just advocating love in all forms. What could possibly be wrong with that? We knew that if a critical mass is reached, there could be an explosion and a mass adoption of love. But at this point, it's only risen to half of what is necessary."

Barbara: "It's too big a shift for them. That's the problem. They're afraid they'll have to give up their cars, stop flying, lower their standard of living, not be allowed to have more than one child."

Keniston: "And Faux News is fanning the flames of those fears. But those are all things they need to do if they want to survive. They were willing to sacrifice during World War 2. Can't they see this is an even greater threat?"

Ava: "So are dozmars necessary for their transformation and survival?"

Keniston: "We don't think so. That's why we invented PoliRings. They've got to have a clear organization to defeat the plutocracy. But the PoliRings are much too much debating societies. They're having such difficulty committing to reduce the population or their use of fossil fuels."

Ava, mimicking: "I like my SUV. I don't care that it only gets 15 mpg. I can afford it."

Barbara: "Then they're doomed! Isn't there some alternative?"

Keniston: "HAL and I have been looking. We're not finding much, and the farther we look, the worse it gets. The takers are always very concerned about weapons so that they can prevail over any possible adversaries. Even if we leave a healthy substantial community of dozmars and PoliRings, the takers are very likely to seek them out and destroy them, as somehow the enemy. And of course those who would dance the Path of Love are unfortunately and not by their choice the enemies of those who rule by force."

Barbara: "The prediction is as the ecology collapses, the takers will try to take charge, and it is only the givers who can establish the new paradigm. But some of the takers are transforming into givers."

Keniston: "HAL's statistics are absolute, there's no chance, I mean the chance is less than 5%, that enough people will join the PoliRings for the necessary evolution to take place. It would be a peaceful and beautiful evolution, but the statistics are completely against it. We might as well Eschatol and leave."

Ava: "But Daddy, these aren't statistics, these are real people! Over 7 billion real people!"

Keniston: "I know, bajina. Sometimes dealing with reality is very hard, very hard. Yet it has to be done. This is how the Sector Federation secures its borders against barbarian attacks."

Ava: "But it's not loving, Daddy!"

Keniston: "It's as loving as we can make it."

Ava: "Then don't make it!"

Keniston: "We have to do something. That's our job. This is why we were sent here. This is why we agreed to the mission. But we didn't think

we would have to bring catastrophe down upon them. May Great Holy Mystery forgive us! I believe this is the only correct path."

Barbara: "But we've made such progress! Things seem to be going pretty well. How can you be arguing that we're doomed to fail and it's time to Eschatol?"

Keniston: "The Earthlings have a game called chess, an elaborate strategy game similar to our *elopanom*. A good chess master can see 5 or 6 moves ahead, and may therefore concede even tho the judges and the audience may not perceive he is in trouble. That's what HAL is doing for us. I'm not saying HAL is infallible. He's only as good as the logic we have and the data we give him. But he is the best authority we've got. He says conclusively it's not a matter of doubt. This planet is not going to make it."

Ava: "So where did we go wrong?"

Keniston: "Barbarians characteristically reject new ideas, particularly new ideas that threaten their cherished values. We expected resistance to dozmars and our criticism of their silly religion, but some of them even object to Bare as Beautiful. In fact some public beaches have had reports of goons harassing or even attacking any woman who wears a BaB swimsuit. Barbara, you thought BaBs would open them up?"

Barbara: "It was worth a chance."

Keniston: "But instead it shut them down, right?"

Barbara: "Not exactly. After all, we have sold over 6 million BaBs."

Keniston: "And we've also had to defend arrests in Texas, Florida, Louisiana, and even New Jersey. At this point it's up to their Supreme Court to decide whether BaBs are legitimate free speech. Meanwhile their media endlessly accuses us of trying to spread immorality. So our policy of challenging their deeply held barbarian values is not successful. It leaves us out in the cold and forces us to do the Eschatol."

Ava: "You certainly can't exterminate them because we did a bad job of trying to convert them."

Barbara: "We didn't do a bad job. We tried a strategy realizing we had very little hope of success and figuring all the normal means wouldn't work anyhow. So we tried something super dramatic."

Ava: "It didn't work, did it?"

Barbara: "Still, BaBs are just part of the package, and if the Supreme Court decides in our favor, a whole new appreciation of our natural and beautiful nakedness may emerge quickly, just as happened awhile back with gay marriage."

Keniston: "We need to understand what the Eschatol alternative is. Eschatol is a beautiful way to die, going into a powerful bodily ecstasy until it becomes so strong one no longer needs to be conscious of it. Then the heart explodes and one passes. Talusba takes a joyful leave, and these spirits go wherever they must. The Eschatol is so strong that infected folks are likely to partner up almost anywhere. Remember that the Eschatol has a synergistic effect, so that if two people make love when they're infected, they'll go into such a strong orgasm that they'll both go out together."

Ava: "Great! So the land will be littered with rotting corpses locked in sexual embrace."

Keniston: "Yes, but that's a situation that will last only a few months. The wild dogs and rats will proliferate, and then their populations will crash when they run out of food. What I really like is the fundamentalists will gather in their churches and will think Eschatol is the Rapture. They will work themselves up with song and prayer and exhortation until they all die together in ecstasy."

Barbara: "You like that?"

Keniston: "I think it's humorous. What a way to go! But of course by Earth standards we shouldn't laugh at anybody dying. The real issue now is what are our alternatives? If we Eschatol now, we will kill off 97% of the population. That will leave over 200 million people, plenty enough to keep their civilization going. Most of these will be Durvan tea drinkers sympathetic to moving into harmony with their planet, and they will be able to take charge with the democratic principles inherent in the PoliRings and dozmars. 97% of the greenhouse gas emissions and other harmful practices will end, and that will mean minimum damage from global warming and almost no chance of moving into an ice age. Society will recover and

move up a step on the evolutionary ladder so that within a thousand years they will be sufficiently civilized to join the Sector Federation.

"On the other hand, if we don't Eschatol, the small number of PoliRings and dozmars will not prevail, most likely will be persecuted, and the Earthling society will rush headlong over the precipice of ecological collapse. They will degenerate into lawless bands fighting among themselves for food and scarce resources, and the cancer mentality will grow even stronger. In a few thousand years they may emerge as a barbarian empire that attempts to spread their cancer over the universe. Of course they will have about a 33% chance of creating a new ice age, and if that happens, it may delay them by as much as 100,000 years, but then the result will be the same. They will sink into even deeper barbarism. As global warming continues, it will reach a tipping point where quite suddenly the earth will move into an ice age. It could start with a single winter that never stops, or 1,2,3 increasingly worse winters until the ice forms year round. This will kill off between 2/3 and ¾ of the population from starvation and freezing, and the remainder will live in misery for centuries.

"The choice is clear. Nothing is to be gained by not excising the cancer now. We are like a doctor in the American Civil War, who has no anesthetic but nevertheless must amputate the soldier's leg to prevent the gangrene from killing him. Of course the soldier protests – 'Don't cut! Don't cut!' But it is the only way to save his life."

Barbara: "What does Talusba want us to do? What is the Path of Love here? Isn't there such a thing as natural evolution? Can't we just let them be, and increasing numbers will discover the higher way?"

Keniston: "That's normally true in societies that go thru the cusp successfully. But the cusp is a point of pass or fail, and some fail. Usually the timing is wrong. The planet collapses before they manage to evolve sufficiently. We try to save what we can. So far, this is our method of saving, and in this case, we've failed."

Barbara: "You're saying that because we have failed to bring enough of them to their senses, we have to Eschatol? We have to kill them because of our failure? That's intolerable!"

Keniston: "But if we leave them to their fate, that's a double failure. It's an awesome responsibility, but if we recognize the responsibility, then not to do it is irresponsible."

Barbara: "No, no, not to do it is the natural order!"

Keniston: "We learned on Durva how to cure cancer a couple hundred years ago, and we know cancer is a result of Talusba being out of balance. There's nothing natural about being out of balance. That's something sentities bring on themselves by not being quite sentient enough. Cancer has to be excised for a cure to take place."

Barbara: "This means we're leaving Loren and Lucia and all the rest to deal with this horror."

Keniston: "They're the best people on the planet to do it,"

Barbara: "You're playing God, it's just too much!"

Keniston: "We're all parts of God, I'm a part of God, I'm just doing what God sees as best to do in this situation. If you can show me a better thing to do, I'm open to it. I don't want to do this any more than you do! God isn't a loving or vengeful God. God is God. And things must unfold according to the inexorable laws of existence. Sometimes very destructive things happen, out of which comes enormous good."

Barbara: "Refuse to act! Do nothing! That's a better way."

Keniston: "And let them wither away for a hundred thousand years and be nothing. No significance but their own desperate struggle for survival. If we Eschatol, we'll be giving them and their culture an opportunity to blossom, and it's true that blossoming will come, HAL says so, even from the rotting corpses of the past. That's how it has to be. I can see no other course, and neither can HAL. There are no positive probabilities, only destruction."

Barbara: "Oh Great Holy Mystery!"

Keniston: "Do you think I want to do this? I don't want to do it any more than you do! But it looks to me like it's what we have to do."

Barbara breaks down in tears: "I'm doing this to you, Loren, I'm doing this to you! And Lucia, Brautigan, Vera, Jesus, all the others!" She sobs heavily.

Ava, putting an arm around her mother: "Don't I get a vote in all this?"

Keniston: "Sure, bajina, what do you want to vote for?"

Ava: "What if I stayed, like maybe for the next 50 years?"

Keniston: "What? Why? What would you do?"

Ava: "Inspire them. Keep them on course with more PoliRings and dozmars. Help them understand the beauty of harmony with their Mother Earth. I told you I was reborn at Bryce Canyon. It feels like home to me here."

Barbara: "Perhaps we could all stay, even tho HAL says it's hopeless."

Ava: "No. You miss your dozmar back on Durva and I don't, since I've never been there. Besides, if you both stayed, every time we had a setback Daddy would want to Eschatol them. That wouldn't be good energy."

Keniston: "You mean you want to stay without Eschatolling?

Ava: "You got it! Of course! As the climate worsens and the oceans rise, these barbarians will finally realize they've got to make drastic changes. They've got goodness at their core, almost all of them. They can do it and I can help!"

Keniston: "That's very beautiful, bajina. It's true your mother and I are not very comfortable here. The vibes are so jangly on Earth because everybody doesn't love everybody. There's always a certain amount of fear, tension, trying to take advantage of somebody, downright hostility. It's a difficult environment for us to live in, because we're so used to being surrounded by love. We're ready to leave. I've consulted with HAL, and it's really best for Earthlings to develop their own solutions for whatever problems come up . We've planted the seeds. They are Earth's now and they can do what they see fit with them. But just as your mother said, HAL says it's hopeless. There isn't anything you can do that will make a big enough difference."

Ava: "Maybe you're not feeding HAL the right information. I feel that I can inspire them. I know I can! I don't think HAL is taking into account the powerful synergy that a strong dose of loving Talusba can create. Maybe in 50 years you can send another spacecraft and I'll be ready to come back to Durva. I will see my other home for the first time. But I feel I am one of these Earthlings. Mother Earth is my home for now,

and I will do everything I can to help them, so they don't let our home be destroyed."

Keniston, after a slight delay: "It's true the effect of your inspiring energy is very hard to measure or predict. I just asked HAL to give that possibility maximum probability. He says insufficient data. Maybe you do have a chance. But you're so young! . . . I think I support you in this, altho we will miss you terribly. It will be a pretty boring flight back without you."

Ava: "I understand. I will miss you too. But without me, on the way back you can have another kid, and I'll have a baby brother. And you don't have to be too concerned about me. I'll have the entire Team to help and support me."

Barbara: "Tell me, Ava, how did you come up with this idea?"

Ava: "I just asked the standard question: How can I put more love into this situation? This is the answer that came."

Keniston: "Then you have been called."

Barbara: "I love you so much, bajina. I hate to see us separate. But I understand you're being called on a mission, and that's very holy. Let's look at the practical details. As you grow older, you can't have any kids with Earthlings because you'd be creating a race of superhumans, eight times stronger and also smarter. This would be an undesirable threat to their sense of equality. We may be able to alter your DNA so you can't have kids or so you don't pass on the bonobo genes."

Ava: "I think I'll be too busy to have kids. The native Durvans think we Durvan humans will stay fertile at least till we're 100. I can wait till I return to Durva to have kids."

Keniston: "Ok, now please consider this carefully. You won't have a BA or any access to Durvan technology, including your Personal Defense System and the Loop Drive. Some Earthlings would happily kill you to get their hands on the Loop Drive or PDS."

Ava: "Wow! Couldn't you set up a small robobrain in some secret place so I'd still have some BA and PDS? It wouldn't have to include any info on Durvan technology."

Keniston: "Too risky. The Earthlings may discover how to track your communication with any such robobrain, and if they find it, that would give them a huge technological boost."

Ava: "Hmmm. Well, I'll be no worse off than any of them. In fact not having access will make me seem more equal to them, and that may be a good thing."

Barbara: "I can see you're really determined. I suppose we'd better check with the US government and make sure you have permission to stay here indefinitely."

Ava: "I'd like to apply for American citizenship. These feel like my people. I'm not that interested in going back to a planet where there are only 24 other humans and their kids, and however loving the Durvans are, they're a different species. Barbara Jean Allen and I have been communicating by email. She's been accepted with full scholarship at Reed College and will start in the fall. Amazingly, Eric the Goth is planning to go to Portland State and wants to become a teacher. I've also heard Principal Neutraum is running for Congress, backed by several PoliRings. This is what I mean about the goodness of these barbarians. Just given the opportunity to go in the right direction, they're practically dying to do it."

Keniston: "Ava, your plan has a small chance of working, so we might as well try it. If you do not succeed, we will discover the disaster in another 50 years and deal with it accordingly. If you do succeed, the people of the planet will make a massive and beautiful step forward, where they understand that their most fundamental obligation is to take care of their host, honor their host. It could happen! We send you out with our greatest blessings. May your path work! Certainly it is the Path of Love."

Ava: "I will dance it."

Barbara: "I honor you for this. You are such an amazing little girl! I am very proud of you!"

Keniston: "I'll set up an appointment with President Subornable. We might as well get his blessing for this new move."

In just a few days, the three Durvans meet with President Subornable in the Oval Office and present their proposal.

President Subornable: "Yes, Ava, I appreciate your offer and I'm sure we'd love to have you stay. Excellent idea! I certainly want to assist you in this process, but there are some problems. You're a minor. For that reason your honorary ambassadorship expires when your parents leave, and in order to apply for citizenship, you have to have a legal guardian."

Ava, after a brief hesitation, staring directly at the president: "Would you be my guardian?"

Subornable: "I would be very happy to, it would be an honor, but my presidential duties really take up all of my time and energy, so I wouldn't be an appropriate guardian for you."

Ava again hesitates: "How about Loren? He could be my guardian."

Subornable: "Who is Loren?"

Barbara: "Loren Maier, a wonderful 78 year old man."

Subornable: "Is he married?"

Ava: "Yes, he's part of The Team."

Subornable: "Unfortunately The Team is not a legal entity. It's not a legal marriage. We try to avoid making single men guardians of little girls."

Ava, dumbfounded: "Then how about Lucia ..."

Barbara: "Lucia Liebeman."

Subornable: "And who is she?"

Keniston: "She's another member of The Team, what you would call a single woman."

Subornable: "I guess that would be alright. The normal process for foreigners is to apply for legal residence, a Green Card, and then citizenship. This takes at least five years and is handled under a quota system. Unless you want to wait for an unfortunate long time, I think the best plan would be for me to arrange a special act of Congress for you to apply for citizenship immediately. You'll have to pass the test, of course. Can you do that at your age?"

Ava: "I don't expect I'll have any problem with it. This sounds like a good plan. Thank you!"

Keniston: "How long will it take to pass such a bill thru Congress?"

Subornable: "I'll contact House Speaker Boner and Majority Leader Nodeeli to get the ball rolling. I don't think we'll have any problem moving the bill thru the Senate under Majority Leader McConuall. We should have it on my desk for signing within thirty days."

Keniston: "Wonderful! We see our work as essentially done here. We have given you our message and the tools to make the necessary evolution in consciousness. Now it is up to you Earthlings, and Ava is pleased to stay to help you along the way. We will start the preparations for our departure."

Barbara: "And we thank you for all your hospitality. You have a very beautiful planet here, and we are pleased to help you preserve it."

Ava gives President Subornable a longish hug, and the adults shake hands. As usual, the Durvans depart by Loop Drive. President Subornable could have set up Ava on the path to citizenship thru an executive order, but being a good politician, he is aware that the Durvans have generated considerable resistance. The fossil fuel industry and the auto companies are threatening to stop campaign contributions if Congress votes in favor of any of the Durvans' agenda, and the Christian Right is actively campaigning against the Durvans' immorality, refusing to support any member of Congress who views the Durvans favorably. Subornable sees no point in bringing criticism down on himself for helping the Durvans. Much better to let Congress decide – the will of the people!

CHAPTER 21

Conclusion

The Durvans wait for Congress to approve Ava's application. On a bill outlawing all abortions past 20 weeks, Majority Leader Nodeeli introduces a rider to give Ava permanent residence with opportunity to apply for citizenship after 5 years. The bill dies in Senate. Speaker Boner promises a new bill.

Then a new crisis takes everyone's attention. A united OPEC announces that unless Israel sets up an equitable Palestinian state immediately, OPEC will stop all oil exports in 30 days. OPEC member Venezuela surprisingly supports this move, but not quite as enthusiastically as Iran. Israel threatens to nuke Riyadh, Tehran, Baghdad, Abu Dhabi, and Kuwait City. President Subornable is forced to tell Israel Prime Minister Babi Notnoyahoo that he may not unleash his nuclear arsenal: "You have to set up a Palestinian state! And furthermore, you should have done it a long time ago!" Notnoyahoo responds by saying, "See how the whole world is anti-Semitic! Every other country could expand however it pleased, but now that it is Israel's turn, expansion is no longer permitted. We are only asking for the land that God personally gave us 3300 years ago. All these so-called Palestinians should go back where they came from!"

The Israeli Knesset passes a bill making all Palestinians Sulmieel Israeli citizens, a euphemism for second-class citizens, allowed to work for no more than minimum wage. In a separate bill, they reduce the minimum wage from $5.32 an hour to $2.66. They continue their housing policy by stipulating that no Sulmieel citizen may receive a building permit, and by drawing up a map showing important archeological sites

underneath Palestinian dwellings. They also declare the new Palestinian city of Rawabi to be illegal, and plan a new separation wall that will slice it in two.

OPEC responds that none of these measures is helpful. Stop dithering and get on with it! After all, the very generous Arab Peace Initiative was first announced in 2002, and has been completely ignored. The US Congress frantically puts together a bill giving the Israelis an additional $15 billion in military aid, causing the stock price of Haliburton and Northrop Grumman to immediately double, as the stocks of several other defense companies rise almost as much. Most of the OPEC countries threaten to withdraw their ambassadors from the US. President Subornable tries to form a consortium that will do a 100% economic boycott of all OPEC countries if they proceed with this threat. OPEC laughs at the effort. Venezuela declares it will put its trust in Allah. The UN General Assembly reasserts its 1947 position that two states shall be established in the former territory of Palestine.

As Congress scrambles to deal with this crisis, all thought of granting Ava permanent residency is lost. Israel submits a partition plan in which it keeps all of the settlements and the entire Jordan Valley in return for granting the Palestinians part of the arid Negev, and in which the United States will pay each displaced Palestinian family $50,000 rather than granting any right of return. In the temporary lull as this plan is considered, Keniston and Barbara notify President Subornable, Speaker Boner, and House leader Nodeeli that they plan to leave in two weeks and take Ava with them if she is not granted residency. They organize a petition on MoveOn as well as on their own website. Nothing happens.

Newsflash: Durvan girl applies to stay in US so that she can continue the Durvan propaganda about their supposed values. This seems utterly pointless. Her application should be denied.

Newsflash: Rash Lamebrow says that if Ava Durva stays, she'll just be a Trojan Ho, and no telling what she's likely to bring in.

Newsflash: Neither House nor Senate appear to have enough votes to approve Ava Durva's application to become US citizen.

The three Durvans meet once more.

Keniston: "What are we to do?"

Ava: "They may not have wanted me to stay, but they didn't have to call me a Trojan Ho!"

Barbara: "Never take it personally."

Ava: "I know. It's actually pretty funny. At least the first Newsflash is better than Trojan Ho, but it still offers no recognition of what we actually suggest. Calling me a ho – doesn't that make him a child pornographer?"

Keniston: "I don't know if their laws see it that way."

Ava: "I would love to help them. They so much need to straighten out and evolve. I know they have it in them! What would they do if I stayed anyway?"

Keniston: "Then you would be an illegal. They would probably find a way to suck every single piece of information out of your brain. If your stay is legal, they are less likely to do that."

Barbara: "It's a general Durvan policy for us never to stay where we are not wanted. And while many people may want you to stay, you don't have the government authorization, so Durvan policy is you have to come home. I want you to know I sympathize. It sure isn't looking good for them."

Ava, after a pause, wiping tears from her eyes: "If the barbarians don't want me, I have to accept it. It is as Great Holy Mystery wills."

Barbara, hugging her daughter: "Great Holy Mystery doesn't will anything. It's all entirely up to us. Ava, please be careful about picking up barbarian misguided-ology."

Ava: "Yes, Mother."

Keniston: "This is one more reason why we have to Eschatol them."

Ava: "You can't just murder 7 billion human beings! Only a very small number are responsible for the damage they are doing to their planet and themselves. All the rest are completely innocent!"

Keniston: "Not exactly. Most of them are driving, flying, using coal fired electricity, heating their homes with fossil fuels, eating food contaminated with herbicides, pesticides, and antibiotics, wasting their resources instead of recycling. They're all complicit in the destruction of their planet."

Barbara: "OK, fine! Kill them all! Kill all those hopes and dreams and expectations. Let there be a new and much smaller tomorrow. Look, Keniston, you have to let them perish on their own! It's their genes, their life, their free will, their evolution. If they don't make it, they don't make it. Sure, maybe they ruin the planet for 100,000 years. We have to let it be!"

Keniston: "I think both of you may be forgetting something. If we don't Eschatol them, they certainly will go down to destruction. But that's no guarantee that the cancer will stop. The most successful killers will survive. What kind of society do you suppose they'll make? Most likely these barbarians will form armed gangs marauding for food. They will probably blame the destruction on the PoliRingers or find some excuse, like accusing the PoliRingers of not being Christian. They may hunt them down, shoot them, and eat them. The cancer will continue. Whereas if we Eschatol them, the great majority of the ones saved will be those drinking Durvan tea, the PoliRingers and dozmarians, so enough of the cancer will be eliminated that they will be in charge and reshape society to live in harmony with their planet."

Ava: "I see what you mean. In that case, we really have no choice."

Barbara: "But it's still their future, their fate. We don't need to be concerned about it for 100,000 years, and during that time, we'll certainly learn to deal with them better than just annihilating them."

Keniston: "I hope they won't be saying in another hundred years that we were barbarians and shouldn't have Eschatolled."

Barb, sarcastic: "Yeah? What else could you possibly imagine they might say?"

Keniston: "Hey! If 100 years in the future or only 5 years in the future we find a better way of dealing with situations like this, and I am proved

to have used a less than optimum solution, I say wonderful! I'm doing the best that we know how to do at this time. Will you give me credit for that?"

Barbara: "And in the meantime, you don't mind dumping this catastrophe on Loren and all the folks we love?"

Keniston: "Loren is steady. He'll be great at keeping things organized, keeping things going."

Barbara: "So you're giving him a nice adventure?"

Keniston: "At least he'll be in a situation where the primary tragedy is behind them and things are getting better all the time. If we let the planet be, he'd be seeing things get worse and worse, with no hope of comfortable resolution."

Barbara: "So you're playing God, writing folks promising scripts?"

Keniston: "Do you have a better proposal?"

Barbara, "No, I mean yes! Either way, we don't know for sure what the outcome is going to be. Maybe there's a high probability, but that isn't a certainty. We don't know for sure how either way is going to come out, and that's why we shouldn't Eschatol."

Keniston: "HAL is precise. If we Eschatol, Earthlings have over a 78% probability of evolving to become responsible stewards of their planet. If we don't, the probability is only 17%."

Barbara: "Look, if the Eschatol knocks out 97% of population, and all the Durvan Tea drinkers live, it's easy for survivors to conclude that we're responsible for the Eschatol. They'll blame us!"

Keniston: "No, that's the beauty of it. I've studied what happened on other planets, and it's very simple. Before we leave, we will warn the barbarians they are heading into desperate times with all kinds of potential calamities. They will think we can see the future much better than we actually can. We are very concerned for them. Because of the fracking in Wyoming and Montana, there is a 20 -- 30% chance that the earthquakes will disrupt the massive magna buildup under Yellowstone and they will get the most horrendous eruption this continent has seen in 70,000 years, more powerful than Krakatoa or Minos, could even be a hundred times

worse than those. In the Eastern part of North America the fracking is very likely to contaminate the aquifers. After all, fracking is just dumping poison into the heart of Mother Earth. This is the stupidest most insane thing they could possibly do, and they ought to stop immediately or they will lose their drinking water. Furthermore they will find that the water contaminated by fracking chemicals can't even be used on crops, because it will either kill the crop or the crop will assimilate the chemicals and become poisonous to humans. As climate change continues, the drought in Ethiopia and Eritrea, as well as the drought in California, will extend and get worse and worse. We will urge them immediately to build desalinization plants. They will have plenty of sunshine, so they should set out their solar panels to run the desalinization plants and pumps so that they can irrigate very large swaths of land and be able to feed themselves. We will encourage China, India, and Pakistan to build some huge dams in the lower reaches of the Himalayas to contain the winter runoff because they will no longer have melting glaciers. These rivers will not run year round unless they do so. But if they do build massive containments, and of course they can generate electricity with them, they may be able to ease the water shortages in their region. We will say to the island nations such as the Maldives and Vanuatu, they all know who they are, that unfortunately they have no choice. If they want to avoid thousands being lost in storm surges, they need to leave now, and the US as principal perpetrator of global warming should open its doors and let in these refugees. Just one of the things we will warn them against is virus and bacteria mutations, which could emerge from the Fukushima nuclear disaster spreading radiation thru the ocean, or from Gulf waters around Florida due to pesticide and herbicide run-off. When their antibiotics and anti-virus drugs lose their efficacy as the biotics and viruses mutate, they need to prepare themselves for brand new pathogens. Watch for new strains of bird flu and HIV. These new mutations are potentials that could kill them in vast numbers. Increase your research on viruses!

"Put all these warnings together, and that will lead the PoliRingers and dozmarians to conclude that the Durvan Tea is simply a way to save

some from these disasters. They should be encouraged to build up large stocks of tea and give it to anybody who asks. Maybe also encourage them to arm themselves. This is how the coming calamity will be prepared for."

Barbara: "Great Holy Mystery! Please help us and guide us in this excruciating difficult decision. How can we dance the Path of Love in what we do here?"

As Ava listens to her parents argue, she goes over to HAL, mutes it, and runs thru several codes as if she were playing a game.

Ava: "You guys were having such a problem making up your minds about Eschatol, I thought I'd make it easy for you."

Keniston: "You did what?"

Ava: "I just released the Eschatol virus on the fifty-two major transportation hubs around Earth."

Barbara: "Oh my God! Great Holy Mystery! Ryohat, ryohat, ryohat! I feel so awful!"

Keniston: "It's over! Oh Ava! Never blame yourself for this! You did what was right, what we had to do. It's a blessing, it's a blessing, the best possible thing we could do! I feel awful, just as I know you do, Barbara, but we are sending the people of Earth into a beautiful upward spiral of evolution, in a way that their other possible paths simply could not. You have done a beautiful thing, Ava!"

Ava: "I love you, Daddy."

Barbara: "Yes, bajina, it's ok, it's ok, even tho it's awful! I love you! Thank you for doing this!" The three join together in a powerful embrace, relax into meditation, and the three become one.

Keniston: "Look on the bright side. We are saving these people, we are saving this culture. We are enabling them not only to survive but to evolve to a higher level, where they genuinely know they are all brothers and sisters."

Barbara: "It feels like a great thump, a great explosion of energy. The cancer has exploded, and what remains are ashes from which the beautiful can arise, a new Phoenix . . . . But Ava, I'm amazed that you would do this."

Ava: "I've been reading the *Treatise on Free Will*."

Keniston: "You mean that 800 year old document by the great spiritual teacher Jeenshar?"

Ava: "Right! He says if you have great difficulty choosing between options, it most likely means that they are roughly equal in value and probable consequences. We have been having such a problem determining which is the Path of Love, it may not actually make much difference. I said if it doesn't make much difference, let's hit the release and get it over with. Then we can go home."

Keniston gets up and paces back and forth in the little cabin. "Then it's settled! The die is cast, the deed is done! Now we can finally go home or stay and watch the dire consequences unfold. Neetanith prolada!"

Barbara: "Now you're wishing we didn't do it?"

Keniston: "No, I'm just recognizing what a horrible deed it is, and that's ok. Somebody had to do this sooner or later. You were absolutely right to do it, bajina. So don't ever feel bad about having done it."

Ava: "I don't feel bad. I feel sorry for these barbarians. They really were a cancer and were devouring their planet, and they seemed incapable of learning that they are just a part, and to respect the whole. I feel like a surgeon who has just performed a hopefully successful surgery. Difficult, emotionally difficult, difficult in my heart. yet it had to be done."

Keniston: "You are a remarkable girl, bajina!"

Barbara, kneeling: "Let me give you a hug!"

As the hug radiance fills the air, Keniston takes a step or two backwards and suddenly notices the control console. "Barbara!"

Barbara: "What?"

Keniston: "She didn't do it! She didn't do it! She came right up to where she could have done the release and she didn't do it!"

Barbara gently pushes Ava away so that she can look into her eyes: "You've been fooling us!"

Ava, with a sly smile: "It seemed like time to make a decision. I thought maybe you'd both better see how it felt before you actually did it."

Keniston: "Yes, I feel it, . . . but I know that once we Eschatol, then we can go home, bajina."

Barbara: "I sure wish they'd make up their minds to save themselves."

Keniston: "They're not going to. They can't. They're a cancer. The great majority are incapable of saving themselves."

Barbara sighs: "Do you really believe that?"

Keniston: "That's what all the facts are showing us. HAL gives a 13% probability that they might actually adopt the PoliRings in sufficient numbers or find some other way to save themselves."

Barbara: "Then we might as well do it."

Keniston: "You agree? We have to have consensus."

Barbara: "Yes."

Ava: "I don't agree. Everybody deserves a chance."

Keniston: "Oh, I agree that everybody deserves a chance, but let's make sure we're asking the right question here. If we Eschatol, those who are not stricken with the cancer, those who want to tune in to their Mother Earth and want to spread unity and love thruout the human race, they will live, and have the best chance of creating a positive future. Remember the probability of this working according to HAL is 78%. That's excellent under the circumstances. The probability of their evolving if we leave them be is only 17%. So which gives them the best opportunity for survival?"

Ava: "Sure, Dad, you've got all the logic. But that doesn't make it right with my heart."

Barbara: "So are we going to Eschatol or not?"

Keniston: Have we explored all possible options?"

Ava: "Actually, we haven't."

Keniston: "Oh really, darling daughter? What have we not considered?"

Ava: "The choice isn't just between Eschatol or not. We could give them another 50 years to get themselves together. If they don't, then the next spacecraft can Eschatol them. But this gives them a reasonable chance to face their coming catastrophe and deal with it. I feel pretty certain when

they see their oceans rising and their climate collapsing, they will come to their senses. These Earthlings are genuine sentities. They can do it!"

Keniston: "In 50 to 100 years they will have lost all their elephants, gorillas, lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, polar bears, Monarch butterflies, sharks, all shell fish including crabs and lobsters, and 67 other major species according to HAL. The probability of on ice age will have gone up to 66%. 8% of America's land mass will be under water and all of the low lying islands will be lost, even if they are significantly reducing their emissions. Population will have leveled off at about 9 billion and will have begun to decline because of widespread famine, particularly in Africa, India, and Indonesia."

Ava: "If there is a chance that they can recover by themselves, I feel we need to give them that chance. They may lose their lions, tigers, and elephants. It's a terrible price to pay, but it's not the end of life on Earth, and they can recover, if they choose to recover. If they're not recovering, then the course is very clear."

Barbara: "I could go with that. No point in Eschatolling too soon."

Keniston: They will be seriously degraded. It's possible the PoliRings and Dozmars will not survive. The seeds we have planted are quite fragile. HAL gives them only a 43% chance of growing or even surviving for 50 years. We may not have a core of tea drinkers to turn the planet over to. Unfortunately, bajina, your beautiful suggestion is not going to work, as far as HAL can tell us. All the evidence points to we have to Eschatol now."

Barbara: "My heart doesn't like it."

Ava, sobbing: "Neither does mine!

Keniston: "The Earthlings will continue to upset the equilibrium, which is not theirs to control. Eschatol will give them a second chance. It's the most loving thing we can do. So how are you going to vote?"

Glossary of Durvan Terms

admaradi buswin aliof – we are happy now, we celebrate being alive, we celebrate being conscious.

aliof -- That's the way it is, usually with a positive or approving connotation.

asimya -- vagina

bajina – (pronounced bah jeen' a) honey, used as a term of endearment. The bajina flower on Durva puts out a highly aromatic scent very attractive to the Durvan equivalent of bees and flutterbys.

beweht –the web or force field that connects all things, thoughts, and feelings.

Dozmar – a word that Keniston and Barbara invented to translate the Durvan words tolimak atalivu, that simply means marriage, but on Durva from time immemorial marriage has always been among approximately a dozen individuals.

elopanom – a Durvan strategy game similar to chess.

Eschatol – Not a Durvan word. Derived from "eschatology." The actual Durvan equivalent would be *boubaslingh*.

Hrono tinifni talusba! -- We honor the infinite force of life, of which we are a part.

ichani simyat – one who likes to fuck.

Iponak – force field, creating invisible roof to keep rain off crowd.

koraku -- a review of events or plans in a state of love and connection, exploring possibly unconscious or semiconscious motivations, origins, and feelings.

neetanith prahlada -- may one discover the afterlife

Orm – the Durvan sun

rassataybas – a greeting or farewell: I see your Spirit shining as I see my own, Also I love you

rassavara – response to rassataybas: the bliss of heart and mind integrated with consciousness

Rechatar, or public Merry-Go-Round. Dozmar initiation ceremony in which every man briefly makes love with every woman.

ryohat – politely, oh dear. Not so politely, Rat's ass.

sentity/sentities – sentient being or sentient entity. The Durvan for this is *azorp/azorpa*.

sharnad -- estrus

simyat – fuck, a respectable word in Durvan, but used slightly differently. Not a verb but only a noun describing a situation. A Durvan would say, "Let's join in simyat" or "We had an incredible simyat last night."

siskilana – clearing or therapy session.

Spirandos Alovina – Sector Federation

suseenok – sentity, sentient being

Talusba – (pronounced ta-loos'-ba) life energy

thi, thir, thirs, thim, -- 'he or she,' 'his or her,' 'his or hers,' 'him or her.' (not Durvan)

Tolimakatalivu -- Durvan name for dozmar -- the sacred union of all beings as represented by these twelve.

Xiftiwon – Durvan's robobrain. HAL, which is **H**euristically programmed **AL**gorithmic computer in *Space Odyssey*.

zof – a large Durvan insect similar to a spider that spins a web capable of catching small animals.

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COMMENTS BY THE CHARACTERS THEMSELVES

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Ava: It's all abo ove. It's the hardest path or the easiest path. You just c

Keniston: "We're seeing all these savages doing all kinds of savage things to one another, even to my partner and daughter, and we're supposed to love them. That's my most difficult challenge!"

Barbara: "I don't know. I love Earthlings, I love everybody. That's how I choose to relate. How about Donald Rump? Well, I never said my behavior was perfect."

Rash Lamebrow: "It's all illusion. There isn't anybody here from any other planet. This is just a bunch of hippy hackers who have developed some amazing techniques of hypnosis. We are hypnotized by them every time they open their friggin mouths! It's best never to listen to them at all."

Alvin: "I wouldn't say it was a mistake. How was I to know she was a spy for Faux News?"

President Subornable: "The Durvans want us to become totally ecological. They don't realize how strong the forces against them are for this u

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Author: "Do we deserve to live as we are, or cut back and

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